THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH

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Hampton and its Surroundings.

THE SIXTH PLACE OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION IN NORTH AMERICA.

When the doughty Capt. John Smith in 1607 was on his exploring voyage up the Potomac in search of a fit place for a settlement, he was met by five natives of the country, who invited his party to their town Kecoughtan, feasted them with cakes made of Indian corn, and regaled them with tobacco and a dance. On the site of this Indian village stands the town of Hampton. It was founded three years after the visit of Captain Smith, and is said to be the oldest continuous English settlement in North America. Its topography is very striking. It lies at the head of Hampton Creek, a short arm of the Bay, in full view of Hampton Roads, and on the little peninsula between the Roads and the Chesapeake, within three miles of its extreme point, called by the colonists, Old Point Comfort. It is a place of historic interest, and has perhaps suffered more from the devastations of war than any other town in the country. It was attacked during the war of the Revolution in 1775, and successfully defended by the bravery of its inhabitants. It was again attacked by the British fleet in 1813, after their defeat before Norfolk; and, after a gallant defence, was captured by an overwhelming force, when the town was given up to unrestrained pillage. The troops, composed largely of French renegade prisoners, accustomed to plunder and murder in Spain, were let loose upon the wretched inhabitants of Hampton without restraint; and the barbarities perpetrated by them, are a lasting disgrace to the British Nation.

With the facts connected with the burning of Hampton, in August, 1861, most of our readers are familiar. It was said to have been fired by order of General Magruder on the evacuation of the place by his troops. Whether caused by accident or design, the destruction of the beautiful town was complete, the old Court-House being almost the only building left standing. It is now being rapidly rebuilt, but as the new buildings are of wood, and there is no organized fire department, it will require the utmost vigilance on the part of her citizens, to prevent a similar disaster in the future.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The ancient edifice known as St. John's Church is said to be the oldest house of worship in Virginia. The church building, called in the old records "The New Church at Kecoughtan," to distinguish it from an older church which stood on Pembroke Farm, a mile distant, was built in 1660. This older church seems to have been kept up for many years for funeral purposes, like the old church at Blandford, after Petersburg was settled. The building had long ago disappeared, and even the graves of a century's dead were forgotten by all of the present generation. To the Rev. Dr. McCabe, fifteen years ago rector of this Parish, is due the discovery of the exact location of the old church as verified by the tombs, which had disappeared under the soil. Clearing up the surface earth, there was revealed, where it had been hidden for generations, the handsome slab which covers the body of "John Neville, Esqr., Vice-Admiral of His Majesty's fleet in the West Indies, who died on board the *Cumbridge* in Hampton Roads, in 1697." This Admiral Neville was an ancestor of Lord Napier, late British Minister at Washington, who once visited Pembroke grave-yard, and here in the woods of Virginia read the modest epitaph of an ancestor who died a century before he was born. The venerable edifice in Hampton, the solid walls of which, built of English brick, having withstood so many conflagrations and assaults, alone remained standing after the burning of the town, has again been put in complete repair. This hallowed spot, with its scarred monuments, its ancient gravestones, and its sacred memories, is an object of great interest to all.

Three Commodores of the United States Navy were born in Hampton. These were Lewis Warrington, a grandson of a worthy rector of the Parish, who, in 1814 while in command of the *Peacock*, captured the *Epervier*. The other two were the two brothers, James and Samuel Barron, who distinguished themselves in the first attack upon Hampton in 1775.

On the right bank of Hampton Creek is the fine old estate, still known by its ancient name of "Little England," the landing-place of the Royal Governors, as they came one after the other to their colonial dominions, or to embark on their return-voyage home. There began the main highway of the Colony, leading to the Capitol, Williamsburg, thirty-five miles distant.

The present population of Hampton is estimated at 2500, of which 650 are whites. It has 6 schools, 3 churches, a hotel, about 50 stores and shops, a steam planing and grist-mill, and a marine railway. There are 5 doctors and 3 lawyers.

There is daily communication between Hampton and Norfolk by the steamer *Mystic*, Capt. Schermerhorn.

Before the war, Hampton was a popular watering-place; and its cool sea breezes and facilities for salt water bathing, made it an attractive summer resort for families from the interior of the state. Though it is now rapidly rising from its ashes, it is still but the wreck of its former self, and stands as a sad monument of the ravages of war. It will be many years before it recovers its former prosperity. Its past is full of historic renown, whose glorious and hallowed memories are imperishable. Let us hope that it has before it an equally brilliant future.

THE NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

On the peninsula which forms the opposite shore of the creek, and which is connected with the town by a bridge, stands the Normal and Agricultural Institute, which occupies the fine estate of 125 acres, formerly known as the "Wood Farm." During the war, it was the site of a large Union Hospital called Camp Hamilton, where fifteen thousand sick and wounded soldiers were treated at one time. On these premises stood until recently, a building which was used as a hospital by the French troops in the war of the Revolution. The illustration on this page gives a good representation of the principal buildings of our school, which is on the manual labor principle, and is open to all, without distinction of color. The farm and printing-office give employment to the young men, while the young women are taught needle-work, the use of the various sewing-machines, house-work, etc. There is a carpenter's shop, a shoe-maker's shop, and a butcher's shop on the premises. A plantation of 3000 fruit trees has been set out, and the farm supplied with choice varieties of stock of various kinds. There are now one hundred and twelve students in the school, most of them working their way, receiving a wide range of instruction in English and scientific branches, and being fitted to go out as teachers. All the graduates are now teaching in this and neighboring states, and applications for treble the number have been made by school superintendents to the principal.

This school was established in 1868, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, for the purpose of preparing youth of the South for the organizing and instructing schools in the Southern States. Two years ago, a Charter of Incorporation was obtained from the State of Virginia, in accordance with which, the school was put into the hands of the following trustees:

Rev. George Whipple, New York, President.

Col. R. W. Hughes, Virginia, and Alexander Hyde, Massachusetts, Vice-Presidents.

S. C. Armstrong, Virginia, Secretary.

J. F. B. Marshall, Boston, Treasurer.

T. K. Fessenden, Connecticut, Financial Secretary.

Gen. O. O. Howard, Washington.

Rev. M. E. Strieby, New York.

Hon. James A. Garfield, Member of Congress, Ohio.

Rev. E. P. Smith, Minnesota.

Hon. John F. Lewis, U. S. Senator, Virginia.

Hon. B. G. Northrup, Secretary of Connecticut State Board of Education, New Haven.

Samuel Holmes, New York.

Anthony Kimber, Philadelphia.

Edgar Ketchum, New York.

Rev. E. M. Cravath, Brooklyn, New York.

H. C. Percy, Cashier Freedman's Bank, Norfolk, Virginia.

The school is supported by voluntary contributions from societies and individuals at the North, the American Missionary Association, Freedmen's Bureau, having contributed the funds for its establishment, and the former still being one of its chief supporters. Rev. T. K. Fessenden engaged in the work of soliciting funds for its endowment, and making satisfactory progress.

The trustees have made an application for a share of the Agricultural College Land Scrip, granted by Congress to the several states. Virginia's share of this Scrip is 300,000 acres; and as this is the only Agricultural school in the State where colored students are admitted, it would seem to be entitled to that proportion of the Scrip which the colored population bears to the white, or about two-fifths. The matter will probably be decided by the Assembly at its present session.

Young Women's Department, with Industrial and Dining Rooms. Teachers' Residence. Hampton Creek. Barn and Store House. Young Men's Department, with Assembly and Recitation Rooms.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

is a large inclosure neatly fenced and handsomely laid out. Here repose the mortal remains of about six thousand of our Union dead. A shaft of Northern granite, appropriately surrounded by a barrier of musket-barrels with fixed bayonets, and parrot guns, has been erected in honor of the heroes who sleep beneath. It is a conspicuous landmark to all vessels approaching the Roads. Here, too, lies the body of the faithful hospital nurse, Alexander, a Swiss woman, who died in the service, and at her own request was buried with her "boys," to whose comfort her unselfish life was devoted. Bethesda Chapel, a neat and simple structure, is attached to the premises. It is at present used by the Normal School Church as a place of worship. The pastor, Rev. Richard Tolman, with his family, resides in the parsonage, connected with the chapel. The cemetery is in charge of Mr. Browning, a retired army veteran, who occupies the Gate-keepers Lodge, where may be found the record of the graves, and a book for the names of visitors.

[We are compelled by lack of space to reserve till our next issue the remainder of this article, comprising sketches of Fortress Monroe, The National Asylum for disabled Volunteer Soldiers (Southern Branch), etc., etc.]

Virginia Schools.

The very able report of Dr. W. H. Ruffner, State Supt. Public Instruction, is just received. We extract the following:—

Total enrolled in Public Schools in 99 counties, including cities	150,469
Total number in Public and Private Schools	159,841
Number of colored children	23,000
The present value of the land, buildings, stock and other property, besides invested funds is about	$112,000.

In a future number we hope to give the readers of the "Southern Workman" a more detailed account of this Institute and its methods. It is the design of the trustees to make it an institution in which not only Hampton, but the State, may well take pride.

Number of whites over 21 who could not write in 1870	67,997
Number of colored over 21 who could not write in 1870	207,595
	275,592

According to the Census, nearly one quarter of the population cannot write.

Dr. Ruffner estimates the really illiterate population of Virginia at over one half of the whole number.

Cost of teaching the public schools of the State for 1870–71, $450,000. This does not include cost of houses or furniture.

He refers to the "difficulty, often impossibility of procuring qualified teachers for colored schools. This difficulty will soon be overcome. Juster views concerning the honorable character of the work of educating the colored people, are becoming more prevalent every day. Many of the teachers of colored schools during the past year were persons of the highest social standing."

Virginia is fortunate in her School Superintendent, and is the most advanced and energetic of all the Southern States in respect to popular education. Upon her public school system rests her only hope of escape from the terrible burdens that now oppress her.

THE Southern Workman.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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All are invited, the young especially, to ask by letter questions on any subject upon which they crave information.

We shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

"The Southern Workman" should enter every hamlet and cabin. Agents are wanted in every county and town in the South. Liberal terms are offered to all who aid in circulating this paper.

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JANUARY, 1872.

TO ALL the friends of honest industry from Virginia to Louisiana, the "Southern Workman" to-day offers a hearty greeting. Open your doors to him; welcome him for the first time now in this merry Christmas season, you working men and women, upon whom the future of this great, beautiful, Southern country depends, and we who thus ask for him a place at your tables, a corner by your fires, pledge ourselves that before the year rolls round again, he shall become to you a valuable ally, a trusty, worthy adviser, a dear friend.

A great work lies before us all,—a work such as God has never yet given into a people's hands—and now is our time to study with earnest purpose how best to do it. Come, then, Southern Workmen—come from your bright Virginia, your sunny palmetto land, your Carolina pine-forests, your Florida orange-groves; come with us, and we will show you what other men and women are doing in countries near and far. We will go into neat New England school-houses, where children are trained to industry and energy, we will go to great Western farms where endless fields of corn and wheat bend under the breath of the prairie winds; we will cross the sea into English mills and factories, and French poultry-yards and fruit-gardens; and from all these we will learn to make our own work strong, lasting, and successful.

There are those among us who have known what it is to live under a great black cloud, when no man could call his home his own, when women had no heart to make their children truthful and industrious, or their houses clean and inviting; but that time is past, thank God, and with the new days we take new courage, and feel in our hearts and say to each other, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and with the help of our Great Deliverer, we mean to do what He has set before us, so that all men shall see that we are in earnest, and shall accordingly respect us and our work.

Fellow-workmen, every where, give us to-day the right hand of fellowship, for we must fight shoulder to shoulder, with no gap in the ranks. In our daily living, in our churches, in our politics, we must work together, must feel ourselves to be citizens of one country, children of one Father, and in unity of spirit must face the difficulties before us. Together we must fight intemperance, dishonesty, laziness—those vices which drag us down lower than the beasts; together, we must oppose political corruption and unfaithfulness; together we must build up homes all over this Southern land—homes whose foundations shall be laid in honesty, sobriety, industry, cleanliness, and intelligent Christian faith. Do not pause to look back, except in glad thanksgiving for the mercy which has set us free, but look forever forward—look at the rich land waiting for our strong hands to make it yield tenfold, look at the great rivers running to the sea, waiting for us to make them into highways of commerce, look at the grand forests, the sunny plains, the fruitful valleys, and remember that unto us it is given to make this dear land blossom as the rose, unto us it is appointed to make it a country which men shall delight to honor, and God shall not fail to bless. How magnificent a future lies before you, Southern Workmen. Do you not grow stronger by the very thought of it? Do you not with us cry shame upon the men who would sell this birth-right for a mess of pottage, who would barter this glorious opportunity for lives of sinful uselessness? Yes, we can hear from cabin, and cottage, and school, and church, the swelling chorus of your voices, and you say—"We will learn with humble hearts all these things whereof we have been so ignorant, we will let no chance escape us, there shall be no falling back, no idling by the way, our progress shall be sure and steady; and strong in numbers and purpose, we will carry our whole country with us."

Come, then, you many clergymen and farmers, mechanics and teachers, fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, old and young, enlist under our banner, and let this Christmas sun shine upon the beginning of our onward march. Eighteen hundred years ago, do you remember, it shone upon a Little Child as to-day it shines on our own dear little children, and it is He who is to be our Leader. In His strength we are going to try to do His work, we are going to try to raise up intelligent men and women, and happy children; we are going to try to make our homes the best places in the world, and our country the common home of all of us. Come, we say, and help us.

To vote ignorantly is worse than not to vote at all, for, beside the moral responsibility of citizenship, the fact that carelessness in political matters roots at once, and in a practical shape upon the voter, makes it the duty of every man to understand clearly why, and for what he votes.

The ballot is both his weapon of attack, and barrier of defence; but in either form it will serve him only as he knows how to use it. An honest man, who means to be an honest citizen as well, will permit himself neither to be bribed nor humbugged, but will look with his own eyes at questions which are put before him, and will vote always according to the best light he can get, in the full consciousness that his own future and the future of his government depend more or less upon his political action.

THE work of this world has got to be done just as much by the women as by the men, and in home life especially, the influence of the wives and mothers is probably even greater than the former of the husbands and fathers. If men are the head-workers, women are the hand-workers, and it is necessary to the health and happiness of a family that the one duty should be performed as essentially as the other. So much indeed depends upon the care and thoughtfulness of women, that many a man makes his way in life only by the help of his wife's energy and prudence; *for it is an old proverb that* "A woman earthwise out at the window, faster than a man can bring in at the door." A girl who will train herself thoroughly in any kind of work, need never fear but that, married or unmarried, she can make a place for herself in the world. There is ample room everywhere for industrious, organic women.

THE poor man who has paid rent in any of the large cities for four years, has thus spent from *four to six hundred* dollars.

If he could have bought a house on easy terms four years ago, his rent money would have paid for it.

While working for his landlord, he has been unable to educate his children.

High rents have prevented many men from laying up suitable provision for old age or sickness.

He who has saved even one hundred dollars, cannot usually buy to advantage, because of

1st. The expense of making sure of his title.

2nd. The first payment on a house and lot is generally over one hundred dollars. On a vacant lot, the sum required would be so large that nothing would be left to build with.

3rd. Neither land, lumber, nor workmen can be had cheaply on a small scale.

Intelligent and humane men who have capital can find no more worthy, safe, or profitable use of their money than in buying large lots, cutting them up, erecting cheap and good houses to be sold to mechanics and laborers, whose wages will enable them to make small monthly payments, until they shall finally own their own houses.

Mr. F. Richardson, of Norfolk, late Farm Manager of this Institute, has undertaken to aid those who wish to stop losing rent money, and apply it to a purchase. Already a score of neat cottages for laborers and mechanics of all classes have been built, and the operation has been highly satisfactory to all concerned.

The colored citizens are moving out of the lanes and alleys of Wilmington, N. C., and are going into houses of their own, on the new street in the Eastern part of the city. A company of gentlemen have just begun the erection of three hundred of these houses, which are to be paid for in monthly instalments in four or five years. These instalments are in some instances not more than present rent.

High rents are a curse upon our industrial class; and those who help the poor man save his rent money, are his best friends.

Here is a field for Northern capital. Mr. F. Richardson says that these monthly payments are prompt, and that to escape interest many are paying in less time than the agreements require.

THERE was manifested in Congress, last session, a disposition to distribute public lands among the Southern States for school purposes.

The claims of Virginia on the Federal Government for her share of land are old but valid, and of great strength.

She surrendered to Government in 1780 the territory now comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, on "condition that the lands so ceded should be considered as a common fund for the use and benefit of all the States," (Virginia included.)

In 1867, 189,219,586 acres had been given for roads and canals, 91,403,272 acres for schools and colleges—altogether, 422,848 *square miles*—more land than in all Great Britain, Denmark, France, Spain, and Portugal together. A large portion of this immense grant was given by Virginia to the United States; and until the recent donation for Agricultural Colleges, she had not received the first acre for her own use. "Surely, there is something especially due to the 'Mother of States,' who bestowed her magnificent domain upon the General Government in the time of necessity."

The Legislature now in session should memorialize Congress for not less than five million acres of public land, in order to put the public school system of the State, now starting vigorously and under terrible obstacles into life, upon a permanent foundation.

In the time of her prostration, bleeding, desolated, impoverished by war as she is, let her appeal be heard, and "a more perfect union" will surely follow.

To every church which shall send us one hundred one dollar subscriptions for "The Southern Workman," we will send a beautiful *communion* set costing twenty-five dollars.

We will give a handsome Bible costing thirteen dollars to any church or society which shall subscribe for fifty copies. Freight to be paid by the church in both cases.

To aid in building churches we will return twenty-five dollars *in cash* for every one hundred one dollar subscriptions; or $18.75 for seventy-five subscriptions; or $12.50 for every fifty subscriptions.

In these cases the papers are to be sent in *one bundle to one address* to be distributed by an agent to be appointed by the church.

We are under obligations to Harper & Brothers of New York for our picture of Abraham Lincoln, and to Mr. Houghton of the Riverside Press of Cambridge, Mass, for the picture from "Mother Goose."

Messrs. J. R. Osgood, John L. Shorey and H. O. Houghton of Boston, and the Harper Brothers of New York have been extremely kind and liberal in furnishing us electroplates of their choicest pictures, which will appear in successive numbers of this paper.

A bundle of handsomely illustrated Sunday-school papers should be sent each month to every Sunday School in the South.

Superintendents, by writing to this office can learn how and where to obtain the best and cheapest papers in the country.

NorFolk.

THE COLORED CHURCHES IN NORFOLK.

The Bute-street Methodist is the largest, and when completed, will be the finest colored church in the city. The frescoed ceilings and interior finish are exceedingly neat and tasteful. Rev. J. B. Hamilton, is Pastor, and H. C. Perry, the Sunday School Superintendent. Membership, about 1,000, Sunday School, 300.

The Bute-street Baptist Church, is now served by Rev. Leonard Block, late from New Haven, Ct. Pastor, and Mr. Josias Frazier, Sunday School Superintendent.

The Catharine-street Baptist, Rev. Thomas Henson, Pastor, and James E. Fuller, Sunday School Superintendent, is reported to be in a flourishing condition, with an active and earnest membership.

The recent repairs to their church edifice, render it quite attractive, and the well known ability of their Pastor assures a very large attendance of the people.

The Protestant Methodist on Soot Street, Rev. Wm. Lewis, Elder, and Rev. Joshua E. Lovitt, Pastor, is also prospering finely. Mr. L'Hommedieu is their efficient Sunday School Superintendent. At their recent Christmas-tree-celebration, he and his Northern friends caused the free distribution among the poorer members of some $400 worth of clothing and household supplies.

The James-street Chapel, Rev. J. D. S. Hall, Pastor, under the auspices of the Northern Methodist Church, is also doing a good work among the people in that portion of the city.

In Portsmouth, the Zion Baptist Church, Rev. E. G. Corprew, Pastor, is erecting a large and commodious church building, which, when completed, will prove an ornament to the city. The church now worships in the basement.

Rev. John F. Lane, is Pastor at the North-street Methodist Church, which under his faithful ministry is holding its ancient reputation for good work.

The Ebenezer Baptist Church, Rev. J. W. Godwin, Pastor, has purchased, and now worship in the building formerly known as the Webster Institute.

Petersburg.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Petersburg enjoys the distinguished honor of having been the first city in the State to establish a thorough system of public schools. Two years before the establishment of the State system, this city, through the personal efforts of Senator R. G. Greene, established the present public schools on a more efficient and systematic plan than was ever before known in the South.

Number of white schools, four; number of colored, five; number of teachers employed, twenty-six; total number of pupils, fourteen hundred, about equally divided between the races. These are connected with the system a High School for each race, where are taught the higher mathematics, the classics, and the sciences.

Maj. Giles B. Cooke, late of the Confederate army, who for two years was at the head of the colored schools in this public school system, has this year established a private school of a high order for colored pupils. He is receiving the patronage and support of most of the best colored citizens of Petersburg, and his school is a model of discipline. All the elements which go to make up a good school may be found here.

CHURCHES.

First African Baptist, Rev. Thos. D. Smith, Pastor, number of members, 2,987. Gilfield, Baptist, Rev. Henry Williams, Jr., Pastor, number of members, 2,162. Third Baptist, Rev. John P. Wills, Pastor, number of members, 315. Shiloh, Baptist, Rev. Ephraim Ryals, Pastor, number of members, 13. St. Stephen's Episcopal, Rev. J. S. Atwell, Pastor, number of members, 60. Union-street Methodist, Rev. John V. Givens, Pastor, number of members, 375. Petersburg has also, "The People's Savings Bank," started by Hon. James D. Platt, and other prominent Republicans of this city, for the purpose, among other things, of encouraging and aiding the colored people in efforts to practice that economy so necessary to their success and happiness in life.

Domestic and Foreign News.

Senator Sumner is vigorously pressing his Civil Rights Bill, the passage of which, he is striving to make a condition of general amnesty.

A resolution calling on the President to recognize Cuba as a belligerent, has been introduced into the House.

Mr. Hoar's resolution, calling for the appointment of a commission to investigate the labor question, has passed the House.

The KuKlux organization is being broken up. The recent trials have resulted in numerous convictions, and some of the leaders have forfeited their bail and fled the country. Others have confessed their guilt, and exposed the secrets of their nefarious conspiracy against the liberty of the people. Hon. Waverly Johnson, the eminent counsel engaged for the defence of the accused, and who was incredulous as to the existance of any such organization, has expressed his deep horror at the testimony. He says "the outrages proved, have been shocking to humanity: they admit neither of justification nor excuse. They violate every obligation which law and nature impose upon men. These men appear to have been alike insensible to the obligations of humanity and religion; but the day will come however, if it has not already arrived, when they will deeply lament it."

The United States, England, Brazil, and now Siam, have joined hands in defence of freedom. The remarkably progressive Kings of Siam, have published an edict that after January 1st next, all sorts of slavery shall cease in their kingdom, forevermore.

The Legislature of Virginia is now discussing the public debt of the State. There is some talk of repudiation.

A debt, whether public or private, is a sacred obligation; to refuse to pay, is to sacrifice honor, and to become an outcast from the financial world. Virginia is too poor to repudiate.

The Prince of Wales, whose death was hourly expected a few weeks ago, is now out of danger; and the English merchants, who had bought up all the mourning goods in the kingdom, and in France also, "in expectation of a rise," are ruined. Sir Charles Dilke, the leader of the Republican movement in England, has made a speech at Birmingham, which has excited general attention from its moderation of tone, and careful statement of facts.

The efforts of the Orleans Princes to obtain seats in the Assembly have at last been successful. The government seems to be in a critical condition, and hangs to as a slender thread of M. Thiers' life. He is now seventy-two years old, and eighty years old, and his vigor, and personal power over the French Assembly is wonderful. Should a crisis be precipitated, the party would probably be an appeal to the army, the sympathies of which are said to be quite as likely to be with the late emperor as anywhere else. Great complaints are made by the French, of outrages committed by the German troops who are still occupying French territory.

German affairs are quiet, with the exception of an expedition said to be putting down Spanish Brazil. Occasionally redress for alleged outrages, but possibly, it is surmised, with the intention of seizing the empire, and making it a German India. Whatever a powerful state like Prussia desires to do with a weak state like Brazil, can be done with entire impunity, in the present condition of European politics.

Some excitement in Madrid has been occasioned by a rumor that Great Britain and the United States intended to interfere in behalf of Cuba. There seems to have been no other ground for this rumor than the intimation in President Grant's message. There can be no doubt, however, but that the present condition of affairs in Cuba, will not be much longer tolerated by our government, which has large interests at stake.

The Geneva Commission for the settlement of our claims upon England, has held its first meeting, and elected the Italian representative as its president. The English press has been many days excited over a report that the United States intended to claim an immense indemnity, larger, even, than the Florentine existed of France.

Agricultural.

[From The American Agriculturist.]

Stock Running at Large.—The practice of allowing stock—cows, hogs, and sheep—to wander about the public roads is a troublesome and very wasteful one. A great portion of the value of the feed of an animal properly fed and kept in yards is returned in the shape of manure; but if stock is allowed to roam at large, all the manure dropped by them becomes the acquisite of some long-headed farmer who keeps the road-drains and gutters open on to his farm, so that he receives all the wash after every rain. A very noticeable cause of the poverty of the stock met with in districts where this custom is observed, is the promiscuous mixing up occasioned by allowing animals of both genders to run unchecked. In such localities, a farmer cannot tell when he can expect a calf or a litter of pigs, and often they come at most unseasonable times, and of very undesirable parentage. Thus, without order or system in this particular, and from want of care generally, the stock become next to worthless, and is hardly worth the feed it consumes. Besides, it is very unfair to others who keep better stock and keep them in pastures. Wandering stock is generally unruly, and will occasionally get into other fields than their owners' at times when their presence can do mischief which their owners' cannot repair. It would be better for all concerned that no stock of any kind should be allowed to run at large. In well-ordered and prosperous communities, this practice is considered the reverse of proper or profitable.

Preserving Eggs in Winter.—Eggs may be kept perfectly good from October to March in the following manner: A piece of lime as large as a quart-dipper, is put into five gallons of water, and salt added until an egg will float. This is strained and put into a clean keg, into which a loose head is made to fit easily; a knob is fitted to the head for a handle. The eggs are put, as they are gathered, into the liquid, and the loose head put over on them to keep them below the surface. The keg should be kept in a cool place in the cellar. The liquor will not freeze except at a lower temperature than freezing point. Eggs thus preserved will sell readily as "limed eggs" until fresh eggs come, and are almost as good as fresh ones.

Thorough Cultivation is always profitable on all land that is cultivated at all. This is true, whether we adopt high farming or slow farming; whether we live east or west, on high-priced or low-priced land. If we work it at all, we must cultivate it thoroughly.

If you have never kept a Diary, now is the time to commence. Nothing is more interesting and useful than a well-kept record of everything done on the farm, state of the weather, condition of the stock, and what you are feeding, etc.

Animals must receive constant and regular attention. They cannot be neglected for a single day. Be careful to give them abundance of fresh water, and avoid as much as possible compelling them to drink water that is full of melting snow or ice. Provide some kind of shelter for all animals.

The Colver Theological Institute, at Richmond, Va.

Rev. Charles H. Corey, Principal; four assistant teachers.

Motto of Students: "Help from God and self-help, the best help."

Motto of the School: "Thoroughness, Promptitude, and Disciplined Energy."

Supported by the Baptist Home Mission Society.

Fifty dollars supports a student for the school year. This barely pays for bread and meat. Over seventy men were in attendance last year. The colored brethren of Virginia are helping nobly, and eminent white men of the State are in cordial cooperation with the teachers.

The students have collected in Richmond over $1,000, for repairing the building, which was for many years the fashionable hotel of the city.

The students are preparing for missionary work in the United States and Africa. One of them recently took a high prize at Freshman examination in a Northern college. During the summer and winter vacations, nearly one thousand were gathered into churches, or converted through the labors of the students.

The course of study embraces English and classical studies.

Students have but two meals a day—breakfast at 8 A. M.; dinner at 2 P. M. No supper.

These young men are in earnest, and deserve to be helped. What better use can be made of fifty dollars than educating a colored youth at the Colver Institute?

The teachers are capable, self-sacrificing, and have given their lives to their work.

Sustain them; their building is old, and needs repairing.

We most heartily commend this fine Institute to all our readers. Our Baptist brethren deserve all praise for their labors in this State on behalf of the Freedmen.

The Normal School Bells,

BY A STUDENT OF THE INSTITUTE.

Hampton, Virginia, 1871.

In the assembly room there is one small bell which sits upon the teacher's desk, and a large hand bell just out side of the door. The small one serves the purpose of the room, while the other is used principally for calling the school together, after recess in the fore-noon.

On the side of the walk near the door and rostrum, there are six cranks to each of which a bell in each recitation room is connected by a wire. By this means a class may be called, from each or every room by a person in the assembly room.

Up in the cupola of the old building hangs a large bell (known as the endless bell by its constant ringing.)

There are many other bells about the place, as in the dining room and halls, whose purposes need not be told, but for the endless bell, —

It rings us to bed
To rest each head;
It bids us awake
And a meal to take,

It rings us to work
And not to shirk;
It bids us to rest
When much oppressed.

It rings us to school
To observe the rule;
And calls us away
At noon each day.

It rings us to dine
By giving a sign;
And bids us to sup
From the earthen cup.

It rings us to study,
Saying: "Be ye ready
On the coming day
Your lessons to say."

It rings us to prayers,
And thus declares
That each should go,
Humble and low.

It rings us to church
Our hearts to search,
In order to see
How frail we be.

It rings us to plays
On holidays;
Also for singing
The bell's heard ringing.

It's notes are higher
When it cries out fire!
Alarming to all
Within its call!

It rings, it swings!
For irregular things
Too tedious to tell
Of the endless bell.

The Two Dogs.

In San Francisco there are two dogs familiarly known as Black and Bruno, who are always together, and manifest the greatest fondness for each other. They are homeless and homeless, so far as ownership goes, living on what they pick up, or is given them. The crumbs thrown away a table are saved for the travellers, being always repaid by the gratitude they express in so many different ways.

But none so loved the dogs as the little girl Lilla, who every morning at the window watched their coming. At one time Bruno was missing; Black only coming, and it was noticed that the larger part of his food he carried away in his mouth, seeming always in great haste.

One day Lilla was on the sidewalk playing with her brothers, when they told her she must go into the house, as they were going to the mall for a game of ball. But Lilla, instead, almost involuntarily followed at a distance, but at last growing tired, sat down on the steps of a strange house, and commenced crying bitterly. Soon several persons gathered round, anxious to know who she was, and where she belonged; but in her confusion she could tell neither.

As an officer was about to carry her away, a large black dog came rushing through the crowd, and in the gentlest manner commenced licking her hands and face, and taking her sleeve as near the hand as possible, commenced pulling her along; and she, with old Black at her side, seemed quite at ease, and quietly walked on. Reaching her house, he walked up the high stoop, and gave a low whine at the door; and that not being answered, he fixed his eyes on the bell-knob, and after hesitating a few seconds, raised himself on his hind feet, and taking the knob in his mouth, gave it a gentle pull, which was immediately answered, for Lilla was already missed, and a hurried search had commenced. This being done, he walked modestly down the steps and soon disappeared round the corner. The next morning when he came as usual, he was treated to an extra breakfast of beefsteak and milk. The latter he ate, but the former he carried away. Lilla's brother followed to see where he went; and through the back streets, across the wharves, down a low path under a bridge, in a hole dug in the earth, lay old Bruno, lame and sick; and to him Black gave the meat, watching patiently to see him eat it. The news became current, and many watched the dogs, and learned that for many weeks Black had fed Bruno, which he continued to do until he was able to travel as formerly. And I need not add that Lilla still prepares a breakfast for her favorites.

Attend to your Insurance.—See that it is not run out, and that the companies are sound.

Children's Department.

The Fox and the Crow.

A Crow had snatched a goodly piece of cheese out of a window, and flew with it into a high tree, intent on enjoying her prize. A Fox spied the dainty morsel, and thus he planned his approaches. "O Crow," said he, "how beautiful are thy wings, how bright thine eye! how graceful thy neck! thy breast is the breast of an eagle! thy claws—I beg pardon—thy talons, are a match for all the beasts of the field. O! that such a bird should be dumb, and want only a voice." The Crow, pleased with the flattery, and chuckling to think how she would surprise the Fox with her caw, opened her mouth:—down dropped the cheese! which the Fox snapping up, observed, as he walked away, "That whatever he had remarked of her beauty, he had said nothing yet of her brains."

Men seldom flatter without some privateend in view; and they who listen to such music may expect to have to pay the piper.

The Lion and the Fox.

A Fox agreed to wait upon a Lion in the capacity of a servant. Each for a time performed the part belonging to his station; the Fox used to point out the prey, and the Lion fell upon it and seized it. But the Fox, beginning to think himself as good a beast as his master, begged to be allowed to hunt the game instead of finding it. His request was granted, but as he was in the act of making a descent upon a herd, the huntsmen came out upon him, and he was himself made the prize.

Keep to your place, and your place will keep you.

A country lad says his Uncle Ben made a scarecrow so very frightful that one of the black feathered thieves actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some trips;
But when she came back,
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish;
And when she came back,
He was licking the dish.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
But when she came back,
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, Your servant,
The dog said, Bow, wow.

A rival of a certain great lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying: "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it *well*."

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

"Hey, there: g'up!" says the boy on donkey back.
Here we go: we'll race with any wheelbarrow on the road; g'up donkey, or I'll pull your ears." Whack! and his stick came down. And this was what the donkey thought:—
"What fun! how warm that stick feels. I wonder how it would do to throw my heels up. No, I'll wait till Dick is out of the way for what can these poor boys do with their thin skin. If they only had but a good thick hide just like me!"

The Little Irish Sweep.

Some years ago, an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow, who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O, yes," was the reply.
"Do you spell?"
"O, yes," was again the answer.
"Do you read?"
"O, yes."
"And what book did you learn from?"
"O, I never had a book in my life yet."
"And who was your schoolmaster?"
"O, I never was at school."
Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or a master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop-doors which they passed in their daily rounds.

Wit and Wisdom.

A young fellow who wanted some money, went to a man and asked him to advance him five pounds. "Why!" said he, "I don't know you." "That is why I came here," answered the other, "for those who know me won't lend me five shillings."

A jury fellow, seeing in the street an old woman who drove some asses, said, "Adieu, mother of asses." "Master adieu, my son," answered she. The man felt his ears grow as he walked along.

An Irish soldier once returning from battle in the night, marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him, "Hallo, Pat, I have taken a prisoner." "Bring him along then, bring him along." "He won't come." "Why then come yourself." "*He won't let me.*"

One day a girl, about five years old, heard a preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his applications. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear to a speaking distance, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God, he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

A tradesman pressing one of his customers for payment of a bill, the latter said, "You treed not be in such a hurry; I am not going to run away." "But," says the creditor, "I am."

A man, who had built himself a new house, praised the conveniences of it, and above all said, how remarkably light it was, "For," said he, "the morning sun shines upon it all day."

Quin used to apply a story to the then ministry. A master of a brig calls out "Who is there?" A boy answered, "Will, sir."—"What are you doing?" "Nothing, sir." "Is Tom there?" "Yes," says Tom. "What are you doing, Tom?" "Helping Will, sir."

Simeony asked why B stood before C. "Because," said his friend, "a man must B before he can C."

"It is a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Rachel, a solemn spinster to her niece. "It's a good deal more solemn not to be," said the merry girl.

"Who's there?" said a patrol to a passing fiddler one dark night. "It's I, patrol, don't be afraid," hardly replied an old woman.

A man went to borrow an ass of a neighbour, who said the ass was from home. Meanwhile the animal chanced to bray, upon which the borrower exclaimed, "How! did you not tell me the ass was abroad?" The other replied, in a passion, "Do you prefer the ass's word to mine."

A man having asked for soap, a hog dish was brought in, and only one pea in it. He rose, and began to muttrem. His companion asking what was the matter, he answered, "I am going to swim after that peas."

SAYINGS OF JOSH. BILLINGS.

The only thing which makes a male so highly respectable is the great accuracy of his kickings.

I have known people to have so little character, that they had no failings.

If you have got a horse you ask two hundred dollars for, and are offered seventy-five dollars for him, always sell him, don't spoil a good horse trade for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

To make a goose good eating, bring her up tenderly.

A little boy defines snoring, as "letting off sleep."

You cannot convert sinners by preaching the gospel to them at half price. Any sinner who is anxious to get his religion in that way is satisfied with a poor article.

Revenge sometimes sleeps, but vanity always keeps one eye open.

The only human being on the face of this earth that I really envy, is a laughing Christian.

Man of little authority are like men of little strength—always anxious to lift something.

There are two kinds of men that I don't care to meet when I am in a great hurry: men that I owe, and men that want to owe me.

A CARD.—We acknowledge with pleasure the many manifestations of good feeling toward our enterprise which we have received from citizens of Hampton and Newport News. We are especially indebted to Col. G. K. Phillips, Gen. W. H. Peck, Hon. Wm. Tempie, Mr. H. Clay Ivers, Dr. W. R. Wright, and Mr. W. J. Hodges, for interesting items which we have embodied in the sketch of "Hampton and its Surroundings," the first number of which appears in this issue.—Ed.

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The Strains the Angels Sing.

BY E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth; good will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever, o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strains have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong!
And men at war with men, hear not
The love song which they bring;
Oh hush the noise ye men of strife!
And hear the angels sing.

And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;
Look now—for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall, over all the earth,
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song,
Which now the angels sing.

Selections.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," says Christianity: there is no exception.

The angel that led the choir over the fields of Bethlehem was named Love. Take away love from Christianity, and you have taken away its life: love, not alone to the just and the holy, but to the sinner; to the pale Magdalene, to whom no one but the King of men and of angels will deign to speak, to the poor publican, and the hated leper, and the raving maniac.

The hand of our God is not known by its parsimony. He does not force on us what we will not accept, but His bounty is limited only by our trust in it. Ask large enough!

"Ask large enough I and He, besought,
Will grant thy full demand."

In express terms, the Christian revelation declares all nations of the earth to be of one blood; it pronounces all men equally the subjects of one King; it makes the value of a soul infinite, and shows no difference between the worth of that of a beggar and that of a prince. Look into the stable at Bethlehem, on that night when crowned age and humble shepherd knelt by the cradle of that Babe who was their common King; do you not see, in that spectacle, the bond of an essential equality uniting all ranks, and making the regal purple and the peasant's russet faint and temporary distinctions? Well might Coleridge say, that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window, was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible which he saw lying within—the Bible, which exhibits the divine Founder of Christianity preaching to the poor, companying with publicans and sinners, bringing into the bosoms of harlots the healing light of divine love, and which holds forth to every man the prospect of being a king and priest to God.

"Beware of unjust gains," says an Eastern sage; "for it is the nature of such, not only to take flight themselves, but to bear off all the rest with them." "Do not think" 'tis set down in the book of Kabus, a compendium of Persian practical wisdom. "Do not think even a good use of what has been ill acquired can make it thine. It will assuredly leave thee, and only thy sin will remain to thee."

Affectation and hypocrisy! To how much light satire and spleen, to how much deep distrust and dark misanthropy, have they given rise! How have they given to human life, in which such momentous interests are involved, the appearance of a masquerade and a farce! Has any one, then, principle? Let him abide by it. Would he be any one seem to be anything? Let him be that thing. This is the freest and safest way, and quite as easy as to preserve a state of forced and dangerous concealment.

Abraham Lincoln.

We can offer to our readers no more appropriate portrait for the first number of the "Southern Workman," than that of our reverd martyr President. Himself a Southern workman, earning his bread and his education by the sturdy blows of his axe, his early life was a good illustration of the idea of self-help, which is one of the leading features of our Normal School.

A large class of our readers, for whose benefit and instruction this paper is designed, do not need to be told how much most of them owe to the great and good *President*. Few of them, however, know much about the early life and character of the *man*. At the students' Debating club of the Normal School a few weeks since, the question for discussion was whether President Lincoln was entitled to the credit of the "Emancipation Proclamation?" Every one knows that President Lincoln was taught by experience. "I claim not to have controlled events," he said, "I confess plainly that events have controlled me."

The following extract from one of his speeches delivered two years before the beginning of the war, will show that he was even at that time, in full sympathy with the working man, and a fearless champion of free labor:—

"Our Government was not established that one man might do with himself as he pleases, and with another man too. . . . I, say, that whereas God Almighty has given every man one mouth to be fed, and one pair of hands adapted to furnish food for that mouth, if anything can be proved to be the will of Heaven, it is proved by this fact, that that mouth is to be fed by those hands, without being interfered with by any other man, who has also his mouth to feed and his hands to labor with. I hold, if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, he would have made them with mouths only, and no hands; and if he had ever made another class, that he had intended should do all the work and none of the eating, he would have made them without mouths and all hands."

On his journey to Washington, in 1861, when rumors of a plot against his life were current, at a meeting in Independence hall, Philadelphia, he used these remarkable words:—

"I have often inquired of myself, what great principle or idea it was, that kept this confederacy so long together. It was something in the Declaration of Independence, giving liberty, not only to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise, that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated upon the spot than to surrender it."

I think we may find in the above extracts a satisfactory answer to the question of the debating club. His love of peace was only excelled by his devotion to the Union; and his earnest words in his first inaugural, with which we close this brief notice, is one of the most beautiful and touching passages in our language. It breathes the spirit of faith, hope, and love, and every true heart in the country, no matter on which side arrayed in the late fratricidal strife, will now respond most fervently to its noble and pathetic appeal.

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but *friends*. We must *not* be enemies. Though passion may have *strained*, it must not *break* our bonds of affection. THE MYSTIC CHORDS OF MEMORY, STRETCHING FROM EVERY BATTLE-FIELD AND PATRIOT GRAVE TO EVERY LIVING HEART AND HEARTH-STONE ALL OVER THIS BROAD LAND, WILL YET SWELL THE CHORUS OF THE UNION, WHEN AGAIN TOUCHED, AS SURELY THEY WILL BE, BY THE BETTER ANGELS OF OUR NATURE."

Prayer and Potatoes.

A SERMON BY REV. J. T. PETTEE.

"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?"—*James* ii. 15, 16.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes;
How *honorable* the name of a Christian;—o nmae borrowed from no fellow-mortal, from no prince or potentato *of* earth; but derived from Him, whose nnne is above every name, Lord of lords, and King of kings. Accordingly, the apostle James in addressing Christians, speaks of it as "that worthy name by which ye are called." That worthy name—infinitely more worthy than any mere worbldly distinction, any title of earthly king or queen, is the name of Christian. However lightly nny nny esteem it now, the time is coming when there is not one but that would give more to be a Christian, than for all the honors which the world can be, stow. A Christian,—he is indeed.

"The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above!
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love!

"My soul is ravished at the thought—
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies."

Who then would not aspire to this highest, this sublimest of all distinctions infinitely transcending every other—that of a Christian.

As the devout Pnyson lay upon his dying bed, catching some glimpse of the glories of the upper world, he said "If men only knew the honor thnt awnited them, the glory that was in reserve for them, in Christ, they would go about the streets crying out, 'I am a Christian, I nm a Christian,' that others might rejoice with them in the honor of which they were so soon to partake."

The widow's heart leaped *up for joy*;
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"*Now*," said the deacon, "*Shall we pray?*"
"*Yes*," said the widow, "*Now you may.*"
And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured his goodly store;
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed;
Na longer embarrassed, but free and full
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul;
And the widow responded aloud, "*Amen!*"
But said no more of *potatoes*.

And would *you* who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying, "*presoil*;"
Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants and needs;
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food;
For wisdom, and guidance; for all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes.

Of this poem—a fragment of a Charity Sermon, preached in Dorchester, Mass, some twelve years ago—John G. Whittier wrote:—"It is more valuable than some epics. I am not sure but it is more to the Master's purpose than any learned, theological tome which has been published since it was written."

You will always notice one thing: the devil never offers to go into partnership with a busy man; but you will often see him offer to join the lazy, and furnish all the capitol.

Temperance.

There is no folly like the folly of the drunkard, the man who puts an enemy into his mouth that steals away his brains; and we pray you who have fallen, you who are tempted, to stop now, at this very moment, and think reasonably of this matter of intemperance.

Do you know what liquor does to you? Do you know that putting rum and whisky and gin into your stomachs is like putting grains of sand between the delicate springs and wheels of your watch, only that it is a hundred times more foolish, for by-and-by you may get another watch, but can never hope for another stomach, or another brain.

You know, for it is a terribly common experience to many of you, that it makes you idiots or maniacs for hours or perhaps days, but do you realize the sum total of what it cost you? Your time is money; and every hour wasted in drinking, and in idleness which drinking produces, is just so much hard cash taken out of your pockets. And you not only pay for your "sprees" and daily drinks in dollars and cents, but what is worse, you pay for them in character and position, in health of body and mind, in the love and respect of your fellow-men,—all these you forfeit when you begin to take the fatal glass, and what do you get in return? Ask the first drunkard you meet, what sort of a bargain he made when he sold himself to the whiskey-devil, and then stop and count the cost before you follow him in the path which leads to poverty, to crime, to miserable, hopeless death.

God made you in His likeness to be men, pure in soul and body, clean and honest in your daily life; and when you poison your blood with liquor, maldening your brains and hardening your hearts, do you for a moment fancy that you can escape His justice? Ask yourself then, before you form the first dangerous habit, "Is it worth it?" Drink costs you everything,—money, health, happiness, life—and gives you in return, the uncertain pleasure of a moment. As a matter of common sense then, is there anything more foolish than a drunkard's folly?

The Work Done Inside.

One of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, England, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said: "Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What, my friend? What's the matter?"

"O, you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

The sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, what are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently." He then quickly printed, in large letters:

"Specimen of the work done inside."

He then fastened the paper over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passengers stopped and read aloud, "Specimen of the work done inside."

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly beat down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded in an angry voice, "Who did that?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning when he arose he was sober—when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober—when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is it not a true specimen of the work done inside?"

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A Farm of one hundred and twenty acres, situated on

HAMPTON RIVER,

Opposite the Normal School, and National Military Asylum; one of the finest farms in this Water, Virginia. A fine Oyster Grove in the room to plant ten thousand bushels of Oysters. On the place is a large brick house in good repair, and like out-buildings. The land is new and cultivated. A great variety of Fruit in abundance, and three acres of Asparagus, just the right age to cut well. For further particulars apply to or address ALFRED CLICK, Adjutant General's office Washington, D. C., or the subscriber on the premises. DANIEL F. CLICK,
Hampton, Va.

jy14

Drugs, Drugs.

GEORGE BOOKER,
HAMPTON, VA.

Having refitted his store and secured the services, of an experienced and competent druggist, is prepared to furnish prescriptions at all hours. Having just received a large assortment of the purest drugs, is prepared to offer great advantages to the trade.

A RARE CHANCE.

The undersigned offers to sell out his entire stock of Stoves, Tinware, and set of Tinman's Tools, on reasonable terms.

There being no other Tin Shop in the place and a constant run of good business, this offers to an enterprising young man an excellent opportunity to secure a fine outfit and plenty of good customers, in one of the most attractive and healthful locations in Virginia.

E. E. WOODWARD.

HAMPTON, VA., Jan. 2, 1867. jan26

FARM FOR SALE.

A Truck Farm of thirty-five acres, with neat and convenient house and out-buildings, one mile from Fort Monroe, and beautifully situated on

HAMPTON ROADS,

At the mouth of Hampton Creek. It has convenient for shipping by steamer which makes daily trips, passing within a few feet of the shore. It has a fine location for a store, and for oyster trade; and it is a beautiful location for a summer residence, or hotel. If the purchaser prefers and desires so much land, a part of the land, with the house would be sold. Address

D. B. WHITE,
Hampton, Va.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1872. NO. 2.

The Fatherland.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!—LOWELL.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW YORK—THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MARCHING DOWN BROADWAY.

Hampton and its Surroundings.

II.

THE NATIONAL MILITARY ASYLUM.

The Southern Branch of the National Military Asylum for Disabled Volunteers occupies a fine position on the shore of the peninsula fronting the Roads, and adjoining the Normal School premises, from which it is separated by a small creek. These asylums were established by Congress for the benefit of disabled volunteer soldiers. They are supported by military fines, forfeitures, unclaimed bounties, and moneys due deceased officers and soldiers, as well as by private donations. Up to last March, the treasurer of this fund had received four and a half million dollars, and had paid out a little over four million four hundred dollars.

There are now four branches in operation: the Central, at Dayton, Ohio; The Northwestern, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin; The Eastern, at Augusta, Maine; and the Southern, at Hampton. This last branch was opened in February, 1871, and was designed for colored soldiers and consumptives who require a mild climate.

The Board of Managers in selecting a location for the Southern Branch Asylum have done well, not only on account of its healthfulness, but for the beauty of its location, and the cheapness of living.

The buildings present an imposing appearance. The main edifice, was known before the war as the Chesapeake Female College. It is of five stories, with a portico inclosed by massive pillars along its whole length of two hundred feet. It is surmounted by a cupola, from which can be obtained a fine view of this magnificent harbor, which has been pronounced second only in beauty to the Bay of Naples. During the war, it was occupied as a military hospital, to which purpose, indeed, the whole of this peninsula was devoted, forming one vast military hospital Camp. The building is well adapted to its purpose, and has been tastefully fitted up. The first floor contains kitchen, dining-room, store-room, etc. The second is occupied by the chapel, dispensary, officers' quarters and offices; and the stories above by the inmates. Several additional buildings have been erected on the premises, by the Board of Managers, among which are workshops, bakery, cigar factory, soap factory, and a large and well arranged hospital, with a capacity of 40 beds. There are also two cottages on the premises, one of which is occupied by the Deputy Governor in charge of the Asylum. There are now nearly 800 inmates, about fifty of whom are in the hospital, a large proportion of the latter are suffering from pulmonary diseases. No one has died during the past year of any disease contracted at the Asylum. About one seventh of the whole number in the Asylum are colored soldiers. No distinction is made on account of color or race. All eat at the same table, and as far as they are competent, are employed in the same duties. Such of the men as are able to work get regular wages, which with their pensions and other allowances make them comfortably off, and enable some of them to lay up money.

As yet, there is no Amusement Hall. This is a want that should be supplied, for all invalids need to be entertained, and made to forget their troubles as far as possible. The chapel is now used as a reading-room, where many of the leading newspapers of the country may be found. A school has been organized, but thus far has not been very successful. Only about ten of the inmates attend; of this number all but two are colored. The bill of fare is excellent, the food of good quality and sufficient variety. The average cost of rations during 1871 was 26.9-10 cents per day.

In providing with such liberality for the comfort of its disabled soldiers, the Government has only done its duty. This is all we can do for those who, in the service of their country have lost what money cannot restore, and for which all the comfort and even luxury which can be furnished them, is but a poor equivalent. It is a question, however, whether the establishment of these large and expensive asylums is the best method of showing the Nation's gratitude, or of providing for the comfort of its disabled soldiers. The experience of older nations is valuable on this point. The magnificent and famous Greenwich Hospital, erected by England at incredible expense, where over 3000 pensioners, and 6000 out-pensioners were supported at one time, is now declared, after an experience of three-quarters of a century, to be a failure; and if we are correctly informed, has been broken up, and the pensioners supported at less expense and with more comfort at their own homes.

Human nature is the same everywhere; and the aggregation of many invalids into one household, where they have a daily, unvarying routine, without outside interests or associates, and where they are deprived of the gentle ministrations of woman, cannot but have a benumbing and demoralizing influence. Nothing but the most wise and considerate management of these large asylums, and the unremitting efforts of those in charge, can prevent these deplorable results. The officers of these institutions have committed to them a sacred trust; and the utmost care should be exercised by Government in their selection. They should be men whose integrity is unimpeachable, whose loyalty is above suspicion; and when-ever practicable, those only should be chosen who have served and suffered in the same glorious cause, and whose single aim should be to promote the comfort and happiness of these disabled veterans, who are entrusted to their care.

[A sketch of Fortress Monroe will appear in our next issue, bringing to a close the article on "Hampton and its Surroundings."]

Gohl gives a ready passport at any gate except heaven's.

Washington's Birthday.

On the 22nd of February, 1732, was born George Washington, the most illustrious citizen of Virginia. He was from the first a noble boy, perfectly truthful, brave and manly, full of life, and leading his playmates in their sports, as he afterwards led his countrymen in their struggles for freedom. Though not naturally fond of books, he did his school work faithfully. At school he learned surveying, and he spent much of his time, when he was between sixteen and nineteen, in mapping out the wild and unsettled parts of Virginia,—work which made him well acquainted with the country, and with the character and manner of the Indians.

The French in those days owned Canada, and claimed all the country west of the Alleghanies. There was not a white settlement in all that region; but the fur trade was profitable, and the English were determined not to yield an inch of the ground. Washington was sent to the Ohio, in 1753, by the Governor of Virginia, to try to make terms with the French and Indians. In this dangerous business he showed such courage and good management that, from that time, he had the confidence of all Virginia. As the French would not listen to his proposals, war soon began. In this war, which lasted till 1759, he saw his first military service, and gained a still higher reputation among his countrymen. Early in that year he was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, and went home to Mt. Vernon. There he spent most of his time till 1775; but he had still many public duties, for he was Judge of the County Court, and a member of the Virginia legislature, and was consulted by everybody who had a project for the general good.

At this time, the English Parliament began to impose taxes on the Americans. The colonies were determined not to submit to taxation, except by their own legislatures; and they resisted in various ways. The quarrel grew warmer every year; and at last, on the 5th of September, 1774, a General Congress met at Philadelphia. Washington was of course one of its members. This Congress published a Declaration of Rights, and appealed to the king and people of England to respect the liberty of the Americans. As the English kept on in their oppressive course, the people began to arm themselves, and that winter, Washington reviewed many companies of Virginia militia, who wished to put themselves under his command.

The second General Congress met in the following May. While Washington was preparing to go to Philadelphia to attend its sessions, he heard of a battle which had taken place at Lexington, Mass, April 19, 1775, between the British troops and some Massachusetts militia. Congress, seeing that war had already begun, at once formed a constitution for the confederate colonies, took measures to raise an army, and appointed Washington Commander-in-chief. Only those who have carefully studied the history of the trying years which followed, know how well he deserved this honor. If he had been less brave or less prudent, if he could have been disheartened by any difficulties, or if he had been less able to command the confidence of his countrymen, our independence could not have been secured.

After peace was made in 1783, he resigned his commission and wished to retire to private life. But the people could not spare him. Under the first constitution, Congress had not power to carry on the government, and it was necessary to form a new one. Washington was made president of the convention called for this purpose. This convention met in 1786. It was hard to persuade some of the states to accept the new constitution; but at last it was done, and in 1789 Washington became the first President of the United States. His election was not contested, for he had won such love and reverence from his fellow-citizens that they could think of no one else as their leader.

He was President of our country for eight years, and did for us what no one else could have done so well, in securing the success of the new government, which the people had not yet learned fully to love and appreciate. He would not consent to serve for a third term, but went home to Mt. Vernon, where about two years after, he died, Dec. 4th, 1799. His country grieved for him as for a father; and even the English, against whom he had fought, paid him funeral honors at his death.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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All are invited, the young especially, to ask by letter questions on any subject upon which they wish information.

We shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

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To aid in building churches we will return twenty-five dollars *in cash* for every one hundred one dollar subscriptions; or $12.75 for twenty-five subscriptions; or $3.50 for every fifty subscribers.

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, FEBRUARY, 1873.

As the family comes before the state in order of time, as the state can exist only as families exist, and is, in short, only a combination of families, it follows that the education of the individual is the corner-stone upon which the nation must build; the work which above all others, it is for the nation's advantage should be well done. We must have honest and sensible fathers and mothers before we can have an honest and sensible government; we must have men and women intelligent enough to understand the reasonableness of right doing, before we need look for statesmen who will frame their codes after the pattern which the Great Ruler has set; and it is education, and education alone, which will give us the citizens whom the country needs.

Not only must we seek instruction for ourselves, but we must see to it that our children and neighbors and fellow-voters do not go untaught; for the surest protection for our lives and property, the surest guarantee of our liberties as workingmen, lies in the intelligence of the people among whom we live; and common schools and academies have an influence on the life of the nation, so direct that it may be shown in figures which he who runs may read. For example, the Commissioner of Education at Washington published, in the year 1870, a series of questions in regard to the relation of education to the productiveness of labor, of which he sent three thousand copies to such working men and employers throughout the country as were likely to give solid opinions upon the subject. Nothing could be more interesting than the answers received, and it is only to be regretted that they could not have had wider circulation. Our space will not admit of quotations from them, but the result of the investigation is summed up by the Commissioner in the following words, which are sufficient for our present purpose:

"From the testimony thus given by various classes, from all sections, and among many industries, it is clear that the worth of a common school education to the common laboring man, is universally conceded, that his value to the community at large is positively increased, and his power as a producer, of adding to the common stock of wealth is materially enhanced by the education which he receives in the common school. The increase of wages which he will receive is put at various figures, averaging near 25 per cent, and this increase of value arises, 1st. from the fact of his being more readily instructed in the duties of his work; 3d. that he needs less supervision; 3rd. that he does his work to better advantage, and therefore produces more in a given time; 4th, that he is less likely to join in unreasonable and unreasonable strikes; 5th, is more industrious; 6th, is less dissipated; and, lastly; is less liable to become an expense to the commonwealth through poverty or crime."

Valuable as the whole of this testimony is, the last point alone furnishes an argument in favor of universal education so powerful that we need scarcely look for any other proof of our duty in this matter. If we want to get rid of our prisons and reformatories, we must build schoolhouses, and, more than that, we must see that they are filled. The nation pays dearly for all these thieves, and drunkards, and paupers; and nation means you and me. If we choose, we can train these miserable brothers and sisters of ours to know that virtue is a better thing than vice; that it is better to be sober than to be drunk, to be honest than to steal, and it is in our schools that the work must, in the main, be done.

Teach the little children to read and write; give them the elements of a simple education, and the state will be saved a long bill for gaols and penitentiaries. The statistics of crime show beyond question that a large proportion of the criminals and paupers who prey upon society, have failed in their youth to receive the education which would have enabled them to earn an honest livelihood and to appreciate their own power for good and evil; and, as this class, whose members consume without producing, is by far the most costly class in the community, the liberal education of the masses not only increases the ability of all industrious working men, but also decreases their expenses by lessening the number of non-producing vagabonds and paupers, for whose support, they, as citizens, are directly taxed. Purely as a matter of economy, we may be well assured that, to quote once more from the Commissioner of Education, "The community receives an ample return for whatever of money it invests in the education of its citizens;" and it is for the citizens to see not only that ample funds are provided for this purpose, but also that those funds are so applied as to enrich the community as well by labor saved, as by labor gained.

The fine portrait of Hon. Charles Sumner in this issue, and the picture of Broadway and the famous Seventh Regiment are contributions from J. R. Osgood, of Boston, and the Harper Brothers, of New York.

The picture on our third page is a copy of one of the many beautiful illustrations in the "Nursery," published by John L. Shorey, of Boston.

We have received files of the "Lighthouse," a very fresh and bright weekly paper, published in Wilmington, N. C., by Miss Amy M. Bradley. It is devoted to education and general information, and has a high and pure tone. The publication of the compositions of students of the "Tilton Normal School" give it peculiar interest. It is well worth the price, $2.00 per one half year. We bespeak for the "Lighthouse" the support of all who are ready to help a worthy and sensible cause.

The colored people of Suffolk, Va., have a "Seven Wise Men Society," over which Mr. Robert A. Lee has been installed as President, and Miss Mary A. Keling, Secretary. His inaugural address has been sent to us for publication, which want of space forbids, but we extract a sentence to indicate its spirit. "Liberty" says Mr. Lee, "cannot be maintained by an ignorant and vicious community; so let us rally and unite in our little town, and bring about a better state of society. Let not the young be hindered from aiding so good a cause."

Whoever subscribes for this paper aids the only printing establishment in the South, and one of the very few in the United States where colored boys are taught the art of printing. Most of the type-setting of this paper, and all the press work is done by students of the Hampton Normal School, who thus pay the cost of their education. Five young colored men are learning the printing business, besides taking a regular course of study. Help those who help themselves.

The Jubilee Singers

Of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, have been singing for several weeks in New York, Brooklin and vicinity, and have been most cordially welcomed by the pastors and churches. They have sung at the weekly meetings of social worship, in the Sabbath schools, have held praise meetings in place of the preaching service on Sabbath evening, have assisted in the meetings of the Association, and in all these ways have aided spiritual feasts of those who have heard them. They are being felt by the churches as a spiritual power, warming and quickening religious worship.

North Carolina.

THE CITY OF WILMINGTON.

Wilmington is improving rapidly. An old citizen has said that it has grown more within two years than in any ten years of its previous history. Many new and handsome houses have been erected; the streets are kept in excellent order; new ones are being laid out and lined with dwellings, and the place has an aspect of thrift, a beauty of situation, and a charm of climate that render it one of the most delightful cities of the land. Order and law are well observed, and nowhere are life and property better protected.

CHURCHES.

There are six colored churches, mostly well constructed and finished, and some have very large congregations; there is a steady and most gratifying improvement in the order of worship, and in the demand for an intelligent ministry.

SCHOOLS.

For some years the leading citizens have co-operated with Northern benevolent societies in educating the children of both races. Schools for whites have been under the charge and superintendence of Miss Amy M. Bradley, and her work has had a most gratifying result. Commencing with an attendance of but three little children in the face of great prejudice and some opposition, she has triumphed over every difficulty; and already nearly seventeen hundred children have been brought into the system of schools over which she presides.

The Normal School building, now in course of erection at a cost of nearly $30,000, will be an ornament to the city, and represents the largest and most efficient single effort that has been made for popular education for poor whites of the South. It will be a source of power, and through its graduates, will send streams of healing and helpful influence all over the State.

Miss Bradley, its Principal, has proved that the illiterate whites will respond nobly to intelligent efforts in their behalf, and has by her magical power led them up to a pitch of enthusiasm for their country, and for the old flag they once fought against, that justifies the highest hopes and heartiest efforts in their behalf.

The American Missionary Association, through its agent, the Rev. Henry B. Blake, has expended upwards of twenty-five thousand dollars in behalf of colored schools, with the best results. They have been adopted by the State, although a large part of the expense is borne by Northern friends. A system of free schools will soon be established, and the good work which Miss Bradley and her assistants, will pass into perpetual operation, and vindicate the wisdom of the great labor and expense he undertook.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Half the offices of the city are filled, and in most cases, well filled by colored men; and all mechanics are regarded as a matter of course.

A correspondent informs us that there is an abundance of fine timber, suitable for furniture, and that the opening for a cabinet-maker is excellent, owing to the demand for furniture in the newly erected houses.

Good lands in some parts of the country are offered to all classes at fair prices, to be paid for in money and labor, so that any industrious man, of any color, may, if he will, in a few years, have a farm of his own.

The way is opening to occupy many central points in North Carolina with good common schools; public sentiment is in their favor. The Legislature has recently passed a school law authorizing limited taxation in behalf of education, and we hope the day is not distant when every child of North Carolina may enter the doors of a free school, and the disgrace of an ignorant, degraded class in her population be forever removed from the "Pine Tree" State.

Richmond Letter.

EUTOR SOUTHERN WORKMAN:

Dear Sir,—In pursuance of your kind invitation, I send you a few lines from the Capital. I might say much of Richmond, as a city—of what it is, and especially of what it hopes to be. But I will reserve all this for a future time, and say a few words about

THE COLORED CHURCHES.

Strong and influential as these churches are in this city, there are not enough of them. Why? A colored population of about 30,000, we have not church sittings for one sixth of that number. If, some fine day, one half of the population should think of going to church, there would be twice as many people crowding the outside of the churches as could get in. The "mother of churches" is the "First Baptist," or as we sometimes call it, "Dr. Ould Africa," Rev. J. H. Holmes, Pastor. With a membership of more than *four thousand*, this pulpit is a post of power and responsibility, equal to any other in this land; and to fill that pulpit, which is worthy of a larger and handsomer place of worship, and I believe they are making arrangements to build at not distant day.

Second Baptist, Rev. William Troy, Pastor. This is another large and prosperous church, the eldest daughter of the "Old African." They had a substantial and comfortable place of worship, which was burned down by the torch of an incendiary, in April, 1865, for the crime of holding meetings in it to arrange for celebrating the first anniversary of their practical emancipation. They have had six years of the severest struggle for sacrifice, and have happy to add, *triumph*; for they have a large, substantial and handsome sanctuary supplied with completion; which, when completed, will have cost them $30,000. The church is exceedingly fortunate in having Rev. Mr. Troy for its leader in this heavy enterprise, as well as in its spiritual affairs. He is a man of large figure, of great natural powers, improved by education and by travel in this and in foreign lands, and is a graceful and effective speaker.

Ebenezer Baptist Church, Rev. Richard Wells, Pastor, is fortunate in having the best house of worship; really a handsome and commodious one, but not large enough for the crowds who flock to it every Sabbath.

I learn that they will soon enlarge and otherwise improve it. This speaks well for the success of the minister, who presents a remarkable instance of a man grown to manhood entirely without education, kept down by slavery, and yet, by steady and patient toil during the last six years, who has risen to a position of first rate influence, and commands universal respect, not only as a godly man and faithful minister, but as a man of good judgment and intelligence out of the pulpit, and of very decided ability and force in it. He always speaks to interest his hearers, whatever may be the theme.

These three churches are a great power in this city. Besides these are some three or four other Baptist churches concerning which I have less definite knowledge; and also, three or four Methodist churches; but I cannot speak of them in this letter, or I shall take up too much of your space. I may speak of these in my next.

I will close by saying that the churches and schools are the hope of the working men of South and North.

Our fine Normal School on 12th Street, near the Davis Mansion, is doing thorough work in preparing teachers for future usefulness. It invites inspectors.

Yours truly,

R. M. M.

RICHMOND, VA., *Feb.* 10, 1873.

Hampton Letter.

MR. WORKMAN: On your first appearance you paid me a visit. I was glad to see you. Thank you for coming. I like your looks; you seem to be neat and somely. Especially, do I like your *sense*, Workman. Yes, I like that word; I like its meaning. It conveys the idea of one who can work, and does work, and is not ashamed to work. Such are the men to make a country. Then I like your *hand* name *Southern*. The great want of the South is workmen. I hope you will prove yourself one of them, and not only work yourself, but by your example, stir up others to work. Remember the Bible says "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

Many look upon work as the evil, and try by all means to shun it. They set their wits to work to save their hands. This is a grave mistake. Good old Ben. Franklin never wrote any thing truer than this "*People who set out to live by their wits are very apt to fail for want of stock.*" Wit is very good, but it is not money, but it is not the only thing by itself. Work, instead of being an evil, is a great blessing to society. It is not, as many suppose, a curse sent upon the earth as a consequence of sin. Before sin was known on earth, God put man in the beautiful garden of Eden; and for what purpose? To lie down in the shade? to eat the fruit? to enjoy himself in idleness? No! but to "dress it and to keep it." How could that be done without work? No, no! Be a workman, a true workman, a constant workman, say a "Southern workman." Nothing but work has made the North what it is, and nothing but work will make the South what it ought to be.

All kinds of workmen are necessary. We want work in the field and in the garden; in the shop and in the office; in the dairy and in the kitchen; in the school and in the pulpit. In fact, wherever human beings are to live, there is work to be done; and somebody must do it.

Most of the readers of the "*Southern Workman*," have, all their lives, (till within the last few years) been working for others. Now they are working for themselves and families. Surely they will not now be afraid or ashamed to work for their own. If you are a mechanic, a farmer, a cook, or a boot-black, work on your business; follow your trade. If by your industry and intelligence, you get something better, then work at that. All truly great and good men have been working men. Many of them worked with their hands before they worked with their minds.

But it is not enough to be workmen. Try to be *good* workmen. Whatever you do, do it well. "Act well your part; there all the honor lies." A great man who had paid his way through college by blacking the boots of his fellow-students, was once introduced to a man, who thought he was a great deal wiser and was rich. The rich man at once recognized him, as his college boot-black, and thinking to mortify him in company said, "Oh yes, I remember you very well, black my boots at college." "Well," said the truly great man, "did I not black them well?" Now *Workmen*, take the hint. Do your work well, and you never need be ashamed of your occupation.

ERODUHTAN.

The Shoe and Leather Manufacture.

The hides and skins tanned in the United States each year are worth $86,530,000. 80,000 men are employed in making these into leather, which, when made, is worth $124,760,000. 131,000 persons pay their living by making boots and shoes, which are worth, when made, $246,250,000; and 19,000 persons are employed in making harnesses, trunks, machine-belts and other manufactures of leather, which are worth $63,300,000.

Thus the whole value of the manufactures of leather each year is $260,550,000, giving employment to 190,000 persons. Take from this sum the cost of the hides and skins and of the other materials used, cloth, paper, wood, metal etc., $86,950,000, and we find that the manufacture of leather goods is worth to the country each year, $222,600,000. This is more than any other branch of industry is worth excepting agriculture, which amounts to $3,288,900,000; and railway service, $360,000,000. The iron made in the United States, when ready for use, is worth $120,000,000. The cotton cloth is worth $71,500,000 more than the raw cotton used; and the woolen cloth is worth $66,000,000 more than the wool used.

In the year 1870 about ninety million pairs of boots and shoes were made in the United States. Of these, fifty-five million pairs were made in Massachusetts, and thirteen million pairs in other parts of New England. Thus it appears that boot and shoe making is the leading branch of manufacture in this country, and that New England is the centre of the business.

There are in Boston three hundred and eighty-four wholesale boot and shoe stores, nearly all of them kept by men who have factories scattered through New England. Almost each town has its own class of goods. Lynn manufacturers make mostly women's shoes, and many of them with cloth tops. Haverhill, too, makes women's shoes, but of a different sort. Marblehead turns out great quantities of children's shoes, while in Reading there are several factories that make nothing but infants' and dolls' shoes—hardly larger than those worn by the "Puss in boots." In Worcester and neighboring towns are made a large share of the men's heavy boots which are sold. Natick and North Brookfield and Dover, N. H. make stout brogans, the most of which are sold to buyers from the Southern States. In the cities of New York and Philadelphia great quantities of high-priced boots and shoes for both men and women are manufactured.

Agricultural.

SMALL FARMERS BUY OR RENT LAND.

The southern workman finds his circumstances as follows: 1st. An abundance of productive land which can be rented for one or two dollars a acre. 2d. No knowledge of that system of farming which would make such land pay a good return to the owner. 3d. A scarcity of capital that would make such knowledge available.

Under these conditions there is no question more vital to the prosperity of the industrial classes of the South than this: *How to make the best use of the money they can command.*

In the old countries of Europe, many of the most prosperous farmers are not owners of the soil. Their whole capital is devoted to active business operations; they would not purchase land if they could, because they can make more by investing their capital in stock, seed, and tools.

The southern workman can purchase land very cheaply, but it seems to us he might well stop to consider, before making all his capital upon land. Would he not assume an unnecessary burden? Opportunities to buy are likely to increase, and land to become cheaper in the South; but when it does so, it will become clearer by and by. The farms are too large for the new system of labor, and the owners must sell.

But no landholder whether *Northern* or *Southern*, is anxious to sell to a man who has so little money that he cannot afford to improve his purchase and make it add to the value of the neighborhood. There are the first things needed is money; not only for purchase but for active operations.

It becomes a most important question, for those of the industrial class who have small means and desire an agriculture for support, whether to rent land at low rates and apply their capital to making money *out of* the land, or to buy at once paying by degrees and depositing their money *in the land*.

In both cases the ultimate aim is one and the same, to own land; the question is as to the best method of making money in order to buy to the best advantage. We invite discussion upon this important point.

FARMERS' CLUBS.—In every township of every Southern State, there ought to be a Farmers' Club. The club is to the farmer a school; he finds out the views of his neighbors; he learns that somebody else's way of farming pays better than his own; he may get a hint in an hour's discussion that will save or make for him a hundred dollars a year.

Southern farming is too much a repetition of what has been done before. Men follow blindly the old customs.

Farmers! you never will be rich except by using your brains as much as your hands. Read all you can about your own agriculture; see what the best farmers about you are doing; get the best way of all is to form a farmers' club that shall meet, say once a month, discuss freely the mistakes and successes of the past year, the chances of the next year's market, and the best crops to raise, and how to cultivate them to the best advantage.

POULTRY.—Most of our readers keep fowls and know something of the right treatment of poultry; but we give the following rules intended especially for poultry in confined situations, which, if carefully observed will add greatly to the profits of the hen-yard.

1st. Their quarters should be above ground, light and perfectly clean, airy and well sheltered from cold winds.

2d. Give them a variety of food; at break of day a warm mess of meats and meal; at noon meat of any kind with a little tallow chopped fine; at night whole corn.

3d. Keep by them all the time pure water, sharded lime, pounded oyster shells, coal, ashes, sand, dry and moist gravel, and once in a while cayenne pepper and salt in their morning meal.

4th. Don't keep hens over except choice fowls to breed from. Secure large lively hens of whatever breed, and change stock every year. Good farmers love their hens, keep their houses clean, and in return receive larger profits from their poultry than from anything else the farm produces. Although the large range for poultry on many Southern farms renders these rules unnecessary, yet we have deemed it well to indicate as above the most approved methods of the most successful poultry fanciers.

SALT all animals at least once a week. Get rock salt and let them have access to it at all times.

PENS should have warm, dry, well ventilated pens; abundance of clean straw; food three times a day, and their pens should be kept clean. It is a great mistake and poor economy, to let pigs wallow in filth.

COWS should also, be kept clean. A dirty cow is a disgrace to a farmer, and a direct loss.

FEED your farm well, and it will feed you; manure heavily for heavy crops.

There is only one road to profitable farming; it lies over a huge manure pile. Southern farms are exhausted by constant cultivation without fertilizing. Settle down to farming in one place; if you rent, rent for five years; buy if you are able, and then go to work to strengthen and improve the soil. One-year leases are ruinous to the farmer, to the owner, and to the land.

Domestic and Foreign News.

FRANCE has gone through with another "crisis," and fortunately came out of it with safety. The latest excitement was caused by the resignation of the President, M. Thiers, and all the Cabinet, because of the rejection by the Assembly of the tariff measures proposed by the Government. The Assembly refused to accept their resignations, and passed a vote of confidence in the administration, when they consented to retain their offices. France has not yet learned what a republic really is, and that freedom to criticise and vote against government measures, is among the prerogatives of its citizens.

A favorable sign for France is the report of a bill in the Assembly providing that all offences of the press shall be tried by a jury.

The new French conscription bill provides that every child between six and thirteen years of age must be sent to school.

IN ENGLAND great excitement prevails on account of the American claims presented before the Geneva Conference. This conference, now in session at Geneva, Switzerland, meets in accordance with an agreement made by England and the United States, for the settlement of the matters in dispute between the two countries. Among these disputed questions is our right to claim damages of England for the losses occasioned during the late war by Alabama and other rebel cruisers, which were fitted out in British ports to prey upon our commerce. Our Government claims that England is responsible not only for the value of the American ships and cargoes destroyed by these rebel cruisers, but also for the so called indirect or consequential damages, such as the expense of fitting out vessels of war to capture them privateers, and for the loss to our commerce which the fear of these cruisers occasioned. The London papers claim that the question of *indirect* damages cannot be entertained for a moment, and call upon the English Government to withdraw from the conference unless the claim is withdrawn. The agreement of these two powerful nations by which is called the Treaty of Washington, to refer the questions in dispute between them to arbitration rather than to the "trial by battle," was considered a great triumph of civilization. Its failure now would be most deplorable, and we have faith to believe that some means for a settlement of adjustments of the present difficulty may be agreed upon.

THREE thousand pounds ($15,000) have been subscribed in London in aid of an expedition to search for the distinguished traveller and missionary in Africa, Dr. Livingstone, who went on an exploring expedition into the interior of Africa, and has not been heard from for some two years.

THREE thousand soldiers, have sailed from Spain to reinforce the army in Cuba.

MR. Roberts has been inaugurated as President of Liberia. We presume this is the same Roberts who was the first President of that republic, and who has distinguished himself in her service.

SPAIN seems to be rapidly getting into foreign and domestic difficulties. She has recently stopped and searched an American vessel on the high seas; and now we have an English steamer on the charge of carrying goods contraband of war. At home a strong Republican party has been formed, and the imported King Amadeus is beginning to realize the truth of the old proverb "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

THE emancipation movement is gathering force in Brazil. It appears probable that the present law, which only provides for gradual emancipation, will be so amended as to hasten the freedom of the slaves. Meanwhile, the people, from whom the enrollment must be taken by some of the religious orders, are organizing for the immediate liberation of the slaves, and the education of their children.

THE arrival of the Japanese Embassy on their official visit to this country and the other powers with whom they have treaties, is of great significance. It is composed of men of the highest rank and ability, headed by the Prime Minister of the Empire. They were received by Hon. C. E. Delong, United States Minister to Japan. In a speech made by San Francisco, which was received with appropriate honors, Prince Iwakura, the Prime Minister, said it was a recognized fact in Japan that their prosperity had greatly increased since the conclusion of the treaty between their country and the United States. The progress of the embassy toward the East has been suddenly interrupted by the serious snow blockade on the Pacific Railroad. It has brought the train to a stand in Utah. They are now thinking of returning to San Francisco, and coming to New York via Panama by steamer.

IN Congress, the bill which passed the House of Representatives, granting a general amnesty except to members of Congress and officers of the army and navy, who joined in the secession movement, failed in the Senate by a single vote. Senator Sumner's civil rights bill was added to the amnesty bill in the Senate by the casting vote of the Vice President, but the bill thus amended was lost. It is to be hoped that the amnesty bill may finally become a law.

THE snow has blockaded all through travel on the Pacific Railroad, and caused much suffering among the passengers, as well as many losses to baggage men having transactions with California.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

Sunday Services.

First Baptist (white), Rev. George P. Adams, King Street. Services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.

First Baptist (colored), Rev. Wm. Taylor. Services at 10.30 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M.

Zion Church, Baptist (colored), Rev. Wm. Thornton, Butler School House, Old Point Road. Services at 10. 30 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M.

Second Baptist (colored), Rev. John Smith, Queen Street. Services at 10.30 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M.

St. John's Church, Episcopal (white), Rev. J. J. Norwood, Queen Street. Services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.

Methodist Episcopal, South (white), Rev. H. C. Cheatham, Queen Street. Services at 11 A. M., and 7.30 P. M.

Little Bethlehem Meth. Episcopal (col'd), Rev. James T. Morris. Services at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M.

Bethesda Chapel, Rev. Richard Tolman, in National Cemetery. Service at 11 A. M., Sunday School at 3 P. M.

St. Mary's Catholic, Old Point, supplied from Norfolk. Services at 10.30 A.M., and 3.30 P. M.

Centurion, Episcopal, Fortress Monroe, Rev. M. L. Cheves. Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.

Mill Creek Methodist Episcopal, Rev. J. S. Beyer. Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.

Hampton Normal School,

RECORD OF GRADUATES.—CLASS OF '71.

Miss Sarah Brown is teaching in Willmington, N. C., under the direction of Rev. H. B. Blake.

Miss Jane Bullard is teaching in Charlestown, West Virginia.

Miss Julia Gibbs is teaching in Columbia, S. C.

Miss Nancy Ellison is employed in a public school in Staunton, Va. Miss Eliza Jackson is similarly engaged at Swoops Depot, six miles distant. The former writes:

"I am quite pleasantly situated in Staunton, having a delightful view of the mountains whenever I look out. I am living between the Blue Ridge and Alleghany ranges. I am teaching with a colored lady from Boston. We get along finely. The people are kind, and the scholars are quite good."

The latter says: "I enjoy looking at my scholars on the ice pond very much. I never saw an ice pond before this winter. I have been tempted several times to try skating, but my heart fails when I get to the pond.

I have very nice board for $10,00 per month. I get $30,00 per month. I have a room all to myself, and everything comfortable."

Edward Bowman is in Kempsville, not far from Norfolk, teaching school.

D. A. Elliet writes in good spirits from Bridgewater, Rockingham County. He says: "I like out here very much. I think this is the finest part of Virginia. I have a very nice boarding-place. Bridgewater is a small village of an old style, having a main street, and a back street, and a water street. My boat-house is on the river about fifteen rods off, and my school-house is just across North River. I go across in a boat every day. My school numbers 23, and the whole school 110, and has three teachers. I like all the people in town, so far, for they seem to be the best people in the world.

The air here is noted for the prolongation of life."

James Fields is doing good service in the educational cause as Principal of the "Lincoln School," Hampton.

Joseph Gilles is in Suffolk, in extreme Southwestern Virginia, teaching a public school.

Calvin Johnson, who has for many months been Assistant teacher in the "Butler School" at Hampton, has just entered the Law Department of Howard University, in the charge of Prof. John M. Langston, the well-known orator.

William C. Lee has a large school in Carrsville, Virginia, which will shortly become an academy requiring three or four assistants.

We have not heard from Harrison Lewis for several months, and cannot report definitely with regard to him.

George W. Lattanar is employed as teacher of a private school in Lancaster County.

Caleb Nelson has been employed in Charlotte County public schools since last summer.

Henry Clay Layne has been appointed teacher of a free school in Salem, Roanoke County, Virginia.

George L. Taylor assists in the Lincoln School at Hampton.

Elliott Tolman is in Boston in a large wholesale store.

Walter R. Wilkins and Samuel C. Winslow are students at Oberlin College, Ohio.

Merritt R. Wallace writes from James City County: "My school up to February 1st, numbered 41 children. On that day the Board of Trustees reduced my salary to $20,00 per month. The Clerk of the Board assured me it was not for anything on my part as teacher, but because I am the only colored teacher in this County, and two members of the Board being opposed to public education, are trying to keep me out. Had it not been for colored friends, and for our worthy County Superintendent, Colonel James H. Allen, I could not have kept the school up to this time."

Graduates, and absent undergraduates, as well as teachers generally, are requested to send to this paper accounts of their work and of the region they live in.

To insure life and property is the duty of every man whose death is likely to leave his family in distress, or the loss of whose buildings would be a great calamity.

An intelligent man needs not to be urged to provide by insurance against misfortune. But through the neglect of ignorant and perhaps well meaning men, thousands of children are to-day in wretchedness, because their fathers neglected to insure their lives and property. *Insure! Insure!! Insure!!!*

A Noble Boy.

THE following touching story is a beautiful gem:

About nine o'clock in the morning, a little boy in Paris, of twelve years of age, whose jacket and apron of white cloth distinctly indicated that he followed the profession of pastry-cook, was returning from market with an open basket on his head, containing butter and eggs.

When he had reached the vicinity of the church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd, was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, so that his basket tipped, and fell to the ground with its contents. The poor lad, when he saw his eggs all broken, and his butter tumbled in the gutter, began to cry bitterly, and wring his hands.

A person who happened to be in the crowd that gathered around the little fellow, drew a ten sou piece, a small coin, from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood grouped around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by this accident. Influenced by his example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy's apron contained a respectable collection of coppers and silver. When all had contributed, our young hero, whose distress had vanished in a moment as though by enchantment, wurmly thanked his new benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum he had received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes, about five dollars. But, instead of quietly putting this sum in his pocket, he reckoned up how much what he had lost was worth, and as it amounted only to fourteen francs, about two dollars and a half, he appropriated no more than that sum; and then, observing in the group that surrounded him, a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked right to her, and placed the remainder in her hand. Certainly it would have been impossible to show himself more deserving of public generosity, or to acknowledge it in a handsomer manner. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety in one so young.

Yes And No.

BY ALICE CARET.

My dear little children,
I think I may guess
That you have learned early
The way to say yes.
Now that is a good word,
Kept strictly for use,
But bad as it can be
To lie around loose!
All sorts of disasters
Behind it will press
So be careful, my little ones,
How you say, yes!

And there is another word,
That you can spell,
I'll dare say, but maybe
Can't use very well;
It a ill keep you from debt,
And will keep you from stink,
And will help you to stand
When you're ready to sink.
My lad, have it ready,
Wherever you go,
And, in time of need, speak It
Out manfully, No!

Animals Love Man.

It is perfectly natural that man should have unfriendly feelings toward wild beasts, and that the instinct of self-preservation should lead him to destroy them. But it is shocking that useful and domestic animals should trouble and fly at his approach, or that they should suffer and perish through his cruelty. We believe, with the bishop of Chalons, that "it is a crime, and a sign of a wicked heart, to take pleasure in tormenting animals, and making them suffer. It is, indeed, unchristian." Almost all domestic animals are naturally affectionate; they love man, become attached to him, and show their feelings in ways which are often intelligent and instructive. If, instead of training animals by cruelty and abuse, man would treat them kindly and affectionately, he would be like the monarchs of the golden age, the king of nature, adored by his subjects.

A DOG'S HELP IN THE WISCONSIN FIRES.—During the terrible storm of fire that swept away the beautiful village of Peshtego, Wm. Shepherd, with his little boy, took refuge in a swamp a little distance from the village, they were followed by a little spaniel dog. Shortly after, the party were joined by Mr. Burns, who was nearly destitute of clothing. Shepherd, generously took off his coat and gave it to Mr. Burns. As they stood there, he expressed a desire for a hat, when the dog started for the burning village—but attempts to call him back proving unavailing—and in about fifteen minutes he returned with a hat in his mouth, which he laid at Mr. Burns' feet. This is a fact; you can draw your own conclusions.

A WATCHMAN in a mill at Perryville has made friends with a large rat and his numerous family. At the midnight lunch hour the watchmen gives a light rap on the wall, which brings out the rats to share his hospitality, and, after finishing their meal, the pets play around their benefactor in the most sportive, trusting manner.

Children's Department.

GREETING TO THE CHILDREN:

Dear Children,—When we began the New Year with the "Southern Workman" we did not forget the children, and we hope to find a place for them in every number, as they already have a place in our hearts, homes, and good wishes. If we do not give you a fresh plum cake every month, as you deserve, we will do what we can for you by picking out a few plums from Mother Goose's pudding and other nursery *sauces*, as we have been kindly allowed to do; so that the smallest child may welcome our paper, and feel sure that he will find something in it just suited to his needs.

One little four year old girl likes so much "Uncle Charles'" story of "The Milkman's Dog and Horse," that I am sure you will like it too:

The other day I heard a true story of a good horse and a good dog. They belong to a man in the State of Maine who deals in milk. Some of his milk this man gets from a house half a mile off from where he lives himself. Every day just before sunset, he harnesses his horse to a wagon or cart, puts in his cans for the milk, and lays the reins

THE HORSE WHO COULD PUMP.

where they can be got with ease by the driver.

Then he calls his dog; and the dog jumps in and takes the reins in his mouth, while the horse trots on to the house where the milk is to be got. Then a man comes out and fills the cans, and turns the horse round the way he ought to go to get home. The good dog sits holding the reins, while the good horse trots off, and does not stop till he gets home.

They have never yet met with any mishap. Is it not a good dog? and is it not a good horse too? — *The Nursery.*

The Horse who could Pump.

I have heard of a cat who could lift the latch of a door; but I can tell you of a filly who could pump.

What I tell you now is true. A friend of mine had a horse who, when the trough was not full, would take hold of the handle of the pump with his teeth, and move it up and down, till there was as much water as he would like to drink.

Once, on a hot day in June, when he had had his drink, the cows came up, and cried, "Moo," "Moo;" which meant, "O! we wish we had some water!"

Then the good horse went to work, and pumped for them, up and down, up and down; and they all had a good drink, and were glad. — *The Nursery.*

The Farmer and his Sons.

A farmer being on the point of death, and wishing to show his sons the way to success in farming, called them to him, and said "My children, I am now departing from this life, but all that I have to leave you, you will find in the vineyard." The sons, supposing that he referred to some hidden treasure, as soon as the old man was dead, set to work with their spades and ploughs and every implement that was at hand, and turned up the soil over and over again. They found indeed no treasure; but the vines, strengthened and improved by this thorough tillage, yielded a finer vintage than they had ever yielded before, and more than repaid the young husbandmen for all their trouble. So truly is industry in itself a treasure. — *Æsop.*

Schlaraffen Land.

(POOL'S PARADISE.)

Translated from the German for the "Southern Workman."

All lazy people can understand
This tale of the wonderful Schlaraffen Land;
It lies three miles behind Christmas Day;
And if you there would find your way,
You are told that the road that you must take
Leads through the heart of a mountain of cake,
Which is three miles thick, and as good as can be,
You must eat it all, and then you'll see,
That very minute you'll surely stand
Safe in this wonderful Schlaraffen Land.
Though fool and dolt think you'll find waiting there,
At first I think you'll do nothing but stare;
For, if you'll believe what's been told to me,
Every house in that queer country
Is thatched with pancakes; while all the doors
And window-shutters and even the floors
Are made of gingerbread, the very best kind;
And if you'll look still further you'll find
That every house has a neat little hedge
Of crisp brown sausages set on edge.
The brooks all flow with the reddest of wine,
Which runs into your mouth when you're ready to dine;
And instead of cotton on the pine trees grow
What the people there call units of dough.
The willows are laden with nice hot rolls,
To be eaten with milk; but you need no bowls,
For a fountain springs at the root of each tree
Of milk as sweet as milk can be.
When the rolls are done they drop into that,
And on the brink you may eat and chat.
The ponds are full of all sorts of fish,
Cooked and seasoned, and ready for dish;
And the foolish things swim so near to shore
You may catch it as one handful of dozen or more.
Then through the air, believe me, please,
Fly roasted pigeons, and ducks and geese.
You needn't work your dinner to win,
Just open your mouth, and they'll fly straight in.

The pigs are fat, and cooked to perfection,
And they run through the streets prepared for dissection,
Each with a carving-knife stuck in its back,
That whoever wants may cut him a snack.
(But be sure to return the knife to its place,
Or the pig will think it a very hard case.)
Instead of stones there are nuggets of cheese
Lying about among the trees.
The people who live in this wonderful land,
You'll agree with me, are oddly planned;
They grow on trees against the wall,
And when they are ripe, why, then they fall;
Each one drops into a pair of boots
Of just the size and color that suits.
Besides this they have a fountain
Springing just at the foot of the mountain,
Where all may bathe who are ugly and old,
And come out fair, and young, and bold.
Their customs all are most careless and easy,
Such as are suited best to the lazy:
For example—the crew that wildest flies,
Is the one that wins when they shoot for a prize.
And in running a race, the boy who is last,
Comes in ahead, which is singular taste.
These people spend most of their time in sleeping,
Which, to be sure is only in keeping
With all the rest that they do and say;
For they never have their nightgowns through the day,
And are paid a dollar for every hour,
When instead of working they sleep and snore.
Whoso gambles his gold as any,
Is rewarded with that which he lost in play.
And he who refuses his debts to pay,
Gets at the end of a year and a day,
Back from his creditor twice the sum
That he borrowed at first, a pretty plum!
Every time one takes a drink
The cup's a shilling, only think!
And for the very biggest of stories told
The teller receives a crown of gold.
They live, as you see, without rhyme or reason;
And wit and wisdom are never in season;
And he who seeks to be honest and true
Is driven away without more ado;
While a boy, who to labor should put his hand,
May never hope to reach Schlaraffen Land.
Those who are idle and will not learn
Here the likes of honest corn;
And he who is chosen as laziest of all
Is crowned King in this realm of sloth.
All who are rough, and rude, and wild,
In this land are princes styled;
And those who in smiling themselves delight,
Come in under the head of knight;
While those who simply eat, sleep and drink,
Why, they are made into counts, I think.
Now I have told you what you may do,
If you can cast the mountain through.
Whoever wants such a life to lead,
Had better pack up his things with speed,
And hasten away to Schlaraffen Land;
For it is the only land on earth
Where a boy can earn what he isn't worth.

The King and the Ants.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

According to Jewish tradition, King Solomon, who was wise beyond all other men, knew the language of animals, and could talk with the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air. A story is told of him which is in this wise:

One day the King rode out of Jerusalem with a great retinue. A certain hill lay directly in his path, and Solomon heard its little people talking.

"Here comes the great King," he heard one of them say. "His flatterers call him wise, and just, and merciful but he is about to ride over us, and crush us without heeding our sufferings."

And Solomon told the Queen of Sheba, who rode with him, what the ant said.

And the Queen made answer: "He is an insolent creature, O, King! It is better fate than he deserves, to be trodden under our feet!"

But Solomon said: "It is the part of wisdom to learn of the lowest and weakest." And he commanded his train to turn aside and spare the ant-hill.

Then all the courtiers marvelled greatly, and the Queen of Sheba bowed her head and made obeisance to Solomon.

"Now know I the secret of thy wisdom. Thou listenest as patiently to the reproaches of the humble as to the flatteries of the great."

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Set Me Free.

Set me free! Set you free,
That I may my Jesus see;
For my soul longs to embrace
All the glories of His grace,
Promised by His love to me.

Holy Light! Holy Light,
Sun that breaks through darkest night!
How long, O my God, how long
E'er I join the sacred throng,
And behold Thy radiant might?

Songs of praise! Songs of praise
Chanted through eternal days;
Had I wings, now would I rise
Swift above these darkening skies,
Up to Zion's shining rays.

Soon or late! Soon or late
I shall reach the golden gate;
Lord, my God! and shall I fear,
When at length the hour draws near,
And without I stand and wait?

Paradise! Paradise!
Shall we to thy glories rise?
Will the blessing prove no dreaming?
Is the truth beyond the seeming?
Bring us, Lord, to Paradise!

Selections.

Spurgeon.

THE GREAT BAPTIST PREACHER.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the distinguished Baptist preacher of London, is remarkable for the earnestness, the point and power, with which he proclaims the gospel to the thousands who gather in his immense Tabernacle. Instead of wasting his strength in talking about mere general truths, which reach nobody and stir nobody—like those sportsmen whose business is to fire, and not to hit—he aims directly at the hearts and consciences of men, here piercing like a sword, and there smiting like a thunderbolt; striving to rouse men from the lethargy of sin, and so lead them to Christ, and make them living epistles of His gospel.

Some idea of the quaintness of his style, the aptness of his illustrations, and the secret of his success, may be formed from the following selections:

PRECAUTION—*its force and main consideration.*" I had tried to drive certain long brass-headed nails into a wall, but had never succeeded except in turning up their points, and rendering them useless. When a tradesman came who understood his work, I noticed that he filed off all the points of the nails, the very points upon whose sharpness I had relied; and when he had quite blunted them, he drove them in as far as he pleased. With some consciences our fine points in preaching are worse than useless. Our keen distinctions and nice discriminations are thrown away on many; they need to be encountered with sheer force and blunt honesty. The truth must be hammered into them by main strength, and we know from whom to seek the needed power.

CONVERSIONS (*Sudden*)—*not all Genuine.* Fish sometimes leap out of the water with great energy, but it would be foolish to conclude that they have left the liquid element forever; in a moment they are swimming again as if they had never forsaken the stream; indeed, it was but a fly that tempted them aloft, or a sudden freak; the water is still their home, sweet home. When we see long-accustomed sinners making a sudden leap at religion, we may not make too sure that they are converts; perhaps some gain allures them, or sudden excitement stirs them, and if so, they will be back again at their old sins.

TRANSFORMATIONS OF GRACE. A short time ago the manufacturers of lighting-gas were puzzled to know how to dispose of the coal-tar left in the retorts. A more useless, nauseous substance was hardly known to exist. Chemistry came to the rescue, and today not less than thirty-six marketable articles are produced from this black, vile, sticky slime—solvents, oils, salts, colours, flavours. You eat a bit of delicious confectionary, happily unconscious that the exquisite taste which you enjoy so keenly comes from coal-tar; you buy at the druggist's a tiny phial of what is labelled "Otto of Roses," little dreaming that the delicious perfume is wafted, not from the "fields of Araby," but from the foul gas retort.

Christianity is a moral chemistry. Well were it for nations if it held a higher place among their social economies. Tar-saving is all well enough, but soul-saving is better. Grace transforms a villain into an honest man, a harlot into a holy woman, a thief into a saint. Where fetid exhalations of vice alone ascended, prayer and praise are to be found; where moral miasmata had their lair, righteousness and temperance pitch their tent. Every sort of good thing is produced by godliness, and that too in hearts once reeking with all manner of foulness. Should not this stay every persecuting hand, hush every railing tongue, and incite every sanctified spirit to continued and increasing energy?

I LIKE to see a man renewed all over, from head to foot. It is delightful to meet your hearty Christian, who, when he gave his heart to Jesus, meant it, and devoted his whole body, soul, and spirit to the good Lord who had bought him with His blood. Some of you have only got a little finger converted, just enough to wear the ring of profession, and look respectable; but oh! to have hand and foot, lungs, heart, voice, and soul, all saturated with the Spirit's influence, and consecrated to the cause of God! We have a few such men, full of the Holy Ghost, but, alas, we have too many other converts, who are rather tinctured with grace than saturated with it.

WE will not urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother. This is very possible, and at the same time very lamentable; but the mission I would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep other vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad, and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home as happy as a home can be. Serve God, by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service.

Charles Sumner.

THE desire to see distinguished people, and to know about them, is universal, and within proper limits is commendable. Men and women who have become famous for their talents or their virtues, and through whose labors the world has been benefited, are worth seeing and knowing. Our own lives are made purer and better, and our best ambitions are stimulated, by a knowledge of such persons. We like to know how such people look, and if they live so far away that we cannot see them, we enjoy seeing their portraits. In former times, pictures were too costly luxuries for any but rich people to indulge in, and even they could seldom get good likenesses, especially on paper. But now, by the great improvements in photography and engraving, the most correct and lifelike portraits are within the reach of all. We propose to give in each number of the "Southern Workman" a picture of some eminent person, with a brief sketch of his or her character. The portrait of Abraham Lincoln which we gave in our last number, was not a satisfactory likeness, but it was the best we could procure. In this paper we give an excellent picture of the distinguished Massachusetts Senator, Charles Sumner, whose life has been one continued battle for human freedom and human rights. No two men have done more for the cause of universal liberty than Lincoln and Sumner; and though their circumstances of birth and education were as different as were their temperaments and methods, their lives and talents were devoted to the same great end. Mr. Sumner was born in Boston, in 1811. He received a liberal education, and was admitted to the bar in 1834, where he soon attained a larger share of practice than any other lawyer so young in the profession. He early took an open and decided stand against the extension of slavery, and though averse to public life, was induced in 1850, after repeated refusals, to accept the nomination to Congress as this issue, and was chosen United States Senator as successor to Daniel Webster. This honorable position he has held from that to the present time, and during the whole of this long period he has been the firm, aggressive and uncompromising champion of human liberty and equal rights. Entering the Senate-chamber at a time when the slave power was dominant in the councils of the nation, he has lived to see universal freedom proclaimed throughout the republic, and the highest offices of the state thrown open to the honorable ambition of every citizen, without distinction of race, or color, or previous condition.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

No man has done more to bring about this result than Senator Sumner, who, when slavery was in the height of its power, and it was dangerous to assail it, did not hesitate to risk life and popularity in the cause to which he had devoted his great talents and abilities. In the Senate, during the dissensions resulting from the secession of the Slave States, he earnestly opposed all concession to or compromise with slavery, and early proposed emancipation as the speediest mode of bringing the war to a close. He is now vigorously pressing his Civil Rights bill, which secures equal privileges to all classes, without distinction of color or race, on railroads, steamboats or other public conveyances, and at hotels and public places of amusement.

Senator Sumner has many enemies, but his eminent abilities, incorruptible integrity, and unselfish devotion to principle, are admitted by his most bitter opponents. He is a statesman of whom the whole country may well be proud. The lines of Whittier, with which the volumes of his speeches and writings now being published are introduced, fitly describe his character:

"Believe me still, as I have ever been,
The steadfast lover of my fellow-men;
My weakness, love of holy liberty;
My crime, the wish that all mankind were free;
Free, not by blood; redeemed, but not by crime;
Each fetter broken, but in God's own time."

Temperance.

IT was a saying of Guthrie: "If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put the whiskey into him."

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.—Two men will start together in life, the one keeping his head cool with water, the other muddling his with liquor. At the end of ten years, the former will have achieved success, the latter will be dropping into a drunkard's grave; but just before he drops, you will hear him say: "Stonishing what difference 'er is in life. That fellow started same's I did, an' every thing he touched turned to gol', and everything I touched turned to ashes. Stonishing what a difference 'er is in life."

MODERATE DRINKING.—Let no man say, when he thinks of the drunkard, broken in health, and spoiled in intellect, "I can never so fall." *He* once thought as little of falling in earlier years. The promise of his youth was as bright as yours, and even after he began his downward course, he was as unsuspicious as the firmest around him, and would reject, as indignantly, the admonition to beware of intemperance. The danger of the vice lies in its almost imperceptible approach. Few who perish by it, have realized its first excess. Youth does not suspect drunkenness in the sparkling beverage, which quickens all susceptibilities of joy. The invalid does not see it in the cordial which gives new tone to his debilitated organs. The man of thought and genius detects no palsying poison in the draught which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination. The lover of social pleasure little dreams that the glass which animates conversation, will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with noiseless steps and binds the first cords too light to be felt. This truth of mournful experience should be treasured by all, and should influence the arrangements and habits of social and domestic life in every class of the community.—*Dr. Channing.*

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WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
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DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1872. NO. 3.

Harpers Ferry.

Harpers Ferry is in Jefferson County, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, on a point just opposite the gap through which the united waters pass the Blue Ridge on their way to the ocean. The Ridge here is about 1200 feet in height, showing bare, precipitous cliffs on each side the river. The town is principally built on two streets stretching along a narrow shelf, between the base of the bluff and the rivers, meeting at the point at nearly a right angle, and named respectively Potomac and Shenandoah Streets. As the population of the town increased, villages and scattered residences occupied the plateau on the bluff, about 400 feet above the stream. It is distant from Richmond 173 miles, from Washington 57 miles by turnpike, and from Baltimore about 80 miles by rail. Here the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac by a magnificent covered bridge 900 feet long, and passes along Potomac Street westward, its track lying 40 feet above the river. The Winchester and Potomac Railroad has its northern terminus in the town.

Before the war, the town, including the village of Bolivar, on the heights, contained a population of about 3000, nine-tenths of whom were whites. At the breaking out of the war, nearly all the inhabitants left their homes, some casting their lot with the Confederacy, and about an equal number with the Federal Government. On the restoration of peace, few returned. Many colored people, however, who came at various times with the army from Southern Virginia, have remained, so that the proportion is materially changed. The population in 1869 was estimated at 1600 whites and 400 blacks.

The magnificent scenery of this locality has been immortalized by Jefferson in a beautiful description said to have been written on a remarkable rock commanding a view of both rivers and their junction. The rock itself is a wonderful freak of nature, and is regarded with veneration by the inhabitants, not only for this, but for a tradition among them, that seated on it, Jefferson wrote his "Notes on Virginia." It is therefore called "Jefferson's Rock." On one side of the town the Maryland Heights, and on the other the Loudoun Heights tower 1200 feet above, like guardian giants defending the entrance to the noble valley of Virginia. Between these mainarts the two rivers unite.

Of this scenery Jefferson said that a sight of it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic; a much more formidable undertaking in his time than now. It is supposed by some that the whole valley of Virginia was at one time a vast sea, and that during some convulsion of nature the imprisoned waters found an outlet at this place.

In 1794, during the administration of Washington, the place was chosen as the site of a national Armory. It is said that the great Father of his Country suggested the location, having visited the place in person. The water power is said to be one of the finest in the world. The land for the Government works was purchased from the heirs of Mr. Harper, a former proprietor, from which the place takes its name. Here was established one of the largest arsenals in the United States, and also a factory of arms of corresponding magnitude. The former, at the breaking out of the rebellion, was said to contain 95,000 stands of arms; and the latter, when in full operation, turned out 25,000 yearly.

Harper's Ferry is a memorable spot in the nation's history. It was here, as is well known, that the brave old Puritan, John Brown, made his rash attempt to excite an insurrection of the slaves, and put a forcible end to slavery. The tragic story is familiar to all our readers. The sanguinary drama, ending with the execution of this remarkable man, whose indomitable courage, self-sacrificing devotion to principle, and deep religious faith, elicited the admiration of his bitterest enemies, created intense excitement all over the land. Brown's design was very generally condemned; but the lofty consecration of his life to what he believed to be his duty, created a profound respect for his memory; and when the secession of the Slave States brought civil war, thousands of men, who condemned his acts, and justified his execution, afterwards marched into battle, and laid down their lives for the Union, shouting his name as their battle cry.

The writer of the "Annals of Harpers Ferry," to whom we are indebted for much of the information contained in this sketch, and who was an eye-witness of the "Brown Raid," says, "It is difficult at this time, to do justice to the character of this remarkable man; but no doubt, the future historians of the country, who will write when the passions that excite us have subsided, will class him with the Scotch Covenanters of the seventeenth century. It has always struck the writer, that John Brown very closely resembled John Balfour of Burley, whose character is so finely portrayed in Scott's 'Old Mortality.' The same strong will and iron nerve, the same fanaticism characterized these two men; and it must be said of both, that while no sane person could approve of their actions, their bitterest enemies cannot deny a tribute of respect to their unflinching courage."

The intense excitement created all over the land by this invasion and its results, culminated in the election of Lincoln, the secession of the Slave States, and the civil war.

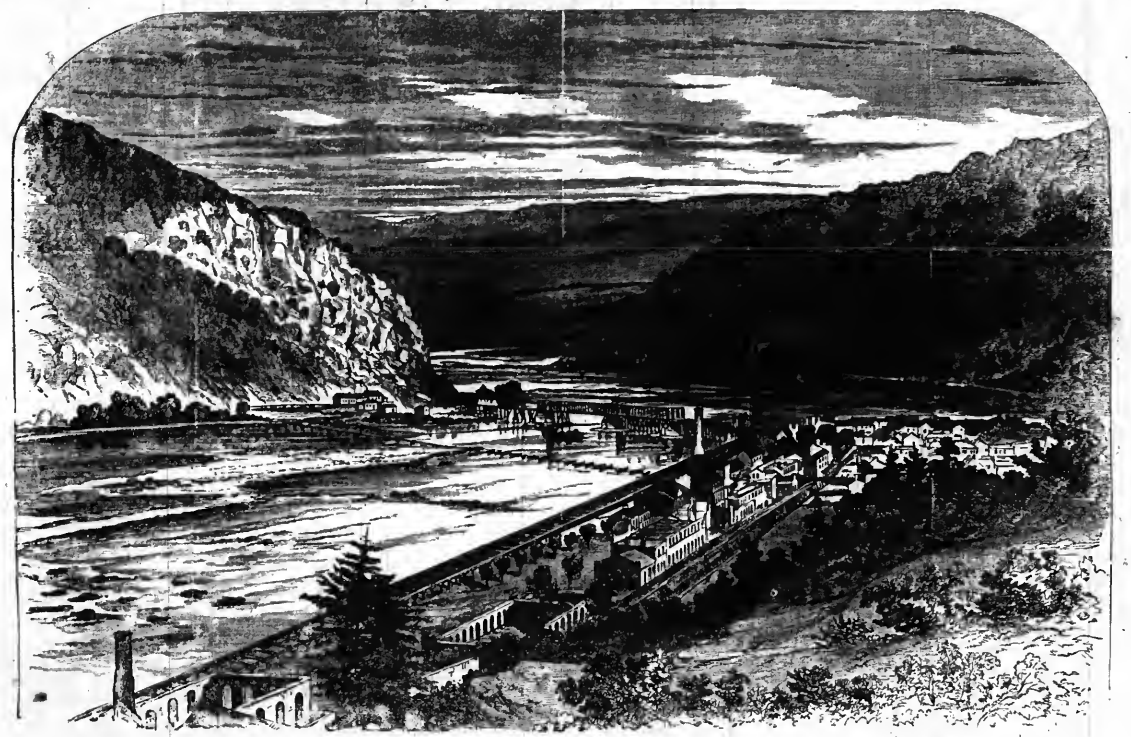
Harpers Ferry, which was the scene of the first act in the terrible drama, was afterwards the theatre of many another part of the fratricidal strife.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARSENAL.

On the secession of Virginia, April 17th, 1861, the Confederates promptly marched on Harpers Ferry to seize the Arsenal with its supply of arms, of immense value in the approaching struggle. The forces reached Harpers Ferry at midnight of April 18th. The Arsenal was defended by a company of forty-two United States troops, under command of Lieutenant Roger Jones. The Government knew that the post was in danger; but having no means of reinforcing it, had ordered Lieutenant Jones, in the event of an attack in force, to destroy the Arsenal and all other Government property. The peril came sooner than it was expected. But the Commander was watchful, and he received information on the 17th, the very day on which the Ordinance of Secession was passed with closed doors, that preparations were making at Winchester and in the surrounding country, for an attack upon him with an overwhelming force. Jones immediately prepared the work of destruction by piling the arms in heaps, and surrounding them with combustible matter, and by ruining the workshops and laying trains. He was not an hour too soon. About nine o'clock in the evening of the 18th, the Confederate force moved swiftly and silently upon the Ferry; but they were not able to surprise its little garrison. They were challenged by sentry after sentry, until they began to apprehend that more formidable preparations for resistance had been made than they were able to encounter, and concluded to halt, while they sent on a flag of truce, to obtain information from the townspeople. While the force was awaiting the return of the flag, a sudden flash from the Armory, followed by others in quick succession, with heavy explosions, announced the destruction of the valuable war material which it was their object to capture. Within three minutes from the time of firing the trains, the Arsenal and the arms it contained, were destroyed. Early in the year 1867, John Storer, Esq., a wealthy and philanthropic citizen of Sanford, Maine, offered to give ten thousand dollars to found a school, which might eventually become a college, at which youth might be educated without distinction of race or color, provided the friends of the colored people in the Free Baptist denomination, would raise an equal amount. The proposition was accepted, the terms were met, and quite an additional sum of money was raised. Harpers Ferry was selected as the location. A Normal School was opened in October, 1868, and has been continued in successful operation, with a constantly increasing patronage until the present time. In the meantime, a charter, granting full college powers has been obtained from the Legislature of West Virginia. The United States Government has made donations in money and lands to the school; but the Corporation is still in need of funds to maintain a competent Board of Instruction, to aid indigent students, and to prosecute successfully its plans for the future. In addition to the liberal gift of Mr. Storer, he left by his will one thousand dollars to lay the foundation of a library. He also secured for the institution an annual grant of books from the American Tract Society, of Boston; other donations of books have been made. The charge for tuition to students in the regular course is $3 per term, or $9 per year; for room rent $3 per term. Board in good families or at the boarding-house $2 per week. The charges for tuition and room rent, in the case of indigent students may be abated. The school has numbered 160 during the last year, and has sent out 20 teachers. The buildings are well adapted to their purpose and contain over 80 good rooms. A large majority of the students board themselves, though there is a boarding-house connected with the school for such as desire to avail themselves of it. Most of the students pay their own board and buy their books. The principal, Rev. N. C. Brackett writes: "Our location is a remarkably beautiful and healthy one; no malaria ever troubles us. We are overcoming the prejudices of the white people." It is the design that this Institution shall ultimately become a college, in accordance with its charter powers. It will however, for the present, be a Normal School or Academy, as it is believed that in that way, it will best meet the wants of the colored people, for whose benefit it is especially designed.

How striking the fact that the U. S. Arsenal, which supplied the weapons that connect men with barbarism, has given place to "Storer College," which supplies teachers of Christian truth.

Professor Brackett and his teachers hold a splendid position — the gates of Western Virginia; and at Harpers Ferry, where John Brown struck a blow that startled the nation and began the war, they have founded an institution upon the principles of peace, destined, we believe, to redeem thousands from ignorance and degradation; and to become for multitudes a golden gateway to the higher life. Success to "Storer College."



HARPERS FERRY.

STORER COLLEGE.

It is refreshing to turn from these scenes of bloodshed and civil strife, to the peaceful triumph of civilization.

He who sends the storm steers the vessel.

THE Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager,*

Hampton, Va.

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, MARCH, 1872.

It is now seventy odd years since John Howard, one of God's own workmen, introduced the idea of reformatory discipline into the prisons of Europe — prisons which until his day had been too foul for description — wherein men and women, crowded into close neighborhood with every form of vice, learned only to make their last days worse than their first. Filled with righteous horror at the sufferings of these unfortunates, who had no ability to plead for themselves, this great-hearted Englishman devoted his life and fortune to their service; and while he struck heavy blows at the injustice which, treated with equal and shameful cruelty, children who had stolen a loaf of bread, and hardened men convicted of murder, he insisted always and chiefly upon the fact that a prison should be a place not so much for punishing criminals as for reforming them. He said, in his plain, fearless way, what the world at large is now finding to be entirely true, that to shut up human beings for two or ten or twenty years at the expense of the commonwealth, and at the end of that time to turn them once more loose upon the world, with no means of support, with their faculties weakened by disuse, their hearts hardened by long months of solitude and unkindness, was poor economy, and poorer Christianity. He saw clearly enough that a great change must come in men's minds before prison discipline could be made in any degree successful, and he knew that he should not live to see it; but he toiled on to the end, and we to-day are beginning to reap the harvest which he sprung from the seed sown by his brave hands. For out of this work began by one man, has grown our whole modern theory of "Reform Schools," which, imperfect as it is, offers good hope for the future.

In the very dawn of the revolution in the treatment of prisoners, it was seen that separation was essential to individual reform. That is, that the constant association of the young offenders, who were comparatively new to crime, with the older prisoners, to whom every form of vice was familiar, was certain to corrupt the former, and greatly lessen their chances of becoming honest citizens. Therefore, while it was wise to keep all prisoners occupied at some handicraft which should prevent idleness, relieve the government in some measure of their support, and enable them at the expiration of their imprisonment to make themselves useful members of society, it was especially best to give a good, practical education to those young enough to receive it, and for that purpose to establish separate and carefully regulated schools in connection with the prisons. Experiments made with such schools, in the early part of the present century, demonstrated their practicability; and in 1848, the first Reform School in America was established at Westborough, Massachusetts. It was for boys only; and its later reports show that during the first ten years of its existence, it sent back into the world, 1,653 youths, of whom four-fifths were, as time has proved, permanently reformed.

Now it is easy to see what the gain to society must be from such an institution as this; and indeed, the whole matter of profit and loss may be put into a nutshell, so simple are the facts from which we have to reason. On the one hand, we can cling to our old barbarous prison system, which punishes only, and therefore sends out more criminals than it takes in; and, on the other, we can at a slightly increased expense connect with our prisons such correctional training, such kindly, practical instruction, as shall give us the above quoted large proportion of offenders redeemed from their sins.

Which of these two plans will be least expensive in the long run? Reform Schools cost money, undoubtedly; but, as a matter of fact, what are the few thousands required to keep them in activity, in comparison to the cost of a murderer, a thief, a gambler, or a drunkard? The history of our prisons shows that their inmates are dismissed only to commit fresh crimes, and to return to fresh punishments, and that this round of offence, conviction, imprisonment and dismissal, goes on in a large majority of cases until no other life is possible. Reform Schools break up this terrible routine in its beginning. They take the offender while he is young enough to be powerfully affected by the influences with which they surround him; and they do in very earnest seek to reform him. That, when they have proper facilities, they succeed in this work, is well established, and results go to show that they pay better interest on the sums invested in them, than does our standing army of magistrates, sheriffs, policemen, etc., and the institutions which it represents. In short, it is cheaper for us to reform our criminals than it is to imprison, or even to hang them, the latter being truly the worst use to which we can put our fellow-creatures.

But whether or not these arguments convince us of the economical value of Reform Schools, there is another side to the subject which we shall do well to keep always before us; for, after all, it is not only, or chiefly of the direct gain to the nation that we should think. We want to look into these prisons of ours, as John Howard looked into them, as Christ looks into them; and to feel always that souls are better worth saving than money. We can save the souls if we will, for we can make sure that there is no police court or prison in the land from which the young criminals are not sent to some suitable school, and we have nobody to blame but ourselves if this great work is not honestly and quickly done. The fallen creatures whom we eye askance, shutting our ears to the voice of their complaint, are not the only sinners; we also sin, in that we have left undone that which we ought to have done; and if at last, we are looking for a better way, we can find it nowhere more surely, than through the open doors of these Reform Schools, which fulfil their promise of success, because they are practical and economical, and best of all, because they are Christ-like.

It is proposed to organize a State Educational Association in North Carolina.

More than half the children in the state have never been in school. The state has a tax for schools, but much of the money remains unused for the want of competent teachers; and much more is wasted on incompetent ones.

The association will be composed of some leading citizens of the state, and the actual workers in the educational field; will have very little machinery, and have no money except for active work. It will aim by mutual assistance among its members to secure the best grading and instruction in the schools. The great work will be to bring good teachers who are wanted for the work among the people, who are starved for the elements of knowledge. We predict for the society a course of great usefulness.

The friends of temperance, especially in large cities, will be interested in the Hostess letter. The plan of cheap Coffee Rooms has there proved a most successful temperance movement on the part of Southern laboring men. Will not some friend of the Southern laboring class establish a Coffee Room in Richmond, or Norfolk, or Petersburg, or Wilmington, or Charleston, and give the experiment a fair trial?

Already the "Southern Workman," although not over two months old, has found its way into over one hundred Northern, and *five hundred* Southern homes, and is taken in eighteen different states. The welcome from all quarters has been most cordial. Those who need it the most, appear to like it best. All interested in the prosperity of paper like this, representing self-help, industrial training, practical education, printed by colored students as a means of saying their way, may feel that its prospects of success, and of large usefulness could hardly be more encouraging.

Our list of contributors is reinforced by Mr. Henry W. Blake, late Assistant Editor of the Williams College "Quarterly"; who has devoted himself to the educational work in North Carolina, in which his father the Rev. H. M. Blake, of Wilmington, has been so zealous and able a pioneer.

For the picture of Harpers Ferry in this number, we are indebted to the Harper Brothers of New York; for the portrait of Professor Agassiz to J. R. Osgood of Boston; and for the "Wrangling Goats," to John L. Shorey, of Boston.

North Carolina.

At present, prosperity smiles on Wilmington, the metropolis of the state. The city has twice the number of houses, and twice the population it had on the close of the war. Improvements are going on everywhere, in the way of new buildings, new sidewalks, extensions of gas pipes and the horse rail-road. The city government, as administered by Hon. Silas N. Martin, Mayor, and W. P. Canaday, Marshal, is in excellent repute. The effective police force, mostly colored, renders Wilmington one of the most orderly towns in the country. The fire department, also largely composed of colored companies, has improved greatly of late.

The high price of naval stores makes business very lively in Wilmington. It is said that men can engage in making turpentine at a profit of one hundred and twenty-five per cent.; that is, for every dollar a man spends in that business, either in money or work, he can receive, on selling the cargo, two dollars and twenty-five cents. Men often bring down the river on a raft, a cargo that is worth $1000. Some of these men cannot write their names, even; and when they get the money, they know no better than to let it lie idle between the boards of their cabins.

The United States is trying to improve the harbor of Wilmington, so that, larger ships can ride at anchor there. Congress has appropriated money for that purpose; and an engineer is constructing works at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, to the hope of making the harbor deeper.

The Wilmington, Charlotte, and Rutherford Railroad is being rapidly extended westward; and when connection shall be established with Tennessee and the West, it is expected Wilmington will ultimately become a large city.

All about the streets of the city you will see hand-bills headed, "Secure you a Home." That is what the rich and poor are doing. Here and there the builders are putting the finishing touches to some elegant house. In another place a large frame is up, and many workmen are busy plying the saw and hammer, in the winter sunshine.

Where one such house is being built, five small ones, with three or four rooms below, a loft above, and a piazza outside, are going up, to become homes for southern workmen. Such homes make any town look cheerful; but also for the old black cabins, that we see being done, what shall we say of these? Why don't the men and women who live in them strike out into the country, where land is cheap, and labor scarce? How much better it would be for them, than to live in such hovels, and stand at the street corners, much of the time, because the city is so full of workmen. A planter near the city hired twenty-five men to go into the country to work, this winter, and not one of them has been willing to start, as yet. Men are offered $20 per month to work on the new railroad.

Some of the white churches in the city are imposing in outward appearance and beautiful within. The Baptist and Presbyterian churches are especially so. There is considerable religious interest in the churches of both races, at present.

An effort is being made to induce Congress to authorize the building of a new edifice for the Custom House and Post Office. Such a building is much needed.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons, is putting up a block opposite the City Hall. A very fine brick school-house is in process of building on Ann Street, for the Tileston Normal School, under the direction of Miss Amy M. Bradley. It will probably be the finest building for school purposes ever seen in North Carolina. In the next number of this paper we intend to publish some account of the various Free School enterprises in the state, and the prominent workers therein; also of the new School Law just passed by the Legislature.

The Colored Churches of Wilmington.

We propose to speak of each of these churches, mentioning but one or two in each number, beginning with the largest. The sacrifices the people have made to build these churches are greatly to their credit.

These churches have most of them been built by the small, weekly contributions of the people; although some of the members have given what in far richer communities would be called large sums. One man gave, for one of them, the profits of his business for an entire year, $800.

St. Steven's, or, as it is commonly called, Red Cross, is the largest church in the state. It has 1,922 members; and is the mother church of New York for the whole country. Its pastor is Rev. J. W. Morris, a gentleman many years ago. His idea was that these four denominations, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, should each build a church on a corner of the square, and that they should all unite in building the house in the centre. For a long time the ground was used for a grave-yard, but now two churches, a Methodist and Baptist, have been built there, also the school-house, in which some 250 children are taught. The Red Cross church will seat some 1500 persons. It is tastefully finished inside. The motto over the pulpit is, "The Lord of Hosts is with us." The building was begun in 1866, and is not quite finished as yet. The cost is said to be $8000. This church belongs to the African Methodist Episcopal Conference, Bishop A. W Wayman.

The Sunday-school at Red Cross is a most strenuous efforts to obtain a real live, interesting library. The Preachers' Meeting, which is held every Tuesday, P. M., at the Mission House, on Seventh St., is quite an institution. Rev. H. H. Hall is the preacher for the purpose of reading and explaining the Scriptures, and discussing theological questions. Each member is expected to give some account of the sermon he preached last, so that all may have the benefit of his ideas. All the preachers in the region are cordially invited to attend.

We hear of strange doings at Raleigh. The last Legislature does not seem to have been the most harmonious body of men. The majority evidently never expected to return to seats in the Capitol. They were very shrewd in their generation when they reduced the salaries of the Governor and most of the other state officers, supposing that the days of their rule were numbered in North Carolina. But the Republicans must live on whatever salaries they chose to vote them, for the next four years. But the Legislature was not so black as some have painted them, after all.

Correspondence.

We take the liberty of publishing a part of a letter received from the principal of a large colored school in Warrenton, N. C. She represents the Friends' Freedmen's Aid Society, of Philadelphia; and has had long experience and good success in her work, both in Virginia and North Carolina.

"I was so delighted with the paper 'The Southern Workman,' that I went to work at once trying to get the people interested in it, and *enough* interested to subscribe for it. It is just the thing that is needed. This very question has been perplexing me for some time: how in their utter dearth of literary matter, the people are to keep fresh and make available their newfound knowledge. Political food, though good in its place, is not good for 'steady diet,' and but little else is furnished in the local papers.

"Our school is doing well, and embraces 108 smart well-to-do, studious children. Around Warrenton, the colored people are industrious, thrifty, and generally contented; and the relations between them and their old masters more than usually amicable. The country has four colored, to every white inhabitant; and the former being absolutely free in peace, it is easily done; for they have things very much in their own hands. Knowing that many of the white men are more fitted to hold responsible positions than a newly-freed slave could be, they have elected white men to fill nearly all the offices; and being sensible and reasonable in every respect, order and quiet is the result."

The New England Freedman's Aid Society, is represented in Beaufort S. C., by an able corps of teachers. One who has been longest in the field writes as follows:

"The more our boys advance in school, the more dissatisfied they become with the old, poor manner of living. They are eager to get out into the world, hoping to find something better.

"It is difficult to say what would most benefit the freed people. Whisky and (not awaking to the fact that books (excepting the Bible) are intended to convey information, and are for instruction. I think they have regarded them as 'Helps to the Teacher.'

"Subscribing for a paper, and getting it regularly, will do as much to arouse a taste for reading as anything else. I hope your paper will succeed, and receive the hearty support it deserves. The ladies associated with me express an interest in your plan, and a desire to render any assistance in their power."

Boston Letter.

THE HOLLY TREE COFFEE ROOMS

have become an institution here, and the story of their establishment and success is a pleasant one to tell. Notwithstanding temperance leagues and alliances, temperance societies, laws, lectures, sermons, political parties and conventions; intemperance not only continues to exist, but it shows no sign of decay; It still sends its victims to prisons and insane asylums; it still kills men, women and children; it still fills homes with wretched that should be happy; it still wastes money that should produce comfort and prosperity; it still makes filthy and indecent streets and houses that should be clean, and orderly; it still makes miserable, ignorant beggars of children who should be happy, well-dressed and at school. And just because it still does all this, we know that there are many people who are not reached by societies and lectures and sermons and laws; a great many people too, who do not desire to do wrong, but who are weak, and cannot, or what amounte to the same thing, *think* they cannot, resist the light, the warmth, the society, the excitement of the grog-shops; who go in for just one drink, or a bite of something," and do not know when they come out; but only know that home after they find themselves in a gutter, in a police station, or in a wretched room, sick and unfit for work, unfit for anything that a man ought to do or to be. How to help these people, was the question which a Boston lady answered when she established the first Holly Tree Coffee Room. On a public street, in the midst of work-shops and grog-shops, where nights were noisy and policemen were in force, she hired, and had fitted up a good-sized room on the lower floor, large windows and a door half-glass, admitted light and scene; a low partition divided the room into dining-room and kitchen; the tables were clean, the floor clean, the windows were clean, and bright branches of holly were set up in them, and on the broad sills lay illustrated newspapers and a few books. On the walls hung a picture of Charles Dickens, whose charming story had suggested the name "Holly Tree," and a dozen or more couplets printed in large letters; and telling that —

"Hot coffee drinks
Is better than gin."

or

"If you drink hot coffee
You'll save your cash,
If you drink hot whiskey
You 'll go to smash."

and other facts of the same practical kind. The food was good, the prices low, (how it will pay to be honest and by and by), and the room attractive, though without anything costly or stylish. Its novelty, first drew customers, its cheapness, neatness and cleanliness kept them and added to their numbers. Many a young man found himself better and his afternoon work easier after a lunch at the Holly Tree, than after a drink at the bar-room, and it did not cost so much either; so by degrees the people who did not want to be led into temptation, and were glad to follow something that led out of temptation, left the grog-shops altogether; some of these shops were closed for want of custom; the neighborhood became quiet, policemen were sent to other parts of the city; a decided change was made in the midst of the 'flirt; children were better dressed, and instead of slinking out of sight with bottles hid in their rags, and muttered curses in their mouths, they went with a hop, skip and jump, singing the jingling temperance rhymes they had learned from the Holly Tree walls, to buy bread and butter, pies, meat and coffee, with the money that 'father' no longer spent in making a beast of himself. In a little while a second eating house of this kind was established; then a third. Now five are in operation, and a sixth is soon to be opened. These are in different parts of the city, where they are most needed, and are all doing well. One or two of them are for "ladies," and the girls who go there for their meals behave like ladies. These eating-houses are not a charity, making constant demands for money, that they may go on and do good; they are self-supporting, and are owned and worked by those who have charge of them are people of intelligence and character, who are paid fairly for their work, and who believe in their work besides, and feel a pride in the reputation of their "Coffee Rooms." In each of these establishments are the holly and green wreaths at Christmas; in each hang the pictures of Charles Dickens and his good and well-known men; in each are the wise and homely rhymes which make you laugh, and cling to your memory. And that you may see the surprising cheapness of the charges, I send you a bill of fare, from one where I dined with some friends last week, and where I found every thing of the cleanest; prompt and pleasant attendance, and well cooked food. The bread was excellent. Three good, sweet slices with butter are given for five cents; and the three nice, light, sweet doughnuts for the same price, would almost make a luncheon by themselves.

The lady to whom the credit of this admirable work is due, continues her interest in it, and makes sure that in the selection of keepers for these temperance restaurants, the right men and women shall be found.

BILL OF FARE.

Tea and Coffee,	5 cents.
Indian Breakfast Cakes,	5 "
Bread and Butter,	5 "
Doughnuts,	5 "
Cold Corned Beef,	10 "
Cold Boiled Ham,	10 "
Ham Stew, with milk or syrup,	10 "
Soup, with bread,	10 "
Pickled Mackerel,	10 "
Pies, all kinds,	10 "
Dry or Dipped Toast,	10 "
Boiled Eggs,	10 "
Hot Biscuit,	6 "
Hot Corn Cakes,	5 "
Fish Balls, Fridays for breakfast,	10 "
Chowder, for dinner,	10 "
Mashed Meat, Monday and Thursday,	10 "
Baked Beans, at all times,	5 "

Agricultural.

We give our space for agricultural matter, this month, to the following article on Trees, by a resident of Hampton.

We advocate trees; we believe every roadside should be planted with them. Every town should bury a tax for the care of ornamental trees along the streets. Trees, we would almost say, are next to schools in importance. They are beautiful; and whoever loves the beautiful cannot love the bad.

In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and other Northern towns, they have societies composed of the best citizens, who see that trees are planted by the side walks and taken care of. There are no finer trees than can be found in our native forests; and every Southern town, and every workman's freehold should be adorned with large and graceful maples, or rich evergreens.

KINDS OF PLANTING TREES.

Some of the finest ornamental trees are found in our Southern forests, and may be had for only the labor of digging; and now is a favorable season for obtaining and transplanting both the deciduous and evergreen kinds.

The wild cherry, in good soil, grows sometimes to the height of one hundred feet, and gives a proportionately broad and dense shade. This makes it, with the white ash, a splendid, popular, and the maple, very desirable for planting on extensive grounds.

Among the hardiest and best of ornamental trees are the ailanthus, ash, horse-chestnut, rock-maple, sugar-maple, sycamore, beech, elm, white pine, Norway spruce, hemlock, fir, and, not among the least, the Paulownia imperialis, of Japan, the following description of which is taken from a recently published circular. "Some of the leaves are forty-seven inches in circumference. It shows flower the third year from planting. The flowers are very beautiful, and grow in large clusters, sometimes to the number of one hundred and twenty in one bunch. They are as fragrant as the white lily, and remain in bloom from two to three weeks. For ornamenting yards or cemeteries, nothing can be more attractive than a specimen or two of this noble tree. It is not uncommon for it to make a growth of twenty feet in one season."

To succeed in planting trees, it is necessary to know the peculiar habit of each variety, and the situation in which it thrives best. Those must be chosen which suit the soil and location of the ground to be transmuted. Taste and judgment are also required in the arrangement of the trees, to secure the most picturesque effects, and the greatest comfort for those whose dwellings they shade.

In planting, the holes dug should be at least a foot wider every way than the roots to be planted, and of sufficient depth to set them about two inches deeper than they formerly stood. Except in a great emergency, trees should never be planted when the soil is wet or pasty; a moist and friable soil, neither too wet nor too dry, is indispensable in complete success. Firmly trusting or ramming the soil is of great utility in facilitating the early rooting of the trees.

It is an error to water trees profusely at time of planting. I have known many decided failures from this cause alone. It is better to cover the ground for a few feet with a mulch of straw or other light material; and for reasons which there is no time to discuss now, whatever manure is used with the planting of trees or shrubs of all kinds, *the surface of the soil* is the proper place for it.

J. M. S.

Domestic and Foreign News.

The great snow-blockade on the Pacific Railroad, which has caused such serious interruption to travel, and so much suffering among the passengers, has, at last, been overcome, and the road is declared by the authorities to be open. The first train will again render the road in connection with the Central Pacific Railroad, across the Pacific Railroad, across to the people, than has been given by these obstructions.

The Jubilee Singers, which was so long detained in Utah by the snow blockade, are now in Washington.

Nine nations thought of Illinois, of the U. S. sufficiently to send delegates to the Temperance Convention at Chicago.

Judge Daniel Pierce, of Illinois, of the U. S. Supreme Court, died on the 19th inst., at the residence of his father-in-law, in Bedford, Indiana.

Prof. Agassiz, who has arrived with his scientific party at San Francisco, on his return from Brazil, is to spend a few days in that wide-awake city, and then go East, and builds a steamer to be used in the Amazon.

In June, a great musical Jubilee was held in Boston, to celebrate the restoration of peace between the United States and Great Britain. Over ten thousand singers, and one thousand performers participated in the grand chorus. Now it is proposed to have another musical Festival, to celebrate the International Peace and Arbitration settlement of the question between the United States and the French Empire. The will be a chorus of ten thousand singers, with two thousand performers, and an immense audience is expected to be present. Invitations are sent to the principal cities of Europe, to hold one hundred thousand people in readiness to attend the Festival. The Peace Jubilee is a grand institution. She represents the United States of America, as one of the leading Powers of Europe, in the matter of the settlement of disputes between nations, to be sent to arbitration, instead of the old method of their prosecution by governments, to the bloody arbitrament of war. To N. P. S. Gilman, of Boston, the enterprise is due. He was the first to suggest the Festival, and is the manager of the grandest public enterprise in history.

The Peace Jubilee is a very special business of publication at present. The movement for the Jubilees at the present time. The movement for the Jubilees in honor of Grant, are very much given to in the Republican party in the regular Democratic party, and in the Democratic party in the Republican party, and in the Democratic party in the Republican party. Grant is the favorite candidate everywhere and even he seems to be receiving a large support. But the latter there is a large number of Democrats, and there are even a number of Republicans among the rest, who are opposed to the nomination of Grant. These, are, however, very few, and the chances are that the Republican party will be united. Greeley has a strong party, and the vast majority of the administration party will be on the side of Grant. Greeley is the favorite candidate of the Democratic party, and the Democratic party will be united. It is better to be sure than sorry. If any one doubts what party is free from dissension, let him drive away the reference.

Gerrit Smith is dead. He was a general thanksgiving was held in England on the occasion of the recovery of the Prince of Wales. In London there was a magnificent display, and a grand procession, was a magnificent display, and a grand procession, by which the Queen and Prince, and the Princess of the recovery was announced, and the celebrations of the recovery was announced, and the celebrations of the recovery was announced, and the celebrations

Sunday Services.

First Baptist (white), Rev. George F. Adams, King Street. Services at 11 A. M., and 7.30 P. M.

First Baptist (colored), Rev. Wm. Taylor. Services at 10.30 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M.

Zion Church, Baptist (colored), Rev. Wm. Thornton, Butler School House, Old Point Road. Services at 10. 30 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M.

Second Baptist (colored), Rev. John Smith, Queen Street. Services at 10.30 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M.

St. John's Church, Episcopal (white), Rev. J. J. Norwood, Queen Street. Services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.

Methodist Episcopal, South (white), Rev. H. C. Cheatham, Queen Street. Services at 11 A. M., and 7.30 P. M.

Little Bethlehem Meth. Episcopal (col'd), Rev. James T. Morris. Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.

Bethesda Chapel, Rev. Richard Tolman, in National Cemetery. Service at 11 A. M., Sunday School at 3 P. M.

St. Mary's, Catholic, Old Point, supplied from Norfolk. Services at 10.30 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

Centurion, Episcopal, Fortress Monroe, Rev. M. L. Chevers. Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.

Mill Creek Methodist Episcopal, Rev. J. S. Beyer. Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.

Hampton Normal School.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS' RECORD.

Calvin Johnson, Class '71, who entered the Law Department of the Howard University, was lately the successful competitor in an examination for a clerkship in the Freedmen's Bureau; he will there be able to sustain himself comfortably while studying law.

Andrew Davis, Class '72, is assistant Light House keeper at Old Point Comfort, Va. He cleans the glasses, and takes care of the lamp, besides walking to and from school five miles every day. The Government Light House Inspector, reports that this house is kept in the best order of any in the whole Light House course.

Miss Hattie Green reports that she is expecting to open school in Whiteville, ten miles from where she now is, on the first of March. Of Flemington she writes: "This is a place where there never was a school before, and you can imagine my troubles. After I had been teaching nearly two weeks, there was quite a complaint from some of the parents that their children had been going to school nearly two weeks and could not write their names. I tried to bear it, thinking it was but little to do for Christ. All my scholars began in the Alphabet, and when I closed, they were reading in the First Reader, and spelling in words of three syllables, and a few could write their names."

Henry Clay Payne writing from Big Lick, Roanoke Co., says:

"I have a large school of 100 scholars on my rolls, and taught by myself until the Board got me an assistant from Petersburg. I am using the Baptist Church for the school-room. I have two scholars who want to enter the Normal School next term. My monthly pay is $30.00, my assistant's is $25.00."

Miss Eliza Jackson reports a school of 33 pupils, who come so far that they have to bring their dinner with them; and keep her busy from nine to four o'clock. "My school," she continues "is very pleasant indeed, though some of the scholars give me a great deal of trouble. The free schools close the last of March; then I am going to keep a private school until June if I can get enough scholars. The one objection I have to teaching here is that they allow a term of but five months."

Edward Bowman writes from Kempsville, Va., as follows:

"I am very sorry to tell you that my school was disturbed on the 20th of last month by a low class of rowdies, because I was the only colored teacher in the county.

"They tried to catch me, but could not; they had guns and pistols. They would have been arrested, but their names could not be ascertained by the grand jurors. The way I made my escape was out of the window, and the children followed.

I intend to die at my post the next time, doing my duty. The citizens were all sorry, and tried all they could to help me catch the rascals."

Elliot Tolman, now in a hardware store in Boston, did a cool and courageous thing the other day. A dog in the store became mad, and attacked everybody in the neighborhood; all ran away except Tolman, who bravely seized the dog by the jaws and held him till some one came up and cut the animal's throat.

Teachers generally are requested to write to the Editor of this paper and give items of interest concerning their work.

Graduates of Colver Institute, Richmond, Va.

Nathaniel Baker, for more than a year has been successfully engaged in teaching at Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va.

Geo. F. Halloway has had a school for nearly a year at Omega, Halifax County, Va.

Geo. A. Copprew, son of Rev. P. G. Copprew, is teaching at Whitesfork, Va.

A. H. Cumber has a school at Proctor's Creek.

Rev. Whitfield Clark is teaching and preaching at Keysville.

James H. Carey has a good school at Dantonsville.

J. W. Gazadin, of Charleston, S. C., is teaching at Woodville, in the suburbs of Richmond.

W. W. Harris is succeeding as a teacher in Powhatan County.

Rev. J. M. Chavis, preacher in Sumter, S. Carolina.

Rev. J. P. Brockenton is pastor of the Macedonian Baptist Church, Darlington, S. Carolina.

H. P. Thorpe teaches a private school in Richmond.

Thomas Tyler has just begun a school in Gloucester County.

R. W. Rice is teaching somewhere in Texas.

Morris Armstead, when last heard from, was teaching in Tennessee; so also was Willis Franklin.

G. W. Williams, when last heard from, was teaching in Kentucky.

Distinguished Visitors.

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteers, of which Gen. B. F. Butler is President, took place on Saturday, March 9th. The Board was accompanied by a large party of ladies and gentlemen from Washington; among whom were Gen. Garfield, M. C. from Ohio, who is one of the trustees of this Institute; Hon. Henry Wilson, of Mass.; Gen. Fairchild, of Wisconsin; ex-Gov. Fred. Smythe, of New Hampshire; Hon. J. H. Platt, our own representative in Congress; Major Ben. Perley Poore, the veteran newspaper correspondent of the Boston Journal, and others of note. The party visited the Normal School, which was in session, and appeared much gratified at the opportunity to see the students in their classes, and at their various industries. They seemed especially interested in the Industrial Rooms, where the young women were being taught to make dresses, and to use the sewing-machines; and in the Printing Office, where the students were striking off the outside pages of this number of the "Southern Workman." One of the party took off his coat, and showed by the skill with which he handled the rollers, that he was no novice in the printing office; and that he could print his own "*stuff*" on occasion. After visiting the rooms where the classes were having recitations, the guests were invited into the large assembly-room where the whole school was gathered. Gen. Garfield addressed the school and then introduced Gen. Butler, who organized the first colored schools in this district, during the war, and senator Wilson, both of whom made brief addresses. The students then sang some of their fine choruses, to the evident delight of all the distinguished visitors, after which the school was dismissed. As the students marched out of the room, the Brass Band in the hall played the "Russian Hymn" with fine effect. This is the first appearance of the School Band, and considering that it is but two months since they received their instruments, and that none of the performers, from their young leader to the little drummer, have had any previous experience, their performance was very creditable. The distinguished guests expressed much gratification at their visit, which was an event to be long remembered by both teachers and students.

THE MYSTIC.—This staunch little steamer has returned to us after a month's absence, which she has improved in getting herself a new spring dress, and decorating herself in divers ways by the various *mystic* rites known to her sex. We welcome her back with her accommodating commander, to her daily routine. What is Hampton without the *Mystic*?

The *Mystic* leaves Hampton for Norfolk daily, (Sundays excepted) at 8.30 A. M. Returning, leaves Norfolk at 3.30 P. M., touching at Old Point each way.

NOTE.—We are unavoidably compelled to postpone till our next, the description of Fortress Monroe and the Artillery School at that post, which concludes our article on "Hampton and its surroundings."

THE NEW SINGER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE is the best in the market. It is no experiment to try one of them. Terms easy. Please call and examine them at Mrs. Titlow's, Agent.)

Children's Department.

The Wrangling Goats.

Two goats arrived at the same time on a narrow bridge that led over a deep chasm. They met each other in the middle and found the bridge not wide enough for them to pass. Each called out to the other that she should turn about and give way; but neither would do it. Each threatened and blowed her horns. And as neither would yield, they came at last to heavy blows, and both tumbled over the bridge down into the deep gorge, where they lay with broken limbs.

THE WRANGLING GOATS.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "moo, oo!
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "moo, oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Bobolink, bobolink!
Now what can you think?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the dog, "bow, wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow;
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I didn't take.
Not I," said the dog, "bow, wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow!"

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa," said the sheep, "oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Coo coo!" said the cuckoo,
"Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again!
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

"We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her or her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again!"

"Chir-a whir! Chir-a whir!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And sit cry: For shame!

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head
And hid himself behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did not like to tell his name.

THE SWALLOW AND THE RAVEN.—The Swallow and the Raven contended which was the finer bird. The Raven ended by saying, "Your beauty is but for the summer, but mine will stand many winters."

Durability is better than show.

Anecdote of Commodore Rodgers of the United States Navy.

After a severe winter when the Susquehannah was filled with floating ice, a negro man and woman were seen by the inhabitants of Havre de grace, on separate fragments tending toward the Chesapeake Bay. Their fate seemed inevitable, but Commodore Rodgers, who had then recently married a lady of that place and was resident there, could not see two human beings perish without attempting their rescue. Finding that no reward could tempt any inhabitant of Havre de Grace to follow his direction, and run the risk of executing a plan he had thought of, he determined to go himself. As no boat could live in the river, he took two planks, and alternately walking on one plank, and throwing the other before him over the floating ice he at length reached the negro woman, who was so benumbed with cold that she was perfectly helpless. His difficulties were therefore redoubled, as he was obliged to support and push her before him, and manage the planks at the same time. But his noble efforts, watched with intense interest by all the inhabitants of Havre de Grace, succeeded. Amid their loud acclamations he landed with the woman in safety. His bride, who had witnessed the scene from a balcony, fainted the moment he reached the shore. The negro man carried by the current of the river near the bank, escaped, and came with his wife to thank Commodore Rodgers. They said they were crossing the Susquehannah some miles above Havre de Grace, where the ice was firm, but it suddenly broke up and caused the peril from which they were rescued.

As they were free negroes, they begged him to allow them to prove their gratitude by becoming his slaves; but he told them to go and be happy. He did not save the woman's life to deprive her of her freedom, and wanted no reward but the consciousness of having done a good action.

These facts were related by Commodore Rodgers at the request of a friend, in 1806.

A True Story of a Cat.

On a sultry day in July, a gentleman sits at a window, looking out upon a lawn which has a fine growth of shrubbery. Underneath the bushes at a distance of half a dozen yards, he perceives two cats with their kittens, stretched out for rest in the shade. One of the cats rolls about uneasily, and seems drooping, as if sick. Presently she takes her kitten in her mouth, and bringing it to the other cat, lays it beside her, close to her own kittens, and the news piteously. Now there seems to be general excitement; the other cat mews back, lays her paw upon the newly-arrived kitten and licks it. All the kittens move, and new family. The first cat then goes off staggeringly, to a distance of about ten yards, and lays herself down. After a minute or two, she does not move, nor seem to breathe. The gentleman went to her and found her dead. Then he watches the other cat to see what she will do. He finds her always taking the best care of the adopted kitten, feeding, defending and caressing it as her own, until it arrives at the estate of cat-hood, when kittens are generally turned off to provide for themselves. O yo who sneer at brute instinct, as being only another name for sensuous want, having no process of thought in it,—consider this history of a cat, and ask yourselves if it is indeed so far beneath your vaunted intelligence as to merit from you so mean a contempt.

As the narrator of the above was himself the eye-witness of the facts, I need say nothing as to their authenticity. It is surely a wonderful and a touching story.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WISDOM is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.

The Household.

If we can add to the comfort and happiness of any household by a few hints as to common things, we feel sure that the wives of the southern workmen will receive the friendly word in kindness. It often surprises one to see how even the poorest home can be brightened and made cheerful by a willing spirit and attention to simple cleanliness alone. We lately visited a cabin where such neatness was the first attraction. The young mother, the baby, the bed, floor and tables were all models of care-taking order, which is delightful to see, and we left that home with a feeling of satisfaction, for we felt sure it contained what was better than handsome furniture or fine clothes.

Next to fresh air, pure water is the greatest blessing we enjoy. Water is meant not only for the inside, but for the outside of man. If you look at the skin of your hand or arm through a magnifying glass, you will see that it is full of little holes. It is indeed a network, and the moisture or perspiration that is constantly coming out keeps us free from disease, and carries off a great many impurities. If this network is stopped up by the perspiration drying on the surface, or by the dust and dirt that will collect and lay like a varnish on the skin, then the only way to cleanse the network and make it cool and pure, is to wash it well with water. Remember the skin is a network, not all over with the face and hands, but over the whole body; and to be in vigorous health, you should wash all over once a day. Men who have to do dirty work should have the great refreshment of hot water ready for them when they come home at night. The good wife will not only have the evening meal ready, but a nice supply of hot water.

Miss Nightingale, says "a pint of hot water well applied, with a good rub after, is as good as a great bath just dipped into and no rubbing after." Of course she speaks of places where water is scanty, for it is certain a little hot water will, in cleansing the skin, go much farther than a great deal of cold.

But a good plunge into plenty of cold water, how pleasant it is! How refreshed people feel after it! How the skin will glow!

A dirty skin is a cold skin; wash off the dirt, and then see how warm you will be. An unclean skin makes people low-spirited. I remember an old man who was very cross and gloomy, and not over clean, who fell by accident into the river one morning, and was with difficulty rescued. He was put into a warm bath and scrubbed and rubbed and brought to; and from that time he seemed a new creature. He grew cheerful; he took to bathing himself and began to church.

John Wesley's maxim "Cleanliness is next to godliness," is very true, and is often the forerunner of godliness. There is a great affinity between a clean skin and a clean mind. Water has many other uses not named here.

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Charity.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Could I command, with voice or pen,
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass;
Vain were such eloquence to me,
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor—
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep—
What were such zeal, such power to me,
Without the grace of charity.

Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future, as the things gone by—
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span—
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind—
Charity bears a humble mind—
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all;
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongue of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought;
But charity shall never fail—
Her anchor is within the veil.

Selections.

Henry Ward Beecher.

We are happy to introduce here to our readers Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who as a writer, lyceum lecturer, platform speaker and pulpit orator, has stood for years, in the front rank. As a preacher, he is said to have the largest uniform congregation in the United States. And when we consider the productions of his pen, so varied and vigorous, so fresh and spicy, so apt in illustrations, glowing in description, and sparkling with humor, we wonder not at the remark of a distinguished professor. "Always read what Henry Ward Beecher writes;—agree with him or not, he has got to be read."

One of the secrets of his success is, that he has the best kind of genius, a "genius for hard work;" being an indefatigable student, without any sympathy for drones. Mark his own words:

"Men seem ashamed of labor, and often you will find men who have made themselves respected by labor, have built up a business and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons and say: "You shall never do as I did; you shall lead a different life; you shall be spared all this." Oh, these rich men's sons! They aim to lead a life of elegant leisure; and that is a life of emasculated idleness and laziness. Like the polyp that floats useless and nasty upon the sea, all jelly, all flabby, no muscle, no bone—it shuts and opens and opens and shuts, and sucks in and squirts out again, of no earthly account, influence or use. Such are these poor fools. Their parents toiled and grew strong, built up their frames of iron and bone; but denying all this to their sons, they turn them upon the world boneless, muscleless, simple gristle, and soft at that."

Another secret of his success is, that he is so sunshiny, hopeful and happy; endeavoring to win sinners to Christ, by showing religion to be winsome. It is said that a "merry heart," was almost all the medicine his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, ever took. And this surely is the favorite medicine of the son.

"When people want to make things attractive in farming, they give exhibitions of their products. The women bring their very best butter, moulded into tempting golden lumps; and the men bring the noblest beets, and squashes, and vegetables of every kind, and from the orchards they bring the rarest fruits; and when you go into the room where all these things are displayed, they seem to you attractive and beautiful.

"It seems to me that is the way a Christian church ought to represent the Christian life. You ought to pile up your apples, and pears, and peaches, and flowers, and vegetables, to show what is the positive fruit of religion. But many people in Christian life do as farmers would do who should go to a show, and carry—one, pigweed; another, thistles; another, dock; and another, old hard lumps of clay, and should arrange these worthless things along the sides of the room, and mourn over them. What sort of husbandry would that be? Christians are too apt to represent the dark side of religion in their conversation and meetings."

"Nothing is more disagreeable to me than to hear of a man's ailments. If a person has a sore, I don't want to hear about it. I don't care to be regaled with the state of a man's stomach or liver. I have ills enough of my own. Yet some people will get together and croon and croon, and talk about other's sicknesses, and about corpses, and how many they have laid out, and have a regular graveyard banquet. It is the same with spiritual ailments."

ENERGY.—"Whoever became a man of influence by sitting under the harrow of despondency? What idle man ever benefited the world, his friends or himself? There is nothing like action coupled with cheerfulness. We see it everywhere. Who is he sitting on that empty barrel on the wharf? A man with no energy—a prey to grief. Who is that man with folded arms, standing in the market place? A lazy do-little sort of a vagabond, who hardly earns his bread and butter. Do you wish not to become such a character? Then arouse yourself! away from the arm-chair! up from the gutter! out from the downy bed! Move your arms, kick your feet, and stir about; give your blood a chance to circulate through your veins, and the air of heaven a chance to circulate through your lungs. Seize the first job presented and dispatch it at once, up for your pay, and get another forthwith, you will earn enough to pay for a wheelbarrow or a handcart and then you will begin to live. Who knows what you may become? Energy is half omnipotent. Small beginnings end in large gains. A penny well turned begins a fortune. Resolve then to do something, and you will bless us to your dying day for preaching thus faithful to you."

Another reason why Mr. Beecher has such a magic away over men, is his characteristic warm-hearted sympathy and broad humanity. He believes that in the words of Spurgeon, "Religion is a dish to be served hot," that it is only as he is tenderly affectionate toward the tempted and struggling, that he can most effectually influence them for good. This, with other characteristics, will appear from the following selections:

"Young men, you come here to get good advice. Now hear it. I tell you there is nothing in the world so profitable as lying and stealing—I should not like to drop down now, before I finished this sentence—so profitable in the beginning, but so sure to be bit by God's lightning at the end. You can gain fast, but you will lose fearfully and rapidly.

"When suspicion begins to touch you, the end is near.

"And when that time comes, if the rocks would fall from their everlasting beds and crush you and hide you, it would be unutterable mercy, compared with the burden of shame and contempt that you must bear.

"My heart is toward the young yet. Only when I look in the glass and see how the gray hairs are coming on my head, do I know that I am growing old. By the beating of my heart I should never know it. My heart is toward the young yet. Would that I could warn them so that they would heed; but they hear me, and they will go away and remember naught. They will follow *their* footsteps who are as *sure* to topple and go down to ruin as the sun is to rise and shine."

"HOW THE WORLD JUDGES CHRISTIANS.—There are persons who judge of Christians as a man would judge of apples, who should enter an orchard and go stooping along upon the ground in search of them. He picks up one, a hard, green thing, no bigger than a walnut. He bites it; it is sour and bitter; it puckers up his mouth, and sets his teeth on edge. "Ha!" he says, throwing the untimely fruit away. "I hear them speak of apples as being so delicious—I'm sure I don't think much of this one." He picks up another, which looks yellow. There's a hole in it, but he don't know what's in it, but he bites into it, and finds a worm. "Bah! apples delicious, indeed!" he cries in disgust; and then picks up a third, which is crushed by his touch, for it is rotten. So he condemns apples, because he has looked for them upon the ground instead of on the trees above his head, where they hang ripe and juicy. Just so, men judge of Christians by the rotten ones on the ground."

HIDDEN TREASURES.—In the "green-room," in Dresden, where, for centuries, the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures unsurpassed in the world, are worth millions of dollars, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within this is hid a chicken, whose wing being pressed, also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all; another secret spring being touched, hidden in the centre is found a magnificent *diamond* ring. So it is with every truth and promise of God's word,—a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it, the richer it becomes. But how many neglect to touch the springs!

PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Agassiz.

Did any Southern Workman ever hear of a man whose time was so valuable that he could not afford to waste it in making money? In these money-getting days such men are rare. Professor Louis Agassiz, whose portrait you will find on this page, is one of them. He is one of the *great men* of the age; a man who has received the highest honors from the governments and learned societies of Europe, who was urged by the Emperor Napoleon to accept a most honorable and lucrative position, and whose services any civilized sovereign would rejoice to secure; but who, unmoved by all these brilliant opportunities for wealth and fame, remains a professor at Harvard College, in Massachusetts, United States by the King of Prussia, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the natural history and geology of this country. Ample means were furnished him for the purpose of his mission, which it was supposed would occupy two years. He was so much pleased with the opportunities offered in this country for the pursuit of his favorite studies, and with the welcome which he received, that he decided to remain here to the end of his days. Having received an honorable discharge from the Prussian Government, he accepted the professorship of zoology and geology in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, where he has founded a museum of comparative zoology, which is the finest in the world. He has travelled all over the United sustained in his enterprize by the tender feelings of so many affectionate friends. He knows he is *loved* as well as honored; that conviction will put the spirit of youth into his sixty years."

FREEDMAN'S

SAVINGS & TRUST

Company.

A National Savings Bank.

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1865.

Chartered by the Government of the United States.

Deposits of five cents or any larger amounts received.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

paid on sums of five dollars or more. *All deposits payable on demand, with interest due.*

All accounts *strictly private and confidential.*

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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in all the larger cities of the South and Southwest.

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established by the authority of the *United States Government* for the benefit of the *Freedmen*, knows no distinction of race or color, and offers its great advantages to all classes alike.

SAVE THE SMALL SUMS.

Cut off your vices—*don't smoke—don't drink—don't buy lottery tickets.* Put the money you save into the

FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS BANK.

NORFOLK, Va. BRANCH

IS LOCATED AT

NO. 116 MAIN STREET,

Corner of Gray Street.

Bank hours, 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Open also Saturday Nights from 6 to 7 o'clock.

J. W. ALVORD, *President.* C. PERCY, *Cashier.* M. L'HOMMEDIEU, *Asst. Cashier.*

LAND FOR SALE

On the Peninsula.

I have for sale 2000 acres of land between Williamsburg and Fort Monroe, Virginia. This section of the County is fully and accurately described in the diary of Captain John Smith. "Within is a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places known, for large and pleasant navigable rivers, heaven and earth never yielded better to frame a place for man's habitation, were it fully manured and inhabited by industrious people. There are mountains, hils, plaines, valleys, rivers, and brookes, all running most pleasantly into a faire bay, compassed but for the mouth with fruitful and delightsome land.—Captain Smith's Map, 1624."

WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

FARM FOR SALE.

A Truck Farm of thirty five acres, with neat and convenient house and out-buildings, one mile from Fort Monroe, and beautifully situated on

HAMPTON ROADS,

At the mouth of Hampton Creek. It has convenient landing for steamer which makes daily trips, passing within a few feet of the shore. It has a fine location for a store, and for oyster trade; and it is a beautiful location for a summer residence, or hotel. If the purchaser should not desire so much land, a part of the land, with the house would be sold. Address

D. H. WHITE,
Hampton, Va.

FOR SALE.

A neat little Farm of 45 acres.—20 acres in wood and pasture. Convenient to market. $700 worth of produce sold last year from 25 acres, with single horse cultivation. Price $1000. Terms easy. Address Box 33 Hampton, Va.

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THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., APRIL, 1872. NO. 4.

There are Gains for all our Losses.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

There are gains for all our losses —
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Hampton and its Surroundings.

III.

FORT MONROE

is situated on the western shore of Chesapeake Bay, about fifteen miles from where it empties into the Atlantic Ocean, on a narrow strip of land known as Old Point Comfort. It is the most costly, if not the most important fortification in the United States, and before the Rebellion, was considered impregnable. The wonderful improvements in heavy ordnance and armor-plated vessels that were called forth by the necessities of the war, have shown, however, as at Forts Sumpter and Pulaski, that stone walls are no match for iron-clad vessels.

Fort Monroe was first constructed for the protection of Gosport Navy Yard at Portsmouth, and at the beginning of the war had cost the government two and one half millions. Its area embraces about seventy acres, and in the centre it has a magnificent parade-ground, finely shaded with live oaks.

The walls of the fort are built of granite supported by heavy earthworks, and are about thirty-five feet in height. The fort is surrounded by a large canal or moat from seventy-five to one hundred feet wide, into which the tide ebbs and flows, and which is about ten feet deep at high water. On the side next the sea, there is a water battery of forty-two embrasures.

The fort has three entrances for teams, and one for foot passengers. One of the former has a draw-bridge, and the others are easily removed in case of attack. During the war, the fort was garrisoned by the 3d. Penn. heavy Artillery, and the Post was the headquarters for supplying the army of the Potomac, and that in North Carolina. When the Penn. Artillery was mustered out at the close of the war, they were relieved by the 5th. U. S. Artillery. When Gen. Grant was made Secretary of War *ad interim* by President Johnson, he conceived the idea of establishing an artillery school at this place. For the responsible duty of organizing this school, he selected Maj. Gen. W. F. Barry, Col. of the 2d. U. S. Artillery. Gen. Barry is an experienced and accomplished artillery officer. During the early part of the war, he organized the Artillery Brigade of the army of the Potomac, having his camp of instruction near Washington; he was subsequently ordered to duty in the army of the West, as Chief of Artillery on the staff of Gen. W. T. Sherman, under whom he served with distinction till the close of the war. The school was organized and formally opened on the 1st. of April, 1867. It consists of five artillery companies, one battery for each of the five regiments in the service, with a full complement of officers. The staff consists of Gen. W. F. Barry Commanding and two staff officers, who are superintendents of instruction in the practical and theoretical course, besides the Adjutant, Quartermaster, and Commissary of the Post.

The object of the school is to give 1st. and 2d. Lieutenants of the Artillery arm of the service, whether graduates from West Point, or appointed from civil life, a course of instruction of one year's duration, in the different branches of their profession. For this purpose, the Captains of Batteries are constituted Instructors, under the direction of the staff.

The course of instruction at this school is similar to that adopted at West Point, and is very severe. It consists of Military History, Law, Engineering, both ancient and modern, Ordnance and Gunnery, and the higher branches of mathematics.

The hours of recitation are from 9 o'clock, A. M., till 1 o'clock P. M., from September first, till the first of May. During the summer months, they are instructed in practical Artillery, mounting and dismounting heavy ordnance, eclge guns and mortars, practice with field batteries, building platforms for guns, and in the school of the soldier and battalion. At the end of the year, the class is examined, and diplomas awarded according to their respective merits. Such as do not pass a satisfactory examination, are required to remain another year and go through the same course of instruction. There is also a school for instruction of non-commissioned officers and such of the privates as wish to avail themselves of its advantages. The school is now in its fourth year of successful operation.

Among the many objects of interest in and about the Fort, are the Public Library and Reading-room and the Military Museum. The library has been selected with especial care, and contains valuable works on military history and engineering, dating back two hundred years, as well as more recent publications on these subjects; and also a miscellaneous collection of books for general reading. The museum contains specimens of different kinds of arms, both ancient and modern, of gun carriages, shot and shell, gunpowder, etc. It is kept in excellent order, is open to strangers, and is an interesting and instructive place to visit.

The Artesian well, which is now being bored within the Fort walls, is also an object of interest. It has reached the depth of about 1,000 feet without a supply of water being found. The water used at the Fort is caught in cisterns, or condensed from the sea water of the moat; and this well, it is hoped, will furnish a more certain and acceptable supply.

Fort Monroe was the first headquarters of all the military and naval expeditions that were sent during the war, to the Southern States. So completely did its possession control the commerce of Virginia, that it almost superceded the necessity for a blockade along the coast of this state. It was more than once in great peril during the war; and the memorable battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, which inaugurated a new era in the history of naval warfare, took place in sight of its walls.

THE CONTRAST.—UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP BROOKLYN.

The Contrast.

No naval vessel is more distinguished than the United States Steamship *Brooklyn*, whose picture we print on this page. A naval officer has kindly favored us with the main facts in her history. She is what is called a "screw sloop," carries 25 guns, and was built at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1858. After cruising in the Home Squadron for a year, under Capts. D. G. Farragut and W. S. Walker, she was placed in the U. S. blockading fleet and was in active service during the entire war. In 1862, she assisted in the captnre of New Orleans. Captain T. T. Craven was her commander then, and she lost nine killed and twenty-six wounded, besides being struck eighteen times by round-shot. The next year she cruised along the Texas coast, under Commodore Bell. At the captnre of Mobile, 1864, under Capt. James Alden, she was struck thirty-one times by shot and had eleven men killed and forty-three wounded. Many more of her sailors would have been killed at this time, had they been placed on the lower deck instead of in the rigging. Near the end of the war, in January, 1865, the *Brooklyn* was present at the fall of Fort Fisher. Soon after, she was attached to the South American Squadron, under Rear Admiral Godon. This fine old ship still plows the waves in European waters. Capt. Bryson is her first officer.

On the fourth page of this paper is a picture of a vessel very unlike the *Brooklyn*. It is called the *Morning Star*. What sort of a region is she sailing in, and who are those strange creatures we see drawing her towards the shore? The land is an island far away in the waters of the South Pacific, and the people are the natives of that region. That ship was built by Sunday-school children in this country to carry missionaries to those Micronesian islands that the people there might hear the gospel. The children built the vessel by saving their ten cent pieces and putting them into the contribution box. She set sail from Boston, December 1st., 1856, and for nine years she was a messenger of glad tidings to the heathen. Many hearts were made happy by the first *Morning Star*. When she became unseaworthy, the children built a new vessel of the same name. That, too, has passed away, and now a third *Morning Star* is sailing on the deep.

The world will need the stanch war-ship for many a year to come; but God speed the time when only the vessels of peace shall be seen, and the nations shall make war no more.

THE last Legislature of North Carolina resolved to try an experiment in government, under a system called Cumulative Voting. Hereafter the city elections in Wilmington will be carried on as follows: Suppose ten Aldermen are to be elected. Of course each party will nominate ten men. Under the new law every voter can vote for ten men, or, if he desires, he can vote for one man ten times. If he has two friends whom he wishes to be elected, he may vote for each five times, and so on, according to the same principle. The opponents of this law claim it was passed for the purpose of confusing ignorant voters and gaining an undue advantage over them. The friends of the measure say it is intended to give the heavy tax-payers of the city a fair representation in the municipal government. A recent writer in the New York Independent declares that Cumulative Voting is contrary to the principles of Republican Government. We shall watch the experiment in Wilmington with interest.

THE London police force consists of 26 superintendents, 257 inspectors, 955 sergeants, and 7,922 constables. The most inflexible military discipline is maintained, the city is carefully districted, and telegraph wires, running underground, connect each district with headquarters.

THE coal beds of Missouri are said to cover an area of 2,700 square miles, mostly in the northwest.

Two women in Wisconsin have earned $2,600 the past season by keeping bees.

A man's pride shall bring him low.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.
S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

Each number will contain not less than three illustrations, will furnish a variety of choice reading, will tell what is going on in the world, and will aim to please and profit both old and young.

All are invited, the young especially, to ask by letter, questions on any subject upon which they wish information.

We shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

The Southern Workman" should enter every hamlet and cabin. Agents are wanted in every county and town in the South. Liberal terms are offered to all who aid in circulating this paper.

To every church which shall send us one hundred one dollar subscriptions for "The Southern Workman," we will send a beautiful communion set costing twenty-five dollars.

We will give a handsome Bible costing fifteen dollars to any church or society which shall subscribe for fifty copies. Freight to be paid by the church in both cases.

To aid in building churches we will return twenty-five dollars *in cash* for every one hundred one dollar subscriptions; or $16.75 for twenty-five subscriptions; or $12.50 for every 25 subscriptions.

In these cases the papers are to be sent in *one bundle to one address* to be distributed by an agent to be appointed by the church.

Specimen copies sent upon application.

To secure safety, it is important that money should be sent by checks, Post-office orders, or registered letters. Write plainly; give name in full, and name of Post-office, County, and State to which the papers are to be sent.

For further information, address
J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, APRIL, 1872.

☞ *Hereafter we cannot furnish the January number of this paper to new subscribers, as it is out of print. Agents and others having spare copies of the first number will confer a favor by sending them to us. We shall be glad to pay the postage on them. New subscribers desiring the other back numbers will please mention the fact, otherwise their subscriptions will date from the time when they are received.*

A keen the benevolent institutions for elevating the Southern workman and giving him his "rights," the Freedman's Savings Bank deserverdly holds a high rank.

This enterprise was incorporated under the name of the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company, by an act of Congress, which was signed by Abrahom Lincoln, April 3d, 1865. The act provided fifty trustees, from various sections of the country, who were known for their financial ability and as the life-long friends of the colored man. It also directed the institution to receive on deposit, any sum of money offered by persons who had been slaves, or their descendents, and to invest such money in the stocks, bonds, Treasury notes, or other securities of the United States. Congress has since amended the charter, allowing the trustees to invest "to the extent of one-half in bonds, or such securities by mortage on real-estate in double the value of the loan." The trustees and other officers are not allowed to borrow or in any way use the funds, except to pay necessary expenses and to invest according to the charter.

The corporation commenced business as a bank in 1865, having their principal office in New York City, which was soon after transferred to Washington, D. C., where it has since remained. The principal office and the Washington Branch now occupy the new brown stone building, erected by the trustees last year, on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the United States Treasury, which is very fitly represented in the picture on this page. The building is five stories high, with a mansard roof, and, with the lot, cost $190,000. There are few banking houses in the country equal to it in appearance, or in conveniences for transacting business. At all the branches, now thirty-four in number, the company occupy commodious buildings many of which are owned by the corporation.

The statistics of the bank show a steady increase of business, and a growing popularity among the class for whose benefit it was intended. The published reports, covering a period of seven years, show

Total deposits to March 1, 1872	$61,396,402 87
Total drafts to March 1, 1872	57,578,766 60
Leaving due depositors now	$3,817,636 27

To pay this large amount, the bank had in stocks, bonds, mortgages, buildings and other available assets, on that day, $3,986,508.22, leaving a surplus of $111,768.25 beyond all its liabilities.

Not a dollar of any depositor's money has been *lost* since the bank opened; all possible safeguards have been applied by Congress, until the institution is now as safe as the government can make it. Interest at six per cent. is regularly paid on all accounts of five dollars and upwards, the whole amount of interest paid thus far, reaching the enormous sum of $302,379.82.

The system on which this bank is organized is purely democratic, seeking the exclusive benefit of the depositors, who are the only stockholders. There is no limit to the capacity of the institution, and apparently none to the demand for its work. Its branches are reaching all the large cities of the South, spreading like a net-work all over the land, and calls are daily being received to open new branches.

The strength and ability of the school, the church, and the newspaper, the well-conducted savings bank has ever been the poor man's friend in need, and from some acquaintance with its officers and work, we can assure our readers that among them all, none of the banks so fully meet the wants of the Southern workman and his family, or are more safely and wisely managed than the Freedman's Savings Banks.

To what extent the business of this bank will continue to increase, no one can tell. Something may be predicted of the future by scanning the history of the past. None who have watched its progress can doubt that the bank, if it continues to be prudently managed, is sure to become a powerful and gigantic corporation, possibly the greatest of the kind in the country.

The other day a crowd of colored workmen were gazing with admiration upon several copies of this paper, which had been spread out upon an unfinished boiler for their inspection. A white man, thinking to joke them, remarked, "It is no use to show the paper to them, they can't read." His remark was resented as an insult. The time has passed in this country when it is safe to presume that a person cannot read because he belongs to a particular class or race. While going about among the workmen of a certain Southern city week after week, and talking with scores of them we have met with very few, perhaps a dozen, who could not read at all. Where was the man who dared to predict such a state of things ten years ago?

We trust our many friends who have sent us articles for publication will none of them take offence, if they do not see their productions in print. We aim to publish such articles as will be of interest to the whole people, and therefore are compelled to omit much that is merely of local importance. We are always pleased to receive letters from all our subscribers, and we print as much from them as our space will allow.

Once more we are under obligations to leading publishers for fine pictures in this paper. Harper & Brothers, New York, furnish the picture of the *Brooklyn*, on the first page; and we have, John L. Shorey, of Boston, to thank for the cuts of *The Flying-fish* and *The Morning-star*. We feel that all our readers will fully appreciate the kindness of these gentlemen in providing us with the means of making brighter many Southern homes.

Virginia.

FINANCES OF THE FREEDMEN—THEIR BANK AT NORFOLK—"CALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS," ETC.

My dear Mr. Editor,—I think all your hundreds or thousands of readers will be interested in what can be said about the financial affairs of the lately emancipated, and especially concerning this branch of their Savings Bank.

In December, 1864, a bank was opened for the colored people of Norfolk, under the auspices of Gen. B. F. Butler, with Maj. George J. Carney, President, and Charles Spencer, now of the Richmond Branch, Cashier.

The business of the bank was practically confined to the soldiers and their families, who deposited their bounties, pay, etc., until the deposits reached, within six months, about $8,000. Meanwhile, the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company had been incorporated, and in June, 1865, through the efforts of their excellent president, Rev. J. W. Alvord, a branch was organized in this city, to which the funds and assets of Gen. Butler's Savings Bank was assigned as a nucleus for the new concern.

The success and growth of Norfolk Branch have been wonderful and beyond our most sanguine hopes, as is imperfectly shown by the following figures from our reports:

Year.	Deposits.	Drafts.	Due Depositors.
1866	$ 62,234 61	$ 13,917 00	$ 8,696 61
1867	126,491 30	87,397 13	39,190 78
1868	310,597 32	244,291 70	65,171 40
1869	464,989 72	377,847 47	87,142 25
1870	648,538 53	548,903 83	99,634 70
1871	808,980 55	700,806 53	108,174 02

Due depositors, April, 1st 1872, $124,447.61.

The deposits of the colored people have, during the seven years, averaged $135,434.58, each year, and the average of deposits increases each year, which shows the bank to be growing in the confidence of the people and securing more and more their patronage. Norfolk Branch has paid to its patrons $14,806.31 in interest money. This is probably the best argument to establish the utility of the institution among the class it is designed to help. Interest is regular and sure, and the principal and interest, be the amount great or small, is always repaid on *demand*.

We have now the names of over 4,200 depositors spread upon our ledgers. Among these are nearly 300 societies, and institutions, some of which are christened with names more comical than significant; for example, we have money belonging to the "Children of the Heavenly King," "Humble Sons of God," "Union Stars," "Wandering Pilgrims," "Oyster Association," "Wrestling Sons and Daughters of Jacob," and so on through the list.

Our counter is an excellent stand-point for observing human nature. During the year we have to deal with every variety of character,—including some men of no character,—from the plain men, women, and children of every-day life, to ministers, doctors, lawyers, bankers, legislators, lobbyists, thieves, and beggars. To satisfy all of them requires an abundance of patience, charity, and the like graces.

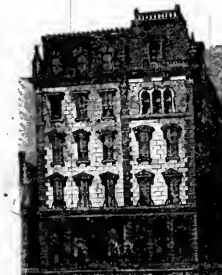
A large portion of the money repaid to depositors has been for purchase of homes. Hundreds of little farms, or snug city lots, have been paid for by a few years' savings of the prudent men and women who were wise enough to secure the benefits of this great National Savings Bank. One hard-working washer-woman in this city has from her own earnings over the tub and ironing-board, during the past three years, deposited with us nearly $600, with which she has paid for a city lot, and built thereon a good, comfortable house. A boot-black boy has saved over seventy dollars.

One man brought us an old box of 1,100 rusty, silver dollars, which has been many years buried in the earth; he thinks our bank pays better interest than the sandbank. These are fair examples of thousands of incidents which might be given, showing how the people appreciate the bank.

O that all the people who are wasting their money in tobacco, lottery and policy tickets, and the *accursed drink*—money which if saved would make happy homes for their old age—could be brought to see the "policy" of a good, growing bank account. That *policy* will win every time. But we are after them with the press, the school, and the pulpit, and shall reach them all soon. We depend on you, Mr. Editor, for *strong help* with your excellent "Workman," and we know we shall not depend in vain.

Yours very truly,
H. C. Percy, *Cashier.*

Freedman's Bank,
Norfolk, Va., *April* 1, 1872.



Freedman's Savings Bank, Washington, D. C.

North Carolina.

A private letter from the western part of the state contains many interesting facts. The writer says:

"The people here are so poor that they cannot help themselves. Shoemaking is the principal employment aside from farming, but there are more shoemakers than people able to buy shoes, and some cannot even get leather to make shoes for their children. Quite a number own one or more acres of land; but by their way of managing they get but little in return for their labor. All the pigs, and the few cows they own, are allowed to rove at large, so they get no manure and but little milk from the cows, and the pigs, when killed, are worth little or nothing. Your paper, in order to be useful in this part of the state, should urge the farmers to house their animals, and enrich their land.

"The freedmen here have been oppressed by the white people, and have not had the assistance, advice, and encouragement they needed. But, of late, they have received help and teachers from the North, and it seems to me they should be a little more advanced in civilization than we find them. We are told that most of the whites in this place are in sympathy with the Ku-Klux. Many outrages have been committed. A company of United States troops is here at present. I think it a pity that some of the soldiers sent South are not such men as command respect.

"Our school is growing thinner every day by reason of the scholars leaving to work on the plantations. We began school with twenty, and at one time there were one hundred and twenty names on the roll. The people have not seemed to take the interest in our work that we expected."

We publish, by request, a notice of the annual examination of the colored public schools of Wilmington. It was written by Hon. S. N. Martin, mayor of the city, for the Post:

"On Friday, March 29th, we had the pleasure to attend the examination of the colored schools, under the charge of Rev. H. B. Blake. There were present a number of prominent citizens. The exercises were conducted by teachers, each class taking its turn, as upon ordinary days. We cannot express in words our admiration of the system and the marked improvement of the children, who a few years ago, clamoring for knowledge, filled these same rooms, almost entirely ignorant of the alphabet. Now, these children may be compared favorably with any schools, white or colored, anywhere. We were amazed at the correctness of the answers and the promptness with which they were given. Any boy or girl who leaves this school, after two or three years, must possess more knowledge than many of the old gentlemen who graduated in ten years.

Altogether, the examination places beyond doubt the capacity of the colored children to learn. How any one, after an impartial examination into the matter, can doubt it, we cannot understand.

A few remarks were made by the friends of the school after the close of the exercises, and everybody went to their homes convinced that the prosperity of our State and city demands a most extended free school system.

South Carolina.

The Plymouth Congregational Church of Charleston dedicated their new chapel on Pitt street, Sabbath, March 10th. It is a beautiful little building, of wood, sixty-eight by thirty-six feet, with a Gothic roof and entrance. The interior is plainly but handsomely furnished.

In a recess at the farther end of the building are the platform and pulpit, while the choir occupy a position to the right of the same. A gallery at the opposite end of the room accomodates the children of the Sunday-school, over which are thrown a school law passed by the Legislature in 1870, which have proved, both for white and colored people a great success thus far. The white and colored schools are, by state law left separate, and this plan is so far as I know, entirely satisfactory to both white and colored. The colored people have a magnificent school building erected by the Bureau, under the direction of Capt. Risley, of U. S. A., formerly stationed at Hampton as a Bureau officer; and in that particular have for the present an advantage over the whites. But as the advantages of a free school system become more widely appreciated, money will come to erect convenient, and even elegant school buildings. The population of Brunswick is now not over 2,500, and the school attendance of white and colored is about 425. The white attendance is something larger than the colored, but the interest in the schools and the average attendance is increasing. Brunswick was first settled by General Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony of Georgia; was laid out as a city by him, and by him and his colony abandoned for Savannah. Since its abandonment by General Oglethorpe it has had three resurrections, and has been as many times abandoned to cotton-planting. We hope within the last few years taken a start forward which gives better promise of continuous growth than any of the previous spasmodic efforts at resuscitation. Some day it must and will be built here. An outlet for the through trade to the Pacific must be had ere long, and Brunswick has the advantage: 1st. that it is many miles nearer the sea-coast from New Orleans than any other accessible harbor. 2d. That it has greater depth of water than any harbor south of Fort Monroe, except Port Royal, and has the further advantage of being completely land-locked. 3d. The city is on a peninsula, has no fresh water streams within twelve miles, and is unusually healthy. We hope to build a city which shall rival if not excel Savannah and Charleston, and among other things we hope to finally establish a free school system which all citizens of our young city may look upon with just pride, and point to as one of the best evidences of our success.

Yours truly,
C. P. G.

Brunswick, Ga., *March* 7, 1872.

New Orleans.

We publish, by permission, a part of a letter received by a Northern gentleman from an intelligent mechanic who went South to establish himself. It will be read with interest as a frank free expression of opinion by an honest laboring man writing to an intimate friend. It is dated New Orleans, March 12, 1872:

"It may not be uninteresting to you to know how I view the state of affairs here; how I like the city and its people. I do not meddle in any way with their politics, but attend to my own affairs, and look on; this is I think but right for any one who does not intend to reside here. I have met and talked with a large number of men, Southern born and bred, and have received from them the most candid welcome and kindness. They know the part of the country I came from (Boston, Mass.), they have always answered questions with candor; they say, could a vote be taken to establish slavery not one in five would vote for it; they say the system is dead, and they are glad of it; but they feel it keenly in being made poor; they yet indulge le the hope of some day being partially paid for their slaves. They submit as soon as the negro has had time to realize his position, he will be a better man and a greater producer by being free, and the South will become much richer in consequence of his freedom. That is what they tell me, and that is what I have observed and what I think. As a class, the colored people are very happy and industrious. They have already learned that they have their own destiny to work out, and considering the time and opportunities, I think they are making good headway. There appears to be no trouble or feeling existing between the blacks and whites. I never have heard a word of complaint from either side. The whites treat them with respect, and the blacks do the same. Of course, there is a class of low-bred whites who will insult any one either white or black; they are the ones that cause all the trouble. Then the negroes are very jealous of any one encroaching on their rights, and perhaps in imagining insults when none are intended. All this must be expected, and the better class do all in their power to avoid such affairs. Upon the whole there is but little to be seen in the races. The colored people have the privilege of the horse-cars, steamboats, and any conveyance the whites have. I think this prejudice will soon be against them the same as I have seen in New York or Boston. I never saw a person leave a seat in a horse-car here because a negro came and took a seat beside him. I have seen that done both in New York and Boston.

"The state of affairs here is very encouraging, and the remedy for all existing evils is time.

"There is a political war going on here; this is between administration republicans and opposition republicans; there have been several fights between the two factions, and more are expected; a feeling of uneasiness prevails.

"The city of New Orleans is a very lively place: the streets in the business portion are quite clean, but the by-streets and places are fearfully dirty; for their own protection and safety they ought to be kept very clean."

Hampton Normal School.

This institution is under obligations to several of its friends for recent favors. Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, of Springfield, Mass., the firm who have remembered so many institutions and families in the South and West, will please accept our thanks for one dozen Webster's Dictionaries, six Unabridged and six National, of the latest edition. William J. Canby, Esq., of Philadelphia, has generously sent us a valuable case of books, from which to make selections for our Library.

Smith, Ainsworth, & Co., New York, and A. S. Barnes, New York, have favored us with liberal donations of school books.

Recent letters from Mrs. Eunice C. Dixon, who is now in London, announce that she is engaged in giving readings from leading American poets, in that city, for the benefit of this institution and her former pupils, who are much in need of it.

Several of our teachers attended a teachers's Institute for Elizabeth City county, held in the white male school house in Hampton, March 15. From what we can learn this was the first meeting of this kind ever held in Virginia. Geo. M. Peek, Esq., County Superintendent of schools presided. Resolutions were adopted and ordered, encouraging the present school system of the State, and inviting any citizen eot favoring the same to attend the Institute and state their objections. Remarks were made by Mr. Peek, Mr. Giddings, Rev. G. T. Adams, the Principal of the Normal School, and others. It is proposed to hold a county Institute every three months. We trust this is but the initial step in a movement that will result in much benefit to the county and state.

The Virginia Legislature, after debating the matter through two sessions, has finally passed the bill for the apportionment of the Agricultural College Land Scrips, of which the state's amount is 3000,000 acres. One third of this is set apart for the use of this institution, under the charge of a board of seven Curators including the Presidents of the State boards of Education and Agriculture.

One of our students earned fourteen dollars in the printing-office last month.

Agricultural.

ON THE SELECTION AND MANAGEMENT OF PLOWS.

There is no such thing as a universal plow because the objects of the farmer are so various. At one time he seeks merely to bury the sod and weeds, at another, pulverization is the chief end. It is occasionally necessary to turn the furrows half over to expose the greatest possible surface to the weather. Now are required deep-tilling plows which will follow a common plow and raise the dirt twice as high as usual so as to throw it over upon the inverted sod. Then subsoilers are required to loosen the lower layers without turning or raising it. In some cases reversible plows are wanted to throw furrows all in one direction. Each of these different ends has its appropriate pattern best adapted to its attainment. But on small farms where the work to be done is principally of the same character, it will be most profitable for the farmer not to own all these patterns, but to study carefully the principles of excellence which apply to all plows alike, and to seek to understand the great variety of effects which may be reached by different adjustments of the same implement.

In choosing a plow, the principal points are the pulverizing power, the ease to the team, the strength at the weakest point, the workmanship, and lastly, the price.

1st. The pulverizing power depends upon the shape of the mould-board, which may be either so gradually sloped that the earth will slide off in a long curl, or so that it may be sharply curved at the upper part so as to catch the hand of earth as it passes and crush and crumble it to powder. This breaking up makes the plow somewhat harder to draw.

2d. Ease to the team depends principally upon the shape of the point and cutting edge. By careful measurements of the forces, it is proved that the strength of the team is mainly spent in cutting the ground, just as in using a spade the greatest power is used in forcing it through, and not in the lifting and turning of the soil. The point and share should therefore be sloping and sharp.

3d. The weak spot in an ordinarily well made plow is in the beam at its junction with the share.

Having secured a good plow, its adjustment is next to be considered. It should be so arranged that the least possible force is required to draw it. To this end these three points should be in a straight line, namely, the forward end of the trace-chain, the clevis, and third, that part of the share which is in the centre of resistance. The latter point is higher when the furrows is deep and lower when it is shallow.

We can place these points in a line in two ways, often not properly adjusted, either by altering the length of the trace-chains, which varies the height of the forward end of the traces, or by changing the clevis, which means raising or lowering the point of attachment between the harness.

Whether a plow shall lay flat furrows or shall turn them only half over, depends partly on the width of the furrow, and partly on the adjustment of the coulter or knife which runs in front of the plow. If this knife is perpendicular, the sod is so cut that the first furrow holds up the second and prevents it from turning completely over. But if the coulter is so placed as to run under the sod, the first will be cut so as to offer no supporting corner to the second furrow, and the result is a flat style of plowing which completely buries the sod.

Besides being easy to draw, and turning the required kind of furrow, the plow should run steadily, and, in ground free from stones or roots, should scarcely require to be held. If a plow inclines to fall over to either side, or run upon its point, it is either badly shaped or badly adjusted. In the discovery of defects and in the nice and perfect adjustment of every part there is as much necessity for skill and intelligence as in inventing and manufacturing the implement.

Plows owe much of their present excellence to the genius of Thomas Jefferson, and the efforts of Ex-Governor Holbrook, of Vermont. For an admirable treatise on the subject, we refer our readers to a book written by J. J. Thomas, entitled "Farm Implements and Farm Machinery."

F. R.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

Domestic and Foreign News.

POLITICAL matters absorb the attention of the people more and more as the season advances. State elections have occurred in New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island since our last issue. All these states want Republican, and, if we may believe the friends of Gen. Grant, all three are in favor of his re-election. But there are many politicians scattered over the country, who desire the election of some one else, and they propose to hold a convention at Cincinnati, on the 1st of May, to talk over Civil Service Reform, and Free Trade, and they will probably nominate some candidate for President. The Democrats are anxiously waiting to see who that candidate will be, then they will have their convention, and perhaps they will choose the same man that the Cincinnati people do. The Regular Republican Convention will meet at Philadelphia in June, and nominate Grant for another term, unless some unlooked for change occurs in the situation. Meanwhile local political canvassing is very active, especially in the South. Men are greedy after office, and much excitement prevails.

AFFAIRS at Washington do not at present attract the especial attention of the public. The French Arms Sale question is still under investigation by the committee; but few new facts however are being elicited. It was hoped, at one time, that Congress would make some advance in legislating upon the Tariff, and that tea and coffee would be placed on the free list; but nothing was accomplished in that direction. Something has been done which looks towards the building up of the shipping interest of the country, and the Franking Privilege has once more been discussed and then laid aside. The President has signed an act, granting to all soldiers of the U. S. Army, during the late war, 160 acres of public land, provided they will settle upon it, and improve the same. The House has passed a Supplementary Civil Rights Bill, similar to the one drawn by Mr. Sumner, granting equal privileges to travelers, without distinction of race. Secretary of the Navy, Robeson, has been subjected to an investigation of his department, but nothing of consequence has been proved against him.

THE Erie Ring has had its day. While Col. James Fisk lived, and Jay Gould held the office of Vice-President of the Erie road, much money was stolen, and the stockholders, many of whom were Englishmen, had but a slight voice in the affairs of the road. Early in March Gen. Sickles, in behalf of the English stockholders succeeded in deposing Mr. Gould and his friends from their places in the corporation, and in securing the election of Gen. John A. Dix as President of the road. New rules have since been passed, and it is hoped the road is now in the hands of honest men.

THE winter has been very severe, and the spring is unusually late. We hear of ice and snow, and that the ground is frozen very deep, all through the North. The gardens of New Jersey, that are commonly so green and promising at this time, are scarcely begun as yet, and vegetation at the South is almost as backward. In some localities the railroads are still blockaded with snow, and in others the spring rains are doing much damage.

TERRIBLE earthquakes have occurred in both hemispheres. March 26th, the Owens River Valley in Lower California, was visited by an earthquake which destroyed some thirty lives, and wounded about the same number of persons. Three hundred and sixty-one distinct shocks were counted at Lone Pine, and the effect was like that produced by the explosion of 200 pound Parrot shells, just beneath the surface. During the first week in April, half of the ancient city of Antioch, in Syria, was destroyed by an earthquake, and 1,500 people were killed. This city was built 300 years before Christ, and it was there that his disciples were first called Christians. It has several times been injured by earthquakes, by fire, and by hostile armies.

PROF. Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, died at New York, April 5d, aged eighty-one. He was born at Charlestown, Mass., and was educated at Yale College. In early life he embraced the profession of an artist. In 1832 he met a gentleman on board a packet-ship who related to him the results of recent experiments in Paris with the electro-magnet, and suggested that the electric spark might be used as a means of transmitting intelligence. From that time till 1844, he was busy in solving the problem, how it might be done, and during the latter year he built a telegraph line from Baltimore to Washington. Lines were soon after established throughout the country. Few men have done more for the advancement of civilization than Prof. Morse. He was buried with imposing ceremonies on Friday, April 9th. Memorial services in his honor were held in the Capitol at Washington, April 16th.

OWEN Arthur O'Connor, sometime ago made an idiotic assault upon Queen Victoria, while holding in his hand an empty pistol. No injury was done the Queen, and the young man is generally believed to be insane. The jury, however, who recently tried him, pronounced him sane, and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment at hard labor and twenty lashes. Sir Charles W. Dilke caused a first-class sensation in the House of Commons the other day by introducing a resolution demanding an inquiry into the expenses of the Royal Family since Victoria became Queen. Such inquiries are very uncommon in monarchical governments, and many in the House denounced Sir Charles as disloyal.

THE German parliament was opened on the 8th. Prince Bismarck read the speech of the Emperor. It recommended a commercial treaty with Portugal, a postal treaty with France, and a Consular convention with this country. German commerce is largely increasing, and direct trade is becoming smaller. The new university of Strasburg opens on the 1st of May. Early in March, one of the most important debates of the age took place in the Prussian House of Lords, in regard to the separation of Church and State. At its close, the new school law, which takes the management of the public schools out of the hands of the churches and clergymen and gives it to the people, as in this country, was passed.

A Contented Farmer.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride and espied an old farmer ploughing his acre by the wayside, cheerily singing his old melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the king. "I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen" (about twenty cents), said the farmer.

"This is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled, and said,—

"Well, if I must tell you: Two groschen are for myself and wife; two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer.

"I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help, I support them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to us and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I could not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake!"

The king, well pleased with the answer, said,—

"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brass new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming,—

"The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord Gisk, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."

With all His Might.

"Look at that boy! He is a stout, strong fellow, and one of the sharpest in our workshops. But he will not serve our purpose: he must be dismissed."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because he does not work *with all his might*. Just watch the dreamy, indifferent way in which he handles his tools. He is thinking about something else all the time." This was said to me the other day, by one of the proprietors of an extensive machine-shop, as he conducted me through the enormous works. "You must require great strength of muscle in your workmen," I remarked.

"No! not so much strength of muscle as strength of purpose. It is not men of might that we want, but men who *use* their might: men who work with zeal and energy at whatever they set themselves to do. It is not the strong Samsons, and the big Goliaths that do the most good; but lads like David; earnest, active, and strong of purpose; doing one thing at a time, but doing that one thing well."

"WITH ALL THY MIGHT!" It is God's own commandment as well as man's. It is the law of Heaven, as well as the general condition of worldly success. We cannot all be reckoned among the great and the famous; but we may all be reckoned among the useful, and the earnest.—*British Workman.*

How Monkeys are Captured.

Though we do not claim to be disciples of Darwin, yet we cannot but say that the following explanation of the method of catching monkeys shows a strong resemblance between these animals and men.

Monkeys are pretty common, yet as all the families are remarkably cunning, has it ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will give a lion, and the famished monkeys will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape family resembles man. Their vices are human, they love liquor, and fall. In Darfour and Sennaar the natives make fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as a monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the natives appear. The few who came too late to get fuddled, escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The natives take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When the native takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey pelaps to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavors to go off also. Another will grasp at him, and so on until the native leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.—*Exchange.*

If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, it is no less true that a thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Children's Department.

My dear Children:—Here is a story about the little boy and the "trade-mark," which is a sermon for little ones of itself. We hope that every boy and girl who reads it will try to live so well that we shall see in their bright faces the sure sign of *goodness*, which is God's own "trade mark."

Trade-Marks

A bright little four-year-old boy with whom I am acquainted, asked his mother the other day what was a trade-mark; she explained that it was a mark or design of some kind which manufacturers placed upon articles they made, so that everybody might know, when they saw the mark whose work it was. At night when he was being undressed he observed a small brown spot or mole upon his leg and ran to his mother exclaiming "Oh! mamma that's God's trade-mark; now when He sees that, He'll know He made me." I think the little fellow spoke a grander truth than he knew. I hope he will realize it more and more as he grows older, and that all of you who read this anecdote, will remember that it is true of you also. You all bear God's trade-mark. He has set it upon every one of you, and wherever He finds you "He will know He made you." Never forget this, but to live so that wherever He may find you, He will gladly recognize His work.

THE FLYING-FISH.

Never disgrace this mark; never let it get rubbed out, or covered over, or marred so that there may be doubt whether it is there at all, but in pure, honest, upright noble lives, let it grow brighter and brighter, to the honor of the Great Manufacturer, who has put His *trade-mark* on you.

I read a story not long since of a little colored boy (in the days now thank God long gone by when colored boys and girls were bought and sold), who stood upon the auction block, and a gentleman said to him "If I buy you my boy, will you be honest?" "I will be honest," was his reply "whether you buy me or not." I think this boy felt God's trade-mark upon him, though perhaps he would not have known what those words meant; but if he fulfils the promise of his early years, I am sure that wherever God finds him, He will be glad to recognize and acknowledge him as bearing His own mark.

Our Dumb Animals.

And now we will tell you some true stories about birds and fish. If you learn anything new about them, and above all, if you are led to show kindness to any dumb animal from reading our stories, we shall feel well repaid for our efforts to amuse and instruct you.

We once lived at the Sandwich Islands, where we knew a gentleman who was a great lover of all kinds of dumb animals. Do you know where the Sandwich Islands are? They are in the middle of the North Pacific Ocean, many thousand miles from here. You can find them on your map. It is so warm there all the year round, that frost is never known; and the houses have no chimneys, because they never need fires to keep warm, and the cooking is done out of doors or in little kitchens built for the purpose. Mr. Moffit (the gentleman we speak of) owned a great farm, or "rancho," as it is called there, of four or five thousand acres, where he had great flocks and herds of the best kinds of sheep and cattle. When he bought the farm, the cattle were so wild and fierce, that men could only catch them by chasing them on horseback and throwing the *lasso*, (which is a long rope with a slipnoose at the end), over their horns. The cows had to have their heads and hind feet tied to posts before they could be milked. Mr. Moffitt, by kind treatment alone, got all these cattle so tame that they would come to him at his call, and the boys had no trouble in driving them about on foot. He collected curious animals and fowls from all parts of the world; and whenever he went out of his house, cows, sheep, beautiful peacocks and pheasants and other fowls would flock about him, to be fed and caressed from his hand. He had an old blind goose, of a rare kind, that is found nowhere in the world except on one of these Islands, where they are very wild. This old goose which Mr. Moffit had tamed, was so fond of an old dog of his, that he would never leave him. He never cared to stay with the other geese. It was very funny to see this old dog and blind goose always together. When the dog ran too fast for the goose to keep up with him, he would fly up in the air, and always light just ahead of the dog, and then the dog would trot along slowly, and the old goose would waddle by his side. When Mr. Moffit took his daily bath in a beautiful, clear pond in a shallow cave near the house, the goose always took *his* bath too, and would swim about with an air which seemed to say "How foolish you are to take so much trouble to undress; see how I dive down with all my clothes on, without getting them wet." I have been told that he even had a tame turtle that would nibble at his clothes, but this I did not see.

The "Honolulu Friend," in a notice of the death of Mr. Moffit, speaking of his kindness to the people about him, as well as to all dumb animals, says, "One characteristic of this gentleman has not been noticed. He was a friend to the little birds, and would not allow sportsmen to wander over his rancho with their fowling pieces. The little birds showed that they appreciated his kindness and protection, by flocking to his farm; and the plover especially looked up to him as their friend. We do not think that any part of the Sandwich Islands can compare with Kahuku for such exhibitions of civilization in horses, cattle, sheep, fowls and birds. "Who will now care for the little birds?"

The Flying-fish.

Out of the water into the light
I leap for a moment, then drop out of sight.
The gull sees a flying-fish; but I've no wing,
Nor can I mount freely like robins, and sing.

The shark and the dolphin, they try and they try
To catch me and eat, but too nimble am I;
For when they come near me, and think I'm their prey,
Up, up, I spring quick, and get out of their way.

The Nursery.

"Tell me some more about your voyages, papa," said Susan Gray, as she seated herself on her father's knee.

"Well, Susie," said Captain Gray, I will tell you about some things I have seen. Perhaps now you would like to hear about flying-fishes."

"Oh, yes, papa! Do tell me about them! What fanny things they must be! How do they look?"

"Look at this picture, my dear. It will show how they look, much better than I can tell you. I have seen them very often. Some of them are very beautiful. They are sometimes called sea-swallows."

"But do they really have wings like birds?" asked Susan.

"Not quite such good wings as birds have," said her father. "What we call their wings are the two large fins in front, that you see in the picture; but these serve as wings for while they are wet. As soon as they get dry, the wings become plain fins again, and the flying-fish has to drop back again into the water."

"Do they fly high up in the air?" asked Susan.

"No very high. They seldom get more than fifteen feet above the surface of the water; and they cannot fly very far; but, while they do fly, they skim along pretty fast."

"It must be nice to be able to fly and swim too," said Susan. "I think I should like that if I were a fish."

"Yes. If you were a fish, I have no doubt that you would find it very pleasant; and you would find it very useful too, in more ways than one. Look at the picture, and you will see what I mean."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"Why, you must know, my dear, that all little fishes have enemies. The flying-fish is hunted by a large fish called the bonito, and by some other large fishes. Now, when the flying-fish sees these enemies coming after him, he just pops right out of the water, and takes to his wings."

"Good!" said Susan. "They can't catch him then."

"He is not always safe, though, even then," said Captain Gray, "because there are some large sea-birds that are apt to pounce upon him."

"Poor fellow!" said Susan.

"But, when he sees the sea-birds coming at him, down he goes into the water again, and so escapes from their clutches."

"He must have a hard time of it. But, papa, you have not told me where you saw the flying-fishes."

"I have seen them in many different places," said Captain Gray. "The last time I saw them, I was in the West Indies."

The Burgomaster Gull.

The old wives sit on the heaving brim,
White-breasted in the sun,
Preening, and smoothing their feathers fine,
And chirping, merry ones.

The snowy kittiwakes overhead,
With beautiful beaks of gold,
And wings of delicate gray outspread,
Float, listening while they scold.

And a foolish guillemot, swimming by,
Though heavy, and clumsy, and dull,
Joins in with what he hears bears their cry
'Gainst the Burgomaster Gull.

For every sea-bird far and near,
With an atom of brains in its skull,
Know plenty of reasons for hate and fear
Of the Burgomaster Gull.

The black ducks gather, with plumes so rich,
And the coots in twinkling lines;
And the swift and slender watch-witch,
Whose neck like silver shines;

Big elder ducks, with their caps pale green
And their salmon-colored vests;
And gay mergansers sailing between,
With their long and glittering crests.

But the lion aloof on the outer edge
Of the rosy meeting keeps,
And laughs to watch them behind the ledge
Where the logy breaker sweeps.

They scream and wheel, and dive and fret,
And flutter in the foam;
And fish and mussels blue they get
To feed their young at home;

Till hurrying in, the little auk
Brings tidings that benumbs,
And stops at once their clamorous talk,—
"The Burgomaster comes!"

And up he sails, a splendid sight!
With wings "like banners" wide,
And eager eyes both big and bright,
That peer on every side.

A lovely kittiwake flying past
With a slippery pollock fine,—
Quoth the Burgomaster, "Not so fast,
My beauty! This is mine!"

His strong wing strikes with a digging shock;
Poor kittiwake, shrieking flees;
His booty he takes to the nearest rock,
To eat it at his ease.

The scared birds scatter to left and right,
But the bold bicaterer, in his glee,
Cares little enough for their woe and their fright,
"Twill be your time next!" cries he.

He sees not, hidden behind the rock,
In the sea-weed, a small boat's hull,
Nor does he the gunner have spared the flock
For the Burgomaster Gull.

So proudly his dusky wings are spread,
And he launches out on the breeze,—
When lo! What thunder of wrath and dread!
What deadly pangs are these!

The red blood drips and the feathers fly,
Down drop the pinions wide;
The robber-chief, with a bitter cry,
Falls headlong in the tide!

They hear him off with laugh and shout;
The wary birds return,—
From the clove-brown feathers that float about
The glorious news they learn.

Then such a tumult fills the place
As never was sung or said,—
And all cry, still with joy, "The base,
Bad Burgomaster's dead!"

And the old wives sit with their caps so white,
And their pretty beaks so red,
And swing on the billows, and scream with delight,
For the Burgomaster's dead!

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THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

Mustered Out.

Let me lie down
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low in the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer!
Let me lie down.

O, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The tempest, its fury, its thunders were there,
On, on o'er the entrenchments, over living and dead,
With the foe under foot, and our flag over head:
O, it was grand.

Weary and faint;
Prone on this soldier's couch, O, how can I rest,
With this shot-shattered head, and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, all roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh! that last charge,
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
Through without fal'ring—clear through with a will,
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed, at the mandate of doom:
O, that last charge.

It was a duty.
Some things are worthless, and some others so good,
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
For freedom and Union, each man owes his part,
And here I give my share, all warm from my heart;
It is a duty.

Dying at last.
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell, and tend upon you, forever and aye;
Oh! that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest:
Dying at last.

I am no saint,
But, boys, say a prayer; there's one that begins
"Our Father," and then says, "forgive us our sins."
Dont forget that part,—say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "amen:"
Oh, I am no saint.

Hark! there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrade: we have conquered, I know;
Up, up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah, there flies that flag, with its star-spangles bright,
The emblem of glory, the symbol of right:
Well may they shout.

But, I'm "mustered out."
Oh, God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong;
Oh, land of earth's hope, on this blood-reddened sod,
I die for Liberty, Union, and God:
I'm mustered out.

Father Taylor.

I.

Such was the familiar designation of that sailor-preacher of world-wide fame, the late Rev. E. T. Taylor, of Boston, who died April 8th, 1871, aged seventy-seven. A Virginian by birth; commencing his sailor life at the early age of seven, and continuing it ten years; divorced with only six weeks' attendance at school; beginning to preach when he could scarcely read his text; yet, so diligently did he cultivate the gift of God that was in him, that, for more than half a century, he wielded a power in the pulpit that has been felt around the globe. Though preëminently the apostle of the seamen, the most highly educated of both sexes were among those who thronged his Bethel.

HIS CATHOLICITY OF SPIRIT.

This was a leading attmetion of the man, and a source of his power. He "would not wear a strait-jacket," or "Chinese shoes." Though a Methodist by connexion, his sympathies could not be confined to his denomination, but overflowed all the boundaries of sect,—delighting, as he did, to welcome Christians of every name, to his warm and loving embrace.

Some of his characteristic sayings on this point were: "My pulpit has no doors;" "When bigotry is buried I hope I shall be at the funeral;" "The shipwrecked, perishing sailor doesn't criticise the vessel that saves him, to see whether she is bark-rigged or sloop-rigged;" "Believers sail under a different flag, but with the same Commander." At a gathering of those of different denominations, he seemed perfectly delighted, remarking, "Old bigotry topples, and the wall falls down; the Devil has got tipped end over end, and it will take weeks for him to get right again." In a speech at Niagara, he poured out his great soul in the words,—"God bless the East! God bless the West! God bless the North! God bless the South! And oh for a gulf as deep as from here to Sirius, where all bickering and dissension and hair-splitting shall be forever buried."

But while his heart was as broad and deep in its sympathies as the sea, of which he was such a distinguished representative; while he so earnestly besought his hearers, "With sail full-spread, push bravely out into the ocean of God's love," his theology was far from being "a mush of concession;" he could not bear what he termed "a putty or wooden man;" but said, "Good steel will throw fire when struck."

HIS PLAINNESS OF SPEECH.

A remarkable example of this was in a Dedication sermon in presence of the representatives of various denominations.

Referring to the Unitarian, he said, "My brother, preach the depravity, the natural wickedness of man. Some make him very good by nature, and think there is no devil in him. But there is. Dress him up ever so much, make him ever so learned, adorn him in all the robes of politeness, and all the refinement of the most polished society of the most ornamented age of the world, and you cannot make him good. Oh, no! you have only to pull off the winding-sheet, and there he is, poor, weak, sinful human nature still."

Then referring to the Universalist, he said, "My brother, preach the judgments, a future judgment. For my part, I never could see why any man should be afraid or ashamed to preach it."

He next addressed the Calvinist. "My brother, preach free agency. Don't be a fatalist. Some ministers preach fatalism; tie men's hands behind their backs, and then tell them to work; tie their feet together, and then tell them to walk. Don't preach that; don't make the Almighty decree every thing from all eternity, and then call on man to break the decree. Preach man's free will. Whoever heard of any will but a free will."

Here he took the Episcopal minister. "My brother, preach baptism. It is an ordinance of God. Baptize the converted; but don't make baptism all the gospel. Don't make water everything. There are other elements in the world besides water; and there are other things in the gospel besides baptism, though some ministers never see any thing there but baptism. Don't make dipping *all* the gospel."

Then came the Restorationist. "My brother, preach future punishment. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.' Leave them there, my brother, where the Bible does, and let any minister get them out who can. But don't you try it."

Having dealt thus plainly with each, he gave them all "a real Methodist hug," saying, "This is one of the most blessed seasons I ever enjoyed. Indeed, I have never seen but one like it, and that was when my own church was dedicated. Then we had all the stripes in the Union; and, bless the Lord! we've got them all now."

Thus, with all his catholicity of spirit, he was not indifferent to what he believed to be the truth; nor would he shun to declare it with a freedom and boldness, as refreshing as it is rare.

"A COMMON LANGUAGE GIVES MEN A COMMON CREED."

In illustration of this he referred to a case where the captain called the crew and passengers together and told them that it was hardly possible to keep the ship afloat another day, saying, "Now what do you think they prayed for? A little more Methodism, a little more Catholicism, a little more Presbyterianism a little more Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other *ism?* No, no, brethren. A common danger had given them a common religion. . . . . They prayed to a common Father, and he sent them a common salvation. . . . . Did creeds give those rescued souls consolation in their hour of extreme peril? No; but the Word of God did; and that is my creed. I hold to the Bible, the whole Bible, as my creed, because it never grows old or needs re-patching."

JULIUS CESAR, coming toward Rome with his army, and hearing that the senate and people had fled from it, said, "They that will not fight for this city, what city will they fight for?" If we will not take pains for the kingdom of heaven, what kingdom will we take pains for?

Temperance.

Exaggeration Impossible.

It is impossible to exaggerate and overstate the evil and mischief that are being continually done in the ruin of men and women—their ruin in soul, body, and state—through their indulgence in the sin of intemperance. In the case of Haman and his hundred victims, if he had been able to accomplish his designs, the property and the lives of thousands would have been sacrificed at a single blow. It would have been a thing done and done with. But that is not so with our social proscription that issues in the destruction of such multitudes. It is a long, wasting agony; it is a slow process. The victim dies by inches, so to speak; and not merely that, but he dies amid declining regard, lost self-respect, ruined means, weeping women, and sometimes degraded children. Fires burn themselves out; but this fire has the peculiarity of finding fuel for itself; for how often has it happened that the drunken wife has driven the husband to despair and to drunkenness, and how often has it happened that the drunken father and mother have communicated to the very physical nature of their children, the diseased end

THE CONTRAST—THE MORNING STAR.—[See first page.]

self-destroying appetite! How often has it happened that a family of social position and attractive manners has succeeded in inoculating a whole circle—perhaps a whole neighborhood—with a love of drink! How inevitably does it happen that, when a man has once embarked his means in the traffic, his interest and his prosperity will grow with the the growing love and passion for drink among his hapless neighbors round about him! Our fire does not consume itself for lack of fuel; it makes the fuel by which it is sustained and upon which it feeds. If you think that I overstate the case, you can correct my estimate; but I do not well see how you can correct it, if you have been going through life with your eyes open to the actual facts that are continually transpiring around us. I think you will be compelled to admit that, looking at it in any point of view, not only in a social, but in a spiritual point of view, this evil is so gigantic that the tongue gives no words that can overstate its wicked and atrocious characteristics.—*Dr. John Hall.*

Respectable Drinking.

As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail, and the ploughshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on tilling up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

Oh! how this rum-fiend would like to go and haug up a skeleton in your beautiful house, so that, when you opened the front door to go in, you would see it in the hall; and, when you sat at your table, you would see it hanging from the wall; and, when you opened your bedroom, you would find it stretched upon your pillow; and, waking at night, you would feel its cold hand passing over your face, and plucking at your heart.

There is no home so beautiful, but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan's voice, and shattered the golden sceptre with which he swayed parliaments and courts? What foul sprite turned the sweet rhythm of Robert Burns into a tuneless babble? What brought down the majestic form of one who awed the American Senate with his eloquence, and, after a while, carried him home dead-drunk from the office of Secretary of State? What was it that swamped the noble spirit of one of the heroes of the last war, until, the other night, in a drunken fit, he reeled from the deck of a Western steamer, and was drowned? There was one whose voice we all loved to hear. Ha was one of the most classic orators of the century. People wondered why a man of so pure a heart, and so excellent a life, would have such a sad countenance always. They knew not that his wife was a sot.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

Common Wonders.

I.

Did you ever go to see the magician, as he opened a bag and took from it, though it seemed empty, lots of eggs etc.? Or have you seen him take an armful of tow and pack it into his mouth, making a great fuse over it and making believe swallow it; and then when it was all in, he blew a stream of fire from his mouth, and when this was ended, drew from between his teeth all colors of ribbon? Well; this *did* seem wonderful, but if I should tell you how it was done you would declare it was nothing strange after all.

You have to pay a hardly earned quarter to see this, and when you come out, you know no more than before.

In these days, household spinning and weaving have ceased. Great factories now provide material for garments for the humblest class which were once only within the means of the richest.

The comforts of the family have been everywhere increased, while the toil of women has been lightened.

The constant aim of the housekeeper should be to add to the comfort of her family, and to do this, if she has no longer to "seek wool and flax," she must work *willingly* with her hands every-day, and all the day.

Industry is sure to bring its own reward. The mere habit of the mother is an example to the children, they will be tidy, cheerful and active, for nu industrious mother in her daily life shows them the way to be so, and if the whole family are workers, it is the rule, that the condition of the household improves.

The Household.

Every one, rich and poor, who desires to live usefully toward man and faithfully toward God, must be a *worker*. One of the great mistakes into which poor people sometimes fall, is in supposing that people of wealth live idolent lives. There is work in the world for all. There is brain-work that plans for laboring hands to execute.

Women are not exempt from this condition of work, and it is well they are not, for nothing is so miserable for miud or body, for health or temper, as indolence. Idle people are always fretful, useless, and unhappy, dissatisfied with themselves and with all around them; so you my dear readers whose lot is cast among those whose special inheritance is toil, ere not to be discouraged on that account; a *blessing* rests on your labor.

For hundreds of years the clothing of the whole family depended upon the industry of women; the fleece used to be brought home, where it was carded, spun, woven, and made into garments, all by the women. The spinning-wheel was in general use in the early days of our country as it was in the Bible history times, and women obtained a name from their ordinary employment and were called "Spinsters."

TRY.—No man is likely to accomplish much who moodily indulges a desponding view of his own capacities. By God's help the weakest of us may be strong, and it is the way to become so, to resolve never to give up a good work till we have tried our best to achieve it. To think nothing impossible is the privilege of faith. We deprecate the indolent cowardice of a man who always felt assured that every enterprise would be too much for him, and therefore declined it; but we admire the plnck of the ploughman who was asked on his examination if he could read Greek, and replied he did not know, because he had never tried. Those Suffolk horses which will pull at a post till they drop are worth a thousand times as much as jibbing animals that run back as soon as aver the collar begins to press them.

AIR HAS WEIGHT.

It is something like water, only not so heavy. We move about in it as the fishes do in the brook. This air is more than fifty miles in height and presses down upon the earth. It presses, like water, in all directions. You know if you make a hole in the side of a barrel of water it will press out the same as if the hole was in the bottom, so this fifty miles of air presses against the paper and holds the water in the tumbler. On every square inch it presses with a force of fifteen pounds. I will tell the boys how to make a toy to show how air will lift.

Get a piece of leather as big as your hand, put an awl through the middle and *fasten* it to a smooth board. Near the outside of the leather, press through to the board a sharp pointed knife. Now if you pass the leather around you will have a perfect circle. Through the awl hole, pass a leather string, secured by a knot on one end. Wet the leather and press it upon a flat rock and you will find you can lift it by the string; this is because the air presses the leather and rock to each other. Water is raised in a pump by the same forces. Take the air from the pump, and the water is pressed up by the air outside. Now the next time I have a chance to talk with you, I will tell you how to make a barometer, an instrument used to tell when it will storm; and also used in measuring the heights of mountains.

EMPTY THINGS USEFUL SOMETIMES.—"Of what use are *forms?*" exclaimed a petulant legislator to Dr. Franklin; "you cannot deny that they are often mere empty things!"

"Well, my friend, and so are *barrels*, but nevertheless they have their uses," quietly replied the doctor.

Rules are not the sweetest part of wisdom, but, like barrels, they hold the substance together, so that it cannot run to waste.

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I have for sale 200 acres of land between Williamsburg and Fort Monroe, Virginia. This section of the Country is fully and agreeably described in the language of Captain John Smith: "Within is a country that may learn the proverbialist over the most plea-ant places known, for large and pleasant navigable rivers, heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation, were it fully manured and inhabited by industrious people. There are meadows, inn, plaines, valleys, rivers, and woods, all running most pleasantly into a faire bay, compassed for the most part with pleasant and delightsome land.—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH."

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The subscriber will sell his farm, situated on Back River, 4 miles from Hampton, and one mile south of Big Bethel, on Saturday, the 21st inst., containing 320 acres more or less, at auction, on Tuesday, the 24th at the door in front of the Court House, in Hampton, at 12 o'clock, to the highest bidder. Said farm will be sold in a body, or in lots to suit purchasers, previous to day of sale. There is a good dwelling house with 7 rooms, all in good order; a good well of water at the door, and all necessary out-buildings, all new; and a variety of all kinds of fruit trees and vines, all in a thrifty condition, about 100 acres cleared land, the balance in heavy wood and timber. For further particulars, inquire of the subscriber, on the premises.

JACOB OSTRANDER.

THE
SOUTHERN WORKMAN,
DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., MAY, 1872. NO. 5.

God Save the Plough.

Ere,—how the shining share
Maketh earth's bosom fair,
Crowning her brow,—
Bread in its furrow springs,
Health and repose it brings,
Treasures unknown to kings,
God save the plough!

Look to the warrior's blade,
While o'er the tented glade,
Hate breathes his woe,—
Strife its unsheathing wakes,
Love at its lightning quakes,
Weeping and woe it makes,
God save the plough!

Ships o'er the deep may ride,
Storms wreck their banner'd pride,
Waves whelm their prow,
But the well-loaded wain
Garnereth the golden grain,
Gladdening the household train,
God save the plough!

The Steam Plough.

The beautiful lines which are printed above were written years ago by Mrs. Sigourney. Many poets, since the world began, have sung in praise of the plough. Many in all ages have loved to drive the plough. In the early days of man, the ploughs of the period were very simply made. A sharpened stake and a cross-beam constituted the whole plough. In some countries of the world, ploughs are still made after that fashion. But in all civilized countries, men have been at work for many years trying to improve their ploughs, so that they can plough deeply and rapidly. It is an interesting study for one, to visit a large hardware store and notice the different kinds of ploughs for sale. We do not need to enlarge on this subject after publishing such an article as we did in the Agricultural column of the last number of this paper. It is a happy man who can stand on some virgin prairie in the West and watch the farmers' "breaker-plough," tear up the soil that has never been cultivated before. Sometimes six and even more pair of oxen are hitched to this plough, and thus the turf flies up in a way that it delights one to see. Often some person goes in front of this plough and scatters corn, much as he would lay a train of powder, and when the plough comes along, the turf from the furrow covers up the corn and and the farmer has a crop that year of what is called "sod corn."

Since the steam-engine was invented, man has been constantly studying how to make it help him in some way unthought of before. It is a great thing to travel fifteen miles an hour on the water, and forty by land, on a smooth iron track; but men are not satisfied with this. They want an engine that will go up hill and down on a common road. It is a great thing to run a mighty factory, or unload a magnificent steamer with a steam-engine, but there are men who say "We must have an engine that we can take right out into the field, and that will do for us whatever we may happen to want." An English gentleman, Lord Dunmore, was of this mind. He put the steam engine at work on the farm "ploughing, cultivating, pulling out tree-roots, going to the railway station with baggage, carrying heavy timber, cutting hay and straw, bruising oats, working saw-mills, thrashing, carrying drain-tiles, pumping water, driving engine on the farm is a good one. Like many great problems in our day, it has as yet not been fully worked out. It needs years of careful experimenting to disclose how it can best be done. Perhaps the time will come in a few years when every community of farmers will own an engine, and use it for their mutual benefit.

LORD DUNMORE'S NEW STEAM-PLOUGH

A Tribute to the Memory of Col. Shaw.

An essay read by Miss Irene La Bate, at the annual Exhibition of the Shaw Memorial School, at Charleston, S. C., April 8th, 1872:

"A whiter soul, a fairer mind,
A life with purer course and aim,
A gentler eye, a voice more kind,
We may not look on earth to find.
The love that lingers o'er his name,
Is more than fame."

In our pride and prosperity we little think of the noble, generous ones who gave up their lives, while in their youth, to place us in a position of equality among men. Such was Robert Gould Shaw, who was born of an aristocratic family of Boston. When the war broke out, he was at a college in Geneva, Switzerland. Youthful, and ardent, he returned home, immediately, and entered the 2d Mass. Regiment, one of the most distinguished regiments of the Union army. When Governor Andrew with his characteristic patriotism, raised the first Northern colored regiment, Robert Shaw was given the command. The officers of this regiment were, as a general thing, of the best families in Boston. This regiment, the 54th, saw service on Morris Island. They landed at Land's End on St. Helena Island, formed part of General Gilmore's force sent to attack Battery Wagener, being the first colored troops who had actually been in battle. On the attack on Battery Wagener, they led the assault. A large part of them actually entered the fort and distinguished themselves in the hand to hand conflict which ensued. The attack was hopeless from the first, they being exposed to the fire from all the batteries. Col. Shaw was last seen on the top of the breast-works. Nothing more was ever heard of him. A demand was made for his body, and the reply was,—"We have buried him with his niggers." His stricken father's reply when he heard this was,—"he didn't desire for him a more honored grave, and was glad that Bob had so good a body-guard to Heaven."

"Buried with a band of brothers,
Who for him would fain have died;
Buried with the gallant fellows,
Who fell fighting by his side.

"Buried with the men God gave him,
Those whom he was sent to save;
Buried with the martyred heroes,
He has found an honored grave.

"Buried where his dust so precious
Makes the ground a hallowed spot;
Buried where by Christian patriots,
He shall never be forgot.

"Fare thee well, thou noble warrior!
Who, in youthful beauty, went
On a high and holy mission,
By the God of battles sent.

"Chosen of Him, elect and precious,
Well didst thou fulfil thy part;
When thy country counts her jewels,
She shall wear thee on her heart."

The soldiers of his regiment as long as the fate of their beloved colored was uncertain, eagerly inquired, every day for news of him; and, at last, when there could be no doubt of his death, those strong, rough men wept bitterly, and exclaimed "God bless him! He was the best man in the world." So perished in his manhood, in his prime, and his strength, the noble, honored and respected Colonel Shaw, a voluntary sacrifice on the altar of Liberty for an enslaved race. To our credit be it said, that we have erected for him a monument more enduring than marble. For though, not professing to be a normal institution, yet, from this school, there have gone forth within the past year, several teachers. And already we see a rich harvest springing up from the soil where "The head of the noble young hero was laid in the dust." May we as members of this school, do justice to his memory by maintaining our self-respect, honor and integrity.

"O, fallen in manhood's fairest noon,
We will remember mid our sighs,
He never yields his life too soon,
For country and for right who dies."

School-mates! the floor we tread is holy ground,
His gentle spirit's hovering round.

Printing.

The first book ever printed with metal type was a Latin Bible, published at Mentz in Germany, by John Gutenberg, four hundred years ago. Gutenberg had spent many years in perfecting his invention, and had printed several small books before, with types cut out of pear-tree wood. The important thought for which we owe him so many thanks, is that of making each letter separate. Before his time, wood-engraving had been invented; and block-books had been made, so called because all the pictures and letters for a single page were engraved on one block of wood. Presses were not used; but when the blocks had been well inked, paper was laid over them, and rubbed upon the back till a copy was made. This kind of printing was invented by the Chinese, who have practiced it at least nine hundred years; and it was introduced into Europe by travellers. With such a press as Benjamin Franklin had over a hundred years ago, the daily edition of the New York Tribune could not be printed in a month; now, with the aid of steam, papers can be printed at the rate of twenty-five thousand an hour.

In former times, not only were there no steam-engines, to make such rapid work possible, but there was nothing common and cheap enough to make books of in any great numbers. Perhaps this was one great reason why printing was not invented long before Gutenberg's time.

The ancients made books of all sorts of things. The oldest books in the world were found among the ruins in Egypt, and in the neighborhood of Babylon. Those found near Babylon are made of brick. This is what an inconvenient thing a brick Bible would be! What poor man could find room in his house for one! Egyptian books have been found written as long ago as when Abraham was alive. These were made from split stems of papyrus, a reed which grew on the banks of the Nile. From its name comes the word paper. Papyrus was not strong enough for printing, nor was there ever enough of it. Calf-skins and sheep-skins, (called, when prepared for use, vellum and parchment) were the chief writing materials used in Europe till paper became common. They were so scarce and expensive that whole books were frequently rubbed out with pumice-stone, and written over a second, or even a third time.

Our common paper is made of cotton or linen rags, mixed for very cheap paper with straw, wood, etc. It has been known in Europe since the eleventh century. The art of making it was learned either from the Chinese, or the Japanese. The Japanese possess wonderful skill in this art. They not only make writing, printing, and wrapping paper, but paper pocket-handkerchiefs and towels, excellent paper overcoats, and an imitation-leather, better for many purposes than real leather. They make all their paper by hand. We, on the contrary, use curious machines, which make it much faster, and in greater quantities. One who has the opportunity should not fail to visit a paper-mill, and a printing-office, a large one if possible, to see with his own eyes the wonderful contrivances by which we are supplied with those precious things — our books and newspapers.

Gleanings.

Under this head we propose to publish extracts from letters which we are receiving from all parts of the country.

A letter from Helena, Arkansas, says:

"The Normal Institute, nine miles from this place, is a flourishing school of 130 pupils, 80 of whom are boarders. The buildings are new, and cost $10,000. Many of the pupils will soon become teachers. The school is supported by the Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends. Calvin and Alida Clarke are Superintendents."

A friend writes from Port Deposit, Md.:

"I believe the 'Southern Workman' is just what our people need. It addresses the laboring classes upon the great subject of industry. Without such papers as yours, the masses cannot be awakened to a sense of their duty."

This message comes from Smithfield, N. C.:

"My son sent me a paper, and I liked it so much that I had it read, by a better scholar than myself, in Sunday-school, and then I loaned it until it was worn out."

A teacher writes from New Hanover County, N. C.:

"I think your paper is destined to supply a great and growing want which no amount of schools or teachers can supply, but which they have rather *created*. I hope you will do much to benefit a large class of the people who, for want of recreation, pass their leisure time at the dram-shop."

Rev. J. C. Johnson, Herndon, Va., desires us to announce that he intends delivering a course of sermons upon the Ten Commandments in such churches in Virginia as shall be opened to him.

The Ebenezer Baptist Church of Wilmington N. C., Rev. W. H. Banks, Pastor, is enjoying a precious revival, and many of the congregation are rejoicing in a new-found hope in Christ.

THE Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
R. W. BLAKE, *Assistant Editor.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

Each number will contain not less than three illustrations, a variety of short articles, well told what is going on in the world, and will aim to please and profit both old and young.

All are invited, the young especially, to ask by letter, questions on any subject upon which they wish information.

We shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

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To every church which shall send us a hundred cent dollar subscriptions for "The Southern Workman," we will send a beautiful communion set costing twenty-five dollars.

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To aid in building churches we will return twenty-five dollars *in cash* for every ten hundred cent dollar subscriptions; or $18.75 for seventy-five subscriptions; or $12.50 for every fifty subscriptions.

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, MAY, 1872.

☞ *Hereafter we cannot furnish the June or any number of this paper to new subscribers, as it is out of print. Agents and others having copies of the first number will confer a favor by mailing them to us. It shall be glad to pay the postage on them. New subscribers desiring the other back numbers will please mention the fact, otherwise their subscriptions will date from the time when they are received.*

In no country do the working classes so directly share in the formation and support of the government, as in our own; and there is no country to which it is of such vital importance that the standard of education and morals, among the laboring classes, should be high and progressive. The chief danger of a despotism and the chief safety of a republic both exist in the ever-increasing intelligence of that part of the people that earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. While the nations that deny the right of every man to a share in the government have everything to fear from the growing strength of the masses, our republic sees in the universal education of the working men, a present defence and security for future greatness.

The sober-minded, intelligent action of a man who understood the practical duties of the government towards the people, has made our institutions what they are. Now that the settlement of new territory, the rapid increase of emigration, and the equally rapid introduction of the social problems that perplex all young governments are severely testing those institutions, it is more true than ever that nothing will keep us a great and honest nation unless every man shall know his own place and work as a member of civil society.

It is especially the duty of the working men of America to study the principles that lie as the foundation of our republican system. They need more than their richer fellow-citizens to be well grounded in those principles, for in no way can they afford to pay for the mistakes of ignorant or careless officials. Almost every great question of modern legislation assumes some practical form that demands the attention of intelligent working-men. No laws will ever justly define the duties of employer and employed until the latter are able thoroughly to understand their own position. His the work-men must have chiefly concerned in the relations of capital and labor. Most of the difficulties that complicate the labor questions arise from the ignorance of those most concerned for their speedy solution; and no doubt most of the unfriendly strikes and gluts in the labor market — which are so costly to working men — could be prevented by more general information on the points at issue. Again, the much debated question of suffrage directly affects the working portion of the community, and the time and manner of its final settlement will depend on them. It is their only direct means of political influence; and there are connected with it privileges whose value, if it is to be secured, they don't always appreciate.

Free trade, public extension, all political questions that rest upon principles, demand careful study from men who mean to deserve their citizenship.

Our country's future prosperity is directly dependent upon the use which her mechanics and other laboring men make of the facilities which are afforded them for influencing the national policy at home and abroad. Our industrial classes should understand this, that they may realize how large and increasing a share of the governing power is placed in their hands. We need only to consider how destructive to our growth as a people is ignorant legislation in regard to trade with other countries, or how quickly the national life is stunted when narrow views and prejudices, as they sometimes will, creep into the management of our schools, to understand that the power of the working classes over our future is immensely great. If they remain ignorant or indifferent regarding the public weal, the nation must ever fear them. If it were possible to awake every working man in the South to a sense of what he owes to himself and his fellow-citizens, under the new order of things, we should soon see the results of great advancement in our common political progress. A feeling of individual responsibility for the future of their country and state is greatly needed among the industrial classes here, and no appeal to them on this score can be too direct or forcible. We pray them to hold themselves to their work. We ask them to use their own intelligence as far as it serves them honestly, and to choose for their rulers and representatives men whose intelligence and honesty they can safely trust. Only thus can we escape from the difficulties bequeathed us by the sins and mistakes of past generations.

Our political sky has its clouds, no doubt, but it has also its promise of a brighter day to come, a promise which depends largely for its fulfilment upon the conscientious energy of the working men of the South.

A Thrilling Speech.

On the eleventh of April, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, pastor of one of the largest churches in Boston, and editor of the "Old and New" magazine, visited the Hampton Normal School, in company with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and addressed the pupils in their main assembly-room. We very much regret not being able to present our readers with an exact report of Mr. Hale's speech on that occasion. We print the substance of his remarks below:

"I am glad to be here once again, and I recognise some faces that I saw when here before, together with many new ones. No buildings anywhere are finer or better adapted for school purposes than is this building. Your friends here intend you shall have every advantage. Nothing that will make this a first class institution shall be denied you. But the success of the school depends upon you. It is for you to say whether this shall be the Oxford, the Cambridge, the Harvard, the Yale of your land. I am sadly sure how you can enjoy your studies, and take *great* pleasure in all your literary avocations here, but I fear that some of you do not see that chiefly the industrial part, *the work* you are required to do. Let me tell you that part is of the utmost importance. Every body should be able to work with the hand. Every boy who learns some trade is far more independent than he otherwise could be. I am a printer. I carry my tools in my head. I do not want you to think that I earn my bread by printing now, for I do not; but I have spent many happy hours at work in a printing-office, and if other resources fail me, I shall always have that to fall back upon. A printer can go all over the world if he desires, and pay his way as he goes. Suppose he wants to see Europe: he earns enough to pay his passage across the water, and sails for London. After looking about a few weeks he goes into a printing-office and inquires of the foreman 'Do you want a hand?' 'Do you know the case?' asks the foreman. 'Try me and see,' says the traveller. So he goes to the case and begins to set type. [Here the speaker imitated the motions of a compositor at his work]. The foreman engages him and he works in that office until he has acquired enough to carry him to France or Germany or any country he may wish to visit. Arriving there, he seeks out a place to work as before, and thus he can travel over the world. He carries his tools in his head.

"None of us ever expected to see such a condition of things as we find here today. I remember when Tyler was President that I called upon him at Washington. He said to me, 'You should go to Hampton, Mr. Hale, you should visit the mouth of the James River, you should see the place where American History had its beginnings. He little thought, and I little thought at that time, that when I did come to Hampton, I should find the house in which he used to live occupied by teachers of the colored race.

When I was here before, I noticed that some of you seemed reluctant to sing your own native songs to visitors. Never feel ashamed of them. Those songs, such as you have sung today, constitute the only American music that exists; if you, and others of your race do not sing them no one will. Cherish them, and be proud of them. I have heard all sorts of music. I have heard an American, a German, a Frenchman, and an Italian try to sing an Italian opera; but I never heard before today a chorus of one hundred Americans singing American music."

Virginia.

HERNDON LETTER.

Mr. Editor,—This thriving village is located on the Washington and Ohio Railroad, twenty-three miles from Alexandria. It was named Herndon in 1858. It was selected for our town after much deliberation and the rejection of several other proposed names, in honor of Captain L. Herndon, of Fredericksburg, who perished years ago in the wreck of the ship *Central America*. About four hundred and fifty passengers lost their lives when that ill-fated vessel sank. By great exertion Capt. Herndon saved sixty women and children. His last words were the commencement of a message to his wife. "Tell her," said he, and the engulfing wave left as a legacy this significant blank. In order to perpetuate the name and deeds of the youthful hero, we teach our children the following lines:—

"Our Herndon, vale of Amazon explores,
Then sinks in waters washing distant shores.
His burning soul with life he gave,
To rescue others from an ocean grave.
Here then we pledge, this be our constant aim
To make our place all worthy of its name.

Early in April, Rev. Dr. Chickering, of Boston, gave a lecture before our "Sweet Home Lodge of Good Templars." He spoke of Herndon as the "Banner town" of this part of Virginia, as respects the temperance cause.

During a recent visit to Alexandria I was much interested in listening to the preaching of Rev. Fields Cook. His church is in the outskirts of the city, not far from the Fairfax Theological Seminary. Brother Cook, once a slave, is now an able minister of the gospel, a faithful bishop of souls. He is now giving some attention to the practice of medicine. He is the happy owner of a good library.

It was my good fortune to be present at Washington during the celebration of the anniversary of emancipation in the District of Columbia. It was a great day. Lewis H. Douglas, son of Frederick Douglas, and John T. Johnson formed the procession. Several bands of music were in attendance, and among other companies I noticed the Howard University Cadets, all colored men. Hon. R. B. Elliot, of South Carolina, was orator of the day. During the day, the procession passed in front of the White House, and was reviewed by the President. The celebration ended by a serenade to Senator Sumner by the Excelsior Band, of Philadelphia, late in the evening. Owing to the state of his health, which does not permit open-air speaking at night, Mr. Sumner did not respond with a speech. If the colored people will only make a right use of emancipation, they can help save our great country, and also abundantly and permanently bless all other countries.

Yours truly,

J. R. J.

HERNDON, *April*, 1872.

Hampton Letter.

Mr. Editor,—I was much interested in your Boston letter for March, on the "Holly Tree Coffee Rooms." The idea, as a preventative of intemperance, is a good one. Is it utterly impracticable to open such rooms in larger cities, and even in small villages? Is there no Boston lady, no Hampton lady, who will undertake such an enterprise among us? While the cup of cold water is the praise of our town as regards temperance,—for I believe that, all in all, we are as free from drunkenness as any community in the land,—still there is a great deal of strong drink sold here, and the many grocery stores kept by professedly Christian men,—to their shame be it said,—where "Hell broth" is retailed. Consequently, much time, and money is wasted and much business destroyed.

How can we prevent this waste and want? Perhaps the only way to do it is by appealing to the customers of the whiskey dealers. "Where no wood is," says the wise man, "the fire goeth out." So when there are no buyers of strong drink, the grog-shops are closed. These buyers are the laborers and fishermen, the small farmers, who come to town every day or two, especially every Saturday, with wood, eggs, fish, or vegetables to sell. Let me say to such "Come now, let us reason together." You have earned a small load of wood, a dozen or two of eggs, or a bushel of potatoes. The whole probably amounts to $2.00. You buy a little sugar, a little coffee or tea, and a handkerchief, perhaps in all amounting to $1.50, while the rest is spent for mean whiskey! Is not this so? You step first at one store, then at another, treat yourself and your neighbor, and in a few hours one-fourth of your money is gone, and what have you to show for it? Now let us make a little calculation. There are few, very few men, who earn more than a dollar and a half or two cents a day for liquor. That amounts to $36.50 a year! In five years, it amounts to $182.50. Then you have the price of quite land enough for a small family; yet that amount is wasted, and worse than wasted in whiskey! Let us reason a little further. Suppose a man has a tract of land to sell and you want to buy it, but have not the cash to pay for it. The owner of the land is disposed to favor you, and he makes this proposition to you. The land is worth $50. All he asks is that you shall not buy any liquor and that you pay him ten cents a day until the whole amount is paid. Would you not think the terms quite liberal? But you can do better than that. Take your ten cents a day and put it into the savings bank, where every six months the interest is added to the principal and goes itself on interest, or as it is called, compound interest, and in less than five years you will have money enough to pay for that land.

But perhaps you will tell me that you cannot afford to lay by ten cents a day and find your family in bread. How then can you spend that amount in vile drink, that tends only to starve your family and ruin yourself? Think of it, and if you like my plain talk you may hear from me again.

KECOUGHTAN.

HAMPTON, *April*, 1872.

North Carolina.

Mr. Editor,—Your paper, published as it is at Hampton, recalls to my mind afresh the hallowed scenes I witnessed there during the war. How many patriot graves are there over which I have reared the prayer for years that are past. What great reason have we to thank God for some of the results of those years.

I wish to say a few words about

THE PRESBYTERY OF TARKIH.

This ecclesiastical body, composed of twenty-four churches and embracing within its limits more than half of North Carolina, met at Bethany, April 11th. Rev. W. J. Williams, the retiring Moderator, preached the opening sermon. Mr. W. R. Coles, late of Lincoln University, was licensed to preach. Rev. J. A. Chreshell and Henry Neely were elected delegates to the next General Assembly. The committees on the "Narrative of the State of Religion" reported that several revivals have been enjoyed and that nearly all the churches had received additions during the past year, in numbers ranging from one to twenty-two. The churches generally are more prosperous both spiritually and financially than they were a year ago, having preaching so seldom they are longing for more of it. The vacant churches are begging for the bread of life. They say, "We must have a preacher." Those that have regular services most of the time say, "We must have a minister all the time;" and they pledge themselves to make great sacrifices to support him.

We have never seen such a *strong determination* among the ruling elders to give on I support the gospel as was manifested at this meeting. Several of the churches had fair, soon to become self-sustaining. One poor man gave $15 last year. Sabbath-sch ols are prosperous. Weekly prayer-meetings are sustained in nearly all the churches. Commencing about six years ago with three ministers and two ruling elders; now we have 36 ministers, 27 churches, 5 presbyteries, 1 synod, 11 missionaries, and 2,000 communicants, of which 1,067 were added on examination the past year. Our Sabbaths-school day and Sabbath-schools are both in a very prospering condition, with about 90 scholars last sabbath; we have about 130 in all.

The colored people generally, are improving in all the elements of civilization. Many have secured lands and homes of their own, the past year.

A. S. B.

STATESVILLE, *April* 22, 1872.

Alabama.

MONTGOMERY LETTER.

Mr. Editor,—I came here in October last to take charge of Swayne School, which has been in successful operation for nearly four years. We have about four hundred and fifty scholars, most of whom are making good progress. There are six teachers, employed by the American Missionary Association. The colored people are beginning to see the necessity of securing homes for themselves. Since October there have been nearly thirty neat dwellings erected in the neighborhood of our school. Many are building small houses at first, to save rent. Some have paid most enough to get a small portion to buy a good lot, build a comfortable house, and furnish it with many of the conveniences and even luxuries of life. Many are putting up only the walls here, and much to build the front when they have saved rent money sufficient. This, in addition to the fact that any are depositing their money in them Freedman's Savings Bank, is one of the most encouraging signs among the colored people of Montgomery. If we are faithful, we may expect these results to culminate in the development of a high intellectual and moral standard among this people.

They may become, what they should be, no mean part of the American Nation.

J. M. M.

New Orleans Convention.

The National Convention of the colored people of the United States assembled at the State House in New Orleans, at noon, on Wednesday, April 10th, and was called to order by Lieut. Gov. Ranaier, of South Carolina. Lieut. Gov. Pinch back, of Louisiana was elected temporary chairman. Rev. Mr. Jordan, of Liberia, offered prayer. Among the delegates were, Frederick Douglas, New York, Rev. Phillip Martin, Massachusetts, Hon. Langston, District of Columbia, and R. B. Elliot, South Carolina. Frederick Douglas was elected President, and James Ingraham, first Vice President.

After a protracted and in many respects eloquent debate, the convention unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we, in the name of the colored men of the United States, assembled in public convention whatever with the late Labor Convention, lately held at Columbus, Ohio, and also the convention of Liberal Republicans, called for the 1st of May, at Cincinnati.

Resolved, That Hon. Charles Sumner has by his *disinterested advocacy of our rights*, and his consummate statesmanship in securing a recognition of these rights in the Constitution of the United States, endeared himself to the colored people of the nation; and until Hon. Charles Sumner shall himself announce his secession from the Republican Party, we shall hold him to be as he has ever been, one of the purest and ablest members of our party.

Subsequent resolutions were adopted expressing gratitude to God and the friends of universal liberty for the recent blessings of freedom that have come to the colored race, declaring implicit confidence in the Republican Party, and eulogizing Senator Colfax. Very interesting reports of the proceedings of the convention are found in the New Orleans "Weekly National Republican," of April 16th and 21st.

Letter from Bermuda.

Dear Workman,—On our arrival here early in March, we found the weather cool enough for fire in the evening, while out of doors we gathered great bunches of roses, oleanders and geraniums, and revelled in the lucious fruits which were still so plentiful. These islands are wonderfully productive; for though they are acutely so far farther south than Savannah, their distance from the main-land gives them a climate of their own. Seven hundred and eighty miles of ocean lie between them and the mainland, and there is no island nearer than the Bahamas, five hundred miles away. Bananas, oranges, cocoanuts, lemons, pine-apples, peaches, strawberries, and indeed almost every known variety of fruit do well here; and sugar-cane, coffee, wheat, Indian-corn, potatoes of both kinds and arrow-root grow actually side-by-side. As I sit, I can see from my window a magnificent India-rubber tree, while with the dark green of the cedars which form the principal forest growth, is mixed the varied foliage of almost every one of the plants and trees which we suppose are peculiar to the tropics. The whole group of islands is only twenty-five miles in its greatest length, and seldom more than one in breadth; and the bays and inlets from the sea are so frequent as to make boats as necessary as houses. The inhabitants number about 12,000, and there is no appearance of want among them, although the resources of the country are entirely undeveloped, owing to the difficulty of obtaining skilled labor. In fact, the people are so surrounded by the riches of the climate and the fertility of the soil that they make little or no effort to improve the great natural advantages with which they are favored. Being a British colony, they depend mostly on England for their supplies, and use both English and American currency, though the number of Americans who reside here is very small. All the domestic animals thrive, and there are no poisonous serpents or insects, while the excellent roads and beautiful scenery make walking and driving a continual delight. In fact, nature seems to have done her utmost to fill these little, lonely islands with loveliness, and a little energy on the part of the inhabitants would convert them into a garden of luxurious and beauty. Here, as everywhere else, the first necessity is work, and the productiveness and wealth of this colony are nothing in comparison with what they might be, if the people were energetic and industrious.

Bermuda with all its astonishing fertility serves no better purpose than to illustrate the law which makes ideal industry the price of success. Nothing comes to perfection here, because nothing is properly cultivated, and one can scarcely enjoy the loveliness for the thought of how much is waiting to be done. If trust our own Southern States may never present a parallel to this condition of things, and that our own workmen may never yield to the temptation of wasting the riches and fruitful soil as the owners of the small farms here have done.

Yours,

M. F. A.

An Interesting Meeting in Norfolk.

That spacious and attractive edifice, the Bute-st. Methodist Church, was filled to overflowing, Monday evening, April 29th, by the friends of the Hampton Normal School, to listen to speeches from various gentlemen upon educational topics. The Normal School Band, [J. S. B. Knox, leader, delighted the audience with appropriate music. Rev. William L. Lewis, Presiding Elder of the Norfolk District, Chairman of the meeting, made some very telling remarks. S. H. Jones, of Richmond, Judge Oldfield, Rev. M. Crane, Gen'l Armstrong, H. C. Percy and H. W. Blake, addressed the assembly. The large audience listened attentively to all that was said; and the moral power of the meeting as a link in the mighty chain of deeds that shall bind together the forces of progress, and unite the people in all that is good, was patent to all. This was the first appearance of the band outside of Hampton, and it did them credit.

Record of Graduates.

HAMPTON NORMAL SCHOOL.

Jane Butland writes from Charleston, West Virginia, "My school has been out two weeks. I expect to begin teaching again in another week. My Sabbath-school is increasing in numbers, and the children show great interest in learning the Bible."

Dee A Elliot closed his school in Bridgewater, Va., March 29th, and is now attending the St. Augustine Normal School at Raleigh N. C., which is under the care of Rev. J. B. Smith, D. D.

Joseph D. Gilbert finished his school at Seven Mile Ford, Va., March 22d. He seems to have met with good success. He was expecting to remain there and take a private school. He writes us, April 22d, that he has removed to Saltville, Va., and that his school was not well under way as yet.

George W. Latchmore has 33 scholars at Kilmarnock, Va., and he hopes some of them will be able to enter the Normal School at the beginning of another year.

William H. Lee closed his school at Carrsville, Va., March 7th, much to the regret of his scholars. He is now teaching at Branchville, Southampton Co., Va.

H. H. Lewis writes that his health has not permitted him to teach, except on the Sabbath and a little in night-schools, since he left Hampton. He is farming, and has a fine crop on hand. He speaks very favorably of the schools, both public and private in Accomac County, Va.

The Shaw Memorial School.

This school was opened in Charleston, South Carolina, in the spring of 1865, by the New England Freedman's Aid Society. Mrs. Pillsbury, wife of Hon. Gilbert Pillsbury, afterwards Mayor of Charleston was in charge of the school during the first weeks of its existence, until Mr. Arthur Sumner, the present superintendent assumed control. For two years it was held in the large public school-house on Morris Street, and was then removed to Military Hall. That same autumn, Mr. Reuben Tomlinson, superintendent of the Freedman's Bureau Schools in South Carolina, proposed that the money which had been raised by the Union soldiers who fought in that state to build a monument to the memory of Col. Shaw, of the 54th Mass. Regiment Colored Volunteers, be spent in building a school-house. This proposition was accepted; and before the next term began a plain building was erected on the corner of May and America Streets. It contains six pleasant, well-furnished class rooms, and an assembly-hall. This hall is a spacious, sunny, well-ventilated apartment, in which a primary class of seventy-five is taught.

There are three grades in this school, Primary, Intermediate and Grammar. No children who cannot read well in the First Reader are admitted. The usual number is about 350. Several scholars from the first class are now teaching in the country. The first class this term is small, owing to the poverty of the parents, who have been obliged to put their children to trades, or to send them into the country to teach. I would not advise any scholar to leave school to teach in South Carolina, for those already engaged in that business have not been paid for several months. The present scholars of the first class will probably be able to attend school several years longer; and some of them, it is hoped, will go to good Northern institutions to finish their education. They have finished the most important parts of arithmetic, book-keeping by single entry, and an elementary treatise on physiology, botany, and natural philosophy. Most of them can perform arithmetical combinations, mentally, with astonishing rapidity. I have never seen any children so prompt and accurate in their answers; nor any class equal to them, except at the Normal School in Framingham, Massachusetts. They are now studying algebra, history, grammar and composition, geography, arithmetic, and are about to begin Latin. English grammar is taught in the first four rooms; but only so far as it is useful to the children in their conversation and compositions. Drawing is also taught in the classes; not the kind which simply teaches the pupil how to make "pretty things," but constructive drawing, which trains the eye and hand, and will be useful to them in the pursue mechanical employments. Newspapers, children's papers and the "Nursery" are used for reading material as well as the reading books. The younger children study "Our World," and "Guyot's Intermediate Geography;" and the first class, "Warren's Common School Geography." M.

The new School Law of North Carolina, passed February 12th, 1872, provides that Teachers' Associations shall be held throughout the State. Any number of teachers, provided there are not less than twenty, may form such an association, and thus become a body corporate in law, competent to buy, hold, and sell real and personal estate for educational purposes. It is desirable that such an association hold an annual session of a month, for the purpose of improvement in teaching. It is proposed to form such an association in Wilmington, beginning on Monday, May 13th, at 9 A. M. Any teachers in North Carolina, or any persons intending to become teachers are invited to join the association which will be held at the Williston school-house, on Seventh Street. The session will continue for one month. The best methods of teaching the common branches will be thoroughly discussed, and various lectures on important themes will be given. Any one desiring further information can obtain it by writing to Rev. H. B. Blake, Wilmington, N. C.

During the month of April, the following persons consented to act, as agents for this paper:

Tazewell Bryant, Wytheburg, Va., Mrs. Mary E. Miles, Hillsboro, N. C.; Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, Philadelphia, Pa.; Solomon Burton, Cherrystone, Va.; James A. Green, Powelton, Va.; Rev. Francis F. Howse, Oxford, N. C.; Nathaniel Baker, Lake Drummond, Va.; Rev. Thomas H. Lomax, Wilmington, N. C.; J. B. Bonner, Dinwiddie Court House, Va.; Robert Johnson, Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Sarah A. Hodges, East New York, L. I.

Some of the illusions of life are kept up to a great age, and nothing but death can extinguish them.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

A Lady Horse Trainer.

The base of Mrs. D'Anthony's method is love, and a sincere belief that all our domestic animals can be made more subservient and useful as well as contented and happy by the law of love and patience than by any harsh measures.

I will name a single instance. Last Friday, a gentleman brought a colt (with its dam) to Mrs. D'Anthony to wean, it being four months old. No person's hand had ever been placed upon it, and it was perfectly wild. The dam was sent away, and the colt placed in a large room twenty feet by twenty, well littered. It has not heard a loud word, and has only been spoken to in the gentlest tones, and although thin is not the fourth day of separation from its dam, it is perfectly contented, eats and drinks heartily and every time Mrs. D'Anthony goes into the paddock, neighs with pleasure, and runs to meet her.

By any other treatment this colt might easily be spoiled, as it is one of a breed whose characteristic is never to forget a blow.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

We have gained much information and encouragement from letters sent us for publication by the following persons:

Rev. A. J. Billingsley, A. H. Canber, Wm. Cawthorne, W. B. Weaver, Rev. A. M. Barrett, Miss Anna E. Pitts, J. R. Edwards, Rufus Beckwith, Isaac A. Parker, Frank White, Rev. J. H. Spriggs and J. M. Martin.

Domestic and Foreign News.

The great event of the month has been the "Liberal Republican Reform Convention," which met on the 1st inst. at Cincinnati. This convention was called by Republicans who feel dissatisfied with the present administration, and who believe the time has come for a union of men of all parties to secure needed reforms, and a return to methods of peace. Carl Schurz presided. Horace Greeley, and Gratz Brown were nominated as the candidates of the convention for President and Vice-President. The effect of this action cannot yet be foretold. The Republicans not in sympathy with the convention, are expressing themselves as not alarmed at the nomination while the Democrats say that their National Convention to convene on the 9th of July, will define the policy of the Democratic party.

The most important thing done by Congress is the passage of the bill repealing the duties on tea and coffee, which has been signed by the President, and goes into operation on the 1st of July. Now that tea and coffee are to be cheap, we hope every Southern workman will abandon all stronger beverages.

The immense coliseum building, which was being erected in Boston for the Manifold Peace Jubilee, was blown down during a heavy gale, and was a complete wreck. It is being rebuilt however of the same dimensions, but on a simpler plan.

The steamer Geo. B. Upton, of the Richmond and New York line, was burned in Chesapeake Bay on the 3d inst, near Chincoteague. The passengers and crew were safely landed, but the cargo, consisting chiefly of tobacco, was almost wholly destroyed.

A train on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, was stopped on the 18th ult, by a hail storm. The iron works on the dome of the locomotive were badly battered, and indentations made even in the iron jacket which covers the boiler.

Fourteen prisoners who pleaded guilty of conspiracy, were sentenced in the United States Court at Charleston, S. C., on the 1st inst, to imprisonment for terms ranging from two to ten years, and to pay fines ranging from one hundred to a thousand dollars. Fifteen more were sentenced the next day, to imprisonment for from one month to three years and fines. This concludes the trials of Ku Klux prisoners.

The members of the Japanese embassy are busily engaged in studying our institutions, visiting the various educational and military establishments. We hope they will not omit the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, or the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

The soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, are raising funds to erect a monument to the great war governor of Massachusetts, John A. Andrew. Governor Andrew was the first to urge the enlistment of colored troops, and every colored soldier should contribute a sum, however small, towards the memorial.

In Spain, the followers of Don Carlos, or *Carlists*, as they are called, have been making desperate efforts to overthrow the government of King Amadeus. It is reported that Don Carlos has been captured with about one hundred of his adherents.

Out of the grandest eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, of the present century, has been witnessed during the past two weeks. A number of lives have been lost, and much damage done to the adjoining land and vineyards by the overflow of lava. Even in Naples ashes fall to the depth of one or two inches.

A telegram from Bombay confirms the announcement of the safety of Dr. Livingstone.

In Smyrna a desperate conflict has taken place between Greeks and Jews, growing out of a report that the latter in their religious ceremonies had sacrificed an infant. Several persons were killed and wounded.

A terrible earthquake took place in Syria, which partially destroyed the old city of Antioch. Three hundred people were killed in the town of Antioch, and one thousand and six hundred in the surrounding towns and country.

The Island of Zanzibar was visited by a terrible hurricane in April, which sank or stranded 150 vessels, and seriously damaged the town. The loss is estimated at ten million dollars.

Agricultural.

(From the American Agriculturist.)

Working Stock.—The farmer's great dependence this month upon his working oxen and horses should lead to their having extra care, shelter, good feed, and grooming. As the heat of the season increases, it is important to give longer restings time at noon, especially to oxen. Bathe yoke and harness galls, as before, wash tender spots, and if possible ease the pressure upon them by pads or otherwise to prevent galling. Oats with barley, or cornmeal, or with barley-meal and Indian meal mixed and fed upon cut hay, is good feed to work upon, and a great deal more labor will be done by well-fed animals, than with others. Everybody knows what a difference it makes with horses, and this is quite as marked with oxen, which are seldom too fat.

Milch Cows.—The greatest care should be exercised, that the milk does not fall off before cows are turned to grass; the employment of corn-meal, wheat or rye bran, cotton-seed oil-meal (if the seed was well boiled), and linseed oil-meal, is to be advised, if the supply of grass has not held out. Bran may be fed very freely; corn-meal moderately, 2 to 6 quarts a day; oil-meal 3 pints to 3 quarts a day.

Sheep and lambs.—We are advocates of early shearing without washing. This necessitates giving the sheep shelter from cold storms—and this should always be done. Wool which starts when there is real necessity for covering, is stronger than that beginning its growth in hot weather and often when a diseased condition of the skin is caused by unscalding. Besides, early-shorn sheep are well protected when hot weather comes, and if not washed are not almost prostrated by coke which come after this great exposure. A little extra grain or oil-meal tells advantageously after shearing.

Young Orchards may have root crops between the rows. When these crops are hoed, cut up the weeds and mellow the surface around the trees. Corn shades the trees too much late in the season, and prevents thorough ripening of the wood.

Clean out the horse.—This is the only time in the whole year when the horse may be emptied of everything. It is barn-cleaning time as much as April is house-cleaning time. If you have several tons of old hay, let it alone—but if the mows and bays are pretty low now is the chance sweep, and use the rake and hay-barn every where. Most of the stock are then in the pastures, and stable floors can be lifted and examined. Timbers may be decaying, and should be renewed. Accumulations will almost surely be found under the floors and near the timbers which may soon cause decay unless removed, and which will be valuable additions to the compost heap. Soon the hay will be coming in; and so this work must be done before then. Store old hay and straw where they can be conveniently got at after the barns are full.

Rainy-day Work.—Other work for rainy days is mending rakes, horse-rakes, and forks—fitting up the busy-rigging for the wagons; examining and painting the mowing machines in order. The clover will be fit to cut before we are ready for it—it almost always is.

Insects.—Do not wait until some of the legion have made sad havoc, and then write to us for a remedy which shall dispatch them at one application. We know of no sovereign cure for insects or weeds except work. One should be among his trees frequently, and note the first inroads. The eye should be trained to notice the beginning of trouble. The caterpillars that are today feeding upon the leaves of one twig only, in a week will have scattered over the whole tree. Neglect the little web that is just observable, and in a short time the tree will look as if light had fallen upon it. The nests of the tent-caterpillar are easily pulled out by a gloved or bare hand. Take them early in the morning when the inhabitants are at home.

The Curculio is only to be caught by jarring the tree. It will fall and may be caught on a sheet. Let all secret insect remedies alone.

Asparagus.—Many forget that next season's crop depends upon a good growth of tops after cutting stops. Do not cut too late. Hoe over the bed; and it will be all the better if a dressing of bone or phosphate can be given.

Washington as a Farmer.—The farm of General Washington, at Mount Vernon, contained ten thousand acres of land in one body, equal to about fifteen square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size, at the distance of two, three and five miles from the Mansion House. He visited these farms every day in pleasant weather, and was continually engaged in making experiments for the improvement of agriculture. Some idea of the extent of his farming operations may be formed from the following facts:

In 1797 he had 946 acres in grass; 600 bushels of oats; 700 acres of wheat, and as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, &c., and 150 with turnips. His stock consisted of 140 horses, 112 cows, 336 working oxen, heifers and steers, and 500 sheep. He constantly employed 250 hands and kept 34 plows going during the whole year, when the earth and the state of the weather would permit. In 1799 he slaughtered 150 hogs for the use of his own family, and provisions for his negroes, for whose comfort he had great regard.

Those who wish to do good to their fellow-man but whose means are limited, should not be discouraged after the example set them by Mary A. Goodman, a colored woman of New Haven, who died recently, leaving her whole property, some $5,000, to the theological school in that city for the aid of young colored men studying for the ministry. This sum is the savings of a life spent in such toil as washing and domestic service. She felt that the time was coming, in the rapid progress of her race and people, when they would require a more highly educated ministry, and she consecrated to this object the entire earnings of her life.

Children's Department.

Dear Children :—I wish you could read the charming stories that the different Months once told to the children who lived in the Black Forest, Max and Thekla. To separate stories in this beautiful book by Susan Coolidge seems like tearing a petal from a rose, and yet I shall perhaps be forgiven if I let *May* step out from her sisters and tell her own story:

"It was in a cold country, a long way from here, which I never visit till pretty late in the season. You have crocus and the sea to get to it. Once only red people lived there. They dwelt in wigwams, and didn't care much for me, except that I melted the snow which kept them from their hunting-grounds. But one year, on arriving I found something new. A ship lay on the shore, and people with white faces were pitching tents and building huts as if they meant to stay. Among them were some children.

"Of these, two particularly took my fancy, two little sisters, fair as lilies. One was almost a baby. When they sat at the door of the tent, I used to steal up unseen, and put their cheeks with my hand. They did not know it was I; but they liked it.

"The men were busy in cutting trees for the houses. The women had to cook and wash and sew. There was hard work in plenty for all. No one had time to amuse the little ones, and the idea occurred to me of making them a garden."

SEA-BIRD CATCHING.

"The place I chose," said May, "was a sunny way off in the woods, a hidden nook, just such as I love. The trees stood thickly about it, but they opened and left a spot where the sunshine could come in and warm the earth. There for many days I worked with busy fingers clearing away dead leaves and roots, and covering the ground with a moss carpet thick and soft, into which tiny coral points were stuck to please baby eyes. In the very middle I set a snow-white mushroom, glistening and white as an ivory umbrella; and all about it I planted and wreathed the sweetest flower I know,—a flower whose cups are as pink as a rose, and hold a fragrance so rare, that if a perfumer could collect it in his bottles it would be worth its weight in gold. When all was done, it was the daintiest little garden ever seen; and now it only remained to entice the babies thither to enjoy it.

"This was easy. I selected a warm day, that they might not catch cold; and, as they sat at the door of the tent, I crept up and sat beside them. They did not see me, but I whispered in their ears,—a low, coaxing whisper which I only use for babies.

"'In the woods,' I said, 'the pretty, pretty woods, are such beautiful things! Red flowers and blue flowers, for you to play with; and squirrels with frisky tails, and birds which sing all the time. Oh, such fun as it is!'

"The baby laughed out, and showed her teeth white as milk; but it was only at the song in my voice, the words she did not understand. The elder one listened; and, as I went on, her small feet began to twitch and dance, as if they could no longer keep still.

"'Come, Sissy,' she said. 'Let's go and take a walk over yonder where it is so green. Sister'll find you some flowers to play with.'

"Baby was all ready for that, or any thing else. To her, 'Sister' was quite a grown-up person, because she could talk plain, and wore a funny little russet petticoat like their mother's. So side by side the little lambs trotted away. There was nobody on the watch to see them go, and soon the dark wood hid them from view. I held Sister's other hand, and gently guided to the right path.

"It wasn't much of a path. There were tangled mosses and rough boughs to catch the little feet; but I held fast, and did not let them trip. And by and by, when we came to a smoother place, I took from my bosom a butterfly I had brought on purpose, and set it flying before their eyes. There was no danger of tears or fright after that.

"Such a jolly race as then began! I had ordered the butterfly to fly slowly, so the clutching fingers seemed always just about to grasp it. Such funny, tripping steps, such peals of glee! Never was a merrier hunt! The hunt led them a long way. Once Baby's fingers almost closed on the painted wings, but still the butterfly flew before, and still the children ran behind; when all at once a third baby appeared, to share the chase—another child, a tiny Indian boy. No dress had his small, dark limbs. A little bow was in his hand, a quiver on his back; and as he jumped from behind a bush, and joined in the frolic, it was like a brown twig flying after two snow-white blossoms blown from the tree.

"The little ones were not frightened. They took kindly to a new playmate, whatever his color might be. 'Sister' made friends at once, while Baby stared at him with her big blue eyes. On they trotted together; and by and by the nimble boy made a clutch which secured the butterfly, and the brown head and the fair ones met together over the prize.

"'Pitty! pitty!' cried Baby, and she patted the little Indian with her soft hand. Then the same soft fingers made a grab at the purple wings. Ah me! one of them came off in her grasp. My poor butterfly! The first of the season!

"The children were sorry. Children are always sorry," said May, tartly, "after the mischief is done; but I don't see that it makes them any more careful next time. In two minutes the dead insect was forgotten by everybody but me. I picked him up, you may be sure; and that evening made him a little grave under a partridge-berry vine.

"It was droll to hear the three babies talk together. They had no words in common, but they had fingers to point with, comical little heads to nod and wag, and eyes to explain the meaning of each gesture. So they got on wonderfully. The brown baby's name was Ah-gon-qua, but 'Sister' called him Ally.

"'My name Ruth,' she said, 'her name Baby,' speaking very loud to make it easier to understand.

"Ally tried to say it, but couldn't get nearer than 'Pate.' This was stupid; but he was a clever baby, for all that. He could take straight aim with his bow, and bring down a robin or a quail ten yards off. He knew how to find the water-springs. He could climb a tree, and swing like a jolly little polliwog. Fearless as a squirrel, he sprang about the trackless wilderness without pathway or guide, and needed neither, and knew no fear.

"All the time they talked, the little ones were getting deeper and deeper into the wood. They did not know where they were going; but I knew, and guided every step.

"And now they reached the garden. The sun lay warm and bright on the moss; and, at sight of the fairy cups of pink and snow and of the ivory mushroom, they laughed for joy.

"'Pitty! pitty!' cried Baby again, using her sole little word; and, with one consent, all three sat down together in the midst of the flowers. How I did enjoy it! The long, cold voyage at sea, the bleak spring, the crowded home in the tents where all were too busy to notice them, were forgotten as they sat there in my garden; and they buzzed like bees in the sunshine. It was the sweetest sight to see!

"Such games as they played! Baby pulled flowers till her lap was full. She tossed them about. She put heaps of them on her head, and screamed with laughter as they rained down into her eyes. Ruth meantime was turning the little Indian into a big nosegay. She stuck leaves all over him. His quiver she filled with blossoms. Round his head she put a wreath of long sprays. It was great fun. Luckily, the small russet petticoat had a pocket, and in it was a big ship's-biscuit; so, when dinner-time came, they ate that, and were not hungry. And long as the sun shone, the play lasted; and he stayed late that night, as if to enjoy the pretty show as long as possible. But at last the long shadows had begun to creep over the place, and I to feel embarrassed as to how to get my babies home again, when the bark of a dog was heard close at hand. Then I was easy; for I knew somebody was coming to find them.

"Sure enough, before the dusk had crept over the happy group in the sun, they came,—two men with anxious faces, and guns on their shoulders, and a pale, frightened woman. That was the Mother. They could hardly believe what they saw. Bears and savages had been in their thoughts all the way. Never once had they dreamed that the little ones were playing in *My* garden.

"How the woman ran when she saw the children! How she caught up and kissed Baby, and hugged little Ruth in her arms! 'O children!' she cried, as soon as she could speak, 'how came you here? How could you frighten us so?'

"Ruth looked puzzled. 'I guess it was the butterfly,' she said; 'it came along, and showed us the way.'

"'Who is this?' asked one of the men.

"'That's Ally,' explained Ruth.

"'Poor boy!' said the Mother. 'I thought even the savages were too tender of their babes to let them thus alone in the forest. We will take him home with us, husband, and cherish him. Perchance his friends may seek him out.'

"But to all their words and kind looks the little Indian was deaf. When they pointed to the setting sun in token that night was near, he pointed to the east as if to say that the same sun would rise again before long. They tried to entice him with caresses; but he shook himself free, and, signing to some distant part of the wood where his home lay, he emptied the flowers from his quiver, threw back his dark hair with a toss, and with a few active bounds disappeared from their sight. Ruth cried after him, 'Ally! Ally!' but it was all in vain. He was gone, and he never came back."

"And what became of Ruth and Baby?" asked Thekla.

"Oh! they went home with their Father and Mother; and good care was taken that they should not stray again. I used to visit them sometimes, and play with their hair and soft cheeks; and I taught them to call the pink blossoms by my name. 'May-flowers,' they are formed to this day; and they are such favorites, that I plant immense beds of them in that country every spring, and then people grumble that there are not enough."

Sea-bird Catching.

The Faroe Islands, a group of islands belonging to Denmark, are situated in the Atlantic ocean about three hundred and fifty miles south-east from Iceland. The people of these islands support themselves chiefly by catching sea-birds, which flock in great numbers upon the steep rocks of the coast.

They daringly do this pursuit. Every year many of the Faroese lose their lives in it. The fowlers provide themselves with a long cable two inches thick, on which is fastened a kind of seat. A beam is placed at the edge of the rock to prevent the rope being cut by the rough stone.

The bird-taker, seated on the end of the cable, is let down by six men. He holds a small cord in his hand, by means of which he can make certain signs agreed upon with his comrades. On reaching a ledge, the bird-taker ties the rope to any convenient point, and then kills as many birds as he can, catching them in his net, or seizing them with his hands. If he sees a hollow or a niche beyond his reach, where many birds are perched, he sits down again on his little plank, and, by jerking the rope, swings himself to the spot he wishes to explore.

The birds when killed are thrown to the men below, who are ready for them in a boat under the cliff.—*The Nursery.*

The Boy Who Did a kind Act.

I know a man of wealth whose first name is John. He lives in New York. He is a good man. He has given large sums of money to help the poor children. He was once a poor boy himself.

His parents died when he was ten years old. They had taught him to read and write, and, what is better still, to be good and honest and kind. But there was no one to take care of him; and one day he went forth to seek for work.

How hard it was for him to find any one to give him work? He asked of this man and of that. Ah! they none of them had any work to give him. At last he came to the store of Mr. Burns, who was a rich man, and, at that time, very busy. He was thinking of his ships when John came into the room.

"What do you want boy?" asked Mr. Burns. "If you please, sir, I want a place."—"I cannot do anything for you," said Mr. Burns; "for if I tried to do for all the boys who come to me for work, I could not find time to do any work for myself."

John made a bow, and left the room. Mr. Burns went to the window, and stood there lost in thought. It was a bitter cold day. The wind blew. Snow and ice lay hard on the ground. Not far off he saw a horse and cart. The horse's blanket had been blown off, and the poor horse stood shivering in the cold.

"I wish some one would take care of that poor horse!" thought Mr. Burns. While he looked, a little boy took up the blanket, and fixed it nicely on the horse's back, and then patted him tenderly, as if saying "Poor old fellow! It is too bad to leave you here in the cold."

"That must be a good, kind boy," thought Mr. Burns; and he threw up the window, and called to him. It was John, the poor orphan boy. He came back to Mr. Burns. "My boy," said Mr. Burns, "I will find a place for you in my store. You shall not want work any more." John's fortune began there. Though rich now, he does not let man or beast suffer, if he can help it, for want of a blanket.

—*The Nursery.*

Working Cheap.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked one gentleman of another.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap, to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much on your friends and civil people, to suffer, and lastly, to risk losing your own precious soul, and all for nothing. You certainly are working cheap—very cheap indeed."

Every man, woman, and child who reads this ought to save *something*, even though it be one cent a day. Even this saving makes three dollars and sixty-five cents a year—the price of a good pair of shoes, or a good weekly newspaper.

WANTED.—a situation as Teacher, or Governess in a private family, by a young lady competent to teach English branches, French, Latin, Music and Painting. Address

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JOHN T. BENTLEY,
Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

Thank God for Little Children.

BY MRS. FRANCES E. W. HARPER.

THANK God for little children,
Bright flowers by earth's wayside,
The dancing, joyous lifebeats
Upon life's stormy tide.

Thank God for little children;
When our skies are cold and gray,
They come as sunshine to our hearts,
And chase our cares away.

I almost think the angels,
Who tend life's garden fair,
Drop down the sweet wild blossoms
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven
Round many a cradle lies,
And every little baby
Brings a message from the skies.

The humblest home with children
Is rich in precious gems,
That shame the wealth of monarchs,
And pale their diadems.

Dear mothers, guard these jewels,
An sacred offerings meet,
A wealth of household treasures
To lay at Jesus' feet.

Father Taylor.

II.

In calling the attention of our readers again to this son of Virginia, and sailor preacher of world-wide fame, we desire to unfold more fully the secret of his power. Reference has been made to his catholicity of spirit. Akin to this, was his tender, loving, all-embracing sympathy; so that, instead of standing in cold, aristocratic reserve, apart from the multitude, in stiff, starched propriety, endeavoring to reach them only by the arms-length process of formal effort, he touched their hearts with his own, pouring around them the genial atmosphere of his affectionate spirit, and was thus such a preacher as a sailor described when he said to him, "I tell you what I likes; when a man preaches at me, I want he should take something warm out of his heart, and shove it into mine; that's what I call preaching." Such preeminently was his preaching, whose love was of such a tropical fervor; in whom "a Southern heart married a Northern brain." Hence he did not like long introductions; for, as he expressed it, "A hungry man would not spoil half an hour in whetting his knife and fork before he began to eat." Hence also the impetuosity with which he rushed on in his discourse, leading a foreign lady to say, "There were but two cataracts in the United States, Niagara and Father Taylor."

But we should altogether fail of any adequate conception of him as a preacher, if we did not consider also his wonderful dramatic power; acting out the same, he would set before his audience in such a natural manner that it seemed a positive reality, so that on one occasion, as he was describing a storm at sea, "The sailors became wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, until one, thinking that all would certainly go down unless something were instantly done for the rescue, shouted with intense earnestness, "Out with the long-boat!"

The following are specimens of his style of address:—

DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS.

"Dead! not only dead, but buried; and you can't get out! A big bowlder lays on the main hatch, keeping it down over your heads. You may go to work with all your purchases,—bars, handspikes, winch, and double tackles; but you can't make it budge an inch. The beef isn't in you! But hark! what is it that has the watch on deck? Jesus Christ. Now, sing out to him, and sing out loud. Ah! He hears you; and He claps His shoulder against this rock of sin, casts it off the hatch, the bars fly open, and out you come."

REDEMPTION.

"One Sunday he attempted to give to his sailor congregation an idea of Redemption. He began with an eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations; then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen labering in distress, and driving on a lee shore. The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent, the helm unshipped; they spring a leak; the vessel begins to fill, the water gains on them; she sinks deeper, deeper, *deeper, deeper!* He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again; his voice became low and hollow. The faces of the sailors as they gazed up at him with their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed, I shall never forget. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel as into space, he exclaimed, with a piercing cry of exultation, "A life-boat! a life-boat!" Then looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstacy of suspense, he said in a deep, impressive tone, and extending his arms, '*Christ is that life-boat!*'"

SALVATION FREE.

"Christ came to seek and to save those who are lost. Thea come to Him, my lads; and don't continue skulking and sneaking in the wake of the Devil another second. You know what he is by sad experience, a chent and a liar. Don't you despise a cheat and a liar among yourselves, and curse him up la heaps? how much more ought you to loathe the father of liars. I say, you know the Devil, and you know what I say is true; then why not cut adrift from him and come to Jesus? He knows all the storms of life; He has encountered them all, and has promised to be with us all, even to the end of the world, if we will but give ourselves to Him. Then, in sunshine or storm, we shall feel safe. There is no mystery about religion; a poor, unlettered negro can get as much of it as the admiral of a fleet, by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ and obeying his commandments."

"On another occasion, preaching from the text of St. Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing,' he suddenly stopped, and, looking up to heaven, cried with a loud voice, 'Paul! are there any more crowns there?' He paused again. Then, casting his eyes upon the congregation, he continued, 'Yes, my brethren, there are more crowns left. They are not all taken yet. Blessed be God! there is one for me, and one for all of you, who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

CARELESSNESS OF CHRISTIANS.

"Alluding to the carelessness of Christians, he used the figure of a mariner, steering into port through a narrow, dangerous channel, false lights here, rocks there, shifting sandbanks on one side, breakers on the other; and who, instead of fixing his attention to keep the head of his vessel right, and to obey the instructions of the pilot as he sings out from the wheel, throws the pilot overboard, lashes down the helm, and walks the deck whistling, with his hands in the pockets of his jacket.' Here suiting the action to the word, he put on a true sailor-like look of defiant jollity; changed in a moment to an expression of horror as he added, 'See! see! she drifts to destruction!'"

TEMPERANCE.

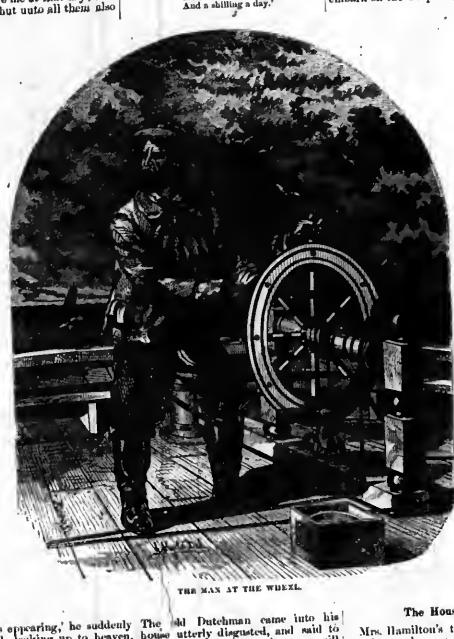
"Sailors cut off the bottoms of their pockets with a rum-bottle."

"'Your poorhouses are full, and your courts and prisons are filled, with the victims of this infernal rum traffic; and your homes and the hearts of your wives and mothers are full of sorrow: and yet the system is tolerated! And, when we ask men what is to be done about it, they tell us that "you can't help it!" No, you can't stop it! and yet (darting across the platform, and pointing in the direction of the monument, he exclaimed in a voice which pierced our ears like the blare of a trumpet) there is Bunker Hill! And you say "you can't stop it;" and up yonder is Lexington and Concord, where your fathers fought for the right, and bled and died; and you look on their monuments, and boast of the heroism of your fathers, and then tell us we must forever submit to be taxed and tortured by this accursed rum traffic, and we can't stop it! No! And fie, and we can't stop it! No! And yet (drawing himself up to full height, and expanding his naturally broad chest as though the words he would utter had blocked up the usual avenues of speech, and were about to force their way out by explosion, he exclaimed in a sort of whispered scream) your fathers, your patriotic fathers, could make a cup of tea for his Britannic Majesty out of a wholecargo, but you can't cork up a gin-jug! Ha!'"

MORAL AND LEGAL SUASION.

"Describing the difference between the two, he said it might well be illustrated by the course of a certain Dutchman, who came to this country, bought him a farm, married a matter-of-fact Yankee girl, and commenced farming. In getting in his hay, he hired an old American, whom he kept on butter-milk and whey, and agreed to pay a shilling a day. The countryman began his work; but every time he swung his scythe tardily through the grass he sung very slowly,—

"'Buttermilk and whey,
And a shilling a day.'



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

The old Dutchman came into his house utterly disgusted, and said to his wife, 'Mine frow, mine grass will never come in. That old fellow keeps say log,—

"'But ermilk and whey,
And a shilling a day;'

and mine grass will never come in.'

"'I told you so,' said his wife. 'You must do as we do in this country; you must keep him on bacon and eggs, and give him a dollar a day.'

"'Well,' he said, 'do as you please, mine frow.'

"So she called up the workman, gave him a change of diet, and told him of the change in his wages, if he could earn it. The workman returned to the field, with scythe newly sharpened, and began mowing the grass with great rapidity, singing as he worked,

"'Bacon and eggs,
And look out for your legs.'

"The old Dutchman came rushing into his house in great excitement, saying 'Mine frow, mine frow! Mine grass is all couing in, and mine bushes too.'

"'Moral suasion,' said Father Taylor, 'is like

"'Buttermilk and whey,
And a shilling a day;'

but legal suasion, well worked, is

"'Bacon and eggs,
And look out for your legs.'"

The Man at the Wheel.

What picture could be more appropriate to go with an article on Father Taylor than this one of "The Man at the Wheel" which has been kindly presented to us by Messrs. H.O. Houghton & Co., of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. How much depends upon this man. Do you see how anxiously he is watching the signs of the sky? It matters little how well built the ship is, how intelligent the captain may be, or how many strong and active sailors are on board, if the man at the wheel does not understand or neglects his duties. Upon him depends the lives of the passengers and the safety of the cargo. He has the compass before him and a chart of the course somewhere near by, and he must not fail to watch both carefully. The captain and crew repose confidence in him, and he is ready to brave all exposure of wind and storm for the sake of carrying the ship safely on her way. Suppose you take the Bible and turn to the third chapter of James, verse 4th, and read what is said about ships, and the man at the wheel.

All of you remember, I suppose, the song called "Homeward Bound" which the children sing in the Sunday-school. This is a part of it:

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lis the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we near the outwarther the gale.
O, how we dy 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

We are all sailing on the ocean of life. We shall come to some harbor before many years. There is only one resting-place, and that is found in Heaven. Jesus Christ is the Pilot for all who will trust in him. Let us all embark on the Gospel Ship.

The Household.

Mrs. Hamilton's three maxims are worthy to be remembered in every house:

"Do everything in its proper time.
"Keep everything to its proper use.
"Put everything in its proper place."

The working man's wife has to study two great requisites in cookery,—economy and cleanliness. It is a proof of sense and skill to be able to make a good, comfortable dinner out of a few cheap materials. The health of the body greatly depends on the kind and amount of food taken. All men who work hard require to live well. Common, plain food is often more nourishing than costly dainties; fortunately, a good managing wife will try to make the daily dinner nice and savory; and this is done at less expense than many suppose.

A bad cook puts the meat on the table either half raw,—looking disgusting—or dried to a chip, with no more nourishment than a bit of leather. And as to vegetables, a bad cook always spoils them; the potatoes are watery, the greens tough and gritty, the puddings heavy; and in such a dinner, there must be great waste as well as discomfort. The real goodness of every article of diet is only to be had by proper cooking. All pots and pans must be kept clean and dry. The cupboard in which food is kept must be clean, and any and every scrap left from a meal should be put into a dish or pan kept for that purpose, and *never used for anything else.* The first aim of the cook should be to dress vegetables well, for they form the best part of every meal, and a great variety may be cheaply introduced into the daily dinner, by a cook who rightly understands how to cook vegetables, especially potatoes. In Ireland, potatoes are boiled in their skins, in an iron pot, and carefully dried as soon as done, and usually they are very mealy and fine. Some cooks peel the potatoes carefully, and boil them quickly with a bit of salt in the water and directly they are done; pour off the water and dry them, shaking the pot to make the steam fly off that they may be mealy and good.

Of the three ways of cooking meats—roasting, baking, and boiling—roast meat is the most nutritious; baked the most wasteful; boiled the most convenient.

The good housewife will lay her dinner cloth and serve up her dinner neatly, thus adding greatly to its *relish* if not to its nourishment. — *Selected.*

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper.

This lady has recently visited this vicinity and addressed various gatherings of her own people on subjects of interest and vital importance. We are much interested in her work, and take pleasure in commending her as a lady of culture and refinement, and one calculated to do good. We hope all our readers will do all in their power both to hear and assist her, if occasion offers. Mrs. Harper is the author of several small books of poems, one of which is named "Moses, a Story of the Nile." Her last production is called "Sketches of Southern Life," and is an attempt to tell in verse many of the tales she has heard while travelling through the South. The poetry on our fourth page "Thank God for Little Children," is an extract from one of her early pamphlets. We feel that Mrs. Harper is extending a wide influence among her own people.

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WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

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THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1872. NO. 6.

Men Wanted.

The world wants men—large-hearted, manly men:
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor and the psalm of love.
The times want scholars—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of darkness passed,
And lead the ark, that bears our country's good.
The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out;
And lead a universal freedom in.
And Heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls,
To taste its raptures, and expand like flowers
Beneath the glory of its central sun.
It wants fresh souls—not lean and shriveled ones;
It wants fresh souls, my brother give it thine
If thou indeed wilt be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and will strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper floors;
Thy heart, at last, shall see a thousand hearts—
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled—
While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings;
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed king.

Installation.

Rev. R. Tabnah was installed pastor of Bethesda Church of Hampton, May 19; sermon, with an address to the pastor, by Rev. J. H. Means, of Boston, Mass. In his excellent sermon from Is. 52: 7, Mr. Means hurling happily referred to the gospel as affording the best bond of union between the East and the West, the North and the South, Rev. Mr. Adams, pastor of the Baptist church in Hampton, very felicitously responded to that sentiment, in extending the hand of fellowship, speaking in substance as follows:

"My Brother,—It has been assigned to me to extend to you the hand of fellowship.

"There is something pleasing in that word, *fellowship*. It conveys to the mind, the idea of confidence and welcome. It is always a pleasant duty to welcome a co-laborer to the cares and responsibilities, and especially to the privileges and successes of the gospel ministry. It is the more so, when that co-laborer is possessed of talent that we respect, and piety that we admire.

"Besides these general feelings, there are two thoughts, which render this duty, on this occasion, the more pleasing to me, and I trust not less acceptable to you. One is that I stand here as a *Southern* man, while you, my brother, are from the North. But what has latitude to do with the Kingdom of Christ? For more than forty years that I have been a resident of the South, my heart and soul have been identified with this section. Yet so far from entertaining feelings of hostility towards citizens and especially Christians from the North, I rejoice in every opportunity to welcome them among us. How much more when they come bringing with them the conservative influences that are ever associated with the gospel, aye with the very name of Jesus. I am glad of this opportunity of contributing, even a little, to stir up more friendly feeling between the sections that you and I respectively represent. I rejoice in the oneness of our entire country. Why should I not so feel? Four years ago, I traveled northward, visiting Philadelphia, New York, Hartford, New Haven, Boston and other places. And though my errand was not calculated to improve a feeling of welcome among strangers—I was soliciting aid to rebuild our church edifice that had been destroyed by the war—yet everywhere I met with no other feeling than that of kindness and Christian sympathy. I am glad of this opportunity of reciprocating, in at least a small degree, the good feeling then extended to me. May God make your coming among us a blessing to our community and to yourself.

"Another thought that renders this occasion one of interest to me, is that you and I represent different denominations of Christians. There are points of doctrine and of duty, on which we may differ in our conscientious views of what our common Master requires at our hands. Conscience is a delicate thing and is always to be respected. There is, however, enough of common ground on which we may stand and which we may plead with sinners to be reconciled to God. And while there is so much that is common and cordial then let us work together to win souls to Christ.

"With these sentiments, my brother, as a citizen, as a Christian, as a Christian minister, I welcome you amongst us, and bid you God speed in all your efforts to build up the Kingdom of Christ in our midst. May Grace, Mercy and Peace abide with you and with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth."

Then there was an appropriate address to the people by Rev. Mr. Beyer, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; other parts by Rev. Messrs. Thurston, Smith, and Parker.

This union of brethren representing different sections of the country, and various denominations of Christians, was eminently suited to the occasion of installing the pastor of this Union church. May the blessing of Heaven ever attend pastor and people, whose connection has been publicly recognized under such auspicious circumstances.

The Free School.

Teachers, the swarms of little children that go to your school are going to rule the country by-and-by. The nation entrusts you with the important duty of preparing them for great responsibilities. Be anxious and interested about their performance of every little duty; visit them at their homes; talk freely with their parents, and the effect will be excellent.

Make the school-room beautiful, let in the light and air; impure air is one of Satan's worst devices for ruining mind and body; light is health.

Bring in evergreens and flowers—plenty of flowers—and the children will love their delightful school-room, and their kind teacher; they will study better, and become better men and women.

Don't let the fence around the building be half torn down; have a neat fence and whitewash it yourself if nobody else will; plant trees in the lot that will throw a sweet and grateful shade over little children for perhaps a hundred years after you are gone.

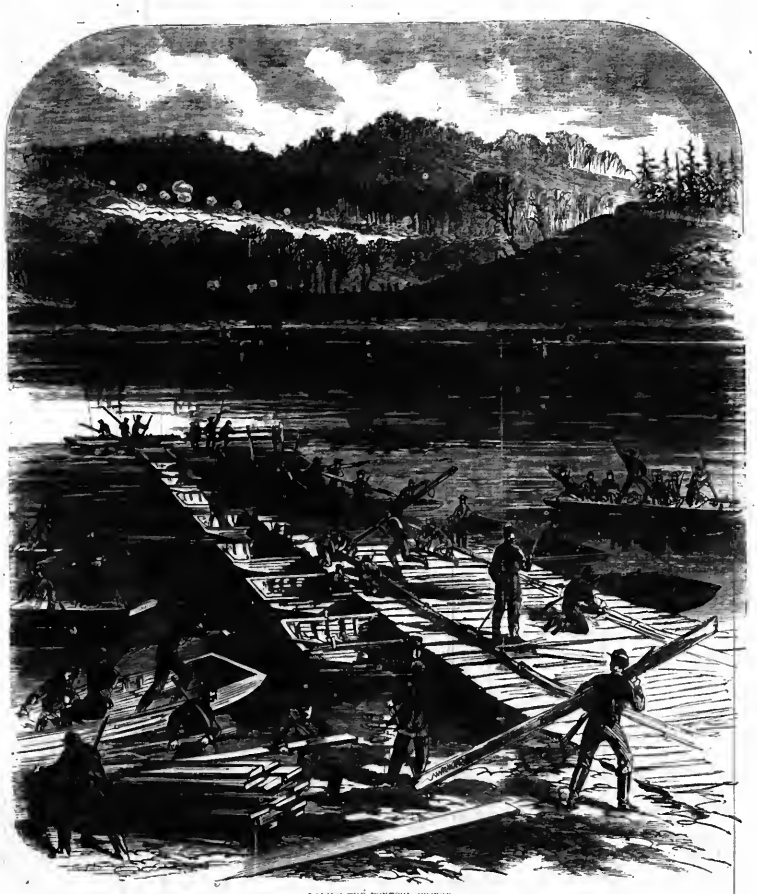
Be one among your pupils. Know them all thoroughly, and secure their love. Your work is the grandest God's creatures can engage in.

Remember that the real teacher aims to build up a true manhood, and womanhood; you must be a true man or woman yourself, before you are competent to teach the smallest school, or the youngest child.

Laying the Pontoon Bridge.

A SCENE OF THE WAR.

The river is the Rappahannock, and the engineers of Gen'l Sedgwick's corps are laying a bridge for the Federal troops. The puffs of smoke across the river are from the Confederate sharpshooters, who are picking off the Union soldiers as they hurry forward with their work.



LAYING THE PONTOON BRIDGE.

A few days after, followed one of the boldest deeds of the war. Gen'l Hooker crossed the river, took position on the flank of Gen'l Lee's army, and thought he would surely capture the Southern army.

But "Stonewall Jackson" struck such a terrible blow upon the right flank of Gen'l Hooker's army that the Union forces were only too glad to escape back to the side they came from. The loss on both sides was heavy. Never did greater disappointment befall those who followed the old flag.

The pontoon boats that were used to bring armies face to face and to destroy each other are now piled up in government yards and are decaying, as should all memories of strife and bitterness.

Spears are turned into pruning-hooks, and pontoons are turned into oyster boats. Many a one that bore the weight of troops and artillery is now used to carry small cargoes of produce across Hampton Roads. The "Grecian Bend" is one of the best known of these. Sometimes they are anchored out and small houses are built on them, from which men watch the oyster beds of Virginia, and shoot at all who intrude with wicked intent.

The printers who set the type for this paper can look out of their windows and see a wharf made out of old army pontoons on which several thousand tons of stone are being landed and carried to build a wall around the graves of five thousand soldiers, so that interlopers may forever be kept away from their "eternal camping ground," and no one may enter that sacred place but those who shall go by the appointed way, and tread the walks assigned to the living. This National Cemetery is in the centre of the Normal School grounds, and forms a most instructive feature of the place. Those who are studying and improving can, as they sit at their desks look out of the East windows of the Academic Hall and see the graves of an army of men who "died to make them free."

When the wall is built, the pontoon boats will perhaps become sail boats, and until they decay, go plowing through the waters of the York and James Rivers, helping men to earn money to take home to their wives and children.

Let us be glad that the machinery of war can be put to so good use, and let all bitter memories fade ere the last of the pontoons shall have made its last voyage.

There are few, very few, who will own themselves in a mistake.

Work among the Freedmen.

The following letter from a colored teacher in North Carolina to a friend in Massachusetts, illustrates the life that is before those who devote themselves to teaching the Freedmen. These teachers must be men of resource; they have more use for the hammer and saw than for Latin and Greek: they must begin with nothing and create everything. All honor to those who go bravely into this work, fight through every difficulty and lead the people up; how much better than to plunge into political strife ending too often in utter ruin:

"I have been fighting against rum and tobacco and snuff ever since I have been here. Of all the fights and street fusses, of all the snuff-dipping and tobacco chewing, of all the hedge-ground rum shops, you never saw. You never saw so many drunken men and women in all your life; I've seen more than fifty drunk at one time. The freedmen drink enough, but they are a great deal less habitual than the whites. We have a larger percentage of poor white trash,—which has ever been the curse of the South—too ignorant for anything but to throw away their money and their votes.

"I was ushered into a small room, eleven by fourteen, and told it was my home for four months. Nearly two are gone—six weeks. Not a place for the blessed sun, not a plank used in making it, a wooden chimney, etc. When I came here you could sit in the house and see the hogs, dogs, chickens, ducks, and other animals under the house through the cracks in the floor. Rafters stared me in the face all the time; I could see all the seven planets through the roof, and take a transit of the stars from one night to the other. Not a desk or blackboard in the school-room, though they have had six sessions of four months each, here. Is not here work? I went to work, made desks for sixty children, sent to Boston for blackboard slating, made me blackboards for twenty people, bought books and slates, etc., for the entire school; spending some twelve or fifteen dollars out of my own pocket, not a cent of which I expect to get back. Not a soul has come forward and offered to pay any of the expenses, yet all were incurred for their benefit. Besides spending the money, I did all the work; went to the saw-mill for the lumber, dressed it, and made the desks; borrowed a brush and painted the walls. This is not all—I have changed my room from a hovel to a parlor; taken up and relaid the floor, ceiled it all around, made brick hearth, papered the room, and am going to have some glass windows if I have to buy them. I had twenty-four in the first day, have over sixty-four now, some very bright, but oh, how stupid, how stupid are so many of them! How could it be otherwise? Not a toy in early childhood to train their minds and hands, not a single mother who can answer the childlike questions, but rather those who whip them for asking childish questions for information. I have to hear fifteen classes every day; wherewith shall Normal or any other method be followed? Am on the floor ten hours and a half every day—day school and night school. Have about ninety-five under my control, in day, night, and Sunday-school—work all day every Saturday.

"Yours truly,

"DAVID P. ALLEN."

Office-holding.

The kind of patriotism most worthy of imitation is that which studies least its own honor. The love of power for personal ends is a love so vulgar in itself that it has brought discredit upon the whole fraternity of politicians. A man who values power only as a means of doing good to his country, is a patriot of the stamp of Washington. But a politician who seeks office for its pay or for its dignity, merits far less respect than the most humble laborer whose industry is adding to the national wealth.

Office-holding unfits a man for other occupations; it is necessarily uncertain, and in the long run unprofitable. The chief justice of the United States could not afford to hold his position merely for the pay, because he could make more in private practice. Many railroad and other corporation presidents get more than the President of the United States. The same talent applied to business pursuits will raise a man more steadily and surely than attention to politics, and without sacrificing his conscience and the respect of those whose respect is worth having.

No one should be willing to hold office till satisfied 1st, that he is amply qualified; 2d, that his country really needs him in that more than in any other capacity; 3d, that he can do the country as much good as anyone else can, who is likely to be selected.

Railways are public benefactors, indeed. They loom every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

THE Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION AND EDUCATION OF THE COLORED RACE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
H. W. BLAKE, *Assistant Editor.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

Each number will contain not more than one thousand words, will furnish a variety of choice reading, will tell what is going on in the world, and will aim to please and profit both old and young.

All are invited, the young especially, to ask by letter, questions on any subject upon which they wish information.

It shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

"The Southern Workman" should enter every hamlet and cabin. Agents are wanted in every county and town in the South. Liberal terms are offered to all who aid in circulating this paper.

To every church which shall send us one hundred one dollar subscriptions for "The Southern Workman," we will send a beautiful communion set costing twenty-five dollars.

We will give a handsome Bible for sorting thirteen dollars, to any church or society which shall subscribe for fifty copies. Freight to be paid by the church in both cases.

To aid in building churches we will return twenty-five dollars for every one hundred subscriptions; or $12.75 for every twenty-five subscriptions; or $13.50 for every fifty subscriptions.

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JUNE, 1872.

In the growth of our new society, the dependence of social order upon the intelligence and morality of our women can scarcely be over-valued. The short-sightedness of in any way neglecting the education of our young girls will soon bring its own punishment. Because the majority of women marry and do not perhaps directly labor for their own support, it is none the less necessary that they should receive equal advantages with the men. The work that men do in the world is not a whit more important than the work that women do. The idea that the women who are to become wives and mothers can be put off with incomplete training, or no training at all, is fatal to the best interests of society. While the results of their education are perhaps not so quickly seen, they are further reaching and more permanent. The characters of the children show what has been the education of the mother. The power of the children for good or evil depends very much upon the food they for the body and the mind that they receive from their mother's hands.

Woman's plan out the bend of the household, and the demands which are made upon her by the family, justify us in asking for her an education as broad as the work she has to do. When we consider how wide her influence is on society, how greatly the welfare of churches, schools, and other social institutions is affected by her position in them, we can hardly fail to see the need for a special, careful education of the women of our country.

A woman who has a husband, children and a house to care for, needs far more varied information than a man who has but one person of this limited employment, such as shoe-making or farming. As the health of the whole family is under her control, she needs, first of all, to know how to prepare for them food, wholesome in kind and quantity, how to guard them from disease, by the proper use of air, water and exercise, and finally, how to care for them when ill, with that tender nursing which is better medicine than can be bought from any doctor. Further, to the clothing of both children and father must be under her care. Her information on this point should include a knowledge of material, cost, and cut, which will enable her to keep all the many garments clean, whole and comfortable, at small expense. The charge of the house itself is again no small one, for it has first, to be kept clean and wholesome, and then to be made cheerful and attractive; not only a house, but a home. We want to see well-scrubbed floors and white walls; but more than this we want to see a few bright pictures on the walls and here and there in the room, some little ornament which shall please and refresh the eyes of parents, children, and friends. We want the plastering away from the front doors, and in their place, we want the brilliant flowers and luxuriant vines which cost so little, and give us back so much. All these things owe their origin and continuance to the thoughtful patience of the wife, the help-mate, and mother. She it is who must watch over the growth of the children, their school-going and home training. From her, in their first childhood, they should learn lessons whose worth to them in after life is not to be estimated, and from her their earliest teaching, in folly or wisdom, is sure to come.

An ordinary woman living an ordinary life here amongst us, has to feed, to clothe, to nurse, to teach the members of her household, to order the house itself, and not unfrequently the garden as well, and furthermore to do something in and for the church, of which she is, or is to be hoped, a member, and in other ways to assist her neighbors and keep her place in the society about her. Now can anybody who is not utterly careless of the meaning of its life, deny that this is a great work, a work that calls for intelligent, well-trained, good women? All the happiness and usefulness of our homes depends upon our women. We can do nothing well without their sympathy and cooperation, and to leave them uneducated is like leaving our fields and gardens untilled and unsown, and trusting to chance for the wheat and corn and fruit that are to keep us alive. We forget when we lightly estimate woman's work, that the material with which she has to work is the most expensive material in the world, namely, human souls and bodies, and that no ignorance can be more costly in its possible results to the race, than the ignorance of our wives and mothers whose work through quiet and commonplace, is also great and abiding. Let us remember then that the seed which we sow, painfully and slowly it may be, in the education of our young women, will bring in a rich harvest to the next generation, will not leave us, even in our day, without our reward.

North Carolina.

Mr. Editor,—I think your readers may be interested in some account of a trip I have just taken to Fayetteville, in the interests of the "Workman." Although I did not obtain many subscribers in the short time I was there, yet I regard the trip a successful one, because the attention of the people has been called to the paper and the way opened for an agent to work. Fayetteville is a beautiful village. It is located far above the river and swamp, so that it is free from malaria. The centre of the town is about a mile from the river. Until lately, the town has had no other communication with the outside world than by the Cape Fear River, but it is now connected with Raleigh by rail. When the cotton factories are rebuilt, of which there is a prospect, Fayetteville promises to grow rapidly. The town is seen intelligent, and the extreme of poverty and wealth that are found in some places, do not occur here.

The colored people of Fayetteville have a large Methodist church, and they are about organizing a Baptist church. I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the two temperance societies in the Methodist church. Like most places in the South, there is need of such societies here, to educate the people to feel an abhorrance of intoxicating drinks. The first thing I did on arriving in town was to inquire for Mr. Harris' school-house. I found it to be a fine two-story building, in a large yard, enclosed by a neatly-painted fence. I could hardly believe that this was a colored school-house. As I entered, I was forcibly reminded of the promise, in the first number of the "Workman," to take the reader into neat New England school-houses. There are many more elegant and costly school buildings in New England than this, but I doubt if a neater one can be found anywhere. It was built by the Government, and for once Uncle Sam's money was not wasted. Mr. Harris superintended the work himself, and saw that none but the best materials and the best workmen were employed. He is governed by the same principle in his school. Everything is done thoroughly. Everything I heard or saw was done in the most orderly and systematic manner. It seemed as though those children must be an exception to the masses.

Fayetteville is connected with Wilmington by a daily line of steamers. The trip takes from eighteen to twenty hours.

J. D.

Biddle Institute.

Founded by the Presbyterians of the North in 1867, for the purpose of training men for ministers and teachers for the colored race, the progress of this Institution has been very encouraging from the beginning. The first year there were 43 students, this year there are 111. They began with two professors, now they have four. Although the college building is large, three stories high, yet with one respectable dormitory, they had to turn away some students the past year for want of room. They expect to enlarge the buildings this year.

President over by Rev. Dr. S. Mattoon, assisted by three professors, the Institution is now well manned. With a handsome lot of 10 acres most beautifully situated, with two good professors' houses, the entire property is worth about $15,000. Situated upon a handsome eminence, surrounded with sighing pines, and overlooking the beautiful city of Charlotte, it is a very nice place.

COMMENCEMENT.

Leaving Statesville at half past seven, amidst the glee and excitement of a throng, in the "Grand Excursion Train," thrilled with the stirring music of the Statesville Brass Band, the scene was grand and imposing. The throng, interest and excitement increased as we approached the beautiful city of Charlotte. Landed there, upon looking around a moment, we found Prof. Shedd's house and began walking to carry us on to Biddle.

After arriving there, we found a very large crowd of fine-looking, well-dressed colored people, sprinkled with a few whites, comfortably seated in front of the college, attentively listening to the very interesting dialogues, declamations, debates, original essays and original orations of the students. The oratory and ability displayed by the young men and orations, etc., together with the attention, order, decorum that characterized the whole performance were highly creditable to the Institution and to the progress of the students. Some of the best performances were by those whose skin is the blackest, proving that the best talent is not owing to the mixture of the white race. There was one young lady from South Carolina, who delivered an original oration on "The Bible," which, for comprehensiveness, unity, system and impressiveness in delivery equalled by one so young. The same may be said of one of the original essays.

A. S. B.

Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTHERN "WORKMAN."

Mr. Editor,—The din of preparation has been sounding through our quiet village for some time. Everything one could hear, was about the celebration of the 15th Amendment, which took place at Cleveland, Ohio, Wednesday, May 15th. Most of the negro citizens of Oberlin went down this morning on the six o'clock train, and were met at the Cleveland Depot by an escort of citizens who conducted them to the central Rink on Euclid Street. Every train seemed to be loaded with people who came to celebrate those *perpetual rights* granted to us by the 15th Amendment.

At nine o'clock, the "Ohio Lodge of Oddfellows," the "Grand Army of the Republic," and the Cleveland Band, marched to Erie Street, where the procession was formed, the order of which was as follows:

1st, Grand Marshal Holden, with his aids.

2d, A posse of the city police.

3d, The Cleveland Band.

4th, The flag bearer, surrounded by an armed detachment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

5th, The Grand Army of the Republic.

6th, The Ohio Lodge of Oddfellows.

7th, A large wagon containing a representation of the Goddess of Liberty surrounded by thirty-two maidens dressed in white, each representing a State.

8th, Fifty carriages bearing the negro citizens, and visitors.

9th, Mounted marshals.

10th, The Akron Band.

11th, A large number of children, carrying banners and mottoes.

12th, Carriages containing visitors from other cities.

The above procession was a mile and a half long. It commenced its march at ten o'clock, and went through St. Clair, Water and Superior Streets, to the Square, around the square, through Euclid, Sterling, Woodland, Ontario, Michigan, Seneca, St. Clair and Ontario Streets to the Central Rink, where we were addressed by two fine speakers from Ohio and two from Cleveland. The speakers' stands were surrounded by banners bearing the following inscriptions: "African Slavery designed by man for evil, overruled by God for good." "The fair color of the skin—a man is a man for all that." "We know our friends, and love them too." "Education the great equalizing want of the Negro race." The whole assembly presented a grand appearance. The toilettes of the ladies, and the music of the bands were very good, and formed no small part of the gratification.

There was a ball at the Rink, but we could not go to it, because we were obliged to take the seven o'clock train for Oberlin.

Yours truly,

S. C. WINDSOR.

OBERLIN, OHIO, *May* 15th, 1872.

Bermuda Letter.

Dear Workman,—During my residence in Bermuda, I have collected some facts which may be of use to us at home, and I send them to you, hoping that they may prove available. The inhabitants of this island emancipated their slaves in 1834. Since then, the colored population has increased considerably, so that it now numbers over 7,000, while the whites count only 4,125. It is to the progress and condition of the colored people that I have been chiefly interested, and I find that here as elsewhere, education is the only key to the position. The English Government has been in authority here, have shown much prejudice in the management of the schools, and it is now impossible for a colored person to obtain anything more than an elementary education in Bermuda. Children leave school at fourteen or fifteen years of age, and will see at once how disadvantageous this condition of things is to the colored people, and I am glad to say that in spite of it they can boast of 121 electors out of 3416. An elector here is obliged to possess a freehold of £60, (about $300). They have also the best photographer on the Island, an excellent dentist, also several clergymen and teachers. One colored gentleman whose acquaintance I have made, has interested me extremely by the breadth and justice of his views in regard to the future of his people here. His feels that the whole spirit which still exists, both in politics and domestic life is unfavorable to all improvement, and speaks in the strongest terms of the necessity for education. Through his kindness I have been able to examine one of the primary schools, and find the children and teachers healthy, and cheerful in their work. But there is great need for more advanced schools; and if a properly endowed college could be established here, the benefit to this island and the West Indies would be immense. In fact, the whole history of the colored people here shows that their first great need is education, and that everything else waits for that. The universal cry among the more intelligent colored Bermudians is for better schools. Now that they understand the secret of the prosperity which they desire for themselves, I trust that the next few years will bring them rapid improvement. They envy us in America, our wider opportunities, but their own delicious climate and fertile soil will enable them to do well for themselves as soon as they shall obtain the better means of instruction for which they are seeking, and learn the importance of personal industry and thrift. The value to us of the experience of the Bermudians, is manifest, and I hope that your readers may gather from this brief account another proof of the immense importance of general education.

YOURS,

M. T. A.

Correspondence.

Our columns are open to proper inquiry on any subject of general interest.

Receiving the May number of the "Southern Workman," which accidently reached my eyes, I find its contents very important, and especially a contribution from Rev. J. E. Jones, Herndon, Va.; an old friend of mine. The progress in colored schools at this place and Glover, Greensboro, etc., under the supervision of Fred. A. Jones, is remarkable and surprising. The young colored population have an opportunity here, to obtain an education almost equal to wealthy people's children in colleges, without any expense whatever.

I took the opportunity the other day, to visit the above-mentioned institutions, and I was not a little surprised in noticing the eagerness of the colored youth to learn, and the thorough system and tact in teaching in operation by the respective teachers in these schools. All the freedman needs here, is a Savings Bank, where he can lay up his saved penny, and make good use thereof, either in purchasing a home, or in rainy days.

Science in power, but our friend Horace's political science, since he formed an alliance with the majority of former slaveholding citizens, will not result in his obtaining the colored vote in the fall.

INDEPENDENT.

Mr. J. P. Rexford, writing from Nashville, Tenn., says:

"I believe you will succeed, and do much good with your paper, and am much pleased with the matter, style, and arrangement of it. I am trying to encourage reading among the colored people, not only of religious and political papers, but of rural papers; has hard work, and costs much entirely final argument and perseverance."

Miss Fannie Reese, sends a pleasant letter from Smith's Station, Alabama; we quote a portion of it.

"I am glad your paper has reached this far. I shall copy sent from Columbus Ga., and immediately subscribed for it. I like your paper because it is for the workmen. Our hands are fertile, but we need laborers, good laborers, and justice. There are some who work and don't get pay, get discouraged, and go down to degradation. Others work, but rather live a disgraceful life of idleness. Some of the people seem to think that it is disgrace to work, and if they do work, they must have a certain kind to do, or won't work at all.

"If we can't make our living at one kind of work we must try another. I do want to see the people of the South come out of the low life some of them are living; and nothing can do it but work."

John H. Plackney of St. Michales, Maryland, tells us of his native town. "We have," he says, "about 100 canoes engaged in the oyster business, and 20 or 30 large boats that run to and from Baltimore, which is 60 miles from this town. We have a good church, and nice school, numbering 70 pupils in the winter. It is taught by James G. Wright, our preacher's son; each one pays ten cents per week.

Mr. Daniel D. Chaney, superintendent of Sunday-school, which has an attendance of over 60. The teachers are Miss Mary L. Webb, Miss Josephine Johnson, Miss L. G. Green, Miss Emma M. Roberts, Mr. Perry Trusty, Mr. Jacob Trusty, Mr. Alfred Banton and myself.

"The farmers are very busy planting corn, and the finest fields are a perfect object of beauty."

Our enterprising friend, Mr. J. R. Johnson, of Alexandria, Va., writes that that large city has no letter-carrier; he wishes the following item inserted:

"CITY RECORD!—Or it depends the life of our country; if our cities should go to ruin by corruption, our nation would go with them: If our cities are saved, the nation will be saved."

We are glad to recognise the efforts of Mr. J. W. Spaulding, of Bladen Co., N. C., who secured in April, a large number of subscribers for our paper.

A correspondent asks what proportion of the money in the Freedman's Bank was put in by colored depositors. The cashier in Norfolk, Va., reports that last year, nine-tenths of the funds were from freedmen.

We should be glad to hear upon this point from Bank Headquarters in Washington.

We have received interesting and encouraging letters during the past month, from Martha C. Butler, of Charleston, S. C., who subscribed for several copies, but says the people generally, are too poor to pay for the paper;—from Mr. Alfred Irving, of Lenoir Co., Va., who is making vigorous effort to get subscribers, and promises to pay us a visit in company with the Hon. Armond Nickens, of the Virginia House of Delegates;—from Mr. William Bassett, of Whitestone, Va., who sent us the money for seven subscribers;—from Mr. W. H. Rocks, of Greensboro, Georgia, who is trying to get us a club to take this paper;—from Wm. A. Bond, of Chuckatuck, Va., who is teaching with success, and says some of his children have a great thirst for education;—from Mr. Geography, Alsen as spelling in "Webster's Dictionary," nine are in "Venable's Arithmetic," and fifteen in "Holmes' Fifth Reader;—from W. R. Polk, of Union Point, Georgia, who has done nobly for the "Southern Workman" by way of getting subscribers;—from the Hon. Peter G. Morgan, of Petersburg, who says the people there take little interest in this work;—from Rev. Francis Hange, of Oxford, North Carolina, who hopes to get up a club of twenty-five subscribers;—from Mr. Tazewell Bryant, of Charlotte Co., Va., who has taken hold in earnest as an agent of this paper.—from Miss Sarah Ann Hodges, of East New York, who will act as agent;—from Mr. S. H. Jones, of Richmond, and many others.

The columns of the "Southern Workman," are at the service of those who desire to make inquiry for friends from whom they have been separated.

Manual Franklin Mason, formerly of Sussex Co., Va., now residing in Great Barrington, Mass., writes as follows:

"My mother's name was Hannah Mason. I left two sisters, one in Brunswick Co., Va., and one in Petersburg, Va. Sister Lucy was owned by William Powell's widow; sister Morina was owned by Albert Organ. I was owned by Thomas Massenburg's widow, Tabby Massenburg.

"Egbert was born in Estonton, Georgia, was owned by David Myrick, and was sold in 1862, for $675 to William Massenburg, who lived in Petersburg, Va."

Letters written by these two men, directed to Great Barrington, Mass., will reach them; they are very anxious to hear from their friends.

Decoration Day.

On the 30th day of May, the long avenues of the National Cemetery at Hampton were crowded with hundreds who came to decorate the graves of the patriotic dead who died that this glorious Union might live. Early in the day, various loyal and military organizations arrived on steamer *Smith field*, from Norfolk and Portsmouth, accompanied by the U. S. Naval Band. Large crowds gathered about the Cemetery from the surrounding country during the morning. The exercises of the day began at 11 o'clock under the direction of Farragut Post, No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic. The first thing on the programme was a song, "Hernie Beal." Next came the reading of General Order No. 20, followed by Remarks by Commander Lincoln, Prayer by Rev. Mr. Very, Chaplain King, of Norfolk. R. G. Staples then led the assembly in the song, "From Earth's Dark and Shattered Places." Mr. Staples was then called upon by Thomas Kelly, of Boston, entitled, "Our Sleeping Comrades." After music by the band, another song was sung; "Before the Morning Broke." The oration of the day was then delivered by Col. Hiram Foster. It was an eloquent tribute to the honored dead, and breathed a spirit of Christian forbearance towards those who fought on the other side. The Choir of the Normal School then sung a hymn. Surgeon C. McDermot, of the Military Asylum then made a few remarks, which was all his health permitted. The last song, "Breathe Softer Sighs, Oh, Tender Spring" was then sung, and then came the closing prayer by Rev. James H. Beyer, of Chesapeake City, Va. The solemn ceremonies of decorating the graves was then performed. The exercises of the day passed off in a way to give general satisfaction.

The corner-stone of the First Baptist (colored) Church, Rev. Wm. Taylor, was laid with appropriate ceremonies on Monday, June 17th. The "Rising Sun" Lodge, No. 2, Free and accepted Masons, of Norfolk, were present in full regalia. A drum band and large numbers of the population escorted the Lodge to and from Fort Monroe. The new church is on King Street not far from the Court House.

Don't vote for bad men. The party papers will tell you to vote the regular ticket. But the regular ticket has been made, perhaps by men who care nothing for your interests and nothing for the interests of the country, only for the money they can get out of their offices. If the men are bad, don't vote for them. It is a sin against God. Bad rulers may *ruin a country*.

We are under obligations to Jas. R. Osgood, of Boston, for the excellent portrait of General Grant in the number; to the Harper Brothers, of New York, for the Pontoon scene; and to John L. Shorey for the picture of Horse and Lamb.

The bass drum for the Boston Jubilee is twelve feet in diameter, while its circumference is thirty-seven feet and eight inches, and its width five feet. It is made of maple, requires twelve boards, each fifteen feet long and thirteen inches wide, and contains one hundred and ninety-five square feet, of timber. It is the largest drum in the world, and was taken from the factory only by tearing away the wall.

GENERAL NEWS.

Important Intelligence.

Presidential Candidates.

STRIKES IN NEW YORK.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE.

SPEECH OF SENATOR SUMNER.

RUSSIA.

ENGLAND.

The Convention which met at Cleveland on the first day of May; nominated for President, HORACE GREELEY, Editor of the "New York Tribune," and for Vice-President, GOVERNOR B. GRATZ BROWN, of Missouri. These will be the Candidates of the "Liberal Republicans," and probably of the Democratic party.

Horace Greeley has been a life-long Republican, and has stood for years on the side of universal amnesty, and equal rights. He has always advocated the education of the colored people, and of late, has done a great deal to expose the outrages of the KuKlox, and bring them to justice.

He gained favor with the Southern people by signing the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, and it now looks as if the whole Democratic party of the country will give Greeley and Brown their votes.

The Convention which met at Philadelphia, on the 5th of June, nominated for next President, ULYSSES S. GRANT, now President of the United States, and for Vice-President, HENRY WILSON, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

The name of General Grant is too familiar to need comment.

Senator Wilson has well earned the honor conferred by this convention. He has proved himself the steadfast friend of the laboring class, of the soldier and of the colored man.

There was some competition between Mr. Colfax and Mr. Wilson, which resulted as above.

The great mass of the Republican party throughout the country will probably give their votes to Grant and Wilson.

We shall give our readers from month to month accounts of the progress of the Presidential Campaign.

There has been among the mechanics of New York city a strike of carriage-horse portlocps. The workmen have demanded a reduction of hours of labor from ten to eight a day. Carpenters, coach-makers, masons, wheelwrights, shipbuilders and many others have joined in this effort to reduce work without reducing wages. Some employers have yielded, and others are holding out. Determined not to give way. There has been no violence so far, and no outbreak is expected.

Great preparations are being made in Boston Mass., for a "Grand Peace Jubilee," to continue from June 17th, to July 4th.

It will be the grandest series of concerts ever given. A mammoth coliseum has been erected for the purpose. The Choirs will consist of twenty thousand voices, two thousand musical instruments, the great organ, drum and trumpet corps, all the bands of Boston, infantry and artillery accompaniments.

The celebrated band of the Grenadier Guards of London will come from England; one of the most celebrated French bands; the best band of the German Imperial army; the Irish National band; and a large number of the most famous European vocalists will be present at this Peace Jubilee.

There will be an Anvil Chorus composed of one hundred anvils.

The national airs of all countries will be played.

This will make the greatest musical demonstration ever known.

One or the most noticeable political events of the past month was a speech made by Senator Sumner upon General Grant, in which he attacked the Administration with the greatest bitterness, his accused the President of giving lucrative offices to his relations, and of abusing his power in a great many other ways.

The speech was one of great ability, but so irritating that it lost much of its effect. General Grant and Senator Sumner have long been on bad terms, personally.

There is a brighter prospect for the amicable settlement of the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain. The English Government is believed to be satisfied with the course of this country and the tribunal of Geneva will probably proceed to arbitrate upon the cases presented.

The Suez Canal promises to succeed as a financial enterprise in spite of all predictions of failure. When it was first begun, the English papers ridiculed it as a Quixotic schemes which would bring disgrace to its projectors. When it was finished, they asserted that the difficulties were only half conquered. The drifting sand would soon fill up the channel, and the expenses of management would exceed the revenues or right of passage.

But it has been easy to keep the channel open, and even to deepen it by constant dredging; and the increase of receipts surprises and gratifies the friends of the enterprise. The income for 1869 and 1870 was only $972,818; in 1871 it advanced to $1,643,818; and for the months of January and February, 1872, it has reached the large sum of $515,406, or at the rate of over three millions of dollars a year.

The large sums invested by the French directors will soon meet with a lucrative return.

A Song In The Wood.

I found a shy little violet root
Half hid in the woods, on a day of spring,
And a bird flew over, and looked at it too,
And for joy, as he looked, began to sing.

The sky was the tenderest blue above,—
And the flower like a bit of that sky below
And between them the wonderful winds of God
On his heavenly errands went to and fro.

Away from the summer, and out of the South
The bird had followed an instinct true,
As out from the brown and desolate mid
Stepped the shy little blossom, with eyes of blue.

And he sang to her, in the young spring day,
Of the joy with which the world was astir:
And her beauty and fragrance answered him,
While the spring's blue heaven bent over her.

—*Merry Year.*

The Hampton Normal School.

RECORD OF GRADUATES.

Samuel C. Windsor is compelled to leave Oberlin College because of the weakness of his eyes, and expects to teach at Big Lick, Roanoke Co, in this State, next fall. Windsor paid his board bills at Oberlin, by waiting on the students at table.

Euan D. Tilghman is teaching school on a plantation in Southern Louisiana, and is said to be getting a salary of $75 per month.

Merrit R. Wallace completes his eight month's teaching, June 1st, and wishes another school at once. He has given good satisfaction to the County school officers as a teacher.

A party of Northern ladies recently visited Sarah Brown's school at Wilmington, N. C., and were so pleased that they went the next day to hear more of her admirable teaching.

James Fields has been for a year, Principal of the Lincoln School, in Hampton, Va., assisted by George L. Taylor. They have worked most faithfully, and the result will be a class of twelve finely prepared students for the Normal School next year. These colored teachers have prepared the largest and best class that ever came from that school, although for three years it had Northern teachers.

Henry Thornton, has just closed, after a long session, in Matthews Co., Va., and will assist his father during the summer, in the care of "Back River" Light-house. He reports the Country as beautiful, but the people as very ignorant.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

On Wednesday, June 14th, the session of 1871-72 closed with appropriate exercises. The graduating class were examined in the various studies of the course, while crowds of visitors witnessed their proficiency. The leading studies of the past year have been Reading, English Grammar and Composition, Rhetoric, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Algebra, National and Universal History, Moral Science and the Science of Civil Government. After three hours of examination, the trustees, officers, students, and guests gathered in the Assembly Room, and listened to an eloquent oration from Hon. Lucius Fairchild, Governor of Wisconsin.

"The Hymn of Peace" was sung, after which the graduates were called up in front of the platform and received their diplomas from the Rev. Geo. Whipple, President of the Board of Trustees, whose few earnest words of advice, deeply impressed all who heard them.

The Doxology was sung and a benediction pronounced.

The Normal School Band marched out of the Academic Hall followed by the Trustees and the graduating class, passing between the Junior and Middle classes, drawn up in two ranks facing each other; all the classes closed in behind the latter. Seniors and escorted them with martial music to the dining-hall. In the evening, there was a social entertainment, which the students appeared to enjoy richly.

They broke up at a late hour, and early the next morning over fifty of them returned to their homes by the Seaboard and Petersburg railroads.

Twenty-three received diplomas and are expected to teach in the public schools next fall.

We hope to publish the oration of Governor Fairchild and the admirable sermon preached last Sunday by the Rev. Richard Tolman, from the text, "Show thyself a man."

PRESENTATION.

Among the many interesting incidents connected with the close of the Normal School term, was the presentation to each member of the graduating class, in the name of the distinguished authoress, of a copy of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child's "Freedman's Book." Mrs. Child, who has taken a great interest in this school, made the liberal donation of fifty copies for the benefit of the students. No book is better calculated to stimulate the energies, or to encourage the desire for progress of those who have now started upon their life's work, and are no longer under the eye of their teachers, than this which relates the struggles and triumphs of so many of their race who, without their great advantages and in the face of every obstacle to progress, have achieved eminence in science, the arts, statesmanship and in literature. We thank Mrs. Child for her considerate kindness, and feel sure that our graduates will appreciate and profit by her gift.

Rev. James Marshall, formerly chaplain of Chesapeake Hospital and pastor of Bethesda Chapel, preached in the chapel on Sunday, June 18th. In the evening of the same day, Rev. Richard Tolman began preaching at the National Military Asylum as regular chaplain.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption.

Agricultural.

(From the American Agriculturist.)

HINTS ABOUT WORK.

Take Care of Your Health.—It is easier to prevent disease than to cure it. Thousands of our Southern workmen are ailing, weak, never able to do a full day's work because they live on fat pork, bacon, and greasy food. Eat fresh meat, eggs well cooked, and always have a variety of food on your table. Then take plenty of time for your meals, and eat regularly three times a day, always at the same hours. Neglect of these things cost many men more money than they ever earned. The cheapest way to live is to live well.

Take Care of Your Horses' Health.—Give them a change of food in the spring; carrots or oats.

If you wish to have plenty of fat hogs in the fall, feed your pigs until they are three or four months old with all they can eat; after that, if they can run but in the pastures, give less grain and rich food.

Corn.—Nothing is more important in raising corn than to give it a good start. It is half the race. A fine, mellow soil is of the first importance; as a rule, you seldom harrow the land enough.

Keep up a steady warfare against injurious insects.

Plant all seeds as soon as possible, and keep the beds free from weeds.

THE CULTURE OF PEANUTS.

The best soil for peanuts is a light loam, light both in texture and color. The plant needs the mellow soil for its peculiar habit of growth, and a red or dark clay soil gives an undesirable color to the nuts, which depreciates their market value. The soil should be prepared by one or two plowings, so that a perfectly mellow bed be prepared for the seed. A shallow furrow is considered the best, for the reason that the harvesting of the nuts is rendered easier when they are nearer the surface; if the soil is deep they will penetrate farther than is convenient in gathering them. When the ground is prepared in a proper manner, furrows are to be laid off twenty-seven to thirty-six inches apart as the land may be good or richer. Cross furrows are made at the same distances apart. In each check a handful of guano or superphosphate is to be dropped, at the rate of 150 pounds per acre. If the land is deficient in lime, a dressing of 50 bushels per acre should be given after the first plowing, and harrowed in. This is a crop that needs lime for its successful growth. The seed should be shelled very carefully by hand; the skin must not be broken. Two nuts are dropped in each hill, and covered very lightly, not more than two inches, or three at the most. Directly after planting, cultivation with the plow commences, to be followed with the hoe and hand-weeding. The crop must be kept perfectly free from weeds and grass, and the soil be kept loose and mellow. Constant cultivation is necessary, as many as seven plowings being generally given until the vines spread and are in the way, when hand-weeding is to be resorted to. No hilling up is necessary. The stems which produce the fruit enter the ground without being covered with the soil artificially. Generally, the crop is ready to harvest early in October. The harvesting should be done before frost, if possible, as a hard frost destroys the vines and detaches them from the nuts. A plow with a broad, sharp share attached to a bar or coulter, so that no furrow is turned, is run up and down the rows, cutting beneath the plants and severing the taproots, or the vines are dug up with prong-hoes or forks. Hands follow the plow, who pull up the loosened vines and shake off the adhering earth, and lay them in rows to dry. Two days' exposure is necessary before they are ready for stacking for final curing. A stake, painted at both ends, and seven feet long, is thrust into the ground, rails are laid on the surface to prevent contact with the earth, and the vines are heaped around the stake in a tall, narrow stack, so that the air can easily penetrate and cure the vines. Straw is placed over the top to shed rain, and two weeks are required to thoroughly cure the crop. Mold or dampness, which would injure the color, is to be carefully avoided. On the brightness and lightness of the color the value in a great measure depends. When cured, the nuts are separated by hand generally, but this is a slow process, two to four bushels daily being the work of an experienced hand. A thrashing-machine is used by large growers in North Carolina, which thrashes with two hands 100 to 200 bushels in a day. The vines make a very excellent fodder, but when spread on the ground and plowed in, and a dressing of lime given annually, with some fertilizer at planting, the crop may be grown successively for several years. It is not probable that this crop would retain its present market price if its production was materially increased, the demand being but limited; and in view of its comparatively costly culture, the average yield of 30 to 50 bushels per acre does not seem to make it a very enticing crop. The season required for perfect ripening is long, and it is very doubtful if the nuts could be matured farther north than Virginia in this section, and Kansas in the West. Nuts of excellent quality were grown in Kansas last season; but the bulk of the crop is raised in East Virginia and North Carolina, in the localities adjacent to tide-water.

"WE NEED MORE CAPITAL."—Certainly we do—and the same is true of all occupations, in trade, commerce, or manufactures. But what is capital? It is simply *labor*, or the means of procuring labor. We have heard farmers bemoan their lack of capital while they spent several hours a day, in winter, smoking and talking around the stove at a village grocery. Many farmers need enterprise and pluck much more than they need capital.

Children's Department.

The Horse and the Lamb.

Many of the good children have asked for more stories about animals, and we think they will like the picture of the Lamb on Horseback and the story of "Rex." "The Song in the Wood," and the "Skipper's Daughter," we hope will also find favor in the eyes of the young folks, which will be reward enough for any efforts in their behalf.

The horse loves company. Some horses do not like to stay in a stable or a field by themselves; and yet if they can have a dog, a cow, a goat, or a pet lamb near them, they will be quite content.

I have heard of a horse that grew quite fond of a little dog. The little dog would run up to the horse, and lick his nose, and the horse would scratch the little dog's back with his teeth. One day, when a big dog flew at the little dog this horse with his teeth seized the big dog, and shook

THE HORSE AND THE LAMB.

him well. The big dog then ran off, and did not harm the little dog.

There was once a man who was a trumpeter, and who had a horse which he rode for three years in the wars in Spain. In a great battle this man was shot and killed, but his faithful horse would not quit the body. He stood by it for days; and, when found, he was quite weak from loss of blood and want of food.

If an old car-horse, after he has been turned out to grass, hears the roll of a drum, or the twang of a trumpet, the freshness of youth seems to come upon him; and if he at the same time gets a sight of men clad in uniform, and drawn up in line, it is no easy thing to keep him from joining them.

There was a man, a friend of mine, and his name was Jennings. He had a fine Arabian horse, and the name of the horse was Rex. Do you know the meaning of "Rex?" I will tell you: it is a Latin word, and means *king*.

Some of the best horses in the world are those of Arabia. Many of the people of that land live in tents; and they will let their horses come into the tents, and lie down on the floor with the family.

An Arabian horse will pick his way over the sleeping babies as carefully as their own mother could do. He will let the children hang on his neck, and mount his back, and will take great pains to save them from harm.

At last, a man from England, not in a tent, but in a house; and Rex was kept in a stable. He was such a wild, fierce horse, that he was called "The Mad Arabian." For a long time, he would let no man mount him.

At last, a man from London, whose name was Hughes, said he could tame The Mad Arabian. All the other men who had tried to rule the horse had used the whip and the spur quite freely. Hughes threw them both away, and said, "I will conquer this horse by kindness."

And he did so. Rex soon gave back love for love. He would let Hughes bridle and saddle and drive him where he would.

Hughes had a pet lamb, that followed him into the stable. Of this lamb Rex grew so fond, that he would let her mount on his back, and gambol upon his shoulder.

See what a power there is in kindness! Be sure the way of love, is the best way in dealing with the brutes as well as with men.—*The Nursery.*

The Skipper's Daughter.

Dora's father used to go to sea. He was what is called a "skipper," but I think a better name than that is "captain," for he was the captain of "The Daystar," a fishing-schooner, that sailed out of Gloucester on Cape Ann.

He loved his little Dora so much, that he did not like to leave her: but then she needed good warm clothes for winter, and she needed plenty to eat and drink both summer and winter; so her father had to earn money, that which to buy clothes and food both for Dora and for Dora's mamma.

Unlike many little girls, Dora loved to play with boats. Wherever she could find a good deep puddle, she would take her little boat, and sail it there. When other little girls had dolls in their arms, Dora usually had a boat.

Dora was very fond of her papa, and was always sad when he had to leave her to go on a fishing-voyage. Once he went away, and did not come back at the right time. Every day Dora would go down to the beach, and watch; but no sign could she see of her papa's schooner. She used to know it by a red streak painted on its sides.

One day, seeing that her mamma had been weeping, Dora asked "What are you crying for, dear?" The little girl used to call her mother "dear."

"I am crying for your papa, my child," said her mother. "We have had bad news from the fishing-grounds. There has been a great storm, and many vessels have been lost; and to-day I hear that your father's vessel is among them. We shall never see your poor father again, my little girl."

"Yes, we shall, dear: I know we shall," said Dora. "There, don't you cry any more. You shall see him, dear. You shall see him very soon."

"But how do you know that?" asked her mother.

"I *know* it, I only *feel* it," said Dora. I woke up last night, and felt it so much, that I was quite happy."

The mother kissed her little girl, and was quite cheered by her confident words. Still a week went by, and no papa came; and the mother once more grew sad.

Dora no longer went to the beach to look out for the schooner streaked with red. But when her mother said, "The Daystar' was lost, and your father must have gone down in her, in that dreadful storm," Dora replied, "Don't give it up yet, dear. Papa will come."

How Dora knew that her papa would come, I cannot say. I only know that this is a true story, and that Dora proved to be right.

The next day, after sundown, as her mother was putting her to bed, Dora started up, and cried, "Hark! whose voice is that? Don't you hear him? He's talking with somebody. It is my own papa, my own papa!"

And sure enough, a step was heard at the outer door; the door was pushed open; and in rushed the captain of the lost "Daystar," well and hearty, with a plenty of kisses for his little girl and her mother.

He and his crew had been saved in the long-boat, and, after some delay, had taken passage for home. "And the best of it is," said papa, "I am not going to sea any more; for I have found good employment on land, and now I can see little Dora and her good mamma every day of my life."

"I told you, dear, he would come back," said Dora, patting her mamma on the head. As for mamma, she tried to speak, but could not. Joy would not let her.—*The Nursery.*

Moses in The Bulrushes.

In the land of Egypt, there is a large river called the Nile. Sometimes its waters rise above its banks, and then the land is quite wet. But this makes the soil rich, so that plants thrive well there.

Many, many hundred years ago, a king's daughter was one day standing by the river's brink, where the flags grew tall and rank. All at once, she saw something floating on the water.

It was a baby boy, about three months old. He lay in a little ark, or vessel, made of bulrushes.

The king's daughter sent one of her maids to take the poor little baby from the water. This was done. The baby was brought to the king's daughter, and began to cry.

Then the king's daughter took pity on the baby. A nurse was sent for, and this nurse was no other than the baby's mother.

Now, you may think it strange that the baby should have been found among the flags by the river's brink. How could the mother have been so careless as to let it be there?

I will tell you how it was. The cruel king had ordered that all the male children of the Hebrews should be cast into the river; for he feared that the Hebrews would grow to be greater than his own people.

So the mother hid the baby three months; and when she could no longer hide him, she made a mark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the baby in it.

Then she laid it in the flags by the river's brink; and the child's sister stood afar off to see what would be done to him. Soon she saw him safe in the ark of the burial.

The king's daughter called the baby Moses, and treated him as if he were her son. He grew to be a great man, and the leader of his people. He made laws for them, and taught them to deal justly, and to love and serve God.

To this day, much that is taught us in our books and in our churches was given to the world through Moses. He once lay, a helpless infant, in that little ark amid the flags of the River Nile!—*The Nursery.*

BALTIMORE

Steam Packet

Company.

For Baltimore, Md., and all points North South, East and West.

One of the Company's Steamers leaves Norfolk, Va., at 3 o'clock, P. M., and Portsmouth, Va., on the arrival of the Evening Passenger and Mail Train of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, at 7 o'clock, daily (Sundays, P. M., excepted), touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., about 4 o'clock, P. M., going South.

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For rates of passage, freights, or other information apply to H. B. POOLE, General Agent, Baltimore, Md.; C. H. MCCU, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Portsmouth, Va.; JOHN VERMILLION, Agent, Norfolk, Va.—or to

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THE

FREEDMAN'S

SAVINGS & TRUST

COMPANY.

The seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain to deposits has been $1,127,337.47, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1865, has been $241,317. The good interest of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is fullof promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report still more to the depositors.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass-Book only.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts and for allowing interest on *large deposits* payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

ACCOUNTS TRANSFERED,

at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch without risk or trouble, and *without loss of interest.*

For full information about the Bank address the Cashier at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company is Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information required may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or B. L. Eaton.

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A National Savings Bank.

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1865.

Chartered by the Government of the United States.

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established by the authority of the *United States Government* for the benefit of the *Freedman*, knows no distinction of race or color, and offers its great advantages to all classes alike.

SAVE THE SMALL SUMS.

Cut off your vices—*don't smoke—don't drink—don't buy lottery tickets.* Put the money you save into the

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A fine Stock of

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GENERAL FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES, STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, POMADES, COMBS, BRUSHES, AND PATENT MEDICINES, GENTS' UNDERCLOTHING, SOCKS, GLOVES, COLLARS, AND NECKTIES, LADIES' FANCY GOODS, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES, HOSE, NETS, ELASTICS, BUTTONS, NEEDLES, PINS, ETC.

Cake and Confectionery.

Fresh Homemade Cake of all kinds on hand and made to order. Tea Biscuit every day.

French and American Candy and Confectionary of every description fresh and pure.

NUTS, RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, ORANGES, LEMONS, AND FRUITS.

Orders received and filled for goods of every description at regular market prices.

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Shades, Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, etc., always on hand.

MILITARY GOODS, CAPS, AND SOLDIERS' FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

JOHN T. BENTLEY,

Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned,
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its death be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

Father Taylor.

III.

ANECDOTES.

Soon after he commenced his sermon on a very hot day, two or three of the landsmen got up and went out. He paused, folded his arms, and said, "If any others wish to go out let them go now, while I wait a moment." No one went, and he resumed his sermon. About ten minutes after, a sailor rose up with jacket on his arm (the most of the sailors were sitting in their shirt-sleeves) and said, "Please, sir, I must go now; I wanted to stay as long as I could; my ship is all ready for sea, and I must be on board at the hour." Father Taylor, with the elbow of his right arm resting in the palm of his left hand, with his finger on his lip, said, as the sailor turned to leave the house, "That's right, my son! you have done just right; you are the man for me, you are a minute man. Go, and the God of the sea go with you." And he continued his preaching with redoubled power. And, at the close, such a prayer was made for that sailor and that ship, and all sailors and all ships, that it seemed as if it would convert the abundance of the sea to God.

Father Taylor's ejaculations in prayer-meeting were not always flattering. Every one has heard of the wealthy gentleman, who, in the midst of a very warm meeting, made a speech, telling the sailors how much had been done for them, and how grateful they ought to be to the liberal merchants for all their goodness. As he sat down, with a feeling that the church would run itself for the year on this consecration, he was surprised by the inquiry, "Is there any other old sinner from up in town, who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

Sometimes Father Taylor's mirthfulness led him to use expressions that seem out of place when reported in cold blood, and especially when printed. But, in the warmth of a good prayer-meeting, nothing seemed out of place that was seasoned with the love of man. Smiles and tears were wonderfully mingled at that altar. A Mr. Snow not being very warm in his talk, the old father groans out, "O Lord! melt that Snow." A colored brother, who was speaking ardently, drew out of him the response: "There is rain in that cloud." A man by the name of Wood, who was not noted for his warmth in his talks, drew from Father Taylor the brief prayer, "O Lord! set fire to that Wood." An old German saying he no more doubted his acceptance with God than that the sun shone at noon-day on a cloudless sky, the old veteran exclaims, "Bring your Harvard learned ones to this man, and let them learn true theology."

At a Springfield conference, there had been a warm discussion on the propriety of publishing in "The Minutes" the names of the donors to the missionary fund, together with the amount contributed by each. It had been advocated on the ground that it would increase our contributions, as all would wish to see their names in the list, and every name would have an influence for the following year. It was opposed, on the contrary, that those who could give but little would not like to see so small a sum attached to their names in print, and might be deterred from giving at all. Father Taylor had made one of his characteristic, pointed speeches upon ostentatious giving, closing with the injunction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth." In reply, it was urged by Dr. Butler that it would be in opposition neither to the spirit nor the letter of Scripture to publish the names of these donors; citing, as an illustration in proof of this position, that Christ himself had made invaluable influence for generous and self-denying beneficence. The speaker, who had been really eloquent, had scarcely finished—he had not taken his seat,—when Father Taylor half rising and leaning forward, with a shrill voice, not loud, but perfectly audible in every part of the house, called out, "Will Dr. Butler please give us the name of that poor widow?"

Mr. Taylor was a keen politician, in his younger days, a Jeffersonian Democrat, made so by his ardent patriotism and by his experience of a British jail: in latter days he was a devoted Whig, an earnest admirer of Daniel Webster and his associates. When George N. Briggs was elected Governor, to succeed Marcus Morton, it became Father Taylor's duty to read Govenor Morton's Thanksgiving Proclamation. As he read the concluding words, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," he paused, and added, "He did that last Monday."

As a venerable and especially beloved friend, who relieved the vacant hours of a supernatuated ministry with the cultivation of grapes, announced as his text, "I am the true vine," and began by saying, "There are some vines that will not bear good grapes." "That's so!" breaks in Father Taylor, "you sold me one of that sort."

U. S. GRANT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

QUAINT SAYINGS.

"The *bride* must be seated first," he once called out to the landsmen pressing down the aisles; and when a gentleman in a dress-coat appeared at the door, "Steward, show that man with a gauff-topsail jacket under the wing, and stow sailors under the hatches."

What could be finer than his description of poor preachers—"like camels bearing precious spices and feeding on bitter herbs?" Or his demand that worn-out preachers ought to be fed on "preserved diminouts?" Or his saying, when one asked if his son-in-law, Judge Russell, the popular collector of the port of Boston, was a Christian, "Not a Christian, exactly, but a very sweet sinner?" What term could be sharper than his remark on a man who had abused Eastburn camp-meeting in the Boston papers: "If I owed the Devil a hypocrite, and he would not take you, I would cheat him out of the debt"?

Once, when his sentences were getting rather tangled, and the way of extricating himself from the verbal labyrinth was not apparent, he suddenly stopped and said, "Brethren, my nominative has lost its verb, and can't find it,—but I'm bound to the Kingdom of Heaven all the same!"

In order to encourage Dr. Waterson to work and wait, he told him, "Not to carry the seed-basket and sickle into the field at the same time." To a prayer-meeting which had just been exhorted that repentance was never too late, for a sinner blown up in a powder-mill could make his peace with Heaven before he fell to the earth, Father Taylor said, "Do not trust to such a chance, brethren—dont wait for your dying hour before you repent—*perhaps you never will be blown up in a powder-mill!*" Somebody once asked him why he was not called "Dr. Taylor"—why they did not make him a doctor of divinity? "I suppose it is because my divinity never needed doctoring," was his answer.

Father Taylor, and the Young Preacher.

On one Monday morning, by the special invitation of a Methodist minister, I, a Congregationalist minister, was present at "The Ministers' Meeting of Methodists," in Boston. Father Taylor was there. In a lively discussion, a young preacher in a rough manner opposed the views of that venerable man of God. "Take those words back," was the exclamation of several. Father Taylor was seated next to the youthful and indiscreet talker. On the shoulder of the youth he placed his broad hand, saying, "Do let the young cock crow, I love to hear him." The crowing ceased.

J. R. J.

God Sees Us.

One day the famous astronomer, Mitchell, was engaged in making some observations of the sun, and as it descended towards the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the rays of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles away. On the top of that hill was a large number of apple trees; in one of them were two boys stealing apples. They had looked all around, and felt certain that nobody saw them. But there sat Professor Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

So it is often with men. Because they do not see the eye which watches with a sleepless vigilance, they think they are not seen. But the great open eye of God is upon them, and not an action can be concealed. There is not a deed, there is not a word, there is not a thought which is not known to God. If man can penetrate with the searching eye which science constituted for his use, the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not He who sitteth upon their circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth, which he has made the resting-place of his feet? Let the three little words at the head of this article not be forgotten, but, let young and old remember the great truth which they contain. "Thou God, seest me."

General U. S. Grant.

We present to our readers a portrait of General U. S. Grant, President of the United States. Born in Ohio, in April, 1822; he graduated from West Point in 1839. He followed General Scott and Taylor in their Mexican Campaigns, and distinguished himself by bravery and good judgment. He was there associated with General "Stonewall Jackson," General Robert E. Lee, and many others whose whose names have passed into history.

Will Virginia Farming Pay?

A letter from a county in Virginia, written on the question, "*Will Virginia Farming pay?*" says: "We have a practical farmer here from New York, who knows what to do with land, and who has been farming here for two years. His opinion is that farming will pay better here than in the North, and, all things considered, the lands of Virginia are more to be desired than those of any other State, North or South, East or West."

After the war he was stationed in Oregon and was promoted to Captain. Becoming tired of guard mount and Indian hunting, he resigned, and settled, first, in Missouri, then in Illinois, and went into the tanning business.

He appears to have given up all idea of military honor and seemed to have accepted obscurity as his destiny.

But the startling events of the war roused him from his quiet life. He soon became Colonel of the 21st Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and continued to rise till he attained the highest office in the gift of the nation.

We cannot relate all the story of his brilliant rise. Endowed with unconquerable pertinacity and a clear, steady judgment, he carried everything before him, from the days of Fort Donelson till the campaign which closed at Appomattox.

The people chose him for their President and under his administration the country has prospered. Grant once said "*Let us have peace.*" He has put down law-breaking everywhere and the nation has "peace."

Temperance.

The Rumseller.

Every individual in society is expected to contribute something to its advancement and interest. We remember to have read many years ago, of a company of tradesmen who united themselves into a mutual benefit society, and each one had to contribute to its support.

First, the Blacksmith came forward and said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh! I can iron your carriages, shoe your horses, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well, come in Mr. Blacksmith."

The mason applied for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, Sir?"

"I can build your barns, houses, stables, and bridges."

"Very well, come in; we cannot do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says:

"I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker; we must have you."

In turn all the trades and professions applied, till at last an individual came in who wanted to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a rumseller."

"A rumseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails, and prisons, and poorhouses."

"And in that all?"

"No, I can fill them. I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poorhouses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill the land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cried the rumseller, "Is not that enough?"

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LAND FOR SALE
On the Peninsula.
I have for sale 300 acres of land between Willoughby and Fort Monroe, Virginia. The position of the County is fully and accurately described in the language of Captain John Smith: "Within is a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places known, for temperature and pleasure, and navigable rivers, havens, and earth heaven agreed better to frame a heaven for man's habitation, were it fully manured and inhabited by industrious people. There are many meadows, hills, plains, valleys, rivers, sweet brookes, all running most pleasantly into a bay, compassed but for the mouth with faire and delightsome land."—Captain John Smith.
WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

THE
NORMAL SCHOOL PRESS
BOOK & JOB
PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT,
HAMPTON, VA.

THE
SOUTHERN WORKMAN,
DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1872. NO. 7.

The Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it!
And o'er the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

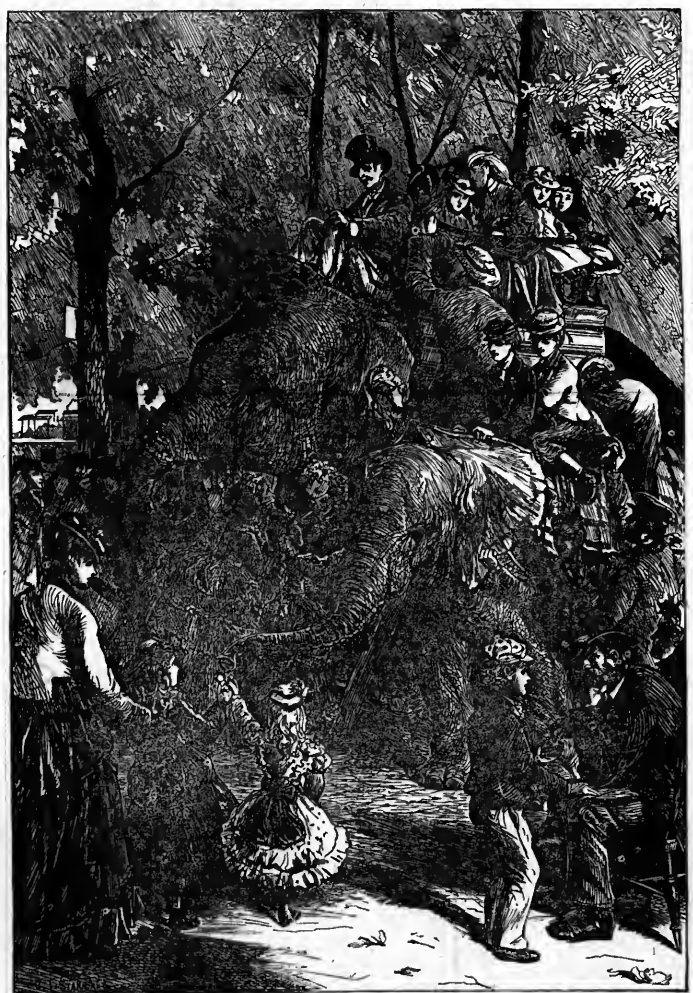
How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

London.

Dear Workman,—You have asked me to describe to you some of the sights of London which are specially interesting to an American, and I have decided to head my list with the Zoölogical Gardens, [a scene in which is represented in the accompanying engraving, which has been furnished us by Messrs. Harper & Bros.—Ed.] and only wish that I could take many of the readers of "The Southern Workman" within the gates of this delightful out-of-door menagerie. For that is what it is, a great collection of birds and animals and snakes and fishes, with houses and ponds and dens and cages of their own, all enclosed in a beautiful garden which is a part of one of the big London parks. There are flowers and shrubs in wonderful variety, with bits of green sunny lawn and winding paths, and dotted thickly about are the homes of the strange creatures we have come to see.

As we enter we shall probably be attracted first of all, to the aviary, or bird house, for, swinging outside it in the sun are rare birds from every country and of every color; scarlet and blue, and emerald green, soft grey and flaming yellow, with spreading tails and shining crests and restless wings. Some of them are caged, but most are only fastened by the leg, and have such length of chain that unwary visitors sometimes suffer from the sharp claws of angry cockatoos or insulted parroquets. These impatient prisoners use their shrill voices with such effect that we can admire only in silence, for against their ceaseless chatter, human lungs stand little chance, and in spite of their beauty, we are glad to escape from their tiresome screams to the quieter house near by where the fawns and gazelles and zebras and antelopes, and all the pretty, graceful animals of their kind are kept, in large, separate stalls with a common yard in front where they can run free, and if they can, poor things, fancy themselves back upon their native plains. Close by are the ponds where the pelican and the stork and the scarlet flamingoes live, with their convenient little houses on the shore, and here too is an endless variety of ducks and geese and curious water-fowl, big and little, with sharp bills and flat bills, long legs and short legs, white and red and rainbow colored. If you look among the rocks just in this corner fenced off by some pretty rustic work, you will see the queer flat tails of the beaver as they glide about in the dark water, and presently pops up the shining head of a big seal, who crawls up on to the stones and looks uncomfortably like some half-drowned man. Here too are the porcupines and hedgehogs with their bristling quills, and some funny little animals whose names perhaps you never heard, wambats and ant-eaters. A high, strong fence, enclosing a sandy patch of ground and a big tank, enables us to peep securely at an immense rough-hided hippopotamus, and next to him are the rhinoceroses and the camels and long-necked giraffes. But, at this moment a tremendous, deep roar in the distance announces to anybody acquainted with the habits of the place that feeding time has come for the lions and their fierce neighbors, and hurrying past the cages of the wolves and foxes and jackals, we come, squeezed and pushed by a crowd of eager people, to the long row of dens into which a keeper is thrusting pieces of raw meat on the end of a long pole. Frightful indeed are the sounds that welcome this four o'clock dinner, which by-the-by is given only every other day, for these are blood-thirsty lions, tigers, panthers, jaguars and hyenas, and too much food would make them half mad and dangerously wild. Just at the end of their cages, which you may be sure are as strong as iron can make them, is a small paved yard with a tank half filled with floating cakes of ice, while on the stones by the side of it is a big, blue ice-block on which is lying *such* a white bear, a great, shaggy fellow straight from the ice-fields of the North Pole. Beside his yard again, is a regular bear-pit with stone walls and a strong pole in the centre. Here are black bears, and grizzly bears and cinnamon bears, and it is great fun to threw them bits of bread and cake, and see them swarm up the pole and sit on the top and growl, though it must be confessed that in the main, they are very good-natured, considering their close quarters.

But if we stop long with the bears we shall be too late for our ride on the elephant, and that, of all things we must not miss. Here he is, waiting for us with a sort of immense saddle on his patient back, with two rows of seats big enough to hold a dozen children. He will stand quite still while we pay our sixpence and climb up the ladder which the keeper holds against his side; and soon as the seats are filled with half-frightened children, off we start at a slow, swinging walk up and down the broad gravel path. A baby elephant trots beside its mother, and a funny little thing it is with its grey trunk and great, flapping ears. Our ride fortunately does not last long for we have still to look in at the monkey house where we must stop a moment to watch the baboons and apes, the great, grey, grandfather monkeys from Africa, and pretty little, sharp, black monkeys from Algeria, whose fights and frolics never fail to delight the little boys who especially patronize this department.



MONDAY AFTERNOON AT THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

The most unpleasant of all the divisions of the Garden is that devoted to the snakes, and for my part, I confess I never go into it. Who can like to see the great black coils of the anaconda and the boa constrictor, who are fed, you know, on poor little living rabbits and birds, which they swallow whole? or who can look without a shiver at the hateful, glittering heads of the poisonous adders and cobras and asps? No, I leave the snakes for other people's admiration, and shall vouchsafe a passing glance at the alligators and crocodiles as I harry you on to the broad stretch of lawn where finely-dressed ladies and gentlemen are sitting, listening to the music of the band which we hear with one ear, while the other is filled with the roar of the wild beasts, the screams of the birds, and the chatter of the monkeys. It is a pretty scene, and we are always sorry when sunset warns everybody to go home and leave the poor animals who have been teased and stared at all day, to the peace of the lonely night; and, as we go away with the rest, I find I am saying to myself some funny lines written by an English gentleman who was very fond of these Gardens, which will perhaps make you laugh as they always do me:—

"First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black,
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back,
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back.

Then I saw the grey wolf with mutton in his maw,
Then I saw the wambat waddle in the straw,
Then I saw the elephant with his waving trunk,
Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasantly they smelt!"

Central Park.

If we should visit the city of New York to-day, nothing would interest us more than Central Park. We might be glad to wander about the streets awhile and watch the crowds that rush along the pavements, and gaze at the tall buildings on every side; but after a few hours spent in this way we should be glad to take the horse-cars and ride out to the park. In this park, surrounded as it is with city streets, are broad green fields, and beautiful ponds of water, and winding walks, and plenty of seats under rustic arbors, for those who are tired. Thousands of children are dancing about the walks, splendid carriages are rolling along the roads, and a band of music is playing near the lake where the swans swim so gracefully. The rich and the poor, the young and the old have come out here to breathe the pure air and listen to the music. It takes days to find what is in this park. It is two and a half miles long and half a mile wide. There are two large reservoirs for furnishing the city with water, inside the enclosure. The lake on which pleasure-boats sail in summer covers twenty acres. In winter this lake is drawn down to a depth of four feet and 50,000 people have been known to skate on it in a single day. I visited the park last Christmas, and greatly enjoyed watching the skating. Those who could not skate, or who were tired, were riding about in chairs made with runners and drawn by skaters. Wherever you go you are sure to find something new. In one place there is a cave; it is cold down there and dismal enough. Scattered about the park are monuments in honor of distinguished men. There is one to Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, who died last spring. He had the pleasure of seeing it before he died. A new monument has just been built to the great English writer, Shakespeare, who lived and died long before the United States was ever heard of. Near the entrance on Fifth Avenue, there is a museum containing minerals, stuffed birds and a great variety of natural curiosities. On all sides of this museum there are houses where the wild animals live. I can assure you that they look and act very much as animals of the same kind do in London. The monkey-house is very popular. The bedlam there is worse than that made by a political caucus. Central Park is five miles from New York City Hall, but any one can ride out there for five cents, and it is not to be wondered at that 100,000 people sometimes go there in one day. Any stranger wishing to learn the way to the park has but to ask a policeman and he will tell him what horse-car to take. There are a great many special police or keepers about the park. They wear a grey uniform. Of course all New Yorkers are very proud of their park. Their advice to strangers is "You may not live long; go and see the park at once."

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
E. W. BLAKE, *Associate Editor.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

Terms; ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

Each number will contain not less than three illustrations, will furnish a variety of choice reading, will tell of what is going on in the world, and will aim to please and profit both old and young.

All are invited, the young especially, to ask by letter, questions on any subject upon which they wish information.

We shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JULY, 1872.

Six months have passed away since the first article was written, and the first copy set up for "The Southern Workman." It is no boast to say the paper is a success. All who read these words will be glad to know that this July number has gone into the homes of one thousand regular subscribers. These homes are scattered far and wide over our broad land. They are found in Maine and Colorado, Minnesota and Alabama. The names of some of the most distinguished men of the age are on our subscription books, while many a child in the cabins of the lowly counts "The Southern Workman" among his warmest friends. Nor are our readers all in this country. The paper goes to some who live in other lands than this.

It is fitting that the rumbling of the printing-press should be heard on this spot, where ten years ago the crack of the rifle and the roar of the cannon were but the ordinary occurrence of the hour. It is fitting that a paper devoted to the cause and race they died to save, should be printed so near the city of the patriot dead.

We ask our friends to remember that no one can make a live paper for the people except the people help him. We need fresh and sparkling letters from all over the country, that we may catch the voice of the people to be heard. We know full well that by simply sitting in the office and writing down our thoughts we cannot hope to stir up the masses. Therefore we intend to go abroad and look our readers in the face, whenever we can. But our main dependence must be upon our friends who dwell all over the South, who are able to tell us what sort of a paper the "Workman" should be. Like all editors, we have already received considerable advice. We return our acknowledgements to those who have favored us with suggestions. There have not been wanting some who have found fault with our efforts; but the cooperation and sympathy we have received from multitudes is a source of great pleasure to us.

We have little space to devote to ourselves. We have no promises to make for the future. If our paper has improved since its first issue, there is reason to suppose it will continue to improve. If it has not improved, it is useless for us to promise better things.

Politics.

Some of our friends have desired us to say more in regard to politics than we have yet said. They say that they live away back in the country, and that this paper is the only one that they see; and that they are anxious to know what is going on in the political world. We confess such a wish is natural and right. We will do all we can to give them the news. But we can not do much more than that. It is very easy to write political articles to praise up this man, and to blame that candidate; but our paper is devoted to "the industrial classes of the South" as a whole, and we can not give up our space to political debate.

It would be well for our readers, and for all men, to remember during these summer months, that there are some things to be thought of besides politics.

Now we all think we know who is the best and safest man among those who have been nominated for President of the United States. We have our own opinion of who should be Senator, or Judge, or Sheriff, in our immediate locality. It is our duty to vote for the right men, and to work for them if necessary. It is wrong in the sight of God for us to vote or work for those whom we believe to be bad men, no matter if they belong to our own party. There is a certain old Book that most of us regard highly which contains these words: "And he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand or say unto him, 'What doest thou?'" God will still govern the world no matter who is President or who goes to Congress. If any one who reads this article is restless and troubled in regard to politics, so that he thinks less of his family, less of the church, and less of heaven, than he did before the campaign began: let him remember certain things. Let him remember that the 4th of July rise and set, and the tide ebb and flow, just the same if one man is elected, as they will if the other party wins. Let him remember that it costs him just as much to live now as it did last spring before political excitement began. Let him not forget that he is even more likely, suddenly to die, now than he was then. Let him not forget that he has a soul to save. Why should any one, especially a poor man, pause in the race of life, turn aside from the efforts he is making to get a home for his family, to educate his children, or to make himself a better citizen and improve the community where he lives, and rush into politics. All men have duties to their country. Few can afford to make politics their business. Least of all can teachers and preachers afford to be politicians. They can use their influence for the right on all questions, but as soon as they become professional politicians there is little chance for them to be any thing else.

The Voice of the Clergy.

Some three months ago we sent out from this office to many of the leading colored clergymen in Virginia and North Carolina, the following address, and to their people, asking them to sign it.

A good number were pleased so to do, and we take great pleasure in printing their names below.

ADDRESS.

To our Brethren in Virginia and North Carolina: We take pleasure in giving our approval and indorsement of "The Southern Workman" an illustrated monthly periodical published at the "Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., under the management of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Principal. The object and aim of this paper and the method of carrying them out meet our entire approval, and we cordially bespeak your earnest cooperation in securing a large circulation for this periodical.

Virginia: Rev. William Lewis, Presiding Elder Norfolk District; Rev. Jonathan B. Hamilton, Richmond; Rev. Richard H. Parker, Hampton; Rev. Wm. B. Derrick, Presiding Elder Staunton District; Rev. Aaron Pindel, Staunton; Rev. R. J. Gassenovy, Greenville; also Rev. L. Black, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Bute Street, Norfolk; Rev. Thomas Henderson, Pastor of the Bank-street Baptist Church, Norfolk; Rev. E. G. Corprew, Zion Baptist Church, Portsmouth; Rev. R. Walls, Richmond.

North Carolina: Rev. B. W. Morris, Presiding Elder Wilmington District; Rev. Thomas H. Lomax, Wilmington; Rev. J. W. Hood, Charlotte; Rev. Henry Harris, Wadesboro; Rev. A. M. Barrett, Pittsboro; Rev. Matthew Degraffinreidt, Rev. John Alston, Rev. Jesse Taylor, Rev. Gray Alston, and Rev. Aaron Alston.

One hundred and fifty new names were added to our subscription list during the month of June. This increase was largely due to the labors of Mr. L'Hommedieu, of the Freedman's Bank, Norfolk, and Mrs. Taylor, wife of the Rev. William Taylor, Pastor of the First Colored Baptist Church, Hampton. Mr. L'Hommedieu promises to send us the news regularly from Norfolk and vicinity. He has with him at the bank some fine pictures of Gen'l Grant, which were printed at this office, that he is prepared to sell cheap. The First Baptist Church, Hampton, is the only church that has yet formed a club for this paper, according to our offer of last January. We were glad to pay them one-fourth of the subscription money to assist in building their new church. We hope soon to publish a description of the building.

We notice that two of our Wilmington, N. C. subscribers have been nominated to office: William McLaurin for Representative to the Legislature, and J. C. Hill, Register of Deeds for New Hanover County. Mr. McLaurin was the first man in the State of North Carolina who subscribed for "The Southern Workman." He is superintendent of one of the largest Sunday-schools in the State, and has sometimes acted as judge of the city court. Mr. Hill has been for some time City Constable, and Mr. McLaurin's assistant in Sunday-school.

Do not fail to read Mr. Tolman's sermon on the last page of this paper. Some of our readers may object that there is no Gospel in it. We think there is much Gospel in this number. It was crowded out by other things, but we think that the poem on the first page, "The Old Oaken Bucket" is a good temperance piece as can be read; this last year's meeting of the Sunday-school Institute," It was written by the Hon. Alexander Hyde, of Lee, Mass., a trustee of the Normal School.

On Tuesday, July 2d, we attended, by invitation, the Annual Picnic of the Sunday-school belonging to the St. Luke's Methodist Church, Norfolk. Rev. James Lovitt is Pastor, and Mr. L'Hommedieu, Superintendent of the school. The picnic was held in a grove near the city, where the school marched early in the day, carrying many unique banners. Speeches, music and games made the day pass pleasantly away. There were a plenty of good things to eat. The school has improved wonderfully within two years. We were much pleased with its appearance.

The Boston Jubilee is over, and everybody has gone home. There was such a rush to Boston by the Southern people that it was difficult to obtain a berth on the steamers from Norfolk. We doubt if anything better has been written about the Jubilee than our Boston letter printed below. It is by the same lady that wrote "The Holly Tree Coffee Rooms," in the March number.

We were much interested in the history of the Second Colored Baptist Church of Richmond, as lately related to us. The house of worship belonging to this church was burned by some malicious person soon after the surrender of Richmond. The society immediately commenced building again, and their aim was to put up such an edifice as should meet their wants and be an honor to their people. The house itself is still unfinished, but the basement was dedicated a few weeks since to the worship of God. This basement is handsomely furnished and lighted with gas. The Rev. W. Troy is pastor of this church.

We are very glad to learn that it is the intention of the Government soon to establish a new order of things in the keeping of the National Cemeteries throughout the South. These cemeteries are to be divided into three grades, and the highest grade will be placed in charge of persons who were commissioned officers during the late war. The cemetery at Hampton will belong to the first grade, and this new law will provide a keeper who will make this cemetery an ornament to the place and a credit to the nation.

We have received an address, delivered at a recent literary entertainment given by the Pittsburg, Penn., Colored High School, by E. H. Butler, formerly a teacher in Waynesboro, N. C. The subject is "No Excellence without Labor." The following is an extract from this address:

"When Demosthenes was asked the three great qualities needful to a successful orator, he replied, 'Firstly, action, secondly, action, thirdly, action:' in like manner we were called upon to express the three principal requisites for an honorable and successful career in life, we should say—'Firstly, labor, secondly, labor, and thirdly, labor.'"

☞ *All agents for this paper, who receive bundles for regular subscribers, will greatly oblige us by paying the postage on the same and sending the bill to us. We intend to pay the postage when sending bundles to agents, but find it very inconvenient to pay in advance.*

Boston Letter.

Dear Workman—The World's Peace Jubilee began yesterday. The Coliseum, built especially for the occasion, in the west end of Boston, about a mile and a quarter from the State House. It is a rather attractive looking wooden building, with seats for 60,000 persons, broad entrances, and large, convenient anterooms for the officers of the Jubilee, for newspaper men and women, for police headquarters, and for every other class of persons that has any business there.

The building is well lighted, airy, painted in light tints, pleasant to the eye, and decorated tastefully and very profusely. The front, the balcony, is finished in red and gold, and the whole building is adorned with festoons of gay bunting, and with the flags of all the nations on the earth; every where they wave and droop; black and yellow and scarlet and white; green and blue and orange; in every imaginable combination, and with every device that patriotism or fancy could suggest. Immense allegorical paintings hang here and there, and a few white statues stand out clear in the warm light. In the orchestra is a 30,000 dollars organ of 1,200 pipes, and imagine the if you can. Stand with me on the rear balcony and look at these; not a face, not a figure is distinguishable with the naked eye at an ordinary distance, but the long sharp spears stand for the conductor, and the lines of musicians and their instruments; the number of bows actually make the place hazy, as it "quivers" with the motion of the living sea flecked with the blue and pink of feathers and ribbons stretches far away, divided in the middle by the organ, and flowing far down each aisle. Then add to this the audience that are fourteen or fifteen thousand persons, a goodly audience, but not half filling the space. Remember, please, that this is the opening day. The chorus and orchestra settle down in their places. Rev. Phillips Brooks, the largest clergyman in Boston, prays. We cannot hear a sound; but his whole body jerks violently, and the people near applaud, so being Yankees, we guess that it is good. He too has the wisdom to make his speech short, and to give place to Gen. Banks, straight, pompous, and grown very white. Not even his powerful voice can be heard—at least he cannot be understood by those far away, though the first sound of that great voice reaches to the remotest part of the building. But we all read his speech the next day, and we all think it was wise, noble and timely; and that Gen. Banks did a very good thing.

At last we shall hear! Mr. Gilmore steps upon the stand; the chorus breaks into wild applause; the audience joins; thousands of handkerchiefs flutter, thousands of voices cheer. But the baton is lifted, and the first notes of "Old Hundred" roll from organ and orchestra and chorus, and grow in power as they sweep over the expectant multitude who hold their breath to listen; lifting the hundreds of banners and filling the whole great space with the mighty sound of praise. It is magnificent. You may not believe in the Jubilee; you may criticise or laugh or jeer; but it is a grand and wonderful thing, and the enthusiasm of thousands of human beings, all stirred by one music, or patriotism, or devotion, is good for the heart and soul of every one of them.

After "Old Hundred" came the Overture to "Rienzi;" then "Dixie," a grand and triumphal march from "Naaman." The fourth number was a piano solo by Franz Bendel, a famous German pianist. The fifth was a four part song by the finest chorus, unaccompanied, and was beautiful music.

Madame Rudersdorff, a Russian Soprano who makes her home in England sang the "Inflammatus," and with great effort made herself heard throughout the building. She was warmly welcomed and heartily applauded. She was followed by a group of 150 selected singers, fan-fitfully called the "Bouquet of Artists," who sang a sextette from "Lucia."

After a short recess the U. S. Marine Band from Washington in scarlet coats and white trousers, marched to the front and played a selection of airs, under the direction of Henry Fries.

Before this, Mr. Gilmore or Mr. Zerrahn had conducted, and they shared equally the applause and greetings of both singers and audience.

It was now late in the afternoon and the sun sent long dusky beams streaming across the ground, making the statues gleam, and catching here the bright tip of a feather, there the spangles on a fan, and last beyond a diamond which shot out flames in answer to the touch. And to these flames was added the air that stirs every American pulse, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The twenty thousand voices sang it, the orchestra and all the military band played it; the organ lent its voice; cannon outside thundered it, and the bells in the church towers, moved by electric sympathy, rang out the chorus. In the third row of our Boston soprano, Mrs. Julia Houston West, sang a solo; her voice rose pleading and reverent in the words "In God is our trust," but in the last two lines send out a clear peal of triumphant rejoicing, that made the audience wild. She repeated it, and again there were cannon and bells and multitudinous shouts and excitement that cannot be described; and the dusky bars of sunlight grew longer and longer, and caught more tears on many cheeks, in addition to the spangles and gems.

Then the great composer Johann Strauss from Vienna came upon the stand, to lead the grand orchestra in one of his own waltzes. He is a small, dark man, and was almost swept away by the roar of his welcome; but at last he was allowed to begin; and such leading Boston had never seen before. Instead of a baton he had his violin and bow; at the accented beat check lay lightly on his instrument, and he joined the orchestra in their music; at the next, bow in one hand and violin in the other were waved wildly in the air; and the whole was over in other grave emphatic, till he hugged them close and played once more for just a bar or two. And all the while his whole body kept time to the waltz, and suggested a spirit dance going on within him. It was like the stories in "Charles Auchester" and "Counterparts" of German musicians; but never did Gilmore or Zerrahn or Thomas perform such antics.

The Anvil Chorus, a chorus from the oratorio of "St. Peter," and the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," finished the first concert.

We came out to find almost a solid mass of people sitting on the temporary bridges built over the railroad, on the fences, on the scattered timbers, on the ground; wherever they could see the coliseum or hear one note of the music, men women and children had collected and waited. And now as they moved, the sight was extraordinary; every street, every avenue was filled with tired and interested people. It was the ceremonies of June and a holiday, and then added somewhat to the crowd of idlers; but I saw nobody cross, and nobody drunk.

For days the whole city has been in a state of excitement over the arrival of the foreign bands. The streets have been filled with soldiers, and music has not ceased day or night. The Germans came with a brass band, and a procession of soldiers and citizens escorted them through the streets, and German and Prussian and American flags drooped and mingled together. Then the different nationalities were merged into one grand burrah! The English came, heavy with gold lace; and the French in their peculiar blue; and the Scots appeared in bare legs, and plaid uniform, with a genuine bag-pipe for their music. To-day the Japanese have arrived; the governors of twenty states are quartered at the Commonwealth Hotel, and the President will soon be here. Now, if ever, Boston may lay claim to her common title of the "Hub of the Universe."

Yesterday was the *American* day of the Jubilee. To-day is the English day. The band of the Grenadier Guards of London made their first appearance. Of course the whole chorus, orchestra, cannon and bells gave "God Save the Queen;" the applause was great; and when the audience demanded a repetition, the English band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," you must imagine the effect; singers and audience were all on their feet, and all joined in the singing, orchestra and bands played; and never was such a tumult, such a passion of international friendship heard, or seen, or dreamed of, before. To-day too, Madame Peschka-Leutner, a very great soprano, sang for the first time in the United States; and Madame Arbella Goddard, an English pianist of world-wide renown, made her first appearance here. To-morrow is the German day, with the German band, and Kaiser Wilhelm's wonderful corsed quartette. Thursday will be the French day, with the "Garde Republicaine Band" of Paris for the central group, and the "Marseillaise" to grow wild over.

Friday is to be in honor of Austria, and Saturday of Russia. And every day there will be national hymns, and international courtesies and enthusiasms. And if all this does not make peace and good will on earth, what will ever make it? I dont know how many angels sang the song 1,900 years ago, but I do know that this jubilee is a magnificent echo for the world to send back.

Boston, *June* 18, 1872.

Desks in Country Schools.

Rev. John Scott is the pastor of a flourishing Congregational church at Dudley, Wayne County, N. C. He has built there a neat little chapel, near the railroad station, which is used for a school-house during the week. The present building is but recently finished, and it stands on the site of a former chapel which was burned by some incendiary who was unable to bear the sense of free schools for all. The people in that region contributed liberally to build a new chapel, and showed much kindness to Mr. Scott and his people while they were without a house of worship. There are many conveniences about this building well worth the study of those who intend to erect school-houses or churches in the South. The desks in use are made after a pattern invented by Mr. Scott. He has kindly sent drawings and descriptions of them to us, and it would afford us much pleasure to print these drawings, if we were able to procure suitable plates representing them. We hope to be able to do so in course of time. We believe that this invention may be made of great use in providing country schools with cheap and convenient desks. There is no patent on the invention, and Mr. Scott will be glad to have any one interested in the cause of education engage in the manufacture of the desks. Any good carpenter can make them at an expense of two dollars apiece, as no iron-work is required. The seats are made of hard or soft wood, and are very durable and convenient. By making these desks five or six feet long, they can easily be used both for church services and as school benches.

The desk is so arranged that when the lid is down it makes a very comfortable church pew, and also adds very much to the convenience of keeping the room. It is made so as to be easily moved, but is heavy enough to stand firmly upon the floor. It is impossible for us to explain this invention understandingly without printing the drawings, but we presume Mr. Scott will willingly send said drawings to any responsible party who will promise to return them. We do not think the invention should be confined to Dudley.

Gleanings.

Rev. Job Berry, Presiding Elder of the Hillsboro District, North Carolina, writes us a very interesting letter. He says: "I am highly pleased with 'The Southern Workman.' I would to God that it was circulated throughout North Carolina. We North Carolinians have long been oppressed and kept in darkness by disgraceful Ku Klux bands. I think the 'Southern Workman' will create new life among us and brighten our prospects for the future."

Mr. H. H. Mitchell, of Trinas, Alabama, thinks he can raise a good club for our paper.

Rev. A. A. Jones writes us from Dalton, Ga., that a very pleasant union pic-nic was enjoyed by the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist Sunday-schools at Cat's Spring, near Dalton, on the 23rd of June. A number of addresses were delivered, and the following question was debated by Mr. Jones and Mr. Noah Foster: "Which is of most interest to a nation, peace or gunpowder?". The debate was decided in favor of paper. Mr. Jones reports progress in his Sunday-school.

Our agent in New Kent County, Va., writes: "The people seem to appreciate whitstay and tobacco rather more than the reading of an important, and interesting newspaper. But I shall keep on trying to get their names."

Mr. E. C. Brown, Camden, S. C., reports that the paper is well received, and he thinks the people will be glad to take it when the proper steps to do so are taken.

J. C. Davis, Esq., is working for us in Chatham, Va.

Montgomery, Ala. has an agent for the "Workman," in the person of J. M. McTherron, P. O. Box 62.

Mr. George W. Dickson, Brunswick County, N. C., says: "Without any exception, I like your paper the best of any I have yet read."

The Hon. Henry Turpin writes very pleasantly from Pemberton, Va. He promises to call on us in the autumn.

A lady teacher writes from Allen, S. C., "Will do all I can for your paper. Work and education, *practical education* are what I believe in."

Mr. Burwell White is quite enthusiastic in the hope of getting up a good sized club in Matthews County, Va.

Mr. Edward Goodwin, Goochland County, Va., writes that it is very dry in his region, and the crops are suffering. Oats, corn and grass promise very poorly, and stock are beginning to lack good food. Wheat, on the contrary is very good.

Mr. Noah Hook is presenting the paper to the notice of the people of Weldon, N. C.

The Hampton Normal School.

VACATION.

All is very quiet on the banks of Hampton Creek. The Editorial Manager of this paper is sojourning among the green hills of New England. The Business Manager is trying to get over the effects of two weeks of the "heated term," spent in attendance upon the Boston Jubilee. Could our readers have seen the packing of trunks, the hurrying in hot haste, and the daily demonstrations attending the departure of the *Magnet*, they might feel as lonely as do we at this present writing. But after all, life runs along in much the same grooves as usual. The first office clerk is also first janitor, and the bells he rings are neither few nor far between. The work equal on the farm comes and goes with clock-like precision, and the summer happenings of the region, such as excursions and exhibitions, keep the printers busy on posters and tickets. There is work here for all who are willing to work, and opportunity to study, for those who are inclined. The new catalogues and circulars will soon be printed. The mail brings daily applications for them. If one quarter of the scholars who desire to enter this institution ever survive here, our numbers will be very large.

We promised the late principal of the Butler School that we would make a note of his final departure from these parts. He was attended by a goodly company, and the scene when they left the landing was certainly exciting. We trust they may all return to pass here in the future many happy days.

The work of manufacturing brick at the yard near the road to Fort Monroe is progressing finely. Judge Oldfield, of Norfolk, who has charge of the work proposes to burn a new lot in a few days.

RECORD OF GRADUATES—CLASS OF '71.

W. H. Lee writes from Vicksville, Va.: "I am now getting along very well with my school. I met several of the graduates of Hampton on the boat not long ago. When I arrived at Winton, N. C., I saw one of my old classmates; it made me think of Hampton more than ever."

G. W. Lattimore closed his school at Kilmarnock, Va., June 29th. He had seventy scholars, and many more in the Sunday-school.

C. D. Johnson, of Howard University called on us this week. By the recent transfer of the Freedman's Bureau to the War Department, Mr. Johnson loses his situation, and he is now in search of a school for the next four months.

CLASS OF '72.

Maria Chisman is spending the summer in Winton, N. C.

Eliza G. Nottingham writes from her home in Baltimore that she greatly desires to procure a school at once.

John H. Carter after a brief visit to his home returned to Hampton and then went to Newbury, New York, in search of employment for the summer.

James A. Dungey is expected back to Hampton soon. He will give his attention to the study of music for some months to come.

Hutchins Lupp is at present acting as chief clerk in the office of "The Southern Workman."

Luke B. Phillips and Everett Williams are at present connected with the Hygeia Hotel at Fortress Monroe.

George L. Pryor is clerk in a store on what is known as the "Butler Farm."

UNDERGRADUATES.

A. S. Bryant, H. C. Edmonds and A. M. Hodges are spending the summer on Long Island.

C. S. Boston is teaching at Big Springs, Virginia.

Hugh C. Christopher is stopping for the present at Lima, New York.

Peyton Lewis is teaching at Liberty, Va. He is laboring earnestly to obtain subscribers for our paper.

THE SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

General News.

HORACE Greeley has been nominated for President of the United States by the Democratic Party. The long-waited-for Democratic Convention assembled in the city of Baltimore on Tuesday, July 9th. Hon. J. R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, was elected President. The final vote on the nomination was not taken till Wednesday, when Greeley and Brown received a unanimous vote. The convention passed the same resolutions that were adopted at the Liberal Convention held at Cincinnati last May. There was great rejoicing in some parts of the South when the news of Greeley's nomination was received. One hundred guns were fired at Capitol Square, Richmond, in honor of the event. No one can doubt now that if Horace Greeley is elected it will be by Democratic votes. No one can doubt either that his administration will be a democratic administration.

THE advocates of Gen'l Grant's re-election are keeping very quiet. Notwithstanding the speeches of stump orators and the leading editorials of certain newspapers about the present campaign being a very fierce one, there are many who predict that it will be far otherwise. There can be but little enthusiasm among the Democrats in voting for such a life-long Republican as Horace Greeley, and the friends of Gen'l Grant can afford to be calm, keep steadily at work, and patiently wait. The various State elections occur all through the autumn. That of North Carolina takes place early in August. After a few states have been heard from it will be easy to predict the result throughout the country.

THE spirit of the KuKlux is not dead yet. Hon. Thomas Settle, candidate for Congress in the Fifth North Carolina District was interrupted and his life threatened while speaking for Grant and Wilson, at Yanceyville, N. C., a few days ago.

CERTAIN gentlemen who are known as Free Traders had a little convention at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City recently to nominate a new ticket, for President and Vice-President. Some of them were the men who started the Cincinnati Convention, but who have become displeased with their work. They had a nice quiet time, and the men they chose were W. D. Groesbeck for President, and T. W. Ousstead for Vice-President. The latter gentleman immediately refused to run. The convention adjourned, and nobody cared for what it did.

ONE of the notable events of the season is the long continued strike of the mechanics of New York City, the object being to secure an acknowledgement from their employers that eight hours is sufficient time to be counted as a day's work. The truth is that this strike is for the purpose of getting ten hour's pay for eight hours' work. Some 61,000 men have been engaged in this strike. Many of them have been unemployed for a considerable time and much money has been lost and much trouble experienced both by the workmen and their employers. The iron founders have resolved that they are willing to work ten hours, and have resumed work. It is to be hoped the other trades will follow their example.

THE trial of Stokes who murdered Jim Fisk at a New York hotel last winter attracts much attention. There is no doubt but he is guilty, although there is little hope, so corrupt are the New York courts, that he will be hung.

CONGRESS at its last session passed a new postal bill reducing the postage on pamphlets, transient newspapers, magazines, unsealed circulars, book manuscript, corrected proofs, etc., from two cents for every four ounces or less, to one cent for every two ounces or less. It also authorizes the use of one cent postal cards for correspondence or for printed matter, the cards and stamps to be provided by government.

THE weather throughout the country has been terribly hot and many deaths from sunstroke have occurred, especially in the large cities.

THE Fourth of July was very generally celebrated, both North and South. The city of Boston was visited by a tornado on that day which caused the bursting of the huge baloon "Columbus," and came near creating a panic among the audience who were attending one of the last Jubilee concerts in the Coliseum. One or two timbers fell and the building was filled with clouds of dust. Mr. Dan. Godfrey was leading the English Band in the "Overtures to Zampa." Seeing that the people were frightened he at once changed the tune to the "Star Spangled Banner," and the people began to cheer, and thus forgot their fright.

THERE is good reason to suppose that the recent question between England and America —the Alabama Claims —will be satisfactorily settled before many months. It has been agreed upon between the two nations that claims for indirect damages when either nation fails to fulfill its neutrality obligations shall not hereafter be prosecuted. This opens the way for the settlement of the whole business. The announcement of so favorable issue was received with loud cheers in the English parliament. There seems at present to be much good feeling between America and England. In fact the visit of the Foreign Bands to this country is doing much to establish friendly relations between the countries which they represent.

THERE is some prospect that a complete evacuation of French territory on the part of the German troops will soon take place. The provisional government which was organized only to treat with the Germans must then come to an end and a permanent government take its place. What the issue will be no man can tell. Already the President, M. Thiers has begun to quarrel with the party that has hitherto supported him. Perhaps the contending factions will break out in their old violence. The republican sentiment is, however, developing rapidly in France, and it may be that the republic will live and flourish.

IT is currently reported that the new Spanish ministry, which represents the liberal, but of course not the republican sentiment of the kingdom, is in favor of a separation of church and state in Spain.

Agricultural.

BOOK FARMING.

Those who are opposed to book farming are requested to read the following, and give us their opinion.—

There was a farmer once who hesitated not to burl in a manner of invective against book farming and those who consulted books for advice. By long experience and practical observation, he had become quite successful in the culture of grapes and trees. His fields were clean and fair, and highly productive. His trees were vigorous, well adjusted and profitable.

In conversation with a friend, he related his experience in raising grapes and trees, entering into the minutest details, some times becoming quite eloquent when describing his victories over the enemies which infested them.

"His knowledge," he said "was gained by dint of application, by actual experience and hard labor. It was none of your book knowledge, written by men who knew nothing about farming."

"Well," said his friend, "if all this valuable information gained by assiduous labor and observation of so many years, and which you have so clearly described, were written out and published, which would you have a young and experienced man do—take this as he finds it from your pen, or go through the same tedious process that you have gone through with including its vexations and losses?"

The question puzzled him, and he was silent for a moment; but was obliged at last to confess that, after all, there was much that was valuable in books, because combining and relating the results and experience of practical cultivators.

Do not condemn book farming. You may criticise certain books very severely, because written by ignorant, theoretical hands, but there is always good wheat as well as abundant chaff. So there are many good books as well as poor ones.

The time may come, when a single hint from a book or paper may save your farm or orchard, or add to your wealth, by telling you how to lourease your crops.

BALKY HORSES.

It is rarely well to whip or kick or scold a balky horse, as in the common practice. One of the best modes is to feed him where he stands with any accessible food, such as oats, ears of corn, or even grass by the wayside, or hay from the wagon, which can be provided for the emergency. Forgetting his whim, he will generally start without trouble. Another good way is to do something not harmful, but new; as filling his mouth with loose dirt, which a desire to get rid of will divert his thoughts, and before he knows it he will be jogging unconsciously along.

We have often seen this done with the most satisfactory success. Sometimes if one can spare the day, it is best to wait till, from weariness and hunger, the animal submits to your will; and the triumph in this instance is generally complete.

TRANSPLANTING PLANTS.—The editor of the Germantown "Telegraph" says: "There is no mode that we ever tried so effectual in transplanting; tomato, cabbage, cauliflower or any other tender plant from the hot bed, or from one place to another, as to prepare a vessel filled with manure water and rich soil, about the consistency of thin mush, with which the roots of the plants should be well coated, and set in a hole made with a round piece of wood or dibble. After being rather firmly planted moisten again with manure water. We have never failed in any transplanting when done in this way, and the trouble is very slight."

Children's Department.

Dear Children:—You all know that the Fourth of July has come and gone, within a few days. Some of you have seen it celebrated by the firing of guns and crackers, by martial music and fire-works. Others met to Sunday-school picnics on that day, I do not doubt. You know, I suppose, that the Fourth of July is celebrated all over this country, but not in other countries of the world. The people of America lived on this continent a great many years before anybody ever thought of celebrating the fourth day of July. But ninty-six years ago there was a war in the country and the representatives of the people were holding a meeting in the Old State House in the city of Philadelphia to see how they could best become free of their enemies. This meeting had been going on all the summer and the people were very anxious to hear what it would do. On the fourth of July, it was reported in the city that Congress, as the meeting was called, were going to declare the United States of America, free and independent. All the people were very glad and very much excited too. The doors of the State House were kept closed; but there was a great crowd outside, waiting for them to be opened. It is said that the old man who used to ring the State House bell went away up into the tower where the bell was, so as to be ready to ring it as soon as he should hear that the people were free. Down on the steps near the great doors, the old man's little grandson stood, ready to run up the stairs to the tower and give the word when it was time to ring the bell. It is a curious fact that years before these words had been placed on that bell: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." You can find them in the book of Leviticus, 25th chapter, and 10th verse. The old man waited long in the tower and the little boy on the steps while the bell was still; but after a while the doors were opened and Congress came out and what we call the Declaration of Independence was read to the crowd. Then the little boy ran up the stairs and cried out, "Grandpapa, ring, ring, ring!" And the old man rung, and the people shouted, and that was the first celebration of the Fourth of July in America. We can well afford to celebrate in our day, for all men are free in our country to-day, and the bells we hear do proclaim liberty to all. If you should go to Philadelphia, you could see the building where Congress met; they call it Independence Hall now. Inside this hall is that old bell, and the table on which the Declaration was signed. I know you will be glad to see this poem about the boy and his grandpapa, which was published in the "Christian Weekly" last week.

Liberty and Independence.

JULY 4, 1776.

There was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the black Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chesnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they wont refuse!"

Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled—
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Bind his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The door has opened quivers
Through all its lengthened line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, determined intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts; "Ring! Grandpa,
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron-music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And, from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old State-House bell is silent;
Hushed is now its clam'rous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;

And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out, loudly, "INDEPENDENCE!"
Which, please God, shall never die!

The Picture.

We have here a picture that belongs to the new order of things. Here are some happy little colored boys marching along the street carrying the Star Spangled Banner with them. Their teacher is keeping them in order and several army officers and other gentlemen are looking on. Where do you think the boys are going? Perhaps they are on the way to school. It may be this is the first day, and they are taking the flag to put up over the school-house. I rather think it is a Sunday-school picnic and they are going out into the country to spend the day. It may be the Fourth of July. No matter where they are going, I am sure they are all very happy. All, did I say? See that man on the right, looking over the officer's shoulder. I am afraid you see something a good deal like a scowl on his face; I do not think he believes in free schools.

Not long ago I saw a great many children like those in the picture, march along the city streets. It was a bright day in May. They were going to put flowers on the graves of the Union soldiers who died far from their homes and friends that the dear old flag might not be dishonored, and that we might all be free. It was very quiet where those graves were. They were covered with green grass, and all the walks were neatly cared for. God only knows how many fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters,—yes and children too —who live far away at the North would have blessed those children if they could have watched them put flowers upon the graves of the soldiers they loved so well.

I can look out of my window now and see this flag of our country as it glistens in the summer sunshine. Is there a more beautiful thing to look upon than the American Flag? Thank God for such a country and such a flag.

If you would be loved, be kind, and always speak the truth.

FORT MONROE,

Old Point Comfort, Va.

GENERAL FORWARDING,

FIRE & LIFE

INSURANCE

Agency.

Adams Express Company.

GREAT EASTERN, WESTERN, AND SOUTHERN EXPRESS.

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Royal Insurance Company,
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Cash Assets . . . $3,500,506.27

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AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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Capital . . . $300,000.00
All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid in full. Persons desiring to obtain reliable insurance are solicited to give us their patronage.

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of every desirable form issued upon the most liberal terms as to residence and travel, by the

GLOBE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Assets . . . $2,123,186.39

The principal features of this company are, Absolute Security, Economical Management, and Liberality to the Insured.

REPUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE UNITED STATES.
Organized July, 1870.

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Insurance effected since organization over	$20,000,000.00
Annual premiums on policies in force over	$500,000.00

Its department organizations in all the leading cities make it a home company everywhere. The largest company of its age in the world. Insures on the low rates of the stock plan.

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For rates of passage, freights, or other information apply to R. L. POOR, General Agent, Baltimore, Md.; CHAS. E. YEATMAN, Agent, Portsmouth, Va.; JOHN VERMILLION, Agent, Norfolk, Va., or to

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SAVINGS & TRUST

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All accounts *strictly private and confidential.*

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WATCHMAKER

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Shades, Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, etc., always on hand.

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JOHN T. BENTLEY,
Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

For the Southern Workman.

When to Pray.

BY MRS. MARY N. W. BLAKE.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go at the close of day,
Go when the way is brightest,
Alone with God to pray.

Go oft in youth's bright freshness,
Go oft in manhood's prime,
Go till thy hours with stillness
From out no earthly shrine.

Go in each hour of sadness,
Go in joy's brightest day;
Prolong each hour to meet Him,
While lingering there to pray.

Go with the early sunlight,
Go in the noon's high day,
Go in the darksome midnight,
In secret always pray

True Manliness.

A SERMON BY REV. RICHARD TOLMAN,

June 9, 1872, the last Sabbath of the Term of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

I Kings, 2: 2.—"Shew thyself a man." A man—not the mere outline or picture of a man, but a man in fact, as well as in form; with a man's mind and heart and soul, as well as body; allied by the material part to the earth, and by the spirit to the skies; a man made in God's image, after God's likeness, for God's glory. Now an important requisite for the development of the highest manhood is

INDUSTRY.

However we may differ in other respects, we should all have that best kind of genius, the genius for hard work. More is to be expected from such genius than from any amount of lazy talent.

When the celebrated English painter, Turner, was asked what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret but hard work."

When that prince of philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, was asked how he came by his wonderful discoveries in science, he replied, "By thinking," the hardest kind of work. Yes, Newton's great discoveries were not the result of indolence, did not come to him in his sleep, were not whispered to him in his dreams, "did not drop into his idle lap, a windfall from the clouds," but were the fruits of patient, profound, laborious thinking; his grand elevation being attained, according to his own testimony, not by that heaven-born genius possessed by only a few, but by that genius for hard work, which should be manifested by all.

That popular novelist, Charles Dickens, the productions of whose prolific pen have such a charm for the million, testifies that the only secret of his success was hard work, saying, "My own invention, or imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention."

Our own Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, acquainted with some fifty different languages, declares that the only secret of his marvelous linguistic acquirements is hard work, saying, "All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be, by that patient, plodding, persevering process of accretion, which builds up ant-heaps, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact."

The Honorable Henry Wilson, just nominated for the Vice-Presidency of the United States ("The Natick Cobbler," as he is sometimes called), rose from the humble shoe-bench to his present exalted position in the nation; rose by the same common, homely genius, by which so many others have risen, the genius for hard work.

And this is the only kind of genius on which it is safe for any of us to rely; and on this we may rely with confidence.

Be it then we must begin low down. How many now on the top round of the ladder of human distinction, began their ascent at the very lowest round, from the level of the common mass, rising only by continued, persevering effort.

By such effort you too may be sure to rise. Instead of therefore, like some foolish persons, going to any pretended fortune-teller, to ascertain your destiny, consider that, in an important sense, God has put that destiny in your own hands, made you the architects of your own fortune; that the best way of determining your destiny is by the degree of your genius for work; that while idleness, in the language of sacred writ, "shall clothe a man with rags," the Divine word to us is, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business"—not loafing around, with his hands in his pockets, indolently waiting for something to turn up, but rolling up his sleeves, and vigorously putting forth his hands to turn up something—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men,"—this diligence in business, this genius for work, being the most direct way to honor, the highest pledge of success; right diligently done, ever ensuring a glorious destiny.

CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

This also is needed for the development of the highest manhood. Some work, work hard, but accomplish little, because they work to such an extent without thinking, using their hands only, not their minds. Now there is no such thing as turning our labor to the best account, without employing brain as well as muscle. In the language of inspired writ, "A wise man is strong"—not merely the man of brawny arm, but he of shrewd head—"A wise man is strong; yea a man of knowledge increaseth strength,"—by his inventions and appliances he increaseth strength, in manufactures for example, in a hundred-fold proportion to physical force; increaseth strength even in agriculture, so that one thinking head will often accomplish more than a dozen stout hands,—thought, in every department of life, being of vastly greater efficiency than mere muscular strength.

Indeed, so far from attaining the highest end, one is liable to the most humiliating and disastrous defeat, morally as well as industrially, just in the degree in which he neglects thoughtful consideration.

Last summer, on a sea voyage from Norfolk to Boston, we had a narrow escape from the same breakers, on which a vessel had been wrecked but a few days before. While surrounded by a dense fog, and going at the rate of some eight miles an hour, the look-out at the bow gave the startling alarm of breakers ahead. Instantly the ship was reversed, and was thus barely saved from destruction; —saved under God, by means of the vigilant look-out at the prow.

There are perils in our track over life's ocean, moral breakers; and if a young man will not consider his ways, will not keep any look-out at the prow, but will steam on recklessly, he is in fearful danger of making everlasting shipwreck of his soul. Amid the manifold moral perils that beset you, your only safety is in careful consideration, a watchful look-out at the prow.

DETAMINED ENERGY.

This should be combined with careful consideration in order to develope the highest manhood. It matters little how much one knows and thinks, if he has not force enough to do. We want pluck and push as well as brain; and, as a matter of fact, a comparatively small amount of brain, with a large supply of push, will put a man through, where he, whose head is a living library, may stick fast by the way.

"Creation's blot, creation's blank,
Whom none could love, whom none could thank."

Amos Lawrence rose to be a princely merchant of Boston, and what is better, a man of princely beneficence, and so shone for many years as a bright star in the clear upper sky, and then set at last

"As sets the morning star,
That goes not down behind the darkened west,
Nor hides obscured among the clouds,
But melts away into the pure light of heaven;"

leaving his name and deeds of mercy embalmed in ten thousand grateful hearts.

Think too of the prophet Daniel, surrounded by a band of conspirators plotting against his life, threatened with death in the lion's den, if he persevered in his habits of prayer, yet when he "knew that the writing was signed; he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and"—without swerving or faltering in the least, but with the noblest independence—"prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime;"—thus holding on in his course of obedience to heaven, despite the sneer of the world, the frown of power, and the king's unchangeable decree of death; and God rewards him with a complete and glorious victory. Be alike independent in God's service, and like him, you shall win, not the mere laurels of earth, but the crown of heaven.

Nor at this time, when the newspapers are so laden and darkened with the records of corruption and fraud in almost every department of life, should I fail to remind you that, in order to the development of the highest manhood, you must be of

UNSULLIED HONESTY.

The temptation to get money somehow, by fair means if not by fair, by lying or cheating or forging, or some such species of iniquity, may be very strong in case of those pinched with want; it being peculiarly hard, as is said, for an empty bag to stand upright. But whatever the temptation, stand it as you would shun the plague, no more dally with it than with a rattlesnake.

Think of Judas. By treachery, he got thirty pieces of silver, and meant to enjoy the money. Enjoy it! Ah! that was a fatal mistake. Judas found by bitter experience, as have so many others since, that money thus wickedly obtained is anything but enjoyable. How did those thirty pieces of silver so scorch his palm, and pierce with agony his soul, that he threw them away as he would a burning coal or stinging viper, and went and hanged himself. And be assured that, whatever temporary gratification unrighteous gain may afford, it will at last bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.

Be then of unsullied honesty. If only one leak admits the water, the ship is not safe. Stopping but a little over, may plunge one down the fearful precipice to the very bottom. And when once in the mire of deceit and fraud, the more you floundier, the deeper you will sink. Beware therefore of a single link of this infamy, in the shape of the smallest theft or cheat; beware of overstepping, in the slightest degree, the bounds of strict integrity; remembering that only he, who, in the language of sacred writ, "walketh uprightly, walketh surely;"—his steps not slipping, nor sliding, nor sinking, but resting surely just in the degree in which they rest on the rock of uprightness. Oh amid the abounding corruption of the day, when it seems as though scarcely anything is struck but what sounds hollow; amid the fraudulent rogues and rings of rogues that infest the land, how manifest that, besides iron-clad ships and bomb-proof forts, we need men and women so sheathed with integrity, so fortified by the principles of love and loyalty to God, as to be proof against every temptation to cheat or defraud; whose hands will be unsoiled by any unrighteous gain; to whom virtue is more precious than gold; who will not defile their pockets by a single dishonest dollar.

"I'd rather be right than be President," is reported as a saying of Henry Clay. Whether he said so or not, it is the right; but he ought to have said it. And every one of us ought to be able to say in sincerity, "I'd rather be right than have any of the offices, honors or riches, which the nation or the world can bestow." Would you then each show yourself a man, show yourself of an honesty as incorruptible as the diamond, as incapable of stain as the light of heaven. Show yourself, be it added moreover, of

A CHARACTER FULL-ROUNDED AND COMPLETE.

And can there be such a character without religion? Is any one a finished man, whatever his attainments in human and earthly things, who neglects the divine and the heavenly? The Divine word to us is, "Ye are complete in Him," as though we could be complete only as modeled after God's own pattern of a man—here being no such thing as coming to a perfect man, except so far as we, in the words of scripture, "come to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Indeed, so far from developing a full and heaven-blessed manhood without religion, we do not approximate towards it. The very beginning of wisdom, according to scripture, is the fear of God; the first step in true manliness, as Christ taught, is to repent and seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Neglect this, and you neglect the one thing needful. Fail of this, and you fail of that most worthy of a rational and immortal being; that indispensable to a complete man, a man blessed on earth, and blessed forever in heaven.

Before then the frostwork and ice of worldliness have gathered around the heart, chilling its best affections and blighting whatever is lovely and of good report; before any habits of sinful indulgence have bound you to earth with fetters of iron, and your character has passed from fluid into fixt, heed the voice from heaven, "My son, give me thine heart;" so that, instead of living an ungodly and miserable life, and going down to a dishonored grave, with no other prospect before you than that of a wretched and undone eternity, you may bless the world in your passage through it, die the happy death of the righteous, and be prepared for the joyful "well done" of your Lord, in the day of final reckoning.

This is indeed to make something valuable of life, to crown it with the wreath of a happy immortality, to coin its every hour into the imperishable gold of heaven.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.

My young friends, will not you make such a blissful and glorious life as that referred to yours? You know that with some life is successful and happy, rich in the joys of the present, radiant with the hopes of the future, the very sunbeam of heaven; while with others, life is a bitterness, a burden, a miserable failure, the prelude of the blackness of darkness forever, so that they wish that they had never been born.

Would you therefore make the best of life, make it bright with the smiles of God's favor on earth, and crowned with his glory in heaven, show yourselves true men and women. Let the reptile act out the reptile, and the brute show himself a brute; but may you who, in distinction from the beasts that perish, are made "with port erect and face toward heaven," with a soul as well as body, be something above the animals, act worthy of your high nature and exalted destiny, as becomes sons and daughters of the King of kings.

Such is the grand end for which the very best of teachers have been laboring the past three years. And as you are about to go forth into the world as the inmore and guides of your race, it is for you to show that your teachers here have not labored in vain; to show it by your faithful industry, your careful consideration, your determined energy, your noble independence, and unsullied honesty; to show it, in short, by a character well rounded and complete—thus honoring your school, honoring your race and your race, honoring your country and your God. Remember that the way to pass for true men and women, and to be respected as such, is to be such in reality; that this veneering and cheap gilding will not answer for solid wood and pure gold; that it is not the mere outward show of goodness, but the actual "well doing," which will, according to scripture, "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;" repelling their taunts and sneers, overcoming their prejudices, commanding their respect. May such well-doing characterize you always and everywhere, so that if not arrayed, like some, in the costly apparel, or decked with the gold of earth, you may have that infinitely better, the garments of righteousness and ornaments of grace, which are of great price in the sight of heaven; and thus be numbered among the jewels of God, and shining at last as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

Joseph Garibaldi. *

Who is this goodlooking gentleman in the picture? Why does he wear an embroidered skull-cap, and have so unusual a name? He is a foreigner and a revolutionist. He has lived sixty-five years, and has been a sailor, a steamboat captain and a general. He was born in Nice, a city on the Mediterranean Sea, belonging to France. He has lived in most of the countries of Europe, in Africa, in our own country, and in South America. In most of these countries he has fought in battle, sometimes at the head of a mere handful of men, and again with an army behind him. Like many brave men in Europe, he has always been poor. Although he has fought for Liberty all his life, and has won many battles, he cannot be called a successful man. The kings of Europe are too strong, and their armies are too large to be overthrown by one general, unless he has a brave and determined people to support him. There are thousands of brave men in Europe who desire a republic, and are ready to die for one, but the masses of the people are not fitted to govern themselves. No true republic can exist anywhere in the world unless the people are intelligent, and inclined to obey the laws. It seems almost useless for such men as Garibaldi to marshal armies and bring on wars that republics may flourish in Southern Europe. But no cause can triumph without earnest champions; and it cannot be denied that the name of Garibaldi has done much to encourage the friends of liberty all over the world. While fighting against the French in 1859, it is said of him that he owned but one shirt, and when it became necessary to wash that, he used to retire to his tent until it was dry. He wore a short blouse buttoned snugly about the waist and rists, but otherwise quite loose. It was called a Garibaldi, and was very fashionable, especially with the ladies, in this country, ten years ago. During our last war, a regiment of men, exiles from Southern Europe called the "Garibaldi Guards," was raised in New York city to fight for the Union. I remember of reading in one of the papers of the day, that many of those men, when they marched to the war, carried with them pet kittens. For months after, these words kept running through my mind,—

"The Garibaldi Guard went down the street
With fifty kittens on their necks."

* This Picture was published in "Every Saturday," for Jan. 7th, 1871. J. R. Osgood, Esq., of Boston, kindly loaned it to the "Southern Workman."

The One Talent.

When Sammy Hicks, "The Village Blacksmith," was once conversing with the Rev. J. P. Thaxwell, on the subject of individual responsibility, he said: "I have but one talent, but I am resolved so to use it, that no one shall get it from me to make his ten into eleven."

THE

FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS & TRUST COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,427,327.67, being an increase of fifty per cent. on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, are each month carried to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $126,218.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $5,000,000 due depositors.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn in Part after one year.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available only where in the United States.

ACCOUNTS TRANSFERED,

at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch without risk or trouble, and without loss of interest.

For full information about the Bank address the Secretary at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information required may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or D. L. Eaton.

LAND FOR SALE

On the Peninsula.

I have for sale 300 Acres of land between Wormley's and Fort Monroe, Virginia. This section of the Country is fully and admirably described in the language of Captain John Smith: "Within is a country that may boast the perspective over the most pleasant places known; for large and pleasant navigable rivers, how each commodity never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation, were it fully manured and inhabited by industrious people. There are mountainous, hils, plaines, valleyes, rivers, neat brooks, all running most pleasantly into a fairy bay, compassed but for the mouth with fruitful and delightsome land.—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH."

WILLIAM E. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., AUGUST, 1872. NO. 8.

Summer.

How fast the rapid hours retire!
How soon the spring was done!
And now no cloud keeps off the fire
Of the bright, burning sun.

The slender flower had dreads to swell
In that undoubted blue,
And treasures in its fading bell
The spark of morning dew.

The stream bounds lightly from the spring
To cool and shadowy caves;
And the bird dips his weary wing
Beneath its sparkling waves.

Joe. Hodgkin's Bible Class.

A good picture is worthy of careful study. In looking at such a picture as the one on this page, we should seek to discover what the idea of the artist was when he drew it. In this picture we see some things that we do not usually find in the same room. We can see at once that the old man and the boy are sitting in a blacksmith's shop. We can see the forge and the anvil, the sledge-hammer and grappling tongs hanging from the high beam; the smaller iron tools and the horse-shoes on the wall. But the big book on the anvil, and the other book on the lowest shelf in the quaint cupboard over the blacksmith's head, make us wonder what kind of a blacksmith's shop this can be. The name of this smith is Joe Hodgkins. He lived out in the country on a quiet hilltop. It was not far from the city, and city people used to ride by the shop sometimes. One day a lady and gentleman from the city, while taking an evening ride, were stopped in front of the shop by Joe Hodgkins, who was determined to put a new shoe on to the horse they drove, whether they were willing or not. He had noticed that the horse was lame because one of his shoes was not properly set, and he was not willing the carriage should go on till all was right. Joe did not believe in "cruelty to animals," even if it was not intentional on the part of the driver.

Two years after that, the same lady and gentleman were driving along the same road. Just before they came to the shop, their horse lost off a shoe, and they stopped, at Joe Hodgkins to have it replaced. That was the time when Joe was found seated at the anvil with his Bible spread out before him, reading aloud to little Joe, who was just home from school. And this is the verse he was reading: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."—*Romans* xii: 20.

When Joe found the gentleman was waiting, he wrapped the Bible up in an old cloth very carefully, and started up his bellows. Then he began to explain to little Joe the verse he had read.

"Now look here, Joe," said he, "you see this horseshoe. I can do nothing with it as it is now. I might hammer on while it is cold all day long, and it would never budge an inch. Perhaps I might break it, but I never could bend it, not the least bit. But now you see," (suiting the action to the word), "what I am going to do to it. First I put it in the fire, so; then I blow the bellows, and I heap the coals of fire on this way, and I blow, and I blow, and I blow till I get it red-hot, and then I take it out and put it on the anvil, and I hammer it into any shape I want it: Don't you see, Joe? That's what I suspect the Scripture means when it tells us to heap coals of fire on the heads of our enemies. As long as we keep off, and treat them coldly, they are as stiff as a bit of cold iron; but when we treat them kindly, and do them good, we soften them, and we can do with them pretty much as we like. And you see, Joe, if this shoe does not come right the first time, I put it into the furnace again, and heat it some more, and so I keep on till I fix it just as I want it. The next time Jim Hawkins tries to worry you, you try to fix him in the same way. It's the best way to fix our enemies, you may depend upon it, Joe."

But who was Jim Hawkins? He was one of the boys who had been making fun of little Joe, because he used to go into his father's shop every noon, and hear the Bible read and explained. Little Joe could not bear to be laughed at, and he and Jim had finally got into a fight, the day before. So his father was showing him a better way to get along with the boys.

But why do you suppose Joe took so much pains to read the Bible to little Joe every noon-time. It was because they had taken the Bible out of the school that he attended. Is there any father or mother who reads this article, who would be willing to send a child to a school where the Bible could not be read?

Yet there are a great many people in this country, who demand that the Bible shall be taken out of our public schools. These people are the Roman Catholics. Most of them came from over the sea. They were poor when they came to America. The people of this country arrested them kindly, and allowed them to have the same religious privileges that they had in their own countries. And now they have become rich and powerful, and they are trying to dictate to us where and when we shall not have the Bible read—the Bible that our fathers loved, which is the glory of our country. They had taken it out of the school where little Joe went, (so says the story in the "Christian Weekly,") and Joe's father said, "As to having Joe grow up like a heathen, without knowing the Word, that is not to be thought of." So he used to take Joe into the shop at noon; and after they had eaten their dinner together, the father read the Bible and the son listened. The school-boys, seeing them there, called them "Joe Hodgkin's Bible class."

The picture reminds me of the hymn that the children sing:

"We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth," etc.

JOE HODGKIN'S BIBLE-CLASS.

The Bible.

Some years ago, a heathen chief paid a visit to England. He was lost in wonder while watching the people of that country, and in studying their institutions and inventions. During his visit, he called on Queen Victoria, and among other things he asked her why her kingdom was so powerful, and wherein its glory consisted. "England's glory rests upon this book," said the Queen, placing her hand on a Bible that was lying near.

A truer sentence was never uttered. The Bible is the basis of civilization, the glory of every civilized nation. In the dark ages of the world, before the art of printing was invented, Bibles were very rare. Those that did exist were generally chained to the pulpits of the churches. There were very few who could read any book in those days.

The word Bible comes from the Greek language. It means simply, "book." It was first used to indicate that the Bible is the book of all books. The Old Testament was first written in the Hebrew language. It is thought that Moses began to write the Bible, being inspired by the Spirit of God, when he was keeping sheep in the land of Midian, nearly sixteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. He wrote the first five books of the Bible, excepting the last chapter of Deuteronomy; and it is thought he wrote the book of Job, which is supposed to be one of the oldest in the Bible. After Moses, other men wrote different books at intervals, and it was not till twelve hundred years after Moses wrote, and four hundred years before Christ, that the Old Testament was finished. Of course the Old Testament was all the Bible the Jews had in the time of Christ. It was then read in their churches, as the whole Bible is now in ours.

The New Testament was first written in the Greek language by the early apostles of Christ. St. John wrote the last book, some sixty-three years after the death of Christ. None of the twelve disciples were living then but John. By that time, the religion of Jesus had begun to spread all over the world, and the Bible began to be changed or translated from the Hebrew and the Greek, into other languages. The work of translating the Bible into the different languages of the world, has been going on ever since, and there are men engaged in it now.

The wish of Christians is that all the people in the world shall have Bibles printed in their own languages.

Before the days of printing, all books had to be written out on papyrus, parchment, or wax, in a very laborious way. The Jews were very particular to have every letter and point just right when copying the Scriptures.

When our Saviour says, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled," it is thought that he means that not one point of the Hebrew letters, or one "little horn" shall be rubbed out till all that is written in the law of God shall be fulfilled.

The first book ever printed was the book of Psalms, in 1477. The whole of the Old Testament was printed in 1488, and the whole Bible about three years later.

The work of correcting the New Testament, and deciding which of the many copies was the best, was almost as great as the work upon the Old Testament. So much of the New Testament is composed of letters which had been sent to the different churches all over the world, that it was found very difficult to collect the materials for a complete testament, or will, for that is the meaning of the word of our Saviour.

It is impossible in so short an article, to give any idea of the changes that have taken place in arranging the books of the Bible, in dividing up the text so as to employ chapters and verses, in punctuation, in marginal references, and in making concordances. Nor can I stop to tell of the life-long labors of scholars in all ages, to improve the text of the Bible. By improving the text I mean correcting the errors in it.

One of the first men who undertook to translate the Bible into English was John Wicliffe, who was born about the year 1324. At one time he was a teacher in the leading college of the land, and a popular minister, but he began very early to denounce the corruptions in the church, and was at last driven from college, and forced to live a quiet life. There, with the help of his friends, he translated the Bible. The world honors him now; but so filled were some of the people then, and so ignorant, that when he was dead they went and dug up his bones and burned them, trying to insult his memory, because, they said, he was a heretic. He died in 1384.

Fifty years after, another English edition of the Bible was published by two men whose names were Tyndale, and Coverdale. This edition, including the work of both these men, contained the whole of the sacred writings. Tyndale was burned at the stake by his religious enemies, in 1536, and Coverdale became Bishop of Antwell, soon after.

In some of your Bibles, you will notice, there is in the beginning of the book, an address "To the Most High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, the Translators of the Bible, wish Grace, Mercy, and Peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord." This address was written in 1611. King James the First, at a conference held at Hampton Court, near London, about the year 1600, appointed fifty-four distinguished ministers to make a new English translation of the Bible. Seven out of the fifty-four died before the work was done. The task was finished in 1611, and the new Bible was printed by Robert Barker. It is no wonder that the translators felt moved to write an address to the King when they had finished their work. The address sounds very queerly to us who live in a Republic, and there are very few in this age who would speak so flatteringly to a king, but that was the custom of the time. James was by no means the best of men, but the people were so glad to have the Bible within their reach, that they were willing to praise the King who had helped them to obtain it.

Since then, there has been little change in the English Bible. Many errors have been found in the translation, and there is much room for improvement. But on the whole, the work of those translators appointed by King James, has stood the tests of time wonderfully, and it is doubtful if a new translation will be attempted for many years. The Bible has done more to preserve the English language in its purity, to keep it from changing so that no one could tell what it once was, than any other book ever published.

Although hundreds, and perhaps thousands of books have been written to prove that the Bible is not true, its power in the world is greater than ever before.

If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding ever in the ascendant, children will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

THE Southern Workman.

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
H. W. BLAKE, *Assistant Editor.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

Each number will contain not less than three illustrations, will furnish a variety of choice reading, will tell what is going on in the world, and will aim to please and profit both old and young.

All are invited, the young especially, to ask by letter, questions on any subject upon which they wish information.

We shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

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We will give a handsome Bible costing thirteen dollars to any church or society which shall subscribe for fifty copies. Freight to be paid by the church in both cases.

To aid in building churches we will return twenty-five dollars to each for every one hundred one dollar subscriptions, or $18.75 for seventy-five subscriptions; or $12.50 for every fifty subscriptions.

In these cases the papers are to be sent in such bundles as may direct to be distributed by an agent to be appointed by the church.

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, AUGUST, 1872.

We were pleased, some time since, to receive accounts of a temperance revival among the colored people of Aiken, S. C. Such revivals have, for a long time, been common at the North, and, next to a revival of religion, nothing is more to be desired. It seems that about the beginning of the present year, some of the leading colored men of Aiken, applied to the chief officer of the Sons of Temperance in their county, to assist them in promoting the cause of Temperance among their race. That gentleman was obliged to inform them that he could not admit them into the Order of which he was a member, because the National Grand Division had forbidden the formation of colored lodges of Sons of Temperance. Just here, we would like to ask the members of that Order, if they do not believe the colored man is in just as much danger from the use of liquor as the white man? Is there not as much virtue in saving a colored man from ruin in this world, and eternal misery in the next, as there would be if he was white? Will not his family suffer just as much if he is a drunkard? Will not his children cry as piteously for bread as though they were whites?

But to return to Aiken. The officer of the Sons of Temperance, anxious to help the colored men in so good a cause, applied to Rev. G. J. Griffith, pastor of the Aiken Methodist Church, to see what could be done. That gentleman wrote out a book of instructions, and a ritual called the "Lodge of Abstinence Manual," and a separate temperance organization was formed for the colored people. This manual is very highly commended by the "Aiken Journal." The society is called the "Aiken Lodge of Abstinence, No. 1." Its membership is rapidly increasing, and the intention is to petition the Legislature for a charter. Several applications have been received from other places in the state, asking permission to form new lodges. The prospect is that the Sons of Abstinence will increase to a multitude.

We suppose this new lodge is a secret society. In general, we are opposed to secret societies. We should prefer that a temperance organization should be open and free to all. But we know that there are certain advantages claimed for secret temperance societies, that do not exist in connection with those not secret. Moreover, we fear anything that will cause the colored man and the whiskey jug to part company.

We have long been interested in a temperance movement going on in a quiet way, among the school children of Willmington, N. C. There is a society there, called the "Crusaders," composed of the members of the Williston school, which meets semi-monthly. This society has been in existence some four or five years. It is under the care of Miss Esther A. Warner. The members are pledged against rum, tobacco, and swearing. They solemnly promise neither to drink intoxicating liquors, nor to use tobacco, nor swear. Some of those children have been very severe in keeping their pledge. If the parents went to drink, it is hard for the children not to drink. But some of these Crusaders have even kept their parents from having liquor in the house. The Crusaders often hold public meetings, and sometimes large crowds attend them.

It is high time that more was done in the temperance cause at the South. If you want to find an orderly community, and a virtuous people, go where the rule of intoxicating liquor is forbidden. There are certain places in North Carolina, where it has been made a crime to sell liquor, by special act of the Legislature, because there are colleges or academies in those places. Those towns serve as examples of how the whole community would become, if liquor could be banished.

There is no need of a temperance society among the students of this institution. The members are required to abstain from all those things which temperance societies are designed to prevent. The use of tobacco is especially prohibited.

The temperance society should go hand in hand with the church and Sunday-school. Let those who are in danger have the power of temptation, who care not for liquor, and can go by a dram shop with no desire to turn in, let them rise up and do something to save there fellow men. Let us lift up the temperance banner where all may see it, so that some may flock about it and be saved from the plague of drunkenness, as the Israelites of old were healed of their disease by looking at the brazen serpent.

There is no place in the South, too small or poor for the traveler not to find in it a sign on which is painted in large letters, "Bar." Perhaps it is safe to say there is not a southern city where liquor is not sold on one-half the corners of the business streets. How long shall these things be?

We were at fault last month, in stating that the picture of the Zoological Garden was furnished by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. We should have credited it to J. R. Osgood of Boston. The picture on the third page was loaned us by H. O. Houghton & Co., of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. Both firms will please accept our apologies for these errors. We are indebted to them for two of the pictures in the present number. Mr. Osgood provides the portrait of Dumas, and H. O. Houghton & Co. furnish the children's picture on the third page.

We have just received the plates of six large pictures, from the American Tract Society of New York. The designs are excellent, and the finish of the plates is all that can be desired. Inform them that he could not admit them into the Order of which he was a member, because the National Grand Division had forbidden the formation of colored lodges of Sons of Temperance. Just here, we would like to ask the members of that Order, if they do not believe the colored man is in just as much danger from the use of liquor as the white man? Is there not as much virtue in saving a colored man from ruin in this world, and eternal misery in the next, as there would be if he was white? Will not his family suffer just as much if he is a drunkard? Will not his children cry as piteously for bread as though they were whites?

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Isaac N. Parker, who is teaching in Norfolk County writes us that he walks six miles in the morning to reach his school-house, and then back again at night for the sake of hearing at both and saving expense. There is a check for you. We do not believe he is ashamed to work.

Rev. W. E. Foster, of Tuscaloosa, Ala, called on us the other day. We were glad to welcome a visitor from so far South. He expressed himself much pleased with this institution. He tells us that some of the colored churches in Alabama are very large, and that a few of the preachers there receive handsome salaries,—from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars a year. Mr. Foster reports the state of the country as peaceably quiet.

"Teach as little as you can."—That is the motto of a celebrated teacher. The meaning is that in teaching, one should use as few words as he can, and at the same time clearly explain ideas he wishes to teach. Too many words confuse the children. They do not understand what they are to learn. A few ideas well taught are better than many poorly taught.

Sunday Excursions are quite popular now. Sometimes a church chartes a train on the Sabbath—for the purpose of going off somewhere to attend a funeral. Pastor and people leave their own service and spend the day coming and going. Sometimes church members start off on excursions Saturday night and travel until the next morning. They do not seem to think that it is any violation of the Sabbath if they only attend church during the day. Lately it was proposed by a clergyman not far distant that he and his people take an excursion on the Sabbath, to Fortress Monroe, and hold a sort of [illegible] to raise money to pay off the church debt. What is the difference between such excursions and [illegible] that are taken for mere pleasure? What are called the "world's [illegible]"

Look out for a swindle!—The world is full of chaff. If a man promises to give you ten times your money's worth, it you will only pay him what he asks, give him a wide berth. Keep away from him. He will surely cheat you. The book of the Savings Bank pays much better than a lottery ticket. There are thousands of sharpers all over the country, who are trying to get away the money you earn by hard work. They will offer you all sorts of things. Perhaps they will want to sell you some counterfeit money very cheap, and will tell you that you can easily pass it. You are sure to get into trouble if you have anything to do with them.

The farmers of Eastern Virginia are pretty much discouraged. The season is a hard one for them. Thousands of dollars have been lost in a single day in this region, on potatoes. They even talk of twenty-five cents a barrel for them in some places. Scarcely any one has realized anything from the early crops. The extreme cold of last spring retarded the crops about here so that they are scarcely any earlier than those in New Jersey. Much was hoped for when peaches should be ripe, but now they are decaying so rapidly that it becomes a question, if it is not best to cut down the trees and make room for something else.

Some teachers think it a good plan to have their pupils learn the names of the books of the Bible in their order, and recite them. We were present, not many months ago, at a State Normal School in Massachusetts, while such an exercise was going on. A class had been sent to the board to write the names of the books and then read them. Genesis and Exodus had been correctly written and pronounced. "Next," said the teacher. There was a pause, and everybody looked around. "The next book," said the scholar, "is—is Bartholomew, and I don't know how to spell it, sir." There were some who laughed.

We desire to say to our Northern friends who have subscribed for one paper or who may be asked to, that we intend to make it a mirror of the actual condition of the South. We have high hopes of being able to do this better than any political paper can, or any paper not printed on Southern ground. We believe our position will enable us to render a fair equivalent to all our subscribers, wherever they reside.

The National Educational Association holds its twelfth annual meeting this year in Boston, beginning August 6th. Many distinguished superintendents and teachers will be present; also a goodly number of Southern educators. Joseph Hodgson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Alabama, will read a paper on "Public Education in the South." We hope the association will be a benefit to general, and to Southern education.

We think if the heroism and sacrifices of some of the colored preachers herein the South could be known the world would applaud. We know of one preacher who last year gave up a business in the city, and took the position of Presiding Elder, in a North Carolina district, who receives no pay for his labors except the food he eats. He supports his family, in their old home, and pays all his traveling expenses; and all his people do is to feed him.

Eastern Virginia Sunday-school Union.

This organization was established in July, 1872, for the purpose of awakening and enlarging the Sunday-school interest of the State.

Pastors of churches and Superintendents of schools are *ex officio* members of the Union.

The chief object of the Association is to establish new schools in all the cities and counties of the State; also, to supply destitute schools with Bibles, papers, books, and all other helps requisite for the use of the Sunday-school.

These will be furnished gratis, as far as practicable, to those schools unable to pay for them; and all other schools making donations for the purchase of books and papers, will receive all they need at discount rates, thus enabling them to secure fully, one-third more of reading material than they otherwise could, should they purchase them outside of the agency of the Sunday-school Union.

Proceedings of the Union, and all matters of interest pertaining to the schools, will be published free of cost, in the "Southern Workman," by forwarding them to the general Sunday-school agent at Norfolk, Va.

Any school desiring assistance, will receive due attention by application of the superintendent, in person, or by letter, to

M. L'HOMMEDIEU,
General Agent,
Eastern Virginia S. S. Union,
Norfolk, Va.

Sunday-School Concert.

We publish by request, the particulars of a very interesting Sunday-school Concert, which was held in the Bate-st. Baptist Church, in Norfolk, Va., on Sabbath afternoon, July 27th, 1872, and which we think very worthy of imitation by the other schools of that city.

The exercises consisted of singing and recitations from different classes and members of the school. Two valuable silver prizes had been offered to the one who should commit to memory and repeat the greatest number of scripture verses. The contestants for these prizes were Luke Williams, George Hopper and Edward Valentine. The first recited in a very clear, and distinct manner one hundred verses, making twenty mistakes; the next repeated one hundred and five verses making fourteen errors; the last and successful one that obtained the prize, recited for nearly an hour in a very rapid manner, making only twenty mistakes in five hundred and forty verses. This number was only a part of what he had committed to memory; he was stopped by the superintendent, as the hour was now getting late, and no more time could be allowed him.

There was a Sunday-school Banner presented to the school by the superintendent Mr. J. Frazier. The prize for the best recitation in class was awarded to Joseph Valentine.

After the presentation of the prizes the exercises were concluded by singing,

"Shall we gather at the River," &c.

Sciopticon Exhibition at Hampton.

The members of Mr. Taylor's church were highly entertained on Monday evening, July 22d, and the members of Mr. Thornton's church, on Tuesday evening, July 23d, by a Sciopticon Exhibition under the management of Mr. L'Hommedieu, of Norfolk. These exhibitions were partly for the purpose of aiding the congregations in building new churches. The audience were very much pleased. The loud and continued applause from those present, as the different pictures were shown, in many cases prevented the voice of the lecturer from being heard. Appropriate music was furnished under the direction of Mr. Thos. P. Fenner, the Musical Instructor at the Normal School. Mr. L'Hommedieu, who is an agent for the "Southern Workman" in Norfolk, proposes to give other entertainments of like character, in different parts of this state.

Rotation in Office.

For many years an idea has prevailed in this country that a man ought not to hold an office very long, but that after a year or two he should give place to some one else. We hear a good deal of such talk in the political speeches now being made. A great many men speak of offices as though they were made for the people to get them, and as if they were merely arrangements by which a certain number of persons can obtain a comfortable living. Those same men often come to an office-holder and say, "You have had a nice easy time for a year or two, now stand aside and let your neighbor have the same chance." Such ideas are altogether foolish and wrong. Political offices are not established for the sake of men who hold them. They are for the good of the whole people, and every office-holder who does his duty is the servant of the people. The people intend that their servants shall have fair pay for the work they do; that they shall be paid as other men are paid. Any man who accepts an office for the sake of enriching himself rich is not worthy to be honored by the people. He should be allowed to retire to private life as soon as possible.

But if an office-holder is honest and faithful he should not be turned out of his office because any one else wants it or because any one else thinks it is his "turn" to hold office. Any man who has been in office some time, and always done his duty and pleased the people, and say to his "Give me a chance to hold this office of yours." I have no more right to do it than I have to go into a man's store or shop and say "Look here, you have been carrying on business here for some time, and you unfriend just what to do. How you just get off somewhere else, and let me see what I can do."

There is another style of talking that is common now which is even worse than any thing I have mentioned. One may say, "Here is Mr. A; we all know he is getting rich by his office. Some of the rest of us want to get rich too; he must give a new man a chance at the next election." In such cases there is little difference between the man who has made money and the one who wants to make it. The people should turn the cold shoulder upon both of them.

It does not pay to elect new men to office except for the best of reasons. It takes a new man from one to two years to learn how to perform the duties of his office. If a man is corrupt, if he is arrogant or "stuck up," if he does not prove true to the principles he was elected to carry out, or if he is not able to do well what his office requires he should do, let him be turned out. But do not let him ever be turned out simply because some one clamors for "rotation in office." In many cases it is very poor policy to elect new men to office because there is a change in the party in power. What difference does it make if a county superintendent of schools is a democrat or republican, provided he is a good man of schools for all, or what party a highway surveyor belongs to, if he keeps the roads in good repair? It is better to have men of both parties united in such enterprises as these, and those who do not see it are blind to the signs of the times.

Health.

In a very warm summer like this, we should take great care of our health. When we breathe in pure air, it is life to us. When we breathe it out it has poison in it. So we need a supply of fresh air all the time both day and night, and should never sleep long in rooms from which the fresh air is shut out.

The air often has disease in it. This is caused by the decay of substances rotting on, or near the ground. Everything that has an offensive smell should be removed, as it may cause sickness. Along the borders of swamps after many warm days there will be much poison in the air. We should avoid such places if we can, and live on the dry ground. The poison in the air is generally near the earth, and it is well to sleep in upper rooms if we can. In warm weather the whole body should be washed often. Our clothing should be clean and often changed.

Food sometimes causes disease. Fat meats are not good in the summer in warm climates. Unripe fruits often cause a great deal of sickness.

Temperance is necessary to health. Great pestilences like the cholera, carry off first the intemperate. Whiskey drinking always shortens life in one way or another.

B. B.

Labor no Disgrace.

Mr. Editor,—I notice in your June number a letter from Alabama which contains the following statement: "Some of the people seem to think that it is a disgrace to work; and if they do work, they must have a certain kind to do or they wont work at all." Such an idea must have grown out of the system of slavery. It cannot be strange in this land of freedom. Our intelligent boys and girls in the country are all brought up to work, and to feel that every kind of honest work is honorable, and learning is useful. The farmer's boys learn to black boots for themselves and their father; they can take care of a horse, harness him and drive him, and keep the wagon and harness in order. They know good tools, keep them in order, and use them. They learn to plant, sow, hoe, dig, and gather crops. Mechanics' boys learn to help their fathers and use tools, and do any work that will enable them to earn something. I knew an Irish orphan boy who supported himself by gathering and selling swill. He went to the Sabbath-school, and was respected as other boys. He was the first scholar in the high school, and was made captain of a company in the war. I could tell of many such cases, and know many instances of poor girls who, by their labor, got means to go to academies, and became well educated.

The sentiment that all honest work is honorable, and that it is disgraceful to be lazy, is the foundation of prosperity. No people can prosper without it. Those who feel above certain kinds of honest work will be shiftless, and ought to be despised; and it is as important to know how to keep money, and to form the habit of doing so, as to earn it. Persons who earn a little money and waste it on nice clothes or toys or snuff, tobacco or liquor will always be poor and shiftless. Many of those who do the most for supporting schools among the freedmen, have by no means been rich people, though they began poor, they labored and earned and laid up money little by little, till they became comfortably rich. The freedmen generally had to begin poor; they can never become independent, unless they labor, and save their earnings; nor will they respect themselves, nor can they be respected by others, nor is it of any use to try to help those who will not help themselves. But as they prosper they will be more and more respected.

A Freedman.

Correspondence.

A friend writes as follows:

"A great source of annoyance to teachers of colored schools in the South arises from the non-payment of the tuition fee. That the parents of the children are willing to pay the sum demanded by the teacher is self-evident, but un-looked-for events often require that moneys religiously laid aside for educational purposes be paid out for other things, and when the day to pay the teacher comes, he receives only excuses. I have found a decided remedy for this evil. In a school recently opened in Wilmington, N. C., the following plan has worked very successfully: I required the parents wishing to send their children to school, to buy for each child a ticket bearing these words: 'Good for one month's tuition.' This ticket was signed by the teacher, and also by the committee having the school in charge—gentlemen of good social and financial ability. On sending to school the children present their signed tickets and are entitled to a month's tuition. This plan is acceptable to the parents and the teacher. I would recommend it to all new teachers and to such old ones as have been troubled in collecting tuition due them."—F. H.

An occasional correspondent thus expresses his views:

"Why do we learn to read? Is it simply that we may know, without asking, what are Grant's chances for reelection? or that we may know that there is going to be an excursion to the sea-shore on the Fourth of July, and that the fare will be very low? If such things as these are all we read, why are we so anxious if we are than those who cannot read? A certain learned man, who had never attended school was asked how he obtained his education. His replied 'Some one showed me the alphabet, and what more did I need to enable me to acquire any knowledge I wished?' He became wise simply by reading. But it seems as if in every act for politics and the trivial news of the day, there are some who would never look at a book or a paper. Such persons must be made to acquire a taste for reading until they learn to enjoy a book as they enjoy a friend. Believing that 'The Southern Workman' will be a friend to all who read it regularly, I have recently spent much time and strength in trying to introduce it in various places. But the people are so slow that it is only after presenting the subject again and again that anything can be accomplished. I would like to ask every colored person who reads this: How long is this state of things to last? When are the people going to wake up and think quick and act, be forever examining' a thing in their 'minds?' Will not all who subscribe for this paper, keep showing it to those about them, until the communities in which they live are familiar with it? By so doing, they will help the paper to become a still more valuable friend and instructor wherever it goes."

J. D.

Joseph D. Giles, of Saltville, Va., writes very encouragingly of the condition of the colored people in that vicinity. He says they are industrious and very temperate, he having seen but one drunken man during his stay in that place (nearly a year). He also gives a very interesting account of a parade and dinner of the Zion Relief Association, which our limited space prevents us from publishing.

Kentucky Letter.

Mr. Editor,—I have received several numbers of your paper, published especially in the interest of the colored men in the country. I am glad you are doing this work, and I hope you will make a permanent success of the enterprise.

I have been known as a thorough anti-slavery man for the last twenty-five years, but never supposed I should live to see a paper like yours published in "Old Virginia." When one thinks of the various providential steps by which the freedom of the colored race has been wrought out and sustained, he can but exclaim "What hath God wrought?"

Receive my hearty wish that both your success and usefulness may be permanently assured.

Yours truly,
Edgar Nexsman.

Portsmouth Letter.

Mr. Editor,—A very interesting Sunday-school meeting was held in the Zion Baptist Church, of this city on the 30th day of July. The occasion was one of peculiar interest, for during the meeting a prize was awarded to Miss Georgia Carter, a member of Zion Baptist Sunday-school, for having recited in the most correct manner the largest number of verses from the Bible, of any scholar connected with the Virginia Baptist Association. The church may well be proud of their success in having secured the prize this year. Rev. Mr. Williams, of Petersburg, the founder of the Virginia Baptist Association and Sunday-school Union, two institutions that are so well known by the good work they are doing in our State—presented the silver prize to Miss Carter with appropriate remarks. She returned thanks for the same, and expressed the hope that it might bring with it a blessing upon the school. Previous to the presentation, Mr. Williams spoke of the success and future prospects of the Sunday-school cause, and urged the attention of all to the importance of the work. After the presentation, the school sang "Hosanna in the Highest." The school was then addressed by the Norfolk agent of your paper. We wish to return thanks to him for his generous donation of many copies of the "Workman," and to express the hope that all our members will send in their names to our pastor who is trying to raise a club for the benefit of the church.

S.

The North Carolina Election.

The contest in North Carolina, which closed on the 1st inst., was looked upon with intense interest by the whole country, each party hoping for and expecting a large majority. The first reports which arrived from the field of contest gave large majorities to the Conservative party throughout the State; but as the official returns arrived from the different districts, the Conservative majority began to diminish, and at last has been given to the Republicans instead. It is not estimated that they have carried the State by a 1,000 majority. This, of course, is very encouraging to the Republicans, and will inspire them with new vigor for the Presidential campaign.

Have Your Property Insured.

Almost every day we read accounts of disastrous fires in different sections of the country. In many cases these accounts end with the words "Loss covered by insurance;" but in how many others they end with the words "No insurance." Every few persons, in reading these accounts, fully realize all that is contained in those words. Perhaps some hard-working man has, after many years, or it may be years, saved sufficient to build him a house; and just as he begins to feel a little independent, his house takes fire and he loses his all of worldly goods. Had he expended a few dollars for insurance he still might have a home of his own.

Alexander Davy Dumas;

That is the name of the Frenchman whose picture we print on the fourth page of this paper. He was a distinguished literary man, perhaps the most distinguished colored writer that has ever lived. His grandfather was one of the nobles of France. His grandmother was a St. Domingo negress. His father went to Hayti, but went to France, when he was fourteen, and enlisted in the army. He made himself known by his lively temperament, his handsome figure, and his great strength. It is said he could strangle a horse between his knees. He served sixteen years in the army before he became a commissioned officer, but after that his promotion was very rapid. He finally became general of a division. In one battle he alone defended a bridge from the enemy until the French could come to his rescue. This deed greatly pleased his commander, Napoleon Bonaparte.

The father and son both bore the same name. The younger Dumas was born in France in 1803. After the death of his father, his mother left him entirely to care for himself. He went to school, but learned little from books. He could, however, excel in playing games, could ride horse-back well, and was a good penman. At twenty he went to Paris, and became a clerk in the office of the Duke of Orleans. His salary was $250 a year. His then ambition to study to make up for the time he had lost in his boyhood, and was soon writing plays for the Paris Theatres. He continued so to do for several years, and gained considerable money and popularity. Then he began to write novels, and these also were very favorably received by the public. He was a very rapid writer. He published books so often that people declared that he did not write them himself. And it is true that he did not, for he kept a number of assistants at work all the time, finishing up books of which he furnished the outline. Dumas was a Republican, and believed in free government. For some time he was the editor of a political paper. For several years before 1848 his yearly income from the sale of his books was $12,000. In that year there was a revolution in France, which went against the Republicans, and Dumas' means were diminished. He is said, however, to have gained a greater fortune by his pen than any man ever did before him. He was a startling writer, and was prone to dazzle the fancy. The translations of his novels have had a great circulation in this country. There are 1,200 books of which he claimed to be the author. Dumas had an olive complexion, broad nose and frizzled hair. He betrayed his negro origin in some respects, more strongly than his father. He was fond of bright colors, and extravagant costume. He probably owed his vivid imagination, which rendered him so unique among modern writers, to his negro parentage.

Dumas died in December, 1870. After all has been said in his favor that can be thought of, it cannot be claimed that he was a good man, or that the world is much better for his having lived in it. Any one who reads this sketch of his life can do as much, and more, for their fellowmen than he did.

Fruit Farms.

Fruit should constitute a part of the products of every farm, and a portion of the consumption of every family; but there are some lands especially adapted to fruit, such as hillsides, broken region, dry and rolling tracts. We observe in almost every part of the country much land made, as it were, for fruit. There is no way in which such land can be so profitably cultivated as to plant it wholly to fruit—it may be made to yield a double and sometimes a treble crop annually. By setting it out first to the larger fruits, as the peach, apple, pear, cherry, plum, etc., not very near together, a good orchard may be secured in a few years.

In the meantime, the same ground can be covered with small fruits, such as blackberry, strawberry and raspberry, which can be made to produce well in two or three years—a good crop of small fruit is exceedingly profitable of itself. To this may be added in a few years, larger fruits, which, in all markets find a ready sale. We know an orchard of eighteen acres thus, cultivated, which yields a net profit of several thousand dollars annually—this year, if no harm befalls the fruit and it brings anywhere near the usual price, it cannot be less than eight or ten thousand dollars.

But this orchard has the advantage of being near the city, so that its products can be marketed every day as fast as it ripens. In case of orchards away from markets, the fruit may be canned or dried. Canned fruit is now an article of commerce that always finds a ready sale at a high price. The work of canning is simple, and may be safe and certain.

This fruit culture we regard as a pleasant and profitable work; the world needs fruit; its health and happiness demand it. How much better that fruit take the place in hospitality, of the beverages that load the table and the sideboard. We look forward to a time when fruit shall be so plenty that, with little expense, every family can be amply supplied; then cordials, jellies, pleasant drinks and foods can be furnished for all social occasions, which may take the place of hurtful and dangerous drinks. Fruit is to be one of the means of blessing the world; so let the trees be put out and all preparations be made to hasten the fruit era of the world.—*State Journal.*

General News.

The great event of the month is the North Carolina Election. It has been the common talk of the whole country. Mass-meetings have been held all over the State by both parties. The largest demonstration of the Democrats took place at Weldon, July 13th. Large numbers attended and were addressed by Senators Ransom, of North Carolina, Tipton of Nebraska, Stocton of New Jersey, Gov. Walker of Virginia, Messrs. Vance, Clingman and Bavringer of North Carolina, and Coalition of Norfolk. The Speakers' stand was handsomely decorated with National flags on which were the mottoes, "Peace! Peace! Peace!" "Greeley and Brown—The Nation's Candidates;" "The North and South—One Country—United Against Corruption;" "Constitutional Liberty and Equal Rights to All—White and Colored."

The provisions served up for the crowd consisted of six beeves, one hundred hogs and sheep, one hundred hams, thousands of loaves of bread, and other provisions.

The great Republican gathering was at a place called Hilton, just out of the city of Wilmington. The Hon. Henry Wilson, candidate for Vice-President, was the chief speaker. Senator Pool, Hon. C. H. Brogden, candidate for Lieutenant Governor in North Carolina, and others assisted Mr. Wilson. The delegations were mostly from the country, a large portion of the employees of the city refusing to let their workmen off.

On the twelfth of July last year there was a severe riot in New York City, because certain Irishmen who are called Orangemen, undertook to have a public parade. These Irishmen are Protestants, and they are very much hated by the Roman Catholics. They parade every 12th of July, and it was feared that there might be a riot this year. So 1200 policemen turned out to protect the Orangmen, and everything passed off quietly.

The strike in New York is over. The laborers have gone to work again. Many of the leading business firms all over the country are leaguing together to prevent future strikes.

James Kelley of Williamsburg, Penn., has just left a legacy of $350,000, to found a school where young men can go to learn whatever trade they wish.

In the case of Stokes, the murderer of Col. Fisk, the jury did not agree. A new trial is expected.

One of the notable things of the season is a series of picnics given to the poor children of New York city by the "New York Times." Some writer in that paper suggested that something ought to be done to give the poor children a chance to spend one day in the country. Then people began to send money to the editor of that paper, and he expects to be able to provide excursions for some 10,000 or 15,000 children before the summer is over. All that go have a "glorious time."

The debt of New York City is $127,000,000.

A costly bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln is soon to be placed over his grave at Springfield, Illinois. The hight of the statue is eleven feet. Mr. Lincoln is represented as holding the pen which signed the Emancipation Proclamation in his right hand, and the proclamation itself in his left. Near him is the American flag, also a wreath of laurels.

A colored lad named Gibbs, son of the Secretary of State of Florida, has just been admitted to the Military Academy at West Point.

Many of the young people of New England were deeply interested in a college boat-race that came off on the Connecticut River, near Springfield, Mass., July 24th. Picked crews from six colleges in New England took part in the race. The victory rested with the boys from Amherst, Mass.

Children's Department.

Dear Children,—Do you think the boy in the picture looks happy? Is he having a nice time eating his breakfast? Do you suppose he got up late and forgot to take off his night-cap, and comb his hair? One would think by the looks of his face that all the rest of the family had gone off to a pic-nic and left him behind. I suppose he must be sick, because that bottle on the table probably has medicine in it, or it would not have a label on the outside. But supposing he is sick, will he feel any better for looking so cross and having the sulks? Not at all; if he wants to get well, he would better cheer up and make himself and those who come to see him, happy. If he don't, I am afraid none of his friends will want to call on him, for fear that he will make them sour for a week by just looking at them.

Of course it is unpleasant to be sick. But if we are fretful and cross, it makes those who take care of us more trouble, and it is very apt to hinder our getting well. There are many children who are sick all their lives, who lie day after day on their beds without being able to get up. But those children seem happy, or at least contented. They smile upon those who come to see them, and a present of a flower or toy makes them very glad. You often see little lame boys in the streets hopping about on crutches while their playmates run everywhere with the greatest freedom. Do such boys seem cross and peevish? Why, they laugh the most of any in the playground. Now we who are well most of the time should learn a lesson from such children. If we happen to be sick for a day or two, let us remember how much they suffer and try to be contented with our lot. This is a very beautiful world. We have a great deal to make us happy. Neither you nor I can afford to carry about such a scowl as the boy in the picture has on his face.

A GOOD REPUTATION TO HAVE.

The little story I am going to tell you happened just before the war, when every one was very, very busy. Soldiers were enlisting and going away from almost every home in the land.

One young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night, she said, "Did you pay that bill?"

"Yes," he answered.

In a few days the bill was sent in a second time.

"I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this."

"I really don't remember, mother, you know I've had so many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered "if I said did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forget about it; but if he ever said he did, he did."

Wasn't that a grand character to have? Having once said a thing, that was enough to make others believe it, whether they remembered it or not.

I wish all the boys in our land were as sure of a good reputation.—*Christian Weekly.*

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute,

SESSION OF 1872–3,

Opens October 1, 1872, at which time those desirous of admission should be present.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION:

1. Sound health and good character.
2. Age not under fourteen and not over twenty-five years.
3. Ability to read and write, and knowledge of Arithmetic through Long Division.

TERMS:

Total charge, ten dollars per month, payable half in labor and half in cash; those eighteen years of age and less are expected to pay six dollars per month cash.

Only the totally destitute are allowed to work out all their expenses.

STUDIES:

The course of study is three years, and embraces the various branches of the study of Language (English), Mathematics, Natural Science, and History.

Instruction is given in the Science of Government and Moral Science, and in Practical Agriculture.

Bible Lessons are given weekly.

There are Agricultural, Mechanical, and Commercial Courses, in which instruction is given by experienced teachers in the leading principles of those departments.

For farther information, apply to

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

HAMPTON, VA., *July*, 1872.

FORT MONROE,

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OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
Assets, Gold $10,000,000.00

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All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid in full. Persons desiring to obtain reliable insurance are solicited to give us their patronage.

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GLOBE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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The principal features of this company are, Absolute Security, Economical Management, and Liberality to the Insured.

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Insurance effected since organization over $20,000,000.00
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Its department organizations in all the leading cities make it a home company everywhere. The largest company of the age in the world. Insures on life low rates of the stock plan.

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"It is a strange anomaly that men should be careful to insure their houses, their furniture, their ships, their merchandize, and yet neglect to insure their lives; surely the most important of all to their families, and far more subject to loss."—Ben Franklin.

Sight Drafts, in sums to suit, on the Royal Banks of Ireland, London, Paris, Edinburgh, and all the principal cities of Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Italy, at lowest rates.

Cabin and Steerage Tickets to and from Liverpool, and Queenstown and all parts of Europe at lowest rates, via. Cunard Line, the British and North American Royal Mail Steamships.

Special attention given to the execution of Commercial Protests, Acknowledgments, Mortgages, Leases, Deeds, Powers of Attorney and all other Notarial business at low cost rates.

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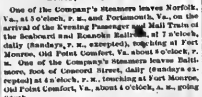

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One of the Company's Steamers leaves Norfolk, Va., at 4 o'clock, P. M., and Portsmouth, Va., on the arrival of the Evening Passenger and Mail Train of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, at 7 o'clock, daily (Sundays, P. M., excepted), touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va. about 6 o'clock, P. M. One of the Company's Steamers leaves Baltimore, foot of Concord Street, daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock, P. M., touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., about 4 o'clock, A. M., going South.

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H. PHOEBUS,
Fort Monroe, Va.

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SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $4,281,987.62, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, are paid at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $178,215.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $5,000,000 due depositors.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by the Book only.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.

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Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

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On the Peninsula.

I have for sale 200 acres of land between Williamsburg and Fort Monroe, Virginia. This section of the Country is fully and accurately described in the language of Captain John Smith: "Within is a country that has been the perregation over the most pleasant places known, for large and pleasant navigable rivers, heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation, were it fully manured and inhabited by industrious people. There are mountaines, hils, plaines, valleyes, rivers, and brookes, all running most pleasantly into a faire bay, compassed last for the mouth with fruitful and delightsome land."—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

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Visiting Cards!

Send 60 cents for a pack of beautiful Visiting Cards, printed in the BEST manner, and of the very BEST MATERIAL; or the same put up in a neat case for 65 cents. These cards are equal in every respect to copper-plate. A liberal discount made where six or more names are sent.

Address NORMAL SCHOOL PRESS,
Hampton, Va.

God is Good.

God is good! Each perfumed flower,
The fragrant fields, the dark green wood,
The insect, fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing wind;
Little that here it sings stood,
And clouds, with gold and silver lined,
Are still repeating, God is good.

Each little rill, that, many a year,
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.

The restless main, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, God is good.

Countless hosts of burning stars
Sing his praise with fervent ensemble.
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon that walks in brightness, says,
God is good!—and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

Anniversary Address,

Delivered at the Hampton Normal School, June 12th, 1872,

BY THE HON. LUCIUS FAIRCHILD, OF WISCONSIN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—On a former occasion I visited this school and became aware of the magnitude of the work upon which its managers and supporters have entered. My mind was then forcibly directed to the overshadowing importance of this enterprise, both in a local and national point of view. That there were millions of colored persons who had lately been slaves, and were necessarily almost utterly ignorant of the duties which devolve upon every free citizen of this Republic, I knew; but when I looked upon your faces, and realized that you were the representatives of thousands upon thousands who are to come upon the active stage of life to take the places of the present generation in the management of affairs, private and political, local, state and national, I was impressed with the responsibility which rests upon me, as well as upon all of your fellow-citizens, to take you, and all like you, by the hand, and give you a strong, hearty pull upwards, until you, and those whom you represent, shall be sufficiently educated as to be fully competent to discharge the duty you owe your country and yourselves.

Men may differ as to the best mode of extending this help; but while they are discussing that point, let us see if you cannot here in this school demonstrate to all that you have the capacity and willingness to help yourselves.

What is the extent of the educational work to be accomplished in this country, and especially among the colored race?

At the beginning of the late war there were some four millions of slaves in the United States. So few of them were in any sense educated that we may well call the whole number totally ignorant. They had been in enforced ignorance for generations. The ruling classes of the North and South, with a few individual exceptions, had made no effort to have it otherwise. The blame for this state of ignorance, therefore, does not rest upon the colored race, and with such antecedents we must not look for the same aptitude in acquiring knowledge in them which we find in a race that has been for many generations enjoying the best educational facilities the world affords. Yet there are very many ignorant persons among the whites, as well as among the blacks, in the Northern as well as in the Southern states. I gather from the reports of the United States Commission of Education for for 1871, the following facts which will be of interest to you, and will show to you, better than any statement of mine can, the extent of the field into which you, as educators, are about to enter.

The whole number of illiterate persons in the United States, ten years old and over, is 5,643,531, without counting Indians and Chinese. Of this, 3,556,102 are in the Northern states; 114,000 in the Pacific states and the territories; and 4,189,972 are in the Southern states. Those in the Southern states are divided as follows: whites, 1,516,339; colored, 2,671,396. It will be observed that there are more than one half as many white illiterate persons in the Southern states as there are illiterate blacks, and very nearly all of the illiterate persons in the Northern and Pacific states are whites. I mention this simply to show that it is not alone among the colored people this educational movement must extend.

Another interesting fact: of these illiterates, 2,608,847 are males, and 3,034,684 are females, divided thus: in the Northern states, 571,954 males and 781,251 females; Pacific states and the territories, 51,517 males, and 51,077 females; Southern states, 1,985,376 males, and 2,202,359 females. This multitude of ignorant people are further classified as follows: Grand aggregate of such persons who are *adults*, being 21 years old and over, 3,457,422; *minors*, being ten years old, and under 21 years, 2,006,112. Geographically they are distributed thus: in the Northern states, 1,077,297 adults; minors, 375,805. Pacific states and territories, 70,534 adults; 52,060 minors. Southern states, 2,489,591 adults; and 1,698,144 minors. Of those in the Southern states, and I speak particularly of these states because it is in them you are to do your educational work among your own people, probably one half of the adults are of an age which does not preclude them from acquiring the rudiments of an education. The minors are certainly within the reach of the school teacher; giving as the field for educational effort in the Southern states nearly 3,000,000 of people—considerably more than one half of whom are blacks.

Of the 2,000,000 illiterate persons between 10 and 21 years of age, in the United States, nearly 1,700,000 are in the Southern states. Of the 505,000 illiterate colored youth between 15 and 21 years of age, about 494,000 are in the Southern states, and there are nearly 284,000 illiterate white youth of the same ages in these states. There are in the Southern states, 930,400 illiterate persons between the ages of 10 and 15, 488,600 of whom are colored. This multitude of children must have the immediate attention of the school-teacher. In a very few years they will become of increased age, be beyond help. It is almost appalling to contemplate the fact that we have such a multitude of ignorant people in our midst. But the evil must be met and overcome, and you must do your share of the work.

I will not weary you with further statements. The war came, and as one of the results of that war, emancipation came to your people, and as a necessary consequence they were soon invested with all the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship.

How and why all this came about I shall not discuss; nor the right or wrong of it. It is sufficient for me to know that it is so; but I may be allowed to express my joy that it is so. Your race cannot now fulfil the mission and that you will not fail to impress the fact upon all the young who may come within the sphere of your influence.

This school is fortunate also in its *location*. It is planted where others of your race can witness the effect of education upon its pupils. You are here in the midst of your fellow-*friends*; surrounded by those who sympathize with you in your efforts to elevate yourselves, and who will take great pride if you shall in your own persons give additional proof that your race is capable of being fitted for the discharge of the duties which heve so lately devolved upon it. That you, and those who may succeed you, will demonstrate this I have no doubt. Should you fail to do this, or should any number of you prove to be failures, no matter for what reason, it cannot but be of infinite damage to this and kindred schools. Therefore I desire to emphasize the fact that upon you, now here, in a very great degree, rests the future success of this institution. Suppose a part of your number who shall leave here and enter the profession of a teacher, shall prove to be

ALEXANDER OAVY DUMAS (See Third page).

ill-fitted for the work. Will not all who are cognizant of the fact be apt to say that you have demenstrated that the colored race is incapable of acquiring sufficient education to enable them to teach? One class of people will surely lay the blame upon this school, and assert that these in charge of it have failed to perform their duty. Should any number of you go from here and fail into evil courses in life, become thieves, vagabonds, or dissipated men and women, you will be pointed at by those who would belittle this educational effort, as fair samples of the moral effect of the instruction you have received here. There are men, and they are confined to no section, who will be greatly rejoiced to find among you, those who will furnish in their own persons, argument against the system of education here inaugurated. And there are men of wealth in the land who would be deterred from contributing to the support of this school, should such an example as I have supposed come under their observation. You see, my friends, that you will carry the reputation of this school with you wherever you shall go, and its future prosperity will depend very greatly upon your characters, as teachers, or in any other avocation. Do not forget that.

I am gratified to see that in this, one of the first of such schools to have been established, the women are put upon an equal footing with the men. Upon the mothers of your people, and indeed of all people, depends in a very great degree their success in life. A people who do not give to woman that respect and veneration which is her due, show themselves lacking in one of the first essentials of a high civilization. If she is kept in comparitive ignorance, she cannot occupy that place in the estimation of the world which she deserves and should hold, for the benefit of man more than of herself. In laying the foundation of a system of education for your people, do not make the mistake which has been one of the greatest hinderances to general culture among the whites. Do not fail to give to girls the same facilities for mental culture which you give to boys. If any difference must be made, I believe it would be wise to give to woman the advantage. Whenever the women of this nation shall attain a high standard of culture, uneducated children will be unknown in the land. An educated woman insensibly elevates her whole household, and seldom sends forth from her home an uneducated child.

I am also impressed with the educational value of this institution in its character as a *normal* school, in which all the most improved methods of teaching are brought to bear, and by which the brighter scholars are fitted to go out among your people as instructors, and among your own people for their elevation. No grander mission can be presented to you, nor one in which you can do more good in your day and generation.

I know well that your efforts as teachers may not be appreciated by those for whose benefit you work. You will often be tempted to leave a profession which is, at best, a hard one, and one which is among the least remunerative, but you must not fail, you must not falter, you must press on though the obstacles be apparently insurmountable. As you approach them they will diminish; when you meet them face to face they will disappear like the mist before the morning sun. Should you pursue this calling throughout life, and I believe most of you ought to do so, you will be oppressed and discouraged with this want of appreciation. Your reward cannot be complete in this world; but future generations will turn to you and bless your memory. You are to be among the pioneers of your race in this profession. You must therefore be willing to accept the life of a pioneer with all its hardships.

Mr. Jefferson, when his motives were misconstrued, and his actions unkindly criticised, in the foundation and early management of the University of Virginia, grieved and heart-sick, wrote to his friend Mr. Cabell, "It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the sacrifices which we are making for their service, of time, quiet, and good will, and I fear not the appeal. The multitude of fine young men whom we shall redeem from ignorance, and who will feel that they owe to me the elevation of mind, of character, and of station they will be able to obtain from the result of our efforts, will insure their remembering us with gratitude. We will not then, be weary in well-doing." Time has proven how truly he estimated the love and gratitude of those who should enjoy the benefits of that noble institution, which was the result of his efficient, untiring efforts, and which to-day stands one of the proudest monuments to his memory. To you I say, then, "Be not weary in well-doing." Your reward will be sure. If not in the present rewards and honors of the world, it will be none the less certain to be yours in the satisfaction you will experience in the honest discharge of a sacred duty, and in the good will and esteem you will win from those whose feet you have led into the paths of virtue and knowledge.

There is a beautiful, if not a strictly truthful, story told of the teacher's reward. Jupiter announced that he would bestow the crown of immortality upon him who could prove that he had done the most good to mankind. On the Olympian mount, the multitude assembled. The competitors for the prize came forward. The poet recited the burning verses he had composed, through which he had fired the people's hearts for liberty and truth. The orator came forward and declared that the great gifts of eloquence he had received had been used for the people's weal, and never for their woe. The statuary and the painter advanced, and urged that through the ministry of the beautiful in their hands, mankind had been exalted and purified. Others from different professions and pursuits in turn presented their claims. Just behind them stood a venerable man, his beard as white as snow. Modestly he drew near. "And what hast then to urge for the crown?" asked Jupiter. "Nothing," said the old man; "but all these are my pupils." "Crown him, crown him," said Jove; "the faithful teacher is worthy of immortality; for all these owe their useful lives to him."

If faithful in your duties, you shall bave a crown of immortality; and in that crown shall sparkle the jewels, furbished and polished by your skill to shine as stars in the firmament forever and ever. And when you shall have come to the end of your days, and can look back upon a life spent for the benefit of your people, you may well die content, happy in the consciousness that you have not lived in vain.

One of the great political dangers threatening your people is, that they may become the dupes and tools of cunning men of overweening ambition and no honesty. To meet and avert that danger is one of the pressing necessities of the nation. The first step towards protecting your people against it is taken, when they have acquired the rudiments of an education. After that, they will rapidly press forward, until they reach a point of culture which will preclude their being controlled by men who seek their companionship only to carry out selfish schemes. There should be, within a few years, men of your own race in every community sufficiently advanced to be leaders and counsellors. Some of you before me may occupy that position, or you may be the school-teachers who will train others for that high mission. Whoever of your race shall rise to that eminence, will be guilty of base ingratitude to God, and the good people who are now so earnestly endeavoring to aid you, if they shall use the power thus given them for bad or selfish purposes. If ever the leaders of a people were called upon to be honest, upright, unselfish and fearless in the right, they are the leaders, present and future, of the colored race. If at any time you discover a bad man among you, who, by virtue of superior knowledge, seeks to lead your people in the path of wrong, use every effort to thrust him down from his position as a leader. Spurn him as you would a viper. Impress this upon all who may come within the sphere of your influences in or out of the school-room. If wise and good men shall come up among you, as the result of this and other like educational efforts, and shall be accepted by your race as guides and leaders, the future of the race is secure. But it cannot be too deeply impressed upon you who are to be educated men and women, and teachers, that to make that future successful, each and all of you must do your whole duty.

"The indigenous sloes and crabs and weeds of England, when cultivated and improved in orchards and gardens, are plums and apples and flowers. Man without artificial culture, without intellectual, moral and religious education, is a stupid, sensual, ferocious and disgusting savage. Such is natural uncultivated man; not as poets paint him, or philosophers imagine him, but as travellers actually see him. The same human creature, subjected to early culture, instructed, disciplined, christianized, is but little lower than the angels."

Education is the lifting power which raises savages to be like unto the angels. Schools are a lever which may be efficient when power is applied; but the power must be supplied by each student for himself or herself.

Government, or citizens, may furnish the facilities for obtaining education, but cannot compel the people to accept it. Each must improve the opportunities offered, or nothing will be accomplished. You may lead a man to the water, but he must drink for himself. Those who are really thirsty, will not wait long for others to dig wells, but will set about the work themselves.

The National Government has about exhausted its powers to elevate the colored race. It has declared that they shall be free, free to be what they will, except that they must not be criminal. The government has not decreed that they *shall* be rich, but that they may be, if they will acquire wealth honestly; nor that they *shall* be learned, or good; but that they may be if they so will it. You must always bear in mind that freedom imposes great responsibilities. Since the laws of the land have declared the colored men free, they have, in morals, no longer the right to be vagabonds. They are no longer annexed to the plantation; no longer mere property; they are now a part and portion of the state; must be can work the plantation; must also can rule the state. They are no longer mere tools in others' hands, but are men, with all the privileges and responsibilities of manhood and citizenship. Remember that no man is a good citizen without an earnest effort on his part. Your people must not forget how to till the soil, nor must they despise manual labor, but they must add knowledge, and learn how to assist their fellow-citizens to fashion the destimes of the state. To be statesmen does not necessarily imply that they must forget to be plough-men, good ploughmen too, who work with will, adding, for the benefit of the state and themselves, to the national prosperity.

What this institution needs, and must have, is more money. Seventy-five thousand dollars are wanted immediately for the purpose of erecting additional buildings. There is a pressing demand for admission to its classes, which cannot be met unless means are forthcoming whereby to provide accommodations for more pupils. Nor can the demands upon the school for teachers be complied with without further facilities for instruction here.

The Institution needs, and should have, an immediate addition to its endowment fund of at least two hundred thousand dollars, to give it that stability which will ensure its future success beyond all doubt.

I am glad to know that Virginia has been liberal towards it in the division of lands devoted to educational purposes. I do not believe that Virginia will lag behind her sister states in this matter of educating her people. A new era has dawned for her; one of greater prosperity and progress. I trust, and believe, there are none within her borders who will oppose this onward course towards an educational goal which the "Mother of Presidents" should speedily reach.

But Virginia cannot now do all she would. The rich of other states must be called in to aid in building up your school. That you merit the approbation of all interested in the cause I have no doubt. If any are skeptical of this, and therefore hesitate to contribute of their means, let them come here and witness the progress you are making. And see to it, each one part, that you can point such persons to the improvement each one of you has made as proof that you can and will avail yourselves of all the educational advantages they will aid in giving you. Convince them that if they will open the fountains of knowledge, you will draw and drink for yourselves.

I shall be rejoiced if any word I have dropped to-day falls upon good ground, and bears good fruit in your hearts and future lives; or if it shall convince any one that duty calls for an open hand in replenishing the coffers of your institution.

Located on this beautiful spot, within view of Fortress Monroe, one of the symbols of the power of our government, near the National Home for disabled soldiers—a monument of the gratitude of the nation to those who served her in her time of need, guided by an efficient corps of teachers, in no pursue their labors with zeal and intelligence, under the inspiration of a sincere and earnest desire for your welfare, with friends everywhere ready to furnish the means for carrying forward the enterprise, let us trust that this institution will stand through coming years with ever-growing strength and usefulness, a perpetual source of knowledge and culture to the colored race, and through them, a perpetual blessing to our common country and to all mankind.

"I WANT to give you the secret of my success; it is contained in two words—be earnest. That was what made me in any degree successful; when I had anything to do, whether it was study, play, work or kindness, I want at it with all my might, giving myself wholly and entirely to it. So it must be with you, in your study, your work, your tasks, your sympathies; you must give yourselves, else you will get nothing back."—*Charlotte Cushman.*

Pride can grow as well upon our virtues, as our vices, and steals upon us on all occasions.

THE
SOUTHERN WORKMAN,
DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1872. NO. 9.

Your Mission.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors;
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high;
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the harvest,
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden
May the careless reapers leave.
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all:
With your prayers and with your bounties,
You can do what heaven demands,
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Time moves on with rapid motion,
Life and death are both in view;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

The Underground Railroad.

In the year 1850, when slavery was possessed of full power in the United States, a lady wrote a book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," describing slave life in the different Southern states, and giving some account of the escape of certain slaves to Canada and freedom. No one can measure the influence of that book. It has been read all over the world, and has made the name of its author well nigh immortal. It led the way for many other books on the subject of slavery. A considerable number of these were works of fiction. Fifteen years ago, no one supposed that the real facts about slavery—the names of masters and of slaves, and the way in which certain things were done, could be published during the present century. But the hand of time has wrought many changes within the memory of us all: and the former things have passed away so that they appear but as a dream when one awaketh.

While slavery lasted, there was a very peculiar institution connected with it, called "The Underground Railroad." I suppose there are very few who read this article that are not acquainted with that railroad. But lest there should be some who have never heard of it before, I will say that whenever a slave was assisted to escape, it was said that he went off by the Underground Railroad. This term was a very inflexible one, for very few slaves escaped in exactly the same way. But among the Northern friends of the slave, there was so much system, that, if a fugitive succeeded in getting into the hands of certain parties, he was almost sure to be placed beyond the reach of his master.

The city of Philadelphia was for years a grand central depot of the Underground Railroad. It mattered little whether a slave started from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia or North Carolina, he was almost certain to find his way to the Anti-Slavery Office in Philadelphia. South of North Carolina very few slaves escaped. Most of those who gained their freedom lived somewhere near the waters adjacent to the Atlantic coast or the Ohio River.

Books were kept at the Anti-Slavery Office in Philadelphia, in which were written the names of the fugitives who came there from time to time, also the leading facts in their history. In this way, a knowledge of hundreds of fugitives was gained.

In the year 1852 a Vigilance Committee was organized in Philadelphia, to assist fugitive slaves who had escaped from the South, in reaching a place of safety. At that time, the slave-hunter was permitted to go anywhere in the United States, and there was no place of certain freedom for the black man under the Stars and Stripes. Nineteen men were on this Vigilance Committee, but the chief business was committed to four members who were called the Acting Vigilance Committee. William Still was the chairman of this committee. He is a colored gentleman of fine business ability, who has for many years been identified with the cause of freedom. By request of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, he has recently published a book entitled "The Underground Railroad," which gives a history of a large number of passengers who escaped over that road, and also accounts of many of the men and women who befriended the slave in the dark days of American history. Truth is stranger than fiction, and the actual record of the sufferings and heroism of many fugitive slaves has more of romance in it, than is found in a hundred novels. The book contains the names of many masters who have lost slaves within the past few years. Doubtless some of them may chance to discover by reading it, what became of their slaves, how they escaped and what their recent history has been. It is also much to be hoped that some who have been long separated from their friends, may hear from them through this book. When a slave left his home, he generally left his family, and the joy of freedom was bleached by the grief of loneliness. Many succeeded in rescuing their wives and children from bondage in after years, but many families were severed, never to meet again.

The men who took passage over the Underground Road were, without doubt, the most intelligent part of the slave community. Many of them could read and write at the time of their escape, and all of them soon learned. Numbers of them have returned to the South, in these latter days, to enjoy citizenship in a climate far more congenial to them than Canada ever could be. Some of them are leaders among their people, and an honor to the community.

The laws of twenty years ago on the subject of slavery, and the decisions of the courts in connection with those laws, sound very strangely now. Then, it was regarded as treason against the United States for any man, white or colored, to resist the slave-hunter. The American people have learned since then what treason is.

The world honors the men and women who risked everything to succor the slave in those days. They did much to free their country from the disgrace of slavery. It is pleasant to read of their heroic deeds, now that slavery is gone forever.

The "Underground Railroad" is published by Potter & Coates, 822 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. It contains nearly eight hundred pages and seventy engravings, including a large number made from photographs. It is handsomely bound, and will doubtless find its way to many of the parlor tables of those who were once slaves. Not a few will take great interest in purchasing such books, and preserving the past history of their race. Others will not care to remember the "House of bondage," desiring to live only in the present and the future. It is a matter of regret that the price of the book is so high, from $4.50 to $5, according to the binding. But there is probably no one who really desires it, who cannot, in some way, find means to procure it.

Kindness to Animals.

People are beginning to think more about treating animals kindly, in this age, than they ever did before. God has made man above all other things that he has created, and he has made it man's duty to treat the creatures that are below him with kindness. Not only that, but it never pays to be cruel. There is no joy in the house where the husband beats the wife, and the mother beats the children. Such people do not prosper in the world. So it is in the treatment of animals. A horse that is well fed, and kept in a good barn, and treated well in every way, is worth a great deal more than one that is compelled to draw enormous loads and is often cruelly beaten.

Horses, of all animals, are especially sensitive. They care for something besides food and shelter. They like to be spoken kindly to, and to be petted. They seem to have a real affection for their masters when treated thus. Many wonderful and truthful stories are told of horses who have saved their masters from death, and danger of all kinds. Many other stories are also told of horses who could not be broken or tamed with blows, that have become very gentle through the power of kindness.

In this picture, which was first used by the American Tract Society of New York in the "Christian Weekly," we see how eager the pony is to take the worm from the hand of his master. It is to be hoped that the little child, who is looking on, may learn from this very scene an early lesson of kindness to animals.

There is another thing that horses need, and that is rest. They cannot well work more hours in a week than a man. The horse-car companies of New York City find that unless they let their horses rest one day in seven, they become old and useless very fast. This goes to prove that animals, as well as men, should rest one day in seven, and that God has made the Sabbath a day of rest for both.

Much is being done in various places to compel men to treat these domestic animals kindly. Many laws have lately been passed for punishing cruel teamsters. Benevolent people have formed societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. These societies have published papers and posted notices about the streets, asking drivers to uncheck their horses before going up hill, and many other things of the same sort. A society in Boston recently offered a considerable number of prizes to the children in the public schools of that city for essays on this subject—"Kindness to Our Dumb Animals." Many pieces were written by the children. Several of these were published entire, and a great many in part.

No man can rightly claim to be a gentleman, in every sense of the word, who is cruel to his beast.

The Emperor of Brazil.

The name of the gentleman whose picture we give on the fourth page is Dom Pedro. His grandfather, who was Emperor before him, had the same name—so this man is called "Dom Pedro II." He began to reign in the year 1840, being only fifteen years of age. He was crowned at Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, in July, 1841. He is said to be a learned gentleman, and to care much for literature. He has done a great deal to encourage public works and the introduction of modern inventions into Brazil. He is very courteous, and kindly disposed toward foreigners. He writes and speaks fluently five foreign languages: English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. He is an expert horseman, and delights in athletic sports. But all these things are of little note compared with his success in suppressing the slave-trade, once common in Brazil. He has chiefly accomplished this by inviting colonists from other countries to settle in his empire. These immigrants are leading the planters there to prefer free labor to the system of slavery. We are indebted to Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of New York for the picture of Dom Pedro.

The Slave Trade in Africa.

The end of slavery is not yet. The system had received many hard blows, within the last ten years. In a short time, we shall have reached the tenth anniversary of President Lincoln's proclamation of Sept. 22d, 1862, warning the Southerners, that their slaves would be freed, if they continued in rebellion against the government. Since then, much progress has been made in different parts of the world, toward universal freedom and now we are told that King Amadeus, of Spain, has, within a few days, signed a decree, providing for the gradual abolition of slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico. No nation that makes any pretense to civilization can dare to keep men in slavery much longer. But something more is required of these old nations of the world besides the abolition of slavery within their own borders.

There are countries that are exposed to-day with slavery as intolerable as ever existed in any age. Among them are Persia, Arabia, and Madagascar. Dr. Livingstone who has recently reported many new things to the world concerning Africa, declares that ninety thousand slaves are yearly exported from the Eastern coast of that continent. The slave trade still flourishes all over that benighted land, and no tongue can tell its horrors. It is a duty that civilized nations owe to humanity, to stop that trade. A report prevails that the United States, and several European Governments, are about to unite for that purpose. Much may be done by the navies of the world, to do away with the nefarious traffic. But as long as heathenism prevails in any region, there the slave trade is liable to exist. The Christian nations of the world must proclaim the gospel to those who buy and those who are bought. Not till then, will the trade in human flesh cease.

THE Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
H. W. BLAKE, *Assistant Editor.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, SEPTEMBER, 1872.

Much is said in these days about the wants of the South. We are told that the South needs more capital. Money will build railroads and steamships. Money will put up factories that shall furnish labor for thousands. Money will buy machinery to cultivate the land, to work the mines and to improve the harbors of the sunny South. There is no doubt that the South needs more capital.

Again we are told the South needs a better system of laws. This cannot be denied. The laws of this part of our country are a mixture of the old and new. All sorts of men have helped to make them; some have been very ignorant, and others quite as unprincipled. New laws might be a great improvement. Moreover, it is claimed that there should be a general amnesty granted to all Southerners who were in the late war, and lost military rule here, now that peace has come. On the other hand, some declare that prosperity will never return until certain lawless bands of men, long known as Ku Klux, are forever suppressed. From some regions of the South these comes a cry, long and loud, saying, "Send us onigrants." If multitudes from other regions can be persuaded to come and dwell in the South to build up the waste places, it is thought a great want will be met.

Truly the wants of the South are many. But we firmly believe there is one great want that overshadows all the others. The South wants, most of all, a system of free schools. It is no use denying the established facts of history. Even the heathen nations of the world are beginning to understand that the countries that support common schools free to all, are the best, and that the people who live in such countries are the happiest under the sun.

Perhaps some of our readers think we say too much on this subject. But we feel that too much can never be said. Seven years have passed since the war, and all that has been done toward educating the masses of the South is but a drop in the bucket. School officials tell us that if the attention of the whole country is not directed to this matter at once, a whole generation will grow up in ignorance.

But our object at present is to contrast free schools and pay schools. In the days that are gone, all Southerners of any note were educated in pay schools. There were a few free schools in some states, but it was scarcely respectable for parents to send their children to them, and to-day the same idea has deep root all over the South, and it is very hard to convince people that any schools can be good that are not pay schools. Such an idea is altogether wrong. The names of the men who are straining every nerve to establish free schools among us, such men as Dr. Ruffner, of Virginia, Prof. McIver, of North Carolina, and Gen. Hodgson, of Alabama, will go down to history.

The labors and the sacrifices of the men and women who are the teachers in Southern free schools, in these days of their infancy, will not be forgotten by God nor man. Why then do we see multitudes of pay schools maintained right along side of the state free schools? Does not anyone see at once that these schools that are under the control of public school officers are more likely to be good than those in which the teacher is responsible to no one? What excuse is there for the many pay schools that are found in all large cities, and even out in the country? It may be said in reply that these pay schools furnish employment for a large number of teachers. This is true, but would it not be much better for these teachers to fit themselves to teach in the free schools? No teacher that is good for anything need long lack a place to teach a state school.

Of course we do not object to a pay school if it is not possible to have any other. It is often the best thing a community can do, to employ the same teacher to continue the school after the public money has all been used, at the expense of the parents of the scholars. In some states the funds are so small that each parent is obliged to pay some tuition in order that a public school may be established. We do not wish to complain of such laws, for they may be absolutely necessary. The point we would make is this: that everyone in a community, old and young, rich and poor, white and black, should in every way encourage the free school, and that everything that tends to detract from the interest of the free school should be set aside.

NO, WE DO NOT BELIEVE IT.—A friend said to us the other day, "Your paper will go down unless you take up one side or the other in politics." Now we maintain that a paper can be published in Old Virginia that is devoted to Education, Religion, Agriculture, News, and Everyday Life, and be made to live, even if we say but little about Greeley or Grant. Charles Sumner goes for one and Frederick Douglas for the other. What good will it do for us to advise our readers which of these leaders to follow? Are there not men in every village, all over the South, who are ready to expatiate on the merits of both candidates, by the hour? We represent before the public an institution that is in no sense political. It is our privilege to enjoy the confidence and cooperation of members of both parties, and nothing is farther from our wish than to involve this institution in political strife. It is one thing to speak freely upon such subjects, as the duties of citizens to the Government, and quite another to advocate the claims of any one man for President. The former we mean to do freely, the latter not at all.

NO GAINS WITHOUT PAINS.—This is an old motto and one that has carried many a man to success. The meaning is that anything worth having requires effort. You cannot have a good home and live well unless you work. You cannot hope to be a scholar without hard study. The only people in this world who are useful and happy are those who have a plenty to do. Study and work should go together. The one helps the other. God means to have us use our hands and brains at the same time. If you are a farmer you need to study your farm; that is, you need to find what crops you can raise best, how you can enrich it, the cheapest way, and a thousand other things. So if you are working at a trade, the more you study the best methods of working, of course the better workman you will be. Even a drayman can sometimes save himself much time and strength by a little study while loading or unloading his team. No gains without pains. This means also that you must save your money if you ever expect to have any. Put a little into the bank every month, and you will grow while you are asleep. Think how many thousands of dollars have been stowed away between the cracks and under the hearths of Southern cabins, only to be lost. Do not leave your money where it will be a constant temptation to some one to steal.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES ARE GOOD.—We were much interested in the experience of a gentleman we met the other day. He came South three years ago, fresh from a Western University, to teach and preach in a community near Richmond. He minded his own business. He did not go into politics. He built up a flourishing school. Having gained the confidence of the whites, he began preaching to the colored people. He sought not to build up any denomination, but to preach the gospel of Christ in simplicity. Up to the present time, he has carried on his work at a pecuniary loss to himself. But now a competent support has been tendered him by the citizens of the county. Having been so successful as a teacher of the whites, he proposed to the leading men of the region, that they allow him to open a colored school, that all the people may cease to be ignorant. This proposition was accepted, and when we met him, he was returning from the North, where he had been to make new arrangements for his glorious work. This man's experience goes to prove two things: first, that there are very few localities in the South where a Northern gentleman cannot gain the confidence of the people, if he takes the right way to do it; and second that patient workers in this field, may be sure of great moral, and good pecuniary success.

Not less cheering was the fact told us by a fellow-passenger, while riding on a Massachusetts train, not long ago. Hearing us speak of Hampton, he remarked: "I have heard of you, but never knew what you were doing. I have a class of young men in the Sunday-school. When a collection was taken for the Hampton Institute, one of the members of my class, a mechanic who works for a living, gave me fifty dollars toward supporting one of your scholars." We hope that scholar, whoever he may be, will appreciate such a gift.

GRAMMAR must be a very fascinating study, if we may judge from the frequency and earnestness with which it is daily and nightly discussed among the pupils of this institution. We wish they were as well versed in the correct use of language, as they are eager to master and comment upon the theory of that use. In these latter times it has been found easy to teach grammar in such a way that it does become a simple and pleasant study. We word pursuit at a Teacher's Institute, when the study was so explained in ten minutes talk, that a prominent citizen remarked, "I have learned more about grammar to-day, than I ever did at school." To all who are expecting to teach this study, we say: Practice what you teach. Don't let your pupils have a year speak incorrectly.

THE "Merryville Monitor" is a small monthly paper published at Merryville, Tenn., in connection with the Freedmen's Normal Institute, located there. W. B. Scott is the publisher, and Yardley Warner the editor. The motto of the paper is "God is no Respecter of persons." It is published "In the interests of the Freedmen, Education and Religion." The subscription price is only twenty-five cents a year. There are pleasant things about the "Monitor," and we wish it every success. The corner-stone of the Freedmen's Normal Institute, was appointed to be laid August 29th. It is a manual labor school.

THE hills and valleys of New England were never greener and more beautiful than they are at this writing. All through the summer, rain has fallen nearly every day, so that all the crops look green and thrifty. Here, in the South, how ever, it is far different. We long for a good old-fashioned rainy day. The earth is thirsty. All over the South there is complaint of drought.

HERE ARE A FEW FACTS ABOUT NEW YORK.—The island of Manhattan, on which the city is built, is nine miles long and has an average breadth of two miles and a half. This gives seventy-nine miles of water front where ships may lie at anchor. Only about one half of the island is built upon, so that the nine hundred and forty-two thousand, two hundred and forty-two persons who were living there in 1870, according to the census, dwell within an area of nine square miles, or at the rate of one hundred and sixty-two persons to the acre. In some parts of the city, there are seven hundred and thirty-two to the acre. There are in New York 291 miles of paved streets, 275 miles of sewers, 340 miles of water-pipes, and 10,000 gas-lamps. There are also 1,000 horse-cars and 12,000 licensed drays, and other public wagons. During the twenty-one years between 1847 and 1868, 4,038,391 foreigners landed at the port of New York. Nearly all of these people who had money and energy left the city and pushed out into the Western States, while those who were poor and shiftless remained to add to the poverty and crime of the Metropolis. The city is one of the most wicked on the earth, and no one can tell to what it is coming in the future.

WE are requested by Mr. L'Hommedieu, agent of the Virginia Sunday-school Union, to thankfully acknowledge, in the name of that society, the receipt of $10 from Misses Jemima and Cynthia Hawes, of Waltham, Mass., for Sunday-school work. We are glad to know that the new Sunday-school movement is meeting with much favor, both here and at the North. We believe it may yet do great things for the "Old Dominion."

SOME amusement was occasioned in the Freedman's Bank, at Norfolk, the other day, when a woman brought in a dollar, and requested a receipt for the city dog-tax. Some people have an idea that all kinds of business are carried on there. We confess we do not much wonder at it.

WE wish all our correspondents would write as much to the point as the one who recently closed a short letter with these words; "Knowing the limits of your paper, I will say no more." Please give us short letters, and many of them.

Correspondence.

We take great pleasure in presenting our readers with such a variety of letters from the people. We trust that our friends will continue to favor us in this respect, and that this department may increase in interest and variety.

Massachusetts.

Mr. Editor.—Massachusetts is a small state, only about a hundred and fifty miles long and fifty miles wide. The hills are very high and rocky and much of the soil is poor and full of rocks. The climate is cold; the snow often lies on the ground four months, and the cattle have to be fed one-half the year.

Yet this little state has a million and a half of people, and there is property enough to give two thousand dollars each to every man, woman and child in the state.

The reason of this is that the people of Massachusetts have always been intelligent, industrious and moral. For more than two hundred years they have had school-houses to teach all the children, and because they have been educated they have known how to build railroads and shops and cities and to make the state rich. The people of Massachusetts all work, and because they all work they grow rich and have great cities, and good houses, and fine farms, and an abundance of everything. It is because so many of them are moral, and fear God, and love liberty and truth, that they are so prosperous. Vice ruins everything. Other people may be as prosperous and happy if they will be as intelligent, industrious and moral. There is no other way to secure this good.

B. B.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Mr. Editor,—There is a colored woman living in Bedebertown, Mass., who is very anxious to hear from her friends, whom she left in Virginia. She calls herself Sukie Seward, and says she came from Newville P. O., Virginia, with Col. Lee, Parsons, of Northampton, Mass. Her master's name was Frank Harrison, and he was neighbor to James, William, and Rufus Harrison, and George Dillard. Sukie left City Point during the war, and has heard nothing of her friends since. She wishes information concerning her sister and brother, Fanny and [illegible] Seward. Letters may be sent to the care of Horatio Hollen, Esq., Bedebertown, Mass.

W.

Liberty, Va.

Mr. Editor.—This place is situated on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, thirty-five miles west of Lynchburg. During the war, it was greatly wrecked, but is now being built up considerably. A fine warehouse and depot are finished, and they add much to the appearance of the place. There are four stores and two saloons in town. The stores, whisky, and worn-out hands are the hope of this region, and in order to make your paper useful here, you must give the people a hard rub. You must give the people of Liberty have been quite successful in building churches and carrying on the work of the gospel. I am prospering in my school. When I began teaching I had no class, who, though they read in the Third Reader, knew nothing about mental or practical arithmetic. Now they can perform examples through multiplication. They have had a exercise in mental arithmetic and in grammar, a study they knew nothing of before my coming. Those who were in the alphabet, in the beginning, are now spelling considerably.

P. M. L.

Hanover Co., Va.

Mr. Editor.—Having read, in the July number, that the editor desires information from all parts of the country, I take pleasure in writing what I know of my own vicinity. I am now teaching in the same place where I taught three years ago, before entering Hampton. This school was the first one opened to the colored people in the county for the war. It was under the supervision of R. M. Manly, now Principal of the Richmond Normal School. Many of my old scholars are coming of age ago I have advanced are doing well in all the common studies. Some of them take the "Workman." The people have bought this house with half an acre of land, and intend, as soon as possible, to build a good church upon it.

The colored people seven miles above here, have built quite a fine church, at the cost of $600, and have converted the old one into a neat school-house. They desire a teacher for the next session, which begins September 1st. The place is known as Shiloh Church. I truly believe that the colored people desire the education of their children more than anything else. May God speed the time when they shall realize all they hope for.

WM. P. BROWN.

Portsmouth, Va.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Colored Baptist Sabbath-School Union of this city assembled at the Zion Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 18, at 3 o'clock.

Owing to the absence of the president, the school was called to order by Isaac Gordan, who is a consistent Sabbath-school worker. Mr. Gordan made some remarks in behalf of the school, and stated that the first business in order was to elect a temporary president.

On motion, Jacob Gaskins was elected temporary president.

The Union then sang a hymn on page 126 of the "Laurels;" after which the 5th chapter of Matthew was read, by the president and the school, as the first lesson.

Prayer was next offered by Mr. Gaskins, and then singing from the "Laurels."

Number of scholars present, 334; collection for the day, 5.07.

On motion, adjourned, subject to the call of the president.

JACOB GASKINS, President.
JAMES COPELAND, Secretary.

Self-help.

The Southern colored people do not know how much they gained by the efforts they made to learn to read during the war. Our soldiers became deeply interested in them, by seeing them get hold of solid, useful books and spell it out, and many used to instruct them. They came home and told the stories, and how children would sometimes learn, and then teach their parents. The colored people were respected for it, and it brought them a great deal of aid; for it led people to say, They cannot fall to rise to wealth and honor if they persist in getting learning.

Good schools are necessary in order to learn rapidly; but a great deal of learning can be obtained without schools. President Van Buren was a poor Dutch boy, at Kinderhook, and was obliged to study by the light of pine knots. Thousands of learned men have got their learning by studying at home after they had grown up, and women have done the same.

It is not necessary to be ignorant if one can get a book or newspaper, and the people who are the most intelligent will be the most useful in any community.

NEW ENGLAND.

Idle Heads and Hands.

Habitual idleness is ruinous to our best physical and mental powers. If we carry an arm in a sling for six months, we generally, at the end of that time, find it of very little use to us, and this fact holds good of every one of our members, and in a little different form, of every one of our faculties. The strength of our muscles depends directly upon the exercise of them; we all know how strong the arm of the blacksmith grows by his constant use of it; and though we cannot add one cubit to our stature, we have it in our power to increase to a remarkable degree all our faculties. Our memories, as any student knows, can be cultivated to an extraordinary growth, our voices by proper training acquire entirely new notes, and the sailor who is accustomed to look for sails and read signals long distances, obtains a clearness and strength of vision far beyond that of ordinary men. And just in proportion as careful, habitual use of our bodily and mental faculties strengthens them, disuse and neglect weaken them; wherefore, both directly and indirectly, idleness, which means unoccupied hands and hands, rusts and wears out a human being faster than any honest work can do it. Besides all this, work is our good friend, because it not only strengthens us for everything good, but also keeps us out of the way of much that is bad, for it is as true now as when Dr. Watts wrote it, that

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

X.

Books Received.

THE CHANDLER ELEMENTS ON DRAWING.—*Introductory to Drawing, Art, and Taste. By Prof. John S. Woodman, late of Dartmouth College Scientific Department. Boston: Ginn Brothers,* 1872.

It is wonderful what progress has been made in teaching the art of drawing in the public schools of this country, within the past few years. When the older teachers of to-day were children, no one thought of teaching drawing in school, and it was not considered the thing for even the smallest scholars to "mark on the slate." If the children out leaving school, could "read, write and cipher," it was enough. Now the pupils are taught to sing and draw. They learn something about the birds, and flowers, and natural laws. They gain a knowledge of the proportions of other lands. The modern methods of education, depend very much upon the efficient use of the blackboard. The teacher who can handle the crayon well, is the one sure to have attentive scholars. If you wish to teach a young child, present some object to his eye, and then he will think clearly. Then if the child be taught to draw, he will remember his lesson far better, his mind will be improved, and in after life, he will be better fitted to excel as an skilled laborer. Hence it is that so much attention is paid to school drawing. In some states all public school-teachers, are required to pass an examination in drawing before beginning to teach. Massachusetts has recently appointed a State Superintendent of Drawing. A large number of different systems are in use, and several books have been written for the use of teachers. Prof. Woodman's is the latest. We believe no one in all the land was better fitted to write such a book than he. The motto of the book is "No day without a line," a motto that the author lived up to, for he made the subject of drawing a life study. Having perfected his system while a college instructor, it was his habit to impart it to those who attended it at Teachers' Institutes, as they were held from time to time, in Northern New England. We wish that the work of all our college professors might be laid open to public view as Prof. Woodman's was. The book before us is but the introduction to a larger and more comprehensive work that was in preparation when the author died. Its publication will add greatly to the list of those who admire his talent and lament his premature death. The explanations of the book are so explicit and minute, that any teacher who has never seen the system before, can, with proper care, carry a class along in it successfully. The language used is clear and vigorous, and the illustrations are simple and natural.

LUTA BELOW.—*In Seven Poems.* HAYEN AND OTHER POEMS. *New York: Hurd & Houghton.*

Both these books are by the same author. With pleasure we place them on our library shelves.

Agricultural.

BEAUTIFY THE FARM.

The Maine "Farmer" says: "You can beautify your premises that travellers will have to love it as they pass, study the points that attract, and carry in their minds ever after, the recollection that it is a home of outward beauty, made so by the presence of an inward taste and happiness. But to your own mind will come the greater good. Life will be the brighter and happier to you. Your children will grow up to love the home you have rendered so attractive to them, and its beauties will ever act as educating influences for good upon their characters. The dull routine of hard labor will be relieved by the rational enjoyments which come from the surroundings, whenever brought under their silent power, and you will grow into a purer life and a nobler manhood in consequence.

MAKE THE HORSES WORK.

Horses were designed as beasts of burden to relieve mankind of fatiguing drudgery. It does not hurt them to work hard, if they are treated kindly. It is not the hard drawing and ponderous loads that wear out horses, and that make them poor, balky and worthless; but it is the hard driving, and the worrying by rough and inhuman drivers that use up more flesh, fat and muscle than all the labor a team performs. Consider the ponderous loads that many teams are required to cart every day, and several times a day, and yet they appear to grow fatter and stronger every year. *They* are treated kindly. On the contrary, other horses, that do not perform half the labor, soon become poor, gaunt, and the next we hear of them is, they "died with the harness on." Hard work does not kill them, but the fretting, worrying, and abuse did the job. Horses will do all the mowing and reaping on a large farm, thrash the grain, pitch the hay, turo the grindstone, saw the wood and perform almost all the heavy labor that farmers have been accustomed to do, and get fat, if they are not worried and jerked and kicked about as if they were a living football.—*N. Y. Times.*

BREAKING IN YOUNG STEERS.

First train them to lead by a rope attached to the horns. Then procure a light yoke and bows, and teach them to stand with them on for a few days, until they get used to them. Then take them out and exercise them gently, and with great patience, teaching them the meaning of the terms used in going to the right or left and backing. If they get restive, quiet them with a little hay and some caressing. Never anyoke them while they are excited; cool them down first. Let the lessons gradually increase in length until they understand their business; then attach a chain, and soon after a small log, or other weight, may be given them to draw. Working in this manner, they may soon be broke in to do harrowing, or other work not too heavy for them. It would be well if oxen were broke in to the use of a line attached to the horns, and the stifling commonly made use of were abandoned.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE OLD HORSE.

The old horse requires more time to eat his meals and rest his nerves. Of all animals, the old horse is the most unused. Although he has been our most faithful and profitable servant, yet in his old age the lash is applied to force out his youthful vigor. The older he grows the more he feels the lash. He is often turned out of doors to give place to the colts. Too often the neglect and abuse he is subjected to, because he is a little old, results in a greater loss than is made up in the care for the young horse. The last part of a horse's life may be more profitable, if rightly used, than the first part. There is more comfort and less danger in working old horses. We understand them and they understand us; and we should be as willing to conform to their nature as they are to conform to our wishes. It would be more humane as well as more profitable to use them as they should be, as long as it would pay, and then take them out and shoot them down. But the wicked practice is to knock them about as much as they will bear, and pay will, and then trade them off for a more inhuman wretch than themselves. The old servant is gone among strangers, and he receives no sympathy in his last extremities.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

STEAM-PLOWING.—An Illinois agricultural society has offered a large premium for the best steam-plow, and it is expected that the question whether a steam-plow is of use on the prairies or not will be well tested at a fair which is to take place September 3d. If successful, then we shall hope to see the steam-plow tried in the South. Much testimony is coming to us from England in favor of steam cultivation. It is cheaper there and more productive than horse cultivation.

AT WHAT AGE SHOULD YOUNG MULES WORK?—The "Agriculturist" thinks they may be taught to draw an empty wagon when they are two years old, at three they may do light work, such as cultivating corn or harrowing, but they ought not to be put to heavy work until they are four years old.

WEEDS.—The "American Agriculturist" declares that on thousands of farms in this country the weeds run away with half the profits. Yet with our hot summers and dry winds we ought to have the cleanest farms in the world. Make an earnest effort to kill the weeds and make thorough work of it.

TAKE good care of your health and that of your family. See that there is nothing about the place that will breed a fever. Remember to shovel plenty of dry earth into the out-houses every few weeks.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

General News.

THE event of the month in political circles, has been the convention of "Straight-out Democrats," as they are called, at Louisville, Kentucky. It was a gathering of such members of the old Democratic party as were insensible to Mr. Greeley. Blanton Duncan was one of the leaders of the movement. The convention assembled Tuesday, September 3d, and adjourned on the 5th. Charles O'Conner, of New York, and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, were nominated for President and Vice-President; but Mr. O'Conner refuses to run, so that really the convention has accomplished nothing. The contest rests between Grant and Greeley. Early in August, Mr. Greeley took a trip up into New Hampshire, his native state, and made several speeches. General Grant has been off to the Thousand Isles, for a short time, and, of course, has made no speeches. Both sides have held Ratification Meetings, all over the country, and there has been a great display of bunting and brass bands. The soldiers' demonstration, at Portland, Maine, August 27th, was perhaps the largest affair of the kind, on the Grant side. General N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, is making speeches in favor of Greeley.

ANDY Johnson has announced himself as a candidate for congressman at large in Tennessee, and a meeting of ten thousand people at Nashville have indorsed his claims.

THE State of Vermont held an election September 3d. The result was a large majority on the Republican side.

WEST Virginia has re-elected Governor Jacobs, and retitled the new State Constitution.

THE Republicans of South Carolina have split, and are now running two tickets. The regular convention nominated T. J. Moses, and the bolters, Ruben Tomlison.

THE soldiers and sailors who were in the Union army during the war, propose to hold a national convention at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in a short time. Many prominent speakers will be present. No doubt the convention will declare for Grant and Wilson. Those soldiers who are for Greeley and Brown, are also to meet at Philadelphia, October 1st.

THE steamer *Metis*, running between New York and Providence, R. I., was wrecked off Stonington, Conn., August 30th. The hull sank in deep water, and the upper deck was washed on to the shore. There were one hundred and forty-nine persons on board. Thirty-seven lives were lost.

THE steamer *Bicarille*, was burned, August 12th, while sailing in the West Indies. Of the ninety-two persons on board, thirty-six are yet to be heard from.

RALEIGH, N. C., is in trouble. A gang of men lately attacked a United State's deputy marshal, and beat him nearly to death, at the same time fatally shooting a friend of his. The police commissioner says he cannot execute the laws, and asks help of the U. S. marshall. There is a call for martial law, in some parts of Arkansas, because of lawlessness there.

JUDGE Barnard, of New York, one of the abettors of the late Tammany Ring, has been impeached, and forbidden ever to hold office in the state again.

AN attempt has been made to get some of the North Carolina Ku Klux in prison at Albany, N. Y., pardoned. President Grant has not as yet seen fit to allow it to succeed.

A BRONZE STATUE of Sir Walter Scott is soon to be placed in Central Park, New York.

INFORMATION from Mexico shows that the government of President Lerdo is daily growing stronger. The national credit has been restored, and the condition of affairs is entirely hopeful. United States Minister Nelson is coming home.

THE returns of the Spanish elections which occurred on Saturday, indicate a triumph for Amadeus and his ministry, although the federalists have made a good showing. The elections were orderly everywhere. The king has returned to Madrid.

COAL is higher now in London than it has been before for forty years. In 1851, the price was about one-half what it is now.

GREAT preparations are being made at Berlin, for the meeting of the Emperors of Germany, Austria, Russia, and the President of France, which will take place early this month.

IN Dublin, Ireland, many of the poor have been suffering for want of bread, because the bakers have been on a strike. There has been almost a bread riot, many people having gone about the streets threatening to break into the shops.

ENGLAND is in the midst of a meat famine. There are not cattle enough on the island to supply the market. The price is very high, and the people are much excited. Meetings are being held all over the kingdom, and many families are going without meat, hoping to bring down the price.

IT is thought that the Board of Arbitration at Geneva, will award to the United States some $15,000,000, in settlement of damages done to American shipping, by vessels fitted out in England, during the war.

DESIRES TO BE ASSESSED TO UNCLE SAM.—Prince Edward Island seems to be in earnest in its desire for annexation to the United States. The general election held there on the 17th ult., to decide whether the province would become a member of the Dominion, resulted in the negative, by an overwhelming majority. An American correspondent, writing from Charlottetown, says: "I was not a little surprised and delighted to witness the Stars and Stripes amid a goodly display of provincial and British emblems.

WHEN Bismarck undertook to take the German schools out from ecclesiastical control, the prophets of evil declared that the result would be infidel schools. Thus far, only fifty of the Protestant, and sixty of the Roman Catholic clerical inspectors, have been replaced by laymen. The work continues to be done by the clergy, as officers of the State.

ONE STEP MORE.

"Had I better get in and row across, I wonder? Nobody would ever know anything about it; and there the new boat lies rocking on the river; and there are two oars in the bottom. It is only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and back in a little while; and it would be such a splendid sail!

"Of course, nothing could happen to me; for grandpa said to mamma the other evening, when we went to the mill, 'Why, Helen, Henry is a naturalborn sailor. He can manage the boat as well as I.'

"'Oh, dear! I wish he had never seen that boat!' said mamma. 'I expect it will be the death of him, yet.'

"'Well, he did not inherit his natural taste from you, that is certain,' laughed grandpa. 'But women are always nervous about the water.'

"And that is all. It is just mamma's nervousness; and I *know* nothing would happen to me, getting in there and having a little sail; and it would be so nice this afternoon! and the river looks, away up by the bridge, like a ribbon among the oaks and poplars.

"Nobody would ever know anything about it, either; for, of course, I should get back safe; and I do not believe there would be any harm in it.

"But, then, there is my promise to mother; there's negetting around that; and it was the last thing she said to me before she left home on Thursday.

"She called me to the carriage, and bent over one side, and smoothed my hair, as she always does when she talks to me.

"'Now, Harry, my boy,' she said, 'I want you to promise that you will not get inside of that boat until your father and I get home again.'

"'No, mamma, I will not, certainly,' I answered; though I hated to bad enough, that's a fact.

"And I think it is quite too bad that such a big boy as I am cannot have his owa way in such things.

"Oh, dear, dear! the longer I look, the more I want to go. It seems as if I must go.

"One step more, and I shall be in the boat. But there!—my promise to mamma!

"And how shall I feel when she comes and looks in my face, and calls me her darling boy, and puts her arms around my neck, and kisses me over and over again?

"She will not ask me whether I have been in the boat; because I promised her I would not; and I never told my mother a lie in my life, and will not now.

"Mamma came home last night. Such a hugging as I had!

"'Has my Harry been a good boy,' she said, 'and not done a single thing his mother would have disapproved of?'

"'No, I guess not, mamma,' I said. But I was thinking about the boat, and did not speak very positively.

"Mamma held me away, and looked into my eyes.

"'You guess not? Are you not quite certain, Harry?' she asked.

"'Well, mamma, I have not done anything; but I have thought about it.'

"She drew her arms around me, and held me close to her.

"'Tell me about it, Harry,' she said.

"And then I did. I told her about my going to the river Saturday afternoon, and how near I came to getting into the boat and rowing down to the bridge, and what a terrible temptation it was; and how, in one step, I should have been in; but the memory of my promise to her, and the thought that God saw me, held me back when there was only one step betwixt me and the boat.

"And, when I had done, I found mamma's tears falling just like raindrops, on my hair.

"'O, my child, I thank God, I thank God!' she said.

"And I, too, thanked him then, from my heart, that I did not take that 'one step.'"

Example better than Precept.

You want to do good? Remember that the most effectual means of accomplishing that result is by example. He who exhibits those excellences in his life which he proclaims with his tongue, will appear the most amiable and prove the most useful. A fine genius, a retentive memory, an eloquent tongue, may be desirable; but an enlightened mind and uniform life are every way superior.

It is observed of Cæsar, that he never said to his soldiers, "Ite," Go on; but "Venite," Come on, or Follow me. So our great Exemplar, while he commands us to duty, hath shown us the way. "Follow me" is the divine injunction.

Two architects were once candidates for the building of a certain temple at Athens. The first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built. The other, who got up after him, observed, that "what his brother had spoken, he could do;" and thus he at once gained the cause.

Such is the force of example, that even our enemies are sometimes penetrated with admiration, and constrained to bear a testimony in our favor.

Children's Department.

THE PICTURE.

It is a pleasant thing to be on board an ocean steamship in fine weather. Nothing is more beautiful to look upon than the blue waves of the sea when they glisten in the summer sunshine. When one is well and can walk the deck with a steady step, and watch the sun rise out of the water in the early morning, and see him disappear beneath the wave at night, or look upon the sea-birds as they hover above, and note the gambols of many different kinds of fish, then life at sea is delightful. But when storms come, and the sky and water are black with the angry tempest, there are very few who would not be glad to find themselves safely on land. Then, too, if anyone is sick at sea, and must lie long days and nights in a narrow berth, or swing in a hammock, far from friends and home, you can see it must be a very sad situation.

Thousands of people die on the ocean every year. Sometimes the sailor-boy is blown from the high mast or is knocked off the deck by a sudden movement of the boom, so that he falls

into the water and is drowned. Sometimes the ship is wrecked, and both sailors and passengers lose their lives. In such cases, there is no time for any funeral, and it may be, none are left to tell the sad story of death. But when any one dies of disease on the ocean, it is customary to have a funeral somewhat like those upon the land. This picture represents a funeral at sea. The ship has been stopped, a door in the side opened, and a plank placed therein. On this plank the coffin has been placed; the inside end of the plank has been raised and the coffin gently lowered into the sea. You can see the upper part of the coffin just sinking into the water. All the people on the ship that can be spared from their duties, have gathered to see the burial. It very often happens that there is no minister on board the vessel to attend a funeral. Then it is customary for the captain to read the Burial Service of the Church of England, from a book. This is a very beautiful service. Here is a part of it: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

You see in the picture that the funeral is over. The captain has finished reading, the plank will soon be hauled in, and all will go on among the sailors and passengers much as before. But the woman who stands leaning over the side, will not forget the dead, and the days to come will be full of sorrow to her.

It does not matter where we die. The bottom of the ocean is just as near to God as the highest mountain. It makes little difference where we live. But it makes a great difference *how* we live, and how we die.

BLACK LINA.

At the head of the pretty Valley of Nacoochee, close by the Chattahoochee River, among the mountains of Georgia, is a log-cabin occupied by a poor negro family.

On hearing that the mother was sick, I went with my husband to see her; for our present home is only a quarter of a mile farther up the river. We followed a path by the river-side, and were soon at the cabin. A bright-faced little girl, who said her name was Georgia, was at the door with a younger sister.

We went in, and saw Lina propped up in bed in one corner of the room. Old Rachel, her mother, sat by the open fire. The cabin consisted of but one room. There were two other beds, a table, a few chairs, and an open dresser, where a few dishes were kept.

"How few are the comforts here!" I thought, "and how miserably this family must live!" And yet, before my visit was over, I felt they were many in this world, rich and great, who would envy poor Lina's happiness.

I said to her, "Do you think you will get well?"

"Oh, no, Mrs De, I shall never get well; I am growing weaker every day."

"How do you feel about it?"

"Oh! I am ready to die at any time. I love the Lord: I do,—I do! I take great comfort, here by myself, thinking of him."

Mr. D. asked her how long since she had found Jesus.

"A fortnight ago," she said, "I found him. I prayed night and day; and then all at once I found him, and felt so happy, that I shouted."

THE MISSIONARY'S LANTERN.

Perhaps you have sometimes picked up from the grass the curious little glow-worms, which have no wings, but which shine among the leaves like a little spark of fire. But those are very dim compared with the beautiful luminous insects which are found in tropical lands. In some parts of South America they are used as ornaments. The ladies imprison them in net-works of gauze, and weave them in their hair. They shine in the evening like hundreds of the choicest diamonds. They are also caught and attached to their shoes by travellers who are obliged to journey in the night. They serve the purpose of lanterns; and there is no fear of their ever going out. But nothing of the kind can exceed the beautiful candle-fly of Jamaica.

A good missionary was called to go one night to see a poor sick Christian. The sky was covered with clouds, and a part of the way was very dangerous.

The good man prayed very earnestly that God would guide him safely over it; and went on very cautiously, with his staff in hand. As he was praying, the atmosphere around grew gradually brighter and brighter, until a beautiful candle-fly appeared hovering about him. The brightest lantern could not have served his purpose better; and, what was more wonderful still, it kept near him until he had passed the dangerous road, and was in a safe, even path again. Then it flew away, and he saw nothing more of it. You may be sure he thanked God for his mercy in sending it. Do you think he ever doubted who sent that light to him on that dreary night? No: he knew it was from his heavenly Father's hand; and many times afterward, when he was in trouble and darkness, he remembered his little candle-fly, and again took comfort and courage.

God can help us by small things just as well as by great; and no creature is so humble that it cannot do God's will. Little children, who have hearts and souls, should learn early to work for him.

TOBACCO—A SPEECH FOR BOYS.

I go against tobacco, because it goes against me. I eschew it. I will not chew it. I will tell you why. 1st. I do not like the taste of it; it tastes worse than any medicine you can put to my lips, it is such sickening stuff. 2d. I don't like the looks of it; when I see the tobacco I pity the mouth that chews it; and when I see the mouth which chews it I pity the tobacco; it is of a dirty dirt-color. 3d. I don't like the effects of its use: it makes the teeth yellow and brown when they should be white; it makes the breath offensive when it should be sweet; it injures the voice so that those who chew cannot sing and speak to advantage. The voice breaks, and the chorister croaks like a raven when he should sing like a bobolink; the orator merely barks, and a tobacco bark is very disagreeable. 4th. I fear tobacco creates an appetite for liquor; it lights a fire in the throat which water may not put out.—*American Agriculturist.*

WHAT WILL HE BECOME!

When you see a boy hoarding up his pennies and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a miser.

When you see a boy willing to taste strong drink, you may rightly suppose that he will become a drunkard.

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SAVINGS & TRUST

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ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1865.

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established by the authority of the *United States Government* for the benefit of the *Freedmen*, knows no distinction of race or color, and offers its great advantages to all classes alike.

SAVE THE SMALL SUMS.

Cut off your vices—don't *smoke*—don't *drink*—don't *buy lottery tickets*. Put the money you save into the

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J. W. ALVORD, *President.* U. C. PESCUD, *Cashier.* M. L'HOMMEDIEU, *Asst. Cashier.*

THE FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS & TRUST COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,327,197.67, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $123,233.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $5,000,000 due depositors.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass Book only.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

ACCOUNTS TRANSFERRED,

at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch without risk or trouble, and *without loss of interest.*

For full information about the Bank address the *Secretary* at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information required may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or O. T. Eaton.

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On the Peninsula.

I have for sale 200 acres of land between Williamsburg and Fort Monroe, Virginia. This section of the Country is fully and accurately described in the language of Captain John Smith: "Within is a country that may have the pervailing over the most pleasant places known, for large and pleasant navigable rivers, heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation, were it only manured and inhabited by industrious people. There are mountainous, hils, plaines, valleyes, rivers, and brookes, all running most pleasantly into a faire bay, compassed but for the mouth with fruitful and delightsome land.—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH."

WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

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Send 60 cents for a pack of beautiful Visiting Cards, printed in the BEST manner, and of the very BEST MATERIAL; or the same put up in a neat case for $1 extra. These cards are equal in every respect to copper-plate. A liberal discount made where six or more names are sent.

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The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

SESSION OF 1872–3.

Opens October 1, 1872, at which time those desirous of admission should be present.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION:

1. Sound health and good character.
2. Age not under fourteen and not over twenty-five years.
3. Ability to read and write, and knowledge of Arithmetic through Long Division.

TERMS:

Total charge, ten dollars per month, payable half in labor and half in cash; those eighteen years of age and less are expected to pay six dollars per month cash.

Only the totally destitute are allowed to work out all their expenses.

STUDIES:

The course of study is three years, and embraces the various branches of the study of Language (English), Mathematics, Natural Science, and History.

Instruction is given in the Science of Government and Moral Science, and in Practical Agriculture.

Bible Lessons are given weekly.

There are Agricultural, Mechanical, and Commercial Courses, in which instruction is given by experienced teachers in the leading principles of those departments.

For further information, apply to

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

HAMPTON, VA., *July*, 1872.

By-and-by.

There is an angel ever near,
When toil and trouble vex and try,
That bids our fainting hearts take cheer,
And whispers to us—"By-and-by."

We hear it at our mother's knee;
With tender smile and love-lit eye,
She grants some boon on childish plea,
In theirs soft accents—"By-and-by."

What visions crowd the youthful breast—
What holy aspirations high
Nerve the young heart to do its best,
And wait the promise—"By-and-by."

The maiden sitting sad and lone,
Her thoughts half uttered with a sigh,
Nurses the grief she will not own,
And dreams bright dreams of—"By-and-by."

The sole young wife dries up her tears,
And stills her restless infant's cry,
To catch the coming steps, but hears,
How sadly whispered—"By-and-by."

And manhood with its strength and will,
To breast life's ills and fate defy,
Though fame and fortune be his, still
Has plans that lie in—"By-and-by."

The destitute, whose scanty fare
The weary task can scarce supply,
Cheat the grim visage of Despair
With hope's fair promise—"By-and-by."

Thus ever o'er life's rugged way,
This angel beading from the sky,
Beguiles our sorrows, day by day,
With her sweet whispering—"By-and-by."

Pioneer Ministry.

The following extract from the life of Elder John Smith, Cincinnati, 1871, illustrates in a very amusing way, the tests applied to ascertain the soundness of doctrine, and the piety of heart of those desiring to serve in the sacred ministry:

"It is reported that John Leland, one of the most popular preachers of his day, in Virginia, and one of the most eccentric and singularly pious of men, was at first ordained a minister by the choice of the church, without the imposition of the hands of the Presbytery. He continued, for some years afterward, to preach and to baptize on the authority of his simple appointment, much to the distur bance of the peace of the association to which he belonged. In fact, on account of his departure from the usages of the churches in Virginia, he was not, for a while, in good fellowship with any. Whether right or wrong he openly professed to believe that the imposition of hands by the Apostles, in ancient times, was only to confer miraculous gifts; and that, consequently, such a ceremony in the church now, was in itself worthless because wholly unauthorized. His brethren urged him most earnestly, for the sake of peace, to submit to ordination by the hands of the ministry; and, finally, to gratify them, he consented that they might call a Presbytery for the purpose. Knowing all the questions which they would ask on his examination, and resolved in his own mind on the answers which he would give he felt confident that they would not ordain him.

"The Presbytery, consisting of three stanuch Calvinists, was called. The day appointed for the ordination arrived, and with it came a multitude of people to witness the ceremony. The work was divided amongst the several Presbyters. One was to ask the usual questions concerning his faith and call; another was to offer up an ordination prayer; and another was to deliver the charge to the pastor and the church. Leland took his seat long before they appeared, and resting his arms on his knees, and burying his face in his hands, awaited their movements. The Presbytery appointed to conduct the examination, at length began:

"'Brother Leland, it becomes us duty, according to previous arrangement, to ask you a few questions upon the subject of your faith, and in reference to your call to the ministry.'

"'Well, brother,' said Leland, slowly raising his head, 'I will tell you all I know, and down went his head into his hands again.

"*Presbyter.* 'Brother Leland, do you not believe that God chose his people in Christ before the foundation of the world?'

"*Leland.* (looking up). 'I know not, brother, what God was doing before he began to make this world.'

"*Presbyter.* 'Brother Leland, but do you not *believe* that God had a people from before the foundation of the world?'

"*Leland.* 'If he had, brother, they were not our kind of folks. Our people were made out of dust, you know, and before the foundation of the world, there was no dust to make them out of.'

"*Presbyter.* 'You believe, brother Leland, that all men are totally depraved?'

"*Leland.* 'No, brother; if they were, they could not wax worse and worse, as some of them do. The devil is no worse than totally depraved.'

"*Presbyter.* 'Well, there are other questions that will embrace all these in substance. I will ask, whether you do not believe that sinners are justified by the righteousness of Christ imputed to them?'

"*Leland.* 'Yes, brother, provided they will do right themselves; but I know of no righteousness that will justify a man that won't do right himself.'

"*Presbyter.* 'Brother Leland, I will ask you one more question; Do you not believe that all the saints will persevere through grace to glory, and get home to heaven at last?'

"*Leland.* 'I can tell you more about that, my brother, when I get there myself. Some seem to make a very bad start of it, here.'

"The Presbyter, seeing that the audience was greatly amused, proposed to his colleagues that they should retire for a few moments, and consult together. After returning, they remarked to the congregation, that brother Leland had not answered the questions as satisfactorily as they could wish, but they all knew that he had many eccentricities, for which they should make every allowance; that they had concluded accordingly to ask him a few questions touching his call to the ministry.

"*Presbyter.* 'Brother Leland, you believe that God has called you to preach the Gospel.'

"*Leland.* 'I never heard him, brother.'

"*Presbyter.* 'We do not suppose brother Leland, that you ever heard an audible voice; but you know what we mean.'

"*Leland.* 'But wouldn't it be a upper cut, brother, if there were no voice, and nothing said?'

"*Presbyter.* (evidently confused). 'Well well, brother Leland, you believe, at least, that it is your duty to preach the Gospel to every creature?'

"*Leland.* 'Ah! no, my brother, I do not believe it to be my duty to preach to the Dutch, for instance, for I can't do it. When the Lord sent the Apostles to preach to every nation, he taught them to talk to all sorts of people; but he has never taught me to talk Dutch, yet.'

"*Presbyter.* 'But, brother Leland, you feel a great desire for the salvation of sinners, do you not?'

"*Leland.* 'Sometimes I think I do; and then again I don't care if the devil gets the whole of them.'

"Well, brethren, when Peter put his hands on people, and took them off, they had more sense than they had before; but you have all had your hands on my head, and, before God, I am as big a fool now as I was before you put them on.'"

The following extract from the same book is a striking proof of the depth of true piety which a life of self-sacrificing good works, is well fitted to develop:

"The pluter of 1866-7 Elder Smith spent in Kentucky; but in March follow. ing, he made his arrangements to return to Missouri. He seemed to have a premonition, at the time, that he would never see his friends in Kentucky again; yet the anticipation that he would soon be with Christ, whom he had faithfully served for more than sixty years, filled him with serene cheerfulness, and he loved to talk of his decease. He called for the last time to see the friend who was then engaged in preparing his memoirs at Ashland, near Lexington, Ky. He spoke of his probable death in Missouri—of the disposition to be made of his remains—of his funeral, and, with eyes suffused with tenderness, he alluded to other friends, then living, that had stood by him for fifty

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

years whom, perh ps, he might never see again in flesh.

"He sat at the fireside at Ashland, surrounding those who were to him as children and his mind, kindling with the hope of the Christian, arose to the contemplation of that sublimest of all historic scenes—the transfiguration. For an hour, he sat and described the mount, the trembling disciples, the heavenly visitants, and the glory that invested Him at whose feet lawgiver and prophet had shown their homage.

"'His raiment,' said he, 'was exceeding white as snow. I once saw the fields and forests robed by a sleety storm in marvelous splendor; the morning sun made an exact turn, and backed the wagon to its usual position, entirely of his own accord.

Now, twenty years or more later, Brown resides in the village, and thither also he has taken Frank, whom he harnesses every morning, "hitches up" and leaves standing at his manger in the barn.

When it is mail time, Brown goes to the door and says, "Frank, Frank, come Frank, I am ready;" when faithful Frank backs carefully out from the baro, makes a turn and comes up to the steps for his master.

When arrived at the post-office, Brown gets his mail, and if he wishes to go home, says, "Frank, come round, I am ready to go home."

The horse then makes a careful turn, comes up to his master and takes him home; when this wonderful horse will take his accustomed place in the barn, awaiting "further orders." I might write quires of paper, and not tell one-half the interesting anecdotes of this remarkable horse. —*Sickle, in Our Dumb Animals.*

GREATER is he who causes good deeds than he who does them.

Temperance.

The Rum Tax.

RUM VERSUS MISSIONS AND SCHOOLS.

Sometime since, the New York "Tribune" contained these startling figures:

"Commissioner Wells reports to Congress, from the official and sworn returns of the retail liquor dealers of the United States, that the value of the liquors retailed by them over their counters, and drank where sold, is as follows:

"Amount of sales of retail liquor dealers:

New England States.....$100,987,300
New York, New Jersey, Penn., Ohio and Illinois,.....718,418,375

In the other States and Territories, 698,185,990

In all,.....$1,483,491,665

"The mere value of the liquors drank by the people in one year in the United States is, therefore, nearly fifteen hundred millions of dollars, or three-fifths of the national debt. As the amount of taxes paid by the retailers is proportionate to the amount of their sales, we might safely assume that the real quantities sold are much larger, but we are content with the retailers own figures."

The "Tribune" then adds a low valuation of the grains worse than wasted in producing this liquor, a low estimate of the time lost by drunkenness, and the destruction of property by crime and carelessness of men under the influence of liquor, and makes the sum total $25,000,000,000, considerably more than the national debt.

But we want to call attention to the amount of sales, reported by liquor dealers themselves, as the basis on which they should be taxed—nearly $1,500,000,000.

The late Annual Meeting recommended that $500,000 should be poured into the treasury of the American Missionary Association, this year. A large sum, it will be thought, but small compared with the wants of the fields we seek to cultivate, and sinking into insignificance compared with the amount worse than wasted for *rum*; being in the ratio of $1 for these missions, and $3,000 for rum.

With one thousandth part of what is thus thrown away, maddening its victims to violence and murder, making wives widows, and children orphans, homes desolate, and earning the country and the world, we would, with the favor of God upon our labors, bless the whole South and make every freedman rejoice, by planting a church and a school in his own neighborhood; and, with the whole of it, we would multiply a hundred fold the missionary enterprise of the world. Shall we have one dollar for missions to save men, for every three thousand the liquor dealers receive for destroying men?

THE door between us and heaven cannot be opened, if that between us and our fellow-men is shut.

FORT MONROE,

Old Point Comfort, Va.

GENERAL FORWARDING,

FIRE & LIFE

INSURANCE

Agency.

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GREAT EASTERN, WESTERN, AND SOUTHERN EXPRESS.

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'At low Rates, with promptness and care.

Commissions executed and collections made at reasonable rates in all parts of the Union.

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Assets, Gold . . . . . $[illegible],000,000

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Assets $2,569,556.37

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OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Cash Assets. . . . . $[illegible],456.86

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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Capital $300,000.00

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of every desirable form issued upon the most liberal terms as to residence and travel, by the

GLOBE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK.

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Departmental organizations in all the leading cities make it a home company everywhere. The largest company of its age in the world. Insures on the low rates of the stock plan.

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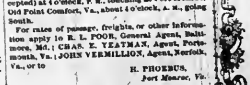

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THE
SOUTHERN WORKMAN,
DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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A Psalm of Life.

What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow.

Turn to the fourth page of this paper and you will find the portrait of the man who wrote the poem printed above—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—who is one of the most distinguished of American poets. He was born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. After graduating at four-teen he entered Bowdoin College in Maine where he graduated in 1825. Then like a great many other young men just leaving school he began to study Law, because he did not know what else to do, but soon gave it up. The next four years of his life he spent traveling about in Europe. In 1830 he became Professor of Modern Languages and Literature, in Bowdoin College. After remaining there five years he took the same position in Harvard College, at Cambridge, Mass. where he labored for seventeen years. Since leaving his professorship, he has continued to live in Cambridge and to write poems for publication. Mr. Longfellow is a ripe scholar, and has seen much of the world. His poems have been translated into many languages, and they are as familiar as household words in almost every part of the world. He has done much to present to his countrymen the habits, customs, and every-day life of European nations. He has been very successful in translating foreign writings into English. He has a great love for all beautiful things, and enriches into his writings the sentiment of an artist. He has, above all, a kind heart and wide sympathy for his fellow-men. He was early in life an Abolitionist, and always did all in his power to overthrow slavery. As long ago as 1842, he published a book entitled "Poems on Slavery." The feeling that slavery was a disgrace to America,—a stain upon her flag,—seems to have been common to all our best poets.

The following are the names of some of Mr. Longfellow's poems: "Hyperion," "Voices of the Night," "Spanish Student," "Poets and Poetry of Europe," "The Belfry of Bruges," "Evangeline," "Seaside and Fireside," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Divine Comedies," and "The New England Tragedies."

The New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

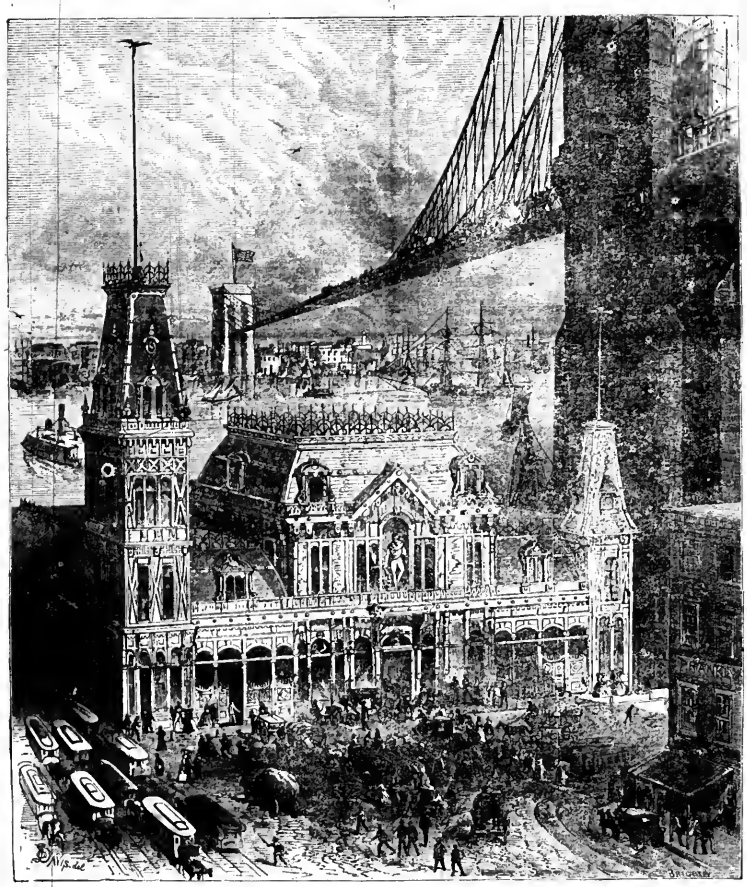
New York City has long been too narrow a place for all the people who do business there. People who are in the city through the middle of the day to attend to business, for the most part, do not think of living near their stores or offices. Their homes are scattered about the adjacent country for many miles; some in Brooklyn and on Long Island, some in New Jersey, and some up the Hudson. Some of these men spend four hours every day in going to and from their business. They cannot afford to live in New York. It costs a fortune to have a comfortable home in that city. No man without a fortune ever thinks of living there in a single house, with just his own family. Most of the people living in the city, who are not rich, are crowded into tenement houses, none of which are desirable houses, and some of which are too wretched and filthy to be described. Moreover, those parts of the city that are crowded with all kinds of people are very wicked, and in nowise fit for homes for virtuous people. Therefore, those New Yorkers who are neither very rich nor very poor have gone out of the city to live.

Of course, these people are anxious to spend as little time as possible in going from the city to their homes. For a long time, one of the great questions in New York has been what is called the transit problem, or, "How can the thousands who are always going out of and coming into New York be provided for?" All the steam-cars, horse-cars, ferry-boats, and omnibuses in and about the city have never yet been able to answer that question. Every year, the crowds of people entering and leaving the town, grow more cumbersome, and there is a louder call for better transit.

When New York was settled by the Dutch, communication was at once established between the village and the Long Island shore. In 1642, a public ferry was put on the East River. A large scow was all that was needed in those days to meet the wants of the public. Up to the year 1814, row-boats, horse-boats,—which were boats moved by driving horses around a windlass on the bank—flat scows with sprit-sails, periaguas or two-masted sail boats, were all used to carry passengers and freight. These were all at the mercy of the tides and winds, and navigation was often suspended, and there were many tedious delays.

In 1812, Robert Fulton, having applied the steam-engine to river navigation, and presented the steam-boat to an astonished world, established a line of steam-ferries, between New York and Brooklyn. They were insignificant enough compared with the boats now used; for Brooklyn, now the third city in the Union, was then a place of small importance—but those boats were the beginning of the most successful ferry arrangement in the world.

The present line of boats on the Fulton Ferry is owned by the Brooklyn Union Ferry Company, who carry forty millions of passengers from shore to shore, in a single year. Nearly ten millions are carried from one city to the other by the other ferry companies. The large building which is seen in the foreground of this picture is the ferry depot on the Brooklyn side.



THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

A stranger visiting New York now, is very apt to notice a huge and ugly looking stone wall reaching up above the adjacent houses, over on the Brooklyn shore. What it can be for, no one can tell by looking at it. But I was fortunate enough to have seen this picture, and I thought, in a moment, that the huge wall must be one of the piers of the great bridge that is to be built between New York and Brooklyn.

This is, I think, a very pleasant picture; and the buildings and people in it look quite natural; but no one in looking at it should forget that the like has never been seen anywhere. It is only a representation of the way the great bridge is expected to look when it is done. No doubt, it will be a wonderful bridge, then. It will cross the river by a single span of sixteen hundred feet. It begins, on the New York side, at the City Hall, rises by a gradual approach of two thousand three hundred and eighty-one feet in length, and on the Brooklyn side by an approach of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one feet, till the height of the bridge, over the center of the river, shall be one hundred and thirty feet. This will allow the largest ships to pass underneath, as there are to be no piers built in the river. This is to be a suspension-bridge, and will be held up by means of wires attached to the main pipes. The floor of the bridge will be eighty feet wide, and there will be tracks for steam-cars, a driveway for carriages, and walks for foot-passengers. There will also be a delightful promenade, commanding a splendid view of the harbor. The whole cost is estimated at $8 000,000.

When the bridge is done, the ferry-boats will continue to run as now; and it is thought that in a few years other means of communication will have to be devised to accommodate the two cities.

FIRST understand; then argue.

Observation.

It is always worth while to keep one's eyes open. Some people never do, however. They contrive to go through the world and see but very little. They walk through the streets with their eyes on the ground. If they have been to see a beautiful landscape, or watched the working of machinery in a factory, or visited a collection of paintings, they are unable to give a good account of what has been before them. As a general thing, such men never succeed.

Sometimes a person's mind is wholly given up to a single study, so that there is no room for thought on other matters, and he becomes successful in that thing; but with most men who are unobserving the habit is inborn, and should be overcome. Perhaps the worst thing that can be said against it is, that he who fails to see what is going on about him loses many chances to make others happy. He cannot be polite, unless he notices an opportunity for politeness; he will not speak a pleasant word to one in sorrow unless he sees the need of it. Of course, it follows that if he often fails to make his fellows happy, he loses more happiness himself, for the greatest earthly bliss comes of doing good to others. Then the person without observation will gain but little pleasure from viewing the glorious works of God. There is no one, no matter how learned, who cannot find something new in studying the natural objects about him. Those who observe the habits of animals, the growth of plants, and even the way rocks are formed, find them as interesting a study as any found in books. God made all these things for the pleasure of man; and those who study them in the right way are brought nearer to their Maker. The men who have wrought wonders in the world, who have invented the steam-engine, the telegraph, the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine, have been observers of the laws and phenomena of nature. The men who have been orators, who have moved multitudes, and the men who have written great books, have closely watched their fellow-men.

There are few persons so situated that they cannot learn something new every day. I think it is safe to say, that we cannot meet anyone who is unable to tell us something we did not know before. Some people, when they do not understand a thing at first sight are apt to begin to ask questions at once, while others feel ashamed to question those who are ready to give them information if asked so to do.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who is probably the most distinguished clergyman in America has just published a book of Lectures to young men beginning to preach. He says: "A minister ought to be the best informed man on the face of the earth. He ought to see everything, inquire about everything, and be interested in everything. Do not be ashamed to talk to the miller about his mill or the plowman about his plow. You ought to know about the women's spinning-wheel, about the weaver's loom, and every part of it. You ought to know what is done in the barn in the cellar, in the vineyard, and everywhere. You must study men, young men, and children—their weaknesses and their strong sides. See everything and see it right, and use it as you go along."

If these words are good for preachers, they are good for other men. Especially should the teacher cultivate the habit of observation. He will find that no two of his scholars are exactly alike, and that it will be impossible for him to do well, if he treats them all alike. He must study their dispositions, their abilities, their hopes and fears, in order to do justice to each one. He must study the book of nature, that he may teach them what God has wrought. He must understand what is going on in the community about him, and have some knowledge of, and take an interest in the trades and other employments which occupy the time of the parent of his scholars. The people like a teacher that makes himself one among them, and can talk with them about their business.

A habit of observation is good for all. It will save those that cultivate it many a hard knock in their journey through life. It will provide for them many a joy unfelt by others.

THE Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY,

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H. W. BLAKE, *Assistant Editor.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, OCTOBER, 1872.

The Labor Question in Virginia.

An article on this subject in the "Country Gentleman," by a highly intelligent and enterprising citizen of Norfolk, is so able and kindly that we are glad to place it before our readers. From an experience of several years in tide-water Virginia, we can testify to the correctness of the views presented. The superiority of "the thinking bayonet," has been proved in war on both Continents. Alike is the superiority of the thinking plough. We invite attention to the test of this on our Normal School Farm. Let the same test be applied to the whole of tide-water Virginia, and to the Old Dominion generally, and we have no question as to the excellence of the result as contrasted with that of uneducated labor. We publish the entire article:

Eds. "Country Gentleman,"—In your issue of August 22, "Observer" claims a decrease of 1860 to 1870 of over 50 per cent., in the agricultural productions of tide-water Virginia. This view is a partial one, inasmuch as the writer confines his attention exclusively to the four products,—wheat, corn, tobacco and wool, and makes no allowance for the diversion of the old laborers to other branches of industry, such as lumbering, the culture of garden vegetables and of peanuts, fishing, oystering and shop-keeping, which have developed rapidly, and in which the negro thinks he can do better than on the plantation. But granting the general accuracy of the statement that the products of Eastern Virginia have considerably decreased, the explanation of "Observer" is worthy of a person brought up in the straightest sect of political Bourbonism. "Industry and skill," says "Observer," "are alone needed, and they cannot be successfully applied in Virginia, in the face of a large negro population, any more than they can in Africa."

The logical consequences of this theory are, that the negro can have no place of usefulness as a citizen; that prosperity can only return to Virginia as she gets rid of her present labor; that the extinction of the negro from Virginia first, then from the United States, the West Indies, and finally from Africa, is the condition of advancement in civilization in those places respectively.

It must be admitted that such conclusions as these are in advance of any adequate experience in temperate latitudes. The hopeless views of "Observer" are supported only by examples drawn from countries where a tropical abundance of food precludes the necessity of forethought, and where no white race has ever worked out the problem of self-government. A residence of nearly four years in tide-water Virginia, has given me a far more favorable view of the capabilities of the negro than "Observer" entertains; and with your permission, I will note some of the evidences that the most absurd thing that can be done with the negro is to drive him away from a government whose glory it has been to fuse all nationalities, and to make the very differences of race balance each other and consolidate the political fabric.

The negro is charged with being too insensible even to labor. But consider under what circumstances he has been expected to work. Wages have been nominally from 50 to 75 cents per day, payable in orders on stores. Cash payment on Saturday night has been a rare exception. The wages earned have been necessarily absorbed in food and clothing bills at the stores of the employers. Where cash has been paid, if the rate was 75 cents per day, the laborers have had to feed themselves and families, and pay from $2 to $6 per month for house rent. It has been the boast of the ex-slaveholder that his labor cost less than before the war.

With scanty fare, doubtful pay, and a certainty of the poor-house ahead, the ex-slave has had to find therefrom the stimulus of hope. The effects of the war, of which "Observer" speaks so slightingly, have been the destruction of farming capital. Without fences, stock, teams or machinery, money or credit, the Virginia land holders have been attempting to hold their vast estates for better prices. Farming without adequate capital has been unprofitable in Virginia as elsewhere. The owners could not afford, under such management, to pay the taxes on their estates, but to the negro charged with the resulting short crop!

The vicinity of Norfolk affords perhaps a better opportunity of judging whether the negro can be provident or not, than any other part of tide-water Virginia. At that point, the government employment and the fisheries have furnished something to be provident with. The deposits of the colored people in the Freedman's Savings Bank of Norfolk, alone, have averaged $135,434.58 per year, for the last seven years. Besides this, a large number have invested money in homes of their own, and have formed companies to buy land. Thousands of oyster canoes dot the waters of Chesapeake Bay from one end to the other. These boats are owned by negroes mostly, whose families keep pigs and poultry around rented hovels on the banks. In all these humble enterprises, the negro displays an entirely different spirit from the Indian. He is willing to work for fair wages; he is anxious to better his children's condition in life. His zeal for education would scarcely be believed by those who have not witnessed it. His mistakes in business are usually the result of an ignorance sure to be cured by experience.

Much has been said about the inherent thievishness of the race. In my own experience have occurred a number of cases of fidelity under temptation, one have I seen the slightest proof that the negro is incapable of a high standard of honesty. When capital comes again to Virginia, and labor is fairly paid; when the laws are promptly executed; and when the negroes have common school education, then, and not till then, can it be decided whether thieving is any more inherent in them than in other races. The power of religion has not been brought to bear upon the smaller vices of the race. With his long-repressed intelligence, the negro does not clearly perceive the inequitableness of praying and stealing. But no one is more sensitive to the opinions of his fellow; and as their general intelligence rises, their standard of conduct must also be higher; and with it their intolerance of those who bring reproach upon their character. At Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, is an institution founded upon the idea of self-help. Besides the English branches, industries are taught, such as printing, house-painting, the use of the sewing-machine, and the best of agriculture adapted to small farms. Were it possible for "Observer" to visit this institution, to consider the starting point of these students, and to witness their zeal for knowledge and for labor, I think he would confess that the material was worth working up for some place in our political edifice.

FAIR PLAY.

During the last two months, the new subscriptions to this paper have been few and far between. Now that the school season has again opened throughout the South, and an army of teachers is in the field, we hope our friends will remember to work for us. There are numbers in every community who would be glad to welcome the "Workman" as a monthly visitor, if they were once introduced to it. Until lately, our subscription list has increased rapidly; and our present desire is to close the first year of our existence with prospects as encouraging as those with which we began our newspaper life.

About this time look out for a great deal of lying. It is the fashion. There will be lots of it after election. There is no feature of the present political canvass so humiliating to an upright man as the number of downright lies that are being published in the papers, and spoken in the speeches of the day. You can scarcely take up a daily paper without reading the heading, "Another lie nailed," followed by a paragraph in which some public man rises to explain that somebody has been publishing a falsehood about him. Things have come to such a pass that entire letters are published over the names of men who never dreamed of writing them. Of course, the people do not believe one half the politicians tell them; but many are liable to be deceived by such wholesale lying, and the guilt of those who indulge in it, is very great. Lying is nothing but lying, and the Bible does not say, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, except at election time."

The residence of the ladies who recently made a donation to the Virginia Sunday-school Union should have been printed Wrentham, Mass., instead of Waltham.

The Needs of the South.

The Southern Agricultural Press are strenuously advocating the establishment of manufactories in the cotton States, instead of being, as they now are, at the mercy of speculators, who send their crops some thousands of miles to be made into cloth. It is claimed that they have every natural facility needed—any amount of water at hand. They need the population that immediately clusters around, to them, and the business stimulus that would follow such enterprise. Diversified farming is also advocated—more grass and stock and less cotton; also the division of the large plantations into small farms. All of this advice is undoubtedly good. The South needs, and must have, something different from the present plantation system to ever be either a desirable place to emigrate to, or ever be really pro-perous. We notice that some of the papers are advocating a better and cheaper class of laborers, and are trying to get the Chinese there. Here is where they are sadly at fault. Better inducements will produce better laborers; and if they encourage an immigration that will make homes, lay land, raise children, and build school-houses, cultivate farms, make roads, and become a part and parcel of the country, all will be benefitted; while, even with manufacturing, an influx of Chinese would perpetuate the caste, degrade labor, discourage all desirable immigration, and be generally ruinous to enterprise and the growth and prosperity of the South.—*California Agriculturist.*

Simplicity of Style.

People who use big words and a pompous style always get laughed at for it; and people who are not friendly to the colored people often, (we say by speeches) endeavor them to the "niggers" as they call them. Pray see to it that no such style as that is tolerated among the students at Hampton. The highest and English language is plain and simple, and mostly composed of short, Saxon words. That was Daniel Webster's style, and is the style of all the best writers and speakers. A FRIEND.

The Campaign Paper.

To Mr. Beecher's utterance, on this subject, in the "Christian Union," everyone should say *Amen*, until the battle of the politicians shall be conducted with a more decent regard for Christian courtesy and candor.

The era of that fearful thing, the Campaign Paper, is upon us. Once in every four years, a "campaign lie" is inflicted on us. Any attempt at description would be futile; but all sensible, kindly just and truthful men know it well, and shudder at its approach. It is a "compact of jars"—made up of nasty little utterances, but all discordant; many little prickles of a churlish hedge-hog; many little lies that bite incessant, before and behind; many lies, bringing virus in their proboscees from the nearest carrion. The shrewd and nasty little paragraphs of the Campaign Paper are "by-blows" in a double sense; for no responsible intellect is expected to acknowledge their parentage. They come anonymously; they die and leave no sign; and when the occasion of their being has passed away, you could not find a grimly negative and shame their authors than to attempt their resuscitation. By common consent, they are consigned to perdition among the "hypocrites."

The Campaign Paper is an arena at whose entrance gentlemen lay aside their courtesy, upright men their truthfulness, and Christians their charity—for the nonce. An end is to be attained; the election *must* be won; and "all is fair in politics." Facts must be distorted, manufactured, boldly falsified. Documents must be forged, garbled, suppressed. Scandals loathesome and cruel must be devised and set upon their slimy way. Private interest must be trampled on; the sweetest relations must be outraged; and personalities must swarm like noisome insects. Where is the candid acknowledgement of faults in candidate or party that need correction? Where the manly retraction of a charge disproven? simple duties of a true manhood, and probably natural enough to most of these writers, in their private capacity. Shall a sign be made, or a word be spoken, at the distates of a sentimentality or a morality utterly out of place in politics, that may chance to give a small advantage to the enemy? Not if the Campaign Paper knows itself!

But too much upon an unsavory subject. Let all necessary exceptions be excepted; but your genuine, unadulterated, "immensely effective" Campaign Paper—where is the universal!—is our darling abomination. We neither trust nor delight in the mowing imps that grin and chatter so smartly up and down its columns.

Correspondence.

Churchland, Va.

Mr. Editor:—I have been teaching here in the public schools, for two months; and have opened no time in discharging my duties to my scholars as far as I have been able. When next I sit down to impart instruction, I hope the school-house will be more comfortable than the one in which I am now teaching. The house is 18 x 18 feet, and, at the time I first entered it, was without a desk, blackboard, or seats of any kind. I first went to work and made some temporary seats and a writing-desk. The room was very cold, and the scholars were shivering about me. They seemed to be no other way but to close school and report the condition of things to the committee. But; on second thought, I remembered that I had an old stove at home, which I might use. So I brought it to the school-house and made a rough fit of it, by putting the pipe through one of the windows. I am glad to say that it has done me good service. I was obliged to close my school in June, before it was over, on account of whooping-cough, which reduced my scholars from thirty-eight to three.

I tried to teach my scholars not only to be attentive to their books, but also to keep themselves neat and clean. I cannot express my gratitude for the receipt of your paper. Rest assured that I shall do all that I can to introduce it to my numerous friends.

WALTER S. WILSON.

Norfolk.

Mr. Editor:—Much interest is manifested in the new Virginia Sunday-School Union. A number of new schools have been organized, and the workings of the Union are, thus far, very encouraging. I desire to acknowledge, in behalf of the Union, a large donation of books and papers from the Congregational Publishing Society of Boston, Mass.; also a large number of copies of that beautiful little paper "Apples of Gold," from the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. These gifts have been a great help in the work, and were very thankfully received wherever distributed.

Business at the Freedman's Bank has been unusually good for the last month. Many of our depositors have drawn out their money within the past six months to provide themselves with homes, and many more are saving it up for the same purpose. Our deposits are slowly but steadily increasing from month to month.

Many of our people are ignorant of the precise rules and expressions of business. A depositor came in the other day and asked to have an "accession" placed on his book. Another declared his birth-day always came on the "third Saturday in June." Still another, wishing to know how much interest his money had gained, asked how the "sprouts" were getting along.

We have a society here, consisting of over two hundred different societies organized among the colored people. The financial interests of each one are managed by a banking committee of three, appointed by the society.

The bank is the headquarters of the colored people, and all matters not in keeping with their ideas of propriety are brought before us for examination.

M, L'HOMMEDIEU.

Hampton Normal School.

Record of Graduates.

Nancy Ellison, of the class of '71, was married on the 29th of August to Merritt R. Wallace. They will teach during the winter, probably in Mecklenburg County.

George Taylor has entered Howard University.

James Fields is still teaching the Lincoln School in Hampton, which has this year a large number of pupils. His classmates will hear with regret that his house, with almost all it contained was burned on the night of September.

Most of the graduates of '72 have been recommended to situations in Virginia, and we have heard from a few of them since they began their work.

George Pryor writes: "I arrived safely at Wytheville, Wednesday morning, the 18th inst., and opened school the same morning at 9 o'clock. The school then numbered 41 scholars, to-day, 81. Shaffer is teaching in the school with me, or rather I with him. We expect to have in a short time, at least two hundred scholars. We get $30.00 each. Mr. Thomas says that if we can get an average of eighty-five per cent., the school will be entitled to five months more of schooling, which with the term allowed by the county, will make ten months."

Lulo Phillips, who is in London Bridge, Princess Anne County, says: "I am in a lonesome part of the state, but I think I can do well if I stay. I get $35.00 a month, and have to pay $10.00 for board. I opened school to-day (Oct. 7th)."

There are no more teachers wanted just now, because the school-houses are not finished yet. Miss Rutledge has got her school, and she will get the pay I get. She has to walk about a mile and a half."

Maria Chisman is teaching at Murfreesboro, N. C., and Eliza Nottingham in Roanoke Co., Va.

John Williams is assisting Mr. Fields at the Lincoln School.

We hope to have some particulars of their work from many others of the class in time for the next number of our paper.

Agricultural.

Canned fruits.—It is a well-accepted fact, that fruits put up in tin cans are not as healthy as those preserved in glass cans. Solder is used in connecting tin cans, and solder contains lead which easily unites with the acids of the fruit and forms a poisonous mixture. Even if solder were not used, it would not be well to eat fruits long incased in tin. Undoubtedly, many persons have been injured by so doing. Glass jars are the only ones that should be used.

Roads and Fence Corners.—If there is any one thing which I hate more than another about a farm, it is to have the road, walks, and fence corners filled with brush and weeds. It is from these places that the Canada thistles and other noxious weeds become scattered over the farm; and who does not know that weeds in roads or walks are a sure mark of slovenliness on the part of the owner? Remove all the brush and weeds from the fence corners and roadsides; hoe and rake your garden walks, and see what a wonderful change it will make in the general appearance of your place. What a very bad habit is to otherwise well-kept gentleman, weedy walks and roads are to a good farm or garden. When I was a boy, my father taught me to hoe out my row, which meant to the center of the road, or close up to the fence, not permitting the weeds and grass to annually encroach upon that portion of the land occupied by crops.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Hens in place of Dogs.—There is hardly any family that does not throw away enough table scraps to feed at least a half dozen hens; but many families complain that they cannot afford to keep hens, who nevertheless keep a nuisance in the shape of a dog, who does no good, and costs them more than would a dozen good hens. If hens are well fed they will rarely go away from home, while a dog in general is a trouble to the whole neighborhood. Who ever saw one that was not a pest running across the newly-made garden, and sticking his nose into every thing? Kill off the cars, and give the food to the hens. We wish there was a tax of one hundred dollars on every dog in the country. Those that are of value as watch-dogs, could be retained; while the host of snarling, dirty curs would give place to some more useful and less troublesome pets.—*Poultry Standard.*

Water for Bees.—Bees consume large quantities of water when building comb and raising brood. Want of water is one of the causes of dysentery among bees. A bucket or trough filled with water, with a few pieces of old comb or sticks for the bees to alight upon and drink in safety, should be kept near the hives.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Whitewash for Outdoor Work.—Whitewash made from the following receipt is said to have been used very successfully on the public buildings at Washington:

To make whitewash, or cheap paint, which will last on wood, brick, or stone twenty or thirty years: Nice unslacked lime, one-half bushel; slake it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam; strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it salt, one peck, previously well dissolved in water; rice, three pounds, boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot; Spanish whiting, one-half pound; clean, nice glue, one pound, which has been previously dissolved in water, soaking being made there under a different name, but with the same purpose of the KuKlux. This was attempted in North Carolina, where the KuKlux have been dispersed effectually, but the people would not have anything to do with the matter.

General News.

A severe time about there was published a report of the storm on the night of August 20th, in which it was stated that Lumber Creek, 18 miles and 20 minutes P. M. and was accordingly has been received at Philadelphia in August 20th, at 10 hours and 15 minutes P. M. At first sight this is wonderful, yet by dividing the distance by the time actually occupied ninety five hours.

Nothing has yet been settled in regard to the time and method of ending the private claims, but out of the Alabama award of two hundred millions, it is thought, however, that Congress, at its next session, will provide for this without waiting for the payment of the money by Great Britian.

The official report of the investigation into the Modoc disaster throws the responsibility on Captain Burton and the two pilots, and absolves some blame to Dame, the first scout. The behavior of the captain and pilots have been rewarded.

The problem of telegraphing in the Chinese language, to write which requires some 20,000 different characters, has been solved in this way: A few thousands of the characters most used are cut upon wooden blocks. On the opposite side of each block is its number. Duplicates of each numbered blocks are at each telegraph station. The China merchant selects the blocks which express the thoughts to be transmitted. The operator telegraphs only the numerals designating those blocks, which enable the receiving operator to erect similar blocks at the end of the line.

A scheme of "postal cards," so-called, have been received at the Post-office Department from various parties, who have got them up as an advertising medium, and the Department has informed the speakers and manufacturers thereof in response to inquiries accompanying them, that if any business or other card is sent through the mails with written directions on it, they will be required to pay full letter postage, and that the one-cent stamp which is stuck on the corners will not be sufficient to send them. No postal card is, therefore, in order, till an appropriation has been made for them at the next session of Congress, and they are sold and distributed by the Post-Office Department.

The new postal card will be made from discut in hardened steel for surface printing, a novel, and heretofore considered impossible mode of engraving. The lines instead of being sunk are raised like those of an ordinary wood cut, so that the plate may be used in the same manner as type in any printing-press. The completed card is three inches by five and one-eight inches in size, made from a fine quality of card-board, and is of a light buff color. A border of scroll-work runs around the edge, while in the upper right-hand corner is a very handsome stamp, consisting of a head of liberty encircled with stars and, surrounded with elliptical scroll work. The denomination is one cent, and the color of the work a rich velvet brown. The inscription is simply "United States postal card"—write address only on this side, the message on the other." Below are ruled lines, while the reverse is blank.

A "wonderful discovery" is reported from Colorado, in the shape of an enormous silver ledge, or system of ledges, near Caribou. It is said to be sixty-three feet in width and five miles in length, assaying from $172 to $1000 per ton. It is also reported that a solid vein of silver ore, thirty inches wide, was struck in the Marshall tunnel near Georgetown, on the 21st ult.

Government has received information of extensive smuggling on the Gulf Coast, from Key West to New Orleans. The object of perpetrating the frauds is by running goods along the Gulf shore and thence into the interior to railroad points.

The Attorney-General has received a detailed report of observations and works of the secret agents of the Government in the Southern States, which shows that the KuKlux still consist, outrages in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, and that organizations now being made there under a different name, but with the same purposes of the KuKlux. This was attempted in North Carolina, where the KuKlux have been dispersed effectually, but the people would not have anything to do with the matter.

On Tuesday, October 1st, the new law concerning stamp taxes went into operation. Under the new arrangement no stamp will be required on any promissory notes, time drafts, bonds, certificates, contracts, custom-house papers, or any other instrument mentioned in schedule B of the old law, except "the delivery of two cents on bank checks, drafts, or orders." In reference to the latter exception, the U. S. Internal Revenue Department has doubted that a 2 cent stamp is required on inland bills of exchange, if payable at sight or on demand, and also on all orders at sight on private individuals for any sum over ten dollars. This decision is, however, considered by high authority to be erroneous.

Notwithstanding the large number of cases already disposed of, eighteen thousand Communists are still to prison in France awaiting trial. Of these, more ten thousand will soon be discharged without a formal examination. Only persons accused of assassination, robbery, or arson, will be held for trial.

A wealthy society has been organized in France to erect school houses in destitute places.

Street cars are said to run up Mount Zion, Jerusalem, the street lamps being lighted with gas.

The Egyptian Viceroy has given a valuable lot in Cairo for the erection of an Episcopal Church.

A Joke Turned on the Jokers.

College boys have queer notions of fun. They work hard to play a practical joke on president or professors; but when they have to work equally hard to undo the joke, the laugh isn't on their side! "One who knows" tells how President Maxcy was a little too much for some of his wild boys:

On one occasion, several students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the doctor's carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some compunctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy president a hint that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage-house.

Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the doctor proceeded on the appointed night to the carriage-house and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle.

In less than an hour some half a dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road. When they were fairly out of the college precincts they began to joke freely with each other by name.

One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied by swearing that it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself in it. For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck off into the woods, to a cover which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. Making themselves infinitely merry at the doctor's expense, and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it.

Just as they were about to depart, they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass door panels, and the well known voice of the doctor himself addressed them:

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine. Come, Messrs. ——, and ——, and ——, buckle to, and let us return; it's getting late."

There was no appeal; for the window was raised, and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfitted young gentlemen took their place at the pole, and at the back or the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less voice, did they retrace their course.

In silence they dragged the carriage to its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the doctor quietly vacated the carriage and went to the house, where he related the story to his family with much glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was the carriage ever afterwards dragged at night into the woods. —*Youth's Companion.*

Japanese Shoes.

Three kinds of shoes are worn in Japan.

1. There is the *straw* shoe. This consists of a snug mat of straw, made to fit the bottom of the foot, and fastened by means of a string going through the mat and round the ankles. The Japanese horses, what few they have, are shod with straw, in precisely the same way. The mat, being made to fit the bottom of the horse's foot, and turn up a little at the sides, is fastened by the means of a string going round the leg above the hoof.

2. The second kind of shoe is made of cloth for the upper part, and this is attached to a sole of felt an inch thick.

3. Then, instead of our gum overshoes, the Japanese construct a rude sandal of wood, the bottom of which fits the shape of the foot, and across the bottom are two transverse sections, one near the toe and another near the heel, forming two huge corks, a toe-cork and a heel-cork, of wood, four inches long and an inch thick. The whole is constructed of one solid piece of wood, and kept on the foot by means of a strong rope or string fastened to the top of the sandal, like the bail of a kettle, under which the foot is thrust to the instep, and the pedestrian is enabled to move "high and dry" over a muddy road. The tracks of such a traveller look queer enough. Two impressions in the soft earth, four inches long, and one inch wide, and four or five inches apart, are all you see.

What Brought Them Out.

An Irishman, one morning, went out very early in search of some game on an estate where the game laws were strictly enforced. Turning a sharp corner, whom did he meet but the gentleman who owned the estate. Paddy, seeing the game was up, coolly advanced to the gentleman and said,—

"The top of the morning to yony honor! and what brought your honor out so early this morning?"

The gentleman replied by saying,—"Indeed, Paddy, I just strolled out to see if I could find an appetite for my breakfast;" and then, eyeing Paddy rather suspiciously, said, "And now, Paddy, what brought you out so early this morning?"

Paddy replied, "Indade, your honor, I just strolled out to see if I could find a breakfast for my appetite."

Spare Moments.

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen door. The boy did as he was told, and soon appeared at the back door. "I should like to see Mr. B." he repeated.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Mr. B., if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, maybe you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trowsers. "I know he has none to spare," and without regarding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. B.?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be let alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadfully anxious to see you, so I let him in."

"I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that after talking a while, the principal put aside the volume he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new-comer. The examination lasted sometime. Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as he could.

"'Upon my word,' exclaimed the principal, looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles, "you certainly do well. Why, boy, where did you pick up so much?" "In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here was a poor hard-working boy, with but a few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. Truly, are not spare moments the gold-dust of time? How precious they should be! What account can you give for your spare moments? What can you say for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the forecastle of the whale-ship, in the tippling shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful course, might answer, "In my spare moments."

Curiosities of Animal Life.

There can be no doubt that dogs feel shame as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scouring the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity, the latter quality affording opportunity for hunters, in many parts of the world, to decoy the game into their power. The faculty of imitation, so strongly developed in man, especially in a barbarous state, is present in monkeys. A certain bull-terrier of our acquaintance, when he wishes to get out of the upper part, and this is attached to a sole of felt an inch thick. door, jumps at the handle of the door, and grasps it with his jaws, although he cannot himself turn the handle. Parrots, also reproduce with wonderful fidelity, the tones of voice of different speakers, and puppies reared by cats have been known to lick their feet and wash their faces after the same manner as their foster-mothers. Attention and memory also are present in the lower animals, and it is impossible to deny that the presence of dogs and horses show the presence of imagination, or that a certain sort of reason is also present. Animals also profit by experience, as any man realizes who sets traps. The young are much more easily caught than the old, and the adults gain caution by seeing the fate of those which are caught. Tools, also, are used by some of the higher apes. The chimpanzee uses a stone to crack a nut resembling a walnut, and the Abyssinian baboons fight troops of other species, and roll down stones in the attack before they finally close in a hand-to-hand encounter. The idea of property is common also to every dog with a bone, to all birds with their nests, and notably in the case of rooks. Nor can a certain kind of language be denied to the brutes. The dog communicates his feelings by barks of different tones, which undoubtedly raise in his fellow-dogs ideas similar to those passing in his own mind.—*Edinburgh Review.*

WHAT is the difference between a bill and a pill? One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

Children's Department.

Autumn Leaves.

The leaves, they are falling, falling, falling:
Red, brown, and yellow, I see them fall—
The birds, they are calling, calling, calling:
Swallows old and young, I hear them call.
Come, Mary! Come, Jamie! Come, Harry and Kate!
See the leaves and the swallows: come, do not be late.
The warm days, they are going, going, going:
Come, mount the hill with me before they go.
The little brooks are flowing, flowing, flowing:
But very soon they all will cease to flow.
For the leaves are falling, falling; the swallows flying, flying;
And soon the winds of winter will be sighing, sighing, sighing.

THE DONKEY, THE FOX, AND THE LION.

The autumn bees are humming, humming, humming:
Soon they will be silent all and still.
Said the children, "We are coming, coming, coming:
Wait there for us, Uncle Charley, on the hill.
Come summer, come winter, come heat, or come snow.
We're bound to be merry wherever we go."
—*The Nursery.*

HOLD ON, BOY.

The Donkey, the Fox, and the Lion.

If you wrong those who trust you, no one will pity you if you come to grief. Them is an old fable of the Donkey, the Fox, and the Lion. The Donkey and the Fox agreed to help each other, and then went into the woods to hunt.

They had not gone far when they met a Lion. The Fox, fearing that he could not keep out of the clutches of the Lion, thought he would try to save himself at the expense of his partner.

So the Fox went up to the Lion, and told him, that, if he would pledge his royal word not to harm him, he would lead the Donkey to a place where the Lion could catch him.

The Lion told the Fox to do it, and trust to his mercy. So the Fox led the poor Donkey to a deep pit, and contrived to have him fall into it. The Lion, seeing that the Donkey was in his power, then clutched the Fox, and said, "Those who cheat deserve to be cheated in their turn. I shall begin my meal with a joint of fox, and end with a bit of donkey."

But the Donkey brayed so loud that the hunters came up and helped him out of the deep pit. Then they gave chase to the Lion and the Fox, and killed them both.—*The Nursery.*

Hold on, Boy!

Look at the man and the boy on the back of the great horse! How fast the horse goes! I hope he will not trip. If he should trip and fall, the man and the boy would get hurt.

Why do they ride so fast? You shall hear. The boy was sent a long way with a note, which he was told to leave at a man's house. He left the note; but, on his way home, the sky grew dark.

"I think it will rain soon," thought the boy; and, as he thought this, he saw a man on the back of a horse. "Will you let me ride with you?" said the boy.

"Yes, my lad," said the man; "give me your hand, and jump. It will rain fast, soon. Hold on tight to my back, and I will leave you at your house."

So the boy gave a jump, and got on the back of the horse; and off they went, so fast that the boy got home in good time to shun the rain.—*The Nursery.*

A Good Beginning.

Hon. Erastus Corning died, not long since, at Albany, worth nearly ten million dollars. He came to the city in early boyhood, poor and friendless, seeking employment. Applying at a store for work of some kind, the merchant thought him too small and young for service.

"Why, my little boy," said he, "what can you do?"

"Can do what I am bid, sir," was the prompt reply.

That reply secured him a place, and that spirit made him a favorite with his employer, and insured steady promotion. Any young man who is ready for hard work, and attends to his duties promptly and with thoroughness, may hope to succeed. Idlers and shirkers, whose aim is to do as little as possible, have a hard road to travel.

Tom's Lesson.

"Go and get it! Go and get it, I say!"

Poor little Dash crept close to his young master's feet, looking up in his face with earnest, pleading eyes, as if he would say, "Please, please don't! I cannot do what you want."

Tom was trying to make Dash swim after a stick which he had just thrown into the river. Now, Dash was not a water dog, having no more love for it than a cat and foolish Tom was bent on making one! He kicked the poor little animal away and repeated his order; then, angry that it was not obeyed, seized him and threw him into the water. The dog was sorely frightened, but by hard struggling reached the bank and crawled to his master's feet with a pitiful whine, wet, panting, trembling. The cruel boy caught him up with rough words, and was just going to throw him in again, when a pair of strong arms seized him and a man's voice said, "Here, you young scamp! Now we'll see how you like to swim!"

It was Tom's turn to be frightened. He turned pale, trembled and caught his breath as the stranger lifted him in his stout arms as easily as he had poor Dash; he began to beg. "Oh, sir, pray don't! I cannot swim, indeed I cannot! O don't throw me into the water! I will never do so again."

The man paused, but did not let go his hold.

"Neither can your dog swim," he said; but you meant to make him do it, just to amuse yourself. Why can't not make you do it to amuse me? I am so much larger and stronger than you, as you are larger and stronger than that poor, panting, trembling dog."

Tom still begged and promised, and the stranger at last let him go, saying, "Now, my boy, let me give you a kind word of advice. Never treat another, whether human being or dumb animal, as you would not like to be treated yourself. Never try to make anybody or anything do what God, who he created it, did not make it to do, or to be what he did not mean it to be. If you keep these rules, you will be a better, wiser, happier boy. Good-bye."

And Tom knew in his heart that the man was right, and the lesson, though it seemed severe, had been given in kindness. —*Our Dumb Animals.*

A Mother's Love.

Children, look in those eyes; listen to that dear voice; notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by the gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts,—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends,—fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

Kindness for Kindness.

A bee, buzzing from flower to flower gathering honey, rested on the broad, pink petal of a full-blown rose. Alas! the rose was just ready to fall apart, and the bee, with a sudden dash toppled backward into the waters of a babbling brook. A dove, in the leafy bower of a maple-tree saw the accident, and plucking a leaf, dropped it to the frightened bee, who struggled on the leaf and was wafted safe to shore by this little sylvan boat.

A dove was softly cooing in her favorite tree, when a sportsman, with his dog and gun, came by, and slyly raised his deadly weapon to fire, when lo! a bee stung his finger making him drop his gun and cry out with pain. The shot was scattered, and the startled dove was off on the wing.

The bee went buzzing on his way—a happy bee! for it had paid a debt of kindness in kindness in return—

"And this is the world the rule was made
That each should his fellow-creature aid;
One does another a service to-day,
To-morrow that other the deed can repay."

The Roman Soldier.

"The Romans had a law that no person should approach the emperor's tent in the night upon pain of death; but it once happened that a soldier was found in that situation with a petition in his hand, whiting for an opportunity of presenting it. He was apprehended, and going to be immediately executed; but the emperor, having overheard the matter in his pavilion, cried aloud, saying, 'If the petition be for himself, let him die; if for another, spare his life.' Upon inquiry, it was found that the generous soldier prayed for the lives of his two comrades, who had been taken asleep on the watch. The emperor nobly forgave them all."—*The Well-Spring.*

Truth.

Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know
There's something wrong to hide below?
Yes, let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the better way.

INFORMATION WANTED!

Mr. Jordan Williams, of Norfolk, Va., desires to obtain information of his lost boy, PILAS WILLIAMS, who very mysteriously left home from the 22nd of July, and has not been heard from since. He is about 16 years of age, and was last May, at their competition, about four feet in height; a smart, active boy; rather thick in conversation, holding his head down while answering with myopic.

His father and mother are very anxious to learn as to his whereabouts. It was reported that he was in Petersburg, but as certainty as to the above statement can be ascertained.

Any information as to the above will be thankfully received if addressed to

JORDAN WILLIAMS,
Norfolk, Va.
Care of M. L'Hommedieu. 1oct

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The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,357,267.67, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $213,213.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $5,000,000 due depositors.

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"Sweeping the Gates."

I.

Oh, blessed is life when the warfare is ended,
And the Comforter comes as the victor to save,
And the soul follows after its Master ascended,
Victorious forever o'er death and the grave!
And blessed was he when the summons was given,
Our friend and our brother whose mission is done,
Who triumphed before the bright portals of Heaven,
And spoke of the glories salvation had won.
Who left the glad welcome—"Accepted I am,
And on pinions slate,
I am sweeping the gate,
Uptorne by the love of the Lamb."

II.

"I cannot tell what are the raptures before me,
The joys of the ransomed I cannot compare,
But I know that the smile of the Lord brightens o'er me,
And the sweetness of Paradise falls on the air.
I know that bright convoys above me now hover,
I know that the arches of Heaven are fair:
I know, yes, I know, that this hour will discover
The glory of glories, that Jesus is there.
I fly to his bosom: accepted I am,
And on pinions slate,
I am sweeping the gate,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb!"

III.

We shall meet him no more in our unions, forever,
When the music of bells fills the air with delight;
When the sunshine of evening fades soft on the river,
Or sets the gold stars of the diademed night,
His spirit no longer, on wings of elation,
Awaits the sweet seal of the Heavenly kiss,
But, passed to its rapture the gates of salvation,
Is now with the saints and the angels in bliss.
He is safe by the throne of the mighty I AM.
On pinious state,
He has swept the bright gate,
And is singing the blood of the Lamb!

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

Next to Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Talmage is the most popular preacher in Brooklyn, New York. Though his style is not always such as we should choose, he is so spicy, witty, and sharp, so apt in illustration and graphic in description, and, above all, so earnest in his devotion to the Master's service, that we think our readers will be interested in the following extracts from his writings:

SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

"I deny the universal proposition that childhood is the happiest part of life. What with breaking your best top, and having the boy next to you stick pins into you—under the most favorable circumstances, it is the least comfortable portion of human existence. We do not understand the sorrows or perplexities of childhood—those days of bad colds without the alleviation of pocket-handkerchiefs; the days of examinations when the unhappy youth, perhaps, in awful presence, is told to 'Parse the first page of Young's Night Thoughts;'" and when prepositions, adjectives, verbs, articles, and conjunctions get into a grand riot worse than the Fourth Ward on election day. Well do I remember the unhappy sense of my childhood's educational experience. It was called "Herod's School-house," partly because a spin of that name lived not far away, and partly because it was "The Massacre of the Innocents." We went to school there from eight o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon, and a boy got the worth of his money. There was none of your nonsense of blackboards, globes, and philosophical apparatus. It was sober business, and no trifling. There were the wooden desks around the wall, and seats with no backs to them, and there we sat all day with our faces to the wall; and along about four o'clock of a summer afternoon we would begin to forget *how educational advantages*, and get drowsy, and then the teacher, would come around very slyly, and with a big stick bring us instantly back to an appreciation of our educational advantages. And when we learned our A B C's, we *learned them!* I remember the whole process. "'What letter is that?' 'I don't know.' (Cuff.) 'What letter is that?' (higher key.) 'I don't know.' (Cuff, cuff.) (Tremendous applause). I remember all about it. It was a most serious thing under the best circumstances. And one day, too, a most awful circumstance occurred. Word came to the teacher that Joe Smith had actually kissed Mary Brown! Actually kissed her! and that teacher arose in his indignation, and didn't Joe Smith take it? Why shouldn't that teacher be filled like a vial of wrath at such a thing? He had never kissed anybody! Nobody had ever *kissed him!* But it did no good; for fifteen years later, a minister stood within the altar, a bridal trail swept down the aisle, and there, in the presence of the world, *Joe Smith kissed Mary Brown!* None of the sorrows of childhood about that!"

MAKING THINGS GO.

"The general rule is that moral success is worthily success. It is easier to make a permanent fortune in honorable ways than by dishonorable conduct. The devil is a poor financier. When the gold and the silver were laid down in the earth, they were sworn to serve the cause of righteousness, and they never go into the coffers of the dishonest without committing perjury. Lawful enterprise in the long run will declare larger dividends than dishonest scheming. The oil company of which Hon. Bogus Breasebeak is President, and Hocus Pocus, Esq., is Secretary, at first declares twenty per cent., then ten per cent., afterward three per cent.; and, last of all, nothing, leaving the widows and orphans to play the beautiful game of 'Money! money! who has the money?'"

GHOSTS.

"The only ghosts that glide across the room are those of the murdered hours of the past. When the door swings open without any hand, we send for the locksmith to put on a better latch. Sheeting has been so high since the war, that apparitions will never wear it again. Friday is an unlucky day only when on it we behave ill. If a salt-cellar upset, it means no misfortune, unless you have not paid for the salt. Spirits of the departed have enough employment in the next world to keep them from cutting up monkey-shines in this.

AIM HIGH.

"If a man's whole life object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will run against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that, he will not be interrupted in his flight heavenward. Why does that flock of birds, floating up against the blue sky so high that you can hardly see them, not change its course for mire or tower? They are *above* all obstructions. So we would not have so often to change our Christian course if we lived in a higher atmosphere, nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God."

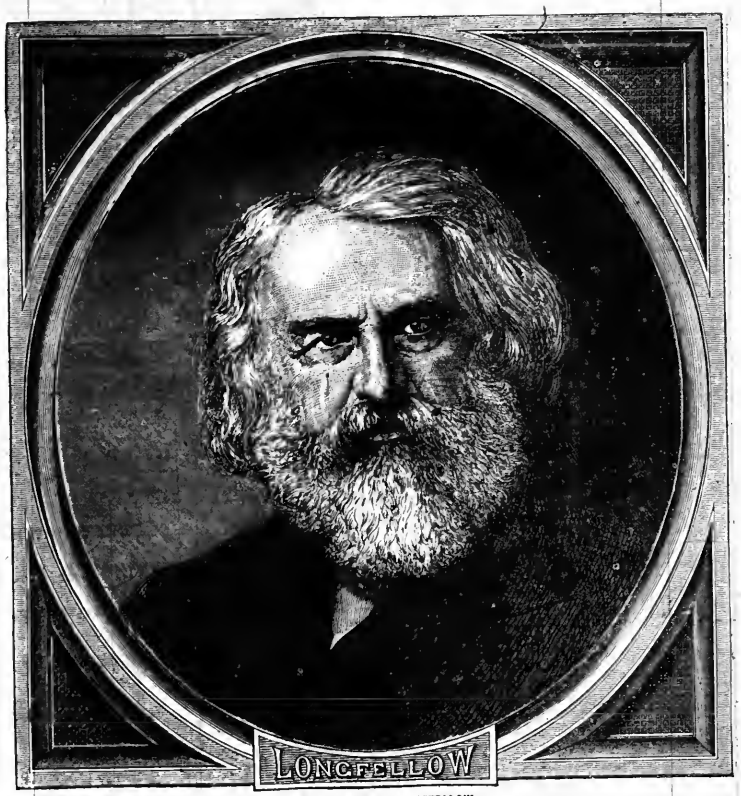
THE HATCHET BURIED.

"We have spent too much time in ecclesiastical pugilism. We have lost about a hundred years in gunning for Methodists, and drumming Baptists, and beating Presbyterians to death with the decrees, and pommelling Episcopalians with the battle-rent of the liturgy. As at Bothwell Bridge the Scotch army quarrelled among themselves, eighteen ministers, with eighteen different opinions, contending most fiercely, until Lord Claverhouse came down with disciplined troops and swept the field; so in the time when hosts of darkness in mail of hell were coming upon us, we were contending. Old School against New School, Free-will Baptists against close communionists, Methodist Church North against Methodist Church South, and we have been routed on a hundred fields, when, forgetting everything but the ancestarred banner under which we fought, and the Captain who led us on, we might have shouted the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Thank God that so many of the rams of the Church have had their horns sawed off, and that the ecclesiastical chantieleers have lost their spurs. The books of controversialists will be on the shelves of colleges and State libraries, old and yellow and cobwebbed, until even the book-worms will get tired of the alumbrous literature, and depart from old leather-backs, and some day the books will be cast into the fire, and just before the last flame goes out, the world will see in the consuming scrolls the image of two religious combatants with their hands in each other's hair, combing it the wrong way. Bigotry is an owl that cannot see in the daytime; on black and spectral wing it flits through the midnight heavens and roosts in the belfries of ruined churches.

"The millennium has already begun. The Episcopalian lion is eating straw like a Presbyterian ox; and Baptist and Pedo-Baptist, while lovingly discussing their differences, are first *sprinkled*, and then *immersed*, by a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Peace! If you, the methodist, want an Episcopal see, long as from Mulberry street to the Golden Horn, have it, and may it be crowded with repentant sinners. And if it shall be found out that all our Presbyterian brethren have been *fore-ordained* to eternal life, Bishops Simpson and Janes will rejoice with us in the fore-ordination. If this brother will preach in gown and bands, and the Western pioneer shall proclaim the Gospel in his shirt-sleeves, may the blessings come down upon both the preachers. Life is too short, and the work too great, to allow disputation about nonessentials. If a drowning man is to be pulled out of the floods, it makes but little difference whether the hand you reach out to him has on its buckskin mitten or kid glove.

"Quick! Let us find our work. *You* preach a sermon—*you* give a tract—*you* hand a flower—*you* sing a song—*you* give a crutch to a lame man—*you* teach the Sabbath class their A, B, C—*you* knit a pair of socks for a foundling—*you* pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! *We will be dead soon!*"



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

How to Eat.

You probably think, most of you, that advice on this point is quite unnecessary; but there was never a greater mistake, for the majority of people eat their daily food with very little knowledge of its effects, and still less of how to choose and prepare it, so that it may give the greatest possible amount of both nourishment and pleasure. To enjoy your food and be benefited by it, you must first of all, have a healthy appetite, which means more, perhaps, than you think for; it means that your stomach and your liver and several other important organs of your system are in good order, and your never-ceasing endeavor should be to keep them so. It is not so difficult either, for most working people are blessed with healthy bodies, and nine times out of ten have only themselves to blame for their sicknesses and discomfort. Our Creator has made the laws which govern our bodies so simple that the wayfaring man need not err therein; the difficulty, alas, lies almost always in our own weak wills. Determine then to be healthy as you were meant to be, and to that end follow certain simple roles of which here are three:

1st. Eat always at fixed times: regularity is all important, and if you try it, you will find it just as easy to have dinner at 12 o'clock precisely, as to have it, as too many do, anywhere from 10 o'clock to sundown.

2d. Fry nothing that can be cooked in any other way; roast, boil, bake, broil, do anything rather than fry, for when you fry your food you lose the best part of it, and make your stomach double work, a foolish waste of material and digestive power. There is no better manner of cooking fish or meat, than broiling over the coals.

3d. Eat a variety of vegetables plainly cooked, and eat them in the early part of the day, not at night when the stomach is tired, for they are gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night, so far as their value as food is concerned. X.

Diamonds in the Dirt.

We hear of men from all parts of the world going to the diamond fields of Africa, braving perils by land and sea, encountering all manner of privations and fatigue; digging in the dirt with unwearied energy and patience, stimulated by the hope of finding therein a transparent stone that will dazzle the eyes of men with its long lashes of prismatic lustre. Meanwhile, there are diamonds lying neglected in the dirt all around us. Perhaps they were there from the beginning of their existence; or perhaps they were carelessly dropped from some rich man's breast, and fell upon a dung-hill, where barn-door fowls scratched dirt over them, and swine rooted them deeper and deeper into the mire. Either way, they are precious things buried in dirt and darkness, waiting for waters of truth to wash away the filth, and the sunlight of love to bring out their inherent lustre.

Blessings on those who are seeking to bring out of the darkness those lost *human* treasures, of more value to society than all the diamonds in imperial crowns! Immortal jewels, capable of forever reflecting divine radiance pleasing to the eye of God, after all the splendors of this world have vanished utterly! — *Christian Instructor.*

Help in Need.

A good man shall have what he needs, not always what he thinks he needs. Providence intends the supply of our necessities, but not of our desires. He will satisfy our wants, but not our wantonness. When a thing is not needful, a man cannot properly be said to want it; when it is needful, a good man shall not be without it. What is not bestowed upon us, may not be so beautiful at the time we desire it, for everything is beautiful in its season. He that did not want God's kindness to renew him, shall never want God's kindness to supply him; his hands shall not be wanting to give where his heart has been so large at working.—*Charnock.*

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Temperance.

Consider

That sparkling glass, if you partake,
Will prove your deadly foe,
And may, ere yet its bubbles break,
Have sealed your endless woe!

Then pause ere yet the cup you drain,
The hand that lifts it, stay;
Resolve forever to abstain,
And cast the bowl away.

A Plucky Temperance Man.

TWENTY years ago, a young man went to Washington with a petition to Congress from the people of old Massachusetts. While in that city, he was invited to dine with the celebrated John Quincy Adams.

Many great men sat at the table. The young man had been poor, and was then only a mechanic in moderate circumstances. During dinner, Mr. Adams said to him:

"Will you drink a glass of wine with me, sir?"

The young man was a temperance man. But the eyes of many greater than himself were upon him. They were all wine-drinkers, and it was no small matter to decline such a request from his venerable host. No wonder the young man was embarrassed, that he blushed and hesitated. It was a critical moment for him. But he was a true man. He had real manhood, and he stammered:

"Sir, I never take wine."

Nobly said, young man! Mesmerism gets heard that answer, and mother-hood it. She saw in Henry Wilson a man who could be trusted, and she took him one of her senators. To-day, as for several years past, he has been known as Senator Wilson! God bless him! May our readers follow his example, and however and by whomsoever tempted, stick to their principles.

Bands of Hope

This organization, designed for children and youths, was started in Scotland in 1847, and has been instrumental in reclaiming more persons than any other similar organization in the world. Its mode of organization is simple and plain, is usually commenced in the Sunday-school, where children, teachers, and parents unite in the meetings. The youth should be early pledged to total abstinence, and educated in the great fundamental truths of temperance. The following is the usual form of pledge, though some leaves of tobacco, in forming Bands, have left out all reference to the filthy weed:

"I hereby solemnly pledge myself to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, including wine, beer, and cider, as a beverage; from the use of tobacco in every form, and from all profanity."

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THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., NOVEMBER, 1872. NO. 11.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leand upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, fnding yours so tight;—
You do not prise this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it ẃ blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,—
Wa are so dull and thankless; and too slow
Te catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints when the days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a brok-n cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;—
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—*The Aldine.*

The Nineteenth Century.

For the picture on this page, so aptly portreying the spirit of this century, and for the accompanying article, we are indebted to the "Christian Weekly."

Formerly, labor was servile; the men of muscle were slaves to the men of brain. The gospel has redeemed toil and ransomed the laborer. Muscle in the nineteenth century is married to brain, and intelligent labor has become the characteristic of the age. The newspaper is now as indispenasble to the workingman's nooning as his lunch.

It is, we repeat, the gospel of Jesus Christ, which has thus elevated labor from servile drudgery to an intelligent art; the gospel — which represents God as both working and resting, portrays the Son of God as also the son of a carpenter, represents the first man in his highest estate as a gardener, proclaims that in God's sight every man is judged by what he is, and not by what he has nn, unsparingly denounces all idleness whether of wealth or of poverty, and, fermenting like leaven for ages, has brought about the growing conviction that all laziness is contemptible, whether of the church, the cloister, the palace,or the hut, and that no man is of any worth who is not In some sphere of life a "workingman."

Strikes.

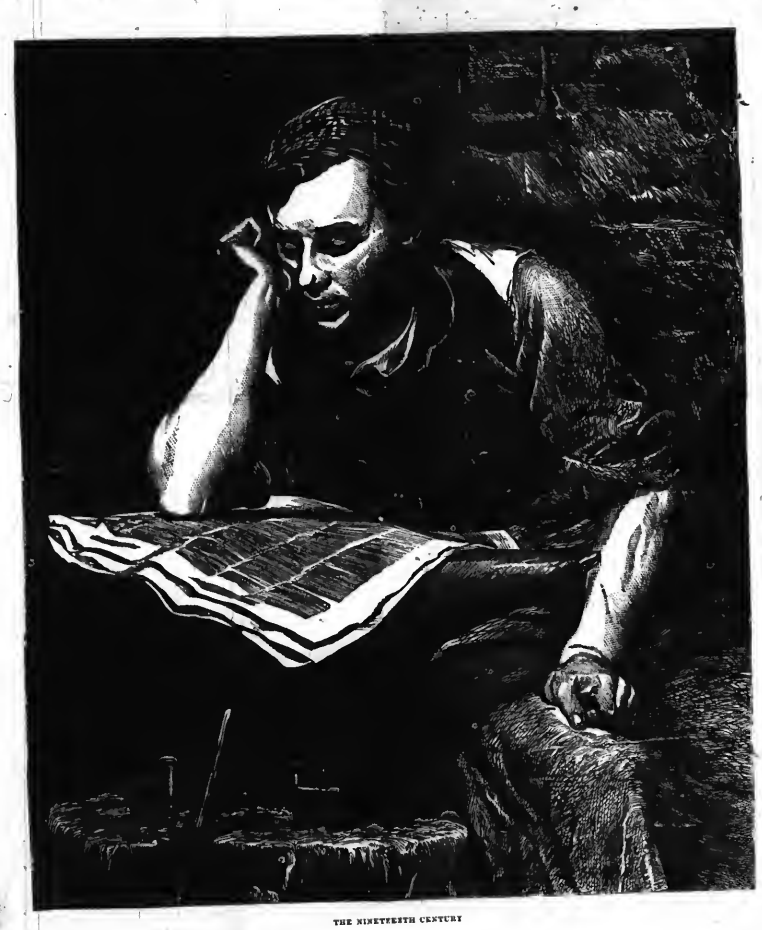
The remedy for the evil of strikes which has now appeared in Chicago, and is continually breaking ont here and there, is justly declared to be the establishment of kindly, sympathetic relations between laborers and their employers. The American Tract Society has for years emplnyed from one hundred to two hnndred and fifty men, and it has never known a strike. There are other public corporetions which, by a similar policy of justice and good-will have enjoyed a similar immunity. They are sufficiently numerdus to prove that generous justice in the employer and an intelligent industry in the wnrkman afford a far better panacea for strikes than any legislation whatsoever.

Chicago.

One year ago a fire, sudden and terrible as if sent from heaven, swept over one of the finest cities on the American continent. Street after street, block after block, dwellings, warehouses, churches, hotels, buildings whose massive stone and iron walls had seemed able to defy the attack nf any or all the elements; huge piles of fire-proof masonry, that seemed built for all time, were licked np like chaff by the terrible tongues nf flame. Thousands who at first watched the advancing sheet of fire from a distance had barely time to flee before it, leaving behind them their homes and all that made them dear. Many who lingered but for a moment to secure some precious keepsake, some household god dearer than all the rest, were crushed by the blazing reRere or smothered by the blinding smoke, and yielded up their lives on the very hearthstones where they had dreamed of so many years of future happiness. The streets were hnddled with men, women and children, who listened, panic-stricken, to the terrible roar of the swiftly approaching destroyer. The firemen deserted their engines in despair; as well might they have attempted to drench the sun as to stay the progress of the flames. And so, through all that fearful night and the equally fearful following day, Chicago was one great funeral pile, the smoke from her destruction shrouding the country for miles around with the gloom of desolation. Her beautiful dwellings, her magnificent public buildings, her costly churches, were unsightly heaps of ashes. The labor of years had ended in naught. A few hours before she had stood in her pride, a queen among the cities of the West. Now, discrowned and stripped of her glory, she sat among her ruins, helpless for the time, and destitute nf everything save energy and hope.

But as the calamity was unparalleled, so was the universal and spontaneous outburst of sympathy that followed it. The ann of that terrible day had not yet set, when every telegraph wire leading to the devastated city was crowded with messages of good-will, and, better still, with promises nf immediate help. Supplies came np to the grand centere with almost inconceivable repidity from every town and village in the land, and were forwarded without the loss of an hour to the walking sufferers. Money, clothing provisions, books, and even toys for the homeless little ones, poured in in immense quantities, filling huge freight trelns, which rolled impatiently to their destination as if sharing in the general feeling of anxious sympathy. Churches were turned into sewing-rooms, and mothere who were not able to leave their homes to asbist in the labors of the gathered multitude, shared the clothing of their children with the shivering little ones nf the great burnt city. The electrio thrill even ran across the sea, and England, forgetting the petty quarrels of diplomacy, came open-handed, bearing gifts. Chicago at once became a key for the unlocking of all hearts.

It has been only a year — a short year — since that time, and behold the new Chicago! Greater, prouder, more populous than before; her palaces rebuilt, the spires of her churches again pointing to the sky, her warehouses choked with grain, her streets magnificent with granite and iron and marble, and resonait with the hum of commerce. For six months past, the buildings of the burnt district have sprong up as if under a magician's wand, the number avereging one for every hour, day and night, in that time. And there is no cessation of the labor. Before the impetus given by the movement ceases, Chicago will have extended its limits vastly beyond what they would have been had the conflagration never occurred. In this, and in the fact that every building erected has been an improvement on that destroyed, may be found a partial compensation, perhaps, for the calamity; but, even looking at it from that point of view, it is a renovating process that the city would hardly care to undergo again, even were the benefits and advantages to be doubled. — *Globe.*



THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The Art of not Hearing.

The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money are expended. There are so many things which are so painful to hear, many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper and detract from contentment and happiness, that everyone should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage nf life I am caught in one of these domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut op my ears, as a sailor would furl his sail, and making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis nf my ear, and he cannot get in any farther. Some people feel so very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them, they set about searching and find it out. If all the petty things said of one by the heedless or ill-natured killers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion stuck full of sharp remarks.

I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my head a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of musquitos in my chamber, or raising a pungent in my house generelly, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy, when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them.

It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent remark.

The Power of the Affirmative.

The power of positive ideas and the power of positive affirmation and promulgation of them move the world. Breath is wasted in nothing more lavishly than in negations and denials. A strong man and a strong cause need only to lead an affirmative life devoting no attention whatever to enemies, to win their way, and to trample beneath their feet all the obstacles that malice, or jealousy, or selfishness throw before them. The man who can say strongly and earnestly "I believe," has not only a vital and valuable possession, but he has a permanent source of inspiration with himself and a permanent influence over others. — *Scribner's Monthly.*

What is in the Body.

Of phosphorous every adult person carries enough (1 3-4 pounds) about with him in his body to make at least four thousand of the ordinary twocent packages of matches, but he does not have quite sulphur enough to complete that quantity of the little incendiary combustibles. This phosphorus exists in the bones and in the brain, and is one of the most important constituents in the body. Every schoolboy is acquainted with those strange metals, sodium and potassium, for he has seen them flash into a brilliant flame when thrown upon the water. The body contains two and a quarter ounces of the former and a half ounce of the latter metal; enough for all needed experimental purposes in the schools of a large city. The twelve grains of magnesium would be ample in quantity to form the "silver rein" for a dozen rockets, or enough to create a light which, nader favorable conditions could be seen a distance of twenty miles.

A Historical Re[illegible]

Dr. Arnold, the famous headm[illegible] of Rugby always had a great fondness for history. He died soon after receiving an appointment to the chair of History at Oxford or he would have made his mark on the historical studies of our age.

His love for history began when he had scarcely passed infancy. At three years of age he received Smollet's "History of England" as a present from his father, in reward for the accuracy with which he repeated the stories he had heard, in connection with the portraits and pictures of the successive reigns. At the same age he played with geographical cards, and knew perfectly by their shape, the different counties of England on the dissected map. He read Priestly's "Lectures on History," before he was eight years old, and quoted them from memory after he became professor at Oxford. Gibbon's "Decline of the Roman Empire," Mitford's "History of Greece," he read soon after, and never needed to read them again, as his memory retained both incidents and language when he wished to put them into use.

The Southern Workman.

VOLUME MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Editorial Manager.*
H. W. BLAKE, *Assistant Editor.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

Each number will be fully illustrated, will furnish a variety of choice reading, will tell what is going on in the world, and will aim to please and profit both old and young.

All are invited, the young especially, to aid by letter, questions on any subject upon which they wish information.

We shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, NOVEMBER, 1872.

The Presidential Campaign.

Since the question at issue has been, not so much of platforms as of men, it has been to a great extent, a campaign of slander, disgraced by the worst personalities and the most vindictive abuse. Such appeals to passion and prejudice, to hate, division and strife, such exaggeration of the foibles and caricatures of the weaknesses of political opponents; such crimination and recrimination,—hurling against each other the foulest libels, with the most persistent malignity, must be demoralising in their effects upon the people.

Thus to God's rule the storm is over; and may the sunshine of a purer peace and a higher prosperity bless our land. The bright bow of promise is on the retiring cloud.

We may differ in our views as to the result of the election. One may not have been the winning candidate—the successful party. But while it has been too manifest that we are not sufficiently near the Millennium for politicians in so exciting a campaign to be all free from spite and prescription, and to refrain entirely from bespattering each other with dirty speech, —remembering that the golden rule of the Master is not suspended for their sakes, four months of each fourth year; that utterly vain is the attempt to glorify over party bitterness and party falsehood and abuse, by the villainous plea, "All is fair in politics;"—let us now, according to the gospel teaching, seek the things wherewith one may edify, not pull down another. By no means should we suffer political differences to lead to personal animosity. Beware of becoming sour toward others, of questioning their motives and searching their honesty, because the Ano two think and vote just like, walk exactly persons look, or feel exactly alike, or expect all of different alike, hold and modes of thinking, circumstances, to feel and act exactly alike, on great political questions, while are not so perfectly settled but that men as wise and good as ourselves, may view them differently. One important lesson which we need to learn in politics as in religion is, to be more patient and tolerant toward those whose opinions do not, in every respect, square with our own.

Besides, it is not in any mere political expedients, or party trimming, to save the nation. The clap-trap of the party press and party platform in every Presidential campaign is, to predict the ruin of the Republic, if the rival candidates succeed,—as though the Republic were but a bubble that's breath might destroy. But when we consider that blow after blow of this kind has fallen upon us, for scores of years past, and how we have survived the whole, it would seem as though there were some reason to believe that, if our Republic be a bubble, it is nevertheless a strong one—a bubble composed, not so much of fluid inflated, as of rock crystalized. There is a far higher good for our country than can be obtained by the triumph of any party,—the triumph of that righteousness which "exalteth a nation." "The people that do know their God, shall be strong and do exploits."

Hon. Wm. H. Seward died at his home in Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 10, aged 71. During his life he held many offices. was Governor of New York and U. S. Senator. He is chiefly honored because he was Secretary of State, under Abraham Lincoln. As such he signed the Emancipation Proclamation. When Mr. Lincoln was killed, an attempt was made to slay Mr. Seward also, who was lying sick in bed. An assassin went to his chamber and succeeded in injuring but not in killing the statesman. He was so ill that his doctor was afraid to tell him Mr. Lincoln was dead. Two or three days after he was looking out of the window and saw a flag at half-mast. He said at once, "The President is dead." It was in vain the servant tried to deny it. "I know he is dead," said Mr. Seward, "for if it was anyone else, he would have been to see me."

Of late years, Mr. Seward has spent his time in travelling in different parts of the world and in writing accounts of the places and persons he has seen. He was a man who did much to serve his day and generation. His last words to his friends were, "Love one another."

We have been much pleased in observing the excellent work that has lately been done in repairing the roads in this region. It reflects credit on those who have the matter in charge. There is nothing that indicates the condition of a country with more certainty than the condition of its roads. People who are thrifty and intelligent make good roads and keep them good. People who are ignorant and shiftless neither make nor mend their roads. In war time the roads are always poor. There is then no opportunity to mend the ways. But in time of peace poor roads always lead into a poor country. It is very easy to build good roads in this part of the South. There are no hills nor rocks to interfere. The one thing necessary is to so build the roads that the water can be easily carried off by drains, during severe storms. The South wants better roads.

A Corner-stone Laid.

The corner-stone of the Zion Baptist Church of Hampton, Va., was laid Wednesday, Oct. 16th. A good number was present, and the occasion was one of great interest. An address was made by the Rev. Richard Tolman, in which he felicitously contrasted the past condition of his auditors with the present; and told them that such an enterprise as this was one of the best means of gaining the favor of the Master, alluding to the case of the centurion who was recommended by the Jews to Christ with the words, "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a Synagogue."

Gen. Armstrong then added a few interesting and highly practical remarks, urging them all to take hold of the work thus auspiciously begun, and to carry it forward with energy and perseverance. Friend Kimber of Philadelphia, followed with a brief address expressing his satisfaction at being present on so interesting an occasion, and reminding them that although they were exempt from the outward yoke of bondage, those only were free whom Christ makes free.

Elder William Thornton, the pastor, then closed the exercises with a few remarks in which he stated that the sisters of the Church had always been more ready with pecuniary aid than the brothers, and hoped that now no one would hold back, but that all would assist in the erection of this new edifice with the earnest desire to

It is the interested in the welfare of the Zion Baptist Church that they may erect a neat and suitable place of worship. We bid them God-speed in this new enterprise.

An Evening with the Veterans.

At the National Military Asylum of Hampton for Disabled Soldiers, a series of entertainments has been arranged for the veterans in its charge, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic. This good enterprise was happily inaugurated the evening of October 23d, with a Dickens reading and lecture given by Dr. McDermott resident surgeon of the post.

The chapel of the Asylum, appropriately decorated with national anthems, was nearly filled by the veterans themselves; and the sight of so many empty sleeves and honorable scars added touching interest to the occasion.

Among the small but sympathetic audience of outsiders, the faculty of Hampton Normal School were present by courteous invitation, and brought a contribution to the evening's pleasure in the Hampton Student Choir.

In all respects, the entertainment was a success. Dr. McDermott is a polished speaker and reader. His lecture, is endorsed by a few pleasantries which brought down the house, was an interesting discussion of the "American Notes," and the circumstances of English Society which made it only wonderful that an Englishman's judgment of American should have been at that time so fair as Charles Dickens's was. For his reading, Dr. McDermott selected the famous Bardell trial scene from Pickwick, which he gave with delicate appreciation of its irresistible humor. His style is quiet and gentlemanly, without any staginess of manner, but thoroughly sympathetic and natural. (Sergeant Buzfuz), (Justice Stareleigh,) and the immortal Samivel, played their mirth-compelling parts again, and the great Coramander-in-chief of Humor took another audience by storm with his unconquerable General Jack.

The Hampton Students did honor to themselves, the Normal school, and their skilful trainer, Prof. Thomas P. Fenner. After a spirited Campaign Song in compliment to the boys in blue, they gave several of their original plantation melodies. While carefully educating their voices, Mr. Fenner contrives to preserve to them all that wild sweetness, and effective simplicity which all who have heard the slave songs of the South recognize as *the real thing*, and sometimes regret to see it lost by too much training. The songs called forth enthusiastic applause and encores.

Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Tolman of the Bethesda Church closed the evening's exercises. They were a worthy beginning for the course, which we hope will be fully sustained.

We hear with great regret a rumor of the probable removal of General Hinks, the able Governor of the Asylum. If this be confirmed, the Asylum will lose an officer whose place cannot be easily filled, and Hampton Normal School a valued friend.

To Northern Employers and Southern Workers.

We would call particular attention to the announcement in another column of our purpose to establish a convenient medium of communication between northern employers and southern workers.

There is a great and growing demand for such a medium, and one which has never yet been met. At the North the housekeeping question becomes more and more serious every year. The factories take more and more of the young people who have formerly gone out to service, and their place cannot be even poorly supplied from the emigrants thronging weekly to our shores. These either gravitate to the large cities, or take Mr. Greeley's advice and go West.

The South, on the other hand, is filled with half-paid suffering freedmen, anxious for work.

How to bring these two classes together is the question. The freedman is often unable to pay his way North. The northern employer would gladly pay it for him, if there were a guarantee of honesty, and a reasonable hope of satisfaction.

It will take time to mature any system fully meeting these demands. It is our purpose to do so as fast as possible. Among the many applicants for admission to the Normal School, from whom we must select those most fitted to be educated as teachers, we can often heartily recommend persons for situations in the North as faithful and competent workers—and we can assure northern employers that all advertisements from colored people in the "Southern Workman," will be accompanied by good references which may be seen by application to this office.

To colored people, we say—In all cases send the name of your advertisement a recommendation from some responsible person—your minister, and if possible, one of our agents, or, of the American Missionary Association or Freedman's Bureau.

The Freedman's Savings Bank.

Probably few of our readers will need telling that the outrageous stories respecting this Bank, which were circulated in many political newspapers just before the recent election, are utterly false. But as these damaging reports may have created uneasiness in the minds of some who have deposits there, we take occasion as patrons of the Bank, to say that we have made inquiry, and find that nothing could be more false and untrue than the sensational stories above referred to. The funds of the Bank are all intact, and where at the shortest possible notice they can be turned into money enough to repay all depositors.

The reported failure of the Bank was a political hoax, gotten up by bad men, for a bad purpose, who deserve to be severely dealt with according to law.

From what we know of the Trustees and the management at the Principal Office in Washington, as well as at the Norfolk Branch, we can with all confidence assure our readers of the entire safety and high standing of the institution. The officers in charge are men of unquestioned integrity and ability, as well as life-long friends of the colored race; and if anything was seriously involving the safety of the Bank or the depositors' money, they would be the first to report it.

We are glad to learn from the Cashier at Norfolk, that there was no "run" nor unusual withdrawal of funds there in consequence of the malicious reports, but business is prospering as usual. This is as it should be. The United States government must have made the Freedman's Savings Bank *safe*; and from the beginning there has been no time when it has not been able to pay every lawful and just claim made upon it, and have a handsome balance remaining in its favor. If we had millions of dollars we should feel as safe with it in the bank as if our eyes were always upon it. Continue your deposits, friends. No banking institution in the world is safer.

Information Wanted!

By whom? It ought to be wanted by everybody. We mean to devote a part of every paper hereafter to questions and answers, and we especially invite our readers to send us material for this column. Questions on agriculture, horse-shoeing, selection of literature, teaching, or any other practical subject will be inserted in the "S. W." and answers either given chiefly or solicited from other correspondents. Knowledge is power. General information is the great need of the people. With all thy getting, get understanding.

Virginia and North Carolina Agricultural Fair.

PREMIUMS FOR NORMAL SCHOOL FARM STOCK.

At the late Agricultural Fair held in Norfolk, the following premiums, which were the highest offered in each class, were awarded to stock belonging to the Normal School farm, exhibited by Mr. Albert Howe, Farm Manager.

1. For Henry Draught Stallion, "Lion Heart," (Canadian), Silver Tee Pitcher.....$25 00
2. For best thorough-bred Ayrshire Bull, "Allen Ramsey," Silver Waiter.....15 00
3. For best Heifer Calf (The thoroughbred Jersey), "Rose," Silver Napkin ring.....3 00

This Calf with the thorough-bred Jersey Bull, "Xebeichanezzer," was sold to Thos. A. Hardy of Norfolk, on the ground.

The farm has superior breeds of swine and poultry, and several valuable pure blood Alderney and Ayshire Milch Cows, which would doubtless have taken premiums if they could have been spared for the purpose of exhibition. Realizing the fact that it costs no more to keep the best than the poorest stock, it is the aim of the trustees of the Normal School to keep the best breeds both for farm use, and for the improvement of stock in this county.

Boston in Ashes.

We little thought, when the article on Chicago on our first page was put in type-tint before our paper went to press, we should have to record a similar disaster to the city of Boston, by which hundreds of stately granite warehouses, crowded with the products of Massachusetts' industries, valued at nearly a hundred millions of dollars, were swept away in a single night.

Grand old Boston! whose "solid men" have well merited their title; well may we feel sorrow for her calamity. To the liberality of her merchant princes and her noble women, the "Southern Workman" is indebted for its existence, and but for their ready aid, our beloved Normal School would not have attained its present proportions. There is not a freedman in the Southern States that can not trace his personal obligations to Boston and the "old Bay State," of which she is the capital, for her noble and efficient efforts for his freedom and his elevation to the scale of humanity. It is our privilege to claim her as our birthplace; and though our lines have been cast in pleasant places in foreign lands, we have never ceased to feel pride and affection for our native State. But never did a Bostonian have more reason to feel proud of his native city than now, in the courage and energy with which her citizens have met the calamity of disaster. Promptly organizing a committee of relief for the suffering, her citizens have already begun the work of rebuilding the burnt district, and a few months hence the blackened ruins will alone mark the site of the great conflagration of [illegible]th of November, 1872.

"God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Hampton Normal School.

RECORD OF GRADUATES.—CLASS OF '71.

Sarah J Brown continues at the Williston School, Wilmington, N. C., where she has charge of the Primary Department. She writes that in Teachers' Institute was held there this summer, by attending which she learned many useful things.

Eliza Jackson has reengaged to teach in Staunton.

Friends can address Mr. and Mrs. Merritt R. Wallace at Boydton, Mecklenburg Co., Va. They are both employed in the same school.

W. H. Lee has a school at South Quay, three miles from his own home.

George W. Latthimore has opened a school at Drewryaville, Southampton Co. He says, "In some parts of this county the rebels wont let the colored people board any teacher on their land."

CLASS OF '72.

David D. Weaver opened a school at Laney Spring, Rockingham Co., Va., on the 14th of Oct.

Florence Newsome is teaching at Carrsville.

Isabella Howe teaches in the Bureau School, Wilmington, N. C.

Alice R. Bayne is at Drummondtown, Accomack Co., Va. Her school began Oct. 7th. The Supt, Mr. Weaver, shows much interest in it.

J. H. Carter and T. E. Hines teach in Bedford Co., Va. Hines says that he is very much embarrassed for want of books, hardly any of his scholars being supplied with them.

Mary Robinson is at Thaxton's, three miles from Liberty. She is much pleased with her school, which numbers forty scholars, and enjoys living among the mountains.

W. H. Wilkins is at Otterville, and Louis Williams, at Charlimont, in the same county. The Supt, Mr. Benton, writes him their examinations show them to have been well instructed, and he wishes he had twice as many.

Everett Williams has an important school in Winchester. He was thought at first too young and inexperienced for the place, and it was given to him for one month only; but at the end of that time he was reengaged for the rest of the ten months term.

Hotchins Inge and James Dungey remain for the present at Hampton, engaged in the study of music.

Agricultural.

We extract the following excellent paragraphs from "The Congregationalist:"

A FARMER'S work has an unfailing element that distinguishes it from all other labor—*variety*. It varies somewhat every day; it changes wholly every fortnight; it is bound to the variety of nature itself, and follows in the glorious procession through germination and growth and fructification,—the servant and master of each stage.

BEFORE winter sets in, clean out barn yard, barn cellar, and hog pen, and cart contents to fields where manure will be wanted. Heavy work of this kind, requiring the team is busy time, should be pushed diligently, as it will be so much gained toward forwarding operations in spring.

Before winter sets in, see that swine and poultry have laid on all the fat they are expected to have before being killed. Cold nights eat up in warming animals about all the food you give them through the day. You can't make flesh and fuel at the same time, very profitably at least.

Before winter sets in, see that all roots are properly housed. Early November is full late enough to have mangolds or rutabagas in the ground, but English turnips, sown in August will continue to grow even later than this.

Before winter sets in protect your orchards from canker-worms by tarring or applying printer's ink to the trees from time to time, or by permanent fixtures that will stop their ascent.

Before winter sets in, gather together all farm implements and garden tools, and of a rainy day give them a thorough examination and repairing. See that they are well cleaned, oiled or painted and then carefully laid away in a dry place under cover. Rust and rot eat up money as fast as interest, or fire.

Before winter sets in, sort over bitter apples and barrel up such as are sound and fair. Put them in a cool cellar, well ventilated, and they will probably not require sorting for spots before sent for them. The patient waiter is sometimes a great gainer.

Before winter sets in, clean out all ditches and runs, so that water will not stand and freeze in mowing fields, winter-killing the grass roots and making bald spots.

Before winter sets in, husk all the corn, thresh and winnow up the smaller grains and store them away safe from vermin. It is a miserable practice to have the barn floors cumbered with corn and grain in the ear, liable to be wasted and spoiled just for lack of proper care in completing their harvesting.

Before winter sets in, house all wood and brush intended for fuel. Take it in dry day for it, and see that all soggy fuel is laid aside till it is fit to go under cover. No wonder that shuttering wood spoils a woman's cooking, to say nothing of her temper.

Before winter sets in, make a thorough inspection of the roofs of all farm buildings, that they be put in order, a few shingles in the leaky places will save rotting, not only of floors and timbers, but of hay and other fodder. Chilly mornings and icy ladders and roofs are sure preventives to outside repairing.

THE "Ohio Farmer" thinks it important to feed some straw every winter, as it seems to have a beneficial effect on most animals; it also thinks horses not at hard work do better on cut straw with a little grain, than upon hay and grain.

THE "American Agriculturist" gives the number of kernels in a bushel of wheat as 860,000; equally spread over an acre of ground, this would make the kernels lie a little over three inches from each other, or give about ten square inches to each kernel.

General Items.

THE event of the month has of course been a political one. The majority of Grant by a triumphant majority has definately announced the intention of the American people to fight it out on that line, and we have now before us four years of smooth sailing. In the minds of many people, the questions raised by the war have never been entirely settled; but the nation's voice has spoken, and the last 5th of November has made apparent true Republicanism in this country more than half a century of quarrelling could have done.

THE "Epizootic," a horse disease which has interrupted the business of the whole country is little understood at present, but if the animals attacked are properly treated it has been found to be not fatal or even dangerous. The symptoms are those of a severe cold in the head and sore throat, and the horse should not be overworked, but should have gentle exercise, should be kept warm, and not dosed with medicine. A bran mash two or three times a week will be quite sufficient, and any simple remedies to relieve the head and throat, such as smoking with tar, may be used. The attack lasts from 15 to 20 days, and all owners of horses will find it for their advantage to watch their animals carefully during that time.

The disease has extended to the deer in the woods of Michigan; but up to the present time, has not, to any extent, attacked the cattle.

ONE of the most destructive fires that has ever visited our country broke out in the City of Boston on the evening of the 9th of this month, and before it was subdued destroyed a large portion of the business part of the city, involving a loss estimated at from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars. The fire was first discovered in a store at the corner of Summer and Kingston streets about eight o'clock P. M. from which it spread rapidly in all directions. Summer, Broad, High, Purchase, Franklin, Hawley, Water, Devonshire, Federal, Congress and other streets have been swept in whole or in part by the flames. The total number of business houses and firms is stated at 930; dwelling and lodging houses, 60. Among the buildings and offices burned out were those of 21 banks, 46 insurance companies and 27 newspapers. It is estimated, that 300 families were thrown out of their homes.

THE steamer *Missouri*, en route from New York to Havana was burned at sea on the 24th of October. Eighty lives are reported lost.

THE overseers of Harvard University have decided to give women the same chances as the other sex, subject always to a rigid course of examination.

MRS. MARY T. GREELEY, wife of Hon. Horace Greeley died in New York on October 30th.

THE Cincinnati industrial Exposition the third in the annual series, paid expenses this year. Nearly one hundred thousand dollars were the receipts, and the expenses lacked three thousand dollars of that sum. This pays for forty thousand dollars' worth of buildings erected for the third Exposition. Half a million visitors witnessed the display during the twenty-eight days and nights it remained.

THE River Po has been overflowing and inflicted great losses upon the inhabitants of Lombardy and Piedmont. At Turin, many have been obliged to fly to the housetops and trees and boats to seek their death for want of food. Steps have been taken in London for the relief of the sufferers. Subscriptions have been opened for this purpose, and a large sum of money has already been received.

THE town of Paluzzo, Italy, in the province of Brescia was visited by a terrible hurricane on the 5th inst. Half of the buildings in the town were destroyed, thirty-two persons were killed, and 1000 families were made homeless.

MERLE D'Aubigne, the well-known historian of the Reformation has died very recently in Geneva, the city of his birth.

A TRACT of land eleven miles square, in Kansas, on the line of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, two hundred and twenty-seven miles west of the Missouri river has been purchased by persons in England, and a colony from that country will arrive next spring to settle there. A new town is to be planted in the district, called Victoria.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury is building a new town for working-men a short distance out of London. Small dwellings therein are rented for a sum at which it would be impossible to live in the city, except in a tenement. The officers of the railroad running through the property have the good sense to carry the men at low trains, at low rates of fare to suit the laborer. Fresh air, good water, and yards for the children to play in, form a sharp contrast to the crowded courts and alleys, the squalor and foulness of the great city.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Journal de St. Petersburg," describes the magnificence of an illuminated copy of the sacred writings of Buddha, in the language of Thibet, which is being executed for a Mongol prince. It will consist of one hundred and eight folio volumes of which eighty are completed, all in letters of gold, and bound in embroidered silk, with silver clasps. The copyist is to receive $25,000 for the work.

A NEWSPAPER, printed in English, will shortly be started at Rome, to be called the "Daily News," and to be conducted by an American, Mr. Daniels, brother-of a famous Minister resident of the United States at Turin.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

At Home.

The Troublesome Baby.

The little ones sling to the mother,
"With kisses that softly fall,
But nowhere the troublesome baby
Is nearest her heart of all;
Sick, and fretful, and small,
Green leaves, upwards to the most exquisite roses of the Provence. They grew on the walls of her castle, coiled round the pillars and window-frames into the passages, and along the railings in the halls, being variegated in fragrancy, in shape, and in color.

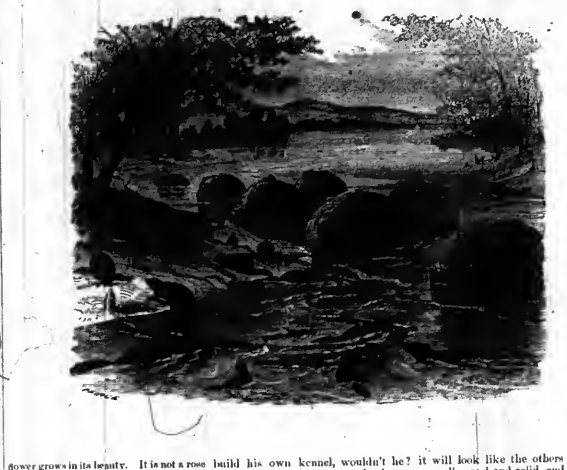
But sorrow and grief were within; the queen lay on her sick-bed, and the physicians said she must die.

"There is one hope left," said the wisest of them. "Bring the loveliest rose of the world, that rose which is the expression of the highest and purest love. If she can see it before her eyes are closed, she will not die."

Young and old people came from all sides with roses; with the loveliest that bloomed in every garden, but neither was the right one: it was to be fetched from the garden of love; but which rose there was the expression of highest and purest love?

And the poets were singing of the loveliest rose in the world, each one praising his own. And word was sent all around in the country, a message to all ranks and all ages.

"No one," said the wise man, "has until now pointed out the place where the



flower grows in its beauty. It is not a rose from the grave of friendship or love, although these roses will for ever be fragrant in songs and in poems; it is not a rose growing out of the ground moistened by the patriot's blood, shed for his country. Nor is it that wonderful flower, in nursing which a man through years and days, in toilsome, sleepless nights, within unadorned walls, spends and exhausts his vigorous life—the magical rose of science or learning."

"I know where it blooms," said a happy mother, who, with her tender babe approached the bed of the queen. "I know where the most splendid rose grows, that rose which is the expression of highest and purest love. It springs up from the blooming cheeks of my sweet boy, when, invigorated by sleep, he opens his eyes and smiles at me."

"Lovely is that rose," said the wise man; "but there is another still lovelier."

"Certainly, much handsomer," said another of the women. "I have seen it; there is no flower of a more sublime and sacred beauty. But it was pale like the leaves of the tea-rose. I saw it on the cheeks of our queen; she had divested herself of her royal crown, and carried her sick baby during a long sorrowful night on her arms. She cried, kissed the baby, and prayed for the child like a mother in the hour of her tribulation."

"Holy and wonderful is the white rose of grief; but it is not that we are looking for."

"No," said a pious old bishop. "I saw the most magnificent rose before the altar of the Lord, shining like an angelic countenance. The young maidens were coming to the table of the Lord; red and pale roses were growing on their cheeks; one of them looked up to her friend in the full candor and love of her devoted soul. That was the expression of purest and highest love."

"May she be blessed," said the wise man; "but no one has yet spoken of the finest rose."

Thereupon a child stepped into the room, the little son of the queen. Tears were in his eyes and on his cheeks. He carried a large paper book in velvet binding with silver clasps.

"Mother," said he, "listen to what I have been reading," and he sat down near the bed to read from that book of him who has given himself up to die on the cross to save sinners, even of generations not yet born.

"There is no greater love."

And a rosy light flew over the cheeks of the queen. Her eyes were getting large and clear, for she saw the loveliest rose rising from the leaves of the book, the same that sprang from the cross out of the blood of Christ.

"I see it," said she. "Never will he die who has by faith seen Him to whom in the Bible is given the name of 'the Rose of Sharon.'"—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

Children's Department.

As Busy as Beavers.

Far away from the sunny South, far away from the noisy cities, far away in the grand old woods that rise along the shores of Lake Superior—who knows where that is?—live a great many busy little workers.

Did you ever hear of a wood-cutter without any axe? Did you ever hear of a mason without any trowel? What would you think of a carpenter without a foot-rule, and a house-builder without any plan? Pretty poor workmen? Oh, you think so, do you? Come, let us look at their work then.

Oh, what a pretty picture! See the smooth river flowing quietly down to the lake, and the trees leaning lovingly over the water. And—ah ha—here you are my fine fellows, we've caught you all at work. Go on pray—never mind us!

But what sort of fellows are they, and what are they at, and what are those mounds some of them are sitting on in the water, and who sent them in after those sticks, like our Carlo?

Oh, how many questions! These are the little workers we've been talking about. Carlo would be puzzled if he had to cut his own sticks and build his own kennel, wouldn't he? But let me introduce you to the American Beavers. They are building their houses for the winter, and they have done not a little wood cutting, if a good workman may be known by his chips, yet I don't see an axe or a saw or a foot-rule among them, do you?

All the warm summer they have been roaming about where they liked, in the swamps and streams. But now they know that autumn is here and winter is coming—who tells them?—so they hurry together, bringing their babies with them, and set about making a village. They are true Americans, the Beavers, and know that "Union is Strength." What a chattering there is when they meet. I don't understand the Beaver language myself, but I know how it must be. All the new babies to show, and the summer journeys to tell about. But you may be sure they don't waste much time in gossip. There is work to be thought of. The first thing to do is to cut down some trees, and so—

"Oh, stop! Those little things cut down trees! It's a fairy story then!"

No dears, it's as true as the sun shining and the grass growing. There is no fairy book as wonderful as Mother Nature's, you know.

Do you think one of the shy little fellows would give you his paw? If he only would, you would find four sharp strong claws on it. Just made for digging, aren't they? And what short little legs! Well, his hind legs are long enough to make up for it, and his hind feet too, and this makes his walk rather uneven, but then, he is not to be hunted at for that. His hind trees are all joined together, you see, like a duck's, by a strong skin or web. That is to swim the better with, my dear. But look at those long sharp teeth standing out of his mouth. How strong they are! How he could gnaw with them, couldn't he? Yes, that is just what they are made for; they are axes and saws to these little house builders, and so, as I was saying, the first things needed being trees, off swim the beavers to find some that they like. Don't you think they are wise to go always up the stream so that the logs may float down to the place where they are wanted? Tender young willows or slenderish very birches and poplars are what they like best. You see they have cut down a good many on the shore by their village. Can you count the stumps? But there were not enough, so some of them have been after more, and are paddling merrily back, pushing their logs before them, and their broad tails floating out behind. Queer tails, those. All the rest of the body is covered with the softest brown fur, but these have only hard horny scales.

How neatly they have sawed off—so, I mean *gnawed* off—the logs. Now they will take them on shore, and tear off the bark, and pile it up on the bank. That is their winter food. Then, dragging the peeled sticks into the stream, and giving the water a loud slap with their tails—as much as to say, "here goes"—down they dive to the bottom, and thrust the sticks into the mud there. Then come the masons, bringing stones to keep them down. More sticks, and more stones, laid nicely round in a circle, and piled up higher and higher with plenty of mud to fill in; so the walls rise till they are well out of water. Then, the cunning workers know how to lay a floor high and dry, and cover all with a dome as good as that on the Capitol, for all their purpose.

Here, in this nearest house, you can see a little fellow at work on his floor. He will make all snug and warm for Mrs. Beaver and the babies, I warrant you. He wont leave that great hole in his house, either. When all is finished, it will look like the others that you see; all round and solid, and plastered all over with mud that he carries between his fore paws and his chin, and arranges with his feet, giving it a slap once in a while, with his great flat tail. He doesn't plaster his house till the weather is so cold that the mud freezes as fast as it is put on, and hardens almost into stone.

But where are the windows and doors? Well, the Beavers don't care much for light in their houses, I'm afraid, and they have a cruel enemy in the woods called the Wolverine or Glutton, who may try to pay them a visit, so they put their door under the water where he can't go. Of course, they must have a hole in the floor, too, to get into the room above.

Often, they have to set their houses in a brook so shallow that there is danger of its freezing deep enough to close the doors. Then, these wonderful little animals throw a dam across the stream below their village, to hold back the water and deepen it. These dams are built as the houses are, and are so strong that a man can walk over them. If the current is swift, they are curved so as to be stronger, and are always made low enough to let the water off before it can flood the family rooms. Two families generally live in one house. I have heard people say that no house is large enough to hold two families without quarreling. Do you think the Beaver's roof is larger than theirs, or is he more amiable than they?

Do you think that these Beavers in the picture have had to build a dam?

When all the little families are snugly settled in their winter quarters, how cozy it must be!—Plenty of food stored at their doors, plenty of neighbors for company. The road freezes, but that's no matter: the snow covers the roofs and makes them all the warmer. Perhaps the ugly Glutton comes scratching it off with his long claws. Scratch away Mr. Glutton, you may be a very fine looking Wolverine, but you can't come in here, you know.

If it were not for one enemy, the Beavers would be safe enough. Wise as they are, there is one who is wiser. That is the hunter. He comes just after they have gone to housekeeping, and with his heavy spear breaks in their roofs. The frightened families rush out below, and swim under the ice to holes they have made ready in the banks. But even there the hunter tracks them, finding out the hollow places by striking his spear on the ground, and so, at last the poor Beavers are killed, and their soft coats taken to make hats and collars for people not so well dressed by Mother Nature. Fortunately for the Beavers, fur hats are less fashionable now than they used to be, so they are having some respite. Don't you hope they will enjoy it this winter? How they spend the winters, they do not tell us exactly. I am sure they have earned a good rest, for while there is work to do, they are so industrious that when we want to express the perfection of industry we say "as busy as beavers."

How many boys and girls who read the "Southern Workman" are busy as beavers, I wonder. How many places do you know as full of industry as the Beaver's village? I know one, at least. That is our school at Hampton. No room for drones in this hive. If one strays in, we dont serve him as the honey bees do—how is that? We try to make a working bee of him, but if he will not let us, he has to go and find his way to "Schlaraffen Land" that you've heard about.

From the Superintendent to the smallest Junior, we're all "as busy as beavers," here. Come and see if we're not. Walk over our farm worked by our boys, look into our girls' industrial room, and our workshops; come into our classes. Not many lazy faces, are there? That is why there are so many happy ones. All the students are trying to make Southern Workmen of themselves, all the teachers working to help them. We are busy all the week.

"What! Saturdays, too?"

Certainly. Those who are busy in work can afford to be busy in play.

No idle hands here—except the quiet ones under those green mounds yonder; hands that dropped in our country's service, and left it to us. Hampton is ground sacred to work.

Sparks.

President Grant has appointed Thursday, the 28th of November as Thanksgiving Day. Turkeys take notice.

Squire.—"Hobson, they tell me you've taken your boy away from the National School. What's that for?" *Villager.*—"Cose the master ain't fit to teach un!" *Squire.*—"Oh, I've heard he's a very good master." *Villager.*—"Well, all I knows is, he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'taters' with a 'p'!"—*Punch.*

In South Bend, Indiana, they use small packages of quinine for change. As everybody takes quinine, they look upon it the same as legal tender, and it passes off without difficulty. South Bend's financial condition must be shaky.

Georgia mules are having the mumps.

A man fell between two trains of cars at the station on Long Island last week, in attempting to jump from one to the other. With the exception of a slight contusion, he was unharmed. When some of the railroad employés stooped to pick him up, he waved them off, saying, "I can pick up my own corpse."

An Indianapolis girl, who claims to be worth $200,000, advertises that she will receive sealed proposals for marriage.

"What are you drawing, Anna?" "I'se drawing your pictur." So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away very earnestly for a while. Then she stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "I don't like it, much" she said. "'Taint a great deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it, and call it a dog."

The height of a young lady's ambition. Two little feet.

TAKE NOTICE,

NORTHERN EMPLOYERS AND Southern Workers.

Advertisements from colored people wishing situations at the North, will be inserted in the "Southern Workman" at the rate of 50 cents per insertion, by references from responsible persons.

Advertisements from Northern employers for colored servants will be received at our usual charge of 50 cents per line.

Until further notice, parties North and South wishing to communicate further with each other on this subject may do so by letter, to the "Southern Workman."

INFORMATION WANTED!

Mr. Jordan Williams, of Norfolk, Va., desires to obtain information of his lost boy, SILAS WILLIAMS, who very mysteriously left home one year ago last October, and has not been heard from since that time. He was thirteen years of age last May; of dark complexion; about four feet in height; a smart, active boy; rather timid in conversation, having no bend down while conversing with a stranger.

His father and mother are very anxious to learn as to his whereabouts. It was reported that he was in Petersburg, but no certainty as to the above statement can be ascertained.

Any information as to the above will be thankfully received if addressed to

JORDAN WILLIAMS,
Norfolk, Va.,
Care of M. L. Hombmeir. box

LAND FOR SALE
On the Peninsula.

I have for sale 200 acres of land between Williamsburg and Fort Monroe, Virginia. This section of the Country is fully and accurately described in the language of Captain John Smith: "Within is a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places known, for large and pleasant navigable rivers, heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation, were it fully manured and inhabited by industrious people. There are mountainous, hils, plaines, vallyes, rivers, and brookes, all running more pleasantly into a fairie bay, compassed half the moneth with fruitfull and delightsome lands."—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS & TRUST Company.

A National Savings Bank.

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1865.

Chartered by the Government of the United States.

Deposits of five cents or any larger amounts received.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

paid on sums of five dollars or more. *All deposits payable on demand, with interest due.*

All accounts *strictly private and confidential.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRANCH OFFICES

in all the larger cities of the South and Southwest.

THIS GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

established by the authority of the *United States Government* for the benefit of the *Freedmen*, knows no distinction of race or *color*, and offers its great advantages to all classes alike.

SAVE THE SMALL SUMS.

Cut off your vices—*don't smoke—don't drink—don't buy lottery tickets.* Put the money you save into the

FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS BANK.

NORFOLK, Va. BRANCH

IS LOCATED AT

NO. 116 MAIN STREET,

Corner of Grey Street.

Bank hours, 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. Open also Saturday Nights from 6 to 7 o'clock.

J. W. ALVORD, *President.* H. C. PEBCT, *Cashier.*

M. L'HOMMEDIEU, *Asst. Cashier.*

JOHN T. BENTLEY,

PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER

AND

JEWELER,

FORT MONROE, VA.

A Fine Stock of

FANCY GOODS

always on hand.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Sold and Repaired.

Dealer in

GENERAL FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES, STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, POMADES, COMBS, BRUSHES, AND PATENT MEDICINES, GENTS' GENERAL OUTFITTING,

SOCKS, GLOVES, COLLARS, AND NECKTIES, LADIES' FANCY GOODS, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES, HOSE, NETS, ELASTICS, BUTTONS, NEEDLES, PINS, ETC.

Cake and Confectionery.

Fresh Homemade Cake of all kinds on hand and made to order. Tea Biscuit every day.

French and American Candy and Confectionery of every description fresh and pure.

NUTS, RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, ORANGES, LEMONS, AND FRUITS.

Orders received and filled for goods of every description at regular market prices.

Agent for Perkins and Howe's

Safety Lamps,

and the

German Student Lamps.

Shades, Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, etc., always on hand.

MILITARY GOODS, CAPS, AND SOLDIERS' FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

JOHN T. BENTLEY,
Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

Health Department.

The Finest Rose in the World.

A DANISH ALLEGORY.

There reigned once a queen, in whose garden, at all seasons, were seen the finest flowers from all countries of the world. She was particularly fond of roses, and therefore possessed all descriptions of them, from the wild hedge-rose, with its fragrant leaves, upwards to the most exquisite roses of the Provence. They grew on the walls of her castle, coiled round the pillars and window-frames into the passages, and along the railings in the halls, being variegated in fragrancy, in shape, and in color.

But sorrow and grief were within; the queen lay on her sick-bed, and the physicians said she must die.

"There is one hope left," said the wisest of them. "Bring the loveliest rose of the world, that rose which is the expression of the highest and purest love. If she can see it before her eyes are closed, she will not die."

Young and old people came from all sides with roses; with the loveliest that bloomed in every garden, but neither was the right one: it was to be fetched from the garden of love; but which rose there was the expression of highest and purest love?

And the poets were singing of the loveliest rose in the world, each one praising his own. And word was sent all around in the country, a message to all ranks and all ages.

"No one," said the wise man, "has until now pointed out the place where the

flower grows in its beauty. It is not a rose from the grave of friendship or love, although these roses will for ever be fragrant in songs and in poems; it is not a rose growing out of the ground moistened by the patriot's blood, shed for his country. Nor is it that wonderful flower, in nursing which a man through years and days, in toilsome, sleepless nights, within unadorned walls, spends and exhausts his vigorous life—the magical rose of science or learning."

"I know where it blooms," said a happy mother, who, with her tender babe approached the bed of the queen. "I know where the most splendid rose grows, that rose which is the expression of highest and purest love. It springs up from the blooming cheeks of my sweet boy, when, invigorated by sleep, he opens his eyes and smiles at me."

"Lovely is that rose," said the wise man; "but there is another still lovelier."

"Certainly, much handsomer," said another of the women. "I have seen it; there is no flower of a more sublime and sacred beauty. But it was pale like the leaves of the tea-rose. I saw it on the cheeks of our queen; she had divested herself of her royal crown, and carried her sick baby during a long sorrowful night on her arms. She cried, kissed the baby, and prayed for the child like a mother in the hour of her tribulation."

"Holy and wonderful is the white rose of grief; but it is not that we are looking for."

"No," said a pious old bishop. "I saw the most magnificent rose before the altar of the Lord, shining like an angelic countenance. The young maidens were coming to the table of the Lord; red and pale roses were growing on their cheeks; one of them looked up to her friend in the full candor and love of her devoted soul. That was the expression of purest and highest love."

"May she be blessed," said the wise man; "but no one has yet spoken of the finest rose."

Thereupon a child stepped into the room, the little son of the queen. Tears were in his eyes and on his cheeks. He carried a large paper book in velvet binding with silver clasps.

"Mother," said he, "listen to what I have been reading," and he sat down near the bed to read from that book of him who has given himself up to die on the cross to save sinners, even of generations not yet born.

"There is no greater love."

And a rosy light flew over the cheeks of the queen. Her eyes were getting large and clear, for she saw the loveliest rose rising from the leaves of the book, the same that sprang from the cross out of the blood of Christ.

"I see it," said she. "Never will he die who has by faith seen Him to whom in the Bible is given the name of 'the Rose of Sharon.'"—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

Milk as a Remedial Agent.

Considerable has been said in medical journals concerning the value of milk as a remedial agent in certain diseases. We noticed an interesting article upon this subject that lately appeared in the "London Milk Journal," in which it is stated, on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clark, that in the East Indies warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhœa. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhœa, stomach ache, incipient cholera, and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, not also hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use.

This writer gives several instances to show the value of this simple substance in arresting this disease, among which is the following: He says, "It has never failed in curing me in six or twelve hours, and I have tried it, I should think, fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who had been subject to dysentery eight months, latterly accompanied with one continual diarrhœa, and it acted to him like a charm. In two days his diarrhœa was gone, in three weeks he became a hale, fat man; and now nothing that may hereafter occur will ever shake his faith in hot milk."

A writer also communicates to the "Medical Times and Gazette," a statement of the value of milk in twenty-six cases of typhoid fever, in everyone of which its great value was apparent. It nourishes and cools the body. People suffering from disease require food quite as much as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases where there is rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food in certain diseases is rejected by the stomach, and even loathed by the patient; but nature, ever beneficent, has furnished a food that in all diseases is beneficial—in some, directly curative. Such food is milk.

We have also lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learn that it is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take; even during the period of the greatest fever, it keeps up the strength of the patient, acts well upon the stomach, and in every way is a blessed thing in this sickness. Parents, remember it, and do not fear to give it if your dear ones are afflicted with this disease.—*Household.*

Influence of Light on Health.

1. There can be no persistent vitality nor healthfully-developed bodily structure without it. Compare the faces of those who work in light ra. dark rooms, and the contrast in cheerfulness is great. The forms of children brought up in dark lanes and places are stunted, and their bodies scrofulous.

2. Those who sleep in the day and labor at night are less healthy than when it is the reverse.

3. Dampness produces worse effects where there is no light than where it is abundant.

4. In the deep sea, where there is little light, animals and vegetables are low in the scale of organization.

5. Light attracts plants. They grow toward it.

6. Light rooms are more cheerful than dark ones. The light and warmth of an open fire are valuable aids to health and happiness.

7. The blood becomes more watery in those who live in the dark and damp.

8. People who live on the shady sides of streets are less healthy than those who live on the sunny sides.

9. In short, without the light and heat of the sun, there is no life. The light and heat of the sun are the source of all the energy on our globe. Let us then not cut ourselves off from it too much, but forever secure for ourselves enough to prevent those forms of premature decay that are occasioned by its absence.—*Herald of Health.*

Facts about Colors.

A spoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it previous to washing. A teacup of lye in a pail of water will improve the colors of black goods. Nankeen should lie in lye before being washed; it sets the color. A strong tea of common hay will preserve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water for pink or green calicoes will brighten them. Soda answers the same purpose for both purple and blue.

Black-Valley Country.

A RIDE ON THE BLACK-VALLEY RAILROAD.

You have heard of the ride of John Gilpin,
That captain so jounced and gay,
How he rode down to Edmonton Village
In a very remarkable way.

You have heard of the ride of Maseppa,
Bound fast to his wing-footed steed,—
How he coursed through the fields and the forests
At a very remarkable speed.

But I sing of a trip more exciting,
In a song which I intend to rattle,
Of a ride down the Black-Valley Railroad,
Of a ride on the Black-Valley train.

The setting-out place for the journey
Is Sippington Station, I think;
Where the engines for water take whiskey,
And the people take—something to drink.

From collisions you need fear no danger,—
No trains are ever run back;
They all go one way,—to perdition,—
Provided they keep on the track.

By the time we reach Medicine Village,
The passengers find themselves sick,—
Have leg-ache or back-ache or head-ache,
Or some ache that strikes to the quick.

We are pious, and hold by the Scripture,
With Paul the Apostle agree,—
To take "wine," instead of much "water,"
For our "often infirmity."

In fact, we improve on the reading,
By just a slight change in the text,—
Say "rather," where the Scripture says "little,"
And leave "little" for what may come next.

We break up at Tippleton Station,
To try and get rid of our pain;
At Topersville also we tarry,
And do the same over again.

Our spirits indeed may be willing,
But very weak is the flesh;
So oft as we stop for five minutes,
We use all the time to refresh.

Now we come to the great central station,—
The last stopping-place on the line,—
Drunkards' Curve, where is kept the chief storehouse
Of rum, whiskey, brandy, and wine.

From this place on to Destruction,
The train makes no break or delay;
And those who may wish to stop sooner
Are kindly thrown out by the way.

A full supply of bad whiskey
For our engine is taken in here;
And a queer-looking fellow from Hades
Steps on for our engineer.

From Drunkards' Curve on to Destruction,
The train is strictly express,
And will not be slowed or halted
For any red flag of distress.

And so when all things are ready,
From Drunkards' Curve we set out;
Let me give you some flying glimpses
Of the places along on the route.

First Rowdyville claims our attention,
Then Quarrelton comes into view,
Then Riotville breaks on the vision,
And the filthy Beggarstown too.

As we rush by the village of Wayland,
There wretches are thrown from the train;
We can see them rolled over and over
Through the darkness, the mud, and the rain.

Our engineer chuckles and dances
In the wild lurid flashes he throws;
Hotter blaze the red fires of his furnace,
As on into blackness he goes.

Oh, the sounds that we hear in the darkness,
The laughter and crying and groans,
The ravings of anger and madness,
The sobbings and pitiful moans!

For now we have entered the regions
Where all things horrible dwell,
Where the shadows are peopled with goblins,
With the fiends and the furies of hell.

In this deep and Stygian darkness,
Lost spirits have made their abode:
It is plain we are near to Destruction,—
Very near to the end of the road.

Would you like my young friends, to take passage
To this region of horror and pain?
Here stretches the Black-Valley Railroad,
And here stands the Black-Valley train.

The picture of this road, and the book describing it, which have been kindly furnished us by the author, Rev. S. W. Hanks of Boston, are works of no ordinary genius; works which have preached temperance to multitudes in the most effective way. What an impressive representation of the drunkard's way to ruin, is the following advertisement:

Black-Valley Railroad.

Sippington.	GREAT	Demoniand.
Modletonville.	CENTRAL	Hideout-Nest
Tippleton.	FAST	Thicket.
Topersville.	ROUTE	Screech-Owl
Drunkards' Curve.	FROM	Forest.
Rowdyville.	Sippington	Horrorland.
Quarrelton.	TO THE	Serpentland.
Riotville.	BLACK VALLEY.	Maniacville.
Beggarstown.	ACCIDENTS	Idiot Flats.
Wayland.	*By Collisions*	Black Valley.
Gamblerville.	ENTIRELY MURDER,	Great Desert.
Fightington.	AS ONLY	Cloudland.
Brothelton.	*DOWN-TRAINS*	Thunderland.
Robbers' Den.	ARE RUN	Stormland.
Prisonton.	OVER THE ROAD.	Whirlwind Crossing.
Delirium-tree.	TICKETS SOLD AT ALL LIQUOR SHOPS.	Destruction.

Alike impressive are the names of the operators for the Black-Valley Railroad:

Messrs. Moneygrip, Allclaws, Gambler, Brotheller, Nevernober, Hategood, Allshaw, Gripeall, Ketchum, Cheatem, Rumfool, Beerbican, Killem, Clderross, Glnidiot, Flpsilly, Toddyman, Tremerom, Nightwalker, Allright, Loaferson, Foolem, Hatedevil, Killsoul, Sickem, Robwidow, Spildame, Blackmouth, Nightowl, Aidrogue, Gallowsface, Sceeperison, Toperson, Breakhead, Burglarson, Lightfinger, Loveevil, Ditchfall, Willowmire, Brandysmash, Clavpenny, Spitewater, Lagerwill, Slingsleed, McGreedy, Cotchhood, Sharkcamp, Staggerson, Brandyjig, Babbleman, Brawlaw, Hellsend, Outdrost, Swearstrong, Van Leeber.

Observe also the annual business of the United States branch.

It is carrying annually over six hundred thousand travellers into the *Black Valley Country*, where more than two millions of men, women, and children are kept under a cloud of untold misery and wretchedness.

In the language of sacred writ, "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." And shall it be in vain that the route from Sippington to Topersville the route from Sippington to Topersville and Destruction is so plainly mapped out before our eyes? Let us rather resort to what our author describes as "Fountainland," from its great abundance of water, where numerous flourishing villages and large cities have been built up.

These places are all famous for the health and thrift and enterprise and good character of their inhabitants. Wealth, too, abounds; and nearly all the people live in their own houses in a state of comparative independence. The morals and good order of the place are such, that no police force is required for the protection of life and property. Prisons, almshouses, and lunatic hospitals are entirely unknown. The taxes levied upon the people are principally for the support of educational institutions and the general improvement of the country. A case of delirium tremens is never known; and no native-born drunkard is ever seen in the streets.

May we all engage in the noble temperance reform, so aptly compared to the introduction of water for washing away the Black-Valley Railroad and its depots. In the words of our author:

> The condition of the whole Black-Valley Country was entirely changed by the flooding of *Sippington and Medicinaville*. At Howdyville and Quarrelton, all was quiet. At Riotville, mobs had entirely ceased. At Beggarstown, there were no arrivals, as no trains now came to that place. At Gamblersville, Fightington, and Brothelton, business was dull. At Prisonton, there were no arrivals. From Delirium-tree and Demonland, the evil spirits fled away disgusted with the quiet which everywhere prevailed.

In order to the more general introduction into Sabbath-schools of the Book and Pictures referred to, they will be forwarded by mail to Pastors, and Sunday-school Superintendents, *post paid*, as follows:—

The BLACK VALLEY, 200 pages (price $1.00), and PICTURES No. 2 (price 25 cents), for $1.00. For $1.50 the BLACK VALLEY and PICTURES No. 2 (price $1.00). For $2.50 the BLACK VALLEY and PICTURES No. 1 (price $5.00). For $5.00 the BLACK VALLEY and PICTURES No. 2 (price $5.00). For $8.50 the BLACK VALLEY and PICTURES No. 1 (price $5.00). For $5.00 the BLACK VALLEY and PICTURES No. 2 (price $1.00). For $8.50 the BLACK VALLEY and PICTURES No. 1 (price $5.00). also 100 leaflet pictures in colors (price $1.00 per 100), for use in connection with explanation of Pictures in Sabbath-school Concerts.

Send orders to Congregational Publishing Society, 13 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Gems From Hamilton.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

LOVE.—When a rosebud is formed, if the soil is soft, and the sky is genial, it is not long before it bursts; for the life within is so abundant that it can no longer contain it all, but in blossomed brightness and swimming fragrance it must needs let forth its joy, and gladden all the air. And if, when thus ripe, it refuses to expand, it would quickly rot at heart, and die. And Christian love is just piety with its petals fully spread, developing itself, and making a happier world. The religion which fancies that it loves God, when it never evinces love to its brother, is not piety, but a poor, mildewed theology,—a dogma with a worm in the heart.

JOY.—Joy is the happiness of love; it is love exulting; it is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting; it is love taking a look at its treasure, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding.

PEACE.—Peace is love reposing; it is love on the pastures; it is love beside the still waters. It is that great calm which comes over the conscience when it sees the atonement sufficient, and the Saviour willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of peace. It is the soul which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

GENTLENESS.—Gentleness is love in society; it is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech, which assure us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence, which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain, from which many

"And your sick, rheumatic days, Molly?" said the Judge.

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, Molly?" asked the Judge.

"I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God," answered the old woman devoutly, "and the troublesomeness of the way there don't pester or fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

"All is well that ends well, I dare say," said the Judge; "but what makes you so sure, Molly?"

"How can I help being sure," said she, "since Christ is the way, and I am in him? He is mine, and I am his. Now I only feel him along the way. I shall see him as he is, in a little while, sir."

"Ah, Molly, you've got more than the law ever taught me," said the Judge.

"Yes, sir, because I went to the Gospel."

"Well, Molly, I must look into these things," said the Judge, taking an apple and walking off.

"There's only a little while, sir," said she.

An Angel in the Stone.

The story is related of Michael Angelo, that, while walking through one of the obscure streets in the City of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth, and striving to get it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him, in astonishment, what he was doing, and what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock.

"O, there's an angel in the stone," was the answer, "and I must cut it out."

He had it removed to his studio, and with patient toil, with mallet and chisel, he let the angel out. What to others was but a rude, unsightly mass of stone, to his educated eye was the heried glory of art. A mason would have put it into a stone wall; a cartman would have used it for filling in or to grade the streets; but Angelo transformed it into a gem of art, and gave it value for ages to come.

What possibilities of virtue and usefulness may not a good man see in a child? Do we know how to get the angel out? Are our children to be only for filling in!

THE BLACK-VALLEY RAILROAD.

A Train of the *Black Valley Railroad* is here seen just leaving Drunkard's Curve. On the left are some passengers from *Sippington*, who having been carried beyond their intended stopping place are hailing the last train for the *old Stream River Steeper*. On the right are some philanthropists who are helping into *Assistance* some ejected and respectable travellers. In the depot train from which they have been thrown out, are seen the two gentlemen in the foreground, engaged in a friendly manner. Beyond this the conductor is seen collecting fares over the head—and, by the same token, over the heads of the Road in—by a dark and stormy morning, the sights and sounds are few and dismal, and it is worthy of most considerations that the only telegram that comes over the wires from the lower regions of the Black Valley is—

"At the last it biteth like a Serpent and stingeth like an Adder."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by S. W. Hanks, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Wise Words.

See the sack open before you buy what is in it; he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome boots often pinch the feet.

It is good clover and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Idleness among children, as among men, is the root of all evil, and leads to no other evil more surely than to ill-temper.

The devil keeps lazy folks at work.

Govern your thoughts when alone, and your tongue when in company.

He who waits to do a good deal at once will never do anything.

Faith knows there are no impossibilities with God, and will trust him when it cannot trace him.

The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Consider well, execute with vigor, and stick to your purpose; putting off nothing till to-morrow. Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

"It's Only a Little While, Sir."

"Well, Molly," said the Judge, going up to the old apple woman's stand, "do'nt you get tired sitting here these cold, dismal days?"

"It's only a little while," said she.

"And the hot, dusty days!" said he.

"It's only a little while, sir," answered Molly.

"And the rainy, drizzly days!" said the Judge.

"It's only a little while," answered Molly.

"But," said the boy, gently, "how can you trust to a god so weak that a child's hand can destroy him? Do you suppose, that, if he can't take care of himself or his companions, he can of you and the world, let alone *making* you?"

The heathen stopped to think; for it was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and went and kneeled down to pray to the true God, and called him "my father."—*Corrier Dove.*

Is He Honest?

It is rather interesting to see how even with some very benevolent people a moral taint is a bar to charity. "Is he honest?" they ask first. If that question is answered satisfactorily, their generosity knows no bounds. But if the poor fellow has the double misfortune of a light purse and a slim conscience,—then he must move on! If he is sick in body, they help him, O how tenderly! If he is sick in soul, they cast him off without compun tions. If a pile of bricks falls and breaks his leg, how quickly they run for bandages; but if a sudder accident overwhelms him in moral misery, they think they do well to abandon him to his fate. They appear never to consider how brittle the legs of their own virtue; how fortunate for themselves that their ways lie not alongside of totter-

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Old Point Comfort, Va.

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INSURANCE

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Adams Express Company.

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The principal features of this company are, Absolute Security, Economical Management, and Liberality to the Insured.

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Organized July, 1870.
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Insurance effected since organization over $20,000,000.00
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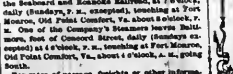

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Company,
For Baltimore, Md., and all points North South, East, and West.

One of the Company's Steamers leaves Norfolk, Va., at 5 o'clock, P. M., and Portsmouth, Va., on the arrival of the Evening Passenger and Mail Train of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, at 7 o'clock, daily (Sundays, P. M., excepted), touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., about 8 o'clock, P. M. One of the Company's Steamers leaves Baltimore, foot of Concord Street, daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock, P. M., touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., about 6 o'clock, A. M., going South.

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H. PHOEBUS,
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THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of the Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $2,287,267.67, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the preceding year.

There are on stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $238,32.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $6,000,000 due depositors.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass-Book only.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

ACCOUNTS TRANSFERRED,

at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch without risk or trouble, and without loss of interest.

For full information about the Bank address the *Advisory* at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information required may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or D. L. Eaton.

Trifles.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands make mountains, minutes make the year;
Trifles are life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you learn to live.
—*Apples of Gold.*

Weakness of Idols.

A little boy who lived in the house of a heathen said to him one day, "There is but one God,—the one who made the earth and the sky and everything. It is he who gives us the rain and the sunshine; and he knows what we do, and what we leave undone. He hears us when we pray; and he, the Eternal One, will punish us if we do wrong, and reward us if we do right. He can save us, or he can destroy us. But these images that you pray to are only lumps of baked clay. They can't see or hear: how, then, can they do you any good, or save you from any trouble? You ought to talk to God's messenger about that" (he meant the missionary).

The heathen paid no heed to him, but soon afterwards went on a little journey. While he was gone, the boy took a stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick. When the man returned, he was furious to see what had happened, and exclaimed "Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the little boy," the big idol has been beating his little brothers."

"Nonsense," said the man. "Don't talk such stuff as that! You know as well as I do that the thing cannot even raise its hand. It was you, you little rascal! It was you! And, to pay you for your labor of wickedness, I'll beat you to death with the same stick." And, seizing the stick, he approached him.

"But," said the boy, gently, "how can you trust to a god so weak that a child's hand can destroy him? Do you suppose, that, if he can't take care of himself or his companions, he can of you and the world, let alone *making* you?"

The heathen stopped to think; for it was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and went and kneeled down to pray to the true God, and called him "my father."—*Corrier Dove.*

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. I. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1872. NO. 12.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the starboard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod—
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

Mrs. Hemans.

Original.

Ocean Steamers.

The voyage from America to England is undertaken weekly by so many thousand people that it has become a common experience with travellers, and is not of as much importance as a journey from Richmond to New York, or from New York to Boston, used to be thirty years ago. The principal line of steamships between New York and England is owned by English stockholders, and is known all the world over as the "Cunard line." These vessels are large, well manned, and thoroughly seaworthy, being on the whole as safe and commodious as any steamers now afloat. A description of one will suffice for the whole, and anybody who will cross from New York to Jersey City on a Saturday morning, may see the *Java*, or the *Abyssinia*, or the *Cuba*, or some other one of the line, starting on her outward voyage, crowded with passengers and freight.

We will fancy for a moment that we have taken our passage in the *Java*, and having crossed the ferry from New York, are now about to embark for the Atlantic voyage. Our boat lies waiting for us at the dock, her long black hull lying low in the water, her white decks filled with people, and her masts gay with English and American flags. She is some 375 feet long by 40 feet wide and 30 feet deep, and is about 3000 horse power, carrying some 350 people, including officers and crew. The main cabin is on deck, while the staterooms are below and are ventilated very thoroughly by means of the staircases and shafts. She is a screw, paddle wheels being now almost obsolete in ocean steamers, and her engines, of the new kind called "compound," only consume some fifty tons of coal a day, which motive power causes the screw to revolve about 500,000 times in crossing the Atlantic, usually without the cessation of an instant. The coal which she burns was formerly brought entirely from England, but now Maryland supplies the demand to a great extent. If we leave New York in this steamer on a Saturday, we shall, if no accident occurs, reach Liverpool in a week from the following Tuesday or Wednesday, and in summer the passage may be even shorter than this, for during July and August the ocean is often, for days together, as smooth as the bosom of a river. The course from New York is northerly, until we get on to the Banks of Newfoundland, where heavy fogs prevail at almost all seasons of the year, and where is consequently the chief danger from collision with other vessels and icebergs, which latter come down from the Arctic seas and in spring and early summer are the dread of sailors. After clearing the Banks on perhaps the third day, our vessel's head is turned eastward, and we have several days of quiet, monotonous progress, seeing now and then a sail and possibly a whale, and amusing ourselves by walking the deck, sleeping, and eating. On Monday or Tuesday we shall probably come in sight of the coast of Ireland, the bleak Irish Sea, close in under the purple Welsh hills, until at last we make the mouth of the River Mersey, and cast anchor in the shadow of the famous Liverpool docks, undoubtedly the finest in the world. Here we are taken off by a little tug, and say a half-sorrowful good-by to the staunch ship which has carried us so many days in safety, and standing on the massive stone quays which stretch for miles along the river front, we take a last look at the American flag, floating from our steamer's mast, and realize that we are indeed on foreign soil.

The voyage which cost Columbus and many a brave man after him, months of preparation, and weary weeks of uncertainty and danger, is made now daily by hundreds of travellers who are merely in pursuit of pleasure; but surely all who cross the Atlantic in the present luxurious fashion, ought at least to give a thought to the sailors and inventors who have made the ocean path so smooth.

RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

John Bright.

John Bright whose portrait we give in the present number, is one of the best known of modern English Statesmen. He was born in 1811, in Rochdale, Lancashire, where his father was a cotton spinner and manufacturer, a man of position and wealth. Mr. Bright entered Parliament as member for the city of Durham in 1844, and has ever since used all his influence on the Liberal side in politics. He is an energetic worker, and remarkably persistent, to all his undertakings; to which fact, much of his success in life must be ascribed. He and all his family are members of the Society of Friends, and he has strenuously endeavored to prevent the English Government from engaging in wars with foreign nations, being a fundamental principle with the sect to which he belongs. He is a large mill owner in company with his brother, Jacob Bright, and has always favored free trade, and advocated the reduction of the standing military establishment. In private life he has always been distinguished for his kindliness, and his steady endeavor to relieve poverty and suffering of all kinds. Of late years he has been much broken in health, having several times been obliged to retire from his public duties, and spend some months in entire seclusion, but there is every reason to hope that his life of usefulness will not be closed for many years to come.

"Out of Debt, Out of Danger."

This is an old saying, and one well worth considering. No man who is in debt can feel entirely free. Suppose while he is at work he knows that some creditor is waiting to seize his wages as soon as they are earned, how can he work with a will, or go home at night a happy man? No, debt is slavery. Think of that, Father, when you are tempted to buy what you cannot pay for; remember that, Mother, when you desire something that costs more money than you have in your purse. Do not enslave yourself nor your children to debt.

There is just one thing it is generally safe and often best to run into debt for. That is a home. As soon as there is a little ready money in a family, let them move on to a desirable tract of land and build a small house. Then let the father and mother and all the children each take hold and give a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, to pay for the house and land. That is a much better way than to live year after year on another man's land, waiting for the time when the money can be paid down for a home.

In building a church it is very different. Enough cannot be said in praise of the wisdom shown by the colored people in this matter, during the last ten years. The almost universal rule seems to be, Do not spend a cent in church building that cannot be paid for at once. That so many substantial and some even elegant churches have been built without debt, in town and country, all over the South, seems very wonderful. But that is the only true way to build them, and the white people, both North and South should learn a lesson from the colored people in the matter of church building.

Africa.

The first explorers of Africa were Greeks and Romans, while the first circumnavigators of the continent were Phœnicians, who made the voyage in the reign of Pharaoh Necho (2 Kings xxiii.), about the year 600 B. C. The Arabs and Portuguese succeeded these early adventurers, and it is probable that about the middle of the fourteenth century the French founded a colony on the coast near Cape Verde. They undoubtedly had regular communication with the provinces of the River Gambia, in the sixteenth century, and kept up from that time their trade with the interior. The Dutch and English followed the example of the French in making settlements upon the west coast, and in our own time, the most important contributions to our knowledge of Africa, have been made by Englishmen, from Mungo Park to Dr. Livingstone, who for years has devoted himself to discovery, and at this hour, if he still lives, is exhausting every power in the endeavor to make thorough and satisfactory exploration in the interior of Africa.

Ventilation.

We are but just beginning to understand the necessity of building houses, churches, and especially schools, in such manner as to insure constant and thorough ventilation, and we need to give the matter close personal attention.

In schoolrooms, an excellent practice, common in many public schools, is to open all the windows three or four times during study hours, while any risk to the children from the sudden influx of cool air, is prevented by exercising them in marching or light gymnastics. Pupils and teacher both feel the benefit from the fresh supply of oxygen, and will learn that the reform is not for six days alone, but also for the seventh, when congregations will be less sleepy and ministers more hearty, if between the services every door and window is opened, even at the expense of the accumulated heat. In our houses we are proverbially given to over heating our rooms, forgetting that this is a frequent source of colds, and a never-failing cause of headache and stupidity. There should be a continual current of fresh air passing through inhabited rooms, and this must be insured either by windows opening at the top or by regular ventilators.

The Elysian Fields of Paris.

The most fashionable walk and drive in the city of Paris, is a long, broad avenue, called the Elysian Fields, stretching from the great palace of the Tuileries at one end to the Triumphal Arch at the other. On either side of it are booths for the sale of cakes and fruit, and chairs and benches where, for a small sum, one may sit and listen to the music of the different bands, while last, but not least, there are games for the children, merry go-rounds, swings, and rocking horses, all in the open air, and all to be enjoyed by anybody who has a few pennies to spare. Statues and fountains fill all unoccupied places, and no more brilliant scene can be imagined than these Elysian Fields present on a sunny October afternoon. Gay crowds of rich and poor, an endless succession of carriages of every description, fountains sparkling among beds of brilliant flowers, the laughter of children and the gay, quick notes of the music, form a picture full of attraction and amusement, especially to Americans who see nothing like it at home.

Sunday Religion.

Sunday comes but once a week, but that is a poor religion which contents itself with setting apart that single day for God, and reserving the other six for the devil. A Christian's Sunday should last from Saturday night to Saturday night again, and should mean something more than the singing of psalms and bending of knees. God has a temple not built by hands, and His children are always within its boundaries. The religion which shows itself in kindliness in the household, in honesty in business, in charity, in thoughtfulness for others, is a religion which cannot be put on on Sunday morning and taken off again in a hurry, before night comes. It must be a growth of the spirit, not a cloak for the body, and we need not boast of possessing it, until we are sure that we are just as good Christians at home as in church, on Monday as on Sunday.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness.

And indeed it is so nearly related to it that in these days we can scarcely feel men and women to be leading godly lives, who are not also leading clean lives. Fresh water and fresh air; keep yourselves and your house well supplied with these, and you will find that as dirt and foulness vanish before them, so many of your aches and pains will go too. Don't be afraid of cold water when you get up in the morning, use it always winter and summer, and use plenty of it.

What if it is sometimes troublesome to fetch it from the well or spring; in the end you'll find it cheaper than paying doctor's bills, and it is by no means so disagreeable a remedy as the doctor will have to prescribe for you, if you neglect the teaching of the great physician, Nature. You should wash thoroughly from head to feet, you and your children as regularly as the sun rises, and then when this same sun is fairly up, you should open every window and door in your house, and let his rays and the air he has warmed, have their own way, in your bedrooms, and kitchens, and best rooms. You *cannot breathe bad air and shun danger*, and when you sleep all night and live all day, in houses that are never thoroughly swept through by the winds, God sends to purify you, you are just making for yourselves breeding places for fevers, dysentery, measles and a dozen other filthy diseases. Remember that you cannot live and be healthy without plenty of fresh air, any more than a lamp can burn without oil; and that furthermore, your health depends upon the completeness with which your skin does its work, a work that can be done only when you keep yourself thoroughly clean with soap and water.

THE Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

H. W. BLAKE, *Assistant Editor.*

J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

Each number will be fully illustrated, and, therefore, a child can learn reading, with what is going on in the world, and will tend to please and profit both old and young.

All are invited, the young especially, to write letters, questions on any subject upon which they may interest them.

We shall be thankful for useful information, anecdotes and incidents, and for suggestions from all quarters.

"The Southern Workman" should enter every hamlet and cabin. Agents are wanted in every county and town in the South. Liberal terms are offered to all who aid in circulating this paper.

To every church which shall send as one hundred *new yearly* subscriptions for "The Southern Workman," we will send a beautiful communion set costing twenty-five dollars.

We will give a handsome Bible costing thirteen dollars to any church or society which shall subscribe for fifty copies, *Freight to be paid by the church in both cases.*

To aid in building churches we will return twenty-five dollars *in cash for every one hundred* new dollar subscriptions; or $10.75 for seventy-five subscriptions; or $2.50 for every fifty subscriptions.

In these cases the papers are to be sent in *one bundle to one address* to be distributed by an agent to be appointed by the church.

Specimen copies sent upon application.

To secure safety, it is important that money should be sent in checks, Post-office orders, or registered letters. Write plainly; give name in full, and name of Post-office, County, and State to which the papers are to be sent.

For further information, address

J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager,*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, DECEMBER, 1872.

Our national Thanksgiving which has just passed, was kept, we trust, with a general appreciation of the blessings for which as a people we are called upon to thank our Heavenly Father. We are at peace, within and without, the danger of internal dissension is over, the season has been fruitful, our commercial and agricultural interests have been prospered, the year has passed unmarked by any great calamity and has left the country healthy and sound to the core. There is good reason that we should have met in our homes and our churches to make glad recognition of the overruling mercy of God, and it is to be hoped that few of us have let the season pass unnoticed.

The reelection of President Grant, having practically determined the position of the government during the coming four years, there are numerous questions which deserve the immediate consideration of all citizens who are conscientious enough to feel that their duty to their country does not end with the closing of the polls. The ballot is undoubtedly an important aid in a majority of the measures which affect the welfare of the State, but there is much still left to the labor and example of individuals, and good work may be done outside of the political field. We trust that our readers will give to this truth the weight which it deserves, and bear in mind that the keenest politicians are by no means the best citizens.

Nothing is pressing just now more closely upon our attention than the matter of public education. The general lack throughout the South of good primary schools is beginning to be severely felt, and unless quickly supplied will become a threatening evil. We cannot afford to let our children grow up in ignorance, and yet we shall be obliged to do so, unless some provision is speedily made for them. In the North, schools of every grade are public, and there is no reason why we should not follow a similar simple and successful system. The fathers and mothers of the coming generation need to think more of this matter, and to realize that their own *every one* of their children at least a good common school education.

We desire to bring before the notice of our readers the fact that the system of weather records and prophecies which has been adopted by the government, is proving to be of very great practical value. The approach of a storm, or the likelihood of bad weather, is signalled from station to station along the coast, and telegraphed to all the principal cities, so much in advance of the storm itself that ample time for preparation is given, vessels can stay in port, or if at sea can make for a safe harbor, crops may be protected, and the plans of business men in general, arranged with regard to the weather probabilities. In one of our recent autumnal storms, it is said that scarcely a small vessel was caught out from Maine to Georgia, owing to the perfection of the signal system, which had warned them all into the various ports. In connection with these reports there is published daily a "Weather Map," which exhibits the direction of the wind in various places for that day, the chances of rain, snow, low or high temperatures, etc., and is of the greatest value to all those whose business is likely to be in any way affected by the weather.

Acknowledgements.

For the many beautiful illustrations which have appeared in the "Southern Workman," in the first year of its existence, which closes with this number, we have been indebted to the courtesy and liberality of our Northern friends. We thank them all for the valuable aid they have thus given us in our work, and we wish to record our special obligations to

The American Tract Society, N. Y.,
Messrs. J. R. Osgood, & Co., Boston,
" Harper Brothers, N. Y.,
" John P. Jewett & Co., Boston,
" Houghton & Co., Cambridge,

for their liberal contributions.

Caution.

We learn that a man has been collecting money in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and vicinity, under pretense of being an authorized agent of the Hampton Normal School. This man is a swindler, and it is rested will be dealt with as such. This school has no agents in the South authorized to solicit money for any purpose, and all persons are hereby cautioned against giving money to any such impostors.

J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Treasurer.

A Card.

Our thanks are due to the American Tract Society of New York for a valuable donation of pictures from the "Christian Weekly" of which admirable illustrated paper they are the proprietors. The excellent cuts on the first page of our last four numbers were their gift and should have been sooner acknowledged. We wish the "Illustrated Christian Weekly" the great success it merits, and hope that our more humble sheet may again be remembered by its proprietors.

Donations.

The Treasurer of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute acknowledges the receipt of valuable donations of material, etc., from the following persons:

A. G. Boydan, Bridgewater, Mass., 1 bale clothing.
C. F. Dana, Wellesley, Mass., 1 bale clothing and material.
Freedman's Society, Waterbury, Conn., 1 *case* clothing and material.
Mrs. S. R. Russell, Boston, a full supply of material.
E. S. Bull, N. Y., 4 pieces flannel for Industrial Department.
Geo. S. Taylor, Chicopee Falls, Mass., valuable Agricultural Implements.
H. S. Collins, Collinsville, Conn., 1 *case* Ayrshire bull.
American Bible Society, New York, 150 Bibles.
Sam'l. Holmes, Esq., New York, Bibles and blankets.
Mrs. M. A. Washburn, blankets.
Hubbard Paper Co., writing paper, 15 reams.
Rev. J. H. Means' Society of Dorchester, Dry Goods for Industrial Room.
Crane Bros., Westfield, 21 reams letter paper.

J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Treasurer.

The Mystic—A Card.

We learn that this snug little steamer has changed hands and is now the property of the Old Dominion Steamship Co., who will continue her in her present route. We are confident that we speak the sentiments of the whole community as well as our own, in expressing the hope that her present obliging and efficient captain and officers will remain in charge.

The Normal School is under many obligations to Capt. Schermerhorn for courtesies received at his hands, and we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to acknowledge them.

We are especially indebted to his liberality for giving free passage unsolicited, to and from Norfolk, to our farm manager and assistant, and the stock (horses and cattle) taken by him for exhibition at the late Agricultural Fair in that city.

To Northern Employers and Southern Workers.

We would call particular attention to the announcement in another column, of our purpose to establish a convenient medium of communication between northern employers and southern workers.

There is a great and growing demand for such a medium, and one which has never yet been met. At the North the labor-supplying question becomes more pressing every year. The factories take more and more of the young people who have formerly gone out to service, and their places cannot be even poorly supplied from the emigrants throughout the world to our shores. These either gravitate to the large cities, or take Mr. Greeley's advice and go West.

The South, on the other hand, is filled with half-paid, suffering freedmen, anxious for work.

How to bring these two classes together is the question. The freedmen is often willing to pay his way North. The northern employer would gladly pay it for him, if there were a guarantee of honesty, and a reasonable hope of satisfaction.

It will take time to mature any system fully meeting these demands. It is our purpose to do so as fast as possible. Among the many applicants for admission to the Normal School, from whom we must select those most fitted to be educated as teachers, we can often hopefully recommend persons for situations in the North as faithful and competent workers, and we can assure northern employers that all advertisements from colored people in the "Southern Workman" will be accompanied by such guarantees which may be seen by application to this office.

To colored people, we say—in all cases send with your advertisement a recommendation from some responsible person—your minister, and if possible one of our agents, an officer of the Freedman's Bank, or a teacher of the American Missionary Association or other benevolent society.

Horace Greeley.

The man whose name has been in every one's mouth for thirty years, is done, with earth. But a few short weeks ago he was straining every nerve to become President of the United States; and before the month of November was over, he had entered the spirit land. He died on the 29th and was buried from Rev. Dr. Chapin's church, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 4th. He was not quite sixty-two years old. His last words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Great honor was paid to his memory at the funeral. President Grant was present, together with many prominent men from all over the country.

Since Mr. Greeley is dead, all men are disposed to speak well of him. Some who were very bitter in their treatment of him a month since, are loud in his praise now. But it is quite possible to do his life justice without using extravagant praise. Horace Greeley had a large brain and a kind heart. He was a learned man but not always a wise man. The "New York Tribune," of which he was the founder, has been generally a power for good in the land. There is not a colored man in the country who has not cause to remember the labors of the great journalist in behalf of his race.

Mr. Greeley believed in work. Born among the granite hills of New Hampshire, the son of a poor man, he early manifested that genius for hard work that has made so many men great. His life, indeed, was a "busy" one. He is gone, and the world will long miss his genial face, and the productions of his vigorous pen.

A few Recollections of the Past Fifty Years in Hawaii.

The Hawaiian Islands are nine in number, in the Pacific Ocean, between N. latitudes of 19 and 22, about two thousand miles southwest from the California coast of America. They lie just in that semi-tropical region which knows no winter, and are free from the intense heat of the tropics which lie farther south. They enjoy the cooling breezes of the trade-winds during the whole of the summer season, which blow steadily from the north-east.

The islands are lofty mountains intersected with deep valleys, and are all of volcanic origin. Mauna Loa, the largest of the group, has two active volcanos, which have existed from times beyond the remotest traditions of antiquity. During my residence in this country, now nearly fifty years, there have been several fiery eruptions, accompanied with earthquakes and lava flows. These scenes have been most graphically described by the pen of Dr. T. Coan, in an article published in "Scribner's Monthly," and need not be here dwelt upon.

Fifty years ago, the natives of this group were estimated to number more than 120,000 persons. They have now dwindled down to about 60,000, and are slowly but constantly decreasing in numbers. The causes of this decrease are well known: the introduction of foreign diseases and foreign vices, with an ignorance of the laws of life and health, with a moral inability to govern themselves in the indulgence of irregular habits. Where or when the end of this deterioration will be, it is impossible to foretell. The people belong to the Polynesian race, a people scattered all over the Pacific Islands, from Hawaii in the northeast to New Zealand in the south west, and are nearly allied both in language and customs. But the origin of the race may be traced to the Malays of the Chinese or Indian Archipelago. Although the language of the latter people bears only a faint resemblance to that of the Polynesian, yet in many respects it has a resemblance, and indicates that the separation of the races took place in a very ancient period, of which even traditions gives no account.

Fifty years ago, the people of these islands were in a state of extreme barbarism. They had just emerged from a series of desolating wars, in which multitudes of defenseless men, women, and children had perished; for those wars destroyed and desolated the regions over which they swept, and left only a wilderness behind. The only refuge for the people was an escape to the mountains where many perished with cold and hunger.

Fifty-two years ago, the first Christian missionaries landed and began their labors for the conversion of those degraded pagans. Their first attention was given to learning the language. After that, they began to preach the gospel, to prepare an alphabet and schools books for the instruction of the people, and establish schools as fast as teachers could be raised up. Then came the translation and printing of the Bible, which was first published in parts as fast as the books could be prepared. After a few years, these efforts began to tell upon the rulers and people of the nation, in the conversion at many to the religion of Christ, and the general elevation of the masses from their former deep degradation. The nation became anxious to be clothed in civilized garments, and to adopt the manners of a civilized people. Our congregations became filled with worshippers, and our churches with those professing faith in Christ the Saviour. Although many of these proved unworthy and years set aside, yet a goodly number have persevered, and adorn their profession of godliness.

In 1840, a regular civil government was instituted, with a king at its head, a cabinet of ministers appointed, a representative parliament elected, a free constitution and good laws enacted, an efficient judiciary, and free schools for every child in the kingdom inaugurated, with compulsory laws to secure their attendance. Thus the nation has become what may be called a civilized and Christian people. Not that they have yet attained to the highest point in either, but that they are progressing upward. At present, every man is living here in as great security and safety as is enjoyed by any nation under heaven. Religion and thought are free to every man, under the protection of liberal laws.

If it be inquired, "What is the cause of this change in fifty years?" the answer is, "*The Scriptures of the Word of God, freely circulated among all classes.*" If to be asked further, "What special scriptures or word has had the most power in producing this effect?" It is this: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." In monosyllables, this has been the most quoted of any other by the people, viz: "*Go, and sin no more.*" This was in the first reading lesson printed for the learner, and has had immense power in moulding the Christian character of this once heathen people.

A. Bishop.

Correspondence.

We are happy to receive from a highly intelligent Southern man, such favorable testimony and such words of wisdom as the following:

Editor Southern Workman,—If the objection to colored people's learning all the ordinary branches of school education were confined to a few proud aristocracy, I would not trouble myself to write or the reader to read one word on the subject. It is a matter of gratitude, that so few of the former owners of slaves make any objection to their being educated. The writer of this has conversed with very many on the subject, and has been gratified to learn that almost every man and woman who once owned slaves is now decidedly in favor of their learning all that they can learn. The principal objectors are the colored people themselves. They often say, "What is the use of my children going to school? They will have to work for a living either on a farm or in a shop, or in somebody's kitchen. And so they can do just as well without learning as with."

To many, this objection is very plausible and has just as much force, as if it were actually true. But in fact, it is not true. It is not true, that your son or your daughter is necessarily obliged to confine himself or herself to mere hard work, unless by your own neglect. If you encourage them to school, you are determined to do all you can to make them mere drudges. God has blessed them with minds, and you their parents, have no right to withhold from them the means of giving that mind to any be improved to the highest possible degree. You do not know what your child may be capable of. He may be a doctor, a lawyer, a senator, a president.

But suppose your son will never be anything but a laboring man, or at best a mechanic. Is learning of no use to a laborer or a mechanic? So far from it, everybody knows who has taken any notice of things, that an intelligent, well-educated man or woman will always command better situations, get better pay, and be more respected by all, than the rude and ignorant possibly ever can.

Not long since, a gentleman of wealth wanted to employ a man to do odd jobs of carpentry about his house. He had had after another, but they all wasted his lumber and spoiled his work. At last, he heard of a Dutchman, or rather a Prussian, who, though a poor laboring man, had like most of his countrymen, enjoyed the advantages of a good education. This man's name was Michael; but commonly called *Mike.* The gentleman sent for Mike and told him what he wanted done. By reason of his good education, Mike understood at once, what his employer wanted. And that there might be no mistake, Mike took a pencil and paper and drew a correct plan of the work and showed it to the boss, asked if that was what was to be done. It was exactly the thing, and Miké always found employment and good wages, not only with that gentleman, but wherever he was known. In the same shop with other men, Mike often received nearly twice as much wages as they did. What gave him this advantage? It was simply the fact that in his youth, he went to the public schools, and there he not only learned to read and write but to *draw.* Education gave him, what merely learning a trade could never give.

My colored friends, do all you can to help your children get an education. You may have no farm to leave them and if you had, it might soon be lost, but a good education can never be lost.

Editor Southern Workman:

Dear Sir,—You asked for any interesting news and I don't know if there can be anything more interesting than a little of my school. I am teaching in the little settlement of Woodville, and my school numbers about fifty, who are of such condition that I can manage them with little trouble. My 1st class use 5th Reader, Bullion's Grammar, intermediate geography, etc., and in arithmetic is in addition of fractions. I am extremely gratified to say that I have never seen scholars anywhere grasp their books with so much eagerness and pleasure. I have often said to myself that I only regret that in my younger days I did not possess this gigantic spirit. These children are craving for that which they must have. They may have land, houses, and money, but without education they will not be any more than slaves for the commonwealth of Virginia. When we look at this great city of Richmond, we behold hundreds, yea, thousands of poor children who are deprived of the privileges of education; many of them are packed away in factories and work large there from month to month for 50 cts or 75 cts. a week, or perhaps only for bread. I wish that in your next publication you would present this important subject to the public, and show the great danger that awaits our rising generation in the future if we neglect so great a duty.

Yours truly,

J. W. Gourdine.

[We have on hand several valuable communications which have been crowded out of this issue, but will appear in our next.]

Hampton Normal School.

Access to Graduates.

Maria Chilsman has returned to Hampton for a vacation. After Christmas she expects to return to her school in Murfreesboro.

Calvin D. Johnson has taken a school in Princess Anne Co. Va.

Hattie C. Green is teaching at Whitesville, N. C. At last accounts she had eighty scholars and was in search of an assistant.

Letters from Graduates.

Charleston, ——1872.

Dear Teacher,—I have been employed ever since I came home last March, though I did not expect to teach day when I came here. When the public school opened I was chosen assistant teacher for the term which will last ten months, commencing September 16th. I am getting good wages, and board at home. My department numbers eighty-seven; average of attendance, seventy-five. Since I left Hampton, I have had three hundred and forty-four scholars under my charge. I assist in the Sabbath-school, give one private lesson every evening and take a German lesson every evening myself.

- Henry Clay Payne.

Mt. Joy, Bedford Co., Va.,——1872.

Dear Teacher,—Knowing that you desire to hear from the schools I will make an attempt to give you a little description of mine. After lingering Bedford I succeeded in getting a school, though at first it seemed doubtful, and answer teaching in the Baptist church in Mount Joy. The school-house is situated near the highest peaks in Virginia, in a very beautiful place near the main road, and convenient to the majority of the children. I can stand in the door and get beautiful views. For it is entirely surrounded by mountains. My school numbers twenty-four and they seem to be making rapid progress in the way of learning, though they would get along very much better if they had all the necessary things. The school-house is very comfortable at present; and with a few exceptions the people seem to be quite sociable and accommodating, and in very good condition, as the crops are prosperous. You cannot imagine how I miss Hampton and wish to be with you and the school.

John H. Carter

From "The Popular Science Monthly."

Scientific Notes.

Lessons from a Brick.

An Austrian savant has discovered, by means of a microscope, in a brick taken from the pyramid of Cheoplus, many interesting particulars connected with the life of the ancient Egyptians. The brick itself is made of mud of the Nile, chopped straw, and sand, thus confirming what the Bible and Herodotus had handed down to us as the Egyptian method of brick-making. Besides these materials, the microscope has brought other things to light—the *debris* of river-shells, of fish, and of insects, seeds of wild and cultivated flowers, corn and barley, the field-pea, and the common flax, cultivated probably both for food and textile purposes, and the radish, with many others known to science. There were also manufactured products, such as fragments of tiles and pottery, and even small pieces of string made of flax and sheep's wool.

Jute.

This remarkable fibre, which formerly was only used for the coarsest purposes, has of late become invaluable. It makes a serviceable substitute for hair in chignons, and is now used extensively as a "mix" in silk. Owing to its kindly way of taking the dye, and the gloss which it sustains, a large quantity can be used in silk, and yet defy detection, except by an expert. It is in consequence highly desirable that it should be produced in our country if possible. Some experiments by agriculturists are under way, which seem to promise success. Mr. F. T. D. Lacroix, of New Iberia County, Louisiana, has, on his plantation, several rows of the jute-plant, the seed of which was sent to him by the Department of Agriculture. The plants are very vigorous, and the indications are that jute will thrive in that climate. It bears some resemblance to flax in appearance, as it is said to in fibre.

According to Prof. Gould, electric waves travel through the Atlantic cables at the rate of between 7,000 and 8,000 miles per second; or, about half as fast as they traverse the wires suspended on telegraph-poles.

General News.

The Forty-second Congress began its final session on Monday, Dec. 2.

The President's message announces that our relations with foreign nations are generally satisfactory, and urges no further reduction in taxation till it is seen whether this can be done without interfering with our credit and the payment of the national debt, recommends measures to facilitate inland navigation and increase our ocean trade, and reaffirms the Indian policy of the government which is, as far as possible, conciliatory.

The Secretary of the Treasury sets down the reduction in taxation since the close of the war at $300,350,111.

Mr. Senator's health will not allow him to serve on any of the Senate's committees this session.

The funeral of Horace Greeley was, by a singular coincidence, on the day appointed for the meeting of the Electoral Colleges. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Chapin and Henry Ward Beecher. President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, Gen. Sheridan, and many other prominent men were present. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

The winter has set in with unusual violence at sea. A violent cyclone has traversed the whole Atlantic and many vessels have suffered severely.

The Arizona diamond fields have proved a gigantic hoax and swindle.

The shower of shooting stars through which we passed in the night of November 26th, is supposed by astronomers to have been fragments of a comet known as Bicle's comet.

Virginia seems to be doing good work to the State by her schools, judging from the statistics of attendance. In 1870 the number of pupils was 50,415; in 1871 it had increased to 157,844. This rapid increase of over 300 per cent. in one year is an encouragig sign for the progress of education in that State, and will undoubtedly have an important influence in stimulating the educational work of the whole South.

The American Colonization Society sent November 30th to Liberia a company of 150 colored emigrants, most of whom were from North Carolina and Georgia. Each family receives twenty-five acres of land free, and each man citizenship at once.

Prince Bismarck has recently ordered of Mr. Nelson Gwit, of Philadelphia, Pa., machinery for a paper-mill to be erected in Prussia. It is to be placed for comparison, by the Prince, in one of his large paper-mills, so that he can judge by observation whether the Philadelphia paper-making machinery is not far superior to that made in Germany, France, or England.

The Americans in London celebrated Thanksgiving Day with a banquet.

Four celebrated Englishmen are now lecturing in America, Froude the historian, Tyndall the scientific discoverer, Rev. George MacDonald the well-known author, and Mr. Edmund Yates, novelist and magazinist.

Three expeditions are about to start for Africa. One sent from the Khedive of Egypt with the avowed object of helping Dr. Livingstone look for the sources of the Nile, a geographical expedition from Berlin, and one from England to suppress the slave trade on the east coast of Africa.

There is serious trouble with the Indians in Texas and California. The United States troops are engaged in subduing them.

Two young men were blown to pieces and two more crippled for life, recently, to pay for throwing stones at a can of nitroglycerine which had been left by some workmen, carefully sealed, and marked Danger, Danger, Danger. They threw the stones at it just to see how it would explode.

Hasbrit B. Stowe is giving readings from her own works in New York with great success.

The Italian government has put a stop to duelling in Italy.

Two great exploring expeditions have just sailed from England and America. The American fleet is to explore the seas between our Pacific States and China and Japan, and construct more perfect charts for the benefit of our commerce. The English expedition is to circumnavigate the globe, and spend three years and a half in scientific and geographical research.

The number of slaves annually carried off from Africa to the Arab and Turkish markets is estimated at from 80,000 to 90,000.

Hans Christian Andersen, the most charming writer for children that ever lived, is seriously ill. He is now in his sixty-seventh year. His stories have been translated from their original Danish into many languages.

The great storm that swept the coast of New Brunswick and caused serious loss of life and damage to shipping on the 20th of November, was foreseen by the Signal Service Office in Washington, and proper warning was sent on the 19th to the Chief of the Canadian Meteorological Bureau in Toronto. This was *signal* service indeed.

The Prussian Government has resolved to employ henceforth solely Assmann's linen fibre paper for the manufacture of bank notes, such as is used in Washington.

Our Exchanges.

It is both pleasant and profitable to maintain some acquaintance with the literature of the day. Every month our table is loaded with valuable magazines and journals, contributed by the editorial friends of the "Southern Workman," and we do not mean to keep all the good things to ourselves. Henceforth, we shall give our readers a share in the treasures of our reading room.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY contains interesting intelligence of the work among the Freedmen. It is pleasant to read that the Society's receipts for the year amount to $329,000, knowing how wisely this is applied to the great work of educating and educating those whom the Truth alone can make free indeed.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, published in New York, is very full and attractive this month. A fully illustrated description of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad takes us pleasantly through an interesting part of Virginia. Mr. Edward King, one of the editors of the "Boston Journal," has been engaged to write a series of articles for this magazine, upon the South as it is. They will be profusely illustrated and doubtless very interesting. We hope that Mr. King will visit Hampton Normal School before completing his series.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, edited by Prof. E. L. Youmans, one of the most eminent chemists and brilliant lecturers on chemistry in America, is devoted to the noble work of spreading scientific knowledge among the people. Good selections from foreign scientific magazines, with some interesting original articles compose each number.

THE NURSERY is certainly the gem of all little mouthfuls for the youngest readers, with its beautiful pictures and charming stories. In our opinion, the best premium of all the nice ones it offers for new subscribers is a yearly volume of itself for three at $1.50 each, and we know of one little Miss Rosy-cheeks who is getting up what she calls a "squad" for the prize. Little readers will often find a sample of it in our children's department.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, published by the American Tract Society for $2 a year, is a model of fine engravings and excellent reading for old and young. It is fortunate in its editor, the Rev. Lyman Abbot, a well-known member of a family whose name is identified with popular writing. It is in all respects a valuable family paper, and we would be glad to see it domesticated in every home.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is as attractive as ever, notwithstanding the close of the presidential campaign which has given such rich material to the pencil of its unrivalled artist, Mr. Thomas Nast. The service done to the Republican party during this campaign by "Harper's Weekly" through his irresistible caricatures cannot be computed. Nothing as good in this line has been produced in any country. Harper Brothers are noted among the old established publishers of New York for their enterprise and their liberality toward contributors, a policy which secures to them the best work, artistic and literary, which the country affords, and a consequent popularity which has become gigantic. "Harper's Monthly," "Weekly," and "Bazar" are household words.

EVERY SATURDAY, published by J. R. Osgood and Co., Boston, is just what it professes to be—"a Journal of Choice Reading." Like "Littell's Living Age," it is made up of selected articles from English magazines. It skims the cream of the best of them to set before its readers, who have only to turn its pages to find what they would most enjoy in "Chamber's Journal," the "London Athenæum," "Saturday Review," "Spectator," and many other valuable English periodicals. All the publications of this firm, the "Atlantic Monthly," "Our Young Folks," and the "North American Review," have a dignified character and position, which "Every Saturday," in its own way, fully maintains.

THE PAPER TRADE JOURNAL, published in New York, gives, twice a month, the latest information concerning the paper trade in all parts of the world. Its editor, Mr. Charles F. Wingate, also a popular correspondent of the "Springfield Republican" and other papers, shows great enterprise in its management. Its market quotations are prepared with great care. It is invaluable to paper makers, dealers, and printers, and its attractive arrangement and style make it also very interesting to the general reader.

THE PRINTER'S CIRCULAR is another valuable publication for a printing office. It is published monthly in Philadelphia. It contains valuable typographical intelligence, price lists, notices of new patents, and everything of interest to printers generally. The editor and publisher, Mr. R. S. Mansmin, is a man whose enterprise and liberality must insure popularity to his paper; he is also one of the publishers of the "American Cyclopedia of Printing," a work of such importance as a book of reference that no printing office or library should be considered complete without it. It contains a fund of valuable information never before found in any work on this subject. We would heartily recommend it to all interested in, or in any way connected with the printing business.

The rest of our valuable exchanges we must wait to notice at a future time.

To our editorial friends who generously put the "Southern Workman" on their exchange list, we would say, The good you do is not confined to our office. It makes part of the sunshine of the Hampton School reading room, and radiates from there all over the South wherever Hampton students go.

With many thanks for the favors of the last twelve months, we hope to welcome you again with a glad New Year.

The Tradition of Bishop Hatto.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet.
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had plentiful last year's store;
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were full and well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoic'd at such tidings good to hear
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children young and old.

Then when his saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall
Where the picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm.
"My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn.
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be:
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly," quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes them.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd: it was only the cat:
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they creep
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour
And down through the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below;
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgement on him.

—*Southey.*

J. B. Smith, the Caterer.

Among the citizens of Boston who are distinguished both for their enterprise and their liberality is a colored man named Joshua B. Smith. He is the most skilful and the most popular caterer in Boston, and though deprived of the advantages of early education, has by energy and good management become wealthy. He is a great admirer of Charles Sumner, to whom he feels that all colored men owe a deep debt of gratitude, for the services he has rendered to their race,—and though a firm republican, and in favor of the reelection of Gen. Grant, he couldnot hear a word spoken against Senator Sumner, without a feeling of indignation.

At the last session of Congress, after Mr. Sumner had made a speech in favor of his bill securing equal rights to the colored man which he wished appended to the bill granting amnesty to all engaged in the rebellion, Senator Hamlin proposed that the Senate should sing "Old Hundred."

When Smith heard of this fling at the Senator whom he loved and honored, he sat down and wrote the following verses as appropriate words for Senator Hamlin to sing to the tune he had proposed. Aside from the honest sentiments they express, they are worthy of perusal from their literary merit as being the production of a self-educated man.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise for his gifts to man below,
Praise for the man that stood alone,
And made the Freedman's cause his own.

Praise to the man who still alone,
Now makes the Freedman's cause his own;
His name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till time is swrung'd by man no more.

Praise Massachusetts for her sen,
Her work he always well, has done,
Sing Sumner's name from shore to shore,
Till White and Black are known no more.

Praise Sumner, Cooper, Butler, too,
They all are faithful, good, and true;
We'll sing their names from shore to shore,
Till Hamlin's name is heard no more.

Praise Sumner for his noble works;
His long and useful life he's given;
His words on earth are not in vain,
For God will crown him when in Heaven.

When Senator Sumner embarked a few months since for Europe in search of health, he found his room on board the steamer decorated with a profusion of the rarest flowers, the gift of Mr. Smith. And among the many warm friends and admirers who will welcome the distinguished Statesman on his return, will be found a no more devoted or unselfish adherent than Smith the Caterer.

Mr. Smith has a daughter who is a pupil of the New England Conservatory of Music, and is said to be a superior singer.

Children's Department.

For "The Southern Workman."

Jerry's Thanksgiving Day.

Once there was a boy named Jerry who named his cat after himself. That makes two Jerrys doesn't it, and how are you going to tell them apart?

To tell the truth, they were very much alike in one thing at least. Both Jerrys were very fond of a good dinner: And so are some other boys and pussy cats that I know.

They lived in a place where everybody believes in keeping Thanksgiving Day; and Jerry thought that the way to keep it is to eat just as much as possible. His last Thanksgiving Day ought to have been the jolliest of all. Such a Thanksgiving dinner as that was to be sure! The fifteen pounder turkeys with their brown, shining coats stuffed out like an alderman's, and the fat chickens bursting their sides with trying to look just as big and juicy; cracking their jaws with smiles with envy! Such gorgeous mountains of rosy cranberry jam, and great rubies of currant jelly all glowing and quivering with the excitement of the occasion! Such golden heaps of sweet potatoes! Such apple sauce if you please, and oh, the dessert! —the royal procession of pies, headed by the three sovereigns, Pumpkin, Apple, and Mince, with their trains held up by fat little cranberry tarts all red in the face with their exertion! The Indian pudding brought in all puffing and bubbling and

whispering to itself, and dished out by Grandpa with the advice to everybody to take a very large piece and swallow it quick! Oh, wasn't that a Thanksgiving dinner!

If they hadn't cracked as many jokes as nuts, and found a great many philopenas besides, I almost think they would have made themselves sick; but no one ever gets sick on Thanksgiving Day that I ever heard of.

The big table was so full of the grownups that the children had a little table all to themselves, which was just the best of it.

There was two Jerry at the head of the table and one Jerry at the foot, and I don't know which ate the most. The Jerry at the foot sat up in a high chair on a red velvet cushion, with a new blue ribbon round his neck, and behaved very well, seldom putting his nose into his next neighbors' plates—only he would jump for joy with every bite they gave him, to eat it on the floor, stretchiog his neck over it in a very unrefined and pussyish style. When they came to the nuts, he had a full saucer of cream instead, which he lapped up, every drop, and licked the plate, but he didn't beg for more that time. He marched off, rolled himself up on the hearth rug, and went straight to sleep and snored.

After dinner, the children all went into the sitting-room and had a splendid play—ring-game, and parlor croquet, and twenty-questions, and guessing pictures, and puss in the corner; and nobody told them not to make so much noise.

But in the midst of the sport, Jerry's mother came in and said:

"Jerry, dear, I'm sorry to interrupt your play, even a little while, but Susan's sister has just come in and told me of a very poor woman down in Meadow Street who has no dinner at all for Thanksgiving Day, and hardly any fire to keep her little children warm; so I have made up a basket of things for her. Will you carry it?"

Jerry was standing on the back of the lounge, and the minute before he had looked like a little rosy statue of Fun; but now his curly head dropped down, and the corners of his mouth, too, and he said

"Can't Susan's sister do it?"

"She is eating dinner with Susan, dear. Why, I thought you would like to go so much. The children will excuse you for a little while. You can run home so fast you know, and be back in fifteen minutes."

"I—don't—want—to," said Jerry.

"Well, never mind, then, dear. I don't want to *make* anyone do a kind thing on Thanksgiving Day," said his mother, and shut the door.

The children went on with their play; but somehow Jerry didn't enjoy it as much as before, especially when his cousin Jessie looked out of the window a few minutes after, and exclaimed:

"I declare, if there isn't Grandpa himself taking that basket! Look here, Jerry Bowen, I think you were real mean. I don't think you're much of a Christian, anyway!"

"I don't care—I don't pretend to be," said Jerry, flushing.

"Well, anyhow, you come of Christian parents, and you might know better than that," said Jessie.

"Shut up!" said Jerry.

I don't know what would have happened next, if Uncle George hadn't come in and built it locked like snow, and, as they would all have to walk home, they must start right away.

Jessie began to look cross at this, but her mother hurried her into her cloak and hood so fast that she had no time to say anything but "Good bye, Aunty, I have had such a spleu—did time."

So the visitors were gone, and what should Jerry do next? His mother went back to the parlor with cousin Hattie who had brought her baby and was going to stay all night, and Jerry was left alone. He stood a few minutes by the fire, kicking many little feet, and queer little voices—"queak, queak, queak."

"Mice!" thought Jerry, "Jerry's missed it." But the little squeaky voices kept on at such a rate, and presently he thought he could hear words spoken. What could it be? Creeping softly on his hands and knees out of the hollow nest, he peeked over its edge, and there at the foot of the pile of hay on the other side from that he had climbed up, what do you suppose he saw?

Why, a family party of cunning little mice, keeping Thanksgiving Day all by themselves! They had dressed their baby in paper, that was plain, and a nice one it must have been, judging from the crumbs of cheese and plum-cake that lay about. Mrs. Mouse was improving the time in spinning cobwebs from a tinier bit of a spinning wheel than ever your great-grandmother saw, into threads that could be meant only to weave into the very finest of fairy cambric sheets. A dozen of her children were playing quietly around her. One had a jumping jack on a stick, in the shape of a grasshopper instead of a monkey. Two of them had harnessed a pet wasp and were driving it around with reins of split horsehairs, and a maiden-hair fernstalk whip. The rest were playing tag.

But Mr. Mouse was the funniest of all. There he sat with his spectacles on his nose, reading the newspaper to his wife. A real, teenty newspaper, my dear, and Jerry, looking over his shoulder, could see that it was named "The World and All." He had a waxed mouse-tache that gave

him a strong resemblance to Louis Napoleon. Jerry thought, and, being a little grewy, he was altogether a very distinguished looking character.

"There is nothing in the paper my dear —really nothing—let's see. Oats are abundant because the horses all have the epizootic and don't feel like eating.' 'The rats have deserted Chappaqua,'—that we knew some time ago. 'We surmise that they are about to invade the White House.' 'Tragic *opera* of *The Three Blind Mice* performed to-night at Mouse's Hall. 100th representation. See how it runs! 'Oh, here's something! You have a taste for literature! A Frenchman has been writing a book called 'Bread and Cheese and Kisses.' That must be good."

"Oh, what a sweet title," squeaked Mrs. Mouse, sentimentally.

"And here my dear, is a poem on the tradition of Bishop Hatto. You and I know the story, but so ought our children to, and I will read it by-and-by.

"It is a pity those two legged giants that make so much trouble in the world, could not all read it, for it tells of the punishment inflicted by our race on one of stronger, and then let it go just to tear after it again. On Thanksgiving Day too! *Twenty* of them—fangs I—Who ever heard of twenty cats chasing one mouse! They're worse than cats!—worse than cats!"

And all the mice squeaked together—"Yes, they are worse than cats—worse than cats!"

Jerry's cheeks grew hot, for he knew who one of those boys was.

"Yes," continued old Mr Mouse, "and they're mean to each other, too. When you asked Pink-ears this morning to take some plum-cake to our poor relations, the Church Mice, did he say, 'No, I don't want to?' Not a bit of it. If you could have heard a story I did this morning from a Mouse in the wall!"

"Well, now, dear," said Mrs. Mouse, gently, "you're getting excited. Perhaps these cruel boys do not know they are cruel. Perhaps, when they really grow up, some of them may be as good as one I learned about when I was devouring so many books in the library. His name was Luther, and he was the greatest man that ever lived, and one day when he was walking, a little hare chased by the hunters, ran up to him and fell at his feet, and he picked it up and tried to hide it in his gown till the dogs had gone by."

"That is pleasant to hear" indeed," said Mr. Mouse. "That should be given to the "World and All."

As for Jerry, he had been so much affected by the stories that the tears pricked into his eyes and almost made him sneeze.

But just then, two enormous eyes like lanterns shone in at a hole in the wall, and an enormous head followed them. Mrs. Mouse sprang up, shrieking. The little mice screamed. Mr. Mouse sat with the paper in his hand, almost paralyzed.

Jerry could not stand it. He sprang to his feet and shouted, "Get out, Jerry—you mean thing, after such a Thanksgiving dinner as you've had!"

Instantly as he spoke, every mouse vanished and Jerry too. He was standing up on the hay in the dim twilight, alone in the great barn.

Frightened and wondering, he crept down, and ran as fast as he could to the house. He met his mother at the door.

"Where have you been, Jerry?" I was looking for you," she said.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "I'm awful sorry I was so mean to-day, but I aint worse than a cat,' for I wouldn't have spoiled that mouse's Thanksgiving party for anything!"

"Why, Jerry, you don't know what you're saying. You must leave been asleep. Come in to the fire."

There, by the fire, lay Jerry, but he crept under the sofa when he saw his master.

"Mother," said Jerry, "how long has Jerry been in the house?"

"An hour at least," said his mother.

Jerry looked queer. "Come out here, Jerry," he called. "If you haven't done anything worse than to run away from me, you shn't be whipped."

That night after he was tucked up in bed, with Jerry purring at his feet, Jerry told his mother his story, and she said it was a very nice one and ought to be sent to "The World and All," and she gave Jerry this pretty Thanksgiving verse to learn:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

DIED at Johnstown, Northampton Co., Va., on the 25 of Nov., of dropsy of the heart, Abraham D. Giddings, of the Senior Class of the Hampton Normal School.

A CARD

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE "SOUTHERN WORKMAN."

We have received some complaints from subscribers that they have not received their papers. In many cases, the fault is not with us, as papers that have been regularly mailed have sometimes failed to reach subscribers to whom they were addressed. But in other cases, through the absence or sickness of the persons who made up the lists, some papers have not been mailed. We are perfecting our lists however, and trust there will be no more room for complaint in the future. Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly, will do us a favor by reporting the fact promptly.

End of Volume I.

Subscribers who began the year with us are invited to renew their subscriptions. The first year expires with this number. Agents are requested to send for circular with terms, &c. Extra inducements will be offered for new subscribers.

THE

Illustrated Christian Weekly,

FOR 1873.

will continue to merit the claim of its critics to be the "handsomest illustrated paper in the world." New portraits of eminent men, equal to those already given of Beecher, Spurgeon, Lowell Mason, and others, are in preparation. Religious work, at home and abroad, social and domestic life, scenery in this and other lands, events of the day, are among the topics which will be illustrated in the best manner by such artists as Darley, Herrick, Beard, Dixon, and others. Each number of the paper will contain seven or more finely executed engravings.

In the literary department, Dr. C. S. Robinson, whose oriental sketches have been an acceptable feature of the paper the present year, will furnish a new series, descriptive of life and customs in the East. On the conclusion of John S. C. Abbott's fascinating "History of William the Conqueror," other historical sketches from the same masterly pen will be forthcoming. S. Z. Todd will give us designs of medium-priced houses, and show how to build them cheaply. Contributions may also be expected from Rev. Drs. Theodore L. Cuyler, Howard Crosby, J. G. Craigbead, Cyrus Hamlin, J. E. Rankin, Profs. H. M. Baird and W. C. Wilkinson, Jacob Abbott, A. L. Noble, Mrs. E. L. Beers, Mrs. A. E. Barr, Mrs. M. E. Miller, Mrs. M. A. Denison, and other popular writers.

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Two dollars a year.

The cheapest Family Paper in the world.

Agents Wanted. Specimen Copies Free.

AMERICAN TRACT SOC., *Publishers,*
150 Nassau Street, New York.

[For the Southern Workman.]

Waiting.

Waiting, for thy mercy,
Waiting for thy grace,
Waiting for the Spirit
Shining from thy face.

Waiting, for thy mercy,
Waiting for thy love,
Waiting for thy hearing
Falling from above.

Waiting, at thine altar,
Waiting all the day,
Waiting for thy blessing,
Here I kneel and pray.

Waiting for thy coming,
Make not long delay;
Weak am I, and faint at heart,
Waiting here, I pray.

Waiting all the day,
And, waiting all the night,
Waiting in the darkness,
And waiting in the light.

Waiting, still I'm waiting,
Kneeling at thy feet,
Lord, in mercy grant me
Consolation sweet.

Waiting, yet believing,
Those will not deny
What my soul in anguish
Seeks with longing cry.

Now these earnest moments
I hear thy gentle tread,
And feel thy hand in blessing
Placed upon my head.

I've waited long in sadness,
Now there's naught but joy;
This is sweetest rapture,
Bliss without alloy.

Life hath naught of sorrow,
Death hath naught of pain;
If only thy dear presence
Through it all I gain.

ELLA DENNIS.

Political and Religious Zeal.

Zeal in politics has been fervent enough. When the Presidential election was pending, what warm talk; what animated discussion; how heated and fiery the effusions of the party press. What running and driving hither and thither to caucuses and conventions and mass meetings. Think, too, of the brilliant fire-works, the splendid illuminations, the grand torch-light processions, the rousing music and songs and speeches, and the countless multitude of devices to kindle and fan the flame of party zeal. And, when the tug of strife came, what a mighty rallying at the polls.

Now, if there is so much zeal in politics, throwing society into one great sea of commotion, and stirring it from its very depths, what should be our zeal in things which pertain more directly to Christ and to heaven. Surely if our zeal is to be proportioned to the importance of the object, we should, above all be in earnest as Christians. Nothing can be more inconsistent than for us to be all fire in politics, and nothing but ice in religion.

"Push things," "Push things," was the significant, oft-repeated rallying cry of politicians. They did not want dull, sleepy men to carry a political end. They wanted men alive and astir; and they had them—men intent, wide awake, all aglow.

"Push things," politicians reiterated. For it is a common error to suppose that a good cause will prevail, merely because, on account of its intrinsic merits, it ought to prevail. But whatever those merits, failure will result from the neglect of appropriate effort. We carry an important political end, not without hard work, but by means of that work. Hence the immense amount of time and labor and money spent in the late Presidential campaign. Hence the cry was, Let there be no laggards, let every one be stir himself; read, talk, circulate papers, quit the doubtful, wake up the indifferent, work and keep working till the sun of election day is set. All up and down the lines, the drums beat and the bugles sounded, "Forward, forward to victory.

Since, then, the triumph of the gospel is of more importance than the triumph of a mere political party; since the reign of Christ in the hearts and lives of men is of more consequence than the reign of any political ruler, it becomes us as friends of Christ and his cause, to invoke and reiterate the cry in the highest and noblest sense, "Push things," work and keep working for the blessed Master, with all your might; so that, while men so thrill and throb with zeal in politics, zeal for that infinitely the greatest consequence, the zeal of our Great Exemplar for God's house, for the honor and interests of His kingdom, may engage the whole heart and soul.

The Horse Distemper.

This distemper has spread with startling rapidity over the land, cutting down hundreds of horses, and temporarily disabling thousands and tens of thousands more. It has smitten us unexpectedly, smitten us in a thousand homes when, a few weeks ago, no man ever thought or dreamed of—occasioning great temporary perplexity and embarrassment, and damaging to an incalculable extent, various kinds of trade and of travel.

We see thus impressively reminded of our dependence upon a Higher Power; that God can touch the atmosphere, or some other of the unnumbered elements on which our health and life, and the health and life of animals depend, and so confound all our calculations; defeating, as in the twinkling of an eye, the counsels of the great, and the schemes of the wise.

Yet, we rejoice in the belief that this event of Providence is for some good end. That end may be, in part, for the benefit of the horses, to lead us to treat those dumb animals, on which we are so dependent for our business and our pleasure, with the kindness which they deserve. Since, where horses are well cared for, the disease is comparatively light, and brief in duration, truly gratifying is the evidence that the disease has generally brought out the humanity of owners and drivers, in strong and beautiful relief, leading them to be as gentle with a horse as a nurse with a sick child.

The President's Policy.

The following letter will set at rest, in a very satisfactory manner, some rumors of a proposed alteration in the present policy of the Government:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, D. C., October 18, 1871.

GEORGE H. STUART, Esq.,

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 24th instant, saying that a change in the Indian policy of the Administration is reported to be contemplated, is just received. Such a thing had not been thought of. If the present policy toward the Indian can be improved in any way, I will always be ready to receive suggestions on the subject. But, if any change is made, it must be on the side of the civilization and Christianization of the Indian. I do not believe our Creator ever placed different races of men on this earth with the view of having the stronger exert all his energies in exterminating the weaker. If any change takes place in the Indian policy of the Government while I hold my present office, it will be on the humanitarian side of the question. Very truly, yours,

U. S. GRANT.

Gems.

Faith is the ladder on which the believer is constantly mounting to ascend into the heavenly Canaan, from thence to bring down clusters of delicious grapes, to refresh him in his wilderness journey.

The tree of life, said the holy Hyperichus, grows in heaven; and humility is the grace that climbs and touches the top of it.

Speak kindly in the morning, it lightens the cares of the day, and makes household and all other affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

But always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and every where there some sweet flowers without our foresight or labor. We reap what we sow, but nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

God's aim in afflicting his children is either to keep them from sin, or when they have sinned to bring them to repentance for it.

The love of one's friends is common to all religions; the love of one's enemies is characteristic of Christians.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

The least set of self-renunciation hallows for the moment all within its sphere.—*Margaret Fuller.*

THE BLESSEDNESS OF RELIGION.—If I could choose what of all things would be at the same time the most delightful and useful to me, I should prefer a *firm religious belief* to every other blessing; for this makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly ones vanish; throws over the decay of existence the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death; makes even torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of the future, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.—Sir H. DAVY.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—Its effects will greatly depend on the sincerity of the head of the family, and on his mode of conducting the worship of his household. Let the exercise be short, plain, tender, and heavenly.

"FOR THIS VERY PURPOSE CHRIST DIED."—Neither forgiveness of sin nor deliverance from punishment is the great and ultimate blessing which God intends for man in the work of Christ. In fact, the forgiveness of sin is only a preparatory step, as it were, to the great blessing, which consists in becoming "the habitations of God through the Spirit"—in being "turned away every one of us from our iniquities"—in being "holy and without blame before God in love"—in "having eternal life."—*T. Erskine.*

Temperance.

Death and the Glass.

"I am hungry," said the Grave, "give me food."

Death answered:

"I will send forth a minister of awful destruction, and you shall be satisfied."

"What minister will you send?"

"I will send Alcohol. He shall go in the guise of food and medicine, pleasure and hospitality. The people shall drink and die."

And the Grave answered:

"I am content."

And now the church bells began to toll, and the mournful procession to advance.

"Who are they bringing now?" said the Grave.

"Ah," said Death, "they are bringing a household. The drunken father aimed a blow at his wife. He killed the mother and her child together, and then dashed out his own life."

"And who," said the Grave, "comes next, followed by a train of weeping children?"

"This is a broken-hearted woman, who has long pined away in want, while her husband has wasted his substance at the tavern. And he, too, is borne behind, killed by the hand of violence."

"And who next?"

"A young man of generous impulse, who, step by step, became dissipated, and squandered his all. My agent turned him out to be frozen in the street."

"Hush!" said the Grave, "none but myself upon this hill must be silenced."

"Yes, it is the widow's cry. It is the only son of his mother. He spurned her love, reviled her warning, and a bloated corpse he comes to thee. And thus they come—farther than the eye can reach, the procession crowds to thy abodes. And still lured by the enchanting cup which I have mingled, the sons of men crowd the paths of dissipation. Vainly they dream of escape, but I shut behind them the invisible door of destiny. They know it not, and with song, and dance, and riot, they hasten to thee, O Grave!

Then I throw my fatal spell upon the new throng of youth, and soon they, too, will be with thee."

The Serpent of Appetite.

It is an old Eastern fable that a certain king once suffered the evil one to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprang therefrom two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to eat into his brain. The now terrified king strove to tear them away and cast them from him, when he found, to his horror, that they had become a part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first; even when he finds himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the glass, he may fancy he can cast him off. But, alas! he finds the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his right hand. The poor poet Burns said that if a barrel of rum was placed in one corner of the room and a loaded cannon in another, pointing toward him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first tempts you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was but a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpent that sprang from it was just as deadly for all that.

Oh be careful of letting this serpent of appetite get possession of you, for it will be a miracle of grace, indeed, if you are ever able again to shake him off.

Guard against every sin, dear children, however small; let it not gain a hold upon you. Pray to be kept from temptation in every form, and think not that in your own strength you can fight battle against it.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Anecdote of Admiral Farragut.

When Admiral Farragut was ten years of age, his father, then an officer of rank in the United States Navy, end high in the estimation of the government, said in his son's hearing that when he (the boy) was old enough to make a compact and keep it, he had a bargain to offer him. The son rose up and asked his father to state the terms of the contract.

The Admiral said: "The proposal that I intend to make is: If you will not smoke nor chew tobacco, drink intoxicating drinks nor strong wines, till you are 21 years of age I will then give you $1000." "I am old enough to make that bargain now," said young Farragut, "I will accept the offer." The bargain was closed. And on the attainment of young Farragut's majority, the cash was handed over.

Trifles.

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever wait for some to turn up. You might as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a meddler, with a pail atwixt your legs, and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Bad luck is frequently a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking to see how it will turn up. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it turn up.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

Editing a newspaper is very much like raking a fire—every one thinks he can perform the operation better than the man who has hold of the poker.

A prodigal writes from Omaha "I have to have my only shirt washed by the dozen, for it is in as many pieces, and the smallest hole is the one I put my head through."

The medicine-chest of one of the abandoned Arctic whalers was broken open by some of the natives, who, thinking they had found a prize, proceeded to swallow the contents of all the bottles. The survivors describe the result as startling, for the doses were too large for the constitution of even an Esquimaux. Several of the partakers died, and others wanted to, but couldn't.

LET US HAVE PEACE.—Mark Twain has been troubled with a lightning-rod man, and to get rid of him addressed him as follows:

Let us have peace, I shrieked. Put up a hundred and fifty. Put some on the kitchen; put a dozen on the barn; put a couple on the cow; scatter them all over the persecuted place till it looks like a zinc plated, spiral-twisted, silver-mounted cane-brake! Move! Use up all the material you can get your hands on, and when you have run out of lightning-rods, put ram-rods, cam-rods, stair-rods, pistou-rods—anything that will pander to your dismal appetite for artificial scenery and bring respite to my raging brain, and healing to my lacerated soul!

TAKE NOTICE,

NORTHERN EMPLOYERS AND

Southern Workers.

Advertisements from colored people wishing situations at the North, will be inserted in the "Southern Workman" free of charge, if accompanied by references from responsible persons.

Advertisements from Northern employers for colored servants will be received at our usual charge of ten cents a line.

Until further notice, parties North and South wishing to communicate further with each other on this subject may do so by letter to the "Southern Workman."

INFORMATION WANTED!

Mr. Jordan Williams, of Norfolk, Va., desires to obtain information of the present boy, SILAS WILLIAMS, who very unfortunately left home one year ago last June, and has not been heard from since that time. He was thirteen years of age last May. Said boy is about three feet four feet in height; is very active boy; rather timid in conversation, holding his head down while conversing with anybody. His father and mother are very anxious to know as to his whereabouts. It was reported that he was in Petersburg, but no certainty as to the above statement can be ascertained.

Any information as to the above will be thankfully received if addressed to

JORDAN WILLIAMS,
Norfolk, Va.,
Care of M. L'HOMMEDIEU.

INFORMATION WANTED!

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of a lad supposed to be lost. He strayed from his home in April, 1871, being then about 16 years of age. His name is SAMUEL DAVIS. His master's name was Lawrence Godwin. Any news will be gladly received by his uncle, if addressed to,

GEORGE GODWIN,
Norfolk, Va.,
Care of M. L'HOMMEDIEU.

LAND FOR SALE
On the Peninsula.

I have for sale 200 acres of land between Williamsburg and Fort Magruder. This section of the Country is fully and favorably known as "Within a country that may boast of the finest climate over the most pleasant places, the most fertile corn and pleasant navigable rivers, streams and earth forever exempt from cyclone. I have a place for man's habitation, securely and naturally fortified by profuse, living springs. There are mountainless, hills, plateaus, valleys, rivers, and streams, all running more pleasantly into a table bay, compassed but for the mouth with fruitful and delightsome land.—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

THE FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS & TRUST COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,000,000, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the preceal year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent., and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $20,000.47. The past history of the Company is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report 40,000 one depositors.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass-Book only.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, bearing 3 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposits issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

ACCOUNTS TRANSFERRED,

at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch, without risk or trouble, and *without loss of interest.*

For full information about the Bank address the *Actuary* at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information required may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or D. L. Eaton.

FORT MONROE,

Old Point Comfort, Va.

GENERAL FORWARDING,

FIRE & LIFE

INSURANCE

Agency.

Adams Express Company.

GREAT EASTERN, WESTERN, AND SOUTHERN EXPRESS.

Forwarders of

PACKAGES, VALUABLES, BOOKS, MODELS, & MERCHANDISE

At low Rates, with promptness and care.

Commissions executed and collections made at reasonable rates in all parts of the United States.

INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE OR LIGHTNING

effected on all kinds of Buildings, Merchandize, Household furniture, including Stock, Rents, and Leases, and all other insurable property, at reasonable rates consistent with safety, in the following responsible companies:—

Royal Insurance Company,
OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

Assets, Gold $10,000,000.00

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Assets $6,500,396.57

Home Insurance Company,
OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Cash Assets $877,446.21

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF BALTIMORE, MD.

Capital $300,000.00

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid in full. Persons desiring to obtain reliable insurance are solicited to give us their patronage.

LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES

of every desirable form issued upon the most liberal terms as to residence and travel, by the

GLOBE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Assets $6,713,176.39

The principal features of this company are, Absolute Security, Economical Management, and Liberality to the Insured.

REPUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE UNITED STATES.

Organized July, 1870.

Capital Stock $5,000,000.00
Insurance effected since organization over $20,000,000.00
Annual premiums on policies in force over $600,000.00

Its department organizations in all the leading states where it is home company every where. The largest company of its age in the world. Insures on the lowrates of the stock plan.

CENTRAL OFFICE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

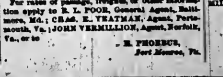
"It is a strange anomaly that men should be careful to insure their houses, their furniture, their ships, their merchandize, and yet neglect to insure their lives; surely the most important of all to their families, and far more subject to loss."—REV. FRAZER.

Sight Drafts, in sums to suit, on the Royal Banks of Ireland, London, Paris, Edinburgh, and all the principal cities of Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Italy, at lowest rates.

Cabin and Steerage Tickets to and from Liverpool, and Queenstown and all parts of Europe at lowest rates, via. Canard Line, the British and North American Royal Mail Steamships.

Special attention given to the execution of Commercial Protests, Acknowledgments, Mortgages, Leases, Deeds, Powers of Attorney and all other Notarial business at lowest rates, by

H. PHOEBUS,
Agent and Notary Public.
Office Adams Express Company,
Fort Monroe, Va.



BALTIMORE

Steam Packet

Company.

For Baltimore, Md., and all points North South, East, and West.

One of the Company's Steamers leaves Norfolk, Va., at 5 o'clock, P. M., and Portsmouth, Va., on the arrival of the Evening Passenger and Mail Train of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, at Suffolk, daily (Sundays, P. M., excepted), touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., about 8 o'clock, P. M. One of the Company's Steamers leaves Baltimore, foot of Concord Street, daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock, P. M., touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., about 4 o'clock, A. M., going South.

For rates of passage, freights, or other information apply to E. L. POOR, General Agent, Baltimore, Md.; CHAS. E. TRATMAN, Agent, Portsmouth, Va.; JOHN VERMILLION, Agent, Norfolk, Va., or to

E. PHOEBUS,
Fort Monroe, Va.

FREEDMAN'S

SAVINGS & TRUST

Company.

A National Savings Bank.

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1865.

Chartered by the Government of the United States.

Deposits of five cents or any larger amounts received.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

paid on sums of five dollars or more. *All deposits payable on demand, with interest due.*

All accounts *strictly private and confidential.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRANCH OFFICES

In all the larger cities of the South and Northwest.

THIS GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

established by the authority of the *United States Government* for the benefit of the *Freedmen*, knows no distinction of race or color, and offers its great advantages to all classes alike.

SAVE THE SMALL SUMS.

Cut off your vices—don't smoke—don't drink—don't buy lottery tickets. Put the money you save into the

FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS BANK.

NORFOLK, Va. BRANCH

IS LOCATED AT

NO. 116 MAIN STREET,

Corner of Gray Street.

Bank hours, 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Open also Saturday Nights from 6 to 7 o'clock.

J. W. ALVORD, *President.* W. C. PERCY, *Cashier.*
M. L'HOMMEDIEU, *Asst. Cashier.*

JOHN T. BENTLEY,

PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER

AND

JEWELER,

FORT MONROE, VA.

A Fine Stock of

FANCY GOODS

always on hand.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Sold and Repaired.

Dealer in

GENERAL FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES, STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, POMADES, COMBS, BRUSHES, AND PATENT MEDICINES, GENTS' UNDERCLOTHING, SOCKS, GLOVES, COLLARS, AND NECKTIES, LADIES' FANCY GOODS, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES, HOSE, NETS, ELASTICS, BUTTONS, NEEDLES, PINS, ETC.

Cake and Confectionery.

Fresh Homemade Cake of all kinds on hand and made to order. Tea Biscuit every day.

French and American Candy and Confectionery of every description fresh and pure.

NUTS, RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, ORANGES, LEMONS, AND FRUITS.

Orders received and filled for goods of every description at regular market prices.

Agent for Perkins and Heath's

Safety Lamps,

and the

German Student Lamps.

Shades, Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, etc., always on hand.

MILITARY GOODS, CAPS, AND SOLDIERS' FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

JOHN T. BENTLEY,
Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., JANUARY, 1873. NO. 1.

Christmas Hymn.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
Most great, from all their glory heights,
The day spring from on high.

On the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;—
Peace to the earth,—good will to men,
From Heaven's Eternal King!

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. SEARS.

Original.

Christmas.

Christmas, the festival which has just passed, is kept by all Christian people as the anniversary of the Saviour's birth. It is supposed to have been instituted by Pope Telesphorus, who died A.D. 138, end in the 4th century, the theologians of the East and the West, agreed upon the 25th of December as being probably the day of Christ's nativity. Since that time it has been celebrated both as a holy commemoration and a joyful holiday, and is the chief festival of the Christian year. During the middle ages it was kept with revelry and dancing, and the singing of Christmas carols in memory of the song of the shepherds, dates from a very early time. It has always been held to be a day upon which all good people should make merry, keeping always in their hearts, faithful remembrance of the deep meaning of their joy, and the Christmas customs of different nations at the present day are an interesting study.

In Protestant Germany and the North of Europe, Christmas is thought to be especially the children's day, and no house, however poor, is without its tree or branch of green yew, lighted with colored tapers, and hung with gifts, sweet meats, nuts, apples and ornaments. It is the Christ child, the children believe, who brings them their pretty presents, and often a little image of the angel who has brought the good things, is placed on the topmost spray of the shining tree, whence he looks down in blessing upon the crowd of happy little faces gathered about him.

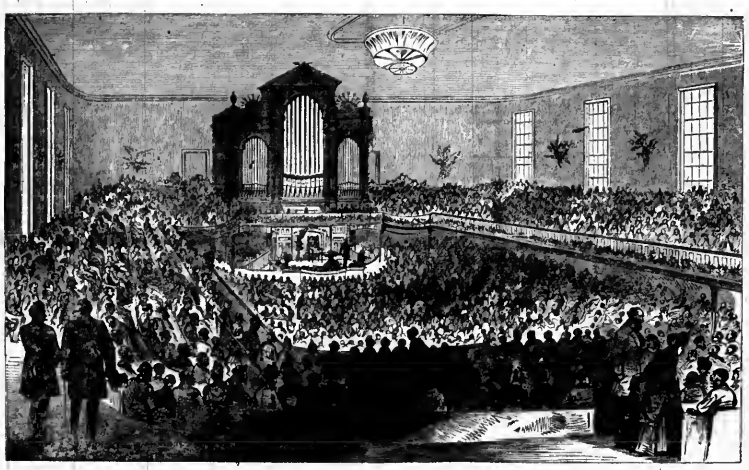
In England again, the holiday season lasts for days, and there is great feasting and rejoicing. The tables bend under their load of roast beef and plum pudding, and the larder shelves are ranged full with big mince pies, game pastries, and rich delicties, waiting for the appetites which have been sharpened by the snowy walk to church, and the merry exchange of Christmas gifts and greetings. Houses and churches, schools and shops, are alike dressed with holly, ivy, laurel, rosemary and mistletoe, and beautiful, indeed, is the greenery which decorates the altars and hearths of this Christian land.

The poor are fed, the sick and suffering remembered, and there are few asylums or prisons, or hospitals, where a Christmas dinner is not provided for those to whom Christ's name is too often only a sound.

Many and curious are the superstitions connected with this season, and some of them are not altogether unknown in our own country. For example, the belief that the cattle in their stalls kneel at midnight on Christmas Eve, in memory of the holy birth in Bethlehem, where an ox and an ass that were in the stable, bent their knees in adoration of the newly-born Saviour.

In America, Christmas is now very generally kept, both after the English and German fashion. We have our gaily dressed trees, our evergreen-trimmed churches and houses, our merry makings, and our well-filled tables. We, too, remember the poor and the afflicted, and give good gifts to each other in the name of Christ our Lord. We brighten the hearts of our little children with song and story, and fill their chubby hands with the toys and the sugar plums that are dear to them, while we ourselves are touched with the spirit of the day, and for a little while, perhaps, go back to the innocence and enjoyment of our own childhood.

Good and fitting are these customs, and they help to make our Christmas Days shine like stars in the long chain of dark and toilsome years. But no Christmas Day can be truly kept, except in direct remembrence of Him whose birthday it is, and who has taught us that it is no time for selfish pleasure only, but rather the day of all others when we should love our neighbor as ourselves, and should write in evergreen letters on the walls of our happy homes, the heavenly greeting, "Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men."



PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

Our illustration this month will give our readers a glimpse into the interior of one of the largest of the Northern churches, and one, probably, of the most famous. It is Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and the pastor, to whom the church owes all its prosperity and rapid increase, is the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, a man whose name is known in all countries where the English language is spoken.

He is a brother of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and who, through her whole life, has shown herself to be a true and warm friend of the colored race. Mr. Beecher himself has not been behind his sister in the interest he has exhibited in the advancement of all down-trodden people, and indeed has never kept his hand back from any good work. His congregation averages about thirty-five hundred, and varies little from one Sunday to another, in fact, the church is always filled to overflowing, and often hundreds are turned away from its doors. At a certain hour, a few moments before the service begins, the crowd is allowed to enter and fill all unoccupied seats, then the aisles are filled up with movable benches, and as many as possible are seated upon them, while every inch of standing room, and even the pulpit stairs are taken by eager listeners. Mr. Beecher is of average stature, and though somewhat past middle age, is almost boyish in his appearance, being quick and active, with all his movements full of the energy which characterizes him. His power over an audience is as great as that of any living speaker, his style being simple, and remarkable for force and strong common sense, while in his personal relations with his people, his influence is almost unbounded. The singing in his church is always congregational, and the immense volume of sound produced from such a body of voices, gives a very grand and striking effect. Few services are held at which the pulpit is not decorated with flowers, and even in the depth of winter, the greenhouses of the wealthier members of the congregation, furnish costly baskets and bouquets of delicate blossoms, which fill the air with their rich, summer-like fragrance, and brighten the whole church with their beauty.

In connection with the audience room, there are also in the church building, large parlors where prayer meetings are held, and the Sunday School meets, and these pleasant rooms etc. are often used for social gatherings while at special seasons and for special purposes, entertainments are given, tableaux, magic lanterns and music, affording amusement both to young and old. Mr. Beecher believes that Christianity should make its followers happy even in this world, and his faith in the power of bright faces, pleasant words, and kind deeds, is very great. His creed is very practical, and he feels and teaches that if our religion does not show itself in our daily lives, it will not show itself anywhere. His great success continues unabated, because he is always in earnest, and the crowds of people whom we see in the picture before us, never lessen, because they are sure that the man to whom they have come to listen, has something true and wise to say to them.

Short Words.

None of the speakers and writers who have used the English language with power have ever allowed themselves to be run away with by *big words*. A clear and simple style in talking and writing is always an admirable thing, and short words hit the mark much oftener than long ones. When the meaning can be expressed in words of one or two syllables, it is more easily received and carries more force with it; therefore, when there is a choice between a long word and a short word, take the short one.

Martin Luther.

Martin Luther, the leader of the great Protestant Reformation, was born in 1483, at Eisleben, a little German town, where his parents were living in extreme poverty. He obtained his education by his own exertions, singing from door to door, in the city where he went to school, and earning in this and other similar ways, the small sums upon which he lived. It was at the University of Erfurt that he first found a complete copy of the Bible, the book which is now in all our homes, being then withheld carefully from the people, who heard its message only from the lips of priests, in whose mouths its meaning was perverted and destroyed. Luther, becoming himself a priest, was soon convinced of the immorality and corruption of the Roman Catholic Church, and brought all his energy and honesty to bear upon its purification. He attacked the wicked lives of the Pope and his priesthood, and soon exposed the falsity of the Romanist doctrines of confession, absolution, infallibility, etc. Numerous and powerful were the enemies he made for himself, but he kept on his way determined, for he was strong in faith, and fearless in action, and imprisonment, or threats of torture and death had little power over him. When he was commanded to appear for examination before the Pope's ambassadors, his friends tried to dissuade him from obeying the command. His answer is famous in all history, he said to his frightened advisers, "Were there as many devils waiting for me as there are tiles on the house tops, still would I go," and those words struck the key note of his whole life. He established the Protestant Church in Germany, and lived to see the fruit of his labors ripen in other lands. After passing through poverty, persecution and danger, his mission was fulfilled, and he died in the little town where he was born, in 1546, being just 63 years old. His illness was only of a few hours, and his last words were, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit, thou hast redeemed me, thou faithful God."

Rome.

This famous city, which for centuries stood almost alone in its magnificence and power, is to-day scarcely more than a wilderness of pagan temples and palaces, among and upon whose ruins have risen hundreds of the most beautiful churches and modern palaces to be found in the world. The former are the outgrowth of the Roman Catholic faith, Rome having been always the stronghold of the Pope and his followers, and in many cases a temple originally dedicated to some heathen god, has been converted to the uses of Christianity. The Mausoleums, amphitheatres, baths and palaces of the old Romans, show a grandeur not to be rivalled by the modern buildings which stand beside them, but the treasures of art which these latter contain assist in making Rome the most attractive and instructive city upon the Eastern Continent. Even now, when its glory is departed, and its power is a thing of the past, it remains great by virtue of its history and associations, and is full of interest for all intelligent people.

Temperance Brotherhoods.

Society could not exist unless men were willing to give up a portion of their liberty. Every man is therefore compelled by law to abstain from injuring others. But to the good citizen there is a higher duty than merely obeying law. Positive good is morally enjoined, and evil-doers are to be reclaimed if possible. But every man is daily influencing those around him more powerfully by his example than by his precepts. To make this influence a beneficent one, requires self-denial—a surrender of mere liberty than the laws call for.

It is precisely in this regard that temperance societies are worthy of the highest honor. A body of men voluntarily denying themselves for the sake of their example upon others, is honorable to humanity. Not thinking themselves in danger they feel that their brethren are. Confident in their own powers of self restraint, they are yet willing to sacrifice their appetite for the good of the community. Do not such men deserve applause?

The Slandered Living and Honored Dead.

Most melancholy is the extent to which the practice of abusing political opponents has been carried by some partisan speakers and editors. But what justice, what reason, or rather what sin and folly, in so lashing with the tongue and pen those who will not bow to the Cæsar of our party, being guilty only of thinking and acting for themselves in politics. Oh, the unfairness, the gross dishonesty of lavishing praises on political favorites, "washing them white they are white and whitewashing them where the natural color is black;" but at the same time maligning every political opponent, as though nothing less than a demon incarnate. You all know the crying evil to which reference is made, that the mere nomination, by any party, of a candidate for office, no matter how excellent his qualifications and his character, is the signal for every other party to draw out their tongue as a sword, and open all their batteries against him, there being nothing too sacred for the most scurrilous assault.

But the object of the multiplied strokes of calumny and abuse is laid in the dust. How changed the scene! It is like a clear, soft morning after a dark, tempestuous night; like the mild breath of spring, after rude winter's stormy blasts. Those who had so derided and reproached the man, become emulous to do him honor. Now, the only strife seems to be who can do the most to strew flowers on his grave.

Who, for example, was more denounced and calumniated, more unmercifully assailed, than Horace Greeley living? But the moment of his departure hence, the pencil of caricature is dropped; the pen of abuse is laid aside; the tongue of slander is hushed; Democrats and Republicans grasp hands in fraternal affection around his coffin and over his grave; one of the bitterest of his political antagonists closing his kind editorial with the words, "We will remember only his virtues and his genius." The very men who had been the most severe in their censures, become most eloquent in their praises; glorifying to-day, as a noble patriot, him whom but yesterday they were branding as the vilest traitor.

Now what consistency is there in condemning a man all his life, and then striving to the utmost to eulogize him after his death; thus, as it were, garnishing the sepulchre of him whom, by the most cutting sarcasms and lacerating invectives, they had flayed alive. What! can we deal impartially with a public man only when he becomes cold in death? Cannot we divest ourselves of cruel prejudices against him, until he is covered beneath the sod! Then in this aspect of the case, his death is a joyful event; putting a period, as it does, to the invidious flings and foul aspersions of partisan opponents, and ushering in the reign of justice and of truth.

While therefore experiencing the softening, mellowing influence of a Presidential candidate deceased, may we be led to treat with due generosity and candor the living magistrate, remembering that the abuse which so grates on the nerves, "tremblingly alive all o'er to each fine impulse," affects them not when toriel in the grave; and hence, that if it is sacrilege to mangle the cold, unfeeling corpse, it is worse than sacrilege to harrow up, with the teeth of malice, the living, keenly sensitive soul. Let us then cease to wage against our public men a harassing and merciless warfare, before they cease to feel; deal with them justly, ere they pass beyond the reach of our praise and our blame. It is honorable to bury the animosities against them in their graves. But would it not be more honorable to give them the respect which is their due in the land of the living?

Newspapers.

To cultivate a taste for reading in the young in to ensure to them an abundant and never-failing source of enjoyment so long as they live, and if they are carefully trained by those who have charge of their education in this particular, so that they are able to make judicious selections for themselves, the general literature of the day will form an inexhaustible means of instruction to them. For this reason alone every family should see, and if possible take, one or two good papers and magazines, chosen with a view to their usefulness, as well as the amusement they afford, and many a winter evening may be spent in reading which would otherwise be wasted, or passed in sleep. No one can expect to keep up with the world in these days, who does not read the papers, and the cost of subscription is little in comparison with the solid advantages to be derived from the information and pleasure which a good journal affords. It would be a wise thing, in most cases, for the heads of families to sacrifice some luxury, or even some comfort, for the sake of a good newspaper, and when the expense is felt to be too great, it may easily be divided by several families subscribing and reading in common. It is not merely the good directly obtained which is to be considered, but the fact that a taste for reading grows with cultivation, and lays the foundation for the pleasure of a lifetime.

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.

R. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

"The Southern Workman" should enter every hamlet and cabin. Agents are wanted in every county and town in the South. Liberal terms are offered to all who aid in circulating this paper.

Specimen copies sent upon application.
To secure safety, it is important that money should be sent by checks, Post-office orders, or registered letters. Write plainly; give name in full, and name of Post-office, County, and State to which the papers are to be sent.
For further information, address
J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JANUARY, 1873.

One year ago this month the "Southern Workman" offered its first greeting to the unknown friends upon whose welcome and codperation it was to depend for its success. Since that time twelve numbers have been issued, and the journal has won for itself the interest of eleven hundred subscribers, while its total circulation has run up to fifteen hundred, a record which is satisfactory for the past and encouraging for the future. To those numbers it has offered to the public twenty-four illustrations of the same class as those published in the best Northern papers, and in connection with them, descriptive sketches and poems, while selections from standard authors and periodicals have opened a wide field of instruction and interest.

The news department has been carefully made up, the agricultural and household items prepared directly with a view to the requirements of subscribers, and the general arrangement of the paper entrusted only to competent hands. No word or allusion has knowingly been permitted in its columns which was at variance with the principles upon which the journal claims to be founded, and the constant endeavor of the editors has been to fulfil as completely as possible the promises contained in the opening editorial of January, 1872. As to the success of that endeavor our friends and subscribers are able to judge for themselves, and the numerous testimonials which we receive of their interest and approval, lead us to believe that they will lend ready ears to the inducements which, as representatives of the "Southern Workman," we are also able to offer them for the coming year of 1873.

The illustrations we intend to continue upon the same scale as heretofore, and the general character of the paper will, we believe, be found rather to improve than to deteriorate with age, while in certain particulars we shall aspire to special usefulness. The opportunity which we offer in our columns for communication between Northern employers and colored people in search of work, will, we trust, be of practical assistance to our subscribers and their friends. We have also offered to answer, so far as in our power, any questions which may be asked by correspondents desiring information, and believe in this way our Agricultural and Household departments may become of real value to farmers and housekeepers. In the former department we have the great advantage of benefiting directly by the experience of the Manager of the Hampton School Farm, being permitted to present to our readers the results of his remarkably successful work.

Our intimate connection with the Hampton Normal School and its graduates, will enable us to obtain and receive accurate information as to the educational condition of the South, and the large circle of friends who favor us with occasional correspondence will do much to make us acquainted with the life of other countries, and arouse us to a more general interest in the great work of civilization. Last, but surely not least, we have no intention of forgetting the children, and our third page will contain such poems and stories and pictures, as are a welcome to little eyes and ears all the world over.

As editors of the "Southern Workman," but still more as friends of the working classes of the South, do we desire to see growing up among them a spirit of intelligent energy which, under the control of Christianity, shall, in due time, change the face of our whole country, and make us a new and great people. Once more, then, we claim this desire as the foundation of our undertaking, and once more we beg for the hearty aid of the working men and women for whom we labor. At this beautiful Christmas season we hope that many a hand will be opened to speed us on our way, and with hearts grateful for the past and hopeful for the coming year, we once more wish our readers, young and old, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Acknowledgments.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of six valuable plates from Harper Brothers, N. Y., and as many from "The Christian Weekly," N. Y., which will provide us with first class illustrations for some months to come, and illustrate our present number.

Our Circulation.

It may be of interest to many of our readers to know how near we have come to attaining the object aimed at in publishing the "Southern Workman." We would state that nearly three fourths of each edition goes into the hands of the Industrial class of the Southern states.

To Northern Employers and Southern Workers.

We would call particular attention to the announcement in another column, of our purpose to establish a convenient medium of communication between northern employers and southern workers.

There is a great and growing demand for such a medium, and one which has never yet been met. At the North the housekeeping question becomes more serious every year. The factories take more and more of the young people who have formerly gone out to service, and their places cannot be even poorly supplied from the emigrants thronging weekly to our shores. These either gravitate to the large cities, or take Mr. Greeley's advice and go West.

The South, on the other hand, is filled with half-paid, suffering freedmen, anxious for work.

How to bring these two classes together is the question. The freedman is often unable to pay his way North. The northern employer would gladly pay it for him, if there were a guarantee of honesty, and a reasonable hope of satisfaction.

It will take time to mature any system fully meeting these demands. It is our purpose to do so as fast as possible. Among the many applicants for admission to the Normal School from whom we must select those most fitted to be educated as teachers, we can often heartily recommend persons for situations in the North as faithful and competent workers, and we can assure northern employers that all advertisements from colored people in the "Southern Workman," will be accompanied by good references.

To colored people, we say—In all cases send with your advertisement a recommendation from some responsible person—your minister, and if possible one of our agents, an officer of the Freedman's Bank, or a teacher of the American Missionary Association or other benevolent society.

North Carolina Notes.

The colored members of the Legislature voted the other day for A. S. Merrimon, a man who is called a Democrat, for United States Senator. [We are told that they arose in their seats one by one, as their names were called, and explained their reasons for so voting. Never before, in North Carolina, we say, in the political history of the race, has a respectable body of colored men been known to vote for a candidate not called Republican. Some of the local papers speak of the speeches of those men on that occasion, in high terms of praise. The country will honor them for that vote. It is true Mr. Merrimon was not their first choice, but they showed good sense and some courage in voting for him at last. And after all, what's in a name? The Hon. A. S. Merrimon is a scholarly gentleman, and his record is good. His vote in the Senate of the United States will be on the right side, in favor of education, of honest government, and of all things that the South needs.

In this connection we are reminded of a speech Mr. Merrimon made in the Capitol at Raleigh, one evening last October, during the session of the State Fair. He was talking about the difference between the North and the South in common things. Said he, "I can go into any store in Raleigh, and tell where all the boxes that hold the goods came from by the way that they are made. Suppose I wish to buy a barrel of apples. I consider those grown in North Carolina fully as good as any brought from the North. But when I come to look at our native apples in the market, I find they have been put up in barrels that have had in them salt or Indian meal, and so very much against my will, I buy the Northern apple, and pay a double price for them. Now, the reason for all this is that our people are not educated right. We cannot hope to compete with Northerners until we have as good schools as they have."

Certain individuals have been talking for a long time about starting an Industrial school for colored youth at Rocky Point, in New Hanover County. Dr. B. S. Satchwell has recently given twenty-two acres of good land, in a favorable location, about a mile from the railroad station, as a site for such a school. The region is healthy, and as it is but fifteen miles from Wilmington, it would be in a very favorable place for such an enterprise. Leading lumber dealers in Wilmington have promised to furnish enough lumber, free of charge, to finish the school house now building. Mr. James Danforth, late of New Hampshire, is superintending the work. The idea is to establish such an institution as can be duplicated in every county in the South, a result which, if successful education can be gained; also, a knowledge of farming and mechanical trades. Some of the first citizens of Wilmington show deep interest in the matter. One of them said lately, "If we don't take pains to start schools to teach mechanical trades, in a few years we shall have no colored mechanics."

Six colored men at Rocky Point, John Moseley, Thomas Hill, Robert Marsh, Stephen Smith, Arthur Sampson, and Frank Williams, have bought a plantation of one thousand acres, for ten thousand dollars. They paid $500 down, and were allowed six years to pay the balance, the interest to be seven per cent. There are about three hundred acres of cleared land under cultivation. The rest will remain undivided till the whole is paid for, when each one will have an equal share. These men have a great undertaking on their hands. We wish them success.

Election day, we were somewhat amused by a remark made by a voter who was on his way to the polls. It was as follows: "Suppose I'll sell myself? I shall only himself and hang to a mess of pottage."

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of a box of valuable books and cards for colored Sunday-schools from Mr. Moses H. Sargent, of the Congregational Publishing Society, Boston. We print the contents more than ever, now that the place from whence the box came has been so badly damaged by fire. Many a heart will ha gladdened by sharing in that gift.

There is a growing interest in the cause of education among public and private citizens of the State that argues well. The colored people, at least in the Southern part of the State, have for some time been enjoying better public school advantages than the whites. The latter are now waking up to this fact. Everybody is hoping that this Legislature will do something handsome for schools, and that Congress will speedily pass the long-talked for educational bill.

"I sank $270 in the few months that I was keeping that corner store," said a colored man to us the other day. And there are many now who have had as sad experience in similar corner stores. Stop and think it all over, friend, before you set up, for yourself in trade. See if your neighbor, who has tried it, is really making a living. Those who have watched the small traders who have saved up a little money since the war by hard work, and then opened stores, say that they almost always lose all they have in a few months. If you can shove a plane, or lay brick, or shoe a horse, or carry on a farm, or teach school, or preach the gospel, [what's you better let them do the trading?

Thanksgiving services were held at the Christian M. E. Chapel, in Wilmington—an unusual event in a colored church in this region. Rev. H. B. Blake preached by invitation. His theme was our obligations to be grateful, and our responsibilities in view of God's mercies. H. W. B.

Correspondence.

We have received from a Virginia gentleman, the following letter which seems to us to call attention to more than one important fact:

* * * * * It might have a good effect to compliment Virginia with a cabinet position. She is the only Southern State in which reconstruction has been accomplished upon the basis of the congressional policy of perfect peace and order. We have had no Ku-Klux organizations or prosecutions in Virginia. There has been no fraudulent increase of the State debt. There has been no corrupt legislation to bring scandal upon the reconstruction policy, or the party in power. There are no revolutionary transactions here as in Louisiana, Alabama, and other states; our people have substantially accepted the situation; and are recovering their prosperity as rapidly as can reasonably be expected, having passed through several elections without outrages perpetrated upon the blacks, or frauds setting aside the verdict of the popular vote.

COLORED SABBATH-SCHOOL UNION.

A Sabbath-school Union of the counties of Powhatan and Goochland, was organized at Antioch Baptist Church, Powhatan Co., October 27, 1872, and the following officers were elected: President, Daniel Stratton, (Goochland); Vice President, A. Q. Franklins; Secretary, Thomas J. Johnson; Assistant Secretary, Charles Freeman; Treasurer, Joseph Bebbe, of Powhatan. Number of schools represented, five, viz: Antioch and Shiloh, of Powhatan, Amos, Fanguier, and First Colored Baptist of Goochland. The Union held its last meeting at Goochland Court House, November 24, 1872, and the reports of different schools were read, showing that the schools are in a prosperous condition. After singing, recitations and addresses, the Union adjourned to meet the first Sunday in April, 1873, at the First Colored Baptist Church, Dover Mines, Goochland Co., Va.

From one who has seen a specimen brick of our edifice, we have received a letter from which the following is an extract:

"Having got hold of a small piece of your paper the other day, called 'the Southern Workman,' I was much pleased with it, and the whole paper is as interesting as that small piece was. I would like very much indeed to take your paper, but being a long way off I thought that I would write to you and get you to send me one by express. I just want to read one, and I will freely subscribe and send the money right away; moreover, I think that there is no doubt but I shall be able before the year, many subscribers here in this part of the land."

We add, in connection with the above, an extract from the "Educational Journal" of Virginia, which is a pleasant testimony to our usefulness, and exhibits the spirit of fairness in which we are criticised by our Southern friends.

"The 'Southern Workman' is the name of a monthly paper issued from the Hampton Institute. The entire printing work is done by the (colored) pupils, the editing by the Principal and other educational officials. The printing office is in the school building, and is fitted up for general job work. The "Workman" is beautifully printed on a good sized sheet of nice paper, and always has several illustrating pictures in it. The matter is very instructive, and well suited to colored readers. Now and then there is a little more allusion to certain subjects than is need be, but the tone is always courteous, and the general spirit and drift of the paper excellent. Taken as a whole, we know no other periodical so well adapted to the wants of our colored people as this. It might be employed as a useful assistant in our educational work. The price is one dollar in advance; to preachers and teachers seventy-five cents. Orders should be addressed to J. F. Marshall, Hampton, Va. Specimen numbers would no doubt be furnished on application. Many of the graduates of the Hampton Institute are now engaged in teaching public schools in various parts of Virginia, and they write letters to the Workman." All that we have seen published by writers in this most amiable spirit. General Armstrong's policy is for peace and good will. So mote it be."

Hampton Normal School.

The Normal School Farm furnished during the month of December, for one of school and families of teachers, 152 gallons of milk, 250 cabbages, 288 bushels turnips, 3,437 lbs of beef, 184 lbs liver, and 2,096 lbs pork. Sales of milk and produce to outside customers for the month, $109,95.

The Industrial Department has manufactured since October 1st, 752 articles, principally shirts, but also a variety of other garments, while the cash sales have amounted to $152,94, and the order sales to $438,08.

Graduates of the Normal School are reminded of the importance of subscribing for the "Southern Workman," as each number contains information of special importance to them. The price for school teachers is only seventy-five cents, and the value of the paper is ten-fold this amount to those in whose behalf it is partly published. Frequently suggestions are addressed to graduates which it is important they should have. They are therefore earnestly invited to subscribe at once.

SOUTH QUAY, Va., *Dec.* 10.

Editors "Southern Workman,"—As I went to my school-house yesterday I found it in ashes, burned by some incendiary, I don't know who. I left it Friday about four o'clock, and about one o'clock in the night, the Rev. Israel Cross saw the light, and when he got there it was falling in. The slates were found close by on a stump, and the remainder of the school furniture was burned with the house. But there was a house close by, where the white children occupied about two years ago, and I opened school in that yesterday, but the other one was as good and well furnished as any school-house you can find in the country. There are $2,500 offered for the man who burned it, and the trustees say they will pay more. It is said to be some colored person, and I think it was. I have now a full school of forty two scholars, and am getting along finely with them. Miss Florence is close by with a school of thirty-two scholars.

W. H. Lee.

BLACK WATER, LAND OF PROMISE, PRINCESS ANN CO., VA., *Dec.* 1872.

Dear Teacher,—I have just found time to write you of my school. I found London Bridge quite easily, and stopped with Luke Phillips two days. He and I walked the distance of twelve miles before breakfast to Mr. Macon's house, where I passed a somewhat uncomfortable night, with the assertion (from Mr. Macon) that it should be more so the next year, should I make application. He tells every teacher that he shall examine them more closely every time they make application. I have nineteen scholars at present, with a promise of as many more in a very few days. I have no stove in my school, but a fire-place in its stead. We can procure all the fuel we want, as we are surrounded by a dense pine-tree forest. The house in which I teach was formerly a white school, and so the people (white) invented the building. I shall not be at all surprised to go to the site of the school-house some morning and find it not there. However, I shall continue to teach till it has left me.

Yours, very truly.

C. D. JOHNSON.

P. S. Since I began my letter to you I have been disturbed by rumors of the indignant whites, and to-day the man who claims the land nailed up the doors. I start to-morrow to see the authorities of the school.

PRINCESS ANN C. H., *Dec.* 7, 1872.

Dear Teacher,—This is the second time I have tried to send you a letter. I shall accomplish it this time, as I have sat down with more determination not to stop for my one who may come in to have a letter written for or one to read.

I am in school every day until after four; then I either have a letter to write or read for some one; and as I have evening school from seven to nine, I have little chance for writing. I am not complaining, only showing why I have not written before. My scholars are improving very rapidly. When I took the school the majority of them didn't know their letters, now they are spelling words of three and four letters and reading short sentences.

I saw Luke Phillips at the Court House two days ago; we went there to see the trustees, which I didn't like very much.

The cold is not as severe here as it is in Hampton; we have had a small sprinkle of snow. Write soon, dear Miss, and let me know of my mistakes if you don't mind the trouble. Love to all.

JULIA A. RUTLEDGE.

Agricultural.

SOWING PLASTER IN THE WINTER.—When plaster is cheap and the mill is a considerable distance from the farm, and you have no convenient place to stow away the plaster, it is a good plan to draw it in the winter and sow it on the clover at once. If there is not too much snow on the land this can easily be done. Our plan is to put a boy to drive, and a man on each side the wagon box, and one behind, and sow the plaster with a fine hand as the horses walk along. We sow two to three bushels per acre. A little of the plaster may be carried off by the melting snow in spring, or blown in the dust with the drifting snow, but not enough to occasion any serious loss. And it is certainly a great convenience to draw plaster on a sleigh rather than in the spring. If the roads are almost impassable, and the fields so soft that you cannot take a team on to them without injury.

POTASH FOR PEACH TREES.—Dr. Geo. B. Wood, President of the American Philosophical Society, having noticed that his peach trees, after producing a few crops, ceased bearing, and died in a few years; and believing that the cause of decay was owing to the root of the tree, he put into operation a plan for the destruction of the worms. He dug holes five or six inches deep at the base of the stem, scraped away all worms that could be found and filled up with wood ashes fresh from the stove, which of course contained all the potash. This was done in the autumn of 1863, with a result in the following spring as which he was astonished. The trees appeared to have been restored to all their early freshness and vigor—put forth bright green leaves, blossomed copiously, and bore a heavy crop of fruit. On reflection Dr. Wood attributes the favorable results more to the effects of the potash contained in the ashes than to the destruction of the worms.

WINTER PROTECTION FOR PLANTS.—The "Gardener's Monthly" says that earth drawn over plants is an excellent protection in winter. Every one knows how much better cuttings root when taken off in the fall, than when it is deferred till spring—but the fear of having them drawn out by frost seems a greater evil. If the cuttings are put in in the fall, and covered with a few inches of earth, in spring they will be through to the surface; or if not some of the earth can be taken off.

It used to be the fashion with nurserymen to set only young seedling stock in the fall, burying it completely in a heap till spring, covering top and all. Under the new system of earth protection, the young stock is now set out where it is to remain, covering it entirely with earth and uncovering it early in spring. By this means an immense amount of work may be done in the fall in time otherwise unemployed.

EXCLUDING RABBITS.—A correspondent of the "Prairie Farmer," says that he has found tar and coal oil quite effectual for preventing rabbits from eating the bark of young fruit trees. Doubtless the same remedy would answer to protect trees from sheep, inasmuch as they do not like the smelling mouth. The remedy consists in rubbing the bark of the tree to a sufficient height with a bacon skin or piece of pork, the more rancid the better, by taking the skin of the tree in the left hand, and rubbing with the right. He thinks a paint brush and a pan of old grease will do well enough for larger trees. Another correspondent saved the labor of hatcheting days, and rubbed the bark of the trees, to the effectual exclusion of the rabbits, for the efficacy of which the writer vouches, adding that he has tried more than one application of blood is necessary.

CORN STALKS.—"J. F. P.," Fredericksburg, Va., has 100 tons of corn stalks; hitherto he has burned them, but is now at no cashess it; now what can he do to avoid this waste? No one should be ashamed to confess his faults, but confess, repent, and learn better. Here is a better way which has been frequently pointed out by the "Agriculturist," which is to cure them and feed them to stock. This may be done by throwing them to the cattle in a yard or pen, when the finer portions are eaten, and the rest trampled down into manure; or, which is far better, cutting them up, wetting them and sprinkling them with bran or milk feed, when they will be eaten up clean. Horses, cows, and oxen will eat and thrive upon such food, *if the stalks are well cured.*

ANIMALS.—Next to himself and his family, a farmer's thought and attention should be turned to his animals. If we look upon them as machines for the conversion of straw, stalks, roots, hay, etc., into beef, mutton, wool, milk, pork, eggs, etc., we should never forget that they differ very materially from ordinary machines, that we can start and stop when we please, and stow them away when not in use. The animal machine is always running, winter and summer, night and day, and a farmer's first care should be to see that it is always running to some good purpose.

Donations.

From "Friends" in Philadelphia, through A. M. Kimbar, a valuable donation of Bibles, Testaments and Tracts.

Collected by Mrs. Robt. R. Booth, New York, for purchase of blankets, $120.

From Cambridgeport Congregational Society, through Moses H. Sargent, Esq., for purchase of blankets, $80.

From Sewing Circle Rev. H. W. Beecher's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Clothing—1 case.

General News.

THE inundations in France and Belgium still continue, and are doing great damage both in the cities and the country.

A SOMBER of Chinese have been engaged to work in Pittsburg, Penn., and many of the white workmen have left.

A SWEDISH lady, the Countess Skeene, has determined to organize a new expedition for the rescue of Dr. Livingstone.

IN Nashville, the lady members of the First Baptist Church have agreed that they will dispense with all finery on Sunday—"wearing no jewels," but appearing hereafter "in plain calico dresses."

MRS. FRANCIS E. W. HARPER spoke recently in the church of Rev. Mr. Thomas (African M. E. Church) in New Haven, Conn., and was heard with great satisfaction. She will probably speak in that city again as, many are desirous of hearing her.

THE celebrated circus and menagerie of P. T. Barnum was burned in New York on the night of December 24, and a large number of valuable animals, elephants, giraffe, camels, etc., were destroyed.

A TELEGRAM from New York announces the departure from that city of 235 Italians, who are coming to Richmond, having been engaged, it is said, to work on a railroad in this State.

AT San Francisco, ships are being loaded with wheat for Great Britain at the rate of a thousand tons per day. Since July, upwards of 100 vessels have been thus dispatched.

PROF. STOWE, the husband of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, has been seriously ill, and Mrs. Stowe has been obliged to postpone her public readings on that account.

THE wife of the Hon. Benjamin D'Israeli, one of the most prominent among English statesman, has just died. She had been created Viscountess Beaconsfield, in consideration of the great assistance she had given to her husband in the performance of his public duties.

EARTHQUAKE shocks have been felt in this country from Oregon to Washington, and in various parts of South America.

THE Grand Duke (Nicholas of Russia, has been on a visit to the Pope, and it is expected that his uncle, the Emperor of Russia, will soon follow him, in order to obtain the Pope's views respecting the troubles in Poland.

THE Germans are organizing associations to promote colonization and emigration to America, a movement strongly opposed by their own government, as any decrease in the present population of Germany is not considered desirable.

JUDGE OAR, of South Carolina, has accepted the mission to Russia, and will sail about the middle of January.

THE table on which the declaration of Independence was signed, is now in the possession of the Lawrence family of South Carolina, one of their ancestors having been a signer.

THE Faculty of the University of Virginia has sent a letter of sympathy to the President of Harvard College, in view of the losses of the latter institution by reason of the Boston fire, which exhibits a kindly and Christian spirit, and is creditable to the former University.

THE present winter, thus far, has been the most severe known for years, the thermometer throughout the country standing for below its usual range. A severe snow storm Last week proves to have been the heaviest on record for twenty years; railroad travel all over the country has been impeded, and steamboats have also found themselves to be most unsatisfactory conveyances.

KAMEHAMEHA V, King of the Sandwich Islands, died on the eleventh day of December, 1872. He named no successor and there will be some difficulty in the selection. William Lunalilo, a chief of high rank and fine abilities, but of dissolute habits, aspires to the throne. David Kalakaua has been thought of. Mrs. Berenice Bishop, a beautiful and accomplished chiefess who married Charles R. Bishop from Sandy Hill, New York, is generally talked of. Her father, Paaki, the King's Chamberlain, was of enormous stature and a genuine nobleman. Acquainted with interest the fate of the Sandwich Islands, for some of our best men and women have for fifty years been laboring for the elevation of the Hawaiians.

GREAT disasters have been occasioned this season by accumulation of ice in the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. An ice gorge thirty feet high formed in the Mississippi opposite Randolph, and destroyed many steamers.

EDWARD STOKES, who shot James Fisk in New York, last year, has been sentenced to be hung on the 20th of February.

THERE is great disturbance in the island of Cuba. Revolutionists against the Spanish authority partially burned the town of Holguin before they were subdued by the regular troops. Volunteers are guarding the fortifications of Havana.

THE Emperor of China has recently married four wives; one of whom has been crowned as empress. He is seventeen years old.

THE first Protestant church ever built within the walls of Rome has been consecrated on the 2nd day of this year.

THE Ex-Emperor Napoleon died on Thursday, January 9.

SEVERAL persons belonging to the International Society of Paris have been arrested.

THE health of Senator Sumner is in a very precarious situation.

At Home.

Cooking Stoves in Africa.

It is not likely that any of our housekeepers, says the "Hearth and Home" will ever have to prepare for the table such delicate morsels as an elephant's trunk and foot, or the feet of a hippopotamus. Still, they may like to know how the Africans, who consider these things as very dainty articles of food, manage to cook them.

You may be sure the Africans have no cooking stoves nor ranges like those on which our dinners are cooked. They have an entirely original invention of their own.

When a cook has to prepare the tempting delicacies we have named, he digs in the ground a round hole about four feet in diameter, with perpendicular sides, like a well. In this hole he kindles, and keeps burning for four hours, a fiercely hot fire. At the end of this time the sides of the small well will be red hot, and the bottom will be covered with a mass of glowing embers. Directly upon these coals the cook places the feet and trunk which, protected by their thick, tough skins, will not burn. He then covers the top of the hole by laying across it long sticks of green wood, and lays over them a few armfulls of wet flags, which he gathers for the purpose from the banks of some neighboring stream. He next spreads mud thickly over, and on top of the mud he piles earth and sods, closely beating them down. This is to retain all the heat within the curious oven, as important point, as thirty-six hours are required to properly bake the enormous feet of the elephant and hippopotamus.

When, at last, the anxious cook thinks his viands are ready, he carefully removes the sods. Under these he finds the coating of mud perfectly hard like a thick crust, while beneath this the flags have retained sufficient moisture to prevent them from burning, although the oven is still hot and steaming.

The cook has now to get the assistance of one or two others to lift out the heavy and hot feet, which they lay upon a mat covered with green reeds instead of on a dish.

The great black feet do not, at first seem very inviting, but after "the shoes"—that is, the skins—have been removed, the perfectly white and very tempting looking meat is exposed, which, is said, by those who have tried it, to be delicious, and to speak volumes in praise of this African cooking stove.

The Site for a House.

The position of a house affects very much its sanitary value—how it fronts, where it stands, and what are its surroundings. The rooms most used should be where they can receive the direct rays of the sun at all seasons. Sunshine in the room is just as salutary as sunshine in the heart. Better let the carpet fade and the dies come in than keep out the sunlight. A house that has no sunshine will be half the time a hospital, and a bad hospital, too, where there is more malady than cure. A healthy home will never be placed where anything obstructs the light. As a general rule, we may say that no tree ought to stand within fifteen feet of a house, and no shrubbery that will make any of the rooms dark, or dismal. A dry site for a house, too, is of the utmost importance—that there be no marsh before the windows, no stagnant pools around the doorway. The margin of a pond is not the proper site for a dwelling of a prudent man. The best landscape is not a fair equivalent for the danger of malaria. The good spirit of soundness and health, chooses dry and light places, and finds that there very genial and quickening.—*Exchange.*

Flour.

The Boston "Journal of Chemistry" gives some practical rules for selecting good flour. Look at its color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, that is a good sign; if it is very white with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, that is a bad sign. 2. Examine its silkestreness, by rubbing and kneading a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if soft and sticky, it is poor. 3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, it has life in it; if it falls like a powder it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape, given by the pressure, that is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, is recommended as safe to buy.

From Mother's Receipt Book.

"If you only knew how to cook as my mother used to!"

For the benefit of young wives who occasionally hear this remark from their affectionate husbands, we furnish some receipts which are warranted to be from "Mother's Receipt Book."

BAKED PLUM PUDDING.

1 loaf of baker's bread, grated, ½ lb of suet, ½ lb of dried currants, ½ lbs of raisins, 1 tea-cupful of molasses, 3 tea-cups of brown sugar, 1 tea-cupful of milk, 4 eggs, a little cinnamon, clove and nutmeg, one tea-spoonful of soda. Mix well, and bake one hour in a covered dish. Turn out on a flat dish when baked, and serve with a sauce of butter and sugar.

MOTHER'S SWEET POTATO PIE.

1 tea-cup of potato mashed and strained, 2 eggs, 1 table-spoonful of melted butter 2 of sugar, 2 tea-cups of milk, a little salt and cinnamon, a little essence of lemon. Bake with an under crust.

The two hundred students of Hampton Normal School can testify to the merits of this pie on a Thanksgiving dinner table.

UNION CAKE.

4 eggs, 1 cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 4 cups of flour, 1½ tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, 1 tea-spoonful of soda in ½ cup of milk. Flavor with nutmeg. Bake in 2 pans.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid on! Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the great hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to his housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twild of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"
CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Whose Children are They.

"Whew!" whistled the Winter Wind, as he rushed through the streets, "Whose children are these?" Poverty said they were hers. She had dressed them in rags and dirt, and pinched their cheeks and their noses ever since they were born. Sin said they belonged to him, though he hadn't had much of a chance at them yet, they were so little.

They didn't know much about it themselves, poor little things. All they could have told the Wind if he had asked them, was that Granny had sent them out with a broom to sweep the crossings, and said they needn't ever come back if they didn't fetch more than they fetched yesterday. It was just the day before Christmas, and many counted on a good haul, as she called it, from the crowds that were sure to be out buying Christmas presents.

It was such a nice crossing, too, just where the crowd was thickest on the way to the ferry, through the muddiest street in the whole city. The stumpy brooms flew, and the dirty little hands were held hopefully out to every passer. But every one was in such a hurry to catch the boat and get home to the merry darlings there—and how could one get at a pocket-book under all those big handsome? "We can't get back, Johnnie, and I'm so awful hungry," said Georgie, beginning to cry.

"Don't care; she shut no Granny of corrs, and we've got pennies enough for supper. Come along."

"But where shall we sleep?"

"Oh, some'eres."

So the poor little forlornities glided off down the dirty street, as if they belonged to it, like the sticks that floated on the black river in its gutters. They spent their pennies on peanuts and sour gingerbread. But oh—where was "some'eres?" They thought they had found it once in an empty market stall, but a policeman passed by, and without waiting to be caught, they darted out like a couple of startled mice, and ran without stopping till they found themselves on the edge of the river. There the tired little legs gave out, and they sat down under a great arched door-way to rest for a while. Not for long, you know. They did not feel safe from that policeman yet, and then it was only so cold—the coldest night of the season was commencing, and the next morning the dark river that flowed below would be bound in ice. Too cold to stop there, surely; but gradually the weary heads sank lower and lower on to the drooping shoulder, the ragged sleeves, and, cuddled together like two draggled little kittens, Georgie and Johnny were fast asleep.

Far across the dark river, another Georgie and Johnnie lay warmly cuddled in their soft cribs with Christmas gifts all around them. Santa Claus knows well enough whose children they are, but whose are these?

"Mine," said Poverty, pointing to their rags.

"Mine, surely!" said Sin. "If not today, to-morrow."

But in Heaven, the Gentlest Voice of All spoke, and every other was hushed: "The children are MINE."

Above the little wanderers' heads the stars shone all the night, as once they shone over the house where the young child Jesus lay. And the little ones had gone Home.

Children's Department.

How the Cat Kept Christmas.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"What a queer name for a story!" said Thekla. "Yes; and it was a queer Cat, too," replied December. "I knew her. Tortoise-shell, with long whiskers, and rather a ragged tail."

"Then he went on.

"The ringers were practising the Christmas chimes in low, muffled tones. High up, the steeple rocked in the wind, the clouds drifted rapidly over the moon, and clear and sharp the frost-film glittered on the roofs. The watchman on his round clapped and stamped to warm hands and feet, as he called the hour, 'Eight o'clock, and all's well!' Hint, to the poor Cat crouched beneath the kitchen window, all was not well.

"'Oh dear!' she sighed to herself, 'what a wretched thing it is to have a step-mother! Once we were happy! The good Papa loved me, and I slept in Gretchen's arms. The fire was bright in those days. Portions of hot milk stood by it, and always a saucer full for me. Ah, dear days!' The moment I saw that move of hers, I knew they were over! Such a move to such a long, Why did the Papa marry her? Men are so foolish. I hissed, I spit, I warned,—nobody listened, and here I am. The good Papa does not protect me, Gretchen weeps, the Step-dame bars the door. Where I shall spend What a Christmas Eve! Poor Gretchen! Poor me!' Overcome by her sorrows, the Cat gave a loud wail, which rang out into the chilly night. Then the door opened softly.

"'Puss! puss!' said a small voice, 'where are you?'

"Puss ran forward into view, and jumped and leaped at her in stress.

"'Oh, my Katchen! wont do the Lill one, how cold it is! You will freeze! you will die. Oh, if I dared but I'd you in!'

"'I scratch her eyes out!' muttered the Cat.

"'Shall I throw my Little rabbit to you from the Window?' continued Gretchen. 'My poor one! my Kitty!'

"'Gretchen!' screamed a voice, 'if you let that good-for-nothing Cat into the house, you shall stick! Mind here!'

"'Gretchen turned pale. 'O Kitty!' was all she said. She gave a sob of despair. Then the door was shut.

"'This is a nice business,' thought the Cat. 'Oh, the witch! I hope the mice will come down to-night, and steal the very teeth out of her head. But I'll have vengeance yet. I'll eat that big gray rat in the cellar. I'll strike a bargain with him,—life and liberty, provided he plagues her to death, eats the linen, claws the jam, gnaws bunglules in the cask, and bites the beer out! Well! well! Meantime, I shall freeze unless something is done. Let me explore.'

"High and low did the Cat search,—over the house, under the wing, but no shelter could be found. The vine was leafless, the fence gave no hilling-place. At last she bethought herself of the roof, which it was easy to mount by means of a long and sloping rain-trough. Perhaps there might be a warm chimney there,—no leaf pillow on a wintry night.

"There proved to be a warmish one said, curling into a ball; Puss laid herself to rest against it. 'Perhaps it was not warm enough, perhaps the remembrance of wrong was too bitter within her; certain it is she could not sleep. She wriggled, she twisted; she sent forth melancholy cries, which rang strangely across the icy roofs, as if some ghost afflicted with toothache had gone there for an airing. Nine—ten—eleven—had sounded before she fell into her first doze,—the clock was on the stroke of twelve, when a scraping and screeching sound close by roused her. Was it some other cat? Or the big rat from the cellar, scaling the wall? Raising herself cautiously, after the manner of cats she listened.

"No: it was neither rat nor cat. Light hoofs as of goats were climbing the tiles, bells tinkled, a small sledge came in view. Swift as light it flew along, paused at the next chimney, and a little old man jumped out. His face shone as the moonlight, like a jolly red apple, his fat body was wrapped in fur, and on his back was a bag. Puss had never seen him before, but she knew him well. It was St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Christmas.

"'Down the chimney he went, with a motion like a bird's; up again as fast. Then sidelong, he scrambled in the moonlight. His kind face looked puzzled. The Cat saw his hesitation and sprang forward.

"'Well, Puss,' said the Saint, 'what cheer?'

"'Bad,' said the Cat, no ways abashed at finding herself in such company. 'But never mind me, if only you've something nice for Gretchen. *Such* a dear child, St. Nicholas, and such a step-mother! Do put your hand in the pouch, and fetch out something pretty for her,—oh do! there's a kind Saint!' And she rubbed her soft fur cunningly against his legs.

"'Ah! a dear child and a step mother, eh?' said St. Nicholas. 'Let me look again. Certainly! here's something for Gretchen. Wake, sweetest! quick a present!' And down the chimney he whipped, a present in his hand,—what, the Cat couldn't see.

"'Come, look,' Now about yourself?' he asked, gathering up the reins. 'What keeps you on the cold roof all night? Something must be done, you know; matters can't be left this way. Wish a wish if you have one. I'm in a humor for pleasing everybody while I'm about it.'

"So the Cat told her story. 'And for a wish,' she said, 'if your Saintship would only re-ad me help in under your furs, and go along, I should be proud and happy. They look very warm and comfortable. I should sleep; or, if not, it would be most interesting to watch your Worship at work. And I take very little room,' she added piteously.

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WHOSE CHILDREN ARE THEY?

Our Exchanges.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, enjoys a solid reputation as the representative of the highest circles of Boston's literary sphere. It is always sure of such names as Lowell, Whittier, and Longfellow, our chief American poets, the learned and charming naturalist Agassiz and his accomplished wife who works and writes with him, the witty essayist, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many other men and women of genius.

THE FRIENDS' REVIEW, published in Philadelphia, is the organ of a class of Christians who are among the earliest and truest friends of the colored race. The December number is full of good things from which we take this bit of advice to ministers. "Ministers should give heed to the restraints of the Spirit against their desire to speak merely to answer the expectation of the people, and against an over excited imagination."

THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL OF VIRGINIA, published in Richmond, begins its fourth volume under the able management of Prof. Harris of Richmond College, and Rev. W. H. Ruffner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. This combination will give it strength and power. It contains interesting information upon educational subjects, letters from practical teachers, discussions of the difficulties and the best method of teaching, reviews of text books, and reports of schools. It invites brief news letters from schools and colleges, and publishes answers to correspondents seeking information. Such a magazine is of very great value to all teachers, especially those who have district schools. Isolated, often, among people inferior to them in learning, far from libraries and unable to purchase books, perhaps inexperienced to teaching and limited in education, they would find in such a magazine the greatest help and encouragement. Interested as we are in the training of teachers, we say to all who have gone out from Hampton, You really cannot well afford not to pay the dollar which secures you this.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER is to celebrate its Jubilee by the issue of a valuable illustrated JUBILEE YEAR-BOOK, which the publishers propose to send *free* to every subscriber. The "Observer" has completed its 50th year, and bids fair, judging from the great success that attends its publication, to lead the Religious Press for another fifty years. We can safely say a good word for the "New York Observer" as a family newspaper of the first class, and one that, while in it will be found entertainment and instruction for every member of the household, tends to promote those principles that make valuable neighbors and good citizens. We advise our friends to subscribe for it, and secure the "Jubilee Year-Book." *Gratis.* $3 a year. Sidney E. Morse & Co,, 37 Park Row, New York.

Plants.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED.—A good, trusty colored man to live in my family; his work to be chiefly to take charge of two horses, drive them, and take care of the yard, &c.; a quiet, good-natured boy willing to make himself generally useful. I would pay him well. Address with references,
DANIEL E. DAY,
Providence, Rhode Island.

WANTED.—A young colored man who understands bookkeeping can obtain a good situation at the Hampton Normal School.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED.—A situation at the North, to do cooking and washing, by a colored woman, with excellent references. A country town preferred. Address Julia Banks, office "Southern Workman," Hampton, Va.

WANTED.—In April or May, a situation as chambermaid and waitress, in the same town with the above, by a colored woman with excellent references. Address Mary Harris, office "Southern Workman," Hampton, Va.

WANTED.—Samuel, Scotland, (colored) of Hampton, Va., 21 years old, a good hostler farmer, and man of all work, desires to go North to secure employment; has a family which he will leave here. Address Samuel Scotland, Hampton Post Office.

Note.—I think this applicant an honest and faithful man. S. C. ARMSTRONG.

THE

Illustrated Christian Weekly,

FOR 1878.

will continue to merit the claim of its critics to be the "handsomest illustrated paper in the world." New portraits of eminent men, equal to those already given of Beecher, Spurgeon, Lowell Mason, and others, are in preparation. Religious work, at home and abroad, social and domestic life, scenes in this and other lands, events of the day, are among the topics which will be illustrated in the best manner by such artists as Darley, Herrick, Beard, Dixon, and others. Each number of the paper will contain seven or more finely executed engravings.

In the literary department, Dr. C. S. Robinson, whose oriental sketches have been an acceptable feature of the paper the present year, will furnish a new series, descriptive of life and customs in the East. On the conclusion of John S. C. Abbotts's fascinating "History of William the Conqueror," our historical sketches from the same masterly pen will be forthcoming. S. E. Todd will give us designs of medium-priced houses, and show how to build them cheaply. Contributions may also be expected from Rev. Drs. Theodore L. Cuyler, Howard Crosby, J. G. Craighead, Cyrus Hamlin, J. E. Rankin, Profs. H. M. Baird and W. C. Wilkinson, Jacob Abbott, A. L. Noble, Mrs. E. L. Bosco, Mrs. A. E. Barr, Mrs. M. E. Miller, Mrs. M. A. Denison, and other popular writers.

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AMERICAN TRACT SOC., Publishers,
150 Nassau Street, New York.

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"'Oh, yes!' replied the Saint, smiling queerly. 'I'll let you out in one morning. I'm like a bet, you know, and never fly except by night.'

"Off they went, the magic stillness of the night broken only by the tinkling bells. First one chimney, then another; bag after bag full of toys and sweets; here a doll, there a diamond ring, here only a pair of warm stockings. Everybody had something, except in a few houses over whose roofs St. Nicholas paused a moment with a look half sad, half angry, and left nothing. People lived there who knew him little, and loved him less.

"Through the air,—across towns—more villages. Now the sea was below them, the cold, moon-lit sea. Then again land came in sight,—towers and steeples, halls and hamlets, and the word began to grow. A wild longing to explore seized the Cat. She begged the Saint to take her down one specially wide chimney on his shoulder. He did so. The chimney within looked strange and foreign; but the little sleeping face in bed was like Gretchen's, and Puss'y felt at home. A whole bag full of presents was left here. And then, hey! presto! they were off again to countless homes; to roofs so poor and low that only a Saint would have thought of visiting them, to stately palaces, to cellars and toll-gates and lonely attics; at last to a church, dim, and fragrant with ivy-leaves and twisted evergreen, where their errand was to feed a robin who had there found shelter, and was sleeping on the topmost bough. How his beads of eyes sparkled as the Saint awoke him! and how eagerly he pecked at the store of good red berries which were *his* Christmas present, though he had hung up no stocking, and evidently expected nothing. To small, to great, to rich and poor alike, the good Saint had an errand. Little ones smiled in their sleep as he moved by, birds in hidden coverts twittered and chirped, the faintly tinkled and chimed as in a dream, the air sent up incense of aromatic smells, flying fairies made room for the sledge to pass; the unconsciousness of what it did, breathed benediction, and in turn received a blessing as it slept,—a Christmas blessing.

"Off again. More sea, tumbling and tossed; then a great steamship, down whose funnel St. Nicholas dropped a parcel or two. Then another country, with atmosphere heavy with savory scents,—of doughnuts, of pumpkin pies, of apple turnovers, all of which had been eaten the day before. These dainties stay on earth and are eaten; but their smell goes up into the clouds, and the ghosts dine upon it. The Saint sniffed and sighed. Flying gives appetite. 'When morning comes,' she thought, 'Gretchen will snuggle me a breakfast.' But morning was long in coming, and there were many little ones to serve in that wonderful new land.

"And now another continent passed, another ocean came in view. Island after island rose and sank; but the sledge did not stop. Then a shore was seen, with groves of trees, fan-shaped and curious; with rivers whose waters bore fleets of strange misshapen boats, in whose masts hung many-colored lanterns; and cities of odd build, whose spires and pinnacles were noisy with bells. But neither here did the sledge stop. Once only it dipped, if you have one. I'm in a humor for and fragrant with ivy-leaves and twisted pleasing everybody while I'm about it.' evergreen, where their errand was to feed a robin who had there found shelter, and was sleeping on the topmost bough. How his beads of eyes sparkled as the Saint awoke him! and how eagerly he pecked at the store of good red berries which were *his* Christmas present, though he had hung up no stocking, and evidently expected nothing. To small, to great, to rich and poor alike, the good Saint had an errand. Little ones smiled in their sleep as he moved by, birds in hidden coverts twittered and chirped, the faintly tinkled and chimed as in a dream, the air sent up incense of aromatic smells, flying fairies made room for the sledge to pass; the unconsciousness of what it did, breathed benediction, and in turn received a blessing as it slept,—a Christmas blessing.

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"Wee, soft, fairy footsteps outside in the hall,
Then the words of baby musically fall.—
"Going to kiss my papa, first one of them all!";
On Christmas Day, so early in the morning.
GEORGE COOPER.

For "The Southern Workman."

Watching the Old Year Out and the New Year In.

Oh, year! so nearly passed,
If thou shouldst be my last,
Before thou stand I part,
Life's work half done.

So quickly has thou fled,
That I had scarcely said,
Ere long this year I'll tread
Within upward bonds.

Then to I my course run run;
Ere I next world begun
Thou thine hast done,
Swift flying year.

Whatever I may say,
Soon there will bear away
The record of each day,
What'er it be.

Days full of idle dreams;
Days like the lightning gleams;
Days when life's truest work seems
To be forgot.

Days with sweet sunshine bright;
Days like the darkest night;
Days with the hallowed light
God's presence given.

Father, accept what's right,
And, as the year takes flight,
What's wrong in thy dear sight
Forgive, I pray.

New Year, I cannot see
What thou dost bring to me;
But I will trust to thee,
And to my God.

Then come, year, with thy May,
With spring's fair blossoms gay,
And with the bird's sweet lay,
Yes, year, bring May.

And come, year, with thy June,
Lest flowers fade too soon;
Thou art the year's bright noon.
Then come, Oh June!

And bring November sad,
In sombre garments clad;
E'en though thou wait'st not glad,
November, come.

Come with December's frost;
If my will by God's be crossed,
Thou let my will be lost;
God's will be done.

In pleasure's soft caress,
Or sorrows deep distress,
Father, this New Year bless.
In thee I trust.

DELL DAVIS.

A Happy New Year.

This is the salutation with which we greet all our readers. Let the foundation of the year be so well laid, that the added days and weeks and months, the whole superstructure of the year, shall be moulded and shaped after the noblest pattern. May the hnd of the year's first purposes and acts be so Christlike, divine and heavenly, that the fruit shall all partake of that blessed character. Standing on the threshold of the New Year, as it were, at the loom of life, how important that the threads fastened to that loom, to be woven into the texture of the year's life, be not the dark threads of sin and woe, but the bright golden threads of grace and salvation, so that this may be to you, in the highest and best sense, a Happy New Year.

Christmas Observances.

"Oh don't you remember, 'tis almost December,
boy,
And soon will the holidays come.
Oh 'twill be so funny, and I'll have some
money,
And will buy me a sword and a drum."

It were well if such boyish thoughts were confined to children; but alas, how "many children of a larger growth," grown men and women, like children, look forward to Christmas only as a time of merriment or dissipation. "Christmas comes hnt once a year," is often urged to excuse the riotous behavior that is sometimes seen on such occasion. But let me ask, what day of what month does come more than once a year? If its coming hnt once a year is any reason for getting drunk, might we not get drunk every day in the year for the same reason?

Christmas is celebrated, where it is observed at all, in commemoration of the coming of our Blessed Lord into this world to save sinners. Now, if this be the purpose of keeping Christmas, is it right and proper to observe it in a time of merriment or dissipation. "Christmas comes hnt once a year," is often urged to excuse the riotous behavior that is sometimes seen on such occasion. But let me ask, what day of what month does come more than once a year? If its coming hnt once a year is any reason for getting drunk, might we not get drunk every day in the year for the same reason?

Christmas is celebrated, where it is observed at all, in commemoration of the coming of our Blessed Lord into this world to save sinners. Now, if this be the purpose of keeping Christmas, is it right and proper to observe it in a time of merriment or dissipation, to defeat the object of his coming, in a way that is likely to lead to our destruction rather than to our salvation? If, then, the day is to be kept at all, let it, by all means, be done "decently and in order," and not in childish mirth or what is worse, in wicked frolicking.

As to the propriety of celebrating the day, Christians are not agreed. There is certainly no intimation given in all the teachings of Jesus that it is His will, that His birth day should be observed by His disciples at all. And then there is not the slightest evidence that He was born on the day usually celebrated, the 25th of December, nor even in that month. On the other hand, there is a great variety of opinions among learned men, as to the time of year; some say Christ was born in February, some in March, some in April, some in June, and some in October! Now, as it is plain that He was born at a season of the year when "shepherds were abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night," and as it was not their habit to do so to keep watch in the winter, the strong probability is, that Christ was born in the summer. Still, as that day has been observed for hundreds of years, it is not likely that any evidence to the contrary will change the custom. But it is certain that to keep the day as it is usually kept by carousing and dissipation is, to say the least, very unchristianlike. Let me, then, as one and earnest my readers, if they will observe the day, to do so in a manner that will be consistent with the dignity and holiness of the Divine Saviour, and not in the heathenish way so often seen among us.

Strong Words on Intemperance.

BY C. FOWLER, D. D.

This monster has the "world" for a home, "the flesh" for a mother, and "the devil" for a father. He stands erect, a monster of fabulous proportions. He has no head, and cannot think. He has no heart, and cannot feel. He has no eyes, and cannot see. He has no ears and cannot hear. He has only an instinct by which to plan, a passion by which to allure, a coil by which to bind, a fang with which to sting, and an infinite maw in which to consume his victims.

* * * * *

The public mind has only to glance at this criminal to be certain of his guilt; for he goes about armed with all malignity, concealed behind all craftiness, seeking with infinite cunning to entrap the unwary and destroy the feeble. Like a blood-hound, he scents his victims afar off, tracking them with patient and infallible instinct across fiery sand-fields, and over the barren rock-waste. Once on a young man's track, with one sniff on his heel, nothing hut the running stream of living water can check his pursuit and give the fugitive rest. In dark rooms and dingy cellars, in secret conclave, he devises his plans and mixes his drugs. By night and by day he draws out the catalogues of crime. With hands polluted with blood, and looks that, wriggle and crawl and hiss; with purpose fixed for slaughter, and with heart unpitying and unrelenting, he pursues his infernal work. With the gold his crimes have brought him he seeks to secure friends in the halls of legislation; to put his judges upon the bench, his advocates at the bar, his witnesses on the stand, and, to make surety doubly sure, his views in the public mind. He would control, if he could, not only our almshouses and prisons, but also our legislative halls and our public presses. He would fill not only our cells and grave-yards, but also our judgment-seats and our police commissions. This is our foe—cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, strong as an ox, bold as a lion, merciless as a tiger, remorseless as a hyena, fierce as the pestilence, deadly as the plague.

* * * * *

I call upon you, in the presence of this great criminal—in full view of his malignant character; of the vileness that stamps the poison itself; of the fiends that are practiced in its manufacture; of the deadly counterfeits that deepen its maliguity; of the insanity that makes the victims fly to rum; of the 1,000,000 wrecks that stagger, and bone, and lead, and bleat, and fester, and fall downward; of the 60,000 poor creatnres that yearly fill drunkard's graves on their way to the drunkard's doom; of 2,000,000 children that are left worse than orphans, cursed with an inheritance of poverty and shame; of the 3,000,000 of women who have millstones tied about their necks and urns that cast into the social sea; of the 200,000 brokenhearted ones that yearly march to the poor house; of the 2,00,000 convicts that are annually sent to jail; of the 200,000 orphans annually bequeathed to public charity; of the 450 suicides that are caused by this evil spirit; of the 700 murders that horrify the year; of the 1,350 rapes that are committed by this demon; of the 12,000 lunatics that are made in this fire; of the great company of idiots that are spawned by this monster; of the millions of homes ruined, and all the homes threatened, by this invader; of the public schools robbed of 2,000,000 children; of seven eighths of all the crimes of the land, committed by this evil inspiration; and of the enormous sum of $2,607,491,866 annually taken from the public comfort and expended in wretchedness and crime—in the presence of all these fearful facts, I call upon you, in this day of probation, in this house of God, by the absolute need of prompt action, by the utter failure of indecision, by the worse than failure of many substitutes, and by the right of self-preservation: I call upon you, in the name of the countless victims who are bound in this wretched habit, in the name of the weeping, watching mothers whose sons are imperilled, in the name of some young men here to-night who may yet wreck all beauty for a time and all hope for eternity, in the name of some fair and hopeful maidens here to-night who may yet mourn and pine in the squalor and misery of the drunkard's hovel, in the name of earth desolated and heaven forfeited by this crime, and in the name of the Almighty God, whose eye is upon us, and at whose judgment bar we must shortly stand—I call upon you to take a bold and decided stand. Out of these awful regions of hellishness we cry from our hearts forever and forever, "Everlasting war against rum, and eternal death to alcohol!"

Gems.

HOLY IN GOD.—The sailor on the midnight sea, if he would behold the star that alone would guide him across the trackless deep, must look not on the dark troubled waves, but at the clear blue heaven. If the sky is overcast, and the star veiled with clouds, he can turn to his compass, and its needle, ever true to the pole, will point to the star, though it be all hidden from his vision. So we, tossed upon many a billow, if we would see heaven's guiding light, must look, not on the waves of temptation, that dash and break around, but above to God. Should darkness and clouds gather in the sky, let us turn to the Bible, and it will point to Him who shines beyond the clouds in unchanging glory.

It is not necessary that we travel down into the valley to find the Pool of Siloam, and wait for the coming of the angel to trouble the waters, and for some strong man to lift us and put us in. No; the fountain is all around us, and flows divinely clear. The Son of God is waiting at this very moment to wash all our sins away. Have you a single stain upon your heart? Come to the fonntain. Have you trouble and sorrow? Come at once and receive joy and comfort.—*Bishop Simpson.*

A lady applied to the late benevolent Mr. Reynolds, on behalf of an orphan. After he had given, she said, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "thon art mistaken: we do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

A cheerful and benign temper, that puts forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit for those who live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrances, that shall flourish after the present stock is decayed.

There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments.

There are moments when by some strange impulse we contradict our past selves—fatal moments when a fit of passion like a lava stream lays low the work of half our lives.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written; in writing what deserves to be read; and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

Christians, see your position—debtors to grace; show your gratitude by earnest, Christ-like lives, and as God has hidden jon love, see to it that you live in earnest.—*Spurgeon.*

It would be well if we learned early in life what a tyrant is behit. Every time we do anything in thought or actioh it not only becomes easier to do next time, but harder to do it.

Trifles.

An old fellow who was noted through the town for his stuttering as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain, stopped at a grocery and inquired:

"How m-m-many t-t-t-turkeys have yon g-g-got?"

"Eight, sir," replied the grocer.

"T-t-t-ough or t-t-tender?"

"Some are tender and some tough," was the reply.

"I k-keep b-b-b-boarders," said the new customer. "P-pick out the f-fonr t-t-toughest t-t-turkeys, if you please."

The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request, and said in his politest tones:

"These are the tough ones, sir."

Upon which the merchant coolly put his hand upon the remaining four, and exclaimed:

"Ah! t-t-take *th-th-th-these!*"

The story is told of Ben Butler's earlier days that a townsman once came to him with the question how he should go to work to recover the value of a ham which a neighbor's dog came along and ate. He was advised to prosecute and recover for damages.

"But the dog was your'n," said the sharp Yankee. Butler opened his eyes a little, asked him what the ham was worth, was told five dollars, paid the money, and then demanded a ten dollar fee of the astonished native for legal advice.

A good deacon who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

Affectation always looks well—in a monkey.

Ambiard, the Frenchman, in whose house the Duke of Orleans was boarding, while at Boston, was a sailor. Having made a pair of pantaloons for Dr. Lamb, but forgetting the name of his customer, he went into the market, and taking hold of a leg of mutton, inquired of the butcher: "Vat you call dis?" "That is mutton." "Is mutton, is it! Vel, vat you call mutton's baby?" "Lamb." "Oui" said the Frenchman, "dat is him. Monsieur Lamb is de vera man vat for I make de pantaloons."

A little bit of a thing, who had just got back from a party, was asked by her mamma how she had enjoyed herself. "Oh mamma!" she said, "I am so full of happiness; I couldn't be happier without I was bigger."

A rich young lady recently got married and settled all her property on her husband. On being expostulated with for so doing, she replied: "But I've always been told that I should husband my means!"

An Indiana farmer offers to wager that "his hired man can take longer to go the harvest field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and bear down harder on a panel of fence than any other man."

An English traveller says, "Put an American baby six months old on its feet, and it will immediately say, 'Mr. Cheirman,' and call the next cradle to order."

When you "strike ile" stop boring. Many a man has bored clean through and let the "ile" run out at the bottom.

TAKE NOTICE,
NORTHERN EMPLOYERS
AND
Southern Workers.

Advertisements from colored people wishing situations at the North, will be inserted in the "Southern Workman" free of charge, if accompanied by references from responsible persons.

Advertisements from Northern employers for colored servants will be received at our usual charge of 25 cents a line.

Until further notice, parties leaving the South, or wishing to communicate further with each other on this subject may do so by letter to the "Southern Workman."

INFORMATION WANTED!

Mr. Jordan Williams, of Norfolk, Va., desires to obtain information of Rosetta Roy, SILAS WILLIAMS, who very mysteriously left home one year ago, and who has not been heard from since then. Rosetta is a white woman of age last May; of dark complexion; about four feet in height; smart, active and rather timid in conversation, with head down while answering with an air of modesty.

His father and mother are very anxious to hear as to his whereabouts. It was reported that he was in Petersburg, but as certainty as to the above statement can be obtained.

Any information as to the above will be thankfully received if addressed to

JORDAN WILLIAMS,
Norfolk, Va.,

Care of M. L'HOMMEDIEU.

INFORMATION WANTED!

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of a lad supposed to be lost. He strayed from his home in April, 1865, having been about 13 years of age. His name is SAMUEL DAVIS. His master's name was George Lawrence. Any news will be gladly received by his mother if addressed to,

GEORGE GODWIN,
Norfolk, Va.,

Care of M. L'HOMMEDIEU.

LAND FOR SALE
On the Peninsula.

I have for sale 300 acres of land between Williamsburg and Fort Monroe, Virginia. This section of the County is fully and accurately described in the language of Captain John Smith: "Within is a country that may lasse the prerogatives over the most pleasant places known, for large and spacious navigable rivers, havens and harbs for shipping, agreed better by nature for pleasure and profit, which were it fully manured and inhabited by industrious people. There needs no more but peaceable villeryes, rivers, and brookes, with most pleasant dwellings built in a wholesome and pleasant but for the wealth with fruitful and delightsome land.—Captayne John Smith."

WILLIAM S. HOWARD,
Hampton, Va.

THE FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS & TRUST COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,351,307.67, being an increase of 41½ per cent. on the balance due depositors at the close of the previous year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each semi-annual period to the credit of the depositors on interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $218,214.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $6,000,000 deposits.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Post-Stock only. Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposits issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

ACCOUNTS TRANSFERRED,

at request of depositors, from localities where kept by any other Branch without risk or trouble, and without loss of interest.

For full information about the Bank address the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information or suggestions may be promptly addressed to the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or D. L. Bates.

FORT MONROE,
Old Point Comfort, Va.
GENERAL FORWARDING,
FIRE & LIFE
INSURANCE
Agency.

Adams Express Company.

GREAT EASTERN, WESTERN, AND SOUTHERN EXPRESS.

Forwarders of

PACKAGES, PARCELS, BOOKS, BUNDLES, & MERCHANDISE

At low Rates, with promptness and care.

Commissions executed and collections made at reasonable rates in all parts of the Union.

INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE OR LIGHTNING

effected on all kinds of Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Insuring Stock, Rents, and Leases, and all other insurable property, at reasonable rates consistent with safety, in the following responsible companies:

Royal Insurance Company,
OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
Assets, Gold ... $10,000,000.00

Continental Insurance Company,
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Assets ... $2,000,000.57

Home Insurance Company,
OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.
Cash Assets ... $971,000.00

American Fire Insurance Company,
OF BALTIMORE, MD.
Capital ... $200,000.00

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid in full. Persons desiring to obtain reliable insurance are solicited to give us their patronage.

LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES

of every desirable form issued upon the most liberal terms as to residence and travel, by the

Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company,
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Assets ... $2,513,186.39

The principal features of this company are, Absolute Security, Economical Management, and Liberality to the Insured.

Republic Life Insurance Company
OF THE UNITED STATES.
Organized July, 1870.

Capital Stock ... $5,000,000.00
Insurance effected since organization over ... $20,000,000.00
Annual premiums on policies in force over ... $600,000.00

Its department organizations in all the leading cities make it a home company everywhere. The largest company of its age in the world. Insures on the low rates of the stock plan.

CENTRAL OFFICE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

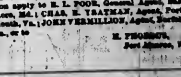
"It is a strange anomaly that men should be careful to insure their houses, their furniture, their stock, their merchandise, and yet neglect to insure their lives; surely the most important of all to their families, and far more subject to loss."—Ben Franklin.

Sight Drafts, in sums to suit, on the Royal Banks of Ireland, London, Paris, Edinburgh, and all the principal cities of Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Italy, at lowest rates.

Cabin and Steerage Tickets to and from Liverpool, and Queenstown and all parts of Europe at lowest rates, via Cunard Line, the British and North American Royal Mail Steamships.

Special attention given to the execution of Commercial Protests, Acknowledgments, Mortgages, Leases, Deeds, Powers of Attorney, and all other Notarial business at lowest rates, by

H. PHOEBUS,
Agent and Notary Public.
Office Adams Express Company,
Fort Monroe, Va.



BALTIMORE
Steam Packet
Company.

For Baltimore, Md., and all points North
and
South, East, and West.

One of the Company's steamers leaves Norfolk, Va., at 6 o'clock, P. M., and Portsmouth, Va., on the arrival of the Evening Passenger and Mail Train of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, at 7 o'clock, daily (Sundays, P. M., excepted), touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., about 8 o'clock, P. M. One of the Company's Steamers leaves Baltimore, foot of Commerce Street, daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock, P. M., touching at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., about 4 o'clock, A. M., going South.

For rates of passage, freights, or other information apply to R. L. POOL, General Agent, Baltimore, Md.; CHAS. H. TRAYNAM, Agent, Portsmouth, Va.; JOHN VERMILLION, Agent, Norfolk, Va., or to

H. PHOEBUS,
Fort Monroe, Va.

FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
Company.

A National Savings Bank.

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1865.

Chartered by the Government of the United States.

Deposits of five cents or any larger amounts received.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

paid on sums of five dollars or more. *All deposits payable on demand, with interest due.*

All accounts strictly private and confidential.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
BRANCH OFFICES

in all the larger cities of the South and Southwest.

THIS GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

established by the authority of the United States Government for the benefit of the Freedmen, knows no distinction of race or color, and offers its great advantages to all classes alike.

SAVE THE SMALL SUMS.

Cut off your vices—don't smoke—don't drink—don't buy lottery tickets. Put the money you save into the

FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS BANK.

NORFOLK, Va. BRANCH

IS LOCATED AT

NO. 116 MAIN STREET,

Corner of Grey Street.

Bank hours, 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Open also Saturday Nights from 6 to 7 o'clock.

J. W. ALVORD, *President.* H. C. PEET, *Cashier.*
M. L'HOMMEDIEU, *Asst. Cashier.*

JOHN T. BENTLEY,
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER
AND
JEWELLER,
FORT MONROE, VA.

A Fine Stock of

FANCY GOODS

Always on hand.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Sold and Repaired.

Dealer in

GENERAL FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS AND FANCY ARTICLES, STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, POMADES, COMBS, BRUSHES, AND PATENT MEDICINES, GENTS' UNDERCLOTH-ING,

SOCKS, GLOVES, COLLARS, AND RUCHINGS, LADIES' FANCY GOODS, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES, HOSE, BELTS, ELASTICS, BUTTONS, BRAIDS, PINS, ETC.

Cake and Confectionery.

Fresh Homemade Cake of all kinds on hand and made to order. Tea Biscuit every day.

French and American Candy and Confectionery of every description fresh and pure.

NUTS, RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, ORANGES, LEMONS, AND FRUITS.

Orders received and filled for goods of every description at regular market prices.

Agent for Purkins and Moore's

Safety Lamps,

and the

Genuine Student Lamps.

Chimneys, Shades, Wicks, etc., always on hand.

MILITARY GOODS, CAPS, AND SOLDIERS' FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

JOHN T. BENTLEY,
Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1873. NO. 2.

Seedtime and Harvest.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

As o'er his furrowed fields, which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chilled with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow;

Thus Freedom, on the bitter blast
The seeds of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Not ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet when our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The sow and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense—
The hope, the trust, the purpose staid,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man—
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

Our life though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And early called, how blessed are they,
Who wait in Heaven their harvest day!

For "The Southern Workman."

The Plow.

At the head of our long list of modern agricultural implements stands the plow, with its pedigree of thousands of years, its claims of usefulness to many generations before our own, and its promise of increased usefulness to the generations to come. If we trace back its history, we find roughly drawn upon the monuments of Egypt, what was possibly the father of plows, formed of the limb of a tree, or the leafy and tough root of a sapling, the lower end hewn to a wedge, and forced through the earth by the foot of the plowman, or more often drawn by a team of two women harnessed with rawhide or hempen thongs. For centuries no better plow than this was used, and even at the present day there are countries, Palestine and China, for instance, where the farmers know nothing of any more convenient and powerful instrument, but plough and sow their seed as the two Syrians are doing in our beautiful picture. The first decided improvement in the manufacture of plows was made in England in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and a four coultered plow, invented about that time, was a marked advance upon anything which had gone before it. In 1634, we find that an act was passed in the Irish Legislature forbidding the cruel custom of "plowing by the tail," a practice then very common, the animal being tied by the tail to the draft-pole, and led by one man while another guided and pressed the plow. The introduction of the new plows put an end to these cruelties, and about 1780, James Small, a Scotchman, succeeded in manufacturing a plow so nearly fulfilling all the requirements, that it is still used in many parts of Scotland. In our own country, one of the first improvers of the plow was Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, who attempted to solve the mathematical problem of the true surface of the mould-board, and to lay down intelligible, practical rules for its formation. He tested his theory by experiment, and used his plows upon his own estates in Albemarle and Bedford counties, Virginia, until he became entirely satisfied as to their practical utility. The first cast-iron plow ever made in America was the invention of Charles Newbold, a New Jersey farmer, who spent upward of $30,000 upon it, and then gave it up in despair on account of the strange superstition of the farmers of that day, who insisted that the cast-iron plow poisoned the land, and prevented the growth of rocks. After this time, a variety of plows appeared in rapid succession, but were none of them of especial use, until in 1819, the well-known plow of Jethro Wood was introduced, and did more than any other to drive out the clumsy, old-fashioned implements which had preceded it. The next great cheage in the manufacture was the substitution of sheet-steel for cast-iron, and though this material is expensive, it is in many respects an improvement, as it reduces the weight of the plow without lessening its strength. In these days of careful and intelligent farming, a plow, to be really successful must combine many good qualities, for the difficulties to be overcome are many. It must be of light draft, producing as little friction as possible, which will depend upon the material, and the arrangement of the mould-board and the instep. Then, it must be durable, for plows are too expensive to be replaced frequently without materially affecting the profits of a farm, and for this reason, a good, solidly-made plow will be found to be cheaper in the end, than one at a lower price which is not thorough in workmanship, or first-rate in material. Another desirable quality in a plow is that it should "scour" easily, so that it may be used as well in prairie and sticky soils, as in rough, stony land, and this again will depend upon the material employed.

Our second-page illustration for this month shows the neat, comfortable home, the trim fences, the pleasant, fruitful fields, the well-kept horses, the neat, solid plow, and the energetic, industrious farmer, whose clear head and ready hand have produced the fertility and comfort which surround him. Good farming will rarely fail to yield a good profit, and there is no one thing that the South needs more than thorough practical farmers, who know how to work both rich land and poor, and can drive their plows just where they ought to go.

For "The Southern Workman."

Peace.

Among the greatest of our common blessings, and among those of which we habitually think least, is the blessing of public peace. When our homes are secure, our interests protected, our necessities as citizens supplied, we go on day by day, without acknowledging, without indeed realizing, the importance to us and our children of all this security, which, while it lasts, seems only a matter of course. Not to us, who have so lately known the desolation of war, there is much in our present condition which is worthy of thought and of thankfulness, and it will do us no harm, to stop now and again to consider the deep contrast between the evils of war, and the advantages of peace. Any child in the South can tell us something of the misery, the want, the bitter sorrows which follow closely in the track of contending armies, and rarely are there a few men and women who have escaped some personal experience of the suffering and loss attendant upon battles and sieges. Property, life, health, love and hope, all are sacrificed to the passions which war enbridles, and though the end attained may be often noble and worthy, ought we not as Christians and even as prudent men, to ask ourselves whether that end might not be reached by some shorter, cheaper, and less bloody road? Peace gives back to us all that war takes from us, and are we not true prodigals when we waste our own and our Father's substance upon fleets and armies whose work, when it is done at all, is done usually in opposition to the highest civilization, and rarely in opposition to the spirit of Christ? The only expense for the making of war, is when it can be truly said that some great, general good can be obtained in no other way; but this is by no means the excuse commonly put forward. We talk of a nation's aggrandizement, of the protection of its honor, of its retaliation of injuries, and we make all these things reasons for putting away from us the blessings of peace; but are not the nations of Christendom outgrowing the necessity of settling such questions by sword and cannon? Is there not to be found a better way? The recent settlement of the difficulties between England and America by means of arbitration, gives good hope that the better way is even now found, and found to be practicable, and many wise men are beginning to believe that the gulf between differing nations may be more easily crossed by outstretched, friendly hands, than by murderous rifle balls.

And each of us has some responsibility in this matter, we must learn to love peace and pursue it, for ourselves and for our country, remembering that when we choose war, we choose auntterable, inevitable horror; and remembering too, that Heaven's final gift is the "peace which passeth understanding."

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

For "The Southern Workman."

George Washington.

On the 22d of February, 1732, just one hundred and forty-one years ago, was born, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, George Washington, the Commander-in-chief and first President of the United States of America. He came of a good English family, and the early death of his father left his mother, who apparently retained him in his youth to habits of gravity and thoughtfulness, for at a time when most boys are thinking principally of their own amusements and personal interests, he was already one of the adjutants-general of Virginia. His first active employment as a soldier was during the war between the French and English, in 1755, when, under Gen. Braddock, he served with marked brevery. Some three years after he retired from service on account of his health, married, and by the death of his elder brother, inherited the Mount Vernon estate on the Potomac river, where he lived for fifteen years, devoting himself to agriculture, and to his duties as magistrate and member of the State Assembly. When the disputes broke out between the colonies and the mother country, Washington at once took a firm and decided stand in favor of the former; was elected a member of the First Congress, which met at Philadelphia in 1774, and was on all the committees appointed to consult upon means of defence. When it was finally determined to raise a general army, he was unanimously chosen as Commander-in-chief, and was at once put at the head of the 14,500 men who were lying entrenched near Boston, preparing to meet the British, who were in force at Bunker Hill. The history of his great services is too well known to need a detailed description here, but there can be little doubt that to his prudence, bravery, and military sagacity, the struggling colonies largely owed their ultimate success. In 1781, the surrender of the British army under Lord Cornwallis, virtually ended the war, but by no means ended the perplexities and trials of the newly-established government, these, indeed, having but just begun. The well-known honesty and the great influence of General Washington enabled him at this time to be of the greatest assistance in disbanding the army, and keeping peace between contending parties. He made farewell to his officers in New York in 1783, in a manner, the dignity and tenderness of which have became famous, then passed southward to Annapolis, where Congress was sitting, and delivered an account of all the public money received by him while in arms, a sum amounting in eight years to less than $80,000, nothing being charged for his personal services. The public gratitude toward him at this time was so great, that he could scarcely have asked for anything which would not have been granted, but in contrast to most modern officials, he made no requests, either for himself or his family, but merely recommending to Congress some young officers without fortune, who had served under him, he retired to Mount Vernon, once more occupying himself with agriculture and the general improvement of his native state. The period that followed was one of great danger to the country at large, on account of the jealousies and opposing interests of the various states. Washington felt the result of this condition to be so threatening, that he spared no exertion to impress the leading men of the country with a sense of their position, and a general convention was finally called at Philadelphia in 1787. This convention, under the Presidency of Washington, recommended a new form of government, and the constitution drawn up, having been accepted by eleven of the States, George Washington was unanimously elected first President of the United States. He accepted the difficult position, and after the first four years of office expired, was re-elected, and served for four years longer, when, being sixty-six years of age, he refused to resume the Presidential seat for still another term, and resigned his authority to his successor, Mr. Adams. For eight years the country had prospered under the guiding hand of its first ruler, and these had been eight years of no common danger and uncertainty; wars had threatened on every hand, political complications of all kinds had arisen, internal difficulties had alarmed the people, but through them all, the calmness and wisdom of Washington had prevailed to keep the country safe and at peace. Two years after his resignation, he died suddenly, leaving no children to perpetuate his great name or inherit his honors, but having made for himself a place in the hearts of all true Americans, where his memory will be forever green. No man has ever been a more faithful servant to his country, or less avaricious of greatness for himself, and no better example of a good citizen can be shown to us in these days of political greed and falseness, than George Washington, our first President.

God asks, not "To what sect did he belong?" But "Did he do the right, or love the wrong?"

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.

R. C. ARMSTRONG, } *Editors.*
RICHARD TOLMAN, }
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager.*

The Southern Workman.

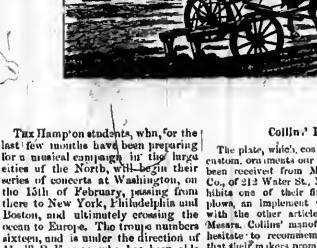
HAMPTON, FEBRUARY, 1873.

THE second month of the New Year opens with no special change at home or abroad. The death of the ex-Emperor Napoleon is perhaps of as general interest as any event of the month, though it is so, rather as an historical fact than on account of its present political importance. Our own Congress is largely taken up with the examination of the Credit Mobilier scandel, which is yet far from a satisfactory explanation, and as the elections are safely over, the various state governments are occupying themselves with their own affairs, in which there is, in most cases, plenty of room for improvement. We cannot forbear, at the risk of monotony, to repeat once more in this connection that the necessity of organizing some system of public schools at present more and more closely upon the majority of the Southern States. If it cannot be done in one way it must be done in another, for there is no appeal from the just demand of our people, and they will not be long in finding out their rights in a matter so important as this.

As bearing upon the above, we express our conviction that the value, in an educational point of view, of properly managed Sunday-schools, is by no means generally appreciated. An organized Sunday-school, whether in connection with a church society, or on an independent basis, has opportunities for reaching all classes of young people, which can be made to serve the best and highest purpose. The appliances of pictures, lesson cards, simple books and papers, etc., which are now a-days within the reach of the poorest school, are powerful weapons against ignorance and vice, and in the hands of earnest teachers may be made to extend their influence far beyond the actual limits of the school. Not only, too, is the moral nature of the pupils cultivated, but they may on Sunday be inspired with an honest ambition to improve themselves, which will go with them through the week and produce unlooked-for fruit. We must remember always the law of political economy, which declares that the demand must precede the supply, and that therefore we cannot expect our educational wants to be adequately met, until we, ourselves, are fully conscious of our need, and thend our demand upon our desire. We believe, therefore, in Sunday-schools not only on account of their value in the propagation of Christianity, but also because they may be made to create a desire for general knowledge which will quickly increase the facilities for obtaining it.

THE poverty of certain districts of the South is so well known as to be taken almost as a matter of course, and it is therefore all the more necessary to impress upon the inhabitants of such districts, especially if they are landowners, the fact that the value of their lands is increased in rapid proportion, by intelligent cultivation. Farmers who nourish their land and their stock generously, will find that their outward ones to them both in the immediate interest on the money invested, and in the increased value of the land and stock in which they invest. Careless farming will ruin any country, and it is only in the most fertile regions and for a brief number of seasons, that a man can expect to take from his fields and plantations, what he never returns to them. Intelligent industry can farm Southern lands profitably; unreasoning sloth will find stones in place of bread.

THE annual meeting of the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, was held in the school building on Thursday, January 23d, and was attended by the Trustees of five Counties, among whom were numbered many well-known names, besides several visitors and friends of the Institution. After the business of the morning session had been transacted, the gentlemen adjourned to the large assembly-room, where the full corps of students and teachers were gathered, and addresses were made by Dr. Ruffner, Superintendent of Education of the State of Virginia, by Gen. Howard, of Howard University, and by Dr. Haigh, of the state Normal School, Meridan, Conn. Dr. Ruffner spoke at some length and with great ability upon the original development of the white and colored races, stating very clearly that the usual interpretation of the division of these races is not the correct one, and that the curse which anciently rested upon the sons of Canaan has long ago been fulfilled, the degeneracy of the African people being the result of their abandonment of God, and not of God's abandonment of them. Gen. Howard followed Dr. Ruffner with a speech full of the broad charity which characterizes him, and expressed in strong language his conviction that the fact that all men are children of one Father, and redeemed by one Saviour, should overshadow all minor distinctions and obliterate all ignoble prejudices. Dr. Hatch, of Connecticut, then expressed his satisfaction and surprise at the excellent working of the Hampton School, and closed his brief remarks by saying that the Yankees would have to look out for themselves, or Old Virginia would get ahead of them after all. The choir of the school then sung several hymns and choruses, doing credit to themselves and their Director, Mr. T. P. Fenner, and the meeting broke up, the whole party of visitors repairing to the Teacher's Home, where a plentiful lunch was prepared for them by the ladies of the Institution. After luncheon, the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to business, until at the usual hour, prayers were held in the assembly-room, and the gentlemen left for Fortress Monroe, expressing themselves well pleased with the condition and promise of the school.



THE Hampton students, who, for the last few months have been preparing for a musical campaign in the large cities of the North, will begin their series of concerts at Washington, on the 15th of February, passing from there to New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and ultimately crossing the ocean to Europe. The troupe numbers sixteen, and is under the direction of Mr. T. P. Fenner, who has been able to provide from the materials at his command, a large and interesting *repertoire* of the hymns and choruses peculiar to the colored people of the South. The really striking beauty of the music is enhanced by the costume which the voices of these students have received, and their rendering of their native melodies is as remarkable as anything of the kind that has yet been offered to the public. The object of the campaign is to procure funds for the erection of a new dormitory for girls, which is greatly needed, and ought to be put up before next winter. Some $75,000 will be required for this purpose, and we earnestly hope that the Hampton Troupe will command the audience they deserve, and return to their fellow-students laden with the dollars which they are so boldly going out to seek.

Preachers' Associations.

How much ought a preacher to know? All that he can learn, like all other men, of course, but what things should one study that he may be a preacher? It depends very much where he is to preach. If the people are learned the preacher must also be learned, but if the congregation is made up of plain, country people who are contented with plain preaching it is not necessary for the minister to study Greek and Hebrew, and many other things that are taught in schools of Theology.

There are many young men all through the South who are anxious to become preachers. There are many older men, also, who are preachers now, who wish to improve themselves so that they may become better preachers.

Most of us can remember the time when anybody who chose could preach, even if he could not read. But it is not so now. Preachers must keep up with the times, or the people will not listen to them. They must be as well educated as the people, and a little better.

But what shall they learn and how shall they learn? They have not time nor money to stop preaching and go to school, and how shall they read, what would become of the people meanwhile?

A preacher should be a good reader. Now there are three things that make a good reader. He must read so that he can be *heard*, so that he can be *understood*, and so that those who hear may *feel* the force of what he reads. A preacher should be able to read the Bible well, to call all the hard names correctly, and to bring out the power there is in God's Word. He should also understand the correct use of language, that he may speak properly. And in order to do this well need of study grammar.

As he has opportunity, the preacher will wish to read as many books pertaining to the Bible as he can obtain, and at all times he will be diligent in the study of the Bible itself.

A plan has been suggested whereby many preachers might gain much instruction in respect to the things we have mentioned. Let all who are or wish to be preachers in any neighborhood, form themselves into an association and hold regular meetings for study. In most cases, someone could be found to give lessons in reading and grammar. At all events, the class could help each other in studying. At the same time they could each give a short account of the sermons last preached, and talk over some point of Theology. This is what educated ministers do in their meetings all over the land.

This plan is being tried in North Carolina. There has been such an association in Wilmington for some time. The meetings are held once a week. This season, another association, with monthly meetings has been formed in Robeson County, at the suggestion of Rev. H. B. Blake. It is the custom to read a chapter from the Bible at each meeting to explain what is read to have a lesson in grammar and to hear plans of sermons.

Sometimes a preaching service is held at night. The members of the association are furnished with books to take home and read. Much enthusiasm was manifested at the last meeting. One man came twenty miles in a buggy to attend.

The want of suitable books on Theology, to put into the hands of Southern preachers has long been felt. We are very glad that a distinguished clergyman of South Carolina is thinking of writing such a book, with some such title as this: "A Manual of Doctrine and Duty." We hope he will speedily undertake the task.

Hampton Normal School.

HILO, HAWAII, *Dec. 20, 1872.*

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG,

My Dear Friend,—The Hampton Normal Institute is a favorite pet of mine, and there was no one place in the United States which Mrs. C. and I left without visiting with so much regret as Hampton. We were greatly interested in the Howard University at Washington. I formed a high opinion of that institution and of its noble President.

I believe that your Agricultural Institute is destined to be a grand success. It has a good "outlook" the picture of the building is fine. Let your new buildings go up. The bank of Heaven is good for any amount well and wisely employed. I hope your Institute will outrun Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge, in numbers and in real usefulness. And I rejoice greatly in the efforts you and your friends are making in the line of Sabbath-schools for freedmen. "Fight it out," General, "on that line." You are sure that freedom's right and light will gain the victory under such weapons and tactics, for God will bless all such labors done in his name.

I have for our little church, in the hands of Rev. S. T. Humphrey, 84 Washington Street, Chicago, fifty dollars. This amount, we hope, will help the Church voted yesterday to your discretion either to use it for the circulation of Christian literature in the Sabbath-schools of Virginia, or in the freedmen of the Institute.

Our S. S. supports one missionary and family in Micronesia, and our little congregation contributes from $60 to $150 at our monthly concert. The whole amount of their contributions for the year ending May, 1873, was $1000. They are poor in worldly wealth but rich in resolution to work in Christian efforts, and I trust some of them are rich in faith." Seven churches, including the foreign church, have been organized out of my parish, and my little central, or mother church has five branchings around it, besides the central edifice. So we make quite a show of white spires and merry bells.

T. M. COAN.

LIBERTY, VA., *Jan. 16, 1873.*

Prof. S. C. Armstrong, Principal Hampton Normal Institute;

Dear Sir—Your esteemed favor, postmarked the 9th inst., reached me on the 13th. I have been prevented by sickness, confining me to bed, from an immediate reply.

The graduates from Hampton Institute, employed in this county, are John Hampton Carter, Tazewell. Ebenezer Hines Lewis Dennis Williams, William Henry Wilkins, and Mary Hopkins. I have visited the schools taught by Wilkins and Williams, and am highly pleased with what I saw and heard. The other parties are teaching in remote districts, which I have not yet had opportunity to visit; but I am satisfied, from information received from school officers and others, that all are doing well, and proving themselves efficient in their work. I am glad to say that so far as I am advised, the conduct, morality and general influence of all of them have been beyond reproach.

As a result of careful observation my impressions are that the colored race is capable of apprehending first principles with great readiness. How far they may prove themselves capable of advancing much beyond is a problem time only can solve.

I have written thus briefly under great debility, and must beg your indulgence for any disappointment in respect of manner or matter.

Very respectfully,

S. L. DUNTON.

P. S. Can you send me *immediately* a teacher for a colored school? One you would recommend can get $40 per month and board cheaply. S. L. D.

OTTSVILLE, Bedford Co., Va., } *Jan. 15, 1873.* }

Dear Teacher,—Your letter was received in due time. A few days ago, as according to request I now sent myself to comply with it. I left home on the 15th of October, 1872, accompanied by my friend Lewis B. Williams, in search of a school. We took the train in Norfolk at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrived at Liberty, Bedford Co., Va., at 1 P. M. We went at once in search of our friends and schools mates, T. E. Hines, Alvin Carter, and Mary Robinson, who enabled us to the house of Mr. Lewis Miller, where we remained until Tuesday morning, October 15th, on Monday morning we were called to school of T. E. Hines' Esq. at Bunker Hill which was and is still flourishing under his command and skillful direction. Mr. Wm. appointed by the Church Esq. for us as an assistant, acted very satisfactorily. He said that he was pleased with the system of teaching at the Hampton Normal School and Agricultural Institute, and that he was glad to see so many young there was a chance for us to distinguish ourselves in the elevation of our race. Monday, October 21st, 1872, I organized school at Otterville, with only eight scholars now numbering forty-five, with an average of thirty-three a day. There has never been a school in this section before, and the people seem to have a strong desire that their children may be educated. The children are progressing finely in their studies, and they seem to have a liked for education, and they appreciate the school very much. It has been remarked by several white gentlemen, that my school is the best in the county, white or black, and some of the white people are eager to have lessons in keeping order under me. I have also a very fine Sunday School in my school house every Sunday, which is conducted by myself with the aid of two of my most advanced scholars, and which, I think will add to the morality of the people. I shall commence night school next week. I can testify to my scholars' on the importance of obtaining an education. The parents of the children are very poor, and at times they are compelled to keep their children at home to work, and to help them about the farm. Some of them own small places of their own upon which they cultivate corn, and the filthy weed, tobacco, which constitutes the farmer's crop in this section of the country. I am doing what I can for the education of them physically, morally and mentally.

I was over to Sal m in the Christmas to see Miss Nottingham and S. C. Winsor, who were well, and teaching very good schools.

Yours, with respect, the s teacher and principal, WM. H. WILKINS.

TUAXTON'S, Bedford Co., Va., } *Jan. 10, 1873.* }

Dear Teacher,—I write, having heard that you wanted information about the schools taught by the teachers sent from your institution. I teach school about three miles from Thaxton's Switch. The people are all very anxious to have the children learn, now that their minds are aroused. When I first came they all said that they could not stop their children from their work to go to school; that they had got along without an education and their children could do the same. Then, as they seemed unwilling to give up their children's services to school every day, I asked them to Sunday school. Some agreed to send them, others said it was too far. On Sunday when I got to the schoolhouse (that is, if it could be called one), I found a little log house, plastered inside with mud. It had no desk, a few planks, with holes bored in each end, and two sticks put in, formed the seat. The windows were there p ves of glass, tacked in the sides of the house. The floor had open places in it so large that you could see under the house very good. I found about fifteen children and a few old people waiting to see what that new teacher would do. They had been having Sunday school during the summer, taught by the preacher's daughter, but very differently to what I had seen it taught. They all had their spelling books the same as when they went to the day school, excepting five, who had test ments. They had a little singing, after which they said the Lord's prayer, then they said their lessons. After their lessons they said they repeated the 23d Psalm. Then I got up and said what I could to get them to send their children to school. One got up and said he was glad I was going to ad them; another asked would their children be allowed to teach if they learned enough. As I told them they could some of them teach, they thought they might spare them a few Christmas if not before. I thanked them, and asked them, please to send all their small children that were not at work to-morrow, as I wanted to open a day school. They said they would, and some said they would see about it. On Monday I started for the school-house, which fortunately, was but a quarter of a mile from my boarding place. When I got there I found one boy, the only scholar there. I was a little disappointed, I will own; anyhow, I went in, swept up, and the boy made the fire. After waiting about an half an hour, 15 more came. With them I commenced school. After the morning exercises was over I went around to give out the lessons. I asked one little girl what class she was in when she went to school. "I won't in any class; I sat on the bunch," she replied. As I had finished giving out the lessons, I told all to go home and said you may be sure I was surprised to hear all speaking out each word aloud, of course. I could not put up with that. After a while I succeeded in stopping them. They said that their teacher taught them to study so, that he might know they were saying their lessons. At the end of a month I had 25 scholars. The children were very anxious to learn, so they learned very fast. Some of them learned such a les in a day. I did not have but three that took over two days to learn their Letters. The children's parents were so pleased with the progress of their children that they sent them from their work. As soon as they perceived learning good, I told them if they would have the place I gave them to board on Christmas eve, their parents might come and hear them say them. So on Christmas Eve I had quite a nice exhibition. The people said never heard of one before, so the house was filled to see what an exhibition was. They were very much pleased with it. They are so much pleased with my teachings that they want me to open a night school. My school now numbers 40. I have applications to join my school every day, and wish I was able to take them but I have as many as I can teach. I only seem very anxious to learn. I have talked to them about drinking whiskey and using tobacco. One got my pocket what did and tried to make it for the use? Another said he had used it for forty years, and it never had injured him. Another said he would as lief give up his God. Some of my scholars have been to my first exam, but I stopped them. I is very well satisfied with their progress. A great many can make their letters that could not write at all. I think education is very necessary for the elevation of this race. I have written this letter myself, without any help of having no books. The scholars never have any papers or cards or nothing of the kind. We are trying to make a collection now. We have some papers and books. Some of the people have a little land and a plank house, but the most of them are living on the white people's land in little log houses, some with no windows or anything to give light. The people have treated me very well. Both white and colored. Some of the whites are very much opposed to free schools and colored teachers, but they have always treated me with respect, I am happy to say.

As ever,
your friend, and scholar,
MARY C. ROBINSON.

General Intelligence.

ALTHOUGH the German government discourages emigration to the U. S., it is said that the following notable accessions in other forms. The semi-tendon and muscular have been added to the list. Those so to speak have emigrated from themselves back. Two districts of Hanover have petitioned the government and will be allowed to use different bells in calling individuals.

MAINE expects to reduce her State tax to ten mills on the dollar, for the ensuing year. The Governor's annual report thanks a unexpanding income to thank in Maine that it may soon be entirely out of the possession in the driving word, which, being interpreted, accounts for her great governmental prosperity.

SIR BULWER LYTTON, the great English novelist died in London on the 18th inst., at his age of 69.

A MISTAKE.—Tribune "compositors has doubled to ask printing clerks all over the world. Our paper tribune warrant type to be sent as a statue to be placed near Horace Greeley's grave.

A TRIANGLE collision took place in the English Channel on the night of the 17th inst., between the steamer Lisbon and a sailing vessel, from the effects of which the Lisbon sank in a few minutes, and over 40 lives were lost.

HOLY WOOD IN OREGON threatens an eruption.

THE balances in the National treasury, at the close of business on January 20th, were: Currency, $4,384,246; coin, $44,684,661; total in the Treasury, $49,068,907. The amount of special deposits for the redemption of coin certificates, $23,320,020.

A GREAT anti-slavery meeting has been held in Madrid, Spain, and the committee of the society for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico estimate that 15,000 people will be present. Delegates will be in the island, as is usually for their property.

THE rate fall in England during the year was a brute 1-8th and a great deal in any of the five years from 1869 to 1873, or by one word, 40 to 60, 40 to above the usual 47 page.

IT is recorded that a negro of Australia went to the U. S. state, has been in negro in New Orleans, when, strange, noticed that among the fast faces and temperaments of the white men, few of the people of the distinctive, rang of as 6 ft as to diagram. This statement were published in the N. O. papers in Australia, of a proposal to accommodate all that it thought, who in such a way of transportation may be made a poem any account.

Collins' Plow.

The plate, which, contrary to our usual custom, ornaments our second page, has been received from Messrs Collins and Co., of 212 Water St., New York, and consists of a cut of Collins' manufactory, we do not hesitate to recommend. They fulfil all that their makers promise for them, in respect to durability, convenience, utility, etc, and are available in almost any kind of soil. No farmer can afford to buy poor implements of any description, and those who, unadvisedly true economy desire the best, may safely purchase from the firm above mentioned.

WILLIAM BARTLETT.

Pear Culture on the Peninsula.

Few persons know what a profitable business the Pear Culture might be made in this part of the State. To give a little idea of this, I have on my farm near Big Bethel, seven small Bartlett pear-trees, occupying one twenty-fifth of an acre of land, having been set out twelve years and the trunks do not average more than six inches in diameter. This year I picked from them thirty-seven boxes of pears, shipped them to Boston, and sold them for three dollars and fifty cents per box. After paying freight bills, commission etc., I received over one hundred dollars as the product of my trees. If I had that acre covered with pear-trees, it would be more profitable than any other acre of land on my farm or in the vicinity. I have within two years set out several hundred more pear-trees, and hope in a few years to have pears in abundance.

WILLIAM BARTLETT.

North Carolina Letter.

[Our readers may be interested in hearing something of the good work being done by our former editor, Mr. Blake, from whom we subjoin a short letter]:

WILMINGTON, *Jan. 15, 1873.*

With my day-school and teacher's institutes and general Sunday-school work, and County Bible Agency, and normal and theological studies, my hands are full. Last Saturday, father and I went into the country to meet the teachers. We gave them two lessons, and he returned to town. I spent the night. Sunday walked five miles, examined a Sunday-school, made suggestions, etc., in the morning, and harangued the parents at night; left in a cart after taking orders for Bibles and Testaments and school-books. I spent most of the night in a cabin by the fire; took the 2:30 A. M. train, and arrived home at 3:45, and went into school at 9.

H. W. BLAKE.

SEVEN MILE FORD, VA., *Jan. 14, 73.*

Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Principal Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

Dear Sir,—Yours of the 20 inst. to hand, contents noted, I hasten to reply. There is certainly a great work ahead of the educators of the land, when we consider the fact that the colored race, together with the heavy influx of foreign whites, are comparatively illiterate. Besides, we have our own children to educate. I say when we consider these facts, we are forced to the conclusion that the work of educating all these is not enough to keep ahead or even apace with the filling up of our extensive territory. Is indeed, a serious case. But passing over these general ideas, I will say that so far as my experience goes, your school is doing a vast deal of good in meeting the demand for teachers in the colored schools of the State.

I have been superintending schools here for more than two years, and I have been able to get no teachers that have been a credit to the colored race, save those who have been educated at Hampton. I will except one who was educated in New York. The colored teachers from your school have been well instructed in all the rudimentary branches taught in our public schools; in fact, better than many white teachers, who are employed in our schools. Besides, those under graduates have been properly trained in morals, etc., and their influence is perceptible in the schools where they teach. Joseph D. Ricks, and Stephen A. Ricks did me good service last year. S. A. Ricks is still teaching. I wish I had more of your pupils for my colored schools. The more you can send, educated in the common English branches if they are to make citizens in the government. Our free institutions demand it. We must have an intelligent citizenship, if we are to have a happy, strong, and prosperous government.

It is an admitted fact that slavery is eternally dead; that the colored race is a race of moral and intellectual intelligences, that the negro can be taught to read, write, and work in figures; and that he can be instructed to the principles of political economy, morals, and religion. Therefore, the better he is instructed in these things the better citizen he will make, and the more able will he be to govern properly a ruling which is the life of a stable government. Hence it becomes the duty of every man, and of the government itself, to assist in the amelioration of the condition of the negro race. If we are to have free suffrage, we must have free education. We must educate or our republican fabric will fall like Roma did; only ours will be so much the greater as our advantages and privileges are greater. These views of mine have been hastily written, not having time to revise them.

Very respectfully,

D. C. MILLER,
Sept Smith Co.

It makes a woman tired and sweet,
It has a pleasure and a pain,
Of happy complaint too there.

6- Hand inside the body did send
Of dripping water.—sensing wisely—
Of which how it perched on an equal hill.

Or rely that it Paul's die but,
Or why-handed Paul's die but,
His actions, beckoning in present.

The fellet that he shyly blend,
Twixt thrench the air—lights on the list
Of acknowledgments, seems to be heard.

Two merry hearts that brightly blend,
Pierced with a feather-headed rated,—
A Cupid tugging here's just mend.

Love comes in something true
If love my face, in her love raise?"
Is still my only Valentine.

Ah! Phillp, do you adore think
Of painted shell,—a mill-pond brink,—
Forget-me-nots in shales stick?

'Tis well to love; 'tis well to pray
That God will give me luck, some day,
You and the heart you took away.
Godey's Monthly.

What Madam Talbot Saw.

BY MRS. HALLIE QUOTES.

It was my eighth birthday, October 25, 1797, and I was spending it at grandfather's, to me the most pleasant place in the world, because, being so far away from my home in Maryland, I had never before visited it, and, according to my notion of such things, it was as grand as a palace.

He lived in Alexandria, an old town in Virginia on the right bank of the Potomac, and eight miles below Washington city, then an insignificant village with scarcely more than the foundation flag of the now magnificent Capitol. Grandfather was a stage-and-coach builder and the big yard just behind his stone house was constantly filled by blacksmiths, trimming, and paint shops while within it stood great, heavy-looking, new and old family coaches in every condition, from the brand-new with polished panels and silver hinges that shone like mirrors to the tumble-down and nearly almost unfit for service. This was long before the invention of cars and railroads you know, as the only mode of travel was in some kind of a wheeled vehicle drawn by horses, or on a horse's back; and there were few families in Virginia who did not own at least a buggy or gig.

My playmate during the entire morning had been Anthony Harper, a boy from next door, only two years my senior, and so full of real sliding fun that the very sight of his face, even when in clumsy, would make me want to laugh.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when, all of a sudden, with playing wicked, diabolical practice, "Hot Butter in mine," and leap-frog, Anthony suggested: "O, let's play ball-ed. You be the Indians, and I'll be Daniel Boone!"

"My wife had returned in part by this time, and I hurriedly exhibited: "Anthony, pshaw! me. it's my birthday. We were playing Indians, and I got lost. Quick! come also me to grandma! I am not lonesome."

"Ice chile's got to go!" dora grandmammy," said old aunt Jean, putting down the I never, never seen in her unsteady arms. How I reached upon her broad bosom!

"No, you ain't no such thing, you poor little lost thing; but I wonder who you is anyhow. No, Nick, don't skurb middle tonight," as the pair lifted where a broad gravel walk he ached to the right and left. "Hit take her to my room and clean her face first."

It was not the first time I had been in the "nigro quarters"; in South-ern plantation, but none that I had ever seen like Miss Nelly Custis's, whom he laughed a great deal frequently looking at me, and then saying something in a language I did not understand. He was a large Washington Lafayette, possibly a few weeks at Mount Vernon with his tutor before he returned to his home in France. The General sat in a high-backed, leather-cushioned armchair, whose carved top of dark mahogany rose slightly above his beautiful white head. I remember thinking how black his voice was and when he smiled, which was once or twice at something Miss Nelly said, the expression of his entire face changed from grave to almost joyous. Miss Nelly had lovely brown eyes with little short curls hanging low over her forehead; while the body of her hair was drawn up into a loose knot and fastened upon the very top of her head with a white comb shaped like a butterfly.

Breakfast was soon over, and, Miss Nelly bidding me follow her, I went across a broad hall, in which hung a lamp that I asked like a small church, to the drawing-room. A fire was burning in the wide chimney. There was no carpet on the floor, but the dark boards shone as if they were varnished. One great window, that I thought had a hundred panes of glass in it, was open, and through it I saw the General with his cane in his hand, hat on, and a brown overcoat with broad pocket-flaps, talking to three colored men, who, standing bareheaded before him, seemed receiving orders. A little black boy about my size, with red caps on his straight fuzzy woolen shirt, was tumbling somersaults in the grass. The General poked at him two or three times with his cane, which made him squirm with laughter. Presently Miss Nelly said, "Would you like me to play for you, Patsy?"

The harpsichord before which she sat was the first one I had ever seen. Grandma had a *spinet*, but it was much smaller, and squeaked like a fine, cracked voice. Miss Nelly's sounded full and clear, and I thought the music most beautiful. There were two immense vases on the mantle-piece, painted like the Pot chromatic were now always, and between the m a candelabra with many candle-holders fringed with pendants of glass prisms around them, which sparkled in the sunlight like hundreds of rainbows. The mantle was oak, and very clear. Pretty soon Mrs. Washington came in, and, taking a big bellows from a nook in the child's-toy size, which stood inside a brass-wired border, she began to blow the smouldering fire into a bright blaze.

I felt entirely at home, somehow, for all about me was wonderfully quiet and pleasant; yet, child though I was, I instinctively knew that nothing vulgar or coarse could intrude there.

Being free and unreserved in my temperament, I chatted with the ladies familiarly,—little dreaming what distinguished personages history and coming years would make of them, or how I would one day regard this rare episode in my long life.

A tall, unhungary clock, standing in the hall with gilded Roman pendant on top of it struck nine, as Nick, mounted on a white horse, rode up to a block in the rear of the portico.

"Missus says, bring the little girl up to her, please, Miss Nelly," said a colored girl whom I had not seen before. Following my guide (whom by this time I had begun to love) up a staircase and along a wide entry, we entered a bedroom. I have an indistinct recollection of half curtains at the windows, through whose parted folds I caught a glimpse of the Potomac River, flowing at the foot of the hill, and of a large, dark bureau, with brass handles tied in bow-knots, and a pyramidal top wreathed in leaves and oak-leaves carved out of the same dark wood, and standing between the windows. A chest, quite as large as the bedroom in a seaside cottage, opened out of this chamber. Mrs. Washington advised me to take from it, and trying a plaid shawl of blue worsted and a small straw hat, which had doubtless been Miss Nelly's.

Patting these on me with a motherly fashion peculiar to great hearts such as hers, she said, "The roads are so muddy, little one, we will send you home before Nick, on a pillion. In the basket which he carries is a letter for your grandma and a lunch for you; should you get hungry on the way. You have been a brave girl, but be careful where you fall asleep next time."

It was the General himself who lifted me on the pillion, bidding Nick ride gently; and his beautifully unjointed figure was the last I saw, as we slowly rode down the hill to the ferry. I heard the tinkle of cattle bells through the woods, and passed a carriage containing two gentlemen, which was lumbering up the avenue; then the horse beginning a swift canter, we were soon beyond the precincts of Mount Vernon.

Seventy-three years between my first and last visit to that hallowed spot! Can you imagine a life-link so long; or with what varied emotions I again stood, only last summer, upon the identical room where those kindly, soft fingers fell shadowed my youthful form? More than two-thirds of a century had elapsed. Nineteen Presidents of these United States had filled their allotted period of public trust and honor, while the ashes of the greatest and best of them all (save one) lay in the marble sarcophagus on the hilltop beneath the shadow of his own loved home. In that very room, now so large and empty, I had played and the only thing within it on which I could fasten a thought was a framed newspaper containing a full account of his death, Saturday, December 14, 1799.

The lawn was there in the more then verdal loveliness of that October morning; but the hundred or more people scattered over it were, in the fashion of to-day, and seamed with idle curiosity the belongings of a new home, now but the relic of a past century.

The old clock still ticked the flying hours on the first landing of the winding staircase; To me it said, "Then and now, then and now;" and above the locked and always silent harpsichord I leant, a withered old woman, just where the merry little adventuress of only eight years had stood looking up into the blooming face of Miss Nelly Custis, and the old lady overcome by the one I had last seen on General Washington, hung on exhibition behind the glass doors of a huge cupboard, and before an antique mirror in the western parlor stood the very globe over which I had so delighted to pass my childish hands in the General's library, that long-ago morning. Externally, few things were changed. The carriage house, Mattie Ray's quarters, the walled-in garden, even the ivy and honeysuckle bushes, appeared just as they did to my youthful vision; but when I sat, pulling his mother's dress, said, "Look how often that old woman wipes her eyes," and she replied, "I guess the light hurts them," they little dreamed I was weeping over the tender and blessed memories of my resurrected childhood.—*Our Young Folks.*

The Story of a Nautilus.

I am the oldest nautilus alive. The youngest of my readers knows what a paper nautilus is. My home is a pearly shell. When the sea is smooth, and the sky is bright, I use my shell for a boat. I set my sail, and float over the waters as proudly as the swift ships of New York or Boston. When the clouds look black, and

the waves rise, I furl my sails and draw in my oars, and sink down among the coral groves at the bottom of the ocean. So my little vessel never fears the storms in which great ships are sunk.

It is not dull at the bottom of the sea. There are waving forests of fan coral of strange shapes. Great beds of bright sponges are spread over the sands, and a thousand sea-plants of all colors make our home as bright as the woods in fall. The purple mullet and gold fish are there; and many a bright creature darts about like a flash of light. There we see the wonders of the deep. The shark rushes by us, and we hide among the rocks. The cuttle-fish darkens the water with the inkstand of his ink; and there are mollusks who say they have peeped into the lair of the sea-serpent. Sometimes a great ship comes down among us, and we float in between the decks and play with her guns and her freight. But it is not to us as stout sailors dreamed with their vessels.

When there is a long storm, we tell each other about these wonders, and about wrecks and sea-fights. We love to hear about the old naval heroes of England—about Sir Richard Grenville and Sir Francis Drake and Humphrey Gilbert, who dared to cross the ocean in a boat of tentons. We were never tired of hearing how the brave Blake "lit his pipe near to heaven by sea as by land." We have heard of Blake, too, and of many a famous sailor besides. We know these things as well as your fathers and mothers do. You will wonder how we know them. But I will tell you that when a brave deed is done, or a brave word is spoken, the fishes in the sea, and the birds in the air hear of it and are glad of it. And when a hero dies, the winds among the pines on the hill-tops and the waves on all shores, repeat the great man's name.

I had always wished to see such a sea-hero and a naval fight, and I had my wish on a bright day in October.

The shadow of huge ships darkened the sea, and as I rose to the surface I heard the thunders of two great fleets closing in action. The vessels in one fleet were French and Spanish. The smaller fleet carried a flag with the cross of St. George. On the quarter-deck of one ship I saw a man with one arm and one eye. He wore a number of stars on his breast, and they were not needed to show him as a leader, for he looked like a King, and every sailor turned toward him, as if the fate of all rested upon him. Just as his ship came by me a new signal was run up. This is what the young nautilus must have heard it a hundred times. It was:

"England expects every man to do his duty."

I never shall forget the cheers that rung from the deck of every vessel, when the men saw this signal. I knew then that the Englishmen would beat.

For more hours I heard the smoke and darkness. The guns flashed and roared, but I could see nothing. When the smoke rose, I saw that many of the French and Spanish vessels were wrecks. Others were striking their flags. Some were crowding on all their sails to get away. One ship was without a flag, and I heard the one-armed commander forbid his men to fire on her. Just as they stopped firing a bullet from this ship struck him and he fell. His men carried him below. The battle went on, and many prizes were taken. I heard the sailor tell another that the wound of their leader had proved mortal. The wounded hero had called to his captain and said: "Kiss me, Hardy," and then died. His last word was "duty." I could not hear any more. The sky grew dark and the waves became rough, and I sank down to the bottom of the sea.

That night we mollusks met in the cabin of a great French ship-of-war, and talked over the fight. Then the oldest of the mollusks spoke. He used to tell us wonderful stories of the great sea-fights of other days. He said: "You have seen Lord Nelson of the Nile. He is the greatest sea-leader that I have ever seen, and as gentle as he is brave. All England will mourn for him." Then he told us that Nelson when he was young, took a vessel from a Plymouth captain. His friend had no fee to tender. When the captain told him that he was poor and needed the vessel to support his wife and children, Nelson gave her back.

The old Nautilus told of Nelson taking the fleet of Denmark. When his commander made a signal to retreat, Nelson turned his blind eye toward it and gained victory after victory. He was wounded and to come to see the last time and meet this great foe, he doubted about coming. But the lady that he loved told him to go. Then Lord Nelson said to her: "My choice were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons," and he came and died. "Now," said the old Nautilus, "your laws seem a little safer than I have ever seen, and you shall live till you have seen a greater naval hero than Lord Nelson."

That night the old sea-fires died.

A few years before this battle, I had seen a flag in my native sea bearing thirteen stripes and seventeen stars. It had added many stars since. When I first saw this ensign, it was before a pirate city in one of the Barbary States. I could tell you many stories about Stephen Decatur. They taught the pirates to respect those States. They set at liberty many slaves. When I saw this flag again, it was on a ship-of-war called the *United States*. She met a frigate named the *Macedonian*. She carried a gold crown flag. For the first time, I saw that flag hauled down. The stars and stripes rose above it.

I learned to love those stars.

After many years, I sailed, for the first time, across the Atlantic. Rounded to the shore of that dreary fog. I sailed along the gulf of Mexico till I reached Mobile Bay. Great forts were thundering from the shore. A fleet, with the flag that I loved was entering the bay. On the main-top of the fort most vessel I saw an old man lashed to the mast. He gave orders to his men, and guided the whole battle. I saw the light in his eyes, and a cold chill ran through me. Then I knew that I should die very soon, for I had been a greater naval hero than Nelson. But I knew also, that before I died, the FLAG which was borne by FARRAGUT should wave by land and sea over every inch of the old AMERICAN UNION.

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THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

[For the Southern Workman.]

The Two Ways.

In a place where two ways meet
I stood at early dawn,
Glistening beneath my feet
Was the bright dew of the morn.

One way was rough and rocky;
The other path met flowers sweet;
A low voice bade me choose the one,
Toward the other pressed my eager feet.

Gaily I wandered onward
Mid the beauties of each young flowers,
Giving little heed in my pleasure
To the worthy during hours.

I stood in the gathering twilight,
Of that path I and another day,
While garlands of withered flowers
Around my tempted lay.

"To-morrow," I said, "shall find me
In the path where duty leads;
For there's a neglect but fading joy
In all those flowery meads."

Gadly I rose in the morning,
And early I took my way,
And patiently up the rocky heights
I toiled the live-long day.

At even I stood in the twilight,
And as I knelt to pray,
A voice of matchless sweetness said,
"Well hast thou done to-day."

DALL DENNIS.

Religion in Daily Life.

It is a great error to regard religion as something distinct from common duties; as a concern for the Sabbath, and not for the week-day; as belonging to the sanctuary, and not to the store, the shop and the field. Some seem to be religious only at certain times and places, while at other times and places, they act as if wholly free from their obligations to God.

A man who had overloaded his horse, and was beating him unmercifully, when reminded by a neighbor that such conduct was inconsistent with his religious profession, replied, "Religion has nothing to do with it," as though in his view, religion applied to the services of the Sabbath, not to the occupations of the week; had to do with worship, not with any secular employment.

Another man, being reproved for some dishonorable transaction in business as inconsistent with religion, replied, "What has religion to do with business?"—just as if it pertained exclusively to our devotional exercises, and not at all to our business transactions, and, as if consequently, there were no incongruity in one's holding his place in the church, while he could not be trusted in the market.

A convert, speaking of his supposed change to a friend who had been one of his patiently-waiting creditors, that friend hinted that now perhaps he would see the propriety of paying up. "Oh!" was the instant reply, "I don't know about that; religion is religion, and business is business,"—thus overlooking the fact that it is as much a part of one's religious duty to pay his honest debts as to pray.

Now, it would doubtless be pleasing to the great adversary of souls to thus exclude religion from the daily life; to have it restricted to Sabbath and sacraments, chained, as it were, to the church and the altar, leaving men at all other times and in all other places, to live as they list, to slander in the social circle, to loiter in the field, or lie and cheat and steal in the market.

A superstitious Gypsy mother in Spain, said to her children, "You may go and steal, now that you have said your prayers." She thought that they had done with religion, and religion had done with them, as soon as they had gone through their appointed forms of prayer, so that they might steal as they pleased, until the time returned for repeating their forms of supplication. How opposed is such conduct to the religion of the Bible! This, so far from being a religion of mere ceremony, confined to any particular time or place, is a matter of all times, of all places, of all occasions, touching man's character and relations at every point, whether in the church or in this state; at the altar, the plough, the bench or the counter; the Divine command being, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do"—whatsoever within or without the walls of the sanctuary, pertaining to your devotional exercises, or business transactions—"do all to the glory of God." We are thus taught that religious has to do with us in each department of life; that, so far from ever sinking the Christian in the farmer, the trader, or the politician, we should be Christians in everything; ever having the sublime purpose of glorifying God, animating and controlling the whole man.

It is an utter mistake to suppose that we can set our supreme affections on the world in the hour of work, and then give the heart to God, as we ought in the hour of worship; that we can cheat our fellow-men six days in the week, and truly glorify our Maker on the Sabbath. As half a watch is no time-keeper, so religion thus cut, as it were, in twain, is no religion at all.

Why, what is religion but serving the Lord just as he requires? If, then, the Lord requires us to serve him only by faith and prayer, than that is the whole of religion. But if the Lord requires us to serve him by works as well as by faith, in business as well as in prayer; to live, as he teaches us in his word, "soberly, righteously and godly in this present world," amid all its temptations and toils and cares, as well as in the retirement of the closet, and amid the hallowed influences of the sanctuary, then one is as really a part of religion—a part of religion, too, in which we may as truly glorify God, as the other.

A Christian woman, who attended to her multitudinous domestic engagements as a part of the service which God required of her, remarked, "Oh! how glad it is to work all day for God, and not shut up the work and the world, and the heart and the soul, and the mind in her daily cares and occupations, when doing all with a single eye to the Divine glory. She testified that, performing her secular duties with such a high end and exalted spirit, helped her on toward heaven as well as prayer. And it is a precious truth that, not only amid woman's domestic drudgery, but also amid all the bustle and din of man's out-of-door avocations, there may be that spirit of devotion to the Master, which ennobles and sanctifies the whole, stamping it with the very image and superscription of heaven. And, in order to bless and save the world, it is of the highest importance to have Christianity thus translated into the daily life, applied to all the details of human affairs.

For the "Southern Workman."

Be Happy.

To be so, is the desire probably of every being that God has made capable of enjoyment. It is certainly the desire of mankind. Everybody wants to be happy, and yet, probably, the larger portion of the human family fail, to a certain extent, in their efforts. Why is this so? Is it because happiness is really beyond their reach? or is it that the way in which happiness is to be found is misunderstood? I think everyone may be happy even in the midst of adversity, if they would only seek their object in the right direction. One reason of our failure is the lack of observation, as to how happiness is to be found.

Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred persons have no other idea of happiness than that it is, somehow or other, associated with gain. "If I am rich, I shall be happy." Yet facts constantly prove, that there is really more enjoyment of life, among the poor than the rich! I suppose this arises from the fact that poverty oftener disciplines our minds to contentment with our lot, than wealth does. Hence the poor man is oftener content with his lot than the rich man, is with him, the true secret of happiness, then, is to be satisfied with the lot in which Providence has placed us. So says the Scripture: "Having food and raiment, therewith be content." So Paul learned and was happy. "A contented mind is a continual feast."

The Gospel of To-day.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

What if some robustious Christians are always thundering out from their conscience censorious remarks about other people; what if other men are narrow and sharp and stringent in their faith; what if other men are oppressed by God rigorous; what if other men lean and gaunt like an empty sack; what if other men are like a plump barrel too much filled; what if there are all manner of characters that lack the Christian graces, does anybody seeing their good works, want to glorify the Father which is in heaven? Do you suppose that when I see a frozen man I am wormed to glorify God? When I see men who profess to be religious, but whose life is devoid of the spirit of true religion, do not I say with all my heart, "Deliver me from religion, if that is religion!" But if I see a man who knows how to do good; if I see a man who, doing good does it from the love of doing it; if I see a man who, when reviled, reviles not again; if I see a man who is full of gentleness and sweetness and hope and faith, and who, when other men are alarmed, still goes about good, sweet, true, pure, loving, gentle, faithful to the end, I bow down at his feet, and say, "Where got you that spirit? Your God shall be my God." The gospel that we want to-day is the gospel of sweet manhood. We want a truly transparent gospel. We want a gospel that is translated. We want the gospel in its living forms.

One Drop at a Time.

Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You notice how it frose one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming; one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If such thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in geometry.

General Intelligence.

A Look around the World.

Latest and best authority gives the population of the globe at 1,350,200,000: in America, 72,800,000; in Europe, 297,000,000; in Asia, 796,500,000; in Africa, 188,000,000; in Australia and Polynesia, 2,800,000. These people speak about 3,600 different languages, and are cut up into 1,000 different religious sects. The adherents of the principal religions, counting the whole population, are supposed to be nearly thus: Greek Church, 69,692,700; six other Oriental Churches, 6,500,000; Roman Catholics, 195,000,000; Protestants, 97,130,000; Mohammedans, 160,000,000; Buddhists, 340,000,000; other Asiatic religions, 260,000,000; Pagans, 200,000,000; Jews, 6,000,000.

The whole number of languages and dialects into which the Holy Scriptures have been translated is two hundred and fifty-two. Of these, two hundred and five are versions prepared since the origin of Bible Societies, at which time the Scriptures had been translated into only forty-seven different languages. The two great Bible societies of the world, the British and foreign, and the American, have issued, of these, two hundred and forty-three. The greatest work of the American Bible Society has been the preparation of the Arabic Bible, by the Rev. Drs. Smith, and Van Dyck, which will go to 150,000,000 of Arabic-speaking people, and the Slavonic and Bulgarian Testament, which will supply 80,000,000

CHINA AWAKE.—The plan of the Chinese Government which sends one hundred boys to be educated in Massachusetts and Connecticut is significant. Its importance cannot be apprehended, nor can its results be foretold even by the most gifted seer. It indicates that at last such an impression has been made on the adamantine civilization of centuries, and that the traditional pride of a great people has been so sapped that it is willing not only to learn from, but to be educated by "outside barbarians." These boys are to be the future rulers of China, as statesmen, educators, or managers of industrial organizations. Wisely it has been decided to educate them in New England families, that they not only learn but be trained. Great is the responsibility of these families to whom the providence of God may bring these heathen. A greater than the Chinese Government is saying unto them, "Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Japanese, Chinese costumes and Bedouin Arabs from ostrich pens to tea stores, work nearly as rapidly as their fingers. Short and cramped as ours are in their stiff leather shoes, we have scarcely any will power over them. But the Chinese and Japanese workmen actually pick up tools with their toes, and work with them thus inspelled, while other operations are conducted with other instruments in their hands. In Constantinople, we have often seen shawls held by a long handle with the left hand, while the toes guided the cutting edge in turning beautiful forms in a lathe. Arabs braid reins with their fingers and toes, laboring in concert.

Gems.

The Bible teaches as the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—*Flavel.*

What does happy mean? A little girl lately said it is "to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

The poorest education that teaches self-control, is better than the best that neglects it.

Wisdom is, I suppose, the right use of knowledge. Many men know a great deal, and are all the greater fools for what they know. There is no fool so great a fool as a knowing fool. But to know how to use knowledge is to have wisdom.

He that refuses to forgive an injury breaks the bridge that he will one day want to cross himself. He who has not forgiven an enemy, has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.

A clergyman once said: "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for my Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that my Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.—Consider a heavenly mind (says Richard Baxter) as a joyful mind, this is the nearest and the truest way to comfort; and without this you must needs be uncomfortable. Can a man be at a fire and not be warm? Can your heart be in heaven and not have comfort? What could make such frozen, uncomfortable Christians, but living so far as they do from heaven? If we would keep but these hearts above, what a spring would be within us; and all our graces be fresh and green!

Temperance.

THE WHOLE TRUTH IN A NUT-SHELL.—At a temperance meeting, an honest German was asked to speak, and after some hesitation did so in the following exhaustive manner:

"I shall tell you how it was. I put my hand on my head, was von big pain. I put mine hand on my body, and dere was another. There was very much pains in all my body. Then I put mine hand in my pocket, and there was nothing. Now there ish no more pain in my head. The pains in my body are all gone away. I put mine hands in my pockets, and dere ish twenty tollars. So I shall sthay mid de temperence." Aside from the moral aspects of the question, the Dutchman's "experience" tells the whole story.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SERMON.—It is a good one, and we wish that all our young folks, especially the boys, would heed it. Here it is:—"Don't driuk; don't smoke; don't chaw; don't swear; don't gambla; don't cheat. Love your fellowmen, as well as God. Love virtue and be happy.

BLACK BUT BRAVE.—A mastercooper called upon a block men in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. The black asked for what purpose he wanted the timber, and received for an answer, "I have a contract for a thousand *whisky* barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and want money, but no man shall hay a stave from me for that purpose."

The cooper was indignant to meet with such stern reproach from a black, and called him a "nigger."

"That is very true," mildly replied the other. "It is my misfortune to be a negro; I can't help that; but I earn help selling my timber to make whisky barrels, and I *mean to do it.*"

AN EYE OPENER.—"I will tell you," said a gentleman not long since, when conversing with a friend on temperance, "how much it cost me to open my eyes on this subject. I commenced housekeeping with a bountiful supply of liquors; I continued in this way until my son became a drunkard. *Then* my eyes were opened."

He who never tastes liquor cannot be a drunkard. There is no danger to one who never touches; there is no safety to anyone who begins to taste.

Let the youth who stands with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away, the liquor or himself.

As a gentleman was telling his friend that a mutual acquaintance was sent to the penitentiary for grand larceny, the latter was asked why he did not bail him out. "Bail him out!" he replied, "why, you could not pump him out."

A liquor dealer at Niagara Falls, last week thought to make a hit in the advertising line by hiring a peripatetic Hibernian to carry about the streets a transparency setting forth the goodness and abundance of his liquors. A temperance party, however, chartered a boy to follow with a transparency reading: "Cursed be he that putteth the cup to his brother's lips." It was the general conclusion that the boy behind was ahead of the boy in front.

FACTS CONCERNING TOBACCO.—The New York "Commercial Advertiser" furnishes the following catechetical statement relating to the consumption of tobacco:

"Mr. A., how many kiuds of tobacco do you recognize in commerce?"

"Two; chewing and smoking."

"How about snuff?"

"That's included with the chewing tobacco."

"To what countries do we export tobacco?"

"We send about 25,000 hogsheads to France (a hogshead weighs from 800 to 1600 pounds), 10,000 to Spain, 15,000 to Italy, 15,000 to Germany, 5,000 to Austria, and from 30,000 to 40,000 to England."

"How much tobacco do we consume in this country simply for chewing and smoking?"

"140,000,000 pounds. This at 15 cents per pound, would amount to $21,000,000, which goes into the hands of the producer. $40,000,000, I should say, goes to the retail dealer. This for chewing and smoking alone, and that is only the commencement of the story. You would despair at the smoking statistics."

"Well, how many cigars were smoked last year?"

"According to Gen. Pleasanton, who collected the tax on them, there were 1,332,246,000 cigars used last year. These 1,332,246,000 cigars were undoubtedly retailed at 10 cents a piece. So we smoked up, in this country last year, $133,224,000 worth of tobacco."

"How much was spent for flour, then?"

"Oh, I suppose about $200,000,000."

"Now that little $133,224,000 was paid out for cigars only; how much would it be for chewing tobacco, snuff and cigars?"

"As near as I can estimate it, about $250,000,000."

Trifles.

THE UNIVERSAL SCRATCHER.—The time-honored story about the Rev. Sidney Smith is always in season. He used to say: "I am for all cheap luxuries, even for animals. Now, all animals have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down your gates and your palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratcher—a sharp-edged pole, resting on high and low posts, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Yan have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."

There is a Western story of a man who was too lazy to work, and whose neighbors, being tired of keeping him, determined to drown him. Meeting the Squire, his pity was touched. "Set him down," he said: "I'll give him a load of corn to keep him alive." The victim raised his head from the hiers of Shelled, Squire?" No. The head dropped again. "Drive on, boys, then."

A citizen of Rutland, Vermont, standing near some platform scales, asked a colored individual, "Can a nigger weigh hogs?" To which the colored man replied, "Put yourself on dem scales and see if he can't."

Wants.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED.—A good, trusty colored man to live in my family; his work to be chiefly to take charge of two horses, drive them, and take care of the yard, &c.: a quiet, good-natured man, willing to make himself generally useful. I would pay him well. Address with references,
DANIEL E. DAY,
Providence, Rhode Island.

WANTED.—A young colored man who understands blacksmithing can obtain a good situation at the Hampton Normal School.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED.—A situation at the North, to do cooking and washing, by a colored woman, with excellent references. A country home preferred. Address Julia Banks, office "Southern Workman," Hampton, Va.

WANTED.—In April or May, a situation as chambermaid and waitress, in the same town with the boys, by a colored woman, with excellent references. Address Mary Harris, office "Southern Workman," Hampton, Va.

WANTED.—Samuel Scotland, (colored) of Hampton, Va., 21 years old, a good butler, farmer, and man of all work, desires to go North to secure employment; leaves family which he will leave here. Address Samuel Scotland, Hampton Post Office.

Note.—I think this applicant an honest and faithful man.
R. C. ARMSTRONG.

JOHN T. BENTLEY,
WATCHMAKER
AND
JEWELLER,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver, and Plated Ware Sold and Repaired.
Fancy Goods of all kinds constantly on Hand.
Cake, Candy, Confectionary, and General Furnishing Store.
Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

FOR SALE.
A HOUSE AND LOT OF LAND on easy terms, situated on the south side of Hampton Creek, near the Hampton Normal School. Address
WARREN HALL,
At Marion Railway,
Hampton, Va.

INFORMATION WANTED!

Mr. Jordan Williams, of Norfolk, Va., desires to obtain information of his lost boy, DILAN WILLIAMS, who very mysteriously left home one year and a half ago, and has not been heard from since that time. He was thirteen years of age last May; of dark complexion; about four feet in height; small, active boy; rather timid in countenance, having his head down a little enveering to any one.

His father and mother are very anxious to learn as to the whereabouts of their child, as he left in Petersburg, but no certainty as to the above statement can be ascertained.

Any information as to the above will be thankfully received if addressed to
JORDAN WILLIAMS,
Norfolk, Va.,
Care of M. L'Hommedieu.

THE
Illustrated Christian Weekly,
FOR 1873.
will continue to merit the claim of its critics to be the "handsomest illustrated paper in the world." New portraits of eminent men, equal to those already given of Beecher, Spurgeon, Lowell Mason, and others, are in preparation. Religious work, by Joseph Cook, social and domestic life, scenery in this and other lands, events of the day, are among the topics which will be illustrated. Also, fine stories by such artists as Darley, Herrick, Beard, Dixon, and others. The number of the paper will contain seven or more finely executed engravings.

In the literary department, Dr. C. S. Robinson, whose oriental sketches have been an acceptable feature of the paper the present year, will furnish a series descriptive of life and customs in the East. On the conclusion of John S. C. Abbotts's fascinating "History of William the Conqueror," other historical sketches from the same masterly pen will be forthcoming. S. E. Todd will give us descriptions of medium-priced houses, and show how to build them cheaply. Contributions may also be expected from Rev. Drs. Theodore L. Cuyler, Howard Crosby, Jas. G. Craighead, Cyrus Hamlin, J. E. Rankin, Profs. H. M. Baird and W. C. Wilkinson, Jessie Ashton, A. L. Noble, Mrs. E. L. Beers, Mrs. A. E. Barr, Mrs. M. E. Miller, Mrs. M. A. Denison, and other popular writers.

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ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1865.
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paid on sums of five dollars or more. All deposits payable on demand, with interest due.
All accounts strictly private and confidential.
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BRANCH OFFICES
in all the larger cities of the South and Southwest.
THIS GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
established by the authority of the United States Government for the benefit of the Freedmen, known no distinction of race or color, and offers its great advantages to all classes alike.
SAVE THE SMALL SUMS.
Cut off your vices—don't smoke—don't drink—don't buy Rotary tickets. Put the money you save into the
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J. W. ALVORD, *President.* H. C. PEGUY, *Cashier.*
M. L'HOMMEDIEU, *Asst. Cashier.*

THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY.
The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.
The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,257,267.87, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balances due depositors at the close of the present year.
There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent., and the amounts paid since March, 1871, has been $218,213.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of fact, liable to all correspondents, depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $2,000,000 deposited.
The Bank pays six per cent. interest
on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass-Book only.
Special arrangements are made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.
Certificates of deposits issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.
ACCOUNTS TRANSFERRED,
at request of depositors, from Branches where kept in any other Branch without risk or trouble, and *without loss of interest.*
For full information about the Bank address the Attorney at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent on any one application.
Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.
The Central office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.
Any information required may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or B. L. Eaton.

TAKE NOTICE,
NORTHERN EMPLOYERS
AND
Southern Workers.
Advertisements from colored people wishing situations at the North, will be inserted in the "Southern Workman" free of charge. If accompanied by references from responsible persons, the fact will be stated. Advertisements from employers for colored servants will be received at our usual charge of fifty cents.
Until further notice, parties North and South, wishing to communicate with the Editor of this paper, can do so by letter to the "Southern Workman."

INFORMATION WANTED!
Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of a lad named Jacob Hunt. He strayed from his home in April, 1869, being then about 14 years of age. His home is in Danville, Davie County, N. C. Any one giving Lambert any information on the subject may do so by letter to the "Southern Workman." Any news will be gladly received by his uncle, if addressed to
GEORGE GODWIN
Norfolk, Va.
Care of M. L'Hommedieu.

THE
SOUTHERN WORKMAN,
DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1873. NO. 3.

For "The Southern Workman."

Hearth and Home.

In the tender hours of the springtime,
When the life of the year is young,
To a wonderful heavenly music,
The harp of the earth is strung.
On chord is of children's laughter
And the rustle of birds on the wing,
And one of the violet's whisper
And happy voices that sing.
Strong and sweet is the music
Floating up to Heaven's blue dome;
And it carries our thanks to our Father
For His blessings of Hearth and Home.

In days that are golden with sunshine,
In nights that are dewy and sweet,
When through the long, scented grasses
We wander with lingering feet;
When the garden is crimson with roses,
And the fields with the daisies are white,
When the earth is so fair that we fear
To be blinded with too much light,
Strong and sweet is the music
Floating up to Heaven's blue dome,
And it carries our thanks to our Father
For His blessings of Hearth and Home.

When the grapes hang in purple clusters,
When the corn in the ear is gold,
When the toiler comes home from the harvest
And the sheep lie safe in the fold,
Tired hands may rest from labor
Under skies that are soft with haze,
Peace on earth brings hope in heaven,
Happy homes are God's best praise;
Strong and sweet is the music
Floating up to Heaven's blue dome,
And it carries our thanks to our Father
For His blessings of Hearth and Home.

Swift at last sweeps down the storm-king,
Rough child of the summer's grave,
And the frost, with crisp, cold fingers,
Veils in snow the earth's dead face.
Close we gather round the hearth-stone,
Faithful hands clasp close and warm;
Love and Duty, strong, fair angels,
Guard the home from sin and harm;
Strong and sweet is the music
Floating up to Heaven's blue dome,
And it carries our thanks to our Father
For His blessings of Hearth and Home.

The Royal Picture.

The six distinguished personages in the picture before us are well known to the whole civilized world, either by reason of their high rank or their brilliant achievements in the service of their respective governments. The three who are sitting in the foreground are the emperors who, at present, rule the three great European countries, Austria, Germany, and Russia. Behind the sovereigns stand the chief officials of their kingdoms, Prince Bismarck of Germany, Count von Beust of Austria, and Prince Gortschakoff of Russia. The picture was taken at a time during the past summer, when the emperors and their ministers had met together for a State Council in one of the smaller German towns, and the portraits are faithful representations of their originals. The Emperor William, of Germany, is the oldest of the group, being something over seventy years of age, but in spite of this he was constantly in the field during the late Franco-German war and endured himself greatly to his people by his energy and courage. The reign of the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, has been made famous principally by his emancipation of the serfs or slaves who, until a few years ago, could be legally held in all parts of the Russian dominion. The Emperor of Austria is not a man of great ability, and since his accession to the throne there have been no great events in the history of the Austrian kingdom.

Of the three ministers, the most celebrated is Prince Bismarck, whose diplomacy and astuteness have gained for him a great name in the political history of Europe, while his capacity for work is enormous, especially when his advanced age if considered. In fact, all these men are hard workers, for their position rather increases than decreases their responsibilities, and no one need envy them on account of their fancied ease and luxury. They have their full share of the trials of mortality; and the great English poet Shakspeare, showed his knowledge of human nature and its temptations, when he wrote his famous line,

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Simple Laws of Health.

On rising in the morning, the first thing to do is to throw open the bedclothes. As soon as you are dressed, carry them to an open window, with the pillows and night-dress, so that they all may have a thorough airing. If you sleep on a hair matress, it should be turned every day before the bed is made up afresh. If on a straw or feather bed, it should be thoroughly shaken and beaten. Once a week, it and the pillows — the cases taken off, should be exposed to the sun for several hours on a board or sheet, because the sun and air carry off all the impurities of the skin — perspiration, etc., which get into the bedding — and make it pure and sweet.

Once a day, in the morning before dressing, every part of the body should be washed in clean water. It is better to use it with the chill taken off, especially in winter, for then no strength is lost in getting upon reaction. Sponge quickly, using either a sponge or wash cloth, and rub briskly with a coarse towel afterward. It is more comfortable to wash one part at a time, an arm or a leg, for instance, and then dry that, before taking another part. The face and hands should always be washed in cold water.

Be very particular that the ears and nails are cleaned every morning; for the latter a blunt ended pair of scissors, or a blunt knife blade may be used — never anything sharp, as that injures the nail.

The teeth should be brushed with a soft brush twice a day; once in the morning, with some simple tooth powder, and again at night with pure water only. Great care must be taken to brush thoroughly around the back teeth, so that no particles of food be left in them, as that causes their decay almost sooner than anything else. In brushing, brush up and down mostly, as brushing sideways is apt, after a while, to wear the teeth in ridges. If a pick is used, let it either be of quill or a small, pointed piece of smooth, soft wood. On no account ever pick your teeth with a pin, as the metal of which pins are made, is injurious to the enamel covering the teeth, and causes them to decay.

Brush the hair well at night, and in the morning combat oil put it up neatly. The brushing keeps the head clean, and prevents the hair from falling out. The brushes and combs should be washed every fortnight. Put twenty drops of hartshorn into a basin of cold water, and agitate the brushes and combs in it until all the dirt is cleansed from them. It takes but a few minutes. Then rinse them thoroughly in cold water, wipe, and put in the sun to dry. If you have flower beds, the water in which the brushes have been washed makes an excellent manure for them.

If possible, secure a full hour for dressing in the morning, even if you are obliged to get up earlier than you otherwise would, so as to dress without a scramble. It is a very good plan to put your clothes which you take off at night neatly upon a chair, so that they will be ready to put on without delay in the morning.

Chew well in eating, eat slowly, and take small mouthfuls. There is a juice in the stomach, which takes hold of the food as soon as it enters, called the gastric juice. It prepares the food for further digestion. Now, if the food be sent into the stomach by slow degrees, and in small pieces, this gastric juice has a chance thoroughly to act upon it; whereas, if the food comes bolting into the stomach in a lump, only the outside gets the benefit of the action of the juice, it goes out of the stomach indigested, and then you suffer from dyspepsia, which is only another name for indigestion.

When you require medicine, by all means apply to a regular doctor, then you will be safe; and, whatever you do, never, under any circumstances use the quack remedies we hear so much of. In nine cases out of ten the people who have used them have been made worse instead of better. It is a very dangerous thing to do. The men who have them only want to make money, and put in they do not know what, nor you either. So be warned, and let them entirely alone.

The dress should always be loose, so as to give free play to the organs — lungs, heart, etc. We are very delicately put together, and a pressure about the waist shoves the organs out of place, and then follows inflammation and much suffering. Sensible people do not think a small waist a beauty at all; quite the contrary.

In our variable climate, warm underclothing is very necessary; nor is it quite safe to leave them off even in summer; then very thin ones should be worn. They are a great protection against such diseases as dysentery.

The feet should always be kept warm and dry. On going out, should the ground be the least damp, india rubbers should be worn, and if it be wet, india-rubber boots are the best things to wear.

Unless you are especially delicate, you should take a brisk walk every day. When it storms, you need not stay at home, but be sure to protect yourself properly, and go out. Twenty minutes at least, should be spent in the fresh air, daily.

Avoid draughts as much as possible. If you are liable to sore throat, put half a tea-spoonful of salt into a tumbler of water, and gargle with it freely night and morning. That will strengthen the throat.

A ROYAL COUNCIL.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

This great hero of modern history was born in the island of Corsica, August 15, 1769. He was educated in various military schools, and as soon as he attained his manhood, entered the French army, with which he served through the Revolution of 1792. At that time he was strongly democratic in his views, and his brilliant conquests and well-planned campaigns gave him such influence over the French people, that in 1799 he succeeded in causing himself to be proclaimed first consul of the republic, which was just then established. His policy soon became evident, and his immense ambition for himself and for France, startled the whole world, for he hesitated at no measure, at home or abroad, by means of which he fancied he could attain his ends. In 1802, he was proclaimed consul for life, and to this period of his reign France owes much, for he devoted himself to her real interests, introducing a new code of civil law and organizing schools and colleges upon a liberal basis. In 1803, England proclaimed war against him, and, in 1804, he reached the summit of his desires, and was crowned in the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, "the high and mighty Napoleon I, Emperor of the French." Upon this bold act, followed that succession of European wars which convulsed the continent until, in 1814, the allied armies of Europe overcame the French forces, and entering Paris took Napoleon prisoner, banishing him to the island of Elba. He had, a few years previous to this, divorced his wife, Josephine, and married Maria Louisa, an Austrian princess, by whom he had one son, who was born in 1811 and died in 1822 without succeeding to any of his father's greatness. In 1815, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and rejoining his army in France, marched triumphantly to Paris, deposed the king Louis XVIII, reorganized the government, and once more prepared to meet his enemies. On June 18th, he encountered the allied armies once again, and on the field of Waterloo, was entirely defeated by the English under Wellington. On the 22d of the same month he signed his final abdication, and was carried as prisoner of war to the island of St. Helena, where he died in 1821.

"Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a road his own,
And borrowed from his enemies
Six feet of ground to lie upon.
He fought in many a thousand wars,
And more than half the world was his.
And some where now in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhaps, what greatness is."

History.

In order to be capable of judging of the progress of mankind, of the growth of civilization, the prospects for the future, or the needs of the present, an acquaintance with history is indispensable, for in its pages do we find recorded for us, the facts from which we draw the conclusions that enable us to benefit by the experience of past generations. Without a knowledge of the history, not only of his own country, but of all countries and all ages, no man is fit to deal with the questions which are constantly arising in national and even in local politics, and this branch of education is one, which it is fortunately in the power of each individual to follow up for himself or herself, without the direct aid of teachers or school facilities. A habit of intelligent reading is all that is required, for so many excellent and trustworthy books are now published, and easily attainable that all who have the desire may, without much difficulty, become well-read in general history, both ancient and modern. In this way the great events and famous characters of the world become familiar, and from the mistakes and successes of the past, may be drawn lessons of immediate, practical value.

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.
R. C. ARMSTRONG, } Editors.
RICHARD TUMAN, }
J. F. B. MARSHALL, Business Manager.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

"The Southern Workman" should enter every hamlet and cabin. Agents are needed in every county and town in the South. Liberal terms are offered to all who aid in circulating this paper.

Specimen copies sent upon application.

To secure safety, it is important that money should be sent by checks, Post-office orders, or registered letters. Write plainly; give name in full, and name of Post-office, County, and State to which the papers are to be sent.

For further information, address

J. F. B. Marshall, Business Manager.

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, MARCH, 1873.

We know that most of our readers will feel it to be cause for congratulation that the last month of winter is fairly past, and that we may now begin in earnest our preparations for spring. Since the opening weeks of December we have had a continuance of severely cold and stormy weather which has broken up, to a greater or less extent, all the ordinary means of communication throughout the country, and greatly taxed the resources of the people, to many of whom three months of such unusual weather as we have this year had, means three months of real suffering and privation. Illness is more frequent and fatal in such extreme seasons, work is more difficult to get and to do, all the expenses of a family increase, and there are never any terrifying advantages of any kind. Therefore we are all of us inclined to welcome the return of spring with real gratitude and open our doors and windows to the reviving sun with a thankful consciousness that the most trying months of the year are over and done with.

Turn is, or should be, a busy time for all classes of working people, and in our Agricultural and Household columns may be found some useful hints in regard to the labors of the farm and the household. Cleaning needs to be done outside the house as well as in, at this season, and no farm or garden is so small but that an early crop may be got from it by good management and foreknowledge. There are few faults more dangerous than procrastination, and if we put off beginning our work in the spring it will get so far ahead of us that we shall not overtake it through the year, but shall drag on in a shiftless fashion, doing to-day what ought to have been done day before yesterday, until we have to appreciate the fact that lost time is never found again. The new-born activity of the natural world ought to inspire us too, with new energy, and we should throw off the sleepiness of winter as the trees and plants throw off the bands of frost, and like them too we should be able in good season to show the fruit of our timely labors, so that in August we may not have to regret the neglected duties of March.

The congregation worshipping in the Bethesda Chapel at Hampton were highly favored the last Sabbath in February. In the morning, that noble Apostle of Temperance, Rev. Dr. Chickering of Washington, preached an excellent sermon on the proper care of the body, taking for his text, *1 Cor.* 9:27—"I keep under my body." We regret that, as the paper is now ready for press, we have not space to insert such a sketch of this sermon as its merits demand. It was so apt in scripture quotations, so replete with anecdotal illustrations, so rich in telling hits against the evils resulting from the want of proper dress, ventilation and cleanliness, and from indulgence in narcotics and intoxicating drinks; so forcible in reasons for presenting the body a living sacrifice to God, as to be admirably fitted for good.

In the evening we were highly gratified also in hearing Rev. Mr. Porter of Lexington, Mass., discourse upon Palestine, the land of the Bible, where, in his travels, he had gathered many incidents illustrating and confirming the sacred record. The address was a very happy one, of charming freshness, serving to quicken an interest in God's Word, and deepen our impression of its precious truth.

On Friday, Feb. 7th, an Investigating Committee of the House of Delegates, viz., the Hon. Peter K. Jones, Hon. John W. B. Matthews, Hon. Peter J. Carter, Hon. John G. Brown, and Hon. James H. Noble, visited the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, inspected all its departments, listened to several recitations, and declared themselves much pleased with all they saw. At the close of the afternoon session Mr. Jones addressed the school in some remarks which we regret not having room to report in full. He compared the situation of those before him with his own condition in early life; expressed his approbation of our industrial training, and urged the scholars never to be ashamed of labor. Mr. Matthews and Mr. Brown followed; and all were listened to with great interest. Mr. Carter who was called for energetically by his former colleagues, declined to address them, but promised always to do what he could for the benefit of the school.

The committee left after expressing their complete approbation of all that they had seen, and their intention to give cordial support to the Institution and the cause which it represents.

The Freedman's Bank.

The January interest paid at the Norfolk branch of this bank amounted to $3,374.72; the interest paid for the year ending January 1st was $6,563.09; and the total interest paid since the Bank opened in 1865, has reached the handsome sum of $221,531.92. These are certainly *interesting* facts, and speak volumes in praise of the depositors, who have made such facts possible.

The Hampton Students.

Many months ago, it became apparent to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute that the rapid increase of the school produced by the eagerness of the colored people for education, would speedily necessitate the erection of new buildings, and the unexpected rush of applicants for admission at the beginning of the present term, made delay seem almost criminal. As the school settled into shape, it was found that the special need was for a chapel, dining-room, and girls' dormitory, to be under the same roof, and provide accommodation for 300 boarders, and the plans for a edifice building for these purposes having been obtained, the expense of erection was estimated at about $75,000. To whom were we to look for such a sum as this? How, when and where were we to gather it, so that the bounteous result might not be too long deferred, were questions which stared us in the face, and drove us finally to the conclusion upon which we are now about to act, and of which we desire to say something to the friends of the Hampton School. Encouraged by the advice and experience of others, and made bold by faith, we have organized from among our students, a band of singers, sixteen in number, who are now about to make their *début* before the public as The Hampton Students, and in the name of their school and their people, beg a few minutes' hearing from you, to us the money which is so greatly needed. They will appear in New York and Brooklyn, at Steinway Hall, Academy of Music, and at other places, to be advertised in the City papers. They will go from New York to Boston, and if success is in store for them, will ultimately test the resources of the European continent. All who have heard them, believe that their music has an intrinsic value and power which can scarcely fail to attract attention and draw profitable audiences, for the training which they have received, has developed and harmonized their voices without detracting from the originality, which is their chief charm. Their collection of songs and "spirituals" is very large, and has grown in a curious fashion from the old associations and vivid recollections of the singers. One by one new treasures have been added, from a quaint hymn, unpremised in some moment of supreme joy or danger, and caught up by some listening child; there, a resonant chorus, whose wild strength has been echoed back from the walls of some lit eglise, and the stillness of half-tropical forests. "I'm weary; good-night, good-night," was brought to us by one of our boys who tells very simply his own remembrance of it: "This was first sung," he says, "by a man, who, during the war, ran away and left two children; soon afterward he returned for them, and as he crossed the creek which lay 'tu his path, he sang in a whisper to the friends that he felt were standing on the other side. I have never heard of him since, but as we stood on the bank he took my hand and said, "I'm weary; good-night." By such natural channels as these our songs have come to us, and we feel that many of them have some story or special interpretation which greatly enhances their effect. "Hammering" tells in strange alternation of mourning solo and dull, wailing chorus the story of the Crucifixion, and carries in its mournful minors the unmistakable impress of its origin. "Then my little soul goin' to shine, shine," is full of that joy of assured redemption which was not seldom granted to a people whose experience of life led them to look beyond it for their happiness, and indeed, these hymns, with their melodies, furnish almost a history of the days when slavery marked men and women with its terrible seal. Those days are past, but much of the need which they created still remains, and it is, so far as may be, to supply that need, that we send our students out, asking for them at the outset, the attention which we feel they and their cause deserve. It is no small task that has been set before them, but we trust they will find a warm welcome waiting for them, whereby they may be encouraged to do their best, and by dint of honest work, to earn for themselves and their school, tangible evidence of the approval of the Northern public.

On behalf of the Trustees,

S. C. Armstrong,
Secretary and Principal.

[We make no apology for occupying so large a space in the columns of "The Southern Workman" with notices of the Normal School band of which we have so recently left us, believing that all our readers will be interested to learn of their movements, of the way they have acquitted themselves, and the reception they have met. Below will be found extracts from Washington and Philadelphia papers, where they have given concerts.]

THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE.

On Thursday, the 13th, the Hampton Students started for Washington, where they gave their first concert. For several days previous there had been some excitement felt and expressed over the departures of "our singers," and although the skies were unpropitious, they started off in good spirits, followed by the cheers of the school, and a short ride to Washington brought them to their journey's end, and they were soon comfortably settled at the Howard University, where they have been hospitably entertained. Saturday morning they had a rehearsal in Lincoln Hall, and from there went to the White House, where an interview with the President had been arranged. They were introduced by Gen. Howard, and after having sung several of their hymns, Gen. Armstrong made a short speech, in the course of which, he appealed to the President, as one who knew what emancipation was, for sympathy for our Hampton boys who have been living in tents during the winter. The President seemed much interested, and made the following speech to the students.

PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

"It is a privilege for me to hear you sing, and I am grateful for this visit. The way you have begun to live is excellent, not only good for *your* people, but for all the people, the nation at large. The education you aim at, will fit you for the duties and responsibilities of citizens, for all the work of life.

"I wish you abundant success wherever you go, and success to those you represent in reaching a high degree of knowledge and usefulness."

Although the evening was unpleasant, the students went to a well-filled house and an appreciative audience. The "Milk-White Horses," "In Search of Liberty," "If you want to see Jesus, go in the Wilderness," and "Gideon's Band," "Farewell," were greeted with rounds of applause, and they were obliged to repeat them. It was certainly remarkable that young singers who had never appeared before an audience, should have been so free from stage-fright and embarrassment, and the perfect time they kept without the aid of an instrument, spoke well for the training they had received. In every way, they made an excellent beginning, and there is every reason to hope for their success. Gen. Armstrong and Gen. Howard each said a few words at the close of the concert, and were enthusiastically cheered.

On Monday morning the Students went to the Capitol, and having visited the House and the Senate, climbed up into the dome, where they sang "The Church of God;" the effect was wonderful, and the people came thronging into the rotunda to listen and gave them the heartiest applause. They then went out on to the old rafters, but they threw them back gloriously, and seemed to ring triumphantly through the halls.

The Hampton Students are to give two more concerts in Washington and then will start for Philadelphia reaching New York the 1th of March.

CONCERTS OF THE PRESS.

[From the Washington "Chronicle," Feb. 14, 1873.]

The Hampton Students sang last night to a crowded house, and made an impression that the citizens of Washington will not forget. The opening chorus, "Hail! Hail! Hail!" was sustained by over thirty voices, and made the hall ring. "Milk-White Horses," "Milk-White Horses," a strange, weird, wild improvisation, held the audience under a magical spell. A beautiful "Farewell" was sung by the Choral Song, and afforded a pleasant variety. It was rendered by male voices most effectively. "In Search of Liberty," a most touching, spiritual, closing chorus brought down the house. It was irresistible, and demanded and received an encore. We need not mention all the rich and beautiful variety, but cannot forbear noticing an exquisitely pathetic rendering of "Coming Home," a curious and intricate round, "The Mill Wheel," and the "Great Glittin'-up Morning." The last named chorus is a most wonderful thing as we ever heard of the kind. The words are an epic —a remarkable specimen of a literature nearly unknown to the public—while the music was an expression of passionate earnestness that to Washington audiences is refreshing enough. Those who failed to hear these wonderful songsters have missed a rare chance, and can only return disappointed by attending the concert which will come off next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at Lincoln Hall.

[From the Washington "Chronicle," Feb. 17, 1873.]

A large and appreciative audience gathered in Lincoln Hall last night to listen to the second concert of these interesting young vocalists. The first piece on the programme, "De Winter 'll Soon be Over," and the second, "Humble Yourself, de Bell dun Rung," though pleasing renderings, were not remarkable merely, but the next piece, "Dust and Ashes fly over my Grave," with its chorus, "He Rose from the Dead," was really beautiful, and very effectively rendered, as was also the fifth, "I Hope my Mother will be There," which was enthusiastically encored. "John Saw de Holy Number Sittin' on de Golden Altar," "Roll Me, Chariot, Roll Me," and the most characteristically African chorus, "In de Great Glittin'-up Mornin'," and a freedom song, air "Dearest May," solo, sung with much spirit, and with noticeable distinctness of articulation, filled up the first part.

The most noteworthy things in the second part were the "Hailstone Chorus," a marvel of male voices, in which the skillful management of the falsetto and the rich bass were specially effective; a solo, "Going Down with Willie," was warmly encored; "De My Little Soul Gwine to Shine," and "Who'll Join de Union." The chorus of "Hammering," and one or two of the others, afforded as rich a harmony of voices as we have often listened to. In fact, without indulging any invidious comparisons with other troupes, we would say that all who enjoy nature as to music should not fail to avail themselves of the last opportunity, for the present, at least, of hearing this troupe this evening; to say nothing of the fact that everyone who patronizes them aids one of the most deserving institutions for education of freedmen. Considering that this is their first appearance in public, their correct time, skill, and taste in rendering so truly wonderful, with their numbers, and the manner in which the parts are balanced, enable them to render their performances in a manner altogether unique than is possible with a smaller troupe.

[From the Philadelphia "Bulletin," Feb. 22, 1873.]

The transplantation of the Southern plantation songs into the fields of Northern music seems to promise a prosperous growth. The concerts of the Fisk University Singers of Nashville were very successful all through the North, for besides their novelty they furnished music that deserved and needed help, they gave the public a new musical sensation. The African has been heard in opera, in concert, in the Italian, and to many it proved more pleasing than the German music of the past, the present or the future.

Last evening a new corps of colored singers, nineteen in number, from the Normal School at Hampton, Va., gave a Concert at Horticultural Hall, and their singing heightened the sensation made by the Fisk singers. They give the real old plantation melodies with the fervor and the swing of the plantation prayer-meeting. The performance is altogether unique, just as picture is, or as is any physical phenomenon, that is represented by no technical or arbitrary symbols. The motion of the music and the rhythm of the melodies may be put in print, but they would still fail to be comprehended, just as they were sung in the style that is given with the utmost naturalness and fidelity by the Hampton singers. The wierd, the wild, the grotesque, the pathetic, the religious, and the comic elements in the African nature seem to be all represented in the songs they sing. No language can portray the effect of such songs as "Dust and Ashes," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "I Hope my Mother will be There," "John saw de Holy Number Sittin' on de Golden Altar," "Roll Jordan Roll," "Come my little Soul gwine to Shine," "Religion is a Fortune," and several others given last evening. If Meyerbeer ever heard the songs he could have introduced them into his operas with a stranger and more striking effect than any element in his "Prophet or Huguenots." For most of these wild airs, with their queer choral refrain, mine be of African origin, and they impress very singularly and quite refreshingly the ear that has been tried with too much of the sentimental music of the European school. Extremes sometimes meet, and the most progressive and scientific music of civilized lands seems to be in sympathy and blending with the music of barbaric lands. The Wagnerites and other advocates of the music of the future might do well to make overture to the representatives of the music of the past, who sang last night. A compromise between the two might produce very pleasing and novel music for the present.

There are no individual voices among the Hampton singers that are strikingly good. The basses are the best. But the singing of all in combination is singularly pleasing. The effect cannot be described. A second concert is to be given on Friday evening, and a matinee on Saturday afternoon, at the same place. The singers are hoping to raise money to aid the normal school at Hampton, where they are pupils, the accommodations of which are so small that many boys live in tents this winter, and many girls live, nowhere. Gen. Armstrong Armstrong, Principal of the school, who accompanies them, was a gallant soldier in the war, and since then has devoted himself to the education of the emancipated slaves.

Debate in the House of Delegates upon the Oyster Bill.

Under a motion by Mr. Riddlebarger, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 22d, to reconsider the vote by which the House had just refused to dismiss the pending oyster bill, Mr. P. J. Carter, one of the colored members from Northampton, obtained the floor and said, Mr. Speaker, we "oystermen" have done everything we could to get our rights in this bill, and they have been refused us. We have petitioned, we have implored, we have begged our rights from this House; but our pleadings have been disregarded, and we have been overridden by force in what the gentlemen on the floor have proposed by those who understood the oyster question. Our rights have been trampled on, our very bread is taken from us by this unjust legislation. I, Sir, am a practical oysterman, and know the labor and hardships of that life. We have to face the cold blasts of the western winds and the driving sleet of the ocean in order to obtain from it sustain our families and our own lives. The people I represent are as patriotic as those from the valleys and mountains, even Mt. Sinai itself. They have shed their blood for their country in its late war, and now you propose to crush them down with your onerous taxations. You have as much right to take the birds from the trees, the fe'quiles, counties as you have to tax the oysters. If you tax one, tax the other. You say they all belong to the state. In question—Sirs that I will not comprehend. Mr. Speaker, during the last session, I always voted with those intelligent gentlemen who did. I followed that party which looked to the "Sinews of War" for aid. Yes, sir; when the bond-holders swarmed around this Capitol last session like Joshua and his army around the gates of Jericho, "oysterman" was the cry. I fought and fought to the last ditch; but now they are going back on us, and want to tax our very life blood.

There are some gentlemen here who think they know all about the oyster. Now, sir, I will tell a few facts that no man can gainsay, be he a Solomon, a Jeremiah, or a *Daniel*. If a man plant fifteen hundred bushels of oysters, and fortunes if he realizes eight hundred bushels therefrom. There is a disease among oysters known as the *green gill* which is more destructive to them at times than the smallpox would be in this House (for I believe everybody has been vaccinated). Let me have the old oyster bill rather than this burdensome, hateful, contemptible one.

If you insist on this bill as it is, with its burdensome and unjust tax, I will advise my constituents to go to Maryland, where they can get their rights. Dismiss this bill and let us have the old one as it now is, and the state will reap a much larger revenue. My people are not going to submit to this iniquitous tax, and if you impose it, there will be a worse year than a year of wrong. Why will you not send this bill back to the committee? Are you afraid to trust it to an investigation? This bill calls for the least pound of flesh and the last drop of blood. "Sir, sir, we won't stand it. We are determined to fight this bill from "July to a turnip patch." We have as much "gas" as the mountain men, and intend to use it.

Mr Carter concluded with some rather severe animadversions on the illiteracy, as he termed it, of the mountain men, and hoped the House would dismiss the bill.

The pending question, being to reconsider, was then put and rejected.

Methodist Protestant Church, Norfolk, Virginia.

The members of this church, whose church building, erected on Scott street in 1852 was destroyed by fire in December, 1872, have already relaid the edifice in brick, with basement and galleries. The work is so far completed that they now occupy the basement for services. The dimensions of the new building are 66 feet long by 40 feet wide, and when finished it will cost about $5,000. The Trustees and officers return thanks to the good people of Norfolk and vicinity who so generously assisted them. Rev. Wm. Lewis, superintendent of the work, by whose energy the new building, as well as the one destroyed, has been erected, desires us to say that as they are anxious to pay off their $1,000 debt, any further contributions will be thankfully received, and may be left with him or with Mr. Percy at the Freedman's Bank.

Wilmington Letter.

Wilmington, Feb 23d, 1873.

Dear Workman,—How unfortunate for all schools and teachers that Washington's Birthday comes on Saturday this year. Our holidays are not so many that we can afford ourselves to be defrauded of one without a sigh.

But we all enjoy the day, nevertheless, so bright in sunlight and graced as it is with flowers that are the harbingers of spring. It is pleasant to see the old flag flung out to the breeze along the river's bank and to think of the changes that have come to the city since the flag came back to town eight years ago to-day. Since then it has waved over none but freemen, and to-day it smiles upon a happy, industrious and progressive people.

The bitterness of the past is very much forgotten, and an era of harmony and general good feeling seems to prevail. Many projects for the material and intellectual improvement of the people are being discussed. Much is now said about the need of cotton factories in this section. They would certainly be a great blessing to this region, for there is plenty of raw material, as it is always found in large quantities here in the city awaiting shipment North, and there is an abundance of labor at present going begging. Shall it, if all the cotton factories of the South pay well. The largest in the state is in Richmond County. It contains one hundred and twenty-six looms and employs sixty hands, and makes six thousand yards of cloth per day. The workmen are all white. If a mill should be built here it is probable that colored labor would be used.

We are soon to have a new Savings Bank, and ex-Mayor Martin will be the president. This bank will loan money to those who need it most. For instance, if a man can't afford to rent or cannot buy a little land by using the bank, when the land has been bought the bank will lend him enough money to build a small house.

It is quite likely that this bank will have a branch at Lumberton and perhaps other places in the state.

The recent establishment of city schools is one of the things upon which Wilmington should be congratulated. I believe no other city in the state has a system of city schools. It is proposed to tax the property holders $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the hundred dollars for these schools, and they will also receive the same amount from the county tax.

There are a number of private schools in the city and a large number of children of the school age in proportion to the population. There are nearly four hundred and fifty children in the Williston colored school.

The four-months schools in the county are about closing. It is quite the fashion to have a public dinner on the day of examination and to gather in the people for miles around to participate in these festivities. Sometimes the people of both races sit down to the same table on these occasions. This is very likely to be very useful in promoting the cause of education.

We have lately received a visit from Rev. P. J. Stobel, State Bible Agent. The gentleman has visited eighty-six counties of the state during the ten months he has been engaged in the work. He was listened to very attentively by the colored people here. No effort is being made to supply the county with Bibles. Mr. Strobel, who is a Southerner, expressed himself very strongly in regard to the proper treatment of the colored people. He said to me, "I tell our people that they seem to forget that the black man is free and has rights."

Our Preachers' Meetings here in the city is growing in interest. Last week the question arose whether Satan really did personally appear among the sons of God when Job's character was being considered. A lively debate ensued.

Considerable depression is felt among farmers in the vicinity because peanuts are so low. They do not bring over seventy-five cents a bushel, and not always as much. That price does not pay the cost of raising them and large quantities are left in the hands of the planters.

In town, new buildings are all the time going up, and other improvements are being advanced.

Our political condition is especially good: Both parties and both races are well represented in the city government, and we claim a local administration that is loyal to the country and free from taint. The patriotism of the whole people is growing. They begin to say less about the "South" and more about "Our common country" and the glory of being an American.

H. B. Blake.

Hampton Normal School.

[The two following letters are from superintendents of Public Schools in Virginia, and show the good work that Hampton is doing. Both of the gentlemen whose communications we quote are Southern men, by birth and sentiment.]

Hampton, Va., *Jan. 16*, 1873.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Prin: Hampton Normal School:

Dear Sir—It affords me much pleasure to bear testimony to the worth and efficiency of the teachers graduated at the Normal School under your control. As county superintendent of these counties, many of them have been and are now employed under my supervision, and I have uniformly found them remarkably thorough in all the branches required to be taught in the public schools of this state. As a general thing they display in the discharge of their duties that zeal and energy which bear the impress of the institution from which they come. Their conduct has always been unexceptionable; and the moral and intellectual influence they exert upon their race cannot be estimated. I have only to add that from my official connection with the graduates of the Hampton Normal School, I believe that institution is doing a work for the moral, social, and intellectual elevation of the colored race in the South, equaled by no enterprise, secular or religious, of which I have any knowledge.

I am, very truly yours, etc.,

G. G. Peek,
Co. Supt. Pub. Schools.

Wytheville, Va., *Jan.* 13, 1873.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong:

Dear Sir,—Yours of Jan. 24 only came to hand this morning. In reply to your inquiries as to the general character, etc., of the colored teachers employed in this county, who have been pupils in the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, allow me to answer as follows:

1. I cannot from memory say (now) which of these teachers were *full graduates*.

2. I may not be able to mention by name all who have been at your college, for our Public School system has been in operation three years, and besides I do not always know from what institution a teacher has graduated.

3. From memory, I would say that in *every instance*, these colored teachers who have had the advantage of a course in your college have stood higher examinations, and made better teachers than any others.

4. The very best teachers (colored) I have had employed are those who came from Hampton.

5. The three colored teachers this year —J. C. Shuffy, H. W. Arrendell, and Geo. L. Pryor, from your institute, are the very best colored teachers I have ever had.

6. James Ricks, who taught the first part of the year and is now finishing his course at Hampton, was also a most excellent teacher.

7. All these teachers sustained or sustain good moral characters.

8. I am sure from the experience of the past that the teachers coming from Hampton are to exercise a most beneficent influence in the education of the colored race in Virginia. Virginia will with her colored people enfranchised, must educate them, and she can find no more efficient auxiliary than Hampton Normal Institute.

Respectfully,

Jas. D. Thomas,
Co. Supt. Pub. Schools, Tyler Co.

FROM A GRADUATE.

Harpers, Va., *Jan.* 16, 1873.

Dear Teacher,—At your request I write you this letter with pleasure, and am happy to know that I can do something for the satisfaction of my teacher.

I feel it my duty to do all I can for the benefit and welfare of the institution, and, God being my helper, I intend to do so.

Since I left the institution I have been working very hard for the elevation of my people; and since I have been teaching I have been treated as well as one could wish to be treated, both by scholars and the old people.

The people are, for the most part, in a poor condition, but their eagerness for education is worthy of praise. Some of the larger scholars have to walk many from school two and very often three days in a week to sustain themselves the rest of the time.

They show that they value the privilege bestowed upon them by being great lovers to, by making good the time they have.

It seems as if those who are the most needy are those who are most eager, and those who are working most earnestly for an education. The scholars advance so fast that I think you shall have to add a few more names to your school record next term.

The old men and women are beginning to know the value of education, and are sending their children to school in great numbers.

Our Sabbath-school is getting along very well and increasing in number every week; we are going to have an exhibition in which our friends can see how fast the little children are progressing.

I feel proud to know that I can do something in the way of enlightening those who have been so long in ignorance.

Hoping that you may be pleased with what I have done.

I am yours, most respectfully,

Joab W. Williams.

At Home.

Grandfather's Barn.

O don't you remember our grandfather's barn,
Where our cousins and we went to play;
How we climbed on the beams and the scaffold so high,
Or tumbled at will on the hay;
How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw,
And riddles and wits all were told,
While the sunshine came in through the crack at the south,
And turned all the dust into gold?

How we played hide-and-seek in each cranny and nook,
Wherever a child could be stowed;
Then we made us a couch of a hogshead of rye,
And on it "Boston" we rode;
And then we kept store, and sold barley and oats,
And corn by the bushel or bin,
And straw for our sisters to braid into hats,
And flax for our mothers to spin.

How we tottered and swung, and played meeting and school,
And Indian, and soldier, and bear!
While up on the rafters the swallows kept house,
Or sailed through the soft summer air.
How we longed to peep into the curious nests!
But they were too far overhead;
So we wished us were giants, or winged like the birds,
And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we made
When selling at auction the hay;
And how we wound up with a keel-over leap
From the scaffold down into the hay?
Whom we went into supper our grandfather said
If he had not once been a boy,
He should thought that the Hessians were sacking the town,
Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

How the years have gone on since in grandfather's barn
To play with our cousins we met!
Our eyes have grown dim and our locks have turned gray,
The golden, the brown and the jet;
Yet still in my heart there's an ever green nook,
Where childhood's sweet memories stay;
And no music to me has a charm that can thrill
Like the voices of children at play.

GREENFIELD GAZETTE.

It is a high place to be sister in a family of brothers.

No doubt, in the sight of angels, it is a highen place than the President's. So much depends on the sister. Sometimes I think her influence is more than the mother's because boys will make a confidante of a loving sister, in a way that they will not of their mothers. They can tell the sister everything, and she can smooth over their fancied insults, and exhort them to kindness and forgiveness, and she can make them more manly and noble and generous. I call it an exalted work, to cook good wholesome dinners on time, to give the brothers clean underclothing, and warm woolly socks and mittens, and see that they don't creep into beds not made, or only "spread up;" see that they have good books to read, that they use no vile or profane language, or slang phrases. Try and make their homes so attractive that they'll say, "There's not another spot on earth like this."

If father scolds, smooth over and make allowance for his hasty speaking words, and do all in their power to make them temperance men, and upright, pious men who will reverence women.

Indeed, I think the best way to make men reverence and think highly of women is, for the sisters to set a good example themselves.

There is no end to a sister's duties; her work is far-reaching, and glorious is its good results.

I feel my eyes snap when I hearan upstart of a girl call housework drudgery; I see no such a thing as drudgery in this social life of ours, and the woman who calls the labor of love and duty by that disrespectful word, is to be pitied.

To Freshen Dry Loaves of Bread even if a Week or Ten Days Old.—

Dip a dry loaf two or three times in a pail of water, put it in the bread pan in a moderately hot oven and let it remain half an hour, turning it after once, letting the heat of the oven gradually diminish, and the bread will come out just as good as new. I would recommend that only one loaf at a time be renewed. To save a trip down cellar with the loaf after supper, it may be wrapped in a damp towel.

I have learned some things about the temperature of water that all young housekeepers may not know. If you put any kind of meat on to cook in hot water it toughens it, and extracts all the nutriment, but it is well enough if you want the water for soup or gravy.

If you put it on to cook in boiling water, it softens it and does not bring out the nutritious juices into the water.

Just so! If washing a discolored tablecloth; drop it into boiling water and it brings out the stains; into hot water and it sets them.

If cooking meat that is too strong or too salty, put it on to cook in cold water, and leave it in until the water begins to boil, then change it. And in churning, if cream is very cold and you put in warm or hot water, the butter will be white and soft, when if you add enough briskly boiling water to bring the cream to the right temperature, the butter will not be similarly affected but will be hard and yellow.

I think this fact is not generally known among housekeepers, for I see so much soft, frothy, nasty-looking butter.

Hunter.

BY F. P. CHAPLIN.

Sometimes he was called "Busytool," but that was after his character for philanthropy became known, and he began to be famous as a searcher for lost ones. If poets could have known our old friend, surely many pleasant rhymes would have commemorated his brave deeds. As a puppy, he was externally, far from attractive; a ridge of coarse hair stood up about his throat, grizzly and stiff, often making us laugh at his grotesque appearance; but he had a thoughtful, serious air, and an eye of unusual depth and power. Some of the neighbors severely criticised the wisdom of Rob's purchase, but he had a way of his own, and without a struggle, gave in exchange his best knife and last year's sled. Before night a rough but comfortable kennel received the pet. Rob spent the evening "getting acquainted," and the most amicable relations were immediately established.

He lived with us some months before his "mission" declared itself. We had observed his good temper, and his tenderness and patience with children, but never dreamed of such out-reaching sympathies as he afterlife developed. It commenced, as far as we knew, by his coming in late one balmy September evening with a small black dog as ugly-looking and scrawny as can be imagined, and now they have a new one, King Lunalilo I.

Their language is beautiful, and the old stories are very pretty. Those who read Dr. Coan's interesting letter from Hawaii in the last "Southern Workman," will be pleased to read a few of these curious legends, and to know that they are translated into English now for the first time, expressly for the "Southern Workman." To those prove acceptable, perhaps we may have some more.

HUNTER AND HIS FRIEND.

Hunter was a powerful creature, possessing "breadth and swing" quite fearful for strangers to look upon, and he cared his guest as cats do their kittens and laid him gently down upon the floor of his straw-carpeted house; and there he watched and tended him some days with pastoral solicitude. His cares carried across the yard and the invalid was caressed like a sick baby. It attracted so much attention in the neighborhood that Hunter began to be respected.

When Lilliput (for that was the name Rob gave Hunter's pet) was quite well, a new home was found for him, but the two often visited each other and exchanged in their own fashion, the greetings of the season!

One morning Hunter, and indeed the whole family were aroused by shrill barks outside the gate Rob espied Lilliput, who in remembrance of kindness shown him had come in a time of need to ask for aid. How he told the story remains a mystery, but presently the two dogs trotted down a long green lane, Rob following cautiously. What he saw should surely be chronicled, if it was not "intelligence." I should be glad to have some philosophar name the word that can explain it.

A poor, tired mother-dog lay by the roadside, nursing piteously, two puppies, not many days old, were in their drunk, blind fashion crawling over her, wondering no doubt what had happened that she no longer fondled them. A hedge, upon which a few broken rails lay loosely piled, partially shielded them, and peeping through, Rob saw the two friends in evident consultation over the case. Perceiving that she could not be moved, they did the next best thing, provided food until she died, apparently exhausted by excess of pain. Rob thinks she had received a heavy blow. When in a few hours she ceased to breathe, Hunter took one puppy, carrying it tenderly, as she had Lilliput, but did not in this case leave the mourning lodge in his kennel; no, indeed, the misses' lap was chosen, a gentle-eyed, loving woman, whose face he had read aright and learned to trust. As soon as Rob's mother began to pet the fuzzy little thing, Hunter knew that all was right, and was off in a twinkling for the other. Beside it Lilliput still watched; this one was also taken and commended by Hunter's great, human eyes to better care than he could give.

After an absence of two days, Rob's brave friend surprised us all by bringing in a lovely Maltese kitten, and the creature whose nature it was to wage war upon his kind, seemed to regard him with decided affection, and looking up into Hunter's great, speaking eyes as much as to say, "Pray do'nt leave me among strangers!" But she never lacked friends, and became a great pet with us all.

But Hunter's grandest feat was when he saved an emigrant woman and baby from starvation. Neither of these could be bring home as he had the dog and cat; thinking it over (as he must have done), and recognizing the impossibility of accomplishing his purpose after his usual fashion, he planned another, and deliberately tore a piece from the woman's dress. She afterwards told us, she cried out with fear, supposing he was about to devour them both, but suddenly looking into his wonderful eyes, she felt assured that no such fate would befall them. With the scrap of calico, the wise old fellow trotted home and laid it on his mistress' lap, barking most solemnly and walking rapidly back and forth between her and the door. Rob was called, and was at once satisfied that Hunter had come upon a case of suffering, and was soon ready with a basket of comforts to follow where the dog might lead. The next step seems the strangest of all; up to this moment Hunter had manifested no desire for food or rest, and now as Rob stood, basket in hand, and whistled for his missionary pioneer, lo, the creature lay stretched upon the piazza, panting and panting as if greatly exhausted; this brought us in a measure to our senses, but not wholly, until Uncle Bailey, who is well versed in canine ways, read out the whole story.

"Why, Rob," said his father, "don't go on foot, take the buggy, my boy—Hunter is half breathless—he has run a long way, and see, this is a scrap from some woman's dress, you may be sure he has had his own sadness bringing this along."

It was a study well worth attention to note the satisfaction with which the dog watched the harnessing of Whitefacee into the low, light carriage—he actually hurried them, and started with a lone in his mouth, leading the way down the Felway road. After a time he accepted an invitation to ride, and sat beside his master solemnly surveying the prospect until Blount woods were in sight, when he jumped out, and basking cheerily, ran to a corner of the highway, where was a sort of rude hut, such as woodcutters arrange for temporary conveniences. Here Rob found the poor woman and her moaning baby.

Hunter has a longer record of "lives saved" than this. He seems to have devoted himself to such deeds of kindness, being off now much of the time, returning to rest and be refreshed, and sometimes lovingly bringing his burdens with him.

You may be sure he is highly respected in town; indeed his friends are arranging to purchase for his shaggy neck a medal which shall at once connect him with the "National Humane Society." No one deserves it better. —*Christian Weekly.*

Legends of Hawaii.

[Translated by Rev. Mr. Forbes, and simplified by Dr. Atkinson.]

A legend you know is a wonderful old story that no one supposes is true, but that is curious and interesting because it has come down to us from very ancient times when people perhaps believed it. Every nation has its legends, and here are some strange ones of the Hawaiian people who live in those beautiful Sandwich Islands in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Till the missionaries from America went there, fifty years ago, the Hawaiians or Kanakas as they call themselves, did not know how to write their own language, and had kept these old legends only by reciting them, and singing them, handing them down from father to son. They did not know the true God and were idle and ignorant people, and have an independent government. Perhaps you know that their old King Kamehameha IV, died not long ago, and now they have a new one, King Lunalilo I.

Tradition of the Sun.

The days at the Hawaiian Islands are nearly equal, summer and winter, but they used to be as short in summer as in winter or rainy season. This troubled Hina, a goddess, the mother of Maui, from whom the island of Maui is named. The sun did not stay up long enough to dry the fibres of the bark of which she made cloth. Maui resolved to cut off the feet of the sun, that he might not move so fast. Restraining himself, however, for fear the world would be burned up, he accepted advice from his noble mother, who gave him fifteen cords, and told him to go to his grandmother for one more very strong. His grandmother was the Sun's cook. She prepared his breakfast every morning, living on a hill, "Haleakala, or "House of the Sun," from behind which he rose. Knowing his habits, she could instruct Maui how best to take him prisoner. So Maui climbed the mountain at midnight, and went to the large, will-will tree—the house of his grandmother, where she dwelt and fed the Sun. At five o'clock in the morning he saw her coming with a large bunch of bananas. She was very large and quite blind, and held her head away, smelling and wriggling her ears. She kindled a fire, and placed a large bunch of bananas on it. Maui took them away. Not finding them she poked after them with a stick. She placed them on the fire. She smelled and poked, and not finding them also, she called to the thief: "Where art thou, mischief?" Lovingly the grandsun replied, and told her his errand. She then gave him a strong cord and a stone, and told him to get behind the will-will tree, and as the Sun put forth his rays or feet, to lasso each with a cord, and bind it to the foot of the tree. The Sun was now hungry for his bananas. He began to stretch himself, putting out one foot at a time, walking over the hill. Maui tied each in succession, the last one with a strong cord. When the Sun found his feet caught, he tried to godown again, but Maui took a turo with the rope around the tree, and he found it impossible to fall back. Gradually the Sun rose, till his whole body appeared. Then Maui seized the big rock to destroy him. At last, however, they came to an understanding, so amicable, that the Sun consented to shed his beams profusely six months of the year, on condition that he might retire early during the rainy season, when he could not but feel that the clouds were insulting. Thus, Maui became the benefactor of mankind.

Tradition of the Origin of Fire.

The Hawaiians formerly produced fire by rubbing a piece of hard wood upon a softer one, until the heat, engendered by the friction, produced combustion among the fine, tinderlike particles of the softer piece, which fell to the ground, dislodged by the action of the harder piece. The soft piece was usually placed on the ground, while the harder piece was held firmly with both hands in a standing position, and the necessary friction produced by rubbing the end of it smartly upon the softer piece in a longitudinal direction. The pieces used in the land was called the Aalhua, and that on which the fire was produced was called the Amaki.

Hawaiian tradition states that there was a time when fire was unknown to this people, and refers their first knowledge of it to the common mud hen, or coot, so abundant in most of the ponds and marshes of these islands. Whoever has observed these birds has noticed a fleshy spot on the front part of the head, at the root of the beak. In some it is of a clear white, in others, of a bright, crimson color. The latter are the birds originally the possessors of fire. The acquisition of it is connected with the name of Mani, a celebrated personage of ancient history.

This Mani was the son of Hina and Akalana, and dwelt with his parents at Kipahulu, on East Maui. Akalana was his foster father. There were also three other sons, "Mani-mua, Mani-hepe, and Mani-kil-kii (Mani first, Mani next, and Mani lig-bellied).

Mani Akalana grew to manhood, being fed only on uncooked food, for they had no fire in those days, and what they ate was prepared by burying it in the ground. There were potatoes and kalo, and yams, and ti-root, but there was no way of cooking them. Mahi, therefore, asked Hion, his mother, one day, "How shall we cook these things?" She answered, "Fire will cook them."

"Who has fire?"

"The Alae (mud hens) have it."

"Then I will go and get it."

"When thy strength and swiftness are great thou mayest get it."

"I am able," answered Mani.

Then he and his brother often went out a fishing in their canoes. And as they were fishing they often saw the fires which the Alae had kindled on the land to cook their food.

And Mani often landed and pursued the birds to obtain the fire; but when he came near them, lo! in a twinkling they gathered up the fire, the embers, the wood and the bananas, and flew away, reviling him, and saying, "Ah! now, indeed, thy food will be cooked, thou mean-looking coward. Swift, indeed, is the son of Hina." Then, he and his brothers pursued their way, fishing as they went, until they arrived at Waianae on Oahu.

There, again, they saw the fires lighted on the shores. Thus it continued for five successive days. Then, said Mani, "I am going after the fire."

"You will not get it, for those to whom the fire belongs are birds. I will get it. Stay you here and fish while I go."

"But the birds will discover your absence from your canoe."

"I will set up my fish-line, calabash, is the end of my canoe, and they will think it is a man. So they consented, and when they went a fishing, Mani proceeded inland toward the place where the birds were. When he was near the spot he hid himself behind a rock. And the birds counted the men in the canoes, and saw, as they supposed, five men as before. Then they lighted a fire and proceeded to cook their bananas as before. While they were thus cooking their food, Mani suddenly sprang from his hiding place, and seized one of them with the wood and the bananas. At this the rest took alarm, and brushed the fire out with their wings, and even swept away the wishes. Mani, then, tied the feet of his bird, and was about to wring its neck in revenge for this disappointment, when the Alae called out, "Kill me not, or you get no fire!"

"Then, give me the fire," demanded he. "Go and rub the stem of your taro leaf for your fire," was the answer. So he obtained a taro leaf and rubbed away, and the hollow made by his rubbing, remains in the stem to this day. "Again, he demanded of the Alae, "Give me fire; if not, you die, is no escape."

"Go and rub the stem of the ti leaf," replied the bird.

So he rubbed away at the stem of the ti leaf, but no fire appeared, though this also made a hollow which remains in the stem to this day. His wrath flowed over, and he went back, determined to kill the bird. But the Alae again spoke, saying, "Kill me, and you lose your fire."

So he demanded once more the secret of the fire. Then said the Alae, "Go and rub the wai." Now, wai means water. So he rubbed and rubbed the surface of the water but without success. "Now thy death is sure. Thou shalt mock me no longer," said he to the bird. But the Alae replied, "It was your own fault; I did not mean wai-maoli (water), but the tree called 'waimea.'" So he tried the wood of waimea tree and at last obtained fire. And as a punishment for mocking him, he seized the bird and rubbed its head on the ignited wood until the raw flesh appeared on its forehead; wherefore, the bird is called Alae, (burning forehead) to this day.

Our Exchanges.

The African Repository published by the American Colonization Society, gives some interesting statistics in the January number of the Society's operations. In the fifty-four years of its existence it has sent out to Liberia an average of three hundred and eighty colored people, paying their passage, supporting them for six months after their arrival, and giving them land enough to live upon. The Republic of Liberia is at present about three times the size of Massachusetts, with a population of six hundred thousand. It has many schools, fifty churches and a college. The soil is fertile, and the climate healthy to the people. In the present critical transition state of the colored race in America, it is probable, and we trust, that the majority of those who can secure an education will feel called to stay here and help elevate their brethren to the proper standard of citizens in their native land, but, as the editor remarks, this great country can afford to Africa who has nowhere else to look for aid in her developments, such of her sons as may choose to go to her.

The American Educational Monthly, published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York, is one of the best educational journals in the United States. Its reviews of books, especially of text-books are good and very valuable to teachers. It is bringing out now an excellent series of articles investigating the various causes of disease in schools. Lack of ventilation in the school-rooms, lack of proper exercise, unsuitable and uncomfortable seats are the causes first to be mentioned. School seats should never be too high for the child's feet to rest upon the ground, or if possible, without a back, and the desk should be carefully suited to the seat in height.

Oliver Optic's Magazine, published by Lee and Shepard, Boston, is another of the charming monthlies devoted to the entertainment of "Our Boys and Girls." The February number is unusually rich in attractive articles and pretty vignettes. The fifth chapter of a serial by Elijah Kellogg, "The Turning of the Tide," contains a very interesting description of the process of making steel which we shall try to find room for some day, for as the author remarks, "It would be very ridiculous if a good-looking nice-feeling boy in the high school being asked what made his knife cut, should have to stick his thumb into his mouth, look like a dunce, and say, "I don't know."

The New National Era of Jan. 23d, contains an interesting and eloquent speech by its editor, Hon. Fred. Douglass, in favor of the annexation of San Domingo. The prospectus of the paper for the new year is attractive. In speaking of its educational department, he says, "By education the people of a free government such as ours is intended to be, are better qualified to discharge their duties to the state, and to one another. The nation will ever find its surest safeguard in the intelligence of its voting masses, and the journal which would promote the highest good of government and people must lend its energies and its power to the work of educating the people."

General News.

A bill to increase the salaries of the President, Vice-President, Chief Justice, Members of Congress, and others, was introduced into the House of Representatives, and defeated by a vote of 120 to 81.

The franking privilege has been abolished by act of Congress.

In both Houses, resolutions congratulating Spain on her becoming a Republic were introduced, but objection being made, were laid over.

The President sent a message to the Senate, calling attention to the possibility of a conflict between the Federal and Territorial authorities in Utah.

Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, who was lately defeated in re-election, was charged by a member of the Kansas Legislature with an attempt to bribe him by buying his vote for eight thousand dollars, seven thousand of which were paid over before the election. The Senator denies the charge, but the evidence is against him.

The Committee having the Crédit Mobilier matters under investigation, have made a report and recommended the expulsion of Messrs. Brooks and Ames.

Lt.-Gov. Pinchback of Louisiana, a colored man of good ability, is in Washington, claiming a seat in the U. S. Senate for which there is another claimant. The Senate have not yet decided in the case.

The Virginia Legislature has passed a usury law, making more than six per cent. illegal.

At Richmond, on the 13th inst., there was a grand demonstration in honor of the arrival of the first through train from the Ohio River over the Ohio and Chesapeake Railroad. A long procession, composed of the city officials, the military, and fire departments, met the train on its arrival, which was saluted with artillery, the ringing of bells, and sounding of all the steam-whistles of the locomotives.

During the last year, 2,718 photographs of the Sun have been taken at the Kew Observatory, England.

Spain.—King Amadeus the "imported" sovereign, after a reign of three years, abdicated his throne on the 8th inst., and a republic was declared by a vote of 201 to 32. The flag of the republic will be violet, white, and red.—The royal palace is to be converted into a museum of art.—Figueras has been elected President of the Council.

Brazil.—The yellow fever is raging violently at Rio de Janeiro.—By the census of Brazil just completed, the population is ten millions.

Hawaii.—Prince Wm. C. Lunalilo has been elected King of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, by a unanimous vote, under the title of Lunalilo I. His election is a triumph of the American party. The new King is well educated and talented, but of very dissipated habits, which it is hoped he will now reform.

A singular disaster at Smyrna is reported. The water had undermined a Cafe located on the gulf shore, when suddenly the establishment sank with between one and two hundred persons, mostly Greeks.

It is understood that the newly appointed Peace Commissioners, who, with General Canby as military advisor, are expected to patch up our little trouble with the Modocs, have reached the scene of hostilities, and opened negotiations through the Indian wife of one of the settlers. There is said to be a division of opinion among the Commissioners, so that even if Captain Jack is willing to treat, there may be some difficulty in adjusting matters to reconcile their civil and military beliefs.

President Grant has called an extra session of the Senate, to assemble at Washington at noon on the 4th of March, at which time the special business which makes such a session necessary will be officially announced.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

My Father's House.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

My father's house, I see it yet!
Although my deathbed eyes are wet,
To think that I shall nevermore
Thy threshold press and shut the door;
That I shall never roam the lands,
In which that country homestead stands.

Like some sweet picture 'neath the hand
Of patient ark, ready to expand,
By touch on touch, till it has grown
In height and depth, color or tone,
And from the canvas seems to stand,
True sky, and tree, and solid land!

Across its threshold could I walk,
I should not hear my father talk;
I should not see my mother's form
Eager to give me a welcome warm;
Nor could I, with old laughter, a swoop
Upon the clustered household group.

Strange, that through all these later years,
Still so distinct that home appears;
Strange, that so oft I catch its beams
Steaming across my manhood dreams;
Although I know, between, there waves
The grass upon so many graves!

Is it because 'tis the type
Of joys in heaven, more sweet, more ripe?
Because of that which Christ prepares,
Each earthly home the meaning bears?
The substance there, the shadow here,
Dawning upon faith's vision clear?

My Father's house before me stands,
Amid the radiant morning-lands!
They gather there, the loved of old,
Walking in white those streets of gold:
Knowing no sickness there, nor pain,
Nor dreading there to die again.

Praying and Working.

We should beware of separating what God has joined together. According to his Word, "Whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because"—what? we simply ask? No! Because we *act* as well as *pray*; because, he is declared, "we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." It is this living as we pray, this application of works as well as of words, that puts the stamp of sincerity on our petitions, and gives them currency before the throne.

PRAYING AND PUMPING.

In a time of peril, a pious captain said to his men, "Now, men, pump and pray, and pray and pump." They heeded the word, and escaped the threatened danger. While the ship was leaking fearfully, they did not think that it would be of any avail to pray without pumping. Of no more avail will it be for us to ask any blessing of God, without using the appointed means of obtaining it.

PRAYING AND STUDYING.

When read of two school-girls, one of whom always said her lessons well, but the other always failed. The last asked the first how she succeeded, and was told that it was by praying over her lessons. She tried it also, but the next day failed worse than ever. In tears she complained of being deceived. The other asked her if she had tried to learn her lesson. She confessed that all she did was to pray, and supposed that that was enough. The next day she prayed and studied too, and succeeded. As well may we expect a harvest without sowing the seed, as expect success in prayer when unaccompanied by appropriate effort. God will not thus put a premium on laziness. We must then work as well as pray, if we would secure the blessing of heaven.

PRAYING AND GIVING.

An aged African woman, who had for a long time been praying for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in the world, but on account of her age and infirmity, could do little else, came one morning, hobbling upon her staff, with two chickens in her hand for an offering, saying, "It seems as if de Lord would not hear my prayer till I do someting." As her missionary friend took the chickens from her hand, she lifted up her dim eyes to heaven, and with a countenance expressive of unearthly satisfaction, while the tears trickled down her sable cheeks, she exclaimed: "Bless do Lord, I can now pray, Dy kingdom come."

An Easy Place Wanted.

LANCASTER, [illegible].

REV. HENRY W. BEECHER:

Sir,—I hardly know how to address so great a man. You said in a sermon some time ago, that honesty ought to be rewarded. I am honest with my fellow-men, myself my God. Can get recommendations (the best) from lawyers, doctors, preachers, etc. Get me an easy (as) situation, that honesty may be rewarded.

To which I append my reply:

My Dear Friend,—The proper way to address a great man is the way in which you would address any man who has good common sense. Never begin by telling him that he is a great man. If he is one, he probably found it out before you did; and if he is not one, you will not be apt to make much by tickling his vanity by so cheap a compliment.

Surely a man as honest as you are has been rewarded already. What "honest with your fellow-men, yourself, and your God!" There are few men who can say as much. Honest with your fellow-men! Is your conduct without knots, windshakes, or cracks! How long has it been so? Do your neighbors all think so? Have you come to it gradually, as a winter apple ripens, or has it always been so? Excuse these questions, for really I am deeply interested. You have few fellows on earth. Indeed, when you add that you are honest with yourself, I cannot keep your company. You are ahead of me, and that last clause—honest with your God takes you entirely out of my sight. Why do you come to me? I ought to sit at your feet. You are my master.

No doubt you can get recommendations from lawyers, doctors, and preachers. You place those gentlemen, doubtless, in the order of their honesty, ending in a climax. Lawyers are proverbially honest. Doctors never deceive, preachers always practice what they preach. Any recommendations from these would smack of self-laudation. Every one praise their own virtues. Get someone not so heavily afflicted to commend you. Are there no editors, no members of Congress in your neighborhood?

But I come now to the most important part of your letter: "Get me an easy situation that honesty may be rewarded." I am ready to do all in my power for you. Had you signified the sort of easy place you would prefer I should have been less perplexed. Let me see.

How would a good farm suit you—with fifty head of neat stock in the barns, and twenty horses, one hundred head of hogs, cribs full of corn, and twenty stacks of good Timothy hay, besides all that the cattle can eat stowed away in the barn? I propose giving you this. But, on reflection, I am sure it would not be easy enough for you. Hired men must be looked after—fences, tools and buildings want continual repair. Summers are very hot; winters are very cold, and farming requires a man to be up and about it in all seasons. No, I am sure that a good farm will not be an easy place!

I give up this project more willingly because I thought of manufacturing. Would you like to own large cotton or woolen mills? A great deal of money has been made (and some lost) during the last ten years in manufacturing. But, just now, I am afraid there is some embarrassment in the business. The place is not easy enough. I would not if I were you, go into manufacturing, nor merchandising, nor speculation. There is too much agitation just now.

I could send you to Congress. Everything is easy enough there! But the singular honesty which you possess would make you lonesome. Congressmen are all, or most all, honest; but not so honest! and you might find yourself an object of jealousy and envy, which would take from the ease of your position; all the more because it would bring you so near to the White House.

Now, my dear fellow, that is the very place for you! Your peculiar virtue of honesty would exquisitely fit you for that place. The White House has been often re-furnished, but never with that which you would carry to it with one late exception. It took the nation four years to get used to honesty in a President; and then, alas, just as people began to like it he and it disappeared!

You are a born President! All parties are looking out for you. They want a man "Honest to fellow-men, to himself, and to his God." What a time it is that to run a race with! Thus far they seem not to have found just the man. If I were to divulge your name, no doubt you would be ravished away to Washington in spite of your protests, and made President of the United States. And the only reason why I do not disclose your whereabouts, is that I fear the presidency would not prove that "easy" place, which you so justly think is due to your honesty!

In fact, I believe it is a hard place; we read of many patient martyrs. Men have sung in the flames, and been broken on the wheel and rack without a groan, and have worn a heavenly countenance while arrows were piercing them or stones plumping down upon them. And all these might be. But shall we ever see a holy martyr whose faith will sustain him in the presidential chair? Can a man be tormented by office-seekers, praised by parasites, teased by widows, overrun by Congress, carved and pierced by both parties, flayed by newspapers, cajoled, deceived, and finally, tormented by a cabinet, who treat him to advice as consolatory as that which Job received from his friends—and yet be a saint? Can there be peace in the White House? You are the very man for a president, but the presidency is not the place for you. It is not "easy."

Perhaps you would like to come to New York and take Mr. Astor's place, or Mr. Stewart's. Let me advise you not to do it. They have riches; but, as yet, no search has been able to find for them, that rare and precious stone—content. Both of them have builded a good deal. But though they can keep out the weather—the winter's cold, the summer's heat, and exclude light, and sound and dust, as yet, they have not been able to keep out care, sickness, sorrow and heartache. No! I cannot conscientiously recommend you to become a very rich man. It is not "easy" to do, and is still less "easy" after it is done.

Don't be an editor if you would be "easy." Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops and merchandize. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer, nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't work. None of them are easy. Oh, my honest friend you are in a very hard world. I know of but one real "easy" place in it. That place is the grave.

How is it in Lancaster? Can they not serve you there? Even graves are very dear about here. Try and get suited at home.

"A Smile."

Words have rights that we are bound to respect. I do not mind Josh Billings's caricaturing of them by bad spelling, nor Mrs. Partington's comical substitutions. I can pardon, as human imperfections, their awkward arrangement in a bad style, and even enjoy the harmless and adroit improvement of them into double service, in a pun. But when it comes to gross perversions and misapplications, in the interest of vice and misery, I am disposed to raise the voice of protest against the wrong.

A *smile* is a pretty thing to see—an index on the countenance of a joyous tone in the heart. It is the undertaughter of gentle, amiable dispositions. It brightens a plain face into beauty, and adds charms to the most beautiful. It elicits a sweet, spontaneous sympathy from beholders, mirroring itself on all faces. No wonder that, poets delight to use its colors in their word-tuisuing of flowery fields, of sunrise, and of the clear heavens.

But when this word is applied, in monstrous perversion, to fighting whiskey, or to any of the villainous compounds of the grog-shop, one shudders at the profanation. Thus desecrated, it is added to the long list of terms current in the slang dialect of the bar-room, that are intended to conceal the dangers that lurk in the intoxicating draught, and to banish the thought of the wrongs and miseries to which it leads. So a man is called "high" or "elevated," when low and degraded are the words that describe his condition, and "tight" while every good quality of manhood is on a wild stampede, and while mind and conscience, as well as limbs and tongue, are in the worst condition, unable to perform their proper functions.

A smile! a "ghastly smile" it is when beheld in connection with the effects it produces on the unhappy man who drinks it, and on others through him. A stupid smile does it bring on his, perhaps, manly and intelligent face, like that idiotic one that hangs flabbily on the face of a simpleton. It is a libel on a good and lovely word to call the drunkard's draught a smile. A home is desolated by that potent poison; a loving wife's tears and anguish are its effects. Children are hungry and ragged in consequence of it. Health is destroyed by it, virtue is expelled, hope is extinguished, life is sacrificed, souls are lost. And yet there are those who bear the human form, who, standing before the bar, will offer, and, behind the bar, will administer the fatal draught to their fellow-men—to the thoughtless youth, unaware of his danger, and to the inebriate, already its victim.

I have heard the intoxicating draught called double-distilled damnation. The expression is harsh. The idea suggested by it is terrific; yet on the score of fitness, and in view of the miseries and crimes resulting from intoxicating drinks, even that rough style of comparison can scarcely be deemed an exaggeration. If the bottle horrors are to be fitly labelled, let these be the words, rather than "a smile."—*Christian Instructor*.

Gems.

If God be on our side, we *need* not fear the *greatest* adversary; but if he be *against* us, he can *make* us fear the *least*. 1 *Kings*, xi: 14.

Industry is the way to preferment. 1 *Kings*, xi: 28.

The meal and the oil multiplied *not* in the *hoarding*, but in the *spending*. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth. 1 *Kings*, xvii: 16.

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If God do not rule us, our enemies will; a rebel to God, is a slave to all besides. 1 *Kings*, xx: 4.

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Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment. It makes the spirit sad, the body sick, and all the enjoyments sour.

It arises not from the condition, but from the mind.

Paul was contented in a prison; Ahab is discontented in a palace. 1 *Kings*, xxi: 14.

A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight.—*Prov.* xi: 1. The dishonest forfeit God's favor.

Whoso is partner with a thief, hateth his own soul.—*Prov.* xxix: 24. The soul is wrecked by dishonesty and fraud.

Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.—*Prov.* xvi: 8. A little, honestly acquired, gives more enjoyment than much obtained by dishonesty.

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.—*Prov.* xx: 14. Deceit and craft in the buyer are as bad as in the seller. It is mean to call an article bad before it is bought, and afterward boast of the bargain.

Shame is a great restraint upon sinners at first; but that soon falls off, and when men have once lost their innocence, their modesty is not like to be long trenchlesome to them.—*Tillotson*.

It is one of the worst species of folly to run in the way of temptation. Thousands of young persons have been ruined by an over-estimate of their powers of resistance, and gone down to dishonor and crime.

It is not possible for him to be rich who is not wealthy in his soul.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any."

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the offerings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of important usefulness!

Trifles.

An invalid once complained to a neighbor of a shanghai which the latter kept. The bird was a terrible nuisance, and gave him no peace day or night. "But," said the skeptical owner, "my cock only crows four or five times a day. I don't see how that can annoy you so much." "Because," replied the sufferer, "you don't take into account all the times *when I am expecting him to crow!*"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax; what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder! Why, they might as well tell me that a man has six heads in his hat!"

The pioneer Methodist, Peter Cartwright, uttered many wise and odd and witty sayings. He was often much annoyed at one sister, more noisy than pious, who would go off on a high key at every opportunity. At an animated class-meeting, one day, she broke out with, "If I had one more feather in the wing of my faith, I could fly away and be with the Saviour." "Stick in the feather, O Lord, and let her go," fervently responded Brother Cartwright.

In early times in California, military titles as handles to the name were very common. John Phœnix tells the story that he was one day leaving San Francisco by the steamer. Everybody else was taking leave of friends—but he did not know a soul in the crowd. Ashamed of his loneliness, as the boat sheered off, he called out in a loud voice, "Good-by!" and, to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted, "Colonel, good-by!"

One style of bonnet is called the "Mensard," because it takes a great deal of "Man's hard" earnings to pay for one of 'em.

The most striking difference between a fool and a looking-glass is, that the fool speaks without reflecting, and the looking-glass reflects without speaking.

"When was Rome built?" asked a school-committee man of the first class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night," exclaimed the astonished examiner. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought everybody knew that Rome wasn't built in a day."

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JOHN T. BENTLEY,
WATCHMAKER
AND
JEWELER.
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver, and Plated Ware Sold and Repaired.
Fancy Goods of all Kinds constantly on hand.
Cake, Candy, Confectionery, and General Furnishing Store.
Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

A
National Savings Bank.
THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
Company,
Chartered by Congress, March, 1865.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
NORFOLK, Va. BRANCH
IS LOCATED AT
NO. 116 MAIN STREET,
Corner of Atlantic Street.
Bank hours, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Open also Saturday nights from 6 to 7 o'clock.
SIX PER CENT. INTEREST
is now paid, beginning monthly. Dividend days July 1st and January 1st. Interest compounded if not drawn. Special arrangements made for receiving accounts payable by check.
Certificates of Deposit, bearing six and four per cent. interest issued.
Deposits of any amount received from any person, and repaid on demand.
J. W. ALFORD, Treasurer. H. C. PERCY, Cashier.

THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY.
The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.
The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,257,967.67, being an increase of fifty per cent. on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.
There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors' interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1865, has been $124,311. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report 6% on our depositors.
The Bank pays six per cent. interest
on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, so as to draw it by Pass-Book only.
Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.
Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available any where in the United States.
ACCOUNTS TRANSFERRED,
at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch without risk or trouble, and without loss of interest.
For full information about the Bank address the Secretary Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.
Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.
The Executive Committee of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.
All information desired may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alford, Esq., or D. L. Eaton.

TAKE NOTICE,
NORTHERN EMPLOYERS
AND
SOUTHERN WORKERS.
Advertisements from colored people wishing situations at the North, will be inserted in the "Southern Workman" free of charge, if accompanied by satisfactory testimonials from responsible parties.
Advertisements from Northern employers for colored servants will be inserted at the moderate charge of ten cents a line.
Until further notice, parties North and South wishing to communicate further with each other on business may do so by letter to the "Southern Workman."

INFORMATION WANTED.—Milly Francis Hall, who was brought from the orphan asylum at Ferry Point, Virginia, about eight years ago, desires to find the whereabouts of her sisters, Amelia F. (that name Hall), her brother, Elijah Hall, and half-relations, Mrs. Lucy Ann Braxton, "Georgiannes and Charles Wilsons. They were formerly the slaves of John Goodrich Hatton, near Portsmouth, Virginia. Any information respecting them will be thankfully received if addressed to
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Centerville, Bucks Co., Penn.
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Hampton Business Directory.
J. S. DARLING,
Hampton Steam Mills. Meal and Feed Planing and Sawing done promptly.
TENNIS & GATEWOOD,
Groceries, Provisions, Paints, Oils, Cars, Rigging, &c.; Tan's Corner.
CORNELIUS TUCKER,
Fashionable Hair Dresser and Barber; King Street.
S. E. BICKFORD & CO.,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, &c.; Queen St.
N. McNEAL,
Boots and Shoes ready-made and made to order; Queen Street.
SAMUEL CUMMING,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Leather, Hardware, &c.; Queen Street.
E. G. DARDEN,
Ready-made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.; cor. King & Queen.
JONES & CAMM,
Drugs Medicines, Books, Shoes, &c.; Queen Street.
JOHN B. ROBERTS,
Licensed Auctioneer, and dealer in Groceries and Provisions; Queen St.
W. W. DARDEN,
Ready-made Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, &c.; Queen Street.
DR. HENRY H. HULL,
Practising Physician, dealer in Drugs, Medicines, &c.; Queen Street.
H. C. WHITING,
Ship Stores, Groceries and Provisions, King Street, near Steamboat wharf.
GEO. M. RICHTER,
Stoves and Tinware, Roofing, Guttering, &c.; Queen Street.
D. G. MARROW,
Dry and Fancy Goods, Hats, Caps, &c.; N. E. cor. King & Queen.
S. B. WOOD,
Groceries and Provisions; Queen St.
JOHN B. LAKE,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c.; Queen Street.
L. H. SCLATER,
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Hardware, &c.; N. E. cor. King & Queen.
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TENNIS & CO.,
Ship Stores, Groceries, Provisions, &c.; Queen Street.
MARION COLBERT,
Books, Stationery, Notions, &c.; Queen Street.
JOHN W. BOYENTON,
Sign and Ornamental Painter; Queen Street.
N. BRIDGEMAN,
Saddler and Harness Maker. Orders filled promptly; Queen Street.
J. HEFFELFINGER,
Lumber, Lime, Shingles, Laths, Cement, Coal, &c.; near Steamboat landing.
LEONARD SHEETZ,
Wheelwright and Blacksmith; Queen Street.
HENRY C. SMITH,
Groceries, &c., Queen Street.
COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,
J. J. Barnes, Proprietor, King Street.
M. McDEVITT,
County Treasurer. Office in Courthouse.
DR. D. SEYMOUR,
County Clerk. Office in Court-house.
CHAS. K. MALLORY,
Counselor at Law. Office near Courthouse, King Street.
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E. E. WOODWARD,
Stoves, Heaters and Ranges; corner 18th and Ridge Avenue, Phila.

staff, with two chickens in her hand for an offering, saying, "It seems as if de Lord would not hear my prayer till I do something." As her missionary friend took the chickens from her hand, she lifted up her dim eyes to heaven, and with a countenance, expressive of unearthly satisfaction, while the tears trickled down her sable cheeks, she exclaimed: "Bless de Lord, I can now pray. Dy kingdom come."

An Easy Place Wanted.

LANCASTER, ——

REV. HENRY W. BEECHER:

Sir,—I hardly know how to address so great a man. You said in a sermon some time ago, that honesty ought to be rewarded. I am honest with my fellow-men, myself my God. Can get recommendations (the best) from lawyers, doctors, preachers, etc. Get me an easy (*sic*) situation, that honesty may be rewarded.

To which I append my reply:

My Dear Friend,—The proper way to address a great man is the way in which you would address any man who has good common sense. Never begin by telling him that he is a great man. If he is one, he probably found it out before you did; and if he is not one, you will not be apt to make much by tickling his vanity by so cheap a compliment.

Surely a man as honest as you are has been rewarded already. What! "honest with your fellow-men, yourself, and your God!" There are few men who can say as much. Honest with your fellow-men? Is your conduct without knots, windshakes, or cracks? How long has it been so? Do your screams, and made President of the United States. And the only reason why I do not disclose your whereabouts, is that I fear the presidency would not prove that "easy" place, which you so justly think is due to your honesty!

In fact, I believe it is a hard place; we read of many patient martyrs. Men have sung in the flames, and been broken on the wheel and rack without a groan, and have worn a heavenly countenance while arrows were piercing them or stones plumping down upon them. And all these might be. But shall we ever see a holy martyr whose faith will sustain him in the presidential chair? Can a man be tormented by office-seekers, praised by parasites, teased by widows, overrun by Congress, carved and pierced by both parties, flayed by newspapers, cajoled, deceived, and finally, tormented by a cabinet, who treat him to advice as consolatory as that which Job received from his friends—and yet be a saint? Can there be peace in the White House? You are the very man for a president, but the presidency is not the place for you! It is not "easy."

Perhaps you would like to come to New York and take Mr. Astor's place, or Mr. Stewart's. Let me advise you not to do it. They have riches; but, as yet, no search has been able to find for them, that rare and precious stone—content. Both of them have builded a good deal. But though they can keep out the weather—the winter's cold, the summer's heat, and exclude light, and sound and dust, as yet, they have not been able to keep out care, sickness, sorrow and heartache. No! I cannot conscientiously recommend you to become a very rich man. It is not "easy" to do, and is tion. The expression is harsh. The idea suggested by it is terrific; yet on the score of fitness, and in view of the miseries and crimes resulting from intoxicating drinks, even that rough style of comparison can scarcely be deemed an exaggeration. If the bottle horrors are to be fitly labelled, let these be the words, rather than "a smile."—*Christian Instructor.*

Gems.

If God be on our side, we *need* not fear the *greatest* adversary; but if he be *against* us, he can *make* us fear the *least*. 1 *Kings*, xi: 14.

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E. E. WOODWARD,
Stoves, Heaters and Ranges; CORNER 18TH AND RIDGE AVENUE, PHILA.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., APRIL, 1873. NO. 4.

The Coral Grove.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-fan stands through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god raves in the murky skies,
And demons are wading the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the tinkling twigs of the coral grove.
—*J. G. Percival.*

brief account of the processes employed will not be out of place in our pages, and would gladly see some interest awakened in the subject, for it is highly desirable that the immense seaboard and the innumerable streams, ponds, creeks and lagoons of the Southern States should be utilized in this way as soon as possible.

Certain species of fish are more easily cultivated than others, and while salmon and trout can be bred at a large increase, they are more difficult to manage and much less productive than shad, the former producing 2,000 eggs to each pound of their own weight, the latter giving, with a little care, some 20,000; and we shall therefore select the processes employed in the cultivation of shad, for description in this article. When the fish are ripe, as it is called, they are caught, the spawn carefully extracted, and put in boxes with iron sieving on the bottom, which boxes are placed in such a position that the current of the river strikes the bottom at an angle, by which means the eggs are kept in rapid

Now as to the difference between the natural and artificial methods, a bare statement of figures will prove the most powerful argument that can be offered in favor of the introduction of the latter, and we are able to supply these figures from the Reports of various State and National Commissioners.

If a shad deposits, by the natural method, 60,000 eggs, the chances are that, at the outside, not more than one hundred and twenty will hatch, and of this number probably not more than one quarter will come to maturity, which gives us a final return of thirty fish for two or fifteen for one. On the other hand the artificial method preserves the entire 60,000, hatches and starts them in life well out of reach of their enemies, and if one quarter of them reappear, as is calculated in the previous instance, we have then 15,000 fish instead of thirty. Keep up such an increase as this and in a few years every river on our continent which is suitable to the purpose, could be so stocked with fish that fill profitably small cost; and these comparisons justify scientific men in declaring that fish-culture is yet to add a very large proportion to the wealth and resources of the world, and especially of this continent, where our rivers and inland lakes offer such great advantages for breeding. At present our great lakes are entirely neglected, and in the more thickly settled portions of the country, many of the streams and smaller ponds have absolutely no edible fish in them, while as a matter of fact there is no reason why they should not abound not only with the old and well-known varieties, but also with new, which can easily be introduced from other countries, as there is no difficulty whatever in sending fish eggs from one end of the world to the other.

It is well known that the fisheries of our coasts are among the most valuable commercial interests of the country, for millions of money are invested, and hundreds of thousands of men are employed in them, so that their protection and increase is a matter of universal interest, and ought to be and directly diminish the price of living to the poor.

Professor Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, &c. now the National Commissioner of Fisheries, and has spent much time in the examination of the reasons for the alarming decrease of fish in American waters, and of the best methods of fish culture. His forthcoming report will undoubtedly be of very great practical value, and there is no reason why State organizations should not now supplement the national bureau, and furnish all the information and assistance necessary to put the industry upon a safe, commercial basis. We commend these suggestions to the consideration of our readers, and once more remind them that we have it in our power to annihilate the fish trade of the country, or so to increase it by careful cultivation that a reasonable supply of fish food may be within the reach of every family in the land.

A Garden of Fishes.

In all the large towns of Europe glass box or succession of boxes, partly filled with water and tastefully arranged mosses, shells, bits of rock, sand, pebbles, and delicate, graceful waterplants. Here, in these pretty little glass houses live large and queerly mixed families; crabs, lobsters and oysters crowl about on the bright sand, or attach themselves to the motionless pieces of rock, while numberless small fish dart and glide through the quiet water, or hide among the green mosses and seaweeds, and strange creatures whose very names are unknown to us, rush hither and thither, or wriggle slowly along the pebbly bottom. It is hard to imagine anything prettier or more attractive than a well-kept aquarium, and even an ordinary observer can learn much about its inhabitants, by watching their movements patiently through the clear glass of which the boxes are made, and noticing the habits of the different varieties. We trust that it will not be long before our American cities will be able to show us some of these wonders so that all of us may see for ourselves how beautiful

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Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the ngried voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are wailing the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple nullet and gold-fish rove
Where the waters murmur tranquille,
Through the living twigs of the coral grove.

—*J. G. Percival.*

brief account of the processes employed will not be out of place in our pages, and would gladly see some interest awakened in the subject, for it is highly desirable that the immense seaboard and the innumerable streams, ponds, creeks and lagoons of the Southern States should be utilized in this way as soon as possible.

Certain species of fish are more easily cultivated than others, and while salmon and trout can be bred at a large increase, they are more difficult to manage and much less productive than shad, the former producing 2,000 eggs to each pound of their own weight, the latter giving, with a little care, some 20,000; and we shall therefore select the processes employed in the cultivation of shad, for description in this article. When the fish are ripe, as it is called, they are caught, the spawn carefully extracted, and put in boxes with iron sieving on the bottom, which boxes are placed in such a position that the current of the river strikes the bottom at an angle, by which means the eggs are kept in rapid motion much as if they were boiling. In a few days the young shad issue from the egg, the boxes are tossed out into mid-stream, away from the small but dangerous shiners, dace and minnows, which in shallow water would quickly drown the helpless little shad; and these latter are then at once turned loose to find their own way to the ocean, which they do by gradually floating down stream, keeping their heads to the current to catch such food as may come along, and feebly wagging their tails to acquire strength and activity.

In two years the males return weighing something under a pound, and in three years they reappear males and females, the magnificent fish of from two to five pounds, that are so welcome at our tables.

Now as to the difference between the natural and artificial methods, a bare statement of figures will prove the most powerful argument that can be offered in favor of the introduction of the latter, and we are able to supply these figures from the Reports of various State and National Commissioners.

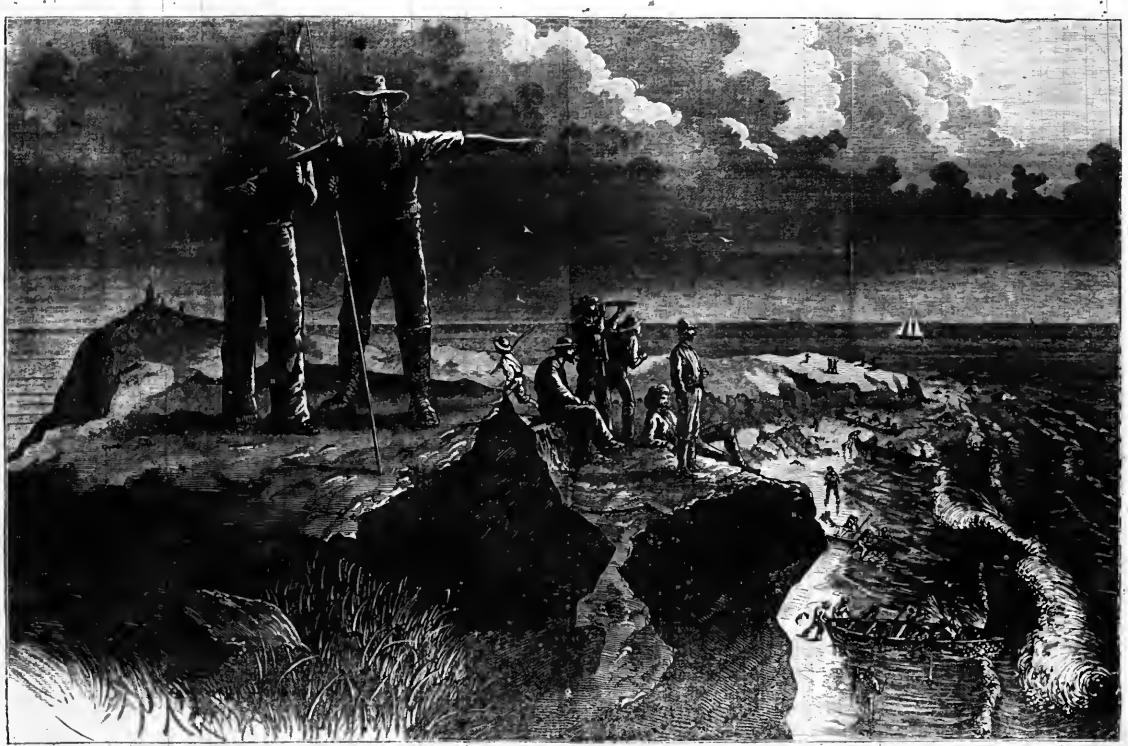
If a shad deposite, by the natural method, 60,000 eggs, the chances are that, at the outside, not more than one hundred and twenty will hatch, and of this number probably not more than one quarter will come to maturity, which gives as a final return of thirty fish for two or fifteen for one. On the other hand the artificial method preserves the entire 60,000, hatches and starts them in life well out of reach of their enemies, and if one quarter of them reappear, as is calculated in the previous instance, we have then 15,000 fish instead of thirty. Keep up such an increase as this and in a few years every river on our continent which is suitable to the purpose, could be so stocked with fish that all processes would be out of place in our pages, very small cost; and these comparisons justify scientific men in declaring that fish-culture is yet to add a very large proportion to the wealth and resources of the world, and especially of this continent, where our rivers and inland lakes offer such great advantages for breeding. At present our great lakes are entirely neglected, and in the more thickly settled portions of the country, many of the streams and smaller ponds have absolutely no edible fish in them, while as a matter of fact there is no reason why they should not abound not only with the old and well-known varieties, but also with new, which can easily be introduced from other countries, as there is no difficulty whatever in sending fish eggs from one end of the world to the other.

It is well known that the fisheries of our coasts are among the most valuable commercial interests of the country, for millions of money are invested, and hundreds of thousands of men are employed in them, so that their protection and increase is a matter of universal interest, and ought to be and directly diminish the price of living to the poor.

Professor Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, as now the National Commissioner of Fisheries, and has spent much time in the examination of the reasons for the alarming decrease of fish in American waters, and of the best methods of fish culture. His forthcoming report will undoubtedly be of very great practical value, and there is no reason why State organizations should not now supplement the national bureau, and furnish all the information and assistance necessary to put the industry upon a safe, commercial basis. We commend these suggestions to the consideration of our readers, and once more remind them that we have it in our power to annihilate the fish trade of the country, or so to increase it by careful cultivation that a reasonable supply of fish food may be within the reach of every family in the land.

A Garden of Fishes.

In all the large towns of Europe there are, at the present time, collections of rare animals and plants, brought together principally as the object of scientific experiments, but also for the amusement and instruction of the people at large. The animals are of course caged or confined in some way, and are fed as far as possible, upon their natural food, so that their habits and peculiarities may be fairly studied. The plants are arranged out of doors or under glass, in water or earth just as may best suit them, and the result of all this care is usually a very beautiful and interesting exhibition of curious things which by most people could never be seen, except under such circumstances as these. Among the chief attractions of these collections is always an aquarium, which means a large glass box or succession of boxes, partly filled with water and tastefully arranged mosses, shells, bits of rock, sand, pebbles, and delicate, graceful water-plants. Here, in these pretty little glass houses live large and queerly mixed families; crabs, lobsters and oysters crawl about on the bright sand, or attach themselves to the motionless pieces of rock, while numberless small fish dart and glide through the quiet water, or hide among the green mosses and seaweeds, and strange creatures whose very names are unknown to us, rush hither and thither, or wriggle slowly along the pebbly bottom. It is hard to imagine anything prettier or more attractive than a well-kept aquarium, and even an ordinary observer can learn much about its inhabitants, by watching their movements patiently through the clear glass of which the boxes are made, and noticing the habits of the different varieties. We trust that it will not be long before our American cities will be able to show us some of these wonders so that all of us may see for ourselves how beautiful a thing a fish-garden may be made.



LAUNCHING THE MACKEREL BOATS.

For "The Southern Workman."

Pisciculture.

Our illustration for this month is not only in itself a beautiful picture, but also furnishes us with a text upon which we have for some time been desirous to speak. The artificial production of fish, or "Pisciculture" as it is technically called, has but lately developed its importance to the country at large, for although some knowledge of this industry has existed for centuries, the first attempts which produced any really practical results were made in France quite recently, and it is the entire success of the systems tested there and in England which have raised fish-culture into an art promising to become of incalculable benefit to the human race. We feel that a

tective laws could be abolished, and the people at large might catch and eat, when, where and how they pleased. The process is neither expensive nor difficult, and even in the case of salmon and trout the original cost is not to be considered in comparison with the immense profit to all classes of the community, for it must be remembered that these statements are not matters of conjecture, but fortunately are now well-established facts, beyond the necessity for further experiment. An acre of land requires manuring, working, planting and harvesting; an acre of water requires only the latter; an acre of land will produce corn enough to support one human being; an acre of water can be made to supply a large number of persons at a forced upon the attention of our legislatures, in view of the fact that it is almost impossible for individuals to act with success in this matter. For the time being protective laws are necessary, and such liberal general legislation as should enable properly appointed Fish Commissioners in each State to put the already existing varieties of fish under healthful influences, to protect them from unreasonable disturbances, to let them breed in peace, to assist them by artificial aid, etc., until the waters both salt and fresh are fully stocked, and cheap fish made the *order* of the day. If the first cost of doing this were a hundred times as great as it is, the people of this country need not grudge it, for they can by this means develop a new food resource,

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The nearer the air breathed within doors approaches in purity and freshness to the free and open atmosphere, the better will it conduce to health, strength and length of life. Three persons sitting in a tight room eight feet high, and twelve by fourteen square, will make impure all the air in it in two hours. If they use light, the air will be spoiled much quicker. Various fevers, scrofula, cholera and consumption, are the result of breathing impure air.

Paper Lampshades. — Two cases have occurred in Germany where persons using green glazed paper lamp-shades were poisoned by the arsenic of the coloring matter. The heat of the lamp drew out the essence, and made the small quantity present very dangerous.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

THE

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, APRIL, 1873.

The late Report of the Commissioner of Education at Washington offers to the public some curious and interesting facts, which would well bear repetition in the columns of every journal in the country. The statistics of education, for example, ought to be known by all intelligent citizens, for they tell a story whose meaning is of importance to all of us, being at once a warning and encouragement.

In regard to the relative civilization of the different states of the Union the Report informs us that Massachusetts takes the lead, for she raises the highest amount per head for education, while Nevada follows close upon her lead, North Carolina, we regret to say, footing the list and allowing rather less than half a dollar per head for her population, colored and white.

The direct relation which exists between education and crime, is shown very clearly in the Commissioner's collection of statistics bearing upon that point, and our readers will, doubtless be somewhat startled at the figures he presents. Eighty per cent. of the criminals in New England have no education; more than eighty per cent. have never mastered any trade, for industrial education seems to be almost as powerful as academic education in warding off the assaults of that arch fiend

"Satan, who finds mischief still,
For idle hands to do!"

and that intemperance does its full share in the evil work is shown by the fact that ninety-five per cent. of imprisoned criminals, are intemperate, and many of them habitual drunkards.

In the reform schools, penitentiaries, etc., it is found that ninety-five per cent. of the juvenile offenders come from idle, ignorant, and drunken homes, proving that a majority of the criminals whom we look upon with such abhorrence and contempt, have in reality, never from the beginning of their miserable lives, had a chance to do anything but criminals. They have not, when good and evil were set before them, deliberately chosen the evil, but have rather been forced into the paths of sin because they saw no other alternative, goodness, truth and purity, being to them things unknown. This class of unfortunates can conceive of no duty which they owe to the State, because they are aware that for them the State has had no thought; they have been left, without an effort on the part of their fellow-citizens, to the fate which the circumstances of their birth seem to doom them, and having received nothing feel that they owe nothing.

It would of course, be useless to reiterate these painful facts, if it were not that as we have already said, they offer us encouragement as well as warning, giving us every reason to hope as well as every reason to fear. There is so much to be done to remedy this condition of things, and the way, at the outset at least, is so plainly marked, that we have nobody to blame but ourselves, if the average of crime in our state or county reaches an unusually high figure. When we learn that the school-house is less expensive than the prison, we shall have taken a great, practical step in advance, and that, in effect, is the burden of all the testimony which we can collect upon the subject. Educate in virtue, and your scholars will be slow students in crime; keep body and mind actively employed in honest work, and dishonesty and vice will have little chance at the victims whose ruin has hitherto been so easy. Although the results of these laws may not show themselves at once, yet they are just as surely inevitable, and the state that pays little or nothing for the education of its citizens will, in process of time, find itself outstripped in every way by the State whose liberality has made ample provision for her children.

The Hampton Students.

[Criticisms etc., of the Philadelphia and New York Papers.]

THE HAMPTON STUDENTS' RECEPTION.

PHILADELPHIA.

Horticultural Hall was crowded to overflowing, last evening, on the occasion of the first concert given by the Hampton Students. Many prominent white as well as colored citizens were present. Every piece sung was encored, particularly the two entitled "I Hope my Mother will be There," and "Roll me Clegist, Roll me." Mr. S. C. Armstrong, the principal of the institution, delivered a brief address, in which he stated the object of the students, that of freely establishing a Normal school and Agricultural institute at Hampton, Va. for the education of colored teachers of the colored race, including an industrial education. The speaker was frequently applauded. The whole affair of last evening was as eminently satisfactory as it was successful.

CONCERT BY THE HAMPTON STUDENTS.

The Hampton Students, a troupe of sixteen or seventeen colored singers from the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Fortress Monroe, Va., gave a second concert at Horticultural Hall last evening. The hall was more than half filled with a high-class audience, and a great deal of enthusiasm prevailed. These people proved not inferior in any respect to the celebrated Jubilee Singers. Like the latter, they are endeavoring to raise a large sum of money for the erection of a needed addition to their college buildings. They appeal therefore to the benevolent traits of our citizens as well as to their musical sensibilities. Their singing is remarkably sweet and expressive, the chastened earnestness and feeling with which even the quaintest of their singular slave songs and hymns are rendered, being especially noteworthy. Among the best and characteristic of the selections given by them last evening were, "Oh! won't dat a Wide Riber!" "Nobody knows de Trouble I see," "Glory, Glory, New Born Again," and "In dat great Gittin'-up Mornin'" the latter being a most eccentric plantation hymn, having sixty verses with a chorus. Here is a specimen of it:

"Blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Blow it right calm and easy,
Do not alarm my people,
Tell dem to come to judgment.

In dat great gittin'-up mornin'—
Fare you well, fare you well,
In dat great gittin'-up mornin'—
Fare you well, fare you well."

There was not the least levity or irreverence about the manner of their singing where only original words and others still more peculiar, to the wildest and most characteristic of slave melodies. Nearly every song was encored. These people give a matinee concert at Horticultural Hall at two o'clock this afternoon. But, tween the two parts of the programme last evening, the agent accompanying the troop made a short address, describing the condition of Hampton Institute, and appealing for support.

A HINT TO MUSIC LOVERS.—THE GENUINE TALENT OF THESE STUDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS:

Sir,—Will you allow me through your columns to call public attention once more to the singing of the Hampton Students, now in our city. It is well worth while for the lovers of music to attend without fail to avail themselves of this opportunities to do so which the present week offers. Those who have heard the Fisk Jubilee Singers will find the repertoire of the present band much the more varied and extensive, while there are also among them voices of greater power and sweetness than were possessed by any of the Tennessee singers.

It can scarcely be necessary to do more than call attention to the great merits and the great needs of the institute from which they come. It is a educating town for the whole of the Southern Atlantic States. It is training skilled and intelligent laborers to go forth through the whole South, educating and directing others, that the desolate lands may be made fruitful and blooming, and that the people of both races may dwell together in peace and prosperity. Southern men are alive to what is in their power to make it a success. Colored men and women are bearing hardship and suffering cheerfully for the sake of admission to its privileges. Through all this hard winter forty of the students, for whom there were no other accommodations, have been encamped in tents, and the trustees are compelled to refuse admission to a multitudes of applicants, because their buildings and endowments are wholly insufficient. Yet the whole country needs that these people should have the advantages of such instruction as the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute supplies. Shall we not give at least such help as full attendance at these concerts can bestow?

There is a weird and wonderful pathos in many of their melodies—the sole outlet and expression of the sadness and suffering of a race in bondage. To-day, with the memories of their darkened past not wholly effaced, they stand in the light of the new dawn risen upon them, singing these old melodies to remind us how lately the light has come to them, and how greatly our aid is needed in helping to fit them for the responsibilities and duties of the coming day.

On Monday of this week the Hampton Students sang at Dr. Hawes' church, Eighteenth and Green streets; on Tuesday, at Dr. Furness' church, Tenth and Locust streets; on Wednesday at Athletic Hall, and on Thursday at Germantown. On Friday they leave for New York City, to try their fortunes there.

S. E. D.

March 2, 1873.

NEW YORK.

The musical critic of a leading New York paper, after a column of criticism of the Italian Opera in which Lucca and Kellogg, two of the leading female singers of the world, sang, says:

"Better of its kind is the singing of the Hampton colored students, who have come here for the laudable purpose of raising money with which to add new buildings to their excellent college in Virginia. Ten young men and seven young women, half of them thoroughly African, appear and sing those plantation songs that deeply interest because of their origin and their sadness. 'Why, I think,' negro songs are funny,' exclaimed a foreigner present at the second concert, 'instead of which they are all about Jesus.' It is this deeply religious element that gives character to the songs. Picture slavery, listen to these melodies,—prayers of the bondmen, and the frequent calls upon Jesus touch the heart with so quieted tissues from the outset to the end. peculiar force as the simulated passion of Italian opera. Homely, quaint metaphor, peculiar to the camp meeting, illustrates the one aspiration of these people, whose barbaric melodies are in the minor key.

"Those New Yorkers who abstain from hearing the national music of slavery will lose an entertainment no less suggestive than unique."

Nine Days in the Woods.

BY JOSEPH P. WEAVER.

During the war of the Rebellion, there were a great many people who lived in the woods, in order to keep out of the army. There were also many others who stayed principally at their original homes, but would dodge out into thick places, whenever any disturbance arose in the neighborhood.

The former were principally whites, who were liable to be forced into the army; but the latter were colored people, whose labor was needed at times to build fortifications.

Whenever bands were needed for such a purpose, a company of soldiers would be sent to take as many as were required. The most striking time that I experienced, was in the latter part of March, 1865. At that time, a large body of soldiers came from Georgetown, to a place in North Carolina, called Hill's Bridge, where they intended to put up a very extensive breastwork.

At their arrival, they immediately began to, take the men and boys of that vicinity, to do the work. But there were many who did not care to aid the confederacy, nor to work without pay, so they dodged it by slipping into the bushes.

I left home one Friday evening with four other men, who did not intend to go to Hill's Bridge. We took lodging the first night in an old house in a pine thicket where we tarried until the next evening. Though Saturday was a beautiful day, it seemed to me the longest that I ever saw.

After dark, we put off for another place, where we knew that no one would suspect us. We were piloted in by a man named Edwards, whose wife was to look out for us and keep us in provision.

Next morning, as soon as it was light, we commenced raising our tent, which we completed in a very comfortable manner. It was dark, Sabbath morning, and about sunrise it began to rain and continued through the day.

I remember that Monday was a fair day, and that we spent much of our time in perambulating our new home. About sunset, one of our men (W. H. Keen), said that he was going home, and prevailed with two or three more to join him, which I did. When we arrived at his house, his mother was just ready to take supper. She was much alarmed to know that we were so venture some, and as soon as we had eaten she hurried us away. We went just back of the field into a little shanty which William had built among the reeds and briers for his own purpose.

Tuesday was the most lonesome day that I ever witnessed, for my friend William did nothing but sleep, while I watched and awaited the setting sun. When the day had passed we went back to our tent where we found the boys whom we had left the evening before.

We had a very cheerful company who, after all, kept a very lively time. Whenever we felt lonesome, or wanted exercise, we would walk about in the woods, and sometimes slip up to some neighbor's house and inquire for the news. While in camp we amused ourselves by playing games, joking, telling ancient tales, etc. When we felt drowsy we would take a nap, and thus the time passed away.

On Friday one of our men ventured to go home, and on Saturday out went another. Now we were only three. Our pilot continued to come in every night to bring us the news and our rations. He came in on Sunday and stayed with us nearly all day. When he was ready to go out, he told us that if he did not come back that night we might come out next morning. How glad we were that he did not come.

On Monday morning we arose very early, packed up our things, tore down our tent, and went to our respective homes.

For "The Southern Workman."

Make Haste and Make Ready.

BY JOHN SCOTT.

The colored people of this State of North Carolina, wherever I go are manifesting a healthier and better interest in education than ever before in their history.

Immediately after the war everyone went headlong after education. Soon, to a great extent, the novelty wore off, and I have never seen harder work done than the teachers of colored schools have been doing these last few years to get the people to prize education enough to take anything like suitable interest in their own instruction or the instruction of their children. True, there would be quite a number in every neighborhood who kept their interest without great abatement, and a few deepened their interest. But I do not know of a teacher among the many that I know who has not had to go out and "drum up" scholars or leave a large number of them untaught, and who has not often seen these children eating cane by the roadside, or peanuts, or something worse, at the same time they were telling you they could not get ten cents to pay you for a week's tuition.

At first, they rushed ahead of your own interest like a team of fiery horses, hurrying on night and day with their eagerness to gain the elements of knowledge. Soon they cooled down to a more moderate pace; and coaxing and spurring would hardly make them start.

The reason for this change is, that the interest at first was a borrowed interest. It came from an imagined power and scope which it was to give to their freedom, and the absence of any such distinguished ones from the whites; and it was deepened too, by the example and words of their Northern instructors; and it was not the result of their own digested estimate of the value of education to themselves or their children. After the dizzy rush into the primer, they began to ease down, and to ask, What have we started to do? In this effort tending to? In the meantime, the labor of these people has given them a possession to be cared for and disposed of, and the pressing need of some education to do this has been forcing itself upon them. They have raised cotton and because they did not know how to sell it, have seen it pass with a business sagacity like the result of their labor and dispose of it whether right or wrong; and like the cats in the fable, who trusted the ape with their chestnuts, they have watched and waited for their portion in vain. Now their interest in education begins to be their own. They begin not only to hear what others have told them, but to *feel* the need of it. The father looks at his poorly clad family as the winter comes on and wonders why they are not better prepared when he has worked so all summer. Now comes a better enthusiasm; it comes out of the *needs* and experience of the people and *will not die out* like the other.

Wherever I go, the people come to me to get them teachers. Here in Wayne County the other day, a man came and said, "Can't you get us a teacher? We have never had a school and we have built a house and will pay to board a teacher and pay him." In Johnson, Alamance and Guilford counties similar requests are made every few days. One place in Johnson there are forty children and would be a colored teacher twenty-five dollars per month, exclusive of state money, and boarded him besides.

Still there are and will be many indifferent to their own interests. In studying this change I see in it a call clear and earnest upon the students at such institutions as the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. There never was a greater work or more philanthropic work than this. The school buildings are waiting for you; the eager minds of those to angle of childhood are waiting for you; equip them for the manifold duties of life; and many suffering families are waiting for the power you alone are to give them to guide their ungoverned and wayward heads that may manage their labor and relieve their poverty. Greater responsibility is upon you in some respects than upon any other class of teachers; for you have not so much as in most cases they do in the education of their children. They can furnish you with tools to work with, but this is all. You are to be the centre of inspiration of heart and mind. Too much cannot be done to get ready. Yet I have seen some teachers who were not Christians, some graduates of normal schools who could not pass examination for common schools, and some who is no way appreciated the greatness of their responsibility.

Hampton Normal School.

OFFICE SUPT. PUBLIC SCHOOLS, JAMES CITY, YORK, &c., *Jan. 27, 1873.*

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG:

Gen.—I regret to say that the trustees of this district have not been able to procure the services of a single graduate of your college. M. R. Wallace, who attended your college for a short time, and has taught in James City last session. His discipline was exemplary, and he was an excellent teacher for one of his acquirements.

I have called a Teachers' Institute in Yorktown, in the Mission School house, Feb. 20th. I shall be happy to have you meet with us and give us the benefit of your experience.

Yours truly,
JAS. H. ALLAN.

SPEEDWELL, WYTHE CO., *Jan. 24, '73.*

Dear Teacher,—I received your letter some days ago, and should have answered it before now; but, although I thought I could not make it convenient to write in the day, and I don't write nights for fear of straining my eyes, I have quite a fine school here. Have now about fifty scholars. I am now building my last month at this place. I can't tell where the Supt. will send me next. Everything has passed off quietly since I've been here; not even a person has attempted to disturb me whatever. The scholars have learned very fast. I wish you could see how anxious they are to answer questions while they are reciting their arithmetic lessons. I can only say that though the spokes in the ladder are far apart, that the majority of the children of Speedwell are trying to climb it. As to the parents of the children, they are very poor; not one colored person in this district owns a house of his own to my knowledge. Again they have no chance to purchase if they wanted to. They say that the owners of the land wont sell. So you can plainly see they have no chance especially when they work for fifty cents per day and board themselves. Though they are poor, they seem to be very kind to a teacher. The houses which they live in are open; but they have plenty of covering. They have treated me kindly. The Sunday-school numbers about forty scholars, but the winter is so cold, and the church so open, that they don't meet regularly. Some have to walk five miles. Such things you will like this, but the winter and I have tried to get them to meet regularly, but they will only meet warm days when there is no snow on the ground. That is the only objection I have of the place—the schoolhouse is so open. I can't explain myself to you as I wish to, therefore I hope you will excuse my mistakes. I like to forget to tell you that the people are very religious out here. I am sorry to tell you that there is a great deal of whiskey drank around here by both white and colored.

SPEEDWELL, WYTHE CO., VA.,
March 10, 1873.

* * * * I finished my first school in this district the 7th of Feb. Had much success. I have a new school now in the same district. Commenced Monday, 3d of March. Have only twenty scholars. Am getting twenty-five dollars and board per month. This school house was built principally by a colored woman, who went to the mountains and helped to haul the logs and helped to hew them. Paid out about thirty dollars cash on it, and is now sending six children to school. She wants her children educated, does she not? I like this place much better than I did the other. I don't have to walk so far to my meals. I have to walk about a mile and a half, when I used to walk two and three. * * * I shall have about fifteen of my old scholars, which will be quite a comfort to me.

My school house is situated on the left bank of Cripple Creek, which is quite a pretty place. I can stand in my door and see the iron Mountain. Seeing the water so often it reminds me of Hampton, when I was only of the Q.

* * * * Please excuse repetition.

Your most obedient servant,
HENRY WASHINGTON ABERDELL.

JERUSALEM, *Jan.* 1873.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG:

Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I write you. Your letter was gladly received, for I wanted to hear from the Normal School very much indeed. The place I stopped this summer is called Rock Springs and the people are entirely destitute of school, so I went to work and got a log house from my uncle that was not every far from the one he lived in himself. I made the benches myself, and the teacher's desk; I then opened Sunday-school and charged the children one cent a piece. That was to pay the rent for the lumber the benches were made of. My Sunday-school number fifty-eight. When I first opened school only five out of the fifty-eight could read. I put my whole attention on my Sunday-school and when I closed school the greater part of my scholars could read very well considering the chance they had. The people the most of them asked me to teach day school the month of August. So the first day of August I opened the school. My number was small, but the children learned very fast. So now I am trying all I know to get the trustees to have a school-house for me. The people were very kind to me when I was there, but they are very ignorant indeed. I have left Rock Springs and come to Jerusalem to teach school. I would have opened the school before, but I have been sick. I came here Monday to teach. I will open school next Monday morning. The people here have had a better chance to learn than they have got, as there are schools here. Schools have been going on here for three years. General, I wish to myself that I could do something to elevate my race more than I am doing, although I am doing all that is in my power to do. The white people of this part of the county admire the intention of the Hampton Normal School. I heard a great many of them speak of it and say they wish there was one in the country for the white boys and girls. They say the Normal School of Hampton is the best school in the country for the elevation for the colored people. To General, I am doing all I can to show to the people the Normal School is the *school* of the country. It is the school that turns off a smart class every year of self-helped boys and girls.

No more at the present.

Your true, affectionate friend,
JOHN K. BRITT.

P. S. Address your letters to Jerusalem, Southampton Co., Va.

Notice!

Hereafter, the "Southern Workman" will be mailed to subscribers on the first day of every month.

The Progressive Band of Portsmouth, Va.

The undersigned members of "The Progressive Band of Portsmouth, Va.," being deeply afflicted by the loss of a much loved and very active and efficient one of our band, Miss Francis Reed, have sent us a grateful tribute to her memory, closing with the words:

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

May God bless and save us all for Christ's sake."

MARY A. SCOTT,
ELIAH H. BOLDEN.

[There has been received an account of a "Drinking Experiment," which we think it unwise to publish, lest any should be thus led to repeat the same act of folly and wickedness. We do not believe in taking any kind of poison into the system to judge of its effects; or in tasting, like Eve, of any forbidden fruit in order to know the evil of it. We would rather follow our great Exemplar, who did no sin, but who went about doing good, and good only.]

Liberal Donation.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the donation from Messrs. Hoe and Co., the celebrated manufacturers of Printing-presses, of one of their most valuable printing-machines, a No. 9, Hand Stop-Cylinder, valued at $2250.

Ever since the opening of our printing-office in Oct. 1871, we have been laboring under disadvantages for want of a better press, and we have not only been obliged to turn away job work, but the great labor involved in printing the "Southern Workman" and other work on the second-hand Washington press, which was the best we could afford to purchase, has seriously worn upon our foreman and his assistants in the office. How to remedy this difficulty has been the great problem, and various expedients have been suggested by which we might raise money enough to purchase a $1200 press without diverting any of the streams of benevolence on which we rallied for the support of the school. None of our plans for raising the needed funds seemed feasible, and now when we were almost discouraged, the generous and kind friend of our need, generously determined to give us "the least Hand-Cylinder press made," thus more than realizing our most sanguine hopes. We are now able to do our work in the printing line that may be offered in as good style as can be done anywhere; and we confidently hope that the next number of the "Southern Workman" will compare favorably with any illustrated paper in the country. Messrs. Hoe and Co. have our most grateful acknowledgements for their timely and munificent gift.

Agricultural.

SCRATCHES or grease may very often be cured by washing the legs with warm water and soap, and, after drying thoroughly with a soft cloth, applying glycerine or lard perfectly free from salt. If this does not avail, a pound of "concentrated lye" or carbonate of potash may be dissolved in two quarts of water and put into a bottle. A quarter of a pint of this solution should be put into a pailful of cold water, and the horse's heels bathed with it night and morning. The legs should be dried immediately after the bathing, but considerable moisture will exude from the skin afterward. The stable must be kept clean, and no snow or ice allowed to remain on the legs.—*American Agricultural.*

HOW TO TEST THE PURITY OF MILK.—The purity of milk may easily be determined by ascertaining the percentage of cream and solid matter which it gives. Genuine milk will average ten per cent. of cream and twelve per cent. of solid matter. Any milk with less cream and solid matter than this has been skimmed or watered.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

AN OPEN SHED FOR STOCK.—A warm shed, open at the place large enough for ingress and egress, is a better place for stock than is generally thought. By right management the cows may be kept in such cleanliness as to favor the continuance of the natural system. We can bring to mind not a few such cases where a shed, closely boarded and ceiled, with folding doors to open, and leading to the east or south, afforded a comfort that is a pleasure to think of. The place was warm, made warmer by the stock, with bedded and well aired (by their own breath) without much circulation; thus comfortable in the coldest weather, and in storms, of course a perfect protection. But your stock must not be crowded. We have had occasion, in our early experience, to separate the most unruly members, and thus found all peaceable and harmonious. Racks for feeding were provided along the inside of the building, giving plenty of space, as the whole shed was thus arranged. There was straw used for catching the urine and dung, and this removed as required.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Spring made which saved well the substance of the manure, and converted readily the straw into the same.—*Ex.*

SAVE THE BEST FOWLS FOR BREEDING.—It is the worst possible policy to kill all the best and handsomest fowls, and save only the mean and scraggly ones to breed from. This is precisely the way to run out your stock; for like tends to breed like, and the result is, that by continually taking away the best birds and using the eggs of the poorest, your flock will grow poorer and poorer every succeeding year.

It would seem so, though this was too plain to be insisted upon, but in fact, "line upon line" is needed. It is the crying want of the poultry upon the farms the country through—this careful and intelligent selection of the best for breeding.

Nothing is lost by a little self-denial to start with. The extra pound or two of poultry flesh that you leave on the legs, instead of sending it to the market is a good seed, and will bring forth ten-fold and twenty-fold in your future broods. Save your best stock for breeding.—*The Poultry World.*

A SCRAP BOOK.—Every farmer should keep a book in which to paste agricultural scraps. Every one, in reading a paper, will see a number of things which he will wish to remember. He will perhaps see suggestions, the value of which he will desire to test, or hints which he will want to lay governed by in future operations. Another, after reading the paper he will throw it down and will probably never see it again. In such a case all the valuable articles will be lost. To prevent such a loss, every reader should clip from the papers such articles as he desires to preserve and remember and paste them in a scrap book. Such a book, at the end of a year or two, will be very interesting and valuable.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Our Exchanges.

THE AMERICAN FARMER'S ADVOCATE, published in Jackson, Tennessee, is devoted to the interests of the National Agricultural Congress, an organization of farmers the object of which is to extend the knowledge of agriculture and to influence legislation in its favor. The "Advocate" contains valuable official reports from the Department of Agriculture at Washington and from farmers' clubs all over the country, and a great deal of useful and practical information for farmers, with interesting correspondence and the latest market reports. The great want of the country is a race of intelligent farmers. The more the farmer knows about improved methods of culture, the rotation of crops, the best implements of farming, and the management of stock, the more he will get out of his land in crops and money. No farmer ought to be without access to a good Agricultural journal. If he cannot afford to subscribe for one alone, let several club together and send for one. It is always economy to do things in the best way.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS is the appealing title of an interesting little sheet published in Boston by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This society and others like it have done a vast amount of good in this direction, especially by influencing public sentiment in favor of showing mercy to those who cannot ask for it. A correspondent from South Carolina declares that "All animals there are miserably poor, ill kept, and ill used. I could harrow the feelings of a whole Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by telling half I know of broken-spirited mules and stunted little oxen in single and double carts that draw such loads of wood to town and wait at hitching posts all day, while the masters spend the proceeds of the wood, drinking and cursing everything more respectable than themselves." Rather a bad record for South Carolina, but we fear that the picture might be sometimes looked upon nearer home.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION—New York—Henry Ward Beecher, editor. Henry Ward Beecher is one of the powers of the age, and it is doubtful whether his influence is as great even in Plymouth pulpit to which thousands throng every week to hear him preach, as in this little paper which carries his words to so many more thousands all over the land. His contributions to it are its chief attraction of course, though its standard is good in all its departments. The reports of his Lecture Room Talks to his own people, are always excellent. These more familiar "talks" seem to take his hearers into his own heart and into a nearer communion with the Father. He says, "I have had some glimpses of the presence of God, but I know it is like a little lake, as compared with a full vision of the infinite, shoreless, fathomless, measureless ocean of the divine nature. And I shall be amazed when I see it, that I ever know anything about it. Yet I shall not be disappointed for me. I shall see God himself and I shall be satisfied then for the first time in all my life." His answers to correspondents are often very interesting, too. People in all kinds of mental trouble write to Mr. Beecher and get sympathy and advice. A pastor writes to ask what he shall say to a young man who has become skeptical because he has contracted a habit of drinking and has several times fallen before the temptation after praying against it and reforming for a time. Mr. Beecher says, "His doubts found themselves on the disappointment of a false expectation. By whatever means contracted, the appetite for strong drink is a physical disease, and the treatment should be partly moral and partly physical. Abstinence is the chief physical remedy, a general strengthening of the moral nature the next. Teach him the real use of prayer in such cases. Do not hide from him the fact that the battle will be long and hard, that defeats may not be wanting—that God will not deliver him by a miracle, but will strengthen and lead him to victory at last, as he does other tried souls. Teach him that he is the better for every brave endeavor, even though it may not be successful." Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe who has done more for the cause of freedom than any other woman perhaps, and whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated into almost every spoken language, are regular contributors to the "Christian Union."

THE MARYVILLE MONITOR is a paper owned and published by colored men, in Maryville, Tennessee, and edited by the well-known Friend, Yardley Warner, "in the interest of the Freedmen, Education, and Religion." Sympathizing fully as we do in these objects, we wish the little sheet all success in its second year on which it has just entered.

At Home.

For "The Southern Workman."

Sunday.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHENDORFF.

The night is hardly done,
A single lark upsprings
Through the still air and sings.
Whose is his early song?

The trees in the garden bow,
And gaze for o'er the land,
By the quiet house they stand.
For whom are they waiting now?

The flowers in beauty clad
Like little children fair
With dewy tears on their hair,
Look up in welcome glad.

"For whom this bright array
O little brides?" I said.
One softly answer made,
"Be still; it is God's Day."

"Now is the dear God here,
He blesseth wood and fell"—
Out rang the morning bell.
I knelt, in happy fear.

M. F. A.

LOOK TO YOUR HOMES.—The study of agriculture may be very interesting, but the business of farming can never be pleasant and attractive until more of our people learn to make their homes in the country more agreeable.

Ride through the State and see the ordinary farm houses. The front yards are destitute of flowers and shrubs. There are no pleasant verbenas, that captivate the eye, as much as they add to the pleasantness of the house. Books are scarce, so that, during rainy days or bad weather, the boys have to retire to the barn and catch rats for instruction, or shell corn for amusement.

Stingy and penurious are many such farmers. They complain of an inability to do these things, and yet permit their hirelings to go forty or a hundred yards from the house to get drinking water from a rickety old well, and so lose time enough during the year, to work a flower-garden. Their cribs are placed on one part of the farm, their stables on the other. With no toolhouse the tools are left where the work is ended, and when wanted again must be vexatiously hunted up.

No wonder there is a distaste for agriculture when such things are permitted. Let our people make their homes pleasant and beautiful, set out trees and shrubs, vines and flower-beds, buy a book today and a picture to-morrow, and without visibly entrenching upon their income, their homes will soon be arrayed in beauty, and make the hearts of the children rejoice.—*Nashville Union and American.*

HANGING BASKETS.—Very beautiful and choice looking hanging baskets, suitable for a window, can be made of any empshipped sea-shell. The ear pearl shells are prettiest because of the beautiful variety of colors in the pearl. Suspend the shell by means of fine copper wire passed through holes bored near the edge. This wire will not rust, and is much better than cord, which decays and breaks, by reason of the constant moisture. Fill the shell with rich loam, and plant in it Lycopodium, which in a species of running moss, showing a rich bluish green color on its upper side, and a clean green on the under. This is much prettier than what is called Lycopodium moss; a plant of similar structure, but lacks the lovely variegated hue of Lycopodium proper. Either of these will flourish in a shell, and in a short time be of sufficient length to twine around the wires and hang over the sides. Shower it abundantly, as constant moisture is an essential requisite to its growth. This moss will not die down in the winter season; but be green and fresh as when first planted, if regularly and thoroughly watered and kept in a temperature not lower than fifty degrees. It does not require sunshine, and the light just inside the window in not too strong for it, but if exposed outside to strong light and sunshine, it will soon become brown and faded. It is not necessary to bore holes in the bottom of the shell, as the retained moisture in not any too much. I have a cunning little accompaniment to one of these handsome ornaments. It is a tiny basket with a handle, cut out of a single English walnut-shell, and suspended beneath the large shell. It is filled with a sprig or two of moss, growing in it as vigorously as in the other.—*Exchange.*

TO DESTROY ANTS.—1. Pour copiously, hot water as near the boiling point as possible, down their burrows and over their hills, and repeat the operation several times.

2. Entrap the ants by means of narrow sheets of stiff paper or strips of board, covered with some sweet sticky substance; the ants are attracted by the sweets, and, sticking fast, can be destroyed as often as a sufficient number are entrapped.

3. Lay fresh bones around their haunts; they will leave everything else to attack these, and when this accumulated, can be dipped in hot water.

4. Pour two or three spoonfuls of coal oil into their holes, and they will abandon the cost.

5. Bury a few slices of onions in their nests, and they will abandon them.

Who's Afraid?

BY MRS. E. L. BEERS.

"Wall, I tell you, Carl, that somebody will find it out. Somebody always does," and Jimmy Keeper raised his old suspender off his shoulder with his thumb, slipping it back and forth uneasily.

"They wont either," and the black eyes of the born poacher shone under his shabby hat with an avil light.

"Aint I knocked over more rabbits and kilt more pigeons than you can count? and nobody ever saw me either. I aint afraid like you milksops. You dassent coax a gon to save your life. An' you'd faint away to try to wring a bird's neck off. You'd better set in the corner and knit, you had."

"Aint afraid outher, but I say it's naughty mean to go sneakin' round into folks' barns and yards, stealin' the things folks has set their hearts on."

"Well, Jemima, I'm goin' to call you Jemima now 'cause you haint no more pluck than a girl), it's going to be a fine moonlight night, and we Robin Hood's men are going to have a great feast over in Fern Hollow. Jim Davis will bring watermillions, ah I aint they sweet now! Bill Bolton gits taters and salt to put on 'em, and

CHRISTMAS STEALERS.

a pot to bile supper in, and they 'pend on me to bring the game and I'm goin' to do it. If anybody 'pends on me I never disappints 'em, no, never. Now if you're a mind, you and Ben, to come an' watch round Deacon Filer's barn while I go in after somethin' I want, very well. If you don't, I jist walks up to your daddy, and says I, 'Your Jim stole them peaches off the Widder Low's tree last week, and Ben helped the lantern all the while.'"

Poor Jim looked troubled enough. He had been led on by this bad boy, who belonged to a family of queer outlaws living at the edge of the village limits, yielding now to one bad suggestion now to another, until he felt quite in his power. When his mother looked at him tenderly or kissed him good-night softly, he felt as though he could not live without confessing and amending, but the brave hour never came, and though he both hated and feared Carl Keyser he was his slave.

"D'ye hear, Keeper—slurp seven; now mind—no sneakin'. O way, just think what a supper we'll have in the Holler, an' you and Ben shall have a plenty. You can come so easy, sleepin' in the little room, with a winder you can get out of jest as easy as the boy knew his manny. I'll expect you," and Carl went off singing,

"I'm the captain bold of a troop as fine
As you'll see on a summer day-s-s."

"O Ben!" said Jimmy as they trudged softly homeward. "Oh! isn't it awful, I dares n't tell mother, and I dares o't make Carl mad, for I don't know what father will do—and I would n't mind a lickin' so much, but you know how mother will look when she finds it out. Alot it dreadful, Ben!"

"O Jimmy, I'm as scared as anything, for I heard our Ann say that Carl had sold hisself to tha Old Nick, and he would come after him some time. What if he should come to-night?"

"Well, I'll tell you what, Ben, I'm goin' to get through this to-night, and then I wont go with Carl any more. I'll let him tell if he's a mind to, and I'll stond the lickin.' This is goin. to be the last time."

CHAPTER II.

"Good-night, boys, mother's got the best boys in the land; they have brought her in wood and water, fed the old hen, and shut the pig up—good-night, little men, God bless you!"

It was almost more than the boys could bear to hear the pleasant words they did not deserve at all, and when they got in their little room they looked at each other und Ben whispered, "It's too bad, aint it? Do n't let 's go."

"But Carl will make such a row. Yes, I'm goin' this once. Now be still and make believe gone to sleep; the winder 's up, aint it?"

"Yes."

An hour afterward Jimmy and Ben met Carl in the spot of shadow beside Deacon Filer's barn. Ben softly unbolted the great wooden bar by reaching his little hand through the gaping crack and pushing up the stick which held it in place. Carl had already secured a hare for the feast, which he gave to the boys to hold while he climbed up the rough ladder to the chicken loft. The bright, full moon streamed in the little window and showed two very white faces, as the trembling boys kept guard. Before Carl had quite come down again, they heard a little sound just behind a rough door near them and whispered as much to Carl.

"Pshaw! I mint nfreid of nothin'," and then he whistled the air of the "Captain bold."

Just then there came three knocks. There was no mistake this time. All three of the boys heard it very plainly and Carl turned quickly, "Who's that?"

There was a sound of shuffling feet and a double-knock at which sound Carl dropped his gun and ran for the nearest corner.

"Maybe it's old Nick comin' fur him," piped little Ben softly.

Then there was a great stamp, another knock, and the door began to move inward a little way, and a series of short, gentle, regular taps, was heard.

Carl's bravery oozed out of his fingers' ends, for he was the very image of terror as he stood saying scraps of outlandish prayers to the saints of his queer calendar, and when he heard Beany whisper hoarsely,

"It's him! I see his horns!" he sank down in abject fear crying like a baby.

The two fearful horns were plain to be seen now, and the boys could not stand it longer, but with a subdued yell ran wildly out at the open door never stopping until they reached their homes, each fully persuaded that the Evil One had come to claim his own.

After this, Carl's power was over, for by daylight Jimmy and Ben were up, and standing by the breakfast-table, made full and fair confession of their sin, and were forgiven on promise of future amendment.

Carl had lost his authority evermore, for he could be a hero no longer in their eyes, and so sought new retainers who had never seen him cry with terror or flinch in danger.

It was many months afterward before it was discovered that the horns that had figured as those of Satan belonged to an old goat who was quietly pursuing his own employment of gathering up anything desirable that came in his way. Finding a nice bandanna of Deacon Filer's choice cabbage-sprouts in the corner, he had solaced his wakefulness with their juicy coolness, pursuing the scattered leaves up to, and through the opening door, his horns hitting the door at every mouthful.

The remembrance of the night of terror remained long after its cause was known, and though there was many a weak hour of temptation and some wavering by the way, they tried to deserve the charecter their partial mother gave them with her good-night kiss.—*Christian Weekly.*

Legeod of the Silkworm.

The name of the silkworm is *Bombyx mori. Bombyx* means silkworm, and *mori* is the Latin word for *mulberry*, so that the two names mean the *mulberry silkworm*. This worm has a remarkable history. Its ancestors lived in the world thousands of years before their value was known. All this time they lived in the woods, spinning away their silk, but without attracting any attention from man. At length, as the story goes, a long time before even Noah, the thought of building the ark, 2,600 years before Christ was born, one of the queens of China, while walking in the royal grove, noticed one of the cocoons of this worm, and plucking it from its fastenings, she took it to the palace. Examining the threads of which it was composed, she admired them for their fine quality, and discovered that she could separate them and wind them in a ball for use. She then collected a great number of cocoons, and wove the threads into fine cloth for wearing apparel.

This was a very important discovery, because up to that time the clothing of the Chinese was made from the skins of animals. And there was not enough of skins to supply the wants of the increasing population of that country. There was, therefore, a great demand for some other fabric out of which good clothes could be made, and the silk of this worm was so employed. It was a great thing for this neglected and despised worm, that had been kept away from the habitations of man for more than 1,400 years, to be raised at once to the rank of a special favorite of queens and royal ladies. But so it was.

I do not say that this is a true story, but the Chinese believe it, and they say that the name of the queen was *Sing chi*. Now, if ever such a woman lived, it is well to remember her name, and the Chinese have done well to tell us who she was. Her husband the story says, built an inclosure joining his palace, where the mulberry was planted, and the silkworm raised. So every day the queen went into that inclosure with her maids of honor, and she and they fed the worms and gathered the cocoons, and the finest pieces of silk were always woven by her own hands. She was an industrious queen, and the Chinese regard her as one of the best of their race.—*Our Monthly.*

General News.

THE INAUGURATION.—On Tuesday, the 4th inst., General Grant was inaugurated President of the United States for his second term. The day was one of the coldest of the season, yet a fine display was made by the military and others. The inaugural was, as is usual with Gen. Grant's documents, brief. Among the promises made for the future, those in reference to civil-service reform, the re-establishment of our commerce, the removal of burdens from internal trade, and the protection of our Indian population, are the most prominent.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—The Geneva Award goes over to the next session, Congress having been unable to agree upon any measure providing for the distribution of the money to the Alabama claimants. This result was expected when the widely-differing opinions on the subject became known. The money will be due until September 12th, so that the delay does not really affect the matter much, if Congress at the next session will be any more likely to agree upon a plan of distribution than at the session just closed. When the money is received it is to be used in redeeming five-twenty bonds, and to represent the award, an equal amount of new five per cent. bonds are to be set aside, subject to the future disposition of Congress, so that whatever interest may accrue by the operation will be for the interest of the United States.

THE NEW SENATE.—The Senate of the Forty-third Congress consists of seventy-one Senators, there being three vacancies, one from Massachusetts, one from Alabama, and one from Louisiana. Politically divided, there are forty-four republicans, twenty democrats and seven liberals, the latter being Senators Sumner, Sprague, Tipton, Fenton, Hamilton (of Texas), Ferry (of Connecticut), and Schurz. The vacancy from Massachusetts will be filled by the legislature of that State in a few days with a republican, probably either Secretary Boutwell or Representative Dawes. The Louisiana vacancy is contested by ex-Lieutenant Governor Pinchback, republican, and General McMillan, democrat, and how it will be filled, depends upon the settlement of the still unsettled Louisiana trouble. The Alabama vacancy is contested by George E. Spencer, republican, and F. W. Sykes, democrat.

MORE ANNEXATION.—A number of San Francisco speculators have bought the Islands of Samoa, Upola, Savii and Tutuili in the Pacific Ocean. These islands are very productive in sugar, coffee, tobacco, indigo, arrow-root and other tropical riches, including a great quantity of cotton. A petition has been got up asking for the annexation of the islands to the United States.

THE WORK OF THE 42d CONGRESS.—The work of the Forty-second Congress is concluded and may be summed up as follows: All the general appropriation bills were passed and received the President's approval together with the following among others of importance: Bill repealing the franking privilege; bill for the revision and codification of the pension laws; bill amendatory of the act codifying the postal laws; bill amending and codifying the laws relating to mints and coinage; bill reducing the internal revenue force; bill for the revision of the statutes of the United States, the report to be made in December; bill authorizing the construction of ten sloops of war; bill providing for the sale of coal lands; bill paying awards of the Southern Claims Commission; bill to carry into effect the articles of the Treaty of Washington relating to the fisheries; bill providing for the deposits of the Geneva award in the Treasury of the United States, this being a substitute for the House and Senate bills providing for the immediate distribution of the said award; joint resolution congratulating Spain on the establishment of a Republic. Considerable general legislation was engrafted upon various appropriation bills. Among the most important measures thus enacted being those relating to the Union Pacific Railroad Company in regard to the Credit Mobilier transactions and the provisions raising the salaries of the President, Vice-President, Judges of the Supreme Courts and members of Congress.

YELLOW FEVER.—The South American steamer brings news to Lisbon that the ravages of yellow fever in Brazil are abated. At Rio Janeiro the deaths were from thirty-five to forty per day, and the epidemic had spread to Bahia and Pernambuco. A number of English residents returned in the steamer, and others were preparing to leave the country.

THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.—The times of the trials of agricultural machinery at the Vienna Exposition have been announced. They will take place on the Leopoldstadt estate, about eighteen miles from Vienna, commencing on June 18th with hoes, root cutting, chopping and crushing machines; on June 20th with grass mowers, reapers and rakes for grass or wheat, barley, pasture and clover on July 14th with threshing machines, straw elevators, corn cleaning and separating machines, and on July 30th with steam plowing, sowing, harrowing and rolling machines. Three hundred and five English acres have been appropriated for the trials of the reapers and mowers. This class of implements have been especially developed in the United States, and those manufacturers who intend exhibiting should take care that their shipments are not made so as to arrive too late for competition.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

Life's Heroes.

Not those who with bugle and banner
March bravely amid's conflicts to win:
But souls who, unknown and in silence,
Wage far nobler warfare with sin.

Not those whose fair speeches are laudasored
As foremost in science and art;
But souls who shall leave their life's record
Deep graven on human heart.

Not those for whom voices exulting,
The world's pæans of victory swell;
But souls who, perseved and forsaken,
Shall fulfill life's journey, "Tis well."

Not those who, with vigor undaunted,
Achieve what man reckon great deeds;
But souls who forgetting self quietly,
In bye-ways and hedges sow seeds.

For there's coming a day when all worldlings,
Though rich in all manner of lore,
Shall count best as dust in the balance
When weighed on eternity's shore.

But the patient, the meek and the faithful,
Who've lived for our dear Lord alone,
Shall glean in heaven's brightest of jewels
When Jesus shall make up His own.

— NEW YORK OBSERVER.

Rev. William Taylor.

This veteran in the Christian ministry, pastor of the First Baptist Church (colored), of Hampton, died on the sixth of March, at the age of 72 years and 5 months. He had been a preacher 51 years; working, during the week, at the trade of a carpenter. He, could truly say with Paul, "These hands have ministered unto my necessities." By his own earnings he bought his freedom for $1200 and the freedom of a son for $500, and by the timely aid of *friends*, being held in the highest esteem by all classes of citizens,—he paid also for a daughter no less than $1720. Judging from this, he must have performed no small amount of manual labor, in addition to all his duties as preacher and pastor.

These duties were indeed manifold, since he had a church of more than twelve hundred members. Being of commanding personal appearance, a born leader of his race, he was emphatically the overseer of his large flock, guiding and controlling them with a wise, but firm hand. As a preacher, he was not so famous for getting up the "pousouents," as for calmly instructing his people in the things of Christ. As a pastor, he is spoken of as most diligent and faithful, so that if he heard of any brother walking disorderly, he would be sure to go right to him, and use every effort in his power to reclaim him—"watching for souls as they that must give account."

And, it is cheering to know that the gospel which he so long preached to others was found to be exactly suited to his own need; helped him in difficulty, comforted him in sorrow, supported him in death, so that going home was, as he expressed it, "going from labor to refreshment;" "just going from one room to another," from the humble abode of earth, to a glorious mansion in heaven.

He had been ill for many months, calmly and cheerfully waiting to depart and be with Christ. There rested on his last days a "soft and pensive light, a sort of Sabbatic calm. There seemed to be a mellowing of the spirit as of the sun toward his setting; a maturing of meekness and faith and charity; a ripening of the whole man for heaven, until the Master said, "Come up higher." And, could he return, and speak again through those lips of clay now sealed in the silence of death, would he not say to all his surviving friends, with a more earnest and heavenly spirit than ever before, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ?"

The funeral services were on Sabbath afternoon, the ninth of March, at the new and commodious church edifice, for the erection of which he had so long and earnestly labored. It was appropriately draped in mourning, and filled to overflowing, long before the commencement of the services; the multitude outside greatly exceeding the throng within. Rev. Mr. Thornton preached the sermon from *Acts*, 20: 24—"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Addresses were made afterward by Rev. Messrs. Parker, Smith, Adams, and Tolman. At the close, the audience sung the hymn, beginning:

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ."

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The Plague of Fraud.

This is not merely local, confined to Washington. Would that it were. But this painful fact is that the plague, to a sad extent, pervades and permeates the nation.

Think of the prevalence of fraud in almost every department of business; the cheating in articles of trade as to *quantity*. The paper of carpet tacks labelled one thousand, and counting but seven hundred; the piece of tape sold for twelve yards, and holding out but seven; quart cans, so called, which will hold only a pint and a half; the imperfect weights given over some counters, the deficient loads of coal, the wood "short at both ends;" these are specimens of the flagrant violations of the Divine word, "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in metyard in weight or in measure."

Then the cheating as to the *quality*, as well as the quantity of the articles of trade is, it is to be feared, as common, and if possible, more nefarious still. I allude to the paste and paper in the soles of shoes, the shoddy in coats and hats, the cotton in professedly all-wool cloth, the watered milk, the butter mixed with strong lard, and mutton tallow, so that a certain butter company actually proposed to make a pound of butter out of only a single pint of milk. And so shameful is the fraud in lard that, by the use of alkaline carbonate, more than forty per cent. of water is often put into it. Scores on scores of acres of chicory are cultivated in California for adulterating *coffee*; and in China, where they cultivate the willow for adulterating tea, no less than 40,000 pounds of willow leaves were used last year in this abominable process of cheating. So notorious moreover is the adulteration of intoxicating liquors by pernicious drugs, that the same amount of habitual drinking which formerly made one what is called a drunkard in twenty years, will now produce the like degree of disease and intemperance in three years. Most humiliating indeed is the fact that so many are seeking upon such various wicked and cruel devices to cheat and defraud their fellow-men, and to poison their very life-blood for the sake of gold.

And since the plague of fraud has eaten so extensively into the daily business of life, is it any wonder that it should break out among the officials of the nation, occasioning the fall of some of the stars of our political firmament? Is it strange that some of our rulers should be infected, in a measure, with the vices of the people? Congressional corruption is but a symptom of the too common disease of the body politic; a disease not only of the upper ten, but of the lower million.

We should therefore beware of seeking to find a cover for one guilt, in the exposure of another's; but each rather heed the Divine word, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;" "Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes;" ever praying with the Psalmist, "Gather not my soul with sinners—in whose hands is mischief, and whose right hand is full of bribes."

This and That.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—An amusing incident recently occurred at Williams College, which is thus related by a correspondent of the "Springfield Gazette":

The Professor of Chemistry, while administering in the course of his lectures the Protoxide of Nitrogen, or, as it is commonly called, laughing gas, in order to ascertain how great an influence the imagination had in producing sensations consequent on inspiring it, secretly filled the India rubber gas bag with common air instead of gas. It was taken without suspicion, and the effects, if anything, were more powerful than upon those who had really breathed the pure gas. One complained that it produced nausea and dizziness, another immediately manifested pugilistic propensities, and before he could be restrained, tore in pieces the coat of one of the bystanders, while a third exclaimed "This is life. I never enjoyed it before." The laughter that followed the exposure of this gaseous trick may be imagined.

Sir Humphrey Davy, being once about administering this gas to a person afflicted with paralysis, applied the bubble of a thermometer to his mouth, in order to ascertain the temperature of his system. The patient being ignorant of the manner of taking the gas, felt instant relief, and by holding the thermometer for a short time longer in his mouth, a complete and permanent cure was effected.

SELFISHNESS.—The never-reaching cunning of selfishness of superiors over inferiors was well exemplified in the case of the white man and the Indian, who agreed that while hunting they should share the game. One night their bag contained a fine turkey and a carrion buzzard. "Well," said the white man, "we must now divide what we have taken, and therefore, I'll take pieces. I will take the turkey and you shall take the buzzard, or else you may take the buzzard and I will take the turkey." "Ah!" said, the native, shaking his black, shaggy head, "*you no like turkey for poor Tonee!*"

JOSIAH AND TOBACCO.—The New York "Methodist" tells us that a preacher somewhere in Connecticut when tobacco is getting to be a staple production, in discoursing on cleanliness as being akin to Godliness, remarked that he was of the opinion that Josiah was a nice, wholesome sort of an old man, who neither "smoked nor chewed," from the fact that the whale retained him *so long* in *his stomach*. If the fish had swallowed some of the members of this congregation, or even some of our members, as *sure* as they profess to be, he would have vomited himself to death in less than no time!

The "Watchman and Reflector" has an article on the recent Congressional developments, in which it tells some wholesome and unpalatable truths. We copy from it as follows:

We are a nation of Sabaths and sanctuaries, and Sunday schools and powerful revivals. Still, our people can't be trusted with the handling of money. Those who seem the strongest easily yield to temptation. We are startled at some great fall, and cry, Who next? only to find the next, perhaps, still more startling. Moreover, right along in speculation and trade, men who stand high in society and oftan in the church, too, conduct their business on principles that would not stand any moment for a moment. The truth is, our youth grow up fair outwardly, but with feeble consciences; with a great deal of negative virtue, but with little positive; beautifully innocent, perhaps, up to the hour of trial, but with no sturdy moral conviction as led the tempted Joseph to say, How shall I do this great thing and sin against God? The fault is found partly in our homes, in the method of training; but it falls back largely on those who have been called of God to expound and enforce truth in all its bearings, and who have been solemnly set apart to do just this. They do not sufficiently preach Christianity in its applications. They do not emphasize enough that righteousness which consists in right doing. They magnify the Gospel at the expense of the law. They take too much for granted that the seed deposited in the heart will, with but little further care, yield all manner of precious fruit in the life. And when the case demands it among the heavy contributors, there is not enough of that unsparing fidelity by which the Baptist incurred the vengeance of Herod, and which made Felix tremble before his prisoner, and which roused the Pharisees to pursue our blessed Lord to the death. The consequence is a childish piety, that wants religion to be a thing of amusements, picnics, fairs and festivals; a piety that fails at the first trial, instead of standing amid the assaults of temptation as the oak stands amid the tempest, toughening all the while its fibre, striking its root deeper, and ever lifting its top higher toward heaven.

Gems.

It is one of the beautiful compensations of this life that no one can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—*C. D. Warner.*

On earth we have nothing to do with success or with its results—but only being true to God and for God; for it is sincerity and not success which is the sweet savor before God.—*Robertson.*

The future character of the nation and the church is bound up in the little people of to-day. Are we moulding and training them for God?

A loving heart and a cheerful countenance are commodities which children should never fail to keep on hand. They will best season their food and soften their pillows. Sour faces and cross words make everything go wrong. Keep in the sunshine of God's love, and don't give the frowns a chance to deepen into wrinkles.

"Get out of my way—what are you good for," said a cross old man to a little bright-eyed urchin who happened to stand in the way. The little fellow, as he stepped aside replied very gently: "They make men out of such things as we are."

"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish man despiseth his mother."—*Prov.* xv: 20.

"To send an uneducated child into the world," said Paley, "is little better than to turn out a mad dog or a wild beast into the streets."

It is of small practical use talking of God's love to you if you forget the working of God's love in you.

No man is good unless others are made better by him.—*Welsh Proverb.*

It is an evidence of great hardness to be more concerned about our sufferings than our sins.—*Anon.*

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.—*Colton.*

An evil mind will be sure to put the worst construction on another's actions. Who can stand before envy? If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

"Nothing can harm us that quickens our earnestness and frequency in applying to the throne of grace. Only trust the Lord, and keep close to Him, and all that befalls you shall be for good."

There is more bitterness following upon sin's ending than ever there was sweetness from sin's acting. You that see nothing but weal in its commisson, will suffer nothing but woe in its conclusion. You that sin for your profit, will never profit by your sins.

John Bunyan was once asked a question about heaven which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures; and he thereupon advised the inquirer to live a holy life and go and see.

"The question is not, How may I pass through life with the least inconvenience, but, how may my little span of life be made most subservient to the praise and glory of Him who loved me and gave Himself for me?"

The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy, illiberal superstition and bigotry which cloud the brow, sour the temper, deject the spirit, and impress moroseness on the manners.

Trifles.

FALLING OVER A WHEEL-BARROW.—If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when. He has got through falling over a tither, for it will tangle his legs and his arms turn over with him, and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolute anew, and limap himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheel-barrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheel-barrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse eu true dignity.—*Danbury News.*

A Virginia paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

A Western editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says: "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes."

A shoemaker who is not as skilled as most editors in deciphering manuscripts, is racking his brain over an order sent him by one of his illiterate customers for "a pare of Easy toad shuz."

Among the saddest episodes in the late storm in Minnesota, according to a Western paper, was the freezing of the hands, nose, forehead, everything except the *check*, of a life insurance agent.

An advertisement taken from a county newspaper reads as follows: "Lost or strade from the subscriber, a sheps all over white—one leg was black and haf his body. All, persons shall receive $5 to fetchhim.

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" "Na more he wont, T'isn't till after the fire that he shys."

An old farmer said of his clergyman, whose sermons lacked point, "Ah, yes, he's a good man, but he will rake with the teeth upward."

Josh Billings says; "There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't cackle much until after they have laid their eggs. Sum phokks are always a bragging and a cackling what they are going tew do beforehand."

The little son of a prominent Baltimore minister said to his father:

"Pa, St. Paul was a Southerner."

"How do you know that, my son?"

"Why, sir, in the eighteenth verse of the eighth chapter of Romans he says: 'For I reckon.' None but Southerners say reckon."

Jenkins told his son, who proposed to buy a cow in partnership, to be sure and buy the hinder half, as it ate nothing, and gave all the milk.

"Do you think I am a fool?" a violent man asked the late Rev. Dr. Bethune. "Really," replied the Doctor, "I would not have ventured the assertion; but now that you ask my opinion, must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

A prudent clergyman, unwilling to accuse a citizen of lying, said he used truth with penurious frugality.

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed: "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

The time to possess your soul in patience is when your hat blows off in the street, and your eyes are too full of dirt to see which way it goes.

We have heard much of the laziness of the modern workman, but are inclined to think this statement of an indignant employer, a slight exaggeration. He says: "I have seen a man, who had his pick in air, knock off work and leave it there, rather than waste time to put it down after twelve struck."

A
National Savings Bank.
THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
Company,
Chartered by Congress, March, 1865.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
NORFOLK, Va. BRANCH
IS LOCATED AT
NO. 116 MAIN STREET,
Corner of Atlantic Street.
Bank hours, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Open also Saturday Nights from 6 to 7 o'clock.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST
is now paid, beginning monthly. Dividend days: July 1st, and January 1st. Interest compounded if not drawn. *Special arrangements* made for receiving accounts payable by Check.
Depositors at Norfolk, bearing six and four per cent. Interest respectively.
Deposits of any amount received from any person, and repaid on demand.
J. W. ALFORD, *President.* M. C. PERRY, *Cashier.*

THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY.
The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.
The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,237,262.67, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.
There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1865, has been $100,000. The past should be to us all a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is fruitful promise. Before the annual meeting we shall be able to report $2,000,000 due depositors.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest
on Savings deposits, compounded to January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass-Book only.
Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.
Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.
ACCOUNTS TRANSFERRED,
at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch without risk or trouble, and without loss of interest.
For full information about the Bank address the *Secretary* at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and by-laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central Office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.
Any information required can be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alford, Esq., or L. L. Eaton.

TAKE NOTICE,
NORTHERN EMPLOYERS
AND
SOUTHERN WORKERS.
All correspondents from colored people wishing all news at the North, will be inserted in the "South ern Workman" free of charge, if accompanied by references from responsible persons.
All communications from Northern employers for colored servants will be received at our usual charge of one dollar per line.
Until further notice, parties North and South wishing to communicate with each other in regard to this subject may do so by letter to the "Southern Workman."

JOHN T. BENTLEY,
WATCHMAKER
AND
JEWELER.
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver, and Plated Ware Sold and Repaired.
Fancy Goods of all kinds constantly on hand.
Cake, Candy, Confectionery, and General Furnishing Store.
Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

INFORMATION WANTED of Isaac Gordon, who left his home in Camden Co., N.C., in 1862. He was formerly owned by Mrs. Wiley Barrikee. The last information concerning him was in 1865, when he was in Philadelphia. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his father and mother. Address
THOMAS GORDON,
Kempsville,
Princess Anne Co., Va.

HELP WANTED.
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding five lines in space will be inserted in this column at fifty cents for one insertion and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. The money should in all cases accompany the advertisement.

WANTED.—Two girls to go to Pennsylvania; one to do general housework, the other to take care of a child. Apply at the office of this paper.

WANTED.—Six or eight honest and industrious men to go to New York. Good employment until December. For further particulars apply at office of this paper.

WANTED—A man and wife without children, on a place ten miles from Philadelphia. Man to milk a cow, clean horses and carriages, etc.; woman to work in the kitchen. This is a rare opportunity to those wanting situations at the North. Apply at this office.

SITUATIONS WANTED.
WANTED.—A situation as light porter, or to do general work, at a hotel, from the middle of June until the 1st of October. Good references given. Address GEORGE COLE, Normal School, Hampton, Va.

Hampton Business Directory.
J. S. DARLING,
Hampton Steam Mills. Meal and Feed Planing and Sawing done promptly.
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Groceries, Provisions, Paints, Oils, Oars, Rigging, &c.; TABB'S CORNER.
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Fashionable Hair Dresser and Barber; KING STREET.
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Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, &c.; QUEEN ST.
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Sign and Ornamental Painter; QUEEN STREET.
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Saddler and Harness Maker. Orders filled promptly; QUEEN STREET.
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Lumber, Lime, Shingles, Laths, Cement Coal, &c.; near Steamboat landing.
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THE
SOUTHERN WORKMAN,
DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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The Voice of the Grass.

BY SARAH ROBERTS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Telling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're murdered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Kindness to Animals.

In many of the large cities of our own and other countries, there have been formed, during the past few years, societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and it is impossible to walk through the crowded streets of any town, or even to watch the treatment of the live-stock upon most farms, without feeling that the need for such organizations is very urgent. People are constantly guilty of cruelty to the dumb beasts that are dependent upon them for care, and this cruelty is oftener the result of ignorance and thoughtlessness than of any real hardness of heart. There are, to be sure, brutes in human form who are capable of willfully and habitually abusing helpless animals, but such cases are infrequent, and the commonest cause of the sufferings of our domestic animals is to be found in the ignorance of their owners, who know or think little of their duties in this respect. Over-driving, over-loading, under-feeding, uncleanliness, etc., are prolific sources of suffering in stable and farm yard, and yet there are few instances where a little thoughtful effort will not remedy or prevent these wrongs. The societies mentioned above are not only a police force, organized for the purpose of detecting and punishing those who are guilty of intentional and unnecessary cruelty to the animals in their power, but they are also, by means of the personal influence of their members, and the publications which they issue, directly useful in educating the public mind to a truer view of the responsibilities of human beings towards their fellow-laborers of the brute creation. In this way much interest has grown up in the important question of the rights of animals and the old indifference to their comfort and improvement is slowly passing away, for careful observers soon see for themselves that intelligent kindness toward live stock of all descriptions, soon brings its own reward. Improvement in breeds and in individuals is one result of careful treatment which is immediately profitable in hard cash, and such profit is, perhaps, the most powerful argument which can be used at present in favor of a general reform among stock owners and employers; but there is also a direct reward granted to all who show kindly interest in the animals which play so large a part in the business and pleasure of our lives. Almost every one knows something of the capacity for affection of dogs, horses, birds and numerous other animals, both wild and domestic, and the remembrance which they show of gentle deeds and acts of kindness. The picture for this sunny month of May, which we offer upon our first page, is full of that sunshine of kind thoughtfulness which may easily be made to brighten many a dark place, and bears pleasant witness to the value of an education which teaches even little children to love the animals whose life here is due, even as our own is, to the wisdom of an all-loving Creator. The kindness that we show to animals often returns to us, and our love for them is never wasted, for not only do they themselves frequently appreciate it, but the reaction of such kindness upon our own natures is always salutary and full of wholesome enjoyment. Christianity and common sense both teach us that even the semblance of cruelty to animals should be avoided, for their interests and our own are not far divided.

THE MORNING CALLERS.

The Central Park.

The city of New York, the largest city on the American continent, is built upon the island of Manhattan, which lies between the Hudson and the East Rivers, and at the head of New York Bay, one of the finest harbors in the world. The upper part of this island was originally rocky and barren, with here and there swamps or small ponds, and here and there slight but abrupt elevations. Out of the centre of this unpromising tract were taken, several years ago, some eight hundred acres, which were put into the hands of competent landscape gardeners, to be laid out as a public park for the use of the inhabitants of the great, crowded city whose noisy, dirty streets had then no outlet into green fields and pleasant groves. The very roughness of the ground chosen fitted it for the purpose, and in a singularly short time the citizens of New York were able to enjoy the wholesome delights of a large, well-regulated and beautifully laid out park. The swamps were converted into artificial lakes, on whose surface, during the mild season of the year, float graceful, brightly decorated boats, mingling their gay flags and streamers with flocks of snowy swans, and the variegated plumage of strange varieties of ducks and water fowl. In winter these same ponds are covered with thick coats of ice, and thousands of skaters fly back and forth over the sparkling white fields, presenting a brilliant and attractive scene. Excellent roads have been made, with bridle paths for equestrians, and miles of narrow, shady rambles for people who like to make the most of the space at their disposal by walking from one pretty spot to another, and lingering to feast their eyes upon the beauties lost upon those who only look at the general effect from their carriages. Little brooks run from one pond to another, now and then leaping merrily into foaming cascades, or rippling under graceful, rustic bridges, and past pleasant, quiet summer houses. In order that the vast traffic of the city may not be disturbed, three of the main avenues run through the Park, but are sunk so far below the general level of the ground, as to show nothing of the carts, omnibuses and business vehicles which are constantly passing along them, but are allowed nowhere else in the Park. Over these sunken avenues have been thrown bridges of stone, marble and wood, that are so beautiful as to form a striking feature in the scenery, and add greatly to the variety of the views. Near the largest lake has been built a fine stone terrace, on and about which are numerous fountains and water jets, whose sparkling showers fall into carved basins, half hidden by masses of green leaves and bright blossoms, while close beside, at the end of a long, straight avenue, called the Mall, stands a gay pavilion, surrounded by numerous seats, where a band of well-trained musicians plays on certain days of the week, to the great delight of the crowds who gather eagerly to listen.

The water supply of the Park which is so plentiful, and so greatly increases the beauty of the landscape, is obtained from the large reservoir which also supplies the city itself, and which, lying at the upper end of the Park, is well worth a visit. The aqueduct, and the system of reservoirs that make New York unrivalled in respect to the quantity and purity of its water supply, are examples of engineering skill which deserve a more detailed description and illustration than can be given here, for their practical value is almost inestimable, the health and prosperity of any large city being closely dependent upon the cheapness and purity of the water that it supplies to its citizens.

An addition to the attractions of the Park, which promises to be very important, is found in a Zoological Garden, a collection of foreign and native animals, which are kept in buildings and inclosures arranged for the purpose, and furnish objects of great interest and amusement to the public at large. Elephants, monkeys, tigers, camels, lions, bears, and a variety of less familiar animals fill the cages, and attract each day a fresh crowd of sight-seers, the younger portion of whom are very apt to consider this exhibition to be the most exciting entertainment to be found within the limits of the Park.

As a whole, New York has undeniable reason to be proud of the beauties of the Central Park, and it would be a good thing for the health and the morality of every city in the country if such breathing places were supplied to the over-worked and over-crowded denizens of narrow, dirty streets, whose lives are so rarely blessed by visions of blue skies and green grass.

Flowers.

At this season of the year, when every spot of earth is covering itself with fresh verdure, Nature herself seems trying to remind us of how much we can do to adorn our homes by a careful use of the beautiful gifts which the Creator has lavished upon his children. At an expense so small that it need scarcely be counted, we can fill our gardens with plants whose growth and blossoming will be a delight to our eyes all through the long summer days, while the care which they require, in our genial climate, is so small as to be an amusement rather than a toil. If the earth of the garden is properly prepared in the first instance, there are many varieties of hardy plants and shrubs which will grow in luxuriance if the weeds are kept away from them, and they are watered during the summer droughts. The annuals, which grow from seed, are many of them so strong and full of life that they need scarcely any care at all, while many flowering shrubs will grow luxuriantly for years with no assistance beyond that to be obtained from a little manure spaded in around their roots. A neat, attractive garden before a house, however small the space inclosed may be, will add greatly to the aspect externally, and will increase the pleasures of the home within, while the occupation it affords is so healthful and full of instruction, that it should need no recommendation. Such labor as it involves may be made, for the young especially, a valuable means of education, and there can be no loss in undertaking the improvement of any little corner of earth which Providence may have intrusted to our keeping, for the perfume and beauty of the flowers which we assist in producing, are very sure to reward us for any small investment of time or money that we may be called upon to make.

The Pyramids of Egypt.

The famous pyramids of the ancient Egyptians are situated on the west bank of the River Nile, beginning a short distance above the city of Cairo, and extending, in groups, for some sixty or seventy miles up the river. As many as sixty-nine have been counted, the ruins of many more are to be seen, and there is no doubt that many have disappeared entirely in the long period of forty centuries which has elapsed since they were built. In these pre-historic ages, the rocky hills which lie between the valley of the Nile and the Great Desert, were honey-combed with the burial-places of the common people, and the great pyramids which uplift their mighty heads nearer the river side, were the tombs of the kings, and their royal relatives and officers. In the centre of each is a sepulchral chamber, over which were laid the courses of masonry, leaving a very narrow and low passage, through which access was obtained to the central chamber. At the death of the monarch the work ceased, the last layers were finished off, the embalmed body was laid away in state in the dark chamber, and the passage way was closed up, not to be re-opened until thousands of years had passed, and the solid stones themselves were crumbling into dust. The largest pyramid now standing is near Memphis and covers an area of twelve or thirteen acres, the side of its square measuring 746 feet, and its height being 450 feet, 9 inches. The four sides face the cardinal points of the compass, and it is built of immense blocks of granite, so large as to show that an astonishing amount of mechanical skill must have been necessary to transport and adjust them in their proper places. Its interior has not yet been thoroughly explored on account of its great size, but several chambers have been discovered, in one of which was a sarcophagus of red granite which probably contained the mummy of some great king, who intended that his name and fame should last while the world stood. There is still much to be learned in respect to the design and workmanship of these wonderful structures, and the volumes already filled with their history count by hundreds, while they are visited every year by thousands of curious travelers, who spend the warm Egyptian winter in wandering among these royal tombs.

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.
S. C. ARMSTRONG, } *Editors.*
RICHARD TOLMAN, }
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, MAY, 1873.

THE past month has been more than usually remarkable in respect to the number of accidents which have occurred both by land and sea and have resulted in such painful loss of life. The wreck of the steamer *Atlantic* while endeavoring to make the harbor of Halifax, is known in its details by all readers of daily papers, and is certainly more terrible than anything of the kind that has happened for years, the circumstances having been of the most heart-rending description. Although we can scarcely realize how near such or similar dangers are to all of us, yet occasionally the fact is brought home to us, and we believe that it is not out of place here to make grateful mention of the narrow escape of our Hampton *troupe* during their late journey from New York to Boston. A train which preceded theirs by ten minutes met with an accident fatal to many of its passengers, and the escape was more striking because the express train upon which were our students had the right of way for that time, and was only saved by a temporary detention of which the ill-fated way train took advantage, thus incurring the risk which would otherwise have fallen upon the express. Without any desire to escape misfortune at the cost of the suffering of others, it is impossible, in view of the magnitude of the enterprises which they have undertaken, not to be earnestly thankful for the preservation of our Hampton singers, whose success is of such great moment to the cause of popular education in the South.

One of the most noticeable events of the month has been the occurrence, within our national limits, of a massacre so cold-blooded and treacherous that it might to, and probably will modify the whole policy of the government in regard to its perpetrators. The murder of General Canby, and his assistant commissioners by the Modoc Indians, fully demonstrates the uselessness of expecting any permanent peace in our western territory (except such as can be maintained by force of arms), until the remnants of Indian tribes still remaining are either civilized or exterminated, and the present heavy expense, both of money and valuable lives, must continue until we cease to trust to the reason and honor of a faithless and barbarous enemy. While we may be entirely humane and even philanthropic in our treatment of the border tribes, it is folly for us to endow them theoretically with virtues which they never practically possess, and true wisdom seems to suggest such action on the part of the government as shall protect, as far and as economically as possible, the majority, viz., the white settlers and frontiersmen, against the violence of a barbarous minority. It is a fact, which by force of contrast is somewhat painful, that our present relations with the Indians are so expensive that a dozen such institutions as Hampton might be endowed from the outlay of a single year, as outlay too, which is apparently entirely profitless.

"American Music."

We sincerely respect the feeling which leads some of our colored friends to object to the singing of the old-time plantation songs. Were the purpose to stir up any revengeful feeling, or kindle any unholy passion; or were the effect to repress, in the least degree, the aspirations after a higher and nobler life, we should object in like manner. But when we consider that these songs are so fresh and unique, that they constitute, as is claimed, "the only American music;" that they are also so rich in scriptural truth, so full of Jesus and of heaven; having thus served to cheer the slave in his captivity, to lighten his toil, to solace his woe, to make earth's dark places bright, and earth's rough places smooth, and earth's sunshine more beautiful and blessed,—we have abundant reason to cherish them. Besides, in appealing for aid in behalf of the lately emancipated race, the melodies which were born in the house of bondage, which were the heart-utterances, the soul-cries of the slave cabins and the slave plantations, telling in so touching and thrilling a manner of patience and faith, are peculiarly fitted to move the heart and open the hand.

May God therefore bless the Hampton Students on their Northern mission, and help them *sing up* the much needed building for our educational work.

The Hampton Students.

Our Normal School singers met such a cordial reception in New York and vicinity that they remained in that city till the 16th of April, when they left for Boston, where they are now comfortably established for the present with very good prospects for success. We continue our extracts from leading New York papers, that the readers of the "Southern Workman" may know the impression made at the North by the class of music offered by our students to their enlightened and critical ears.

[From the "New York Tribune."]

"The second concert, of the series of three, to be given by the students of the Colored Normal Institute, at Hampton, Va., attracted a crowded and most enthusiastic audience to Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening. As at the first concert, the greatest amount of interest was manifested throughout the interpretation of the programme by these sable melodists, who sing with an earnestness of purpose, and sympathetic intensity of feeling, that carries their auditors with them. This was especially marked on Tuesday evening, when nearly every piece of the twelve on the programme was persistently redemanded, the audience discovering sufficient novelty and gratification in the entertainment to hold it intact until the very last piece was sung, which is an exception in the general rule of the majority of regular concerts.

"The peculiarity and originality of the traditional melodies of the Southern colored race, whether as songs or hymns, is well known to the American public through the gleams they have had of it during the last thirty years—but it is seldom that the North has been favored with the presence of truly native Southern singers. The majority of these songs and chords are singularly touching in their pathetic sympathetic simplicity; nearly all of these *genuine* slave melodies of unknown origin are pervaded by a vein of sorrow rendering them closely akin to the lamentations of the children of Israel when held in bondage; and despite the grotesqueness of the words to which they are wedded, at once enlisting the cordial sympathy of the hearer.

"The third concert of the Hampton Students was given last night at Steinway Hall. It was various to mark the deep sympathy of the crowded and cultivated audience with the rude verses and almost equally rude tunes brought by these young freed people out of the land of bondage. The reminiscences of the dark and cruel days of Slavery seemed to touch singer and listener alike. The pathos of these wild hymns, with their burden of sorrow and their brightening of faith and hope, kept home to every heart. For the songs of this interesting company of students are not the weak ditties of the burnt-cork minstrels, nor are they the ordinary chants of the conventional church—they can hear at any time. They are genuine slave songs, rendered, nobody knows how, among the plantation cabins and camp-meetings Their words are almost invariably of a religious character, sometimes simple and even beautiful, sometimes grotesque."

[From the "Liberal Christian."]

"The singing of this band of twenty pupils—half men, half women—is very instructive and affecting. It is the simplicity of prisoners and bondsmen who, denied for a hundred years any hope of justice or favor from this world or our country, turned all their longings and hopes to another tribunal and another world, and learned and gladdened their hearts by the exercise of an enthusiastic faith in God and heaven and in the love of Jesus. It is the songs they sung in their slavery that we catch the echoes of in their new freedom. They have not yet forgotten their chains, and life has not yet become prosperous and easy enough to tempt them to abandon the high fervor of religious hope. It is wonderful how well trained they have been in bringing their wild music into order and moderation. They excel in the softer strains and really equal in their *pianissimo* the most skilled choruses of the clubs and theatres.

"The honest, intelligent, well-mannered young men and women in this singing band inspire us with great sympathy and respect. It is plain that their contact with disinterested, cultivated and religious whites has worked a rapid change in their imitative natures. Happily, only the noblest and best whites have gone to Hampton as teachers and guides. The founders or leaders of that school have engaged in the work from deep religious and high political convictions. No one could have heard Gen. Armstrong, at the first concert, unfold the principles of this manual labor school, without feeling that neither statesmanship, political economy, nor enlightened charity had anything to teach him. There does not appear to be a flaw in his policy, his motives or his philosophy. To help prepare by their own labor and earnings a class of colored teachers to educate their negro brethren and sisters—this is the whole scheme. It combines sound sense, true economy and real benevolence, as well as Christian faith, patience and charity. We commend the cause of this school to all enlightened patriots. Over two hundred students of both sexes are in it, and a hundred or more of applicants are excluded by want of accommodation. Fifty graduates are already welcomed to the schools of the South, and a cry for more such is general here. Forty-five thousand dollars are needed to put up dormitories and other buildings at Hampton, are to be begged and sung out of the North by Gen. Armstrong and his band. Let us hear this interesting choir, and listen to Gen. Armstrong's story, so clear, manly and incontrovertible, and then deny some generous portion of his superfluity if he can and dare!"

The New York "Weekly Review," a Journal devoted to Literature and Music, devotes several columns to the subject in an editorial article extending through two numbers, from which we have only room for a few extracts.

"At last the American school of music has been discovered. We have had accomplished virtuosi, skillful vocalists and talented composers. They have, however, all trod the beaten track. It has remained for the obscure and uncultured Negro race in this country to prove that there is an original style of music peculiar to America. This school is found in the chaos of music of the Southern blacks, and they have been but lately made familiar to Northerners by the efforts of two groups of colored singers who have lately given concerts in our principal cities. Both of these bands of wandering minstrels are working in aid of meritorious educational institutions.

"The success of the Jubilee Singers seems to have inspired a number of the pupils of the Hampton, Va. Academy to "go and do likewise," and a band of nineteen members has started out on a similar mission. Mr. Butterfield, the foreman of our Printing-office, reports the press as perfect and satisfactory in every respect. This number of the "Southern Workman" is printed on it at the rate of 800 an *hour*. Our April number was worked off by students, on our old Washington Press, at the rate of 1000 per *day*. Our readers can judge what a saving of time this is, and how much more work can be done by us than was possible with the former facilities. The largest steam presses made by Hoe & Co., such as are used by the principal daily papers of our cities, give 20,000 impressions per hour. The following extracts from an article in the "Springfield (Mass.) Republican," will be of interest to our readers, as showing the present magnitude of the business of Messrs. Hoe & Co., and from what small beginnings it has sprung:

Correspondence of the Republican.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1872.

AN OLD STORY RE-WRLY TOLD.

"I have just been through the immense up-town establishment of the Messrs. Hoe & Co. where printing-presses are wont to be made. In connection with what I have there seen, I occurs to me that the 'new departure' of the 'Republican's' mechanical department, in putting on a bright and beautiful new dress of minion type, with over-skirt of nonpareil, new head-gear, and full-face, italic, and 'display' trimmings throughout, will be of interest to the introduction of a new four-cylinder Hoe press, capable of producing 10,000 papers an hour, is a fitting occasion for giving a brief sketch of it from here, regarding the establishment that it and has long been the theatre of the active operations, and of the men who are and have been the active workers in the great field of genius and skill, which, in their wonderful developments, have kept the printing-press—mechanically speaking—always in the van, in the world's great march of progress and civilization. The teeming brains of invention, the business nerve and power, and the marked mechanical ability combined—characteristics of manufacturing presses and printing material. About the year 1829, the building of power-presses was commenced, but, for a considerable time, with only indifferent success. The Treadwell press, and its Scotch rival, was found to promise better results than those built in New York, and after considerable expenditure of time and money, for those days, the two interests were combined, and power-presses were quite rapidly and successfully built after that time. In 1830, Mr. Hoe retired from business, and was succeeded by his sons, Richard M., Robert, and Peter S., who successively, from time to time came into the firm, and these are now the active elements of the house."

R. HOE & CO.'S HAND STOP-CYLINDER PRINTING PRESS.

THE INVENTOR OF THE ROTARY PRESS.

"The achievements of the elder Hoe, in the invention and manufacture of printing machinery, were great, but it remained for his succeeding generation to invent and perfect the crowning glory, so yet, of the house, in the successful completion of the rotary press, one of which they have just finished for the Republican," and there are four, eight and ten cylinders, capable of producing from 10,000 to 20,000 printed sheets in an hour, they are constantly duplicating. As fast as newspapers became to be something more than almanacs, and began to acquire large circulations, hand presses, of course, were out of the question, the Adams press and single-cylinders were too slow, and double-cylinders, even, were not fast enough. The inventive genius and skill of Col. R. M. Hoe, however, were equal to the emergency, and kept the wants of the publishers supplied, by means of improvements to his double-cylinders, until 1846, when he invented the four-cylinder, or type-revolving, or, as it is sometimes designated, the lightning press. The germ of the idea which finally grew to the invention of this press, came to him, one evening, at his house, while attempting to work out some improvements to his presses then in use. The first one of the rotary presses was built in December, 1846, for Mr. Swain of the Philadelphia "Ledger," and the last, and 150th one, in December, 1871, for Samuel Bowles & Co., of the Springfield "Republican." The second one was built for the New York "Sun," and others soon followed for the New York "Tribune," "Herald," Boston "Times," and so on, until they are now buzzing 'at 5 o'clock in the morning,' in every city of importance from sunrise to sunset."

THE PRESS-ROOMS AND SOW.

"The rapid strides which have been made from the hand press to those of the present day, have been the quiet and but little noticed developments of mechanical skill and genius, probably without parallel as regards the importance and magnitude of their usefulness. And this has all come from the accretion of small, practical ideas, the persistent appliance of well-directed labor, coupled with long-suffering patience and indomitable perseverance, which combined have finally won most enduring fame and success. The Messrs. Hoe & Co. have for years eminently been the leaders of the advance guard in the great march of improvement in printing machinery, although others, from time to time, have taken a position in the ranks, and, in some specialties, moved forward to success. It is not mine to press, however, that the Messrs. Hoe give their attention. There is nothing used, or wanted, or thought of in a printing-office, that they do not make or furnish, and their daily consumption of raw material, and annual productions, are quite enormous. They are also very large manufacturers of saws of all kinds, and have an excellent and world-wide reputation for their presses in that line. Detailed figures would be too prolix in connection with the subject, and I will not attempt to use them."

Our Illustrations.

The handsome pictures which ornament our first and third pages this month are from "The Illustrated Christian Weekly."

North Carolina Letter.

WILMINGTON, *April*, 1873.

DEAR WORKMAN.—We have, at this season of the year, as usual, a session of law, which is now being published in pamphlet form and scattered over the State. I suppose it will be many a year before we shall have a law that will not need, in the opinion of the incoming Legislature, radical amendments. The law of '72 was a poor one, and gave general dissatisfaction, although its framers had the best interests of the schools at heart. It allowed fifty cents a month to all teachers for each pupil in school. The State will not be anxious to try such an experiment again. The new law does away with this feature, and provides that every teacher shall be paid according to a contract previously made with the committee. There are to be three grades of teachers: the first grade will be entitled to receive two dollars a day, the second a dollar and a half, and the third a dollar. It seems unwise to limit the pay of a teacher in any such way, and also a pity if such competence cannot be secured. Shall he competent to decide what a teacher's services are worth. The trouble is that North Carolina does not feel able to pay her teachers a fair price, and all our school laws seem to be framed with the tacit understanding that if a teacher is to realize a fair support he must "pass round the hat," and persuade the people to contribute something more than the law allows. The leading provisions of the law are: that if the general school fund due to any county is not large enough to maintain a four months' school in every township in the county, a special tax shall be levied sufficient for the purpose, provided the majority of the voters approve; that no committeeman shall be a teacher; and that teachers shall, besides keeping a register of average attendance, also make a daily record of the scholarship and deportment of their pupils, marking on a scale of five.

An attempt is being made to raise the standard of qualifications required of teachers. The Superintendent of Public Instruction uses strong language on this point, in a recent circular to County Examiners. He says: "When examiners yield to the idea that certificates must be given to a sufficient number to teach the public schools—to incompetent persons if competent cannot be found—they simply yield to the idea that if the school money cannot be used, it may be wasted. I beg the examiners to adopt the idea, and stick to it, that every teacher's certificate given to an incompetent or unworthy person is a license to obtain money under false pretenses. The rule should not yield to the extent of authorizing incompetent teachers for colored children. It is no more degrading to instruct colored children in a school than it is to preach to them in a church, or to instruct them to work on a farm, or in a manufacturing establishment. I think colored people should have the preference in teaching their own race wherever they can be found qualified. If those who are well qualified cannot be found, I think the Board of Examiners should advise and encourage white teachers, who are well qualified, to teach colored children. Let the standard be high, and equally high for both races."

There in New Hanover county there has been considerable discussion this winter of the question, "Who will teach our colored people?" The answer seems to be, "We must do it ourselves." I think another season will find one or two native white teachers, of undoubted position in the community, engaged in colored schools, and the example once set will doubtless be followed by others.

Our annual teachers' association will convene here in the city about the middle of May. We propose to devote the first two weeks of the session to drilling primary teachers in the common branches. Then we hope to spend a week in discussions and such studies as will give the greatest mutual benefit. The semi-annual examination of teachers in this county will take place at the close of the session.

Perhaps some of your readers may have a personal interest in the following recommendations of Prof. McIver's examiners.

"Every applicant for a third grade certificate should stand an approved examination on the sounds of the marked letters, giving all the sounds of each vowel, the marks by which they are distinguished and words in which they occur. He should be required to spell some twenty words in writing, and if the misspells more than one-fourth he should be rejected. Every applicant who cannot read intelligently and fluently, and express the sense and meaning of what he reads by proper emphasis and intonations of the voice, should be rejected. No should fail in any one who fails to write a good copy hand, or explain the principles of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, recite the multiplication table, and the tables of denominate numbers, and explain the principles of vulgar and decimal fractions, or who does not know how to make and keep a school register."

Applicants for a second grade certificate should be examined in English grammar, descriptive and physical geography and map-drawing, English composition, history, book-keeping and arithmetic completed. Those holding a first grade certificate must be prepared to teach what are known as the higher branches. How far these recommendations will be carried out I cannot say. By publishing them you may assist some who wish to teach in this State.

H. W. BLAKE.

General News.

ON a news summary is necessarily short this month, as the room is needed for more important matter. It cannot be called an unlucky month, as it has been characterized by frightful accidents, and bloody murders. Perhaps the latter name will cover the whole month of accidents.

WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.—This terrible disaster took place on Meagher's Rock, twenty-two miles west of Halifax, N. S., on the morning of April 1st. The news was at first regarded with doubt, on account of the day, but it proved sadly true. This noble steamship left Liverpool on the 20th of March with more than eight hundred passengers on board. She had a rough voyage, and her coal giving out on the 31st of March, Captain Williams resolved to put into Halifax to replenish his supply. By a wrong calculation, he ran upon the rocks and the steamer became a total wreck in a few moments. Five hundred and forty-six lives were lost, and but a woman or child was saved.

THE MODOC TREACHERY.—Capt. Jack and his band who have so long defied the government proved themselves a fiendish set of rascals by displaying a white flag and then coolly murdering the officers who came to answer it. Gen. Canby, one of the victims, was a gallant officer distinguished for his administrative ability. Dr. Thomas, his companion in this murderous, was a Christian minister on an errand of peace. The Government will deal harshly with these outlaws, and have already punished them quite severely.

THE RICHMOND ACCIDENT.—Of the morning of the 19th, the Steamboat train for Providence, R. I., plunged into the Pawcatuck river. The bridge had been carried away by the freshet. All but the smoking car and one passenger car took fire, and many who escaped drowning were rescued for the flames. Seven persons were killed and many others were injured. Our Hampton Singers would have been on the train but for a delay caused in New York.

At Home.

Once in the heyday of my girlhood, I was passing an humble cottage in the edge of a wood in Coshocton county, and I grew very enthusiastic over the bean and cypress and morning-glory vines that festooned the windows, and draped the posts of the rustic porch, and curtained and made "living green" the bare, gray walls. I never saw such luxuriance and beauty as those riotous vines afforded. We rode very slowly, that I might prolong my enjoyment.

I could see by the surroundings that the wife and husband were not both admirers of the beautiful in nature.

While I was gazing, the husband came out of a tumble-down wagon-shed, with a load of old, rusty harness on his shoulder.

I said, "Do you live here?"

"Yaas-sa," was the reply.

"Does your wife keep house, and 'tend to everything herself?"

"Yaas-sa."

"Well, I wish you'd tell her that I say, she's a real lady, and I love her."

"Wy?" said he, winking fast.

"Oh, 'cause she makes everything so beautiful about her little home-nest."

"Huh! you're as big a fool as she is," said he stiffly, through his ugly, fat nose.

That was just what I expected.

I want husbands praised their wives more than they do. If they only knew how precious every little thank was, they wouldn't be so chary of them. Oh, I have seen wives who would cheerfully toil until they were exhausted, and feel richly rewarded if their husbands would only say, "You are very kind;" or, "How very thoughtful you are;" or, "I thank you, dear."

I've seen gruff, lordly husbands that I just longed to shake as I would a sneaky sack—men who would eat to repletion, and gorge and guzzle, and then go snarling off from the table and dump down as glum as the boa-constrictor did after swallowing his blanket. How easy to have remarked, "How good your bread is!" or, "What delicious tea!" or, "My! what a wife for such an unworthy fellow!"

Weak words of praise they would have been to put new life into the tired little mortal, and would have cost nothing at all.

I want to suggest a plan to those making new rag carpet that will be found excellent. I was over at Goose Creek church to a prayer meeting the other evening, and the woman with whom Elder Nutt boards, Sister Hartman, told me of it. Tell the weaver just exactly how long your strips will need to be, how many yards from one end of your room to the other, and let him keep correct measure, and when the strip is long enough, leave off the filling in of rags, and weave eight or ten times across with coarse tow yarn, or thread like the chain. That will serve for a binding; all you need to do will be to turn it in like a hem. I think binding carpet is tiresome work; still, if you prefer to sew on a binding, don't use woolen goods; the moths will find a lodgment there. Drilling the color of the carpet is preferable. After sewing on and turning in a carpet binding it is well to sew across it once, good honest back-stitch.

In sewing strips of carpet together, the stripes or figures will always match easily if the edges are sewed together that came at the same side of the loom. Frequently one side of a web will be smooth and even while the other side is loose and uneven. The fault lies in putting it on the yarn beam carelessly.—*Luther's Home Magazine*.

FROM MOTHER'S RECEIPT BOOK.

Mother's Cup Cake.—One cup butter, two of sugar, three eggs, four cups of flour, one of milk, one tea-spoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar. This may be made into a delicious cream cake or "Washington Pie" by baking it in thin layers with a cream made of one pint of milk, one egg, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, and two of cornstarch. Add a pinch of salt.

German Toast.—Cut into slices a loaf of baker's bread, soak them ten or fifteen minutes in a pint of milk, two eggs, and a little salt. Fry them in equal parts of lard and butter, till they are of a light brown on both sides. Then pour over them a sauce made of two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, and two small eggs beaten well together, and stirred quickly into one and a half cups of boiling water. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Baked Indian Pudding.—One large spoonful flour, two of Indian meal, four spoonfuls of molasses, a little salt, and a little ginger. Boil three pints of milk and pour over these ingredients, stirring briskly. Bake slowly two hours and a half.

Tomato Catchup.—Catchup made by the following recipe is excellent. Housekeepers should try it, unless they may have a spare day and better one: tomatoes, one half bushel; salt, six ounces; allspice, ground, six drachms; yellow mustard, ground, one ounce, five and a half drachms; black pepper, ground, three ounces; cloves, ground, six drachms; mace, ground, three drachms; Cayenne pepper, ground, two drachms; vinegar, one gallon. Cut the tomatoes in pieces, boil and stew in their own liquor until quite soft. Take from the fire, strain, and rub through a middling fine sieve, so as to get the seeds and shells separated. Boil down the pulp and juice to the consistency of apple-butter (very thick), stirring all the time; when thick enough, add the spice, mixed up with the vinegar, boil up twice, remove from the fire, let cool, and bottle.

Sunderland Puddings.—One pint milk, three eggs, eight table-spoonfuls of flour, a little salt. Bake in small cups, in a quick oven.

This quantity makes eight cups. Serve with sauce.

Who Are You!

Bow-ow-ow! Ki-yi, ki-yi!
Where can Mother Mopsey stay?
Did you ever?
Well I never!
Since I opened first my eye
That must be a month at least!
Met with such another beast!
Such a sprawling,
Creeping, crawling,
Bossy,
Stony
Creature in a puppy's way.
Bow-ow-ow! Ki-yi, ki-yi!
Who's afraid? It isn't I!
Let me scramble up your back—
Just to get a better view;—
Now you'll be a little bolder
When you feel me on your shoulders!
At him! Go it, my! At him Jack!
At him, seize him,
Bite him, tease him,
Take him by the throat and shake him,
Catch him by the tail and make him
Tell us all he came to do.
Poh! you're scared,
Never dared.
Though you'd Caesar at your back.
Bow-ow-ow! Ki-yi, ki-yi!
Let me speak a minute now.
Don't you hear me
Don't you fear me?
Turn your little tail and fly!
Who are you?
Tell us, do,
What's your name,
And why you came,
Who's doing such a tramper?
Oh! he's coming—let us scamper—
Hurry,
Scurry,
Ki-yi, yi! Bow-ow! Bow-ow! H. W. H.

The Wishing-ring.

A young farmer, whose farming did not prosper particularly well, was sitting resting on his plough for a moment as he wiped his brow, when an old witch crept up to him and said, "Why do you toil so hard, and all for nothing? Walk straight before you for two days and you will come to a large fir-tree, which stands alone, towering over all the other trees of the forest. If you can but fell it, your fortune is made."

The farmer did not wait to be told twice, but, taking his axe on his shoulder, started on his way. After walking two days, he came to the fir-tree, and immediately set to work to fell it. Soon it toppled and crashed to the earth, when from the top branches dropped a nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled on the ground and broke; as they broke, forth came a young eaglet from one, and a small golden ring from the other. The eaglet grew visibly, till it reached half the height of a man, shook its wings, as if to fly them, raised itself from the ground, and then cried, "You have released me! as token of my gratitude, take the ring the other egg contained—it is a wishing-ring. Turn it on your finger, speak your wish aloud, and it will immediately be granted." But the ring has only one wish; when that is accomplished, it will lose all power and become as more than any other ring. Therefore, reflect well on what you wish for, so that you may not have to repent afterward."

Having so spoken, the eagle rose high into the air, swept, for some time, in wide circles over the farmer's head, and then, like an arrow from a bow, shot swiftly toward the east. The farmer took the ring, put it on his finger, and started homeward. Toward evening, he reached a town. At the door of his shop a goldsmith stood whichad many valuable rings for sale. The farmer showed him his ring, and asked him what was about the value of it.

"Mere trumpery," answered the goldsmith. The farmer laughed heartily, telling the man it was a wishing-ring, and of more value than even rings in his shop put together. Now the goldsmith was a false, designing man, so he invited the farmer to stay all night at his house, saying, "It might be some good luck to entertain a man who is the possessor of such a precious jewel, so pray remain with me." He accordingly entertained him well with plenty of wine and civil words, but when he went to sleep at night, he drew his ring stealthily from his finger, and put on it instead a common ring quite like it in appearance. The next morning the goldsmith found him heavily wait, with any degree of patience, till the farmer had taken his departure. He awoke him in the early dawn, saying, "You have so far to go, you had better start early." As soon as the farmer was safe on his journey, the goldsmith went into his room, and, having shut the shutters that no one might see, he bolted himself in, and, standing in the middle of the room, and turning the ring on his finger, exclaimed,

"I wish to have a hundred thousand silver crowns immediately!"

Hardly were the words spoken, when bright five-shilling pieces began to rain down from the ceiling; shining, silver crowns poured down so fast and hard that at last they began to beat him unmercifully about the head, and shoulders, and arms. He tried to run away, but could get but a little to the door, but before he could reach it and unbolt it, he fell bleeding to the ground. Still the rain of silver crowns did not cease, and soon, under the weight of it, the flooring gave way, and the unfortunate goldsmith and his money fell down into a deep cellar. And still it rained on, till the hundred thousand silver crowns were completed, and then the goldsmith lay dead in his cellar, with the mass of money upon him. Attracted at last by the noise, the neighbors rushed to the spot, and, on finding the goldsmith dead under his money exclaimed, "It really is a great misfortune, when blessings rain down like cudgels." Then the heirs came and divided the spoil.

Meantime, the farmer went happily home, and showed the ring to his wife.

"We shall now never want for anything, dear wife," he said; "our fortune is made. But we must consider well what we must wish for."

The wife had a bright idea ready at hand. "Let us wish ourselves some more land," said she; "we have so little. There is just a nice strip which stretches into our field. Let us wish for that."

"That would never be worth while," replied the husband; "we have only to work well for a year, and have a moderate share of good luck, and we can buy it for ourselves."

And the man and his wife worked hard for a whole year, and the harvest had never been so plentiful as that autumn, so they were not only able to buy the strip of land, but had money to spare.

"You see," said the husband, "the land is ours and the wish too."

Then the good woman thought it would be a capital thing to wish themselves a cow and a horse.

"Wife," answered the husband, again clinking the surplus money in his pocket; "it would be folly to sacrifice our wish for such a trumpery thing. We can get the cow and the horse without that."

And sure enough, in another year's time, the horse and the cow had been well earned. So the man rubbed his hands cheerfully, and said,

"Another year has passed, and still the wish is ours, and yet we have all we want; what good luck we have!"

The wife, however, began to be very impatient, and tried seriously to induce her husband to wish for something.

"You are not like your old self," she said crossly; "formerly, you were always grumbling and complaining, and wishing for all sorts of things; and now, when you might have whatever you want, you toil and work like a slave, are pleased with everything, and let your best years slip by. You might be king, emperor, duke, a great rich man with loads of money, but no—you can't make up your mind what to choose."

"Pray do cease continually worrying and teasing me," cried the farmer; "we are both of us young and life is long. The ring contains but one wish, and that must not be squandered. Who knows what may happen to us, when we might really need the ring? Do we want for anything now? Since the ring has been ours, have we not so risen in the world that all men marvel at us? So do be sensible, and amuse yourself, if you like, by thinking what we shall wish for."

And so the matter was allowed to rest for the present. It really seemed as if the ring brought blessings on the house, for barns and granaries grew fuller and fuller, from year to, year; and, in the course of time the poor farmer became a rich, and prosperous one. He worked all day with his men as if the whole world depended upon it; but in the evening, when the vesper bell sounded, he was always to be seen sitting, contented and ready-to-do, at his threshold, to be wished "good evening" by the passers by. Now and then, when they were quite alone and no one near to hear, the woman still reminded her husband of the ring, and made all sorts of propositions to him. He always answered there was time enough to think about it, and that the best ideas always occurred to one last. So she gradually fell into the way of mentioning it less often, and at last it rarely happened that the ring was ever alluded to at all. The farmer, it is true turned the ring on his finger twenty times a day and examined it closely, but he took good care never to express the slightest wish at the time.

And so thirty and forty years went by, and the farmer and his wife grew old and their hair snow-white, and still the wish remained unspoken. At last it pleased God to show them a great mercy, and He took them to Himself both in one night. Children and grandchildren stood weeping around the coffins, and, as one of them tried to withdraw the ring from the dead man's finger, his eldest son said,

WHO ARE YOU?

"Let our father take his ring to the grave. There was some mystery about it. Probably it was some love token, for our mother often looked at the ring, too; perhaps she gave it him when they both were young."

So the old farmer was buried with the ring which should have been a wishing-ring, but was not one, and yet had brought as much good luck to the house as man could desire. For it is strange, as regards the true and the false, but a bad thing can be turned to better account in good hands, than a good thing in bad.

Learning.

BY "TRUE."

I should like to say a word to all of you who are about that troublesome, pleasant work, of learning to read and write. In the first place, you can hardly guess what a pleasure it is to know, when Jeanette first came to us, she knew all her letters, and was beginning slowly to pick out the words. And as soon as she got a Bible of her own, she would have liked to read from morning to night.

"To think that I have lived so long, and never could read the Bible till now!" she said. And so every spare minute was given to make up for that lost time. She would sit and study with the Bible open in her lap, or if she was washing, or would hear little Eliza reading it aloud to her; and Jeanetta could listen and catch many of the sweet words, through all the noise of her work.

Sunday of course, was a great day.

"My eyes get so tired, I have to go away sometimes," she said to me; "but I just rest 'em a little bit, and then I come back. Everywhere I open my Bible, I want to read." And Jeanette's Bible was as full of marks as any one you have often seen. Slips of paper, and ends of ribandl, and bits of card, were put in to keep some beautiful looking new place, or old one that she loved. Truly could she say with the psalmist of the Lord's people: "O, how I love thy law! It is my meditation all the day."

Seven years ago, just as November was almost gone, Buckner and John came to us from the South. Both could read a very little, but neither could write. They had never even taken pen in hand to try. When they had been with us two or three weeks, in December, I set them their first copy of straight marks. It was at night, for all day the men were busy. Now I suppose many of you know what crooked things straight marks are to make at first; and some of theirs were crooked enough. Then it was so hard to hold the pen, and to point it to the shoulder, and to sit up straight, for I made them begin all right. Of course the first thing in good writing is to have it easy to read, but then it is best to go on and learn to write handsomely, too, not sitting with your head down on the paper, or with the paper twisted half-way round.

Well, they worked on, from straight marks to pothooks, and from pothooks to letters, and from letters to joining hand.

"Do you think we'll ever learn?" they asked me many a time; and Buckner used to talk of pounding his fingers to make them limber. One night, as a great favor, they begged me to give them their own names for a copy; and this was so interesting that it was very soon learned. A few days after this, Buckner went to the village on business for us, and having to receive an express package, was called upon to sign his name to the receipt—and he could do it! And Buckner came back a happy man.

I told you that it was December when we began our lessons. Well, in the following March, John and Buckner could write their own letters home. They had three months of trouble, and a great reward.

The Story of Three Matches.

I live near the large seaport town of Cardiff, where ships are daily coming. A few weeks ago, a ship came into Cardiff docks, with fourteen men on board, who had been picked up at sea. These men had started in a ship of their own, from Rio Janeiro; they had gone some distance, when they were overtaken by a storm, which soon became so violent, that they found themselves obliged to leave their ship, and repair to the long-boat, which they filled with provisions; they staid by their ship until they saw her go down, and then they rowed away in their boat; they got on very well for about three days, but then their supply of water became very scarce, and they were reduced to a tea-cupful each a day; on the fifth day they could only have a wine-glassful, and in a few days they had none left at all. At last one of the sailors could bear his thirst no longer, so he drank salt water, which made him mad; on the tenth day he died; on the next day another died from the same cause.

By this time they had quite given themselves up for lost, and they only wished to die, for they had to endure the dreadful heat of the sun by day, and intense cold by night. However, they managed to keep alive until the fourteenth day, when they saw a ship in the distance: they immediately put up a sail, and they could, and tried to attract her attention in every way that they could think of, but she did not appear to take any notice and sailed on.

They then made up their minds that there was no hope; but all at once a sudden thought occurred to them. They had in the boat what is called a "flare up," that is a small pan filled with oil, which when it was once set alight made a very bright light, and could be seen some miles. The captain had most fortunately put three matches inside his shirt; so all the men sat round in a ring to keep off the draught, and then the captain most carefully struck the first match; it flickered a little while, but then went out. The captain produced the second match, and the men watched most anxiously, but alas! it had got damp, and would not catch fire. Now they had only one remaining, and on that single little match the lives of those poor men depended. You may imagine with what breathless anxiety they watched their captain as he struck it—it blazed up, and they set fire to the "flare up." The people on the ship they saw them, and immediately came to their rescue, and brought them safely to Cardiff.

This is a perfectly true story, and it shows on what little things the lives of men may depend.

Parisian Rag-pickers.

Who has not seen in Paris, toward six in the evening in winter, rather later in the spring and summer seasons, the prowling figure of a muddy man, who stops to consider the heaps of refuse emptied by the side of the pavement, fumbles amid them with a crook, and transfers as much of their contents as he thinks worth the while into a deep-mouthed basket on his back? He is the *chiffonnier*, or certificated ragman—a person whose existence is involved in just enough of nocturnal mystery to make him an object of wondering interest to the grown-up world, and of hideous terror to misbehaved small people. His clothes are an amalgamation of blouse, patches, rents and strings, such as Mot or Gavarni might have sketched for him; his caps belong to the fashions of no recorded time or people; he has some such *sobriquet* as Bijou or Bibi, which fits him oddly, like a misfit on a countenance that is often as not illustrated with a red nose and a black eye. Follow him, however, and you will not see him deviate from that mechanical course which is the outward sign of sobriety. He slinks by, straight, silent and stealthy as a shadow. If darkness has set in, the lantern which dangles by a rope from his left hand, gleams in the distance like a will-o'-the-wisp; and, if you ask any question of the man, he will answer you civilly, but curtly, and pass on. Foreigners, policemen new to the work, or people against whom he has accidentally run at a street corner, have occasionally treated Bijou or Bibi as a vagabond; but this is a mistake. He is no vagabond. He carries in his pocket, and carefully imbedded in a case which is the only clean thing about him, the license which is at once the charter of his independence, the cause of his eventide civility and soberness, and the patent which raises him during the hours when he applies his professional vocations to the level of a municipal functionary. Before Bijou receives his patent of appointment, some three months or more pass; for the *chiffonniers* are a close corporation, numbering in all, men and women, no more than four hundred and fifty souls. These then are the preliminaries through which Bijou has had to wade before he becomes licensed to rake for valuables in dust-heaps. At first the *chiffonniers* were a disconnected body, plying each man his vocation for his own sole behoof; but in time this system was found to be unproductive, and so the *chiffonniers* organized themselves into a community, like those of the mendicant monks in former days, or the Greek brigands in ours.

In every quarter of Paris—and there are eighty quarters—exists a depot whither the *chiffonniers* carry, after sorting them, all the good things they have been able to find in the evening—bits of old iron, brass, rags, cloth cuttings, old pomatum pots, glores, battered hats, shoes, bones, etc.; and the district depots in their turn forward all these treasures to a central depot, where their value is appraised, and the sum divided equally among the members of the brotherhood. Of course there are things which the ragman is allowed to keep for his own private use; of such are cabbage stumps, carrot shavings, and other vegetable refuse, of which, one is sorry to say, he makes soup; but, taking account of these deductions, the average earnings of a *chiffonnier* still range from 2f. 50c. to 3f. a day.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

William Cullen Bryant.

During the last month the Normal School has been honored by the visits of several of its friends, who have turned aside from their homeward route from the far South, to show their interest in its welfare and progress, and to encourage us in our labors by their words of cheer.

Among these distinguished visitors was the venerable poet, Bryant, whose writings are household words with every lover of nature. Mr. Bryant examined the various departments with interest and apparent gratification and seemed especially pleased with the printing-office and its complete outfit, and the "American music" which the students furnished. The visit was a source of much gratification to both teachers and students, and will long be remembered.

A Valuable Donation.

We have just received nearly three hundred dollars' worth of type, etc., from the foundry of Messrs. Farmer, Little & Co., of New York, presented to us through our Financial Secretary, Rev'd T. K. Fowsenden.

Our Exchanges.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURALIST, New York. No practical farmer should be without access to a good agricultural paper, and this is one of the best. These "hints about work" are useful to all: "The true remedy for 'hard times' is hard work. It is not true that we are producing too much wheat or too much good beef, mutton, cheese, butter and wool. Wheat will be very scarce before next harvest. Our alm as farmers must be not to produce less, but to produce a better article at less cost to ourselves. There is nothing in the present outlook to discourage a good farmer."

THE NATION, New York. The success of a weekly paper which should entirely ignore the popular demand for gossip and sensation, and devote itself to solid criticism and review, was for a long time a doubtful question in America. More than one effort to establish such a paper failed before "The Nation" succeeded, and it has done very much toward educating an audience for itself. Its able editorials and critical discussions of the events of the day, and the topics of literature and art are always instructive and valuable. In considering the movement now going on in several of the states to amend or reconstruct their constitutions, "The Nation" sees in the general tendency to restrict the legislative power, "merely a repetition of a very old and familiar movement which has been taking place in all countries for many centuries to limit the power of the sovereign. In monarchies the Executive is the sovereign; in a republic the People is the sovereign, and the legislature its representative. It has always been a fundamental maxim of politics that any sovereign who has absolute power, will before long abuse it—whether he be a king, an emperor, a house of peers, or a dictator. It remained for America to strengthen and confirm the truth of the maxim by demonstrating that it is equally true where the Sovereign is a sovereign people."

THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST, one of the leading representatives of the Presbyterian church for many years, is still successfully conducted by its able editor, Rev. Henry M. Field. Its very full ecclesiastical intelligence makes it particularly valuable to ministers in the denomination it represents, and some of the most eminent of them are among its contributors. An interesting article upon the chorus of Hampton Students, by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler, recently filled one of its columns. Dr. Cuyler says, "Lafayette Avenue Church was crowded to welcome the band of colored students from Gen. Armstrong's Hampton Normal Institute, near Fortress Monroe. We wept and we laughed under the strange spell of their pure, native minstrelsy. Gen. Armstrong is doing a good service to the colored people of the South by coming up to raise funds for his Hampton Institute. And he is doing us a great favor too, in permitting us to hear the only pure, native school of musical performance which America has yet produced."

OLD AND NEW, Boston. One of the most interesting papers in the May number of this able and original magazine is an article by its editor, Edward Everett Hale, upon the contemplated revision of the English version of the Bible by a convocation of the most distinguished scholars in every religious body, both in England and America. Mr. Hale rejoices as must all lovers of the grand old version with which we have been familiar from childhood, that the convocation has no purpose of innovation, but means merely to correct errors and substitute accurate readings upon which the whole church is agreed. It is grand, as Mr. Hale enthusiastically says, to see that "in this homage to the truth practically all Christians are uniting. Behind, the clamor of party, behind the method of administration, appears now the determination that we will come together and work together in the love of God, in drawing near to God in the discovery of the truth, and in homage to the truth. To show that this is the central desire of all sects is the crowning victory of this experiment."

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

One by One.

One by one we cross the river,
One by one we're ferried o'er;
One by one the crowns are given
On the bright and distant shore.
Youth and childhood oft are passing
O'er the dark and rolling tide,
And the white-robed angel-boatman
Is the dying Christian's guide;
And the white-robed angel-boatman
Bears them o'er the rolling tide.

One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed His gentle voice;
One by one like vineyard enter,
There to labor and rejoice.
One by one sweet flowers we gather,
In the glorious work of love—
Garlands for the angel-boatman
To convey to realms above;
And the white-robed angel-boatman
Bears them to the realms of love.

One by one the heavy laden
Sink beneath the moonlit sun;
And the aged pilgrim welcomes
Evening shadows as they come.
One by one, with sins forgiven,
May we stand upon the shore,
Waiting till the angel-boatman
Takes the helm and guides us o'er,
And the white-robed angel-boatman
Lands us on the shining shore.

The First Death at Hampton Institute.

Though this Institute was opened with twenty scholars April, 1868, and the number has been constantly increasing until now the total enrollment is two hundred and thirteen, it certainly speaks well for the health of the location, and for the wisdom of our sanitary regulations that the first death among the large number of our boarders, during the five years of our school organization, has just occurred,—that of Thomas Noble, of Danville, Va. His disease of the heart, complicated with a disease of the lungs, was one from which he had suffered before he came here. After many weeks of sickness—varied now by a hope of recovery and then by a discouraging relapse—on Friday evening of March 28th, the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." Trying as it was to part with him, we yet rejoice in the evidence that he for him to live was Christ, so for him to die was gain; rendering it fitting for us to sing at his funeral,—

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the least of foes."

As he died at the early age of 21 years, when just ripening into manhood, his sun going down ere it was noon,—before the noon of March 30th, a bright and beautiful day, the air vocal with singing birds and fragrant with opening flowers, his remains were borne from the school building to the chapel, and thence to the place chosen for the school cemetery—a pleasant and very appropriate place, adjoining that where sleep some six thousand of the nation's dead. In such a place, at such an hour, under so smiling a sky, it seemed meet to bury one whose joy in life and support in death was faith in the risen Redeemer.

Two beautiful wreaths were placed upon the coffin by loving friends. Each member of the association with which he was connected cast a sprig of evergreen into the grave. A higher and nobler tribute may we all pay to his memory, by consecrating ourselves living sacrifices to the Savior in whom he trusted.

"Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep."

Virginia Sunday-school Union.

Since the object of this organization is of such vital importance, it has been suggested that some notice of it in our columns might awaken a wider and deeper interest in its behalf.

Missionary work from date of organization, July 1st, 1872, to April 1st, 1873.

No of S. Schools organized in destitute places	15
No. of Children in new schools (under 14 years of age	563
No. of Teachers in new schools	32
" Men and women in new schools	1,415
" Old schools visited and visited	210
" Scholars in old and new schools	14,007
" Teachers in old S. Schools	1,089
Bibles and Testaments donated to schools and families	140
No. of cabins and families visited	800
Sunday-school sermons preached by pastors of churches	120
Sunday-school addresses delivered	137
No of Missionaries under pay	2
Value of books and papers donated to above schools	$379 28

But our work in aiding these schools, uncared for by any existing organization, is only begun. Many of them are without books or papers, too poor to buy them, or ignorant of the best way to obtain them. One thousand Bibles and Testaments are needed today for distribution among them. The field broadens before us. To carry on the work already commenced, we shall need $5,000 the present year.

All communications may be addressed to the General Agent of the Virginia Sunday-school Union, at the office, No. 116 Main street, Norfolk, Virginia.

Hoping to receive from various friends a cup of cold water for these little ones,

Truly yours,

Rev. RICHARD TOLMAN, President,
Gen'l S. C. ARMSTRONG, Fin. Agent,
M. L'HOMMEDIEU, Gen'l Agent.

This and That.

CONSCRIPTIONS.—In a country town many years ago, some children were met for a social evening at an old farm house, and while the sport was at its height, a little boy thought it would be "funny" to draw a chair out from under a little girl and let her sit down on the floor. He watched his opportunity and made the attempt, but the little girl, seeing what he was doing, jumped back into the chair, and, striking her arms upon one of its projections, broke her back. For seven years, from fourteen to twenty-one, she lay upon her bed, and during all that time was carried from her chamber to the parlor but once. Thirty years have passed. I have just returned from a visit to her sick chamber. Thirty years of disability and pain as the consequence of a thoughtless deed by a little boy. A few strangers minister to her daily wants, without whose aid she would be sent to the "poorhouse"; or house for the wretched and homeless poor. Terrible consequences to follow a thoughtless act! Let boys be careful. Let all remember that *consequences* walk hand in hand with every deed, and that "for all our deeds, God will bring unto us judgment."—*Christian Era.*

STOP AND WEIGH.—One morning a countryman came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand. "Mr. M.," says the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of," pointing to John. "John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?" "No, sir," was the ready reply. "You lie, you little villain," said the countryman, still more enraged by his assurance. "Now, look here," said John; "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts *gratis*." "Oh! you gave them to me, did you?" "Yes, sir." I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time. "Well, now, if that ain't a young scamp!" said the countryman, his features relaxing into grin as he saw through the matter. Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would *stop to weigh things* before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

HOW WARS COMMENCE.—A certain king once sent the following note to the king of a neighboring country: "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else ——." The other king replied: "I have not got one, and if I had ——." Each king thought himself insulted, called out his armies and a bloody war ensued. After many thousand had been slain on both sides, the kings met to try negotiation. "What did you mean says one, by 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else ——?" "Why" replied the other, "I meant, or else send me one of some other color." "And what did you mean, by 'I have not got one, and if I had ——?" "Why!" said the other, "I meant if I had one I would send him." A little explanation often saves a world of trouble if made in season.

WITHHOLDING CORN.—Between eighty and ninety years ago there lived in the Connecticut River Valley, two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt, and the other Clark.

In the course of a few years, the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were laying up their corn to plant in ensuing season. A poor man living in the town, went to Deacon Hunt, and said:

"I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money. It is about all that I can gather."

The deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double the usual quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit, but in vain. At last he said:

"Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn, I shall curse you."

"Curse me!" exclaimed the deacon, "how dare you do so?"

"Because," said the man, "the Bible says so."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Deacon Hunt, "there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes there is," replied the poor man.

"Well," said the deacon, "If you can find any such text, I'll give you a bushel of corn."

They went into the house, when the man went to the old family Bible, turned to Proverbs, 11:26, and read, "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be as good as my word."

He took him to the corn-house and measured out a full bushel of corn, helping the man put it into his bag, assisted him in slinging it upon his shoulder, and, just before his departure, being somewhat of a wag, he said, with a twinkle of the eye, "I say, neighbor, after you have carried this corn home, go up to Deacon Clark; and curse him out of another bushel. —*Brattleboro Phœnix.*

FIVE STEPS TO THE GALLOWS.—A man had committed murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. A few days before his execution, he drew upon the walls of his prison a gallows with five steps leading up to it. On the first step he wrote, *Disobedience to parents.*

On the second step, *Sabbath breaking.*

On the third step, *Gambling and Drunkenness.*

On the fourth step, *Murder.*

The fifth step was the platform on which the gallows stood.

This poor fellow doubtless wrote the history of many a wasted and lost life.

"To do or not it," says Capt. Hunter, "thousands and tens of thousands are ruined every year in a similar way. I believe that drunkenness ruins more than anything else. That was one of the steps to the gallows which this prisoner had painted; and it made me think of a question and answer of which I once heard:

"'What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a large dealer in that article.

"'Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want,' was the reply of a by-stander."

Pretty good, answer, that, though not exactly the one that was wanted. If there is a more wasteful practice in the world than liquor drinking we don't know what it is. It wastes the grain of which it is made; it wastes the mind and body of the drinker; it wastes the property of himself and family, and his neighborhood; and, finally, wastes and ruins his soul. There is no economy in it in any way or shape.

A FORMER subscriber who discontinued the "Republican" because he could not make it say just such things as he thought it ought to say, has, we learn, recently expressed considerable surprise to his friends that the paper should keep running—since he has withdrawn his patronage. It *was* pretty close work for a while, we confess, but by omitting to put sugar in our tea, and by buying a cheaper paper collar and reversing there for a second and third time, managed to run along until a new subscriber came and took the place of our respected but disgruntled friend—and then Richard was himself again. Nothing but rigid economy will carry one safely over such a calamity as the loss of a subscriber.—*Republican, Lyons, N. Y.*

WAS HE A MAN!—In one of the quiet towns of Massachusetts, a young lady who had an accomplished education, and all the charms of modest beauty and noble intellect, went to a remueller, who was daily enticing her father to drink, intending soon to possess his snug little farm. She told him he was not only destroying her father, but bringing ruin and disgrace on her and her mother. O, he said, she would soon be married—she need not trouble herself. She replied she never should; she should never consent to involve in their shame one that she loved; she would never leave her mother. She would work with her own hands, and every day bring him the amount of money he now received of her father if he would sell him no more. She entreated him with tears. With an infernal look he asked the poor girl if he should say to her father that she had *requested* him to sell him no more. Her eye flashed, and reason reeled. "*You are not a man!*" said she. She is now a maniac in the Worcester asylum.—*John B. Gough.*

THE most ingenious, practical sarcasm ever made use of was that of the late Rev. Robert Hall, addressed to a clergyman who had obtained a lucrative living after a change of religious opinions. Mr. Hall had pressed him hard upon the question of Church Reform. The gentleman's constant answer to the arguments addressed to him was: "I can't see it." "I don't see it." "I can't see that at all."

Mr. Hall took a letter from his pocket and wrote on the back of it with his pencil, in small letters, the word God.

"Do you see that?"

"Yes."

He then covered it with a piece of gold.

"Do you see it now?"

"No."

"I must wish you good-morning, sir," said Mr. Hall, and left him to his meditations.

Gems.

LET us not despise even the least of God's dear children. We are too prone to regard our "brethren in the Lord," as not different from the common masses of men. Ah! let us not undervalue them; for it matters not what their station may be—rich or poor, high or low—they are indeed precious treasures—crown jewels that shall some day shine with a glorious radiance in the coronet of the Great King.

MEN may talk as they like of "insufficient evidence," there is no evidence like sitting down under His shadow with great delight and finding His fruit sweet to our taste. We long that others be partakers of the same joy. We cannot give it to them; but we can watch, and strive, and labor in its strength, to live lives worthy of His love, and we can pray that the God who has redeemed us, may extend the same blessings to them.

GOD'S GREAT LOVE.—Some two years ago, two gentlemen were riding together, and, as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus: "Do you ever read your Bible?" "Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other; "but God loved me." This answer produced such an effect upon his friend that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies. It opened up to his soul at once the great truth that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

THE creed is important. It helps to mould the character. Hot many a bad man has a correct creed. The Pharisees were orthodox; Judas was not a heretic. The creed alone, therefore, is not a true test of character.

RELIGION refines our moral sentiments, disengages the heart from every vain desire, renders it tranquil under misfortune, humble in the presence of God, and steady in the society of men.

AN external profession may carry a man far, but not through; it may light him along this world, but the damps of the shadow of death will put it out.

OUR fellow-creatures can only judge what we are by what we do, but in the eyes of our Maker what we do is of no worth, except as it follows from what we are.—*Coleridge.*

OFTENTIMES when thy body complains of trouble, it is not so much the greatness of trouble as the littleness of thy spirit that makes thee to complain.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storms; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

THE beatitude of heaven is not its golden pavement and its crystal sea, but its sinless souls. Heaven begins in every purified heart on earth.—*Edward Garrett.*

Trifles.

A MAN in a neighboring town having heard that the ague could be cured by crawling head first down stairs when the chill is coming on, tried it Friday. He felt the dreaded approach of the shake, and dropping on his hands and knees, started down the front stairs. Just as he started, two old ladies came upon the stoop to consult his wife in regard to shipping seven hundred weight of tow to the poor of New York, and it so happened that the moment they opened the door he lost his balance and came down upon them like an avalanche with spokes in it, and before they could even think of saving themselves the enemy was among them, and the next instant a horrible mixture of humanity and cloth went revolving across the sidewalk and into the street, to the unmixed astonishment of the neighbors, and to the unconceaked disgust of the participants. But it cured him.—*Danbury News.*

IT is said of a certain politician, "that he may not have a finger in every pie, though it is not too much to say, that if he had twenty fingers there would be twenty pies, with a finger in each of them."

IN the Louisiana election, after the result at one voting place was announced, a candidate exclaimed, "Well, is it possible I ain't got one vote out of that box? For heaven, I know I voted for myself!"

WE learn from Mrs. Livermore that the feet of the moving woman are upon the mountain top, and her spirit is in the air. Where's her head, poor thing?

IF a boy makes too much noise, you tell him he mustn't be *boisterous*. So, when a girl makes just as much noise, you ought to tell her not to be *girlsterous*.

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"VEGETABLE PILL!" exclaimed an old lady. Don't talk to me! The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumpling. For curing gnawing at the stomach there's nothing like it. It always can be relied on.

AN Atlanta (Ga.) man wants the thief who stole his well-bucket and rope to come back and get the well, as it is of no use now.

A DISTINCTION.—A little boy who had dropped some eggs for which he had been sent, being asked by his mother if he broke any, replied, "No, I did n't break any, but the shells came off from some of them."

MEN are like bugles—the more brass they contain the more noise they make and the farther you can hear them.

A FRENCHMAN has perfected spectacles for near sighted animals. A hen adorned with a pair of spectacles, and engaged in scratching up a bed of early lettuce, would probably furnish all the gravity a small family could use in one day.

A CINCINNATIAN has discovered a plan to thaw out frozen water-pipes. It is by the use of a furnace and boiler, the steam from which is forced into the pipe by a rubber hose. All you want is a small boiler, a few yards of rubber hose, cart load of fuel, and an engineer, and the thing is done. We are growing wiser every generation. A hundred years ago they would have poured hot water from a teakettle on the pipes.

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National Savings Bank,
OF
THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
Company,
Chartered by Congress, March, 1865.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
NORFOLK, Va. BRANCH
IS LOCATED AT
NO. 116 MAIN STREET,
Corner of Atlantic Street.
Bank hours, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Open also Saturday nights from 5 to 7 o'clock.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST
is now paid, beginning monthly. Dividend days July 1st, and January 1st. Interest compounded if not drawn. Special arrangements made for receiving accounts payable by Check.
Certificates of deposit, bearing six and four per cent. interest issued.
Deposits of any amount received from any person, and repaid on demand.
J. W. ALVORD, Cashier. H. C. PERCY, President.

THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY.
The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.
The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,282,367.65, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the preceding year.
There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each dividend day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $208,815. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is fullest promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $2,000,000 due depositors.
The Bank pays six per cent. interest
on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass-Book only.
Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 5 per cent. interest.
Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.
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Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

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very appropriate place, supposing that where sleep some six thousand of the nation's dead. In such a place, at such an hour, under so smiling a sky, it seemed meet to bury one whose joy in life and support in death was faith in the risen Redeemer.

Two beautiful wreaths were placed upon the coffin by loving friends. Each member of the association with which he was connected cast a sprig of evergreen into the grave. A higher and nobler tribute may we all pay in his memory, by consecrating ourselves living sacrifices to the Savior in whom he trusted.

"Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep."

Virginia Sunday-school Union.

Since the object of this organization is of such vital importance, it has been suggested that some notice of it in our columns might awaken a wider and deeper interest in its behalf.

Missionary work from date of organization, July 1st, 1872, to April 1st, 1873.

No of S. Schools organized in destitute places	13
No. of Children in new schools under 14 years of age	363
No. of Teachers	30
" Men and women in new schools	1,375
" Old schools aided and visited	210
" Scholars in old and new schools	14,000
" Teachers in old S. Schools	1,000
Bibles and Testaments donated to schools and families	149
No. of cabins and families visited	800
Sunday-school sermons preached by pastors of churches	120
Sunday-school addresses delivered	357
No of Missionaries under pay	2
Value of books and papers donated to above schools	$379 28

But our work in aiding these schools, meared for by any existing organization, is only begun. Many of them are without books or papers, too poor to buy them, or ignorant of the best way to obtain them. One thousand Bibles and Testaments are needed today for distribution among them. The field broadens before us. To carry on the work already commenced, we shall need $5,000 the present year.

All communications may be addressed to the General Agent of the Virginia Sunday-school Union, at the office, No. 116 Main street, Norfolk, Virginia.

Hoping to receive from various friends a cup of cold water for these little ones,

Truly yours,

Rev. Richard Tolman, President,
Gen'l S. C. Armstrong, Fin. Agent,
M. L'Hommedieu, Gen'l. Agent.

Withholding Corn—Between eighty and ninety years ago there lived in the Connecticut River Valley, two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt, and the other Clark.

In the course of a few years, the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man living in the town, went to Deacon Hunt, and said:

"I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money. It is about all that I can gather."

The deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double the usual quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit, but in vain. At last he said:

"Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn, I shall curse you."

"Curse me!" exclaimed the deacon, "how dare you do so?"

"Because," said the man, "the Bible says so."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Deacon Hunt, "there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes there is," replied the poor man.

"Well," said the deacon, "If you can find any such text, I'll give you a bushel of corn."

They went into the house, when the man went to the old family Bible, turned to Proverbs, 11:26, and read, "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be as good as my word."

He took him to the corn-house and measured out a full bushel of corn, helping the man put it into his bag, assisted him in slinging it upon his shoulder, and, just before his departure, and all the charms of modest beauty and noble intellect, went to a counsellor, who was daily enticing her father to drink, intending soon to possess his snug little farm. She told him he was not only destroying her father, but bringing ruin and disgrace on her and her mother. O, he said, she would be married—she need not trouble herself. She replied she never should; she should never consent to involve in their shame one that she loved; she would never leave her mother. She would work with her own hands, and every day bring him the amount of money he now received of her father if he would sell him no more. She entreated him with tears. With an infernal leer he asked the poor girl if he should *say* to her father that she had *requested* him to sell him no more. Her eye flashed, and reason reeled. "*You are not a man!*" said she. She is now a maniac in the Worcester asylum.—*John B. Gough.*

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The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass Book only.

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Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

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The Southern Workman

Devoted to the Industrial Classes of the South.

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1873. NO. 6.

The Moral Warfare.

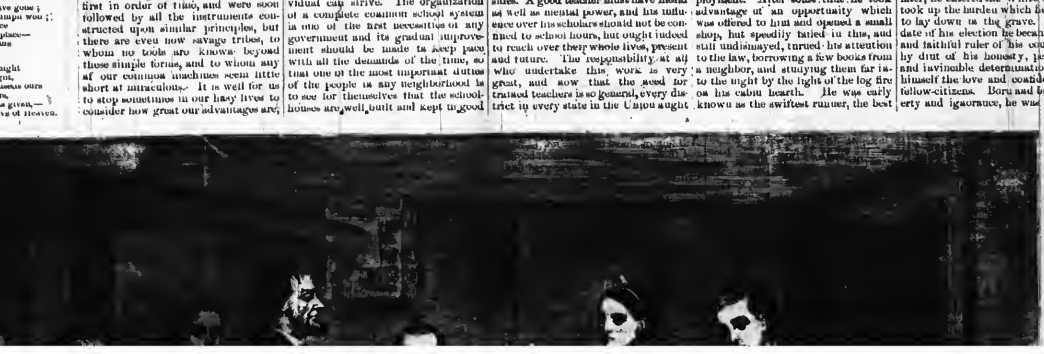
John G. Whittier.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

There, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of colonial battle rose,
And lettered as of common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers spring,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast and blood for wine.

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumps won;
But stervner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light and Truth and Love of Heaven.



variety of tools about him, and the ruined cities of Egypt could evidently never have been built without the assistance of machines and mechanical skill. From the Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans learned the use of tools, etc., and from them again the knowledge spread gradually over the European continent, improvements being constantly made, and new laws discovered by sagacious and philosophical minds in all countries. It is probable that the wedge and inclined plane came first in order of time, and were soon followed by all the instruments constructed upon similar principles, but there are even now savage tribes, to whom no tools are known beyond those simple forms, and to whom any of our common machines seem little short of miraculous. It is well for us to stop sometimes in our busy lives to consider how great our advantages are, a "common school," and common schools for the common people are the great safety and great glory of our country. The children who are brought together in these little school-houses all over the land are taught not much perhaps, besides the simplest branches, but this simple teaching provides them with the means to obtain all that lies within the grasp of man, for it lays the foundation for further and higher education, and such education is the most valuable possession for which any individual can strive. The organization of a complete common school system is one of the first necessities of any government and its gradual improvement should be made to keep pace with all the demands of the time, so that one of the most important duties of the people is any neighborhood is to see for themselves that the schoolhouses are well built and kept in good of time; they should be allowed to alternate their lessons with some sort of gentle, physical exercise, such as marching several times around the schoolroom with all the windows and doors open, or practising some light gymnastics for five or ten minutes. More or less vocal exercise is also very desirable, and no small part of a good education consists in watching and caring for the general behavior of the students, so that the thoroughness of their training may show itself on all sides. A good teacher must have moral as well as mental power, and his influence over his scholars should not be confined to school hours, but ought indeed to reach over their whole lives, present and future. The responsibility of all who undertake this work is very great, and now that the seed for trained teachers is so general, every district in every state in the Union ought vigor and perseverance which characterized his manhood. He worked with his father, farming, etc. until the Black Hawk war of 1832 broke out, when he joined a volunteer company, and was elected captain, which success, in connection with his great popularity among his numerous neighbors induced him, on his return from the campaign, to run for the legislature, when he was defeated for the first and only time in his political career, a defeat which left him without means of employment. After some time he took advantage of an opportunity which was offered to him and opened a small shop, but speedily failed in this, and still undismayed, turned his attention to the law, borrowing a few books from a neighbor, and studying them far into the night by the light of the log fire on his cabin hearth. He was early known as the swiftest runner, the best law business for some years, but in 1854 he returned to the political field, and in 1858 the famous Senatorial contest took place in Illinois between him and his rival, Mr. Douglas, during which campaign he showed great power as a debater and an orator. In May, 1860, the Republican National Convention met at Chicago and amid intense excitement nominated Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States, a nomination which was ratified by the people when nearly a year later, he entered the White House and took up the burden which he was only to lay down as the grave. From the date of his election he became the wise and faithful ruler of his country, and by dint of his honesty, perseverance and invincible determination won for himself the love and confidence of his fellow-citizens. Born and bred in poverty and ignorance, he was appointed

pastors or churches	37
Sunday-school addresses delivered	2
No of Missionaries under pay	
Value of books and papers donated to above schools	$379 28

But our work in aiding these schools, unheard for by any existing organization, is only begun. Many of them are without books or papers, too poor to buy them, or ignorant of the best way to obtain them. One thousand Bibles and Testaments are needed today for distribution among them. The field broadens before us. To carry on the work already commenced, we shall need $5,000 the present year.

All communications may be addressed to the General Agent of the Virginia Sunday-school Union, at the office, No. 116 Main street, Norfolk, Virginia.

Hoping to receive from various friends a cup of cold water for these little ones,

Truly yours,

Rev. RICHARD TOLMAN, President,
Gen'l S. C. ARMSTRONG, Fin. Agent,
M. L'HOMMEDIEU, Gen'l Agent.

"Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn, I shall curse you."

"Curse me!" exclaimed the deacon, "how dare you do so?"

"Because," said the man, "the Bible says so."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Deacon Hunt, "there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes there is," replied the poor man.

"Well," said the deacon, "If you can find any such text, I'll give you a bushel of corn."

They went into the house, when the man went to the old family Bible, turned to Proverbs, 11:26, and read, "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be as good as my word."

He took him to the corn-house and measured out a full bushel of corn, helping the man put it into his bag, assisted him in slinging it upon his shoulder, and, just before his departure, he then covered it with a piece of gold.

"Do you see it now?"

"No."

"I must wish you good-morning, sir," said Mr. Hall, and left him to his meditations.

Gems.

LET us not despise even the least of God's dear children. We are too prone to regard our "brethren in the Lord," as not different from the common masses of men. Ah! let us not undervalue them; for it matters not what their station may be—rich or poor, high or low—they are indeed precious treasures—crown jewels that shall some day shine with a glorious radiance in the coronet of the Great King.

MEN may talk as they like of "insufficient evidence," there is no evidence like "sitting down under His shadow with great delight, and finding His fruit sweet to our taste." We long that you ought to tell her not to be so censorious.

WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS.—A wife, whose husband was complaining of the hard times, saying that they were so hard that he could hardly keep his nose above water, retorted: "You can keep your nose above water easy enough, if you have a mind to; but the trouble is, you keep it too much above brandy."

"VEGETABLE PILL!" exclaimed an old lady. Don't talk to me. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumpling. For curing gnawing at the stomach there's nothing like it. It always can be relied on.

AN Atlanta (Ga.) man wants the thief who stole his well-bucket and rope to come back and get the well, as it is of no use now.

A DISTINCTION.—A little boy who had dropped some eggs for which he had been sent, being asked by his mother if he broke any, replied, "No,

Fancy Goods of all kinds constantly on hand.

Cake, Candy, Confectionery, and General Furnishing Store.

Baltimore Wharf, Fort Monroe, Va.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL

PRINTING

ESTABLISHMENT.

HAMPTON, VA.

ALL KINDS OF

BOOK, JOB, CARD & POSTER

PRINTING,

EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE.

CHESAPEAKE CITY:

W. H. KIMBERLY, Dry Goods and Groceries; FORT MONROE, VA.

JOHN T. BENTLEY, Watchmaker and Jeweler and dealer in Fancy Articles; FORT MONROE.

JAMES A. WATKINS, Groceries, &c.; FORT MONROE.

RICHARD BOLLING, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc.; LINCOLN ST.

JOHN S. MOODY, Post Sutler; FORT MONROE.

GEO. MELLEN, Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, &c; CHESAPEAKE CITY, VA.

L. C. PERRY, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c; CHESAPEAKE CITY, Va.

HARRY LIBBEY, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes; CHESAPEAKE CITY, Va.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1873. NO. 6.

The Mural Warfare.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

There, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of battle-hosts rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprang,
And every gift on Freedom's station
Was mail for beast and blood for wine.

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But stormier trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be! In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light and Truth and Love of Heaven.

"Because, forsooth, the temple grows
Whose walls the prophet's trumpet knows,
Shall we not smite with Amalek,
And rase Jericho to the beak?
Shall we not, for the homes we build,
Drive out the horde our fathers willed?

Nay, rather in the fear of Him
Who purifies as by fire the dim
And easily tempted souls of men,
Do we not seek the tempter's den
Lest, urged by us to leave his track,
He roam the world to tempt us back.

Evil is good, if thence arise
Occasion for the truth and right
To conquer in the moral fight
Which shakes the world. We know full well
How powerful error strongly dwells
In habit, custom, law, and creed,
And wrongful use of Holy Word,
To sanctify the sin abhorred,
And fence the refuge of the lie
With Scripture and with prophecy;
How, in the state, the church, the home,
Power justifies herself by might,
And Truth and Love are trodden down
Before the brutal sense of wrong,
Which visits with the worst its own.

Hard is the battle we must wage
With the high evil of our age,
Where Slavery, in the Church's name,
Rears altars to the sin of shame,
And thrusts the pure and meek aside
To seek a refuge for its pride.

Not with the weapons of the world
Are battlements of evil hurled;
The wrong we combat can defy
Aught that the sense can see or eye
Or thought of man can grasp or weigh,
Wielding the forces of to-day.
Not by the sword shall we attain
To our high purpose, but by pain,
Self-sacrifice, and daily loss
Of all for which men periled soul
And hope of heaven, counting gain.

Thus shall we learn to overcome
The powers of spiritual wrong,
Thus shall we make our own the tongue
Of fire and power to which belong
The guidance of the cloud by day,
The march of God's strong hosts, the way
Of Israel's light by night, the rod
Which opens for the host of God
A sea-path to the desert land,
And the pursuing hosts o'erwhelm
Where the returning waters foam
And roar above the sunken realm.

Industrial Education.

The following is an abstract of a paper read before the Social Science Association, by Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston.

The subject of industrial education is one of the most important that can be brought before the people of this country. The children who are brought together in these little school-houses all over the land are taught not much perhaps, besides the simplest branches, but this simple teaching provides them with the means to obtain all that lies within the grasp of man, for it lays the foundation for further and higher education, and such education is the most valuable possession for which any individual can strive. The organization of a complete common school system is one of the first necessities of any government and its gradual improvement should be made to keep pace with all the demands of the time, so that one of the most important duties of the people in any neighborhood is to see for themselves that the school-houses are well built and kept in good

repair; that a "common school," and common schools for the common people are the great safety and great glory of our country. The children who are brought together in these little school-houses all over the land are taught not much perhaps, besides the simplest branches, but this simple teaching provides them with the means to obtain all that lies within the grasp of man, for it lays the foundation for further and higher education, and such education is the most valuable possession for which any individual can strive. The organization of a complete common school system is one of the first necessities of any government and its gradual improvement should be made to keep pace with all the demands of the time, so that one of the most important duties of the people in any neighborhood is to see for themselves that the school-houses are well built and kept in good

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The light and Truth and Love of Heaven.

A DISTRICT SCHOOL.

Mechanical Instruments.

It is difficult for us to realize, in the midst of the wonderful inventions which surround us and make our life so different from the life of the generations that have gone before us, that there was once a time when the simplest tools were unknown, and that the mechanical appliances now so common among us have been the growth not of years, but of centuries. From the testimony of ancient writings, sculptures, and paintings, we can gather some facts in regard to the earliest inventions, and can trace with no little accuracy the development of the mechanical arts. The Egyptians are supposed to have been the first people who used tools or machines, and the carvings and hieroglyphics upon their monuments show that they were acquainted with the use of the axe, handsaw, adze, drill, and chisel. Among the sculptures at Thebes, a city celebrated for its riches and power in days long past, is one dating B. C., 1591, which represents a carpenter at work with a variety of tools about him, and the ruined cities of Egypt could evidently never have been built without the assistance of machines and mechanical skill. From the Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans learned the use of tools, etc., and from them again the knowledge spread gradually over the European continent, improvements being constantly made, and new laws discovered by ingenious and philosophical minds in all countries. It is probable that the wedge and inclined plane came first in order of time, and were soon followed by all the instruments constructed upon similar principles, but there are even now savage tribes, to whom no tools are known beyond these simple forms, and to whom any of our common machines seem little short of miraculous. It is well for us to stop sometimes in our busy lives to consider how great our advantages are, and how marked has been the progress of civilization during the years of which we have authentic history.

Our Schools.

Our illustration for this month furnishes us with a text which can never be exhausted, and the group in the picture, simple as it is, is full of meaning and suggestion, and may well be dwelt upon with thoughtful attention. A score of children of different ages and sexes, are gathered within the walls of a little, rough school-building, with their teacher in their midst, and about them their friends and neighbors, all listening to the examination which is evidently being carried on by the teacher himself, or the committee officially appointed for that purpose. The whole group is plain and homely enough, there are no fine clothes, no evidences of wealth, the picture in all its details presents a common scene, but it is just that which gives it such importance and makes it worthy of more than a passing glance, for it represents a "common school," and common schools for the common people are the great safety and great glory of our country. The children who are brought together in these little school-houses all over the land are taught not much perhaps, besides the simplest branches, but this simple teaching provides them with the means to obtain all that lies within the grasp of man, for it lays the foundation for further and higher education, and such education is the most valuable possession for which any individual can strive. The organization of a complete common school system is one of the first necessities of any government and its gradual improvement should be made to keep pace with all the demands of the time, so that one of the most important duties of the people in any neighborhood is to see for themselves that the school-houses are well built and kept in good order, that teachers as good as can be had are regularly provided, and that last but certainly not least, the children are made to attend unfailingly and punctually. It has been said that education is the cheap defense of nations, and surely in the moral warfare of which the poem selected for this month so earnestly speaks, there can be no weapons stronger than those provided by an intelligent, Christian system of education. Practically, as we have just said, the details of our common schools must be attended to by the people directly interested in them, and there are many points upon which general enlightenment is necessary, not only in regard to the methods of imparting instruction, but also as to the arrangement of the school-rooms, length of study hours, physical exercise, etc. For example, children can never study properly unless they are supplied with plenty of fresh air, and have seats and desks which are moderately comfortable and convenient. Then, too, it is never wise to keep young and growing children in one position for any length of time; they should be allowed to alternate their lessons with some sort of gentle, physical exercise, such as marching several times around the schoolroom with all the windows and doors open, or practicing some light gymnastics for five or ten minutes. More or less vocal exercise is also very desirable, and no small part of a good education consists in watching and caring for the general behavior of the students, so that the thoroughness of their training may show itself on all sides. A good teacher must have moral as well as mental power, and his influence over his scholars should not be confined to school hours, but ought indeed to reach over their whole lives, present and future. The responsibility of all who undertake this work is very great, and now that the need for trained teachers is so general, every district in every state in the Union ought to take measures to supply itself with school-houses and school-teachers, so that the children of the next generation may have no reason to blame their fathers for failing to appreciate the importance of this matter.

Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12th, 1809, in the State of Kentucky, his father and grandfather being both natives of Rockingham county, Virginia, from whence Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham, emigrated in 1784, marrying in 1806, Nancy Hanks, who was also a native of Virginia. The childhood and youth of the boy who was to become the greatest man of his day, were spent in actual poverty, and it is said that the whole of the time during which he went to any regular school, did not amount to twelve months, for he was never inside a college or academy until after he had obtained his license to practice law, but studied English grammar and mathematics unaided, with all the vigor and perseverance which characterized his manhood. He worked with his father, farming, etc. until the Black Hawk war of 1832 broke out, when he joined a volunteer company, and was elected captain, which success, in connection with his great popularity among his immediate neighbors induced him, on his return from the campaign, to run for the legislature, when he was defeated for the first and only time in his political career, a defeat which left him without means or employment. After some time he took advantage of an opportunity which was offered to him and opened a small shop, but speedily failed in this, and still undismayed, turned his attention to the law, borrowing a few books from a neighbor, and studying them far into the night by the light of the log fire in his cabin hearth. He was early known as the swiftest runner, the best jumper, and the strongest wrestler among his companions, and when he reached his full development was pronounced the strongest man in his State, his abstemious habits, and hardy physical discipline giving him, all his life long, an advantage over weaker men. In 1834 he was elected to the legislature, and re-elected for three sessions in succession, during which time, he made his first public protest against slavery, denouncing it in the house as unjust and impolitic, an opinion from which he never varied, and which undoubtedly had much to do with his eventual success. He rose rapidly to distinction in his profession and in 1846 was elected to Congress from the central district of Illinois, and his record during his career there, is, that he was never known to violate any principle to which he had once given his adhesion, no matter how great the temptation or the emergency. He did sometimes waive the assertion of a principle, but he never voted against it, and was eminently a consistent man. After he left Congress he devoted himself to his law business for some years, but in 1854 he returned to the political field and in 1858 the famous Senatorial contest took place in Illinois between him and his rival Mr. Douglas, during which campaign he showed great power as a debater and an orator. In May, 1860, the Republican National Convention met at Chicago and amid immense excitement nominated Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States, a nomination which was ratified by the people when nearly a year later, he entered the White House and took up the burden which he was only to lay down in the grave. From the date of his election he became the wise and faithful ruler of his country, and by dint of his honesty, perseverence, and invincible determination won for himself the love and confidence of his fellow-citizens. Born and bred in poverty and ignorance, he was appointed by the Great Ruler, to a position and a work such as have fallen to the lot of few men, and such as few men could have filled or performed. His life was strong and noble, and the death which closed it, though terrible to his country and his friends, was to him only a quick translation to that perfect peace for which he had ever here a great desire, and the witness of both life and death lifts to a high place upon the roll of fame the name of Abraham Lincoln, who in the fullness of his power, died gloriously for the sake of the freedom that he truly loved.

The exact opposites of the glutton are the hypochondriac men and nervious women who almost starve themselves to death for fear of injuring themselves by eating improper food. To such persons the advice of Sir Richard Jebb may be recommended: "My directions will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but every thing else you please."

THE
Southern Workman,
ISSUED MONTHLY.
S. C. ARMSTRONG, } Editors.
RICHARD TOLMAN, }
J. F. B. MARSHALL, Business Manager.

Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE. To Clergymen and School Teachers Seventy-five Cents in advance.

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J. F. B. Marshall, *Business Manager*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JUNE, 1873.

"Poverty vs. Education—Dogs—Whiskey."

This is the title of one of the interesting and able articles of the May number of "The Educational Journal of Virginia." The article was written by our accomplished and efficient superintendent of Public Schools—Dr. Ruffner. He has, to such an admirable degree, "the art of putting things," that we give our readers some extracts from his sharp-pubbed pen.

Poverty vs. Education.—Those who urge the plea of poverty against necessary expenditures for education, place our worthy citizens in a predicament. It is pretty well known by the world that the people of Virginia spend about twenty millions a year in whiskey and dogs; whilst only one million is asked for education. Hence those who urge this plea in so many pathetic forms are either telling what is not so, or convicting our people of loving whiskey more than education—and their dogs more than their children. Yes, or preferring to have their children unlettered to giving up one drink and one dog in twenty!

Dogs.—We spend say two millions a year in feeding our 140,000 dogs, and in repairing their damages. This was proved in the Annual Report of 1871, and all the changes were rung upon it in the Richmond newspapers during the succeeding winter.

Besides their annual cost and sheep-killing, it was proved that dogs were in the way of that system of sheep husbandry which is to be the agricultural salvation of Virginia. In this view there is by measuring the evil of the canine possession.

Whiskey.—In the Annual Report of 1871 statistics were given which rendered it probable that the annual consumption of alcoholic drinks in this State was about $19,000,000. Some have regarded this concission as incredible. Although no one that we know of has disproved it, let us throw in for good measure all the tobacco consumed, the confectionery, ornaments, costly furniture, equipage and apparel, also the amount carried off by theatricals, gamblers and swindlers of all sorts. Then we have nineteen millions to spend for whiskey and tobacco, circuses and gimcracks, but too poor to spare one million in order to put the spelling book and the multiplication table into every child in the land! Refuse 85 cents to each head of population for schools, and yet spend sixteen dollars a head for whiskey! Shame on the inane intimation! Our people are not barbarians!

If they want to spend twenty millions—or twice twenty—on dogs, whiskey and tobacco, let them do it; but *if they do*, let us hear no more of this plea of poverty, and be met with no more sour looks when the *comparatively insignificant* sum of one million is asked for education.

We must heartily commend this appeal. We believe that Public Schools are a public benefit. They yield a rich revenue pecuniarily for all the money expended in their improvements. Cheap schools will make cheap land, nor is it too much to say that, for every hundred dollars' worth, by which we increase educational interests of a town, we add two hundred dollars to the value of the houses and the farms. If the owners of real estate would invest property where it will yield a better percentage than in railroad, manufacturing or bank stock, let them invest a due proportion of it in the public schools.

But it is socially and morally, rather than pecuniarily, that good schools chiefly benefit a community. Much as they may increase the value of the land, they increase more the value of the men and women that live upon it. The importance of training good neighbors and good citizens, cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. Besides, it is every way the wisest economy to educate aright the child, rather than punish the man. School-houses are vastly cheaper than court-houses and penitentiaries. To arrest and bring to justice a single offender often costs more than all the money which we annually expend for the education of hundreds of children.

We would not then begrudge the money needed for the proper education of the young; remembering that it is virtue combined with intelligence that most exalts a nation; that that wisdom, of which the fear of the Lord is the beginning, is "the principal thing, more precious than rubies."

The Modoc Tragedy.

We are happy to insert the following communications, because of an article in the editorial columns of our last issue, which seemed unjust toward the peace policy. The editor in charge was so unwell the evening the proof was submitted to him, that he deferred until the next morning the intended correction, when it was too late. We most heartily sympathize with the sentiments now laid before our readers.

LETTER FROM DR. THOMAS' SON.

San Francisco, *April* 14th, 1873.

Hon. A. A. Sargent, United States Senator:

Dear Sir,—It suddenly occurs to me to write you a few words. It was undoubtedly through you that father was appointed upon the commission to the Modocs, and it may be that, in spite of your judgment to the contrary, your feelings may condemn your agency in the matter. Do not reproach yourself; neither for our sakes let the policy of the nation toward the Indians be changed in its spirit—in obedience to the frenzy of the hour. If the severest punishment be visited upon the hostile Indians, let peace and justice and security be still sought for others. Father's heart was in the cause in which he gave his life, and the cause is worthy and must be persevered in. We suffer for the ill deeds of our own race, and must still suffer, perhaps. But we owe it to ourselves and to the Indians to persevere. I hope you are with me still in this. I hope General Grant is. The Indians must know our power, and that our mercy is not cowardice—they must know our word is true.

The Indians are what they are, I believe, because the whites with whom they are in contact have been what they have been. We are to blame; not the poor Modocs; not the rapacious, lawless, perfidious whites are guilty of his blood. We blame no one for his death. Now that the first shock has passed away, we find more to rejoice in than mourn over.

We will pluck up our hearts, and follow on till God grants us the blessing of death.

This flurry will soon pass over. Without saying anything now, let the Government adhere to its grand purpose to be just and true to these children of the land.

Yours, truly,

E. C. Thomas.

The following view of the Indian character, supposed to have been penned by General Sherman, is extracted from a report made by him and three other officers of the U. S. army, to the President, in 1868:

Naturally, the Indian has many noble qualities. He is the very embodiment of courage. Indeed, at times he seems insensible of fear. If he is cruel and revengeful, it is because he is outlawed, and his companion is the wild beast. Let civilized man be his companion, and the association warms into life virtues of the rarest worth. Civilization has driven him back from the graves he loved; it has one-by-one killed, killed him, but it could never make him a slave.

So little accustomed to kindness from others, it may not be strange that he often hesitates to confide. Proud himself, and yet conscious of the contempt of the white man, often suddenly aroused by some new wrong, the remembrance of old ones still stinging his soul, he seems to become, as expressed by himself, blind with rage. He fails to see the olive-branch or flag of truce in the hands of the Peace Commissioner, and in savage ferocity adds one more to his victims, we should remember that for ten years and a half counties he has been driven back from civilization, when his passions might have been subjected to the influence of education and softened by the lesson of Christian charity.

Pictures.

Never count that lost which is expended in making a home pleasant. Pictures, music, flowers, and books, though costing some outlay of money, always render a glorious return in cultivated taste and refinement. Many a man complains of each an outlay, because he does not think "it will pay," as though life's main object was to heap up dollars and cents. No earthly boon is more to be desired than a pleasant, happy home. The quickest and cheapest way to brighten an empty room, is to hang up a pretty picture. How many a home has been brightened by the beautiful chromos which are now so plenty. Works of art are no longer confined to the parlors of the wealthy, since the Oil Chromo process has become a success.

Now we have resolved to help in this good work of refinement. We have made arrangements with different parties in the chromo publishing business, such that we feel we can afford to give to every old subscriber who shall renew his subscription, and to every new subscriber, a beautiful OIL CHROMO, worth from $1.50 to $3.00, each.

Our favorite chromo is entitled "Returning Home," and represents a young girl, with brown hair, blue eyes, and ripe, cherry lips, as she is wending her way home over an old mountain path; her apron is full of wild flowers; she tightly holds it up with her left hand, as the arm of which she carries her lunch-basket; her right hand carries a bundle of fagots. Though evidently tired, she has a sweet, child-like expression that will make her a friend in every home that will receive her. We have ordered quite a quantity, and shall adopt the motto, "First come, first served." Let us hear from you right away, and have we would remind you that we will give this beautiful picture to every one who will get us a new subscriber.

We trust that the article on Fisheulture which appeared in our April number has received the attention that the subject deserves, for it is undoubtedly for the interest of the whole country that the State and National governments should immediately take in hand this matter of special and undeveloped industries. The preservation and increase of fish in our waters and game in our forests are of real importance, and do not come within the province of individual action, the interests involved being too general to admit of their being entrusted to private enterprise. In most of the Southern States no advantage whatever has as yet been taken of the great opportunities which Nature has supplied, and the government of these states ought to lead the van of progress in these particulars. The expense incurred is so small in proportion to the profit, and that profit is so direct and sure, that we ought to consider delay to be as direct and sure a loss.

Books for our Teachers.

Though there are many good ways of helping in the educational work of the South, and many who are helping in this work, still a new way is suggested, by which a little help may be of great use.

The graduates of our Normal School, at Hampton, have but very few books, and those are mostly the school-books they have studied here. One graduate writes, that the only book he has seen to read, has been the Reader he carried from Hampton. If every graduate could be provided with a small library of reference books, say a dozen or more, its usefulness, and certainly its happiness would be greatly augmented. We say this in the hope that some liberal minded person will move in this direction.

The Mother's Work.

Every American mother who has a boy under her care should begin, even during his infancy, to train him up to become in time a *conscientious voter*. Not by political talk, God forbid! not by political passion, God forbid! but by laying the foundation stones of principle in the current of thought and feeling. Teach him to love and honor that which is good, to "*hate* that which is evil," and you are preparing him to be a *conscientious voter* in manhood.

Remember that *conscientious voters* more than it needs soldiers for its army or sailors for its navy. This is now, and ever must be, the one great need of the republic. Teach your boys to love honesty in small things now, and to hate dishonesty, and they will be honest voters twenty years hence. Teach your boys to love frankness and sincerity now, and they will become frank and sincere voters in later years. Teach your boys to speak the truth fearlessly now, and they will rise above the lie political in later life. Teach your boys to be courteous and manly and considerate for the rights of others now, and they will turn aside with disgust from all vulgar political abuse of their opponents in later years. Remember, that a mother may preserve her country in its highest interests. Americans are not likely ever to become cowards and cravens; they are a brave people. They are not likely to grow stupid and short-sighted; they are naturally quick-witted and shrewd. Political corruption is the one great political danger. By striving to give their boys good principles at home, mothers may help to stem the evil tide.—*Susan Fenimore Cooper.*

Cadetship Handsomely Won by a Negro Lad.

Representative James H. Platt, of the Norfolk District of Virginia, has forwarded to the War Department the name of John W. Williams as his appointment for a cadetship at West Point. Finding that there was some feeling between his white and colored constituents as to which race should receive the appointment, he announced that he would give it to the best scholar on competitive examination. Three candidates presented themselves, viz: a son of W. H. Lyons, master mechanic of Norfolk; a white boy, a son of E. Staples of Portsmouth, and John W. Williams, a bright mulatto lad, who was born a slave, and has been for several years past a student of the Hampton Normal and Industrial School. A series of questions in the ordinary English branches were prepared, sixty-six in number, and each boy was examined separately. Out of this number young Williams answered sixty-five promptly, only missing one; Lyons answered sixty-three, while Staples was down in the forties. The examination was conducted in the most impartial manner, and at the conclusion Williams was heartily congratulated on his success.—*Boston Journal.*

Acknowledgements.

We have received from G. W. Semple, M. D. of Hampton, copies of "The Plantation," a weekly Agricultural paper, and pamphlet entitled "Chemical Manures," by George Ville. The latter contains quite valuable information. For all, our sincere thanks.

Chief Justice Chase.

All of our readers, we trust, were interested in the life of Chief Justice Chase and will regret his death. His name is intimately linked with those of Lincoln, Stanton and Seward, all of whom have passed away. He was born in New Hampshire, a graduate of Dartmouth College in that State, and passed his earlier days in Ohio, in which State he was chosen governor for three successive terms, and left this office to take a seat in the Senate of the United States. Just at this time he was called by Lincoln, to the head of the Treasury. His last years have been spent as Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, an office of the greatest responsibility and trust.

His was probably a painless death, as it was caused, while he was sleeping, by the rupture of the cerebral artery, whence followed a stroke of paralysis on the brain. His funeral took place on Monday, May 12th, at Washington.

It should be mentioned that the chief justice was one of the foremost antislavery men. Among the many eulogies pronounced on his character was one by a former townsman, Hon. Joseph Segar, formerly a representative to Congress from this district. We give below a short extract:

> Although he and the people of my State were as far apart as the poles on the subject of the great blunder of secession—to call it by an harsher name—they had come, since the war was over, to a warm appreciation of his many great virtues, his commanding abilities, and his eminent public services. In this general and unreluctant appreciation of this great and good man my State honors herself, and I declare here to-day to make public to the country that she does so honor herself.
>
> And I hope it will not be amiss to embrace what seems to me an opportune occasion to make a very brief statement in a personal connection, the facts of which are in my own bosom only, and which I venture to disclose now because they are illustrative of the private virtues and worth of the illustrious deceased, and show that he was not only great, but good.
>
> In the early part of the war, early in 1861, it was my fortune to have been much in this city, and I was here because I could not be in Confederate lines in safety. I was in needy circumstances, my whole property having been seized by the United States under the exigencies of actual war. The late chief justice, apprised of my condition, sought me out, and, assuring me of his sympathies, informed me that I could command at his hands an appointment that would yield me a support, but for reasons well known to personal friends, and to Mr. Chase himself, then Secretary of the Treasury. I declined the offer. But this unsought, generously made an impression upon my heart that can never be effaced but by death. It is a green spot in my life which I delight to dwell upon, and I shall ever venerate the man who was as good as he was great.
>
> Mr. President, I am under another obligation to the illustrious dead. I would be the first to shake my old opinions in favor of Negro slavery. Sir, I was brought up, if I may so speak, in the spot of slavery. I was once a slaveholder—a shocking reflection; God forgive me; but it was reserved for Chief Justice Chase, by his clear-headed sense, to appeal to

At Home.

"One Own."

"If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we was four 'our own'
With look and tone,
We might never take back again.

"For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken,
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for 'our own'
The bitter tone,
Though we love 'our own' the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

The Daughter at Home.

It is within the power of every young girl who obtains her parents' consent to—a thing usually given before asked—to make her home a beautiful place to the eye, and therefore (other things being equal, such as the kind hearts, the happy atmosphere) attractive to the lingerer. There may be an ingrain carpet on the floor there, or even none at all; there may be wooden chairs and an ugly stove; but on this rude frame her simple efforts can build a world of beauty. Let her begin at the windows of the room, with their plain shades; she suspends a hanging-basket in one of these windows let us suppose. The basket bought at the florist's for five or ten dollars, and stocked with splendid tropical things, but a wooden box filled with earth, and set in one of those little sticks that are usually to be found knocking about every house, and are, at any rate, to be had in the shops for twenty cents; and she lures it by a stout cord twisted from the twines that have come home round the kitchen parcels. Here she plants nasturtiums and the delicate Madeira vine, and any green leaf that will grow, trailing these stems over the cords, and suffering those to droop across the edge, and her window is presently finer than if curtained with pointed lace. Another window she fills by degrees with a double tier of plants, raised from such slips as neighbors give each other—a rose, a geranium, a daphne, a gloxinia rooted from a single leaf, a fuchsia, a jasmine; she gives them such sunshine as she can, chancing warm water, and care, and she soon has a tapestry of blossoms there that rival in brilliancy any tapestry of foreign looms, and an atmosphere of fragrance outdoing that of distillery. If there is a third window, she stands a pot of ivy near it, and winds the branches in and out across it as they grow till it is a lattice-work of greenery, and then the long stems slowly spread their arms about the room and make it a little bower.

In another spot she hangs a wreath of the weird and varied maple leaves of autumn; and perhaps she incloses the little photographs of some friends in frames made of four sticks, and covered by the help of a little putty with the shells that have been in the garret ever since she was born, or with grey winter mosses and scarlet berries. Then she has dealings with the wizard of'clo' man, and certain useless garments of the house turn into vases for the mantle-shelf, which she has already hidden and fringed with knotted ravellings of an old shawl; and in the vases are dried twigs, branches of scarlet elder berries, lovely seed vessels, and tufts of the milkweed, whose frost-split pods look like little white-sailed birds sailing away on the wind And filling it with the dingy, but built a fire beneath it, and one of them retired once more to rast, the other remaining on his knees to watch the mysterious brew. For many days the tradition says, they kept the fire burning day and night, till at last they seemed to think their task complete, and taking off the thick, pungent compound into a large, open vessel, they left it exposed in the air. Then for the first time since their landing, the men broke their rigorously kept silence, and congratulated each other upon the accomplishment of their labors. From their conversation it appeared—though tradition does not tell us to whom—that they were veritable snake-charmers from Farther India who had left their shrines and native cities in search of the pathless forests of the New World for rare plants to perfect a magical compound which, brewed in silence and with strange rites, would protect those who anointed themselves with it from the venom of all deadly reptiles. It only remained to prove the efficacy of the mixture in which they had unbounded faith.

On the following day, they went carefully through their devotions, and, entering their house, laid aside their priestly robes, and anointed themselves thoroughly with the odorous ointment. Then with eager haste they opened the cages one by one, and instantly the room was swarming with hungry, hissing reptiles. The snake-charmers met the assault with enraged the serpents with blows, provoking them to bite. At last an immense cobra, at least six feet long, reared his head in anger, and struck one of the men and then the other with great swiftness and rage. The men only smiled, and continued their gyrations and taunts, till in a few few minutes they had both been bitten several times by the most venomous reptiles in the room.

Suddenly, the man who was first struck, uttered a loud cry, sprang through the door and darted into the forest. He was followed almost immediately by his companion, leaving the door open and the horrid swarm of reptiles at liberty. The ointment had indeed preserved their lives, but the venom had penetrated their brains, and their minds were gone forever.

For "The Southern Workman."

A Snake Story.

BY JACK MURRAY.

There is a small town in Southern New York much infested by venomous serpents, and almost every year there are a number of serious, if not fatal, accidents from the bites of the dangerous reptiles to the neighborhood. An ancient crone who was born there, and whose parents were among the earliest inhabitants has preserved a tradition of this ill-favored spot, which runs on this wise, as nearly as I can recollect.

Shortly after the landing of the *Mayflower*, a small and queerly rigged craft was observed to pass by the little settlement of Manhattan and disappear among the winding hills of the Shatemuc. The boat was apparently manned by but two persons of somewhat outlandish appearance. Their heavy black hair hung in rough masses down their necks; their faces gore that bright brown tint common to the inhabitants of eastern India; their features were regular and rather handsome, but with a sleepy and sinister expression about the eyes; in stature they were both tall and well formed; their dress, though nautical in its cut was of some rich, Oriental material. Upon the whole, they were a very ramackable pair.

They held their course up the river for a long distance, but at last directed their little vessel up one of the small streams which find their way, through darkly wooded cliffs, to the Hudson, adding to the picturesque beauty for which the noble river is so justly celebrated. Choosing at length a nook completely hidden by the encircling forests and sheltering hills, they drew their boat upon the miniature beach, and began to unload it. Drawing out a tent of some peculiar eastern fabric, they set it up on the shore, and carefully shutting the hatchs of their vessel, retired into the tent to sleep.

On the following day, they took out a bamboo frame evidently prepared for the purpose, and set about building a house. So perfectly fitted were all the parts that by evening the curious little structure was finished; but they slept as before in their tent. On the third morning they began some strange ceremonies before the door of their new house, wrapping themselves in long, silken robes, whose blood-red folds were covered with strange devices in gold and silver thread. Among these uncouth designs, serpents of every hideous shape and attitude held the most prominent place. Going then into their vessel, the men brought out a pair of beautifully wrought metal snakes, one of gold, and one of silver, and placing these upon the threshold of their house, prostrated themselves before them with every sign of reverence. Then bringing fruit upon golden plates, and offering the repast to their horrid divinities, they bowed thrice more to the ground before them.

These ceremonies over, the strange pair went once more into their vessel, and brought from it, carefully, a number of light, bamboo cages, which they ranged in front of the door of their house, and taking off the precious coverings which had sheltered them, revealed in each cage a pair of huge and venemous living serpents and a writhing mass of smaller but equally poisonous reptiles. Prominent among the more formidable monsters was the horrible *cobra di capello* or hooded snake of India, venerated to this day by the natives, and called by them the "good serpent" in hope to propitiate the ferocious nature that makes it one of the very few snakes which will attack a man even when it is already gorged with prey. To add to the horrors of the aspect, the cobra is marked upon the back of the neck, which it waves about when angry, with two round spots like great eyes, connected by lines that look like a pair of spectacles, which give it the name also of the spectacled snake. This monster is frequently found represented upon the ruined walls of Egyptian temples, and is supposed to be the serpent which Pharaoh's magicians used in their contest with Moses.

The snake-charmers of India still practice the old Egyptian trick of turning the reptile into a rod, or the semblance of one, grasping it tightly by the neck till it becomes partially strangled and perfectly rigid so that it can be held out horizontally like a stick. The stranger still, it is said to follow the notes of their music in a horrid, undulating dance. But to these performances, the poisonous fangs of the creature must first be carefully extracted. No one ever touched a venemous cobra with impunity.

Having concluded their incantations, and carried the cages of reptiles into the house supposed for fifteen, the devotees proceeded with the unloosing of their vessel. After taking out a large quantity of provisions, they brought up something like the large apparance of a chemist's retort supported upon a bronze tripod of antique form, and with a quantity of peculiarly shaped flasks and jars, filled with variously colored liquors and spices. Setting up the retort in front of their tent, and filling it with the drugs, they built a fire beneath it, and one of them retired once more to rest, the other remaining on his knees to watch the mysterious brew. For many days the tradition says, they kept the fire burning day and night, till at last they seemed to think their task complete, and taking off the thick, pungent compound into a large, open vessel, they left it exposed in the air. Then for the first time since their landing, the men broke their rigorously kept silence, and congratulated each other upon the accomplishment of their labors. From their conversation it appeared—though tradition does not tell us to whom—that they were veritable snake-charmers from Farther India who had left their shrines and native cities in search of the pathless forests of the New World for rare plants to perfect a magical compound which, brewed in silence and with strange rites, would protect those who anointed themselves with it from the venom of all deadly reptiles. It only remained to prove the efficacy of the mixture in which they had unbounded faith.

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Years after, a hamlet sprang up in the little valley, but the country was so infested by poisonous serpents that a general hunt was instituted to rid the neighborhood of the terrible pest. On that day, several of the honest farmers saw a couple of men dressed in outlandish rags wandering in the woods, with snakes in their hands, their sleeves, their pockets, and in every place where they could find room to hide. Years later, skeletons were found so covered by swarming serpents that they could hardly be recognized. A firm belief still exists among many of the older inhabitants of the little town, that these two wild men, and make beset bodies were identical with the traced serpent-charmers and responsible for the plague which still afflicts the country side.

Life in the Red Brigade.

Wet, worn and weary,—with water squeaking in his boots, and a mixture of charcoal and water streaking his face to such an extent that his own mother would not have known him—a stout young man walked soberly one morning through the streets of London toward his own home.

He was tall and good looking as well as stout, and, although wet and weary, had a spring in his step which proved beyond all question that he was not worn out. His liberal and belted coat, sailor's cap and small hatchet, with their accoutrements, heading by its chin strap on his left arm, betokened him a member of "The Red Brigade"—a London fireman—one of those daring and manly characters who carry their lives in their hands night and day, Joe, up," she cried, and darted across the room to keep the furious ring of the door bell which would disturb the Rosebud.

At the first word, the bed in the closet groaned and creaked as the fireman bounded from it. Neat moment he appeared buttoning his suspenders, and blinking like an owl in the sunshine. One moment sufficed to pull on each boot. Catching up his half-dried coat in one hand, and flinging on his sailor's cap with the other, he darted from the house, thrust himself into his coat as he ran, and presently found himself in the station just as four of his comrades drew the fire engine up to the door, while two others appeared with three horses, which they harnessed, two abreast, and one in front, with marvellous rapidity. The whole affair had been accomplished in less than five minutes. By that time, Joe and several of his mates stood ready, belted and armed, with brass helmets on their heads which flashed back the light of the street lamps and engine lanterns.

There was wonderfully little noise or fuss, with all the promptness of action. The reason was that all the men were thoroughly drilled, and each had a particular duty to perform, and knew it.

The moment the call was given, Bob, Charlie, having received no telegraphic "stop" had at once run to ring up the men who had, like Joe Dashwood, been sleeping close at hand. He rung up the engine driver first. At the same moment, his comrade on duty had run round to the stable, where the horses stood ready harnessed, and brought them out. The driver, when roused, flung on his coat and helmet and mounted the engine. It was a steam fire engine that is, the pumps were worked by steam instead of by hand. The firing was ready laid, and the water kept ready up on the self-acting by a gas-jet. He had scarcely lighted the fire and blown off the gas, when the engine comsteps as if their bodies were made of cast iron.

Arrived at a small street not far from the Regent Circus, young Dashwood entered a fire station there, and found a comrade in the act of dispersing himself on a narrow trestle bed, on which there was no bedding but one blanket.

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THE SNAKE CHARMER.

"Rather. A beer shop in White chapel. House of five rooms burnt out, and the roof off."

"You look tired, Joe," said Mary.

"I on a bit tired, but an hour's rest will put me all to rights. That's the third fire I've been called to to-night, and I got a fall or two that nigh shook the wind out of me. Good-night, Jack, and good morning. I must make the most of my time. Seems as if people were setting their houses afire on purpose to worry us."

Scarcely had Mrs. Dashwood resumed her washing when his regular, heavy breathing proclaimed her weary husband already in the land of Nod.

Quickly and steadily she pursued her work. The gentle noise of the washing, the soft breathing of the sleepers, and the tiny ticking of the clock over the chimney-piece, were the only audible sounds, for London had reached its deadest hour, "twixt night and morning. Rioters had exhausted their spirits, natural and artificial, and few early risers had begun to move.

Presently, to these sounds was added a very distant one which made Mary stop and listen. "A late cab," she muttered to herself. The rumbling grew more distinct and soon proved to be a hurried cab. Mary cast a look of anxiety into the darkness, wiped her hands quickly and taking up a pair of dry boots which had been standing near the fire, placed them beside her husband's coat. The cab had reached the gate of the neighboring fire station. One moment sufficed to pull on each boot. Catching up his half-dried coat in one hand, and flinging on his sailor's cap with the

THE SNAKE CHARMER.

by unremitting vigilance and incessant action that the London fires can be kept within bounds. There are nearly ten thousand fires in a year, in the metropolis, and the heroic little army which keeps these in check numbers only three hundred and seventy-eight men. That is all force much too small for the work to be done is proved by the fact that the same men be so sometimes to turn out four or five times in a night, and a good morning. I must make the most of my time. Seems as if people were setting their houses afire on purpose to worry us."

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"Never give in," was the firemen's motto. They would "never say die" till the enemy had left them tired and torn, but victors on the blackened field of battle. Two manual engines had already opened on the foe, and by the time the steamer got into action some little effect was beginning to be produced. Then another steamer dashed round the corner and fell into the ranks, the long charioteers leaped down, the suction-pipe was dipped into the water-trough, and the hose attached, with two engines cannot "drink" at the same plug, a cast-iron trough with an iron frame is put over the plug, having a hole in its bottom which fits tightly around the plug. It quietly fills and then two or more engines may dip in their suction-pipes and "drink" from the same fountain.

"Down with her!" shouts the man who holds the "branch" or nozzle at the end of the hose. A steam whistle gives a shrill reply, the engine is worked under the power of man's greatest servant, and the battery opens on the foe. Through neighboring houses coils of hose are dragged, like horrid water-snakes, through places never meant for them till the men who hold the branches gain points of vantage ne adjoining roofs and fences, till from above, below, in front and rear, cataracts of water dash into the glowing furnace.

The fire escape had been first to reach the spot after the alarm was given. The master of the house had got out from his bed and fled. The cook had rushed shrieking to a window, and a fireman had borne her, kicking, down the ladder and left her in a neighboring house in fits. As she could not answer questions, it could not be ascertained whether there were any more people in the burning house. "Try that window, Dash-wood," said the officer of the station: there is' nt much smoke there." Dashwood, when speaking, had ascended and leaped into the room, but could hardly see for the smoke. Knowing that the air appeared with three horses, which they harnessed, two abreast, and one in front, with would be wonderfully little noise or fuss, with all the promptness of action. The reason was that all the men were thoroughly drilled, and each had a particular duty to perform, and knew it.

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"Ah, Joe, is that you?" said the comrade, with a violent yawn.

"All that's left of me, anyhow," replied Joe Dashwood, as he hung up his helmet and axe on his own particular peg. "Been much doing, Bob?"

"Not much," growled Bob, "but they don't give a poor fellow much chance with those telegraphs. Roused me four times within the last hour for stops for chimneys.

Just as he spoke, one of the sharp, little telegraphic bells rang viciously. He went to the instrument with sleepy eyes.

"Another stop for a chimney," he muttered with a deprecating growl. By this he meant that the head office in Watling Street had telegraphed that a chimney had caught fire in some part of London, and was being looked after, and that he and his mates were to stop where they were and pay no attention to it, even though some one should rush into the office like a madman, shouting that there was a fire in that particular place!

Having acknowledged the message, Bob lay down once more, gave another expostulatory grunt, and drew his blanket over him while Joe Dashwood went home.

Joe's home consisted of a small apartment round the corner of the street within a few seconds run of the station. Off the small apartment there was a large closet. The small apartment was Dashwood's drawing-room, dining-room, and kitchen; the large closet was his bed-room.

Dashwood had a wife, "as light a little craft with as pretty a figure-head" he used to say, as you could find in a day's walk through London. When Joe entered, intending to go to bed for the night, he found Mary just up for the day.

"Hallo, Joe, up already?" exclaimed the fireman as he entered the room which was a wee bit shrivel of tidiness.

"Yes, Joe, there's plenty to do, and little May don't give me much time to do it," replied Mary, glancing at a crib which little May lay curled up in sheets like a rosebud in snow.

"It's been a bad fire, I think," said Mary, glancing at her husband.

"Rather. A beer shop in White chapel. House of five rooms burnt out, and the roof off."

"You look tired, Joe," said Mary.

"I on a bit tired, but an hour's rest will put me all to rights. That's the third fire I've been called to to-night, and I got a fall or two that nigh shook the wind out of me. Good-night, Jack, and good morning. I must make the most of my time. Seems as if people were setting their houses afire on purpose to worry us."

Scarcely had Mrs. Dashwood resumed her washing when his regular, heavy breathing proclaimed her weary husband already in the land of Nod.

Quickly and steadily she pursued her work. The gentle noise of the washing, the soft breathing of the sleepers, and the tiny ticking of the clock over the chimney-piece, were the only audible sounds, for London had reached its deadest hour, "twixt night and morning. Rioters had exhausted their spirits, natural and artificial, and few early risers had begun to move.

Presently, to these sounds was added a very distant one which made Mary stop and listen. "A late cab," she muttered to herself. The rumbling grew more distinct and soon proved to be a hurried cab. Mary cast a look of anxiety into the darkness, wiped her hands quickly and taking up a pair of dry boots which had been standing near the fire, placed them beside her husband's coat. The cab had reached the gate of the neighboring fire station. One moment sufficed to pull on each boot. Catching up his half-dried coat in one hand, and flinging on his sailor's cap with the

"Never give in," was the firemen's motto. They would "never say die" till the enemy had left them tired and torn, but victors on the blackened field of battle. Two manual engines had already opened on the foe, and by the time the steamer got into action some little effect was beginning to be produced. Then another steamer dashed round the corner and fell into the ranks, the long charioteers leaped down, the suction-pipe was dipped into the water-trough, and the hose attached, with two engines cannot "drink" at the same plug, a cast-iron trough with an iron frame is put over the plug, having a hole in its bottom which fits tightly around the plug. It quietly fills and then two or more engines may dip in their suction-pipes and "drink" from the same fountain.

"Down with her!" shouts the man who holds the "branch" or nozzle at the end of the hose. A steam whistle gives a shrill reply, the engine is worked under the power of man's greatest servant, and the battery opens on the foe. Through neighboring houses coils of hose are dragged, like horrid water-snakes, through places never meant for them till the men who hold the branches gain points of vantage ne adjoining roofs and fences, till from above, below, in front and rear, cataracts of water dash into the glowing furnace.

The fire escape had been first to reach the spot after the alarm was given. The master of the house had got out from his bed and fled. The cook had rushed shrieking to a window, and a fireman had borne her, kicking, down the ladder and left her in a neighboring house in fits. As she could not answer questions, it could not be ascertained whether there were any more people in the burning house. "Try that window, Dash-wood," said the officer of the station: there is' nt much smoke there." Dashwood, when speaking, had ascended and leaped into the room, but could hardly see for the smoke. Knowing that the air

Joe laid his bundle carefully on the bed, saying, "All right, now," and vanished like a wreath of the smoke into which he plunged again.

In three hours more the fire was smothered, and Joe went home with his gallant comrades. His found Mary ready with a cup of hot coffee, and the Rosebud ready with a kiss. The accepted the kiss, and swallowed the coffee, and in a few minutes after, was snoring profoundly.

The Street of the Idlers.

Translated from the German.

Bremen is at present one of the chief mercantile towns in Germany; but years ago swamds and bogs stretched far and wide where now warehouse stands by warehouse. The idle, humid mist of swamp lived in these swamps; they were content with things just as they found them, and never thought of improving their condition. One of the peasants who possessed most land was nevertheless poorer than the rest, for his cabbage-fields were the most sandy, and his meadows were under water the greatest part of the year. He had seven sons, all strong and well grown. They strolled about all day long, looking into the water, and watched the wind and the weather. They always returned hungry as wolves, for nothing sharpens the appetite like exercise in the open air. They looked a race of giants when seated round the oaken table.

After dinner they retired to the hay-loft and slept for an hour, and when they had rested they strolled leisurely to the banks of the river to watch the fisherman drawing their nets. With the setting sun they returned, had a good supper and then retired to rest, and slept till the sun stood high in the heavens.

Sometimes the father said he was growing old, and required more help; but this seemed ridiculous, for he lounged all day an the bench before the house, like any of the neighbors. The mother mirked the goal, for they could not afford to keep a girl, and prepared the dinner, which consisted chiefly of carrots and cabbage. She fetched the firewood and carried the water; indeed she did all the housekeeping. The neighbors called the seven brothers the seven idlers, for certainly they surpassed all in taking their ease.

Thus years went on. At length the seven brothers thought they would like to earn a livelihood. They went from house to house, offering their services; but the neighbors laughed at them, called them the seven idlers, and sent them away. They returned in the evening dissatisfied and weary. For the first time in their lives they did not relish their supper, nor did they retire to rest as early as usual, but sat up talking till late at night. They came to the conclusion to leave home and seek for work elsewhere. The parents tried to dissuade them, but in vain. The next morning the seven brothers went forth with hoes and spades. Their parents wept all day long, but they did not return.

Month passed after month, and then one year and then another. Their existence seemed almost forgotten in the village, when suddenly the cry was heard, 'The seven idlers are returning! The seven idlers!'

The neighbors rushed to the windows. Yes, there they were, with spades, and hoes, and all kinds of strange implements. They went straight to their father's cottage; no one was admitted that evening, and none knew what they told him.

The next morning at break of day they went with shovels and spades to their father's meadows, and commenced digging a deep ditch that drained the water from the fields, and in a short time the meadows stood free from water. Then they threw up an embankment between the sandhills that bounded their father's land, to keep the water from overflowing in spring.

When the neighbors saw the beautiful rich grass on the meadows they said, 'Oh, the idlers, they do not like standing in the water and fishing for the hay as their father did. They are afraid of work.'

In the autumn the seven brothers carried their stones and wood to build a house near their father's cottage.

'Oh, they think the little cottage too convenient,' said the neighbors again; 'they are afraid of the trouble.'

In the spring the brothers tilled the ground, and, as they had ample time before the harvest, they built another house. At length seven houses stood in a row beside the little cottage, and the seven brothers married, and lived happily near their parents.

'They are afraid of being burdened by their relations,' cried the neighbors who lived with their sons and daughters-in-law in one house.

The seven idlers now built stable and barns opposite their dwellings, and made a pavement of stone.

'They are afraid of cleaning their boots,' whispered the neighbors, who were accustomed to sink ankle deep into the mud of their roads.

They also planted a row of trees on either side of the road.

'It is to save the trouble of a walk into the woods,' thought the neighbors.

The last offense was the greatest of all. The seven brothers dug a well. Then the neighbors shrugged their shoulders higher than ever.

'They are too proud to do as their father did,' said they; 'they are too idle to carry the water from the river in pails.'

Since then many years have passed, the barns and the trees have disappeared. The idle neighbors retired farther into the bogs as industry and civilization advanced. But still it is known as 'The Street of the Idlers,' though warehouse stands by warehouse, and a race of hard-working, industrious men live in those streets, pouring the produce of foreign lands into all the markets of Germany; for not though sloth and indolence, but by labor and diligence, do we improve our condition and force nature into our service.

Our Exchanges.

THE TRUE WOMAN, Baltimore, claims to be the champion of that "large majority" of the women of America who still want the right not to vote. There must be such a majority if Mrs. Stanton, the leader of the Woman Suffrage party is correct in saying that "Whenever the women of the country as a body demand the right of suffrage they will get it." Time will prove whether they will or will not get it ar not. In any case they would be wise to consider the counsel of Jean Ingelow, the sweet English poet, who says in a letter which the "True Woman" publishes: "So long as household work is thought degrading, there never can be anything like universal education." How to keep a house clean, and to assist even in a kitchen, without the least sense of being lowered, or the slightest personal deterioration might surely be managed if women gave their minds to it.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER AND FARMER. —We notice this able, agricultural publication for the benefit of our readers as well as a compliment to the editor and proprietor. It is a monthly, published at Richmond, Va., in magazine form, and is well filled with invaluable instruction on Agriculture. Price, $1.50 per year. We can honestly say that all our Southero farmers will find their money well expended in subscribing for it.

THE proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for the correctness of language, but who by honest industry had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting, for a toast, gave: "Success to forgery"

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

Never Satisfied.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gayly dressed wife by his side;
In satin and lace she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as he passed:
The carriage and couple he eyed
And said, as he watched with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would do if I could:
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage—the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine:
And said in a whisper, "I wish in my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress;
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in this world. Whatever our lot,
Our mind and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy. —*Selected.*

"In Everything give Thanks."

A grateful spirit is most valuable to its possessor, leading him to contemplate life on the sunny side, to dwell upon its privileges, rather than its trials, to bless God for what he has, rather than complain of what he has not; plucking everywhere sweet flowers and pleasant fruits; instead of tormenting himself with thorns.

A gratefel spirit is most happy in its influence on others, as well as upon the person who cherishes it.

Smiling Goodness.

A Sabbath-school superintendent was once asked on what grounds he selected a teacher from a number of young ladies, all of whom were strangers to him. "she looked as though she could smile," was the significant reply. Smiling, rather than long-faced goodness; a cheerful, rather than a sanctimonious face; a thankful, instead of a whining, complaining spirit, is of the highest importance to one's useful ness.

Knowledge and Love.

Said a little fellow to another in his childish way, "My teacher is the lagetest in the Sabbath-school." "But," replied the other, "She don't *know* as much as mine." "Oh," answered the first, "but she *loves* more." This love ing more is indeed the chief thing. Without love, whatever knowledge one possesses, he is comparatively powerless for good, more likely to chill with death than to warm with life.

Worth of Sunshine.

It the aggregate value of the agricultural products of the United States is many hundred millions of dollars a year, the average value of a day's sunshine during the time of the growing and ripening of the crops is estimated at several millions of dollars. Of what untold value then toward producing the fruits of righteousness for which we by Jesus Christ, would be the daily sunshine of peace and joy beaming forth from the lives of his loving, praising disciples,—thus reflecting, as they should, the glory of the Sun of Righteousness.

Some Blessing Left.

A Christian sailor who lost one of his legs at the Battle of Trafalgar, said that he could very often measure the faith of the people who conversed with him, by the way in which they alluded to his misfortune. Nine out of ten would exclaim, "What a pity that you lost your leg;" and only one in ten, "What a blessing that the other was preserved!"

When God comes into the family and takes away one child, instead of complaining because He has taken one, it would be wise to thank Him that He left the rest. Or He may crush a man's business, and strip him of all his worldly wealth, and yet leave untouched and uninvaded what is dearer than all—the cradle of his only child. Would it not be nobler for such a man to be thankful for what God left, than to murmur to what He took away?

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," but He always gives more than He takes away. If God robs a man of his riches, He leaves him his health, which is better than riches. If He takes health, He leaves wealth. If He takes both, he leaves friends. And if he takes all these—house and horse and worldly goods—God's providence is not yet exhausted, and He can make blessings out of other things which remain. He never strips a man entirely bare. A man may be left a beggar upon the highway, and yet be able to give increasing testimony to God's goodness and grace.—*Beecher.*

Thundergust.

Don't come down into the breakfast room of a morning with a thunderclond over your pitiful phiz. What are you mad at? Have you a note to pay in bank and not a dime to meet it? Have you the headache? Did the baby wake you from a sound sleep? Has the newsman failed to leave you the morning paper; or has a bill been presented at your door bright and early, which you know very well ought to have been paid long ago to the patient baker, the needy dressmaker or the begrimmed mechanic? Maybe you out your face while shaving, or stumped your toe against the cat, or broke your watch-spring in winding it up. Indeed because you have suddenly remembered that you failed to meet a business engagement yesterday; or took a short turn on a friend, or cheated somebody, and that it is about being found out,—what then? you would not have cared otherwise you would not have cared the snap of your finger about it; perhaps as you entered the door and scanned the breakfast table, you missed some favorite dish. But does one of all these occurrences justify you in clouding the whole household, in hurtling the feelings of your children, in discouraging the servants, and outraging the guests at your table? The man or woman who comes to the family table with a scowl is a brute in nature, and only wants opportunity to bring out his hatefulness and his meanness. If, when you come to the breakfast room, you are sad from discouragement, from fatigue, from illness, or from losses, you are excusable, and you have our sympathy; but to meet the family with a frown, and cast a gloom over the whole household, simply because everything has not gone exactly according to your sovereign pleasure, you, a poor pitiful worm of the dust; why, it is so supremely ridiculous, that anything else than contempt for it is simply impossible.

He came into the breakfast room one morning, and in a moment it was seen that a cloud was on his brow. There sat the ladylike wife waiting for him; the table fairly groaned, not with plated silver but the solid material. The cloth was white as the snow; the family were seated around in pleasant expectancy; everything was smoking hot, and not an article there but that even a pampered appetite could revel on. But the man's favorite dish was not there. Closer he came to the table, and with the inquiry, "Did you not know that I wanted a shad for breakfast?" he raised his foot and overturned the whole table on the floor.

"It was at the fire being kept warm for you," replied his noble wife in her quiet ladylike, and conquering way. In an instant the haughty husband comprehended the situation; the next, he was on his knees, exclaiming, "Dear wife, you are nothing less than angel born." Not a great while after that he died. His will was opened; his wife was executrix; he left her all his, and two millions of dollars.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Take Care of Your Habits.

Horace. B. Claflin, n prominent merchant of New York, is as quaint and humorous as he is keen-witted and rich. They tell the following good story about him:

On the 15th of February, about five o'clock, Claflin was sitting alone in his private office, when a young man, pale and care-worn, timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claflin," said he "I have been unable to meet certain payments because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and I would like to have $10,000. I come to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me.

"Come in," said Claflin, "come in and have a glass of wine." "No," said the young man, "I don't drink." "Have a cigar, then?" "No—I never smoke." "Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can." "Very well," said the young man as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good-day sir!" "Hold on," said Mr. Claflin; "you don't drink?" "No." "Nor smoke nor gamble nor anything of the kind?" "No, sir! I am superintendent of the same Sunday-school.

"Well," said Claflin, with tears in his voice and his eyes, too, "you shall have it, and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have $5,000 once, and saved me the same questions. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."

The Friend of Sinners.

One of the sweetest and most attractive titles of our Lord Jesus Christ is "the Friend of sinners." He was in His manner so gentle toward offenders, so graciously did He seek out the lost, and so tenderly did He invite the erring to pardon and reconciliation, that it was slanderously said of Him, that He was the Friend of sin as well as of sinners. This was the old heathen slander of the days of Celsus. Philosophy and Pharisaism sneeringly asserted that Jesus treated iniquity so lightly, and made it so easy a matter to escape from its consequences, that He was rather the aider and abettor of sin than its destroyer; and they blasphemously declared that His apostles had preached the doctine of "let us do evil that good may come." My brethren, you know that this charge was utterly and entirely false, and those who uttered the libel knew it to be so too, if they were at all conversant with our Lord's history. In His example evil meets with no encouragement, and for His teaching it finds no excuse. If the most secret and slightest acquaintance with the objects of His life, they must have known that though the Friend of sinners He was emphatically beyond all other public teachers the enemy of sin. His hatred toward it was not a mere passion: it was a principle. It did not flash forth now and then; it was a constant flame. He hated sin, if I may so say, implacably, never making a moment's truce with it; He pursued it by day in His ministry, and by night in His prayers; He lived to smite it, and He died to destroy it; and now in His risen glory it is upon sin as well as upon Satan that He sets His heel. He was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil; and He never erected a battering engine which will not leave of Satan's stronghold so much as one stone upon another which shall not be thrown down—*Spurgeon.*

Dolph Stearns.

Dolph Stearns was poor and old and wretched. All this could be seen at a glance, as he shambled down the street, his long, unbuttoned coat streaming in the wind, and his bloated hands thrust into his pockets.

Dolph Stearns! Everybody in the town knew him, and everybody had a decided feeling in regard to him. The old remembered him as a school-boy—the smartest, handsomest and bravest of all. His voice was surest in recitation, his step fleetest on the playground, and his hands most willingly extended to a falling comrade. He climbed highest, swam longest, and performed the most marvelous feats of skating.

When he left school and commenced business people said he had lost one fault. He drank of the intoxicating cup, yet he was too good and noble to make a drunkard. So his friends believed, while he never dreamed of danger. But now, by old and wretched, he was that most pitiable of all objects, a slave to the demon of the still.

It was the last day of the year and he was passing the finest house in the village, when its owner called to him from the opposite side. Dolph. My wife wishes me to give you this basket."

"Ah, Tom! it's you, is it, old fellow?" was the response. "Glad to see you looking so comfortable. Tell your wife I'm much obliged to her. She's a good woman, and you're a fortunate fellow, all around. Heard somebody say you got to be judge. When we were boys together, you did n't take all the prizes, Tom."

"No, Dolph, I didn't," but—"

"I know all about it," exclaimed the wretched man, interrupting his friend. "No use talking about it, Tom. It's liquor that's made me what I am. You let it alone, and I didn't. I have it's any boys to follow my example. God took the only one I had, and I'm glad of it. He might have been a drunkard, and that's worse than being dead. If I could get all the boys together, I'd tell them never to taste the first drop of liquor. "I thought—but no matter what I thought. Moderate drinkers make drunkards, and the only safety is in total abstinence." — *The Banner.*

John B. Gough.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

To John B. Gough belongs the unique distinction of having addressed more human beings than any man now living on our globe. And no man living has been the more innocent occasion of so much hearty laughter and as many honest tears. Spurgeon began ten years later than Gough, and has not spoken more than half as often. Henry Ward Beecher did not rise into celebrity until Gough had been for half a dozen years the prince of platformers. For thirty years no speaker has commanded such crowds who were eager to pay for the privilege of listening to the most exciting of discourses delivered in the most dramatic voice and gesticulation. It may seem presumptuous to say it, but I have often thought that Gough is the only real rival of Garrick. The great English actor recited the brilliant words of Shakespeare and Sheridan, but Gough composed his own oration. Garrick had the best of scenery and companies of fellow-actors. Gough makes his own "scenery" with his tongue, and stands up alone. Garrick had the widest variety of topics, but Gough's most splendid triumphs of speaking and acting have all been achieved on that old, and "thread-bare theme of temperance." Garrick only aimed to produce laughter or tears. Mr. Gough, as a great Christian philanthropist, aims to persuade, to reform, and to convert his fellow-creatures to sobriety and religion. Rarely has a man ever employed his peculiar gifts more nobly than has my well-beloved friend and brother, John B. Gough.

He is a native of Sandgate, in England, and was born in a poor little cottage, on the 22d of August, 1817. His father was a common soldier in the British army. I need not recount his familiar history, how he came to America with but half a dollar in his pocket, how he struggled along in the most bitter poverty, how he was behind the paper's hearse that bore the body of his poor, pious mother to the Potter's Field, how he fell into the most degraded drunkenness, how he was rescued by Joel Stratton, the Worcester shoemaker, and signed the total abstinence pledge with a trembling hand, how he relapsed and signed again, until at last, by God's grace, he stood up as an emancipated and converted man. Mr. Gough's hope of remaining a reformed inebriate, is founded on the "Rock of Ages." His trusts God, and not himself. The most attractive trait in Brother Gough's noble character is his earnest and devout faith in his Redeemer.

Soon after Mr. Gough's reformation he began to lecture in behalf of total abstinence. At first he spoke to a few country-folk in school-houses and churches. Then he went to Boston, where, after three hundred public addresses, he can draw larger audiences than any man alive. Deacon Grant was his early benefactor, and was always proud of having befriended him. For many years Mr. Gough was a member of Dr. Dev. De Kirk's church, but of late has been connected with the Congregational church of Boylston, Mass.

Next to the grace of God, and the prayers of a godly mother, our friend owes most to his faithful Yankee wife. He married Mary Whitcomb, of Worcester county, on the 24th of November, 1843. At the time of their marriage he was worth the cost on his back, and ten silver dollars. The same evening he fulfilled an engagement to talk temperance in a school-house. She took him on trust, and has stood by him until he has risen into a world-wide fame as an orator and philanthropist. When her young husband—still rather "shaky," and in danger of falling—introduced her to Deacon Grant, the shrewd man talked with her a few moments, and then slyly whispered in his ear, "John, she'll do." She has done, and nobly too, for twenty-nine eventful years. During the long period of his public career, Mr. Gough's home has made two visits to Europe, and spoken in every considerable city and town of the British empire. He has had the gifted and the titled among his auditors, yet the common people hear him gladly.

He has delivered over seven thousand public addresses, some of them to audiences of ten thousand people. He has travelled over a sufficient number of miles to have carried him twelve times around the globe. He has secured over two hundred thousand signatures to the pledge. By the help of God he has reformed a large number of those who had sunk into that same abyss of drunkenness from which he himself was rescued. Much of the large amount of money paid him for his addresses, has been generously given away in charity.

As an orator, Mr. Gough reached his climax of power twenty years ago. His voice was then as musical as a flute, with marvelous power in the tender, pathetic passages. Long and hard service has made it somewhat harsh and husky, but it is still an instrument of rare compass and flexibility. Sometimes he overacts, especially when weary. But in the days of his highest glory no man could surpass him in delineation of character and in impersonations of "all sorts and conditions" of humanity. He has often been a mother, a child pleading with a brutal husband, a plantation negro, a Scotch deacon, a Frenchman, a raw Irishman, a pompous coxcomb, and a poor, besotted toper, all in one hour's address. And he excelled in every one character. Truly, God made a wonderful creature when he made John B. Gough. And the grace of the Lord Jesus made a glorious philanthropist and reformer when it converted him to the service of his Divine Master. May he live fifty years longer!—*Christian Weekly.*

An inveterate drunkard once asked a Quaker whether he knew of a method whereby he could cure himself of his dominant vice. "Friend," answered Broadbrim, "it is as easy as keeping a penny." "How can that be?" said the drunkard; "every man can keep his hand open, but as to abstaining from liquor, that's quite a different thing." "Then thee has not gotten a glass of gin in thine hand, and before thee dost raise the tempting liquor to thy lips, open thine hand—and keep it open. Then breakfast the glass, but thee breakest not the laws of sobriety."

Dr. McCosh now president of Princeton College, tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upestitin' sins."

"Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you sint got the hang of dat ar' word. It's bowstin,' not upestitin'."

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from the sin of intoxication, and if dat aint a upestitin' sin, I dunno what am."

No coon that the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one long, unerring memory in the universe out of which nothing good ever fades.—*Woolsey.*

Gems.

I DO not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them.—*Rowland Hill.*

LET it be a subject of daily prayer, as well as an object of daily endeavor to do our right work at the right time. God in his providence will never leave you at a loss as to what to do and when to do it, if you will lead you if only you will be led by him. Oh! when will we learn the lesson so essential to our peace —to live well the one hour, and do well the one work which God in that hour gives us?—*Norman McLeod.*

A SKEPTIC who was trying to convince a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked him how it could be true that we sing in the Spirit and the Spirit in us. "Oh," replied he, "dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker; I put it in de fire till it gets red hot—now de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker.

REV. MARK WILKES was, in his day, one of the marked men in the Dissenting ministry of England. He had a quaint mode of telling method of illustrating Scriptural truth. An American minister of our acquaintance once heard him introduce his text in this manner: My hearers! Did you ever see a cat? Did you ever see a cat walk? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall? Did you ever see a cat walk upon a wall covered with broken glass? How carefully she lifted each foot! How slowly and cautiously she set it down again! So would the text from which I propose to speak have you act. "See that you walk *circum-spectly.*"

SITUATIONS are like skeins of thread or silk. To make the most of them, we need only to take them by the right end.—*Madam Swetchine.*

THE best rule under persecutions is, if you are unable to suffer for religion, see that religion does not suffer by you.

KEEP your soul in an attitude of heartfelt trust in God, and the more you are encompassed with troubles and infirmities, hope the more steadfastly in him.

A CHRISTIAN has advanced but a little way in religion when he has overcome the love of the world; for he has still more powerful and importunate enemies: self—evil tempers—pride—sinful affections—a stubborn will. It is by the subduing of these adversaries that we must chiefly judge of our growth in grace.—*Cecil.*

IF you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it now.

LET thy thoughts be such to thyself as thou art not ashamed to have them known to them: and that if it should be suddenly asked, "what thou thinkest of," thou might'st not blush to tell.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

IF is the greatest of all sins always to continue in sin. For where the custom of sinning waxeth greater, the conscience for sin grows the less; it is easier to quench a spark than a fire.—*Warwick.*

CHRISTIAN graces, like the stars, shine brightest in the darkest hour.

TO UNDERSTAND truth, one must live it.

OF the hundred good things in this life, ninety-nine are health.

OUR homes should be as holy as our churches, to say the least.

THINGS are not to be done by the effort of the moment, but by the preparation of past moments.—*Cecil.*

LIGHT comes from above; you will get more light on the Scriptures by prayer, than in all other ways. Look up.—*Moses Stuart.*

Trifles.

A WORTHY old farmer, who was being worried in his cross-examination by a lawyer, exclaimed, "Look there, squire, don't you ask a good many foolish questions?"

A BOSTON philosopher thinks it is a good illustration of what men will do for conformity's sake, that there are at any given time twenty-two millions of people, more or less, each wearing a silk hat to please the rest.

A WELL KNOWN German florist related to me the other day, in a high state of irritation his troubles in this way. He said: "I have so much drouble with de ladies of ben dey come to buy mine rose; dey want him hardy, dey wants him doubles, dey wants him mooudly, dey wants him fragrand, dey wants him nice gouler, dey wants him eberydings in one rose. I hopes I am not what you calls one uncallant man, but I have sometimes to say to dat ladies, Madame, I never often sees dat ladies dat was beautiful, dat was not good, dat was good tempers, dat was young, dat was clever, dat was perfection in one ladies. I see her much not!"

THREE Irishmen, who had dug a ditch for four dollars, were quite at a loss to know how to divide the pay "equally." But one of the number had been to school, and reached division in the arithmetic, so it was left to him. He did it at once, saying: "It's aisy enough! Sure, there's two for you two, and two for me, too." The two received their portion with a greatly increased respect for the advantages which learning gives a man.

A LITTLE girl was sent to the pasture to drive home the cow. While thus engaged, she treated herself to climbing an unnecessary fence, from which she fell, and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell. "Why, no!" she replied; "what would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me!"

TEACHER—Who was the first man? Head boy—Washington; he was first in war, first in—— Teacher—No, no; Adam was the first man. Head boy—Oh! if you 're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was!

IT seems to be a pretty general opinion that Congressmen are more in need of back-bone than back-pay.

THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,107,307.47, being an increase of fifty per cent. on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.

There are no stockholders in the Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest-day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the last year has been six per cent, and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $218,311.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report 6% on one dollar deposited.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass Book only.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 6 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

ACCOUNTS TRANSFERRED,

at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch without risk or trouble, and without loss of interest.

For full information about the Bank address the Secretary at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent by mail free on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information required may be promptly had on addressing the President, Hon. J. W. Alvord, Esq., or H. C. Parsons.

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SPLENDID FARM

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National Savings Bank.
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Chartered by Congress, March, 1865.

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is now paid upon deposits monthly. Dividend days July 1st and January 1st. Interest compounded if not drawn. Deposits received small or large. Accounts payable by Check.
Certificates of Deposit bearing six and four per cent. interest issued.
Deposits of any amount received from any person, and repaid on demand.

J. W. ALVORD, President. H. C. PARSONS, Cashier.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1873. NO. 7.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
Whatso proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh say, does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam—
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
'Tis the star spangled banner—oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-steps pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation.
Blessed with victory and peace may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause is in just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

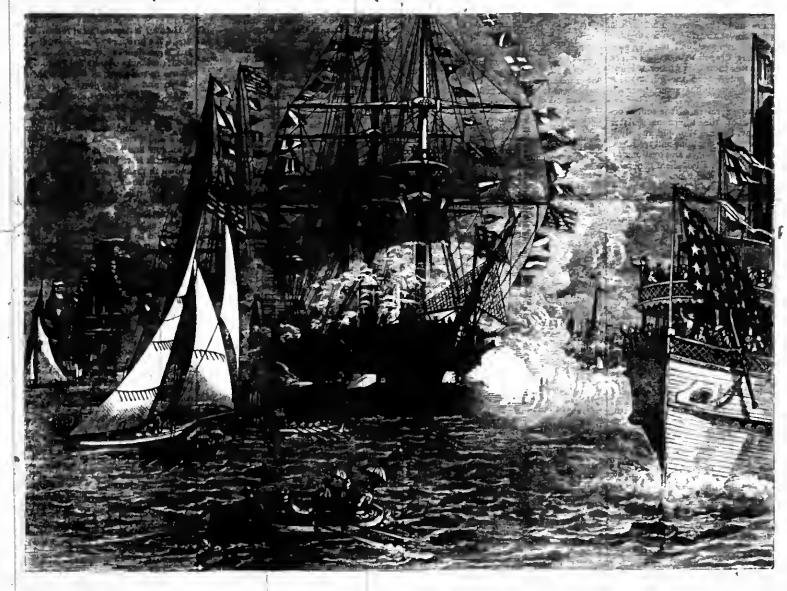
Our National Holiday.

Christmas, which is naturally, to all Christian people, the greatest and holiest of holidays, is the only festival of the year that can compare in its hold upon the hearts of the American nation, with the Fourth of July, the day which nearly a century ago, affirmed and assured our political independence.

There is no state in the Union, and no village in any state, and, it may almost be said, no boy in any village, wherein and by whom, some demonstration of rejoicing is not made in commemoration of the great work that our fathers did for us when in that famous document, our "Declamtion of Independence" they declared us to be a free people and showed the world that they and their fellow-countrymen were able to make their words good. Wherever the American flag waves there are sure to be found some loyal citizens who keep the national holiday with the time-honored ceremonies of speech-making and gatherings together and fire-crackers, and such festivities as the season permits, while in the cities and thickly settled neighborhoods the whole population devote themselves to gayety in one form or another.

Our national poem, the "Star-spangled Banner," which stands at the head of this page, is sung on sea and shore, by old men and little children, and a stranger set down suddenly in the midst of one of our Fourth of July crowds might not unjustly think that the whole country had for the time being gone mad. The illustretinn which accompanies the poem, gives a brilliant picture of the harbor of New York in its Fourth of July dress, and probably the world rarely presents a gayer scene than this. In the centre of the cut, is a great ocean steamer covered from deck to topmast with the signals and pennants and flags of all nations, the American flag holding always of course the prominent place, while the clouds of white smoke wreathing upward from her forward ports, show that u salute has just been fired. To the right is seen one of the numerous swift little steamboats which fly upon the ferries or run up and down the rivers on either side the city, and its deckload of gayly dressed passengers, shows that it has been chartered for n picnic or excursion down the beautiful bay to the sea. The merry excursionists are evidently waving their handkerchiefs, hats and parasols, and hurrahing themselves hoarse in return for the big steamer's salute; and the dinners that they have brought with them in bags and baskets innumerable, will undoubtedly be discussed with the hearty appetites which come with cheerfulness and fresh air. Trim, sharply built yachts, light pleasure boats, square, heavily laden row boats, and here and there a well-manned man-of-war's boat fill up the spaces between the larger craft until it seems that the blue water is literally covered, and that collisions must be the rule, and not the exception.

In the distance is given a glimpse of the city with the spire of old Trinity church rising from the mass of lower buildings, while every public edifice shows some decoration in honor of the day, and the eyes at last get weary with the unvarying brilliancy of color in sky and sea and land. It seems surely that the American people appreciate their great holiday, and that underneath all the superficial rejoicing, there is a real, honest love and respect for the memories and associations which cluster about the Fourth of July and make it a day of thankfulness and hope to all true Americans. Our fathers made us what we are, and now it is well to remember that upon our fidelity and intelligent action as citizens will depend the future of our children and our country. Politically, our responsibilities are serious and in keeping the Fourth of July it is not wise to consider it as a day of mere merry making, but rather to try to keep in mind what is its real meaning as a national festival.



Great Britain.

The little cluster of islands lying in the Atlantic Ocean close to the western shore of the great European continent, claims the honor of having produced the nation from whose healthy growth we Americans have drawn our blood, our language and our main characteristics as a people. It was from Great Britain that the Puritans, driven by religious intolerance, voyaged valiantly to the unknown shore of New England; it was from Great Britain that the ships were sent, whose crews of knights and gentlemen, eager for adventure, settled along the coast of Virginia and her sister States; and it was in short, from Great Britain that the impulse came, whose power colonized our country and opened paths for the men of all nations who have since come to us and helped to make our nation what it is. A little later in our history it was the injustice and shortsightedness of Great Britain's rulers that forced our fathers into that desperate struggle for liberty which resulted in our present republican form of government; and though that struggle cost us a heavy price, yet there is no doubt that the men it produced owed much of their ability and sound political training to the influence of England and the educational advantages that the mother country afforded. In looking back upon our past it is impossible to deny the closeness of our alliance with the transatlantic people whose language is the same as our own, and it is diffienlt to estimate the importance to the world of friendly relations between the two great English-speaking nations. England and America stand nearer to each other to-day than any other two countries which exist; and while they are geographically and politically distinct, yet they are united by a real kinship which should enable them to work together for all good things and cause them to dread nothing so much as any international difficulty. While Great Britain has reason to be proud of the daughter who has grown so grandly and swiftly to the full stature of nations, America on the other hand need never be ashained to remember that English hands and hearts planted the seed and nonrished the young tree of American freedom.

Thomas Jefferson.

On the Fourth of July, 1826, just half a century after the Declaration of Independence was signed, Thomas Jefferson, one of America's greatest statesmen, died, on his estate of Monticello, in the state of Virginia. Eighty-three years before, he was born at Shadwell, now in Albemarle County, and having been educated at William and Mary's College, studied law and commenced practice at the bar when he was twenty-four years old, about two years after the beginning of difficulties between Great Britain and the colonies. His success as a lawyer was already assured when the political excitement preceding the Revolution altered immediately and permanently the course of his life, and he began his career as member of the House of Burgesses. When the Assembly was dissolved in 1769, he with many other members, declared themselves opposed to British legislation, and in 1775, Mr. Jefferson took his seat in the General Congress, as one of the delegates from Virginia, and in this position andoubtedly greatly influenced the action of his fellow-officials. He was governor of Virginia from 1779 to 1781, and although not actively engaged in military movements during that period, he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the British in his own house at Monticello. In 1784 he was appointed Minister to France, where he remained five years, laboring zealously for the general interests of his country, and on his return to America was almost immediately appointed Secretary of State, which office he held for three years. In 1797 he was elected Vice President of the United States, and in 1801 was chosen President. Four years after he was re-lected, and at the expiration of his term of eight years he retired to his beloved home at Monticello, where he remained during the rest of his life, occupying himself principally with the foundation and direction of the University of Virginin, which was established by the state of Virginia. It was his unwearied efforts which induced the State Legislature to grant the necessary funds for the endowment of this institution, and he not only succeeded in obtaining ample grants for that purpose, but planned the buildings and superintended their erection himself, and with his own hand drew up a large and valuable catalogue of books for the library. The last letter which was probably ever written by Mr. Jefferson was in reply to an invitation from the citizens of Washingtou to visit that city on the fiftieth aniversary of American independence, and although his health obliged him to decline, yet his letter glows with the same warm admiration for republican institutions which had characterized his whole life, and the inscription upon his tomb undoubtedly includes the acte of his life of which he was especially proud. He is there set down as the author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and as the Father of the University of Virginia, while in one of the papers to be found in his printed memoirs is given an epitome of those great political measures which were due mostly or entirely to his firm resolution and remarkable industry. In point of time, the first of these measures was the prohibition of the further importation of slaves by sea or land into the state of Virginia, and was carried without opposition in 1778. This was followed by the abolition of eutails which broke up the hereditary aristocracy and prevented the accumulation of vast masses of property in single lines of families, a state of things which Mr. Jefferson saw would have resulted in the division of the American people into the distinct orders of nobles and plebeians. To this he added the abolition of the principle of primogeniture and drew a law which gave equal inheritance to sons and daughters and became part of the revised code. It was Mr. Jefferson, also, who made the first attack upon the establishment of a dominant religion, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in passtug a bill which secured religious freedom to the people, a privilege of which the value is scarcely appreciated by the fortunate nation that has known nothing of intolerance. Certainly the man, who, dying at eighty-three, can leave such a record as this behind him deserves to be held up to the admiration of his countrymen, and need not fear that time will obliterate his fame.

Thomas Jefferson has many claims upon the remembrances of his fellow-citizens, and especially should his name be held in honor by natives of the state within whose borders he was born, did his greatest work, and forty-seven years ago this Fourth of July, died.

Cleanliness.

The summer heats which are now fairly upon us, bring with them a warning that it is folly to disregard, and the possibilities of disease and death that always surrond us will at this season ripen into certainties unless precautionmy measures are generally and carefully taken.

The numerous diseases, epidemic and otherwise, which prevail during the summer and autumn months, are many of them directly controllable and subject to well-established laws, and the fevers and cholerie affections so common at this time can be prevented much more easily than they can be enred. Attention to the diet is all important. The food should be light, and taken at regular hours, and cold drinks should be used only in moderation. Fruit ought to be eaten principally in the morning, and in very hot weather or during an epidemic should be avoided entirely after the middle of the day. All food whether vegetable or animal, should be perfectly fresh and free from all impurities, and cleanliness in every respect should be made the first consideration. Our houses should not only be kept clean inside hut outside. No manure heaps, or pig pens or open drains or sink leaders should be nllowed, and the cellar should be even more thoroughly looked after than the parlors. All decaying substances should be carefully removed, and where there is any system of sewerage, the pipes and traps should be kept in complete order, for the gases which urise from animal or vegetable decomposition are frequent causes of typhoid and other fevers and dysenteries. Personal cleanliness also should be insisted upon. Frequent bathing of the whole body end change of clothing is necessary, while plenty of pure air is indispensable.

Much of the suffering which humanity undergoes is avoidable, if we will only render nn intelligent obedience to the laws of God, laws which are as wonderful and as unchangeable in the physical world as in the moral, and each individual ought, to feel a personal responsibility in regard to his own and the public health.

Office Seeking.

Of all the appetites that curse young men, the appetite for office seems to me the silliest and the meanest. There is nothing which fills me with greater disgust than to see a young man, eager for the poor distinction which office confers. An office seeker, for the sake of honor, is constitutionally, necessarily, mean. I have seen men begin at twenty-one as prudential committees in small school districts, and stick to office until everybody was sick of them. Whether it rained porridge or potatoes, paving stones or pearls, their dish was always out. They and their families always had to be cared for.

Office always brings obligation and a certain kind of slavery. It brings something more than this—it brings insanity. A young man who allows himself to get a taste of it very rarely recovers. It is like tobacco, or opium, or brandy, producing a morbid appetite, and we need all through the nation, a new society of reform. There should be a pledge circulated and every where signed, promising total abstinence from office seeking. To this every young man should put his name. There are chronic cases that may be considered hopeless, but the young can be saved.

Do not let me be misunderstood; I have spoken of the thirst for office for the sake of office. My belief is that office should neither be sought for nor lightly refused. The curse of our country is that office seekers have made the place so contemptible that good men will not accept it, but so fix keep themselves removed from politics that all the affairs of government fall into unworthy hands. When a young man is sought for to fill a responsible place in public affairs—sought for and selected on the ground of fitness—he should decide whether he owes that duty to the public, and perform it well if he does. Office was properly regarded in the "good old colony times." Then it was considered a hindrance to business, and almost or quite a hardship; so much so that laws were passed, in some instances, compelling men to accept office, or pay a fine. So I would have you to do your duty to the public at all times, and especially in seeing that office seekers, by profession or constant practice, are crowded from the track, and worthy men put on.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

Providences.—People talk about special providences. I believe in the providences, but not in the specialty. I do not believe that God lets the thread of my affairs go for six days, and on the seventh evening takes it up for a moment. The so-called special providences are no exception to the rule—they are common to all men at all moments. But it is a fact that God's care is more in some instances of it than in others, to the dim and often bewildered vision of humanity. Upon such instances men seize them and call them providences. It is well that they can; but it would be gloriously better if they could believe that the whole matter is one grand providence.—*McDonald.*

THE Southern Workman.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. H. LARRY,

J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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J. H. LARRY, *Publishing Department.*

The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JULY, 1873.

Commencement Day at Hampton.

INTERESTING CEREMONY OF LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW HALL.—SPEECHES BY DISTINGUISHED VISITORS FROM THE NORTH AND NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Thursday, the 12th of June, 1873, was a day ever to be remembered in the history of Hampton by all friends of education and liberty and brotherly love. While the day's work is going on it is not easy to see how much is accomplishing, and a backward glance brings grateful surprise to the earnest worker. Such a glance we have taken on the 12th by those who have striven to make Hampton Normal School what it is, and many who sympathize in its success. Our readers who have followed the course of the Hampton Students' Band through our columns, will be glad to learn that the foundations of the new hall they are still working for are already laid, and the walls progressing. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone was made to coincide with the regular Commencement exercises of the school, and the combined attractions brought together a group of guests made up of whose names are known through this and other lands.

The very fact that so many people of social and intellectual position and influence in distant states and countries were drawn together by a common interest to attend the Commencement of a school for freedmen, and to call it one of the rarest enjoyments of their lives, is full of significance, full of thoughtfulness, for our cause and for our country.

Most of the party made the trip together from New York in the steamer Plantor of the Old Hampton Line. The admirable accommodations of this fine steamer, and the polite attentions of its officers combined with the pleasures of informal, social intercourse with cultivated people to make the outside passage a delightful one.

The steamer party were Rev. B. P. Hitchcock, D. D., and wife, New York; Rev. W. J. Buddington, D. D., wife and son, Brooklyn; Rev. Lyman Fay, New York; Rev. T. K. Fessenden, Connecticut; Rev. Dr. Bellows, New York; Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson, New York; Hon. Alexander Hyde, Massachusetts; Hon. H. C. Dupee, Massachusetts; Dr. T. M. Coan, of the "Independent"; Mrs. Prof. Youmans, New York; Mrs. and Miss Sanford, New York; Mr. Robert C. Ogden and daughter, New York; Mr. Wm. A. Armstrong, New York; Prof. B. J. Northrop, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education; Miss Northrop; Mr. Samuel Holmes, New York; Mr. R. C. Smith, of Scribner's Journal, New York; Miss Julia Smith and sister, Connecticut; Miss McCosh, Princeton; Miss Magie and Miss Sloan, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Eldredge, Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beadle, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Massachusetts; Mr. J. Boyd, New York; Miss Mary Carpenter, England; Mrs. (Lt.) R. Hubbings, New York; Mr. Ludlow, New York.

Besides this party, there were present, Rev. George Whipple, New York; Rev. E. N. Cravath, New York; Mr. Edgar Ketchum, New York, Mr. Anthony Kimberly, Philadelphia; General Eaton, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Dr. Ruffner, Richmond; Col. Thomas Tabb, Hampton; Rev. Geo. F. Adams, Hampton; Mr. Cesar Perkins, Buckingham Co. Va.; Admiral Davis, Portsmouth; Col. Benjamin, Fort Monroe; Capt. Woodfin, Chesapeake Military Asylum; Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody Russell; Mr. Schafer, of the "Philadelphia Evening Bulletin"; Mr. Pleasant, of the "Richmond Dispatch"; Mr. Armistead, correspondent of the "Norfolk Journal"; and other friends and patrons of the school.

Most of this large party were entertained at the Wythe Hotel, which was opened for the first time on this occasion, and made a new many visitors by the excellence of its table and attendance.

The special thanks of the school and its guests are due to Capt. Woodfin, Governor of the Chesapeake Bay Veterans Asylum for the kindness with which he offered the hospitality of his house to the party, and placed his yacht and horses at their disposal.

The kindness of the Captain of the *Wyanoke* in touching at Old Point for the accommodation of the party, brought them to Hampton in time for the unexpected pleasure of attending the sacramental service at Bethesda Chapel on Wednesday evening, when sixteen of the students made public confession of their faith in Christ. The services were simple and touching. The little band, among whom was one of the graduating class, almost all of whom were already communicants, were received into the fellowship of the church by the Pastor, Rev. Richard Tolman, whose untiring and loving work among the students has been rewarded with many such fruits as this during his three years' pastorate.

Rev. Drs. Buddington and Robinson were invited to officiate in the sacramental services, and made needful addresses full of the emotion with which their hearts were full.

The tender interest of the occasion was felt by many, to be the most fitting preparation possible for the next day's exercises.

Thursday morning dawned under clouds that threatened to destroy much of the day's pleasure, but only increased it by the grateful shade and coolness.

The scholars gathered in their beautiful Assembly-room, marching to their favorite rallying song "Babylon is Falling," and after the opening exercises of prayer and singing, the morning was occupied in the examination of classes. Among the vigorously conducted and wide awake recitations, the senior algebra class deserves special praise, and so indeed do other classes in reading, arithmetic, natural philosophy, book keeping, grammar, and geography. All did well, comparing very favorably with those in Northern schools. But a better testimony than a brief school examination can give to the standard of scholarship in the institute is the fact that Virginia county superintendents have accepted candidates as teachers without question on the strength of a diploma from Hampton, and that a Hampton graduate of last year who has been teaching since his graduation has just passed a competitive examination in his district, and been creditably admitted to West Point.

The industrial department of the school occupied the very special attention of the visitors; the farm with its thrifty orchards loaded with promises for harvest; the girls' industrial room where over thirteen hundred garments have been made during the year, the printing-office with its fine Hoe cylinder press in full operation upon the "Chesapeake Pilot," and its compositors at work on the "Southern Workman," were visited with great interest as well as the little camp where our boys have braved the hardships of winter for the love of learning.

At noon, an elegant lunch was served in the parlors and broad verandah of the Teachers' Home, the weather preventing the use of the pavilion that had been erected and beautifully draped with flags for the purpose. After their own dinner, the fine school band entertained the guests with some of their sweet characteristic melodies.

The closing exercises of the school occupied most of the afternoon. After prayer by Rev. George Whipple, and singing by the school, recitations and readings, and songs, original essays and orations by the seniors followed, all of them generally excellent in quality and tone.

We give the Address of Welcome spoken by Miss Davis of the graduating class, as the specimen of these efforts, all of which would interest our readers, had we space for them. It was, like all the other speeches, strictly original.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

"Kind Friends—Ladies and Gentlemen,—We welcome you here to-day and feel ourselves highly honored to be favored with your presence. Welcome, a hearty welcome to you, kind friends, who have journeyed from afar to visit us to-day; welcome, a happy welcome to our Board of Trustees; and again, a cordial welcome to all. Looking over this assemblage I see many persons whose hearts, I believe, glow with brotherly love and sympathy, hoping to bless us in some way or our work. Many before us are some of the noble benefactors who have contributed so liberally to our school, (hear them applaud.) I have been struck with the munificence; Dr. T. M. Coan, of the "Independent"; Mrs. Prof. Youmans, New York; Mrs. and Miss Sanford, New York; Mr. Robert C. Ogden and daughter, New York; Mr. Wm. A. Armstrong, New York; Prof. B. J. Northrop, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education; Miss Northrop; Mr. Samuel Holmes, New York; Mr. R. C. Smith, of Scribner's Journal, New York; Miss Julia Smith and sister, Connecticut; Miss McCosh, Princeton; Miss Magie and Miss Sloan, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Eldredge, Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beadle, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Massachusetts; Mr. J. Boyd, New York; Miss Mary Carpenter, England; Mrs. (Lt.) R. Hubbings, New York; Mr. Ludlow, New York.

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The special thanks of the school and its guests are due to Capt. Woodfin, Governor of the Chesapeake Bay Veterans Asylum for the kindness with which he offered the hospitality of his house to the party, and placed his yacht and horses at their disposal.

The kindness of the Captain of the *Wyanoke* in touching at Old Point for the accommodation of the party, brought them to Hampton in time for the unexpected pleasure of attending the sacramental service at Bethesda Chapel on Wednesday evening, when sixteen of the students made public confession of their faith in Christ. The services were simple and touching. The little band, among whom was one of the graduating class, almost all of whom were already communicants, were received into the fellowship of the church by the Pastor, Rev. Richard Tolman, whose untiring and loving work among the students has been rewarded with many such fruits as this during his three years' pastorate.

Rev. Drs. Buddington and Robinson were invited to officiate in the sacramental services, and made needful addresses full of the emotion with which their hearts were full.

The tender interest of the occasion was felt by many, to be the most fitting preparation possible for the next day's exercises.

Thursday morning dawned under clouds that threatened to destroy much of the day's pleasure, but only increased it by the grateful shade and coolness.

The scholars gathered in their beautiful Assembly-room, marching to their favorite rallying song "Babylon is Falling," and after the opening exercises of prayer and singing, the morning was occupied in the examination of classes. Among the vigorously conducted and wide awake recitations, the senior algebra class deserves special praise, and so indeed do other classes in reading, arithmetic, natural philosophy, book keeping, grammar, and geography. All did well, comparing very favorably with those in Northern schools. But a better testimony than a brief school examination can give to the standard of scholarship in the institute is the fact that Virginia county superintendents have accepted candidates as teachers without question on the strength of a diploma from Hampton, and that a Hampton graduate of last year who has been teaching since his graduation has just passed a competitive examination in his district, and been creditably admitted to West Point.

The industrial department of the school occupied the very special attention of the visitors; the farm with its thrifty orchards loaded with promises for harvest; the girls' industrial room where over thirteen hundred garments have been made during the year, the printing-office with its fine Hoe cylinder press in full operation upon the "Chesapeake Pilot," and its compositors at work on the "Southern Workman," were visited with great interest as well as the little camp where our boys have braved the hardships of winter for the love of learning.

At noon, an elegant lunch was served in the parlors and broad verandah of the Teachers' Home, the weather preventing the use of the pavilion that had been erected and beautifully draped with flags for the purpose. After their own dinner, the fine school band entertained the guests with some of their sweet characteristic melodies.

The closing exercises of the school occupied most of the afternoon. After prayer by Rev. George Whipple, and singing by the school, recitations and readings, and songs, original essays and orations by the seniors followed, all of them generally excellent in quality and tone.

We give the Address of Welcome spoken by Miss Davis of the graduating class, as the specimen of these efforts, all of which would interest our readers, had we space for them. It was, like all the other speeches, strictly original.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

"Kind Friends—Ladies and Gentlemen,—We welcome you here to-day and feel ourselves highly honored to be favored with your presence. Welcome, a hearty welcome to you, kind friends, who have journeyed from afar to visit us to-day; welcome, a happy welcome to our Board of Trustees; and again, a cordial welcome to all. Looking over this assemblage I see many persons whose hearts, I believe, glow with brotherly love and sympathy, hoping to bless us in some way or our work. Many before us are some of the noble benefactors who have contributed so liberally to our school, (hear them applaud.) I have been struck with the munificence of these efforts, all of which would interest our readers, had we space for them. It was, like all the other speeches, strictly original.

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Friends of Virginia, who are present with us to-day, we hope that you will never have cause to regret the building we are to-day receive as the cause of Virginia fluff was founded upon your soil. Your generous gift to us of the College Land Scrip shows that you appreciate the work that has begun here, and we can only acknowledge your magnanimity by using every opportunity given us in Virginia in your State from poverty and ignorance. She has, to-day, many who have enjoyed the advantages of this school, and are striving earnestly and Christian fervor to diffuse knowledge among her illiterate citizens. Let North and South unite their efforts in our work; institutions as this, from whose walls light may beam into all our households, filling us with joy and peace. With unspeakable joy can I welcome, with the rest, those walls light may beam into all our households, filling us with joy and peace. With unspeakable joy can I welcome, with the rest, those whose

lionalities are artificial. They transgress often the natural boundaries and depend upon artificial and arbitrary conditions. The three great races of Europe are the Celtic, the Gothic and the Sclavonic. The newest and most hopeful struggle of the last, now so large upon the horizon, is the strong sense of race. The Celtic and Gothic races war among themselves as often as with each other. Dane pounces on Saxon as fiercely as Goth on Celt. But the Sclavic race has a strong race feeling, and this puts the key to all the countries of Europe into the hand of Russia. Russia is not merely strong as Russia, but as the head and heart of the great Sclavonic race.

Our continent is the rendezvous of the ingatherings. All the races come to us and we shall develop them all into one great nation. We congratulate ourselves as well as them upon this fact.

I remember when the first regiment of black soldiers marched down Broadway, and as I stood watching them the question was asked me, How long shall we have separate cars for colored people—and I said this is a question that will settle itself. It has been said that there is prejudice of color in Boston as well as in Richmond. It is true, but there is in some sense *more* prejudice in Boston than in Richmond. I am glad, young men and women, that you are so thoroughly persuaded that there are not to take this kingdom by force. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," but the dominion of society is not to be enforced differently. No man or woman ought to be willing to take more of it than is more than willingly given.

Many of you all I have been pleased with the religious tone of the students' speeches. While I do not find in my idea of God, the creation of evil, I do find a sorrow and solicitude permitted by Him, and more and more I see the bad and bitter bud of evil bloom into the sweet flower of good as the ages roll on. And the the blessed fact about the colored race is that this strong religious sentiment has been developed by suffering.

My young friends, do not forget God in your prosperity. The God of your fathers will continue to be your God as you continue to be servants of the Most High.

The most hopeful feature of this great movement is the moral rally of the race that we hear of. I believe that they will justify all our hopes.

This building is intended for the use of the girls, as the other is for the boys, and I must be permitted to say a word especially for them. I don't believe myself that girls are flattered as easily as boys, and I must be permitted to say that I have been charmed with the faces of these girls to-day; the sensibility and real beauty which I have seen in them I shall remember and cherish to my dying day.

General Armstrong tells us that this building will require $75,000, and that only about $9,000 are as yet contributed. The balance is surer than the General can believe even with his ardent courage and faith. Providence knows how to move the hearts of good people. While I do not make promises, I am sure that if he will come to New York next autumn, often our people return from the country, we shall get again such a meeting for I want you myself, Bishop Bedell and Dr. Bubbington, and others like them—such a meeting as will put him far on toward the great end of the design, and send this building up as fast as trowels can work."

The beautiful hymn "Angel of Peace" was then sung by the school choir, and prayer by Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson of New York, and the invention of the divine benediction by Rev. George F. Adams of Hampton closed the exercises of this deeply interesting day—a day to renew our faith in humanity and our gratitude to God.

A Visit to a Hampton Graduate's School.

At the invitation of Miss Julia Rutledge of the class of '73, several of her former teachers paid a visit, on the 11th of June, to the school which she is teaching in Princess Anne County, Va. The bent of the weather and the sad condition of the roads made the long drive from Norfolk very fatiguing, but it was pleasant to notice on the way many indications of reviving prosperity, among which the plank road now in process of construction deserves a passing mention. The new and comfortable school-house in which Miss R. is teaching, is placed in a pleasant grove, and there on our arrival we found a large company of the parents and friends of the scholars assembled to meet us. After we had exchanged cordial greetings, the children were called in and as many of the pupils as the little schoolhouse would accommodate assembled in it to listen to their songs and recitations. About thirty children were present, many of them very young, all apparently greatly interested, and we could detect no flaw in the truly admirable order which reigned among them. The classes were all elementary. We were particularly pleased with the alertness and naturalness of the reading, and with the great progress which had been made by those who last October commenced with the alphabet. A picnic dinner in the woods pleasantly occupied the noon intermission, and at night we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Brown and Mr. Simmons. We returned to Norfolk on the 18th, heartily tired, but glad to have seen for ourselves something of the work of our graduates.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon.

George and Eunice Dixon, members of the Society of Friends in England, and well known in this country, as interested in the education of the colored people, have just returned from England, where they have been raising means, by Readings and otherwise, to educate some of their former pupils at the Hampton Normal School. They have been very successful in a pecuniary way, raising money enough to aid forty-five students through the Normal Course as well as in making many friends for our school, and getting valuable donations of useful apparatus of different kinds.

They will, in the fall, take charge of the Institution known as the "Butler School, making it preparatory to the Normal School.

Donations.

Edward Pease, a well-known English Friend, has made a very valuable present to the Normal School consisting of a large collection of illuminated charts of great size and upon a variety of subjects.

This number of the "Southern Workman" is printed with a fine quality of book ink kindly donated by Chas. E. Johnson of New York City. It speaks for itself and for his kind hearted liberality.

The Hampton Students.

Our paper is so crowded this month with other matter relating to the Normal School, that we must postpone the usual next any extended notice of our Singers, who have spent the month giving concerts in Boston and vicinity with the same success that has attended their efforts hitherto. They leave Boston on the 1st of July, for Stockbridge where they will rest during the hot season and prepare themselves to enter the field fresh for the work in the fall.

At Home.

For "The Southern Workman."

Edith.

MRS. P. C. DOLE

Ankle deep in the blooming clover,
Chasing the pollen dusted bees,
Ripe lips rippling and running over,
With cheerful, chirruping melodies.

Sweet little Edith wanders lightly,
Over the meadows and breezy hill;
Gathering blossoms blooming brightly,
Just as it pleaseth her own sweet will.

Brown eyes beaming with love and gladness!
Dear face shining with tender green,
Angels keep you from care and sadness,
Under the smile of our Father's face!

Babies.

The following schedule of directions has just been drawn up by the most eminent authority on babies in America; has been accepted by the New York Board of Health, and by them distributed through all the tenements, boarding houses, etc., of the city.

Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse a baby of a month or two old every two or three hours; nurse a baby of six months old and over, five times in twenty-four hours and no more.

When a baby gets thirsty in the meantime, give it a drink of water or barley-water. In very hot weather, mix a teaspoonful of whiskey with a tumbler full of water (no sugar).

Boil a tea-spoonful of powdered barley (grind it on the coffee grinder) and a gill of water with salt for fifteen minutes. Strain it and mix it with half as much boiled milk, and a piece of loaf sugar. Give it like warm thrugh a nursing bottle.

Keep the bottle and mouth-piece in water when not in use. Five babies of five or six months half barley-water and half boiled milk with salt and loaf sugar. Give older babies more milk in proportion.

When babies are very costive, take oatmeal instead of barley, but be sure to cook and strain it. When your brown milk is half enough for the baby, alternate with bread and food. In hot summer weather dip a small piece of linnus paper into the food before feeding. If the linnus paper turns red, add a pinch of baking soda to the food. Babies of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself or mixed with other food. Babies of ten or twelve months may have a crust of bread and a piece of rare beefsteak to suck.

No child under two years old ought to eat at your table. The summer complaint comes from over-feeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open. Wash your children at least twice a day. Ten times are not too many in the hot weather.

When babies throw off and purge, give them nothing to eat for four or six hours, but all the cold air you can. After that you may give a few drops of whiskey in a tea-spoonful of lee water every hour or ten minutes, but no more until the diarrhœa comes. When there is vomiting and purging give no milk.

Give no laudanum, no paragoric, no soothing syrup, no fear.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER.—"A babe is glory is a babe forever.
Perfect as spirits, and able to pour forth
Their glad heart in the tongues which angels use;
These sunbilngs, gathered in God's nursery,
Forever grow in loveliness and love
(Growth is the law of all in Heaven),
Yet cannot pass the limit which defines
Their being. They have never fought the fight,
Nor borne the heat and burden of the day,
Nor staggered underneath the weary cross;
Conceived in sin, they sinned not; though they died,
They never shuddered with the fear of death;
These things they know not and can never know."

A SACRET.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little employment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, and standing."

WHEATLETS.—I know of no form of Graham bread sweeter than this. The sweetness comes from scalding the flour. Four upon a quart of Graham flour enough boiling water to make a stiff dough when stirred into it. Knead dry flour into this until you can roll it ont about an inch thick. Cut it into biscuits of any shape you please (but not very large), and bake them upon the clean rack in your oven, which is so hot it needs no greasing to keep the wheatlets from sticking. If you do not succeed with these the first time, try until you do, for no exact recipe can be given. "Use judgment," and cultivate it.

For "The Southern Workman."

Herman Schmitt's Goddess.

BY JACK MURRAY.

Many years ago, during the war of 1812, there lived in the western part of the State of New York, an honest Hollander called Schmitt.

At the opening of the war, he had enlisted in the American army, and was ordered to New York City to report with the regiment to which he belonged. While in the city he purchased of a needy countryman, a small but exquisite ivory carving, representing the goddess of Liberty in much the same attire as that in which she now stands in more colossal proportions upon the proud summit of our National Capitol. A small incident in itself, this purchase is responsible for my story.

Before he had an opportunity of sending this keepsake home to his little "vrow" for whom he intended it, he was transferred to the department of marines, and almost immediately sent out on a small 14 gun cruiser to run along the coast, and intercept all communications between the mainland and the British ships.

About this time, our story, a large British war vessel was lying off the coast of Virginia, endeavoring to establish relations with a line of spies between the coast and Richmond.

One dark night, when the little American cruiser was slowly and carefully working up the mouth of the James River, its silent deck was suddenly illuminated by a signal light burning on a small island in the shadow of the shore. Our friend

Schmitt was on the watch at the time, and reporting the occurrence, had the satisfaction to be sent himself to investigate it. Letting down a small boat, he rowed with muffled oars toward the guiding light that still gleamed and twinkled ominously through the darkness. A short pull brought him within pistol shot of the shore, and as he rested a moment to look round for a place to land, the first object that met his eyes was a large ten-oared boat lying on the beach, apparently just vacated. Our friend Schmitt possessed much of the curiosity native to his adopted land as well as the determination he had brought with him from his own. This slight excited both characteristics, and selecting a spot where the bushes grew thick down to the water's edge, he beached his boat, and concealing it as well as he could, began cautiously to work his way inland. He had gone but a little way when he heard voices, and listening a moment, dropped on his hands and knees, and crawled carefully on in the direction of the sounds. Five minutes of this uncomfortable, progress through the woods brought him to a small opening in the bushes, and the scene met his gaze which made his honest Dutch eyes open to their widest extent.

There in the center of the clearing, burned the small and treacherous fire, and ranged round it sat the familiar citizens from the mainland, and about twenty or thirty British officers and marines. At this sight, our Dutchman's sturdy knees began to tremble, but just at that moment, a naval officer in British uniform, mentioned the name of the very cruiser to which he belonged, and which had deemed the very fact of her existence an undiscovered secret; this arrested his attention and stopped his trembling, and listening with all his ears, he learned in a few minutes that the enemies and traitors were planning together the capture of the little *Wanderer*. Losing his head completely, at this startling intelligence, our hero sprang up and started to run for his boat. The noise brought all the Englishmen to their feet in a moment, and in another, they were pursuing him closely.

The poor Dutchman, frightened out of his senses, and unable to find his boat, was overtaken in a few moments and dragged back to the rendezvous, bound hand and foot. It was at first proposed to take him on board the frigate and there hang him for a spy, but the stupidly honest face of the prisoner, and the offer of one of the civilians to keep him safely at his home on the land in hopes of drawing some information from him, prevailed, and he was sent ashore with the party, and conveyed about ten miles, to the residence of the planter who had taken charge of him. There he was locked up securely in a strong log hut used as a smoke-house.

During the remainder of the night our worthy, collecting his scattered wits, worked away at the rotten logs with such a will and zeal so effectually that by sun rise, he was unbound. In the course of the morning, a slave was sent to him with some breakfast. The boy was extremely astonished and not a little frightened to find the prisoner unchained. Seeing this, the Dutchman whose Dutch wit had been remarkably sharpened by the night's experience, took out of the depth of his capacious breeches' pocket, the little statue of Liberty which he always carried with him, and gave the startled slave to understand that this was his god who had miraculously loosed his bands in the night, adding "If you do not now help me to escape, my little white god will kill you and all your family." The terrified boy, almost speechless with fear, tremblingly promised all he wished.

During the day, all was quiet, but shortly after dark, the Dutchman heard the bolts of his prison moving and then the door opened, and the boy appeared holding the kridles of two magnificent blood horses. The prisoner did not wait further invitation to come out and mount one of them, and they sprang on the other, and they rushed away like the wind in the direction of the sea shore. About half the distance was safely passed when the sound of horses hoofs was heard behind them, coming at a rapid gallop. At the boy's suggestion they drew out of the road into a grove, and waited with held breath the approach of their pursuers. On they came, and as they dashed by, our Dutchman recognized some of the men whose unwilling companion he had been on the way from the island the night before. Concluding that since that time, about to join the party of British in the attack on the *Wanderer*, he directed the boy to lead the shortest way to the shore, and urging their horses to a run, they dashed on toward the water. Once there, the boy, after a few minutes search, drew out from the tangled underbrush a small dugout canoe, and turning loose their tired horses to find their own way home, they sprang in, and exerting all their strength, pulled in the direction where Schmitt hoped to find the croiser.

After an exhausting and anxious search, they reached the little vessel none too soon. Schmitt told his marvelous story with some slight variations in favor of his own reputation for acumen. The captain gave the necessary orders, and waited for event. In a few minutes the lookout reported two boats approaching from the land. The whole crew of the *Wanderer* were called silently to the deck, and, armed to the teeth, threw themselves flat upon it and waited for the watchword of "Liberty!" Silent they lay till the British boats were but about a phantom off, when the captain's voice rang out, and the seven guns sent forth a sheet of flame and a deafening roar.

The smoke slowly lifted and nothing was to be seen of the British boats and their crews, but a few floating splinters and here and there a struggling man. The *Wanderer* immediately set sail and sped away to safer waters.

Only one man was killed on board the cruiser, and that one was the Dutchman Schmitt, whose gun had burst, killing him instantly. The news was carried to his family by the fugitive slave boy, who also conveyed to the widowed "vrow" the little ivory image, and its marvelous story—and over the family tomb was thereon placed, a granite statue of like form, with this inscription beneath it:

"HERMAN SCHMITT, AGED 45 YEARS,

DIED IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY AND LIBERTY."

The Capitol.

The Capitol, as all our young readers know, is the place of meeting for Congress, we might call it the Home of the Union, for under its roof the representatives of all the States come together and from it go out the laws by which all are bound into one nation. It is a vast building, the dome of which, one of the loftiest in the world, is visible far down the Potomac, and may be seen for miles in almost every direction from the city. This dome is of iron, painted white, and is surmounted by a statue of Liberty in bronze. Between the outer and inner walls a staircase leads to a gallery just below the statue, from which one may view the city, and mark the advantages of situation which induced the great man whose name it bears to select this site for the future capitol. From an inner gallery at the base of the dome you look down into the Rotunda, a circular apartment of great size, and wonder to see how small are the people walking about below, and looking at the pictures on its walls. These pictures are very interesting, for many of them, which represent scenes in the Revolutionary war, were painted by a gallant officer, Col. Trumbull, who acted as aid to Gen. Washington, and has preserved for us in them the portraits of his brave friends and fellow-soldiers.

In the wings on each side of the Rotunda are a bewildering number of committee rooms and offices, the walls of most of which are as fine as those of the passages into which they open, are covered with an endless variety of highly colored ornamental paintings of flowers, birds, beasts, and fanciful scroll-work. On the same floor is the old Hall of Representatives, used when the nation was much smaller, but now far outgrown; and here, too, are many other objects of interest, which it would take too long even to mention.

The Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives, the Supreme Court-room, and the Congressional Library, with their various merchandizers occupy the floor above. Each of these deserves description, and so do the beautiful staircases, the pictures, the statues, and the fan room, with its ingenious arrangements for warming and ventilating the Hall of Congress. But our readers must see these things for themselves; it would take the "Southern Workman" a year, even imperfectly to describe them all.

Liberty.

Our picture this month, for which we are indebted to Messrs. H. O. Houghton & Co., of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, represents the beautiful statue of Liberty that stands high in air upon the dome of the national Capitol at Washington. Is she not a noble and majestic form? The Union stars upon her forehead, our country's shield and laurel wreath in her left hand, and in her right, the sword of its defence, and the old motto under her feet, *E Pluribus Unum*—many in one—our States in one Union—many interests but one brotherhood, bound by the memories we celebrate this month of the noble lives laid down nearly a hundred years ago in the cause of Union and Liberty.

General News.

THE most interesting item of news to us was the laying of the corner-stone of the new building on June 12th. We have given such a full account of it that we have necessarily crowded out other editorial matter.

THE Modoc war is ended, and now a puzzle presents itself. What shall be done with them? We hear that it is proposed to distribute this remnant of a tribe between Indian tribes on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, breaking up the entire band into small groups and keeping each in ignorance of the whereabouts of the other.

This is certainly a hard punishment. As to its justice we have nothing to say. The complications of the Indian question are such that a greater wisdom than Solomon's is needed to do full justice.

THE yellow fever is making its appearance in different sections of the country, and a sickly season is somewhat feared. Thus far this vicinity has been spared, though we have heard of cases on vessels lying in quarantine in the river. Cholera-lying in quarantine in the river. Cholera-like troubles are making their annual visitation and have given rise to rumors of the *real* Cholera. Cleanliness should be the order of the day and great care should be exercised in regard to diet, and though we may not entirely avoid disease, we can certainly do much to prevent it.

THE Fire-fiend is again among us, an unwelcome visitor. Boston has again suffered severely by a tremendous fire on Washington Street. That grand structure the Globe Theater was among the many losses. On the 22d a great fire occurred in Pottsville, Pa., involving the loss of nineteen dwellings and several square miles of woodland.

LEWIS TAPPAN, one of the foremost workers in the anti-Slavery movement in its earliest efforts in this city, died, at the age of 85, at his residence, No. 218 Degraw-st., Brooklyn, on Saturday, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He was prostrated with a paralytic attack on the preceding Saturday, and his life gradually ebbed out without the confusion of his faculties or the disturbance of his tranquility. He ended a life noble for honorable effort, and distinguished for multifarious work for the good of his fellow-men, with a serene and confident death, strong in his fervent faith. The first shock of the fatal disease was felt on January 2, 1871, but his vigorous constitution, admirable habits, and hereditary tendency to longevity kept back the slow but certain issue. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

IN a base ball match in Boston on the 1st inst., the Boston nine defeated the Resolutes of Portland, 20 to 4, and the Atlantics defeated the Baltimores at Baltimore, 11 to 2.

Agricultural.

HOW I RAISE FODDER-CORN.—I referred in a recent note, to you to the importance of *raising corn for fodder*, and promised to say more upon the subject, which promise I shall now attempt to fulfil.

I put in last year four acres; three acres were plowed in May, well-harrowed, marked off each way 3½ feet, and planted with our northern corn, a small early variety; the manure was chiefly about 400 pounds of super-phosphate in the hill. The hoeing was mostly done with a horse-hoe. The crop was cut and shocked as soon as it became glazed. The results were 50 bushels of good sound corn and two tons of excellent fodder to the acre, worth at least $15 per ton.

The other acre was a piece of ground where I have raised fodder-corn for years in succession, it being near the barn. This piece I plowed in June, harrowed and furrowed out one way, strewed about three cords of manure in the furrows and seed-drop three bushels western corn, and cultivated once. It averaged about eight feet high in August, when a tremendous storm laid it flat. Well, my neighbors laughed in their sleeves, and sometimes out of their sleeves about Potter's fodder-corn. It did look a little discouraging, as the fall was very wet and the prospect for curing it was poor. I took some old barrels into the field and laid poles on them. They were the only such side as much as I could take up without binding. I then bound enough around the lots to completely cap it. It stood up about two months. The outside was pretty black and rotten, but the inside was green and juicy when I moved it into the barn. I kept two oxen, four cows and three young cattle on the corn until the middle of February, and I never had cattle look better. My cows made as nice butter up to that time with the addition of two quarts of corn and cob meal a day. After the corn-fodder was gone, I commenced feeding good early cut hay with the same amount of meal, and my cows began to fall off in their milk. The cows are farrow, and at the present time do not give half the quantity that they did while eating the corn-fodder. The corn more than paid for the cultivation, and the fodder saved me more than one hundred dollars' worth of hay; and instead of fretting and worrying and stinting my cattle on account of being short of hay, they have had all they could eat, and I have sold hay.

Therefore I say, *raise fodder-corn, for it pays.* But some one says, You will soon run your land down with that course. Not so. After the corn is off I cart on about six cords of manure to the acre and plow it in so as to turn it under, and then in the spring as early as possible I seed down with wheat, and get from 20 to 30 bushels to the acre. I go more than with this course than with that usually pursued, consequently my farm is growing better.

There is no reason nor any practice why New England farmers should buy flour. They can raise it for six dollars per barrel, if they will grow a common-sense cultivation and use judging last good seed. Since I have followed this method I have not failed to get a paying crop of grain, even with the poorest kind of land. If I have got to buy anything in the shape of produce, I prefer to buy corn.—*Vermont Telegraph.*

DRAIN OUT YOUR HEALTH.—Judge French, in a paper on "Drainage for Health," shows how wells become impure, and a cause of disease.

"Common soil is one of the best deodorizers. It will absorb and retain a great amount of corrupt and decomposing matter, depending much on the character of the soil. It may, therefore, be a long time before the deposits in the soil, however foul, will extend even twenty or thirty feet. Bearing in mind, however, that the clouds give us three and a half feet in depth of water annually on every foot of our land; that in addition to this, all that falls on our buildings is poured down upon the soil near them, and that all that is used in kitchens and washrooms is added thereto, and we see that there is a flood of water which goes somewhere. The water in the well stands ten to thirty feet below the surface. When that drains in our fields four feet deep and fifty feet apart, it carry off all the water of the heaviest rain in forty-eight hours, merely because the water by gravitation, seeks the lowest outlet. It is a general rule in drainage that drains draw water from distances in proportion to their depth. A well, therefore, operates as a very deep drain. No water will be found near it, without digging to the level of the water in the well. The well drains all the soil in a circle described. Whatever fluid permeates the soil tends toward the well, and the problem is whether the soil through which it passes from cesspools and sinks and stables has capacity to purify it on the way, so that it is fit for daily family use."

No person of any sense will erect a new dwelling without attending to these important matters, and no one ought to occupy an old one, or a single school without making a thorough examination into its sanitary condition, and removing all probable or possible causes of disease. Health is worth a great amount of care for its preservation; and a thorough investigation of the condition of one's house should be made every year. The spring is the time to do it, and to remove all causes of disease. —*Exchange.*

LIME FOR PEACH TREES.—The Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, who was a large and successful peach grower, found that the best manure he ever applied to peach trees. He scraped the dirt off and applied from three to a dozen bushels of lime to the tree, close to the naked roots. It killed the grubs and favored the growth of fruit. The editor of the "Plow" said "certainly we have never seen more healthy looking trees than those of farmer Clayton." Sometimes one can kill the larve of the curculio under peach trees by a heavy dressing of lime recently slaked.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD COW.—A writer in "N. W. Farmer" says: The crumply horn is a good indication; a full eye another. Her head should be small and short. Avoid the Roman nose; this indicates thin milk, and but little of it. See that she is dished in the face—sunk between the eyes. Notice that the thin wiry stock men call a good handler—skin soft and loose, like the skin on a dog. Deep from the loin to the udder, and a very slim tail. A cow with these marks never fails to be a good milker.

CHEAP POULTRY-YARD.—Set posts firmly in the ground, six feet high, eight feet apart. Take No. 9 wire, and stretch from post to post entirely, fastening with staples near the top of wire driven into posts. Place three wires one inch apart, one foot from the ground; another three at three feet ten inches from the ground; another three at the top of posts. Take common laths and weave in, leaving three inches space between sides of each. This makes the fence four feet high. Then take other laths, picket, one end and chamfer the other like a chisel blade, and interweave among the top wires; then shove the chamfered edge down beside the top of the bottom lath, lapping under wires two inches. This makes a cheap, durable, pretty fence, that is seven feet and ten inches high, and fowl-tight. Wires should be left somewhat slack, as interweaving the laths will take it up.—*Poultry World.*

"Love Lightens Labor."

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Of the piles of meals to be fed.
Then a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as wet could be,
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well,
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
As his eyes met bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled—and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'Twas this: that you were
the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went to the field, and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Hung snatches of tender little songs
Slid'd not sing that day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea:
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"From Wood has come off to seat"
"He would'nt, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said,
"'Tis no sweet to labor for those we love,
'Tis not strange that maidens will wed!"

—*Journal of Industry.*

"Just For the Good of the House;" or, a Leaf out of David Miller's Book.

Harvey did think over the conversation; and the light in which Miller had put things before him troubled him, but not sufficient to keep him from going to the "Golden Harp" in the evening, or "dropping in" there on two or three evenings of the following week, or duly putting in an appearance at the spoil's match on the next Saturday. The showery April weather had continued throughout the week, and while the quoit playing was proceeding it came on to rain heavily. As the match was nearly finished, however, the players went on, heedless of the wetting to which they exposed themselves by doing so. The result of this, so far as Sam Harvey was concerned, was that, though shortly after the game was over, he felt the same, chilly feeling creepiep over him, that he had experienced the week before when taking shelter in David Miller's house. He now called for brandy, but finding no benefit from it, and remembering how the tea had warmed him upon the previous occasion, he asked the landlord:

"Can you give me a cup of tea?"

"A cup of tea?" exclaimed the publican in surprise; "why, whatever do you want with such old woman's tipple?"

"Well, I feel shivery, and I thought it would warm me."

"Warm a fiddlestick!" exclaimed the landlord, contemptuously; "a good stiff glass of rum is what you want—this is your sort," and suiting the action to the word, he drew a glass of rum, and reached it to Harvey with one hand, while he held out his other for the money. The rum following the brandy did produce a heat, but of a dry, feverish, character, and this feverish feeling increased as the evening advanced. On the Sabbath he felt worse, and lay in bed all day, and by Monday morning was so ill that his wife sent for a doctor, who, on coming, pronounced him to be in a fever. For such a contingency as sickness Sam was very ill prepared. He belonged to no benefit club, had no savings; and before he had been in bed a fortnight there was absolute want in his home. The knowledge of such being the case reaching his shopmates, Miller and another started a subscription on his behalf, and sufficient money was raised to enable his wife to tide over the other three weeks during which his illness lasted. He was very thankful for the substantial help, but at the same time he felt bitterly humiliated at the thought that he had *so soon* become dependent upon *charity*; and in connection with this point, the conversation he had had with Davy Miller was constantly recurring to his mind. Lying on his sick bed he wished most sincerely that he had been more like Davy; and as sincerely resolved within himself that when he once got to work again he *would* be more like him. But sick-bed resolves are proverbially ill-kept; and on the first day that he was able to go out for a walk, Sam, after going a little distance, turned into the "Golden Harp." He had not altogether forgotten his vows of reformation; on the contrary, the remembrance of them gave him a sharp twinge of conscience; but he justified himself to himself by arguing that upon this occasion he would be taking the drink as medicine, as in his present state his short walk had made him feel faint. Sam having been one of the "regular set" using the house, his illness, and the circumstance of a subscription having had to be raised had been freely discussed in the landlord's hearing, and a general opinion had been expressed to the effect that he would lose his work. It had been necessary to put on a man in his place, and Harvey had not been so steady a hand as to favor the supposition that his employers would put themselves to any inconvenience to make room for him again. Remembering this talk, and coupling it with the fact that Sam already owed a "score" for drink, the landlord received him coolly. The coolness was so decided that Sam could not but notice it; but affecting not to see it, and mentally trying to flatter himself that it was only accidental—that he had come upon the landlord at a moment when he was "put out" about something—he called for a glass of spirits. The landlord drew it, and placed it upon the counter; but keeping his finger upon the bottom of the glass, he exclaimed as Sam was going to take it up, "Oh, do you want it chalked up?"

As he made the glanced up at a picture which represented a dog lying dead beside a barrel, and bore the explanatory legend: "Poor Trust is dead. Bad Pay killed him." There was no room for any misapprehension of not understanding the full significance of his action this time, and Harvey, his face flushing with anger and shame, answered hotly:

"I *did* want it chalked up, and it wasn't a great deal to want after the pounds and pounds I've spent here, but I won't have it at all now."

"Oh, there is no occasion to get on the high horse," said the landlord; "you can have the glass, as far as that goes, only at the same time, you know"—

"Yes, I do know," interrupted Sam; "I should be blind indeed if I didn't see what you mean now. You think that there will be no more to be got out of me, and so you give me the cold shoulder. As long as I was safe to run there was no hesitation about chalking up anything I liked to call for. Then it was, 'Never mind the money, old boy, any time will do,' and there was no sign of the cold shoulder when I came here on a Saturday to pay my 'shot' with the money I ought to have taken home to my family."

Without waiting to listen to the reply which the landlord was beginning to make, he walked out of the house. In his weak condition the excitement had put him in a tremble, and he had to sit down on a neighboring step, in order to recover himself before turning his steps homeward. He was seated here with his eyes closed, and his head resting between his hands, when he was roused by a hand being placed upon his shoulder, and looking up he beheld his shopmate, Davy Miller.

"Well, Sam, I'm glad to see you out again," was Davy's greeting as he shook him warmly by the hand; "but you mustn't attempt too much at first, you know. You have been over-exerting yourself now, I see."

"Well, I do feel rather knocked up," answered Harvey, who did not care to speak of the humiliation to which he had been subjected; "but how comes it," he went on, giving utterance to the surprise he felt at seeing Miller in the street at that o'clock in the day, "that you are dropping work at this time?"

"Oh, I'm going to indelge in a little holiday to-day," he answered. "The children of the Bethesda school connected with the place of worship that I attend are having their annual tea-party excursion, and, as one of the teachers, I am going to assist in attending to them. It is a nice little 'out' in itself, not to speak of the pleasure of seeing the children thoroughly enjoying themselves. I go every year, and the sight of their happy faces is something to remember."

Sam had risen while the other was speaking, and was turning his eyes homeward, when Miller suddenly putting his hand upon his shoulder again, exclaimed:

"I think that you could not have come into my head before; why, Sam it will be just the thing for you!"

"What will I" asked Harvey, who was not quite sure that he neheeded what the other meant.

"Why, come with me for the day, to be sure!—now that you are so far recovered it will do you more good than medicine."

"I should like to go very well," said Sam, "but"—

"If you would like to go that settles it," interrupted the other good-humoredly; "we won't have any buts, there is no see for them; I have got the matter fairly settled in my mind. Fortunately, as it happens, there is just one vacant seat in the conveyance I am going in, and you'll find there won't be one there that won't do you good to see—you can come with me and have a bit too—and send my boy to tell your wife that you are going, and then away we start for Bexley Heath."

This arrangement was carried out, and the Heath duly reached. Seated in a vehicle drawn by a powerful chump of horses, Harvey was advantageously placed for observing the scene around him. It was a balmy summer's day, and, sheltered from the direct rays of the sun, the air came to him soothingly and refreshingly. Around him was the open heath-land, with its variegated and odorous growths of underwood, in his ears rang the merry, musical laughter of the children joyously at play; while moving about, conversing with the teachers, and evidently respected by them, he could see his shopmate. It was a pleasant contrast indeed, to few people perhaps would have considered it a striking one. To Sam Harvey, however, in the frame of mind he was in, it was a particularly impressive one—one that ever afterwards lived in his memory. He could not but contrast *this* scene of pleasure with the public-house gatherings which up till now had been his chief idea of the pleasures available to a working man. He could not but think how much better—happier, healthier, more respectable—it was to be as he had found Davy Miller than as he (Harvey) had hitherto been; and with this thought came the recollection of the treatment he had received from the publican in the morning. He had his tea in company with a number of the teachers, and all that he saw of them further confirmed him in his conviction that Miller's way of life was by far the happier and wiser choice. They were not solemn or canting; they were sensible and kindly, and showed that they could enjoy a hearty laugh among themselves as well as among the children. Altogether the day with his shopmate gave him abundant food for reflection, and chiefly the drive home he was very quiet and thoughtful; so much so that on their getting down at his house Miller asked:

"Has the 'pull' been too much for you?"

"No, I feel decidedly better for it," he answered; "it has been the most pleasant 'out' I ever had in my life; and I am in hopes that it will prove the most profitable too."

"In what way?" asked Miller.

"Well, because, added to the other things that have happened to me lately, I think it will give me sufficient strength of mind to take a leaf out of your book."

"What, give up drinking?" exclaimed Miller, remembering the conversation that had taken place between them on the occasion of Sam's last visit to his house.

"Yes; I have made up my mind that, with God's help, I will give it up altogether," answered Harvey emphatically.

"Thanks to you, Davy, I know now what a glass or two really means; I know now that your definition of it was the right one; and in future I'll try if I can't abstain for the good of my own household, instead of drinking for the good of the public-house."

Davy Miller and one or two more of the steady set in the shop assisting to the formation, on behalf of Harvey, he was, when strong enough to resume work, taken back, and from the day of this fresh start he was numbered among the steady men. Sam kept to his good resolve. The money that he owed at the "Golden Harp" he sent there; but despite many temptations from his former boon companions, he would not enter a public-house again to himself; and in due time he had his reward in better health, a better home, greater independence, greater self-respect and greater respect from others; and what was of more importance, he attended the house of God, and was mercifully led to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"If this should meet the eye" of any who take a glass or two for the good of the house, let them, for the good of themselves and those dependent upon them, pause and consider what that phrase really means. Let them ask themselves whether the meaning which Davy Miller attached to it is not the real one. If they will put the question to their conscience *candidly* they will, like Sam Harvey, be convinced that it is; and they cannot do better than he did on being so convinced—take a leaf out of Davy Miller's book, and act upon the simple yet golden advice written upon it, "*Don't drink.*" Still more let them follow his example throughout, so shall they prove by experience that "Godliness is profitable neto all things having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—*British Workman.*

Hard Work.

"What is your secret of success?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Says Dr. Arnold, "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it."

"Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can be attained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

"There is but one method," said Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction, had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

"Nothing, says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will. Le faut *dire*! That shall be. The is the only law of success."

"Have you ever entered a cottage, over traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," asks Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that some of those men had a talent you had not, knew something you knew not? The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or haunted the vermin on his rags under the sun of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will of labor. I am no believer in genius, but I believe that labor, judiciously and continously applied, becomes genius."

AN ALLEGORY.—"Patience! until I become a butterfly, and then I shall laugh at all my enemies." This was a common saying with a caterpillar, while it was yet a caterpillar. At last the moment of its transformation came. On a beautiful summer's morning it arose out of its dark sepulcher, dressed in a rich golden attire, and strong in the strength of a new life. "Yes," said she, as she looked upon herself, "now that I am satisfied with nature! now I am safe!" But alas! she erred. A single leaf could serpen the dark-hued caterpillar from many enemies, even from the sharp-sighted hunter of insects. Now, as a many-colored butterfly, she shone in radjant beauty, drew on her the eyes of a hundred pursuers, and saw only too soon the impossibility of eluding them all. In vain she plied her new-born wings with diligence, in vain she flew fearfully from bough to bough, from flower to flower. The craft of liar enemies surpiaed her after all, and on the third day she was impaled upon the murderous needle of an entomologist. A dazaling glory is often the forerunner of destruction.—*Meissner.*

Gems.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Dickens wrote: "There is nothing—no, nothing beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its little span be passed in ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Deal it, oh, if the good and the human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful could even death appear, for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

A BANKRUPT merchant gathered together the fragments of his fortune and went to California. He put all that he had into a mill on the bank of a stream. Just when the mill was finished, there came a great freshet and swept it away. When the waters had subsided the man walked out with heavy heart to look at the ruins. As he walked along the bank he saw something gleaming in the rock. He looked and found gold. The floods which swept away his mill laid bare a mine of wealth. Such was the first discovery of gold in California. So God often sends floods to sweep away something we love that he may reveal something far richer and better.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, seeing Diogenes looking attectively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply; "the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves." So it is with our religion; when it is reduced to its elements, when the flesh and blood of earthly form, and the accoutrements of culture and taste have disappeared, all Christ's children will be found to have had one faith, one basis of hope, one substructure of doctrine.—*Union Advocate.*

Trifles.

GOOSE-EGGS are four cents apiece in New York, and one grocer announces that one in every dozen he sells contains a gold dollar.

"KNO cos of excion" was the verdict of an Iowa jury.

"How," said Mr. Munsell to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have; I go and do it."

A WAG lent a clergyman a horse which ran away and threw him, and then claimed credit for "aid in spreading the Gospel."

AN old lady, hearing somebody say that the *mails* were very irregular, said, "It is time I got in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

AN exchange says: "Marriage makes a man and woman one." Yes, but the trouble is to tell which of them is *the* one.

A HINT TO MILLINERS—enough on that head.

A MAN telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in the cage from the window of a house which he had often passed, said, "It cries 'Stop, thief!' so natural that every time I hear it I *always stop.*"

THE man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has lejured his voice by trying to sing a cake of it.

IT makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

Scientific and Mechanical.

ACTION OF PLASTER ON SOILS.—Though generally employed by farmers as a fertilizer, the action of plaster (gypsum) on the soil is not well understood. It has been shown, however, by actual experiment, that plaster is capable of absorbing ammonia from the air, and also from decomposing animal and vegetable matter, holding it in the form of sulphide of ammonium. This, again, may be changed into carbonate of ammonia, by absorption of carbonic acid from the air. These changes occur when gypsum is brought in contact with moisture and vegetable matter. Whatever other purpose it may serve, this must be regarded as the most important, as by it plants are supplied with food of the highest value.

From this fact it may be inferred that plaster must prove highly serviceable to moist, mossy hills, and also to meadows that are not too wet. The north side of a hill is sometimes greatly benefited by plaster, when upon a southern exposure it produces no perceptible effect. It may be used with confidence on pastures and fields which are strong enough, and moist enough, to support deciduous trees. A hillside, where moss will grow so as to crowd out good grasses, is, usually, promptly benefited by plaster, white clover quickly following its application.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

PAPER FROM WOOD.—A letter from Berlin, in the "Elberfeld Gazette," represents Prince Hamilkeck in a very light exhibition of a paper maker. The paper manufactory established by the Imperial Chancellor on his estate at Varzin has proved so successful, says the writer, that it is impossible to meet the large orders which come from England. This paper is made of chips of fir—that, at least, is the chief element.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

HINTS ON HOUSE-BUILDING.—The great object of sanitary legislation is to secure for each individual the greatest amount of fresh air, pure water, sunshine, and dryness of soil. Public sanitation in towns should provide for width of streets, paving, the removal of finid and solid nuisances, open places for the circulation of air, and recreative resorts for the inhabitants. The width of streets is important in relation to the height of the houses. The width should never be less than the height. The healthiest sites for dwelling-houses are known to be those on trap, granite, and metamorphic rocks, where water readily escapes, and the soil, and consequently the air, is dry. Cholera is rare in houses on such sites. Permeable limestone, gravel, and chalk, if unmixed with clay, are also healthy. Sands which contain organic matter, clay, and alluvial soils are always to be suspected. Thorough draining, both enbsoil and surface, is a necessary preliminary to building. Dampness of ground necessitates dampness of air and of the walls. This causes chemical alteration in the organic materials in the houses, with absorption of oxygen and discharge of other gases; it favors, too, the growth of low animal and vegetable organisms, which poison the air of the dwellings, and produce disease. The decomposition of the organic contents of the soil is hastened by its dampness and especially by rapid alternations of its hygrometric state. Calcareous stone is best; some sandstone is so porous that, though dry to-day, it may be soaked with damp to-morrow. Houses should never be built on ground filled up with ashes or other *debris*. The large amount of organic matter contained in it, which is freely exposed to the action of the air and moisture, becoming decomposed, must cause poisonous emanations, destructive to those, who living above it must breathe it. The drainage and other pipes laid in this soil are extremely liable to be entered by these poisons, unil thus they are conducted into houses directly. Frequent sweeping and washing are necessary in every house. Dust is not alone unpleasant, but it is a fruitful source of disease—perhaps the most so. The dust of curtains, carpets, papers, and other colored substances, consisting of organic and colorieg matter, being swallowed with the food and inhaled, causes many a doctor's visit. Every house should have a kitchen and washroom distinct from the dwelling-rooms. The letter should be large enough to allow of each inhabitant obtaining 10½ cubic feet of fresh air per hour, when doors and windows are shut. Each house should have a abundance of good water for drinking, cooking and washing, including bathing: five to six pints per day should be allowed for drinking, at least eighteen gallons for washing, and eight to ten should be daily used to flush the sewers. Sick people require more; from forty to fifty gallons daily. Water-closets consume various quantities, according to their construction. The nature of the closet and the method of removing the contents have become one of the most important questions which advancing civilization has created. The dry-earth system is quite inapplicable in large towns; it suits private houses of the rich or jails well. The Goux system is equally unsuitable. The water system, where there is a plentiful supply of water, is infinitely the best and the cheapest. A sufficient fall of ground can nearly always be obtained. The improvement of the dwelling-house and the establishment of comfortable homes, worthy of human beings, is a necessary duty of the state, and a noble work for the philanthropist. These necessary conditions may be advantageously supplemented by a little comfort and elegance. A little garden is a civilizer of great power.—*The Builder.*

Publisher's Department.

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SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., AUGUST, 1873. NO. 8.

A Ballad of Sir John Franklin.

BOREAL.

"O, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?"
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
"To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way."

"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men.
"Half England is wrong if he is right;
Bear out to westward then!"

"O, whither sail you brave Englishmen?"
Cried the little Esquimaux.
"Between your land and the polar star,
My goodly vessels go."

"Come down if you would journey there,"
The little Indian said;
"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled."—

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too,
"A sailor to change from ship to sled
I ween were something new."

All through the long, long polar day
The vessels westward spread:
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown
The ice gave way and fled.

Then way with many a hollow groan
And with many a surly roar;
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

"Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said;
Think of the little Indian's sled!"
And the crew laughed out in glee.

"Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold;
The scud drives on the breeze;
The ice comes foaming from the North
The very sunbeams freeze!"

The drifting icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

"The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea,
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?"
A silent man was he.

The cruel ice came floating on
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the shrieking waves drowned in its moan
Twas as around, behind, before,—
"My God! there is no sea!"

"What think you of the whaler now?
And of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship
To cruise through ice and snow."

The snow came down, storm-driven and fierce,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

"Sir John, the night is black and long
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard green ice is strong as death.—
I pr'y thee captain, speak"

"The night is neither bright nor short
The howling wind is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope
The heart of man is bold!"

"Hark! hearkl ye not the noise of guns?
And there—there—there, again!
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

"Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees?
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers—
But when, Sir John, but when?"

"O when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary that waits for me!
O when shall I see my old mother
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again!"
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek—
He thought of the lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold;
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"O think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without even a helping hand—"

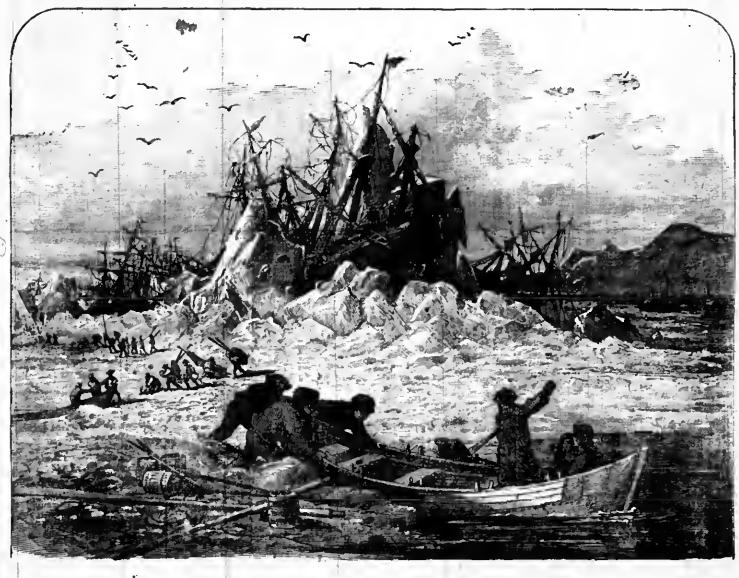
"Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here
So far from help and home;
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea!
I wonder the lords of the admiralty
Would rather send than come."

"O! whether we starve to death alone
Or sail to our own country;
We have done what man has never done—
The truth is found—the secret won—
We passed the Northern West"

Long years went by—hope died in fear;
But never relented the Frost;
Some letters that stood for the brave and dear
And some scarce mangled bones told the story drear!
Then we knew what the Secret cost!

The Polaris.

No romance has ever been written more thrilling or more strangely improbable than the report received published by the Navy Department of the party belonging to the steamer *Polaris* who were rescued from an icefloe in latitude 59° North, by the British steamer *Tigress*, and we are sure that our readers will be interested in a resumé of the *Polaris* expedition up to present dates, especially as the accompanying picture of the loss of the Arctic whaling fleet, gives a vivid idea of the danger of a Polar voyage. On the 17th of August, 1871, the steamer *Polaris*, under the command of Capt. Hall, left one of the ports of Northern Greenland, fully equipped with dogs, skins, sledges, Esquimaux guides, etc., and steamed northward, with all on board in good hope of finding open water, undiscovered land, and the long sought for North Pole. Pressing on through Smith's Sound, they entered a narrow channel, with high land on either side, hitherto unexplored, and on August 30th, attained the highest northern latitude 82° 16′, where they were met by heavy floating ice, which drove them to the south, until after days of struggle they went into winter quarters on the east side of Polaris Bay in Thank God Harbor. At midnight, on September 3, 1871, Capt. Hall landed with a boat, and in the name of God and in the name of the President of the United States, took possession of the land he had discovered, and then returned to secure his ship in winter quarters and make preparations for a sledge journey northward. On October 10th, he left the *Polaris* with his first mate, the Esquimaux Joe and Hans, fourteen dogs and two sledges, his first step falling upon land more northern than any white man's foot had ever touched, while his last despatch, so singularly preserved, shows that the whole journey was one of discovery, a river, a lake and a large inlet being christened by him, the northern point of the latter, Cape Brevoort, furnishing his last snow encampment wherein he wrote his final despatch to the Secretary of the United States Navy. The condition of the shore was such that he was obliged to give up further exploration, and turning southward, reached the ship on October 24th, to be taken ill the same night, and after a fortaight of suffering to die on November 8th, finding a grave three days later upon the frozen shore of an unknown land. From this date, the crew of the *Polaris* spent the winter as is usual in those regions. Scientific explorations were kept up, the coast examined for over seventy miles, and the monotony of the life diversified by hunting and shooting, for musk oxen, bears, foxes and wolves were plenty, and the health of the entire party continued perfectly good, the comparative mildness of the climate and abundance of food preventing any suffering from disease or exposure. Early in June, before the *Polaris* was released from the ice, Capt. Buddington, the successor of Capt. Hall, despatched two boats with orders to get as far north as possible, but after an absence of six weeks the expedition was obliged to return, and as the ice to the northward proved impassible, the *Polaris* started (in August, 1872) upon her homeward voyage. During this month and the following, she was several times in danger of wreck, and on the night of the 15th of October, in latitude 79° 33′, north, during a violent gale of wind and snow, the ship was so pressed by ice from the southward as to be finally thrown over upon her beam ends, when Capt. Buddington divided the stores and provisions, which for a long time had been kept in readiness to be thrown overboard upon the ice, while half the crew and all the Esquimaux were ordered over to convey them to ice hummocks where they would be comparatively safe. In the midst of the darkness of an Arctic night, made terrible by the fierceness of wind and snow, the hawsers of the *Polaris* parted, she broke completely adrift, and in a few moments was lost to the straining sight of the party at work upon the ice floe. Fortunately they had upon their main icefield two boats which had been lowered from the *Polaris*, and by means of these the whole party were collected upon the largest floe, at that time about five miles in circumference. During the following day, the deserted men made various unsuccessful efforts to reach the shore, and were made desperate by the sight of the *Polaris* which under steam and sail came within four miles of them, and neglecting all their signals, suddenly altered her course, and disappearing behind the shore, left them to the awful uncertainty of their fate. Very soon a heavy gale from the northeast drove the floe with its burden of nineteen human beings far to the southward, and it became evident that all possible preparations must be made for passing the winter upon the ice. Snow huts were built in which the provisions were kept, and duly portioned out to each individual; occasionally the Esquimaux shot a bear and once during the winter a seal; thus renewing their stock of meat, but toward the last of April, they found themselves reduced to less than a biscuit a piece and a mouthful of pemmican



ing already been procured and fitted for a voyage of search after the missing vessel and her crew, and as they had plenty of provisions, ammunition, etc., there is not much doubt of their speedy rescue; indeed, after the escape of the party saved by the *Tigress*, nothing seems impossible, and when we read that a baby of eight months old was among the passengers upon that perilous voyage of nearly fifteen hundred miles, the climax is reached and we are ready to confess that nothing in fiction has ever surpassed the story of this actual experience.

Although, as has so often happened before, the bravery and persistence of these men have been unrewarded by the discovery of what they sought, they have at least made some steps upon the mysterious path to the Northern Sea, and unless history denies herself, expedition will follow expedition until in years to come, the maps of our children or our children's children will show as clear a picture of these unknown Polar regions as to-day our own maps show us of Virginia or New York.

Sir John Franklin.

Sir John Franklin, one of the earliest and most famous Arctic explorers, was the son of a respectable English farmer, and was intended for the clerical profession, though very early in life he showed his fondness for the sea, and finally overcoming all the objections of his friends, entered the British Navy as a midshipman. He fought at Trafalgar, and in our own war of 1812 was wounded at New Orleans, when he was made lieutenant for gallant service. In 1818 he made his first Arctic voyage, in command of the *Trent*, and a year later took charge of an expedition, which traveled overland from Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean for the purpose of exploring the coast. In 1825 he took out a second similar expedition, leaving his wife at the point of death in England, though she refused to allow him to postpone his departure, and gave him as her last gift, a silken flag, to be hoisted when he should reach the Polar Sea. She died the day after he left her, and shortly after his return to England in 1827, he married again, and a year later was knighted. From 1836 to 1843 he was governor of Van Diemen's Land, which position he filled most honorably—founding a college, and a scientific association, and in many ways improving the condition of the colony, so that when he was recalled his virtues were acknowledged by enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the people.

In 1845 he was appointed to the command of a new expedition to discover the Northwest passage, and fitting out the ships *Erebus and Terror* in the strongest and most complete manner, sailed with a picked crew of one hundred and thirty-eight men, from Sheerness, on May 26, 1845, with orders to return to England in 1847. He was last seen by a whaler who met him in Baffin's Bay in the summer of 1845, and as no later tidings of him reached England, the anxiety of the public was such that in 1848 several expeditions were sent in search of him. After years of exploration and diligent examination of the coast, it was ascertained that in the spring of 1850 a party of forty white men were seen by the Esquimaux on King William's Island, and that a few months later their bodies were found by the savages near the Great Fish River. From articles picked up by the Esquimaux it is certain that these men were a portion, and probably the last, survivors of Franklin's expedition, and there is no doubt that he had himself perished before that time, as there was no man of his age (sixty-four) among the party seen by the Esquimaux.

From the time of his loss, his wife, Lady Jane, has been distinguished for the devotion with which she has labored to rescue her husband, or at least to find his remains, having expended nearly all her own fortune, and large sums received from others, in fitting up new Arctic expeditions in search of the unfortunate *Erebus* and *Terror*, whose fate will probably now remain a secret, until the last great day shall force the cruel frozen seas to give up their dead.

Our Churches.

There are two distinctly opposed theories of church architecture, in favor of each of which something may be said, and which have each affected and do still largely affect the building of churches in our country.

The first of these theories begun with the old Pagan temples, was nourished by Roman Catholicism, and in our own day is carried to an absurd extreme in many wealthy communities, its fundamental idea, namely, that nothing can be too good for God, being often perverted into mere flattery of the vanity of men. The magnificence of the old cathedrals, the money and time that were lavished upon them, and the continued demands which they made upon the purses of those who worshipped within them, were all set down "to the glory of God;" and when nowadays, we hear of grand churches costing a half a million or so of dollars, whose seats are so expensive that nobody but millionaires can occupy them, we are told again, that this lavish outlay is one way of showing our reverence for the Creator of all beauty.

Opposed to this we have the Puritanic idea that the labors of Christians should not be wasted upon decorations of stone and glass and gilding, but that making the places where we meet together as free as possible from the temptations of luxury, we should spend ourselves altogether and entirely upon good works, worshipping Our Father in simplicity and truth.

Now is it not well for all congregations who are about building new churches, or remodeling old ones, to stop and consider the value of these two theories, and if possible, to draw the good from each, and so strike a common-sense medium? In the first place, it seems that God, who has made for us this wonderful world, must Himself love beauty, for surely it is from Him that all beauty comes, and in making our churches beautiful (if we do it from the right motive), we must in a way please Him to whom they are dedicated. But on the other hand it is true that there is something better than beauty, and that is goodness; and if we cannot build grand and beautiful churches without sacrificing our honesty, or our brotherly love, or our strength to do other good works, then our churches had certainly better be of pine and cobble stone. If we are able to help our neighbors, to live together in peace, to make our church societies powers for good, lights shining in dark places, and harbors of refuge for the distressed—then when we want a new building wherein to meet with God, we need not be afraid to adorn it outwardly and inwardly with everything that is truly beautiful, being sure that He, having first searched our hearts and found them swept and garnished for His coming, will bless the building which is a visible symbol of the invisible spirit.

A German naturalist answers the question, how many eggs a hen can possibly lay, as follows: The ovary of a hen contains about six hundred embryo eggs, of which, in the first year, not more than twenty are matured; the second year produces one hundred and twenty; the third, one hundred and thirty-five; the fourth, one hundred and fourteen; and in the following four years the number decreases by twenty yearly. In the ninth year only ten eggs can be expected, and thus it appears that, after the first four years, hens cease to be profitable.

Dr. Agnes Smith gives a good rule for ascertaining the amount of carbonic acid in the air of houses: Let us keep our rooms so that the air does not give a precipitate when a 10½ ounce bottle full is shaken with half an ounce of clear lime-water, a sanatory regulation which can easily be carried out.

THE
Southern Workman,
[POUND MONTHLY.

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J. H. LARRY,
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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, AUGUST, 1873.

Homes for All.

Next to a mansion in Heaven, a pleasant home on earth is desirable. To sit under the vine and shadow of one's own fig tree is one of the prettiest pictures of liberty. A man never feels more independent than at the time he sets foot upon his first purchase of land or moves his family into his own house. We have come to believe it more than a privilege and almost a duty for every man who boasts a wife and perhaps little ones, to provide for them an earthly residence, a tangible home. It gives dignity to the family, manliness to the man, grace to the woman and stability to the children.

Though something more is meant in that good old Saxon word *home* than cottage and house lot, yet these form a definite spot around which these elevating home feelings can twine and flourish. Many young people commence their first married life by boarding, often from a lazy or selfish desire to avoid the labor attendant upon house keeping, but we have yet to see such a couple who have tried two years' of boarding life, who had to start with, any force of character, who were not healthy sick of their choice of existence, for boarding can hardly be called life.

"But a house is costly something, and a house is quite expensive, I never have money enough ahead to purchase" says one. This is all true, perhaps; everything worth having has its cost attached. We say not, however, to overestimate the cost of large blessings as compared with trifles. Just keep account of the money you expend in one year for things you could do without, and there is hardly a doubt but you will find you have expended enough to make the first payment on your house lot; add to this the rent you pay, or the profits in your bond bill and you will find enough to buy a lot of small dimensions in many of the counties in our part of the country. One plan of advice is needed just here however; be sure that you get a clear title to your land, or you may invest your spare cash to no purpose. The mixed state of affairs for years past has rendered it quite important that purchasers of land should look well to the deeds.

Now to save this spare change, put the little sums out of your immediate reach, or at the first desire for some luxury you may expend it. You will find the Savings Bank a good friend in this plan. Even if you don't build or purchase, it is an excellent plan to lay aside your extra change and provide for a rainy day. Your bank book, even if it don't show more than five dollars in your favor, will be one of the most interesting volumes in your possession. When you have paid for your lot and have a little to spare, go to some responsible builder, examine his plans, and see if he will not put you up a neat little cottage, taking a small first payment and the balance in such a manner as you can easily pay, giving him a mortgage upon the whole. I know many will object to this plan and say "pay as you go," etc. Well, debt is a bad thing I admit, but this is not positive debt, it is as much of an investment as money in the bank; it is true you may be laid aside in sickness and some day the mortgage may be fore-closed.

All earthly treasures are uncertain in some degree. When you see the granite walls of so-called fire proof buildings, with their iron shutters, melt and run down, and the insurance, though effected in the safest companies, not amount to ten per cent., you may well believe that treasures this side of Heaven are uncertain. Bags of silver buried in the garden may be found by thieves, bank robberies are not uncommon, and dishonest clerks and cashiers are altogether too plenty for our comfort; with all property you must take your risk, and this plan seems to us as safe as any.

Again we believe it encourages habits of economy and thrift. There is many a man who would never save a thousand dollars in his life who would, in a few years, pay for a house worth three times that amount if he could pay in installments. It is an enterprising charity, when the helper and the helped are both profited; and we are glad that men with capital are beginning to see where they can do good with their money, and still have it pay a good per cent., and safe interests. Whole villages are being built in many places in the North on unoccupied land, and we know of one place in this State where the same system is begun with good results.

The quality of the verdicts, which, during the past few months, have been passed throughout our own and other countries, upon criminals charged and practically convicted with murder in the first degree, seems to point without any doubt to gradual abolition of capital punishment. There is an evident desire in these cases, not only among the friends of the accused but as well among the general public, to give all possible weight to extenuating circumstances, and to carry this leniency to almost a ridiculous extent, by getting up extravagant theories of physical disease, insanity, sudden and uncontrollable paroxysms of passion, etc., which are usually unreasonable and tend to weaken the hand of justice. If capital punishment is still to exist among us, there are surely no crimes which deserve it more than some of those recently committed in our large cities; and if the offenders in these cases are to be let off on any plea whatever, then the doom of the scaffold is a term only in name, a bugbear to be used only as a threat, and had best be renounced entirely as soon as possible. The desirability of its abolition is, of course still open to discussion, but it certainly seems that it would be wiser for our laws to be in earnest about such a matter, and for us to confess at once either that a life for a life is the foundation of our criminal legislation, or that such a creed is a thing of the past and is to be buried with other relics of barbarism.

An event of real and general importance to the country has been the issue of Postal Cards by the United States Post-office, a measure which goes a long way toward facilitating that cheap postal communication that in this country is so especially desirable. These cards are simply printed slips costing one cent each, upon which is space for the address, the signature, and a message of the length of an ordinary note, and there are, of course, numberless communications which can be sent in this way at a saving of two cents per card, without risk to the correspondents or temptation to the post-office officials.

The system was first introduced three years ago in Germany and the immense circulation of the cards during the Franco-German war at once established their usefulness. A couple of years since, England followed the example of her German neighbors, and in this country our legislators have now at last waked up to a sense of the importance of the innovation, and have lately issued for the use of the public, twenty-two millions of these convenient cards. A demand has immediately been created for many more, and though they are not yet ready to be supplied to the market, they are in course of preparation, and there is no doubt will speedily take the place of a large number of indorsed letters and probably considerably increase the amount of matter passing through the Post-office.

We published in our last number a set of rules for the care of little children during the summer heats, which hope were generally read and taken to heart, inasmuch as they were prepared, as we mentioned at the time, by the first authorities, and could be safely accepted as guides in all ordinary cases. A very large proportion of the children who die under five years old, die from the carelessness and ignorance of their parents, and this great and shocking loss is directly preventible if those who have charge of these precious little lives will only inform themselves as to the simple laws of nature, and then act conscientiously in accordance with them. Summer is especially a trying season for young children, and of course the difficulty of taking care of them is increased during that time; but in any unusually healthy climate there is no reason for any large increase in the death rate among children. They must be fed regularly and carefully and not allowed to expose themselves to the heat of the sun, while, as we constantly reiterate, "cleanliness" is the foundation of all healthy life. Any community where there is a disproportionate death rate among the children, ought to consider itself disgraced, for there is always some controllable cause; and when we neglect our children we surely need to be reminded Who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did unto Me."

The extremity of the drought is beginning to make itself sensibly felt in many parts of the Union, and it is feared will largely affect the prices of food, and the comfort of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. In some of the Northern States no rain has fallen since early spring, and the consequence is that vegetables are an entire failure, berries and other small fruits have dried up on the bushes, grass is burnt to tinder, while trees are hastening to shed their leaves, and the later fruits, apples, pears, plums, etc., are dropping from the branches before ripening, from sheer lack of the nourishment ordinarily obtained from the soil. Fortunately, great heats do not prevail, and in the main the season is a healthy one.

But without desiring a reputation for croaking, we cannot help reminding our readers that during the comparative abundance of summer is the time to provide for the coming scantiness of winter. In households, there are cheap ways of drying and preparing the common fruits and vegetables which are much to be recommended, inasmuch as they supply a wholesome variety of food, and enable families to live comfortably and economically when other sources of supply fail; and we desire to attract the attention of all who are called upon to provide for the wants of others to the fact that next winter is likely to be, in some respects at least, a hard one, and that August is the time wherein to prepare for December.

Fruit Culture.

One of the most neglected branches of Farm Management, is the production of a succession of fruits as a means of health, pleasure and economy. Grapes, peaches, plums and berries, are too commonly regarded as luxuries, and are bought as sparingly as possible. The farmer's wife uses enough of them to flavor her sugars, and in the winter season keeps them for extraordinary occasions. The farmer himself is satisfied with a few peach or apple trees, and knowing or caring to know, that from May to December, there is not a day when ripe fruit cannot be produced in the open air, and that uncooked winter grapes, pears, apples, can be made to complete the circle until strawberries come again. Such a succession would make home a paradise to the little folks, and is adapted to the health of old and young. It is a noteworthy fact that each fruit in most attractive and most wholesome, at the time of year when it ripens. And where ripe fruits are used as daily food their value is well established by medical testimony, especially in sections where malarial fevers prevail. Considerations of economy also favor a free use of fruit as a cheaper food than flour or meat. The amount of ground required to produce a barrel of flour is sufficient for ten apple-trees. A barrel of pork coste eight to ten times as much as a barrel of apples, and furnishes only about six times as much solid food.

Of the two prominent reasons for the neglect of fruit culture, one is that it does not succeed without trouble. To this, I can only say, that care and pains are the prices of everything worth having. Success in wheat growing or stock raising requires attention. All other branches of farming are open to this objection. But to say nothing of the ready cash market for fruit, no one would deliberately affirm that health, pleasure and cheapness of living were not worth some trouble.

The second hinderance to fruit culture, is the expense of buying trees and vines. Though competition has made wholesale prices reasonable, they are still too high for a young farmer who is in debt, and harassed for want of working capital. The ten dollars apiece by which a company of neighbors might obtain a variety sufficient for their families, seem more than can be spared, and frighten the poor man for years from the enjoyment of sitting under his own fruit trees. But like most other difficulties, this would have vanished if resolutely met. A few nurserymen's secrets easily obtained, and an expense of almost nothing but time, would have enabled the farmer to have had every variety for which his climate was suited.

Those who attempt to meet this difficulty of purchasing, by raising their own fruits, often waste much time by neglecting one or two simple principles. One of these is, that seeds of fine varieties seldom produce the same kind. There is no certainty whether a stone of cultivated peaches or plums or the seeds of valuable apples, grapes or berries will produce late or early, sweet or sour, good or bad fruit.

But there is another system of propagation which removes this uncertainty, and is applicable to all kinds of fruit. It is, that every bud or eye contains within it the beginning of a tree or plant like the parent. Thus on a shoot of a harvest apple-tree, are from ten to twelve buds, each of which, if artificially furnished with roots, will produce a harvest apple-tree.

The nurseryman's art may therefore be said to consist in furnishing roots to buds of choice varieties. He depends upon the seed only in a very few exceptional cases.

The various ways in which buds are furnished with roots in the nursery are too numerous for the limits of this essay. I will therefore give only one or two simple methods of propagation for each variety.

Of the berries, the strawberry is rapidly multiplied by planting in rich moist ground, training the runners as far apart as possible, and covering them slightly to prevent the wind from blowing them about. Of the raspberry, there are two families. The black cap kinds are increased by bending the tips of the canes to the ground. On the end of each cane is a bud which sends out roots below and a shoot above.

The other kinds of raspberries, and all kinds of blackberries grow from eyes upon the roots. Cutting circles around the plant in the fall with a spade will cause many little shoots to come up. Or if blackberry roots be divided in the fall into pieces two inches long, buried in moist sand through the winter, and sown in a drill in the spring, every piece will make a plant.

The gooseberry and currant are grown by cutting the shoots of the preceding summer into pieces four to six inches long, burying them in the fall so that the top bud is just even with the surface, and covering them with litter to prevent freezing.

Quince and grape shoots may be rooted in the same way, but both are more successfully treated by layering, that is, covering with dirt while in a growing state, leaving the ends exposed. To layer a grape vine, the canes should be pruned off when four or five feet long and left about two weeks, to throw out side branches. When the cane is buried, the end of each side branch should be left above ground and will make a fine plant by fall.

All of the above kinds of fruiting plants are readily induced to form their own roots, by such methods as I have described. But in growing tree fruits it becomes necessary to supply roots artificially upon which the buds may be placed. These artificial roots are produced by sowing seed from fruits of the same natural family. The seed of any wild plum is good enough to furnish roots for the buds of the choicest green gage tree.

The seeds of the cherry and plum should never be allowed to become dry. When taken from the fruit they should be kept in moist sand and sown in early spring in the open ground. After growing one year they are transplanted into nursery rows, and by the ensuing summer, are strong enough to be entrusted with the bud taken from a tree of the required kind.

Apple and pear seeds may be allowed to become dry, but required to be kept moist for some time before sowing. The young seedlings may be budded like the cherry and plum. The peach seedlings are managed in the same way, excepting that they are seldom transplanted, being large enough the first summer to receive the bud.

The operation of budding is, as you see, applicable to all the common kinds of tree fruits. It is much more certain than grafting in its results, especially when applied to soft wooded trees, such as the peach and cherry. It is also more rapidly performed, does not ruin the stock in case of failure, and requires no tools excepting a sharp knife with a round point. The principles upon which its success depends are as follows:

Most fruit trees increase in thickness by additions to the inside of the sap-wood. These additions appear at first no thicker than water, and are called sap. This fluid has previously gone up through the sap-wood to the leaves. Then it comes flowing down the tree just inside the bark. As it descends, a part of it sticks to the surface of the wood, becomes stiff, and finally, hardens into sap-wood itself. Every year a ring is in this way added to the thickness of the tree.

The nurseryman has found that if he slips in a young bud between the bark and the wood, it will begin growing downward, that the sap sticks to the bud as well as to the tree, and when hardened, forms a bridge of wood by which the upward rent of sap from the roots, passes into the bud and nourishes it. When the bridge is completed and before the next year's growth commences, the nurseryman cuts off the old top, and the sap all goes by the new bridge into the bud, forcing it into a vigorous shoot. The first condition of success in budding is, that the bark shall peel freely, when cut by the knife. This occurs whenever the tree is in active growth.

The second condition is a well ripened bud for insertion. Immature buds become dry too quickly, and before the sap can unite them to the stock.

The third condition is exclusion of the air. This is accomplished by a tight bandage of bass bark or lamp wick.

Grafting should be done before the spring opens. The stock is cut off and split. Into the cleft is set a short twig of the desired kind. The twig must be sharpened to fit the cleft, and be placed so that the inner bark touches the inner bark of the stock. The operation is completed by covering the point of union with grafting wax to keep out the air.

With few exceptions, budding or grafting must be performed upon a seedling of the same kind of fruit as is desired. This is especially true of the apple and cherry. Some trees, however, unite well with the quince, and peaches grow for a while on the plum; but generally the largest and most reliable trees of all kinds are grown by using similar stocks. It makes no important difference however, whether the natural fruit of these stocks be sweet or sour, large or small, late or early. The variety of stock only affects bears in its own character in leaves, color of bark, manner of growth, and in fruit, without much regard to the kind of artificial root with which the nurseryman has provided it. A little experience in the use of these methods will therefore enable any one to make the seed of any crab apple, sour cherry, or choke pear, to produce whatever fine variety he can secure a twig from. Every farmer may thus become his own nurseryman, and though he will have to wait much longer for his fruit, he will realize it more highly when it comes, and in the necessary study of the habits of his trees and vines, will have added a very pleasant variety to the routine of his usual work.

Postage Law—Goes into Effect July 1st.

1. Franking privilege abolished.
2. Postmasters supplied with official stamps.
3. Official stamps must not be used except for official business.
4. Stamp of one department cannot be used for correspondence of another.
5. No matter can pass through the mails free.
6. Postage must be collected on newspapers published in the county where delivered.
7. "Exchanges not free. Publishers must pay postage on each exchange received.
8. Sealed cards manufactured for are not sent to Dead Letter office.
9. Postal cards cannot be used a second time.
10. Ordinary cards can be transmitted through the mails by affixing a one cent stamp, provided the entire message is printed. The address may be written.

POSTAGE.

Letters.—Three cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof.

Drop Letters.—Where delivered by carriers, two cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. At other offices, one cent for each half ounce or fraction thereof.

Printed Matter.—One cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Books, bulbs, cuttings, roots, scions, cravons, and engravings are classed with printed matter.

Merchandize.—Two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof, limited to twelve ounces. When any of the above matter is mailed wholly sealed, and by inadvertence, in the destination, double rates should be charged and collected.—*Post Office Gazette.*

POSTAL CARDS—PRICES.

Postal cards will be sold for one cent each, neither more nor less, whether in large quantities or in small.

USES.

The object of the postal cards is to facilitate letter correspondence, and provide for the transmission through the mails, at a reduced rate of postage, of short communications, either printed or written with pencil or ink. They may, therefore, be used for orders, invitations, notices, receipts, acknowledgments, and other requirements of business and social life. And the matter desired to be conveyed may be either in writing or in print, or partially in both. In their treatment as mail matter they are to be regarded by postmasters the same as sealed letters and not as printed matter, except that in no case will unsalaried cards be sent to the Dead Letter office.

IRREGULAR CARDS.

An ordinary printed business card may be sent through the mails when prepaid by a one cent postage stamp attached; but such card must contain absolutely *no written matter except the address*, otherwise it will be treated as not fully prepaid, and refused admission into the mails.

COUNTERFEITS.

All cards different from those herein described, bearing embossed or printed postage stamps, and purporting to be United States postal cards, are *counterfeit*; and the manufacturer of such cards, or the attempt to use the same, will subject the offender to a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment for five years. (Sec. 178 Postal Code).

SPOILED CARDS.

Postmasters will not, under any circumstances, be permitted to reduce or exchange postal cards that may be defaced, spoiled in printing, or otherwise rendered unfit for use in the hands of private holders.

REQUISITIONS.

The Department will not furnish less than five hundred cards on the order of a postmaster. Individuals desiring postal cards will purchase them of a postmaster, as in no case can they obtain them upon direct application to the Department.

Department of Justice.

In addition to the recent award of $268,000 bounty for the destruction of the enemies' vessels at New Orleans, Admiral Farragut, Judge Humphreys has awarded $900,000 prize money. This decision will have to be further considered by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in banc. If then affirmed, the Treasury Department, it is asserted, will appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Cholera Preventives.

CIRCULAR FROM THE AMERICAN PUBLIC HEALTH ASSOCIATION.—WHAT SHOULD BE DONE TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF THE DISEASE.

In view of the appearance and progress of cholera in the South, and its by no means improbable advance into other parts of the country, the American Public Health Association have prepared a circular concerning the means of combating the dread destroyer, and have issued it for publication. The following are the principal points in this timely and valuable document:

SANITARY CLEANSING.

The local conditions that chiefly promote the outbreaks and propagation of cholera are:

1. Neglected privies.
2. Filth-sodden grounds.
3. Foul cellars and filthy or badly-drained surroundings of dwellings.
4. Foul and obstructed house drains.
5. Decaying animal and putrescent materials, whether animal or vegetable.
6. Unventilated, damp and uncleaned dwellings and apartments.

These localizing causes of cholera should be promptly and very thoroughly removed before a case of the disease appears in the town or district, and if any sources of putrescence or of excessive moisture remain, they should be controlled by the proper cleansing, drying and disinfection.

Thorough scavenging and surface drainage, with the application at the same time of quicklime and coal tar, or crude carbolic acid; whitewashing with fresh quicklime; the cleansing and thorough drying and ventilation of cellars, basements, chambers and closets; and daily care to cleanse, flush, ventilate and purify the sources of defilement about all inhabited premises, will afford a most complete protection. If suitable care is taken of personal health.

The security of personal health requires pure drinking water, fresh and substantial food, temperance and the needed rest and bathing of the body.

DISINFECTION AND DISINFECTANTS.

The principles relating to disinfection as a means of destroying the propagating or infectious cause of cholera and arresting putrefaction are readily understood, and may be so explained to any family that the household may insure its own immunity against the introduction and spread of the disease. For popular use we append a brief statement of these principles at the end of this circular, and we respectfully recommend that the statement and the following schedule of rules and methods be given to the press and to all principals of schools, superintendents of places of public resort, railroad depots, ferries, hotels and public institutions, and to the masters of ships and steamboats and the conductors of passenger trains throughout this Continent, believing, as we do, that by the timely and continued application of these measures, the prevalence of cholera, may be prevented. But let the fact be remembered that there can be no substitutes for thorough cleansing and fresh air.

RULES AND METHODS OF DISINFECTION.

For Privies, Water Closets, Drains and Sewers.—Eight or ten pounds of sulphate of iron (copperas) dissolved in five or six gallons of water, with half a pint of crude carbolic acid added to the solution and briskly stirred, makes the cheapest and best disinfecting fluid for common use. It can be procured in every town and fly any family, and if the carbolic acid is not at hand the solution of copperas may be used without it.

To prevent privies and water closets from becoming infected or offensive, pour a pint of this strong solution into every water closet, pan or privy seat, once or twice a day.

To disinfect masses of filth, privy vaults, sewers and drains, gradually pour in this solution until it reaches and disinfects all the foul material.

For the chamber vessels used by the sick and for the disinfection of ground upon which any excremental matter has been cast away, use the solution of copperas and carbolic acid, and for disinfecting extensive masses or surfaces of putrescent materials, and for drains, sewers and ditches, this disinfecting fluid may be used, or the "dead oil" ("heavy oil") of coction, the coal tar itself; coal tar may be used as a paint upon the walls of cellars, stables and open drains.

Other disinfectants, such as the solutions of sesquichloride of iron or chloride of zinc, are effectual in privies and drains and upon foul surfaces and offensive materials.

Quicklime is useful as an absorbent and dryer upon foul walls and in damp places, and whitewashing with it should be practised in common tenements, factories, basements, closets and garrets.

To disinfect the clothing or bedding defiled in any manner by excremental matters from the sick, throw them into a solution made as follows: One pound of sulphate of zinc to six or eight gallons of water, to which add two or three ounces of pure and strong carbolic acid;—such articles to remain therein at least half an hour; then immediately place them in boiling water, and continue boiling. If the acid is not at hand, then use the solution of zinc in water. The same disinfecting solution is excellent for bedpans and chamber vessels, and for soiled floors and defiled surfaces.

Apartments, bedding and upholstery that have been used by the sick with cholera or diarrhœa should be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected.

PRINCIPLES AND DUTIES TO BE OBSERVED.

1. That thorough cleanliness, domestic and civic, and an abundant supply of pure water are essential means of preventing cholera in any household when the disease is near.

2. That general cleansing, scavenging and disinfection should be attended to in every city and town before cholera makes its appearance; and that wherever it does appear, that house and the exposed premises should be kept constantly disinfected.

3. That, whatever differences of opinion there may be respecting the spidemic phenomena of different periods, the paramount importance of thorough cleanliness and disinfection is to be kept in mind, and that, in the words of the Chief Medical Officer of Great Britian, "It appears to be characteristic of cholera, not only of the disease in its developed and alarming form, but equally of the slightest diarrhœa which this epidemic can produce, that all matters which the patient discharges from his stomach and bowels are infective; that the patient's power of infecting other persons is represented almost or quite exclusively by those discharges; that they are comparatively non-infective at the moment they are discharged, but afterward when undergoing decomposition, acquire their maximum infective power; and that if they be cast a way without previous disinfection, they impart their own infective quality to the excremental matters with which they mingle in filth, sodden earth, or in depositories and conduits of filth, and to the effluvia which those excremental matters evolve; that if the infective material, by leakage or soakage from drains or cesspools or otherwise, gets access, even in the smallest quantity, directly or through porous walls to wells or other sources of drinking water, it can infect, in the most dangerous manner, very large volumes of the water; that the infective influence of the specific discharges attaches to whatever bedding, clothing and like things have been imbued with them, and renders these things, if not disinfected, capable of spreading the disease."

4. Cleansing and purity, skillful disinfection, temperate habite, and wholesome diet, with pure water and fresh air, are the trusted and sure means of health and security in all places and for all classes of people when exposed to the causes of cholera. The watchword against this destructive enemy should be—Remove the local causes that favor the propagation of cholera, and wherever it appears let its germs be quickly stamped out by powerful disinfectants and special cleansing.—*New York Herald.*

INFORMATION received at Washington indicates a bad state of affairs in Alabama. A Washington special says that in some parts of the State the cholera is raging at a fearful rate, the towns are being depopulated, the residents of which are leaving to escape the terrible scourge, and it is reported that in a place containing about one thousand inhabitants, deaths have occurred to the extent of twenty-seven in a day.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

At Home.

Saturday Night.

Plaiting the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little brown fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments, and white—
This is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through at the toes,
Looking o'er garments that faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a Button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,
Telling them stories of days of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to His fold;
Watching, with tireless and loving delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones are all asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blanket 'round each little form:
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she lows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,—
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

Flowers Instead of Doctors.

Modern science teaches us that the fragrant flowers we cultivate around our homes, not only make our houses happy by gladdening the eye and elevating the taste, but have a direct influence upon the health, purifying the air and destroying miasma. Among the best of these flower physicians are the cherry, laurel (poisonous though its leaves and kernels be when eaten), the clove, lavender, mint, fennel, the lemon tree and sweet bay tree: also the narcissus, the heliotrope, the hyacinth and nignonette. And it is impossible, we are told, to find any better purifier than the common sunflower. This cheery friend of the cottage door will purify the atmosphere of unruly grounds from a great deal of malaria, and increase the life giving properties of the air. Scientific men recommend its careful cultivation in all such places. Who would not decide for fragrance against physic?

Remedy for the Cholera.

More than forty years ago, when it was found that prevention for the Asiatic cholera was easier than cure, the learned doctors of both hemispheres drew up a prescription, which was published for working people in the New York "Sun," and took the name of the "Sun Cholera Mixture." Our contemporary never lent its name to a better article. We have seen it in constant use for more than forty years, and found it to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. It is to be commended for every household, and not to be mixed with liquor, and therefore will not be used as an alcoholic beverage; its ingredients are well known among all the common people, and it will have no prejudice to combat; each of the materials is in equal proportion to the others, and it may therefore be compounded without professional skill; and, as the dose is so very small, it may be carried in a tiny phial in the waistcoat pocket, and be always at hand. It is:

Tinct. opii,
Capsici,
Rhei co,
Menth pip.,
Camphor.

Mix the above in equal parts; dose ten to thirty drops. In plain terms, take equal parts tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and camphor, and mix them for use. In case of diarrhœa take a dose of ten to twenty drops in three or four teaspoonfuls of water. No one who has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the cholera. We recommend it to our Western friends, and hope that the recipe will be found valuable. Even when no cholera is anticipated, it is an excellent remedy for ordinary summer complaint.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

We would duly add to this excellent prescription a caution against taking this or any other medicine habitually without the advice of a physician, or a good druggist. Thorough cleanliness, avoiding unripe or overripe fruit or vegetables, temperate habits, and a trust in God that disarms foolish fears are preventives better than cure.

A PIECE of red pepper the size of your finger nail chopped fine into one or vegetables the first beginning to cook, will aid greatly in killing the unpleasant odor arising therefrom. Remember this for boiled cabbage, green beans, onions, chickens, mutton, etc.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Scientific American" commends onions as especially against epidemics—not as food, but shred and kept in a sick room, where they will absorb any atmospheric poison. They should be replaced by fresh ones every hour. It is noticed that in the room of a small-pox patient they will blister and decompose very rapidly, but will prevent the spread of the disease. It is said that their application has also proved effective in cases of snake bites.

SUN-BEAMS mark only the bright hours. Would it not be well if more people could imitate them? They would be surprised to find how many there are of these, and how much brightness there is in hours they are accustomed to think dark.

FRUIT ACID.—By this receipt you may make drinks of small fruits, especially raspberries, blackberries, stemmed currants, seeded Morello cherries:

Dissolve ten ounces of tartaric acid in two quarts of cold water. In a large bowl put twelve quarts of berries, well bruised, etc. Pour over them the acidulated water, and let the fruit stand thus undisturbed for forty-eight hours. Then rub the fruit and juice through which let the juice drip without squeezing. When the bag is well drained, measure the juice. To each pint of acidulated juice put one pint of white sugar (coffee sugar, however, No. A, will answer as well.) Allow the sugar and juice to remain together in a large jar until the former is thoroughly dissolved; then bottle. As a slight fermentation may ensue, do not cork at first, but tie the mouths of the bottles up tight at the end of a week. If bottles up tight at the end of a week. If bottles up tight at the end of a week. If

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

Trust.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

See how the wind is hauling point by point to the south,
By the boats in the little harbor, that swing to its lightest touch,
And the coming craft emerge from the far off river's mouth,
And on the rocks the breakers relax their habitual clutch.

At last is the tempest ended, the bitter northwest appeased,
And the world will soon be sparkling in clear white fire and dew,
And the sullen clouds melt swiftly, by the might of warm sunlight assisted,
And the heavens shine in splendor, where brooded the murkiness late.

Carol the birds in chorus, glitters the snow white gull,
Screaming loud in mid air, slow soaring high with delight,
And the roseleafs lessen their petals, the drenched flowers, sodden and dull,
Break out into tints of purple and gold and crimson and white.

Where wert Thou, Spirit of Beauty, while earth lay cold and dark,
And the chill mind struck to our hearts and the sky like an enemy scowled,
And we crept through the mists despondingly, and never a shimmering spark
Shot a ray through the gloom while the storm like a demon growled?

Where art Thou, Heavenly Father, when Thy world seems spoiled with sin,
And darker far than Thy tempest arises the smoke of doubt,
That like here the sky of the soul—for faith is hard to win?
To our finite sight wrong triumphs and noble things die out.

Behind the cloud Thou waitest, bidding, yet very near,
Infinite Spirit of Beauty, Infinite power of Good!
At last Thou wilt scatter the vapors, and all things shall be clear.
And evil shall vanish away like a mist by the wind pursued.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

Eliot Tolman, a graduate of the Hampton Institute, in the class of 1871, died in Boston, Massachusetts, July 8th, of Typhoid fever, at the age of 24 years. He had been serving as clerk in that city since his graduation. And one of the important lessons which he yet speaketh to us is that

HONESTY PAYS.

It is said that in such a world of knaves and sharpers as this, one cannot be honest and make a living. But he found at first that the business community were so suffering from cheating and dishonesty, that strict uprightness commanded a high price in the market, so that, because of the confidence reposed in his integrity, he could obtain more than ordinary wages. And as soon as by actual trial he had proved himself perfectly trustworthy, he received tempting offers to go elsewhere for higher pay. The reason assigned for being "We want one whom we can trust, and will reward him liberally." But as his first employer dealt honorably with him, with unswerving fidelity he stood by him to the last, confident that, if faithful to his work, he would never lack for place or pay. And let any capable young man show himself of like integrity and fidelity, and he will find that, instead of being compelled to waste his time in seeking a place, places will seek him—that honesty pays.

Another lesson which he being dead, yet speaketh is, that

RELIGION IS OF THE HIGHEST VALUE.

It was this, and this alone that made the gloom of the sick chamber and the darkness of the grave, radiant with heavenly light. The Saviour to whom he gave himself in life, he found to be most precious in death, saying at a brief interval in the delirium of his last sickness, "I trust in Jesus; and if all these young men would trust in Him, it would be a blessed thing, a blessed thing." A more blessed source of peace and joy indeed is this than all the world can give, prompting us to sing at his funeral,

"How blessed the righteous when he dies!"

And one of the richest consolations to his bereaved friends is not in any mere earthly good he may have attained, or earthly reputation he may have won, but the uniform testimony of his associates to his Christian life—furnishing as this does, a far better evidence of union with Christ than any mere words of the dying can afford.

May all our readers so heed the lessons which our departed friend yet speaks, as to know by their own experience the truth of the inspired words: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come."

Accept Nothing from Satan.

Accept everything that comes to you from the hand of God; take nothing whatever as a gift from Satan. Admirably was this principle acted upon by one of the best generals whom the British army ever possessed. For many long years Havelock struggled against the arbitrary character of official patronage, and the odious abuses of that system of purchase which has only recently received its death blow; and to who was at length the saviour of the Indian Empire was for a dreary while only a lieutenant. Yet, how did he bear himself under it all? He bore himself as a Christian soldier. After the pattern of the Lord, he placed his allegiance to God uppermost, and he would not renounce that for anything that man could name. Here are his own words: "Would that they might stir every reader up to emulate him in integrity: 'Let me ask, my good friend,' says he in one of his letters, 'what is it you mean by prejudices against me? Tell me plainly. I am not aware of any. Old ——— and others used to tell me that it was believed at the Horse Guards and in other quarters, that I professed to fear God as well as to honor the Queen, and that Lord Hill and others had made up their minds that a man could not be at once a saint and a soldier. Now, I dare say such good authorities must be right, notwithstanding the example of Colonel Gardiner and Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus; but if so, all I can say is that their bit of red ribbon was very ill bestowed upon me, for I humbly trust that in that great matter I should not change my opinions and practice though it rained garters and coronets as the reward of apostacy." The man who could write and act thus was already a hero, even if no other deed had been performed by him. Yet see how in the end God revealed his greatness, and how his name will be remembered and blessed long after those of the puppets who had snubbed him and the minnies who had purchased over him are buried in deserved oblivion.

Are we prepared, each in his own sphere, to act on these principles? Merchant, wilt thou be true to thy God, even though it should ruin gold around thee, to seduce thee from thy fidelity? Legislator, wilt thou, as in the sight of God, be true to thy country, though liberal largess should be offered thee to win thee from thine integrity? Judge, will thou administer justice with impartial hand, remembering that thou shalt thyself be judged at last, even although the magnificent fortune may be in thy immediate reach if thou wilt favor the powerful suitor? Workman, will thou be true to thy Saviour, even although easy advancement should seem to be the reward of forsaking his ways? Minister of the Gospel, wilt thou preach the preaching which thy Master bids thee, diminishing not a word through fear or flattery, even although popularity and position may appear to be the reward of thy unswerving fidelity? Are not these the questions which we have to face every day? And, as the Devil is thus laying the kingdoms of the world at our feet, on the old condition that we shall worship him, what better answer can we give than this of our Lord Jesus?—"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve?"—*Independent.*

Singing.

If singing God's praise is to be a prominent exercise of the saints in Heaven, why not cultivate the voice and sing the praise on all proper occasions here on earth? If we truly and ardently desire a home in heaven, why not make our earthly homes as much like heaven as we can? If we feel in our hearts, that to die will be of great gain to us, because we will then enter into the enjoyments of heavenly felicity, where, with the Redeemed, we will be forever praising God, will we not, as it were, naturally delight in those places and in those exercises here that are most like heaven? We believe, all other things being equal, those families that sing God's praise regularly and daily, are most cheerful and happy among themselves, as well as most useful and truly ornamental in the societies in which they move. We pity the man who has no music in his soul." Is not singing too often neglected, even in family worship? In visiting the sick, where the dying one wants to think of heaven and the exercises of the saints above, why is singing the praises of the Most High so often, and we might say, almost universally neglected? I have often thought of this and cannot understand it. Surely, *surely*, if I were hearing my heavenly home, nothing would afford me as much pleasure as to have my friends engage in singing the praises of Him into whose immediate presence I am so soon to enter; and, while I desire this for myself, I feel constrained to ask the same for others.

When I speak of singing, I do not mean discordant mumbling of the voice, but real life-like melody and harmony. It is certainly the duty of everyone to cultivate his voice and then use it to the very best advantage. If through neglect or any other account, we have lost our natural teeth, it is certainly our duty to get a new set, so that we will not only be benefited in a dozen other ways, but that we may be able to read God's Word and sing His praise in the very best manner possible. As every true Christian realizes the great difference between actual *praying* and simple *saying* prayers, so let us cultivate in our hearts the great advantage of singing God's praise, and singing it with a degree of soul in the exercise, that means *substance* instead of shadow.—*Christian Instructor.*

"I Will Try."

There is a society in London, known as the Society of Arts. Its object is the encouragement of talent in the department of arts. Prizes are awarded by the society sometimes to painters for their pictures, and sometimes to humbler artisans for improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of honnets, lace, etc.

More than a half century ago, a little fellow named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of paintings at the Society's room. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and color with remarkable skill.

"Look you, William," said his mother, "I saw some paintings in the exhibition, which did not seem to me half as good as some of yours."

"Do you really think so, mother?" asked he.

"I am sure of it," she replied. "I saw some paintings inferior, both in color and drawing, to some that are hanging in your chamber."

William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls at the next exhibition."

"Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

"Oh, mother, do you think I should stand any chance of success?"

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said his mother; "you can but try."

"And I will try, mother, dear," said William. "I have a historical subject in my head, out of which I think I can make a picture."

"What is it, William?"

"The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him? He led a mob in the time of Richard the second. He behaved insolently before the king at Smithfield, and was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then despatched by the king's attendants."

"It is a bold subject, William: but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it," he said.

"If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again."

"To be sure you can, William. So we will not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver palette, offered by the society for the best historical painting."

Without more ado, little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the various costumes of the year 1371; he learned how the king and nobles were used to dress; and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and workmen, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learned what sort of weapons were carried in those days.

After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped in imagination the persons present at the scene —the king and his attendants; Wat Tyler himself, and in the back-ground some of his ruffinly companions.

The difficulty now was to select that period of the action most fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in attitudes natural and expressive. Many times did little William make a sketch on paper, and obliterate it, dissatisfied with his work. At times, he almost despaired of accomplishing anything that should do justice to the conception in his mind. But after many failures, he completed a sketch which he decided to transfer to canvas.

He now labored diligently at his task, and took every opportunity to improve himself in knowledge of colors and their effects. At length the day for handing in his picture arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to its merits.

On the day appointed for the announcing of the decision, many persons of distinction were present, including ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk.

William's mother was present, of course. She sat awaiting the result with a beating heart. What a gratified mother she was when, after the transaction of some uninteresting business it was announced that the prize of a silver palette for the best historical painting was awarded to the painter of the picture entitled, "The Death of Wat Tyler."

When it was found that William Ross was the successful artist, the applause of the audience broke forth with enthusiasm. To see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age was a novelty and surprise.

William was summoned with his picture, to the Duke's chair, and here he received such encouragement as was of great service to him in his future career. He became at length Sir William Ross, miniature painter to the queen, having risen to fortune and to fame by carrying out, with determination and perseverance, his simple promise to his mother, of "*I will try.*"—*Selected.*

Labor, the Creator of Wealth.

BY WENDALL PHILLIPS.

The man who with his hands digs clams out of the seashore, or climbing a tree gathers apples, or one who has fashioned a hoe out of hard wood, is a pure, simple laborer, and is entitled to what he gains or makes. The man who makes such a hoe one day, and working with it the next day, digs twice as many clams as when he used his hands alone, is capitalist and laborer united. He works with a tool, which is capital, the result of past labor. He, too, is an honest laborer, and entitled to all he gets. The man who works a week and makes ten such hoes, then joins nine less skilled men with himself, and they, the ten, share fairly the result of their hoes and their toil, introduces co-operation, and a just civilization: a system which seems to hold within itself every possible safeguard against misuse, and to be full of the seeds of all good results. The man who, having made such a hoe, lets it to another less skilled man to dig clams, receiving an equivalent for its use, is a capitalist. Such a system has no inherent, essential injustice in it, and if it can be properly arranged and guarded, serves civilization. The difficulty is to guard it from degenerating into despotism and fraud. The man who, getting possession of a thousand such hoes, sits with idle hands, and no mental effort but selfish cunning, and arranges a country-wide work of laws and corporations, banks and currency, interest and "corners," to get seven out of every ten clams that are dug, is a drone. We mean by an honest system to starve him out and compel him to work. The man who sits in Wall street, and, by means of bank-credit, buys up all this year's clams to raise the price—who, taking fifty thousand honestly earned dollars, makes a "Clam Digging Company"—bribes newspapers to lie about it,—creates ten banks and locks up gold, or arranges a corner, to depress its stock,—then buys up every share;—makes ten more banks, and floods the land with paper, and sells out;—retiring after a week of *such labor* with a fortune, is a THIEF. The thieves of the past we propose to leave undisturbed. Our plan is to make such thieves impossible in the future.

It is Better.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimmings, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own, than a brown-stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by the pine table, for which you paid only a few dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent in from fashionable cabinet's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a "free" don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to do without organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than to owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe for neither nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wife have a bit of hysterics than to run in debt for nice new furniture, or clothes, or jewelry. —*Christian Advocate.*

Curiosities of the Bible.

A man who was condemned to solitary confinement for life in prison, relieved the tediousness of the years by ascertaining the followiog facts:

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times; the word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times; the word "reverend" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 11th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the J. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of Apostles. The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 109th Psalm are alike. All the verses of the 136th Psalm are the same, no words or names of more than six syllables.

Elegant Language.

The proper use of words in expressing thoughts is language—a perfect picture of the mind. When the language is perfect the picture is perfect. Bad language is like a distorted photograph, showing only an unsymmetrical shadow of the object; and when we look at it we can scarcely realize that it is intended as an image. Sometimes it is so badly distorted that its very producer would scarcely recognize it as his own. In the English language there are plenty of words for the expression of thoughts in true and bright colors; therefore the artist need not borrow from other tongues. But he must choose judiciously, from among the thousands, the proper one for the place, taking care that his colors are blended in such a manner as to please, and at the same time carry a forcible expression. The word-painter must be very careful that his work be not too highly colored, for by the use of high-sounding, ambiguous words, the strength he may intend to give to the picture is lost, and the image is blurred. The simplest colors applied by the skillful artist make the most life-like picture, and the simplest words, judiciously chosen, are colors that must be used in painting a true picture of the mind.—*Selected.*

Scientific and Mechanical.

PREPARATIONS FOR OBSERVING THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—The French are making active preparations for observing the approaching transit of Venus, the assembly having voted $20,000 for the construction of instruments, with the promise of $40,000 more during the coming year. Nine stations have been selected for observation, at four of which the entrance and exit of the planet will be visible, while at the other five but one of the two incidents can be observed. French *savants* are now corresponding with the astronomers of England, Germany, Russia, and this country, with a view to parcelling out the stations to the different observers in such a way that all shall be favorably located, and all the useful points of the earth's surface available for these important observations occupied. After use in 1874, the French apparatus will be carefully preserved for observing the transit of 1882, which is followed by a period of one hundred and twenty years, in which no transit occurs.

OLD SHOES.—Most every one wonders what becomes of worn-out materials. We all know that worn-out clothing can be made into paper and shoddy, but few know what is done with the old shoes that are picked up, bought or begged by scavengers through the country.

They are cut up into small pieces and put, for two or three days, in chloride of sulphur. This makes them very brittle. This material is washed in water, dried, ground and mixed in glue, to make the particles adhere. Then it is pressed into moulds, making buttons, knife handles, combs, jewelry, etc. There is hardly a grown person in the country but what has bought old shoes in these latter shapes.

GUANO.—It has ever been supposed that guano was made up exclusively of the excrements of birds, but now the assertion is certainly open to doubt. If not indeed entirely erroneous. Dr. Hallet has been making investigations with the microscope and the retort and has found after treating with acid, the residue is made up of fossil sponges and other marine animals and plants. The fact too that men here bring up guano from the bottom of the ocean, is quite opposed to the prevailing idea. The Dr. says that guano is the accumulation of fossil plants and animals whose organic matter has been transformed into nitrogenous substance, the mineral portion remaining intact.

PERPETUAL PASTE.—The "Journal of Applied Chemistry" says: Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in ¼ quart of warm water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to break up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered rosin as will be one dime, and throw in half a dozen cloves to give a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well at the time. In a very few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen or chim vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on, and put it in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water.

TEMPER OF TOOLS.—A correspondent of the Detroit "Tribune" says: "If an edge tool is so hard as to crumble, grind it on a dry stone until the edge turns blue; it will then cease to break, and the temper will generally prove to be about right. Scythes and axes are sometimes too hard at the edge, but if treated in this way will give no further trouble."

NON-INFLAMMABLE FABRICS.—Cotton or lined goods may be rendered uninflammable by being dipped in a solution of equal parts of acetate of lime and chloride of calcium dissolved in twice their weight of water.

A hundred thousand young shad have been put into Lake Champlain during the present season, for the purpose of determining whether they will live and multiply when confined exclusively to fresh water.

Publisher's Department.

GIVEN AWAY!

A BEAUTIFUL

OIL CHROMO

to every NEW SUBSCRIBER to the "Southern Workman."

We have secured a large invoice of the elegant picture entitled RETURNING HOME, which sells at retail for $1.50; and we have made such arrangements with the publishers that we can afford to GIVE THEM AWAY to the friends of this paper.

The subscription price is but $1.00 per year. The Chromo will be worth $1.50. Who cannot spare a single dollar for such a good purpose? The paper will pay for itself a hundred times, giving as it does, valuable information on all subjects of general interest, and devoted especially to the interests of our Southern homes. The Picture can hardly be told from an

OIL PAINTING,

and would adorn the walls of the richest. Good pictures are needed almost as much as good reading. They have their influence for good. Everybody *reads them.*

We present one to EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER; to every old subscriber who renews; to every one who will get us a new subscriber.

No ONE IS LEFT OUT! THE CHANCE IS OPEN TO ALL!

We do not know how long we shall be able to supply these pictures free of cost, but certainly for the next three months. Therefore *do not delay* but send your names at once to "Southern Workman," Hampton, Virginia.

OUR chromos are already finding their way through the land, and thus far they have given perfect satisfaction. the only wonder expressed being that such pretty presents could be given away with such a low priced periodical. When subscribers desire their pictures mounted, fifteen cents additional should be sent to pay the cost and for mailing. Unless this amount is sent we shall pack them carefully on a wooden roller and send them by mail without extra charge.

A RED cross before this paragraph will indicate to the subscriber that his SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED. He is requested to renew immediately.

THE FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS & TRUST COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain to deposits has been $1,272,827.37, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the preceding year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $97,382.87. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report six per cent. interest.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass Book only.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

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at request, of depositors, from branches where kept to any other Branch or without book or note, and without loss of interest.

For full information about the Bank address the Secretary at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information required can be promptly had by addressing the President, J. W. ALVORD, Esq., or D. L. EATON.

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J. W. ALVORD, *President.* B. C. PEAKE, *Cashier.*

SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1873. NO. 9.

In the Forest.

[Translated from the German for "The Southern Workman."]

The tender breezes play among
The forest's shady arches,
Sweet rings the little bird's clear song
Amid the bending larches.

The squirrel swings from tree to tree,
Tall grasses hide the fleet deer
And flower and bird and murmuring bee
Rejoice in summer's sweet cheer.

I hear as I roam through the green wood fair
Each tree's voice sparkling,
The chanted joy fills all the air,
Shall I alone cease praising?

Ah no! to Him who made the trees,
Who made the sky's blue beauty,
Who sends the sunbeam and the breeze
All hearts owe love and duty!

September.

The year in its course has come to its third great change of season, and having brought us from Winter to Spring, and so from Spring to Summer, it now, with the opening of this month of September, warns us that Summer is fast hurrying into autumnal coolness and decay. The harvests are not yet gathered in, the boats have not left us, all is still brilliancy and life, not yet we feel that the year is on the wane and that not many weeks can pass before sharp frosts will nip and chill us, and bright hearth-fires will once more attend us within reach of their flames. The beautiful peacefulness of the picture before us brings to mind the still sultriness of many days in early autumn, before the sun has lost anything of its power, and while the still shelter of the shady woods is grateful to the heated blood of man and beast, who linger longingly where leaves are still green and grasses fresh and cool. Over the railing of the rough footbridge hang the school children watching the ripple of the quiet stream, broken as it now and again is by the leaping of some little fish, or the sudden dash of some great, bright dragon fly. The cattle stand knee deep in the cool water lazily lunching from their broad sides the hurrying flies that are the only busy things to be seen in this picture of pleasant idleness, and so real is the scene that we can fancy we hear the droning of the bees, the occasional twitter of some bird high up in the trees, and the rustle of little, warm breezes among the already falling leaves. The grey trunks clad with moss, the green lily pads floating on the quiet water of the brook, the bright autumn flowers scattered thick among the grass, all combine to make a picture which unites the rich luxuriance of summer with that more touching beauty of autumn whose days we know are numbered. What eye can fail to see the liveliness of this earth which God himself has made and called "good," and what heart can fail to appreciate the value of the life that He has given us to be spent in a world so beautiful, so full of wonderful variety, so rich in glories that no mortal hand can copy? Those men and women are ugly to be pitied who are not able to see and enjoy the natural beauty of this world, and it is because the power to enjoy this beauty is greatly a matter of education, that we have lingered in speaking of it. We can teach ourselves to see all these wonders, all this loveliness and to make our lives far happier thereby, if we will only give a little thought to the scenes among which we live, and not walk blindly and stupidly through a daily routine of unimproving toil.

If we can read and study a little about Nature, if we can learn ever so little of her power and mystery, it will help to make us better and happier, and if we study her rightly, every fact that we learn will make us more and more eager for further knowledge, and more and more grateful to the Hand that has created the world and the glory thereof.

Henry Clay.

In the series of brief biographical sketches of American statesmen which we have lately been offering to our readers, the name standing at the head of this article is one of the last which could be omitted, for the remarkable personal power of Henry Clay, and his connection with all the great political events of his day, made him one of the best known, and most beloved among our political leaders. He was born in 1777, not far from Richmond, Virginia, where his father was a Baptist clergyman, poor in this world's goods, and unable, on that account, and by reason of the lack of public schools to give to his children anything more than the rudest education, while his early death and the second marriage of his wife, left their fifth child, Henry, to his own resources at an early age. He went first into a small retail store in Richmond, and thence from one law office to another, until before he was twenty-one he was licensed to practise law, and emigrating to Lexington, Kentucky, opened an office in that town. His unusually winning manners soon brought friends about him, and it was not long before he attracted the attention of the public by taking decided ground in favor of free labor. He advocated gradual emancipation in Kentucky and thirty years afterward avowed that act to have been one of the most satisfactory of his life, although no result was at the time obtained. His reputation was soon established throughout Kentucky, and in 1806, he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, and from that time continued his political career with marked success, until in 1811, he appeared as member of the House, and took an important part in preparing for the war of 1812. This was a time of fierce excitement, and Clay spoke often, and warmly in favor of active prosecution of the war; but the mediation of Russia having been finally accepted, in 1814, he sailed for Europe as a peacemaker, and after months of controversy at last signed the treaty between England and America, which brought hostilities to an end. On his return to America, in 1815, he was re-elected to Congress, and chosen Speaker, continuing to hold that position for nearly all the time that he remained in the House, and never but once being in any danger of losing his seat. In 1824, he became a candidate for the Presidency to which Mr. Adams was elected, and made the mistake of accepting the first place in the cabinet of the latter when it was offered to him, out of which resulted the famous duel with John Randolph, and the enmity which lasted between them until Randolph's death. In 1829, Clay retired from Washington, and was again elected Senator in 1831, and in the following year entered upon his second Presidential contest, being defeated by General Jackson, whose election was followed by the famous connection of South Carolina to nullify the tariff, a threatened danger that was warded off only by Mr. Clay's tariff compromise, a bill which passed both Houses by a large majority and probably saved the country from a fatal struggle. From this time until 1850, he was unintermitting in his political labors, and made his last speech in March of that year, returning after an extra session of the Senate to spend his last summer with his family and friends in Kentucky. At the opening of the next Congress he returned to take his seat, but sunk under his disease until June 29th, 1852, when he died at the age of seventy-five, having been for fifty years a leader in American politics. It has been said of him that he secured the affections of the people because he never deceived them, and it is certain that no man was ever braver in adversity, or more determined in the accomplishment of his purposes, while his faults were overshadowed, to the public eye at least, by the brilliancy of his talents, and his indomitable enthusiasm.

Heat.

Of late years, the subject of Heat, its origin, distribution and qualities have been carefully studied by many eminent men, and the result of their researches has been to greatly increase popular knowledge upon this point. It is of course impossible to condense more than a few facts within our present limits, but just now when we are burning in the rays of an August sun it is interesting to know that it is not to that body alone that we owe our changes of temperature, but that our earthly climate is also largely affected by the moon and stars, which send to our little planet almost as much heat as is supplied by the sun itself. At first this strikes us as strange, for the coolness of night is associated in our minds with the quiet rays of the moon, and the far-off brightness of the stars, but our surprise vanishes when we are told that the sky is so thick with stars, most of them, of course, invisible to the naked eye, that in some places, thousands are crowded together in a space no larger than that occupied by the full moon. Rays of heat from all these bodies are constantly falling upon our earth, and it is our position in relation to them which regulates our changes of climate and variations of temperature. The earth being a globe in shape, and turning round every day, presents different parts of its surface to the sun at different times, so that we get more heat during the day than at night, more at the equator than at the poles, more in summer than in winter, and it is this which in the main controls the distribution of animal and vegetable life. Some tribes of plants, for example, can only live in the tropics while others need cooler latitudes, and if we were to pass from the equator to the poles we should find ourselves crossing belts of widely differing vegetation. We should begin in the tropics with the beautiful varieties of palms, bananas and luxuriant vines which make the forests of the equator more brilliant and wildly grand than words can utter, and from their richness we should pass imperceptibly into evergreen woods where the orange and citron fill the air with their perfume, beyond them again, reaching the deciduous trees—the oak, the chestnut and our own common fruit trees—next through a belt of the coniferal, firs, larches, pines, etc., until at last we reach the birches, which, falling away little by little, finally introduce us to a region that has neither tree nor shrub, but is given up to perpetual ice and snow. Just similar to this is the change in animal life from the lion and monkey of the tropics, to the polar bear and the seal of the poles, while it is not for a moment to be supposed that man alone is influenced by the differences of climate. The inhabitant of the torrid zone differs in frame, complexion, character and habits from the Esquimaux of Greenland, as much as a banana tree from a birch, and even in our own experience we must have felt the enervating effects of extreme heat, and the bracing tonic of a cold, clear air, sufficiently contrasted, to understand how great the effect of climate is upon the character of nations, and to have seen for ourselves that the temperate zones where the temperature is neither of one extreme nor the other, produce the most active and highly races of human beings. There are, of course, other minor causes which affect animal and vegetable development, and one of them which we wish specially to mention is the supply of fuel. A scarcity of fuel influences greatly the habits of a people and the danger of any decrease in our supply of material for producing artificial heat should be carefully guarded against, the reckless cutting down of forests being often an actual crime, while systematic planting of trees is as often the duty of a commonwealth. A question must suggest itself with more or less force to almost everyone, as to how we became acquainted with the properties and action of this wonderful power which we call Heat, and the answer is not altogether an easy one when it is necessary to put it in a few words. It is the *motion* of heat, its passage from one body to another that enables us to study its marvels, and no fairy tale has ever been written stranger or more beautiful than the accounts of the experiments which are constantly being made by scientific students in regard to the action of this great force. We all of us, probably know something of the simpler facts connected with it, as, that when it enters into bodies it expands them (water, for example, increasing in bulk by being heated), and *vice versa* leaves them to contract when parted from them, but beyond these we are very ignorant, and understand nothing of the different kinds of heat, the laws of its radiation, or the conditions under which different bodies emit and receive it, its conduction and non-conduction, etc., and we cannot help hoping that even so brief an article as this may arouse here and there a mind to a desire for more information upon this important subject. Heat is one of the great, possibly the greatest power in nature, and the more we learn of it, the better it will be for us even in the practical matters of every-day life.

Glass Spinning.

A recent number of the "Journal of Applied Science" gives an account of some modern improvements in the art of spinning glass. Brunfant, a Viennese manufacturer, to whose perseverance and ingenuity we are indebted for the brilliant results here detailed, spins a thread of glass surpassing in fineness that spun by the silkworm, and almost as soft and elastic. He makes glass flock, cord wrappings for gouty patients, and the same material is used for filters by chemists. The threads are woven into textile fabrics, which are made into cushions, carpets, tablecloths, shawls, neckties, cuffs, collars, etc. As a material for fancy dresses, for tapestry, for covering furniture, for laces, embroidery and the like, the glass tissue will probably at some future time occupy a prominent place. In softness it almost equals silk, and to the touch it is like the finest wool or cotton. It possesses remarkable strength, and remains unchanged in light or warmth, nor is it altered by moisture or acids. Spots may be removed from it by washing.

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, SEPTEMBER, 1873.

Compulsory Education.

Among the many subjects agitating the popular mind, that of compulsory education seems to be quite prominent. It is argued on one side, that the government has no right to dictate to its people what they shall do for their children, and the step is feared, as one that will lead toward centralization, and imperil the grand principle of individual liberty, which lies at the very foundation of our government. It is true, we have need to keep careful watch over those who frame our laws; that the watch-words "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" are as good watch-words now, as ever, and it is equally true, that the best way of maintaining our government is by the education of our children. The State has no planet duty than this, to care for those who cannot care for themselves. If a father sees fit to keep his child from school and thus hinder his usefulness as a man; nay, more, thus force him into the company of the ignorant and vicious, the State should here interfere in the child's behalf. Our increase in population is largely from emigration and these immigrants come with ideas of government opposed to ours. We cannot consistently shut our doors to this clamouring crowd, so often woefully ignorant; remove the cause of alarm, we must educate their children, these as soon to become voters and office-holders in our land.

From a fine address by Henry Ward Beecher, given in New York, not long since, we quote the following:

"The great argument of compulsory education is the educating voluntarily of a majority of the State's children; but the people say: 'If the schools are good, may you not safely leave these children to parental affection?' No, no. There is a vast number of uneducated foreigners that bring uneducated children into this land, and they don't understand the necessity and advantages of education until after they have been here a short time, and then they catch the spirit of the thing at once.

"There are a great many bad characters and criminals, people that have no care for the education of their children, and the State can do much for herself in the care of them. There are a great many more of your careless parents, who do not appreciate the necessity of education, and look more to themselves than to the intelligence of the child. When it is the case the State has a right to step in and take care of the children.

"If the parents sacrifice the child's intelligence, then the State is invested with a parent's right, for though all parents have the liberty of doing right, no parent has the right to do wrong; and in this respect the great parent, the State, will not let pass unheard the inarticulate cry of the army of little children that are growing up around us; the State has no right to tamper the feelings of selfishness in the question of educating the minds of the young, or to stint the privileges of a full manhood."

The Pennsylvania "School Journal" argues:

"So as it seems very inconsistent to maintain that a State may force a good citizen from his family, and march him into the jaws of death, in the defence of liberty, and yet may not lead a child to school for the sake of serving the purpose of good government. This talk about tyranny, and Prussia, and nations ruled by kings, emperors and monarchs when a compulsory school law is mentioned, as though it were inconsistent with Republican liberty, seems more the language of prejudice than reason. Every good citizen relinquishes a portion of his property and freedom for the public good; and may not parents be required to place their children, for a limited period, under the control of a teacher for the same great object?"

The May number of the Rhode Island "Schoolmaster" has an able article upon this subject from which we clip the following:

"One State has found out that a certain per cent. of a mixed population must be coerced into propriety, and compelled to be decent, and as a simple matter of economy and humanity, it takes them in childhood to a school where diligence is honorable and proficiency the road to independence and respectability; a school where the virtues are eager to go, and one which the wisest are happy to encourage, and proud to have enjoyed."

In the pages of the "American Educational Monthly," we find the case summed up thus:

"It has been found that the large majority of criminals are ignorant persons. And it is not strange; for while it is not impossible for a child reared in ignorance to be an honest man, the chances are against him. Ignorance and vice are blood relations. Education gives self-respect. It raises a child in his own estimation above the totally ignorant around him, and separates him from them in feeling, if not in fact. As a rule, the vicious man will not have the same influence over a child of some education, as over one totally ignorant; for with the improvement in the child comes the desire to improve more, and a separation, more or less complete, between him and the man below him in mental attainments. It is, to a great extent true that, in proportion as a government extends its system of schools, it may reduce the number of prisons. As a measure, then, of prevention of crime, compulsory instruction has great advantages."

These passages with many others we might quote, show the strong current of opinion flowing in this direction, as well as give indisputable arguments in its favor.

Be Careful About Your Fires.

Our country seems to be destined to be baptized in fire. Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Portland Me., headed the list and now the namesake of the latter, Portland Oregon, seems to outstrip her in calamity.

Reckoning by proportion, this is the largest fire in America. It occurred on the 2d of August. Just as we write news comes of another fire in Portland, Me., the fire originating near the wharf; three steamers are reported burned. Saddest of all, yes, fearful sad, comes the news of the burning of the steamer Wawasset at Chutterton Pt. near Acquia Creek. These fearful lessons should make us all more careful about handling fire. It is an accommodating servant, but a relentless master.

The Republican Candidate for Governor.

We quote the following in regard to Col. Hughes from the "Boston Daily Traveller" as showing the estimation in which he is held in the North. He has proved himself a friend to our Hampton Institute and is one of the Vice-Presidents of the board of trustees.

"Colonel Hughes, the Republican candidate in Virginia, was a secessionist during the late war, but when the war was brought to a close, he accepted the situation, and ever since has done much to promote the restoration of a sound social state at the South. His local feelings led him to do the best for the South, and he "went with his State," as did thousands upon thousands of Virginians who never desired that the Union should be dissolved. General Lee himself, the ablest man in the Southern Confederacy was at the head of this class of Virginians and Southrops. Colonel Hughes did not think it was wise to be either active or inactive when the sword had been sheathed, and for eight years he has been a reconstructionist of the best kind,—and as such he makes the best of candidates for the Governorship of Virginia. It cannot be said that he is an interloper, and that he knows nothing of Virginia, or that he went there with nothing but a carpet-bag and its meagre contents for his property. Such as he is, he is the production of Southern soil and a Southern sun, and thus is not objectionable on the score of educating the minds of the young, or to stint the privileges of a full manhood."

The Pennsylvania "School Journal" argues:

"To as it seems very inconsistent to maintain that a State may force a good citizen from his family, and march him into the jaws of death, in the defence of liberty, and yet may not lead a child to school for the sake of serving the purpose of good government. This talk about tyranny, and Prussia, and nations ruled by kings, emperors and monarchs when a compulsory school law is mentioned, as though it were inconsistent with Republican liberty, seems more the language of prejudice than reason. Every good citizen relinquishes a portion of his property and freedom for the public good; and may not parents be required to place their children, for a limited period, under the control of a teacher for the same great object?"

The May number of the Rhode Island "Schoolmaster" has an able article upon this subject from which we clip the following:

We see that the Grangers in Kansas condemn the prominence given to horse racing at agricultural fairs. We are glad of so much independence. In this respect, the farmers have, for a long time, been governed by sporting men and gamblers; and these institutions to promote competition among farmers have become schools of dissipation for their sons. We think we are right in saying that more than one half of the money put into agricultural fairs gets into the pockets of sporting men. If horses are not wanted on the farm, they are entirely out of place then. "But racing draws the crowd" says one. "Ay, there's the rub," it says, and this is the argument offered for all our public sins. If the Grangers can reform the fairs they shall have our hearty thanks.

The following articles are extracted from a circular sent to a farmer friend of ours by a commission merchant at Baltimore:

Packing Eggs for Shipment.

"For the benefit of our customers who desire to ship eggs to this market we submit the following directions for packing, assuring them that eggs packed in this manner and handled with ordinary care, can be successfully a long distance:

Eastern shippers generally use boxes, but for long distances, where packages cannot be returned, barrels, if well hooped and not more than sixty or sixty-five dozen are put in, answer every purpose. Although it is not necessary to send eggs so frequently to market during cool weather as in hot days, yet they will sell more readily if shipped when fresh, and will command a better price than stale eggs. Clean, white oats, fine cut straw or hay are good materials, but chaff should not be used. The packing should be perfectly *sweet and dry*, as musty or damp material will impart a bad flavor to eggs that come long distances. Place two or three inches of the material at the bottom of the package, then a layer of eggs with the end toward the side of the package, but not touching the side by an inch or more; then put on several inches of packing pressing down gently with a follower—remove all dust an inch in depth of the packing and put in another layer of eggs in the same way as the first, taking care that the packing is pressed between the ends of the eggs and the side of the package, and so continue until the last layer is in, which should be covered with at least two inches of packing, and an inch of hay, and the cover of the package pressed down closely. Eggs packed in this way can be transported long distances without injury."

Shippers of Southern Produce.

"The value and importance of this market for the disposal of Southern produce increases each year, as it is the source from which all the large manufacturing cities and villages obtain their supplies. Buyers, however, want the best, and it *will pay to ship the best.* It is not the quantity of truck shipped that pays the most, but the *quality and order* in which it is prepared for market. Don't try to pack good and inferior fruit, berries or vegetables in the same package unless you want it sold at the price of poor stuff, as customers are too much smart to be taken in by any such practice—and your mark is sure to get a bad reputation. Assort your produce into two or three grades, having each one of uniform quality and quantity. Send a correct invoice to your commission merchant, and you will receive returns promptly and without any liability of mistakes. Practice these rules and you will never have occasion to complain of your returns, while your careless neighbor will be continually finding fault and think he is being cheated. Shippers should study the Union should be dissolved. General Lee himself, the ablest man in the Southern Confederacy was at the head of this class of Virginians and Southrops. Colonel Hughes did not think it was wise to be either active or inactive when the sword had been sheathed, and for eight years he has been a reconstructionist of the best kind,—and as such he makes the best of candidates for the Governorship of Virginia. It cannot be said that he is an interloper, and that he knows nothing of Virginia, or that he went there with nothing but a carpet-bag and its meagre contents for his property. Such as he is, he is the production of Southern soil and a Southern sun, and thus is not objectionable on the score of educating the minds of the young, or to stint the privileges of a full manhood."

Letter From a Grantee.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., }
August 25, 1873. }

DEAR TEACHER,—It is with much pleasure that I take a few moments to inform you of the condition and the prospects of the school here in Murfreesboro.

I opened a free public school here about three weeks ago with thirty pupils, which number has increased to sixty-eight.

Some of these pupils were pretty well advanced, and their studies so very irregular that I soon found that I was obliged to have an assistant teacher. I therefore prevailed with Mr. J. W. Jones, a young man of this vicinity, to help me, and after being examined he was employed by the school committee to teach in the same school.

The school is now going on finely, and as the pupils seem to be much interested, we conclude that the school will go on smoothly and that our success will reward us for our labor.

I found the Sabbath-school in a flourishing condition, and it afforded me much pleasure to lend it a helping hand.

There are about one hundred and ten pupils in the Sabbath-school, and eight teachers.

Yours, etc.,

JOS. P. WEAVER.

Beneficiary Scholarships for Medical Students.

The trustees of the Louisville (Ky.) Medical College have created a number of Beneficiary Scholarships, for the benefit of poor but deserving young men seeking a first-class medical education. One Beneficiary Student is received from each Senatorial district of any State, and one from each Congressional district of the different States. Sons of physicians and clergymen are not properly recognized Beneficiary scholarships. Each scholarship is worth to the recipient of it $200, and those receiving such aid are known only to the Dean. Mode of obtaining a Beneficiary scholarship learned by applying to DR. E. S. GAILLARD, Dean, Louisville, Kentucky. As the next session begins in September, all young men needing aid should apply as early as possible.

Roads and Road Mending.

This is the season for road-mending, and it makes our very bones ache to see how poorly some of this work is done. The making and repairing of roads is a trade, and not every tyro who can handle a plow, scraper and hoe, understands the art of turnpiking. A great advance has been made in latter years over the practices of our fathers, but there is a margin for improvement of a country, little attention is paid to the location or building of roads. Like cow paths, they are made where convenience demands, with little expense and less engineering skill. As, population and wealth increase, better roads are demanded. Hauling loads over hills and through quagmires is found to be a weariness to horse flesh. Smooth, hard, level roads are appreciated, and the engineer is called upon, who tells us that the ball of the kettle is no longer when laid down thus when raised up, in clear words, that distance around a hill is generally the same as that over it; that the true way to get over an unavoidable hill is by a serpentine path, or grading a straight one that the surface of the soil, abounding in vegetable matter, is poor material for a road bed, that clay is a little better, that the true material is coarse gravel, that all naturally wet land must be drained and filled in with stone before the gravel is put on, and that surface water must be allowed to run off by making the surface of the road convex, with ditches on either side.

These are some of the general principles which engineers have laid down for the construction and repair of roads. In contravention of these, we seldom have a road drained, except by side ditches; stones are too rarely placed for the foundation, the material most commonly used for the road bed is soils and mud, scraped from the ditches and piled up in the form of a hog's back, and, notwithstanding the extreme narrowness and convexity, the swells or breakwaters are put in at short intervals, sometimes diagonally and with unnecessary elevation, so that they greatly impede transit, and rack horse, harness, carriage and passenger.

The most common and obvious defect in the construction of our highways is the use of poor material. Soils and muck make a good base for the compost heap, but were never designed for the base of a road. Surface soil contains too much vegetable matter that a road made of it is not compact and hard in dry weather, and with every rain becomes a slough. The first principle with the road builder is a solid foundation, and this cannot be done by scraping soils and vegetable earth from the side ditches. All this vegetable matter speedily decays, and, absorbing a great amount of moisture makes soft mud, not hard road. Highway surveyors would do well to take lessons from railroad contractors, who reject all mucky soils and go long distances for a gravel pit wherewith to construct the road bed. Possibly scrapers are sometimes used in grading railroads, but we do not remember ever noticing their use for this purpose, and if be employed in repairing highways we should have better roads. We know that the excuse for using scrapers and turf is that gravel does not grow by every roadside, but it is better to be hauled a mile than scrape mud and soils ten feet.

Just here we desire to do the town of Great Barrington the justice to say that she has set her sister towns a good example in repairing roads with gravel drawn by horse carts, and sometimes for a long distance. The horse carts may be a little more expensive than the scraper in the beginning, but it does the work effectually and for a long time. Whoever will traverse Great Barrington from the base of Monument mountain to Egremont will find a road on which there is comfort in traveling. It is made by horses, and for horses, by wheels and for wheels whereas most of our roads are made by oxen and scrapers and are fit to be traversed only by oxen and carts.

One of the most important principles in road building, and one of the least understood and practiced, is the thorough drainage of all materials and places before putting a spoonful of dirt on the track. This building of roads over springs and marshes without previously providing an outlet for the water is as foolish as building one's house in the sand or mud without a foundation. Over all these wet places the ground heaves and quakes each spring, and even with a good superstructure of gravel it is manifest that there is no foundation, and in passing them one is led to fear that he may be swallowed up alive like Korah and his company. On some steep grades, running over springs, we have known regular land slides in the middle of the road, and when a slide does not occur, the shaking indicates that the bottom has fallen out. The simple and cheap remedy for this trouble is to put in a four or six inch tile drain under the road. A judicious expenditure of ten dollars on such a drain will save a hundred in repairs. If laid below the frost it carries off the water when the ground is frozen, and when the frost comes out, there is no breaking up of the bed of the road.

The tile subverts also, which so frequently cross our roads, and are generally made of stone or plank, are constantly getting out of repair, endangering horses' legs and men's lives, and in the long run are very expensive. If made of cement pipe, which can be had of any required size from four inches to two or three feet in diameter, and properly laid, these culverts can be made as secure and permanent as are those of our railroads. The first cost of cement pipe is less than that of a stone culvert, and the pipe does not travel as does stone, but stays put for generations.

One great hindrance to improvement in road building and repairing, is the custom, coming down from feudal times, of allowing every man to work out his road tax. Wherever this practice is adopted—and it is still kept up in nearly a hundred towns in Massachusetts—we may be sure of finding poor roads. We might as well allow every man to work out the minister-tax by preaching occasionally. Road making is as much a trade by itself as is shoemaking, and all those towns that have adopted the system of hiring a competent road master, have secured better roads at less expense. The old feudal system had the advantage of furnishing the farmers with a good social time after doing their planting, as they often came together with their hoes and stood and talked out their tax at a York shilling per hour, doing just work enough to silence the surveyer, if not their conscience.

The prosperity of a country is so intimately connected with the conditions of its roads, that every farmer and every owner of real estate should give this subject a candid consideration, and give aid to every feasible plan for the improvement of the highways. We have all seen how railroads tend to enhance the value of real estate and develop the prosperity of a community, but important as railroads are, highways are still more important. We lived without railroads till within half a century, but common roads are essential to the very existence of a civilized community, and their condition is a pretty good index of the progress of civilization. We have in Massachusetts about nineteen thousand miles of highway, and the annual cost of keeping this extent of road in repair exceeds seventy dollars per mile or about a million and a half in the aggregate. The road tax is therefore no inconsiderable item of expenditure, and every man is interested in placing his money where it will do the most good.—*Berkshire County Eagle.*

The Eastern North Carolina Sabbath School Association.

On Thursday and Friday the 14th and 15th of August, 1873, the above-named Association held its second annual session at Jerusalem church in Northampton Co. N. C.

1ST DAY.

At twelve o'clock, Thursday, August 14th, a call was made by the Superintendent, Rev. Mr. Perry, for all delegates, school teachers and pupils to assemble in the grove.

Opening services: reading a chapter and prayer by the Superintendent, and singing

A procession was then formed, of about five hundred persons. They marched behind their magnificent banner, while their melodious voices were heard ringing "From all the trees, Sweetly freedom sings." It was quite an enchanting scene, which attracted the attention of all upon the church ground.

At two o'clock they took recess for refreshments. Two long tables had been prepared and furnished very luxuriously. Delegates, teachers and all interested persons were invited to partake of the tables luxurious contents.

At four o'clock the marshals formed the people in ranks and marched them in to the seats in the grove, where they were addressed by Rev. Mr. Perry.

He explained the object of the association and the manner in which it is to be conducted.

He was followed by Hon. W. D. Newsome assistant superintendent, the base of whose address was the "important value of knowledge." The congregation was then dismissed to meet the next morning, at ten o'clock.

2D DAY.

At half past ten o'clock, Friday, August, 15th, the congregation was called to order by the superintendent. Singing and prayer. The delegates were then ordered to assemble in the church to attend the business of the association, while the remainder of the congregation would remain to be addressed by Messrs. Rev. J. W. Fatter, L. B. Langford, W. B. Weaver, Preston Newsome and others.

Recess at one o'clock. Free tables as on the day before.

At three o'clock the delegates reassembled and pursued to finish up the business that was pending.

Sermon in the grove by Rev. J. W. Patterson, after which an address was delivered by Mr. L. S Smith of Murfreesboro.

The marshals then formed the congregation in a circular line (about six hundred in number) and after singing they were dismissed by benediction.

About the same time, the delegates adjourned to meet at Zion's Hill at Conrain on Thursday before the third Lord's day in August, 1874.

Total No. of Schools represented		36.
" " Teachers	"	99.
" " Pupils	"	603.

The object of this association is to bring the Sabbath schools of the Eastern part of North Carolina into one united body; to aid schools in procuring books, papers, etc.; but a still grander object is to raise means to establish a Theological and practical institution within the bounds of the association.

This seems to be far off and out of sight to many, who scoff at as for such as this, but we hope to be recognized and helped in this work and we believe that we will meet with success.

REV. D. E. PERRY, *Superintendent,*
Potecasie, Northampton Co., N. C.
J. P. WEAVER, *Secretary,*
Murfreesboro, N. C.

THE steamer Wawasset, running on the Potomac river, between Washington and Portland, took fire about 12 o'clock on Friday, the 15th inst., at Chatston Landing, and was destroyed. She had about 150 passengers on board and more than seventy lives are lost. Capt. Wood did not leave the boat until forced to do so by the flames. The fire, we first discovered in the engine room. It appears that just before reaching Chatterton's Landing, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, about five miles below Acquia creek, and after the whistle of the boat had been blown as a signal of her approach to that landing, the steamer at that time being about a third of a mile from the shore, fire was discovered in the hold, and the boat was stabbed immediately, but before the men could reach it the conflagration became general, and the boat been burning for some time. The fire had been smouldering, it is supposed, for some hours, and, upon opening the hatches, it burst forth with great fury, driving the men from the hold and completely baffling all attempts to subdue it. In less than an instant the wildest confusion prevailed on the vessel, the passengers becoming panic stricken and frantic with fear, very few having presence of mind sufficient to take care of themselves. The steamer was without a second's delay headed for shore, and in a few minutes ran aground about 300 yards from the Virginia side. At this time the flames had spread with fearful rapidity, and the excitement many jumped overboard, several of them jumping into the water before the steamer struck the bottom. She was provided with but two small boats, and in the frenzy of the moment one of these boats was swamped and sunk and of the two passengers, who, uncontrolled were endeavoring to launch her, Captain Wood, of the ill-fated steamer, and his assistants are said to have used every effort to control the passengers, but without avail; and but for this disobedience of orders many who were lost would have been saved.

A COLLISION occurred between a coal train and a passenger train on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, about twenty miles from Chicago, on Saturday night, the 16th inst., by which fifteen persons were killed and thirty-five injured, many fatally. The injured passengers were terribly scalded by escaping steam from the locomotive. Both trains were running at full speed, and the disaster is attributed to the criminal recklessness of the conductor and engineer of the coal train, who should have waited at the next station until the passenger train had passed. Another collision, the result of carelessness, is reported to have occurred on the same road Friday night, by which two cars of an excursion train were wrecked, two men killed and three others seriously injured.

A LETTER to the New York "Herald," from Green Island, Nebraska, dated the 8th inst., gives the following particulars of the recent fight between the Pawnees and the Sioux Indians: "Some two or three weeks ago the Pawnees, numbering some three hundred strong, with one hundred squaws and six hundred ponies, started from their reservation for their annual hunt in the Great Republican Valley. After reaching the hunting grounds and while pursuing their wild yet peaceful avocation, they were suddenly surprised and attacked by some fifteen hundred Sioux under the command of Young Spotted Tail. The fight occurred between the Republican River and Black Wood Creek. It was a long and stubborn fight, but the Pawnees were forced to retreat before a superior number.

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

SESSION OF 1873—4,

Opens October 1, 1873, at which time those desirous of admission should be present.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION:

1. Sound health and good character.
2. Age not under fourteen and not over twenty-five years.
3. Ability to read and write, and knowledge of Arithmetic through Long Division.

TERMS:

Total charge, ten dollars per month, payable half in labor and half in cash; those eighteen years of age and less are expected to pay six dollars per month cash.

Only the totally destitute are allowed to work out all their expenses.

STUDIES:

The course of study is three years, and embraces the various branches of the study of Language (English), Mathematics, Natural Science, and History.

Instruction is given in the Science of Government and Moral Science and in Practical Agriculture.

Bible Lessons are given weekly.

There are Agricultural, Mechanical, and Commercial Courses, in which instruction is given by experienced teachers in the leading principles of those departments.

For further information, apply to

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

HAMPTON, VA., *August*, 1873.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

At Home.

Father's Own Home.

When father comes back very tired at night
The room should look pleasant, the hearth should be bright;
However he else where is worn and depressed,
He should find, I am sure, at least, comfort and rest.

In his home—his own home.

There are sounds, there are sorrows, even love cannot cure;
There are burdens to bear, there are griefs to endure;
But, ready and sweet, a good father should find
Smiles and voices to welcome him, cheering and kind,

In his home—his own home.

Home-Made Games.

Boys do not like fun ready-made; they like to manufacture it. Supply them with boards and nails, saw and hatchet—and not be too afraid of "litter" in the back-yard and barn—and with ordinary ingenuity, you will soon see manufactured steamboats (with the aid of the imagination), "bowling-alleys," in fact, enough of everything to keep them happy *at home*.

I visited a family who were supplied with such articles. It was astonishing to see how little it took to make them contented—and not only they, but the playmates who invariably flocked there. Some mothers would prefer less attractions. They would assume the risk of their children being injured morally, by playing elsewhere, rather than have the noise, and "things at loose ends."

In the yard where these boys lived, there was a large tree. From one of the limbs they suspended a ball (no old croquet-ball) by a small rope. This made a platform about two yards square, and with black paint marked spots to place the pins. The ten wooden pins were about a foot in length. A space was left (a foot) on each side of the platform. Four dots on the back, three in front (in front of the spaces) of them, then two, then one.

The ball must be hung just low enough to hit the pins. Stand as far back from the platform as the rope will allow, then drop the ball and knock down the pins. Each one can try three times. The boys made a blackboard, crossed and recrossed it with white paint, and dialled it to the tree "to keep tally." I noticed a block of wood, with a piece of sheepskin (fleece on) nailed on, hanging near the blackboard, to erase chalk marks. The idea was not original, perhaps, but as it was the only home-made game of the kind I had ever seen, I thought it might be new to many of your readers.

Beside the "ten-pin" game, these boys had two swings, one above the other. I call them swings, although there was very little old-fashioned swinging done by the little old-fashioned swinging done by the "go-round" style. The ropes were large, with an iron rod fastened securely across the bottom. They made a large bag, filled it with straw, and kept it under the swing, "in case they did what they did not intend to do."

I wondered then and now why every family did not have more games upon their own premises. Some parents do not like to encourage them; I fear *that* solves the mystery.

It was not "all play" with those boys, neither did the parents mean it should be. "all work." They had their regular hours out of school. They brought in wood, worked in the garden, watered and fed the horse and cow, unpiled and watered the hens, too. They owned the hens; they bought grain for them, and had all they could make (one way to get "pin-money") from the eggs. They worked as they played—with a will. Healthier, happier boys, I never saw.

How they seemed to enjoy my visit. *They* did not know the reason, but *I* did. The reason was this: they tried to make me happy. In fact, they always had that in mind with everybody—at least, it seemed so to me.—*Household Magazine.*

AN EXCELLENT WAY TO COOK TOUGH BEEF.—To eight pounds of beef, put four quarts of water, two tablespoonfuls of salt, half a tea-spoonful of pepper, three tea-spoonfuls of vinegar, and four tea-spoonfuls of sugar. Put it on at eight in the morning, and let it simmer slowly till the water is more than half gone; then skim off the grease, and set it in the stove oven till the water is all gone but about a teacupful, which is for gravy, and may be thickened a little. Add *boiling* water if it goes too fast, (for in some kinds of weather it will boil away much faster than in other days). This dish should be very tender and is excellent cold, especially if pressed under a heavy weight. It was a favorite soldier's dish, and tough meat is as good as tender when thus cooked.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—Heat sour milk with a gentle heat (a good way is to set the pan over a kettle of warm, but not boiling water) until the whey separates from the curd. Pour off the whey with care, put the curd into a bag, and hang it to drip for several hours. Do not squeeze it. Work it with a spoon until it is soft and even, and it, add a little cream or butter, mould it into round balls, or leave it to be served in small sancers. It should be eaten while fresh.

BONNY-CLABBER, OR LOPPERED MILK.—Set a chiua or glass dish of skimmed milk away in a warm place covered. When it turns, that is, becomes a smooth, firm but not tough cake, serve in the same dish. Cut it out carefully with a large spoon, and put it in saucers with cream, powdered sugar and nutmeg to taste. It is better if set out ice for an hour before served. Do not let it stand till the whey separates from the curd. Few people know how delicious this simple and healthful dish is if eaten before it becomes tough and tart with a liberal allowance of cream and sugar.—*Marion Harland.*

Moonlight on the Ruins of Egypt.

The island of Philæ, lying at the head of the cataract of the Nile, is one of the most mild and picturesque spots on the face of the earth. High black rocks heaped up to the sky lie all around it; and from any point of view it is a jewel set in a rough inclosure, to make it the more beautiful by contrast. The entire surface of the island is covered with ruins, the great temple of Isis (goddess of the Nile, whose wifely tears for the slain Osiris have caused the overflow depending to the ancient story) which is the most perfect among them, occupying the western side. It is not of a very ancient period. One learns in Egypt to call everything modern that is not three thousand years old. It is a strange passion, this, that men have for the old. What is it in the intellect of man that makes him do such lounging, great age? Is it because we always admire the inaccessible, and that we whose dust holds together but seventy years therefore admire the dust that has survived the ages? Not so; because rock and hill and mountains of our own country are old enough for all that. It is not age alone. It is something in the fact that human hands wrought on these rocks, that human intellect shaped and planned their order. It is the memorial of dead men's thoughts to which we bow in reverence, and perhaps akin to our own desires after immortality.

Philæ was the most sacred spot in Egypt. Hither, from all directions, men came for worship. But none were admitted to set their feet on the sacred island except by special order. Here was the fabled burial place of Osiris the divinity of Egypt, or near here, for antiquarians dispute much on this point.

But, for the present, I have nothing to do with ancient Philæ. It is only the modern: the palm-trees and the ruins, the fallen altars and columns that I have to speak of. They lay in the utmost beauty of desolateness as the moonlight came over them that night, and we wandered about among their vastes.

Never was such moonlight—certainly never was such a place for moonlight. It fell on the columns of the ancient temple at the upper end of the island, and the small obelisk seemed to grow larger in the silver light. It lingered in the great court of the temple of Isis, as if it loved the memories that lingered there. But purest, holiest of all, it fell in the open temple on the eastern side of the island, where Miriam and I sat silently as the night swept along with its load of glory, while the others wandered up and down the island looking vainly for one spot more beautiful than another.

Our American friends were with us still, and it was now time for them to return to Es Souan. Donkeys had been ordered to be ready for them on the opposite side of the river, and taking them in the small boat, I pulled across to the mainland; I could not permit them to go alone; and unattended through the wildest mountain pass in Egypt, so I accompanied them myself with a six-barrelled Colt and an endless volcanic repertoir. I walked by their side in pleasant talk across the arm of the desert on which stands the village, under a branching sycamore, then grew up from the very inside itself, and then into the wilderness of rocks that lie as the Almighty cast them, here and there and everywhere, on the east bank of the river. It was a strange group that, for such a scene and such a night. Sometimes the donkeys climbed the sides of rocks on which their feet seemed scarcely able to retain foothold; the hills grew higher on the right, the noise of the cataract louder on the left, the scene more wild, the moonlight more beautiful. And so we continued till I had accompanied them beyond the mountain pass and into the more open and safe country, and here I left them and resumed my way southward.

Behind me by Egypt. Close behind me the only two Americans except ourselves within almost a thousand miles, had their faces turned northward, and were leaving us to our lonely journey. Around me was desolation, its very abode where the rock and the desert held everything. What was I, a puny mortal, that I should be walking so carelessly along that mighty river, by the far famed cataract, in that light that had guided the footsteps of kings and priests long ago among those stately rocks that had been the witness bearers of forty centuries? What was I, that I should look with unshrinking eyes on all these ancient memorials, and troll a song—a dashing modern song—as, I walked on among them over sand and stone as millions had walked in the years when there was a shrine for devout worship on the beautiful island, on moonlight pilgrimages to Philæ?

The long, low snarling yell of a wolf startled and stopped me, and was followed by the quick barking of the jackals of whom I saw three or four dusk across the path and disappear in the direction of the island. The silence that followed was as startling as the cry had been. Only the river among the rocks sounded as steadily as it had sounded through the centuries, as it had sounded through the centuries, as it had sounded through the centuries, and a moonlight seemed to be in harmony with the sound.

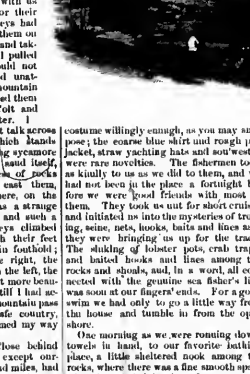
Ten minutes afterward I came out by the village above the pass, and we entered it in search of our new pilot, one of the *Shellaler*, or men of the *Cataract* as they are called, who was to take the boat back to Philæ.

Under a tree, the sycamore fig, in the middle of the village was a curious seat pot uncommon in Nubia. It was circular, made of mud, on a raised platform of the same material. A seat ran round this platform, having a high back, so that a dozen or twenty persons could sit here in a circle all facing the center. It was occupied by women busily talking over the village gossip. They answered pleasantly our inquiries for Hassan. He had gone to the next village which, like this, consisted of two rows of mud houses, a hundred yards apart, with the moonlight on the yellow sand between them. We walked through them, shouting "Hassan! Hassan!" and at length Hassan Shillalee made his appearance accompanied by his mother. She was an old woman, and though it was but a two weeks' parting, she wept bitterly, and embraced him again and again. When we pushed off, she begged me to treat him kindly, and then knelt on the moonlit bank and prayed for him, "God bless him! God keep my son! Allah, Allah, bring him back safe!" and as we crossed we could hear her mournful voice sounding over the river.

We strolled an hour longer on the island. The moonlight was brighter each moment. It was midnight, but still we lingered in front of the temple of Isis; still gazed up the shining river from the corridor near the small obelisk; still sat on the terrace and looked over at Biggeh, and its lofty rocks. Moonlight on Philæ! I dare to say that nowhere on the face of the earth is there a moonlight scene more rich in all that romance and poetry. Not so, because than was that view.—*W. C. Prime—Boat Life in Egypt.*

Too Close to be Pleasant; or, A Good Sight of a Shark.

Considering the fortunate termination of our adventure, those were the jolliest bathing days after all that we ever spent. I have forgotten the name of the little village, but that is of no importance. It was a pleasant, pretty spot with only here and there a house of the better sort, the rest being simple fishermen's huts and cottages. The hamlet stood in the center of a sandy bay on the face of a somewhat precipitous cliff and the narrow street zigzagged from the fishing boats on the shore up to the top of a grassy, well wooded hill, on the highest point of which was the house which my father and Uncle James had taken as a fitting rural retreat for us youngsters to spend our autumn vacation in.



We adopted the life and appropriate costume willingly enough, as you may suppose; the coarse blue shirt and rough pea jacket, straw yachting hats and sou'wester were new novelties. The fishermen took as kindly to us as we did to them, and we had not been in the place a fortnight before we were good friends with most of them. They took us out for short cruises and initiated us into the mysteries of trolling, seine, nets, hooks, baits and lines as if they were bringing us up for the trade. The shifting of lobster pots, crab traps, and baited hooks and lines among the rocks and shoals, and, in a word, all connected with the genuine sea fisher's life, was soon at our fingers' ends. For a good swim we had only to go a little way from the house and tumble in from the open shore.

One morning as we were running down, towels in hand, to our favorite bathing place, a little sheltered nook among the rocks, where there was a fine smooth space of hard sand shelving into deep water, we were met by one of our fisherman friends. He raised his hands as we advanced, and seemed to be waving us back. As we got within sound of his voice, he shouted to us,

"You mustn't go bathing this morning. I reckon I wouldn't have you go in for worlds! There's a great old shark been a-floundering about in the bay ever since sun-down last night. He came close up into the cove here on the top of the tide, and Jack Masters and Tom Harmon both seed 'im this morning a follerin' them up as close as could be; he's an awful great un too, a'most five feet long, I reckon."

"A shark!" said I, "why I didn't know that they ever came to this coast."

"No more they do, very often," replied the man, "but then, you see, there's been a long spell of hot weather draws them in like. The water gets quite warm under the cliffs, warmer may be than 'tis perhaps down to the west and south, where like enough it's been blowin' a bit. I believe it has too, or else we shouldn't have this great ground-swell comin' up so often. Any way, I wouldn't have you young gentlemen go bathing. That beast would snap one of your legs or arms off if he catched sight of you, afore ye knowed where ye was!"

We gave up our bath that morning, but for days we were on the look out for a peep at the monster. We little thought how our curiosity was to be gratified.

The old fisherman was right; the hot weather of which he had had a suspicion came rolling in from the great Atlantic within four days from the time he had spoken of it. The wind shifted suddenly, and by the next morning the whole aspect of the coast was altered. Heavy rain-charged clouds obscured the sky. There was half a gale blowing, and the sea, which a few hours before resembled a silvery lake was now heaved up into a boiling cauldron. We enjoyed the change of course, as we enjoyed any excitement, and it quite put the thought of the shark, for whom we had been vainly watching, out of our heads.

As the tide ebbed, which it began to do about ten o'clock in the morning, we followed it down to look after some books and bait we had sunk on our own account into the holes in a great reef of rocks which, on the eastern side of the bay, ran out and formed a sort of breakwater, never quite covered at their highest points, at high tide, but accessible only by a boat at low tide.

We had been down to this reef and home again to dinner, but we must needs make another expedition to it in the afternoon for some further repairs and arrangements of our fishing tackle. Though not the eldest of the party, I was its leader, as I was in most of our exploits, and my three cousins looked up to me as the strongest and most daring of the set. They tried however to dissuade me from making a second expedition to the rocks when we got down to the shore and began to advance toward them through the little pools, rivulets, wet sands and sea weed left by the receding tide.

"It must be coming in again now," said Jack, "and you won't have time to get there and back before it's up all over this place, and you'll be quite cut off at high water, it is only an island then."

"Yes! and a precious little one too," interposed George, laying hold of my jacket to stop me.

"And its smaller than ever," added Richard, "now the sea is so high; I saw the spray going clean over it early this morning!"

"Pooh!" said I "don't be muffs; we've lots of time, come along!"

And they, of course, were bound to follow me. We had no sooner reached the reef, however, than I began to think it would have been wiser not to come, and after pottering about a minute or two with our lines, we saw that already the smaller waves of the returning tide were beginning to lap round and round the sandy base of the rocks with ever increasing rapidity and strength. At last, just as we were aware that we had no time to lose, and were just about to start again for the mainland, a huge wave, bigger than any which had yet come up to us, burst against the sea front of the crag, twirling round it to such a depth that Richard, as he was about to make off, was, in an instant, up to his middle in water, and seemed to save himself from going right under only by scrambling back on to the rock.

"We're too late!" cried Jack who was always rather inclined to be a little frightened, "we're cut off, no mistake."

Another wave as big as the last, swept up as he spoke, and soon put a mass of broken water between us and the shore which it would have been quite impossible to wade or swim through. It was too deep for wading and not deep enough for swimming, while the uneven character of the bottom, first high, then low, now rock, now sand, and now both, prevented its being walked over unless it could be seen. Here, then was a pretty state of things! We should have to stay on the reef, perhaps, till the tide went down in the evening, and indeed, we soon, saw there would be no other choice, for every moment we were driven higher and higher by the waves.

Now they sprang straight in the air, and fell like a shower bath on our heads; now they would well up and tear away round our feet, almost carrying us off them. There was nothing for it then, but to get up to the top and make the best of our somewhat perilous position. Our friends would see us from the shore, but they would not be able to send any boat out in such a sea, so that though they would know we might, if we liked, take care of ourselves, they would still be very anxious, and we should get a good scolding in addition to our ducking for being so foolhardy.

Of course I undertook to bear all the blame, which indeed all belonged to me, and we settled ourselves to make the best of it.

We had not been on the reef above a quarter of an hour, I suppose, and the tide, though then very high, had yet an hour and more left to flow before it would be at its highest, when suddenly George cried out "Look, what's that?" He pointed to something sticking out of the crest of a great tumbling wave, that seemed at first like a huge cocked hat, but which I recognized instantly to be the tail of some enormous fish. I had no sooner given my opinion than it vanished, but, at the same moment, advancing to a lower ledge of the rocks, the better to see the direction in which it had appeared, I was startled by a glimpse of what I instinctively divined to be the head and shoulders of the much talked of shark.

Yes! there he was, and no mistake, with his flat nose, small eyes and gray back just as I had seen him in pictures. His silver belly gleamed white and ominous as he lay close by me in the sea, he turned it slightly up toward me, showing his enormous mouth, which seemed all ready to grab at me as he swam by. Of course I was very brave. I did not care a bit for him; to be sure not! "I should like to see him come up where I am," I said, as I threw my huge jack-knife and brandished it with a theatrical air, as though I thought we were coming into close quarters. Close enough we were after all, I remember, now that it is all over, and had any of us slipped even as much as a foot over the edge of the rock where he could have got a fair snap at it, it would have gone hard with us, jackknife, or any other weapon, notwithstanding.

Over and over again did the huge brute lash round and round our little island retreat, as close as he dare come, now mounting on the crest of a wave as if he wanted to be carried right up on to the rock, then suddenly twisting off as though he feared being smashed against it, and then, diving out of sight for a second, would appear more than half out of the water, as he suddenly put through or shot across the hollows of the sea. He regularly besieged us, never giving a chance for us to have slipped away had the waves allowed it. Round and round, backward and forward, he swam; dived, disappeared, came up again with the utmost vigilance in the most unexpected quarters, while we all four crept close together and held on desperately upon the highest ledge of rock, half believing that in his rage and hunger he would actually dash himself upon it and attack us where we clung. Over and over again he seemed on the point of doing this, but of course, he never did, and by degrees of course, we saw that he never would, but the excitement which his movements caused, and the anxiety with which we watched him made the time pass very rapidly, and the tide was again on the ebb before we could imagine it possible. He felt this perhaps, before we did, and after a while began to sheer off as he was far too cunning to allow himself to get stranded, for then he would have been more within our power than we had ever really been within his. Gradually he came less and less near, the water sank, a flourish of his great tail, as it had been the first, was the last we saw of him. By that time, indeed, we had seen enough; our curiosity had been gratified in a way we had little expected, and when all was over, and the coast clear, we came ashore, where we warded off a good deal of the scolding in store for us by our vivid account of our adventure. It is not often that four city boys have more a view of a shark, and we thought ourselves lucky, while considering the very perilous foothold we had on the rock, how high the tide was, and how strong the wind, how unsheltered and slippery the narrow ledge on which we crouched, it is with a strong feeling of thankfulness that we look back on our interview with the tiger of the sea.—*W. H. Fenn.*

A Little Recollection of Russia.

Russia is such a very large country, that the manners and customs must be very much in different districts, and so what I give as recollections of Russia may not at all agree with mother person's experience.

What I write is from my own knowledge, but an intelligent young lady one evening so interested our family party with a slight sketch of her life there, that I thought I would write it for other family parties, though of course I must omit much.

"It was near Odessa that we lived," she said, "and very warm in the summer. I came home before the winter." I enjoyed it very much, it was all so gay and so new, but I do not say that I should like to live in Russia long. What most struck me, and what I have never forgot, was the un-European feeling one had. I never felt till we returned to Austria that I could be living in Europe."

"Why?" we asked: "was it the obsequious manners of the people?"

"Yes, partly; and the dress—a sort of loose vest in summer, and I believe sheepskins inside out in winter. Then the preparations when we went out for a visit which we often did! Such packing up for days before: such a turn-out it was! We took servants of all sorts, beds and blankets, and plate and dishes, and all sorts of things. Such a number of carts and carriages to take us!"

"And how many went?"

"Oh, every lady that is, the master and mistress, and my little pupil and I. You could never imagine such a small family could require such a quantity of things and people. But it was all very amusing.

"My first experience of peasant manners was in a walk I took before breakfast about the grounds by myself the first day after we arrived. I was just going to open a small gate when a man rushed forward, seized my hand, kissed it, bowed down to the very ground, and then opened the gate. At breakfast I told them about it, and asked if it was not some poor maniac. "Oh dear, no," said Madame; "you will constantly meet with that."

"Are there not a great many ceremonies at marriages?" we asked.

"Yes, a great many more than I can remember. They were very pretty, and had very pretty and good meanings, if people did but understand them, which, unfortunately, was not often the case. One was, the bride and bridegroom were tied to the priest, and they all walked, I think, three times round the building. This was to signify their union with the Church, begun by holy baptism, and now again renewed. What seemed a very important part was the coming of the wedding party up to the great house—the house of the lord of the estate—to kiss hands. The family assembled, and every one of the wedding folk kissed first our hands, and then went flop on the floor and kissed our feet."

"What, absolutely and really?"

"Yes, absolutely and really they kissed the machine-worked toes of our boots! It was so strange. I did not like it, as I felt and said that it could not be intended for me; I was not one of the family, I was *nobody.* "Oh, but indeed," said Madame, "they would not think it lucky if you were omitted. You must not run away!" On one occasion, however, I did, but I was directly inquired for. "Where is another lady? Where is the other lady?" So I was obliged to come and be salsted.'

The Sheep-Dog.

Whenever I go into a stable and see the horses continue lazily nursing their favorite leg, remaining dozing in their litter, or, if it is feeding-time, answer with a cheerful neigh to the opening of the door, I know what manner of men the grooms are who attend upon them. If I see them all attention, suspiciously watchful, ears in uneasy motion, legs lifted in constant change of position, I also know that one of the most tractable, sensitive, and grateful animals in creation is being shouted at, sworn at, bullied by the man who is paid to treat it well.

A man may feed a horse well, ride a horse well, and yet be a very bad groom, inasmuch as he spoils the animal's temper, to say nothing of the misery and cruelty that he inflicts on his charge.

Is it not the same with man? There are many nurses whose babies look as if they were just turned out of a bandbox, but the after-life of these children shows that there has been mistaken treatment of their *minds* in early life.

What has all this to do with our title and illustration? Why, a great deal, for *like master, like man*; and if I see the sheep not afraid of the dog, but carelessly pressing upon him, in their eagerness to be first in the fresh piece of turnips which his master is hurdling off for them, I know with what sort of a shepherd I have to deal.

Shepherding differs very much according to the country, and a dog that would be a first-rate one on a Scotch hill-side would be of little use in Sussex. The difference between a London drover's dog and a sheep-dog, is almost as great as it is between the hireling shepherd and the true one.

Drover's dogs are generally cross and savage. They do not get attached to the animals they have to drive, for they see new ones every market-day; in fact, they closely resemble their masters. But here, again, we have great differences, which are always reproduced in the dog. I still remember with pleasure a tall drover, with his blue apron on, whom I used to watch quietly coming along St. John's Wood road. The sheep were first, then he came, then the bullocks, last of all his old black collie-dog. There was no shouting, no beating; a wave of the arm sent the dog along to stop or turn, as the case might be, the old dog being as chary of his voice as the man. Yet both could be energetic if need be. He never forgot to let them drink at the trough near the canal.

As I am writing, two striking instances of the cleverness of dogs and sympathy with their masters come into my head. One is of a sheep-dog at a party in Sussex, where a flock of white-faced Cheviots and a flock of Southdowns were kept. Bring me the Downs, Jack," said the master, and away would the dog go at a gentle trot, and appear after a time with the black-faced flock slowly and steadily. But when it was, 'Jack bring the Scotchman?' he first fitted himself on his hind legs for a look-out, then away he tore, soon to appear again with the panting flock, for he knew they were not favorites with his master, and so he was much sharper with them.

One day I was in the park of Knole, Essex, weeding the worst out of a small flock of St Kilda sheep, in which I take a great interest. The shepherd was helping me, but his dog was no use, as he would run right away and chase them wildly about. The shepherd took him up and pretended to punish him, but I could well see, and the dog could no doubt feel, that it was not meant. However, he was shut up for the time. The shepherd assured me, and I saw afterward, that he was perfectly gentle with the common sheep. Now in both cases the dogs found out that they might take liberties with the sheep for which their masters cared *less* than for those of their own country, thereby illustrating the proverb I quoted, 'Like master, like man.'

An Old-Fashioned Mother.

The following touching paragraph appeals with peculiar force to those who mourn with an abiding sorrow the loss of just such a mother as is here described:

Thank God, some of us have an old-fashioned mother—not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great clog-iron, her curls and bottines, whose white, jeweled hands have never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose depths the love-light shone and brown hair threaded with silver, lying smoothly upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, which folded our little palms in childhood and smoothed our pillow in sickness. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now like the beautiful perfume of some wood-land blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entraneing melody of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well worn threshold, we stand once more in a low, quiet room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us; and we kneel down in the sunshine, streaming through the western window, just where, long years ago, we kneeled by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times, when the tempter lures us on to sin, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin! Tears have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not ridden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with them as they go.

Nothing to Draw With.

"Nothing to draw with;"—at Samaria's well
One thirsting sat, who all earth's waters
owned;
Yet, lost, His weariness and thirst did tell
To a poor sinner. "Give me drink," He
moaned.

"Nothing to draw with," she replied "save I;
What shall have brought Thee here, Thy
thirst to slake?"
"If thou but knewest," He did quickly cry,
"*The gift of God*, thou would'st with joy partake.

"Nothing to draw with;"—little did she know,
Poor woman! perplexed and unprepared in life,
That by her side the *Living Stream* did flow,
To make the scarlet stain spots white and
clean.

"Nothing to draw with;"—no, all powerless,
weak,
Though very near the broiling waters be;
The chain of self-reliance, farthest, break.
Then will she breathe in deep humility

"Nothing to draw with; *I*, the thirsty one,
Good Master! Thou the Living Water hast:
Give Thee to drink? Yes, asked in honest
To a world-scorned and despised outcast. [bone

"Nothing to draw with, Jesus; deep the well,
And dark;—all fangus-lined with sinful
thought.
I thirst! from whence, then, doth the fountain
swell?
Give me to drink—to draw with I have naught.

"Naught need I, save the grasp of Thy strong
hand;
Naught but Thy robe of righteousness to hide
The filthy rags, that I may spotless stand,
And drink for aye, celestial streams beside.

"Naught need I, save the chain of faith and
hope;
Then shall I draw, nor thirst *forevermore*;
The jewel studded, blest "salvation's cup"
Shall then be filled—yes, more, be running
o'er."
The Christian Press.

How the Blessing Comes.

The subject of prayer is intertwined with our every thought of God, since prayer is the only avenue by which our souls go out to Him. No mood of philosophic contemplation is too high, no thrill before the beauty of nature or of art too vague, no study of the Divine works and words too laborious and methodical, no aspiration too silent and subtle, to be comprehended in the spirit and realm of prayer. The Christian's life is like the palace of Daniel at Babylon, with its council hall for business, and its stately front, maybe, turned toward the world; but its most precious and sacred chamber, with windows always open toward Jerusalem. Shut up the chamber of prayer, and the house is dark, without the vision of the Holy City.

That is a narrow view of prayer which confines it to petition, while, on the other hand, that is an unsatisfactory, incomplete, and unscriptural view which leaves petition out. Nor do we enter the true conception when we make our prayers to consist of alternate bats of heterogeneous moods—a little thanksgiving, a little adoration, a little aspiration, a little confession, a little petition, and a little resignation, with a final doxology of praise. It is true that the language of uttered prayer must pass from one theme to another; but the spirit of prayer perpetually blends them all.

If such is the wide sphere of prayer on our side, shall we limit our conception of God's response? If we can address Him in so many ways, may He not reply through such an innumerable and infinite? Our notion of the Divine expression is often inferior to our knowledge of our own. We approach Him along the wondrous yet familiar lines of human thought and feeling, and forget that all these and the universe of power besides are at His command. Ours are the windows; His are the boundless and luminous deeps of heaven.

When prayer takes the form of a cry for help or outcasty for blessings, temporal or spiritual, we are too apt to look for results in the channels we ourselves have marked out. It is true that we ask in deference to the Divine knowledge of what is best for us, and hold ourselves prepared to find our special wish denied by the Divine wisdom and love. But our thought is often a selfish one, after all. We feel like children, who have sought in vain some hurtful thing, and think our Father's decision was confined to a single choice, and he refused us, because to grant the request would have injured us.

We should realize more deeply the precious promise that all things shall work together for our good, if we love God. That is to say, His Spirit, if we keep our hearts open to it, will transform for us any fate that comes upon us. We are not to look for suspensions of natural forces, to deliver us from natural pains. We are not even to interpret the events of life exclusively as God's dealings with us. There is a terrible form of spiritual selfishness that grows from this narrow view of our relation to our heavenly Father. This was what knew of good people tormenting themselves as to the meaning of a sad bereavement. "When we lost our first child," they said, "we heard in our affliction the voice of God. We had been forgetful of Him. We had idolized our earthly affections. But we turned to Him, and strove to serve Him faithfully. And now we have been called to mourn again without cause."

Ministers sometimes talk in a similar way. They tell the hard-hearted to tremble; God will come to them in sickness; and if that will not do, He will take from them one beloved object after another until they are subdued, and give their hearts to Him. This is so partial a statement of the truth as to be relatively false when preached, exclusively as the explanation of the facts of life. It calls up a picture of Deity, sacrificing one precious life after another, to move the feelings of a comparatively useless old sinner, which would be ludicrous, if it were not dreadful. Yet it is true that every experience bears its special message for us; only we must not interpret it in that light only. In our joy as well as our sorrow, in our daily communities as well as our sudden deliverances, God calls us to give our hearts to Him. And *all* things work together for the good of *all* who love Him.

The fruitful blessing springs, then, within us. As the sun and rain are sent upon all, so the love of the Father yearns over all; but as the sun and rain cannot bring harvests from barren ground, so even omnipotent love is shed in vain upon unloving hearts. They who will not ask, cannot receive, though the hands of the Giver are full. It is in vain that the skies are ablaze with light and glory, while the windows of the chambers are shut.

Why then should we pray? Because if we pray, we cannot help drawing near to God, and if we draw near to God, we cannot help praying. Because we love to ask, and God loves to be asked. Because prayer makes all events blessings to us, and whatever apparent good we might receive, out praying, would be robbed of its deepest beneficence. Because prayer is the highest form of intercourse—pure spirit, face to face with spirit—and out of it comes, in measure unfathomable, the higher life of inspiration and power, the life which is eternal. Because—ah, there are ten thousand reasons that we should pray, and not one that we should cease!—*Christian Union.*

"Honesty is the Best Policy."

BY REV. R. H. CRAIG.

"To-morrow will be my last day in the office at the brick yard," said Willie Jamison to his mother as they sat at supper in their humble, quiet home.

"Why, my son?" said his mother kindly, for she saw by his sad countenance that something was troubling his mind very much; "what is the reason of this, Willie?"

"O, nothing, mother, only the bricks are nearly all gone; there is but one lot left now and they are to be taken away in the morning. I feel really sorry to think that I shall have nothing to do through the winter, and then, of course, there will be no more weekly wages coming to our poor home."

"Well, my dear boy, you need not distress yourself too much about that; I have no doubt but that some other place will open up for you in the winter, and I am certain that Mr. Wood will give you the same situation next spring when their work commences. I was talking to him a few weeks ago, and he said and thankful, too, to hear him speak so well of you. He said that you were in every way reliable, and that he had found you perfectly honest. This is what your mother has always taught you, my dear boy, and I am proud to find that you are an *honest* son, though he may be without a situation to-morrow evening."

"Yes, mother, it is pleasant to be honest, and to be well spoken of, but then it looks to me a terrible thing to be idle, and I cannot bear the thought of lying around home for six long months when I ought to be working for you and myself."

"Keep up heart like a man," kindly answered his mother. How do you think I got along before you were appointed to that office? I had to trust in God and He brought me through; and now you must do the very same, and He will give you enough to do and contentment with it too."

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And Willie, cramming the money in his pocket without even looking at it snatched up his hat and was gone in the twinkling of an eye. He had almost reached town when it occurred to him that he had not looked at the money, and pulling it out at the moment, what was his surprise to find, instead of the ten, a hundred-dollar bill. "Ah, he has made a mistake, but it is no matter, I will take it down *to the bank*, and carry back the change," murmured Willie to himself, as he replaced the valuable bill in his pocket, and walked the faster with a proud and dignified step at the recollection of having so much money in his pocket; and then the happy thought flashed upon his mind that he had one more opportunity before he left the employment of Mr. Wood to show him that he was truly *honest*. He had now reached the town, and was walking down the principal street, leading to the bank, when he suddenly met a former schoolmate, Harry Edson. The boys were pleased to see each other, and Willie paused a moment to speak to his old friend.

"Guess how much money I have got," whispered Willie after a minute's conversation.

"I don't know," said Harry. "How much?"

"Only a hundred dollars!" proudly answered Willie.

"All your own? Has Mr. Wood paid you off?"

"No, its a mistake," and Willie told him how he came by so much.

"Surely you don't intend to return it, do you?"

"*Of course* I do!" promptly answered Willie.

"But you say Mr. Wood made a mistake when he gave you so much; if so, I would keep the balance. He may think someone else got it, or perhaps he will never miss it at all; and if he does, you can tell him that he must have given it to someone else."

"But it is not *my* money, Harry, and, besides, I cannot tell him a lie. He often gave me charge of more than this in the office, and I would not take a cent for all the world, and he knows that too."

"Then he will not suspect you, end, besides, you tell me that this is your last day in his office. It may be a long time before you get another situation, and a longer time before you have it in your power again to make ninety dollars so easily; Mr. Wood is rich, and you are poor; and I think you are very foolish if you take it back to him."

Willie's pride was hurt a little at the thought that he was "poor," and he promptly replied: "It's very true I may not get a situation for a long time, but I can't help that, and I have *not earned* ninety dollars; besides I am not so poor but I can get along. Mother and Mr. Wood both think me honest, and I would not deceive them for a thousand dollars."

"I am sorry you are so foolish," Harry answered with a sarcastic smile. "You will probably regret your honesty soon when you find yourself without a situation or a cent. Good-bye."

Now Harry was a boy of seventeen and more than three years Willie's senior, and ought to have known better; but honesty does not always go by age, and *knowing* and *doing* are two different things.

Willie had the money changed at the bank. He rolled up the ninety dollars carefully, and placed it in an inside pocket of his vest, and then walked off to make the required payments. No one else was in the bank at the time, and the banker was not a little surprised to see so small a boy with so much money, and was just on the point of his vest, and then walked off to make the required payments. No one else was in the bank at the time, and the banker was not a little surprised to see so small a boy with so much money, and was just on the point of asking him how he came by it, when Willie himself came to the rescue, and explained the matter.

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Willie's heart was light as he walked back to the brick yard, and he was not long in finding Mr. Wood, who was busily engaged in the office.

"Here is the change, sir," said Willie, as he laid the money on the desk before him.

"Change! what change?" said Mr. Wood, looking up from his writing.

"Why, sir, you gave me a hundred-dollar bill to take down to Smith and Young, and I have brought back the change, ninety dollars, in single bills."

"I gave you a hundred-dollar bill! I gave you a ten-dollar bill, and I have the change of it in my pocket. Are you crazy, boy, or what is the matter with you?"

"Indeed, sir, I am not crazy, but I thought you gave me a hundred-dollar bill, and I have brought back the change, ninety dollars, in single bills."

"Well, this is the strangest affair I ever heard of in my life. Are you sure you have not lost the money?"

"Quite sure, sir; I have it safe in my pocket."

"Let me see it, then," said Mr. Wood, rising from his seat and coming to the desk.

Willie drew out the money, and laid it on the desk before Mr. Wood, who counted it carefully over, and then looked at Willie with a puzzled expression of countenance.

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"Why, my son?" said his mother kindly, for she saw by his sad countenance that something was troubling his mind very much; "what is the reason of this, Willie?"

"O, nothing, mother, only the bricks are nearly all gone; there is but one lot left now and they are to be taken away in the morning. I feel really sorry to think that I shall have nothing to do through the winter, and then, of course, there will be no more weekly wages coming to our poor home."

"Well, my dear boy, you need not distress yourself too much about that; I have no doubt but that some other place will open up for you in the winter, and I am certain that Mr. Wood will give you the same situation next spring when their work commences. I was talking to him a few weeks ago, and he said and thankful, too, to hear him speak so well of you. He said that you were in every way reliable, and that he had found you perfectly honest. This is what your mother has always taught you, my dear boy, and I am proud to find that you are an *honest* son, though he may be without a situation to-morrow evening."

"Yes, mother, it is pleasant to be honest, and to be well spoken of, but then it looks to me a terrible thing to be idle, and I cannot bear the thought of lying around home for six long months when I ought to be working for you and myself."

"Keep up heart like a man," kindly answered his mother. How do you think I got along before you were appointed to that office? I had to trust in God and He brought me through; and now you must do the very same, and He will give you enough to do and contentment with it too."

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Our Homes.

In all societies the Home is the foundation upon which every organization must be built, and upon the purity and strength of the family life will depend the life of the nation itself. When we make our homes lovely and pleasant places, and teach our children and our neighbors to feel that order and kindliness reign within our house walls, then we are doing something more than a selfish work, for we are not only educating and making happy ourselves, our children, and our friends, but we are helping to support good government, and to keep just laws justly. In a republican country like our own, the relations between the State and the people are so near that the very children may be made to feel responsible for the good order of their neighborhood, and the beginning of all citizenship must be in the home. Then, too, our church societies are only combinations of families, and must depend upon the home life as the source of their strength, for people whose homes are disorderly and unattractive will very rarely make good church members, and we cannot be certain to carry the same heart into church on Sunday that they wear at home on week days.

Children who have been brought up in the atmosphere of a happy, wisely ordered home, can never lose its influence to the last day of their lives; and the great responsibility of fathers and mothers toward their children is shown in the permanency of the results which they produce. If we could for once understand the great value of our homes, we should be more anxious to make and keep them what they should be, the places where the greatest happiness of each member of the family is found, and to do this we must realize that they are the foundation stones upon which all society and all government is based, and that the homes of a nation furnish the best proof of its civilization and Christianity.

Dress in Japan.

The style of dress in Japan is even more varied than it is on Washington-street or Broadway on a fine Sunday. A japanese lady, thoroughly arrayed, is really an elaborate work of art. A large amount of attention, and no little expense to begin with are devoted to the arrangement of her hair—the common people regularly employing a hairdresser. If they cannot afford the luxury every day, they make it last for two days by sleeping on a wooden pillow placed under the neck. Next in the most importance in a Japanese toilet is her obi, or girdle, which is usually of ladies' bright colors, and arranged behind with great care so as to form the shape of a hump so popular among our ultra-fashionable belles. The Grecian bend is an old institution in Japan. To see one of her dark-skinned ladies, with her extensive back dress, a hump upon her back, and extremely narrow skirt, high, wooden-heeled pattens, her body thrown forward, and as she minces her steps, you would imagine she was contemplating the fashionable promenade in other lands; but she is only dressing as her people have dressed, and walking as they have walked for centuries. The obi serves a purpose, as the Dutch have not been attributed to it elsewhere. When a woman becomes a widow she makes no change in it unless she wishes to announce her purpose never to marry again, in which case she ties the obi in front. How effectual this is to ward off proposals I do not know; but as it is always and everywhere the privilege of a woman to change her mind, it is said the old occasionally in such a case works its way around to its normal position behind.

Diseases of Artisans.

Gilders are subject to mercurial affections. They suffer from giddiness, asthma, and very frequently from partial paralysis, which often becomes a regular kind of stammering. As might be supposed, they frequently suffer from unpleasant bluers in the mouth, which is a true salivation.

Miners in the metalliferous districts suffer from vertigo, palsy and convulsions, and survive generally but a few months.

Pottery glaziers, who use lead largely, suffer a condition very similar to that described above, with the addition of dropsy, loss of teeth and enlarged spleen. Palsy of the limbs, especially of the arms, is a common effect of poison from lead. Consumption is common among these workers.

Glass blowers are the victims of those affections produced by sudden vicissitudes of temperature—rheumatisms and various inflammations. Their eyes are weak while they are generally thin and delicate.

The stone cutters inhale the sharp particles, which are apt to produce disease of the lungs.

Plasterers suffer from the gases disengaged and from excessive moisture. They suffer very much from labored breathing, have wan, pallid visages and they digest badly.

Fliers are short lived. Whether the metal be brass or iron, the fine, sharp particles make their way into the lungs, where they cause deep disease, sometimes asthma, sometimes consumption.

Workers in wool and cotton breathe a close, unchanged atmosphere, while their lungs are filled with the irritating dust of the material upon which they work.

All in-door occupations, with the present imperfect notions about ventilation, are more or less mischievous. Out-door occupations, as farming, gardening and other similar employments—afford, with an intelligent comprehension of the food question, the opportunity for health and long life. Driving stage or express wagon with frequent leaving for the delivery of packages, traveling through the country on foot as a book agent—these and similar employments are perhaps not inferior to farming and gardening.—*To-Day.*

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Etymology, "that branch of philological science which treats of the history of words and grammatical forms, tracing out their origin, primitive significations, and changes of form and meaning," self-evidently lies at the foundation of all correct English lexicography; and that Dictionary must be the best which is the most accurate and thorough in this department.—Ed.

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For full information about the Bank address the *Actuary* at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

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Any information required may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or Dr. J. Eaton.

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A

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Chartered by Congress, March, 1865.

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NORFOLK, Va., BRANCH

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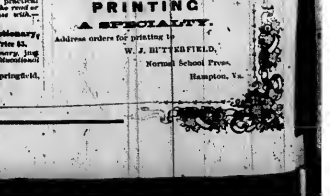
J. W. ALVORD, Cashier. S. C. PERLEY, President.



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The Old Oaken Bucket.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss covered vessel I hail as a treasure.
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found in the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclines to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could help me to relieve it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that loved situation,
The tear of regret will involuntarily swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well

John Adams.

In a recent number of this paper was given a brief biography of Thomas Jefferson, one of the many famous sons of Virginia, and in the present number we desire to give our readers a sketch of one of his contemporaries, John Adams, who, born in 1735, in the State of Massachusetts, was associated closely, throughout his political career, with Jefferson, and at last, by a strange coincidence died on the same day with him, both leaving this world upon the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence. John Adams was the son of a farmer of English extraction, whose poverty did not prevent him from educating his son at Harvard College, an opportunity of which the young man took advantage to study law, beginning the practice of his profession in 1758 and marrying a few years afterward, the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, who proved a helpmeet in the best sense, through the whole of his long and laborious life. He became interested in politics early in his career, being the chief legal adviser of the patriot party and an active and conspicuous leader among them, and was elected one of the five delegates from Massachusetts to the Congress of 1774. During this time he wrote constantly upon many of the exciting questions which arose from the difficulty with the mother country, and in the Congress of 1775, to which he was also elected, he was one of the foremost in advocating measures for the defence of the colonies. He upheld the Declaration of Independence, as drawn up by Mr. Jefferson and himself, took a prominent share in preparing articles of war, treaties, etc., until in 1777 he was appointed commissioner to France, but as the alliance with that country was completed before his arrival, he returned home at once, and after taking a leading part in the formation of the State constitution of Massachusetts, sailed again in 1779 for minister, to treat with Great Britain for peace and commerce. He remained abroad for ten years, negotiating treaties and loans with various foreign powers, and although the government of Great Britain was extremely unfavorable to the newly established nation which he represented, he nevertheless received from Congress, on his return to America, thanks for his "patriotism, perseverance, integrity and diligence." When Washington was made President, Mr. Adams was chosen Vice-president, and at the second presidential election in 1792 was re-elected, and finally succeeded Washington in the Presidential chair. It is impossible here to go into the details of his Presidency, which was a time crowded with exciting events, but the fact that he barely missed a re-election, shows that he had a strong hold upon the hearts of the people, though he himself felt that he had been deceived by many of his friends and especially by Mr. Jefferson. He retired from public life to spend the remainder of his days in comparative seclusion, his habits of economy and thrift having enabled him to accumulate a comfortable property, and his wife and children being always sources of happiness and pride. At the age of eighty-six he was chosen to assist in revising the constitution of Massachusetts, and down to the last day of his life he exhibited remarkable vitality and power. With all his faults, which were those of an unusually active temperament, he was unelmbtedly a man useful in his generation and worthy to be imitated by younger politicians who desire to tread in the path which led him to so high a place in his fellow countrymen's regard.

The Thermometer.

Although the nature of Heat is so mysterious and even yet so imperfectly understood, yet for many years no instrument has been in use which accurately measures the degrees of heat of various bodies, and is of incalculable assistance, not only to scientific men, but also in every-day life. It is well known to the most careless observer that heat expands solids, liquids and gases, that is the presence of heat produces an increase of bulk, while its absence, or the condition which we call cold, produces a corresponding decrease, and examples of these well-known facts familiar to require mention. One simple fact will serve to illustrate the relation between heat and expansion and we choose one which has probably come under the notice of most housekeepers. If, from one cause or another, the glass stopper of a bottle sticks fast, it can be removed by placing the mouth of the bottle in hot water, when the glass will expand and allow the stopper to be easily withdrawn.

Now different bodies expand in different degrees, liquids varying in bulk more than solids, and gases more than liquids, and this enlargement can be used as a measurement of heat, the thermometer or heat-measurer, being the instrument employed for that purpose. A common thermometer is a small glass tube with a fine aperture or hole like that in a pipe stem, running through it, and a hollow bulb at one end. This bulb and part of the tube are filled with the liquid metal mercury, while by suitable means the air is removed from the upper part of the tube and its open end sealed up. The bulb is then dipped in iced water, and a mark is made upon the glass tube at the top of the column of mercury. The degree of temperature of the melting ice in this same as that at which water freezes, and this mark upon the glass tube of the thermometer is therefore called the *freezing point*. The tube is next dipped into boiling water, and the heat passing rapidly from the water, through the glass to the mercury the latter quickly expands and of course rises up in the narrow tube to what is called the *boiling point*, namely: the point at which the mercury ceases to expand when subjected to a degree of heat sufficient to boil water.

This second point being marked upon the tube, the space between the two points is accurately marked off into 180 spaces which are called degrees, and it is evident that an amount of heat which will run the little column of mercury up from the freezing to the boiling point is exactly the same amount that changed the water from the freezing to the boiling point, so we can say that the water has received 180 degrees of heat, and can measure in the same way any of the intermediate degrees, the mercury being constantly affected by any changes in the air, in any liquid in which it may be dipped, or any substance with which it may come in contact.

Although thermometers are not actually marked in this way, yet the above facts illustrate the principle upon which they work, and we should like our readers to fully appreciate the value of this simple instrument to them in their daily lives. This matter of temperature is one of very great importance, for upon it depends not only our comfort but our health, the temperature of the air in our dwellings having a very great influence upon our physical condition. No room should, in winter, be heated above 68 or 70 degress, and our only means of measurement is the thermometer, so that for this purpose alone, these instruments

simples of all beverages, it seems almost incredible that an adult man takes into his system about three-quarters of a ton of it in a year, and certainly in view of the amount consumed and its direct affect upon our bodies, we cannot be too careful that our supply of water is sufficient in quantity and pure and wholesome in quality. The purest of all water is that which falls at the end of a long storm, in the country, at a distance from houses and all contaminating influences; but as such water cannot usually be transported to our dwellings, the next best source of supply is be found in wells, which should be as far as possible from human habitations, barns, outhouses, etc., (so that no drains or sewerage may soak into them) and should be kept scrupulously clean. Cisterns with carefully arranged pipes, so built as to be easily cleaned, are great additions to the comfort of families, and the water from them (when they are kept in good order) may be safely used for drinking as well as other purposes. In cities and towns water is usually brought from reservoirs filled from some distant river or lake, and the public health in such places is largely dependent upon the purity and abundance of the supply, and indeed too much can scarcely be said in respect to the necessity of the free use of pure water if we desire to keep ourselves clean and strong. The pretty picture of the well and its thirsty visitors may furnish not only the sentiment for a poem, but also the text for a very practical and much-needed lecture, and we wish our readers would lay to heart the suggestions so frequently to be found in the columns of the "Southern Workman," as to the proper use and exceeding value of pure water.

Athens.

The city of Athens was the capital of Attica one of the divisions of ancient Greece, and its history, from the days when pagan mythology ascribed its greatness to the intervention of the gods, down to our own time, when it is scarcely more than a mass of ruins, is full of interest and instruction. The Athenians were famous for their bravery and success in war, and their numerous victories gave them a taste for luxury and an ability to gratify it which led to such embellishment of their city as made it in many respects the most magnificent in the world. Their public buildings were, and even in their ruins, still are without parallel, no architect having yet arisen who could vie with the builder of the Parthenon or the Propylea of the Acropolis, which latter building deserves a brief description, both from its beauty and its importance.

The Acropolis, which is a rock rising abruptly from the plain, was the fortress of Athens, and upon its platform stood numerous edifices, one of the principal of which was the Propylea, a magnificent building of marble serving both as an approach and a military defence to the capital. The front or central part which was flanked by two wings consisted of six fluted columns, about twenty-nine feet high, supporting a pediment and approached by four steps. A vestibule formed by six Ionic columns placed in a double row and parallel to one another, stood behind this portico and led to five openings or doors, which again led to a portico facing the platform of the Acropolis, with a front similar to that already described.

The decoration throughout the building were most exquisite and costly, and the sculptures, from this and other edifices, which still remain, are of wonderful beauty and perfection.

Athens was from various causes, a center of art and literature and a world-renowned school of learning, most of the great minds of the then civilized world receiving their training from one or another of the Athenian philosophers, among whom were numbered such names as Euripides, famous Pericles, Aristotle, Xenophon, etc.

At the present day we can hardly form an idea of the grandeur of some of the streets and buildings of ancient Athens, and it is only from the magnificence of the ruins still left that we can judge what its former glory must have been, and how great was its fall, a fall owing in great measure to the ambition and corruption of its people, who became enervated and depraved by luxury and power, and in losing their original simplicity and hardihood lost all that makes a people capable of greatness.

What shall We Read.

The following is an extract from the remarks of Hon. George S. Hillard at the recent opening of the Roxbury branch of the Boston City Library:—

"I am a member of the board of trustees of the public library as chosen by the city council, who in turn are elected by the people, to superintend not only the parent institution, but its affiliating branches in East Boston, South Boston and now,—as I am too old to learn new things, permit me to call this—the Roxbury branch. We feel its labor and responsibility, and are truly anxious to discharge its trusts as servants of the public. They are our masters, but their influence, like the air we breathe, is hardly felt; but it is capable of being roused like a tornado, and is what is called public opinion, to which we should largely bow. In the selection of books we should not disobey this public sentiment. Yet, on the other hand, should we not strive to elevate the general taste? Our country is one that is, above all others, in the hands of the people. To these its affairs are entrusted, and not to privileged classes. Hence, it is of the first importance that every effort should be made to advance the intellectual education of the masses. And from our early history it has been the aim of our wealthy and favored classes to do all they have been able to foster religion, education and culture among the great masses of the community. With a half century of life behind me, I may be permitted to be garrulous, and pardoned if dull. I look back, and feel almost like a wandering Jew. At that time Boston had only forty thousand people, and Roxbury, half-way between city and country, was indeed a 'rural retreat,' a place where I used to resort for huckleberrying and bird's-nesting. I hope the former is yet practiced and the latter abandoned. In comparison with to-day, it was like canoes among steamboats, and superfinity and abundance where once it was hard to slake the thirst for knowledge. Books, how rare and hard to get: but how deeply then we read them. But all of the good things we now have are not unmixed with evil. Though we have infinitely better schools and a vaster number of books, better than all is the mother's knee, the father's fireside prayers, and the little yet powerful unconscious influence that grows up in a well-ordered home.

Good Dr. Arnold in his excellent remarks on schools, says that they should produce three things: Christians, gentlemen, scholars; that is Christian culture, preference of others over self, and cultivated intellect sufficient to elevate all we can influence, is the thing we should seek to accomplish. We are here in a building, the best in New England, for the purpose, and hope to fill it with books for children to read is a question of much moment. Books are divided into three classes, some good, some bad, and a large number neither good nor bad. To read indifferent books is nothing but a pastime; it does really no good. Bad books of course we shall not have on our shelves, as the pernicious influence of even one bad volume is great beyond calculation. But are there not too many books that are merely sensational works of fiction that stimulate but do not invigorate, and like brandy and confectionery in the body, take the place of honest beef and bread? and what could be thought of those parents who should bring up their children on confectionery alone? From my own observation of the present tendency of literature, reading is too much dependent upon sensation; written as many books are by those of culture and ability, they still give false views of life, and do not represent human affairs and our daily existence to be the serious things they are—of trial, struggle, and Christian endurance—but cast a false, rose-colored view over it all. I never go to a theatre without constantly feeling how unreal it all is. We see no such people in our every-day life, and I never read a novel without the same feeling creeping over me. I am certain the tentative minds of the young receive much injury from too much of that kind of reading. It renders them discontented, unmindful of the realities of life and its duties. What we want is the earnest co-operation of fathers and mothers, that together we may make this Institution to elevate in morals, and a genuine culture which indifferent books can never do. The best influence after all, is the family; to be reared in a virtuous household. And happy are those who can look back upon such a great blessing. Then good books embellish and adorn the character, and literature and reading then attain their true and just position."

A NEW and greater Yosemite than that heretofore known to the world has been discovered. It was penetrated, late last fall, by Galen Clark, State guardian of the great valley, and John Muir, an enthusiastic and devoted geologist, botanist, and mountain explorer. It is situated in the Tuolumne river cañon, seventeen miles north of the Yosemite. The main Tuolumne river, which is a much wider stream than the Merced, runs through the great Tuolumne cañon. The Tuolumne cañon or Yosemite, at its widest part, is only a quarter of a mile wide, while the Merced Yosemite valley is from half a mile to a mile and a quarter wide. The falls in the latter surpass those of the Tuolumne cañon in unbroken volumes of falling water; but in endless variety of cascades and water-shoots the Tuolumne cañon is much the grandest. There is one water-leap one thousand feet high in the latter. One of its waterfalls spreads out at first like a great fan of silvery-threaded water; but, after a descent in this shape of about two hundred feet, it is whirled over, closed up, changed in color, and shot down a narrow groove worn in the rocks like an arrow of steam. There is a greater display and variety of water lines, tints, motions and expressions in the Tuolumne cañon than in Yosemite.

THE

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, OCTOBER, 1873.

THE notable event of the past month has been the panic in Wall Street, New York. The financial fabric of the whole country has been shaken. The leading American Banking house —Jay Cooke & Co., has failed. Fisk & Hatch of hardly less note have suspended. Forty of the leading Banks in New York have been ruined. The excitement has been extreme. No one knew whom to trust. Government was appealed to, and President Grant and Secretary Richardson went to New York, but decided they had no right to use public funds for the relief of the banks.

The excitement subsided in two or three days, and at this writing the worst seems to be over.

The cause of all this trouble is said to be railroad speculation. Most of our readers are not familiar with the great business operations by means of which railroads are built. It is enough to state that they have been started faster than the country needed them, and have been so managed that a few men made a great deal of money out of them. There has been a vast deal of dishonesty in these enterprises, and the present crash is the result.

Good and bad men have suffered, but most of the loss falls on those who can bear it.

THE Freedman's Savings Bank at Washington was thought to be in danger but passed triumphantly through the ordeal of a "run." The one at Richmond in charge of Charles Reichers remains unshaken, and received many deposits during the most exciting times. It is in excellent condition, and stands high in the business community.

The People's Bank of Petersburg has suspended. It has no connection with the Freedman's Bank, but has many colored depositors who are sorely tried at the prospect of loss. In a few days its prospects will be brighter. The Freedman's Bank of Norfolk, H. C. Perry, Cashier, is in sound condition; but in common with all the branches of the National Savings and Trust Company requires depositors to give sixty days notice of intention to draw.

We have just received the twenty-first Annual Report of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society. It has a membership of over five hundred, composed chiefly of descendants of missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. Most of them reside in their native country, but a large portion is scattered throughout the world, in the islands of Oceanica, in China and in Spain, as evangelists, in all parts of the United States, and in the Army and Navy.

The society meets monthly in Honolulu, at which time the "Maile Wreath" (a literary journal) is read, varied selections of music are rendered, reports and letters are heard.

At their annual meeting, in connection with the reports, an account is given of each member of their scattered band; the proceedings are published and sent over the world to each "Cousin"—the familiar name being, "Cousins' Society."

Their loyalty to each other and to their island home, is thus kept freshened.

Their work is the support of children of native Hawaiians, who are laboring abroad as evangelists, and the aid of heathen children in Micronesia. For this purpose they raised last year, $1200.

It is a remarkable fact, that not a single descendant of a missionary to these islands has ever gone to the bad.

THE Fall term of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, opened October 1st. The number of applicants for admission has exceeded one hundred and fifty, many of whom have been rejected for want of room.

Hard working young men have sold their crops and horse, and with their small savings traveled to Hampton only to find that there was no place for them to lay their heads, and have sadly gone back to labor and to wait.

The tents have again been pitched and filled with earnest students. Meanwhile, building is going on rapidly. About six hundred thousand bricks have been laid in the walls of Virginia Hall, and it is expected that the roof will be on by January 1st.

Over a million bricks will be used. Mr. Charles D. Cake, foreman, has done himself great credit by the careful, thorough manner in which the work has been done.

About twenty-five thousand dollars have already been expended for material and labor.

The "Hampton Students" have commenced their singing campaign, and are now giving concerts in Massachusetts. On October 6th and 8th, they sing in Tremont Temple, Boston, and on the 8th of November, in Music Hall. They are expected in Hampton on Christmas day. Early in January they intend to give a concert in Norfolk, in Petersburg and in Richmond. They will proceed thence to Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

THE Normal School in Richmond, in charge of Rev. R. M. Manly, opened early in September with a full attendance. Mr. Manly is one of the few Northern men who came to aid the South in building up a free school system, who has made a mark. He has demonstrated the ability of colored youth to acquire a wide range of knowledge, and has founded in our State capital as thorough going a training school as can be found in the country.

DR. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been engaged, of late, in the western part of the State, holding "Teachers' Institutes." He is accompanied by Professor Ladd, late of Providence, Rhode Island, whose removal to Virginia should be hailed most cordially. Professor Ladd has had twenty-five years' experience as a teacher, and, we learn, has been appointed school superintendent of Augusta county.

THE finest achievement of this Commonwealth for many years has been her Free School system. Like other good work, its inspiration is found in one man, whose earnestness and eloquence and energy have given to the children of this State, a gift beyond all value. Dr. Ruffner stands foremost among Southern educators.

Virginia is to-day reconstructed because she has done it herself. Acts of Congress are futile if not fatal to real progress. Real growth is from within outward. The heart and head purposes of the good men of the South, lies the only remedy for the ills and troubles that afflict her.

When her best minds take the lead in the spread of light and of truth and of liberal sentiment, the speculator that vex her will be easily disposed of.

WE call special attention to the article on the Republic of Liberia, on the third page.

We are working, as our readers all know well, for the education and elevation of the colored man in America. The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, is making every effort to meet the pressing need of working teachers, and do the best it can, it cannot supply one quarter of the demand constantly made upon it by Virginia and North Carolina alone. We believe that there is worthy, noble work for educated people of color in this country, and certainly a better chance for their education than in Africa, at present. This is their country; they have just as much right to stay here as white citizens have, and we are glad to know that they can stay and be more and more protected in their rights.

But we should not forget that they have also the right to emigrate if they want to, and that we have no right to oppose merely selfish interest to their going. And they should not forget that, whether they go or stay, it is their duty and privilege to inform themselves thoroughly of what twenty thousand of their brethren are doing to build up in the ancient home of their race, a nation of whom they and the world may well be proud.

WE shall be much obliged to any of the former members of the Normal School, who will send us their address. Graduates are especially requested to do so.

Local Items.

THE Ocean terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is not yet determined, but Newport's News, six miles distant from Hampton, is regarded as the most eligible point owing to the depth of water there and to the good anchorage. All the land in that region has been bought up on speculation and nearly ten hundred thousand dollars' worth of land in this (Elizabeth City) County has been bought up at high prices in the expectation of enhanced value when the railroad shall come.

We regret to learn that the oyster beds in for this year greatly damaged by the spring freshets which destroyed vast quantities of the beds of Lynch River.

Our oystermen have at best a brief time of it with constant exposure in winter, and the steady drag of heavy taxation, but hitherto they have toiled on bravely in spite of storms and taxes. We trust the trade may improve and good prices make up for the small yield of the oyster beds.

A NARROW gauge railroad from Hampton to Old Point has been projected and already about twelve thousand dollars have been subscribed toward it. All the leading citizens of Hampton are contributors. Captain McDevitt is securing additional pledges, and when the sum of twenty thousand dollars has been subscribed, operations will be commenced. This will stimulate trade in this region, improve the value of property and promote the growth of Hampton. The line is, we believe, to run either on the track of the old horse cars used during the war, or along the county road.

Petersburg Notes.

The money order system in Petersburg is appreciated by our poorer citizens. Thousands of dollars in small sums of from five to fifteen dollars are annually sent to and from the city. The principal colored colonies in the North in which our citizens are interested, are in Boston, Massachusetts, in Plainfield and Bergen, New Jersey, and in New York City and Brooklyn. They are composed chiefly of children, whose aged parents reside here, and who send home part of their liberal wages. In some cases parents send funds to their children to bring them home on a visit.

Often Northerners wishing servants, send a month's wages in advance to secure a cook or coachman while many go away of their own accord seeking work.

Sometimes a good domestic revisits her old Petersburg home, but before long a money order comes with a letter, telling her she is wanted. As one letter said "We have had some pretty good servants but none like old Betty."

The tide of emigration flows steadily out and in, and nothing so aids this beneficial movement as the postal money order system.

THE two new public high schools for white and colored are signs of a wonderful progress in the "Cockade City."

Mr. John Warren (colored) has the mason work of the white school in charge and a white mechanic is erecting the building for colored youth. The former will use over a million bricks, the latter about six hundred thousand. The aggregate cost will be about thirty-five thousand dollars.

Senator H. G. Greene, of the City School Board, has planned a four years' course of study for both schools, said to be one of the best and most complete in the country. Nowhere in the United States is there a more wonderful and admirable public sentiment about schools than in Petersburg. The city even now ridden with cannon shot and with the horrid signs of a desperate siege along her borders, has sprung into splendid action in behalf of her people. Her bonds are not for sale in the market since no holder wishes to sell, and her twenty-one policemen (fourteen colored and seven white) have almost nothing to do.

Babbing is very active all over the city.

There is depression at present by reason of several bank failures, but our trade is healthy, and the trouble will pass.

FLOGGING is going out of date in our best schools. The poorer the teacher, the harder and the oftener he uses the whip. Experience shows that in most cases, it is better to send home naughty children.

School should be carried as a privileged place. Mischief makers must stay away. The teacher with the whip in hand means "I'll whip you if I catch you doing wrong." The teacher without the whip says "I believe all my pupils mean to act like ladies and gentlemen. I'll take that for granted." Pupils act according to their treatment. The law of love is the best and strongest law. Love your scholars and they will love you, and try to please you.

Correspondence.

The Shakers.

The Shakers, as they are commonly called, appeared first in England about the year 1770, but are now confined to the United States, where they have about eighteen settlements or societies, and about five thousand members. They were originally an offshoot of the Friends or Quakers, but have little or nothing in common with them. Their religious belief and manner of life are very peculiar. Rejecting the atonement of Christ, they believe that He has already appeared the second time in the form of a woman, Ann Lee, or as they call her, "Mother Ann," who lived in 1770, and brought them, as they believe, a new revelation, proclaiming the doctrines of non-resistance, non-participation in any form of government, and the necessity of a life of celibacy. Believing in a community of goods, and rejecting marriage, they live in households or "families" of from twenty to a hundred members, the men occupying one division and the women the other. They take in children from the "world's people," as they call others, and bring them up to their own faith and practice, their recruits are gained principally in this manner.

Their mode of worship is very peculiar. The two sexes are ranged facing each other. There is usually an intermediate row of the elders upon some doctrinal point, after which they sing a hymn; then they form in circles around a band of male and female singers, and execute a strange sort of dance. Sometimes the excitement becomes very great, and their motions astonishingly rapid.

The chief virtue of the Shakers is industry. Every member who is able to work is employed in some labor for the good of the whole. The societies usually own large gardens, and "Shaker seeds," "Shaker herbs," and dried fruits are generally esteemed and sought after. Their little stores, much patronized by the world's people notwithstanding proverbially high charges, are models of neatness, filled with pretty baskets work, fans, brooms, and other articles, all of their own manufacture.

The growth of the sect is scarcely perceptible, only three new societies having been formed during the last fifty years. It would seem that the adoption of children and the blessing inevitably following the sturdy thrift which is almost its only virtue, are all that keep alive this strange sect in its dreary religion without the sweetness of home, or the consolation of Christ.

We print with pleasure the following interesting account of a visit to the principal communities of this remarkable people:

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS OF NEW LEBANON.

This peculiar people called Shakers should be carefully distinguished from the religious Society of Friends or Quakers, who recognize the Holy Bible as our ultimate rule of faith and doctrine, and therefore believe that "marriage is honorable to all."

We propose to give some account of two societies of the Shakers as we lately found them, without undertaking anything like a history of the Sect. About two weeks ago we had the privilege (in company with two teachers of the Hampton Normal School) of visiting their principal settlements at New Lebanon, New York and Hancock, Massachusetts. Both of these localities are situated within fifteen miles of Stockbridge, where the "Hampton Students" are spending this summer.

In passing, I would say, that these Singers have been well received by the people generally hereabouts, and their concerts very well attended.

We found everything about the Shakers *apparently* prosperous, in consequence of their industrious and frugal habits.

They are also famous for their neatness and cleanliness. In these respects we may learn a good lesson from this otherwise deluded people, because it is the privilege and duty of Christians to "add to their faith" the knowledge and practice of every virtue.

The Shakers are very averse to wasteful extravagance, and require their people to leave but one or two plates after meals; in which respect they seem to be "more than half right." They handed to us a leaflet called "The Table Monitor" with this excellent text, viz: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—*Christ.*"

Then follow eight verses of which these are the first three:

"He who is the pattern
Which Jesus has set;
And a good example
We ought to follow.
We're something to say.

We wish to speak plainly,
And use no deceit;
We think we see fashions
Left unobserved and neat;
To cautions and fashions
We make no pretense;
Yet think we can tell
What belongs to good sense.

What we deem good order
We're willing to state,
Eat hearty and decent
And wipe your plate,
Be thankful to Heaven
For what we receive,
And gather up fragments
Or empty and leave."

Although we cannot commend the poetry of these verses, their sentiments seem to commend themselves to our readers.

We were kindly allowed to visit the schools both at New Lebanon and Hancock; in each of which were fifteen or sixteen small, neatly girls; we were told that the boys generally attended school during the winter season. The scholars are taught by a "Sister" the elements of an English education. We had the opportunity of hearing them read or recite from text books nearly like those used at our Hampton Normal School. The scholars also were allowed to sing for our benefit several of their hymns. Those simple songs were good as far as they went, but seemed lamentably deficient in anything like evangelical faith or earnest religious doctrine. In return, two or three of our party sang a few verses of a Hampton hymn, which seemed to touch their feelings.

An opportunity offered we inquired of their leaders whether we might attend their meeting for worship on the Sabbath day and speak to them if the Holy Spirit should move us to do so. They replied, not to say nay, and rather encouraged us to come early and submit our religious concern to their Elders.

Accordingly, last Sabbath morning a kind friend drove me over from this pleasant place of our sojourn; but owing to some mistake about the hour, the meeting had commenced before we arrived. As we approached the church we were surprised to see a great collection of carriages from the neighborhood, and on entering, to behold several hundred of the "world's people" assembled with about one hundred and fifty Shakers, more than half of whom were women or children. The weather being uncommonly pleasant, every seat in the house was occupied by many standing. Soon, however, the "brothers" kindly brought a bench for us, and placed it providentially, so that we could see and be seen;—the men and women sitting facing each other on the two sides of the house. The center of the large room is vacant for the Shakers to promenade in, according to their peculiar custom of worship.

Frederick W. Evans first addressed the meeting; then another elder read several pages of a good historical account of religious revivals among the Methodists and other Christians of the last century. After one or two other "brothers" had uttered doctrine to me unsound and repulsive, I enjoyed the privilege of proclaiming for fifteen or twenty minutes what Christ our Lord is to us, commencing with the excellent text above quoted from *St. John*, vi: 12. We admitted cheerfully the importance of its direct application to the virtues of the Table Monitor; but urged upon all present the prayerful consideration of the context, reading from the New Testament verses 26 to 30, after paraphrasing the first part of the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. The most important doctrine of this passage of Holy Scripture was declared to be, not that we should gather up fragments of food which might otherwise be wasted, but that we should labor for the "meat which endureth unto everlasting life" the *gift* of God through Jesus Christ our Saviour. When the unbelieving Jews appeared to be influenced by this teaching of our Lord, so that they said unto Him "What shall we do that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God that ye *believe* on Him whom He hath sent." Brothers and sisters, we read in Holy Scripture that the Lord Jesus was "not ashamed to call us brethren" if we are truly children of our Heavenly Father; and surely we need not be ashamed so to call one another. Do we all really *believe* in Christ as Jesus as our Saviour from the guilt and power of sin? Then we read aloud *St. John*, third chapter, 14-19, showing both sides of this solemn truth. Then we read 1st John ii: 1-6, and 22-25, and 1st John iii: 1-3, and 1st John iv: 1-3, and 1st John v: 1-12, all of which I commented, but let the believeth not is condemned already, *because he hath not believed on* the name of the only begotten son of God." Then I read

The Three Sinners.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ROWLAND HILL.

Will you listen, young friends, for a moment,
While a story I unfold:
A marvellous tale of a wonderful sale
Of a feeble lady of old:—
How hand and heart, at an auction mart,
And soul and body she sold!

'Twas in the broad king's highway,
Near a century ago,
That a preacher stood—though of noble blood—
Telling the fallen sinners
Of a Savior's love, and a home above,
And a peace that they all might know.

All crowded around to listen,
And they wept at the words of love,
That could wash their sin and receive them in
His spotless mansions above:—
While slow, through the crowd, a lady proud
Her gilded chariot drove.

"Make room," cried the haughty outrider,
"You are closing the king's highway;
My lady is late, and their Majesties wait;
Give way there, good people, I pray."
The preacher heard, and his soul was stirred,
And he called to the rider, "Nay."

His eye like the lightning flashes;
His voice like the trumpet rings:
"Your grand fete days, and your fashions and ways,
Are all but perishing things
'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of kings."

Then—bending his gaze on the lady,
And marking her soft eye fall—
"And now in His name, a sale I proclaim,
And bids for the fair lady call.
Who will purchase the whole—her body and soul,
Coronet, jewels and all?

"I see already three bidders,—
The world steps up as the first.
'I will give her my pleasures, and all the pleasures
For which my votaries thirst;
She shall dance through the day, more joyous and gay,
With a quiet grave at the worst.'

"But out spake the Devil, boldly:
'The kingdom of earth are mine.
Fair lady, thy sense, with an exiled sense,
On their brightest talents shall shine;
Only give me thy soul, and I give thee the whole,
Their glory and wealth to be thine.'

"And pray what hast Thou to offer,
Thou Man of Sorrows, unknown?
And he gently said, 'My blood I have shed,
To purchase her for mine own.
To conquer the grave, and his sway to save
I trod the wine press, alone.

"'I will give her my cross of suffering,
My cup of sorrow to share;
But with endless love, in my home above,
All shall be righted there:
She shall walk in white, in a robe of light,
And a radiant crown shall wear.'

"Thou hast heard the terms fair lady,
That earth hath offered for thee,
Which will thou choose, and which will thou lose,
This life, or the life to be?
The fable was mine, but the choice is yet thine,
Sweet lady! which of the three?"

Near the stand of the preacher,
The gilded chariot stole;
And each loud was lowed, as over the crowd
The thundering accents roll,
And every word, as the lady heard,
Burned in her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she whispered,
As she rose from her cushioned seat.
Full well they said, as the crowd made way
You could hear her pulses beat;
And each loud was bare, as the lady fair
Knelt at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hand the jewels,
The coronet from her brow;
"Lord Jesus," she said, as she bowed her head
"The highest bidder art Thou;
Thou guest, for my sake, Thy life, and I take
Thy offering with Thee now."

I know the World and her promises,
At best they last weary and dim;
And the Tempter is bold, but his honors are sold
Power over a fatal decay;
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;
Lord, I accept it with joy.

"Give me Thy cup of suffering,
Welcome, earth's sorrow and loss,
Let my portion be, be with souls to Thee,
Perish her glittering show, I know
I gladly lay down her coveted crown,
Saviour, to take Thy cross."

"Amen!" said the holy preacher;
And the people wept aloud;
Years have rolled on—and they all have gone
Around the altar who bowed,
Lady and throng have been swept along
On the wind, like a mingling cloud.

But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,
And around His radiant seat,
A mightier throng, in no countless song,
The wondrous story repeat:
And a form more fair is bending there,
Laying her crown at His feet.

So now, in eternal glory,
She rests from her cross and care;
But her spirit above, with a longing love,
Seems calling on you to share
Her endless reward, in the joy of her Lord,
Oh! will you not answer her—there?

—Friends' Review.

The Riverside Press

Our picture this month gives a very good view of a workroom in one of the chief of the great printing houses in this country: The Riverside Press is famous for the fine quality and good taste of its work in all its many departments. It stands about two and a half miles from Boston on the shore of the pretty winding Charles river which flows on at its own sweet wandering will by the quiet shades of Harvard and the noisy city streets to the sea.

In 1852 all that was to be seen of the great pile of buildings now standing was a steep roofed house which now looks like a small addition to the main establishment.

In 1867 the present great edifice was erected in which are all the many busy workrooms necessary for the complete manufacture of a book.

First in order is the "composing room." In this room, ninety feet long, stand rows of type setters at their cases. All day long is heard the rapid click, click, click of the metal letters dropping into place in the "composing stick," while the "proof readers" sit in little offices adjoining and carefully look over the first printed impressions of the sheets, to mark accidental errors and send them back for correction, letters misplaced, or left out and so on. Four or five proofs are often taken, and yet with all their care, there never was more than one book in the world and certainly no newspaper published without a single typographical error. I shouldn't wonder at all if you could find one in this very article by looking, though I know that the expert compositor will do his very best to prove me mistaken. Such is the imperfection of all human work.

The book is then set up in type, but the type is needed for use again, and the book may have to go through many editions. The metal pages must therefore be stereotyped or electrotyped. The former is a solid lead copy of the page taken from a plaster cast first made of it. An electrotype is made by a serious process of electricity which I cannot here describe. A wax mould of the type page is thus covered with a thin sheet of copper which is afterward filled with solid metal. The metal pages thus made can be printed from for years.

Next comes the press room where thirty great steam presses—How, Adams and Campbell—are running off every day printed matter equal to four thousand octavo volumes of five hundred pages each.

Than the various processes of bookbinding must be gone through. The sheets are folded and sewed together by girls, pressed into half their original bulk.

One of the most curious sights is the marbling of the edges of the books. The workman stands by a trough, filled with a mixture of gumtragacanth; over this he sprinkles various colors from brushes dipped in water colors. Then with large combs he combs the floating patches of color into the various streak and waves we see on marbled paper. Into this he dips the edges of the books just enough to take up the pattern from the surface.

Then the covers, of cloth or leather, designed and made by the most skillful workmen, are put on, the bound volumes are shelved in the book room below, and there packed for shipment. A library of first rate books Americanized and English, could be chosen from their shelves.

The "Southern Workman" and its readers are specially indebted to the "Riverside" for many generously given and beautiful electrotype illustrations which have adorned its pages.

The Republic of Liberia.

Just two hundred years after the *Mayflower* had brought the Pilgrim Fathers of America to Plymouth Rock, another pilgrim band with hearts as brave, and love of liberty as strong, sailed away from these shores to seek in distant Africa a land of freedom.

In due time, we are told, the good ship *Elizabeth* landed her eighty-eight emigrants, colored persons, from the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland and New York, on the equatorial coast.

These were the Pilgrim Fathers of Liberia. The story of their adventures reads like the pages of our own early history, and is as thrilling as any romance. We hear of hardships and perils, boldly met, wastings by disease and death, fierce encounters with savage foes—albeit their brethren—incited to ignorant malice by the slave traders who saw their traffic doomed; of sturdy struggles with the wilderness, and unconquerable trust in God.

The means for the enterprise were supplied by the American Colonization Society, just then organized, as its constitution explains, "for the purpose of colonizing with their own consent, in Africa, people of color residing in the United States," and by the United States Government which, under the administration of President Monroe, had just divested the return of Africans rescued from the ships of slave traders, to their own country. The Society had sent out two devoted missionaries beforehand to explore the land, one of whom, Samuel J. Mills, one of the founders of American missions, laid down his life on his return voyage.

In January 1822, after several unsuccessful attempts to find a safe and healthful point for their settlement, the colonists reinforced by a second band in the March previous, landed and occupied a little island near the mouth of the Mesurado (now Montserado) River. It still bears the significant name of Providence Island. The natives, excited by the misrepresentations of slave dealers attacked them here and cut off their communication with the mainland from which they got all their fresh water. But He who brought streams from the rock of the desert for the thirsty Israelites sent a friendly chief who brought them water stealthily by night for several weeks. At this critical time their public warehouse with nearly all their stores of provision and merchandize burned down, and utter ruin seemed at last upon them. Again God stretched forth his arm to save them. A Spanish slave schooner in charge of an English prize crew which had captured it, was unaccountably stranded in the harbor, but a short distance from the island, and the English commander readily supplied the colonists from the ship stores with enough for their pressing needs.

At last the natives seemed to be reconciled, and the pilgrims were able, on the 25th of April, 1822, to land on Cape Mesurado (now Montserado) and commence their settlement, called Monrovia after President Monroe, on land that had been already purchased for them. The native agent, threatened them, however, and at last the agents of the Society and Government who had accompanied them, thoroughly discouraged, proposed to return to America

"No," answered sturdily the heroic leader of the little band, Elijah Johnson; "I have been two years searching for a home in Africa, and I have found it. I shall stay here."

And stay they did, in charge of their brave leader, until in August their hearts were cheered by the arrival of another small company with the intrepid and self-sacrificing Jehudi Ashman, who entered immediately on his duties as agent of the Society, increasing the defences of the settlement, and making every possible effort to reconcile the natives. The slave traders, however, would not let go their hopes of gain so easily, and assembling the native chiefs told them so many falsehoods about the colonists that King George, of the Dey tribe resolved to sack the little settlement. Warned in time by a friendly native who risked his life to bring them the news, the pioneers made ready for the defense of their homes, and twice withstood the terrible onset. On the 2d of December, the thirty-five colonists who could bear arms, nerved to superhuman courage and strength, put to flight fifteen hundred savage foes.

A day of thanksgiving to God was proclaimed and strictly observed. Soon after, the most powerful of all the native chiefs, King Boatswain, interfeged for their protection, and compelled King George to give up his persecutions. Thus, with a treaty of thanksgiving, Liberia was founded, and from this time began to advance: Emigration increased, intercourse and trade with the nations were established, The slave traders' forebodings were realized by the suppression of the slave trade, new settlements were formed, and the progress of the colony was established.

Twenty-five years passed, during which the colony had greatly increased in extent, prosperity and in influence, and had assumed most of the details of its own government, though still under the fatherly watch and ward of the Society. Then, political difficulties arising with Great Britain which only sovereign State power could meet—regarding the habit of certain trading vessels of landing goods in Liberia without paying the duties,—the society in America, faithful to the best interest of the colony, gave up all its temporary guardianship, and advised the young nation to assume the responsibility of self government, and declare itself a free and independent State. After deliberation, this great step was taken, a Declaration of Independence was put forth whose noble sentiments command the respect of all nations, and a Constitution framed upon the model of the free institutions which the fathers of the Revolution gave to America, only limiting its citizenship to people of color for obvious reasons of self protection, and to secure the purposes of the experiment to demonstrate the capability of the race for self government. The new nation thus stood forth to the world as the Republic of Liberia.

It is now a little more than fifty years since the pilgrim fathers of Liberia landed on Cape Montserado, and turning our eyes to the young Republic, what do we see?

Seventy-eight years after the settlement of Connecticut, the population amounted to only 17,000. A hundred and twenty years after Maine was colonized, her population was 10,000.

In Liberia, after fifty years, we see a Republic modeled after our own, and recognized by all the great Powers, with a population of 20,000 nominally Christian, and 400,000 natives who are being peacefully civilized and Christianized. The whole number colonized has been 14,975, exclusive of 5,722 Africans rescued from slave ships. The number of emigrants since the war has been 2,987, and 5,000 are at present applying to go from the United States. The Republic has 600 miles sea coast—equal to that of New England—an area three times as large as Massachusetts, which can easily be indefinitely and peacefully extended into the interior, a productive soil, capable of supporting 15,000,000 people, and a climate suited to the colored race. It has a congress, courts, some fifty churches with 15,000 communicants, missions largely supported by the people, schools increasing in number though not yet what they need to be, a college, a free press, an extending commerce whose exports for 1872 amounted to $139,000, and imports, to $118,000. It did more in its infancy to extinguish the slave trade on the Western coast of Africa than the diplomacy and force of two great continents had been able to do, and that work is now completed. Its people are prosperous, and contented in their various pursuits and professions.

Sixty-four years after the founding of Virginia, its governor was not ashamed to write: "I thank God, we have neither free school nor printing press, and I hope shall not for a hundred years to come; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

The constitution of Liberia specially declares that "the liberty of the press is essential to the security of freedom in a State," and in his annual message of 1872, President Roberts, first and latest President of the Republic, regretting the still inadequate means of supplying the increasing demands for educational facilities, returns thanks to the donor of a foundation from which the Government will receive $300 a year for the use of common schools.

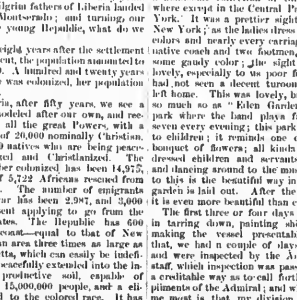
All these striking contrasts and wonderful facts that meet our eyes when we look at Liberia not only prove the advantage of standing on the principle of former generations, and receiving the grander impulses of the nineteenth century. They also prove that here is a race which has been equal to these advantages as soon as it has received them, and has improved them to the utmost of human ability.

An Elephant Ride in China.

U. S. Flag Ship Lackawanna,
Bay of Bengal, *Jan. 10, 1873.*

My Dear M.,—I wrote you a line the day we left Calcutta, and promised to write you a description of our visit by the next mail. This is by no means an easy matter to do, as from the moment we dropped anchor, until we left, we were so busy that I hardly knew what I did and what I *didn't*.

I sent off a letter when we first got in, I finished it on the trip up the river just in time to get on deck and look at the Palace of the King of Oude, on the right bank of the river, going up, and about ten miles from Calcutta. This King was the most powerful Prince in India, and was the chief mover in the great revolt. After that was suppressed, he was taken prisoner and his territory confiscated. He was pensioned off by the English government with the nice little sum of £20,000 per month, allowed to keep his palace and 15000 retainers without arms, and kept a prisoner inside his own palaces and grounds where he lives with every whim his vanity suggests gratified. He has the finest menagerie in the world, and his palace and grounds are said to be a perfect wonder. Had we remained in Calcutta another week or two I have visited his palace. It was undergoing repairs, and not visible until after we left.



On the opposite side of the river are the Botanical gardens, said to be the finest in the world; we intended to visit there when we visited the palace. When we arrived at Calcutta we anchored within one hundred yards of the esplanade at five o'clock and when all the swells were out driving. I have not seen such a handsome collection of turnouts anywhere except in the Central Park in New York. It was a prettier sight even than New York; as the ladies dress in brighter colors and nearly every carriage had two native coach and two footmen, dressed in the native costume; the sight was most lovely, especially to us poor fellows who had not seen a decent turnout since we left home. This was lovely, but not half so much so as "Klem Garden" a little park where the band played so as to seven every evening; this park is devoted to children; it reminds one of a living bouquet of flowers; all kinds of finely dressed children and nurses jumping and dancing around to the music; to add to this is the beautiful way in which the garden is laid out. After the gas is lit it is even more beautiful than ever.

The first three or four days were spent in tarring down, painting ship, and in making the vessel presentable. After that, we had a couple of days' exercise, and were inspected by the Admiral and staff, which inspection was passed in such a creditable way as to call forth the compliments of the Admiral; and what pleases me most is that my division beats the others in everything; it had been hovering over us for more than a month, and we felt very much relieved when it was over. During all this time we had been dining out, going to parties, dancing, attending the races, in fact, making ourselves as prominent as possible in the society of Calcutta.

As soon as the inspection was over, the Captain, several of the officers and myself, accepted the invitation of a Hindoo gentleman to visit his palace in the country. We started at 5 A. M., took breakfast, and started on a train that left at 6.30, rode about sixty miles up there; at the railroad station we got an excellent breakfast, having got very hungry by this time. There we took carriages and drove to the grounds of a native prince, where we were to have been received, but the prince was very unexpectedly called away and we merely had a view of the palace and grounds. It was the prince Burdwan. We went first to see his menagerie, where we saw all sorts of animals of the very finest kind, not cooped up in small cages as we see them at home, but in large airy pens. They were all fat and sleek and gave one some idea of the wild animal. The large Bengal tigers and the leopards were much handsomer than I ever imagined they could be. Then there were alligators moving in large tanks and lying on the banks near it, and a deer park containing at least a hundred fine specimens of the native deer. Then there were all sorts of birds, from the ennary to a pair of ostriches, the larger one being over twelve feet in height; the smaller, or female bird was of a brown color, but the larger bird partly a deep glossy black and the rest a clean snowy white; when he would step off he would work his wings in such a way that would convince you that he was the most magnificent of all birds, if one of them in the American eagle. From there we went to the palace; I think it must compare well with the palaces of European princes, fine marble floors, elegant frescoing, numerous marble statues, costly oil paintings, etc. After going through the different rooms, halls, etc., until we got tired, we adjourned to the railroad station to get luncheon, which may as well be called dinner as a more hungry set of men you never saw. We astonished the native waiters at the amount we ate. After this it was announced that the elephants had arrived, the prince having placed two of his private ones at our disposal. There were eight of us with two elephants, four on each; the saddle on one was arranged like the body of an ordinary business wagon, with a box and two seats, with room for two on each seat; on the other there were no seats, the back of the animal being made as flat as possible by means of pads; these elephants were perfectly immense. Old Hannibal, Van Amburgh's big one, was small in comparison to either of these; from the ground to the lap of the fore-shoulders of the largest was eleven feet, six inches; I am sure I thought it was thirteen feet, before we measured it. I was in the smaller one, very little smaller either. But first I must tell you about our mounting; they were afraid to bring these too near the depot, so we took our carriages to go to the elephants. We were riding along very quietly when all at once we heard a most terrific roar; most of us jumped clear off the carriages, the rest were all ready just ahead of us in the middle of the road; I shall this immense mountain of flesh, slapping his trunk around, and kicking up a dust with his feet that was not at all pleasant to look at, when we knew we had to ride on their backs for sixteen miles. We divided the party, and as the Captain was to go on this one, on account of his seniority, he allowed him to mount first. Each elephant had two drivers, one following behind with a spur, and one astride his neck with a hook made of iron, with the point and hook sharp; the whole thing must weigh four or five pounds; the make the animal do what he will. We could mount, this hook was driven into their heads in a way that was truly cruel, at least we thought so now, although before we had finished with them we would have been glad if it could have been driven in farther; after using this hook until the blood fairly ran in streams from his head, he was induced to get on his knees, a ladder was quickly placed against his side, and the Captain started up as fast as he could; just as he got hold of the ear with his hands, before he could get his feet in, up jumped the elephant and struck off in the field with the Captain, an old, grey haired man, dangling at his side. The Captain held on nobly, and after the mate had amused himself for about five minutes, by another application of the hook he consented to lie down again, when by quick working the others barely got into the seat before he was off again. Then if you could have seen the scientific skirmishing close by your humble servant and the other members of the party, in getting near enough to toss up a cape to one, a coat to another, etc., so far one elephant loaded; the other one not in sight. Now this elephant (not the loaded one) in order that we might at once become accustomed with his agility and sportiveness, started off into a tea-acre lot, with his load of human freight. It is useless for me to say they were frightened,—on a run with his trunk out straight in one way, and his tail in another, roaring and bellowing in a fearful manner; after making a circuit of this lot several times, off he started down the road; we jumped into our carriage and started after him. I must confess sincerely hoping that No. 2 would not turn up, but no such good news. Just beyond us was a corner with a large tree; by the time we had reached this, we were close behind No 1, he having stopped to eat up several trees and drink up one or two lakes, we had to pass. This for the moment had quieted No. 1, and we forgot his actions, when all at once he darted behind this tree, and there was fun; such a conglomeration of horrid noises I never before heard, and I sincerely hope may never again. It seems that No. 2 with her young one was here waiting for us to come up. The cause of the rumpus was that No. 1 had but a short time before lost its young one and they were both fighting about the baby of No. 2. We cleared that carriage instantly. I would have gladly climbed the tree if I could, although I knew if either of these beasts wanted me all they had to do was to reach up their trunks and take me. The tops of the highest trees were nothing to them. After a copious application of the hook and spear, they were separated by a short distance. They were made to kneel, and we were told to jump quickly if we did not wish to be stepped on, as the other one was liable to change at any moment. As I had no immediate desire to be stepped on, I made a rush, not waiting for ladder or anything else; we had no ear to get into, but simply to get on the back and hold on as best we could as there was some one on either side of him getting up as best they could. I had only his head and tail left. I took the latter as the most harmless part. I ran and jumped as far as I could, caught hold of his tail with one hand and a rope that was hanging over it with the other; the agility I displayed on this occasion was truly wonderful. I did not get entirely on the saddle the first time, but as soon as I could get a good hold with my hands, remained as I was, spread eagle over his hind quarters, hanging on for dear life, and waiting further developments. I don't know where the other fellows kept their hearts; mine nearly choked me, but perhaps I was more tired than the rest. Everyone went on the principle, as there was no credit to be gained, there was no use in being brave. After closing my eyes and waiting quietly for death or something worse to happen for some time, I found our brute on his feet quietly going back to the baby; we all climbed up to our seats and fixed ourselves as comfortably as possible for the ride; it was then 4 P. M.; we expected to arrive at the house of a friend about 8 that evening, but what a mistake; we had boarded our craft, but the fun had only commenced. After the baby had partaken of a barrel or so of its mother's milk, we started off, the two old ones vieing with one another as to who could make the most noise, or itself more disagreeable. We tried to let No. 1 go ahead and keep several hundred yards to the rear with No. 2 for just as sure as he came to a corner he would stop to cut up a few capers, and before we would know it, we would be together again amidst such a row as I have fruitlessly attempted to describe. It is a well known fact that when an elephant roars and bellows, he is not necessarily dangerous, but when he trumpets it means mischief. As it commenced to get dark, they commenced to trumpet, and if anything became more unmanageable than ever. At times, it was almost necessary for us to take off our caps, as our hair stood so straight that we could not keep them on. About nine in the evening, after being subject to all manner of frights, danger of being brushed off by the limbs of trees, thrown off by his incessant shying and jumping to say nothing of his unearthly noises, we found to our disgust, that the mating instead of remaining flat, had commenced to take the shape of his back, *i. e.*, high in the saddle, and slanting downward each way like the roof of a house; I held on by my hands for some time, letting my feet hang overboard until finally my body gave way, off I went, landing on my feet of course, and in admirable space of time I was on the bank behind a tree. As we were then only two miles from the house of our friend's uncle, I concluded to walk there, and as the seat was very uncomfortable they all got off. I walked on ahead to talk with the Captain, and partly from all accounts, their elephant must have behaved even worse than ours. It was very amusing to them to see at what a safe distance I kept, and, to see how quickly I would find a tree in case their elephant stopped or went from one side to the other; it had ceased being fun for me a long time before that, and must have gone off the road fifty times, and since I have learned that it was much more dangerous than to have the elephant, as the whole place is filled with cobras, a most deadly snake, far more dangerous than the rattlesnake. At the uncle's, both elephants were stopped, we all dismounted and rested fifteen minutes while our saddle was fixed when we started again, this time accompanied by a large number of native servants carrying torches, refreshments, and everything else imaginable. The remainder of the journey was very much the same, only a little worse; we arrived at our destination at 4 A. M., having been twelve hours on the road. During the whole of the ride, those on our elephant had a constant source of amusement in the baby; a more mischievous and comical creature never existed; his great delight was in frightening people. The native huts are very neatly built, of a light frame, thatched with mud and straw, and all open on the side next to the road; we passed quite a number of them, the people were at dinner. The baby would wait until we had passed and attracted their attention, then as unnoticed as he could, would walk down and the first thing the people would know, his head would appear in their midst, and such a scattering near women and children, trying to find the quickest way of getting out was disturbing their visitor; the baby would then stick his nose in all the different dishes; whether he found anything to suit him or not, he had a playful little habit of taking the table by one leg and walking out; almost invariably he would carry the leg longer than he did the rest of the table; then again, he took particular delight in teasing one of the keepers, and would sneak up behind, take hold of his clothes, and give him a good shaking, and before the keeper could get at him, would scamper off out of the way. Whenever the elephants would stop their noise, the jackals would surround us with a noise only equalled by the elephants; one would think that all the children in New York poor house were being spanked at the same time.

W. Field.

John Jenkin's Sermon.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of giving,"
If your life ain't nothing to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin'?"
And that's what I said to wife, says I,
There's Brown, the miserable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, by Jo,
But I couldn't quite domineer,
When I heard him givin it right and left,
But who was he hit by his sermon,
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
About what I asked of long-winded prayin
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"Thrivin' business kinder cheerin,
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord Amens at my preachin,
And spends his time the following week
In cheatin' and over-reachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Nor once after that, to holler
"Hurrah," says I, for the minister"—
Of course I said it quiet—
"Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshing diet."

The minister his 'em every time
And where he speaks of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's ruin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you.
And, guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode o' sinnin'
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set here a grinnin'.

Just then the minister says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends,
As sure's you're born, fellers,
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of hankin' your brothers'"
"Is here," he says, "and says the rest
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin
And lots of lookin' at our pew,
It sot my blood a boilin',
Says I to myself," Our minister
Is gettin a little bitter;
I'll tell him when sermon's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter."

"Hold On, Sam."

In the life of Samuel Hick, one of John Wesley's preachers, is an incident which may sometimes be of use to those who seek opportunities for the cause of Christian benevolence. Hick was a blacksmith by trade; but he was constrained by the love of Christ to preach the Gospel, and he continued in the work forty-two years, until his death.

He was a most active propagator of the doctrines of Wesley, and a man of uncompromising faith. So bold and mighty was his spirit of prayer, that he often did almost incredible things and received almost incredible answers. He once, in company with his brother, visited the place of his birth, to collect money for a chapel. He proposed to call on a man who was well known to be very wealthy, but penurious. The brother thought it would be of no use. But Hick went and begged for a contribution, and received in return an absolute refusal. At once he was upon his knees, praying for the stingy sinner. "Hold on, Sam," exclaimed he; "I will give you a half crown." But Sam continued praying to the Lord that that was far too little for such a rich man. Suddenly he exclaimed again, "Hold on; I will give you two crowns." Sam now arose from his knees, and bore away the answer to his prayer.

A desperate case demands a desperate remedy. When men beg of Christ, sometimes the bold stroke is the wisest stroke. Conscience is arrayed against avarice; and when conscience and Christ both plead against an avaricious spirit, the avaricious spirit has the worst of it.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

The Right Way of Correcting Mistakes.

A story is told of a prominent man who lived in Detroit forty years ago, and who at that time owned more steamboat stock than any other man in the Western country, besides other wealth to a large amount. He had just completed a splendid new warehouse at Buffalo, and wanting a suitable clerk to take charge of it, he advertised for one in the papers. The next morning, early, a candidate for the position presented himself, a rather young man in appearance, when the following conversation occurred:—

"Young man, when you make a mistake in any of your books, how do you correct it?"

The young man explained, in a very profuse manner how he should proceed to make it all right.

"A good way no doubt to do it," replied the old gentleman, "but I shan't want you."

Very soon another aspirant put in an appearance. A similar question was asked him, and in a long and eloquent manner he pointed out the remedy in all such cases. All the reply was, "Young man, I shan't want you."

Some three or four others dropped in during the day, and to each one the same question was put, and they all had some smart way of rectifying mistakes in their books. The old gentleman was entirely ignorant himself of the art of book-keeping, but he had wisdom in all things, which is more than a match for learning. Just at the close of the day, a plainly-dressed man, with a bright eye and a brisk step, called for the situation.

"Take a seat, sir," said the old gentleman, "I want to ask you just one question. When you make a false entry on your books, how do you go to work to correct it?"

Turning upon the questioner a cold, sharp look, the young man replied "*I don't make that kind of mistakes, sir.*"

"Ah! my dear sir, you are just the man I have been looking for all day," and in a few moments the man who corrected his blunders by not making them, was installed in the office.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

The Duties of a Mother.

By the quiet fireside of a home, the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seed of plants that sometimes give to Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit shall be *not a* rosary of angelic deeds, the noblest offering she can make, through the ever ascending and expanding souls of her children, to her Maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Philosophers tell us, in their speculations, that we cannot lift a finger without moving the distant spheres. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the Christian mother than the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement of home, may leave an indelible impression on young souls around her, and form, as it were, an underlying strain of that education which peoples Heaven.

Extraordinary Result of Kindness.

A servant of the Rev. Rowland Hill suddenly died, and his master preached his funeral sermon to a numerous audience, in the course of which he mentioned the following anecdote: "Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness that I speak the truth, when I assert that for a number of years past he has proved himself a perfectly sober honest, industrious and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal: and yet this very man, this virtuous and pious man, was once a robber on the highway. More than thirty years ago he stopped me on the highroad, and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him. I asked what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous a course of life. "I have been a coachman, sir," said he, "but am now out of a place, and not being able to get a character, cannot get employment and am therefore obliged to resort to this means of gaining a subsistence." I desired him to call upon me; he promised he would and kept his word. I talked further with him, and offered to take him into my service. He consented; and ever since that period he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but he has faithfully served God. And instead of having finished his life in a public, ignominious manner with a disgraceful halter, as he probably would soon have done, he has died in peace, rejoicing in hope, and prepared, we trust, for the society of just men made perfect."

Decline of Technical Skill.

Invention has been one of the banes of America. In nine cases out of ten it arises from the desire of a short cut to fortune, and has filled our workshops with restless spirits, and the Patent-Office with wild plans, all to the great detriment of practical industry. While our artisans have been inventing schemes for rapid riches, technical skill in America has notably declined. In nearly every branch of industry the best workmen come from abroad, and the things we so often brag of as the results of American genius, are the products of foreign-trained skill simply paid for by American capital. That our inventors have done great things, that the prevalent restlessness has produced, amid a multitude of idle schemes, a few notably good devices, no one can justly deny. But it is nevertheless true that aspiration for patent rights, so commonly indulged in, diverts the ambition from technical excellence into hopeless and commonly idle experiment. And our American artisans, moreover, are educated in so many different things, that they turn from one avocation to another with facility fatal to any highly-developed skill in any. We need in this country a much higher technical training; we need better designers, better workmen, a better taste, a greater honesty and faithfulness in labor.—*Appletons' Journal.*

A Text for Boys.

A man of very pleasing address, but very dishonest in his practices, once said to an honorable merchant, "whose word is as good as his bond," "I would give fifty thousand dollars for your good name."

"Why so?" asked the other, in some surprise.

"Because I could make a hundred thousand dollars out of it."

The honorable character which was at the bottom of the good name he cared nothing for: it was only the reputation, which he could turn to account in a money point of view, which he coveted.

But a good name cannot be bought with silver; it, of all other possessions, must be fairly earned. When it is possessed, it is better business capital than a great sum of money. It is a capital any boy or girl may secure. Honesty must be its foundation, even in the smallest particulars. When an employer says, "That is a boy I can trust," he will always find himself in demand, provided he joins with it industry. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

It seems hard at the time, may be,—this ceaseless round of work, while other boys are longing about store steps, or playing on the green. But the reward will come if you are faithful. While tongues are dragging out a miserable lifetime in privation and poverty, the hard-working boy lives at his ease, respected and honored.

Remember this, if you desire to make your way in the world. There is nothing that can secure you success like a name for honesty and industry; and you will never acquire either if you are a lounger about the streets and a shirk at your business. Everybody suspects a lad who is often seen about saloon doors or tavern steps. It undermines a boy's character for honesty very rapidly to mix with society he finds there; and such habits tend to anything but industrious ways.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Print that text on your heart, and carry it with you in all your walks and ways. It is worth far more than silver and gold to you.—*Presbyterian.*

Constitution of Farmers' Club.

I herewith append a part of the Constitution of the Montgomery County (Kansas) Central Farmers' Club. We believe it embraces a plan of organization, which, if adopted by the farmers of the country generally, cannot fail to result in great benefit to agriculturists everywhere:

II. This Club shall consist of one member from each Farmers' Club in the county, and one representative from or for each school district, who shall be a member of some Farmers' Club in his township, and who shall receive his appointment from the President of the nearest Farmers' Club, or be elected by members of clubs in his district, where there are three or more residents.

VI. It shall be the duty of the Recorder of statistics to transcribe with accuracy into a book or books, the quarterly statement made by representatives from the different school districts, taking care that the statement from each township be recorded separately. It shall also be his duty to prepare for publication, as the Club may direct, statements of the condition of the agricultural interests of the county as shown by the statements of the district representatives.

VII. It shall be the duty of the representative from each school district to make a quarterly statement in duplicate of the condition of the agricultural interests of his district; one copy to be put into the hands of the Recorder of Statistics at least one week before each quarterly meeting; the other to be read before this Club and to be retained by the representative and turned over to his successor. These statements shall not date more than ten days prior to the quarterly meeting for which they are prepared.

These statements shall contain in regard to each school district:

I. A general description of the different kinds and quality of soil, water, timber and stone; the amount of land under cultivation; the amount in rods of hedge or stone fences, and their conditions; the number and kinds of fruit and forest trees planted and their condition; the amount in acres of products planted, in growth, harvested or standing, their condition or quality, and where practicable the actual or estimated yield; the amount of such products which will be offered for sale, or an estimate of the deficiency, if any.

II. Giving the numbers of different kinds of domestic animals, their condition, increase or decrease, and from what causes; the number each of animals being fed or grazed for pork, beef, or mutton, with an estimate of their gross weight when fattened, the amount for sale, or amount of deficiency, if any; also, the number of animals kept for breeding purposes, specifying sexes and breeds and whether pure bred, thorough bred, crosses, grades or common stock;

III. Giving the population of each district, number of persons of either sex over fifteen years of age, increase or decrease of population, and from what causes, and the number over the age specified actually engaged in the labor incident to agricultural pursuits.

A State organization was recently formed something after the plan of our county—being composed of two delegates from each representative district. We think we shall succeed. We find our principal opposition among farmers who had never seen other plan of organization in which their brothers failed to see any merit; but we hope to get them all in.—*New York Tribune.*

Treatment of Old Horses.

Perhaps the most inhuman treatment that an old animal receives falls to the lot of the horse. It has to travel on the road with the young and vigorous, draw one-half of the plough in the field all day beside the more than equal mate, and is allowed the same time to eat and rest. If there is a defective collar or bad-fitting harness, it belongs to "Old Dick" and when by constant use he is reduced to almost worthlessness, he is sold, perhaps, into the hands of some barbarian, because he is almost worthless; and after dragging around a short time, dies an "old scrub" at the age of twelve years. A horse should not be old until he is twenty; and we have known many very vigorous several years in advance of that; and the secret of their longevity was not in the peculiar vitality of the horse, but a genuine humanity in the owner.

It does not injure a horse to labor, any more than it does a man; and it is only by over-exertion, exposure and ill treatment, that it is jaded at the time when it should be in its prime. When men learn to exercise humanity toward animals for the right of it, which should be a sufficient incentive, they will find a second compensation in the way of absolute money profit.—*Exchange.*

High Farming.

A noted farmer in New England, who is also a prominent agricultural writer, in summing up the impression brought home from a recent trip to Europe, says, "I am thoroughly confirmed in my old faith that the only good farmer of our future is to be the 'high farmer.' There is a widely prevailing untipathy among the common farmers of our State against not only the practice of high farming, but against the use of the phrase by agricultural writers. This is all wrong, and should at once be corrected. Through some misconception of the meaning of the phrase and also of its application, they have come to believe it synonymous with theoretical 'book-farming,' 'new-fangled notions,' boastful strides of progress, followed by disappointments and final failure. This is all an error. High farming simply means thorough cultivation, liberal manuring, bountiful crops, good stock, good feed and paying profits therefrom."

BETTER FROM FRANCE.—If our dairymen need a spur, an eye-opener, a lesson which speaks volumes in three words, here is one at the head of this article. Butter is actually brought from France and sold by the New-York dealers. And this is thus because there is an actual scarcity in the market of really good butter put up in attractive shape for small consumers. When we know that one dairyman gets $1.15 a pound for his product, another $1, and another 75 cents, the year round, at his dairy door, it is easily seen that it will pay to bring butter across the ocean from France, if it is only good and shapely enough to suit the tastidious purchasers who will have something nice whatever it may cost. All this butter is made from choice cows, choicely fed on clean, sweet food; the milking is done in the cleanest manner; the milk is handled as carefully as though it were nectar; the cream is churned with the utmost care by clock and thermometer, the butter is worked with skill, and is made up into shapely cakes which do not require to be cut when brought to the table. Compare, then, this cake—hard, golden yellow, sweet, fragrant, and tempting to all the senses—with an unsightly chunk which is cut out of a greasy keg, and smells of old age and mouldity, and is made from the cream from cows filthily fudged and carelessly milked, and is churned anyhow, and the difference is amply accounted for.

Stone-colored Wash.

I painted a board fence and a rough outbuilding two years ago, and it is nearly as good to-day as it was when finished, and it costs comparatively nothing. The fence is a common, rough board fence, with a capboard nailed on the top; and I have leaned on the fence a hundred times, and it will not soil a black coat, or any garment, by so doing, but appears slaty, with no disposition to crumble.

Take two pounds of flax seed and boil it in a common wash boiler for an hour or more, in four pails of water; after thoroughly boilling, strain it into an old tight barrel; put in one peck, in bulk, of common land plaster, one peck of nicely sifted wood ashes, one quart of wheat flour, and one quart of salt. Put in your barrel a good stick as large as a handspike, and stir it until it is as thick as cream; let it stand in the sun for a week, and every time you go by the barrel, stir it thoroughly, and by the end of a week it won't settle, but will remain incorporated, and is fit for use.

The above was made in quite warm weather, and worked up like sponge batter, two or three times, before putting it on; but a good stirring would, in a minute or two, reduce it again to its creamy consistency. It is now as hard as slate, and is certainly valuable in preserving the wood, and is a cheap luxury in good looks for fences or second class buildings, and I know it is no humbug.—*Rural Home.*

BEST TIME FOR PAINTING HOUSES.—The best time for painting the exterior of buildings is late in autumn or during the winter. Paint then employed will endure twice as long as when applied in early summer or hot weather. In the former it dries slowly and becomes hard, like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterward by the weather, or worn off by the beating of storms. But in every hot weather the oil in the paint soaks into the wood at once, as into a sponge, leaving the lead nearly dry, and nearly ready to crumble off. This last difficulty, however, might be guarded against, though at an increased expense, by first going over the surface with raw oil. By painting in cold weather, one annoyance might certainly be escaped, namely, the collection of small flies in the fresh paint. —*The Technologist.*

CHEAP PAINT.—A cheap paint may be made for outbuildings that will last for years, by taking milk and cement,—or "water lime," as some call it,— mix and apply three or four coats; any dry color may be added. This will last for years, and by renewing once in two or three years, a building will look as well as if painted with oil paint. To put this on, the paint should be stirred constantly as the last paint will soon all be used out, and at last you will have nothing but sand. Have a boy to stir it all the time; mix often.

Sumac.

This industry has already reached important proportions in Maryland and Virginia, but there is much room yet to be occupied in the market, and the supply may be drawn from North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, North Mississippi, and even South Missouri. Previous to 1865, but little American sumac was used; now nearly 4000 tons are drawn from our old fields and forests, yet at the same time the consumption has largely increased, and there is yet an amount imported exceeding 2000 000 in value. All this and more can be furnished from home sources if industry and energy will only attempt it.

The consumption every year increases, and England alone uses over 20,000 tons. There is no reason why we should not supply ourselves, but also import some to Europe. At present the supply is drawn mainly from the wild shrub, but the time will come when it will be profitable to plant the trees for their leaves. It is done now in Sicily, and where land is cheap it may become the chief use of the American is for dyeing, as from careless preparation all of it does not answer for tanning morocco. But, as we have stated, some of the Asherleaf now well prepared, and of the rest will eventually imitate that example. It produces a fawn color, a rich yellow a peculiar shade of green, and a red. The best and richest in tannin is found furthest south, hence that found in the Northern States has but little value. The berries are used to make wine, but as the leaves should be picked before they are ripe, both cannot be saved.—*New York World.*

GARDENING NEAR NORFOLK.—The growing of truck for the Northern markets is a very extensive and increasingly important industry around Norfolk, Va., so much so as to afford a constant and heavy freight for several of the Old Dominion Steamship Company's largest vessels. The present season has, as we are informed, been an unusually successful one. There is still room, and land may be either rented or purchased; but a person should by all means go and see for himself before making any permanent arrangements. By far the best way for an Eastern man is to take passage in one of the vessels above mentioned. They are perfectly staunch and seaworthy, thoroughly equipped, and officered by gentlemen. The trip is a very enjoyable one, affording a day at sea, a sail through historic waters, and a ride up the James River to Richmond, if that is desired. About the pleasantest time to make the journey is during the last half of September.

Publisher's Department.

☞ A red cross before this paragraph will indicate to the subscriber that HIS SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED. He is requested to renew immediately.

We have carefully revised the subscription list of our paper and have made every endeavor to prevent mistakes in mailing, etc. We are not infallible however, and may have dropped some paid-up subscriber by mistake. We are willing to reward any one who will take the trouble to rectify any errors in our new list.

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How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.

"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance:
And the thick heavy spume flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned, and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble, like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round
As I sate with my head twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

The Yellowstone Reservation.

Between the forty-fourth and forty-fifth parallels of latitude, and reaching from the one hundred and tenth meridian to a short distance beyond the one hundred and seventh, is a tract of land of about three thousand square miles, which has been set apart by Congress as a national park or pleasure ground forever, and which embraces some of the most beautiful and remarkable scenery upon the American continent. The elevation of the country included, will average about six thousand feet, while the mountain ranges which bem in the vallies have a general elevation of from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet, so that the land is not available for stock raising nor for agricultural purposes, although the climate, during the summer months is charming, and the air pure and invigorating with few storms, and bracing winds. The Reservation includes the sources of two of the largest rivers on the continent, besides numerous forks and smaller rivers, while the Yellowstone Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, some twenty-two miles long, and fifteen wide, with a depth of three hundred feet. Its western shore is heavily wooded with pines, and its eastern offers a succession of open prairies, abounding with elk, deer, and grouse, which, with the trout in the lake afford tempting sport to the hunter and fisherman. The characteristic features of all this region are the result of active and comparatively recent volcanic action, this action being still manifested in the numerous hot springs or geysers, which are the most remarkable at present known, exceeding in grandeur and nubbiness, the long famous ones of Iceland. It is these that our illustration represents,

and we take from the account of one of the first travelers who visited them a brief description of their wonders. After following the course of the Yellowstone River through the magnificent scenery of its banks, until they launched their little boat upon the waters of the Yellowstone Lake, the party struck through pathless woods beyond the lake, and after a ride of thirty-one miles, reached the lower geyser-basin of the Fire-Hole River, which with the second or upper basin, cover an area of seventy-five miles, and include thousands of springs and geysers whose temperatures range from warm to the boiling point. As the nature of a geyser may not be correctly understood by all our readers, a short explanation will not be out of place here, in order that this strange development of Nature's mysteries may be more truly appreciated. *Geyser* is a word of Icelandic origin, signifying to rush out, and an artificial geyser can be so made as to give a very clear idea of the thing itself. Take an iron tube about six feet long, the upper end opening into an iron pan, and the lower end encircled by a fire which represents the internal heat of the globe. About two feet from the bottom, the tube should be surrounded by a second fire, representing the heat given to the geyser tube by the heated rocks. Now if water is poured into the pan and tube, as it becomes heated it will be thrown into the air as often as every five minutes, and the result is then a complete miniature geyser, the tube being, in nature, siliceous or glassy-lined, and of very great depth, while the basin surmounting it is of the same material and often has a diameter of thirty or forty feet. The geyser field of the Fire-Hole River is filled with warm springs, geysers, and the warm streams flowing from them, while in the lower basin there are many beautiful mud springs, red, white, blue and pink, varying from one foot to forty in diameter, and filled with a very fine puff of different degrees of thickness. The steam beneath this mud throbs and bubbles up, throwing back the mud in various forms and sometimes projecting it to a considerable height above the spring, and this, with the deposit about many of the craters of primrose-colored sulphur, give an extraordinary brightness to the scene. Most of the geysers in the upper basin have built themselves high craters which stand out all through the valley like so many monuments, and from the article from which this account is an extract we select descriptions of a couple of the most curious of these singular formations. The Grand Geyser, whose eruptions occur at intervals of thirty-one hours, is one of the largest, and its action is described as follows: "preceded by a deafened rumbling like the muttering of distant thunder, suddenly a column of boiling water about eight feet in diameter rushed from the orifice of the geyser, and attained the extraordinary height of two hundred feet from the ground, falling back so heavily as to cause the earth to tremble beneath us."

In the upper right-hand corner of our picture is the Castle Geyser of which the writer from whom we quote, says "In point of beauty we must yield the palm to the Castle. This is in the center of a gently sloping mound, above which its crater rises to the height of twenty-five feet, coated with a beautiful bead-like formation, resembling some old castle that has been subjected to a bombardment. Near the Castle is one of the large, warm springs so abundant throughout the neighborhood, whose beauty it is almost impossible to describe. They are of all sizes up to a diameter of three hundred feet, and of unfathomable depth, with sides curiously scolloped and incrusted, and marble-white, while the water within is of the purest turquoise blue." Besides these two geysers' basins, there are on the Yellowstone River numerous mud volcanoes and hot sulphur springs, while the scenery is of the strangest and most striking character. The hot springs on Gardiner's River have deposited a mass of sediment, covering an area of about three square miles, and filling a gorge whose head is a thousand feet above the river level, descending abruptly till its foot reaches the river bed. About half way up the gorge there is a series of terraces containing semi-circle basins, filled with the most beautifully blue water of all temperatures, which furnish elegant bathing places, while the coloring of the whole mass, snow-white, tinted with pink, scarlet and yellow is wonderfully brilliant. It seems probable that before many seasons this magnificent region will be open to travelers, when its glories ought to attract beholders from all the world, so unparalleled is its scenery, and so favorable its climate during two or three months of the year for the invalids who may desire to try the efficacy of the various springs. The illustration given here, conveys a more accurate idea of the wildness of the geyser region, than could be offered in words, and we trust our readers will enjoy the glimpse which it gives of the as yet, almost unknown beauties of the Yellowstone Reservation.

Kings of England.

The earliest kings of England were sovereigns only in name, and until about the year 800 there was no distinct succession, Egbert of Wessex, who ascended the throne in 727, being the founder of what afterward became the English monarchy. Fifteen monarchs of this house reigned in direct succession, when the invasion of the Danes, put a Danish king, Canute the Great, upon the throne, whose line continued in possession until in 1042 Edward the Confessor took the crown. In 1066, the great Norman invasion swept over England, leaving behind it many Normans settled in the country, and their king, William the Conqueror, who was succeeded by his son, and from whose day the monarchy has been unbroken, with the exception of the Protectorate of Cromwell, until now. The list of English kings from William the Conqueror is easily remembered with the help of the following rhyme, which gives them in the order of their reigns:

First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John,
Then Henry the third, Edwards one, two and three,
And again after Richard, three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotsman and Charles whom they slew
Yet received after Cromwell another Charles too,
Then Jamie the second ascended the throne,
Good William and Mary together came on,
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William, all past,
Victoria's here, may she long be the last.

The English monarchy which has always been "limited" that is, has allowed little real power to the sovereign, resting the actual authority of the government in the House of Lords and the House of Commons, has gradually become more and more republican in its form, until to-day the reigning monarch is little more than a figure head, and possesses but a small share of political influence.

Changes have followed each other so quickly during the present century and the current of political sentiment in England is so strongly liberal, that many people doubt whether the monarchy proper can continue after the death of the present queen, whose oldest son, the Prince of Wales, would be her legal successor. But even if the aristocracy of England hold their place socially for years to come, their political power is surely passing from them, and England has already virtually a republican government, a government which respects and cares for rich and poor, high and low, and in most respects is as truly liberal as our own.

Thanksgiving.

Once more has come the season wherein we have chosen to keep our national Thanksgiving, and once more, our harvests being safely stored away, we begin to prepare for the winter, which is almost here, and to take account of what the summer has brought us. When harvests have been full, and work plenty; when sickness or death or misfortune have not entered our doors, then it is easy to keep the festival and to be thankful in truth for the blessings of the year; but there are few of us to whom no evil has come, and our endeavor should be to remember our causes for gratitude as citizens, as members of a great nation, rather than as private individuals. Surely there is much to be thankful for in that our lot has been cast in a free country, under a liberal government, in a land where every man can make a home for himself, and get an education for his children; and it is a good thing for us to stop for a day to consider how real the reasons are for gratitude which is too often only on the surface. If we will look about us, we can find on every hand, the mercies of a wise Creator; and what can be more fitting than that His creatures should set apart a time for public acknowledgement of His bountiful goodness to them as a nation? Let us at this season strive honestly to put away from us all petty malice, all discontent and envy, and for one day to remember only our blessings, for thereby shall we make for ourselves a true Thanksgiving.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, NOVEMBER, 1873.

THE October number of Harper's Magazine, which is rich, as usual, in pictorial popular contributions, contains a fourteen page article upon the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. It is full in description, and amply illustrated, and is calculated, we think, to interest many of the million readers of "Harper's" in the school and its objects. We have indeed, already seen valuable evidences of such results, and are happy to acknowledge the new obligations under which the writer has placed the school by this timely and well written article. At the same time, we must say that we may be forgiven for finding a few flies in the ointment, which certainly would not have been there had the article been revised by the heads of the school. It was the usual fly there is found in such publication, and is therefore entitled, already seen,

At Home.

What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But, though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So, when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head,
"Hardly know you! Hardly know you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That grace her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet
With the ribbon and the feather and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon nor the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and up the church aisle stair,
Till she reached her little bonnet, and in a bandbox put it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you all feel
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your ideal;
And that little head that's arched with softly little
Aught sing—and sing about a thing on front
—*Organ.*

Night Air.

Consumptives and all invalids and indeed persons in health are cautioned to avoid the night air. By them who offer this advice forget that there is no other air at night but night air? Certainly we cannot breathe day air in the night. We have only the choice between night air pure and night air poisoned by the exhalations from our saints and lungs. Why, should we be so terrified at the admission of night air into our bedrooms? See how soundly the delicate little ones and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh and vigorous and joyous they rise amid the outpouring choirups of the morning! Their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by their daily song. I have a turkey full eight years old, that has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts on a cherry-tree, and is in primest health the year through. Three fowls preferring this to the warm perches in the henhouse, took up their quarters with him early in the season and have never gone to any other roosting place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the ground, and the one has shown to rest on the dewy moon even top. But these beautiful examples of our great war will be found in the examination among a million returned soldiers that night air is not a poison. Camp and field are generally enough in the transition from an overheated room to a cold one, but there would be no danger of this if ventilation were properly attended to. It is not necessary, however, that pure air should be cold air. An open fire greatly improves the atmosphere of a bed room. With a fire the window will be kept open, and the air of the room constantly changed, and less bedding is needed, an important advantage, for a heavy weight of bed clothing interferes with circulation and breathing, and prevents the escape of the gases which the skin is constantly giving off. Among the many hundreds whom I have advised to sleep with open windows, I have never known one person to be seriously injured even temporarily.

At first you may contract a cold, but if you bathe freely in cold water, and gently yet vigorous rubbing upon the parts exposed while in bed even the may be avoided. After a few weeks' experience you will take to exhorting your friends upon the importance of well ventilated bed rooms.

Save the Fragments.

"Many a little makes a mickle," is a good old Scotch saying. Here is another that sounds English, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," but there is a higher unity for frugality. When our blessed Lord had fed five thousand by miracle, and could have created enough food for the world by uttering a single word, "He said to His disciples, gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." The most bountiful-Giver in the universe wounds His followers a lesson of economy, even with fragments of fishes and bread.

Some years ago, the dust and shavings from a bookbindery, where gold leaf is used to make the titles on the backs of books, were sent to the goldbeater's to be burnt out. And how much gold do you think was found from the little particles that had fallen on the floor? Why, a lump that was valued at twenty pounds! Enough to buy 200 Bibles or 20 000 tracts. The shavings from the edges of books in the same bindery sell for 600 or 700 pounds a year for paper rags.

If boys and girls would save the fragments of time, and devote them to reading and study, they might become learned and wise. If they would save the fragments of money they might become wealthy and useful. If they would save the fragments of opportunity, they would do a great deal of good.

It is as right to be economical and saving as it is wrong to be miserly and mean. Save to give, and give to save. Then you will say, as a good man did, "What I kept I lost, and what I gave I have."

The Nursery.

How the bright eyes sparkle and the pouting lips part with wonder and eagerness—and how can they help it?—over the gem of all little magazines for little readers, the charming little "Nursery," full of beautiful pictures and lively stories and easy reading. There's a whole Thanksgiving Day in his happy face.

What a different start in life that child has from his grandfather. When that old gentleman was a little boy the only children's books, except the dear old ever new fairy tales, were primers "adorned" with ugly wood cuts, and a few dull story books full of stiff, grown-up talk that passed for good advice and didn't do his great harm because the little wise heads knew enough to skip it. The child who did not learn to read, missed little, of childish enjoyment to say the least, in these days.

Now the best authors and artists give the whole of their minds to making books for children, and some of the truest thinkers devote themselves to finding out how best to please and teach them; and that is as it should be. We cannot begin too soon to make the little ones know and love what is good and beautiful. If we can't afford to buy books for them, give them flowers and grasses, and shells and acorns, and—oh, always—bright and beautiful words.

We would be very glad if we could send into every family of the readers of the "Southern Workman," a copy of "The Nursery." We do all we are able to, to give them a share in it, and we are greatly indebted to the publisher, John L. Shorey, of 36 Brimfield Street, Boston, for many of its beautiful engravings that have adorned, and are yet to adorn our third page.

The Rag-baz of the United States.

The little village of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where the "Hampton Students" have been resting after their winter campaign, is in the center of the loveliest and one of the busiest parts of New England, in the heart of the Berkshire Hills. It is easy to forget that there is anything more important in life than to swing in a hammock and look through half shut eyes over a landscape worthy of Edens' broad, sunlit fields, white roofs and spires gleaming among the tall New England elms that spring in living fountains of green from the meadows, the Housatonic winding under its willows, and the hilltops horizon of hills. It is easy to understand how this atmosphere of quiet nurtured the students and theologians, the literary men and women of a past generation, of whose honored names Stockbridge is still proud.

But the quiet of the little village is banished in on all sides by one of the most important industries of the country. Massachusetts has long been at the head of the paper manufacture in the Union, perhaps in the world, and Berkshire County is the chief gathering place of the paper makers, the great factory of the United States. Into these beautiful valleys come pouring rags by bales by tons, by car loads, from all sections of the Union, and from over the seas. Irish rags, Scotch rags, German rags, Italian rags; cotton rags, linen rags, silk rags; clean rags dirty rags, and passing the sigh the wonderful processes of nature redeemed for use, and returned, perhaps to the countries which furnished them, in unrecognizable forms of letter paper, newspaper, or blank note paper, delicate tinted sheets for ladies' correspondence and collars for their dainty necks.

The first paper mill in Massachusetts, then the English Colony of Massachusetts Bay, was set up in 1717, and in 1720 was granted the privilege of coining about 40,000 a year. Now, one of the smallest of the paper mills in the old Bay State, one which the proprietor modestly declares might be wiped out of existence and not be missed in the trade, though it is one of the most prosperous and best conducted, and is about to be enlarged; this little mill at Housatonic, near Stockbridge, manufactures 2,500 lbs of paper every day the year but Sundays when it is never running, and it furnishes the chief or entire supply of paper to one of the largest publishing houses in New York City.

For a hundred years after the establishment of that first paper mill in Massachusetts, paper was made by the slow and laborious processes of hand work, and a rag drawn across this knife and cut to bits, and the chance buttons, hooks and eyes, woolen pieces or other intruding substances tossed aside with wonderful quickness. The room is filled with flying dust, though the rags are "first class" rags and clean as can be expected. After a second sorting they are "dusted," whisked and whirled about in a cylinder filled with long teeth, and then softened by boiling ten hours in a basin made of waste of soda and lime in a revolving iron boiler. From time to they pass into the "beating engine," a long trough filled with water, in which the revolution of a cylinder armed with steel ribs carries them round in a perpetual current, and rubs them into pulp, while the dirt passes off in the water which is constantly renewed. The "half stuff," as it is then called, is next strained, and bleached by steeping twenty-four hours in chloride of lime which must be carefully washed out when it has accomplished its purpose, or the paper would soon crumble. This is done in the "washing engine," which is just like the "beating engine," only the ribbed cylinder is raised so as not to rub the pulp till it is thoroughly washed. Then a little Prussian blue is added for exactly the same purpose that the laundress puts bluing into her rinsing water, to make a good white. If the paper is to be tinted, the coloring is now added, and sometimes the sizing which is to give it stiffness and polish. The cylinder is then lowered once more, and the pulp is "beaten" to the final quality of fineness, and is ready to pass to the "Fourdrinier."

This wonderful machine takes up the length of a long room, and works away

till by itself so like a live creature that you feel like asking where its brains are. The milky pulp and water flows into it at one end, and is turned out at the other in neatly cut sheets of white paper!

The thin stream, looking like skim milk or starch water, pours through wooden troughs in the top of the room into the receiving vat, then through the trough called the "flow box," in which are double particles of sand still left settle, then through the strainer to which a shaking motion is given, while the pulp passes under other boxes or rollers and not in sight behind. From this it passes into a shallow vat just the width of the desired sheet, and from the open side of this vat upon a long web of felt passes under the wire cloth revolving round rollers. A jarring motion given to this web, settles the pulpy fibres together, while the water drains through the holes. The pressure of a cylinder coming over it, dries it still more, till it has body enough to glide smoothly from the web of wire to one of felt, like a blanket, and from this over and under a succession of great iron rollers, that press and dry it more and more, and finally deliver it to the jaws of formidable shears which cut it neatly into uniform lengths and drop them carefully into a regular pile for the first touch of human hands.

The sheets are then hung in the loft of the mill to dry completely, then "calendered," or ironed for the last high polish by sliding quietly through a number of wooden rollers, then sorted into three qualities according to their perfection, trimmed and packed for sale.

All this is woman's work, and in some of the mills at least, three-quarters of the operatives are women. Paper making is indeed one of the daintiest of trades. There is nothing in these grey stone mills, and the cottages clustering about them to mar the beauty of the picturesque sites they seem invariably to select. The hands, some mansion that often forms the center of the group has generally been the home of several generations of proprietors; and among the workmen also, some follow their fathers in the mill, so that family feeling increases the common interest felt in keeping up improvements, and proves free labor consistent with a strong bond of sympathy between employer and employed, to the benefit of both.

The Housatonic mill is a remarkable illustration of this pleasant state of things. The womanly influence and taste of its lady proprietor has made the little village on the riverbank a model of beauty and comfort. She has built comfortable boarding houses for the young women, and founded a good library of two thousand volumes. It is pleasant to know that though entirely free to the whole neighborhood, and constantly used, no book has ever been lost from it. This library, the little church owned by the operatives, and the pretty little cottages nestling among their own vines and flowers are as strong witnesses to the prosperity of the establishment, as the huge new mill is that is building on the river bank below.

There is something indeed most fascinating in the romance of this practical nineteenth century, the union of business and art. What fairy tale more marvelous than that the fluttering rags of an Italian beggar—laziest of all vagabonds—sprawling picturesquely in the Naples' sunshine, have furnished, it may be, this fair sheet on which I am writing the story of industry for the "Southern Workman?"

The Door of the Spirit Land—An Indian Tradition.

BY JACK MURRAY.

[For the "Southern Workman."]

There is a little stream in western New York which, after flowing peacefully for many miles from its source, through a deep and quiet valley, falls suddenly a hundred and fifty feet over bare, black rocks into a chasm so gloomy that it seems to have been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion from which Nature can never recover, though mysterious ages have passed since she felt the shock.

The action of the startled waters, or perhaps of some larger flood in forgotten days, has hollowed out the sides of the gorge at the foot of the fall into a deep cavern, and along the chasm, indeed the top of the cleft is narrower than the bottom, and its walls slant toward each other at a considerable angle. About thirty feet down on one side, however, is a ledge over three feet wide, running parallel with the top, and giving a secure footing.

A cave of considerable extent runs back into the side of the gorge. This cave is even larger, or at least longer, than the hollow at the base of the fall, and is thought by some of the ablest authors and artists in this country to have been, have for thirty years held as great control of British popular opinion as have the thunders of its graver contemporary, the "*London Times.*"

Abraham Lincoln.

"You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad caricatures of splendid men,
With graceful charcoal lines and easy skill,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face!

"His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt hair,
His rustic dress, his bearing all at ease,
His lack of all we prize as classical,
His power our will to shame, of art to please!

"You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

"Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners, his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

"Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To fame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this kind of princes peer,
This rail splitter a true born king of men!

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit with inkle home truth seem more true,
How iron like his temper grew by blows!

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame!

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there is a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill?

So he went forth to battle on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights.

The unbreased forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erleaps the lastman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long, suffering years
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers.

The haunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till as he came on light from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim:
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

Those words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men!

The old World and the new from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore-heart, as stopped when fain it sat but high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out!

Vile hand, that headest zoulder on a strife,
Whatever its grounds stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

April, 1865.

Freedom's Gift to Woman.

Freedom's rich and special gift to woman is the gift of Home! A better gift than the ballot box with greater responsibilities.

The right to your children, the right to your husband, the right to labor for your loved ones, the right to a pure and secure home, humble it may be, but your own; a home whose happiness and virtue depend more than half upon yourself—what higher regard and privilege can be given, and what can call for greater preparation?

Let such prizes as powerful motives to exertion as his new rights of citizenship are to your voting brother. You have as much need of education as he has. There is as much connection between arithmetic and housekeeping as there is between logic and politics, to say the least. Knowledge is power in your department as in his. You want a mind raised above the small annoyances of daily drudgery, as well as a heart that knows how to gild them with love. You want something better to think of than gossip. You want to know how to teach your children, and keep pace with your husband, to help him if need be and he is sensible enough to let you. I have heard a man say he would not let his wife teach him to read because he thought it would humiliate him. He pays dearly for this foolish pride by remaining in ignorance, but I hope there are not many such.

A loving woman, whose mind and taste are cultivated will make a pretty, happy home out of a cabin, and its brightness and blessing will spread through a whole neighborhood.

My freed sisters, we women can never bring too much thought and love into our homes.

By special request, we reprint the following verses from an old number of the London "*Punch*" the famous comic paper of England, whose keen satire and sharp wit strikes at some of the ablest authors and artists in that country, and which we

Sewing on Buttons.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon someone else for this service, and, fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then that the man clutches the needle around the neck, and, fingering to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on a button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down stairs! He lays the button exactly on the side of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for fee way. He says to himself: "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a good deal of jabbing the needle point persists in backing against the solid parts of the button, and finally when he loses patience, his finger catches in the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button, slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually he gets through, as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and just then the needle finds the eye, and comes out through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the thread down between his knees, and then holds it under his arms, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about, the floor and calls on heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After a while he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.—*Danbury News.*

"Harper's Monthly" for November, 1872, has an interesting article on the silk-weaving establishment of the Brothers Cheney, in South Manchester, Connecticut. This "*Industrial experiment*" is remarkable not only for the successful introduction of silk weaving into the United States, but for the beneficial supervision exercised by the proprietors over all the interests of the operatives. The firm consists of six brothers, whose houses are all situated on the ground of the establishment. These grounds are laid out like a park, without fences. The cottages for the operatives are designed with artistic taste and with a view to convenience and ventilation—furnished with a constant supply of pure water and gas, and rented on an average of less than one hundred dollars a year. The supervision of the proprietors extends also to the quality and price of domestic supplies, to the education of children, boarding houses for the unmarried, to provision for moral and intellectual culture, social entertainments and appropriate amusements. For the latter purposes they have built a large and beautiful hall, with accommodations for library and reading room, the meeting of temperance lodges, exhibitions and theatrical entertainments. Religious services are held in the hall on Sundays, at which clergymen of different denominations officiate. Thus the monotony and nervous exhaustion of mill life are relieved, and the temptation to intemperance met by healthful recreation. The results of this wise and sympathetic supervision have been so happy that self-interest might well lead other manufacturers to adopt similar methods for securing similar advantages, and to avoid the evils which result from an opposite course.

Dwellers in Tents.

A little wigwam earth we roam
In these frail tenements we call our home;
Journeying toward a refuge that is sure,
A rest secure

Only a little while,
We dread the frown of life,or court its smiles;
A dwelling then, we have in other lands,
Not made with hands.

Therefore we need not fear
Though earth and rust corrupt our treasure here;
Though midnight thieves creep in with silent stealth,
And steal our wealth.

Then we need not mourn
When sad no clouds across our skies are borne;
When winter chills us, and the storm is keen
In our frail tents.

For in our Father's house,
A mansion fair He hath prepared for us:
And early till His voice shall call us home,
We dwell in tents.

—*Selected.*

"When Ye Think Not."

These words of our Lord have just received here a fresh and impressive illustration and enforcement.

Joseph Koyal, a student of the Hampton Institute, labored by his teachers and companions, ate his breakfast as usual, Monday morning, October 18th, and then went to his work in the field, as lively and cheerful as ever. Shortly after, while at work, he was stricken down with congestive apoplexy, and within the brief space of about one hour, was reduced to a breathless, pulseless corpse. How quick the transition from the busy scenes of earth to the tribunal of his Judge, leaving his many friends to mourn his departure.

"When ye think not." Probably there was nothing upon which our deceased friend thought less the previous Sabbath morning, when assembled with us for worship, than that before another Sabbath, his place in the church and in the school and at the table, would be vacant; his voice hushed in the silence of death; and that the Sabbath's sun of October 20th, instead of lighting him on his way to the sanctuary, would be shining upon his grave. And when he went to his work that Monday morning, in the flush of youth, and seemingly of health and strength; with prospects of long life apparently as fair as ours, probably there was nothing further from his expectation than that, ere noon of that day, he would be prostrate in death.

"When ye think not." While visiting a certain cemetery this summer, a friend directed my attention to a monumental stone bearing this inscription: "There is but a step between me and death"; remarking that the man to whose memory that stone was erected, had been very miserly, so bent on grasping and hoarding money for himself, that he not only would not give any in charity to the needy, but neglected to pay even his honest debts. And when a friend reminded him that he ought not to so labor to lay up treasure on earth, to the neglect of laying up any in heaven, he said that he meant to attend to his duty in this regard. But suddenly, in the midst of his eager, unprincipled chase after the world, he was called to give an account of his stewardship.

"When ye think not." As a gentleman was standing on the platform of a railroad station, a friend, in bidding him farewell, alluded to the brevity of human life. The gentleman replied, repeating with apparent indifference, the familiar words, "Time is short." The next moment, having made a false step, the lips that uttered those words were quivering in death beneath the iron wheels of the car. "Therefore ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Talmage On Vultures.

"Ye shall hold in abomination among the fowls, the vulture."

Taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the vulture from your soul. God would not allow the Jews to eat it. It lives on carcasses; it fattens among the dead; with tireless wing it circles about battle fields. Wilson, the American Ornithologist, counted two hundred and thirty-seven vultures around one carcass. If crossing the desert when there is no sign of wing in the air, a camel perish out of the caravan, immediately the air begins to darken with vultures. There are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their soul. They prey upon the characters and feelings of others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them. Some rival in trade or profession fails, and the vulture puts out his head. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin. They say, "I told you so." They rush into some store and say, "Have you heard the news? Just as I expected! Our neighbor has gone all to pieces! Ha! ha!"

That professedly Christian woman having heard of the wrong doing of some sister in the church, instead of hiding the sin with a mantle of charity, peddles it along the streets. She takes that afternoon to make her long neglected calls. She tells the story ten times before sundown, and every time tells it larger. She rushes into the parlor to tell it, and into the nursery to tell it, and into the kitchen to tell it. She says, "Would you have thought it? Well, I always said there was nothing wrong about her. Why, I should not speak to her if I saw her on the street. Is it not horrible? But better, say nothing about it, because there may be some mistake. I do not want my name involved in the matter. I guess I will just go over and ask them at No. 853 whether they have heard it. Guess it must be so, for Mary Ann says her husband saw a man who heard from his business partner that his blind, old grandmother had seen something that looked very suspicious!" The most loathesome, miserable, God-forsaken wretch on earth is a gossiping woman. I can tell her on the street, by sight. I have never seen her before. She walks fast and has her bonnet strings loose, for she has not had time to tie them since she heard that last scandal. She looks both ways as she passes, hoping to see new evidences of depravity in the wind-down. I think that when Satan has a job so infinitely mean that in all the pit he cannot find a devil mean enough to do it, and all the bribes and threats have failed to get one willing for the infernal errand, he says to one of his sergeants, "I go up to Brooklyn, and in such a corner get that gossiping woman, and she will be glad to do it." And sure enough, like a hungry fish, she takes the hook in her mouth and Satan slacks up the line, and lets her run out further and further, until, after a while, he says, "It is time to haul in the line," and with a few strong pulls he brings her to the beach of fire. What do you say? That she was a member of the church? I cannot help that. When Satan goes a fishing he does not care what school the fish belongs to, whether it is a Presbyterian mackerel or an Episcopalian salmon. Amid the thunder-crash of Sinai, God said, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And in Leviticus he says, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale bearer." Take not into your ear that scum of hell that people call *tittle tattle*. Whosoever willingly listens to a slander is equally guilty with the one who tells it, and an old writer says they ought to be hung—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. Do not smile upon such a spaniel, but like a pleased dog, he eats his dirty paws upon you.

Throw back the shutter of your soul, O Christian men and women, and see if there be within you a vulture with filthy talons and cruel beak. Let not this unclean thing roost in your soul, for my text says, "Ye shall hold in abomination among the fowls, *the vulture.*"

Extract from the Life of Rev. Thomas P. Haat.—The Hoop Poles.

BY HIMSELF.

In 1830 the subject of temperance was just beginning to attract attention in the lower parts of North Carolina. Some of the inhabitants of Onslow County determined to form a temperance society, and invited me to aid them in their efforts to do so. I was unknown by person to any of them. I stopped at a tavern, near the place of meeting, to get my supper, and have my horse fed. The landlord was both inquisitive and communicative, but he was not Yankee enough to keep his own secret and find out mine. Anxious as he was to know who I was and what I was about, I managed to make him content with the information that I was a traveler eating my supper, and was very much pleased with it.

In my turn, to pump him, I asked him about the news of the neighborhood; what preaching and Sunday-schools they had? He said they seldom had meetings of my kind; but there was to be a temperance meeting near there that night. Temperance meeting? What kind of a meeting was that? He did not know, had never been to one, nor seen anybody that had. But he had heard that there was a new Bible found by temperance men that said it was a sin for people to get drunk at weddings and at love feasts, or to drink apple jack and peach brandy and old Santa Cruz rum, or any other of the good creatures of creation. He was afraid they would ruin the country. For his part, he was against such things, and he knew it would ruin him.

"How so!"

"You see I have a good many customers who make their living by cutting hoop poles. These they sell to the West India trade for barrels and hogsheads for Jamaica spirits. Now if folks won't drink rum, they won't buy it. And if they won't buy it, folks won't make it."

"*Well, what of that?*"

"What of that! Why, there will be no sale for hoop poles, and I will have no customers. Besides this, you know that I trust the boys now, and they will not pay what they owe me if they cannot sell their poles. Last week Jim W——'s wife came to me and asked me not to trust her husband for rum any more, for he never brought home any of his wages, and often scolded her and the children for crying for clothes and good victuals. Poor thing! I was sorry for her, for I know it was true. But I knew if I did not let Jim have more, he would not owe me, only never pay me what he owed me, which was a good deal, and would take nearly all his hoop poles; but that he would not trade with me, but go to Neil T's, the meanest man, who sells liquor to the niggers for stolen corn and bacon, and help him instead of me to get a living. Besides this, our doctor, who is a judge of good liquor, tells me that folks cannot live about this way unless they drink liquors. They will have the shakes, and if they cannot get it, they will be sure to die without it. Won't it be awful, sir, to see all the mothers and children, and young men and women, and old folks dying because they can't get any rum? This is not all. The most that we go for is masters, and trainings, and sales, and warrant trials, is to see the fun and the fights. They never meeting, quarrel and fight until the liquor works. Why, old Jones and his sons would walk more nor a hundred sights to have a fight and a drink. The constable tells me it is a great fall for him, these musters and warrant trials; that he would have no business much, if the people did not drink. There was a good old preacher down about here, telling the folks about what wonderful drinks they used to have at Caney. How when the people got real well drank on mean liquor, Jesus made an awful sight of liquor, better than old Jamaikey, and they kept up the frolic all night. How the Apostle Paul gave the rich Kurrinthens a good going over, for making sport and stingy as to get drunk without offering to treat the poor folks at the church, and told them that if they would be so selfish, to go home and get drunk in their own homes. He warned the folks against the new Bible and doctrines of these infidels, who were bringing disgrace on the Bible. For his part, he said he was willing to have the old Bible that his fathers fought for, on his side."

I do not know how much longer the landlord would have continued, but I stopped him, saying: "Let us go and hear these fellows. We will sit together, and if they say anything you do not like, give me a hint, and I will answer it." Agreed; so we went to the meeting. Services had commenced. The president was rehearsing the evils of drink, and pointing them out very clearly. Every now and then the landlord touched me to note all that was said. After the president closed, I asked permission to make a few remarks. It was granted. I told them that I had agreed to come with my friend, the landlord, who had requested me to reply to what was said. I then repeated all he had told me about the hoop poles, and doctors, and constables, and preacher, etc. Somehow or other the same words spoken by the landlord to me, sounded very differently from my lips to the audience and to himself than they did when he uttered them.

The result was that the most of those present determined to join the society; and the landlord left in disgust. I was invited to stay with the president. When I asked the landlord what I had to pay for my supper and horse, he said, "Nothing, take your horse and go; but hark here, you old rascal, don't you come this way again." I did not. But the people reformed, and I never heard of any injury resulting to them unless it was that the landlord had to leave the place, and never come that way again.—*Watchword.*

My Beautiful Lambs.

BY MRS. F. C. DOLE.

(For "The Southern Workman.")

Love in my fold I gather them all,
Beautiful lambs of my tenderest care,
Where the day goes out, and the banners fall,
Leaving the place for the night to stare.

I gather them in from the dampening dew,
Fold them close to my bosom warm;
They are so loving, so tender and true,
I would kindly keep them from every harm.

Your Father in Heaven, forever kind,
Will keep us all as guide as wherever we roam.
Though darkness gather and midnight blind,
His hand is leading us nearer home.

Nearer His home where no shadows are,
Nearer His face where no night may be;
Nearer His mansion divinely fair,
On the shining shore of the jasper sea.

Keep the Roots Sound.

"What are motives?" asked Ben.

"The reasons and feelings which direct our conduct," said his sister.

"They are the roots from which our actions spring."

"And hid like roots," said Ben.

"Yes," answered his sister, "they are not always seen."

"Then how can people tell whether motives are good or bad?" asked Ben.

"They cannot always tell," said his sister. "A kind act may spring from a low motive. You remember the story you told of George Cuswell, who took his grandmother a bunch of flowers, and because he loved her or cared particularly to please her, but in order to get ten cents out of the old lady. That was a kind act done from a selfish motive."

"Yes, it was," said Ben. "George never did it for her sake, not a bit of it. But then *she* did not know that, and she was as tickled as could be."

"And since we must judge people by their actions, not being able to take into account their motives, our judgments of people are not always true. We may think too well, or we may not think well enough of them. There is only one person whose judgment is exactly right in every instance."

"Somebody who can look inside and see our motives," said Ben; "and that, of course, is God."

"Yes," said his sister, "there is no possibility of deceiving God. King David felt this when he prayed, 'Thou desirest truth in the inward parts.'"

"It is the wisest and best thing to be straight and true always," said Ben.

"I think that. I believe in keeping the good animal; don't you, sister?"

"Indeed I do!" cried Helen.

"Indeed I do!" may we all cry.

Temperance.

Some time ago, the Convocation of Canterbury, an ecclesiastical association embracing about two-thirds of the Church of England, sent out a list of questions respecting the extent, causes, consequences of, and remedy for intemperance. No pains were spared to make the examination thorough and fair, and from all parts of the United Kingdom came the replies of pastors, judges, magistrates, chiefs of police, chaplains, and wardens of prisons and Reformatory institutions. The substance of their testimony is, to use the words the Report, "that the drinking usages and the liquor traffic are the great bane and curse of England, and that the beershop is the center of debasement, immorality and ruin." Further than this, the report states, that there were found about a thousand parishes where the traffic is unknown, and these are the model parishes of England, in respect to intelligence, morality, domestic comfort, and religion. This is surely valuable witness as to the direct power for evil of intemperance, and applies just as closely to America as to England. Here, too, the liquor shop supplies the poison, which corrupts the life of a whole neighborhood; and here, too, the only means by which any community can be kept in decency and order are the careful limitation and regulation of the liquor trade.

It is not only legal restraint which is required, but it is personal influence and activity that must control and avert this terrible danger of intemperance, and the usefulness of temperance societies can scarcely be too much dwelt upon, for they multiply individual power tenfold and increase general interest in a subject of primary importance to all of us. If a majority of the members of any community exert themselves steadily and unitedly to overcome and counteract the influence of the liquor sellers and consumers, the improvement in the condition of that community will soon be visible, and the result of their efforts will scarcely be felt far beyond the limits of their immediate labors, that the encouragement to undertake such work is immense. Organized opposition to the use of intoxicating drinks is what is needed throughout this country, and we wish every reader of the "Southern Workman," would speedily set about his or her part of the work.

A Poor Ragged Irish Boy.

A poor ragged lad came to a ragged-school in Connemara—a miserable little Arab of the streets, with scarcely a trace of the child in his face. One day, however, he appeared radiant in a new suit of clothes.

"How is this, Mike?" said the teacher.

"Oh, sir," he said, "sure daddy's a teetotaler; and I never stopped till I brought him to the meetings, and he signed the pledge; and *look at me now, sir!*"

CHANGES.—The wheel of Fortune is constantly revolving, and the rich man to-day may be the poor man to-morrow. A majority of the rich men in our principal cities were once poor, and many who once possessed their thousands are now indigent. The largest tax ever paid in the city of Boston was paid by a man who once went barefoot to his work.

SPURGEON states his position with candid emphasis. This is from a recent sermon: "At the Lord's table I always invite all Christians to come and sit down and commune with us. If any man were to tell me that I am separate from the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, or the Methodist, I would tell him he did not know me, for I love them with a pure heart fervently, and am not separate from them. The pulse of Christ is communion; and woe to the Church that seeks to cure the ills of Christ's Church by stopping its pulse! I think it a sin to refuse to commune with any one who is a member of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Gems.

It is more difficult, and calls for higher energies of soul, to live a martyr than to die one.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

To-morrow is the day on which idle men work and fools reform.

EXEMPLIFYING duty, does more than explaining it.—*Rowland Hill.*

MANY talk familiarly of sanctification in the lamp, who know but little of it in the piece.—*J. C. Ryle.*

LET friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Thomas Fuller.*

I WILL listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.—*Goethe.*

IF I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.—*Hannah More.*

OH how sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down at night beneath His smile.—*McCheyne.*

GRACE cannot be severed from its fruits. If God gives you St. Paul's faith, you will soon have St. James' work.—*Toplady.*

BIBLE promises are like the beams of the sun, which shines as freely in at the window of the poor man's cottage, as at the rich man's palace, and a little more so, for there are far more promises to the poor than the rich.

THE slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment; the greatest is insufficient, if it do not.—*Colton.*

Trifles.

IT has been proved that, after kindling his fire, a miner stuck a cork in the end of the bellows, to save the little wind that was in them.

TALK about the modern falling off of home affections. Our wives are becoming *dearer* every day.

A LITTLE girl of eight or ten summers being asked what dust was, replied that it was mud with the juice squeezed out.

A JEW in a drab overcoat approached the arrivals on a night train, and in a voice smooth as oil, said, inwitingly: "Will *thee* have a carriage?" Of course, the brethren speedily filled his vehicle. But when they went away came: "Where's *thee's* baggage?" they saw the deception, and with great dispatch quickly clambered out again. The backman to this day cannot account for the sudden change in the manner of his passengers.

SOME men at Louisville were betting on the weight of a large mule, when one man, who was a good judge of the weight of live stock, got behind the mule to make his observations. Just before he died he gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy all over as he was behind, he must weigh not far from 47,000 pounds.

A BOY defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

A PRUDENT clergyman, unwilling to accuse a citizen of lying, said he used the truth with penurious frugality.

SOME people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

AN ELECTION STORY.—In an old Pennsylvania town, where they voted the Democratic ticket sound, so the story goes, in 1868, the experiment was made of putting a Republican ticket in the field. A Mr. Green was the candidate selected, but by reason of sickness he was unable to go to the polls an election day. When the returns were published, Mr. Green had just one vote. Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he announced that if the person who had voted for him would come forward and make affidavit to the facts, he would reward him with a suit of clothes. A few mornings afterward a burly Dutchman called upon Mr. Green, and abruptly remarked: "I wants dat suit of clothes." "Then you are the man who voted for me?" "Yah, I ans dat man." "Are you willing to make an affidavit of it?" "Yah, I swear to em. Mr. Green, accompanied by the intelligent voter, went to the office of the Justice of the Peace, and the required affidavit was made, upon which the clothes were purchased and given to the deponent. At parting, Mr. Green said: "Now, my friend, just answer me one question. How came you to vote for me?" "You vants to know dat?" "Yes." "And you won't go back on de clothes?" "No." "Veil," said he, slowly, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, "den I tole you—I *made a mistake in de ticket.*"

Publisher's Department.

"TAOUMA the "Southern Workman," finds himself lately at his work this month, yet he feels he has an excuse which will be received by every well-wisher.

The printing office has been crowded with very important work, which it would not do to lay aside on any account. The working corps of the office, which stood nobly at the post through the hot and unhealthy months of the past summer, deserved weeks of vacation where it took days, but these one or two days made us feel our dependence on the printers. Our office force has just been increased, and we hope, in the future, to be on time.

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SOUTHERN WORKMAN

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. 2. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1873. NO. 12.

America.

My country, 'tis of thee;
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong!

Republics.

The word "Republic" comes into our language from the Latin, being made directly from the two Latin words, *res*, a thing, and *publicus*, belonging to the people, and means simply a state wherein the governing power is in the hands of the people.

The earliest and best known republics, such as Sparta, Rome, Venice, etc., were governments in which the power was divided between several individuals, and, in many respects different from our modern republics, of which the United States is the best example.

Any community in which no one person possesses sovereign power is actually a republic, and England, since 1688, has full claim to that title, inasmuch as a "limited monarchy" which since the data mentioned, has been the form of government in England, intrusts the reigning monarch with scarcely more than nominal authority, putting the real power, as with us, into the hands of the Houses of Lords and Commons, which correspond to our Senate and House of Representatives. The older republics, as has been said, were governed by families or aristocracies, but the liberties of the people were always preserved, and the rights of individuals more carefully recognized than under any other system. Of the republics of the present day none is on so good a scale as our own, although our nation is comparatively in its childhood; but it is interesting to notice the growth and change of the less important attempts to establish purely republican governments, while many hopeful observers foretell the speedy downfall of all existing despotisms and monarchies before the irresistible influences of freedom. In Europe, France and Spain have been for years struggling to obtain organized liberty, and to become true republics, but, as yet they cannot be considered to have accomplished that end, for the character of their people and the unfortunate effect of their past experience, makes it difficult for them to govern themselves, and thohs is a liberty which, but too frequently, degenerates into license.

Of the smaller republics there are three, which are likely to be of special interest to our readers, namely: Liberia, Hayti and San Domingo. The first of these, Liberia, was organized on the west coast of Africa by American negroes, and has been, up to the present time, an entirely successful experiment. There is a population under the jurisdiction of the republic of 250,000, which is composed of various tribes, who govern themselves through two Houses, similar to our own, and a President, who is elected for a term of two years. The people exist in great comfort and security, and maintain a regular and well-ordered republican system, which does credit to its founders and supporters.

Hayti and San Domingo are republics, established upon one of the largest and most beautiful of the West Indian Islands. Hayti, which is the western end of the Island, has a population of 550,000, and is governed by a President and two Houses, its laws being founded upon the legislative code of France. San Domingo upon the eastern end of the island, has had a varying fate, being sometimes in the power of one nation and sometimes of another, and almost constantly at war with Hayti, or disturbed by internal dissensions, until in 1859, a republic was finally proclaimed, which has subsisted, until the present day and promises a prosperous future. There is scarcely anything in history more tragic than the struggles of the Haytian people, and the story of Toussaint L'Ouverture, and his brave followers should be read by all men who are of the blood of the negro, that they may feel what a noble race they spring from.

It seems that to found a republic demands a more than common share of heroism and self-sacrifice, and we may well ask ourselves if honesty, self-control, and a courageous morality are not essential to the continuance of any government which, like our own, is a government of the people.

In the year 1606, James I. being king of England, two companies were formed in England for the colonization of America, the London company to which was granted South Virginia, extending from Cape Fear to the Potomac, and the Plymouth company, to which was granted North Virginia, extending from the mouth of the Hudson to Newfoundland. The London company at once sent out ships laden with colonists, who, on May 13, 1607, founded the Commonwealth of Virginia, by building Jamestown on the James River, under the direction of the famous Captain John Smith. For the first time the King retained the government of this little commonwealth in his own hands, but gradual changes in the constitution resulted in the establishment of a house of burgesses, chosen by the people, which met, for the first time June 19, 1619, and was virtually the beginning of representative government of America.

Five years before this time, however, Capt. John Smith having examined the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod named the country New England, and returning home published such descriptions of his most discoveries as led to the formation of a new company incorporated as the council established at Plymouth in Devon for the planting, ruling, ordering and governing of New England in America," which company received unlimited powers of legislation over a territory comprising more than a million square miles, and including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the Canadas, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, nearly half of New Jersey, and all the continent lying directly west of those States.

This vast province was naturally beyond the control of any corporation; and the first English settlement within its limits was made without the knowledge of those who considered themselves the legal possessors of the soil, and without the aid of King James, by a body of Puritans, one hundred in number, who, driven from England by religious intolerance, landed, Dec. 21, 1620, at a harbor in Massachusetts Bay, which they called Plymouth, in memory of the last English port from which they had sailed. These people, the "Pilgrim Fathers of New England," were a body of stern, determined men and women, who had come across wild, unknown seas, in search of the liberty denied them nearer home, and their little settlement on "New England's rock-bound coast," carried within itself the principles which were destined in years to come to govern a country whose greatness was then undreamed of.

The government of the Plymouth colony was, from the outset, strictly republican. The governor was elected by the people and restricted by a council of five, and afterward of seven assistants, the legislature, at first comprising the whole body of the people, though, as soon as the population increased, the representative system was, of necessity, adopted.

Other colonies were rapidly formed, but those of Virginia and Massachusetts retained their influence, and to a greater or less extent, affected the various settlements, setting them a noble example in the matter of education and honest legislation. In the course of little more than a century from the settlement of Jamestown, thirteen colonies had been founded by the English within the limits of the present United States, and as early as 1660 the prosperity of these colonies had become so great as to arouse the jealousy of the mother country, whose rulers began, from this time, to make every effort to force American commerce to English hands.

As the colonies increased year by year in importance and wealth, the desire for political freedom increased in proportion, and the republican ideas planted by the first settlers found an atmosphere congenial to quick and vigorous growth, though there still existed a warm attachment to England, and much personal loyalty to the crown. But the English government, as the time drew on, grew more and more blind to the signs of the times, and would not relax its hold of the colonies, but, on the contrary, determined to enforce its own, that it continued a course of systematic injuries to the trade and manufactures of America, endured by the colonists only because they were inflicted behind the shield of the Constitution. As time went on, however, the oppressors of the infant States became bolder, and in 1761 the Parliament of Great Britain issued writs empowering the officers of the customs in America to search stores and houses for goods which had not paid the heavy duties previously imposed, a measure which caused intense excitement and was never executed for fear of the result. Two years later trouble arose in Virginia, in regard to the payment of the clergy, and it was finally decided by the English authorities that the colonies should be taxed directly in spite of all their protests, in pursuance of which decision, the "Stamp Act" was passed March 22, 1765. This act declared that every document used in trade in the colonies, must, to be valid, have affixed to it a stamp, the lowest in value costing a shilling, and thence increasing indefinitely in proportion to the value of the writing. The enforcement of this act, against which the colonies unanimously remonstrated was to be ensured by quartering upon the colonists as many troops as the English ministry thought proper to send out, a measure of tyranny which was formally denounced by the colonies through a congress, held for the purpose in New York, with authority to act for all the people. Public indignation ran so high that in 1766 the "Stamp Act" was repealed, but its repeal was only followed by fresh attacks upon colonial liberty, and new duties were put upon paper, glass, tea and other necessaries, so that nothing remained for the colonists except to bind themselves, as they did, to use none of those articles, thus depriving the British government of the looked for revenue.

Nothing, however, seemed to affect the policy of the English king and his ministers, and oppression followed oppression, until, in self-defence the colonies held conventions and sent delegates to the "Old Continental Congress," at Philadelphia, which met September 5, 1774, and was representatives from every colony, except Georgia. It is said of the members of this congress, that "Patrick Henry was unrivalled for eloquence, and John Rutledge ablest in debate, while, for solid information and sound judgment, George Washington was the greatest man of them all." This assemblage of brilliant and powerful men agreed upon a declaration of rights in which was set forth the claim of the colonists, as British subjects, to assist in making their own laws, and in imposing their own taxes, to the right of trial by jury in the vicinage, of holding public meetings and of petitioning for redress of grievances; while the maintenance of a standing army in the colonies, without their consent, was protested against as were eleven acts, passed during the reign of George III. in violation of colonial rights and privileges.

There is little doubt that, at this time, a majority of the English people sympathized with America, but the king was violently opposed to any attempt at conciliation, so that little attention was paid to the protests of the Philadelphia congress, and the measures so obnoxious to the Americans finally passed the British parliament. As this showed that peace was no longer to be hoped for, the colonies began, in earnest, to prepare for war; and when General Gage, then commanding at Boston, sent out, on the night of April 18, 1775, a part of his forces, to destroy the military stores of the colonists at Concord, the first blood of the Revolution was shed at Lexington, a name forever famous in American history. The tidings of this fight spread like wild fire through the country, and before the end of the month 20,000 men were encamped around Boston, while before the end of the summer the power of all the royal governors from Massachusetts to Georgia was at an end. Not only in the towns but on the remotest frontiers the people acted with boldness and energy, and on May 10, 1775 the second Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia, whence, with a moderation and calmness, which showed the real courage of the people, a last petition was sent to the king, though at the same time a federal union of the colonies was formed, and assumed national authority. The conflict between Great Britain and the colonies was now regularly initiated, and the American government began, at once, to establish the various departments, required by the position in which the new-born nation found itself. A committee was appointed with authority to build thirteen frigates, thus founding our present Navy Department; a secret committee was appointed to correspond with friends in England, which was the germ of our State Department, while a war committee and a financial committee had been practically instituted before the actual commencement of hostilities. And now the decisive step was to be taken which ensured the union of the colonies into a single republic, and the official account of it is as follows: On June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee introduced into Congress a resolution declaring "that the united colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and that their political connection with Great Britain is, and ought to be, dissolved."

After an animated discussion, the resolution passed by the votes of nine colonies, and Franklin, Jefferson, John Adams, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston were appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence. Jefferson wrote this, and, while it was under discussion, Congress sat with closed doors to exclude the excited populace, who waited outside in crowds to hear the decision of their chosen legislators.

In the steeple of the State House hung a bell, imported before from London, on which, by a strange coincidence, was graven the text, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof;" and when on a fair July day, nearly a hundred years ago, that bell rang out a joyous peal, the people who were eagerly listening, knew that the "Declaration of Independence" had been accepted, and the Republic of the United States, was one of the nations of the world.

On the 9th of July, Washington caused this "Declaration" to be read at six o'clock in the evening at the head of each brigade of the army, and the order which he issued at the same time shows the spirit which, as we fought, and the faith he had in the cause. "The General hopes," said he, "that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier, to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that upon the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a State, possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honors of a free country." Throughout the whole country the excitement was intense and the rejoicing very general, though the people had suffered too much not to be well aware of the difficulties which lay before them and to understand that they had undertaken no light task in declaring themselves entitled to the privileges of freedom. The officers whom they elected, legislated for them wisely and well, and the changes effected by the separation from Great Britain were, in the beginning, simply these: "Every former subject of the British king in the thirteen colonies now owed primary allegiance to the government of the people and became citizens of the new republic;" except in this, everything remained as before; every man retained his rights; while the affairs of internal police and government were carefully retained by each separate State, which could, each for itself, order upon the career of domestic reforms. But the States which were henceforth independent of Britain were not independent of one another; the United States of America assumed powers over war, peace, foreign alliance and commerce.

The articles of confederation which were adopted at this time, suffiied during the years of war which followed the Declaration of Independence, but when our Revolutionary struggle was finally ended, and our national liberty firmly established, it was found that they did not form a sufficient constitution for the nation, as they did not give the needful authority to Congress to legislate for the whole country, and were deficient in regard to the adjustment of quarrels between the States, the common defense, etc. In consideration of this, a national convention was called, which met in Philadelphia May 14, 1787, and after a deliberation of four months, adopted the present Constitution of the United States, and submitted it to the people for their ratification. After long discussion, lasting in some of the States for two or three years, the Constitution was adopted by all of them, first by Delaware and last by Rhode Island, and went into operation March 4, 1789. While many minor changes have taken place in our national policy, the Constitution, which was framed for us by the wise foresight of our fathers, has proved to be equal to every demand made upon it in peace or war, by a country whose growth has been unparalleled, and whose citizens have come together from every land in the world. The original seven articles drawn up and signed by the members of the second Continental Congress have been retained, while, from time to time, amendments have been added, to the number of fifteen, which, however, all embody the spirit and carry out the intention of the original document.

No one can read the history of the events which led to the Declaration of Independence and the establishment of the Constitution of the United States without feeling the power of those republican priniples which inspired the founders of our government, and which, from their day to our own, have stood almost every test that can be applied to legislative system. The fact that we have a vast reserve of luxuriant unsettled country to fall back upon, has, of course, been greatly in our favor, and the enemies of the republican form of government do not hesitate to say, that without that we should long ago have found ourselves forced to accept a monarchy. They assert that it is only our immense extent of territory that has saved us from the dangers of over population, that we have thriven as a nation, and are still able to hold fast our motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*." But, on the other hand, we who have experienced the practical benefits of our republican system, and know what it is to live under the law of the people, believe that freedom and equality mean something very different from misrule and license, and are not afreid to see our institutions subjected to the trials which are overturning, one after another the older monarchies and despotisms of Europe, Asia nud Africa. We believe that that government is the best which gives to each of its citizens the amplest possible opportunity for improvement and growth, while making each individually responsible for the public welfare, and in our own Republic, as it stands to-day, we find these conditions. We are told that "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than ha that ruleth a city," and we hold that to be true of nations as well as of men. The nation whose people rule themselves has surely the best guarantee of its own healthy growth, and it is in no spirit of braggadocio, that we delaro our firm faith in the Republic which has withstood a century of dangers, from within and without, and now ranks foremost among the nations of the world.

Scientific and Mechanical.

How Broadcloth is Made.

The better to manifest what woollen is not, let us see what cloth is. Stage by stage, from sheep's back to gentleman's back, we will trace the history. The wool being shorn, goes to the stapler's, and by him is sorted. It is neither long nor short, and, for the cloth manufacturer, if wool be not moderately short, it must be short and artificially. It is next well oiled and spun into thread or yarn, then woven into a tissue that will be cloth by-and-by, though a long way distant from cloth when it leaves the weaver. The tissue, if examined at this stage of manufacture, would display its threads just as madam's stuff gown does. A coat of the material would be threadbare all over, despite its newness. Before this material can become commercial cloth, five chief things will have to be done to it. Its texture must be closed; it must be shrunk—that is to say, it must be cleansed; a nap must be put upon it; superfluous nap must be shorn off; finally, it must be hot-pressed. First, as to the closing or shrinking. If you bear in mind what has already been stated about the quality of felting possessed by wool, due to the presence of certain awlike teeth, the reason of shrinkage will be understood. To accomplish this is the fuller's task, and he goes to work as follows: He takes the material to be shrunk, wets it, soaps it, and submits it to the fulling-mill for a considerable time—seven or eight hours—under which operation the shrinkage is effected. The fulling machine is an engine so contrived that certain heavy pieces of hammers are brought to bear upon the texture already soaped, wetted, and laid in a trough. The hammers are so fixed in the machine that not only do they fall upon the texture with heavy thuds, but at the same time turn it about, each stroke being delivered on a fresh portion. Now, bearing in mind the awlike teeth, and the quality of felting, what happens will be easily understood. The wool fibres are well soaped, as we already know, and but for their serrations, all looking one way, they would slide each other in various and irregular directions. Practically, however, they can only slide one way—namely, with the roots foremost. The result is that the awlike teeth catch among each other, at every catch making the wool fibres shorter, whereby the entire texture is shrunk, and, of course, proportionately closed up and thickened. The result being accomplished, the workman clears away the soap by means of fuller's earth and water, the fabric remaining still in the trough, and still wrought upon by the fulling hammers or piles. Being taken from the fuller's mill, the shrunken material has next to be dried. This is done by hanging it an tenter hooks stuck into the margins of the texture at convenient distances. Obviously, this is an operation that would admit of considerable deceit in dishonest hands. The wet fabric might be injudiciously stretched—made broader and longer to the prejudice of material. Formerly the exact amount of stretching to be used was regulated by Act of Parliament, so important did the matter seem. Well, our material, woven, fulled and dried, is not cloth yet, though a considerable way advanced on its way to cloth. It has no nap, so the next process will be imparting a nap to it. Let us suppose, now, by way of introducing the nap imparting process, that a piece of our material having been laid flatcon a board, a cat gets on it and scratches it. Puss would get a sort of nap on our material, though she would deal with it somewhat roughly. If the scratching effect of cats' claws were such as the clothworker required, he might imitate the operation by some sort of wire-tooth machinery. Altogether too violent it would be; for, although nap is really scratched up out of the texture, this is effected by little hooks incomparably finer than the claws of any cat—finer than any hooks man's ingenuity has enabled him to devise, the agent used by clothiers being, as by the Romans, being the booklike growths of the *Dipsacus fullonum*, or fuller's teazel. This plant, in growth, is something like a thistle, though, botanically, it differs from a thistle. It bears round heads, each about the size of a small apple, and studded all over with fine hooked protuberances. Many of these teazel heads being packed together and bound up tight on a flat surface, make a sort of comb, or curry-comb, and this was the invariable way of packing teazels for use in cloth manufacture once. They may also be packed on a cylinder, but however arranged, their use in getting up nap out of thread will be obvious. Caused to run against the incipient cloth, they scratch out little odds and ends of wool, and produce a hairy surface. One stage farther, then our woven material has advanced on the road to perfect cloth, but it is not cloth yet. The nap just scratched up by the teazel hooks is of all lengths, within certain limits. The manufacturer wants an even length, which he accomplishes by shearing. Next follows hot-pressing, which being done, we regard the cloth as made.

IMITATION OF MARBLE.—By an ingenious though simple process, our American slate is now transformed into a beautiful substitute for marble. The rough blocks of slate are first planked down to the required thickness and the patterns are then drawn upon the slabs which are cut into the proper shapes and polished The sawing is the peculiar feature in the operation. The material is prepared in a vat, and the slab is let down upon the composition, which adheres to the surface of the slate. The slab is next baked in an oven for one night, and then receives a coat of varnish, manufactured for this special purpose, and after six repetitions of these processes it is finally removed and polished, the surface presenting a beautiful appearance. So firmly united to the slate is this coating that it cannot be scaled or chipped off without taking the slaty particles with it.

SPIRITS of Turpentine has been found to be the best antidote for phosphorus poisoning. Those working in match manufactories may benefit by this.

The Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

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The Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, DECEMBER, 1873.

The Beloved Physician.

Such, indeed, was the late Dr. Levi Dwight Seymour, of Hampton. He was born in Hadley, Mass., 1819; graduated at Berkshire Medical College, Pittsfield, 1842; practiced in Western New York four years; then in Greenfield, Mass., until 1862, when he engaged as surgeon in the army, and was in the United States' service until 1866. He afterward practiced in Hampton, until God suddenly called him hence. After visiting a patient Sabbath morning, Nov. 16, and while preparing to attend public worship, he was stricken down with apoplexy; and on the evening of the next day, the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken; thus quickly leaving his wife a widow, and his children fatherless; and throwing into deep affliction, not them only, but the religious society, of which he was a loved and honored member, of whose Committee of Arrangements he was the Chairman; together with the officers and pupils of the Normal School, and a multitude of the surrounding community, to whom, as physician, he so kindly and faithfully ministered in sickness.

Thus our beloved physician has yielded to that stroke of death, which he had sought so earnestly and with such a high degree of success, to avert from ourselves. And since, by means of his professional knowledge and skill, so many of us were relieved from pain and sickness, and held back from the grave, his memory is embalmed in our grateful hearts.

He did not, indeed, ease every pain and cure every disease, and save every patient from death. He knew too much to make any pretensions of this character; knew that there was a limit to the healing art. No taint of arrant quackery or boastful empiricism characterized him. He was, to such an extent, the reverse of the ignorance of high looks and big words and blustering pretensions, and such a dislike for the mere flourish of trumpets, was so modest and unassuming in his deportment, that he did not always pass in the community for what he was really worth.

But we, who were intimate with him, knew him but to love him. He was a man of that quiet refreshing humor, which made him a very agreeable companion; of that magnanimity of soul, which lifted him above the mean and selfish, so that he would have been the last one to take any such unmanly advantage as that of striving to raise up himself by pulling another down; of that sterling integrity and generous public spirit, which caused him to be highly valued as a friend and neighbor, and trusted and honored as a citizen.

As a physician, he had the interest in his patients which rendered him watchful and ready to apply the needed remedy, with that sympathetic feeling, that considerate and delicate kindness, which is often as beneficial as the medicine itself. But his distinguishing and crowning excellence was, that he so denied himself that he might give his medicine and his services to the poor and the despised. With much truth he might have adopted as his own, the words of the patriarch Job, "When the ear heard me then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor."

May we be followers of him in that which was thus praiseworthy, so that we may receive at last from the lips of our final Judge, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The Illustrations for December.

For the month which closes the year of 1873, we are happy to be able to present our readers with a fine cartoon of Congress in session, a picture which, we are sure, must be of interest to all who know anything of the political life of our country.

In another article we have given some account of the work which the National Congress is expected to do, of it privileges and restrictions, and of its influence as a political body; and in this particular we particularly calling attention to the value of the large illustration which accompanies this number of "The Southern Workman," we desire also to remind our readers of the real beauty and importance of the series of pictures that we have laid before them during the past twelve months. Such illustrations could be offered at the very moderate price of our annual subscription, only through the generosity of certain friends in the North, from whom we have obtained the plates of our engravings for a merely nominal sum, or, in some cases, without any payment whatever; and, in making our hearty acknowledgments to them, we once more take occasion to impress upon our readers the wisdom of profiting by the liberality that makes "The Southern Workman" one of the cheapest monthlies in the country. We believe that it is its own best advertisement; and as it is published solely in the interest of its readers, we do not hesitate to ask those readers to assist in increasing its subscription list by recommending it and circulating specimen copies among all who are likely to be interested in our undertaking. "The Southern Workman" ought to be supported by Southern workmen, and we appeal to them to help us in making our journal a power for good in the land.

The Cuban Question.

During the last month, our country has been quite excited at the prospect of war with Spain, but, as we go to press, the clouds of war are breaking, and we read with pleasure that Spain has acceded to the demands made by the United States. We cannot help thinking somewhat anxious yet, as it is a question whether Spain, now so shaken by interior and exterior troubles, is strong enough to exact from the authorities in Cuba that we are entitled to.

We are sorry to see that there are those who are disappointed at the peaceful turn matters have taken, and hope and believe such rankling spirits are few. Let the Administration hold fast to its old motto, "Let us have peace." We hope, however, that no peace will be purchased at the cost, for years to come, of such a disturbed and barbarous reign as poor Cuba has seen for the past few years.

A Righteous Verdict.

Wm. M. Tweed, of New York, is sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve years, Ingersoll for five years, and Farrington for eighteen months. It is time the people should answer Tweed's question as to his frauds: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

A Terrible Ocean Disaster.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 23d of November, the staunch steamship, *Ville du Havre*, which left New York for Havre, France, on Nov. 15th, under Capt. Surmont, came in collision with the British steamship *Loch Earn*, and sunk almost immediately. Over two hundred lives were lost, and these of the first families of New York, Boston and Chicago, who were going to Europe for health or pleasure. According to the latest reports, there were but eighty-seven of the passengers and crew saved.

Prospects Ahead.

Some time ago we referred to a movement then said to be on foot in England, looking to an association of capitalists for the promotion of direct trade with the Southern and Western States, and more particularly the introduction of capital, at low rates of interest, for the development of the vast agricultural and mineral resources of our own and other States in the South and the great Mississippi Valley. The organization of the society is now completed, and it is announced that early the next season a deputation of heavy capitalists will visit the southern country, with a view to personally inspecting the great fields of mineral and agricultural wealth, which offer such grand inducements to capital and labor. The deputation will be composed of some of the leading business men of Great Britain, France and Germany. The beneficial results of such a visit, carried out on a comprehensive plan, can hardly fail to be of the most important character.

Several causes are said to have stimulated to this movement in the three leading governments named. Every year demonstrates more conclusively the fact of their growing dependence on this country for breadstuffs, and ultimately no doubt for much of its mineral wealth. Professor Anstead, of London, who, we believe, is President of the Geological Society of England, is now in this State, in the interest of heavy English capitalists, looking to development of our coal and iron resources. He lately appeared, before the Senate Committee on Transportation, at Charleston, West Virginia, and there testified to the importance of the James River and Kanawha Canal, to the great and growing interests, agricultural and mineral, of the West. He is reported as saying that one of the most powerful claims of this route for development lies in the fact, that were cheap transportation opened up from our coal fields of the Kanawha River to Norfolk harbor—one of the finest in the world—it would ere long become the greatest coal station on the globe. It would defy competition from any other part in the world for supplying the Eastern cities, South America, West Indies, and many of the English colonies.

He is further reported as saying: "The day is now made upon England would be released, and fleets from three-quarters of the globe would come and go out thence, carrying the best qualities of coal to the different naval stations. Cheapness, quality and proximity would all combine to make trade in coal follow this, its legitimate and natural channel. This route, for which

...ued from fourth page.

The term of office of ...ves and consequently the term of each congress, expires by law on the 4th day of March of every second year. The duties of Congress are to lay and collect taxes, imposts and excises, which must be uniform throughout the United States; to borrow money, when necessary, on the credit of the United States, to coin money as required, to define and punish piracy and offenses against the law of nations; to declare war, to raise and support the army and navy; to provide for calling the militia when required, and to exercise exclusive legislation, in all cases, over the District of Columbia. The limits of congressional power are well defined, and are as follows: Congress can make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. Farther than this, Congress has the right, in the case of the President's or Vice-President's inability to act, for any cause whatsoever, to declare what officer shall act as President until the disability be removed or another President elected.

The judiciary of the United States consists of a Supreme Court made up of one chief justice and eight associate judges, who are appointed for life by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, so that in this way Congress exercises control over both the other branches of the government, and is, to some extent, responsible to the people for the action of the executive and judiciary departments. Congress also has power to admit new States to the Union, and to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territories and other property belonging to the United States; and it alone has authority to define the punishment of treason. The State governments are carefully limited in their independence, for without the consent of Congress no State may lay any duty on tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in times of peace; enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power; or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

While the above statement of the powers and limitations of the National Congress does not, by any means, cover the whole ground, it still gives most of the facts necessary to an understanding of its place in our system of government, and shows plainly enough that it is truly the *people* who govern. The executive power is vested in a President, who, with the Vice-President, is elected for four years by a college of electors, each State returning as many electors as it is entitled to have senators and representatives in Congress. In South Carolina these electors are appointed by the legislature, but in all the other States they are chosen by popular vote, which, of course, puts the choice of the President and Vice-President directly into the hands of the people.

In short, the more closely our institutions are studied, the more evident it becomes that the minds which originated them were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of republicanism, and had strong faith in the final triumph of the principles for which they themselves risked everything. We, who have inherited from them the right to call ourselves citizens of the United States, ought, as one of our first duties, to make ourselves thoroughly conversant with the theory and practice of our government. We ought to understand its machinery and the differences between it and other existing systems, and to know what its enemies say against it, and what evidence its friends can bring forward in its favor. Ourcitizenship will not be of much valuo to us as long as we remain ignorant of what citizenship means, and no man can do his duty at the most unimportant political meeting until he knows the reason for his appearance in it and something, at least, of the probable results of his action. There is great need of a more intelligent comprehension of the principles of republicanism, and we should all remember that here in our own country, republicanism is on trial. If it fails, the people, who were too ignorant to govern themselves, will have to bear the disgrace; if it succeeds, the people, who have shown themselves equal to the demands which such a republic as ours makes upon its members, will have won for their country a glorious place upon the world's list of nations.

"long chase," but you feel sure it will stop some time—there is no run against a stone wall. You swoop down upon it like a ... on a butterfly. Hurrah!—so—a sudden flaw lifts it just as your fingers touch it. You fling yourself farther forward, slip, and down you go on your nose, while your hat sails majestically away before the wind in a manner full of grace if you only had time to watch it. Up and off again. The boys and street dogs join in the chase. It is growing exciting. The dogs bark and the urchins shout, you are getting quite into the spirit of the thing yourself, when you meet that pretty girl you are trying to captivate. She springs out of your way, looks startled, alarmed, inquiring, and then bursts out laughing, while on you rush; glad at least to get out of sight. But now you have lost your head as well as your hat; you don't see what you are running after, or, where you are running to; so, the next thing, you dash into a portly old gentleman with his arms full of bundles, and almost knock the breath out of him. You apologize, help him pick up his bundles, hand him his cane, and mutter something about such a windy day, and how a gentleman feels at losing his hat, when a very dirty boy steps up and asks you sixpence for fishing *something* out of a mud puddle, and the portly old gentleman gasps scornfully—"*Is that* what you were running after?" Well, you can get another, you know—hats are plenty. If you had only thought of that a little sooner though!

But plenty as hats are, and this was what we intended to say at the beginning of this article which is designed to be serious, we had as small an idea, as some of our readers have, perhaps, of the extensive provision that is made for covering the heads of the people, till we stood the other day in the work rooms of the "Union Straw-works" at Foxboro, Massachusetts, which we visited in company with the "Hampton Students," who are seeing as well as singing, a good deal on their travels.

"How many straw hats do you make in a year?" we inquired of the gentleman who kindly piloted us through the works. "Two millions," was the overwhelming answer, "and these are all made in the working season from December to July. We turn out sometimes in a busy season, eleven thousand hats a day;" and all this enormous supply for the country alone; none are exported. There are various other straw hat manufactories in the country, but this is the largest. In the busy season, eleven hundred hands are employed, seven hundred of whom are women. These operatives belong chiefly to a very intelligent and superior class of working people, principally American, from Maine and Cape Cod. They are well taken care of; there are three large boarding houses connected with the factory for the women, and there is a library of seven hundred volumes belonging to the employees. As they are paid by the piece after learning the trade, skill and industry tell upon their incomes, and some of them carry back to their country homes comfortable little sums for future capital or dowry.

The boys toss their hats up into the air in their fun, without much thought that they are the same from which the world be surprised to hear that it comes all the way from China—most of it. The Canton straw is the best, and work over there (or under there) is vastly cheaper than here, so it pays for the factories to send over the blocks and the thread to the Chinese workmen who braid the straw and sew it over the forms. Some of the braid is now imported and sewed here. Seven agents of the company are employed in distributing this braid to the women straw-sewers in the country for twenty miles around Foxboro. There are also one hundred and fifty straw-sewing machines in the factory, on which a girl can sew the braid into the shape of a hat in a very few minutes. This is no cheaper than hand-sewing but more convenient, as a sudden change in the fashions sometimes requires a sudden change in the work. After the hat is sewed by hand or machine, it has got to be bleached, blocked, pressed, trimmed, shaped and packed. We have little room to describe all these processes, and they must be seen to be clearly understood. The hats are bleached by boiling in chemicals, and steadily passing through a preparation of glue. They are then hung out to dry. It is amusing to see a large meadow full as it can hold of hats set up on short stakes—not straw hats only, but huckram bonnets ... which are also made here ... of a shape ... ing, by hand or machine. They are then shaped for the ... time, the proper roll being given to the brim, and then are ready to be packed for sale.

And this is the history of a straw hat, at least till it comes to the boy's hands. After that we fear its course is downward till it reaches the...junk shop or the gutter.

The fashion which control the makers and wearers of hats are brought one season for the next, from France and England. The next spring style is gentlemen's straws will be nearly as tall as a silk "stove pipe," the upper half of open-work straw for ventilation. In this bit of fashion news "The Southern Workman" is quite ahead of the Press in general.

A Novel Spoiled.

The heroine was not beautiful, to begin with, nor in any wise remarkable. She was just a plump, winsome little maiden, and she stood at the ... that opened on Sunday evening, with an air of very reverent of staidness and composure. Outside the gate was a tall figure, a face bronzed and bearded, and a low voice uttering words half pleading, half resentful. There was a moment's pause, then the voice questioned, with a dash of bitterness—

"Shall I go, Maggie?"

"Just as you please, Mr. Clifford!" whereupon the questioner turned suddenly about and strode rapidly down the country road, crushing the glittering sand under his feet, while Maggie sped into the house, up to her room, and bolted her door as if afraid of being pursued. She peeped through a window, from behind the curtain, until the lonely pedestrian on the quiet road had vanished from sight; then she assured herself that "if Tom chose to act so—so—she didn't care!" and proved her utter indifference by burying her face in her pillow with a burst of sobs, and entire forgetfulness of the pansies in her pretty hat.

They had quarreled about nothing,—at least she couldn't remember what it began with—but, of course, it was all over between them now, and he would go away as he had said. She wondered, as she lay with her flushed, tearful face turned toward the stars, how it would seem to do that night, and go away from it all. Wouldn't somebody be sorry then? She almost wished she could do it.

Tom, on the other hand walk, discoursed furiously to himself upon the fickleness and perversity of all womankind. "Not one of the whole race worth breaking a fellow's heart for," he remarked savagely, though with a queer little quiver about his lips the while. One thing was certain, he would not stay moping there. The world was wide, and there was nothing now to hold him back. He would resign his place in the village store, and join the party for Arizona. Yes, he would take the first train for the city; there whom are women. These operatives belong chiefly to a very intelligent and superior class of working people, principally American, from Maine and Cape Cod. They are well taken care of; there are three large boarding houses connected with the factory for the women, and there is a library of seven hundred volumes belonging to the employees. As they are paid by the piece after learning the trade, skill and industry tell upon their incomes, and some of them carry back to their country homes comfortable little sums for future capital or dowry.

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I thought it was big enough to reach ... to the top, and it does," said Carlie disparagingly. "Anybody could have got over the side of it if they wanted to. Now, pay o cent."

Billy stepped a valiant demonstration to ... Carlie's dollar down this piled it," but Carlie remonstrated. Presently, a ... in a neighboring lot suggested an ... of relief, and the call ... from, in high spirits, ... to appropriate them. ... they could carry but one at once, but gradually they piled them up, with one end ... fence and the other resting upon the ... quite forgetting, in their zeal for a thorough ... cade, to make any arrangement for ... ing their gate when the required toll should be paid. It was slow, tolsome building; but the two little faces, though flushed and perspiring, were also triumphant as they gazed upon the completed structure, with its last pole standing nearly upright against the cart. Partly for coolness to herself, partly by way of ornament to the edifice, Carlie removed her sun-bonnet from her head and hung it upon this highest point.

"But nobody can't get through that!" exclaimed Billy, panting?. "How much do you s'pose we'll make?"

"Dollar, maybe," replied the sanguine Carlie, her eyes growing round with the stupendous prospect. "I'm too tired to build any little house to live in to-day; let's stay out-doors."

Out of doors was very pleasant. They sat down on the soft grass that edged the road and curled the long stems of dandelion while they waited for their fortune to come; growing so interested in their occupation at last, that they had almost forgotten that they were waiting for anything, when a horse and rider came dashing down the road, and Tom Clifford, with barely time to reach the village in season for the city-bound train rode full upon the barricade. For a gloomy and desperate suitor, bent upon rushing to the ends of the earth, to be stayed in his course by an old cart loaded with bean-poles, was certainly exasperating. Nevertheless he could not go on; and as the two beaming and satisfied young faces peered out at him, he demanded in vexed astonishment:

"What on earth have you got here?"

"We're, a toll-gate," explained Miss Carlie with dignity. "Me and Billy made it, and we'll let you through if——"

But the statement of terms was cut short. The horse at that moment espied the fluttering white sun-bonnet, and seizing so favorable an opportunity to be frightened, sprang suddenly to one side, flung his unsuspecting rider to the ground, and sped away up the road again. Tom rolled over and sat up in a bewildered sort of way, got upon his feet slowly, brushed the dust from his clothes, and looked after his retreating steed with a long whistle.

"Well! it isn't likely anything will stop him now until he gets home, so I might as well stay and pull this thing down. What possessed you two youngsters"—... these Tom paused, laughed, and grew more like his good-natured self than he had been for twenty-four hours. The defiant, indignant, disappointed expression of those little, dirty faces was irresistible. Carlie protested stoutly when the arcana had begun to be explained, but Billy and Tom persuaded and explained, and the promise of a ride in the cart when he rolled it back up the lane, effected a satisfactory capitulation.

The toll-gate disposed of, Tom's next move was to follow his horse, and he speedily discovered that the wise animal had not taken the trouble to go home, but had stopped nearer by at a place where he had frequently been allowed to make himself quite at home. He had been recognized at once, and saddled and bridled but ridden without suspicions of evil. The women had gathered about him, Aunt Polly with hands dripping from the suds, Aunt Becky leaning upon her crutch, and Maggie pale and trembling—when Tom arrived upon the scene, with nothing at all the matter but a rent in his coat. In the kindness of her heart Aunt Polly insisted that it should come in for repairs. "She was wasting, to be sure, and Becky was no great hand with any needles but knitting needles, but Maggie could do it slick as you please."

The owner gladly consented, "It did look rather badly to wear through the village—if it wouldn't be much trouble to just put a stitch in it."

He watched the color come back into the face bent so steadily over that piece of darning; watched the white fingers busy with their task, and remarked significantly:

"What a talent you have for making things right again."

"After other people have made them, crooked," added Maggie, promptly.

"I don't think these threads will show that they were ever separated."

Maggie made no reply to that, and he looked on in silence a few minutes longer.

"There! the breach is made."

"Quite," she said.

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that has yet been heard in this world; and still more perfect, as what earthly song is now—if some voices are still wanted to fill up the harmony, there is more hope to-day than ever, that the time is approaching when the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of dissonant sects shall be drowned in the grand chorus of universal Love.

The recent meeting in New York was the Sixth Conference of the World's Evangelical Alliance. The first was held twenty-seven years ago in London, in 1846. The first proposal of such a meeting came from an American clergyman. It met with an unexpectedly hearty response from pastors and churches in all countries of the Christian world, in which a strong desire for closer intercourse had long been growing. On the appointed day, the 19th of August, 1846, some eight hundred leading Christians, including many learned Congregational and Methodist ministers, from our own and other nations, assembled in Freemasons' Hall, London, to consider the great question of forming a World's Evangelical Alliance. Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Independents (as the English Congregationalists are called), Baptists, Moravians, Lutherans and others were represented in the great assembly.

In the words of one of the German delegates to the recent New York meeting, Dr. Noel of Berlin: "The Alliance thus formed, does not aim at a union of all branches of the Church into one denomination; still less does it seek to establish a new church or to melt and mix together those which in different languages, countries and forms serve God their Saviour after their own manner. But the Evangelical Alliance will seek to inspire them all with the consciousness that their members, one and all, belong, as children of God, to one blessed Lurd and Saviour, and are in duty bound to join in true love for the purpose of doing His work."

The practical results of this united Christian work have been signal and blessed. It has been begun and continued with united prayer. One of the earliest resolutions passed by the Alliance was in these words: "That it be recommended that the week beginning with the first Lord's day of January in each year, be observed by the members and friends of the Alliance throughout the world as a season for concert in prayer on behalf of the objects contemplated by the Alliance." This annual Week of Prayer has been increasingly observed year by year, and as Dr. Noel goes on to say, "In reviewing the events of the last quarter of a century, Christians cannot fail to recognize God's goodness in answering these united prayers of His children. The opening of many lands to the free circulation of the Bible, and proclamation of the Gospel, the breaking of the chains of slavery and serfdom, the religious revivals in many lands, and the increased life in the Christian Church, have seemed to follow as very direct answers to these Christian prayers and efforts.

The first meeting of the Evangelical Alliance after its formation, was held in London, in the autumn of ... after ... at rare intervals; the third in Berlin, Prussia, in 1857; the fourth in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1861; the fifth in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1867. All of these meetings were largely attended by delegates from all the branches of the Alliance in different lands, and distinguished by peculiar interest and followed by much good done.

The sixth meeting has just been held in New York. It has been the largest, and in many respects, the most interesting and remarkable of all the meetings than so far gone, to separate the sons of Noah, to give them different languages to send them off in different directions, that the whole earth might be peopled; but while Thou didst scatter them abroad on the face of the earth, Thou didst also provide that they should come together. Thou hast raised up the Christian Alliance, and by that means the families of the sons of Noah are gathered together again, and meet on the same platform, preaching the same Jesus, and for the accomplishment of one great purpose. We thank God for what has been done. God grant that those who have shared in this great Conference may be strengthened to carry the Truth abroad, and that the Church militant may be enabled to join the Church triumphant in glory."

We might easily fill this whole number of "The Southern Workman," with interesting extracts from the many able speeches that occupied the ten days' meetings—from the venerable President of the Alliance, ex-President Wolsey of Yale College, from ex-President Hopkins of Williams, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and many other of our American as well as of the distinguished foreign delegates; but these must suffice.

A spirit-stirring Farewell meeting at the Academy, overflowing into four or five other halls, closed the Conference on ...

Englishman. I expected to see much here that would interest me, but my expectations have been so greatly surpassed, that though I have been here only a month, I feel one-half American already. I look round here, and while I see the Stars and Stripes, my eye rests immediately after on something which looks like our English Union Jack. I hope they will always be folded together in that peaceful way. The worst of all things is, for Christians to stand aloof from each other. Like the man who saw on the hills of Scotland what he thought to be an enemy, but who found, as the mist cleared away, that it was his own brother, so amid our controversies, we see through a mist, and mistake for enemies those who are really our brethren."

Very great interest was excited by the delegate who came farthest to the Alliance, even 14,000 miles—the Rev Narayan Sheshadri, a converted Brahmin from East India. He appeared on the platform in his native costume, of flowing robes and white turban, and his very eloquent use of our language, which he spoke with wonderful fluency and almost without any foreign accent—far more perfectly than any other one of the foreign delegates—caused the churches and halls in which he spoke to be almost thronged.

An interesting letter was read from the Conference of the "Old Catholics," as they call themselves, then assembled in Constance, Switzerland. This body consists of a large number of priests and members of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, who refuse to acknowledge the infallibility of the Pope, which he proclaimed as a doctrine of the Church at the so-called Œcumenical Council in Rome, in 1870. They have given up, or are giving up more and more, prayer to the saints, the worship of the Virgin, the sale of indulgences, and obligatory confession, and have recommended that their priests shall be allowed to marry. They have already nearly one hundred congregations, with five thousand members, in Germany, and now that peace is restored with France, the movement will doubtless spread through that country which has always had a large party of Liberal Catholics. It has already spread through Catholic Switzerland.

In a paper read by Rev. Dr. Hoge of Richmond, upon the condition of Christian work in our Southern States, he says: "Virginia has taken the lead in the great work of education and there, the Free School system, inaugurated in 1870, has been most faithfully and efficiently managed. The establishment of Normal schools for the Freedmen, like the excellent Agricultural and Polytechnic Institute at Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, will do more than anything else to confirm their possibly wavering interest in educational schemes for their benefit. Enlightened and well-trained colored teachers, thoroughly understanding the idiosyncrasies of their own race, and sincerely desirous to promote their good, without partisan or selfish aims, will become the best agency for keeping alive their present zeal for self-improvement, and for inspiring them how to guard the great ... conferred upon them against the raids of pillaging and unprincipled demagogues."

The colored members of the Alliance were largely represented in the meetings, and I cannot better close these extracts than with a few words from a prayer made on the fourth day of Association Hall, by Rev. J. P. Campbell, D. D., from Philadelphia, Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church: "Oh Lord, Thy wisdom and goodness was manifested when so far gone, to separate the sons of Noah, to give them different languages to send them off in different directions, that the whole earth might be peopled; but while Thou didst scatter them abroad on the face of the earth, Thou didst also provide that they should come together. Thou hast raised up the Christian Alliance, and by that means the families of the sons of Noah are gathered together again, and meet on the same platform, preaching the same Jesus, and for the accomplishment of one great purpose. We thank God for what has been done. God grant that those who have shared in this great Conference may be strengthened to carry the Truth abroad, and that the Church militant may be enabled to join the Church triumphant in glory."

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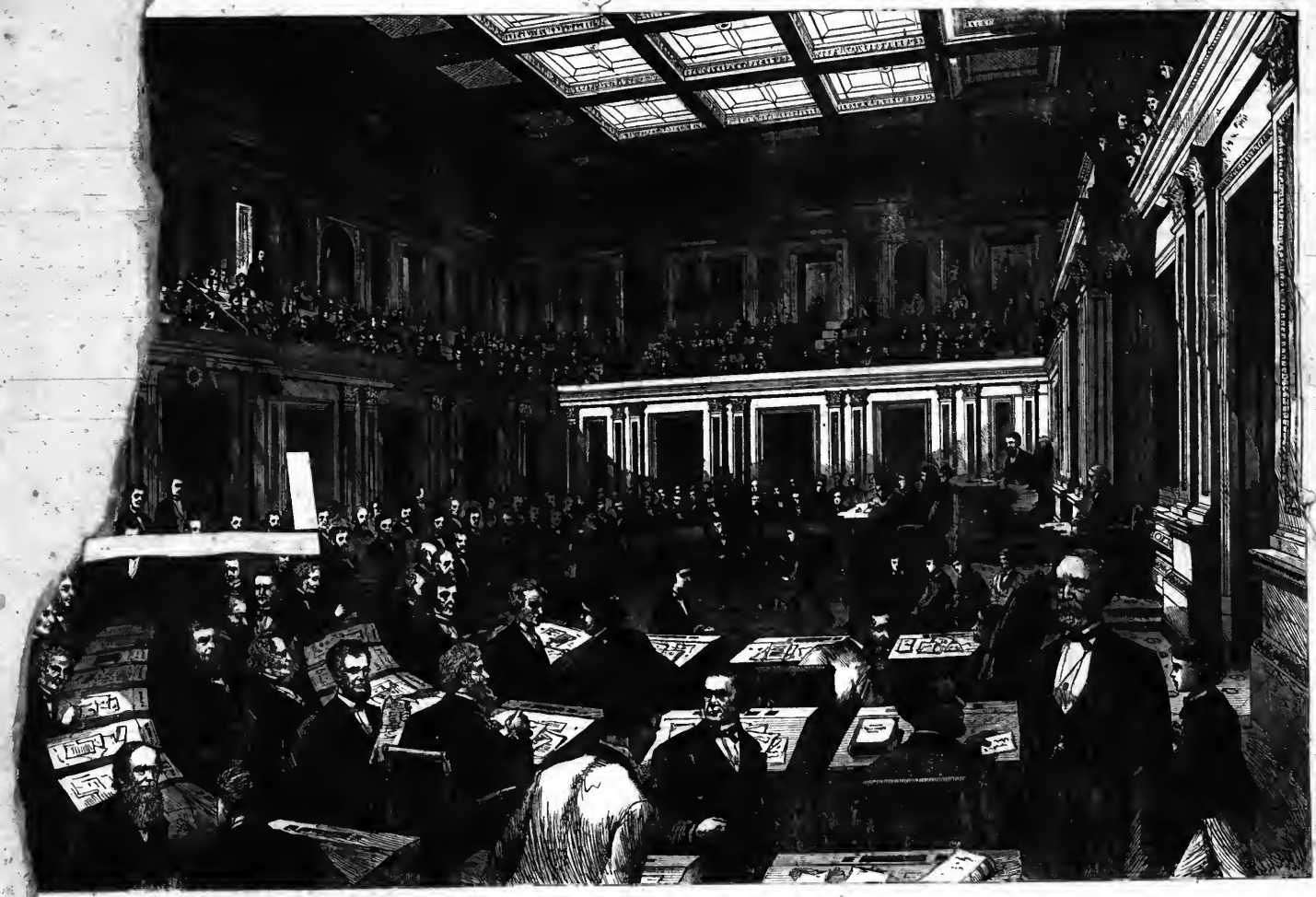

THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

will be remembered that when the colonies separated from Great Britain, the States retained their independence, so far as concerned their own internal affairs, but united in giving a portion of their power to a central government, and agreeing that the laws made by that government, so long as they did not conflict with the Constitution, should be of superior authority to the State laws.

All powers that the Constitution did not expressly give to the federal, or central government, or did not expressly prohibit to the States, were reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people, and the original agreement of the States still stands, the federal government holding now, as it did at its first establisment, the chief authority. There are three branches of the main government: the legislative, the executive, and the judicial; but as it is with the legislative, or law-making branch that the we have chiefly to do, we shall describe that as fully and clearly as possible, for it is a subject which should be thoroughly understood by every citizen of the United States. Our national legislature consists of a Congress, composed of a Senate and a House of Representatives, the former of which consists of two senators from each State, chosen by the respective legislatures for six years, in such a way that one-third of the whole body goes out of office every two years. The Vice-President of the United States is president of the Senate by virtue of his office, and in his absence the Senate elects a president, who acts temporarily. A senator must be thirty years of age, must have been for nine years a citizen of the United States, and, at the time of his election, must be a resident of the State for which he is chosen. The House of Representatives is composed of members chosen for two years by the people of each State; they must be twenty-five years of age, seven years citizens of the United States, and at the time of their election must be residents within the States for which they are chosen. The number of representatives in Congress is fixed, by law, at two hundred and thirty-three, and they are apportioned among the several States according to their representative population, every State being entitled to at least one representative. There are also delegates, one from each organized territory, who are entitled to speak in the House, but not to vote. The House of Representatives chooses its own speakers and other officers, has the sole power of impeachment, (the Senate having sole power to try all impeachments made by the House,) and originates all bills relating to revenue.

Members of both Senate and House receive $6,000 for each congress, ($3,000 a year,) and mileage at the rate of $8 for every twenty miles of travel in the usual road in going to and returning from the seat of government. The pay of the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate *pro tempore* is $12,000 a congress.—The regular sessions of Congress commence on the first Monday of December in each year, and extra sessions may be called by the President whenever he considers

Continued on third page.

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HAMPTON, JANUARY, 1874.

Agassiz.

In the death of Louis Agassiz which occurred at Cambridge, Massachusetts, at 10.15 P. M. December 14, the people of America have lost a faithful friend. Many of our readers knew him but to love and respect, while those who knew him not, will reap benefits from his noble and self-sacrificing life. One of the back numbers of our paper contains a fine portrait of this celebrated scientist, and a short sketch of his life; but as many of our present subscribers have not seen this number referred to, we will give another sketch of his life and works. His full name was Louis John Rudolph Agassiz. He was of Huguenot descent, born in Motiers, Switzerland, May 28, 1807. For six succeeding generations his lineal descendants were clergymen, his father being a Protestant pastor over the parish of St. Imier. His mother was the daughter of a physician, and was herself a woman of an extensive education. She taught him in his early school-days and, in fact trained him in view of making him a physician. He had a nobler thought, however, to which he devoted himself with an honest and untiring zeal. This devotion is perhaps best indicated in a characteristic reply which has often been quoted, but it is worth being again mentioned. Once when a business man pressed him to become a partner in a business where his knowledge would be considered of great value, he replied: "I have no time to make money."

He was once beset by publishers to write a book for school use, and a good round sum was offered him for the work. He answered, that he was not the man to do that sort of work, and also the less of it was done the better. "It is not books we want, but students. The book of Nature is always open. All that I shall write will be to make them study that book, and not pin their faith to any other."

The secret of the great personal influence which he everywhere exerted, lay in his singleness of purpose and simplicity of style and manners. He kept one object in view and seemed to forget everything else. He was simple in dress and living, and might have been mistaken for some sturdy mechanic. His massive head, slightly inclined forward, rested on a thick-set, heavy frame. His face was ever beaming with good humor. His eyes brightened with the kindliest interest when giving information to some inquiring student, or revealing to an audience a new discovery. His addresses were generally extemporaneous, and though the English language was not his native tongue, he used it like a master.

The most important undertaking which will suffer by his death, is the Cambridge Museum. Of this he was the founder, and worked hard to make it a success. It has been in operation but fourteen years, but is now probably second to none in the world, if we may take Professor Tyndall's judgment in the case. In this work he received valuable pecuniary aid from Francis C. Gray of Boston, who bequeathed for this purpose, in 1858, the sum of $50,000. The next year, the State of Massachusetts voted $100,000, $71,000 being raised by private subscription. Since then, $150,000 have been added to the fund: $25,000 by the State, $100,000 from Mr. Shaw, and $25,000 from Alexander Agassiz.

Another work linked with his name should be mentioned, the Natural History School at Penikese Island. It was started last year under favorable auspices, and the many teachers who attended it during the summer months will sadly regret the loss of its teacher, whose place cannot be filled in their hearts, even if it is possible to fill it in the school. A Mr. Anderson furnished the funds for this experiment, and it is to be hoped that it will still go on successfully.

Though he was an adept in all branches of Natural History, he has done more in the science of ichthyology than any other man. The fossil branch of this science is almost wholly due to his labors. One work of his on this subject, in which he was aided by Baron von Humboldt, is in five volumes, with a folio atlas containing three hundred and eleven plates, where seventeen hundred species are either wholly or partially figured and described.

Nearly forty years ago he began to unfold his glacial theory, which met from his brother scientists very violent opposition, but to-day that theory has become generally accepted. He has had high honors conferred upon him by scientific societies the world over. He was opposed to Darwin's theory of the origin of mankind, or the Development theory, and wrote a masterly article on the subject, for the New York Tribune, which received much attention and criticism. His work increased with his years, and his great responsibility, no doubt, hastened his death. The whole world will miss and mourn him, and his labors will still remain as lasting monuments.

The Boston Tea Party.

Boston has had a Tea Party! Is that anything surprising? perhaps you will ask. Yes, there *is* something surprising about this tea party. Boston only has this kind of a tea party once in a hundred years, and this is but the second. The first was the largest tea party ever heard of, and it was the greatest surprise of the age. It surprised kings and councilors and shook the throne of King George. It took place Dec. 16, 1773. There were some peculiarities about this tea party. The guests were not invited or expected, and when they arrived they didn't drink any of the tea, but simply acted as waiters and *passed it round*, and old Neptune (every Normal School boy and girl knows who he is), drank the whole of it. He drank three hundred and forty-two chests of tea in less than two hours. If tea drinking leads to gossip and scandal, as is said, how garrulous the old Sea God must have got by the time he had drank his three hundredth chest, and what yarns he must have spun about Amphitrite, or "Amphy," as he used to call her, for short, and all his other wives and their relations. But you wish to know about the Tea Party, and why they have had another; I will tell you. You all remember that about a hundred years ago, when this country belonged to Great Britain, attempts were made by the British Government to tax its colonies for its own support. The Colonists, feeling that taxation without representation was tyranny, resisted what they considered an act of oppression, and at last declared their independence, and after the war of the Revolution, they triumphed. Among other methods of taxation was a duty on tea, which the colonists determined not to pay. They held meetings all over the country, and denounced the tax, and pledged themselves not to buy or drink any tea while this duty was levied. When the first ship, the *Dartmouth*, which came to Boston with a load of tea after the passage of this act, arrived, there was intense excitement. She anchored, Nov. 28, 1773. The citizens held a meeting, Nov. 29, in Faneuil Hall, the famous "Cradle of Liberty," as it is well called, which was attended by more than five thousand people, and which lasted two days. They passed resolutions calling on the agents of the ship to send her back, with her cargo to England. This they agreed to do, but the English Governor, Hutchinson, refused to let the vessel go back until duty was paid. As soon as the Governor's decision was made known, on the evening of Dec. 16, a party of fifty to sixty citizens, disguised as Indians (who were plenty in those days), went on board the three vessels (two other ships having arrived with tea meanwhile), and, as I said before, in less than two hours every one of the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were taken out, broken open, and cast into the salt waters of Boston harbor, much to the astonishment, no doubt, of the eels and fishes, who were not accustomed to such a luxury. They did this, sounding the war whoop, but without injury to any other property or any man's person. When their work was done, the crowd that had followed them, quietly dispersed, and the town became before midnight as quiet as on a Sabbath. Of this bold act, John Adams wrote in his diary as follows: "Last night three cargoes of Bohea tea were emptied into the sea. This is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire. This destruction of the tea is so bold, so firm, intrepid and inflexible, and it must have such important and lasting consequency, that I can but consider it an epoch in history." And on the same day he wrote to James Warren: "This is the greatest event which has yet happened since the controversy with Britain opened. The sublimity of it charms me."

The example of resistance which had thus been set in Boston was followed elsewhere. The teas shipped to New York and Philadelphia were sent back in the ships that brought them, without being landed; in Charleston they were stored in a damp cellar, where they soon spoiled. The destruction of the tea was, in truth, an epoch in history, of that struggle which so soon resulted in the total overthrow of the authority of the mother country an epoch only equalled in local interest by the evacuation of Boston, a little more than two years afterward.

The Boston "Advertiser," to which we are indebted for most of the incidents here related, pictures the astonishment with which one of these stern patriots, if he could revisit the earth, would look on the Boston of the present day: *then* a small town of 17,000 inhabitants; *now* numbering over 300,000, its boundaries enlarged, and its flats filled in and covered with palatial residences, and noble granite warehouses taking the places of the fashionable dwelling houses of his day. What would be his amazement if he were to pause at the site of the house of Samuel Adams, and look at a procession of queer looking carriages, moving along on iron bars, and was told that they contained chests of tea, which had been brought across the Pacific Ocean and over the whole width of the Continent in less time than it took, in his day, to bring the "plague" (as our patriot fathers used to call the taxation tea), across the Atlantic from England. Perhaps his amazement would be even greater to be told that a message might be sent to the successor of George III. and an answer received in less time than it took the agent of the tea ship to ride out to Milton Hill for Governor Hutchinson's decision.

So you see there *was* something surprising about this tea party given one hundred years ago in Boston, and why its citizens have now celebrated the centennial anniversary of that important event, with a social gathering in Faneuil Hall, where tea took the place of wine as a beverage in which to pledge each other to the maintenance of those grand principles of liberty and equality for which our fathers fought and suffered. Faneuil Hall is no longer large enough to contain even a fair representation of the citizens of Boston, and other public halls were engaged for the occasion, where speeches, tableaux of the scene in Boston harbor, were given, and where tea was handed round, not only by Indians, but by beautiful women in the dress of the olden times. May we never forget nor desert the great principles which our fathers made such sacrifices to secure.

The Hampton Students.

This band of Normal School singers, who, nearly a year ago, left their studies, and under the leadership of Mr. Fenner, their musical instructor, went North to raise funds by their concerts, for the erection of a new building, returned here at Christmas to spend the holidays among their old friends and schoolmates. They have received, as they deserved, a royal welcome from both students and teachers, and the massive walls of "Virginia Hall," now receiving its roof, greeted them with eloquent, though silent testimony to the success of their labors. The deportment of our singers, under all circumstances, has been such as to win for them, from the best quarters, unqualified commendation. We are gratified to state that the reputation of the Hampton Normal School has been well maintained by these, its first representatives at the North, and that while the large audiences, before whom they have appeared, have been entertained by their music, they have been no less gratified and pleased at their modest bearing. Their course has been followed by their teachers with deep interest; and it has been a great satisfaction to us to feel, that the Hampton Students have not only not been spoiled by the public life they have led, and the attentions they have received, but that they return to us animated by even a more earnest desire and intention to consecrate all their powers to the great work of elevating their race. We hope their stay here will be full of enjoyment, and that when they leave us to resume their labors in behalf of the school, they will go forth with the same high purposes which have hitherto animated them, and which have brought for them such a satisfactory record.

Draining.

BY GEORGE DIXON.

If I were asked what was necessary to secure the successful raising of uniform, good crops; my reply would be, first, get the water out of the soil; next, plow deep and stir the subsoil; then, get organic matter into it. These are all dependent on each other—without draining, deep and subsoil plowing is of little advantage; and green manuring, that is adding organic matter to the soil by plowing green crops into it, is difficult to effect without the two former preparations of the land. In England, draining is considered the farmer's *sheet anchor:* without it, he knows he is always contending with an enemy under his feet, which is robbing and injuring him by day and by night; and the only effectual way to get rid of the foe is to give the land a thorough underdraining. I purpose in this article to bring before you the plan of draining adopted in England, which has taken half a century to mature. The English farmer first tried what is being done in this State, to get clear of the water by open ditches: these, in the north of England, are called "*stells.*" The chief use of these stells or ditches was to give an outlet to the surface water, which collected in the furrows on each side of the ridges. This ridge and furrow plan was, no doubt, introduced by the Romans, and continued to be the only plan of getting the surface water off the land, till the beginning of the present century. These ridges varied in width from twelve to twenty feet—the wetter the land the higher the ridges. By constantly gathering them up with the plow, the center of the ridge was often two feet or more higher than the furrow. It was customary to see the middle of the ridge producing a good crop, which gradually diminished down to the furrow, where seldom anything grew, in consequence of the roots of the plant almost immediately striking the water. This ridge and furrow plan certainly ought to be adopted on all flat lands and wet bottoms, till the farmer can afford to have them thoroughly underdrained. It would be a great advantage to have the arable uplands also gathered up into ridges for reasons which will be given.

In England, experience proved that these open ditches, or stells as they were called, were of little use, however deep, in draining the water from the subsoil. The sides soon hardened by the heat of the sun, and it was no uncommon thing, when the surface water got dammed back in the furrows between the ridges, to find it stand till it was stagnant, within a few feet of the open ditch.

On the moors in England, springe of water rising through deep, light soil to the surface, produce bogs which are hidden by moss growing over their surface, in which cattle, in attempting to pass, sink so deep as to be unable to extricate themselves, and have to be dragged out by chains. So treacherous and so dangerous are some of these quagmires, that travelers, on horseback, getting into them in the dark, have sunk out of sight, and all that was left to tell the sad tale, was the hat of the rider, too light to sink with its owner. When these moor lands were enclosed, the farmer endeavored to tap these springs and draw off the water underground. This was the origin of draining. Sometimes these springe issued from the sides of hills, from some rock strata under the soil, and subsiding in the level ground at the foot of the slope, injured the crops. To get clear of this water, the farmer made at first a ditch at the foot of the bill, which kept the water from pressing on to the level ground, but the hill sides still remained wet and unproductive. To remedy this, ditches were cut parallel with each other across the slopes, till the water was intercepted. In order that these hill sides might be cultivated, the plan of covered drains was hit upon. They were made by fixing stones on each side of the narrow ditch, and placing flat stones for covers on the top. The soil was then put back, and the drain was out of sight. The depth was seldom more than was sufficient to keep the cover stone out of the reach of the plow. The farmer soon perceived that his crop was best over these drains; and that its influence extended on each side to a limited diatance. Scientific farmers now turned their attention to draining. They saw something in it beyond taking the water from bogs and hill sides. Their first experiments, in general draining, were with wet bottoms and clay lands, in which water abounded in the surface soil. The only mistake they made in draining these lands was the want of depth. To get the cover stone out of the way of the plow, was then thought sufficient. The advantages of deep draining were not then discovered. The farmer at that time never thought of draining his uplands, particularly if they sloped so as to allow the surface water to run off by the furrows. Science was again brought to bear on the subject; and explained to him the way in which draining not only improved his low, wet lands, but gave him the reason why his light uplands would be equally benefited by it. If water is allowed to stand in contact with the subsoil, whether it comes up in springe or falls from the heavens, it generally produces noxious compounds which impair the growth of plants, whose roots strike down into them. Draining not only draws out these noxious fluids from the soil, but, in wet seasons, when there is an excess of water from the clouds, makes a ready way of escape for it; without which it collects on the surface and carries away the soil with it, making those awful washes which have destroyed thousands of acres in this State. To properly drained lands these excessive rains are an advantage. The water, in percolating through the soil, not only washes out the noxious substances which poison the roots, but renders the subsoil available for the inorganic food of the plant: and, as it has been proved, that every shower brings down with it ammonia and other nitrogenous matter, held in solution in the vapor contained in the air and the clouds, organic food is thus taken to every root of the plant. Science has also proved that growing plants also require supplies of fresh air, at their roots, as well as in contact with their leaves. The descent of rain water to the drains after a shower, displaces the stagnant air, and carries with it fresh supplies of the necessary elements contained in the atmosphere, and thus, where good drainage exists, the soil is refreshed and fertilized by every shower that falls.

Another of the benefits of draining is that it changes the physical structure of the soil. Lands which, before drainage, were stiff, hard, sour and bad to work, when drained, became dry, loose and sweet, so that they are worked much more easily. It is a well known fact that water in the soil increases evaporation, which makes the land cold; rendering seed time later, and making the crops require more time to mature. Water passes so readily through drained soil that, as soon as the rain ceases, the land becomes dry, and the farmer is able at once to proceed with his operations. But in undrained lands how often does it happen, that by having to wait till it dries, the season is lost.

Experience has proved that the deeper the subsoil can be penetrated and loosened the better it is for the growing crop; hence deep drainage gives free scope to the subsoil plow and allows the root to penetrate, and draw its inorganic elements from that which, before drainage, was often the death of the plant. For want of draining in some districts in Scotland, as soon as the roots reach the noxious matter in the subsoil, the crops begin to sicken. The beans and oats look well up to April and May, but in June and July, when the roots get down to the ochrey subsoil, they blacken and fall. It is a local saying when this happens, that "the beans and oats have gone to Auchtermuchty," a fair being held at that place about the time the crop fails. As soon as these lands become drained and the noxious fluid in the ochrey subsoil is permitted to pass down, they seldom fail to mature the crop.

The fact being established that draining greatly increased the produce of the cereals, particularly wheat, the British Parliament, alarmed at the large importation of grain, and wishing to be independent of other countries for the food of the people, also to encourage the farmer, passed a statute enabling him to borrow money of the Government, for the purpose of draining. The amount borrowed was to be paid back by annual instalments, which spread over a number of years. The diminished cost of cultivation after the land is drained, and the large increase in the produce, repay the entire cost of thorough draining in the third or, at the most, the fourth year, so that all beyond is clear gain. Parliament appointed a commission to inquire into the best methods of draining and to draw up a code of regulations for the guidance of those who availed themselves of the Government money. The facts gathered by the commissioners led them to fix the minimum depth of the drain at three feet, and the maximum at fifty inches. This may be thought a great depth, but it was found that the roots of many plants extended over three feet into the soil in search of the elements necessary for vegetable nutrition, which would have had to have been obtained nearer the surface had the land remained undrained.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Different Opinions.

Under the above title we propose to quote the opinions of different people as taken from their lectures, sermons, or the standard newspapers. It should ever be distinctly understoood that "The Southern Workman" is not a political paper. It would urge its readers to be independent of party ties, and to think and vote for themselves; and that they may the better do so we propose to give them in this column, a chance to think and read.

From a Lecture by Wendell Phillips.

After referring to his tour in Europe, which had enabled him to gather the materials for his lecture, he said: America has been for the last seventy years the focus of the world's interest, and the channel in which the world is moved mainly has been that of material growth. With the single exception of our having worked off the poison of the slave system, the growth of this country for the last seventy years has been material. It has added nothing otherwise to the philosophy of government; it has thrown little or no light on social questions; the last fifty years have shown us material growth such as it is impossible that any other fifty years will ever show. If I were to say that the last seventy-five years in the world have shown progress such as three centuries previous could not show, and such as it is extremely unlikely that two more centuries will show, I should not overstate the truth, because this lavish development of steam power and telegraph and the immense development of the co-operative effort of wealth—molding production, facilitating production, cheapening production—have made such an exhibition of mental force as it is not at all likely that any two centuries will ever see again. But for these elements the British Government would have ceased to exist at least a generation ago. The next century will show us social changes, not material, in my opinion. Great changes in the relations of capital and labor; great changes in the position of woman; great changes in the nature of government, in the relations of Church and State—these are to be the prominent facts of the next hundred years. If they come, well. If they do not come, that boy is born to-day who, like Gibbon, when he wrote the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—that boy is born to-day who will write the decline and fall of the American Republic. Because to any thoughtful man it is evident that the grasp of associated wealth in an age when the sin of not being rich is only atoned for by the effort to become so; the grasp of associated wealth of bank and railroad and manufacturer on legislative independence, on the possibility of individual independence, is so rigid and despotic and inevitable that unless we evade it by some great social changes it won't be possible for this republic to survive. We see a power infinitely grander than that of the feudal barons of three hundred years ago, infinitely more irresistible than that. To-day Mr. Gladstone said, speaking of the disestablishment of the English Church: "We cannot trust the Church beyond the clasp of the Government's hand; as a rival power wielding £90,000,000 sterling it is too grave a charge to the British Government." £90,000,000—$450,000,000—too grave a charge for the British Government, three times as strong as ours; and yet one man at the head of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. Scott, wields $450,000,000, and the very sweep of his garments as he marches east from San Francisco to Philadelphia is more than sufficient to sweep down Legislatures as he goes. I look for no safety here except to great social changes. I believe that the day has gone by in this country when you can get half a man's power out of him on a system of wages: it was possible two hundred years ago.

The lecturer then contrasted the people of this country with those of Europe, drawing some humorous parallels. The man who has the biggest pile of dollars is the biggest man here, and here there is a possibility of accumulating money; so the American puts money at the top and everything else below. It is not so in Europe, although we think it is. There there is a superabundance of labor. When Horace Greeley saw a man in France working with an ill-shaped instrument to reap with, he went to him and said: "Why dont you get a scythe? you could do three day's work in one." The man said, "Because I have not three days work to do"—and this is seen all over Europe; there is too much labor, and there is no necessity for planning.

He then referred to the condition of women. There was one thing in which Europe was far ahead of this country, and that was that they knew no difference between the black and the white man. He had traveled all over Europe and found the black man on an equality wherever he went, and seeing this he turned away, knowing that he must be, at least, four thousand miles from Boston. [Laughter and applause.]

From Harper's Weekly.

THROWING AWAY THE PUBLIC MONEY.

It is to be hoped that Congress has assembled with a profound conviction of the public impatience of extravagance of every kind. If it has not, it will have conclusive evidence of it at the first sight of railroad loans or subsidies, or national aid to the private pockets of persons or of companies. It is no secret that the Pacific railroads will press most vigorously for assistance, and the power of the railroad lobby in Washington is undeniable. But members should recollect in time that every man who votes away the money or the credit of the country to these roads will be branded as false to the public interest. These projects are attempts to enrich private persons at the public cost, and the Crédit Mobilier investigations of last winter show us how the work in Congress is done. The argument is that they are great public works, and it is declared to be a national duty to "develop" the resources of the continent. Such an argument is applicable to every kind of speculation, and every intelligent person knows that these roads are the growth of the wild and reckless spirit which belongs to an irredeemable paper era.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The gratuitous fling of the President's at Senator Sumner, in a recent interview with some colored men from Louisiana, provokes general condemnation wherever it is noticed. The Chicago Tribune quotes the General's remarks, and seems fairly to express the common verdict. "'If a Civil Rights bill be not passed at the present session of Congress,' said Gen. Grant, 'it will be because extreme measures are urged by a person claiming to be a particular friend of the colored man.' If Gen. Grant thought that this insinuation would prejudice the minds of the colored men against Senator Sumner, he will probably find that he was mistaken; if he made it in gratification of a personal feeling against Mr. Sumner, it was unsuited to the occasion and unworthy of his position."

Annie and Willie's Prayer.

'Twas the eve before Christmas: "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of, than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried but in vain, for I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with p'esents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too." And without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for, we're sure to receive.
You must wait just as still, till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then;
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are seeking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a teaset and ring,
And an ebony workbox that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And b'ing us some p'esents before it is 'ight.
I want he should dive me a nice 'ittle s'ed,
With b'ight shinin' 'nners, and all painted 'ed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy;
Amen, and den Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes;
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
His Annie's "Bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the staircase, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers, and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of sweets to the tiny gold ring.
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, with his holiday load,
And, with Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A workbox, well filled, in the center was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier, in uniform, stood by a sled
"With bright, shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had been amply paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I, if bank stock fall ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun,
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light;
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know."
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God, up in heaven, had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and p'ayed dest as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our p'ayers. Now, wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was, if he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'T would be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)"
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

—*Christian Weekly.*

Snow.

It seems as if Christmas was never so truly Christmas-like as when the snow has thrown its soft veil over field and forest, covering the barrenness of winter, and even in the great cities making, for a time, all things clean and pure.

There is something very fitting in a "white world" for Christmas, and the exhilaration of the fresh and sparkling air, which always follows a snow-storm, lends a new glow to our blood, and new rigor to our spirits. In countries where the cold is commonly severe, the snow is a cloak in good earnest, covering up in warmth and safe darkness the little seeds and tender buds that might, without its friendly protection, be frozen beyond the power of the summer's sun to revive; and everywhere it has its uses in refreshing the soil and filling anew our springs and wells.

Many of us know that it is only rain frozen in its fall from the clouds to the earth, and while we may have watched with pleasure the steady, noiseless falls of the millions of little flakes that fly downward in a single moment of a snowstorm, we do not know the real beauties and wonders of the snow until we have looked at it closely, flake by flake, under a microscope or magnifying glass. If we do that, we see something of which we never dreamed—beautiful, delicate crystals of every variety of form—stars, flowers, little fern-like leaves, strange figures and fairy-like devices, fashioned by the wondrous power of the frost. Every snowstorm is made up of innumerable fine crystals, often too fine to be seen with the unaided eye, but when they have been examined with the help of a glass that magnifies their size sufficiently for us to see plainly the beauty of their shapes, a snow-storm will never look the same to us again, for we shall know that its white clouds hide innumerable, tiny miracles fresh from the Creator's hand. Then, when the flakes have fallen, and lie in fair, white drifts and sheets, over the world's face, how lovely it is! The

sunlight sparkles among the crystals, flashes back from the icicles, and gleams upon the smooth surface of the heaped up snow, the trees bow low under their white burden, the earth is almost too dazzling in its new garments and in a single night seems to have changed its whole aspect and won a new title to our love. On such days winter is no less beautiful than summer, and when we have the cheerful blaze of our hearth fires to welcome us within doors, the cold outside only serves to heighten our enjoyment of the warmth of our homes; and the whole scene—the storm and the sunshine, the brightness of the snow and fire, the fierceness of the winter wind, the shelter of the happy home, brings to mind the Psalmist's words: "Fire and hail, snow and vapor, wind and storm, fulfilling His Word."

Our Baby.

Did you ever see our baby,
Little Tot;
Such a dainty little sprite,
Eyes so full of sparkling light,
Lips as red as cherries bright?
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our precious darling,
And to me
All her little ways are witty;
When she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be;
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You dont think so?—never saw her;
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a-chattering,
Little dancing feet a-pattering
Think you would
Love her most as well as we do:
If you could.

Every mother's darling baby,
I suppose,
Every father's "little Blossom,"
Is a treasure to their bosom,
Just as cheering and endearing,
As our rose;—
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close.

A Trap to Catch A Sunbeam.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

It was a cold, sharp, biting wind, which blew into the miserable room inhabited by old David Coombe, the cobbler, and sharp and biting it found it, as he now and then, in the pauses of his work, stopped to chafe his hands and warm them by the few embers which were in the little grate.

Cold and cheerless enough it was to be sure, in doors and out; the people in the streets were hurrying along, bowing their heads, as if to induce the wind to attack the crowns of their hats and bonnets, instead of their poor, blue noses. Men in rough coats had their hands snugly lodged in their pockets, only drawing them out when, at the corner of the street, the wind seemed to be disposed to blow off their hats, and they were obliged to make an effort to save them, and a remark at the same time, not altogether complimentary to the said wind, and poor women were shivering along, wanting infinitely more than two hands to keep on the shawl, bonnet, and boa, and keep down the petticoats, so impeding their progress.

Poor old David Coombe has no dinner to go home to, nor no home but the little, dark room in which he works; he has never told the pitying public he is starving, because, as he says, "Why, I ain't a-starving while I can have some bread and some cheese, and now's and then's some outsides of bacon, but still I think it's a hard case, as continually a-working don't bring nothing; and this here dismal hole as I live in,—why it ain't living, 'pon my soul it ain't—oh lor!"

Poor David, he always finished with "oh lor," and as he said it, it was certainly the acme of despair, it seemed to come from the depths of that browny chest with a kind of groan.

David had always been a poor man, and it seemed that he always would be; he had no idea of improving his condition, no idea that he could be better off by his own exertions, but thought it was the duty of the rich to make him comfortable, and fully expected that one day some wealthy man would remove him from his wretched home and place him in independence. He was matter of fact to the letter, and never told an untruth, but grumbled at his hard lot whenever any one went near him, until at length no one tried to comfort him, but left him to himself; so he went on mending his neighbors' shoes, for the miserable payment which kept him from day to day, but never made him richer.

Toward the evening of that same cold and windy day, David finished his work, lighted his pipe, and prepared to spend the evening as was his wont, in smoking and ruminating. He stretched out his legs, put his head on the back of his rickety chair, and puffed away, occasionally removing the pipe from his mouth, and ejaculating "Oh lor!" in answer to his thoughts—for of a melancholy nature David's thoughts always were.

"Darkest hole as ever I see, certaisly, and darkness is oncommon lonesome,—never a bit of sun comes in this place, winter nor summer." Whether it seemed to him at the moment that there was no place for the sun to come in at, it is hard to say, but he looked around the room, and his eye rested on a small window crusted with dust and dirt, and continued: "Why, there's a winder,—mayhap it's a dark street, yet when I takee home the work at t'other housee, the sun shines, and it looks light and cheerful, hut my place! oh lor!"

It grew darker and darker.

"Well," he said, "this pipe's out, and now I'll have a drop of tea: yes, I likee tea very well,"—and he lighted his candle, and out of a piece of whity-brown paper he took some tea, and warming some water in a tin kettle, he proceeded to make it, and to drink it from a pewter mug, without milk or sugar; this was soon dispatched, and he relighted his pipe.

It grew darker and darker. David again looked around his room and again ejaculated, "Oh lor!" when suddenly a brilliant light

OUR BABY.

streamed into the room, so dazzling that he started to his feet in terror. It faded as suddenly, and in its place was a minute female form of exquisite beauty. Its gauze-like robes of a pale straw color were covered with beautiful little insects, its long hair seemed like a cloak of gold, hanging over its shoulders, and was ornamented with flowers sparkling with dew. Its face was so bright, so very bright, that the bewildered and terrified David could not look on it, and he covered his face with his hands.

At length, in a voice like the sweetest toned music, the Spirit spoke:

"Mortal, why are you so terrified? I will not harm you. You wished for me but now, to lighten your gloomy dwelling, and in consideration of the good qualities you possess, I am come to tell you how you may secure me always, if you will.

"I and my brilliant sisters are many in number, and a bright and joyous life we lead, for there is nothing on this large earth that does not love us, and welcome our approach; the little insects flutter lovingly about us; the flowers look brighter and more glad when we rest upon them; the water dances and sparkles with glee in the light of our smile; the animals love us, and sleep the sounder when we watch over them; everywhere we are welcome.

"In the gloomy prison we can enter, no heavy bolts can keep us out, and do we but know some poor being is there immured, who repents him of his crime, we enter there to cheer and comfort him. By the sick and the sorrowing we take our place, we are with all who seek us, who try to find us; with all who will lift their eyes from the earth, from the world and its groveling cares, and seek us where alone we are to be found, in our own bright sky. Though clouds may obscure us for awhile, we are still there, and shine the brighter for the passing gloom.

"But 'tis true in this world we are hard to catch, David Coombe, harder to some than to others; you are one who find it hard; you say neither winter nor summer is your dwelling gladdened by our light; do you invite us, David Coombe? we love bright places and clean and brave hearts, David, and above all, true and grateful hearts, who love and worship the Being who made us, and them. In these hearts, David, there is always a Sunbeam; no place is dark and joyless, however poor and wretched, to such hearts as these.

"Do you, then, endeavor to catch one of us, to gladden your heart and your dwelling, I will tell you how to get the Trap.

"It must be bright and pure, and baited with energy, perseverence, industry, charity, faith, hope and content. Do thus, David Coombe, and you will never say again, no sunbeam gilds your dwelling, nor gladdens your declining days; till then, farewell."

The voice ceased, David uncovered his eyes, nothing was to be seen but a small streak of light, which gradually faded quite away, and David was alone in the darkness.

"Why, I've been dreaming surely, and that 'ere grinding organ is the musical voice as I thought I heard; queerish dream too: lay a trap for the sun, ch? Eaergy, why, who can have any energy in this world, when everything's done by steam; it's gone out, it ain't no use. Perseverance, well, don't I persevere; mending boots and shoes for twenty years is perseverance I should think, and industry too. Charity, well, I don't exactly know what that is; giving of money, I s'pose; well, I never had none to give, never. Faith, ah! I used to know what that meant once. My mother used to tell me something about that, in a big Bible with pictures, but it's long, long ago. Mother, poor mother, I've forgot all you taught me.

"I had a Bible though—now I wonder what's gone with it—that would tell me about faith; I'll have a look to-morrow. Hope, I always have hoped, but it's never been no use as I could see; and content, content with what? this old dark place, oh lor!" And poor David, more puzzled and bewildered than he had ever been before, lay down on his straw mattress and tried to sleep, but his thoughts were full of his strenge vision, and he could not sleep; the musical voice still rang in his ears; the bright being still glittered in his eyes.

It struck him at last that a part of the advice he could follow, he would clean the room, certainly, at least, have it cleaned; so, early in the morning, David determined to venture up stairs to the woman of the house, who let him the room he inhabited, and ask her to lend him the services of her eldest child. Although for many years he had been Mrs. Dennis's tenant, he had never been in her room, never held any communication with her, save to pay his weekly rent, and she, like the rest of the people who knew his grumbling disposition, and the total impossibility to comfort him, never tried to do so.

It seemed to cost him an effort to make up his mind to ascend the staircase from his own gloomy room; he opened his door, looked out and then went in again; at last he opened it very suddenly, and with a quick step, ascended three or four of the stairs, paused and considered again; this reflection seemed to decide him, and he did not stop again until he stood before Mrs Dennis's room.

He knocked gently at the door; it was opened by a clean, fat, merry-looking woman, who started back in surprise.

"Why, bless my heart, Mr. Coombe, who'd ever a thought o seeing you? Is anything the matter? come in do, take a chair, sir." And she handed the cobbler a chair by the fire, on which a bright kettle was singing, and before which a table was drawn, ready laid for breakfast. In the window were a few plants of Chrysanthemums in bright red flower-pots, and altogether an air of cleanliness, cheerfulness and comfort pervaded the little room. A fat, healthy child was seated on the ground expressing, in its own sweet way, its pleasure at the toy with which it was playing; on its little white head rested a sunbeam!

"Well," thought David, "one would a 'magined that little chap warn't up to laying a trap, but he's catched one of them sunbeams; what a funny dream! I mus'n't say nothing about it here though, they'll think I'm mad."

"And what's brought us the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Coombe?" asked Mrs Dennis.

"Why, Ma'am, I wants your gal to come and clear up my place a bit."

Talk of astonishment, never was it so depicted as in Mrs. Dennis's face at this speech. Clear up Coombe's place a bit! oh! how often she had longed to do so: felt that his room was a disgrace to her house, and thanked her stars that it was the kitchen, and that the friends who came to see her, could not see it. Clear the place up a bit, good gracious!

"Certainly she shall, Mr. Coombe," at length she said. "She shall come as soon as ever she's done her breakfast. Will you take some along with us?"

"Thank you; well, as you're so kind, I will take a sasck."

"Here is Betsy, come Betsy," she continued addressing a good-looking girl, who entered the room, "make haste and eat your breakfast, Mr. Coombe wants you to go down and clean his room up a bit;" and Mrs. Dennis winked tremendously at her daughter, who etared in astouishment at the visitor and his request. "So make haste, Betsy, and clear up here, and then you can go down to Mr. Coombe's."

"Yes, mother; father ain't coming in to breakfast, I s'pose."

"No, dear; come, hustle about."

Quickly the tea was made: the little white-headed baby was lifted from the floor, fastened in a chair, and presented with a leaden spoon to amuse him until they had time to feed him. Mrs. Dennis cut the bread and butter and handed it to Coombe, who took it timidly, as he felt the strong contrast between his black fingers and the brown, but perfectly clean ones of his good-hearted hostess. As the meal proceeded, David gradually felt more comfortable, though the strange feeling of being comfortable for the first time for many years, could not wear off.

What a cheerful room it was! what a change from his own gloomy, dirty, dingy one! and how that Sunbeam seemed to revel in it! now glittering on the bright pewter teapot, then dancing on Mrs. Dennis's tea, then glancing on the old cat's back, and hiding among the Chrysanthemums in the window; and when the child had done his breakfast, and was again upon the ground, it fell upon the tiny toy with which the boy was playing, and seemed to sparkle more and more as the child crowed with glee.

"How the sun do stream in here, Mrs. Dennis," at length David ventured to remark. "How oncommon you must miss it when it's a wet, dull day, and there ain't no sun."

"No, Mr. Coombe, we don't, it seems always sunny here, we don't take no particular notice of the weather; when we're all well and together, we're too happy to mind it. You're my sun, ain't you, my blessing?" she continued, snatching the child from the ground and covering him with kisses; "Mother's own boy, don't she love him, that's all."

Betsy soon cleared away the breakfast, and putting on a large apron, prepared to take her way to the gloomy room below.

"Shall I find some soap there, Mr. Coombe, or shall I take some?"

"Why, I'm afraid I'm out of soap—oh lor!"

You may well say, oh lor, David! out of soap, indeed.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Dennis, "take some soap and a pail and brushes and so on, of course, all you want, you know."

With true delicacy she felt all this was needed, but would not have him pained to say so. Well armed therefore with cleansing apparatus, Betsy departed, and David, who had some work to take home at a little distance, departed too, Mrs. Dennis good naturedly making him promise that, if his room was not finished on his return, he would take his dinner with them; and away he went with his peculiar, shuffling walk, wondering to himself how he should like his room when it was clean, whether he should have that strange dream again, and whether the "Sunbeam" would really come and lighten his dwelling.

And thus he pondered, as he shuffled up one street and down another, and finally entered a little court, where he was going to leave some work, and receive the money, he hoped.

He knocked at the open door, and waited; no answer; he knocked again. David was beginning to get very cold, and rather impatient; so he coughed rather loudly, and then a low, weak voice said:

"Is any one there?"

"Only me, Mr. Miffin," answered Coombe.

"Come in, will you then," answered the voice, "I can't get up," and David entered and walked into the front room, where, on a press bed, lay a man suffering evidently from severe illness. The room was dirty and in great confusion, and a coke fire was smoldering in the rusty grate.

"Well, Mr. Coombe, brought boots home, eh? no use to me, I'm very bad."

"Sorry to hear it, sir, I'm sure; everybody seems ill, or miserable, or something; oh lor!"

"My wife's been out this two hours, and I'm all alone, wretched enough I can tell you. I believe she's gone out to try if she can get us something to eat; we'd no dinner yesterday, and, how you are to be paid, I don't know;" and a long sigh told a sad tale of physical and mental suffering.

There was a pause, and David said to himself: "Two and eight pence at home, and eighteen pence for next job—well, yes, I will. As to paying of me, Mr. Miffin," he continued along, "why don't be worrying yourself about that; the best thing as you can do, is to get well, wear these here boots and make another hole in them, for old Coombe to mend, when you can pay him; oh lor!"

The sick man opened his large, sunken eyes, and stared at the bent, dirty figure before him, and then holding out his wan, thin hand to him, said in a low, trembling voice:

"Bless you, this is true charity; draw that curtain, friend, please, the light is too strong"—there was a blaze of sunlight in that little room, and one of its bright rays was resting on the cobbler's head!

In a few moments, David was on his way again, but he felt different; changed in some strange way; there was a kind of bounding feeling at his heart, a younger sensation, which brought back a dim recollection of a sunny green and cricketers where he had been the victor; his step seemed firmer, quicker, and a mingled sound of "this is true charity," and "in such hearts as these, David," seemed ringing in his ears."

A loud cry in the street startled him from his reverie, and a horse came galloping toward him bearing its powerless rider, a young, fair girl.

"Mischief there—oh lor! why don't some one stop it; some one! why, I will." It was soon accomplished; the horse was stopped, and the fainting girl's head was resting on the dirty old cobbler's shoulder.

A dense crowd had collected around them, everybody suggesting something and everybody differing, when a gentleman came riding up, and, with a face deadly pale, inquired if the poor girl were hurt.

"No, sir, only faint and frightened, this man saved her, sir, here he is, sir," but David had resigned his burden to other hands, and was pushing his way ont of the crowd.

The new comer was so intent upon having the poor girl carried into a chemist's shop, and properly attended to, that David escaped without his notice, the crowd saying:

"Well, that ain't like a gentlemm, never to give the poor man nothing after risking his life;" and, as they dispersed in different directions, two policemen came up and authoritatively ordered them to "move on."

"Oh lor!" said David, when he had walked some distance, "well, I wonder if that's what people calls enigy."

His next customer paid him his eighteen pence, and gave him more work, and then David took himself toward home; and that cold, easterly wind, which had been blowing for some days, whistled into his ears, and blew the dust into his eyes, but he did not heed it, it did not make him cold as it used; he felt warmer than he had done for a long while; he seemed to have awakened from a torpor; there was a warm glow about his heart, and he thought that the Spirit's words must be true, and that sunbeams did sometimes visit people's hearts, or his would never feel so warm and comfortable, when he had nothing to make it so.

Mrs. Dennis was at the door talking to a neighbor, when he arrived, and she said:

"Come along in, sir, your room's quite ready, but you must not disappoint us of your company to dinner." So David, looking somewhat confused, accepted the invitation, and followed the kind-hearted woman to the sitting room, where the cloth was already laid for their dinner.

The husband was at home at this meal, and such a pleasant one David had not sat down to for many years; before he left he was engaged to dine with them on Christmas day.

Ah! David, well may you stand with your hands in those ragged pockets and stare at your little room; well may you wonder where you can have got to. The floor so well scrubbed, and sprinkled with white sand; the grate, so well blacked, with such a bonny, sparkling fire in it; the kettle bright and filled with water on the hob, ready for his tea; his tools neatly arranged side by side; the window cleaned so that he can see out of it, see into the street! see the people going past! and, above all, see the setting sun, glittering on the windows opposite! his pewter mug brightened and put on the shelf beside his pipe; his few plates and dishes washed and ranged on the shelf too; the little round table, that was his mother's, polished, actually polished! and smelling so refreshingly of turpentine and bees' wax, a chair before it, and on it his Bible, his long lost Bible!

David was astonished; he stood by the door and looked at it, he stood by the window and looked at it, then he stood by the fire and looked at it, and finally he sat down in a chair and covered his face with his hands, as though he thought it was some optical illusion, which must pass away the moment he uncovered them.

But no, it was no vision, no illusion, but pleasing reality, and David restored his hands to his pockets, and again ejaculated, "oh lor!" He opened the Bible, a bright, bright light fell on its leaves and rested on the words: "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." And a voice, the same low, musical voice he had heard before, said, "This is our favorite home, David. You will always find us here."

As soon as his astonishment had somewhat subsided, at all he had seen and heard, and at the miracles Betsey had worked, he summoned sufficient resolution to venture again to Mrs. Dennis's room, to thank her and offer remuneration for her services.

"I'm come," he said, as they opened the door at his modest knock, "to say as you have been and made my place oncommon nice, and I hope you'll tell me what will satisfy you as regards paying; so long as it ain't more than three and two pence, I can pay you at once, but if it is, I must owe it to you."

"Oh, there, hold your tongue, Mr. Coombe, do, about paying; nonsense; my Betsy's very pleased to have made the room look so nice, and we're all pleased that you're pleased, and that's payment enough; besides, it's been a lesson to her against she goes out to service, and she shall come and do it for you every morning, if you like."

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you; I ain't a man as can talk nor make fine speeches, but I never says what I don't mean, and I can't always say what I do, and somehow it seems like it now, perhaps you'll shake hands with me; it won't come off," he said, as he held out his hand to Mrs. Dennis, with a half comical glance at its dingy color.

"I'm not afraid of that, Mr. Coombe, and I am glad to shake hands with you; I'm a rare one to shake hands; there ain't that being in the world as I wouldn't shake hands with, rich or poor, dirty or clean, good or bad; as for the dirt, why, a little soap and water would soon settle that, if the hand as you'd hold of did soil yours, and I believe a good hearty shake of the hand goes right to people's hearts, and speaks more to them than a power of words. Well, now, a sister of my husband's behaved uncommonly bad to him, no mistake about it, and Tom, he stuck out as he wouldn't speak to her again, nor yet let none of us. Well, do you know, that worreted me so, I couldn't rest a night, and I said to him just afore Christmas last year, 'Tom,' says I, 'make it up with 'Lisbeth, do. She's the only relation you've got, and you know she ain't rich, and 'pon my honor, Tom,' I says, 'the roast beef will stick in my throat o' Christmas day, if I don't see her at the table along with us, so I shall ask her, Tom; eh?'

"'Do as you like,' says he; that was quite enough; I sent a message to her, and she came; well, the moment I saw her, I grasped hold of her hand, and gave it a hearty shake, and then Tom did, and all the children; we, none of us, said nothing, but them shakes of the hand said, as plain as we could have spoke it, 'Lisbeth, all's forgiven and forgotten; let bygones be by-gones.'"

Oh! how the stream of golden light is shining on that good face.

That night the sleep of David Coombe, the poor old cobbler, might have been envied by princes; in his dreams, bright visions flitted before his eyes, and he heard soft music, and sweet voices murmuring the words, "Bless you, this is true charity."

He awoke early and arose to look out of the window—yes, he could look out of the window now. That sharp, biting wind had driven up a snow storm, and the ground was thickly covered, but the masses of cloud were moving away slowly, showing glimpses of the pale, blue sky, and David thought it would be a fine day after all.

He ate his breakfast, which he seemed to enjoy more than he had ever done for years, and then sat down to his work. It was no longer with a listless air that he handled his tools, but quickly his fingers moved, and suddenly a strange sound issued from his lips, —David Coombe was singing!

The clouds had again gathered over the sky, and the snow was falling heavily; it was dark and gloomy out of doors, but David thought his room anything but gloomy, and he still continued that unearthly sound he called singing.

He worked away for some time, until Betsy came to do his room; and then, as he appeared to be in her way, for she repeatedly moved him from side to side of the apartment, he thought he would go out a little while; it did not snow much, besides, he did not mind the weather, so he shuffled out.

He had not proceeded very far from home, when he saw seated on the curb-stone, a child two or three years old, crying bitterly, and, standing by its side, a baker's man with a basket of bread on his shoulder.

"Do you happen to know this young'un?" said the man, as David approached. "He's crying for something to eat. I think he's lost."

"No, I don't, poor little chap. What are you going to do with him?"

"Oh! nothing. Give him to the police, is the best thing."

"No, no; perlice is too rough for that 'ere young thing; I'll take him in my 'bit of a place out of the cold and snow, he won't be worse off there than here; and if he ain't cowed, why we'll muddle on together, won't us, little 'un; will you come?" And David held out his hand to the child, who took it directly, and looking up into his face, with his large, dark eyes filled with tears, lisped, "Mammy, hungry."

"Oh lor! what a pretty creature," and taking him up in his arms, David proceeded to his home, talking to the child all the way, in his strange rambling manner, promising him food, and that "Mammy would soon come."

David had indeed come out in a new character: for years he had not been so active; he cut the child a huge piece of bread, and seated it on the chair close to the coke fire Betsy had made up so nicely; and taking off its wet shoes and socks, hafed and warmed its little, cold feet. The snow had ceased, the clouds were again rolling away, and the pale, cold, winter sun streamed into the room, and rested on the child and on that black and brawny hand supporting him so gently.

But David was very puzzled too, and kept saying, "Oh lor!" in his old way, when the child began again to cry, and, in a little, walling voice, asked for "Mammy." He was not used to children, poor old David, and when he had satisfied its hungor, and dried its wet feet, he did not know what to do next, nor how to stop those sad tears; but now came the "Sunbeam" to his aid; it sparkled on the pewter mug, and though the tears were still wet on its dimpled cheeks, the child laughed a merry laugh, and, pointing to the mug, said, "Pretty."

And through all this laughing, David heard the sweet Voice, he now knew so well, saying, "Good David, richly do you deserve our presence now."

In a short time the child seemed quite at home, and David began to work, while the little fellow trotted about the room, and examined the tools, the "Sunbeam" ever following him, shining amongst his golden tresses, and sparkling in his tears, not yet dry upon his peach-like cheeks; and then David shared his scanty dinner with him, giving him by far the largest quantity, and watching with a degree of satisfaction he had never experienced while eating his own dinner, the relish with which the poor child devoured it; and, then, when the daylight began to fade, the boy grew sleepy, and David took him in his arms, and began again that quaint old tune, to lull the child to rest; soon its large eyes closed, and the long lashes swept its cheek, and the boy slept.

Gently David laid him down on his own mattress, and when he had lighted his candle, began again to work, ever and anon glancing at the sleeping boy, and feeling a strange sort of pleasure he had never before experienced.

Suddenly a great deal of talking in the street attracted his attention, for it was a quiet out of the way sort of place, and there was seldom any noise there of an evening; therefore the earnest, but not angry tones, David heard, made him lay down his work and listen.

There was a knock at the door—perhaps the house was on fire—he moved quickly from his seat and went toward the mattress. Had he money hidden there? no, David had no treasures, but the sleeping child was there, and David stood close beside him, that, at the first alarm, he could take him in his arms.

Mrs. Dennis had opened the street door, and now called out:

"Mr. Coombe, open your door, please, we can't see, and here's some one wants you."

"Some one want Coombe! Well, that's odd," he thought. "Oh! I dare say its only some shoes to mend; all the better;" and he shuffled ont, and he heard Mrs. Dennis say:

"Straight on, ma'am, Mr. Coombe has opened the door. Take care you dont fall; but I'm afraid it's a mistake, as he has not said nothing to me about it."

"Oh! sir," said the stranger, in an agitated voice, as soon as she saw Coombe, "have you seen a child, a boy, my only child; oh! speak, or I shall go distracted."

David Coombe could not be hurried, so it was no use; but at length he said, "I don't know if it's yourn, look;" and slowly and methodically carrying the light to the mattress, he exhibited the sleeping child to the woman: one glance was enough, and the mother clasped her lost treasure to her heart. He opened his eyes, but finding it was his mother's face gazing into his, only put his little, fat hand in her neck, and fell to sleep again.

"We are not rich, sir," she said, while tears of delight filled her eyes, "but if there's anything we can do for you, we shall be so glad, and if you will come and take your dinner with us on Sunday, and let my husband thank you for the care of him—he's our only one," she said, looking fondly at the child.

"For the matter of thanks, ma'am, that's nothing, you're quite welcome, I'm quite sorry to lose him, and shall be uncommon pleased to come and see him; but as to dining out, why I ain't much of a figure for that; oh lor!" and poor David glanced at his shabby clothes.

"Oh! don't name that, do come, pray," earnestly urged the grateful mother; and telling him where she lived, she bade God bless him, and hurried away, to relieve her husband's anxiety.

David was a little finstered at this unusual excitement, and actually was kept awake with thinking how he should go to dinner with strange folk in such clothes; he must confide in Mrs. Dennis, for to-morrow is Saturday, he had but one day to consider of it, and some brighter wits than his must be consulted.

Accordingly, the next morning he sat with his room door open, that he might hear her go out to market, for he did dare to venture up to her room again, but meant to speak to her as she went out; but she saved him the trouble of coming to her, by coming to him, for a little feminine curiosity was busy in her brain, and she could not forbear coming to inquire all particulars about the child. David gave all the explanation he could, and then began to broach the important subject of his attire; what was to be done? he could not go, could he?

"Could not go! la! bless the man, why not? you lay your clothes outside the door to-night, and I'll well brush and beat 'em: my husband shall lend you a clean shirt and neck-handkerchief, and I'll black your boots, and, bless your life, you'll look like a buck."

"Go, by all means, make friends and keep 'em, Mr. Coombe, that's my motto; we're none of us so independent hnt that a friend's a good thing to have, and mixing with our fellow-creatnres keeps our feeling from getting stiff like, from want of use; and you want a little soap, sand and hot water is a capital thing for one's hands, when they get dirty," she said, as a sort of afterthought, when she was leaving the room.

"Oh! ah! thank you, mum; perhaps you'd be so obliging as to get me half a pound of soap." "Oh! willingly," she answered: this invitation was indeed likely to prove beneficial. He gave her the money for his useful purchase, and sat down to his work.

The morrow came, and David, with a sort of childish curiosity, opened his door to take in the things, he knew his kind landlady would have ready for him. There they were sure enough, well brushed, and the ragged places mended. The good woman had sat up over night, much beyond her usual hour, to prepare his things for him. There was the clean shirt, and the checked blue and white cravat, and his boots polished, and moreover, unheard of luxury, a clean, red pocket-handkerchief.

David carried them all into his room, and surveyed them with the greatest delight, and as he hold the clean shirt in his black hands, the gentle hint respecting the soap and water occured to him: so he lighted a brisk little fire, made the water boil, and, in a short space of time, there was actually on David's face a positive smile of vanity; he was scarcely recognizable.

How the "Sunbeam" did dance about the room! David began to think he must save up some money, really, to buy a hat. The hat, compared with the boots and clean shirt, was decidedly shabby. He was quite anxious to see and thank Mrs. Dennis, so he put his door open as usual when he wanted to see her, and whiled away the time by taking his breakfast, and brushing up the hnt.

The bells began to ring for church; how plainly David heard them, plainer than ever; now Mrs. Dennis would soon come down, she always went to church, and was never late: yes, here she comes: David shuffled out to meet her.

"Good morning, Mr. Coombe, I was coming down to see you; my gracious, how nice you look, don't he, Betsy! Would you like to go to church along with us?" she said, suddenly, as it struck her that may be it was the shabbiness of his toilet which had kept him hitherto away.

"Well, yes, I raly think I should," he answered hesitatingly, as the new idea occurred to him.

"Come! that will be nice! Run and fetch Mr. Coombe's hat: make haste, Betsy;" the girl quickly returned with it, and, with a kind of bewildered air, which this entirely new position occasioned, David, taking Mrs. Dennis's proffered arm, proceeded to church.

The service over, and the sermon concluded, David heard with a vivid remembrance of years gone by, the beautiful blessing called down on the congregation, and, mechanically followed Mrs Dennis out of church, scarcely knowing where he was, and repeating again and again "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

He did not return home with his kind friend, but proceeded to his new acquaintances, who were on the look out for him, and the moment he turned the corner of the street, they saw him, and set out to meet him; and soon his hard hand was clasped in the dimpled one of the child, who dragged him eagerly along, chatting all the way.

From this time forth, David, each successive Sunday, dined with his grateful friends; the child was taught to call him Uncle David, and green spots in his existence were indeed these Sabbath days.

Time pressed on, and seldom now had David to complain his room was dark and cheerless; Betsy perseveringly kept it clean, and the faithful "Sunbeam" never deserted it. One day Mrs. Dennis called him up with the startling information that two ladies wanted to speak to him. He shuffled quickly up stairs, and in the passage stood two young ladies elegantly attired, the younger remarkably pretty, and as he advanced toward them, she fixed her deep blue eyes on his face, and looked long and earnestly at him, till David, old David, began to feel quite bashful; he had never been used to the scrutiny of such eyes.

Suddenly she said, "Pardon my troubling you, but did you not some time ago stop a runaway horse?"

David thought a moment, and then answered: "Why, yes, I did."

"Oh! I am so glad; you are the person I have been long endeavoring to find; Papa has been so anxious also; I am the young lady whose life you saved, and I have been unable to rest until I discovered you; at length I was directed to you by a woman who works for me, who told me of your kindness to her little boy: why you seem to go about doing good," and she smiled at him such a smile; who would not have envied the old cobbler? "Now tell me what can I do for you," she added.

Much of this speech had been lost on David, he could not understand long orations, but he perfectly understood the last sentence, and said:

"Why, give me some shoes to mend."

A slight smile again passed over the pretty lips addressing him, and she said:

"Well, if you will come and fetch them I now promise me you will come," and presenting him with her card, she turned to her friend and said: "Now, Ada, let us hurry home and tell Papa, he will be so delighted. Will you let me shake hands with you," she continued, holding out her small one to David. "You cannot tell how grateful I am to you."

Poor old David, he was quite overpowered; but his hand was clean now, though hard and brown, it is true, so he took the proffered hand, and stammered something about being "werry welcome," and bowing repeatedly, and promising to come early the next morning, he watched the ladies out of sight, and, returning to his room, said:

"Well, these is the rich people as I have been expecting, I suppose; if I mends all the family's shoes, I shall get on p'r'aps, and be a comfortable sort of old chap after all. Oh lor!"

A bright light filled the room and the Voice said, "Remember, David, by your own exertions you have found friends, not by idly hoping for them, without an effort to obtain them."

"Werry true," was David's mental rejoinder, and he lighted his pipe and sat down to enjoy it, thoroughly enjoy it, without any of the miserable thoughts which had once oppressed him. Never more did he complain that the sun gladdened not his dwelling; repeatedly was he requested by the grateful girl whose life he had preserved, to go to a larger, better house; but no, he liked his fairy-haunted place the best, and refused to leave it; besides he loved the Dennises in his own odd way, and would not leave them; so she let him have his will, but had the room painted and papered with a gay paper, filled the little window with plants, and made it, as he thought, a much fitter abode for his "Fairy Sunbeam," though that little secret he kept with jealous care; and often, as he sat in a comfortable armchair, which she had given him, those deep blue eyes gazed kindly upon him, and in her sweet, low voice she would read to him from his own old Bible, now handsomely bound, and teach him what was Faith.

Years passed away, and old David Coombe died and was buried, followed to his grave by his constant friends the Dennises, and his little adopted nephew.

"Well," said Mrs. Dennis on her return from the funeral, as she wiped her good humored eyes, filled with tears, "David used to talk a deal about the sun, and seemed to love it so, and, strange enough, it rested on his face when he died, and on his coffin when they lowered it into the grave."

Reader, of whatever rank or station, have not you, like David Coombe, murmured at your lot? Is there not "a still, small voice" ever addressing you: "Mortal, whatever your lot on earth, is it not better than you deserve? and amidst all your troubles have you not much to be thankful for? Are you sad? there are sadder hearts than yours, go and comfort them and that will comfort you. Are you poor? some are starving, cold and houseless: warm and shelter them and think how rich their blessings make you."

There are constant opportunities for kindly actions, if we would only watch for them; then "Let us not be weary in well doing," and we shall soon find, as old David Coombe found, that "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

A Hymn.

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

Oh, weary way, so hard to mount,
Oh, tender feet, unused to tread
O'er bitter brambles, toward the fount,
Where all His chosen shall be fed—
Dear Father, make the way more clear,
And help the feet that weary there.

Thy Holy Spirit silvering all,
Who could turn back, or fear to take
The pathways where thy glories fall,
And onward press, for Jesus' sake?
Thy pastures green, and waters still,
Under the guidance of Thy will.

Live to do Good.

Live to do good, but not with thought to win
From man return of any kindness done.
Remember Him, who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected One:
When he was slain for crime of doing good.
Canst thou expect return of gratitude?

Do good to all; but while thou servest best,
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is oppressed,
The cruel taunt, the cold, averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good, but for His holy sake,
Who died for thine; fixing thy purpose ever,
High as His throne, no wrath of man can shake;
So shall He own thy generous endeavor,
And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do naught but good; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

Practical Religion.

A preacher, in the State of Georgia, tells us that, having admonished his hearers one Sabbath against the vices of lying and stealing, to which they were prone, some of them remonstrated with him against this kind of preaching, saying: "If you want to talk to us about lying and stealing call us together for this purpose on Monday; for we want to have a good heavenly time on Sunday." It seemed to them to spoil the goodness of the time, the heavenliness of the meeting, to be reproved for any sins of which they were guilty, and exhorted to repent and reform. They wanted to be entertained, and to sing and enjoy themselves without being disturbed by any call to break off transgression or perform any duty.

But the test of the value of any preaching service is not how *nicely* it makes us *feel*, but how *nobly* it makes us *do;* whether it leads us to be more honest and true, more kind and loving, more industrious and obedient; in a word, more Christ-like, and so aiming to do right in all things. We cannot be too deeply impressed with the fact that religion is not simply something to be felt, and sung and shouted, but something to be done; to be done, too, always and everywhere.

At the close of the last school year, one of the graduating class said to the writer: "I would not take a thousand dollars for the instruction I have received here," specifying particularly the application of religion to daily life, adding: "Our people have no idea of it; I, myself, had no idea of it when I came to this school; but now I see that religion has to do with everything." Yes, religion has to do with everything, is not a mere thing of Sabbaths, and sanctuaries, and sacraments, but of every-day practice; should control us at work as well as at worship; is a religion that can not only sing and pray, but labor faithfully; not a mere prayer-meeting religion, but a school, a farm, a work-shop religion; a religion that can be trusted in the market place, as well as in the church; behind a man's back as well as before his face; that scriptural religion which requires that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God.

The Record of Rum.

In the Constitutional Convention in Ohio, the Yearly Meeting of Friends in Ohio presented a memorial on the liquor traffic. This was introduced by David Tatum in an able speech, from which the following is taken:

The annual retail sale of intoxicating liquors in this country, to which Ohio adds a large percentage, is $700,000,000; and, according to the best authority, it burdens the Republic with 8,000,000 paupers, at an annual cost of $100,000,000. The cost of crime, from intemperance, is $40,000,000; the waste of grain, fruit, etc., $50,000,000. The loss of productive industry to the country through wasted time and talent of tipplers and drunkards, is $225,000,000; the support of insane, idiots, and disabled, is $100,000,000; wages on value of time of manufacturers, dealers, clerks, and employes in the traffic, is $300,000,000; wasting our country's resources annually, $1,500,000,000; and adds to the Government revenue only $50,000,000.

It is plain enough that this tremendous drain upon the nation's financial resources is burdening the country with taxation and with demands for charity.

The combined devastation of war, famine and pestilence has never inflicted such deadly blows upon our national prosperity, nor exacted such enormous taxes, nor ruined and slain so many of our brave young men, nor brought so much wretchedness, woe and desolation as the traffic in spirituous liquors. It is pre-eminently the crime, the shame and the curse of this nation, the darkest stain upon our Christian civilization, and the chief hindrance to our social and financial prosperity.

The statistical report of the Agricultural Department, for 1870, states that there are 405,787,041 acres of land included in farms in the United States, the cash value of which is estimated at $9,263,803,861; and the value of the farm products, farming implements and live stock is $4,309,693,544; and the annual amount of wages paid to farm hands is $310,286,285. Now the retail sale of intoxicating beverages in this country is nearly equalled to one-thirteenth the assessed value of all the farms of the United States, and over one-seventh the value of all the farm products, farming implements, and live stock, and over double the amount paid to farm hands in the agricultural interests of our country.

Alcohol is the only substance in nature that can extinguish parental affection; and this demoralizing agent people are permitted to deal out, not only to young men but to those who have dependent families, to bear the burden of suffering through abuse, dishonor and want. And how often it has happened that intemperate parents have communicated to the physical nature of their children impaired constitutions and disease, with weakened moral power and the self-destroying appetite.

Gems.

CULTIVATE consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain of the most ill-use are the ones who abuse themselves and others the oftenest.

DESERVE friends, and you will have them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your own bosom to call out goodness and friendship from others.

THE little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews fall upon the vineyards. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a schoolboy crying in the street; it dries his tears, and the aching heart grows light and glad again. Who knows what clouds of darkness one kind word may dispel?

BE not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who receive them.

IT requires more magnanimity to give up what is wrong than to maintain what is right; for our pride is wounded by the one effort, and flattered by the other.

MOTTO FOR THE WARFARE.—No pain, no palm; no thorn, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown. —*William Penn.*

THE best rule under persecution is, if you are made to suffer for religion, see that religion does not suffer by you.

Sparks.

THERE are some things it won't do to trifle with; for instance, a woman's opinion, and the business end of a wasp.

A SHREWD old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

A CORONER'S jury, impaneled to ascertain the cause of the death of a notorious drunkard, brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—around a rum shop." In California, a coroner's jury, under similar circumstances, rendered a more courteous verdict: "Accidental death while unpacking a glass."

AN applicant for a pair of boots at one of our shoe stores was asked what number he wore, and replied, as soon as he could recover from his surprise: "Why, two, of course."

"Your children may never have wealth," observed a neighboring clergyman to his congregation; "but when they grow up, it will be something for them to boast that their fathers were not members of the Forty-second Congress."

"OH!" gasped fat Mrs. Weighty, as she ascended the second flight of stairs in her new residence, "I really cannot run up any more stairs." "Of course not," testily answered her husband. "But if the stairs were made of dressmakers' bills you could run them up very easily." "I do detest puns," exclaimed Mrs. W., the next day, recounting the conversation to a friend.

ECONOMY iz a savings bank, into which men drop pennies, and git dollars in return. Avarice iz like a graveyard; it takes all that it kan git and gives nothing back. Error will slip thru a crack, while truth will git stuck in a doorway.—*Josh Billings.*

The Spirit of Christmas.

The holiday time of Christmas and the New Year has come again, and the end of one year and the beginning of another follow so closely upon the great festival of Christmas that, the gayety and rejoicing reach through the last days of the old year to the quiet days of the new, and make a complete break in the routine of the life of Christendom, changing, for the time, the current of our thoughts, and bringing back to the world something of the happiness of childhood. When we think that for nearly two thousand years the feast of Christ's nativity has been kept in some wise by His followers, we feel how great the power is, which has made Him to be so remembered among men; and in the midst of our merrymaking we pause to remember the stable in Bethlehem, where so long ago, the Little Child was born, who is the Prince of Peace—

"It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lies:

. . . . . .

Nor war, nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were hung up high:
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood:
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye
As if they surely knew their sovereign
Lord was by."

The story of our Saviour's birth and life and death is so familiar to us all, that we seem too often to be indifferent to its meaning; we read it and hear it read; we speak of it often and know all its details well, but, somehow we do not take it home to our hearts, and learn to let it do its work in our everyday life. Just now when we are happy in united families, in good cheer, in the giving and receiving of gifts; just now is the time above all others when, it being the anniversary of Christ's birth into our world, we should try to make Christ's spirit ours, and resolve to be henceforward His loving servants. At Christmas time it seems easy enough to be kind and cheerful and full of good intentions, and the real Christian carries Christmas through the year, bearing with him from the spring's sunshine, through summer's heat back again to winter snows, the remembrance of the hope that the first Christmas brought to men. To make Christmas last from December to December is what we need to do—not just the eating and drinking and jesting, which, perhaps to many of us is all that Christmas means; but the spirit of love and hope and faith, which is what makes Christmas a thrice blessed day, should go with us from year's end to year's end, and until life's close reveals to us the complete blessedness of Heaven; and wipes away the recollection of our trials here.

While the pleasures which the Christmas season brings, come to almost every household, yet there are always among us those who have no means and no ability to fitly keep the day, and we who are more fortunate should take care that some part of our happiness is shared by our poorer neighbors. Our own Christmas will be all the merrier if we are sure that our friends do not lack a dinner, or some simple token of our remembrance of them; and we should watch closely that we do not make the day merely an occasion for selfish amusement. When we resolve to keep the Christmas spirit through the year, we can make no better beginning than by carrying as much of it as we can into our neighbors' houses; so while we pray for a blessing for ourselves, let us do our best to make for other people a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

Scientific and Mechanical.

The Influence of Electricity on the Growth of Plants.

M. H. Bridgman of Norwich, England, has lately investigated the influence of electricity on the growth of plants, and has used for this purpose, a very weak galvanic battery, or rather a single element with weak acids in order to obtain a very weak current. He takes a three-inch square glass plate, and after laying upon it two strips of sheet tin close to, but not touching each other, covers the plate with felt soaked in rain water. On the latter he spreads a thin layer of cress seeds, that had been previously well soaked in rain water. The two wires of the battery are then brought into contact with the strips of tin, and their other ends are stuck through the felt. The electric current is immediately established, one-half of the felt having positive, the other negative electricity. On another piece of moist felting, entirely disconnected from the battery, is placed also some cress seed in order to observe the difference in the growth of the portions of seed. After the lapse of four days, the seed on the positive side of the first piece of felting gave signs of germination, while their hulls were shriveled up and becoming black. On the negative side of the felting the seeds were at the same time swollen, and their hulls which retained their natural color, were beginning to burst. In six days the first shoots broke forth. The seeds on the second plate of felt, which were not under the influence of electricity, first sprouted many days later. The most peculiar result of this trial was, however, that while on the negative pole, where there was every sign of stronger development, the root sprout sank downward into the moist felting; on the other hand, on the positive felt the root sprouts rose upward from the blackened and dried up seeds. The upward movement of the root sprouts has already, in 1867, been observed by Blondean, but he ascribes it to the influence of electricity in general, and not especially to the positive electricity.

Sun Printing on Fruit.

If you would like to surprise any member of your family, or any friend by giving them an apple, peach, or pear with their initials neatly printed on one side, this is the way to do it:

Just before the fruit ripens, cut the desired letters from a sheet of thin, tough paper; then paste them on the side of the fruit most exposed to the sun; and, when in course of time, you remove the paper from the ripe surface you will find the letters distinctly marked upon it.

A GERMAN scientist has found that, by mixing lamp black with ten times its weight of sulphuric acid (sp. gr. 66° B.), allowing the mixture to stand for some hours and then washing it free from the acid, the material acquires the power of mixing readily with water, and possesses all the qualities of genuine India ink.

Publisher's Department.

THE "Southern Workman" greets his friendly readers with a "Happy New Year."

The dress he has worn for the last two years was laid aside Christmas day, and for another year he proposes to wear his new holiday suit. We hope his new dress will he so attractive, that every Southern cottage door will hid him welcome. He will bring not only choice reading and fine illustrations, hut will present to each of his patrons a beautiful Oil Chromo, the finest gift chromo presented hy any periodical of equal price. Though the chromo system is open to objections, we heartily believe that onr friends, North and South, will commend us in our purpose to cultivate a taste In our homes for art as well as for literature. We do not boast that we have our pictures printed hy the thousand, for our sole nse; hut we are happy to inform our patrons that our presents do not advertise themselves as cheap gifts, but are such as they might select for themselves in any respectable art store. We call upon all our friends to aid us in our work which, for a season must be hard and profitless in a pecuniary sense. The labor already accomplished hy our Workman is such as to give us bright hopes for the future.

Every subscriber to the Southern Workman, has a choice from the following subjects: Little Samnel, Interrupted Breakfast, The Matron, representing a motherly cat and her playful family, and lastly, yet finest of all, our choicest chromo, our pet, Returning Home.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Do you want a globe for school use? Send us, then, the names of six new subscribers to the Southern Workman, and we will send you one free of any charges, securely packed in a strong paste-board hox.

AGENTS WANTED.—Smart canvassers are wanted in every village throughout the South, to get subscribers for the Southern Workman. Good pay given. For terms, etc., address

J. H. LARRY,
Office Southern Workman,
Hampton, Va.

☞ A RED cross before this paragraph will indicate to the subscriber that HIS SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED.

A RARE CHANCE
FOR
WATERMEN AND OYSTERMEN
TO SECURE A
CONVENIENT AND COMFORTABLE HOMESTEAD,
ON THE BANKS OF THE HAMPTON RIVER, IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF THE TOWN OF HAMPTON.

Having already disposed of most of the rear or east part of the "Oakland" land, which I bought of Dr. William E. Wood since the late war, I will sell the remaining thirty acres which front upon the Hampton river, including the peninsula known as "Knobs," which also fronts upon Hampton river, and is bounded on the rear by a cove extending its wholelength.

A forty foot avenue will be opened from the banks of Hampton river, immediately in front of the northern portion of the town of Hampton, extending across the Marten road, to the main county road leading from Hampton and Fortress Monroe to "Fox Hill." A road twenty feet wide above ordinary tide, will be opened from said avenue along the cove side of "Knob's," to the last lot on the south end of said peninsula, thus affording to all purchasers a right of way from the river and cove to the said county road. A survey of said land, sub-divisions of the same and the said avenue and twenty foot road, is now being made by the County Surveyor, and on or after the first day of January, 1874, I will be prepared to receive bids for the said land, which will be cut up in small parcels so as to accommodate those of small means with a homestead.

CHAS. K. MALLORY.

HAMPTON, Dec. 15, 1873.

FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
Company,

Chartered by Congress, March, 5, 1865.

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Branches in all cities and large towns of the South and Southwest.

FIVE CENTS, or larger amounts, received on deposit, and Bank Books issued.

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INTEREST on sums of ONE DOLLAR and upwards begins first of each month, and is payable on the 1st of January and 1st of July.

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J. W. ALVORD, *President.* H. C. PERCY, *Cashier.*

THE
FREEDMAN'S
SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY.

The Seventh Annual Report of this Company has been published.

The year has been a prosperous one. The gain in deposits has been $1,237,927.67, being an increase of *fifty per cent.* on the balance due depositors at the close of the present year.

There are no stockholders in this Company, and all the profits, over and above expenses, go at each interest day to the credit of the depositors as interest. The rate the past year has been six per cent. and the amount paid since March, 1871, has been $122,215.17. The past history of the Bank is a matter of just pride to all—trustees and depositors alike—and its future is full of promise. Before the next annual meeting we shall be able to report $5,000,000 due depositors.

The Bank pays six per cent. interest

on Savings deposits, compounded in January and July of each year, to be drawn by Pass-Book only.

Special arrangements made for receiving business accounts payable by check, and bearing 4 per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposit issued bearing interest and available anywhere in the United States.

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at request of depositors, from Branches where kept to any other Branch without risk or trouble, and *without loss of interest.*

For full information about the Bank address the *Actuary* at Washington, D. C., or the Cashiers of the respective Branches. Copies of the Charter and By-Laws given or sent to any one on application.

Investments made in Government Bonds and real Estate Securities only.

The Central office of the Company is in Washington, directly opposite the U. S. Treasury.

Any information required may be procured by addressing the President, J. W. Alvord, Esq., or D. L. Eaton.

W. E. FOSTER & CO.,
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DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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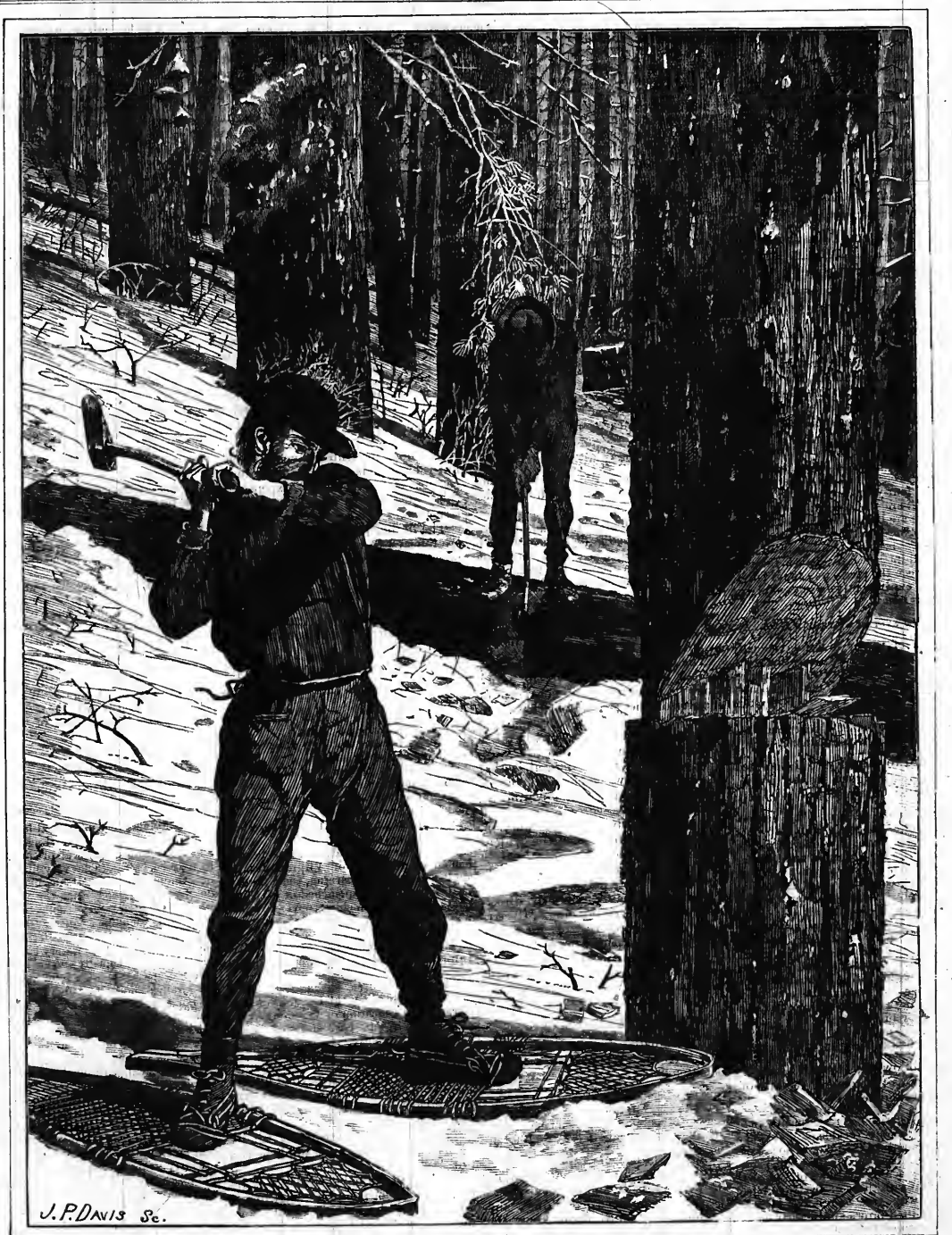

LUMBERING IN WINTER. — Drawn by Winslow Homer.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. H. LARRY } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, FEBRUARY, 1874.

THE INAUGURAL MESSAGE.

General James L. Kemper, Governor of this commonwealth, assumed the executive office on the first of January, 1874, and on the same day sent his inaugural message to the General Assembly. Under the leading topics discussed we quote as follows:

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE RACES.

"I do not hesitate to affirm, so encouraging and decisive has been the progress of the last four years, so clearly developed by the past are the obligations of to-day, that, if we are but guided by prudence, if we go forward with courage tempered with forbearance, and if no federal legislation shall intervene to disturb the relations between the races, we cannot fail to bring our experiment to a successful and prosperous issue."

UNIFORM SYSTEM OF FREE SCHOOLS.

"A sum of money is being annually expended in impartially educating both races not far short of the amount required to meet all the other expenses of the government, and this system has received the deliberate sanction of the white race, who chiefly contribute the means by which it is maintained."

In regard to the duty to the colored population, "assigned us by Providence," the Governor says:

"We intend to perform it by scrupulously guarding the newly acquired rights of the colored man; by affording him liberal facilities for education and inciting him to use them; by developing his best qualities and capacities and interesting him in the preservation of order and the enforcement of justice; by shielding him against devices of the vicious and thriftless; by habitually according him the kindness, forbearance and sympathy which his comparative dependence and weakness invite, and by cultivating such relations of active cooperation and mutual trust and common interest between the races as will combine both in recovering the general prosperity, and make each an indispensable instrumentality for that end."

In the following, General Kemper well illustrates the general feeling of ex-Confederate officers:

"Neither cherishing resentments nor repining over the irrevocable past, abating no jot of self-respect, yielding to no act of self-abasement, recognizing the indissoluble bond by which the destinies of Virginia are bound up with those of the Republic, they have, with true and brave hearts, and with uplifted brows sworn their fidelity to the restored Union.

"It is with the confidence which conscious self-respect inspires, it is in the spirit that becomes men, that we boldly claim reciprocity of respect and respectful good will between our fellow citizens of the North and ourselves. What we want is peace with honor; not the name and forms, but the living realities of peace.

"We vouch to all a cordial welcome and ample guarantees for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, whatever their political or religious affiliations of the past, present or future."

In "return for the vast donation of land with which the munificence of Virginia endowed this Union in its weakness," Gov. Kemper claims that the national treasury might well, "in the plentitude of its wealth and power, restore prosperity to our State by assuming her debt."

He says, with force, "Justice, humanity and the best interests of the colored race and the country at large, invoke the common government to enable us to effectuate its policy of educating and elevating our newly enfranchised population by supplying to the State the necessary means to that end."

The message is emphatic in regard to payment of the State debt.

"Obligations to public creditors, binding the honor and good faith of the Commonwealth, should be fulfilled to the utmost of her ability, in any event and under all circumstances."

A close scrutiny of all public appropriations is urged.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

"The care of our public institutions, educational and eleemosynary must be generous to be prudent." Higher institutions and public schools are commended "to the most liberal legislation compatible with the embarrassed condition of the treasury."

A CENTRAL WATER LINE

connecting the Ohio River with Chesapeake Bay is urged a "vital question of the day."

At present, "while the want of cheap and abundant food is oppressively felt in many eastern sections, corn is yearly consumed as fuel in some of the grain growing States of the Mississippi Valley."

The feasibility of this water line running through Virginia has been proved, and it is needed quite as much as a national as a State benefit.

The Governor advises that the oyster law be revised; that speedy provision be made for payment of the interest on the State debt; that a permanent financial policy be matured and adopted and that measures be taken to encourage immigration.

The spirit of the inaugural is that of a hospitable welcome to all comers, loyalty to the national government, kindliness and justice to all sections and classes, irrespective of color or opinion, and only needs to become the evident spirit of the people of Virginia, to insure benefits greater than extinguishment of the State debts.

There is a manly, soldierly directness in it that is convincing of the sincerity of the resolve of its brave writer to do his part toward bringing about a new era of efficiency "in the Government and a "noble union of all the elements of Virginia's strength."

DR. RUFFNER'S REPORT.

This valuable document is replete with interest. We publish a few of its statements.

Number of public school scholars enrolled in Virginia in '72 166,337.
Number of public school scholars enrolled in Virginia in '73 160,859.

The Doctor accounts for the loss of 5,518 pupils by unusually rough weather and roads, and by poverty and disease. Improved teaching and discipline tends to throw out the lazy and indifferent.

Bad teaching, in many more cases, has occasioned a decline in numbers.

"It is gratifying to observe that the average monthly pay of teachers, increased from $29.86 per month, in 1872, to $32.00 in 1873.

"The favorable advance in public sentiment has continued and is unequivocally shown.

"The general financial condition is more satisfactory than it has ever been.

"During the past year our State has received from the Peabody Fund, $31,450.00"

This outlay has multiplied itself many times in a stimulated local enterprise and liberality. The general agent, Dr. Sears, has been always ready to aid by his personal services, and offers increased encouragement to normal instruction.

County superintendents of education are poorly paid, hence frequent resignations to the detriment of the school interests.

The splendid school systems of Richmond and Petersburg are expanding and improving. In Lynchburg, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Alexandria and Staunton, there has been steady improvement educationally.

"There is a general testimony to the improvement in the qualifications of teachers; yet nine-tenths of our teachers are far below what they ought to be and must become. Now and then over the State we meet a true, well furnished teacher, but, most frequently, the sad spectacle of misrule and superficial teaching meets the eye. It is highly important for the Board of Education to have authority to use a portion of the school funds for the systematic training of our army of teachers."

Teachers' institutes have been held but there has been a lack of means of paying even traveling expenses of those qualified to give systematic instruction.

The higher institutions of the State are referred to with a just pride; their prosperity is greater than ever before. It is proven by statistics that "when the white population alone is concerned Virginia has a larger proportion of her sons in superior institutions, probably, than any State or country in the world," as follows:

STATISTICS OF 1872.

"Virginia has 1 to 722 of her white population in college.

"Virginia has 1 to 1233 of her whole population in college.

"Massachusetts has 1 to 1588 of her white population in college.

"Massachusetts has 1 to 1615 of her whole population in college.

"Connecticut has 1 to 1529 of her white population in college.

"Connecticut has 1 to 1630 of her whole population in college.

"What stronger evidence could be presented of the love of Virginia for the higher branches of learning, than the fact that it cannot be quenched or even suppressed by the pinching poverty which now overspreads the State?"

Dr. Ruffner appeals eloquently for improved female education:

"From no source, so far as I know, has the State ever given anything to advance the education of her daughters," although Virginia has endowed men's colleges munificently.

The Agricultural and Mechanical College has succeeded beyond all reasonable expectation, but is under serious embarrassment for want of building funds.

The Hampton Institute is kindly mentioned and its report published in full.

A mass of valuable statistics is appended to the pamphlet, making it a most valuable document and showing that the "Old Dominion" is not likely to lose her pristine leadership if educated men are to come to the front.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

This celebrated company has met with a most favorable reception in England. In some places they have received very substantial help, and everywhere their concerts have been crowded. In Glasgow, Scotland, they were detained for weeks beyond their appointed time singing to throngs, who could not be satisfied. The Scotch find in these old slave songs a curious similarity to their own peculiar national airs.

We have just received an English paper giving an account of these singers in Hull. Their popularity is such that there was almost a mob at the concert hall, and policemen were employed to preserve order.

They visited the house and room in which Wilberforce, the great leader of emancipation in the British Empire, was born, and there sung "John Brown," and the English national anthem. They have sent over to America twenty thousand dollars, as the net profit of the English concerts, and expect to raise about fifty thousand in the Old Country. Their object is the erection of "Jubilee Hall," at Nashville, Tennessee, and the establishment of Fisk University on a solid, permanent basis. This they will undoubtedly accomplish.

There is nothing in the story of emancipation of slaves in all history so remarkable as the undertaking of the Jubilee Singers. Not only is the spirit of self help surprising, but the *power* they have over every class of people is wonderful.

Mr. Gladstone, the Premier of Great Britain, said he never had been so impressed as by their wild choruses. The "blue blood" of England has received them with the greatest cordiality, and acknowledged the beauty and strength of their songs as well as the claims of their cause.

Professor White, of Fisk University, is the mainspring of this movement. At first there was only discouragement: for weeks they made no headway, and Mr. White was compelled to pledge his small personal property to secure the means of carrying his brave company from one place to another.

The tide finally turned, and to-day the "Jubilee Singers" may claim to have made a most creditable page in the history of their race.

A large, permanent and finely appointed University standing on the beautiful and commanding heights above Nashville, Tennessee, will forever testify to the faith and courage of George L. White, to the capacity of the negro race, and to the brave and arduous labors of the *Jubilee Singers.*

DRAINING.

BY GEORGE DIXON

(Concluded from third page).

The farmer with undrained land is like a mariner steering his vessel against wind and tide; however skilful or persevering he may be, he can make very little *permanent* improvement in them; his manures do very little good after the first year; whether they are those collected in the barn-yard, or lime, guano, superphosphates, or other artificial fertilizers; as soon as they reach the watery subsoil they cease to act beneficially and are lost to the future crops. When the intelligent farmer has drained lands to cultivate, in which his home-made manures and artificial fertilizers are retained from year to year, till exhausted by the growing plants, he is able to bring all the resources of modern science, as well as his old experiences, to bear upon them, with much more certainty of success; and encouraged by an adequate return for his labor and capital employed in the increased productiveness of the soil, he will extend his improvements and devote his additional income to the permanent amelioration of his plantation.

Thirty years ago, there resided in London an energetic gentleman named Mechi, who manufactured scissors, razors and all kinds of fancy cutlery, and articles for the toilet; he realized a large fortune and became an alderman of the city. Tired of London life, he determined to pass the remainder of his days in the country, and try his hand at farming. There happened

to be a poor, clayey farm of one hundred and seventy acres for sale nt Tiptree, in Essex; this he purchased, and was determined to improve it by skilful husbandry. Seeing many of bis neighbors unable to use the subsoil plow, on account of the shallowness of their drains, he determined to put his, forty-eight inches below the surface. The alderman's experiment was laughed at hy his Intelligent neighbors. His deep drains were constantly decried as Impracticahle and worthless. They said, "The water will never find its way into the drain pipes through such thick, impervious clay. It stands hy reason that it will do no such thing. Does not the water stand on the surface of such land till it stinks, in the very footprints of the horses' hoofs, or is evaporated hy the sun? It would as soon leak through a brick as through such strong clay as that. It is all nonsense to bury a man's money in that style. He will never see a shilling of it back again." In the face of these opinions nnd remarks, Alderman Mechi went on with his deep drains, laying his pipes down every furrow, field after field, *deep below the surface*, till the whole farm was drained. I wish to call your attention to the result of this experiment. The rain water did find its way into the pipes by gradually percolating, not only through the part where the drain was out, but through the soil a considerahle distance beyond; for the clay, losing its moisture, shrank and cracked between drain and drain, producing innumcrahle fissures, which filled up with soil and sand from the surface, forming veins and arteries which took off the water, freed from all sediment hy filtration, to the depth of the drains. In some places they tapped springs whose waters bad before risen to the surface, and discharged themselves over the land. The drains in the furrows were laid with n burnt clay pipe, twelve inches long, and two inches diameter: these discharged themselves into a larger pipe, and these again emptied themselves into the main artery, a large pipe which conveyed the water to the lowest part of the farm, where the huildings were situated, furnisbing an ample supply for the house, steam engine, cattle, and all the stable and barn-yard wants; and this in a place where before no water could be got without pumping it from a well. The Tiptree experiment is a great success. The increase of produce is tenfold; and those who derided and opposed it, have adopted tbe plow to their great advantage. Deep draining inaugurated a new era in farming; hy it lands, once considered worthless, have become valuahle; and the productiveness of the country greatly increased. Alderman Mechi introduced several other improvements; hut I shall only mention one here, his deep tillage, which the farmers in England are gradually adopting; hut this mode of culture can only be carried on to advnntage in lands tbnt have had the noxious fluids of the subsoil carried off by deep drainiug. I must refer those who put the question, "Does it pay?" to the halance sheet which the alderman puhlishes every year for the benefit of the public, in which he shows that after paying the interest of money expended in the cost of the estate, and the improvements thereon; the interest of the capital employed in stock and implements, the cost of seed, labor, nnd all other expenses, he has a large margin of profit; and this from land once considered more worthless than the worn-out uplands of Virginia.

I cannot give you correct dates in the history of draining. Its benefit to arable lands was hardly known before the commencement of the present century. The first drains, as I stated above, were made hy placing n stone on each side of a narrow ditch with a flat stone on the top for a cover. When these were used for draining wet bottoms, they were few and far between, and generally crosswise of the furrow, and not more than twenty inches deep. In crossing the furrow the cover was so near the surface that it was often displaced by tbe plow, and the surface water rushing in soon silted up the drain. The next attempt was the rubble drain. These were made hy outting a ditch about two feet deep, as narrow as possible, up each furrow, and filling it to the depth of eigbt or ten inches with small stones, generally gatbered from the land, and broken to the size of a walnut. On the top of the broken etones long grass or turf was placed and the soil put back to the level of the furrow. These did considerahle good, hut they were so near the surface that in heavy rains the water found its way into them in a direct stream, which, carrying with it land and other earthy matter filled up the interstices among the stones, and they ceased to run. The next improvement was the horseshoe draining tile. It was made by turning a sheet of fiat clay, about an inch thick, over a piece of wood, a cross section of which resembled the letter U. These answered better than rubble drains. The slow process of making them hy hand made them too costly. An ingenious hlacksmith, named Lambert, who lived at Stockton, on the river Tees, invented a machine, hy which the horseshoe tile was made hy putting clay into a box and pressing it through a die, hy means of a screw and lever; with this machine they afterward made the round or pipe tiles, which continue to be used. Lambert's machine was greatly improved hy Whitehead, of Preston, in Lancashire, who obtained for it the first prize at the last exhibitions of London nnd Paris. With Whitehead's machine, a man and two boys, in one day, can make four thousand pipes, twelve inches long and two inches diameter. These, when hurnt are sold for six dollars a thousand. The cost of one of Whitehead's machines, on board at Liverpool, with dies to make pipes from inch and half to twelve inches diameter, is about two hundred and fifty dollars.

The two-inch pipe tile is the one most approved; when carefully laid from forty to fifty inches below the surface, with a gentle fall, it is found that nothing hut clear water enters the joints. Experience has proved that a drain in each furrow is most effectual, but should the ridges be small, one in every alternate furrow, is considered sufficient. There is a class of men in England who follow draining as a husiness, and hy long practice have become very expert. They will cut, lay and fill in a drain at twelve cents a rod. The farmer first goes up and down the furrow to be drained, with the plow, and turns out all he can; the drainer follows bim and shovels all that is loose off the top; then, with a long spit, he reaches the required depth in three draws, leaving it just sufficient width at the bottom to receive the two-inch pipe. He next cleans out the bottom, with a sharp, semi-circular shell tool, with a handle put in nt an angle of forty-five degrees, which he draws toward him, along the bottom of the drain, till it becomes perfectly smooth. It generally happens that sufficient water gathers in the drain to test the fall, but should it be dry, water is brought for this purpose and poured in nt the head of the drain. If it runs off satisfactorily, the workman begins nt the lower end, and, by means of nn irou tool shaped like an L, with a long wooden handle, he hooks on the pipes, one at a time, and places them along the bottom of the drain. They are covered carefully at first, and then hy means of a drag the material which has been dug out is pulled in most expeditiously.

Before concluding this paper, I would refer to another advantage, secured hy draining, in which all are interested. In England the ague, (called here chills) was very prevalent in certain sections of the country. The records of the meteorologist went to prove that the disease was engendered hy infectious exhalations from the undrained lands of these districts. As soon as they were drained, the fogs and mists disappeared, and with them fever, ague and other epidemic diseases. Such being the case, apart from the consideration of any pecuniary profit arising from the draining of lands, it becomes the duty of governments, and all good citizens, to promote it in every way in their power. Let us sum up the practical benefits to be derived from draining.

1st. It is a necessary preparation for all other improvements which may be applied to the soil; so that it is useless to attempt others till tho water is got out of the land.

2d. It is a deepening of tbe soil. The noxious ingredients having been carried off hy the drains, the subsoil retains the fertilizers for the benefit of the descending roots of the plants.

3d. It allows the fertilizing matter held in solution in the water from the clouds, to go down to the roots of the plants, instead of running off the surface and carrying the soil with it.

4th. It allows air to be conveyed to tbe roots of the plants, through the openings made by the percolation of the water through the soil to the drain.

5th. It not only produces a change in the soil but also a change in tbe climate, making the crops mature earlier and preventing rust and mildew, which are occasioned by excessive moisture.

6th. And last, hut not least, hy taking the water from the surface, hy underground drains, we render the air more salubrious, and thus benefit our neighbors as well as ourselves. Another proof of our dependence on each other, whether it be in the culture of the *dead earth* or of the *living intellect*.

IMPROVEMENT.

We have several times alluded to the improvement in our little town, and we note with pleasure the fact that this improvement is in no wise diminishing, hut rather on the increase. For months past our mechanics have all been constantly and actively engaged in the erection of new houses and the repairing of such as were too small or inconvenient for the use of their owners. Within the last twelve months some half dozen large stores all with comfortable dwellings attached, have been erected on Main street. Besides this, dwelling houses are going up all over the place, and a general air of activity and thrift pervades the entire town. We are extending our borders too, and pushing our limits far into the country. Places which in 1861 were considered the suburbs, are now the centers of trades. On both sides the river this work of extension and improvemeut is going on. Indeed, from Fort Monroe to the western extremity of Hampton is little less than a continuous town; and this it will surely be when a few more years of prosperity have elapsed. All the signs point to that end and lead to that conclusion, and any person engaging in business here should conduct his operations with reference to that end. True, we will never be a great city, situated as we are at the extremity of a narrow peninsula with navigable water along each side its whole extent; with no hack country full of ores or metals to pour its supplies into our lap; with limited depth of water at our front, we cannot hope even in the most distant future to arrive at the dignity and proportions of a large or populous or wealthy city; but we can and will have one of the most flourishing and attractive towns on the whole Atlantic coast.

There are many things we lack: things essential to our rapid growth and best prosperity. We lack good streets, we lack good schools, we lack a savings bank and corporate institutions generally. Talk as you will about the monopoly and greed of corporate bodies, hut there is no getting along without them; there is no such thing as real, substantial, public improvement without their assistance.

Great improvements need great expenditures of time, hrain and capital; and these can only be obtained hy the united efforts, the concerted energies and combined capital of many individuals. Who builds your railroads, opens your canals, endows your colleges, founds your asylums? Corporate bodies! These then we need and must have to catch the hints and apply the suggestions and concentrate the energies and means of the intelligent and wealthy around us. Single individuals can do much to improve the appearance and condition of our town, hut even when they have done the most, there are measures of general good wholly beyond their own control aud outside their resources, which hy the united efforts and means of many would greatly enhance the attractiveness of our town and the convenience of our people. Now, then: who will take the initiative in establishing a bank? Who will inaugurate a free library? Who will accept the honor of founding a night school?

[Though it is a rule of ours to avoid personalities, the following, from a regular contributor is too rich to lose. We certainly have a second Tom Hood in our midst.—ED.]

Come ye who love a country's names and listen to my ditty,
While I rehearse the titles of good old Elizabeth City:
Here's IVY trailing o'er the fields and running through the alleys,
And NETTLES spreading out their arms through all Back River's valleys.
A CAMM and tranquil LAKE, adorned with most inviting nooks,
Where lovers of romantic turn may poetize on BROOKS.
No flocks and herds graze on our plains as in the days of yore,
And yet our SHEPHERDS oft are seen beyond the village MOORE.
And here the botanist may find new species any day,
We have a kind of THISSEL unknown to Wood or Gray.
Like all our race we're subject to Dame Fortuue's random freaks,
Some dwell along misfortune's vales, and some among the PEEKS.
Some, born to luck, rejoice for life in pleasure's LIVELY WRAYS,
While some, alas, in poverty go MOURNING all their days.
In doctors we are well prepared with any place to cope,
For we've got the choicest SEMPLE, and are confident in HOPE,
But should a case prove obstinate and still refuse to yield,
To make a cure, we've naught to do but to present our SHIELD.
Our ship of state will ne'er go down, if that the winds will lull,
Though crippled as a HOLCHAFT, she's sound throughout her HULL.
Our people all must honest be, though poverty should pinch 'em,
For if they steal VON SCHILLINGS worth we're ready then to LYNCH 'em.
Our DARLING miller as he grinds, by turns wakes up and dozes,
And close beside him there's the COUCH, where honesty reposes.
On change we're not behind the times; our stock's always at par, oh,
We may not have the backbone, but we've got the spinal MARROW.
With furniture we're all supplied; of SHEETZ we have a store,
Would give to every HOUSE a pair, and then have something mere.
Ye housewives busy o'er your churns and fretting o'er the yield,
How would your hearts rejoice to see a perfect BUTTERFIELD.
'Tis said this is a land of peace, exempt from foeman's ravage,
But cannot be a Christian land while it contains a SAVAGE.
Catholicism here may boast in blissfulness of hope,
There are priests and fathers everywhere, hut we have got the POPE;
Oh! saddest of all human sights, to see the great brought down!
Here's POPE without Pontificate, and KING without a crown.
A showman here would "make his Jack" without resort to shams,
We've lots of educated HOGGS and STORES of CUNNINGHAMS;
Should these prove insufficient your taste to satisfy
A CAMPBELL stands in readiness to amuse the curious eye.
No frowning castle blocks the way of traveler on our street,
Yet almost daily, hand to hand, do KNIGHT and PALMER meet.
Confectionery is our boast! we challenge any town,
Our CAKES are never failures, but are always DUNN up BROWN,
Our MELLENS are delicious, of the old JACK WYATT breed;
Potatoes of the TOLMAN sort, the very best indeed.
Let other towns present their claims, and prove them if they can,
We rest in perfect confidence, we have the CUMMINO man.
People of every shade and hue upon our streets are met,
For some are WHITE and some are BROWN and some are black as JETT;
And some of these are native born and some come here by chance,
And strange, we have a FRENCH man here who never was in France.
Each man you meet is hus[illegible] peaceful trade pursuit',
One drives the plane, [illegible]nd
[illegible] one you'll see
Our bravery is we'
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LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.

WORDSWORTH.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will nevermore be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon,—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a faggot hand.
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe—
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sight nor sound
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They traced the footmarks small:
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the low stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed;—
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song,
That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

In the extreme northwest of England, among the Cumberland hills, William Wordsworth was born, on the 7th of April, 1770, and among the same hills, a faithful student of their beauty, he learned to write the descriptions of natural scenes, and the tender, thoughtful poems which gave him long ago the first rank among modern English poets. A man, highly educated, neither rich nor poor, with a strong and healthy nature which made for him warm and faithful friends, he was content to spend his life amidst the quiet loveliness of the country of his birth; and, with his sister, to whom he was deeply attached, and his wife and children, he lived in unusual happiness and almost unbroken health, until his death in 1850. "With the exception of tours in Scotland and on the Continent, and occasional visits to London, his whole life was passed among the lakes. In enjoyment of worldly competence, he walked, boated, wrote, attended church and received visitors. In his later years the day began and closed with prayers; and after breakfast the family read the lessons and psalms. His study was in the open air, in which, he says, nine-tenths of his poems were shaped; and by no one else has the world of sight and sound, from the planetary motions in the heavens down to the restless shadow of the smallest flower, been so sedulously studied during a long life."

Surely this is a pleasant picture of a poet's home, and inclines us to feel the reality of the sentiment to which the poems of Wordsworth give such eloquent expression, while retaining always the simplicity which was his characteristic. The most elaborate of his productions is "The Excursion," a long poem in blank verse; while "The White Doe of Rylstone," a story in verse, was the one upon which he himself set the highest value. Besides these, he wrote many sonnets, poems and ballads, all of which are of interest, while some of them ought to be known by every reador of the English tongue.

Two other famous poets, Southey and Coleridge, lived near Wordsworth in Cumberland, and these three with their associates founded what is known as the "Lake school" of English poetry.

The poem of Wordsworth which we give herewith, is one of the simplest of his productions, but it gives a fair idea of his style, when, in disgust at the highly ornamented poetry common in his day, he returned to the opposite extreme and wrote about simple things in simple words, for which reason we have chosen to present it to our readers.

LUMBERING IN WINTER.

Early in the autumn, before the heavy winter snows begin to fall, in those thickly wooded regions whence comes most of our lumber supply, gangs of strong armed, hardy lumbermen start out from the settlements and strike into the heart of the forests where they are to find their winter's work. All along the northern borders of the United States lie these great forests, unbroken save by broad lakes, or the wild rivers which form the roads whereon the immense rafts of timber float down to the cities and the sea. The lumbermen "go in," as it is called, provided with all necessary stores for the winter, and are frequently never heard from again, or themselves receive no communication from the outer world, until they come down on their rafts when the warm suns of spring have thawed the river ice and opened a path for them out of the trackless forest. They pass the months of their exile in log huts, working through the short winter days with might and main, hewing and splitting and drawing the great trees which are by and by to be built into houses and ships and made in a thousand ways to serve the uses of men. The men endeavor, if possible, to station their encampment upon some gently sloping hill side down which the logs can be rolled, or easily drawn by oxen, to the stream at its foot, on whose bank they are heaped through the winter, each log bearing some mark which shows to whom it belongs. Then when the spring rains have swollen the streams and carried away the ice, the logs are set afloat and commence their perilous journey down the current, carrying with them some of the lumbermen whose business it is to conduct the rafts through the difficulties which beset their course. Almost every mountain stream brings down its share of the winter's harvest in the shape of those huge, rough logs which unite in the larger rivers, and in vast rafts pass down to their destination. It is during this season that the greatest dangers in the lumbermen's work occur, for often the logs get jammed in the narrow spots in the river, and then no pen can describe the wildness and confusion of the scene. The blocks of broken ice and the heavy logs, driven by the strength of the current, pile themselves up between the river banks till the water, obstructed in its flow, becomes a boiling flood, and as far as the eye can reach dashes with unavailing fury against the solid mass of ice and timber. And out upon this treacherous, rough bridge must the lumbermen go, cutting the ice, hewing at the logs, treading with steady foot, and striking with sure hand until obstacle after obstacle is cleared away and the great raft starts once more upon its downward course. At the risk of their lives these men do this, for after their object is accomplished, and the raft set free, their return to land depends upon their own strength and courage, as they are beyond the help of their companions, and it is no easy thing to leap from one rolling log to another, to avoid the crashing ice and madly rushing water, and to leap at the right moment and the right place upon the broken shore. No season passes without some loss of life and limb; and the cold, the loneliness, the hard work and the danger, make lumbering a by no means attractive occupation. Still like most things it has its bright side, and doubtless when after a hard day's work the men gather at night around a huge, crackling fire with a hot supper beside them, they laugh and make merry with little thought of hardship or danger, and lie down under their coarse blankets to that sound, sweet sleep known only to those who are not afraid of "a hard day's work."

VENICE.

About four miles from the coast at the northwest end of the Adriatic Sea, is a long, narrow belt of land, broken by numerous openings through which the waters of the Adriatic flow into the lagoon between the mainland and the belt. This lagoon is from twenty-five to thirty miles long, and about five miles broad, and upon a group of seventy-two little islands, lying close together upon its still, blue water, the city of Venice has been built. The city proper is about six miles in circuit, and from whatever point it is approached, seems to be actually floating upon the surface of the sea, for in all directions it is penetrated by canals, one hundred and forty-six in number, the largest of which, the Grand Canal, divides the city into two unequal parts, and is spanned by a single bridge, the famous Rialto, an arch of marble built in 1590, and now covered with little shops, so precious is a solid foundation in this city of the sea. The smaller canals are covered by three hundred and sixty different bridges, and upon them the houses front as upon an ordinary city street; the private houses being chiefly of brick, three or four stories in height, with balconies and doors from which the inhabitants step directly into their gondolas, as the long, narrow, black boats are called, which take the place of carriages or omnibuses in other cities. The larger houses or palaces are very beautiful, and are generally square, with a court in the middle, while many of them have both land and water entrances, for though the communication between the various parts of the city is by water, yet there are numerous alleys, three or four feet wide, smoothly paved with slabs of marble or stone.

The history of Venice is deeply interesting, for the city was at one time one of the great maritime powers of the world, and distinguished for the luxury and refinement of its people. Although its greatness has passed away, many evidences of it still remain, and the churches and palaces of Venice are among the most beautiful and highly decorated in Europe, the cathedral of St. Mark, in particular, being incredibly rich in marbles, mosaic work, and bronzes. Of old, the chief officer of the Venetian government was called the "Doge," and the Doge's palace, originally built in 820, but demolished several times since, is a fine building, fronting upon the only open square in the city, containing, beneath and above its magnificent rooms and galleries, the cells where prisoners of state were confined. The manufactures of Venice were, in their day, justly celebrated, and some of them, as, for example, the manufacture of glass, are still carried on; but, at best, the city is now only the ghost of its ancient, beautiful self, and is interesting principally by virtue of its past.

CONTENT.

There are two kinds of people in this world who are contented, and although they resemble each other in being satisfied with what they have, yet in truth they are as far apart as the poles, for with one class the content arises from the fact that they desire nothing better than they have; while with the second it comes from a cheerful acceptance of what a higher power has decreed to be sufficient, and does not prevent an earnest seeking for better things. The people who fold their hands in comfortable indolence and without striving to improve their condition declare themselves to be "contented," were surely never held up to us for imitation; for the word has a far higher meaning and the state is by no means so easy of attainment. True contentment comes only to those who, having done their utmost, are able to renounce their own desires, and confess humbly that what has been given and what has been denied, are alike for the best, and with eyes clear enough to see beyond this world, find some sunbeams in the darkest lot. The continual feast of a contented mind is supplied from a higher source than they know of who have not honestly labored to do something for the advancement of themselves and their fellow-creatures.

THE HABIT OF READING.

"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake.

It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have, in boyhood, formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on to the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us.

Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul.

"Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes, which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall be ever thankful for.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

GOOD MANNERS A DUTY.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Men often speak of good manners as an accomplishment. I speak of them as a duty. What, then, are good manners? Such manners as the usages of society have recognized as being agreeable to men; such manners as take away rudeness, and remit to the brute creation all coarseness. There are a great many who feel that good manners are effeminate. They have a feeling that rude bluntness is a great deal more manly than good manners. It is a great deal more beastly. But when men are crowded in communities, the art of living together is no small art. How to diminish friction; how to promote ease of intercourse; how to make every part of a man's life contribute to the welfare and satisfaction of those around him; how to keep down offensive pride; how to banish the rasping of selfishness from the intercourse of men; how to move among men inspired by various and conflictive motives, and yet not have collisions—this is the function of good manners.

That a man is a mechanic, is no reason why he should not be a perfect gentleman. I affirm for every American citizen the right to be simply a man, but a good-mannered man. I have seen men at the anvil who were as perfect gentlemen as men of books or men of society. I know no reason why a man who digs in the soil, a man who works in metals and woods, a man who builds, should not be a perfect gentleman. There is nothing in mechanical occupations which is incompatible with the highest courtesy.

Every man is bound to observe the laws of politeness. It is the expression of good will and kindness. It promotes beauty in the man who possesses it, and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty, and should be a part of religious training.

This feeling of reverence does not prevail to any great extent among us. I discern a great lack in this respect. Children, now a days, are brought up to be pert, to be saucy, to be almost without restraint. They are brought up to have very little regard either for their parents or for their superiors. And, although there are a great many Christian households where children are rightly bred in this regard, it seems to me there has been a decay of that instruction which used to prevail, the tendency of which was to make children modest and respectful. We bring up our children to be old, and smart, and impertinent.

This courtesy which carries with it respect; this testimony of veneration to the aged; this yielding one's self in a thousand little society rites for the sake of making others happy—oh, what brightness it gives to life! What beauty, what adornment it gives to Christian character?

There are many other points that I might speak of. The effect of punctuality and order; the relations which men sustain to each other's convenience and necessities—these and a hundred other branches of this subject, I might discourse upon; but it is not necessary that I should go into them. I have given such examples as I have, merely as specimens for the purpose of calling your attention to the minuteness and carefulness with which the Scriptures inculcate these things. It enjoins not merely the right spirit, but the right spirit manifested in the most beautiful way.

ENGLISH FAMILIES FOR VIRGINIA.—Colonel Wm. F. Gray, of Amelia County, Virginia, who has been for some years past connected with European emigration to the Western states, has been on a canvass of the counties adjoining Richmond, looking for homesteads for a large number of English settlers coming to Virginia, commencing in the spring. He returns to England this month to attend their being forwarded thence. Many well-to-do families, both from England and Scotland, are embraced in the large number who have contracted with him for a residence in Virginia. We believe he contemplates settling them in colonies, so that a feeling of homesickness will be dissipated by daily association with familiar faces and voices.

DURING the month of December there were coined at the Philadelphia mint, 3,137,900 pieces, to the value of $1,750,795.

THE FROST.

BY MISS GOULD.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept,
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were beries of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—
"Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall '*chick!*' to tell them I'm drinking."

ICE BOATS ON THE HUDSON.

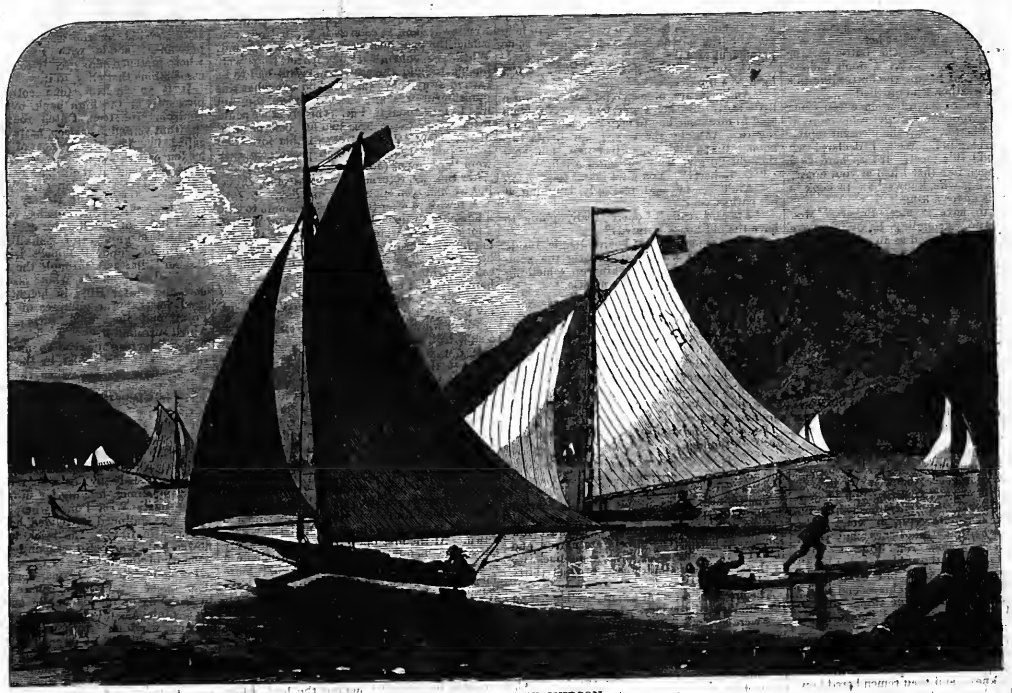
For the above spirited illustration we are indebted to the generosity of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., as for many others which we have still in store for our readers. It gives a lively picture of an amusement which is unknown to the Sunny South, but enjoyed in full perfection on the broad Hudson river, among the Highlands, where the ice, unaffected by the tides, which break it up below, affords all winter a firm, smooth course, many miles in length, for the ringing steels of skaters, or the swifter flight of the ice boats. There is nothing nearer like flying, indeed, than the exhilarating speed with which these winter pleasure boats glide over the glittering mirror of the ice-bound river, their sails unsullied by the storms which summer crafts have to encounter, and spread like snowy wings to the brilliant sunshine and the "wind that follows fast."

The passengers looking out at the gay scene from the railroad train, that is dashing down to New-York along the base of the mountains on the further shore, at the rate of forty miles an hour, may give up the race with the close trimmed little craft that has slipped ahead.

In 1866 the *Una*, one of the fastest of the ice boat fleet which has its quarters at Poughkeepsie, ran from Newburgh to Hamburgh, six and a half miles, in seven minutes. A glance at our picture will show exactly the construction of the ice boats, and account for their marvellous speed. The immense disproportion between the broad spread of sail and the almost inappreciable friction to be overcome of the three sharp runners over the glassy surface of the ice, admits of a velocity that is almost incredible. The boats would actually *run ahead of the wind* if they were sailed directly before it; one stronger blast than usual would send them on with such force that they would have to wait for the next to overtake them. Therefore they are always sailed at an angle with the wind, and the sails kept trimmed as close as possible.

They are evidently built only for pleasure, any extra weight being a hindrance to speed, and more than two persons are seldom carried. In a stiff breeze one man sometimes has to stand on the windward runner, to keep the boat from upsetting. He holds on by the shrouds, and changes his rather critical position from side to side of the boat as its direction is changed. He must have as wild and breathless a ride as he would if he could stand on the cow-catcher of a locomotive.

At several of the river towns there are ice-boat clubs, and many an exhilarating race comes off between their favorite crafts.



ICE BOATS ON THE HUDSON.

MRS. THOMPSON'S WHITE WARE.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them.

To begin at the beginning: Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar who would take her to Rome or Venice, where she would live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do, and perhaps that is the reason so many barter love for gold.

But contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations.

If she could have had things a little different, she wouldn't have minded the work so much. If she could have had soft carpets and tasteful furniture, and books, and pictures, and flowers. To be sure she had a little strip under the south windows, where sweet-briar grew, and pinks and sweet-williams, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were so old-fashioned; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants that she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thompson would as soon have thought of buying the moon, as such useless things as flowers. And though his wife earned them a dozen times over, it never entered his heart that she did. Indeed, he considered it a very liberal thing when he gave her twenty-five dollars fall and spring to buy her clothing, and wondered vaguely where it all went to, and if she had not some hoarded away somewhere.

Certainly Mrs. Robert Thompson must have been very hard to please. But the particular matter of grievance on this particular day was of quite another thing. The "Easterville Sewing Circle and Ladies' Benevolent Society" was to meet at the farm house the next Friday, and Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on a new set of white ware for the occasion, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter of these dishes?" he asked, pointing to the "mulberry and white" plates, which Mrs. Thompson was washing.

"They are all out of date to begin with; and half of them are cracked, or broken; besides, there isn't nowhere near enough to set the table."

"What's become of the china mother used when she had company?"

"It won't look well on the table, Robert, with this mulberry, all cracked up as it is."

"I guess the victuals will taste just as well out of 'em, anyway."

"But we really need the dishes, Robert. There has not been a dish bought since I came here, twelve years ago, and—"

"They'll do just as well for twelve years to come. You wouldn't have thought of it, if it had not been for the sewing circle. If they can't come and eat out of such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away;" and he took down his hat to go back to his mowing.

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes, but she crowded them bravely back, and tried hard to steady the tremor in her voice, as she said, pleadingly:

"Please to give me the money to get them, Robert. Grover has got some real pretty ones—and cheap, too; I can get all I shall need for four dollars."

"Well, I guess Grover'll keep 'em for all me. I've got no four dollars to spare," turning to go out. "By the way," looking back from the door, "Jones, and Lee, and Hubbard will be here to dinner, and perhaps to supper. We went to get all the south meadow down to-day, if we can. Grass is stout this year, there's a third more than there was last. And Hubbard wants six pounds of butter to-night—don't forget to have it ready;" and with these words he went out, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things that delight or annoy.

What did it matter to her if the grass was heavy, and butter up to forty cents a pound? It only brought her more and harder work, and no recompense save her bare board and clothing. She could earn more than that in any other man's house.

"Well, I had no business to marry Robert Thompson," she said, moodily to herself, her slender wrists aching from beating over the butter for Hubbard; "everybody always said he was close and shrewd, and prophesied that he would be rich some day—what do I care for riches, if they don't do me any good, don't make my life any fairer or softer! I am not fitted to be a farmer's wife—and yet I have loved Robert Thompson!" She said this half savagely, as if she was disgusted and angry with herself for it.

All through the long forenoon Mrs. Thompson had nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. "I will not have the circle meet meet here, and set the table with that old-fashioned china, and that stained and cracked mulberry—no, not for twenty Robert Thompsons. The rooms are shabby and out of date enough, mercy knows;" and her thoughts reverted to the pretty, tasteful homes of her friends where she had met on circle day.

Fifteen minutes before noon, and full that time before dinner would be ready—for they were usually a little behind, and Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot—Mrs. Thompson saw four tired, heated, hungry looking men coming up through the orchard. The table was not set, and she hurried quickly about it. Just then Frank and Charlie, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each shouting, "Mother, mother," and each wanting something right off. She felt tired, and hurried, and out of temper, which was not helped by her husband's impatient—

"Why isn't dinner ready? I told you we were in a hurry to-day. If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd try and do it before night."

A bitter retort sprang to her lips, but just then Charlie cried out,

"Oh, mother, mother, just look at my copy. I ain't going to write e, b, ab'a any more; I'm going to write sentences just like Frank. Just read it, mother. The teacher said I must get it by heart, and always remember it."

Mrs. Thompson glanced up, laying the plates as she read: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." It was not that it was new—she had read it a score of times—but something in its appropriateness, that fell like a cool hand upon her heated pulse.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said quietly.

He looked up: evidently he had not expected just that reply; for if the truth must be told, he had thought more than once that forenoon of his wife's request; not that he thought of granting it, but that he expected that she would, as he termed it, "sulk over it."

"I say, boys," he said as they went into the cool, north room to their dinner, "it don't feel much here as it did down in the meadow. A woman has an easy time of it; they don't know what hot weather is."

Mrs. Thompson, waiting on the table, with a scarlet face, did not reply; but Hubbard gave Jones a queer look out of the corner of his eye, as he half glanced at her.

"Why didn't you set the butter in the stove? you might as well. I don't believe there's any need of having the butter like this if it is warm weather," he growled.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; but I will go down, and get some more, if you think I'd better," was the pleasant reply.

"No, never mind. Well, I declare! wh didn't you boil this meat? It's as hard as a rock. Not much like that I had at your house, Hubbard. Your wife knows how to cook a diuner that is fit for a king."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," Mrs. Thompson said, struggling hard to choke down a rising sob, as well as an angry word.

The men did not speak, and Mr. Thompson finished his dinner with a thoughtful face. By and by he grew to watching his wife's face: there was something in it he could not understand. He looked down at the mulberry and white—it did look old and dingy beside the snowy table-cloth—he wondered he had never noticed it before. He went out into the kitchen—how hot and stifling it was! a vague idea that it wasn't such a comfortable place after all, flitted through his mind. He went out toward the barn, the sun was hot, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the south, and the men were lounging in the shadow of the barn.

"I never pitied a woman so in my life," Hubbard was saying; "she works like a slave and does not even get a 'thank ye' for it."

"She'd never ought to married Bob Thompson," replied Jones, "a delicate, sensitive little thing like her. However, he won't make money out of her blood and bones many years. I never saw a woman run down so fast. She looks as faded as the old house that hasn't seen a drop of paint since old Grandfather Thompson had it fixed up for his second wife."

"And Jennie used to like things nice so well! She'd better have married Squire Burnham—I wonder if she isn't sorry?"

Was she? The thought came crushing like a bolt of fire through the heart and brain of Robert Thompson. She might have married Burnham he knew; and then remembered how prond he had been that she turned from the wealthy young squire, to marry him, and to come to the old homestead to take care of his invalid mother. And how tenderly she had done it, too! He could bear it no longer. He stole noiselessly away from the unconscious talkers, and started at a quick pace down the street.

Mrs. Thompson had washed and put away the last dish, and with a weary step had taken down the broom, when the sudden sound of wheels coming into the yard sent her to the door.

"I've brought down that ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing to the ground, and lifting a large basket carefully from the wagon.

"I didn't order them, Mr. Grover," she gasped in a frightened voice. "I only said perhaps, I—"

"O, its all right. Mr. Thompson came up this noon and ordered them. I thought you didn't send him, for he didn't seem to know what he wanted, only he gave me ten dollars and told me to bring what was necessary. I have brought you a tea and dining set, including three dozen plates. If there is anything you don't like, I'll take it again and make it all right."

"O, I shall like them, I know," she said, trying hard to control her voice.

"Well, I'll leave the basket, and Robert can bring it up some time," he said, springing into the wagon and driving off.

Then Jane Thompson sat down on the floor beside the basket of crockery, and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot, but went to unpacking and washing her new treasures, singing softly to herself all the while. She put some nice, clean papers on the shelves, and then she folded some and cut them in scallops, and put them over the edges, and then she arranged her beautiful ware with the drooping sprays of convolvulus and fuchias, standing off every few moments to admire it. I doubt if Mrs. Squire Burnham was ever so entirely happy in her life.

She had got it all arranged, and stood in the pantry door, with a bright, happy smile in her eyes and on her lips, when a voice—it was a trifle husky—said close beside her:

"What is it Jennie?" (he used to call her that in old days, before hardness or indifference came between them).

"O, Robert!" taking a step toward him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of their courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered huskily; "can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O, Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame too; I haven't—"

"Yes you have!" he interrupted, "you've been an angel compared to me. I've made a slave of you, you shan't work so any more. Jones's Laura is coming up to-morrow, to help you till after haying, and then I'll make some permanent arrangement."

"O, Robert! I can get along now. I feel light as a bird."

"And you are, almost," he said, smiling a little sadly into her eager face. "No, I am able to hire some one to help you, and I am going to. And, by the way, saw Leeds this noon. It's a dull time, just now, and so I thought I'd give the poor fellow a job."

"O, Robert!" "You ain't going to—"

"Ain't I?" he said, teasingly, laughing at her enthusiasm.

"Are you really, Robert—really going to have the old house painted?"

"Every square inch of board, Jeunie, inside and out. And when you get over the summer's work, you can be looking up something to brighten up the old place a little."

"Robert!"

"What?"

"I want to tell you something—you won't be angry?"

"No," smiling.

"Well, to-day—it was wrong, I know, but I felt so discouraged—I almost wished I had married Squire Burnham; but now, O, Robert! I wouldn't marry him for fifty thousand French cottages!"

For answer he stooped and kissed her tenderly on the lips.

CHINA.

The Chinese cities are all dirty, but Amoy is the dirtiest of the lot. You can form no idea of it without seeing it. There are few Europeans here. The streets are narrow and full of corners and stone steps, sometimes two or three, and sometimes flights of from thirty to fifty of them.

The first time we went ashore, we landed on the outskirts of the city, where the stone cutters were at work. They were carving a stone very much like our granite. Some were making large pillars, for a temple, quite elaborately carved; others were making "Joss's," or idols, varying in size from two inches to ten feet in height. Their work was surprisingly well done, considering their imperfect tools.

As we were walking through the city, we passed a crowd of Chinese gathered around a pile of burning charcoal; there were about ten bushels of charcoal, which was kept aglow by large fans, with which several Chinamen were blowing it. Our guide said they were going to burn an idol. After proceeding a little farther, we came to where they were making a terrible noise by beating about a dozen gongs. Of course we wanted to know what this was for; our guide tried to keep us from going in the building, but we pretended not to understand him, and in we went. The building itself consisted of a large room, about twenty-five feet square inside, and in the center of this was another, about ten or twelve feet square. The floor was of stone and was heated when we went in. We were bound to see all we could, so we pushed on till we could get our heads inside the inner room. In it there were three men undergoing puuishment for some religious offense. One of them had a large knife stuck in his cheek until the handle stuck out straight and stiff. The blood was running down his almost naked body, until it reached the heated floor—or rather it was a mixture of blood and perspiration together.

Another had his hands folded and a wire pierced through his fingers so that he could not open them. The wire appeared discolored, and so little blood came from the wound that I concluded that the wire must have been hot when the fingers were piereed.

The third one had a large cut on the back side of both legs, underneath the knees, and was unable to stand up, so we thought he was hamstrung. The floor was so hot that these men were obliged to step around pretty lively to keep from burning the soles of their feet.

There were two men with them who, I think were priests; one of them had a large knife the blade of which was about eighteen inches long. The other held in his hand, suspended by a short chain, a wooden ball about six inches in diameter, full of sharp, iron spikes, two inches long. These two instruments they used not at all sparingly, whenever the poor fellows slackened their motions in the least.

Our guide appeared very much alarmed, and succeeded in frightening us so that we left; but after knocking about the city for half an hour, we returned and found the poor men still in there, but apparently nearly used up. This time we did not wait for the guide to take us out; the old fellow with the long knife pointed to the door in no pleasing manner, and while we were choosing between curiosity and safety, he made three or four steps toward us, flourishing his long knife in a very threatening way; it was enough for us; if you could have seen us stepping over old women, little children and gong beaters, you would not have wondered that the old priest gave it up as a wild goose chase.

We waited at the safe distance of twenty yards to see it out. The idol had been taken down and thrown upon the coals while we were away, and as soon as it was entirely consumed the poor men were allowed to come out. When the cold air struck them they were unable to hold themselves up, and had to be carried away. We tried to find out what this punishment was for, but our guide did not like to talk about it; but, as nearly as we could make it out, these three men had been accused of not being "Joss men," and this form had to be gone through with to prove that they were "Joss men" (Joss is their name for God). After this we returned on board ship, thinking we had seen enough for one day.

A few days after this we went ashore to take a horseback ride. There were six of us, and a lot of horses were brought around that we might take our choice. They were very nice horses, but so small that, even with a Chinese saddle, which raises one six inches above the horse's back, I could hardly keep my feet off from the ground, and would keep stubbing my toes against all the stones.

When we were all mounted we started off at a slow trot, single file, along streets so narrow that I was obliged to squeeze my knees as close to the horse's side as possible to keep them from going through windows, or from upsetting counters, full of articles for sale. I hit a tray of peanuts with such force, that I not only upset that, but a Chinaman with it. He saw me coming and tried to hold on to it. In some places my knees would hit on both sides at the same time. We were also continually turning short corners, and bumping our knees against the corners of the buildings. I tore my pants so that I ruined them entirely. Every few minutes we would come upon a flight of stairs, sometimes up and sometimes down. At the first one I tried to get off my horse, but, before I had a chance, he made a jump, and was scrambling up, making it more dangerous to get off than to keep on. I soon got used to it, and never thought of dismounting, no matter how steep. There was not a single instance of any of these horses stumbling, either going up or down stairs.

We found a fine chance to race after leaving the city, and thought we would try it. We were going around the brow of the hill, our horses at full speed, I having the lead, when I suddenly found myself at the head of a very long flight of stairs, extending all the way down the hill, and a steep one it was, too. I tried to hold my pony in, but it was no go, so down I went, the rest all following. I thought of Putnam, while I was going down, and came to the conclusion that, if his "steppes" were as steep as these, he deserved his reputation. I pulled about half the mane out of the pony's neck trying to hold on. Much to our surprise only one person was thrown; in that case the saddle girth broke, and he went sliding over the horse's head, saddle and all, considerably frightened, but not otherwise injured. This gave us all a lesson, and we did not try racing on the roads again.

Next we visited one of the three largest temples of Amoy. It consisted of several different buildings, some of wood and some of stone, all filled with idols. In the center is a magnificent pagoda, made of stone pillars, beautifully carved, in which is kept the principal idol. Even the caves and fissures in the rocks, on the mountain side, are filled with idols, making about five hundred, altogether, in this temple. The priests are there all the time, and from one of them we bought some ale; he served it on a counter in front of one of the largest idols.

W. FIELDS.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, N. Y.

One of the ways in which are shown the universal love and reverence of the American people to the great man, who was first in war, first in peace, and still is first in the hearts of his countrymen, is the care and pride which are taken to preserve, in its original condition, every house in which he established his headquarters while commander-in-chief of the American army. Quaint, and weather-beaten, and picturesque they stand in many a town and village scattered through the land, pointed to with pride and affection, and spared by even the irreverent spirit of progress, which, in this new country, seldom shrinks from leveling to the ground whatever ancient landmark stands in the way of railroads or business streets. But who would think of remodeling the old-fashioned inconvenience of Washington's headquarters upon the plan of modern improvements, or grudge the care or money necessary to keep them in their original form?

One of the most interesting and most affectionately cherished of these relics of the past, is found at Newburgh, in the state of New York. The house was bought by the state in 1849, from a descendent of the Hasbrouck family, who were its original owners, who came from Holland in 1749, one year after which their family mansion was built, on the high banks of the beautiful Hudson, among the dense forests, where the red squirrels and red Indians were their most frequent visitors. Thirty years after, in 1779, the hospitable old house received the welcome and honored guest, whose name was, ever after, to be its glory. Washington was here frequently from 1779 to 1783, for the last year making it his permanent abode with Lady Washington, whose presence adds greatly to the interesting associations that cling to it.

It is an ancient stone cottage standing pleasantly on the high bank, overlooking the Hudson. Its steep, Dutch roof slopes over the front verandah or *stoop*, as its Dutch owners called it. The tiny panes of glass in the leaden casements, having needed repair some years ago, special tools had to be made on purpose to reset them in exactly the original manner. "From the rickety *stoop*, on the river front," says Mr. Lossing, in his Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, "may be seen the historic grounds of Fishkill, New Windsor, Plumb Point, Pollopel's Island and the Beacon Hills; and through the mighty gateway in the Highlands, whose posts are Breakneck and Butter Hills, in height fifteen hundred feet, appear glimpses of distant West Point, and the amphitheatre of mountains which surround it."

A lovely restful scene to meet the eyes of the Commander-in-chief in the pauses of his anxious days of labor, when the future of the nation weighed upon his soul. A great arm-chair, in which he used to sit, is still shown in the house. Let us hope it was often drawn out upon the stoop, when a glorious sunset was lingering upon the woods and hills. It is pleasant to fill up the picture in our imaginations with the graceful form of the stately and lovely lady by his side. Here she sat alone sometimes, looking far down the river, to the misty West Point, where the Federal army was stationed, or tended her flowers on the lawn in front. The brick borders of her flower beds were still remaining within the memory of the historian of Orange County.

Let us look inside the mansion. The front door opens into a large, square saloon, used by Washington for his public audiences, and as a dining hall. It has seven doors and only one window. An immense fireplace, "in which a small bullock might have been turned upon a spit," occupies one side of the great room. In this are now some ancient stove tiles, belonging to an old stove once brought from Holland, and rudely carved with representations of Adam and Eve; also a pair of andirons, said to have belonged to the Washington family, whose simple dinner of corned beef and cabbage, was often boiled here, according to tha memory of an old soldier, the last of Washington's Life Guards, who lived here till 1850, and delighted to show to visitors the curiosities of the place, himself one of the chief. His name was Uzal Knapp, and, when, at last, he died, at the great age of ninety-seven, he was buried on the lawn, and a handsome monument erected to his memory by the Newburgh Guards.

One of the seven doors in the saloon opens into the General's sitting room, another to his bedroom, the three rooms being all of the house which was occupied by his family, the Hasbroucks remaining in the rest of it.

This part has been carefully preserved in its original condition. There is no ceiling of plaster, the heavy beams being completely exposed, after the fashion of the day, and assound as ever.

Many curiosities of the Revolution are here: a scrap of brocade silk from a dress of Lady Washington, old muskets, autograph letters of Washington and other generals, and part of the *cheaux de frise*—tha iron obstructions sunk in the Hudson, near Newburgh, in 1780, to obstruct the passage of British ships—a link of the chain also that was to have been stretched across it for the same purpose, but sank from its own weight, while being placed. These, and a great many more curious relics, are shown the visitor, by Mr. Woolsey, the present custodian, who has been, for twenty-three years, in charge of the old house, and claims to have seen more people than any one else in tha United States. He also claims relationship to the venerable ex-President Woolsey of Yale College, whose name he bears; and he is, indeed, quite a character in his way, and well fitted for the charge in which he takes so much pride.

A MAN who don't know anything will be sure to tell it the first time he gets a chance.

Home Correspondence.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR" to you MR. WORKMAN. Glad to welcome you, especially in your new dress. You bring us some good articles in your January number; so may you continue through the entire volume. I was much pleased with your notice of the great naturalist, Agassiz. It is to be hoped that his success, for the benefit of others, may induce many a young man to pursue, with equal ardor, some equally interesting, and useful branch of science. It is to be hoped, too, that his noble sentiment, "I have no time to make money," will also stimulate our youth to equally noble deeds.

I was interested, too, Mr. WORKMAN, in the reminiscences of the "Boston Tea Party." It shows how much moral and political power there is in *firmness*, even without violence. Only let us be sure we are right and then go ahead.

The success of the Hampton Students, in the singing line, will, we trust, urge others who may have no talent in that department, to develop their gifts in something equally useful and even more so. God has made a great variety of people, for a great variety of places; and any useful place is honorable and creditable, when it is honorably and creditably filled.

The plow-boy or shoe-black, who knows his trade and minds his business, is a far more respectable character, than the genteel loafer, who hangs around, eating the bread of other people's earning, and "waiting for something to turn up." If a stone is to be turned, the best way is to take hold and turn it. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands. Take hold and turn the stone. It will never turn itself.

I was much interested, too, Mr. WORKMAN, in your "Record of Ruin." Those "facts and figures" are worth pondering by our legislators and judges and by our citizens generally. A fearful responsibility rests somewhere. The law-makers may say, "It is not in me." The judge, who licenses the dealer, may say, "It is not in me." The dealer may wipe his mouth and say, "It is not in me." Even the poor rum-guzzler himself may, between his hiccoughs, mutter, "It is not in me." But, after all, there is a great, awful responsibility in the business of inflicting the country with 8,000,000 of paupers, and the destruction of $1,500,000,000 of the country's resources! What can be done? Every man and every woman can do something. Each one can save one. Let every man and every woman determine to save one, himself, herself, and the work is done.

SEVENTY-SIX.

Different Opinions.

Under the above title we propose to qnote the opinions of different people as taken from their lectures, sermons, or the standard newspapers. It should ever be distinctly understood that the SOUTHERN WORKMAN is not a political paper. It would urge its readers to be independent of party ties, and to think and vote for themselves; and that they may the better do so, we propose to give them, in this column, a chance to think and read.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

That was a very striking scene in the House of Representatives when Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, appeared and took his seat. The ex-Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy entered the hall on crutches. He looked feeble and emaciated, but no more so than for several years past. Few of the members recognized him, and of all those in the hall there were probably not more than five or six who were his contemporaries during any part of the fourteen years when he sat in the House, from 1843 to 1857. By a proper and graceful courtesy, Mr. Dawes, as the senior member of the House, and Mr. Stephens, on account of his age and infirmities, were allowed the privilege of the first choice of seats; the others had to abide the chance of the lottery. Mr. Stephens selected a prominent seat in front of the Speaker's desk.

During the swearing in of the members, Mr. Stephens stood leaning on one crutch supported on the other side by Mr. P. M. B. Young, ex-Major-general of the Confederate army. "Baring his white head," says a spectator of the scene, "and lifting his thin, ghostly hand, his eyes seemed to burn with a strange light as they fastened on the Speaker." He was the first really conspicuous Southern statesman of the period before the war who has returned to the national legislature. What memories must have crowded upon his mind while he stood there to take the oath! He had striven earnestly to prevent secession and avert war. With impassioned eloquence he had warned the people of the South against the folly into which they were rushing with blind and headlong haste, and pictured in glowing colors the greatness and growth of the nation, which, he said, was "the admiration of the civilized world," and represented "the brightest hopes of mankind." Drawn into the secession movement against his better judgment and against his choice, he was distinguished by the bold candor with which he avowed the principles on which the new government was to be founded. He denounced as fundamentally wrong the idea of the equality of the races. "Our new government," said he, in his well-known speech at Savannah, in March, 1861, "is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas. Its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to a superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great philosophical and moral truth." This frank avowal had even more effect at the North than at the South, and served to quicken and strengthen the spirit of patriotism which saved the Union. Not the least strange of the circumstances under which Mr. Stephens takes his seat in Congress is the presence of several representatives of the very race whose subordination to the whites he so forcibly affirmed.

Mr. Stephens was born in Taliaferro County on the 11th of February, 1812, and is consequently nearly sixty-two years old at the present time. A newspaper correspondent writing from Washington says of him: "Mr. Stephens is afflicted with rheumatism of the severest type, which has thrown one hip out of place, and though he can hobble about the room with the aid of a cane, he has to use crutches on the street. Physically he is very feeble, but his intellect is as clear as ever. He eats animal food very seldom, and then sparingly. He is fearfully emaciated, and so colorless that his slender fingers seem almost transparent."

From the Virginia State Journal.

THE moral sentiment of indignation, which we regard as a healthy one, is being largely cultivated just now by the people of the country. Hatred of evil is not so much a vindictive sentiment as a vindicatory one, and there are times when the people can cultivate it to advantage, and hardly exercise it to excess. What is especially needed at the present juncture of affairs, is a good, hard, hot hatred for faithless public servants of every sort and description.

"Justice and mercy"—it was written of old—"have kissed each other!" Now let the magnanimity of the republicans in Congress, in passing a General Amnesty bill and repealing the "iron-clad" test oath, kindle the democratic membership of both Houses into sentiments of liberality toward the Republican party, and the people of the South into a better feeling toward the Federal Government. Of this last we think we perceive some evidences beyond the expression of the thing itself in numerous Southern journals.

THE *Virginius* has settled for us a perplexing question, namely, What shall we do with her? She was surrendered to the Spanish Government by us, because she bore the American flag; it was then declared by our Attorney-General that she was not an American vessel at all, her papers being fraudulent; thereupon came rumors of a demand by Spain on us for her return, out of which a supplementary quarrel might easily have arisen. It was very accommodating on her part, therefore, to founder off Cape Fear on her way to New York. There is some not unnatural suspicion that, as the boys say, "the accident happened on purpose," but we cannot think that there is any basis for this opinion. The recall of General Sickles, whose appointment to the Court of Spain, considering his private character and personal career, was not very creditable to our country, and the appointment in his place, of Mr. Cushing, appears to give universal satisfaction in all sections and to all parties.—*Christian Weekly.*

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

Why curse you the rich ruby wine?
Why turn from its beauty away?
I love the bright jewels that shine,
And glance on its glittering spray.
Then drink, O, my comrade, with me!
And your heart shall be light and free,
And your soul shall be singing, with melody ringing,—
The wine cup, the wine cup for me!

Sit beside me awhile, I will tell you
Why I curse the red wavelets of sin,
That lap the dark borders of hell,—
That dimmed all my days that have been.
They stamped on my own childish brow
This mark which is lingering now—
"Accursed"—and its stain must ever remain
As dark as the deadliest vow.

I'd a friend—aye, more than a friend;
Why fear to tell you his name?
There are hours in life that must lend
Some brightness to cover his shame.
For he was so manly and true,
So bright-browed and noble to view!
And his kind, gentle hand blessed my glad homefield band,
Ere the voice of the tempter he knew.

How changed was his beautiful home,
When the tempter came in at the door
And set up his shadowy throne,
To darken, alas! evermore.
For the form, once so noble and kind,
With passion and madness grew blind;
And he knelt at the throne, and worshipped alone
The "Rum King" that conquered his mind.

You ask me to drink of the wine,
You point me its wavelets at play,
And the bright beaded jewels that shine
And dance on its glittering spray.
I see but a sad, wasted life,
Besprinkled with darkness and strife,
And a serpent-like foe, bringing curses and woe,
To crush out the sweetness of life.

I see but the tears of a band,
When banished as aliens from home;
In the sad, dreary homestead I stand
And weep for the days that have flown.
I list for a fond mother's prayer
And her counsel, "My children, beware
Of the dark, ruby wine, and its terrible shine,
And its tempting and treacherous snare."

If the world were mine own I would cast
Its riches and glory aside,
For the bright, noble soul that has passed
To darkness and sin on its tide.
Embittered with sad, seething tears,
With heart-aches and shadowy fears,
And many a dream, with never a gleam
Of gladness to brighten its years.

Then turn, O, my comrade, with me,
To Him, who has power to save
From the tempter that revels in glee
On the sin-cursed, though beautiful wave.
And His arm shall enfold you, I know,
And shield you from every foe;
And your days shall be bright in radiant light,
That shines on His children below.

DON'T DRINK.

Men drink rum because they think with their stomachs instead of their heads. There is no element of reason in the practice, nothing but animal gratification. Following in the footsteps of their neighbors, they think it is unmanly to refuse that which unmans them. The first glass is distasteful and produces nausea, the second flies to the brain and weakens the will power, without which man is no more than the brute; the third and fourth glasses make him maudlin and full of quarrel; a few more drinks and he is helpless, and, the next day, unfit for labor. The rumseller's prescription is to take a glass to steady the nerves; the victim is suffering pain in the head and gnawing in the stomach, and concludes the rumseller is right; he drinks and, in nine cases out ten, gets drunk. Thus the appetite for liquor is created, and, in the end, rum is the master, and man, with all his God-given attributes, a slave to appetite. His stomach craves drink and his mind is too weak to resist. His resolution has gone; his reasoning faculties deadened, and self-respect fled; his utter ruin is then only a question of time. This is the record of a thousand lives, whose futures were pregnant with hope and rosy with promise, but who took the first fatal step upon the road which leads to shame and death. Don't drink! It is manly to refuse; it is cowardly to accept. You have higher obligations to society, your country, your family and your God, to become a good citizen, than you have to those who revile you because you will not lower your manhood and debase your nature with drink. When you are asked, say "I never drink," turn your back on the tempter; remember God's fiat against the drunkard; society, honor, the wretchedness of family, the poverty and the crime which it creates, and shun it as you would a viper.

African slavery bound the bodies of its victims; rum ruins the body and damns the eternal soul, makes man an object of jokes and jests, the most loathsome of God's creatures. Be temperate, be frugal, industrious and honest, and you are on the high road to success. Don't drink, and you have a clear head and strong arm, and are able to face the battle of life and win success.

There is enough money expended every year in this country, to build a school larger than ours, to endow it with all the appliances for education, and have a surplus beside. The present generation are setting an example for those who are to come after us. See to it that we shape our lives so that they may be worthy of emulation; and the first step in that direction is to banish intemperance in all its forms from our midst.

THE BEST LIQUOR.

"Give us a glass of your *best* liquor," said a drunkard the other day, as he entered a shop. The shopkeeper filled a glass and gave it to him. The toper, without noticing it, dashed it down his throat. He soon began to taste and taste, seemingly not exactly satisfied.

"What's the matter," said the shopkeeper, "wasn't it good?"

"Why, yes, it was good enough, but it seems to me it wasn't very strong. What kind of liquor was it?"

"*Cold water*," was the reply, "that's the *best liquor* we have in the shop, and I believe it is the best in town. As for any other kind, we have not got any, for I left off selling strong drink some time ago. So you've saved your twopence, and you'll feel better for it afterward."

"Well," said the toper, "if this isn't a regular take in; but I believe, sir, you're right for all that. And as you don't charge anything for your liquor, I have a good mind to be your customer, and see if I can't get rid of my headache and sore eyes."

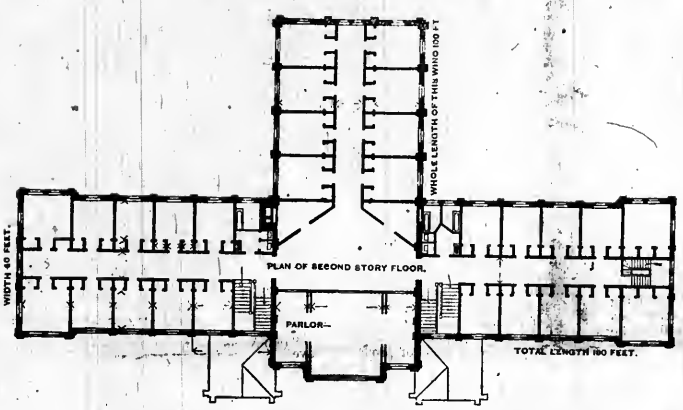
The shopkeeper, who was a warm-hearted Christian as well as a zealous temperance man, kindly encouraged him never to drink anything but the *best liquor* in future. God's beautiful sparkling water was the drink of Eden.

HOW YOUNG MEN SHOULD DRINK.

Stand up straight like a man, your left side to the bar, take the glass neatly and firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, letting the little finger drop down to near the bottom of the glass, swing the glass in a plane exactly corresponding with the top of the bar, until it is precisely before you. Just then throw the head back a little, push the chin forward, so as to leave the throat in a full, open, easy position. Compress the lips tightly, draw a full breath through the nostrils, and with a graceful curve raise the glass until the rim is within about three inches of your chin. Now is the supreme moment. Just here, turn your eyes upward, think of your mother, and open your hand instead of your mouth! If any one laughs, it will be an insult which you should resent by not going there again.

THE most impressive temperance discourse of the year of our Lord, 1873, is the dying speech of Driver, at Chicago, March 15. Taking hold of the fatal rope he said: "Just remember that rope if you go into a saloon and get tight. See what liquor will bring you to, as it brought me. Remember that now, and look out for yourselves."

VIRGINIA HALL.



VIRGINIA HALL.

The front elevation and second floor is faithfully represented in the cuts which we present to our readers. It measures one hundred and ninety feet front by forty feet in width, and has a wing running one hundred feet to the rear.

It will contain a chapel, with seating capacity for four hundred people, an industrial room for the manufactnre of clothing, and for instruction in sewing in all its branches; a dining room able to accommodate two hundred and seventy-five boarders; a large laundry and kitchen, besides quarters for twelve teachers and sleeping rooms for one hundred and twenty girls. The heating apparatus is to be steam, which will be applied to cooking. The kitchen and laundry are to have the best appliances for thorough work, and are to be as attractive and comfortable as any rooms on the premises. Everything will be done to dignify labor, by making its associations respectable.

Gas will be introdnced as soon as possible. The basement, eight feet in the clear, in height, will be well lighted, dry, and besides containing the printing office and being the publication office of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, will be useful in many ways.

A competent engineer will care for the machinery, apply steam power to grinding meal, sawing wood, etc.; and hy making the many repairs incidental to an establishment like this, will, it is expected, save to the school an amount equal to his salary.

The friends of the school may be assured that the construction is well done. Only day labor is employed, and the work is np to the mark in every way.

Mr. Albert Howe, Farm Manager, an ex-Union soldier, is superintendent, and Mr. Charles D. Cake, a Hampton mechanic and ex-Confederate soldier, is foreman. The mechanics are about half white and half colored, are paid according to their labor, and are most harmonious, though equally divided in politics and in war record. The brains and hands employed are all local, yet Col. Thomas Tabb, of Hampton, feels justified in saying that it will probably be the finest building in Virginia. The architect is Mr. Richard M. Hunt, of New York city, whose reputation is national.

The institution is equally fortunate in the capacity and energy of Mr. Howe and in the mechanical skill and faithfulness of Mr. Cake, under whose care the well laid walls have gone up like magic—obedient to the call of a people's need. The material, it should have been stated, is brick, made on the Normal School premises, under the superintendence of Judge Oldfield, of Norfolk, an experienced brickmaker. About a million bricks and five hundred thousand feet of lumber will be used. The interior finish will largely be in native Virginia pine.

For months past, every nerve of the corps of Hampton's workers has been strained to secure funds for the completion of the beautiful building above named.

The walls are complete; the roof timbers are nearly all on, and the cost of finishing the whole shell, or exterior part is assured: this, at a time when every usual means of securing funds had been exhausted, when the panic was at its height, and there seemed no alternative but to stop work, and to leave uncovered walls exposed to the damaging severities of winter. The two friends who came to the rescne, desire no public record of their liberality.

The first $40,000 have been given and expended. The workers are now upon the home stretch. With no discouraging debt, with a consciousness that their efforts are in the line of a pressing need and of a great justice and humanity, and that the strongest signs of special Providential favor have been manifested, they will press the completion of the interior so that the dedication may take place on the 11th of next June. Virginia Hall, we have faith to believe, will then be devoted to the service of the Commonwealth, whose noble name it bears, and of the Divine Power, that has been in all its building and is entitled to all the glory of it.

Twenty-five thousand dollars more must be secured to prepare it for use next fall. We hope the General Assembly will lend its aid, since we have, in addition to this costly edifice for female instruction, to erect dormitories for our young men, all of whom are now quartered in tents or in recitation rooms. An additional outlay of $25,000 is required for their shelter.

The Hampton Institute aims to be equal to its work of supplying educators, whose discipline, not only of study but of labor and self help and self denial, will fit and insure them for the vast and lifelong toil that awaits them, and in which, we believe, they are destined to achieve great success. The Hampton Singers' campaign in behalf of this institute was fought through the whole, severe, disastrous season of the panic, and has been no triumphal march and no defeat. It has been a steady and successful push for a worthy end; dollar by dollar they have earned over ten thousand, and Virginia Hall, which was their inspiration, is now their monument.

Publisher's Department.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Do you want a globe for school use? Send us, then, the names of six new subscribers to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, and we will send you one free of any charges, securely packed in a strong paste-board box.

SUBSCRIBERS TAKE NOTICE!

Every subscriber, who will send us a new name and $1.00, will be entitled to one of our premium oil chromos, provided they make such a request, and designate the chromo they wish. For two new subscribers we will send "Returning Home" ready mounted. For five new names we will send the above picture nicely framed in black walnut and gullt. *We do not send premiums to those who do not request them.* When frames are sent, the receiver will pay the express charges.

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. III. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1874. NO. 3.

THE SEWING CIRCLE.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG,
RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. H. LARRY,
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, MARCH, 1874.

LABOR.

We call the dispensation of labor a curse from the Almighty's hand, who never showered aught but blessings upon mankind. It is rather the guardian of virtue and happiness; a pleasant companion, in whose absence we are lonely and ill at ease. It is a law of God's economy that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and the breaking of this law brings evil consequences. As a law-abiding citizen should be respected, so should he who keeps this law of labor, unless he forfeits respect by misbehavior. There is no law, however, that brings men to any particular department other than their tastes and abilities; none which makes one man a producer and another a consumer, this an overseer and that an underworker.

What though the wheel of fortune suddenly, and to our surprise, lifts a poor man from poverty and places him in affluence? What though the name of one comparatively unknown suddenly becomes the by-word of the crowd—for a man to stand idly in the sun and dream of such reverses, waiting, Micawber-like, "for something to turn up," is to lean against a shadow for subsistence and support. Again, sudden fortunes and fame are not to be depended upon; a slippery path upon which money runs to our doors, generally leads on, and the money slips as easily away. Labor is the only price of success, and is the battle cry that leads the host bent upon victory. Let no young man, or old, be led by exceptions; let no vain dreams of sudden wealth and fame allure; for while you are dreaming, the unnoticed laborer by your side will outstrip you and win the prize.

Do not seek wealth and fame in the thought that labor is dishonorable. The contented laborer is envied by monarchs, by the care-worn, monied men of the world. King Amadeus has doffed the crown of Spain and put his hand to the plow, and speaks of the change with the greatest pleasure, feeling more like a king than ever before. What though some aristocrat may mincingly shake your hand, stained by labor. If your hand is honest, if it can handle others' money without speculation, you may shake hands with yourself in independent content. Can you envy a man who looks down upon you? Do you not pity such a one? He who looks down upon the laboring man or woman, simply because they are laborers, even he, who, in his *charity*, stoops to give, is a worm beside the honest worker. He, who, in his riches, allows his wealth to purchase for himself idleness and ease, forfeits his claim to fortune, happiness and character, and is regarded by sensible society as a drone in the hive.

Let the mason, with his jacket smeared with mortar, feel that it is as respectable as the merchant's broadcloth. Let the blacksmith feel that his hammer can be respected as much as the wand of office. Let the honest, respectable worker everywhere raise his head and assert his manhood by becoming an honor to his trade or profession. The pages of the world's history are brightest where they are illustrated with the deeds of working men. Take from Washington's history the compass and chain; from Franklin's, the printing press; from Lincoln's, the rail-splitter's axe, the pitch-pine torch and the well-worn book, and you rob them of half their glory. Don't sit and dream, but work, *work*, WORK! not to exhaustion, not by sudden starts, but keep up a constant pressure, a continual wearing and scouring, and you will find that wearing out is better than rusting out.

BOOK-KEEPING.

If there is any study that deserves the attention of teachers and scholars with a view to a more practical understanding, it is the science of accounts. There is a great desire on the part of young men to study it, and consequently schools devoted to this branch principally have sprung up all over the land. But the principles of this science are not so deep and intricate that they cannot be properly taught and learned in our district and other schools. The teacher, to make this study practical, must not confine himself to the text books, for the majority of these are no more than copy books for the scholar, and so far as a real knowledge is concerned, he might as well copy his father's old ledger. Every new thing should be thoroughly explained and illustrated in a familiar manner, and if it is convenient, an actual business can be carried on. Then the student can select a business that he thinks he would like, borrow or hire from the teacher a proper capital of home-made money, giving his note in proper shape, then studying into all the peculiarities of his business, carry on a fictitious trade with his fellow students. At the close of every recitation, or at such other times as may be thought best, the teacher can examine his books, see if the cash in drawer and the balance on the cash book agree, and correct such mistakes as may have occurred.

Many students seem to think that a simple knowledge of debit and credit is all that a clerk should understand. Aside from the habits of neatness and accuracy, the clerk should have a practical knowledge of those parts of arithmetic which relate to money affairs, such as interest, banking, discount, partial payments, equation of accounts, etc., etc. His handwriting should be plain and easy, but not full of flourish. He should have a knowledge of grammar and rhetoric, and be able to write a good commercial letter. This part of the science is not thought enough of. A good letter to a debtor or creditor will often effect wonders. And in recommending goods, good language goes far toward a sale.

PAREPA ROSA.

This great singer, whose matchless voice charmed so many audiences in this and other countries, died in London on the last Monday of January, in the present year. She was the daughter of Baron Georgiardes de Boyeskn, a gentleman of Wallachian birth. The father died in early life and left the mother and child without heritage. Being obliged to support herself and child, the Baroness adopted the stage as a profession. The child, Euphrosyne, under the fostering care of the mother, soon exhibited remarkable gifts of voice and love of music. From her earliest childhood she sang charmingly and spoke fluently English, French, Italian, German and Spanish.

Her first appearance in opera was at the early age of eighteen, as "Amina," in "La Somnambula," with marked success. She was universally loved and respected, and though she has charmed many a heart to raptures of joy by her exquisite singing, her own life had many sad cadences. In 1863 she was married to Capt. Carvil, a brilliant and promising officer, who squandered their united fortunes in speculation. He died in Lima in 1865, whither he went after but seven months of married life. Her child soon sickened and died, and doubly bereft she returned to the stage to repair her shattered fortune.

After a successful tour of this country she was married to Carl Rosa, the distinguished pianist. This was a happy union in every sense of the word; but just as she was quaffing again a mother's cup of joy she was called home to God. May we hear again that angelic voice among those who have come up through great tribulation.

A TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

A most remarkable temperance movement has been started in Ohio, in the towns of Hillsboro and Washington, and is extending like a prairie fire through that state, and seems to be alike surprising to friends and foes of the noble cause. The women have been the leaders, under God, in this grand crusade. We say under God, for their greatest victories have been won through prayer. A Mr. Van Pelt, who resisted their prayers and entreaties for a long time, finally surrendered and is now hard at work trying to repair the damage he has done in the world.

The influence of this movement will be world-wide, as it is now *the* subject for the daily papers. It starts in a good time. King Alcohol has had such a fearful sway for the past few years, that the most stolid are beginning to think "What will be the end of this;" and again, the panic has set our people to thinking, and there is nothing like sober thought to bring people to their senses. Religious revivals are almost sure to follow hard times. May there be a time of refreshing at hand for our beloved country.

THE "HAMPTON STUDENTS."

Our Normal School Singers, who arrived Christmas morning, after a vacation of about six weeks are again on a musical tour. Having seen with their own eyes the completed walls of Virginia Hall and the steady progress of the work which they have done so much by their voices to forward, they will go forward with new zeal to the work of raising funds for its completion.

Before they left Hampton, a concert was given by them to the families of the subscribers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN and their friends, who filled Assembly Hall to its utmost capacity, and manifested their enjoyment of the music by hearty and prolonged applause. For an account of the benefit concert given at the request of the citizens of Hampton, Old Point and vicinity, which netted the handsome sum of $151.50, we refer our readers to a communication from a Hampton correspondent, in another column. The terms of commendation in which their work in the Normal School was alluded to in the correspondence were highly gratifying to the officers and teachers.

The singers are now in New York state, having given concerts in Pennsylvania and New Jersey since they left Hampton, with good success, except where stormy weather has interfered with their receipts.

Different Opinions.

GENERAL BUTLER ON CIVIL RIGHTS.

"Equality!" We do not propose to legislate to establish any equality. I am not one of those who believe that all men were created equal, if equality is to be used in its broadest sense. I believe that "equal" in the Declaration of Independence is a political word, used in a political sense, and means equality of political rights. All men are not equal. Some are born with good constitutions, good health, strength, high mental powers; others are not. Now, we cannot by legislation make them equal. God has not made them equal, with equal endowments. But this is our doctrine: Equality, if I understand it and may be allowed for the moment to speak for the Republican party—and I will embody it in a single phrase, as the true touchstone of civil liberty—not that all men are equal, *but that every man has the right to be the equal of every other man if he can.* Let me repeat it. Every man has the inalienable, God-given right to be the equal of every other man if he can. And all constitutions, all laws, all enactments, all prejudices, all caste, all custom, in contravention of that right is unjust, wicked, impolitic and unchristian, and surely will be brought to nought. This bill of ours only removes all impediments to every man in making himself the equal of every other man if God has given him the power to become thus equal; and I think the exhibition of yesterday, (referring to Elliot's speech), showed that God has given to one of the negro race the power to be the equal, in all that makes a man, to the proudest man on this floor.

In a recent lecture on races, Wendell Phillips insists that the black man must carve his own niche in the temple of fame. With equal eloquence and truth, Mr. Phillips says:

"Suppose there comes a panic over the land, and Vanderbilt loses his forty millions, and the Secretary of the Treasury is driven nearly crazy at the situation, and nobody knows where the storm will stop, and there is not a brain powerful enough to drop the plummet into the profound history of the hour, and say, Here is the panacea! Let a colored man step to the front in such a moment. Perhaps he is worth a quarter of a million: and he says to the astonished world, 'Here is the path that will lead you out.' The world says, 'We doubt it.' He says, 'Follow me;' plunges into the path he indicates; the heavens clear up, the waters become clear, and he steps out worth fifty millions from that single speculation. Let colored men do acts like these, and the world will begin to look up a history for you. Until that time, you have to look it up for yourselves. The recognition of the colored race will never come from your claiming it; the world never yields to a claimant. The world worships but one thing—success. Go and do it. Go and do something that nobody else can do. Go and be something that nobody else can be. When you can do that, from that moment the world will recognize your race."

RECONSTRUCTION.

The Norfolk *Landmark*, of January 29th, after quoting the correspondence, which our readers will find on the 19th page of this paper, makes the following comments, in which we cordially concur:

"On looking at the names of the gentlemen to whom this note is addressed, it is gratifying to see that the two old armies are represented. The Federals and ex-Confederates, who held on valiantly to the end at Appomattox or Greensboro, are here united in a practical reconstruction, which conveys a good lesson to the political warriors (?) at Washington."

In this connection, the following extract, from a letter addressed to the Principal of the Normal School by one of the most eminent educators of Virginia, will be read with interest:

"I have from the beginning looked with deepest interest upon your school and its work. I think you are engaged in an experiment which has the closest and profoundest relation to the great question of the races in our country, and I regard the work which your school is doing, as more important for the colored race than any political legislation whatever.

Increased knowledge and intelligence—the knowledge and intelligence that add value as well as dignity to labor, and increase as well as justify the sentiment of personal self-respect; the experience that these gifts are to be acquired (for colored as well as white) only by effort, self-sacrifice, and personal worth; and the great lesson which you are teaching, that the *moral* enfranchisement and progress of the colored race can be won only through the colored race itself; these are truths that are worth more than any political doctrines; and your school is teaching them by example and by precept, in a manner that must make it a center of the deepest interest, alike for all educators and for all patriots."

Agricultural.

DEEP AND SUBSOIL PLOWING.

BY GEORGE DIXON.

In my paper on deep underground draining, I explained the advantage of getting the noxious ingredients in the subsoil washed out by the rain water in its passage down to the pipes. In order to facilitate this, we must loosen the subsoil as deeply as possible. Where shallow plowing has been practiced for many years, a hard "*pan*" is formed under the surface soil, almost impervious to water. The breaking of this crust is best effected by following the surface plow by a subsoil one; loosening it as deeply as possible, but not bringing it to the surface. In this way, the ground may be opened to the depth of sixteen or eighteen inches, into which the water will readily penetrate, and find its way to the drain-pipes, and be carried off *underground*, instead of gathering on the surface and carrying away the soil with it. Experience has proved, that letting the water down into the subsoil, without making a way for its escape by underground draining, increases the noxious compounds rather than diminishes them. While the pan remains unbroken, the roots seldom penetrate it, but obtain both their organic and inorganic food from the surface soil, which, without the addition of manures, rapidly deteriorates and becomes worn out. Modern science has established the fact, that vegetable life is sustained, not only by the leaves absorbing carbon from the atmosphere, but by the roots taking in oxygen from the same source. That this gas has a direct influence on the growing plant is proved by the fact, that seeds, buried deep in the earth, remain for years without germinating; but when brought near the surface, so as to come in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, sprout and develop into plants.

The soil is composed of organic and inorganic matter; the former has been obtained from the decay of animal and vegetable substances, and the latter from the disintegration or wearing down of the solid rocks. By allowing free access of air down into the soil, the decomposition of this animal and vegetable matter goes on much more rapidly, and it is more speedily resolved into those simple forms which are required for the healthy development of the growing crop. When the atmosphere is excluded, these decompositions not only proceed more slowly, but substances are generated which act injuriously on vegetation and retard its growth. Vegetable matter in decaying, if excluded from the air, takes oxygen from such earthy or mineral substances as it is capable of decomposing, reducing them to a lower state of oxidation; thus converting the peroxides of iron and manganese into protoxides, and reducing the sulphate of lime (gypsum) to a sulphuret. There is no doubt but these lower oxides are the ingredients that act injuriously on the plant, and make it sickly when they are reached by its roots; hence one great advantage in subsoil plowing is to allow free admission of the atmosphere to such decaying matter as requires oxygen for its decomposition; for by doing so we prevent the production of those pernicious oxides; or, if already produced, make a way for their obtaining the additional dose of oxygen from the air to restore them to the peroxide state, in which they are not only innoxious, but advantageous to the growing crops. The inorganic matter in the soil in this district, having been formed by the wearing down of the metamorphic, (now called pyroplastic) rocks, abounds in fragments of silica, mica, felspar, and hornblende. The direct influence of the air, and especially the carbonic acid contained in it, greatly facilitates the decomposition of these minerals; hence, the deeper we can allow the atmosphere to penetrate by plowing and subsoiling, the larger the amount of food both organic and inorganic presented to the roots of the plant.

Experience has convinced the British farmer that the increase in his crop is in proportion to the labor bestowed on his arable lands; and it stands by reason that such must be the case. The plant germinating and vegetating in a soil well plowed and thoroughly pulverized, has every chance to develop. The roots penetrate the soil freely in all directions without obstruction, and the air follows them with its life-giving oxygen; while in land undrained, badly plowed, unpulverized, and with a hard subsoil, the plant has its roots obstructed and shut out from much of the food that surrounds it, and is liable to come in contact with substances which are not only injurious, but sometimes destructive.

The English farmer is struck with the small amount of labor bestowed on the land in these parts, and the way in which weeds are allowed to grow among the standing crops. To throw seed on the land among the weeds and plow it in is a practice entirely unknown in Britain. As weeds take from the soil the organic matter which the cultivated plants require, great efforts are made to exterminate them. The first plowing after a crop is always the deepest; the object of which is to turn under and bury the stubble, weeds, leaves, seeds, and whatever may have accumulated on the surface, and leave them there to decompose. It is during this plowing that the subsoiling is effected, if the land requires it. The next plowing, or stirring as it is called, is crosswise of the first, and not so deep as to bring up anything turned under by the first plowing. A heavy harrow is now run over it, and should any hard masses still remain, they are broken by a clod crusher or heavy roller. The manures and fertilizers are spread evenly on this fine surface, and turned under by a very light plowing; after which the seed is put in, either by drill or broadcast, and a light harrowing finishes the operation. The farmer now feels that he has done his part, and trusts in a kind Providence to mature the crop. Let me add here, that drilling in the seed is always preferred to sowing broadcast, because it allows the hoe and cultivator to be used between the rows, to keep down the weeds and loosen the soil about the roots of the plants.

I greatly fear that those farmers who are trying to deepen their soil by the subsoil plow, unaided by draining, will be disappointed. It may and will open the soil for a time and check its washing away; and the roots may descend a little more freely, but there will be no permanent improvement; the ochrey pan will form again, and be as hard as before; the salts of iron and other minerals and noxious earths will still accumulate, and all the benefit of subsoiling will disappear. Whenever you hear of failures in the use of the subsoil plow, you may always trace the cause to the want of its auxiliary, the drain. In the deep drained lands of Mr. Smith, the inventor of the subsoil plow, and those of Alderman Mechi, at Tiptree, its beneficial use has been practically established. In underdrained lands, with the subsoil loosened, it is a great advantage, from time to time, to bring to the surface a portion of the under strata, as it not only deepens the upper soil, but adds to it many of the elements of nutrition which have been abstracted by constant cropping. Let us investigate this subject a little, and see in what way the surface soil may be benefited by this admixture. Every shower that falls sinks into the subsoil, carrying with it not only what it has brought from the clouds, but those soluble substances which it meets with in the surface soil; beside there are many substances *sparingly soluble*, such as carbonate of lime, sulphate of lime, (gypsum), and the silicates of potash and soda, so valuable to most of our crops, which settle down by their own gravity beyond the reach of the surface plow. These ingredients, which have been cut off from the growing crop, may be brought up again to great advantage. Turnips, potatoes, beans, peas, rape, clover, and all such green crops as feed largely on the atmosphere, and draw the little inorganic food they require from the soil near the surface, would be greatly benefited by such admixture. Sometimes deep plowing improves the surface soil mechanically as well as chemically. If the subsoil be clay, and the soil at the surface sandy or gravelly, a little of the clay from below would improve its physical condition. On the other hand, if the surface is stiff and tenacious, and the subsoil sandy, the admixture would also be advantageous. Where there is a marly subsoil or alluvial deposits of vegetable matter brought down from the uplands, deep plowing may be practiced with impunity. In all these matters, experience is the best and safest guide, where chemical knowledge is wanting. In the laboratory of the chemist the composition of the surface and subsoil can be ascertained, and calculations made to what extent the admixture will be beneficial.

Virginia has a beautiful climate, and the staple productions of the state would seldom fail, if the land was underdrained, the subsoil loosened, the surface soil thoroughly plowed and pulverized, and kept free from weeds, and sufficient fertilizing ingredients added to give the seed a good start. I am fully aware that the carrying out of these suggestions requires a certain amount of capital to be expended on the land, but it is a *safe investment*. The improvements may be gradually made, and extended from time to time; and if thoroughly done would add more than their cost to the value of the land. In England, land is very scarce and dear, and, to make it pay, it must be brought to the highest state of cultivation. In this state, land is plentiful and cheap, and the farmer endeavors to cultivate too large an area; losing sight of the fact that the same amount of labor is required for a good crop as a bad one. If by good husbandry we can obtain from one one-quarter of an acre as much as we otherwise could from an acre, it is evident we reduce the labor three-fourths, leaving the *increased quality of the produce* out of the account. Foreigners are constantly visiting the state to examine the capabilities of the land previous to emigrating; how important it is, that we should be able to show them, if it were only on a small scale, the productiveness of our soil under good cultivation.

Home Correspondence.

THE "HAMPTON STUDENTS."

These accomplished singers gave a free entertainment in the Normal School building on the evening of the 23d of January. Invitations had been sent to all the subscribers to the WORKMAN, and, at an early hour, the hall in which the performance was given, was filled to overflowing with the citizens of Hampton, Fortress Monroe and the surrounding country. Among the visitors we were happy to observe many of the most prominent and influential of our people. We have not time to speak of the music in the terms which it really deserves, but the following letter, addressed by our citizens, to Gen. Marshall a few days subsequently, indicates the manner in which it was appreciated by the audience:

TO GEN. J. F. B. MARSHALL:

Sir,—The citizens of Hampton, Old Point and vicinity, desiring in some way to show their appreciation of the work now being done in the cause of education by the officers and teachers connected with the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, and wishing for an opportunity to acknowledge their indebtedness to the "Hampton Students" for the musical entertainments given to our community, hereby tender a benefit—the proceeds to go to the use of your Institution, the time and place to be chosen by you.

J. C. Phillips,	R. A. Ives,
H. C. Whiting,	C. W. Whipple,
Jac. Hoffelfinger,	James E. Nelson,
G. M. Peek,	Henry A. Reed,
Arthur S. Segar,	C. P. Miller, U. S. A.,
George G. French,	Joseph Kuffe, U. S. A.,
Samuel Cumming,	E. S. Chapin,
S. E. Bickford,	Kennon Whiting,
Thomas Tabb,	Wm. H. Kimberly,
Chas. K. Mallory,	D. M. W. Waller,
E. W. Holt,	Chas. Candy,
L. H. Sclater,	J. S. Moody,
D. G. Marrow,	J. M. Sherman,
Geo. F. Adams,	John W. Boyenton,
Jno. T. Bentley,	J. C. Breckenridge,
Wm. J. Cumming,	James Curry, U. S. A.,
S. W. Armistead,	John McGilvray,
J. S. Darling,	Clarence O. Howard,
Daniel F. Cock.	Sam. L. Elder,
J. M. Selater,	S. Allan Day,
Ray T. Gordon.	Jno. Pope,
J. S. Segar,	E. K. Russell,
T. S. Tennis & Co.,	Thomas Turtle,
R. E. Bennett,	Henry Brewerton,
Wm. Jarrett,	W. J. Bodell,
M. McDevitt,	Theo. J. Eckerson,
Geo. Schermerhorn,	F. Meacham, U. S. A.
Wm. F. Barry, U.S.A.	E. R. Barnett,
Joseph Roberts, U.S.A.	P. T. Woodfin,
S. N. Benjamin,	W. M. Wright,
G. A. DeRussy,	John A. Thompson,
Jno. E. Summers,	H. Keyes.
R. Lodor,	Wm. Chambers,
M. L. Chevers,	Chas. Levett.
John F. Mount,	H. Phoebus.

JANUARY 24, 1874.

To the foregoing letter Gen. Marshall returned the following reply:

HAMPTON N. AND A. INSTITUTE, HAMPTON, VA., *January* 26, 1874.

Gentlemen,—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication of 24th instant, and to assure you, in behalf of the officers and teachers of the Normal School, of our gratification at your endorsement of the educational work in which we are engaged, and your cordial expression of good will toward the institution.

I accept with pleasure your kind offer of a benefit concert, to be given by the "Hampton Students," in aid of our building fund, and would propose Friday evening next, at the "Bethesda Chapel" (Rev. Mr. Tolman's), as the most convenient time and place for the proposed entertainment.

I am, gentlemen, yours, very truly,
J. F. B. MARSHALL,
A. A. Principal.

To Jacob Heffelfinger, Esq., Col. J. C. Phillips, H. C. Whiting, Esq., Col. Thomas Tabb, Gen. Wm. F. Barry, Gen. Joseph Roberts, Capt. P. T. Woodfin, and others.

Accordingly a benefit concert was given at Bethesda Chapel on the evening of Friday, January 23d, the net receipts of which amounted to $151.50. As on the previous occasion, the house was literally packed, chairs having to be placed in the aisles to accommodate those who could not be seated in the pews. Every report that has reached us confirms the fact that all were highly entertained and even charmed at the exquisite manner in which the "Students" executed the pieces selected as the programme.

On the following night they gave a free entertainment at the Soldiers' Home.

On Tuesday evening, February 3d, they took passage on the Bay Line steamer for Baltimore, on their second tour through the North.

We bid them God speed in the noble work to which they are devoting their time and talents. While ministering to the pleasure of thousands, who honor them with a hearing, and perpetuating a style of music which, with all its eccentricities, we believe has no equal in simple melody, harmonious rythm, and genuine, heart-rending pathos, they are at the same time raising the walls of a building which shall be to them a "monument more durable than brass," and to their race a blessing beyond the reach of human calculation to compute.

Professor Fenner deserves great credit for the thoroughness of their drill and the perfection to which he has brought them, in the practice of an art, of which, scientifically considered, they knew nothing two years ago.

We cannot leave this subject without suggesting that, as a reward of their labors and an acknowledgement of their services, a stone tablet, with the name of each singer engraved thereon, be inserted in the walls of the most public hall of the new building, now in course of erection.

THE lower part of King street is now receiving its spring cleaning. The new shade trees are a great improvement and show laudable enterprise.

THE HOLLY TREE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O, reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow, where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the Holly tree
Can emblem see,
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those, who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home among my friends, I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display,
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly tree.

THE SEWING CIRCLE.

It seems scarcely necessary to attempt to offer any explanation of our this month's illustration, for surely there can be few people who have not had enough practical experience of sewing circles to understand the points of this pretty picture.

Almost every church in the country has connected with it some organization of its female members, who meet together at regular times to sew and make up such articles, useful and ornamental, as are likely to find a ready sale, while, in addition, they usually have one or more special objects for which they work: as, for example, certain poor families, or missionary clergymen, or impoverished churches, etc. It is astonishing how much such societies as these can accomplish when they are properly managed and have energetic, hard-working members, for they not only greatly assist the needy and suffering by the timely gift of garments, bedding, etc., but they can often contribute largely in ready money toward the support of the pastor, the furnishing and repairing of the church, and such necessary expense of a parish. In one small congregation, of which we know, where there is a membership of only seventy-three, the sewing society of ladies never nets less than two hundred dollars per annum, and, often, with the help of fairs, runs its profits up to six or seven hundred dollars, besides doing much other work not represented by a direct money value. Now, if there are any churches, to whose members the SOUTHERN WORKMAN comes, which have not yet established these helpful, pleasant associations, we beg of their influential women to begin the experiment at once, and see how much they can accomplish in the course of a year. Fortnightly meetings at the houses of the different members in turn, which last from three o'clock until nine and are regularly attended by *workers*, will be quite sufficient, and when once begun will be found to be play as well as work, for the quiet meeting of friends, all filled with the desire to labor for one and the same good object, has much in it to brighten everyday life and renew the interest in the charitable work of the church. These, too, there are very few church societies that have not need of the money which is made by the busy hands of the members of the sewing circle, and even when the yearly sum seems very small it is pretty sure to be a welcome help toward the minister's salary, or a new carpet for the church, or a Bible for the pulpit. So to people who are trying to make the most of their resources, and have hard work to keep up their church and support their clergymen, we say, "Organize a sewing society, and you will find that you have opened a new field of usefulness to your women, and added a new means of support to your church."

REFRIGERATORS.

The zinc-lined ice chests, ordinarily known by this name, are invaluable for household use, where the ice to fill them can be obtained as required from ice-houses, but refrigerators on a much larger scale are coming into fashion, and will be found especially useful in southern climates. Large houses are built of rough stone, two stories high, with peaked roofs. The upper stories, which are supplied with exceptionally strong floors, are filled with ice, while the lower stories are fitted up with shelves, drawers, hooks, etc., and in them may be kept, a whole season through, fruit, vegetables, choice meats, poultry, cider, etc. Barrels of pears and apples, baskets of peaches, plums, grapes or any of the smaller fruits, may be kept far into the winter, while almost any kind of vegetables will be found as fresh in April as when put in the autumn. One such house as this is sufficient for the use of a whole village, and as the original cost is comparatively small, each family can preserve its own fruit, putting in herrels or boxes, or filling a shelf or a drawer, and paying a specified sum to the owners of the house. Exact particulars of such a building can be had by applying to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, and when properly carried on, the system is undoubtedly successful.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

In our February number we spoke in connection with the life of Wordsworth, of what is known as the "Lake School" of English poets, and we desire now to introduce to our readers another member of that school, Robert Southey, who, born at Bristol in 1774, died in 1843, at Keswick, one of the towns of the Cumberland Lake district. From his earliest childhood he was devoted to poetry, and, it is said, that before his thirtieth year he turned more verses than he ever published, while his whole life was one of very remarkable industry.

He was expelled from school, as a boy, for writing a satirical article on corporal punishment, at that time a universal custom, and, as a young man, was distinguished at Oxford for his liberal ideas in politics and religion. He married young, traveled considerably in Spain, Portugal and Holland, but, for the most part, lived in England and in the country, for the city was hateful to him, and all his later years were spent in the house in which he died, Greta Hall, near Keswick. He took at one time an office under government, but soon resigned what he called "a foolish office and a good salary," and thereafter devoted himself unceasingly to literature which was his first and only love. From this time onward he describes his routine of life as follows: "I write three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing), then transcribe a copy for the press, or make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor, until after dinner time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta; after tea I go to poetry and correct or rewrite and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life, which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish."

He was connected with several periodicals, was poet-laureate, received a handsome pension from government, and was offered a baronetcy, which he refused, having little of that kind of ambition. His kindness of heart was remarkable, and he was always ready with substantial assistance and warm sympathy for those who were in need, while his domestic life was one of great tenderness and purity. His wife died in 1837, and soon after began that slow mental decay, which was the result of his severe and protracted brain work. He married again in 1839, but his faculties never regained their power, and for a year before his death, were almost totally extinguished. He left four children and a handsome property, with one of the most curious private libraries in England, collected during his indefatigable literary researches.

It is impossible to give more than the outline of his immense labor, for there was scarcely a department of literature in which he did not engage. He translated from the Spanish and Portuguese, wrote the lives of Nelson, Bunyan and John Wesley, with several histories, volumes of essays, etc., and in all of these exhibited his remarkable erudition.

Of his poems the most important are "Thalaba, the Destroyer," an Arabian tale, "The Curse of Kehama," founded upon fables of the Hindoo mythology; and "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," the subject of which is the fall of the Gothic dominion in Spain. His ballads and minor pieces are numberless, but "The Holly Tree," which we give in our present number is one of the most beautiful.

Perhaps no sketch of his life could be so complete as his own *resume* of his character, and his words are these: A man "impatient of all oppressions under the sun," with projects sufficient "for many years or many lives."

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
So making life, death and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

AUGUST 15, 1873.

A tent beneath a palm tree—far and near
A glow of tropic color, strange wild birds
Flash back the sun-rays from their shining wings;
A dreadful splendor clothes the heavy flowers,
No ripple stirs the smooth, brown river's calm,
And the hot air is faint with perfumed death.
At the tent door a grim, barbaric group
Stand, stilled with the silence of a mighty awe,
For close beside them, as they dimly know,
A soul is passing to its God and theirs.
A tender, humble, brave and noble soul,
Whose work is finished in this wilderness,
Is struggling through its last long hour of earth.
Alone, ah, God, how awfully alone!
. . . . . O, martyr spirit, no,
Such souls as thine are never left alone;
The God who trod with thee thy blood-stained path,
The Christ who led thee to this distant death,
Come close and closer, till thy fear is gone,
And upborne by the very present Love
Thy tried heart passes softly into peace.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Missionary and Explorer.

On the 15th of August, 1873, in the midst of an African jungle, exhausted by labor and exposure, there passed from earth to heaven one of the noblest souls that God ever sent as His messenger to the sons of men. Of such a soul it is no easy task to speak, and the life that was so heroically laid down, was so full of devotion, so humble and yet so great that its story should be told with the reverence which a martyr's name commands.

David Livingstone was born near Glasgow in Scotland, in 1817, where his father was so poor that the children were all obliged to work, and the boy David's early years were spent in the cotton mills, though his natural love of books was such that he studied by night until he fitted himself to enter the University of Glasgow, from which he graduated with the intention of becoming a missionary. As, however, no suitable opening offered, he began the study of medicine, supporting himself for several years by his own labor, until, when his medical studies were finished, he made application to the London Missionary Society for a position as agent in their African Mission. He was accepted, ordained and at once sent to Natal, although the desire of his heart was to go to China, a desire which was overruled, as we see now, for the good of humanity. Port Natal was the starting point of his life of exploration, and we heartily wish that every eye which sees these lines could be enabled to follow that life in its wonderful detail of travel, labor, hardship, disappointment, discovery and success. His first effort was the exploration of the great Kalahari desert, and the discovery of the Zouga river, down whose waters he paddled in a canoe until he reached Lake Ngami, the southernmost of that great chain of lakes which occupies the center of Africa.

Returning, he took his wife and children and struck out once more for Lake Ngami, but the sufferings of his family were so terrible that he went back with them to Koldberg, where he was warmly greeted by the natives and made many conversions. This was in 1849, and in 1851 he started again, reached Lake Ngami, and then struck off to the right, over barren salt plains to Linyenti, a town whose inhabitants were very friendly to him, and where he rested for some time, to be rewarded shortly after by the discovery of the great Zambeze river, the chief stream of southern Africa. Here he was seized with the idea of opening up the Zambeze by means of steamers of light draught, and thus introducing the missionary influence and the advantages of commerce to the country through which the river runs. Without delay he returned to Koldberg, broke up his home there, took his family down to Cape Town, and laid his plan before his official superiors, proposing to devote himself for the next two or three years to exploration and the study of the language.

Their hearty consent was given, his family sent back to England, and he, himself, supplied with the necessaries which enabled him to start in March, 1852, on this unparalleled journey. For four years he traveled, turning westward from Linyenti into the trackless, tropical forests, and wandering for two years, till almost mad with fever, he reached the valley of the Cussarge, and followed it down to the Portuguese city of San Paolo de Loando. Here he found British men-of-war cruising to put down the slave trade, and could have with them returned to England, but he would not desert his band of native followers, and went back with them to Linyanti, from whence he marched down the Zambeze to the Mozambique See, where he found H. M.'s Cruiser, *Frolic*, and in it went to the Mauritius, and thence to Europe. In England he was overwhelmed with honors, and received an almost royal welcome; but after publishing, in 1857, an account of his travels, he returned in the following year to the African wildernesses, whose attraction he could not resist. He now explored the Zambeze and its tributaries with steam launches, discovered Lakes Nyassa and Shirran, and did much hard work, but owing to the hostility of the Mussulmen and the Portuguese, and the unwholesome climate, the expedition was not so successful as he had hoped, and was recalled to England in 1863.

Dr. Livingstone was received as before, with unexampled honor, and half England flocked to see the portrait of this true soldier of Christ, who was as modest and simple as he was brave and daring; but his wife was dead and Africa called to him to come back to her fever haunted shores, so in April, 1865, he left England for the last time. Two years passed without any intelligence from him, and in 1867 an expedition started on his track and succeeded in obtaining a letter from him, though no Englishman saw him again until he was found near Ujiji by Mr. Stanley, the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. From that time again no news was received from him until an expedition, sent out by the English government, found him, last summer, dying of dysentery, brought on by a journey, during which he had for hours waded in water waist deep.

For thirty-five years this devoted man had labored continually, suffered tortures and renounced every worldly good—for what? That the terrors of the slave trade in Africa might be brought to an end, and that vast unknown country, with its wild millions, be opened to the influences of Christian civilization.

With that purpose his life began, with that purpose it ended, and it is too soon for any of us to say how infinite may prove to be the results of his work. But already this much is certain, that while white men everywhere may fitly sound the praise of his whole life, it is for Africa's children to love and cherish forever the name of David Livingstone, the man who lived and died for Africa.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

The sea of Galilee, or sea of Tiberias, or lake of Genesareth, is a sheet of water formed by the expansion of the bed of the Jordan. It is about twelve and a quarter miles from north to south, and at its broadest part, six and three-quarter miles from east to west. But its width is by no means regular, its shape being that of a pear, or a leg of mutton, the broadest part toward the north, and the more projecting side toward the west, the eastern shore being by comparison straight, except near the lower end. It is full of fish. Its waters, thick and muddy at the extreme north, become clear and bright as they approach its narrow end; for the Jordan, which flows into a foul stream, leaves the lake a pure and sweet river. The surface is from six hundred to seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The climate is genial in the winter and not excessively hot in summer. With shores that rise but gently in most parts from the basin, and whose color is uniformly brown where seen above the foliage of their bases, the scenery would be tame were it not for the fine hills including the snowy tops of Hermon, which can be seen all around through the transparent ether, and for the innumerable effects of light and shade. Shrubs and blossoms add to the beauty of the coasts, which vary continually, being sometimes backed by broad plains, showing at others the opening of long gorges, and elsewhere, especially to the north, being broken into many and charming bays. Volcanic action appears to be energetic; there are hot springs in the basin of the lake, and very serious earthquakes often occur. Wild boar are to be found on a plain to the northeast.

Those who have formed a mental picture of this sea, so often recurring in sacred history—as who in childhood has not?—have, no doubt, imagined a water covered with ships and boats, resounding with the cries of sailors and fishermen, and flanked by many prosperous cities rich in merchandise and glorious to the sight. Alas for such visions! The cities and the men and traffic were there, but they have disappeared so completely that the waters of the lake may be said to sleep amid a solitude. As for the famous cities, of most of them it cannot be said with certainty where they were, and this survey now first begins to give us some reliable data for identifying their ruins. One or two remain, but not as cities; small, dirty Arabian villages alone represent those busy towns wherein were done "mighty works," such as would have overcome the sinful obduracy of Tyre and Sidon. Tiberias is but a poor collection of houses, chiefly inhabited by Jews who have returned to Palestine. Its filth and vermin have become a proverb. About four miles north of this, a heap of ruins, now named Mejdel, marks the sight of Magdala where Mary Magdalene had her home. North of this, again, is the plain of Genesareth, an area of great beauty and fertility, along which, sad to say, are several heaps of rubbish, denoting, probably, the place of old towns end villages wherein our Lord taught.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

THE FAMILY QUARREL.

An Old Story in a New Dress.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

Once on a time, a cabin stood
Upon the borders of a wood;
And in its walls a pair were found
Whose fame had spread for miles around;
Each tried the other one to sway,
And both would fight to win their way.
One morning, so the story goes,
Old Uncle Nathan early rose,
And sauntered off into the wood,
To find what little game he could;
But scarce an hour had passed, not more,
When Betsy, from the open door,
Espied her husband coming back,
And bringing with him something black.
When he, his domicile, drew near,
These taunting words fell on his ear:
"Before that I would hunting go
And bring back nothing but a crow."
"A crow?" said Nathan with a scowl,
"Why, Betsy, don't you know an owl?"
"Well, I should say you'd got one's eyes,"
Aunt Betsy in a pet replies,
"If you can call that sable fowl,
At all related to an owl."
And thus they had it all day long,
Each one declared the other wrong,
Until at last, it came about
The quarrel ended in a rout,
When both rushed out the cabin door,
Resolved they'd enter it no more.

Now when two weeks were at an end,
By the entreaties of a friend,
Old Uncle Nathan and his wife
Agreed to settle up the strife,
Provided never more a word
About the crow or owl be heard;
So to the cabin both returned,
To profit by the lesson learned,
And be it to their honor told
They dwelt like lambs within the fold.

Now when twelve months had passed away,
Since that eventful parting day,
Aunt Betsy, like her parent Eve,
No longer could the apple leave;
And as that night they sat at tea,
"How very foolish 'twas," said she,
"For you and me, one year ago,
To get so mad about that crow!"
"That crow?" came forth with deaf'ning howl,
"Of course you meant to say that owl."
"I mean exactly what I said,"
Quoth Betsy, tossing back her head.
And thereupon a contest rose,
Not only waged in words, but blows,
For this time, mops and tongs and broom,
Went swiftly flying round the room;
Indeed it would be hard to tell,
How long they would have fought, how well,
Had not there happened in a friend,
And to the contest put an end.
But then so fierce had been the strife,
That both resolved to part for life!

MORAL:

This teaches us that it is best,
To let a quarrel settled, rest,
Take warning from these erring souls,
And never overhaul the coals!

THE BOY WHO WORKED.

BY ROSWELL SMITH.

It was a beautiful day in the early spring of 18—. I lived at the West then, in one of those half rural cities for which the West is so famed. I had started out for a drive.

The air was balmy as June. The mud in the streets had dried up, the birds were going mad with joy; the hum of bees, and the fragrance of blossoms mingled with the song of the birds.

Soon I was gaily speeding along the graveled road; down through Dublin, as we called the poorer quarter of the town (though the real Dublin is a handsome and well built city), out into the country. The horses seemed to share my pleasure and enthusiasm in the drive, as I have no doubt they did. Their sleek, glossy coats glistened in the sunshine, and they arched their necks and moved proudly, knowing well the hand that held the reins, and loving the tones of the voice behind them.

Just ahead of me I saw walking on the road a very small boy. He was dressed in plain clothes, known as Kentucky jean. On his head he wore, even thus early in the spring, a plain straw hat; over his shoulder he carried a bundle, tied up in a red silk handkerchief, and slung upon a stick. In his hand he held his great heavy shoes, whilst he tugged on manfully and wearily, sore of foot, and sore of heart, I had no doubt.

I drove quickly past, and then stopped and looked back, and waited until the little fellow came up.

"Hallos," I said, "don't you want a ride?"

"To be sure I do," said he.

"Then, why didn't you ask me?" said I.

"Because," said he, "I had asked so many times, and been refused so often, that I had got discouraged, and I didn't think *you* would let me," with some emphasis on the "you."

"Well," I said, "get in." He stood looking hopelessly up into the cushioned and carpeted buggy, and down at his bundle and his stick, and his heavy soiled shoes.

"I am afraid I sin't very cleau," he said, at last.

"O, never mind!" I said. "Get in; this vehicle was made for use."

"I'd better leave my stick," he said.

"O, no!" I answered. "You may want it again."

And so he climbed in, and the bundle was stowed away under the seat, and the stick put down between us.

"I never rode in such a nice carriage before, and I don't think I ever saw such horses," he went on, and his eyes fairly sparkled.

"Do you want to drive?"

"May I?"

"Yes, if you know how." And so I gave him the reins, and we were friends at once.

"Who did you ask to let you ride?" I asked.

"O! all those men in the great farm wagons."

"And what did they say?"

"If they had a load they said they couldn't, and if they had no load, they only smacked their great whips, and rattled by the faster, or yelled at me to get out of the road."

"And you didn't ask me. Did you think because I had nice horses, and a fine carriage, and wore good clothes, and looked like a gentleman, that therefore I wasn't one?" I said laughingly.

"Well—yes—I'm afraid I did; but," he continued, looking me square in the face, "do gentlemen always let boys ride, when they want to?"

It was my turn to be a little bit puzzled; and I said, "I don't think they do; but a gentleman is one who always does all he can to help others and to make them happy."

"Well," said he, "I think you are a gentleman, at any rate."

And so I said, "Will you tell me who you are, for I think you are a gentleman also?" and, yet, he hadn't said "thank you," in words once, all this time.

Then he told me his story. His mother lived in a log cabin, in a little clearing in the woods, in Boone county. His father was dead. They were very poor. He had worked for a good Quaker farmer the summer before, who was very kind to his boys, and he was going to work for him again. He had walked more than twenty miles that day, and had five miles farther to go. His feet had become very sore, and so he had taken off his shoes and stockings, putting his stockings in the bundle, and carrying the shoes in his hand.

"But you haven't told me your name, yet."

"My name is Richard—they call me Dick for short; but I never could find out why. I don't like nicknames. Do you?"

"No, I don't. Almost everybody has a nickname, however; but why Richard is called Dick, is one of those things one can never find out."

"Mr. Hollyhead, the farmer I am going to work for, always calls me Richard. He's a real good man, only I don't get use to the thees and thous, yet."

"Got any girls?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment to see if I was making fun, but I kept a sober face, and thus reassured, he said, "I guess he has. He has got one."

"*Guess!*" I said, "don't you know?"

"Well, I think I ought to. She's just as pretty as she can be; and I like her first rate, 'cause she calls me Richard, too, and that makes me feel like a man."

"Do you live far from the railroad?" I asked.

"Close by," he answered.

"Why didn't you come on the cars, then?"

He hesitated a little, then said, "'Cause *'twouldn't pay.*"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"May be you didn't have the money."

"*Yes, I did.* Mother gave me the money, and she said may be I could come at half price, as I did last year; but, you see, I don't begin work until to-morrow, and I wanted to see the country, and—and—and—well, I just thought I'd walk. Mother put me up a nice *snack*, and so I laid the money in the leaves of the big Bible, right at the thirty-seventh Psalm, that mother made me promise to read next Sunday—for I knew she would read it at the same time—with a little note pinned to it saying I would walk. But I didn't know it was so awful anuddy all through the woods, or I don't believe I should have done it; but I'm glad I did; for, if I hadn't, I shouldn't have met you; and I might never have known a real gentlemen in all my life."

"But," I said, "isn't the man you work for a gentleman?"

"Well, yes. I suppose he is; but he isn't like you."

"No," I said, "there are a great many real gentlemen and ladies in the world. I think this Quaker farmer is a gentleman, and that your mother is a lady. It is said 'fine feathers make fine birds,' but fuss and feathers, fine manners and fine clothes, and fine horses and carriages, and houses and farms don't make gentlemen and ladies. Only God can make a gentleman.

"Did you ever read the story of Jacob?" I asked. No, he hadn't; but he knew about Joseph.

And so I made him promise to read about Jacob, who went out from his father's house with only a stick and a bundle, or wallet—much as he had done—and slept with a stone for a pillow; and I asked him to be sure to find out what Jacob saw there that night as he lay out under the stars, and what wages Laban paid to Jacob when he hired out to him, which I knew would be a little difficult, as Laban changed his wages ten times. Then I asked him what wages he had.

He said nine dollars a month, which I thought was very good pay for a small boy.

And so we rode on together, talking about the wages the devil pays to those who work for him, and the yoke Christ gives us to bear, until we came to the farm-yard gate, where I turned in. He dismounted with his stick, and bundle and shoes. I lingered a moment longer and he bade me good-bye, and tramped briskly down the road.

One evening in the December following—it was almost Christmas time—I sat by a glowing wood fire in my parlor; it was raining and freezing without. I drew nearer to the embers as the door was opened, and a great blast of cold air came rushing in, without so much as saying, "By your leave;" and with it came my friend Richard.

He had grown a great deal. He was neatly dressed, and was so glad to see me, and I was so glad to see him, that all embarrassment was taken away at once.

I introdneed him to my wife and my boys, and together we recalled the story of the drive; but it was evident Richard had come with a purpose. There was something in his manner which meant business.

And so I said, "Well, Richard, what is it? Have you and the pretty little girl at the farm had a quarrel?"

"Not exactly; but I—I have given her up."

"Ah! how was that?"

"You see, one day she told me she wished I wouldn't speak to her when there were other girls there, unless I had on my best clothes, for I was such a small boy, and worked for her father, and the girls laughed at her about me; and I said I wouldn't, and I didn't, and I haven't spoken to her since, and I have given up farming, too."

"Given up farming," I said. "Why, what are you going to do?"

"Well, I'm going to try to be a gentleman," he answered.

"Can't a farmer be a gentleman?" I said, thinking what foolishness I must have put into the boy's head, by my talk during that ride.

"*Yes*, I s'pose he can; but you said there were different sorts of gentlemen, and you see I want to try and be another kind. When you told me what a gentleman was, I thought I'd like to be one; but I didn't find it as easy as I expected. Then I remembered you said only God could make a gentleman. I didn't know exactly what you meant, but after I had got almost discouraged trying, it came to me to ask God's help, and so I am trying harder than ever."

"Well, what sort of a gentleman are you going to be?" I asked.

"That's it," he said. "You see I'm so little, I thought may be I could do more to help others, and take care of mother, if I tried something else beside farm work."

"You want I should help you, do you?"

"*No;* I don't want any help, I only want advice."

And so we talked it all over. He hadn't been to school much, and he needed more education, and yet he wanted to help support his mother, and finally we decided that he should go in the morning to the office of *The Daily Blunderbuss*, and see if he could get employment there, and learn type-setting. I told him he might refer to me.

The result was, Richard got a place in the printing office, and I used to see him occasionally at work, with his sleeves rolled up, his face and hands smeared with ink, but at night and on Sundays he was neatly dressed, and he and my boys became great friends.

After he had been with me nearly a year, I one day asked him suddenly, "What sort of a gentleman do you mean to be?"

"That's it," said he. "I haven't got education enough, and I want to go to school and work half the time."

So I got him a situation as a book-keeper in a bank, and he worked and went to night school, and finally fitted himself for college. It was a long and hard struggle, but a few years since he graduated with honors at the Michigan State University, and went to Chicago, where he soon obtained a position on one of the daily papers of that city, and got a home for himself and for his mother.

When the great fire came, his business was swept away, but the cottage where his mother lived, "on the west side," was mercifully spared. In the meantime I had moved to the East, and had lost sight of Richard, except as I occasionally heard from him by letter, or heard of him from others.

Fortunately, his capital was in his brains, and a great conflagration could not destroy that; and he was soon at work again.

Soon after, Richard was married; and now it is the Christmas time again. I have just received a letter from him, in which he says, "We have returned from our wedding tour. My wife is a *real lady*, if there ever was one, I am sure.

"We found a double surprise awaiting us. First, an invitation to me to take the position of editor-in-chief of the *Daily Chicagonian*, one of our largest papers here, which I have accepted.

"It had been agreed that we were to come back to mother-in-law's, to spend a few days, before going to my own home. When we reached the house, we found my mother there,

and everything arranged to make it a permnnent home for us all.

"Mother-in-law said she could not live in the house alone.

"We spent a pleasant, social evening together, and gathered in the back parlor for prayers.

"On the table lay mother's big, old, well-worn Bible. I opened to the thirty-seventh Psalm, and there was the money, pinned to the note in my boyish handwriting, just as I had left it twenty years before. It seems mother could never, in her darkest hour, make up her mind to use that money. I tried to read, but my voice faltered, and then I broke down entirely. Mother and Esther knew what it meant; then mother told Mrs. Gwynne the story of the walk and drive, and we all wished that you were here to share our heppiness."

Thus it was that the boy who worked came to be a real *gentleman* at last.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Children are often requested to speek kindly to their relatives and friends, but I would go a step farther and advise them to speak kindly to all dumb nnimels. I remember when a child, a mnn who used to drive n large ox team by my home, and the oxen always looked fat and sleek, and worked nicely together. They obeyed every motion of the gead, though I never knew him to punish them with it. Others thrashed thoir oxen and goaded theu with less success. Now the first driver was deaf and dumb. If silence with kindness was so effective, how much more could hays been effected with kind words.

See how frightened are the horses represented in the picture, by the threatening aspect and harsh words of a mere boy. How much more pleasant would the scene be if he was feeding them and kindly talking to them. A horse much resembling the black one in the picture, passes my door every day, and his driver is always kindly chatting with him. It is really wonderful to see how this horse understands his driver's words and tone; he obeys more promptly and seems to understand better than many human beings. We print below a sketch, taken from the *Christian Weekly*, mentioning one whose kindness to dumb animels has made his name a household word. For our illustration we are indebted to John L. Shorey, of Boston.

"A few months ago, as the writer was passing up Broadway, opposite Union Square, he saw a tall, fine-looking man, dressed in dark-bluo military costume, pass quickly into the street end seize an omnibus horse hy the head nt the same time commending tho driver to descend from his box. The mnn grumblingly obeyed. Bidding him unharness the horses, the gentleman told the passengers that tho coach would go no farther, and directed them to alight and take nnother. They too, obeyed. A crowd had hy this time gathered. The writer stepped to the gentleman who acted with so much nuthority, and asked his reason for this strange proceeding. 'Look,' he said, with indignation, 'at thnt horse's foot.' Tho cause was npparent enough. The hoof was swollen, had burst open, and was an offensive, running sore. 'Mey I ask, sir, who you are?' He handed mo his card, and on it was the well-known name, 'Henry Bergh.' The horse was sent to tho stuble. The coach remained in the street till nnother team arrived. The drivor was arrested nnd fined. We all felt it was a just act. Fivo years ago this could not have been dono. No lnws were then enacted to reach the case. Beasts were left to the mercies of owners and drivers. They hnd no rights which men were required to respect. Mr. Bergh, n gentlemen of fine culture end benevolence, impelled by a tender regard for helpless dumb creatures, inaugurated measures for preventing cruelty to animals. A society was incorporated in New York, April, 1866, and has extended its influence until now nineteen states and the dominion of Canada hays incorporated societies of similar character. Its object may be inferred from section 1 of the statute under which it operates:

"'If any person shall over-drive, over-load, torture, torment, deprive of uecessary sustenance, or unnecessarily or cruelly beat, or needlessly mutilate or kill, or cause or procure to be over-driven, over-loaded, tortured, tormented, or deprived of uecessary sustenance, or to be unnecessarily or cruelly beaten, or needlessly mutilated or killed, as aforesaid, any living creature, every such offender shall, for every such offense, be guilty of a misdemeanor.'

"To carry out this lnw, which his efforts have secured, Mr. Bergh has given his undivided time and enorgies. He receives no salary, nor has ever received any. His only compensation is to 'see the compassionate instincts of man's nature manifested toward the helpless and unoffending, be it man or beast.' Upon the success so far achieved he looks with satisfaction, and says, 'I may be pardoned for believing that I hnvo not lived for nothlng.' Especial attention is given to tho treatment of horses; the transportation of cattle, sheep, cows, poultry, stc., used for food; careful inspection of their condition before slaughter, that no diseased meat may be sent to tho markot; examining tho state of milch cows, kept in the city for puhlic supply of '*pure Orange county milk*;' stopping brutal sports; breaking up dog and rat pits; enforcing n degree of privecy in the slaughter of animals, that children may not be made familiar with scenes of blood, providing facilities for anpplying cattle with abundance of fresh water; and doing everything possible to develop kindness and prohibit all forms and tendencies to cruelty.

"A driver and conductor of a city line were recently arrested for allowing forty persons inside end sixty outside on the platforms of the car, one hundred in all. To drag this prodigious load, which, with the car, is estimated to have weighed 21,000 pounds, up a severe grade, there were two feeble horses, one of whom was so distressed that his breathing could be distinctly heard the distance of a block.

"Mr. Bergh succeeded in breaking up Kit Burns' femous dog and rat pit, in Water street. With a strong police force, he entered tho den, end arrested thirty-four of the choice spirits in the very heigbt of their *refined sport*.

"Fountains, so combined as to supply pure, fresh weter to men, horses and dogs, have been erected in various parts of the city under the Society's direction. And now, all over the city of New York, may be witnessed the drinking fountain, where man nnd beast meet to assunge their common thirst.

"Thanks to Mr. Bergh, the community is more and more responsive to appeals of humenity. He is in the prime of life, and we trust that years of useful labor are yet before him."

OUR "GOLD DUST."

"First, I am going to write to mother," said Thomas, with his eye on the clock, parcelling out Wednesday afternoon; "next, two hours' play; next, come in and study my algebra lesson; after supper, go and hear that man lecture on Africa."

Did he? For boys, as well as men, meke capital plans, which they do not always execute.

No sooner said than Tom took his writing materials and sat down to write. There was a great hurrah in the street, but he never got up to look out. He went once for the dictionary, to learn how a word was spelled.

"Do you care when you are only writing home?" asked one of Tom's cousins, who was waiting for him.

"I always care," answered Tom.

The letter was finished, well done for a boy of his age, in about three-quarters of an hour, and he was ready to be off. And so tho afternoon was filled up as promptly as that letter was filled np. This is a specimen of Tom.

"Uncle," said Tom, ono day, "it seems to mo your things don't look as well as they might."

They were in tho garden, and "the things" the boy had his eye on were the currant hushes.

"I don't expect they do," replied his uncle; "I'm no great hand at a garden. Well, sir, what can you improve?"

"I can *try* on tho currants," said Tom. "They want to be thinned ont, and tho wood cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't you ever dig around them, and pnt ashes on the roots?"

His uncle never hed dono one of these things; did not know they ought to be donc. He thought, he said, currants took cere of themselves.

"But they can be cared for," said Tom, "and do all the better."

"Suppose you try, boy," said his uncle.

Tom's uncle gave him a home for two years, to attend the high school and prepare for college, and so gave him time to try the bushes. In the autumn he dug around their roots, pulled up the grass, separated the large old bushes, and put out new ones. It took time; but ho tugged hard at it. In the spring he loosened the soil, laid on coel ashes, watched the young shoots, kept some, and cut down others. His uncle did not believe much would come of it. All at once, it seemed to him, for time goes fast to an old man, his bushes were loaded with fruit, fine large currants, such as his garden had not seen for many n dny, if ever before. Peoplo exclaimed:

"What splendid currants you have!"

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said his uncle often to himself and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and svery account they heard of him he was going ahead, having a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly. That boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of the gold dust."

"Gold dust!" where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. Ho has not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold dust? Ah, he had the seconds and the minutes, and these are the "gold dust" of time, specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are so apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their valuo. His deceased father, a poor minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. He never spent them foolishly, but only in good bargains; "for valne received" was stamped on all he passed away.

It is a mistake to suppose that miners and the mints have all the "gold dust." You, children, have some of infinitely greater value than the richest mines can yield. God does not give it to you in gold bars, a key, a month, n year long; nobody can be trusted with so much time all at once; but God wisely deals it out in seconds and minutes, so that you can mnke the most of it. If you are robbed of one, or lose it, the loss is comparatively small. It cannot, to be sure, ever be made up; tho whole world cannot ever make up for a minute lost; but to teach you to be thoughtful and careful of the rest, you will, by and by, be rich with the golden years of e useful and happy life.

Teke care of your "gold dust," children.—*Exchange.*

THE MEN WHO CAN BE SPARED.

When trade becomes dull, and but little work is in the factory and not much prospect of more coming, employers ask themselves, Who can be most easily spared? One or more men must be discharged, and those most easily spared ere the ones marked out for e discharge, in the knowledge that those most easily spared ere the very men who can be most easily replaced. The men we are most loth to discharge in dull times are those who have been long in our employ, who heve always been attentive to our interests by a faithful discharge of duty, and toward whom wo havo learned, from long association, to entertain a feeling of interest and friendship. Snch men will be retained under any and all circumstances, while the shiftless, eye-serving, afraid-of-doing-too-much class will be "shipped" at the first opportunity they can be spared. The same result extends to all branches of trads, and he who would succeed in the battle of life must meke himself master of his business, or be reckoned among those who can be spared.

Young mnn, remember that the men who can be easily spared are not the ones sought after when responsible positions are to be filled. Would you like to gauge your own fitness for a position of prominence? Would you like to know the probabilities of your gettlng such a position? Inquire within! What are you doing to make yourself valunble in the position you now occnpy? If you are doing with your might what your hands find to do, the chances are ten to one that you will soon becoms so valuablo to that position that you cannot easily be spared from it; and then, singular to relate, will be the very time when yon will be sought ont for promotion to a better place. Be content to grado among tho men who can easily be spared, and you may rest assured that nothing will "spare" you so certainly and easily as promotion.—*The Manufacturer and Builder.*

LEAF PHOTOGRAPHS.

A pretty amnsement, especially for those who have completed tho study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this: At any druggist's get a dime's worth of bichromnte of potash. Put this into a two-ounce bottle of soda water. When the solution becomes saturated—that is the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing paper till it is thoroughly and evenly moistened. Let it become nearly dry in the dark. It should be a bright yellow. On this put the leaf; under it a piece of soft black cloth and several pieces of newspaper. Put this between two pieces of glass (all the pieces should be of the same size), and with spring clothespins fasten them all together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall on it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown, but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a perfect print. When it has becomo dark enough, take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed overy few minutes, till the yellow part becomes perfectly white. Sometimes the venstition of the leaves will be quito distinct. By following these directions, it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect. The photographs, if well taken, are very pretty as well as interesting.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

A WELL-TO-DO CLASS.—We hazard tho assertion that no class of equal average means lives so well as American farmers. One of these, possessing a farm and hnilding worth from five to ten thousand dollars, will gather about him and enjoy more real comfort than could be obtained from tho incomo of a hundred thousand dollars in New York. He may live in a more commodious dwelling than a metropolitan citizen having ten thousand dollars annual incomo. Ho may havo his carriage and horse. His tahlo may be supplied with overything fresh in its season. His labor is less wearing than the toil of counting rooms and offices, and ho has more leisure.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

The Household.

ROAST OYSTERS.

There is no happier frolic for an evening, when oysters ere plentiful, than an impromptu "roast" in the kitchen. There the oysters are hastily thrown into the fire by the peck. You may consider that your fastidious taste is mervelously respected if they are washed first. A bushel basket is set to receive the empty shells, and the click of the oyster knives forms a constant accompaniment to the music of laughing voices. Nor are roast oysters amiss upon your own quiet supper table, when the "good man" comes in on e wet night, tired and hungry, and wants "something heartening." Wash and wipe the shell oysters, and lay them in the oven, if it is quick; upon the top of the stove, if it is not. When they open they are done. Pile in a large dish and send to table. Remove the upper shell by n dextrous wrench of the knife, season the oysters on the lower shell with pepper-sauce nnd butter, or pepper, salt and vinegar in lieu of the sauce, and you have the very eroma of this pearl of bivalves, pure end undefiled.—*The Farm and Fireside.*

FRIED OYSTERS.

Use for frying, the largest and best oysters you can find. Take them carefully from the liquor, lay them in rows upon a clean cloth, and press another lightly upon them to absorb the moisture. Have ready several eggs, and in another dish some crackers crushed fine. In the frying pan bent enough nice butter to cover the oysters entirely. Dip each oyster first in the egg, then into the cracker, rolling it over that it may become completely incrusted. Drop them carefully into the frying pnn, and fry quickly to a light brown. If the butter is hot enough, they will soon be ready to take out. Test it by putting in one oyster before you risk the rest. Do not let them lie an instant after they ere done. Serve dry, and let the dish be warm. A chafing dish is best.—*The Farm and Fireside.*

NEW MODE OF WASHING.

The ill effects of soda on linen have given rise to a new method of washing, which has been extensively adopted in Germany and introduced in Belgium. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of weter, as hot as the hands can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentino and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred and the linen steeped in it two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel containing them as nearly hermetically as possible. Tho clothes are afterward washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated, and used a second time, but in thet case half a teaspoonful of turpentino and a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy of time, labor and fuel. The linen scarcely suffers at all, as there is little necessity for rubbing, and its cleanliness and color are perfect. Tho ammonia and turpentine, although their detersive action is great, have no injurious effects upon the linen; and while the former evaporates immediately, the smell of the latter is said to disappear entirely during the drying of the clothes.—*The Farm and Fireside.*

CHAPPED HANDS.

Teke common starch and grind it with e knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder, put it in a clean tin hox, so as to have it continuelly at hand for use. Then, every time thet the hands are taken from the suds or dishwinter rinse them thoroughly in clear water, wipe them, and while they ere yet damp, rub a pinch of the starch thoroughly over them, covering the whole surface. The effect is magical. The rough, smarting skin is cooled, soothed and heeled, bringing and insuring the grentest degree of comfort and freedom from this by no means insigoificant annoyance.—*The Farm and Fireside.*

SETTING THE TABLE.—Do not be afraid to be n little extravagant in your fresh tahlo cloths, when soap, water, and n little labor are all you have to pay. Will you, having the best china, do with stoneware every day? Or will you pay yonrselves the respect usually reserved for company? Clearly, you are yourselves the persons to whom it is of the most importance. Will you sit down to odd plates and cracked saucers six days that you may enjoy gilded china on the seventh? By no means. Have plain whito French china, which can always be matched when brokon, and sit down to it every day. In tho same way bring out the best knives and plated or silver forks, also napkins or hutter plates, and partake of food with a sense of your own deserts.—*The Manufacturer and Builder.*

For the Southern Workman.

AN INVOCATION.

O, distant hills of blue and gold,
O, purple pastures far away,
Where One has gathered to His fold
The star that led my wandering way.

Could I but climb your glorious steeps,
Or roam amid your fadeless bloom,
No longer should I vainly weep,
Where grief untired is wrapped in gloom.

O, precious Christ, who bled and died
To bring immortal life to light;
Be Thou my strength, support and guide,
Until I cross death's vale of night.

I see the shining hills afar,
Beyond the valley, dark and cold;
I see the glory of the star
That gleams above my darling's fold.

O, keep my way-worn feet aright,
Help me to strive and pray and wait,
Until I rise above the night,
And pass through morning's pearly gate.

BERTIE BLAIR.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. iii. 20.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
Who is there?
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wooder
Undo the door.

No, that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
Bid Him go!
Wherefore, with that knocking dreary,
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say Him no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
What! still there?
O, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crowned hair,
And those eyes so strange and tender,
Waiting there:
Open! open! Once behold Hoo,
Him, so fair.

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! knocking! What! still knocking?
He still there!
What's the hour? The night is waning—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest!
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me,
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest!
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee.
Thou hast only *dreamed* of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness and weeping;
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over.
The true gifts He brings have meaning
More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon thy soul and mine,
For in every soul that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door.
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair—
Still a God is waiting there.

VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION THROUGH CHRIST.

Whitefield gave a military commander, as a motto for his banner, "Nothing is to be despaired of with Christ for leader." A noble motto this—so conformed to God's truth, so radiant with heaven's light. In our spiritual warfare let the same motto be written, as it were, in golden capitals on our every banner. Though we be in ourselves, weak as water, quivering as a leaf in the wind, but as a feather before the tempest, nothing is to be despaired of; all the powers of earth and hell cannot prevail against us with Christ for leader.

One of our rich men, pointing to a drinking saloon, said to a friend, "Give me the resolution to pass that open door, and I will share my wealth with you to-morrow." He felt that his terrible appetite for liquor was so overmastering him, so dragging him down into the gutter, that he would freely give his thousands for the vigor of resolution to overcome it. But such vigor of resolution was not to be bought with money; was not in the power of any fellow mortal to bestow.

GOD IS ABLE.

God is able of these stones to raise up seed to Abraham.

Able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.

What He has promised He is able to perform.

Able to make all graces abound toward you, that you, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.

I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, who is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

Able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.

Able to keep you from falling, and present you faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy.

Able to succor them that are tempted.

Able to keep all whom the Father hath given Him, so that He will lose not one.

Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

Believe ye that He is able to do this?

HOME INFLUENCE.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, in one of his articles, talks in this wise of family topics:

"If the father generally talks 'money, money' at home, he generally rears a family in worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks mainly horses, games and races, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then the children are offered up as victims upon the altar. If a man makes his own fireside attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children around it. My neighbor Q—— makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is that his boys are never found in bad places. But, if the father hears the clock strike eleven in his clubhouse or the playhouse, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gaming-room or drinking-saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not wonder if a drunken son staggers in, by and by, at his front door. When the best friend that childhood and youth ought to have becomes their foe, the homes become the 'starting posts' for moral ruin."

A SILENT TEACHER.

A city missionary was visiting in one of those courts in a city where the houses are crowded with inhabitants, and where every room is the dwelling of a separate family; and in a lone room, at the top of one of these houses, he met with an aged woman whose scanty pittance of half-a-crown a week was scarcely sufficient for her bare subsistence.

He observed, in a broken teapot that stood at the window, a strawberry plant growing. He remarked from time to time how it continued to grow, and with what care it was watched and tended,

"Your plant flourishes nicely; you will soon have strawberries upon it."

"O, sir!" replied the woman, "it is not for the sake of the fruit that I prize it; but I am very poor, too poor to keep any living creature, and it is a great comfort to me to have that living plant; for I know it can only live by the power of God; and, as I see it live and grow from day to day, it *tells me that God is near*."

LEGEND FROM THE TALMUD.

Alexander the Great arrived with his victorious army before a town inhabited only by women, and prepared for the attack. The women sent him this message: "Why dost thou wage war against us? If thou vanquishest, thou wilt have no glory, for the world will say, 'This great hero has conquered women.' And if the battle end in our triumph, then thy shame will be greater, since thou wilt have fallen by the hand of women." Alexander offered unto them an honorable peace and asked for provisions. The women brought unto him gold bread in gold plates. "Why," said the king, "do they eat gold in this country?" "Certainly not," answered the shrewd women, "but is there no bread in thy empire, that thou hast come to seek bread in our land?" Then Alexander departed with his soldiers; but before starting, he wrote these words on the gate of that town: "I, Alexander, of Macedonia, was heedless and without prudence, until I came to this African country, and learnt wisdom from the women."

USEFUL PROVERBS.

Waste nothing—neither time, money, nor talent.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

He, who gives a trifle meanly, is far meaner than the trifle.

A heart full of grace is better than a heart full of notions.

Men looking at the faults of women should shut their eyes.

If we seize too hastily, we may have to drop as hastily.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

Let everything have its place and every business its place.

Better be upright with poverty, than be wicked with plenty.

The tenderest heart loves best the bold and courageous one.

He, who laughs at cruelty, sets his heel on the neck of religion.

Time never sits heavily upon us, but when it is badly employed.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Resolve to perform what you ought and perform what you resolve.

The stupid great man, like the clown, gets up only to tumble down.

SPARKS.

Felt Slippers.—Those felt by children in their rude young days.

Dakota has been doing sums and finds that she has only three-eighths of a white man to an acre of ground.

Cooing is well enough before marriage, but the billing doesn't come till after; and then it comes from the tradesmen.

An Ohio paper calls the attention of the Legislature to the fact that there is not a single man in that state who is legally married. Do you see the point?

A plumber had an Irish lad in his employ, and one day having occasion for a piece of zinc ordered him to get one twelve inches square. "Yes, sir," said Pat, "Twelve inches square, but how long?"

A man left a bony steed on Main street last Saturday, and, coming back a short time afterward, discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs bearing the notice, "Oats wanted—inquire within."

A remarkably dirty man stepped in front of a small boy sitting on a fence, expecting to have some fun by chaffing him. He said, "How much do you weigh?" The answer was, "Well, about as much as you would if you were washed."

An old German while on his way from Indianapolis to Lafayette, frozo his nose. While thawing the frost out of that necessary member he remarked, "By jinks! I no understand dis ting. I have carry dat nose forty years and he never freezed himself before."

"I don't like these shoes," said a lady customer, "because the soles are too thick." "Is that the only objection?" blandly asked the salesman. "Yes," was the reply. "Then, madam, if you take the shoes, I can assure you that the objection will gradually wear away."

In a Minnesota town one evening last week a spiritualistic lecturer, seeing a woman in mourning about to leave the hall, called her back to inform her that the spirit of her husband was present. The lady had no doubt on the subject, as her husband was quietly waiting for her at the door.

An Irishman, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, Patrick, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Temperance.

THE BROKEN ALE JUG.

The old farmer sat down to his supper tired and hungry. His joint of meat was before him, which would relish all the better, he thought, with a drink of ale to wash it down.

"Go, my boy," he said, "and fetch me home a jug of ale from Dick's."

Thomas went. The shop was full of idle fellows, and among them his older brother, who lived more in the beer shops than he lived at home; more on beer than on bread; more on others than on himself; so that all he was good for was good-for-nothing, which is a sorry sort of excellence. Drink, *strong* drink made him quarrelsome, and the sight of Thomas with his mug full of foaming ale, as it soon was, quickly excited him.

"Give me a swallow!" he cried roughly.

"No, you don't," said Thomas, "this is father's," and he was hastening out of the door, when Jed caught him by the arm; a tussle followed, ending, not only in spilling the ale, but in breaking the jug also, which fell on the floor and cracked its bottom out. Thomas caught it up and hurried home with the story to his father. "Bottom's ont, is it," said the old man, after a moment's thinking. "Well," he said, bringing down his hard fist with a bang upon the table, as if it meant something, "well, then, that's the best ale jug for me. Put it down."

"Yes, father, but it will not hold anything."

"Thomas, that makes it the very best ale jug for me, I say. If it had been the kind I had always used, your brother might never have been the poor creature he now is."

That is so. And if this is the best ale jug, it is the best whiskey jug; and if it is the right pattern for a whiskey jug, is it not the best pattern for a gin bottle, and a brandy bottle, and a wine bottle? Perhaps it is not exactly in style; but why not let reason and conscience and health and industry and Scripture sometimes set the fashion? I think they could be trusted, and in this matter we should, I doubt not, find them on the side of the old farmer's jug.

Another thing which Newman Hall has done is to declare boldly that the working classes in America are much better off than the same classes in England, because they are more temperate. He clearly states his conviction that there is much less drunkenness here than in England; and estimates that more than half the distress in London is chargeable to drunkenness. He denies that teetotalers say it is *wicked* to drink a glass of wine or beer, or that alcohol may not be sometimes useful medicinally; but insists that their doctrine is that all who can do so ought to abstain for the public good, and their own.

A Quantity of whiskey was seized at Newton not long ago, which was compounded of ten gallons of kerosene, three pounds of potash, and one ounce of strychnine, mixed with soft water. It was not labeled "warranted sure death," but ought to have been.

A military officer, who had often tried to resist the temptations to strong drink, only to fail, became so convinced of his own weakness, and of the true source of his strength, that when he put his name to the temperance pledge, he appended to it the blessed words, "By the help of Jesus," and by this help he prevailed. And so may we prevail over temptation in its every form, and unite at last in the triumphant song, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Scientific and Mechanical.

LITTLE ENGINES.

There is no difficulty in making a small steam engine. Snch a device has commonly been the first *chef d'oeuvre* of the ambitious machinist'a apprentice, and a California mechanic at a recent fair in San Francisco, mounted upon the top of a post a motor with a three-quarter inch cylinder, made from the first silver smelted in Nevada. We speak now of bona fide engines, those with side valves and other essentials, not of the small toys that of late have been sold for $1, and proved how interesting for amusement a scientific and useful fact may be. But there is no good reason why a little engine of some kind should not be found a paying article in every household. In cities it should drive sewing machines, and in rural regions operate the churn and the wood saw.

There is, indeed, much more attention now given to this matter than was the case a few years since. Not long ago, the French technical jonrnals described a petroleum furnace with a self-adjusting wick, giving a uniform heat to a small tubular boiler which fed steam to a small steam engine. One of the exhibitors at the American Institute Fair, has introduced a machine on a somewhat similar plan for sewing machines. In this, petroleum burners heat a vertical boiler, and an oscillating cylinder connects its piston rod direct to a crank on the shaft of a machine. Doubtless many modifications of the principle may be made, and the presenl low price of petroleum would seem to encourage the use of this fuel for small motive power. But the objections to steam are manifest, and although not insuperable, are of sufficient weight to render it well worth while to consider whether some other means cannot be used In its stead for giving the moderate power now a decided desideratum for many purposes.

In this the employment of illuminating gas, mingled with atmospheric air, has attracted attention for a third of a century past. For several reasons, perhaps among others the accumulation of sooty deposits from imperfect combustion, this has not met with much favor. Possibly the cheapness with which, it is alleged, hydrogen gas may be manufactured hy novel processes, may supply a. snperior snbstitute for carburretted hydrogen, and Brown's gas engine of forty years ago (dependent for its operation upon the explosion of mixed hydrogen and air, and proved a failure on a grand scale in pumpling and boat propulsion) be revived again with more of practical utility, but less of sanguine notoriety than of old.

It has been claimed hy manufacturers of hot-air engines that a caloric motor of small size would "fill the bill" in the matter under consideration. But if we may judge of the inordinate size in proportion to the work done, of those used in coffee and spice warehouses for grinding in sight of the public, the assertion referred to may well be doubted. The safety of this motor is a strong recommendation for it, and it is to be regretted that no one has yet seen fit to test the capabilities of a hot-air engine occupying a space of, say one cubic foot, and heated hy a petroleum flame.

There remains, in addition to the methods mentioned above, the use of electricity as a motive power; a matter debated with much ridicule on the part of those adverse to its use and with much earnestness on that of those who believe in its final success. On the one hand the cost of running an electric motor and the failnre of many an apparently promising project are urged as unanswerable arguments against the feasibility of electricity for any such function; on the other, it may be pointed out that long ago Professor Page ran a heavy locomotive at nine miles an hour with mechanism imperfectly put together, and that there is no limit to the possibilities of applied science and practical mechanics. Between the two the impartial observer may be justified in saying, "Wait and see;" but none can deny that a light motor is one of the needs of the times, and that, consequently, it is the duty of some one to produce it.—*Newark Manufacturer.*

PREVENTION OF BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

The daily papers contain all kinds of euggestious in regard to this subject, as that certificates of inspectors should accompany bills of sale, that the seller should be made liable for all damages resnlting, that the maker should be punishable if damage was the resnlt of defective construction of design, etc. This is all nonsense. Simply let all those who use a steam boiler employ an engineer who knows at least as much, or more about it than the hoiler inspector; and this indeed is not requiring a great deal. It is objected that such men require too high salarics; it is simply caused hy the fact that there are not enough of them. Increase the supply hy proper and more universal instruction in the right kind of subjects, and the price will come down to a reasonable standard, say five or six dollars a day; and it is worth all that, if it guarantees us against such losses in life, limh and property as we have had to deplore during the past few years hy unpardonable boiler explosions.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

FINDING THE LATITUDE AT SEA.

Commonly the seaman trusts to observation of the sun to give him his latitude. The observation is mads at noon, when the sun is highest above the horizon. The actual hight is determined hy means of the instrument called the sextant. This instrument is so devised that the observer can see two objects at once, one directly and the other after reflection of its light; and the amount by which he has to move a certain har carrying the reflecting arrangement, in order to hring the two objects iuto view in the same direction, shows him the real divergence of lines drawn from his eye to the two objects. To take the sun's altitude, then, the observer takes the sun as one object and the horizon directly below the sun as the other; he hrings them into view together, and then looking at the sextant to see how much he has had to move the swinging arm which carries the reflecting glasses he learns how high the sun is. This being done at noon, with proper arrangements to insure that the greatest hight then reached by the sun is observed, at once indicates the latitude of the observer. Suppose, for example, he finds the sun to be 40° above the horizon, and the *Nautical Almanac* tells him that, at the time the sun is 10° north of the celestial equator, then he knows that the celestial equator is 30° above the southern horizon. Ths pole of the heavens is, therefore, 60° above the northern horizon, and the voyager is in 60° north latitude. Of course, in all ordinary cases the number of degrees is not exact, as here for simplicity is supposed, and there are some niceties of observation which would have to be taken into account. But the principle of the method is sufficiently indicated hy what has been said.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

WASH FOR ROOFS AND BUILDINGS.

Slake lime in a close box to prevent the escape of steam, and when slaked, pass it through a sieve. In every six quarts of this lime, add one quart of rock salt and one gallon of water. After this boil and skim clean. To every five gallons of this add hy slow degrees, three-quarters of a pound of potash and four quarts of fine sand. Coloring matter may be added if desired. Apply with a paint or white-wash brush.

This wash looks as well as paint, and is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in roofs, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting ths wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling in it. When applied to hrickwork it renders the hricks utterly impervious to rain; it endnres as long as paint, and the expense is a mere trifle.—*Country Gentleman.*

To take Bruises out of Furniture.—Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of hrown paper five or six times, soak it in warm water, and lay it on the place; apply on that a warm, but not hot flatiron till the moisture is evapo.ated. If ths hruise be not gone, repeat the process. After two or three applications, the dent or hruise will be raised to the surface. If the bruise be small, merely soak it with warm water, and hold a red-hot iron near the surface, keeping the surface continually wet; the hruise will soon disappear.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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ON THE WAY TO PITTSBURGH.—GREAT BEND ON THE ALLEGHENIES.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, APRIL, 1874.

REFORM SCHOOL FOR COLORED YOUTH

We have so frequently expressed our views upon the subject of reform schools and prison discipline in general, that it is scarcely necessary at this time for us to preface the following account by any reiteration of our convictions in regard to the need for both public and private action in the interests of the pauper children of the state; but we desire in this instance to ask the careful attention of our readers, and to remind them once more of their own responsibility in this respect.

The citizens of Baltimore have long felt the need of supplying some protection other than the penitentiary and city jail, for their pauper and criminal youth of the colored race; and the project for the establishment of a State Colored Reform School was adopted, some years ago, by several gentlemen of that city. In 1870 they obtained an act of incorporation, the conditions of the charter being "that $5,000 should be paid out of any inappropriated money in the treasury for the aid and benefit of the 'House of Reformation' for the period of two years, the managers being required to furnish proof that $30,000 had been collected by private subscription, before the comptroller could issue the first quarterly payment." An address was issued appealing to the public for assistance, while an agent, Mr. Noyes, was employed to collect funds by personal application. Some time elapsed before the stipulations of the charter were conformed to; but finally the sum of $38,822 was raised, the larger part of it being given by Mr. Enoch Pratt, in the shape of the "Cheltenham" farm of seven hundred and fifty acres, valued at $22,600. In 1872 the legislature of Maryland granted a further appropriation of $20,000 provided an equal amount could be raised from other sources, and this was supplied by an appropriation from the city of $10,000 for 1872 and the like sum for 1873.

In the fall of 1872 the buildings were begun, and while these were in process of erection, the work was fully commenced by the reception of two boys into the old farmhouse which was fitted up for the purpose. From this beginning the increase has been rapid until now that a portion of the buildings required for the work have been completed and occupied. The inmates number about eighty, ranging in age from seven to nineteen years, and the present condition of the Reformatory is so satisfactory that we are glad to be able to give our readers an official description of it. "The system of the Reformatory is what is known as the 'Family System' and the plan includes five separate buildings, of which four are alike, being designed for the accommodation of fifty boys each, with dormitories, schoolroom, playroom, etc., and four rooms for solitary confinement, while the central building (with a length of one hundred and forty-eight feet), contains the general dining-room and kitchen, laundry, storerooms, sewing rooms, superintendent's residence, chapel, etc. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of this Reformatory, for its benefits do not stop with the amelioration of the condition of its inmates, but affect society at large, for its results are to check and restrain vicious lives, and turn into the paths of honest industry and virtue those who, if left uncared for, would assuredly become criminals, or at least paupers, and thus prey upon the community. A visit to our penitentiary shows that hundreds of colored persons are incarcerated there, many of whom are very young, and these children will in all probability become criminals, some of them dangerous ones, except for the interposition of such institutions as this Reformatory, which takes them out of the unwholsome influences of penitentiary life, and away from the temptations of a large city, to make them inmates of a happy home, where they are taught to become honest and useful citizens."

Once more we ask who can estimate the value of such work as this, or who can fail to desire its continuance? We can heartily congratulate our sister state upon the step she has taken in making this provision for her colored youth, and earnestly hope that her noble example may be followed throughout the South where the need of such institutions is too well known to require any mention here.

WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS FOR MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

Education makes the man, no matter what position in society he may be called upon to occupy. It is as essential to the mechanic as to the professional man, the statesman, or the legislator. If legislation is needed at all in reference to the advancement of our mechanics and mechanical industries, it is required to remove that barrier which shuts our own sons out as apprentices from our workshops, and fills the places which they should be trained to occupy, with foreign mechanics, while our own boys become idlers or something infinitely worse. If our mechanics ever intend to advance their own interests and the true interests of their families, they will abolish the system at once, of excluding their sons from American workshops, and afford them every facility to become good mechanics. A trade to a city youth is equal to, if not better, than the possession of a farm by a country lad.

The question of establishing model workshops and training schools for young men, to fit them to enter successfully upon the business of a mechanic, is now attracting, to some extent, the attention of the press, and only requires the co-operation of a united effort on the part of our mechanics and workingmen to secure for it that success which its merits and the necessities of the case demand. England, France, Germany, Austria and Switzerland are just now coping with each other in a noble effort to educate their youth and fit them for the mechanical trades, under a conviction that success in their manufactures depends largely on securing a higher standard of skilled labor. Adults already pursuing their trades, and especially those engaged in carpet, cotton, woolen and mixed woolen and cotton and printed manufactures, are also encouraged in every effort to advance their mental training in those branches where a knowledge of drawing, the blending of colors, draughting, and architecture are required. Shall our own youth and mechanics allow themselves to be outrivaled, and permit our cotton and woolen manufactories and workshops, where educated skill and scientific knowledge are required, to be filled by workmen selected from abroad because of their superior fitness for the places? In a petition to the Massachusetts Legislature by some of the most prominent manufacturers in that state, we find this language:

"At the present time no wide provision is made for instruction in drawing in the public schools. Our manufacturers, therefore, compete under disadvantages with the manufacturers of Europe; for in all the manufacturing countries of Europe free provision is made for instructing workmen of all classes in drawing. At this time *almost all the best draughtsmen in our shops are men thus trained abroad.*"

This is a state of things that ought to be remedied with the least possible delay. Not that we wish to exclude the foreign artisan, but that our own youth shall be made to equal the best importer of skill.

Mechanics' institutes ought to be organized and liberally patronized in every city and town throughout the Union, with reading rooms, evening schools, and weekly or semi-weekly lectures throughout the winter. They are important auxiliaries to the other means of education, afford valuable entertainment during the winter evenings to mechanics and their families, and attract hundreds who would otherwise spend their evenings and their money in the "sample rooms" of city or village restaurants. Combinations and associations of mechanics to support a lyceum or a mechanics' institute or debating club, are always attended with good results, and could, by adding a library containing a few judiciously selected books, on the different branches of the mechanic arts, a reading room with a number of well selected magazines and a daily paper or two and half a dozen weeklies, including scientific journals, become a source of much practical information. The evening school and course of lectures would soon follow, and a small beginning, properly managed by a few interested mechanics, would grow into an institution creditable as well as useful to the community.—*Republic.*

NOTHING TO DO!

A cry too often heard, yet not always true. One would suppose from the frequency of its repetition that there was a general scarcity of work throughout the world, and that this same world was getting to be in a "shaky" condition and contracting its operations preparatory to a long suspension or a general crash. This cry is sometimes heard from the lips of the old, but most frequently from the young. Nothing to do! so they hang around bar rooms and grog shops and gambling houses, and little by little acquire the love of strong drink and the habit of gaming, and then begins a downward career to terminate finally in a pauper's funeral or a drunkard's grave. Nothing to do! and then they associate with the idle and the vicious, and then too easily are they persuaded into the practice of habits that lead to the chain gang and the penitentiary. Nothing to do! and they go home to be supported in idleness and luxury by their aged and hard working parents, while they themselves are waiting for another offer. Nothing to do! so they rig themselves out as sportsmen and then, from dawn till dark, they tramp, tramp, tramp over marsh and meadow, field and forest to return at last with an empty bag and an emptier stomach. Nothing to do! then it is because you *will do nothing.* There is work everywhere, at all times, and for everybody; profitable, important, indispensable work—work that will employ your hands, improve your mind, enrich your purse, and beautify your home; work too, at your very doors, if you will only consent to perform it. Suppose you are a baker, is that any reason why you should refuse a job to mix plaster? Because you are a carpenter, is that a reason why you should refuse to labor a day in the brick-yard when you have nothing else to do? Away with this foolish notion that because you cannot work at your own trade and your own price, you must therefore not work at all! Away with the false pride that restrains you from engaging in any honest labor that will help you to a support! If you are the right sort of man you will engage in any sort of labor, and dignify it. No man was ever disgraced by work, but many a one has come to disgrace through idleness. It is an old saying that "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," and it might well be added that idle hands are his best tools. There is nothing that tends more to elevate a young man in the estimation of the older and soberer heads of a community than the exhibition of a cheerful readiness to accept anything that offers itself rather than sit down in idleness.

Honestly, and without exaggeration, a man had better work for nothing and find himself than to spend his time in idling and loafing. Indolent habits lead very naturally to bad ones. Stand in the lane of idleness, and unless you are wilfully blind or fatally nearsighted, you will see crime and vagrancy at the other end. From the records of courts and asylums, and hospitals and almshouses, may be gathered a condensed volume of confirmatory evidence to the fact that idleness is the beginning of pauperism, vagrancy, debauchery and crime. Avoid it then, as you would a pest house. Plow, hoe, ditch, grub; do anything rather than do nothing.

Different Opinions.

The following are articles from different sources discussing the question whether the freedmen are in danger of becoming Roman Catholics:

"Observation shows that the Romish Church is working mightily and skillfully to win the colored people to her fold; noiselessly as well, like all the greatest forces. It shows also that the colored people are easily drawn towards her, because of natural constitution, inherited tendencies and present circumstances."

"A deep seated belief in the marvelous makes them excessively superstitious. Nothing is beyond credence, if it be incomprehensible and picturesque. Here Rome entrenches her position, substitutes the worship of saints for that of lower fetiches; and new miracles and wonders take the place of the old.

"Love of display, a passion for sensuous brightness and beauty—an appreciation of the dramatic and awe inspiring, make Rome's pageantry peculiarly fascinating to this susceptible people. Rome perceives the want and knows well how to meet it."—*American Missionary.*

"Of the dangers to which they are exposed, that of their going over to the Church of Rome is not one. Roman Catholicism has no charms for descendants of African races. The Catholic Church has been established in Florida and South Carolina for two hundred years and it is no larger to-day than it was thirty years ago. It takes no hold of the colored man."—*Rev. H. J. Fox in Methodist Quarterly Review.*

"Communion with God direct is the corner-stone of his religion. It is his life. What knew he of priests? of churches? of creeds? of liturgies? What knew he even of the ordinances? What knew he of the Bible itself? But he did know of God and of his mighty Spirit. Upon the wings of the wind came to him the story of the Cross, and he believed it. A religion that puts God so far off, as does the Roman, will never succeed with him, whose God is an ever present Spirit. The prayer said to have been made by an old bondman in distress, explains the philosophy of the faith upon which we, as a people, act: 'Don't send Gahriel; don't send Michael; don't send any of them angels, but come yourself.'"—*Christian Recorder.*

Agricultural.

THE NATURE AND COMPOSITION OF THE SOIL.

BY GEORGE DIXON.

The importance of agriculture is at once seen, when we take into consideration the fact, that one thousand million living beings are depending upon the fruits of the ground for their daily sustenance. In making provision for this vast multitude, it is calculated that nine-tenths of the fixed capital of the world is embarked, and employment given to over two hundred million men.

When countries are first settled, and the inhabitants are few in number, a very defective system of agriculture will produce all the food they require: and if the soil is productive, a considerable surplus for exportation. When the population becomes more dense, this careless system has to be abandoned, and one adopted which will extract from the soil the largest amount possible; not only from the good land, but from every portion susceptible of cultivation. In Virginia the former condition holds good; the system of tillage being pretty much the same as the one adopted by the early settlers. In Great Britian, art, science, and the accumulated experience of generations, have been brought to bear on the cultivation of the soil. Let us look at the result. One hundred years ago the British Isles had only nine million inhabitants; they have now four times the number, thus increasing the consumption of food fourfold. The area of the land is the same, yet, by the improvements in agriculture, there are less importations of bread-stuffs *to-day* than there were one hundred years ago; and should these improvements continue, England may eventually become an exporting country. I wish in these papers to show how these improvements have been brought about, in order that the farmers of this state may be benefited by the experience of the British farmer. I am quite aware that differences in soil and climate have much to do with the successful raising of crops, but the process of vegetation is the same all the world over. The plant requires the same kind and the same amount of organic and inorganic food, and the same physical condition of the soil, in a warm climate as in a cold one. It requires water, but it will not grow in water alone. It requires soil, but it will not germinate if the soil is hard and impervious to its roots. It requires the elements of nutrition, but it cannot assimilate these elements, if they are wanting or mixed with noxious ingredients. In order, therefore, that the farmer may carry on his operations in the way best suited to meet all the requirements of the plant, it is necessary that he should not only know the best modes of preparing the soil, but also its composition, to enable him to add those elements of fertilization which are wanting, or not sufficient in quantity. Before entering upon this subject, I would supply an omission in my paper on deep and subsoil plowing. In it I endeavored to point out the best methods of preparing the land for *autumn sowing only*; but when the first plowing after a crop is in the fall for a *spring crop*, there is an advantage, particularly in undrained clay lands, in plowing, to expose as much surface as possible to the action of the air, the sun's rays, and the frost. The water in the soil expands in freezing, which, when thawed, leaves numerous openings through which the atmosphere penetrates, not only increasing the evaporation, but giving those salts which require it an opportunity of obtaining an extra dose of oxygen. When the time arrives for putting in the crop, the soil is found loose and friable, and much more easily pulverized than it would have been had the first plowing been deferred till the spring. But to return to our subject, the composition of the soil. The earth is made up of about sixty-four bodies. They are called *simple* or elementary because they have never yet been divided or decomposed. Of these, fifteen only are found in animal and vegetable structures. They are as follows: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, aluminum, iron, manganese, phosphorus, sulphur, silicon and chlorine.

The four first are the most important. If all the oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen were taken away from the largest tree there would remain nothing but a few grains of ash. If these four elements were removed from the body of the largest animal there would remain nothing but its bones and a few grains of ash. Hence, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon have been termed the organic elements, or *organogens*, (generators of organic structure), and the eleven remaining the inorganic elements. The organic elements are combustible, and have been obtained from decayed animal and vegetable matter. The inorganic elements will not burn, and have been produced by the disintegrating or crumbling away of the solid rocks. They unite with oxygen when placed in certain states of combination, and are capable of being dissolved in water and taken up by the roots of growing plants, and fixed in their tissues. Oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon exist in *all* vegetable and animal textures; and nitrogen is present in most of them; but each different kind of organic substance has a different kind of ash. The bones of animals contain lime (calcium); straw contains flint, (silicon); and wood contains potash, (potassium). Bone is, however, an exceptional illustration of the employment of a subordinate ingredient amidst the essential ones of organic structure; four-fifths of the substance of bone are made up of a salt of lime. *Other structures* do not contain more than one or two parts of ash in each fifty parts of the essential ingredients. Hence we see that plants get their fixed mineral ingredients from the water in which these ingredients are held in solution, which they imbibe from the ground through their roots, and animals get them from the vegetable matters they consume as food. The eleven mineral ingredients found in organized structures are important elements, but they are of subordinate consequence to the four essential principles with which they are associated. The fixed mineral ingredients are essential to the particular structure they assist to form, although not essential to organized structure viewed in the abstract. Bones cannot be formed without *lime*; straw cannot be made without *flint*, and wood cannot be constructed without *potash*; but straw and wood can be made without lime. These various mineral ingredients are, in fact, the *additional substances* that are worked up with the universal oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, to render their combination the *special texture* in each case. A small quantity of one is selected as suitable to convert the compound into one kind of structure, and a small quantity of another to make it into something of a different sort. The inorganic elements are always in their natural state in the soil, and are always found (with one exception) combined with oxygen. They are only obtained pure and uncombined, when they have been separated from the oxygen in the laboratory by the skill and ingenuity of the chemist. Three of the inorganic elements form *acid compounds* when combined with oxygen. They are *sulphur*, *silicon* and *phosphorus*. The acids which they form are called respectively *sulphuric*, *silicic* and *phosphoric* acids. The sulphuric and phosphoric acids are formed whenever sulphur or phosphorus is burned in contact with air (which contains oxygen). Silicic acid exists naturally in certain mineral substances; rock crystal is an impure form of silicic acid, opal is the same nearly pure. Seven of these inorganic elements form remarkable *non-acidulous* compounds when they combine with oxygen. They are *potash*, *soda*, *lime*, *magnesia*, *alumina*, *oxide of iron*, and *oxide of manganese*. The elements which the chemist procures from these oxides, when he has deprived them of their oxygen are *potassium* *sodium*, *calcium*, *magnesium*, *aluminum*, *iron* and *manganese*. The last three are metals; the first four are of a metal-like nature, but with the metallic characters less distinctly marked. The first and second (potash and soda) are classed together as alkalies; the third and fourth (lime and magnesia) are oxides; classed together as *alkaline earths*; possessing some of the properties of alkalies, though found as native earths. The fifth (aluminum) is also found in a native state. The ruby, emerald, amethyst, and sapphire are crystals of nearly pure alumina. We have named above the three inorganic elements forming acids, and the seven forming oxides, but in addition to these ten there is the eleventh, *chlorine*, which generally stands aloof from the oxygen compounds, but which is capable of taking the place of the oxygen in them, under special circumstances. Thus, common salt, found native in the earth in some places, is a compound of chlorine and sodium (*chemically speaking, a chloride of sodium*). It is soda with the oxygen replaced by chlorine. Chlorine, in its simple state, is a gas of greenish hue; it is not found free in nature.

The various constituents of the soil are mostly in the condition of *ternary neutral compounds*, that is, members of the acid series chemically united with the members of the oxide series; when this has been effected, the body formed ceases to be like either of the compounds that are united in it. It is neither acid nor alkaline, but becomes what is termed a *neutral salt*, and receives its generic name from the acid forming it, and its specific name from the oxide with which the acid was united. Thus the salts of *carbonic*, *phosphoric*, *sulphuric*, and *silicic* acids are called *carbonates*, *phosphates*, *sulphates*, and *silicates*; so that we understand by *carbonate of soda*, *phosphate of lime*, *sulphate of magnesia*, *silicate of potash*, that the oxides, *soda*, *lime*, *magnesia*, and *potash* have been united with the acids formed by the union of *carbon*, *phosphorus*, *sulphur*, and *silica*, with oxygen. Some of the neutral salt compounds are *soluble* in water, and others are *insoluble* in this fluid. Powdered carbonate of lime settles from water, in which it has been diffused by shaking, because it is insoluble; but powdered carbonate of soda remains invisibly dissolved in this fluid under like circumstances. Most of the *neutral-compound* constituents of the soil being *insoluble*, are not at once washed away by the rain that percolates through the ground; from this cause, a supply of nutritious matter is husbanded and kept stored in the ground until it is required for the food of plants. If a quantity of soil be well stirred up in a vessel of water, and allowed to settle, not more than two per cent of it will be found to have remained in solution. This two per cent., however, contains all the nourishment that is destined for the *immediate* support of vegetation. As this is removed from the soil by the roots of plants, more of the fixed constituents are reduced into the soluble condition to take its place. All nature's chemical operations, carried on in the ground, are directed to the double end of keeping a fixed store of material for nutriment on hand, and of converting just so much of this fixed store as is required for use into a soluble state when it is needed. As the nutritious matters consumed by plants are carried into their rootlets by water, we see the necessity of having the soil *permeable to water* by the methods laid down in my previous papers, in order that this liquid may be able to search out the nutritious matter it has to take up for conveyance into the plant. Two of the most essential elements, oxygen and carbon are conveyed into plants as gaseous carbonic acid, through the pores of the leaves directly from the air; but the same elements are also taken up from the soil by the roots as soluble carbonates. I shall leave the further consideration of the organic elements to my next paper on "*The Food of Plants.*"

WHY CLOVER IMPROVES THE SOIL.

Professor Tockler thus explains the action of clover increasing the fertility of soil:

"All who are perfectly acquainted with this subject must have seen that the best crops of wheat are produced by being preceded by crops of clover grown for seed. I have come to the conclusion that the very best preparation, the best manure, is a good crop of clover. A vast amount of mineral manure is brought within reach of the corn crop, which, otherwise, would remain in a locked-up condition in all the soil. The clover plants take nitrogen from the atmosphere, and then manufacture it into their own substance, which, on decomposition of the clover roots and leaves, produces abundance of ammonia. In reality, the growing of clover is equivalent, to a great extent, to manuring with Peruvian guano."

Take for instance red clover, the best of all green manures. The great English chemist, Professor Way, of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, made a perfect analysis of of dry, red clover and found every one hundred parts as follows:

Silica	0.50
Lime	22.62
Magnesia	4.08
Oxide of Iron	0.26
Potash	36.45
Soda	90.00
Chloride of Potassium	2 39
Chloride of Sodium	2.53
Carbonic Acid	23.47
Phosphoric Acid	6.71
Sulphuric Acid	1.35

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman*, formerly of England, thinks that cheap labor alone cannot explain the large profits of English farmers, and says they can only be accounted for by the great amount of live stock kept and fed, thus producing a great quantity of plant food, and producing in turn heavy crops.

Hampton Normal School.

RECORD OF GRADUATES.

We give below a list of the graduates of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, with their addresses and occupations when last heard from. A copy of this paper will be sent to each, and all are requested to keep the editor informed of their movements. Not only the officers and teachers of the Normal School feel a great interest in the career of the graduates, but all the friends of the Institute are desirous of knowing how those, who are sent forth from this school upon their life-work, are prospering. No nobler mission is given to this age than theirs, and we all bid them Godspeed in their labors.

CLASS OF '71.

Edward Bowman, teaching near Suffolk, Va.

D. A. Ellet, teaching in the Lincoln School, Hampton, Va.

James A. Fields, principal of the Lincoln School, Hampton, Va.

Harrison Lewis, 12 Rose Street, Baltimore.

Calvin D. Johnson, Hampton, Va.

George W. Lattimore, teaching at Tappahannock, Essex County, Va.

W. H. Lee, Carrsville, Va.

Caleb J. Nelson, teaching at Ottersville, Bedford County, Va.

Henry C. Payne, teaching at Charleston, Kanawha County, W. Va.

George Taylor, teaching in Lincoln School, Hampton, Va.

Walter R. Watkins, teaching in Wytheville, Wythe County, Va.

S. C. Windsor, Oberlin, Ohio.

Joseph Giles. (No report.)

Joseph P. Weaver, U. S. Revenue Office, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Julia Gibbs, teaching in Columbia, S. C.

Nancy Ellison Wallace, teaching in Clarksville, Mecklenburgh County, Va.

Eliza Jackson Pindle, Staunton, Va.

H. J. Bullard, studying in Brattleboro, Vermont.

Sarah J. Brown, teaching in Wilmington, N. C.

CLASS OF '72.

J. M. Beckwith, teaching in Smithfield, N. C.

J. K. Britt, teaching in Jerusalem, Southampton Co., Va.

J. H. Carter, teaching in Liberty, Bedford County, Va.

Andrew Davis, Old Point lighthouse, Fort Monroe, Va.

James A. Dungey, teaching in Charlimont, Bedford County, Va.

T. E. Hines, teaching in Wytheville, Wythe County, Va.

Hutchins Inge, singing with "Hampton Students.

L. B. Phillips, teaching in Princess Anne County, Va.

George L. Pryor, Hampton; has been teaching in Wytheville.

Talbot Wallace. (No report.)

David Dee Weaver, Winton, N. C.

Wm. H. Wilkins, teaching in Portsmouth, Va.

Everett Williams, teaching in Princess Anne County, Va.

J. W. Williams, cadet U. S. Military Academy, West Point.

L. D. Williams, in the Navy Yard, at Portsmouth, Va.

Alice R. Bayne, married to —— Stephens, living near Eastville, Va.

M. L. Chisman, married to L. B. Phillips of '72, teaching in Princess Anne Co., Va.

M. L. Elliott. (No report.)

Isabella L. Howe, teaching in Wilmington, N. C.

Florence L. Newsome. (No report.)

Eliza G. Nottingham, teaching in Southampton.

Mary C. Robinson, teaching at Thaxton's Switch, Bedford County, Va. (Left or soon to leave.)

Julia A. Rutledge, teaching at Princess Anne C. H., Va.

CLASS OF '73.

Charles S. Boston, teaching at Big Lick, Bedford County, Va.

W. P. Brown, teaching at Old Church, Hanover County, Va.

Thomas Cayton, studying at Norwich, Ct.

J. H. Lamb, teaching at Thaxton's Switch, Bedford County, Va.

George W. Lane, teaching at Big Island, Bedford County, Va. (About to leave.)

L. B. Langford, teaching in the Butler School, Hampton, Va.

Peyton M. Lewis, teaching in Liberty, Bedford Co., Va.

Joseph Pritlow, teaching in Southampton County, Va.

James W. Richards, studying at Oberlin, Ohio.

James M. Ricks, teaching at Graham's Forge, Wythe County, Va.

Albert B. Roberts, teaching at Land of Promise, Black Water, Princess Anne County, Va.

Clement J. Spencer, teaching at Cannelton, W. Va.

Frank Trigg, studying at Norwich, Conn.

William A. Yancey, teaching at Swansonsville, Va.

Mary F. Boyd, teaching at Snow Hill, Maryland.

Brittannia C. Cabel, teaching at Liberty, Bedford County, Va.

Alice B. Davis, teaching at Thomasville, N. C.

Lethia E. Jackson, teaching at Chester, S. C.

Several of our undergraduates are also teaching school, among whom are Stephen A. Ricks, Tazewell Court-house. Merritt K. Wallace, Clarksville.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

COLERIDGE.

"Do you ask what this birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The lionet and thrush say, 'I love and I love!'
In the winter they are silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song;
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so full of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and forever sings he,
'I love my love, and my love loves me!'"

HUMANITY THE MOTHER OF CHARITY.

Frail creatures are we all! To be the best
Is not the fewest faults to have:—
Look thou thoo to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience and the grave.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

—*Ancient Mariner.*

COLERIDGE.

We wish our space permitted us to give our readers the whole of either of the two poems, which, if Coleridge had written nothing else, would have made him famous; but unfortunately both "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner" are too long for our columns, and we must be content with advising all who are interested in English poetry to get these two and read for themselves. The genius of the whole Coleridge family is so remarkable, that it is hardly possible to speak of one member without introducing the others, while their peculiarities, which are almost as great as their genius, make it very difficult to give a just idea of their lives. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the greatest of the name, was born in Devonshire, in 1772, being the son of a learned clergyman, who died before his boy was ten years old, and left him, his mother being also dead, to the care of friends by whom he was sent to Christ's Hospital, a large charity school in London, where he received most of his education. Going from there to the University of Cambridge, he distinguished himself in both places as a scholar, but being strongly republican in his opinions, he became much excited by the French Revolution, and left Cambridge very suddenly, wandered about for a few days, and then, having given his last penny to a beggar, enlisted in a cavalry regiment, under an assumed name. After a short service he became known to the captain of his troop and was returned to his friends, but soon after becoming intimate with Southey and Lovell, a young Quaker, the three resolved to emigrate, and found on the banks of the Susquehanna River, a community from which all the evils of life arising from selfishness or vulgarity, should be shut out; but owing to a want of money, they were unable to put their schema into execution, and the three friends married three sisters and settled themselves for life upon English soil. From this time on Coleridge wrote regularly and preached frequently as a Unitarian clergyman, until after a visit to Germany he joined Southey at Keswick, and became a royalist and a member of the Church of England. The great misfortune of his life now fell upon him, for he began the terrible habit of opium eating, and all his journeyings in search of health, to Malta, Sicily and Italy, were only in vain, as he never would or could renounce his fatal appetite. In 1810 he went to London, and in 1816 placed himself under the care of a physician hoping to be cured, and with this gentleman, Mr. Gillman, he spent the last nineteen years of his life, writing and publishing more or less, but passing the greater part of his time in forming plans for vast undertakings which were never carried out. While his genius, his actual mental power, was immense, he accomplished only a tithe of that of which he was capable, because his will was by nature weak, and his indulgence in opium undermined his whole character. Therefore, although he has left us much in his legacy of beautiful poems and earnest prose (for he was an ardent theologian and metaphysician), yet his supreme power was only known in conversation, when for hours he would hold a listening circle fascinated by an eloquence of speech which has never been equalled since Pythagoras.

His life faded away in painful incompleteness, and there is little pleasure in contemplating the record of a magnificent intellect, shattered by the sins which a weak and morbid nature permitted; though the work that he accomplished must always command the admiration of the world.

FIG TREES.

There is probably no tree and no fruit to which more frequent allusion is made in the Bible than the fig tree and the fruit which it bears, a fruit that in the times when the Bible was written was used in a great many ways, and which still is in warm countries one of the most delicious products of the soil. The fig tree likes a sandy soil and a warm sun, and on these conditions will grow to a large size with great spreading branches under which a large number of people or of animals may shelter themselves to partake of its fruit.

In the Bible "sitting under the fig tree" is used as an emblem of peace and safety, and when God wanted to punish His people He would dry up the figs, as in *Jer.* viii: 13, where He says, "There shall be no grapes on the vine, no figs on the fig tree, and the leaf shall fade," which would be a heavy trouble to the Jews, who depend so much upon those fruits for wholesome nourishment.

Early in the spring the fig trees begin to sprout, their fruit ripening before the leaves come, for when the latter unfold it is a sign of summer, as our Lord said, "Now learn a parable of the fig tree; when his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh" (*Matt.* xxiv: 32). There are three kinds of figs in the East, the untimely fig, the summer fig and the winter fig. The first of these begins to put forth its fruit as soon as winter is over, the second begins to grow about the middle of June and is ripe in August, and the third ripens about the end of November, and is longer and of a deeper brown than the others. As we know, many of these figs are dried, packed and sent off to other countries, where they are esteemed a delicacy, and are familiar to us all, though perhaps few of us have seen the beautiful sight of a fig tree with its broad, rich green leaves, and tempting, green or purple fruit.

ON THE WAY TO PITTSBURGH.

Our picture this month is of a scene on the Pennsylvania Railroad, a few miles from Altoona, at a point known as the "Great Bend" in the Alleghany Mountains. An artist sent out by the illustrated paper *Every Saturday*, to make sketches for its pages, stands in the cab of the locomotive in the picture, and we cannot do better than to use his description of the wonderful ride of which we see a part. He says, "We were at Altoona when the 'Pacific Express' (i.e. the through train from New York to San Francisco), came along, and by the kindness of the superintendent, we were consigned to the forward locomotive, which helps draw the train over the summit. Of that inspiring ride up the mountain, around rocks and over precipices, I cannot hope to give an idea. The novelty and possible danger of the situation had a wild joy of their own; and then the crowning rapture of all was the mad rush through the tunnel, the uncoupling from the puffing locomotive and thundering train behind us, and the pinning on ahead in the darkness. Finally a man stepped forth from some cave or grotto in the rock, as it seemed, and, in the dusky light of his lamp, swayed with one hand an iron bar, and we were switched quietly aside, and the train shot out of the tunnel away in its swift course. After that the detached locomotive was at our disposal, and we went on at our ease until a train coming up behind us, forced us to run for our lives. Of this race, of which we were manifestly the winners, you have on another page the picture as it appeared to us on the Great Bend itself, framed in the wooden arch supporting the roof of the cab of our locomotive. Out of danger again, the engineer slackened speed, put us off above Kittanning Point, and hurried on." The illustration gives a very fair idea of the beauty of the scenery among the Alleghany Mountains, which are still almost as wild as when they were known only to the native Indians and the wild animals; and a traveler who, starting from New York on this same "Pacific Express," runs across the continent to San Francisco, passing across this eastern coast chain, over the great central table-land of the continent to the huge, snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, to come at last in sight of the blue Pacific waves, may be sure that his eyes have looked upon some of the most glorious scenery which the world can show. How tremendous are the difficulties which such railroads as these have to overcome, is shown to some extent in this "On the way to Pittsburgh," and certainly we have a right to be proud of the skill and ingenuity to which they bear witness. In the face of such a work as the Pacific Railroad it seems unsafe to say that anything is "impossible."

CHESAPEAKE BAY.

This beautiful sheet of water forms the largest bay on the United States coast, and is consequently one of the largest in the world. It enters Virginia between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, and extends into Maryland, with a length (following the curve) of two hundred miles, and a breadth of from four to forty. There is sufficient depth of water for the largest ships to ascend the main bay, almost to the mouth of the Susquehanna River, and the harbor which it forms where it opens into the Atlantic Ocean, is one of the finest on the coast, Hampton Roads being a secure anchorage and refuge from ocean storms.

The Chesapeake is remarkable for the vast number of creeks, arms and smaller bays irregular in size and shape, which indent its shores, some of these serving as outlets for the various rivers of Virginia and Maryland, while others are only breaks in the coast without any outlet. Fortress Monroe, which commands and protects the entrance to the bay, is famous in American history, and the waters of the Chesapeake have many interesting associations with the past, while the beauty and fertility of the whole region are very great, and offer a large field for enterprise, agricultural or commercial.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

"DOWN IN A COAL MINE."

J. ENDECOTT LINDEN.

It is always a pet ambition of a boy's heart to see for himself how the black rock which we call coal is dragged from its dark storehouse in the earth, to supply the enormous demands of a heat-needing nation. So, one bright summer's morning, finding myself in the very heart of one of the great coal fields of Central Pennsylvania, I resolved to make the descent. Armed with credentials from a leading coal merchant, I started alone for one of the mines, which were everywhere scattered over the mountain sides.

All that one sees of the establishment above ground, is a wooden building called a "breaker," in which, by strong stamps, the coal as it comes from the ground is broken up, and shot out upon an inclined plane of sieves, which sort the coal into great heaps of the different sizes, ready for market. These sieves, supported by trestlework, and the great piles underneath, together with the wooden shed containing the breaking-up machinery, constitute the "colliery," the mine proper lying far underneath, in the heart of the mountain.

Being courteously received by the superintendent, a man was detailed to "show the gentleman over" and *under*. After one contemptuous glance at my "city clo's" he directed me to divest myself of my outer garments, and, for a consideration, induced a stalwart old miner to lend me a coat and overalls, which certainly sustained a deeper incrustation of dirt and coal dust than anything I had ever seen before. In fact, one couldn't help speculating on their probable value as real estate. However, it was no time for squeamishness, and on they went—worlds too large—and he capped the climax (and myself) with an old felt hat, the front of which bore the traditional miner's lamp, shaped like an insane teapot with the wick coming out of the spout, and the whole concern flaring and smoking fearfully, and smelling most abominably.

Thus equipped and feeling like a full fledged miner, we were ready for the descent. Underneath the "breaker" a low, arched tunnel is sunk into the mountain side either perpendicular or slanting, as the case may be. The former are called *shafts* and the latter *slopes*. Across these, as soon as coal is reached, are dug large galleries or *levels*, at different depths, along the sides of which the coal is cut out. In this mine a slope was used, and large cars called "gunboats," drawn by a stationary engine at the top, ran up and down a railway laid on the slope, the empty car going down as the other went up full. These cars were then so hung that they could not take us down; or rather we could not wait for one, so we made the descent on foot.

There was a staircase running down by the railway, and my guide started carefully down, telling me to follow.

For the first ten steps we had daylight, then twilight, then darkness, then total darkness, then a *blackness*, whose utter intensity cannot be described or conceived of but by the scriptural language, "Darkness that may be felt."

It seemed as if one had left earth and humanity behind, and the old stories of men who had visited the infernal regions with some ghostly guardian came to remembrance with a rather chilly sense of reality.

But the good-natured old Irish miner didn't act in the least like a ghost. "Mind your head sir, here's a beam;" and "Look out for that step, it's rotten!" rang out so constantly that, after I had tripped and struck my head sufficiently, I roused myself to attend to his warnings and explanations.

The roof was never more than four feet high, and sometimes lowered so that we had to sit down and crawl through; the ceilings dripped incessantly, and the lamps sputtered and hissed. Just as my back began to get very tired of stooping so long we reached a level place where there appeared to be no top nor sides, but just open darkness. This the guide said was an old "level," about fifteen feet wide and twenty high, which, after working awhile, they had deserted and gone deeper. We walked along it for a hundred feet, and came to a large wooden wall, running right across, and higher than our heads. We climbed to the top and looked over, and I was considerably startled to see underneath me a pitchy black expanse of water as far as the faint gleam of our lamps could reach. He explained that the miners had struck an underground stream, which had flooded the level and would have drowned out the mine, but they had dammed it up, and set up a little engine which pumped it out as fast as it ran over. I listened, and in the intense stillness could hear the continued puff-puff of the busy little pump. It was a relief to turn from the awful profound quiet of that lonely sheet of black water, which never felt a ripple nor ever saw a sunbeam, to the little engine, faithfully and busily working away in the darkness. It was the first thing like life I had met with in the mine, and I felt better for it.

Then back to the slope again, and down, down, still deeper, crawling and winding till my back ached and my head reeled; presently a miner came down after us on the full run and passed us without a word, his footsteps echoing and his light glimmering till we lost him in the darkness. Then we came to a door which was shut. The guide "pounded," but no answer. He was equal to the emergency, and told me that we had got to a *working* level, and that the man who had passed us had told the boys that there was a stranger coming down who would "stand drinks" all round.

As I had been warned to take some "change" down, I told him to have the door opened—and *such* a sight! We were in a large gallery some fifteen feet high and as many broad, the walls and ceiling of solid coal lit up and flashing with light; and right in front were a score of forms, their faces streaked with black and gleaming with sweat, leaping and yelling like so many fiends, while the lamps in their hats dancing up and down, helped the illusion till you might have fancied them demons from the pit—which seemed not so very far off by this time. But they meant no ill will, and instead of howling for my soul, they only wanted ten cents apiece, and then were ready for any amount of information and fun, while the staid old guide's eyes twinkled at the boys' "larks." We stood still so long that I wondered why, when I began to hear a low rumbling noise, which increased rapidly. I could think of nothing but that the stygian pool above us had broken loose, but the guide only nodded and smiled at the inquiry, and told me to stand back close against the wall; and presently along a railway I had not noticed before, came a train of mules at full gallop, drawing two empty cars; it stopped, we all pitched in anyhow, and on we rushed, the echoes rattling and roaring as our ears thundered on; then we came to the very end of the gallery; then we got out and watched the plan of operations. Along the walls of the gallery were smaller tunnels, opening about eight feet from the floor. These slanted upward, and in each a man was at work with a pick, detaching huge blocks, which rolled into cars stationed under the mouth of each tunnel, and which, when full, were dragged by the mules back to the slope, and dumped into the great gunboats to be carried to the surface. Then we walked back along the gallery; sometimes we could see the roof, while sometimes it would be twenty feet high.

Near the slope were the stables for the mules. These poor animals feed and sleep under ground, and never see the light from the time they are taken down till they die; and, in fact, some of them were said to have been born in the mine. And worse still, the boys who drive and take care of them share their fate, and see sunlight scarcely oftener than their four-footed companions. As we turned away one of the men said, "P'raps the gintleman would be afther iolkin' to see thim blastin,'" and the "gintleman" eagerly assenting, the good-natured fellow led the way, wading through mud, dirt and water, to the very end of the still unfinished level, which gradually narrowed till we could just creep. We passed through this narrow opening into a chamber where a man was at work with a crowbar, drilling a hole in the ceiling of coal. Another was preparing a charge of gunpowder to fill it with.

When the hole was finished the blast was put in, and we all crowded behind a crag of coal rock to await the result. One man was left to light the fuse. Soon we heard his step echo as he ran down the gallery, and we sat and waited. Then the first feeling of fear came over me. So far away from help, suppose the blast should stop the little opening we had crawled in by, put out our lights or bring down the ceiling on our heads; suppose that dam should burst now! The strangest fancies suggested themselves; unphilosophic doubts of the thickness of the earth's crust, and the molten fire within; and then thoughts of the home and friends so very far away.

Then came a rush of air, and a roar that seemed to beat in our very ears, a whir of rocky masses flying in all directions, and a suffocating smell of brimstone and coal dust. When the smoke cleared away we looked around. The entire gallery was changed. Huge boulders lying about, great seams and rents in walls and ceiling, bore witness to the tremendous power of the charge.

The men were instantly at work with pick and shovel. After watching them for a few moments, as they vigorously cleared away the debris, we turned to go.

They crowded around to bid good-bye,

praised the pluck of the first stranger who had ever ventured down their mine alone, (they did not know how often he had wanted to run away), and begged me not to forget them and to tell the "city people," whom they had never seen, how hard the cool miners worked in the dark and cool to supply them with heat and light.

Then a long, long climb up that steep staircase, and we stood once more in the pure, clear air, blinking like owls in the bright sunshine.

And often since, sitting by some cheerful, glowing fire, the picture comes back of those hard-working, simple-hearted miners, and I seem to live over again that bright summer day, spent

"Down in a coal mine."

A LETTER FROM SHANGHAI.

From an interesting letter communicated to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN by Mr. John DeWitt, of Old Point, who has just returned from a voyage around the world, we make the following extracts, regretting that the limits of our columns do not permit us to print it in full, and hoping that he will favor us with some more notes from his journal of travel. A number of interesting curiosities from foreign countries, which he has presented to the Normal School cabinet, are described in another column.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, *August* 28, 1873.

My Dear Will,—I wrote you that we had been in a terrible typhoon, and that after roughing it and standing at the pumps for several days—watch and watch—we succeeded in reaching the port of Shanghai in a dismasted and leaking condition. We anchored off the mouth of the Yangtsz Kiang (kiang means river in English), and set the Union Jack at the fore for a pilot; the next morning one came aboard and we immediately got under way, and with the wind aft, and a fair swift tide started for Shanghai. The Yangtsz is about a mile wide and the banks low and marshy. After sailing up it for thirty miles we arrived at Wu-sung, a small Chinese town at the mouth of the Wu-sung River. Here we were taken in tow by the tug *Foo Lee*. We passed a Chinese gunboat, a large vessel unpainted, with the exception of two large eyes painted on either bow. Brass cannon protruded from her side, and her decks were crowded with pig-tailed Chinamen, and heads could be seen at every visible port-hole. But at Wu-sung my mind was brought nearer home, for there I saw at anchor, inside the bar, the U. S. men-of-war, *Hartford*, *Monocacy* and *Palos*, with their decks crowded with officers and men, the officers in their white linen caps and suits presenting quite a contrast to the sailors in blue. The Wu-sung River is very winding in its course, but as it is only fifteen miles from Wu-sung to Shanghai, we had the pleasure of dropping our anchor off "American Town," at eight in the evening of the 17th.

Shanghai is a large city. It is divided into four parts, namely, American Town, English Town, French Town and China Town. The number of European inhabitants is about three thousand, of which only about two hundred and twenty-five are women. There are about two hundred and eighty-five thousand Chinaman. Shanghai and, in fact, the whole of China, is divided up by creeks and streams, and, I am told, that one can go from one end of China to the other in boats.

One of these creeks separates American Town from English Town, and is crossed by numerous bridges. American Town is where nearly all the Americans live. Here you see nearly all the wharves, dry docks, machine shops, the offices of several of the consuls, and the best hotels, and what you see in every American town, the jail. There is also a pretty Episcopal church, and the minister is a gentleman from Virginia, a Mr. Nelson. English Town is the prettiest part of the city, and has the finest residences and principle business houses. Another creek separates it from French Town, where you see some fine wharves and handsome dwellings. It is separated from China Town by a stone wall about ten feet in height, in which is a door through which people pass. In China Town some of the streets are so narrow that two men cannot walk abreast through them comfortably, and so horribly dirty that no one would want to repeat his walk.

On the first evening of our arrival I heard that two more American men-of-war were lying in the stream; the *Lackawanna* and *Iroquois*, and the former was to sail in the morning. As she passed us we saluted by dipping our ensign, and she returned the salute. I went on board the *Iroquois* and met some very pleasant officers. By the kindness of several American gentlemen in the town, I was made a visiting member of the Shanghai Base Ball Club during my stay.

The principal vehicle in Shanghai is called a trap, and is drawn by one horse. It is something like a doctor's gig, only that the back is open, and there is a second seat on which people sit with their backs to those on the front, and get in and out from the back. In front sits the "mafoo," or horse-boy. Private carriages are usually sedan chairs, which are more comfortable. Then for the fun of the thing I have ridden in a *wheelbarrow*. You will be surprised at this mode of travel, but this is the most common way that the Chinamen ride, and the streets are filled with coolies with wheelbarrows. They run up to the foreigners and in their broken English say, "Wantee sit down?" You can ride for a mile or so and only pay about four and a half cents. They are trying now to introduce a Japanese vehicle called a "jin rickshaw." It looks like a baby carriage on a large scale, and is very fancifully painted. It holds one person and is drawn by a coolie, who gets inside the shafts and runs very fast with it. The wheelbarrows are flat with a board running lengthwise through the center, and will hold two.

The other day while going to the base-ball ground with a friend, I noticed a great number of mounds scattered over all the fields we passed. He told me these were Chinese graves. Shortly after, I saw a coolie digging some up as the ground had been sold. They put the bones into jars and numbered and named them.

One evening a Chinese comprador (ship chandler) asked me to go to the Chinese theatre with him. He went first to his house and put on a white coat, which reached nearly to his feet. It was buttoned on the right side with four gold buttons. He carried a big fan in his hand and wore no hat. We stopped at a *chow-chow* or eating house, where we were joined by another Chinaman, sat down at a small table and had supper. Each of us was provided with a pair of chop-sticks (small ivory sticks which are used in China instead of knife and fork, and which foreigners find it almost impossible to use), a Chinese pipe and Chinese tobacco. I knew they were all watching me, and I had never used chop-sticks before, but I did as the rest did and got along quite well. The supper was elegant; but what the names of most of the dishes and what they were made of was a conundrum to me. The Chinese pipes hold only a small pinch of tobacco; but as the Chinamen inhales the smoke and swallows it into his stomach, a very little is enough. At some of the tables I noticed that two of the Chinamen, after they had finished, would clasp hands and commence to talk loud and fast. The compredore told me they were counting, and the first who made a mistake would have to pay for the whole table. The liquor drunk by the lower classes in China is called Samshu, and is worse than American whiskey.

After supper we went to the theatre. It was a large, plain building. The lower floor was covered with tables, at which sat numbers of Chinamen, drinking tea, smoking and talking. Above this was a gallery into which we went, and sat down at one of the tables, where we were furnished with tea, pipes, sweetmeats and cooked watermelon seeds. The play had begun when we arrived, at eight o'clock, but as we did not leave till two in the morning, I had rather more than enough of it. The actors were magnificently dressed in silk and ornaments of real gold, and the acting was good; but their voices were pitched in a painfully high key, and whenever they came to a stop the gongs came in with a horrible crash. There is no scenery, and the musicians sit on the back part of the stage, and raise a most dreadful din. The instruments are principally Chinese fiddles, gongs, and now and then, a trumpet.

One afternoon I took a "trap" and rode out into the country. The mafoo showed me a peculiar looking building, which he told me was a josh-house, (literally, god-house, a Chinese temple). On our way back we met an immense religious procession, about a mile long, carrying banners and gongs, and then a wooden god over seven feet high, seated in an open sedan chair. Then came priests, with high peaked hats and long grey coats, and then an immense dragon with a large head and open mouth and covered with spangles. Its body was made of round hoops, covered with cloth, and it was supported on long poles carried by over twenty men, more than twenty-five feet apart. They would frequently swing the poles from side to side, and this would make the dragon move and look as if it were in a terrible rage. Following the first dragon were thirteen more like it, with gong men between, who banged away on their gongs, or as the Chinamen call it "*chin-chin* for Josh." Along the road crowds of Chinamen watched the procession.

I am going to send this letter by steamer *New York*, to connect with the San Francisco steamer at Yokohama, Japan, and, as it starts to-morrow, will have to close; and, old fellow,

THE DOG THAT LIKED CATS.

with the hope that you will find something to interest you in this, I remain, as ever,

Your sincere friend,

YOUNG AMERICA.

TOUCHING ANECDOTE OF A SPIDER.

Mr. Moggridge in his studies in natural history has been in the habit of immersing, for preservation, his different specimens of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes; but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished, and that they were soon free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded up her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse from her lethargy, dart around to, and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, then again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp and became dead! The effect of the exhibition upon him is a lesson to our common humanity. He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

Judging from the above, the spider is certainly superior to the human animal, in the fact that alcohol does *not* destroy her natural affection.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Translated from the French for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

PAWS AND CLAWS.

What One Dog Got for Liking Cats.

Tray used to frolic with Tabby;
Not growling or biting, as comrade, no worse;
For dogs are good fellows, above acting shabby,
They say cats are quite the reverse.
Though Tabby, she swore by her claws
To play always with velvety paws.
Naughty Tabby (alas! for my story is truth),
In the skin of a friend thought it excellent fun
To plunge—for *amusement* 'twas done—
Sometimes a call, sometimes a tooth.
Such play must soon come to an end.
"What, Tray, would you make up a fuss?
Know you not 'tis a fool, not a friend,
Who can't take a joke with good grace?
Am I not thy dear friend, Master Tray?"
"Take the name thy malign nature matches;
Tabby be nothing half way;
An enemy honest in fray
I prefer to a friend who *scratches*."

H. W. L.

THE DOG THAT LIKED CATS.

Tasso is a beautiful dog. He is very lively and good natured, and never barks nor bites.

He was brought from New York when he was a very little puppy, and could hardly run about, because his legs were so short, and he was so fat.

Tasso is very fond of cats. He will run up to Prince, our great Maltese pussy, and jump round him, and poke his nose into Prince's fur. Then Prince will growl, and look very angry, as if he were saying, "You are a very impertinent fellow."

Once we had a little black and white cat, and we called her Winkie.

Winkie and Tasso were almost always together and seemed to enjoy their play very much; but at night Winkie slept in her basket in the kitchen, and Tasso slept on his little master's bed.

One morning when Tasso went down stairs, he missed Winkie: so he went to her basket and looked in; and there lay Winkie, sound asleep, with three cunning little kittens cuddled up in her soft warm fur.

Tasso looked at the kittens for a little while; and then he put his paw into the basket, and gave Winkie a little poke on the head to make her wake up. Then Winkie opened her eyes; and, when she saw Tasso, she began to "purr" so loud, that you could hear her all over the kitchen.

Tasso seemed very much pleased with the kittens; and when Winkie got out of her basket to get her breakfast, Tasso jumped in, and began to cuddle the kittens as Winkie did.

After that, whenever Winkie left the kittens, Tasso would take care of them until she came back.

When the kittens were large enough to run about, Tasso would take them in his mouth, and carry them into a corner and lie down with them, all the time holding them with his paw to make them lie still.

If you could have seen the good care which Tasso took of the kittens, it would have pleased you very much.

Some dogs do not like cats, but will chase them and worry them; but it is not difficult to train dogs to be good to them, and to behave toward them as Tasso did.—*Nursery.*

MY WIFE'S VISION.

A True Ghost Story.

At the time of which I write I was master of the brig *Argonaut*, sailing between Portland and Rio Janeiro, a matter of from sixty to seventy days' length.

I had been married about two years to Emily Hasbronk. My wife was a young woman of uncommon good sense, and had waited quietly at her mother's house in Cambridge until I was made master of the *Argonaut*, and my worldly goods became sufficient wherewith to endow a wife, when we were married, after a long trial of mutual love and faith.

Between Emily and her mother there existed an unusual affection and intimacy. The two women were all that were left of a once large and prosperous family. Little by little the property had vanished, one by one the sons had died, and when old Captain Hasbronk was lost down in the Gulf, his widow and one little child were left alone and poorly provided for. Like most New England women, Mrs. Hasbronk knew how to make a little go a great way, and Emily was well educated. Mrs. Hasbrouk was like a mother to me always, and when I took Emily away on my first voyage after we were married, I think I was almost as near crying as my bride at leaving the old lady and the snug little home.

Emily was a wonderful sailor, and made the voyages with me like an old tar, never being in the least affected by weather or waves, and always bright and cheerful. "The captain's lady" was greatly admired by the crew for her strength of mind and "sea-worthiness," and to me she was, of course, a great joy and comfort, for I have always pitied the lonely sea-

faring men who have to leave their wives ashore.

On the 3d of August we were preparing for another trip, and Emily and I went down to Cambridge to bid her mother good-by. We had a happy day together, and Mrs. Hasbrouk was looking so well and bright that I spoke of it, and complimented her on her good looks.

"Yes," George," she said, "I have never felt better, and if it were not that you are going to take Emily away again, I would say I never felt in better spirits. I only hope, my dear children, that we may all meet again in this way when you come home," she added, with something of solemnity in her tone.

Emily kissed her, and told her that we all meant to be just so well and happy when we met again. "And don't mind, mammy dear, about writing to me, for George says there can be no communication between this and Rio before we shall be on our homeward trip."

"I can not hear from you, my darling, before I see you?" Mrs. Hasbrouk asked, as she walked to the little gate with us.

"Not unless my wraith should visit you," Emily said, laughing thoughtlessly as she gave her mother a final embrace.

Mrs. Hasbrouk's farewell to me was very loving and tender, as she blessed me and bade me take care of her darling child. She always put Emily under my protection in this way, just as she had done at the time of our commencing the voyage of life together, so that I was perpetually having renewed the pride and humility of a new-made husband when I was bidding Mrs. Hasbrouk farewell.

When we were in the cars, bound for Portland, Emily said to me, "It is such a comfort to me, George, to have seen mother looking so well before I sail." I was glad too, and we started on our outward course with fine weather and light hearts.

We had a month of undisturbed, clear sky. The wind blew especially for our benefit, and we were making an uncommonly swift passage. The crew had hardly enough work to occupy them, for the vessel almost sailed herself. Emily sat on deck most of the time, and did no end of worsted-work and light reading, and in the moonlight nights she would keep out till midnight sometimes, singing and watching the waves in the shine, and the phosphorescence on the water.

We were prepared through all this easy time for the foul weather to come, and when the wind shifted, and a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand began to rise, "We're awaitin' for the blow," said Jack Salt; and sure enough we had it for forty-eight hours, heavy and strong, and then it calmed down somewhat, and we took a run of rainy days, not fit for any but men to be out in.

Emily staid below, except once she put her head out of the companion-way, all tied up in a hood, and, smiling and nodding at me, she said, "Ugh! how wet and nasty everything looks! even the sea looks more watery than it was before. I think I had better go down again, George. I shall not do for a deck hand." So she disappeared into our cabin.

On the night of Thursday, the 29th of September, five days out from Rio, I staid on deck rather later than usual, talking with the mate. It was a quiet night, drizzling a little, but the sea smoother than it had been in some time. Mr. Myles, this mate, who was rather a queer fellow, had been telling me some stories bordering on the supernatural, and had tried his best to make me give in to his belief in the communication of departed spirits with this world. I turned down the cabin stairs with an incredulous shake of the head, and left him on deck with his watch.

I had bade Emily good-night at least two hours before, when I left her to go on deck, and expected to find her asleep in her berth. It was eleven o'clock when I left Myles at the ladder head, and I descended softly, not to disturb Emily. As I opened the door I could see that she was not in her berth, but it was not till I was fairly in the cabin that I saw her.

My wife was standing in the middle of the room, her black hair streaming round her. Her hands were clasped, and held a little in front of her bosom; her face was as white as snow; her eyes were staring and blank, as though they saw nothing around her. Never have I beheld such awful anguish as her whole aspect showed.

"Emily! my wife!" I cried.

She gave a sort of gasp.

"George, I have seen my mother!—my mother is dead!"

I caught her as she fell forward in a swoon.

When my dear wife returned to consciousness I tried to keep her as quiet as possible, but it seemed that she must unburden her mind of the awful revelation that had been made to her. I sat by her all that night and held her trembling hand in mine; and at last she told me how it had come.

My wife said: "I was ready to go to bed, but the ship rolled so little to-night that I thought I would read a while before I turned down the light. I suppose I had read about fifteen minutes, when suddenly I began to think of mother. I often do this; for, somehow, when I am thinking of other things, mother comes into my mind, and then I always say, 'She is thinking of me now, or talking about me to some one.' Gradually I took my eyes off the book, and raised them toward the door of the cabin, and there my mother stood before me. She was very pale, as though she had been through some illness, and her hands were crossed upon her breast. I spoke to her: 'Mother, what is it?' She smiled, and waved her hand to me, and disappeared. I know that she is dead, and that I shall never see her again."

Emily was strangely moved and excited throughout this recital. At first I was frightened, for I thought her mind must be affected in some way. But at last she became so calm and sad that I saw she really believed her mother to be dead. And I believed it too. Why should not two hearts, so closely bound together as were Emily's and her mother's be able to communicate to each other such a great change as the leaving the world? I believed Mrs. Hasbrouk's spirit had found means to tell her faithful daughter of its flight.

When we reached Rio Emily caused mourning to be prepared, and our homeward voyage was not gladdened by my wife's songs. She was quite subdued by her sorrow and loss.

We reached Portland on the 20th of December, late in the afternoon. Emily found that a train left for Boston at four o'clock, and finally persuaded me to go with her to Cambridge.

"You can get back to Portland early enough in the morning, George dear," she said; "and I feel that I can not rest till I have been to the dear old home, though it will be so changed and sad."

I tried to dissuade my wife from going until we had heard some particulars of the condition of her mother's house; for there might be strangers in it, and I thought it would be less trying to her to visit it by daylight, and after her mind was somewhat prepared to meet new people in her mother's place.

We went to Boston, however, and, taking a carriage, drove out to Cambridge. It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the street on which Mrs. Hasbrouk's house stood.

My wife was shivering, more with restless dread than cold, as we drove up to the once happy little home. She was very quiet, though I knew she was powerfully affected.

The house seemed quite dark in front.

As we knocked (Emily had insisted on getting out of the carriage, and stood close to me) —as we knocked, the lock turned, and the door was thrown open. The hall was filled with light, and in the doorway, as bright and well as ever, stood Mrs. Hasbrouk, the same happy lady we had left nearly five months before.

Emily, of course, went back to colors. We have never had the affair satisfactorily explained but certainly Mrs. Hasbrouk was perfectly well during the whole time of our absence, and she had nothing to do with the appearance of her own ghost.

I think that Mr. Myles, to whom I afterwards told the story, has disliked Mrs. Hasbrouk from that time.

EDUCATION.

The subject of popular education has found some place in the consideration of the present Congress, but it has scarcely received the attention which its great and fundamental importance demands. The speech of the Hon. Mr. Hoar, in the House of Representatives, on this subject, reveals some startling facts, which should rouse both Congress and the nation to a new departure on this question. He states that "one quarter of all the voters of today are unable to read and write," and that "for the next ten years thirty-two senators, and one hundred and four representatives will be elected by states one half of whose voting population have not sufficient knowledge of reading and writing to make it available in the transmission of information!" And this state of things is, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, growing worse instead of better! That some substantial measure for curing this evil should be early adopted seems too obvious for argument. The bill at present proposed would apply one half the proceeds of the sales of the public domains to the support of popular education, this fund to be distributed for the next five years among the several states in proportion to their illiteracy. The sum estimated to be realized from the annual sale of public lands is about two millions of dollars. One million is to be divided immediately among the states, of which the South will get by far the greater proportion, and the other million is to be put at interest as a permanent national educational fund, the interest of the same to be divided among the states annually upon the same basis. Such substantially are the provisions of the bill now pending. It is certainly a movement in the right direction, and should be urged forward with all practical dispatch.—*Republic.*

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information wanted of my three children, William Edward Highland, Eleonore Highland and Charles Lafayette Highland.

These children and myself were the slaves of John Wylie Farrell, formerly of Head of Chester, or Millington, Kent County, Maryland, where he carried on a wholesale dry goods business.

Mr. Farrell freed all the adult slaves. The children were to be freed on coming of age. By the removal of Mr. Farrell from Kent County, many years before the war, my children were separated from me. When last heard from one was in St. Louis, Mo., one in Philadelphia, and an another somewhere in the State of Illinois.

Address information to

MRS. FANNIE HIGHLAND,
1632 Arch St., Philadelphia, Penn.

INFORMATION WANTED of a woman by the name of Jennie, who was sold by John Hockenhull, of Dorsenville, Dorsen County, Georgia, to a man by the name of Jack Nichols, a slave-trader. He sold her next to Doctor Hill of Mobile, Alabama, a little while before the war. Any information respecting her will be thankfully received by her son, who belonged to the same John Hockenhull.

ALEXANDER PASCO,
No. 24 Tyler Street, Patterson.

Alabama and Georgia ministers will please favor me by inquiring for my poor old mother.

INFORMATION WANTED of my mother Eliza Long, my brother and sister, George and Charlotte Long, and my uncle Dock, all of whom were slaves in Jackson, Mississippi, to the same master; my uncle Terma and Aunts Patience and Rosa who were slaves to Mr. Scruggs and Mr. Thomson.

When I last heard of my mother she had been sold to Louisiana, the rest of the family were at Jackson. Any information of the above persons will be thankfully received by an anxious daughter and niece, Mary Long.

Address answers to the above inquiry to MARY LONG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin,
Care Rev. C. S. Jacobs, 327 Cedar St.

(Ministers will please read the above card in their congregations.)

I, Henry Brown, was born in Versailles, Woodford County, Kentucky, (a slave) belonging to the Subletts family. My mother's name was Rebecca and my father's Samuel Brown. He was always free. I am eldest of four children. Samuel and David are the names of my two brothers, Anna is the name of my sister. My mother and her family were moved to Shelbyville, Shelby County, Kentucky, between twenty and thirty years ago. At the expiration of two years she was removed to Jefferson County, near Louisville, having with her David and Anna. It has been twenty-three years since I have seen any of them. If any person or persons can give me any information of the whereabouts of the above named persons, through the *Christain Recorder*, or by letter, I will be under obligations to the said person or persons.

I am respectfully,
HENRY BROWN,
Lincoln, Nebraska, Box 36.

INFORMATION WANTED of a family by the name of Moxley. The mother belonged to Mr. Warren, of Fredericksburg, and was sold South in 1854, with three children, Adlia, Martha and Alice. My father was Daniel Moxley. I had two brothers, John and Daniel, also other sisters. Any person knowing of their whereabouts will greatly oblige me by writing to James A. Jones, 183 St. Julian Street, Savannah, Ga., for me. MARJOURI M. MOXLEY.

Temperance.

The following valuable statistics are taken from the Virginia School Report for 1873. Dr. Ruffner the worthy superintendent, deserves much credit for his report on this subject.

"The statement which I made in my annual report two years ago, to-wit: That the consumption of liquors in Virginia, for all purposes, was probably in the neighborhood of $19,000,000, excited surprise at the time; but it has never been seriously controverted, and it never can be, except by either denying the accuracy of the liquor statistics of the United States Bureau of Statistics, or by denying that the people of Virginia are average customers as compared with the people of the country generally.

"In Virginia during the fiscal year 1872 the United States revenue officers collected from retail liquor dealers for license $71,400, and as each dealer pays twenty-five dollars for license, it follows that there were two thousand, eight hundred and fifty-six retail liquor shops in the state. The average annual sales of liquors by each shop in the whole United States is $3,723. Assuming this as the correct average for Virginia, the aggregate sales from these shops would be $10,622,888. Add to this the amount indicated by the extra tax collected on sales exceeding $25,000 which is $1,235,600, and we have from this source $11,867,488. It is possible that the sales of our retailers do not reach the average for the whole United States; but it is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that when we add to the retail sales what is sold to drinkers by our one hundred and forty wholesale dealers, by druggists, under the name of medicine, and by those who sell without license, and what is imported by consumers, we may feel sure of being within the mark, when we put the liquor drunk in the state, *as a beverage*, at $12,000,000 every year. The surplusage, be it more or less, may go for medicinal, mechanical and manufacturing purposes.

"So far as used for these latter purposes, the alcoholic spirits may be a means of increasing wealth; but so far as used for drink, it is as perfect a destruction of wealth as is affected by fire and flood. If a bushel of corn be eaten by man or beast, it gives strength for the production of an increased quantity of corn or other form of wealth. If it be made into three gallons of whiskey, it still has value, but when drunken as a beverage, it is destroyed, and that much of public and private wealth as thoroughly annihilated as if the whiskey had been poured on the ground; and the value thus destroyed is greater than if the corn had been burned. In order to aid our minds in grasping the extent of this annual destruction of our resources, let us illustrate it by comparison with substantial values. For example, we will compare it with the annual agricultural production of our seven top counties. Total value of all farm productions, including increase of live stock and value of improvements made during the year, according to the census of 1870, in the counties of Augusta, Albemarle, Bedford, Fauquier, Loudoun, Pittsylvania and Rockingham, was $11,312,778. By these figures it is seen that the gross annual product of our seven best counties is not sufficient to pay for the liquor consumed by our people.

"Again, the wheat crop in Virginia in 1870 was in round numbers 8,000,000 bushels, which, at one dollar and fifty cents a bushel (which is more than the farmers got), was worth just the cost of our drinkables. Hence if the entire wheat crop of Virginia should every year be burnt in the stacks, it would not inflict as great a loss of wealth upon our people as do our drinking habits.

"The total value of the live stock in Virginia of every description is something over $28,000,000. If sold to pay our liquor bills, it would all be gone in two years. Once more, the total value in gross of *all farm productions* in Virginia, including increase of live stock and value of improvements in 1870, was something over $51,060,000, nearly one-fourth of which sum was required to pay for our drink the same year."

THE RIPENED SHEAF.

We bent to-day o'er a coffined form,
And our tears fell slowly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, and its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noticed a bunch of golden wheat,
Clasped to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of faded bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of years.

We knew not what work her hands had found,
What rugged places her feet;
What cross was hers, what darkness of night—
We saw but the peace, the blossoms white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some garnered grain of good
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go
Not only with blossoms sweet;
Not beat with doubt and burdened with fears,
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years—
But laden with golden wheat.

—*Selected.*

CHARLES SUMNER.

We deeply mourn the loss of this distinguished senator. Much as we esteemed him for his great talents and learning, we esteemed him more for those higher and nobler qualities, for which he was so pre-eminent.

Think, for example, of his incorruptible honesty. In these days of so much official corruption, of such abounding treachery and fraud, we rejoice in the fact that whoever has fallen, he has stood; whoever has sunk, he has risen; that out of every furnace of trial, he has come forth as gold; proving himself during the twenty-three years of his connection with Congress of such inflexible, unbribable integrity as to compel the admiration of his bitterest foes. In the language of Gov. Washburn, "His aims were high, his purposes were pure. His voice was that of an honest man, his endeavors were those of an upright statesman." His moral integrity stands out as a sublime figure in these later years. While the atmosphere around him was foul with corruption, no stain of suspicion ever fell upon him. However other public servants prostituted their positions for selfish ends, we all felt sure that Charles Sumner would not be smirched by any disclosures or investigations. This simple fact alone is enough to crown him with glory."

Think, in particular, of his heroic stand for what he regarded as the rights of the colored race. However others might differ from him in opinion as to what those rights were, none could question his boldness in the advocacy and defense of his own convictions.

Said the late Joshua Giddings, of Ohio, "I've seen hard fighting with clubs and bullets; I've seen men falling all around me, but I tell you it takes more courage to stand up in one's seat in Congress and say the right thing, than to walk up to the cannon's mouth." For such courage Charles Sumner was remarkable, being a noble example of that which he so eloquently urged upon others. Some twenty-five years ago he besought Daniel Webster, called "The Defender of the Constitution," to stand up for the oppressed, saying, "The aged shall hear witness of you; the young shall kindle with rapture as they repeat the name of Webster; and the large company of the ransomed shall teach their children and their children's children to the latest generation, to call you blessed; while all shall award you another title, not to be forgotten in earth or heaven, *Defender of Humanity*," the very title which this successor of Webster, in the Senate, so richly earned for himself. He espoused the cause of the oppressed before it had become popular, in its darkest and weakest hour; being willing not only to do, but to suffer in its behalf; to suffer the bitterest reproach and scorn; to suffer unto blood; to suffer next to actual martyrdom. So severely was he prostrated by the assault upon him in the Senate chamber, some eighteen years since, that for more than four years he did not resume his seat there. But when he did resume it, he showed that, however he had been prostrated physically, he was not in the least prostrated morally. He came back to his place where he had been so terribly stricken down, to lift up his voice again for the despised and oppressed, with the same unflinching, unfaltering boldness.

Thus through evil report and good report, in the sunshine and the storm, in face of difficulties and dangers, the most appaling, did this apostle of liberty hold on his way until the last; charging his friend Judge Hoar, with his dying breath, to take care of the Civil Rights bill.

Many years since in a public convention at Worcester, Mass., the deceased plainly told his fellow citizens that three things were needed for the times: "The first is backbone; the second is backbone; the third is backbone." Would that more of that backbone for the right, more of that moral heroism which cannot be flattered or frightened from the way of duty, might be granted to us who survive; ever keeping in view his own noble words, "Aloft on the throne of God, and not below in the footsteps of the trampling multitude of men, are to be found the sacred rules of right, which no majorities can displace or overturn."

I care not to dwell upon the faults of the deceased: faults as visible as the flaws of the diamond, or the spots of the sun—his imperious manner, which sometimes repelled those whom he might otherwise have won; his decision which seemed occasionally to degenerate into stubbornness; and other faults which grew out of his habits as a close and indefatigable student—I care not to dwell upon these in view of his shining virtues.

Charles Sumner is now beyond the reach of our praise and our blame. On Wednesday P. M., March 11th, at the age of sixty-three, he who could not be bought nor bribed, drawn nor driven from his convictions of duty, this fearless champion of the oppressed, this gifted orator and statesman, suddenly passed away, leaving behind him the memorial of public services more durable than any monument of granite or of marble.

His appropriate epitaph would be the following lines of Whittier:

Oh! when above my weary breast
The gloomy turf lies dark and chill;
The feverish spirit lulled to rest—
The pulse now throbbing cold and still!
One single legend, let the stone
Tell in all time above my grave—
"*He bore reproach and hate and scorn
That others might for the outcast slave.*"

"THE BREVITY OF LIFE."

To the young it does not seem short; it seems very long. To the boy of fourteen the man of forty seems a long way off, and he of sixty removed by an age almost illimitable. But as time passes on, the aspect of life changes. The man of forty thinks forty not nearly as old as he thought it when he was fourteen; fifty appears to him but the prime of life; sixty far from aged. When, at length, increasing years admonish him that his life-work is ended, and that he can enter on no new undertakings, and he looks back to reflect upon what he has accomplished, he wonders to see it so little, and is amazed to find the road so short in traveling, which appeared so long in prospect. He then understands, as he never did before, the meaning of Scripture simile. "Yes," he says to himself, "it is indeed true. Life is as a tale that is told, and as a dream when one awaketh."

A moment's careful reflection will suffice, however, to convince the thoughtful that the old man's estimate is right, and the young man's wrong. The time is short, very short, in which to achieve anything for God, for humanity, or for ourselves.

The average length of human life is stated to be thirty-three years. This average, however, includes an estimate of all those who die in infancy. The statement of the average life of a healthy man may be enlarged somewhat. But it is perfectly safe to say that it is not over fifty years. Some live on to threescore years, or even to threescore years and ten, but more never reach the half-century.

Of this fifty years, the first twenty are taken in learning how to live. Something the young can accomplish; but youth is the time for receiving, not imparting—for preparing to achieve, not for achievement. Thirty years may be fairly accepted as the average limit of the working life.

But no man works the full twenty-four hours. Rest, recreation, food, sleep, Sabbath and the enforced idleness which occasional illness compels, reduce the period two-thirds. Eight hours a day are as many as the brain or muscle can ordinarily stand. Some work more, but few to the best advantage. Year in and year out eight hours may be taken to represent the working day. The working life, then, is not thirty years; it is but ten.

And of these ten years how much is necessarily absorbed by the drudgery of toil, by the gathering of grain that dies in the harvesting, and is never garnered into storehouses? How much in getting clothing to be put on and worn out, in getting food to be consumed in use, in building houses to crumble and fall into decay, almost as soon as their owners? How much, too, of this time is lost in plans that come to naught, in sowing that never ripens, in fighting battles that are defeats? When we have taken from our life what time is necessary for preparation, what is required for rest and recreation, and what is absorbed in failure and transient success, the fragment that is left is very small—two, three, or five years at the most.—*The Christian Weekly.*

Boys, Read This.—Fred Douglas has said some good things to his colored brethren in Louisville, Ky., good for people of any color in any climate, in any community. Here is a sample: "When I ran away and came North I worked for nine dollars a month and saved money. For twenty-five years, or nearly so, I worked for $400 p.r year, and I saved money; and every man in this country, who is a man, can save money if he will. But he will not save it by walking the streets and smoking cigars. He will not save it by playing billiards in one of your back streets. I dislike a miser, yet a miser is more respectable than a spendthrift. It is not necessary that every black man should be a rich man, but he must have a respective class at any rate. There must be an actual number of respectives of intelligent and wealthy men. Save a dollar a week, put it at interest, let it grow, and with ordinary good luck you cannot fail of acquiring a competency. But don't wait till you can make ten dollars a week—the time may never come."

GEMS.

In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellency is simplicity.

A humble duty faithfully performed is a sweet morsel forever.

Unwounded patience is necessary to hear not only with ourselves, but with others, whose various tempers and dispositions are not congenial to our own.

In all affliction seek for patience rather than comfort; if you preserve that, this will soon return.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Kind looks and smiles so loving,
And duties promptly done;
Oh, these will make the home-nest
As cheerful as the sun.

It is good to be humbled for sin, but not to be discouraged; for though we are poor creatures, Jesus is a complete Saviour.

The only reason why the Lord seems to delay what he afterward grants, is that the best hour is not yet come.

The quiet prayer-meeting at the river's side led to the conversion of Lydia, the imprisonment and release of Paul and Silas, the conversion of the jailor. Never say, "It is only a prayer-meeting."

SPARKS.

When the rain falls does it ever rise again? Yes, in dew time.

What is that which makes every person sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

What is that which has a mouth, but never speaks, and a bed in which it never sleeps? A river.

A young husband handed his wife a dozen buttons, the other day, and asked her to put a shirt to them.

A Sandusky mother recently reproved her three-year, oldster for eating icicles. The analytical infant replied, "I didn't eat 'em, mamma; I only sucked the juice out of 'em."

Ranney was a college student who unfortunately could not pronounce the letter R, but used the letter W. Going down town one day, he was witness to a fracas of some sort. Rushing to the society of his college mates, he exclaimed, in tones of great excitement, "Boys, there's a *wiot* down town!" "A what?" "Why a *wow!*" "A what?" "Why, a *wumpus*—can't you understand anything?"

The Senate debate on the repeal of the salary grab was enlivened by this story told by a Western member: "Two boys were out hunting, and came upon a wild boar. One ran off and climbed a tree, but the other, not being able to reach the tree, was overtaken by the boar, which ran between his legs. The boy caught him by both ears, and, after holding on for sometime, cried out to the one in the tree, 'John, come here.' 'What do you want?' cried John. '*Why, I want you to help me let this hog go!*'"

A little six-year-old boy was asked by his teacher to write a composition on the subject of water, and the following is the production: "Water is good to drink, to swim in, to skate on, when frozen. When I was a little baby the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Injuns don't wash but once in ten years I wish I was an Injun."

It affords us pleasure to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, of Messrs. Poole & Hunt, Baltimore, Md., whose reputation as manufacturers of first-class machinery is pre-eminent in the South, and second to none in the United States. For nearly a quarter of a century they have been prominently before the public, year by year strengthening their claim to public confidence, until, to-day, with an immense establishment, as perfect in its appointments as experience and mechanical skill can make it, they can send forth every article of their manufacture perfect and accurate in all its parts, as tested by the fixed and high standards by which their work is regulated. They who have used their machinery can best vouch for the truth of what we have asserted.

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SLAVE SONGS,

Arranged by T. P. FENNER.

FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Treasurer of the Normal School.

NOTICE.

A NUMBER OF THE STUDENTS OF THE Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute desire to go north to work this coming vacation. If they can obtain situations. Those desiring good, faithful young men for the months of July, August and September will do well to correspond with this office, stating wages, &c.

FOR SALE.—A GOOD

HEAVY DRAUGHT HORSE,

Suitable for farm or road.

JAC. HEFFELFINGER,
Hampton, Va.

THE WORKINGMEN'S SONG.

Whom do we call our heroes?
To whom our praises sing?
The pampered child of fortune,
The titled lord or king?
They live by others' labor,
Take all, and nothing give,
The noblest type of manhood
Are those that work to live.

CHORUS.—Then honor to our workingmen,
The hardy sons of toil,
The heroes of the workshop,
The monarchs of the soil.

Who spans the earth with iron?
Who rears the palace dome?
Who creates for the rich man
The comforts of his home?
It is the patient toiler:
All honor to him, then;
The true wealth of the nation
Is in her workingmen.

For many barren ages
Earth hid her treasures deep,
And all her giant forces
Seemed bound as in a sleep;
Then labor's anvil chorus
Broke on the startled air,
And, lo! the earth in rapture
Laid all her riches bare.

'Tis toil that over nature
Gives man his proud control;
It purifies and hallows
The temple of the soul:
It scatters foul diseases,
With all their ghastly trala,
Puts iron in the muscle,
And crystal in the brain.

The great Almighty Builder
Who fashioned out this earth,
Has stamped His seal of honor
On labor from her birth.
In every angel flower
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches,
The handiwork of God. —*Exchange.*

Scientific and Mechanical.

As a precaution which may be used in lessening the tendency to catch fire in buildings, which are not in their nature actually non-inflammable, or intended to be so, it is very desirable, wherever timbers are exposed, to cover them with a coating of common whitewash, which acts doubly as a preservative, both by excluding air from the timber and from its non-conducting power. This will of course be of no use when a fire has once been kindled and got to a head; but in case of fire, seconds of delay in kindling it or communicating it are of vital importance. In many a workshop or factory, if the floor and roof timbers were kept well whitewashed the risk would be much diminished. Special precaution should be taken about the floors and fireplaces; there is frequently great carelessness in trimming joists and fixing ground for skirting, etc. It would be very desirable always to skirt chimney breasts in cement or plaster, and to fill the place under the hearthstone with cement concrete. Ceilings, again, should be formed with much stronger laths and better nailed; and if about two inches of rough mortar, the coarser the better, were laid over the laths between the joists, it would be found very difficult to set fire to them—they would resist for a considerable time even a fierce fire underneath. Again, all rooms should have a good hight, otherwise the constant operation of gas-lights is to prepare the timber of the ceilings for combustion on the most rapid scale, if the opportunity be once given. As regards all stoves, great attention should be paid to their being so arranged as to avoid all risk arising from the heat of the stove itself, its flue-pipe or its ash-pan; no stove should be considered safe the flue-pipe of which cannot be heated to redness with perfect safety to the building. But in all ordinary buildings the most important point to attend to is the staircase: it should be, if circumstances will admit, closed at top or bottom, cut off from the passages leading into the rooms, and, in the construction of it, it is very desirable to lath the soffits with extra strong laths, and fill in from the upper side with concrete, so that all the space at the back of the riser and under the tread shall be a solid mass of non-inflammable material. Such a staircase would probably stand and bear the weight of persons ascending and descending under circumstances where an iron or a stone staircase would be destroyed or useless.—*The American Builder.*

MAKING LEAD-PENCILS.

The wood most commonly used in this country in the manufacture of lead-pencils is the Florida red cedar, except an inferior grade, chiefly for the use of carpenters, which is made from white pine. The lead is the well-known "plumbago," or graphite, of the best quality of which there is now only one available mine, that being in Asiatic Siberia. Hence the limited supply and the high price. Many pencils are now made by grinding and cleaning what was formerly regarded as refuse in working the plumbago, and making a paste by mixing it with clay. In mixing the clay and graphite great care must be taken in selecting and cleaning the clay and getting the proper proportions. The mixture, after being well kneaded, is placed in a large receiver, and and forced out through a small groove at the bottom in the shape of a thread of the thickness and style required —either square, octagonal, or round. This thread, or lead wire, is cut into bars of the proper length, then straightened, dried at a moderate heat, and packed in air-tight crucibles and placed in the furnaces. The grade of the lead depends upon the amount of heat it is exposed to, the amount of clay used in mixing, and the quality of the plumbago. The lead is colored by various pigments. The wood, after being thoroughly seasoned, is cut in thin strips and dried again, then cut into strips of pencil length. These strips are grooved by machinery, then carried on a belt to the gluing-room, where the lead is glued in the groove, and the other half of the pencil glued on. After being dried under pressure, they are sent to the turning-rooms, and rounded, squared, or made octagonal by a very ingenious little machine which passes them through three sets of cutters, and drops them ready for polishing or coloring; the former is done on lathes by boys, and the latter by machine which holds the brush and turns the pencils fed to it through a hopper. After the pencil is polished, it is cut into an exact length by a circular saw, and the end is cut smooth by a drop knife, the pencil resting on an iron bed. The stamping is done thus: A hollow die is heated, the gold or silver foil is laid on the pencil, which rests on an iron bed, and the die is then pressed on it by a screw lever. The pencils are then ready to be packed for the market.—*Harpers Weekly.*

THE following is commended as the best and cheapest process of bronzing articles made of iron wire: Clean the wire perfectly, and then immerse it in a solution of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) until covered with a coating of metallic copper. Then wash and immerse the articles in the following solution: Verdigris, two ounces; sal-ammoniac, one ounce; vinegar, one pint, diluted with water until it tastes only slightly metallic, then boiled for a few minutes and filtered. The articles are steeped in this liquor at the boiling point, until the desired effect is produced; but do not keep them in too long. When taken out, wash carefully in hot water, and dry.—*The American Builder.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *English Mechanic* says that he has used the following recipe with the greatest success for the cementing of iron railing-tops, iron gratings to stoves, etc., and with such effect as to resist the blows of the sledge hammer: Take equal parts of sulphur and white lead, with about a sixth of borax; incorporate the three so as to form one homogeneous mass. When going to apply it, wet with strong sulphuric acid and place a thin layer of it between the two pieces of iron, which should then be pressed together. In five days it will be perfectly dry, all traces of the cement having vanished, and the iron will have the appearance of having been welded together.

A CURIOUS NEEDLE.

A very curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle factory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan miniature. This well known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in the war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria, are represented in relief, but so finely cut, and so small, that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover be opened. It contains a number of needles of similar size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

Publisher's Department.

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Every subscriber, who will send us a new name and one dollar, will be entitled to one of our premium oil chromos, provided they make such a request, and designate the chromo they wish. For two new subscribers we will send "Returning Home" ready mounted. For five new names we will send the above picture nicely framed in black walnut and gilt. *We do not send premiums to those who do not request them.* When frames are sent, the receiver will pay the express charges.

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By John B. Roberts, Auctioneer, Hampton, Va.

FIRST CLASS HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE. The HYGEIA HOTEL, FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

Will be sold on Thursday, the 9th day of April, 1874, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the *Hygeia Hotel*, Fortress Monroe, Virginia. This is one of the most superior *summer resorts* of the country, located immediately at the confluence of Hampton Roads with Chesapeake Bay. The bathing is not surpassed along the Atlantic Coast, and the scenery is magnificent.

The Hotel Buildings are constructed in the best manner, and are capable of accommodating two hundred guests. All the appointments of this establishment are of the first class. It is furnished throughout in the most elegant manner.

The Premises pertaining to this property are of very great value, being entirely free from all taxation whatever, and virtually exempt from all competition.

The Hygeia Hotel is not only a Summer Resort of great popularity, but can be conducted most profitably during the entire year.

Immediately after the sale of the Hotel, will be sold the Furniture, consisting of black walnut bedsteads, wardrobes, marble-top bureaus, Brussels carpets, piano, mirrors, billiard tables, and everything usually found in a first-class Hotel. The furniture is really most superior, and has been used but very little.

TERMS: *For the Hotel*—One-third cash, the remainder in two equal instalments of five and eighteen months: the purchaser to execute negotiable notes with approved endorser, and bearing interest from the day of sale, at the rate of six per cent. per annum. The same to be secured by a lien upon the Hotel.

For the Furniture—All articles removed from the Hotel, cash; and for such as remain in the Hotel, upon the same terms upon which the Hotel is sold.

H. PHOEBUS,
THOMAS TABB,
G. S. GRIFFITH, JR.,
Trustees.

Fortress Monroe, *February 27, 1874.*

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W. F. LARRABEE.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. III. HAMPTON, VA., MAY, 1874. NO 5.

MAY.

MAY.

The sunshine and blossoms of the May time are with us once more, and busy hands are once more sowing seed, gathering fruit, tending the ripening crops and in numberless ways preparing for the fierce heats, which we know are to follow the sweet mild breezes of these early summer days. In our picture the fair young girl who looks at us over her beautiful burden of green branches and bright flowers, brings to mind the pretty English customs of choosing a May Queen, and going a-maying; customs so ancient that that they are traced back to the old heathen days, when gods and goddesses were worshipped, and this month of May was specially set apart for all sort of festivities in honor of the goddess Flora, who was believed to have the care of fruits and flowers. Choosing a May Queen consisted in the children of a neighborhood choosing some young girl from their number, whom, with great ceremony, they crowned Queen of the May, giving her a crown of May blossoms and a throne, and paying her all honor for the short day of her reign. It is easy to see how such an election might be as closely fought and as full of rivalry as any election for town or county office is in our day, and doubtless the various candidates for the position of May Queen tasted the sweets of success, or the bitterness of disappointment, just as truly as if they had been twenty years

(See page 36.)

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. H. LARRY, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, MAY, 1874.

The political horizon is cloudy. There are unmistakable indications of a coming storm, that will end either in the complete disruption of the present party organizations, or in new combinations of the elements which compose them. Old issues, upon which glorious battles have been fought and won, are dead. New issues have arisen and are arising, in which the leaders, as well as the rank and file of existing parties differ among themselves. Although this is not a political journal, it is within our province to note the signs of the times, and to discuss new measures touching the public welfare.

Prominent among these questions, is that of "inflation," as it is called, or additional issues of irredeemable currency by the government. When an issues of paper money was decided on by Congress, to meet the necessities of the war, that should be a legal tender, though not redeemable in gold or silver, the act was justified only by the great emergency, and the assurance was given that a return to specie payment should be made as soon as the emergency should cease. The good faith and honor of the country was pledged to this resumption, but now, nearly ten years after the close of the war, a bill has passed both houses of Congress, which, instead of being a measure for a resumption of specie payment, provides for an additional issue of irredeemable paper currency. Against such a violation of the public faith the best minds of the country have constantly and earnestly protested, and movements have been set on foot in several States for the purpose of forming Leagues throughout the country, to unite the people in demanding that our government shall redeem every pledge it has given regarding its financial promises, and to make clear to the people that a fixed standard of value is vital to every department of labor and trade; that self-interest equally with common honesty demands that the promises to re-establish a specie basis for currency shall be kept. In the appeal addressed to the citizens of Massachusetts by a convention, of which that eminent patriot, and clear headed financier, William Gray, was chairman, in which the famous motto of Andrew Jackson, in regard to the Constitution, paraphrased to read "*The Public Faith: it must and shall be preserved,*" is taken as the watchword of the hour, it is stated that "the sole object of this organization is to secure a fixed standard of value and the maintenance of national good faith, and no efforts shall be spared to rescue our country from the evils of a debased currency and the impending disgrace of ultimate repudiation. The aim is to give form and expression to the public sense of wrong. We believe that the people are justly incensed at that shameful and reckless indifference to the plighted faith of the country which characterizes many of our public men. This question of the finances is the supreme question of the hour, and must be carried to the polls. Let us henceforth consider ourselves the political opponents of all public men who are not with us, or who are even undecided upon the matter of the public faith, and resolved to support no such men for any office whatever. We invite the serious attention of earnest men, and appeal to all to join us in maintaining these principles."

On this great question, so vital to the honor and welfare of our great republic, men, who have hitherto been leaders of both the present political parties, are at variance among themselves. The veto of this bill by the President has, for a time at least, averted the threatened national dishonor, and while it has alienated many who have been prominent members of the republican party, it has rallied to his support the ablest financiers and statesmen of all parties, and strengthed the credit of the government at home and abroad.

Other important public questions are arising upon which new political combinations will doubtless be made. Prominent among these are the Grange movement, woman's suffrage and free trade. But transcending all these in importance, and on which, more than all others, depends the honor and stability of the republic and the real welfare of its citizens, is that of maintaining public honesty and good faith, by redeeming the promises of the government.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

The Hampton Normal School has been placed under very pleasant obligations to General Barry, for his kindness in affording a rare musical treat to its teachers and students, and a welcome addition to its building fund, by the concert—given on Monday evening, April 13th, by the excellent band of the Artillery School under his command. The concert was given in the assembly room, which was well filled by an audience numbering about three hundred and fifty, of whom nearly one hundred were from Hampton and vicinity. The selections were from the most eminent composers and were admirably rendered, the lofty ceiling and pillars of the hall giving a fine effect to the music, which would have been overpowering in a smaller room. The crowning feature of the evening's entertainment was the "Plantation Quickstep," composed by Giachetti, the talented leader of the Band, and dedicated to the Normal School, which was played in public for the first time at this concert, and which was received with tumultous applause. It is arranged from the familiar melodies sung by the school, and so popular at the North, as rendered by the "Hampton Students" at their concerts. "Babylon's Fallen," "De Winter'll Soon Be Ober" and "I've Been Listening All the Night Long." The piece is admirably arranged and very effective, and repeated encores were requested, which were good naturedly responded to by the Band, the whole school joining with their voices in the third repetition. The school fully appreciated the compliment thus paid them, and will not soon forget Gen. Barry's thoughtful kindness in providing for them such a pleasent evening's entertainment. During the intermission Mr. Larry entertained the audience with a few select readings.

THE FARM.

Cowslip and Buttercup.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT TWINS.

In the fall of 1871, Mr. Paran L. Foote, an eminent breeder, of Lee, Mass., sold to the Normal School Farm a pair of twin heifers, making a liberal donation at the same time of one-third their value. These twin cows are so nearly alike that it is difficult to distinguish them and are remarkable for their beauty, and aside from their good looks, if judged by the proverb "Handsome is that handsome does," it would be hard to find their match for comeliness on that score. Buttercup calved February 20th and Cowslip, March 31st, and since that time, the Normal School undergraduate, whose pleasant duty it is to milk them, has never done so without opening his eyes to their utmost extent at the bountiful yield. A few evenings ago the milk from the two cows was carefully measured, with the following results: Buttercup, sixteen quarts, Cowslip, fifteen quarts; and it wasn't a very good evening for milk either. Mr. Howe, the farm manager, says these lovely twins attend strictly to their business, are not high fed or over particular about their meals, and that during the month of April, after Cowslip came to her full yield after alving, the two have averaged full *fifteen gallons a day* of good rich milk. These remarkable twins are grade Ayrshires, i. e. Ayrshire and Berkshire both. It is perfectly understood by the employes on the Normal School farm that if they desire to get the good will of the farm manager, they are not to begin by abusing those cows. There are other good cows in the herd of pure stock, but for beauty and good behavior—indeed in all the qualities that go to make up an unexceptionable cow character, Buttercup and Cowslip stand pre-eminent.

MAIKELA.

In this issue we give the first of a series of familiar letters from Mr. Knox, who is so pleasantly remembered here as principal of the Butler and teacher of music and penmanship in the Normal School, two years ago. Mr. Knox is studying music at the Royal Academy, London, where he expects to stay a year or two, and has promised to write for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN occasionally. His first impressions of the Old World will be interesting to all our readers, and especially so to his friends and former pupils in the Normal School.

Old Point, Va.

From The Norfolk Landmark.

Literary Merit Recognised—Presentation Speech by Major General Barry—Reply by Professor Larry—Annual Examination.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., April 20th, 1874.

On Saturday evening the officers and soldiers of the garrison, and residents of Old Point, spent an hour very pleasantly listening to the admirable reading of Prof. J. H. Larry, of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, whom it was our pleasure to hear for the first time.

This gentleman is a minister, and has frequently held religious services in the school-room on Sunday afternoons during the past winter; has delivered an excellent lecture on temperance, and on one occasion gave a select reading in the evening. As he would accept no pecuniary compensation for his services, and being highly appreciated by his friends, they decided to present him with some suitable testimonial, and selected a large, handsomely bound Bible as the most appropriate. Accordingly, it was procured and an invitation extended by Gen. Barry, Commandant, to Prof. Larry to favor us with another reading on Saturday evening. The hop room was selected and the band of the Artillery School occupied the platform and discoursed choice selections during the intervals. The hall was literally packed with the friends of Prof. Larry, and even standing room was not to be had.

The first selection was Whittier's "Barbara Fretchie," which was rendered in a most effective manner, followed by "Sheridan's Ride," and "Father Phil's Collection." At this juncture General Barry ascended the platform and spoke as follows:

"I ask the indulgence of the audience to permit me to interrupt the regular course of the evening's entertainment by a little episode which is not, so to speak, nominated in the bond.

"*Prof. Larry,* On no less than six different occasions, during the past winter, you have most kindly given your time and valuable services for the entertainment, instruction, and moral and religious improvement of the soldiers of this garrison and of their neighbors and friends.

You have most generously refused all pecuniary compensation, although it was spontaneously and repeatedly offered. The audiences whom you have interested so much by your readings and teachings have felt, and now feel, that something more than mere thanks, cordial and sincere as those thanks truly are, is due to you from them. It is in this connection that a number of those whom you have obliged so much have subscribed for a testimonial, which they have requested me to present to you to-night.

"In the name of these subscribers, therefore, I ask you to accept this evidence of their appreciation of your services.

"As commanding officer of this post I feel, furthermore that it is no less a duty than a pleasure, to offer you my personal thanks for the amusement and benefit which you have conferred upon the soldiers of my command.

"In the name of the subscribers and in the name of the soldiers generally, I tender you very hearty wishes for a long life of health, happiness and usefulness."

Gen. Barry then handed Prof. Larry the testimonial, which was a very large family Bible, handsomely bound and profusely illustrated with fine steel engravings, and many of Dore's pictures.

Prof. Larry made a brief reply, thanking the soldiers for their testimonial and giving his reasons for not being willing to accept any pecuniary consideration for his services. He then read "Betsy and I Are Out," followed, by request, with a humorous poem "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," which was highly enjoyed by the audience, and closed with an extract from Burns, "A Man's a Man for A' That."

The annual examination of the class on duty at the Artillery School has been completed and the order announcing the standing of the different officers will be issued this week.

Captain L. A. McLean, with the Heliotrope, has gone down to replace the can buoy on Willoughby's Spit, which drifted a mile and a half southeast of its proper position on Friday night last.

FOR THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

The annual message of Mayor Ludlow, of Norfolk, Va., to the City Councils, contains facts of interest to all Southern workmen, who realize that they cannot expect full wages until the communities in which they live become prosperous. Since 1865, Norfolk, in common with other Southern cities, has been as feeble as a man who has just passed through a dangerous illness. Before the war, the city had reached the stature permitted by a system, which proved hostile to manufactures, to immigration, to popular education, and to all interests except those of the rich. Possibilities of large growth depended on the destruction of slavery, and the history of the Norfolk of the future may well commence from emancipation day. The old borough was incorporated in 1736, and required one hundred and twenty years to reach a population of 16,000. By the census of 1870 her population was 19,728, and her taxable property over thirteen millions. With such a start, and with the aid of Portsmouth, what may we not expect from the next twenty years, when her cramped energies, long repressed, shall find themselves unfettered at last.

The message of Mayor Ludlow shows that the city affairs are already assuming a healthy condition. His Honor calls attention to the fact that, at the beginning of 1873, the treasury was deficient $3,811. He states that in January, 1874, notwithstanding an appropriation of $1,500 to the Memphis sufferers there was a surplus of $20,467, and that the resources in January, 1875, will exceed the expenditures by

over $53,000. He therefore recommends a decrease of twenty per cent. in license charges and a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in taxes on real and personal property. The names of twelve streets are given on which over two and a quarter miles of new pavement have been laid. It is gratifying to observe that most of this work was on important public thoroughfares, outside the shadow of the rich men's houses. Perhaps the most striking evidence mentioned, of the approach of a new era for Norfolk, is the completion of the water works and the introduction of an abundant supply of the best obtainable water, for the moderate charge of from two to four cents per hundred gallons. His Honor states that the works have been in successful operation since July, 1873. And it can only be attributed to the fact that the few enterprising men of Norfolk, who have means, are so fully occupied in other directions, that advantage has not been taken of the increased facilities afforded for manufactures by the supply of pure water. So entirely inadequate are the resources of Norfolk to her opportunities, that, in common with many other Southern cities, she is compelled to be idly waiting the touch of capital from abroad. But this role of Sleeping Princess is quite an involuntary one and disapproved by a majority of her people, especially by the poorer classes who are anxiously seeking honest work. With a moist climate, which is said by experts to be peculiarly fitted for cotton spinning, and with a mean annual temperature of sixty degrees, free from the extremes of heat or cold which render the expenses for heating so great in Northern factories, the advantages of Norfolk as a manufacturing center cannot be much longer overlooked. The report of the Mayor shows that the receipts of cotton at Norfolk, during 1873, reached the enormous figure of 412,000 bales. She has therefore unsurpassed facilities for obtaining the raw material. Her supply of cheap labor, both white and colored, is practicably unlimited, and the careful tests of the water recently introduced, show no perceptible deposit in steam boilers, and an entire freedom from corrosive action.

Pure water, cheap fuel, water ways to numerous and enlarging markets, invite manufacturers of chairs, sash and blinds, boots and shoes, and fertilizers, besides cotton mills, sugar refineries and chemical works. The absence of a rope factory and a dry dock, signify not so much a lack of enterprise as a deficiency of capital to enter upon a tithe of the avenues which Norfolk presents for investment.

Accompanying the message are statements of the commercial status of the port. The tonnage of vessels arriving in 1873, was 1,235,747, and of vessels clearing was 1,021,376. Forty-four steamers are named, plying regularly to the port of Norfolk, exclusive of the European steamers, of which there is a regular fortnightly line, established in 1872, besides many occasional visitants.

Taking Norfolk as a representative city of the South, her convalescence, as shown by the Mayor's message, is an encouraging fact to Southern workmen, that they will not have to expatriate themselves in order to find remunerative employment.

Correspondence.

LONDON, *Nov.* 28, 1873.

In the old world at last! I can hardly believe that my long cherished wishes are fulfilled and that it is I, myself, treading the streets of London, traveling the Strand, Piccadilly, Regents Park and all the places whose names are so familiar, but which are all so new and strange to me. I often find myself recalling some of the scenes in Dickens' stories, and though I have always thought his characters must be overdrawn, I am sure I have met many of them already in real flesh and blood. Our voyage was rather long, but very pleasant. I am not a much better sailor than when I went to Hampton, by steamer, from Boston, two years ago, therefore I retired to very private life soon after we lost sight of the wharf and the crowd gathered there to speed the parting ship. This was on the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1873. On the next Sunday, however, I made my appearance on deck again, good as new, and with appetite sharpened to the point of enjoying my five meals a day till the end of the voyage—just one week from that date. We had generally pleasant weather and a smooth sea; one evening, however, towards the close of the second week, a heavy sea struck us, upsetting candles and smashing the plates and dishes just set for tea. We were all in the cabin and for about five minutes confusion and consternation reigned supreme. The ladies "en masse," slid from one side to the other and back again. I seized a falling candle, and performing an impromptu waltz among and over tables and chairs, brought up against the side only to roll over into a corner, smashing up a game of checkers and finally seating myself, candle and all, in the lap of an elderly Englishman, who was calmly viewing the scene from this point, where he was securely wedged in. Order was soon restored, however, the table reset and we calmly sat down to tea.

We made Queenstown Saturday morning; did not enter the harbor, but a small steamer came to take off the passengers and mails. The sail that day along the Southern coast of Ireland, with its rocky shore and lovely green hills beyond in full view, was delightful and we had a glorious moon to light our way along the British Channel.

At about 11.30 P. M., the *Java*, homeward bound, passed us, after which we "turned in" for our last night at sea—to wake up and land at Liverpool the next morning in a cold, dreary rain. I had intended to go directly to London, but having made some very pleasant friends on board the steamer, who resided in Liverpool, and who very kindly urged me to stop there, I was very glad to do so, and greatly enjoyed one day's sight seeing in that quaint old city. We visited St. George's Hall, chiefly interesting to me on account of its large organ, played by Wm. T. Best, said to be in fact as well as in name, the *best* organist in the world—the Public Library and Royal Museum, in which I saw, among other wonders, mummies that were embalmed thousands of years before Christ, and yet the features, eyes, nose and mouth can be distinctly seen, and even the hair still on the head—fearful looking things, indeed, they were. In the Natural History Rooms is a very splendid collection of animals well preserved and stuffed. The museum also contains a model of Rome, about eighteen by forty-five feet, all carved out of wood, in which all the noted buildings were most delicately done. We went across the ferry to Birkenhead to visit the docks, which are miles and miles in extent; went into the yard where the rebel privateer, *Alabama*, was built and launched.

I came to London on Tuesday, just two weeks from the day I left Boston. This is, indeed a wonderful city, nothing seems more strange and foreign to me than the different conveyances and modes of travelling. The cabs (hansoms, they are called, perhaps because they are so ugly) are like an old fashioned chaise, with the driver behind. The horse-cars have a second story, with a spiral flight of steps at each end, by which to reach it. The donkey carts are ridiculous-looking affairs. I saw one with three hogs in it, and the donkey was no larger than either of them, in fact, it looked as if he would go up should they happen to move to the back part of the cart. The street railways are all underground; think of riding fifteen miles, as you can do, all over, or rather all under the city. There are stations at frequent intervals, where you go down stairs to take the cars, and under all the principal streets the trains, with locomotives, are moving ten times faster than any horse cars, and make no noise to be heard above ground. Coming from Liverpool, the cars were very comfortable, although without stoves, instead they have long, iron, flat tubes, filled with hot water, on which to rest one's feet. The engines have no bells, but a most unearthly whistle. They are ugly-looking machines, the one we had has driving wheels eight feet in diameter. There is no shelter whatever for the driver. The stations everywhere beat our American ones all hollow. They are splendid, great buildings, and the railroads run to the center of the city by tunnels, thus crossing no streets, in fact the English railroads are walled in like our carriage roads, and even in the country all roads cross the railroads either by bridges or by going under the track, never crossing on grade, so that it is almost impossible for collisions or run over accidents to occur. I was somewhat disappointed in the scenery on this road, though there were glimpses of some beautiful views, and many of the bridges were covered with beautiful ivy, in such thick masses that sometimes the original stone could hardly be seen. I staid one week at the Euston hotel, at the terminus of the railroad, as I knew nothing of the localities here, except by name, and had not the slightest idea where I should be likely to settle myself for the two years or thereabout, which I hope to spend, here. I have been fortunate, however, in finding another Boston boy, a student in music, like myself, who is very glad to have me join him in the occupancy of a suite of rooms, just vacated by two young men, who are about returning to America, so I am now trying to feel myself at home in St. John's Wood, a very pleasant northwestern suburb of London. I have walked about the city a good deal, taking my bearings from my map, and am becoming somewhat familiar with its vast labrynth of streets, lanes, places, squares and terraces, though I have once or twice found myself miles away, and travelling still farther from the place at which I aimed and which I thought myself to be steadily approaching.

I have registered at the American Exchange, 449 Strand. By paying an annual fee of five dollars, you are entitled to the privileges of the reading room, sitting room, lavatory, etc., can see all the American papers, and have any letters or packages forwarded to you wherever you are. The Exchange is in the very heart of London, exactly opposite Charing Cross, and is a very convenient place to stop at on my way to or from anywhere, if I have a few moments leisure in which to read up on America. I have not done much in the way of sight seeing as yet, but hope to make myself familiar with all the notorieties here during my stay. I have been to the Royal Academy and made arrangements for entering the next term, January, in the mean time shall practice and study diligently, in order to pass the examination, a pretty rigid one, and be admitted to an advanced class.

I dined on our Massachusetts Thanksgiving day with some American friends in Brompton Square, who were my fellow passengers, and went in the evening to the Royal Albert Hall, to hear the oratorio of Israel in Egypt. The music was splendid. Sims Reeves' great solo, "The enemy said: I will pursue," too magnificent to be described. The hall is about six times as large as Music Hall, Boston, with the organ (as large as three of the great organ of B.) at one end. It is oblong, or rather egg-shaped, that is the floor and ceiling are curved. If the Hall were turned over on its side, the dimensions from floor to ceiling, and from side to side, would be the same. The chorus numbered about twelve hundred, and the orchestra was also very large.

On Tuesday last we had a real London November fog, the fog is sometimes so thick here that the "busses" are stopped and all carriage travel suspended, street lamps are lighted at noon day, and you walk in a dark haze until you come within about three feet of a gas light and then you can see your shadow thrown distinctly upon the fog as upon a wall. Yesterday, Thursday, November 27th, was one of the pleasantest days I ever knew anywhere, as I walked across Regents Park, the grass was fresh and green, the sky blue and a soft breeze made it altogether lovely. I can hardly realize that it is late in November, and that in New England the first snow has fallen. K.

PLEBE LIFE AT WEST POINT.

BY A NORMAL SCHOOL GRADUATE.

When the candidate arrives at West Point, he sees the cadets walking around with such curious looking suits on, and notices their very harsh manner of speaking to those whom they suppose to be candidates, and having heard so much talk about the way all candidates are treated by them, his heart seems to fail him. He does not know whether it would be best for him to return home then, or to throw himself in their hands with the determination to take what comes and not to be offended at what they may say to him, knowing that it would be useless. Finally, after having been persuaded by his friends to try it, notwithstanding the many remarks they make about him, as they make about all who enter the Academy, he ventures to try the experiment, although it goes very much against the grain. He, however, turns his steps towards the Adjutant's office to register his name, give his age and the state and county from whence he came; all of which is done as if he were signing a death warrant. He then stands, as did the children of Israel at the Red Sea, when pursued by Pharaoh, to see what would next befall him.

The adjutant touches a small bell which he keeps on his desk, and very soon in comes a young man dressed in soldier clothes, his coat being trimmed all over the breast with white tape, or something similar, whom this poor miserable "beast," as cadets sometimes call "candidates" or "plebes," might have taken to be the Superintendent, but the Adjutant addresses him as orderly. He directs him to conduct the "plebe" to the barracks, which he enters very reluctantly, fearing that he may meet some cadets, who will take him as their prey, and sure enough he is met by several of them, under whose charge he is to be placed for a while.

"Now for fun," say one of them, and they immediately begin on their new prey to see which one can devour him first. Mr. A comes up to him and very roughly asks him several questions and tells him to knock at the office door, after a short conversation between those inside the office, Mr. B says to him, "Come in."

The "beast" walks in, as a person naturally would, with his hat in his hand, whereupon Messrs. A, B, C and D all together burst out in a great laughter, while one of them steps up to him, seizes his hat, throws it in the hall outside, and very soon he is seen following it.

The "plebe," not liking such treatment, but remembering that he could expect no better from them, regrets that he had ever accepted his appointment; he longs to be once more out of their hands and with those who would treat him with more respect.

He would willingly exchange places with some one who desires to be there, and gladly would he send in his resignation to get free, but it was a little too late; they had him in their hands and there were no means by which he could escape for some time to come.

After he has learned how to enter the office properly, Mr. A tells him once more to knock at the door, then he is told to come in, this time he is more successful, but if any one should ask him concerning it, he would probably say that it was worse than before.

I shall endeavor to state here some of the many things which these cadets do and say to the "Beast," after they have succeeded in getting him into the office properly. For instance, one of them takes a hammer and a tack; this tack he drives in a post directly in front of the "beast," if there is not one already there, and going up to him, asks him if he sees it, if so to keep his eyes on it continually, not to move them for anything and answer every question which they might ask him promptly, taking great care to add the word "sir" at the end of each answer. They then ask him every foolish question that they can think of, and if he should smile, or should he omit the word "sir," once, on account of not being accustomed to using that word in such a place, so often they would act as though he had killed some one, or as though they would cut him up as fine as mince meat, at the same time they do not allow him to open his mouth.

After asking him a few questions concerning his place of residence, they tell him to get out and go with the orderly. This orderly has been directed to conduct him to the hospital, where he not only has to undergo a physical examination, but to meet with a great many more cadets there who are glad to have the oportunity to speak to a "beast" in their harsh and rough manner, but he has to take it all as calmly as a lamb if he wants to get along well with them after all this is over. After leaving there he returns to the office which he first entered, and from there he is sent to the barracks in order that those over him might assign him a room. After giving him a few instructions about how the room should be kept, and things in general, they leave him alone, or with some one who has just been along a similar road.

Now, thinks he, it is all over, but his roommates assure him that the cadets had done nothing towards plaguing him yet, but persuade him to stay and take it all like a clever fellow.

Very soon a drum is heard, and immediately after the voice of Mr. A, who orders the candidates to turn out. Now, all of them are seen rushing down the stairway as though they were pursued by several bears, then they fall in two ranks and are marched to dinner or supper, as the case may be; everthing goes very well with them until they return to the barracks, when they have to pass through another storm of remarks from other cadets than those over them, in addition to their usual allowance during the day. They are thus treated until the "setting-up drill" commences, this drill being conducted by cadets of the third class, the poor "beast's" treatment is changed from bad to worse; they are drilled before crowds of spectators in the most severe and rough manner. These drills are similar to gymnastic exercises and are known as "First Exercise," "Second Exercise," "Third Exercise," etc., and are continued until the latter part of camp every morning and evening. The "Beast" is now considered a fourth-classman, and is respected; being hardened by rough treatment.

PILOT.

A COLORED MAN'S ACHIEVEMENT.

We have just seen what we consider one of the most wonderful trimphs of modern invention, in the shape of a printing press. It was invented by Mr. Joseph E. Hayne, a colored gentleman of Charleston, South Carolina. The first striking peculiarity about this press is, that it has a bed at each end, and one revolution will print both sides of a newspaper as large as the New York *Tribune*, or for that matter larger; so that a perfect newspaper comes from the press by one united motion of its complicated, yet simply acting, machinery.

It is a self-feeding, perfecting platten press: that is, it takes up the paper without the aid of a human feeder after it is once laid on, the roller and the shifting agencies turn the paper from one end of the press to the other, while, at the same time, they turn the paper over after it receives its first impression, to take its second and last impression. The completed work is then lifted and dropped by self-action of the press into a box made to receive it. The second peculiar feature is, that it does bookwork as thoroughly and as expeditiously as it does newspaper work.

The plate forms at each end can be so adjusted that any size of chase can be put upon them, and the action upon them is as accurate as Adams' press, which has heretofore been considered as without a rival for bookwork, just as Hoe's press has been considered without competition for newspaper work.

The minor advantages of the Hayne press are: 1st, that one man can manage the press. 2d, it can print 70,000 impressions a day. 3d, it can be built for two thousand dollars, whereas any other press which can do as much work will cost from $25,000 to $30,000; and, 4th, that it saves labor—requiring but one man to attend to it, while a Hoe ten cylinder, which prints but ten thousand copies per hour (only a few more thousand per day than the Hayne press), requires ten men to work it and will cost in the neighborhood of $50,000.

Mr. Joseph E. Hayne is a man of unmixed African blood, about twenty-five years of age, and a native of Charleston, S. C. He is a gentleman of medium height, of pleasing and gentlemanly address. His well-formed head and intellectual face give earnest of still higher achievements in the profession which he has marked out for himself. Already his talents have enlisted the warmest sympathies of such men as Col. J. W. Forney, Judge W. D. Kelley, Col. A. M. Clapp and others, who are lending him every assistance towards realizing the pecuniary rewards of his masterly invention.—*New National Era.*

MAY.

(Continued from page 33.)

older, and struggling for some more substantial honor.

Going a-maying in the days long ago must have been a pretty sight to see and a pretty thing to do, for it meant that all the boys and girls in a village would get up soon after mid-night on May morning and, accompanied by music and the blowing of horns, would betake themselves to some neighboring wood, and breaking down green branches of trees, would wind and twine them with nosegsys and wreaths of flowers, taking them home at last, about sunrise, to decorate the doors and windows of their houses, thus making the streets as fresh and bowery as the woods themselves. We are told by old historians that even the kings and queens of England used to join in this celebration of May day, and would themselves go out with the people to gather the May early in the morning, a practice much less harmful to their dignity than are some of the amusements of modern sovereigns. So we can look at our picture and fancy that the little maiden has been a-maying and is just now going home to the cottage that we see in the distance, to trim it gaily with the green boughs she has gathered, or, we can honor her pretty face still further by believing that it is just now bright with the hope of a joyful day, because her young companions have lovingly chosen her to be their "Queen o' the May."

THE CLOUD.

SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves, when laid,
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green fields under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move,
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breath, from the lit sea
Beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall,
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky, fallen through me, on
high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my
chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from
the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Of all the modern English poets there is probably not one whose life is so complex, whose character so difficult to understand and do justice to, as Shelley's. His genius was great and his heart large and tender, but practically his life was a series of mistakes (to use no harsher word), ending in a tragic catastrophe. He was born in the county of Sussex, England, in 1792, and while a school-boy began to give evidence of power, and an originality which at times, and on some points, laid him open to the charge of actual crime. He declared himself to be an atheist, and was ultra-liberal in his political views, denied the validity of or necessity for the marriage contract, and opposed himself intensely to many existing institutions which he believed to be unjust or unreasonable. His life was spent in wandering in England, Ireland and on the continent, and he married at nineteen, a girl of sixteen, with whom he lived only two years, re-marrying some three years later, after his first wife had drowned herself. His second wife was Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, a woman of great intellect and cultivation, who wrote, among other things, the famous novel "Frankenstein," and with her he lived for a time in England, removing, however, in 1818 to Italy, whence he never returned. He was not allowed to keep his children, on account of the laxness of his moral and religious views, and this misfortune cast a gloom over his whole life, which the few warm friends who remained with him were never able to dispel. While boating in the Bay of Spezia, in 1822, he was drowned by the upsetting of the boat, and as the quarantine regulations of Tuscany require that everything drifting from the sea should be burned, for fear of introducing the plague into Europe, his body was reduced to ashes on a funeral pile, after the ancient custom. Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt and another friend were present, and saving the precious ashes, took them to the burial ground at Rome, where they now lie, near the tomb of Keats, another famous English poet. His longest and most important productions are Queen Mab, Adonais, Alastor, Revolt of Islam, Prometheus Unbound, Julian and Maddalo, The Cenci, The Witch of Atlas and Hellas. Of his minor poems perhaps the most beautiful and best known are The Sky Lark, The Sensitive Plant and The Cloud, which last we give herewith.

Of the man it has been well said that his conduct was better than his creed, for he was remarkably tender, charitable and sensitive to the wrongs of others, while his own life was made miserable by the accusations constantly made against him of immorality and impiety. We cannot even yet judge of him completely, and his life would be painful to contemplate, and terrible in its suggestions, if it were not for the faith that makes us sure that in a happier world, he has found the solution of all that so perplexed him here.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

We trust that our readers take sufficient interest in this question to be glad to hear from time to time of the efforts which are being made to suppress the slave trade in the Nile provinces, and throughout the interior of Africa. Darfur, which is a country lying to the east of Soudan, with a despotic government and a people who are mussulmans in religion, carries on a considerable trade with Egypt, Mecca and the inland countries of Africa, bartering slaves, ivory, ostrich feathers and hides for silks, cottons, glassware, trinkets and firearms. The population is estimated at 200,000 and trading caravans go forth frequently from the struggling town of Kobbe, its capital. Quite recently the king of Darfur sent out an army of ten thousand men with three cannon to assist the bands of slave dealers, which army was met by the forces of the Khedive of Egypt, and completely beaten, all its flags and its three cannon being captured, and its general killed by the victors. This defeat is of interest as showing that the Khedive is in earnest in his endeavors to suppress the slave trade in Egypt, for the latest advices state that the Egyptian troops, after their victory, were continuing their advance into the Darfur territory, pursuing and dispersing the organized bands of slave dealers in all directions. Such vigilance and persistence as this strike at the very root of the fatal trade in flesh and blood, and is one great step in the civilization of the African continent. Indeed, little can be done in other directions until this first step is made sure, and the difficulties which lie in the way of all exploration will be vastly lessened when the explorers have no longer anything to fear from the rapacity and inhumanity of the slave dealers. The whole interior of Africa is now disgraced and kept in hopeless degradation by the system of barter and sale which exists therein, and its people will have little chance for permanent improvement until the civilized nations of the world succeed in putting down forever this terrible traffic. If the Egyptian government persists in its praiseworthy attempts, a road will be opened by which entrance can be peaceably effected into those regions which are at present the most deeply barbarized, and then we may hope to see some real change in the condition of the African people.

ANCIENT TOMBS AND BURIAL CUSTOMS.

Among all the civilized nations of ancient times the customs of burning and embalming the bodies of their dead prevailed extensively, and we still find many curious relics secured to us by means of this practice. The millions of tombs which line the banks of the Nile are merely caves dug in the soft rock, and the gigantic Pyramids themselves are masses of masonry enclosing the mausoleum of some royal personage. In the neighborhood of the city of Rome are many well-preserved tombs and mausoleums, some of them extremely beautiful. The fortress of St. Angelo, which protects the city, having been built originally as the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian, though to-day it is merely a magnificent circular fort, overlooking the river Tiber and forming one of the most striking features of the "Eternal City." Some of the most interesting of these tombs are the "columbaria," which are excavations in the hill sides lined with masonry and having their walls honeycombed with little recesses like pigeon holes, in which urns containing the ashes of the dead, or their skulls and bones, were placed for preservation. Some of our readers may have seen that much is being written just now in our papers and magazines about the revival of this ancient custom of burning the bodies of the dead. "Cremation," as this rite is called, is thought by many people to be a more reasonable manner of burying our dead than any other, inasmuch as it does away with the necessity for large cemeteries, and all the risks attendant upon the placing of dead bodies in the ground, while it is just as solemn and revcrential as an ordinary funeral custom, and to some minds is full of suggestion of that day, when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption." But so important a matter as this, surrounded as it is by so much solemn interest, will not be lightly decided upon and it is probable that many years will pass before there will be any general change in our present burial customs, for if such a change as this proposed should ever come, it will come very gradually and with much opposition. Undoubtedly the burial of the dead in the close vicinity of cities and towns, is hurtful to the living, and the natural decay to which human remains, in common with all living organisms, are subject, makes it necessary to consider carefully in what manner we can most wisely and solemnly put our dead away from us. In any case we shall only be returning to the customs of our fathers, for, as is evident from the ruins and records which still exist, cremation, embalming and various other forms of burial were practiced for centuries before our modern customs arose, and may not improperly outlast them.

CHARLES SUMNER.

We are sure that a condensed statement of the facts of this great man's life will be acceptable to all our readers, for his personal history is so closely interwoven with the history of the nation that it must necessarily be of more than common interest, while his individual character was especially attractive and admirable. He was born in Boston, Mass., on the 6th of January, 1811, and being the son of a lawyer, was educated to his father's profession, graduating at Havard College, and studying in Cambridge Law School under Judge Story.

In 1834 he was admitted to the bar and soon after began his public career by lecturing before the law school, where he showed especial interest in matters of International and constitutional law. At this time, too, he was the editor of the *American Jurist*, and from 1837 to 1840, he traveled in Europe, visiting England, Germany, Italy and France. Some five years later he began to interest himself actively in politics, and on the 4th of July, 1845, when the country was strongly in favor of the Mexican war, he distinguished himself by an oration, in which he denounced the entire war system and strongly advocated all reasonable peace measures. His first anti-slavery address was delivered at Faneuil Hall, Boston, in November, 1845, and was called forth by the question of the admission of Texas into the Union, Mr. Sumner being, from that time on, a formidable opponent of slavery, a thorough and uncompromising abolitionist.

When, in 1850, Daniel Webster left the Senate to take a place in the cabinet of President Filmore, Mr. Sumner was elected to Webster's seat in the Senate by a coalition of democrats and free soilers, and promptly took ground against the iniquitous Fugitive Slave Bill; in one of his speeches on this subject, making the well known point, "Freedom is national, slavery is sectional." In 1856 he delivered a two days speech on "The crime against Kansas," and on the following day—May 22d—while writing at his desk in the Senate chamber, he was attacked by Preston S. Brooks, who struck him on the head with a gutta percha cane, continuing his blows until his victim was insensible. For a long time Mr. Sumner's life was despaired of and the years of 1857 and '58 were spent in Paris, under the care of various eminent surgeons, who, by means of numerous painful operations succeeded in accomplishing a cure, and sent their patient back, in 1859, to the United States, to prove, by his eloquent speech on the "Barbarism of Slavery," that his great suffering had not impaired his intellectual or oratorical powers.

He was prominent during the first Lincoln Presidential contest, and in 1861 was appointed chairman of the committee on foreign relations. He spoke frequently and among his later efforts may be mentioned his eulogy on President Lincoln in 1865, and his proposal to remove, from all public buildings, the war flags captured from the Confederate States, and from the regimental flags the names of battles fought during the war of secession, which latter speech brought down upon him much bitter criticism, though he lived to see his motives justified.

Mr. Sumner was an orator of the first rank, being not only eloquent, but more than usually polished and refined in his address, and while opinions differ as to his ability as a stateman, there can be no doubt that he was a brave and honest man.

As Americans, we have reason to be proud of his record, and it is certain that few men of our own day have left behind them warmer friends and truer mourners than Charles Sumner.

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—Dissolve four ounces of pearlash in a little warm water, then add to a bucketful of cold water. Discharge this on the fire with an ordinary garden pump. If used in the start it will have wonderful effect and will extinguish a fire almost immediately.

EACH MOTHER'S CHILD THE BEST.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother sheep say:
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lamby, with his nimble feet;
With his wool so white,
And his eye so bright,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight!
The robin, he that sings on the tree,
Dearly may dote on his nestlings four,
But I love my one little lambkin more."
So the mother sheep and her little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun,
And there let them lie on the hill-side warm,
While *my* little lamby lies here on my arm.

I looked in the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old grey cat and her kittens three:
I heard her murmuring soft, said she,
"My kittens with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things I have seen in the world;
The robin, he,
And the old ewe, she,
May love their babies exceedingly,
But I love my kittens from morn to night,
The malty, the grey, and the black-and-white;
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,
Which of the three, for the life of me,
I love them all so well.
I'll take up my kittles, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
So let them sleep under the stove so warm,
While *my* little kitten lies here on my arm.

I went to the bara yard, and saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
"The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they cannot know what a proud mother *I* am.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if you please;
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
You dear, downy darlings, you sweet yellow things,
Come nestle now cosily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens sped
As fast as they could to their soft feather bed,
And there let them snuggle in feathers so warm
While *my* little chick nestles here on my arm.
—*Songs for the Little Ones.*

MR. HASTLE'S LESSON.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

It was a very good dinner, nicely cooked; but still a comfortless air surrounded the table, a chill atmosphere, radiating, I suppose, from the foot of the table, where Mr. Hastle sat.

Mrs. Hastle, behind the tea-tray, was a meek, gentle-faced woman, with the look of a house plant that had grown in the shade, but was by nature peculiarly dependent upon the sun to give it warmth and color. I imagine Mr. Hastle was the sun she looked to, and he did not give out sunshine and warmth enough to sustain his drooping parasite, for she looked wilted and drooping.

Alice, the daughter, was an energetic-looking young damsel of nineteen. From her father's family, I imagine, she had inherited her straight-forward, brown eyes, and the decided contour of her rosy-tinted chin.

Mr. Hastle's hair was smoothly brushed up and braided across the top of his head. He had on an immaculate shirt, and his clean gingham cravat was tied in a very precise and exact bow. He wore his second best suit of cloths, and his well-brushed hat lay on the side-table. You think, do you not, that Mr. Hastle was going somewhere? You are right. Mr. Hastle was going to the village. A meeting of the trustees had been called, for some church business. He felt that he was one of the pillars and must be there to sustain the weight of the church, lest, haply, it should fall and tumble into ruin. Mr. Hastle had signified to his wife his desire that dinner should be upon the table at precisely half-past eleven, and she had, at some inconvenience to herself, gotten it on the table at precisely that moment; and while dinner was progressing, in the very heat of the battle, as we may say, while she was in the greatest hurry of her preparations, he had entered the house and called for his clean shirt. Mrs. Hastle had hurriedly washed her hands; she was making the dressing for the lamb, but she dropped the pepper-box, the sage and the bread crumbs, and hied away, as upon the wings of the wind, to obey his commands. And she brought out the snowy linen, with its glossy bosom and cuffs bearing witness to the hard labor she had bestowed upon them. Again she had become engrossed in the preparations for dinner, when the imperious summons came from the bed-room, "Sally, come and button my shirt-sleeves." Again the willing and obedient slave ran to do him service. "He couldn't make the confounded thing catch any way!" She worked zealously, but not so deftly as of old, for her fingers, which had been so supple and delicate when they had first commenced to toil for him, were now coarsened and made clumsy by hard labor. But, at last, by many turnings and twistings of the farmer's brawny wrists, and much hard breathing on Sally's part, she succeeded in buttoning them, and was rewarded by the mandate, "Hurry up the dinner, Sally." She had gotten it nearly ready, was just putting her tea to steep, when again the summons came, "Sally, come and tie up my cravat! It looks like the Old Scratch, the best way you can fix it." Never did a monarch's trustiest slave obey more swiftly. And then his hair must be parted straight, and Sally must part it; and Sally must brush his coat, and his hat because she always had, I suppose. But take it altogether, with the hurry of getting the dinner on the table, and the labor of preparing "father" to appear creditably among the other pillars that afternoon, Sally looked tired out as they sat down to the table; and as the meal drew near to a conclusion, instead of looking rested, she looked more flushed and worried and uneasy. Something seemed to be on Sally's mind. Finally, she spoke, as she handed her husband his third cup of tea.

"The tea is all gone, father. You will have to get some to-day."

"The tea all gone!"

If Mrs. Hastle had told him that his barn had sunk into the depths of the earth, and a mountain had risen over its ruins, he couldn't have manifested any deeper surprise and dismay. "The tea all gone! How long is it, I should like to know, since I got half a pound."

Receiving no solution to this deep conundrum, Mr. Hastle continued, in a sterner, more majestic tone:

"How long is it, I would like to know, since I got half a pound of tea?"

Mrs. Hastle said nothing, but nervously rattled her teaspoon.

"It does beat all how things go here. I believe they are wasted. But I suppose I must get some." As, indeed, he had intended to do all the time. And he evidently smothered his regret as he tasted the sweet cherry pie, his favorite pastry, and which Sally had prepared for the express purpose of propitiating him.

But though Mrs. Hastle's nerves were strung upon wire, and the wire was waving in the wind, and her spirit fainted within her, she was a mother, and what mother will not dare all and suffer all for her child's sake? The picnic, so soon to come off, was to be a large affair, and all the young girls of her own age were to wear white muslin dresses, and Alice had none. So the weak voice was raised again.

"Father, guess you will have to——"

"What? Mrs. Hastle, what now?"

This he said in such terrible tones, that meek little Mrs. Hastle dropped the words immediately, as a boy will drop the stolen peaches when the farmer seizes him by the collar.

"Alice wants a new summer dress; a white one."

"A new summer dress! A white one?"

But we will hasten out at once on to the quiet piazza, or stroll round in the door-yard, while Mr. Hastle gives relief to his outraged feelings in regard to "summer dresses." Before the speech was half done, however, Alice left the table with a red flush on her cheek, and a flashing light in her brown eyes, and Mrs. Hastle alone listened to his closing words, which she knew, from long experience, would come after his lecture had concluded.

"I can get her a summer dress, I s'pose, but I shall pick it out myself, and get something that will wear and be durable."

"She picked out the piece she wanted at the corner store," said Sally, pleadingly. "She's got her mind set on a white muslin. All the girls are going to have one."

"Because every other girl is a fool, does it follow that our girl has got to be one? I guess her father's judgment is better than hern. White muslin! Catch her death-cold in it, and no wear to it at all.

"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lamby, with his nimble feet."

I shall get her one that I think will be durable, and do her some good."

Mrs. Hastle dared venture no more remarks. But it was with a sinking heart that she helped him into his overcoat, picked up his gloves, and followed him out to the gate with his handkerchief, which, as usual, he had forgotten.

Now, Alice, the daughter, was not a martyr; she had no vocation in that direction; she was warm-hearted and generous; but a reasonable and reasoning human being, who saw quickly and felt deeply an injustice. When Mrs. Hastle re-entered the house, Alice had not returned to her work up stairs, but was clearing off the table, with an unusually quick movement even for her; while her brown eyes still sparkled with indignant fire, and a red flush burned steadily into each cheek.

"Mother!" she broke forth. "I will not stand it much longer. I will leave home! I will——"

"Leave home!" cried poor Mrs. Hastle, feeling that her back was indeed the back of a camel, and that the last straw was being lifted upon it."

"Yes, leave home! Aunt Martha wants me to come and live with her. There she is, as rich as a Jew and good-hearted, too, as she can be; and, now, since Emma is married, and she is alone, you know just how she is urging me, every time she sees me, to come and stay with her; and I will go! I will not endure father's tyranny much longer. He makes home a perfect torment."

"Don't talk so, Alice. Your pa means well. He is dreadful hard to get along with, but he means well."

"And my dress! I won't wear it, mother, and you will see that I won't. He will bring home some great sun-flower looking delaine, see if he don't. He may wear it, if he does; make it into pantaloons and vests; I'd like to have him. Suppose we picked out his clothes, mother, and insisted on his wearing them. I would, mother, if I were you; see how he would like that! Maybe that would teach him to let our dresses alone. And look at the parlor paper, that he would get; it makes the parlor look like a perfect fright; and the parlor wood-work a bright yellow. Suppose we made him paint his new barn to suit us."

Here a sudden flash of light, as from a new thought, lit up the sparkling, bright, brown eyes. And when her mother put in her voice again, "Father means well, but he don't think," the light grew still brighter, as Alice said, impulsively, standing up in front of her mother, "What do you say to making him think?"

"What do you mean, Alice?"

"Well, there is one plan we can try, if you will help me, mother. You know father has got to go to grandfather's, pretty soon, to be gone a week, and——"

Well, just as sure as I live, they have gone into the pantry and shut the door; they are pretending to wash the dinner-dishes; but, in reality, they are discussing that plan.

Shall we listen at the key-hole, as Sammy is doing, and try to overhear their conversation? No! We scorn the ignoble suggestion! We will wait patiently till Alice's plan develops itself, or till she tells herself. A woman never can keep a secret for any length of time—that we know.

At night, Mr. Hastle returned. Alice's dress was, as her boding fears had suggested, a thick delaine, a bright yellow ground-work (a favorite color of Mr. Hastle's), on which green and red nose-gays disported themselves.

"A good, sound piece of cloth," he said, admiringly, as he unrolled it, "one that will last her for years. None of your flimsy, white muslins, that will tear to pieces if you touch it. Good for summer or winter, and strong enough for a man's wear."

In fact, it was an uncommonly thick piece of rep delaine, for morning dresses. Its gorgeous coloring had taken his eye, and its fine texture had endeared it to his heart.

Alice said not a word as he held its flaming folds up before her. But her poor mother watched her face anxiously. Had it not been for the mysterious words uttered in the pantry, she would have felt assured that this affair would have ended in the departure of her child. But the anxious mother, watching, saw a flash of light gleam over the pretty face, once during her father's remarks, when he said "it was strong enough for a man's wear."

As we have said, Alice said not a word, but poor Mrs. Hastle gave utterance to the sad, long complaints that household martyrs are wont to indulge in, as the gridiron heats and the faggots blaze beneath them, and that ended with "What will folks say to see her with such a dress on to the picnic?"

"What will folks say!" Never did Sally call down on her devoted head a longer lecture than she did then. "An old woman like her, old enough to be sensible, if she was ever going to be, and a church-member, too, to think of what other folks would say. Why didn't he care for what folks said? He had a mind of his own. He cared nothing at all for what folks said about his clothes. And he didn't care nothin' at all about his clothes himself, only to have them whole and sound that was all he wanted. Why couldn't wimmin foller his example?"

We will kindly draw a veil over the suffering Sally's efforts to get Mr. Hastle into his best clothes, and safely started the next morning; and over all the proceedings of the mother and daughter during the week that followed, we also draw a veil. But on the afternoon of Mr. Hastle's return we will go out and meet him, for he thought he would walk from the depot, and we will walk along by his side,

invisibly, of course, like a guardian spirit.

Mr. Hastle had completed the business satisfactorily. He was in a serene state of mind. He had left his valise at the depot, to be sent for, and he was walking along, happily, with his hands folded across his respectable back. As he neared his house, he took out his watch. "A little past supper time," he said, "but, of course, they'll wait for me; they always do." He had been gone nearly a week; of course, they would have something extra good—cherry pie, may be. Wrapped in these pleasant reflections he entered his dwelling. His wife and daughter met him pleasantly though, to tell the truth, Sally's eyes wore a somewhat frightened look.

But no well-spread supper-table met his longing vision.

"Why, isn't supper ready, Mrs. Hastle?" he cried.

Before her mother could speak, Alice said, with an astonished looked:

"Supper! Why, we have eaten supper an hour ago."

"Well, then, get me some as quick as you can, for I am half starved."

Poor Sally, at this, half rose from her chair, but, glancing at Alice, she sat down again, and repeated, much as if she were saying a lesson,

"The fire is all out. It would be a sight of trouble to build one."

Neither his wife nor daughter stirred; and Mr. Hastle grew frightened.

"Are you sick, Sally?"

"No," said Sally, meekly.

"Then why don't you get me something to eat?"

"Because the fire is out," said she in a weak voice.

Mr. Hastle put his hand to his brow, with a look of helpless wonderment, that was too much even for Alice to endure, and she said:

"I suppose we shall try to get you some."

At this Sally, with a look of relief, hastened out into the kitchen, to prepare the extra good supper she had cooked expressly for him.

She had just got the white table cloth in her hand, when a voice came from the bed room:

"Sally, where is my every-day vest? I can't find it."

"I can't leave off to find it. I am busy setting the table," said Sally, evidently denying this request with more readiness than she had any of his others. But Alice spoke up at once:

"We have made you a new one, father. We thought you needed one."

"Wall, I didn't need another every-day vest. The idea of your dictating to me about my clothes! Where is my old vest?"

"Just see your new vest, father," said Alice, demurely, as she brought it foward and spread it out before him, with an air of great satisfaction. It was made of that identical cloth that he had bought for Alice's dress. It was made rather long and had a fold of the same round the edge.

"Because it would wear better," Alice explained. "Braid wears out so quick, and we had heard you say so many times that you cared nothing for fashion, at all. You know you said that this cloth was durable; good for summer or winter; strong enough for men's wear. That put it into our heads to surprise you with a nice new vest made of it. You know," she added, sweetly, "that you are always making just such surprises for ma and me."

Mr. Hastle opened his mouth wide enough to give utterance to the largest words in Webster's Unabridged, but no words came, at first. Finally he found voice.

"Do you suppose I am ever goin' to put that lookin' thing on to me?"

"Why, yes," said Alice, demurely; "You know you don't care anything about looks, if it is only good cloth and wears well."

"Why, folks would say I was a natural born fool, or else as crazy as a loon."

"But then, father, you know you don't pay any attention to what folks say or think of your clothes."

Mr. Hastle made no reply, for the good reason that he had, at the time, nothing to say. So he put on his hat, and walked out of the kitchen door. He evidently wanted to be in the fresh air for a moment. But as he stepped his foot on the platform a sight met his eyes, that would, I am sure, have made his hair stand perfectly erect upon the top of his head if he had had any to stand up. There stood his new barn, the pride of his eyes, in which he had taken a pride, that we fear was sinful; there it stood, painted entirely yellow on the end, fronting the kitchen; and he supposed, of course, the whole of it was.

"Isn't it pretty, father? There won't be so pretty a barn in the neighborhood. As I told mother, women don't often have their say about such things; but if they did, things would look a sight better."

No audible words were spoken in reply. But memory was whispering loudly to Mr. Hastle. These were the very self-same words that he had uttered in relation to that bright yellow paint and gorgeous wall paper in the parlor. The tables were turned upon him. For the first time he realized how it seemed, to have his own personal affairs controlled by those who had no business with them; how it would seem to be dictated to, unreasonably, concerning his own out-door affairs; now it would seem to have his own clothing selected for him, regardless of his own preferences; how it would seem to have his reasonable household requests met with grumbling and granted grudgingly.

Mr. Hastle was naturally a just man, and a sensible one, one who only needed to have his duty pointed out to him, in order to follow it. He walked into the house, ate his supper, put on his old coat, and proceeded to do his barn-chores. He retired early to bed. And what thoughts visited him as he lay upon his pillow, I know not. But that he thought deeply and sensibly, I am certain, from the result.

The next morning old Sorrel stood by the gate ready to convey Mr. Hastle to the village after his valise, and to transact other needful business.

Mr. Hastle's countenance looked subdued yet dignified. There is no dignity to be compared to the dignity of a new and noble purpose. But Sally looked nervous especially, as Mr. Hastle was about rising from the table, and Sally had to mention some small article that she or Alice wanted at the store. Then did the meditations of Mr. Hastle in the night watches become manifest.

"Look here, Sally: if you think that I don't understand what all that tom-foolery you and Alice had last night was for, then you take me to be a bigger fool than I am. I ain't a going to say but what I have been in the wrong on it. But one thing I will say, that in the future there is going to be a new leaf turned over. I calculate to manage my out-door affairs for myself, and you and Alice must manage the in-door affairs to suit yourselves. There is old Sorrel, and you and Alice can be carried to the store any time you say the word, and what you buy will be paid for; but as for me—I have picked out my last yard of calico."

TIMBER FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is that which is found in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is found in connection with stone-work which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This wood, and the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another in its upper surface. When two blocks were laid in place then it appears that an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, into which an hour glass-shaped tie was driven. It is, therefore, very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been the tamarisk or shittim wood, of which the ark was constructed, a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the valley of the Nile. Those dove-tailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of insertion. Although fuel is extremely scarce in the country, these bits of wood are not large enough to make it an object with the Arabs to heave off layer after layer of heavy stone for so small a prize. Had they been of bronze, half of the old temples would have been destroyed years ago, so precious would they have been for various purposes.

The Teachers's Table.

We intend to devote this column, in future, to such practical information, hints and suggestions as we think may be of use to those graduates of Hampton and others, among our readers, who are filling the important position of teachers. Every one who accepts such a position, conscientiously, is soon thankful for all the assistance he can secure, and we hope to make this department increasingly useful to these earnest workmen.

How to Secure the Attention of Pupils.—I know of no more potent or effectual way of securing the student's attention than by giving him full credit for whatever talent he may display or possess, and thus raising his aspirations. It not only reflects credit upon the teacher, in the manifest good effects of their instruction, but it confers likewise an unspeakable blessing on him, by raising his thoughts to the attainment of greatness, which can never be reached but by the high road of virtue and rectitude. S. W. Pease.

Specimen Object Lessons for Primary Schools.—Such simple lessons from natural objects as those we find below, will be found very useful in primary schools, and we recommend them to graduates from Hamptnn and others. They interest children, keep their attention, and while they cannot entirely take the place of text books, they perform a valuable service in educatinn, which text books alone cannot; training the eye and all the powers of observation in the most practical way, and relieving the hard work of study by the pleasure of putting to use at once the principles learned. We will give other specimen object lessons from time to time, in this column.

Lessons on Length—The Foot.

Lesson 1st. Look at this rule, all of you; it is a foot long, and is called a foot rule; any thing just as long as this rule is a foot long; any thing twice as long is two feet long; anything three times as long is three feet long. Now see me measure this stick. (The teacher is provided with half-a-dozen straight sticks, one, two, three, four, five and six feet long respectively.) How long is it? Answer: One foot long. We will measure another; one, two. How long is this? Answer: Two feet long. Now, another; count while I measure. One, two, three. How long is it, then? Answer: Three feet long.

Thomas, come here and measure one, carefully. The rest count for him. One, two, three, four. How long? Ans.: Four feet long. Let me measure the other two. How long is this? Ans.: Five feet. And this? Ans.: Six feet.

So you see these sticks have different lengths. I will mix them all together. Now, John, find the one that is a foot long. Right. William, pick out the one three feet long. Is that the right one, class? Answer: No, sir; that is four feet long. (William tries again.) Is that right? Answer: Yes, sir.

Let the class practice in this way, till they can select readily any measure called for.

Lesson 2d. Thomas, you may lay all the sticks on the table, beginning with the shortest. The rest may watch him and call the length of each as he lays it down.

Now, we will measure something else. Guess the length of this table the long way. Answer: Four feet. Willinm, take the rule and measure it carefully. One, two, three, and a half over. How long? Answer: Three feet and a half. How long is the table the short way? Answer: Two feet. I will measure. One, two, and a half, again; how long? Answer: Two feet and a half? Listen, the long way of the table is its length, and the short way is its width. How long is it? Answer; Three feet and a half. How wide is it? Answer: Two feet and a half. Here is a board, which way is its length? And which way is its width? Guess how long it is. Answer: Five feet long. Measure it; not quite five feet you see. How long is it? Answer: Four feet and a half. Now tell me which way is the length of this door. Answer: Up and down. Which way is its width?

Exercise the class in this way in guessing and measuring the various objects in the room.

Lesson 3d. Where is the bottom of the door? Answer: Where it touches the floor. Where is the top of it? Well, which way is the length of the door? Answer: From the bottom to the top? Yes, and that is called its height. The length of anything upward, from where it stands is called its height.

Guess how many feet high the door is. James: Five feet. Susan: Six feet. Let us measure. It is seven feet high. How wide is the door? Answer: About three feet. Yes, exactly three feet wide.

In this manner teach the height and width of the window, the room, &c. The children may guess each others height, each case being settled by the foot rule.—*From Object Lessons prepared for Teachers of Primary Schools by A. S. Welch, Principal of Michigan State Normal School.*

What a School-Room Ought To Be.—An example of what a school-room ought to be is given by Mr. Jolly, Inspector of Schools, in his general report on Church of Scotland schools for the last year: "The room itself," he says, "is scrupulously clean, being regularly washed and swept, and no dirt lurks in the corners. The seats and furniture are bright and clean, the walls white-washed and the windows clean as glass can be. The sunshine makes itself known by its brightness and reflection, and not by screaming with difficulty through a dusty fog. The walls are hung with maps, colored pictures, good prints and illuminated sayings of the good and great tastefully arranged. Festoons of leaves mingled with flowers hang gracefully on the wall, and are regularly renewed all the year round. The desks are free from littered hooks and bonnets. The books are placed on shelves below, and such as are on the desks are evenly arranged above each other. Every child has his own part of the shelf for books and his own nail for bonnet and cloak. Flowers growing in pots stand in each window—a bouquet adorns the teachers desk, the gift of a scholar in the morning, and another is on the mantlepiece; for the children vie with each other in bringing them, and the room is never without their fresh, sweet influence. The children themselves are clean in hands, faces and dress, their hair is neatly combed and their shoots still show the morning polish. Every child reflects the tidy and cheerful look of the master. The forms of the classes, when seated, or standing on the floor have regularity and symmetry. No boy is seen lounging on the desk or lazily leaning on his neighbor's shoulder, or laid with shoe-out feet against a desk or wall. The attitudes of the children are erect and active, and have not a little grace. Even the books and slates are held with neatness and grace." Not one point in the above picture is from fancy. Mr. Jolly "has seen it all." Why, he asks, should it not be true in every case?

Pictures and maps are perhaps the only items of this list of attractions that are not absolutely within the reach of every teacher. Cleanliness, order, leaves and wild flowers, cost only time, patience and taste.

Here is a bright little "piece" for a boy to speak on examination day. To be effective it should be given with spirit, entering into the very various feelings represented, and this is, indeed, the great secret of all good speaking.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

BY M. M. D.

I'll tell you how I speak a piece:
First I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next I throw my hands up *so!*
Then I lift my eyes—
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next I grin and show my teeth
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides,
That's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect;
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe:
That's the sign of fear.

Soon I scowl, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger.
"Wretch!" I cry. That's tragedy;
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about:
That's a villian's death.

Quickly, then, I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done,
Now, you will please applaud.

—*St. Nicholas.*

LEARNING TO READ.

Newspepers in Schools.

One of the English Inspectors of Schools, the Rev. G. Steel, reporting this year, on Lancashire, states that in regard to reading, it is his custom to examine the first class in the newspaper of the day. The children stand in a semi-circle, and pass the newspaper around, and he requires them to read in such a manner that he and all present can both hear and understand, and then he asks questions. He does not generally enter much into politics, but contents himself with the children's understanding who such persons as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Forster and M. Thiers are. The Inspector says he almost always gets correct answers about the Queen and Royal family. Accidents, fires and suicides excite the keenest interest, but he often gets very fair answers to such questions as these: What is a telegram, a

locomotive, an ironclad, a telescope? What do you mean by Prime Minister, Judge, Coroner, M. P., M. D.? Once to his question, what do you mean by P. M.? a little boy sharply answered "Past morning," which was not bad. It showed far better teaching and learning than that mere mechanical system of which Inspectors so often complain as only an exercise in sound and not in sense.

Agricultural.

THE FOOD OF PLANTS.

BY GEORGE DIXON.

Before entering upon the consideration of the food of plants, it seems necessary to enquire a little into their composition, and the methods by which, from dead earth, they have been elaborated into living bodies. On the very threshold of our inquiry, we are met with the mystery of life, which we cannot penetrate. It first manifests itself in the *germ* of the seed, which the parent plant has matured, and surrounded by the material necessary for its sustenance, till it can convert dead mineral matter into living organisms. In certain conditions the seed continues at rest and torpid; but, when placed at a proper depth in the soil, and exposed to the joint action of the sun's rays, moisture and air, it expands and gives off carbonic acid gas, by which a new substance is formed, called *diastase*, a kind of ferment, which possesses the property of converting the *insoluble* starch, stored up in the seed, into *soluble* sugar. Diastase is, at first, formed in very small quantities, and in close contact with the germ; supplying food to the young plant as fast as it is required; enabling it to expand and form a *radical*, which it sends downward for a root, and a *plumule*, upward to the surface, to form a leaf. The first growth is evidently at the expense of the material already laid up by the parent plant in the seed. The germ has the power to *transform* and *appropriate* this store of material, and prepare the plantlet to construct those organs, by which it can draw its own nourishment from the elements by which it is surrounded in the earth and air, and become an independent living structure; but the maturing and healthy developement of its system depends upon two conditions, *a supply of suitable food to its roots*, to enable it to build up its various parts, and meet those changes of internal composition and decomposition, which living organized bodies are continually undergoing; *and external influences*, such as are best adapted to stimulate the living organs to perform their appropriate work of change, and convert this food into their own substance.

I stated before, that the almost insignificant residue of white ash, which remains when vegetable matter of any kind (wood, straw, leaves, seed, etc.), is burnt in an open fire, exposed to the air (four-fifths of which is nitrogen and one-fifth oxygen gases), is the *inorganic* part of the plant; the elements of which are all found in the soil, which has been chiefly formed by the wearing down and decomposition of our most common rocks and minerals. The large portion, which has disappeared in the burning, is the *organic* matter, of which the living, growing plant is mainly constituted; the elements of which are oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon. The first three are gases; the carbon is a solid. It is pure in the diamond; plumbago or graphite, known as black lead, used in polishing stoves, and the manufacture of drawing pencils, is carbon in another of its forms; it is also found combined with lime and other minerals in the earth, and with oxygen as carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere.

If heat is applied to vegetable matter confined in an iron vessel or oven, with only a small opening, or covered up to keep it from contact with the atmosphere, the gaseous elements are driven off, and a black mass is left, which we call charcoal. This is the carbon with the mineral ash distributed through its substance. The charcoal, though blackened and reduced in bulk and weight, is not changed in its outward appearance; we can still recognize in it the stem, branches, knots, bark, pith and even the grain and texture of the wood; from which we arrive at the conclusion, *that carbon is used in building up the whole plant.* In round numbers, about fifty per cent. of the whole produce, including roots, stems, leaves and seeds, is carbon; twenty-five per cent., water and inorganic mineral matter; and the remaining twenty-five per cent., other organic substances. Let us endeavor to find the sources from which the plant gets its carbon. All productive soils contain *mould*, which is formed of decaying organic matters, which have fallen to the ground after the death of the living structures, of which they once formed a part, and mingled with the mineral substances.

A great diversity of textures are added to the soil in this way; composed principally of the four organic elements. The mould of the soil consists chiefly of two parts; one in which traces of organic structure are still visible; another in which all such traces have disappeared. The first part is made up of fibrous fragments, which have not been destroyed by decomposition. The rest is a dark brown substance, that has lost all fibrous appearance by being thoroughly decomposed. It is designated *humus*, and is the first form of simplified condition, in which the elements of organized structure are found, after they have been freed of the rule of life, and restored to the domain of uncontrolled chemical power. Humic substance is always possessed of acid properties, and when it is first formed, out of the fibrous matters, each complex atom is found by analysis to contain within itself forty atoms of carbon, fourteen atoms of hydrogen, and twelve atoms of oxygen. There is no nitrogen in humic substance, because the entire quantity of this element, which is separated from decaying structures, remains united with hydrogen as ammonia, and is taken up by the alumina of the soil. Humic substance, on exposure to the air, continues to lose carbon and hydrogen, which are converted into carbonic acid and water, and to acquire oxygen. It is finally entirely resolved into carbonic acid and water, which is the last stage of decomposition, and is now ready to be absorbed by the roots of plants. At the extremities of the thread-like fibrils of the roots, are *spongioles*, fine tubes terminating in suckers, which draw in water, with the humus, mineral and gaseous elements in solution. This fluid is carried by capillary attraction through minute vessels in the stem and branches, as ascending sap, up to the leaves. The spongioles, when examined by a powerful microscope, are found to be protected by a closely fitting sheath, which answers the double purpose of making a way for the sucker, and filtering the fluid before entering its tube. As fast as the outer layers of the sheath become worn and withered by forcing their way through the soil, they are as rapidly renewed by new layers at the inside, by the growing point.

Let us look a little to the sources from which the plant can obtain the large amount of carbon required in building up its various parts. Is the whole of it taken up by the roots from the soil, or has the plant some other way of obtaining it? Mr. Laws and Dr. Gilbert, who have for many years carried on an experimental farm at Rothamstead, in England, have proved by carefully weighing the cereal crops, that they contain on an average 1,600 pounds of carbon per acre. The plant has no power of creating carbon, lime, potash, iron, etc., and therefore it must obtain them from matter in which they previously exist. Until about thirty years ago the prevalent notion was that the carbon of vegetables produce was furnished to the plant by the humus formed by the decomposition of pre-existing vegetable matter. Eminent agricultural chemists, in both France and England, expressed doubts of this theory; but it was not exploded till the year 1840, when the celebrated German chemist, Liebig, proved the inadequacy of the humus to supply all the carbon required by the plant. He did not doubt, but that there might be lands, so rich in carbon, as to contain the quantity required; but it was a settled fact, that it must be formed into humus before it could enter the the spongioles of the roots. Humus is exceedingly insoluble in water; and Liebig made this curious calculation, that if all the rain that falls upon the land during the time the crop is growing, from seed time to harvest, was to remain upon the land, and dissolve as much of the humus as it was capable of dissolving, so as to become thoroughly saturated with it; and that the water so saturated did not drain away or become evaporated, nevertheless there could not be dissolved in this water, a sufficient quantity of humus, to furnish the carbon ultimately found in the crop. Of course this does not demonstrate that the plant can not get its carbon from the humus of the soil; it only proves that it cannot get it by the only process of absorption of which we have any knowledge. Laws and Gilbert established an important fact, that a crop may be more than doubled by adding *artificial fertilisers containing no carbon, whatever.* The dispute was finally settled by the French chemist Bousingault, who matured plants from seeds in artificially prepared soils, which had been subject to a red heat, from which the whole of the organic carbonaceous vegetable matter had been burnt out; although the fertilizers added to these soils contained no carbonaceous matter, yet the plant when matured was found to contain its usual amount of carbon. Experiments have also proved, that plants do not use up the vegetable matter contained in the soil in which they grow, but very much increase it, so that the more vegetation we can get from the surface, the more humus we accumulate in the soil. Hence, so far from humus being the cause of vegetation, vegetation is the cause of humus, seeing it is chiefly produced from the decay of vegetable matter. (This will be further discussed in our article on ploughing-in green crops).

Having clearly proved that the carbon of the plant cannot all be derived from the soil, the query seems to arise, does the atmosphere contain carbon, and if so, by what process does the plant extract it?

I stated above that the atmosphere was composed of one-fifth oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen, but very careful analysis has proved it to have invariably a trace of carbonic acid gas in its composition; amounting to four parts in 10,000. This may seem small at first, but when the immense extent of the atmosphere is taken into consideration, it really becomes enormous, and we are led to the conclusion, *that the atmosphere is the great storehouse of carbon.*

The weight of the air overlying every square inch of the earth's surface, is fifteen pounds, or 2,160 pounds to the square foot, and at the rate of 4 pounds in ten thousand, makes one and a half pounds of carbonic acid gas to each foot, which is equivalent to half a pound of solid carbon. Then reckoning from feet to acres, we arrive at the astounding fact that there are continually suspended over every acre of land, about 20,000 pounds of carbon. Laws' and Gilbert's experiments proved that the average amount of carbon in a crop of cereals is 1,600 pounds per acre; so that the carbon in the atmosphere is not only enormous but far in excess of the wants of vegetation; and far in excess of the carbon in all the living beings, both plants and animals, existing on the surface of the earth; as well as all the combustible carboneceous minerals buried under its surface; for coal is simply vegetable matter buried in the earth, with the greater portion of the elementary gases driven off during the lapse of ages; a certain quantity of inflammable hydrogen only being left in combination with the dense carbon. Each atom of carbonic acid gas contains within itself one atom of solid carbon, and two atoms of oxygen gas, united together in some unknown plan of arrangement. When charcoal is burnt and turned into carbonic acid gas, two atoms of oxygen seize upon each atom of dense carbon and fly away with it into the atmosphere in the gaseous condition.

Carbonic acid gas is much heavier than the atmospheric air, and would remain on the surface of the ground, if it was not for the law of diffusion, by which gases mix with each other irrespective of their specific gravity. Hence we find the proportion of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere the same on the level of the sea as on the tops of the loftiest mountains. The air brought down by Gay Lussac, in his balloon, from the greatest height he was able to ascend was found to have carbonic acid in its composition. Our investigations, then, have brought us to the conclusion that by contact with the air, plants, at any rate, are afforded the opportunity of getting that carbon, which constitutes so large a portion of their structure. The question now is, do they avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them? Do they actually absorb carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and extract its carbon? Priestly, Saussure and Senebier, at the end of the last century, discovered that growing plants when exposed under the influence of the sunlight, to air containing carbonic acid gas, absorbed it and discharged only its constituent oxygen into the air; the necessary inference being that its other constituent, carbon, was taken up by their tissues. Bonsingault by rigid and correct analysis established this fact. He confined a growing plant in a glass vessel, exposed to the sun's rays, through which a current of air was made to pass; by a careful analysis of the air before it entered the vessel and after it left it, he found the carbonic acid gas had diminished and the oxygen increased. These experiments have been frequently repeated with the same results. The chemist can convert carbon into carbonic acid by burning it in the atmosphere or oxygen gas, but by no known process can he resolve it into its constituent elements; all his attempts to extract carbon from carbonic acid gas have utterly failed. Nature does in this respect what man fails to do. She makes a laboratory of every little leaf; takes into it from the atmosphere the invisible carbonic acid gas; with the sunbeam for her reagent, separates the two gases, sends the oxygen back into the air, retains the carbon, and by uniting it with a few grains of mineral or earthy matter, clothes the earth with a luxurant vegetation, from the tiny moss to the gigantic oak of the forest, supplying grass for cattle and herbs for the service of men."

Although carbon, as before stated, enters into the composition of all plants in the proportion of 50 per cent. of their whole mass (exclusive of watery vapor and inorganic matter), there is no danger of the supply failing; whatever the plant has taken from the humus in the soil by its roots, or from the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere through its leaves, it restores again to one or the other of these sources.

Carbonic acid gas is a constant product of the burning or decomposition of carbon in whatever combination it may be. It is carried up the chimney from every coal or wood fire; it is given off from all decaying animal and vegetable matter; it is exhaled from every breathing lung. It would accumulate in the atmosphere, in consequence of the abundance of its supply from these sources, until it reached a noxious amount, if it was not for the infinsuce of vegetable life. By this influence it is abstracted from the air as fast as it is produced, so that the medium proportion of 4 parts in 10,000 is permanently preserved. Oxygen, by its affinity for the atoms of carbon, becomes its carrier; growing plants are fixed in the soil and cannot go in pursuit of their food as animals can, so it is brought to them by a singularly beautiful contrivence. The all-present, energetic oxygen, enters the lungs of animals, rushes into the furnaces and fires where fuel is being consumed, and all places where decay is going on, seizes upon the loosening atoms of dense, solid carbon, and converts them, as it were, by a touch, into a subtle elastic gas, which the passing breeze wafts away and brings in contact with the smallest vegetable pores. This brings me to the consideration of the structure and chemistry of the leaf.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FLORA OF HAMPTON.

A botanist sends us a list of the plants he has found growing wild in the neighborhood of Hampton this year; arranged according to their time of flowering. We give the English name in italics:

JANUARY.

Draba verna—*whitlow grass.* Lamium amplaxicaulis—*hen-bit.* Capsella bursa-pastoris—*shepherd's purse.*

FEBRUARY.

Senebiera didyma—*carpet cress.* Stellaria media—*chick weed.* Taraxacum dens leonis—*dandelion.* Poa annua—*early pasture grass.*

MARCH.

Oxalis stricta—*yellow wood-sorrel.* Houstonia cerulea—*innocence.* Acer rubrum—*red maple.* Asarum virginicum—*wild ginger;* Epigœa repens—*trailing arbutus.* Vinca minor—*smaller periwinkle.* Viola cucullata—*hooded violet.* Amelanchier Canadensis—*shad bush.* Ranunculus bulbosus—*bulbous buttercup.* Autenaria plantaginifolia—*mouse-ear everlasting.* Prunus Americana—*wild plum.* Muscari moschatum—*grape hyacinth.* Fragaria Virginiana—*wild strawberry.* Arabis thaliana —*rock cress.* Vicia sativa—*partridge pea.* Fumaria officinalis—*fumitory.* Cardamins hirsuta—*hairy cardamine.* Carastium viscosum—*sticky chickweed.* Barbarea vulgaris—*winter cress.* Salix Babylonica—*weeping willow.* Viola tricolor—*pansy.*

APRIL.

Zephyranthus atamasco—*amaryllis.* Veronica arvensis—*field speedwell.* Ranunculus aquatilis—*water crows-foot.* Ranunculus sceleratus —*celery crows-foot.* Nepeta glechoma—*ground ivy.* Luzula campestris—*wood rush.* Pinus tæda—*old field pine.* Benzoin odorifarum—*spicewood.* Podophyllum peltatum—*mandrake.* Myrica cerifera—*bayberry.* Vaccinium corymbosum—*blue bilberry.* Veronica serpyllifolia—*thyme leaved speedwell.* Allium, striatum—*streaked garlic.* Gnaphalium purpureum—*purple everlasting.* Gelsemium sempervirens —*yellow jessamine.* Cerastium vulgatum—*mouse-ear chickweed.* Lithospermum arveuse —*gromwell.* Rumax acetosella—*sheep sorrel.* Sonchus asper—*sow thistle.* Potentilla Norvegica —*cinquefoil.* Ranunculus abortivus—*spearwort.* Populus tremuloides—*aspen poplar.* Viola blanda—*smooth sweet violet.* Viola palmata—*hand-leaved violet.* Cynoglossia Virginica —*spring beauty.* Sassafras officinalis—*sassafras.* Cornus Florida—*dogwood.* Pyrus arbutifolia—*choke berry.* Senecio tomentosus—*woolly groundsel.* Listora convallarioides— *purple tway-blade.* Iris vernata—*vernal iris.* Narcissus poeticus—*poet's narcissus.* Pyrus coronaria—*sweet-scented crab tree.* Cercis Canadensis—*Judas tree.* Ranunculus acris—*buttercup.* Valerianella olitoria—*lamb lettuce.* Plantago Virginica—*lesser plantain.* Rubus trivialis—*southern dewberry.* Nyssa uniflora— *swamp tupelo.* Trifolium repens—*white clover.* Anthoxanthum odoratum—*sweet vernal grass.* Krigia Carolininna—*dwarf dandelion.* Lucanthemum vulgare—*ox-eye daisy.* Plantago lanceolata—*rib wort.*

Hampton Normal School.

We are always glad to hear from our graduates and students, who are engaged in teaching. The following extract of a letter from Mrs. Wallace (Nancy Ellison), who with her husband were students in 1870, will be read with interest:

"Mr. Wallace and I are teaching the same school in Clarksville with eighty scholars. Mr. Wallace's health is declining from constant teaching. He has lost twenty pounds within eighteen months. Two physicians have advised him to resort to some other business, though the county superintendent and trustees are unwilling to give him up.

"The colored people, in general, are advancing. There are five or six prosperous colored merchants in the town. The finest church in town is owned by the colored people. It is built on a hill and its spire can be seen and bell heard for miles around. Good ministers and teachers are what they need most. A great many are buying land in small quantities and building on it. We enclose a slip taken from *The Roanoke Valley*, a paper edited here, etc. The colored free school opened last Monday, with Mr. R. Wallace teacher. Mr. Wallace taught at two different schools in the Boydton township the past year and gave general satisfaction. His school numbers about sixty scholars."

YELLOW JESSAMINE.

In tangled wreaths, in clustered gleaming stars,
In floating, curling sprays,
The golden flower comes shining through the woods
These February days;
Forth go all hearts, all hands, from ont the town
To bring her gayly in,
This wild, sweet princess of far Florida—
The yellow jessamin.

The live oaks smile to see her lovely face
Peep from the thickets; shy,
She hides beneath the leaves her tender hnds
Till, bolder grown, on high
She curls a tendril, throws a spray, then springs
Herself aloft in glee,
And, hnrsting in a thonsand blossoms, swings
In wreaths from tree to tree.

The dwarf palmetto on his knees adores
This princess of the air;
The lone pine, barren, stands afar and sighs,
"Ah! come, lest I despair;"
The myrtle thickets and ill-tempered thorns
Quiver and thrill within,
Ae through their leaves they feel the dainty touch
Of yellow jessamine.

The garden roses wonder as they see
The wreaths of golden bloom
Brought in from the far woods with eager haste
To deck the poorest room,
The rich man's honse, alike; the loaded hund
Give sprays to all they meet,
Till, gay with flowers, the people come
And all the air is sweet.

The Southern lapd, well weary of its green,
Which may not fall nor fade
Bestirs itself to greet the lovely flower
With leaves of fresher shade;
The pine has tassels, and the orange-trees
Their fragrant work begin—
Spring has come—has come to Florida,
With yellow jessamin.

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson, in Appleton's Journal.*

Scientific and Mechanical.

Compressed Air.—Professor Tyndall has compressed alr to one-eighth of its original volume by means of a column of water two hundred and sixty feet in hight. When he allowed lt to escape it expanded so violently and rapidly that it produced most intense cold. The moisture in the room was congealed in a shower of snow and the pipe became covered with lcicles.

Electric Clocks.—Some paper has suggested the formation of time companies, that shall run clocks by electricity, laying wires along the principal streets and supplying the true time to honses along the street at a small cost. This Idea might, at first thought, seem impracticable, bnt we doubt not it will finally be tried and prove a success. This will give citizens the correct time without the trouble of winding up the clocks every day or week.

American Invention.—Dnring the past year 12,371 patents have been issued. One patent to every 3,116 of the popnlation. New York leads the list with 2,826, while Idaho and New Mexico have received bnt one each. Connecticut, the land of brass clocks and wooden nutmegs, leads in the true sense, having had one patent to every 860 of her population. Our own State has received seventy-six patents.

The liability of glued articles to come to pieces when exposed to the action of water, especially hot water, is familiar to every one. By adding to the water, with which the glue is mixed when required for use, a small quantity of bichromate of potash, and afterward exposing the part to which it is applied to light, the glne is rendered insoluble, and articles fastened with it resist the action of the water. The proportion of bichromate of potash to be taken must be determined by experiment, bnt for most purposes one-fiftieth of the amount of glue employed will be sufficient.
—*The Popular Science Monthly.*

POISONOUS QUALITIES OF BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM.

Bromide of potassium has of late years, been a great favorite with the medical profession on account of the many virtues it is said to possess in cases of nervous diseases, and cerebral affection. We are, however, in a recent medical thesis, solemnly warned of various ills that have attended lts use, such as a decrease of strength, muscular weakness, trembling of the hands emaciation, loss of appetite, and many other evils. These, however, are said, on the other hand, to depend, probably, on the excessive use of this substance, or on lts application in cases where the general symptons would properly forbid its employment.

The Pin Machine.—This machlne is the closest approach that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. It about the hight and size of a lady's sewing machlne, only much stronger. On the side at the back, a light belt descends from a long shaft in the ceiling, that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of the machine hangs, on a peg, a reel of wire, that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers. The wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. This is the food consumed by this voracions little dwarf. He pulls it in and bites it off, by inches, incessantly—140 bites to the minute. Just as he seizes each bite, a little hammer with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three times, and "npsets" it to a head, while he drives it to a counter-sunk hole between his teeth. With an outward thrust of his tongue he then lays the pin sideways In a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer towards the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the pins, and by a series of cams, levers and springs are made to play like lightning. Thus the pins are dropped in a little shower in a box. Twenty-eight pounds are a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. The machine rejects crooked pins, the slightest irregularity in any of them being detected.

IMPROVED METHOD OF TAKING PLASTER CASTS.

As some of our readers may be interested to know a method by which plaster casts of objects in natural history can be taken most conviently, we present some instructions lately published by Mr. Boyd Dawkins, an English naturalist of much eminence.

The best material for the mould in which casts are to be taken is said to be artist's modelling wax, a snbstance similar to that used by dentists. When softened and applied to any object it takes the most delicate markings with perfect exactness. The object whose figure is to be taken is first coated with a thin powder of steatlte, or French chalk, which prevents the adhesion of the wax. After the wax has become softened, either by immersion in warm water, or from exposure to the direct heat of the fire, it is to be applied to the orginal, and carefully pressed into all the little cavities. The edges of the wax are then to be carefully trimmed all around, if the form of the object be such as to require the mould to be in one or more additional pieces in order to complete its contour. Powdered steatite is again to be used to prevent the several portions of the mould from adhering to each other, and the original is to be taken ont of the monld before the latter becomes perfectly cold and rigid. After wetting the moulds to prevent bubbles of air lurking in the small interstices from appearing in the object, plaster is to be poured in; or, if the monld is in two pieces, it is generally better to fill each with the plaster separately, and then put them together. In this way the weight of the material will be redneed, and the cast itself will form a shell of greater or less thickness.

The plaster casts are next to be dried, wholly or partially, and may be then painted of any desired color; or the color may be mixed with the plaster before it is introduced into the mould. After the cast is thoroughly dried it is to be steeped in paraffine, the ordinary candles answering this purpose very well. When the cast is cold, it may be polished by hand with steatite, and the result will be found to be much superior to that ordinarily attained by the old fashioned methods. It is stated that flint implements, fossil bones and teeth can be imitated in this way so that they can scarcely be distingnished from the originals.

Publisher's Department.

Notice to Teachers.—Do you want a globe for school use? Send us, then, the names of six new subscribers to the Southern Workman, and we will send you one free of any charges, securely packed in a strong paste-board box.

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NOTICE.

A NUMBER OF THE STUDENTS OF THE Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute desire to canvass in York this coming vacation, if they can obtain situations. Those desiring good, faithful young men for the months of July, August and September will do well to correspond with this office, stating wages, &c.

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TO INDUSTRIOUS AND WOETHY PEOPLE of color desirous of removing to Liberia, THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY will give a passage and subsistence on the voyage—made in about forty days—and support for the first six months after landing. Single edult persons get ten acres, and families twenty-five acres of land. These are all gifts—never to be repaid. Those wishing to remove to Liberia should make application, addressed to William Coppinger, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the American Colonization Society, 450 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. III. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1874. NO 6.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE BY MOONLIGHT — DRAWN BY G. PERKINS

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. H. LARRY, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JUNE, 1874.

In this article we propose giving a brief description of this section of the state.

The peninsula of Virginia, so famous in both the great wars of this country, is embraced hy the waters of the York in the north, the James on the south and the Chesapeake Bay on the east, and comprises the counties of Charles City, James City, York, Warwick and Elizabeth City, the latter being situated at its southeastern extremity. No section of equal territory in this broad Union is richer in historical interest than this. It was at the now deserted village of Jamestown, that John Smith effected his first landing and planted the seeds of American civilization in 1607; and yet, not even a dwelling attracts the traveler's gaze, and hardly a ruin marks the spot. It was at Williamsbnrg, the ancient capitol of the Old Dominion, that the clarion tones of Patrick Henry, then just emerging from the obscurity which snrrounded his early life, roused the resentment of the American people to open resistance to British oppression; and at Yorktown, the conflict inaugurated by the tongue of Henry was terminated hy the sword of Washington. In looking over the list of great men furnished to the country, we find the names of Nelson, Wythe, Warrenton, and Tyler, beside many others of a less national reputation. It was at Big Bethel, nine miles from where we write, that the first pitched hattle of the late war was fought on Virginia soil. Across this narrow peninsula, stretching from Yorktown to Warwick River, the little army of Magruder blocked the way to Richmond against McClellan, and Johnston, retreating, turned at Williamsburg to open that bloody and fluctuating campaign with a trial of strength. At Harrison's Landing, McClellan songht the shelter of his gunhoats at the close of the "Seven Days' Battles," while Lee turned his army to the invasion of Maryland. Fortress Monroe was the great depot of supplies and rendezvous of federal troops.

But our space will not allow us even to mention the many places of inviting interest, or record the list of honored names belonging to this favored locality.

Our object is rather to set forth the agricultural advantages which this peninsula offers to settlers in our midst. Bounded on three sides by deep water intersected every few miles with streams and rivers, navigable to steam and sail craft, a great railroad projected and in fair prospect of completion, through its very centre, it requires no close observer to perceive the extraordinary facilities for transportation to market which this country affords. With a climate as balmy as sunny Italy, and a soil almost as generous as that of the Nile, it stands unrivaled in its attractions as a home for emigrants, either foreign or from more northern states. The extremes of heat and cold are both tempered by the action of the salt water on the atmosphere, and consequently, we have neither the torrid summers of the south nor the frigid winters of the north. During the past winter, there was not a fall of snow which whitened the ground for an honr, and perhaps, not fifty natives of Elizabeth City ever rode in a sleigh. Garden peas, lettuce, onions and cahhage grow all winter: Irish potatoes are frequently planted in the middle of February, sweet potatoes and corn in March, and other vegetahles in the nsual order of succession. Two, and sometimes three crops are grown upon the same soil in one year, each one yielding a good return. The lands on the water fronts are usually of a rich, light soil, admirahly adapted to the growth of potatoes, corn, oats and garden vegetahles, while those more inland are better adapted to wheat, rye, tohacco and grass. Fruits and herries are produced at little trouble and expense, the black and whortleberry growing wild in lavish profusion. Daily steamers ply up and down the York and James, to and from Baltimore, Richmond and Norfolk; aud a tri-weekly line runs from Norfolk to New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

The trucking interest has become of snch importance in the vicinity of Hampton, that the Old Dominion steamship company has recently had a new steamer huilt for the express purpose of transporting freight to Norfolk. Fifteen years ago all the garden vegetahles in the county, raised for market, did not amount to as mnch as is now frequently produced on one farm; and every year witnesses an increased acreage in the cultivation of garden peas, asparagus, snapbeans, berries and such like articles. All the markets of the coast are easily accessible in from one to three days time; while telegraphic communication to Fort Monroe affords ready information as to the daily range of prices.

The oyster beds of James and York rivers, are almost inexhaustihle in their supplies; while fish of great variety and excellent quality are always to be had.

So great are the advantages of this section of the country, that a gentleman who settled here during the late war, has been heard to say that if the farmers of Massachusetts would give away their lands and make this their home it wonld be the best day's work they ever did.

We would like to see emigrants pouring in here hy the hundred, and feel assured that they could make no better choice of locality for the investment of their capital and expenditure of their labor.

AROUND TOWN.

May 15, 1874.

We are glad to note continued improvements in our pleasant town. Our friend Darling, the miller, is putting up a fine two-story French-roof house 35x37, with a wing 15x27. It will have all the modern improvements, hot and cold water, etc., etc. The tin roof and plumbing are in the hands of Woodward, who has also the tin work of Virginia Hall in charge.

Mr. Darling was quite fortunate in the selection of a location, which is on King Street, near the wharf, and almost opposite the new "Wythe Hotel."

Bickford & Co., have for a long timo, been remodeling their establishment, and it is now nearly finished. Their trade is still going on, and a new stock of dry goods is fast going off.

The County and Circuit Courts have moved from the old Court-honse and taken up quarters at Greble Hall. The Connty Court will meet there on the 30th.

The Hampton and Fort Monroe Railroad will soon become a reality, we hope. The hill incorporating has passed the Legislatnre of Virginia, hut as the road will have to pass over Government land, the bill will have to pass Congress. It has passed the House, and is favorably reported in the Senate. The amendment tacked on by the Legislature does not allow the company to huild their road in any street in Hampton, or in the County road, so we snppose they will have an air line.

The National Home is to have an additional building, costing about ten thousand dollars. The delegation of managers who lately inspected the affairs of the Home, expressed themselves as very much pleased with the superintendence of Captain Woodfin, and put their appreciation in practical form, if we may judge hy the promotion which came to him a few days after. A person who visits Hampton and does not go upon the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, loses a fine view of displayed taste and comfort and careful management.

Wheu the *Mystic* was first put on her route, there were those who douhted whether it would ever pay. We hope their faith in the trade of Hampton grows hrighter as they see the new and elegant steamer *Hampton*, plying up and down the creek. We congratulate Captain Schermerhorn upon his new charge, and hope he may live to see the day when the *Hampton* will not be large enough to accommodate the trade of the town whose name it bears.

Professor Tucker seems to have found the tonsorial art remunerative, and has caught the spirit of improvement, having had his quarters enlarged and improved.

Captain Armistead has opened a store on Main Street; opposite Colbert's, for the sale of meat, poultry and vegetahles. The notice there of "Ice for sale" is quite refreshing.

We hope another walk will develop still other improvements.

THE BUTLER SCHOOL.

Thinking our readers would like to hear more of the Butler School, we made it a visit this morning (May 20th), with the view of taking a few notes. This schoolhouse was huilt under the direction of General B. F. Butler, with funds furnished hy the Government; and in 1863 it was opened with six hnndred pupils under the charge of Rev. Charles A. Raymond, chaplain of the military post. It is now under the charge of George and Eunice Dixon, well known through this country and England as friends of the freedmen. They are ably assisted hy Mr. Langford, a graduate of the Hampton Normal School, and Miss Rosa Hazard, who received a fine education in New England. The visitor, on opening the door, is greeted hy a little sea of hright faces. Mrs. Dixon has wrought a wonderful change in the dress and deportment of these children. She has no objection to patches, hut a perfect ahhorrence of dirt, and doubtless all the scholars have found this out. The Bible holds an honored place here. When we entered, the scholars were repeating scripture texts with a clearness of enunciation that did credit to those who taught reading. Then came reading from the New Testament, in which the scholars took part, each spelling a word and the whole school repeating until all the words in the chapter had been properly spelled and pronounced. Mr. Langford's class in reading, many of which did not know their letters last Novemher, read the hard words of the chapter with little difficulty.

The classes in arithmetic and geography were very creditable, superior, in fact, to any in similar schools we have visited.

Miss Hazard deserves credit for training their youthful voices in singing, and it is considered quite a treat to hear this school sing the old slave songs.

We hope the Dixons will hold the "Butler" in charge for a long time to come, for they are missionaries in the best sense of the word.

BLIND BEN.

The friends of Benjamin Stevens, the colored boy from Caroline county in this state, whose remarkahle arithmetical powers have surprised and interested the students and teachers of the Normal School, will be glad to learn of his welfare and prospects. He is now at the celebrated Institution for the Blind at Boston, Massachusetts, where his education and support have been provided for hy a lady of that city, to whose munificence many young men and women of the south, of both races, are indebted for the means of obtaining an education.

Blind Ben, who has never heen to school, has extraordinary natural gifts, and now that he is to have an opportunity to cultivate them hy study, his progress will he watched with deep interest.

OBITUARY.

The European mail of March 9th, brought us intelligence of the death, in Glasgow, Scotland, February 20th, of Mrs. Laura Cravath White, wife of Professor George L. White, Treasurer of Fisk University and Musical Director of the Jubilee Singers. Among the early teachers of the freedmen in Nashville, Tennessee, was Mrs. White, then Miss Cravath. She assisted in the organizing of Fisk School, now known as Fisk University. While teaching, she made the acquaintance of Mr. White, who was then the instructor in music. After their marriage, they continued their connection with the institution, and have heen closely identified with its history. Mrs. White was an earnest, faithful teacher, and possessed excellent judgment and rare tact.

To her no sacrifice was too great to he made for the race seeking advantages and privileges which had heen so long denied. During the darkest days in Fisk, she was ever hopeful and earnest, and had words of good cheer for her associates. She was deeply interested in the mission of the "Jubilee Singers," and accompanied her husband and the singers to Scotland, and though in feehle health and with a family about her, she gave much thought to the singers, and her words or her presence always strengthened and encouraged them. She was a devoted wife, a tender, true mother, a faithful, earnest, consistent Christian. We are confident that Brother White and the three little motherless children, the Juhilee Singers and the relatives of the departed, will have the prayers and sympathy of the friends of the Association.—*American Missionary.*

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES OF HAMPTON N. & A. INSTITUTE.

The Annual Closing Exercises of this institution will take place on Thursday, the eleventh day of next June.

The morning will be occupied with the usual recitations of the Jnnior and Middle classes, and with an examination of the Graduating class.

The afternoon exercises will consist of orations and essays by members of the Graduating class. It is expected that "Virginia Hall" will then be dedicated.

It is believed that the exercises will be of unusual interest, and that the meeting of friends of the school, from the North and South, will add to the pleasure of the occasion.

S. C. ARMSTRONG,
Principal.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The Normal School fsrm has been the recipient during the present school year of various favors from friends of the school, such as discounts on purchases and donstious of implements, etc., which Mr. Howe, the farm mangger, gratefuliy acknowledges. They are as follows:

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Agricultural.

STRUCTURE AND CHEMISTRY OF THE LEAF.

BY GEORGE DIXON.

A plant is not an *individual*, distinct in itself, hnt a collection of myriads of Individuals, associated together and *structurally* connected. The spongiole of the root takes in the elements oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon (in ths humus), with minuta traces of sulphur, phosphorus and such other of the inorganic elements as are required in its particular structure, and forms of them organic molecuics, to whicb chemists have given the name *proteine*. Several of these organic molecnles are placed sids by side, and cemented together in the direction of a thin layer, wbich, when exsmined by a powerful microscope, represents a film of bollow vescicles or csils; and, slthough no pores or holes can be detected in tbem, yet they each contain a fluid. The passage of this fluid throngh the cell-film is called *osmose*. The operation is attended hy the destruction of a prt of the substance of the organic film *by chemical action;* while other portions are being built up *by nutrition*. In this way, internal compositions and decompositions are continnally going on in living structures, whether animal or vegetable: while they are being nourished by food, they are, at the sams time, being wasted hy the action of life. Through the transparent film of the cell, ths microscope reveals granuiar points of matter floating in tbe fluid within. These are the elements, drawn in by the roots, being converted into organic molecules, which, in their turn, will hecome generators of organization. But the precise way in which this is effected, is one of the hiddcn secrets of the operations of *lifs*.

Having seen how the living cell is originated, let us investigata its mode of propagation. Beside preparing nntriment for its own structure, each cell is endowed witb the power of producing its own living offspring with great rapidity. Young cells are commonly produced in ths interior of old ones, hy the gathering togethsr of ths granular bodies named above. When these have matured, they hnrst ths parent cell and begin life on their own account. Some cells multiply hy forming partitions across their cavities, and splitting into two independent cells. Others increase in nnmber hy forming buds on their outer surface, which, after attaining a definite size, separate from tbe parent, and develop into mntnre cells. A living cell is a distinct nnd individnal creature. It springs from a germ; grows, msturcs, produces its kind, and dies; jnst as the most perfect plant or animsl does. Ths parent cell, in maturing its progeny, thickens its film by depositing dense material upon it, either as an inner or an outer cost; and although it ceases to be an organ of reprodnction, yet its remains form the fibers which determins ths shape and give stablity to every part of the plnnt. Hence, we see plants are simply an aggregation of dead and living cells, united by the mysterions forcee of life, into continuous and definits shspes. In psrennial plants, small projections msy be seen standing out, just shove the scars whencc ths old leavcs fall in the autumn. These are the leaf-buds, in which lis the embryo of a new stem and leaf, formed of livilg cell structure. Thsy are, indeed, merely little extensions of ths layer of young cell mattsr, that lie immediately beneath the bark, which are destined for the formation of new wood. They remain inactive and dormant, through the winter; but as soon as the genial warmth of tbe sun, in the spring, excites the forces of vegetable life, their individual celle begin to multiply, and so they get pusbed forth into shoots; each with growing points, from which leaves and blossoms are developed, and nltimately the seeds matured. The dead cells of previous years become elongated by pressure, and appear, like numcroue little drums, placed side by side and piled on each other in rows; their ends being pierced, they form continuous dncts or tubes, forming a direct communication between the roots and leaves. Whsn a yonng shoot is cut across, the orifices of these dncts mny be disccrned by the nsked eye. They are very perccptible, indeed, in a section of ths common cane. Ultimately these ducts become so thickened and lined with dense deposits, that they discontinue to convey sap, and act as merely mechanical supports for upholding the living organs. The bark is formed in the same way as the wood; the only difference is, that the old, outer ducts, which have become hard and glazed by the action of the sun and sir, do not remain, but slough off, and allow ths under snrface to take their place. But we hasten to the consideration of ths leaf, in which all the grand operations of vegetable life are carried on. A leaf consists of a skeleton of ranching fibers which issns from the footstalk, and which are mainly made up of bundles of hard wood-tubes, and of an expanded green blads, which extends from fiber to fiber and fills up the interspaces. This blads is composed of layers of tbin-walled, living cells, varnished over, externally, by a thin skin of dried mncilage, which effectually prevents all evaporation, except at the points where provision is made for this operation. At the underside of the leaf exhaling pores are placed between two crescent-shaped cells, which mcet hy their points, and form a vslve, bounded hy tbeir concave borders. Whenever ths sir and soil are very dry, and ths plant cannot afford to loose mnch moisture, the concave edges of the exhaling pores are pressed together, and the opening contracted. When, on the otherhand, the sir and soil are laden with moisture, the concave edges of the exhaling pores are curved away from each other, and the opening enlarged. These exhaling pores are therefore, really *mouths;* and on this account are called *stomata;* affording a regular communication with the exterior spaces of the leaves, snd the loose spaces left among the thin-walled leaf cells. The stomata are chiefly placed on the *under side* of the leaves, and are very numerous. Soms plants have as msny as one hundred and sixty thousand of them, on every sqnare inch of the surfacs of the underskin. No exhalation takes piace unless ths plant is exposed to the influence of the solar rays. If a plant is removed from the light into a dark room, exbalation is stopped instantaneously. Heat promotes exhalation, but it is unahls to effect it without the aid of light. The amount of wster in the sap, taken up hy the roots and carried to the leaves, is very large. It has been ascertained, that a plant of the common sunflower, exhsles from twenty to thirty ounces of water every day from its leaves; and an acre of grass land, as much as six thonsand, four hundred quarts in the twenty-four hours. Fifty ounces of water thus exhsled was fonnd very nesrly pure; not containing so much as ons grain of any other substance. When water is driven off from the sap contained in the cells of leaves (since nothing else is taken away with it), the remaining liquid is left thicker for the loss; just as syrup is thickened when a portion of its water is driven off by evaporation over a fire. This is the *first* great change that is brought about in sap, after it has been poured into the leaf cells; it is thickened, hy the evaporation of its thinner parts through the exhaling pores, under the influence of exposure to ths light and heat of ths sun. I would notice here, that the csuse of the coolness, felt under the shade of trees, arises from the sxhalations of the wster in the sap, through the stomsta of the lesves; in accordsnces with the law, that bodies in passing from a dense into a rarer state, sbsorb heat from ths substances with which they are surronnded; in this case ths vapor withdraws it from the atmosphere, thus reducing its temperature.

In our last psper, ws sbowed that plants not only had ths opportunity of getting the greatest part of the carhon, of which they are chiefly composed, from the atmosphers, hut proved tbat they embraced this opportunity. While exhaling ths watery vspor through the leaf-porcs, the crude sap drawe in ths carhonic acid, decomposs it, retaining ths carbon, and allowing the oxygen to return to the atmosphere. This solidification of carbon, is ths *second* great change that is effected in the sap, when it is exposed to sunlight, in the transparent leaf cells.

As ths complstion and consolidation of wood-substsnce takes plaes in the cells of the stem, oxygen gas must be disengaged therein, as well as in the leaf vesicles; hence, we find channels provided, for the purpose of conveying this gas hack to leaves. These are called *spiral vessels;* because they are tubes, lined inside by means of a dense depcsit, which is arranged like the thread of n fine screw. These spiral vessels are found in the midst of the fibers of the root, young wood and leaf; and they nlways contain air, with ten per cent. more oxygen in it than the atmospheric fluid has. This oxygen is really the superfluons gas that is set free, wherever the formation of organic matsrial is going on in the living vesicles of the plant, and it is on its way toward the stomata, the exhaling pores of the leaf, through which it is to be finally removed. Ths spiral lining of the vessels is, no doubt, provided as a means of preventing ths intrnsion of liquid. In plants of the fast growing kind, like the hop, balsam, etc., the threads of ths spires may be seen hy breaking the stems and pulling the parts asunder.

No part of ths vegetahls machine is so wonderful in its construction as the leaf. Ws bave seen that it is at once an organ of exhalation, digestion snd respiration; corresponding to the skin, stomach and lungs of animals. Shaped so as to expose the largest surface, it is mounted on a slender petiole, that it may he put in motion hy the slightest breeze, snd its contact with the air thus increased; while, at the sams time, it is constantly covered with a film of moisture, which is highly absorptive of carbonic acid. These conditions enable the foliage to withdraw this gas, from moving masses of air, in considerable quantity. Bousingault passed a rapid current of air through a glass globe containing a vine branch; when he fonnd that three-fourths of its carbonic acid was absorbed hy the leaves. We stated that the littis montbs or absorbent pores (stomata) are situated on the nnder side of the leaf. This may be proved hy taking ths leaf of a common cabbage, and applying the *under* side to a wound or cut; it will draw quite powerfully, inducing a discharge, while the upper surfsce will produce no such effect.

The leaf also possesses the power of decomposing water and ammonia, hy which hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen are set free. These gases, combining with the mineral matters, brought up with the sap, in the leaf, furnish the materials for all ths countless vsriety of vegetable substances. The fruit snd farinaceous food for the supply of our tables; the linen snd cotton fabrics for our clothing; the materisl for building our houses, making our furniture, implements and machines; the fuel for cooking our food, warming our apartments, smelting ores, and rendering the stubborn metals fluid snd malleable—valuable medicines, enabling us to overcome disease and restore health—were all put together and endowed with their peculisr properties hy leaves. They sre the true builders—they organize and construct living snbstances from the desd mineral mstter of the cnrth and air. Whatever is derived, immediately or remotely, from the vegetable world, wss all produced hy the subtle chemistry of a leaf. We have seen, that the newly formed compounds in the leaf, are carried in the current of the descending sap, and dsposited in the system of the growing plant; forming a new layer of wood and bark; strengthening, extending and multiplying the stems and roots; prodncing a new hud in the axil of each lesf, ready to bc developed in the coming season; storing up in ths seed a new germ, and protecting it by a store of material for its support and growth in infsncy, till it can produce organs to enable it to hecoms an independent plant. When the leaf has fulfilled its mission, and cnn be of no further service, it withers and falls from the stem, and returns to the ground, from whence it originated, to be decomposed and form *humus* for a new generation of vegetation.

We have hitherto very much confined our observations to the cell-film and wood-substsnces, the resliy essential ingredients, for perfecting every kind of vegetable strncture (properly so called), found in plants, hnt there are in the juices and in ths cells of plants, other *complex substances* produced out of the sap, which are not really possessed of organized structnre. The chief of these are sugar, starch, oil, gluten and alhumen; the naturs and economic value of which ws shall investigats in our next paper.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

DRAINAGE AT NORFOLK, VA.

The young farmer, who is disposed to follow the advice of books, is liable to the most serious blunders, unless he remembers that each state and conuty, each farm and field have circumstances peculisr to themselves snd requiring separate study. Before obeying the books on any particular system of farm management, the beginner may well inquire where these writers gained their experience, and whether their lands, their temperature snd the distribution of their rains through ths season, be liks his own. Whst is good advics in one place may he very bad in another, as we propose to show by the following exsmple:

Peter Henderson, one of tbs highest authorities on gardening, near New York city, prsfers a subsoil of sandy loam. Where ths subsoil is stiff clay, hs writes tbat it is almost useless to attempt to grow early vegetables for market purposes.

Experienced men at Norfolk, Va., on the contrary, regard a retentive snbsoil, sufficiently stiff for brick making, as the best.

Here is a total disagreement in the rulee of skillful judges. The explanation depends partly on the climate, bnt mainly on the fact tbat at depths, varying from three to six feet below the surface at Norfolk, is a bed of sand wblch requires only occasional outlets to form a system of natural drainage so effective that where a subsoil of clay does not occur above the sand, the land is dry and leachy, and the strength of manure rapidly escapes.

The above-mentioned experience at Norfolk shows that it is possible that land may be too well drained. Probahly Mr. Henderson, on inspection of some of the leachy soils at Norfolk would admit that the snbsoil was too porous. And if he were shown that the open drains at Norfolk were made deep enougb to tap the ssnd; that the average temperatnre was ten degrees higher than at New York; that the ground was seldom frozen, and nsually dry enough to be plowed all wintsr—then, in view of these things, Mr. Henderson would doubtless recognize that the science of gardening was widely different at Norfolk from what it was at New York, and that under a southern sun, it was yet to be proved whether tile drainage would be an advantage, even on fields having a clay snbsoil.

But shonld a Norfolk farmer cross the sea and sttempt to convince Cousin John that any land with clay subsoil did not need tile drainage, what would hs his fate? How facts and figures, acts of Parliament, tracts on sonr soils and root-poisoning would be showered upon him; bow his dark state would be pitied, and how he would be regarded as seventy years behind his age, can be imagined hnt not expressed. For in England tile drainage is justly considered the first necesaity of the farmer. And why? Becanse that country is so cold snd damp, that even with the tils drains and southern exposures, it cannot ripen a crop of Indian corn.

A single season of British weather, if it could he transferred to Norfolk, Va., would be a lowering of average temperature of fifteen degrees, and would ruin all who depended on their crops of corn, peanuts, tomatoes or sweet potstoes. No grapes or figs would ripen, and ths fences would go for fire wood. Our supposed traveler, after seeing an English summer, might well qnery whether any English theories of agriculture, and especially of drainage, were applicable to his Norfolk farm, or valusble to him excepting as hints for experiment.

OBSERVER.

THE FLORA OF HAMPTON.

APRIL—CONTINUED.

Poa pratensis—*spear grass.* Potentilla Canadensis—*Canadian cinquefoil.* Quercus virens—*live oak.* Trifolium procumbens—*white clover.* Aspleneum ebensum—*ebony spleenwort.* Ariscema triphyllum—*Jack-in-the-pulpit.* Ranunculus pusillus—*slender crowfoot.*

MAY.

Azalea nudiflora—*early honeysuckle.* Vicia hirsuta—*hairy vetch.* Pteris aquilina—*brake.* Osmunda cinnamomea—*cinnaman fern.* Senecio aureus—*golden groundsel.* Salvia lyrata—*wild sage.* Salix nigra—*black willow.* Sagina Elliottii—*pearlwort.* Linaria Canadensis—*blue toad-flax.* Dactylis glomerata—*orchard grass.* Ranunculus parviflorus—*small-flowered ranunculus.* Malva rotundifolia—*round-leaved mallow.* Cirsium lanceolatum—*common thistle.* Sisymhrium officinale—*hedge mustard.* Lepidium Virginicnm—*wild pepper grass.* Polygonum hiftorna—*two-flowered Solomon's seal.* Onoclea sensihilis—*sensitive fern.* Cypripedium acaule—*low ladies' slipper.* Lonicera sempervirens—*perennial-leaved woodbine.* Trifolium pratanse—*red clover.* Galium trifidium—*ladies' bed-straw.* Msdeola Virginica—*Indian cucumber root.* Pyrus Americana—*mountain ash.* Oxalis violacea—*violet wood sorrel.* Carex straminea—*straw sedge.* Geranium Carolinianum—*Carolina crane's bill.* Cardamine hirsuta—*common bitter cress.* Nyssa multiflora—*many-flowered tupelo.* Juglans nigra—*black walnut.* Morus alba—*white mulberry.* Vaccinium stamineum—*deer berry.* Kalmia latifolia—*broad-leaved laurel.* Hieracium venosum—*vein-leaf hawkweed, bloodwort.* Asparagus officinalis—*asparagus.* Myosotis stricta—*forget-me-not.* Sisyrinchium Bermudiana—*blue-eyed grass.* Gratiola Virginica—*Virginia water hyssop.* Rubus villosus—*high blackberry.* Cerasus serotina—*black or wild cherry.* Alopecurus geniculatus—*floating foxtail grass.* Andromeda racemosa—*racemed andromeda.* Vaccinium corymbosum—*high blueberry.* Larix Amsricana—*tamarack, American larch.* Silens antirrhina—*snapdragon catchfly.* Rhus toxicodendron—*poison oak.* Trifolium procumbens—*yellow clover.* Smilax glauca—*green brier.* Silene Pennsylvanica—*pink catch-fly.* Helianthsmum Canadense—*cistus, rock rose.* Œnothsra sinuata—*evening primrose.* Quercus cinerea—*upland willow-oak.* Hordsum pusillum—*small wild barley.* Opuntia vulgaris—*prickly pear, Indian fig.* Gleditschia triacanthus—*honey locust.* Philadelphus inodorus—*false syringa.* Tradescantia Virginica.—*spiderwort.* Anagallis arvensis—*scarlet pimpernel.* Viburnum opulus—*guelder rose.* Daucus carota—*wild carrot.* Tricetum palustre—*three-awned bog grass.* Rumex crispus—*yellow dock.* Danthonia spicata—*Danthoin's oat grass.* Rumex verticillatus—*water dock.* Euonymus Americanus—*American burning bush.* Agrostis scahra—*hair grass.* Bromus secalinus—*cheat or chess.* Ilex opaca—*holly tree.* Smilacina racemosa—*clustered Solomon's seal.* Achillea millefolium—*yarrow milfoil.* Osmunda regalis—*flowering fern.* Aspidium acrosticholdes—*shield fern.* Centaurea nigra—*blue bottle, batchlor's button.* Avena præcox—*wild oat.* Elymus Virginicus—*wild rye.* Filago Germanica—*cudweed.*

VERSES

Supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernandez.

COWPER.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right, there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! What treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to the desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me!
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas, recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

About four hundred miles from the coast of Chili, in the South Pacific ocean, lies a little island, some fifteen miles in length by six in breadth, which is a garden of fertility and beauty. Rugged and mountainous though it is, it has numerous rich valleys and a pleasant and healthful climate, while its productions are varied enough to satisfy almost all the demands of the human appetite. Apples, figs, strawberries, melons and peaches grow side by side, while grain and the commoner vegetables grow plentifully; wild goats abound and the waters are full of excellent fish. This is the famous island of Juan Fernandes, which furnished the scene of the story that has more readers than any work in the English language, namely, the story of "Robinson Crusoe," written in the year 1719, by Defoe, an English author of renown. Juan Fernandez was, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a favorite resort of the pirates who then infested the waters of the Pacific; and, in 1704, Alexander Selkirk, a scotchman, who was sailing-master of the *Cinque Ports*, an English privateer, was put ashore here at his own request, being well supplied with clothing, instruments, arms and such necessaries of life as could be left with him in available shape. He remained here in solitude for five years, when he probably was satisfied with his strange experiment and was glad to return home in an English vessel, which happened to touch at his remote abode. It is generally supposed that his adventures formed the foundation of "Robinson Crusoe," though Selkirk has a rival in the person of Peter Serrano, a Spaniard, who was wrecked on an island in the Carribbean Sea, not far from the mouth of the Orinoco River, and who, living there for many years, in solitude, was finally taken off by a passing vessel, to share, perhaps, with the Scotch Selkirk the honor of supplying materials for Defoe's great tale. The poem which we give above is, as its title sets forth, supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk, while he was alone upon the distant island of Juan Fernandez, and is almost as well known as Robinson Crusoe himself. Surely, after reading its mournful verses, no one, however adventurous, could envy the solitary man who was "monarch of all he surveyed," and its description of the terrors of loneliness make us wonder at the courage of the self-exiled Scotchman, who was strong enough to endure even five years of complete separation from his kind.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The life of this poet was so sad; he was in many ways so set apart from his fellow men, while yet so dependent upon their sympathy, that it must always be a matter of surprise that he was able to accomplish so much valuable literary work in the midst of suffering and isolation. As a young man he studied for the law, but was indolent and fond of pleasure and hurdened with an extreme nervous timidity, which prevented him from attempting to fill any of the several public offices that were procured for him by his influential friends. When he was something over thirty years old the great trouble of his life fell upon him, for under the influence of various disappointments he became entirely insane, and, although a partial cure was effected, he was ever afterward subject to long returns of mental disturbance. He fancied himself to be destined to eternal misery, and this morbid state of mind induced him to shun all his near relations and friends, though they always watched over him with the kindest care, and supplied him with all that was necessary to his comfort. For some time he lived with the Unwin family, at Olney, occupying himself with religious exercises and active work among the poor, while, at the same time, he wrote many poems and translated Homer into blank verse. He was exceedingly fond of flowers and domestic animals and was gentle and courteous in his manners, but his clouded mind made him unduly sensitive, and his generous, kindly heart was torn by the agonies of mental doubt, so that his existence was one of protracted suffering and anxiety. The "Task" is the most famous of his poems, but perhaps the best known of all his works to the world at large, is the ballad of John Gilpin, which is a humorous account of the ride of

"* * * A citizen of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town."

Cowper's poems attracted so much attention that he received from the king a pension of three hundred pounds, and it is said that one publisher alone sold six thousand copies of "John Gilpin," but the poet himself derived no pleasure from his success, being never able to shake off the melancholy which shrouded his life. His best friend, Mrs. Unwin, died in 1796, and, after looking in speechless agony, upon her face for the last time, he turned silently away and never again uttered her name.

Four years latter, in the year 1800, he himself died at the age of sixty-nine, finding in death the repose which it was his Father's will should never be granted to him in life. His name adds one more to the list of famous men, whose sufferings have been in proportion to their genius, and his lot was one of those to which heaven alone can give us the key.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouses and ships of our country are as well built and regulated as any in the world, and among them all there is none more remarkable than the "Minot's Ledge Lighthouse," which stands upon the outer rock of a ledge lying off the coast of Cohasset, Massachusetts. We are sure that the splendid view of it, which we are so fortunate as to be able to present to our readers this month, will interest them in the following account of the difficulties attending its construction and the skill with which they were finally overcome.

About eight miles east southeast of Boston Light a projecting point of almost entirely submerged rocks runs out about a mile and a half into the sea, and offers a formidable obstacle for vessels running in for Boston harbor. At low water the highest part of the rock, (a circle some twenty-five feet in diameter), is bare for a few moments only, and the difficulty of erecting a lighthouse upon this wave-swept circle, can scarcely be exaggerated, for to the unskilled eye it seems simply and wholly impossible. Many years ago the attention of merchants and mariners was drawn to the dangers of this point, and, in 1847, Congress made an appropriation for the construction of a lighthouse on this spot, the plans being for an iron pile structure at the top of which was to be the keeper's dwelling, the whole surmounted by a lantern enclosing the illuminating apparatus. The work was an octagon, with sides, at the base, of nine and a half feet, iron spiles ten inches in diameter, where they left the rock, being inserted five feet into it at each angle of the octagon and at its centre, the whole being firmly braced and tied together by wrought iron braces. At a height of fifty-five feet above the highest point of the rock the heads of the piles were firmly secured to a heavy casting. The work was completed in the autumn of 1849, and stood until April, 1851, when it was carried away by one of the most terrific storms that has ever occured on the Atlantic coast. The ice froze to the iron piles and thus increased the extent of surface against which the waves beat, while a second cause of the destruction of the light was somewhat curious. A hawser was fastened to the top of the structure, the other end being anchored in the sea, and against this hawser the waves, in their rebound from the lighthouse, struck with redoubled fury so that the effect of their blows was transmitted to the pyramid with very great leverage and an increased power, which produced dangerous oscillation.

In this fearful tempest the unfortunate keeper of the lighthouse was lost, and for four years no attempt was made to rebuild the much needed lighthouse. In 1855 the present building was begun, and our illustration shows it as it now stands. The base is thirty feet in diameter, and the whole height of the stone work is eighty-eight feet, the lower forty feet being solid. The remaining forty-eight feet is made up of keeper's apartments storerooms and the parapet, which encloses the pedestal of the lens apparatus. It is a splendid triumph of ingenuity and determination, and has already stood the test of so many severe storms, that there is every reason to hope that it will escape the fate of the building which preceded it upon this dangerous spot, and stand for many years to come a guide and warning to the fleets of vessels, whose ways lie within sight of its far-shining light.

THE MEASUREMENT OF TIME.

There is nothing of greater practical importance in the daily life of men; nothing, perhaps, more closely connected with the progress of the human race, than the art of measuring time; and from that distant period, when the lapse of time was marked only by the alternations of day and night, and the changes of the moon, down to the present day, when, for purposes of science, men measure the millionth part of a second, the improvements in the appliances for time-measurement has kept pace with the general progress of civilization.

We all understand that time must be measured by some regulated series of motions, and we know how, in a fashion of her own, nature marks time for us—by the setting of the sun, the crowing of cocks, the budding and falling of leaves, the tides of the sea, etc., all of which phenomena occur invariably at certain regular and familiar intervals; but very early in the history of our race, it was found that something more accurate than these natural changes, was required, and art soon came to the assistance of nature. The first artificial contrivances, for the purposes of telling time, were sun-dials, hour-glasses and clepsydræ. Sun-dials measured time by the course of a shadow over a rudely marked scale and were consequently useless in the night or in cloudy weather, but they were soon supplemented by hour-glasses, which mark time by the trickling of fine sand through a small opening between an upper and lower glass bulb, just one hour being required for the whole quanty of sand to trickle from one bulb to the other. The clepsydra was on the same principle as the hour-glass, employing water instead of sand, its simplest form being an upright cylinder large enough to hold several gallons of water, with a small opening at the bottom through which the water flowed slowly out. We are told "that the Assyrian monarch, Sardanapalus had a time-keeper of this description in his palace at Nineveh, and there was one also in every ward in the city. These were all filled at sunrise, and as soon as they were emptied, at a signal given by a man stationed upon a high tower, they were refilled, and a number of heralds sent forth proclaiming the fact through the town, so that the inhabitants might regulate their transactions, and know when to eat, to worship, to labor, and to sleep. The interval between the emptying and refilling in this case, like the rounds of the patrolmen, which were also anciently employed to measure time, were termed watches."

After a time, the flowing water of the clepsydra was made to turn a wheel, which carried an index hand round a dial plate, and thus marked the hours of the day. This was called a water-clock, and was used for two thousand years as a time-measurer, in the countries of the east, but was gradually improved by the substitution of falling weights for falling water, as the motive power. The oldest of these constructions, actually preserved, was made by Henry De Vick, a German, and set up in Paris, for Charles V., of France, in 1379. It was a thirty hour clock, with a weight and a train of wheels, giving motion to one hand, and the striking part was precisely the same as that still used." This curious old clock had a horizontal lever, with movable weights, so that the further out they were hung the slower would be the vibrations; and some three hundred years after the date of De Vick's invention, the last grand improvement in clocks was made, by converting the horizontal swing of the balance into the vertical swing of the pendulum, which was done by taking off one of the weights and hanging the balance in an upright position. From this clock, which was at first used only in the towers of churches, sprang the whole race of modern clocks and watches, whose history fills many a hulky volume, reaching, as it does, from the time when watches were the treasures of kings, till to-day, when few pockets are without them. In our next number we shall attempt to condense the main facts of the history of watches, in order to give our readers some idea of the growth of these indispensable friends of ours, from the beginning which we have already shown.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

The great clock of Strashurg (one of the cities ceded by France to Germany, during the late war) is one of the curiosities which all travelers visit and wonder at for the ingenuity and oddity of its mechanism. It stands in the beautiful old cathedral, and dates as far back as 1352, though since its first erection it has undergone many changes and repairs, the number of figures having been increased and their appearance improved by jointed limbs. The quarter chimes are struck by figures representing the four ages of man, which move in a circle round a skeleton mower. The hour bell is struck by an angel, a second angel at the same moment turning an hour glass, through the narrow neck of which sand is kept always running. Every day at noon a procession of the twelve apostles takes place round a figure of the Saviour, and each one in passing bows to the central figure, which, when the circuit has been made, extends its hands as in the act of blessing. During the procession a cock opens his beak, flutters his wings and crows three times. The clock not only tells the time of the day, but the day of the month, the month of the year, the signs of the zodiac, the Copernican planetary system, the procession of the equinoxes, solar time, and even marks the 29th day of February in every leap year, so that the citizens of Strashurg have good reason for the pride they take in their unique cathedral clock.

Trials make our faith sublime,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Lift us to a holier clime,
Make us strong to do and bear.

—*Cowper.*

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew our brother's struggles
'Gainst opposing wind and tide:
'Gainst the many bright temptations
Luring him on every side;

If we knew the cares and sorrows
Thronging ever round his life,
Would we wonder if he faltered,
Sometimes, in th' unequal strife?

If we looked beneath the surface,
Gilded o'er with graceful art,
We should find that smiles are often
Worn to mask a broken heart.

He who trusts to fickle fortune,
Builds his house upon the sand;
And the empty rainbow bubble
Bursts before it meets his hand.

If we lift the laurel tendrils,
Gathered by the hand of fame,
Thorns beneath each fragile leaflet,
Prove its joy, alas! the same.

If we knew that death were waiting
Just beyond, a little way,
Would we put off 'till to-morrow
That which should be done to-day?

Would we spend life's precious moments
In grumbling and bewailings,
And giving credence to each tale
Of others faults and failings?

Would we pass the time in grieving
O'er the past with bitter tears?
Or in gath'ring earthly treasures,
To enrich the fleeting years?

We must "bear each other's burdens,"
If we hope to meet above,
In that blissful, heavenly mansion,
Where we'll know that "God is love."

From the Little Sower.

FLIES.

The illustration on this page shows the hand of some kind-hearted person, engaged in rescuing a drowning fly from its perils. We fear many of our readers, who are beginning to be troubled by the swarms of flies so common in these summer days, will not appreciate this humane illustration. When the assertion is made that everything God creates is for some noble purpose, it often draws out the query, "What are flies made for?"

You know there is a law against shooting turkey buzzards, because this uncomely bird is such a friend; cleaning up all the putrifying carcasses around and thus helping to keep the air sweet and preventing disease. Now, the fly is engaged in a like occupation, and feeds on decaying substances in the air and all about us. If people would only be more careful and cleanly about their houses and grounds they would be less troubled by flies because they would be less needed. But even a fly may be a source of danger and even death. Guyot tells us that in the villages of Upper Egypt, he has seen children in their mother's arms, nursing, whose faces were invaded by such compact legions of flies that they looked like crawling black masks. It is a sad truth that insects sometimes cause death. After eating itself on a corpse a fly may vaccinate a live body with the germs of death.

LIFE-SAVING ON THE COAST.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

This is a talk about stormy nights and suffering men; about the ravages of wintry seas on a long coast, desolate with sand-hills and rugged with cliffs. Yet, as in all pictures, there must be light to produce shade, so in this there are many brave deeds to brighten it. You, no doubt, think that life in a light-house must be curious and grand,—poetical, some of the girls will call it; but as strange, as grand, as poetical and surely as adventurous is the life of the men stationed on the coast to aid vessels in distress. A hardy, courageous, practical set of heroes they are,—on duty night and day, peering seaward, from their lonely watch-towers, in search of whom they may save. Think, my children, how noble is the occupation that has saved two hundred lives in a single night, as when the "Ayrshire" went ashore near Long Branch, and that number of souls were safely landed through a terrible surf.

You ask me if these men are not sometimes called the coast-guard. In America we have no service under that name. In England the coast-guard-men are simply the policemen of the coast. They are employed by the government to prevent smuggling and to protect the revenue. But here we have the Revenue Marine Bureau,—a somewhat similar organization,—which has a large fleet of steamers on patrol around our coast. From this branch of the government grew the life-saving service of the United States; but for many years it was so neglected that the number of lives lost on the coast was a reproach to our humanity. Our shores were strewn with melancholy wrecks. Survivors, cast up by the sea, perished from cold or hunger, when timely assistance might have quickly restored them. Noble vessels, freighted with precious cargoes and more precious lives, went ashore, almost within sight of our homes, and, through the want of apparatus, no aid could be sent to them.

France had her "Central Society for Saving the Shipwrecked;" England, the "Royal National Life-Boat Institution;" Germany her "Association for Saving Seamen in Distress;" and here, along the great line of our coast,—from Maine to the Florida Reefs,—there were only twenty-four life-saving stations, and these were so poorly managed that they were worth little. But we are not a mercenary or cruel people; and when our mistake was seen we began to mend it.

Congress made appropriations for the purpose, the old life stations were rebuilt and supplied with new implements, and many additional ones were established. In all, there are now eighty-two, and in a year or two more the coast of the Atlantic States—from north to south—will be lined with stations only three or four miles apart. Out on remote points of land you will find them, sometimes miles away from other human habitations. The strongest timbers are used in their construction,—all as staunch in their fastenings as the timbers of the stoutest man-o'-war. Across their threshold, the frozen, wounded sufferers of a wreck find nourishment, warm clothing and medical treatment. Blessed are the men who attend them,—friends of ours we may proudly call them, because they are the friends of all the plucky fellows afloat. How well they do their duty, you may judge from this fact:

Out of two hundred and thirty-five lives imperiled in wrecks last year, the life-saving stations rescued two hundred and thirty-four. The only soul lost was an old man, who died from exposure.

I have only given you an idea of the extent of the service, thus far; and if you are determined to see a life-saving station you must start with me, on a frosty afternoon, from New York to Sandy Hook. In imagination, I mean, you must go over the journey that I made last autumn. The sail across the bay is cold and dreary; the land is wrapped in snow, and a savage wind is blowing. Some ocean steamships and a crowd of sailing craft are hurrying into port. The sea is already white and heavy with foam. Vast clouds are lowering and rolling at no great height. It is a threatening day, and at the signal-stations warning flags are hoisted. Sandy Hook looks deserted; the light-house, fortifications and telegraph station are bleak and lonesome. We pass, from here, down the coast some ten miles,—still a waste of sand, yellowish grass and straggling shrubbery,—until we come to Seabright. A pretty name, this, and a pretty place in summer; but now barren and forlorn. A wild child of the sea, with one of her father's fishing nets trailing behind her, is the only living creature we meet. Some distance away, we see a red building, with a flag raised above it. From our point of observation the surf seems to be beating up to the doors, but as we approach we find that it is several yards from the water limit. It is painted red, with a number in front, and, ugly as it is, it looks hospitable in the surrounding waste. This is Life-saving Station No. 3, in District No. 3, comprising the coast of New Jersey; Charles West, Keeper. Entering through a small door facing the sea, we reach the kitchen,—a rudely-finished apartment, in which the crew are stretched at leisure. Leisure, well earned, it is; for, passing into the boat-house, where the apparatus is kept, we find everything in the neatest order,—not a speck of rust or dust. The greatest space is occupied by the boat, itself—a wonder of durability and beauty, raised on a light carriage, by which it is drawn to the water's edge, and launched over rollers, into the surf. You also notice a curious object, which startles you by its resemblance to a torpedo boat. It is the life-car. The lower half is not unlike an ordinary open boat in form; but the upper part is covered by a convex deck, raised at both ends. In the middle you find a hole large enough to admit a man. Peep in, if you choose. It is like the inside of an empty steam boiler,—dark and unventilated; but people on the borders of Death-land do not demand a palace car to carry them into a place of safety; and into this queer vessel four persons are often crowded. Presently, we shall see how it is sent on board a wrecked ship to bring the passengers and crew ashore. But you must remember that all stations are not supplied with the life-car. It can only be used on a smooth beach, as at Seabright; and on the coast of Maine it is superseded by the "breeches buoy." What the "breeches buoy" looks like, you may guess from the name. It is simply a pair of water-tight trowsers, stitched up at the bottoms to prevent the feet from coming through. From the waist, upwards, the body is exposed; but the buoy is moved quicker than the life-car, as it is lighter and only brings one person ashore at a time. It is suspended to the line between the vessel and the shore by rings, and it is hauled in and out by the life saving men.

In a corner of the room, near the rocket apparatus, you see two bundles of what seems to be shapeless India rubber cloth. At our request, a man exhibits them and tells us that they are life-saving dresses invented by Captain J. H. Merryman, inspector of the service. He puts one suit on: first, the trowsers, and then the jacket. Inserted in the neck there is a small tube, with a mouth-piece, through which he fills his strange armor with air. his face is uncovered, but the head is protected by a hood, fitting so closely that the water cannot enter nor the air escape. In appearance he is now like a submarine diver. Out of the house, he leads us to the water's edge, and then he plunges into the surf. He is soon out of his depth, but the dress supports him—head and chest out of the water,—without interfering with his movements in the least degree. Two of the dresses are supplied to each station, and are used by the men in rescuing bodies from the water.

Over the kitchen and boat-house are the sleeping-rooms and storehouse. Here, too, all the fittings are staunch and comfortable, as it is necessary they should be, since neither the keeper nor the surfmen are allowed to leave the station-house during the winter months. At this isolated place they are constantly on duty, and very seldom unoccupied. From time to time they are drilled in the use of the apparatus and in the management of their boat in the surf. But they are not novices. Perhaps you observed some of the faces as we came through the kitchen,—ruddy with the bloom of a hundred storms. In fact, they are chosen for their recognized experience and valor as surfmen; and they are drilled simply to keep their joints from stiffening and their eyes from wandering. The many manœuvres of assisting a vessel in distress are practised at least once a month, and actual service is sometimes rendered as often. A log is kept of all events occuring in the surrounding land and water, and the beach is traversed day and night in search of wrecks. The day patrolman starts along the beach from his station-house until the signals of the next station are in view. The night patrolmen are two in number. One follows the beach towards the next station to the right of his own, and the other towards the next station to the left. Provided only with a lantern and red signal light, each man tramps along until he meets the patrolman of the next station. It is a terribly lonely mission. The surf is moaning at his feet with unalterable grief, and he hears no friendly voice until his duty is done. It is like entering some enchanted realm of darkness. On one side of him is the restless sea; on the other, wastes of sands; before him, the thin ray of his own lantern. Many a brave man would flinch from the terrors of such solitude; but the patrolman finds companionship in the steady flames of the light-houses, and even in the sorrows of the waves themselves. But when the sky and stars are hidden by black storm-clouds, and the wind shrieks into her ear, O, it is so lonely for him, my children! Yet it

may be his fate to find one lonelier and colder than himself. In his path he may meet a moist human form pressed into the sand,—some poor waif that has been lost at sea. Or in the threatening distance, far away over the foaming breakers, he may see a suffering vessel, piteously signaling for aid. Now his energies are braced for good work; now there comes to this hero the consciousness that the weary tramp has not been in vain, and that there are lives to save. For a moment, only, he delays to prove that he has not been mistaken. Eagerly he peers through his night glass, and discerns a ship, beached on a shoal, about three hundred yards away. Then the crimson signal in his hand shoots its splendor into the night, at once telling the watch at the station that there is work to do, and the shipwrecked, that succor is at hand.

The patrolman has been fully instructed and he hastens with all speed to assist in preparing the apparatus. As he hurries homeward, he faintly hears the excited shouts of his mates as they unhouse the boat, and frequently he sees the brightly colored Coston lights illuminating the isolated refuge on the sands, as they bear the messages to the adjoining stations. A fine display of fireworks, you would think them; but to the life-saving men they are imperative orders. First, a red, a white, and green light are burned in quick succession, to attract the watch at the next station, and as soon as one white light is seen in answer, a series of orders are given by the same beautiful means. Thus, a red light announces danger, and a green light that aid is required from the next station by the station signaling. A red and a green light in succession, mean "Bring your boat and equipments." A green and a red light—the previous signal reversed—mean "Bring your life-car and lines." A red and white light, Bring your rocket apparatus," and so on; different combinations of colors conveying different instructions.

The boat-carriage has very broad wheels to prevent it from sinking in the sand, and two stout horses gallop with it along the beach until they are opposite the wreck. Life-car, rocket apparatus and lines are ready. The men assemble, eager for service and urged on by their commander. All their nerves are strung, and all their devotion is stirred. The vessel is tossing and groaning in the sand, and every moment may be worth a dozen lives. Quickly the boat is rolled off the carriage on the shore. Her brave crew gather around her gunwale. They are dressed in heavy, oil-skin clothes, from which the water rolls harmlessly; and some of them have life-preservers around their waists. But these things interfere with the freedom of their movements, and they throw them aside and face the gale in their thick flannels. Most of them are in the prime of life. There is not an undersized man among them. Each is fitted by nature to contend with a giant, and beat him. Seven such fellows are not often seen together; and, as they brace themselves for work, you may well wonder if they can be matched. All our admiration is called forth by the strength they display as they bend to push their boat into the water, at the word of their commander. They do not tremble or bold back, yet the terrors of death are before them. The surf, roaring at their feet, taunts them with its power. As far as the eye can reach, the only prospect is a foaming waste, from which the spray rises in a thick mist. Can the boat live in such a surf? Undaunted, the men wait for a sea that will launch her. On it comes, proudly, defiantly, mightily. Its curling head is raised high. It leaps wildly forward, with the weight and force of an iron wall. The majestic crest bubbles in white wrath. It towers high above the ranks, like an invincible general leading his army to battle. The men hold their breath as it advances, and watch its motions with a steady eye. Onward it hurls itself, gaining volumes in its path; onward into the death struggle on the shore, until, struck by a savage gust of wind, it breaks and drives the boat away from it with an impetuous roar of scorn. The men are thrown, bruised and sore, on the beach. Still their courage remains, and they renew their attempts, until the commander decides that it is hopeless to contend longer. The life-car, alone, must be used.

The rocket apparatus has been arranged, and is firmly planted in the sand. It is a long tube, mounted on a tripod, and fired by a percussion cap. About four hundred yards of very light cord are smoothly coiled at the base, and one end is attached to the rocket. A small trigger is pulled, and the rocket leaps through the air, and over the distressed ship, bearing the line with it. Happily it falls across the deck, and is hauled in by the sailors on board. When the shore end is reached, a block, holding a stouter rope, and a board containing the following words in English and French, are found attached:

"Make the tail of the block fast to the lower mast, well up. If the masts are gone, then fasten it to the best place you can find. Cast off small line. See that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore."

The men on the beach wait patiently until a rocket or light is displayed in answer, and the life-car is then dispatched on its journey. It is suspended to the ropes by rings, and is hauled across the waters by the men on the shore. In ten or fifteen minutes it is alongside the vessel, and is filled with wrecked people. Again a signal is displayed, and the life-car makes its return journey,—sometimes riding over the waters; sometimes high and dry, and sometimes submerged by the heavy sea. It is so constructed that it contains enough air to give four people breath for at least fifteen minutes, but otherwise it is not ventilated. Here it comes gliding nearer the shore! "Steady!" the commandant cries to his men, who are pulling with all their might and main. "Steady!" The car touches the sand, and is dragged out of the reach of water. The trap-door is opened, and three women—wet, cold, terrified, but still alive,—are safely landed. Only thirty-one minutes have passed since the first rocket was fired, and, thereafter, lives are saved at the rate of over forty an hour until not a soul remains on the wreck.

At the stations, large fires are blazing, ready to welcome the survivors, who are also provided with warm clothing and other necessaries.

So far I have only spoken about surf-boats, which are not the same things as life-boats. Both are used for the same ends; but they are very different in other respects.

The surf-boat is built of cedar, and is so light that two men can carry it. The best life-boat is very heavy, and is built of iron. It is self-righting and self-bailing—that is to say, should it be capsized, it would right itself and throw off all the water that it had taken on board. Some very wonderful improvements have been made in boats of this kind, recently. I saw some experiments about two months ago, with a life-boat only twenty-five feet long, seven feet in beam, and three feet, three inches in depth. Twelve men stood on her gunwale, or at one side, and she did not take in a drop of water. Forty-seven men were then placed in her, and her sides were still nineteen inches out of the water. The men were next ordered out, and told to jump in hurriedly, as they would do in case of a sudden alarm; and the boat stood even that test without shipping more than a few quarts of water.

A smaller life-boat, of the same pattern, was then tried. She was dropped from a crane twenty-one feet high, into the water. She fell perfectly flat, with a noise resembling a clap of thunder, but, on examination, found perfectly buoyant, without a joint or rivet started. The boats of the life-saving institution of England saved 21,000 human beings from 1824 to 1872; and some of our American stations are furnished with patent boats of nearly the same model. But old surf-men are full of prejudice against new inventions, and work with more confidence in a simple boat of the old style.

All the cargo of a wrecked vessel is not lost, as you may suppose. After the lives of the passengers and crew are rescued; the next duty of the life-saving men is to save the cargo. Last year, property to the value of $832,230 was imperiled in their districts, and of this the value of $581,201 was recovered. But peremptory orders are given, forbidding any attempt to save merchandise until all human beings are out of danger; and the captain may throw overboard any articles brought into his boat which may imperil it or the lives intrusted to his charge. There are also professional wreckers, who raise sunken ships and secure the cargo. You must not confuse them with the wreckers of old, about whom you may have read in romances; for they are a very useful and honest class of men, and use large steamers and wonderful machinery in their operations.

The Teachers' Table.

GRAMMAR IN THE PRIMARY SCHOOL.

I believe that all our common school grammars, agree that "English grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly."

May we not, then, keeping this definition in view, all set about imparting to our pupils the ability to speak and write correctly?

Every one familiar with young children, must have observed how soon they recognize the grammatical forms and inflexions of the language.

Children in the lowest classes of the grammar schools and even in the primary schools recognize the regular forms of the degrees of comparison, of the plural of nouns, of the cases and genders of pronouns, and to a considerable extent, of the moods and tenses of verbs; and their chief mistakes arise from not knowing what words are irregularly inflected. Thus we hear *gooder, mans, runned, etc.*

We may begin, then, with the elementary combination of words—the simple sentence. Write on the blackboard, for instance, "The boy loves his mother." Now let the pupils exert their ingenuity in putting this in the form of a question. Then add the word "yesterday," and let the pupils change the verb to correspond. Then substitute "to-morrow" for "yesterday," and very young pupils may be taught to make the necessary change.

In this way, pupils acquire the power of forming sentences and changing them from the declarative to the interrogative form, and of using the principal moods and tenses.

An exercise similarly conducted may teach them the proper use of the several numbers, cases, and genders of the pronouns; and so nearly or quite every inflection in the language may be taught practically before pupils even suspect that they are studying grammar.

These exercises should be both oral and written, and, if the teacher has not time, it may be taken from the spelling lessons; for, while teaching this, by requiring the pupils to make sentences containing certain words, it will be the best spelling lesson that can be given.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

ASKING QUESTIONS.

I send my method of asking questions to the "Teacher," hoping that it may help teachers whose scholars ask a great many questions.

The questions about the lessons are the most important ones to be answered. For them, raise the right hand.

Questions about leaving the room are next in importance. For them, raise the right hand closed with the exception of the first two fingers.

For questions neither about the lessons nor leaving the room, raise the right hand closed with the exception of the forefinger.

It is not always easy to judge whether a question is necessary or not till you know what the question is.

In schools where there are scholars who will take advantage of a teacher by asking the same question twice, I think that this method will be found very convenient.

The scholars in my room learned it very readily, and seldom make a mistake in raising their hands.

I have tried it three months and find that it saves me much time and talking, for I can tell at a glance what is wanted, without asking what the question is.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

SPECIMEN OBJECT LESSON.

Sight and Sound Spelling.

When the children can draw and name all the letters with facility, they may begin to spell short words by printing them on the board.

Sight spelling is writing and naming in their order the letters that compose a written word.

Sound spelling is uttering separately and combining properly the sounds that compose a spoken word.

Sight spelling being addressed to the eye should be taught with the pen, pencil or crayon. The pupil should be required to write the word instead of merely naming the letters.

Sound spelling is addressed to the ear and should be made simply a vocal exercise, the teacher pronouncing the word and the pupil uttering and combining the sounds that compose it.

To beginners, sight and sound spelling must be taught by imitation and frequent repetition.

LESSON I.

Teacher—Spell ME.

Class—(Spelling by sound of letters), M-E, me.

T.—Now let us print this little word on the board. (Children print from a copy made by the teacher). What letters have we printed?

C.—M and E.

T.—Well, M stands for M (imitating the sound of the letter), and E (letter) stands for E (sound), and so M-E(naming the letters) spells me. Repeat—M-E, me.

C.—M-E, me.

T.—This is spelling by letters, now spell ME by sound again.

C.—(Spelling by sounds), M-E, me.

T.—Again by letters.

C.—(By names of letters), M-E, me.

(In this way exercise the class in HE, BE, AT, UP, NO, etc).

LESSON II.

Teacher asks for one of the boys' hats, and gives a brief object lesson on its kind, color, material, uses, etc.

He then has the pupils spell HAT by sound. He next prints HAT on the board for them to copy, and lastly teaches them to spell it by naming the letters.

Such exercises may be continued until the class can print easily any word of one syllable. The teacher may then teach words of two syllables in the same manner.—*Welch's Object Lessons.*

At Home.

CHEAP ORNAMENTS.—We saw, recently, some wooden bowls which had been bought for a trifle at a village shop, and painted black, which, being deftly covered with colored pictures, filled up empty spaces, and showed to advantage as a background to old china on an oak cabinet. We have long been fond of introducing flowers into our sitting-rooms. But in many of the large houses the corners of the drawing-rooms are filled up with small boughs in full foliage. Placed in water, in antique glass vases, they last some time, and give a very bower-like aspect to that apartment.

THE easiest and cheapest way of framing prints and colored pictures is to paste colored calico (red is the best) at the back, and turn it over the front some two inches, mitering the corners and attaching them to the wall with large, round flat drawing-pins at each corner. This gives the appearance of a frame with gold nails. In a boudoir many little pictures would look well done in the same way with red cotton velvet. So says one of the monthlies—and we have seen still simpler and cheaper and prettier picture frames made by sewing, or gluing dried mosses or lichens on to pasteboard cut into the proper shape, ovals, circles or squares to fit the picture. It costs very little after all to make one's home pretty.

DRIED POTATOES.—Lately, a trade has been developed among some Rochester shippers about which but little is known. It is the trade in dried potatoes. Potatoes are sliced up and dried much in the same manner as dried apples. One firm in that city has an order on hand now for 50,000 pounds of these dried potatoes, as well as for 1,500 bushels of onions, which are dried in much the same manner. They are intended for the navy. A bushel of potatoes dries away to about ten pounds. When ready, they are put into large tin cans holding forty pounds, and sealed.

LOOK TO THE CELLARS.—Now, as the warm weather is coming on, every one should look to their cellars. All the vegetable matter should be removed from them except potatoes, and they should have the sprouts rubbed off as fast as they appear. After being thoroughly cleaned of everything offensive in the vegetable or any other line, whitewash them with two coats, and you will have sweet cellars and run no danger from fevers and other illnesses arising from a neglect of these matters. Sinks about a house, which become very offensive in warm weather, should also have a thorough cleaning out, the water course opened, and all soil impregnated should be removed and used as manure. No careful farmer, no good housekeeper will allow any accumulation of filth of any kind to remain or to accumulate about the house.

MINOT'S LEDGE.

[See first page.]

Liko spectral bounds across tko sky
The white clonds scnd before the storm,
And naked in the howling night
The red-eyed llght-bouse lifts its form.
Tha waves with slippery fingers clutch
The massive tower, and climb and fall,
And, muttering, growl with baffled rage
Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,
The keeper of the crimson light—
Silent and awe struck does he hear
The imprecations of the night.
The white spray beats against the panes
Like some wet ghost that down the air
Is hunted by a troop of fiends,
And seeks a sheltar anywhere.

He prays alond—the lonaly man—
For avery soul that night at sea,
Bot more than all for that brave boy
Who nsed to gayly climb his knee,
Young Charley, with the chestnut hair
And hazel eyes and laughing lip.
"May Heaven look down," the old man cries,
"Upon my son, and on his ship!"

While thus with pious beart he prays,
Far in the distance sounds a boom—
He pauses, and again there rings
That sullen thunder through the room
A ship upon the shoal to-night!
She can not hold for one half hour,
Bnt clear tha ropes and grappling hooks,
And trust in the Almighty power!

On the drenched gallery he stands,
Striving to pierce the solid night;
Across the sea the red eye throws
A steady, crimson wake of light,
And where it falls npon tha waves
He sees a hnman head float by,
With long, drenched curls of chestnut hair,
And wild, but fearless, bazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh! will it catch? Ah! dread suspense,
While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
A steady pull.—It tautens now!
Oh, his old heart will hurst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls,
The breathing body of his boy.

Still sweep the spectres through the sky,
Still scud the clouds before the storm,
Still naked in the howling night
The red-eyed light-bouse lifts its form.
Without tha world is wild with rage,
Unkennoled demons are abroad,
But with the father and the son
Within, there is the peace of God.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

GOOD-BYE TO LIQUOR.

We ara slaves to you, no longer,
Massa Liqnor; good-bye!
We are daily growing stronger,
Massa Liquor; good-bye!
We shall work for you no more;
You may coax or you may roar;
But we've quit the grog-shop door,
Massa Liquor; good-bye.

Drink your drams, yon tippling topers,
Slaves of liquor; good-bye!
Go your downward way to horrors,
Slaves of liqnor; good-bye!
We are free, and free we'll stay;
You could be the same to-day.
Till you choose tha upward way,
Slaves of liquor, good-bye!

We have done with rags and tatters—
Signs of liquor; good-bye!
And with sundry other matters—
Signs of liquor; good-bye!
Blood-shot eyes and fiery noso,
Hats just fit to frighten crows,
Shoes that show the whole ten toes—
Signs of liquor; good-bye!

Though yon think the notion funny,
Liquor dealers; good-bye!
After this we'll savo our money,
Liquor dealers; good-bye!
Savo our money—that's tho plan—
Pay our debts to God and man,
While you rough it as you can,
Liquor dealers; good-bye.

COLUMBIA, S. C., 1874. FISK P. BREWER.

WHAT TO READ, AND HOW TO DO IT.

In our present state of civilization it is necessary to learn to read rapidly; we do not advise this as a rule, because scientific works in general must be read slowly, and sometimes it is necessary to read passages several times until they are fully understood. We, however, protest against the abusc of mechnical re-reading, alas! so customary in order to make children learn their lessons from the schoolbooks. By this method they often merely snceeed to memorize a succession of words and sounds without understanding their meaning; in this way we debase the young intellectual beings to mere parrots in human shape. Nobody should ever read without concentrating the mind on the meaning of what is read, and banishing all other thoughts, which, in an active mind, are continually creeping in; this is the true mental discipline we recommend, and which requires training and practice. The same may be said about attending lectures, sermons or conversation. No person unable to control his attention and concentrate it to what he hears, has a disciplined mind.

It is the same with seeing; how many persons walk about with their eyes open without noticing the most important details of that which surrounds them; they are similar to the donkey in the fables of the German poet Gelbert, who was sent traveling, and when he came home, after having seen a great deal of the world, he was a donkey still.

There is no branch of study so adapted to train the powers of observation, and teach people *really to see*, than the natural sciences, if practically pursued; chemistry, physics, natural history and its branches, practical astronomy, microscopy—either of these are equally adapted, and of more value to develop the mental faculties, than the study of languages, ancient or modern, to which for many years, our higher institutions of learning were so partial; but at last, the world is now commencing to see that they must be secondary to that culture so imperatively demanded in the modern state of civilization—the natural sciences.

It is with books as with men, a great many are not worth losing much time with; an acquaintance may often be useful and desirable, but it must not be at the expense of more valuable associations; in the same manner as a wise man treats this kind of acquaintances, he must do with books, and even more so, as many books which it may be useful to know, may be totally dismissed when we have read them. To this kind, many novels and stories of first-class authors belong, and the purely literary productions in general; those written by second and third-class authors, and much of the periodical literature, is scarcely worth reading at all, and we only deplore that the press caters so much to the perverted state of the illiterate public.

Literary productions, however, sometimes contain useful informntion concerning man, human society, laws, etc., and if at the same time they have an ulterior aim at reform of existing evils, they stand of course far above all other productions of the same class. At the head of snch authors in England stands Charles Dickens; in France, Eugene Sue; in Germany a host of authors of equal merit; and it is fortunate that in every nation men are found who turn their literary merits to account, and deserve the gratitude of posterity as well as of the present generation.

But for all this, such books need only to be read once and this rapidly; if well trained the reader is able to concentrate his attention in such a way on the facts presented that the eyes merely glance over the pages, and run through the lines with great speed; the mind remains calm, and notices even the details of different passages, only stopping here and there where it meets something which requires serious meditation; so we have often found persons who have finished the many pages of their daily paper in fifteen minutes, and are as well posted in all the news it contains as others who sit with the same paper for one or two hours.

Scientific books or journals like ours, containing on every page useful information, may be considered as concentrated mental food and therefore require to be read slowly, and sometimes perhaps even repeatedly, until comprehended. To the contrary, daily papers, literary periodicals and the majority of books, may be considered as a very diluted mental food, of which we must pick out only those parts which contain the mental nourishment we are in need of; and many even do not contain this; but it is sufficient to have read them once during our whole lives; while, in regard to certain other books it is even better never to have read them at all, in the same wny as there are classes of people, whose acquaintance is by no means desirable.—*The Manufacturer and Builder.*

EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND.

No country in Europe can compare with this little republic in facilities for popular education, and the generosity of the provislon made by the governments of the different cantons for schools of all descriptions. Swiss children are obliged by law to attend school up to the age of fifteen, and at none of the schools does the expense exceed sixty cents a year for esch child, while in Berne it is reduced to twenty cents. After leaving the primary schools, the student can go to what are called "repetition schools," or the evening and Sunday-schools, and can obtain higher and special instruction at the industrial schools. These latter schools teach all branches of art and science, and train their scholars in many different trades, as for example, watch-making, modeling, wood-carving, etc., so that the graduates are able at the end of a three years course to earn their own livlihood without further preparation. Switzerland is in advance of America in its system of industrial and art schools, and in this respect we have much to learn, before we have any right to feel that our people have all the advantages which a rich and powerful nation should give to her children.

Correspondence.

From Our London Correspondent.

The University Boat Race—English Scenery, Etc.

LONDON, *March* 28, 1874.

Cambridge bas won! Yesterday, after Academy lessons, Ned and I started for Richmond; we took the 5.20 train from Finchley Road station, on the London and N. W. Railway, and, after a very pleasant and comfortable ride of about twenty minutes, reached the end of our trip. Some friends, who had visited Richmond, told Ned to be sure and stay at the Star and Garter Hotel, so we struck for that place and reached it after quite a climb up hill.

It is the best and handsomest hotel I ever saw—nothing in New York even can surpass it. It has a very imposing front, and is most elegantly furnished throughout. The large Coffee Room is immense, and has a very handsome chandelier of ninety-six globes! It has a gallery running around it, divided into about thirty little rooms, fitted up with tables, sideboards, and bundsome furniture, for small parties of from two to six, or eight persons—very cozy little places for a quiet meal. In the middle of the gallery is an orchestra stand, with room for twelve or fourteen pieces, and the centre floor below is polished oak for dancing, with a carpet, which, when taken up, gives an available space of dancing room of fifty by sixty feet.

The windows on one side look out onto a terraced garden with very fine statues and fountnins, marble staircases and balustrades; the garden finally ending in a broad gravel walk, about twenty feet wide and two hundred feet long, below one side of which you look right down some twenty feet into the nurse's promenade, where the children are aired.

The view, from this side, extends for about twenty miles, and tho morning being clear, we could see Windsor Castle (a little over that distance) quite plainly with my field glasses, of which I have a very powerful pair, fitted with triple lenses, one for marine, one for field and a third for theatre views. A most convenient thing, I can assure you, since, by simply turning a little wheel, I can use it for the opera; one turn more brings on a stronger power for field sights; and a third twist throws on the most powerful lens for sea views, which latter develops a power equal to a young telescope. Under these gardens are the stables, very nicely furnished with all kinds of vehicles and horses, and very cheap, too.

Below the garden is n part of the old Richmend Forest—trees hundreds of years old—oaks that look as if the deluge might have left them standing unharmed, and many of them perfectly covered with ivy running up the trunk and branches. Then the twenty-mile view is too lovely to be fairly described! for two or three miles almost a plain, with the Thames winding round like a huge serpent through the most Arcadian scenery. Beyond the three-mile radius, the country is undulating, rising up at times into high hills and diversified by forests, parks, old English homesteads, estates of noblemen, and the most beautiful and snug little cottages, with their red-tiled roofs, making altogether a scene more lovely than I had thought it possible to find on this poor little earth. Add to all this a bright, sunny morning, and a pure, bracing air, and you have, as nearly as I can describe it, our stopping place. Last evening, we started out, after supper, for a stroll in Richmond Park, but it did muchly rain, so we gave it up and came in, and, after looking round the place, we retired for the night.

This morn, while breakfast was being prepared, we walked all over the gardens, etc. Then, after enjoying the aforesaid meal, which was very nice, we started for a livery stable, intending to drive down to Mortlake (where the race ends), as we could get a nice, one-horse trap for two shillings (fifty cents) an hour, without a driver, which we didn't want, of course. However, every turnout was taken weeks before for to-day, so as it was about a mile and a half, we concluded we would walk it, and we did. We got n very good position indeed, just above Barnes' Bridge; and, after waiting about half an hour, the crews came in sight, followed about twenty feet behind by the judges' steamer and two others crowded with people and reporters.

The Cambridge crew, of course, beat, but I think not by a very great distance. It was a perfect sight to see the people, and the carriages of all grades, from the donkey cart to the four-in-hand, of which latter there were quite a number. They come early and bring hampers packed with lunch, etc., and get a good position and then take out the four horses and send them back, with the grooms, to some shady place. There are, generally, about twenty or more in each coach, and they make a very handsome show, the ladies with their pet colors on (Cambridge, light blue, Oxford, dark blue), and the gentlemen with the everlasting one-eye glass, speculating on the winning side. After the race, we walked slowly back to the Mortlake Railway station and took the London train, arriving at the Waterloo station (Surry side) about 1 o'clock. There we took a hansom for home, thus bringing to an close the best time I've had since I "struck" this Island. K.

DECREASE OF SCHOOL ATTENDANCE LAST YEAR.

DIFFICULTY IN GETTING TEACHERS FOR COLORED SCHOOLS.

This difficulty is not easily overcome, because it is founded chiefly in the repugnance existing between the white and colored races. A sufficiency of colored teachers cannot be had without drawing them from other states, and white teachers are generally averse to teaching colored schools.

This state of things is not only calculated to bring our good faith into question, but is in itself an impediment to the *vital work* of educating these people. It should therefore be a study with our school officers how to remove the difficulty.

1. Let them make sure that their own administration is impartial. There is much in the location, style and furniture of a schoolhouse to attract or repel a teacher as well as in the pay and general treatment given.

2. Let school officers frown upon all attempts to discredit the work of teaching in colored schools, and disseminate just views as to its honorable character. This may require courage in some places, but a public officer who has not the nerve to do his duty without fear or favor, had better give way to somebody else.

3. Such institutions as the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, the Richmond Colored Normal School, and the Richmond Institute, should be encouraged. They are doing a work of inestimable value to the colored race and to the state. Their influence tends to cultivate the pride of race, which prefers independent self-development to slavish imitations or petty social ambitions.

4. Unemployed teachers who are willing to teach colored schools should let it be known. —*Educational Journal of Virginia.*

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Thirty annual premiums of $155.50 were paid, making in all	$4,665 00
The dividend additions to this policy amount to	6,009 09
Which is $1,337.09 more than all the premiums paid.	
The original amount insured	$5,000 00
Has been increased by dividends	6,009 09
Amount paid by Company,	$11,009 09
Which is $6,337.09 more than all the premiums paid.	

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.
—*Hymns of Faith and Hope.*

Scientific and Mechanical.

MORE THAN TWENTY-TWO BIBLES IN ONE SQUARE INCH.—We have had lately the satisfaction of examining and measuring, under the microscope, a so-called test for microscopes of high power, consisting in the Lord's Prayer written on glass, by William Webb, of London, and occupying a space of one 294ths of an inch high and one 441st of an inch wide, making one 129,664ths of a square inch. We print it here about in the shape as it appears under the microscope, but magnified nearly 450 times in lineal dimensions, and thus about 200,000 times in superficial area:

Our Father which art in
Heaven hallowed be Thy
name Thy Kingdom come
Thy will be done on earth
as it is in heaven give us
this day our daily bread and
Forgive us our trespasses as we
forgive them that trespass
against us and lead us not
into temptation but deliver
us from evil Amen

As now this space of 120,654th part of an inch is occupied with 227 letters, the square inch can contain 227x129,654, or 20,431,458 letters. The whole English Bible consists of only 3,566,480 letters, and this number is contained more than eight times in the preceding one, therefore the whole Bible can be written, by Mr. Webb's method, eight times in one square inch, and still some space be left. But this is by no means the greatest feat of small writing which we find recorded. Mr. N. Peters, a banker of London, devised (according to Mr. R. J. Farrand's account before the Microscopic Society in London) a machine with which, after several improvements, he has written the Lord's Prayer in a space of one 356,000ths parts of a square inch, so that it could be distinctly read by a powerful microscope. The number of letters written by him, and ending with the word "evil," is 223, and as this number goes nearly 16,000 times into 3,566,480, the number of letters contained in the Bible, the latter contains 16,000 times as many letters as the Lord's Prayer. As now 356,000 Lord's Prayers would go in one square inch, and the Bible is 16,000 times longer than the Lord's Prayer, it can go 356,000 divided by 16,000, or 22¼ times in one square inch; and as the quarter of the Bible contains nearly 900,000 letters, which is more than 4,000x223, there is, after the writing of the 22 Bibles in the space one square inch, even room left for 4,000 Lord's Prayers.

NEW ARTIFICIAL STONE.

The whole question of success in making artificial stone is one of cost. It is easy enough by the light shed by modern chemistry on those matters, to make a stone of the most superior qualities; but as the main point is to make it pay, very few of the possible compounds can be made available.

That there is a natural advantage in the process is evident, as stone of this kind can at once be made in the required shape, doing away with the labor of quarrying and cutting, and also of transportation, if the materials used, or at least a portion of them, are on hand; hence several attempts have been made from time to time to invent new processes for producing artificial stone, or to make improvements in existing methods. . . . .

We take occasion to call attention to the method patented by Mr. Eagan, producing all kinds of building and monumental stone of any form or design, representing in color any of the natural stones of this country, and claimed to be superior to them all in cheapness, durability, strength and beauty. At the office of Messrs. Eagan & Van Doren, 71 Broadway, samples may be seen, and information obtained in regard to the sale of the right to make and use it, from which it appears that its universal introduction offers great inducements to all who are willing to undertake it. The process is adapted to manufacture building fronts, sills, lintels, copings, steps, door and window heads, mantels, hearths, tiling, curbing, sidewalks, floors for cellars, kitchens, carriage-houses, and all kinds of factories.

For this stone (which has been obtained as the result of study of the successes and failures of other artificial stone, and labor in making the most perfect and cheap chemical combinations) it is claimed that it is:

1st. *Cheap.*—It is made of cheap and generally distributed materials; it requires no extensive or costly machinery, is easily molded into the required shape, and can be manufactured on the spot where used.

2d. *Hard.*—It has been proved to stand more crushing pressure than any ordinary natural building stone, for instance, 7,000 pounds to the square inch.

3d. *Durable.*—It is composed of elements of a durable character, unaffected by any of the causes which disintegrate most natural building stones.

4th. *Fire-Proof.*—In its composition nothing enters which is not absolutely fireproof, while it can stand being made red-hot and then cooled off in water or on ice.

5th. It may be immersed in water, and will not undergo any sensible increase in weight.

6th. *Frost-Proof.*—If submitted to successive frost and thaw, it does not undergo any sensible deterioration.

SOLVENT POWERS OF WATER.—Water is a physical rather than a chemical agent in bleaching and dyeing; it is the vehicle which carries the chemical substance to the cloth to be operated upon, or which removes the matters necessary to be removed from it. When a substance is mixed with water, it may either be dissolved by it, and disappear, as salt does, or it may remain in suspension as chalk does. Nothing is considered to be actually dissolved in water if it can settle out again, or if it will not pass with the water through a filter made of paper or calico; thus to talk of dissolving ground chalk in water is incorrect, for if allowed to stand it would settle out; or if the mixture were filtered, the water would pass clear, while the chalk would remain upon the calico; but blue vitriol (sulphate of copper), for example, does really dissolve in water, and the liquor all filters through together; to deprive the water of the blue vitriol would require chemical means different in kind from filtration. Water, therefore, dissolves some substances and not others. Water does not dissolve the same quantity of all soluble substances; of some it can dissolve its own weight, and more; of others a small portion; and of some extremely little. As a rule, hot water dissolves more than cold, and more quickly than cold; but, upon cooling, the excess mostly falls out as crystals. This point deserves notice, for a liquor, which is of right strength when a little warm, may be too weak when it becomes cold; left in a carboy, for example, in a cold place, because the salt crystallizes out; this is the case only with those salts that are but sparingly soluble; as chlorate of potash, cream of tarter, sulphate of potash, etc. The crystallizing is sometimes troublesome in steam colors which right enough when freshly made, become filled with small crystals, and rough on the machine; it is felt in the case of an ageing liquor, which contains chlorate of potash as an active agent, which, crystallizing out, leaves the liquor weak and not able to do its work. As a usual thing, the drug room upon a printing or dyeing works should be cool, but there are some liquors better in moderately warm place; brown vitriol, for example, in winter time is apt to go solid in the carboys, if kept in an exposed place.—*Scientific American.*

CAOUTCHOUC is easily joined and made as strong as an original fabric, by softening it before a fire and laying the edges carefully together, without dust, dirt, or moisture between. The edges so joined must be freshly cut. Tubing can be made by joining the edges of a sheet of India-rubber round a glass cylinder, which has previously been covered with paper. After the glass is withdrawn the paper is easily removed. Sift flour or ashes through the tube to prevent the sides from adhering from accidental contact.

SLATES, instead of being nailed to the roof, may be fastened by movable hooks, about two inches long, which are soldered to conically formed zinc plates, 4 to 6 inches long. The slates are thus kept securely between the hook and zinc plate, and can be removed simply, with the greatest facility, by turning the hook. Thus one or more of the slates can be taken out for repair, or new ones inserted, without interfering with the rest.

Publisher's Department.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—Do you want a globe for school use? Send us, then, the names of six new subscribers to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, and we will send you one free of any charges, securely packed in a strong paste-board box.

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JULY, 1874.

Our readers will require no apology from us for occupying so much space with the reports of the anniversary exercises of the Normal School. No one interested in the objects of this paper and in the cause of general education at the South, and the promotion of good feeling between those sections of our country, which were so recently at variance, can fail to be greatly interested in these proceedings, or to realize their deep significance. Such a gathering of eminent representative men from the North and the South, greeting each other with true fraternal cordiality on the "mountain top," to which they have climbed by opposite paths (to borrow the happy simile of Dr. Armstrong), is an auspicious omen, for which we may well thank God and take courage. It matters comparatively little that opinions differ as to the best methods of bringing about the common object, the true elevation and education of the colored race. The fact that *it is* a common object—that good men of all sections agree as to the end to be reached, and are earnest in their endeavors to reach it, is the hopeful fact, that like a beacon light, illuminates the pathway of the future and cheers the hearts of all engaged in this educational work. Dr. Ruffner, whose sincerity and earnestness in this work has been fully shown by his labors as the head of the Educational Bureau of the State, expressed the fear that the views set forth by him in his address, in Virginia Hall, would be unpalatable to the majority of his audience. But the interest with which they listened to his remarks, showed that with them the question is, not what is palatable, but what is *true*. If Dr. Ruffner's theory is the true one, the sooner it is adopted the better. If it is not the true theory, we believe no one will be more ready than he, when convinced of his error, to renounce it. Dr. Ruffner found an unexpected ally for some of his theories in Prof. Edward W. Blyden, of Liberia, a pure negro, and proud of the name, who is said to be the most scholarly man of his race, and whose chaste language and pure diction surprised and delighted the audience. As it would be a violation of our rules to enter into the domain of politics, into which a discussion of these views would lead us, we will only express our hearty concurrence with Dr. Ruffner's remark that the colored people (and we would add white people, as well), should not occupy positions in advance of their personal fitness therefor. It is the great curse and danger of our country to-day, that so many positions of trust and responsibility are occupied and disgraced by persons who have no personal fitness therefor. We can only hope for permanent reform when good men of all parties and all classes, shall unite in making personal fitness, rather than partisan activity, the test for all candidates for public or private positions.

Our readers will find a very interesting letter, from California, on the 55th page, descriptive of the Chinese in that state, and their queer customs. The letter is from one of our former teachers, who is now teaching in the beautiful town of San Jose (pronounced *San Hosay*), and from whose gifted pen we hope to receive frequent communications. With one ex-teacher in California and one in London, both of whom retain a warm interest in the school, and are willing to give us their impressions and experiences in the interesting countries where they are located, the school is highly favored. "Long may they wave" their graceful pens for our instruction and pleasure.

H. N. & A. INSTITUTE.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Many of the Normal School students are unable to pay the whole of their bills for board, clothing, books, etc., during the course, and on graduating, find themselves considerably in debt to the institute. No deserving student is sent away from the school on account of poverty alone; but as no charge is made for *tuition*, and board, clothing, books, etc. are supplied at cost, it is expected that every student who leaves the school, in debt to it, will feel it to be a matter of *honor* to pay that debt as soon as possible from their earnings or otherwise. While many of the students are oppressed with the weight of this debt, and strive by all means in their power to pay it, others either feel easy and indifferent about it, or think they will send nothing to the treasurer because they cannot send the whole. Let all students who can spare a dollar, send it, and continue to send in small sums till the debt is paid. By waiting till they can accumulate a large amount, they are often tempted to spend what they have laid by, and the opportunity is lost.

The treasurer's Roll of Honor contains the names of ex-students and graduates who have paid, either in whole or in part, their debts to the school. We hope yet to see the name of every one who has left the school in debt, placed upon that roll. There are some most honorable instances of self-denial on the part of students, practiced that they might pay the debt they had been allowed to incur, that all would do well to imitate.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES OF THE HAMPTON NORMAL SCHOOL.

DEDICATION OF VIRGINIA HALL.—ADDRESSES BY DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Another red-letter day in the calendar of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute! On Thursday, June 11th, the closing exercises of this school took place, and the occasion was made memorable, as on the previous year, by a notable gathering of eminent friends of education from different sections of our country. The steady growth of the *intente cordiale* between good men of the North and South, so clearly manifested at these successive gatherings, is gratifying to every lover of humanity; and to those, who amid many discouragements and social privations, are patiently laboring for the education and true elevation of the freedman, is cheering and encouraging in the highest degree.

As last year an added interest was given to the annual exercises by the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of Virginia Hall, so on this occasion, the informal dedication of that noble, though yet unfinished edifice, was a new and pleasant feature of the day.

Among the distinguished guests who honored the occasion with their presence, were Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Supt. Public Instruction of the State; Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Norfolk; State Senators Allen and Evans; Messrs. Hamilton and Jones of the Assembly; Prof. Edward W. Blyden of Liberia, a pure negro, and a profound scholar, author of *Liberia's Offering*, *The Negro in Ancient History*, etc.; Rev. Drs. Ormiston and Dyer of New York; Rev. E. G. Beckwith and Hon. Charles Benedict of Waterbury, Connecticut; Hon. H. N. Daggett of Attleboro, Mass.; Mrs. Walter Baker of Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. C. A. Johnson and Mrs. S. T. Hooper of Boston; Roland Mather and Judge Storrs of Hartford, Connecticut; W. W. Justice and William Still of Philadelphia (the latter a colored gentleman of education, who, though engaged in mercantile pursuits, is the author of several works, prominent among which is *The Underground Railroad*); Rev. J. W. Harding of Longmeadow, Mass.; Professor C. M. Johnson, Principal of the New Jersey Normal School; Hon. Charles Kimball of Lowell, Mass; Miss M. A. Longstreth of Philadelphia; Gen. W. F. Barry and other officers of the Artillery School at Fort Monroe; Governor Woodfin, Dr. Wright of the National Soldiers' Home; and citizens of Norfolk and Hampton.

There were also present, of the board of trustees, the president, Rev. George Whipple of New York; Revs. E. M. Cravath and Strieby, secretaries of the American Missionary Association; Gen. O. O. Howard, Washington; Hon. E. P. Smith, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington; Hon. Alexander Hyde, of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts; A. M. Kimber, Philadelphia; H. C. Percy, Norfolk; and of the curators of the State Land fund, beside Hon. W. H. Ruffner, State Superintendent of Education, there were Rev. J. Holmes, Richmond; Mr. C. Perkins, Buckingham Court House. A portion of the Northern guests came in the Old Dominion Steamship Company's steamer *Wyanoke*, Captain Couch, who, as last year, very kindly stopped at Old Point, Wednesday, P. M., to land the party, thus saving the trip to Norfolk and return. The rest came via Baltimore; and all were quartered at the Hygeia Hotel, which is now under the management of Mr. H. Phochus, and is a most attractive watering place. The steamer *Mystic*, chartered for the occasion, brought over the Norfolk guests, and made hourly trips between Old Point and the school wharf, during the day. The excellent music of the band of the Artillery School, and of the Soldiers' Home, both of whom were very kindly offered for the occasion by General Barry and Governor Woodfin, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The exercises opened at 8.45 A. M., with the usual school routine. The students gathered in the assembly-room, where the roll was called; and after a brief and simple religious service, consisting of reading the Scriptures by Mr. Larry, the head of the academic department, singing by the school, and prayer by Dr. Ormiston, the classes separated for their different class-rooms, where the usual recitations were held, the visitors examining the scholars and testing their proficiency in the various branches. At 11.30 the school again assembled in the main hall, where, after a few of the old slave songs had been sung by school, to the manifest delight of the visitors, the following rhetorical exercises were given;

1. Salutatory (original), George J. Davis.
2. Recitation, "Maud Muller," Millie Calloway.
3. Oration (original), Ackrel E. White.
4. Essay (original), Mary E. Melvin.
5. Reading (selected), Benj. E. Tonsler.
6. Oration (original), M. M. Mendenhall.
7. Recitation, "Bernardo del Carpio," Jennie L. Ivy.
8. Essay (original), Grace McLean.
9. Reading, "The Vagabonds," W. T. Greenhow.
10. Valedictory, "Africa as a Field for Christian Labor," George E. Stephens.

Of these and the subsequent exercises, in Virginia Hall, the daily papers both North and South, which had representatives present, give such full reports and have spoken in such cordial and commendatory terms, that we feel sure our readers would enjoy quotations from them more than any description of our own.

Of the exercises in the class-rooms, the Richmond *Enquirer* says: "The students in the various classes acquitted themselves well and gave evidence of careful training. There seems to have been no effort at display, but the result shows that the teachers are striving, and successfully, to give to their pupils a good, solid education in those branches which will be useful to them.

"These exercises were succeeded by singing, by the pupils, of some of those sweet old quarter meeting melodies, peculiar to the olden time. No Virginian could listen to these melodies, without having his feelings stirred and his sympathies aroused for those who, in the days of the past, were our playfellows on the old plantation. It is due to Gen. Armstrong, to the pupils and to ourselves, as Southern people, to testify that in the whole of the exercises of the day there was absolutely nothing offensive to the most exacting critic. The conduct of the pupils was easy, graceful, dignified and entirely free from all species of vanity and assumption. Rev. George Whipple, president of the board of trustees, in a brief address replete with feeling, awarded diplomas to the following members of the graduating class:

"Jane Bailey, Hampton; Millie E. Calloway, Danville; Amy Coles, Danville; Rachel Elliott, Portsmouth; Rachel and Violet Howard, Hampton; Jennie Ivy, Jonesboro', Tenn.; Grace McLean, Greensboro', N. C.; Mary E. Melvin, Hampton; Margaret Ricard, Wilmington, N. C.; Augusta Thissel and Florence Tolman, Hampton; Mary Wilson, Portsmouth; George Davis, Danville; William Greenhow, Hampton; Augustus Hodges, Kempsville; John F. Pool, Elizabeth City, N. C.; George E. Stephens, Beanfort, N. C.; James C. Thompson, Burke's Garden, Va.; Benj. E. Tonsler, Charlottesville; and Henry Whitted, Hillsboro', N. C.

"The venerable president gave these young people some sensible advice, telling them that they were sent on a mission of peace to the people of this country.

"The company then marched in procession to Virginia Hall, a large and handsome building, erected in part through the efforts of the 'Hampton Singers.' Here a liberal collation was provided, and, after a short time spent in partaking of these refreshments, the company assembled in the beautiful chapel of Virginia Hall, to listen to addresses from distinguished visitors.

"Timothy Smith, one of the students, delivered a dedicatory address, conservative in tone, in which he thanked the people of the country for the generous donations which had enabled them to erect this commodious building. He believed that the gift would not be made in vain, but that the graduates of the institution would manifest their gratitude by conserving the interests of the country in carrying the blessings of education to the colored people of the South."

The address of Timothy Smith was followed by eloquent, cheering and forcible speeches from Dr. Ormiston, Dr. Dyer, Senator Allen, Gen. Howard, Dr. Ruffner and Prof. Blyden, of Liberia. After the addresses, which were listened to with much interest, the assembly dispersed. The steamer *Mystic* carried the guests back to Old Point and Norfolk. The admirable band of the Artillery School entertained the company at the collation and in the chapel, with choice selections, which added much to the pleasure of the occasion. Of the day's proceedings the *Enquirer* says:

"This commencement is an important era in the history of Hampton Institute. The friendly interest manifested by the Southerners present and the free exchange of views between them and Northern visitors, will bear fruit which will redound to the good of the institute. All who wish well to the colored people cannot but trust that this school, so well conducted and so peculiarly adapted to their wants, will continue to prosper still more abundantly."

The Richmond *Dispatch*, after giving a description of the school and its methods, the buildings, farms, industrial system, etc., says: "The institution seems to have been very admirably managed by Gen. Armstrong and his co-workers. * * The different classes were examined in reading, book-keeping, philosophy, grammar, arithmetic, history, geography and algebra. It is, of course, difficult to judge of the thoroughness of pupils in a public examination of this sort; but they really seemed to be very prompt and accurate in their answers, and to show that they had been exceedingly well taught. The old negro songs and hymns by the pupils were very fine indeed, and it is not surprising that their concerts excite such interest all through the North. The addresses and recitations were very creditable both to teachers and pupils. The recitations and readings were especially well done."

From an interesting report in the New York *Times*, from the pen of Edward King (the talented writer of the article in *Scribner's Monthly*, on "The Great South," which has attracted so much attention), we make the following extracts, only regretting that our space will not allow us to give the speeches of the distinguished visitors in full:

"The history of 'Hampton' is now a part of the history of the country. The brave efforts of the American Missionary Society in behalf of the freedman in all that section around Fortress Monroe, to which the negroes flocked after they were declared contraband of war, and the energetic labors of Gen. Armstrong as an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, and as the organizer and upbuilder of the institution, are known to the general reader. The 'Hampton Singers' have sung their plaintive and inspiring songs up and down throughout the land, and the wonderful progress that the two hundred and twenty pupils in the institution have recently made in their studies has been the subject of rejoicing in a score of

Northern cities. But no one can really appreciete the naturo of that progress without attending one of the 'commencements.' This yeer, as usuel, large delegations of the friends and patrons of the school came from New York and New England, especially induced hy the announcement of the dedication services at 'Virginie Hall,' the elegant new colloge building, which, when quite finished, will contain a fine chapel, rooms for one hundred and twenty girl pupils, and dining and industrial rooms. The steamer *Wyanoke*, which left New York on Tuesday efternoon brought a goodly party. The good Common wealth of Virginia, which yearly shows such increasing favor toward Hampton, sent an ehle delegation, prominent in which was Dr. Ruffner the State Superintendent of Instruction, the ahlest Southerner who in interested in educationel matters, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Norfolk, and State Senator Allen.

"After a delightful afternoon and evening by the cool, surf-beaten shore of Old Point Comfort, where the 'Hygeia Hotel,' is gradually grouping around it all the essentials of a charming watering place, the visitors took steamer on Thursday morning to Hampton Beach. Turning from the broad bay, where half a hundred fleets might safely ride at anchor, and leaving behind them the gay panorama of white-winged ships and swift steamers, the company were carried into Hampton Creek, past the Chesapeake Military Asylum, the Southern Branch of the Home for Disabled Volunteers, past tho National Cemetery, with its five thousand graves and memorial monument there, and landed on the low, fertile shore, where the farm and school are located. Around the large, three-story brick edifice now nsed as the recitation hall, some of the pupils and colored townsfolks were gathered, and gravely saluted the visitors as they passed into the clean, well-ordered halls. The divines and schoolmasters of the party speedily betook themselves to the recitation rooms, and entered heartily into exsnination of the pupils, who were all self-possessed and mannerly in the fullest degree, and showed that their training had been of the most thorough character. In one room, a very black girl went gravely and accurately through problems, with blackboard demonstrations, while some of the wiliest and witticst of clergymen deftly tried to entrap and embarrass her; in another, classes read difficult pieces in prose and verse with admirable sense of dramatic expression and inflection; and in still another, grammar or philosophy was discussed by earnest and cultured men and women with youthful pupils of almost every grade of color, who seemed not a whit abashed, and who answered with astonishing promptness and accuracy. In a front apartment a neat printing press and composing room denoted tho office of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, which the scholars at Hampton print and issue themselves; from its windows one could look down on the prosperous fruit farm cultivated by the scholars' hands, and on the row of tenta now occupied by the male students in default of dormitories. The walls of the new 'Virginia Hall' stood out in not ungraceful relief again tho crystal vault of the sky, and beyond them one could see the wharves and the curiously-grouped roofs of the town of Hampton, which a lusty band of Englishmen settled more than two hundred years ago.

"The rhetorical exercises held in the assembly room of the recitation hall on Thursday forenoon, brought the graduating class of twenty-threo young men and women to the favorable notice of the visitors, and spectators from all sections testified their delight hy hearty applause. The troops of neatly-clad and cleanly youths and maidens, their swart or tawny faces aglow with the enthusiasm of song or the excitement of listening to their fellow-pupils, formed an inspiring spectacle. It was not without tears that many present listened to the vague, yet rhythmical burdens of those songs of devotion and love wnich seem to spring spontaneously from the hearts of the colored race in Amorica. Nor was it without a certain profound and inexplicable emotion that one heard the black valedictorian of the class, manly and eloquent, give to his fellows the parting words of counsel. That these people so lately slaves, so recently ground into the very dust, should have made such startling advances, was the occasioning of perpetual wonderment to those attending a Hampton commencement for the first time. Of the twenty-threo graduates, twelve were yonng women, and those who participated in the rhetorical closing exercises showed grace, modeaty and appreclation, wbich amply demonstrated their fitness for their future work of teaching. Simply clad, and trained for three years to plain fare and laborious lives, they were prepared for work among the lowly, and fully testified their desire for and zeal in the work. By the close of another year, Hampton will have educated and sent into the field more than a hundred pious and laborious colored teachers, who will devote their whole attention to the amelioration of their race. The thoughts of some of the speakers in the graduating class seemed turned toward Africa and missionary labor there; many a good word for the heathen beyond seas, as well as those at home, was said. The rhetoricel exercises comprised recitations of poems, original orations and essays, and were interspersed with tho inspiring cadences of 'Babylon's Fallen' and 'King Emenuel.' The diplomas were grasped with an esgerness, which showed that tho treasures atteined were fully appreciated, and to the music of the hand from the Soldier's Home the guests and pupils proceeded to the new Virginia Hall, where scholers and teachers served lunch to the visitors, after which the dedicatory exercises were held in the chapel above.

"There were no formal exercises, savo an address of welcome to the new building by one of the male pupils, a black youth, who acquitted himself well, after which Principal Armstrong gave the school, assembled in the rear of the chapel hall, freo rein to sing. Song after song went out upon the still summer eir, every refrain freighted with a mysterious pethos, a strange and spiritual yearning, whose expression doubtless prompted Superintendent Ruffner to say, as he did later in the afternoon, that the world had not yet begun to suspect the half of the power of eloquence, of poetry and music which lay dormant in the negro race. Certainly it was worth all that it had cost, and all that it demanded of the future, to give to those who could bring out of their souls so tonching and sublime a song as 'Dust and Ashes,' all the instruction necessary to make them thorough men and women.

"After the singing, and music hy the able band of the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, full vent was given the speakers, who unhesitatingly declared their admiration of the manner in which the pupils at Hampton were trained. Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of New York, in a stirring and spirited address upon the need of health and thorough development of all faculties in work, took occasion to refer in terms of highest praise to the training of the pupils. He said that, after many years of experience in examining schools, he had fancied that he could entangle these newly-developed minds, and that he should find them lacking in a thorough understanding of all that they had learned; but he confessed that the examination had agreeably disappointed him.

"The next speaker was Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Norfolk, a clergyman of great culture, and profoundly respected in Virginia. He alluded tonchingly to the meeting on that occasion of so many who had long been separated by the events of the war, and those following it; and compared the meeting to one which he once had with a friend in the mountains of the Blue Ridge. He had, he said, been wandering in the forests on a mountain side, and was lost, when he suddenly encountered the friend whom he had left in a valley on the opposite side of the ascent the day before.' They had been 'climbing the mountain on different sides,' and that, Dr. Armstrong thought, was whet the citizens of the North and South had been doing for the past few years with regard to the education of the colored race. And he then and there invoked God's richest blessing upon Hmmpton School. Rev. Dr. Armstrong's timely and noble reinforcement of the friends of the long debased race, at this critical epoch in the history of negro schools, will be powerful for good, and is a new evidence that Virginia means to do her duty by black and white alike.

"The eddress of Rev. Dr. Dyer, of the Episcopal Missionary Society, was also a grand testimonial to the thoroughness of the culture at Hampton. Dr. Dyer said he went to the school with a preconiment that he should be disappointed; that the progress made would not be so much as he had been told it was. But he had been shown that his presentiment was groundless; had seen that the normal work and the whole conduct of the institution was in the highest sense praiseworthy, and he promised to plead the cause of Hampton wherever he should go. Hon. Mr. Allen, of the Virginia Senate, followed with a lively speech, showing that opinion in favor of a state appropriation for the institute was steadily gaining ground in the Legislaturo. General Howard next made some interesting remarks, in which he briefly alluded to the opprohlum which had at times been heaped upon those engaged in fostering negro education in the South, and how it had been faced, and in a measure overcome hy the spirit of law; and closed with an appeal for pecuniary help in the work at Hampton and elsewhere.

"Dr. Ruffner, the State Superintendent of Education, was next called out, and after some introductory remarks, said that even very recently General Howard was certainly one of the men he never had expected to love; but turning at the same moment toward the General with a kind of gesture of welcome, the latter hastened forward, holding out his only hand, which Dr. Ruffner eagerly grasped in token of good-will, while the new Virginia Hall rang with vociferous cheering. Dr. Ruffner then read an excellent address, setting forth, among other things, his reasons, and those of the conservative party, for opposing mixed schools, alleging the entire willingness and earnest intention of the people of Virginia to give the negro an education; and asserting that Hampton might be considered an assured success. He also showed how the negroes in Virginia might better themselves in worldly circumstances by industry and temperance, and gave the outgoing teachers—the colored youths and maidens of the graduating class—some excellent advice. Rev. Mr. Blyden, a colored gentleman in the employ of the Presbyterian Missionary Society, alluded at some length to the character of the negro population in this country, to the chances for them to emigrate to and do good in Liberia, and closed with a quaint account of the fruitless struggle which white men are now making to obtain civil rights in the Liberian Republic. Rev. Mr. Fessenden then made an appeal for the support of Hampton' hy 'contributions from Northern friends of the institution. He strongly recommended subscriptions of $1,000, the yearly interest upon which would support scholarships, the tuition fees being bnt seventy dollars per year. In addition to the $95,000 in land scrip given the school by the state of Virginia, $101,000 has been contributed in endowments, legacies, etc., and as much more is needed. Thirty thousand dollers are wanted for the completion of 'Virginia Hall,' and the trustees have decided not to carry forward the work until that amount is forthcoming. Who can doubt that it will be supplied? The school is not sectarian; all evangelical churches are interested in its noble work, and several scholarships were promised to-day. After what has been said at the dedication services of the new hall to-day, it looks as if New England and Virginia were henceforth to work side by side in the cause of negro edncation."

ADDRESS OF DR. RUFFNER.

The Richmond *Dispatch*, of June 15th, contains the address of Hon. W. H. Ruffner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, at the dedication of Virginia Hall on the 11th ult. We regret that we have not space for the whole of this interesting address in our columns, for though Dr. R.'s views of "The Educational Policy of the Colored People," are not wholly in accord with those generally held by their Northern friends, or hy the colored people themselves, yet he gives them some sound and valuable advice, and his high position, and the great services he has rendered to the cause of the freedman's education, entitle his opinions to our respect and attention. After drawing a parallel between the history of the colored race in this country and that of the Israelites, he says:

"I will indicate some points which I consider essential to success in the education of the colored people of these Southern States. As to the spirit in which I speak, I leave that to be judged by my past record—only adding that I have never felt more zeal for the education of the colored people than I feel to-day; never more determined that they, in the administration of the public school system, shall have that impartial treatment which our Virginia law requires. But horrible blunders have been made in dealing with and for these people, and absolutely fatal measures now overhang us.

"If we are to save the negro from greater disasters than have ever befallen him in this land, if we are to preserve the peace and the civilization of these Southern States, we must consider this subject in a different spirit from that which has usually charactcrized its treatment hitherto. I cannot hope that my views will hc accepted by all who are here present, but I beg at least a hearing.

"1. Looking simply at the sound development of the colored race, we should not hurry on its people to take possession of privileges and to occupy positions, in advance of their personal fitness therefor. There is no surer guarantee of failure and disastrous reaction than such a policy. Put any man to doing a thing that he does not understand, force him into social relations in defiance of social law, urge him into occupations where there is no demand for his services, stimulate him to spend his little earnings in personal ornaments, in traveling, in frequenting thestres and costly hotels, and you simply drive him on to ruin. You unfit him for his natural work, you make society despise and laugh at him, and turn against him and *put him down* with a force which the severest laws are powerless to resist. Every man of observation knows this to be true, and every educator who has studied the laws of human development knows that it must be so.

"Even if hy the hand of power a mass of unfit men are set to doing the highest work of a city, the result is as bad for themselves as for the commonwealth—for all perish together.

"The law of human development is uniform and absolutely without exception. There must be a regular growth—not saltatory hursts. Races, like individuals, have their childhood and youth before they reach manhood. Put hoys to doing man's work and you hreak their constitutions. Growth, to be vigorous, must come from gradneted exertion. There must not he streining on the one hand, nor too much nursing or petting on the other. Lap-dogs are insignificant because they are lap-dogs. It is the St. Bernard of the snow drift thet grows large and strong. Passive educatiou is a contradiction in terms. You must set the faculties to work, and as they earn their knowledge they grow strong, as the lion grows strong while wrestling with his prey.

"Every teacher here knows thet I am uttering sound doctrine. You know, my fellow-workers, that education is simply the systematic strengthening of the powers by exercise; and you know another thing, that a pupil ought not to be promoted from the lowest to the highest grade without passing through the intermediate.

"Then, what think we of the policy that would spend millions for civil rights, and not a cent for education?

"2. I remark, that the education of the colored people should be special and peculiar in its character, at least in the fifteen ex-slave states. By special and peculiar, I do not mean that it should be substantially different from that given to the whites, but that there should be an adaptation in the selection and arrangement of the studies, and in the methods of instruction, to the peculiar character and wants of the people to be educated. They have interesting race peculiarities, which ought to be specially cultivated, and so they have peculiar deficiences and weaknesses, which ought specially to be looked after. The history of the white and colored races up to a recent period have been so very, very different, and even now their general opportunities and their daily lives are so different, that a moment's reflection ought to convince any one that special treatment is a necessity for bringing the colored people up to the general average. There is not one of you that speaks to a colored person, or addresses a colored audience thet does not particularly recognize these principles. And there is not a church or missionary organization thet does not recognize them in its plans. Tbis is reason enough, if there were no other, why the races should be taught in separate schools. If they were allowed to go to white schools they would not have as suitable instruction as in good schools of their own.

"Besides this, I might dwell upon the valne of separate schools in cultivating that pride of race which, as I have already said, promotes self-respect, purity of morals, and intellectual advancement. I shall not treat the subject fully at present, but will express the opinion decidedly that the social repugnance existing in the South between the white and colored races tends to benefit and not injure the negro. I pledge myself to demonstrate this proposition upon eny fitting occasion. But I shall now dismiss this point hy the still more confident assertion that the only practical alternative in Virginia is *separate schools or no schools at all;* and there is no earthly power to make it otherwise.

. . . . . .

"This institution is addressing itself to the supply of the two great wants of Virginia—teachers and workers. It gives knowledge to quicken the intellect and practice to train the fingers. It has done great things already—it is doing great things—for its graduates are doing valuable service in many parts of the state; but greater things than these shall ye see, my friends, if you will only equip this school with all that it should have. I must be allowed to plead for this especially in behalf of the principal, who has so nobly toiled, on this spot and elsewhere, in establishing an institution of real merit, whose young name is already known over the civilized world. I honor and thank the friends of humanity, who have contributed of their means in furtherance of this great enterprise. I honor those young women and men, whose beautiful voices have done such service to their *Alma Mater*. I honor those pupils all, who have so assiduously studied and labored here for their own improvement. I welcome the graduating class to the field of active duty. I wish you all to do well for yonrselves, well for your state, well for your race—and may God be with you!"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The Normal School is indebted to Governor Woodfin, of the National Soldiers' Home, for the hospitalities shown hy him to guests of the school, at its late Anniversary, and for the use of the Home Band; and to General W. F. Barry, commanding the Artillery School at Fort Monroe for the services of the Fort Band, both adding largely to the attractions of the occasion hy their excellent music; also to Mr. Phoebus, proprietor of the Hygeia Hotel, for courtesies extended hy him to the school and its guests; and to Mr. W. T. Bartlett for the use of rooms in his house on that occasion.

S. C. ARMSTRONG.

Hampton, June 20, 1874.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

BYRON.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

One of the most remarkable and also one of the most unfortunate of modern English poets, was Lord George Gordon Byron, whose noble birth, ample fortune and great genius were all made worse than useless by the force of strong and misguided passions. Born in London in the year 1788, he was left wholly to the care of his mother, who, having separated from her husband, was obliged to live in the plainest and most humble manner; and his childhood was passed in England and Scotland with few advantages of education, and the inestimable disadvantage of being under the control of a woman who was herself passionate, selfish, and altogether unfit to train a sensitive, talented boy. In 1798, this boy, by the death of his uncle, succeeded to the family title and estates, and became Lord Byron; but his mother's folly was only increased by this change of fortune, and it seems as if she must have used every means in her power, to make her son's ruin a certainty. He was sent first to one of the large public schools and then to the University of Cambridge, in both places giving signs of a frank and generous disposition; but being always and everywhere the victim of the bad habits, which, even thus early in his life, had become so fastened upon him as to have thoroughly vitiated his character. He began to write when he was not more than nineteen years old; and his principal works, *Childe Harold, The Corsair, Giaour, Lara, Don Juan*, etc., were all written between 1809 and 1822, the rapidity and brilliancy with which he wrote during this period being most remarkable. He was married in 1814, but lived with his wife a little more than a year, having one child, a daughter, to whom he was strongly attached. He traveled very extensively in Europe and in the East, became much attached to a foreign life, and the unpleasantness of his family relations together with the poverty which was the result of his extravagance, finally drove him from England. In 1815 he left his native land, and spent the next seven years on the Continent, living sometimes with the poet Shelley, sometimes with other friends, and sometimes alone; but wherever or with whomsoever he was, his manner of life altered little; he was always reckless in dissipation of all kinds, and regardless of the ordinary decencies of society. He became much interested in the Grecian struggle for independence, and in 1823 he sailed from Leghorn for Greece, with gunpowder and other commodities for the combatants, and reached Missolonghi in January, 1824. He developed here unsuspected ability, and worked indefatigably and wisely in the public service; but early in February was seized with an alarming illness. To this, however, he refused to succumb, and was about to take charge of an expedition against the Turks, when, in April, he was again attacked, but once more rejected the proper remedies, and after an illness of ten days, he died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824, being only thirty-six years old. His life was brilliant and miserable, a success and a ruin; for at the height of his fame he was never happy; and, when on one day, there were sold fourteen thousand copies of one of his poems, he was at the same time so deeply in debt, that his house was fairly besieged by his creditors.

While his genius was unquestionably great, it was so misused as to have been to a great extent wasted; and there is no sadder picture among our modern great men, than that which shows us Lord Byron—young, talented, rich and noble,—a prey to the worst vices of which human nature is capable—miserable himself, and the cause of infinite suffering to others.

THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Wherever the mud of the Mississippi River meets the salt water of the Gulf of Mexico, a "bar" is formed and navigation prevented, so that each one of the numerous mouths which form the Mississippi delta is more or less obstructed, while some of them are only kept open for the passage of vessels by constant dredging. Our illustration this month is of the United States' dredging steamer *Essayons* at work in the Southwest Pass. To the left of her a ship is seen coming in, towed by the flag-ship of the tow-boat fleet, the *Achilles*; while the *Wabash*, another of the same fleet, is seen taking a ship out to sea; and on the extreme left floats the buoy which marks the wreck of the Confederate iron-clad *Louisiana*. She was set on fire and sent adrift down the river, but blew up just before reaching the Union fleet, and now enjoys the distinction of being, perhaps, the only work of human hands which thus far has had any effect in altering the current of the bar, for the channel has slightly changed since she has been lodged there in the mud. The *Essayons* herself, meets a description as being the only dredging machine that has been of any real assistance in making New Orleans a port for heavy-draught shipping. She has a large propeller wheel at each end, and a kind of drag at her stern, which forces the mud stirred up by the after-screw, upward into the current. The current, therefore, which forms the bar is made to do most of the work by carrying away its own deposit; but as the bar forms constantly, so the work must be continuous, and it is necessary in order to keep eighteen or twenty feet of water on the bar of this pass, to have the boats similar to the *Essayons*, so that in case of accident to one of them, no interruption need occur in the daily dredging.

The article from which we have taken this description of the *Essayons* and her work, gives also an account of one of the curious features of this delta of the Mississippi, consisting in the formation of mud-lumps or mud-banks. "These," says our informant, "are islands of mud which rise out of the bog, sometimes in the course of a night or day, being of all shapes and sizes. They disappear sometimes as mysteriously as they come; but, for the most part, they harden in the sun, and are soon covered with vegetation. They then become the homes of countless rabbits, which actually swim from one mud lump to another, while wildcats and coons are plentiful enough throughout the whole of this desolate region."

The lighthouses of this strange wilderness of mud and water have very different difficulties to overcome, from the one of which we gave a picture last month, the foundation being so treacherous that heretofore it has been almost impossible to erect a secure structure. The old Southwest Pass lighthouse is said to have been built on a foundation of cotton bales; and for some time has leaned at such an angle as to make it certain that one day or another it will fall into the Gulf. The new lighthouse which takes its place is of iron; and it is said that one hundred thousand dollars were spent in getting ready to lay the foundation proper, though at last a bottom of hard sand has been reached and built upon with cement which becomes as solid as stone.

As may be imagined, all this country about the mouth of the great river is desolate, unattractive and unhealthy, and, indeed, is only inhabited by those who, as a matter of duty or of gain, are forced to live in its unwholsome atmosphere. Still there is much both in its geography and history which is interesting; and we take this opportunity to give our readers, in another article, a brief account of the beautiful city of New Orleans, one of the oldest cities in America, and, by no means, the least famous.

NEW ORLEANS.

This beautiful city which, from its comparative antiquity and the varied origin of its founders and possessors, is one of the most interesting in America, stands on the left bank of the Mississippi River about one hundred miles from its mouth. It was settled in 1718 by the French, who then owned the whole province of Louisiana, and soon became the seat of government, although, at the time, it had a population of only two hundred. In 1727, the construction of levees upon the river front was begun, and the city thus protected from the annual overflow of the river. Various societies of monks and nuns came out from the mother country, received grants of land and other property, and erected many handsome and spacious buildings; and the growth of the city under its successive French governors was steady though gradual, until in 1763 it, with the rest of Louisiana, was ceded to Spain. This change had at first a disastrous effect; but the city slowly recovered, and under Spanish rule was improved in many essential respects, being finally transferred in 1803 to the United States, at which time Louisiana became part of the American Union.

Situated in the midst of vast marshes as New Orleans is, its growth has necessarily been limited in certain directions, and, as a result of this, the city has spread itself along the highlands of the river bank, until it has a river front of six or seven miles, from which front it slopes gradually back to the swamps lying at a distance of from half a mile to a mile and a half from the levee.

Bayou St. John, a deep, navigable inlet from Lake Pontchartrain, indents the swamp and extends to the suburbs; while the Canal Carondelet runs from the bayou into the heart of the city and terminates in a basin for its accommodation, though most of the trade is carried on through another canal which communicates directly with the lake, and is always filled with sloops, schooners, etc., most of which are employed in the lumber trade. Along the river front the levee, or artificial embankment, is extended by a long series of wooden wharves or piers; and this is the principal business quarter of the town. There are about sixty churches in the city, the finest of which is the Cathedral of St. Louis, a majority of the population of New Orleans being Roman Catholic, by reason of their French and Spanish origin. The private residences are usually surrounded by gardens, and are very spacious and elegant; while the luxuriant vegetation, in a climate which knows no winter, makes New Orleans an unusually beautiful city.

In 1860 the population of New Orleans was one hundred and sixty-eight thousand, eight hundred and twenty-three; and it was the second city in America in the amount and value of its exports, being the greatest cotton market in the world, and far beyond all other cities in the number of steamboats employed in its trade. The war of the Rebellion naturally affected its prosperity very seriously, and it has hardly yet recovered; but its position so near the mouth of that great highway of commerce, the Mississippi River, makes its growth and importance as one of the principal cities of America, a matter of certainty.

NEWSPAPERS.

Before the establishment of printed newspapers, public occurrences, and stirring events were made known and transmitted from one place to another by means of periodical publications in manuscript, which, of course, were only furnished to the very wealthy—then, as the demand for information increased, these were followed by the "news ballad" sung or recited in the street or some public place; then the news pamphlet in prose; then the regular daily or weekly sheet of news; and finally, the first actual printed newspaper. So far as is known, the first regular series of weekly, English newspapers began in 1622, and was called the "Weekly Newes from Italy, Germany, etc.," its contents being principally confined to news from abroad, and discussion of foreign affairs. The first attempt at reporting was made in 1641; the first advertisement was issued in 1648; the first commercial newspaper was published in 1675; and these were followed by medical, agricultural, and literary journals.

It was not until the eighteenth century that morning papers were issued, the first, daily morning newspaper being the "Daily Courant," which was published in London in 1702, and consisted of one page of two columns. The circulation of these papers increased with enormous rapidity, and in 1767 more than ten million newspapers were sold in England alone. Several of the continental nations can boast of having begun the publication of journals some years before a similar attempt was made in Great Britain, the first French paper having been published in 1605; while in the University of Leipsic there is preserved a news publication which, though not answering exactly to our modern ideas of a newspaper, is still essentially the same thing and dates back to 1495.

Knowing as we do how immense is the present power of the press in all civilized countries, it is curious to look back to a time when newspapers were a luxury within the reach only of the very rich, and limited in their influence to a comparatively small class of people, who were sufficiently well-educated to read and appreciate their contents. One of the most important facts in our nineteenth century life is, undoubtedly, that almost without exception, every family in America can have and read its own newspaper—a fact which puts the news of the whole world within the reach of every American who can read and write.

WATCHES.

From the old church clock which we described in our last number, sprang the whole race of modern clocks and watches, which latter grew gradually smaller until they became portable, with springs instead of weights, and were carried about the person under the name of pocket-clocks.

These earliest watches were large, of many different shapes, and with no crystals, either having the face open or covered with metal perforated over the numbers on the dial. They opened back and front, had only the hour-hand, and were wound twice a day. The first important improvement in watchmaking, and, in fact, the greatest that has ever been made, was the application of the coiled hair-spring to the balance. This was to the watch what the pendulum was to the clock, and was introduced about two hundred years ago, being followed some thirty years after by the second great improvement, viz: the use of jewels for the bearings of pivots. Jewels for this purpose are valuable in proportion to their hardness, which decreases in the following order: diamond, sapphire, ruby, chrysolite, agua-marine, garnet; and these stones properly drilled, will last for generations without perceptible wear.

About the year 1717, began a most interesting epoch in the history of the watch; for as this wonderful instrument was brought nearer to accuracy, it was found that fluctuations of heat and cold affected the machinery so much as to seriously disturb its uniformity of movement. Cold, it was found, contracted the balance, which, of course, produced quicker vibrations and caused the watch to gain time; while heat expanded it, lengthened the beats, and produced loss of time. The English House of Commons offered a prize of one hundred thousand dollars to any one who could so improve the chronometer as to enable a ship captain to find his position

at sea, within thirty miles of the true place. France and Spain had already offered large rewards to the same end; and in 1767, John Harrison gained the prize by the invention of the compensation balance, which rests upon the principal that heat expands different metals unequally. He made a compensation balance, the outer rim or tire of which was of brass, and the inner rim and cross-bar of steel; these being so soldered together, that they counteract each other. Cold, contracting the inner steel rim, would reduce the circumference; but, as it contracts the outer brass ring still more, the opposite effect is produced, and the circumference enlarged. The effect of expansion is checked in the same way, so that in a well-made watch the balance remains constant in all seasons. The final great improvement in the watch was made by the "escapement," the most perfect form of which is the "patent lever escapement," or "detached escapement," an invention which is the result of the life work of more than one man of genius. This transforms rotary into vibratory motion, and can only be properly explained by a diagram or the study of a watch; for, simple as it seems, it is in reality a triumph of ingenuity.

We, of the present day, carry about with us familiarly, a little instrument which represents the developed thought, the condensed industry of centuries; and its history accurately written, would fill a hulky volume. What would become of the commerce of the world, of scientific study, of social life, without the watches, which on sea and shore, in counting house, and laboratory and kitchen, mark the recurrence of the hours and divide our time into that order and regularity upon which so much of our usefulness and happiness depend?

It is one of the productions of the human intellect which has steadily kept pace with the wants of the human race; and its inestimable value to us makes it almost a matter of duty for us to understand its mechanism, and know something of its history.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little Mouse,
It almost made him sneeze;
An old Rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know."
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight—
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching Mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little Turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half grown;
Surely I'm big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a Robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no!" said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew—puss seized him,
Before he had time to blink,
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You, who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes to thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows.

Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

RAREY, THE HORSE TAMER.

"I Want a Lump of Sugar."

It must be somebody's pet who is putting his pretty head through the dining-room window, with a wistful look in his eyes that says as plainly as words could, "I want a lump of sugar." He'll get it, no doubt, and a pat into the bargain.

About twenty-five years ago, the people of the United States and Great Britain, began to be greatly excited over the wonderful achievements of a young American in training the most vicious horses and the wildest colts. Large audiences assembled to witness his performances. Gentlemen paid large sums, or sent their grooms, to learn his art; his fame spread

"I WANT A LUMP OF SUGAR."

so far that, when he went to England, the Queen sent for him to give one of his exhibitions in honor of her daughter's marriage, and the Emperor of Russia invited him to St. Petersburgh, and procured a wild horse, which had never been broken, for him to try his powers upon. By this time almost everybody perhaps, had heard of Rarey the horse tamer, and he is regarded as one of the benefactors of the world, not merely for having subdued a great many vicious horses, but for having taught that the great law of managing them is gentle and intelligent treatment. He discovered that what all horses, like all human beings, want, in order to become good and reasonable, is *sugar instead of sticks, kindness instead of kicks.* That is his great secret. A writer in *Harper's Magazine*, where I find some interesting stories of Mr. Rarey, says that the key to his entire method is given in his simple directions as to the best manner of introducing yourself to the horse, so that there will spring up mutual confidence. He says: "When you have entered the stable, stand still and let your horse carefully examine you, and as soon as he seems reconciled to your presence, approach him slowly with both arms stationary, your right hanging by your side, the point of your whip, if you have one, toward the ground, the left arm bent at the elbow with the hand projecting. As you approach him, go not too much to the head or cronp, else he will probably move either forward or backward. If, with this precaution, he is restive or suspicious, move yourself to the right or left cautiously, and this will keep the horse in one place. Once very close, stand near his shoulder and stop a few seconds; if you are within his reach he will turn and smell your hand—not that he has any preference for your hand, but that is already projecting and the nearest portion of your body toward him. As soon as he touches your hand and finds it harmless, and probably agreeable to his sensitive touch, you can then delicately caress him, being always careful to move your hand the way the hair lies. As you continue, rub his neck, the side of his head, and, if possible, his forehead, and be careful to favor every inclination of the horse to touch you with his nose. Meantime, follow every touch and communication of your hand in this with kindly looks, and accompany all your tender caresses with affectionately expressed words, such as 'Ho! my little boy—pretty boy!' 'Ah! my beauty—nice lady!' with similar expressions, constantly repeated with the same even and steady tone of voice. From all this the horse soon learns to read your expression—and they are all good physiognomists—becomes acquainted with your voice, and will know at once when fear, love or anger inspire your actions—two emotions of which, *fear and anger*, a true horseman *should never feel.*"

Of course Mr. Rarey often had occasion to subdue animals which had become vicious and unmanageable through previous bad treatment. He was no less successful with these, and by the same method of *kind treatment* joined with firmness and perseverance. The most remarkable of these cases was his conquest of Cruiser, a famous blood horse, belonging to Lord Dorchester, an English nobleman. Lord Dorchester said he had been vicious from a foal; he was often known to lean against the side of his stall and kick and scream as if insane, for ten minutes together. He was sold once but returned to his master; the stable roof had once to be taken off before he could be got out of his stall; and he had become, at last, so violent from the punishments he had received, that he resented every attempt at approach, with yells and kicks, and in one of his fits of fury tore an iron bar, an inch thick, in two pieces with his teeth.

When Mr. Rarey visited him, he found him loaded down with a heavy muzzle of iron and thongs, his food was put within his reach by stealth, and he had to lick it up with his tongue between the iron bars that protected his keepers from his teeth. Mr. Rarey undertook the task of taming this formidable animal, with no fear of the consequences; and incredible as it seems, in three hours Lord Dorchester himself was able to mount him, and Mr. Rarey rode him as a hack. "After Cruiser was reformed," says Mr. Thorp in *Harper's*, "and under the control of his better nature, he was an object of never-failing interest to the English people, her Majesty Victoria herself caressing his head, at the same time expressing joy at his regeneration and regret at the hard usage through which he had passed. The horse himself, under the ameliorating influences of his new position, rapidly improved in his appearance. Gradually the rough haggard grew plump and attractive; his eye 'gleamed with tranquil Christian brightness,' instead of the malignant flash that was wont to extinguish grooms and stable-boys; his coat assumed a silky smoothness, showing that his old prejudice against the solicitations of the curry-comb had passed away. In short, Cruiser became, and is now, a tractable, useful, peaceful member of society, warranted to carry a lady without taxing her courage or her hand.

"The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals testified their regard by a splendid gold medal, of wonderfully fine workmanship, on the reverse of which, after the title of the Society, is engraved:

TO

JOHN S. RAREY,

FOR INTRODUCING TO THE PUBLIC HIS HUMANE METHOD OF TRAINING AND MANAGING ANIMALS.

1858."

We shall be considerably nearer the millenium when all have learned to regard the noble animal God has given to bear so many of our burdens, as an intelligent creature with rights to be considered, and as amenable to kind treatment as his master, and sometimes more so, as would seem from the following story which an old soldier will tell you about:

OLD BOB, THE ARMY HORSE.

"Yes, I believe I did promise to tell you about Old Bob. Well, when I first knew him, he belonged to the Second United States' Dragoons, Col. William S. Harvey, a part of General Worth's advance guard on the march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. He had formerly been the favorite horse of Col. Jack Hayes, of the Texan Rangers. I have often heard the soldiers describe Colonel Hayes' feats of horsemanship, performed with Old Bob, in the streets of San Antonio; but one day Old Bob got a thorn in his left eye, and it was feared he would lose it, so he was turned over to the quartermaster. But the eye recovered and was as good as ever, although the thorn remained in the eyeball. I have often seen it there myself.

"Old Bob was one of the most knowing horses in the whole army, and as brave as the bravest soldier. I remember once, when the dragoons were exposed to a heavy fire at short range, and some of the horses became restive, how Old Bob would bite and kick at them because they crowded him out of his place in the line. Poor fellow, he was shot on the field of Molino del Rey—peace to his ashes.

"But I meant to tell you something of his fidelity. While General Worth's division was lying at the city of Perote, which, by the way, is situated among the mountains more than eight thousand feet above the sea, the advance guard, under Col. Garland, was stationed about twelve miles farther on at a little village just on the edge of an extended plain, with huge mountains looming up in the hazy distance. From this point the dragoons performed picket duty.

"Boh's master, whom we nicknamed Greenock or Little Scotchman, because he claimed to come from Greenock, Scotland, —soldiers do not always enlist under their own names, for reasons best known to themselves—used once in a while to drink too much *agua diente*, Mexican rum. It so happened that on one of the days when he had been indulging too freely, it came his turn to go on picket guard. He started off very tipsy, and very angry too, because, when he had gone to tighten Boh's saddle girth, the knowing old fellow had tried a trick, which the dragoon horses often attempted, swelling his sides to prevent the girth from being drawn tightly. This was one of Bob's failings. He had two: the other was to unhitch himself in some unaccountable manner from the picket line in the night, and go roaming around the camp much to his master's annoyance, as it sometimes made him liable to be sent to the guard house for not being promptly in line, when 'Boots and Saddles,' was sounded. I think these two peculiarities were the sum total of Bob's sins of commission.

"What's 'Boots and Saddles?' Why, it's an order for the soldiers to saddle their horses and equip themselves for business at once. You see it would be quite impossible to give the order by word of mouth so that all the soldiers of a regiment, or even of a company, which is but the tenth part of a regiment, could receive it at the same moment, when they are scattered all about the camp; but the sound of the bugle can be heard at a long distance, and each dragoon when he hears that particular bugle call, knows that it means 'Saddle up.'

"Well, as I was saying, Greenock was angry with Boh for presuming to know better than himself how tight the saddle girth should be drawn, and thought he'd teach him a thing or two. Greenock's companion on guard was a Dutchman, who spoke but very little English, and that little hardly intelligible. When they arrived at their post of duty, the Dutchman halted while Greenock had to advance a certain distance. He rode on, still keeping up his quarrel with Old Boh by violently jerking his bridle, and driving the spurs into his sides, until the poor animal was nearly frantic, and commenced to do what he could to unhorse his tormentor. The night was dark as darkness itself, and they soon disappeared in it. They did not return at the appointed time, and the Dutchman was unable to give the next relief any clear idea of what had happened. It was concluded that Greenock had either deserted to the enemy or been 'gohhled up' by the guerrillas.

"When the morning relief went out, they heard the neighing of a horse, but it was not yet light enough to see an object at any distance. They proceeded, however, in the direction of the sound, and, as it became lighter, discovered, as far off on the plain as they could see, a horse standing with his head raised and looking toward them, appearing to be trying the best he knew to call them to him. They galloped to the spot, and there was Greenock, stretched at full length on the ground, where he had lain since about half-past nine the evening before. His faithful friend, Old Bob, generously ignoring the cruel treatment he had received, had stood by him all night. Had he not been nobler than most horses, he would have gone back to camp as soon as he had dispossessed himself of his troublesome rider, and Greenock would probably have lain in his drunken stupor till the Mexican Indians, who used to come in from the mountains to market every morning, had found him and stolen everything about him that was stealable, and perhaps his life along with the rest. There is little doubt that he would have forfeited his life as it was, if the case had ever come before a court-martial; but the sergeant of the guard, a good-natured old Prussian, concluded that the least said, was the soonest mended, and made no report of the affair."

OUR HONEY-MOON.

"My dearest," said Fred, as we neared a little way station, "what do you say to some lunch? I can step out here and get you anything you fancy. It may seem a dreadful thing for a bridegroom to confess, but I begin to feel quite sharp after our early dinner. If you don't mind my leaving you for five minutes."

I signified that an absence of that duration might be supported, and Fred started for the refreshment room.

We had been married just three days, and the glamour of the honey-moon was upon everything, the atmosphere was rarified beyond that breathed by every-day mortals, the earth glorified with a new beauty, the heavens with a new light. We ate no bread and beefsteak, but some ambrosial dish untasted before, and drank golden nectar, etherealized from hotel coffee-pots.

I watched Fred from the car window, until he disappeared in the refreshment room. What a splendid fellow he was! Such eyes, such a heart, such a general combination of perfections! How charming, how altogether inexpressible it was to belong to him forever, never to be separated more! when, whiz! clang! Horrors! The train was off again, off with Fred still discussing boned turkey in the eating saloon, his faithful wife hopelessly quiescent in the ladies' car, off, sundering at the rate of thirty miles an hour those whom law and gospel shall not part!

"What's the matter, mum," asked the conductor, noticing my excitement.

"There is a gentlemen left behind," I gasped.

"Is there, mum?" was the stoical reply. "Bless your soul, that's nothing new."

"But, but, he's my husband!" I faltered, blushing to my finger tips, as I felt that fact was something new.

Three ladies turned around to stare at me, and there was an unmistakable titter beneath the heavy mustache of a gentleman opposite.

"Sorry, mum, but it can't be helped. If guests will stop at bar-rooms to whet their whistles we can't wait for 'em."

A bar-room! Fred in a bar-room, whetting his whistle! What did the odious man mean! I tried to crush him with a look, but I wasn't equal to it. Fred, my Fred, in a bar-room?

"You needn't be alarmed," said an old gentleman, kindly, "there will be another accommodation at eight."

"At eight." And it was now just half-past four. I sank back upon the cushion in quiet desperation. What was to become of me?

With the entire abnegation peculiar to the early phase of the honey-moon, I had put my little velvet portemonnaie, handkerchief and vinagrette in Fred's vest pocket instead of my own, but there was such a delightful novelty in feeling that now I had a right to his.

Was there ever a confiding bride left in such a plight? Without a husband and without a cent, and—not the least misfortune to one inclined to the feminine weakness of tears—without even a pocket-handkerchief.

The conductor was again making his rounds.

"Ticket, mum."

"I haven't any ticket," I stammered in bewilderment.

"Two thirty, then, if you please, as far as Philadelphia."

"Ticket, sir—"

"Two thirty, as quick as you can, mum, time's short."

"But my husband has my ticket," I faltered. "He was left at B—— station, you know."

"Beg pardon, mum, but our orders are strict. That sort of dodge is played out on this line entirely. Two thirty, mum, if you please. Will refund at the office, when ticket is presented."

The man suspected me, actually suspected me, Fred's wife! Oh, dear, dear! How utterly lonely and unprotected I felt, after the strong trust and sweet reliance that had been mine.

"I haven't any money," I said, in a faint voice. "You'll have to put me out somewhere, I suppose," I added with despairing resignation.

"Allow me, madam"—the mustached gentleman was up, pocket-book in hand—"until we reach Philadelphia. Your husband can settle it with me afterward," he said, giving his card, with a smile.

If I hadn't been married, I should have fallen in love with that delightful man on the spot. As it was, I only murmured some unintelligible thanks and slipped his card into my pocket, as a memento of a modern knight.

We were to have stopped all night in Philadelphia. As the train neared the city, a new perplexity seized upon me. Where could I go? If it were daylight, I might remain in the ladies' waiting room, but Fred would not arrive until nearly ten at night. I had no money to pay a hackman, go to a hotel, or even get my supper.

A sudden thought flashed through my mind. Aunt Tabby lived in Philadelphia. I had directed a letter to her only a few weeks before, announcing my approaching marriage. True, the reply was rather discouraging, being dismally prophetic of all sorts of evil that awaited me, and darkly suggestive of the snares and pitfalls in that broad road that leads to matrimony and destruction.

We arrived at the depot; my mustached friend had left the car sometime before, so I was unprotected again. An army of hackmen beseiged the door of the depot, and I immediately became the subject of a struggle. Oaths and whips resounded about my ears, until I was finally seized upon and carried off by the most energetic of the party, a red-headed man, whose success arose no doubt from his proclivity for anything resembling a fight.

Having secured me in a very dirty vehicle, he regarded me with a triumphant grin.

"Your trunk is it? Where's the bit of tin."

"The—what?" I asked in perplexity.

"The tin, the hit of tin, to be sure. How am I to get it without the tin?"

My check! I had forgotten that Fred had the check also. Alas, for the powerlessness of women! I saw my new Saratoga, filled with the daintiest of trosseaux, bundled off with a load of hotel baggage, and couldn't raise a finger to reclaim it. It was the last straw on the camel's back, and I drove in tears to Aunt Tabby's, using my tissue veil as a pocket-handkerchief, and thereby unconsciously tattooing my face with streaks of blue.

Even Aunt Tabby's monumental rigidity was overcome by my appearance, when she met me at her immaculate doorstep.

"Left you, and only married three days! Pay that hackman, Mary Jane, and send him off before he sees any more of this family disgrace! Have mercy on us! That I should have lived to see Brother Henry's child come to this. Taken all your money and clothes too? Well! well! it's nothing more or less than I expected! Only an accident! Don't talk to me of accidents! If you ever lay eyes on that man again, my name is not Tahitha Anstitch! The mean-spirited scoundrel! To leave you without a rag au your back. You poor, deluded innocent! Put on the kettle, Mary Jane, and hurry up the tea; this poor child is tremhling like a leaf, and well she may!"

I was too disquieted and miserable to attempt to stem the torrent of Aunt Tabitha's indignation. I let her talk on.

"O, and ain't it dreadful, mum?" I heard the sympathetic Mary Jane murmur aside to her mistress. "Such a sweet young creeture that she be! And only look at her face! I expect he's been banging her."

Aunt Tabby pursed up her mouth and shook her head expressively.

"Let this be a warning to you, Mary Jane."

"O! I'm sure it will, mum," was the feeling reply.

"She'll never lay eyes on him, again," repeated Aunt Tabby, solemnly; "never! Bless my soul! Who's that?"

"Is my wife here?" asked a quick, anxious voice; and the next moment Fred's wife was there clasped in the strong arms, crying and laughing together, on the broad, loving breast.

"How did you get here so soon? How did you find me out? O, Fred! Fred! I have been so frightened and miserable!"

Fred's answer was a shower of kisses.

"How did I come? In a coal car. There was a train of them just behind. It was not the pleasanteat ride in the world, but it brought me quick to you, poor little frightened birdie."

And as I met the glances of those loving eyes, I nestled closer to his heart, and felt, in spite of Aunt Tabby's expectation, I was at home again.—*Exchange.*

The Teachers' Table.

GOOD VS. BAD EDUCATION.

"The essential difference between a good and a bad education is this, that the former draws on the child to learn by making it sweet to him; the latter drives the child to learn by making it sour to him if he does not. Yet how utterly has this plain and practical truth been ignored!"

We were glad, lately, to meet, with a pleasant illustration of the above truth, and also of another—namely, that common sense and tact are even greater essentials to a good teacher—in a report, from a stranger, of one of our Hampton graduates' schools. "I heard there was a school for colored children near my hotel," the lady said, "taught by a girl that had been to *college*. I went to visit it and had a talk with the teacher, who said she had come from the Hampton Normal School. I found her teaching her school spelling *outside* of the schoolhouse. All the scholars were ranged along the bank of a little stream, some of them paddling their feet in the water, but they were saying a very good lesson. 'It seems to me this is not exactly orderly,' I said to the teacher. 'I don't know about the order, ma'am,' she answered, 'but the schoolhouse is very hot some days, and I find the children recite better outside.'"

That is what we think an evidence of her good sense and fertility of resource. Without them she might have kept her children in a close room and punished them for the results of their discomfort and her own.

PICTURE READING.

They have a method of teaching in Germany so admirable that it is a wonder that it has not, ere this, been extensively imitated in American schools. We refer to *picture reading*.

The teacher brings before his scholars a picture of some sort, and holds it up for them to study. Of course, if the children are quite youthful, the subject of the picture should be correspondingly simple; but if they are old enough to appreciate more, it may be rich and varied in what it expresses.

They crowd around (there is not much of what we call *order* in a German school), intensely eager to give the picture a thorough inspection. They study it closely in every part, every faculty alive to discover its real purpose, and each stimulated to surpass the rest in the fruits of his observation.

After reasonable opportunity has been given to examine it, it is withdrawn; and the scholars are required to write out their impressions of it in the form of a composition, to be delivered at a subsequent period.

We need not say what a remarkable agency this must be for the training of the perceptions, the reasoning powers and the mind at large, to a free and appropriate use of language. We can conceive of no one agency to compare with it in a fruitful combination of uses.

So important is it considered in Germany that it is not left to the whims of the teacher, but is imperatively required, as an almost daily exercise, by the governments.

Our Hampton graduates, who take the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, might easily use the beautiful pictures in it for this purpose. Show them, for instance, the picture in our present issue called "Left Behind," and let them guess what it is meant for, and, if they are able, write or tell a little story about it. Then after theirs are read, read them the story in the paper, or let them read it, and they will be amused at the difference. Then the picture can be studied in detail. What kind of a dog is that, children? What color ought he to be, if we could paint him? Did you ever see a steamboat? What is the difference between a steamboat and those other boats sailing over the water? How many kinds of sailing vessels do you see there? What are their names? What can they be going for? What kind of a bird is flying there? Have you ever seen a seagull? What kind of feet have they? Why do they have such great wings? Do you know how fast they fly and what they eat? What is that ring in the post for? How nicely that rope is coiled, what is it for? What is it made of? Did you ever see rope-making?

A great many more such questions may be added, and all that the teacher can tell the children about the picture, especially if it is the result of his own observation, will be eagerly listened to and remembered.

TEACHERS OF READING TAKE NOTICE!

We remember the answer of a gentleman to the inquiry, "how his daughter became so beautiful a reader?" He attributed it to the fact that she had never been to school; but, after teaching her the merest elements, she had been supplied with little story-books, in which she would become so much interested that she would insist on reading them to her mother. Reading thus for the sake of the *story*, of course she would read well. She acquired the habit of reading from the *ideas* instead of merely *calling words*. It then became necessary only to attend to the merely mechanical exercises of articulation and pronunciation.

Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, *May* 20, 1874.

Dear Hampton Scholars,—I have often thought during this year since I left you, that the best way in which I could reply to the letters you have kindly written me, would be to write to you all together, as it would give me a chance to say much more to you than I have time to write to each one. Some of you have asked me questions about California, and there are many things here which I think you would find interesting, if I could tell them at length.

For instance, there are our friends from Asia, the Chinese, who seem very odd to people just from the East, looking as if they had stepped out of the pictures we see of them in books. For although they come in great numbers to California, and some of them find their way eastward from here, they have no intention of becoming Americans, and so wear their national dress, and keep up their national customs as far as they can, differing in this respect from most other foreigners among us.

They like American hats, instead of their own queer broadbrims, and many of them have found American boots convenient too, though most of them trot along in their low, turned-up shoes. But I have never seen one wear an American coat; and you can distinguish a Chinaman as far as you can see him by his loose, shirt-like overgarment, and by his braided queue, hanging down his back, or coiled around his head. At any time you can see them trotting along the streets, almost staggering under the weight of heavy baskets of clothes which they have been washing. No Chinamen ever carries a burden on his head, but hangs it in two parts at the ends of a pole, which he balances on his shoulder. You would laugh to see a Chinese child with his little queue all braided out with red, as a special ornament. But this is nothing compared with the women's hair, done up in a fashion that makes their heads look like winged butterflies. We have a fall chance to see the style of it, for they wear no bonnets, but go bareheaded through the streets. Besides, they go very slowly, rolling along on their little shoes, the soles of which are like rockers. You know Chinese women never walk any more than they can help. Even those who have not had their feet deformed by pressure, like the aristocratic ladies among them, wear such inconvenient shoes that it is a wonder to me that they can take half a dozen steps without falling.

Not long ago, a few of us went through "Chinatown," as their part of the city is called, at the invitation of a Chinaman who had long been in the employ of one of the party. So he explained things to us as we went through the narrow alleys, and looked into the little shops and lodging houses of which before I had only seen the outside. Everything was about as compact and crowded as in a ship. Just then, everything was decorated for their New Year, which is to them the great holiday of the year, somathing as Christmas is at the South. Sheets of red paper, spotted with gold leaf, hung all over the doors and windows, and showed that it was as they said, a "good day." In large cities, they celebrate the New Year by many ceremonies; but here, principally by a holiday from work, and by setting off vast numbers of firecrackers. We had heard packs of them exploding all the morning, and we found the ground strewed thickly with their red fragments. On the counters of the shops lay piles of red papers, with the name of the store printed on them in Chinese characters. These were New Year's cards, for distribution among their friends and patrons. I suppose the first thing you would have noticed would have been the large teapots of tea standing ready-made in every shop, with the tiny china cups from which they drink. They always keep tea standing about in this way. Everywhere we saw their favorite flower, the white narcissus, called here the "Chinese lily," growing and blossoming in china dishes of water, the roots held in place by pretty pebbles. Queer smelling things to eat, and queer shaped things to wear, filled the little shops, with long opium pipes and other articles for smoking and gambling. The Chinese are great gamblers; but they said they "no play" at New Year's, for that was "good day." So we only saw a game of dominoes. The pieces were somewhat different from those used in this country; and they played a game I did not understand—played it very briskly, taking silver money from their ears, sometimes, where they seemed to keep it for safety, and tossing it back and forth till I could not tell who were the winners. Before leaving the stores, I must tell you of the reckoning apparatus they use. The Chinese are very quick and accurate in the use of numbers. They can count, handle, and reckon money amazingly fast. In their stores, they reckon up bills on a little wire frame, strung with beads. The beads on one wire stand for units; on the next tens, and so on; and they will add up a number of figures in this way faster than a Yankee can do the same on paper. A gentlemen at the head of our principal school tried to learn to use one of these reckoning frames; but as he slipped the beads along, the Chinaman, who was teaching him said impatiently, "O, too slow! too slow! *lastle* boy do like that!"

From the stores we went to a lodging and eating house. Little recesses, or shelves, were built into the walls, large enough to recline in, for opium smokers. In one of them, a man was lying with his head propped up, slowly filling the bowl of his long pipe with opium, which he heated at a lamp. There he would lie and smoke till he dropped into an opium sleep, from which he would not wake perhaps for two or three days.

We were guided to another room by the doleful sounds proceeding from it, and found several musicians at work. I say at work instead of at play, for they never smiled as they beat and scraped on their dismal instruments. There was no tune that we could discover,—nothing but a repetition of disagreeable discords. I never heard a Chinaman sing anything except our Sunday-school songs; and these their harsh voices make seem very queer. I hardly think a knot of Chinamen *could* get together and sing of their own accord; and if they did, I should want to get out of hearing distance.

Then they took us to what they called "China churchee." It was not, alas! like our churches; for a grinning idol sat in state at one end of the room. A canopy of curtains hung around it, and before it was a table, on which stood offerings of various kinds. Beside the blossoming "lilies," there were burning tapers, plates of rice ready to eat, and little cups of tea. I asked one of the Chinamen what they were for. "O," said he, "our God, maybe he likee eat something." "Does he ever eat any of those things?" I asked. "No," said he with a half laugh; but we *no know* what he like; we think maybe he likee these." Wasn't it sad? Right in America, where we are apt to think that all men have been taught about the true God. While we were standing there, one Chinaman after another came in; and after bowing, waving his hands, and making other motions before the idol, he would light one of the little incense sticks in front of the image, where it would burn slowly like a candle, giving out a sweet odor.

You are not to think from this that the Chinese are entirely ignorant. On the contrary, even the poorest of them have been to school, most of them for a number of years. They can read and write their own language, which is a wonderful thing, for it is as hard as to learn many languages, like English. They are required in their schools at home to learn a vast amount of Chinese history, and other things, which we never learn at all. As I said, they are very skillful in computing numbers. They are also very quick at learning new occupations. It seems wonderful to me that in a new country, with a language they do not half understand, they can learn as they do to work according to our customs. They are very industrious and economical; and many good judges consider them some of the best workmen we have in America. You will be glad to know that there is a Sabbath and evening-school in San Jose, where they are taught to read and write English, and the Bible is put into their hands. I hoped to have seen more of this school, but I have been too busy to go there many times, especially as it is some distance from my home. The lady who has charge of it thinks her scholars very interesting.

I see that I shall make my letter too long, if I stop to tell you more about the Chinese. You are not to suppose they are the only foreigners among us. On the contrary, I pass people of a dozen different nations, any day, in the streets of San Jose. One hears so many languages as to remind one of the tower of Babel. San Jose is a very pretty city, full of trees and flowers; and the pride of its inhabitants on account of the tasteful homes and fine public buildings it contains. It is about fifty miles south of San Francisco, in a beautiful valley. This whole valley, some fifty miles long and from ten to twenty-five miles broad, is filled with wheat fields, orchards, vineyards and gardens. It is one of the great fruit-growing regions of the state, and I fear you would not believe me if I told you the variety to be found in our markets.

Lately, however, I have been out among the wheat fields of another region—the great San Joaquin Valley. As I use this term, you naturally think of a depression among the hills; but this valley is half as large as the whole state of Virginia. It seems more like a great plain, the mountains on each side are so far away and dim and blue, though I can easily distinguish, on clear days, the white peaks of the lofty Sierra Nevada range. This valley is famous for its wheat, and for its vast flocks of sheep in the more southern portion. It is like a great green sea of wheat fields. As I follow the paths cut through it, I can just see over the top of the grain, and I amuse myself with single stems which ontmeasure me in height. Taller persons than I might do that a little later in the season. Then it is so thick, and the heads so large and full, that I readily believe the statement I hear, that California wheat brings seven dollars a ton more in England than Chicago wheat. Farming is done here on such a large scale that the machines used are quite different from any I ever saw at the East. For instance, an immense reaping machine called a "header," because its scythes are set so high as to cut off only the heads of the grain, is pushed—not dragged—by six horses. The heads, instead of falling on the ground, are tossed by the machine back into the box. It keeps three large wagons busy to carry it away as fast as it is cut. From these wagons it is pitched by a great derrick fork—instead of a hand pitchfork—into immense stacks on the field. So there is no raking or binding at all. The grain is thrashed and put into sacks right on the same spot, and left on the field till it is sold. One of these headers, with the necessary men and horses to attend it, will reap twenty to thirty acres a day, with an average crop of twenty-five bushels to the acre. Where the grain goes up to forty bushels an acre, or more, of course it cannot be cut so quickly. You see such harvesting is possible only in a country like this, where there is no rain in summer. Everything in farming here depends on the fact that there are two seasons—a rainy winter, and a rainless summer. For instance, these plains were formerly overflowed in winter, until they were protected by levees along the streams, which then came rushing down from the mountains, tearing new channels, and pouring over their banks. But at this season, there are only two rivers in the state large enough to deserve the name. The other rivers are shrunk to little muddy streams, and the beds of the smaller ones are actually dry. The ground in the meadows is cracked into cakes, and the dust in the roads takes away most of the pleasure of riding. But how does vegetation live, you say? Well, the grain gets most of its growth before the rains are over. It has little to do after that but to ripen. Then good-bye to anything green in the fields, except the trees, which send their roots so deep into the earth as to be always supplied with moisture. These fine oaks make the country beautiful even during the drought of summer. As to gardens and lawns, they have to be irrigated, that is, supplied with water artificially. Wells are bored, sometimes what are called Artesian wells, from a hundred to a thousand feet deep. The water from these wells sometimes rises above the ground in a fountain, and sometimes has to be pumped. Most of the wells, however, go down only to surface water, and hence are only from thirty to seventy feet deep. They are usually pumped by means of windmills, and carried by troughs into furrows in the gardens. Stockton, the largest town in the San Joaquin Valley, is called the "City of Windmills," while all through the country you will see them about the farmhouses. They make a very pretty addition to the landscape. I sometimes feel as if I must be in Holland, I have been so taught to consider that the land of windmills; but there is this great difference; there, they are used to pump water out of a wet country; here, to pump it into a dry one.

I find I have written a long letter, though I have only told you a very few of the things that may be noticed here. Books and books have been written on the subject, and they have not described California yet. But though California is a very remarkable state, you must not suppose it is so rich that people can pick up money here without hard work. There are a great many disappointed people among us, who have come hoping to make their fortunes easily; and who have found that hard work, prudence, perseverance, and sense, are necessary here as well as elsewhere. Some of these people, when they find this to be the case, loaf about the country, or crowd into the cities, and grumble about hard times. Many of them become gamblers; and how they live, and what becomes of them, I can't tell. Then there are others who are willing to work, but don't know how to manage; and let them live in California as long as they may, they are always poor. But, on the whole, California is a very good country in which to earn one's living.

I have written this letter to my old scholars all together, because I find it impossible to write to so many individually, as often or as long as I would like. I have been very glad to receive letters from so many of you. Far away as I am, I think more than you can guess of the great work in which you are engaged; in which you are to be helpers; and since I cannot be among you again to do my share, as I should so much like, the next best thing is to hear from the school and from you individually—to see from your letters that you are improving your advantages, and to know that you are earnestly trying to help your people. I like to know about the schools you teach, how many scholars you have, how much interested they are in their own improvement, how much help you get from the parents, what are your greatest encouragements and discouragements, what you are studying and learning yourselves. But it is impossible for me to answer so many letters, except after a long delay. So I want to ask you to consider this latter as squaring up all my debts. Please consider this general letter, each one of you, as meant for *you;* and either now, or when you reach the place to which you are going this summer, sit down and write me in return. Unless you do this, as the school year is coming to an end, and you scatter in so many directions, I fear I shall lose sight of you. I can hardly realize that the class which entered Hampton School when I did, now goes out, its school training finished, to do its part in helping on general education. I do not need to add my good wishes or my hopes for your success: for I feel as if I were still your teacher, and you know I am always

Your friend,

L. M. W.

LONDON.

LONDON, *April* 25, 1874.

London, or at least this part of it, St. John's Wood, is most lovely just now. Through the latter part of March and most of this month thus far, we have had most delightful spring weather: cloudless, sunny days, some splendid moonlight nights, the air soft and balmy, and Regent's Park one mass of foliage and bloom. Walking through it a few days ago, by a path varying a little from my usual route, I passed a nursery of young bulbs of various kinds and most lovely colors: purple, red, white, and yellow, in every variety of shades, all reminding me of Kings' Chapel graveyard, Boston, in hyacinth and tulip time. In fact, London can show sometimes most perfect weather and beautiful skies; and since she blossomed out of her Lenten sackcloth and ashes, the streets have presented a brilliant and attractive sight, particularly Regent and Oxford Streets, where the big stores or *shops* as they are invariably called here, are situated. The elegant carriages, splendid horses, and handsome liveries of footmen and coachmen present a most fascinating spectacle. The music stores are, of course, my particular attraction. Boosey has just erected one of the finest I have ever seen. It is of marble, five stories in height, and between the windows are medallion heads of Beeh, Beethoven, and other distinguished composers; and then the general finish, carving and sculpture are very handsome. Novello's store is also very large, and very elegantly finished and decorated.

I do not know to what extent the solemnities of Lent usually affect the gayeties of London society, or the patronage of the various places of amusement. This year was perhaps an exception to ordinary times, on account of the royal marriage and the festivities attendant upon the reception of the newly married pair, who arrived in England early in March. On the 12th, they made their grand entry into London from Windsor Castle, accompanied by the Queen. I went with a friend to see the royal show, and obtain my first glimpse of royalty in proprie personæ. We secured a very good stand on the corner of Regent and Little Argyle Streets, quite near Oxford circus; and after nearly an hour's patient waiting, had the satisfaction of seeing the party pass very near to us. They were in an elegant state carriage, drawn by six splendid bay horses, with a postillion on each left horse—no driver—and a pair of "illigant Mickies" behind. The postillions' uniform was very showy: red, with a quantity of gold lace, huff kneebreeches, tucked into high boots, with fancy, flesh-colored tops turned over, black velvet jockey caps, and white wigs—altogether very grand and imposing. The queen is very stout and somewhat coarse looking; she had on a cloak of royal ermine. The young bride, of course, attracted the most attention. She is very lovely and sweet-looking, and bowed very pleasantly in response to the welcoming shouts and demonstrations of the surrounding throng. We got into one or two crushes, and were near being pressed flat in our zeal to behold the royal personages and equipments; but on the whole, the crowd was good natured and well behaved, and we reached home again in safety, quite satisfied with our experience of the day. In the evening we went out to see the illuminations; walked down Regent, Cockspen and Parliament Streets, across Westminster Bridge and by the houses of Parliament, but were greatly disappointed in them, and could not help pronouncing them poor affairs after all.

Very fine musical and theatrical entertainments have been given at the different places of amusement in honor of the bridal pair. One performance, Sullivan's "Light of the World," was especially ordered by his Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh (the bridegroom), and I heard that the author was knighted on the occasion. As musical students, we have frequent opportunities and facilities for hearing operas, concerts, etc., at comparatively little expense. Being very desirous of hearing the opera of "Semiramide," in which Signor Agnesi, a very celebrated singer, was to appear, we procured tickets for Drury Lane theatre when it was advertised; but owing to the illness, tediously prolonged, of this "star" performer, we went twice and heard two other substituted operas before he was able to appear. On Tuesday eve, March 24th, we heard

"Trovatore," in which there is some very fine scenery and also some splendid chorus singing, sixty-four voices under the direction of Sir Michael Cotta. A week later, March 31st, the beautiful opera of "Norma" was given. The singing was very fine indeed, and the whole thing was put upon the stage in the best manner possible. In the first scene, the "Forest Scene," where the Druids march in, the band of the Coldstream Royal Guards appeared dressed in the costumes of the old Druid priests and sacred players, and played the "Druids' March" most grandly. In the duet between Norma and Adelgisa, Nilles Bauermeister and Titjiens substituted a long and difficult cadenza for the written one, and it was a perfectly wonderful performance given as it was, in such perfect accord and harmony. After the opera was over, we went to look at the splendid marble statue of Charles Kean, in the large central rotunda. In the other halls and waiting rooms of this immense building are equally fine statues of Garrick and other great actors. Finally, after two weeks more, we at last saw and heard (for both senses are addressed and gratified), the glorious opera of "Semiramide." The singing, especially that of Sig. Aguesi and the ladies of the troupe, was truly admirable and wonderful. The scenery was, as usual, perfectly magnificent, especially in the scene at Ninus' Tomb. The stage is immense, and the whole depth of it was used; and as the time was at evening, and tha river Nile at the back, with a full moon shining on the water, the effect was most beautiful. In the "Palace Scene" the decorations were magnificent, and in the great procession which ushers in Semiramide, there were a hundred and fifty on the stage at once. The banners and standards were splendid, the Golden Beetle and all the emblems were most carefully looked after, and not a single detail omitted to make the representation perfect. Everything was pure Egyptian, the singular sculptures and the peculiar architecture were all closely copied from the best models; for instance: the carvings on the great hall of tha palace were copied from some of the rare, antique sculptures in the British Museum. When London undertakes to get up anything of this kind, she puts every possible facility into the hands of the director. There is, too, a very pleasant custom here, when any particularly fine piece of scenery is represented, of calling for the artist, who appears before the stage and bows his thanks for the compliment. During Passion Week very fine sacred concerts were given every evening. We went to the Royal Albert Hall to hear Handel's "Messiah," which was grandly given. About the middle of the evening, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur and several of the royal household came in. Tha Princess and Duchess wore some of the most magnificent diamonds one could imagine; tho Duchess' bodice was one perfect blaze of them. Tha Princess is thought here to be very lovely, though I confess I could not see it; but what is better, she has the reputation of being beautiful in character and of a most amiable disposition. In the midst of the music I often think of "Hampton and its Students," not tho book only, though I have received that and enjoy it greatly. I wish the singers would come over this way; I doubt not they would meet with a grand success. I sympathise with Mr. Fenner in his "flat seventh" difficulty, referred to in the "Preface to Music;" it is impossible to get that interval, which they sing, into print. I suppose you are all busily studying and preparing for tha June examination and closing exercises. I shall look with much interest for an account of them. K.

THE HAMPTON SINGERS.

(Extract of a Letter from one of the Singers.)

LONDON, ONTARIO, *June* 8, 1874.

It is so warm here one can hardly write or do anything else. I expected to find it cold, but we feel the heat as much as we do in Virginia. Two men died here last week from sun-stroke.

We have a very pleasant time, after all, all, rambling about in the afternoon, in the woods. We ride a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles nearly every day, and the scenery is beautiful along the rivers and lakes. This part of Canada is very much like the South. We see a plenty of log huts along the railroads. I did not think there was so much difference between the Canadians and our people until we reached Montreal, the city, and everything looked so different. The common people are not as intelligent as they are in the United States. The chief attraction in the large cities is the architecture. In Montreal are several very fine churches and public buildings. The French Catholic cathedral seats over ten thousand, and has the largest bell on the continent. We attended service at the English cathedral; it is a large and fine church. We came across Victoria Bridge just as we were entering Montreal. It is nearly two miles long and cost over six million dollars.

The Parliament buildings in Ottawa are as fine as any buildings I every saw. At St. Catharine's, (about seven miles from Niagara), they refused to take us in any of the common hotels, and a doctor, the proprietor of the Springbank, a fine hotel where invalids go to use the mineral water, took us. In Toronto they refused us at two of their first-class hotels, and we had to go into a filthy little hotel, where nobody staid but low-class people. After the first night, we discovered some animals on tha beds worse than bed-bugs, and we left and were quartered among the colored people during the remainder of our stay in the city. I don't think we will realize very much cash from our trip through Canada. A party of singers from Louisiana came through here last fall and proved to be nothing, and a great many people thought we were not any better. We will give two concerts in this place and one in Strafford, and then leave Canada for Detroit.

I suppose everyone at Hampton is thinking about going home now. I should like very much to be there at the closing exercises on the 11th.

HAMPTON.

To the Editors of the Southern Workman:

I notice in your last month's issue an article signed "Observer," on "draining at Norfolk, Va." As there is reference in it to my paper on this subject which appeared in your columns, you will oblige me by inserting a few words in reply, as I have been a close *observer* on *both sides* of the Atlantic. In England, agriculture is as much a profession as that of "law, physic, or divinity," and has to be studied in the same way. Forty years ago I was serving my apprenticeship with one of the best farmers in the county of Durham, England. Most of our arable land was rolling, with a sandy subsoil, and undrained. With the best management, we could not get more off it, on an average, than ten bushels an acre. That land is now thoroughly drained, and yields on an average over thirty bushels an acre. I give this as my own experience; but the same remarks apply to other parts of England and Ireland, and *especially to the Scotch Lothians.* The lands of Virginia are much in the same condition as those of Great Britain half a century ago. The very best farmers in these parts tell me that their wheat crop does not average more than ten bushels per acre. Their soil and subsoil are the same alluvial deposit as that of Norfolk. The whole district for many miles inland was once a large lagoon, gradually filled up by beach and river deposits. I therefore take this yield as the prevalent one through this portion of the state. If there is no improvement to be made, then I say Virginia is doomed as a wheat growing state. With such an impression no English or German farmer could be induced to settle among us. Indeed I see no hope for the state but in *thorough* draining on *scientific* principles. I use the words *thorough* and *scientific* advisedly, because shallow and partial draining, with inaccurate levels, improper outlets, etc., do more harm than good. It would pay the state of Virginia to bring over a posse of English drainers with their foremen, and hire them out to farmers wishing to improve their plantations. These would instruct others, and ye should soon have well-trained drainers among our own people. The fact, that the state was bringing over English drainers, would show its interest in agriculture, and determination to encourage the farming population; and money expended in this way would promote emigration more than pamphlets, which are seldom read, and agents, who are always suspected of interested motives. Were Virginia rich, I should recommend her to loan her people money for draining as England has done, which has increased the yield of cereals three-fold in that country.

I observed here on the estate of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, a few acres of wheat sowed in the fall, on land well channred and thoroughly prepared, with a sandy subsoil and an open ditch on the lower side; exactly the kind "Observer" describes as existing at Norfolk. This wheat came up beautifully, and promised a good crop. Just at the time when the ear was forming, the *lower* blades began to turn yellow, then the *upper* ones, and soon the whole plant became a mass of rust. From other parts of the state we hear the same complaint. The "Greensboro Patriot" is before me (an excellent agricultural paper); it says "half of the wheat in North Carolina is ruined by rust." This disease was frequent in England when tha land was undrained, but is now almost unknown. If I were to ask "Observer" the cause of this disease, he would say, *"It is a fungus;* and so it is; but fungi cannot germinate on healthy plants: they only take root and flourish where decomposition has begun; but when once established they spread, like yellow fever or jaundice, from the dead to the *living* tissues. Let us investigate this subject a little further. The stomata of the leaf, as I stated in my last paper, have the power of expanding when the soil is moist, so as to allow the excess of water to evaporate; and of contracting in a drought when there is a deficiency of moisture in the ground; but when the spongioles of the root are surrounded with water, they become gorged and force it through the capillary tubes into the leaf cells, faster than it can be discharged by the stomata, and a disease similar to dropsy is induced, and decomposition of the leaf cells commences. The spores of fungi, which are continually floating in the air, settle on the diseased parts, germinate, and spread from leaf to stem, from stem to grain or chaff, and finally attack the seed, causing it to ripen prematurely. We have traced the disease to its cause. What is the remedy? There is only one. Make a way for the water to pass from the spongioles of the roots down to the drain pipes, and rust will entirely disappear.

Excuse Mr. Editors these hasty remarks. I should not have replied to "Observer's" letter had I not feared that it might induce some farmers to believe that draining is an unnecessary expense, and thus check the only means that I see of raising the standard of agriculture in the state to the high position which its soil and climate will admit, and on which the prosperity of the commonwealth depends. GEORGE DIXON.

DECORATION DAY

Was observed this year at Hampton with more than usually interesting and appropriate ceremonies. At an early hour, tha battalion of tha Artillery School, at Fort Monroe, under command of General Barry, marched from the Fort, with the band, with two immense evergreen wreaths, each six feet in diameter. One of these bore tha inscription "The Garrison of Fort Monroe, Va., to their dead comrades;" tho other, "Tha Garrison of Fort Monroe, Va., to the Confederate dead," both of which were placed in their appropriate localities. After this ceremony tha battalion marched to the Normal School premises, where tha troops rested a few minutes on the lawn on the banks of the creek, and then returned, the band playthe familliar tunes of the old slava songs sung by tha students: "Dust, Dust, an' Ashes," "Babylon's Fallen," "I've Been Listening All tha Night Long," "Winter'll Soon Be Ovar," atc., to the great satisfaction of students and teachers.

An hour after the visit of the garrison, the students of tha Normal School formed and marched into the cemetery with their floral offarings, visiting on their return, the school cemetery, and decorating the graves of their late good physician Dr. Seymour, and of Noble and Royal, tho only students who have died at the school since its organization. Meantime, the steamer *N. P. Banks* had landed at Old Point some five or six hundred wall dressed colored people, including sociaties in regalia, and a band of music, who came at once to tha cemetery, on foot or in carringes, most of them bringing their dinner with them, while the various booths furnished catables and cool lemonade, to those who had not supplied themselves.

Tha steamer *Hampton*, chartered for the occasion, brought to the wharf of the Soldiors' Home, Farragut Post No. 5, with tha Naval band from Portsmouth, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen. Commodore Stevens of the Navy Yard also came over in the steam barge, and was received by Governor Woodin, of tha Soldiers' Home. Our old favorite the *Mystic* was also put into requisition for tha occasion, and brought ovar a large number of visitors. The presence of so many gaily dressed steamers gava a gala appearance to our harbor. After dinner at the Soldiars' Home, tha whole party, joined hy the veterans of the Home and thair band, proceeded to the cemetery where the regular order of axereises was carried on. The noticeable and hopeful feature of this as of other celebrations of Memorial Day, is the increasing good will shown both hy words and actions toward each other, hy the parties in the late strifa. Here the graceful tribute of the Fort garrison to tha Confederate dead, was in the spirit of the following quotation from tha address of Colonal Brady at the cemetery. With the growth of such magnanimous sentiments all animosity and hitterness between tha North and South will soon giva place to that true brotherhood which becomes tha citizens of every section of tha republic.

"Let no words fall from our lips, or thoughts enter our hearts, the utterance of which might tend to arouse the animosity engendared hy the late terrible war between the sections. Let us forget the hitterness of the past. The Blue aad tha Grey quietly, sweetly repose side hy side around us, and those who surviva tham should, can, and let us earnestly hope and desire *will* be friends. The brave sympathize with tha brava. Wa cannot approve of the cause for which the Southarn soldiar fought so long, so valiantly and so desperately; but their heroic deeds are recorded upon the pages of history, and we cannot if we would, and would not if we could, blot them out. After all, it was a struggla of brothers against brothers, fathars against sons, and the credit of all that was noble and good in the contest belongs to our common country. Let us extend the right hand of fellowship and good will ona to the other, and unite together for the advancemant and benefit of the republic."

THE FLORA OF HAMPTON.

MAY—CONTINUED.

Agrostemma githago—*corn cockle.* Specularia perfoliata—*clasping bell-flower.* Veronica Americana—*brooklime.* Polygonum aviculare—*bird's knot grass.* Lolium temulentum—*poison darnel.* Juncus tenuis—*slender rush.* Juncus tenuis, variety dichotomus—*two-stemmed slender rush.* Juncus accuminatus—*pointed rush.* Juncus effusus—*soft bulrush.* Carex stamines—*straw sedge.* Carex hystericina.

JUNE.

Carex vulpinoidea—*fox sedge.* Carex debilis—*slender sedge.* Carex milliacea—*many-flowered sedge.* Eleocharis palustris—*marsh club rush.* Erigeron annum—*flea bane, white weed.* Salvia officinalis—*sold sage.* Ornithogalum crocuum—*yellow star of Bethlehem.* Sambucus Canadensis—*black elder.* Lonicera periclymanum—*woodbine.* Samolus valerandi—*water pimpernel.* Trifolium arvense—*hare's foot trefoil,* Echlum vulgare—*viper's bugloe, blue thistle.* Arnica nudicaulis—*naked-stemmed arnica.* Aster subulatus—*slender sea aster.* Maruta cotula—*May weed.* Rumax maritimus—*golden dock.* Datura stramonium—*thorn apple, jimson weed.* Lolium perenne—*ray darnel.* Holcus lanatus—*soft grass.* Elymus Europœus—*lyme grass, wild rye.* Bromus ciliatus—*brome grass.* Verbascum blattaria—*moth mullein.* Hypericum perforatum—*perforated St. John's wort.* Allium Canadansis—*meadow garlic.* Phlenm pratense—*timothy, or herd's grass.* Bromus unioloides—*rescue grass.* Varbena spuria—*vervain.* Centauria nigra—*black knap weed.* Typha angustifolia—*cat-tail, reed mace.* Scutellaria integrifolia—*entire-leased skull cap.* Erigeron divaricatum—*branched flea bane.* Myriophyllum scabratum—*water milfoil.* Rosa lucida—*shining, or wild rose.* Solanum Carolinensis—*horse nettle.* Pastinaca sativa—*parsnip.* Saururus cernuus—*lizard-tail.* Azalea viscosa—*white azalea.* Spergula arvensis—*corn spurry.* Linaria vulgaris—*toad flax.* Setaria glanca—*bottle grass, or fox-tail panic.* Circium horridulum—*horrid thistle.* Phytolacca decandra—*poke weed, pigeon berry.* Agrostis vulgaris—*red top, herd's grass.* Panicum latifolium—*broad-leased panic grass.* Verbascum thapsus—*mullein.* Panicum bum—*gibbus panic grass.* Leontodon autumnalis—*autumnal hawkbit.* Glyceria nervata—*nerved manna grass.* Asclepias tuberosa—*butterfly weed.*

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, F. RICHARDSON, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, AUGUST, 1874.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

From that momentous period in boys' lives, when frocks are exchanged for trousers, they speculate on what they will be when they are men. At first, fancy only is consulted. They will sail ships, or drive stages with four horses. After a while, they find that nothing they undertake is altogether jolly; that every bodily occupation has its peculiar ache; and every mental pursuit is exhausting, and crowded with competitors. As years advance, young men, finding obstacles in all paths, begin, in earnest, to inquire where lie their most available forces.

It is precisely at this turning point of life that a most important thing is apt to be lost sight of, and, perhaps, only realized after years of painful experience; namely, that the strongest of all business forces is whole-hearted perseverance. No trade could have become established among men, unless it was capable of yielding support: and at almost any business, an average person can make an honest living, if he will, and if his will is strong. Should a man fail at one undertaking, he will probably fail at others; the fault being usually in himself. Napoleon found it good, practical policy, never to have anything to do with unsuccessful men.

Hence, it is of the highest importance for a beginner, to stick to his first choice. He has in one short life, scarcely time to see how much he can make of any one profession. But he may notice that the front ranks in none of them are crowded. He who changes from one business to another, throws away time as well as the practical experience which he has gathered. But, whoever bends himself steadily to one chosen occupation, finds his field grow with his growth, until the prentice boy may become a millionaire.

In America, where people rise from poverty more frequently than anywhere else in the world, examples enough are to be seen of men who prove that they have the secret of success, by succeeding. When a beginner selects an occupation, he will do wisely to hunt for those who have prospered in the same field, and find precisely how they have managed. He may safely disregard the profuse advices of neighbors who do not themselves prosper. Successful men seldom make a noise about their methods; yet their actions are better worth study, than are cart loads of volunteered advice from those who are accustomed to having what they call bad luck. A beginner needs to model himself not upon good preachers, but upon good practicers.

In most occupations, money is chiefly made by *directing* the labors of others. But it is fortunate for most young men that they have not capital at first, to hire others. As in war, no one is fit to command until he has learned to obey; so in business, he who begins by working for a master, learns to manage employés of his own. While in a subordinate station, if a young man succeeds in making himself necessary to his master, he has taken a long stride toward success in life. Sorry hands are the first to be discharged; but there is always a demand for those who study their employer's interests; and whoever is remarkable for honesty, industry and good-will, has acquired a character worth to him, at least, a thousand dollars. As business is founded on confidence, a man will rise in proportion as others rely on his word, and on his judgment and energy.

Business success is only half gained by filling the purse. He is fortunate, who, early in life, discovers that money is as slippery as an eel. A thousand bargains offer themselves of things very desirable, but which can, somehow, be done without. If a man does not watch his expenses, he will go backward, no matter how much he earns. Many deserving persons are always at the bottom of the hill, because they do not cut off every outlay not essential to success; and because in undertaking new enterprises, they do not count the costs just as carefully as they estimate the profits.

THE FREEDMAN'S BANK.

The failure of this institution has been the first intimation which has really reached its ignorant depositors, that their hard earnings were not secured by the national government.

The funds were at first invested in United States securities only, as its charter at that time demanded. Afterward, this policy was changed, with the sad results of to-day. The bank, owing about three and a third millions to its depositors, has only one-ninth of the amount in cash and United States bonds. The remaining eight-ninths are in securities which have become unsaleable. The Southern Workman feels that he has been wounded in the house of his friends.

It may be some consolation to the pure-minded founders of the institution, to reflect upon the good which it has actually accomplished. During its short nine years of activity, it has shown poor people the accumulative value of little sums. It was far better for most of its depositors to have saved and lost, than never to have saved. Habits of self-denial have been formed; much money which would have gone for finery and folly has been rescued; and although mismanagement has cut off a percentage, yet there will be more left to many of its depositors, than they would have had, if the bank had not helped them to save.

Perhaps a salutary lesson will be drawn from the downfall of this strong institution, which, if fully understood, will be worth all its cost. It may impress the truth, that land is the sort of riches least likely to fly away from its owner. The values of stocks, bonds, and bank accounts, depend upon the honesty of other men, or upon their good judgment. But when land is prudently purchased, it is the owner's fault only, if it does not increase in value. It is the last kind of property to be disturbed by the price of stocks; and it alone, cannot be lost, stolen, or borrowed. Its possession means to a poor man an escape from rent, and is the first step toward independence. The Freedman's Bank will have fulfilled its noble purposes, if it has taught the people to be their *own bankers*, and set them on the road toward earning their *own homes*.

MEETING OF THE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF VIRGINIA.

The ninth annual meeting of the Educational Association of Virginia, and the first ever held in this part of the state, assembled at the lecture-room of Christ Church, in Norfolk, Tuesday night, July 14th. After an appropriate prayer by Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of 1st Presbyterian Church, Prof. N. B. Webster, chairman of the local committee, announced the completion of the usual arrangements for entertainment, places of meeting, etc., and introduced the Hon. John B. Whitehead, Mayor of Norfolk, who had been requested to welcome the association to the hospitalities of the citizens. The cordial welcome to the "City by the Sea," was responded to by the President, Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, of the University of Va., who proceeded to deliver his annual address, which was heard with marked attention.

Prof. L. M. Blackford was elected president for the ensuing year; and the meeting adjourned till 10 o'clock, the next day.

Among the prominent gentlemen attending the sessions of the convention, we noticed the state superintendents, Rev. Dr. Ruffner, of Virginia, and Prof. Newell, of Maryland; and of city and county superintendents, J. H. Binford, Esq., of Richmond; S. H. Owen, Esq., of Petersburg; Maj. J. F. Crocker, of Portsmouth; R. L. Crane, Esq. of Alexandria; J. J. Ladd, Esq., of Stannton; E. B. Macon, Esq., of Princess Anne Co.; J. C. Weaver, Esq., of Accomack Co.; and John F. West, of Norfolk Co.

The colleges and academic institutions were well represented by such professors as Atkinson, Blackford, Buchanan, Curry, Doggett, English, Garnett, Gildersleeve, Harris, Hogg of Alabama, Hoxton, Massie, McGuire, Minor, Price, Smith, Toy, Venable, Vawter, and Webster.

Of distinguished Virginians in attendance we recollect Lieutenant Gov-or Withers; Hon. John Goode; Judge Blow; and Rev. Drs. Armstrong, Blackwell, Barton, Peterson, and Thomas.

The regular work of the association consisted of the reading and discussion of papers on educational topics.

The paper on Geographical Instruction, read by R. L. Carne, Esq., elicited considerable discussion, in which Messrs. Binford, Owens, Ladd, Jones, Webster, and Withers participated.

Among the most important papers read and discussed, were the following: namely,—On Latin Translation, by Prof. W. W. Smith, of Bethel Academy; on Instruction in Chemistry, Physiology, and Natural History, prepared by Professor Davis, of Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, and read by Professor W. O. English; on The Study of Languages, by Professor Turner, of Hollins Institute; on Prizes and Honors in School, by Rev. R. H. Phillips, of Staunton Female Institute; and on The Best Practical Method of Teaching the Elements of English Grammar, by Prof. N. B. Webster, of Webster Institute, Norfolk. On all these papers there were pleasant and highly interesting debates.

Besides the papers above named, and the President's address, an able essay was read by Rev. Dr. Ruffner, on Mental and Moral Science in their Relations to Education; an address was delivered by Prof. Thomas R. Price, of Randolf Macon College, on The Place of the Mother Tongue in Education; and another address, by Rev. Prof. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond College, on Our Public Free School System in its Relation to Colleges. It is to be hoped that all these papers and addresses will be published in the "Educational Journal," or in pamphlet form.

An invitation from the Principal of the Hampton Normal Institute to visit the school and partake of a collation was accepted, and on Friday afternoon the steamer *Mystic* was chartered for the excursion. About two hundred and fifty citizens and their guests, including a delegation of about twenty from the Maryland Association, enjoyed a delightful trip down the river and Hampton Roads, and were met at the wharf of the Normal School and escorted to Virginia Hall. After looking over the building, all assembled in the dining hall to partake of a lunch and listen to some fine music by the band of the National Soldiers' Home.

In tendering thanks for the invitation, Professor Blackford, president of the association, in a graceful speech, expressed his deep interest in the success of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. The Principal explained the origin, objects and prospects of the Institute as fully as possible in the brief time allowed by the arrangement to reach Fort Monroe in time to witness the dress parade. The party consisted of persons from remote parts of Virginia, from Maryland, Alabama and South Carolina—most of them representative men in the cause of education; and by the interest they took in all they saw, testified unmistakably, to the kind feelings entertained by the Southern people toward the efforts to instruct and elevate what President Blackford called "a long neglected class of our people."

Altogether, the Norfolk meeting of the Educational Association of Virginia, has been most pleasant and profitable to the entire community as well as to the members themselves; and all classes of our population will feel, directly or indirectly, the benefits of the stimulus it has given to the great cause of Education.

BUYING LAND.

While theorizers are expounding the designs of Providence as to the future of the colored race, a most important movement is going on by the race itself. Instead of rushing en masse to Africa, or aiming at occupations in which competition is active and powerful, the negro is quietly, wherever opportunity serves, securing to himself the title deeds of certain pieces of land. The soil may be poor, and the cabin rude and small, but its owner feels it to be like a firm footing in a boundless swamp. Without rents to pay, it is possible to lay up money, even for a man who works most of his time for others. A land-owner being a taxpayer, is directly interested in electing honest officers only, to spend the public money. By buying land, the negro is taking the most effectual means open to him, toward recognition as a useful citizen and a power for good in society and politics.

In all civilized countries, the class of land-holders furnishes the most influential men in other pursuits. Farmers, or the sons of farmers, have always taken the lead in America; and it may safely be assumed, that until an influential body of colored farmers exists, the negro never will be able to live down the calumnies of his enemies.

The peasants of Europe come to the United States in search of a chance to show what is in them. They find cheap lands; make a comfortable living; and their children become wealthy. The happiness, if not the existence of the negro in America, is staked upon his answer to this question: Can the colored farmers do as well on the cheap lands at the South, as the European emigrants have done at the West?

The author of the interesting article on the Opium Trade in California, published in this number, writes in a private letter as follows:

"I feel a little like the Chinese merchant here, who wondered why white people wished to know the bad side, and seldom took any interest in the improvement of his race, in their factory labors, in their service as domesties, in their eagerness to learn, etc. The Sunday-schools are very flourishing; and last Saturday, a foreign and Chinese Sunday-school joined numbers and went on a picnic. It was a curious mixture of dress, customs and games, and indicated a very friendly spirit, and a desire to improve. Selfish men are constantly trying to crowd back these celestials, and use the papers against them; but, still they come; and, on the whole, for good. They bring their vices, but they learn a great deal of good, and are of immense service as industrious workers. Housekeepers value them exceedingly. The Chinese question here, is what the negro question is, in the East."

AN EXCURSION.

There is nothing more refreshing to the tired denizens of the city than a visit to the country. Sweltering mid the heat and dust; pursued by cares and anxieties; annoyed by the constantly recurring jars of business, misunderstandings, and personal altercations; driven along irresistibly with the current of trade; spurred on by inexorable necessity or stimulated by the excitement of gain; no time for friendly intercourse; no time for domestic enjoyment; no time for thought; no time even for prayer; no time for any thing but work, work, work,—what a deliverance they experience when they can escape from the chains of their servitude to the freshness, joyousness and liberty of the country.

How the energies are quickened; how the recuperative forces are stimulated; how the heart pulsates; how the feelings glow.

The mind released from its long tension, recovers its elasticity; the finer sentiments, so long kept in abeyance, so long restrained by prudence and mastered by policy, now exult in the freedom of unfettered exercise; all the faculties assert their prerogatives; the whole man comes back to himself. He has been, all the while, an artificial man, living in an artificial world, a kind of twelve-hour clock, wound up in the morning, running down at night, resting a while in sleep, to begin the next day the same monotonous tick-tack, tick-tack of business life; keeps time very well, too, as all good clocks ought to do. Why, as long as he is so near me, I shall never be compelled to buy a time-piece. See! there he goes down to business half-past six exactly; yonder he comes from the Post-office, quarter past seven; yonder goes his boy around the corner for his julep, just eleven o'clock; there, he passes by to dinner, one o'clock precisely; and so on through the day.

But he has come out from all these things now, and left his mask behind him. Nature, in her artless grace, unbosoms herself to him; and he, through force of association and reciprocity of confidence, unbosoms himself to her.

What a ridiculous figure this grave, dignified man of fifty, cuts, as he goes whistling over the fields, jumping over the ditches and climbing over the fences, tasting the berries on the roadside and the sour-grass on the balk-row, just to see if they have the same flavor as when he was a boy. But hold! what makes him pause, looking thoughtfully and sad, while a tear, the first since the wrinkles came, steals hurriedly down his cheek as if afraid to linger in that unfrequented track? Ah! he sees just ahead of him the tangled growth that marks a country graveyard; and his thoughts have in a moment, carried him back over the lapse of thirty years, to the hour when in just such a place as this, he looked for the last time upon a mother's face, laid her form beneath the sod, and turned away alone, stricken, despairing, to fight the battles of life. Don't restrain your sighs nor check your tears. It is not weakness that wrings them from you, but the strength of an inner, purer nature, asserting its long neglected claims. Weep on, poor world-weary, world-hating, and yet world-loving brother of humanity, while your Mother Nature beholds you in the purest phase of your self-abused character.

But all this is not what I intended to write about. When I commenced, I purposed taking an imaginary trip to the country, in the neighborhood of "Fox Hill," stopping at the principal farms and prying somewhat, still with friendly eye, into the amount, manner, and kind of business done on each. Well, it is not too late for that now: so let us "jump into the wagon," and make a dry land excursion. Don't be in a hurry, now; for we wish to observe things carefully; and, besides, "Rosinante" is somewhat incompetent, and still more averse to rapid locomotion. To use the language of a venerable "ward of the nation" when speaking of himself: he is "not swift, but constant."

Hold up here, now; we will go in at this gate with the mulberry on each side. Fine farm, showing care, enterprise, management, and their legitimate consequence—thrift. Who lives here? Why, Colonel J. C. Phillips, one of the best farmers in Easteru Virginia. Here he comes to meet us, wide brimmed hat, linen coat, and breeches in his boots. A farmer will be a farmer, you know, summer or winter.

Well, we pass over our short conversation with Colonel, in which we learn that he raises corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, garden truck and fruits. We can see from the corn rows, wheat stocks, and potato vines, that his land yields well. We can also see, that the soil is light, well cultivated, easily drained, and as the farmers say, "lays well." The fact of the business is, the colonel has a good farm and is making money on it. Well, he deserves it; for he is a genuine type of the old Virginia gentleman—I had like to have said old gentleman; for his hair is getting suggestively gray; but I can easily remember when he was a youngster; and I am nothing more than a boy, yet. Passing along by the handsome little farm owned by R. B. Wood, Esq., we next come to a fine residence on the roadside, the outward appearance of which, is a standing advertisement of thrift and comfort. This is owned by C. W. Hickman, Esq., and is just such a farm as that of Colonel P. But good gracious! if all those children are his, this would make a splendid location for a female institute.

What magnificent oaks these are! and that is the finest field of clover I have seen since the "late onpleasantness." Every thing in good order, and a general welcome to all who are worthy of it.

Get up, "Rosinante," we 'll pass on to the next. Heigho! a country schoolhouse. We 'll just drive as near to the ditch on the other side as possible; for the experiments of my boyhood are too fresh in my memory for me to feel any degree of comfort in close proximity to a schoolhouse. Turn in here, and we 'll spend the night with the "Big Corporal," and continue our journey to-morrow—I meant to say, next month. CRAB.

OPIUM TRADE IN CALIFORNIA.

Probably there is not an evil among the many that have stalked abroad to demoralize, degrade and destroy the human race, more to be deplored than that of opium. Its extensive use in most of the Oriental countries—once almost confined to that division of the world—is, now, in this age of commercial communications; in these times when men go to and fro in the earth, carrying with them the peculiar habits of their nationalities,—spreading and deepening its grasp. Like the kindred evil of alcoholic liquors, to which, in its general social effects, it bears a strong resemblance, it finds its way to new lands, and with it carries its palsying influence upon the energies of new countries. California, with its thousands of Chinese, opens a profitable market for the opium trade; and with every year the trade increases. Two lines of steamers bring their loads of coolie emigrants and their large cargoes of this East India drug. It is estimated that no less than ten thousand dollars worth enters the Custom-house of San Francisco by every vessel, and that the annual trade amounts to about a quarter of a million. It is also the opinion of those who are acquainted with the matter, that a large quantity outside of this estimate finds its way into port through the devices of smugglers. The article being easily hidden, the duties enormous, and the penalty amounting to nothing more than confiscation of the article, the temptations are strong; and not only the China men and women, but sailors, passengers, and officers of ships, find strong temptations to overreach authority and law. Custom-house officers are employed to inspect every individual Chinese or foreigner, who lands on American shores from China; and a certain percentage is allowed on all smuggled opium. A lady is employed to inspect Chinese women. Sometimes it is found braided in the hair, sometimes packed in the hollow sole of a Chinese shoe, and sometimes bound on the limbs. It has been moulded in the shape of eggs and whitened over to escape notice; made to imitate the roots of plants; and covered with some earthy substance to counterfeit the medicinal herbs used by the Chinese doctors; or concealed among the dried lizards and other reptiles used also as medcine. Usually it is in the form of a thick paste like tar, but sometimes dry and hard as flint. The duties are a hundred per cent. A merchant sometimes pays twenty-five hundred dollars duty on a single importation.

The streets of the Chinese section of San Francisco abound in opium dens: the corner groceries of the celestials. Low and dark and vile with heavy odors, the opium smokers recline on mats supported on straw pillows. Each individual pays for his whiffs, takes a long bamboo pipe on the end of which is dropped a small quantity of the opium paste. A few inhalations produce the desired affect, and hours of heavy sleep follow. Once addicted to the habit, an opium smoker rarely ever reforms; mind and body become enfeebled, and the power of self-control is soon gone. When the consequent sufferings become unendurable, an over dose quiets the bodily pain forever. The proportion of opium smokers is hard even to guess at. Probably about half of the Chinese men and a very few of the women are consumers. The same discouraging influences which drive the California miner to intemperance, operate to increase the proportion of smokers amongst the Chinese. Restraining influences are fewer than in his own land. Home, wife, children far away, and frequently disappointed in his money making schemes, a Chinaman takes to his pipe as a white man to his cups. The better class of Chinese citizens look upon the evil as a serious one. They are quite willing to use their power, feeble as it is, against the trade, and are extremely reluctant to give foreigners information about its consumption. A good Chinese emperor once exclaimed: "I know that wicked and designing men, for purposes of lust and profit, will clandestinely introduce the poisonous drug; but nothing under heaven shall ever induce me to legalize the certain ruin of my people." Alas! that such wisdom cannot prevail.

Another dark side of Chinese life in San Francisco is the constant slave trade carried on in Chinese girls. These girls are bought in China, —kidnapped sometimes—brought to San Francisco and sold for vile purposes. They are generally very young, often not over twelve years of age. Their treatment is brutal and degrading in the extreme, often so much so, that they appeal to the city authorities or missionaries for protection. It is for the relief of this class of women, that a Chinese Home has been opened, designed also as a "Normal School for the training of Bible Readers."

Correspondence.

LONDON, *May* 31, 1874.

Every stranger who comes to London, must of course visit the Tower, that ancient and world-renowned edifice, so prominent in English history almost ever since England began to have a history, and around which clusters so many interesting associations, some, indeed most of them, of so dark and terrible a nature, that the very name "Tower of London," caused an involuntary shudder and a thrill of indignation at the remembrance of the bloody and cruel deeds which have been done within its walls.

The antiquity of this building has been a subject of much discussion; but, it is generally believed to have been erected by William the Conqueror, in the early part of his reign, and strongly garrisoned at that time by his Norman followers, in order more fully to awe his new subjects into a more secure allegiance.

It stands upon the north bank of the Thames, the principal entrance being on the west side; while on the south side is an arch called the "Traitors' Gate," through which state prisoners were formerly brought by way of the river. Near this Traitors' Gate is the Bloody Tower, supposed to be the scene of the murder of the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother, who were smothered by order of Richard III. It is not known, however, on what special account this part of the building received its gloomy appellation, which was given to it sometime during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. For nearly five hundred years before this, it had been a royal palace; and we were shown the apartments occupied by Queen Elizabeth previous to her accession to the throne, and also the stone under which the bodies of the unfortunate princes were found. The principal buildings or parts of the immense pile —all of which is included in the Tower— are the Church, the White Tower, the Old Mint, the Record-office, the Jewel-office or Keep, the Horse Armoury, the Grand Storehouse, the Lions' Tower, and the Beauchamp Tower. The church, or St. Peter's Chapel, as it is called, is principally remarkable as the depository of the headless bodies of numerous illustrious personages, who suffered either within the walls or just outside of them, on Tower Hill; among whom, may be mentioned the good and accomplished Lady Jane Grey, and Anne Boleyn Catharine Howard (two of the unfortunate wives of Henry VIII.), and many men of high rank both in the church and state. The White Tower is supposed to be the oldest part of the whole edifice, dating as far back as 1070. This consists of three lofty stories, with vaults underneath, in one of which, Sir Walter Raleigh was a prisoner, and where he wrote his History of the World. I stepped into the horrid place, but had no desire to linger within its walls.

In another, we saw the beheading axe—a most villainous looking thing—the block, and the executioner's mask of black leather; also a horrid instrument of torture called "The Scavenger's Daughter," which, by means of a cruelly ingenious arrangement of screws, could, by slow degrees, crush a man into a lifeless, shapeless mass. But enough of such horrors. Thank God! their day is gone by. Within this White Tower is the ancient chapel of St. John, originally used by the English monarchs, and said to be the finest specimen of Saxon architecture in England. It is a very massive chamber of oblong form, with vaulted roof and heavy columns, with large squared capitals curiously sculptured, and having a cross on each, and presenting a very imposing appearance.

In the Jewel-keep we saw the crowns of the last four or five generations, Queen Victoria's surmounting the rest. This is a magnificent work of art, weighing one and three-quarter pounds, and valued at one million pounds sterling, about five millions of dollars. It is one mass of diamonds and other rare and precious gems—rubies, emeralds, etc. This *light and airy head-dress* is not intended for every day wear. On state occasions it is borne on a cushion, by some noble official of the Royal Household, in the grand procession, while the crown actually worn by the Queen, is a small, though very splendid tiara of gold and gems. Here too was the famous Koh-i-noor bracelet; this name, signifying "Mountain of Light," was given to it centuries ago by the Eastern Monarch; in whose possession its existence first became known to the world. Its history is curious and eventful; but after passing through many illustrious hands, it has now been for a long period one of the trophies of British conquest, and here it is likely to remain.

Among other interesting and beautiful things here, we saw the Royal baptismal service—the sceptres made of gold and incrusted with diamonds and other paraphernalia used at coronations, such as the sceptre with the dove, St. Edward's staff, the three swords which are carried before the sovereign; namely, the "Curtana" or sword of mercy, pointless;

(See page 63).

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that;
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie called a lord,
Who struts and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that;
But an honest man's above his might
Good faith he mauna fa that;
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

In a miserable little cottage in the southern part of Scotland, there was born in the winter of 1759, a boy who was destined to bear through a short life the burdens and glories of genius, who was to write some of the most beautiful songs in the English tongue, and yet to lead a life of coarse dissipation, and, with the means of riches in his hand, to be always a poor and needy man.

Robert Burns' father was a small farmer, who, being unsuccessful in his attempts to improve his condition, died, leaving his family penniless. Throughout his lifetime, however, he devoted himself to his children, training them carefully himself, and obtaining for them better education than was usual among men of his class, so that Burns was a fair English scholar, and developed, early in life, a strong taste for the songs and ballads of his native country. He worked as a farm laborer for years, writing constantly, and producing some of his finest compositions in the midst of the homely life from which, as yet, he had no thought of escaping. His "Mountain Daisy" and "The Mouse" were composed while holding the plow, "Death and Doctor Hornbook" while resting himself at the roadside; while "Hallowe'en," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and many charming ballads, were written during his residence at Morsgiel, a farm which he and his brother leased together. Although the poems which were produced at this time were read by a small circle of friends, Burns had no idea of publishing them; and his foolish dissipation resulted finally in such entanglements that he made up his mind to leave Scotland and go out to the Island of Jamaica, but was actually unable to procure the money necessary to pay his passage. At this crisis, the thought for the first time presented itself to him, of making his poems a source of pecuniary profit; and he at once opened negotiations with a printer, and an edition of six hundred copies was rapidly sold, from which he realized enough to enable him to commence his journey. Just as he was about to sail, however, he received letters containing such favorable criticism upon his work, that he determined to take courage, and once more try his fortune at home. He went back to Edinburgh, where he soon became known, and achieved sudden fame, being introduced into the society of persons of highest rank, by whom he was admired and flattered as a sort of curiosity. None of his new acquaintances, however, gave him any substantial help or wise advice; and he says bitterly of himself, "The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim." He took a farm again in 1788, and married a woman to whom he had been attached for years; but he was an unskilful farmer, and soon gave it up, and settled down upon the salary of three hundred and fifty dollars per annum, which he received as an excise officer, and which was his only support during the remainder of his life. He was extremely proud, and often refused to take money which he had fairly earned; while he yielded so often to the temptation of drink, and was naturally so careless, that it is little wonder that he died at the age of thirty-seven, in poverty even greater than that in which he was born. His widow and children were cared for by public sympathy; and his memory is cherished now as the memory of a man rarely gifted; but during his lifetime he was undoubtedly neglected and misrepresented, and many of the vices and misfortunes which preyed upon him might have been averted by a little tender care on the part of those among whom his lot was cast. As a poet, however, his fame is secure, for he wrote many songs which are sung wherever the English tongue is spoken, and treasured everywhere as gems of true poetry.

THE RED CROSS.

During our own great war and the late war between France and Germany, much has been done to relieve the sufferings of the sick and wounded by societies of surgeons and nurses, carefully organized, and generously supplied by government, and private charity, with the means to carry on their noble work.

This system originated with a brave and tender-hearted English woman, who, years ago, in the Crimean war (between Russia and England), went out from England single-handed, and begun what seemed the almost hopeless task of caring for the sufferers stricken by shot and shell, or, worse still, by the fatal infirmities of climate, scarcity of food, and exposure. Many women followed her, and gave such strength and power of purpose to the work, that Florence Nightingale and her corps of nurses found their names written high up upon the roll of Fame, and their example a power for good throughout the whole civilized world. When our own war broke out, hardly a week elapsed before the "Sanitary Commission" hoisted its flags, and opened its rooms to receive and send help to our soldiers; and hundreds of women rallied to the work which they alone could do, and, as time showed, could do so well. Other societies were formed, and there was scarcely a village through the length and breadth of the land that did not contribute its share toward the support of nurses and hospitals, sending food, clothing, and luxuries of all kinds to the men whose duty led them daily into the jaws of death.

Still more recently, in the Franco-German war, this same work was continued; and not only did the two conflicting nations care in this manner for their own sick and wounded, but the other European nations, and even our own country, sent nurses and supplies to assist in the great charity which knew not the difference between friend and foe, when friend and foe alike lay in need of help.

Our first-page picture shows a member of the English society of nurses, the badge of her sisterhood, a Red Cross, being bound upon her left arm. We see that she is standing in the dismantled room of some fine, old house, a room from which the rich furniture, the costly hangings, the beautiful pictures, have all vanished, to make place for hospital cots, surgical appliances, and the thousand articles needed in such work as this nurse has to do. She has just unpacked one of the great packages sent from England by some stranger hands, and with her arms filled with bandages, is going back to her ward, where, doubtless, the surgeon is waiting for her help. Looking at all these things, and realizing how much suffering and terror they represent, who can help praying that there may be no more war; but, that, instead, men may everywhere be led to see how fair a thing is Peace.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

In the great deserts of the East an animal abounds, whose existence seems a direct proof of the wisdom and beneficence of Providence: for it is so exactly adapted to the peculiarities of its native country and the needs of the people whom it serves, that it is scarcely possible to doubt the purpose of its creation. The "ship of the desert," *i. e.*, the camel, is of such importance in the life of Eastern nations, that were it to become extinct, the result would be the depopulation of the whole of the desert country; and we offer the following description to our readers, hoping that they will stop for a moment to consider, how vast are the interests, how great the creative wisdom, which this single animal represents.

"Designed to live in regions where but scanty nourishment of vegetation and water can be found, the camel meets the demand of the most perfect possible organization. All fulness of form is sacrificed, the head is small and careless, the neck bare of flesh, while the thighs and legs are stripped of every muscle not essential to movement, and the dry, meagre body has only the vessels and tendons required to knit the frame together. The jaw is powerful enough to crush that hardest of elements, the tough and scanty vegetation of the desert; and the foot is a mass of soft muscle, which slides helplessly in the mud, and is unfit for climbing, but is perfect for traveling over the even surface of the sandy plain. The camel is condemned to become the easy slave of men, because it has no defense against its enemies, being destitute of horns or tusks, and not sufficiently swift of foot to enable it to escape by running. Its flesh is sweet, nutritious food; its milk the best of beverages; of its hide, tents are made; of its hair, the most splendid shawls the world can show; and its bones serve for weapons of war, and agriculture, and for domestic utensils. The hump is a fatty growth upon the camel's back, and in suffering or starvation it is the last part of the animal exhausted, as it wastes away very slowly."

In long journeys, the camel can exist and toil for days, entirely without food; but usually he snatches the coarse shrubs growing beside his sandy path, and depends upon them and upon the absorption of his hump, for his nourishment. His internal water sacks supply fluid, which prevents him from suffering from thirst; while the wonderful scent, which enables him to detect the existence of water at a long distance, often saves the lives of his less acute human companions. Then when the terrible desert sirocco darkens the air with clouds of sand, and burns the flesh, and closes the painful nostrils, the camel finds his advantage. He has no ears to be filled with the driving sand; his ugly nostrils close up impenetrably; and, his deep-set eyes, overhung by his huge brow, will be the only eyes in the whole caravan, which can safely look upon the awful scene. His shambling gait seems awkward and slow; but, such are his powers of endurance, that he can accomplish a long journey in a shorter time than a horse, beside carrying a burden of from four hundred to one thousand pounds; or, for short distances, as much as fifteen hundred pounds. His patience is great, and he bears uncomplainingly the ill usage and hard work to which he is often subjected, although he is believed, by the natives, to be capable of life-long hatred of those who ill-treat him. In desert traveling, one often meets with a camel laden with a man, his wife, their numerous children, and household goods, all packed in two carefully balanced panniers, hanging upon either side of the great, slow-pacing animal, who thus wins his title, "the Ship of the Desert."

FLOWERS.

The glory of the summer is just now at its height, and the long, hot days, when the whole world seems brilliant with light and color, make it almost incredible, that, in the not distant future, the chilly barrenness of winter is waiting for us. We hardly realize, that, by and by, the earth will put away its green grasses and leaves, its gay and delicate blossoms, its rich fruits, and take on, instead, a brown mantle of decay, or the white garment of the snow. But it will come, this wonderful, never-failing change, and under grey, cold skies, with deserted fields and bare gardens about us, we shall think regretfully of the lovely blossoms, the luxuriant growths of the summer time.

Now, why do not more of us try to carry some of this beauty with us through the dismal winter days? Why do we not remember that a little forethought, a little labor, will enable us to keep our rooms fair with bright and fragrant flowers, from the first frost till the incoming of another spring? To gather a few seeds, to cut and start a few slips, is no difficult matter; and the pleasure their growth will bring from week to week is known only to those who have tried the experiment. Hanging baskets of coarse wicker work, of wire, or earthern basins, or gourds, or cocoanut shells, may be placed in our windows, and filled with such seeds and cuttings, as shall make them sources of delight all winter long. Put in rich earth, and then plant, for example, morning-glory seeds and cuttings of ivy, with a fern or two; and you have a little garden which asks nothing of your hands except regular watering, and once a week a thorough washing of its leaves with warm soapsuds, and which returns to you, for every moment that you spend upon it, hours of pleasure. Then, in common flowerpots, or, indeed, in anything which will hold earth, you can plant certain bright, hardy, little plants, which are not dainty in their requirements as to soil and temperature, but, which, with small encouragement, will blossom energetically for weeks and weeks. Petunias, the common varieties of geraniums, salvias, pansies, etc., all do well in this way, and are pleasant friends to have beside us in our living rooms, when rain and wind keep us within doors, and the biting frost has laid low the last summer flowers. A little ingenuity in training the climbing plants, ivies, etc., upon framework, or about the windows, will often transform a room into a bower of greenery; and this may be done without shutting out any of the precious sunlight, which is even more necessary to the human occupants of a house, than to the plants which they cherish.

The cost of all this pleasure and beauty is—what? A little care, a little trouble, a little perseverance, a little time—no money, no special knowledge, no unusual advantages. The receptacles for the seeds and slips, may, as we have said, be made from almost anything that will hold earth; the earth itself is cheap enough, and within everybody's reach; and the seeds and cuttings are to be had by almost everybody for the gathering and choosing. Only, it must be remembered, that in order to have our little house gardens in order for the winter, it is necessary to begin work before the winter comes; and now is the time to collect seeds to be planted a month or two later, and to start cuttings for the luxuriant growth which will by and by gladden our eyes.

Use a few leisure moments in summer, then, wherein to lay up stores of beauty and enjoyment for the winter, whose cold breath will make our bright-faced flowers doubly precious to us.

WATER AND ITS USES.

This all-important subject is never more important than when the summer heat makes us realize more keenly our dependence for health and comfort upon a pure and abundant water supply; and a word or two here as to the necessity of the free and constant use of water for our house and our bodies, may not come amiss, and we trust may increase the attention of our readers to this pressing matter. As there is nothing which can, to any extent, take the place of water, and as we actually cannot subsist without it, we ought, in the first place, to see that our houses are conveniently and fully supplied with it, from wells or springs; and, in the second place, to make sure that such supply approaches, as nearly as possible, to absolute purity. Then our housekeepers should remember that no house can be wholesome to live in, which is not clean, and that no house can

be clean without the use of plenty of water; while every one of us should understand that a daily bath from head to foot, is a necessity both of neatness and of health; and should make this daily bath a matter of duty. It is not, of course, indispensable that the water used for cleaning and washing should be as pure as that used for drinking; and for the former purposes, rain water caught in cisterns, or even in open tubs, is best, and usually most convenient to obtain. The wells which furnish our drinking water should never be near enough to any outhouse, sewer, cesspool, or other source of contamination, to receive impurities from them; but this is often more easily said than done, and in crowded neighborhoods, or where there is any uncertainty about the position of the well, it is altogether safer, especially in hot weather, to *boil* the water used for drinking. This may, at first, seem rather troublesome; but habit will soon make it easy to keep three or four quarts of this boiled water always on hand, and this in itself is a safeguard, in many places, against some of the more ordinary illnesses of summer. It is, in short, the simplest way of purifying drinking water; and although it does not, by any means, remove all impurities, it nevertheless goes far in that direction.

But, to recur to the external use of water, we feel that it is scarcely possible to say too much as to the desirability, the necessity of the daily bath. It is one of the tests of civilization: for no person of civilization can tolerate physical uncleanness; while there may be a deeper meaning than we think for, in that connection of "clean hands and a pure heart." Those who have grown up in ignorance or have allowed themselves, in spite of knowledge, to become careless in this matter, will doubtless find that it requires some resolution to make a beginning; but we heartily wish that every one who reads these words, would, at once, decide to try the experiment of taking a thorough bath, every morning for a month. It is easier to commence in hot weather than in cold: for the refreshing effect is more immediately felt; but this is one of those cases in which virtue will be found to be its own reward; and whoever will persevere now from this first of August until the first of the comiag September, will be almost sure to find that they have laid the foundation of a habit, which will bring them health and happiness so long as they live. A thorough bath of cold water in summer or winter, strengthens the muscles, cleanses the skin, stimulates the blood and the nerves, and is the first step in a life of cleanliness, toward which life we should all of us constantly aspire.

THE INDIAN BIBLE.

On the 2d of November, 1631, the Rev. John Eliot landed, from the ship *Lion*, at Boston, and in the following year, settled as teacher and preacher at Roxbury, Massachusetts. He devoted himself, at once, to the conversion of the Indians, and, learning their language, translated in 1863, the Bible into the Indian tongue. This was the first Bible in any language, priated in America; and it naturally made the Harvard College press (from which it was issued) famous, two editions, of three thousand copies in all, appearing in the years 1663 and 1666. "Up Biblum God," which means the Book of God, is a portion of its title; but there is but one man now living, who can read the language in which this unique book is written, the tribe for whom it was prepared, being entirely extinct. So far as is known, there are but fifteen copies of Eliot's Indian Bible in America, and a still smaller number in Great Britain; a copy, which was sold in New York in 1868, having been purchased for $1,130, the highest price ever paid for a printed book in one volume, in this country. The devoted and faithful Eliot labored for many years, and won for himself the title of "Apostle to the Indians," a name which truly he well deserved.

The wicked are not always so happy nor the good so unhappy, as is imagined; and vice is, nine times out of ten, its own punishment.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.
BY J. ENDECOTT LINDEN.

THE WAY.

(*Isaiah* 35:8).

A highway hath the Lord cast up,
The "Way of Holiness;"
Wherein his own redeemed may walk,
Whom he doth love and bless.

"No lion shall be found thereon,"
Nor any conscious sin;
And though a fool, the wayfaring man
Shall never err therein.

To find this way, my anxious soul
Had sought, with many a tear,
Till Christ himself revealed it me,
With his own words of cheer.

"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life;"
Frustrating not his grace
By any effort of my own,
I bow before his face.

So, now, a refuge strong from sin,
From both its guilt and power;
I find at last, sweet, perfect rest
In Christ my Rock, my Bower.

Oh that beneath his cleansing blood
I may through life abide;
Till he shall send his loving hand
To waft me o'er the tide.

Then, safe within "my Father's house,"
Where the many mansions be,
I'll sing his power, which, from all sin,
Through faith, hath set me free

LEFT BEHIND.

Poor Ponto! It made him sad to be left behind, and I do not wonder at it. One bright autumn day his little master, Henry, had said to him, "Ponto, would you like to go to the beach? Uncle Charles and I are going to the beach."

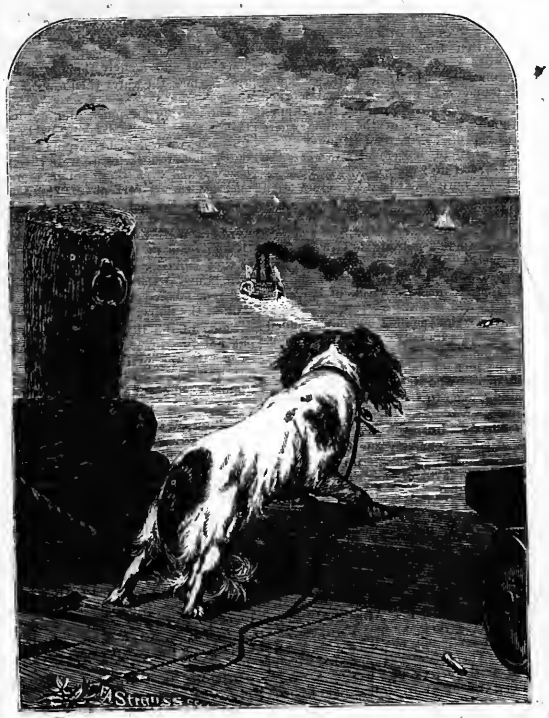
Now, if there was anything that Ponto liked more than another, it was going to the beach, and chasing the little birds along the wet sand, and seeing the foamy waves come up and chase him, as if they were saying, "Leave those little birds alone."

And so, when Henry spoke of going to the beach, Ponto jumped up and barked with delight, and tried to lick his little master's face with his tongue. Then he ran round as if he wanted to say, "Oh, I'm so glad, so glad! for I do love to go to the beach."

But there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Now, it happened that Mr. Cross was to make one of the party to the beach, and Mr. Cross did not like dogs. He said he would not have a dog with him: so Uncle Charles had to tell Henry that Ponto must stay at home.

Henry was greatly disappointed at hearing this. "Poor Ponto!" he said, "after all, I cannot take you with me to the beach. You will have to stay at home."

Ponto did not quite understand these words; but when Henry tied a string to his colar, and fastened it to a ring in the wood-shed, then Ponto understood that his little master had changed his mind, and would not take his dear dog with him to the beach.



LEFT BEHIND.

Ponto whined and cried when he found he was not to go, and felt sad enough, when, through the open window of the wood-shed, he saw Henry, Uncle Charles, Mr. Cross, and all Henry's brothers and sisters, going off to the steamboat that was to take them to the beach.

"This is too bad!" thought Ponto. He tugged at his rope, but could not break it; then he lay down on the floor; then he jumped up and barked; and then he gnawed at the rope. "I do so like to frolic on the beach with my dear master!" thought Ponto.

For more than twenty miuutes he tried to get away; and when, at last, he had almost given up trying, the rope broke, and Ponto was free. With the rope dangling at his colar, he ran at once down to the wharf; but the steamboat had started. Ponto saw it, and barked long and loud; but Heary could not see or hear him.

Henry and his party arrived at the beach without Mr. Cross; for, just as they were starting, a summons from his wife compelled Mr. Cross to leave. It was now too late to get Ponto, and Henry missed him so much that he was sad.

But that foreaoon while he was in the water with his uncle, learning to swim, he saw all at once a dog runniug along the sand. "Can that be Ponto?" cried Henry. Yes, it was indeed Poato. As soon as the boat returned to the wharf, Ponto got in, and on its next trip sailed down to the beach without paying his fare: for the captsin supposed he belonged to some one of the passengers.

How glad Ponto was to see his young master! And how glad was Heary to see Ponto. They had a fine time together in the water. Was not Ponto a clever dog to find his way all alone to the beach? and to kaow, that, by staying on board the boat, it would take him where he could find Henry? I think I never knew so bright and good a dog as Ponto.—*The Nursery.*

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN.

In America, you know, we do not believe in giving patents of nohility to descend from father to son, so that an idle young fellow can content himself with the glory of his great grandfather's hard-earned title. "The field is the world: let every man win his own laurels; for the only true nohility is the nobleness *in* him"—that is what we say.

The standard of true nobility has varied with the world's growth. Brute force, physical courage, chivalrous deeds, intellectual power have all had their turn in earning renown; and the older the title, the more likely it is to have been won in the distant dark ages, by a sledge-hammer of a hand that could not write its own name. David tells of a time when "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." One would be more famous now if he could devise some way to save the labor of cutting them dowa by hand: for this nineteenth century is pre-emineatly the age of invention.

And America is pre-eminently the coaatry of inventors. American inventions are famous the world over; and foreign nations, whose notions of ranks and titles have been so different from our own, are recognizing the nobleness of American inventors, by conferring upon them their own orders of nobility.

During the great World's Fair, held at Vienna, Austria, a year ago, for the purpose of collecting and comparing the works of all nations in art and sciеace, a letter came to this country from the commissioners in charge of the United States department, announcing that the Emperor of Austria had created Thaddeus Fairbanks, of Vermont, inveator of the Fairbanks scales, a Knight of the Imperial order of Francis Joseph. "It seems," they said, "that the emperor, who is fully imbued with the spirit of the age, has grown convinced that no country can become truly great, save through its manufacturing and commercial activities; and being impressed with the inventive genius of Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks, desires to confer some mark of personal respect and honor upon him."

Of course, every one knows what the Fairbanks scales are. Whatever we want weighed, from a letter to a loaded freight car, we like to bring to Fairbanks' scales. They have taken the first premium at more than one World's fair, and are used in every quarter of the globe, and their very name suggests fairness in the balance. It is pleasant to know that their inventor is still living to enjoy the honors and wealth that his genius has brought him, aad to hless not only the world with his inventions, but his own town by the true nohleness of his character.

The Hampton Students, on their way to Canada, had the pleasure of a visit to the great manufactory in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, the largest of its kind in the world, from which over fifty thousand of the Fairhanks scales are sent out annually, to all quarters of the globe.

The process of casting the glowiag molten iron into the sand moulds is always a brilliaat, beautiful sight; and a walk among powerful, giant machines working away, almost hy themselves, as if the brains were iu them, instead of in one small, human head, is iuteresting, even to one who does not understand their operatioa. For some interestiag statistics as to the maufacture, we are indebted to Mr. E. A. Walker, who showed us through the works.

"The establishment employs constantly a thousand workmea, principally Americans, most of whom have been in the manufactory from tweaty to forty years.

"The sales of the house reach $2,000,000 annually, with a rapidly increasing demand. The establishment, which has been an assured success for over fifty years, has works that cover over ten acres of ground.

"The Fairbanks scales are produced in three hundred varieties—of all sorts and sizes—from the most delicate standard of the druggist or banker to the ponderous railroad-car or canal-boat scales. They are adapted to the standard of all nations, and marked with the signs of each. Large invoices are constantly sent as far as Japan. They are carried on the backs of camels across the deserts of the East, and supplied to the entire world.

"One of the most remarkable manufactures of this company is the 'Railroad Track Scale.' This is one of the later inventions of that great mechanical genius, Thaddeus Fairbanks. The platforms are built ranging in length from thirty to one one hundred and fifty feet. The larger of these are used for weighing freight trains as they pass, and correspond in structure to the most substantial railroad work.

"The 'Live Stock Scale' is another specialty of this establishment, of the Fairbanks make. They have weighed in the Union Stock Yards of Chicago, in the past seven years, 17,400,000 animals, taking them on by the drove at once. Thus both the drover and the butcher know what they are doing when they buy and sell.

"To our agricultural population, these scales are invaluable. By their aid can be ascertained the actual difference between what they buy and sell, and the various successes of their fattening processes on cattle. Anything that has weight, and can be handled and moved, Fairbanks can weigh. The largest scale is registered five hundred tons; but those of double its range are frequently built to order. To weigh a loaded steamboat, a railway train in motion, a drove of cattle, at once, six thousand bushels of grain an hour, would seem hardly possible; but these are every-day tasks for the Fairbanks scales.

"All the scales are subjected to the nicest tests before being 'sealed.' The minutest films of metal are used for the more delicate trials. Masses of iron, weighing hundreds of pounds, are placed alternately on the different corners of the scale platform, and if the difference in position changes the 'record,' the scale is condemned. The thoroughness of the work, and this severity of the test, is the explanation of the world-wide reputation of the Fairbanks scales for accuracy."

Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks is the oldest, and the only one living, of three brothers once associated in the business, created by his inventive genius. One of them was governor of his state; and his son, the Hon. Horace Fairbanks, is the inventor of some valuable additions to the machinery. The beautiful houses of several members of the family are grouped on the hills above the manufactories; and their public spirit and benevolence extend beyond their own *fair banks* through all the town, whose fine, free library, and art gallery, containing able works of our own and foreign artists, were gifts of Hon. Horace Fairbanks; and its academy was built at an expense of $80,000, by Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks, our true, American nobleman.

WRECKED AT HOME.

Left alone on Grampus Rock, with all sign of rescue fading away into the night, things looked pretty dismal for ten ship-wrecked boys. Some of us had never slept away from home before in our lives,—unless, perhaps, when we lay in hay-mows and barns, on the "night before Fourth o' July." For on that night, at twelve o'clock precisely, it was the custom of the entire boy population of Fairport to ring the church bell—the "town bell" we called it—and build a bonfire on the Common. These amusements were forbidden, being destructive to the sleep of the older people, to say nothing of burning fences and dry-goods boxes. So we escaped from home and hid away in hay-lofts, until the hour when the clangor of the town bell and the flames of bonfires should banish sleep from the entire town for the rest of the night.

"I say, fellers," said Jack Adams, "this is like sleeping out, night before Fourth o' July."

Bill Keeler whimpered: "But we aint got no fire." Bill's grammar always was a little shaky.

Fire! There was an idea! If we only had a fire, it would not be so lonesome. But there was nothing to burn, it seemed; and Dandy Blake said that fish-bones and sea-weed would not catch afire, even if we had matches.

Matches! Who had any matches? It would be strange if, out of ten boys, at least one-half did not have some stray matches among the odd lumber stored in their pockets. There was a general rummaging, and pockets turned inside out gave forth nails, twine, chalk, fish-hooks, sinkers, knives and other such valuables; and in Ben Dennett's vest pocket—for Ben wore a real waistcoat—were found three matches! In Rufe Parker's jacket was found one more. It had worked through a hole in his pocket, and slipped down into a corner of the lining, where it was captured with great triumph.

But what to burn? Here were the matches, but no wood.

"Let's burn the boat!" cried Jem Conner.

Little Sam burst into tears. "You shan't burn my father's boat," he said.

"Pho! there's nothing left of her but small pieces. We are in for it now, and it'll be no worse to make a fire of the old thing than to make a wreck of her, anyhow."

"And we shall catch it, anyhow," added Bill Keeler, gloomily: "so we may as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb." Still the idea of burning even the fragments of old Snowman's boat was a little appalling, even to us shipwrecked young mariners.

"I move we burn the *Red Rover*," said Jack Adams, removing his battered cap by way of making himself presiding officer. "All in favor of that will say 'aye,' contrary-minded, 'no.' It's a vote," he added, as a shrill chorus of ayes rose on the chill air

A melancholy procession of boys took up the line of march over the rock to the other side, where the main part of the wreck still lay. The old hatchet was found under the after-part of the boat, where it had been left. Armed with this, Ben Dennett struck the first blow, shivering off a huge chunk of pitchy pine in an instant. This set an example, and we all rushed at the wreck like hungry wolves, each one tearing away a slice, Sam Snowman vieing with the rest in the work.

With great glee—laughing and joking at our misfortune—we lugged the wood over the ragged spur of rock to the leeward, where we were out of the wind. Some slivers of dry pine and fragments of newspaper from somebody's pocket served as kindling. One of Ben Dennett's matches was carefully scratched on a dry stone, under his cap, the entire company crowding around to keep off the air. It fizzed a little, spluttered, choked Ben so that he gasped for breath, then—it went out. Three were left. Another and another were scratched, each boy holding his breath; and each went out irresolutely. Ben had wet his matches when he went overboard.

Rufe's one match was all we had left. Little Tommy began to tremble with fear and cold as that was produced and anxiously drawn across the surface of a smooth, dry stone. It fizzled, crackled into a clear flame, and in a moment a bright, yellow blaze was leaping up from the little knot of pine and dry sea-grass. Each boy gave a great hurrah of joy; and we had a jolly fire.

We brought over, bit by bit, the entire wreck of the once proud *Red Rover of the Bloody Seas*, and prepared for the long night before us. Some of the fragments of the old craft had floated away and were lost. Some were rescued from the detached rocks, where they had lodged. Jerry Murch waded out into the swirling tide and secured a piece of the broken gunwale, which he particularly coveted. Leaving the rock, to return, he cut his bare foot on a sharp shell, and, giving a little howl of pain, tumbled over into the current, which bore him swiftly away.

Speechless with terror, and with mouths wide open, the boys stood helplessly looking at their comrade as he was swept out from Grampus. But Ben Dennett, dropping his armful of wood, dashed into the water, struck out bravely, grasped Jerry by his long, red hair, and dragged him into shallow water. As they regained the shore, Jerry, dropping his bit of timber, which he had held all the time, rubbed his head ruefully, and said, "You needn't have pulled a fellow's hair so."

"That's the way always to save a drowning man," said Ben. "Aint it so in story books? You know the hero seizes the other hero by his flowing locks, and all that sort of thing."

But the rest of the boys executed a sort of war-dance around the heroic Ben, doing him honor for saving two lives that day. We had not forgotten that he took Tommy Collins on his back when we were wrecked; and, nobody thought it less heroic because the water then was only knee-deep.

The roaring fire put a different look on things right away. Basking in the cheerful blaze, we watched the limpets broiling on the hot stones; for we were ravenously hungry, and even these tough morsels of shell-fish tasted very nice. There was no water, and the hot, salty limpets made us somewhat thirsty. But the Fairport boys were not used to whimpering much; and though some of them licked their chops, as they looked across at the little stone farm-house at the entrance of the harbor, and remembered the nice, brown pans of milk in the dairy, nobody complained.

Some of the little fellows were dozy, but not one of us thought of going to sleep. It was pretty clear that we could not be found until daylight; and Jem Conner's suggestion that we put our fire on top of the rock, so that it might be seen from town, was scouted as a wild and extravagant project.

"Who could see the fire so far off? And who would bother themselves about us, anyhow?"

That was boy-reasoning. Yet, at that very moment, and all through that anxious night, the island-dotted bay, the rotting wharves, the marsh, and the spruce-covered pastures were searched painfully by anxious men and mothers, who could not give up their children for lost.

Unconscious of the pother which our absence was making in the distant, unsleeping town, we little midgets perched ourselves on the rocks about the fire, and told stories.

"Give us the 'Drummer Boy,'" said Bill Keeler.

This was one of Rufo Parker's stories, inherited from his grandfather's time, but common property in Fairport. Every Fairport boy knew the story of the drummer boy's melancholy ghost; but Rufe always told it well.

"No, don't let's have that; it's a ghost story," said little Sam Snowman, glancing around the gloomy picture with a scared look.

"Oh! bother the ghost!" said Ben. "I've heard it lots of times. Heave ahead, Rufe. Who's afeard?"

As Ben was the hero of two rescues from drowning, he was allowed to have his way, and Rufe then told his tale.

"It was a wild and gloomy night in the month of March—"

"No, no," broke in Jem Conner. "'It was a tempest-tossed and weeping night in the month of March.' That's the way it goes. I've heard it lots of times."

"'T aint neither," replied Rufe, angrily. "And I just want to know who's telling the story—you or I?"

"O shut up, Jem!" said several of the boys; and Rufe, somewhat heated in this interruption, went on:

"It was a wild and gloomy night in the month of March" (with a withering glance at Jem), "when the British abandoned Fort George, situated on the heights of Fairport. They went away in such haste that they forgot a little drummer boy, aged fifteen, who was in prison in the dungeon—the which you may now see in ruins in the lower left-hand corner of the fort, as you go in from the side toward town; but the roof's fallen in, so that you can't see all of the dungeon, but you can see where it was; and us fellers have been in there many a time, and know it's so."

Taking a long breath, Rufe proceeded: "Well, this poor little drummer boy, aged fifteen, when he heard the soldiers marching away in a hurry, jumped up and beat 'The Retreat' on his drum, which he happened to have with him; but in vain. Though he beat his drum with uncommon energy, and made a deuce of a row, he couldn't attract the attention of his departing comrades, who marched off in double-quick time—for the Americans were after 'em,—and so left their unfortunate drummer boy shut up in the dungeon—aged fifteen."

"But he was aged fifteen once before," interposed Tommy Collins, whose eyes were as big as saucers.

"O cork up, youngster!" said Ben Dennett. "Heave ahead, Rufe."

"A great many months, mayhap years, passed away before the dungeon in old Fort George was visited by anybody. The war— Oh! I forgot to say in the right place, that this was in the Revolutionary War. The war was over, and some people thought they would explore the dungeon, to see if, mayhap, they might find some curiosities, and, mayhap, some stores of gold and silver. But, there in a dark and dismal corner, their tin lantern—for they had one of those tin lanterns from Rowell's store—their tin lantern showed them a heap of skeleton bones bent over a rusty, dusty drum. *It was the little drummer boy, aged fifteen!*"

Proceeding in a ghostly whisper, and glancing around on his terrified audience, so as to mark the effect, Rufe went on:

"When Fort George was evacuated, it was the fifteenth of March, Seventeen Hundred and something or other; and now, on the fifteenth of March, every year, his ghost comes to the old dungeon and beats his ghostly drum. People don't remember it, sometimes; but when it is another wild and gloomy night in the month of March, they hear from the old fort the hollow rolling of the drum. Then they say, 'It's the fifteenth of March;' and so it is. And, last March, me and Bill Williams hid behind Oliver Bridges' house, and we heard the drum, just as sure as a gun. It was an uncommon wild and gloomy night, just like this" (the stars were shining thickly in the sky while Rufe was talking); "and, if we'd waited, we would have seen the ghost of the little British drummer boy, aged fifteen."

Some of the chubby faces about the fire grew pale as this blood-curdling story was concluded. The place seemed more lonely than ever, while the boys listened to the soft lapping of the waves on the rocks, and the far-off note of the sea on the wild shores of the bay. It was late—how late nobody knew; we had nothing but the stars to tell the time. Most of us were dreadfully sleepy; but everybody was too much afraid to sleep. What might not happen in the darkness and silence of the night?

As we boys crouched together about the flickering fire, suddenly cries of distress and horror were heard from the other side of the rock. There were sounds of groans and shrieks for an instant; then all was still. Again, the yells and cries grew more and more sharp, as of a person in mortal anguish; then they sank away in a sobbing groan. Every boy stood at once on his feet, his eyes starting from his head, his form motionless; and not a word was said. Bill Keeler's seal-skin cap actually rose three inches on the top of his head, held there by his white hair, which stood on end with terror. You could have hung your hat on Rufe Parker's eyes, they stuck out so.

Nobody stirred. Jack Adams was the first to speak:

"Let 's go and see what it is!"

And away he dashed, like a brave old mutineer of the ship *Bounty*, as he was, before his comrades could still their chattering teeth long enough to say "No." Every boy followed Jack, each one afraid of being left behind.

Half-way over the rock, there came another loud, wild cry. This time we heard the startling words:

"Help! help! help!"

And jumping down on the other side, the whole mob of boys tumbled over Jem Colmer, who was lying under a crag, howling in his hands, speaking-trumpet fashion, and making all these unearthly noises just for a lark.

"O you scarecrows!" said he. "Before I 'd be fooled so!"

He had stolen away while Rufe was telling the ghost story; and he knew just about when to come in with the chorus of groans and yells. He had the tale of the drummer boy all by heart.

"Pshaw! who was 'afraid? We knew it was you," said Jerry Mureh.

"Of course, we did," said little Snowman, his teeth still rattling like a pair of castanets.

Jack Adams said it was a mean joke—so it was—to try to scare a lot of little fellows like that. Jack was almost always right.

Finding their way hack to the fire, the excited boys sang a few mournful little songs about Old Dog Tray, who was gentle and was kind, and whose tail hung down behind, just like any other Old Dog Tray; hut it was a very dull business. One hy one they sauk off to slumber, and all was still save the low wash of the waves, the solitary cry of a night-hawk overhead, and an occasional snivel from a heap of legs and arms where some of the poor, little, old soldiers were dreaming of home.

Once, toward morning, there was a general alarm. One of the boys, awaking from a troubled sleep, caught sight of a sail creeping down by Nautilus Island. He sang out, hastily, "Sail ahoy!" But the little craft was too far off to hear his hail. The half-awakened boys stood disconsolately about, rubbing their aching limbs and eagerly watching, as the sail, ghostly in the grey dawn, faded away in the mist and disappeared behind Holbrook's. We left the water's edge, and, seeking our uneasy bed once more, slept brokenly until sunrise.

It seemed a moment after—hut it must have been several hours, for the sun was rising over Kebeh's Mountain—when I was awakened by the rattle of oars pulled noisily into a boat, and the sound of voices. Starting up in the chilly air, I beheld Gitchell's boat, her keel just grating on the rocky beach of our island. In the bow stood old Gitchell, with the painter in his hand. He saw the boys rising, one by one, from the rocks. The remark he made was, "Wal, I swan to man!"

Uncle Oliver, Captain Bakeman and Si Redman were in the boat. They had been searching for us all night. The harbor had been explored in every direction; and now, toward morning, the whole distance as far up as Nigger Island having been covered, they had extended their search to Grampus, but with faint hopes of finding the young brood so far out to sea.

We were rescued. And nothing in life ever tasted so good as the half-warm water which we found in a small keg on board. There was nothing to eat, though old Gitchell, with a dark grin, offered us a chunk of pig-tail tobacco, on which he allayed his own hunger.

What a triumphal voyage was that which we made homeward! A soft, westerly breeze sprang up with the sun; the clumsy old boat, dear to fishing excursions and chowder parties, seemed a large of beauty. Somewhat lame and sore with our uneasy rest on the rocks, and faint with long fasting, we boys were joyful enough to forget all trial, and entertained our rescuers with marvelous tales of our night's adventures.

As the old craft drew near the town, the news of our coming, spread: for the boys swarmed over the gunwale, and crowed prodigiously their greetings. The wharf was dotted with tearful parents, sisters and brothers, some of the latter looking half envious at the heroes of the rescue. We were received with open arms. Nobody thought of scolding. A great terror had been removed. Each father and mother, I suppose, thought, "For this my son was lost and is found, was dead and is alive."

Even old man Snowman, as he took little Sam into his big arms, brushed a drop of dew off his weather-beaten cheek with the back of his tarry hand, and only said, "You blamed little rat."

There was rejoicing in Fairport that summer morning; and in many happy homes a great cloud of sorrow was lifted, as the young prodigals were welcomed with smoking breakfasts, and with that little show of feeling which a New Englaud cool self-restraint permitted.

It was a peaceful end to what at one time seemed a most perilous adventure. Looking hack at it now over the still lapse of years, it does seem like a narrow escape. Perhaps we truant youngsters were much to hlame for the night of tearful apprehension which we brought into the quiet old towu. Perhaps—and who shall say that each one did not deserve to "catch it," as little Sam expected he should, when he reached home after the wreck?—*St. Nicholas.*

A NEW WRITING-MACHINE.

The *Mechanics' Magazine* figures and describes a new form of writing-machine, the invention of the Rev. Malling Hansen, superintendent of the Royal Deaf and Dumb Institution of Copenhagen. The machine is designed for rapid writing, and is also capable of being used by the blind. The work is done by means of a series of keys, moved by the fingers something in in the same way as the keys of a concertina, each key leaving the impress of its proper letter or character on the paper below, when it is struck by the finger. The keys are so disposed, that the imprint of each type, when struck, is directed to, and received upon, a central spot, over which the blank paper is made to travel by means of suitable machinery.

Besides offering great facilities for copying purposes, the machine is said to rival stenography as a means for reporting speeches or taking down dictated composition. Rapid writing rarely exceeds four letters per second; while in ordinary speaking, from nine to ten, and in rapid speech, from fifteen to twenty letters are uttered per second. This machine, with a little practice., enables the operator to take down an average of twelve letters per second, and an expert manipulator can considerably exceed this. The instrument is in use in London, and its performances are said to be very satisfactory.

BRONZING OBJECTS OF WOOD, ETC.

Objects of wood, stone-ware, and porcelain, picture-frames, etc, may, it is stated, be made to receive a beautiful bronze, by applying, by means of a brush, a thin layer of a water-glass solution, and then dusting this over with fine bronze powder. The excess of the powder is to be removed by gentle tapping; and the article, if of porcelain or some stone-ware, slightly heated. The bronzing may be polished by means of an agate stone, and thereby made to assume a beautiful effect.

(From page 59).

and the swords of justice, temporal and ecclesiastical. But the most interesting room to me was the Beauchamp Tower, a chamber into which prisoners were brought to spend the night previous to their execution. The walls are covered with carvings and inscriptions cut by many a noble hand, one in particular, by Lord Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey: it is a coat of arms with the letters IANE, cut above it. There are ninety-one of these inscriptions, all of them most sadly and painfully interesting. The entrance to this tower is through a little door, which opens upon a secret staircase built in the thickness of the wall. As we came out and walked across the Tower yard, we were shown the stone and railing marking the spot where the scaffold formerly stood. We were conducted all over the place by one of the warders, dressed in the ancient style. But one must make many visits, and explore the place very thoroughly, to take into his memory one half the curious and wonderful things to be found here.

Not far from the Tower, stands the splendid Monument erected by Parliament in commemoration of the great fire which occured in 1666. I have climbed to the top of this, two hundred and fifteen feet, by its marble staircase, consisting of three hundred and forty-five steps. I was rewarded by a glorious view from the balcony over the capital. The column is of the Doric order, fluted, upon a pedestal twenty-eight feet square, the north and south sides of which, each have an inscription in Latin, one describing the desolation of the city laid in ashes, and the other its glorious restoration; on the east side is a statement of the time at which the pillar was begun, continued and finished, covering a period of six years; and the west side is covered by a finely carved emblem of the scene, which contains many allegorical and some historical figures. I have been told by one of my uncles, an old habitue of London, and well versed in its history, that this great fire commenced at Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner; but I do not find any such appetising names in this locality at present.

Agricultural.

DRAINAGE AT NORFOLK.

II.

If two kernels of wheat he sown, one in Egypt and the other in England, the one in the latter country is in danger from too much moisture at the roots; while the one in Egypt has entirely different peril to encounter. The compact coating of Nile mud causes Egyptian grain to flourish, not merely hy fertility, hut by keeping out the hot, drying air, which would roh the earth of all its moisture. Travelers inform us, that, while Egypt is one of the richest countries in the world, no wheat is there produced on porous soils.

The climate of Norfolk, for a month before wheat harvest, is more similar to that of Egypt than to that of England. Our prevailing wiuds, at that season, instead of being laden with moisture and imparting it to porous soils, as in England, come over a hot country and suck up moisture wherever they find it. Plants need to drink as much as animals; and whether the climate and soil of Norfolk furnish the wheat plant with too much or too little water, is to be determined, not by foreign, or northern, hut by Norfolk experience. Without cautious trials, it would surely be a wild thing for Norfolk farmers to rush into tile drainage, merely because it is an English panacea.

Northern farmers drain, that they may be able to work their soils early in the spring. At Norfolk, there is seldom a month in the year, in which, soils provided with occasional ditches, are too wet to work.

English farmers drain so as to escape the rust. Norfolk farmers, would, hy tile draiuiug, run the risk of foreing their wheat into growth in January, and its loss or serious injury by our long, cold springs. It would be far more profitable to lose the crop by rust, than by a costly, winter foreing-apparatus of tiles.

If Norfolk were a green isle with a large home market, and its farmers had uothing to fear from competitors southward, an expense of thirty or forty dollars per acre in drains, might pay wealthy men a good interest, by enabling them to gain a few days over their neighbors. As the case stands, there is yet no proof that the outlay would not consume the profit.

Wheat is a valuable crop, but not the only one. We have others not known in England (such as corn), which are less risky, as valuable, and better suited to our soil and climate. It is yet to be proved, that drainage would not injure these summer crops, by letting in the hot, dry air about the roots.

In the Northern states, the more the ground is stirred, the moister it is. At Norfolk, any old uncle will tell you that you will kill cucumbers, by hoeing them in a dry time.

In the North, wheat is the first thing sown when the new land is broken.

At Norfolk, the practice is to sow no grain or clover until several years have elapsed, and the soil becomes compact. Porosity is feared by the farmers; and the fact is worth many theories. Surface flooding, by sudden torrents, is the chief danger from water, dreaded by the Norfolk farmer, after he has tapped his beds of sand. Before he speuds ou drains several times the value of his land, it were well for him to try it on a small scale, considering carefully the force of the old adage, that "Circumstances alter cases."

As for wheat growing, it is to be hoped that English and German farmers who come to Virginia, may notice how much has been accomplished at the North, in avoiding rust by selecting early ripening varieties of seed. Effort in that directiou, and in proper enriehment of the ground, seems much more promising of valnable results, than does tile draining to a Norfolk OBSERVER.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

SOME THOUGHTS ON FARMING.

BY A WOMAN.

Tilling the soil appears to have been the most ancient and time honored employment.

When the sun first rose on the earth, warming and vivifying the myriad germs of vegetable life concealed in her bosom, there sprang up, in great luxuriance, the thorn, the thistle and the briar, as well as the kindly fruit, for the food of man.

Now, here in this field of labor, was placed our Ancient Ancestor, with the command to select and cultivate such plants as were necessary to his wants,

His first implements must have been rather rude: for as yet, the brain to conceive, and the hand, to fashion the spade, the hoe and the plow, had not come into being.

From that time, to the present, our blessed Mother Earth has given us, lavishly, from her stores, tenfold, for all our care and attention.

To receive the greatest reward for our labor, we must understand what constitutes the particular kind of soil we intend to cultivate, and the nature of the vegetable life we wish to nourish upon it, and see if the earth contains the food required for a vigorous growth. Though, from the earliest times until now, men have tilled the ground, they have but slowly come to the great truth of the immutable laws, which govern everywhere in nature, in the earth as well as on it, that the relation of *cause* and *effect* is clearly seen in the productions of the soil.

For long ages, men worked on, as moles, in the dark; but, in modern times, in a few of the most enlightened nations, men of the ablest minds have devoted lives of industry and toil to investigation and experiment; and farming has become a science.

We have agricultural colleges, where our young men learn the art and science of farming, and magazines exclusively devoted to conveying a knowledge of the best methods of agriculture. There is a right as well as a wrong way of doing things in this department, as in others; and to be a successful farmer, one must learn the art. Instead of the rude plow of the Egyptian, which was only a sharp stick, we have the steam plow, all manner of planters and reapers, machines so multiplied and numerous, that, little more is required, than to direct the machinery.

Yet, with all these helps, many are content to farm in the old way. They take up a large tract of land; never examine the earths which

compose it, indeed, are quite ignorant of whether it is suited to the crops, whether it requires manures or what kinds. They break up fifty acres or more for corn, plow a shallow furrow, plant, paying little attention to the kind of seed, work it once or twice, and then let the weeds tend it the rest of the season. Just so with other crops: about half put in; weeds allowed to grow all along the fence-rows, every year bearing a greater abundance, —notwithstanding all this careless, ignorant way of farming, nature is friendly, and a considerable yield is produced.

Now, if one-third of the ground was broken and done intelligently and thoroughly, the best seed selected, fertilizers used if needed, not a weed allowed to hold up its head—and working hand in hand with *nature*—the result would be, with less hard labor, a harvest such as would astonish the possessor. A little, well done, is better than much badly performed.

If the farmer is ignorant, so much the worse for his business. There is little excuse for him. He has his daily and yearly observation and experience of the operation of the laws of Nature. He is in the midst of her fields and groves, and she waits to pour her treasures into the lap of her faithful and obedient children. If he is too indolent to learn wisdom with these golden opportunities, he pays a heavy penalty.

If the farmer is poor, let him look to his ways: it is the result of ignorance, carelessness, or extravagance. The want of industry and economy, is the common parent of almost all the poverty in the world. To practice economy is a lesson which many are long in learning, and some never master. Where you find ten industrious laborers, there will be but one who knows how to save. It is an old and true saying, "Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves." This appeals most emphatically to the consideration of the farmer.

There is great waste here in this favored land, for want of barns and sheds to shelter the stock in winter. Horses and cattle will keep fat on one-third less food, if protected from cold and storms—"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Then there is a great saving in manures, which can always be used to advantage somewhere on the farm, but lose much of their value when exposed to the winter rains.

Another great item of waste is farming tools: they should always be kept dry, under cover, when not in use; they will work better, and last twice as long, as when left out; besides, there is much valuable time consumed, and often loss of temper, in hunting a plow here, and a hoe there, where it has been left, in the field, when last year's crop was put in; then, some one must run after the spade, sticking in the ground, in the garden, or lying rusting in the fence corner; the scythe is hanging in a tree, or, at best, in an open shed; and after considerable trouble, the things are found, rusty and weather-beaten, and in poor condition for use.

Another item, is the harness for the teams: it is often either hung on the fence, or thrown down in a heap, in what is only an apology for a stable, trampled on and broken. When put on, a buckle gives way—the place is supplied with a string,—a strap or a trace breaks, —a piece of rope is tied on; after a time, the whole sett is in such a bad condition, that a spirited horse breaks loose, runs off, and there is a general smash-up, making a heavy bill for repairs. Now, a little care in keeping the harness blacked and greased, and hung up in the dry, with one or two hours' work in mending occasionally—which every farmer ought to do—would be a great saving; indeed, he should be able to repair the most of his implements; and he will generally find wet days enough for that purpose, if he will so apply them.

Particular care should be taken, in gathering the crops. It is poor economy, to raise more corn than can be gathered in the autumn. It should be cut, husked, put in dry cribs, secure from rats, the fodder stacked near the barn—which should never be very distant from the house, so convenient that the farmer can visit and feed his cattle, at least, twice every day.

Allowing the fodder to remain standing after the corn is removed, and turning the stock in, to shift for themselves, through the winter, is slovenly and wasteful. The corn blades, after a few heavy frosts and drenching rains, are of little value for food, and the cattle live at starvation point. This, the humane farmer will not permit.

The crops should, as soon as practicable, be put in readiness to take advantage of the best market.

To you, lords of the soil, the most honorable and independent of any class of laborers, I would say, Let your ambition be, to have the neatest and best managed farms in the state; the finest stock—the most carefully tended and the most profitable; and your prosperity will be a beacon light to the surrounding neighborhood, and a blessing to yourselves. Rest not satisfied at any point short of the highest intelligence, the soundest wisdom and morals, and the greatest refinement in taste and manners. Not in vain, should the sweet influences of Natura breathe around you, in your daily walks. The strength and the virtue of a nation lie in her yeomanry.

Be faithful to your high calling.

THE UNORGANIZED SUBSTANCES FOUND IN PLANTS.

Let us now examine those complex substances in the juices and cells of plants, produced out of the sap, which are not possessed of organized structure, although they are most of them destined by nature to be ultimately converted into organized structure. They are the organic elements combined into complex molecules, waiting for the final touch, which is to make them the abode of life. They may therefore be called *organizable bodies.* Most of our food, and many of the luxuries of our tables, are obtained from these substances, by arresting them in their progress of development.

Sugar is one of these; produced out of the vegetable sap by the agency of *cell-life.* Sap is not at all sweet when it enters the spongioles of the roots, but it becomes so, as it ascends toward the leaves, by a new arrangement of the organic elements. We find by analysis, that each complex molecule of sugar is composed of twelve atoms of carbon, twelve atoms of oxygen, and twelve atoms of hydrogen. This can only be accounted for by the redistribution of the elements of carbonic acid and water; of the former, twelve atoms of its carbon and twelve atoms of its oxygen have united with twelve atoms of the hydrogen of the latter, leaving the remaining twelve atoms of the oxygen of the carbonic acid, and the whole of the oxygen of the water to ascend to the leaves, and pass off through the stomata. Sugar is therefore made by a similar process to that which is employed in the formation of wood-substances. The only difference is, that the operation of condensation has not been carried so far. Less oxygen has been dismissed, and more hydrogen connected with the other ingredients. There is therefore, relatively, less carbon in each molecule. Hence, sugar is a substance not so highly carbonized as wood. It is found in the cell-liquid of nearly all kinds of plants. It differs slightly from the common *cane sugar* in having more oxygen and hydrogen in its molecules; and is therefore a trifle less carbonized. It is called on this account *grape sugar,* to distinguish it from the *cane sugar* of commerce. Sugar is very soluble in water, and therefore is particularly well-fitted to be easily carried about wherever nourishment is needed. It is, indeed, the food of all vegetable textures that do not contain nitrogen in their composition. Sugar is found in solution only in the juices of plants; but by depriving it of the watery particles with which it is always accompanied in the living plant, it assumes the crystaline form; but we find the crystals of sugar, indeed those of all organic compounds, put on curved outlines of rounded grains; while those of saline inorganic compounds take the form of crystals, bounded by straight lines and angles.

Starch is also a complex *organizable body,* produced out of vegetable sap by the agency of cell-life. It is merely sugar a little more highly carbonized. Each of its molecules is found on analysis, to contain twelve atoms of carbon, ten atoms of oxygen, and ten atoms of hydrogen. It is therefore formed by twelve atoms of carbonic acid losing fourteen atoms of oxygen, and acquiring ten atoms of hydrogen from water, the oxygen escaping to the leaves, as in the formation of sugar. Starch is always found in the interior of vegetable cells, in the condition of little rounded grains, attached together. They remain loose and free in the cell-liquid so long as the cell-walls continue unbroken. These starch-grains are readily seen when sought for by a microscope; but are, nevertheless, small enough for over three thousand of them to lie side by side within the breadth of an inch. The green color of living vegetables is due to a thin coating of coloring matter, round the starch grains, within the cells. The fact is, that the grain is itself a delicate cell, packed full of starch-molecules, surrounded by a thin film, which, from being wrinkled, gives it a corrugated appearance. When starch-grains are placed in boiling water, the cell-films burst, and the starch-grains escape, and are changed into a soluble gum. Taking advantage of this property, the laundress gives stiffness to linen and cotton fabrics by immersing them in a solution of starch, and drying them again by applying hot irons.

The cells of some plants get packed so full of starch-grains, that almost all other contents are excluded. This is the case with the potato; in the tuber of which, they lie loosely amidst each other, and in no way attached to the film of the containing-cell. The starch in the potato is an extraneous substance, formed in the cell for employment elsewhere, and not an essential portion of its structure. It is designed for the nourishment of the young shoots of the plant, when they are produced in the next growing season. When they are pushed forth in the spring, the tuber is robbed of its starch, and loses its "*mealy*" properties. Starch is deposited in nearly every kind of seed, and, there, it is destined, as we before stated, for the support of the germ during the early stages of its existence. The starch remains fixed and unchanged during the winter; but when the time arrives in the spring, for the development of the germ, it is converted into "*diastase,*" a soluble sugar, which can be taken up by water and conveyed to the radical and plumule, till they are so far developed as to be able to draw their support from the earth and air.

The starch deposited in the grains of barley, for the nourishment of the germ, is prematurely converted into sugar by the process of malting. If the grain had been allowed to fall in the ground, and to remain there until the spring, the rain and sun would have done just what the malster effects by soaking the grain into water, and drying it again on the stove.

When potatoes are boiled that they may be employed as articles of food for man, a somewhat similar change is effected. The starch-grains are burst and converted into a kind of soluble gum, which is more fitted for immediate digestion. Starch can be procured from all parts of plants, but most constantly and abundantly from their seeds.

(To be continued).

THE FLORA OF HAMPTON.

JUNE—CONTINUED.

Briza media—*quaking grass.* Baptisia tinctorin—*wild indigo.* Prunella vulgaris—*self-heal, heal-all.* Liriodendron tulipifera—*white wood, tulip tree.* Magnolia glauca—*white bay, beaver tree.* Liquidanbar styraciflua—*sweet gum.* Linum Virginianum—*yellow flax.* Andromeda arborea—*sorrel tree.* Medicago sativa —*lucerne, medick.* Melilotus alba—*white melilote clover.*

JULY.

Cirsium lanceolatum—*common thistle.* Polygonum persicaria—*smart weed.* Delphinum consolida—*larkspur.* Fosteronia detormis—*Fosteronia.* Silene armeria—*catch fly.* Sericocarpus conyzoides—*white-tipped aster.* Spiranthes gracilis—*slender ladies' tresses.* Lobelia Boykinii—*slender lobelia.* Lysimachia quadrifolia —*four-leaved loosestrife.* Sedum pulchellum—*white stonecrop.* Vitis vulpina—*fox grape.* Vitis æstivalis—*summer grape.* Tecoma radicans —*trumpet flower.* Castanea vesca—*chestnut.* Plantago major—*larger plantain.* Pogonia ophioglossoides—*snakemouth arethusa.* Rubus occidentalis—*black raspberry, thimbleberry.* Scutellaria pilosa—*hairy skull-cap.* Asclepias phytolaccoides—*poke-leaved silkweed.* Stylosanthes elatior—*pencil flower.* Xanthoxylum Americanum—*prickly ash.* Polypogon Monspeliensis—*polypog grass.* Salsola kali—*saltwort.* Hydrocotyle interrupta—*pennywort, navelwort.* Geum album—*white avens.* Typha latifolia—*broad-leaved cat-tail.* Phryma leptostachya—*lop seed.* Centaurea calcitrapa—*star thistle.* Rhexia Virginica—*deer grass.* Diospyros Virginiana—*persimmon, seed plum.* Castanea pumila—*chinquapin.* Quercus phellos—*willow oak.* Hypericum mutilum—*St. John's wort.* Eysanthes refractra—*Eysanthes.* Diodin Virginiana—*Virgian diodia.* Cephalanthus occidentalis—*button bush.* Sanicula Marilandica—*Maryland sanicle.* Sericocarpus tortifolius —*twisted-leaved aster.* Callicarpa Americana —*French mulberry.* Allium mutabile—*garlic, wild onion.* Borrichia frutescens—*sea oxeye.* Discopleura capillacea—*bishop weed.* Martynia proboscidia—*unicorn plant.* Elymus striatus —*lyme grass.* Centrosema Virginianum—*sea pea.* Teucrium Canadense—*germander.* Cuscoclos stimulosa—*spurge nettle, tread softly.* Clethra alnifolin—*sweet pepper bush.* Scabiosa utropurpurea—*purple scabish.* Lactuca alongata—*trumpet milkweed.* Rhus quercifolium—*oak-leaved sumach.* Chimaphila maculata—*prince's pine, bitter wintergreen.* Sanicula Canadensis—*sanicle.* Atropa belladona—*deadly nightshade.* Mentha piperita—*peppermint.* Ludwigia alternifolia—*seed box.* Passiflora cœrulea—*blue passion flower.*

REMOVAL OF INK BLOTCHES FROM WRITING.

When ink blotches have been formed over writing which it is desired to decipher, we are advised to brush off the spot carefully with a weak solution of oxalic acid by means of a camel's-hair pencil. In this way layer after layer of the superincumbent ink will be removed, and finally the writing itself will, in most cases, come to view. This is especially possible where some considerable interval has elapsed between the two applications of ink. As soon as the letters are visible, the brushing should be continued for a time with clean water, so as to arrest the tendency of the acid solution to make a further change in the ink.

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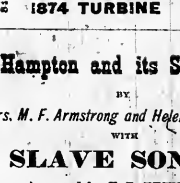

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

OBLIGATIONS TO PARTY.

Good citizens, who respect themselves too much to sell their votes, may be divided into two classes. The first, refusing to be led by mere politicians, favor the best men of either party for office; the other class wheel into line with the precision of drilled infantry, at the bidding of some ward or township meeting. Men of the latter sort believe the politicians—whose trade it is to magnify the importance of party discipline, and to prove that the safety of the public strong box depends more upon the political opinion of its keepers than upon their honesty. Men of the first class think an unjust judge is more to be feared than an imperfect law; that a senator, who will take a bribe, may be right in his party views, but is a suitable candidate for the penitentiary, and is capable of harming the country infinitely more than an honest man, whatever his opinions on questions of policy.

Those who obey their party, right or wrong, often regret that they cannot secure better nominees. They find that the best men are seldom selected at the primary meetings, because the leaders at those meetings wish to push forward men of their own stamp, who will reward them by contracts or minor offices, without regard to the interests of the public. These leaders are bold in selecting bad men in proportion as they feel sure that their nominees will be supported. Hence, they struggle to perfect party discipline and denounce independent action. All parties being managed alike in this matter so soon as they become old and powerful; it has come to pass that one of the strongest allies to corruption, in America, is the spirit of blind obedience to party.

Inasmuch as defeat is the only thing feared by the leaders of primary meetings, the way to compel them to put forward pure men only, is to defeat all others. The loss of a political measure, or its delay for a few years, is not of half the importance to the country or to its good citizens, as is the honest administration of government. Party organizations are, sooner or later, abused by mercenary schemers. They are always of vast importance to the politicians; sometimes, also, to the country. But, so long as candidates are elected in the present way, by noisy demagogues, and the wicked principle is acted upon, that to political victors belong the spoils; the destinies of the country will be safer with the independent voters, who obey no party mandates whatever, and honor no mercenary nominees with their suffrages.

AGRICULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

We trust that our readers are giving careful attention to the interesting series of papers in course of publication in the Agricultural Department of this paper, and are making practical use of the hints and facts therein contained. It cannot be too closely pressed upon the Southern people, that the future of their country depends immediately upon the development of her agricultural resources, and that no slipshod farming can be tolerated, in the hope that great natural advantages will counterbalance the carelessness and ignorance of the masters of the soil. If Southern farmers mean to enter into successful competition with farmers of the North and West, they will soon find that they cannot afford to do without any of the means which are employed in other and less fertile regions; for a poor soil, properly cultivated, soon becomes more valuable than the richest land which is exhausted year by year by the demands made upon it by an improvident owner; and all the fertility of the "Great South" will not make her a rival of her less-favored neighbors, so long as intelligence and industry do not drive her plows and dig her drains. A good farmer must thoroughly understand the nature of his land, the crops which it will best produce, and the proper management of these crops; and he must let neither indolence nor prejudice stand in the way of his work. The difference between a farm drained and tilled, planted and harvested in intelligent obedience to the laws of scientific research, and a farm managed at hap-hazard, according to the fashion of fifty years ago, is so great as to be scarcely credible. For example, to quote from one of Mr. Dixon's recent letters in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, land in England which forty years ago did not yield more on an average than ten bushels of wheat to an acre, now yields an average of over thirty bushels to an acre. In this particular instance, the cause of the remarkable increase is "thorough draining on scientific principles; that is, draining which is deep and complete, with accurate levels, proper outlets, etc." Mr. Dixon goes on to notice that the lands in Virginia are, to-day, in much the same condition as were those of Great Britain a half century ago, with a similar yield of less than ten bushels to the acre. Now, there is every reason to believe that scientific drainage in Virginia will give the same result as scientific draining in England; and, surely he who runs may read: There is no farmer from Maryland to Georgia, who cannot appreciate the possibility of a three-fold increase in his wheat crop.

And this is but one instance out of many which go to prove the folly of superficial farming, and the fact that the agricultural future of the South depends entirely upon the intelligent action of her farmers. Of course we all know that "Rome was not built in a day," and that our system of farming is not likely to be remodeled all at once; but the point is to make a beginning, and that beginning must be in the education of our farmers. For the present, it is true, there are many obstacles in the way of this step; but each man can do a little, nay, a great deal for himself; and it is this sort of self-help that we earnestly desire to recommend to our *readers*. Farmers, as individuals, or in clubs, can take standard agricultural periodicals; can buy a good book now and then; can form societies for comparing experiences and making suggestions; can get lecturers occasionally; in short, can get the information they need in a variety of ways, if they will only give the matter a little thought, and remember that to understand one's business is the first principle of success. It is to this work that the better class of farmers must devote themselves; and it is a work which very surely and specially will bring its own reward.

THE HARD TIMES.

Excepting the sheriffs, the most independent men in times like the present, are landowners who are out of debt. Idle mechanics may have to walk the streets, but a farm always furnishes work for its owner. Mills and factories may close, and artisans starve, but the farmer is sure of food and lodging. When he cannot sell produce for money, he can barter it, or he can change his grain into meat, and so gain two or three years till times improve. When Banks break, Stock companies fail, notes and ledger accounts lose their value by stay laws; and general ruin overtakes the city—the country witnesses the falling houses at a safe distance, and stands ready to deal with the surviving traders when the storm is over. Land suffers no permanent injury from financial panics. The tremendous crisis of 1857, and our present troubles, show how unapt are farmers to fail in business as compared with any other class of owners in the United States.

The hard times commencing with 1837 lasted five years. There are some indications that our present term of suffering will be much shorter. If luxury was its prime cause, almost every one has had to mend at least one person's ways, in that respect. The wish for superfluous things has led the nation to grasp at wealth too eagerly and by unsafe methods. The consequent disaster has compelled us to live more prudently, to buy less of foreign goods, and to stop borrowing money to build western railroads. Under this change of course, we are slowly recovering, and have reason to hope, that, valuable as the lesson is, and much as the nation needed it, a kind Providence may presently cease from farther instruction by the birch, until we again forget ourselves in mad haste to be rich.

FARM MAPS.

The pupil who has learned to draw a tolerable map of his native state will find his notions of distances and form distinct and valuable all through his after life. He has obtained clearer ideas than written descriptions could have given him, of the relative size of his county, and of its connections by water and highways with the important cities. Yet, though the art of drawing is thus shown to be of practical power, it is too apt to be thrown aside when the battle of life commences. Business men seem to regard skill in making maps as of the same value as Greek or Latin, and dismiss them all from their regard as they do foot-ball and cricket.

Farmers especially are losers by this neglect of drawing. A plot, showing the exact size of each field, would aid in introducing system and order into the farm management. By long practice in guessing, a farmer can judge about how much seed or manure or labor he applies to an acre. But a map would give him positive knowledge and enable him to compare results with those of others. On such a map the different fields might be designated by letters or numbers, and a record kept from year to year of the amount expended on each field and the returns realized. The farmer who followed this plan would accumulate a fund of valuable information in the most definite shape; as different from the loose and inaccurate ideas of most cultivators, as daylight is from dusk. The merchant who should keep his accounts in his head as farmers do, even if he did a cash business, would be considered lacking in common sense.

The principles of land surveying are so simple that no one need hesitate about constructing a map of the tillable part of his own farm. Every field can be divided into triangles of which the owner, with a twenty-foot pole, can measure the three sides, and draw them on paper with a foot rule. Counting one hundred feet to the inch, a plan of a one hundred acre farm would be about two feet square. No compass is needed where the opposite corners are visible from each other, or from a point in the field. To find the area of each triangle it is only necessary to multiply the length of the longest side by half its shortest distance from the opposite angle. If feet are multiplied by feet, the area in acres is readily found by dividing the product by the number of square feet in an acre, which is 43,560.

A good map will often save its cost many times over by furnishing hints to a farmer in laying out his place so as to shorten the roads and fences. The fences, on a hundred acres divided into nine equal fields, are over three miles long; spoil a strip ten feet wide amounting to four acres; and often cost as much as the dwelling. Since a square lot requires less fencing than any other sort, a map will at once show which fields need alteration in shape.

PROGRESS.

It is gratifying to note that the colored people in this section are laying up money. We have seen in the last four years many instances of prudent economy among them which would have done credit to the Irish race or to Dr. Franklin himself. The government bounties coming in a lump, were naturally wasted; but the widows' pensions, and the surplus earnings of the oystermen, lumbermen, truckmen, etc., have very generally found their way into the Freedman's Bank. Little fortunes of from one hundred dollars to twenty-seven hundred dollars have been laid by since the war, in the Norfolk Branch, by colored men; and the aggregate of deposits in June last was $108,000.

The disposition to secure land is a marked feature. Like their zeal for education, it does credit to the shrewdness of the race. They realize that independence attends the ownership of land. They see that hotels are built and railway cars are run for the accommodation of the men who have money; and that some Americans respect wealth when they respect nothing else.

Education and wealth are the shorter and best roads to civil rights; and it is fortunate for themselves and for the country that the bulk of the colored race are quietly acting upon those lines.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

The following article is clipped from "The Educational Journal of Virginia," and is from the pen of a thoroughly trained collegiate, who has devoted himself to business pursuits. The writer speaks the minds of thousands

who believe that the true school should take boys and girls, and train them into true men and women.

A Letter to a College Professor.

My Dear Sir,—I have yours of the 1st inst., and thank you very much for the spirit in which you take my officiousness. But pray, don't regard me as a busybody in other men's matters. I know the eleventh commandment well; and that it is my first duty to attend to my own business and provide for my family. There is just where my special interest in the general cause of education begins. I have been bewildered and misled and befooled, and wasted time and feeling and strength, in the vanities and vexations of old educational courses to the point of absolute disgust; and I went, if possible, to save my five boys from a little of what I have suffered. I would like them, if there is an open road from the land of darkness and ignorance and dryness, into that of light, and intellectual vigor and freedom, to take it, and not spend forty years as I have done, "wandering up and down to find their weariness;" nor consume the spring-time of life, in the dreary wastes of scholastic training—so-called. I am determined, as their guide, to take the poet's advice, and "*dare to be wise*"—to have the nerve to "separate the precious from the vile," and to "refuse the evil and choose the good." And I tell you, for a start, that nerve, that backbone—moral and intellectual bone and muscle—honest dependence of thought, in the fear of God, ere just the very first things that every man needs in every place, position and pursuit. In other words, all education should contemplate as its nearest object, *vir*-tue, *man*-liness—and farther and higher, the greater development and growth —*humanity*. I understand this last word to mean *kind*-liness—the feeling that results from the grand consciousness of Universal Fatherhood, and Universal Brotherhood; or, rather, the self-respect, and large and loving-mindedness that such a consciousness implies. True, education means the *leading out* and developing of the powers and faculties of the body, mind and heart, and the opening up and enlargement of their capabilities and susceptibilities, the kindling of their fires and regulating them; the intensifying their forces and directing them; and all this waiting upon nature, according to right reason, and in the direction of general good-will and the largest usefulness. It most positively does not mean by artificial stimulants and appliances to set a young person so much ahead of his fellows as to make him *shine* in society, and, in the end, unhappy in his individuality and an insufferable bore to others, in the unceasing assertion of his superiority; or, in any way, to exalt the individual, regardless of his duties to society.

Well, then, my first complaint of our educational courses is, that they do not sufficiently regard the great ends and real objects of education; but that they lose sight of them while they are engaged in magnifying the means and plans that they are using.

My friend, who has gotten at last to think and believe that to be a good Latin scholar was the great end of life, is but one illustration. There are many such idol worshippers as he, who go through life with such delusions: and you have seen and can see enough of them anywhere. Possibly we ought not to blame professors for extolling the *arts* they deal in and live by; but, certainly, damage is done by their indiscretion, and humanity suffers. . . . . .

Now, my experience of our school and college courses beyond reading, writing and arithmetic is, that as a general system, in their regular course they educate young men away from practical usefulness, rather unfit than fit him for life; rather enfeeble than harden him for the duties of life. Grammar, Rhetoric, Belle Lettres, as they are taught, Metaphysics as it is taught, Latin and Greek and the higher mathematics,—these are the higher branches of education; and the more diligent and fruitful a young student is in their pursuit (except where each is learned for a practical purpose), the more sure and the deeper is he likely to get mired and imbedded in them; and the greater his success, the more certain is it that he will be hopelessly and forever entangled in them—forever stick in them. . . . . .

How often have I sat and admired athletes at the circus, showing such symmetrical, full and beautiful development of their physical systems—every bodily power educated to its largest reach; and, as I have admired them, how often have I wondered, why should not the moral and intellectual man receive a like education? But, alas! I have had to confess the apt type of our education in the old sailor in the last scene of the circus. You will recollect the big-bellied, bloated old lumberer that comes out on horseback hardly able to bear his load of habiliments. But away he rides. And as he rides he throws off one after another of the superfluous garments that encumber him, until, as the last wrapping sails from him on the air, nature asserts herself, and he seems to say with Macbeth, "Now that thou art gone, I am a man again."

And who that has been through a "regular college course," and afterward entered into the business of life, does not recognize his own experience in this? Indeed, an education is too much as the song describes life,—

"From youth to age we gather shells,
And then we leave them like a child."

It is too much the case that our scholastic training consists in heaping up rubbish, in leading us away from right, natural habits, and then we have to spend years in disembarrassing ourselves and getting back to the clear, honest teachings of nature.

. . . . . .

Another complaint that I have to make is very near akin to the first; and that is, that our educational courses do not feed or nourish the mind, but only pretend to exercise its powers. The mind must be fed as well as the body. Words are but straw and chaff, the necessary vehicles and coverings—the personation of human thought. They are not thought. They are not truth. The abstractions of grammar or aesthetics, the pretty things of rhetoric and polite literature are not the food of the mind. A man may starve on them. And on such things men may become intellectually obese and yet die for lack of nourishment. The Creator made the soul of man to feed upon Truth, upon the knowledge of Himself, and of his ways, upon great principles and eternal truths, which in one sense are the bread of life. And what care is given to these, as things are now?

But my third objection is, that our education does not sufficiently contemplate real, active life, either in its provisions, its pasturage, or in its exercises. The proof of this is seen in the facts already alluded to, that those who submit most willingly and take the most thorough training, as it is called, are the least fitted for and the most averse to active life; and are indeed almost certain to become either professors or teachers merely, or else make a clean sweep of their scholastic acquisitions on entering active life.

And now the great question is, how are our courses to be reformed so as to turn out clear thinking, prompt and independent men of action; sound-minded, large-hearted, competent workers and good citizens, instead of shrinking, conceited, half-developed visionaries, powerless to make a living except by teaching others the fancy things that they have learned—with nothing in them really to give help or comfort to the general world, and crazy with the thought that their own vapours and baby clothes make them princes of intellect—too exalted for the contact of the common crowd. What do we need so much as that *Humanity* should be restored to its proper place in our educational course! We want *less learning:* books that are redolent of and flavored high with human life: studies that move us to the service of society, and set us thinking how to be and do good. We must go back and learn from the heathen a lesson that, with all studies of Latin and Greek quantities and pronunciations, and classic superficialities, we seem to have overlooked that the highest business of the instructor is to teach, "*Ars bene ac beate vivendi.*"

Agricultural.

(CONTINUED.)

THE UNORGANIZED SUBSTANCES FOUND IN PLANTS.

BY GEORGE DIXON.

Oil is a complex, *organizable* body, produced out of vegetable sap, by the agency of cell-life. It is a more highly carbonized product than starch. Each of its molecules contains twelve atoms of carbon, one atom of oxygen, and ten atoms of hydrogen. Oil seems to be starch deprived of the greater part of its oxygen. A starch-grain is changed into a globule of oil, when it loses nine-tenths of its oxygen. Some of the specks that are seen floating in cell-liquid, when it is examined by a high magnifying power, are composed of very minute globules of oil. Cocoanut oil, palm oil, flaxseed oil, coleseed oil, and castor-oil, are all expressed from the seeds of the plants yielding them. These oils are formed in the seeds, no doubt, to afford nourishment to the germ during the earlier period of its growth. Oil is a very combustible substance; because, like coal, it is almost entirely composed of carbon and hydrogen. When it is burned, these elements are united with oxygen derived from the air, and carried off as carbonic acid and water.

Gluten is a complex, *organizable* body, produced out of vegetable sap, by the agency of cell-life. If any kind of fresh vegetable juice be allowed to stand for a few minutes, after it has been pressed from a plant, a greenish-colored jelly-like substance will be seen to settle to the bottom of the vessel containing it. When the green coloring matter is washed away from the deposit, the remainder will be found to be a greyish-colored body, of a sticky or glutinous nature. It has received the name of *gluten*, from this property. Gluten is a much more complex substance than sugar, starch, or oil. These are exclusively composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, but gluten contains all the four organic elements. Each molecule of gluten has in itself forty-eight atoms of carbon, thirty-six atoms of hydrogen, six atoms of nitrogen, and fourteen atoms of oxygen; besides a trace of sulphur and phosphorus. It is formed, no doubt, in the vegetable cell, out of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, by getting rid of the superfluous oxygen and hydrogen, and combining their remaining elements. Gluten is of a *highly plastic nature*, and peculiarly fitted for the work of organization. It is very prone to decomposition, and is easily caused to decay; but this only makes it more suitable for the purposes of life, which is a state of constant change and not of fixedness. Its highest results are produced by rapid change of material; hence, such a substance is best suited for employment, where the higher vital operations are concerned. Gluten owes this useful property to the exact element, nitrogen, in its composition. Grains of wheat consist almost entirely of starch and gluten, mingled together in the proportion of nine parts of the former to every two of the latter. If wheat flour is washed with successive streams of water, while it is being kneaded up briskly by the head, the starch will pass away in the water, and there will remain pure gluten, sticking as a sort of paste about the hand. When the young germ of the seed is being developed, it is probable that the gluten is consumed in building up the cell-films, to which its own composition is so nearly allied; while starch is used in forming wood and the various deposits that are laid upon the films.

Albumen is a complex, *organizable* body, produced out of vegetable sap by the agency of cell-life. If the clear liquid that remains, after the gluten has been removed from vegetable juice, be boiled for a few minutes, it ceases to be clear, and a white, cloudy deposit appears in it, which slowly subsides, and collects together at the bottom of the vessel. This deposit is formed of a substance very closely resembling the coagulated white of an egg, and on this account it has received the name of *albumen*. It is soluble in cold water. Gluten and albumen are so nearly identical in composition, that the chemist has not been able to find any difference between them on analysis. Therefore, the molecular composition of gluten, may be taken to represent also the composition of albumen.

There is another substance, of which the same remark may be made, which is found in abundance in the meal of beans, peas and vetches, and which only differs from gluten and albumen in being soluble in both cold and hot water; it is, however, separated from its solution, in a solid, clotted state, when an acid is added. This clotted mass is found to be so like to the coagulum, which separates from milk, when an acid is added, in the process of cheese-making, that it is called *caseine*, the Latin word for cheese. This ought to suggest to the keepers of dairies, the importance of feeding their cows on these substances. *Gluten, albumen,* and *caseine,* are classed together as *glutinous* bodies. The white portions of nuts and almonds is almost entirely fixed albumen. The fact seems to be simply this: a complex, plastic principle is made out of vegetable sap, and is stored away round the young germ in the seed, for its future use. But this plastic principle is in the state of *gluten* in some seeds (*insoluble* in cold water); of *albumen* in others (*soluble* in cold water but not in it when boiling hot); and of *caseine* in yet others (*soluble* in both cold and boiling water, but not if an acid is present).

Plants make innumerable other complex substances besides those enumerated, upon which the peculiar odors, flavors, and other characters of their texture depend. These, however, are *special* products rather than *general* ones. Each different kind of plant yields its own particular substance, and not that which characterizes other species. One forms an essential and aromatic oil; another, a bitter extract; and another, an astringent principle; but all alike yield sugar, starch, fixed oil, and gluten. These, and all the special products, are complex substances, constructed out of simple elements. We have seen above that the constructive operations of vegetable life, are mainly formed by fixing carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and by dismissing oxygen. This is an invariable rule in the vegetable economy. Vegetable life is the grand antagonist of chemical power. It is always doing in some simple way those operations which the chemist, with all his skill, is unable to effect. But we must not forget that it is through the stimulating influence of solar light and heat, that living vegetables are enabled to effect all their offices fixing; carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and expelling oxygen.

Having pointed out the best methods of preparing the soil; the elements necessary for its fertility; plant life; and the substances both organic and inorganic, by which plants are built up; we are now prepared to enter upon the consideration of the best means of developing those products which are remunerative to the farmer. To do this, does not require any skill in chemistry; if we make the field our laboratory. With the fertilizers as our re-agents, we can interrogate the soil, and receive a *certain answer*, far more to be depended upon than the most rigid qualitative analysis.

THE FLORA OF HAMPTON.

JULY—CONTINUED.

Sabbatia corymbosa—*American centaury.* Paspalum laeve, variety undulosum—*crab grass.* Paspalum digitaria—*finger-grass.* Sagitaria variabilis—*arrow-head.* Polygala Nuttalii—*Nuttall's milk-wort.* Pteris aquilina, variety caudata—*Southern brake.* Woodwardia augustifolia—*narrow-leaved woodwardia.* Pycnanthemum aristatum—*spiny horse-mint.*

AUGUST.

Ludwigia palustris—*water purslain.* Cuscuta Gronovii—*fodder, love vine.* Boehmeria—cylindrica—*false nettle.* Linum diffusum—*wild yellow flax.* Mentha viridis—*spearmint.* Conium maculatum—*poison hemlock.* Hypericum corymbosum—*Saint John's-wort.* Mentha cervensis—*corn mint, field mint.* Linum usitatissimum—*flax.* Hypericum ellipticum—*orange-colored Saint John's-wort.* Desmodium nudiflorum—*naked bush trefoil.* Galactia mollis—*soft galactia.* Apocynum androsaemifolium, variety incanum—*dog's bane.* Nepeta cataria—*catnip.* Lappa major—*burdock.* Humulus lupulus—*hop.* Tanacetum vulgare —*tansy.* Saponaria officianalis—*bouncing bet.* Lyclum barbarum—*matrimony vine.* Verbena urticaefolia—*nettle-leaved vervain.* Polypremum procumbens—*branched polypremum.* Agrostis scabra, variety perennans—*perennial bent grass.* Mollugo verticillata—*carpet-weed.* Ascyrum stans—*Saint Peter's-wort.* Pluchea hifrons—*marsh flea-bane.* Millkania scandens —*climbing boneset.* Salicornia herbacea—*salt-wort, sea samphire.* Enphorbia maculata—*spotted-leaved spurge.* Phaseolus helvolus—*slender wild bean vine.* Ipomoea lacunosa—*purple bind-weed.* Ipomoea panduratus—*wild potato, man-of-the-earth.* Melothria pendula—*creeping cucumber.* Hypericum Sarothra—*slender Saint John's-wort.* Apios tuberosa—*ground nut.* Cacalia atriplicifolia—*arache carraway, tassel flower.* Cassia chamoecrista—*sensitive pea.* Mimulus alatus—*winged monkey flower.* Lycopus Europoeus—*water hoar-hound.* Amarantus retroflexus—*pig-weed, rough amaranth.* Pyrrhopeppus Carolinianus —*false dandelion.* Arhutilon avicenno—*Indian mallow.* Asclepias verticillata—*whorled asclepias, dwarf milk-weed.* Tillandsia usneoides—*black moss, Spanish moss.* Galactia glabella—*milky-way plant.* Agrimonia Eupatoria—*agrimony.* Elodia Virginica—*marsh Saint John's-wort.* Œnothera rhombipetala—*evening primrose.* Eupatorium sessilifolium—*upland boneset.* Penthorum sedoides—*Virginia stonecrop.* Eupatorium maculatum—*purple boneset.* Elephantopus tomentosus—*elephant's foot.* Gnaphalium polycephalum—*sweet-scented life-everlasting.* Lobelia inflata—*Indian tobacco.* Lobelia puberula—*hairy lobelia.* Chenopodium anthelminticum—*worm-seed.*

PEAR BLIGHT.

It attacks in every conceivable way, running from the top twigs downward; in the middle running around limbs in the form of a band or ring, and sometimes killing the body of a tree, and the top remaining uninjured or looking sound; and sometimes beginning on one side of a limb and running downward and upward, discoloring the bark and wood until its discoloring ceases both above and below. Sometimes it only runs around a single eye—a disease then that is not governed by any known laws in other maladies. I think the real cause is as yet unknown. It has done me much damage. The varieties worst injured are in order as follows: Vicar of Wakefield, Swan's Orange, Clapp's Favorite, Flemish Beauty, Doyenne d'Ete, Golden Beurre of Bilboa. All varieties here were injured more or less; the thriftiest growers were the worst injured. Those on the levelest ground were worse injured than those on sidehill. My trees were in grass, on limestone soil, generally clay limestone on pebbly subsoil; some on tolerably strong soil, some on thin. Dwarfs were generally worse affected than standards.

A short time ago I visited the grounds of Mr. Limpert at Grove Park in this county, a German of intelligence and refinement. He is an amateur pear grower, and has taken pains in the selection of his varieties. Soil of pretty strong but well drained character has given them perfectly clean culture. His losses were four times greater than mine according to the number of trees. Mr. Limpert had steadily pursued the practice of removing every limb or twig or branch as soon as it became affected; but he is convinced it did not do the least good. His pear grounds did look disheartening.

I am now fully convinced, after three years close observation, that the frozen sap blight theory, the sunstroke theory, insect theory, and all others, are only theories without foundation, and that we are just as much as ever in the dark.

I observed to Mr. Limpert that I thought about that as I did about cholera or any other epidemic of the human family, that he that thought he knew the most about it knew the least. He said "I think you are right in that; we know nothing at all." In conclusion, let us hope that this dreaded pest of the pear grower may, like all other kinds of pestilence, pass away for this time at least.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

HELVELLYN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents and of a most aimiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the Mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterward, when they were found guarded by a faithful dog, his coustant attendaut during frequent solitary rambles.]

I climbed the dark hrow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save hy fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting aroond me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge ronnd the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One hnge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the hrown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of netnre lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast ebandoned to weather
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet qnite deserted, though lonely extended:
For, faithful in death, his mnte favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven eway.

How long didst thou thlnk thet his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
Ere he faded away, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh, was it meet, that—no requiem road o'er him;
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him;
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonored, the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark o'er the dim lighted hell;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stend muto hy tho canopied pell;
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleeming;
In the proudly-arched chepel the banners are beaning;
Far adown the long elsie sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fail.

But sweeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy heed like the meek mountain lamb,
When wildered he drops from some cliff huge in statnre,
And draws his last soh hy the side of his dam;
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sang by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

One of the most famous of modern English writers of prose, fiction and poetry was the Scotch Sir Walter Scott, who was born in Edinburgh, in August, 1771, and who made for himself by means of his prolific genius and continued labor, a world-wide fame. His grandfather was a farmer, and his father a lawyer, and the education of the boy Walter was very strict, though in some respects very favorable to the development of his peculiar talents. He was lame from his infancy, and for many years during his childhood and youth was an invalid, and this undoubtedly had great effect upon his future career; for during those years he read an immense number of old romances, ballads, plays, etc, and listened to the inexhaustible stock of legends and stories, stored up in the memory of an old aunt with whom he passed much time. He became familiar with the homely life of the Scotch people, and knew in the flesh many of the characters whom he afterward idealized in his works. He was educated for a lawyer, but early in life began his literary career, although he had so diligently prepared himself for the legal profession, that he did not entirely give it up for some time after the publication of his poems. He commenced with translations of German poetry and minor poetical compositions; and in 1805, took his place as the most popular poet of his day, by the publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." This was followed by "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lord of the Isles," etc., which were all tales in verse, and from their originality both of subject and treatment and the easy, musical flow of their rhyme, became immediately the delight of the reading public. In the year 1814, Scott first attempted a prose story, and without any announcement published "Waverley," anonymously. Its success was so great, that in the course of four years it was followed by "Guy Mannering," "Heart of Mid-lothian" "Rob Roy" and several others, all printed without the author's name, and all taking equally high places in public favor. Suspicion pointed toward Scott, but he was so actively engaged in contributing to reviews and magazines, that nothing but his own confession could make his friends believe him to be the successful author of what are now known as the "Waverley Novels," a series of romances which belong to the highest order of romance, and are a valuable contribution to modern English literature. But the fame and money which his works brought to him were finally the temptations which led him to his ruin; for he became possessed with a desire to surround himself with the magnificence which belonged to the heroes of his favorite productions; and he fancied that there was no end to his own ability to create. He bought the beautiful estate of Abbotsford, and lived there for several years in a sort of gorgeous dream, reviving, as far as possible, the luxurions and extravagant life of the olden days when men and women of the upper class could scarcely touch the limit of their power. His reckless expenditure and careless business habits soon saddled him with heavy debts, and he was forced to sell everything he possessed, cut down all expenses, and devote the remaining years of his life to the hard labor by which alone he could hope to pay his creditors. His spirit and determination never left him, and he struggled on to the last, writing until his brain became absolutely exhausted, and his death a certainty. His last days bore sad witness to the vanity of earthly hopes; for his wealth had melted in his hands; the friends of his youth were dead; or, worse, had become his enemies; he had no hope but in constant, unremitting toil; and he had nothing but the warm love and devotion of his children to comfort and sustain him in his final trial. He died in 1832, after a brilliant life, the only spot on which, was the fatal mistake of an extravagant use of money which he had not legitimately earned; and in spite of which, his character and his work claim our honest and deep admiration.

"ONLY A RABBIT."

A pretty glimpse of old English life is given us in this charming illustration which carries us back to days when sporting was the chief recreation of an English gentleman; and when manners were more simple—not to say rougher—than are ours of the present time. The background of the pictnre is a qnaint stone house, with latticed windows, and rich, climbing vines, and a paved walk leading across the red tiled floor of the porch down, doubtless, to some pleasant garden sweet with roses and honeysuckles.

On the bench beside the door is seated, in an attitude of comfortable repose, the master of the house, clad in the queer, awkward dress of the day, and intent upon reaching the bottom of the jng of ale which the picturesque serving woman has brought to him from some cool recess of her domain. The big, honest, well-trained dogs at his feet, and the gun that he holds carelessly in his thickly gloved hand, tell us what his day's occupation has been; but, another glance shows us that he has by no means been successful in his sportmanship. His wife, or, perhaps his daughter, has emptied his game bag, and dropped upon the stones at her feet the only trophy it contains. "Only a rabbit?" she asks, with smiling face; and looks up in mischievous inquiry at the bearer of the gun, who, doubtless, left her in the morning full of boasts as to the bag of game with which he should return. How he accounts for and excuses his ill luck we shall never know, though we may be sure he will not lay it to his own unskillfulness, and can easily fancy that behind his big mug of ale he is hiding his shame at having been found, at the end of a long day's shooting, to come back at night-fall with "Only a Rabbit."

POLITICS.

Under a republican government such as our own, it is incumbent upon every citizen to devote a portion of his time and energy to obtaining a reasonable comprehension of the political condition of his own country, of its past history, and the principles upon which its legislation is founded.

In order to vote or to act intelligently upon any question of public interest, some honest study must be given to the laws by which the nation is governed; and no man has any moral right to go to the polls in obedience merely to the advice and suggestion of other men, where he himself is ignorant of the probable results of his action. A conscientious man will no more cheat his government than he would cheat his parents; and he who truly loves his country will regard the common weal as far more important than his own private ends, and will show his appreciation of his responsibility as a citizen by allowing no selfish considerations to come between him and his public duties. But it must be understood that the mere desire to be a faithful citizen is not of itself sufficient, though it is the necessary foundation for all worthy effort. There must be, also, as we have said before, intelligent study of political principles, and of laws and their action, and a real interest in the science of politics. The information needed for the prosecution of such study can be gained from books, or from the speeches and conversation of sound and vigorous thinkers; and this information should be patiently and carefully sought; for it is not always easy to distinguish, at first sight, the superficial, undigested talk of unprincipled or ignorant men, from the valuable opinions and suggestions of intelligent and honest minds. If there is any thing worth understanding, surely it is the science of government; and the brief and only safe rule for those who mean to be worthy of the name of citizen is, "First find out what your duty is; then do it."

TREES.

In the European countries, and especially in the East, the lesson of this century in respect to trees is that it is a dangerous thing to cut them down either in town or country, without supplying their places by careful replanting. The effect of trees upon the rain supply, upon the fertility of the soil, and the health of human beings and animals, has been found to be much greater than was formerly supposed; and the question of what kind of trees to plant and how to plant them, has already become of practical importance. In country neighborhoods, where the young trees may have every advantage, much may be left to individual taste and judgment; but in cities and towns the matter becomes somewhat more difficult, as there are various points to be considered in the choice of trees for planting in crowded, dusty, paved and gas-lit streets. The requirements for a tree for this purpose are, that it should be easy to move, of rapid growth, and not liable to injury from the effects of gas or action of worms. Now all trees suffer to some extent from a gas leak near their roots; but some are less injured by this cause than others. Again, many trees die on sidewalks from lack of nourishment, and care must always be taken in planting, that the roots of the tree have access to a full supply of earth.

The tulip poplar is a fast grower, and proof against worms, but is difficult to move; while lindens and maples though fine, fast growers, are among the first to be attacked by insects. The horse chestnuts and Norway maple are beautiful and hardy, but are of slow growth; and the poplar and paper mulberry do not root deeply and are apt to blow over and throw up the pavement. The offensive odor of the ailantus makes it objectionable; and, on the whole, for a city tree, preference is given to the black or Carolina poplar, which combines all the requisites, and affords a beautiful shade.

CHILDREN.

There are very few parents, even among those who are most conscientious and consistent, who do not require to be occasionally reminded of their duties to their children—those dutics which are so imperative and so important, that the names "Father" and "Mother" imply the very greatest human responsibility. Our children are not given us as toys, neither are they sent to us as burdens, but are precious souls intrusted to our hands to be guided and trained with all the patient wisdom which we can command. Most of us have much to learn ourselves before we are fit to teach our children; and both parents and teachers should remember that nothing affects children so much as the consciousness that those who have the care of them are thoroughly fitted for the work. Children are never contented when they feel that those who are teaching them are not certain of their own knowledge, and require nothing so much as confidence in the hand that is to gnide them. There is no way in which you can so surely help a child to control its own temper as by always controlling your own; there is no way in which you can teach truthfulness so surely as by being truthful yourself; and this holds good in the intellectual as well as the moral life. If you never undertake to teach children anything that you do not thoroughly understand yourself, they will soon learn that all the information you give them is to be implicitly trusted, and will profit by it accordingly. We all know how quickly children detect falsehood, dishonesty or ignorance on the part of those about them, and are perhaps painfully conscious that in matters coming within their comprehension, there are no severer judges than little children. Therefore, if we would really endeavor to fulfil our duty to our children, we have first to begin with ourselves; for we can never expect from them a higher standard of life than we show them day by day in their homes and at their schools. Example is stronger than precept: it is useless to check a child for profanity or idle talk, when our own tongues are unbridled; it is unjust and inconsistent to demand in our families the purity and goodness to which we are ourselves strangers; and the only sure influence over our little ones must come from our victories over own own sin and weakness.

It seems as if God had given us no more powerful motive toward righteousness than the fact that he trusts our little children—his little children—in our faltering hands, and puts upon us the awful responsibility of their future. What our children do and are depends very greatly upon our treatment of them; and so those men and women who are parents, need always to remember that they have to answer not only for themselves, but for their children too.

LIFE.

The following lines were written by Mrs. Barbauld, an English writer of great merit, extensively known as the author of excellent hymns, and early lessons for children. She was born in 1743, and lived to be nearly eighty-two years old.

Life! I know not what thou art,
Bnt know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.
Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant, and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away; give little warning;
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night; bnt, in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good-morning!

One might as well attempt to calculate mathematically the contingent forms of the kaleidoscope, as to look through the tube of the futnre and foretell its pattern.—*Beecher.*

The sun is not more obviously the source of light, than the Bible is the source of divine knowledge.—*Hodge.*

THE ORGAN GRINDER'S MONKEY.

My master grinds an organ:
And I pick up his money;
And, when you see me doing it,
You call it very funny.

But, though I dance and caper, still
I feel at heart forlorn:
I wish I were in monkey-land,—
The place where I was born!

There grow the great green cocoanuts
Around the palm-tree's crown:
I used to climb and pick them off,
And hear them—crack!—come down.

There, all day long, the purple figs
Are dropping from the bough;
There hang the ripe bananas: oh,
I wish I had some now!

I'd feast, and feast, and feast, and feast;
And you should have a share.
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land!
Oh, would that I were there!

On some tall tree-top's highest bough
So high the clouds would sail
Just over me, I wish that I
Were swinging by my tail!

I'd swing, and swing, and swing, and swing:
How merry that would be!
But, oh! a traveling monkey's life
Is very hard for me.

—*The Nursery.*

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

A Story of Early Life in Michigan.

BY JACK MURRAY.

"Many years ago," said my grandmother, "a person standing on this busy street corner—which was then an undistinguishable spot in the unbroken wilderness—might have seen slowly approaching in the distance, one of those ponderous and clumsy vehicles, furnished with a covering of white cloth, which were employed by emgrants from the Eastern states in transporting their earthly possessions to their new homes in the great West.

"Within the comfortable shade of the moving tent, four people were sheltered: an elderly but stalwart man, his sturdy wife—fit to be his companion in pioneer life,—none of your modern Flora McFlimseys, I can tell you—and two young people: a fine brave boy of fifteen and a girl somewhat younger. These were the only ones left in the family nest; all the seven others had flown off to make homes for themselves; and, thus late in life, the father moved by the restless spirit of emigration that had possessed his youth, had started once more on the track of the "Star of Empire."

"The boy's name was Alexander—his bold, adventurous spirit was worthy of a pioneer's son, and like his famous namesake, he would have wept had there been no more wild western worlds to conquer. I need not give you the names of the rest of the party, when I tell you, that the veteran pioneer was my father, and I, the little girl who sat beside our mother in our canvas ark.

"We were among the first white families to settle in the then almost unknown region lying between Saginaw Bay on the east, and Lake Michigan on the west. One of them was on its way, not far in advance of us, and in the hope of overtaking it, and joining our camps, we had pushed ahead more vigorously than usual, that day, and till a later hour.

"At last, however, your great grandfather decided that we must give up the effort for that day, and halted the weary beasts by a clear spring beside a grove, which is now the centre of our city market square. We reached the shelter of the grove, so pleasant to weary travelers, just as darkness descended upon us. Alexander soon led out the tired horses upon the rich green grass, while father kindled a fire, and mother and I busied ourselves in preparing the evening meal.

"As the flames leaped higher and higher, and the darkness was driven farther and farther back, they cast their fitful glimmer up into the mysterious shadows of a great gnarled oak, whose giant branches stretched protectingly over the spot your great grandfather had selected for our night's resting place. But the uncertain rays could not reveal all that those shadows hid. Upon the largest of the branches, and pressing himself close against the trunk of the tree on the side farthest removed from the firelight, stood a gigantic Indian warrior, painted, after his terrible fashion, in frightful streaks of black and vermillion, and bedecked with feathers and porcupine quills. In his hand he held the fatal tomahawk; on his back rested his long bow, and quiver of arrows, and in his wampum belt was thrust a long, bright, sharp knife.

"Busily and unsuspiciously, the family beneath continued their preparations for the night, while not a motion on the part of the Indian betrayed his close proximity. Relying on their neighborhood to the family traveling in advance of them, whom they had expected even before this to have overtaken, and wearied out by their unusual day's exertion, the emigrants relaxed somewhat their accustomed vigilance, and throwing themselves down beside their camp fire, soon sank to unsuspecting slumbers.

"When the deep, regular breathing of the sleepers below had for some minutes given evidence of their complete unconsciousness, the Indian cautiously descended from the perch, where he had watched like their evil genius above them, and with hasty but perfectly noiseless footsteps glided to the other side of the little grove. With a low whistle, he summond a nervous, knowing animal, onto which he sprang, and in a moment, horse and rider were swallowed up in the night.

THE ORGAN GRINDER'S MONKEY.

"Hardly had the Indian disappeared, when another "solitary horseman" rode leisurely up to the spot from which the warrior had just disappeared. The new comer was a young man, not much over twenty years old, but with the stalwart frame and quick intense eye of a frontiersman trained to the adventurous life of the forest. In person he was tall and erect like one of our pine trees; he had a broad, deep chest and a frank handsome face, bronzed as it was, and partly concealed by a full, brown beard.

"As the rider drew near the spot just left by the Indian, his horse stopped suddenly, with ears erect and pointed forward, and limbs rigid and motionless. The hunter—for such he was—looked quickly on all sides. His eye caught the gleam of the fire through the trees; he hastily dismounted, and making his well-trained mare lie down, unslung his ponderous rifle, and cautiously moved forward, taking advantage of every inequality in the ground, and every tree, the more effectually to screen his approach. Presently, glancing around the huge trunk of the oak, he saw a few feet away, the emigrant family, still quietly slumbering in its shadow. I have heard him say, in after years, that the upturned face of one of the helpless sleepers, thrilled him with its unconscious appeal for protection as no call to battle had ever thrilled him before or since.

"Hastily springing to his feet, he glided back through the grove, and feeling about in the leaves, with the acuteness of a savage almost, soon discovered the footmarks of the Indian's horse. These he followed cautiously, until satisfied that they led directly toward a large encampment of Sioux, then fishing on the shore of Lake Michigan. Returning more rapidly than he had gone, he hastily aroused the sleepers, and apprised them of what he had seen; and, farther, that he was sure that some Indian had discovered their little camp and had hastened to inform his comrades, who might, even now, be returning to take their scalps.

"At once, the family realized their danger, and hastily began to pack their wagons. This the trapper insisted that they should not do, as time was so precious; but their earthly all was stored in their wagon, and, overcoming his objections, they quickly hitched their horses, replaced the few articles that had been unpacked, and drove rapidly after the hunter, who rode just ahead. As they put a fast increasing space between them and the dangerous scene of their camp, and the giant oak and even the dull glow of their fire was lost in the distance, the first shock of terror passed from their minds, and they almost regretted the unhesitating attention they had given the warning voice of the hunter, who, by his own speed, was still urging them to haste. Your grandfather began to question the wisdom of relying so implicitly upon the advice of so youthful and unknown a woodsman. Alexander, with a boy's impetuosity, inferred too much from his grandfather's expressions of doubt, and to show his own contempt for the fancied danger, began singing the "Star Spangled Banner" in a rich voice that rang full and clear, over the plain. Dearly we all paid for that boyish rashness.

"The hunter raised a warning hand and seized his rifle; but, hardly had the first ringing line ended, when a horrid yell broke upon the still night air, while clattering hoofs seemed to surround us on every side.

"The hunter unsheathed his knife, and in a moment the horses were freed from the wagon; then catching me in his arms and seating me before him, he dashed off, closely followed by Alexander and our mother on one horse, while father brought up the rear on the other. A shower of arrows fell all about us, and Alexander crying, 'They 've hit me; good-bye all!' fell from his horse. The terrified animal flew onward with its lightened and almost unconscious burden. She could not stop it, though she tried; and the men knew too well, that to halt would have been only to insure a torturing death for all. I shrieked with anguish as my favorite brother's death cry was borne to my ears; but the hunter clasped me closer, and on we flew into the night, while, as we went, the brave young voice was heard distinctly, though ever fainter, singing still the "Star Spangled Banner" to taunt his enemies, and to draw their pursuit from us. So the brave young life went out gloriying in his birthright of freedom, and the safety of his loved ones.

"The brave hunter who risked his own life to save us on that terrible night, is now your grandfather; for the little girl he bore away in his arms from the savage pursuers became afterward his wife. We have had many days of happiness since then, but even to this day, that brave young voice on the plain, at midnight, still often rings in our ears."

HOW THE "GULL" WENT DOWN.

Ben had pulled his boat upon shore and swabbed it out, so that his wife's new blue calico might not smell of fish when they reached Shark River. Then Dan came and took a turn at swabbing, while his father went up to put on his Sunday clothes. Conny sat on the sand, watching him.

"Take the crabs out the fo'cas'le, Dan," she ordered.

Dan went to the bow, and peeped into the little black hole.

"Reckon I won't. Them crabs 's nigh soft," he said.

Conny waded out at once, and threw them into the water.

"Do you think *my* mother 's agoing on a journey with a lot of shedders and bnsters?" she scolded on, while Dan sat down contentedly, splash into the water, and punched his toes lazily into the mud. Conny always had her own way.

Presently, Ben and Mrs. Van Dort came down, ready to set off. The children did not heed their father's going, for he started to the Barnegat fishing banks every morning before three o'clock, and seldom was back until dark; but it was a great event for their mother to leave home. Twice a year Ben took her down to Shark River, to buy calico and sugar and shoes and snch "trade." These voyages were each a crisis in the family history. The children hung about her, stroking her white cotton gloves and looking admiringly at the pink roses in her bonnet.

"Come, hurry in, Jane," called Ben. "We 'll have considerable of a blow before we reach Sherk's River."

But Jane ran back once more to kiss Conny and hug Dan. She tried to say "God bless you, children!" but the words would not come. Only the minister ought to say such solemn things, she thought.

"Mind and say your prayers, Conny," she whispered; "and take good care of Dan and baby."

"One would think yon were agoing to be gone a year," grumbled Ben. "Good-bye, you young vaggybonds," nodding as he pushed the boat out beyond the first breaker.

It was a warm, clear day. The "Gull" danced over the low sparkling waves, light as a feather. Conny could see the blue line of paint below her taffrail, and even the rose in her mother's bonnet, until they were out quite into deep sea water.

"I tell you, Dan!" she said. "Let 's not go to bed, to-night. Let 's have supper ready for them."

Dan nodded. "Reckon I 'll histe a lantern to light 'em in."

"To light father in? No! He 's bin a-coming in here every night since he was a boy."

"Mother has n't then. It was her I was agoing to light in. Anybody 'd hev knowed that!"

Dan went on composedly picking up great blobs of broken jelly-fish from the sand.

"Throw them horrid things away, Dan'l Van Dort!" for Conny wanted to air her authority. "You stuff 'em in yer pockets till I can't abear your trowsers in the house at night," covering her nose with her apron.

Dan sniffed at them with an air of relish.

"They won't shine until ye keep 'em awhile. I 've got my light-house 'most built, an' I want these for lanterns. Better come and help, Con. Here 's a big un you may put in," holding it out to her.

Conny paused wishfully a minute; then tossed her head.

"Light-house, indeed! I 've got to keep house and mind baby. I 've no time for play."

Baby was easily taken care of through the day; she lay playing with Dan in the sand, as he built his light-house, and only kicked her fat legs when anybody spoke to her. Conny had plenty of time to make ready the supper; she had plenty of things with which to make it ready, too. Not half so much money came into Ben's cottage as into many of the wretched rooms where beggars live in towns; but there was always an abundance of meat, potatoes, and fish in the cellar, and a Sunday suit apiece for the whole family up stairs; and the house itself,—with its rag-carpets, and big wood fires, and painted wooden chairs, and colored prints (a hundred years old) on the whitewashed wall, of King George and Queen Caroline, and the Animals going into the Ark,—was as bright and clean and shiuing as the white sand or blue sea without. When a person has so much fishing and sea and weather and beach to think of out-of-doors, he really has not time to care for sofas or clothes or those unnecessary things.

Conny set the table, and made hot cakes and put the soft-crabs down ready to broil; and then she rocked baby to sleep, and tucked her into bed. She was sure to sleep until morning; so that Conny could shut the door and run down to the beach to see the "Gull" come in.

The evening was damp and cold; but the sky and sea were one blaze of fierce, yellow light. She stopped to look at it.

"I never saw any thing like that before, Dan."

"It 's mighty curious."

Dan grunted, as if he could say n great deal more if he chose, and if she were not a girl.

The white caps were all gone. The sea was coming in, in deep, dark swells, with a dull, threatening roar. Conny saw all the fishing-boats fluttering into the little cove, although it was an hour before their usual time. Men were running down from the village to help the fishermen haul them on shore. They worked quickly,—but, like sea-coast people, without a word,—lowered the sails, unshipped the masts.

"Now we 're all in," said Cap'n Job, the wrecking-master, as the last was pulled up. "Van Dort were n't at the Banks to-day."

"But he 's at Sherk's River, with Janc," some one said.

Nobody spoke; the men looked at each other, then out to sea, and, glancing at Conny, drew apart, and whispered.

"Is the 'Gull' in danger, slr;" She pulled Cap'n Job's sleeve. He did not look at her.

"Danger, nonscnse! You ought to be in bed, child. Go to the house, and take Dan. Go at once, I tell you!"

Conny did not go. She saw a sail, close reefed, out in the grey distance, like the flicker of a bird's wing.

"There's father, now," she cried.

At that moment there was a sharp crackling in the air. The yellow light was gone. The sea rushed in as if driven by terror.

"It 's come, men! It 's come!" cried Cap'n Job.

Conny had heard of a wind-sqnall, which, fifty years ago, had strewn the shore with wrecks. She clung to an old spar, in the sudden darkness and the storm of spray and sand that drove over her, cutting her hands and face.

"It 's a wind-squall; bnt It can't hurt mother—It can't hurt mother!" she cried.

When the darkness passed with the heavy cloud, she climbed up to the little headland, and sheltering her eyes with one hand, looked steadily out to sea.

The fishermen were near the cove, watching her, and whispering together. One of them went to the village and brought down two or three women. Nanty Hephurn, who was a friend of Jane Van Dort's, went up to Conny.

"Come home with me, dear," she said. "Don't look out out yonder," putting her hand over the girl's eyes. "It 's growin' clearer, and the sea 's ugly to look at after a storm; weeds and wrecks and dead things is washed ashore, and ——"

Conny quietly put down her hand.

"I must see the 'Gull' come in. Mother 's aboard."

Nanty looked at the men, perplexed. She wiped her eyes once or twice, and then put her hands on Conny's shoulders.

"There was a wind-squall like this once afore, Conny."

"I know."

"And—and of all the ships within two miles of the bar, not one lived through it. Not the big ships, dear! Are you listenin'?"

Conny, after a minute, drew away.

"I wish you would go to Dan, Nanty. He 's crying yonder. I—I can't speak to him now."

She put her hand over her eyes again, looking through the slowly lifted weight of mist. Her lips moved.

Dan pulled her by the skirt, after awhile.

"Come away, Conny," he sobbed. "They say the 'Gnll' has gone down, and they 're afeard for you to stay here."

"It could n't go down. God would n't let it. I 've bin prayin'." But her face was like death as she said it.

The mist had lifted now. Under the pale twilight lay the vast angry sea—the waves rising out of fathomless darkness. Conny caught Dan fiercely by the arm, and pointed outward. Her lips were too parched to speak.

"The 'Gull!' The 'Gull!'" shouted the men. Only sea-bred eyes could see the far-off boat which was dashed to and fro like a huhhle. "Ther 's no chance ther fur a *good* boat," said Cap'n Job; "hut for that old water-log—— Take them children away, Nanty. Don't let 'em see their own mammy go down."

The wind beat the masts of the "Gnll" level with the water, once again.

Conny clinched Dan's hand in hers.

"Pray, Dan! Pray! and God can't let them drown!"

A great wave lifted the "Gull" tanntingly into sight, and then—it was gone! Only a black hull was washed above the yellow foam for an instant, and sank never to rise again.

Nanty ran to the child as she fell on the sand and carried her to her own house; but at the door, Conny opened her eyes and struggled to her feet.

"I must go home. Mother told me to take care of Dan and haby till she came back."

Nanty sobbed out loud then. She had been very fond of Jane.

"Child, did n't you *see* the 'Gull' go down?" she said.

"Yes," said Conny; "hut I was a-prayin'. Mother 'll come back."

She ran alone through the darkness to the cottage. Dan was crouched, crying, by the fire. She knelt down beside him.

"God would n't take them when we was prayin'," was all she could say.

And there came then a great shouting and cries without, and the door burst open, and her mother was on the floor and had them both in her arms, sobbing and laughing all at once; and Ben was talking to the neighbors, with a queer qnaver in his voice:

"'Gnll' went down? Yes, of course she must hev. She sprung a leak an hour afore the sqnall struck her, and I knew it was no use to try to bring her in, and Jane and I got board the steamer pntting into the lnlet, and come over afoot. I 'm glad I did n't see the old boat agoin' down."

"It was good luck as drove you nlgh the steamer, Ben," said Cap'n Job.

"Luck or—God," said Ben, taking off his old hat. "Hillo! give us a kiss, you young uns," stooping to hide his wet eyes. —*St. Nicholas.*

WHO PRINTED THE FIRST BIBLE?

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

In the year 1420, there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman, who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used after dinner to walk in the famous wood, that, up to this time, is growing just without the city walls. One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth bit of beech bark, on which, as he was a handy man with his knife, he cut several letters so plainly and neatly, that, after his return home he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a "copy." After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman—whose name was Lawrence Coster—fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink, he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters, which was really printing.

But, before he succeeded in doing this well, he had found it necessary to try many experiments and to take into his employ several apprentices. He did his work very secretly, and enjoined upon his apprentices to say nothing of the trinls he was making. But a dishonest one among them, after a time, ran off from Holland into Germany, carrying with him a great many of the old gentleman's wooden blocks, and entire pages of a book which he was about to print.

The Dutch writers credit this story, and hint that the runaway nprentice was John Faust or John Gutenberg; but the Germans justly say that there is no proof of this. It is certain, however, tnat there was a Lawrence (Custos, of the cathedral) who husied himself with stamping letters and engraving. His statue is on the market-place in Haarlem, and his rough-looking books are some of them now in the State-house of Haarlem. They are dingy and printed with bad ink, and seem to have been struck from large engraved blocks, and not from movable types. They are without any date, but antiquarians assign them to a period somewhat earlier than any book of Faust or of Gutenberg, who are commonly called the discoverers of printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing, not many years ago, in the ancient city of Strasburg. He had two working partners, who were bound hy oath not to reveal the secrets of the art he was engaged upon. But one of these partners died; and, upon this, his heirs claimed a right to know the secrets of Gutenberg. Gntenberg refused; and there was a trial of the case, some account of which was discovered more than three hundred years afterward, in an old tower of Strasburg.

This trial took place in the year 1439. Gutenberg was not forced to betray his secret; but it did appear, from the testimony of the witness, that he was occupied with some way of making hooks (or manuscripts) cheaper than they had ever been made before.

But Gutenberg was getting on so poorly at Strasburg, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mayence, which is a German city further down the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a rich silversmith, named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money, on conditlon that after a certain time it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. Some accounts say, he had a hrother who assisted him, and the Dutch writers think this brother may have been the robber of poor Lawrence Coster. Bnt there is no proof of it; and it is too late to find any proof now. There was certainly a Peter Schöffer, or a scribe designer, who worked for Gutenberg, and who finished np his first books by drawing lines around the pages and making ornamental lnitial letters and filling up gaps in the printing. This Schöffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw, and what he thonght, with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gntenberg was using; and, acting on his hints, Fanst, who was a skillful worker in metals, run types in a mold. This promised so well, that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and to carry on the business with Schöffer, to whom he gave his only daughter, Christen, for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg for his loan, which Gutenberg could n't pay; and, in consequence, he had to give up to Fanst all his tools, his presses, and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible nearly two-thirds completed. This Faust and Schöffer hurried through and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies in the National Library at Paris, one copy at the Royal Library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is not what is commonly known as the Mayence Bible; but is of earlier date than that.

It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date. It is in two great volumes folio, of about six hundred pages a volume.

It was certainly the first Bible printed from movable types; but poor Gutenberg got no money from it, though he had done most of the work upon it. But he did not grow disheartened. He toiled on, though he was without the help of Schöffer and of Faust, and in a few years afterward succeeded in making books which were as good as those of his rivals. Before he died, his name was attached to books printed as clearly and sharply as books are printed to-day.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE HOME OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Dr. Vernon O. Taylor writes in the October number of "Oliver Optic's Magazine":

Did any one of your numerous young gentleman or young lady readers ever visit the home of Daniel Webster?

Inferring that many "noes" would be shouted in response to this inquiry, it is thought not to be out of place to give a brief description of the aforesaid locality.

The home of Daniel Webster, while he lived, was in the town of Marshfield, Mass., and the house remains there still. The place is reached by an easy stage road from South Marshfield, from which the "place" is distant about two miles, and very near the Duxbury town line.

We are near the famous residence of the great statesman, and are yet not aware of the fact until we see a guide-board bearing the words "Green Arbor," the index finger on the board pointing in a northeasterly direction toward a road bordered thickly on each side by brush and maple and elm trees. Turning in the direction indicated, after a drive occupying but a few moments, we find ourselves before the Webster-mansion. It appears to be a large and spacious house, standing in the midst of a pleasantly cultivated plot of land. In the distance we see a young and thrifty orehard; in front of the house, and near the entrance, is a large and beautiful elm tree, so large that more than a hundred years must have elapsed since it first shot up from the soil, and so beautiful, because its branches spread their wings bravely forth in all directions, and the luxuriance of the foliage pleasantly meets the eye, and the limbs, stretching far out on each side, gracefully touch and sweep the earth, at points some sixty feet distant from each other.

We ring the bell at the door, and are immediately greeted by an intelligent-appearing Irishman, to whom we make known our desire of looking over the house. He acts as our guide, and we are shown through the various apartments. We visit in their respective orders the sitting-room, dining-room, library, several chambers and the conservatory. The sitting-room floor was covered with the same carpet which was trodden by Mr. Webster himself; it was of antique pattern, as also was the furniture. Upon the walls hung portraits of different members of the family, and the room appeared as if but lately occupied. The dining-room was a small but neat apartment, in which was the usual dining-room furniture. Upon the walls hung appetizing sketches; in one corner was a huge punch-bowl, made of thick plate glass, curiously carved, the whole standing nearly two feet high. Here also was the old family silver, which had been in the family for years.

Passing next into the library, we are amazed at its pleasant and home-like appearance. Here were all the books and curiosities belonging to Mr. Webster's collections: Law books on this side, books of travel on that; pamphlets here, unbound manuscript there. Here were beautiful oil paintings, mostly sketches of landscape. Upon the frame of one of the paintings was Mr. Webster's hat and cane; probably placed there by himself, and never afterward moved. It made us think that Mr. Webster had but just gone out, and would return soon. Hanging near the door was a pen-and-ink profile portrait of the mother of Daniel Webster, beneath which were written, in his own handwriting, these words:

MY EXCELLENT MOTHER.

D. W.

Near by, in a beautiful case, was a large collection of insects, embracing all the common and not a few of the uncommon kinds; each insect was pierced with a pin, and was thus secured to the board. We next saw a curious speciman of Chinese work, wrought in ivory, and elaborately carved in Oriental designs in a very tasty manner. A step farther on we found Mr. Webster's chair, which was an arm-

chair, an easy-chair, a reclining-chair, and a writing-chair, all combined. It was provided with a soft and easy cushion, and upon the arm of the chair, arranged upon a pivot, so that it could be moved in any direction, was a writing-desk, provided with all the necessary utensils and stationery for writing letters or legal documents. We next observed a large table, upon which was a "Register of Visitors to Green Arbor," in which we inscribe our names and residences.

Passing up stairs, we visit the chambers, which are large, well arranged and well lighted. The same antique carpets cover the floors; the beds are all made up, and appear to be ready for occupancy. Curtains of lace screen them. Mr. Webster's and the guest chamber bear about the same appearance, but the chamber of a son who was killed in the Mexican war looks entirely different. The bed is hung with the stars and stripes; pictures portraying battle scenes adorn the walls; there are no ornaments or knicknacks here; in their place we see a collection of powder, shot, balls, guns, pistols, and, in fact, all of the munitions used in war.

Leaving the house by a back entrance, we proceed along a graveled walk through the garden; we pass the pond and walk along a path which leads to the tomb of the Webster family. It is but a short distance from the house, and here repose the ashes of the immortal dead: Daniel, his wife, his son Fletcher—who was killed at the second battle of Bull Run, and who, when in command, occupied a responsible and leading position in one of our Massachusetts regiments—and others. But one son is now living of all that family, and he is Ashburton, now a young man of twenty-seven years of age.

We gladly paid a fee of twenty-five cents each for our entertainment. This sum is appropriated to the grounds; by means of it everything is kept in good repair, and in harmony with the pleasant mansion which stands upon the grounds. The old house has now, we believe, passed into other hands, and strangers tread that spot which was once the home, the place where he loved to dwell, of one of America's greatest statesmen.

A feeling of awe pervades one's mind when breathing the air of such a place; when beholding the same scenes that so eminent a man daily looked upon; when reading the books that he once studied; when gazing with delight upon the curious objects which it delighted him to secure, and when pacing the rooms, so rich in antiquity, as it were, so classic withal, and yet so beautiful.

WATCH THE BABIES.

How Mothers May Guard Their Infants' Livss. Instructions for the Care of Childreu in Summer Mouths.

CIRCULAR FROM A LEADING SOCIETY OF MEDICAL MEN.

The subjoined circular concerning the management of infants during the summer months was prepared by a committee of leading medical men, and officially recommended to the thoughtful attention of mothers by the Obstetrical society of Philadelphia:

RULES FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS RUNING THE HOT SEASON.

Rule 1. Bathe the child once a day in tepid water. If it is feeble sponge it all over twice a day with tepid water, or with tepid water and vinegar. The health of a child depends much upon its cleanliness.

Rule 2. Avoid all tight bandaging. Make the clothing light and cool, and so loose that the child may have free play for its limbs. At night undress it, sponge it and put on a slip. In the morning remove the slip, bathe the child and dress it in clean clothes. If this cannot be afforded, thoroughly air the day-clothing by hanging it up during the night. Use clean diapers and change them often. Never dry a soiled one in the nursery or the sitting-room, and never use one for a second time without first washing it.

Rule 3. The child should sleep by itself in a cot or a cradle. It should be put to bed at regular hours, and be early taught to go to sleep without being nursed in the arms. Without the advice of a physician never give it any spirits, cordials, carminatives, soothing syrups or sleeping drops. Thousands of children die every year from the use of these poisons. If the child frets and does not sleep, it is either hungry or else ill. If ill, it needs a physician. Never quiet it by brandy or by cake; they are common causes of diarrhœa and of other troubles.

Rule 4. Give the child plenty of fresh air. In the cool of the morning and evening send it out to the shady sides of broad streets, to the public squares, or to the park. Make frequent excursions on the rivers. Whenever it seems to suffer from the heat, let it drink freely of ice water. Keep it out of the room in which washing or cooking is going on. It is excessive heat that destroys the lives of young infants.

Rule 5. Keep your house sweet and clean, cool and well aired. In very hot weather let the windows be open day and night. Do your cooking in the yard, in a shed, in the garret, or in an upper room. Whitewash the walls every spring, and see that the cellar is clean of all rubbish. Let no slops collect to poison the air. Correct all foul smells by pouring carbolic acid or quicklime into the sinks and privies. The former article can be got from the nearest druggist, who will give the needful directions for its use. Make every effort yourself and urge your neighbors to keep the gutters of your street or of your court clean.

Rule 6. Breast-milk is the only proper food for infants. If the supply is ample and the child thrives on it, no other kind of food should be given while the hot weather lasts. If the mother has not enough she must not wean the child, but give it, besides the breast, goat's or cow's milk, as prepared under rule 8. Nurse the child once in two or three hours during the day, and as seldom as possible during the night. Always remove the child from the breast as soon as it has fallen asleep. Avoid giving the breast when you are overfatigued or over-heated.

Rule 7. If, unfortunately, the child must be brought up by hand, it should be fed on milk-diet alone—that is, warm milk out of a nursing-bottle, as directed under rule 8. Goat's milk is the best, and next to it cow's milk. If the child thrives on this diet, no other kind of food whatever should be given, while the hot weather lasts. At all seasons of the year, but especially in summer, there is no safe substitute for milk, if the infant has not cut its front teeth. *Sago, arrow-root*, potatoes, corn flour, crackers, bread, and every pulverized food, and *every article of diet containing starch* cannot and must not be depended on, as food for very young infants. Creeping or walking children must not be allowed to pick up unwholesome food.

Rule 8. Each bottleful of milk should be sweetened by a small lump of loaf-sugar, or by half a tea-spoonful of crushed sugar. If the milk is known to be pure, it may have one-fourth part of hot water added to it; but if it is not known to be pure, no water need be added. When the heat of the weather is great, the milk may be given quite cold. Be sure that the milk is unskimmed; have it as fresh as possible, and brought very early in the morning. Before using the pans into which it is to be poured, always scald them with boiling suds. In very hot weather boil the milk as soon as it comes, and not once put away the vessels holding it in the coolest place in the house—upon ice if it can be afforded or down a well. Milk carelessly allowed to stand in a warm room soon spoils, and becomes unfit for food.

Rule 9. If the milk should disagree, a tablespoonful of lime-water, may be added to each bottleful. Whenever pure milk cannot be got try the condensed milk, which often answers admirably. It is sold by all the leading druggists, and the grocers, and may be prepared by adding to six table-spoonfuls of boiling water without sugar, one table-spoonful of the milk, according to the age of the child. Should this disagree, a tea-spoonful of arrow-root, of sago, or of corn-starch to the pint of milk may be cautiously tried. If milk in any shape cannot be digested, try for a few days, pure cream diluted with three-fourths or four-fifths of water, returning to the milk as soon as possible.

Rule 10. The nursing-bottle must be kept perfectly clean, otherwise, the milk will turn sour and the child will be ill. After each meal it should be emptied, rinsed out, taken apart, and the tube, cork, nipple, and bottle placed in clean water, or in water to which a little soda has been added. It is a good plan to have two nursing-bottles, and to use them by turns.

Rule 11. Do not wean the child just before or during the hot weather, nor, as a rule until after its second summer. If sucking disagrees with the mother, she must not wean the child, but feed it in part out of a nursing-bottle, on such food as has been directed. However small the supply of breast-milk, provided that it agrees with the child, the mother should carefully keep it up against sickness; it alone, will often save the life of a child when everything else fails. When the child is over six months old, the mother may save her strength by giving it one or two meals a day of stale bread and milk, which should be pressed through a sieve and put into a nursing-bottle. When from eight months to a year old, it may have also one meal a day of the yolk of a fresh and pure-boiled egg; or one of beef or mutton broth into which stale bread has been crumbed. When older then this, it can have a little meat finely minced; but even then milk should be its principal food, and not such food as grown-up people eat.

BRIEF RULES FOR CASES OF EMERGENCY.

Rule 1. If the child is suddenly attacked with vomiting, purging and prostration, send for a doctor at once. In the meantime, put the child for a few minutes in a hot bath; then carefully wipe it dry with a warm towel, and wrap it in warm blankets. If its hands and feet are cold, bottles filled with hot water and wrapped in flannels, should be laid against them.

Rule 2. A mush poultice, or one made of flaxseed meal, to which one-quarter part of mustard flour has been added, or flannels wrung out of hot vinegar and water, should be placed over the belly.

Rule 3. Five drops of brandy in a tea-spoonful of water may be given every ten or fifteen minutes; but, if the vomiting persists, give this brandy in equal parts of milk and lime-water.

Rule 4. If the diarrhœa has just begun, or if it is caused by improper food, a tea-spoonful of castor-oil or of the spiced syrup of rhubarb should be given.

Rule 5. If the child has been fed partly on the breast and partly on other food, the mother's milk alone must now be used. If the child has been weaned, it should have pure milk with lime-water, or weak beef tea, or chicken water.

Rule 6. The child should be allowed to drink cold water freely.

Rule 7. The soiled diapers or the discharges should be at once removed from the room, but saved for the physician to examine at his visit.

For the convenience of mothers the following recipes for special forms of diet are given:

Boiled flour or flour ball: Take one quart of good flour; tie it up in a pudding-bag so as to make a firm, solid mass; put it into a pot of boiling water early in the morning, and let it boil until bed-time. Then take it out and let it dry. In the morning peel off from the surface and throw away the thin rind of dough, and, with a nutmeg-grater, grate down the hard, dry mass into a powder. Of this from one to three tea-spoonfuls may be used, by first rubbing it into a paste with a little milk, and finally by bringing the whole to just the boiling point. It must be given through a nursing-bottle.

An excellent food for children who are costive may be made by using bran-meal or unbolted flour instead of the white flour, preparing it as above directed.

Rice water: Wash four table-spoonfuls of rice, put it into two quarts of water, which boil down to one quart, and then add sugar and a little nutmeg. This makes a pleasant drink.

A pint or half a pint of milk added to the rice water before it is taken from the fire, gives a nourishing food suitable for cases of diarrhœa.

Sago, tapioca, barley or cracked corn can be prepared in the same manner.

Beef tea: Take one pound of juicy, lean beef—say a piece from the shoulder or the round—and mince it. Put it with its juice into an earthen vessel containing a pint of tepid water, and let the whole stand for one hour. Then slowly heat it to the boiling point and let it boil for three minutes. Strain the liquid through a cullender and stir in a little salt. If preferred, a little pepper or allspice may be added.

Mutton tea may be prepared in the same way. It makes an agreeable change when the patient has become tired of beef tea.

Raw beef for children: Take half a pound of juicy beef, free from any fat; mince it very finely, then rub it into a smooth pulp either in a mortar or with an ordinary potato-masher and press it through a fine sieve. Spread a little out upon a plate and sprinkle over it some salt, or some sugar if the child prefers it. Give it alone or spread upon a buttered slice of stale bread. It makes an excellent food for children with dysentery.

Correspondence.

A MEETING WITH THE POET LONGFELLOW, AND A VISIT TO SUMNER'S GRAVE.

LETTER FROM A HAMPTON STUDENT SINGER.

To the Editors of the Southern Workman:

One of the greatest pleasures that we have on our singing campaign is in being invited to social entertainments by friends of the school, and the opportunities this often gives us of meeting distinguished and interesting people.

I must tell you about our visit to Cambridge, and to the grave of Sumner.

On the 10th of May, Mrs. H. J. Moore, who has been a teacher among the freedmen in the South, being much interested in our Institution, invited us to her residence in Cambridge. It was a stormy Saturday, and though we reached her house in the forenoon, we were prevented by the weather from carrying out all the programme that had been arranged for our visit. Nevertheless, we engaged in pleasant and social amusements,—spelling matches, charades, etc.—which was a great relief and pleasure to us after singing nearly every evening for several weeks.

Mr. Moore, being one of the Custom-house officers, could not be present in the afternoon, but came in the evening, when all the guests had arrived. Among them were Professor Brockie, of Yale College, and Professor Henry W. Longfellow, whose delightful poems so many have read, who have not seen his aged, but young-looking, face.

Mr. Frederic Moore and his brothers entertained us with a very amusing shadow-pantomime of the "Hungry Chinee."

After a delightful evening, all went home except the five young ladies of the Hampton Students, whom Mrs. Moore invited to stay all night, as most of the guests desired to go to Mount Auburn Cemetery, with Mrs. Moore and the Students, the next day, to see the grave of Hon. Charles Sumner, that great and noble friend of our people, in their time of bondage and trouble.

The next day was a beautiful Sunday; the air was fresh, and the gentle breezes seemed to speak of the goodness of the great Creator. Even the grass looked greener and fresher, and the dust was laid, after the rain storm. At half-past ten, we took the cars to Mount Auburn from Boston, and having to go through Main Street, Cambridge, we were all right to meet our party. Mrs. Moore and the young ladies came on the car, and we proceeded to Mount Auburn. After we reached the cemetery, we entered at first the beautiful little marble chapel, in which funeral services are sometimes performed, and sang, while we waited for Mr. Moore, Professor Longfellow, and the rest. They soon arrived, and we walked in procession toward Sumner's grave.

As we marched along the beautiful pathways decorated with stone-work, and sweet flowers that filled the air with odor, we saw all kinds of sepulchers and tomb stones, having figures of angels and names carved on them. When we reached the grave, we stood in a circle and sang two of our historical songs; namely, "O Dust and Ashes, Fly Over on my Grave"; "My Lord, What a Morning." These songs sent a thrill through each one's heart, to think how much this honorable man had done for our people, and how he stood by us even to the last moment. Everything he did and bore for us seemed to come fresh in our memories: The heavy blow dealt by a coward's hand; the earnest words in Congress, for our people; and, greatest of all, the urging of President Lincoln (who was also our real friend), to declare the Emancipation Proclamation at the critical moment, when slavery having reached its height, was shaking to its foundation under the strokes of eloquence and the scourge of war. This is the time when God made Sumner an instrument to do his work more thoroughly than ever before: so he gave the great wheel of justice a turn, and let it crush slavery out of existence.

Our hearts thrilled with enthusiasm while we stood silently around the grave of this noble defender of justice—this Union Star of America. I feel unable to express the thoughts of gratitude that we gave God in secret, and the reverence for our true friend, whose last words were so earnestly and emphatically spoken before he left us and joined the angels of light: "*Don't let the Civil Rights Bill fail.*"

His grave did not look melancholy and desolate: it was decorated with flowers, by friendly hands, and is situated in one of the choicest spots in beautiful Mount Auburn, which looks more like a fine park, than a grave-yard.

After leaving the grave, we ascended a high tower and viewed the whole cemetery, which is very large. We could see all around for several miles. We descended the tower singing "John Brown's Body," etc.

Then Professor Longfellow desired us to call at his residence in Cambridge, and we did so. We were more than pleased to see such a library as he has. We sang two songs; then went to Mrs. Moore's house and took dinner; after which, Hon. John Owens, who was once our minister to Italy, spoke a few words about Mr. Sumner, and encouraged us in our good work for our people.

We went home to in the afternoon, feeling happy and full of delight over that day's information and pleasure; at the same time thanking Mr. and Mrs. Moore for making everything so pleasant for us.

J. B. T.

TEMPERANCE.

The drunkards of to-day were innocent school children a few years ago, and the drunkards of a few years hence will be of those who are boys to-day. "Wine is a mocker." It deceives the boy with false ideas of manliness; it disappoints the man by giving him the weakness without the innocence of boyhood; to the cold it offers warmth; to the overheated it promises coolness; the weak it tantalizes with anticipated strength; the sick it cheers with false hopes of health; it deludes the coward with expectations of courage, and makes the really brave reckless and foolhardy; it ridicules the wise by giving them the tongues of fools; it offers pleasure, but derides the seeker by only giving mortification and pain; it makes the very ground mock the step staggering with unsteady motion; and at the bitter end of protracted dissipation it sums up an accumulation of horrors in dreadful "delirium tremens," when the sufferer is taunted by fiends who seem to laugh and jeer and revel with satanic satisfaction about the wreck of their unfortunate victim.

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

BY BRET HARTE.

Two low whistles, faint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song or midnight roundelay,
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true,
So love to you,
Working or waiting; Good-night!" it said.

Brisk young hagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled at the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence—
"Nothing amiss,
Nothing!—it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang as it flew:
"To our trust true,
First of all Duty—Good-night!" it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more,
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds: "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead.

New York Tribune.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

The cracking of a picture placed in the sunshine set Van Eyck experimenting to produce a varnish that would dry in the shade. He found what he sought, and found besides, that by mixing it with his colors, they acquired greater force and brilliancy, and required no subsequent varnishing; and so about the discovery or rediscovery, of the art of painting in oil. Mezzotinto owed its invention by Prince Rupert to the simple accident of a sentry's gun-barrel being rusted by the dew. Henry Schanword, a Nuremburg glasscutter, happened to let some aqua-fortis fall upon his spectacles, and noticed the glass was corroded and softened where the aqua-fortis had touched it. Taking the hint, he made the liquid accordingly, drew some figures upon a piece of glass, covered them with varnish, and applied his corroding fluid, cut away the glass around his drawing, so that when he removed the varnish, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground; and etching upon glass was added to the ornamental arts. Alois Senefelder, playwright and actor, thinking possible to etch upon stone in place of copper, polished a slab for the purpose. He was disturbed by his mother coming into his small laboratory with a request that he would jot down her list of things for the wash, as the woman was waiting to take the basket away. There being neither paper nor ink handy, Senefelder scribbled the items on his stone with his etching preparation, that he might copy them at his leisure. Some time afterward, when about to clean the stone, he thought he might see what would be the effect of biting the stone with aqua-fortis, and in a few moments saw the writing standing out in relief. Taking up a pelt-ball charged with printing ink, he inked the stone, took off a few impressions on paper, and he had invented lithography. The pelt-ball used by Senefelder was long indispensable in a printing office. A Salopian printer, in a hurry to get on with a job, could not find his ball, and inked his form with a piece of soft glue that had fallen out of the glue pot, with such excellent results, that he henceforth discarded the pelt-ball altogether, and, by adding treacle to the glue, to keep it from hardening, hit upon the composition of which printers' rollers have ever since been made. Three very different discoveries are recorded to have resulted from the unintentional application of intense heat. Pliny attributes the discovery of glass to some merchants traveling with nitre, who, stopping on the banks of a river to take a meal, were at a loss for stones to rest their kettles upon. Putting them upon pieces of nitre, they kindled their fires; nitre, dissolved by the heat, mixed with the sand, and the merchants were astonished to see a transparent matter flowing over the ground, which was nothing else but glass. Charles Goodyear had for many years experimented in vain, hoping to deprive India-rubber of its susceptibility to the action of heat and cold. Conversing with a friend on the subject, he emphasized an assertion by flinging a piece of sulphured rubber across the room. It lighted upon the stove; and when he picked it up, a few days afterward, he found the intense heat to which it had been subjected had conferred upon the India-rubber just the quality he had so long striven to impart to it. According to some, he stumbled upon the discovery in a different manner; but, at any rate, vulcanized India-rubber was the creation of an accident. A Limerick tobacconist, looking dolefully at his poor neighbors groping among the smoldering ruins of his burned out shop, noticed that some of them, after trying the contents of certain canisters, carefully loaded their waistcoat pockets from them. He followed suit, and found the snuff had come out of the fiery ordeal very much improved in pungency and aroma. Like a wise man, he said nothing, but took another place, set up a lot of ovens, and before long, Black Yard snuff—otherwise "Irish Blackguard"—was all the rage with lovers of nasal titillation; and in a few years Lundyfoot was a rich man, owing to the accident he thought had ruined him. A would-be alchemist, seeking to discover what mixture of earths would make the strongest crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. Instead of transmuting metals, as he had fondly hoped to do, Bottger transmuted himself; as if he had been touched with a conjurer's wand, he was on a sudden transformed from an alchemist into a potter.
—*Chamber's Journal.*

HOW TO MAKE COARSE WOOD LOOK LIKE POLISHED MAHOGANY.

The following process is recommended in *Wiederhold's Trade Circular:* The coarse wood is first coated with a colored size, which is prepared by thoroughly mixing up, in a warm solution of one part of commercial glue in six parts of water, a sufficient quantity of the commercial mahogany brown, which is in reality an iron oxide, and in color stands between so-called English red and oxide of iron. This is best effected by adding, in excess, a sufficient quantity of the dry color with the warm solution of glue, and thoroughly mixing the mass, by means of a brush, until a uniform paste is obtained, in which no more dry red particles are seen.

A trial coat is then laid upon a piece of wood. If it is desired to give a light mahogany color to the object, it is only necessary to add less, and for a darker color more, of the brown body color. When the coat is dry, it may be tested, by rubbing with the fingers, whether the color easily separates or not. In the former case, more glue must be added until the dry trial coat no longer perceptibly rubs off with the hands. Having ascertained in this way the right condition of the size color with respect to tint and strength, it is then warmed slightly, and worked through a hair sieve by means of a brush. After this, it is rubbed upon the wood surface with the brush, which has been carefully washed. It is not necessary to keep the color warm during the painting. Should it become thick by gelatinizing, it may be laid on the wood with the brush, and dries more rapidly than when the color is too thin. If the wood is porous and absorbs much color, a second coat may be laid on the first, when dry, which will be sufficient in all cases. On drying, the size appears dull and unsightly; but the following coat changes immediately the appearance of the surface. This coat is spirit varnish. For its production, three parts of spirits of wine of 90° are added, in excess, to one part of red acaroid resin in one vessel, and in another ten parts of shellac, with forty parts of spirits of wine of 80°. By repeated agitation for three or four days, the spirit dissolves the resin completely. The shellac solution is then poured carefully from the sediment, or, better still, filtered through a fine cloth, when it may be observed that a slight, milky turbidity is no detriment to its use. The resin solution is best filtered into the shellac solution by pouring through a funnel loosely packed with wadding.

When filtered, the solutions of both resins are mixed by agitating the vessel, and letting the varnish stand a few days. The acaroid resin colors the shellac, and imparts to it at the same time the degree of suppleness usually obtained by the addition of Venetian turpentine or linseed oil. If the varnish is to be employed as a coat, the upper layers are poured off at once from the vessel. One or two coats suffice, as a rule, to give the object an exceedingly pleasing effect. The coats dry very quickly; and care must be taken not to apply the second coat till the first is completely dry.—*The American Builder.*

MIXTURE OF ALKALINE SALTS WITH PLASTER OF PARIS.

Persons occupied in making plaster casts have been for a long time aware that unburned gypsum can be made to harden by the use of an alkaline solution, and that if this be employed in connection with the burned gypsum, or the regular calcined plaster, a much firmer mass is produced. Some detailed experiments have lately been made by Mr. Schott, in Brunswick, which may furnish some important hints in regard to the use of sulphate of lime with potash. Thus, if equal parts of powdered crystallized sulphate of lime and of a neutral sulphate of potassa be mixed together, and then reduced to a paste with water, the mass hardens perfectly, and more quickly than gypsum in the ordinary treatment. If equal parts of common calcined plaster of Paris and of sulphate of potassa be mixed together, they will harden in a moment with less than an equivalent weight of water; so much so, indeed, that the mixture cannot be poured out of the vessel. If, however, one part of each of the salts and two of water be used, they form a mass which can be poured out, and the surface of which will be found coated with a crust of sulphate of potash. The rapidity of hardening, therefore, can be made to vary with the percentage of water, the mass solidifying even if six parts water be used.

EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE CONSTITUTION.

It is well known among physicians, that, the prognosis for a sick man, who does not use alcoholic drinks, is always more favorable, than for one who does; while the expectations are more unfavorable in proportion to the amount and strength of the liquor he consumes, no matter what the disease may be. Ordinary, slight diseases, of little account for a temperate individual, take in a drinker always a serious form. During epidemics, drunkards are without fail the first to suffer from them: for instance, in cholera epidemics, they are invariably the first victims, while the maximum deaths occur on days after the weekly libations, that is Tuesday and Wednesday. Hard drinkers are always very severely attacked when typhoid fever, dysentery or small-pox prevail. Their disposition to febrile delirium greatly augments the danger of all acute diseases. But in the case of wounds, the difference between a drunkard and a temperate man, is most striking: while among the latter, wounds usually heal by first intention accompanied by a healthy inflammation, easily subdued when too active, we find, that among drunkards, the dangers of phlegmon, erysipelas and gangrene, are constantly threatening, cicatrization is continually delayed, and the wound and its surroundings present, as a rule, a bad aspect; while the most trifling wounds, and even mere scratches, scarcely noticed by a temperate individual, become, often, for a drunkard, matters of the most serious consequences.—*The Manufacturer and Builder.*

FASTEN a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

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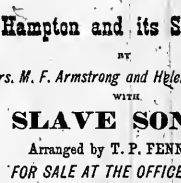

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DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. III. HAMPTON, VA., OCTOBER, 1874. NO. 10.

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Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, F. RICHARDSON, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, OCTOBER, 1874.

We have before us a letter from Manchester, New Hampshire, written by an authority on cotton manufacture, which institutes a comparison between steam and water-power, and contains facts full of encouragement for this region, and for the city of Norfolk in particular. Manchester, as our readers may be aware, has become a large place since 1839, by taking advantage of a descent of fifty-four feet to the mile to the Merrimack River. The annual rental paid by the mills is, says our correspondent, "$5.00 for each horse-power of water used, to which should be added say $1.00 per annum for attendance on wheels and gates and oil and tallow, and to make a complete comparison, say $10.00 more for fuel and fireman for heating the mill and supplying steam for the dressing works; making a total cost per horse-power of $16.00 per annum."

"The average cost of steam-power in this region (of New Hampshire) is very close to $52.00 per annum. I have the record of one at Fall River, which is $42.00." "The Fall River people claim to save the difference in power, in freight, and other expenses, by being near the markets and also by getting their coal somewhat cheaper."

An engine of fifty horse-power would be sufficient for a factory of four thousand spindles. Taking the difference between $52.00 and $16.00 would give $36.00 as the loss by employing steam at Manchester. Or $18.00 per year loss in the running expenses of steam factories at Manchester. The steam factories at Fall River claim to make up this difference by saving in freight and coal.

Let us see how it would be at Norfolk. Raw cotton is worth $2.00 per bale less at Norfolk than at Manchester. A factory of the size supposed would consume in a year about fourteen hundred bales. The saving in favor of Norfolk in freight on the raw material would be $2800.00, or $1000.00 in excess of the loss by using steam-power.

The city of Norfolk averages during the six coldest months of the year forty-eight degrees in temperature. Manchester averages during the same period not less than three degrees below freezing. The heating expenses saved by having a mill at Norfolk in place of Manchester would be sufficient to offset the annual loss by depreciation of steam machinery. The first cost of steam-power is about the same as the expense of building Davis' canals wheels and pits for a water mill.

James River coal could be delivered at the doors of factories at Norfolk for $5.20 per ton; but a better quality of Virginia coal comes via Baltimore at about the same price. At four pounds per hour, and counting thirteen hours per day, each horse-power would cost at Norfolk in a year of working days $37.44 for coal. The expense per horse-power for coal at Manchester is $40.00 per annum.

Norfolk has been rapidly assuming the position of a first-class cotton depot, as is shown by the erection during the past year of three of the heaviest cotton presses in America, and by the crowded bales upon her wharves. Hundreds of sites offer themselves around the city, where lighters would deliver the raw material direct from the cars or canal boats, at a merely nominal expense. By the same method lumber is delivered at $14.00 per thousand feet of merchantable Yellow Pine.

Laborers at Norfolk can afford to work cheaper than at Manchester, because living expenses of all kinds are less. Poor people live often in houses neither ceiled nor plastered, and their fuel bills are less than half of a New Hampshire laborer's in a tight house. Five cents will buy fish enough for a whole family's dinner; and oysters are hawked about the streets at twenty to twenty-five cents per quart. The market for all kinds of vegetables is often glutted; and berries after the first of the season, can be had for almost nothing from the farmers.

In and around Norfolk are thirty thousand people, for the female part of whom there is actually no industry that would compete with a cotton factory. From so many there would be enough who would be handy and easy to teach. The blessing of such a source of employment to the community would be appreciated so far as to secure partial if not total exemption from taxation.

A large part of the goods made at Norfolk would have to be sent to New York for sale. In this respect the Southern factory would be subject to nearly the same expense as the one at Manchester.

Cotton spinning is not altogether a new thing in this region. There are now eight mills in operation at Petersburg, only eighty-four miles from Norfolk. These mills though small, have been reasonably prosperous; and the last one built, running only sixty-two looms, depends entirely upon steam-power. We have been assured by the manager of one of the Petersburg mills, that one important difficulty they have to contend with, is the scarcity of good hands. Some would be naturally adapted to the work and learn easily; others would not. But there are not enough good hands to enable the manager to select and employ only those who are capable of rapid work.

This point of labor seems to us a very important one in favor of Norfolk over any other place of equal facilities in cheap transportation. The white population in and near the city number nearly twenty thousand. The males are employed in trading and mechanical pursuits, and on the water. Their families are compelled to remain at Norfolk; and the poor would be eager in many cases to work for the lowest wages ever paid in New England.

Of two eminent thieves Tweed of New York is in jail, while Moses of South Carolina still defies the law. Public opinion punishes the one, but cannot even arrest the other. The most difficult and necessary task of despots, is to muzzle the press. This was impossible in New York; but in South Carolina, Slavery had already performed the work, and prepared the ground for a crop of evils.

The triumph of Moses has been founded on the fact that written language was unknown to the common people. Had every voter been able to read, the antagonists of the capitalists could never have been combined solidly against the best interests of the state. The venality of the public servants would have been known and felt as an injury and stigma to all classes; and fitness rather than politics would have been sought in legislators. To the present wholesale suppression of right, a reaction must come. Even Moses will be unable to roll back the deluge. But so long as ignorance prevails at the polls, union will give strength for evil; and the blind followers of political tricksters, both black and white, will at times combine to work incalculable injury to the state.

The first fine enthusiasm of the ex-slave was for education. It gained him the admiring sympathy of good men. His last passion for politics has not the same effect. The former was food convenient for him; for the latter he has proved in South Carolina, that he was unprepared. His shameless legislature has ruined the credit of a great state. Without him, Moses and his crew would pass away. His attitude is opposed to order and decency,—an outrage upon the moral sense of every community which has a public opinion. So far as in him lies, he is committing political suicide. The wax of his wings is already melting in the sun. Even Grant is forsaking him; and whether or not his abuse of power results in war followed by Federal interference, the principle of universal suffrage is likely to be curtailed.

In view of South Carolina how imperative seems the necessity for more reading, writing and thinking among the colored people in order that they may be saved from themselves. Their fate is in their own hands; their friends can only hand them the ladder; it remains for them to mount. No laws will secure them lasting honors unless they make themselves worthy; nor permanently prevent them from filling positions for which they really fit themselves. Unreasoning prejudice itself will melt away, if they rightly use their great opportunities.

Though great changes require time, it will be the fault of the colored people themselves, if many of the rising generation do not attain wealth. Industry, sobriety, and the common school, are their true stepping stones to usefulness in the community. If the colored people make the most of these, the world will be compelled to respect them, and their best friends will be justified in the high opinion they have formed of the capabilities of the race.

Before the war, which brought out all that there was of strength, manhood, endurance and patriotism in the two sections, it was a commonly received opinion that the South was lacking in those great elements of individual success, energy and perseverance. But we may well challenge the annals of history to show an instance of more steady and rapid recovery from the devastation of war than can be furnished in Hampton.

Thirteen years ago it was literally laid in ashes, only some half dozen houses remaining unhurt, and all but three of them subsequently destroyed. Four years afterward the citizens, all but the smallest remnant of whom had become voluntary refugees, returned to their homes, or what had once been their homes, and set about the work of repairing their fallen fortunes. And now, when not ten years have elapsed since the work of reconstruction begun, we see the town exceeding its former thrift, over-reaching its original bounds, and renewing its youth for the fresh career that opens before it. True, a new generation fills our streets, but they are for the most part of the same stock and lineage of the old; only the hardships they have undergone,—the privation of the camp, the fatigue of the march, the perils of battle, the strife of conflict—have given quickness to their apprehensions, keenness to their vision, temper to their minds, resolution to their wills and courage to their hearts, so that undismayed by disaster and undaunted by difficulty they have stripped themselves for the race after wealth, and many of them are reaping the reward which their energy and industry so richly deserve.

It gives us pleasure to record instances of individual success, and to speak particularly of the improvements going on around us. Among the buildings of the town the most noticeable both as to style and location is that of Mr. J. S. Darling, just opposite Barnes' Hotel. This is a square house with mansard roof, three bay windows, two of them running up two stories, and has all the modern improvements, except gas. Mr. L. H. Sclater has built a very handsome cottage residence on the site of the old Chesapeake Hall. It is of the Jersey style of cottage,—cross-shaped, two stories high and containing eight rooms. Mr. M. Colbert, our enterprising news dealer, has now in course of erection and nearly completed, a building on Queen near the Cross streets, with six rooms above and constructed for two stores below. It is 30x40 feet with square open front, and will be one of the handsomest business houses in the place.

Mr. J. W. Richardson has just completed a new store and dwelling on the corner of Queen and Back streets, just opposite St. John's church.

All these men, with one exception, started in 1865 without a copper.

Last, but not least, the school trustees have now in course of erection a brick school-house on the old academy lot, 43x48 feet, rectangular, with break in front, two stories high, six rooms, and capacity for two hundred scholars. The house is to be heated throughout by a furnace below, and will probably be ready for occupation by January 1, 1875.

Messrs. Smithers & Daugherty are the contractors for all these houses, but Mr. C. D. Cake is the architect of the last mentioned. We rejoice in the prosperity of the town, and hope that this is but a beginning of that which is to come. We have always made it a point to keep the prosperity of the place prominently before the people, and shall still continue to do so.

"THE CHICAGO HEBREW SCHOLARSHIP."

Hampton Normal School acknowledges with peculiar pleasure, a gift under the above title, from Mr. Henry Greenebaum of Chicago (of the firm of Henry Greenebaum & Co., bankers), and others of his co-religionists in that city, who have thus provided the means to send a student through the three years course in the school, and into the field as teacher of the freedmen.

It is pleasant to have the unsectarian and unsectional character of the school thus acknowledged by sympathetic help from all hands, and particularly pleasant to see this cause recognized by the nation whose history furnishes such remarkable parallels to that of the American freedmen, that they have universally adopted it as the type of their own.

The Jewish people are everywhere noted for their ample provision for their own poor. Such an act as this is pleasing evidence that they still regard the ancient command of their great Lawgiver: "Love the stranger also, for that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt;" and still claim the blessing of Him who said: "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

AN EXCURSION.

II.

Now to resume our excursion. You remember, good reader,—or if you do not you ought to—that when we closed our last we were just turning into the "Big Corporal's" gate. Some of you may desire to know who the Big Corporal is. Well, as his nickname implies, he is a big man, and was a corporal during the late war. No! I am not going to tell you which side he fought on, for all sectional prejudices have not yet disappeared; too many of the roots of bitterness yet remain; and I am not going to write anything that will quicken or perpetuate them. These were all good enough in their place and time; but they have served their turn; and, now that they are dying, let them die. And let us not weep over their graves, or sigh for their return with their reign of terror, their deluge of blood, their burning hates, their devastating fires, their carnage, pillage, murders, and all their countless train of horrors. Suffice to say the Big Corporal was a soldier true—true to his friends and generous to his foes. "But give us his name, his name!" Ah, yes! pardon me my friends. I am too much like the Widow Bedott. But we only get together once a month, and you must make some allowance for over fullness. Well, his name is Samuel W. Phillips; and the more you see of him the better you will like him. What a rousing welcome we receive! The dogs bark it; the chickens crow it; the little pickaninny swings opens the gate and grins it; the master opens his hand and showers it; the mistress opens her heart and repeats it; the big, fat cook opens the pantry and spreads it in all the effusion of far-famed Old Virginia hospitality.

Let us just suppose that we have spent the night and after breakfast next morning are taken around by our host to look at his farm. We find the land lower, stiffer, and of a darker color than that previously examined; naturally more fertile, but requiring deeper tillage, more thorough draining, and not admitting of such variety in products cultivated; better for the smaller grains and grazing purposes, but not so well adapted to vegetables and fruits. If we might judge of the fertility of the soil from the condition of the stock we should put this down as an exceedingly fertile farm. From the pig in the sty to the horse in the plow, everything is fat and well-kept; not a hint of poverty anywhere.

But we must be moving on. We will now ride through this small skirt of woods, pay our compliments to Capt. W. P. Phillips, and then on for an hour's chat with old Uncle Ben Phillips. Why, this a neighborhood of Phillips', is n't it? Pretty much: they are all Phillips' or Heckman's, or related to them. But Uncle Ben has for years occupied a prominent place in the family. In early life filled with a love of adventure he went out west as far as the Rocky Mountains, and followed the business of trapping for a number of years. So long did he remain unheard from that his relatives gave him up for dead. But, finally growing tired of the wild life of the forests, he returned to his old home and settled down as all thought for life; but the California gold fever rekindled his thirst for adventure, and though considerably past the prime of life he once more started for the mountains and the woods. When the late war broke out his indomitable spirit again asserted itself, and with rifle in hand he won his title to the "Scout of the Peninsula." Age has silvered his hair and furrowed his cheek, but it has not yet bowed the noble spirit animating the heart that beats in his bosom. Blunt and laconic in speech; honest and straightforward in dealing; fearless of person and resolute of will,—there is yet about him a gentleness of manner that reveals the innate kindness of his heart. Pleasant as it is to sit and hear him relate his adventures by "flood and field," we must bid him good-bye and resume our ramble.

Retracing our steps a little, we soon enter Fox Hill proper. This is a peculiar country; and I think it no sin and mean no harm when I say that the people are as peculiar as the country. If you will observe, you will see that the country is formed of four, long, parallel ridges with intervening salt meadows down which run narrow, shallow streams emptying into Back River. These ridges are successively known as Wallace's, Lewis', Holton's, and Hawkins'; and the locality of a person's residence is designated by the ridge on which he lives. The meadows—or, to use the vernacular of the locality, the "marshes"—are about the same width as the ridges, but extend much beyond them, forming on the northern side, what might, perhaps, properly be called a tide-water prairie. The country is quite thickly populated, the land being divided into farms of from five and ten to fifty and sixty acres. But until late years, and even now to some extent, the cultivation of the soil was of secondary importance, the inhabitants living mainly from the water, fishing in summer and oystering in winter. Some of them are also employed as mechanics and laborers in the Government works at Fort Monroe. Here is furnished a beautiful illustration of the readiness with which man adapts himself to the conditions of climate, soil and geographical position. With a soil thin and unproductive, much of it subject to tidal overflow; and, until recently, poor facilities for transportation to market,—it was evident that nothing commensurate with man's ordinary necessities could be accomplished by agriculture; but there were two adjuncts to it which presented themselves and which they were keen to perceive and quick to avail themselves of. The waters around them abounded in fish and oysters; and the salt meadows could afford pasturage for hundreds of cattle: so, turning their attention mainly to these, they contented themselves with only sufficient cultivation of the soil to supply the necessary grain and vegetables for home consumption. The cattle are small, hardy and inferior, but very tenacious of life. They are allowed to run at large, and rarely if ever fed. Where the choice breeds such as the Alderney and Devon would perish from hunger, they can give a good crab choice of position and then thrive.

But I must bring this ramble to a close reserving further mention of the people in my next.

CRAB.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

PRACTICE AND THEORY.

In conversation with a friend, a farmer relates his experience in raising grapes and trees, entering into the minutest details; sometimes becoming quite eloquent when describing his victories over the enemies which infest them.

"His knowledge," he said, "was gained by dint of application, by actual experience and hard labor. It was none of your book knowledge, written by men who knew nothing about farming."

The above is quoted because it illustrates a very common idea among successful practical men, who are themselves very worthy of being written upon, for the instruction of beginners. They are cautious about book knowledge; probably because they have been misled, and lost time and money. But it is evident from the large advantage which many succeed in deriving from books, that the trouble is often as much in the reader as in the writer. Narratives truthfully drawn up, cannot mislead, except where the circumstances differ, and the readers are not skillful enough to make the necessary allowances. For instance, on the subject of drainage: where there is too much water, as in England, a story of scientific farming treats of good drainage first. But where there is too little water, as in Colorado, scientific farming means irrigation. In both cases, as also in Virginia, scientific farming is the proper recipe, but it would hardly do for a pioneer at Greeley to use an English farm dictionary. And so in regard to the whole range of out-door management,—a wise adaptation of means to ends, requires an entire reversal of methods at times, and important modifications generally of written instructions.

Lest the writer should be suspected of prejudice upon the subject of drainage, he would state that he has used tiles, and is a full believer in them in the North.

In 1869 he saw laid about four hundred yards of tile drains on an acre of the Hampton School farm as an experiment. He is confident that the money was sunk, in the American sense of the term.

With much deference to Northern and English prejudice he would state his profound conviction that neither a Yankee nor an Englishman is competent to grow a first-class crop of corn at Norfolk, unless he uses the local experience. If the superficial crust is broken during a dry time, and the air admitted, the crop will be spoiled. Scientific farming at Norfolk during dry weather means a deep, mellow bed, not too porous, *under the crust;* and an Englishman would drain away the needed moisture, while a Yankee would aerate the crop to dryness with his cultivator. However unpalatable these facts to strangers, they are the fruit of actual observation on the ground, by one who came but a few years since to Virginia, strongly prejudiced in favor both of tile drainage and constant cultivation. The refusal to recognize *facts*, which conflict with theories elsewhere, can only result in disaster to the new comer, and discouragement to the cause of emigration.

Riding some years since on the head waters of the Roanoke, the driver told of several Northern men who had come into that country soon after the war, with the intention of showing the natives how to farm. They launched out largely, built great barns, and had fine cattle. But the driver remarked that they did not raise as big crops as the farmers around there, and had all gone home. It was a saddening story to the writer, who is always sorry to hear of Yankee or Englishman, going home *from* Virginia. It is to be feared the people to whom the wanderer returns, will fail to comprehend, that he had himself only to blame for not finding or making a delightful home in the old State, whose natural advantages are so far superior to any of her Northern sisters, and who offers immensely better chances than the West, to persons who come prepared to use their previous knowledge of farming, rather as furnishing hints, than infallible rules defiant of climate.

OBSERVER.

Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

LONDON, *June* 25, 1874.

I have often wished since I came over here that I had the gift of sketching from nature. I could fill a Webster's Dictionary (unabridged) with views of little interesting things that one sees here at every turn,—ivy-covered walls, groups of trees, glimpses of water, and almost every conceivable variety of charming miniature landscapes. At the Crystal Palace, especially, one might sketch for days or weeks over, and not exhaust the subject. The gardens here are lovely—beautifully laid out, and covering I should think thirty acres; with beautiful fountains, inviting little arbors and summer houses, clumps of trees here and there, and delightful walks and winding paths in all directions. From the top of the Tower, which is two hundred feet higher than the dome of St Paul's, it all looks like a huge Chinese puzzle. Part of the grounds nearest the Palace are terraced, with massive granite steps and great Egyptian Sphinxes on each side, making the front approach very imposing in appearance. The whole building is in itself a great curiosity, and looks anything but substantial; nothing can be seen but iron and glass except the wooden floors in some parts. The Tower looks like a structure of open-work ivory, but when one is within it proves to be very solid and finely built.

A stroll about the streets or suburbs of London is always sure to be interesting. In whatever direction one may turn his steps, the various styles of architecture, the magnificence of some of the public buildings, the quaint oddity of others, the ivy or moss-covered edifices, the ancient churches—the ornamentation elegant, elaborate, sometimes grotesque—and over all, the general flavor of antiquity, long-established, time-honored respectability,—give an almost solemn charm to it in the eyes of an American accustomed to the stamp of comparative newness everywhere surrounding him. I wish that in our goodly land there were more buildings erected that would give promise of standing to grow venerable with age, gathering around them the associations and memories of added years, that they might be treasured with affectionate veneration in the hearts of coming generations. But we are in too great a hurry to see everything that we begin, done and finished up; and I greatly fear that edifices such as Westminster Abbey, for instance (of which I intend to write more particularly in a future letter), which was centuries in building, will not soon form a part of any American landscape.

In company with my friend and room-mate F. I have recently made a short visit to Brighton—the English Saratoga, or rather Newport; being on the sea I often long for a whiff of the salt sea air (not being so oppressed with a sense of the nearness of every part of the Island to the sea as was the old gentleman who said he was afraid to go to bed in England least in his sleep he might tumble out and roll into the Ocean). Oh, for a sail in the *Quakeress* or a row in the *Queen Emma* on the waters of Hampton; or even the tamer sort of boating upon the beautiful Charles River, where I have spent so many pleasant hours!

Brighton is situated directly upon the southern coast of England. A very pleasant ride of an hour and a half brought us there early in a pleasant June afternoon. It was not the fashionable "season" at that time; so of course we saw nothing of the style and elegance which display themselves there some few weeks later; but we saw a good deal; in fact, about all of the place, which seemed to us rather an inferior one, possessing few of the attractions one looks for in a watering place famous as this is. There is really no beach—properly so called. What passes for one is all stones, no sand, and altogether, not inviting as a bathing place. We arrived at half past three and struck at once for the sea, which was visible just at the foot of Queen's Road. This begins opposite the depot and leads directly to King's Road, which follows along the beach (such as it is) not more than a hundred feet from the shore. Of course we visited the world-renowned aquarium; but here again we were greatly disappointed; perhaps our expectations were unreasonable; but we had been told it was the largest and most perfect one in the world; but I think the one at the Crystal Palace, though on a much smaller scale, is in every other respect fully equal to it. We saw a live Octopus (a sort of India-rubber ball with about two hundred legs), which employs itself in gyrating around its tank and taking in small fishes or anything else that comes within its reach. After refreshing ourselves (it being a very hot day) with ice cream served to us below the surface of Mother Earth, we sallied forth and walked all around that part of the town. We spent the night at a very nice boarding house, the proprietor of which was a friend of one of my teachers at the academy, enjoyed greatly our excellent supper here and the refreshing night's sleep which followed it.

The next morning we went out to the "Devil's Dyke," a natural curiosity about six miles from Brighton. Our obliging host very kindly gave us the use of his phaeton, and a pair of beautiful little ponies which took us out there in less than half an hour, though it was an uphill road all the way. Ponies are in very common use here; but I think I never saw a handsomer pair than these. The summit of the Dyke being reached, we were assailed by a daguerreotype artist, and as he shewed us some very good pictures he had taken, we sat, phaeton, ponies and all, for ours; and the result was very satisfactory.

The view from the top of the enbankment is grand; the country stretches out for miles around like a panorama. Looking straight down, the wheat fields and pastures resemble the squares on a checker-board; the men look like children; from this elevation we could see parts of sixteen different counties. We staid about an hour enjoying the bracing air and beautiful view and then started on our return trip. Going out, we rode all around the east part of the town, and returning we took in the west side; so that we think we have a tolerably correct idea of Brighton and its surroundings. The ponies were fresh after their hour's rest and ready to come flying over the down hill road, and it was only by a strong pull upon the reins and the aid of a small brake attached to the carriage, that they could be coaxed into a steady trot; but they brought us back safely to the house. After paying our bill for bed and board, and personally expressing our thanks to our kindly host for the pleasant ride we had enjoyed, through his friendly courtesy, we made our way very leisurely to the depot, and taking the 5 P. M. express, were in our room in London again by eight, feeling abundantly refreshed and invigorated by our seaward jaunt. I must not forget to mention that we were both out upon the water for a short time—F. in a boat and I in a *Kyak*, a sort of canoe which one sees here on the waters of Regent's Park.

Such an excursion as this takes us entirely out of our usual routine, which is music in some shape or other, and we enjoy it none the less for that. Our hours of study and practice do not give us ordinarily much time for anything else, though we try to get a walk somewhere every day, either going to or coming from lessons, when the time is not so limited as to oblige us to make use of more speedy methods of locomotion. On Sunday afternoons we usually stroll out into the country. Hampstead Heath is one of our favorite places of resort; here is always a fresh, breezy atmosphere. One can take a long walk, too, within the limits of Regent's Park, where there is much to see and enjoy; and, in fact, in this immense city and its immediate suburbs, one can hardly fail of finding objects of interest sufficiently novel and attractive to make a long walk enjoyable in any direction.

K.

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THY GLORY."

ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The beautiful hymn which we publish this month is, or ought to be, an old friend to all lovers of English poetry; and its author, Joseph Addison, was in his day held to be one of the great English poets. His stilted and frigid lines, however, are not much to the taste of modern readers, and his fame now depends upon his elegant and finished prose, which still stands as a model to all writers of English.

He was born in 1672, in the county of Wiltshire, England, his father being at the time rector of a parish there, and was educated at the University of Oxford. He early became known for the ease and beauty of his Latin verse; but his translations and English writings introduced him more directly to the public, and the influential friends whom he made procured for him official positions and a pension from the crown. He traveled considerably on the Continent, holding various offices; and in 1709 commenced, in company with his friend Richard Steele, the publication of the famous paper called the "Tattler," which was followed in 1711 by its still more famous successor, the "Spectator"; and it is upon his share in these periodicals that his fame mainly depends. He continued to write and to mix in public affairs, until, in 1716, he married the Dowager-Countess of Warwick, and in the following year was made secretary of state. His marriage was an unhappy one, and his office little to his taste, so that the failure of his health, produced in great part by indulgence in drink, induced him to resign his position as secretary, and return to private life. The change, however, afforded him no relief; and in 1749 he died, having only reached his forty-eighth year, and being still in the fulness of his powers.

He has left us examples of a school of popular writing unsurpassed for grace and animation of style; and students may safely devote some of their leisure moments to the careful reading of his contribution to the "Tattler," "Spectator," and "Guardian."

RIP VAN WINKLE.

The ragged, grey-bearded figure standing this month upon our first page is the hero of one of the most famous stories or legends in American literature; and as he has been immortalized by the pen of Washington Irving, one of America's greatest writers, we feel that we need no farther excuse for introducing him to our readers. As nearly as possible, then, in Washington Irving's own words we offer you his story, making only such omissions and unimportant changes as are rendered necessary by want of space.

"Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains which are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, and which is of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province.

Within a few years there were standing in this village some of the houses of the original settlers, built of small, yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

"In one of these very houses, there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband—to which latter circumstance was perhaps owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity. It was his termagant wife, too, that made him such a favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians.

"The great trouble with Rip was a strong aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It was not for lack of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he did not get a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil; and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible. In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm: it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do,—so that though his estate had dwindled away under his management acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody, and his son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father.

"Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy; eat white bread or brown;—whichever can be got with least thought or trouble—and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night her tongue was incessantly going. And Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures; he shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing.

"Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness; and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray.

"Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial.

"From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at last routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage and call the members all to naught, so that poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution.

"In a long ramble of this kind, on a fine, autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that covered the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him; and on the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

"As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' He looked around but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him and turned again to descend, when he heard the same crying through the still evening air: 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

"Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance he hastened down to yield it.

"On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique, Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist; several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and help him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

"As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between two lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow like a small amphitheatre. But during the whole of their ascent Rip and his companion never broke the silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

"On entering the amphitheatre new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets; others jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white, sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

"What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder. As Rip and his companions approached them, they suddenly desisted from their plays and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs for him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence and returned to their game.

"By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined and he fell into a deep sleep.

"On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. 'Surely,' thought Rip, 'I have not slept here all night.' He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep,—the strange man with a keg of liquor; the mountain ravine; the wild retreat among the rocks; the woe-be-gone party of nine-pins; the flagon—'Oh, that flagon!' that wicked flagon!' thought Rip,' what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!'

"He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquors had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

"He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. 'These mountain beds

do not agree with me,' thought Rip, 'and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.' With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the ravine up which he and his companion had ascended the previous evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, and at length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such an opening remained: the rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered his rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

"As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was a different fashion from that to which he had been accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

"He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting at him and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized as an old acquaintance, looked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous; there were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors; strange faces at the windows; everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was not his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed. 'That flagon last night,' thought he, 'has addled my poor head sadly!'

"It was with some difficulty that he found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house going to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off their hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed. 'My very dog,' sighed poor Rip, 'has forgotten me.'

"He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his fears,—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice—and then all again was silence.

"He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, and though there was as usual a crowd of folk about the door, yet Rip recollected none of them, and their talk about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of Seventy-six, and other words, were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

"The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. One bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside inquired on which side he voted? Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat? Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, and somewhat dismayed, cried out, 'Alas, gentlemen! I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king—God bless him!'

"Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—'A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!' It was with great difficulty that a self-important man in a cocked hat restored order, and with an austere brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"'Well, who are they? Name them.'

"Rip bethought himself for a moment, and inquired 'Where's Nicholas Vedder?'

"There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, 'Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tomb stone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too.'

"'Where's Brom Dutcher?'

"'Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again.'

"'Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?'

"'He went off to the wars, too, was a militia general, and is now in Congress.'

"Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand,—war, Congress, Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more of his friends, but cried out in despair, 'Does any one here know Rip Van Winkle?'

"'Oh, Rip Van Winkle!' exclaimed two or three; 'oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle, yonder, leaning against the tree.'

"Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"'God knows!' exclaimed he, at his wit's end; 'I'm not myself—I 'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no, that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they 've changed my gun, and everything 's changed, and I 'm changed, and I can't tell what 's my name, or who I am.'

"The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. 'Hush, Rip,' cried she, 'hush, the old man won't hurt you.' The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"'What is your name, my good woman?' asked he.

THE EARL-KING.

"'Judith Gardenier.'

"'And your father's name?'

"'Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it 's twenty years since he went away with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.'

"Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"'Where's your mother?'

"'Oh, she, too, died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.'

"There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. 'I am your father!' cried he—'young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle, now. Does any body know poor Rip Van Winkle?'

"All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, 'Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?'

"Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story by assuring the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestors, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountains; and that he, himself, had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

"To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. 'Rip's daughter took him home with her;—she had a snug, cheery house, and a stout, good-natured farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins who used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business. Rip now returned to his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

"Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village.

"He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down to precisely the tale I have related, and not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and this was the one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally give it full credit.

"Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon."

ECONOMY.

Of all civilized nations it is said that Americans are the most extravagant, and foreigners are continually shocked by what they consider the heedless waste of our housekeeping, especially among the poorer classes. In our cookery above all, there is much spoiled, or actually thrown away, which in other countries would be carefully prepared and eaten. Our prosperity as individuals depends so much upon the economical use of our means, that none of us can afford to despise small things,—to squander the pennies, to throw away the crusts, to burn the rags, or to idle away the minutes.

There is a wide difference between economy and stinginess,—so wide that in fact it is only the economical man who can afford to be generous; and there is certainly no disgrace in the thriftiness which is almost always the foundation upon which fortunes are built and success and comfort established.

Very few men and women who are personally careless and extravagant succeed in making competencies, or even in keeping themselves out of the terrible grip of poverty; and perhaps the first and most necessary advice to be given to young people of either sex, in commencing life, is that they should watch over their small

expenses, guard against all careless expenditure, and learn early the importance of economy.

Translated from the German for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

THE ERL-KING.

BY. H. W. L.

[The Erl-king, or Elf-king, is a mischievious being in the fairy stories of Germany. Several translations have been made of this pretty song, hut as I have not one within my reach, I must try to make one of my own for our readers.]

Who rideth so late through the night wind wild?
It is the father with his child;
He holds his darling close in his arm,
He claspeth him safely, he foldeth him warm.

"My son, why hidest thy face with fear?"—
"Seest thou not, father, the Erl-king near?
The Erlen-king, with train and crown?"—
"My son, 'tis the mist-wreath, floating down."

"Thou lovely child, come, go with me!
The prettiest plays I will play with thee;
Many hued flowers there are seen;
My mother has dresses of golden sheen."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erl-king is whispering soft in mine ear?"—
"Be quiet, my darling, thine ear deceives;
'Tis the wind that is whispering among the dead leaves."

"And will thou not go with me then, pretty boy!
My daughters are waiting to lend thee with joy;
They will lead thy steps in the moonlit ring,
Dance with thee, dandle thee, merrily sing."

"My father, my father, look yonder and see
Where the Erlen-king's daughters are nodding to me."—
"My boy, I see well where thy fancies play:
'Tis the shimmering willow, old and grey."

"I love thee my beauty;—I love thee, I say,
And, willing or not, I shall bear thee away."—
"O father, the Erl-king is following fast!—
He seizes!—he hurts me!—he has me at last!"

The father shudders, and fast and wild
He rides like the wind with his moaning child.
He reaches his threshold with toil and dread—
Alas! in his bosom, his child lies dead!

Do our readers think that our picture is not altogether a good illustration of the poem? It is open to that objection, we confess. We should say that the little fellow is an American boy, and not so afraid of ghosts and fairies as the little German boys used to be. Perhaps some of the school children can write a story about him.

It is a pretty picture at any rate,—is it not?—for which we are much indebted to Mr. Shorey.

THE COLORED RACE IN CANADA.

The story of the refugees from slavery who have found a home on Canadian soil has never been adequately written, yet it would form a most interesting and valuable chapter in the history of the Afric-American race.

I have endeavored, in a flying trip through two of the Canadian Provinces with the Hampton Student Singers, to collect such information on the subject as came within my reach, for the benefit of the readers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, many of whom have a personal interest deeper than mere curiosity in this land of the North Star.

By far the largest proportion of the colored population of Canada is in the Province of Ontario.

The British Dominion of Canada is divided into provinces corresponding in general features of distinctive government to the states of our Union. The Province of Ontario is the most southern and western of these, separated only hy Lake Erie from Ohio, and hy the Detroit River from the southeastern corner of Michigan, close to the Ohio boundary. Its geographical position made it therefore the easiest point of escape for the fugitive slave; the nearest door into the land of liberty,—always open and always thronged.

The tide of emigration received of course a great impetus by the passing of the fugitive slave law in 1850, and, at that time, many who had been living in New York and New England crossed the St. Lawrence into the more northern Province of Quebec, settling in Montreal and other cities. Very few scattered into the more distant provinces, and Ontario still received the largest number of emigrants, especially in its southwestern part.

Once safely over the border they had neither the means nor the inclination usually to seek further. Here, therefore, we still find them and their descendents to the third generation; numbering, by the last census, fifty thousand in the Province and eleven thousand seven hnndred in its southwestern county of Kent.

They had, indeed, no reason to look further, finding themselves at once not only among friends, and often relatives from whom they had been long separated, hut in the midst of the finest farming lands in the whole Dominion, much of it belonging to the Crown, and to be had at very low rates. Bnt what avail low rates to men who are penniless and ignorant, one may ask. It is true, no douht, that the early history of the fugitives was one of hardship and struggle, and the weakest of body or soul went under; bnt, that most of those who had the enterprise to escape had also the energy to rise when they had any chance, the facts of their present condition abundantly prove.

The little town Chatham itself, with twelve hundred colored inhabitants, has sent back to the States a number of representative men from the refugees, and their children. Among these are the Honorable Y. S. Rapier, and Isaac D. Shadd, members of congress, from Alabama; Wm. H. Jones, Jr., and Alfred Bowler, senators in the legislature of South Carolina; Dr. A. R. Ahbott, a graduate of the University of Toronto, held a position as surgeon in the United States Army during the war.

The best engraver and gunsmith in the Dominion is Mr. James M. Jones, a colored man of Chatham. These and other interesting particulars I received from Mr. Isaac Holden, himself one of the leaders of his people, though, with the blood of four races in his veins,—Irish, Dutch, African, and Indian—it might be difficult, strictly speaking, to say what his people are. He identifies himself with the colored race, however, and is the first colored man who has held office under the Canadian government: that of Inspector and Superintendent of Public Works at the Insane Asylum in London, Ontario. Mr. Holden was freehorn, a master huilder in Louisiana, but came to Canada in 1854 to find a more open field for his abilities than the United States then afforded. He was for years a member of the police service in Chatham, and has risen to his present position of influence in the community hy his own industry and force of character. I was glad to get the information and opinions of such a man upon the interesting subject we are considering, and hope to have more extended reports from him at a future time. Ths prominent names I have cited are of course exceptional, though suggestive. It is more important to ascertain the condition of the masses of the people. This Mr. Holden reports as generally excellent, and my own observations coincided with his statements. It is his opinion—and our readers know it is the SOUTHERN WORKMAN'S—that the safest investment for the colored settler is in land. He buys his little farm, and tills it himself, and thus gains at once anchorage, a home and a position among men. There is in Canada, to be sure, a special inducement to investment in land, as a certain amount of income from real estate, either owned or rented, is one of the conditions of suffrage. Among the colored citizens a man is considered very well off who owns his house, a little farm, and three or four thousand dollars outside of these. There are very many who are as comfortable as this. Perhaps the richest of those in Chatham is a man who reached there a penniless fugitive; an unedncated man still, bnt shrewd in business. He handles about three hundred thousand dollars a year in his husiness of a produce dealer.

I have said enongh to prove not only the material prosperity, hnt, to a great extent, the moral and spiritual prosperity of the colored people in Canada. Large fortunes may be sometimes the illgotten gains of unpriucipled men; hut wide spread comfort necessarily implies a generally high tone of industry and morality in the community. That this exists is acknowledged hy all, and as freely by their white neighbors as hy their own leaders. They have thus years ago settled the question which some people are still looking to our own history to decide—the question whether colored men can take care of themselves.

It must be remembered, also, that in Canada they have had to meet not only the natnral obstacles of poverty and ignorance, and a severe, nncongenial climate, hut to encounter social opposition as hitter as in any part of the United States, and probahly the more trying hecanse unlooked for. Recognizing neither white nor hlack in her constitution or statute book, England's boast that no slave could set foot npon her soil without becoming free, was not strong enough to break the fetters of that slavery to prejudice which respects no Mason and Dixon's line. With the ballot in his hand, and open doors before him Into every school and university in the state, the colored citizen has had to hreak his way into every circle of society to whose level he rose, if he entered it at all.

This striking fact seems to bear significantly upon the like problem before our own freedmen, and to suggest that civil rights and social recognition are not necessarily coincident. Education worthy of the position sought, a self respect that can afford to be independent of it, and *time* that settles all questions,—these will be the solution.

My inquiries after the prospects and condition of the rising generation did not receive as encouraging answers. Educated heyond the limitations of their fathers, it is more difficnlt to find satisfactory employment for them, the higher grades of occupation being still difficult of access and requiring special energy and perserverance for success. Mr. Holden is anxious to see numerous manufactories established to employ this unoccupied talent. It is his opinion, and that of others, that the Southern states, with their more congenial climate and home associations will be the ultimate sphere for the colored race in America. However that may be, the new facilities for return provided by emancipation do not seem to affect the population in Canada very sensihly as yet.

The colored citizens interest themselves in the politics of their adopted country, taking sides nsually with the liberal party. We happened to be in Chatham on "Emancipation Day," as they had changed its celebration from the fourth of August, to the sixth, to make it coincide with a large political meeting. The speeches were spirited as usual on such occasions; one of special interest was that of "Father Henson," a venerable bnt vigorous man of something over ninety years, who is said to have been the original of a great part of Mrs. Stowe's sketch of Uncle Tom. He does not approve of being interviewed, however, and was only willing to tell how as soon as he set foot on the Canadian shore, he knelt, and kissed the sacred soil of freedom.

I have said that the little settlement of Bnxton, near Chatham, founded a quarter of a century ago for colored men, deserves a description to itself, and I will leave the story of our visit to it for another article, especially as I hope to be able to add to it, then, some interesting points of information from its nohle founder.

BY THE SEA.

Boys who have been born and brought up hy the sea wonder what sort of fun they who live inland can possibly have. To be sure, there are the woods and streams to give them some sorts of sport; it is true, they have squirrel and rabbit-hunting, the delights of gunning, the pleasure of "going in a-swimming," where the mill-pond and the pehbly streamlets sparkle in the sun or glide under the cool shadows of the willows; hut as a boy, I used to think that the poor fellows who never knew salt water, nor saw the furious breakers dash on the rocky coast of New England, were much to be pitied. And when once, while I was a little chap, I was takeu on a visit to Bucksport, it seemed as if I should stifle in the close air of the country town, which had no water near it but a contemptible river flowing past. The sea seemed so far away that I thought I should lose my hreath before I could get back to its salt air again. But perhaps I was homesick.

When the gale was high and the long rollers came thundering on the beach, Aunt Rachel used to take me hy the hand and lead me along the lonely shore. It was almost terrible to look over the immense waves as they came piling over each other, and to see far ont on the stormy sea, the dancing fishing-boats, now riding on top of the sea and now disappearing in the watery trough of the wind-swept ocean. Sometimes a bit of hroken spar would come tnmbling in from the far-off waves to tell its story of wreck and disaster. Once, while the gale was howling and the breakers were crashing along the shore, Aunt Rachel snatched from a foaming wave a piece of a ship's rail, with part of a child's night-dress clinging to it. Where was the little one who had worn this garment? And in what dismal wreck had some distressed mother tied it to this floating wood? Nothing ever came from the sea to tell us.

But all was not sad and tragical hy the sea. Such larks as we nsed to have hy the Back Cove shores! On Saturday afternoons we tore mussels from the rocks at low tide, or dug clams from the watery sand, and roasted them in fires of driftwood. Or we built rafts of the loose wood along the beach, and paddled aboht the broad cove. If the frail craft fell to pieces and let the half-naked youngsters into salt water, there were enough swimmers to save those who could not swim. Then there were the joys of hoat-building and sailing; and how eagerly we watched the rude little craft as their birch hark sails faded away in the blue waters of the bay. In the drift, along the beach, we found all sorts of cnrious things; not only hits of wreck, but fragments of clothing, curious and unknown shells, foreign nuts; and once the whole shore was strewn with big russet apples, lost overboard, perhaps, from some distressed trading schooner.

Dearer than all this, even, were the rude wooden wharves that skirted the ancient town. The smell of tar and oakum, the odor of salted fish and the flavor of the brine were in the atmosphere of these delightful places. Here were rusty old anchors, huge and hrown, over which we climbed, while we marveled what they had seen at the bottom of the great sea. Worn iron chain-cables were piled up with sun-bleached rigging and fragments of ship-houses and cabooses which should voyage no more. Here was a battered figure-head of King Phillip, which had been scorched in the fierce snns of the Indian Ocean and had lost its nose in the icy Artic. Here, once or twice a year, lay the two or three ships of Fairport, discharging salt from Cadiz and peopled with story-telling sailors who had sailed all the seas over and knew the most delightful yarns ever spun; of these Dave Booden was cousummate. He had been a foremast hand "in the time of the embargo," when the British fleets blockaded the entire coast of New England. His tales were blood-curdling; and many is the night when we boys staid so late listening to the latest version of the story of his blowing up the *Arethusa*, that we were sent supperless to bed. The *Arethusa* was a British sloop-of-war blockading Casco Bay. Dave, who, by the way, always spoke of that period as "the time of dimhargo," was a prisoner of war on board, having been captured from a fishing-pinkey and kept as a pilot. By hnrraking for King George and otherwise pretending to be a good tory, he gained the confidence of the crew; and one night, while laying at anchor off Diamond Head, he fixed a lighted fuse under the powder magazine, slipped through an open port-hole to a boat that was towing astern and so made off, paddling with his shoes for want of oars.

"When that ere ship blowed up," said the truthful Dave, "I was nigh unto ten miles and a-half away. But she shook the air so, that I wuz blowed clean out o' that yawl jest straight. My cap went up three feet higher nor I did, and I went up about nine feet inter the air. What air ye snigerin at?" Dave would angrily demand of onc boy who never would believe this part of the story. "When I lit agen, I jest sot right in the yawl on the very same thort that I was a-sittin' on afore; and my cap was on my head, tew. Fact, boys, and ye may jest ask yer old gran'ther efit ain't." Gran'ther Perkins, who commanded the American volunteers in the time of the embargo, had been dead ten years or more. Dave's story-telling had no fortifying witnesses.

Once in a while—too often, alas!—news would come in a round-about way, of a Fairport vessel lost at sea. Perhaps one of the survivors would, after many thrilling adventures, reach us, and become the sad hero of the town. Sometimes a fishing vessel would sail for the Banks, and never be heard of more. We boys would sit under the lee of the rocks, and fancy that one of the flitting sails that glided along the blue line of the sea and sky, was the missing vessel; then, as she melted away, we would fall to inventing stories of the woful wreck, and whisper to each other, how the men, some of whom we knew, had starved on the raft as they floated on the waves, until they ate each other, or struggled against their fate until they perished miserably in the waters. When night fell, and the full moon swam up the sky, we used to see Marm Morey sitting on Fish Hawk Crag, looking wistfully out to sea. Sol Morey, as brave a lad as ever split a cod-fish, became on Georges Banks, had sent word by a passing vessel that the *Two Brothers*, in which he sailed, would be in port by the full of the moon. The moon filled and waned, and waxed and waned again, but the *Two Brothers* never came. Sol's mother watched and waited, and waited and watched, on Fish Hawk's Crag for many moons and many years. When the young moon hung pale in the sunset sky, she said, "Sol will be here soon." When it grew smaller, and disappeared from the heavens at night, she went about her work, and said never a word about Sol or the *Two Brothers*; but we boys knew when the moon was full, for we saw Marm Morey on the crag, hopefully turning her faded face to the sea, watching for the gleam of the sail that came no more.

Considering what risks are run by boys about the sea-shore, it seems strange that no more of them are swallowed by the waves. Perhaps the remorseless sea, as poets call it, has a savage pity for the small children who play about its edges. Certain, a kind Providence watches over the lives of the little folk, who snatch a fearful joy from the rush and tumult of the sea. Many a time we tumbled off the wharves, or upset in sail-boats, or were snatched off the rocks by the hungry breakers; yet not one of all my playmates ever met his death thereby. They were spared to be killed by a flying railroad train, a falling roof-slate, an Alpine avalanche, or a stray bullet in the trenches before Petersburg. Once a little crowd of us, caught on a bare reef of rock by the rising tide, and cut off from shore, were driven from point to point, until huddled on Otter Rock, which was usually covered at high water. We sobbed and screamed in vain for help, while the mocking waves crept higher and higher. We faced death, then, every one of us. A few inches of slippery rock stood between us and the end of the beautiful world that smiled around us. The tide crept on and on, stood still, and sunk away inch by inch until we were free! We crawled along the weedy reef, and hushed and half-tearful, told our tale. The tides, at that season, were not so high as usual. But to us it seemed a miracle. Perhaps it was.—*St. Nicholas*.

To the Editors of the Southern Workman:

I noticed in your August number a *second* article from "Observer" on "Drainage at Norfolk." It is evident that nothing will convince him but ocular demonstration; and this I am glad he is going to have on the estate of the Normal Institute at Hampton. General Armstrong promises to *thoroughly* drain a few acres, and try similar crops on the same soil, in the same situation, the one drained and the other undrained, carefully noting the amount of labor required, the time of maturing, and the yield of each. I trust when the experiment is tried, the result will be published in the columns of your valuable paper. "Observer" has evidently the impression which prevailed in the minds of many farmers in England, till removed by experience, that to drain land is to deprive it of its moisture; but the contrary is the fact. This was proved on a piece of *partially* drained land in North Carolina. A crop on it suffered but little from a severe drought, while those on the undrained were almost entirely burnt up. This arose from two causes: first, the land being drained, admitted of deeper culture; so that the soil, to a considerable depth, remained open and friable, and in a condition to retain moisture; and, second, by its lightness, the atmosphere was able to penetrate below the surface, and the moisture, which it held in the state of vapor, was condensed and taken up by the soil in the cool of the night, which enabled it to sustain the growing crop through the heat of the day; while the undrained land, not admitting of deep culture, and becoming baked and hard on the surface, gave out moisture in the night instead of absorbing it. This, in some states of the atmosphere, becomes visible. In a drought, a vapor may be seen rising from the land that is undrained, while over the drained land there is no such appearance, but it is drawing in, though invisibly, the dews of heaven, to sustain the growing crop.

I do not know what would be the cost of draining by *inexperienced hands* in this country, but the average cost in England by *experienced drainers* is not more than three pounds per acre. With such a subsoil as that of Norfolk, I think it could be sufficiently drained for ten dollars per acre. If, by draining, the crop can only be doubled (but I am satisfied the increase will be greater than this on good lands), what better investment can any one require for their capital? But the increase in the crop is not the only advantage; there is the great saving of labor, and the certainty of the crop; the latter a circumstance so very desirable where there is but *one return* in the year for the labor and capital employed.

It has been said "that the man who can make *two* blades of grass grow where only *one* grew before is a benefactor to his country": to do this he must double his crop, which I believe can only be done by *draining and deep and subsoil plowing*.

GEORGE DIXON.

THE FLORA OF HAMPTON.

AUGUST—CONTINUED.

Sida spinosa—*spined mallow*. Ilerpestis nigrescens—*black herpestis*. Lactuca elongata—*trumpet milkweed*. Platanthora ciliaris—*yellow fringed orchis*. Zizania aquatica—*Indian rice, water oats*. Solidago odora—*sweet-scented golden-rod*. Nesaia verticillata—*swamp willow-herb, grass peley*. Conchrus trihuloides—*hedge-hog grass, bur grass*. Statice Bmonium—*marsh rosemary, sea lavender*. Ilibiscus moscheutos—*marsh hibiscus, marsh mallow*. Chenopodium maritima—*glasswort*. Erecbtites hieracifolius—*fireweed*. Œgothera biennis, variety muricata—*tree primrose*. Trichostemma dichotoma—*blue curls*. Epilobium coloratum—*willow-herb*.

SEPTEMBER.

Ipomœa commutata—*false bindweed*. Eupatorium hyssopifolium—*hyssop-leaved boneset*. Vernonia Noveboracensis—*ironweed*. Solidago Canadensis, variety procera—*Canadian golden-rod*. Xanthium strumarium—*clotweed, clot-bur*. Ambrosia artimisia—*bitterweed, hogweed*. Circium lanceolatum—*common thistle*. Brizopyrum spicatum—*spike grass*. Erianthus brevibarbis—*weedy beard grass*. Cucumis melo—*musk melon*. Dlodia Virginiana—*Virginian diodia*. Polygonum acre—*water pepper, biting knotweed*. Polygonum Pennsylvanicum—*knee knotweed*. Eupatorium serotinum—*boneset*. Kosteletzkya Virginica—*sweat weed*. Quamoclit coccinea—*Jasmine bindweed*. Pluchea camphorata—*ploughman's-wort*. Conoclinum coelestinum—*mist flower*. Polymnia uvedalia—*leaf cup*. Baccharis halimifolia—*sea groundsel tree*. Andropogon scoparius—*broom grass*. Amarantus hybridus—*purple pigweed*. Portulacca oleracea—*purslane*. Eupatorium hyssopifolium, variety lleeirifolium—*narrow-leaved boneset*. Xyris fimbriata—*yellow-eyed grass*. Nabalus albus—*lion's foot, white lettuce*. Eupatorium purpureum—*purple boneset*. Eragrostis hirsuta—*hairy meadow grass*. Agrostis purahll—*slender pasture grass*. Antennaria margaritacea—*everlasting*. Helianthus rigidus—*rough-leaved sunflower*. Ascyrum stans—*St. Peter's-wort*. Aster flexuosus—*salt marsh aster*. Phaseolus diversifolius—*wild kidney bean*. Gerardia purpurea—*purple Gerardia*. Spartina alterniflola—*soft marsh grass*. Diodia teres—*buttonweed*. Euphorbia polygonifolia—*knotgrass spurge*. Cardiospermum halicacabum—*heart seed, balloon vine*. Bideus hipinnata—*Spanish needles*. Lobelia syphilitica—*blue cardinal flower*. Bideus chrysanthemoides—*bur marigold, daisy beggar ticks*. Ludwigia linifolia—*narrow-leaved seed box*. Chrysopsis mariana—*golden aster*. Eupatorium aromaticum—*sweet-scented boneset*. Lespedeza sessilifora—*bush clover*. Desmodium canescens—*tick trefoil*. Rhus copallia—*sumac*. Lobelia puberula—*puberulent lobelia*. Ludwigia alata—*winged seed box*. Atriplex hastata—*orache*. Galium hispidulum—*rough bedstraw*. Aster patens—*spreading aster*. Tripsacum dactyloides—*sesame grass*. Verbesina siegesbeckia—*crown beard*. Uniola paniculata—*sea-side oat*. Helianthus tuberosa—*Jerusalem artichoke*. Solidago tenuifolia—*narrow-leaved golden-rod*. Salicornia mucronata—*dwarf saltwort*. Monardia punctata—*horsemint*. Lespedeza violacea—*violet bush clover*. Commelyna Virginica—*Virginian day flower*. Eclipta erecta—*erect eclipta*. Bideus frondosa—*beggar's tick*.

The Teachers' Table.

O'ER wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope and Patience, these must be thy Graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

—*S. T. Coleridge.*

SCHOOL BEGINS.

This is the month when Hampton welcomes back her scattered children with many new comers, who will claim the title. The new school year is marked by the opening of Virginia Hall, the beautiful edifice which has been sung up and prayed up and built up by hard labor of busy hands and heads and hearts, and now stands ready to receive Hampton's daughters in greater numbers than have ever come before. The subject of the education of women is receiving earnest and extensive consideration at present among those who are interested for the progress of the human race; and in the symmetrical development of mind and body will be found the safe and natural solution of the problem. While a young woman is being trained in the routine of domestic duties,—learning to sweep and wash and cook— it will do her no harm to store her mind with knowledge that will lift her above the mere drudge, and make her a happier woman and able to become a nobler wife and wiser mother; and she will study all the better for a mixture of home interests, and healthful household exercises in her training.

This twofold education of hands and brains is Hampton's theory and practice for both sons and daughters. She welcomes both back, and is glad to know how cheerfully they return.

A northern schoolmaster advertises the reopening of school by this card in the papers, addressed to his scholars:

"Dear boys, trouble begins on the 1st of October."

We are glad to know that not even in jest, do Hampton boys or girls think of the reopening of school as the beginning of trouble. Welcome back, then, dear girls and boys, to a new year of pleasantness and progress.

A WORD TO HAMPTON GRADUATES.

So many of you are teachers or expecting to be that the "Teachers' Table" seems the proper place to leave a note for you. Hampton does not forget the children she sends out into their noble field of labor. Do not forget her; —send in your names for the Record of Graduates, with any items of interest about your work, your successes or your perplexities. The SOUTHERN WORKMAN will be your medium of communication with your old friends, and you will always be sure of encouragement, advice and affection from your Alma Mater.

HINTS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

One of the most important things for a young teacher—or any other—on commencing a school is to find employment for each pupil, with the least possible delay. This will so preoccupy their activity as to prevent the temptation to irregularity and misdemeanor. Nothing is more important than to furnish full and constant employment to all the pupils from the outset. This will prove, at once, the source of most successful progress to the pupil and of relief to the teacher.

Never make a *demand* of a pupil without knowing that it is right and necessary; and then when once made, never fail to secure its execution. A failure here is fatal. The demand may not always be met at once; a little delay will sometimes make success easier by giving time for reflection and for passion to cool; but in no case can a teacher afford to let an explicit demand go unfulfilled.—*Rhode Island School master*.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

Miss Bliss, of South Hadley, Massachusetts, and Miss Furguson, of New Haven, Connecticut, sailed on the 20th of November last, to establish at Wellington, South Africa, the foundations of a seminary similar to the one at Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Of the 150,241 teachers in the United States according to the last census, nearly two-thirds are women.

IMPOSSIBLE—to make scholars sing by whipping.

At Home.

WHISTLE AND HOE.

There 's a boy just over the garden fence
Who is whistling all through the livelong day;
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear,
He has scarcely time for a growl, I know,
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

But then while you whistle, be sure that you hoe,
For if you are idle the briars will spread;
And whistle alone to the end of the row
May do for the weeds, but is bad for the bread.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE HOME GUARD OF LAUREL HILL.—In Stockbridge, the beautiful hill town in Massachusetts, where the Hampton Student Singers are again resting a little after a hard campaign, there is a society called the Laurel Hill Association. It was founded by ladies; and its object is to keep up the standard of beauty and order in the village, to see that the streets and parks are cared for, and to spend a certain amount every year in improving and beautifying the place. The society celebrated its twenty-first anniversary, this summer, upon lovely Laurel Hill, where it has met every year since it was established. The orator of the day was Mr. B. G. Northrup, one of the trustees of Hampton Institute, and Superintendent of Public Instruction in Connecticut. The Hampton Students gladly gave their voices to honor the occasion.

This society has done wonders for Stockbridge, and is the parent of many similar societies in other places. The work is a beautiful one, well worthy of imitation. It takes money,—yes;—but every one can, at least, have the ambition to make home bright and beautiful; and if every one would try, perhaps there would not be so much need of such societies.

WHAT TO DO WITH OLD UMBRELLAS.—"I would like to tell the girls something. It is about a good use for the frames of old umbrellas, sunshades or parasols. You just open them, strip off the cover, sharpen the handles to a point and thrust them open into the ground to serve as trellises for vines. Last summer we girls had a lovely sweet-pea vine growing over mother's old parasol frame, and a balloon vine trained over father's castaway umbrella; they were lovely. The frames were old-fashioned whalebone ones. Iron frames will answer the same purpose, but they ought not to stand in very sunny places as they easily become heated and so injure the vines."

From St. Nicholas.

OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—It was such an old newspaper!—all creased and torn and yellow—and yet the minister as he unfolded it, handled it as though it were precious gold. He had finished his Sunday sermon, and was walking home from the meeting-house with his wife, across lots. They stood still to look at the paper, talking about its being such a treasure, and how Sally should have it and take care of it after they were gone, and reading over the name and date just as if it was a verse of poetry,—"*Washington Federalist, May* 24, 1802." They were not young folk, but he put his arm about her neck while he read one of its notices:

"Died—At Mount Vernon, on Saturday evening last, MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON, widow of the late illustrious GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"To those amiable and Christian virtues which adorn the female character, she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated.

"The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy."

BORAX, useful for many things, is a most effective remedy in certain forms of colds. In sudden hoarseness or loss of voice in public singers or speakers, from colds, relief for an hour or so, as by magic, may be obtained by slowly dissolving, and partially swallowing, a lump of borax the size of a garden pea; or by holding in the mouth three or four grains, ten minutes before speaking or singing. This produces a profuse secretion of saliva or "watering" of the mouth and throat, probably restoring the voice or tone to the dried vocal cords, just as wetting brings back the missing notes to a flute when it is too dry.

A SONG OF THREE WORDS.

ORARE, LABORARE ET CANTARE.

Three blissful words I name to thee,
Three words of potent charm;
From eating care thy heart to free,
Thy life to shield from harm.
Whose these blissful words may know,
A bold, blithe fronted face shall show,
And, shod with peace, shall safely go
Through war and wild alarm.

First, ere thy forward foot thou move,
And wield thine arm of might,
Lift up thine heart to Him above
That all thy ways be right.
To the prime source of life and power
Let thy soul rise, even as a flower
That sky-ward climbs in sunny hour,
And seeks the genial light.

Then gird thy loins to manly toil,
And in the toil have joy;
Greet hardship with a winning smile,
And love the stern employ.
Thy glory this the harsh to tame,
And by wise stroke and technic flame,
In God-like Labor's fruitful name
Old Chaos to destroy.

Then, mid thy workshop's dusty din,
Where Titan steam hath sway,
Croon to thyself a song within,
Or pour the lusty lay;
Even as a bird that cheerly sings,
In narrow cage, nor frets its wings,
But with full-breasted joyance brings
Its soul into the day.

For lofty things let others strive
With roll of vaunt-ful drum;
Keep thou thy heart a honeyed hive,
Like bee with busy hum.
Chase not the bliss with wishful eyes
That ever lures and ever flies,
But in the present joy be wise,
And let the future come!

—*Good Words.*

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TOBACCO.

The use of tobacco is so wide spread an evil, the effects are so terrible, mentally, morally and physically, that all available means should be used to arrest and put a stop to this most pernicious habit.

Let us examine into the nature of tobacco. Where it was first found remains in doubt. Some writers say, as far back as the fabulous ages of Greece, Bacchus discovered and made known its properties; to him it was dedicated; hence, To Bacchus—tobacco.

Thorius, a Grecian poet, ascribes the discovery and first use of this plant to Bacchus Silenus and the Satyrs, who were gods of drunkenness, gluttony and lust.

It was found in use among the Indians, when the white man came here; hence, the name, Indian Weed.

The "Encyclopedia Americana" says: "It is a nauseous and poisonous weed, of an acrid taste and disagreeable odor; in short, whose only properties are deleterious."

M. Possett and Riemann have analyzed the leaf of the tobacco, and give the following constituents: Nicotine; nicotianine; extractive matter, slightly bitter; gum; a green resin; vegetable albumen; gluten; chloride of potassium; nitrate and malate of potash; phosphate of lime; malate of lime; silica; woody matter; traces of starch and water.

Physicians and other scientific men, in different ages, have given it their attention, hoping to find some properties which would be useful in *Materia Medica*, but its medicinal qualities—narcotic, emetic, carthartic and diuretic—are so powerful that it is seldom used, and, only in extreme cases, as a last resort; for the effects are often more terrible than the disease itself.

"Tobacco is, in fact," says a learned writer, "a violent, absolute poison. A very moderate quantity introduced into the system—even applying the moistened leaves over the stomach—has been known very suddenly to extinguish life. A thread dipped in the oil of tobacco, and drawn through a wound made by a needle in an animal, killed it in the space of seven minutes."

Mr. Brodie found that two drops of the oil applied to the tongue of a cat, with an interval of fifteen minutes, occasioned death.

There is a case reported of a woman who made an ointment of snuff and butter and rubbed on the heads of three children afflicted with scald-head. At once they were seized with vertigo, violent vomiting, fainting and convulsions.

I knew a woman who had smoked for some years, and at last became so nervous under the influence of the pipe, that each time before commencing, she would place a cup of water by her side, and, after smoking ten minutes, lay down her pipe and sit trembling, shaking, drinking and spitting for half an hour, unable to rise from her seat. I have heard some say they smoked to keep them from growing fat.

The infusion of tobacco,—as it is made by chewing, the juice mixing with the saliva of the mouth—like all narcotics, affects the nervous system, and acts powerfully on the heart. The celebrated Dr. Cullen in his "Materia Medica," and Dr. Darwin in his "Zoonomia," and all other medical writers of distinction agree in relation to the poisonous quality and the deleterious and fatal influence of the common use of tobacco. It is not in one form alone, but in all of them the evil lies; snuffing, chewing or smoking, it is just the same as regards the fatal effects upon the body.

The use of snuff often causes little excrescences to appear in the nose and the top of the throat; destroys the fine sense of smell; gives a nasal twang to the voice; dries up the muscles of the face, which assumes a rigid look; the skin becomes a pale brown color,—Nature at last hangs out her flag of distress; though patient and long-suffering she will not always keep her peace. This practice of snuffing is followed by both sexes, but women generally fill their mouths with it.

"By chewing tobacco," says Dr. McAllister, "all its deadly powers are speedily manifested in the commencment of the practice. In this mode, too, its nauseous taste and stimulant property excite and keep up a profuse discharge from the muscous follicles and salivary glands. At first, all the secretions from the nose, throat, lungs and mouth are increased; but after the stimulus has been continued some time, the mouth becomes parched; there is often hoarseness or some cough; indigestion more or less shows itself,—with loss of appetite and general derangement of the system.

"But the most fearful ravages are made upon the mind. The memory becomes feeble, the ideas confused, the ability to keep the thought fixed on one subject almost lost; and a miserable discontentedness takes possession of the victim.

It stupefies the mind, deadens conscience, produces insanity often like *delirium tremens:* indeed, we often find the use of alcoholic drinks and tobacco in the same individual."

Tobacco is intoxicating in its nature, and those who habitually use it may be called *tobacco drunkards.* Indeed, alcohol and tobacco are handmaidens of the Evil One, and seem to require each other's help. The poor victim is not aware how closely he is bound hand and foot, until awakened to his danger, he attempts to release himself; then he discovers he is the slave of an appetite that is leading him down to certain ruin, and his attempts to abandon the pernicious practice, cause great nervous prostration and suffering, which, always attend the discontinuance of habitual stimulants. He has a hard task, but let him not despair: from the evidence in many cases, a reform is possible.

Tobacco lowers the moral tone of the individual: he is no longer free; he has lost the power of self control, and become the pitiable slave of appetite. It blunts the finer feelings, destroys manliness, nobleness of soul and self-respect; for no one can continue to do what he acknowledges to be injurious to him—and I have heard many confess it—without being false to his convictions of truth and right.

The expensiveness of tobacco is another important consideration. Many millions of dollars are spent annually for this pernicious article. This sum is worse than wasted: it has ruined both mind and body. Just think of the fortunes spent in this way, which would have been sufficient to clothe and feed all the poor in the United States. Indeed, if all the alcohol and tobacco were swept from the face of the earth, there need be no poor. There is plenty for all.

Dr. Clarke gives the case of one very poor family who spent one-third of all their wages for tobacco and snuff. This is not an isolated case; thousands more could be added.

There is yet another aspect of this question which is no trifling one—*its filthiness.* The smokers, chewers and snuffers render themselves extremely offensive to all who do not belong to their class.

If a man smokes, his house, clothes, books, etc., become permeated through and through by the disagreeable odor. You can detect a smoker ten feet distant.

If he chews, he is more filthy still: the stinking juice runs from the corners of his mouth, a sign of great filthiness within; his breath renders the air foul around him; and the pools of nastiness which he leaves in all places of public meetings, railroad cars, etc., ought to make him a nuisance, to be banished from decent society. It would not be tolerated were it not so universal and long standing.

Simon Paoli, physician to the King of Denmark, states that merchants frequently lay their tobacco in bog houses, that it may become impregnated with the volatile salts of the excrements, and rendered brisker and stronger and more fetid.

Another writer says, "that cigar makers frequently take water in their mouths, and spurt it over the leaves to moisten them."

The manner of preparing the weed for use makes it even more disgusting than it is by nature. In view of all the evil effects upon mind and body, and the filthy condition in which those live who use it,—it is strange the practice should still be continued.

To every one who desires to be pure, clean and healthy in body and soul; who has aspirations toward intellectual distinction; who strives after that noblest and greatest of all conquests,—the mastery of his own spirit, and thus secure the only *true liberty,*—let him at once and forever *abjure tobacco* and flee from it, as his deadliest enemy.

VERITAS.

MORAL COURAGE.

When Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the highest office in the nation, and a committee was sent to Springfield by the national convention to inform him officially, of his nomination, some of the rich neighbors sent him several bottles of champagne and wine with which to treat the coming committee. Now came the tug of battle, the test of principle. What did he do? Why, like a true moral hero he sent the bottles home, and informed his wine-bibbing neighbors that when he wanted liquid fire to treat his guests with, he would let them know. Noble, manly, God-like! This one act was the key which opened the door to the temple of his beautiful character. Abrahem Lincoln was a moral hero. He dared to do right. He did noble service not only for freedom, but for temperance. His son Tad was a chip of the old block. Like his father, he was always heroic for the right. He began e temperance youth. When traveling in Europe, in company with his mother, he was frequently offered wine to drink by the daughters of nobles and king: but never yielded—always saying, "I thenk you;. I signed the pledge of total abstinence when e boy, and do not wish to break it now." This was moral heroism—moral courage. Would that all our boys and young men would imitate his noble example!

We want such men of principle as we have here described; men who will not yield to the fascinatious of the wine cup, however fashionable it may be. Such heroes may not have their names written on the page of history, or carved in marble, but they are indelibly inscribed on the monuments of a noble character which shall stand long after rocks and worlds shall be no more.—*Western Temperance Herald.*

GOOD TEMPER.

Our happiness in this world depends to a greater extent than most of us imagine, upon the conditions of our tempers. We may be well-to-do, prosperous, surrounded by every earthly blessing, and yet may mer all by a fretfulness which prevents us from profiting by the rich materials of happiness that are ready to our hands, and ruffles the surface of our lives into most unlovely roughness. A sweet, patient, cheerful temper is worth more than almost any other gift of nature, but if it could only be obtained as a natural gift we should have nothing to do but to envy those who are so fortunate as to possess it and mourn our own deprivation. As a matter of fact, however, most of us can be good tempered if we will, though undoubtedly the struggle is sometimes hard and long. If we determine to control our passionate and selfish impulses, to seem cheerful when we are in reality down-cast and dismal, to put on bright faces and pleasant voices when perhaps our hearts are bitter and full of anger; by and by we shall find that we have made for ourselves a habit of good temper which is of incalculable value to us. Who is there who has not keenly felt the difference between the good and bad tempers of our friends? Do we not all know how a single ill-tempered person can destroy the peace of a household; how sometimes an ill-natured speech, an angry word, will make our way hard to us for many a day; or, how on the other hand, a smile, a cheerful greeting, a kindly outspoken wish, will keep us hopeful and our hearts warm, long after the giver has forgotten them. Now, with very few exceptions, we are free agents in this matter: we can go about this world with sour faces and sharp tongues, spreading bitterness and grieving wherever our feet fall, or we can let the light and sunshine of good temper guide us and shed its wholesome rays into the hearts of all who come within the circle of our daily influence. We can give way without a struggle to the sway of unkind thoughts, and ignoble motives; or we can resolve that we will so guard ourselves in word and deed that the evil which is in us shall injure and distress our fellow-men as little as is possible. We can give short answers, cross looks, and uncourteous manners to those with whom our lives are spent; or we can warm and strengthen them with kindliness and the cheer which comes in face and voice. Which is the better way?

To DESTROY INSECTS.—No insect that crawls can live under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chinch bugs, and all the myriads of crawling pests which infest our houses during the heated term. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the stove until the alum is all melted; then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop boards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum water. Sugar barrels and boxes can be freed from ants by drawing a wide chalk mark just around the edge of the top of them. The mark must be unbroken, or they will creep over it, but a continuous chalk mark, half an inch in width, will set their depredations at naught. Powdered alum or borax will keep the chinch bug at a respectable distance; and travelers should always carry a bundle of it in their hand bags, to scatter over and under their pillows in hotels, etc.

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FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
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TO INDUSTRIOUS AND WORTHY PEOPLE of color desirous of removing to Liberia, THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY will give a passage and subsistence on the voyage—about forty days—and support for the first six months after landing. Single adult persons get ten acres, and families twenty-five acres of land. These are all gifts—never to be repaid. Those wishing to remove to Liberia should make application, addressed to William Coppinger, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the American Colonization Society, 450 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. III. HAMPTON, VA., NOVEMBER, 1874. NO. 11.

WILL THE ICE BEAR!

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG,
F. RICHARDSON,
RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Business Manager.

Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, NOVEMBER, 1874.

For years one of the staple arguments in favor of social and political repression of the colored race, has been the bugbear of amalgamation. It is because this idea is working against education, thereby perpetnating discord; that we venture to discuss so delicate a subject. At the outset we are reminded of the strong probability that the success of the South in the late war would have been followed by a steady relative increase of the colored population.

The arithmetical result in a country whose policy excluded white reinforcements and favored mixtnre, must necessarily have been Africanization. The war, however, not only forever stopped fresh importations from Africa, and opened the country to the Norse element; bnt in its consequences it administered the only check which amalgamation could have received in the South. Under the fostering influence of slavery, the process had so far progressed, that in the year of grace 1865, the Virginians had to deal not with the African race but with a body among whom the pure type was an exception. It is only since the war that the whole power of social influence has been exerted against mixture. The war delivered the South from the thing itself, and now the shnddering horror of the shadow contrasts strangely with the former indifference to the reality.

The following considerations in respect to amalgamation seem fairly suggested by the present positions of the races.

First, Until amalgamation becomes again a common practice, intermarriage cannot fail to place the parties under such a social ban that it will be confined to the lowest classes.

Second, The numerical superiority of the white race and the accessions by emigration southward, will constantly reduce the relative number of the colored people.

Third, No one who believes in the superiority of Anglo Saxon blood can consistently donbt its ability to choose and maintain its own distance from any other race which is numerically inferior.

Fourth, In the struggle for wealth and culture no conservative can suppose that the white race will be unable to keep the lead on a fair field.

Fifth, Those who believe that race prejudice is unconquerable, have abundant historical evidence to prove that intermarriage on any considerable scale is to the last degree improbable. The English in India, the French in Algeria, the Germans in America, to say nothing of the peoples, as the Brahmins and the Jews, whom traditions have separated from all around them for thousands of years, are all examples of separation under less favorable circnmstances than those in which the white race is placed in the southern states.

These are a few of the reasons why we believe that the most timid may dare to trust the future of the Anglo Saxon race to the Providence which endowed it with strength of individuality, and to spread education broadcast without fear that any one will be hurt by giving the colored people an opportunity to rise as high as their character and abilities will permit in the face of white competition.

A RAPID workman often appears to move more deliberately than a slow one. We have known a small wiry man who would do his task thoroughly, and yet no big burly fellow, however hard he might puff, could catch up with him. The man's motions were easy and graceful, without a trace of excitement. He had mastered the grand secret of speed; namely, the art of making no false motions.

Probably a fourth part of the labor done in the United States is wasted. It seems to the common laborer such a small thing in chopping or hoeing or spading, whether he strikes half an inch one side or the other! Few have any idea how much they could save of time and effort, if they could always hit just where the blow would do the most execution.

There is no tool unworthy of becoming an artist's means of showing the superiority of dexterity over brute force. A great painter, when asked what he mixed his colors with, answered "With brains, sir." There is plenty of room for such mixture in studying the use of tools.

If it were possible there ought to be a Professor of Handiness in every Agricultural College. Bunglers are so common, because the boys are not brought up to appreciate the importance of economy of motion. They fail to comprehend that a false motion takes just as long as a true one. The few who do bend their close attention upon their work, acquire a quickness of eye and sureness of aim, which becomes second nature. They accomplish much, with great ease to themselves. Their skill has become mechanical. So with careless beginners: their habits of half awake effort, become forced and almost ineradicable, before they know enough of the value of skill, to direct their whole minds upon acquiring it.

Not by the "haste which makes waste" is skill to be acquired: rather by going very slowly at first, studying just what is needed to be done, and then practising until the precise mark is struck every time. Skill thus reached step by step, is worth all it has cost; for however glutted the labor market may be, good men are always scarce and command high wages.

THE Hampton Normal School is again in full and prosperous operation. There are one hundred and seventy boarders and twenty-six day scholars: more are expected.

Students never came in so promptly. There was no delay in organizing classes and in getting to work. The corps of teachers is but little changed from last year. Mr. Edward H. Sears, a graduate of Harvard College, is appointed vice Mr. John H. Larry resigned. There are three gentlemen and seven ladies engaged in the Academic department, two ladies in the Housekeeping, and one in the Industrial, departments. Besides the two regular apprentices in the Printing-office, there is a class of eight who set type an hour every day under the direction of Mr. Butterfield. Over forty men are on the Farm detail, in charge of Mr. Howe. The Mechanical force consists of three carpenters, three painters, and one blacksmith. In the new department of Engineering, superintended by Mr. Goff, there are two men.

Virginia Hall is nearly finished, and is occupied by the lady teachers and by sixty-five girls. The dining hall with its new appointments presents a fresh, bright and beautiful appearance. Cooking is done entirely in the oven and steam kettles. Meals are much better prepared and served than in previous years. A disciplined corps of ten waiters serves the food, while the tables are set and dishes are washed by the girls. The steam heating and cooking apparatus works admirably. Washing and drying are facilitated by steam, and hot and cold water are carried to all parts of the building.

The Institution has taken a new departure: it has become a civilizing power, and to that end it will more carefully than ever regulate manners and habits and build up a true manhood and womanhood. It gives labor its true place by providing appliances for work which assert its dignity. Cooking, washing and ironing are done in as large, airy and fine rooms as those in which history and mathematics are taught.

To lift the plane of this work to its present level has been a serious strain upon its resources. The total cost of Virginia Hall will be about $76,000. A little over $50,000 has been contributed from all sources. The balance due is $25,000. $6,000 of the Endowment fund have been applied to cancel this balance, but it must be returned to that fund. A lady in New York has offered to be one of five who shall give $5,000 each and thus lift the entire debt. The debt has been reduced by a contribution of $2,375 from the teachers of the school, and by a donation of $500 from a lady in Boston. Even in these bad times we look with confidence to our friends, believing that even when giving comes to be a real self-denial, there still will be liberal giving.

The present difficulties lay in the line of our work, which is to pay a larger debt. We are paying the larger now in good instalments, and the smaller one presses upon us.

We invite attention to the series of Sunday-school Lessons for the month of November published in this number. The editorial labors of this department are performed by Miss Susan P. Harrold, a teacher at this institute. The series will be continued regularly, and it is hoped will be useful to many.

Hereafter the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will be issued not later than the twenty-fifth day of the month preceding that for which it is published. This paper will be supplied at the following rates provided there shall not be less than five copies sent to one address:

For one year	60 cents.
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Those who may subscribe at these rates are reminded

First, That they must send *at least* five subscriptions, *cash in advance*.

Second, No commissions are allowed or premiums given.

Third, The greatest care must be taken to send correct Post-office address of subscribers, stating name in full,—town, county, and state.

Fourth, Money should be sent in registered letters, or in Post-office money orders.

The graduates of this institute, and all laboring in the Snnday-school cause are solicited to interest themselves in this fresh effort to scatter a cheap and good family and Christian literature among the industrial classes of the South.

WE have received a copy of Webber's "Manual of Power," containing Tests of Power required for Cotton and other Machinery by Dynamometers, and showing results of great variety and value to practical manufactnrers. Very numerous experiments are described, indicating the comparative efficiency of the various Cotton Openers, Pickers, Lappers, Cards and Frames.

Throstle Spinning, Ring Spiuning, and Mule Spinning occupy the larger part of the work. Several pages of tables are given relating to flax and Wool Machinery.

As a reliable collection of important facts it should be in the hands of every mill owner. It may be obtained by enclosing a Post-office order for $3.00 to Samuel Webber, C. E., Manchester, N. H.

THE Normal School graduates are scattered far and wide over this Commonwealth and in adjacent states.

L. B. Langford and Frank Trigg are at Ahingdon, Va.

Jane Bullard is at the State Normal School, Westfield, Mass.

Clement Spencer is at Malden, West Va.

Peyton M. Lewis is teaching in Liberty, Bedford County, Va.

D. A. Ellett is in Goochland County, Va.

Rachel Elliott is at Charleston, West Va.

Grace McLane has a school at High Point, North Carolina.

Eliza Nottingham, George Lane, and Richards are at Oberlin College, Ohio.

The following are in Princess Anne County:

Everett Williams, John M. Williams, Augustus Hodges, and Albert B. Roberts.

Undergraduates are stationed as follows:

Edward Canaday, George Cole, Charles Vanison, in Essex Co.; William C. Boyd, in Franklin Co.; Frank Hall in Middlesex Co.

Rachel Howard and George Taylor are in Gloncester.

James Fields is Principal of the Lincoln School at Hampton, assisted by Luke Phillips and George Lattimore.

Calvin Johnson is residing in Hampton.

Jeorge Davis is assistant at the Butler School.

The above mentioned are all, but four, engaged in teaching in the free school system, and give excellent reports of their treatment.

Gradustes are invited to send a record of their work with whatever they may think interesting in regard to it; and to report all changes in their address. We desire to report the whereabouts of each one.

Alphonso Holley of the Senior Class died at the Hampton Normal Institute on Tuesday, October 27th, at twelve o'clock M., of typhoid fever.

His funeral took place on the 29th instant at the Bethesda Chapel, and was attended by all his schoolmates among whom he was a general favorite.

He became a Christian and united with the church last term.

His remains will be taken to his home in Stannton, Virginia, during the winter.

IT is pleasant to mention a donation of fifty dollars received from Malus, Madura Mission, Southern India, in-

tended to be continued annually till the sum shall reach one thousand dollars and become a permanent scholarship in the Hampton Normal Institute. The donor, Rev. T. S. Burnell, in the midst of millions of wretched Asiatics, does not forget the great problem of his own country, which is to lift up into manhood the great masses of the ignorant and helpless who have been providentially thrown upon it to care for.

SHAPE OF ROADS.

We often see roads repaired hy depositing in the centre of the highway a line of material perhaps eight or ten feet in width and six to twelve or more inches in thickness at the centre, thus forming a crown to the road twelve inches or more above the sides. When asked why this is done, we are told that it will be all "flattened down" in less than three months, and also that it is the proper way to drain the water off into the gutters. This is all wrong—wrong in principle and wrong in fact. A road with great convexity has more water standing upon it—has deeper ruts, and is, by far, worse for travel, than though it were only a little crowning. What that little should be, let us draw from the experience of others. Telford, the best English authority, says: "A road should fall transversely from the centre to the water-tables, at the rate of one in twenty-four, along flats and level ground, and sharper in proportion as declivity increases." McAdam says: "I consider a road should be as flat as possible, with regard to allowing the water to run off it at all, because a carriage ought to stand upright in traveling, as much as possible. I have generally made roads three inches higher in the centre than at the sides when they are eighteen feet wide." This is one in thirty-six. "I think that more water actually stands upon a very convex road than upon one which is reasonably flat." Law says: "The drainage of the surface of the road is then the only useful purpose which will be answered by making it convex . . . The surface of a road is much better drained by a small inclination in the direction of its length, than by a much greater tranverse slope." Walker says: "The over-rounding of roads is also injurious to them by either confining the heavy carriages to one track in the crown of the road; or, if they go upon the sides, by the greater wear they produce, from their constant tendency to move down the inclined plane, and the labor of the horse and the wear of the carriage wheels are both much increased by it."

In speaking of stone roads, Herendeen says: "The middle should be higher than the sides, for the prompt drainage of the surface water. It does not, however, require nearly so much elevation as dirt roads, where the surface is softer and the water soaks into them more readily. One inch in thirty is about the proper elevation of a good stone road." Another writer, Edgeworth, says: "In all these schemes for carrying off water from the roads by the inclination of the ground, it seems to have escaped the attention of those who proposed them, that no lateral inclination of the ground, consistent with the safety of the carriages, would empty a rut three inches deep." French says: "Drainage of the surface is prevented rather than promoted by too great convexity. If the surface retains its even form without ruts, the water will run off at once, at a very low inclination. If a rut is formed even one inch deep, no practicable degree of convexity can empty it toward the side ditches."—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

THE COW-PEA IN SOIL RESTORATION.

On almost every plantation in the cotton states there are worn-out cotton fields, which must remain unproductive until restored by fertilization. To find a fertilizer adapted to the wants of the soil, involving neither cost nor trouble of transportation, easy of application, and yielding the quickest and largest returns with the smallest outgo, is a great desideratum.

The cow-pea, as an agent in soil restoration, combines in a large degree these advantages. A planter in Gwinnett County, Georgia, reports as follows: Having a worn-out field of twenty acres which had been lying in broom-sedge for several years, he broke it up in the summer of 1868, plowing deep with a turn-over plow. In the fall he sowed it in wheat. The yield, carefully measured, was a little less than four bushels per acre. In 1869, immediately after harvesting the wheat, he sowed cow-peas at the rate of two bushels per acre. Early in October he turned the resulting crop under with a deep furrow. A few weeks later he sowed on this pea-sod wheat, harrowing it in carefully. He harvested nine bushels per acre. He repeated the same process in 1870, and realized seventeen and a half bushels per acre; and again in 1871, followed by a yield of twenty-seven bushels per acre; and again in 1872, with a promise at the time of reporting of forty bushels per acre. Throughout this experiment, covering five years, no fertilizer except the cow-pea was applied.—*How to Make the Farm Pay.*

A FIVE-ACRE FARM.

What a difference there is in men, and certainly what a difference in farmers. The *Country Gentleman* answers the question, "What can a man do with five acres of land?" by suggesting the way a Frenchman (gardener) would use it: "Monsieur Bonnot will take five acres. He will first put it in good condition, for Monsieur Bonnot cannot make five barrels of corn on the whole desert of Arabia with any means at his disposal; but Monsieur Bonnot will put his five acres in condition, and then they will yield him as much as is realized from a large farm. He will plant those things which bring the largest return for the amount of space occupied. Possibly he will give to strawberries one acre; asparagus one-half acre; celery half an acre; one acre in mixed grasses for his cow; space for kitchen, garden and dwelling, with out-houses, half an acre; for currants, grapes, gooseberries, pie plant, etc., one and a half acres; and the margin of the whole will be occupied hy the most profitable fruit trees. Monsieur Bonnot will not keep a horse, for he will eat up every month twelve dollars. He will keep a cow, because she will give him sixty cents worth of milk every day, and can live on the acre of mixed grasses with the refuse from the kitchen garden. Monsieur will have his poultry and eggs, and at the end of the year he will have more money than a big farmer."

PENS FOR SWINE.

The New York *Herald* says: A few days since the writer called at a neighbor's residence, who had a beautiful Chester White sow with three pigs about six weeks old. She brought forth nine, but overlaid six of them. The live pigs were worth five dollars each. Hence there was a loss of thirty dollars simply becanse his foreman did not understand how to prepare a suitable bed for a breeding sow. A large quantity of straw had been allowed to accumulate in her sleeping apartment, so that she had formed a deep hollow about the size of her body. As the young pigs could not get out of such a place, when the dam was about to lie down, they were smothered. Our own practice with brood sows has always been to remove all the straw from a sow's bed at least a month prior to the birth of her brood, and spread a few bunches of cut straw on the floor for her to lie on. Young pigs will never become entangled in such a bed, neither will they get cornered so that the dam will overlay them. When pigs are worth five dollars each it will pay the proprietor to prepare a suitable bed for the sow. Long straw should never be spread in a brood sow's sleeping apartment, except when no pigs are expected.

THE CURRANT WORM.—A friend here has a row of currant bushes six rods in length, bountifully loaded with fruit just beginning to ripen. A few days ago it was noticed that the worms had consumed the leaves on a few of the bnshes, and had taken possession of the whole row. Discouraged by previous experiments, another mode of attack was adopted. The ground under the bushes was free from grass and weeds. With a round stick we carefully rapped all the bushes, striking them with a quick stroke near the grounds as well as among the leaves. This threw the worms to the ground. Then with a sharp stick we carefully scraped out those that had fallen between the rods at the root of the bush, and then with a hoe carefully scraped over the ground, gathering the loose dirt and the worms into heaps, and with a spade buried them a foot deep in the ground, and trampled the soil on their grave. Many thousands of worms were thus buried, and hardly a dozen have been found on the bushes since.—*New York Tribune.*

The Teachers' Table.

It is often as necessary to place before the eyes of scholars the objects which immediately surround them, and which they might reasonably be supposed to be intimately familiar with, as those which are ordinarily beyond their observation. The perceptive faculties must be specially trained to do the allotted work, or they are likely to neglect it altogether. It is astonishing to mark how the mass of mankind passes through the world as if almost literally blind and deaf, beholding a thousand things day by day, yet getting no discriminating impressions of their parts and properties. "Seeing, they see not; hearing, they hear not; and they do not understand."

The writer was immoderately laughed at by some members of the school committee of a sea-port town, not long since, when conversing on this topic, because he happened to remark that it would be well for each school to have models of the various kinds of vessels in their illustrative cabinets, so frequent are the references in literature to the parts and purposes of sea-going crafts. "Models of vessels in the school-houses of this city, when almost every child sees vessels as frequently as he see houses!" exclaimed one of them, derisively.

"Let us test the need," was the writer's reply. So he went into a grammar school and put questions to its first class; and out of forty-six present, only three knew what the *hatchway* of a vessel is, only five knew the position and uses of the *keel*, and only a few of the boys could tell the distinction between *cabin* and *hold*. The committee-men incontinently subsided.

A writer in the *N. Y. Tribune* finds a striking illustration of the fact that the proprieties of language in speech and composition are learned from reading and the imitation of good usage, and not from the study of grammar as usually taught in schools, in the example of the late Millard Fillmore, whose early education was greatly neglected, and who, until the age of nineteen, had never seen a grammar nor a geography, yet who used language with much propriety. It remarks that "The accuracy with which so many of our half-educated or self-educated men write and speak English is surprising;" and adds, "Our American accuracy does not come of early drilling; it is to be attributed to the general habit of reading. It is in this way that the majority become tolerable grammarians by rote, and speak correctly; simply because they speak at all. These are facts which may well lead us to revise our notions of the necessity of studying grammar as it is usually taught in our schools.

THE STUDY OF BOTANY

may be introduced into the primary school with great benefit and interest, both to teacher and pupil, and with very little expense, thanks to a little volume called "The First Book in Botany," which has been prepared by Miss Eliza A. Youmans; published hy Appleton & Co. Only one book is necessary, for the teacher, the children studying from the plant itself, under his guidance. A previous knowledge of botany is not even essential to the teacher in using this little book. He may become a fellow-student with the child. The object of the book is to cultivate the powers of observation, and the practice of expressing what is observed; and this important end is attained in a way that excites and holds the interest of the pupil from beginning to end.

Miss Youmans says, "The method to be pursued by the aid of this book is the following: The child, first of all, collects some specimens of plants—almost any will answer the purpose in commencing. These consist of organs, each of which is made up of different parts, and these vary in form or structure continually in different species. The object of the learner is to find out these parts or characters and learn their names, so as to be able to describe them. Turning to the first exercises, he finds the parts of leaves represented by pictures acccompanied by the names applied to them. Guided by these he refers to his specimens, and finds the real things which the words and pictures represent. For noting down what he observes, a form or *schedule* is used, containing questions which indicate what he is to search for. He carefully observes his specimen, and writes down the character it possesses, with which he has become acquainted. Having done this, he pins the specimen to the paper describing it, and brings it to the teacher. For these the cheapest kind of paper will answer; or, slates will do just as well. Children can begin to study plants by this method as soon as they can write."

The eleven chapters of the book contain illustrated exercises upon the Leaf, the Stem, Blossoming, the Flower, the Root, the Seed, Woody Plants, the Leaf-Bud, the Stem and Root, the Fruit, and the Actions of Plants.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION

is receiving much attention in this and other countries. In Prussia it has been vigorously enforced since 1819. Out of 3,000,000 children of school age in Prussia in 1864, only 130,000 were out of school. At the chief recruiting station in the Kingdom, only three recruits were received in twelve years who could not read and write. Hence the superiority of the Prussian army. Education is compulsory in Austria. The poor in Holland are not helped unless they send their children to school.

In England a few years ago, the suffrage was largely extended, and compulsory education was at once found necessary to prevent a mass of ignorant voters from ruling the Kingdom. In three years there has been an increase of fifty per cent in the attendance. Our own new voters do not seem to need compulsion to education, but only a chance.

ALPHONSO HOLLEY.

DIED OCTOBER 27, 1874.

Our friend stands safe upon the other side:
He is at home once more,
In some among his Father's mansions wide,
With Him who called him o'er.

New tasks and lessons hitherto untried,
He finds his hours to fill;
New friends to love among the glorified
Are crowding round him still.

Can he remember, now that he is there,
And Jesus' face he sees,
The little joys that we were wont to share,
The sports that used to please?

Yes, he remembers;—little else we know
Of his new life above,
But love forgets not even here below,
And life in heaven is love,

THE FLORA OF HAMPTON.

SEPTEMBER—CONTINUED.

Cunila Marianna—*dittany.* Impatiens fulva—*orange-colored touch-me-not.* Coreopsis auriculata—*broad-eared tick seed.* Eupatorium fistulosum—*trumpet weed.* Hibiscus Moscheatos, variety flavescens—*yellow marsh hibiscus.* Hypericum mutilum—*dwarf St. John's-wort.*

OCTOBER.

Woodsia obtusa—*rock polypod.* Flagopyrum esculentum—*buckwheat.* Campanula divaricata—*bell-flower.* Isanthus cæruleus—*false pennyroyal.* Dianthus barbatus—*burnet pink.* Tragia urticifolia—*nettle-leaved tragia.* Verbesina siegisbeckia—*crown beard.* Gaura biennis—*biennial gaura.* Œnothera glauca—*evening primrose.* Gerardia tennifolia—*slender-leaved Gerardia.* Collinsonia punctata—*spotted collinsonia.* Nabalus altissimus, variety ovatus—*oval leaved drop flower.* Gentiana quinquefiora—*five-flowered gentian.* Liatris squarrosa—*blazing star.* Lespedeza repens—*creeping bush clover.* Calamintha repeta—*calaminth.* Symphoricarpus vulgaris—*purple wolfberry.* Heleneum autumnale—*autumnal sneezewort.* Heleneum parviflorum—*small flowered sneezewort.* Heliopsis lævis—*ox-eye* Gentiana Andrewsii—*Andrew's gentian.* Chrysopsis gramminifolia—*grass leaved chrysopsis.* Eupatorium perfoliatum—*thoroughwort, boneset.* Chelone glabra—*turtlehead, snakehead.* Mirabilis jalapa—*four o'clock, marvelworts.* Eupatorium fæniculatum—*dog fennel.* Gentiana saponaria—*soap gentian.* Oplismenus crus-galli—*barn-yard grass.* Monotropa uniflora—*Indian pipe.* Solidago bicolor—*white golden rod.* Aster corymbosus—*corymbed aster.* Polygonum sagittatum—*scratch grass.*

In concluding the Flora of Hampton, I wish it to be clearly understood, that the plants which have been recorded (about five hundred in number) do not nearly embrace all that grow in the neighborhood, but only such as have come under my own observation, in my rambles on foot in the country. I have dried specimens of all, and purpose arranging them in a *hortus siccus*, to be placed in the College museum for reference. Not knowing the names of the places where they were collected has prevented me from giving the exact locality this year; but having now obtained a map of the district, I hope, next year, to supply the deficiency, when printing the list in pamphlet form, for the use of the students, and as a guide to botanists who may visit the district for the purpose of collecting.

GEORGE DIXON.

SONGS.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further growing;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes,—answer, dying, dying, dying.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The two beautiful little poems which we give on this page were written by the present poet-laureate, or poet to the crown of England, who is now a man some sixty years of age, and incontestably the greatest of living English poets. Born in 1810, the son of a Church of England clergyman, he was the third of a family of twelve children whose favorite amusement was writing stories and verses, and who had all the advantage culture can give. Alfred and his two brothers began to write early in life, and Alfred's first volume of poems was published before he graduated from the University of Cambridge, and contains much which is now recognized as beautiful, although at the time, it received but slighting notice from the critics. Of course no man's fame can be justly weighed while his life and rank are yet unfinished; but it is certain that few men have lived to receive such hearty and general acknowledgment of their power, or to feel that their genius had reached such complete development, as has Alfred Tennyson; and it seems as if the tranquillity of his life had added by force of contrast to the glory of his work. He lived for many years in great seclusion near London, but latterly has made for himself a fitting home upon the lovely shore of the Isle of Wight, one of the most beautiful spots in all England. His most important works are "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "The Idyls of the King," while his shorter pieces, his ballads and rhythmical stories fill several volumes which take a high rank among the treasures of English literature. "The May Queen," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Lady of Shalott," and a hundred others, are so exquisite and still so simple, that no reader of English poetry can be pardoned for not being thoroughly familiar with their beauties. We recommend our readers to the two examples of Mr. Tennyson's genius which we give herewith, trusting that they may be tempted to search for themselves in the treasure house of his poetry.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

WILL THE ICE BEAR?

Our illustration for this month warns us that once more winter is at hand, and that before many days have passed, chill winds and frosty airs will deliver us over to the power of the Ice-king, whose sway is so powerful and so relentless, and whose kingdom extends almost to the extreme southern limits of our continent. Frost and snow will soon be here, and more than one eager voice will echo the question which we fancy we can hear from the young girls in the picture, "Will the ice bear?" What pleasure they are promising to themselves, these pretty maidens, if their query shall be answered in the affirmative; and how real they and their surroundings seem. Look at the frozen, shining surface of the pond, with its snow-covered banks, and the bare, brown trees stretching up their tall, straight stems into a brilliant winter sky. See the half-broken path down which the skaters have come, the merry little rascals who stand laughing and shivering on the shore, the good-natured man in the background whose strong arms are ready with shovel and broom to clear some smooth corner of the ice, whereon the expert skaters may cut circles and figures, or, perchance, if they are great in the art, their own initials, while those who are new to the deceitful foothold may make the smooth glare of the freshly swept ice an excuse for all their tumbles and eccentric performances. What can be gayer, more exhilarating, more wholesomely exciting to mind and body than this brisk, delightful exercise of skating,—the flash and ring of the steel upon the ice, the swift rush through the cold, sparkling air, the spice of danger, all combining to make the amusement one of the chief delights which inexorable winter brings, at least to the younger portion of the community, while even the elders must enjoy the bright scene, and feel some interest in the important question, "Will the ice bear?"

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

OUR SIGNAL SERVICE.

Among the Government Reports for the year 1873 is one which illustrates very satisfactorily the growth and highly important department of the public service; for in the "Annual Report of the Chief Signal Officer to the Secretary of War," we find that the annual account, during the few years since the work began, has increased in more than geometrical ratio. General Myer, the chief of the bureau, reports that there are one hundred and eighty-one observers, of whom eighty-eight are sergeants and ninety-three assistants, occupying seventy-eight stations. It is not possible to give within our limits anything like a detailed description of the doings of the Signal Service establishment, and we must content ourselves with giving our readers merely a general idea of a very valuable work. In additiou to the publication of the "Probabilities" of the weather, which are so familiar to all of us, the postmasters in all country districts are furnished with printed slips containing similar forecasts, which they are expected to put up in conspicuous places for the benefit of the public. The state of the water in our principal rivers,—its temperature and other special points are also reported, while a record is furnished of the weather for long periods continuously at distant places, as, for example, the Island of St. Paul, off Alaska, and the vessel *Polaris* in the North Polar expedition; also we get records from the summits of Mt. Washington and Mt. Mitchell, N. C., which present some curious facts; and indeed it is difficult to speak too highly of the interest and importance of this whole work. The Signal Service has made it possible to prepare with so much certainty for changes of the weather, that farmers and business men who are likely to be affected by such changes, are beginning to depend with great confidence upon the reports officially furnished; while there are few people who see a newspaper without turning instinctively to the "Probabilities," to learn what to-morrow is to bring forth.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

AFRICA.

We trust that our readers keep up their interest in the work for which the brave Livingstone lived and died, and that the efforts which in one shape or another are constantly being made to suppress the internal slave trade of Africa, continue to command their attention and sympathy.

Perhaps the latest plan recommended as having a fair chance of success is that of Lieutenant Cameron of the English Navy, who, in March last, reached Ujiji, the famous meeting place of Livingstone and Stanley, and there prepared a report on the slave trade. He says "that the whole country from the coast to Lake Tanganyika is infested by slave-hunting brigands, who attack native villages and sometimes passing caravans, or, kidnap men working in the fields. Some of these bands are the young men of native tribes of a warlike disposition, others are composed of runaway slaves; and often when an Arab is in bad circumstances he will arm a party of men and travel about fomenting wars between neighboring tribes, and then, joining the stronger side, obtain his share of the plunder in slaves. The Arabs who have settled in Eastern Africa require great numbers of slaves to work on their farms, or to serve as carriers in their caravans; and in all parts of Africa wealthy natives invest their money in slaves."

Lieutenant Cameron, in view of this state of things, does not hesitate to declare that the "suppression of the slave trade is, and will continue an impossibility until communication with the civilized world is opened up"; and to this end he advises the immediate construction of a railway from Bayamoyo to Ujiji (to cost, at a rough estimate, about $4,000,000), with branch lines to Victoria, Nyanza and Urori. This line, he thinks, would at once pay five per cent, and lines connecting with it could gradually be carried further into the interior, where the fertile soil produces cotton, grain, coffee, spices, India-rubber, etc., which articles it would, of course, pay largely to export.

To most people, the plan of a railroad which shall pierce the heart of Africa seems somewhat visionary; and it is certainly very doubtful whether the condition of African society would be greatly changed by the fact of a path being laid between Ujiji and the outer world; but, at least, such reports as this of Lieutenant Cameron show us how great the need is, how frightful the darkness in which thousands of our fellow-beings are lying, and how serious is the responsibility resting upon the nations of Christendom.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

POULTRY.

The common hen and her nest of eggs and horde of chickens are such important features of our domestic life, that it is a little remarkable how few farmers or housekeepers take any pains to inform themselves as to the proper treatment of fowls, and management of poultry yards. To raise the rarer breeds of fowls in this country requires, in the first instance, a comparatively large investment; that is, there must be several acres of land, well-built, dry and warm houses, intelligent labor, etc.; while the actual cost of the finer varieties of eggs is from $5.00 to $25.00 per dozen, while the fowls themselves run up to $50.00 a pair. Now of course such expense as this can be gone into only by rich men for amusement; or by poor men as a business investment; and although, in the latter case, experience has shown that with care and skill it is a business which yields a handsome profit, it is not to either of these classes of poultry breeders that we wish here to speak. It is, on the contrary, to a few out of the thousands of families who own ten or twenty or fifty "common" hens, that we desire to give a few hints, taken mainly from the reports of French egg dealers, it being generally acknowledged that French hens are the best for eating and the most prolific layers in the world. The principal fact, perhaps, is that the French farmers scarcely feed their hens at all, but allow them to run about and pick up what they please in the fields and hedges; and that, secondly, the districts in which the hens thrive best and lay most freely are those in which the soil contains a large proportion of silex. It is an established fact, that when fowls are removed from these districts there is a marked diminution in the number of their eggs, so that the English poultry fanciers who have of late years imported large numbers of hens from France in the hope of improving their native breeds, have universally been disappointed in the fowls thus procured.

The whole theory of the ordinary hen-farmer in France rests upon his experience of the necessity of plenty of room for the fowls to run, and plenty of silex in the soil wherein they pick. Give him those two conditions and he is sure of a steady, handsome profit on very common breeds of fowls; and there is no reason why his experience should not hold good in this country. If the silex does not exist in sufficient quantity in any given soil, it is possible to make it up to the fowls by artificial means, as is done to a certain extent by farmers living near the seacoast, who often supply their hens with pounded clam shells, and similar delicacies. But this hardly ever takes the place of the natural supply; and at present there is no doubt that hens thrive better upon certain soils than upon others, which, to the eye, are just as favorable.

If anything more is attempted than to provide the hens with plenty of space, and a suitable soil, the subject becomes of such difficulty as to require very great study and care. A scientifically arranged poultry-yard is an extremely interesting scene, the arrangement of the houses, regulation of food, preservation of breeds, etc., being matters which require a large amount of judgment and skill. But once more we repeat, that hen-raising can be made profitable on a different, and less pretentious basis, provided the two requirements of plenty of room and plenty of silex be fulfilled.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

The following, says the St. Louis *Republican*, is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. S. D. Barrett, formerly of Cambridge, Illinois, but now residing in Nemaha County, Kansas. Her home is in the track of the northern column of the devastating grasshoppers, and we presume her vivid description of the scene will give our readers a clearer idea of the magnitude of the pest than they have hitherto been able to form:

"It looks very sad and dreary to me to-day. The sun is quite hidden by the clouds of grasshoppers flying all around alighting on everything. They are pelting against my doors and windows as fast as hailstones ever came. I can scarcely see through my screen door for them, and look out as far as eye can see, it looks like a snow-storm;—as they fly their wings look white like flakes of snow in the air. They destroy everything they alight on. They have destroyed acres and acres of corn, and now they are going in our corn-fields by clouds, and will destroy it all in a day. Every shrub and tree is covered with them. You know we read of Pharaoh's plague, where the insects got into the kneading troughs. I think this is one of them. I went out by the door to try and drive them off, and they flew all over me, and I had to change my dress to get rid of them. Instead of rain, we are having showers of grasshoppers. Our six windows are completely covered with them; and as I write, they are pouring down the chimney and coming down the stove-pipe.

"Father has just come in. He cannot work out doors, for they blind him; and they are coming faster, and are now eating the netting off my doors and windows, and the heat and close air are stifling. I never saw anything so terrible in my life. The ground is now completely covered, and they cause such an offensive smell that but for an occasional breeze to carry it off, I know not what we should do.

"Please excuse mistakes, as I feel so bad and nervous under this awful scourge and desolation."—*Exchange.*

If thou hast any good in thee, believe still better things of others, that thou mayest preserve humility. It will do thee no harm to put thyself below everybody, but it will hurt thee very much to put thyself before any one.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

THE TWO ANCHORS.

It was a gallant sailor man
Had just come home from sea,
And as I passed him in the town,
He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
I stopped and saw I knew the man—
Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered, sailor-like,
"Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
I made a song for him one day—
His ship was then in sight—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip.
"So yon are back again?
They say yon have been pirating
Upon the Spanish Main;
Or was it some rich Indiaman
Yon robbed of all her pearls?
Of course yon have been breaking hearts
Of poor Kanaka girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight,
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'".

"I heard, last night, that yon were in;
I walked the wharves to-day,
But saw no ship that looked like yours;
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her."
"And so yon shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea.
You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night—
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right!'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
"Come home with me," he said;
"Go on, go on; I follow you."
I followed where he led.
He had a pleasant little house;
The door was open wide,
And at the door the dearest face—
A dearer one inside!
He hugged his wife and child; he sang—
His spirits were so light—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right!"

'T was supper-time, and we sat down—
The sailor's wife and child,
And he and I; he looked at them,
And looked at me, and smiled.
"I think of this when I am tossed
Upon the stormy foam,
And though a thousand miles away,
Am anchored here at home."
Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
"I see in dreams at night,
This little anchor on my left,
This great one on my right!"

—*Harpers' Magazine.*

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

A SCENE IN NORWAY.

Mr. Shorey has given us a curious picture for this month, has he not? A cold country it must be, where the people have to wrap up in furs like that—very different from the sunny South. All the way over the great Atlantic, and far up toward the North pole lies Norway, almost the most northern country of Europe. Few of the summer travelers to the old world visit it, yet a most interesting country it is, of which we could tell some wonderful stories if there was time. The picture shows how the Norwegians get their fish in their long winters. They have cut a hole in the ice, you see, and if a fish shows his nose he will be speared in a hurry.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

A COLORED VILLAGE IN CANADA.

The Buxton Mission.

I gave the readers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN some items of information concerning the colored race in Canada, and promised them a sketch of perhaps the most interesting of the colored settlements there, the village of Buxton, in the province of Ontario, twelve miles from Chatham.

Inquiring while in Chatham, for the most reliable sources of information upon the general subject of my investigations, I was referred among other letters to the Rev. William King, the founder of the Buxton Mission, as it was once called. A twelve miles ride in search of him was delightful in itself, for the beauty of the scenery, and the richness of the country passed through; and though I did not find the patriarch at home in the midst of his flock, the disappointment was softened by the cordiality with which I was received in the ancient mission house by his hospitable wife, and the Rev. Horrocks Cocks from England, who was visiting Canada in the interest of British emigration. Dr. Cocks kindly showed me over the mission, and I am indebted to him for much of the information that may be given in this article.

The peculiar interest of the Buxton Mission is that it is the accomplishment of a noble idea wrought out in self-sacrifice. That it was founded by an Irishman for the good of colored men is another interesting fact, in consideration of the inborn enmity supposed to exist between the two races—an enmity which can only result, however, from ignorant selfishness, and which must disappear before education and Christianity.

Mr. King was a native of Ireland, a resident of Louisiana, and intimate with the Southern aristocracy in his influential connection with the college at Jackson. He was also a slaveholder himself, but on a somewhat peculiar basis, for he gave his slaves the proceeds of their own labor, and bought them only to set them free, training them carefully for freedom, while waiting till the legal obstacles to his purpose could be removed.

A SCENE IN NORWAY.

As soon as this was accomplished, he sold his plantation, and took his slaves with him to Canada, thus giving them their liberty. He established his own home among them, and settled them around him. The British Government made the little settlement a grant of land, and it was thus organized under the name of Buxton, in honor of Sir T. F. Buxton, the great English philanthropist.

As this was toward the close of the year 1849, the young colony received immediate accession from the throng of refugees driven into Canada from the northern states by the passing of the Fugitive Slave bill. This influx, however, seemed to do it more harm than good. The fugitives did not receive the welcome they had reason to expect on British soil from the white settlers. The cry was raised that their coming would interfere with white labor, and a persecution followed, all the more bitter when directed against an organized effort like the Buxton Mission, that seemed to be based on permanent principles of Christian benevolence. It is sad to think how much noble energy and intellect that might have told with mighty effect upon the peaceful progress of the little colony, had to be turned into the struggle for life with its enemies. Its pure-minded, self-sacrificing founder was assailed with slanders and misrepresentations innumerable, and every possible influence was brought to induce the government to withdraw its aid. But though the good work was hindered, and some of his benevolent plans frustrated, he did not falter, and God did not desert this vine of His own planting. A church and school-house were put up, the forest began to fall under the settlers' axes, roads were built, and the land drained. Each settler received a fifty acre lot if he wished it, to be paid for at two dollars and a half an acre in ten annual instalments with interest. He was also required by the contract to put up a house on it, not inferior to a certain model which was of log, twenty-four feet by eighteen, and twelve feet high. The land was heavily timbered, but the soil was good, and the manufacture of black salts—used in the making of pot- and pearl-ash—from the ashes of the timber cut, converted the wood into a marketable article of great value.

Settlers came in every year, some of whom brought a little capital with them; a saw and grist mill was put up, a brick yard, and various industries added, farming still continuing to be the principal occupation.

In 1866, sixteen years after the little band of freedmen invaded the unbroken forest to dispute possession with the wolf and the bear for the foundation of their colony, its historian writes: "There are now four schools with an attendance of three hundred scholars. Two hundred attend the Sabbath-school. Seven hundred have already passed through the mission school and received a good, common education, while others have been trained as teachers, and are occupying important posts in Canada and the United States. Two are surgeons in the hospital at Washington. The schools are now all self-supporting; the settlers have subscribed this year, fourteen hundred dollars for educational purposes. The mission church is well attended, and Mr. King conducts a Bible class for adults at his own house. The mission church is Presbyterian; there are also Methodist and Baptist churches which are largely attended. Two thousand acres of forest land have been cleared and cultivated, and twenty-five miles of road opened. Two hundred and fifty families have made themselves comfortable homes and support themselves by their own industry. Nothing that intoxicates is sold in the settlement, and drunkenness is almost unknown. The natural taste of the colored race for music has been cultivated by the formation of singing classes by one of themselves."

Writing in February, 1866, Mr. King himself says: "This settlement is a standing protest against the charges brought against the negro, of idleness and inapacity to manage his own business. Just at this critical period in the reconstruction of the slave states, and the settlement of other questions connected with the freedom of the slave, it is well that we have at least one community of freedmen of whom it can be said that they are self-supporting and industrious. Enjoying all the rights of freemen, they are well behaved, and exercise their civil rights with as much judgment as any other settlers coming into the province. To-day the thermometer stands five degrees below zero with snow a foot deep. Yet every able-bodied man in the settlement is in the woods with axe and cross-cut making staves for the foreign market and taking saw logs to the mill. The settlement has never been more prosperous than it is this year."

As far as I could learn, its prosperity still continues, though market values are not as high as they were at the close of the war. The change emancipation has brought to the condition of the colored race in the United States, has naturally prevented the rapid growth of the settlement; but its population has at least not diminished; and its noble founder who still lives in the log mission house to which he came twenty-five years ago, has reason to thank God for the fruit of his labors, and the prosperity of the great cause to which he has devoted his fortune and his life.

REBECCA, THE DRUMMER.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. It was a British war-ship. What would she do? Would she tack about in the bay to pick up stray coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war-times in 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go out and sink the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small, and, though we afterward had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the little village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing-place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up every-thing, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours; and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared, the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Winsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had been the first to discover the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung round at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets, and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay-carts and carried away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor so that, instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing! Not much use to think of either while that war-ship crossed and recrossed before the harbor mouth.

About two o'clock the tide reached high water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half-a-mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish-houses as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight: five large boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh, if I only were a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns!"

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!"

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It's too bad, is n't it?"

"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in town. There 's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we 'll hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum! How can they? It 's here. Father brought it home to mend last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let 's——"

"See, the first boat has reached the sloop."

"Oh! oh! They are going to burn her!"

"Is'nt it mean?"

"It's too bad!—too ——"

"Where is that drum?"

"It 's in the kitchen."

"I 've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They 'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We could hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come, let 's——"

"Oh, look! look! The sloop 's afire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like——"

"Come, let 's get the drum. It 'll do no harm; and perhaps——"

"Well, let 's. There 's the fife, too; we might take that with us."

"Yes; and we 'll——"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor, and praying for her country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Son and husband were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but to watch and wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and, in a fever of excitement, they got the drum and took the cracked fife from the bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out by the back door, unnoticed.

They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and toward the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high-water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and of the ship, also. Luckily, she was anchored to the south of the light; and as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and, with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could toward the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and tried the fife softly.

"You take the fife, Sarah, and I'll drum."

"All right; but we mus' n't stand still. We must march along the shore toward the light."

"Wo'n't they see us?"

"No; we 'll walk next the water on the outside beach."

"O yes; and they 'll think it 's soldiers going down to the Point to head 'em off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two,—one, two!

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

"For'ard—march!"

"Ha! ha!"

The fife stopped.

"Don't laugh. You 'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips."

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

The men in the town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of a sturdy drum and the sound of a brave fife. The soldiers in the boats heard the noise and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising! They were coming down the Point with cannons, to head them off! They would all be captured, and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle,"—that horrid tune! Hark! The men were cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore!

In grim silence marched the two girls, —plodding over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles,—Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his good clothes, in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach —a thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to the ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on the shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum: Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls toiled on,—tearful, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires, and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all, the sun went down.

The red-coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men open on them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot toward the light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and dropping their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time!

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.—*St Nicholas.*

AUDUBON.

A little incident related in the "Life of Audubon," the celebrated naturalist, forcibly illustrates the patient, persistent, painstaking manner in which men of science as well as men of letters, prosecute their investigation. It was while Audubon was hunting in the forests of Louisiana that he discovered a tiny little woodbird hitherto unknown to the ornithologist. It was not so big as a wren, and was clad in a coat of such plain, sober gray, that none but practiced eyes would detect it flitting in and out among the similar colored branches of the peculiar species of trees it inhabited. But, however humble the bird might be, to Audubon it was one of the charming and curious race of beings that interested him above all other living things, and to ascertain its history and habits was a matter of as much importance as though it were chief of the tribe. He, therefore, bent every energy of his intense and eager nature to the study of it. One night he came home with the exciting news that he had found a pair which were evidently preparing to build a nest.

Next morning he was up and off to the woods by daybreak, taking along with him a telescopic microscope. Erecting this under the tree that sheltered the almost invisible little creatures he was anxious to observe, he made himself a pillow of moss, and then laid quietly down on the ground, with his eye to the instrument and remained throughout the livelong hours until nightfall, watching the movements of the secret and unsuspecting architects. This course he repeated day after day, for three weeks, without respite or intermission, and then he was able to tell, with minute and accurate details, just what material these builders in the heart of the wild wood choose for their dwellings, just how they put it together, and the number of days required to complete the process of incubation. In short, by this noiseless, solitary, tireless vigilance, he had gathered up all the various chapters in the history of this nameless forest-inhabitant, and bound them together in a complete and unique volume. It was thus that Audubon made himself acquainted with the peculiar and characteristic traits of the birds of America, and came to know them as he knew the faces of his wife and children, and could draw each one of them in the most natural and life-like attitude, with every spot of color and adjustment of feather exactly as it should be and always with the accompaniment of some spray of plant or branch of tree, that, growing near its favorite haunts, was especially identified with it.—*Exchange.*

At Home.

FRIGHTENED BIRDS.

"Hush! hush!" said the little brown thrush,
To her mate on the nest in the elder-bush;
"Keep still! don't open your bill!
There 's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.
Let go your wings out so
That not an egg nor the nest shall show.
Chee! chee! it seems to me
I 'm as frightened as ever a bird can be!"

Then still, with a quivering bill,
They watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill.
Ah, then in the branches again,
Their glad song rang over vale and glen.
Oh! oh! if that boy could know
How glad they were when they saw him go,
Say, say, do you think next day
He could possibly steal those eggs away?

—*Selected.*

Respect Due to Women.—Every man who prides himself upon being an American citizen should remember that one of the greatest glories of American civilization is the respect and consideration it shows to women. This respect to women is a test of civilization in every country. The savage and heathen nations have little or none of it. The Indian husband loafs around his wigwam all day when he is not amusing himself with hunting or scalping his enemies, and lets his wife do all the drudgery. He walks along smoking, and his squaw carries the buffalo meat, and the bent poles, as well as the baby. The women of China and India and Turkey are miserable slaves; and a mother weeps when her child is a daughter, to think of all the wretched life before her. If she can throw the little girl baby into the river as a sacrifice to her cruel god, she thinks it a happy escape—and so it is. The Christian nations of Europe give honor to women in direct proportion to the extent of civilization through their society. In some of them, while the educated classes treat her with respect and tenderness, the lowest classes make her almost a slave. The boast of America is the general diffusion of knowledge and civilization through all classes of society, and consequently, also, the general respect shown to woman. Remember this: No man can be worthy the name of American citizen who tyrannizes over his wife, and treats any woman with rudeness.

Here is a good motto for grumblers, and every one else:

TWO KEYS.

"Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that two are these—
'I thank you, sir,' and 'if you please.'"

It is a curious fact, illustrating the necessity of cleanliness, and of keeping the pores of the skin open, that if a coat of varnish, or other substance impervious to moisture, be applied to the exterior of the body, death will ensue in about six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child at Florence. On the occasion of Pope Leo the Tenth's accession to the Papal Chair, it was desired to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so a child was selected and gilded all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours.

Newspapers Domestically Considered.—Too low an estimate is apt to be set on the domestic value of newspapers. After reading them, they are thrown aside and forgotten. But to suppose their usefulness bounded by their news columns and the waste-basket, is a thriftless mistake.

In the first place there are the household recipes, to be found in stray corners, often excellent, and deserving a refuge on the fly-leaf of the family cook-book. Then come the pretty verses, the strange and droll stories, the brief biographies and reminiscences which, pasted in a scrap-book, are a source of never-ending pleasure, not only to those who do not care for richer intellectual food, but to those who have only odd minutes for reading.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

LONDON, *July*, 1874.

Some little time ego, I was advised by Professor B., one of my teachers, to procure if possible, a ticket of admission to the Library of the British Museum, as it contains some veluable booke on music, of which there are only two or three copies in the world, besides every book relating to music or musical education, which is of any value—and here let me say, that by law, every bookseller and publisher in the United Kingdom, of whatever class, is obliged to give a copy of every book he publishes to this library; so you may imagine what an immense stock of novels, history, science, art, etc., is always on hand. On presenting myself at the Museum, I was furnished with the proper form of application, to be filled out by the person desiring admittance, and found that it was also necessary to have the name of some well known professional character signed to a voucher on the reverse side. As I have no acquaintance with any public character here, I called on Mr. Moran, Secretary of the American Legation; but he, too, wanted a letter of introduction, which I could not obtain from home in less than a month; and I was returning to my lodgings somewhat disgusted with the red tape of the business when I bethought myself of Dr. W., who attended me in a slight attack of illness last spring, and who had proved not only an excellent physician, but a truly kind friend. He settled the difficulty at once by filling out and signing the paper (long life to him!) and now I can go there for a quiet reading time whenever I like. The reading room is splendidly arranged for comfort; it is circular and about two hundred and twenty feet in diameter. The top is a large dome probably some hundred and fifty feet high. All the light comes from windows in the sides and top of the dome. There are two galleries running around it, and these are full of books; in fact, from the floor to the point where the dome begins, the walls are nothing but a mass of books; and yet all these books and some others in the centre of the room, upward of two thousand, are only *catalogues*, the library and books being in other apartments. The desk of the Superintendent is in the centre of this circular room. Around it are three rows of desks containing the "Old" and "New" "General Catalogues" in some hundred volumes, the "Musical" and "Patent Catalogues," and also catalogues of all the MSS. in the library. Outside of these circular desks, and radiating like the spokes of a wheel, are the reading desks, with six seats on each side, very wide and roomy, provided with pens and ink, and an arrangement for holding books that can be adjusted at any angle, high or low—most convenient when consulting several books of reference at the same time. There is also a movable shelf for holding extra books—national or anything else. The room is carpeted with leather, and the desks are covered with it (the chair castors also are covered with leather); so that it is almost impossible to make a noise by any carelessness in dropping books. The MS. department is especially valuable to me in my orchestra study. Here is Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" in his own score, his own handwriting, and unaltered by the mistakes which creep into the printed editions. Here I can study the scores of the Masters from the original manuscripts, which is a great assistance to me.

As a museum, I believe the South Kensington is generally considered superior to the British. At any rate, I consider it a most wonderful collection of curiosities of every description. I have visited it several times, always finding something new, rare and beautiful, to admire; but the attempt to write a description of any such place is most unsatisfactory to me, for of the thousand and one things to be seen it is almost impossible to single out anything especially worthy of description more than all the rest. I think the picture galleries are the most interesting to me. There are some most beautiful bits of landscape, and many of Landseer's animals—all exquisitely done. I saw several recent trophies of the Ashantee war—King Koffee's umbrella for one, and some masks and name' heads, etc., made of pure gold—of great value; also an executioner's sword, which looked like an antiquated saw. The exhibition of tiling is very handsome—parts of the building are finished in tiles—some antique and some modern ones. The lunch-room is elegantly tiled from floor to ceiling.

Last week F. and I went to the promenade concert at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park; here, again, we are indebted to the kindness of our good friend, Dr. W., who sent us tickets of admission, none of which are sold. These concerts are very select and aristocratic entertainments, no gentlemen being admitted except in full dress. The gardens are lovely, and the whole scene a very brilliant one; here nobility,—even royalty itself—promenades to the music of some of the royal bands, and special officers are stationed at various points to see that ordinary mortals do not intrude; but *you* see that sometimes they do. The three bands of the Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, and the Horse Guards are under the leadership of the Godfrey brothers, and are of nearly equal standing in regard to fame and merit—the Grenadiers, perhaps, rather taking the lead. This is the band under the leadership of Dan. Godfrey, which went over and took part in the great Peace Jubilee, at Boston in 1872.

F. and I had rather an amusing adventure last evening, crossing Hyde Park on our way to call on some American friends. We stopped awhile to watch the young "gamins" at their evening swim. Morning and evening the Serpentine at certain point is used by these youngsters for bathing, under the watchful eye of the London "bobby" (which is, being interpreted, policeman), and the protection of five boats with life-preservers, and men all ready for a rush the instant any one of them begins to show any signs of sinking or symptoms of cramp, or in getting into difficulty of any sort. The little Arabs seem perfectly delighted with the sport and shout and spatter each other to their hearts' content. By going out of our way to witness the above mentioned performance we found it necessary to retrace our steps or else cut across an unfamiliar part of the park, which, as it was getting rather late for our call, we thought best to do; and after leaving the park, and following along a somewhat dimly lighted street, we brought up in a stable yard. Here, again, one only way was to go back or take another "cut" through a church yard, which would take us in the desired direction, though just *where* we did not exactly know. While we were dallberating, a man passed us, climbing over the low railing, as the gates were locked for the night; and as he was evidently bound for the same point as ourselves, we followed. I should think we walked a quarter of a mile through the grave yard—it certainly was the longest grave yard I ever entered; and when at last we had made our way across it and came in sight of the entrance, we found to our dismay that it came out directly on Brompton Road, a busy thoroughfare always brilliantly lighted and full of people and vehicles; and what was more, the fence here was an ornamental one and fully twelve feet high. We did not much like the idea of climbing up and descending into that crowd; but our guide did it, and feeling that we were in for it, over we went. But scaling a twelve foot iron fence is not a thing to be done in a hurry, and it seemed to me half an hour before I was down in the street and merged in the crowd below. Several persons eyed us rather suspiciously, but we crossed the street and went on our way unmolested; but we don't take any more short cuts through grave yards. We had walked in the forenoon from our lodging in St. John's Wood to the heart of the city and part of the way back; and now, not finding our friends at home, we walked up Picadilly to the Quadrant (Regent St), and there took a bus for home. On consulting our maps and measuring out our day's walking, we found it to be ten and a half miles, though it did not seem nearly so much; and after a good night's sleep we are all ready to start again to-day.

K.

Messrs. Editors,—The contest for a seat in Congress from the fifteen southeastern counties of Virginia, though very warm, is marked by a disposition of the leaders on both sides, to allow each other a fair hearing.

One of the three candidates, Mr. John Goode, is a representative man of the old style of Virginia gentleman. Himself an ex-member of the Confederate Congress, an able lawyer and speaker, and holding a prominent social position,—if anything can be said for the conservative view of politics, he may be expected to produce it in the present canvass. Mr Platt, the republican candidate is a shrewd and efficient manager, and has strong claims upon his party for past services and zealous championship. The third candidate, Mr. Robert Norton, wants to be elected because he is a colored man; and is competent to exhibit the full strength of his claim. Joint discussions are peaceably held between Mr. Goode and Mr. Platt, in which the utmost freedom of speech is indulged. As an impartial report of such a debate is not too common in this district, I attempt a brief sketch for the benefit of your readers.

On the 13th of October, in the city of Portsmouth, before a very large and attentive audience of all classes from the twin cities, Mr. John Goode opened the debate by a speech of half an hour. He referred to the financial distress of the country,—the suspension of mills,—the misery of laborers. For this he blamed Mr. Platt and his party, because in the last congress they had proved utterly incapable of dealing with the subject of finance. Mr. Goode promised if he was elected that in so far as was in his power, equal justice should be shown to all citizens. He appealed to Virginians whether any man from elsewhere, *could* be competent to represent the peculiar people in Congress. He did not now however object to Mr. Platt because of the place of his birth, but because he was a fomentor of discord, a disturber of the peace, an organizer of one race against the other. He reviews the course of Mr. Platt on the Civil Rights bill, showing that he had consistently favored it in Congress, and denied it on the stump. He asserted that however crooked the gentleman's course on this subject, there was one measure on which he was always to be counted on; namely, the Salary Grab bill. The manipulation of the Navy Yard was shown to be systematically applied to Mr. Platt's ends, and a list given of the assessments on the employees from foremen to water boy. An autograph letter signed by Secretary Robeson was shown, and it pronounced the partisan use of the Navy Yard to be entirely unauthorized by the Navy Department. Mr. Goode promised protection to the men who should act on this letter, and come out and vote as their conscience dictated, refusing to pay such assessments. But the crowning inequalities of Mr. Platt in the eyes of Mr. Goode were, his voting to suspend the sacred writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and his application to the President to send troops to Petersburg at the recent election in that city, in time of peace, and in violation of the Constitution, which made each old subject only to the call of state governors who were unable to preserve the peace.

Mr. Platt in reply remarked upon the negative character of his competitor's address. Much fault was found with the state of the country, but no practical remedies indicated. Mr. Goode was called upon to state what he proposed to do about the currency, and what measures he would recommend to restore activity to the factories and forges. He, Mr. Platt, was in favor of a tariff for protection, and opposed to direct taxation. He was also in favor of a national banking system. What system was Mr. Goode in favor of? "I have here," said Mr. Platt, "a greenback. I show it as the currency which the Republican party has provided: as valuable in one state as in another; and here," said he, waving a Confederate note, "is the money issued by the party of Mr. Goode." The prostration of the old Mother State followed a condition of wealth and happiness, under the best of governments. Its present misery resulted directly from the war, into which Mr. Goode and his friends forced two-thirds of the people against their will.

Mr. Platt defends himself from the charge of sending troops to Petersburg by showing his reasons for believing that the lives of United States' officials and the property of the United States, were in danger from a mob. In regard to suspending the writ of *Habeas Corpus* Mr. Platt asserted that it was the only possible way of checking the Ku Klux butcheries. "If," said Mr. Platt, "I voted once to suspend that writ, I can prove that Mr. Goode voted three times in the Confederate Congress to suspend the same sacred bulwark of freedom."

Mr. Platt showed that previous to the Salary bill, the California and other distant members received $7500.00 per year for their mileage and salary. He voted, therefore, to equalize the pay of members of Congress by raising all salaries up to the rate paid the western members. This ingenious plea was made more tolerable by the statement that the Salary bill provided for the abolishment of the franking privilege and allowance for stationery, etc.

"The Navy Yard matters were" said Mr. Plott, "under the control of the Republican Executive Committee;" and if the Conservatives were in power the Yard would be just as much used for political purposes, with the great disadvantage to the working men, that not nearly so much work would be done here, as if they sent a representative in accord with the Administration.

Mr. Platt stated that his course on the Civil Rights bill had been simply to urge the matter to a decision, so that there might be peace on that subject. As for mixed schools he did not approve them because nobody wanted them. He spoke of the quarrels among the children and the bad feelings of parents which would result, and appealed to the colored people present to say whether they wanted such an absurdity. But he insisted on an equality of educational advantages.

In conclusion Mr. Platt asked that Mr. Goode should drop his personalities, and talk about practical measures.

Mr. Goode's rejoinder was much in the same vein as his opening address. Outside of Mr. Platt's record he did not seem to care to wander.

Want of space has compelled the omission of many interesting points touched upon by the speakers; but the specimen bricks introduced will perhaps show upon what materials each champion relies in building up his cause.

To the Editors of the Southern Workman:

I should not have made any further reply to "Observer," had he not mentioned some draining that was done on the Agricultural Institute farm at Hampton. From inquiry and personal examination, I am satisfied it was ruined by two circumstances: *inexperienced workmen* and *want of depth*. The draining of flat lands requires great care, and can only be done *properly* by experienced drainers. In a sandy subsoil, like the one at Hampton, if the pipes are near the surface, in heavy showers the water finds its way into them *in a direct stream*, carrying with it sand and mud, which soon fill them up, and render them worse than useless. All the early draining in England had this fault, and the pipes had to be taken up and put down deeper. The water should only enter the pipes by percolation, the subsoil acting as a filter, and freeing it from every particle of sediment.

Irrigation is extensively practiced in England as well as Colorado, and it is an established fact, that land deeply drained is benefitted most by the application of water to the surface. If "the pioneers at Greeley" would try deep draining, in connection with their irrigation, they would soon be convinced of its advantage. Farming on scientific principles is adopted to *all soils, all climates*, and *all situations*. To carry it on at random and by guess-work, can never insure the husbandman of a crop. It is like the quack, who administers his nostrums without a knowledge of the nature of the medicine he employs, or the functions of the human system into which it enters,—whether it kill or cure is all accident.

The farmers from England end the North, have mostly purchased worn-out lands; and, not retaining sufficient capital to restore them, have not been able to make a living, and have returned disappointed. A few, who purchased good, improvable farms, and retained capital to stock them, by adopting the Northern and English system of husbandry, are obtaining crops very superior to their southern neighbors, and many of the latter are abandoning their old plans, and adopting an entirely new system of husbandry, based upon scientific principles. Every well-wisher of the state should endeavor to bring about this change as quickly as possible.

GEORGE DIXON.

HAMPTON, VA., *Sept.* 21, 1874.

Mr. Workman,—Since I left your school, to teach, I have met with good success. I have taught in two different localities, and have found the people kind, and anxious to receive instruction.

The white citizens have encouraged me a great deal in my work of teaching, and show great anxiety for the improvement of the colored people. Where an opportunity presents itself for imparting information to the benighted mind, they give it readily, willingly and anxiously. They say that the colored people, to be good citizens, must be educated.

I have found teaching to be no easy work; but *labor omnia vincit* is my motto, and which I shall not put down till disarmed by death.

Three examinations I stood, and came off tolerably well, but had nothing to brag of. Mr. Peek, the superintendent, said they were not hard; but I failed to see it.

Ignorance and superstition walk hand in hand among the majority, but there are signs of a better future, not very remote. The thing most needed is an enlightened ministry; and until this is obtained the dark cloud of superstition, which so much impedes our progress, can never be dissipated. The people, most of them, are poor; but many are accumulating property notwithstanding the discouragement they met in the downfall of the Freedman's Savings Bank. Some have nice homesteads and little farms consisting of from five to ten acres.

The standard of morality is low, but not so low as heretofore, there being a gradual improvement with better hopes for the future. The chief vice to which most of them are addicted is the use of whisky and tobacco. A great many work hard all the week and on Saturday night throw away all of their earnings by buying whisky, tobacco and candy, and call it sport; on which account many suffer, when sick, for medical attendance.

The Sunday-schools are well supplied with Bibles and Testaments; but are greatly in need of papers and competent teachers. I have taught some in the Sunday-schools, but recently stopped, and am now taking Bible lessons under Mr. George Dixon at the Butler School.

Few colored people take papers or go to the post-office to get their letters; but have them sent to the care of their pastor and then go to the church on Sunday and get them.

The white and colored people in this community get along together remarkably well; and as to "civil rights" we don't care a fig. I hope to see the day come when the white and colored in South Carolina, Louisiana and Texas, will get along as well together as we do in tide-water Virginia.

I am, your old pupil,

JAMES. A. FIELDS.

P. S. In 1875, if nothing happens, I expect to return again to your school.

To the Editor of the Southern Workman:

You will continue the "Southern Workman" to my address on the receipt of 75 cents, the charge made to teachers. I find the "Southern Workman" to be my best companion in the rural district, and don't see how I could well do without him.

W. P. B.

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

NOVEMBER 1, 1874.
THE CHILD JESUS.

MATT. ii. 1–10.

1. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,
2. Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.
3. When Herod the king had heard *these things*, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.
4. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.
5. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet,
6. And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.
7. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.
8. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found *him*, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.
9. When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.
10. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Golden Text.—WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR, THEY REJOICED WITH EXCEEDING GREAT JOY.—Matt. ii: 10.

Our lesson records the strange and eventful journey of tha wise men from the East, who came a distance of nearly a thousand miles to welcome the babe, whose advent to our world is the most important event in its annals.

This child, born at Bethlehem, a little village six miles sonth of Jerusalem, was God's beloved Son whom he sent to be the Saviour of the world. From his birth we data A. D., the year of our Lord.

Was it not a wonderful way by which these wise men were led to "the place where the young child was?" But it was God who planned the way, and then sent the star to lead them to Christ; and God is continually "doing wonders." He has sent to us the Bible, his own Word, ministers and teachers,—all to do the same thing—to bring us to Jesus. May we, as did the wise men, follow all that leads to Christ. Let us journey with them. They come first to Jerusalem. This was the chief city of the Jews. Upon their arrival, they at once inquired "Whore is He that is born King of the Jews?" How astonished they must have been to find that the Jews knaw nothing about it! Though God had told the Jews very plainly how the Messiah was to come, they were so anxious to have a great earthly king, that they were not willing to look for him among the lowly ones of earth; and to this day, the Jews do not acknowledge him as their Saviour.

Herod—the Roman king—for the Jews were then subjects of the Romans—was very much troubled when he heard of their question, for he feared if this rival, of whom they spoke, should appear, that he would lose his kingdom. Herod was a very wicked man. He, too, desired very much to know where he might find the Holy Child, but for a very different purpose from that which induced the wise men to "search diligently" for him. Although he told them to bring him hack word, artfully giving as a reason "that I may come and worship him also," we may well believa that murder, even then, was in his heart.

The wise mon then went their way, God's guiding star going beforo thea until it brought them to Bethlehem. When they found that the star had indeed led tbem to Jesus we read "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." And had they not great occasion for joy! If we wish for true joy we must follow God's leadings; and he has not left us without guiding stars. As soon as these men found Christ they opened their treasures and presented their gifts. Though we may not be able to bring such gifts to Christ as the wise men did, yet it is in the power of each of us to bring acceptabla gifts to Jesus,—our love—our service—onrselves—and may none of us be so ungrateful as to withold these gifts from Him who so loved us that he "gave himself for us."

LESSON II.

Nov. 8, 1874.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

MATT. ii. 13–23.

13. And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.
14. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt:
15. And was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.
16. Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men.
17. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying,
18. In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping *for* her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.
19. But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,
20. Saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.
21. And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.
22. But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither: notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee:
23. And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.

Golden Text.—FOR HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE, TO KEEP THEE IN ALL THY WAYS. —Ps. xci: 11.

When Herod found that the wise men did not return to tell him what they had learned concerning Christ he was very angry.

These men probably did not know what Herod's intentions were; but God, who knows the hearts of all men, knew his wicked plans and defeated them by warning tha wise men in a dream not to return hy tha way of Jerusalem. God often made known his will to his ancient people by dreams and visions. He does not do so now, for we do not need to learn God's will in this way. We have his own Word which ha inspired "holy men of old" to write for our instruction, which, if we follow its teachings, will surely lead us to Jesus and the heavenly home.

All danger, however, to the Holy Child was not yet over, for Herod, in his rage, was so determined to kill the infant Prince that he sent forth and slew all the babes from two years old and under, thinking thus he would be sure to accomplish his object. But in this also he was disappointed; for God, by his overruling providence, was guarding the child against all that the great king could do. God, by a dream again, told Joseph to take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt. Egypt was only sixty or seventy miles south of Bethlehem; but although it was so near, if he was onec beyond the line, tha persecuted babe would be safe, for Egypt had a different king, and Herod would have no right to touch him there. God made use of natural means to save the life of the infant Saviour. It is God's part to direct, ours to obey; and Joseph's prompt obedience saved tha child whom Herod's hatred would have destroyed. God's warning voice comes to us all in various ways,—sometimes by his providences—oftener by "the still small voice within—and if we, like Joseph, take heed to its warnings we shall be forever safe.

Herod's death speedily followed that of the children whom he slew. A Higher Kiag soon called him to judgment. As soon as Herod was dead, Joseph, by still another dream, was directed to return to Judea. Hearing that Harod's son, who was very much like his father, was on the throne, he was still afraid that some harm would come to Jesus, and he hesitated as to what course he should take, when a fourth vision bade him go to Galilee, which was much furthur off; and he made his home in a city called Nazareth. Here Christ lived natil he was thirty years old. Of this period of his life we have only one incident given in the Gospels, and that is his interview, when twelve years old, with the doctors in the templo. Besides this we are told that he "was subject to his parents"; and that "he increased in wisdom and stature and grew in favor with God and man" (*Luke* ii: 51, 52). What a beautiful example the Lord Jesus Christ—the perfect child—has here left for all children! How kind and condescending it was in him to come to earth and live a child's life, so that he might be the children's pattern as well as their Saviour! Now if we want to be Christian children we must follow in his footsteps and daily try to do as he did when he was a child on earth.

All the incidents of this lesson are remarkable fulfillments of the prophecies in regard to Christ and his coming. Thus God by the strongest evidences andeavors to convince men that Jesus of Nazareth is tho appointed Messiah—the Saviour of the world.

LESSON III.

Nov. 15, 1874.

BAPTISM OF JESUS.

MATT. iii: 13–17.

13. Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.
14. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?
15. And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it *to be so now*: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him.
16. And Jesus, when he was baptised, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:
17. And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Golden Text.—AND THERE CAME A VOICE FROM HEAVEN, SAYING, THOU ART MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED.—Mark i: 11.

Our lesson to-day brings us to the time when Jesus was to come out from his retirement and enter upon his public ministry. God sent a man, named John, whom he had been fitting hy a solitary life in the deserts for tha work he had for him to do as his forerunner. John's mission was to speak to the people and tell them that Christ was soon coming among them, and how they should prepare for his coming. A single verse contains all that wa know of his childhood and youth: "Tha child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts until the day of his showing unto Israel." His first startling words were "Repent ye." Tha substance of all his preaching was repentance,—a change of heart and life. When, by John's preaching, the people were convinced of their sin, and wore truly sorry for it, and ready to forsaka it, they came to John and said so by being baptized. The first verse of our lesson tells us that Jesus came unto John to be baptized of him. Why did Christ come to him for such a purpose? We may well ask. We can see at once why it was right and proper for all other people to be baptized,—confessing their sin—but Christ had done nothing to be repented of, for he had never sinned. John was surprised at his reqnest, and he was unwilling at first to baptize him. Conscious of his own sinfulness he shrank from doing that which would seem like making himself greater than Christ. But Jesus gives a sufficient reason why he should "suffer it to be so now"; namely, "for thus it becometh *us* to fulfill all righteousness." Jesus was coming to be one with us. Ha had no sin of his own. He took our sins on himself; and to show this he was baptized. Besides, he wished to do all that God had appointed, and that men should see him as the "meek and lowly Jesus." He humbled himself, and God exalted him.

As soon as John obeyed God's will and baptized Jesus, the heavens were opened and "he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him." God's Spirit always comes with light and comfort to those who obey its requirements. In addition to this evidence of sight God testified by a voice from heaven: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." How much pains God has taken to prove to us that Jesus is his own dear son, in order that we may love and trust him as our Saviour. We, alas! are not, like him, without sin; but if we believe in Jesus and try to fulfill all righteousness, that is, make it our aim to do as Christ would do if he were in our circumstances, we shall be baptized with his gentle and loving Spirit, and God, our Father, will look down npon us, for Christ's sake, as though we had never sinned.

LESSON IV.

Nov. 22, 1874.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

MATT. iv. 1–11.

1. Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.
2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward a hungered.
3. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.
4. But he answered and said. It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the month of God.
5. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple,
6. And saith unto him, If thou be the son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.
7. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
8. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;
9. And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.
10. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.
11. Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

Golden Text.—FOR IN THAT HE HIMSELF HATH SUFFERED BEING TEMPTED, HE IS ABLE TO SUCCOR THEM THAT ARE TEMPTED.—*Heb.* ii. 18.

Immediately after his baptism Jesus permitted himself to be led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. Jesus came to earth to be a man, and it was a part of his plan of love to endure all that men have to endure, so that he might know how to sympathize with them. A man is tempted of bad man or devils when they try to influence him to do wrong. This is Satan's work. God permits these temptations or trials to come npon us; and by them our characters are tested; but God *never* tempts men to sin (James i: 13). As we consider the three temptations which came to the man Christ Jesus, may we learn how to resist our own successfully.

Jesus had fasted for forty days and forty nights, and he had begun to feel keenly the pangs of hunger, when Satan suggested to him that he should use his powar and turn the stones about him into bread. But Jesus had takan upon himself man's nature and condition, and to have worked a miracle for his own benefit would have been to fail in his mission at the outset. Ha quoted a passage from Scripture (Deut. viii: 13) which referred to God's fatherly care of his people in the desert; and tha temptation to supply his needs hy unlawful means had no further power over him. When poverty tempts us to break God's law for our daily wants, we share Christ's temptation. If we distrust God's providential care of his obedient children wa yield to it; but we resist it if we "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and leava him to provide all other needful things.

In his next attempt Satan quoted Scripture himself—tempting Jesus to presume upon God's watchful care over him; bnt Jesus showed by tha passage (Dent. vi: 16), with which he met him, that tha quotation was no support to presumption but belonged only to him who humbly waited God's time and will. If we ran into needless dangers or neglect our dnties and unwarrantably trust to God for good results, we yield to a like temptation. We resist it when wa do only what he calls us to do; and in humble trust wait for him to bring about results in his own time and way.

In his last temptation Satan points ont to Christ a short and easy way by which he might at once receive the kingdom without coming to it through God's appointed way of self-sacrifice. Christ indignantly repels the insulting suggestion, and calling him by his right name dismisses him by the word of command, and be quotes "Thon shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve" (Deut. vi: 13).

Christ's work and the methods of it were to be directed by none hut God. When we in any way do evil under the delusion that good may come of it, we yield to this form of temptation. We resist it when we make supreme love to God in all things the rule of our hearts and lives.

Christ's weapon with which he conquered Satan was the Holy Scriptures. How needful it is that we should study and know these Scriptures in order that we may be ready—as was Christ—to meet all the fiery darts of the adversary.

LESSON V.

Nov. 29, 1874.

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS.

MATT. iv. 17–23.

17. From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.
18. And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers.
19. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.
20. And they straightway left *their* nets, and followed him.
21. And going on from thence, he saw other two brethren, James *the son* of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them.
22. And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.
23. And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.

Golden Text.—NEVER MAN SPAKE LIKE THIS MAN. —John vii: 46.

Christ had passed through the time of sore temptation, and having refused the glory of this world was now prepared to lay the foundation of that kingdom which shall stand secure when all the kingdoms of earth are forgotten.

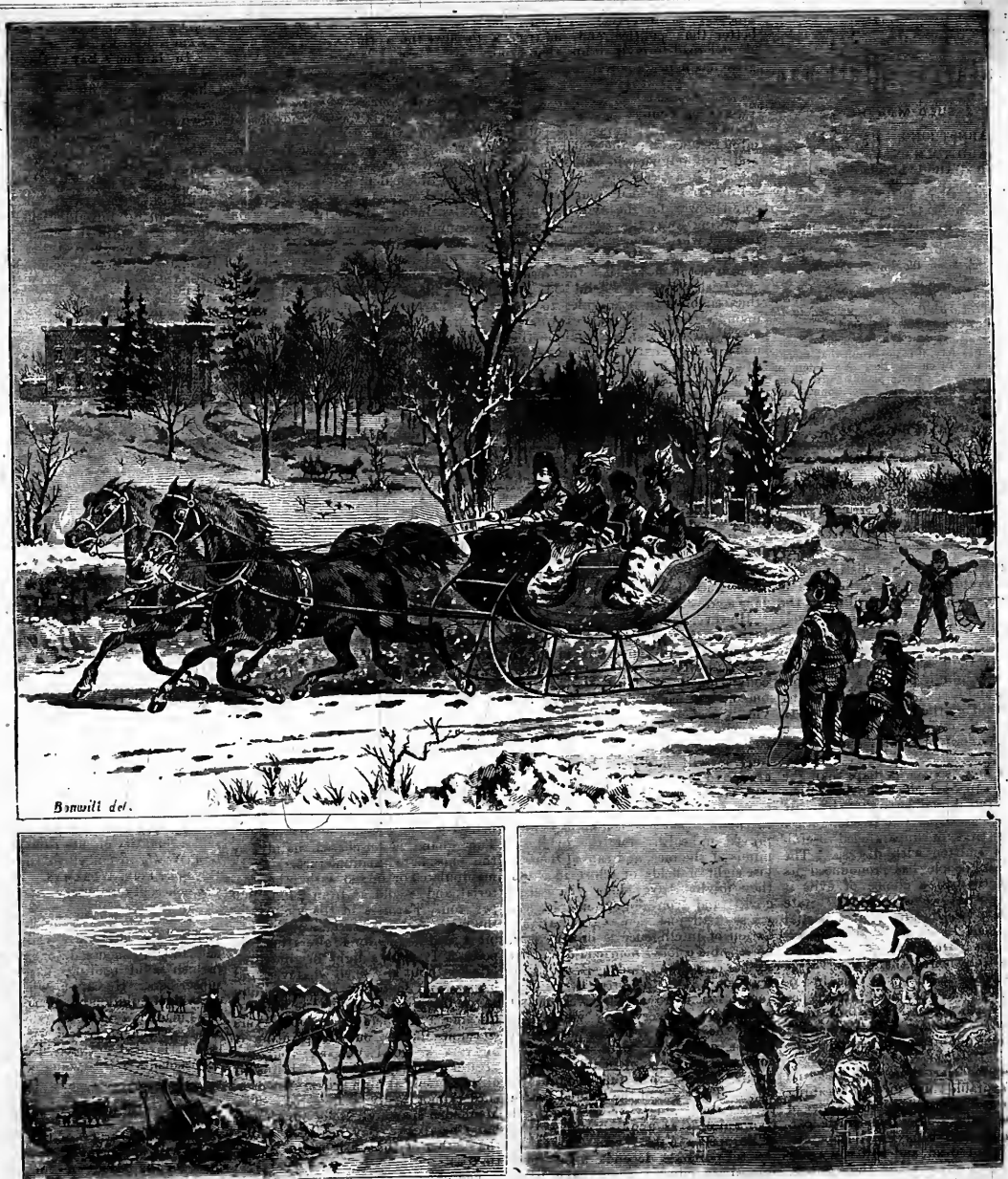
What a lesson of sincere humility Christ teaches at the very beginning of his ministry. He simply takes up the solemn cry of John, and in the very words first uttered by his faithful forgrunner, he preaches the same plain duty of repentance. He did not seek to display himself. He only desired to call men into the kingdom of God.

We find, too, a very practical lesson in the prompt obedience of the disciples whom ha called. They stopped for no question of loss or gain, but "straightway left their nets and followed him." The holy call should be obeyed at whatever cost of personal interest or sacrifice. We may not, indeed, in his service, be able to lay up for ourselves treasnres on earth; bnt if we are his loving disciples here, he will see to it that we find laid up for us abundant treasures in heaven. Neither have God's children to wait for all their inheritance until they enter she heavenly home; for God's peace, which the world can neither give nor take away,—better than all earthly good—is the portion of his people in "the life that now is." Notice, too, that Christ did not call them to be simply idle followers, bnt they were to share his labors—"I will make you fishers of men." Christ calls us and saves us that we may be good and do good. Do we realize how blessed a privilege it is to be a colaborer with Christ? As "Jesus went about all Galilee," teaching, preaching, comforting and healing filled up his busy, helpful life. Of all who sought his healing ministrations none ever went away unblessed of Jesus. This gracious Teacher,—Preserver—Physician—Friend—is ours; our very present help in trouble. We may bring our griefs and cares and sorrows all to him, andas truly and fully as thay "from Galilee and from beyond Jor received help and healing, so may we receive all needful blessing from the gracious ministry of Jesus.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. III. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1874. NO. 12.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

For the Southern Workman.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The picture on our first page is of scenes, familiar enough to our Northern readers, but, perhaps, demanding some explanation to such of our friends as have never seen for themselves a landscape of snow and ice, and never felt the brisk exhilaration of a frosty air.

Surely it is "Merry Christmas" with the gay party in the big, comfortable sleigh; "Merry Christmas" with the gliding, graceful skaters; and "Merry Christmas" even with the busy men who are driving the snow plow, and cutting the smooth, blue ice. Even the horses are frisky with the general glee; and as for the boys and girls on the sleds, and the mischievous, snow-balling urchins,—why, there are no words to describe the fun which they are getting out of this short, bright winter's day. Nobody can stand still long in this atmosphere; there is no place for laziness here; brisk movements and light hearts best befit such days as these, and the dwellers in milder climates can hardly fancy how great is the stimulus of our Northern winter air.

But even in the picture it is not all play: we have the luxurious ladies in the sleigh, and the gay, laughing company on skates; but we have also the hard-working men, who are cleaning and cutting and sawing the thick ice into great blocks to be stored into the ice houses in the background, whence it will be brought when the hot days, which now seem so distant, are with us again, and a glittering ice cake shall look to us the most beautiful thing in the world. So there is work to be

done even in the "Merry Christmas" time, and hand in hand with the luxury and the joy, go poverty and sorrow,—a thought which we cannot put away from us, and which should guard us all against a merely selfish enjoyment of this blessed season. Perhaps, after all, the best thing which Christmas brings in North or South is the kindliness of feeling, the fresh warmth of our hearts toward our fellow-men, the re-kindling of love which makes us wish for rich and poor, for young and old, for all men everywhere, "A Merry Christmas."

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, } *Editors.*
RICHARD TOLMAN, }
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager.

Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, DECEMBER, 1874.

Some four years ago a distinguished colored orator addressed to the students of Hampton a statement, which in the light of the recent elections, seems prophetic. He reminded his hearers that men make or mar *their own* careers. "If," said he "the colored youth reach high positions of responsibility and honor, it will not be owing to the aid of their Northern friends, but to their own persistent ambition in the pursuit of wealth and knowledge."

And now, sooner perhaps than the speaker supposed, the colored man has his own good qualities *only* to lean upon. The great party of freedom, after a brief time of unparalleled usefulness, is smitten with disease. The American people has pronounced its verdict that in a choice of evils it will try what seems tho least. State after state has decided that a partial government is not worse than a mercenary one; that legislative stealing is more to be feared than conservative judges; that inasmuch as the Democratic party has the most intelligence in the South, it shall have one more trial, to see whether it has amended its ancient definition of justice to the negro.

Since the war there has been no more favorable time for well meaning men to unite in burying all manner of race jealousies. The Democratic party is on its best behavior. Republicanism is not dead, and will rise again if the new leaders abuse their power. Their interest is therefore to accord to the colored man, all the privileges to which his citizenship entitles him. No impassable gulf of hatred exists between the two races. The Conservatives in Louisiana, do not blame the negro for their troubles. It is the universal feeling among them that the negro has behaved better than could have been expected. There is nothing in the way of the duty and interest which alike point the Democrats to conciliation and fair dealing. With these powerful guarantees, the colored people can afford to leave prejudice to time. They need have little fear of the future, so long as they deserve respect by being honest, peaceable, law-abiding and industrious. Their grand opportunity is in reaching material prosperity; by which their children and children's children shall obtain culture and receive the honor, which written law will forever be powerless to secure unless it is deserved. Patience better than politics, and industry a shorter road to civil rights, than Congress has it in its power to make.

Senator Schurz has attempted to draw a parallel between the political circumstances of the colored people and of foreigners in America. He alluded in a recent speech to the powerful party formed four years before the war, for the avowed purpose of taking away the rights of a large body of white men, because they were from Europe. He gave as the real reason of the move, that the Germans and Irish voted in a solid body; and thus enabled their enemies to work upon the fears and prejudices of natives of all parties, and to combine them under the cry that "Americans should rule America." The Senator is afraid of a similar combination against the colored people, under the plea that a "white man's government" is necessary to secure low taxes and competent officials. He showed that the European emigrants found safety in reversing the maxim: "United we stand." "No sooner," said he, "did they break ranks and divide, than both sides stood up for them with equal zeal." The Senator advised the blacks to a similar course, and urged them to vote for the best men, irrespective of party lines: lest the white people combine against them.

However sound this argument may be in the State of Missouri, or wherever the colored people are in a hopeless minority, it will scarcely carry conviction in the Gulf States. It is one of those cases where a friend's advice is far better than his reasons. If the colored people, where they are superior in numbers, are to abandon party lines, it will hardly be because they are afraid of the white leagues.

A better reason why the counsel of the Senator is timely, may be found in the fact that political ambition has proved unhealthy for the brightest minds of the race, and caused them to lose sight of fields of effort in which they might have done themselves credit, and won for their race the praise of all just men. Until a foundation of intelligence is broadly laid, no sensible colored man could wish to see his race take a leading part in government. The opportunity of this generation is to acquire wealth and knowledge. Everything which distracts the people from the pursuits of honest industry, is to be deplored as contrary to their ultimate advancement. The South is full of cheap estates. The right of the colored people to buy them singly or in organized companies, is as unquestioned as that of Europeans in the West. Their ability to purchase depends upon their immediate effort. They have little time to waste upon politics, with such prizes awaiting them. Land ownership will lift the race into comparative wealth, and bring forward a generation among books, newspapers, social advantages, and the observation of men and things which comes from travel. After fifty years of such progress the colored people will be as unwilling to be represented by such men as now speak for South Carolina, as are the white people of to-day.

The colored people can afford to let politics severely alone. By voting steadily for the best men irrespective of party, no calamity is likely to overtake the race so serious as has already resulted from placing unfit persons in positions of responsibility. There is no power, if indeed there is any disposition, on the part of the leading Conservatives, to prevent the colored people from acquiring wealth and education. These are the levers with which the next generation may be able to move the world.

From the Capes of Virginia to East Quaddy Head, Maine, the Menhaden fisheries dot our coast and form an important branch of the fish and oil trade. In Virginia these fish are called the Oldwives; in Delaware and New York Mossbunkers; in Connecticut and Rhode Island, Menhaden; in Massachusetts and Maine, Porgies. They are from six to twelve inches in length, short, stout, resembling shad; averaging in weight half a pound. In Virginia they average one hundred and fifty to a bushel, and the yield of oil is two and one-half gallons to one thousand fish; in New York seven gallons per thousand; in Maine fifteen gallons per thousand. The present year the yield has been very abundant. The season begins in Virginia, April 1st; in New York, May 1st; in Maine, from the 18th to the 24th of June. It closes in Virginia, November 1st; in New York, a little later; in Maine, September 1st.

The Menhaden move in great schools, sometimes skimming the ocean with mouths wide open, and sometimes in masses twenty feet deep, often covering the ocean for ten miles and spreading over more than ten thousand acres. Ships have sailed for days in these immense schools. They feed on a very small insect, invisible to the naked eye, which they *suck*; it resembles the food of the right-whale, but is smaller. They first appear in early spring, north of Cape Hatteras, and pass along the coast line, droping into all inland waters, where they spawn, and grow fatter as they go north.

Millions of dollars are invested in the business of catching them and manufacturing oil, and thousands of hands are employed. About a million gallons of oil are annually produced, and one hundred thousand tons of fish guano—the leavings of the fish after the oil has been expressed—which brings $15.00 per ton at the factory. This guano is purchased mainly by the phosphate manufacturers to be manipulated or mixed with other material, and is sold at from $40 to $60 per ton. Farmers in the vicinity of the factories buy quantities of it. The oil is used largely for adulterating purposes. It is of a light bright color, often without any smell whatever, and brings from 36 to 40 cents per gallon at the factory. It cannot be used for burning. Tanners and ropemakers consume it; for outside painting it answers a good purpose; but the greater quantity is mixed with linseed oil and so sold at high prices. Its presence cannot easily be detected. The Menhaden spawn all along our shores, but Chesapeake Bay has been called the mother of these fish on the Atlantic coast.

The chief factories in this region are in Northumberland County, Virginia, at the mouth of the Wicomico River, at Cockle's Creek and at Little Bay. A million dollars of capital are there invested in boats, nets, factories and general gear; about three hundred and twenty-five hands are employed. This is the result of northern enterprise sustained by southern labor until the whole business is now controlled by residents (whites) and the labor is done mostly by negroes.

The factories are very prosperous, and as a result the property in Brewington's Neck has increased in value nearly tenfold. Land, that five years ago sold for five dollars per acre, now brings a hundred dollars. For miles around, the country has been benefited.

This business does not destroy the better kinds of fish. Enormous seines which draw in from ten to one hundred and fifty thousand fish per day, do not in that time catch enough palatable fish for a crew's mess. They seem indestructible.

In Gardner's Bay at the east end of Long Island, New York, where there have been over fifty fisheries for forty years, they have done better the past two years than ever before.

The laws of Virginia are indulgent to this interest in cert in counties on Chesapeake Bay, allowing fish to be caught anywhere. Catching them within less than two miles from shore is in general forbidden, and only residents are allowed to engage in the business. Foreign capital is rigidly excluded. Were there no such restriction the shores of this noble bay would be lined with factories, land would rise in value, hundreds of laborers would find work, money would abound, and this whole region cease to groan under its burdens. We are reliably informed that those who live in the neighborhood of the factories do not complain of offensive smells. They are in no sense a nuisance, and in many ways a blessing. There is no reason why New York or New England should reap ten times the benefit that Virginia does from this inexhaustible source of profit.

Hereafter each number of the Workman will contain a picture illustrating Oriental scenery and the work of the American Board of Foreign Missions, of Boston, in foreign countries, who have kindly loaned the cuts used in their valuable periodical, the *Missionary Herald.*

The Southern Workman is also under many and continued obligations to Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, for the use of their costly electroplates, which have added so much to the appearance and value of this paper.

Mr. John L. Shorey, publisher of the *Nursery*, has furnished a steady supply of excellent and of most suitable pictures for our children's columns.

The American Tract Society has just sent a quantity of cuts from the *Christian Weekly* to embellish the pages of the Southern Workman. They will please accept our hearty thanks.

We have lately declined to insert new advertisements, desiring rather to furnish solid reading matter to our subscribers. Hereafter, when the increased circulation of this paper shall have made it a really valuable medium of advertisement, a special sheet will be issued, devoted to that object, and advertisements will be solicited.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, ATTENTION!

The last two pages of the Southern Workman are printed on a separate sheet for the benefit of Sunday-school teachers and pupils, and are for sale at the rate of a *cent apiece*, cash in advance, in case not less than *ten* shall be ordered at a time to be sent to one address.

This sheet will be printed every month according to the demand for it, and sent out in time for the first Sunday lesson to be given. It will contain not only a lesson for each Sunday in the month, but a beautiful and instructive picture, illustrating Oriental scenery and missionary work in various parts of the world.

THE HAMPTON BAR OYSTER COMPANY has recently opened under the management of Mr. George Dixon.

This is a coöperative company which undertakes to send the celebrated Hampton Bar oysters to all parts of the country. Being packed in ice, they will keep for weeks. Boxes containing a dozen or more quart cans, or kegs containing a gallon and upwards, ranging in price, according to quality, from 25 to 45 cents per quart, are shipped by express, or if desired, as freight, to any distance.

Orders should be sent to George Dixon, Hampton, Va., who is known to the editor of this paper as reliable in the highest degree. He generously gives his services to help the freedmen in this town in a coöperative effort. Avoid middlemen and get your oysters at headquarters.

THE GREAT HOOSAC TUNNEL.

AN AMERICAN WONDER OF THE WORLD.

It is supposed that the close of the present year will see the completion of one of the most difficult and wonderful achievements of modern science and industry,—the great Hoosac Tunnel. That indeed will be

A TRIUMPH FOR 1874.

Let us see what this wonder is. It is nothing less than a hole twenty feet wide, twenty-four feet high and nearly five miles long, pierced through a mountain of granite, seventeen hundred and fifty feet in height. In other words, the largest railroad tunnel in the world, except one in Switzerland. To build this great tunnel has taken twenty years of labor, and thus far, twelve millions of money. Many times it has almost become a by-word as an impossibility and a folly, but

LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS,

and to-day, the finished work is a monument of American Enterprise, which generally *puts through* anything it undertakes —even a road through a mountain of granite.

WHAT IS THE USE OF IT?

The Hoosac Mountain rises in the northwestern part of Massachusetts. It is a bold, beautiful mountain, and the eight miles drive over it in a stage coach is one of the most delightful in New England.

From one of its two crests we look down into the deep gorge through which the Deerfield River flows down from the north, while a hundred mountain peaks rise beyond and around us, and melt away in the purple distance. From the other crest we have almost as fine a view of the valley of the Hoosac River.

The mountain is beautiful indeed, and all the objection that could ever be made to it was that it was—very much in the way!—exactly in the way, indeed, of the direct line of communication between the East and the West; between Boston and Albany, and thence to Chicago.

LONG AGO,

Before railroads were thought of in America, in 1825, the fact that the mountain was in the way became so evident to our grandfathers, that they about made up their brave minds to tunnel it for a canal. It is as well that they did not try it, for it would have been a hopeless struggle, with only the means they knew of then. In their circumstances, the longest way round was the shortest way home, and in accordance with this old proverb, the Boston and Albany railroad was built some years later, making a long loop round the southern end of the mountain. This answered for some time, but then the people, especially the towns off the railroad, began to discover that the distances were too great, the grades too heavy, the freight charges in proportions, and that *they* were left out in the cold. So they sent out their engineers to take another look at the mountain.

There it stood, stern and uncompromising, a true New Englander of the primitive style. It would not yield a single inch; but it had found its match, and a company was formed who undertook to tunnel it in *seven* years. I will not weary you with a history of the twenty years of labor and disappointments that followed; the experiments with contractors and machines. The mountain was vigorously assailed with steam and gunpowder, but little was accomplished till they substituted for these,

AIR AND OIL.

That sounds strange, and I must explain. The only successful instrument for boring the hard granite rock has been the "Burleigh drill,"—an American improvement upon a machine in use at the Mount Cenis Tunnel in Switzerland. It is a simple steel drill fastened to a piston which plays in a cylinder. The piston is driven by the power of *compressed* air. Air is compressed by machinery till it has a pressure of ninety pounds to the square inch, and drives the drill at the rate of three hundred strokes a minute. A number of these drills are fastened to a frame and applied to the wall at which they all pound away at once with a deafening noise.

Thus, all fouling of the air of the tunnel by the smoke of a steam engine is avoided.

So much for the air power. Now as to the oil explosive. You have heard of nitro-glycerine,—an explosive which has come into use within a few years, and is vastly more powerful than gunpowder. Perhaps you did not know that it is manufactured from simple glycerine,—which is an essential element of all animal oils—by the addition of strong nitric and sulphuric acids.

To make this terrible explosive safer to handle, it is sometimes mixed with an unexplosive powder, and then it is called dualin. Nitro-glycerine is the principal agent employed in blasting the Hoosac Tunnel. After the drills have bored their holes, a little tin case of it is put in each, and all fired together by electricity, the workmen retiring to a safe distance till it is time to remove the ruins of the blast for another drilling. How wonderful are these inventions which find such terrible power in the simplest elements of nature!

So the great mountain has been pierced, and one of the greatest triumphs of the work has been the exactness with which the lines of the tunnel have been kept. It would be impossible in this article to explain the delicate instruments by which this has been done. By their aid it has been possible to start the tunnel from both sides of the mountain at once, and work in to a common centre. Not only this, either, but to sink a shaft from the top of the mountain to the level of the centre of the tunnel, and then work both ways from that toward the portals, thus hastening very much the operations. It was a grand day of triumph to the engineers, the 12th of December, 1872, when the miners working from the shaft east, and those working in from the east portal met and shook hands over the lines which came together within one sixteenth of an inch!

THE SACRIFICE TO THE MOUNTAIN.

It is sad to think that the tunnel has not only cost twenty years of labor (as many as eight of which may be called wasted) and twelve millions of dollars, but one hundred and thirty-six human lives by various accidents. The greatest of these was the burning of the building above the central shaft, in 1867, when thirteen men who were working in it perished at once, by fire, or by the water that rushed in when the pumps stopped working. Yet the miners like their work. It is well that they do.

THE DESCENT OF THE SHAFT,

is an interesting experience. I went through it without regarding it as a remarkable undertaking, but was told afterward, that I was only the third lady who had ever attempted it. There is certainly no difficulty in it.

You put on a rubber cloak and hat and carry a miner's lantern. Thus attired, we stepped into a square box or cage, the word was given, and down we slid in a well one thousand and eighty feet deep, at a rate of ten feet a second, the seconds seeming remarkably long, I confess. A little time is necessary to accustom you to the darkness in which you emerge at the bottom. We walked then about two thousand feet toward the east portal with our guide, Mr. Cole, who kindly pointed out the objects of interest. We came to the men at work in roofing the tunnel with brick, and would have liked to stay and watch them, but on being quietly told that miners have been killed by the fall of masses of rocks from the dripping roof over our heads, we concluded that it was time to return to upper air.

THE OYSTER TRADE.

Among the most important interests of this section of the country, is the oyster trade. Many of our citizens live almost, if not entirely, on the profits arising from it. To some it furnishes wealth and comfort, to others but a scanty subsistence. In order to realize anything like a handsome competence, the business must be prosecuted actively, extensively, and with that perfect knowledge of its chances, fluctuations and necessities which is only acquired by long experience and close observation.

To give the reader some idea of the number of bushels handled by parties residing in this county, a gentleman long connected with the business has furnished me with the following rough estimates:

Tennis and White handle about 40,000 bushels a season; Sam'l Watson about 12,000; Dexter and Hewins 8,000 to 10,000; Jno. Wilson 8,000 to 10,000; David Williams 6,000 to 8,000;—aggregating something like 80,000 bushels. Besides these there are several persons operating on a somewhat smaller scale in Back River, Mill Creek, and Hampton Creek. These are all buyers as well as planters of oysters. In other words, while they employ crews to tong up the oysters, for planting in more favorable grounds, they also buy extensively from those who depend upon the number taken each day from the natural beds, or rocks, as they are called, for their daily subsistence.

The principal rocks are Hampton Bar, Craney Island, Broad Rock, Chucketuck, Nansemond and other James River rocks. It has been erroneously supposed that the oysters have been diminished in quantity by the constant taking of them up, but on the contrary there are more oysters in James River now than there were forty years ago. The rocks through the process of tonging up on them have gradually increased in size until some of them are now double and trebles their original extent. True, the oysters are not so thick as formerly, nor can a man take up as many in a day, but still there are really more oysters and they are of better quality and shape and much more marketable.

As they are taken from the rocks they are assorted into "extras," "big oysters," "culls" and "cullenteens." The two latter are transplanted to the rivers and creeks where they are allowed to remain until large enough for market, generally about two years. The two former are either shipped directly to market or are put down on a sandy bar for a few weeks to cleanse.

The life of the oysterman is truly a hard one. He is exposed to the most dangerous and the most uncertain of the elements,—wind and water; and it is when most exposed that he has the opportunity of making the most money. Last winter was unusually mild, but in one respect at least it was severe upon the oystermen. The open weather allowed constant work, and consequently the markets were always full and the prices very low.

Hands employed as crews by the buyers average about eighteen dollars per month, and rations, but those who go out in their own canoes and take up for sale, hardly average more than fifteen dollars per month and have to support themselves and families from that. It frequently happens that for several days at a time the wind is too high or the weather too intensely cold for them to venture out.

There is no business where an inexperienced man can more easily lose money than by investing in oysters. And no subject has ever been brought before our general Assembly for legislation, more difficult of equitable adjustment than this. For years our legislators have been tinkering, amending, repealing and re-enacting the oyster laws, and are now as much perplexed to discover the best and most equitable mode of taxation as ever. One year they put it on the oyster and the next on the craft, now they license each boat engaged in the trade, and now they rent out each acre of ground occupied by the planta.

Whatever else our legislature may or may not do, it is always safe to calculate on a change in the oyster law.

TILES ONCE MORE.

Messrs. Editors,—'T were a pity that the discussion on drainage should close with Mr. Dixon's last article, because it contains errors about the experiment at Hampton. The drains there had abundant fall, not less than twelve inches to the hundred feet. They were carefully laid from two and a half to three and a half feet deep, on boards where the bottom was sandy; and were covered well with straw. They worked perfectly for a year, and finally were allowed to become choked at the outlet, because they had failed in causing ground naturally dry, to be extra early. These facts are not derived from second-hand sources, but from personal knowledge. Yet they are not claimed to be conclusive against the wisdom of trying *cautious* experiments on clay soils at Hampton, by men who can afford to lose money.

My critic speaks of emigrants from the North and England. "A few," says he "by adopting the Northern and English systems of husbandry, are obtaining crops very superior to their Southern neighbors." Can he name one single man out of the "few," who is making money by adopting an English system of drainage in any such climate as Norfolk? If he has one instance, let him not conceal it under any pretext. It would be worth something to the world.

Our friend gravely recommends drainage in the Colorado desert. No reason is given except that it pays in England. Yet even in England the two following reasons *chiefly*, indnce farmers to lay tiles.

First, They want to remove water which would become stagnant.

Second, They want to admit air to the roots of plants. How would these things appear to a Colorado farmer? In the first place there is no possibility of his land suffering from stagnant water; and in the second place, a free admission of parching air to the roots, would render several times as much water necessary as the streams will furnish.

If an Englishman could carry with him his oceanic climate, he would need also his heavy overcoat, water-proof boots, and tile drains in Colorado. Surrounded by his own atmosphere he would sustain himself like a needle on water, in defiance of gravity. But under the cloudless suns of a continental climate whose air does not deposit moisture, but drinks it up wherever it can find it, no Englishman could long deny that true scientific farming means the adaptation of treatment to climate and soil; and that drainage is not a *panacea*, merely because it is good in cool, moist climates.

OBSERVER.

EFFECTS OF FODDER CORN UPON LAND.

It was held in the discussion, at the recent State Fair, at Rochester, that corn in orchards was an advantage, owing to the cultivation which the land received; and it was further mentioned in the remarks elicited, that corn sown for fodder, in which case there were no ears to draw substance from the soil, improved rather than depleted the land, by the vegetable matter which the roots furnished the soil. This is on the principle that land improves by grazing. The grass is fed off without going to seed. The cases are parallel, as corn is a grass. It is encouraging to those who grow corn for fodder that this is so. Good crops can thus be realized for feeding green during the summer; or, if not all needed, saved for winter feed, the land remaining the same, or better fitted for other equally good or superior crops. Clover is still more beneficial to land. The two should be more grown, especially for the purpose of feeding in a drought, or when the grass becomes rank and hard, and also as a feed during the hot days, particularly the hot noons, when cows should be put up or have access to shade, and then fed. Cows giving milk should be thus treated, as exposure to the hot sun begets fever, and the effect is communicated to the milk.—*Country Gentleman.*

If we can raise corn fodder and supply our cattle with good food at a time when they very much need it—midsummer or later—and yet have our lands constantly improving, it certainly will be a great gain, and many who have heretofore held back from raising corn fodder to any considerable extent, will be led to sow corn in future. It stands to reason that it will not exhaust the land so much as a crop of corn would; for in the latter case a heavy draft is made upon the soil to produce and ripen the crop of grain. What say our practical farmers to the article we quote?—*The Congregationalist.*

ODE

On The Morning of Christ's Nativity.

JOHN MILTON.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he went at Heaven's high council-table,
To sit the midst of trinal unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Hath doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize.

. . . . . .

Nor war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the earth around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye
As if they knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

The stars with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until the Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame,
The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;

. . . . . .

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook.

. . . . . .

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sang,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channels keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so,
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your nine-fold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering:
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace wall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep:

With such a horrid clang
As on Mt. Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-brake;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

. . . . . .

But see, the Virgin blessed
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending,
And all about the courtly stable
Bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.*

* It has been necessary to omit parts of this beautiful hymn on account of its great length.

For the Southern Workman.

JOHN MILTON.

Early in the seventeenth century, John Milton, a member of the respectable family of Miltons in Oxfordshire, was disinherited on account of his embracing the Protestant religion, and being obliged to give up his studies at Oxford, went up to seek a livelihood in London. Here, on the 9th of December, 1608, a son was born to him, a second John Milton, who from his early youth was dedicated by his father to the pursuit of literature, and whose eagerness for study soon justified his father's judgment. In his seventeenth year, the boy, being already an accomplished scholar, was sent to the University of Cambridge, from whence after a residence of seven years, he went to his father's house in Buckinghamshire, having won the affection and respect of his fellows, but having also incurred the enmity of many of the officials of the University who disapproved of his political and religious opinions. During the five happy years which he passed at home, he composed several of his minor poems, among them, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*; and then, being much affected by the death of his mother, resolved to leave home and visit the Continent. He traveled through France and Italy, but as he was on the point of starting for Greece, received tidings of the outbreak of civil war in England, and "esteeming it dishonorable to remain abroad while his fellow-citizens were contending for their liberty at home," returned at once to his native country. He espoused the republican cause with all the vigor of his nature, and clung always to the conviction that the trial and execution of King Charles were justifiable and legal, while his religious opinions were as intense as his political, and involved him in many and bitter controversies. He began his work after his return by taking a few boys as scholars; and soon married, but was almost immediately deserted by his wife, Mary Powel, who returned to her own family, and left him to write his famous treatises upon *Divorce*. A reconciliation took place however, and they lived together until her death, which took place in 1652. Early in the same year his unwearying application to books and pen, caused the complete loss of sight with which he had long been threatened, and threw him into a comparatively helpless condition from which he never again emerged. He married twice after the death of his first wife, and had three daughters, by whose assistance he was enabled to carry on his studies, as they learned to read to him in six different languages without themselves understanding any of them.

And thus it was that Milton's great genius developed and attained its final triumph. In the midst of suffering, blindness, loss of fortune and friends, "encompassed with dangers as well as darkness," he composed *Paradise Lost*, that poem which has been said to be the "greatest continuous effort of the human imagination," and which is certainly a grand theme grandly treated. It is the description in poetical form, of the temptation of Adam and Eve, their fall, and final expulsion from the Paradise to which they had forfeited their right: and to it has been accorded the highest place in English literature.

Its author lived but a few years after its publication; in it he seemed to have reached the culmination of his force, and wrote little of note from that time till his death, which took place in 1674, from an attack of the gout, to which he had long been subject.

His nature and his intellect were so strong, and his convictions so intense and forcibly expressed, that in his day, which fell in stormy times, he had many enemies and bitter critics; but his fame, like that of every true poet, has ripened as the years went on, until now two centuries have passed over the dust of his grave, and no man disputes his title to the immortality of genius.

For the Southern Workman.

THE WINTER MONTHS.

The three months of our winter season, December, January and February, all retain their original names, which have each a distinct and easily traced derivation and meaning. The first month in our present calendar was also the first month in the Roman calendar, and takes its name from Janus, one of the gods of Roman mythology, who was believed to be the keeper of earth, sea and sky, and the porter of heaven. He was also held to be the guardian of gates and was usually represented with two heads, one looking in one direction, and the other in the opposite; and the month of January was dedicated to him because it was considered to look back into the old year and forward into the new.

February, the second month of the year, comes from the Latin "februo," to cleanse or purify. It has twenty-eight days in every year except Leap-year, when it has twenty-nine; and the Romans always set it apart for their great festival in honor of the god Pan.

December in the Roman calendar was what its name signifies, the tenth month of the year, and was consecrated to the god Saturn. Our Saxon ancestors called it the "mid-winter month," or "Yule-month," which latter name was derived from the Saxon word for wheel, and was emblematic of the sun's revolution.

So much of our language, so many of our customs, have been handed down to us directly from ancient Rome, that in spite of the lapse of centuries, our connection with the old "Mistress of the World" seems in some respects very close, and it is sometimes strange to realize how greatly her civilization has affected ours; to feel that we, English-speaking, nineteenth-century Americans, are using the same words that were on the lips of Roman citizens two thousand years ago, and even yet have so much in common with a nation so long dead. But the winter months of these heathen lands were broken by no Christmas holiday, and the names which to them were associated with the feasts of their false gods, for us have little meaning; for to us a great gift has been given, the glad tidings of great joy, which has changed the face of the earth.

For the Southern Workman.

VENTILATION.

Just at this season of the year our readers may feel that an article with the above heading is quite superfluous, and suggestive mainly of draughts and chill discomfort; but "ventilation" means now just what it always means; namely, "good air versus bad," and the winter is the season of all others wherein we are most in danger from the impurity of close, over-heated rooms. When the weather is fine, the air clear and mild, we open our doors and windows by instinct, and seek involuntarily the fresh wind and warm sun, which bring with them life and health. But as the frosts of winter get into our veins, and the outer air grows nipping and eager, we close every cranny, shut fast doors and windows, and cower over the grate, or, far worse, over the stove or furnace, whose breath is too often only a warm, comfortable poison.

We forget or are ignorant of the fact that when we overheat our air we deprive it of its life-giving properties, and that by carefully guarding as we do against any change of air in our rooms, we ensure its becoming saturated with the unwholesome exhalations from our bodies, our clothing, the articles in use in the room, etc. The fact that "zymotic" or "bad-air" diseases are far more frequent in cold weather than in warm, shows us that a large proportion of the human race are in the habit of breathing, during the winter months, air which is actually impure, and deficient in life-giving material. We shut ourselves up with such mistaken carefulness that we bring upon ourselves the very evils we are seeking to avoid, and keep our rooms at an equal and too high temperature, at the expense of our vital powers; for the first essential of a healthy animal is pure air and plenty of it.

Now the question is whether we cannot keep our rooms comfortably warm and at the same time healthfully fresh—and this question is, we confess, not always an easy one to answer. To ensure perfect ventilation every room should have an open fireplace, and a ventilator opening directly out-of-doors; but of course this is not often attainable, and we must do the best we can under less favorable circumstances. Open fireplaces, however, are worth trying for, always and everywhere, and stoves may be set down, by wholesale, as abominations, the old-fashioned Franklin stove being the only one which ought to be admitted into any room inhabited by any number of people. In most cases it is well (in a room in common use) to have one window open from the top, the width of the opening being regulated by the external temperature, while in sleeping rooms that is almost indispensable. In any room which during the greater part of the day is filled with people, as, for example, school rooms and churches, the occupants should be turned out at stated intervals and *all* the windows opened, so that the air may be effectually changed. Such simple precautions as these are easily taken and will go far toward preserving health during the trying winter months; for, as we entreat our readers to remember, nothing is more essential to the prevention of colds, fevers, etc., and to the maintainance of robust health, than the pure air which Heaven provides and we recklessly waste.

BATHING THE BABY.

It seems strange and unaccountable that so many of the really intelligent class act as if in ignorance of the necessity and benefit of bathing. It seems almost incredible, but there are many ladies most particular as to dress and fashion, who almost wholly neglect this matter. Some mothers think, when their children get beyond two or three years of age, the frequent entire bath can be dispensed with. If some of the main facts of physiology were well known and understood, every one would perceive that cleanliness of the skin is one of the conditions of good health. We learn that the skin has innumerable minute perspiration tubes opening on the cuticle, and these openings are called pores. These tubes are hollow, like a pipe stem, lined with wonderfully minute capillaries, which are constantly exhaling the noxious and decayed particles of the body, just as the lungs pour them out through the mouth and nose. It seems clear that injury, more or less, must ensue if this drainage for the body becomes obstructed. It happens when bathing is disregarded that the lungs

kidneys, or bowels, have more than their own apportionment of work. If these are strong and healthy they may bear the tax with little apparent injury, but in most cases a lowering of the vitality and tone of the system ensues. Large bath tubs are pleasant and convenient, but not indispensable to the proper cleansing of the skin. A speedy sponging of the body in pure water, followed by friction in pure air, is all that is necessary. When disinclined to use water, a thorough application of the flesh brush to the whole person is an admirable substitute; especially on retiring, it relieves nervousness, equalizes the circulation, and induces quiet sleep. Mothers, above all, should see that their children are well bathed. If their skins are kept active and healthy there will not be half the danger from fever, colds, and eruptive diseases. If your little one is cross or troublesome, and finds no occupation that pleases him, try the effect of a bath. Sometimes it is magical, and if tired he will go to sleep, and awaken bright, cheerful, and happy. Do not, though, as we have seen some parents do, plunge a child into cold water, when he screams and shrinks from it, thinking you are doing a good deed. Nature must be the guide. If your child has a nervous constitution a shock of this kind is only exhausting and injurious.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM HEAVEN.

BY E. F. T.

The little children's angels, singing in the glory of Heaven,
Said to each other, "Christmas is coming, what do you think can be given?
What do you fancy our children would like best for their tree?
If the dear Christ gave them a beautiful gift, what would they wish it to be?

"They have books and toys and goodies, safely hidden away;
The air is so full of secrets, they are too happy to play."
"I know," said a little angel, very quick and bright,
"For I was listening to my dear little boy as he said his prayers to-night.

He had counted on his fingers the presents for all the rest,
And then said, 'Please, God, send Harold a baby, for I should like it best.'
Let us tell the angel that lives in the garden where all the babies grow,
Let us ask whether there is one for Harold—perhaps the angel will know!"

And they went in their little dresses shining and white and fair,
Like a soft, downy cloud of doves, went singing on through the air!
Till among the tall sweet lilies, and the roses white and red,
They came where the dear little babies slept on the violet bed.

There was such a number of babies, with brown eyes and with blue,
Shining between the violet beds like for-get-me-nots peeping through.
Little soft babies all crowing, sweet, and pink, and fair,
The angels said, "May we have one, please, because of Harold's prayer?"

And one day when the children were sleeping, and the earth was all at rest,
The angels brought the present they all thought was the best;
Tho little shining things came down softly, when no one could see,
And said, "This is a Christmas present for Harold and Dorothy."

And there in the early morning the baby lay and smiled;
"Such a sweet, dear little baby," cried every happy child.
They thought it was glad to see them: it could not speak, and say
"I am thinking of my beautiful garden in heaven far away."

But the children's angels whispered to each little heart that night,
"You must all be good, and teach the baby nothing but what is right;
Never let it forget the garden,—it is your garden too,
And some day a Christmas-tree will be there shining for all of you.

BRINGING CHRISTMAS GREENS.

The beautiful old custom of dressing our houses and churches with evergreens on Christmas day is spreading, we are glad to see.

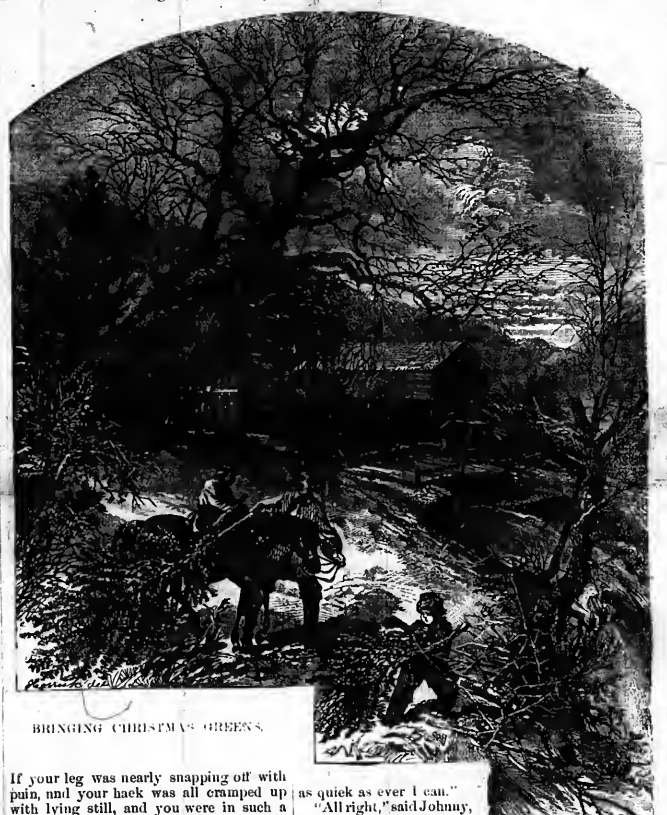
These Christmas rejoicings keep the heart ever green, they elevate and Christianize us. It is something to have at least one or two days in the year when every one feels an obligation to be loving and amiable. Perhaps our pretty picture for which we are indebted to the American Tract Society, will remind some of the young graduates of Hampton, of this pleasant gathering round our Christmas-tree, last year. We send them all a Christmas greeting, and we all shall remember the one who, with us then, will spend this Christmas day in Heaven.

SANTA CLAUS' MEAL-BAGS.

"Oh, dear me! this old leg has spoiled all my fun," said Johnny. "I'd just like to give it a good slap and done with it."

"Now, Johnny, you should n't be a repining, as I have often told you. You 've got a heap of mercies; just think of all the poor children who have n't—"

"Oh, yes," said Johnny snappishly; "just think of all the children who have n't any homes nor friends nor Sunday-schools; I know what you are going to say, but I 'm sick of hearing it; so do stop.



BRINGING CHRISTMAS GREENS.

If your leg was nearly snapping off with pain, and your back was all cramped up with lying still, and you were in such a fidget all over that you 'd like to knock somebody down, and instead of having a jolly time with the fellows this afternoon, as you expected, you had to lie here with a broken leg, I guess you would n't talk much about Sunday-schools and mercies and things, and I just wish—boo-hoo-hoo."

You see Johnny was n't an heroic boy in the way of suffering; most boys are not, I guess, so he just burst out into a good hearty cry, although he would have assured you ten minutes before, that nothing could make him cry, "not much."

So in a few minutes he felt as ashamed of himself as though he had done something dreadful, and choked and swallowed, trying all the time to look as if nothing had happened.

Poor Aunt Roxy was dreadfully shocked; but Aunt Roxy could never think of the right thing to say till long afterward, so she rolled up her eyes, clasped her hands and said, "Now, Johnny, do n't; oh, deary me! oh, the poor motherless boy! oh, my!"

Johnny felt better after his cry, as people generally do if they can have it out, and then began, as I told you, to feel ashamed of himself. He looked up slyly at Aunt Roxy, and found that she was putting on her bonnet in preparation for going out.

"Excuse me, aunty," he said, "I did n't mean to be cross and rude, but it 's awful for a boy to be laid up like this, and at Christmas time, too."

"Law sakes, now, Johnny, do n't take on so. You can't be patient and submissive like, as if you was a girl; it aint in the nature of men and boys; only getting cross do n't make things better. Now if you only had n't climbed that dangerous tree you would n't have fallen and broken your leg. Now, another time—"

"Well, well, aunty," said Johnny, looking very much inclined to snap out again, as he called, "you know you 've told me that a good many times, so please do n't say anything more about it."

"Well, I 'm going to the store," said aunty. "I wont be gone but just one minute, so you need n't be scared about staying alone; I 'll watch the house and hurry back as quick as ever I can."

"All right," said Johnny, quite glad to show that in spite of his crying he was no baby; "I 'm not afraid."

So Aunt Roxy went out, and Johnny listened to her steps which grew fainter and fainter in the distance, till at last he could hear nothing but the singing of the teakettle in the kitchen adjoining. The humming soon soothed him to sleep, before he knew that he was getting sleepy. All at once there was the queerest noise at the door. I could n't begin to tell you what it was like; it was a sort of a thump, bump, bang, when the door flew open and in rolled a meal-bag. Did you ever know anything so funny? No, of course not; but wait till I tell you the rest. In another minute, in rolled another bag, and then another, and another, and so on until there were eight meal-bags rolling around the room, bumping into each other, and doing the queerest things that bags were ever known to do.

Johnny thought he was dreaming, so he pinched himself and pulled his eyes open, but found he was indeed awake. There the bags continued to roll under his eyes, till all of a sudden there was a little low whistle, when behold! all the bags stood up on end, and eight heads popped through the openings of the eight bags, and Johnny saw the eight laughing faces of eight of his schoolmates turned toward him.

"Well, I declare!" said Johnny; "I did wonder what on earth you were."

"We were sent by Santa Claus," said one of the boys, "to show you some of his tricks of magic. Presto, change!"

With that the eight bags were opened wide, and out jumped the eight boys. Each one pulled something out of his bag and began running around the room, climbing chairs, moving tables, and to Johnny's astonishment, in a few minutes the walls of the poor, bare, forlorn little old bedroom were all festooned with Christmas greens, and there was a wreath in the window, and a bunch of bright-colored berries on the table. You can't think how pretty it all was; and as for Johnny, he thought he must have died and gone straight to heaven, for surely there could be nothing so beautiful in this world as this room, which a few minutes before had been as bare and forlorn as a place could be. Johnny couldn't speak, but he opened his eyes as wide as possible, and tried to sit up in his bed so as to get a better view of what was going on; but that was too great an effort just now, so he was obliged to keep quiet.

Pretty soon Joe came out from his hiding-place, bringing something with him. Johnny could n't see what it was, till suddenly there appeared on the bed in front of him—what do you think? a lovely little Christmas-tree, which looked as bright and sweet as the day itself. There were little bits of apples hung on by bright-colored strings, and nuts, and little pieces of candy. Then each boy had hung on some little present with his name attached. One boy gave him a pen-wiper, one a little hook-mark, one a slate-pencil, one a lead-pencil, one a piece of rubber, one a little peach-pit basket, one a rubber-ring of his own whittling, one a little bag containing a few marbles.

"Now," said Johnny, at last finding his tongue, "this is what I call splendid. I tell you what, fellers, I—I—what made you do all this anyhow?"

"Cause we were in for having some fun," said Tommy, "and we felt awful sorry to think of you cooped up here, you know. Here let me help you off with those gim-cracks."

By this time Aunt Roxy had finished her errand at the store, had talked for five minutes with every one she met on the way, assuring them all the time that she had n't a minute to spare and must run home as fast as ever she could go. She came quietly through the door, and nearly fell over the pile of bags on the floor.

"Law sakes alive!" she exclaimed, "what is this? oh where is my boy? he 's dead and they are laying him out I do believe. Johnny! Johnny!"

"I 'm all right, Aunt Roxy," said Johnny. "Just see what the boys have done for my 'Merry Christmas!'"

"Well, now, do tell!" said Aunt Roxy, dropping into the nearest chair. "Whatever in this world did put such thoughts into your heads?"

"Oh, we are a society," said Bill Flint, "and here are our badges, see," he said, pointing to his jacket where a little piece of blue ribbon was fastened. "The business of our society is never to let a day go by without doing somebody a kindness. Sometimes one of us sees a cow in someone's yard; well, you see, we just go and drive her out. Sometimes a little girl is going along and looks cold and tired, so whoever sees her takes her home, and puts her on his sled, and trots home

with her. Yesterday Tom's mother's pump got frozen up and we fixed it all up for her as quick as wink. We get kind of interested in hunting up things to do. Once a week we meet at somebody's house, and if any one has any money, we have some peanuts for refreshments, but if he has n't we have just as good a time without, because we play games, you know. Then we have the rule that if any one has gone through the week without doing somebody a kindness every day he just can't come to the 'good-time night;' so that settles him, you see."

"But this aint any kindness," said Jimmy Black, "it 's only fun—this don't count."

"Oh my, no!" said they all, "this is good fun."

"Only we thought you might like it, Johnny. We could n't do much you see because we had n't much money, but we had our hands and feet and we kept those going lively."

"I should think you had done a great deal," said Johnny.

"Oh, but you know we could n't buy you any presents worth having, 'cause we had n't any money, so Tom he whittled yonr basket, and Jim he made that bookmark, and Jerry made that ring, and the marbles were some that I had, but I thought you would n't mind that for they are tip-top ones."

Aunt Roxy sniffed and wiped her eyes so much and looked so upset, that Jerry, who could n't see what in the world there was to cry about, remarked sympathizingly,—

"You 've got an awful cold in your head, marm, have n't you?"

"I should like to join your society as soon as I get well," said Johnny.

"All right," said Captain Bill. "Come on, boys, we must be off. Good-by, Johnny, we 'll give you three cheers outside, it would make too much noise in here."

"Good-by," said one and all, and off they went.

Johnny did n't sleep much that night for his leg was very painful, so he felt donbly thankful for the pretty scene before him. In every wreath or festoon he could see a token of the tender thoughts of his little playmates, and behind all that he was forced to remember who had put it into the hearts of those boys to do all this for him.

"Ah," he sighed, "I grumble too much. I guess I have a good many mercies that even Aunt Roxy don't harp upon. Well, —oh my, that was an awful twinge of pain! —if I ever do get well I 'll do my best for other sick people, and I 'll never let Christmas go by without seeing to it that it is the jolliest sort of a day for every one I know."—*The Christian Weekly.*

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.

A Temperance Story, Founded on Fact.

BY JOHN WILLIAM KIRTON.

[This beautiful story was written in England and we have taken the liberty of changing the terms of English money, mentioned in it, to our American currency for the better understanding of our readers. It is not otherwise altered, except to be slightly abridged, to suit our columns].

It was about three o'clock on a scorching hot Saturday afternoon in July, when John Lewis, the carpenter, laid down his hammer, and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out a few coppers, "Just the price of a pint," as he said to himself, so he resolved thereupon to step across to the "Golden Eagle," and have some ale to quench his thirst. Just as he opened the door which led to the "Bar," what should he see laying on the polished counter, hut a plate of beautiful ripe cherries; the sight of which made John's mouth water so freely, that ere he knew exactly what he was doing, his hand was stretched out to take a few, when the shrill voice of the landlady from behind called out,—

"You touch them if you dare, sir!"

John was startled; but before he could reply, the landlady added,—

"The idea of your taking such liberty, I should like to know what you are thinking about?"

"Well, missus, I was only going to take one or two to wet my whistle."

"You had better not try it," she said with warmth.

"Why you won't mind my having a few; I was so thirsty, and they looked so tempting," said John, thinking she was joking.

"No sir, not one; I have just bought them as a treat for my children: they are a peculiar sort, and very expensive."

"Well, just let me try one."

"No, not one," she answered, with determination in every look; "if you want any, 'buy your own cherries!'"

"Well, I was going to have a pint of your best,"(?) replied John, "but I think I 'll take your advice, and go and buy some cherries instead;" and turning round, he walked out of the shop.

The landlady saw in a moment that she had committed a mistake, and called loudly for John to come back, but this only made him quicken his steps, and get away as fast as possible.

"Well, I've done it," she said, as taking up her plate of cherries, she passed into the parlor: "what a stupid I was, not to let him have one or wo: he is too good a customer to lose: I must look out, however, when he comes to pay his score, and coax him: he must be won over again if possible." And with such reflections, she tried to calm down her disturbed feeling.

Meantime John hastened down the street, looking out for the first shop where fruit was displayed, and as soon as he caught sight of the things he wanted, he called out,

"Here, master, let me have six cents worth of those cherries, will you?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, and quickly placed in his hands a small bag containing the cherries, which when John received he returned again to the workshop. All this had taken place in a few minutes, and the events had crowded so quickly one upon the other, that when he laid the bag of cherries on the bench and put one in his mouth, its sweetness aroused vividly within him the treatment of the landlady, even with additional force; and her words seemed so to "stick in his throat," that as he swallowed the juicy fruit, each seemed to give birth to the landlady's words, "Buy your own cherries!"

"Yes," said John, "and this is the way you serve a fellow, is it, after spending many a dollar with you? and now to begrudge even a paltry cherry!" and striking his hammer on the nail as he muttered the words, its echo seemed to answer back to him, "Buy your own cherries!".

All the rest of that afternoon the words haunted him, and do what he would, even the saw and the plane echoed the same advice, and at times he appeared to grow desperate, while from his lips would rush the words, "Buy your own cherries!" "Ah, yes," said he, his wounded conscience galling him, "I have bought them too long for her and her children; I will take care of number one for the future, and soon can have not only cherries, but many other sweet things beside."

At length the bell rang for leaving work, and John walked to the counting-house and received his wages, which amounted generally to about eight dollars; for although he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the public-house, he was not by any means what people would call a drunkard; indeed, he would have felt insulted if any one had dared to apply such a term to him, and no doubt would have been prepared in *his way* to prove that he only took what he considered did him good. And if he did on a Saturday night sometimes get over the score, while the friendly glass went round more freely than usual, and the cheerful song caused the time to fly fast, so that he went home later than usual, it was simply because he was a good fellow, who must do as others do; and if, at such times, the wife complained that the money left was barely suffieient to purchase the needful things for the coming week, he was apt to tell her to "mind her own business," and a few sharp words between them would be the result. But alas! such scenes are too well known to need description, and Mary, like many others, had grown weary with complaining, but nevertheless, she determined to do her best to keep the house as comfortable as her limited means would allow; and by kind words and looks to make the home as attractive as possible, feeling assured that by such means she was more likely to draw him *from* the public-house: whilst the opposite course would most likely *drive* and keep him there.

However our friend John is standing at yonder gate, with his wages in his hand, evidently hesitating what he shall do. Let us draw near, and by doing so we shall hear what he has to say.

"Well, what shall I do? I must go and pay my score, for I don't wish to be dishonest: if I knew how much it was I would send it; but never mind, I 'll go and pay her and have done with her;" so away he went.

The moment the landlady caught sight of John, she put on her best smiles, and without giving him time to utter a word, she said, "I am so glad to see you, John; we have just tapped a fresh barrel of our best;" and drawing a glass and holding it to him, she said, "I wish your opinion of it."

"No, thank you, I don't wish any," said John; "I want to pay what I owe you: how much is it?"

"Come," said Mrs. Boniface, "it's all stuff: take a glass, man, what's your hurry?"

"No, not a drop," said John, "I want to be off."

"Well, will you have a glass of something short?" said the landlady.

"No, nor long either," said John.

"But," said the landlady, "Tom Smith is in the parlor, and Dick Bates will be here directly: you won't go just yet."

"Will you let me know how much I owe you?" said John, getting impatient, "or I shall go without settling."

"Ah I see now," said the landlady, "that I put my foot in it this afternoon, and offended you; but I hope you won't mind a few words spoken in haste: come let us be friends once more."

"Not a dram will I take here or anywhere else if I know it," said John; "and as to offending me, that don't matter that I see, so long as you get your money."

"But," said the landlady, while she was looking after the P's and Q's (pints and quarts), "I don't like to quarrel with any one, especially with you: now do let us make it up, and as for the cherries, I have kept them for you; see (fetching them out of the parlor), here they are."

"No, thank you," said John with a smile, "I took your advice, and went and bought some, which were very delicious; and now take what I owe you out of this sovereign, I want to be off."

"I don't like," said the landlady, "really to change this without your tasting something; what *will* you take?"

"Nothing, I say again," said John, speaking decidedly; and taking up his change, he walked out, and soon found his way home. He reached it much to the surprise of his wife, long before his usual time: she, however, had only to put the kettle on, and while preparing the tea-things, the water boiled.

John sat almost in silence, and took his tea. Mary was on the point of asking him how it was that he was home so soon, when all at once, he put his hand in his pocket, and takiag out some money, threw it into her lap, saying, "I suppose you'll be going to market soon, Mary."

"Yes," said Mary, and she would have added, "and I shall be glad to go soon;" but she had learut by past experience, that she must not say too much on Saturday night; so taking up the money she went into the bed-room to get her bounet and shawl, and then with a women's curiosity, looking to see how much he had given her, was surprised to find about a dollar more than she usually received.

"I wonder whether he knows how much he has given me," said Mary; but fearing if she returned to ask, he might want it back, she quickly passed down stairs, and out into the street, afraid every moment he would be after her for the extra change. She had not gone far before she heard some one running fast behind her, and in a moment looked round, thinking it was he, but it was only a little boy playing; so on she went, and quickly visited the different shops, and being a thrifty body, spent her money as wisely as possible, the extra money enabling her to add to the comfort of the family during the next week. When she returned laden from market, she found from what the children told her, that father had been out almost all the time, and she feared after all, he had gone in search of her. However, when he came in soon after, nothing was said on either side, and thus the night ended. (It is strange how drink ehills the intercourse between man and wife; is it not?)

Sunday was spent in John's usual manner: in the morning he went out for a walk, and after dinner, staid at home to read the paper; when the shades of evening gathered around, he strolled out, and did not return until after ten o'clock. (How many thus waste God's holy day through the cursed drink!) This being a regular thing with him, no notice was taken of it, yet Mary thought John quiet and dull, and onee asked him kindly whether he was well, hnt he said he was all right, so she did not venture to question him again. All the next week passed away at home without any perceptible change; but John, not liking to return home sooner than usual, went on the Monday night to a Temperance meeting, and was so much interested, that when another meeting was annonnced to be held not far from there next evening, he decided to go, and from what the speakers said of the good it had done them, *he signed the pledge.*

On the Saturday, when the bell rang, and John weat to the office for his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him after receiving them, and retired to a quiet corner of the work-shop. Looking at the dollar bills which lay in his hand, he said, "If is many a long day since I could say that ye all belonged to me; and now I have got ye, I'll take good care that I don't part with ye unless I get plenty out of ye;" and elasping his hand, aad putting it and its contents into his pocket, you might have heard him say, "I'll buy my own cherries, that I will."

Mary was much pleased to see him return even sooner than the week before (for reasons known to our reader), and soon placed the tea before him, and while bustling about the room, and doing her best to keep the children quiet, she felt almost inclined to say how pleased she was, but cheeked herself, lest he might when giving her the money, stop some for the last week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his meal, he said, "Here, Mary, you'll be wanting to go a-marketing directly, I suppose; there's the money," throwing it into her lap.

An utterance of surprise escaped from her as she said in a whisper, "Is all this for me, John?"

"Yes," said John, "and I hope you will spend it well."

"I hope," said Mary, trembling, "you haven't done anything wrong to get so much, John?"

"No, my dear," said John, while his heart trembled with emotion, "I have done wrong long enough, and I am going to do right for the future."

"But," said Mary,—

"Never mind, now," said John, "get your bonnet and shawl, and let us both go to market."

Mary did not need a second order to get ready, all the while wondering how it was to be accounted for; resolving, however, while she was tying her strings, that she would quietly wait until John thought proper to give her an explanation; so after bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the other children and the house, they went on their way. John then briefly told her the decision he had come to, and hoped she would forgive him for the past, and help him to do better for the time to come; to all of which Mary listened with tremhling yet joyful interest.

Meanwhile the children at home had their talk about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together!"

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether anybody that father knows has died and left him some money." And with similar child-like talk they were engaged when a sharp rap at the door disturbed them.

Sally went to the door, and there stood a butcher-boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mister Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there is no one of that name lives here."

"It's strange," said the boy, "I was told this was the house; isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes," said Sally, this is No. 20, but no one of that name lives here."

"Well, who does live here?" said the boy.

"My father, and mother, and us," said Sally.

"And what's *your* father's name?" said the boy.

"They call him Jack Lewis," said Sally.

"Well that's the same man, Mister and Jack's all the same," said the boy, "and here's a leg of mutton for him."

"Oh I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally, "we never have such things as them come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, and it's paid for."

"Well if it's paid for, I'll take it in, but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," said Sally.

"Oh it will be all right," said the boy, and away he went.

"Isn't it a wopper?" said Tommy, "only fancy if this was our'n, wouldn't we have a splendid dinner?" And the little fellow danced about the room for joy; and while he was cutting his capers in this manner, another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes, shall I bring it?" said Tommy. But on opening the door a baker's boy presented himself with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"Well," said Sally, thinking it strange, 'my father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."

"All right, here's these loaves for him."

"Are they paid for?" said Sally.

"Yes," said the boy; "come, make haste."

"Well, I'll take 'em in, being as how they are paid for, but we never have such big loaves as them, and I'm sure you'll have to fetch 'em back again; there's a mistake somewhere."

"There, that's all fudge," said the boy, and off he went.

"Ain't them busters?" said Tommy: "See, sister, they are new, and well baked, too, ain't they? Only fancy if they *was* ours, wouldn't we make a hole in them soon?"

And again he started off with a dance and a shout, in the midst of which another rap at the door was heard

"Here they are," he said, "I'll bring them to the door."

But upon the door being opened there was a lad with parcels of tea, sugar and coffee, and the same question was asked. But Sally by this time had decided to take in all that was paid for, at the same time telling each one "They needn't be surprised if they had to fetch 'em back again."

The grocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the butterman eggs, bacon, and butter; and a few other articles from different shops arrived, until the table began to be quite full.

"I do wish father and mother would come home," said Sally; "suppose a policeman was to come and find all these things here, what should we do?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether father's going to keep shop?"

"Don't be silly, Tommy; it would make you still, I know, if we had all to go to prison," said Sally.

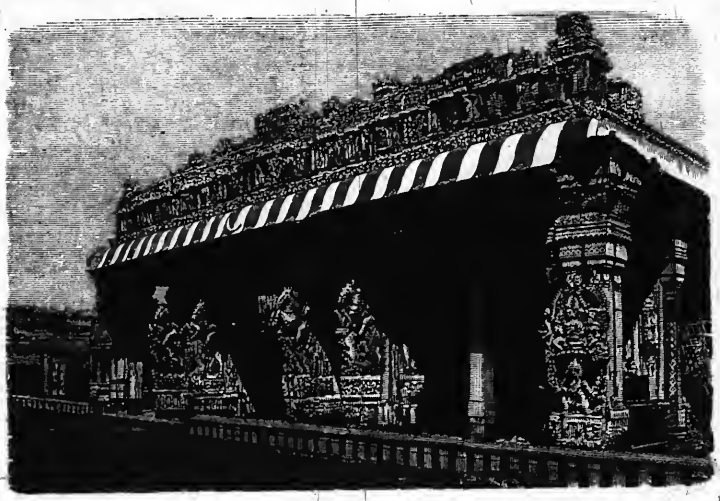
In the midst of this dialogue, much to the joy of the children, father and mother returned, and soon told them that the things on the table were for the coming week, and that all of them would have a share if they were good; and giving them a piece each of the new loaf and a bit of cheese, off they were sent to bed, and told to be very quiet.

In a short time John found that he could buy clothes for his children, and then for himself and wife; and then it began to be whispered that he was getting proud, for he moved into a better neighborhood, where he only had to pay about the same rent nevertheless. And soon after he began to put his savings in the Building Society, and this enabled him to build a cottage for himself. Meantime the master, finding him more than ever attentive to his work, appointed him as foreman, at an advanced rate of wages. And step by step he arose, until he became a master himself; and instead of working, he had men to look after it and do it for him. His children have been well educated; added to all this, he and his wife are hearty supporters of the Temperance cause, and by the blessing of God have become consistent members of a Christian church.

Working men, the moral is soon told: It is not how much money a week you earn, but *what you do with it* when you get it. How many home comforts, in the shape of carpets, sofas, chairs, books, etc., are lost, by the simple fact that the money goes in the wrong way. If you learn nothing else from this sketch, you may learn this, that if you are to have a "Home, sweet home," you must "BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES."

THE NEW CHŌLTRY—MADURA.

The picture is a view of one of those magnificent monuments of antiquity built by the old Tamil kings, centuries ago, in the city of Madura. It is called "Puthu



NEW CHŌLTRY—MADURA.

Mandapam," in Tamil,—in English, "New Chol'try." It is also distinguished by the Tamil name "Vâsânt&," which means in English, "Spring." It is said to have been so called in consequence of having been built as a cool and delightful retreat for the god Siva, during the sultry month of May—in Madura the hottest month of the year. It is surrounded by a narrow watercourse, made of stone; intended, it is supposed, to cool the air during the hot months. This edifice, which in the beautiful finish of its work, and in its grand magnificence, excels all others in Madura, is three hundred and thirty-three feet long and eighty-one wide, divided, internally, into a nave and two side aisles, with passages at both ends. The roof is flat, being constructed of immense granite slabs, resting upon one hundred and twenty eight massive pillars, each twenty-five feet in height, hewn from a single block of granite, and carved in the ordinary Hindoo style. The labor of carving must have been enormous, and it is difficult to conjecture how the pillars could have been placed in position by any power which the Tamilians are known to have possessed in that dark age. Among the ornaments are ten groups of sculptured stone images, which represent the ten Pandian kings, larger than life, with their wives in smaller figures, placed in front of ten of the massive pillars. Tirrumala Nayagan, the last of the dynasty and the munificent founder of the "New Chol'try," stands first in the row of groups on the right, with his two wives, one on each side, and a female servant. The first thing which attracts attention on entering at the front is the massive platform, occupying nearly the whole width of the nave, which, together with twelve large, beautiful pillars, smooth as glass and black as jet, supporting an ornamented canopy, is wrought out of a beautiful stone, composed of dark syneite sprinkled with a green variety of scapolite, known as the "*black Madura granite.*" The authority which puts the date at £20,000, the date of beginning the work 1626, and the time of completion seven years, is the most credible. It has been justly said, that "this and the other solidly constructed and highly ornamented buildings which engaged the attention of Tirrumala Nayagan, could not have been built by any other than a despot possessed of boundless wealth." This man, the greatest of all the Pandian rulers, was crowned king of Madura in the month of January, 1623, when he was between thirty and forty years of age, and his successful reign extended over a period of thirty-six years. During his time the Jesuit missionaries gained great influence in Madura. Robert de Nobili, the most famous of them, assumed the garb of a Hindo ascetic, and professed to be a high caste Brahmin, from Rome. Thus, as a Christian propagandist in disguise, he schemed and labored many years. He made a considerable number of proselytes, with the direct countenance and assistance of the king over whose mind he is said to have gained an extraordinary ascendency. Some say that Tirrumala Nayagan was converted, and on this account was clandestinely murdered by the Brahmins. But the Jesuits seem not to have believed it; for their records declare that he died as he had lived, an impenitent sinner.

Whatever the truth may have been in his case, one thing is certain, two or three centuries of missionary labor by the Franciscans and Jesuits made no permanent impression upon Hindóo society. No missionaries were ever more indefatigable; nor persistent. They were unscrupulously deficient in their methods; they had unbounded means at their control; and the influence of kings was exerted to forward their schemes. No other missionaries were ever so favored on the human side; and yet, beyond the building of a few churches and the considerable number of proselyted heathen, to whom they gave Christian names, and a baptism of water without a previous baptism of the Holy Spirit, they accomplished nothing, or next to nothing. The citadel of heathenism continued as firm and unshaken as the old stone palaces and temples. The Brahmins retained all their former influence, and caste and superstition were in no degree weakened. In the line of human progress nothing had been done. Every old custom and institution remained intact.

It remained for Protestant missionaries to introduce, with the preaching of a purer Christianity, education for all classes, and to inaugurate the innovations which are fast changing the social habits of the people and their time-honored institutions. *Vastly* more has been done within the last fifty years to enlighten and elevate the people, not to speak of Christianizing them in the true spiritual sense, than was done by the labors of the Romanists in *three centuries*. Give us fifty years more, and the world shall see not only Madura, with her two millions, but all India, with *two hundred millions*, by the blessing of God on the preaching of a pure Gospel, transformed, evangelized, and numbered among the Christian nations.—*Missionary Herald.*

The Teachers' Table.

A PRETTY PIECE TO SPEAK

at Christmas time, if you have a celebration in your school, is the little poem we print in another column: "The Christmas Gift from Heaven." Remember that the chief secret in good speaking or reading is a good understanding and feeling of what is to be spoken or read. When an actor wants to perfect himself in a new part, he studies carefully the author's words and meaning, and then tries to feel it—or to seem to at least.

TEACHING GRAMMAR.

Is not grammar the bugbear of teachers and scholars? Children think they never *can* understand it. Teachers dread the labor of teaching such a dry study. Yet nothing can be more simple and beautiful; and the more simple, the more beautiful. It is possible to interest even primary scholars in it by not overwhelming them with rules and names which have no meaning to them. Let them see the significance of every name you give them. Don't use a text book with the younger ones. Here is a little lesson on

NOUNS.

Children, grammar, you know we said, is the study that teaches us to use the right words, so as to say just what we mean. There are only nine different kinds of words in our language. That is not many, and you will soon learn them all. But we will begin with the most important.

If you went to a country where no one could talk English, and you could not talk the language there, and you wanted some bread, how would you make them know? Wouldn't you point to it? Or, if you wanted to sit down, you'd point to a chair. Then, if some one told you the name of it, you could ask for it, just by repeating the name. You wouldn't have to use any words but just the name. So the names of things would be the most important words for you to learn.

Now, what words does the baby learn to say first? (Let the children tell.) Aren't those the names of things too? He can get along without any other words for some time.

Well, we call all words that are the names of anything—Nouns—that *means name.* We can't talk or write or even think about anything without using Nouns. Now let us see how many we can think of. (This is an exercise children will be greatly interested in, and soon learn to distinguish common and proper nouns.)

PICTURE READING.

Don't forget the picture reading exercise. Our pictures this month are beautifully adapted to it.

JAMES LEFFEL'S
TURBINE WATER WHEEL.

POOLE & HUNT,
MANUFACTURERS FOR THE SOUTH & SOUTHWEST.
Nearly 7000 now in use, working under heads varying from 2 to 240 feet 1 Twenty-four sizes.
The most powerful Wheel in the Market, and most economical in use of Water.
Large ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet sent post free.
Portable and Stationary Steam Engines and Boiler, Babcock & Wilcox Patent Tubulous Boiler, Blaugh's Crusher for Minerals, Saw and Grist Mills, Planing Mill Machinery, Machinery for White Lead Works and Oil Mills, Shafting Pulleys and Hangers.

Bell file 1874

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

DECEMBER 6, 1874.
THE BEATITUDES.

MATT. v: 1–10.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:
2 And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,
3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
4 Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
6 Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
8 Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
10 Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Golden Text.—BE YE DOERS OF THE WORD, AND NOT HEARERS ONLY.—James 1: 22.

When Jesus entered upon his ministry he not only taught in the synagogues or Jewish churches, but, as we learned in our last lesson, he was continually doing good as he had opportunity unto all men. It is not at all surprising that the good news which he brought—the ability to do wonderful works of healing such as no other man ever did—and even more, his willingness to give help and sympathy to all the wretched and needy ones who were brought to him—served to spread his fame, and that great multitudes from all that region were constrained to follow him. As Jesus looked about and saw the great crowd of people which had gathered around him, he went up into a mountain and embraced this opportunity to teach them more fully than he had yet done the nature and principles of that spiritual kingdom which he had come to set up. Christ commences this memorable "Sermon on the Mount" by showing the new and heavenly character of the subjects of his kingdom. If we would enter Christ's kingdom above, these are the qualities we must begin to cultivate on earth. As we consider those whom Christ pronounces "blessed," or happy, may we be led to see and realize that true happiness is very different from what the world thinks it to be—that its seat is in the heart and disposition rather than in external circumstances.

The first mentioned are the poor in spirit—the opposite of high spirited and haughty. They acknowledge their own unworthiness, and are conscious of doing nothing good. The proud and self-righteous feel that they can take care of themselves, and the world counts them happy. The lowly have rights in Christ's kingdom. The kingdom suits them, for he came to call sinners," and having no proud, lofty spirit to hinder them they enter at once by repentance and confession, and "theirs *is* the kingdom of heaven" even here on earth.

Second, They that mourn. God's true children mourn not alone on account of trials and disappointments, but they are often burdened and sorrowful in spirit because they come so far short of the perfect example set for them by their Lord and Master. There is comfort for them in the kingdom—"We shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is"(1 John, iii: 2).

Third, The meek: those who are mild and gentle; both in their treatment of others and in the way in which they receive treatment from others; who can bear trials and contradictions without showing an angry and revengeful spirit. They shall inherit the earth. They do not think much about themselves, so that they are not disturbed or unhappy if they are lightly esteemed by others; and in the upper kingdom many of the meek and lowly ones, who considered themselves last here, will doubtless be surprised to find themselves first there.

Fourth, They that hunger and thirst after righteousness. A hungry and thirsty man desires nothing so much as food and drink, and he can be satisfied with nothing else. Christ, who is himself bread to the hungry and water to the thirsty soul, promises complete satisfaction to those who earnestly desire and strive to be conformed more and more to his image.

Fifth, The merciful: those who are kind and compassionate not only to the deserving but to the ill-deserving. They shall obtain mercy. They who live to promote the welfare and happiness of others will find their own happiness cared for and secured to them by their Heavenly Father, "whose mercies fail not."

Sixth, The pure in heart. This goes deeper than the outward actions. It extends to the secret motives which prompt us, and requires that they should be pure and honest. The pure in heart realize that they are living under the eye of the heart-searching God; and having nothing to hide they can enjoy his constant presence. What state could be more blessed!

Seventh, The peacemakers: those who exemplify the gospel of Christ, which is "Peace on earth, good-will to men" in their words and lives. They are not merely peaceful, but carrying ever with them the spirit of peace and quietness they become makers of peace—themselves a blessing wherever they may be or go. And all such peacemakers are included in God's own dear family; for they shall be called the children of God.

Eighth, The persecuted for righteousness' sake. Those who, because they are trying to lead holy lives such as God will approve and bless, are reproached or ridiculed or persecuted in any way by wicked men, are among the blessed ones if they patiently endure; for they have our Saviour's promise "theirs is the kingdom of heaven." They can even "rejoice in tribulation" as they look forward to the kingdom beyond "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Are we living from day to day so as to make these blessings our own? is the practical question for each of us to ask ourselves. If so, we shall find much happiness by the way, even here; for "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness" and hereafter "fullness of joy." Shall we not be blessed indeed if we attain unto this glorious inheritance?

LESSON II.

Dec. 13, 1874.

TEACHING TO PRAY.

MATT. vi. 9–13.

9 After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
10 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as *it is* in heaven.
11 Give us this day our daily bread.
12 And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
13 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Golden Text.—ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES SAITH UNTO HIM, LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY.—Luke xi: 1.

Christ having spoken of the character and blessedness of the subjects of his kingdom, goes on to teach his disciples that they were not to strive to gain notoriety by their good deeds, but that in all things they were to have respect to the judgment of God, and not to the praise of men. Before giving them the model of prayer which bears his name, Christ gives them two cautions: First, Be not as the hypocrites. He does not here speak against public prayer but against the spirit which prompts to any display. "That they may be seen of men." This is mocking God—treating him as if he did not know the heart, and putting man's favor above His. Christ's method is the very opposite of the hypocrite's plan. We regard his counsel when we seek in presenting our petitions to God, to withdraw as much as possible from the notice of men. Both classes receive their reward. The hypocrites did it to be seen, and they gained what they sought; they *were* seen. But "God is not mocked." The merited *punishment* will be meted out at the judgment day. The honest and sincere worshipper is assured that the Father who seeth in secret—who needeth not to listen to words, but who searcheth the heart and knoweth the thoughts of men, will reward him openly.

The second caution is, Use not vain repetitions. Much praying is not condemned, but "much speaking"—the repeating of words which are expressions of the lips only and not the sincere desires of the heart. We learn (verse 7) that it is not the design of prayer to inform God of our condition, for he knows our needs before we ask: but it is the means through which he has chosen to confer his blessings. The brief prayer which follows and which Christ has left us as a model, "After this manner therefore pray ye," is so simple that a child can understand it; and in it, at the same time, is included, all that is needful for our well-being here and hereafter. It is to be feared, however, that there is much thoughtless, and therefore meaningless repetition of our Lord's own words. Let us notice carefully and try to find out the real meaning of these petitions. The first three relate to God. First, His name. We ask that his name may be hallowed or held sacred; and if we earnestly desire what we ask it will be our aim to so control all the thoughts of our hearts and the words of our lips that they may do him honor.

Second, His kingdom—"Thy kingdom come." This is a petition that God's kingdom, which is a kingdom of righteousness, may be established on the earth. We may show our sincerity here by first becoming ourselves his willing subjects, and then using all the influence we may have to bring those about us into the same blessed kingdom.

Third, His will—"Thy will be done." In these words we pray that God's purposes may be accomplished and his commands obeyed as cheerfully and unhesitatingly on earth as by the angels in heaven. If our actions correspond with our words, that is, if we honestly seek to know and endeavor to do God's will, our daily lives will prove the genuineness of our prayer.

The last three petitions are for ourselves. First, "Our daily bread." As often as we take these words upon our lips we should be reminded of our continual daily dependence upon God for the supply of our temporal wants as well as for spiritual blessings.

Second, The pardon of our sin. We are all sinners against God, needing and professing to desire forgiveness from him. Christ gives us no warrant to expect his Father's forgiveness if we indulge an unforgiving spirit toward those who have wronged us. If we offer this prayer without freely forgiving our enemies, we are in reality making a fearful request for ourselves—"As we forgive."

Third, Help from God—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." In these words we ask God to shield us from such influences as would cause us to do wrong, or, with the temptation, to make a way of escape. We come very far short of the spirit of this petition if we heedlessly and unnecessarily place ourselves where we know we shall be tempted to do what is wrong; for in this as in all other things, "God helps those who help themselves."

If we are God's obedient children we esteem it an unspeakable privilege thus to come unto him in prayer; and it is our joy and rejoicing that He whose "is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever," permits us to approach him as "Our Father who art in heaven."

LESSON III.

Dec. 20, 1874.

THE TWO FOUNDATIONS.

MATT. vii: 21–29.

21 Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.
22 Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name done many wonderful works?
23 And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.
24 Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:
25 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.
26 And every one who heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:
27 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.
28 And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine:
29 For he taught them as *one* having authority, and not as the scribes.

Golden Text.—OTHER FOUNDATION CAN NO MAN LAY THAN IS LAID, WHICH IS JESUS CHRIST.—1 Cor. iii: 11.

In the closing portion of the Sermon on the Mount, parts of which we have been considering for the last two Sabbaths, Christ tells the people plainly and forcibly who will and will not enter the kingdom of heaven. He has before told what is Christian character; he here tells upon what Christian character alone can be founded. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord." Words of acknowledgement of Christ as Lord and Master will never be sufficient to prove any one an heir of the kingdom; "But he that *doeth* the will of my Father." The true profession of faith is found in the life rather than on the lips. Those who are connected with the kingdom of God only by external profession and protestations of zeal may appear to their fellowmen to be Christ's followers; and we are here solemnly taught that it is a possible thing for them to deceive themselves; but God reads the heart, and it is vain for any to hope to deceive him.

When Jesus was teaching he often made his meaning more clear to the people by parables or short stories; so at this time he closed his sermon with the story of the wise and foolish builders. Every one can see the folly of building on no more solid foundation than shifting sand. The house might and probably would stand in pleasant weather, but when the winds and the storms which must come sooner or later beat upon it, there was nothing to keep it from falling—"And it fell: and great was the fall of it." It is worthy of notice that both *heard* and both *built*. The foolish man's house may have looked as well to passers-by as the wise man's, but there was a great difference between them. The difference was in the foundation. Christ makes his own application of this parable, so that we are left in no doubt as to his meaning. All are builders. Each must build for himself, and each can build but one house. Our lives are like the building: in the Bible they are often so spoken of (1 Cor. iii: 9–16); (1 Peter, ii: 5). They that so believe in him as to lead them to *do* as well as hear his sayings are likened unto the wise man who built his house upon a rock. All such are upon the sure foundation, for, following his directions, they are building upon Jesus himself as the chief Corner-stone. When the storms of life, that is, earth's trials, disappointments and afflictions, beat upon them, they will have no cause for fear, but being founded upon the Rock they can calmly say with the Apostle "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ," etc. (Romans viii: 35, 39). How different the fate of the other builder! Hearing Christ's sayings but doing them not he is likened unto the foolish man who built his house upon the sand. The sand represents anything except Jesus. Some rest their lives on wealth, some on earthly honor, some on pleasure, others on their own good works; but they are all alike sand. There is but one Rock; we see there may be many kinds of "sands"; but they are the same in this: none of them have any power to save, and what is built upon them will surely come to ruin. Which house shall we be like?

The people who listened to our Saviour's sermon were "astonished at his doctrines." He taught simple truths that they all could understand; and his words brought to them comfort and hope. The people, therefore, as we are told in another place, heard him gladly. Let us not forget that if we desire his commeadation we must, in addition to hearing him gladly, do his will cheerfully. How much we owe to Christ for the Sermon on the Mount! Were its blessed precepts loved and obeyed by all, should we not have heaven on earth?

LESSON IV.

Dec. 27, 1874.

POWER TO FORGIVE SINS.

MATT. ix: 1–8.

1 And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city.
2 And, behold, they brought unto him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.
3 And, behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth.
4 And Jesus knowing their thoughts said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?
5 For whether is easier, to say, *Thy* sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise and walk?
6 But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house.
7 And he arose, and departed to his house.
8 But when the multitudes saw *it*, they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.

Golden Text.—IF WE CONFESS OUR SINS, HE IS FAITHFUL AND JUST TO FORGIVE US OUR SINS, AND TO CLEANSE US FROM ALL UNRIGHTEOUSNESS.—1 John, 1: 9

When Jesus had finished his matchless sermon he came down from the mountain and followed up his wonderful words with mighty acts of love and mercy, thus carrying out and exemplifying in his own life the precepts which he had enjoined upon all who would be numbered among his true followers. A few of these wonderful works are put on record for our instruction (John xx: 30, 31). The healing of the leper comes first; next, the centurion's servant; then they brought unto him many afflicted ones, and he healed them all. He showed, too, his power over the winds and waves by stilling the tempest, and over the evil spirits by permitting them to go into the herd of swine, and thus freeing the demoniacs who had hitherto been under their power. This brings us to Christ's next miracle which is the subject of our lesson to-day. The scene of this miracle was Capernaum, "his own city," so called because during the last three years of his life, it was, more than any other place, his residence. Mark, who enters more into the particulars of this case than Matthew (Matt. ii: 1–12), tells us that Jesus was on a house teaching a multitude, who had gathered together to hear him when this poor "man, sick of the palsy" was brought unto him to be healed. His friends could not make their way through the crowd to Jesus, but they were too much in earnest in what they had undertaken, to allow themselves to be overcome by any obstacle.

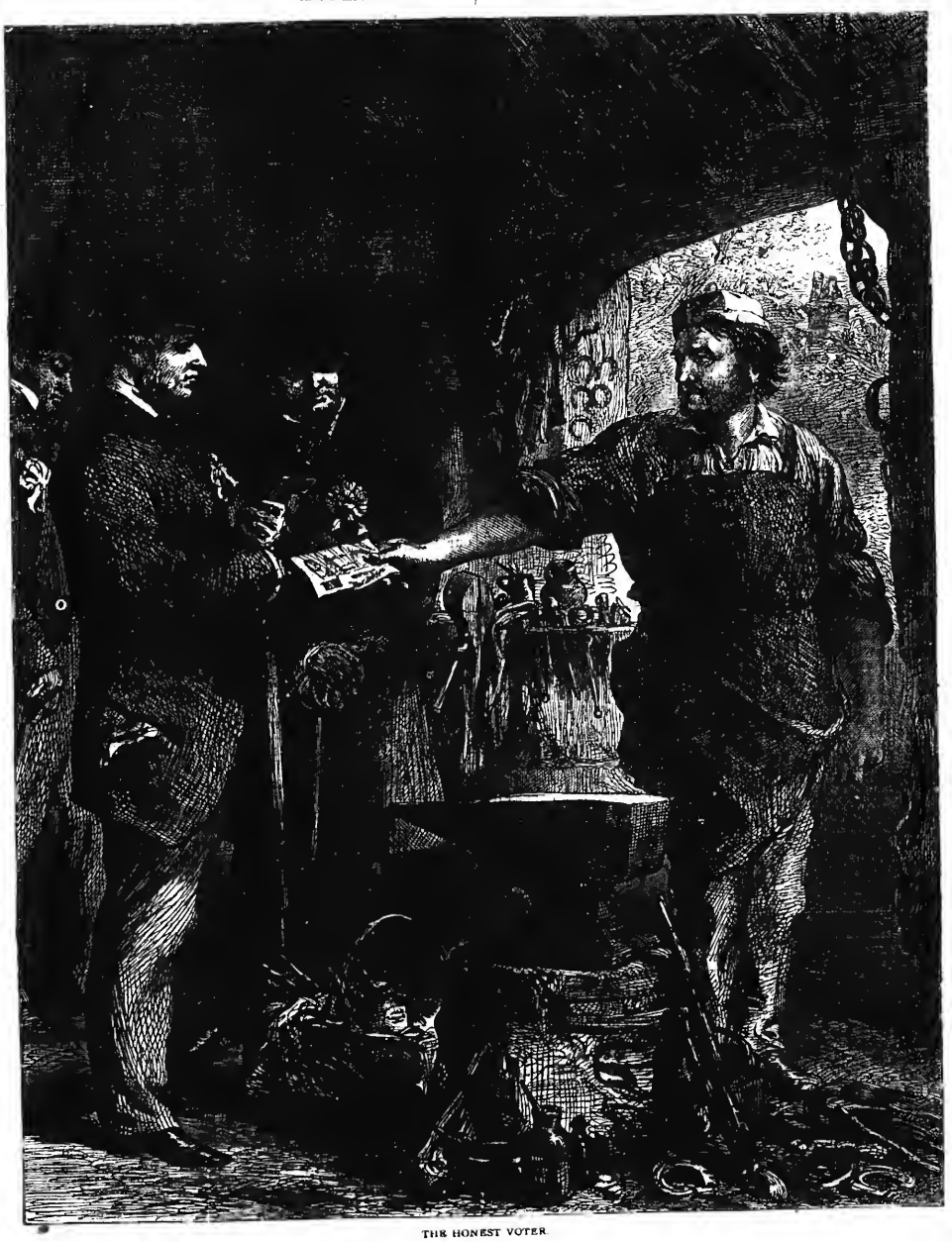
The great question with them was how to bring this man to Christ's notice. They thought of a very strange way. The houses in that country were built with flat roofs, so that it was possible to get on the roof—which they did—and "let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus." It was a strong belief in Christ's willingness and power which led them to take this step. The spirit which prompted them and the act which was the evidence of the spirit, Jesus commended in the words "seeing their faith." When we are conscious of our own helplessness and have learned and believed enough concerning Christ to induce us to go to him for help and strength, we have the same faith which prompted the paralytic and his friends. How encouraging to the poor man were the first words from the Master's lips, "Son, be of good cheer." It would seem from the words that follow, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," that Jesus, who could read his inmost thoughts, saw that he had brought to him for healing, as well as a paralyzed body, a penitent heart and a broken spirit because of his sins.

Certain scribes said in their hearts, "This man blasphemeth." They were right in judging that no mere man had power to forgive sins. They were wrong in failing to see Christ's true character when made so plain by his works. To show his right and power to forgive, Christ performed an instant cure which was proved by the hitherto helpless man walking away with his bed. The scribes could not see sin pardoned and they questioned his authority; but they saw the man cured and then were silenced. But they did not want to be convinced and give God the glory; for we read, not the scribes, but the multitudes when they saw *it*, marvelled and glorified God. Let us never forget that not by words only, but by daily, well-ordered lives we may glorify God "for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IV. HAMPTON, VA., JANUARY, 1875. NO. 1.



THE HONEST VOTER.

THE HONEST VOTER.

The picture to which this title belongs is taken from an English paper, and represents a scene quite unfamiliar to American eyes. The gentlemen, that is, the well-dressed individuals with the rosettes upon the breasts of their coats, are bidding directly and without concealment for the vote of the blacksmith, who turns from his forge to resent the insult which they offer him.

Now although there are plenty of dishonest voters in America, there are few men who are willing either to buy or sell a vote so openly as this, and the example of the indignant blacksmith would undoubtedly be followed by a large majority of American freemen.

The temptation to a dishonest use of the franchise in this country comes usually in a subtle and less easily disposed of form; and just for that reason voters who intend to maintain their independence, need to be specially on their guard against the frequent inducements to make capital out of their voting power. One of the chief causes of dishonest voting is ignorance, and sound political education is a primary necessity if we expect sound political action. Men must know why, and for what or whom they are voting, and must then use their knowledge conscientiously before they can be called "honest voters"; and though perhaps there is many a man among us who would not deliberately sell his vote for a twenty- or fifty-dollar bill, yet surely there are not many who are guided by intelligence and restrained by conscience in their use of the franchise, though once more we say that it is only such men who are worthy to rank with the "Honest Voter," of our picture.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

B. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JANUARY, 1875.

In reference to our recent article on cotton spinning at Norfolk, Va., a gentleman thoroughly posted, writes us as follows:

"I feel very sanguine of the eventual success of manufactures in the South if they can only start in such places as will furnish *labor* in sufficient quantity and quality at a low rate. By beginning with the coarser fabrics, with the large surplus female population of Norfolk, I think the cotton manufacture might be made successful. The more skilled labor of the North will be driven on to finer fabrics. I was told yesterday in Lowell that the mills on coarse goods were beginning to feel the effects of Southern competition. If we regain some of our export trade, and the South can deliver goods in New York suitable for the South American and Eastern market, instead of sending the cotton North to be manufactured and returned, I do not see why Southern mills should not reap the profit of the operation."

For such coarse goods as are recommended above, an engine of 100 Horse-power would be required to run 4,000 spindles. That number would, however, be too small for economy. Our correspondent says "I should not advise a mill of less than 10,000 spindles. Ordinarily, at least, $30.00 per spindle should be allowed for cost of plant. At the present time the machinery complete for a mill could be bought for $10.00 per spindle, and the engine and shafting could also be got on the very best terms."

We thank our correspondent for his interesting facts, and only wish he would add to our obligations by directing the attention of cotton spinners to those advantages of our climate and location, which must sooner or later drive New England heavy domesties out of the market. The Eastern States have the capital and experience, while the South has the cheap labor. To bring the two together is to cement a real peace between the sections. Outside aid is our only hope for the next decade. At Norfolk, for instance, it will be long before $300,000 of home capital will desert familiar methods of investment, for the almost untried path of cotton manufacture. Success without experience would be problematical. The capital of Norfolk is spread very thinly over the lumber, oyster, banking, trading, or real estate business, and is utterly inadequate to cover the ground. We can only point to our splendid natural advantages, and say to our friend and others like him, "Come over and help us!"

We note with pleasure the establishment of the "Hodo Savings Bank" of Norfolk, Va., designed to do all the good for the colored people hereabouts, that the broken Freedmen's Bank might have accomplished, had it been properly carried on. We believe the new institution to be in careful hands, and feel safe in recommending it to all who have funds to deposit. Its directors are among its largest stockholders, and have therefore an immediate concern in making only the most prudent loans. The downfall of the old Freedman's Bank, was largely due to the vicious system of sending away the funds for investment at Washington. The new Company is not a branch of any other concern, and keeps its money at home for the accommodation of the business men of the vicinity. The Bank pays six per cent on deposits. The large experience of H. C. Percy, Esq. as Cashier of the old Bank, has fortunately been secured to the same important position in the new institution. Of the advantage and necessity of such a bank there can be but one opinion; and we wish the enterprize the success which it deserves, in a long career of profit to itself, and of usefulness to the colored people of this section.

The following extracts from Southern papers show that the colored people are deeply stirred by recent political events. Like any other people, they will in the end collect in those regions where they are best treated and best paid.

It is of paramount importance to the welfare of any region of country to have an intelligent and contented laboring population. Georgia and Alabama cannot spare their colored people, but are likely to suffer from an exodus. These states can by wise and kindly measures retain the best of their workmen; and if the class that calls itself "superior" is really so, it will hasten to quiet the black mans fears and teach him that there is sincerity in the oft-repeated expression of Southerners that they are really the negroes' best friends.

Now is the best of all times to prove this, and we are glad to notice in all the late utterances of prominent Southerners, hearty assurances to the colored people, of protection and good care. The negro will lose his last chance if he rejects this proffered encouragement and persists in believing his old master to be his mortal enemy.

"The Mobile *Register* says that the negroes about Montgomery, Alabama, held a large meeting the other day to consider what they were going to do about the Democratic victory in the state. Some spoke in favor of emigration immediately, but others advised waiting awhile and making an appeal to Congress. This was substantially what was resolved upon. A resolution was passed calling a State convention of the negroes at Montgomery in December, to make another report of "outrages" to the Federal authorities.

The Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* says: "There is a big scare just now about a negro exodus from Georgia to other states, notably Texas. The railroads, it is said, will take the laborer to Texas for half fare, but charge him full price for returning. If the colored people choose to go to Texas, we do not see how they can be prevented, unless superior inducements are offered for them to remain. We dare say enough will remain for all practical purposes, and if a great many idle white men will be thereby impelled to work, the calamity will be not an unmitigated one after all, but rather a blessing in disguise."

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Herald* of Nov 26th, adds the following: "As a subject of engrossing interest and importance, we present some further facts bearing upon the threatened emigration of the negroes from Georgia. Mr. Houston, of the Atlanta and New-Orleans line, replies to the charge that his line had forced the Western and Atlantic Railroad to reduce the rates, by saying that the Western and Atlantic Railroad forced his line to reduce the rates. This is exactly the point that we made. A ruinous and cut-throat competition between the roads forces the price down to such figures as absolutely tempt the negroes to leave the state. It makes very little difference to the public which line commenced the 'cutting' business. The mere fact that this negro pledger can get transportation for 1,500 negroes from Atlanta to Vicksburg for $10 a head, and a free ticket to one in every twenty-five, is all that the public have to deal with. This is the one thing that it must deplore and condemn. We still believe that a convention of State magnates of these three routes, and abolition of their low emigrant rates, would stop the wholesale exodus of our negro population. The negro is remarkable for his love of locality. He generally prefers to stay around the old farm-place, where he was raised, and will do so unless all the conditions tempt him to leave it. The single obstacle of full, high-priced railroad fare would settle the matter with two-thirds of them."

Virginia Hall although not yet fully completed, is answering its purpose admirably. The steam heating and cooking apparatus works well, and under the skillful management of Mr. Goff the engineer, is proving itself a most efficient and economical substitute for stoves and ranges. Mr. Cake, with his diminished force of workmen, is making good progress toward the completion of the carpenters' work; and what is better than all, our friends are nobly coming to the rescue in this time of our great need, with liberal contributions which have enabled us to pay off the balances due our workmen, and many of the outstanding bills for material. We confidently hope to be able to complete this noble building and have it clear of debt before the close of the coming year. We cannot express our gratitude to those generous friends who have done and are doing so much for the school.

The poem on Home, which our readers will find in another column, was sent us by H. M. Dow of the Soldiers' Home, as original. After it was in type, we found the same lines in the November number of the *Aldine*, credited to the well-known poetess, Mary B. Dodge. Notwithstanding this fact, Mr. Dow still claims the authorship, and another "Rock me to Sleep, Mother" controversy seems to be impending. The lines do credit to the writer, whoever he or she may be, and are not unworthy of the fair fame of the fair poetess to whom the *Aldine* gives the credit. Still, if our neighbor Dow is the author, we trust he may not be shorn of his laurels by any Dodge whatsoever.

The presidents of the various colored societies of Memphis, Tennessee, have organized "The Knights' Brotherhood and Monumental Association," the object of which is to discard old political ties, and maintain permanent peace with the white people of the South.

In their Resolutions they say:

"We regret the blindness of the past that has alienated the kind feelings of our true friends, and in our effort to improve in the future, we pledge our faith mutually to each other, and to all whom it may concern, that hereafter we will sustain no man for office unless he be thoroughly identified with the people of the soil, and in full, truthful accord with our earnest desire to cultivate peace, harmony and industry among the races."

Left to their inclinations the colored people naturally identify themselves with local issues and interests. It has been only a great, wide-spread dread of injustice that has led them to cling so closely to the Northern party. All ground of fear once removed they will act with either party according to circumstances.

AN EXCURSION.

III.

In my last article I made a promise from which I would now like to back out. The word withdraw would perhaps be more elegant and dignified, but it does n't meet the case so well as the plain old term back out. You know I promised to write about the people of Fox Hill. My "better-half" here suggests that the word inhabitants would be more classical and imposing; and that indeed the words inhabitants, people, and population are all derived from a foreign language and that, too, a dead one. Well, I am no literary resurrectionist, and am very well content to let the dead rest. At some future time I may give my ideas (no! I wont say ventilate, now there!) about mixing up all sorts of words from all sorts of languages so that a body can't tell whether he's got the right word in the right place, or indeed whether he's speaking English or Dutch.

But to my promise. The difficulty in writing about the people—I tell you I am going to stick to people; it's a good Bible word; it sounds loyal, too; "We, the People" begins the immortal Declaration—I say the difficulty in writing about people of any place is, that if you tell the truth, some touchy, sensitive plant sort of a fellow will be sure to say that you are personal in your remarks, etc. And if you don't tell the truth, they will all say—and with very good reason—that you are telling a—well, you know what I mean. However, it is a well established maxim of law that the intent constitutes the crime; so without more ado I will give my impressions of Fox Hill people. If you wish to see genuine, unpolished humanity in all its simplicity and honesty; if you wish to see how little of wealth it takes to make man comfortable and happy; if you wish to see the most generous hospitality in proportion to ability,—go down among the people of whom I am writing. You need not be particular at whose house you call—they all have the same social creed, inherit the same hospitable spirit and practice, the same mode of entertainment. The best they have is at the visitor's command; he is invited to make himself at home and expected so to do: not to do so would be construed as signifying that the company and place were not good enough for him.

They are industrious in their habits, frugal in their expenses, and their manners are modeled rather after the common than the statute law of society. They have preserved the customs of their forefathers with remarkable fidelity—and copy them with the most scrupulous exactitude. The spinning wheel and cotton cards are heirlooms in every family (what was your remark, wife? I "ought to say house-hold Gods? or better still *Lares* and *Penates*?" I sha'n't do any such thing. Do you want to make out the Fox Hillians to be idolaters or heathen? Besides, I am not sure that I know what those outlandish words mean). As were the fathers so are the sons, and the daughters have only to copy the mothers to perfect them in the duties pertaining to their sphere. There is among them a wonderful unanimity of thought and feeling. Not that there is not some diversity of talent, manner, and such things; but there are certain currents of thought into which they all run, and certain points of argument upon which they all agree. On one point they are peculiarly sensitive. They are very apt to attribute any fancied slight to the fact of their poverty. Guard well against this point and you will not have much difficulty in obtaining their esteem, so long as you conduct yourself with ordinary propriety. From their very childhood they are taught to work, barter and trade. Those who do not voluntarily assume their independence are thrown upon their own resources at a much earlier age than that prescribed by law. Take the word in its broadest sense, and they are probably the most independent people in the world. They ask no

They work out the problem of life, as it presents itself to their ingenuous minds, with brave, honest hearts, and strong right arms. The corruption of modern society has not tainted the purity of their morals; the follies of fashion have not beguiled them into extravagance or show; and the glitter of wealth cannot seduce them into dishonesty or fraud. Plain, sober and industrious, they pursue the even tenor of their way, not caring what the great world may think or do so long as they can provide for themselves and their dependents.

The world would be the gainer if we had more such people. CAAB.

VIRGINIA HALL.

The question has been raised among some friends of the Hampton Normal Institute, whether it is wise to build expensive and ornate edifices for the instruction of teachers of primary schools. The erection of Virginia Hall—one of the finest buildings in the State, though costing only $76,000—has seemed to some an outlay disproportioned to the intended purpose. A statement of the results already attained, and to be attained by such an expenditure, may be of interest:

1st. The roof of Virginia Hall covers six stories of rooms, adapted to various purposes. Every foot of this space is needed, and is being rapidly appropriated. Where so much room is called for, economy of construction requires height.

2d. The desire to avoid repairs has caused the whole work to be done in the most permanent and substantial manner.

3d. Out of the million and a-half brick used, not more than twenty-five thousand have been employed merely for architectural effect.

4th. A large yearly expense for cooking, heating and washing, is saved by having a single building and using a steam-engine. Fire risks are also greatly lessened by having abundant supplies of water on every floor, with two-inch outlets, capable of deluging the building in a very few minutes. The engine pumps water into tanks at the roof, whose elevation of fifty-two feet furnish head enough for all purposes.

5th. Taking durability into account, there is no cheaper method possible in this region than that of a large brick building, of providing accommodations for one hundred and fifty young women and their teachers, besides three hundred boarders; furnishing a chapel seating four hundred persons, an industrial room, laundry, a roomy printing office, repair shops and store-rooms.

6th. Had a simple structure been erected, in factory style, without regard to appearances, the feeling of pride among graduates in their Alma Mater would have been changed to something like contempt. As it is, the reputation and influence of the school have been doubled among the colored people by the mere fact that such a noble building is dedicated to their elevation. The facilities of selecting the best of the race as students, and thereby using most effectively the unsurpassed educational facilities offered at Hampton, are greatly enhanced.

In view of the fact that the same style of building in New York would have cost $25,000 more, we feel assured that no apology for Virginia Hall can be needed by those who have seen it, and that the heavy outlay, even in these times, is abundantly justified by the results.

Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

LONDON, *Aug.* 5, 1874.

The fierce heats of midsummer and dog-days are upon us, and we are longing to get away from London, and exchange its stifling, burning atmosphere for something cooler and fresher. I am by no means in love with the climate of Old England, nor can I see any superiority in it to that of its much-abused namesake. The changes here are quite as great and the weather at times quite as unseasonable here as there; for instance, July came in with a cold, chilly rain, when a fire would not have been uncomfortable. Before the week was out the heat was simply awful—the days and nights close, suffocating and almost intolerable. It is now the vacation season, lessons are over, teachers and pupils scattered, and we are planning where and how we shall spend our few weeks of leisure. The Lakes of Scotland, the Channel Islands, Switzerland with its Alps and its River Rhine,—all attract us, and we find it hard to decide which route shall have the preference—only on one point are our minds firmly made up: we *must* see Paris, and after that hold a conference with our time and our purses before deciding upon further movements. We intend to be on our way thither in a few days, and my next letter may be dated from that gay metropolis.

In this letter I will try to give some account of my visit to Westminster Abbey, though I feel that it is almost impossible to give any accurate or satisfactory description of that wonderful old pile. It is one of those vast, solemn pieces of architecture—the date of whose commencement is almost lost even to history. It is generally supposed, however, that the foundation was laid as early as the sixth century, and, although during the succeeding ages, kings have vied with each other in adding to its magnificent adornments, —those ancient walls are now an imposing part of this majestic building. Here are the tombs and monuments of some of the great ones of the world; all that remains of many whose names have been a power to the earth, and often too a terror to it, lies here around or beneath you; truly one may read here a lesson on the vanity of earthly pomp and pride. The Poets' corner, so called because so many of the English poets and authors are buried here, first attracted me. Here are monuments and tablets, some very elegant and elaborate, and others very plain, to the memories of Addison, Shakspeare, Spencer, Chaucer, Ben Jonson ("O rare Ben Jonson," engraved on the stone), David Garrick, Macaulay, Thackerey—and under the pavement, beneath a plain black marble slab, lies Charles Dickens. There is an elegant monument to Oliver Goldsmith, whose body, however, rests in the old Temple church. Gey's epitaph reads queerly—he wrote it himself:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

The monument to Handel is very beautiful. He is represented as standing with his left arm resting on a group of musical instruments, with the "Messiah" before him, open at the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; he is apparently listening to an angel who is playing a harp overhead. An interesting coincidence in connection with this monument is that the sculptor, the celebrated Rouhillac, first attained celebrity by his statue of Handel, which was placed in Vauxhall Gardens, and this most excellent and correct likeness of him on his monument was the last work which Roubillac lived to finish. In the main body of the church (west transept) is the grave of Robert Stephenson, and very near it, is a white slab, diamond-shaped, engraved with the name, age, etc., of D. Livingstone. This stone is not larger than an ordinary sized dinner plate—a small memorial of so great a man. One of the many beautiful windows is dedicated to Robert Stephenson and represents some of his famous works—Victoria Bridge, Brittania Bridge and others. Sir Isaac Newton's monument is also a grand work of art, a bas-relief representing some of his various employments; in one place he is seen weighing the sun in a scale. In the north transept are the monuments of Wm. Pitt, Earl of Chatham; Warren Hastings, Lord Palmerston, Pitt and Fox, the rival statesmen; and among other miscellaneous ones in this neighborhood, I noticed that of Major Andre; here, too, is George Peabody's; and, on a large square of the pavement is an inscription that his body reposed here for a certain time previous to its removal to America.

The remains of royalty are enshrined in some of the chapels, of which there are some eight or ten, called after the name of their founders or some saint to whom they are dedicated; of these the most magnificent is Henry VII.'s chapel, founded by that monarch, and expressly designed by him for a burial place for himself and his successors; and in his will, he directed that none but those of the blood royal should be placed here. The gates of this chapel are of brass, of very curious workmanship, the panels being filled with the portcullis and rose-crown, fleur-de-lis, falcon and fetter-lock, thistle, and many other significant devices. The ceiling is considered one of the most wonderful parts of the whole Abbey, being carved entirely of stone, yet so benutifully and delicately done, as to look almost like lacework; there is much of this exquisitely carved stone-work in others places of the Abbey, in organ, screens, arches, gateways, etc. The stalls or seats in this chapel are also wonderful specimens of carving in wood; the banners of the Knights hang over their respective stalls; their coats-of-arms too are emblazoned on the sides and seats, the walls themselves are very curiously wrought and are a very interesting study, being covered with all manner of quaint figures—patriarchs, saints, martyrs and confessors. In this chapel are buried Mary, Queen of Scots; Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and mother of Henry VII; Queens Elizabeth and Mary, Edward V., and other royal personages; but the principal object of admiration both for its antiquity and workmanship, is the tomb of Henry VII. and his queen, the last of the house of York who filled the English throne. It is ornamented with many devices significant of his family history, among others roses twisted and crowned in memory of the union of the houses of Lancaster and York.

Then there is St. Paul's Chapel, then the chapel of Edward the Confessor whose tomb is directly behind the altar; here also are the remains of Queen Eleanor (A. D. 1290), Queen Philippa, Henry III., Henry V., Richard II. and his queen, and Edward I. The pavement of a part of this chapel was laid in the year 1260, and it is in good order now. Here also is the coronation chair which has been used by every sovereign since the time of Edward I.—a wretched looking thing, a real, back-country, kitchen chair, all hacked up and scores cut all over it. It is however, covered with drapery when in use. Underneath the seat is a stone said to be a part of Jacob's pillow, on which he dreamed of his future greatness and glory. On this stone all the Scottish kings were crowned, and it was brought from Scotland by Edward VI. of Scotland, when he became also Edward I. of England. Another chair stands by which was made to match this more ancient and venerable one, when Queen Mary was crowned with her royal husband William III. In St. John's Chapel is a very large tomb on the top of which are the marble effigies of the Duke of Exeter, and on his right his first wife. The space at his left was intended for his second, but as she did not choose to be represented on the left side, the space remains unfilled. The chapels of St. John the Evangelist, St. Andrew and St. Michael, are now thrown into one. The most remarkable monument here is that of the Nightingale family, a most wonderful work of art by Rouhillac; it represents the wife in her husband's arms, while Death is coming out of a tomb and hurling a dart at her. It is a horrifying picture, but most exquisitely done. In this chapel are the remains of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. St. Edmund's Chapel contains the tomb of Lady Jane Seymour, Edward III's children, Lord John Russell and others of lesser note. In that of St. Nicholas are Philippa, Duchess of York (A. D. 1433), Sir Humphrey Stanley, Sir George Villiers, etc. There are also the chapels of St. Faith, St. Benedict and perhaps more, but I do not remember any others, and only wish I could have given a more adequate description of the wonders and beauties of this most truly wonderful and beautiful place. Of course at one visit I could not see all that was worth seeing and remembering; and, of course, too I cannot remember, still less accurately describe all that I did see and admire. One is almost overpowered by the intensity of thought and feeling which the place suggests. Just think of it! these stones which we look at now were placed by hands, and the work was watched by eyes, which have been dust for twelve hundred years; and who shall say that twelve hundred years hence other eyes will not read these inscriptions and gaze upon these monuments of ancient greatness, with, if possible, a deeper feeling of interest and awe than that which they now inspire! K.

STUDENTS AND GRADUATES.

The following extracts from letters from students of the school will be interesting to those who wish evidence in regard to the treatment of colored teachers by state officials in Virginia, and in regard to the condition of the freedmen. Two young women who were recently sent to Bedford County write as follows:

"We are all quite satisfied and contented here. We went to the Superintendent's Wednesday afternoon, to be examined and had a written examination. He was quite pleased with our answers and asked us some questions verbally, which, we answered, he said, to his satisfaction. He is just as nice a man as he can be; he receives us so kindly and takes so much interest in us. He asked us to bound Virginia, which I did, and it pleased him so much he just clapped his hands.

We have all received our certificates, and are to go before the Board on Monday and sign our contracts and open school on Tuesday. We have very good schools as far as we have seen or heard about them. Moulton is down to a cross road, and Marietta to Bunker's Hill. I am at the turnpike. My school will have seventy or seventy-two pupils, and Marietta's is over one hundred; Moulton's is over sixty. We are anticipating great success. Our number in examination is seventy-two. We are kindly treated and cared for everywhere."

A graduate, W. H. Lee, writes from Nansemond County:

"The great misfortune is that schools don't go on long enough in one place to give the patrons of the school encouragement. The children hardly get a good understanding of what they have gone over before the term closes.

"I generally find their moral characters very indifferent, some good and some bad. I find a great many trying to accumulate property, buying land very frequently, and working very hard to pay for it. Others lay around the whiskey shops to a great extent, and this is the misfortune of the colored race; they love liquor most too well to ever make much progress.

"One trouble is that we have teachers going through the country who are not competent to teach the children, and leave them in a worse condition than they were at first. Then the public schools here don't encourage competent teachers to stay. They don't pay enough; they don't carry on the schools long enough, only three months in a year, and the teacher has sometimes to wait nine months for his pay. I am encouraged more by the whites than by the colored to go on and try to make intelligent, useful citizens. I have more encouragement for Sunday-schools than any other, but they need papers and Bibles. I have had more than two hundred applications for Bibles. I always find my school more crowded on Sunday.

"The colored ministers encourage me very much. Sometimes it is the only consolation I can get, to go to some old preacher and talk about the work I have to do."

James A. Fields, Principal of the Lincoln School at Hampton, reports as follows:

"The present attendance is two hundred and seventeen, and the first of December the number will advance to about two hundred and eighty. As a general thing the children are advancing admirably well, but many are confined by their parents, who say, when they have sent them to school about one month that they are not advancing in their studies, and must therefore be sent to another school."

Ackrel E. White writes, "Since the 17th of Nov., which was the time I left your school, I have been located in a very hilly and rocky country—among the Blue Ridge mountains. It is a very delightful country. Its mountains are tall, and its climate is healthful. The land is so very rocky that I asked some of the people if they could plow it, and they said yes, without any trouble.

"I find that most of the people are uneducated—whites, as well as blacks. The whites who are educated are those who have wealth, and they are very few. The poor class of whites are as badly off for learning as the colored people. I am happy to see the colored people so anxious to learn, and the whites so anxious to have them. The two races walk hand in hand. The whites seem to esteem their colored neighbors as highly as they do their white ones; and the colored do the same. The poor class of whites seem as if they had rather go to their colored than to their white neighbors for such things as they need. The people all live in the old style—common and plain; but the greatest need in this country is education. I have seen some of the ex-slaveholders and talked with them, and they say that they want to have all who ever belonged to them educated.

"I have now on the roll of my day school thirty-nine scholars, and after Christmas I expect to have more. I am happy to say that I have a large Sunday-school of both old and young; and I think much good can be done in Sunday-school, for the children and their parents all come out, and the old people are very anxious to learn to read the Bible. I have no one to help me to teach yet. I have those read that can read, and then I explain to them the best I can. I am sorry to say that I have but a very few that can read the Bible, but those that cannot read are very anxious to hear it read. They say that they never knew what the S. S. meant before, and now they think there is nothing like the S. S. I am happy to say that the minister they have here is an educated man, and also a good preacher. He and his wife are the only colored persons about here that are educated. I have tried very hard to get some of the people to subscribe for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, but they say that they cannot read. I may get some to subscribe on account of the Sunday-school lessons, and I hope to get them soon."

H. Whitted writes from Hester's Store, Person county, N. C.: "Very probably there will not be any school here next year, on account of the scarcity of money in this township. I have on roll eighty pupils, and some very good scholars. When my school vacates I shall go home to Hillsboro. There we have a very large Sabbath-school, also one in Goldsboro. I shall introduce your paper in both of them. Had I known that you were printing a Sabbath-school paper at Hampton, I would have subscribed for it immediately after my school convened last summer. I don't know any paper that I like better for Sabbath-school. The more I read them the better I like them. I think all our teachers down South will concur with me that it is the best paper for our field, existing. I shall work in its behalf wherever I go. I am now getting up subscribers for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN. I am sorry that I did not get your request concerning that paper sooner, though I have several now of which I will send you in two weeks."

George W. Cole writes from Tappahannock, Va.: "I have a large school, and it works me day and night. I have also quite a large Sunday-school, which is doing well. I have whites as well as colored. They mix in the classes and all enjoy their lessons together. We are having quite a nice time in day- and Sunday-

school too. The County Superintendent was out to see me last Tuesday. He was well pleased, and complimented the school by saying it was the best in the county. When he first put me to work he said he would not allow me full wages; but he says now that I am welcome to full rates."

Thomas H. Hardy writes from Bellville, Nansemond County, Va.: "I succeeded in getting the school to which I was appointed. I opened my school November 17th. I now have a fine school, numbering forty pupils. My school has been very poorly instructed—they scarcely know anything. I am working hard to give them a fair start to make good scholars. I see bright prospects for a thrifty school. And I hope, before the close of my term here, I may have quite a number of subscribers to your paper. I am sorry that the present situation of my school will not allow me to have a Sabbath-school; but I have been taking Friday afternoons for Bible lessons."

NOTE

TO GRADUATES AND EX-STUDENTS.

The Treasurer would remind graduates and ex-students who are still in debt to the School, that it is in urgent need of all the money that is due, and that all sums, however small, will be gladly received.

[A Southern lady sends the following lines with this statement: "It is the story of one of my husband's tenants who lives alone in a little cabin near us. He told me his history in words more pathetic than mine, and when I read him my version of it, he drew his hand across his eyes several times, saying 'Dat 's a fac', mistis, dat 's a fac'.' "]

UNCLE JONAS.

BY OBRA LANGHORNE.

"Uncle Jonas, what makes your head so white,
And your shoulders stoop so low?
Just look at your hands, how they shiver and shake,
And your steps are so feeble and slow!"

"Ah! young master Tom, I was active once,
As nimble as you and Jim;
Nobody then ever called me slow,
I was sound of mind and limb.

"Old master called me his very best hand,
I was strong and stout of heart,
I had been born and raised on his land—
Sure I never thought we could part.

"And many a happy year we passed;
But when I was growing old
My troubles began, for old master got broke,
And his people all had to be sold.

"The traders then my children took—
Old master meant no harm—
My wife she mourned awhile and died,
And I was sold with the farm."

"But, Uncle Jonas, the black folks are free,
The Yankees have set them free;
No one can buy or sell you now,
Any more than Jim, or me."

"Yes, child; they say the good time 's now come
And all the slaves are free,
And each man who will work can win him a home
For himself and family.

"But I am old and feeble grown"—
And the old man heaved a sigh—
"Wife and children I have none;
And old Jonas is free to die!"

[We publish below the first of a series of articles intended, originally, to be printed in pamphlet or book form for the exclusive benefit of our students. It has been thought best to publish them in the WORKMAN to extend their usefulness. Many who take this paper have no need whatever of such information; but they will admit the general lack of nicety in respect to manners and etiquette, and the wisdom and need of sound and simple advice upon these subjects. The authoress is a lady of high culture and thorough knowledge of the best English and American society.—ED.]

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON:

To be truly a gentleman or lady, in the best and broadest meaning of the words, is to be something more than most of us think of when we apply the terms in a general way, or as a mere class distinction.

It is not to those who are rich; it is not to those to whom the accident of birth may have given special advantages; it is not even to those who are educated, or who claim the title for themselves, that the name "gentleman" or "lady" rightfully belongs; and as, with very few exceptions, we all desire to win this honor for ourselves, our first need is to make sure that we know just what we want—that we know what it is that is really meant by the words so frequently upon our lips.

Long ago one of the old English poets wrote this beautiful description of our Saviour:

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

And here, indeed, we find the example wherein is summed up all the graciousness which goes to make a "gentle" life. Do not think, then, that I aim too high when I tell you that to be gentlemen and ladies is to be pure, conscientious and honorable, to be delicate and unselfish, careful always of the rights of others, and refined and gentle in the manner of our lives—that, in a word, it is to reach the highest type of man—and woman—hood.

But of the great lessons which we must all learn in order to mould our natures after this perfect model, it is not my business now, and here, to speak. It is only with the "outward, visible sign of the inward, spiritual truth," that I have to deal with in these pages, which I am permitted to dedicate to you, and I have to offer you, first of all, a few words of explanation as to the nature of the work which lies before us.

You have already, doubtless, realized that Society (by which word we mean all the various combinations of men and women, all the numerous conditions under which men and women mingle with each other,) makes certain demands upon each of its individual members; and you have also begun to see that just in proportion to the development of society, and the height to which you rise in the social scale, are the number and stringency of these demands. That is, that while in the backwoods cabin you may eat in the coarsest fashion, or go unwashed for days without exciting surprise, you will find that among another class of people such behavior would result in your own social disgrace.

Now, among the most refined classes of the most highly civilized nations—that is, among people who have had the greatest advantages of birth, education and nature—there exists a code of social law which is just as inexorable as the law of the State. It has grown with the growth of civilization, and among the people who live within its influence, has produced certain habits and customs which you must study and follow if you desire to gain the external attributes of gentility, and live on an equality with the gentlemen and ladies of society.

While honesty and purity of life are the surest foundation for true refinement of character, the details of daily life wherein such refinement shows itself are a study by themselves, and demand your careful attention. In the following pages I shall try to give you the principal laws of good society, and as many of its minor regulations as are likely to be of use to you, trusting that your own earnestness and persistence may make this little book a real and permanent assistance toward a better life.

M. F. A.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE TABLE.

There is no place where it is easier to recognize refinement, or the want of it, than at the table; and to those of you who are beginning to understand how good a thing it is to be real "gentlemen and ladies," that is, to be really refined and delicate in the manner of your lives, I offer the following simple rules, assuring you that society will always be largely influenced in its judgment of you by your behavior at table, and that, if you wish to associate with well-bred men and women, you must do your best to become at ease in the details of table etiquette.

Taking for granted that you understand already the necessity of making your dress and person as neat as the nature of your work will permit, before you present yourself at table, I must ask you to remember that haste in eating or helping yourself before others is simply unpardonable, being so gross a violation of good manners, that I trust your own instinct and kind feeling will make it unnecessary for me to do more than allude to it.

Premising therefore that you have seated yourself quietly (and I would here remark, that, as in well ordered households there is no irregularity in the time of meals, so there should be promptness on the part of individuals), I want you to be careful always to exchange polite and kindly greetings with those who sit at meat with you, whom you may not have previously met during the day. A cheery "Good-morning," a bright smile, a bow to any one who may not be near enough for a word, serve to make the meeting pleasant, and to open the way for the conversation, which is, or ought to be, an important part of every meal. That is, while loud or careless talk is of course inadmissible, it is a wise and pleasant thing to converse, in low tones, easily, upon topics of general interest (never in whispers or upon purely personal matters); for this prevents you from falling into the graceless and unwholesome habit of fast eating, and when you have been working hard is often a mental rest and relief.

And now your repast is before you, and the first question which presents itself, is one which I trust you will have no difficulty in answering, that is, "Whom will you help first, your neighbor or yourself?"

Surely I do not need to tell you that you have no more important duty at table as every where else, than to attend to the comfort of your companions. You must see that those about you are served, you must assist them so far as your position will permit (never stretching out your arms or standing up to reach anything), and you must continue your vigilance so long as you remain at table, passing dishes which are within your reach, asking politely if your neighbors want anything which you can give them, never helping yourself greedily or taking the last of anything unless you know that a second supply is to be had, and finally never on any account rising from the table until every one else is ready, or you are excused for some reason of real importance.

There are certain well-known rules in regard to the manner of eating, which you must obey *absolutely* if you intend to make yourselves gentlemen and ladies.

The knife must be held in the right hand, and the fork in the left, when you are eating anything which requires to be cut; but in eating fish, or other substances which do not need to be cut, the knife should be laid down, the fork taken in the right hand, and a piece of bread in the left, by the aid of which you take up your food upon your fork, and convey it to your mouth. To eat with your knife is one of the cardinal sins at table; it stamps you at once as ill-bred, or unpardonably careless. In taking soup, tea, coffee or any fluid food, you must carefully avoid making any sound while drinking; swallow the liquid, whatever it may be, in small quantities and quietly, while in using a spoon there must be no gurgling or spilling.

The fingers should never be used directly, if it is possible to avoid it; for example, when you want to dip bread or crackers into gravy, milk, syrup, etc., you should do it by breaking the bread or other solid into the fluid, and conveying it thence to your mouth with a fork or spoon.

Your own share of the table furniture, that is, your plates, cups, glass, knife, fork, spoon, etc., are for the time being your own private property, must never be used by others, and in the case of the last three, must not be used by you in helping yourself from any dish, from which others are eating.

Butter-knives, salt-spoons, table-spoons, etc., are for the general use, and must never be superseded by your private knife, spoon or fork, and you must never pass your plate with any of these upon it, but must remove them, and lay them upon the cloth beside you until your plate is returned.

To pour anything from your cup into your saucer is not allowable, and you must not drink with the spoon in your cup, but after stirring your tea you should put the spoon in the saucer, being particularly careful to place it there when your cup is passed.

Do not blow any kind of food, but have patience until it cools without your help, and avoid if possible any close examination of dishes which are passed to you or of anything that is upon your own plate. If you find anything disagreeable remove it yourself as quietly as you can, or hand it without calling attention to it, to the waiter.

If you have preferences in regard to different parts of a dish, do not hesitate to mention them, if you are asked, but not otherwise; and as a general rule it is best to make no remarks upon the food while you are at table. After the meal is over is the proper time to discuss, criticize or mention to those in authority anything unusual, that you may have noticed at table.

If it is necessary to remove from the mouth anything which may have found its way into your food by accident, this may be done usually under cover of your hand or your handkerchief, but always in such a manner as to attract the least possible attention.

The use of the toothpick should be postponed, if possible, until after leaving the dining-room, but if it is used at table it must be behind your hand or handkerchief, and with the greatest care.

Your position at table should be erect; there must be no lounging, no pushing back or tilting of the chair (which should be placed at a convenient distance from the table and your neighbors, and never move until you are ready to rise), and above all no leaning of the arms or head upon the table, or the back of your neighbor's chair.

Keep your food upon your plate or plates as much as possible, bread being the only thing which you can with invariable propriety lay upon the cloth beside you.

If you are obliged to cough or sneeze, the head must be turned entirely away from the table, and the mouth and nose covered with the pocket-handkerchief.

You should avoid blowing your nose at table, and must not arrange your dress, hair, or any part or your person, as these things can be done properly only in your own bedrooms, or in places set apart for that purpose. Never speak while in the act of eating, and never under any circumstances over-fill your mouth.

The above rules include all that you most need to know in regard to the proprieties of the table, and I can add to them only the one broad rule, that you should never do anything which may offend the sense of the most refined person present, because, while there may be a certain latitude allowed in general society, the laws of the table are exact, and unvarying.

At Home.

MOTTOES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

People like to begin the new year with new resolutions, and if honestly made, it is a good plan, even though they may not all be fully carried out. Here are some which a business man thinks are good to begin each day with:

MORAL COURAGE IN DAILY LIFE.

"Moral Courage" was printed in large letters and put as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York, for constant reference, and furnished by him for publication:

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle—a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget—
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big bright eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such wee little toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby;
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa Claus,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby,—
And now, before you go
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

CROUP.—As this is the season when the little ones are in special danger of croup it is well to know just what to do in the emergency of a sudden attack. Croup causes death by suffocation. The entrance to the windpipe is very small, a little cold causes the parts to swell and partly close the opening. The inflammation causes phlegm to form and harden around the opening, sometimes closing it entirely and stopping the breath. Anything that will dissolve this phlegm so that it can be coughed away will save the child. Medicines that induce vomiting have this effect. A tea-spoonful of powdered alum mixed with a little sugar to make it pleasant to take, will immediately vomit, giving great relief in a minute sometimes. Flannels dipped in ice-cold water changed every two minutes and squeezed a little so as not to dribble and wet the clothing, is an excellent remedy, because it cools the parts and relieves the inflammation which causes the phlegm. Flannels dipped in water as hot as can be borne, and applied to the throat, changed every two minutes, carry off the

heat by evaporation, and irritating the surface brings the blood away from the interior thus preventing the increase of phlegm.

NEW YEAR SONG.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

There's a New Year coming, coming
Out of some beautiful sphere;
His baby eyes bright
With hope and delight;
We welcome you, Happy New Year!

There's an Old Year going, going
Away in the winter drear;
His beard is like snow
And his footsteps are slow:
Good-bye to you, weary Old Year!

The New Year comes smiling, smiling,
While the Old Year hastens away
Unwilling to be
The one sorrow to see
In a world so enchanting and gay.

The Old Year goes sighing, sighing,
Once he was a baby Year;
His welcome was glad,
But his farewell is sad;
He has nothing to stay for here.

There is always a New Year coming;
There is always an Old Year to go;
And never a tear
Drops the Happy New Year,
As he scatters his gifts on the snow.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Sir Edwin Landseer who died about a year ago was one of the greatest of modern English painters. He was a great lover of animals, and it is worth while to cross the ocean to see his beautiful pictures of noble stags at bay, and splendid dogs and horses in every graceful and spirited attitude. Queen Victoria herself was very fond of his paintings, and so indeed were all lovers of art; he received a great deal of praise from those who understood it and those who did not; but he once painted a portrait of himself at work on a picture with some handsome, wise-looking dogs watching his progress, over his shoulder. No doubt they admired it, and no doubt he would have thought them his best judges.

As we cannot all go to England to see his beautiful paintings, is it not a fine thing that the art of engraving brings them, in form though not in color, within the reach of so many of us? This one, (for which we are indebted to the New York *Christian Weekly*, as for many other beautiful pictures) is well named, is it not? The calm, stately repose of the great hound, his powerful paws hanging at ease, his intelligent face expressive with good nature—what a fine contrast with the funny little terrier who has pushed in beside him, all full of fuss and fury to the very tip of his saucy nose. "Bow-wow-wow" he is saying—"what do you want of *us*?" Have you ever seen any men like that?—little men pushing for big places, and making more noise about it than if they were twice as important as they want to be. The men who are really strong whether it be in muscle or mind, can afford to be gentle and quiet about it, but it is the coward who is the bully, the empty head that makes the most noise. If the position could make the man it would be some comfort, but a little man in a great office only looks all the smaller, like a rat-terrier in a hound's kennel. If you want to take a larger place in life, look first to see whether you fill the one you are already in.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HAT.

A long time ago, when we old folks were young, when girls wore big bonnets—and never dreamed of wearing a hat like a boy's.—there was in fashion a small fairy-like hat of silver or gold, to wear on the finger. Every girl had one, and was taught to use it almost as soon as she was out of her cradle; young ladies wore it nearly all the time, and as for mothers—why, they scarcely took it off to go to bed.

They were very pretty little things made of gold or silver, as I said, and though they are somewhat out of style just now, I think you will like to know a little about them. The Germans call them finger-hats, and our English forefathers, who had time to give long names to everything, called them thumb-bells; but of late the world has got into such a hurry that we've shortened that pretty name into thimble, and now, of course, you think you know all about them.

You may know how one looks, and what it is for, though, thanks to sewing-machines, you don't have to wear it much, and the time is long gone by when it was necessary to every girl's good name that she should embroider a "sampler" full of letters and figures, and have it framed and hung up before she was a dozen years old. But I don't believe you know how it comes to be a dainty little finger-hat instead of a silver spoon, or a gold ring.

I can assure you it has a history of its own, and it has been through many trials and wonderful adventures since the time it was sleeping in its native bed under the ground. It would be as interesting as a fairy story if you could have the true story of a thimble, either of gold or silver.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Why, how many persons do you suppose it has taken to bring it from the state of tiny specks to the pretty little thing it is? Not to count miners, or crushers, or refiners, or any of those people, but to begin when it enters the thimble factory, it takes about twenty workmen, besides lots of machinery, to make it.

It begins with the rollers—monstrous great rollers of steel—which think nothing of rolling a bar of silver out as thin as a sheet of paper if thinness is wanted. For thimbles, however, it is rolled about a twentieth of an inch thick, and cut into strips two inches wide. It looks like a beautiful silver ribbon, and one hates to see it go to a remorseless steel punch, which champs away all day, taking out bites about as big as a silver half-dollar (an old-fashioned American coin you may have heard your grandmother mention).

These round silver pieces are the future thimbles, as you'll see before they get through their tribulations in this house.

The next torturing machine turns up the edge all around, making the foundation for the future rim. No one would suspect this round flat thing could ever get into the shape of a thimble, but the very next machine does the business. The unfortunate bit of silver is put into a press, a dreadful great steel thing comes down with a smash, and, behold! there is your thimble, perfect in shape, though plain silver without figures.

The next thing is to turn over the edge and make it firm, and the thimble is ready for its "dimples," as some one calls the little holes made to catch the needle.

The smooth silver finger-hat is put into a lathe—a machine that does nothing but turn things around—a workman sits down in front with a suitable tool, shaped something like a hammer, and while the thimble is whirling on the lathe he proceeds to cover the top with holes. First, he makes the one in the very middle, then a ring close around that,—look at one and you'll see,—and so he goes on across the top, and down the sides as far as it is wanted.

Now, there's a curious thing happens while this bit of silver is whirling on the lathe. It makes very sweet musical sounds, higher or lower in tone as it turns fast or slow. Workmen sometimes get so expert that they can vary the sounds, by changing the speed, and fairly make the thimble sing a tune. That must be the moment of glory for the little thimble, for it is the first and last sound it ever makes.

From the lathe the little thumb-bell goes to be polished, to have its number marked on it, and its pretty little border of leaves or figures engraved by sharp steel tools, and by the time it is ready for the shop, it has only plain silver enough left to put your name on when you buy it.

Brass and steel thimbles are made in very much the same way, though many of them, you know, have no tops, and are destined to the shops of tailors.

When the finger-hat is of gold, the process is a little different. It is not cut from a solid piece like the silver thimble—by no means—in fact, the gold thimble is a humbug and a sham, and goes through life on false pretenses, for the gold is only skin deep, and the rest is—common steel.

Pope immortalized a thimble by describing one adorned with the face of a queen; but sewing-machines are getting so perfect that perhaps before Pope is forgotten, there will have to be a note at the bottom of the page, explaining the use of that antique tool—the thimble.

Silver and gold, and steel and brass, are not the only kinds of thimbles. There's the droll little black one, sometimes ornamented with a vine of gold leaves. That is made of hard rubber, and is very good for use, but not so pretty as silver. Then they have been made of ivory and china, but these were only to look at, I suspect.

Whom we are to thank for the gift of thimbles we do not know, except that the inventor was a woman. Some writers say they came from industrious dames of Holland with their quaint name of finger-hat, while others claim the invention for some small-footed lady of the Flowery Kingdom.

I think the probabilities are in favor of the Hollanders.

It is not quite two hundred years since they were introduced into England. How do you suppose ladies did the wonderful embroidery that has come down to us from those old times, book-covers, robes, and almost everything else, when they had no stout little thumb-bell to protect their fingers?

THE WRONG BIRD.

About three miles back of the little village of Gramvilla, on the Putan River, not far from its junction with the Osouri, lived one of the happiest boys in the world. His name was Isham Ricks; his father and mother were two colored persons; his home was a very small and rather dilapitated log-cabin; his week-day clothes consisted of one shirt, one pair of trowsers and one suspender; and on Saturday night his mother generally washed the trowsers and shirt for Sunday.

In the establishment of the Ricks family meal-time came very irregularly. It was often quite impossible, judging merely by the time of day, to tell whether a meal was breakfast, dinner, or supper; and as one meal was generally very much like another, there was often no other way of finding out.

Still it made but little difference to the Ricks family. When his mother called him to come and eat, Isham was always ready. He did n't care whether it was dinner or supper. You might have called it *dejeuner a la fourchette*, if you liked, and it would have been all the same to him, if you only gave him plenty of bacon gravy.

There were but two things that caused Isham sorrow. One of these was to have his mother come to the door of the cabin and call out, "You Isham!". Then he knew she wanted him to do something,—to go after water, to cut wood, or something of that kind. When she called out, "O! Isham!" then he ran gladly, for he knew it meant corn-bread and bacon fat. Now as Isham's nature did not crave work, he very much disliked the sound of "You Isham!"

Another thing that sometimes troubled this generally jolly little boy, was hot water and soap.

But we will not enlarge upon this topic now. Isham was almost always free to do as he pleased, and he was fat and happy.

He fished in the creek, he set traps for hares, and he climbed trees for bird-nests (for which he would have been whipped had his father been the right kind of a man). On the whole, bird-nesting was Isham's greatest delight. He could climb the tallest trees, and go out on branches where it would make you tremble to see even an opossum venture. He had brought home eggs of nearly every kind of bird that could be found on Putan River, and the whole ones were strung on a string and hung up over the fireplace at home. If he had had anything but his pockets to carry his eggs in, his string would have been longer, but a great many eggs were broken, of course, before they reached the cabin; and Isham's mother sometimes remarked, late of a Saturday evening, that she "washed more egg outer dat boy's breeches pocket, every week, dan would a hatched a gang o' turkeys,—ef dey'd been turkey eggs, and had been kep' in de shell."

One day in spring, when Isham's mother had looked all the morning as if she were on the point of singing out "You Isham!" the boy was glad to get an invitation from Uncle Andrew Barnes to go with him to the mountain to get tan-bark. Uncle Andrew had a pair of old mules and a wagon, and he wanted Isham to mind the team while he collected the bark.

The "mountain" was four or five miles away, and was covered by a forest, and it was always a rare treat to Isham to go there.

About noon the old mules stopped beneath a big tree near the foot of the mountain, and, after a "snack" of ash-cake and potatoes, Uncle Andrew went to work cutting and stripping oak-bark from the trunks of trees he had cut down on a previous visit, and Isham set about minding the team.

This he did by unbuckling one of the lines and tying the mules fast to a black-gum tree, waiting, however, until Uncle Andrew had commenced work at a little distance.

"Dar now," said Isham. "Ef dey pull dat tree up by de roots dey's smarter mules dan I takes 'em fur."

So off he went, bird-nesting.

He did not find his search very encouraging, for he rambled a long distance without discovering any signs of a bird's nest. But at last he was rewarded by seeing a large bird fly from the top of a tall tree that stood by itself in a somewhat open place in the forest.

Isham instantly ran to the tree, and peering up through the branches, his quick eyes perceived a great mass of sticks and twigs, that he knew must be a nest. "But what a whopper! It seemed big enough to hold him, and his father and mother besides.

"Dat dar big bird must a been a turkey," said Isham. "What a pow'rful dumb turkey dat ar is, to bil she nes' up a tree! Laws a massy! S'pose she's done gone and laid it full o' eggs!"

This thought had no sooner darted through his brain than Isham began to climb the tree. He went up rapidly; barefooted and active, he climbed like a young monkey.

When he had nearly reached the top, Isham noticed, in a big crotch in the tree, a part of the skeleton of some animal, apparently that of a sheep or a pig; and as he looked up, he saw other bones projecting out from the edge of the nest.

"Whew!" said Isham. "T'aint a nest, may be? P'rap it's nuffin' but a pig's berryin' groun'! No, 't aint! Dey could n't git up so high."

At this in tant there was a rush and a whir in the air, and right at Isham came an enormous eagle!

With wings outspread, eyes flashing, and great talons and beak ready to tear him to pieces, the eagle dashed at him; but, quick as a flash, Isham entrenched himself behind a large limb. For a moment he was too much frightened to open his mouth; but as the eagle made lunge after lunge at him, which he avoided only by slipping around the limb, he cried:

"Go 'way dar! *Uncle Andrew!* O, *Wuncle And*——! Stop dat! Git out! Uncle An-d-r-e-w!!"

The eagle did not seem to mind this shouting, but continued his attack, without, however, gaining any advantage, Isham being so very nimble.

Then the eagle offered a little truce, and flew up to his nest to see if anything there had been disturbed.

Now Isham thought his chance had come, and he began to slide quietly from behind the limb.

But as soon as he moved, down came the eagle, and Isham was glad to take his former position of safety.

The eagle soon left him again, but the poor boy was afraid to move.

He knew now that it wasn't a turkey that had attacked him, nor even a buzzard. He didn't think about eagles, but had an idea that it was some kind of an elephantine chicken-hawk. But he did not puzzle his brain about what it was. He was only anxious about what it was going to do and he was very much afraid that his bones would be added to those in the nest above.

Now he yelled louder and louder for Uncle Andrew; but his voice disturbed the eagle, which again came down to offer war.

Isham began to be desperate.

"You git out, dar!" he cried. "Ef I could git a stick, I 'd bat you head in!"

But there was no stick convenient.

Just as he was considering the propriety of defending himself with some sheep-ribs that were stuck in a crotch near him, Isham heard a shout from below.

Uncle Andrew had heard his cries, and had come at last.

"Look out dar, you Isham!" cried Uncle Andrew; and up came a big stick, hurled with all the strength of Andrew's strong arm. Isham dodged, and so did the eagle. Then up came another stick, and another, and a heavy stone, and a mass of roots and earth, and anything that Uncle Andrew could lay hands upon. Isham came within an inch and a quarter of having his brains knocked out, but the eagle got the worst of it. Several of the missiles struck him, and, astonished at this sudden attack, he flew away.

Isham lost no time in getting down out of that tree.

"You done got de wrong bird dat time," said Uncle Andrew, grimly.

Isham hung his head.

"I mus' go mind dem mules," said he; and away he ran.

After that, Isham lost his taste for bird-nesting. He would not go up a tree after any nest, no matter how small it was. This adventure made such an impression upon him, that the fear of meeting an eagle was added to his two chronic sorrows; and as for eggs, he lost all taste for them, and gave the string he had collected to little Lija Allen.—*St. Nicholas.*

For the Southern Workman.

LYING.

"Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying!"

Lying is divided into two classes, the lie direct, and the lie implied.

The lie direct may be subdivided into two classes. Those who use falsehood for a specified and definite purpose, to accomplish certain ends; who study and plan how they may overreach others, and prosper and become rich without labor; and those who give unbridled reins to the passions and commit all manner of crimes, and fear the result of having the truth revealed, and falling into the hands of the law, endeavor to conceal and suppress the facts by direct lying,—belong to one class.

Those who lie from habit or have a great love for the marvelous; who draw upon their imaginations, for the facts to sustain their assertions; who do not reason, from cause to effect; whose mental operations are so loose and inaccurate, that they see not clearly the lines which separate the true from the false,—belong to the other class.

This includes a great number. Many speak from the impulse of the moment, the meaning of their words passing from their minds almost with the breath that uttered them. With such there is a great desire to talk, to be social, but a total ignorance of the true relation existing between man and man. What one human being wishes to hear from another is, how life with its great thoughts and feelings really appears to him. We want no evasions or equivocations, but the plain, unvarnished truth.

Women are especially open to this objection of thoughtlessly lying—and most emphatically so, in what is called fashionable society. They pass compliments, express the greatest interest in each others' welfare, and unbounded delight at meeting, as though their happiness depended on being together: and yet in nine cases out of ten, they do not mean what they say, or feel. Nay do not mean one-half they express, nor do not remember an hour after they have done speaking, what they have said. Any little gossip, of which almost every neighborhood furnishes an ample supply, is passed along from mouth to mouth with many additions and alterations, and all who have touched it have added their influence to spread what may have been untrue at first, but whether or not, is now an accumulation of direct lies.

Women lie from vanity—as regards their own person or their family, or from envy of others' good looks, or pretty children or fine establishments.

Men lie to make money, to be successful in business, or to rise in public life. A politician will lie to get into office, and lie when he is in it.

Direct lying seems to pervade every department of business, and in every occupation we find some who come under one or the other class of the lie direct—men engaged in trade, in recommending their goods or in making promises which they never mean to fulfill.

Some live a life of fraud and untruth, and the last record on their gravestones is a lie. The common practice of lying in epitaphs is so palpable, that a witty fellow visiting Pere le Chaise, a cemetery near Paris, wrote over the entrance, "Here lie the Dead, and here the Living lie!"

Some say they do not mind telling little white lies, as they call them, for amusement or to play off a joke. It is always a dangerous game. What is done in sport may sooner or later become earnest, and end in not being believed when the truth is spoken.

A person who consents to lie for any purpose, whether for a good or a bad cause, seldom succeeds in what he wishes to accomplish. He gets into unforeseen difficulties, which he finds it hard to lie through. The first untruth often requires a second to sustain it; and so on—

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

I am inclined to believe that a great number of liars are unconsciously so. They brag and boast of what they can do, or what they have done, for the purpose of bringing themselves into notice, until the habit of exaggeration has become so fixed that they have lost the ability to speak the plain truth; yet they are not aware of it.

Some to cover mistakes, laziness and neglect of duty, patch up their shortcomings by numberless excuses, which if closely examined would prove to be utterly without foundation.

Some think that the requirements of society force them sometimes to act untruthfully; that politeness occasionally demands of them certain expressions, whether they be true or false. Away with all such belief! Better live like a hermit than lie! We are never required to be untrue for any purpose. The world is full of shams and false pretenses. Let us be true though the heavens should fall.

Those who come under the head of the lie indirect or implied are also a multitude. It is not only the words which convey the idea; the look, the voice, the manner help to communicate the thought; and while the words we use may be literally true, the impression made has been utterly false. We may "Keep the word of promise to the lip, and break it to the hope."

Many who are said to drive a good bargain lie indirectly. In trade a poor article is often sold only because the seller conceals some defect, which, if the buyer knew, he would not take. The seller exonerates himself by saying a man's eyes are his market, he cheated himself! But a strict adherence to truth would not allow this to be. Whenever our silence or a subject tends to give a wrong impression, we are bound to speak. If we are untruthful it matters not whether it is in word or deed.

Let the heart be pure and kind and loving, and out of its abundance let the mouth speak without fear and without reproach.

And precious far above rubies is he whom no bribe of wealth or power can turn aside from the straight and narrow path of truth and duty.

No nobler words can be spoken of a man, than *He never lied.* Veritas.

HOME.

It is not by walls, be they humble or grand,
That the dearest of words in our tongues we define,
No measure, or lesser or larger of land,
Can hold by its firman a thing so divine.
Home! sweetest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy sweetest of sweetness has won?

Nay—the lord in his palace, though smooth acres sweep,
To the verge of his vision, his owo—all his own,
Though sunshine his seasons delightsomely steep
Thy beautiful grace he may never have known,
Home! brightest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy brightest of brightness has won?

And the cotter who rests him on Saturday night,
When the snow sheeted world wins a glow from the fire,
When thrift all about him is smiling and bright
Not always for him is there crowned his desire.
Home! rarest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy rarest of rareness has won?

Ah! the hamlet and half may be equally blest,
With comfort that welcomes, with welcomes that cheer,
And better than any may each be confest,
Yet home that is home finds no anchorage here.
Home! subtlest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is it thy subtleness truly has won?

They only have won thee, they only have known
What thy poor little letters express of pure bliss,
That dwell amid sweetness whose seed has been sown,
In a region above, ere transplanted to this.
Home! Eden that blesses, though veiled be the sun,
It is *love* and *love* only thy essence has won.

The flowers of thy garden may all fade away:
Through exile, love's landmarks be mistily lost:
But the spirit of home is not mortal as they,
And it lives howe'er sadly our looging is crossed.
Home! rest of the soul under shadow or sun,
Who ever has woo thee, forever has won!

Mr. Editor,—Having discovered a poem on Home written by myself, and republished by one of our magazines, I am prompted to resume the task and endeavor to explain the meaning of that precious word. There are no words in the language which suggest so much of blessing and interest as the word Home. After all, when one comes to think of it, there are not many homes. There are innumerable, places which go by the name of home, called so for want of a better designation, or because everybody calls the place where they eat and sleep home; but when we come down to the real sober facts, homes are comparatively scarce.

A home is a refuge place from the storms and worry of life. It is a place where the husband comes to the sanctuary, where smiles and loving words unsweetens his smiles and loving greetings.

Home is our first school. Here are learned the first lessons for the conduct of life. Here are found instructors, whose lessons are held longer than any others. Even when the old man cannot tell what happened yesterday, or last year, he croons the old Home lullabies, and lulls to sleep repeating the prayer he learned at his mother's knee.

Home gives inspiration to the workers of earth. For the comfort of the children, for the help of the wives and mothers, are blows struck upon anvils, and hands put to the plow. For the sake of Home do miners delve in the earth, mariners turn their ships into the waters of every latitude, fishermen patiently drag from the deep, food for their families, and means to drape the walls of home with pleasantness. favors, seek no office, and expect no help.

Home keeps men pure, and stirs in them honorable ambitions.

When tempted to meanness, the thought comes, "Disgrace will fall upon the wife and children through me," and evil is resisted. Home joys and the prospect thereof send many singing to their work, and give them courage, endurance and hope.

Home keeps our loved ones. Not its splendor, not its rest, not its ministry of hope, of beauty and of quiet, give it its essential blessedness. The faces that shine there, the voices that greet us, the eyes that beam on us, the arms that embrace us, the hearts that beat responsive to ours,—these make home the best place under the broad sun. Home is where the heart is. But we cannot keep our dear ones there; our arms cannot hold them; they go away and do not come back; there are empty chairs in the home, and voices which once we loved to hear are silent.

Home here derives its blessedness from the purity of its inmates. Palaces and oriental magnificence cannot give satisfaction to those homes where guilt and shame sit at the well laden tables. While there are homes among the poor where poverty is always at the threshold, where there is no rest with the struggle with want and care, yet the peace of grateful hearts, the blessings of righteous lives are never absent.

But a single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over a household, while a smile like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours.

Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessings dwell.

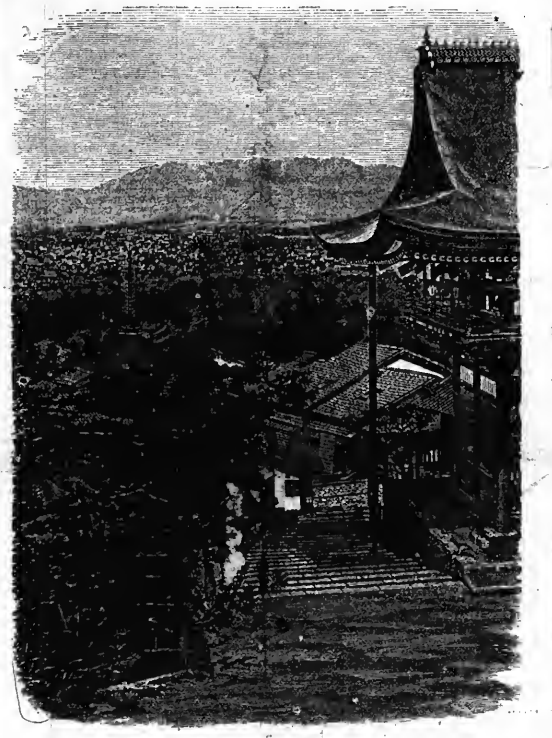
No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace, and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumult of the world; and a home, be it ever so humble, will be the dearest spot beneath the broad sun.

Home is not merely four square walls,
Though hung with pictures nicely gilded.
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home is not merely roof and room,
Home needs something to endear it,
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

GEORGE M. DOW.

WASHING MUSLINS LINENS, SILKS, ETC.—In washing colored muslins and linens, there are several very essential points to be observed, whereby the colors are preserved from injury. In the first place, they should not be soaped or soaked over night, as the more delicate of the hues would be deteriorated by such process. When ready for washing, they should, if not too dirty, be put into *cold* water and washed up very speedily; if very dirty, the water may be lukewarm and no more. *But above all be careful not to use the smallest particle of soda.* The best soap for washing articles made of this material, is the common yellow. It is much better than the mottled, because it is less harsh, and removes the dirt in a shorter period. The soap should not be allowed to remain any time on the linen; the latter should be soaped and washed as rapidly as possible, and not lie in the water during any length of time. One article should therefore be washed at a time, and immediately rinsed, the others remaining in a dry state by the side of the tub until they are taken to be washed each in its turn. The liquid in which the articles are to be rinsed in succession immediately as they are washed, should consist of three or four gallons of cold, soft water, with a handful of table-salt dissolved in it. The moment an article is taken from the rinsing-tub, it should be wring very gently, being twisted as little as can be helped. Silk pocket-handkerchiefs require to be washed by themselves. Many very just complaints are made of the state in which these articles are sent home by professed laundresses. We have often seen a new handkerchief at the first washing returned, not only of a different color from what it was when sent to the wash, but bearing the appearance of an old one. These pocket-handkerchiefs, which constitute one of the most expensive parts of a gentleman's wardrobe, are generally treated with less care and ceremony than any other part of his toilet. Silk handkerchiefs containing snuff should be put to soak by themselves in lukewarm water. Two or three hours after, they should be rinsed out and put to soak with the others in cold water for an hour or two. They should then be washed out in lukewarm water, being soaped as they are washed. If all the stains are not out of them, they must be washed through a second water of the same description. When finished, they should be rinsed in cold, soft water in which a handful of common salt has been dissolved. They may be rinsed altogether, being thrown as fast as they are rinsed into a dry tub, whence, when all are done, they are all transferred to the rinsing tub.



KIOTO, JAPAN.

KIOTO—THE SACRED CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

THE only considerable body of fresh water in Japan is Lake Biwa, a few miles from the southern extremity of which lies Kioto, the ancient capital of the country, till about seven years ago the residence of the Mikado, the acknowledged ruler of the Empire.

In point of population, Kioto stands the third city in Japan, only Yedo and Osaka outranking it in that respect. Her rulers claim to represent a dynasty that has outlived every other,—one that has seen the rise, or the rise and fall, of every empire and every dynasty that has held sway from the time that Nebuchadnezzar led his hosts from Babylon against Zedekiah, king of Israel, to the present. Like the eternal city of Damascus, Kioto lies in an extended plain of great beauty, environed with hills; but unlike her ancient compeer, not a beggar to be seen in her streets, nor are any met with who seem to be scantily clad, or half-fed, among all her population, which numbers the same as that of Damascus—300,000.

The streets, which are generally straight, and cross each other at right-angles, exceed in width and cleanliness those of any other Japanese city. A large portion of the houses are of two stories covered with tile-roofs and painted. The streets are all lighted with painted paper-lanterns, which are hung from the eaves, or from the verandahs, at intervals of twenty or thirty feet.

Beautiful temple grounds, filled with ancient forest trees, are scattered all over the city, while some adorn the surrounding hillsides, affording public parks and pleasure-grounds always open to the people.

The picture of Kioto is taken from the grounds of the Kio-midsu, or temple of the pure heart, a Buddhist temple of great size, situated upon the hills at the eastern limit of the city, and looking westward.

The end of the temple building is the most prominent feature of the picture. It is said that, occasionally, votaries, after offering their petitions to Buddha or Shaka, leap from the verge of the lofty verandah of the temple, which overlooks the valley at a height of fifty feet. The belief of the devotee is, that if his prayer is heard by the god his life will be saved, but if his prayer is not heard, he professes to prefer death to a life without the favor of the gods. Some, taking this fearful leap, would be killed, while others would escape with life; but few could escape without broken bones and frightful injuries.

In the near foreground of the picture we see the top of a pagoda of the Chinese style, with its lofty spire of bronze. Filling the plain, and stretching far away toward the western hills, lies the city. The large roofs to be seen in the city are those of temples. The narrow thread of white, extending from near the corner of the verandah-roof, is the plastered wall of the parapet of the Governor's castle. The locality of the Mikado's palace is hidden from view by the end of the temple. This is a city wholly given up to idolatry. The intelligent, ingenious, and in some senses accomplished Japanese, are a benighted and devoted heathen as any people on earth.—*Missionary Herald.*

THE many friends of Rev. J. H. Larry, in this vicinity, will be interested to know of his welfare and prospects. He has the pastoral care of a small parish in Scytheville, a village of New London, N. H., where he has opened the "Kenrsage Home School." He says, "We have twenty-one scholars, and shall be ready for boarders next term. We are commencing at the bottom of the ladder for school work, but I think we are doing well for a beginning. I enjoy my work in the 'Vineyard' very much. A deep religious interest prevails throughout the place—such an one as you would enjoy, I think, as all denominations here take hold together heartily."

We bid him Godspeed in his good work.

The Teachers' Table.

GIVING HINTS TO CHILDREN.

So little time, so much to do! This difficulty confronts every teacher, whether with twenty pupils to look after or sixty. Perhaps we may find some consolation in a thought we are likely to overlook; that is, the value of hints to children. You may not have time to give regular lessons on Botany, but if you show a child a lilac leaf, for instance, and ask for leaves of like form, your desk will be heaped with heart-shaped leaves the next day, and from time to time long after, you will have other specimens brought in, with questions and comments about their forms. Print or write a few words on the blackboard, and soon many copies will appear, the voluntary work of admiring imitators, gladly giving themselves more practice in a short time than could be exacted from them in weeks. I remember the spring morning when I first noticed the ants building their houses. My mother showed them to me with a few words to excite in me intelligent interest in them; all through my childhood after that, I watched these little creatures, and walked carefully on my way to school to avoid spoiling their work.

Lose no opportunity, therefore, of beginning a good work in a child's mind, even if you cannot be sure of returning to it. Once show a pleasant path, and eager little feet will seek it again and again.

THE SPELLING CLASS.

The *Rhode Island School Master* says that more than one-half of an intelligent class in a grammar school recently gave an incorrect spelling of the word "which." Many very common monosyllables are frequently misspelled, like "salt," "soap," "boards," etc. If there are not enough such short words in the spelling books, as sometimes is unhappily the case, the teacher should make such lists and use them. The children will be interested in spelling the names of the objects they see around them—the books, desks, benches, etc., or the parts of the body. A useful and pleasant exercise may thus be made to vary the regular lessons.

BE KIND TO THE LITTLE ONES.

"In a school carried on by sheer cruelty, whether it is presided over by a dunce or not, there is not likely to be much learned. I believe our boys were, generally, as ignorant a set as any schoolboys in existence; they were too much troubled and knocked about to learn: they could no more do that to advantage, than any one can do anything to advantage, under the load of constant misfortune, torment and worry."

CHARLES DICKENS.

OBJECT LESSONS ON PRONUNCIATION.

Lesson 1: *The Lips.*

TEACHER.—Now let us talk about the lips. What are the lips used for? There is a little girl smiling. How can you tell when she smiles? Is it not by the shape of her lips? You see they are open a little, and turned up at the corners. Ah! now they are opening wider—she is laughing. So she smiles with her lips. What then are the lips used for?

CHILDREN.—To smile with.

T.—Well; are they good for anything else? If a man had no lips, his teeth would always be bare, and his face would'nt be pleasant to look at, would it?

What else then, are the lips good for?

C.—Good to cover our teeth.

T.—Yes; are they good for something else still? When we talk we make a good many sounds with our lips. Say *paper*, all of you.

C.—*Paper.*

T.—Now say *baby, mamma, papa.* What did you pronounce the words with?

C.—With our lips.

T.—What else then are the lips good for?

C.—Good to talk with.

If the children are far enough advanced, this lesson may then be put upon the blackboard and used as a reading lesson, thus:

READING LESSON.

What are our lips good for?
Our lips are good to smile with.
Our lips are good to cover our teeth.
What else are our lips good for?
Our lips are good to talk with.

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

JANUARY 3, 1875.

THE MISSION OF THE TWELVE.

MATT. x: 5–15.

5 The twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not:
6 But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.
7 And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.
8 Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.
9 Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses;
10 Nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves: for the workman is worthy of his meat.
11 And into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, inquire who in it is worthy; and there abide till ye go thence.
12 And when ye come into a house, salute it.
13 And if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it: but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you.
14 And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet.
15 Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city.

Golden Text.—HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IF WE NEGLECT SO GREAT SALVATION?—Hebrews, ii: 3.

The disciples were called to join themselves to Christ at different times, and, obeying his call, they consecrated themselves to a life devoted to his service. They gave up at once their regular occupation and accompanied him in his missionary tours through Galilee. By this coming under his personal instruction, and also seeing his methods of dealing with the people, they were fitted to receive and carry out the commission which our present lesson records. The apostles were, plain, unlearned men, but they had shown, by giving up all for Christ that they had the best qualifications for his work: namely, thorough earnestness and self-sacrificing devotion to their chosen Master. These are the qualities that are still needed for true Christian labor; not necessarily so much learning or native talent of any kind as sincere love for Christ and consecration to him.

As a sign of their divine appointment he gave the apostles power to work miracles. The same message with which John the Baptist and Jesus himself began their ministry was to be theirs—"The kingdom of heaven is at hand." If all men could only have a realizing sense of God's nearness and their personal obligations to him, it would lead them to prepare themselves for his coming. As they went preaching they were commanded to "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils," that by such acts they might show that "good-will to men" was included in the doctrine of the kingdom. Kind actions are the sweet fruits of the gospel of love.

"Freely ye have received, freely give." As these gifts had been freely bestowed upon them, in like manner, they, "without money and without price," were to relieve the ills of all the needy ones who came to them. They were not to make this power to work miracles a means of gain. The directions, as to their outfit, simply mean that they were to make no preparation but to go just as they were; "for the workman is worthy of his hire." This may have a twofold application: First, that God, in whose service they were engaged, would see that they lacked no good thing; and secondly, without doubt, he intended to teach that those to whom they were sent should provide them with all things needful for their support. A worthy people will gladly render what is due to him who ministers unto them in spiritual things. He directs the apostles to enter into their cities and homes with courtesy—manifesting a friendly spirit in the salutation, "Peace be to this house;" but they were not to force themselves upon those who thrust them off. If they were inhospitable to them and their message they were to pass on, their peace returning to them. The peace which comes from bearing with sweetness and patience the ill treatment of another is in itself a blessing. The offer of salvation is freely made to all men, but the treasures of the gospel will never be forced upon any. They were at liberty to accept or refuse; but the solemn words of Christ teach us that the fate of those doomed cities, Sodom and Gomorrah would be less dreadful, at the day of judgment than that of the rejecters of the gospel message. The lesson to be borne in mind is that the clearer the light against which people sin, the greater will be their condemnation at the great judgment.

LESSON II.

Jan. 10, 1875.

JESUS AND JOHN.

MATT. xi. 1–11.

1 And it came to pass, when Jesus had made an end of commanding his twelve disciples, he departed thence to teach and to preach in their cities.
2 Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples,
3 And said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?
4 Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see:
5 The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.
6 And blessed is *he*, whosoever shall not be offended in me.
7 And as they departed, Jesus began to say unto the multitudes concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?
8 But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? behold, they that wear soft *clothing* are in kings' houses.
9 But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.
10 For this is *he* of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.
11 Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding, he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.

Golden Text.—THEY SHALL BE MINE SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS IN THAT DAY WHEN I MAKE UP MY JEWELS.—Mal. iii: 17.

Jesus, having sent out the twelve, did not remain idle or leave all to them, but set an example of diligence by instantly proceeding with his own work of teaching and preaching. During this journey he received a message from John the Baptist who had been cast into prison, not because he had done anything wrong, but because of his fidelity in reproving the wickedness of King Herod (Matt. xiv: 3). It is not strange that under these trying circumstances John should have become downhearted, and even desponding. In this hour of darkness he took the best way to solve his doubts. He applied immediately to Jesus himself—sending two of his disciples with the question of verse 3. Gently and wisely the Saviour met his doubts, not with a direct reply but told his disciples to report to John the miracles that had been performed in their presence. These would furnish him with the most conclusive proof of his Messiahship.

When the disciples of John had gone away, Jesus, feeling so sure of John's faithfulness to himself began to talk to the people about him in terms of the highest commendation. He told them that John was not like a reed shaken in the wind—one day saying and believing one thing, and the next the opposite. Neither was he a man seeking his own pleasure and comfort; such men were more likely to be found in palaces than in the wilderness where John lived. His clothing was skins; his food was locusts and honey; he thought and cared little for himself. John was a prophet and more than a prophet. He was entrusted with a higher commission than any who had preceded him. He was the messenger sent from God to prepare the way for Jesus (Isaiah xl: 3.) Many hundred years before these words had been written, and now they had come to pass. The greatest praise that could be given to a man was given to John (v. 11) by Jesus himself "notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." One may be great in one respect and not in another. John was great in nearness to Christ and on account of his important mission; but the humblest Christian is greater in knowledge—has clearer and more helpful views of Christ's work than John the Baptist, who was beheaded by the wicked Herod before that work on earth was finished. How rich are our privileges! God holds out this greatness to us all. The free invitation is "Come, for all things are now ready." Do we accept?

LESSON III.

Jan. 17, 1875.

THE GRACIOUS CALL.

MATT. xi: 25–30.

25 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.
26 Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.
27 All things are delivered to me by my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal *him*.
28 Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
29 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
30 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Golden Text.—HIM THAT COMETH TO ME, I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.—John vi: 7.

The invitation of our present lesson was a practical illustration of the poor having the gospel preached unto them. The proud and wise-in-their-own-eyes had rejected Christ's gospel. He had just pronounced fearful woes upon all such, and at the same time thanked his Father that though by their own self-conceited wisdom these things had been hidden from the "wise and prudent," that they were revealed unto the "babes"—the humble, lowly ones; and he acknowledges to God his justice in letting the proud alone in the words, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Not self-confident wisdom, but an humble, teachable spirit is needed to understand the things of the kingdom. No man knoweth the Father save through the Son, and though we never can fully understand the relations of the Father and the Son, yet the very presence of Christ was to those who received him as the Son of God, the visible evidence of the abounding love of the Father in Heaven. And the Father hath delivered all things into the hands of this tender, pitying Saviour, who died that we might live. How fitly then follows close upon this assurance the gracious call, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." The invited ones are those who are weary of their sin and feel it to be a burden. They are seeking for rest—and it is rest that Christ offers. He goes on to show them how it may be obtained—"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." They are to become learners in his school. He was an example of meekness and lowliness, and it was his delight to do his Father's will. It is by becoming like him, in humble obedience to the will of God that we are to find rest unto our souls. In his humility of life and spirit is to be found the fair model which we are to copy. All men are either under the yoke of Christ or of sin. Serve we must, but we have our choice—the service of the world with the burden of sin on our conscience, or the service of a Saviour whose yoke is made easy to us by reason of the strength he gives and which is sufficient for every burden we are called to bear.

If we come unto him in this—his own appointed way—we shall surely receive his forgiveness for all our past sin, and with it the peace that passeth understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away.

LESSON IV.

Jan. 24, 1875.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

MATT. xiii: 18–23.

18 Hear ye therefore the parable of the sower.
19 When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked *one* and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the way side.
20 But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it;
21 Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended.
22 He also that received seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.
23 But he that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

Golden Text.—BE YE DOERS OF THE WORD, AND NOT HEARERS ONLY, RECEIVING YOUR OWN SELVES.—James i: 22.

Our lesson to-day contains the words of Jesus as he sat in a boat drawn to the shore of the sea, speaking to the crowds of people who stood upon the land near by. This first story or parable he interpreted to his disciples; that is, told them what truths he meant to teach by it. The sower in the first place was Jesus himself, and then all who speak for him. It matters not whether the sower is old or young, learned or unlearned, if he only has the good seed and scatters it. The seed thrown from the hand of a child will grow just as well as that sown by a farmer. The seed is the word of God,—the truth of the gospel,—the glad tidings that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. The ground represents the hearts of those to whom the Word of God is spoken. The sower and the seed are the same, but the difference is in the ground on which the seed falls. The trodden path, the stony places, the thorny ground and the good soil are the various kinds of human hearts that receive the seed. If, while we are hearing the Word of God with our ears we are inattentive and do not try to understand or remember it—if other thoughts occupy our minds—thoughts of our dress, our plays, our studies,—then our hearts are like the trodden pathway. We are allowing the wicked one to take the good seed from us just as the birds watched their chance and picked up the seed that fell by the wayside. Some hearts are like the stony ground. What soil there is, is soft and impressible, but the trouble is, there is no depth of earth and the seed cannot sink deep enough to take root. It springs up and grows well for a short time, but as soon as the sun shines hotly upon it it withers away. So it is with people who "anon with joy receive the word." Their consciences are tender, their feelings are easily touched, but they have no firm root—no strength of purpose. They are willing to serve Christ as long as they can do so without any trouble; but when trials come and they find it harder to live a Christian life than they at first supposed, little by little they give up their religion, and having no root, the blade of promise soon withers away.

Some hearts are like ground where thorns and weeds were growing with the good seed. But the thorns and weeds choked it so it could not half grow and it never bore any fruit. These are the people who hear God's word and for a time obey; but they allow the thorns of care or wealth or pleasure to come in and choke the word, and they very soon get tired of serving God. They would rather have the pleasure or favor or riches of this world than be children of the Heavenly King.

It is pleasant now to turn from those three classes who were hearers only, to the fourth whom the good soil represents. These hear the good word attentively; they understand it; that is, receive it into pure and honest hearts. They not only hear and understand but they actually obey it; and as a result they bring forth the precious fruit of pure and holy lives. To which class of hearers does each of us each belong?

LESSON V.

Jan. 31, 1875.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

MATT. xiv: 22–33.

22 And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.
23 And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone.
24 But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary.
25 And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.
26 And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.
27 But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.
28 And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.
29 And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus.
30 But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.
31 And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?
32 And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.
33 Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.

Golden Text.—AND BEGINNING TO SINK, HE CRIED, LORD, SAVE ME.—Matt. xiv: 30.

Shortly after Christ had spoken the seven parables, the first of which we considered last Sabbath, the news of the cruel death of his faithful friend and forerunner John the Baptist, was brought to him. He was doubtless greatly affected by the sad tidings, and immediately "retired into a desert place apart." But the people soon learned whither he had gone, and great multitudes followed him on foot out of the cities, among whom were many sick. The compassionate Jesus—forgetful of his own griefs, pitied and healed them all, and in the afternoon when he found they had nothing to eat, he fed "five thousand, with women and children" by the miraculous increase of "five loaves and two fishes." The people were so impressed by this wonderful miracle that we see from John vi: 14, 15, they were ready to take him by force and make him their king. Nothing would have better pleased the disciples either, than that Jesus should have been made king then and there; for though he had repeatedly told them his kingdom was not of this world, yet it was hard for them, as it was for the rest of the Jews, to give up their strong desire that Christ should manifest his power by taking the kingdom to himself and making them the greatest and most honored of the nations of the earth. To avoid this he constrained the disciples to get into a ship and go to the other side, and then he sent the multitudes away. He himself went alone up the mountain side to pray. The old temptation of Satan had here been again presented to him (Matt. iv: 8). This made prayer proper for "the man Christ Jesus" on his own account; and then there was need to pray for the misguided people. Here is an example to us. "Enter into thy closet." Any particular need in ourselves or in others should be the occasion of special prayer.

While Jesus was upon the mountain in prayer a violent storm had overtaken his disciples on the sea, and they were in great peril, tossed by the winds and waves. Had Christ forgotten them? No; they had gone out obedient to his command. "He saw them toiling in rowing" and was ready to come to them with his help at the right moment. About three o'clock in the morning when they were weary and wet, not knowing what to do next, Christ came down from the mount and walked on the sea to the place where they were. Christ always comes with help and succor to all who, like these tempest-tossed disciples, are trying to obey him though they find it very hard to do so. It seems as if they ought to have known that it was the Lord coming toward them, for they had seen him perform many works as wonderful as this; but they cried out with fear, superstitiously thinking they saw a ghost. But when he spake, "It is I, be not afraid," he did not need to tell them his name; they knew his voice, and it must have sounded very sweetly to them above the raging billows. Peter—rash, but ardent, always eager to show his love for the Saviour—asks permission to go to him on the water. Christ bade him come, and boldly and gladly he stepped out of the ship. For a few steps, while he looked only at Jesus, all was well; but as soon as he began to notice the winds and the waves he was afraid. As he was sinking in the waters he cried "Lord, save me." No one calls on Christ in vain even when brought into peril by his own presumption. The strong hand was stretched forth for his rescue. When Jesus had "caught" Peter they both came into the ship and the wind ceased. All felt safe and more than ever convinced, as their words testified, that He who could calm the stormy sea was—"Of a truth"—"the Son of God." Let us learn from Peter that we are safe only while looking to Jesus;—that if we look away from him we shall find, as he did, our strength weakness, and shall be instantly overcome by the waves of temptation and sin.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IV. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1875. NO. 2.

"UNTIL HE GRASPED THE BURNING BRAND, AND FLUNG IT FAR AWAY."

AN UNNAMED HERO.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

In sunny Carolina sits fair Charleston by the sea
Famed are her sons for generous hearts and deeds of chivalry.
But there was one brave gentleman I would I knew his name—
Who plucked his spire from death's white hand and 'mid the smoke and flame

Stood up between high heaven and earth, the hero of the fire
The savior of the city when he saved St. Michael's spire.

For 'mid her thousand homes it stood and each home had its share
In the chiming bells that set themselves to many a hope and prayer

That sent the ships and men away with "God speed" in their tone.
And when the homeward bound drew near rang out a "Welcome Home!"

Whose service bells bade old and young hear what the preacher said.
And blessed the herds as it passed and tolled above the dead.

But the fairest homes in Charleston were now in smoke and flame
And onward like a sea of fire the burning tempest came.

The hot, thick air around the church was full of blazing brands
That smote the spire as they were flung by cruel fiendish hands.

While the city Fathers council took within the crowded square,
How they should shield the homeless poor and save the house of prayer—

And as with anxious eyes they watched the brands of living fire
One flung with fierce and fateful force alighted on the spire.

Far far above the reach of those who kept the roof for love.
But saw with failing hearts their foe, the dizzy height above.

While through the tumult and the cries the
Mayor's voice rang higher—
"Charleston hath love and gold for him who
saves St. Michael's spire!"

Then from the band upon the roof a gentleman
stepped out,
And the watching city poured her heart in one
triumphant shout.
But as he slowly, painfully toiled up the daring
height,
A speechless awe sealed every lip—and in the
ruddy light
The white, wan faces lifted up, made such a
piteous prayer,
That the good angels knew their hour, and
swiftly hastened there.

They held the weary clinging feet, each foot
within a palm,
They made the fingers strong as brass—his
prayer turned to a psalm
That gladder grew as he went on his dim and
perilous way,
Until he grasped the burning brand and flung
it far away.

Then men looked in each other's eyes, but not a
word was said,
Until the hand upon the roof received alive
their dead,
His face all glowing with the light of that bright
Border Land,
Where mortals, in diviner hours touch the Immortal Hand.
And then rang out, the strong glad shout, while
at St. Michael's gates,
A surging crowd, with plaudits loud, upon the
Haro waits.

None of thy brave young sons, that boast their
noble race and name,
None of thy cultured citizens, with strong nerve
and clear brain,
No soldier from the garrison did this grace unto
thee;
No sailor trained to wondrous feats upon the
restless sea.
The man who periled life and limb fair Charleston's homes to save
Stood up among the lieges there—a black man
and a slave.

They made him free with wild acclaim, and for
a moment's space,
They saw the naked, noble soul—not the black
human face.
His heart touched theirs with mighty power.
"the right divine of Can."*
He was no longer Charleston's slave, but
Charleston's gentleman;
The sacred, secret Hand of God had given him
place and fame.
Would that I knew, the shining signs with which
to spell his name!

—*The Christian Weekly.*

* "We are gentlemen by the right divine of 'Can' and 'Ken.'"

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, FEBRUARY, 1875.

NOTHING can be more dark than the future of the colored race as forecast by certain of the old school of Southern gentlemen. "Raised" among dusky playmates on the plantation, they naturally suppose that what they do not know of negro capabilities, is hardly worth knowing. As the new order of things is not moulded upon their theories, they anticipate the funeral of the race. As an unanswerable argument, these gentlemen point to the comparative death rates, with a mournful "We told you so;" and ominously ask what can prevent the Freedman from sharing extinction with the Indian, or disappearing as the Moors did from Spain?

We answer these questions by denying that there is any sufficient analogy between the cases. The Indian has generally refused to make use of those means of support which civilization renders necessary; and which the Anglo-Saxons are themselves obliged to use or perish. The negro on the contrary is decidedly agricultural, and shows a disposition to learn from those who know better than he does, how to make a living by civilized methods. War and chase do not attract him as they do the Indian. The negro being able to live on pork and meal for fifty cents per week, is often indolent, because his artificial wants are as yet few. But this is no proof that when he learns more, he will not feel the need of as many of the comforts of life as the white laborer has, and exert himself accordingly to obtain them.

The case of the Moors is yet more inapplicable to the present problem. Their numbers, even after their expulsion from Granada, continued to increase more rapidly than those of the Spaniards. Only the most savage religious bigotry could have driven them out. Despite all sorts of disabilities, persecution, and injustice, the dark skinned race steadily gained upon the whites, so long as it was allowed to remain in the country. And though it was finally forced to fly, the analogy fails, because in America it is absurd to expect a like violent expulsion of the negro.

The argument from the death rates if closely examined is equally fallacious. At most it proves that the transition state from slavery to freedom is unfavorable to long life. Suppose the colored people of Richmond do, as is asserted, die twenty per cent faster than the whites. It is to be considered that the blacks are comparatively poor; that a much larger proportion of them live in unplastered houses, have scant medical attendance, and are inexperienced in self-control. To argue that there will be no improvement in their manner of life, is to assume that the negro is incapable of profiting by the discipline of necessity. It is to condemn him before trial, and on the evidence of observations made when he was abnormally relieved from responsibility for his own maintenance.

The many instances of discretion and trustworthiness related of the house slaves, afford grounds for higher hopes. He who could learn to be provident for his master can much more learn to be provident for himself. In the remarkably peaceable behavior of the colored people; in their surprising zeal for knowledge; in their love for religion, and progress from the merely emotional type; in their disposition to save money and buy homes;—we see evidences that they are likely to form a valuable and permanent class of citizens, worthy of the kindness and most hearty encouragement from every true lover of the commonwealth.

WHILE good men and women from all quarters are throwing their strength and treasures with new spirit and purpose into the educational movement at the South as the best means of redeeming it from the ruin threatened by ignorance and corruption, it is remarkable that the general government is passive. It calls the ex-slaves its wards, and although their greatest need is light, and it declines to give it; yet the duty of instructing them is national rather than individual. While the personal rights of negroes are insisted on, reformatory measures, the only possible support of enlarged privileges, are neglected.

Poverty-stricken and war-ridden Virginia is taxing herself to build school-houses and pay teachers for all her children, but after wonderful effort and unparalleled progress, her schools are too few, sessions are short, salaries are small, and her educational machinery far from adequate.

She vainly asks Congress to help provide for the "nation's wards" although many years ago she responded to the country's need with immense grants of her domain out of which nearly three new states were created.

Other Southern states are making similar but hardly equal effort; in general they have undertaken to educate all classes by taxation. As for mixed schools the whites won't have them and the blacks don't want them. The march of education should not be stopped for a useless, hopeless battle on that line, because it can go on without it, and can go on in no other way.

Freedom for the slave is power to do better or worse; its lesson is eternal vigilance and eternal toil; the mass of the blacks have not learned this and never will till they know more. The duty to free them was no greater than that to enlighten them. The latter duty has been neglected by the party in power simply because it does not care enough about it. Not the colored race only but the whole country suffers in consequence. The ignorant classes, black and white, are as millstones hung about the necks of our people. Is there not a better time coming when our national legislators will regard the appeal of patriotism of humanity and of religion, to consider the claims and the needs of those over whom they have assumed especial charge?

GERRIT SMITH.

In the death of this eminent patriot and philanthropist humanity loses one of its mightiest champions, and the country one of her noblest and purest sons. Born to a princely inheritance, he looked upon his great possessions as a trust committed to his stewardship to be used for the benefit of his less favored fellow-men. The son of a slaveholder he became from conviction one of the most radical and outspoken abolitionists, never ceasing to denounce slavery as a crime against humanity, for which he arraigned both North and South as equally guilty. Yet with all his intense love of human freedom, he held none but the kindest feelings toward those who differed from him, and at the close of the war was one of the most strenuous advocates of conciliatory measures toward the South, and joined with Horace Greeley in signing the bail bond of Jefferson Davis. After the war he became deeply interested in the education of the Freedmen, and for this object used his great wealth with unsparing liberality. The Hampton School was one of the institutions in which he took great interest. It was his purpose to attend the last Commencement but ill health prevented. On another column will be found a letter written a few weeks before his death which was accompanied by a generous contribution toward the building fund of Virginia Hall. The school loses in him a liberal benefactor. He has been well styled "the last of New York's baronial chieftains."

Gerrit Smith was born in Utica, N. Y. March 6, 1797. His father Peter Smith, was a partner in the fur trade of the famous merchant John Jacob Astor, where he amassed great wealth, which he invested in land, of which he owned at one time more than a million acres. Gerrit was educated at Hamilton College, and being the inheritor of most of his father's landed estate, which had greatly increased in value, found sufficient occupation in its management. Had he been inclined to amass wealth he would soon have been the richest man in the land. But he became deeply impressed with a sense of his responsibility to God for the right use of such an immense estate, and declared his intention to distribute his wealth in his lifetime among the needy. An article in the *Syracuse Journal* gives the following instances of his judicious liberality. Previous to 1847 he had given forty acres apiece to three thousand colored men; in all 120,000 acres; the only condition imposed was that the recipient should be landless, strictly temperate, and honest. In 1850 he selected five hundred poor white men to whom he gave forty acres apiece. He also gave fifty dollars apiece to six hundred and forty poor single white women.

He was a generous patron of education, and in his benefactions made no distinctions between race or color. He gave within the past year $20,000 to Hamilton College his *Alma Mater*. Many of his benefactions were given directly in aid of schools for colored people. He was an ardent advocate of temperance, and to this cause, as well as to the anti-slavery societies, he gave liberally of his time and his substance. He was elected to Congress but found political life distasteful, and resigned in order to devote himself more fully to the cause of freedom. In Congress he was popular with all classes and parties, and drew around him in social intercourse both slaveholders and abolitionists, notwithstanding his radical position on the slavery question. His hospitality in his own home was literally baronial. At his great house his hospitality was no respecter of persons. A score of guests was not unusual at his table, and the black man and the white were equally welcome. Around his ample board bankers and distinguished men from abroad met American slaves as equal guests. His home was a magnet which had an irresistible attraction for many men in advance of their time.

Mr. Smith held peculiar and independent views on religious questions, and announced his opinions with characteristic candor. His firm test of all men, doctrines, and institutions was, Do they promote human welfare? A writer in *The Christian Union* says,—

"His changes of opinion, however, did not diminish the fervor of his piety or the sweetness of his reverence for Christ and all sacred things. His house was more like a heaven upon earth than any other that it was ever our privilege to enter. Family devotion there was not a ceremony, but a spontaneous outbreathing of the soul toward God. Hardly ever at such times did he take a bible in his hand, but recited from memory, with a fervor that moved all hearts, such passages as he deemed appropriate—sometimes a psalm and sometimes a selection from the Gospels or the Epistles; and then, after a familiar hymn, in the singing of which the members of the family joined their voices with his, he knelt down and prayed in a manner so simple and yet so earnest and impressive as to bring into the conscious presence of God the soul of every listener. Under every phase of opinion, he was a man of prayer and of supreme devotion to God.

"But the most striking feature of Mr. Smith's character, and the one for which his memory will be most deeply cherished, was the generosity with which he employed his large pecuniary resources for the benefit of his fellowmen. He had a keen sense of his responsibility as the steward of God, and no man of his generation could with more truth and justice than himself have adopted the words of Job: 'When the ear heard me then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness and it clothed me; my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not, I searched out.'"

Truly this was a righteous man.

HAMPTON IN WINIER.

The place for a winter sojourn has long been a desideratum among those who dread a northern climate. As the vicinity of Hampton Va. is rapidly growing in favor with such, we give a few reasons for this result, together with some figures in regard to temperature and rainfall observed only twelve and one-half miles distant by Professor Webster of Norfolk.

Records of four consecutive winters present the following averages:

In November the average Temperature was Fifty degrees and three-tenths; in December, Forty-three and fifty-one hundredths; in January, Forty-two and seventy-five hundredths; in February, Forty-three and fifty-nine hundredths.

In November the average Rainfall was Four inches and forty-four hundredths; in December, Four and thirty-eight hundredths; in January, Three and sixty hundredths; in February, Five and sixty-seven hundredths.

On the thirtieth day of December last, several ripe strawberries were picked from an open field on the Hampton School grounds. A few light frosts after the berries were nearly grown had not prevented these stragglers from coming to perfection. In the preceding month the second crop of strawberries formed an attraction on a number of the market stands of Norfolk.

In the fenced gardens of Hampton it is not very unusual for roses to bloom every month in the year. Snow seldom falls and slush does not linger. Occasionally there are a few days skating on the shallow ponds.

The above facts indicate that after October, there is probably no healthier sea climate to be found than that of Hampton; because they show it to be free from severities, while sufficiently bracing.

The traveler leaving New York at 9 A. M. reaches Hampton at day-break the next morning, after only seven hours railroading, and a comfortable night on one of the splendidly managed Bay Line steamers. The famous Hygeia Hotel at Fort Monroe is most convenient to the landing and is admirably kept, having recently been rebuilt and refurnished. To reach Florida is a three days journey and the cost is three times as much.

All sorts of fish and oysters are waiting to be eaten at Hampton. The society of the town and of the neighboring fort is excellent. Daily steamers run to Norfolk and Baltimore. Two or three times a week excursions may be taken to Washington, Fredericksburg, Richmond, Yorktown, Eastern Shore, etc., in well appointed boats.

The water scenery of the place is an unfailing delight. A quarter of a mile below the wharf, the roomy creek whose sheltered stream is seldom too rough for the most timid rowers, opens upon the landlocked seas of Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay, where the bolder yachtman finds unlimited room for his skill and courage. The harbor before a storm is crowded with vessels of many nations, and alive with countless oyster sloops and canoes. With its distant shores of forest lifted by mirage, and its waters touched by the glow of the most brilliant sunsets, it forms pictures not to be forgotten.

A WALK ABOUT TOWN.

This walk was not to obtain an item for the press, such a thought did not enter our mind at the time. But the satisfaction afforded, suggested the propriety of a word on the subject to our readers.

The new and improved private dwellings and public edifices of Hampton, are marked signs of the thrif, and enterprise of the people. But personal and familiar intercourse with the people themselves, made the deepest and happiest impression; Our reception, wherever we called, was very cordial. We could talk freely about the past, and yet be treated with the same candor and kindness which we endeavored to manifest. It was gratifying to be assured by one and another of those who formerly held slaves, that they never regretted emancipation; and to hear them speak in such high terms, of our Normal School. They testified, in particular, to the excellent deportment of the scholars; their uniform courtesy; adding that whatever the rowdyism at any time in Hamptou, they never knew any of our students engaged in it. We rejoice in the evidence that it is not in vain that we labor to teach our pupils that to be respected, they must be respectable; that it is what they are, not what they merely claim to be, that will determine their position in society. And in all our work, may we ever deserve from our Southern friends the kind consideration which we have received—making our school a blessing and honor to the Town and the State.

TO THE GRADUATES OF THE HAMPTON N. AND A. INSTITUTE:

It is proposed to institute a POST GRADUATE COURSE of *one year*, in order to afford to those who have been for some years in the field an opportunity to refresh their knowledge of former studies, and to pursue new and higher branches. The studies of the course will not be decided upon fully until the class shall organize, and its wants be known, but will probably include among others, the following:

General Review of Normal Course, Political Economy, Logic, Outline Study of Man, General History, Biblical Studies.

Special attention will be given to fitting young men for Christian work in Churches and Sunday-schools. The class will be organized October 1, 1875. Both sexes will be admitted, and on the following conditions:

1st. Applicants must have graduated at least three years before the proposed course.

2nd. They must have taught school not less than three periods of four months each.

3rd. Their debts to the Normal School must have been paid up in full.

4th. They must have maintained an unblemished character.

5th. Since it is desirable that as much time as possible be devoted to study, they will be expected to pay two-thirds of their board bills in cash, and will be allowed to work out the remainder.

6th. They will be subject to the general terms, regulations and discipline of the Institution, and will be expected to set an example of faithfulness and propriety in all respects.

7th. In special cases other than Graduates will be admitted to the Post Graduate Course.

Those desirous of entering will please make prompt application, in order that provision may be made for the class.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

HAMPTON, VA. *January*, 1875.

SAVING.

Mr. Editor.—I rejoice in every effort of your school and your press to improve the condition of the Freedmen.

One point, in which many of them need improvement, is at *saving things*. Most of them know how to *earn*, but very few have correct notions of *saving*. Yet saving is, at least, half the battle with those who are struggling for a living. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Passing along one of the streets of Hampton, I saw a woman, who took in washing, just in the act of pouring a tub of suds in the street.

"Why, Auntie," said I, "what makes you so wasteful to throw all that valuable stuff in the street?"

"Lor, Mr. ——its nothing but dirty soap suds. What is it good for?"

"Good for!" said I, "Why, to make cabbages out of. Far better cabbages than you have in your garden can be made from that soap suds." Saying this, I pointed to some growing in her garden, as good as are usually found on ground half cultivated.

"Now," continued I, "let me tell you something that will do you good, as long as you live, if you will mind it."

"That I will," said the good woman, "and thank you too."

"Well then, never, as you have a garden, throw soap suds in the street, nor ashes, either. The ashes and suds that you make in a year, will cause your garden to produce at least twice as much as it does now."

"Well rully!" said she, "I never hearn tell of that, in all my born days."

"Probably you never did," said I, "but *try* it and you will see."

"Indeed, I'm much obliged to you, I will."

Now that good hard working woman had not the slightest idea that dirty suds or ashes were of any use on a garden. There are thousands equally ignorant and equally careless. The consequence is that thousands of dollars are actually thrown away that might be and ought to be *saved*.

Not only are ashes and suds valuable as manure; but so are all sorts of *bones* and *all the offal* of the cook room and chamber. Let them all be saved and put on the land; you will find that they will pay.

One other thought. An old farmer, who was advised to put his money in a bank, replied that "the best bank for his money was a *Sand Bank*." That is emphatically true of the Freedmen generally. Experience and observation teach us that "Freedman's Saving Institutions" and "Freedman's Stores" are very uncertain. Some of you know this, by bitter experience.

Now let me advise those who have a little money, and are earning more, to put it in a *Sand Bank*; that is, buy a piece of land, and *save* all your surplus earnings, not to waste in *frolicking* and *dress*, but to improve that land. Have a home of your own and take care of it.

KECOUGHTAN.

WORDS OF CHEER.

A clergyman of Cambridge, Mass., who visited our school two years ago, writes to us as follows: "Enclosed I send three dollars for subscriptions to SOUTHERN WORKMAN. I have been very much pleased with its constant improvement. I intend to have the back numbers of your paper bound and to place the volume in Harvard University Library, that the record of its excellent work may be preserved. You are laying the foundation of a system which I believe is destined to do more for the South than any other enterprise undertaken by philanthropists. The beginning may be forgotten in the next century, but the future historian shall find a record in this ancient University."

Another Cambridge subscriber writes as follows: "Something like a year ago, my wife was induced by a lady friend, to subscribe for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN. We have been so well pleased with it, that we wish to continue it, and I enclose one dollar for another year. We admire the spirit of its editorials and also the general character of the selections, and feel that such a paper can not but exert a good influence wherever it is circulated. You have best wishes for your success."

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

LIBERTY, VA., *January* 12, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—Since I graduated I have been engaged in teaching in this town. Of my success as a teacher it does not become me to speak much; but I will say that so far I have been able to make friends among both white and black.

My main efforts since I have been out teaching have been to impress upon the colored people how important it is for them to unite in an effort to get the Public School System thoroughly on foot in their behalf. In this section they seem to begin to understand that the education of our children depends chiefly upon our own labors in this direction.

The colored people of this county seem greatly aroused to a sense of their duties toward their children with respect to educating them.

Throughout this county where there can be a school-teacher, and a number of children sufficient to keep up a school, they let nothing else deter them. If there is no school-house, it seems that all they want is a proper leader, and they go to work, and in a few days build one.

While it is a fact that the condition of our people literally, morally, and to some extent religiously, is deplorable; yet I say with *great confidence*; and *assurance*, that the only things now needed to elevate them from these low and grievous positions are true men and women to go in advance with the great work of improvement, and call them up from the disgraceful and untimely standard to which they are not wholly responsible for being.

And let me say just here to those who may expect to engage in the great and good work of teaching the colored people; Try to prepare yourselves to lead them in every case; be at all times and in every instance an example of something many degrees higher and more noble than they really are now.

There is one fault common among many of our young teachers who go to teach, which I hope will be gotten rid of. It is this; numbers of us seem to allow our ideas to soar so loftily while we are away improving ourselves until it is very difficult for us to stoop to the lower grades of our people for the purpose of lifting them to our level. Of course I do not mean to say that some of this is not right, but simply that it must be dealt with wisely, and to its proper limits only. I beg my mates and friends to be careful of this. Condescend to persons of low estate that they whom we can best serve may be benefited by our labors.

There are now employed in this county twelve Hampton students. They all sustain the highest reputations both as teachers and in every respect, with white and colored.

Mr. Editor, I would say more, but knowing how limited your space is, forces me to say no more.

Yours, P. M. L.

Jennie L. Ivy, of the Class of 1873-4, writes as follows:

WHITLOCK, HALIFAX CO., VA., *December 7*, 1874.

My Dear Teacher,—I received your letter and the papers, and was more than glad to hear from you. Here is a list of the names of those who will take the SOUTHERN WORKMAN for one year.

I have a very nice school of forty-nine scholars, and I enjoy the work very much.

I feel that there is a great deal for me to do. I also take great delight in teaching my Sabbath-school, which is a great comfort to me.

The parents of the children seem to be very anxious for them to go to school, and they come very regularly and learn very fast. I hope to give you a full account of my school when I write again. I write this time to send you the list of the subscribers.

EFFECT OF SHOES ON HEALTH.—Wooden shoes are highly recommended by some of the scientific societies, and in some instances by the governments of Europe, it having been ascertained that not a few diseases resulting in impaired constitutions, and even in the loss of life, have resulted from the practice of wearing leather shoes in wet weather. An experienced workman from France was a short time since called to Germany to superintend the manufacture of wooden shoes on an extensive scale in the latter country. These are represented as being light and easy to wear, and are provided with a small cushion within the upper side, to obviate any pressure on that part of the foot; they are also said to be of neat and pleasing appearance, blackened or varnished, are made large enough to accommodate comfortable stockings, and are furnished with leather straps.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NATIVE PEACHES.—Some varieties of this fruit have their individualities so indelibly stamped and fixed, that they may be raised from the seeds with little or no variation. Others may be naturalized, and, in the course of a few generations, become acclimated and hardy.

It is well known that thrifty young trees of spontaneous growth, when properly attended to, are more hardy and healthy, and equally as prolific as the finest improved standard varieties. Knowing this to be true, those farmers who are compelled to plant in frosty situations, by a little attention may derive most of the advantage possessed by those having the best situation and climate.

For this purpose, we would advise a selection of the seeds of the most vigorous and hardy sorts, that are known to be true to their kind, and plant them *just where they are to stand in the orchard.* Of this character are several fine late sorts, known in Virginia as the "Georgia Heath Peaches," and there are several other distinct kinds of both standard and natural fruits that possess this quality in a high degree.

Trees raised in this way have decided advantages over grafted trees: 1st. They retain their tap roots intact to secure them from high winds, and to supply moisture in dry seasons, and mineral substances at all times from the lower strata of the subsoil. 2d. They are not dwarfed by transplanting; they live longer and grow larger than those that are grafted or budded. 3d. The trouble and risk of budding is dispensed with, and they generally come sooner into bearing, as no time or vitality is lost by transplanting. In saying this, we do not favor the neglect of the popular standard varieties—they are indispensable.—*Carolina Farmer.*

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

II.

CARE OF THE PERSON.

One of the fundamental conditions of civilized, not to say refined, society, is cleanliness. The house, from the cellar to the garret, must be clean; the table, in all its appointments, scrupulously neat; and above all, the body should be guarded in every particular against even the suspicion of uncleanliness. The first step in this direction is the morning bath, a necessity and a luxury which should never, in winter or summer, be omitted. No matter how hurried you may be, or how unwilling to make what seems at the moment an exertion, you should never fail to bathe yourself thoroughly from head to foot in cool, fresh water, before you dress yourself for the day. The simplest and pleasantest way to do this is to have a large tub of tin or wood half-filled with water, into which you can step, and with a large sponge or piece of coarse cloth, and plenty of soap, rub the skin upon every part of your body until all impurities are removed and the senses of sight and smell both assure you that you are beginning the day with a clean body. In case it is not convenient for you to procure or to use a tub, a large basin must take its place, though of course you cannot stand in this, but with the sponge or coarse cloth must be equally careful to rub every portion of your skin. Having by the use of the soap (which you must apply with your sponge or cloth) removed or neutralized all the secretions of the skin and all the foreign substances which may adhere to it, you should then rinse off the soap with pure water, and finally rub and dry yourself thoroughly with a clean towel, the coarser the better.

This then is the general outline of the morning bath with which every civilized man and woman should begin the day, and without which no one has any right to consider himself or herself clean.

But there are also some details which require your attention, and I shall take them in what might be called their natural order, beginning with the hair.

The hair and the skin of the head must be washed as often as once or twice a week with clean water, without soap. The use of oils and pomatum is as a general thing a mistake, as they clog the pores of the skin and are more likely to produce than to prevent diseases of the hair, in addition to which, their odor is usually unpleasant. The use of pure water, and thorough brushing once or twice a day with such combing as is necessary to keep the hair from matting, will in most cases ensure the cleanliness of both the hair and the skin of the head.

The ears must be carefully washed with a sponge or soft cloth. Nothing hard or rough should be used in cleaning them, and the wax which collects in them should never be removed except by washing, as the delicacy of the ears is such that it is possible to produce deafness by carelessness in the treatment of them.

The teeth must be cleaned morning and night with a toothbrush, clear water and either toothpowder or soap. No powder should be used except that which can be procured from respectable druggists and dentists, for it is very easy to destroy the enamel of the teeth, and the quack powders used by many ignorant people are usually made of detergents so powerful as to increase rather than prevent the decay of the teeth. If it is possible to clean the teeth and rinse the mouth after each meal, it should be done; but in any case, a thorough cleaning should be given night and morning, for by this means only can you keep your teeth sound and white and your breath free from offense. If this habit is established in early childhood, a fine set of teeth is almost invariably the result, while toothaches are avoided and dentists set at naught, "a consummation most devoutly to be wished for."

The hands and feet need special care, for the nails of the former must be always carefully cut and cleaned with a knife or nail-scissors every day, while they must be washed several times a day, in particular, both before and after eating. The toes must be washed and dried carefully every morning, while, whenever it is necessary, the nails must be cut, and all corns or growths of that nature, must be pared with a knife or otherwise removed, in order to prevent the feet from becoming a source of great pain and annoyance.

The habits of cleanliness which will result from obedience to this above simple rules, will do much toward keeping your bodies in a healthy condition, for a clean skin is one of the essentials of health, so that you have a double motive to induce you to learn to be clean. In the fact that you can never have either health or refinement except upon the broad foundation of cleanliness.

PERSONAL HABITS.

In associating with our fellow-men and women, in general society, which we are all to a greater or less extent obliged to do, and in which many of us find our greatest pleasures, I want you to notice how closely the Christian law and the law of Society are united in respect to the principles of refinement. To be a Christian one must love one's neighbor as one's self—to be a gentleman or lady one must at least *seem* to do so, and must bear one's self in all things as if the comfort and well being of one's neighbor were the first and highest consideration. True politeness involves frequent, indeed continual self-sacrifice, and it is this unselfishness which makes it so hard for us to practice it in our homes, or at seasons when we fancy the eye of the world is no longer upon us and we can be rude and selfish without fear of being held up to ridicule and contempt.

It is of the details of this politeness, this habitual refinement, that I hope to teach you something, and I shall have now to ask you to follow me patiently through what may seem to you an unnecessarily minute account of the numberless social regulations to which gentlemen and ladies submit themselves, reminding you once more that there is no short road to the refinements of life, and that even those who are trained from their birth cannot rid themselves of the necessity for constant care and watchfulness.

Before, however, I begin upon this part of our work I have something to say to you upon a subject which is of very great interest to most people; namely, the subject of "Dress."

Now it is undeniable that our personal appearance does to a greater or less extent influence our lives, has often an intimate connection with our worldly success or failure, and, in short, is a matter worthy of sober consideration. To be shatterally, unneat, and careless, to dress in an extravagant, ill-chosen fashion, to wear uncomfortable and unnatural garments, to make either too much or too little of your clothes, is a serious mistake, and one against which I greatly desire to help you to guard yourselves. And what I want you first to remark is, that while as I have said, your personal appearance may and probably does affect your life, your life most certainly affects your personal appearance. Unconsciously perhaps to you, but still most surely, your vices and virtues are moulding with strong hands, your face, your form, your very dress; and are forcing you in spite of yourself to carry about with you an index to the manner of your life, which all the world may read. If you think this an exaggeration let me ask you to look about for a moment among your companions. Here is Laziness in the girl with unneat hair and collar awry, who, as you can see, has been unwilling to make the exertion which neatness requires; here is Courseness in the boy with dirty hands and person to match; here Vanity in the shape of tawdry ribbons and mock jewelry; and here, perhaps, Dishonesty in one who from a room-mate's trunk has taken some small article which may be used without detection, or may be said to have been "borrowed."

On the other hand, too, is it not pleasant to find Thrift, in the plain but well-cared-for dress of some boy who has little to spend and means to spend that little honestly; Modesty, in the quiet neatness of some sweet-faced girl; Unselfishness, in some simple garb which is bare of ornament in order that its wearer may help a needy friend?

While I do not by any means claim that in all cases one can trust to outward signs, yet surely they have much to do with the judgments which we form of one another, and are therefore of real importance in every station of life, and in both sexes.

In regard, then, to the clothes which we wear, two things may be considered certain; namely, that we shall in the main follow the prevailing fashion of our time and country; and that, in detail we shall follow the bent of our own taste, so that while the limits of our obedience to the fashion of the day will be regulated by our conscience, and our purse, our characters as individuals will have not a little to do with the cut and color of our garments.

Now I think there are few among you who will not confess that to be well-dressed is a desirable thing; but differences of opinion may very probably commence when we begin to discuss the meaning of this term "well-dressed," and much must necessarily be left to your own good taste and experience.

There are, however, two or three essentials, and these, as is proper, shall come first. Cleanliness and Fitness you will see at once are absolutely necessary and are within the reach of almost everybody, while the third essential, Comfort, is seldom sacrificed, except by unwise people who fancy that to distort and cramp different parts of their bodies is the way to obtain that grace and beauty which is undoubtedly one of the important ends for which we strive in the endeavor to dress well.

Having established then our three primary essentials, Cleanliness, Fitness and Comfort, we have come to a point where the differences in the dress of the sexes make it necessary for us to divide our subject, as the rules binding upon one sex are not always equally binding upon the other, and both fashion and common sense ordain that there shall be a marked distinction in the dress of men and women.

Our next article, therefore, will be especially for young women; and we bespeak for it beforehand the thoughtful attention of our Hampton girls.

Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

ABINGDON, ENGLAND, *Aug.* 22, 1874.

In my last letter from London I believe I gave a half-promise that my next should be dated Paris; but during a week's stay in that gay and brilliant metropolis, where there is so much that is novel, interesting and attractive to occupy the time and engross one's attention, I found scarcely an unappropriated moment in which to write even a few lines to home friends; but in this quiet spot, with the aid of my diary, a few occasional notes taken "on the wing," and drafts upon my own memory and that of my companions, I hope to send you a more connected and intelligible though necessarily very imperfect account of my short and somewhat hurried visit to that beautiful city, than I could possibly have done had I attempted it while there. I was in company with two friends, students like myself, bound to make the most of our vacation and especially to see just as much of Paris as our eyes could take in during our sojourn there; and though this was a little less than a week, I doubt if any one ever saw more of it or explored it more thoroughly in a fortnight's time than we did in that week—always going to and returning from any point of interest by different routes and studying our maps and guide-books pretty thoroughly before starting out upon any expedition. It was a continual rush, from a not very early hour in the morning until about the very latest ones at night, and of course we were all more or less used up by it, and very willing to forego further sight-seeing for the present, and come for a week or two to this quiet village where, with a small party of American friends, we are enjoying the refreshing rest and stillness so much needed after a year of work and study in London; to say nothing of a week in Paris at the end of it. Here, too, we can live over our adventures and enjoy them more at leisure, without fatigue or excitement; at least I hope to do so in writing them out for your entertainment; and to begin at the beginning, we had decided to take the boat from London to Boulogne for the sake of the more extended sea trip; and embarking at about 9.30 Saturday morning, August 8th, we proceeded down the Thames. The day was beautiful, bright and clear, with a good breeze; but the boat, small, dirty and uncomfortable to a degree I hope seldom surpassed. Our progress down the river was varied by frequent stops to avoid running down the coal-barges which are so numerous in the vicinity of London; but after clearing these, we went steadily on by the Greenwich Hospital, a very fine building, past Gravesend and in about three hours reached the mouth of the river. After this the water roughed up very fast and by the time we came in sight of Dover, the boat was fairly jumping, "and the subsequent proceedings interested me no more" until about 10 P. M., when we entered the harbor of Boulogne. Passing under the inspection of the Gens d'arms, who came immediately on board, we landed as speedily as possible and made our way to the nearest hotel, thankful to be on "terra firma" once more and solemnly declaring—in rather forcible language too—that we would sooner swim across the channel than try the "vin Boulogne" again. This being the height of the traveling season, we had some difficulty in finding accommodations; but after trying some half dozen hotels and having some amusing experiences in the way of French and English conversation with the landladies, porters and garcons, we succeeded in establishing ourselves very comfortably at the Hotel d' Angleterre and enjoyed a good night's rest after the disagreeable and exhausting experiences of the day. One of our company, C., being unexpectedly detained in London over Sunday, F. and I agreed to wait for him here, and in the two days of our stay, we explored the town and environs of Boulogne which is not however particularly interesting place. On Sunday we took quite a long walk into the country, going in a southerly direction. Every thing and every body had to us a foreign and picturesque appearance. The peasant women all wear little white caps, and the little children too, (the girls I mean) look very cunning in caps that would do for their great-grandmothers. They are very polite, too; as we sat resting awhile in a shady lane near a wayside shrine where was a crucifix with the figure of Christ nearly life size, a little girl of some eight or nine years came trotting along and greeted us with a pleasant "Bon jour, Messieurs" as she passed. On Monday we took a ramble along the beach, going two or three miles, saw a steamer start out for London, and amused ourselves with watching the funny bathing machines; these are small houses on wheels with steps at the back; they harness a horse to them, drive down into the water, turn round and leave the machine there for the bathers to come out at their leisure. This beach is magnificent, the sand is soft and fine, free from stones or shells. After gazing awhile at the bobbing heads in the water, we climbed up the steep cliffs, which are about two hundred feet high and almost perpendicular. It was tha hardest climbing I ever attempted, but we reached the top at last and were amply repaid for our trouble by the magnificent sight of the breakers rolling in and dashing over the rocks at the end of the cliffs, throwing the spray thirty feet or more into the air. It was truly a glorious spectacle. We also had a pleasant row upon the river before returning to our hotel to dinner. C. arrived by the Monday evening boat and at 2 P. M. of Tuesday we took the train for Paris. Arriving at ten and being somewhat tired of sitting still so long we walked directly across the city to the Hotel des Etrangers—in the Students' Quarters, or Quartier Latin as it is called, very near the Luxembourg Palace. Thus we took our first view of Paris by gaslight and found it perfectly fascinating; we all noticed, too, its similarity in many respects to New York, and to me it seemed more home-like than any place I have seen on this side of the Ocean. The buildings are six and seven stories high like those of Boston or New York, while in London, with exceptions, they are three or four only. London is more solidly solemn and dignified; while Paris looks bright and fresh and very charming; the rows of trees in the principal streets make a most delightful shade on the wide sidewalks, and the benches placed along at intervals everywhere, are very pleasant to rest upon and watch the stream of humanity drift by.

Wednesday morning we started out to commence our explorations. The Louvre was the first thing on our programme, so we crossed the Seine by the famous Pont Neuf and soon reached this wonderful museum. I wish I could convey to you the least idea of the beautiful paintings we saw there; one hall in particular surpassed my most vivid imaginings, in the richness and elegance of its decorations; the ceilings of several rooms are most beautifully painted, and in the last picture gallery we entered was the exquisite Madonna of Murillo and several other Madonnas and celebrated originals of which I have seen copies or engravings everywhere. The famous Venus de Milo is here also (what is left of her) and is in the centre of an admiring group all the time. We visited the Louvre again before leaving Paris, not feeling half satisfied with what we could see in one day, but weeks or months could not exhaust its resources. Before leaving London I had made an engagement to call on a friend in the Boulevard Haussmau, and on my walk thither passed the Column Vendome, in a state of reconstruction, and the Grand Opera House, a very beautiful building now nearly completed and occupying a whole square. It is covered with elegant sculptures and bronze statues, and the dome is surmounted by Apollo holding his lyre up to the sky.

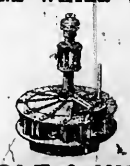
I really thought when I commenced this letter to have put more of Paris into it; but as I have already made it quite long enough for its proper allowance of space in your paper, I will postpone further description and send a second chapter on Paris to the next number.

K.

THE West in general offers good homes to men who work hard, have a little capital to keep them for a year or two, and are patient, self-denying and hopeful.

This sounds like a commendation of The West, but there is no country under the sun which does not offer good homes to men who have these qualifications. Virginia with her sister States of the Southern Atlantic has long sent out swarms of her children who have a kindly climate, a responsive soil, and the neighborhood of friends and cultivated society, to seek in an unbroken wilderness, or midst the wild turbulence of a frontier, the success which might here be achieved with a tithe of the toil, privation, self-denial and time that are called for.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

JAMES LEFFEL'S
TURBINE WATER WHEEL.



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THE CHRISTMAS BABY.

BY WILL CARLTON, AUTHOR OF "FARM BALLADS."

[Our December number contained a charming little poem on the same subject; but it seems that there are different ways of looking at such a "Christmas Gift from Heaven" as a baby.]

Hoot! ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way,
Crowdin' yersel amongst us this blusterin' winter's day,
Knowin' that we already have three of yo, an' seven,
And trying to make yerself out a Christmas present from Heaven?

Ten of ye have we now, sir, for this world to abuse;
An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat, and Nellie she have no shoes,
An' Sammie, he have no shirt, sir (I tell it to his shame),
An' the one that was just before ye we ain't had time to name!

An' all o' the banks be-smashin', an' on us poor folk fall;
An' Boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had at all;
An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woful plight,
An' all of us wonders at moruin' as what we shall eat at night;

An' but for your father an' Sandy a-findin' something what to do,
An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us through,
An' but for your poor dear mother a-doin' twice her part,
Ye'd 'a seen us all in heaven afore ye was ready to start!

An' now *ye* have come, ye rascal! so healthy an' fat an' sound,
A-weighin,' I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound!
With yer mother's eyes a flashin,' yer father's flesh an' huild,
An' a good big mouth an' stomach all ready for to be filled!

No, no! don't cry my baby! hush up, my pretty one!
Don't get my chaff in yer eye, boy—I only was just in fun.
Ye'll like us when ye know us, although we're cur'us folks;
But we don't get much victual, an' half our liviu' is jokes!

Why, boy, did ye take me in earnest? come, sit upon my knee;
I'll tell ye a secret, youngster—I'll name ye after me.
Ye shall have all yer brothers an' sisters with ye to play,
An' ye shall have yer carriage, an' ride out every day!

Why, boy, do ye think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old,
But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold;
An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still them's yer brothers, there,
An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair!

Say! when you come from heaven, my little namesake dear,
Did ye see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like this one here?
That was yer little sister—she died a year ago,
An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the snow!

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew
Came here with all their traps, boy, an' offered 'em for you,
I'd show 'em to the door, sir, so quick they'd think it odd,
Before I'd sell to another my Christmas gift from God.

ON THE POND.

It is a cold winter-day. The pond is frozen over, and the ice is thick and strong. Now is the time for skating.

Ah! the boys and girls are at it already. There is Charles on his skates, pushing Jane before him on his sled; and away they go over the ice. Come, Ponto, you and I will go out and see the fun. I must put on my cape-overcoat and my fur cap; and Ponto, if you have no objection, I'll take a cigar to keep my nose warm. It is a bad habit, I know; but you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Here we are on the pond. How smooth the ice is! We must step very carefully, or we shall come down head-foremost, like that awkward boy over there. That would be no fun at all to a man of my weight.

What is this boy sitting down on the ice for? Oh! he has had a fall, and got a bump on his head. Never mind, my boy. Pick yourself up, and try again.

Ah! what have we here? Warm doughnuts? Well, this is something quite new.

Let me see! I have some change in my pocket. Six will be enough, little girl. Charley and Jane, come this way, and I'll treat you. Come, Ponto, we will go up on the bridge.—*The Nursery.*

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

There is, in a quiet, shady corner of the Monument Cemetery in Philadelphia, a grave which has always had a curious interest for me. Above it is a plain slab with the name *Alfred* ——, *aged eighteen*, and the marble figure of a dog, life-size, with the legend below, "Faithful until death."

Not an ideal dog, by any means; not a poetic Newfoundland, or greyhound, superb in strength and grace. This is assuredly a portrait from life; an ugly, real dog of the mastiff kind, his head sunk between his forelegs, and his set jaws and steady eyes turned on you with all the meaning of an implacable foe, or unflinching friend.

What the story may be of the solitary grave and the dog watching over it, I never have tried to discover. One does not care to look closely into these hints and fragments of other lives that we meet every day, nor to rob them of their pathos and remoteness by too much handling. I like to believe, though, that the dog lies with his master in the grave below, and that one faithful beast, at least, has Christian burial among human beings who were not all faithful.

The grave reminds me of another dog, and his story, which I knew long ago. He belonged to that famous, nameless breed of yellow curs which Dr. Holmes has made immortal, and passed his early youth in a Western town, in certain disreputable practices common to dogs and boys not born or reared within the so-called pale of society. Chief among which practices, of course, came the getting his living by "progging," to use the Southern courteous word for that illegal sort of business.

He was the terror of scavengers and butcher-boys. He led a corps of other yellow dogs, low-born terriers and "mups," which became a well-known band of alley ruffians, back-yard Pikes and slop-tail Rangers, whose bloody battles were sung by all the boys in town.

It was in the depth of this doggish depravity that the nameless brute was adopted by Dick Frazer, washed by a souse in the river, fed, taken into the house and christened by the name of that most gentle gentleman, Don Quixote, familiarly—Don.

Never did boy or dog so suddenly yield and accept civilization. After that first two days' adoption and bath, Don abandoned all his evil ways, never even visited a back-yard, passed his old associates on the full trot, too princely, however, to snub them as King Hal did poor old Jack, but giving them a good-humored growl of dismissal.

"Even this ill-bred cur was loyal to our Dick," Dick's sisters said. They were school-girls, a little apt to be sentimental, and made our Dick a sort of hero. But in reality everybody liked Dick's dog, just as they liked anything belonging to Dick.

When the boy came bursting into school, his shoes unblackened, one suspender down and his handsome face alive with fun, the boys laughed, and the old doctor called him severely to order. But after all, the boys followed him in any prank he chose, and the doctor laid his hand tenderly on the boy's curly head, as on no other.

There never was a boy, probably, who had so much to do, or so many friends to help him in the doing of it, as Dick Frazer. Besides school, where he was the leader, as we have seen, there was the farm, where the boys came out on Saturday afternoons to help with the haying, or to go gunning for squirrels. Don soon learned to take an interest in these pursuits, and became so skilful that no dog to the manor horn could equal him in treeing a squirrel, or making a horrible rumpus on the hayfield.

ON THE POND.

There were lectures on chemistry, too, which Dick came in to hear at night, (the farm lying just on the edge of the town.) Mr. Perron, the professor, when he wanted an assistant, was sure to call on Frazer, whose face and laugh always put the audience in a good humor. For everybody, from Mayor House down to Tad Clemens, the one-eyed carter, knew the boy, and while they would allow the "riff-raff" of school-boys to rush past them unnoticed, were sure to hail him with "Hollo, Frazer!" and "What's going on at school now?" and "Top of the class;" or "Tail, Dick, eh?" And when he was gone they would remark, "Fine lad that, sir. He brings my own boyhood back, somehow," with a shake of the head.

Everybody knew, too, without its being talked about, what a generous, noble fellow he was, ready to give his last peanut to a boy, even one that he did not like; the kind of chap who would jump into the water and risk his life to save any other boy's, if need were. Mothers always felt safe when they saw he was in the party that their Sam or Joe had joined.

"If Dick Frazer is along, there'll be nothing done that's mean or ungentlemanly," they said.

In short there was not a boy in the town so much respected, as well as loved, which makes the end of it all the harder to understand.

One cold December evening, Don, trotting along behind his master from town out to the farm, noticed that he was joined by another boy whose appearance Don did not at all approve. He had an indefinable resemblance somehow to the underbred curs whose acquaintance Don had long ago dropped. Beyond a surly growl or two, however, he did not venture to express his feelings.

Presently the boy stopped at the door of an eating-house on the very edge of the town, and appeared to be coaxing Dick in. He shiv. red, too, and made his teeth chatter, as if quite overcome with cold, at which Dick laughed, and nodded, and finally went in.

When the boys came out it was with very red faces, and laughing more loudly than Don could find any occasion for. He did not like the looks of the shabby house, nor the smells that hung about it. He trotted to the gate a dozen times and looked back for his master to follow him. But Dick was slow to follow him. He loitered about the door of the place until it was dark, and then going home chose the path through the woods, and stole up to bed the back way.

After that day half of Don's fun was gone. Two months passed and Dick very seldom joined the schoolboys in their games. He always had some engagement with his new friend, and when it delayed them until after dark, they never failed to call at the shabby restaurant.

At home, too, there was an atmosphere of gloom and trouble that made Don shun the house. Old Mr. Frazer seldom smiled when Dick was in the room, and there were sometimes high and angry words between the father and son, while Dick's mother sat by, pale and weeping.

Dick plodded to and from town, now, with his head down. No more whistling or shouts to the neighbors, or races with the dog down the hills. In town, too, people did not now hail the boy as they met him. The men looked keenly at him and shook their heads, and the women watched him curiously and pitifully. Don used to slink behind, with his tail between his legs. He knew they were in disgrace.

At school, while he lay on the gravel path every day waiting for Dick to come out, he could often hear the teacher's voice within raised harshly, and Dick's sullen reply. Don always walked closer to his master on these days, licked his hand or frisked before him, clumsily trying to make him laugh.

Even his purblind, doggish eyes and sense told him that the boy needed a friend and kindness, rather than perpetual scolding. One day he heard, first the master's harsh voice, and the cracking of a whip's lash, and the next moment Dick rushed out, his face on fire. The dog ran after him, but he could not reach him, until the lad from the restaurant joined him, and the two boys disappeared down an alley. Don went home alone. Late that night he was wakened, as he lay asleep in the stable, by somebody's arms about him, and Dick's hot tears raining down on his face.

"Lie still, Don! Lie still, sir!" when the dog would have followed him.

There was a dark figure at the stable-door. "I'm ready, Joe; that's the only friend I have to say good-by to. Not one of the others will ever care to see my face again."

He shut the door. Don barked and

leaped against it, but it was of no use. The door was shut.

When it was opened in the morning Dick was not to be found in the house, nor on the farm, nor in the town. Don's begging eyes and whine asked of everybody where he was, but no one answered him.

Months and years passed. Don grew into a sober, grave dog, but Dick Frazer came to the old place no more. His father, as if unable to bear the disgrace which had fallen on him, sold the farm and moved to another part of the country; but Don remained behind, and lingered about Dick's old haunts as though he watched and waited for him to return.

One day late in the fall two men arrived in the village by a Western train, both shabby and disreputable in appearance; one a bloated, ragged man of twenty-two, bore more than the other every sign of hopeless dissipation and want. He came down from the platform of the depot into the street, with a cowed, furtive glance around, while his companion swaggered after him.

Several of the towns-people, who were gathered in a group near by, scanned the pair curiously. The miserable creature in advance came up to them.

"Good-evening, gentlemen."

They bowed coldly.

"You do not recognize me, captain?" to the station-master.

Captain Digby shook his head and turned his back on him.

The stranger hesitated a minute and then crept off, not too soon to hear Digby's loud comment,—

"It's that fellow Frazer, who left the town for the town's good long ago. I wonder what almshouse has sent him back?"

Frazer stood still for an instant, and then went up to his companion.

"You shall not follow me, Strong. I tell you that plainly. I'm going to make one more effort, God helping me, to go back to my old ways, and there's no chance for it with you at my back."

"Good luck to you Dick!" laughing; "going to give up your bitters along with all the other deviltry, eh?"

"Yes if there's one old friend left to take me by the hand, I'll do it," looking wistfully up and down the street. "I can't do it alone."

"Your old friends did not give you a very hearty welcome just now!" sneeringly.

"They never knew or cared for me. I have some good friends here though."

"All right," taking a seat and drawing out a cigar; "you go and find them, and if they are not to be found come back to me. Joe Strong'll not turn his back on you. We'll go down to the races by the next train. I'll wait for you here."

Dick Frazer turned from him and crept down the street. The shame and misery of meeting those people who had once known and loved him were almost more than he could face. Once or twice he stopped, half turning to go back, but walked on again, desperately. He bent his steps first toward home, but when he reached the outskirts of the farm an unfamiliar air about it bewildered him.

"My father would never have cut down those old poplars," he thought, and beckoned to a boy passing by.

"Who lives here now?"

"Squire Chester."

"Mr. Frazer—he—he is not dead?"

"No. They've moved away long ago."

Dick staggered up against the fence. Whoever turned against him he had thought his mother would be waiting with her arms outstretched ready to welcome her boy. She, too, was gone!

After awhile two men, neighboring farmers, friends of his father, who had often trotted Dick on their knees, rode down the hill. He went up to them, and laid his hand on the crupper of the saddle near to him.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Forbes?"

The farmer, a stern old Scotchman, looked at him sharply a minute.

"Yes, I know you, Richard Frazer. And I know very little good of you."

They rode past him without another word, not looking back.

Standing there in the dusty road with the sunshine hot about him, it seemed to Dick but a day since he had raced along the road, a happy, light-hearted boy. It was not so long ago! Not so long ago that every man's hand should be turned against him! He knew how he had sinned, what a bloated, drunken wretch he was, trembling even now for the need of liquor. But there was something within him alive, and eager, and strong; the old, boyish Dick Frazer, holding up his hands to God asking to be his old self again. God knew that! God pitied him. Could not one of these men pity him, hold out his hand, speak one friendly word?

He was not strong; the hold of liquor on him was like death itself. He could not free himself from it without help.

What did it matter? He would go back to Strong and to the races. He would not live long, drinking as he had been doing. The sooner it was over the better, perhaps.

Who was that coming down the hill on horseback? Surely, the old Prof. Perron, who used to make a pet of him in the class. He was a kindly soul—a gentleman. He would not turn his back on him.

Dick waited in the middle of the road. When the old Professor came up Dick took off his hat and looked at him, but he could not speak a word. It seemed to him he was on trial, whether he should live or die, and the verdict was about to be rendered.

He held out his hands. The old man threw him a coin and rode on.

The truth was, he thought Dick was a beggar.

Frazer stood stunned for a minute, and then turned and began to walk hastily toward the depot. He could see Strong waiting for him.

But as he passed into the street a dog rushed out of a house toward him, leaped on him, ran before and behind him wild with joy, licked his hand, and finally tugging at his trowsers challenged him to a race.

"The poor brute knows me; Don! Don!"

Dick sat down, weak and trembling, by the roadside. The tears were in his eyes. He hugged the dog, stroked him, laughed aloud at his joyous, clumsy antics. "He thinks I am a boy still! *He* knows there's no real change."

It gave him a strange comfort that this creature believed him to be the same. *He would be the same*; in spite of Strong, or the years gone, or the accursed liquor. He was not without friends. God cared for him—and Don.

He sat quietly awhile by the roadside, until the train had started, and then he walked slowly and thoughtfully down the lane, the dog close beside him laughing, as dogs can laugh.

Presently a horse galloped up behind, and the Professor sprang off hurriedly, his old face flushed with excited feeling.

"It is my old friend Dick! After I had passed you your face troubled me, I felt it was one I ought to know, and then I remembered! What are you doing here, my dear boy?" shaking his hands violently.

"Planning how I shall ever be the old Dick Frazer again," smiling sadly.

The old man laid his hand on his shoulder. "You wish to try? God help you. Come right home to me, and I'll do what I can to help, too."

How Dick went home with him, how for a year the deadly struggle went on between the boy and the thirst for drink that was dragging him to the grave, how the old man stood by him, and with prayers, and cheerful words, and incessant watchfulness, stanchly aided him, restoring him at last to his mother reformed—a noble, brave, helpful man—is too long a story for us to tell!

But the old Professor always says, "It was the dog who saved him, not I."—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

The question how to succeed in life is one which interests everybody. The highest success is not always money making it is true. To succeed in doing the most good may require an entire sacrifice of fortune sometimes; even to succeed in study merely, in science or in art may be quite inconsistent with that devotion of time and thought to business which is necessary to success in buying up riches. The world's greatest benefactors, its greatest authors and inventors and poets and artists have very seldom been its richest men. But even money making, if we will use the money as God's stewards and not for our own selfishness, may be a right object of pursuit, and it is interesting and well to know that the surest road to success in it is not by dishonesty and speculation, as some would have us think.

An interesting New York letter tells us how in that great city, among all its competition and corruption, some honest men have made

FORTUNES IN A SMALL WAY.

"One can count on his ten fingers the heavy merchants that have stood unmoved during a quarter of a century. The heaviest houses topple down and the richest men pass out of sight. But there is a class of men who maintain uninterrupted prosperity. These are men who began small, had a specialty, always sold the exact article they professed, kept grubbing on from year to year, and waited for fortune till she chose to appear. One of the heaviest paper houses in New York was begun by a man who was a rag picker. He began in the smallest possible way. When he had only a small basketful he assorted them fairly and honestly. It soon got the confidence of the trade. His rags were always the quality that he represented; and he walked over the course, always making progress, always making money. In his immense warehouse, to-day, buyers are sure to find when they get home the exact article that they purchased.

"Some years ago a man set up a little cigar store. His specialty was that he would not keep a domestic cigar on his shelves. The article that he sold was invariably good, and he made a fortune. There are half a dozen old caterers in New York. They are fifty and sixty years old. Two or three of them are in cellars or in small rooms. The floor is sanded; the seats are without backs; the tables are without cloths; the head of the house waits on his customers, coat off, white apron around his waist, the perspiration on his forehead; he broils and stews and fries for his customers. Everything about the room is just as it was thirty years ago. In these little dens, from twelve to two, one cannot sit or stand for the crowd. The first merchants in New York fill the place. Chops, beefsteaks, hams, English mutton, are specialties. The man who waits on these clerks and merchants could buy a house on Fifth avenue and live in it if he wanted to.

"In a little underground room, near Bleecker, half a mile west of Broadway, is the well known pork establishment of Tilston the Quaker. He has been forty years in that one place, and all the while dealing in one article—pig pork, corn fed. His specialties are sausages and miniature chop steaks. When he does not receive the article he wants, he will not buy anything. Often when his customers call for goods he has none. It is considered a great favor to get his chops and things. He divides what he makes among his customers. The aristocracy of New York and all up and down the river patronize him. It is no uncommon thing to see the coaches of Astor, Livingston, Taylor, and other wealthy people in front of the old Quaker's door. The room is without ornament, and almost without furniture, but it is spick span clean, and one could eat off the floor. The old Quaker does all his work himself; will trust nobody, and has amassed a fortune."

BOUQUETS.—When you receive a bouquet sprinkle it lightly with fresh water, then put it in a vessel containing soap suds; this will nutrify the stem and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways (the stock entering first) into clean water. Keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water; replace it in the soap suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last longer in a very passable state; but attention of the finer creatures, as directed above must be observed, or all will perish.

At Home.

A VERY OLD VERSE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Devoutly look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee.

LOOK AFTER THE EYES.—Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that on waking the eyes shall open on the light of the window.

Do not use eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light of a window.

It is best to have the light from above, or obliquely, or over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates a glare and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment stop and talk, walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively inclined to rub the eyes, that moment cease to use them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking, do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger, and then wash your eyes and face with warm water.

BABY IS DREADFULLY CROSS.—No, madam, not cross at all. He is sick. Babies do not cry for fun, nor from "total depravity." The cry is the only sign baby can give of discomfort; and because your dull vision cannot see what the discomfort is, it does not follow that there is none. The cry is the babe's unconscious appeal to the mother for help, at least for comfort and solace. Nothing makes our blood so hot with indignation as to see the answer the little ones sometimes get from the nurse, and even from the mother herself.

SMOKY WICKS.—The unsatisfactory light frequently given by kerosene lamps is often due to the wick. The filtering of several quarts of oil through a wick, which stops every particle of dust in it, must, of course, gradually obstruct the pores of the wick. Consequently, although a wick may be long enough to last some time, its conducting power may be so impaired that a good light cannot be obtained.

DESERVE friends and you will have them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your own bosom to call out goodness and friendliness from others.

CULTURE IN SAND.—Take a china bowl, glass dish, vase, or in fact anything of an ornamental character, capable of containing moisture; fill it with silver sand in the shape of a pyramid. In the centre plant a Hyacinth; and at equal distances round the sides three or more, according to the size of the vessel, filling up the spaces between with Crocuses, Snowdrops, Dwarf Tulips, Jonquils, Scillas, or a mixture of all. In planting, the bulbs should be carefully pushed into the sand, allowing the top alone to be seen. The vessel should then be immersed in a bucket of water for about five minutes, in order to fix the bulbs in their position. The bath must be repeated once a week, or oftener if required, for on no account should the sand be allowed to get dry. Place it in the dark for a fortnight, and afterward in any cool, well-lighted, airy room.

FROM MOTHER'S RECEIPT BOOK.

We have not opened Mother's receipt book for the benefit of our readers for some time. Here is a receipt which we think is one of the best in it, and all who try it will find it both wholesome and delicious.

RACHEL'S OAT-CAKE.—Mix together one teacupful of oatmeal, and two large tablespoonfuls of flour. Add one tea-spoonful of salt, or more, to taste. Boil together one and a half tea-cupfuls of water and one tea-cupful of milk. Stir into this while boiling the mixture of oatmeal and flour. Boil for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add a piece of butter the size of a large walnut. This makes a stiff paste. Bake it in an earthern pie plate, smoothing it over with a spoon with a little milk. Bake half or three quarters of an hour in a brisk oven. This receipt makes one cake.

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

A gentleman once entered the baggage car of a railroad train and desiring to read some manuscript he chose the car because it was airy and retired. A youngster about fifteen years of age was occupying, with great abandon, a chair. The gentleman wishing to sit near the open door of the car to obtain both light and air, thus accosted the youngster:

"Bub, will you exchange that chair for my seat for a few moments?"

"No, sir! this chair is engaged."

The gentleman was very polite, as he recognized the young man's right to the chair, by actual possession. It appears that he was temporarily in charge of some express matter, his father being the expressman on the route; but the moral of the incident we shall give in relating another incident which occurred very many years ago. There was a very plainly dressed, elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry-goods store in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was the young man who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited on her with as much attention as though she had been a princess. This continued for a year or two until the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—"Young man, do you not wish to go into business for yourself?"

"Yes ma'am," he responded; "but I have neither money, credit nor friends, nor any one to trust me."

"Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address. The young man went, found a capital location, a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request he forthwith went to her and reported

"Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr.——, that I will be responsible."

He went, and the landlord or agent, was surprised, but the bargain was closed. The next day the lady called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added "What am I to do for goods; no one will trust me?"

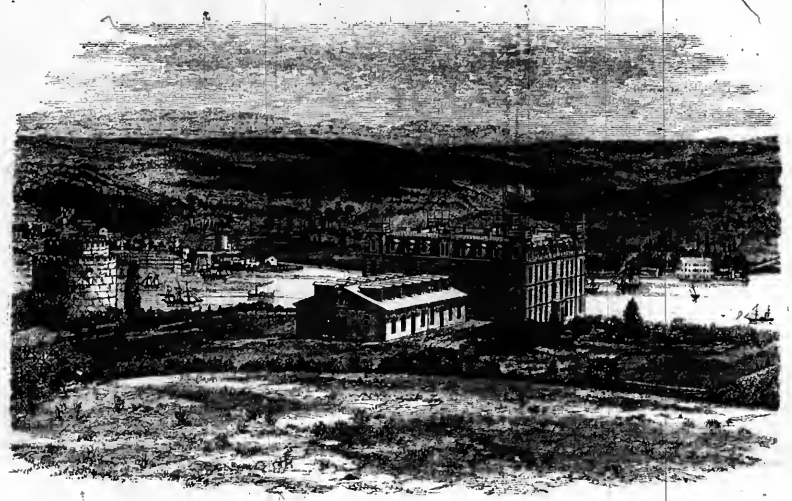
"You may go and see Mr.——, and Mr.——, and Mr.——, and tell them to call on me."

He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in the market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstances and the man. He died many years since and left a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. So much for politeness, so much for civility, and so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age in whatever garb they are clothed. Now this gentleman in the baggage car *might* have been a director of the road or a very influential man otherwise, and he *is* a very observing man and a good judge of character; a different answer from the youngster might have interested him in his behalf and led to some future advantage.—*Ex.*

ROBERT COLLEGE.

BY REV. E. E. BLISS, D. D.

Robert College was founded at Constantinople in 1860. A benevolent merchant of New York city, Christopher R. Robert Esq., having a few years before visited Constantinople and become deeply interested in the missionary work there, especially in its educational aspects, conceived the plan of establishing a high school for the benefit of the youth of various nationalities in that great metropolis. His plan for a high school, in conference and correspondence with the missionaries, grew into plans for the college which now bears his name, and following the leadings of Providence, and the promptings of his own generous heart, he has increased his donations to the enterprise from one of 30 000 dollars to a total of nearly 150,000. In fact, with the exception of about 6,000 dollars, he has provided all the funds expended for the establishment of the institution. The college was opened for the reception of students in 1863, in a building formerly occupied by the Mission Seminary of the American Board, and still mission property, at Bebek, a village on the Bosphorus. In 1871 a change was made to the present quarters, at Hissar, another village on the Bosphorus, a short distance above Bebek. The picture on the opposite page gives a view of the new college building and its surroundings. The round tower on the left is a portion of an old castle, built by the Turks more than four centuries ago, when they were marching to the capture of the city of Constantinople, six miles below. On the opposite shore of the Bosphorus appears, between the tower and the college, the beautiful valley of the heavenly water, with its gardens and meadows, a place of quiet resort for Turkish women on holidays, especially on Fridays, the sacred day of Mohammedans. On the same side of the Bosphorus, and appearing to the right of the college, is a royal kiosk, a summer-house of the Sultan, a perfect gem of architectural beauty. The college itself with the American flag waving above it, occupies the centre of the picture. It is built entirely of stone quarried from the hill on which it stands. The main portion of the building (more than 100 feet square) has in the centre a quadrangular court, paved and open to the sky. Galleries extend around this court in the different stories, affording facilities for intercommunication and ventilation. The extension in the rear has been recently made, to provide a larger study room and chapel for the increasing number of students.



ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Almost from the start the college has had as many students as the building occupied could accommodate. The present number is 230, representing more than fifteen different nationalities. The professor and teachers number twenty, of whom nine are Americans. As a large portion of the students and teachers lodge on the premises, the present quarters are altogether too strait; and Dr. Hamlin, the President of the college, has recently come to the United States to secure funds for the erection of additional buildings. The current expenses of the institution (salaries of teachers, etc.) are covered by what is received from the students, each individual paying 40 English pounds, or 200 dollars in gold. The site of the college is much more commanding than would perhaps be inferred from the picture. Standing by the flag staff upon the top of the building, the spectator looks down upon the Bosphorus, nearly four hundred feet almost directly beneath him, and can see almost the whole length (twelve to fifteen miles) of the valley of that beautiful stream, with its winding shores, numerous villages, palaces, mosques, gardens, shade trees and green fields,—a view often pronounced unsurpassed in the world. To the traveler passing up or down the Bosphorus, in caique or steamer, the college looks like some mighty castle perched on a hill to guard the passage below. It attracts the eye of every passer by.

Hardly less prominent is the position occupied by the college as an educational institution. The superiority of the discipline and culture it gives to students was soon made manifest. Its reputation in this respect is still on the increase. The number of graduates is indeed small compared with the whole number of students, for very many come for only a partial course of study, and a special preparation for business life; but some of these graduates are already in positions of great influence and usefulness. The college has, too, a very stimulating influence upon other educational institutions springing up in such numbers among the different nationalities in Constantinople and its vicinity. It is regarded as a model; its methods of instruction and discipline are watched with great interest, discussed, and ere long will, to a greater or less extent, doubtless, be copied.

The Teachers' Table.

BRIEF HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Go to school in season. Call school at the right time. Have the pupils come in promptly and quietly. Write out your order of exercises. Arrange your programme as well as you can. Carry it out to the minute. Consider it as necessary for you to follow it as for the children to follow it. Provide enough work for every pupil. Suppress whispering. Secure the co-operation of your pupils. Lead them to see that it is for their interest to have good order and a good school. Require hard study from the pupils. Lead them to love school. Give short lessons. Assign them so plainly that none may mistake their lessons. Have the lessons well studied. Require clearness, promptness and accuracy in recitation. A little, well known, is of great value. Let not "how much, but how well," be your motto. Do not assist the pupils at recitation. Cultivate their self-reliance. Self-help is their best help. Do not let them help each other. Excite an interest in study. Be enthusiastic yourself and you will make your pupils enthusiasts. Encourage those who need encouragement. Review often. Talk but little. Be quiet yourself. Speak kindly and mildly. Be firm. If you love the pupils, they will love you. Keep good order. Government is the main thing.—*Teacher.*

AIR THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

In a recent physiological work a very simple method of ventilating rooms is mentioned, which is said to prevent a draught from being felt—an inconvenience often experienced when rooms are ventilated by the windows. A piece of wood, three inches high and exactly as long as the breadth of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part: but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draught, will enter and leave the room.

WHY EARS SHOULD NOT BE BOXED.

In "Physiology for Practical Use" (D. Appleton & Co.) we find the following: There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided. And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially that adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or overstretch the membrane, he could devise no more efficient means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for escape but by the membrane giving way. Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

There are five young ladies tapping at the door of Columbia College of this city for admittance. The College was founded, according to the charter, "for the education of youth," and they claim to come under that head. One of these young ladies desires to enter the medical department, the other four the classical. While they are listening for the word to come from the inside officials, they are making studious preparations for their entrance. This is one of the nine ancient colleges of America, and has grown extremely rich from the enormous rise of property in New York city for the past hundred years.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching the idle boys. One day he called out to us, 'Boys, I must have a closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"'Indeed!' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and I never looked for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others. Time is short, and if your cross be heavy, remember you have not far to carry it.

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

FEBRUARY 7, 1875.

THE CROSS FORETOLD.

MATT. xvi: 21–27.

21 From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day.

22 Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee.

23 But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.

24 Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any *man* will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.

25 For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

26 For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

27 For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then shall he reward every man according to his works.

Golden Text.—WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?—Matt. xvi: 26.

Up to this time Jesus had taught the people that he was the Christ, and the faith of his immediate disciples had been so strengthened by his teachings and mighty works as to draw from them the acknowledgment through Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus had before given them intimations of his coming trials and sorrows, hut they did not yet understand the whole truth in regard to him, for they still thought he was to be a great king on earth. Now that they are able to bear it because of their faith in him, he makes a clear statement of the events that are about to take place, and tells them plainly that he must die, and when and where he is to suffer. His terrible sufferings, even unto death, were clearly foreseen by him all the time; yet he willingly and joyfully endured them all because of the great love wherewith he loved us.

The disciples heard these words with great sorrow. Peter, with his usual haste, was the first to speak: "Far be it from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." Peter loved his Lord, and could not bear to think that his foes should overcome him and put him to shame; but he ought not to have spoken thus, for Jesus knew what was before him, and that God's purposes must be carried out or the whole world would be lost. Now this man was ready to set up his own will against the will of God, and Jesus interrupted him with the same stern rebuke with which he met the tempter in the wilderness: "Get thee behind me, Satan." It was Satan that made Peter feel that he could not have the words of the Saviour come true. Should we not here learn from Christ—our example—that all counsel that would lead us from the path of known duty must be cast aside as evil—even though it come from the lips of our friends. Let no one, however much you love him, persuade you to do wrong. It is our highest duty to seek to know and follow God's will, not our own desires and feelings.

Jesus then goes on to show, that not only must *he* suffer, but that all who would be his followers must expect to suffer also in various ways. It was a custom in that country when a man was to be crucified that he must bear his own cross to the place where he was to die. Christ here teaches that if any man would come after him he must deny himself and take up his cross; that is, must be prepared, if needful, to endure hardship in his service—to say NO to self, to choose Christ in preference to worldly wealth or praise or pleasure, and to regard his approval as dearer than life itself. Let us ponder well the solemn questions of verse 26. If it were possible to gain even the whole world by shunning the cross, what real gain would there be if we lost our soul? for the world and the fashion of it soon passeth away, but the soul endureth forever. Is it not the part of true wisdom to deny self—take up a cross—lose all the world—risk life itself—so that when Christ shall come the second time in his glory, to reward every man according to his works, we may be prepared to receive him with joy, and enter upon the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for those only who are the loving and faithful subjects of his kingdom here below?

LESSON II.

Feb. 14, 1875.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

MATT. xvii. 1–8.

1 After six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart,

2 And was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.

3 And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him.

4 Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.

5 While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and, behold, a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.

6 And when the disciples heard *it*, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid.

7 And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid.

8 And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only.

Golden Text.—THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED; HEAR YE HIM.—Matt. 17: 5.

It was six days after the announcement of his coming death that Jesus went up into a mountain to pray (Luke ix: 28), as he was in the habit of doing, and took three of his disciples with him. As Jesus prayed he was transfigured before them. His face grew like the sun and his clothes like robes of glory. With the dark prospect of suffering immediately before him, this moment's return of glory which he had laid aside was fitted to strengthen him for the trying scenes that awaited him, as well as to reassure the disheartened disciples. They had seen his trials and sufferings; now they got a glimpse of the glory to follow. He had hitherto appeared to them as the Son of man, sorrow stricken and afflicted; now he stands before them as the Son of God attended by the noblest of earth who had entered heaven. Moses, whom God buried, and Elijah who went to heaven without dying, came and talked with him. We read that they talked with Jesus about his death which was soon to take place (Luke 9: 33).

This is the sweetest truth that saints in glory can speak of; for if Christ had not died they never could have reached the heavenly Jerusalem, where they sing the new song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." God, the Father, saved Moses and Elijah because Christ was to die. Peter felt it so good to be there—so much better than the suffering at Jerusalem which Christ had foretold—that he wished to stay. He thought he would like to spend all the rest of his life in such a blessed spot, with such holy company. But he knew not what he said (Luke ix: 30). No, Christ know better than Peter what was good for him, as he knows what is good for us far better than we ourselves. Christ knew that it was absolutely needful that he should descend from the mount of glory into the valley of humiliation, and become obedient even unto the death of the cross that they and a lost world might have redemption through his blood; for "without shedding of blood is no remission."

While Peter was saying what he would like, a bright cloud overshadowed them; and to add to Christ's glory, a voice—none other than the voice of God—spake out of the cloud, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." Do you remember when these words had been spoken before? (Matt. iii: 16, 17). As God's beloved Son, Jesus was far greater than Moses or Elias, for this was He of whom Moses and the prophets did write. They were henceforth to hear Him and Him only—who is himself the Way, the Truth and the Life.

When the disciples heard God's voice they were sore afraid. They knew they were weak and sinful men; and to feel God near always fills a sinful man with awe. No wonder they feared when they realized they were in the presence of the pure and holy God. But Jesus came and kindly touched them; and what comfort and courage his cheering words, "Arise, and be not afraid," must have brought to them. Looking up, "they saw no man save Jesus only"—their well-known and best-loved friend. The Father's word to us as well as to the early disciples is "Hear ye Him." This is God's command to all men, which makes it our bounden duty, as it is also our highest privilege, to hear and obey Jesus. "To hear him" is to earnestly study his Word, learn his will, follow his example, love him and serve him here; and then we may look for his coming to take us to he with him where "our bodies will be fashioned like unto *his* glorious body."

LESSON III.

Feb. 21, 1875.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

MATT. xix: 13–15.

13 Then were there brought unto him little children that he should put *his* hands on them, and pray: and his disciples rebuked them.

14 But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

15 And he laid *his* hands on them, and departed thence.

Golden Text.—I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME; AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.—Prov. viii: 17.

After the transfiguration, Jesus went back to Capernaum, his own city, and dwelt there for a time, still teaching the people and preparing his disciples for the sad future before them. Then he set out on his last journey to Jerusalem. It was on this journey, when he had come "into the coasts of Judea beyond Jordan" that they brought unto him young children that he might bless them. That Jesus, that good and holy man, should lay his hands on their little ones and bless them, was all the thought of these eager parents as they endeavored to bring those evidently too young to come of their own accord into his presence. Here is an example for the friends of children in all time. *Bring them to Jesus.* Christ's disciples considered the coming up of these children a great interruption. They thought Jesus ought not to be troubled with little children—that they were of no consequence in comparison with the grown-up people to whom he was talking; and they tried to turn them away. But Jesus was "much displeased" (Mark x: 14) and called them unto him (Luke xviii: 16). We can hardly be sorry that the disciples acted so, because of the words which they drew forth from the loving Saviour. Jesus gave these parents their desire and more, far more; for in blessing that little company of children, he blessed all the children of the world. "Suffer them to come to me" was spoken not to them alone, but long as time shall last, the sweet music of those words is for every home, for every little one, in every land.

Forbid them not. From that time none might say to the youngest, simplest child, "You cannot," or "You must not come to Jesus; you are too young, too thoughtless, too sinful." No, we are certain now. The Friend of children is his name; none shall dare to drive the little ones from his feet. For of such is the kingdom of heaven. Of just such children as these; that is, all children who come to Jesus, God's kingdom on earth is in part made up; for God has a kingdom in this world as well as in the world to come. Within it are gathered all who belong to him, however young or old. The boy or girl who loves the right and shuns the wrong for Christ's sake; who is growing up hating sin, striving to be like Jesus, and seeking forgiveness and help through him who died for them, are happy members of that kingdom. Many dear children, we are glad to believe, belong to this company. Christ, unseen, has laid his hands upon them and blessed them. And this is but the beginning of their joy. The kingdom though here, is not *all* here. Heaven is beyond the grave, where many a dear child lies sleeping cold and still. "In that beautiful home he has gone to prepare" are gathered many little ones called from earth in Life's morning; "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is another and deeper lesson, too, to be learned from these words of Christ; that is, that all who would enter the kingdom must become *like* little children: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." This is a word for all—the wise, the great, the learned just as truly as the child at its mother's knee. All must become as children. But how can this be? We cannot all become young again. No; but God means that we must have the spirit and disposition of little children. Now a little child loves and trusts its parents more than anybody else, and is ready and glad to obey whatever it is told to do. This is the way every one ought to be toward God. He is our Father in Heaven. He calls us to give ourselves up to him with entire trust, to believe his word, to trust his care, to obey his will, to put away all proud thoughts of our own strength and goodness, and come to his dear Son as our only Saviour.

Doubtless, many dear children, as they have listened to this beautiful narrative—telling them how Christ received the little ones who were brought to him when he was on the earth, have been ready to say in the words of one of our Sahhath-school songs,—

"How I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind looks when he said
'Let the little ones come unto me.'"

We may well look back with longing to that happy time, for we all could wish—had it been possible—to have known Jesus here on earth. But though we cannot see his form or hear his voice; yet he is truly and always near. Now that he has gone to heaven he is the same all-loving, all-forgiving, Saviour. "Lo, I am with you alway," were his last cheering words to his friends. We may always ask him to do for us the things that we need, with the sweet assurance that he hears us, is ever ready to help us in our little as well as great difficulties, to cheer us in our troubles, to make us like himself who was once a child, and who himself left us an example that we should follow in his steps.

LESSON IV.

Feb. 28, 1875.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

MATT. xix: 16–23.

16 And, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?

17 And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? *there is* none good but one, *that is*, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

18 He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness,

19 Honor thy father and *thy* mother: and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

20 The young man said unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?

21 Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come *and* follow me.

22 But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions.

Golden Text.—WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS, THERE WILL YOUR HEART BE ALSO.—Luke xii: 34.

After the blessing of the little ones the next recorded incident of this journey is the coming to Jesus of the young man who was rich and had great power; for Luke tells us he was a "ruler." He came asking the most important question that ever comes into the thoughts of men: "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Without doubt the question was proposed in all sincerity and with the honest intention to do what was needful—although the sequel shows that he was not equal to the self-denial that was required. He was so much in earnest in this matter that he came running to Jesus and kneeled to him, thus showing that he was not ashamed to confess publicly his interest in and respect for Christ. Why did Jesus reprove the young man for calling him "good"? Christ certainly did not mean to deny that he had a right to the title, but it was to show the young man his error in applying it to him while he regarded him simply as a man; for no merely human being has so perfectly kept the divine law as to deserve this appellation; and Christ would not receive it on any such ground. "There is none good but God; but if thou wilt enter life keep the commandments," Christ adds. The precepts of the old Jewish law are here referred to, especially the ten commandments given by Moses. This is the law of the unchangeable God, and is just as binding upon us as upon the Jews to whom it was first spoken. Jesus said this, doubtless, to try him and to convince him that he had, by no means, kept the commandments; and that in supposing he had, he had deceived himself. His confident reply proved that though he had been a strict observer of the outward form of the law he was ignorant of its true spirit. It was of great importance, therefore, to convince him that he was, after all, a sinner. Only by perfect obedience could eternal life be obtained on the ground of personal merit. Although self-righteous, this young man was evidently no hypocrite, for "Jesus, beholding him, loved him". (Mark x: 21). He possessed many lovely traits;—he was exemplary in conduct. "All these have I kept from my youth up"; he had done all he thought the law of God required; but he had no peace of mind—underneath all was a consciousness that something was wanting. Neither his wealth, nor his position, nor his morality satisfied him. He expressed his sense of need first by coming to Christ to obtain the inheritance of eternal life; second, by his question, "What lack I yet"? He would gladly believe that he was devoted to spiritual things; but the Saviour's answer led him better to understand his own true character. He declared that he had kept the law. That law required among other things that he should love his neighbor as himself. It required also that he should love the Lord, his God, supremely; that is, more than all other objects. If he had true love to God he would have made haste and delayed not to obey his word; if he had loved his neighbor as himself he would cheerfully have used his wealth for his benefit. Jesus did not apply any strange test to him. "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me," is the general rule for all who would come to Christ. To part with his "great possessions" was *the* cross for this young man. He saw by this test that he had not kept the law as he before supposed; that he loved his riches and pleasures more than he loved God and his fellow-men. Many, like the young man, think they are willing to do anything that God requires of them in order to secure the heavenly inheritance; yet when they are told to forsake all and give up a cherished idol, they refuse. Turning his back upon Christ and refusing to take up his cross, did not make him happy: "He went away sorrowful." Lacking this "one thing" he lacked everything: for sincere love to God—a love that holds all things as from Him and is ready at his call to use all that he has given as he may direct—is "the one thing needful."

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." It makes every duty easy, every burden light. If we truly and heartily love our Father in Heaven the law does not trouble us; for that very love prompts us to "keep his commandments" and to find our greatest happiness in doing "the things that are pleasing in his sight."

This one interview with Christ is all we are told of the history of this young man. The last we see of him he is turning away from Christ, and so by that act choosing "treasures on earth" before "treasures in heaven." Christ had wisely led him to see for himself what he lacked, and with a saddened countenance he turned away; for he really desired eternal life, but could not consent to the required sacrifice. May none of us repeat the wretched choice!

"The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IV. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1875. NO. 3.

GOOD-NIGHT.

In connection with the beautiful illustration of the evening hour which we offer this month to our readers, we publish the still more beautiful little poem in which Longfellow, our famous American poet, has given us so charming a picture of "Good-night," and the merry hour which often precedes the going to bed of the children. In the family life of parents and children there is, or ought to be, no time when they are drawn nearer to each other, or when the intercourse between them, after the day's labor is finished, is pleasanter or more helpful. Those parents who are wise and loving enough to neglect no opportunity to win the complete confidence of their children, find that this evening hour may profitably be devoted to hearing the children's account of their doings through the day, and to giving them the assistance, which, if properly given, is of such life-long value. To make your children feel that you are their best friend, that you above all others are the one to whom they should come for help and encouragement, that from you they should hide nothing, and that if they fall into error or sin, your love and experience is their best reliance, is true wisdom, and is the only permanent foundation for affection between parents and children. And while the intercourse between the older members of a family should be based upon mutual confidence and love, even the very little children, can be made to feel the guidance and authority of their parents, and very early in their lives can be trained into habits which in reality are the foundations for their future education.

Our picture suggests one of these habits of which it is almost impossible to estimate the value; and to the mothers among our readers we would especially say: "Form in your little children the habit of nightly prayer." The little child who, with its mother's arm about it, says every night its little simple prayer, is unconsciously building a bulwark which in later life may keep out many a mortal enemy, and save from many a deadly assault. When your little children say, "Good-night," teach them to say, too, "Our Father;" and their lesson which they learn from you of human love, may lead them to a clearer knowledge of the Source from which that love springs.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

THE terms of this paper are not changed; it is sent postpaid for one dollar a year. We hope, however, that our friends who can afford it will send ten cents extra for postage. Will not those who think the SOUTHERN WORKMAN worth encouraging kindly renew their subscriptions, and get their friends to take it? One great object accomplished by its publication is, that it affords to ten students at the Hampton Institute an opportunity to learn the printing trade. While the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will be sent postpaid for one dollar, we hope those who can afford it will send ten cents extra for postage.

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, MARCH, 1875.

A MISFORTUNE resulting from the late civil war is, that the feeling of Southern communities is peculiarly liable to be misconstrued. The newcomer from the North expects to be met half way in his overtures of friendship. Disappointed in this, he naturally attributes to hatred, that distant demeanor which results mainly from an entire difference of early training and habits of life. Misconception deepens into bitterness, fancied hate is repaid by real contempt; until in some cases, the longer a northern man lives in the South, the less capable does he become of giving a true picture of southern sentiment.

Much as we regret the impossibility in the South, that the principal of judging men or ideas on their merits should at once take root, and expel the traditions of a most uncompromising aristocracy, yet we cannot but think there is a touch of absurdity in the attitude of many northern men upon the subject. It were surely as wise to reproach nature for sending no rain, as to be angry at the indifference of southerners. The only possible remedy is to make the best of the facts, and go to work to irrigate the South with a stream of emigrants.

On the bleak solitudes of the prairies the settler lives without society. West of the Mississipi he carries a pistol and a bowie-knife. Farther on he braves the acquaintance of neighbors who value his scalp more than his life. The same courageous enterprise if diverted southward would find nothing but shadows to encounter. Men and money would sweep away the bugbears of uncongeniality and social ostracism, and lift the South to its proper rank as the most favored region of the Union. Under these circumstances no well-wisher of the South can afford to nurse jealousies. By suppressing the light tints and deepening the shadows in their reports, northern residents may hold back the development of the South for twenty years to come. The impression may continue that southern feeling is really as formidable to the settler as are the pistols and scalping knives of the West. Lands whose produce brings twenty cents per bushel, may still be preferred to those whose vicinity to market gives them intrinsic value. Prejudice may remain, sectionalism again run riot, another generation may not see a real concord;—mainly because northern residents have answered indifference with folly, neglect with contempt, and have foolishly expected cordial, social relations with a brave, proud, intelligent, but ruined aristocracy whom they have impoverished and humiliated by conquest and irritated by a policy of reconstruction antagonistic to the most cherished traditions and theories of the South.

GENUINE progress is quiet; real forces act without bluster. There is, especially in the Southern States, a social and political tumult and business prostration, that is likely to lead many to think that the South will not soon see better days, and that the black ward's future is enshrouded in hopeless gloom.

But certain facts foreshadow a different destiny. Not only are the Southern States entering year by year more earnestly into the educational and reformatory work, but there are powerful moral forces acting upon the very root of southern evils which the papers do not herald, and which no one but the close and interested observer makes account of.

There are various benevolent societies doing a wide and useful work whose statistics are not within our reach. The last report of the American Missionary Association states that that organization alone had under special instruction ten thousand colored youths, many of whom are in higher schools, and that seven hundred and ten of former pupils are this year teaching sixty-four thousand pupils. This work is like good seed sown by faithful laborers. There will by and by be a rich harvest.

The columns of black children who are preparing to enter into the kingdoms of manhood and womanhood are steadily advancing unnoticed in the turmoils of the day. The real progress of any race is measured by the steps its youths are taking. To those who are impatient of the negro's blunders and of his incompetence for some of the positions he may wish to fill, we say "Put yourself in his place and what would you be good for? Generations of culture may have done much for you; give these people as good a chance and you may condemn them if they fail. It is folly to pronounce upon them without fair trial."

THE Hampton Student-singers have commenced a singing campaign to raise $25,000 for the erection of a boys' dormitory at the Hampton Institute. They expect to sing in and about New York City for two or three weeks, and to proceed thence up the Hudson River and westward, taking the principal cities in N. Y. State. If reduced rates of travel can be obtained they hope to visit California and spend April and May in that State, singing in Salt Lake City, Denver, and other places on their return. The company has been reorganized with great care. It is composed of ten members and includes the remarkable bass and soprano voices that have given it such celebrity. They hope to be present at Commencement on June 10th.

OUR stock of paper gave out just before the late cold snap, and we were prevented by the ice from receiving a new lot as early as we expected. This is our excuse for being late this month, and we know that our patrons will accept it.

VISIT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Shortly after the present session of the Virginia Assembly began, General Armstrong invited the two Committees on Schools and Colleges of both branches, to visit Hampton and acquaint themselves by n personal examination, with the methods and system of the Normal School. The invitation was accepted and a party of twenty, including six ladies, left Richmond, February 16th, on this excursion. The Old Dominion Steamship Company very courteously offered the party a passage to Norfolk from Richmond, and all speak in high praise of the unremitting attentions of Captain Walker and officers of the *Old Dominion*.

The Steamers of the Baltimore Steam Packet Company being embargoed by the ice, Commodore Stevens, commandant of Portsmouth Navy Yard, very kindly put his despatch boat at the service of the school to convey the committee to and from Hampton, where they arrived about 10 A. M. The morning was spent in visiting the different class-rooms and listening to the recitations of the students, at the close of which the school was assembled in the Assembly-room, where they sang some of their Plantation Songs; after which they were addressed by Colonel Magruder, chairman, Doctor McRae, and other members of the committee. The speakers expressed their satisfaction with what they had seen, with the progress and the bearing of the students, and assured them that the sentiment of Virginians was strongly in favor of the education and improvement of the colored race. The school was then dismissed to dinner, and after an inspection of the buildings, dinner was served to the guests in the teacher's dining room in Virginia Hall. After dinner the company enjoyed a sail to Old Point and a ramble over Fortress Monroe. A visit to the Soldier's Home was given up for want of time. After tea all attended the concert of instrumental music by the excellent Band of the Artillery School in the chapel of Virginia Hall, for which rare musical treat the school is greatly indebted to the kindness of General Barry. During the intermission the Hampton Students gave a few of their favorite songs which added to the interest of the occasion. After the concert was over the party embarked in the *Quakeress* for the Navy Yard steamer which was waiting to take them over to Norfolk; but the sail-boat having run aground and the wind being too fresh for her to be got off with her heavy load, the guests returned in boats to the landing, and were taken in carriages to Old Point where they embarked on board the steamer and safely reached Norfolk. By the following extract from a very pleasant note from the chairman of the committee, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the party returned to Richmond in safety, and that the whole excursion was one of satisfaction and pleasure:

"*Feb. 18th.* We reached here to-day as per programme all in fine plight and condition, and I write by request of *each one* and *all* to express their sense of the pleasure and gratification enjoyed by the party without exception, far exceeding that of any other excursion ever taken by them. Everything from the start to the arrival at the cottage, their excursions about the place, their examination of the buildings, the methods of instruction, the recitations and deportment of the pupils, and the kind and graceful attentions of each and all, have left their most agreeable imprint on our memories and hearts. The Grand Concert, instrumental and vocal, cannot be forgotten. All was right at Norfolk, and a better satisfied party never took the cars at Norfolk or arrived at Richmond in more cheery mood and spirits."

For the success of this pleasant excursion, which was as gratifying to those connected with the school, as it appears to have been to the members of the committee, we are largely indebted to the kindness and courtesies of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, to Captain Walker and officers of the steamer *Old Dominion*, to Commodore Stevens of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, to General Barry for the concert given by the Band of the Artillery School under his command (which was such a very pleasant finale to the day's entertainment), and to Governor Woodfin of the National Soldier's Home, who kindly offered the use of his vehicles and boats for the occasion.

We believe that this visit will be mutually advantageous to the school and its guests. Laboring as we are in a cause, the success of which we believe will promote the best interests, not of Virginia alone, but of all the Southern States, we welcome the visits of any of her citizens who may feel interested in our work and in the system and methods here adopted.

THE "WHITIN MEMORIAL" CHAPEL.

As the readers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN are aware, the Normal School, for the last six months has been laboring under a heavy burden of debt incurred in building Virginia Hall. The old barracks, besides being insufficient for the number of female students, were hardly habitable for another term without expensive repairs, which the buildings were not worth. We had therefore the alternative of closing the school to girls for the present term, or of going on with the work on the new building at the risk of incurring a large debt. In the hope that the donations of our friends and the concerts of the Hampton Students would furnish the funds needed, it was decided to push the work on the building so as to have it ready for occupancy at the beginning of the term. But times were hard, money was scarce, contributions fell off, and the Singers hardly paid their heavy traveling expenses. October 1st. found the building in a sufficient state of forwardness for occupation, but loaded with a heavy debt of $25,000, which there seemed no prospect of our being able to meet. The wages of our mechanics and laborers were in arrears, and the bills of dealers were unpaid, and though they were not clamorous for the money, they were greatly in need of all that was due. At this juncture, a lady who had only heard of the school and its needs through her pastor, who was a guest at our last Commencement, offered $5,000 on condition that the remaining $20,000 should be raised within a year from other sources. This seemed a forlorn hope, as our friends had already responded so generously that we were reluctant to make another appeal to them. However, the same benefactors who last year made a donation of $10,000, that the roof might be finished, again came to the rescue and pledged $5,000 more toward the new sum to be raised; and by dint of much effort as much more was secured from other sources, so that by the last of January we had raised $10,000, or one half the amount needed to secure the $5,000 conditionally promised, and cancel the debt. Knowing how hard it generally is to raise the last few thousand required for any given purpose, we hardly knew which way to turn for the large sum still needed, when on the 23rd of January we learned from our faithful financial secretary, Rev. T. K. Fessenden, that Mr. John C. Whitin of Whitinsville, Mass., had

donated to the school $10,000 (the estimated cost of the chapel in Virginia Hall) for the purpose of founding it as a memorial of his deceased wife. This noble gift has therefore completed the sum required to be raised, cancelled the debt, and lifted a burden pressing heavily on our shoulders. The chapel will take the name of the "Whitin Memorial Chapel."

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

On Friday evening, Feb. 12th, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Norfolk, delivered a most instructive and interesting lecture in the Chapel of Virginia Hall, on the recent and wonderful discoveries of the eminent astronomer, Piazzi Smith and others, in the great Pyramid, which has thrown great light on the question of its origin and object and the date of its erection. We regret that want of space will not permit us to give the whole of this lecture to the readers of the Southern Workman. The Normal School and the citizens of Hampton and vicinity who had the privilege of listening to the lecture are under many obligations to Dr. Armstrong for the gratification thus afforded them.

THE majority of the colored race at the North do not appear to thrive. We cannot say whether this is due to being distanced in the race for wealth and knowledge by a more thrifty, energetic people, or to simple indolence and neglect of their chances.

A clergyman residing in a small town in western Massachusetts writes as follows of this class in his vicinity;

"I have a nice colored boy working for me who ought to make somebody in the world. He is a native of our town—and the darkeys are mostly worthless! There are one hundred and sixty in town, and but two do anything but laze round, do odd jobs and beg. My boy, Dolph, has some ambition and some mind, and it seems to me that away from the influence of his 'folks' might come to something. Under what circumstances or conditions could you take him and put more manliness into him? It is my wife's idea that he would do much better away from home —and he is very ready to go."

Whatever future there is for the colored race is to be at the South. Here they will show to the world the possibilities of their race. Nothing is of more importance to the welfare of the whole country than to gain over to the side of thrift, industry and good morals these five million Anglo-Africans, and not only are they entitled to the fullest, fairest chance, but it is essential to the national salvation that the utmost efforts be put forth for their reconstruction.

The duty of the hour is to make these efforts. We are not responsible for success, but there is a tremendous responsibility upon the country to give them the ground, standing upon which, they can work out their own salvation.

THE Rev. G. D. Pike of the American Missionary Association, who has recently spent some months in Northern Africa in searching for a good stand-point for an educational and religious lever that shall bear most effectually upon the millions in that land, writes us as follows:

"I find my lecture on 'Stone Hunting Grounds of Tropical Africa' takes hold and especially that part of it that relates to the establishment of schools like yours in that land. I tell the people I want a half million dollars to enable us to have a colony from Hampton established in Africa. I feel much in earnest about it. It is the thing to be done and I believe God will open the way for it. I still am convinced that the first school better be north of the desert on the Nile and that the students may as well be freedmen from the heart of Africa—which students can be obtained in abundance at Khartoum. There students could be moulded and controlled, I judge, quite as well as any heathen."

When Mr. Pike's plans are ripe the colony from Hampton will not fail him. This institution is settled as the type of the coming African University because of its manual labor features, which make it a civilizing, as well as educational power.

Mr. Pike has previously stated to us the growing conviction among eastern missionaries where he visited, that the great need in reforming the Oriental races was practical training schools where both hand and head are taught, as here, and where graduates should be drilled in the lessons of real life and confirmed in the whole range of civilized habits.

GERRIT SMITH.

The following extracts from letters of this eminent philanthropist were inadvertently omitted from our last issue. They will be read with interest:

"PETERBORO, *Jan.*, 25, 1874.

"I thank you for so warmly inviting me to be with you the 11th. of June next. Possibly, but not very probably, I will be. I am an old man (nearly seventy-seven) and my health is of late much broken. I should indeed be glad to meet Governor Kemper and other southern gentlemen at Hampton. I love not the North only, but the South also.

"I beg you to keep me informed of the condition, prospects and needs of your important and precious school."

December 10, 1874.

"Your last letter spoke of your school's great need of money, and so does the last number of the *American Missionary*. I send you all I can; viz., my draft for $2,000.

"I continue to do all I can for the leading Colored schools of the South—for in my judgment, on their success depends largely the salvation of our country.

"Let me hear from you how the school is getting on—how many pupils you have, how much you owe, etc., etc.

"I feel grateful to Virginia for her liberality to your school; and it does not surprise me that Rev. Dr. Ruffner opposes so strenuously the blending of the races in schools.

"With great regard

"Your friend,

"GERRIT SMITH."

THE following account is prepared by a southern gentleman residing in Hampton, and a native of this county, who is preparing for our next number an account of the burning of Hampton, one of the saddest and most striking events of that period of the war. These will probably be followed by other articles from those well qualified to write them, upon the leading historical events that have transpired on this remarkable spot and on this vicinity, not only in the late war, but in previous times.

It is felt that no animosity or any sort of ill feeling can result from this course, at this time, and that it is important that these materials should be collected and preserved for the future historian.

THE BATTLE OF BETHEL.

BY CAPT. S. W. ARMISTEAD.

It is not my purpose to enter into any explanation or defence of the motives of either party engaged in that memorable encounter. So far as is possible to human frailty, I shall divest myself of all sectional feeling and confine this paper to a short and simple statement of this first action of the war, mentioning distances, numbers and names only so far as is necessary to give a correct idea of the action.

Bethel Church, from which the battle takes its name, is nine miles from Hampton and twelve from Fort Monroe, and is situated in the lower part of York County, and just beyond the narrow stream which divides it from Elizabeth City County.

Col. I. B. Magruder had been assigned to the command of the Confederate forces on the Peninsula, with headquarters at Yorktown. With characteristic energy he at once set himself to the task of throwing up such works as would enable him successfully to defend himself in the event of an attack. The peculiar advantages which the situation around Bethel afforded for a small force acting on the defensive at once determined him to fortify it as best he could with the limited means at his command, and then to deliver battle should an advance be made upon it.

Gen. B. F. Butler, then commanding at Fort Monroe, learning that Magruder had but a small force at his command, determined to attack him there, and for that purpose ordered detachments from New Ports News and Fort Monroe—in all about five thousand men and under the command of Gen. G. W. Pierce of Massachusetts, to advance upon him on the morning of the 10th of June, 1861. The troops under General Pierce's command consisted of Col. Henry B. Duryea's Zouaves, Col. F. Townsend's Third New York infantry, Colonel Phelps with a Vermont regiment, and Bendix' New York regiment.

It is necessary to state that just below Bethel the main county road forks, one branch known as the Back River Road, running eastwardly; and the other known as the Sawyer Swamp or New Market Road, continuing southwardly, both reuniting in the outskirts of Hampton. The Federal troops started from their respective places of encampment at three o'clock A. M., and proceeded without opposition or accident until reaching New Market, when a well-nigh fatal mistake occurred. Here a collision ensued between Colonel Bendix' and Colonel Townsend's battalions, both reaching the point where the New Ports News road enters the New Market road at the same time, and each in the darkness supposing the other to be the enemy. A furious but not very destructive fire at once ensued, which was soon checked by the coolness and courage of the Major of the Fourth Massachusetts regiment, who boldly rode to the front and discovered that they were firing on friends. Two men were killed and ten wounded.

As soon as order could be restored the two bodies were set in motion and continued their march without interruption until within range of the Confederate batteries at Bethel. The affair at New Market was disastrous in this also, that it alarmed the citizens who hastened to give Magruder information of their approach. The officer had at Bethel the First North Carolina Regiment, four companies from the Fifteenth Virginia, Colonel Montague's battalions, the Wythe Rifles (Captain Willis), four guns from the Richmond Howitzers and two companies of cavalry, —in all not exceeding eighteen hundred men. With this small force it was a question of no small difficulty as to how he should meet the attack in front and yet spare sufficient men to guard his flanks. Fortunately for the cause which he represented his position was an admirable one for defense. A narrow stream, bordered on each side by a wet, boggy marsh, extended along his entire front. This marsh was covered with a dense growth of lowland shrubs. These, with the exception of a narrow strip in front of his rude embankments had been cut down to give an open view in front, and also to obstruct the passage of the enemy. One piece of artillery and a small force of infantry was sent to the extreme left and stationed at what was known as the old millddam, just in rear of Semple's farm, to guard against a flank movement from that quarter. Colonel Hill's regiment was stationed on both sides the county road, and occupied nearly the entire line of breastworks. Colonel Stewart's battalion was placed in a small redoubt on the right and beyond the stream and marsh. Captain Willis's company was broken into platoons and stationed at different points on the extreme right; two pieces of the Howitzers were placed one on each side of the road, and the other piece and both companies of cavalry were held in reserve. Orders were immediately sent to Yorktown for reinforcements, and the Second Louisiana Regiment under Colonel De-Russey, put in motion for the scene of action. This regiment made the unusual time of twelve miles in three hours, but arrived there too late to take part in the action. The Federal column hove in sight between eight and nine o'clock A. M., and the battle was immediately opened with artillery. As soon as General Pierce could make the necessary disposition of his troops they were advanced to the charge. Shall I tell of the desperate charge and valiant defense; the fruitless effort to carry the works and the successful efforts to hold them? No; let us not go into heroics. The historic muse ought to be sober, calm, dispassionate. Suffice to say that three separate charges were repulsed and the Confederates still held their ground. Convinced that the position could not be carried with the force under his command, General Pierce called off his troops and ordered a retreat, while General Magruder, well satisfied with his successful defense and fearing his ability to cope with the enemy on even terms, contented himself by sending a small force of cavalry to watch their movements, while his little command—which it would be a sarcasm to call an army—was conducted back to Yorktown.

On the Confederate side there was only one man killed and fifteen wounded; while on the Federal side there were thirty killed and one hundred wounded. Among the former were Colonel Winthrop of the New York Regiment, Lieutenant Grehle of the U. S. A. The great disparity in the casualties of the opposing forces may be accounted for chiefly from the fact that the Confederates were protected by breastworks and were perfectly at rest, and also from the fact that the Federals being for the most part unaccustomed to fire-arms directed their aim much too high—some of their shot going over to the tops of the tallest trees.

A few of the wounded and dead fell into the hands of the Confederates, but beyond that they reaped none of the spoils of victory. True the South was elated; but the North while it was disappointed, was not discouraged and took wholesome heed of the lessons which the action had taught. Thus ended the battle of Bethel; a barren victory on one side, an annoying repulse on the other; and no more.

Well would it have been for both sections if the fratricidal strife, which for four years deluged the land in blood, could have been ended here. But the dogs of war had been let loose and they clamored for human gore. On that balmy day in June, when heaven seemed to smile and earth rejoice, a pall blacker than Egyptian darkness settled upon a land which claimed to be the happiest on the globe.

SATURDAY morning was the coldest of the season in northern New York and the New England States. At Manchester, Concord, Franklin and other places in New Hampshire the thermometer marked 20 to 35 degrees below zero; at Glen's Falls and Whitehall, N. Y., it was 32 to 37 below, and at Warrensburg, N. Y., 41 below. In Maine, the marking in that part of the State between Portland and White River Junction ranged from 32 to 40 degrees below zero, while at Bangor the mercury congealed. Travel on some of the railroads was delayed by heavy snow, and all outdoor work was stopped by the intense cold. A Boston dispatch of last night reports a continuance of Polar weather, the range of the thermometer in Maine and New Hampshire being from 20 to 25 below zero. It was "generally the coldest day of the season," and many of the harbors along the coast were closed.—*Philadelphia Ledger, Feb.* 15.

A COSTLY VICE.—The Chief of the Statistical Bureau at Washington in 1871, states that the valuation of the annual whiskey product is $375,000,000; of fermented liquors $126,000,000, of imported liquors $100,000,000, and of the annual sales of the 150,000 licensed liquor stores in the country about $700,000,000. Enough to pay off our national debt in about three years. How is it that an intelligent people can sustain a traffic whose only results are waste, pauperism, wretchedness and misery temporal and eternal?

The three years are past; but the debt is not paid and the "intelligent people" still sustain the ruinous traffic.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see the lamplight
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am,
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—*Longfellow.*

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

III.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Taking the articles of your dress in their customary order, I shall first speak of the underclothing, which is of primary importance to your health and comfort.

Next the skin flannel should always be worn, heavy in winter, but in the summer as light as possible; and the reason for this is a sanitary one, for nothing so effectually protects the skin from the effect of cold in winter, and the danger of chills during the profuse perspiration of summer, as some woolen material, flannel being the best and cheapest.

These garments may be made in different ways, but should always come up to the throat, entirely covering the chest; should be made with sleeves to reach at least half way to the elbow (for the under part of the upper arm and the armpit are exceedingly sensitive parts of the body), and should come well down over the hips. Once a week these under jackets must be changed, for the excretions from the skin will thoroughly soil them in that time, although no stain or mark of dirt may be apparent to the eye. The chemise and drawers of cotton must also be changed at least once a week, and it is often desirable to change them more frequently, while with stockings (which should be woollen in winter and cotton in summer) the only safe rule is to change them whenever they are soiled.

The corsets, which are so dangerous a stumbling block in the path of young girls, are so universally worn that the harm which they do is a very serious matter; and I want you to whom I am writing these words, and who in years to come may be able to do much to influence other women, to give me your sober attention while I ask a question or two and offer you a few facts.

There can be no doubt, I am afraid, that many of you wear your gowns much too tight, and in order to do this use your stiff steel-boned corsets to obtain the small waists which you think pretty and elegant. Now let me tell you where lies your first mistake—nothing is pretty which is unnatural, and as you well know small waists are not natural to healthy well developed women. Your waist, if you would have a good and graceful figure, must be in proportion to your height and the breadth of your shoulders, and a waist of seventeen or eighteen inches upon a girl of average size, is simply a deformity. Your small waists are obtained then, at a sacrifice of the very grace for which you are seeking; and that is not the sum of your folly—do you realize when you pull in that fatal corset-lacing of yours, what suffering you are preparing for yourselves?

You are squeezing in your stomach so that it cannot digest food; you are compressing your lungs so that they cannot receive the air which is your life; you are stopping the action of your busy heart; you are doing a dozen things which may ruin your health for life, and which at any rate are giving you daily headaches and backaches, and very probably making you irritable and unhappy. This is surely a senseless and a wicked thing,—a thing which any honest, God-fearing woman ought to be ashamed to do; and I assure you, that you must consider it, not as a trifling question of dress, but as a matter of very great importance to you and to others. For God has given you, in most cases, healthy, well-formed bodies, and the responsibility of injuring them is an awful weight which must rest now and hereafter upon your own shoulders.

As to the directly practical side of the question I can perhaps make some suggestions which may be of use to you. A waist made of stout cotton cloth, firmly stitched and corded, cut low in the neck, with sleeveless armholes, will take the place of the corset in every respect, while in some particulars it is altogether preferable.

It can be made with a corset steel in front, (to be removed when it is washed), but should contain no other bones or steels. Your own back bone is your proper and all-sufficient support, and you are doing your spine and the wonderful nervous system so closely connected with it, no kindness, when you rely upon the artificial aid of whale bones to produce an erect figure. The weight of the skirts, which can be made to hutton on to the waist I am describing, is thus supported from the shoulder by the hand of the armhole; there is no drag upon the hips, no chance to tighten a lacing, no compression between stiff bones, and none of that awkward and unnatural inflexibility which comes from the wearing of corsets.

This matter is one which of course must be left to your own consciences, but once more I ask you to think of it seriously, and to remember that you can sin against your bodies as well as against your souls.

A complete change of clothing at night is imperative. You must have night-gowns neatly made of cotton cloth, and you must have a sufficient number of them to enable you to change at least once a week. On going to bed take off all the garments which you wear in the daytime, and put on your night-gown, which you must be careful to see is thoroughly aired every morning, in order that the impurities collected during the night may be so far as possible removed. For a similar reason the clothes which you take off at night should be thrown loosely upon a chair where the air may have free circulation among their folds,—and in this connection I may properly remind you of the importance of having your sleeping room thoroughly ventilated. Before going to bed you should always open one or more of the windows of your room, and this not only in summer but even more especially in winter (if you are in good health), as at that season house ventilation, for several reasons, is very imperfect and the danger from impure air particularly great.

I have spoken somewhat in detail in regard to your underclothing, and I have done so because it is not unusual, especially among people of limited means, to put all the expenditure of time and money upon the externals of dress, while the underclothing is allowed to take care of itself. Now if you have to choose between finery and cleanliness, between ribbons and a proper change of underclothing, do not for a moment hesitate, for nothing can be a truer type of the "whited sepulchre" of the Bible, than the man or woman whose external dress is showy and expensive while underneath are rags and uncleanliness. Make every exertion to supply yourselves first of all with suitable underclothing, and after that you may think about the fashion of your jackets and the trimming of your hats.

In regard to these same externals of dress, that is as to the style, material, etc., of your outer garments, it is very difficult, as you yourselves will understand, to give you any fixed rules, for in respect to these parts of our dress we are all of us at the mercy of a changing fashion. All that I can hope to do is to offer you some general ideas upon the subject, in the belief that your own intelligent observation and instincts of modesty and propriety will enable you gradually to learn for yourselves what are the characteristics of the dress of a true lady.

Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

ABINODON, ENGLAND, *September*, 1874.

To continue my account of our experiences in and about Paris, after our visit to the Louvre (Wednesday, August 12th), we went to see the famous cathedral of Notre Dame. So much has been written about this magnificent structure that I shall not attempt any elaborate description—fully aware how inadequate any description would be to do justice to it. I can only say it is far grander and more imposing than I had imagined it could be,—both within and without. Its richly carved and sculptured balconies and towers, the quaint and sometimes grotesque figures cut here and there in corners and in niches, the exquisite paintings and statuary, the beautiful windows—especially the two rose windows, each about fifty feet in diameter,—are all most wonderful and interesting; and one might linger for hours (if he only had the hours) in almost any part of it, without wearying, certainly without beginning to exhaust its wonders and beauties. I was of course attracted by the two organs—the large one at one end, looking in the distance as if it towered up among the clouds; and the lesser, though by no means a small one, in the choir. We went to the top of the towers, which are two hundred and seventeen feet high, whence we had a splendid view of this beautiful city, spread out like a map all around us. The Cathedral is four hundred feet long and one hundred and nine feet high; the new spire two hundred and ninety-eight feet. I give these figures that you may form some idea of its vast dimensions. We climbed even one peg higher than the towers and saw the great bell—a monster of iron captured at Sebastopol. I heard it a day or two after, and I never heard such a tone from a bell before—very rich, full and rather soft, but one of those tones which can be heard for miles.

Thursday morning we took an early start for the Bois de Boulogne (literally Boulogne Wood)—one of the handsome, ornamented suburbs of the city. Passing out by the Hotel des Invalides and across the Champ de Mars—a sandy and uninteresting place—we crossed the Seine by the Pont de Jena and walked straight on to the fortifications where we stayed sometime sitting on the ramparts and trying to figure out the positions of the forces in the late Franco-Prussian war. We gathered a few flowers here, to press as souvenirs of the place; then went on through the Bois to the lake, took a boat and rowed out to an island where open-air concerts are frequently given. It was a charming spot, and after exploring it pretty thoroughly and enjoying its various beauties—trees, flowers, fountains, etc.—we rowed around it and then returned to lunch in one of the inviting cafés which abound here, after which we strolled about the wood until we struck the broad way leading out to the Neuilly Road, which brought us to the Arc de Triomphe, up which we climbed and from its top had another most excellent view of the city—a more satisfactory one, on the whole, than that from Notre Dame. From this point the principal streets radiate like the spokes of a wheel, making a very beautiful figure to look down upon—very like a huge mosaic. To the east the eye follows the Champ Elysées, Place de la Concorde and Jardin des Tuileries to the ruins of the Tuileries Palace which is now being slowly rebuilt. The Place de la Concorde contains the Obelisk—a very fine granite shaft, surrounded by trees and fountains. Directly beyond the Palace of the Tuileries is the Arc d'Etoile, or smaller Arc de Triomphe, just within the quadrangle of the Louvre Palace. Behind the Louvre comes a miscellaneous mass of buildings; but from the Arc de Triomphe to the front of the Tuileries is one straight, unbroken line, beautiful to look at. Turning toward the west, the line continues perfectly straight as far as the eye can reach, up and down, and finally disappearing at the top of a distant hill. Looking either way the view is lovely; only on the east one sees the city, and on the west the country. Returning, we lingered awhile in the Tuileries Garden and also in the Champs Elysées (Elysian Fields)—both of which afford plenty of attractive and inviting places in which to sit and quietly enjoy the beautiful surroundings. The latter place is especially fascinating in the evening; thousands of brilliant lights, the great fountains playing, elegantly dressed people and fine music, make it altogether charming—and in the midst of it all one can have ice-cream, coffee, or almost anything served from the innumerable little tables interspersed everywhere.

One of the most interesting objects we visited was the tomb of Napoleon—a very beautiful piece of work in marbles of various colors. It is situated directly under the elegant dome of the Hotel des Invalides, which is in itself a wonderful study. The tomb is below the level of the main floor, in which is a large circular opening about twenty feet across, surrounded by a white marble balustrade. Looking over and down you see the tomb on the floor below; around it are female figures of heroic size, with dishevelled hair and in attitudes of mourning. There are perhaps a dozen of these, each backed by a marble column which supports the floor above. The tomb is surmounted by a red marble sarcophagus—the top of which is nearly on a level with the floor on which the spectator is standing. The floor of the tomb is beautifully laid in colored marbles and represents a many-rayed star with a laurel wreath extending from point to point, and near the center of the star are the names of the principal battles in which he was engaged. In the small chapels near the tombs are the tombs of other members of the Bonaparte family. The frescoing and decorating are not yet completed, though what there is has been done for a long time. Very near the tomb is a handsome altar of marble, and by an arrangement of colored windows has a golden light on it all the time—a most singular, and to me, not wholly unpleasant effect. The chapel is hung with the old battle flags and other valuable trophies.

We spent one delightful day at Versailles; the ride (by rail) is a most lovely one, though we passed through several towns and villages which were demoralized during the war, and have never entirely recovered themselves. We saw beautiful houses and gardens in ruins, and in some places nothing was left but the blackened walls with great gaps in them, made by the Prussian bombs. We kept Paris in sight for about five miles out, and it made a beautiful picture; the sun was shining, the towers and spires stood out in clearly defined profile against the sky—the gilded dome of Les Invalides conspicuous among them.

We reached Versailles about twelve o'clock, and walked slowly up from the tion to the park or grounds of the Grand Trianon Palace. Here we took a "voiture" (cab) and told the driver to take us all round the grounds and leave us at the Grand Trianon—which he did, explaining ing every place as we went along—the private gardens of Marie Antoinette, etc. The whole place is lovely; every few moments a viata would open through the trees, extending almost as far as one could see. We rode on the soft turf and under the shade of great trees—beautiful and grand with splendid fountains here and there, until we landed at the Palace. Here we were shown through the elegant reception rooms and private apartments of the Royal family. The paintings are exquisite, and every article of furniture or ornament in the perfect taste and judgment of real French art. Among other rooms we were shown the one prepared for and used by Queen Victoria on her visit to France several years ago. It exceeded in magnificence anything of its kind I had ever imagined. The bedstead, on a raised platform, was elegantly carved and gilded; the canopy was of crimson satin with the English arms on the front of the frame which upheld it; and on the foot of the bedstead were devices and decorations of various forms representing the friendship and *intertwine-ability* of the two nations. All the other furnishings of the room were heavy with carvings and gilding, and all in perfect keeping and fitness. We next visited the carriage-house and were shown all the state carriages for several generations. The handsomest is that of the first Napoleon. This is very large, elegantly carved, painted and gilded, with plate-glass windows filling each side. Highly ornamented as it is it is not in the least gaudy or overdone, but is thoroughly a work of art. The last time it was used was at the baptism of the Prince Imperial. There were several other magnificent carriages and harnesses belonging to various French sovereigns including one of Louis XIV.

We next proceeded to *the* Versailles Palace and rooms of the Assemblée Nationale. The Grand Trianon and le Petit Trianon were residences of royalty, but the rooms of State were in *the* Palace. Here is the famous "Galleni des Bataille" and many historical pictures and relics. In one of the rooms we were quite pleased to find several excellent portraits of Washington and other American presidents and statesmen. Our ride back

to Paris was by another route, taking the opposite bank of the Scine, thus getting a very comprehensive view of that part of the country.

Many other places in Paris and its environs I would gladly describe, but in our rapid survey and the constant change from one novelty to another my ideas are somewhat confused and my descriptions would, I fear, be rather mixed. I hope at some future time to visit Paris when I can command more leisure to enjoy it. We left it with regret on Tuesday morning, August 18th, and after a pleasant ride to Calais embarked for Dover, had a pleasant sail of about two hours, and at 6 P. M. were in London once more and eagerly grasping a handful of home letters. Our stay in London at this time was less than twenty-four hours; then we came here to rusticate and rest and think over and to get up fresh strength and vigor for another year's struggle with flats and sharps and scales and arpeggios and all the other paraphernalia of musical studies. K.

The following extract from a letter of our former teacher, Miss Washburn, now teaching in Sacramento, Cal., shows that distance has not lessened her interest in Hampton; she writes:

"I can fairly see you all in your new quarters, though I do not doubt my imagination is at fault in many details. I rejoice especially in the new dining-room and the cooking and heating arrangements. I am not sorry, however, that I was there in the old barrack days, to share a little of the roughness of early efforts. I look back with loving thoughts to my little dark room, which had only one real lack to me—its want of a lookout upon the water. I should like to furnish one of the new rooms, one whose windows looked on the bay. If, as I understand you, there are some still to be furnished, please let me fit one of them up.

"I wish I knew where to tell the story of Hampton's needs—to draw out some response in real help—but California feels no such responsibility as Northerners in helping to overcome the evils of slavery. Everything is *finished*, in their thought; or the South is an unruly, far-away region with which they have nothing to do. I have often wondered whether General Armstrong's eloquence would overcome this apathy, and touch the springs of generosity which are locked up beneath it.

"I had a very pleasant letter from your London correspondent, Mr. Knox, a few weeks since 3000 miles either way from Hampton, and more than a quarter of the way around the globe—it hardly seems as if it could be two or three years since we were enjoying Father Parker's sermons together. Queerly enough, Mr. Knox' chum was once a San Josean. One of my school girls is an old scholar of Mr. Larry's and remembers yourself and Mr. Knox—only instances of the impossibility of going into any part of our country, or the civilized world, indeed, without meeting some one who knows some one you know."

MARCH.

Earth has a secret dear
  She wants awhile to keep,
But vainly tries
To blindfold prying eyes,
Or hide with clumsy art
Her conscious heart.
Against her will she hints the whole,
And inadvertent shows her soul—
Fretting behind uneasy mask,
Feigning denial fond before we ask.

Her suns more fervid shine
  From equinoctial poise;
Her clouds betray
Sky-colors soft as May;
Through longer afternoons
The south wind swoons;
All day the teary house-eave drips;
Swift under ground the snow-patch slips;
Across the way crisp sparrow-note
Assertive shrills from freshly whetted throat.

Prosaic city streets
  The loath confession catch,
And glad desire
Give back from pave and spire,
While eyes of men repeat
The gospel sweet;
Yea, though there come no surer proof
Than hammer-blows from yonder roof,
Their mellow clink this mellow morn
Would tell us Spring was waiting to be born!

—*The Independent.*

THE FOUR-FOOTED GROOM.

Dr. Smith was a physician practising in Dublin, and not choosing to take a groom with him when he went his daily rounds to visit his patients, trained a large Newfoundland dog, between which and his horse there was a great affection, to take charge of him as he went from house to house. He seldom mounted his horse when on his rounds, but just gave a hint to the dog what next patient he was going to, and the dog brought him up as punctually as a human being could have done. Besides this he used to take him to water, and having to leap a stream in so doing, the two generally performed it together like a perfect bit of music.

One day, however, by some mischance the poor fellow lost the reins as they were about to take the leap. This would have looked like a sad blunder, had not the good horse, as if wishful to save the credit of the dog, turned back, after going a few paces on the other side of the stream, to give him the opportunity of regaining the reins. Thus the two came back in regular order, and nobody would have been the wiser had not some one seen the occurrence. —*Our Four-footed Friends.*

THE FOUR-FOOTED GROOM.

THE DWARF'S MIRROR.

Thomas and Hannah lived quite alone in a little house in the middle of a great forest. Their father was a forester, and all day long in good weather or bad, he had to watch in the woods or else shoot birds and rabbits for the table of the Prince who owned the forest. Their mother was dead, and nobody was at home in the little house with the children but their old grandmother who was almost blind and could hardly hear. In summer they went day after day to the village school, but in winter it was very gloomy and tedious. Then the snow was deep in the forest, and the children had to keep in the house like two little mice in a hole. Little Hannah sat by her grandmother's side spinning, but it was a tiresome work in the silence. Thomas tried to cut figures of dogs and rabbits out of wood, but they never turned out well, and he cut his fingers so often that he became impatient and gave up the business as a bad one. He used to often say: "Ah, how nice the rich children have it. I'd like to be the young lord that I once saw drive in his carriage through the village, no one of the steward's children who can eat whenever they want to, or one of the gipsy boys who can go out whenever they like."

One evening, not long before Christmas, it was more than usually quiet and gloomy. Little Hannah nestled close to her grandmother, and Thomas screamed in her ear:

"Grandmother! now tell us only once more a little story; only one, about the little dwarf in the quarry."

"In the quarry? Yes! wait Bubby, let me think if I know it.

"Where the quarry is, down there in the glen, the dwarfs used to live. They used to carry things down to the dwarf queen's palace, and had a merry little town below. There were not yet any hunters nor stone-cutters nor wood-choppers in the still forest. On sunny days, all the little dwarfs came out and danced on the green moss. At last people came into the forest and chopped down trees, and carried away great stones. The heavy stones fell upon the dancing green, the little city was destroyed, and there was loud wailing among the dwarfs. All the dwarfs who were not killed dug themselves a way far into the forest, and where they live now nobody knows. But one night in the year they come to see if so many stones still lie on their ground, and if anybody should roll out three stones on that night, the dwarfs would grant him any wish he might ask."

This is all the grandmother's story, which tired her so that she went right to bed. But that night Thomas could not sleep. He waited till all the house was quiet, then dressed himself, drew his fur cap over his ears, and slipped out into the forest. With timid steps he crept softly to the place where the dwarf's dancing green had been. With trembling hands he grasped the largest stone he could handle, and dragged it away. Just as he rolled away the third, a thin little voice called out "Who's there?" and on the only spot in the glen where the moonlight fell stood a mite of a man in green clothing. "What do you want there?" said the little man.

"Only to take away the stones so that the little gentlemen can come back again."

"That won't help much;" said the dwarf sadly, "but it is very good of you and you shall not do it for nothing. What do you wish?"

Thomas could not decide upon anything, and yet he knew of many things he wished. At last he stammered out—

"A big purse full of money."

"So"—said the dwarf—"what will you do with it?"

"Oh, lots of things—build a great house, and a stable full of beautiful horses, and buy a new cloak for Hannah, and a whole cask of oil that we may never be in the dark."

"Ho-ho!" what else? laughed the dwarf. "A house you shall build but not in the forest. You shall also go out into the world, but you don't need a horse for that. Hannah can get a new cloak without you, and you can get beech nuts enough here in the quarry to fill your little lamp for two years. So I think you do not need the purse of money yet awhile."

"Ah" said Thomas, low-spiritedly, "if it were only not so gloomy and tiresome in the long winter—if we only had a pretty picture book while the evenings are so long."

"Now," said the dwarf, "that is better. Go home, and after Christmas I will come to you. Be content; the little dwarfs do not forget those who help them."

Christmas came and went, and there was joy even in the little hut. Hannah had a beautiful new cloak, and Thomas a good warm jacket. Their father spent the day at home, and dressed a rabbit for supper; but Thomas was thinking all the time of what the dwarf might bring them. It was night at last and everybody was asleep but Thomas. Suddenly he heard a light knock on the door. With trembling hands he lifted the latch. In stepped the little man in green clothes. He brought nothing but a little piece of colored glass which he fixed in a large knot hole in an old black chest which was the greatest piece of furniture in the room. "So," said he, as he came out, "little one, the tediousness is over. If time seems too long again, only look into the round hole in your chest; but only mornings and evenings when you are alone. Good-night my boy"—and he was gone before Thomas knew what had happened.

It was long before he could sleep; but next day he told his sister all about it, and when evening had come at last, and the grandmother nodded in her chair, the children went timidly, but eagerly to the chest. Thomas looked first into the hole where now shone brightly the glass which the dwarf had put in. Then he drew the trembling Hannah to his side. What a sight met their eyes! They saw a long, wide parlor, magnificently lighted by golden lights, but mostly by a tall Christmas tree from which streamed the light of many hundred colored tapers. The table before the tree was covered with beautiful toys, picture books, and candies.

"Oh dear, who'll get all that?" sighed the children.

The door opened, and a thin pale boy stepped into the parlor. Behind him came beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. He smiled faintly, and did not seem surprised as he glanced at the beautiful things.

"Where are you, children?" now called the voice of the grandmother. Startled they drew their heads back, and everything was as dark as before. The old chest looked as if nothing had happened. "Ah! how well off the young lord is," they sighed; "oh if we only had what he has!"

Before it was daylight again, Hannah glided once more into Thomas's bed room. They wished very much to see again the beautiful parlor. Sure enough, there it was in the clear daylight, almost as beautiful as by the light of the Christmas candles. The boy who had been there was lying in a silk dressing gown upon a sofa. A number of pretty books were scattered round him. He seemed tired and restless. A door opened and an old gentleman came in. The children could hear him say, as if far away—

"What! already wearied dear prince? and yet you have so many things that would make other children happy!"

"What other children?" asked the prince; "other children are not alone. I wish I could go out, like other children, I'd rather be a gypsy than a prince."

Before the astonished children could hear any more, the grandmother called them, and they hastily dropped the lid.

The next time they looked into the glass they did not see the parlor again, but an open space in the forest. In the middle was a cheerful fire before which some fine game was roasting. Near by sat a party of brown and ragged people, several of whom were playing a lively tune on instruments of music, to which a band of joyful children sprang and danced around. Thomas wished very much to spring in among them, and was quite provoked when his father called him from the kitchen.

He looked again when he got a chance; but the scene in the forest was not so cheerful. The fire was out. There was a wild anxious running hither and thither among the gypsies, presently soldiers appeared, and led away the the whole band who were accused of robbery.

That evening the children looked again in the glass, and saw another handsome room, almost as beautiful as the prince's parlor, full of pretty playthings also, and occupied by three pretty children—not happy children, alas! They began to dispute about a toy, and soon there was such screaming and crying and yelling and quarreling that the forest children ran gladly away, not wishing to see more.

"Now what do you think, Thomas," asked Hannah, "that all the children in the world are unhappy?"

"No indeed," he answered eagerly, "that cannot be; for if the little prince had not been quite alone—"

"And," interrupted Hanaah, "the gypsy children had only had good fathers and mothers, and the three children had not been so quarrelsome. You see, when people are good and contented and happy and well, and love one another, then they can be happy."

"Even if they are as poor and lonely as we are?" asked Thomas.

Hannah couldn't really say yes.

That evening the grandmother fell asleep very early, and the children made up their minds to try the glass once more, though everything seemed to come to such a sorry ending. As they put their faces to the glass, they almost screamed—

"There is our kitchen, and our own selves!"

So in truth it was—only the room looked lighter and pleasanter than usual. It was much cleaner, and in good order. The window panes were so bright that they shone. On the window seat stood some forest plants that looked beautifully green against the snow outside. In a willow cage such as Thomas had often seen the farmer boys make hopped and whistled a little bird glad to find a refuge from the cold. At her little spinning wheel sat the old grandmother, and Hannah and Thomas by her side but not tired and sorrowful as before. They heard themselves singing a pretty song they had learned at school but never had thought of singing at home before. Then the Thomns they saw in the glass reached down a large old book from a shelf and began reading loud so grandma could hear, the beautiful story of Joseph, till they heard a dog bark outside. Then the Hannah in the glass rose quickly, placed a pair of old shoes near the fire, and hung her father's coat before it. Soon the father entered. Thomas drew off his wet coat, and Hannah brought the warm shoes.

The children gazed with surprise at their busy images. Hitherto, they had always let their father come and go unheeded. The father in the picture looked pleased at the little services of his children, and was much more friendly than the real father was, and this so surprised the children that they would not have known when to come away from the mirror if their grandmother had not called them to bed.

The next morning a new life entered into the children. Hannah turned and cleaned the furniture, washed the windows and cleared up the room so thoroughly that the grandmother asked "Is it a feast day?"

Thomas brought pine branches from the forest and dressed the room. Then they helped the grandmother get breakfast. Formerly she had always had that trouble alone. Then Hannah sat down to spin and Thomas climbed on a chair and brought he dusty Bible down, and began to spell out the words. The grandmother listened attentively. As for the first time in the many years that she had not been able to go to church or read it at home, she heard from her little grandson's lips the Word of God, her old heart became full of joy, she folded her hands on her lap and nodded approvingly while bright tears gathered in her eyes. Thomas was quite pleased to see what effect he had, and read on more earnestly.

In the afternoon it occurred to them to sing. They tried it at first in a low voice, but soon they sang more clearly and heartily, and the grandmother listened as if dreaming, and smiled as she had not for years. How they enjoyed themselves when the father came home. How astonished he was at loving attentions from his children which no one had showed him since his good wife was carried to her grave.

"You must see how beautifully Thomas reads," the grandmother said. As the holy words fell from his child's lips they sank deep into his heart.

The children from this time took less pleasure in the wonderful mirror. They felt it could not show them anything better than their own dear home (especially when the joyful spring came); and they already thought how they could make their little home pleasant and cheerful for the next winter.

All of us have our house or cottage or little room. Shall we not seek to make it as bright and happy as the forest children made their lonely hut?—*St. Nicholas.*

THE DUTY OF THE STATE TO SECURE TO EVERY CHILD WITHIN ITS BORDERS THE BENEFITS OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

A State consists, not of so many square miles of land and the structures upon it, but of organized society of human beings. Upon the character and condition, physical, intellectual, and moral, of the individuals composing this society, depend the wealth, power, prosperity and happiness of the State.

If this is true of States generally, it is in a far higher degree true of a republican State—a State where all power is primarily vested in the citizens; where the government is a direct emanation from their will. A stream cannot rise above its source; grapes do not grow of thorns, nor figs of thistles. Ignorance is the mother of poverty and crime. A single illiterate pauper girl in the State of New York has in seventy-five years become the ancestor of over two hundred criminals—pests to society, a burden and tax upon the people.

Wherever large masses of the ignorant settle down, vice develops and generates; property depreciates; law breakers are chosen to make and to administer the law; both person and estate become daily more and more insecure, till finally the strong arm of force from without is invoked to protect the community from utter self-ruin. If a town, city, State, or nation, falls under the control of the ignorant, corruption, disorder and anarchy seize and fasten upon it; prosperity and capital flee from its territory, and decline and degradation mark its career.

Intelligence in the rulers is essential to good government; in fact, if the community be large, it is essential to the existence of any government at all. An idiot may be made to pull a single oar, but only the trained and educated engineer can manage with safety the machinery of a four thousand ton steamer.

In a democratic republic like ours, of forty millions of people, the rulers are the voters; and the voters are, or may be, every citizen of adult ages; hence self-preservation requires our government to take care that no child shall grow up in ignorance, for at every election he is in command of some part of the vast machine that moves the country, and may wreck it. This is no new or untried application of law: and though especially appropriate for a democracy, yet the founders and supporters of every form of government have in all ages required the education of the ruling class. In a military despotism this class is the army; and no one acquires a voice in the martial councils until he has had a long training and schooling in the camp.

The founder of the Republic of Sparta, two thousand seven hundred years ago, Lycurgus, the law-giver, required the child of every citizen to attend the public schools from seven years of age till maturity; and if a male child, his compulsory education continued till thirty.

The great teacher and founder of modern democracy, Solon, the law-giver of Athens, two thousand five hundred years ago, established universal education in order that the Attic Republic might have no citizen incapable of casting an intelligent ballot.

One thousand years ago, Charlemagne, the great Christian emperor who ruled both France and Germany, established schools and required the education of the children of all classes participating in the government.

The Republicans of France for more than three-quarters of a century have been laboring for universal suffrage and universal education. They have frequently established the one, and enacted the other; but before a generation of children could be trained up in the public schools the ignorant voters have been led by demagogues and despots, both civil and ecclesiastical, to overturn free government; and then the Monarchists have abolished universal education. The sad result to that brilliant nation is that so late as 1868 one-half of its thirty-eight millions of inhabitants could neither read nor write; and this illiterate half furnished ninety-five per cent. of the criminal arrests, and eighty-seven per cent of the convictions.

In Germany three hundred and fifty years, ago a new order of things sprang up, and the great leader of the reform, Martin Luther, favored making education obligatory upon all. State after State adopted it, until for two generations every child in Germany, however poor its parents or humble its lot, has been sure of receiving at public expense a good elementary education.

Sixty years ago this very month Carl Wilhelm von Humboldt, elder brother of Alexander, and Minister of Public Instruction of Prussia, seeing his country, by the treaty of Tilsit, reduced to poverty and weakness by Napoleon, presented to the king a plan for the recovery of the national wealth, power and prestige. It was the present school system of Prussia.

It secures a good elementary education to every child in Prussia, and punishes with both fine and imprisonment any parties who attempt to deprive the child of this invaluable benefaction.

The kings saw that the schoolmaster could accomplish more than the field marshal, and at little cost; and his victories and conquests are both peaceful, profitable, and permanent, while those of the marshal often cost more to keep than to win. The law was adopted and has been most faithfully enforced ever since.

The result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Like the genial rays of the sun and the dews of heaven upon germinating seeds, it has enabled the child of every peasant to develop into an intelligent, efficient and productive Prussian, and has raised the country to the front rank in knowledge, wealth, power and influence. When she goes to war, though with her equals in mere brute force, yet, aided by superior intelligence, she is not only victorious, but loses scarcely more than half as many men in the battle, and by wounds and disease, as her opponents. Her administration, both civil and military, is a model of economy and efficiency.

Saxony, Denmark, Sweden, Nassau, Norway and England have similar laws. Not a child is to be found in Saxony who has not attended school. In Prussia in 1864, out of 3,000,000 children only 130,000 were out of school. In Swedes, out of 385,000 children only 9,131, or three per cent., are uninstructed. In the Grand Duchy of Nassau not a single adult could be found in 1867 that was illiterate. The other German States show like results. In our own State of New York in 1870 we had 189,000 illiterate adults, of whom 70,000 were male, and hence are, or may be, voters, and hold in their ignorant hands the political power of the State at every election.

In the Grand Duchy of Baden, by the faithful enforcement of obligatory education, the authorities in seven years—1854 to 1861—reduced the number of prisoners fifty-one per cent., and of thefts fifty-four per cent., and of paupers twenty-five per cent. The moral benefit to society and the saving of criminal and charitable expenditure is very great.

In England the law is optional with the local governments, and has been put in operation in many towns and cities for two years. It works so well that it is now proposed to require the whole kingdom to enforce it.

Eighteen of the twenty-two States (Cantons) of democratic Switzerland a generation ago made education obligatory upon every child. The beneficent effects of enforcing such a law were so great upon the manners, habits, appearance, and expression of the citizens, as well as upon their material prosperity, that in two cases made through that republic a few years since, I could tell within a few miles, without inquiry, when I had passed from a Canton that enforced education, into one that neglected it.

On the 19th day of last April a Constitutional amendment was submitted to the people, authorizing the national government to make the education of children obligatory through the whole twenty-two Cantons (States) of the Republic, and it was carried by an immense majority.

Cannot the great American Republic, stretching from ocean to ocean, and abounding in wealth, do as well by its children as its older but smaller sister perched up among the bleak and barren Alpine peaks?

Last winter the State of New York enacted such a law. It is justly entitled, An Act to secure to children the benefits of elementary education. It goes into effect the first day of this year.

New Jersey, Kansas, Nevada, and California enacted last winter similar laws. Michigan and New Hampshire have also. Massachusetts and Connecticut have had such statutes for the greater part of the time for nearly two centuries; hence the intelligence, thrift, and influence in the nation, of the people of these two States.

One hundred millions of people, the leaders of civilization on two continents, now live under such a law. In whatever country and under whatever form of government it is faithfully enforced for a single generation, its benefits are so great that it becomes the fixed and settled policy of the people; and no politician, demagogue, or statesman, would venture to suggest its repeal.

Twenty-one of our States have established free schools for all the children. The others must do it, or become a prey to internal discord, commotions, violence, ignorance, pauperism, and crime. They have only to look at two pictures—Mexico and Massachusetts—and choose which shall be their future; one or the other is inevitable. The free common school adds to the value of the citizen as a mere producing machine in this country, as has been found by actual investigation in all departments of labor, on an average, fifty per cent, while a higher training increases this two or three hundred per cent. How can a State fail, then, to increase its wealth by securing to every member of the rising generation at least a good elementary education? Ambition is the spur of industry, and ambition comes of intelligence.

Illiterate adults in this country produce thirty times as many paupers and ten times as many criminals as the same number of adults, under similar conditions, with such an education as may be obtained in the free common schools.

The cost of taking care of our paupers and criminals, though comparatively few in numbers, is as large as the whole cost of a good system of free common schools and the vigorous enforcement of the law to secure to all children the benefits of elementary education.

In our large cities, like New York, the cost of the criminal courts and jails, to protect society against a few thousand criminals—most of whom become such through the neglect of the State to teach them anything better—is greater than the whole expense of securing to each one of the 300,000 children of the school age a good elementary education.

Every child has a right to this education; it is the interest and the duty of the State to give it to him. It is profit to the property owner and economy to the tax-payer to see that it is done. It is the most certain and least expensive method of reducing the annual crop of paupers and criminals, and stimulating the steady and certain development of the wealth of the country.—*New York School Journal.*

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing; but she looked up, and answered Maggie:—

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her. "'The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross.' Sure enough," thought she; "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember, when I was sick last year, I was so nervous, that, if anybody spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience; but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now; and I will." And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby. Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips. "Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? it is such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would!" said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words, and the kiss that accompanied them, were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered, "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk! She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had been so often bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest. She resolved always to remember and act upon her aunt's good word: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*The Well-Spring.*

CASTE IN INDIA.

BY REV. H. J. BRUCE.

It is generally admitted that the system of Caste is the most formidable obstacle with which the missionary has to contend. At every turn he meets it, in some of its forms; in every effort he has it to encounter; and in his preaching he is aware that, however impressive the truth may be made, these impressions will generally yield to the fear that, if the truth is received, it will in some way affect caste relations. The bonds of caste are as bonds of steel, permeating every grade of society. The strength of these bonds it is impossible for any one to understand, or conceive, who has not himself witnessed it. The object and aim is to keep every man in the exact social position in which he was born; and no man can leave his assigned position in this great social system, unless it be to become an outcast from all society.

The divisions of caste vary somewhat in the different parts of the country. Generally speaking, those who are engaged in the same occupation or trade, belong to to the same caste. Thus the goldsmiths, the coppersmiths, blacksmiths, the carpenters, the tanners, the weavers, the cultivators, and many others, each have their separate caste, and in their intercourse with each other are restricted by inexorable law. In a volume on caste published by the Bombay Government, in 1827, about one hundred and twenty-five different castes are named and described; and this includes only those that are found in the Bombay Presidency.

In personal appearance there is a great difference to be seen in persons of the different castes, especially in those belonging to the extremes of the social scale, as is the case in any community. It is difficult, however, and often impossible, to determine the caste standing of a man from his personal appearance, apart from any peculiarities of dress that may belong to his caste.

The complexion of the people differs greatly, some of them being very light brown, and others very dark brown in color. It may be true, in general, that the people of the higher castes are of lighter complexion than those of the lower; but the complexion of a man cannot be taken as an indication of his rank. I have seen Brahmins, at the head of the social system, who were very dark in complexion, and on the other hand a Mang, one of the very lowest, who was comparatively light. The Brahmin, however, would be at once distinguishable not only from his Brahminical dress, but from the brighter and more intelligent expression of his countenance.

The engraving represents a number of the castes and occupations of Western India. The following is a brief description of each:—

1. A Brahmin, eating his dinner. His turban and outer garments are laid aside for that purpose. His food consists of bread, rice and vegetables. He eats no animal food, because it is contrary to their scriptures to take life of any kind. A vessel of water stands by his side, and a drinking vessel lies before him. He is so pure and holy that if any man of lower caste, or even a European, should pass by him in such a manner as to let his *shadow* fall upon his food, he would immediately rise, throw away his dinner, bathe himself, and perform other rites of purification. The marks upon his forehead indicate the god he is accustomed to worship.

2. A gardener, cultivating his plants. The Mali, or gardener caste, is distinct from that of the ordinary cultivator. Members of the two castes will eat together, but will not intermarry.

3. A coachman, in driving-dress, belonging to the cultivator caste.

4. A peon, or errand-man, employed by officers to carry letters, etc. This man is of the Peradashi caste, as indicated by the peculiar mark upon his forehead. His caste is of high rank.

5. A native soldier, or sepoy. Soldiers are taken from al castes.

6. An ayah, or lady's maid. She is of a peculiar class called Madrasee. The ordinary ayah would invariably have the end of the garment, here simply thrown over the shoulder, brought over the head as well, as may be seen in figure 10.

7. A Mussulman butler, bringing the dinner.

8. A Parsee gentleman. The Parsees are *fire-worshipers*, and originally came from Persia, to escape the persecutions of the Mohammedans. They number about one hundred and fifty thousand, and are mostly found in Western India.

9. A Parsee servant bringing water.

10. A native woman, with two water vessels on her head, one above the other. This well represents the dress of the women in Western India. The bracelets upon her wrists are considered quite essential by all classes

11. A dhobi, or washerman, carrying his clothes to the river to wash. The washing is performed by beating the garments upon a stone.

12. A Mussulman water-carrier. The water-bag under his arm is made of the skin of an animal.

CASTE IN INDIA.

13. A dancing-girl, or religious prostitute. Many of these are attached to heathen temples. The god Khundoba alone has some sixteen hundred such "*wives*" to do his service.

14. A Hindoo religious mendicant. The beads in his hand are for counting the number of times he repeats the names of his gods. The vessel at his side is a gourd-shell for receiving flour. His body is besmeared with ashes taken from the altars of the gods. These mendicants are worshiped by the people. If the people refuse to give to them they pronounce a curse upon them, which is greatly feared. He is called a Biragi.

15. A religious mendicant of another sect—a Gosavi.

16. A sweeper, or scavenger.

17. A common man from the jungle; well illustrating the dress of the poorer classes.

18. A woman from the Wadari caste. These resemble a band or camp of gypsies, living in little huts made of mats. They form their encampment in the fields near a village, and remain there as long as they choose, and then remove to another place. They are *rat eaters*, and are very skillful in catching rats and other small animals. They are also inveterate thieves.

Missionary Herald.

KEEP IN THE LIGHT. The light exercises a far greater influence upon our well-being than we think. Plenty of it is as necessary for people as for plants. The diseased fat livers of geese, which are considered such a delicacy by some epicures, are only produced by keeping the animals in a dark cellar during the necessary cramming process. Animals waste in muscular strength, as do plants, when kept in the dark. Sunlight is a tonic. Miners and workmen employed in ill-lighted shops, are found to be especially liable to catarrh in the mucous membranes, flaccidity of the soft parts

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THE POINTS OF A GOOD COW are thus poetically described in *The London Farmer's Magazine*:

"She's long in her face, she's flae in her horn; she'll quickly get fat without cake or corn; she's clean in her jaw, and full in her chin; she's heavy in flank, and wide in loin; she's broad in her rib, and long in her rump; a straight and flat back with never a hump; she's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes; she's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs; she's light in her neck, and small in her tail; she's wide in her breast, and good at the pail; she's fine in her boue, and silky of skin; she's a grazier's without and a butcher's within."

The Teachers' Table.

Some of the difficulties which a foreigner finds in learning the English language are amusingly shown in these not very sensible lines which *look* as if they ought to rhyme, as the last words have all the same endings:

HOW TO PRONOUNCE "OUGH."

Peasant Arcadian,
Guiding the plough,
Coarse are your garments,
Your aspect is rough.

Peasant Imprudent,
I hear you've a cough;
Do you feel sure
You're clad warm enough?

Bibulous Peasant,
Your voice it is rough;
You're not a disciple
Of temperate Gough.

Home to your cottage
You hear the winds sough,
Even the birdies
Sing hoarse oo the bough.

Home to your cottage,
And bend o'er the trough
Kneading the loaves
Of digestible dough.

Though the bread's heavy,
Unsweetened, and tough,
Well-sharpened teeth
Will go easily through.

HOW TO TEACH READING.

In the methods for teaching reading now used in the best schools of our country, chief attention is directed toward securing an intelligent utterance of the *thoughts* of the lesson. The child learns word-forms as symbols of familiar objects and ideas, and is led to observe the thought embodied in the grouped words or sentence. It matters not if he keeps far in the background attention to those minor points, as emphasis, inflection, punctuation, etc., since proper training in the utterance of the thoughts will secure the needed attention to these matters. The standard for good reading is its near resemblance to good conversation, toward the attainment of this end all good methods constantly tend.

THE Report of the Oswego Public Schools for 1874, contains some interesting features. There are eleven primary, six junior, two senior, and one high school, and one unclassified school. The following sections, under Duties of Teachers, are pregnant with common sense:

"All rules and definitions should be the deduction of the children. That these may be concise, and at the same time as comprehensive as possible, the teacher should either aid the pupil in the working of these, or use the form given in the book, which should be committed to memory. In the primary classes the committing of rules and definitions may, in the discretion of the teacher be omitted.

"They should sparingly use the text book themselves, except for occasional reference, and should not permit it to be taken to the recitation seat to be referred to by the pupils, except in such case of such exercises as absolutely require it. They should assign many questions of their own preparing, or those selected from kindred text books involving an application of what the pupils have learned.

"It is expected that the teachers, as far as is consistent with their other duties, will endeavor to make themselves acquainted with the parents and guardians, in order to secure their aid and co-operation, and the better to enable them to understand the temperament, characteristics and wants of the children.

"In each school there shall be allowed a recess to all the pupils in the same, not exceeding fifteen minutes in the forenoon, except in the primary schools, in which there may be, at the discretion of the teacher, two recesses in the morning, and one in the afternoon, not exceeding twenty minutes each.

"The teachers of the several schools shall devote themselves faithfully to the duties of their office. They shall daily examine the lessons of their various classes, and make such special preparation upon them, i necessary, as not to be constantly confined to the text book, and instruct all their pupils, without partiality, in those branches of school studies which their various classes may be pursuing. In all their intercourse with their scholars, they are required to strive to impress on their minds, both by precept and example, the great importance of continued efforts for improvement in morals, [illegible] as well as useful learning."

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

MARCH 7, 1875.

HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID!

MATT. xxi: 8–11.

8 And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed *them* in the way.

9 And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

10 And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?

11 And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee.

Golden Text.—HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID; BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD; HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST!—Matt. xxi: 9.

JESUS with his disciples was on his way to Jerusalem to keep his last Passover. He was now very near his journey's end. The blessing of the little children and his interview with the rich young man, which we have been considering for the last two Sabbaths, occurred in the "country beyond Jordan." Crossing the Jordan he came into Jericho, where he gave sight to two blind beggars sitting by the wayside, and they immediately "followed Jesus in the way." This is the only incident of the journey that Matthew and Mark record, but Luke tells us of his visit to Zaccheus, the rich publican, and the blessed result of that visit, first to Zaccheus himself, and second to the poor and those whom he had wronged. John relates that as he proceeded on his way he stopped at Bethany at the house of Mary and Martha, whose brother Lazarus he had shortly before raised from the dead.

A great many people had come with Jesus from Jericho and still more had joined him at Bethany where they had gathered to satisfy themselves by the evidence of their own eyes that Lazarus had really been brought to life again. So now as they were coming near to Jerusalem, such numbers had joined themselves to the company of Christ and his disciples that there was a great procession.

Many hundred years before, a prophet had written of the way Jesus should come to Jerusalem in these words: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee: he is just and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass." (Zech. ix: 9). Always before, Jesus had refused to be made king, but now the hour was at hand, when, by the fulfillment of prophecy, he was to be pointed out as the King that was to come. This entrance into the city Jesus intended as an avowal of his Messiahship. He came, however, not as a proud conqueror, but as the Prince of Peace, riding on an ass, which was the symbol of peace. Even in the most triumphal hour of Christ's earthly life—when praised and honored as the Messiah he was yet the "meek and lowly Jesus." How unbecoming then that any who are called by his name should be filled with pride and vanity, whatever be their worldly prosperity or position.

There were an unusual number of people in the city at this time, gathered together to attend the Passover, the great yearly feast of the Jews. In their eagerness to see him of whom they had heard such wonderful reports they hastened out to meet him (John xii: 18), and learning for themselves the reality of his miracles (for doubtless the two blind men with Lazarus and many others who had received healing from Christ were in that great company), their excitement knew no bounds. To them it seemed that the hour for the establishment of Christ's kingdom had at last come. Some strewed branches in his pathway and some spread their garments for him to ride upon while they sang the beautiful song of welcome which had been written long years before, "Hosanna to the Son of David." Hosanna means "Save, I beseech thee, O Lord," and these very words are found in one of the Psalms of David (Ps. cxvii: 25, 26). The great multitude with their shouts of praise threw the whole city into commotion. "Who is this?" they ask. The question was probably one of surprise rather than ignorance, for Jesus was known in Jerusalem; but before he had entered the city quietly and on foot; now riding, the honored centre of a grand triumphal procession. Are we not glad that though most of his life on earth was unhonored yet this once he had the honors of his station rendered to him, and entered the city of his father, David as a king in Zion? But we have the saddest reasons to believe that many of those who welcomed Jesus with shouts of Hosanna were carried away by their feelings in mere lip service; and it is to be feared that there are many still who shout "Hosanna" as did those of old who yet by unworthy lives deny the Master they profess to love. Let us remember that no one is safe until he receives Christ into his heart as an abiding guest.

LESSON II.

March 14, 1875.

THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE.

MATT. xxi: 12–16.

12 And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves.

13 And said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

14 And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple; and he healed them.

15 And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David; they were sore displeased,

16 And said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

Golden Text.—BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD.—Matt. v: 8.

On the day of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem we learn from Mark that he went into the temple and merely looked around upon all things and then went out to Bethany with the twelve to spend the night. It was the day following that Jesus cast out the traders. Let us notice what it was that Jesus found wrong in the courts of the temple. Oxen, sheep and doves were there offered for sale, and there, too, were the money-tables, where coin could be exchanged. There was nothing wrong in this. Many of the worshipers came from distant countries and it was a great convenience for them to be able to buy the necessary things for sacrifice right beside the altar. Then those worshipers brought money of different countries and they needed to exchange it for the shekel of the sanctuary, the proper holy money. But those traffickers were cheating the worshipers: they were taking more than the value of their beasts, so that what was first intended as an accommodation became afterward a source of unholy gain and extortion. Instead of going to God's house to pray they went there to make money. Christ purified the temple by casting out all that had made religion a cloak for selfishness and sin. Christians are sometimes called the temple of God (1 Cor. iii: 16, 17). What manner of persons then ought they to be? Our King comes to make us holy as well as to pardon us. All the sins that are in our hearts, such as covetousness, pride and lust must go out when Christ comes in. If our hearts are to be fit temples for the indwelling of Christ, we must put away from us every thing offensive to him.

The silent submission of those traders shows with what kingly authority his words must have come to them. But Jesus entered the temple that morning not alone to show his power by driving out his enemies, but to bestow royal gifts upon the poor and needy ones who came to him: "And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple and he healed them." All these wonderful things, the cleansing of the temple and the miracles following, only served to increase the enthusiasm of the people, and the children of the temple joined in the joyful cry, "Hosanna to the Son of David." Now there were some standing by who did not like this—not Christ's own disciples; they had learned a different lesson on that day beyond the Jordan; but certain men very wise in their own esteem, greatly honored, too, on account of their seeming goodness, were sore displeased. The people heretofore had been accustomed to look to them for teaching and guidance and now they felt that the multitude preferred the teachings of Jesus to theirs. They were not willing to step aside—as was the faithful John the Baptist (John iii: 30)—even to give place to Him, to whom all their worship had pointed. While pride and envy so filled their hearts we cannot wonder that they hated Jesus and opposed him. They wished to prevent any joyous acknowledgement of Christ as King. As they found their displeasure had no effect upon the children they turned to Christ and angrily asked "Hearest thou what these children say?" Jesus did not silence the children but severely rebuked the learned scribes and Pharisees by his quiet answer "Yea,"—I both hear them and approve what they do—"have ye never read 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?'" Thus the children were encouraged in their joy and Jesus again showed himself to be the Friend of the little ones. The proud scribes could make no reply to that question. Doubtless they had read many times the Eighth Psalm (which contains these very words) in their temple service, and out of their own Scriptures they were condemned.

Jesus will come again among men as King, not riding on an ass, but in the glory of his Father, the holy angels with him. Greater crowds shall gather about him than when he rode into Jerusalem. All people—young and old—who have truly loved and served him, will then be singing praises to the Prince of Peace. But where will all that happy throng be going? To "the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" for when Jesus comes to earth again it will be to take all his friends home to heaven to live with him always. May we so truly and faithfully serve Jesus now that when that time shall come we shall be able to hail its coming with joy and to join with our whole hearts in the glad song, "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest."

LESSON III.

March 21, 1875.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

MATT. xxvi: 26–30.

26 And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed *it*, and brake *it*, and gave *it* to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

27 And he took the cup, and gave thanks and gave *it* to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

28 For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

29 But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

30 And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

Golden Text.—CHRIST, OUR PASSOVER, IS SACRIFICED FOR US.

THE public entrance of Jesus into the holy city, which was the subject of our lesson two Sabbaths since, took place on Sunday, the first day of the last week of our Lord's life. On Monday, as we learned last Sabbath, Jesus cleansed the temple. The two following days he attended to his accustomed work; namely, teaching his disciples and preaching to the people. Thursday he passed in retirement at Bethany, but Peter and John were sent to prepare the Passover. For nearly two thousand years the Jews had eaten a supper in remembrance of their deliverance from the land of Egypt where they were once slaves. God had told them how to prepare that supper. It was of this feast that Jesus had said: "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer." When asked where they should prepare it, he told them to go to the city and they would meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. They must follow him and when he should go into a house they must say to the man who lived there, "The Master saith, Where is the guest chamber where I shall eat the Passover with my disciples?". Peter and John went as Jesus desired; they saw a man carrying a pitcher of water; they followed him and gave the message Jesus had sent, and the man showed them a large upper room ready furnished which they might have. Here they made ready the Passover; they procured the Lamb, had it roasted, prepared the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs. When evening was come, Jesus went to Jerusalem with the other ten disciples and they sat down to the sacred meal which was made ready and which he designed to render more sacred and more memorable. We call this the Lord's supper because our Saviour has said to all his people, "Do this in remembrance of me."

Before instituting this new ordinance, the little company kept the Passover supper in the usual manner. Toward its close, the incident occurred which marked Judas as the betrayer of his Master (John xiii: 26). At the Master's words, "What thou doest, do quickly," he hastened away leaving him alone with his true friends. Christ then proceeded to institute that supper which was a pledge of his love and care for them notwithstanding he foresaw all their weakness and cruel desertion which was so near at hand. He first blessed and brake the bread. When Christ was on earth he often spoke of himself as the Bread of Life (John vi: 35). He then gave it to his disciples saying, "Take, eat." Each one must receive Christ and the truth for himself. True religion is a real personal matter. The eating of the broken bread should recall to our memory the great fact that Jesus died for our sins, and that as by eating bread our natural bodies are nourished, and our lives preserved so by receiving Christ, the Bread of Life, our souls are fed and sustained, and through his broken body everlasting life is secured to us. "In like manner" he "took the cup" "gave thanks," and said "Drink ye *all* of it." It is absolutely necessary that each one should believe and partake for himself. Religion is strictly individual; we can no more repent and believe for each other than we can eat and drink for one another. As oft as they drink of the cup it is to remind them of his blood freely shed for many for the remission of sin. The just and holy God had said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." God's word could not be broken. Christ was willing to die instead of us who had sinned and upon whom the sentence of death was already passed; and God the Father so loved us notwithstanding our sin and ingratitude that he freely gave this dearly-beloved Son to death for our sakes. He accepts the sacrifice—Christ's death instead of our death. This is what we mean by our sins being washed away in the blood of Jesus (1 John i: 7). If we love Christ for all he has done for us, and show our gratitude to him by trying to do the things that will please him, then our hearts have been cleansed by his blood, and God will pass over our sins and remember them no more against us—even as the angel of death passed over the houses where the blood was sprinkled on the lintel of the door. Christ welcomes to his table all those who by keeping his commandments prove themselves to be his friends. This memorial supper is a continual reminder to them not only of Christ's love in dying for them but of his return and fellowship in the upper kingdom: "Until that day," "in my Father's kingdom."

All who observe this last request of Christ in faithful remembrance of him shall sit down at the Marriage supper of the Lamb with the ransomed of "every people and nation and tribe and tongue" in his Father's kingdom.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

LESSON IV.

March 28, 1875.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

MATT. xxvi: 36–46.

36 Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.

37 And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.

38 Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here and watch with me.

39 And he went a little farther and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou *wilt*.

40 And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour?

41 Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed *is* willing, but the flesh *is* weak.

42 He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.

43 And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy.

44 And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.

45 Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

46 Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me.

Golden Text.—HE MADE HIM TO BE SIN FOR US, WHO KNEW NO SIN; THAT WE MIGHT BE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM.—2 Cor. v: 21.

IMMEDIATELY after the the supper our Lord went out into the Mount of Olives and consecrated these last quiet hours of his life to those touching and consoling words which the beloved John has alone recorded (John xiv, xv, xvi). He closed his last discourse with that prayer for his disciples which included not only those who were then with him, but all who in after time should believe on him through their word. A precious legacy indeed! for these four chapters of St. John's gospel have been an exhaustless source of consolation and strength to his disciples in all hours of trial and affliction ever since.

When he had finished he descended from the mount and "came into a place called Gethsemane." Jesus and his disciples were familiar with the place, for Jesus often went there alone in the night to pray (Luke 22: 39). After they had crossed the brook Kedron, and had come into the garden, Jesus told eight of his followers to sit down while he went farther on to pray. He took with him Peter, James and John, the same disciples who went up with him into the holy mount, and were there eye-witnesses of his glory—*now* they were about to see his overwhelming sorrow. The hour had come, and he who had always been a man of sorrows was now so "exceeding sorrowful even unto death" that he could not bear the immediate presence of these three friends whom he had taken with him, but said to them, "Tarry ye here and watch with me," and then went a little farther on to be alone in prayer with God. None can understand or begin to comprehend the bitterness of the agony which Christ endured upon that awful night. What we do know is that of his own free will he bore all these sufferings for us, that he might bring us to God. "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." "We have turned every one to his own way and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah liii: 4, 6). Christ shows to sinners his abounding love in what he was willing to do and endure for them. In this time of his distress he looked alone to God for divine aid and deliverance from the cup of sorrow, praying earnestly if it were possible that it might pass from him; "nevertheless," "not as I will, but as thou wilt," he always added in meek submission. But while he looked to God alone for help and succor, "the man Christ Jesus" naturally turned to man for tender human sympathy, and twice he sought the companionship of his friends. But did he find them watching? No; their hearts were so heavy with sorrow that they could not keep awake (Luke xxii: 45), and Jesus had no one to watch and pray with him in this hour of his fearful suffering. Even Peter, who, a little while before had said, "I will lay down my life for thy sake," now slept as soundly as the others. Still Jesus did not complain; he knew how weary and sad they were, and only said to Peter, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Few things make men more selfish and faultfinding than suffering. Not so with Christ, for he compassionately excused them in the words "The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak."

But his importunate prayer was effectual. Three times he bowed down before God, each time repeating the same words: "Let this cup pass from me." The cup was to be drained, but strength was given him to drink it, and he arose firm and calm ready to meet his doom. Let us never forget that it was sin—yours and mine—which made it necessary that Jesus should endure the mysterious woe of that dreadful night in Gethsemane; and may our daily lives be a continual expression of our gratitude to him who for our sakes was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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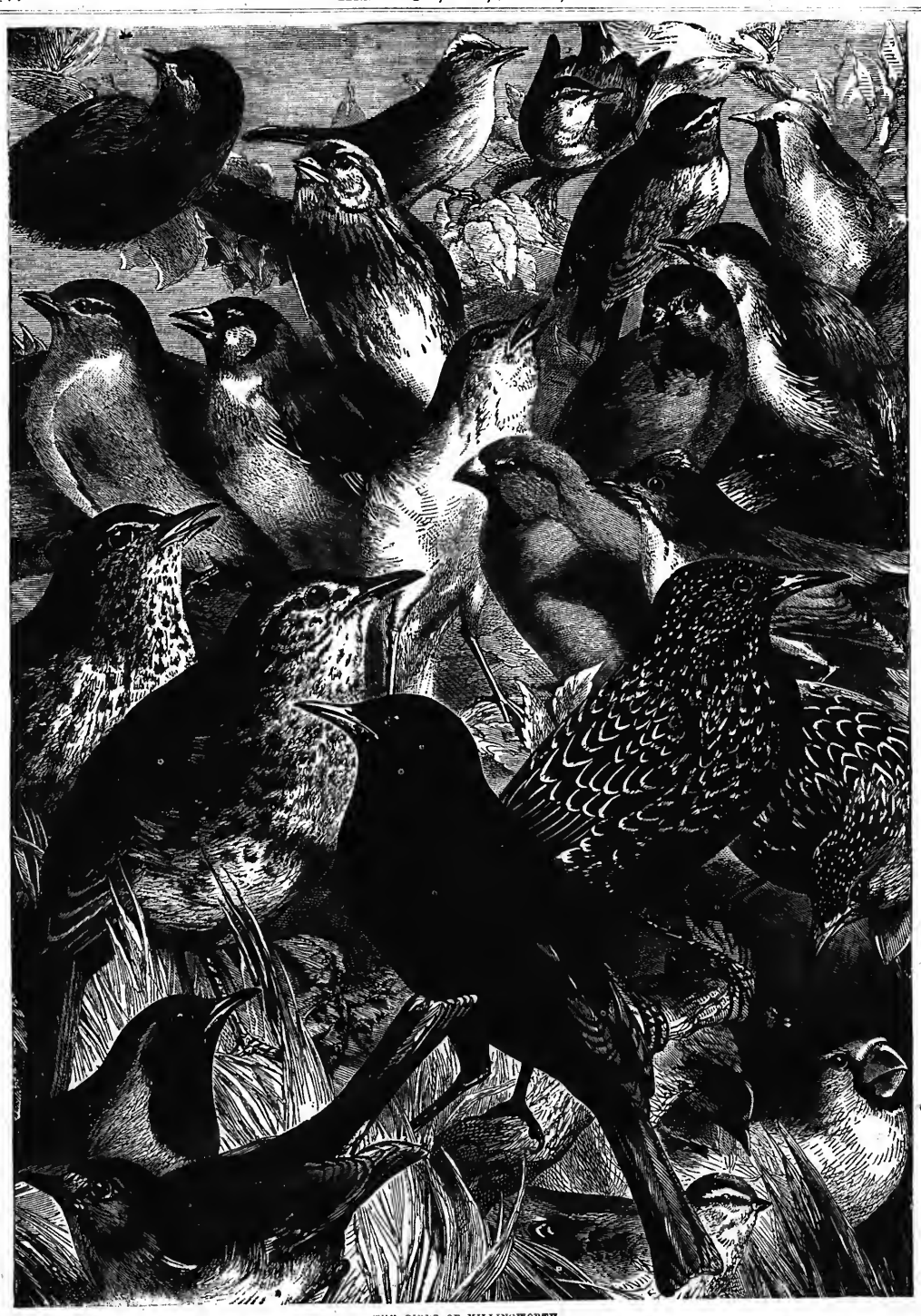

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, APRIL, 1875.

THE HAMPTON SINGERS AND ENDOWMENT.

Instead of devoting their efforts to securing a building fund of $25,000, as was stated in our last issue, this band will endeavor to add something to the endowment fund of the Hampton Institute.

Although our young men are by no means as well provided for as the female students, and must, ere long, vacate the recitation rooms they now occupy, for snitable quarters, it is not intended to put up another large building at present; cheap wooden barracks will be erected for them.

There is an increasing tendency among thoughtful men to put their money into brains instead of bricks. Not that we would disparage the splendid sacrjfices made in behalf of Virginia Hall, or underrate the great civilizing and elevating influences of that noble building; hut, having built a fine ship, we should send it into its field of action in the best possible order and efficiency.

People of earnestness and force seldom ask of the world more than a fair support that they may labor for the good of their fellow-men. They are indifferent to wealtb, and regret that even the common comforts of life must be required at the hands of benevoleuce.

Scores of able men and women have been starved out of usefulness. Powerful men who are needed to mould the young and lead the march of mind and thought, are weakened and worn out by wretched and uncertain salaries that make rest and recreation impossible.

There is plenty of money waiting to be placed where it will accomplish most, and intelligent wealth is seeing the wisdom of backing up those who are laying the foundations of the nation's future hy the wise and timely instruction of youth.

Hampton asks for $200,000 *at once* the interest of which shall support its officers and teachers and meet its general expenses. Being a manual labor school, the corps is thereby nearly doubled, and the annual running cost far greater. When that is got it will need $200,000 more. This is wanted that the best brain and the best appliances may be brought to bear upon the most important national question—the recovery of the South—the regeneration of these five millions of negroes. In some regions they are lapsing into barbarism; in some they are saving and huying land and improving. Not a third of the black children are at school. Negro illiteracy is one of the most frightful factors in the national life. Eight hnndred tbousand colored voters are a vast political power mainly under the control of demagogues.

Why should we not say at once *half a million for Hampton*, since it can provide for tbree hundred boarders gathered from every quarter, besides a hundred day pupils, and send out yearly one hundred well-trained educators, whose specialty and whose life work is to he teaching the young? Not only does Hampton instruct, it civilizes; it educates the haud as well as the head, and it becomes responsible for two-thirds of the entire living expenses of its pupils from abroad—a burden uever assumed hy other colleges.

The negro teacher is a success. The hundreds of applications from ex-slaveholders for our graduates on file at this office, and the ahundant testimonials of ex-Confederates as to their ability as teachers, is enough for the most carping and incredulous. Forty students will graduate next June to join the hundred now at work in the free-school system of Virginia. A thousand are needed in this State alone.

Our brave little hand of singers is doing what the world has heen waiting for the negro to do—helping themselves. Their profits are small, hut they are something, and that something is to be thrown into the foundations, and, little as it may be, it will, under God, be a stimulus upon others to do greater things, and a valuable and permanent contrihution to the country's good.

CIVIL RIGHTS.

The contest over the Civil Rights Bill has ended. In the closing hours of Congress the colored man was declared to have the freedom of railroads, steamboats, hotels and theatres throughout the land.

Hardly had this been done when southern legislation prepared to make it a barren victory, and it is to-day a question whether in some of the states the determined stand against this bill will not be successful.

We are glad to observe but few indications in the South that the colored people are being unduly elated hy the Congressional guarantee of civil rights. On the contrary, there is every reason to hope that the avowed enemies and the unwise friends of the race, will, in this respect, be signally disappointed. Up to this time a peaceable demeanor has been the political salvation of the ex-slave. By it, he has inspired faith in his capacity to become a useful citizen. No other course of action on his part would have induced such warmth of sympathy at the North, and such efforts for his relief and enlightenment. His moderation has extorted the praise of all hut rash and wild counselors. Thrift is blessing his industry and teaching him that for him, too, it was written that the meek shall inherit the earth. When he stands upon a basis of substantial prosperity he will command the attention of the powerful class who ask only "will it pay?"

It is not enough that among five million a few unobjectionable associates are to be found. There must be a general advance in wealth and knowledge before prejudice will lose its power. Till this is the case it will make an innkeeper poor to defy the wishes of the majority of his customers; and law may be invoked in vain to compel a man to continue a losing hnsiness.

There is no reason why a decent man shouldn't go anywhere—no matter what his color is—provided by patient self-culture he can make himself welcome. At present the colored man is generally presumed to lack intelligence and refinement—because the race has not had time to acquire these essentials of civilized society. When this presumption is removed by progress, and color ceases to be the badge of ignorance, then the negro will have earned his right to a higher social recognition. Till this takes place individuals must suffer — as is the case under all general laws, which are hy their nature necessarily framed to apply to the majority of cases, and not to exceptions. While we sympathize profoundly with the few intelligent colored men whose lineage restricts their associations, we cannot but think it wiser for them to seek to change public opinion rather hy removing all its removahle causes, than hy attacking it hy force.

As earnest well-wishers we appeal to our colored friends to raise uo needless and ill considered issue under the present law. They cannot afford it. The race is in a hopeless minority, and without comparison in wealth and knowledge. Such a contest must be barren of any result commensnrate with its cost, and fraught with the danger of alienating many passive friends into open enemies. This whole people is literally perishing for want of light. Instead of spending their money in the courts, let them remember that thousands of children are needing their aid to prevent them from lapsing into barbarism. For this reason, and because we believe prejudice and public sentiment are not to be conquered hy any law whicb cannot be enforced, we hope those colored men who may have wealth enough to sustain legal contests may nohly prefer the welfare of their race to their own sense of personal dignity.

A general advance by the colored people into their new privileges, regardless of public sentiment, would be most disastrous. Let only those advance who can hold their own, illnstrate the power of education and religion to lift up their race, and show their own shining fitness for that consideration that is universally accorded to intellectual and moral worth.

While men under the frightful ban of color, are, hy the severest struggles, emerging from their sloughy state into a higher condition, their chronic despisers, like the Irishman at the Donnybrook Fair, crying "Wherever you see a head, hit it," would drive such fugitives from degradation back to their old wretchedness as "their place." But we believe that the enlightened judgment of the southern people will, as the present irritation shall subside, accord due credit and proper treatment to manhood and real worth regardless of the accident or misfortune of color.

"HOW TO GET RICH!"

This is the title of a beautiful and instructive little book of thirty pages, just issued hy the Home Savings Bank, Norfolk, Va. The author, "Uncle Ben," has written it for "Poor Men, and Young Beginners in Life," hut its contents will interest any readers, especially the working classes and those who want to get on well in tbe world. By all means call at the Bank for a copy, or write to H. C. Percy, Cashier, Norfolk, asking for one, which he will mail to any person free. "How to Get Rich," though a *little* book, bas mighty force in its words, and is, in these hard times, a kind of advice greatly needed.

We are glad to note the continued prosperity of the Home Savings Bank.

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NEED ANY MAN BE POOR?

The Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the management of the Agricultural land fund by the different states of the Union, reports in a manner highly complimeiitary to this Commonwealth—as follows:

"If the State of Virginia is liable to criticism for investing its fnnd in stocks of fluctuating value, it should receive credit for the care it has taken not to permit the interests of education to suffer from this fact. The endowment of its two colleges is represented by $516,468 in six per cent state bonds. These were purchased for $271,875 in cash, at about fifty-five per cent of their par value. They do not appear to have greatly depreciated in value since the investment was made. The General Assembly has provided for paying the full interest of six per cent semi-annually on the par value of the bonds, although not always able to pay its creditors. This is a hopeful augury. A state so thoughtful of the highest interests of its people, in the midst of embarrassments, is not likely to allow its educational endowments to be seriously impaired."

THE "PENN MONTHLY."

Much magazine reading is, to say the least, unprofitable. That is excellent advice given by a prominent English writer of the day: If you wish to know about any subject get the best book you can find that treats of it and read it thoroughly. Still, good magazines do help to post us in regard to the absorbing questions of the day, and to keep us in harmony with the spirit of the times.

Among the best of the magaziues with which we are acquainted is the *Penn Monthly*. Not so pretentious as some, its tone is good, and the character of its articles interesting. Some would object to it that it lacks vivacity. True, it contains no popular stories or any articles of a sentimental character; but, in our judgement, this fact should speak strongly in its favor. It is designed to instruct, not to amuse, simply. Without attempting to criticize in detail the contents of the March number, the topics treated are timely, and are handled in an interesting and satisfactory manner. The resume of the month is valuable, the editor showing a happy faculty of passing over many matters with which the public is already wearied. The article on National Education contains an eloquent plea for the use of the Bible in our common schools, but which, though we do not attempt to dispute the author's conclusions, hardly seems to take in the length and breadth of the question. That such a use of the Bible can but exercise a good and healthy influence, few would be disposed to deny. But it is to be remembered that such is the spirit of our American institutions, that any considerable class of our citizens have a right to protest against the use of any religious book in our public schools, if the book be objectionable to them as a religious body. In the article following this, we are warned against the growing evil of myophia, or near-sightedness. A fair and interesting sketch of Kingsley's life and character is given. The historical series now being issued under the title of "Epochs of History" is ably reviewed; and other matters of interest are discussed. Altogether the magazine seems well calculated to exert an influence for good, and we have only to hope that its excellent tone and character will be sustained.

We are happy to number among our exchanges the *Richmond Review*, published weekly in Richmond under the auspices of the leading colored men of that city and under the general management of Mr. J. W. Dunjee. The editorial work is done chiefly hy Mr. Waring, a highly educated gentleman of experience and ability. The tone of the paper is better than that of any "colored" newspaper we have ever seen, and it gives promise of both usefulness and success. The *Review* has our best wishes.

We have received the Report of the Board of Directors of the Western Lunatic Asylum at Staunton, which, according to the lithographic view of it in the frontispiece, must be a very attractive place. At the date of the report there were three hundred and sixty patients in the Asylum—two hundred males and one hundred and sixty females. Dr. Francis T. Stribling, late physician of the Asylum, to whose efforts the State owes most of the recent reforms and improvements in the management of the insane, died on the 23d of July, 1874. He had been for nearly forty years the physician and superintendent, and had devoted himself with untiring zeal to the welfare of the unfortunate class under his care.

The Executive Board of the Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the relief of the Freedmen, recently sent a committee to inspect and report upon the schools under the auspices of that society in Virginia and North Carolina.

We extract the following from their report relating to the graduates of the Hampton Institute;

"On 12th month 11th, we left New Garden and our kind friends there, and proceeded to High Point, where our school is taught by Gracie McLean, a young colored woman, deeply interested in the work, who was formerly a scholar of ours at Greensboro and finished at Hampton. There were forty-five children present out of sixty-five (the number on the roll), together with a number of the parents. The smallest class repeated the alphabet both forward and backward, without a mistake. In the Primer class was a very smart boy named Willie, of only four years of age, with very bright black eyes; who went up next to head in his class of twelve or more, passing above four or five very much older than he, and answering the questions very quickly. He belongs evidently to a remarkably smart family, for his brother about fourteen years of age has almost the entire charge of the engine at Tabor's saw-mill. Their father is a steady, hard-working man, also employed at this mill. Around the walls of the schoolroom were hung texts in colors, made by one of the older girls of the school, which added to its cheerfulness.

"On 12 month 14th, we proceeded to Thomasville. Alice Davis [a graduate of Hampton, *Ed.*], the teacher at this school, is a very superior young colored woman, formerly a classmate with Gracie McLean, at one of our schools. While waiting for a few absentees she put the scholars through an excellent drill in gymnastic exercises with the arm and foot. She said she had these exercises two or three times a week, thought them very good for the school, and spoke of the decided benefit they had been to her in times past. There were fifty-one on the roll, of whom forty were present. The exercises in reading and spelling were very well conducted and the geography class did exceeding well. We were very much pleased to have from thirty to forty of the parents at the school, many having left their work on purpose to meet us."

We are permitted to publish the following extract from a private letter from a colored man in Tennessee, to his three sons in the Hampton Institute. The writer is a man of extraordinary natural abilities, and one of the finest orators of his race. He is an industrious mechanic, leads a most exemplary life, and commands universal esteem. All the education he has received has been since the war.

"*Dear Sons,*—We were glad to hear from you all, and hope when these few lines reach you they may find you all well.

"You all are much pleased at the passage of the Civil Rights Bill. I hope you all will act prudently and not boast over it. Many a poor black man will suffer death on account of that bill, because he is going to do something he ought not to do, and I hope you will take the advice of a good old father, and not do anything that would create any disturbance. Now, children, I do hope and pray you all will take the advice of your old father. The Civil Rights Bill is right, but the people are not right. I hope you will look to all these things and act like men of sense. I know you all know more in books than I, but I think I have had a little more experience. You all have spent a heap of time in trying to get an education. I hope you will act in a way to enjoy it, and give us pleasure in our old age.

"The people are not right yet. We must take into consideration that we live in the South, and if anybody suffers it is the poor black man. When a house is divided against itself it cannot stand."

Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

London, *October*, 1874.

Back in London, again, and I am heartily glad of it. Our vacation has been a most delightful one and we have enjoyed it fully; but after the rush and hurry and fatigue of two or three weeks' sight-seeing, and the driving from one place to another in order to crowd as much as possible into a short space of time, it seems pleasant to come back to the old rooms, which really had quite a homelike aspect after one month's absence, and to settle down into the regular routine of work and study again; especially when one has another year's work laid out, had rather less than a year probably, in which to accomplish it. Our rooms, too, have been rejuvenated, and look very pleasant and attractive with pretty, fresh paper, whitened ceilings, clean curtains, and several little improvements which add to our convenience and comfort. I have had full opportunity to test all these, as since my return to them I have been afflicted with trouble in one of my eyes, which has kept me for a part of the time a prisoner in a dark room; but now after having "suffered many things of many physicians," and oculists, and having submitted to a somewhat severe operation—the difficulty which was pronounced a local one—has been successfully, and I trust, permanently removed; and I hope I may be able to see my way clear, to the end of my prescribed course of study, as well as to the keeping my home correspondence up to the mark.

Our two weeks stay at Alvington was "a rest and a refreshing." We knew nothing of the place until we stumbled upon it, accidentally, as it were, in our search for quiet country lodgings. On our return from Paris, we staid but one day in London and then started again for Chepstow, which had been mentioned to us as a pleasant resort. We spent one night in Gloucester, and the next day arriving at Chepstow went in pursuit of lodgings; but before we knew it we were beyond the village limits and learned that the pleasant inn—looking more like a country farmhouse—which had attracted us, was not in Chepstow, but Alvington. It was all the same to us, however, as we found here exactly what we were seeking.

Friday, September 4th, we left Alvington for Stratford-on-Avon—the birth-place and home of Shakspeare, which, with some other interesting places we proposed to visit as we journeyed leisurely back to London. Our ride from Lydney—the meanest railway station—to Stratford was somewhat tiresome, owing to the many changes we had to make. We had two hours to wait at one station, remote from any village or anything else that was very interesting; then a short ride through some very pretty scenery brought us to Hereford to wait another hour. Here, however, we had a pleasant walk about the town, and through its large market.

Our next stopping-place was Malvern. We went through a very long tunnel—under a range of mountains—the first I have seen here—emerging into a most beautiful scene. On our left and behind us towered the mountains like great piles of green velvet in the bright sunlight; and on our right a plain extending for miles and dotted here and there with villages, low hills and woods, and in the distance another range of hills, standing out clearly against the sky brightening with sunset colors. Only a few minutes stop at Malvern, then on to Worcester, a short distance, where we stopped an hour and a half and dined. Worcester is quite a large town and has a fine cathedral. One more stop, at Honeybourne, where we changed cars for Stratford, arriving there between eight and nine o'clock, and went at once to the Shakspeare Hotel rejoicing that we had reached the end of our day's journey. This hotel was very neat and inviting, and the Shakespearean atmosphere enveloped us as soon as we entered it. Busts of the immortal William met us at all points. In the hall and dining-room, I counted five beside two medallion heads of him. We couldn't take a step without encountering the solemn gaze of, at least, one pair of plaster eyes. Going up to our rooms we passed two large oil paintings—portraits. Over the door of every room was inserted a tablet bearing the name of one of his plays. My sleeping-room was "Macbeth" (but I was too tired to indulge in tragic dreams); C's was "Love's Labor Lost;" our sitting-room was "Hamlet," and the dining-room "As You Like It"—very appropriate.

The next morning was bright and beautiful, and F. who was out for a "prowl" before breakfast came back with glowing accounts of the beauty of the place, raising quite an enthusiasm among us all, which we soon gratified by a visit to the poet's dwelling-place, and after a short walk entered the identical door through which the elder Shakespeare used to bring his wool and take in his milk during the infancy of the bard. The first room we went into was the family, or living-room, with the same stone floor and massive beams, upon and under which *he* gamboled in childish sport and calico pinafore. We looked upon the great fireplace in which the Shakespeare bacon used to hang and smoke; and we sat on the little seats in the chimney corner, of which we so often read in stories of the olden times. In this, and indeed all the rooms, the ceiling and walls were one mass of names written in pencil; before a regular register was kept there, persons were requested to put their names somewhere and many famous names were thus written; but, unfortunately, Time has in many places flaked off the whitewash, and the names have gone with it. Washington Irving's and Byron's disappeared in this way only a short time ago. After putting our names in the register, which is now kept in a little ante-room, we went up stairs into the chamber where William Shakspeare first drew breath. Here was the low room with its latticed windows and big fireplace—so familiar to everybody from the picture of it in reading-books, histories, etc. We trod the same boards over two hundred years old, on which he walked, and looked out the same window from which he had gazed—and, by the way, on this same window we saw the autograph of Sir Walter Scott, cut with a diamond. Passing through a very small entry, we next entered a room formerly used by Shakespeare *pater* for storing wool, and which now contains a portrait of his illustrious son, enclosed for security in a fire-proof safe. This is not the portrait so familiar to everybody—the so-called "Chandos" picture which gives him so much more of a Spanish than an English look, but one which is more satisfactory both as a (supposed) true likeness and as a pure-blooded Englishman exceptionally gifted and intelligent. The history of this picture is remarkable; in the first place, there is no portrait of Shakespeare in existence which is *known* to have been taken during his life-time; hence the uncertainty as to the probable truthfulness of the many likenesses, each claiming to be the correct one. The "Chandos" is, however, the one most generally accepted. The portrait of which I am now writing was given by a Mr. Hunt, a Shakespeare enthusiast, and he obtained it from a nobleman in whose family it had been for a long time, not, however, in the present shape, but in an old and faded landscape, apparently a worthless daub. It was made over to the children for a target, at which they used to throw balls—fortunately, soft ones. At last an artist visiting at the house observing some places where the paint had peeled off, saw that the landscape was painted over another picture, and obtained permission to have it cleaned; and upon carefully removing the outer coating, this portrait came to light. By close research, the picture in its "landscape" form has been traced back nearer to Shakespeare's time than any other; and, moreover, it more closely resembles the face upon the monument to him in the church—which was cut from a cast taken of his countenance after death. Taking all these things into consideration, I think, as do many others who have seen it, that it is much more likely to be correct than any of the others. It is certainly more indicative of his remarkable genius and power. I can imagine *him* as writing those wonderful plays; but it was always hard for me to realize that such a man as the "Chandos" picture represents could do it.

Before leaving the place we visited the garden, which was an orchard in *his* day. Here our guide, a pleasant, middle-aged lady, gave us each a pansy as a souvenir, and also a slip of ivy from the vine which covered all one end of the house; and then after eating some very nice pears which she offered us, she sent us on our way rejoicing to Anne Hathaway's cottage. We walked out of the town and across the fields, by the same foot-path which the boy-lover trod when he "went a-courting" and were welcomed by an old lady, a lineal descendent of the Hathaway family, who ushered us into the old, low kitchen and seated us upon the identical "settle," where they used to sit and smile upon each other. In this room the dresser of carved oak and the old fireplace are the same as in those old and happy days. Up stairs we saw a carved oaken bedstead, which was in the possession of the family many generations before Anne's time.

In the register here, where we put down our names, we saw the autographs of Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Mark Lemman, and the rest of their party, including Mrs. Dickens and her sister; also those of Longfellow, Mark Twain, Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, and many others. Here, too, was a garden from which the old lady gave us sprigs of rosemary, rue, and pansies. We sat down on the old stone by the well, of which Shakespeare has written, and where Dickens too had sat not many years ago; and we drank of the water.

Returning to Stratford we went into Trinity church, and saw the Shakespeare monument—a very peculiar one—consisting of a bust, or, more properly, the head and body down to the waist—resting on a cushion, and the head and dress painted the same as a portrait. This curious thing stands in a niche on one side of the choir, over his grave. His wife rests by his side.

We next went to the New Street house where he died. He lived in the old cottage where he was born until he was about nineteen, at which early age he married Anne Hathaway. But a few years after, he went to London, where he earned money and fame, and returning to Stratford at the age of thirty-five he took this house on New Street, in which he died on the fifty-second anniversary of his birth, April 23. Nothing of the house is now left except a part of the foundation, carefully walled in and protected, but the large garden and beautiful howling-green, and old mulberry-tree are to be seen, and the old well perfectly overgrown with ivy. I omitted to mention in its proper place the Shakespeare Museum, adjoining his old home; but it would be impossible to remember or describe all the souvenirs of the great poet, collected here. Among them was the desk he used at school, the chair in which he sat (and in which we by turns seated ourselves), his game of Morris with the board and the men he used. Here, too, were about fifteen different pictures of him—no two of them particularly alike.

We spent two or three days in Stratford, and then started for Kenilworth; but of that and other places we visited on our Londonward journey, I must tell you in my next epistle.

K.

Pure Water for Animals.—One reason why epidemics among cattle, hogs, and horses are so common and fatal, is because they do not have pure water. As the country grows older and is more extensively settled, the streams are more likely to be polluted with excrement from decaying organisms; and this taken into the blood of animals is sure to breed diseased conditions. Once such epidemics were common among men, and swept off a large part of the race. Now, by wise hygeins, most of them are avoided. The cattle and horse plagus will some day be got rid of by hygeins—never by any other means.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the season when through all the land
. . . . . .
The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Word should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayers incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language, strange, and sweet
Of tropic isle, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
. . . . . .
Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth.
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe:
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway,
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds,—
The skeleton that waited at their feasts,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth,—august and splendid sight!
. . . . . .
The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
. . . . . .
From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The Hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds and now at the green grass;
. . . . . .
And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neckcloth, white as snow,
A suit of bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
. . . . . .
These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round:
. . . . . .
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one,
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
. . . . . .
To speak out what was in him clear and strong.
"In this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a committee,
. . . . . .
The birds who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song,—

"You slay them all! and wherefore? For the grain
Of a scant handful, more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
. . . . . .
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feasts with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
. . . . . .
"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
. . . . . .
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the sting harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr
Of meadow-lark and its sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pilferers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
. . . . . .
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves.
. . . . . .
The birds were doomed; and as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.
. . . . . .
And so the dreadful massacre began:
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Down fell the birds with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden-beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents.
. . . . . .
The farmers grew impatient; but a few
Confessed their error and would not complain,
For, after all, the best thing one can do,
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
. . . . . .
But the next spring a stranger sight was seen,
. . . . . .
A wagon overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing-birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
. . . . . .
And everywhere, around, above, below,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

There has recently been published in England a book containing the last journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from the year 1865 to his death, continued by a narrative of his last moments and sufferings, obtained from his faithful servants Chuma and Susi, and it is not too much to say that few books have ever appeared which so commanded the respect and admiration of Christendom.

It is a record of a noble life unreservedly dedicated to a noble work, and the sufferings which made that life in its last years a true martyrdom, are here so simply set forth as to bear the highest testimony to the heroic spirit in which they were endured.

The unremitting energy, the heaven-inspired determination which carried David Livingstone through the immense labor which he voluntarily took upon himself, were in themselves sufficient to have lifted him high above other men; but when we think of the complete self-sacrifice which his work involved, and the triumphant faith which bore him on to his lonely death, our praise is silenced—it is not for us to speak in the presence of such deeds as his.

We cannot now choose from the full pages of this journal, but we can show our readers something of its value; and we ask them in reading the following brief extracts to remember that they were written in the heart of Africa, in the midst of unparalelled difficulties and suffering, by a man whose strength, whose hope, whose only-present friend was the God in whose Name all his work was done.

Here is his prayer on his last birthday but one, March 19, 1872: "My Jesus, my king, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be. David Livingstone."

Again, under date April 18th.: "I pray the good Lord of all to favor me so as to allow me to discover the ancient fountains of Herodotus; and if there is anything in the underground excavations to confirm the precious old documents, the Scriptures of truth, may He permit me to bring it to light, and give me wisdom to make a proper use of it."

And here is the story of the end: "Passing inside, they looked toward the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew back for the instant. The men drew nearer. . . . A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him, and placed his hands on his cheeks. It was sufficient: life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold: Livingstone was dead."

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

Next to Dr. Livingstone in his character of explorer, ranks Sir Samuel Baker, an Englishman, whose account of his second journey into the heart of Equatorial Africa has just been published, forming a most interesting and exciting book, and giving to the world much valuable information in regard to the actual condition of the African people.

While Baker's work cannot, as to its results, be in any way compared with Livingstone's, his explorations having been far less extensive, he was nevertheless the first European to penetrate to the equatorial region from the north, or at least to get so far to the south, by way of the White Nile, as the Albert Nyanza; and these two explorers, in connection with Burton and Speke, have proved that the interior of the African Continent is of very great fertility, and offers great commercial advantages in the future to European or native energy. But, in the first place, before there can be any real progress, the suppression of the slave trade must be effected, and that this is no easy matter is shown by the experience of Sir Samuel Baker, who was given command of an expedition, equipped by the Khedive of Egypt, for the purpose of breaking up the slave trade of the interior. This expedition was a very powerful one, and all possible aid was given to it by the Egyptian government, but the natural difficulties which lay in its path were simply enormous. Navigation of the White Nile is made possible only by cutting a channel through the "floating islands" and masses of vegetation which choke the river; and as may be imagined such work tells very severely upon both men and animals. Then the hostility of many of the native tribes is of the fiercest description, and wholesale slaughter seems to be the rule among them, while toward Europeans they stop at no species of treachery, as might be expected from what is known of their treatment of their slaves.

Although Baker and his men did not achieve as much as was hoped for, there is still no doubt that very important results were ensured, for not only geographically speaking was the heart of Africa successfully reached, but much was done to bring that wild and luxuriant region into connection with commerce and civilization.

It seems inevitable that among those who may read the exciting story of Baker's journey, some will be found with strength and love sufficient to lead them to consecrate themselves to the work of carrying to these "men benighted" that "lamp of life" which alone can break through the darkness that has hitherto encompassed all their vast region of Central Africa. A great, new field for missionary work is opening rapidly—the harvest is ready; where are the laborers?

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

BY BRET HARTE.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her tear drops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney!"

Over the chimney the night-wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through—
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear, and wages low;
I'll stop that leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man and woman and child—all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney.

THE LIGHTHOUSE DONKEY.

I hardly know how to tell my story in proper terms, it is so exceedingly immoral—showing as it does the success of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness; how a cruel, premeditated, and unprovoked murder may be committed without any punishment, and the murderer live on respected and apparently contented, though we must hope suffering internal agonies in his conscience. I must begin, however, at the beginning.

There is a lighthouse built upon a rocky islet jutting out into the stormy Irish sea, surrounded with dangerous reefs, where vessels of old were continually wrecked, and even now come often to grief. It is joined to the mainland by a small suspension-bridge, and can only be reached by a staircase of some three hundred rude steps winding down the face of the cliffs, the rocky ledges in one place little better than a ladder, while on both sides the precipices rise five hundred feet sheer of the sea. Upon this island live the lighthouse-keeper, his wife, and donkey, and up and down this path these three pass every week to get their provisions at the nearest little town some three or four miles away. At the top of the rock is a shed where a small cart is kept to which they harness the donkey—make their expedition—and return along the craggy, steep mountain road behind the promontory. When the party reach the top of the steps, the cart is then put again into the shed, the goods are bound on the donkey's back, who, with much neatness and despatch, proceeds to step with his load carefully down the stairs and then up again into the island, carrying everything safely into his home.

Things had thus gone on very prosperously for some time, though living was a little scanty for the donkey, as the island produces little but sea-birds, which lay their eggs on the ledges of rock all round, which are so narrow that if a human hand attempts to lift an egg, it is impossible to replace the round and slippery thing once more, and it rolls into the sea. Yet here, on a margin of two inches or so, the Guillemots may be seen sitting each on her single long, blush egg, their little white stomachs bolt upright, in rows close together, but apparently quite comfortable. The gulls and razorbills take it easier, and squat less stiffly over the two eggs, which they lay. The clamor of the clouds of birds all talking at once is deafening. The colony is most regular in its habits; it appears on the island always on the same day in February—having previously sent an ambassage of select birds about a fortnight before to see that the rock is still in its right place—that their seaside lodgings, food, etc., are all in readiness. After their young ones are fledged, the birds all leave the cliffs on the same day in August, and their children are not allowed to return to the community, it is said, until they are two years old.

The birds are preserved with almost religious veneration; in a fog, when the light

is invisible, and the bell, which is supposed to sound a distance of two miles, is unheard in the thick air, the noise of the birds give warning of the dangerous coast at hand.

Nothing could exceed the peace and harmony of the island. The gulls and the donkey did not in any way interfere with each other. He was happy both in the society of the summer and the solitude of the winter; when in an evil moment the lighthouse-keeper took it into his head to add a pony to the establishment, which was brought down the steps with great trouble.

The donkey was hurt as to his feelings as well as in his stomach. Clearly there was not room or a living for two; the blades of grass were already so scanty that he had to eke out his dinner with potato parings, etc—indeed, he ate everything that the pigs (if they had existed) would have taken. What had this wretched beast—he thought—to do in this territory? infringing on his rights? taking the bread out of his very mouth? He was naturally excessively cross, and gave way to his temper, and plagued and tormented the miserable pony out of his very life. Still the obdurate lighthouse-keeper would not rid him of his enemy, and the donkey began to see that there would be no end to his annoyance except through his own exertions.

One day, unable to control his temper, he suddenly crept up close to the pony's side, seized him traitorously with his teeth by the scuff of the neck, dragged him to the edge of the rocks, turned round, and kicked him nearer and nearer to the precipice, but a little way off, and at last fairly pushed him into the breakers below. It was all too quickly done for a rescue; the lighthouse man from the top of his tower, helpless to interfere, saw the poor pony, still alive, floating out to sea over the reefs, the gulls hovering above him ready to fall on him and banquet upon his remains!

An attempt was next made to bring in a she-goat: but the donkey was so much the strongest and most astute of the two, that she was obliged to be carried away almost immediately, or it was clear she would have soon shared the pony's fate: and the donkey now reigns undisputed lord of the situation.

TRAPPER DAN'S STORY.

Yes, as you say, I've been in some tight places in my day, on the plains and among the Rockies.

I've had Cheyenne arrows sticking in me, and I've heard the whistle of bullets from Comanche rifles and Border Ruffian revolvers. I've hunted the grizzly, and been hunted by the Pawnee.

I've been left afoot without anything to eat, and almost without arms or ammunition, when the reds made a swoop upon me out on the Arkansas, and I thought I should starve before I could reach any place to get supplies.

But if you want to know when I ran the very closest chance of all my life, it was something entirely different from all these, and I went into it with as little thought of danger as you have when you go out to shoot squirrels. It was more than twenty years ago, while I was yet a youngster.

There was no Kansas or Nebraska then, but our party were lying in camp a few days on the west side of the Missouri, in the Indian country. We had made the trip to Santa Fè that season, and now intended to take a short turn out on the buffalo range before we broke up and went into the settlements for the winter. Part of our company had crossed the river and gone for supplies, while the rest were taking care of the stock, and waiting for them to come back.

One night we had a little snow, and an unusually cold snap for the season (it was early in November), and the ground was frozen a little on the surface. We were camped in a deep ravine, which was skirted with timber, but just back of us was the open prairie as far as you could see.

When I awoke that morning, just at daybreak, I heard the howl of a prairie wolf a little back of the camp. I had been taking lessons of the greasers in the use of the lasso, and had one rigged to my saddle, all ready for use. My horse was a noble young fellow, but I had had him only a short time and we were both awkward yet with our new plaything.

It came into my mind at once that here was a good chance for a little practice; so, without disturbing the other boys, I got up, went to where Sam was picketed, and in almost no time he and I were in full run after Mr. Wolf. He played out lively for a while, but we gained on him; and by the time we had got four or five miles from camp, we were so close that I got my lasso in hand and was getting ready to throw. But just then the wolf ran across a little basin, not larger than a good sized house, which was sunk in the prairie. When Sam struck this spot, down went his fore legs to the very shoulders, while I went over his head into the mud in the middle of the basin. Sam floundered out and ran off, while I

THE LIGHTHOUSE DONKEY.

righted myself as well as I could, and took an observation.

I was evidently in what had been a small, deep pond, but the summer drouth had dried it down till it was just thick enough to stick well.

You could neither stand nor swim in it. It was neither land nor water, but as a mire-hole it was a complete success. The frost had stiffened the top enough to bear the wolf, but all it did for me was to cut my face a little as I broke through it into the mire below. I'm afraid I cursed that wolf some, but I didn't take it hard at first, for I thought the worst of it was to go back to camp cold and dirty, and be laughed at by the boys. When I first straightened up and cleared the dirt out of my mouth and eyes, I found myself in nearly to the waist.

I reached out my arms over the frozen surface as far as I could, and tried to draw myself up and toward the bank. But I broke through, and the effort only made me sink the deeper. Then I pulled off my coat, and tried to spread it on the frost, and put my arms over that. But the frost was now mostly broken within my reach, and I did not help matters any. Then I stood as still as I could and called with all my might, but there was no likelihood that anybody was within hearing. At the same time I kept watch, and soon found that, whether I struggled or kept still, I was gradually settling down deeper and deeper. It was not till then that I began to think seriously that I might not get out of that hole.

Could it be that I should sink and smother in that mess, when I was almost in reach of solid ground? My comrades would think nothing of my absence, and would not be likely to look for me till near night, at soonest. And long before that I should be head and ears under, at the rate things were going. My chance looked slim, I tell you, unless I reached solid bottom before my breathing was stopped. Thoughts came fast then, I tell you, and my evil doings troubled me more in a couple of hours than they had for a year before.

It was strange how they all came back, some that I thought I had forgotten, and some I had made myself believe were quite right, after all; but now they showed themselves to me in their own ugliness, and not at all as I had painted them up.

But while I was having this settlement with myself whether I would or not, I did not stop looking for any chance to help myself out. At last, when I had sunk to my arms, so that I could move them with difficulty, what should come in sight but Sam, dragging the lasso behind him. Somehow, this gave me new hope, and I called and whistled to him, till he saw his master and tried to come to me. He reached the edge of the hole, and broke in and drew back. But I kept on calling, and he moved along the edge and tried again.

He did this over and over, till he was on the opposite side from where I first saw him, and the long lasso was stretched across the basin, and barely within my reach! I caught at it with all my might, and when it was fairly in my hand, I felt as though a miracle had been wrought to save me. I kept talking to Sam to keep him quiet, while I managed to get the rope around under my arms, and to fasten it so I thought it would hold. Then I changed my talk to him, and tried to start him away. The splendid fellow seemed to know all about it, and just turned and moved off steadily till he had drawn me to firm ground, when I spoke to him again, and he stopped while I got on my feet and went to him. I was chilled by my cold bath, and stiff and sore from the strain of the rope, but I rode to camp about as thankful a fellow as you ever saw.

I can't tell my feelings, but I did my last swearing in that hole, and I think I know about how things look to a man who is hanging over the edge of the other world.—*Work and Play.*

A SELF-MADE MAN.

Here's hope for young men. Few of them have begun life under greater disadvantages than did Mr. Ezra Cornell, who died last December a millionaire, and whose name will go honorably down to posterity as the founder of Cornell University, which is, you know, not only a successful college, but the most thorough and successful experiment which has been made in the North to unite manual labor with instruction.

Mr. Cornell began life as a laboring man with little time or opportunity for education. That did not make him despise either labor or learning. Till he was twenty-one he worked at making pottery, and in a machine shop, and then, till he was thirty-six, at milling and farming. He must have kept his eyes and ears open all this while, for at the end of that time we find him inventing a machine for laying telegraph wires under ground, as was at first proposed to do. It was found better to raise them on poles, so his first venture to rise in life was a failure, and he found himself in the streets of New York so penniless that one night he would have gone to bed hungry had he not found a shilling lying on the walk.

What an excellent opportunity to decide that he was born to bad luck, and take to drinking or stealing; not he! He went to work instead, and all the money he could get he put into the new telegraph scheme that Professor Morse had just started.

That, as we all know, was a success, and the penniless laborer found himself growing rich. Another good chance to ruin himself as many a newly rich man has, by dissipation and extravagance.

But as he rose in wealth, he rose in power and moral character. He became President of the State Agricultural Society, and was elected to the State Assembly, and Senate. His influence was always given to work and learning. He founded a public library at Ithaca, New York; and the crowning act of his life was the gift of two hundred acres of land with the buildings on it, and five hundred thousand dollars to establish the university which will perpetuate his name as a worker and an educator.

A noble example! Who'll follow it?

THE ENGLISH WAY OF TAKING CARE OF HORSES.

Some English grooms at Saratoga are teaching Yankees the care of horses. I asked one of these grooms, who has spent twenty years in the stables of royalty, what he had to say about our American way of taking care of a horse.

"Why, sir," said he, "You don't take good care of your horses; you think you do, but you don't."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, when a horse comes in all wet with perspiration, you let him stand in the stable and dry with all the dirt on. In England we take the horse as he comes from a drive and sprinkle blood-warm water all over him, from his head to his feet. Then we scrape him down and blanket him, rubbing his legs and face dry. Thus

in an hour he is clean and dry and ready to take a good feed, while with your way he will stand and swelter for hours, and finally dry sticky and dirty. Our horses never founder and never take cold. We never use a curry comb; you scratch your horses too hard. The only care necessary is to have the water not too cold; then bathe them instantly while you are rubbing their legs.

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

IV.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

The first principle of dress, mey, I think, safely be said to be *suitability*, nnd by this I mean thet your dress should be euited to the occasions on which it is worn, to your position in life, and to the characteristics of your face and figure. When ynu are et work, for example, wear something dark in color, simple in meke, and, if possible, of material which will wasb. Put aside all your finery, for nothing is more completely unladylike then to overdress; and when you are at work of any kind, the siupler you dress the better. Plain linen collars and cuffs are proper et all times, nnd shonld always be preferred to mussy ruffings, though fresb lace or muslin ruffing is a pretty and ladylike addition to your toilette for evening or et any time when you are dressed more than usual.

Any preponderance of bright color, or any glaring or improper combination of colors, is always to be avoided. There are certain colors, as ynu know, which are nlways beautiful; as scarlet and brown, or pink and grey: whilc again there are colors which, to use an expressive word, "kill" each other, as purple and blue, green and yellow. No mere directions can guide you herc; yon must simply train your own taste by watching the dress of people whnm you know you can trust in this particular, and in this way you will soon learn to judge for yourselves; but, in the mcantime, I advise you to err always on the side of too little color rather than too much.

For dress materials choose as much as possible solid colors; thnt is, do not indulge too often in plaids, stripes or figures, and be careful never to overtrim, for the first care of a lady is to avoid attracting ettention by the gaudincss or fussiness of her dress. Derk colors for winter and light for summer, is a very safe rule, though, of course, it may often be sefcly broken. For jackets and cloeks, black or any very dark color is proper, and the hat or bonnct should be made to match or contrast with the suit with which it will be principally wnrn; whilc gloves must never be of eny bright color—grays, drabs, browns and black being the most useful, with white and the light shades for full dress.

Jewelry, lacc, artificial flowers, etc., should not be worn except on special occasions, as evening parties, weddings, etc.; and only at such times too, arc low necked or short sleeved dresses suitable; for it is safe to say thet the ordinary, every-day toilette of a lady, is remarkable chiefly for its simplicity of color, fashion end materiel.

Boots should be thick and strong for common wear, must be kept in good order and neetly blacked. Never on any account be so foolish as to wear tight shoes, for, as I fear meny of yon have already found, they ere the cause of infinite discomfort end pein.

Slippers are proper for the house et ell times, but be careful thet they do not entice you into slipshod habits; do your best to keep your stockings and yonr shoes, clean, whole end neat.

In respect to petticoats, I think you will see for yourselves, that for winter you need those which ere light, warm and not easily soiled, while in summer you want those thet are light, cool and easily wesbed.

The woolen balmorals for the one season end the cotton balmorals for the other, are, if wisely cbosen, neat, comfortable and cheap; while petticoats of white cotton prettily tucked or trimmed shnuld always be worn for your best, or when you heve on a thin dress.

This idea of "suitability" on which I am inclined to dwell very strongly, exists not only in regard to the times and places for which you dress yourselves, but also has a very direct connection witb the amount of money which you are eble to spend. Yon understand, no doubt, that it is unsuitable to dress conspicuously in the street, to dress gaudily while at work, to overdress anywhere or at any time; but do you also understand how very unsuitable it is to spend a penny more than you can honestly afford upon your clothes? To most of you this matter of economy is doubtless a very important one; and I shall (taking it for granted thet you mean to be honest and careful in personal expenditure) try to give you a few hints which may be of assistance to you.

In selecting any garment, from a pair of shoes to a hat, yon may be sure that it is better to have one really good thing than two or three poor ones. Many girls wonld spend the money which one good gown or cloak would cost, upon two or three cheap ones, but it is not in this way that yon will dress well upon a little money. Let your materiels, your gloves, yonr shoes, or whatever tbe articles may be, be always as good and as well-made as you can afford, and then take care of them. Be satisfied to do withnnt a variety in order that you may have better things, which in the end are alweys more economical, especielly when you take into account the extra labor enteiled upon you by the multiplication of cbeap articles in your wardrobe.

Again, do not spend your money upon trinkets; the habit of bnying useless ornaments is most extrevagant and unsatisfectory, for a ring here, a necklace there, a string of beads or a broocb now and then, however cheap they may seem at the time, will run away with the price of a complete stock of underclothing before you think of it. In this connection, too, I must wnrn you egainst the vulgarity of all imitations, false jewelry in perticnlar being always in bad taste. You will find that emong ladies and gentlemen a very plein reality is better than a very fine shem, and that it is good to be true in dress as well as in other things.

In leying out your limited allowance of money always take the most substential things first, for you will find that to sacrifice comfort to show is very poor economy; as, for example, the girl who goes without overshoes in order to buy a feather is very likely to discover her mistake when she gets her feet wet and pays the penalty of illness end suffering.

Never fret yourself and waste your time in the attempt to dress as people do who are richer than you are, or whose position enebles them to make more show upon a similar outlay. You can be a lady in calico as well as in silk; and you cnn make no greeter mistake then to fancy thet economy is a disgrace or extravegance a virtue.

The refinement (to nse re general term) of your dress and appeerance, will depend largely upon your own industry nnd neatness, for a careful eye end ready hand can do much toward making and keeping your dress what a lady's should be, whole and clean; and to thet end you should mend rips, tears and holes in your garments as soon as they appeer, remembering thet most useful little proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine."

If you have patiently followed me thns fer, I think you will now agree with me tbet a lady's dress should always be clean, suitable and comfortable; and eny girl who will work on that foundetion may safely be trusted to make her dress also pretty and attractive, by a careful end modest use of color, a wise choice of material and fashinn, and a systematic avoidance of everything glaring and unreal.

And now there are but two other points upon which I wish to speak, and I have pnrposely reserved tbem for the last, for they are not only matters of dress, but of morality as well.

You must never use articles of toilette which belong to yonr companions, but must yourself be supplied with all that you are likely to require, so thet you need on no account trespass on the belongings of other people. Tootb-brushes, combs and brushes, washcloths, sponges, etc., are sacred to the nse of their owner; and I do not know anything more indicetive of a want of refinement then e promiscuous use of tbese things. The utmost intimacy will not justify you in any cerelessness in regard to articles which in the strictest sense are personal property, and with your ncarest friend you should never permit yourself to become lax in this particular. Also in respect to minor articles of dress—pocket-bandkerchiefs, collars, ribbons, etc.—it is wise to borrow and lend as little as possible. Heve a sufficient number of these things, let them be plainly marked with your name, and while guarding your own rights be careful to respect the rights of your neighbor; for nothing is more likely to lead to petty thefts (e vice about which I shell speak to you elsewhere) than the hebit of indiscriminete borrowing.

My second and last warning to you is against a shameful practice of which I hope you yourselves see the folly. While e lady should take every care of her teeth, her hair and her skin, no lady should use cosmetics in any form. Peint and powder, however skilfully their true names mey be concealed under the mask of "Liquid Bloom," or "Lilly Enamel," can never change their real character, but remain alwnys unclean, false, nnwholesome, a disgrace to those who nse them, and certain ruin to the skins they ero supposed to beautify. Put such things awey from you entirely, end be sure that the adornment they afford is unworthy of good women; for it is an offense against the laws of health, a foolish end paltry attempt et deception.

THE BURNING OF HAMPTON.

BY CAPT. S. W. ARMISTEAD, LATE OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The burning of this beautiful and ancient little town was not an act of mere wanton and useless destruction: nor was it expected by those who suggested or carried it into execution to have any material effect in crippling the operations of the Federal army encamped in its vicinity. But at that time, the opinion prevailed throughout the North, that the masses of the southern people were not in sympathy with the secession movement, but were led or rather forced along, against their wills and convictions, hy defeated but ambitious politicians, who inaugurated the movement, dictated the successive steps, and, by persuasions or threats, compelled the people generally to adopt their plans and execute their designs. Just the contrary opinion, and, indeed, the contrary state of things, existed throughout the South. It was a matter of frequent remark that in the revolution of 1861, the people were ahead of the leaders. It became necessary, in some emphatic way, to disabuse the northern mind of this entire misconception of the actual condition of affairs; and it was supposed that a scene snch as the burning of a town by its own inhabitants, rather than have it occupied hy an invading foe, would tend greatly to the accomplishment of this end.

This step had several times been suggested to General Magruder, commanding on the Peninsula, and this, too, hy residents of the town and county; but he, unwilling to sacrifice the property of citizens who had already suffered so much from the ravages of war, had declined to adopt the suggestion. At length, however, he reluctantly yielded to the wishes of the people, the demands of the press and the necessities of the occasion. That nothing of its moral effect should be lost—for the moral effect was the chief and almost sole design—he commanded that the town should be fired, as far as possihle, only by such companies as were raised in and around it.

Having stationed a considerahle force at the Whiting farm on the New Market road, about five miles from Hampton, he despatched a battalion of four companies from Colonel Hodges' regiment, Captains Phillips' and Goode's companies of cavalry, and Captain Sinclair's company of infantry, to the accomplishment of the enterprise. Captain Phillips' company, the Old Dominion Dragoons, was raised in the town and county; and Captain Sinclair's, the York Rangers, was raised in the adjoining county of York, but officered hy men from Hampton; the remaining troops were from other portions of Virginia. The whole force was under the command of Colonel Hodges, but owing to Captain Phillips' intimate acquaintance with the situation of the town, and the tact which he had displayed in previous skirmishes with the enemy, General Magruder had entrnsted to him the general superintendence of affairs. In other words, Colonel Hodges had been instructed to adopt the suggestions of Captain Phillips in his general plan of operations.

Strong guards were sent out on the New Ports News and Salter's Creek roads to prevent a surprise from that direction, as the bridge over the creek which crosses the Back River road had been burned, and a force obtaining possession of the New Market road, would effectually cut off their line of retreat. A strong picket was also sent out to Hope's farm on the road, leading north from the town.

The expedition entered Hampton just after night-fall on the 7th of August 1861, and immediately proceeded to the work of conflagration. The town as it stood at that time lay almost entirely on the western bank of Hampton River, and was divided into four nearly equal parts by the intersection of King and Queen streets. The plan of operation was simply to assign a detachment to each of these sections with instructions to commence on the eastern side and fire the houses, as they retired. Colonel Hodges halted his battalion at a line of breast-works thrown up by the enemy just to the westward of the old church wall, while Captain Phillips took command of the remaining troops and proceeded to the more active work of the night. After assigning each detachment its special work, he, himself, proceeded to the foot of Hampton bridge to watch any demonstration of the enemy from the direction of Fort Monroe. After a little brisk firing the Federal picket retired and the Confederates were in undisputed possession of the town.

But few of the houses were occupied; all the arms-bearing population was in the Confederate army; most of the non-combatants had fled to Williamsburg, Richmond and other places when the Federal troops first occupied New Ports News, and the negroes not carried away hy their owners had for the most part sought the protection of the Federal lines. Thus the town was virtually deserted, only a few old and infirm people remaining in it. But the most painful part of that night's work to those engaged in it was to inform those few of the dreadful errand on which they had come.

No time could he given for the removal of effects—what was to he done had to he done quickly; so in fifteen minutes after the citizens had been notified to leave, the work of firing was hegun. So finely planned and admirably executed were the arrangements for this, that in half an hour every house had been fired, and before dawn the pretty little village was a disfigured heap of smouldering ashes and crumbling walls. Only five houses remained standing, they from some cause having failed to burn. Of these five, two were torn down the succeeding winter by the Federal troops; and now there are only two houses on the western side of the river that were built prior to the 7th day of August, 1861.

It is due to the vindication of General Magruder's character against the reproaches that have been cast upon it—yea; due to the truth of history itself—to say, that this act, since so loudly condemned, was at the time received with cordial approval. Not that there were none who condemned, but the exceptions were so rare as hardly to be worthy of mention. Concurrent testimony amply proves that in many cases property was fired hy the hands of its owners, or the children of its owners, and this, too, with an alacrity and zeal altogether unsurpassed.

The land books for 1860 show the real estate of the town for that year to have been valued at $242,749, of which amonnt the buildings comprised $172,450. Thus it will be seen that nearly $200,000 worth of property was thus voluntarily destroyed merely to demonstrate the intense earnestness of the people in the cause which they had espoused, and for which they considered no sacrifice too great.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

GRAHAM'S FORGE, WYTHE COUNTY, VA.,
February, 12, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—The people here, as e general thing, are poor; but while they are poor, they do not content themselves at Poverty's door; but they exhibit a disposition to go bigher hy their own labors end skill. I know it has been asserted that the Negro race will, like the Indian, diminish and finelly disappear before the civilizing and christienizing powers of the Caucesien race. But we rejoice to know thet this is only supposition, since we find no promise that God has made, to preserve one race and to exterminate the other. And while the Lord be with us, we intend to keep our banner thrown to the gale, and help to do as much as we positively can toward bringing our people to the true road of civilization (that is, we who are their instructors). The colored people here are quite enterprising. Meny of them are owning nice little homesteads end are industrious.

I have been teeching ever since I got home from Hempton, June, 1873. I find teaching

to be quite e pleasant occupation, hut one that requires the utmost atteutiou of the teachor, as much or more so then on the part of the scholars.

Since I heve had some experience as a teacher I see it is obligatory that the teacher study es much as he can. I heve had no pupils who could perplex me on any of their stedies; hut I find that I can enter with my scholars and conduct a recitation with so much more enthusiasm after having made uuyself perfectly familiar with th e topic to be considered.

I heve been exemined only once, and passed it quite smoothly. I am teaching under the supervision of Rev. J. D. Thomas, and have been for nearly two years; hut have occupied three different schoolhouses. I am teaching now in the new honse that I hed built last wieter and spring by the assistance of some good friends. Of the number who made liheral contributions there is Miss Edith Heuenway whom I shall never forget so long as life lasts.

I have had good success as e teacher, and have been kindly treated hy both white and colored.

As this has been written in great haste you will please excuse ell imperfections.

I am, ever your obedient pupil,

J. M. Ricks.

The valedictorian of the last class writes as follows from Bonsacks, Roanoke County, Va.:

My experience as a teacher since I left your Institution, is quite limited, and in geueral what others have seid, I will heve to say. I am situated in the Blue Ridge Range, in the western part of Virginie. I enjoy the scenery here very much, though it is very cold. The mountains eppear in the distance et every point, end with their snow-capped summits glittering in the sun, they present e grand and magnifieent view. I enjoy my work quite well, and find my stimulue when discouraged, in considering the needs of the people, among whom I am laboring.

All are anxious to improve their condition and rise from the influences of the past. We need teachers, as a race, I admit, but we need equally as much an intelligent ministry; and without it, I fear that the people to some extent, and to a sad extent, will continue for many yeers to grope in the dark. It is of the utmost importance that they should learn religion ie practical, not formel; thet is, has a beering upon their daily associations with their fellow-men, as well as upon the reletions which should exist between them and God. Young men, who are teechers, ought to be fitted to take a very ective part in churches, as you intend in your course for graduates.

Many in this vicinity are wide-awake to the importance of owning property, and are obtaining land, though they heve to work very industriously and be very economicel, thet they may pey for it.

The Sunday-school isn't attended very well, owing to the distanee the children live from the schoolhouse. The people are quite temperate in respect to strong drink. One disadvantage with us as teachers, we have to weit sometime after teaching, for our salary. Many of my scholers work with white families, and pay their board hy working evenings and Saturdeys. I feel I have the good-will of white and black, as I em politely treeted hy both.

Hoping the good work may continue, I am, yours truly,

G. E. Stephens.

Mr. Editor,—It ie with much pleasure, that I write informing you of the satiefaction which your peper has afforded the subscribers whose names I sent to your office in Jauuery. Many are surprised when they learn thet such an institution as the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute is south of Washington; more especially, to learn that the paper which they had so thoughtlessly looked upon at first, was the very one which was doing most to elevate our race. None of my words can so fully express the estimation in which the Southern Workman is held among its patrons, es the simple, yet earnestly spoken words of the father of Miss. M. K., a subscriber, who seid: "I thank God for such a good paper and school in our land. I prey that God may alwaye bless the manegers, the teachers, and all the scholars; also those young men who ere learning to print papers; and I hope that all of those young ladies and gentlemen may be good teachers, too, who will try to get the poor colored people ell through the South to take and read papers, as you are doing, for which I thenk you for recommending the Southern Workman."

Mr. Editor, after such frenkness of epeech from a once sleve-bound and illiterate men, who is now an honest and industrious freeme, I fully refuse to speak a word of praise more, but I consider that I am amply rewarded for my services as an egent for your paper.

Very truly yours, D. A. Ellett.

John F. Pool of the Class of 1874, writes from Elizabeth City, Pasquotank County, North Carolina, as follows:

"I have been teaching since I left school last June, and will teach again during this winter. I taught on Roanoke Island during the fall. This island is twelve miles long, and between two end three miles wide, and has about five hundred inhabitants, whose chief employment is fishing.

"I had sixty scholars enrolled with an average ettendance of ebont forty. The good morals of the school heve gained to it the approval of the community. The common sentiment of the whites in this community and in others where I have taught, is in favor of the edueetion of the colored people."

The Teachers' Table.

TO THE TEACHERS.

We want to meke this column thoroughly practical and useful; and to auy teachers who look to it for suggestions, we say, If you want information or advice thet you do not find here — upon euy special points that mey come up in your own experience, or in which you are especially interested—we should he glad et uny time to hear from you, and to give what help we can over the hard places.

THE LAWS OF TEACHING.

1. Knaw thoroughly and familiarly whatever you would teach.
2. Gain and keep the attention of your pupils, and excite their interest in the subject.
3. Use language which your pupils fully understand, and clearly explain every new word required.
4. Begin with what is already *known* and proceed to the uuknown hy easy and natural steps.
5. Excite self-activities of the pupils and lead them to discover the truth for themselves.
6. Require pupils to restate fully and correctly, in their owu language, and with their own proofs and illustrations, the truth taught them.
7. Review, review, review, carefully, thoroughly, repeatedly, with fresh consideration and thought.

These laws underlie and control all successful teaching. Nothing need be added to them; nothiug can he safely taken away. No one who will thoroughly master and use them need fail es a teacher, provided he will also maintain the good order which is required to give free and undisturbed actlon to these laws.—*Pennsylvania School Journal.*

THAT GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

A readable article in the *Illinois Schoolmaster*—"That Geography Class"—recounts the experience of Miss Ward, in "bringing up" e class in geography. She began with the town in which the pupils lived, locating their houses and the principal public buildings. Then each pupil was assigned some special topic, upon which to obtain all possible information. One took the foundry, and learned the number of men employed there, the kind of iron manufactured, etc. Another took a particuler branch of business, like banking, and so on. When the town had been thoroughly studied, the county was taken up, and then the State. For information the pupils resorted to books, and to conversations with the teecher, or parents and friends. We commend this course to teachers generally.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Five minutes spent once an hour, or even more frequently, in simple changes of the position of the body, by requiring the school or class to stand and to sit together three or four times in succeasion, also to exercise the arms hriskly, will do much for the physical comfort of pupils, and even increase the progress in their studies.

The necessity of pure air in a schoolroom is a metter too serious to be neglected hy any for a single hour. Yet quite too commonly, even where the means for secaring it have been provided, teachers carelessly neglect ventilation.—*Virginia Educational Monthly.*

SPELLING.

Remember that the use of correct spelling ie to secure correct writing. It is not in talking hut in writing or printing that blunders are made in orthography. Therefore, the *eye* needs special training to detect them, rather than the ear. The best method of teaching spelling, therefore, as soon as the children are eble to write, is hy dictation. Let them write the worde on their slates, and if you have a blackboard, copy some of their work, and let the class try to pick out the mistakes in it. Of course oral spelling aeed not be given ap entirely. And here is a hint: Children are naturally inclined to spell hy the sound—one word like another if they sound alike. Explain to them, then, as far as you are ahle, how it is thet our English language, grown gradually from so many different stocks, has snch a puzzling variety in its orthography; how to spell all syllebles alike that sound alike wonld be to lose ell the interesting history of words. Even the children will be interested in this, and the more you study it, the more you will be.

TO MY COLORED FRIENDS.

Mr. Editor,—May I again use your columns to say a few words to my colored friends who read the Workman? I fancy I hear you say, "Certainly; the paper was origiaated and is maintsined in their interest."

Well, don't forget what I told you last month, about saving the soap-suds and ashes to put on your gardens; hut now another subject claims atteation.

Everybody,—man, woman and child, *loves profit;* and every wise and iadustrious man will have, at least, a few fruit-trees around his house. And now spring is come and it is time to set out trees; you, if you have only a little lot, may have a few trees. Now, remember it will cost no more trouhle to plant a good tree than a bad one. A good tree will occupy no more ground than a had one. It will require no more cultivation. A good tree is cheaper, at any ordinary price, than a bad one for nothing. Let me thea advise you, hy all means, to be careful as to what sort of trees you get. Don't pick up any worthless thing, that somebody is about to throw away because it is worthless, hut go to some neighbor who has a reputation for honesty und intelligence and *buy,* if need be, a few trees. Better have a few good ones, than an orchard full of mean ones. *Good fruit* is always demanded and always hringe a good price; and as it is no more trouhle to raise, be sure to begin right and *get good trees;* for as the Scripture says, "A good tree hriageth forth good fruit."

Get small trees in preference to large ones; for though you reason that large ones will bear the sooner; yet remember, the larger ones will not geaerally bear transplanting as the smaller ones will.

Plant them from ten to sixteen feet apart ench way, according to their size when grown. It is best to set them about the same depth in the ground that they had in the nursery. If your land is naturally poor, put a pleaty of rich surface soil—woods' earth, old straw, or any half-rotten trash you can scrape up—around the roots.

Between these rows you may plant potatoes or peas, or smaller fruits, as Strawberries or Currants or Gooseberries, etc. By a little pains in this way, every man, who owns even a quarter or half-acre lot, may have fruit for his family and some to sell.

One caution, let me give you: when you plow among your trees, whether old or young, be careful never to drive so near to the trees as to rub the hark with your traces. Many beautiful trees of delicious fruit have been spoiled hy such carelessness. Remember, if fruit trees are worth planting at all, they are worth taking care of.

If the Editor will allow me, I may have something more to say in the Workman.

Kecoughtan.

WHAT FAITH IN GOD DOES.

Faith justifies, because the believer's obligations to justice are all canceled by Christ his Surety.

Faith sanctifies, because the believer forsakes his own righteousness, which at best is hut as filthy rags, and accepts the righteousness of Christ,

Faith purifies, because it begets hope, and he who "hath hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

Faith strengthens, because the believer forsakes his own strength, which is utter weakness, and lays hold on the mighty arm of God. "He stays on his God."

Faith gives courage, because it enables the believer to penetrate the darkest clouds and see that they are more with him than against him; it makes him cry out, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear."

Faith gives joy in the midst of sorrow, because it tells the believer that his light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for him a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Faith gives patience, because it shows the believer that "He is faithful who hath promised," and that in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Faith gives peace, because it shows the believer that "being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Faith gives rest, not by and hy-only, but now—here—in this world of toil and sorrow; because it leads the believer, laboring and heavy-laden, to Him who gives him rest.

The *Educational Journal* of Virginia, containing an official department in charge of Dr. Ruffner, deserves the widest circulation. It shows the deep interest taken by Virginians in popular education, and proves that this interest is both intelligent, practical and successful.

We wish we had the means of sending it regularly to every teacher who has graduated from this institution. Not to read it is to be behind the times on the most important questions of the day.

NOTICE.

Any persons having spare numbers of the Southern Workman of the dates given below, will confer a favor by sending them to this office. Ten cents will be paid for each—if desired: May 1872, February and March, October and December 1873, October and December 1874, and January 1875.

J. F. B. Marshall,
Business Manager.

THE HYGEIA HOTEL.

Old Point Comfort, Va.

This establishment is being put in condition for the reception of its usual summer visitors. Those who would enjoy the pleasures of boating, fishing, and salt-water bathing, together with the comforts of a pleasant home, can here find all that they desire.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.

The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Harper's Weekly.

The ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical in this country.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Harper's Bazar.

The organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

TERMS for 1875.

Harper's Magazine,	One Year	$4 00
Harper's Weekly,	One Year	4 00
Harper's Bazar,	One Year	4 00

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00; *postage prepaid by the Publishers.*

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be sent gratis for every club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: postage prepaid by the Publishers.*

TURBINE WATER WHEEL.

POOLE & HUNT,

MANUFACTURERS FOR THE SOUTH & SOUTHWEST.

Nearly 7000 now in use, working under heads varying from 2 to 240 feet: Twenty-four sizes.

The most powerful Wheel in the Market, and most economical in use of Water.

Large ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet sent post free.

Portable and Stationary Steam Engines and Boiler, Babcock & Wilcox Patent Tubulous Boiler, Blaugh's Crusher for Minerals, Saw and Grist Mills, Flouring Mill Machinery, Machinery for White Lead Works and Oil Mills, Hoisting Machinery, Mining Machinery.

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

APRIL 4, 1875.

JESUS BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.

MATT. XXVI: 59–68.

59 Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the council, sought false witness against Jesus, to put him to death;

60 But found none: yea, though many false witnesses came yet found they none. At last came two false witnesses,

61 And said, This *fellow* said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days.

62 And the high priest arose, and said unto him, Answerest thou nothing? what *is it* which these witness against thee?

63 But Jesus held his peace. And the high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God.

64 Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

65 Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy.

66 What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death.

67 Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote *him* with the palms of their hands,

68 Saying, Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, Who is he that smote thee?

Golden Text.—FOR SUCH AN HIGH PRIEST BECAME US, WHO IS HOLY, HARMLESS, UNDEFILED, SEPARATE FROM SINNERS, AND MADE HIGHER THAN THE HEAVENS. Heb. vii: 26.

Ten days before the feast of the Passover the chief priests and elders and scribes of the people were gathered together in the palace of the high-priest talking about Jesus, whom they hated and were determined to kill. One of Christ's disciples, Judas Iscariot, was with them there. Though he was one of the disciples he was a wicked man. He loved money better than he did his Lord. He knew how anxious the priests and scribes were to take Jesus prisoner; so he went to them and asked what they would give him if he would deliver him into their hands. They said thirty pieces of silver, which would be about fifteen dollars of our money.

Just after Jesus had prayed in so much agony in the garden, and while he was yet talking to the eleven disciples, Judas came bringing with him a great many soldiers with lanterns and torches and swords (Luke xviii: 3). He had said to these men, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; hold him fast;" so when he kissed Jesus the soldiers seized him. The disciples, filled with fear and dismay, "forsook him and fled," leaving their Lord in the hands of his enemies who led him away to Caiaphas, the high-priest, to be examined.

Christ had lived such a pure, innocent life that even the malice of his enemies could not tax him with any kind of sin. As no true charges could be brought against the meekest man, they were obliged to search for false testimony. They were resolved, at any cost, to convict him of a capital offense, caring not whether the evidence were true or false. Though many witnesses came to offer testimony they could find nothing "worthy of death." Mark says the reason was "their witnesses agreed not together." Two were required by the law (Deut. xvii: 6), and they did not dare to condemn him without, at least, an appearance of justice. At last, two were found who had a color of truth in their testimony. They gave a perverted account of words which Christ had spoken three years before (John ii: 19-22). What he had then said applied to his own body and not to the temple, and was so understood at the time. Although his words had been so misrepresented and misapplied, he had none to vindicate his innocence.

There were witnesses, who, we may believe, would gladly have testified of his mighty works of saving and healing; but none of these were called and Christ himself "opened not his mouth" in his own defense. Even when questioned by the high-priest he "held his peace" (Isaiah liii: 7). Silently and patiently he stood and endured the contradiction of sinners against himself. The cruel injustice of this whole proceeding and our Lord's patient endurance of it, affords a most important and practical lesson for all his followers. To do well and to suffer wrongfully was the experience of our Master, and ought not the disciple "to be as his master and the servant as his Lord" in this as in every other respect? It is among the hardest of hard lessons to learn; but it is a lesson well worth the learning. It is Christ himself who teaches us by his own example that the proper way to receive harsh and abusive treatment is "to open not our mouths."

Finally, perplexed and irritated by his silence, Caiaphas put Jesus under oath to testify in his own case—saying "Tell us whether thou be the Christ the Son of God." Thus adjured, the true High-Priest, the faithful Witness, calmly gave testimony to his own divine character and mission in the words, "Thou hast said." Jesus not only declared himself to be the Christ, but distinctly spoke of the time when he should come in another and more imposing manner, "on the right of power and in the clouds of heaven." Startling words for one in his circumstances to utter! Now he is before them a prisoner; but then he tells them he will return to occupy the throne as Judge, and they who are now condemning him will stand before him to receive the reward of their deeds. Upon hearing this fearless declaration, the high-priest rending his garments, said, "He hath spoken blasphemy," and then turning to those who were equally anxious to condemn him, he asked, "What think ye?" With one consent they exclaimed, "He is guilty of death." As soon as sentence was pronounced upon him, they began to buffet and to strike him with their hands—to mock him and to spit in his face. Thus they made him the object of the vilest insults and indignities.

It was as the Messiah—our Saviour—that Jesus bore all the pain and grief of Gethsemane—the cruel revilings and injustice of the council. If he hesitated not to bear all this for us, should not we be willing to take up our cross, in comparison, little cross and follow him?

LESSON II.

April 11, 1875.

JESUS BEFORE THE GOVERNOR.

MATT. XXVII: 11–26.

11 And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest.

12 And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing.

13 Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?

14 And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly.

15 Now at *that* feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would.

16 And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas.

17 Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?

18 For he knew that for envy they had delivered him.

19 When he was set down on the judgment-seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.

20 But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus.

21 The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas.

22 Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus that is called Christ? *They* all said unto him, Let him be crucified.

23 And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

24 When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but *that* rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed *his* hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see *ye to it.*

25 Then answered all the people, and said, His blood *be* on us, and on our children.

26 Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered *him* to be crucified.

Golden Text.—HE WAS OPPRESSED, AND HE WAS AFFLICTED, YET HE OPENED NOT HIS MOUTH: HE IS BROUGHT AS A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER, AND AS A SHEEP BEFORE HER SHEARERS IS DUMB, SO HE OPENETH NOT HIS MOUTH.—Isaiah liii: 7.

Although at the meeting of the council, which we considered last Sabbath, Jesus was "judged worthy of death" yet they could not carry their sentence into effect without an express order from Pilate who was the Governor of Judea. Accordingly, when the morning was come, they brought Jesus bound to the judgment-hall of Pilate. Doubtless, they had hoped that Pilate would deliver him over into their hands without any investigation of the charges against him, but they were disappointed in this, for, going out to them, his first question was, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" (John xviii: 29). At first they evaded his question—only replying, that if he were not a malefactor he would not have been brought to him for judgment. The Jews had condemned him on the ground of blasphemy, but they well knew that such a charge would have no weight in a Roman court.

They next try to procure his death on a false charge of treason against the Roman emperor, as is evident from the question the governor asked when he re-entered the judgment-hall: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" John tells us that before answering Jesus took pains to make it very clear to him that his kingdom was "wholly spiritual, and not of this world," so that his claims did not interfere at all with Cæsar's rights and dominion; then he made the strong, direct reply, "Thou sayest." The chief priests seeing that Pilate hesitated, and fearing even now that their wicked designs might be frustrated accused him of many things; but as when misrepresented by false witnesses before the council he "held his peace," so now, when listening to the many things witnessed against him before Pilate he answered him to "never a word." Pilate was so thoroughly persuaded of his innocence that he frankly said to them, "I find no fault in him at all."

It was the custom of the Romans at the Passover—the great feast of the Jews—as a favor—to pardon some one who was in prison and let him go free. Just then there was a very bad man in the prison, named Barabbas. He had tried to stir up the people against the government; and he was, too, a thief and a murderer (Luke xxiii: 19). Pilate asked the people which they wished him to set free—Jesus, the pure and sinless Saviour, or the wicked Barabbas, hoping that in this way he might be able to rescue him from the priests, and expecting that the people would prefer Jesus to a notorious robber.

"When he was set down on the judgment-seat" awaiting the decision of the people, Pilate's wife sent to him begging him not to condemn so wise and good a man. God sent a dream to Pilate's wife as a warning, but it was of no avail; for Pilate was influenced by the words of the cruel and angry people rather than by the message sent from God. His crime was cowardice. He feared man more than God. Every one who tampers with sin and reluctantly yields to it against his better nature rather than fulfil the dangerous duty of the hour, repeats Pilate's crime.

Finding that his repeated expedients to rescue Christ from the fury of the mob were of no avail—but that they only called the more loudly for Barabbas—he makes the cowardly appeal, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" As with one voice, they cried "Crucify him." Finding "he could prevail nothing" in the vain endeavor to rid himself of responsibility, he washed his hands before the multitude, as a token of his innocence, and then delivered Jesus unto them; but all the water on the globe could not wash away the stain of innocent blood which will rest upon him forever.

The Jews invoked upon themselves an awful doom—"His blood be on us and on our children," and it has been indeed visited upon them.

Let our last thought to-day be Pilate's question, "What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ." Are we ready to make reply, I will believe on him, love him, follow him, serve him? Can we be willing to do less than this for Him who has borne so much for us?

LESSON III.

April 18, 1875.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

MATT. XXVII: 45–54.

45 Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.

46 About the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

47 Some of them that stood there, when they heard *that*, said, This man calleth for Elias.

48 And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled *it* with vinegar, and put *it* on a reed, and gave him to drink.

49 The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.

50 Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

51 And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent;

52 And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose,

53 And came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.

54 Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying Truly this was the Son of God.

Golden Text.—AND BEING FOUND IN FASHION AS A MAN, HE HUMBLED HIMSELF, AND BECAME OBEDIENT UNTO DEATH, EVEN THE DEATH OF THE CROSS.—Philippians, ii: 8.

After Pilate had delivered Jesus over into the hands of the soldiers in mockery they put upon him the symbols of royalty—the "scarlet robe," the "crown of thorns"—put in his hand a reed as a sceptre, and then bowed before him, crying out, "Hail, King of the Jews! It was the custom to compel the criminal to bear the cross upon which he was to be crucified. The Saviour, weak and faint from watching and fasting and from the scourging and mockery could not carry his heavy burden alone; therefore, when they met Simon they forced him to bear part of the load. When they reached Golgotha, the cross was laid down and Jesus was stretched upon it; the cruel nails were driven through those hands that were accustomed only to bless others and through the feet that had trod the earth only on errands of mercy. Then the cross was lifted up and firmly fastened in the ground. Above his head was written in Greek and Latin and Hebrew the inscription, "This is the King of the Jews." The deed is done, and around the cross are gathered a great multitude, who, with the chief priests and scribes taunted and ridiculed Jesus as did also many who were only passing by. The soldiers divided his garments and then sat down to watch him. A few of his friends were there, too, sorrow-stricken and dismayed.

When this wild scene of wicked cruelty was at its height, and the sun had reached high noon, suddenly a great darkness settled down like a pall over the whole land, which lasted three hours. Just before this darkness passed away that exceeding great and bitter cry of sorrow, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" broke forth from the lips of the great Sufferer. We can never know on earth the full meaning of those awful words. We only know this, that Jesus was dying for our sins and bore the weight so terrible that they seemed even to separate him from his Father. May we never forget that that darkness was that we might have light.

The great battle had been fought, the victory won. Up to the very last moment of life our Lord endured the mocking of men, yet not one revengeful word came from his holy and loving lips.

Four marvelous things occurred on the day that Christ died. We have already spoken of the great darkness that covered the earth. The vail of the temple which had ever hidden the Holy of holies, where God's presence dwelt, from all eyes, was rent in twain, signifying that now through this new and living way, consecrated by his blood, all could enter without fear into the immediate presence of the holy God. "Whosoever will" may come unto the Father through Jesus—the great High Priest—himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Fearful earthquakes, and the dead rising from their graves added to the awe and solemnity of these never-to-be-forgotten scenes. "Truly this was the Son of God" those who were standing by were constrained to say as they saw these wonders.

Christ's gift to a sinful world out of the midst of that overwhelming sorrow is PARDON.

"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

LESSON IV.

April 25, 1875.

THE RESURRECTION.

MATT. xxviii: 1–8.

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first *day* of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightening, and his raiment white as snow.

4 And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

Golden Text.—FOR IF WE BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN, EVEN SO THEM ALSO WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS WILL GOD BRING WITH HIM.—1 Thessalonians, iv: 14.

When Jesus had been in the grave three days, "as it began to dawn on the first day of the week," some women came to the grave with sweet spices to anoint his body. As they walked along they were troubled as to how the great stone that was at the door of the grave was to be rolled away. But a wonderful sight met their eyes as they approached the tomb. The large stone was already rolled away and an angel sat on it! It was thirty-three years since an angel had brought to the shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem the glad tidings of great joy: "For unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii: 10, 11). And now again after the sad proceedings of this Passover week—to which we have been giving our attention the last few Sabbaths—an angel brought to the sorrowing friends of Jesus the still more joyful tidings, "He is not here; for he has risen as he said." Glad tidings indeed; for He who came to save has finished his work and by rising from the dead he has proved himself an Almighty Saviour; sin and death are conquered forever. The angel further says to the women, "Come and see;" then they were told to do something: "go and tell;" tell his disciples, "He is risen" from the dead. Surely this was too good news to keep to themselves.

The hearts of all Christ's disciples were sad. They sorely needed comfort. They "had trusted that it had been he who should redeem Israel," but now that he was dead they had lost their trust and all their hopes were buried with him. We read that they departed quickly with great joy; and was it not a pleasant mission which these women had entrusted to them, to carry such words of cheer to their desponding friends? Thus running quickly to tell what they had learned and knew about Jesus they preached the gospel—the *good news*. So should every one who has himself learned of Jesus hasten to make known to his friends and companions what they know of the "Friend above all others," who freely invites "whosoever will" to partake of the blessings which his death and resurrection assure to all who will receive him as their Saviour.

We often hear that Christ died for us; True, he died for us more than eighteen hundred years ago, but now he liveth for us forever more. Christ began his work for us on earth; he finishes it in heaven. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Jesus appeared to his disciples several times after he rose from the dead, but the earth was no longer his home. The time soon came for the last earthly farewell, and one day when they were all gathered around him he lifted up his hands and blessed them and then was carried up into heaven. Because Jesus rose from the dead on the first day of the week Christians keep it holy as the Sabbath day instead of the seventh day, as the Jews had always done and still do. Should not every returning Sabbath morning bring to our loving and grateful remembrance thoughts of Him who has thus given to all mankind a pledge of their own resurrection and future life? His own words are, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" and may we each realize for ourselves the precious truth, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth."

FROM SINNERS, AND MADE HIGHER THAN THE HEAVENS.—Heb. vii: 26.

TEN days before the feast of the Passover the chief priests and elders and scribes of the people were gathered together in the palace of the high-priest talking about Jesus, whom they hated and were determined to kill. One of Christ's disciples, Judas Iscariot, was with them there. Though he was one of the disciples he was a wicked man. He loved money better than he did his Lord. He knew how anxious the priests and scribes were to take Jesus prisoner; so he went to them and asked what they would give him if he would deliver him into their hands. They said thirty pieces of silver, which would be about fifteen dollars of our money.

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ALTHOUGH at the meeting of the council, which we considered last Sabbath, Jesus was "judged worthy of death" yet they could not carry their sentence into effect without an express order from Pilate who was the Governor of Judea. Accordingly, when the morning was come, they brought Jesus bound to the judgment-hall of Pilate. Doubtless, they had hoped that Pilate would deliver him over into their hands without any investigation of the charges against him, but they were disappointed in this, for, going out to them, his first question was, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" (John xviii: 29). At first they evaded his question—only replying, that if he were not a malefactor he would not have been brought to him for judgment. The Jews had condemned him on the ground of blasphemy, but they well knew that such a charge would have no weight in a Roman court.

They next try to procure his death on a false charge of treason against the Roman emperor, as is evident from the question the governor asked when he re-entered the judgment-hall: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" John tells us that before answering Jesus took pains to make it very clear to him that his kingdom was wholly spiritual, "not of this world," so his claims did not interfere at all with Cæsar's rights and dominion; then he made the strong, direct reply, "Thou sayest." The chief priests seeing that Pilate hesitated, and fearing even now that their wicked designs might be frustrated accused him of many things: but as when misrepresented by false witnesses before the council he "held his peace," so now, when listening to the many things witnessed against him before Pilate he answered him to "never a word." Pilate was so thoroughly persuaded of his innocence that he frankly said to them, "I find no fault in him at all."

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"When he was set down on the judgment-seat" awaiting the decision of the people, I will believe on him, love him, follow him, serve him? Can we be willing to do less than this for Him who has borne so much for us?

LESSON III.

April 18, 1875.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

MATT. xxvii: 45-54.

45 Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.

46 About the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

47 Some of them that stood there, when they heard *that*, said, This man calleth for Elias.

48 And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled *it* with vinegar, and put *it* on a reed, and gave him to drink.

49 The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.

50 Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

51 And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent;

52 And the graves were opened: and many bodies of the saints which slept arose,

53 And came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.

54 Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying Truly this was the Son of God.

Golden Text.—AND BEING FOUND IN FASHION AS A MAN, HE HUMBLED HIMSELF, AND BECAME OBEDIENT UNTO DEATH, EVEN THE DEATH OF THE CROSS.—Phil. Ilppians, ii: 8.

AFTER Pilate had delivered Jesus over into the hands of the soldiers in mockery they put upon him the symbols of royalty—the "scarlet robe," the "crown of thorns"—put in his hand a reed as a sceptre, and then bowed before him, crying out, "Hail, King of the Jews! It was the custom to compel the criminal to bear the cross upon which he was to be crucified. The Saviour, weak and faint from watching and fasting and from the scourging and mockery could not carry his heavy burden alone; therefore, when they met Simon they forced him to bear part of the load. When they reached Golgotha, the cross was laid down and Jesus was stretched upon it; the cruel nails were driven through those hands that were accustomed only to bless others and through the feet that had trod the earth only on errands of mercy. Then the cross was lifted up and firmly fastened in the ground. Above his head was written in Greek and Latin and Hebrew the inscription, "This is the King of the Jews." The deed is done, and around the cross are gathered a great multitude, who, with the chief priests and scribes taunted and ridiculed Jesus as did also many who were only passing by. The soldiers divided his garments and then sat down to watch him. A few of his friends were there, too, sorrow-stricken and dismayed.

When this wild scene of wicked cruelty was at its height, and the sun had reached high noon, suddenly a great darkness settled down like a pall over the whole land, which lasted three hours. Just before this darkness passed away that exceeding great and bitter cry of sorrow, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" broke forth from the lips of the great Sufferer. We can never know on earth the full meaning of those awful words. We only know this, that Jesus was dying for our sins and found the weight so terrible that they seemed even to separate him from his Father. May we never forget that that darkness was that we might have light.

The great battle had been fought, the victory won. Up to the very last moment of life our Lord endured the mocking of men, yet not one revengeful word came from his holy and loving lips.

Four marvelous things occurred on the day that Christ died. We have already spoken of the great darkness that covered the earth. The veil of the temple which had ever hidden the Holy of holies, where God's presence

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9 And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

Golden Text.—FOR IF WE BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN, EVEN SO THEM ALSO WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS WILL GOD BRING WITH HIM.—1 Thessalonians, iv: 14.

WHEN Jesus had been in the grave three days, "as it began to dawn on the first day of the week," some women came to the grave with sweet spices to anoint his body. As they walked along they were troubled as to how the great stone that was at the door of the grave was to be rolled away. But a wonderful sight met their eyes as they approached the tomb. The large stone was already rolled away and an angel sat on it! It was thirty-three years since an angel had brought to the shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem the glad tidings of great joy: "For unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii: 10, 11). And now again after the sad proceedings of this Passover week—to which we have been giving our attention the last few Sabbaths—an angel brought to the sorrowing friends of Jesus the still more joyful tidings, "He is not here; for he has risen as he said." Glad tidings indeed; for He who came to save has finished his work and by rising from the dead he has proved himself an Almighty Saviour; sin and death are conquered forever. The angel further says to the women, "Come and see;" then they were told to do something: "go and tell;" tell his disciples, "He is risen" from the dead. Surely this was too good news to keep to themselves.

The hearts of all Christ's disciples were sad. They sorely needed comfort. They "had trusted that it had been he who should redeem Israel," but now that he was dead they had lost their trust and all their hopes were buried with him. We read that they departed quickly with great joy; and was it not a pleasant mission which these women had entrusted to them, to carry such words of cheer to their desponding friends? Thus running quickly to tell what they had learned and knew about Jesus they preached the gospel—the *good news*. So should every one who has himself learned of Jesus hasten to make known to his friends and companions what they know of the "Friend above all others," who freely invites "whosoever will" to partake of the blessings which his death and resurrection assure to all who will receive him as their Saviour.

We often hear that Christ died for us; True, he died for us more than eighteen hundred years ago, but now he liveth for us forever more. Christ began his work for us on earth; he finishes it in heaven. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Jesus appeared to his disciples several times after he rose from the dead, but the earth was no longer his home. The time soon came for the last earthly farewell, and one day when they were all gathered around him he lifted up his hands and blessed them and then was carried up into heaven. Because Jesus rose from the dead on the first day of the week Christians keep it holy as the Sabbath day instead of the seventh day, as the Jews had always done and still do. Should not every returning Sabbath morn bring to our loving and grateful remembrance thoughts of Him who has thus given to all mankind a pledge of their own resurrection and future life? His own words are, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" and may we each realize for ourselves the precious truth, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth."

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And this is no new fashion: centuries ago, when Greece and Rome were young, of the interior of Africa are, as yet, strange, not only to the influences of Christianity but even to those of civilization, and the work to be done among them is of an importance hardly to be over-rated. Until something more is known of the peculiar wants of the natives and the exigencies of the climate, it is impossible that any special plan of work can be adopted; but now that communication has actually been established between Egypt and the interior, there is no doubt that opportunity will be from time to time offered to any who de- known people. It seems as if it would be almost dishonorable if these pioneer bands of missionaries should be permitted to go out without including in their number one or more members of the race they are going forth to save,—one or more civilized and christianized men of African descent.

OUR GARDENS.

As the summer once more draws near, and the winter, which everywhere has been long and cold and hard, is at an end, it work in our fields and gardens. The SOUTHERN WORKMAN, who loves flowers as well as fruits, and likes to see blossoming gardens as well as fertile farms, has as usual a word or two to say about the wisdom of spending a little time and thought on fruit yards, and fences, and walls, and all the spare bits of ground here and there, which a little industry and care may transform into masses of rich greenery and brilliant colors. Is is astonishing what the timely planting of a few seeds and cuttings can accomplish, for if these are once properly set out and watered they

patient endurance of it, affords a most important and practical lesson for all his followers. To do well and to suffer wrongfully was the experience of our Master, and ought not the disciple "to be as his master and the servant as his Lord" in this as in every other respect? It is among the hardest of hard lessons to learn; but it is a lesson well worth the learning. It is Christ himself who teaches us by his own example that the proper way to receive harsh and abusive treatment is "to open not our mouths."

Finally, perplexed and irritated by his silence, Caiaphas put Jesus under oath to testify in his own case—saying "Tell us whether thou be the Christ the Son of God." Thus adjured, the true High-Priest, the faithful Witness, calmly gave testimony to his own divine character and mission in the words, "Thou hast said." Jesus not only declared himself to be the Christ, but distinctly spoke of the time when he should come in another and more imposing manner, "on the right of power and in the clouds of heaven." Startling words for one in his circumstances to utter! Now he now that their wicked designs might be frustrated accused him of many things: but as when misrepresented by false witnesses before the council he "held his peace," so now, when listening to the many things witnessed against him before Pilate he answered him to "never a word." Pilate was so thoroughly persuaded of his innocence that he frankly said to them, "I find no fault in him at all."

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And this is no new fashion: centuries ago, when Greece and Rome were young, their dead, too, were remembered with this same beautiful ceremony, and from the ancient cities, flower-laden crowds of the living, went year after year to lay loving tribute upon graves of which to-day not even the memory exists. Then, too, the superstitions of the old beliefs taught the Greeks and Romans to believe that food and offerings of clothing or ornaments were acceptable to the dead, so that it was not flowers alone, which, in those days were laid upon the graves, but bread, and gold, and sacrifices of various kinds.

Christianity has taught us that our dead do not need such things as these; they, we know, have passed beyond the reach of our ministrations, and from us can no longer receive that which we should be so glad to give; but we can still go out in friendliness together to make beautiful the places where we have laid all that Death leaves of humanity. It is a pleasant and a reverent custom, one which brings with it peaceful and hopeful thoughts, which help to renew our faith, and to strengthen us for our work, if we keep it up in a right and loving spirit; so let us all in this May time remember our dead with gifts of flowers.

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EASY METHOD TO LEARN HOW TO SWIM.

Dr. Zippeler, of New York, considered quite an authority on swimming, in a recent discourse asserted that any person about to learn how to swim should be firmly persuaded that his body is lighter than the water, and that when cool and deliberate he cannot sink as

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DECORATION-DAY.

AFRICAN MISSIONS.

It is reported that already three missionary expeditions have been organized in connection with Colonel Gordon's expedition, with the expectation of reaching Lake Nyassa, and probably of making that the head-quarters, for the present, of their mission work. The call for laborers in this new field seems to be strong and pressing; the tribes of the interior of Africa are, as yet, strange, not only to the influences of Christianity but even to those of civilization, and the work to be done among them is of an importance hardly to be over-rated. Until something more is known of the peculiar wants of the natives and the exigencies of the climate, it is impossible that any special plan of work can be adopted; but now that communication has actually been established between Egypt and the interior, there is no doubt that opportunity will be from time to time offered to any who desire to enter themselves as members of the African missionary force, and to undertake to serve in the cause of these hitherto unknown people. It seems as if it would be almost dishonorable if these pioneer bands of missionaries should be permitted to go out without including in their number one or more members of the race they are going forth to save,—one or more civilized and christianized men of African descent.

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His extended legs are held either by a third person, by means of his heels, or, as is done in swimming schools, laid upon the steps leading into the basin, while the head is dipped into the water to a depth that it may run into his ears, the elbows bent backward, and the hands firmly pressed upon the breast. Meanwhile, the teacher supports the back of the learner, so that the body is extended in a horizontal position. He has previously received the assurance, which must be strictly and faithfully observed, that they will not permit it under any circumstances whatever that he may go under, for if at the very first attempt he is made to swallow any water, he will thereafter have less courage.

His body extended, the learner, however, is to be perfectly quiet. Whenever the teacher observes that he (the learner) has attained his balance, he (the teacher) removes his hand from under his back, when the former will at once perceive that his body is afloat, or that he is swimming. He is now convinced that, though without support, he cannot sink, a conviction much sooner and easier obtained than by the common method. Now removing his feet by a gentle pressure from their place of support, while he is admonished not to stir, he will be surprised to learn that his legs are now about gradually to sink. This maneuvering being repeated two or three times, the learner, being required to do so, gives a push with his legs, by which means he is now made to move without using his arms, conscious that he is now able to swim. Of course, they must be careful at once to support the learner, if, in consequence of an awkward motion, the upper part of the body is about to sink, so as not to swallow any water, and thus lose courage. This method, well proven, is far superior to the former of Mr. Pfuel. —*Boston Globe.*

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, MAY, 1875.

The Agricultural papers in New England are never weary of assuring their patrons that no other calling is so safe as farming. A combination in winter of shoemaking, with unproductive labor in wood sawing, varied by personal slavery to domestic animals, is called by anything but its proper name of drudgery. Young men are advised and entreated to stop turning their backs on the old homesteads. At the Agricultural fairs the popular speaker is he who by charming allusions to the independence of the honest "tiller of the soil" can most neatly cover up the ugly facts that three-fourths of the farms in New England are carried on for the benefit of the hired man; and that only a few of the exceptionally good managers realize six per cent on their invested capital. Early rising, severe labor and pinching economy used to make eastern farmers rich. That it fails now to do so there is one sufficient cause; namely, the increasing competition of men in a milder climate.

Many of the products of a southeastern Virginia farm and of a northern farm are brought to the same market at the same expense. If we could imagine the hands themselves to be placed side by side, what would the northern man see as he looked over the fence?

Standing on a crusted snow bank in the month of January, our thickly clad friend would notice the small size and expense of his neighbor's wood pile and fodder stack. In the distance, near a stream, the cattle would be picking half their living. As he recalled his own hard labor in storing his root crops, he would see his neighbor's ruta-bagas standing just where they grew, ready to be sold or fed as wanted. Long rows of spring kale and cabbage would stretch across a field entirely unprotected. Without overcoat or gloves his southern acquaintance would be furnishing brains for half-a-dozen willing and docile hands. A man who could run a perfectly straight furrow would be "listing up" the ground for planting peas, while a small boy would follow the plow gathering up the remains of the fall potato crop.

Changing the time of year to the first of August, the northern man would see all his ideas confounded by the planting of peach blow potatoes; and the after harvesting of them when his own ground was covered with snow.

Dropping our illustration, we would say that in this favored tide-water region we have land as good as any in New England, and seasons at least six weeks longer at each end. How then can New England compete with us in farming?

The expenses of carrying on a farm are in every way lighter here. Wear and tear is vastly diminished by the entire absence of stones in the soil. Half the money locked up in New England barns and dwellings, becomes active capital when translated to our more genial climate. Seventy-five cents for men and from forty to fifty cents for women, *feeding themselves*, will secure selected hands, comparing very favorably with the Irish. Prompt pay and fair dealing are the secrets by which much more work for the money can be obtained from negro hands than from northern laborers, in everything which they are accustomed to doing. And a more docile class than the laboring men of the South could not be desired. Experience of their character, and constant oversight are necessary, but with these the southern farmer with from $5,000 to $10,000 seldom touches a tool himself.

It has been too common that emigrants from the North suppose their own methods of farming to be so far superior to those of the South that the local experience in the treatment of crops can be entirely disregarded. But for the man of energy and moderate capital, who is not bigoted in favor of any theory, but is willing to notice and learn how climate dictates systems, a grand opening is certainly offered in the South. The lack of such society as the emigrant happens to have been accustomed to, is the only real objection, and even that is becoming in some localities a thing of the past, and in all is likely to disappear, as the inducements to going south rather than west are more generally understood.

A large and attractive book entitled *Reminiscences of Gen. Robert E. Lee*, by the Rev. J. M. Jones of Richmond, has recently been purchased for the Normal School Library. We have perused it with interest and it has been commended to the attention of our students.

We have also read a book of interesting sketches of the war from a southern standpoint, called *A Rebel's Recollections*, by George Cary Eggleston. We heartily agree with the remarks of Oliver Johnson to the writer as quoted in his preface. The author consulted Johnson, whom he styles "The best 'original Abolitionist' he ever knew," as to whether he could publish this little volume of reminiscences without fear of offending excellent people, or still worse, reanimating prejudices that happily were dying. Johnson's reply was "Write, by all means. Prejudice is the firstborn of Ignorance, and it never outlives its father. The only thing necessary now to the final burial of the animosity existing between the sections is that the North and South shall understand each other. Anything which contributes to this hastens the day of peace and harmony and brotherly love which every good man longs for."

The worst root of bitterness in the South is the refusal of either class to look from the standpoint of the other. "Put yourself in his place," is the right answer to half the natural fault-finding in the world. The black man regards the Confederate cause as inspired by no other motive than the eternal enslavement of his race and can hardly conceive of the passionate enthusiasm with which that army consciously fought for their "Altars and their fires and the green graves of their sires," nor comprehend the marvelous self-denial and magnificent sacrifices for the "Lost Cause."

The Southerner paints negro morals in the darkest colors and dilates upon their indolence and general worthlessness instead of acknowledging that their vices and virtues together are the logic of their antecedents and trying to create that confidence and self-respect and inspiration that alone can form a basis of moral elevation and of manhood.

The recent struggle of the South illustrated some of the noblest traits of our human nature. From her armies emerged men whom the world will always admire, fighting, as we and most believe, against the cause of civilization and humanity, but splendidly true to their convictions of duty and for that cast away every comfort and life itself.

Shall we "make treason odious" by abusing these ideals of self-denial and heroism? We shall certainly make the rebellion successful by promoting what even now threatens, such an alienation of feeling between North and South that their union shall be merely mechanical and insincere, unable to stand the strain that the future is sure to bring.

While in general it is well to be silent amid intense and opposing convictions, it is better to be first to acknowledge all that one can that shall satisfy the self-respect of our opponents. We should "put ourselves in their place" and enter into their real thought and life. The poet sings of the want of this in these well-known words:

"Alas! for the rarity
Of human charity!"

The result would be an increased mutual respect, a basis of real peace, a conviction that a people who have passed through a furnace of experience heated seven times hotter than that through which we have gone, will be ennobled thereby, and should be won by every means into perfect untinual harmony—not by waiting for a century to do its slow work, but by cultivating respect and honor for those who command it and doing it as soon as possible.

THE GREAT REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Two American gentlemen, residents of Chicago, neither theologians nor highly educated men—one, Mr. Moody, an earnest and talented lay preacher; the other, Mr. Sankey, a beautiful singer—have been conducting enormous religious meetings in London and elsewhere, attended by from sixteen to nineteen thousand people at one time. Never before have there been such gatherings. They began in the country regions, did a great work in Scotland, and have now laid seige to London.

We quote from a London paper the following account:

"For the recent religious meetings, the 'Moody and Sankey Committee' hired upward of nine thousand chairs. On the very first Sunday evening, long before eight o'clock, when the service commenced, not only were all the chairs occupied, but several thousands of people were standing, and thousands more could not gain admission. It is difficult to estimate accurately the real magnitude of such a crowd; but I am inclined to think there were thirteen thousand people present. Every night through the first week the Hall was thronged in the same way, and there were vast crowds outside.

"On Sunday morning, January 24th, it was filled with people who obtained admission by ticket, and who, before they received their tickets, declared they were not in the habit of attending any place of worship.

"Night after night, long before the hour of service, long rows of carriages stood in the street, filled with persons who hoped that when the crowd about the doors had thinned, they might be able to find standing room just inside, and thousands streamed away because they found they had come too late to have a chance of pressing in. In addition to the evening service, there was a prayer-meeting every morning, at twelve o'clock, at which Mr. Moody gave an address of twenty or twenty-five minutes length, and Mr. Sankey sang.

"How is all this to be accounted for?

"The truest, simplest and most complete reply to the question which I can give is, that the power of God was manifested in an extraordinary degree.

"The services themselves were attractive. Mr. Sankey's solos evidently touched very many hearts; and the effect produced by the manner in which the vast audience united in such songs as 'Hold the fort, for I am coming,' and 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and 'The great Physician now is near,' was sometimes very thrilling.

"Mr. Sankey's melodies—whatever their demerits—are caught by thousands of people of all kinds, cultivated and uncultivated, men, women, and children, and are sung 'with a will.'

"But it was not the singing only which made the services interesting; there was great animation and variety in them. In the evening, they began with a hymn which the people sang together; but what would be the 'order' of the service no one knew, and I suspect Mr. Moody did not know beforehand. After the first hymn somebody generally offered a short prayer; if it was clear that the heart of the audience went with the prayer, he would then read a chapter and make a few remarks upon it as he read; if not, he would ask Mr. Sankey to sing a solo, or a solo with a chorus, in which the people joined, or else one of the most popular hymns. Then he would read the chapter, and perhaps have another hymn or offer a short prayer himself. Then would come another hymn, and then the sermon. Everything was determined by what was felt to be the actual mood of the moment. Generally the whole service was over in a little more than an hour and a quarter. Then came the 'after meeting,' of which I shall say something presently.

"Of Mr. Moody's own power I find it difficult to speak. It is so real, and yet so unlike the power of ordinary preachers, that I hardly know how to analyze it. Its reality is indisputable. Any man who can interest and impress an audience varying from three thousand to six thousand people for half an hour in the morning, and for three-quarters of an hour in the afternoon, and who can interest a third audience of thirteen or fifteen thousand people for three-quarters of an hour again in the evening, must have power of some

kind. The people were of all sorts, young and old, rich and poor, keen tradesmen, manufacturers, and merchants, and young ladies who had just left school, rough boys who know more about dogs and pigeons than about books, and cultivated women. For a time I could not understand it—I am not sure that I understand it now. At the first meeting, Mr. Moody's address was simple, direct, kindly and hopeful; it had a touch of humor and a touch of pathos; it was lit up with a story or two that filled most eyes with tears; but there seemed nothing in it very remarkable. Yet it *told*. I told Mr. Moody that the work was most plainly of God, for I could see no real relation between him and what he had done. He laughed cheerily, and said he should be very sorry if it were otherwise.

"One of the elements of Mr. Moody's power consists in his perfect naturalness. He has something to say, and he says it—says it as simply and directly to thirteen thousand people as to thirteen.

"This is an immense element of power. If our congregations came to hear us preach, instead of coming to hear *how* we preach, the effect of our sermons would be immeasurably increased.

"Mr. Moody uses the words of the home and the street; the plainer they are the better he likes them. He has given himself to God, all that he has, all that he is, and he uses every faculty and resource of his nature to prevail upon men to hate sin and to trust and to love Christ. To him nothing is common or unclean. He has humor, and he uses it; he has passion, and he uses it; he can tell racy anecdotes, and he tells them; he can make people cry as well as laugh, and he does it."

For every token of returning cordiality and good feeling between the North and the South we "thank God and take courage." No more striking evidence of this most desirable change has been afforded than the graceful act of General Ripley in returning to the State of Massachusetts the flag of the 54th. Mass. (colored) regiment. We give his admirable letter accompanying the presentation in another column.

The 54th. regiment was composed of colored men officered by the best and bravest sons of the State with the illustrious Robert G. Shaw at their head. It was ordered to South Carolina and its flag was lost in a gallant storming attack on Fort Wagner where its leader and scores who followed him fell on the parapet and were buried in the ditch.

About the time this memorable flag was received at the State-house, the citizens of Boston had made a presentation to the Washington Light Guard of Charleston, of a national flag emblazoned with the locked shields of the two states. Both these actions are significant of returning cordiality which we hail with heartfelt joy. As the Centennial celebrations of stirring events of the Revolution which made us a nation are crowding thick and fast upon us, may all bitterness arising from the recent unhappy differences be buried, and may a united North and South once more move on to a destiny worthy of their patriot sires.

The Southern Branch of the National Soldier's Home at Hampton, Va. has about five hundred inmates under the command of Capt. P. T. Woodfin. The grounds and accommodations are in beautiful order; the situation is one of the finest on the Atlantic Coast and a visit to these premises well repays the trouble of the journey. Of late, Captain Woodfin has earned not only the gratitude of his men, but the thanks of this entire community for the excellent entertainments in the "Soldier's Home Theater" which have delighted many and most pleasantly beguiled the weary hours of his "boys in blue."

We commend the advertisement of the Home Savings Bank to the attention of our readers. It is a carefully managed institution and worthy of the confidence of the public.

A BLOCKADE-RUNNER'S SCRAPE.

BY CAPT. S. W. ARMISTEAD.

The full history of the late war between the States will never be written, and the names of those who have displayed the firmest nerve and steadiest purpose, will never reach the ear of posterity. Many a deed requiring all of valor, coolness and resolution of which man is possessed, has perished with its performance simply because the actors were unknown to fame.

Except perhaps the scouts of the respective armies there was no class of men engaged in the war whose business was more hazardous and exciting than that of the blockade-runners. Engaged in enterprises, which, when successful, yielded immense profits, but which often ended in capture and imprisonment; operating mostly at night when man is naturally timid; often following circuitous and unknown roads, uncertain where to go for guidance or assistance; lurking during the day in the most insecure hiding places; the enemy passing often in sight and sometimes within pistol-shot; occasionally forced into encounters where life and liberty were the stakes, captivity or death the result of defeat, it required traits of character for its successful prosecution which few were possessed of to meet.

The following incident will serve to illustrate this assertion. I will give it as nearly as possible in the words of one of the chief actors.

"About the time," said he, "of Dahlgren's raid upon Richmond, myself and the companion who usually acted with me were on our way with a lot of blockade goods, from the lower peninsula to Richmond. We had nearly reached the Mattaponi, when we learned to our great uneasiness of Dahlgren's death, the failure of his plans and that his forces were retreating in the direction of Gloucester Point, and even then but a few miles in our front. Hastily inquiring of our informant the best place of secreting ourselves until they should pass by we were directed to a body of woods not far off, and thither we immediately repaired.

"After remaining there until nearly noon of the following day, I ventured out to reconnoiter the road, directing my companion to follow on with the goods if he heard nothing of me in the course of two hours. I had not proceeded far, however, before I perceived the enemy advancing from the river, and of course could only go back to my place of concealment."

On the next two days, a similar disappointment awaited me, so that in the end we were compelled to remain in that position for three days and nights. At length, however, the enemy disappeared and we made haste to resume our journey, but before proceeding far I perceived that the wagon was over-loaded and the horse was in a fair way to fail us altogether. I therefore proposed that my friend should take his share of the goods and go on, while I set about to find other conveyance for my own. After considerable difficulty I succeeded in getting them to the river, but here a new obstacle presented itself. The only mode of crossing was through an irregular ferry kept by a faithful "contraband." After much trouble in searching him out, I found him at a farm-house near the ferry and to my proposition to take me across he readily agreed, upon condition that I should help him to defend his boat that night if any parties should attempt to carry her off.

He said that a negro on a neighboring farm had made arrangements to come down there that night, take his boat and carry his family within the Yankee lines. Instructing him to call me in case the threatened attempt was made, I retired to bed hoping that night at least to enjoy a comfortable bed, and uninterrupted repose. In a very few moments, however, the ferryman came back and reported that the parties spoken of were after his boat. Making all possible haste, under his directions I soon reached the shore and there indeed I saw the boat with two colored men in it just pushing out from the shore. Upon their refusal to return, at my command, the ferryman let drive with his gun, but from the direction of the blaze I knew that he had not done them any damage. It had the effect of bringing them back, however, and as soon as the boat struck the beach I ordered them to get out and come ashore. One of them replied "I am coming," and started toward me, stumbling and stooping in such a manner that I began to think perhaps he had been struck by the ferryman's shot. I was soon undeceived, however, for when he got to within about fifteen or twenty feet of me, I perceived that he had a pistol and was aiming it directly at me. The secret of his irregular manner of approach was at once explained.

It was but the work of a moment to raise my pistol and fire, which was promptly returned on his part. Both of us having revolvers, we continued to fire until about the third round when he concluded to back out. Pressing my advantage as well as I could, I advanced upon him continuing the fire until my pistol was emptied, when I turned to look for the ferryman; but, lo and behold, he was not in sight. Calling to him to bring me his gun, he replied at a distance off that his gun was not loaded. Knowing that in a hand to hand struggle, I was no match for two, I then started on a retreat, but in a few minutes met the owner of the house at which I was stopping, who gave me a small pocket revolver. Returning to the scene of the fight I had the mortification to see the parties just landing on the other side. There was nothing to be done then except to go lower down where the river was somewhat narrower and keep watch until morning. This the ferryman promised to do and I went back to bed. About daylight I heard the discharge of two guns and a pistol, and on reaching the river found that, as was expected, the attempt had been made to run the boat through. The ferryman had fired upon them, but while he failed to hit them he compelled them to run her ashore and leave her.

"I had many personal encounters during the war, but I never met with a man who was more deliberate in his courage than he whom I encountered on the river bank that night. The ferryman said that he was a "boss'in'" fellow always talkin' 'bout what he could do," and I found that he was ready to back his boasting up.

There are very few men whose fire cannot be drawn by your own, but this negro reserved his, each time, until he supposed, at least, that he had good aim.

I afterward made inquiry concerning him and found that he had received three wounds from the effects of which he shortly died.

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8 Stanhope Terrace, Gloster Road, South Kensington, London, *Jan.* 12, 1875.

To his Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts,—I have the honor to forward to your excellency the regimental color of the 54th Massachusetts volunteers, which was taken in action on the evening of the 18th. of July, 1863, by the garrison of Battery Wagner, under General Taliaferro, being part of the forces defending Charleston, S. C., under my command, when that work was assaulted by the Federal troops under General Gilmore. Since the close of the civil war in America, I have been generally absent from the country, and I have seen with regret the failure of expedients attempted to restore peace and content to the Southern States.

It seems to me, however, that the lapse of time and the course of events have produced a less embittered state of public feeling than that which existed just after the close of the strife. Under the existing state of things, I deem it decorous, if not a positive duty, to promote the oblivion of the animosities which led to and were engendered by the war. Such being the case, I prefer to look upon trophies of the character of the color in question as mementoes of the gallant conduct of men who, like Shaw, Putnam, and other sons of Massachusetts, sealed their devotion to the cause they adopted with their lives, rather than as evidence of prowess, on the one side or the other. The custodians of such a memento should be the authorities of the State served by these gallant men, and I, therefore, transmit the flag to your excellency for such disposition as the authorities of Massachusetts shall determine.

Your's respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed). R. S. Ripley.

The condition of agricultural laborers in European countries is something that would astonish the American farmer, who thinks the drudgery of the farm an unbearable affliction. The English laborer, who we think is roughly used by fate, working from infancy until incapacitated by age, infirmity and decrepitude, for a pittance which keeps him on the verge of starvation, is happily situated as compared with others; at least he has constant work while ability lasts; but the French laborer works only two hundred days in the year, the Russian even less; the Austrian works but two hundred and thirty-four days—and all these work from four in the morning until nine in the evening, with three hours' rest in the middle of the day. The Belgian farm laborers receive twenty-five to thirty-one cents a day. Rye bread, potatoes and curds furnish their food. At home their families live on black barley bread with a little grease and a decoction of roasted chicory root, without sugar and milk, for drink. These laborers share the beds or bedding of the cattle they tend, and a luxurious couch is a shelf on the stable wall and a bundle of straw beside the oxen. —*New York Tribune.*

Some one has been tampering with the general appropriation bill of Louisiana after its passage, and the measure as now officially printed is denounced as a gross forgery.—*Ex.*

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STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF RICHMOND, ENGLAND,

BY HERBERT KNOWLES.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, one for Elias."—*St. Matthew.*

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build,—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of even that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away,—
For see, they would pin him below
In a dark narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a fear and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before,
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tints which it wore.

Shall we build to the temple of Pride
The trappings which deck the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
Save the long winding sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain!
Who hide in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jest?
Ah! here is the plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute at their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above:
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have sainted and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve:
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself would relieve.
Ah! sweetly they sleep, nor love, hope, or fear,
Peace, peace! is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them all when he rose to the skies.

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

V.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

If you, as young men who desire to maintain the external appearance of gentlemen, were to ask me what are the characteristics of a gentleman's dress, I should answer you with little hesitation, "Cleanliness, quiet colors, and well brushed boots." If you have these three requisites, you need not be over-careful about the cut of your coat and trousers, or the fashion of your hat; but even with these attained, you have not yet reached the foundation of the matter, for your dress really begins, not with the garments which are usually visible, but with the underclothing—and on this point I want you to understand very clearly what are the essentials.

As a matter of health you ought to wear next your skin, shirt and drawers of some woolen material, heavy in winter and light in summer, for this is a safeguard against sudden changes of temperature or the depressing effect upon the vital forces of extreme or unaccustomed cold. The woven undergarments, which can be bought at almost any dry-goods shop, are cheap and convenient, though flannel, either white or colored, is, on some accounts, better for this purpose. These garments must be changed, at least, once a week; do not on any account wear them longer than that; for, although they may not look soiled, they are most certainly saturated with the impurities thrown off by the skin, and will probably show it by their odor. It is well, too, to wear woolen stockings in winter; and for them the only rule I can give you is to change them whenever they are dirty.

You will see, of course, that I am taking it for granted that you yourselves are cleanly in your habits; that you understand the necessity of keeping your bodies pure and healthy; and knowing that this cannot be done without scrupulous attention to details, are glad to learn from the experience of others, just what those details are.

Remember, therefore, in your daily life, in your choice of garments, in the formation of your personal habits, and in the expenditure of your money, that the thing above all others which Society insists upon is "cleanliness," and that this cleanliness must begin with your skin and the clothes which you wear next it. You must make it a duty,—a matter of conscience, to be clean from head to—foot; and to this end, you must faithfully take the daily bath about which I have already so strongly spoken to you. Then you must change your underclothing, throughout, once a week, or oftener if necessary; and be very careful never to wear the same shirt at night which you have been wearing through the day. Supply yourselves with night-shirts of white cotton, and wear these and nothing else at night, taking off every article of clothing that you have worn through the day—for there is no more unwholesome personal habit than that of wearing a garment both day and night. You must change your night-shirt once a week, and when you take it off in the morning must see that it is properly aired before it is put away for the day.

As to your outer garments, the clothes in which you work will naturally be suited to the purpose for which they are used; and the fact that you do work in them will usually imply that they are not very clean nor entirely whole; but as most of you have it in your power to have one or more good suits, I want to say a word or two to you about those garments in the selection of which you have opportunity to show your individual taste.

Perhaps the first thing to be said here, is what I have already once said; namely, that your linen must be clean and neat and always simple—ruffles, embroidery, or any peculiarity of cut, being out of place and unsuitable. A clean shirt, collar and cuffs are indispensable, and when the two latter cannot, from motives of economy or convenience, be of linen, paper makes a neat and excellent substitute.

Any jewelry which you may wear—studs, sleeve-buttons, scarf pin, or watch chain, must be real of its kind, and simple in style; and, as a general rule, the less you wear of it the better. In wearing rings or any additional jewelry, a gentleman will be exceedingly careful as to both quality and quantity, as any attempt at show in this respect is almost inevitably vulgar and a sure evidence of bad taste.

Your cravats and neckties must never be of any bright color or combination of colors; plain, dark shades are always the best (except for occasions when you wear full dress; that is, parties, weddings, etc., when white or light colors are permissible), and black is always proper. In the selection of material for your coats and trousers, you will naturally be largely influenced by the climate in which they are to be worn—but here again, plain colors are the rule. You will very probably have noticed for yourselves that gentlemen usually wear suits made of one material throughout—in color dark gray, brown, blue or mixed, or suits in which the coat is of some very dark shade or black, and the trousers more varied, though never of any bright color or large pattern. Entirely black clothes are not worn except by clergymen or for mourning.

Boots and shoes must always be neatly kept and well polished, and care must be taken that they are sufficiently large for the feet.

In the choice of hats you will be guided by the season and the fashion as to material and shape, the chief thing being to avoid wearing anything which is conspicuous. Gloves must, usually be of some dark color—grey, drab, brown or black; while for full dress almost any light shade is proper.

In conclusion, I would say to young men as to young women, that the surest economy in dress is to buy good things and take care of them. Do not spend your money for useless trifles; and on no account spend more on your dress than you can honestly afford. Remember that you must never borrow anything even from your friends without asking leave, and that it is best to borrow and lend as little as possible. Let your garments be legibly marked with your name, and never wear other people's clothes if you can help it.

All toilette articles—brushes, combs, sponges, etc., are sacred to the use of their owner, and must, under no circumstances be considered public property, or put to any other use than that for which they were intended. A gentleman will be careful to supply himself with these things and to keep them strictly to himself, neither committing nor permitting any trespass. Furthermore, you must understand that in order to be gentlemen at all you must be gentlemen always, modest and refined among yourselves as well as in public; and in nothing is the modesty and refinement of a gentleman more clearly shown than in the simplicity of his dress and the care and neatness with which he attends to the details of his toilet. To form gentlemanly habits in this respect will be of the greatest value to you, and you may be sure that it is never too soon to begin the endeavor whose success will be mainly dependant upon your own resolution.

IN GENERAL SOCIETY.

In general society there are, as you know, many particulars in which what is proper for one sex is not proper for the other; and what is required of one sex is not required of the other; and these differences form a very important part of our social regulations, so that it becomes again necessary to divide our subject, and upon certain points to speak with regard primarily, to their diversity. In obedience, therefore, to a well-known rule of etiquette, I shall once more give precedence to the young women among my readers, and endeavor to show them what Society has decreed to be the essential attributes and duties of a lady; that is, what a lady must and must not do, when she is in the presence of others.

I have already asked you to notice that the foundation of good manners is the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" for even if you do not in your heart obey that precept, you must externally appear to do so, if you desire to be courteous and well-bred.

You must, that is, always endeavor to make those about you comfortable and happy, even when it is at your own expense; and upon this point it will be necessary to go somewhat into detail in order that you may fully understand what is expected of you; for in society you are brought into contact with so many different people under frequently changing conditions, that no single rule can cover your general demeanor.

Toward all persons of your own sex, toward old people of both sexes, toward invalids, or those who are in any way weaker than yourself, you must show deference; that is, you must invariably consider their comfort and pleasure, and must show them a certain external respect. In your turn, however, you will receive a similar deference from gentlemen; and in most cases you must understand that you are entitled to certain privileges by right of your sex. For example: you must not pass through doors or gates or up-stairs before other people, but must allow them to pass before you; you must not take the most comfortable or the only seat in a room, but must offer it politely to others, except in the case of gentlemen, who will allow you to precede them, to occupy the only seat, etc., and whose attentions you must accept always with suitable acknowledgement.

You must not sit or pass between the fire or the light and another person, or sit with your back toward any person; in short, you must not take the best of anything to yourself, but must share it with others, never pushing your own claims but trusting always to the politeness of your associates. In your own house especially, you must be watchful that your guests are cared for; while, when you are yourself the guest of other people, you must be careful to take no liberties.

In conversation you must not interrupt those who may be speaking, and you must never yourself talk in a loud voice or use coarse or rough language; while I advise you to break yourselves as quickly as possible of the habit of using frequent exclamations of any kind, but especially of using those which are irreverent if not actually profane; as "Good Lord," "My Jesus," etc. Sneezing, coughing, blowing the nose, etc., must be done as quietly as possible under cover of the pocket handkerchief; and you must on no account take anything from your mouth when you are in the presence of other people.

One of the chief charms in a lady is gentleness; in voice, in manner, in language, a lady is always gentle, and loud talking, or boisterous laughter and gestures are entirely inadmissible in refined society.

In social gatherings it is not customary for strangers to speak to one another, without being first introduced to some one who is known to both parties; and this ceremony of introduction consists in bringing together the two people whom you desire to introduce, and in mentioning the name of each one to the other; as, for example, "Mrs. Johnson—Miss Smith;" "Miss Smith—Mr. Jones;" the gentleman being always presented to the lady, and the single to the married lady. After this the parties introduced are expected under all circumstances to bow and begin a conversation in which, when one of the parties is a gentleman, it is already his duty to speak first. An acquaintance begun in this way may be continued or not at the pleasure of the individuals introduced, it being always in the power of one person to refuse to know another by declining to speak, bow, or otherwise recognize him or her; but it must be understood, that you must not intentionally fail to recognize any one to whom you may have been introduced, without good and satisfactory reasons for so doing.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

The file is rough, and the application of it harrowing to the soul; but all the more bright and lustrous will be the diamond when, at length thoroughly polished, it shines forth in the royal crown of Immanuel.—*Hewitson.*

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

In an old churchyard stood a stone,
Weather-marked and stained,
The hand of Time had crumbled it,
So only part remained.
Upon one side I could just trace,
"In memory of our mother!"
An epitaph which spoke of "home"
Was chiseled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame
High towering to the skies;
I'd seen the sculptured marble stone
Where a great hero lies:
But by this epitaph I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy!" What
A noble record left;
A legacy of memory sweet
To those she left bereft;
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain, rude stone
That marked their mother's rest.

It was an humble resting place,
I know that they were poor,
But they had seen their mother sink
And patiently endure;
They had marked her cheerful spirit,
When bearing, one by one,
Her many burdens up the hill,
Till all her work was done.

So when was stilled her weary head,
Folded her hands so white,
And she was carried from the home
She'd always made so bright,
Her children raised a monument
That money could not buy,
As witness of a noble life
Whose record is on high.

A noble life; but written not
In any book of fame:
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name;
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won—
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY.

"Talkin' of grizzlies, here's the track of one," said Tom Wilson, anddenly reining in his horse a short distance in advance of me. After a moment's examination of the huge impression, he continued: "It's a pretty fresh one, too; the feller can't be a great way off. This is just the kind of a place for 'em."

"Are there grizzlies in these mountains, Tom?" asked I, doubtingly.

"Yes, sir; the fust one I ever seed was in this very range, and he just about scart me to death, that's sartin, replied Tom.

"Tint'll be a good story for this evening, Tom, after we get into camp," said I, regarding the great track with no little curiosity, for I was still in doubt about its being that of a grizzly. "Are you sure it isn't the track of a cinnamon bear?"

"Yes, sir; there's no mistakin' the prent of a grizzly's foot," replied Tom. "And here," continued he, as he followed the trail a short distance, "is where he sot down. I would n't think strange if we see one afore long; this is the sort of country they like."

"I reckon we sha'n't find any better place to camp to-night than this 'ere. You see, there's plenty of wood, water, and grass—so we'll just stop here."

Dismounting from our animals, they were soon enjoying the luxuriant grass that grew around us, while Tom commenced preparations for supper. In gathering the wood for his fire, his keen eye detected a herd of deer in the distance, and seizing his rifle, he sallied out for one, leaving me alone to guard the camp.

After an absence of about half-an-hour Tom appeared staggering under the weight of a fine fat doe, which was soon dressed, and a portion of it broiling over the coals for our supper. This over, we threw ourselves upon our blankets, and while enjoying the cheerful light of our camp fire, Tom related his experience with the first grizzly he ever saw.

"You see, when I first came to this country, I did n't know much about it; but General Garland allowed I was the man he wanted to scout for him, and so I entered his service. When he was a-travelin' over the country, I used to make it a p'int to look round considerable when in camp, so as to get acquainted with it like, because in my business a feller had to know it pretty middling well.

"I'd heerd a good deal about grizzlies,

though I'd never seed one, for they don't have 'em up in Kentuck', where I come from, or in Texas either; but when I heerd old trappers talkin' about 'em, and tellin' how savage and strong they was, I always allowed that there warn't no kind of a h'ar that I was afeerd of, and I didn't know there was either. You see, I didn't let 'em know that I'd never'd seed one of the critters, for I made up my mind that if ever I come acrost one, I'd have a tussle with him, and he should n't get away from me neither, though I must confess I felt a little skeery of a critter that could crunch a man or kill a buffalo as easy as I could break an egg. Still, I talked big, 'cause talk is cheap you know.

"Well, one day we was to the north of this,—camped on the San Juan River. The valley was eight or ten miles long, and perhaps a couple wide, with the biggest oak-trees growin' in it that I ever seed growin' anywhere; some of 'em would measure twenty feet round the butts, and the General said he reckoned they was mor 'n a hundred years old.

"I got tired of stayin' round camp and doin' nothin'; so I walked down to where the animals was feedin', and talked to the herder a while, and then went on down the valley, lookin' at the rocks and mountains and trees, till I got a long ways from camp, and calculated it would take me a good hour to git back. After startin' on the back trail, I happened to notice ons tree, which stood a little to one side of my track, that looked so much larger than the others, that the idea came into my head to just examine it. I had a stout oak stick in my hand, and as I came up to the tree I hit the trunk two or three blows, to see if it was sound, you know. Then I thought I'd see how big round it was, so that I could tell the General how many steps it took to circumnavigate it. So I stuck my stick in the ground for a mark, and started.

"When I got about half-way round, I happened to look up, and I'll be blest if there was n't a grizzly as big as an ox, within two feet of me, a-settin' on his haunches, and watchin' me out of a hole in the stump of that tree.

"I brought up pretty sudden, I tell you, and took one good look at him. He looked meek enough at first glance, but in a jiffy he fixed his eyes on me, and his great month, which was half-open; with his white teeth, looked waterish like, as though it was just achin' to get hold of me. I see him kind er half raise one of his big paws, and then I started. I heerd him give a low, wheezy kind er growl, as he started after me, and I did n't wait to hear any more. If ever a feller run, that feller was Tom Wilson.

"I reckon I thought of every story I'd ever heerd about grizzlies; how savage they was; how they could beat a hoss runnin' any time. Ths more I thought, the faster I run, ths plainer I could hear the b'ar a-comin' after me.

"I declare I never knowed it was in me to run so. I throwed off pretty nigh all the clothes I had on, and was doin' jest my level best, when suddenly I tripped on somthin' or other, and went down. Then I knowed 't was all up with me for sartin, and I expected every minute to feel that bar's paw on me.

"I remembered how I'd heerd Nat Beal say, that if a grizzly thought n man was dead, he'd dig a hole and bury him, without hurtin' him any, and after a day or two would come back and dig him up. So I laid still and held my breath, waitin' for the b'ar to bury me.

"I could hear him diggin' the hole, and, though my eyes was shet, I could see jest how he looked, as he handled them paws of his.

"It seemd to me that I laid thers and held my breath for nigh an hour, expectting every minute to have the b'ar roll me into the hole. After awhile I ventured to peek out, and, would you believe it, there want no b'ar there!

"I jest picked myself up mighty sudden, and made tracks for camp, and I reckon if ever a feller felt beat that feller was mo, then and there.

"It was a long time before I said anything about my scareen camp; but, at last, I told the General, and I thought he'd split a-laughin'."

"Well, Tom," said I, "you must have been pretty badly frightened."

"Frightened! I jest tell you, sir, I was the worst scart man this side of the San Juan, and I did n't get over it neithsr in a hurry, sure's you're born."

"What had become of the bear?" asked I.

"Why, you see, he was asleep in that hole, and when I thumped on the tree with my stick it woke him up. As a nat'ral consequence, his curiosity was riz, and he poked his head out to see who was a-knockin', but," added Tom, with a laugh, "before he could say 'come in' I was gone. I've always owed grizzlies a grudge since that scare."

"Well, Tom," said I, "that's a pretty good story, and I don't blame you for running. I'll now fill my pipe and have a smoke before retiring. Will it be necessary to keep guard to-night?"

"No, I reckon not," replied Tom; "we hain't seen no trail for two days, nor any patches of corn, and I don't believe the Indians come into this region very often. Anyway we'll risk it to-night," with which remark he went out to take a last look at the animals before retiring, and upon his return spread his blankets a little distance from the fire, and was soon fast asleep.

Not feeling in a mood for sleeping, I replenished the fire, and sat smoking my pipe and laughing to myself at the ridiculous figure Tom must have cut, running over the prairie with nothing in pursuit; until, some hours later, a growing feeling of drowsiness warned me that it was time to spread my own blankets, which I did, and soon fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know; but I was roused by a vague impression that something was wrong about the camp. Half awake, I turned over, and, opening my eyes, fancied that I could discovsr in the darkness the faint outlines of an animal, which I supposed to be one of the mules; so once more dropped to sleep.

In a short time I again awoke, and this time saw two eyes angrily glaring at me in the darkness. I sprang into a sitting posture; but as I did not then see them, supposed that I had been dreaming, and that the fiery eyes were the natural result of Tom's story.

The fire had burned low; occasionally a half-consumed brand would flare for an instant into a bright flame, casting a ruddy glow upon all things around, and then suddenly die out, leaving the darkness more intense, the gloom more profound, than before.

By straining my eyes, however, I detected the outline of a huge form in the dim light that I was confident could be no mule.

Springing to my feet, I called loudly for Tom, at the same time trying to get hold of either my revolver or rifle, which, in my confusion, I failed to find. While hunting for them, my hand encountered a miner's pick, and, grasping it, I turned to find Tom at my side, and a huge grizzly standing upon his hind-legs within six feet of us.

As he slowly waddled toward us, the light from the dying embers of the fire revealed his open mouth, gleaming white teeth and hugs paws, extended as if to embrace us both in one grasp, while his eyes shone like balls of fire.

Terrified as I was, I had presence of mind enough to raise the pick, and, just as Tom fired, I brought it down; but, with a hoarse, angry growl, the bear struck it a blow with one of his huge paws, with as much ease as a boy would bat his ball, which sent it spinning from my hand. He was within two feet of us when Tom again fired. This time the ball struck a vital spot, and the huge monster, with a howl of rage and defiance, reeled for a moment, and then rolled over on his side, dead.

Up to this time neither of us had spoken; but now the silence was broken by Tom, who exclaimed: "That was an ugly customer; let's start up the fire, and see what he looks like."

But I was in no condition to start up the fire, for as soon as the terrible excitement was over, the reaction came, and I sank to the ground trembling as though in an ague fit.

I soon recovered, and by the time Tom had a bright fire burning, was ready to examine the bear. As he lay stretched out before us, he was a monster indeed. His shaggy dun coat was thickly flecked with patches of grey, and his huge paws made me fairly shudder when I reflected what a narrow escape we had had from their embrace.

Daylight revealed the unwelcome fact that the creatures had attacked and killed one of our mules during the night, dragging the carcass some distance from the spot where he had been picketed.

The bear measured nearly seven feet in length, and six feet one inch in girth.

We greatly regretted the loss of our mule, for it prevented our taking with us the much desired skin of the grizzly as a trophy. The experience, however, taught us a lesson, and we never afterward failed to mount guard while traveling through the Sierra Madre country.

The Teachers' Cause.

By a Trustee of the Hampton Normal School.

THE TEACHER.

The feature of education that I shall discuss, and which may seem strange to many of you, is the power and influence of the teacher over the scholar. Were I to begin my education again, with the privilege of choosing between two classes of education, one consisting of a magnificent building in which were stoical professors, numberless books, and a systematic but lifeless routine of study; the other a shanty in which is a noble-minded man, of large soul and a generous, warm nature, I would say give me the latter. It is the words and actions of men and women that educate more than text-books. I would not say a word against the work of the institute; it is necessary and good so far as it goes; but you may write down all the teachers who fail and then examine into the cause of failure, and you will find that it is not from a lack of book knowledge, or a knowledge of studying out a lesson, but a lack of

KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE;

they lack gumption. In order to be a successful teacher you must learn to read character and understand human nature. The trouble is, teachers are chiefly concerned in studying books and not to know the scholars to be taught; are only studying how to use the tools to the neglect of the important qualification of knowing the material upon which they are to work. Some of you will probably go into your schoolrooms this fall, and on the first day of school, as you make a superficial observation of your scholars, you will say: These scholars are just like the ones I had last term; are of the same grade and age, and you will commence running in the old groove. This is a great mistake. Of the myriads of beautiful flowers that adorn the earth, there are no two alike; so it is as regards children; there are no duplicates in God's creation. Every child that comes into this world is a new combination of elements. Your first and most important duty is to study the nature of each scholar; study the characteristics that are peculiar to each, that you may know how to awaken their nobler emotions.

I believe there is no profession in which there is so much danger of a shriveling up in intellect and powers as that of teaching. I assign as a cause the fact that teachers are too apt to imagine that they have learned all that is necessary for them to know.—*Hon. J. A. Garfield, M. C. of Ohio, in Cleveland Leader.*

A BORN TEACHER.

Let the teacher magnify his office, and by entertaining enlarged views of the scope of his duties, become more edequate for their discharge. By seeking out devices for arousing the interest of his scholers, insensibly will he find himself lifted to a more advantageous platform, whence he can labor both more effectively and with increase of comfort to himself. To illustrate: A young schoolmistress was timidly going through her first experiences, fearing she could not teach. A friend found her trying to bring into measures a bright refractory little fellow of four years of age, who said he "*could not*" trace a letter she had asked him to outline, and in fact his tones said, "would not, either." Instead of scolding or threatening, with pleasant voice and lively tone she suddenly suggested, "O Robbie, just let the lines stand for the road, and let your pencil be the horse. Now drive him up the road, Robbie; make him trot!" Robbie's imagination caught fire at once; the lately sullen features relaxed; the stubborn pencil began immediately to move in the track; the goal was soon won: and the observing friend retired, giving a pleasant nod of satisfaction, and saying of the young girl-teacher, "She will do—*she is* a teacher."—*Home and School, Louisville, Ky.*

TEACHERS should impress upon children the importance of signing their names legibly. Nowhere is indistinct writing so puzzling. Nothing of course can be learned from the sense, and it is impossible to say that a certain interpretation is nonsense, because almost any combination of letters *may* be a name.

SOMETHING TO READ TO THE CHILDREN.

Children always like to listen to stories—told, or read if the reader knows how to read a story as if he were telling it, which is the great ert of good reading. An excellent reward of a good day's work at school, and a strong inducement to win it, is a good story to hear at the close. Good suggestions, interesting information, and even n geueral waking up of a child's mental and moral powers may be effected by well chosen stories. Some that have appeared in the *Christian Union* are so excellently adapted to this purpose that we give one below for the teacher's use, and from time to time will give the rest, which you will have no difficulty in recognizing.

LIGHTNING IN JOHNNY'S HAIR.

"Combs can't blow, can they?"

Could you guess what Johnny meant by such n queer, backhanded question? I couldn't, nor his sister Mary, either. I was quite sure, however, that he meant something sensible, if one could only get at it; but Mary was doubtful.

"Blow what?" she asked, not so pleasantly as she might.

"Why, blow air," said Johnny, "to make wind."

"Of course not, you silly child; what makes you ask such a question as that?"

Mary thinks Johnny is a pretty bright little fellow in general, but on particular points she is always ready to call him a dunce, without stopping first to find out what he really means to say. The trouble is, she knows so little herself that she thinks she knows everything, at least everything worth knowing; and Johnny is all the time puzzling her with questions that she has no answer ready for.

"What have you seen to make you ask that question?" I inquired.

"I didn't see anything," said Johnny; "I just felt it—like some one breathing softly on my face and hand when I held my comb near."

"Nonsense," said Mary; "you just imagined it."

"No, I didn't," Johnny insisted; "I felt it really, this morning, when I was combing my hair."

"O," said I, suspecting the cause of his difficulty; "What kind of a comb was it?"

"A black comb," said Johnny.

"Horn, or rubber?" I asked.

"It's a rubber comb," said Mary.

"How did your hair behave when you were combing it?"

"Mean as anything," Johnny replied. "It stuck up like Mary's when its frizzed, and wouldn't stay anywhere."

Part of that was for Mary's benefit. Johnny likes to tease her.

"Did you think the comb made it do that by blowing it?" I asked.

"Not at first," said Johnny: "the comb seemed to crackle, and I put it to my ear to listen; then I felt the wind on my cheek."

"Suppose you bring the comb here," said I, "and show us what it did."

Johnny ran off for the comb, but came back quite crestfallen.

"It won't do it now," he said.

"As much as ever!" cried Mary, triumphantly.

"But it did this morning, truly," he said, rather humbly.

"Pshaw!" said Mary; "you imagined it."

Like many another discoverer, Johnny had to learn what it is to be discredited and ridiculed for knowing too much. Because Mary had never noticed what he described, she was as ready as older people to cry "nonsense," "impossible," and all that sort of thing, without stopping to consider whether he might not be in the right after all.

"You had better try it again some other day," I said to Johnny. "Try different combs. Try in the dark, too."

"What for?" Johnny asked.

"You might see something," I said.

"In the dark?"

"Yes, in the dark."

Johnny wondered how that could be; and he wondered still more when I suggested that it might be a good plan to try the comb also on Humpty Dumpty—that's his shaggy dog.

Two or three mornings after, Johnny came pounding at my door before breakfast; when I let him in he cried, "It blows now, sure!"

"What blows?"

"Why! the comb."

I took the comb from his hand and putting it to my cheek, said, "I don't feel any wind from it."

"That isn't the way," he said, reaching out for the comb. "You must do this first," and he ran the comb rapidly through his hair a few times, then held it to his cheek, saying, "I can feel it, plainly."

"See if it will blow these," I said, stripping some bits of down from a feather and laying them upon the table.

Johnny repeated the combing, then held the comb near the down expecting to see the light stuff blown from the table. To his great surprise it was not blown away at all, but on the contrary it sprang suddenly toward the comb, then dropped off as suddenly.

"That's queer," said Johnny.

I exeited the comb again and held it near the back of my hand, calling Johnny's attention to the fact that all the fine hairs stood up when the comh came near them.

"When you hold the comb near your cheek," I said, "the downy hairs stand up like that, and the feeling is just like that of a breath of air."

"Then it isn't wind that comes from the comb?"

"No, it is not wind."

"Maybe the comb is a magnet," suggested Johnny, seeing its attraction for light hairs, dnst and the like, as I held it over them. I took a small magnet from my table-drawer and held it near the feathers and hair. It did not stir them, no matter how much I rubbed it. It picked up a needle though, very quickly. Then I rubbed the comb, and though it attracted the feathers it had no effect on the needle.

"Is that like a magnet?" I asked.

"No," said Johnny.

"When the needle springs to the magnet it sticks there; but when the hair or down springs to the comb it flies away again instantly."

"It is very queer," said Johnny.

"Try this horn comb," said I.

Johnny tried it, but comb his hair as much as he might, the horn would not draw anything. Then he tried a shell comb, and an ivory comb, neither of them acting as the rubber comb did.

"I don't understand it at all," said Johnny.

"Nobody does fully," said I; "but if you keep trying you may learn a good deal about it in time."

Then we went to breakfast. It was several days before the subject was brought up again. "I've been watching a long time," said Johnny that evening. "I began to think it would never happen again, but it's a first-rate day to-day."

"Have you found out anything new?" I asked."

"Not much," said Johnny. "I tried Humpty and the comb crackled like everything. What makes it do that?"

"I think we'll have to study that to-night," I replied. "Where's Humpty?"

"In the kitchen. Shall I call him?"

"If you please; bring pussy, too."

Johnny was soon back with Humpty and Nabuchndnezzar—that's pussy. We call him Neb, for short. Then we went into the library and put out the lights.

"How can we see whet the comb does?" Johnny asked.

"Some things can be seen in the dark," I replied. Then I drew the comb briskly through Johnny's hair, making it snap and sparkle beautifully. "See," I said, bringing the teeth of the comb opposite my knuckle, "this is what makes the snapping."

"How pretty!" Johnny cried, as the tiny sparks flew from the comb to my knuckle. "What is it?"

"Lightning," said I.

"Lightning! In my hair?"

"Certainly," I said. "Let me comb out some more."

Johnny was almost afraid of himself when I brought another lot of sparks from his head.

"Folks had better look out when I'm around," said the little fellow, pompously. "Mary says I make more noise than a thunder-storm sometimes; I guess it's the lightning in me. Somebody'll get hit yet."

"Not very severely, let us hope," said I, laughing. "Suppose we try Humpty. Maybe he's a lightning-bug, too.

Sure enough, when we passed the comb through his shaggy coat the sparks flew finely. So did they when we rubbed him with the hand.

"Let's try Neb," said Johnny; "Here he is under the sofa; I can see his eyes."

But Neb had no notion of being rubbed the wrong way. As soon as the sparks began to show his patience gave out, and he went off with a rush.

"I guess Neb's lightning gave to his eyes and his claws," said Johnny.

After that we tried the sheep-skin rug, Mary's muff, and several other things of the sort, getting sparks from all of them.

"Everything seems to have lightning in it," said Johnny.

"Apparently," said I, "but you can't make it show in everything alike; anyway, not by rubbing. Try the chair-back, the table, the sofa, and such things. Generally when two things are rubbed together the lightning—or *electricity*, as it is commonly called—escapes quickly. When it can't do that, it accumulates—as it does in the rubber comb—and goes off with a snap when it gets a chance. When a cloud contains more electricity then it can hold, some of it jumps to another cloud or to the earth, making a flash of lightning. The thunder is its prodigious snap and the echoes of it. Are your slippers quite dry?"

"I think so," said Johnny, wondering what that had to do with lightning.

"I think the furnace has been on long enough to make the carpet quite dry, too," I said, turning just a glimmer of light on; "if it is, you can make a little thunder-storm of yourself easily."

"How?" Johnny asked eagerly.

"Just skip around the room a few times without taking your feet from the carpet."

Johnny spun round like a water-beetle for a minute or two; then I stopped him and told him to reach out his forefinger. When he did so, I reached my forefinger to his, and as the points came together *snap!* went a spark between them, whereat Johnny cried, "Oh!" and put his finger to his mouth.

"Did it burn you?"

"No," said Johnny, but it scared me."

He was not so badly scared, however, but he wanted to try it again and again, while I turned up the light and went on with my reading. By-and-by Humpty came out from under the sofa to see what was going on, and Johnny sent a spark into his nose. It didn't hurt him any, though it surprised him not a little.

"Wouldn't it be fun," said Johnny, "to give Mary a shock?"

"Charge yourself again," I said, "then come to me with your hands down."

Johnny did as I bade him, whereupon I stooped and kissed him on the mouth. It was his turn to be surprised that time.

Just then Mary came to tell the young lightning catcher that it was time to go to bed.

"All right," said the little rogue cheerily, skipping about the room. "Kiss me good-night, Mary, but don't touch me with your hands," he said at last, demurely holding up his mischievous mouth.

Mary gave the kiss, and got in return what she didn't expect.

"You little rascal!" she cried, "you've got a pin in your mouth."

"No, I haven't," he said.

"It's a piece of rubber, then."

"No, it isn't rubber."

"What was it?"

"Lightning," said Johnny. "See!" and he skipped a few times across the floor, then gave her a spark from his finger. Then he ran off to bed, laughing at Mary's bewilderment.

HINTS TO STUDENTS.

THE first hint we would make to our student readers is that the Teachers' Table often holds bits of information and suggestion that are just as good for students as for teachers.

Lest you may not always take this hint we will occasionally add some that are more pointedly directed to yourselves.

HINTS ON COMPOSITION WRITING.

1. In writing compositions, make no great effort at originality. Only the most mature minds, if any, can hope to present truths absolutely new. Do not expect it in youth. Be content to express old thoughts in your own words.

2. At first, do not go outside of your own mind. Turn the subject over and over in your head. Compel your brains, rummage your memory. Jot down roughly, with no attempt at order or completeness, any fact, principle, or illustration, that may occur to you. Mere catch-words will be sufficient. You have now a few materials: how shall you get more?

3. Consult books, magazines, the world of matter. Note hastily, indiscriminately, anything bearing on the subject. Do you wish for more material? Then,

4. Converse with intelligent persons on the subject. Draw out their opinions, and write them down, if they are good. By this time you will feel interested in your theme, and it is a great thing for a writer to be in earnest.

5. You have now a quantity of materials, but they are mixed. You see at a glance that some of them should be placed first, some a little further along, some near the end. Sort them accordingly. Often a good arrangement is to state, first, facts; secondly, arguments: thirdly, conclusions; or, in other words, to answer these three questions: What are the facts? Why are they so? What results follow?

6. At this stage, in a majority of cases, you will be delighted to find that so far from having nothing to say, you have more matter then you want. Strike out the least important. Keep the choice bits—the cream of the subject.

7. Your work is two-thirds done. You have got your materials: you have classified them. Now write out each thought in the quickest manner. Don't *at this stage* try to be witty, beautiful, or sublime. Express every thought in the briefest language, just as it occurs to you at the instant.

8. You have written through your subject. Now condense and adorn. Use ornament sparingly. Rewrite the whole and you will have a good composition.—*Virginia Ed. Monthly.*

THE SECRET OF GOOD READING is naturalness. Understand what your author wants to express, try to throw yourself into the spirit of it and say it as if you meant it. If it is a dialogue, seem to be talking it; if it is a description, seem to be telling it; if it is an essay on some great truth, seem to be urging it in earnest. A great clergymen said to a great actor, "How is it that people will cry over your fiction when I can't move them by the most solemn truths?" "That's plain enough sir," said the actor, "for you utter truths as if they were fiction, while I utter fiction as if it were truth."

WHAT'S THE USE OF RULES IN READING? do you ask, If we're only to read as if we were talking. They are merely to develop your powers and train you out of faults that show to some extent even in your talking, and to help you to the better understanding of your author. Just as scale practice and finger practice end all the preliminary instruction are necessary in the study of music.

Colored people ought to make good readers as well as good singers. They are apt to have sympathetic voices and a fondness for dramatic expression. The faults they generally need to look out for are indistinctness of utterance and leaving off final consonants of words—which makes a more musical sound often, but renders it almost impossible to understand a speaker at any distance. This indistinctness, and the hesitancy, which come from want of full comprehension of the writer's thought, or of familiarity with the words he uses, are points to be specially guarded by study and training.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a friend more addicted to boasting than to study; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Aye, aye," replied the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that; but, if I were to write better, people would find out how I spell."

Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

LONDON, *November*, 1874.

One of the many advantages and pleasures to be derived from foreign travel is, that having once with actual bodily presence gone over the ground, one may at any time afterward, in an hour of rest or leisure, retrace his steps, recall pleasant scenes and incidents, in fact repeat his journeyings, if with less vividness of sight and impress on, at the same time with less of fatigue and confusion of mind and memory. Thus do I anticipate, in an occasional respite from the labors and duties which I trust are in store for me when I return home, a living over again of much that is pleasant and interesting in all my life here; and thus do I now find it a pleasant recreation, in the intervals of lessons and study and practice, to write out in detail the story of my summer vacation wanderings and sight-seeings. I find it very hard to tear myself away from Paris, and our many enjoyable and sometimes laughable experiences there very frequently and pleasantly present themselves before me. Sometimes in a hotel, cafe, shop, or public park, or garden, our elaborate attempts to express ourselves in correct French, if we wished to ask questions, or open a conversation, would be met and replied to in excellent English, and that, too, in times and places when we least expected it; and sometimes again, the efforts of those about us, to show off their accomplishments in this line by talking to us in our native tongue, were as ridiculous and amusing as any mistakes on our part could have been. Our shopping experiences were the most entertaining; but whatever other difficulties or perplexities our ignorance or theirs involved us in, we were met with polite and courteous patience everywhere. We went to the famous Parisian store "Au Bon Marche" which claims to stand unrivaled in the world for the extent, variety, and cheapness of its stock of goods. My purchases were not very extensive; but I can vouch for the fact of buying, for about seventy cents per pair, better gloves than those for two dollars and a half in Boston; and moreover, they will try on the purchaser's hand, if desired, pair after pair until a perfect fit is obtained.

We visited several minor places of interest and amusement, quite as much for the purpose of comparing them with similar resorts in London, as for the entertainment they offered in themselves. We visited the famous conjurer, Robert Houdin, and were duly astonished at his wonderful tricks; at the cirque (circus) in the Champs Elysees saw some magnificent horses and splendid feats of riding and leaping; looked in at the "Jardin Mabille" and saw equally wonderful though less agreeable feats (or feets) of dancing. This is a world-renowned place, of rather equivocal reputation and was not down on our programme, but having heard so much of it, as an institution of the "demi monde" of Paris, so thoroughly French in its character and management, as we passed the place one evening we were attracted to see what it was all about. To do it justice—in spite of its wild and frantic gymnastics, which they call dancing—the place was more orderly than we had been led to expect, owing perhaps to the presence of the police, in plain clothes and in sufficient force to put down at once any tokens of lawlessness or impropriety).

We spent a few hours of one day at the Jardin des Plantes, but found this by no means equal to the Zoological Garden of Regent's Park in London. There were to be seen many beautiful varieties of rare and exquisite tropical plants and blossoms; but in the collection of animals we were very much disappointed, the specimens being not nearly so fine or so well housed and cared for as here. One evening, after our late dinner, we started out for a stroll past the Grand Opera House (a magnificent building), down the Boulevard des Italiens, and after an hour or two brought up at the Theatre de la Gaiete and heard a French opera, well sung and splendidly gotten up in every way. The scenery, process ons and transformations were elegant and perfect of their kind—in true French taste and style. The only Saturday we spent in Paris was a fete day, though we could not find out whom it was in honor of, or what was the occasion of it. In fact all days are so much alike here that beyond finding most of the stores closed, we saw no signs of anything unusual. This day we visited the celebrated "Pere la Chaise" cemetery which I must say left anything but a pleasant impression on me. That part of it near the entrance by which we went in lies on a side hill; the avannes and paths are built up on each side with tombs or rather chapels about four feet square and seven or eight feet high, just large enough for a person to enter and kneel in, and these chapels being furnished with a front door with regular lock and key give the place the appearance of a miniature city with streets and blocks of houses; the paved avenues, too, add to this dismal effect. We did not spend much time there and on our way back visited the Luxembourg Palace, on the site of the "Old Bastilla" of infamous memory. The Luxembourg is a very pleasant place and in it are many fine statues and handsome pictures, but they are very much crowded and in much too small a place to be seen to advantage. And now to come to the last public building which we visited in Paris—the beautiful church of La Madeline, one of the grandest and most impressive churches I have ever seen; yet within this majestic and splendid edifice three hundred persons (who had taken refuge there during the Commune) were brutally hemmed in and murdered, not one being allowed to escape. Standing on the very spot where this fearful tragedy was enacted, it was hard to realize that such things could have been. But I am writing another Paris letter which I did not intend to do, having finished it up as I thought in my last letter but one, and taken you along in my last as far as Kenilworth on our homeward trip from Alvington to London; and I must hasten on or we shall not reach "home" in this letter.

We spent but a few hours in Kenilworth—only long enough to visit and explore the ruined walls of its famous castle and secure some slips of the ivy with which they are covered. Our next stopping place was Oxford, where we staid about twenty-four hours, arriving late in the afternoon; and there it was our good fortune to meet with one of the real County Fairs, such as we read of in English story books and which I had always wanted to see. Wandering out of our hotel soon after our arrival, we unexpectedly found ourselves right in the midst of it; booths of all sizes on each side of the street, penny trumpets, shooting galleries and shows of all kinds on every hand. We went into about a dozen; admission in all cases one penny. We saw the fat woman, the wax-work, the menagerie which was really quite good, the steam whirligig, and finally wound up our evening's entertainment at the three-penny theatre, whence it seemed doubtful if we should ever get out whole, we laughed so immoderately, and exhaustingly; couldn't discover whether it was tragedy or comedy, but saw some of the real rant and agony put in in grand style. One man was killed about twice in every scene, but he came out all right in the end.

Extremes meet—and the next day we devoted to visiting the universities. We went through Christ-Church and Magdalen Colleges; but as these were more upon the same order of buildings, institutions, libraries and the like, of which we had been seeing so many, and as our time was very short and we so near the end of our homeward route, I am sorry to say that neither my memory or my diary did me much in giving a proper or adequate description of them—and, alas! for the cultivation and refinement of our taste, that Oxford County Fair should have left a more vivid impression than Oxford universities. We took occasion to go through the Fairground on our way to the depot, and leaving by 5.30 express, a ride of about three hours brought us to London and, to finish this letter as I began my last, I was heartily glad to find myself here again. But what I shall find now with which to fill another letter I am at a loss to know; for what with having been kept in for a time on account of my eyes and an increase of work and study since I have been able to use them again, my daily routine is on somewhat of the tread-mill order and I see and know little outside of it. But with some of Mr. Micawber's faith that something may turn up, I close this story of my summer vacation.

K.

A LETTER of inquiry addressed to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN says, "I am a working carpenter and wish to get some information in order to settle in the South,—Virginia or North Carolina."

We regret that we cannot give our correspondent unqualified encouragement to seek here a market for his skill. The need of the South is not so much men, as *money* to employ

labor. As in the West, the good openings are for those who have at least three or four thousand dollars to operate with. There is comparatively little first-class improvement going on in the South. Lack of capital compels owners to be satisfied with the cheaper grades of work, and for such there are numerous competitors at wages ranging from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars per day. There are sometimes excellent openings for sober and competent men to run saw-mills, or to superintend lumber getting, brickmaking, etc. But as a rule, labor, whether skilled or unskilled, is not as well paid in the South, nor is it nay more certain of constant employment.

Farming, mining, and manufacturing in the South offer tempting opportunities to the capitalist, because he can get more work done for his money than in any other part of the Union. But at present, this reason does not prove it to be a good place for those who have labor to sell.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

A colored clergyman writes to us as follows:

"I take the liberty of writing to you about my daughter. I have not got but the one, and I want to get her educated, but I am a poor man, and am not able to pay for it. If you will only take her, she can do any work that the university assign to her. She have been going to the public school, when in 1870, she had to stop to go to work, as I and her mother are able. I am only a minister of the Gospel. I am not able to support her, and I want her to be graduated for a teacher. She is very anxious to learn, and very smart in her books. She is quite young, twenty-one in May.

General, you will help us if you do take her. You will find her very studious and willing. Recommenders she can get."

Will not some of the friends of universal education, help the daughter of this poor minister to fit herself for a teacher? We have many such applications, which, without such help, must be refused.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY, VA., }
March 15, 1875. }

Dear Teacher,—My entrance into this field of labor has been beset with many difficulties.

My boarding place, which is very inconvenient to my school, necessitates a walk of five miles per day, having to cross two swamps whose waters when swollen high by incessant rains, as has been the case lately, are impassible.

The trustees of the house in which I was to convene my school and in which the former schools had been held, objected to my teaching in the house, because "the children might do some damage to the property." It is an ordinary frame building, poorly constructed, destitute of ceiling and of the comforts of an ordinary log-cabin. After finding that I was undaunted by opposition they consented. I accordingly commenced on the 9th of November.

Promises that "You shall have a fire" continued to come in every day. It was very cold and, as you readily perceive, these promises didn't mitigate my suffering or make the children any the more comfortable. At one time the prospects of the school darkened, my scholars commenced to desert me on account of the severity of the weather, cessation of work seemed inevitable.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," I commenced to despair. On the 21st of December the County Superintendent, Wm. B. Wiatt, Esq., a gentleman of culture and refinement, visited my school, having at the time about seven scholars—I can't say in school, as they were not in the house but in a little ravine under an old elm, where they had made a fire. He said, "Mr. T——it is useless to work under such disparaging circumstances, as you can't maintain your average;" so my school was closed and it promised to be a final closure at that time. Fortunately it being near Christmas the trustees ordered the stove to be replaced for a "love feast" which was to take place on the 24th of December. The work was done in one day and further difficulties were easily surmounted. Imagine yourself in my place if you wish faintly to conceive of my sufferings: from the 9th of November to the 21st of December without fire and in a house you need not have left to contemplate the "starry heavens."

Here, and I doubt not elsewhere, the people need as much improvement religiously as they need intellectually. I desire to see the day, and trust it is not far distant, when their religious worship will not be interspersed with mirth and laughter; when they will no longer think it requisite to partially disrobe themselves at meetings and require a dozen worldly persons to hold them while "under the spirit," as they say, thinking that they the better prove their Christianity. It is wrong. Christianity cannot be proven by such barbaric demonstrations, but "By their works ye shall know them."

G. T. TAYLOR.

There will be "no such word as fail" for the negro race if such men as the writer of the following letter can be raised up. He represents well the class that the Hampton Institute is educating. The letter is reliable in every respect:

SWANSONVILLE, VA., *February* 22, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—Since I left your school I have taught two; one in Danville, Va. and the other near Swansonville, Va.; three months in Danville and fifteen near Swansonville, making in all an experience of eighteen months in the noble work of teaching.

I have passed two examinations and gave more satisfaction to the examiner than to myself.

I came to the above named place October 7, 1873, and organized a school in the woods, in a new house, with sixteen pupils, and taught a term of ten months. During that time I enrolled one hundred and three pupils. At the close of the school-year I had a picnic for the enjoyment of the children. It was largely attended by their parents. Dr. George W. Dame, the County Superintendent, was present and delivered an address which was listened to with much interest. That excited a greater desire for learning among them.

After a vacation of six weeks I began teaching the present term. I have a nice school of sixty-four pupils who are learning very fast. They take great delight in their studies and seem very anxious to learn. I can see a great difference between to-day and the day in which I organized this school. At that time there was not one who could read a verse in the Testament.

BRAHMINS AT PRAYER.—FROM "THE LAND OF THE VEDA."

There are now no less than fifty who can read the New Testament with understanding. I have a fine Sabbath-school, too; the old people take an active interest in that, which makes it very profitable.

The people of this neighborhood are, in general, interested in the cause of *Education*, both white and colored. The whites encourage me very much with their expressions of gratitude in seeing the children improving themselves. My trustees are very nice men. They hardly ever ask me about the children's reading, but about their manners; I can say that there is a great change among them.

The old people are very intemperate; they will spend their money for liquor and leave their families to suffer for bread; though I am proud to be able to say that there is a great reformation among the people here. They seem anxious to be improved, they listen to any one who attempts to instruct them. I find a great many who have those strange ideas of religion. They seem to think that honesty, truthfulness and temperance have nothing to do with Christianity. They believe in signs and wonders more than belief and love.

There is no preacher here, the people are not able to hire one; consequently, they hardly know what good preaching means. I find that the instruction which I received from your teaching in *Moral Science* stands first and foremost in all my teaching. The demand for moral teaching is far greater than any other among the colored race. I like this country very well; the people are kind and sociable, the climate is delightful, and the water is splendid.

Your friend and pupil,
WM. A. YANCEY.

MEASURING HAY.

To measure the contents of a stack of hay proceed as follows: If it is a round stack, tapering to a point from the ground, measure the width half way between the ground and the peak of the stack; multiply this width by itself, and divide by 7,354; this will give the average area of the surface covered by the stack. Then multiply that by the height from the ground to the point where the width was measured. If these measurements are feet, the sum found is the cubic feet in the stack. If the hay is chaff, or Hungarian, 500 feet will make a ton, or a cubic eight feet each way. If the stack is very solid, and was cut when dead ripe, 350 feet will make a ton, or cube of seven feet each way. If the hay is mixed with clover, about 700 feet, or a cube of nine feet each way, will make a ton. If it is all clover or light meadow grass, or red-top, 800 feet will be required to weigh a ton, unless it is pressed very hard, when some allowance must be made. These estimates are made from notes of a great many stacks and mows of various kinds, and will give a fair average.—*How to Make The Farm Pay.*

BRAHMINS AT PRAYER.

Brahmin is a derivative from Brahm, the Deity, and signifies a Theologist or Divine. The caste is analogous to the tribe of Levi under the Mosaic economy, but without the family of Aaron. All the benefits of the Hindoo religion belong to this class, and the code secured to them rights, honors, and immunities that no other order could claim, so that their persons were to be considered sacred and inviolate, and they could not be held amenable to the penalties of law, even for the worst of crimes. The intention of the legislator was, that from this learned class alone the nation was to take its astronomers, lawyers, prime ministers, judges, philosophers, as well as priests. They were to hold the highest offices, and to be supreme. The Brahmin is invested with that sacred string of three cotton strands, and the ceremony is called regeneration, and gives the Brahmin his claim to the title of the "twice born." For him, and for him alone, has the lawgiver laid down in detail the duties of life, even to his devotions. Each morning he may be seen, as here represented, on the banks of the Ganges, or other "holy" streams.

Anything more singular and whimsical than the forms prescribed for him were never enjoined upon humanity as religious ritual. In illustration of this, we ask the reader's attention to the following extract from a paper in the "Asiatic Researches," by Mr. Colebrook, as quoted by Dr. Duff. Speaking of the duties of morning worship, one of which is the religious ablution, as here represented, "the Sacred Books" strictly enjoin as follows:—

"He *may* bathe with water drawn from a well, from a fountain, or from the basin of a cataract; but he should prefer water which lies above the ground, choosing a stream rather than stagnant water, a river in preference to a small brook, a holy stream before a vulgar river, and above all the water of the Ganges. If the Ganges be beyond his reach, he should invoke that holy water, saying, 'O Ganga, hear my prayer! for my sake be included in this small quantity of water, with the other water, he must hallow his intended performance by the *inaudible* recitation of certain sacred texts. Next sipping water and sprinkling some before him, the worshiper throws water eight times on the crown of his head, on the earth, toward the sky; again toward the sky, on the earth, on the crown of his head; and lastly on the ground, to destroy the demons who wage war with the gods. During the performance of this act of ablution he must be reciting these prayers; 'O, waters! since ye afford delight, grant us present happiness and the rapturous sight of the Supreme Being. Like tender mothers, make us here partakers of your most auspicious essence. We become contented with your essence, with which ye satisfy the universe. Waters, grant it to us.' Immediately after this first ablution he should sip water without swallowing it, silently praying. These ceremonies and prayers being concluded, he plunges *thrice* into the water, each time repeating the prescribed expiatory texts.

"He then meditates in the deepest silence. During this moment of intense devotion he is striving to realize that Brahma, with four faces and a red complexion, resides in his bosom; Vishnu, with four arms and a black complexion, in his heart; and Shiva, with five faces and a white complexion, in his forehead. To this sublime meditation succeeds a suppression of the breath, which is thus performed: Closing the left nostril with the two longest fingers of his right hand, he draws his breath through the right nostril; and then, closing that nostril likewise with his thumb, he holds his breath, while he laternally repeats to himself the *Gayatri*, the mysterious names of the three worlds, the triliteral monosyllable, and the sacred text of Brahma. Last of all, he raises both fingers off the left nostril, and emits the breath he had inhaled through the right. This process being repeated three several times, he must next make three ablutions, with the following prayer: 'As the tired man leaves drops of sweat at the foot of a tree; as he who bathes is cleansed from all foulness; as an oblation is sanctified by holy grass;—so may this water purify me: from sin.' He must next fill the palm of his hand with water, and, presenting it to his nose, inhale the fluid by one nostril, and, retaining it for a while, exhale it through the other, and throw away the water to the northeast quarter. This is considered as an interual ablution which washes away sin. He then concludes by sipping water with the following prayer: 'Water! thou dost penetrate all beings; thou dost reach the deep recesses of the mountains; thou art the mouth of the universe; thou art sacrifice; thou art the mystic word *vasha;* thou art light, taste, and the immortal fluid.'

"After a variety of genuflections and prayers, of which these are but a mere sample, he concludes his devotions by worshiping the rising sun."

The Land of the Veda.

JAMES LEFFEL'S
TURBINE WATER WHEEL.

POOLE & HUNT,
MANUFACTURERS FOR THE SOUTH & SOUTHWEST.
Nearly 7000 now in use, working under heads varying from 2 to 250 feet! Twenty-four sizes.
The most powerful Wheel in the Market, and most economical in use of Water.
Large ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet sent post free.
Portable and Stationary Steam Engines and Boiler, Babcock & Wilcox Patent Tubulous Boiler, Blanchi's Crusher for Minerals, Saw and Grist Mills, Flouring Mill Machinery, Machinery for White Lead Works and Oil Mills, Shafting Pulleys and Hangers.

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

MAY 2, 1875.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL.

MARK, I: 1-11.

1 The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God;

2 As it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

3 The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

4 John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

5 And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins.

6 And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of a skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey;

7 And preached, saying, There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

8 I indeed have baptized you with water: but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

9 And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.

10 And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him:

11 And there came a voice from heaven, *saying*, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Golden Text.—AND I SAW, AND BARE RECORD THAT THIS IS THE SON OF GOD.—John i: 34.

For the last six months we have been drawing our weekly lessons from Christ's life as recorded by Matthew, dwelling principally upon his words and discourses; we will now turn to Mark's gospel and endeavor to gether instruction rether from Christ's mighty acts and miracles thau from his direct words of teachiug.

Mark tells us uothiug of the early life of the Saviour. "The begiuuing of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God" very appropriately iutroduces his acconut of the life and death of our blessed Lord, for, although at the time Mark takes up the story Jesus had then beeu living thirty years upou the earth, yet it was uot until John's preaching that the good news was proclaimed that this Jesus of Nazareth, son of Joseph and Mary, was the Christ, the Sou of God. In the openiug verse Mark calls attention to the fact that it is no common history he is about to relate—not the deeds of any man, but the doctrine and doings of the Son of God. He first refers back to the old prophets who told of Christ before he really came, and whose words we find in the Old Testament. The two whom he quotes—Malachi and Isaiah—not ouly spoke of Christ but of the messeuger who was to prepare his way. We are told in this lessou that it was John who was so blessed as to be the immediate forerunuer of the Lord. There had been many other good men to tell that Christ would oue day appear, but as each of these prophets passed through the world the burden of their message had only beeu "He is coming! He is coming!" Of all these forerunners John was the nearest to Christ, and before the close of his ministry, his joy was fulfilled in being able to proclaim uot only "He is coming," but "He is come!" It was this which made him so greatly honored.

John prepared the people to receive Christ by telling them that they must be sorry for their sins and turn from them, and that if they thus did truly repent and trv not to hide the wrong they had done but confessed it to oue another and to God, he would forgive and save them for Jesus' sake. John in all his preachiug was careful to exalt Christ—to turn all eyes from himself to Jesus. In this, as in all other respects, he was a model preacher. A good preacher tells meu their sins; he calls them to sorrow for them; he talks plainly so that he can be easily understood; he suits himself to all classes (Luke iii: 10-15); and lastly, a good preacher always makes much of Christ. All thie John the Baptist did; and so began the gospel. He plainly told them (verse 7) that he was uot worthy to do the most lowly work for Him who would come after him. Although he himself was, according to Christ's testimouy, "a burning and shining light" yet his greatest joy was to seud his disciples away from himself to Him who was indeed "the Light of the world."

A few months after the commeucemeut of John's ministry Jesus came to him for baptism, to be thus set apart for his great work. This was the first appearance of Jesus in public as a teacher. He had been living quietly in the little village of Nazareth doing his daily work as a carpeuter (Mark vi: 3), patiently waiting for the time to come when it was the Father's will that he should leave his home in Galilee and enter upon the mission which had brought him from heaven. The prophecy was now fulfilled and Jesus appeared before meu as a divine teacher. Though Jesus was pure and holy he was baptized as if he had been a sinner because he had taken upon himself our nature[Christ's Baptism, Nov. No., 1874, SOUTHERN WORKMAN]. The descent of the dove and the voice of God proved to John and the multitude around that Jesus was indeed the loug-promised Messiah.

Conviuced, as we must be, that Jesus is God's beloved Son, may we all gladly listen to the earnest and most joyful words which John ever spoke: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;" and all—teachers eud childreu—have him as our beloved Saviour.

LESSON II.

May 9, 1875.

AUTHORITY OF JESUS.

MARK I: 16-27.

16 Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

17 And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.

18 And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him.

19 And when he had gone a little further thence, he saw James the *son* of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets.

20 And straightway he called them: and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him.

21 And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

22 And they were astonished at his doctriue: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

23 And there was in their synagogue a man with an uncleau spirit; and he cried out,

24 Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25 And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him.

26 And when the uncleau spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.

27 And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? what new doctrine *is* this? for with authority commandeth he even the uncleau spirits, and they do obey him.

Golden Text.—AND JESUS CAME AND SPAKE UNTO THEM, SAYING, ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME IN HEAVEN AND IN EARTH.—Matt. xxviii: 18.

IMMEDIATELY after the wonderful sight with whieh onr last lessou closed, Jesus was led of the Spirit into the wilderness where he was sorely tried aud tempted by the cvil one. In the meantime the faithful John was put in prison because he preached the truth so boldly that he had offeuded the king (Matt. xiv: 30-34).

Then Jesus came iuto Galilee and began his teaching and preaching. Heretofore he had lived in obscurity, but uow that he had begun his public life it was necessary for him to have followers. He might have chosen his first disciples from amoug the rich aud powerful, but he did uot choose to do so: he called them from the poor aud lowly to show us that none are too humble to be his followers. These brothers were eugaged in their houcst and lawful work when Jesus called them. If we are faithful in doing the work which God has given us to do—uo matter how common it may be—we may be sure that he will bless us. It is no dishonor to labor, "working with our hands the thiug which is good" (Eph. iv: 28); but idleuess and depeudence are at ouce a snare aud a disgrace. It is Satan who finds work for idle heuds, but Jesus called the industrious fishermeu to be his companions in the noble work of saving meu. Were they uot highly favored in thus being co-workers with the Blessed Master?

"And they went into Capernaum." Christ was in the hebit of keepiug the Sabbath by "going to worship" (Luke iv; 16); so the very first Sebbath day—althongh he must heve been very tired from his long journey—he went into the Jewish church and taught the people. He read to them from the Old Testament, the only part of the Bible which they had in those days, and theu explained it to them. It is not remarkable that they were "astonished et his doctrine," for he explained it better than they had ever heard it before because he was the wise and holy Son of God and so could teach them in his own name. He did uot need, as did the Scribes, to drew his euthority from any prophet or teacher who had gone before—how blessed they were to heve such a teacher!

While Jesus was reading aud makiug remarks a man disturbed the meeting by crying out, "Let us alone; whet heve we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? This man hed an evil spirit in him, but Jesus had power even over that. The uuclean spirits whom no man could master knew that they must obey the voice of the Son of God. They kuew that Jesus was from heaven aud thet he was the Saviour of the world, and in that cougregation they were constrained to cry out, thus giving their unwilling testimouy, "I kuow thee who thou art, the Holy One of God." Christ with his word of commend rebuked the spirit, and, as he could not withstand Christ, he obeyed and came out of him aud the man was restored. Do you not think this man must have been very happy when he found he was delivered from the power of the evil spirit? Jesus can, and will if we ask him, drive away all the bad spirits thet come into our hearts. If all bad people, even drunkards and thieves, could be persuaded to apply to Jesus he would make them good. Jesus can change their hearts so that they will love the good things they now hate and hate the bad things they uow love.

God's house, too, is a good place to go to on the Sabbath day that Christ may teach us by his Word and that the evil that is in us may be driveu out. We have Christ's promise that he will meet those who gather together in his name (Matt. xviii: 20). Was it uot ever after a matter of rejoiciug to that man that he was in that church on that Lord's day, and there met with the compassiouate Jesus who was able and willing to help and deliver him?

When the people saw that these evil spirits were obliged to do whatever Christ commended it helped them to believe that he was whet he professed to be—the Son of God—the Saviour of sinuers. Great power indeed attended the opening of Christ's ministry. He merely called Simon and Andrew, James end John and straightway they followed him; he simply spoke to the evil spirits and their power over men was broken. "Whet a friend we have in Jesus!" Have we secured his friendship by straightway following him?

LESSON III.

May 16, 1875.

THE LEPER HEALED.

MARK i: 38-45.

38 And he said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth.

39 And he preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils.

40 And there came a leper to him, beseeching him, and kneeling down to him, saying unto him, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

41 And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth *his* hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean.

42 And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed.

43 And he straightly charged him, and forthwith sent him away.

44 And saith unto him, See that thou say nothing to any man: but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.

45 But he went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city, but was without in desert places: and they came to him from every quarter.

Golden Text.—LORD, IF THOU WILT, THOU CANST MAKE ME CLEAN.—Matt. viii: 2.

AFTER Jesus had delivered the man from the power of the uncleau spirit, Jesus with his disciples came out of the synagogue aud went with Simon to his house. Simon's wife's mother was very sick with a fever; when they told Jesus about her sickness "he came and took her by the haud and lifted her up;" and she became perfectly well so that she was able to get up and minister to their wants. Was uot thet wouderful? As we shonld suppose, the story of these great cures spread rapidly throughout all the country, and that very same evening, et the close of the Jewish Sabbath, the people came to the house of Simou Peter, briuging with them many sick persons end those who were possessed with devils, and Jesus healed them all. How weary the blessed Jesus must have been that night, for he had preached the most of the day, and had talked with a great many people, and had performed a great many miracles; nevertheless, we read that he rose the next morning very early, "a great while before day," end weut away by himself to prey. If Jesus, the Holy Son of God, so felt the ueed of help from above, can we—weak and sinful—ever think of going to the duties or meeting the temptations of even a single day without secking—as did Christ—our example—the blessing and guidance of our Father in Heaven?

While Jesus was gone away to pray, so many people came to see him that Simon and the other disciples went out to look for him and when they found him they told him that all men were seeking for him. O that every one now—childreu eud all—might be fouud seeking for the Saviour! "Aud ye shall seek me and find me when ye shell search for me with all your heart" (Jer. xxix: 13).

There were many smaller cities around Capernaum, and Jesus and his disciples went to every one, preaching and teaching. In one of their synagogues a man who was a leper came to him to be healed. The leprosy is a very loathsome disease which need to be quite common in the country where Jesus lived. A person who has it may live a great many years, bnt all that time is never free from pain, and it is very seldom cured. Theu, too, oue who has this disease must live alone, for fear others mey take it; and uo matter how much they suffer no friend is allowed to stay with them. This poor men had heard how Jesus had cured other sick persons who had been brought to him, and he was sure he could cure him, too, although he had the worst of all diseases. We reed that he came "beseeching him and kueeliug down to him." Every one was afraid to have this poor sufferer come ueer them and no oue dared to touch him—but it was not so with Jesus. Taking into the accouut the iucurable uature of this disease, the leper's prayer, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," shows no small degree of faith in Christ's power to heal him. Believing iu Christ's ahility he was assured of his willingness to do this great thing for him by his prompt reply, "I will, be thou clean." As soon as Jesus had spokcu he was cured. Moses had written in the Old Testameut what a persou who had the leprosy must do (Lev. xiv) and Jesus told the men to do what was writteu there but to "say uothing to any man" first. He, however, disobeyed Jesus, for he went out and began "to publish it much and to blaze abroad the matter." This man is sometimes excused for his disobedieuce on the ground that he was so thankful to Jesus that he could not refrain from telling others of the marvelous cure he had wrought upon him. Christ's work in that city was really hindered at that time by the leper's mistaken zeal.

Can we doubt that a carefnl obedience would have pleased the Master better than this yielding to his own impulsiva feeling? "To obey is better thau sacrifice" (1 Sam. xv: 22). Although we are none of us afflicted with leprosy, we heve in commou a grievous disease which only Christ can cure. We should do with our siu es this meu did with his leprosy. When he heard of Christ he went and prayed to him. His prayer is a model for ours, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make ma clean." Christ will answer and heal us eveu as he did this poor man, for he is the Great Physician who came expressly to cure the sin-sick soul. Let us uot forget that we can best show our love and gratitude hy obeying implicitly his commands; for his owu words to those who would be his disciples are: "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you" (John xv: 14).

LESSON IV.

May 23, 1875.

MARK ii: 13-17.

THE PUBLICANS CALLED.

13 And he went forth again by the sea side; and all the multitude resorted unto him, and he taught them.

14 And as he passed by, he saw Levi the *son* of Alphens sitting at the receipt of custom, and said unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him.

15 And it came to pass, that, as Jesus sat at meat in his house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus and his disciples; for there were many, and they followed him.

16 And when the scribes and Pharisees saw him eat with the publicans and sinners, they said unto his disciples, How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?

17 When Jesus heard *it*, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of thy physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

Golden Text.—FOR THEY HAVE WHOLLY FOLLOWED THE LORD.—Numbers xxxii: 12.

OUR last lesson left Jesus in the desert, whither he had repaired after cleansing the leper. He remeined there for some days and then returned to Capernaum, "his owu city." Although he came privately yet the interest excited by his miracles was such that his coming was soon known through the city. Here, while teaching in the house, he performed a wonderful cure upou a men sick of the palsy; so sick that he could uot walk or even stand, and so was brought to Jesus on a bed by four of his friends.

As no house could hold the vast uumber who came to Jesus, he went forth agaiu to the shore of the sea to address the people; all those gathered iu and aronnd the house where the paralytic was healed following him.

On his way to the sea he passed by the place where the reveuues or taxes were received. The Jews, we must remember, were theu under the Romans and they were obliged to pay heavy taxes—which was very galling to them as it constantly kept before them their own subjection. Levi was the man who sat "at the receipt of cnstom" and took the money. Probably he was a bad man, for it was only the worst and lowest of the Jews who would have anything to do with such a business. But though he may have been a very wicked man, Jesus did not pass him by. He spoke lovingly to him, "Follow me," and without questiouing, Matthew "arose" and followed him." Christ despises uo men, and meny whom man would pass by are called by him and become his true followers.

This was an occasion of such gladuess to Matthew that "he made a great feast in his owu house (Luke v: 29) and invited Jesus and his disciples, with his own friends—pnblicans and tax gatherers. Very likely he thought if they could only know Jesus, that they, too, would love him and believe in him as their Savjonr. The Scribes and Pharisees who were looking ou, found fault with him because he went to this feast and "ate with publicans and sinners." They questioned his disciples, but Jesus heard it and answered, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Sick persons only needed his aid. A physiciau's proper place was amoug the sick. The Pharisees thought themselves whole and iu ueed of uothiug, while they cousidered the publicans—with whom they would not associete—as sick. Christ came not to call the self-sufficient—those who thonght themselves righteous—they did not wish for him—but sinners to repeutance. Where should he be but with those he came to call? Christ did not despise the publican and sinner. Noue need despair of salvatiou on account of their exceeding sinfulness. No amount of sin, if we are ready to leave it as did Matthew, and follow Jesus, can shut us out from his salvatiou; uor can any goodness of our own, such as these self-righteous Pharisees fancied belonged to them, deserve it. All have sinned, and consequently need Christ's salvation; but we may be, as were the Pharisees, so ignorant of our necessities, and so blinded to our condition, that we shall not be willing to accept it on his terms and thus shut ourselves out from the blessings of his salvation. May we all so realize our need that we shall hasten to apply to him whose assurance is, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi: 37).

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IV. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1875. NO. 6.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

W. C. BRYANT.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or when the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the distant land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon thou shalt find a summer house, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright.

THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON.

The accompanying picture of the *Mary Powell* on her daily trip up the Hudson River gives a very fair representation of one of the great steamboats which are hotels and steamboats in one, fitted with every luxury, propelled by machinery which in its way is perfect, managed with order and regularity, and in all their appointments so complete, as to form a striking feature in American travel. The crowd of people gathered on her decks are doubtless flying from the heat and dust of New York, and are bound for some of the cooler regions to which the Hudson is so beautiful an avenue. The fleet of sloops and schooners, canal-boats, tug boats and barges, which crowd the river until it is like the busy thoroughfare of a city, are all laden with varied cargoes destined for some of the numerous towns and villages along the river shore, while here and there some trim yacht, or gay pleasure boat adds interest to the swiftly changing scene.

But the glory of the river itself, with its rocky shores, high, thickly wooded hills, broad lake-like sweeps, and continued succession of beautiful landscapes, is far beyond the power of pen or pencil to delineate. From its mouth, where it opens into the broad harbor of New York, the river runs northward, passing under the strange rocks of the Palisades, broadening into the Tappan Sea, past Stony Point, between interlocking hills, until it reaches the climax of its beauty where the government buildings of West Point and the ruins of old Fort Putnam look down upon its shadowy waters. Here is perhaps the most magnificent view in the river's length, for here between precipitous and desolate mountains one looks northward into the beautiful Newburgh Bay, with the blue tops of the Catskills looming grandly in the distance. Storm-king and Cro'-nest and Breakneck are the names of the great hills which form this northern gate of the Highlands of the Hudson, and they are wild and steep enough to be true mountains, the highest of them, Storm-king, rising 1800 feet above the river's level, while the character of all of them is mountainous, not hilly.

Nowhere in America is there a more beautiful afternoon's sail than this from New York to Newburgh, and it is pleasant to think that these great steamboats of which the *Mary Powell* is one, have brought all this beauty within easy reach of the tired, overworked and anxious denizens of the cities which lie at the Hudson's mouth. Surely it is not possible for any thoughtful man or woman to journey amid such scenes as these without some gratitude to the Hand which has lavished so much loveliness upon the earth; without some realization of the steps which lead from Nature up to Nature's God. To appreciate the physical beauty of this world, to enjoy the gifts of external life, is a full and never failing source of pleasure, and the more cultivated our senses the more of this keen and innocent pleasure will be ours. So let us teach ourselves to see aright the loveliness and glory which surround us, and not make the mistake of passing through the world with our eyes shut to half the good it offers us.

THE HEART OF AFRICA.

In reading the late accounts of the explorations in Africa, nothing is more interesting than the differences, physical and moral, which exist among the native tribes, and which in one way and another serve to keep alive the wars which are constantly raging among the various governments. It is reported that as the travelers in Central Africa proceed further south they find the people less nomadic and more inclined to regular rule, and therefore to civilization. The kings have their chiefs and great officers of state, their palaces with audience halls and courtiers, and in many respects approach more nearly to civilization than do the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Atlantic, and the northerly regions of Central Africa. These latter are regarded as the primeval African race, which has disappeared before the inroads and extensions of other more civilized and more highly developed tribes. Now that the way is fairly opened our knowledge of Africa will undoubtedly be rapidly extended; and there is something tremendous in the thought that this vast continent, so long shrouded by distance and danger, is at last to become familiar to us; to be made a matter of maps and guide books.

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

VI.

IN GENERAL SOCIETY (CONTINUED).

It is not customary for a lady to talk to or accept attentions from gentlemen whom she does not know; and I would here like to say to you that it is always better for you to be too reserved rather than too bold, in your manner, especially with gentlemen; for as you will soon find, the respect and courtesy which they show to you will almost invariably be in proportion to the dignity and modesty of your own demeanor.

Do not put yourself forward, do not endeavor to monopolize attention, do not talk much of yourself or your own affairs, do not in any way presume upon the general patience, and in conversation endeavor as much as you can to choose subjects which will interest all who are either listening or talking. Nothing is in worse taste than to talk in public upon purely personal matters, and it is often little short of disgusting to well-bred people to be obliged to listen to long descriptions of things and incidents which should properly only be spoken of between intimate friends and in privacy. As, for example, you should never talk before people of the state of your stomach, the medicines you may be taking, your visits to the dentist, any more than you should in general company, pick your teeth, scratch your head, or clean your nose or ears.

These and all similar faults both of word and of action, you must scrupulously avoid; and if you have nothing better to occupy your attention than such things as these, your first duty should be so to regulate your behavior, that, at least, you may not offend those who are more refined than yourself. You must never forget that there are many things which can properly enough be done and said when you are among people with whom you are familiar, which are out of place and unladylike in general society; and in this respect, it is never safe to allow yourself much liberty, for offences against propriety committed in public, will eventually result in your expulsion from good society, the first requirement of such society being, everywhere and always, propriety of behavior.

In conversing with those with whom you are not on intimate terms, it is rude to touch any part of their dress or person with your hands, or anything which you may have in your hands, as a fan, cane or parasol; to attract their attention by touching them or calling loudly, to look at them very closely, or to comment in any way upon their appearance. You must not point or stare at people either in the street or a room, and when it is necessary or desirable to point one person out to another, you must do it in a low voice, without any gestures, and so quietly that no one will notice it except the person to whom you are speaking. You must never make audible remarks upon the people about you, and when you unintentionally annoy or, discommode another person, as by stepping on a lady's dress, taking up a book which some one has for the moment laid down, or anything of the kind, you must immediately atone for your involuntary rudeness by saying, "I beg your pardon;" or "Excuse me." When it happens that you are the offended party, you must always acknowledge the apology made by the offender, using some such form of words as "Certainly," "It is of no consequence."

If you have any accomplishment which you can use for the amusement of others, you should always be willing to do your best when asked, though it is not usually proper for you to volunteer your services. If you can sing or play, or read well, and are asked to use your power for the pleasure of your friends, do not make the mistake of hesitating and offering a half-dozen excuses, none of which are sufficient, but as what you are able to do cheerfully and readily, showing your willingness to oblige, while, however, you should be careful not to do too much, thereby tiring your listeners instead of pleasing them.

If you join in games or dancing (to neither of which when properly conducted is there any objection), you must be careful that your fun and frolic do not degenerate into roughness, that there is no loud laughing or boisterous roaring; and you must remember that upon you as ladies rests the responsibility of excluding all coarseness and vulgarity from your presence. You can easily show your displeasure and disapproval, and I want you to appreciate the fact that in society the power lies principally with your sex; that in all social gatherings, and in the family life, it is you who must keep up the standard of refinement and demand propriety in the behavior of those about you.

I must advise you especially to guard yourself against the dangers arising from over-familiarity. Young people, as a rule, are apt to make friends easily and to be unnecessarily communicative, and in this way often get themselves into difficulties which might, at the outset, be easily avoided. Young women are probably somewhat more liable to make this mistake than young men, and I would therefore advise you in particular not to be too familiar even with your intimate friends, but to keep up a certain reserve which you will find to be often a great safeguard. Do not talk of your own affairs to all the world, do not attempt to pry into the affairs of other people, do not gossip about your friends and their faults; remember that modesty is essential to your womanhood, and that true modesty is spiritual as well as physical. By this I mean that the same instinct which will prevent me from making coarse gestures, from intruding on the privacy of others, from committing any action publicly, ought also to guard your tongue from loose speech, your eye from suspicion, and your thought from indelicacy, just as much when you are alone as when you are in a crowd; just as effectually at home as abroad.

I would like you to notice here that this modesty of which I speak is a very different thing from that awkard shyness which afflicts many young girls and which more often comes from too much thought of self than from too little. True modesty is often the surest relief from shyness, for it prevents any over-estimate of one's own importance, and frees its possessor from any undue sensitiveness as to the opinions of other people. That is, a young person who is really modest will not constantly wonder what other people are thinking of her, or imagine that she is an object of attention to any one about her, but will go quietly about her work or her pleasure, careful to be true and honest, but not too anxious about appearances, remembering that to "be" is better than to "seem."

In order to be graceful and ladylike in your manner you must be at your ease, not presumptous, nor over-sure of yourself or vainly confident of your own ability, but simply at your ease in that you are not constantly irritated by the thought that you may be making some mistake; doing something foolish or different from other people, or in some way showing that you are a stranger to the rules of society. And I think we shall come back here to our original proposition, namely, that you must think about yourself as little as possible. Do not fidget because you do not know what to do with your hands, or get nervous because you do not know whether you ought to stand up or sit down, but watch as closely as you can the behavior of the cultivated people whom you may meet; accustom yourself as much as you can to do as they do, and be sure that as a general thing, the one rule which will help you most, is to think of others more than of yourself.

It is very important for you to understand that to be respectful in your manner and address is essential. In your association with people older than yourself, with those who are in positions of authority, with those of supreme wisdom and experience, you must show special respect, not insisting upon your own equality, not advancing your own opinions, not contradicting others in asserting yourself, but listening rather than talking, and being content to follow instead of to lead.

I have spoken to you before of the impropriety of whispering in general society, and I have still something more to say upon that point. It is rude for anybody, but especially for young people, to converse in whispers, to monopolize conversation, or, to keep up a private conversation to the exclusion of others, but it is inexcusably so when they are in the presence of those who are older and better informed than themselves. Also this special respect must be shown to places as well as to individuals; in public meetings, at lectures, concerts or similar gatherings, but above all, in church your demeanor must be quiet and unobtrusive; you must do nothing to disturb others or attract attention to yourself, and in church or at any meeting for purposes of devotion, you must maintain a sober and reverent manner.

I do not know anything more displeasing in young girls than a habit of loud talking, and restless or bold behavior in public places. Your instinct of modesty ought to protect you from this fault; and if you are so unfortunate as to have contracted it, do your best to change and modify your manner, and let me advise you to make a beginning in the schoolroom. Politeness is as much in place in schoolrooms as in parlors, and if you do not practice it in the one place, you may be sure you will never be perfect in it in the other.

When any of your associates, of either sex, show you courtesy in any form, you must never fail to make due acknowledgement. It costs you scarcely a breath to say "Thank you," or "I am much obliged," or, "You are very kind;" but these little phrases spoken at the right time, are of real importance, and you should try to form a habit of using them, as well as of taking notice in other ways of the little favors which you ought to be able to accept as well as to offer kindly and freely. When you meet friends it is proper to inquire if they and their families are well, and to show interest in their well-being, and sympathy for their troubles, all of which can be done without exhibiting any impertinent curiosity, and is of course a very different thing from that personal questioning which is merely an attempt to pry into matters that do not concern you.

It is almost always rude and unkind to ridicule people whether they are friends or strangers, and as politeness means not only external forms, but also involves consideration for the feelings of those with whom you come in contact, you must remember that it is often just as ill-bred to say or do anything which you know is likely to hurt a person's feelings as it would be to slap a door in any one's face, or offer any similar rudeness.

If by accident you injure anything belonging to another person, you must make proper apology, and if in anything you can repair

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The accompanying picture of the *Mary Powell* on her daily trip up the Hudson River gives a very fair representation of one of the great steamboats which are hotels and steamboats in one, fitted with every luxury, propelled by machinery which in its way is perfect, managed with order and regularity, and in all their appointments so complete, as to form a striking feature in American travel. The crowd of people gathered on her decks are doubtless flying from the heat and dust of New York; and are bound for some of the cooler regions to which the Hudson is as beautiful an avenue. The fleet of sloops and schooners, canal-boats, tug boats and barges, which crowd the river until it is like the busy thoroughfare of a city, are all laden with varied cargoes destined for some of the numerous towns and villages along the river shore, while here and there some trim yacht, or gay pleasure boat adds interest to the swiftly changing scene.

But the glory of the river itself, with its rocky shores, high, thickly wooded hills, broad lake-like sweeps, and continued succession of beautiful landscapes, is far beyond the power of pen or pencil to delineate. From its mouth, where it opens into the broad harbor of New York, the river runs northward, passing under the strange rocks of the Palisades, broadening into the Tappan Sea, past Stony Point, between interlocking hills, until it reaches the climax of its beauty where the government buildings of West Point and the ruins of old Fort Putnam look down upon its shadowy waters. Here is perhaps the most magnificent view in the river's length, for here between precipitous and desolate mountains one looks northward into the beautiful Newburgh Bay, with the blue tops of the Catskills looming grandly in the distance. Storm-king and Cro'-nest and Breakneck are the names of the great hills which form this northern gate of the Highlands of the Hudson, and they are wild and steep enough to be true mountains, the highest of them, Storm-king, rising 1800 feet above the river's level, while the character of all of them is mountainous, not hilly.

Nowhere in America is there a more beautiful afternoon's sail than this from New York to Newburgh, and it is pleasant to think that these great steamboats of which the *Mary Powell* is one, have brought all this beauty within easy reach of the tired, overworked and anxious denizens of the cities which lie at the Hudson's mouth. Surely it is not possible for any thoughtful man or woman to journey amid such scenes as these without some gratitude to the Hand which has lavished so much loveliness upon the earth; without some realization of the steps which lead from Nature up to Nature's God. To appreciate the physical beauty of this world, to enjoy the gifts of external life, is a full and never failing source of pleasure, and the more cultivated our senses the more of this keen and innocent pleasure will be ours. So let us teach ourselves to see aright the loveliness and glory which surround us, and not make the mistake of passing through the world with our eyes shut to half the good it offers us.

THE HEART OF AFRICA.

In reading the late accounts of the explorations in Africa, nothing is more interesting than the differences, physical and moral, which exist among the native tribes, and which in one way and another serve to keep alive the wars which are constantly raging among the various governments. It is reported that as the travelers in Central Africa proceed further south they find the people less nomadic and more inclined to regular rule, and therefore to civilization. The kings have their chiefs and great officers of state, their palaces with audience halls and courtiers, and in many respects approach more nearly to civilization than do the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Atlantic, and the northerly regions of Central Africa. These latter are regarded as the primeval African race, which has disappeared before the inroads and extensions of other more civilized and more highly developed tribes. Now that the way is fairly opened our knowledge of Africa will undoubtedly be rapidly extended; and there is something tremendous in the thought that this vast continent, so long shrouded by distance and danger, is at last to become familiar to us; to be made a matter of maps and guide books.

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

VI.

IN GENERAL SOCIETY (CONTINUED).

It is not customary for a lady to talk to or accept attentions from gentlemen whom she does not know; and I would here like to say to you that it is always better for you to be too reserved rather than too bold, in your manner, especially with gentlemen; for as you will soon find, the respect and courtesy which they show to you will almost invariably be in proportion to the dignity and modesty of your own demeanor.

Do not put yourself forward, do not endeavor to monopolize attention, do not talk much of yourself or your own affairs, do not in any way presume upon the general patience, and in conversation endeavor as much as you can to choose subjects which will interest all who are either listening or talking. Nothing is in worse taste than to talk in public upon purely personal matters, and it is often little short of disgusting to wall-bred people to be obliged to listen to long descriptions of things and incidents which should properly only be spoken of between intimate friends and in privacy. As, for example, you should never talk before people of the state of your stomach, the medicines you may be taking, your visits to the dentist, any more than you should in general company, pick your teeth, scratch your head, or clean your nose or ears.

These and all similar faults both of word and of action, you must scrupulously avoid; and if you have nothing better to occupy your attention than such things as these, your first duty should be so to regulate your behavior, that, at least, you may not offend those who are more refined than yourself. You must never forget that there are many things which can properly enough be done and said when you are among people with whom you are familiar, which are out of place and unladylike in general society; and in this respect, it is ever safe to allow yourself much liberty, for offences against propriety committed in public, will eventually result in your expulsion from good society, the first requirement of such society being, everywhere and always, propriety of behavior.

In conversing with those with whom you are not on intimate terms, it is rude to touch any part of their dress or person with your hands, or anything which you may have in your hands, as a fan, cane or parasol; to attract their attention by touching them or calling loudly, to look at them very closely, or to comment in any way upon their appearance. You must not point or stare at people either in the street or a room, and when it is necessary or desirable to point one person out to another, you must do it in a low voice, without any gestures, and so quietly that no one will notice it except the person to whom you are speaking. You must never make audible remarks upon the people about you, and when you unintentionally annoy or discommode another person, as by stepping on a lady's dress, taking up a book which some one has for the moment laid down, or anything of the kind, you must immediately atone for your involuntary rudeness by saying, "I beg your pardon;" or "Excuse me." When it happens that you are the offended party, you must always acknowledge the apology made by the offender, using some such form of words as "Certainly;" "It is of no consequence."

If you have any accomplishment which you can use for the amusement of others, you should always be willing to do your best when asked, though it is not usually proper for you to volunteer your services. If you can sing or play, or read well, and are asked to use your power for the pleasure of your friends, do not make the mistake of hesitating and offering a half-dozen excuses, none of which are sufficient, but as what you are able to do cheerfully and readily, showing your willingness to oblige, while, however, you should be careful not to do too much, thereby tiring your listeners instead of pleasing them.

If you join in games or dancing (to neither of which when properly conducted is there any objection), you must be careful that your fun and frolic do not degenerate into roughness, that there is no loud laughing or boisterous romping; and you must remember that upon you as ladies rests the responsibility of excluding all coarseness and vulgarity from your presence. You can easily show your displeasure and disapproval, and I want you to appreciate the fact that in society the power lies principally with your sex; that in all social gatherings, and in the family life, it is you who must keep up the standard of refinement and demand propriety in the behavior of those about you.

I must advise you especially to guard yourself against the dangers arising from over-familiarity. Young people, as a rule, are apt to make friends easily and to be unnecessarily communicative, and in this way often get themselves into difficulties which might, at the outset, be easily avoided. Young women are probably somewhat more liable to make this mistake than young men, and I would therefore advise you in particular not to be too familiar even with your intimate friends, but to keep up a certain reserve which you will find to be often a great safeguard. Do not talk of your own affairs to all the world, do not attempt to pry into the affairs of other people, do not gossip about your friends and their faults; remember that modesty is essential to your womanhood, and that true modesty is spiritual as well as physical. By this I mean that the same instinct which will prevent me from making coarse gestures, from intruding on the privacy of others, from committing any action publicly, ought also to guard your tongue from loose speech, your eye from suspicion, and your thought from indelicacy, just as much when you are alone as when you are in a crowd; just as effectually at home as abroad.

I would like you to notice here that this modesty of which I speak is a very different thing from that awkard shyness which afflicts many young girls and which more often comes from too much thought of self than from too little. True modesty is often the surest relief from shyness, for it prevents any over-estimate of one's own importance, and frees its possessor from any undue sensitiveness as to the opinions of other people. That is, a young person who is really modest will not constantly wonder what other people are thinking of her, or imagine that she is an object of attention to any one about her, but will go quietly about her work or her pleasure, careful to be true and honest, but not too anxious about appearances, remembering that to "be" is better than to "seem."

In order to be graceful and ladylike in your manner you must be at your ease, not presumptous, nor over-sure of yourself or vainly confident of your own ability, but simply at your ease in that you are not constantly irritated by the thought that you may be making some mistake; doing something foolish or different from other people, or in some way showing that you are a stranger to the rules of society. And I think we shall come back here to our original proposition, namely, that you must think about yourself as little as possible. Do not fidget because you do not know what to do with your hands, or get nervous because you do not know whether you ought to stand up or sit down, but watch as closely as you can the behavior of the cultivated people whom you may meet; accustom yourself as much as you can to do as they do, and be sure that as a general thing, the one rule which will help you most, is to think of others more than of yourself.

It is very important for you to understand that to be respectful in your manner and address is essential. In your association with people older than yourself, with those who are in positions of authority, with those of supreme wisdom and experience, you must show special respect, not insisting upon your own equality, not advancing your own opinions, not contradicting others in asserting yourself, but listening rather than talking, and being content to follow instead of to lead.

I have spoken to you before of the impropriety of whispering in general society, and I have still something more to say upon that point. It is rude for anybody, but especially for young people, to converse in whispers, to monopolize conversation, or to keep up a private conversation to the exclusion of others, but it is inexcusably so when they are in the presence of those who are older and better informed than themselves. Also this special respect must be shown to places as well as to individuals; in public meetings, at lectures, concerts or similar gatherings, but above all, in church your demeanor must be quiet and unobtrusive; you must do nothing to disturb others or attract attention to yourself, and in church or at any meeting for purposes of devotion, you must maintain a sober and reverent manner.

I do not know anything more displeasing in young girls than a habit of loud talking, and restless or bold behavior in public places. Your instinct of modesty ought to protect you from this fault; and if you are on unfortunate as to have contracted it, do your best to change and modify your manner, and let me advise you to make a beginning in the schoolroom. Politeness is as much in place in schoolrooms as in parlors, and if you do not practice it in the one place, you may be sure you will never be perfect in it in the other.

When any of your associates, of either sex, show you courtesy in any form, you must never fail to make due acknowledgement. It costs you scarcely a breath to say "Thank you," or "I am much obliged," or, "You are very kind;" but these little phrases spoken at the right time, are of real importance, and you should try to form a habit of using them, as well as of taking notice in other ways of the little favors which you ought to be able to accept as well as to offer kindly and freely. When you meet friends it is proper to inquire if they and their families are well, and to show interest in their well-being, and sympathy for their troubles, all of which can be done without exhibiting any impertinent curiosity, and is of course a very different thing from that personal questioning which is merely an attempt to pry into matters that do not concern you.

It is almost always rude and unkind to ridicule people whether they are friends or strangers, and as politeness means not only external forms, but also involves consideration for the feelings of those with whom you come in contact, you must remember that it is often just as ill-bred to say or do anything which you know is likely to hurt a person's feelings as it would be to shut a door in any one's face, or offer any similar rudeness.

If by accident you injure anything belonging to another person, you must make proper apology, and if in anything you can repair

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JUNE, 1875.

In reply to special inquiries we give a few facts about truck growing in the neighborhood of Norfolk, Virginia, hoping that the subject may interest every one of our readers who relishes a strawberry, or respects an onion. In the last thirty years the business has gone from nothing up to annual shipments to northern cities of over a million harrels and crates; a quantity which if shipped by rail, would require three trains every day for six months in the year.

FOR PRACTICAL MEN WE GIVE THE FOLLOWING TABLE, OBTAINED BY CAREFUL INQUIRY, FROM GROWERS AND SHIPPERS.

	Time of Sowing.	Time of Setting in Open Field.	Time of Shipping.	Yield Per Acre.	Price At Wharf.
Kale	August	Nov. 20	March 10 to April 15	90 to 100 bbls.	50 cts. to $2.00 per bbl.; average, $1.25.
Cabbage, Large York	Sept. 25.		May 10 to July 1	100 to 150 bbls.	50 cts. to $2.00 per bbl.; av., $1.25.
Cabbage, Early	Nov. 30 to Feb. 15	Feb. 15	May 10 to June 15	40 to 50 bbls.	50 cts. to $2.00 per bbl.; av., $1.25.
Irish Potatoes	April 25	April 20	June 1 to June 25	40 to 50 bbls.	$3 to $6.00 per bbl.; av., $4.00.
Snap Beans	Aug. 1 to Sept. 1	May	July 1 to Aug. 10	100 to 300 boxes	35 cts. to $1.00 per box; av., 75 cts.
Sweet Potatoes	In March	July			
Radishes	March 1				
Strawberries		March & April	April 15 to May 1	1000 to 3000 quarts	5 cts. to 25 cts. per qt.; av., 10 cts.

The above figures are for experienced men, who have plenty of capitnl. Without both these requisites it is folly for any one to attempt to raise vegetables at Norfolk, in competitiou with growers further south.

The most successful truckers are located on rather stiff clay soil, drained by deep open ditches. Tiles are not in use,—the whole country being underlaid by beds of sand. Many of the pioneers in the bnsiness are now diversifying their labors hy planting fruit trees and keeping more stock, and it is generally admitted that it is most prudent to raise a large variety of products. There are, however, some heavy specialists, particularly in strawberries. One gentleman has been planting fifty acres and upward per year for several years past. A common method of combining trucking and farming is to grow a crop of early potatoes, followed the same year hy a crop of corn among which is sown cow peas at the last working of the corn, thus securing three crops in a season.

Freights to New York range from thirty-two to forty-two cents per harrel and twenty-five cents per crate. To Boston the charge is forty-two cents per harrel.

Eligible farms can he bought for from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, within three miles of the city. Twenty miles back good land brings from ten dollnrs upward according to improvements and water privileges.

Labor is ahundant near the city, and costs for men seventy-five cents, for women fifty cents; the hands feeding themselves.

At first sight it might seem that there are many ways to wealth now open to the colored men in America, in which his advances are limited only by his own ability. A closer view however, dispels this illusion. Thus in professional life prejudice diminishes the fees of the colored lawyer or doctor, by restricting their practice to the poorer class of customers. In real estate, and sometimes in agriculture, the most valuahle lands are reserved for white lawyers. In mechanical trades the colored apprentice is seldom able to get the best instruction, and therefore his work has a had name. While the negro can become wealthy in subordinnte stations; while in time a large hody of colored people may have means—if they then choose—to employ men of their own race exclusively, and to pay them handsomely; yet for long years it will be seen that the highest places are practically closed to colored aspirants.

What is left then to the colored man of high ambition? He knows that his race is in a hopeless minority. He perhaps realizes that to quarrel with the facts will not alter them. He cannot expect his people while weighed down hy poverty and ignorance to win against unburdened competitors. Faith in the slow progress of God's purposes may lead him to devote himself to the noble task of removing the depressing cause of his nation's degradation. But too often bitterness precludes resignation, and the man of large original genius feels his sphere too limited for his powers.

When in 1620 the first Africans set foot in America, can those who believe in the superintending care of Providence imagine that the event was merely nn accident? Those first twenty came from a heathen land. Excepting as slaves their race could have obtained no foothold among whites. By means of slavery Africa has planted an outpost in the midst of a civilization which could not otherwise have come in contact with Africans. And though those now here are as nothing to the whole race yet it is easy to believe that out of four million, a hundred may be found not unworthy successors to the twelve men of Galilee whose labors have given Europe all that is best in her history.

What nobler ambition for a young colored man than to be one of the hundred, worthy to organize Christian states in Africa?

The educated freedmen of America are challenged to produce a few resolute men whose apostleship in Africa shall inaugurate a new era. Here is n crusade that is worthy of all their powers. Will they shrink from it? The appeal of her wretched millions to the enlightened manhood of American negroes is direct, and the world waits to see what the latter will do.

Under the advice of a monk, the king of Spain opened the slave trade ostensibly to provide labor to replace the overworked and dying Indian tribes of the West Indies and to convert the captives to Christianity. After man's selfishness, rapacity and cruelty have done their work, do we not begin to see the Divine purpose dimly foreshadowed: and that the cunning priest was a better prophet than he knew.

Successful colored missionaries in Africa will elevate the self-respect of the race in this country, because there will be a better hasis of it when American negroes shall devote themselves to the most unselfish and elevated ends for which men can labor.

There need be no alarm about an exodus of virtue:—ninety-nine hundredths of all philanthropists prefer to begin and end at home. There are always enough to guard the forts and hulks; more are needed at the front. Every earnest man who dares to "hurn his ships" inspires a score who make good his loss to his own community.

A few years ago a search was made for colored men to work in Africa: none were found. We believe there are some of noble ambition preparing to respond to the next call.

A selection and training of the best material offered among the American freedmen is the most practical way of meeting the problem, the only liue of missionary effort which promises to turn out men physically fit for the African climate. And in view of the almost universal exclusion of colored men from the best facilities for education, the necessity of concentration to provide the highest form of practical preparation is manifest. The opportunities of large inatitutions are peculiar among the colored people in the fact that they have so wide a field of selection of material, aud attract and can secure the best specimens of the race. And if one student of the Hampton school proves to be endowed with the necessary hrains for evangelizing Africa, the whole cost of the institution will ho repaid.

The Annual Commencement exercises of the Hampton Institute will take place on Thursday the tenth of June. Ahout forty students nre expected to graduate.

A distinguished company of guests is expected from New York and Boston.

Never before, we believe, has such a large class of colored youth taken their diplomas from nn institution of learning. The power for good of these well-trained teachers, cannot he overestimated. The teachers make the people. The future of the colored race is in the hands of its educators.

Our February number contained an illustration of the act of a negro in saving the spire of St. Michael's Church in Charleston from the flames. In reference to this an esteemed correspondent aud friend of the Normal School writes as follows:

"I observe the piece on the nnmeless Carolina hero, an incident I nm well acquainted with, as the hero was a slave of a friend of my mother's, who sent him to request my mother to send my brother (Isaac, then an infant) to her house, as the fire was raging in our vicinity On his way he passed the church, and hearing of the reward offered, neglected his errand, and beat off the shingles with his head. I am sorry to say the reward given went to purchase his freedom, and the city gave no such proof of a sense of justice and gratitude as the poem attributes to the people. The lady had a family of negroes superior in intellect, who for their excellence were called 'the royal family.' The fire raged so furiously my parents (or rather my mother, for my father was at the fire) moved three times in one night. My brother's most faithful nurse, a sleve, took my brother away, and for three days my mother neither heard of him or knew where he was, but this occasioned her no uneasiness for she said she knew he would be well cared for by his nurse."

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS.

A hundred years ago the 19th of last April, the Revolutionary War commenced. The hundredth anniversary of the hattles of Concord and Lexington were celebrated a few weeks ago. Nearly fifty thousand people were assembled in each town and the President and Cabinet attended together with many State Governors and distinguished citizens. It is impossible to give in our limits the faintest idea of the occasion. The leading orators of the land delivered eloquent orations, and in addition to the glorious "feast of reason," tables were set in two large tents or pavilions, each of which would seat at dinner five thousand persons.

We quote from the Editorial Column of the *Boston Advertiser* a few words headed

THE CRISIS.

By an almost universal consent the 19th of April, 1775, has been regarded as the turning-point in the history of the struggle between the colonies and the mother-country. Up to that time there had been hopes of a peaceful settlement of the questions at issue. From that time there was no loager a possibility of averting the terrible evils of a civil war. As Washington wrote to a friend in England, in the following June, "The once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves." This was the "sad alternative" which our fathers had presented to them. The Stamp Act riots; the fighting in State Street in March, 1770; the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor; the meeting of the first Continental Congress; Leslie's unsuccessful expedition to Salem, and demonstrations of various kinds elsewhera,—these all pointed in one direction. But no one of these events, nor all of them together, so influenced the destinies of America as the midnight march of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith with his eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry, and the armed resistance which they encountered the next morning. Local pride may claim thet the first blow in the war of American Independence was struck somewhere else and at some other time, but the verdict of history will not be reversed. We need not be surprised that the old halled of Chevy Chase came up to Horace Walpole's memory when he heard the first news of the hattle and the retreat, and thet he quoted from it in his letter to Mann, not quite accurately, indeed, but with singular fitness:—

"The child that is nnborn shall rue
The hunting of that day!"

The hunting of that day sealed the fate of the British empire in America and called into being a new world.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

The Normal School mourns—for "Lion" is dead! The King of beasts is no more! "Lion-heart!" the noble stallion who a few days ago was rejoicing in his strength —whose neck was clothed with thunder—the glory of whose nostrils was terrible—who, in the words of the ancient Solomon, was black but comely—and, as the modern Solomon, his inconsolable groom declares, was proof against the Epizoo and every other "Academic" and never lost a day's work when all other horses were laid up in ordiunry. Alas! that a treacherous nail lying in his path should have found the vulnerable spot in, this four-footed Achilles, and brought him to an untimely end. That a dumb beast, whose tongue never told a lie, and who never opened his mouth in abuse of any one, should perish by *lock-jaw*, seems a mysterious dispensation.

Not only the Normal School, but many of its friends who have experienced Lion's horsepitality, will grieve at his loss. Peace to his *manes*!

The following letter or address which we deem well worthy of republication (having been issued in pamphlet form) was written by a member of the class of 1870

—the first that graduated from the Hampton Institute. The writer has devoted

other reasons than race, color, etc., you have the law in your favor.

have is a home of his own, however humble that home may be. A tenant is always

THE

—the first that graduated from the Hampton Institute. The writer has devoted most of his time to teaching, is a quiet, gentlemanly person of excellent character and habits, and the time and style of his essay is the legitimate fruit of the teaching he has received.

ADDRESS TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH, ON THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

Respected Friends,—Meeting so many misled inquirers of Civil Rights, and finding so many who are anxious to know exactly what the bill contains, and what it does not, have induced me to consider your conditions generally.

I approve of your zeal in seeking reliable information, not only of the Civil Rights Bill, but of such other things as may be to your interest to know.

As to the Civil Rights Bill, I believe it is to your interest to have a fair knowledge of its provisions, and your numerous queries answered with some advice relative to the best manner of accepting its advantages.

And to accomplish this end, I can think of no better plan to diffuse the desired information successfully than to offer you a true copy of said bill with this address annexed.

The amendment to the constitution of the United States, known as the Civil Rights Bill, is not in itself so complicated as to need much explanation, but the false rumors set afloat since it was first introduced in Congress by Hon. Chas. Sumner, and the facts contained therein so exaggerated that many have been led to believe that which is not really true.

Therefore, I desire to favor you with a copy of the bill and address, that you may know your just and good rights before the law, and unjust wrongs to yourselves and people; that you may contend for the former whenever it is creditable to your interest or essential to your happiness, and that you may avoid the latter at all times.

Considering the conditions of the hill in the present mind of the people, it is advisable for os to be careful ond deport ourselvas as becomes men, lest we, through ignorance or imprudence, furnish a means for increasing that prejudice which already exists between the races, and which might result in an abuse of our own rights.

If you will examine tha first and fourth sections carefully, you will readily see that there are conditions and limitations established by law that will exclude persons of every race and color from the advantages and privileges set forth in the same sections.

Then it becomes you as men and as a race of men to rise and stand obove such conditions and limitations as will deprive you of any right that is granted to any other citizen of our country.

Remember that your character, brains and pockets have a great deal to do with this, and should be properly cared for. Let your deportment be commendable in every way, shape, form and fashion. Improve your minds in the way of education, and take care of your earnings.

Bear in mind that tidiness, good behavior, a pocket full of greenbacks, and a little commonsense will carry you anywhore on this side of "Jordan," and that tidiness and good behavior are two steps toward crossing ovor.

You are to remember that a great responsibility rests npon you, as free citizens of the United States and entitled to all the rights and privileges granted any othor men or race of men. And, as tho law makes no allowance for ignorance, it is your duty to prepare yourselves to meet such responsibilities, and to act your part as men.

Do not spend your time in idleness; and if you can spare a few dollars each month, save and invest the samo in real estate, or other valuable property, rather than spend it for trifles. Buy a few good books, and spend two dollars a year for a good weekly nowspaper.

It is not necessary that you should meddle with politics because you read popers; but it is necessary for you to read papers in order to keep up with the times.

Do not depend too much on heursay, for such oftener turns out nntrue than otherwise. See and read for yonrselves.

For fear of being called to a point of order, I must drop back to Civil Rights.

As to inns, public conveyances, etc., it is natural, and you will undoubtedly prefer to patroaize ood assist your own race as far as comfortable accommodations are practicable.

If you wish meals or lodgings at some public house or hotel, and can be comfortably accommodated by your own race, why not go thero, where you will be made welcome and treated with care?

But if you can find no place kept for the accommodotion of colored people, then go where you can find such accommodations rather than be left in the cold. It is your privilege to do so, provided you are a fit subject in overy other way, except race, color or previous condition of servitude.

If first-class accommodations are furnished you in a separate coach or cabin on public conveyances, I would prefer a seat in such a car or cabin with those by whom I could he cordially entertained. But if there is no such accommodation set apart for you, and you are crowded upon by base, and reckless beings, depriving you of all that tends to your happiness, just stop a moment and see if you are cleanly attired and in every respect fit to occupy a seat with decent people; and if you find nothing lacking except that you are not a white man, excuse yourself for being colored, and walk in another car or cabin (taking your lady along, if you have one).

If you ore deprived of such privileges for no other reasons than race, color, etc., you have the law in your favor.

First, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

As to theatres and other places of amusement, you care hut little about them. But if, in this case, you really wish to attend such places, it might be well to act on the same principles as are advised relative to public conveyances.

You can serve as jurors only when summoned and pronounced competent, and can complain only when persons in charge of the summoning of jurors fail to summon you or any of your race generally.

It has been rumored that the Civil Rights Bill affected social equolity in society, and from the flying rumors, one would almost be induced to believe that you could enter o man's private dwelling, whether he wanted you or not, and that he and his family, especially his daughter, would be compelled to pleasantly entertain you, or be sued for damages. Certainly you know better. The Civil Rights Bill has nothing to do with social equality. The laws of nature regulate society, and acts as governor of the same, and no act of any legislature can repeal such laws or impeach the governor.

A man is known by the company he keeps, because no one is compelled to keep company with others against his will. He may not be able at all times to say with whom he will associate, but he is able to say with whom he will not.

Character, education and wealth are the three grand principles upon which social equality is based, and the distinctions are as widely manifested among the whites themselves as that between the white and colored.

We notice but persons of like character and conditions generally accompany each other, forming a separate circle from those of a different character and condition.

Character, and the ways and conditions of men, are so varied and so interwoven that a definite line between classes and degrees of society cannot be drawn.

A few things to be remembered, and I will close my address. Don't forget that calling for refreshments at saloons or hotels, only for the purpose of provoking the proprietors, is abusing your own rights.

Don't forget that you are not worthy of nice lodging in any boarding house or fit for decent company unless you are cleanly in person and respectably clothed.

Don't forget that bad conduct will exclude you from good society, and deprive you of advantages tendered you in the Civil Rights Bill.

Don't forget that every man's private dwelling is, at least temporarily, his own and under his control.

Don't forget that all persons twenty-one years of age ore considered free agents, and that civil rights force no white lady to marry a colored man unless she wants him

Don't forget that the Civil Rights Bill does not demand mixed schools.

Don't forget that education is advantageous to all races and colors.

Don't forget that he who has a home of his own, has advantages not possessed by those who have not.

Don't forget that your future destiny depends upon your own good or bad works, and that all nations and races are looking upon you to see what you will make of yourselves.

Remember I wish you to be faithful to discharge the duties that you owe to yourselves, to your race and country, and that I, as one of your own race, desire that you should grow wiser and better as you grow older.

In conclusion, I might say that my aim in this address has been to answer your many queries and to give such advice as will be for our better. I hope you will examine both the bill and address carefully, and if I have given an incorrect representation in any way, or advised you injudiciously, please excuse me.

Very respectfully,

J. P. Weaver.

Augusta, Ga., *April* 26th.

Memorial Day was observed here with unusually imposing ceremonies. There was a large parade and procession and the cornerstone of the monument in honor of the Confederate dead was laid.

In his speech General Evans said:

"Let us do nothing to keep alive the passions of war. To study its lessons is prudence; to profit by its teachings is wisdom: but to stir up the old animosities is madness. The voice of this great monument will not be for war but for peace. It will say to us 'The Confederacy has expired; its great life went out on the purple tide of blood that flowed from the hearts of its sons.' We have buried it—we do not intend to exhume its remains. We were utterly defeated, and we dismiss our resentments. Sadly we parted with the dear old cross of stars which we followed through many a storm of shot and shell; but we take with the true hand of Southern honor the staff that holds the flag of Stars and Stripes. I respond with truest feeling to-day to the fraternal words of General Bartlett, spoken at the centennial of the first battle of the old Revolution."

Afterward the Ladies' Memorial Association decorated with flowers the graves of the Confederate and Federal dead in the Augusta Cemetery.—*Tribune.*

A HOMESTEAD.

BY CAPT. S W. ARMSTEAD.

The greatest blessing a poor man can have is a home of his own, however humble that home may be. A tenant is always to some extent, at the mercy of the landlord, and where he depends upon his daily labor for his daily bread, his relation to his landlord may almost be stated as one of absolute servitude. Should he be thrown out of employment, or stricken with disease, a few days generally suffice to consume the little cash in his hands, and just when his demands are greatest and his need sorest, he is liable to be ejected from his dwelling for the failure of his rent. Should his landlord even be considerate and promise to bear with him for a time, there is still the anxiety of mind preying upon him like a vulture, retarding his recovery or disqualifying him, to some extent, at least, for work. It is therefore not only a matter of wisdom, but a matter of duty that every poor man should make the acquisition of a homestead the prime object of his efforts.

Where land is cheap, as it is in Virginia, this is not so difficult a matter as might at first be supposed. It is no exaggeration to say that there are hundreds of colored men in and around Hampton, who, within the last eight years, have bought and paid for comfortable homes. In most instances, too, these homes have been purchased with the savings of men who have labored for from 75 cts. to $1.00 and $1.50 per day. It is a matter of interest to note how gradually and steadily this work has been done. In some cases, the lot has been bought, perhaps only a fourth of an acre, and paid for in small amounts at a time, ranging from ten to fifteen or twenty dollars; then the material for the house has been purchased and the work of erection done in the same piecemeal style, until the home was complete or at least habitable and comfortable. Such instances are commendable and worthy of all imitation.

The object of this article is to stimulate others to a like enterprise and perseverance. While the colored people labor under many disadvantages they also possess some advantages which enable them more easily to accumulate money than their white brethren of equal means. Their present condition in society does not require such expenditure to preserve their standing; the laws of fashion do not prevail with such rigor; and in regard to the matter of food, it is well known that from long habit, they can content themselves with simpler kinds and less variety than the whites. Their actual and necessary expenses in the way of living are thus reduced to the minimum, and with industry and economy almost any healthy man may in a few years lay by enough to purchase a home for himself and family.

All considerations urge him to this. He has at once a well defined object in view—an object worthy of his most untiring efforts. A habit of making and saving money is at once begotten. Instead of wasting the little surplus that remained of his week's earnings in things that were useless or unnecessary, he regards it as so much to add to the general sum and preserves it for that purpose.

Besides this a man never thoroughly identifies his interests with those of his fellow-citizens until he becomes a freeholder, a sovereign of the soil, a lord of the manor. His dignity and importance commence at the moment that he appropriates the soil; thenceforth he is an important element of society. Before, he was a cipher that only counted in connection with others; now he is a numeral, possessing individual inherent worth. Let every man, by all means, purchase a homestead.

BANK OPEN ALL DAY.

We notice by the Norfolk papers that The Home Savings Bank, in Norfolk, will, during the berry and truck season, remain open all day. This will prove a great convenience to hundreds of the readers of this paper, who, in the busy "picking" season cannot find time to visit the bank in usual bank hours.

If we can so impress the laboring people that they will regularly deposit in the Savings Bank, rather than leave their shillings and dimes at the grog shops, a great end will be attained, the community blessed, and homes made happy.

THE

HOME SAVINGS BANK,

CORNER MAIN AND ATLANTIC STREETS.

Incorporated under State Charter,

1874.

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Drafts drawn also on Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and other cities.

Collections promptly made on all parts of the country. All investments made in this vicinity. Especial advantages given those customers who were depositors in the late FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS BANK.

☞ N. B. We have loaned since last November,—chiefly to colored citizens, and in small amounts—over twelve thousand dollars.

☞ SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR.

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MANUFACTURERS FOR THE SOUTH & SOUTHWEST.

Nearly 7000 now in use, working under heads varying from 3 to 240 feet. Twenty-four sizes.

The most powerful Wheel in the Market, and most economical in use of Water.

Large ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet sent post free.

Portable and Stationary Steam Engines and Boiler, Babcock & Wilcox Patent Tubulous Boiler, Keaugh's Crusher for Minerals, Saw and Grist Mills, Flouring Mill Machinery, Machinery for White Lead Works and Oil Mills, Shafting Pullays und Hangers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.

The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Harper's Weekly.

The ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical in this country.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Harper's Bazar.

The organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

TERMS for 1875.

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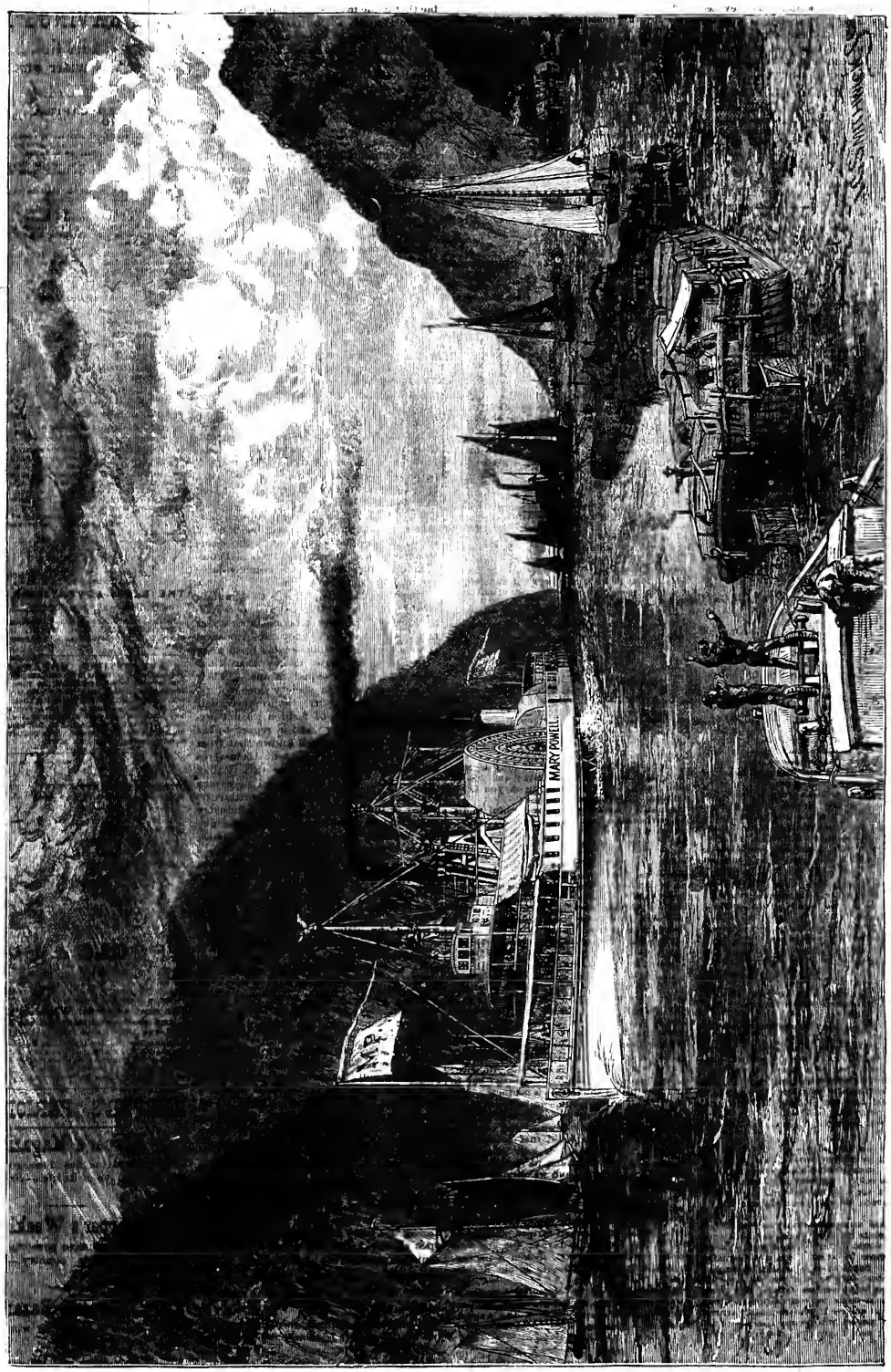

THE MARY POWELL PASSING THE GATE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

your fault, must do so. You must never make use of the smallest article without asking leave of its owner; and even in so trifling a matter as taking up a book or newspaper belonging to any one else, must be careful that you are not in so doing annoying the owner; in short, you must always and everywhere be strictly scrupulous in regard to other people's property.

In making the acquaintance of young men, and in your association with them, I have already told you how important it is that you should be careful, modest, pure in word and deed, so that you may command their respect, and never have the misfortune to find your name in the mouths of gossips or scandal-mongers, or even worse, to know that it is bandied about among the very young men whose good opinion you are doubtless trying to win.

Do not, as a rule, accept presents from young men; do not go out with young men alone, but try always to have others of your own sex with you; do not take a young man's arm unless it is offered you, and not even then unless the time and place are suitable and the offer properly made; in a word, do not permit yourself to be familiar or free in your manner, except with those with whom you are intimately acquainted; while so long as you are under the guidance of parents, teachers or friends, you will find it best to trust to their judgment rather than your own in regard to what is proper and permissible for young women in their association with young men.

And now if I were face to face with you I should like to ask you, "What is it, which in your opinion, makes a lady?" and from your answers judge of my own success in this foregoing explanation. I cannot do that, but I can ask you to think for yourselves about the matter, and to answer to yourselves a few last questions.

To be a lady—is it not to be gentle, courteous and kind, to speak and move without roughness or rude noise, to be modest in look and word, to be considerate of others, to dress quietly and suitably, to be respectful, to be neither unduly shy, nor presumptuously forward, to be at ease in regard to all ordinary social rules, to be bright and cheery without coarseness—and to be all these not in public or at times only, but everywhere and always?

And of such an one can we not say, "Strength and honor are her clothing, in her tongue is the law of kindness—her price is far above rubies?"

At Home.

THE DOCTOR AND DEACON.

Deacon Rogers, he coma to me,
"Wifa is a-goin' to die!" said ha;
"Doctors great, an' doctors small,
Haven't improved her any at all;
Physic and blister, powders and pills,
And nothing sure but the doctor's bills.
Twenty old women with remedies new,
Bother my wifa the whola day through;
Sweat as hoocy, or bitter as gall—
Poor old woman—she takes them all,
Sour or sweet, whate'er they choose—
Poor old woman—she dara not refuse,
So she pleases whoever may call—
An' death is suited the best of them all,
Physic and blister—powdor an' pill—
Bound to conquer—and sure to kill."

Mrs. Rogers lay in har bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to haad.
Blistered and baadaged from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was vary low.
Bottle and saucer, spooa and cup,
On the tabla stood bravely up,
Physic of high and low degree,
Calomel, catnip, and boosaet tea.
Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light, water and air.

I opened tha hllods, tha day was bright
And God gava Mrs. Rogers soma light.
I opened the window, tha day was fair,
And God gava Mrs. Rogers some air,
Drugs and medicines—high and low,
I thraw tham aa far as I could throw.
"What are you doing?" my patinot cried,
"Frightaning death," I coolly replied.
"You ara crazy," a visitor said;—
I flung a bottla at har haad.

Deacon Rogers, ha coma to ma;
"Wifa is a-coming round," said ha,
"I really thiok she will worry through;
She scolds ma just as sha used to do.
All the people poohed and slurred—
All tha neighbors hava had thair word;
'Twas better to parish—soma of tham say—
Than be cured in auch an irregular way."

"Your wifa," said I, "had God's good care;
And his remedies—light, water and air;
All of tha doctors, beyond a douht,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogars without."
Tha deacon smiled and bowad his haad;
"Then your bill is nothing," he said.
"God's be tha glory, as you say!
God bless you, Doctor! good! good day."

Medical Mirror.

UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.

"An acquired and habitual vice," says Dr. Elom, "will rarely fail to leave its trace upon ons or more of its offspring, either in its original form or one closely allied. . . . . The habit of the parent becomes the all but irresistible instinct of the child; the voluntary adopted and cherished vice of the father or mother becomes the overpowering impulse of the son or daughter; the organic tendency is excited to the uttermost, and the power of the will and of the conscience is proportionately weakened—weighty considerations in forming a judgement on the responsibility of those so fatally affected by this direct inheritance of crime."

Happy is the person whose virtuously inclined parents have transmitted to him a virtuous mind. To such the trials and temptations of life are shorn of half their power for evil. Great is the responsibility of such an one that he should raise still higher the foundations of morality and virtue in the pure hearts of his own offspring. Each parent by strengthening, purifying, and ennobling his own mind by a virtuous life, may impart to his children stronger tendencies to virtue than those were which he himself inherited. This a duty of each person in the regeneration and uplifting of humanity.

HENRY REYNOLDS, M.D.

"Precious Water, pure as can be,
Better far than rum or brandy.
If this speech provoke your fury,
Let your horse be judge and jury."

PERSEVERANCE. Did you ever know anybody stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising, ten years or most, who did not prosper? No one! no matter how bad it might be at the beginning—if he stuck to it earnestly and faithfully, and tried nothing else; no matter how hard he may have found it sometimes to keep his head above water; still, if he persevered, he always came out bright in the long run. . . . . A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against, not with, the wind. Even a head wind is better than nothing. No man ever worked his voyage in a dead calm. The best wind for everything, in the long run, is a side wind. If it blows aft, how is he to get back?—*Our Own Fireside.*

WASHING MUSLINS.

Another process for washing fine muslins of delicate colors, is to take some wheat bran—about two quarts for a lady's dress—and boil it for half an hour in some soft water, then allow it to cool, strain the liquor, and use it as a substitute for soapsuds. It removes dirt like soap, is inert regarding the colors, and requires to be rinsed out in only one clean water, and starching is unnecessary. This is the best method of washing fine muslins and calicoes. A great number of beautiful dresses are often spoiled in washing by the discharge of their colors, from the use of warm suds. In all cases, the suds and rinsing water for colored articles of dress should be used as cold as possible.—*Scientific American.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE BARKER.

"Don't go out, Joe," said Mrs. Barker, as she saw her husband take his cap and move off quietly toward the door of his cottage.

"I'm not going to stay long."

And as Barker said this, he glided from the room, in spite of his wife's endeavor to detain him, and the anxious look of the children. Mrs. Barkar followed quickly, with the purpose of arresting his progress, and bringing him back into tha house.

"Isn't it too much?" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, as she went back into the house, after satisfying herself that Joe was fairly beyond her reach. "He's got his whole week's wages in his pockets, and ten to one if he doesn't get rid of nearly half of it before he comes home. I wish every tavern was burned down, and every tavern-keeper in the penitentiary—and it would be so before long, if I had my way. It's no better than robbery to take the money of a half-innocent like him. If I had only been in time to stop him, and get his money out of his pocket!"

Mrs. Barker was both vexed and grieved; so much so, that she sat down and wept.

It was all in vain that Betsy Barker, his faithful, though long-suffering, and often justly indignant wife, went many times to the tavern-keepers who sold him drink, and implored them, with tears, in the name of God and humanity, not to sell her husband intoxicating drinks. Coarse insult or wicked abuse was all she received—and she would go back, weeping and despairing, to her cheerless home and half-starving children.

Thus it was with Joe Barker and his family on the night in which we have introduced them to the reader. What was a little unusual for Joe, he had worked steadily all day, and without once going to the tavern to get a drink. In fact, Betsy had talked to him so earnestly in the morning, and had pictured to his mind so vividly the evil consequences of his way of life, that he had made one of his feeble resolutions to become a sober man. This resolution he had been able to keep through the day, sustained therein by the useful labor in which he was engaged. But, when evening came, and his thoughts went to the tavern and the good fellows there assembled with whom he was wont to meet, he was unable to withstand the impulse that led him thitherward. And so, seizing a favorable moment, he left the house ere his watchful partner could prevent it.

Diving down a narrow cross street, not far from the poor hovel in which he dwelt, Joe Barker was soon in front of "The Diamond," an old drinking haunt of the worst description. He was right against the closed door ere he noticed the absence of the large red lamp, which had so often tempted him with thoughts of good cheer within; and he pushed several times against the door, ere fully satisfied that it was fastened within.

"What's the matter here?" muttered Joe, in some bewilderment at so singular a state of affairs. Stepping back a pace or two, he looked up at the house. "Lamp out—door locked—shutters closed—what's the matter?—old Gilbert's not dead, I hope."

Two or three feeble raps were made on the door, but only a hollow sound came from within.

"I don't understand it at all," said Joe Barker, now observing, for the first time, that this particular neighborhood, usually crowded, so to speak, with noisy tipplers every evening, had a deserted look. Here and there a man might be seen moving briskly along, as if on some particular errand, or on his way home. But there were no groups at the corners, no loud talkers; none of the usual evidences of drinking and rioting.

"It can't be Sunday evening," thought Joe, and he stood still, trying to think, with his hand on his forehead.

No; it was not Sunday evening, he was certain of this; for he remembered that "The Diamond" had always been ready to receive customers—whether it were Saturday or Sunday evening.

"He's dead, or moved away." This was the only conclusion to which Joe could arrive. So he passed on, saying to himself—

"I'll go round to Sprigg's; for I must have a drink to-night."

And so the poor meagrely-clad creature went shuffling along the half-deserted pavement, where, aforetime, he had been wont to meet at every turn wretches sold to the vice of intoxication, and even more degraded than himself. But few of these were now to be seen, and they were evidently as much bewildered at the changed aspect which everything wore as he was.

Sprigg kept a drinking and gambling den in the next square from Gilbert's. Thither Joe Barker groped his way, for the street was unusually dark—the large lamp in front of "The Diamond" now extinguished, had, of itself, lit up the whole block. Stranger still, Sprigg's den was closed. A dim light, shining through one of the upper windows, encouraged Barker to hammer on the shut door for admittance. Two or three times he knocked before there was any evidence of life within. Then a window in the second story was opened, and a man's head thrust out.

"Who's there?" was growled in a gruff, almost angry voice.

"Hey! Sprigg, is that you?" cried Barker, "What, in wonder, is the matter?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" returned Sprigg, sharply.

"I'm Joe Barker; come down and let me in. I want the stiffest glass of rum-toddy you can make; for I haven't tasted a drop since yesterday."

"If I do come down, it'll be a sorry time for you, old chap!" was the passionate answer of Sprigg. "Off with you, and this instant!"

"Why, what's in the wind now, naighbor?" said Barker, more puzzled than before. "Have you all shut up shop, turned pious, and joined the church?"

The tavern-keeper sputtered out an oath, as he drew in his head, and closed the sash with a heavy jar.

Joe Barker was mystified worse than ever. What could it all mean?

"Somebody must be dead." He looked for a strip of crape, but the old iron latch was guiltless of the drapery of mourning. A wooden block stood by the door, and upon this Barker sat down to think, if his mental processes could be thus dignified.

"The 'Diamond' and Sprigg's, both shut up! Can't make it out. Is the world coming to an end? Maybe somebody's murdered, and they've been closed by the police? Shouldn't wonder! They say Sprigg is a bad fellow, and that Gilbert was once tried for his life. That's it, as sure as a gun! I'll go right off to Paul Dixon's. They'll know all about it there."

Paul Dixon was another grog-seller, whose bar-room was close by, round the corner. Thither Joe directed his steps, impelled as much by an awakened curiosity as by an all-consuming thirst. Wonder of wonders! All was dark and silent in the neighborhood of Paul Dixon's. Even the great lamp, with its stained glass sides and variegated letters, had been taken down, and tha bare lamp-post, as it stood sharp against the sky, added to the deserted aspect of things, so new and strange and unaccountable.

"Something's wrong," muttered Joe Barker, in a subdued voice. "Something's to pay." He looked at the lamp-post, at the closed windows and door of Paul Dixon's tavern, and sighed. He really felt melancholy.

"I wish I had a good drink," he said, arousing himself. "I never was so dry in my life. I wonder if all the taverns are closed. Gilbert, Sprigg, and Dixon shut up? Can't make it out, nohow."

Thus talking with himself, Joe commenced retracing his steps, but very slowly, his eyes cast down to the pavement. So lost was he in a bewildering maze of doubt and suggestion, that, ere aware of an obstruction in his path, he came suddenly, and with quite a shock, against a very sober old-fashioned pump, that signified its consciousness of assault, by rattling somewhat noisily the chain of its iron ladle.

"Hi, hi! what's the matter now?" ejaculated Barker, moving back a pace or two, and trying to relink the broken chain of his thoughts. "Only the old pump! Aha! I've had many a cool drink here in my time, both as boy and man, and it never cost me a cent, nor made me more of a fool than some people say I am by nature. Good evening, Mr. Pump!" continued he in a sprightly manner, as though the contact with the pure element had sharpened his wits. "Let us shake hands, or handle, just as you please, for old acquaintance sake. I've been trying to get a drink for this half hour, but not a drop is to be had for love

or money. The rum-sellers have all shut up shop, it seems. I hope *you're* not on a strike, too. Let's see!"

Joe Barker lifted the handle, putting the iron ladle under the spout as he did so, and brought it down with a strong jerk. Out gushed the crystal water, looking clear and beautiful even in the feeble starlight. It filled the ladle, overrun its sides, and went splashing down upon the pavement. There was something pleasant in the sound, even to the dull ears of Barker; and there was a feeble awakening in his mind of dear old memories about boyhood, and the early times when he was a better man than now.

To his mouth he placed the brimming ladle, and drank a pure draught of nectar. Just as he had removed the vessel from his lips, and taken a deep inspiration, a hand was laid on his shoulder familiarly, and a friendly voice said—

"Cheaper drinking that, neighbor Barker, than ever was found at 'The Diamond,' across yonder, and a thousand times better into the bargain. I'm glad to see you returning to your old friend again, and hope you may never have occasion to desert him. Friend Pump is worth a score of your Sprigg's, Dixon's and Gilbert's. What a blessed thing that you are for ever rid of their friendly offices!"

"For ever, rid of them!" said Barker. "What does it all mean, neighbor? What have they done? Has any one been murdered?"

Murdered! No, not exactly that; but didn't you know that the old villain Alcohol died last night?"

"Died? What! I don't understand." And poor Joe Barker looked more bewildered than ever. "Died—how?"

"Why, Joe Barker! Is it possible you don't know that the Maine Law came into operation in our State to-day?"

"The Maine Law!" Joe took off his old cap, and laid one of his broad hands on his forehead. "The Maine Law! I heard 'em talking about it last election. They said it was a dreadful outrage upon our liberties, over at 'The Dismond,' and so I voted against it. What does it do, neighbor? Will it shut up all the taverns?"

"That's just what it has done already. You can't buy a drink of liquor in the whole town."

"You don't tell me! Good say I to that! Well, I couldn't make it out, nohow. I thought something strange had happened. All shut up? Ho! Ho! Sprigg said it would be the ruination of the town if the law passed. I rather guess he thought there was nobody in town left to be ruined except rum-sellers. And yon're sure every tavern has been closed?"

"I know it," was the decided answer.

"Then I'll run home and tell Betsy. But won't she be glad!"

And away the excited creature ran, as fast as his feet would carry him.

Poor Betsy Barker! When she had found that Joe had gone off with all his week's wages in his pocket, she felt like giving up. They were out of meal and meat, and the children's shoes no longer kept their feet from the ground. For herself, she had a garment but what was patched and repatched, until scarcely a whole breadth of the original fabric remained. She had laid it all out in her mind how she was going to spend the four dollars which her husband told her in the morning he would be paid for his week's work. It was a very small sum when set off against their very many, many needs; but she had apportioned it, in her thought, in such a way as to make it go the farthest in supplying things absolutely necessary. But alas! alas! Joe had gone off with the whole sum in his pocket, and she knew the chances were ten to one that he would not have the half of it left—perhaps not a dollar—when he came home.

The poor wife was disheartened, and who can wonder? She cleared off the supper things, and then sat down to mend an old jacket belonging to her eldest boy. As she turned it over and over, and noticed how torn and worn it was—more fit for the rag-bag than anything else—she let it fall into her lap, and, bending over upon the table by which she was sitting, buried her face in her arms. She did not weep now. Her feelings of despondency had in them too much of hopelessness for tears.

As she sat thus, the door opened, and her quick ears recognized the footsteps of her husband. Her heart fluttered instantly with a new hope, while the half oppressive weight on her bosom was removed. His return, so early and unexpectedly, was an augury of good. That he had been drinking, she doubted not; but there was ground for believing that he had not wasted all the money she so much needed. She did not raise her head until Joe came up to where she was sitting, and in a tone of exultation which he could not repress, exclaimed—

"Hurrah, Betsy! Good news! There's all my money—not a cent gone." And he threw a handful of silver coin on the table. "Good news! What do you think? Old King Alcohol's dead. I've just heard the news."

"Are you crazy, Joe?" said Mrs. Barker, looking in wonder and bewilderment at her excited husband.

"Not a bit of it, darling!" answered Joe, as he threw his arms around his wife's neck, and kissed her. "Nor drunk, either," he added, as she pushed him away. "Why, Betsy! Don't yon know we've got a Maine Law? I've been to Gilbert's, and to Sprigg's, and to Dixon's, but they're all shut up. Tomkins told me that a drop of liquor couldn't be bought in the whole town. Ain't that good news for you, old girl! Hurrah, boys! I'm as glad as if I'd found a new dollar. I never could pass their doors without going in for a drink, whether I wanted to or not. Somehow or other, it seemed as if I couldn't help it."

"Joe! Joe! *is* all true what you say?" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Barker, now pressing forward upon her husband, and drawing, almost involuntarily, her arms around him. "*Is it all true, Joe?*"

"Every word of it, Betsy, as I'm a living man."

"Thank God! Thank God!" was the overjoyed wife's sobbing response, as her face fell upon the bosom of her kind-hearted, but weak and erring husband.

A month from that time, and what a change was visible in their humble dwelling! And not in theirs alone, but in thousands of dwellings hitherto desolate.

The Teachers' Table.

HOW TO TEACH GEOGRAPAY.

FIRST STEP.—Review the POINTS OF COMPASS, in training the pupils, until they are able to name any direction as the teacher points.

In connection with and following the instruction relative to the points of compass, lead the pupils to learn the location and the direction from the school of other streets near the school; also of prominent buildings, as churches, post-office, hotel, railroad depot, etc.; or of villages, lakes, farms, groves, forests, streams, etc.; within the range of the children's observation. The teacher should represent on the blackboard the situation of the schoolhouse, and the location or direction from it of the places mentioned, and allow the pupils to copy the same on their slates.

SECOND STEP.—While teaching the definitions relative to the FORMS of land and water, present first the picture, or a drawing upon the blackboard, of the object under consideration, as of an island, peninsula, cape, strait, lake, bay, river, etc.; then show how the same or a similar object is represented on a map. Follow this with a definition to be learned by the pupils. As the characteristic of each form of land or water—as that AN ISLAND IS LAND ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY WATER—is learned, require the pupils to point out on a map several representations of islands, omitting the names of the particular islands in this stage. Proceed in a similar way to teach all the definitions.

During this step the instruction has for its chief object training children to recognize the various forms of land and water, by means of their characteristic features, and to describe each by suitable definitions; hence the attention of pupils need not be directed to the names and location of particular islands, isthmuses, straits, bays, etc., at this time.

THIRD STEP.—Commence the instruction relative to the names and location of particular places with the town, village, or city in which the school is situated, and extend it to other places in its vicinity. No fixed limit to the extent of this exercise can be given, since the length to which it can be profitably carried will depend, in some degree, upon the personal knowledge of the members of the class relative to these places. The teacher should aim, however, so to use the knowledge of those pupils whose personal visitations have made them acquainted with the locations of the greatest number of places, as to extend the knowledge of the other pupils.

Such attention should be given to the location upon a map of the town, village, or city in which the school is situated, and to the relative location and direction from it of the chief places in its vicinity, that the pupils will be able to point them out on an outline map. The name of the town, village, or city, of the county, and of the state in which the pupils live, should be taught, and their location shown on a map.

FOURTH STEP.—In teaching the SHAPE OF THE EARTH by means of a globe, lead the pupils to compare a marble with an orange, and both the marble and orange with a globe, and thus to notice that each one resembles the other in SHAPE only; also that each differs from the other in SIZE. By this means prepare them for understanding that the globe represents the earth only in SHAPE. Follow this with some simple illustrations as to the comparative size of the earth.

Next lead the pupils to compare the outline forms of the grand divisions of land, water, and of islands, etc., represented on the globe, with their corresponding representations upon hemisphere maps.

FIFTH STEP.—Talk with the pupils about people of different races and nations, and point out on the globe, also on outline maps, the location of the countries where each may be found; as Africa, the home of the colored man; China, the home of the Chinaman; Germany, the home of the Germans, etc. Proceed in a similar manner with the most familiar animals, and the most common productions of different countries. Give the name of the country, and show its location on a globe, also on an outline map. Point out Greenland as the home of the white bear; Africa as the home of the lion, zebra, ostrich, and camel; Australia as the home of the kangaroo; Spain as the country where cork and raisins are produced; South America as the country from which brazil-nuts and cocoanuts are obtained; West India as the place whence we obtain oranges, bananas, etc.

By means similar to those herein described, the pupils may be made to realize that GEOGRAPHY teaches them about the homes of the different people, animals and productions which they have seen and of which they have heard.

The aim of the teacher should be to give the pupils a good, general idea of the SHAPE OF THE EARTH, of the different portions of it as the HOMES OF RACES OF MEN, also as the places where particular fruits grow, and of some parts as having continuous cold weather or continuous warm weather. This object must be accomplished chiefly by oral instruction. However, the work may be facilitated by placing in the hands of the pupils suitable text-books on geography, to be examined by the children AFTER the lesson has been given orally by the teacher; but in no case should the pupils in this grade be required to study a lesson in the book before the subject of it has been presented orally by the teacher, as above indicated.

Each lesson may be gone over a second time by the teacher, after the pupils have studied the subject in the books. The order of the lessons, the topics presented, and the general character of the facts taught should conform to the directions given here, without regard to the order of presentation in the text-books in common use.

After completing the course of objective instruction in geography, as indicated in the preceding steps, the pupils will be prepared to commence the study of this subject in an intelligent manner from good text-books.—*How to Teach.*

Correspondence.

From our London Correspondent.

LONDON, *January*, 1875.

A second New Year has opened upon us in this far-away land; but we don't feel a bit blue about it, for we confidently hope that before its close, perhaps even before its mid-summer noon-tide, we shall see the dear home-faces again and be once more plodding about in the old familiar haunts from which we have been so long absent. *This* holiday season calls up very different sensations from those of a year ago; then we were fresh from home—strangers in this great bewildering city, and though we were outwardly very brave and jolly and not homesick at all—oh no! yet the thought that another Thanksgiving Day—another Christmas—another New Year must come and go before we set our faces homeward again, brought a coldness inwardly which those who have felt it can understand and appreciate. Our experiences at Christmas, a year ago, were so ridiculously forlorn that, as extremes meet, we couldn't help having some fun out of them. Having read and heard so much about an English Christmas, Christmas in "Merrie England," etc., I believe we had a vague idea that there must be Christmas cheer in the very air, and that we should in some mysterious manner be made partakers in it.

We had spent the Massachusetts' Thanksgiving Day very pleasantly with some American friends here, and our first plan for Christmas was to invite them to dine with us; but finding that this did not agree with the domestic programme (our landlady wishing to give the cook a holiday) we decided to postpone our invitation, take an "outing" ourselves, dine in the city, and see some of the famous Christmas pantomines; but on arriving *down town* found to our dismay every restaurant and every place of amusement closed! This is the custom here, and we had the pleasure of travelling back again and picking up from our private larder what crumbs of comfort—and crackers—we best could. I have a dim recollection of buns and lemonade for a Christmas dinner; but the very absurdity of the whole affair saved us from growing lachrymose and sentimental over it.

December 26th,—"Boxing Day" as it is called here, everything wakes up again, and the Christmas entertainments begin and are kept up in full blast until after the New Year opens. It is very pleasant to hear the "Waits" on Christmas-eve; their voices sound most delightfully as they rise on the quiet night stillness in the beautiful carols so familiar to our ears. They do not come in exactly the same style here as the Rev. E. E. Hale's "Christmas Waits in Boston;" none but an E. E. Hale could engineer such a party though, either on paper or in real life.

One very pleasant feature of this Christmas times to us was the arrival of a box from home containing many kind tokens of remembrance from our friends there, refreshing to the mind as well as the outer man, and so well-timed in its sending as to reach us the very day before Christmas, and being totally unexpected (until within a few hours of its appearance when we received a notice from the express agent in Liverpool, saying that such a box had been forwarded to our London address) it was of course doubly welcome, and though some of its contents were in a slightly mixed condition—as, for instance, a few sweetmeats in our nicely wrought slippers, and a little jelly in our new home-knit fancy woollen stockings, rendering them a little more *fancy* than the knitter originally intended—we found enough of the contents "in good order and well conditioned" to make our hearts glad and thankful for these substantial proofs of kindly remembrance as well as for the loving thoughtfulness which prompted and sent them.

We have done very little in the way of sight-seeing or visiting places of interest since our return to London in the autumn,—not that we have exhausted the resources of the city, by any means, but we have felt that time is very precious to us in this second and last season of study and practice here, and we are trying to crowd all the work we can into these short winter days; and in the evenings—unless there is a good concert or something in the musical line which we feel may be a help to us—we are glad to stay at home, go to bed early and rest our eyes and brains for the tasks which the morrow will bring. Our pleasant American friends, the C's, whose society we enjoyed so much last year and who were a part of our summer vacation party, went home in October. We missed them greatly and wished we were ready to take the home-bound trip with them; but as it is this winter, we are very fortunate in having in our near vicinity the W.'s,—one of the most delightful families I ever met; they, too, are Americans and have shown us great kindness. We visit them frequently and as there are two or three children in the family we feel perfectly at home there, for though one may not be especially fond of children in the abstract, I think they make their own home, as a general thing, seem much more home-ish to a visitor.

One of the London sights which a person need not go out of his way to see, but which comes to your very door (I might almost say to your bed and board) without money and without price, and whether you want it or not, is its fogs. London, certainly, I think, can carry off the palm for fogs; there are varieties of them, black, white and grey, and yellow—worst of all; and there are degrees of them, from the light (mostly haze) to the thickness which surrounds you like a solid wall and on which, as you approach a gas-light (for the gas is kept burning throughout the twenty-four hours when these prevail), your shadow is thrown with perfect distinctness. "It is an ill wind which blows nobody good," however, and these are the link boys' harvest; as the streets are so dark as to obstruct locomotion and impede travel of every description, the traveler *perforce* is often very glad to welcome the blazing torch which comes rushing toward him, and for a few pennies will guide him to his destination. I long sometimes for a good "spell" of real home winter-weather; this order here just now seems to be a cold, damp, thick fog over everything, slippery streets, and darkness visible everywhere. I have written a part of this letter by gas-light at high noon and I cannot see across the street to distinguish more than the outlines of the opposite buildings; this fog is yellow and everything looks ghastly and distorted; it always reminds me of Campbell's "Last Man"—

"The sun's ray had a sickly hue, etc."

This unnatural darkness is the cause of frequent accidents; we met with a slight one the other evening, so slight, however, as may be called an adventure rather than accident. Walking from Hyde Park to attend a concert at the Royal Albert Hall we found the fog so thick that we could only see from one lamp-post to another, by a luminous foggy haze; and when we left the Hall at the close of the concert, it had so increased that we found ourselves in utter darkness and thought our safest way was to take a "hansom" home;—this is a sort of one-horse-chaise, open in front, with the driver perched up behind. We couldn't see the horse before us, but put faith in cabby and resigned ourselves to "go it blind." The plegy quadruped was most uncommonly and inconveniently "fresh" for such an occasion and tore through the Park and rushed around corners in a way that made me shut my teeth together hard; but we kept quiet and went on tolerably well until a sudden jar, followed by an abrupt halt, shook us almost out of the vehicle, and to our astonishment we saw a lamp-post—or rather we concluded there must be a post, as we saw a street lamp in the air right in front of us—between us and the place where the horse ought to be. After a good deal of backing and filling we managed to extricate ourselves; but it seems that the street took a sudden curve just here, and the deceitful atmosphere causing our Jehu to mistake the lamp in the bend for one further on, drove

straight upon the curb-stone, nearly running down post, lamp and all. No serious injury was done, however, after all, and we reached home in safety at last, thankful to have escaped a less agreeable termination of our evening's adventures. K.

Our readers will be interested in the following letter from Liberia:

Monrovia, Liberia. *April 7*, 1875.

Mr. Editor,—By direction of President Roberts, I have to inform you that Benjamin Coates, Esq., of Philadelphia, forwarded to him sometime since, your letter of the 6th January, ultimo, in which among other things you inquired for the "proper address of Liberia to write to find out the demand for teachers there, and what their qualifications should be." Mr. Coates also informed him that you took deep interest in the elevation of the African race, and to that object you had devoted most zealously your time and talents.

It has always given, and will ever give, President Roberts sincere pleasure to afford any information in his power to men, such as you have been represented to be, who feel an interest in the educational system of Liberia, and manifest a desire to send laborers to its assistance in this particular.

The teachers in Liberia are in most instances totally unfit to fill the positions they hold—I speak of Common Schools. They have none of that training or culture which it was found necessary to give the teachers in the United States and other foreign countries. They, too often, fail to arouse in the minds of the children that interest which the young ought to have in their studies.

It is a notorious fact that the children who went to school fifteen, twenty or thirty years ago have made and are a more intelligent body, than any which have come up since.

Our teachers are required to go through no examination. They make no returns relative to the schools which they teach. There is no efficient system of examination nor of reward to those scholars who are diligent. A child goes to school six or seven years under such a state of things and when it leaves is as ignorant, materially, as when it commenced.

The knowledge of these defects in the educational system of Liberia, together with the psychological causes peculiar to a people most of whom have been in a state of servitude, has brought and is rapidly causing a distaste for, and a total want of appreciation of education and its value among the masses of the people.

The demand for, and the necessity of having good teachers is thus obvious; and if the schools established by them were of an industrial nature also, their value would be enhanced. The teachers must be properly qualified to teach Common Schools.

The same system as that pursued in the United States would do—varied, of course, to suit circumstances

For the last six or eight months President Roberts has been ill. Sometimes he feels better and at other times he is extremely feeble. This state of health prevents him from writing.

I remain, sir.

Your obedient servant,

Arthur Barclay.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
Hampton, Va.,
U. S. A.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

An experienced teacher writes encouragingly of her colored school at Beaufort, S. C., as follows:

"During the winter the average attendance in my school has been ninety and ninety-five; this is on a plantation. The parents are truly ambitious for their children to improve and even excel, and the children are eager to learn. There is a marked improvement in the punctuality and regularity of the children each year, and in their order and cleanliness.

In Beaufort the people are building more comfortable houses for themselves, and putting fences around their lots, planting vegetable gardens, and cultivating flowers in their front yards. The first houses built had no glass windows; the second year windows were added; then piazza; now the people are building two-story houses, even on plantations."

Capeville, Northampton County, Va.

Dear Teacher,—As I have moved to a new place to teach, I thought to say a few words to you. I am now situated at the above named place teaching in the school which was taught by Mr. Geo. W. Cole last year. I am happy to say that the people are very anxious to learn and also to have their children to learn. I have in roll thirty-three scholars and they tell me that they are very little over half that will come after a while. I had more trouble with this school than I did at Belvidere, for the children are so very small that they don't understand the good of going to school, as larger children would. They are quite small, but the most of them have been to school some, with the exception of a few who are yet in their a b c's. I thought when I taught in Augusta that the large scholars were more trouble than the small ones were, and so they were there, but are not here. My smallest scholars here are between five and seven years old, and they don't really understand the good of schooling. Now my smallest ones in Augusta were between nine and eleven and seemed to understand the meaning of going to school. They seemed to have the rushing spirit; that is, one didn't want to see the other get ahead of him, and they all rush for the head of their classes. The only way they could keep ahead was by studying their lessons well, and that they did. I am sorry to say that that spirit doesn't exist here among the children, but I shall try to get it here as well as at the above named place.

I am happy to say that I have a very good Sunday-school with two classes, one of which I teach myself and the other is taught by Mr. John Weeks, the gentleman of which I board with his father. A. E. White.

Franklin, Southampton County, Va.
March 25, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—I write to inform you of my progress. I have been quite successful; my school numbers forty pupils. I had very bad health through the winter, but I never lost a day on that account. My schoolhouse is given to very much exposure which caused me to take very much cold. When I came here the people promised me they would fix the house comfortably, but they failed to do it. I wrought very much on it myself to make it fit to teach in.

While hearing a class recite this morning, two gentlemen rode up to my door and one of them civilly informed that I could teach here no longer; he said that he had received no rent for the land. The land being his he couldn't afford for them to have school on it without paying him, but I told him that the school board would settle that matter; with that they rode off.

My school will close the 15th of April. I would have sent for some papers for my Sabbath-school but it meets so irregularly (owing to the weather) I thought it would be useless.

Yours truly,

A. I. H. Tazewell.

Sub. District School No. 5,
Malden, Kan. W. Va. 1875.

Dear Teacher,—The six months' session closed March the 9th, according to law of Board of Education. The Trustee appeared in the school-room a few days before closing and proceeded to examine the scholars and stated his admiration of the advancement of the scholars. He impressed upon them the necessity of attending school regular, and if they did so, he would assure them they would continue to advance.

I beg leave to inform you of the success, and especially of the impression that has been made by the teachers of Hampton, on both scholars and people in this vicinity. The past winter there have been four schools here, taught by teachers from Hampton. The teachers have the best reputation. I have the knowledge of what I speak from white citizens that have spoken to me concerning the color teachers.

My scholars seemed to be anxious to learn and I must say made considerable progress. I had experience is a great lever in accomplishing much good. There may be some learned, but not having self-experience fail to accomplish what they might. I have often noticed this among the number of our race who have had a chance to learn little more than their fellow-servants. I have overheard others expressing themselves, using such high dictionary words, as they termed it, that it was unpleasant to be in their company. I am happy to say that I have never heard of the slightest degree in this respect prevailing among the Hampton students.

C. J. Spencer.

Hale's Ford, Franklin County, Va.
April 28, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—I take this opportunity to write you, so as to let you know how I am getting along with my school. I am doing as well as I can expect; I have been teaching ever since I first commenced last fall. I taught at Taylor's store five months; now I am teaching at Hale's Ford, and will continue to teach until the last of July, if nothing happens.

General, I want your advice about one thing, and that is this: These trustees want me to teach for them again next fall; as I think you know best I would like for you to think the matter over so I may learn your decisions; I would like to teach but, as you know, I would like to finish my *studies*. I have not told them yet positively what I intend to do.

Now for a word or two about this part of Virginia. I am sure you don't have any *idea* what a bad condition it is in regards of an education; it is almost past all hopes; ignorance and poverty are walking hand in hand. No longer than to-day I have had a white lady to come and ask me to back a letter for her. Since that is the case with these whites you may imagine how it is with the poor colored man who has never had an opportunity of being cultivated. It is true they are all free, but it reminds me more of the time when I was a slave than anything else. It is master and mistress just as it was twenty years ago. Now it may seem strange to you, but it is true; for all of them are ignorant, white as well as the *black man*; there are few of them that will speak whenever I meet them. You see they are living back here in these mountains where they can't see anything but woods and such like. I am glad to say I have been getting along nicely ever since I been here; of course I have had a few insults, but I don't mind that. I like this place for one thing, that it is so healthy. Let me hear from you soon.

Your old scholar,

Wm. C. Boyd.

(Glendower, Albemarle County, Va.

Dear Teacher,—According to promise I find myself seated, for the first time, to write you. As I did not get here early enough for the general examination, I was examined at the residence of Mr. D. P. Powers, County Superintendent, by that gentleman, whom it is my pleasure to know as a truly kind friend—a gentleman not only interested in the secular interests of our race, but their religious welfare also. I am told by colored people of his town, that he was the first to start their churches and Sabbath-schools on a firm basis at the close of the war; and is usually the arbiter of their church disturbances (which, I am sorry to say, occur too often).

I commenced my work here as teacher over the "Glendowe School," on the 12th of October. Thus far I have met with no discouragement, having since the first of my arrival determined never to be overcome by the ignorance and bigotry that is predominant in this section, as in other portions, of the South. At present my school numbers eighty-one. During the last two months my school has been greatly increased, mostly by young men and women who cannot come more than two months of the term.

You will remember the "Glendower School," to be the gift of generous and Christian northern friends, who have done, and still do, so much for our race. The "Gleadower School" was put in practical operation by students from Howard University in Washington, who opened school in the open air while the house was in course of erection, on or about the 1st of July 1869, and continued the same successfully through the summer of that year. The formal dedication of the house took place on the 18th of October, 1869. The Rev. Geo. B. Bacoo, of Orango, N. J., was present and took part in the services. Until 1874 this school was supported by its friends; after which, upon the application of the County Superintendent, they ceased to pay its teacher who is now paid by the State. I am told by one of its trustees that its cost reached nearly $2,000. It is certainly a building that any community might be proud of.

Respectfully yours,

Thos. Catton.

A young woman, now teaching near Wilmington, North Carolina, after a year's study at the Hampton Normal School, relates her experience as a teacher as follows:

"I hadn't been long home, after the term closed, before Mr.——— came with horse and cart, for me to go forty-three miles out to teach. 'Twas a mean place, everybody knows. The preachers are afraid to go there, but I was going. I rode to the first work that offered, and consented to go. It rained terribly, but Mr. E——— said he must go at five P. M. Sister persuaded him out of that, though, and we got off at five next morning. The horse just walked—walked! He didn't trot a step! We rode till dark, this way, and stopped for the night at a place I taught in last year. How they did beg me to come back to them again! At two o'clock I was roused to start again, and reached the place in time for breakfast. Was I tired? Oh! Well, I rested that day, and the next morning started to be examined—had twenty-one miles to go, and the horse *walked* all the way there and back. They all told me I couldn't get a certificate, for Lawyer D——— was a hard man, but I did get a third grade, and went to work on Monday morning. I had never one bit of trouble with the people. They are ignorant, but didn't meddle. I had Sunday-school in the morning, and there'd be as many white people sitting round on the ground outside, as there were colored, inside. The Sunday before I came away, they had christenings. Many of both races had never seen such a thing, and some told the mother that the baby would be sure to die if 'twas done. I told them 'twas no such thing, to give the baby to me, and I'd carry it up, and I did; and then the rest took heart.'

"Brave little soul! Who can count the good her fearless energy, ready hands and sunny ways are to accomplish! The spirit of prophecy must have spoken when she was christened "Comfort." She is now teaching at her own home, a few miles outside the city limits; she has Sabbath-school also, and seems untiring in work. I think that through her influence other young ladies will be induced to work in these dreaded distant districts next summer. 'Tis devoutly to be hoped for."

Agricultural.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS TO WHEAT GROWERS.

The Binghamton *Republican* gives a report of a discussion at a recent meeting of the Binghamton County Farmer's Club, in which some new ideas to farmers were advanced, in a paper on wheat culture, read by Luther Jenison, Esq., one of the most observant and experienced farmers in that county. His theory is that one of the principal causes for the failure of the wheat crop in the older states is the common practice of closely screening the seed, and taking out all the small or end kernels, which he believes are the females, and sowing the masculine, or male kernels only. He has come to this conclusion as the result of experiments made by himself and other close observers during the past forty years.

Science and experience have sufficiently demonstrated that all bearing plants must possess both the male and female qualifications. Mr. Jenison argues that the longer kernels on a head of wheat or ear of corn are masculine and the smaller or end kernels are the feminine, and therefore the two must be sown together in order to insure fruitfulness.

His first experiment was with wheat, from which he had carefully screened all the smaller kernels. The wheat grew finely and had heads about six inches long, but did not fill. Here and there was a kernel scattered along the head, but only a few of the husks contained grain. While there was straw enough for twenty bushels, it yielded only eight. He sowed the same wheat once or twice more, with little better success. In 1841 he had about thirty bushels of this wheat on hand, which he carefully run through a fanning mill. He had enough of the screenings, by adding a half bushel of the larger grain, to sow two and a quarter acres. The wheat came up thick and grew finely, yielding about 35 bushels to the acre. Since then he has saved the screenings of spring wheat and washed them, skimming off the lighter kernels that rose to the surface, sowing the rest with the other grain, and has never failed of getting 16 to 25 bushels of spring wheat to the acre.

In 1849 he had a piece he wished to sow to winter wheat. His seed being foul, and not knowing where to get any better he screened it three or four times and sowed the plump wheat. The crop was almost a failure, yielding only about seven bushels. The heads were filled in the middle, but the tops and the huts were fuzzy and without kernels. He was satisfied that the power of propagation was taken away with the smaller kernels.

Mr. James White's experience was similar to this. He sowed a fallow with wheat which had been repeatedly screened, until none but the nicest, plumpest kernels were left. The heads grown from this seed did not fill. Only a small part of the centre of the heads filled. The ends were soft and fuzzy, without any grain. He was of the opinion that the better fillers were all screened out.

About fifteen years ago a gentleman in Georgia found a stalk of wheat with a remarkably long, well filled head, growing in the cleft of a rock. He saved it and sowed the seed from year to year until he had sufficient grain to supply all his neighbors with seed. It was called the rock wheat, and produced forty bushels, and sometimes more, to the acre. Being pure, there was no necessity for screening. The chaff was simply blown out and all the wheat sown, which he thinks accounts for the great yield. This same method for obtaining what are called new varieties has frequently been practiced with the same, or similar results.

When wheat is sown in drills it is an easy matter for a man to go through a field and cut into a basket, with a pair of shears, enough of the plumpest, best filled heads to sow an acre or two. This pounded out with a flail, and sown, makes the best seed that can be procured, and no doubt, if followed up, it would greatly improve the quality of our wheat, as well as increase the quantity. As thin seeding—a peck to half a bushel per acre—is now recommended by some of our most successful wheat growers, it would cost but little to save seed in this way for a large fallow.

Mr. Jenison says he is in the habit of going through his wheat field in the fall and picking out the cockle. He also pulls the chess just before the harvest. In this way his wheat is clean enough for seed when it comes from the threshing machine. His wheat sown eight or ten years in succession improves instead of "running out," as it is termed. Mr. Jenison estimates—rather steep in our opinion—that we lose about two-thirds of our wheat crop by the practice universally prevalent of sowing only the larger kernels.

It is now generally conceded, we believe, that to have corn fill out well we must plant all the grain that grows on the ear. If this is the case with corn, why not with wheat? Let our farmers try the experiment.

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

MAY 30, 1875.
JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

MARK ii: 23-28.

23 And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the Sabbath day; and his disciples be gan, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn.
24 And the Pharisees said unto him, Beheld, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is not lawful?
25 And he said unto them, Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was ahungered, he, and they that were with him?
26 How he went into the house of God in the days of Ahiathar the high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?
27 And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath:
28 Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.

MARK iii: 1-5.

1 And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand.
2 And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse him.
3 And he saith unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth.
4 And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace.
5 And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out: and his hand was restored whole as the other.

Golden Text.—I GAVE THEM MY SABBATHS TO BE A SIGN BETWEEN ME AND THEM.—Eze. xx: 12.

The occasion which called forth the teaching of the Master contained in this lesson was the plucking of the ears of corn by the disciples as they were passing through the field. The Pharisees, who hated Christ, thought, or pretended to think, that by so doing they had violated the fourth commandment, and judgieg from the spirit they always manifested toward Christ we may believe they were very glad to put to him the question "Why do they on the Sabheth day that which is not lewful?" In aeswer he referred them to David of whom a similar act was recorded in their own Scriptures (2 Sem. xxi: 1-7), nor did these over-scrupulous Pharisees condemn him on account of it. "He had need and was ahungered" was David's justification; Christ vindicated his disciples on the same ground. Their necessity justified them in doing what otherwise would heve been unlawful.

When Christ had thus met their objection, and in so wise a way that they could answer him nothing, he went on to teach them that the Sabbath was set apart fer man's highest good; "The Sahheth was made for man, end not man for the Sahbath." After God hed creeted the world and made it ready for man, last of all on the sixth day he made man in his own image, and on the seventh day God rested from all his work which he had made. But God did not rest because he was tired or needed it: he rested to teach us what we must do. God has made men and animals in sueb a way that they need rest every seventh day, and if they do not heve it they not only disobey God but they do themselves great harm. At the same tiue we come very far sheet of the design of God's holy Sabbath if we use it only as a day of *idle* rest. Every seventh day God wishes us to lay aside our usual labors, whatever they may be, not alone that our hodies may be refreshed hnt that we may have time to think of Ilim so thet our souls may be made better and that we mey ha prepared when called to leave these weary hodies to enter upou the joys which God has prepared for those who lovo him. Though we are not to do any unnecessary work, Christ, the Lord of the Sahhath, here plainly teeches that it is *right* for us to do what is needful in order to supply our *real* wants.

In the last part of the lesson Christ further teaches us hy his own example in the synagogue, that as well as to provide for our own needs we are to do anything in our power to help those who are sick and suffering.

ThePharisees, too, were there in their character as spies, wntching whether he would heal the man with the withered hand on theSabbeth day. Christ, who knew the thoughts of their hearts, called up the man and then reveeled to them his knowledge of their evil intentions hy the unanswerable question in the fourth verse. They could only hold their peace, for their own conscieuces must have told them thet Christ's efforts to do good to others were more lawful than the murderous designs against him, which, on thet very Sehbath day they were planning. It is right for us, as did Christ, to do on *any* dey whatever we can to help or comfort others in their sorrow, and if we keep aver in mind that the Sahhath is the Lord's dey and honestly strive only to do those things upon which we can ask his blessing, we shall ohey the command "Remember the Sahhath day to keep it holy."

LESSON II.

June 6, 1875.

POWER OVER NATURE.

MARK iv: 35-41.

35 And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.
36 And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.
37 And there arose a great storm of wiad, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.
38 And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?
39 And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.
40 And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have ne faith?
41 And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wiad and the sea obey him?

Golden Text.—HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM SO THAT THE WAVES THEREOF ARE STILL.—Ps. cvii: 29.

The healing of the man with the withered hand so enraged the Pharisees that they immediately went out to plot how they might destroy Jesus. For this reason he withdrew to the shore of the lake and there ceased not to teach and to heal all the sick and afflicted ones who came to him.

Soon after this Jesus chose twelve from among his followers to be always with him that they might become fitted by his coutinual example and teachings, for the special mission which was to be entrusted to them.

Christ had now for some time been teaching in Capernaum, "his own city." The last day the multitude was so great that he entered into a ship and from there spoke to them the parables which preceda to-day's lesson. Instead of seeking rest and refreshment after tha labors of the day he was in haste to "pass over unto the other side." At another time he said to his disciples "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work"—and now as ever his own personal comfort and necessities were forgotten or disregarded, for "they took bim even as he was in the ship." Are we striving to pattern our lives after thet of the self-forgetting Jesus, who, may we ever remember, set us an example that we should follow in his steps," in this as well as every other particular?

After they had started a great storm arose, the waves beat over the boat until it was filled with water and even theseexperienced fishermen felt themselves to be in danger of sinking, for Luke tells us "They were in jeopardy" (Luke viii: 3). But wbere was Jesus all this time? "As they sailed he fell asleep." Jesus had a human body just as much affected by hunger and weariness as our own. He was so tired that in spite of the roaring winds and dashing waters he slept even as though he had a comfortahle resting-place. In this time of their extremity they bethought themselves of their Master and woke him with the almost reproacbful words, "Master, carest thou not that we perish? Without neticing their question he at once thought them out of their distresses, for at his quieting "Peace be still," "the wind ceased and there was a great calm." After rebuking the winds and waves Jesus had too a geutle word of rebuke for the disciples, "Why are ye so fearful?" With Christ in the ship, of whose sympathy and power they bad before had such convincieg proof, they ought to have been confident that he would in some way bring them safely to the other side.

Our life is hut a voyage to the other sida. We may have the all-powerful Christ as our Pilot; and theugh this will not prevent our meeting with trials and temptations by the way; yet these very trials may become blessings hy drawing us, in our weakness, to lean upon Him who is perfect strength. None who take Christ as a Pilot need fear that they will not be brought at last to the other side; for surely all tbose who put their trust in him he bringeth to their desired haven—the haven of eternal rest.

LESSON III.

June 13, 1875.

POWER OVER DEMONS.

MARK v: 1-15.

1 And they came over nnto the ether side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes.
2 And when he was come out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit,
3 Who had *his* dwelling umeng the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains:
4 Because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any *man* tame him.
5 And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones.
6 But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshiped him.
7 And cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, *thou* Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.
8 For he said unto him, Come out of the man, *thou* unclean spirit.
9 And he asked him, What *is* thy name? And he answered, saying, My name *is* Legion: for we are many.
10 And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country.
11 Now there was there nigh unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding.
12 And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them.
13 And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, (they were about two thousand,) and were choked in the sea.
14 And they that fed the swine fled, and told *it* in the city, and in the country. And they went out to see what it was that was done.
15 And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid.

Golden Text.—FOR THIS PURPOSE THE SON OF GOD WAS MANIFESTED THAT HE MIGHT DESTROY THE WORKS OF THE DEVIL.—I John, iii: 8.

Upon landing on the other shore the first person whom Jesus met was a man with an evil spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs. This was a terrible affliction, for it made him like a person who is crazy. All tha attempts that had been made to restrain him were in vain. His friends had been really obliged to abandon him as hopeless, for he would not stay with them; night and day he wandered in the mountains among the tombs,—a terror to all who saw him and a torment to himself. But the far-reaching love of him who came "to set the captive free" sought out this suffering man and, unconsciously to himself, he was drawn by it to the compassionate Jesus who was ready and able to deliver him from the power of the evil one. The evil spirits knew who Jesus was; they recognized in him the Son of God, the judge of their evil works. Do we not here clearly see that a belief in Christ to be of any avail must be productive of good works, leading us to do only the things which are well pleasing to our Father in Heaven? The spirit, of which he was possessed, when obliged to answer Christ, called itself "Legion" because, we may suppose, it was so strong and fierce and manifested itself in so many different ways. At their own request Jesus allowed the spirits to enter into e herd of swine which were feeding near the mountains. The men who were taking care of them hastened into the city to tell their owners what had happened. When the men came from the city and saw this hitherto unmanageable maniac "clothed and in his right mind," they were afraid; and instead of coming to him for other and greater blessings which he would gladly have bestowed upon them, they begged him to leave their country—which he did; for Christ never remains any where an unwelcome guest.

How different it was with the man who was healed! He wished to go away with Jesus when he went, but Christ had a work for him to do. It was to go to his home and tell what great things the Lord had done for him. Great things, indeed! But Jesus will, if we will allow him, do great things for us, too; he will turn out all the bad tempers and spirits which would reign in our hearts, such as pride, selfishness, anger, disobedience, and many other things of which we can each think for ourselves. They make us unhappy now, and if we do not get rid of them they will surely keep us out of heaven; for God tells us that nothing that defileth shall enter therein. We cannot cure ourselves any more than could this poor man; but if we go to this same Jesus "mighty to save" we shall be delivered, as was he, from the power of evil; for "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin."

LESSON IV.

June 20, 1875.

POWER OVER DISEASE.

MARK v: 24-34.

24 And *Jesus* went with him; and much people followed him, and thronged him.
25 And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years,
26 And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse,
27 When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment.
28 For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.
29 And straight way the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in *her* body that she was healed of that plague.
30 And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?
31 And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest then, Who touched me?
32 And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing.
33 But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth.
34 And he said nnto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.

Golden Text.—AND AS MANY AS TOUCHED HIM WERE MADE WHOLE.—Mark vi: 56.

The Gadarenes did not wish Jesus to remain in their country, so he took ship and left them to themselves, as they desired. Many people were waiting to receive him when he landed on the other shore; among them an anxious father who earnestly begged him to go home with him and heal his little daughter, who was even then lying at the point of death.

In the crowd which followed him while he was on his way to the house was a certain woman unnoticed, until tha Master himself called attention to her. She had been sick and a great sufferer for twelve long years. She was so anxious to be well and strong again that she had been to "many physicians" and had spent all her money in her fruitless search after health. At length hope had died out of her heart, for instead of getting better she rather grew worse. A pitiable case, wes it not? Probably she had heard of Christ curing the leper and the man sick of the palsy, and though these were affected very differently from herself, yet—as her conduct showed—she believed that the same power which had healed them could heal her also. Her words, "If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole," are proof of the strength of her faith. Sha was so eager and determined in this matter thet the crowd was no obstacle.

Multitudes were around Jesus, hut only this one woman so felt her need of his help as to press through the crowd and *touch* him for a blessing. Unless our needs lead us to actually apply to Christ, however near we may be to him, we are all unblessed. If we want the Savior's blessing we must do more than just wish for it; we must make our way through the crowd of cares, temptations and fears which would hinder us and earnestly ask it of him whose promise is "Ask, and ye shall receive."

But even now this woman did not understand the fulness and freeness of Christ's love; for upon hearing his question she feared that he might be displeased with her for doing this thing; nevertheless, she threw herself upon his mercy and came and "told him all the truth." The first word, "Daughter," from the Master's lips left no further room for fear. The avowel of her condition and what had been done for her drew out Christ's words of blessing—"Go in peace." Christ had for her not alone secret healing but an open and unmistakable blessing. The same kind loving message Christ speaks to every believing soul who heeors him hy a hearty and grateful confession. "For with the heart men believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans x: 10).

LESSON V.

June 27, 1875.

POWER OVER DEATH.

MARK v: 22,23, 35-43.

22 And, beheld, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw him, he fell at his feet,
23 And besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death: *I pray thee*, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live.
35 While he yet spake, there came from the ruler of the synagogue's *house certain* which said, Thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Master any further?
36 As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe.
37 And he suffered no man to follow him, save Peter, and James, and John the brother of James.
38 And he cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, and seeth the tumult, and them that wept and wailed greatly.
39 And when he was come in, he saith unto them, Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.
40 And they laughed him to scorn. But when he had put them all out, he taketh the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying.
41 And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi; which is, being interpreted, Damsel, (I say unto thee,) arise.
42 And straightway the damsel arose, and walked; for she was *of the age* of twelve years. And they were astonished with a great astonishment.
43 And he charged them straightly that no man should know it; and commaaded that something should be given her to eat.

Golden Text.—THE HOUR SHALL NEAR THE VOICE OF THE SON OF GOD: AND THEY THAT HEAR SHALL LIVE.—John v: 25.

The incident which was the subject of our last lesson—you will remember—occurred while Jesus was on his way to the house of Jairus to heal his little daughter who, even when her father came to Jesus, was lying at the point of death. While Jesus was speaking to the woman the report came that all was over—the sad, sad message "Thy daughter is dead." She was his only daughter and when he heard that she was really dead his heart must have been very hopeless and heavy, for we do not read that he made any further appeal to Christ. He believed that Jesus could heal the sick; he had yet to learn that he could also raise the dead. But the sympathizing Saviour was not forgetful of the feelings of this afflicted father, for he turned at once to him with the words of cheer and assurance "Be not afrnid, only believe." Ha who doeth all things well knew that the delay would be better for them than haste, for it brought to them a knowledge of Christ's loving power in that they were permitted to see that even death was subject unto him.

When he reached the house he found a great company gathered together weaping and wailing over the dead child, as was the custom of that country. Putting out the noisy mourners, he entered the room where the dead child was, taking with him only the parents and Peter, Jemes and John. He then spoke to the child, "Damsel, (I say unto thee,) arise." And now Christ's words were proved true to the ridiculing, unbelieving crowd. *She* was not dead, and at his mighty word her never-dying soul came back to the lifeless body and they were astonished, as well they might be, to see her arise and walk. Christ here teaches us, too, that death is everywhere and always a sleep. At tha great resurrection day he will show the same power over all menkind which he did at the bedside of Jairus' little daughter. Those who have loved Jesus will meet their children and friends—not for a little longer life and love on earth, but for the eternel life of Heaven where all shall "meet to part no more." But not only those who have loved and served Christ, but they, too, who have been careless of his love—who have lived and acted wickedly will ha called to come forth from their graves. Tho first will awaka "to everlasting lifa;" tha last, "to shame and everlasting contempt" (Dan. xii: 2). For which resnrrection is each one of us preparing? May it be ours to sleep in Jesus!

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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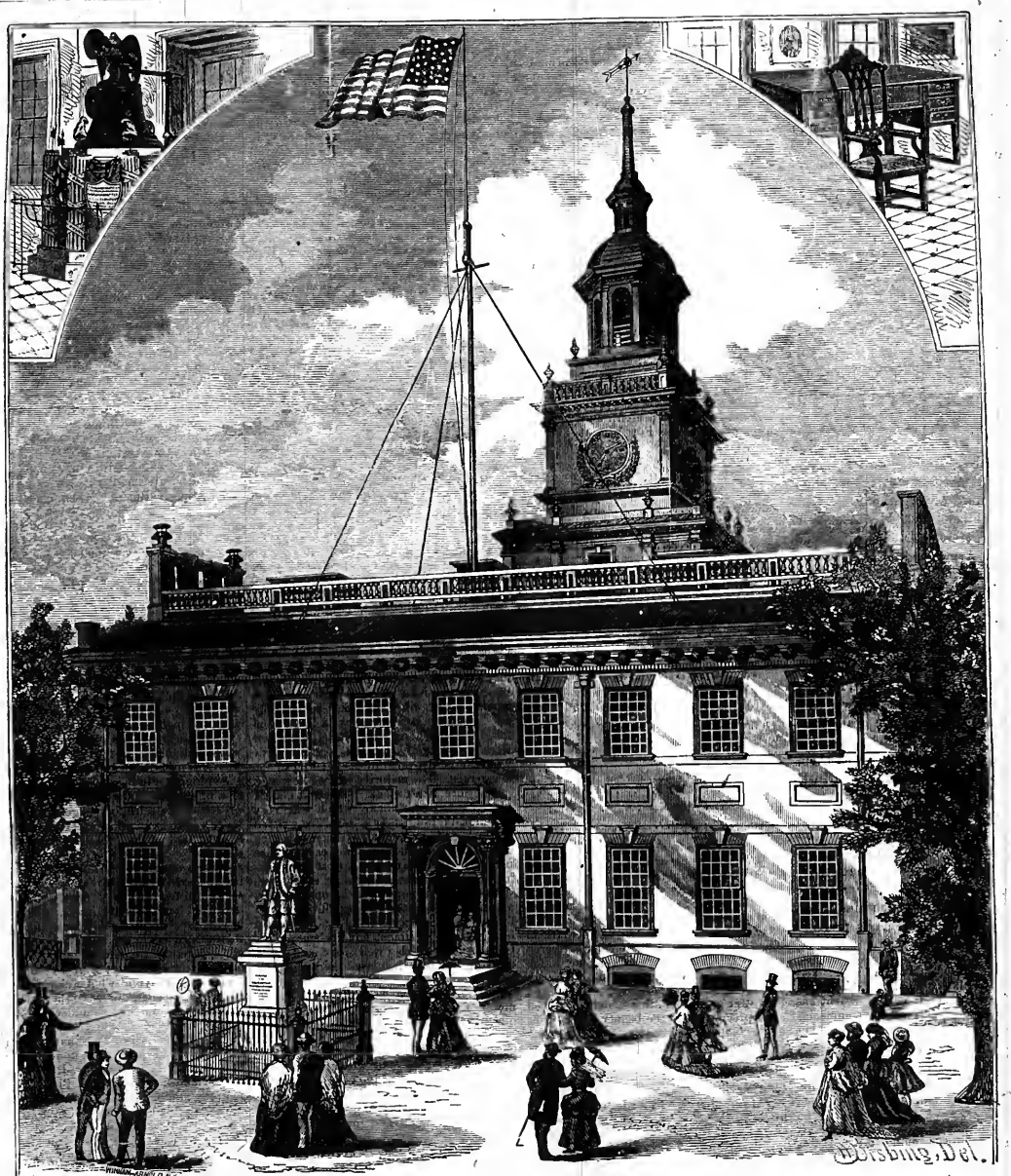

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

The picture upon our first page places before our readers an accurate view of "Independence Hall," the building in which "the representatives of the United States of America in general Congress assembled," solemnly published and declared "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states." In 1733 this plain, two-story building was erected for the use of the Colonial Legislature of Pennsylvania, and it was within its walls that the Continental Congress of the old thirteen states met, and on the morning of July 4, 1776, deliberately signed the momentous Declaration of Independence, which is the foundation of American liberty. The paper was read from the steps of this building to the crowd assembled in Independence Square, and to the waiting people of the city the great deed was proclaimed by ringing peals of the bell which hung in the square tower.

The Hall in which the old Congress met is now kept as a museum, and in it are preserved many memorials, among which is this same bell, which, according to the inscription graven upon it, "proclaimed liberty to the inhabitants." It was originally made in England, but being broken the first time it was rung after be-

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, JULY, 1875.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Board of the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, was held at Hampton, June 9th.

The following members were present: Rev. Geo. Whipple, of New York, President; Rev. E.M.Cravath, Hon. R. W. Hughes of Norfolk, Rev. T. K. Fessenden of Connecticut, Judge Ketcbum of New York, Mr. Antbony M. Kimber, of Philadelphia, Mr. Alexander Hyde of Mass., J. F. B. Marshall and S. C. Armstrong. The Curators of tbe land fund, donated by Virginia, were represented by Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Supt. Public Instruction of Va., Hon. O. M. Dorman of Norfolk, Col. Thos. Tabb, of Hampton, Hon. Caesar Perkins, of Buckingbam C. H., Revs. Wm. Thornton and James H. Holmes.

The business of tbe School was carefully attended to, and the State Curators, who were invited to be present at all of the proceediags, expressed themselves as fully satisfied. Tbe Institution has a very small debt, and its affairs were found to be in good condition.

The following day, June 10th, was devoted to tbe Rhetorical exercises..

Tbe "*Hartford Courant*," represented by Capt. J. C. Kinney, contains an admirable account of tbe day's proceeding's, from which we quote.

"To-day, Thursday, June 10th, the exercises of ths sixth aanual commencement have been held. Your correspondent has had some experience of college commencements in New England and elsewhere, but be has never witnessed or listened to exercises so completely satisfactory from beginning to end, nor which, taking into consideration ths objects and aims of tho course of Instruction, gave such ample proof of a good work accomplisbed. The design of the school is to fit its graduates to do helpful work among the ignorant and degraded colored masses of the south. For such an object Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics are useless, and they are wisely omitted from ths course. A practical English education is given sufficient to make good teachers, and with it there seem to have been imparted some comprehension of the the needs of the race and a genuine missionary spirit.

There were present at the exercises a goodly nnmber of distinguished friends of the school from the north and from Virginia. Among the former were tbe Revs. E. E. Hale and Phillips Brooks of Boston, the Rev. Dr. Taylor and Dr. Whipple of New York the Rev.Dr. Speer of Pittsfield, the Rev. Messrs. Harding of Springfield, Grout of Concord, Fessonden of Connecticut, Charles L. Brace of New York, W. E. McKee of New Haven, Foster of Meriden, represenatives of THE COURANT, Springfield *Republican*, Richmond *Dispatch*, New York *Times* and *Tribune*, *Christian Union* and *Congregationalist*. Among the Southern gentlemen present were Colonel B. S. Ewell, president of William and Mary's college and formerly chief of General Joe. Johnston's staff, General Pags, of Fort Morgan and other fame, Judge R. W. Hughes, of Norfolk, Judge Dorman of Norfolk, Rev. Mr. Jones of Richmond, formerly chaplain of General Lee. The morning was devoted to a survey of the farm, and to the closing term examinations. The graduating class were questioned in Book-keeping, History, Physiology, Algebra, (the rudiments) and in primary lessons in metaphysics. They showed satisfactory progress, having evidently been taught to think for themselves, and to inquire into the reason of things.

At twelve o'clock, the students and visitors assembled in Academic Hall, where several of the old songs were snng, after which the graduating class were escorted by the others to Virginia Hall, where a plain dinner was served. The invited guests inspected the admirable culinary arrangements of the building and then met at the president's house, upon the piazza of which they enjoyed a bountiful lunch. At half-past one the graduation exercises began in the beautiful chapel in Virginia Hall, which was crowded to overflowing. Many citizeas were present, and a number of officers from the Fort with their wives. Following is the

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music—"My Lord, what a morning,".....	
Salutatory.....	Alice M. Ferribee
Recitation—Horatius at the Bridge	W. P. Henry
Essay—Beauty.....	Sallie P. Gregory
Music—"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen."	
Essay—Compulsory Education.	Charles W. Green
Debate on the Annexation of Cuba.....	Robert J. Whiting / Booker Washington
Music—Male quartette. "Farewell my own true Love.".....	
Reading—From Dickens' "Squeers' School."	M. M. Mendenhall
Recitation—High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.....	Maria L. Ferribee
Essay—Old Time Music.....	Joseph B. Towe
Music—Old Plantation Melodies.....	
Recitation—Sandalphon.....	Joseph C. Mebane
Valedictory—The Black Man as a Voter and Citizen.....	John W. Collins
Presentation of Diplomas.....	
Music—	

The exercises were notable for the good taste of all who participated. The girls were dressed plainly and neatly with no attempt at display, and they, in common with the young men, conducted themselves with unassuming dignity. Alice and Maria Ferribee are two sisters of full African blood and features. The former delivered a well-expressed address of welcome, which would compare favorably with similar addresses at our northern high-schools, and the latter gave recitation which indicated an appreciation of the beauty and pathos of the composition. The essay on "Beauty," dwelt especially on the methods available to all of beautifying their homes, and evidenced an aesthetic taste and the beginning of culture. The essay by Green in favor of "Compulsory Education," contained good ideas well put. Ths Cuban debate was above the average of such performances, the speaker on the negatives making an excellent and logical argument, indicating a careful study of the question and a keen appreciation of its merits. But the great feature of ths oratorical exercises was the address on "Old Time Music." I do not hesitate to say there will be nothing better, nothing half so effective at any of the coming commencements. There will be more of tbe graces of oratory, doubtless, but in originality of conception, beauty of expression, earnestness, and power to sway the feeling of tbe listeners, there will be nothing to compare with it, and I venture to say there has been notbing to equal it at Yale or Harvard in a dozen years. The speaker Joseph B. Towe, is a full blooded North Carolina negro, formerly a plantation hand. The musical talent has been especially developed in him, and he has been one of the leading jubilee singers of Hampton. His theme was the old plantation music, and he carried his audience with him in warm sympathy as he told of its origin, its varieties, plaintive, joyous, spiritual and festive, and of its wonderful power over the music-loving and superstitious negroes. After describing each different variety, he led the school in singing a specimen, producing an effect simply indescribable. When he concluded there was hardly a dry eye among the visitors. I am able to give but the faintest outline of the address, which is worth publishing in full, or make it one of the attractive parts of the jubilee concerts by repeating it at the cities of the north.

Tho other rbetorical exercises are worthy of mention, but I will only specify the valedictory which showed a comprehension of the ignorance and superstition of the black race, and the necessity of virtue, intelligence, and harmony between the races. The native whites, he said, must convince the blacks that they are their best friends, and this can only be done by action, for the blacks have learned that words are cheap. It should be mentioned that all the essays and addresses were original productions, revised by the teachers only in cutting down. The singing furnished by the students added greatly to ths attractions, of the afternoon. The diplomas for the graduating class were presented with a few appropriate remarks by Dr. George Whipple of New York, president of the board of trustees.

Mr. Charles L. Brace of New York, writes as follows in the *New York Times*, June 15tb.

HAMPTON, VA., June 10, 1875.

The morning previous to the trying ordeal of public speaking was spent by the students in examinations, at which great numbers of guests were present. I was struck with the fact that, though the rooms were crowded with strangers, and the students were naturally in a state of high excitement, the dress and manner of all were exceedingly quiet and modest. The girls looked like respectable working-girls, and the boys much as young country teachers would anywhere. All had remarkably good heads, and many showed large frontal development of the brain; some few were so white that at the North no one would have dreamed of their being of tbe negro race. The majority seemed however, of the pure black stock. The first class I visited was in grammar, which was very ingeniously taught by a sentence written on the board in *echelon*, as it were and then copied by the students, and each phrase parsed by the means of a sort of grammatical notation, written opposite each word.

There was no copying from one another, and no help from the teacher, but each performed the work perfectly. Another class in algebra were almost equally successful. Geography was also well done, and map-drawing, though I missed here Guyot's system.

In the afternoon we met in the grand new Memorial Hall, (just endowed by a bequest,) which I have before described. A large audience of blacks and whites, the colored visitors usually sitting (though not in all cases) on the sids with the students, and many colored working people crowding at tbe doors, listening with intense interest to the words of their young orators.

No other Commencement that I ever attended had one tenth of the moving interest of this, for a deep tone of reality vibrated through it. All in sympathy with ths college felt that this was a fore-post of civilization on the old ground of barbarism. All knew that many critical eyes were on every act of the performance, and both whites and blacks were conscious that this was a portion of the great test which was to show the quality and destiny of a race.

One Southern gentleman afterward, in a most friendly and humane speech, alluding touchingly to this being "Decoration Day" at the South, spoke of the line of mighty events which lay between "those graves and tbe institution." One could not but think solemnly of how many brave men had died before this simple school for blacks could be, and what a serious thing ths experiment was. Then each original speech bore on the great questions of the day, and as they were all evidently composition of these youth, they seemed to throw light on some of the most important problems of State; that is, how this great colored population and their chosen young men regarded certain questions of vital interest. Never, therefore, was a college Commencement so listened to. The feature which struck me most in these speeches was the remarkable good sense and moderation of them, and their freedom from all tinge of bitterness. The speaker apparently felt the difficulties of the great problem as much as white speakers would. They even, in some cases deprecated the giving of suffrage to either white or black without the "intelligence test." They apparently saw the danger in admitting a vast mass of ignorant persons at once to complete political control in their communities. They confessed the readiness by which their race were influenced by demagogues and sharpers, and while admitting the virtues and sacrifices of Northern men who had come South truly to befriend the blacks, they denounced the adventursrs or "Carpet-baggers," who would merely make use of the negroes to secure money or office. One speaker advocated in the strongest terms compulsory education for both whites and blacks. An exceedingly interesting feature in the exercises was an animated debate on the "Annexation of Cuba," by two Virginia negroes, Whiting and Washington. The arguments for it, such as would naturally attract the colored race, such as the emancipation of the Cuban blacks, the doing away of the slave trade, the increase of the colored vote, and the new market products, was presented with much skill by ths former. But the second disputant, Washington, gave a most terse and vigorous argument against annexation; urging that the difficulties before the country in the emancipation of 4,000,000 blacks were quite enough without adding that of the Cubans; that annexatiou would flood the country with ignorance and crime, and above all, would increase the power of the Roman Catholic Church, which "was already so degrading to the the great masses of white voters." The speaker dwelt on curses of the recent war, under which ths whole country was suffering, and called upon the people not to plunge into another war for the sake of useless territory. These and other points, presented with great vigor evidently carried the whole audience, both white and black, with the speaker, who was enthusiastiely applauded. Many of the students alluded to their former condition of slavery, but without any tone of reproach or of desire for vengeance, and yet there was an expression on their faces which showed that all had felt the "iron in the soul."

Not an expression of hostility or ill-feeling appeared in any address. Each speaker seemed to feel that the fortunes of his race depended on the self-control, virtue, and intelligence of each individual, and that their future was in their own hands. They all, apparently, deprecated any intruding of themselves socially, or of pressing their social rights beyond what was proper and convenient. Their advice to their companions as to whom they should vote for and what share they should take in political life was characterized by remarkable good sense and sharpness of understanding. The valedictory address, by John Collins, a Maryland negro, on "The Black Man as a Voter and Citizen," was a striking instance of this wisdom and sound sense. The most interesting speech of the occasion was made by Joseph Towe, a full-blooded negro from North Carolina, on the "Old Time music of the Negroes." He stated that the beautiful melodies which so much delighted every lover of music when sung by ths negroes were derived from native African airs, and that an old negro still lived in North Carolina who spoke the African languages, and knew more of these melodies than any other negro in the South. The speaker described with what eagerness the slaves would work to some of these cheerful melodies, and, suddenly stopping, said, "I will give you an instance," when immediately a chorus in the audience struck up a lively planta-

tion song, which called out vociferous applause. The speaker then detailed the different melodies which were once in favor among the slaves, and stopped while describing each class for the choras among the students to give an example. The effect was wonderfully lively and impressive. The student stated, what no doubt is true, that as the negroes are emancipated and become educated, they are dropping this old music which belongs to the days of slavery, and that, unless they are preserved in type, these sweet melodies are destined to entirely pass away. The speaker was greatly applauded when he closed, and the address hereafter will be published as a remarkable contribution to our knowledge of "negro music." One young girl, Sally Gregory, read a very pretty essay on "Beautifying the rooms of a house."

All agree that these young women, as they go to honseholds of their own, keep remarkably neat and tasteful rooms, and show the æsthetic ability of the race by creating beauty from very simple materials. A peculiar feature of all the addresses was that they closed with a fervent and sincere religious sentiment—for the college is peculiarly a religious seminary.

It was a cheerful thought after these Commencement exercises that this band of modest, sensible, and intelligent men and women were going abroad through the South to be teachers and leaders of their race. This class of forty or fifty will, during the Summer months, earn money by waiting in hotels or by household service, and then in the Autumn they will take charge of schools for colored pupils, for which places there are vastly more teachers demanded than the institution can supply.

We extract a few words published by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, in the *Advertiser*.

There are now two of the finest school buildings I have ever seen, Virginia Hall and Academic Hall,—with arrangements of admirable completeness for the purposes of the institute. The farm buildings, the chapel and many smaller buildings make up a very considerable establishment. But the contrast between the old barracks and the present edifices is not greater than one observes between the pupils first collected here and the body of young people whom we see here to-day, whose examinations have interested us all profoundly. The young men are so well "set up," to take a phrase from the drill-room, and the young women are so womanly and simple in all their movements, that one feels as if the change were that of a generation instead of six or seven years. You see the tone of the school is now thoroughly established. As soon as a new student comes, he enters a set of self-respecting, intelligent, determined scholars, and he takes the tone and manner of those he finds here. They are all eager to improve, and their mutual influence must be reckoned as not second to the influence of their books and their teachers.

This high tone of the school, which arrests your attention in a moment, is not, of course, gained without sedulous care and system. But, from all I can learn, I should think the discipline of the place, because systematically established, moved forward very easily. Everything is neat, even to Quaker precision, and the habits of order and cleanness formed are such as must be invaluable among the teachers of a race which has not been too much tempted to those virtues. I did not know what are the gymnastics, but I have been struck by the ease and even grace of movement of most of the pupils of both sexes.

The spirit and vigor of the examinations spoke well for both teachers and pupils. But I could not but feel that already the teachers of the blacks have a far easier task than had those pioneers whom I saw in the last years of the war, and the first of the peace, who had to awaken, to keep awake, and at the same time to teach the sluggish natures they had awakened. In all the classes we have seen to-day the pupils have been on the *qui vive* as fully as the teachers. The relation between teacher and pupil is charming, and nothing better could be asked than the eagerness of the one and the affectionate respect of the other.

You must remember that this is a normal *and agricultural* institute. Whether it is best or not for pupils in other schools to be at work with their hands, there is no doubt that for more than one generation the teachers of the black race must be men who can teach them how to cultivate the land—and must be men who are sure that labor is not disgraceful. By an arrangement, original I think with General Armstrong, the daily farm detail is one-fifth of the men in the school. The classes go on as if there was no such detail. Each pupil must make up his studies just as if he had been sick or had lost tho exercise in some other way. On Saturday there are no studies in school. On that day a larger or smaller force can be thrown on the fields as may be necessary.

The farmer gains a regular force on the land. The scholar learns what ten hours' work is,—knows that he can do it, and that he is not an ornamental workman. For all his work he is credited on the books of the institute—I think eight cents an hour—and what he earns thus goes so far toward meeting the charges of his instruction. The average pupil earns about five dollars a month—which is rather less than half the charge. A young man who comes with seventy dollars in hand can earn enough in addition to it to carry himself through the year. Some students earn more, for there are printers, tailors, shoemnkers among them,—and, as always, the skilled mechanic can make more wages than the untrained laborer. The girls are detailed to work in the lauadry and in the sewing room. This last supplies the storerooms of the school with shirts, frocks and underclothing,—which the pupils buy, as they might buy at any shop where were wares as cheap and good as these. In fact, these are very cheap and are excellent.

I know how many of your readers have interested themselves in the building up of the Hampton Institute. I can only express my regret that they could not all have been present to see the gratifying results of what has been done here already. It is not simply that two hundred and forty scholars are under such good training here. More than this,—here are forty well-trained men and women who go out every year determined that there shall be forty more schools, of which they are to be teachers. You are building up a class whose calling is to compel the blacks to establish and to maintain school education. Your work, therefore, enlarges itself rapidly and indefinitely; and while it is done as well as it is done now the reputation of Hampton all through the southern country will be steadily advancing.

FROM THE EDITORIAL CHAIR ON WHEELS.

CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN, *Decoration Day.*

From this far northern peninsula between the two great lakes, the field detachment of Hampton Students send greeting to their brethren in camp on the peninsula of the York and the James. Hard at work you are, like them, in tha same good cause, and their thonghts, which know the way to Hampton well, are with you more than ever as the closing days of school draw near, and especially to-day which they have spent as you have, among the soldiers graves. After our concert here on Friday evening an invitation was received, and gladly accepted, to furnish tha singing for the ceremonies of Decoration Day which are observed here with great solemnity and interest by all the best citizens.

Charlotte is a beautiful western town, sitting in green pastures, but with no still waters near or than the two miles distant Battle Creek, its name, suggestive of wild Indian warfare, strangely at variance with these peaceful fields. Ten miles off lies Olivet, where the American Missionary Association claims a flourishing college, sister to Oberlin and Berea. On Saturday afternoon we drove out there through the country charming in the freshness of the late northern spring. Tho class was most hospitably entertained by the Faculty of the college, and in tha evening the church was crowded for our concert. At its close, Mr. Brown, professor of music at the college, proposed a vota of thanks (which was unanimously accorded) to the Students for their musical treat, and to Mr. Fenner for his "remarkable training of them." Mr. Brown remarked that he had never heard pianissimo to equal theirs. Class No. 1 at Hampton will be glad to know that their successors are sharing their successes. Mr. Fenner happily responded with thanks for the cordial reception, and hoping that the interest of Olivet would be enlisted in the cause still more than in the singing, and their appreciation be given to our motives and objects in working still more than to the success of our efforts.

To-day has been a pleasant though a laborious one, singing in the morning to the Baptist Sunday School, and in the evening to a crowded Union meeting in the Hall, while the afternoon was devoted to the Decoration ceremonies. The Students occupied seats on the platform in the crowded cemetery with the ministers and the orator of the day. The musical selections were, as you see, touchingly appropriate and were beautifully rendered. After the opening prayer by the Rev. Mr. Earl of the Methodist Church, the "Soldier's Farewell" was sung by Miss Carrie Thomas and the quintette of young men. There are many soldier's graves in Charlotte, and many in the throng that must have had tenderer relations than of simple patriotism with the sleepers under the flag-marked mounds. Tears streamed over many faces as the sweet, thrilling strains of melody after melody floated over the summer plain, breathing of parting, of hope, of heavenly rest.

In the pause that followed the Soldier's Farewell, the simple ceremony, in which you have so often joined at Hampton, of decking the soldier's graves with flowers—not southern roses, but lilacs and spring wild flowers—was performed by a number of young ladies of the town with a company of militia, while the band played a dirge. After an oration by Rev. Mr. Bruske of the Congregational church, the class sang very sweetly "Soma o'Dese Mornin's. Carleton's poem, "Our Army of The Dead," was read by the officer of the day, and then the male quintette of Students, with Miss Carrie Thomas, closed the services with the beautiful, and by you well remembered, strains of the "Home of the Soul." The class had never sung better, and full effect was given to the beautiful arrangement of the melody. It fell upon the hushed assembly

Like the benediction
That followeth after prayer,

bringing sweet hope to all sorrowing hearts of the glorious day when

With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
We shall meet one another again.

After the Union meeting in the evening, the Students were pleasantly entertained at the house of Mr. Musgrave. They will long remember Charlotte with affection for the cordiality of their reception here, both in public and private.

And now their faces are bound homeward; yet, as they cannot hope to reach Hampton before the school has closed and you are all scattered, perhaps you will be glad to hear some little account of their journeyings which you cannot hear from their lips.

There has been very little time for editorial correspondence during the burden and heat of the days of pilgrimage, and this review of them must be very short.

We left you, as you know, on the 19th of February, for New York and Brooklyn, in which cities tha new class made its *debut*—a severe test for a company with but four weeks of preparation and the reputation of the original class to sustain. Some stage fright and some failures were inevitable; but it is only fair to say that the trying ordeal, was passed fully as well as could have been expected, and that the class has, on the whole, been steadily improving and winning favor wherever it has gone.

From New York the course lay up the Hudson and over the N. Y. Central road to Buffalo, taking most of the principal towns, finding at many of them pleasant remembrance of the old class, and enthusiastic reception of themselves. You will understand it when we allude to the pleasant meeting with old friends at Newburgh and Claverack.

While you were luxuriating in peach blossoms and May-flowers, we were crossing and recrossing the broad Hudson in sleighs. We made Albany our head-quarters for a week, and spent a Sunday in Syracuse, cordially received by the churches which for some of you have such tender associations.

From Syracuse we branched off upon the "Old Road" to Auburn, where we had the pleasure of meeting that remarkable representative of the colored race, Mrs. Harriet Tubman, whose wonderful life of faith and works of deliverance among her people gave her long ago the title of their "Moses."

At Rochester we had a repetition of the enthusiastic reception of last year, and the satisfaction of hearing that we did not diminish the reputation made then. We may accept the urgent invitation we received to stop there on our return. Jamestown, the home of Senator Fenton, and Ithaca, tha seat of Cornell University, were among tha new places visited. A short run through the corner of Pennsylvania, stopping at Erie, Meadville and Sharon, and then on through the the luke towns of Ohio and Michigan; receiving at most of tha places which class No. 1 had visited, a reception equal to that of last year. Cleveland, Oberlin and Detroit we were obliged to give up, as they had just been visited by our brethren—the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University.

We hope to visit the former two cities on our way east. At Parkersville, Ohio, our young women were hospitably lodged at the Female Seminary—a child of South Hadley—and we were all delightfully entertained by the Principal, Miss Evans, and her teachers and pupils.

At Elyria we had a very pleasant meeting with three of our Hampton graduates—Eliza Nottingham, Samuel Windsor and James Richards, who came down to attend our concert from Oberlin where they are pursuing an advanced course of study.

We have spent the last three weeks, and expect to spend one more, in Michigan, and have seen much to interest us. There is not time to speak as fully as would be interesting of the thriving western towns—of Flint, and Saginaw, and Bay City, and Grand Rapids and the rest, with their wonderful lumber trade and salt works; whole forests falling yearly under the pioneers axe, their huge trunks floated to market on the swift western rivers, sawed up into boards and cut up into shingles at the rate of millions a day. A few hours' ride northward from Bay City on Lake Huron would have brought us into the "forest primeval" where no settler's axe has yet rung. Cold rains and short purses forbade the trip, and now terrible forest fires are raging among tha giants. We had to content ourselves with a walk among the mills and along the Moskegan, where hundreds of raftsmen in picturesque costumes of red shirts, and blue, were hard at work sorting the logs as the swollen current hurried them down.

There are curious facts about the salt works of Michigan. With no indication of salt at the surface, the keen eyes of science penetrated the overlying strata and saw salt at the bottom. Artesian wells were sunk hundreds—a thousand feet in the earth, and up sprang the briny liquid holding ninety-five per cent of salt. Then, a happy coincidence was perceived. The refuse of the lumber mills, especially tha sawdust—which the Wolverines do not believe is good for sawdust puddings, and hardly know what to do with—was just the thing for feeding the fires under the salt boilers. So every considerably mill owner sank a shaft, and salt and shingles are "birds of a feather" in Michigan. Even now the lumber manufacturers are at a loss how to dispose of the superfluous refuse, and mountains of sawdust rise in every mill yard, while the slabs and small sticks are sunk in masses to build wharves and even to make land.

It is sad to think of the shivering poor in our eastern cities whom this waste would make glad. Here, the best seasoned wood for burning is sold for one dollar and fifty cents a cord—delivered.

Just across the peninsula, at Grand Haven on Lake Michigan, the mountains are of sand instead of sawdust. The cutting off of the forests has left a free path for the winds which sweep over the lake and carry the sands of its shore inland, piling it up in immense sand "dunes" or drifts, of shifting size and shape, sometimes threatening the fishermen's huts with burial. One is apt to wonder that some enterprising glass-company does not settle here and utilize the sand, as the salt men have the sawdust.

"If one could only sweep it up,
Said we, it would be grand."

It might be grand, but it would not be Grand Haven.

The old class will remember pleasantly the Eastman family at Grand Haven, and be glad to hear that class No. 2 have equal reason to be grateful for a cheering welcome and hospitality that pilgrims in a strange land know how to appreciate. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman's parents were among the earliest settlers in Michigan; Mrs. Eastman's father having been for many years a zealous missionary to the Indians. Very few of the representatives of the tribes he labored among are left. A little settlement of fishermen's huts on the Grand River numbers in it a few Ottawas and Potter

Grand Haven was our furthest western point, and now we are once more looking homeward and expect to reach Hampton by the middle of July. Several reasons have conspired to make the campaign a less successful one than it should have been. Hard times everywhere, a late and stormy spring, and a not sufficiently prompt possession of the field have made heavy odds to fight against; while we have not only been in tha wake of tha Fisk Jubilees once more, in their last tour before sailing for England, but have suffered, as they have, great injury from the fraudulent speculators who take their name and prejudice the people who discover their impositions against all companies of colored singers.

Against all these obstacles, and tha added one of frequent illness from the inclement weather, the company have bravely fought and, with allowance for the common imperfections of humanity, claims to have done what it could for the cause of Hampton and asks a welcome home.

THE FLAG.

There's a flag hangs over my threshold,
Whose folds are more dear to me
Than the blood that thrills in my bosom
Its earnest of liberty;
And dear are the stars it harbors,
In its sunny field of blue,
As the hope of a further heaven,
That lights all the dim way through.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By broad Potomac's silent shore,
Better than Trajan lowly lies,
Gilding her green declivities
With glory now and evermore;
Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
His country is his monument.

ANONYMOUS.

THE UNITED STATES PATENT-OFFICE.

One of the most prominent buildings in Washington is the Patent-office; a white marble quadrangle enclosing a large open court, with beautiful flowers, fountains and shrubbery. The building itself is about four hundred and ten feet long by two hundred and seventy-five broad, varies from sixty to seventy-five feet in height, and covers more than two and a half acres of land.

In 1790 Congress passed a bill to "promote the progress of science and the useful arts, by securing to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries," and this was the beginning of our present Patent-office. By this bill, and the minor laws which grew out of it, the general public is benefited, in that inventions of all descriptions are encouraged, while individual inventors are protected and enabled to utilize the products of their genius.

In 1837 there were 700 applications for patents; 435 were issued, and the receipts were over $20,000. In 1871 there were 19,472 applications; 13,033 were issued, the receipts were over $678,700. The process of obtaining a patent is necessarily somewhat troublesome, as it is of course important to avoid infringements and the granting of worthless patents, while the fact that over 125,000 have already been issued in this country, shows how much labor and time must be required for their examination. "Any person who is the original and first inventor of any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter" may obtain a patent for it, subject to certain conditions. The invention, however, must have been reduced to a practical form, by the construction of the machine itself, or a model of it, by making a drawing of it, or by such disclosures of its exact character that from the description, the improvement itself or a model of it can be constructed. A fee of fifteen dollars is required on applying for a patent to be filed for examination; and twenty dollars must be paid when the patent is issued. A written description must accompany the application, explaining in concise, exact terms, the invention, and if possible a drawing or model. Each application is classified and taken in regular order by skilled examiners, who compare it with patents already granted, with the applications rejected, with foreign patents, etc., after which, if the invention is found to be useful and new, and does not infringe with the rights of any previous patentee, a patent is granted. At present patents are granted for seventeen years, and no extensions are given except by special act of Congress; while all trade marks and designs, as of new patterns, or shapes, etc., are subject to the patent laws.

In the Patent office at Washington is now to be found a most valuable and interesting collection of models, drawings, descriptive catalogues, etc.; while a large library of books of reference, books on models, and on mechanical and kindred subjects, affords every facility not only to the official examiners, but to visitors desiring to make investigations. A large volume is issued every week, containing specific outlines and drawings of the patents issued since the publication of the preceding volume; besides which, a weekly "Official Gazette" is issued, giving an index of all patents granted during the current week, and containing other important information.

The long halls of the great building are lined with glass cases filled with models, many of which are beautiful and interesting, for here every mechanical and useful art is represented. The largest apartment is that devoted to agriculture, and it seems as if there were no end to the improved implements, fertilizers and manufactured products which are here exhibited. In short, the whole collection and the system which it represents are full of interest, and are of course of immense importance to our national prosperity and to individual inventors.

We are very apt to take the privileges, comforts and protection which we receive from a well-organized government, as a matter of course, and permit ourselves to forget that we, too, must share the responsibility of its support, and a glimpse within the circle of government work may help us to realize how vast the machinery is, and how much its smooth working depends upon the honesty and fidelity of individual citizens.

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

VI (CONTINUED).

FOR YOUNG MEN.

The principal power in general society undoubtedly lies in the hands of its female members; that is, it is to them that Society looks for a careful maintenance of etiquette, and for the support of a high standard of refinement, and you will understand this when you remember how many things you do, as young men, among yourselves, which as gentlemen, you would not, on any account do in the presence of ladies. Now, of course, the rougher life, which, as a general thing falls to the lot of young men, and the fact that in their struggle with the world they have little time for social culture explains, this and to a certain extent excuses that went of grace and case which is so much more frequent among young men than among young women. But, and I want you to lay this to heart, neither this nor any other reason, however plausible, can or ought to induce you to abate by jot or tittle your constant endeavor to become and to *be* gentlemen. If you will once take the trouble to learn what it is to be polite and well-bred, and will honestly try to form the habit in yourselves, you will find that you need never be too tired, or too busy, or too careless, to be gentle and courteous in your manner to those about you, and you will find, too, that every step which you take in this direction, will bring its reward, and that, in the end, you will be more than repaid for the exertion which at the outset may, not improbably, seem to you very great.

I have no intention, as you see, of encouraging you with the assertion that it is an easy thing to be a gentleman, for that I think would be the surest road to your ultimate discouragement, but I want you to believe and act upon what I am sure is the truth; that is, that by care, patience, watching the habits of those who are better bred than yourselves, and modestly accepting instruction in whatever form it may come, you can make of yourselves gentlemen of whom your friends and teachers will have no need to be ashamed.

Now if you have read what has already been written to you, you have learned several things which I shall here merely recapitulate in brief. You have learned that thorough cleanliness is essential, that your dress should be neat, quiet and always suitable to your occupation, and that at table your behaviour must be most carefully regulated. We come now, naturally, to your demeanor in general society; that is, in all social gatherings, in all public places, in the street and the house; wherever, in short, you are brought in contact with your fellow beings, and the details which I shall try to make plain to you, demand your serious attention.

Consideration for others, either real or apparent, is the foundation for good manners, and what you need to learn is to show such consideration constantly and easily, to make it so entirely habitual as to require no special effort. There are certain forms which, you will have to follow, certain rules which you will have to obey, and the more thorough your knowledge of these, the pleasanter your social relations will be, both to yourself and others.

Many of the principal of these rules relate to the respect which you are expected to show in certain ways, and in greater or less degree, to all whom you may meet. For example, you must invariably give precedence to all women—young or old, rich or poor—to all old people, to all invalids, and to all to whom from their position or character you desire to show especial respect; that is, you must never enter a room, carriage, etc., before such persons, or precede them through doors, gates, etc., or seat yourself before they are seated; but on the contrary should always be ready to assist them by the numberless little attentions which a gentleman has it in his power to bestow. Do you ask what these attentions are? Did you never see a gentleman assist a lady or any one who was old or weak from a carriage, or open a door for them to pass through, or carry a parcel for them, or pick up anything which they may have dropped, or close a window for them, or in a hundred ways do something for them which it would be hard or disagreeable for them to do for themselves?

If you will notice how wide the difference is in these matters between a rough, untrained man, and a gentleman, you will soon be convinced of their importance and the necessity for training yourselves to remember them, for everywhere and always it is these *little* things that mark a gentleman's manner.

You must not pass between the fire or the light and any one, must not sit in any awkward or familiar position in the presence of others, must not smoke without asking permission, must not chew or above all things, spit, must not cough, sneeze, or blow your nose loudly or obtrusively. You should always carry and carefully use a pocket handkerchief, with it you can cover your mouth when you sneeze, cough, or yawn (turning your head aside at the same time), while the various other uses to which it can be put make it an indispensable article of your attire. If you can avoid it, you should not sit or stand with your back toward any one, and when in company should never yawn, as this latter is a rude indication that you are tired of the people about you.

To whistle or sing audibly is in very bad taste, and you must most certainly not allow yourself to pick your teeth, scratch your head or any part of your person, clean your nails, or take any similar liberty before people.

You must not talk in a loud voice, call loudly to attract another person's attention, must not use rough or coarse language, and must never, anywhere or at any time, be guilty of profanity. In regard to this last fault I would gladly speak to you at length and most earnestly, but I think the sin has been wisely summed up in the words of a famous clergyman who once said that "there could be no excuse for profanity for it was not only wicked and ungentlemanly, but also consummately foolish;" a description so true that it ought to be enough to deter any thoughtful man from the use of so-called strong language. In a less degree it also applies to any coarseness or vulgarity of word or gesture, than which nothing is more repugnant to refined persons, and as this is a specially dangerous fault for young men, who are apt to take a good deal of license among themselves, you will have to guard against it very carefully, remembering that the expressions which you permit yourself to use habitually when you are with your daily companions, will almost invariably crop out in your general conversation. If you use coarse, rough language and gestures when you are with the men and boys who are your ordinary associates, you will find it very difficult to change your custom when you are with other people, for which reason (and for many others), it is best, if you mean to be a gentleman at all, to be a gentleman always.

When the door of a room which does not belong to you, or in which you have not at least an equal right with others, is closed, do not try to open it; but knock and await the answer of those within. When you enter a room always remove your hat, and touch or remove it when you meet an acquaintance; while upon your first entrance into a room you should speak or bow to each person in it, unless of course the number is very large, and should do the same upon leaving. When you are introduced to any one you should bow and begin a conversation upon some subject of common interest, shaking hands, in this country, not being usual except among friends. In conversation, be careful not to put yourself and your opinions forward, to interrupt any one who may be speaking, to talk much of yourself or your own affairs, or to introduce any merely personal subject.

Do not talk (except to intimate friends or in private) about the state of your health, your clothes, your teeth, about anything in short which can only be of interest to yourself and your near friends, and try to reach a happy medium between uneasy shyness and presuming self-confidence, being quiet and unassuming, but neither careless nor awkward.

Do what you can always for the entertainment of others, and when you join in games or similar amusement, do so without noise or roughness, and with due regard to the pleasure of your companions.

If you are a guest in the house of others, you must upon your arrival first greet your host and hostess, and never leave without making a proper farewell to them; in your own house you must politely and kindly receive your guests, doing your best to make them at ease, and to give them pleasure. When you are away from home you must be careful to take no liberties, and must understand that many things which it is proper to do in your own house, you cannot do in other people's houses without rudeness.

I believe that with young men, as with young women, the safest means to obtain graceful and pleasing manners is to think as little of yourself as possible. Of course it is necessary for you to give some thought to your appearance and to your general demeanor, but my meaning is that you are not to think of yourself selfishly or with over-sensitiveness. Do not be too anxious as to the opinion that may be formed of you; do not constantly wonder whether people think you are good-looking, or well-dressed, or well-mannered, or "smart," but watch closely the behavior of the most cultivated people you know, imitate their action when you are in doubt or ignorance as to what is proper, and then forget yourself and try to make those about you comfortable and happy. This may seem to you an odd rule whereby to measure yourselves, but I assure you that if you will put it in practice you will find it covers a great many of these details which seem so hard to master when you are obliged to take them one by one. You will find in many cases when you are perplexed as to the proper thing to do that the answer to the question "What will be most agreeable to those about me," will solve your doubts and decide correctly for you.

For example nothing is more ill-bred than over-familiarity, and, as a general thing, nothing is more disagreeable to the people to whom it is offered. Do not approach too closely to any one to whom you may be speaking, especially if it be a lady; do not touch any part of the dress of any one near you; do not whisper, point, or stare; do not make remarks upon the appearance of others while you are in their presence, and do not ridicule or make fun of either strangers or friends.

Do not keep up a private conversation to the exclusion of other people, and do not in any way amuse yourself at other people's expense, for, as I have said before, the rudeness which unnecessarily wounds another person's feelings, is just as inexcusable as the rudeness which stares a person out of countenance or occupies a comfortable seat while some tired woman stands.

If you unintentionally commit any rudeness, or trespass upon the rights of others, you must never fail to ask pardon at once, saying, "I beg your pardon;" or, "Excuse me;" or using some similar form of words, and when possible must atone for your rudeness in other ways as well.

In church, at concerts, lectures, or any public gathering, you must always be quiet and orderly, on no account talking in a loud voice, or in any way making a disturbance or attracting attention; while at church or any religious meeting your behavior must be reverent and marked by proper respect for the place wherein you are, and the occasion which has called you there.

You should try always when you are among people to sit or stand quietly, unless there is good reason for moving. To shuffle your feet, move your chair uneasily, fidget with any part of your dress, or anything you may be holding, is very annoying, and if you allow it to become a habit will often make you an unpleasant companion to well-bred people. Teach yourself to do what you have to do neatly and quickly, and then do not embarrass yourself and others by constant and needless movement.

You probably sufficiently appreciate the importance of showing deference to those whose years, station or character make their claim to it evident, but I should like to make you feel that it is a good thing to practice politeness toward your companions whom you consider on an equality with yourself and not especially entitled to your respect. The minor courtesies of society cost so little when they have once become habitual, and go so far toward making life smooth and pleasant, that you will find it no waste of time to practice them in your intercourse with your fellow-students and laborers. Do not be ashamed to offer a seat or a newspaper, to say "thank you" for any little kindness, to pick up anything that your companion may have dropped and return it to him; but on the other hand, be always ashamed to keep on your hat even in a room full of men, to spit recklessly here and there, to yawn in a friend's face, to take the best seat, to ridicule or mock any unavoidable peculiarity in another, to roughly reject or ignore any favor done for you; because for your own sake, if you are not moved by any less selfish reason, you had better give your companions such treatment as you in turn desire to receive. More than this, there are few, even among rough boys, who do not feel the charm of a courteous and kindly manner, and the example in this respect of a single boy may work greater good than pages of written advice.

It is not unusual to hear boys and very young men say scornfully or carelessly that all these things are for girls: "men" have no time or need for them, but surely in so saying they prove nothing but their own ignorance or laziness. If you will make a fair trial of this matter you will find that it is possible to be refined and gentlemanly, in spite of hard work, small opportunities and a rough life, and it is foolish for you to undervalue the importance to you of a pleasing and sensible manner. A man's success in life is sure to be more or less affected by the external proof which he gives of the training he has received, and it will be greatly to your advantage if early in life you teach yourselves to be polite and careful in your behavior to all people.

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State-House bell, which bore the inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall to await the instructions of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted:—"*Ring!* RING! RING!"

There was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway.
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news to tell!

See! See! The dense crowd parts
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign.
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awaken'd
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out, loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

—One Hundred Choice Selections.

PAUL BOYNTON,

THE FISH WITHOUT FINS.

In this age of wonderful invention, which has seen the birth of the steam-boat, the railroad, the electric telegraph and the sewing machine, people often say, "Well, the next sensation will be the navigation of the air." But while they are looking up into the clouds for the great American baloon-ship, which is to take us all to Europe without fear of seasickness some fine day, behold the new sensation appears in a different element. The adventurer is not a man-bird, but a man-fish, at home on the rolling deep.

Of course he is an American, and his name is Paul Boynton. He has been employed for seven years in the coast-guard service on the New Jersey coast, and in two seasons at Atlantic City, a summer watering place, he is said to have saved about seventy persons from drowning.

All his nerve and courage as a swimmer, as well as his confidence in his wonderful swimming dress, must have been required in the terrible test to which he has put it, to the astonishment of the world.

The *New York Herald* gives the following thrilling account of his successful experiment.

"Boynton sailed from pier No. —, North river, in the national steamship the Queen, on Saturday, October 11, 1874. He had but little or no baggage with him, as at the last moment he decided to jump overboard when two hundred miles outside of Sandy Hook, and swim back to New York. This, however, was abandoned, as the commander of the ship was a man of little faith and vetoed the experiment, Boynton remaining on board an involuntary passenger. The dress taken with him, and which he intended to use, was simply a rubber suit, or armor, of peculiar pattern, containing compartments, which are inflated at will. Its weight was about fifteen pounds, yet the necessary articles required on the perilous trip increased this avoirdupois. There were two dozen signal lights, two

MISSION CHURCH AT PASUMALAI.

pounds of cheese, six pounds of crackers, one piece of Bologna sausage, one axe and one bowie-knife for sharks, signal flags, rockets, an extra suit of clothes and a large double-bladed paddle with which to propel himself. The crackers and cheese were no doubt consumed before Boynton could venture upon his little trip. This he at last was enabled to do, by the permission of the captain of the Queen, as the vessel approached the Irish coast.

It was on the evening of the tenth day out and it blew a gale. Without any unnecessary fuss, Boynton drew on his India rubber air-tight suit and inflated the air chambers; in his air-tight sack he placed food for three days, a compass, a bull's-eye lantern, some hooks (just to beguile the time on the water,) some signal rockets and a United States flag. In his inside pocket he placed a mail which the passengers had given him to post, he strapped his bowie-knife and axe to his side, and, grasping his paddle, was lowered into the water, amid the cheers of the passengers, at half-past 9 o'clock P. M. It was a wild, dark night. He was close to the Fastnet rock, with Cape Clear three miles from him and Baltimore, Ireland, toward which he intended to make, was in a direct line seven miles away. He lay on his back paddling vigorously, and soon the lights of the vessel were lost in the night. In a quarter of an hour more his spirit almost quailed, when tossed high on the crest of a wave he could no longer see the coast-line or any lights. The wind blew, the rain poured down and the tide set dead against him. He was drifting out to sea, and, to add to the awful loneliness of the situation and to increase the dreadful peril, the gale increased in violence. That night for many hours no mail boat crossed the Irish channel, and great destruction was done on the coast. And through these awful hours of darkness this man was tossing about at the mercy of the waves, some fifteen miles from land. The wind was so violent that he had to give over paddling and with one hand shade his face (the only part of his body exposed) from the blast. Once his paddle was wrenched away by a heavy sea, but it fortunately came into his hand again. For several seconds a wave would completely submerge him, then he would shoot on to the crest and take breath before he again was hurled down a sloping mass of water, which seemed one hundred feet to the bottom. As a result of this tossing he became seasick, a thing which never before happened to him. His indomitable spirit, however, conquered everything, and about 1 o'clock the wind began to blow directly on shore. His paddle was plied vigorously, and at 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning he perceived he was near breakers, and the rock-bound coast west of Skibbereen loomed up before him. His danger now was not less than it was during the height of the gale, for as a wave would raise him almost on a level with the cliff tops he could discern nothing but a threatening wall of rock. He made his way along parallel to the coast, and fortunately lighted upon almost the only landing place for miles around. He saw an opening in the cliffs and propelled himself cautiously toward it. While hesitatingly examining the entrance a sea struck him, carrying him on; another and another followed in quick succession, and in an almost senseless state he was hurried high and dry upon the beach. It was then 4 o'clock in the morning, and he had been nearly seven hours on the water, traversing a distance of thirty miles. The apparatus had behaved admirably, and divesting himself of it he stood quite dry in his navy uniform, which he wore beneath. That having been done he let off one of his signal rockets without effect. It showed him, however, a narrow path in the rocks. Up this he clambered and got on to a mountain road which brought him to the coast guard station. He was hospitably received and discovered that the place he had landed at was Trefaska Bight, some miles east and south of Baltimore. During the morning he reached Skibbereen and posted the letters intrusted to him and arrived in Clark on Wednesday night, October 21, where he was the hero of the hour. The more the populace heard of the feat the greater was their wonderment, as it was deemed impossible for a man to pass unharmed through such an experience."

Since the first dangerous but successful experiment, Captain Boynton has made several others, in British waters, in the Thames and the boisterous English Channel, in the presence of throngs of people, including on one occasion the Queen of England who has ordered the life-saving equipments for the royal yacht.

The greatest value and blessing of the wonderful invention is in its power of saving life, and hasten the time when, as far as danger and terror are concerned, there shall be no more sea.

MISSION CHURCH AND SEMINARY AT PASUMALAI.

This engraving is from a photograph of the church at Pasumalai, South India—the seat of the Theological Seminary of the Madura mission. The institution is situated on the great road from Madras to Cape Comorin, three miles southwest of Madura. A mile and a half further on is the famous rock of Sikkanda-malai; while the great heathen temples of Madura, and the no less famous temple of Sikkanda-malai are in view across the plains. The institution is not only upon one of the great routes of commercial travel, but the great gatherings of pilgrims and worshipers that assemble at the weekly, monthly, and yearly feasts at these centres of idolatry, almost daily pass and repass its doors. Thus situated, outside the city, is well located for quiet study; and at the same time, preachers and teachers from it exert a wide influence over the district, through their labors among the worshipers frequenting the feasts.

This school was first gathered thirty-one years ago, at Tirumangalam, and was removed to Pasumalai, in 1845, on the completion of the buildings erected for it. Its object, as at first planned, was to raise up native assistants for the missionaries in their preliminary work,—preachers, teachers, and translators,—making it a strictly missionary institution in the best sense of the term. It has undergone various modifications as the work of the mission has changed and advanced. Latterly, for several years, it has been conducted purely as a theological school for the training of pastors and preachers. Since its organization, not far from four hundred young men have been connected with it. Nearly two hundred and fifty of these have found their direct work in laboring for the evangelization of their own countrymen, as preachers and teachers, throughout Madura and the adjacent districts. Few churches in India have had a wider influence than the one worshiping in the edifice here represented. Occasionally, there are to be found in its Sabbath audiences educated men from Madura, who, Nicodemus-like, desire to learn privately more of Christ, and heathen pilgrims to the great feasts at Madura at Sikkanda-malai, from remote places. The native pastor, ordained in 1871, is at the same time the native instructor in the theological school.—*Missionary Herald.*

KILL YOUR FISH.

If any animal but a fish were allowed to die a lingering death by suffocation, or should be drowned, people would be quite unwilling to eat the meat of such animal, and would consider it an imposition if a provision dealer should send such things for their tables. And yet it is usual when fish are caught to leave them without air (*breathed in their way,*) and they die an unnatural death, after a struggle perhaps for hours. No one seems to think *their* flesh is injured by this suffering. Nevertheless it is. So that if one has no thought for the unnecessary suffering of the fish, he ought to kill it instantly, out of regard to his own stomach. He would find a great improvement in quality. Strike the fish a sharp blow just back of the eyes, or with a knife divide the backbone. We have called attention to this before, but are reminded by a friend that it is not generally understood.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

(Continued from 1st page.)

ing hung in the tower of Independence Hall, it was re-cast in Philadelphia, and was the first bell ever cast in this country. The chair in which John Hancock, the Speaker of Congress sat, and the table at which the Declaration was signed, are preserved, and in the corners of our illustration are views of the bell, chair and table. In front of Independence Hall stands a statue of George Washington, erected with money contributed by the children of the public schools of Philadelphia.

As most of our readers already know, the one hundredth, or centennial, anniversary of our national Declaration of Independence is to be celebrated with great ceremony and appropriate services, and although the plans are by no means matured, yet so much interest is exhibited, and so much time, strength and money have already been dedicated to the work, that there is little doubt that demonstration will worthily celebrate the cause which calls it forth.

Philadelphia has been chosen as the proper place for the anniversary rejoicings, on account of its numerous associations with the early history of our government, and the especial fact that the first congress met there, and Independence Hall will doubtless play a very important part in the ceremonies. It is believed that those families, throughout the country, who are fortunate enough to possess relics of the troubled times which gave our nation birth; will gladly lend them to the various committees appointed to receive them in Philadelphia, and that the result will be a most interesting and unique collection.

If some of the "Fathers" could but come back in the flesh, to see the grandeur of the nation whose infancy they nursed, what, we wonder, would be their criticism upon the use we have made of the great inheritance they left us? Are we honest, true, brave, liberty loving and God fearing, as our Fathers were?

The Teachers' Table.

"O'sr happy children wouldst thou hold firm rule,"
And sun thee in the light of cheerful faces?
Love' hope and patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school."

ADVICE TO A NEW TEACHER.

1. Do not attempt to hsnr a lesson until you have order. Let all your efforts be directed to this as a matter of first importauce.

2. Take a dsy or a week, if nccessary, to drill your class in putting awny their books and slates quietly, walking on the floor and in going to and from the class.

3. Keep in good humor, and avoid being hasty in word or action.

4. Do not scold or threatsn.

5. Make only such rules us you find necessary for the good of your school.

6. Exact prompt obediences.

7. Keep your eyes open.

8. Bc firm, kind and impartial.

9. See that your school is properly equipped with books, slates, pens, pencils, &c.

10. Study your lessons.

11. Hcar them without a book as for as practicable.

12. Movs about omong your scholnrs and cndcuvor to see all that they do.

13. Rely upon yourself in the managcment of your school.

14. Visit other schools whencver procticuhls.

15. Labor diligently for self-improvement.

EVERY teacher, as soon after the commencement of his term of school as practicable, should make it a sacred binding duty to visit all the families in the district having children to bs cducated, seek the co-operation of the parents, and secure, if possible, the regular attendcnce of the children at school. By an early acquaintance with the people, frequent friendly visits to the parents, and the manifestation of a warm personal interest in the cducational welfare of the children, the teacher gains a prestige that cannot fail to produce the best results. Absenteeism, truancy and tardiness, the bane of all schools, may, in a measure, be hrokcn up through this system of visitation.

You are doubtless trying to teach your pupils to read and to spell well, to master their arithmetic so that they can computa accurately and quickly, to learn their geography so that they may read an ordinary newspaper intelligently, and to acquire such a knowledge of grammar that they can analyze and parse Paradise Lost or the Essay on Man correctly. Well, this is all right; teach them these things so that they shall know their text-books well, and—what is of more importance—hs able to apply what they learn to the practical affairs of every day life. But it is not about these things that I want to talk now; I have something of more importance on my mind.

Do your pupils all speak the truth? And do they always *act* in a truthful manner? Do you invariably set them an example in these respects that is worthy of imitation? If sums among them are faulty in this particular, have you created such an atmosphere in the schoolroom and on the play ground, that the offenders are made to feel ashemed of themselves; and do you observe e constant improvement? Do your pupils all know that, when a task is set them, they will certainly be held to a faithful and prompt performance of that task? Is oll their school-work of such a character that it is constantly fitting them to mect worthily the duties and responsibilities of coming life?

DEFINITIONS.—Excreises in which the definitions are to be written on slntes, in short senteuces, should be introduced in alternation with oral exercises of a similor character. It is desirable that an oral excreise of this kind, given as a lesson on one day, should be followed on the next day with the some words to be defined in a written exercise, thus training the pupils to write as well as to talk.

In the oral definitions, let the pupils he required to tell what given words mean, in their own language, as well as to use them in short sentences. One pupil may be requested to give a brief definition of a word, another pupil to use it in a sentence, and another to illustrate its meaning by describing its use. Habits of reciting formal, memorized definitions by using thns several modes of giving the meaning of the sama word, and the pupils would learn to define, and use words intelligently.

MANAGEMENT.—In the case of a boy thoroughly and persistently ill-disposed, there should be no temporizing, no evading of an issna; but when a boy gencrally well-bshaved blunders into a little fit of temper, it is better that the teacher take his act as a joke, laugh him out of his tantrum, or ignore his state of feeling and go on as if nothing wera wrong; whersupon the hoy regains his good humor, is glad that the teacher's anger was not aroused, and is more careful of his conduct the next time he is annoyed.

SOMETHING TO READ TO THE CHILDREN.

Wa hope that teachers and children were interested in the Johnny story, and are looking out for another. Here it is:

JOHNNY STUDIES BOTANY.

Johnny is an imitative little fellow. Whensver hs sees anyone doing onything, he is very opt to want to do it too. He came the other day to my summer study-room—in the hay barn on the hill, where the air is always fresh and cool—and found me busy with a lot of plants that I had gathered in the woods that morning. He looked on curiously for a little while, then nskcd what I was doing thot for.

"Doing what?"

"Why, picking all those weeds to pieces and putting them away in those big books."

"I'm afraid you haven't been looking sharp," I replied. "I don't put away those I pick to pieces."

Johnny was still agoin for two or three minutes, then he hroke out with, "What do you pick them to pieces for?"

I told him they were plants that were new to me, and I was studying them to learn what they were like and what their relations were.

"Relations! Do plants have relations?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Thot's queer! And is that the way you learn so much about them?" Johnny oskcd.

"Chiefly."

"I wish I could do thut," he said, after another period of silent watching.

"So you can."

"When?"

"Any time; now, if you want."

"Will you show me how?"

"With pleasure."

"Right away?"

"Right away."

"Well," said Johnny, after woiting awhile, "I'm rcady."

"So am I."

"But I don't know what to do," said Johnny.

"You must get your plants first," said I.

"Where?"

"Anywhere—out in the garden, if you like."

Johnny ran to the garden and was soon back again with his hond full of leaves and stems.

"Will these do?" he asked.

"Suppose you wanted to study animals, and I should give you the ear of a dog, tha tail of a cat, the foot of a hen, a cow's horn, and a piece uf ahecpskin to begin with; do you think they would help you much?"

Johnny laughed at the idea of such a funny mess, and said he thought a whole dog would be better.

"A good deal batter," said I: "And a whole plant would be better than all these pieces."

"Can't you tell what their names are from the pieces?"

"I could," I replied, "hut nomes sre not what you are to study. You are to study plants."

"Of course," said Johnny, not knowing what else to say.

"I will go with you," I said, "and show you how to get something to study."

When we reached the garden, I stooped to dig up a weed that few boys in the country do not know something about—purslain, or, as it is commonly called *pusley*.

"What's the usa of taking that?" inquired Johnny. "Everybody knows what thot is."

"We'll take it, for all that," I said; "perhaps we may learn something about it that you never noticed before."

"That's catnip," said Johnny, as I began to dig up another plant that stood near the first. "You aren't going to take that, are you?"

"Why not?"

"'Cause," said Johnny, "I've known catnip ever since I can remember."

"Shut your eyes," said I. Now tell me what kind of a stalk catnip has."

"Why," said Johnny, hesitating—"it's just like——any other stalk."

"Like pusley?"

"No; pusley hasn't any stalk; it just sprawls on the ground."

"Like mullein stalk?"

"No," said Johnny; "not like that."

"Like corn-stalk or thistle?"

"Not like them either," said Johnny. "It's like——I guess I don't remember exactly what it is like."

"So you don't know catnip as well as you thought," said I.

"These two will be enough to begin with," I continued. "Study them carefully, and when I have finished with my plants I will come to see how you get on."

Johnny soon tired of studying hy himself, or maybe he did not find very much to learn; at any rate it was hut a little while before he stood at my table, plants in hand.

"Well," said I, as I put away my work, "What have you discovered?"

"Catnip-stalk is square," said the botanist.

"Good," said I; anything more?"

"It smells," said Johnny.

"What like?"

"Like—like catnip-tea."

"Very like," said I. "What else have you learned?"

Johnny hesitated.

"Is the pusley stem anything like catnip?"

"Do you call those stems, when they don't stand up?" was Johnny's reply.

"Yes, those are stems."

"They're round," said Johnny, "and smooth. Catnip is fuzzy a little, and the stems are straight."

"Anything more?"

"The leaves are bigger than pusley leavss, and thinner and softer," said Johnny, comparing them.

"We havn't finished with the stalk yet," I said.

"Can you tell me anything more about it?"

"That's all I know," said Johnny.

"How about the color?"

"It's green."

"Is the pusley-stem green?"

"Some of it, and some of it's almost white, and some is almost red; queer, isn't it?" He went on, spreading the plant out as it grew in the garden. "The under side of the stem is pale, and the upper side is red—tauned, I guess, in the sun."

"It looks like it," I said; "what's the color inside?"

"Shall I break it?"

"Certainly."

Johnny bent the pusley-stem with both hands, and to his great surprise it snapped short off.

"Oh!" he cried, "how brittle it is; I didn't think it would break so sudden."

"Try the catuip-stem."

"It won't break," said Johnny.

"Cut it with my knife."

"It's tough," said Johnny, "and woody and hollow. Tho stalk is square but the hole is round."

I took the knife, cut tho stem across at a joint, and said: "I don't see ony ho'e horo."

Johnny was puzzled. "See," I said, splitting the stalk lengthwise, "the hollow is closed up at the joints where the branches begin."

"I shouldn't have thought of that," said Johnny. What a lot of things there is to learn about one stem."

"We've scarcely made a beginning yet," I said. But before we go farther, let us recall what we have already found out.

"Tho catnip stalk is square; stands up straight; has a strong odor; is slightly fuzzy; is green; is rough and woody; will not break easily; is hollow, except at the joints; and—"

"That's all I can think of," said Johnny.

"And the pusley-stem is round; lies flat on the ground; is smooth; brittle; pale green below, and red on top; solid—Are you sure of that?"

Johnny split a pusley-stem its whole length, and said there was no sign of a hole in it, adding, meditatively, a moment after: "It takes a great deal of study to find out all about a plant, don't it?" if it *is* a weed."

"A very great deal," I said.

"I think I know all about these, now," said he.

"Oh, no!" said I, "not nearly. You havn't learned anything about the roots yet, nor the branches, nor how they grow, nor about the flowers, nor the seeds, nor when they come up in tha spring, nor when they die in tha fall, nor what things eat them, nor what they are good for, nor what their relations are, nor—"

"I'll never be able to learn all that!" cried Johnny, fairly frightened by the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. "And there is such a lot of plants!"

"It would be a terrible task, indeed," I replied, "if you would have to learn it all at once. But you haven't. Just keep your eyes open, and take notice of the different plants you see, and you will get better and better acquainted with them every year. Tha older you grow the faster you will learn, and the more you will enjoy it. In a few years it will be pleasanter than play to you."

"I hope so," said Johnny, resolutely; "if I've got to learn them all. I'll try, anyhow."

—*Christian Union.*

HINTS TO STUDENTS.

IT is stoted on good outhority, thst *ten-elevenths* of the criminals of this country are illiterates.

In the three States, Pennsylvanio, Ohio, and Illinois *one-tenth* of the illiterates are paupers, while only *one three-hundredth* of those who can read and write are so. Can such facts as this, and that stoted above, mean otherwise than that education is one of the essential conditions to both morality and thrift? Morality and thrift never grow in any soil but that of education. They are never possessed hy man or woman whosa mind has not been led out, by some means or other, from the feebleness of its childhood. There can be neither virtue nor economy without thought; and there can be no thought without something to feed it and exercise it.

HOW TO STUDY HISTORY.—The Pennsylvania *School Journal* gives a method of *teaching* United States History which seems to be an admirable one. We do not put it into our Teachers' Table, thinking that most of the teachers who would read it may find it beyond the needs of their pupils. But as students, any may find in it valuable hints for the study of any history:

"The method of teaching United Stotes History, here presented, claims the merit of simplicity. On account of its very simplicity it may not have been practiced by some teachers, hut we venture to present it, hoping that what has been found to work well in our own school may interest others as well. History is the only branch in the study of which we do not insist upon the uniformity of text-books. The pupils are encouraged, rather, to have among them works by different authors, or what is better still, each pupil is recommended to have several works. This may create skepticism in the learner, on account of his discovering many instances in which the authors differ, but this very skepticism is turned to account in leading him into the most excellent habits of research and of "hunting down authorities." In assigning lessons and hearing recitations the "topic" method is used, written classifications being required in all possible cases, and information bearing on the topic accepted from any source. In the preparation of lessons, concerning any of the "wars" for example, the pupil is requested to read carefully the various accounts given, and then classify the knowledge thus obtained under such headings as cause, time, territory, parties engaged, principal generals, principal battles, result, treaty, &c., at his discretion. The following classification made by a young pupil, under the writer's care will further illustrate:

French and Indian War.
- (1.) *Time.* 1754—1763.
- (2.) *Territory.* Pennsylvania, New York, Canada.
- (3.) *Parties Engaged.* French and Indians against English and Colonists.
- (4.) *Principal Generals.* Montcalm, Dieskau, Braddock, Wolfe, Amherst, Prideaux.
- (5.) *Principal Battles.* Fort Necessity, Braddock's Defeat, Ticonderoga, Qushec, &c.
- (6.) *Result.* In favor of the English. All Canada falling into their hands.
- (7.) *Treaty.* Ratified at Paris in 1763.

This plan of disposing of the "wars" interests our pupils very much, while in treating of the "administrations" they are instructed to prepare a classification of what *they* may consider the "leading events." This plon cultivates briginolity in the pupil, and to any teacher who may have failed to interest his class in history we hcg leave to recommend it."

T. B. MCCAIN, CLAYSVILLE, PA.

A HINT TO THE SINGING CLASS.—Students of vocal music want to take speciol care of their throats. An eminent physician, who makes throat and lung diseases a specialty, says the pressure of the collnr on the arteries of the neck is very bod for the health, and asserts that about three-fourths of all throat diseases would be cured be wearing very loose collars and neckties. Worth trying.

THE PRAYER.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
Forever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule, and dare not lie.

TENNYSON.

Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN JOSE, CAL., *May* 25, 1875.

Dear Hampton Scholars,—As I remember that the last regular class which entered Hampton School while I was there as a teacher, is about to graduate, I feel like writing one more letter to you before you go out in different ways. I am sorry that I have not carried out my intention of writing to you every now and then, not only personal messages, but more descriptions of the country in which I now live, and in which you have always seemed interested.

Perhaps you will like to hear about the United States Mint at San Francisco, where most of the gold and silver money of the country is coined. The government has lately finished a very fine new mint building with improved facilities. Its tall stone chimneys are more noticable than almost anything else in San Francisco. On presenting ourselves as visitors, we found one of the four regularly appointed conductors ready to show us about. First, we could not help noticing the cars that had been taken to render the building as near as possible fire-proof. It stands in the centre of a block, separated from other buildings by a wide granite pavement. The building itself is of granite and iron; there is no wood used in its construction except for the doors, window-sashes and stair hand-rails. The door and window casings, and even the mop-boards, are of iron—the floors of iron and stone, filled in with cement. We were led first to the basement, where we saw the steam boilers and furnaces. Then we went into the melting rooms. Here we saw the gold and silver as it is sent in from the mines. Some of the gold was in dust, as washed out from river beds, some, amalgamated with mercury as it comes from the quartz mines. You probably know that for a long time almost all the mining in California consisted in "washing" gold out of gravel and sand beds, where it had accumulated in river bottoms. The earth was placed in a pan and washed off as mud, the heaviest grains of gold being left at the bottom. But now, these surface mines have been mostly exhausted, and the larger share of the California gold comes from deep mines. There the gold exists in small veins and particles in hard quartz rock. This rock is dug out of the mine and crushed in a heavy quartz mill, and then mercury is poured upon it. Mercury has a great attraction for gold and mixes with every tiniest speck of it, thus picking out the little grains and forming them into one mass. Some of the gold is refined at other places and brought to the mint in bars; so is the silver, and we saw a pile of "silver bricks" about the size of building bricks. After we had watched the beautiful melted metal poured from the crucibles into molds, first as pure gold and silver, and afterward hardened by a certain proportion of other metal as alloy, and, finally, after the last melting, brightened by a bath of sulphuric acid and water, we went to the rolling rooms. The bars are passed between rollers which have a pressure of one hundred and fifty tons. Curiously enough the bars do not grow wider under this pressure, but only increase in length. They grow so hot, under the pressure and friction, that the workmen who handle them are obliged to wear padded gloves, and the bars would break were they not annealed. Finally, by successive rollings, the bars become long, thin strips of the right thickness for coins. Then they are cleaned again and covered with a thin coat of oil, to prevent scratching, and are now ready for cutting. It is very pretty to see the heavy punch cut from each strip a row of little round pieces. Beside each punch machine stands a weigher, who weighs carefully the blank coin cut from each strip; if it is not of just the right weight the strip is sent back to be re-rolled, or even remelted. The round, blank coin next goes to the milling machine, which cuts its edge into the little ridges you have noticed. Then a stamp imprints upon it the government impress, and it is no longer a piece of gold or silver, but a coin, with a recognized value wherever it may go. One of the boxes, with $20,000 worth of fresh shining gold pieces in it, is a very pretty sight. They look so exactly alike you would think certainly they were now ready to go out into the world; but the government is not yet satisfied with their accuracy. They are sent up to the filing and weighing rooms, where you will see long tables at which are sitting ladies who test them. Each lady has a very delicate balance before her with which she tests them. If it is a little too heavy, she files it to the exact weight; if too light, she rejects it. The ladies all wear leather aprons and sleeve coverings that none of the filings may be lost in their dress. In fact one of the most noticable things about the mint is the extreme care taken to avoid any waste of the precious material. All the floors are of smooth, fitted stone, and are swept every day, the sweepings being taken to the refining room where all the gold and silver they contain are extracted. On the lower floors, where the larger coal fires are kept and there is more refuse, the stone floors are covered with gratings fitted in sections, so that it can be taken up. In each department are the most accurate scales. The amount of gold and silver going into a room, and the amount coming out, are carefully recorded, that there may be no loss by waste or stealing.

I must not omit to tell you of the steam engine which does the work of the mint. It is claimed that it is the finest in the world—not, of course, in size, but in perfection of finish. Certainly it is a beauty. I would not have believed it possible that so large an engine could run so noiselessly. Laying your hand on the metallic corner pillars which support the whole, you could not detect the slightest trembling—not so much as that caused in the case of a watch by its ticking. The engine cost $75,000, and the builder says that he lost $25,000 in making it.

Last of all, we went into the banking room, where all the gold and silver is received, and all the coin paid out to those who brought their bullion to be coined. The mint is capable of coining $250,000 a day in $20 gold pieces, and on some days is said to make nearly that amount. I should not dare to tell you how many millions of dollars a year are sent out. And so accurate are all the processes that the exact amount of coin a quantity of bullion will make can be told in a very short time. For instance; the Bank of California sent in $150,000 worth of gold to be coined, the morning I was there, and received the coin for it that very afternoon, the gold having been already put through so many processes that its fineness and value could be actually estimated.

The U. S. government has the reputation of making some of the handsomest coin in the world. Certainly there can hardly be a prettier piece of money than our twenty dollar gold pieces. You may see as many of these twenty dollar pieces, I believe, in one California town as in a whole state at the East. They stand in little piles on the cashier's desk of every bank, and look much prettier than the greenbacks we see at the East. Greenbacks and postal currency are not used here at all; neither are copper or nickel cents or three cent pieces. All the business is transacted with gold and silver coins; of which, silver half and quarter dollars are the most common.

I am afraid you will get the idea that money is to be had in California almost for the picking up. Nothing could be a greater mistake. California is thronged, this spring, with immigrants who seem to think they have only to come here to live an easy life. Some of them are unwilling to work now that they have got here, except at light work in places which precisely suit them. There has never been such a rush of immigration to California since the early days of the gold fever. Probably this is due to the remarkably cold winter experienced throughout almost all the country except the Pacific slope. California has many climates; still, it is, on the whole, very mild when compared with the eastern coast. Our winters here in San Jose are far less severe than those at Hampton. Last winter there was no snow, except a little flurry for half an hour. It has seemed very strange to sit here, in an almost summer climate, and read about the intense cold throughout the East. Eastern people, at the same time, shut in by storms and reading of our flowers and green grass, resolved to try it themselves. For two or three months the chief topic of California papers has been "What shall we do with the immigrants?" Ten thousand came during the month of April; probably not far from as many more have come within the last month. Meetings have been held and measures decided upon for advising them as to the best parts of the state in which to find homes. To complicate matters, last winter, though so mild and bright, was not at all favorable to California, as there was not a sufficient fall of rain. You know there is no rain in California except during a few winter months. Winter before last was very rainy, and it was followed by a remarkably fine crop. Last winter there was very little rain, and the crops will be very light—the wheat-fields are already very dry. Old Californians predict a hard season, and I fear among the immigrants many will be sadly disappointed. Especially, they will, if they think they are coming here to have easy times, for most of the work now awaiting hands is *hard* work.

I should like to tell you many more things about California, but the subject is so large that I can only describe a little bit to you at a time.

During the two years since I left Virginia, I have been able to think that many of my old students were still scholars at Hampton; now, the last full class that I knew is to be scattered. I have thought of you as middlers and then as seniors. I wonder how much you have improved during these years of study and training. I trust if I were to see you again I should recognize your mental and moral growth—should find you better fitted to be of service in the world than when you entered Hampton School, three years ago. Let me tell you some of the things I should hope to find you had gained. I hope those old Arithmetic problems you once thought so difficult have grown clear as day, while you have learned to cope with more general problems in Algebra. I hope you have become *readers:* that is, that instead of stumbling slowly through a book, you can now quickly and intelligently find out what it has to say to you, and that you are in the habit of thus turning to books and newspapers as friends. This is one of the greatest gains in education. And with this, I am sure you have learned how to speak and write the English language more correctly—to do this well, is one of the surest marks of a cultivated person. And I trust your eyes have been opened to some of the many wonderful things God has spread around in nature, through a taste of the study of Natural Philosophy, Physiology, and other sciences. I hope you have learned a great deal about teaching, so that the schools you take charge of may be really useful. I hope, most of all, that you have a clearer idea of your duties, as citizens, as men and women, as Christians, and a stronger purpose to fulfil these duties in your daily lives. I trust, too, you are true scholars, not puffed up with what you have learned, but feeling, more humbly than at first, how very small a dipper you have filled from the great ocean of knowledge; feeling, not that you have finished your education, but that it is just begun. And I hope you are not only better acquainted with books, but better workmen, more faithful, more industrious, more energetic than ever before. To sum it all up, I hope that you may go out strong, capable, earnest, humble, moral, Christian young men and women; ready to live good lives and to help others to do so.

Have I imagined too much? Each of you can meetally answer to himself. As I say these things, I am thinking of you, not only as a class, but as individuals. I think first of this one—then that—then the other—of those whom I remember so distinctly. I have too little leisure to write so many letters, so I have done the next best thing I could, in writing to you all together. If you are pleased that I have done so, I shall know it by receiving many letters from you in future. Now, and in future, letters will reach me directed to me at San Jose, California. Even should I leave the place at any time, they would be forwarded to me. My interest in you will not cease, and I shall hope for a long time to receive occasional letters from you, which will help me to avoid losing acquaintance with you. You could hardly fail to interest me by telling me anything which interests yourselves.

With pleasant remembrances, I am
Your old teacher and friend,
L. M. WASHBURN.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

Some of the disadvantages under which our graduates labor, are set forth in the following extract from a letter from one of them. It is to be hoped that the State will take measures to remedy the evils before the best teachers get other employment:

"Another disadvantage under which we teachers have to labor is, we can't draw our money till three or four months after our schools close, which compels us to sell a draft at a discount of five dollars, and selling three or four in that way we lose nearly a month's salary. If some change is not made in some way, either in extending the length of the session, or paying a larger salary (or at least paying it promptly), teaching school will be pecuniarily very profitless. Schools are needed very much here, but there is no money to employ teachers.

PRICE'S FORK, MONT. COUNTY, VA.,
March 9, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—Since I returned from your school I have been teaching school in order to pay for my schooling and to pay the debt I owe for last term, or part of last. I have not received my money yet, for there is not any in treasury, but I know I will get it and when I do I will be sure to pay you. Will you tell me exactly how much I owe?

I suppose you know where Bleckehurg is; I am teaching four miles this side of it. I am so thankful that I can return to school again, and I try very hard to make some money to come back again. I want to come to school next term if I live. Since I have been teaching school I just begin to realize what a teacher has to suffer, and I often say to myself, if I live to get back to school I will try in all the ways I can to please my teachers.

I remain ever thankful for the benefits received at your school.

Very respectfully yours,
B. E. A.

LIBERTY, VA., *April* 30, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—Money is very scarce in Bedford County; we cannot get any to pay our board bills or school bills, and that is the reason of my bill not being paid. But we are expecting money in the treasury about the last of July or the first of September. If so, I shall pay up the first opportunity, at any rate I shall settle up before the first of January. You shall hear from me again, as soon as there is any prospect of some money.

My school term closed on the 3rd of April. I had two weeks' vacation, and am now teaching an independent school. The County is so poor that the superintendent couldn't let the public schools go on any longer, there being no funds.

Independent schools do not pay very well, so I think I shall not teach it very long, but expect to go to North Carolina and get a school there to teach through the summer till October, when I shall return to Hampton.

G. M. F. C.

LIBERTY, VA., *May* 4, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—My father's large family of thirteen children, and most of them too small to do anything, and father's infirmities of here late, has taken all of my earnings, though I don't know that I ought to have let it go in this direction rather than to pay old debts.

I thank you kindly for the deduction you made, and I will commence paying on it before long, if no bad luck, and I am in hopes that I may be able to cancel the debt before January next, if I live.

Very respectfully yours,
P. M. L.

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Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

JULY 6, 1875.

MARTYRDOM OF THE BAPTIST.

MARK vi: 20–29.

20 For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly.

21 And when a convenient day was come, that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief *estates* of Galilee;

22 And when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herodias and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give *it* thee.

23 And he sware unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give *it* thee, unto the half of my kingdom.

24 And she went forth, and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist.

25 And she came in straitway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist.

26 And the king was exceeding sorry; *yet* for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her.

27 And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought: and he went and beheaded him in prison.

28 And he brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel; and the damsel gave it to her mother.

29 And when his disciples heard of *it*, they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb.

Golden Text.—BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE.—REV. ii: 10.

Soon after the healing of Jairus' daughter Jesus went back again to his own country and calling the twelve apostles out from among his followers sent them forth in his name. It was at this close of this first missionary tour that news was brought to Jesus by John's disciples of the cruel death of his faithful friend and forerunner. This sad incident forms the subject of our lesson to-day.

When the wicked Herod heard of Jesus and his wonderful works his conscience smote him for his crimes, and he feared that Jesus was the great prophet whom he had slain risen from the dead. John, as well as preparing the way for Christ, which was his special mission, denounced the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees and did not hesitate, when occasion required, to rebuke the crimes even of a king. He did not shrink from reproving wickedness in high places, and thus fearlessly discharging his own duty, left the results with God. Let us not forget that Herod did not always turn away from John's preaching; he had some drawings toward the good—has even did many things which were right; yet, after all, he loved his sins better then anything else and was more ready to listen to the words and obey the wishes of a very wicked women than his was to follow John's teachings.

This woman hated John because his holy life and words were a constant reproof to her, and she was determined to have him killed. The longed-for chance came at Herod's birthday feast. She sent her daughter to dance before the company, and Herod was so much pleased that, under the excitement of the hour, he made the rash oath which cost John his life. Instructed by her wicked mother the girl asked the head of the faithful John. "Exceeding sorry" we are told the king was, but he was not sorry enough to undo his wretched work and spare the faithful prophet. It was foolish and wicked in Herod to make such a promise; that was his first wrong step. It was still more wicked for him to keep it, for God's plain command is "Thou shalt not kill." Always remember "a bad promise is better broken than kept." If we have been betrayed into making a wicked promise, the only right thing to be done is to repent of it immediately and to show our repentance by all just possible reparation. By no means are we to feel obliged, as did the weak and foolish Herod for "his oath's sake and their sakes which sat with him," to fulfil rash vows. This is fearing God rather than man.

When John's disciples heard what had befallen their beloved teacher they came and took his body and laid it in the tomb—and then "went and told Jesus" (Matt. xiv: 12). In this hour of their sorrow and bereavement they took all their trouble to him who only could comfort and sustain them. In him whom their deceased master had hailed as the Promised Messiah was henceforth their only hope. And the dear Jesus, now that he has ascended to Heaven, is as ready to sympathize with all the bereaved and suffering children of earth as when these sorrowing disciples came to him with their grief. It is our privilege to "go and tell Jesus" *all* our troubles—little and great; but this sympathizing friend—the Friend love all others—would gladly have us bring to him our joys as well as our sorrows, and, if we thus improve our privilege, we shall find in his love and friendship, whatever may be our condition or circumstances, the occasion of our greatest and continual joy and rejoicing.

LESSON II.

July 11, 1875.

FIVE THOUSAND FED.

MARK vi: 34–44.

34 And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd and he began to teach them many things.

35 And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time *is* far passed:

36 Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat.

37 He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?

38 He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes.

39 And he commanded them to make all sit down by companions upon the green grass.

40 And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

41 And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave *them* to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all.

42 And they did all eat, and were filled.

43 And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes.

44 And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

Golden Text.—THOU OPENEST THY HAND AND SATISFIETH THE DESIRE OF EVERY LIVING THING.—Ps. cxiv: 16.

As soon as the apostles had told Christ of their cares and labors he took them apart into a desert place to rest awhile. Although they departed privately by ship the eager multitude were so intent on following that they went around the head of the lake afoot, and when Jesus arrived he found them already there awaiting him. Their persistence and earnestness secured to them Christ's blessing, for such an appeal was never made to him in vain. So interested was Christ in talking to these people, and so intent were they upon his instructions, that they seem to have taken no notice of how the day was passing. Their bodily wants were, for the time being, forgotten. Being reminded by his disciples of their need of food and that it was quite time he should send them away to tha villages to get bread, Jesus improved the occasion to show that he was not regardless of any of their needs, but was as ready and able to feed their hungry bodies as he was to give the teaching which would satisfy their hungry souls. After a little consultation and going out to see what provision it was possible to make for them they found that all they had with which to feed this great multitude was five loaves and two fishes which a little lad had brought with him. Well might they inquire "What is that among so many?"

How those disciples must have wondered what Christ was intending to do, when, notwithstanding the total insufficiency, he gave the brief, calm command "Make the men sit down." We know that this miracle made a profound impression upon them for it is the only one which all four of the evangelists have recorded. Obedient to Christ, however, without questioning, the apostles seated the multitude, and when they were arranged in orderly groups upon the grass Jesus raised his eyes to heaven, gave thanks, blessed the loaves and gave to the disciples who distributed it among the multitude.

"The Lord will provide," was one of the great lessons of this miracle to all who witnessed and partook of the multiplied bread. Christ was sought that day in the desert for heavenly blessings and he made the earthly needs of those who followed him his care. "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi: 32, 33).

Did you ever think, too, what must have been the glad surprise of that little lad as he saw his five loaves and two fishes which he had carried about all the day so multiplied by the dear Jesus as to be the means of feeding and refreshing all those tired and hungry people. He little knew for what purpose he had brought his little basket with its contents into the desert with him. But it was just like the kind and loving Christ, who never forgets the children and wishes every body to be happy, to allow this little boy to see that he was willing by his added power to make even his small stores a blessing to multitudes. And so, too, our little things—our words, our actions and services—small and insignificant as they may be in themselves—if we seek Christ's blessing upon them may be made of great use to those about us, and we may have the joy of knowing that others are made better and happier by our lives. Let us notice, too, that though Jesus created food he did not waste it. Those disciples might have thought there was no necessity for hindering themselves with what was left, for Christ could easily supply them with more in the same way—but not so! Christ meant to teach them and us that God's good gifts are never to be wasted. A wonderful miracle—was it not? Yet, when we think of it, is tha way in which God gives us "our daily bread" any less a miracle? Can we explain how the blessings of rain and sunshine which only he can give, so multiply the seed sown that the abundant harvest—sufficient to satisfy the desire of any living thing—is the result? No; we can only say, "It is God's way." Let us ever remember that we need daily bread for our souls as well as our bodies. May we daily go to Jesus, who is himself "the bread of life," with the prayer "Lord, evermore give us this bread." If we thus go we shall be filled, for the compassionate Saviour never turns any empty away.

LESSON III.

July 18, 1875.

THE SYROPHENICIAN MOTHER.

MARK vii: 24–30.

24 And from thence he arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into an house, and would have no man know *it*: but he could not be hid.

25 For a certain woman, whose daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet:

26 (The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation;) and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter.

27 But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast *it* unto the dogs.

28 And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.

29 For a certain woman, when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.

Golden Text.—THEN JESUS ANSWERED AND SAID UNTO HER, O, WOMAN, GREAT IS THY FAITH: BE IT UNTO THEE, EVEN AS THOU WILT.—Matt. xv: 28

When the multitude had eaten and were filled Jesus straightway dismissed them, and his disciples and himself instead of seeking sleep "went up into a mountain apart to pray." Toward morning knowing that his disciples were in peril (a violent storm having arisen), he—the ever-present friend in trouble—went to them, walking upon the sea, and immediately the wind ceased. They soon came to the shore and, as it was everywhere that Jesus went, the people from the whole region round about brought their sick unto him and he healed them. Here, too, the unfriendly Scribes and Pharisees gathered together, not to profit by his teaching, but to call in question his works, and if possible to find occasion of fault in him. In such words as he only could speak he unveiled their hypocracy, and then for temporary rest withdrew to the borders of Tyre and Sidon, wishing no man to know it.

The story of the great works which he had done in Galilee had been told here and a Syrophenician woman who had heard of him, impelled by a mothers love, hastened into his presence to beseech him for her afflicted daughter. In Matthew's account we are told as he passed along she first presented her request, but he answered her nothing. But she was too deeply in earnest to turn back discouraged et this first trial and in spite of the endeavors of the disciples, who besought him to send her away, she was determined to press herself into his notice. We can hardly imagine such words of apparent coldness coming from those lips which were always beforehand with words of tender pity and mercy for needy suppliants; nevertheless, the chilling answer was, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs." But He who knew the hearts of all men saw that hers was the rare trust which discouragement only served to strengthen. She did not come with claims; she was willing to accept a share of the blessing in the lowliest place. Humility, meekness and perseverance were in the prompt response, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Such importunity was pleasing to the Master. It secured to her not only a crumb, but the utmost desire of her heart. Jesus would not allow her to remain any longer in the agony of suspense. The gracious words "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt," more than made up to her for all the previous delay and seeming harshness.

Until now it is probable that her daughter had been violent and unmanageable, but when she went back to the house she found her quietly lying upon the bed, completely freed from the power of the evil spirit. If this woman had turned back when the disciples found fault with her, or had been discouraged because Jesus did not answer when she first spoke to him, her daughter might never have known the joy of being well.

Let us learn from this woman that however poor and lowly we are—whatever may be our trials and discouragements—even though it might seem that Christ himself had turned away from us—to still carry our case to Jesus asking his help and He will see that in His own good time our persevering faith is rewarded.

LESSON IV.

July 25, 1875.

THE DEAF MUTE.

Mark vii: 31–37.

31 And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis.

32 And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hands on him.

33 And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue;

34 And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.

35 And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.

36 And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published *it*;

37 And were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

Golden Text.—O LORD, OPEN THOU MY LIPS; AND MY MOUTH SHALL SHOW FORTH THY PRAISE.—Ps. li: 15.

There was no longer any seclusion or repose for Jesus in the region where he had healed the daughter of the Syrophenician woman and so he continued his journey through the coasts of Decapolis until he came again to the sea of Galilee, near which he had performed so many of his miracles. Matthew tells us (Matt. xv: 32) that at this time great numbers of sick and afflicted were brought to him to be healed and among them the case of the deaf mute which Mark specifies and which is the subject of our lessou to-day.

It was well for this poor man that he had friends who cared for him, for since he was deaf he could not hear for himself the story of the cures which Jesus had done and if it had not been for his kind friends he might never have been healed. Yes, it was through the help of his friends that this man received Christ's blessing. The blessed Saviour does not now live upon the earth among men as he did in those times, so that we cannot really take out friends by the hand and lead them to him, but we can tell them of his love and that he died to save them from their sins. It is the privilege of those who have for themselves found the friendship of Christ to hold him up by their Christ-like lives and loving words before those who hitherto have seen no beauty in him that they should desire him, and if we can only so lift Christ up before them that they can realize for themselves the great love wherewith he loved them we shall thus be the means of leading them to him and they will be drawn into his service on earth and thereby be fitted to see him face to face in the heavenly home—for Christ's own words are "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself.

This man who was brought to Christ was not wholly dumb. He was deaf, but he could never have been born deaf or he never would have learned to talk. After he lost his hearing he lost the use of speech, or at least spoke with great difficulty.

He chose his own way of benefitting the man; instead of putting his hand upon him as his friends requested, he first took him aside from the multitude. We have no authority for saying why Christ withdrew the man from the crowd, but may it not have been that he intended by taking him aside and shutting him up to himself to make him feel that it was He alone who was dealing with him; and would not such a step be likely to make a deeper and more lasting impression upon him? He performed the cure in a peculiar manner. The man's ears needed to be opened. He might have been relieved by a simple word, but the considerate Jesus, who always adapts himself to people with whom he is dealing, knew that it was necessary that faith should be developed in the man who could not hear, and so by signs he encouraged his belief in his ability and willingness to help him. Accordingly he put his fingers into his ears and touched his tongue, which the man could both see and feel, and then raising his eyes to heaven—to show that it was by no mere human power he did this—"he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened." Christ here sets us an example of prayer. If our Divine Redeemer looked up to heaven surely we need to seek God's blessing by earnest prayer upon every day which we begin and every work upon which we enter. At the word of Christ's power the words of all the prophets who lived hundreds of years before Christ came to earth were verified in this man, "the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped (Isa. xxxv: 5); for immediately he spoke plainly and heard again the voices of his friends and all the other pleasant sounds which come to us. It is a great deal for which to thank God that we can speak and make ourselves understood.

When they witnessed this wonderful miracle the astonished crowd responded "He hath done all things well." And can not we give these words even a wider significance then those Galileeans for, doubtless, they knew Christ only as a healer of bodily infirmities, but Christ, as we know, can do even greater things than these. Those who are spiritually deaf he can heal by giving the "hearing ear," and he can put a new song into the months of those who are spiritually dumb. Whatever means God may take to make us hear his voice let us never lose our confidence that He who has the ordering of our lives knows far better than we do what is best for us; and at all times, in sorrow and adversity as well as in joy and prosperity, may we be able out of full hearts to say, "Let him do what seemeth him good," for, "He doeth all things well.

Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

JULY 4, 1875.

MARTYRDOM OF THE BAPTIST.

MARK vi: 20-30.

20 For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly.

21 And when a convenient day was come, that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief *estates* of Galilee;

22 And when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herodias and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel, Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give *it* thee.

23 And he sware unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give *it* thee, unto the half of my kingdom.

24 And she went forth, and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist.

25 And she came in straitway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist.

26 And the king was exceeding sorry; *yet* for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her.

27 And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought: and he went and beheaded him in prison.

28 And he brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel; and the damsel gave it to her mother.

29 And when his disciples heard of *it*, they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb.

Golden Text.—BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE.—REV. ii: 10.

Soon after the healing of Jairus' daughter Jesus went back again to his own country and calling the twelve apostles out from among his followers sent them forth in his name. It was at the close of this first missionary tour that news was brought to Jesus by John's disciples of the cruel death of his faithful friend and forerunner. This sad incident forms the subject of our lesson to-day.

When the wicked Herod heard of Jesus and his wonderful works his conscience smote him for his crimes, and he feared that Jesus was the great prophet whom he had slain risen from the dead. John, as well as preparing the way for Christ, which was his special mission, denounced the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees and did not hesitate, when occasion required, to rebuke the crimes even of a king. He did not shrink from reproving wickedness in high places, and thus fearlessly discharging his own duty, left the results with God. Let us not forget that Herod did not always turn away from John's preaching; he had some drawings toward the good—he even did many things which were right; yet, after all, he loved his sins better than anything else and was more ready to listen to the words and obey the wishes of a very wicked woman than he was to follow John's teachings.

This woman hated John because his holy life and words were a constant reproof to her, and she was determined to have him killed. The longed-for chance came at Herod's birthday feast. She sent her daughter to dance before the company, and Herod was so much pleased that, under the excitement of the hour, he made the rash oath which cost John his life. Instructed by her wicked mother the girl asked the head of the faithful John. "Exceeding sorry" we are told the king was, but he was not sorry enough to undo his wretched work and spare the faithful prophet. It was foolish and wicked in Herod to make such a promise; that was his first wrong step. It was still more wicked for him to keep it, for God's plain command is "Thou shalt not kill." Always remember "a bad promise is better broken than kept." If we have been betrayed into making a wicked promise, the only right thing to be done is to repent of it immediately and to show our repentance by all just possible reparation. By no means are we to feel obliged, as did the weak and foolish Herod for "his oath's sake and their sakes which sat with him," to fulfil rash vows. This is fearing God rather than man.

When John's disciples heard what had befallen their beloved teacher they came and took his body and laid it in the tomb—and then "went and told Jesus" (Matt. xiv: 12). In this hour of their sorrow and bereavement they took all their trouble to him who only could comfort and sustain them. In him whom their deceased master had hailed as the Promised Messiah was henceforth their only hope. And the dear Jesus, now that he has ascended to Heaven, is as ready to sympathize with all the bereaved and suffering children of earth as when these sorrowing disciples came to him with their grief. It is our privilege to "go and tell Jesus" *all* our troubles—little and great; but this sympathizing friend—the Friend above all others—would gladly have us bring to him our joys as well as our sorrows, and, if we thus improve our privilege, we shall find in his love and friendship, whatever may be our condition or circumstances, the occasion of our greatest and continual joy and rejoicing.

LESSON II.

July 11, 1875.

FIVE THOUSAND FED.

MARK vi: 34-44.

34 And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.

35 And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:

36 Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat.

37 He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?

38 He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes.

39 And he commanded them to make all sit down by companions upon the green grass.

40 And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

41 And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave *them* to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all.

42 And they did all eat, and were filled.

43 And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes.

44 And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

Golden Text.—THOU OPENEST THY HAND AND SATISFIETH THE DESIRE OF EVERY LIVING THING.—Ps. cxiv: 16.

As soon as the apostles had told Christ of their cares and labors he took them apart into a desert place to rest awhile. Although they departed privately by ship the eager multitude were so intent on following that they went around the head of the lake afoot, and when Jesus arrived he found them already there awaiting him. Their persistence and earnestness secured to them Christ's blessing, for such an appeal was never made to him in vain. So interested was Christ in talking to these people, and so intent were they upon his instructions, that they seem to have taken no notice of how the day was passing. Their bodily wants were, for the time being, forgotten. Being reminded by his disciples of their need of food and that it was quite time he should send them away to the villages to get bread, Jesus improved the occasion to show that he was not regardless of any of their needs, but was as ready and able to feed their hungry bodies as he was to give the teaching which would satisfy their hungry souls. After a little consultation and going out to see what provision it was possible to make for them they found that all they had with which to feed this great multitude was five loaves and two fishes which a little lad had brought with him. Well might they inquire "What is that among so many?"

How those disciples must have wondered what Christ was intending to do, when, notwithstanding the total insufficiency, he gave the brief, calm command "Make the men sit down." We know that this miracle made a profound impression upon them for it is the only one which all four of the evangelists have recorded. Obedient to Christ, however, without questioning, the apostles seated the multitude, and when they were arranged in orderly groups upon the grass Jesus raised his eyes to heaven, gave thanks, blessed the loaves and gave to the disciples who distributed it among the multitude.

"The Lord will provide," was one of the great lessons of this miracle to all who witnessed and partook of the multiplied bread. Christ was sought that day in the desert for heavenly blessings and he made the earthly needs of those who followed him his care. "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi: 32, 33).

Did you ever think, too, what must have been the glad surprise of that little lad as he saw his five loaves and two fishes which he had carried about all the day so multiplied by the dear Jesus as to be the means of feeding and refreshing all those tired and hungry people. He little knew for what purpose he had brought his little basket with its contents into the desert with him. But it was just like the kind and loving Christ, who never forgets the children and wishes every body to be happy, to allow this little boy to see that he was willing by his added power to make even his small stores a blessing to multitudes. And so, too, our little things—our words, our actions and services—small and insignificant as they may be in themselves—if we seek Christ's blessing upon them may be made of great use to those about us, and we may have the joy of knowing that others are made better and happier by our lives. Let us notice, too, that though Jesus created food he did not waste it. Those disciples might have thought there was no necessity for hiding themselves with what was left, for Christ could easily supply them with more in the same way—but not so! Christ meant to teach them and us that God's good gifts are never to be wasted. A wonderful miracle—was it not? Yet, when we think of it, is the way in which God gives us "our daily bread" any less a miracle? Can we explain how the blessings of rain and sunshine which only he can give, so multiply the seed sown that the abundant harvest—sufficient to satisfy the desire of any living thing—is the result? No; we can only say, "It is God's way." Let us ever remember that we need daily bread for our souls as well as our bodies. May we daily go to Jesus, who is himself "the bread of life," with the prayer "Lord, evermore give us this bread." If we thus go we shall be filled, for the compassionate Saviour never turns any empty away.

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There was no longer any seclusion or repose for Jesus in the region where he had healed the daughter of the Syrophenician woman and so he continued his journey through the coasts of Decapolis until he came again to the sea of Galilee, near which he had performed so many of his miracles. Matthew tells us (Matt. xv: 32) that at this time great numbers of sick and afflicted were brought to him to be healed and among them the case of the deaf mute which Mark specifies and which is the subject of our lesson to-day.

It was well for this poor man that he had friends who cared for him, for since he was deaf he could not hear for himself the story of the cures which Jesus had done and if it had not been for his kind friends he might never have been healed. Yes, it was through the help of his friends that this man received Christ's blessing. The blessed Saviour does not now live upon the earth among men as he did in those times, so that we cannot really take out friends by the hand and lead them to him, but we can tell them of his love and that he died to save them from their sins. It is the privilege of those who have for themselves found the friendship of Christ to hold him up by their Christ-like lives and loving words before those who hitherto have seen no beauty in him that they should desire him, and if we can only so lift Christ up before them that they can realize for themselves the great love wherewith he loved them we shall thus be the means of leading them to him and they will be drawn into his service on earth and thereby be fitted to see him face to face in the heavenly home—for Christ's own words are "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself.

This man who was brought to Christ was not wholly dumb. He was deaf, but he could never have been born deaf or he never would have learned to talk. After he lost his hearing he lost the use of speech, or at least spoke with great difficulty.

He chose his own way of benefitting the man; instead of putting his hand upon him as his friends requested, he first took him aside from the multitude. We have no authority for saying why Christ withdrew the man from the crowd, but may it not have been that he intended by taking him aside and shutting him up to himself to make him feel that it was He alone who was dealing with him, and would not such a step be likely to make a deeper and more lasting impression upon him? He performed the cure in a peculiar manner. The man's ears needed to be opened. He might have been relieved by a simple word, but the considerate Jesus, who always adapts himself to people with whom he is dealing, knew that it was necessary that faith should be developed in the man who could not hear, and so by signs he encouraged his belief in his ability and willingness to help him. Accordingly he put his fingers into his ears and touched his tongue, which the man could both see and feel, and then raising his eyes to heaven—to show that it was by no mere human power he did this—he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened." Christ here sets us an example of prayer. If our Divine Redeemer looked up to heaven surely we need to seek God's blessing by earnest prayer upon every day which we begin and every work upon which we enter. At the word of Christ's power the words of all the prophets who lived hundreds of years before Christ came to earth were verified in this man, "the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped (Isa. xxxv; 5); for immediately he spoke plainly and heard again the voices of his friends and all the other pleasant sounds which come to us. It is a great deal for which to thank God that we can speak and make ourselves understood.

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HAMPTON, AUGUST, 1874.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

From that momentous period in boys' lives, when frocks are exchanged for trousers, they speculate on what they will be when they are men. At first, fancy only is consulted. They will sail ships, or drive stages with four horses. After a while, they find that nothing they undertake is altogether jolly; that every bodily occupation has its peculiar ache; and every mental pursuit is exhausting, and crowded with competitors. As years advance, young men, finding obstacles in all paths, begin, in earnest, to inquire where lie their most available forces.

It is precisely at this turning point of life that a most important thing is apt to be lost sight of, and, perhaps, only realized after years of painful experience; namely, that the strongest of all business forces is whole-hearted perseverance. No trade could have become established among men, unless it was capable of yielding support: and at almost any business, an average person can make an honest living, if he will, and if his will is strong. Should a man fail at one undertaking, he will probably fail at others; the fault being usually in himself. Napoleon found it good, practical policy, never to have anything to do with unsuccessful men.

Hence, it is of the highest importance for a beginner, to stick to his first choice. He has in one short life, scarcely time to see how much he can make of any one profession. But he may notice that the front ranks in none of them are crowded. He who changes from one business to another, throws away time as well as the practical experience which he has gathered. But, whoever bends himself steadily to one chosen occupation, finds his field grow with his growth, until the prentice boy may become a millionaire.

In America, where people rise from poverty more frequently than anywhere else in the world, examples enough are to be seen of men who prove that they have the secret of success, by succeeding. When a beginner selects an occupation, he will do wisely to hunt for those who have prospered in the same field, and find precisely how they have managed. He may safely disregard the profuse advices of neighbors who do not themselves prosper. Successful men seldom make a noise about their methods; yet their actions are better worth study, than are cart loads of volunteered advice from those who are accustomed to having what they call bad luck. A beginner needs to model himself not upon good preachers, but upon good practicers.

In most occupations, money is chiefly made by *directing* the labors of others. But it is fortunate for most young men that they have not capital at first, to hire others. As in war, no one is fit to command until he has learned to obey; so in business, he who begins by working for a master, learns to manage employés of his own. While in a subordinate station, if a young man succeeds in making himself necessary to his master, he has taken a long stride toward success in life. Sorry hands are the first to be discharged; but there is always a demand for those who study their employer's interests; and whoever is remarkable for honesty, industry and good-will, has acquired a character worth to him, at least, a thousand dollars. As business is founded on confidence, a man will rise in proportion as others rely on his word, and on his judgment and energy.

Business success is only half gained by filling the purse. He is fortunate, who, early in life, discovers that money is as slippery as an eel. A thousand bargains offer themselves of things very desirable, but which can, somehow, be done without. If a man does not watch his expenses, he will go backward, no matter how much he earns. Many deserving persons are always at the bottom of the hill, because they do not cut off every outlay not essential to success; and because in undertaking new enterprises, they do not count the costs just as carefully as they estimate the profits.

THE FREEDMAN'S BANK.

The failure of this institution has been the first intimation which has really reached its ignorant depositors, that their hard earnings were not secured by the national government.

The funds were at first invested in United States securities only, as its charter at that time demanded. Afterward, this policy was changed, with the sad results of to-day. The bank, owing about three and a third millions to its depositors, has only one-ninth of the amount in cash and United States bonds. The remaining eight-ninths are in securities which have become unsaleable. The Southern Workman feels that he has been wounded in the house of his friends.

It may be some consolation to the pure-minded founders of the institution, to reflect upon the good which it has actually accomplished. During its short nine years of activity, it has shown poor people the accumulative value of little sums. It was far better for most of its depositors to have saved and lost, than never to have saved. Habits of self-denial have been formed; much money which would have gone for finery and folly has been rescued; and although mismanagement has cut off a percentage, yet there will be more left to many of its depositors, than they would have had, if the bank had not helped them to save.

Perhaps a salutary lesson will be drawn from the downfall of this strong institution, which, if fully understood, will be worth all its cost. It may impress the truth, that land is the sort of riches least likely to fly away from its owner. The values of stocks, bonds, and bank accounts, depend upon the honesty of other men, or upon their good judgment. But when land is prudently purchased, it is the owner's fault only, if it does not increase in value. It is the last kind of property to be disturbed by the price of stocks; and it alone, cannot be lost, stolen, or borrowed. Its possession means to a poor man an escape from rent, and is the first step toward independence. The Freedman's Bank will have fulfilled its noble purposes, if it has taught the people to be their *own bankers*, and set them on the road toward earning their *own homes*.

MEETING OF THE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF VIRGINIA.

The ninth annual meeting of the Educational Association of Virginia, and the first ever held in this part of the state, assembled at the lecture-room of Christ Church, in Norfolk, Tuesday night, July 14th. After an appropriate prayer by Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of 1st Presbyterian Church, Prof. N. B. Webster, chairman of the local committee, announced the completion of the usual arrangements for entertainment, places of meeting, etc., and introduced the Hon. John B. Whitehead, Mayor of Norfolk, who had been requested to welcome the association to the hospitalities of the citizens. The cordial welcome to the "City by the Sea," was responded to by the President, Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, of the University of Va., who proceeded to deliver his annual address, which was heard with marked attention.

Prof. L. M. Blackford was elected president for the ensuing year; and the meeting adjourned till 10 o'clock, the next day.

Among the prominent gentlemen attending the sessions of the convention, we noticed the state superintendents, Rev. Dr. Ruffner, of Virginia, and Prof. Newell, of Maryland; and of city and county superintendents, J. H. Binford, Esq., of Richmond; S. H. Owen, Esq., of Petersburg; Maj. J. F. Crocker, of Portsmouth; R. L. Crane, Esq. of Alexandria; J. J. Ladd, Esq., of Stannton; E. B. Macon, Esq., of Princess Anne Co.; J. C. Weaver, Esq., of Accomack Co.; and John F. West, of Norfolk Co.

The colleges and academic institutions were well represented by such professors as Atkinson, Blackford, Buchanan, Curry, Doggett, English, Garnett, Gildersleeve, Harris, Hogg of Alabama, Hoxton, Massie, McGuire, Minor, Price, Smith, Toy, Venable, Vawter, and Webster.

Of distinguished Virginians in attendance we recollect Lieutenant Governor Withers; Hon. John Goode; Judge Blow; and Rev. Drs. Armstrong, Blackwell, Barton, Peterson, and Thomas.

The regular work of the association consisted of the reading and discussion of papers on educational topics.

The paper on Geographical Instruction, read by R. L. Carne, Esq., elicited considerable discussion, in which Messrs. Binford, Owens, Ladd, Jones, Webster, and Withers participated.

Among the most important papers read and discussed, were the following: namely,—On Latin Translation, by Prof. W. W. Smith, of Bethel Academy; on Instruction in Chemistry, Physiology, and Natural History, prepared by Professor Davis, of Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, and read by Professor W. O. English; on The Study of Languages, by Professor Turner, of Hollins Institute; on Prizes and Honors in School, by Rev. R. H. Phillips, of Staunton Female Institute; and on The Best Practical Method of Teaching the Elements of English Grammar, by Prof. N. B. Webster, of Webster Institute, Norfolk. On all these papers there were pleasant and highly interesting debates.

Besides the papers above named, and the President's address, an able essay was read by Rev. Dr. Ruffner, on Mental and Moral Science in their Relations to Education; an address was delivered by Prof. Thomas R. Price, of Randolf Macon College, on The Place of the Mother Tongue in Education; and another address, by Rev. Prof. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond College, on Our Public Free School System in its Relation to Colleges. It is to be hoped that all these papers and addresses will be published in the "Educational Journal," or in pamphlet form.

An invitation from the Principal of the Hampton Normal Institute to visit the school and partake of a collation was accepted, and on Friday afternoon the steamer *Mystic* was chartered for the excursion. About two hundred and fifty citizens and their guests, including a delegation of about twenty from the Maryland Association, enjoyed a delightful trip down the river and Hampton Roads, and were met at the wharf of the Normal School and escorted to Virginia Hall. After looking over the building, all assembled in the dining hall to partake of a lunch and listen to some fine music by the band of the National Soldiers' Home.

In tendering thanks for the invitation, Professor Blackford, president of the association, in a graceful speech, expressed his deep interest in the success of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. The Principal explained the origin, objects and prospects of the Institute as fully as possible in the brief time allowed by the arrangement to reach Fort Monroe in time to witness the dress parade. The party consisted of persons from remote parts of Virginia, from Maryland, Alabama and South Carolina—most of them representative men in the cause of education; and by the interest they took in all they saw, testified unmistakably, to the kind feelings entertained by the Southern people toward the efforts to instruct and elevate what President Blackford called "a long neglected class of our people."

Altogether, the Norfolk meeting of the Educational Association of Virginia, has been most pleasant and profitable to the entire community as well as to the members themselves; and all classes of our population will feel, directly or indirectly, the benefits of the stimulus it has given to the great cause of Education.

BUYING LAND.

While theorizers are expounding the designs of Providence as to the future of the colored race, a most important movement is going on by the race itself. Instead of rushing en masse to Africa, or aiming at occupations in which competition is active and powerful, the negro is quietly, wherever opportunity serves, securing to himself the title deeds of certain pieces of land. The soil may be poor, and the cabin rude and small, but its owner feels it to be like a firm footing in a bondless swamp. Without rents to pay, it is possible to lay up money, even for a man who works most of his time for others. A land-owner being a taxpayer, is directly interested in electing honest officers only, to spend the public money. By buying land, the negro is taking the most effectual means open to him, toward recognition as a useful citizen and a power for good in society and politics.

In all civilized countries, the class of land-holders furnishes the most influential men in other pursuits. Farmers, or the sons of farmers, have always taken the lead in America; and it may safely be assumed, that until an influential body of colored farmers exists, the negro never will be able to live down the calumnies of his enemies.

The peasants of Europe come to the United States in search of a chance to show what is in them. They find cheap lands; make a comfortable living; and their children become wealthy. The happiness, if not the existence of the negro in America, is staked upon his answer to this question: Can the colored farmers do as well on the cheap lands at the South, as the European emigrants have done at the West?

The author of the interesting article on the Opium Trade in California, published in this number, writes in a private letter as follows:

"I feel a little like the Chinese merchant here, who wondered why white people wished to know the bad side, and seldom took any interest in the improvement of his race, in their factory labors, in their service as domestics, in their eagerness to learn, etc. The Sunday-schools are very flourishing; and last Saturday, a foreign and Chinese Sunday-school joined numbers and went on a picnic. It was a curious mixture of dress, customs and games, and indicated a very friendly spirit, and a desire to improve. Selfish men are constantly trying to crowd back these celestials, and use the papers against them; but, still they come; and, on the whole, for good. They bring their vices, but they learn a great deal of good, and are of immense service as industrious workers. Housekeepers value them exceedingly. The Chinese question here, is what the negro question is, in the East."

AN EXCURSION.

There is nothing more refreshing to the tired denizens of the city than a visit to the country. Sweltering amid the heat and dust; pursued by cares and anxieties; annoyed by the constantly recurring jars of business, misunderstandings, and personal altercations; driven along irresistibly with the current of trade; spurred on by inexorable necessity or stimulated by the excitement of gain; no time for friendly intercourse; no time for domestic enjoyment; no time for thought; no time even for prayer; no time for any thing but work, work, work,—what a deliverance they experience when they can escape from the chains of their servitude to the freshness, joyousness and liberty of the country.

How the energies are quickened; how the recuperative forces are stimulated; how the heart pulsates; how the feelings glow.

The mind released from its long tension, recovers its elasticity; the finer sentiments, so long kept in abeyance, so long restrained by prudence and mastered by policy, now exult in the freedom of unfettered exercise; all the faculties assert their prerogatives; the whole man comes back to himself. He has been, all the while, an artificial man, living in an artificial world, a kind of twelve-hour clock, wound up in the morning, running down at night, resting a while in sleep, to begin the next day the same monotonous tick-tack, tick-tack of business life; keeps time very well, too, as all good clocks ought to do. Why, as long as he is so near me, I shall never be compelled to buy a time-piece. See! there he goes down to business half-past six exactly; yonder he comes from the Post-office, quarter past seven; yonder goes his boy around the corner for his julep, just eleven o'clock; there, he passes by to dinner, one o'clock precisely; and so on through the day.

But he has come out from all these things now, and left his mask behind him. Nature, in her artless grace, unbosoms herself to him; and he, through force of association and reciprocity of confidence, unbosoms himself to her.

What a ridiculous figure this grave, dignified man of fifty, cuts, as he goes whistling over the fields, jumping over the ditches and climbing over the fences, tasting the berries on the roadside and the sour-grass on the balk-row, just to see if they have the same flavor as when he was a boy. But hold! what makes him pause, looking thoughtfully and sad, while a tear, the first since the wrinkles came, steals hurriedly down his cheek as if afraid to linger in that unfrequented track? Ah! he sees just ahead of him the tangled growth that marks a country graveyard; and his thoughts have in a moment, carried him back over the lapse of thirty years, to the hour when in just such a place as this, he looked for the last time upon a mother's face, laid her form beneath the sod, and turned away alone, stricken, despairing, to fight the battles of life. Don't restrain your sighs nor check your tears. It is not weakness that wrings them from you, but the strength of an inner, purer nature, asserting its long neglected claims. Weep on, poor world-weary, world-hating, and yet world-loving brother of humanity, while your Mother Nature beholds you in the purest phase of your self-abused character.

But all this is not what I intended to write about. When I commenced, I purposed taking an imaginary trip to the country, in the neighborhood of "Fox Hill," stopping at the principal farms and prying somewhat, still with friendly eye, into the amount, manner, and kind of business done on each. Well, it is not too late for that now: so let us "jump into the wagon," and make a dry land excursion. Don't be in a hurry, now; for we wish to observe things carefully; and, besides, "Rosinante" is somewhat incompetent, and still more averse to rapid locomotion. To use the language of a venerable "ward of the nation" when speaking of himself: he is "not swift, but constant."

Hold up there, now; we will go in at this gate with the mulberry on each side. Fine farm, showing care, enterprise, management, and their legitimate consequence—thrift. Who lives here? Why, Colonel J. C. Phillips, one of the best farmers in Eastern Virginia. Here he comes to meet us, wide brimmed hat, linen coat, and breeches in his boots. A farmer will be a farmer, you know, summer or winter.

Well, we pass over our short conversation with the Colonel, in which we learn that he raises corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, garden truck and fruits. We can see from the corn rows, wheat stocks, and potato vines, that his land yields well. We can also see, that the soil is light, well cultivated, easily drained, and as the farmers say, "lays well." The fact of the business is, the colonel has a good farm and is making money on it. Well, he deserves it; for he is a genuine type of the old Virginia gentleman—I had like to have said old gentleman; for his hair is getting suggestively gray; but I can easily remember when he was a youngster; and I am nothing more than a boy, yet. Passing along by the handsome little farm owned by R. B. Wood, Esq., we next come to a fine residence on the roadside, the outward appearance of which, is a standing advertisement of thrift and comfort. This is owned by C. W. Hickman, Esq., and is just such a farm as that of Colonel P. But good gracious! if all those children are his, this would make a splendid location for a female institute.

What magnificent oaks these are! and that is the finest field of clover I have seen since the "late unpleasantness." Every thing in good order, and a general welcome to all who are worthy of it.

Get up, "Rosinante," we 'll pass on to the next. Heigho! a country schoolhouse. We 'll just drive as near to the ditch on the other side as possible; for the experiments of my boyhood are too fresh in my memory for me to feel any degree of comfort in close proximity to a schoolhouse. Turn in here, and we 'll spend the night with the "Big Corporal," and continue our journey to-morrow—I meant to say, next month. CRAB.

OPIUM TRADE IN CALIFORNIA.

Probably there is not an evil among the many that have stalked abroad to demoralize, degrade and destroy the human race, more to be deplored than that of opium. Its extensive use in most of the Oriental countries—once almost confined to that division of the world—is, now, in this age of commercial communications; in these times when men go to and fro in the earth, carrying with them the peculiar habits of their nationalities,—spreading and deepening its grasp. Like the kindred evil of alcoholic liquors, to which, in its general social effects, it bears a strong resemblance, it finds its way to new lands, and with it carries its palsying influence upon the energies of new countries. California, with its thousands of Chinese, opens a profitable market for the opium trade; and with every year the trade increases. Two lines of steamers bring their loads of coolie emigrants and their large cargoes of this East India drug. It is estimated that no less than ten thousand dollars worth enters the Custom-house of San Francisco by every vessel, and that the annual trade amounts to about a quarter of a million. It is also the opinion of those who are acquainted with the matter, that a large quantity outside of this estimate finds its way into port through the devices of smugglers. The article being easily hidden, the duties enormous, and the penalty amounting to nothing more than confiscation of the article, the temptations are strong; and not only the China men and women, but sailors, passengers, and officers of ships, find strong temptations to overreach authority and law. Custom-house officers are employed to inspect every individual Chinese or foreigner, who lands on American shores from China; and a certain percentage is allowed on all smuggled opium. A lady is employed to inspect Chinese women. Sometimes it is found braided in the hair, sometimes packed in the hollow sole of a Chinese shoe, and sometimes bound on the limbs. It has been moulded in the shape of eggs and whitened over to escape notice; made to imitate the roots of plants; and covered with some earthy substance to counterfeit the medicinal herbs used by the Chinese doctors; or concealed among the dried lizards and other reptiles used also as medcine. Usually it is in the form of a thick paste like tar, but sometimes dry and hard as flint. The duties are a hundred per cent. A merchant sometimes pays twenty-five hundred dollars duty on a single importation.

The streets of the Chinese section of San Francisco abound in opium dens: the corner groceries of the celestials. Low and dark and vile with heavy odors, the opium smokers recline en mass supported on straw pillows. Each individual pays for his whiffs, takes a long bamboo pipe on the end of which is dropped a small quantity of the opium paste. A few inhalations produce the desired affect, and hours of heavy sleep follow. Once addicted to the habit, an opium smoker rarely ever reforms; mind and body become enfeebled, and the power of self-control is soon gone. When the consequent sufferings become unendurable, an overdose quiets the bodily pain forever. The proportion of opium smokers is hard even to guess at. Probably about half of the Chinese men and a very few of the women are consumers. The same discouraging influences which drive the California miner to intemperance, operate to increase the proportion of smokers amongst the Chinese. Restraining influences are fewer than in his own land. Home, wife, children far away, and frequently disappointed in his money making schemes, a Chinaman takes to his pipe as a white man to his cups. The better class of Chinese citizens look upon the evil as a serious one. They are quite willing to use their power, feeble as it is, against the trade, and are extremely reluctant to give foreigners information about its consumption. A good Chinese emperor once exclaimed: "I know that wicked and designing men, for purposes of lust and profit, will clandestinely introduce the poisonous drug; but nothing under heaven shall ever induce me to legalize the certain ruin of my people." Alas! that such wisdom cannot prevail.

Another dark side of Chinese life in San Francisco is the constant slave trade carried on in Chinese girls. These girls are bought in China,—kidnapped sometimes—brought to San Francisco and sold for vile purposes. They are generally very young, often not over twelve years of age. Their treatment is brutal and degrading in the extreme, often so much so, that they appeal to the city authorities or missionaries for protection. It is for the relief of this class of women, that a Chinese Home has been opened, designed also as a "Normal School for the training of Bible Readers."

Correspondence.

LONDON, *May* 31, 1874.

Every stranger who comes to London, must of course visit the Tower, that ancient and world-renowned edifice, so prominent in English history almost ever since England began to have a history, and around which clusters so many interesting associations, some, indeed most of them, of so dark and terrible a nature, that the very name "Tower of London," caused an involuntary shudder and a thrill of indignation at the remembrance of the bloody and cruel deeds which have been done within its walls.

The antiquity of this building has been a subject of much discussion; but, it is generally believed to have been erected by William the Conqueror, in the early part of his reign, and strongly garrisoned at that time by his Norman followers, in order more fully to awe his new subjects into a more secure allegiance.

It stands upon the north bank of the Thames, the principal entrance being on the west side; while on the south side is an arch called the "Traitors' Gate," through which state prisoners were formerly brought by way of the river. Near this Traitors' Gate is the Bloody Tower, supposed to be the scene of the murder of the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother, who were smothered by order of Richard III. It is not knowu, however, on what special account this part of the building received its gloomy appellation, which was given to it sometime during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. For nearly five hundred years before this, it had been a royal palace; and we were shown the apartments occupied by Queen Elizabeth previous to her accession to the throne, and also the stone under which the bodies of the unfortunate princes were found. The principal buildings or parts of the immense pile —all of which is included in the Tower—are the Church, the White Tower, the Old Miut, the Record-office, the Jewel-office or Keep, the Horse Armoury, the Grand Storehouse, the Lion's Tower, and the Beauchamp Tower. The church, or St. Peter's Chapel, as it is called, is principally remarkable as the depository of the headless bodies of numerous illustrious personages, who suffered either within the walls or just outside of them, on Tower Hill; among whom, may be mentioned the good and accomplished Lady Jane Grey, and Anne Boleyn Catharine Howard (two of the unfortunate wives of Henry VIII.), and many men of high rank both in the church and state. The White Tower is supposed to be the oldest part of the whole edifice, dating as far back as 1070. This consists of three lofty stories, with vaults underneath, in one of which, Sir Walter Raleigh was a prisoner, and where he wrote his History of the World. I stepped into the horrid place, but had no desire to linger within its walls.

In another, we saw the beheading axe—a most villainous looking thing—the block, and the executioner's mask of black leather; also a horrid instrument of torture called "The Scavenger's Daughter," which, by means of a cruelly ingenious arrangement of screws, could, by slow degrees, crush a man into a lifeless, shapeless mass. But enough of such horrors. Thank God! their day is gone by. Within this White Tower is the ancient chapel of St. John, originally used by the English monarchs, and said to be the finest specimen of Saxon architecture in England. It is a very massive chamber of oblong form, with vaulted roof and heavy coinmns, with large squared capitals curiously sculptured, and having a cross on each, and presenting a very imposing appearance.

In the Jewel-keep we saw the crowns of the last four or five generations, Queen Victoria's surmounting the rest. This is a magnificent work of art, weighing one and three-quarter pounds, and valued at one million pounds sterling, about five millions of dollars. It is one mass of diamonds and other rare and precious gems—rubies, emeralds, etc. This *light and airy head-dress* is not intended for every day wear. On state occasions it is borne on a cushion, by some noble official of the Royal Household, in the grand procession, while the crown actually worn by the Queen, is a small, though very splendid tiara of gold and gems. Here too was the famous Koh-i-noor bracelet; this name, signifying "Mountain of Light," was given to it centuries ago by the Eastern Monarch; in whose possession its existence first became known to the world. Its history is curious and eventful; but after passing through many illustrious hands, it has now been for a long period one of the trophies of British conquest, and here it is likely to remain.

Among other interesting and beautiful things here, we saw the Royal baptismal service—the sceptres made of gold and incrusted with diamonds and other paraphernalia used at coronations, such as the sceptre with the dove, St. Edward's staff, the three swords which are carried before the sovereign; namely, the "Curtana" or sword of mercy, pointless;

(See page 63).

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that;
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie called a lord,
Who struts and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that,
But an honest man's above his might
Good faith he maunna fa that;
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

In a miserable little cottage in the southern part of Scotland, there was born in the winter of 1759, a boy who was destined to bear through a short life the burdens and glories of genius, who was to write some of the most beautiful songs in the English tongue, and yet to lead a life of coarse dissipation, and, with the means of riches in his hand, to be always a poor and needy man.

Robert Burns' father was a small farmer, who, being unsuccessful in his attempts to improve his condition, died, leaving his family penniless. Throughout his lifetime, however, he devoted himself to his children, training them carefully himself, and obtaining for them better education than was usual among men of his class, so that Burns was a fair English scholar, and developed, early in life, a strong taste for the songs and ballads of his native country. He worked as a farm laborer for years, writing constantly, and producing some of his finest compositions in the midst of the homely life from which, as yet, he had no thought of escaping. His "Mountain Daisy" and "The Mouse" were composed while holding the plow, "Death and Doctor Hornbook" while resting himself at the roadside; while "Hallowe'en," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and many charming ballads, were written during his residence at Morsgiel, a farm which he and his brother leased together. Although the poems which were produced at this time were read by a small circle of friends, Burns had no idea of publishing them; and his foolish dissipation resulted finally in such entanglements that he made up his mind to leave Scotland and go out to the Island of Jamaica, but was actually unable to procure the money necessary to pay his passage. At this crisis, the thought for the first time presented itself to him, of making his poems a source of pecuniary profit; and he at once opened negotiations with a printer, and an edition of six hundred copies was rapidly sold, from which he realized enough to enable him to commence his journey. Just as he was about to sail, however, he received letters containing such favorable criticism upon his work, that he determined to take courage, and once more try his fortune at home. He went back to Edinburgh, where he soon became known, and achieved sudden fame, being introduced into the society of persons of highest rank, by whom he was admired and flattered as a sort of curiosity. None of his new acquaintances, however, gave him any substantial help or wise advice; and he says bitterly of himself, "The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim." He took a farm again in 1788, and married a woman to whom he had been attached for years; but he was an unskilful farmer, and soon gave it up, and settled down upon the salary of three hundred and fifty dollars per annum, which he received as an excise officer, and which was his only support during the remainder of his life. He was extremely proud, and often refused to take money which he had fairly earned; while he yielded so often to the temptation of drink, and was naturally so careless, that it is little wonder that he died at the age of thirty-seven, in poverty even greater than that in which he was born. His widow and children were cared for by public sympathy; and his memory is cherished now as the memory of a man rarely gifted; but during his lifetime he was undoubtedly neglected and misrepresented, and many of the vices and misfortunes which preyed upon him might have been averted by a little tender care on the part of those among whom his lot was cast. As a poet, however, his fame is secure, for he wrote many songs which are sung wherever the English tongue is spoken, and treasured everywhere as gems of true poetry.

THE RED CROSS.

During our own great war and the late war between France and Germany, much has been done to relieve the sufferings of the sick and wounded by societies of surgeons and nurses, carefully organized, and generously supplied by government, and private charity, with the means to carry on their noble work.

This system originated with a brave and tender-hearted English woman, who, years ago, in the Crimean war (between Russia and England), went out from England single-handed, and begun what seemed the almost hopeless task of caring for the sufferers stricken by shot and shell, or, worse still, by the fatal influences of climate, scarcity of food, and exposure. Many women followed her, and gave such strength and power of purpose to the work, that Florence Nightingale and her corps of nurses found their names written high up upon the roll of Fame, and their example a power for good throughout the whole civilized world. When our own war broke out, hardly a week elapsed before the "Sanitary Commission" hoisted its flags, and opened its rooms to receive and send help to our soldiers; and hundreds of women rallied to the work which they alone could do, and, as time showed, could do so well. Other societies were formed, and there was scarcely a village through the length and breadth of the land that did not contribute its share toward the support of nurses and hospitals, sending food, clothing, and luxuries of all kinds to the men whose duty led them daily into the jaws of death.

Still more recently, in the Franco-German war, this same work was continued; and not only did the two conflicting nations care in this manner for their own sick and wounded, but the other European nations, and even our own country, sent nurses and supplies to assist in the great charity which knew not the difference between friend and foe, when friend and foe alike lay in need of help.

Our first-page picture shows a member of the English society of nurses, the badge of her sisterhood, a Red Cross, being bound upon her left arm. We see that she is standing in the dismantled room of some fine, old house, a room from which the rich furniture, the costly hangings, the beautiful pictures, have all vanished, to make place for hospital cots, surgical appliances, and the thousand articles needed in such work as this nurse has to do. She has just unpacked one of the great packages sent from England by some stranger hands, and with her arms filled with bandages, is going back to her ward, where, doubtless, the surgeon is waiting for her help. Looking at all these things, and realizing how much suffering and terror they represent, who can help praying that there may be no more war; but, that, instead, men may everywhere be led to see how fair a thing is Peace.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

In the great deserts of the East an animal abounds, whose existence seems a direct proof of the wisdom and beneficence of Providence: for it is so exactly adapted to the peculiarities of its native country and the needs of the people whom it serves, that it is scarcely possible to doubt the purpose of its creation. The "ship of the desert," *i. e.*, the camel, is of such importance in the life of Eastern nations, that were it to become extinct, the result would be the depopulation of the whole of the desert country; and we offer the following description to our readers, hoping that they will stop for a moment to consider, how vast are the interests, how great the creative wisdom, which this single animal represents.

"Designed to live in regions where but scanty nourishment of vegetation and water can be found, the camel meets the demand of the most perfect possible organization. All fulness of form is sacrificed, the head is small and earless, the neck bare of flesh, while the thighs and legs are stripped of every muscle not essential to movement, and the dry, meagre body has only the vessels and tendons required to knit the frame together. The jaw is powerful enough to crush that hardest of elements, the tough and scanty vegetation of the desert; and the foot is a mass of soft muscle, which slides helplessly in the mud, and is unfit for climbing, but is perfect for traveling over the even surface of the sandy plain. The camel is condemned to become the easy slave of men, because it has no defense against its enemies, being destitute of horns or tusks, and not sufficiently swift of foot to enable it to escape by running. Its flesh is sweet, nutritious food; its milk the best of beverages; of its hide, tents are made; of its hair, the most splendid shawls the world can show; and its bones serve for weapons of war, and agriculture, and for domestic utensils. The hump is a fatty growth upon the camel's back, and in suffering or starvation it is the last part of the animal exhausted, as it wastes away very slowly."

In long journeys, the camel can exist and toil for days, entirely without food; but usually he snatches the coarse shrubs growing beside his sandy path, and depends upon them and upon the absorption of his hump, for his nourishment. His internal water sacks supply fluid, which prevents him from suffering from thirst; while the wonderful scent, which enables him to detect the existence of water at a long distance, often saves the lives of his less acute human companions. Then when the terrible desert sirocco darkens the air with clouds of sand, and burns the flesh, and closes the painful nostrils, the camel finds his advantage. He has no ears to be filled with the driving sand; his ugly nostrils close up impenetrably; and his deep-set eyes, overhung by his huge brow, will be the only eyes in the whole caravan, which can safely look upon the awful scene. His shambling gait seems awkward and slow; but, such are his powers of endurance, that he can accomplish a long journey in a shorter time than a horse, besids carrying a burden of from four hundred to one thousand pounds; or, for short distances, as much as fifteen hundred pounds. His patience is great, and he bears uncomplainingly the ill-usags and hard work to which he is often subjected, although he is believed, by the natives, to be capable of life-long hatred of those who ill-treat him. In desert traveling, one often meets with a camel laden with a man, his wife, their numerous children, and household goods, all packed in two carefully balanced panniers, hanging upon either side of the great, slow-pacing animal, who thus wins his title, "the Ship of the Desert."

FLOWERS.

The glory of the summer is just now at its height, and the long, hot days, when the whole world seems brilliant with light and color, make it almost incredible, that, in the not distant future, the chilly barrenness of winter is waiting for us. We hardly realize, that, by and by, the earth will put away its green grasses and leaves, its gay and delicate blossoms, its rich fruits, and take on, instead, a brown mantle of decay, or the white garment of the snow. But it will come, this wonderful, never-failing change, and under grey, cold skies, with deserted fields and bare gardens about us, we shall think regretfully of the lovely blossoms, the luxuriant growths of the summer time.

Now, why do not more of us try to carry some of this beauty with us through the dismal winter days? Why do we not remember that a little forethought, a little labor, will enable us to keep our rooms fair with bright and fragrant flowers, from the first frost till the incoming of another spring? To gather a few seeds, to cut and start a few slips, is no difficult matter; and the pleasure their growth will bring from week to week is known only to those who have tried the experiment. Hanging baskets of coarse wicker work, of wire, or earthern basins, or gourds, or cocoanut shells, may be placed in our windows, and filled with such seeds and cuttings, as shall make them sources of delight all winter long. Put in rich earth, and then plant, for example, morning-glory seeds and cuttings of ivy, with a fern or two; and you have a little garden which asks nothing of your hands except regular watering, and once a week a thorough washing of its leaves with warm soapsuds, and which returns to you, for every moment that you spend upon it, hours of pleasure. Then, in common flowerpots, or, indeed, in anything which will hold earth, you can plant certain bright, hardy, little plants, which are not dainty in their requirements as to soil and temperature, but, which, with small encouragement, will blossom energetically for weeks and weeks. Petunias, the common varieties of geraniums, salvias, pansies, etc., all do well in this way, and are pleasant friends to have beside us in our living rooms, when rain and wind keep us within doors, and the biting frost has laid low the last summer flowers. A little ingenuity in training the climbing plants, ivies, etc., upon framework, or about the windows, will often transform a room into a bower of greenery; and this may be done without shutting out any of the precious sunlight, which is even more necessary to the human occupants of a house, than to the plants which they cherish.

The cost of all this pleasure and beauty is—what? A little care, a little trouble, a little perseverance, a little time—no money, no special knowledge, no unusual advantages. The receptacles for the seeds and slips, may, as we have said, be made from almost anything that will hold earth; the earth itself is cheap enough, and within everybody's reach; and the seeds and cuttings are to be had by almost everybody for the gathering and choosing. Only, it must be remembered, that in order to have our little house gardens in order for the winter, it is necessary to begin work before the winter comes; and now is the time to collect seeds to be planted a month or two later, and to start cuttings for the luxuriant growth which will by and by gladden our eyes.

Use a few leisure moments in summer, then, wherein to lay up stores of beauty and enjoyment for the winter, whose cold breath will make our bright-faced flowers doubly precious to us.

WATER AND ITS USES.

This all-important subject is never more important than when the summer heat makes us realize more keenly our dependence for health and comfort upon a pure and abundant water-supply; and a word or two here as to the necessity of the free and constant use of water for our houses and our bodies, may not come amiss, and we trust may increase the attention of our readers to this pressing matter. As there is nothing which can, to any extent, take the place of water, and as we actually cannot subsist without it, we ought, in the first place, to see that our houses are conveniently and fully supplied with it, from wells or springs; and, in the second place, to make sure that such supply approaches, as nearly as possible, to absolute purity. Then our housekeepers should remember that no house can be wholesome to live in, which is not clean, and that no house can

be clean without the use of plenty of water; while every one of us should understand that a daily bath from head to foot, is a necessity both of neatness and of health; and should make this daily bath a matter of duty. It is not, of course, indispensable that the water used for cleaning and washing should be as pure as that used for drinking; and for the former purposes, rain water caught in cisterns, or even in open tubs, is best, and usually most convenient to obtain. The wells which furnish our drinking water should never be near enough to any outhouse, sewer, cesspool, or other source of contamination, to receive impurities from them; but this is often more easily said than done, and in crowded neighborhoods, or where there is any uncertainty about the position of the well, it is altogether safer, especially in hot weather, to *boil* the water used for drinking. This may, at first, seem rather troublesome; but habit will soon make it easy to keep three or four quarts of this boiled water always on hand, and this in itself is a safeguard, in many places, against some of the more ordinary illnesses of summer. It is, in short, the simplest way of purifying drinking water; and although it does not, by any means, remove all impurities, it nevertheless goes far in that direction.

But, to recur to the external use of water, we feel that it is scarcely possible to say too much as to the desirability, the necessity of the daily bath. It is one of the tests of civilization: for no person of civilization can tolerate physical uncleanness; while there may be a deeper meaning than we think for, in that connection of "clean hands and a pure heart." Those who have grown up in ignorance or have allowed themselves, in spite of knowledge, to become careless in this matter, will doubtless find that it requires some resolution to make a beginning; but we heartily wish that every one who reads these words, would, at once, decide to try the experiment of taking a thorough bath, every morning for a month. It is easier to commence in hot weather than in cold: for the refreshing effect is more immediately felt; but this is one of those cases in which virtue will be found to be its own reward; and whoever will persevere now from this first of August until the first of the coming September, will be almost sure to find that they have laid the foundation of a habit, which will bring them health and happiness so long as they live. A thorough bath of cold water in summer or winter, strengthens the muscles, cleanses the skin, stimulates the blood and the nerves, and is the first step in a life of cleanliness, toward which life we should all of us constantly aspire.

THE INDIAN BIBLE.

On the 2d of November, 1631, the Rev. John Eliot landed, from the ship *Lion*, at Boston, and in the following year, settled as teacher and preacher at Roxbury, Massachusetts. He devoted himself, at once, to the conversion of the Indians, and, learning their language, translated in 1863, the Bible into the Indian tongue. This was the first Bible in any language, printed in America; and it naturally made the Harvard College press (from which it was issued) famous, two editions, of three thousand copies in all, appearing in the years 1663 and 1666. "Up Bihlum God," which means the Book of God, is a portion of its title; but there is but one man now living, who can read the language in which this unique book is written, the tribe for whom it was prepared, being entirely extinct. So far as is known, there are but fifteen copies of Eliot's Indian Bible in America, and a still smaller number in Great Britain; a copy, which was sold in New York in 1868, having been purchased for $1,130, the highest price ever paid for a printed book in one volume, in this country. The devoted and faithful Eliot labored for many years, and won for himself the title of "Apostle to the Indians," a name which truly he well deserved.

The wicked are not always so happy nor the good so unhappy, as is imagined; and vice is, nine times out of ten, its own punishment.

For the Southern Workman.
BY J. ENDECOTT LINDEN.

THE WAY.

(*Isaiah* 35:8).

A highway hath the Lord cast up,
The "Way of Holiness;"
Wherein his own redeemed may walk,
Whom he doth love and bless.

"No lion shall be found thereon,"
Nor any conscious sin;
And though a fool, the wayfaring man
Shall never err therein.

To find this way, my anxious soul
Had sought, with many a tear,
Till Christ himself revealed it me,
With his own words of cheer.

"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life;"
Frustrating not his grace
By any effort of my own,
I bow before his face.

So, now, a refuge strong from sin,
From both its guilt and power;
I find at last, sweet, perfect rest
In Christ my Rock, my Bower.

Oh that beneath his cleansing blood
I may through life abide;
Till he shall send his loving hand
To waft me o'er the tide.

Then, safe within "my Father's house,"
Where the many mansions be,
I'll sing his power which, from all sin,
Through faith, hath set me free

LEFT BEHIND.

LEFT BEHIND.

Poor Ponto! It made him sad to be left behind, and I do not wonder at it. One bright autumn day his little master, Henry, had said to him, "Ponto, would you like to go to the beach? Uncle Charles and I are going to the beach."

Now, if there was anything that Ponto liked more than another, it was going to the beach, and chasing the little birds along the wet sand, and seeing the foamy waves come up and chase him, as if they were saying, "Leave those little birds alone."

And so, when Henry spoke of going to the beach, Ponto jumped up and barked with delight, and tried to lick his little master's face with his tongue. Then he ran round as if he wanted to say, "Oh, I'm so glad, so glad! for I do love to go to the beach."

But there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Now, it happened that Mr. Cross was to make one of the party to the beach, and Mr. Cross did not like dogs. He said he would not have a dog with him: so Uncle Charles had to tell Henry that Ponto must stay at home.

Henry was greatly disappointed at hearing this. "Poor Ponto!" he said, "after all, I cannot take you with me to the beach. You will have to stay at home."

Ponto did not quite understand these words; but when Henry tied a string to his collar, and fastened it to a ring in the wood-shed, then Ponto understood that his little master had changed his mind, and would not take his dear dog with him to the beach.

Ponto whined and cried when he found he was not to go, and felt sad enough, when, through the open window of the wood-shed, he saw Henry, Uncle Charles, Mr. Cross, and all Henry's brothers and sisters, going off to the steamboat that was to take them to the beach.

"This is too bad!" thought Ponto. He tugged at his rope, but could not break it; then he lay down on the floor; then he jumped up and barked; and then he gnawed at the rope. "I do so like to frolic on the beach with my dear master!" thought Ponto.

For more than twenty minutes he tried to get away; and when, at last, he had almost given up trying, the rope broke, and Ponto was free. With the rope dangling at his collar, he ran at once down to the wharf; but the steamboat had started. Ponto saw it, and barked long and loud; but Henry could not see or hear him.

Henry and his party arrived at the beach without Mr. Cross; for, just as they were starting, a summons from his wife compelled Mr. Cross to leave. It was now too late to get Ponto, and Henry missed him so much that he was sad.

But that forenoon while he was in the water with his uncle, learning to swim, he saw all at once a dog running along the sand. "Can that be Ponto?" cried Henry. Yes, it was indeed Ponto. As soon as the boat returned to the wharf, Ponto got in, and on its next trip sailed down to the beach without paying his fare: for the captain supposed he belonged to some one of the passengers.

How glad Ponto was to see his young master! And how glad was Henry to see Ponto. They had a fine time together in the water. Was not Ponto a clever dog to find his way all alone to the beach? and to know, that, by staying on board the boat, it would take him where he could find Henry? I think I never knew so bright and good a dog as Ponto.—*The Nursery.*

For the Southern Workman.

AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN.

In America, you know, we do not believe in giving patents of nobility to descend from father to son, so that an idle young fellow can content himself with the glory of his great grandfather's hard-earned title. "The field is the world: let every man win his own laurels; for the only true nobility is the nobleness *in* him"—that is what we say.

The standard of true nobility has varied with the world's growth. Brute force, physical courage, chivalrous deeds, intellectual power have all had their turn in earning renown; and the older the title, the more likely it is to have been won in the distant dark ages, by a sledge-hammer of a hand that could not write its own name. David tells of a time when "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." One would be more famous now if he could devise some way to save the labor of cutting them down by hand: for this nineteenth century is pre-eminently the age of invention.

And America is pre-eminently the country of inventors. American inventions are famous the world over; and foreign nations, whose notions of ranks and titles have been so different from our own, are recognizing the nobleness of American inventors, by conferring upon them their own orders of nobility.

During the great World's Fair, held at Vienna, Austria, a year ago, for the purpose of collecting and comparing the works of all nations in art and science, a letter came to this country from the commissioners in charge of the United States department, announcing that the Emperor of Austria had created Thaddeus Fairbanks, of Vermont, inventor of the Fairbanks scales, a Knight of the Imperial order of Francis Joseph. "It seems," they said, "that the emperor, who is fully imbued with the spirit of the age, has grown convinced that no country can become truly great, save through its manufacturing and commercial activities; and being impressed with the inventive genius of Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks, desires to confer some mark of personal respect and honor upon him."

Of course, every one knows what the Fairbanks scales are. Whatever we want weighed, from a letter to a loaded freight car, we like to bring to Fairbanks' scales. They have taken the first premium at more than one World's fair, and are used in every quarter of the globe, and their very name suggests fairness in the balance. It is pleasant to know that their inventor is still living to enjoy the honors and wealth that his genius has brought him, and to bless not only the world with his inventions, but his own town by the true nobleness of his character.

The Hampton Students, on their way to Canada, had the pleasure of a visit to the great manufactory in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, the largest of its kind in the world, from which over fifty thousand of the Fairbanks scales are sent out annually, to all quarters of the globe.

The process of casting the glowing molten iron into the sand moulds is always a brilliant, beautiful sight; and a walk among powerful, giant machines working away, almost by themselves, as if the brains were in them, instead of in one small, human head, is interesting, even to one who does not understand their operation. For some interesting statistics as to the manufacture, we are indebted to Mr. E. A. Walker, who showed us through the works.

"The establishment employs constantly a thousand workmen, principally Americans, most of whom have been in the manufactory from twenty to forty years.

"The sales of the house reach $2,000,000 annually, with a rapidly increasing demand. The establishment, which has been an assured success for over fifty years, has works that cover over ten acres of ground.

"The Fairbanks scales are produced in three hundred varieties—of all sorts and sizes—from the most delicate standard of the druggist or banker to the ponderous railroad-car or canal-boat scales. They are adapted to the standard of all nations, and marked with the signs of each. Large invoices are constantly sent as far as Japan. They are carried on the backs of camels across the deserts of the East, and supplied to the entire world.

"One of the most remarkable manufactures of this company is the 'Railroad Track Scale.' This is one of the later inventions of that great mechanical genius, Thaddeus Fairbanks. The platforms are built ranging in length from thirty to one one hundred and fifty feet. The larger of these are used for weighing freight trains as they pass, and correspond in structure to the most substantial railroad work.

"The 'Live Stock Scale' is another specialty of this establishment, of the Fairbanks make. They have weighed in the Union Stock Yards of Chicago, in the past seven years, 17,400,000 animals, taking them on by the drove at once. Thus both the drover and the butcher know what they are doing when they buy and sell.

"To our agricultural population, these scales are invaluable. By their aid can be ascertained the actual difference between what they buy and sell, and the various successes of their fattening processes on cattle. Anything that has weight, and can be handled and moved, Fairbanks can weigh. The largest scale is registered five hundred tons; but those of double its range are frequently built to order. To weigh a loaded steamboat, a railway train in motion, a drove of cattle, at once, six thousand bushels of grain an hour, would seem hardly possible; but these are everyday tasks for the Fairbanks scales.

"All the scales are subjected to the nicest tests before being 'sealed.' The minutest films of metal are used for the more delicate trials. Masses of iron, weighing hundreds of pounds, are placed alternately on the different corners of the scale platform, and if the difference in position changes the 'record,' the scale is condemned. The thoroughness of the work, and this severity of the test, is the explanation of the world-wide reputation of the Fairbanks scales for accuracy."

Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks is the oldest, and the only one living, of three brothers once associated in the business, created by his inventive genius. One of them was governor of his state; and his son, the Hon. Horace Fairbanks, is the inventor of some valuable additions to the machinery. The beautiful houses of several members of the family are grouped on the hills above the manufactories; and their public spirit and benevolence extend beyond their own *fair banks* through all the town, whose fine, free library, and art gallery, containing able works of our own and foreign artists, were gifts of Hon. Horace Fairbanks; and its academy was built at an expense of $80,000, by Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks, our true, American nobleman.

WRECKED AT HOME.

Left alone on Grampus Rock, with all sign of rescue fading away into the night, things looked pretty dismal for ten shipwrecked boys. Some of us had never slept away from home before in our lives, —unless, perhaps, when we lay in haymows and barns, on the "night before Fourth o' July." For on that night, at twelve o'clock precisely, it was the custom of the entire boy population of Fairport to ring the church bell—the "town bell" we called it—and build a bonfire on the Common. These amusements were forbidden, being destructive to the sleep of the older people, to say nothing of burning fences and dry-goods boxes. So we escaped from home and hid away in hay-lofts, until the hour when the clangor of the town bell and the flames of bonfires should banish sleep from the entire town for the rest of the night.

"I say, fellers," said Jack Adams, "this is like sleeping out, night before Fourth o' July."

Bill Keeler whimpered: "But we aint got no fire." Bill's grammar always was a little shaky.

Fire! There was an idea! If we only had a fire, it would not be so lonesome. But there was nothing to burn, it seemed; and Dandy Blake said that fish-bones and sea-weed would not catch afire, even if we had matches.

Matches! Who had any matches? It would be strange if, out of ten boys, at least one-half did not have some stray matches among the odd lumber stored in their pockets. There was a general rummaging, and pockets turned inside out gave forth nails, twine, chalk, fish-hooks, sinkers, knives and other such valuables; and in Ben Dennett's vest pocket—for Ben wore a real waistcoat—were found three matches! In Rufe Parker's jacket was found one more. It had worked through a hole in his pocket, and slipped down into a corner of the lining, where it was captured with great triumph.

But what to burn? Here were the matches, but no wood.

"Let's burn the boat!" cried Jem Couner.

Little Sam burst into tears. "You shan't burn my father's boat," he said.

"Pho! there's nothing left of her but small pieces. We are in for it now, and it'll be no worse to make a fire of the old thing than to make a wreck of her, anyhow."

"And we shall catch it, anyhow," added Bill Keeler, gloomily: "so we may as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb." Still the idea of burning even the fragments of old Snowman's boat was a little appalling, even to us shipwrecked young mariners.

"I move we burn the *Red Rover*," said Jack Adams, removing his battered cap by way of making himself presiding officer. "All in favor of that will say 'aye;' contrary-minded, 'no.' It's a vote," he added, as a shrill chorus of ayes rose on the chill air.

A melancholy procession of boys took up the line of march over the rock to the other side, where the main part of the wreck still lay. The old hatchet was found under the after-part of the boat, where it had been left. Armed with this, Ben Dennett struck the first blow, shivering off a huge chunk of pitchy pine in an instant. This set an example; and we all rushed at the wreck like hungry wolves, each one tearing away a slice, Sam Snowman vieing with the rest in the work.

With great glee—laughing and joking at our misfortune—we lugged the wood over the ragged spur of rock to the leeward, where we were out of the wind. Some slivers of dry pine and fragments of newspaper from somebody's pocket served as kindling. One of Ben Dennett's matches was carefully scratched on a dry stone, under his cap, the entire company crowding around to keep off the air. It fizzed a little, sputtered, choked Ben so that he gasped for breath, then—it went out. Three were left. Another and another were scratched, each boy holding his breath; and each went out irresolutely. Ben had wet his matches when he went overboard.

Rufe's one match was all we had left. Little Tommy began to tremble with fear and cold as that was produced and anxiously drawn across the surface of a smooth, dry stone. It fizzled, crackled into a clear flame, and in a moment a bright, yellow blaze was leaping up from the little knot of pine and dry sea-grass. Each boy gave a great hurrah of joy; and we had a jolly fire.

We brought over, bit by bit, the entire wreck of the once proud *Red Rover of the Bloody Seas*, and prepared for the long night before us. Some of the fragments of the old craft had floated away and were lost. Some were rescued from the detached rocks, where they had lodged. Jerry Murch waded out into the swirling tide and secured a piece of the broken gunwale, which he particularly coveted. Leaving the rock, to return, he cut his bare foot on a sharp shell, and, giving a little howl of pain, tumbled over into the current, which bore him swiftly away.

Speechless with terror, and with mouths wide open, the boys stood helplessly looking at their comrade as he was swept out from Grampus. But Ben Dennett, dropping his armful of wood, dashed into the water, struck out bravely, grasped Jerry by his long, red hair, and dragged him into shallow water. As they regained the shore, Jerry, dropping his bit of timber, which he had held all the time, rubbed his head ruefully, and said, "You needn't have pulled a fellow's hair so."

"That's the way always to save a drowning man," said Ben. "Aint it so in story books? You know the hero seizes the other hero by his flowing locks, and all that sort of thing."

But the rest of the boys executed a sort of war-dance around the heroic Ben, doing him honor for saving two lives that day. We had not forgotten that he took Tommy Collins on his back when we were wrecked; and nobody thought it less heroic because the water then was only knee-deep.

The roaring fire put a different look on things right away. Basking in the cheerful blaze, we watched the limpets broiling on the hot stones; for we were ravenously hungry, and even these tough morsels of shell-fish tasted very nice. There was no water, and the hot, salty limpets made us somewhat thirsty. But the Fairport boys were not used to whimpering much; and though some of them licked their chops, as they looked across at the little stone farm-house at the entrance of the harbor, and remembered the nice, brown pans of milk in the dairy, nobody complained.

Some of the little fellows were dozy, but not one of us thought of going to sleep. It was pretty clear that we could not be found until daylight; and Jem Conner's suggestion that we put our fire on top of the rock, so that it might be seen from town, was scouted as a wild and extravagant project.

"Who could see the fire so far off? And who would bother themselves about us, anyhow?"

That was boy-reasoning. Yet, at that very moment, and all through that anxious night, the island-dotted bay, the rotting wharves, the marsh, and the spruce-covered pastures were searched painfully by anxious men and mothers, who could not give up their children for lost.

Unconscious of the pother which our absence was making in the distant, unsleeping town, we little midgets perched ourselves on the rocks about the fire, and told stories.

"Give us the 'Drummer Boy,'" said Bill Keeler.

This was one of Rufe Parker's stories, inherited from his grandfather's time, but common property in Fairport. Every Fairport boy knew the story of the drummer boy's melancholy ghost; but Rufe always told it well.

"No, don't let 's have that; it 's a ghost story," said little Sam Snowman, glancing around the gloomy picture with a scared look.

"Oh! bother the ghost!" said Ben. "I've heard it lots of times. Heave ahead, Rufe. Who's afeard?"

As Ben was the hero of two rescues from drowning, he was allowed to have his way, and Rufe then told his tale.

"It was a wild and gloomy night in the month of March—"

"No, no," broke in Jem Couner. "'It was a tempest-tossed and weeping night in the month of March.' That's the way it goes. I've heard it lots of times."

"I aint neither," replied Rufe, angrily. "And I just want to know who's telling the story—you or I?"

"O shut up, Jem!" said several of the boys; and Rufe, somewhat heated in this interruption, went on:

"It was a wild and gloomy night in the month of March" (with a withering glance at Jem), "when the British abandoned Fort George, situated on the heights of Fairport. They went away in such haste that they forgot a little drummer boy, aged fifteen, who was in prison in the dungeon—the which you may now see in ruins in the lower left-hand corner of the fort, as you go in from the side toward town; but the roof 's fallen in, so that you can't see all of the dungeon, but you can see where it was; and us fellers have been in there many a time, and know it's so."

Taking a long breath, Rufe proceeded: "Well, this poor little drummer boy, aged fifteen, when he heard the soldiers marching away in a hurry, jumped up and beat 'The Retreat' on his drum, which he happened to have with him; but in vain. Though he beat his drum with uncommon energy, and made a deuce of a row, he couldn't attract the attention of his departing comrades, who marched off in double-quick time—for the Americans were after 'em,—and so left their unfortunate drummer boy shut up in the dungeon—aged fifteen."

"But he was aged fifteen once before," interposed Tommy Collins, whose eyes were as big as saucers.

"O cork up, youngster!" said Ben Dennett. "Heave ahead, Rufe."

"A great many months, mayhap years, passed away before the dungeon in old Fort George was visited by anybody. The war— Oh! I forgot to say in the right place, that this was in the Revolutionary War. The war was over, and some people thought they would explore the dungeon, to see if, mayhap, they might find some curiosities, and, mayhap, some stores of gold and silver. But, there in a dark and dismal corner, their tin lantern—for they had one of those tin lanterns from Rowell's store—their tin lantern showed them a heap of skeleton bones bent over a rusty, dusty drum. *It was the little drummer boy, aged fifteen!*"

Proceeding in a ghostly whisper, and glancing aronnd on his terrified audience, so as to mark the effect, Rufe went on:

"When Fort George was evacuated, it was the fifteenth of March, Seventeen Hundred and something or other; and now, on the fifteenth of March, every year, his ghost comes to the old dungeon and beats his ghostly drum. People don't remember it, sometimes; but when it is another wild and gloomy night in the month of March, they hear from the old fort the hollow rolling of the drum. Then they say, 'It's the fifteenth of March;' and so it is. And, last March, me and Bill Williams hid behind Oliver Bridges' house, and we heard the drum, just as sure as a gun. It was an uncommon wild and gloomy night, just like this" (the stars were shining thickly in the sky while Rufe was talking); "and, if we'd waited, we would have seen the ghost of the little British drummer boy, aged fifteen."

Some of the chubby faces about the fire grew pale as this blood-curdling story was concluded. The place seemed more lonely than ever, while the boys listened to the soft lapping of the waves on the rocks, and the far-off note of the sea on the wild shores of the bay. It was late—how late nobody knew; we had nothing but the stars to tell the time. Most of us were dreadfully sleepy; but everybody was too much afraid to sleep. What might not happen in the darkness and silence of the night?

As we boys cronched together about the flickering fire, suddenly cries of distress and horror were heard from the other side of the rock. There were sounds of groans and shrieks for an instant; then all was still. Again, the yells and cries grew more and more sharp, as of a person in mortal anguish; then they sank away in a sobbing groan. Every boy stood at once on his feet, his eyes starting from his head, his form motionless; and not a word was said. Bill Keeler's seal-skin cap actually rose three inches on the top of his head, held there by his white hair, which stood on end with terror. You could have hung your hat on Rufe Parker's eyes, they stuck out so.

Nobody stirred. Jack Adams was the first to speak:

"Let's go and see what it is!"

And away he dashed, like a brave old mutineer of the ship *Bounty*, as he was, before his comrades could still their chattering teeth long enough to say "No." Every boy followed Jack, each one afraid of being left behind.

Half-way over the rock, there came another loud, wild cry. This time we heard the startling words:

"Help! help! help!"

And jumping down on the other side, the whole mob of boys tumbled over Jem Conner, who was lying under a crag, howling in his hands, speaking-trumpet fashion, and making all these unearthly noises just for a lark.

"O you scarecrows!" said he. "Before I'd be fooled so!"

He had stolen away while Rufe was telling the ghost story; and he knew just about when to come in with the chorus of groans and yells. He had the tale of the drummer boy all by heart.

"Pshaw! who was afraid? We knew it was you," said Jerry Mnrch.

"Of conrse, we did," said little Snowman, his teeth still rattling like a pair of castanets.

Jack Adams said it was a mean joke—so it was—to try to scare a lot of little fellows like that. Jack was almost always right.

Finding their way back to the fire, the excited boys sang a few mournful little songs about Old Dog Tray, who was gentle and was kind, and whose tail hung down behind, just like any other Old Dog Tray; but it was a very dull business. One by one they sank off to slumber, and all was still save the low wash of the waves, the solitary cry of a night-hawk overhead, and an occasional snivel from a heap of legs and arms where some of the poor, little, old soldiers were dreaming of home.

Once, toward morning, there was a general alarm. One of the boys, awaking from a troubled sleep, caught sight of a sail creeping down by Nautilus Island. He sang out, hastily, "Sail ahoy!" Bnt the little craft was too far off to hear his hail. The half-awakened boys stood disconsolately about, rubbing their aching limbs and eagerly watching, as the sail, ghostly in the grey dawn, faded away in the mist and disappeared behind Holbrook's. We left the water's edge, and, seeking our uneasy bed once more, slept hrokenly until sunrise.

It seemed a moment after—but it must have been several hours, for the sun was rising over Kench's Mountain—when I was awakened by the rattle of oars pulled noisily into a boat, and the sound of voices. Starting up in the chilly air, I beheld Gitchell's boat, her keel just grating on the rocky beach of our island. In the bow stood old Gitchell, with the painter in his hand. He saw the boys rising, one hy one, from the rocks. The remark he made was, "Wal, I swan to man!"

Uncle Oliver, Captain Bakeman and 'Si Redman were in the boat. They had been searchiug for us all night. The harbor had been explored in every direction; and now, toward morning, the whole distance as far up as Nigger Island having been covered, they had extended their search to Grampus, hut with faint hopes of finding the young brood so far out to sea.

We were rescued. And nothing in life ever tasted so good as the half-warm water which we found in a small keg on board. There was nothing to eat, though old Gitchell, with a dark grin, offered us a chunk of pig-tail tobacco, on which he allayed his own hunger.

What a triumphal voyage was that which we made homeward! A soft, westerly breeze sprang up with the sun; the clumsy old boat, dear to fishing excursions and chowder parties, seemed a barge of beauty. Somewhat lame and sore with our uneasy rest on the rocks, and faint with long fasting, we hoys were joyful enongh to forget all trial, and entertained our rescuers with marvelous tales of our night's adventures.

As the old craft drew near the town, the news of our coming, spread: for the boys swarmed over the gunwale, and crowed prodigiously their greetings. The wharf was dotted with tearful parents, sisters and brothers, some of the latter looking half envious at the heroes of the rescue. We were received with open arms. Nobody thought of scolding. A great terror had been removed. Each father and mother, I suppose, thought, "For this my son was lost and is found, was dead and is alive."

Even old man Snowman, as he took little Sam into his big arms, brushed a drop of dew off his weather-beaten cheek with the back of his tarry hand, and only said, "You blamed little rat."

There was rejoicing in Fairport that summer morning; and in many happy homes a great cloud of sorrow was lifted, as the young prodigals were welcomed with smoking breakfasts, and with that little show of feeling which a New England cool self-restraint permitted.

It was a peaceful end to what at one time seemed a most perilous adventure. Looking back at it now over the still lapse of years, it does seem like a narrow escape. Perhaps we trnant yonngsters were much to blame for the night of tearful apprehension which we brought into the quiet old town. Perhaps—and who shall say that each one did not deserve to "catch it," as little Sam expected he should, when he reached home after the wreck?—*St. Nicholas.*

A NEW WRITING-MACHINE.

The *Mechanics' Magazine* figures and describes a new form of writing-machine, the invention of the Rev. Malling Hansen, superintendent of the Royal Deaf and Dumb Institution of Copenhagen. The machine is designed for rapid writing, and is also capable of being used by the blind. The work is done by means of a series of keys, moved by the fingers something in the same way as the keys of a concertina, each key leaving the impress of its proper letter or character on the paper below, when it is struck by the finger. The keys are so disposed, that the imprint of each type, when struck, is directed to, and received upon, a central spot, over which the blank paper is made to travel by means of suitable machinery.

Besides offering great facilities for copying purposes, the machine is said to rival stenography as a means for reporting speeches or taking down dictated composition. Rapid writing rarely exceeds four letters per second; while in ordinary speaking, from nine to ten, and in rapid speech, from fifteen to twenty letters are uttered per second. This machine, with a little practice, enables the operator to take down an average of twelve letters per second, and an expert manipulator can considerably exceed this. The instrument is in use in London, and its performances are said to be very satisfactory.

BRONZING OBJECTS OF WOOD, ETC.

Objects of wood, stone-ware, and porcelain, picture-frames, etc., may, it is stated, be made to receive a beautiful bronze, by applying, by means of a brush, a thin layer of a water-glass solution, and then dusting this over with fine bronze powder. The excess of the powder is to be removed by gentle tapping; and the article, if of porcelain or some stone-ware, slightly heated. The bronzing may be polished by means of an agate stone, and thereby made to assume a beautiful effect.

(From page 59).

and the swords of justice, temporal and ecclesiastical. But the most interesting room to me was the Beauchamp Tower, a chamber into which prisoners were brought to spend the night previous to their execution. The walls are covered with carvings and inscriptions cut by many a noble hand, one in particular, by Lord Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey: it is a coat of arms with the letters IANE, cut above it. There are ninety-one of these inscriptions, all of them most sadly and painfully interesting. The entrance to this tower is through a little door, which opens upon a secret staircase built in the thickness of the wall. As we came out and walked across the Tower yard, we were shown the stone and railing marking the spot where the scaffold formerly stood. We were conducted all over the place by one of the warders, dressed in the ancient style. But one must make many visits, and explore the place very thoroughly, to take into his memory one half the curious and wonderful things to be found here.

Not far from the Tower, stands the splendid Monument erected by Parliament in commemoration of the great fire which occured in 1666. I have climbed to the top of this, two hundred and fifteen feet, by its marble staircase, consisting of three hundred and forty-five steps. I was rewarded by a glorious view from the balcony over the capital. The column is of the Doric order, fluted, upon a pedestal twenty-eight feet square, the north and south sides of which, each have an inscription in Latin—one describing the desolation of the city laid in ashes, and the other its glorious restoration; on the east side is a statement of the time at which the pillar was begun, continued and finished, covering a period of six years; and the west side is covered by a finely carved emblem of the scene, which contains many allegorical and some historical figures. I have been told by one of my uncles, an old habitue of London, and well versed in its history, that this great fire commenced at Puddling Lane and ended at Pie Corner; but I do not find any such appetising names in this locality at present.

Agricultural.

DRAINAGE AT NORFOLK.

II.

If two kernels of wheat be sown, one in Egypt and the other in England, the one in the latter country is in danger from too mnch moistnre at the roots; while the one in Egypt has entirely different peril to encounter. The compact coating of Nile mud causes Egyptian grain to flourish, not merely by fertility, hnt by keeping ont the hot, drying air, which would rob the earth of all its moisture. Travelers inform us, that, while Egypt is one of the richest countries in the world, no wheat is there produced on porous soils.

The climate of Norfolk, for a month before wheat harvest, is more similar to that of Egypt than to that of England. Our prevailing winds, at that season, instead of being laden with moistnre and imparting it to porous soils, as in England, come over a hot country and suck up moistnre wherever they find it. Plants need to drink as much as animals; and whether the climate and soil of Norfolk furnish the wheat plant with too much or too little water, is to be determined, not hy foreign, or northern, but by Norfolk experience. Without cautious trials, it would surely be a wild thing for Norfolk farmers to rnsh into tile drainage, merely because it is an English panacea.

Northern farmers drain, that they may be ahle to work their soils early in the spring. At Norfolk, there is seldom a month in the year, in which, soils provided with occasional ditches, are too wet to work.

English farmers drain so as to escape the rust. Norfolk farmers, would, by tile draining, run the risk of forcing their wheat into growth in January, and its loss or serions injnry by our long, cold springs. It would be far more profitable to lose the crop by rust, than by a costly, winter forcing-apparatus of tiles.

If Norfolk were a green isle with a large home market, and its farmers had nothing to fear from competitors southward, an expense of thirty or forty dollars per acre in drains, might pay wealthy men a good interest, hy enahling them to gain a few days over their neighbors. As the case stands, there is yet no proof that the outlay would not consume the profit.

Wheat is a valuahle crop, but not the only one. We have others not known in England (such as corn), which are less risky, as valuable, and better suited to our soil and climate. It is yct to be proved, that drainage would not injure these sunmer crops, by letting in the hot, dry air about the roots.

In the Northern states, the more the ground is stirred, the moister it is. At Norfolk, any old nncle will tell you that you will kill cucumbers, by hoeing them in a dry time.

In the North, wheat is the first thing sown when the new land is broken.

At Norfolk, the practice is to sow no grain or clover until several years have elapsed, and the soil becomes compact. Porosity is feared hy the farmers; and the fact is worth many theories. Surface flooding, hy sudden torrents, is the chief danger from water, dreaded hy the Norfolk farmer, after he has tapped his beds of sand. Before he spends on drains several times the value of his land, it were well for him to try it on a small scale, considering carefnlly the force of the old adage, that "Circumstances alter cases."

As for wheat growing, it is to be hoped that English and German farmers who come to Virginia, may notice how much has been accomplished at the North, in avoiding rust by selecting early ripening varieties of seed. Effort in that direction, and in proper enrichment of the ground, seems much more promising of valuable results, than does tile draining to a Norfolk OBSERVER.

For the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

SOME THOUGHTS ON FARMING.

BY A WOMAN.

Tilling the soil appears to have been the most ancient and time honored employment.

When the sun first rose on the earth, warming and vivifying the myriad germs of vegetable life concealed in her bosom, there sprang up, in great luxuriance, the thorn, the thistle and the briar, as well as the kindly fruit, for the food of man.

Now, here in this field of labor, was placed our Ancient Ancestor, with the command to select and cultivate snch plants as were necessary to his wants,

His first implements must have been rather rude: for as yet, the brain to conceive, and the hand, to fashion the spade, the hoe and the plow, had not come into being.

From that time, to the present, our blessed Mother Earth has given us, lavishly, from her stores, tenfold, for all our care and attention.

To receive the greatest reward for our labor, we must understand what constitutes the particular kind of soil we intend to cultivate, and the nature of the vegetable life we wish to nourish upon it, and see if the earth contains the food required for a vigorous growth. Though, from the earliest times until now, men have tilled the ground, they have hnt slowly come to the great truth of the immutable laws, which govern everywhere in nature, in the earth as well as on it, that the relation of *cause* and *effect* is clearly seen in the productions of the soil.

For long ages, men worked on, as moles, in the dark; but, in modern times, in a few of the most enlightened nations, men of the ablest minds have devoted lives of industry and toil to investigation and experiment; and farming has become a science.

We have agricultural colleges, where our young men learn the art and science of farming, and magazines exclusively devoted to conveying a knowledge of the best methods of agriculture. There is a right as well as a wrong way of doing things in this department, as in others; and to be a successful farmer, one must learn the art. Instead of the rude plow of the Egyptian, which was only a sharp stick, we have the steam plow, all manner of planters and reapers, machines so multiplied and numerous, that, little more is required, than to direct the machinery.

Yet, with all these helps, many are content to farm in the old way. They take upon large tract of land, never examine the earths which

compose it, indeed, are quite ignorant of whether it is suited to the crops, whether it requires manures or what kinds. They break up fifty acres or more for corn, plow a shallow furrow, plant, paying little attention to the kind of seed, work it once or twice, and then let the weeds tend it the rest of the season. Just so with other crops: about half put in; weeds allowed to grow all along the fence-rows, every year bearing a greater abundance, —notwithstanding all this careless, ignorant way of farming, nature is friendly, and a considerable yield is produced.

Now, if one-third of the ground was broken and done intelligently and thoroughly, the best seed selected, fertilizers used if needed, not a weed allowed to hold up its head—and working hand in hand with *nature*—the result would be, with less hard labor, a harvest such as would astonish the possessor. A little, well done, is better than much badly performed.

If the farmer is ignorant, so much the worse for his business. There is little excuse for him. He has his daily and yearly observation and experience of the operation of the laws of Nature. He is in the midst of her fields and groves, and she waits to pour her treasures into the lap of her faithful and obedient children. If he is too indolent to learn wisdom with these golden opportunities, he pays a heavy penalty.

If the farmer is poor, let him look to his ways: it is the result of ignorance, carelessness, or extravagance. The want of industry and economy, is the common parent of almost all the poverty in the world. To practice economy is a lesson which many are long in learning, and some never master. Where you find ten indnstrious laborers, there will be but one who knows how to save. It is an old and true saying, "Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves." This appeals most emphatically to the consideration of the farmer.

There is great waste here in this favored land, for want of barns and sheds to shelter the stock in winter. Horses and cattle will keep fat on one-third less food, if protected from cold and storms—"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Then there is a great saving in mnnres, which can always be used to advantage somewhere on the farm, but lose much of their value when exposed to the winter rains.

Another great item of waste is farming tools: they should always be kept dry, under cover, when not in use; they will work better, and last twice as long, as when left out; besides, there is much valuable time consumed, and often loss of temper, in hunting a plow here, and a hoe there, where it has been left, in the field, when last year's crop was put in; then, some one must run after the spade, sticking in the ground, in the garden, or lying rusting in the fence corner; the scythe is hanging in a tree, or, at best, in an open shed; and after considerable trouble, the things are found, rusty and weather-beaten, and in poor condition for use.

Another item, is the harness for the teams: it is often either hung on the fence, or thrown down in a heap, in what is only an apology for a stable, tramped on and broken. When put on, a buckle gives way—the place is supplied with a string,—a strap or a trace breaks, —a piece of rope is tied on; after a time, the whole sett is in such a bad condition, that a spirited horse breaks loose, runs off, and there is a general smash-up, making a heavy bill for repairs. Now, a little care in keeping the harness blacked and greased, and hung up in the dry, with one or two hours' work in mending occasionally—which every farmer ought to do—would be a great saving; indeed, he should be able to repair the most of his implements; and he will generally find wet days enongh for that purpose, if he will so apply them.

Particular care should be taken, in gathering the crops. It is poor economy, to raise more corn than can be gathered in the autumn. It should be cut, husked, put in dry cribs, secure from rats, the fodder stacked near the barn—which should never be very distant from the house, so convenient that the farmer can visit and feed his cattle, at least, twice every day.

Allowing the fodder to remain standing after the corn is removed, and turning the stock in, to shift for themselves, through the winter, is slovenly and wasteful. The corn blades, after a few heavy frosts and drenching rains, are of little value for food, and the cattle live at starvation point. This, the humane farmer will not permit.

The crops should, as soon as practicable, be put in readiness to take advantage of the best market.

To you, lords of the soil, the most honorable and independent of any class of laborers, I would say, Let your ambition be, to have the neatest and best managed farms in the state; the finest stock—the most carefully tended and the most profitable; and your prosperity will be a beacon light to the surrounding neighborhood, and a blessing to yourselves. Rest not satisfied at any point short of the highest intelligence, the soundest wisdom and morals, and the greatest refinement in taste and manners. Not in vain, should the sweet influences of Nature breathe around you, in your daily walks. The strength and the virtue of a nation lie in her yeomanry.

Be faithful to your high calling.

THE UNORGANIZED SUBSTANCES FOUND IN PLANTS.

Let us now examine those complex substances in the juices and cells of plants, produced out of the sap, which are not possessed of organized structure, although they are most of them destined by nature to be ultimately converted into organized structure. They are the organic elements combined into complex molecules, waiting for the final touch, which is to make them the abode of life. They may therefore be called *organizable bodies*. Most of our food, and many of the luxuries of our tables, are obtained from these substances, by arresting them in their progress of development.

SUGAR is one of these; produced out of the vegetable sap by the agency of *cell-life*. Sap is not at all sweet when it enters the spongioles of the roots, but it becomes so, as it ascends toward the leaves, by a new arrangement of the organic elements. We find by analysis, that each complex molecule of sugar is composed of twelve atoms of carbon, twelve atoms of oxygen, and twelve atoms of hydrogen. This can only be accounted for by the redistribution of the elements of carbonic acid and water; of the former, twelve atoms of its carbon and twelve atoms of its oxygen have united with twelve atoms of the hydrogen of the latter, leaving the remaining twelve atoms of the oxygen of the carbonic acid, and the whole of the oxygen of the water to ascend to the leaves, and pass off through the stomata. Sugar is therefore made by a similar process to that which is employed in the formation of wood-substances. The only difference is, that the operation of condensation has not been carried so far. Less oxygen has been dismissed, and more hydrogen connected with the other ingredients. There is therefore, relatively, less carbon in each molecule. Hence, sugar is a substance not so highly carbonized as wood. It is found in the cell-liquid of nearly all kinds of plants. It differs slightly from the common *cane sugar* in having more oxygen and hydrogen in its molecules; and is therefore a trifle less carbonized. It is called on this account *grape sugar*, to distinguish it from the *cane sugar* of commerce. Sugar is very soluble in water, and therefore is particularly well-fitted to be easily carried about wh—ver nourishment is needed. It is, indeed, the food of all vegetable textures that do not contain nitrogen in their composition. Sugar is found in solution only in the juices of plants; but by depriving it of the watery particles with which it is always accompanied in the living plant, it assumes the crystaline form; but we find the crystals of sugar, indeed those of all organic compounds, put on curved outlines of rounded grains; while those of saline inorganic compounds take the form of crystals, bounded by straight lines and angles.

STARCH is also a complex *organizable body*, produced out of vegetable sap by the agency of cell-life. It is merely sugar a little more highly carbonized. Each of its molecules is found on analysis, to contain twelve atoms of carbon, ten atoms of oxygen, and ten atoms of hydrogen. It is therefore formed by twelve atoms of carbonic acid losing fourteen atoms of oxygen, and acquiring ten atoms of hydrogen from water, the oxygen escaping to the leaves, as in the formation of sugar. Starch is always found in the interior of vegetable cells, in the condition of little rounded grains, attached together. They remain loose and free in the cell-liquid so long as the cell-walls continue unbroken. These starch-grains are readily seen when sought for by a microscope; but are, nevertheless, small enough for over three thousand of them to lie side by side within the breadth of an inch. The green color of living vegetables is due to a thin coating of coloring matter, round the starch grains, within the cells. The fact is, that the grain is itself a delicate cell, packed full of starch-molecules, surrounded by a thin film, which, from being wrinkled, gives it a corrugated appearance. When starch-grains are placed in boiling water, the cell-films burst, and the starch-grains escape, and are changed into a soluble gum. Taking advantage of this property, the laundress gives stiffness to linen and cotton fabrics by immersing them in a solution of starch, and drying them again by applying hot irons.

The cells of some plants get packed so full of starch-grains, that almost all other contents are excluded. This is the case with the potato; in the tuber of which, they lie loosely amidst each other, and in no way attached to the film of the containing-cell. The starch in the potato is an extraneous substance, formed in the cell for employment elsewhere, and not an essential portion of its structure. It is designed for the nourishment of the young shoots of the plant, when they are produced in the next growing season. When they are pushed forth in the spring, the tuber is robbed of its starch, and loses its "*mealy*" properties. Starch is deposited in nearly every kind of seed, and, there, it is destined, as we before stated, for the support of the germ during the early stages of its existence. The starch remains fixed and unchanged during the winter; but when the time arrives in the spring, for the development of the germ, it is converted into "*diastase*," a soluble sugar, which can be taken up by water and conveyed to the radical and plumule, till they are so far developed as to be able to draw their support from the earth and air.

The starch deposited in the grains of barley, for the nourishment of the germ, is prematurely converted into sugar by the process of malting. If the grain had been allowed to fall in the ground, and to remain there until the spring, the rain and sun would have done just what the malster effects by soaking the grain into water, and drying it again on the stove.

When potatoes are boiled that they may be employed as articles of food for man, a somewhat similar change is effected. The starch-grains are burst and converted into a kind of soluble gum, which is more fitted for immediate digestion. Starch can be procured from all parts of plants, but most constantly and abundantly from their seeds.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

THE FLORA OF HAMPTON.

JUNE—CONTINUED.

Briza media—*quaking grass*. Baptisia tinctolia—*wild indigo*. Prunella vulgaris—*self-heal, heal-all*. Liriodendron tulipifera—*white wood, tulip tree*. Magnolia glauca—*white bay, beaver tree*. Liquidambar styraciflua—*sweet gum*. Linum Virginianum—*yellow flax*. Andromeda arborea—*sorrel tree*. Medicago sativa—*lucerne, medick*. Melilotus alba—*white melilote clover*.

JULY.

Circium lanceolatum—*common thistle*. Polygonum persicaria—*smart weed*. Delphinum consolida—*larkspur*. Fostoronia deformis—*Fosteronia*. Silene armeria—*catch fly*. Sericocarpus conyzoides—*white-tipped aster*. Spiranthea gracilis—*slender ladies' tresses*. Lobella Boykinii—*slender lobelia*. Lysimachia quadrifolia—*four-leaved loosestrife*. Sedum pulchellum—*white stonecrop*. Vitis vulpina—*fox grape*. Vitis festivalis—*summer grape*. Tecoma radicans—*trumpet flower*. Castanea vesca—*chestnut*. Plantago major—*larger plantain*. Pogonia ophioglossoides—*snakemouth arethusa*. Rubus occidentalis—*black raspberry, thimbleberry*. Scutellaria pilosa—*hairy skull-cap*. Asclepias phytolaccoides—*poke-leaved silkweed*. Stylosanthes elatior—*pencil flower*. Xanthoxylum Americanum—*prickly ash*. Polypogon Monspeliensis—*polypog grass*. Salsoia kali—*saltwort*. Hydrocotyle interrupta—*pennywort, navelwort*. Geum album—*white avens*. Typha latifolia—*broad-leaved cat-tail*. Pluryma leptostachya—*lop seed*. Centaurea calcitrapa—*star thistle*. Rhexia Virginica—*deer grass*. Diospyros Virginiana—*persimmon, seed plum*. Castanea pumila—*chinquapin*. Quercus phellos—*willow oak*. Hypericum mutilum—*St. John's wort*. Ilysanthes refractra—*ilysanthes*. Diodia Virginiana—*Virgian diodia*. Cepbalanthns occidentalis—*button bush*. Sanicula Marilandica—*Maryland sanicle*. Seriocarpus tortifolius—*twisted-leaved aster*. Callicarpa Americana—*French mulberry*. Allium mutabile—*garlic, wild onion*. Borrichia frutescens—*sea oxeye*. Discopleura capillacea—*bishop weed*. Martynia proboscidia—*unicorn plant*. Elymns striatus—*lyme grass*. Centrosema Virginianum—*sea pea*. Teucrium Canadense—*germander*. Cnidoscolos stimulosa—*spurge nettle, tread softly*. Clethra alnifolia—*sweet pepper bush*. Scablosa atropurpurea—*purple scabish*. Lactuca elongata—*trumpet milkweed*. Rhus quercifolium—*oak-leaved sumach*. Chimaphila maculata—*prince's pine, bitter wintergreen*. Sanicula Canadensis—*sanicle*. Atropa belladona—*deadly nightshade*. Mcutha piperita—*peppermint*. Ludwigia alternifolia—*seed box*. Passiflora coerulea—*blue passion flower*.

REMOVAL OF INK BLOTCHES FROM WRITING.

When ink blotches have been formed over writing which it is desired to decipher, we are advised to brush off the spot carefully with a weak solution of oxalic acid by means of a camel's-hair pencil. In this way layer after layer of the superincumbent ink will be removed, and finally the writing itself will, in most cases, come to view. This is especially possible where some considerable interval has elapsed between the two applications of ink. As soon as the letters are visible, the brushing should be continued for a time with clean water, so as to arrest the tendency of the acid solution to make a further change in the ink.

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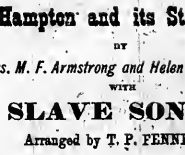

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DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IV. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1875. NO. 9.

SABBATH AFTERNOON.—A Story Without Words.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

A little, tired child, worn out with play and the heat of a long August afternoon, has thrown itself upon a rough beuch in a shady corner, and with its playmates, the chickens, the dog and the cat, still at its side, is sleeping through the last sunny hours of the day.

Through the thick leaves which shade the quiet sleeper we see the face of the mother, smiling down upon her little child, as she stands watchful that no harm shall come near, or sudden noise alarm.

The picture tells its own story and a pretty story it is, of peace and rest and love, those blessings which kind Heaven sends to little children as well as wise men, to humble souls as well as great, and he who runs may read.

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

If Lord Byron had ever struggled for sleep during the night watches in the town of Hampton, he would certainly have changed his opinion as to the sweetness of the watchdog's bark, and would never have written the above lines. Here we sit at our table, time 2 A. M., having risen from bed after a long and fruitless effort to get a refreshing sleep before the labor of the approaching morning. Fruitless indeed! For several hours have we been compelled to listen to a prolonged canin; concert, which is still in progress, treble and bass, forte, fortissimo, crescendo, until we seek in vain for words to express our feelings. Here begins a fresh passage in the music, Bow-wow, a bass solo; wow-wow-wow, a shrill treble pipes in, and now comes the chorus in full swing from all the canine throats far up and down the length of the street, reinforced by others from the side streets, while afar off on the other side of the creek can be heard individual howls from distant coadjutors trying to catch the tune and take a part in the universal chaos.

What are we to do? Go to sleep? impossible! Get angry? Useless though unavoidable. We stand at the window for a half hour, with an old boot in one hand and a pitcher in the other, fully resolved to crush the first soloist that may chance to pass beneath. That pitcher cost us money at Bickford's, will be a serious loss, but never mind that, if we, by the blessing of a benign Providence, are afforded an opportunity to smash it upon the skull of one of these rest-dispelling tormentors, we will do so with resignation and even pleasure, and feel that we have served our country well and deserved the blessings of this outraged community. Alas! they perversely remain at a respectful distance and the infernal chorus still goes on. What earthly pleasure can they derive from keeping it up at such a rate? Why don't they stop and rest a while? Why should the moon have such an effect upon them, and why don't they wait till morning and bark at the sun, for there is more of it and ought to give them more satisfaction? These conundrums we give up in despair and endeavor to relieve our feelings by putting them on paper, thereby killing two birds with one stone, as there will be something on hand for our next issue.

Incomprehensible sleep-destroyers! Infernal producers of inharmonious discord! bark on if you must, and rejoice in the fact that only laxity on the part of our lately enlarged police force allows you to draw the breath of life to waste in such unseasonable howlings. Rejoice that you are not human, for if a man should make the disturbance you nightly indulge in, he would be placed "in durance vile" immediately. Rejoice that you live in a town where dog licenses are unknown and that your numbers are unthinned by the penalty of death for forgetting to wear your collar. Rejoice that the county cares not for the revenue which might accrue from the license system. Congratulate your masters that they are not liable to a fine for keeping such nuisances, and that they can, without fear of a penalty, allow you to meet each other here in the street to try your voices in the moonlight and to fight. Rejoice! we say, incorrigible abusers of public lenity and self-denying generosity, but at the same time, tremble, for those who should be the guardians of the public peace may be aroused to action at any time, and even now a bloody future may be preparing for you. Let us, your audience, hope so.

At last the noise seems to diminish and as we write these last lines, quiet reigns again in the village. We look at our watch, time 3 A. M. Now we must hurry to bed again and get what rest we can before the loud-voiced fisherman begins to shout, "Jumpin' Mullet," "Yar Spot," at "5 o'clock in the morning."

FOREST TREES.

During the months of June and July last, certain provinces in the south of France were visited by frightful inundations which swept away property and lives, and filled the whole country with grief and terror. The rise in the river Garonne destroyed about $60,000,000 worth of property and in one town alone more than two hundred lives were lost.

This is the more alarming because it is only a repetition on a somewhat larger scale of three previous inundations within fifty years, and also because large districts have been devastated which had heretofore been considered safe and beyond even the chance of such dangers. These latter districts are among the richest and most fertile in France, and the alarm created by this overwhelming misfortune, is causing engineers and men of science all over the world to examine and carefully discuss the cause of river floods and their possible prevention.

That they are in no way accidental is certain, and that they are by no means inevitable seems equally sure. The connection between the clearing away of forests and the overflowing of the rivers which take their rise in the country thus shorn of its natural protection, seems to be very intimate, and claims the attention of farmers and land owners everywhere.

Great plains and valleys which are watered by rivers flowing down from mountain ranges can be protected from the danger of inundations only by preserving or re-planting the thick forests which are the original growth of the mountain sides, and it is the improvidence of the inhabitants of the devastated regions which is the principal cause of the floods which ruin them. The natural growth of trees on mountain slopes being cut down by senseless farmers or greedy speculators, the rain or snow no longer being kept back by the roots of trees, descends rapidly into the valleys, carrying everything with it, and leaving in its tracks bare rock instead of fertile earth. It has been estimated that only six-tenths as much water drops during heavy rain on wooded ground as falls on bare soil, and so much of this is kept back by the roots of the trees and the undergrowth, as to prevent all danger from floods, or the sudden creation of new watercourses. Then this proportion of water reaching the ground as it does very gradually, oozes through the earth carrying fertilizing salts to the roots of the trees, and instead of sweeping away, retains and increases the coat of vegetable earth which covers the barren foundation of rock—in short, the farmer or land owner can commit no greater mistake than the reckless cutting down of trees, or show no greater wisdom than in careful and systematic replanting.

CROPS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The effect of the disaster to Southern France to which we have alluded in our article on Forest Trees, offers an excellent illustration of the closeness of the commercial tie between nation and nation. Here in America, bread stuffs, as they are technically called, have been until very recently fetching such low prices that a large part of last year's product has been held back, and it was evident that the only thing which could advance prices was a large foreign demand. Within the last few weeks this has come, and our readers may be interested in tracing its causes.

In the first place, then, America's great rivals in the grain market are the Black Sea provinces of Russia, and the excessive heats and swarms of locusts have nearly if not quite ruined the spring and winter wheat, while another important wheat crop, that of Southern Hungary, has also been injured by the heat. Upon this follows the fact that in North Germany, England and some parts of France, heavy rains have beaten the grain down, to its great injury if not destruction, while in a large part of France the ruin has been complete. The result is immediate; American wheat goes up from three to five cents a bushel, the chief demand so far being for French consumption, with a prospect of a steady continuance of good prices. It is gratifying, too, to know that the prospect is, that for the first time, the Southern States will raise more grain than they can consume, while the estimate for the cotton crop is above 4,500,000 bales.

WHAT MOSQUITOES ARE FOR—DISCOVERED AT LAST.

Dr. Saml. W. Francis, N. Y. Academy of Medicine, says: Education teaches us to see beyond the surface. Taking as my standpoint the aphorism, that all things were created for some good purpose, it is my firm conviction that the mosquito was created for the purpose of driving man from malarial districts; for I do not believe that in nature any region where chill and fever prevail can be free from this little animal. Now, if man will not go, after the warning is given in humming accents, then the mosquito injects hypodermically a little liquid which answers two purposes; first, to render the blood thin enough to be drawn through its tube, and secondly, in order to inject that which possesses the principles of quinine. This theory I published in 1871, and it was ridiculed at first by many, but recently some German philosophers have actually obtained the liquid from mosquitoes and by a careful analysis discovered that it contained the "principle of quinine."

IN SYMPATHY WITH ANIMALS.

It is necessary for one having the care and management of farm stock to entertain a kind feeling, a real regard, for the animals in his charge, in order to cause them to thrive and do well in all respects. Two men may take the charge of an equal number of animals under precisely the same circumstances as regards their condition, and the amount and quality of the food alloted to them; and while one of the men will attend to his charges on the principle of duty, performing his work in a mechanical manner, the other keeper will be actuated by the higher principle of regard for the comfort of his beasts. We will soon see that he who is in *sympathy* with his animals will have them in fine condition and good health; while the *duty* man will not keep his in even the same favorable condition as when he took charge of them.

A FEW WORDS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

"Farming don't pay," has been a cant throughout the South since Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, and almost as universal has been the accusation, "our labor is too unreliable," meaning of course negro labor. Both observation and experience teach me that "white labor" is as unreliable as "negro labor" on the farm.

To labor systematically six days in the week is no luxury, or the curse would not have been imposed on Adam to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; and the farm employee that does not require watching, stimulating, encouraging, and the force of example, is a treasure too valuable to be utilized simply as a farm hand. And yet most southern farmers, who ought to know the negro's character well enough to control him as a farm laborer, are clamorous for better labor; for the introduction of foreigners to cultivate our crops, a sprig which they have never seen in their lives, believing that white laborers, less treacherous and more reliable than negroes, will renovate matters in a trice, and make the South blossom as the rose under their improved labor.

Never, in my judgment, was a graver mistake entertained. Turn for a single season the tide of immigration from the northern to southern ports, and before a crop could be harvested, we would be afflicted by worse than a Persian famine. A myriad of consumers thrown upon the South would be worse than the grasshopper plague of the Northwest. The South has an abundance of material out of which to make laborers, and needs only the introduction of the power to fashion, shape, and control that material. I have often asserted, the negro is the best farm laborer this generation of farmers will ever see, and it is wrong for us to attempt to introduce a competitive class who know nothing of our crops, our natures or our language.

But what are we to do, asks every one? We can't control the negro; he is naturally lazy, treacherous and faithless, and dependence upon him is worse than idle. I am not the champion of the negro, for in this State, I think, I am regarded by them as their enemy; but I have so far succeeded in ntilizing their labor as to induce the belief they suit me better than any white men could.

Before publishing my plan of management, let me ask, do not southern farmers expect too much of the negro? We say, he wont work unless he is watched and made to work. Have we ever learned that laborers act differently anywhere on earth? I have frequently heard the remark, "Northern men get more work done with fewer hands, than we at the South with more hands." Is there not a reason for this? The northern farmer says, come, let us go do so and so. The southern farmer says, go boys, and do so and so. Reading and driving are too different occupations, and the farmer that leads the negro gets more work out of him for less money than can be got from any other employee. Consequently those men who from childhood have been inured to work, who can hold the plough, or throw the grain cradle, are annually pocketing more net money from their investments in southern farms than any other class of agricultural laborers in this or any other country.

Can the same be said of large landowners, who, because they cannot have work done as of yore, or because they cannot control affairs around and about them just as they wish, are continually abusing the negro, and asserting that farming at the South don't pay? Not at all. Such men deserve our sympathy, for to my mind (to use a vulgarism), the unreconstructed southern farmer is of all men most miserable. He hankers after the flesh pots to no purpose.

What more common than to hear, that in the North lands are worth twenty-five to one hundred dollars per acre, and that farming pays better there than at the South? The whole thing is a delusion. Lands at the North are higher priced because they are in demand, and they are in demand because there is a population able to buy. Let each reader ask himself the question, how many farms do I know that would appear attractive to a purchaser? A monosyllable will answer the question in a majority of cases. No, the high priced lands of the North are no evidence of agricultural thrift. Those farmers live very well it is true, but they work much harder, and are more troubled with unreliable labor than we of the South. I have heard northern farmers say, time and again, that during their busiest season, they have today had all the "help" they wanted, and to-morrow it was gone. In the Northwest labor sets its own price and receives it every night and the teeming hordes of laborers that are constantly migrating westward through the northwestern States, are less reliable than the weather itself; for fervently believing, that just a little further westward is that Eldorado for which they have long sought, and the accounts of which

brought them to this "land of the free," they sojourn and labor here to-day to "raise the wind" to take them yonder to-morrow. Had we to deal with such a people our crops would seldom be planted, much less cultivated and harvested. Far better to depend upon the laborer we have, whose local attachment at least fixes him almost invariably for one year.

But the northern farmer makes more money than we do, say those who know nothing about it; but it is all a mistake. They make less and handle less money than we do, and if they lived the lives we do, they would be far more poverty stricken. The northern farm that will sell for one hundred dollars per acre, will produce, perhaps, an average of thirty bushels of wheat or its marketable equivalent in grass, worth probably thirty dollars. Out of this must come ten dollars for interest on investment, half as much more for taxes and labor, and when the subsistence of the family is deducted, there is precious little left. True, employees are less numerous constantly, but day labor is doubtless valuable, and all northern farms require double the amount of plough stock we do at the South, and everywhere the annual expense of a horse is almost equal to that of an average hand.

The net income from a first-class northern farm is not five per cent., and I consider a similar southern farm as a failure that does not double that income.

I have repeatedly seen farms in South Carolina of from one to five hundred acres, sell from five to twenty-five hundred dollars, and no sooner had they changed hands than they were leased to negro farmers for twenty-five per cent. on the investment. And just here is where we of the South have a great advantage over northern farmers, if we could only so accommodate ourselves to the times as to utilize our advantage. Lands are cheap and labor is abundant, and we must learn to control it. Concessions must be made, and if properly made, will invariably redound to our profit. If, as owners of the soil, possessors of what little capital there is in the South, and with a superior intelligence, we do not control the labor of our land, the fault lies at our own doors. We have no system, no concert of action. To the contrary, we are constantly pulling against each other. We are the employers, but every farmer has his own notion of things, and cares nothing for his neighbor's plans. If I hire hands for wages, one of them may at any time conclude to leave. If so, he only goes across my line fence and my neighbor hires him. If I give my employees a portion of the crop, everybody says they will steal more than their share. You may as well kill a dog as to give him a bad name. So, as a practical farmer, I have never adopted this policy, nor did I hire for wages longer than I found I had to become a day laborer myself to enable me to control the labor to suit me. Hence, since 1869, I have simply tenanted my lands and have yet to see a reason for not doing so.

I allot the land, the laborers furnishes everything else, and pays all expenses except the taxes. If he is unable to carry on the farm alone, I assist him for the year, with the hope he will be able next year. If he makes nothing, and I think he is to blame, I discharge him, and have no difficulty in securing others. My rents are reasonable, and have never failed to be forthcoming, except in two instances, where two men contracted store accounts without my knowledge, and being threatened by the merchant with a law suit, they stole my cotton to pay the account. I blamed the merchant more than I did the negroes. I have never had a hand, but in these two instances, to fail to make more than the rent and the expenses of his portion of the farm.

To my mind no people ever had a fairer opportunity of becoming lordly land owners, or of establishing a system of agricultural tenantry, unsurpassed in the history of the world, than have the southern farmers at this present time. Whether as a race we will ever see it, and practice it, is another thing.—*D. Wyatt Aiken, in South Carolinian.*

AMERICAN ORATORS.

We are a nation of speakers, and have a speech ready for every occasion, whether it be a public dinner, a political mass-meeting, or a Fourth of July celebration. Our English cousins are astonished at the general fluency and confidence we exhibit; for while they possess some of the wittiest and most learned masters of debate living, the gift of public talking is not common among them.

Of course, talking is no more like real oratory than a pot of paint is like art; and a good many Americans have never found out the difference.

The high-flown words of the patriot who declaims to his fellow-countrymen on the Fourth of July are often nonsensical and meaningless. Who, to his mortification, has not heard much rubbish spoken from "the stump" in rural villages? But we have an unusual number of bright, eloquent, sensible speakers withal, and in the hundred years past we have produced some of the greatest orators the world has known,—real orators, mind you, who had a wonderful power of filling multitudes of intelligent men and women with fear, hope, courage, dismay, and horror in turn; orators who could, with passionate words alone, drive a populace to war and restore it to a love of peace in a few brief moments.

It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you who these great orators were. All of you have heard of Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Edward Everett, and Rufus Choate. These are some notable representatives of our orators,—I cannot mention all,—and I have collected a few anecdotes about them, which may, perhaps, interest you at this season.

Boys who do not love study, and would rather fish and swim on a Summer's afternoon than pore over First Lessons in Latin, may find much consolation in the life of Patrick Henry.

He was born on a Virginia farm in 1736, and was as fine a specimen of the ne'er-do-well as could be found in his country. His person was ugly, his manners were awkward, and his dress was slovenly. When the hour for study came he was usually absent, and was to be found in the woods with his gun, or by the river with his fishing-rod. But at the age of fifteen he was installed behind the counter of a merchant, and a year afterward began business for himself in partnership with his brother William. The firm failed in a short time, and Patrick then tried farming, in which he also failed. Opening another store, he again became a bankrupt, and at last sought relief for his disappointment in reading classical books.

With only a smattering of law, he obtained a license to practice in the courts; and one day a case was intrusted to him which was so hopeless that no other lawyer would accept it. As he arose to make the opening address the spectators laughed at him, and his father who presided on the bench, was overcome with confusion.

But before he had spoken many words those who had laughed were struck with amazement at the eloquence he displayed, and listened to him in almost death-like silence. They were fascinated by the spell of his eyes, the majesty of his attitude, the commanding expression of his face, and as he concluded, tears of joy rolled down his father's face. The case was won, and the name of Patrick Henry became known far and wide as that of a great orator.

But he was no more inclined to study after his success than before, and instead of improving his manners and his dress he took great delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a course hunting jacket, greasy leather breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm.

While he remained in his seat he was a shuffling, independent-looking farmer, but when he arose and spoke his body seemed to burn with passion.

The intense force of his words is shown by an incident which occurred during a speech describing the effects of the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, in which he looked "beyond the horizon that binds mortal eyes, to these celestial beings who were hovering over the scene, anxiously waiting for a decision which involved the happiness or misery of the whole human race." To those celestial beings he made an appeal that caused the nerves of all who listened to him to shake with horror, and as his passion was at its height a terrible thunder-storm rumbled without, and the members rushed from the legislative chamber in terror.

Henry Clay was almost worshiped by his adherents. He was born in 1777, and was a very tall man, straight and slim as an arrow. And here you must remember that command of words alone does not make an orator. There are some speakers whose language is carefully chosen and whose thoughts are beautiful; yet these are not orators. They have not the passionate, thrilling voice nor the mastering presence that gave Mr. Clay his great power over an audience. It has been said that, in listening to him, you were reminded of his intellect only, that seemed to shine through his thin flesh. As he spoke every muscle of his face was at work, and his whole body was agitated. He did not use many words, but they were to the point, and spoken grandly.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, spoke scornfully in Congress one day of Mr. Clay's language.

"The gentleman from Virginia," said Mr. Clay in reply, "was pleased to declare that, in one point of my speech, he agreed with me,—in an humble estimate of my command of words. I know my deficiency. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate of my father. I inherited only infancy, iguorance, and indigence. I feel my defects; but so far as my situation in early life is concerned I may, without presumption, say they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I may deplore my inability to furnish the gentleman with a better specimen of my powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say my regret is not greater than the disappointment the members of Congress feel as to the strength of his argument on the question before us."

Thus he managed to vindicate his origin and to turn the laugh against his antagonist in one breath.

Mr. Clay's knowledge of human nature was thorough and profound; and he was able to put it to use at any moment, as the following anecdotes will show:

On a certain occasion he met an old hunter, who had once been his supporter, but who afterward went against him on account of his vote on a certain bill in Congress.

"Have you a good rifle, my friend?" he asked of the hunter.

"Yes."

"Does it ever flash in the pan?"

"It never did so more than once," the hunter answered, proud of his weapon.

"Well, what did you do with it? You didn't throw it away, did you?" continued Mr. Clay.

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and it brought down game."

"Have I ever flashed in the pan, except on the Compensation bill?"

"No, I can't say you have."

"Well, will you throw me away?"

"No; I'll pick the flint and try you again." So the hunter grasped Mr. Clay's hand and gave him his vote.

At another time Clay was visiting a backwoods county in Kentucky, where the man who could fire the best shot stood highest in esteem, and the man who couldn't fire at all was looked upon with contempt. He was canvassing for votes, when he was approached by some old hunters, one of whom told him that he would be elected to Congress, but that he must first show how good a shot he was. Clay declared that he never shot with any rifle except his own, which was at home.

"No matter. Here's 'Old Bess,'" answered the hunter, giving him a gun, "and she never fails in the hands of a marksman. She's put a bullet through many a squirrel at a hundred yards, and has let daylight through many a red-skin at twice that distance. If you can shoot with any gun, you can shoot with 'Old Bess.'"

A target was set up, and Mr. Clay aimed "Old Bess" at it. He fired faint-heartedly, but the shot struck the bull's-eye in the center.

"A chance shot! a chance shot!" cried his opponents.

"Never mind," he answered. "You beat it, and then I will."

No one could beat it. Mr. Clay had too much sense to try again.

In appearance and manner, Edward Everett was almost the exact opposite of Patrick Henry, and even more elegant and refined than Henry Clay. He was very polished, and his voice was clear and sweet; but his orations were not so powerful. They were beautiful compositions, that read well in a book, and were not a bit like the wild-fire utterances that burst from the Virginian.

Rufus Choate was also a man of great eloquence, and it is said that he would plead a case with the earnestness of one whose life and character were at stake. He was a lawyer by profession, and at an early age distinguished himself as an advocate.

Mr. Whipple has written of him: "His legal arguments were replete with knowledge, and blazed with the blended fires of imagination and sensibility, which swept along the minds of his hearers on the torrent of his eloquence." He was fanciful and humorous, too.

On one occasion a witness testified that he had seen one of Mr. Choate's clients crying, and that when the witness asked him what was the matter, he answered that he was afraid that he had "struck on a snag." Mr. Choate translated this testimony as follows: "Such were my client's feelings, and such his actions, down to the fatal night, when, at ten o'clock, in that flood of tears his hopes went out like a candle."

In March, 1844, he delivered a famous speech, and thus alluded to a statement that the American people cherished a feeling of deep-rooted hatred to Great Britian.

"No, sir; we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half-naked, half-civilized, half-blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy, and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbol of alligators, rattle-snakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on her radient forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable of death,—let her remember her wrongs of the days long past; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs,—the manliness or sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in . . . shall she pollute and corrode her noble and happy heart by moping over old stories of wrongs? . . . No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times no! We are born to happier feelings. We have, we can have no barbarian memory of wrongs for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave!"

But no extract, nor the oration printed in full, can give an idea of the stirring effect which the music of the living voice gave to the vivid words.

I have left myself so little space that I cannot do more than mention Calhoun, who was born in 1782, and was an exceedingly brilliant speaker. In the same year Daniel Webster was born, and with a few anecdotes about him I must conclude.

In appearance he was tall and ugly. His head was large, and his face set with great black eyes. The words he spoke came up from his broad chest with such emphasis that it has been said that each of them seemed to weigh at least twelve pounds.

Like Henry, he could entrance an audience and hold them spell-bound by his eloquence. "When his speech was over," one writer says, "the tones of the orator still lingered in the ear, and the people, unconscious of its close, retained their positions. The agitated face, the heaving breast, the suffused eye attested its influence. There was not a movement or a whisper for several minutes, when a sharp rap of the chairman's hammer broke the charm that Mr. Webster had wound about them."

One of his best orations was made in answer to a Colonel Hayne, who generously congratulated Webster on his effort.

"And how do you feel this evening, Colonel?" Webster asked.

"None the better for your speech, sir," answered his opponent.

You understand, of course, that a great orator must have a mind quick to seize upon apt similes. Alluding to Alexander Hamilton, Webster said, in an after-dinner speech, "He smote the rock of public credit, and streams of revenue gushed forth." As if to illustrate this, he brought his clenched fist down upon the table, and in doing so he struck a wine-glass, which broke and cut his hand. He slowly covered the wound with his napkin, which suggested a shroud, and then continued: "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it rose upon its feet." Thus he made himself master of the situation.—*William H. Rideing in St. Nicholas.*

THE ELIXIR.

HERBERT.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And, what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossessed,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, *for thy sake*,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that, and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

AFRICA.

The reports which come to us from various quarters in regard to the exploration of Africa are so numerous that it is impossible to give any adequate idea of their importance within the limits of a single article, and the most that we can do for our readers is to furnish them with the principal facts concerning the different expeditions.

The Khedive of Egypt seems to be devoting himself in earnest to the exploration of the interior, and the success of his officers is most encouraging. Colonel Long has returned to Cairo, bringing five natives of different tribes with him, as well as many curious war weapons and implements. Seven steamers are now running between Khartoum and Ragaff, above which the rapids become impassable. From Khartoum to Colonel Gordon's headquarters is more than 1,000 miles, but he has established lines of posts by which he keeps his communications open, and has made peace with the tribes with whom Baker was at war, thus keeping the slave trade effectually in check. Colonel Purdy (an American officer in the Khedive's service) reached Darfur, Colonel Colston (another American) is supposed to be pushing into the interior by another route, and Mitchell (connected with the Gordon expedition) has discovered between the Nile and the Red Sea, two gold mines with shafts still open, one of which, he reports, could be profitably worked with modern appliances.

The German explorer, Dr. Nachtigal, gives a most interesting account of the Kingdom of Wadae, situated on the southern border of the Sahara, to the west of Durfew, which he asserts will in a few years be open to foreign traders, and as the King's rule extends over an area of 3000 square miles with a population of 2,500,000 this is a matter of some importance.

In brief, we find Africa at present encompassed as follows: Germany is working along the western coast; France, starting an expedition from Senegal; Stanley, pushing on from the eastern coast; Portugal, which since 1415 has kept a foothold on the coast, trying to retain it by fresh treaties with the Sultan of Zanzibar; and the various parties already mentioned, striking southward from the valley of the Nile. On the west coast four European powers have successfully established themselves—the Dutch flag waving at Elmina, the English over Sierra Leone, the French tri-color over Senegal, while Portugal still claims Lower Guinea. But rich as the exportation from the gold coast and the contiguous western provinces are, the whole region is so fatally unhealthy that explorers and missionaries are attracted rather toward the Nile basin as the gate by which civilization and Christianity may quickest reach the interior, as that whole region is declared by recent explorers to offer great inducements in respect to climate, fertility, accessibility, etc., thus promising to become the most successful base for operations in the vast unknown provinces of Central Africa.

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

IX.

MINOR MORALS.

The Christian law is, as I have said before, so closely interwoven with the whole fabric of modern civilization that many of our daily habits, and much of our social life, may be said to come properly under the head of minor morals. That is, there are many forms which people of refinement observe in their intercourse with each other, which are not only matters of etiquette, but also come under the jurisdiction of the moral law and are of more importance, both to individuals and to society, than any mere ceremonies can be. It is, of course, often very difficult to decide just when and how our habits or our manners cease to be "right" and "wrong" and begin to be merely "proper" and "improper," and I think it is quite certain that we have all of us much to learn in respect to that morality which is the foundation of society. Therefore, I hope that you will be glad to study a little for yourselves, and to try to gain a clearer comprehension of the value of truth and honor and honesty and purity in the details of life, even when those details are, as is often the case, of the homeliest and roughest description. However unimportant an action may seem to you, however small the thing to be done may be, it is always better to be right than wrong about it; and I want to speak to you now of a few, at least, of these daily habits of yours in which you are especially likely to fall into error.

I have already spoken of the rudeness of mimicking, ridiculing, or in any way "making fun" of people in an unkind spirit, and I want you to understand that it is not only rude but also really wrong, as are all words and actions whereby you unnecessarily wound the feelings of others. Try at all times and in every way to be considerate, remembering that deep injury and grief may be inflicted by what you may only think "a little thoughtlessness;" and to show you how far such thoughtlessness may go, and how serious its results may be, I want you to ask yourselves a few questions about your consideration for the rights of other people in respect to their personal property, which is certainly a serious matter. Do you not frequently borrow from your friends and schoolmates articles of clothing, books, or even money, which you forget to return? Do you not sometimes even take such "little things," as you probably consider them, without asking leave of their owner, and although at the time you undoubtedly mean to return them, do you not sometimes find that you are unable to do so, and thus actually end by committing a dishonesty? This carelessness in regard to other people's property is, I fear, not an uncommon fault among you, and it is only too true that, while you would perhaps never, do deliberately dishonest things, you are, nevertheless, sometimes led into violations of the ninth commandment through simple thoughtlessness or want of consideration for the distinction of mine and thine.

Now, I think that you must see for yourselves that if you do not overcome this fault in early life, it will inevitably grow upon you as you grow older, and cannot be otherwise than harmful in its effects upon your moral nature, so that your duty is to put strict guard upon yourselves in this respect, at once and constantly. Do not take *anything* which belongs to another person, without first asking that person's leave, and not even then unless you are sure of your ability to return it or its equivalent. Do not get into the habit of borrowing, even from members of your own family, for such a habit tends very surely to encourage thriftlessness and imprudence, and you will find that in the end you are very seldom the better for borrowed things, however tempting they may be at the moment. If you make strict honesty the habit of your life, you will soon discover the result to be an independence and self-respect which is of infinite value to the man or woman who has rightfully earned it.

In the preceding chapters upon your behavior in general society, I omitted to speak to you in regard to certain matters of politeness, because they are also, and I think primarily, matters of morality, and one of these omitted subjects is the reading of other people's letters or papers. You know, of course, that few things are meaner or more dishonorable than to open any letter, paper, or package, which is addressed to anybody else; but I am not sure whether you understand that this extends even to communications which have already been opened by the person for whom they are intended. That is, that the fact of letters, etc., being unsealed and open, does not by any means give you the right to read them. Not only must you not take letters from the trunks, desks or boxes of their owners in order to read them, but when you find letters lying open upon a table, for example, or the floor, you must scrupulously avoid satisfying your curiosity as to their contents. If you want to find the owner of a letter thus found, you can generally do so by merely looking at the address or possibly the signature, but beyond that you must never permit yourself to go. This rule applies also to unfinished letters which your companions may have left within your reach, you must on no account read them, and furthermore, you must never look over the shoulder of a person who is writing or reading a letter—this latter, being, to say the least of it, an unpardonable rudeness.

Another most contemptible habit is that of prying about among things of whatever kind, which belong to other people. To open drawers, trunks, boxes, etc.: to search in pockets, private books, or similar receptacles: in short, to take any sly or unfair means to possess yourself of information to which you have no right, is so evidently wrong that I am sure it is only necessary to call your attention to it, for you can see, without any explanation from me, how ignoble such conduct is.

Again, if by any chance you become the possessor of information which was not intended for you, your only proper course is to keep scrupulously silent about it; and in this connection I want to say something to you about the too common practice of reckless gossiping about other people's affairs. I have told you before that it is always best to be careful as to what you say or listen to, about your neighbors, and again I must remind you that scandal (which usually means repeating unpleasant and harmful stories which may or may not be true, about your acquaintances) is always to be avoided, because it is almost inevitably injurious both to the subjects of it and to those who talk it.

Try to think and speak well of your neighbors whenever it is possible, dwelling always rather upon their virtues than their faults, for "charity covereth a multitude of sins," and charity means to love one's neighbor as one's self. Do not gossip or talk carelessly or much about other people's affairs, there are other subjects better worth talking and thinking of, and except in cases where you are able to give advice or assistance, it is best for you to remember that usually it is wise and kind to mind one's own business. You will understand that used in this sense, "minding your own business" does not imply that you are to be selfishly wrapped up in your own affairs, but simply that you are to permit to others the same freedom from interference which you desire for yourself.

Do not help to circulate stories of the entire truth of which you are not certain, a thing which is so frequently done, merely for the sake of excitement, that it and its companion fault of exaggeration, are fixed habits with many people. Try not only to be sure of the truth of any reports which you may desire to repeat, but try also to train yourself to great exactitude of speech. Weigh your words, be sure that you know just what they mean before you use them, and then don't let them be too big or too frequent. State your facts with as much accuracy as you can command, and in order to do this train yourself to observe carefully and to listen attentively, for it is only by doing this that you can protect yourself from constant errors in your descriptions and statements.

If you permit yourself to fall into a habit of using big words simply because you fancy they have a fine sound, you will find them snares and pitfalls, for they will tempt you into exaggerations, into saying more than you mean, and very often into actual mis-statements or falsehoods. As a matter of elegance, too, you should avoid grandiloquence of speech, for nothing is more likely to make you ridiculous in the eyes of sensible, well-bred people, than an attempt to unduly magnify your subject or yourself by the use of unnecessary or exaggerated forms of expression. This and more also applies to all words or expressions which are in the least irreverent or profane, of which I think I may safely tell you, that they are never used by Christians or even by persons who claim nothing more than mere external refinement. If you desire to gain the respect of either of these two classes of people, you must give up absolutely the use of all profanity, irreverence and vulgarity in your language, and I would also once more advise you to guard yourself against the too frequent use of exclamations of any kind, for this latter is very commonly only a form of irreverence.

This whole matter of guarding your speech is an important one, for with the tongue you can commit much folly, injury and sin, and you must remember that words which are, in one point of view only "the breath of your mouths," are, in another, fixed and unalterable facts, potent for good and evil. Of scandal, of profanity, of coarseness, of unkindness, words are the chief vehicle, the tongue the great agent; while of a greater sin than any of these, the burden lies principally upon that "little member" which is too often "a world of iniquity."

I mean the sin of falsehood, a sin which I fear many of you do not sufficiently dread and fight against, but which is too fatal in its consequences to be for a moment trifled with. Do you ever stop to think soberly of the effect upon a person of deliberate or even thoughtless untruthfulness? Do you realize that if you allow yourself to become habitually false in your speech, even in matters of little importance, that you are undermining your whole moral nature and forfeiting the confidence of your fellows, thereby fatally injuring yourself? I cannot and need not speak here of the innumerable varieties of falsehood, nor of the far-spreading evil which a single lie may work,—you must know, from your own experience, that the harm which a liar can do to others is inestimable,—the thing that, perhaps, you do not understand is the harm which a liar does to himself, and the danger of the first steps in the path of deceit.

As a general thing, of course, lies are told for some purpose, to conceal a previous lie, to obtain some advantage, or for some similar end, and in each case are only the beginning of a long course of deceit, for one of the terrible features of falsehood is that one untruth necessitates another, the alternative of confession being so painful that few people have the courage to meet it. Such deliberate falsehood is an alarming symptom of moral disease and the mental state which produces it should no more be permitted to continue, than a fever is allowed to run its course untended, and if you will resist steadfastly the first temptations, you will find each victory easier than the last, for your moral strength like your physical strength increases by use.

Consider well the fact that everything is against the liar; he gains nothing, or at best but a temporary advantage; he loses the confidence of his associates, and with it his best chance of worldly success; he loses his own self-respect, and with it all the best of his power; and he loses altogether and entirely his claim to be a servant of God, the noblest name for which any man can strive. Like all other virtues, truthfulness can be gained only by work and watchfulness, you must never let yourselves grow careless, or permit yourselves to believe that "white lies," or prevarications, or even inaccuracies, do no harm, for they are all false lights which sooner or later lead away from the one pure light of truth. You can win few things for yourselves which are better worth having than a habit of speaking the truth, at all times and seasons and to all people, and if there is one thing more than another which you ought to gain before you go out into the world to meet its temptations, it is a horror of lying and liars. And here, as in so many other respects, you can help yourselves more than anybody else can help you, you can remember how shocking falsehood is in itself and in its consequences, and with God's help, can determine to cast in your lot with His servants, "in whose tongue there is no guile;" for without such resolution the lives upon which you are just entering will be worth little to yourselves or your fellow men.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Only two little neglected-looking children, with no shoes or stockings on their feet; their dresses all ragged, their hats all torn, their faces soiled and their hair snarled and tangled. I don't believe they had anybody to take care of them. Possibly they had a mother who was obliged to go out to work all day, and leave them to care for each other.

It was very certain that they loved each other, and the *big sister*, ten years old, took very tender care of her little sister, four years old.

One day, when riding in the steam cars, I chanced to look out of the window, and I saw these two little girls at play, chatting and laughing together, when all at once four-years-old saw the steam-engine coming. She jumped up and caught hold of sister, who in a laughing and happy way pressed the little one close to her, and then putting her hands tight over the baby eyes, shut out the sight of the frightful engine as it came rushing and glaring toward her. When it had passed, I looked back and saw baby's face turned lovingly up to her sister's, chattering gayly again; and I imagined she was trying to tell her how glad she was that she did not let that dreadful engine look at her as it whistled past.

THE TAJ MAHAL—INDIA.

The cut in this number is a reproduction from the beautiful steel engraving that forms the frontispiece in Dr. William Butler's "Land of the Veda." The Taj is a mausoleum, built by the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan, over the remains of his beautiful empress, a woman of great capacity, to whom he gave the title of Moomtaj-i-Mahal. She died in 1631, and the Taj is supposed to have been built under the direction of a French architect, Austin de Bordeux. Some passages from Dr. Butler's full account of the building and its surroundings will serve to indicate its exceeding beauty and costliness.

"About six miles before the traveler reaches the city of Agra, the dome and minarets of the world-renowned *Taj Mahal* burst upon his view, from behind a grove of fruit trees near the road. The effect is wonderful! The long anticipated pleasure of beholding earth's most beautiful shrine is now within his reach, and the gratified and delighted sight rests upon this first view of its harmony of parts, its faultless congregation of architectural beauties, with a kind of ecstacy. Of the thousands who have traveled far to gaze upon it, it may be safely asserted that not one of the number has been disappointed in the examination of its wondrous beauty.

"It is situated in the midst of a garden of vast extent and beauty, three miles from Agra." The entrance to the garden is through a superb gateway of red sandstone, inlaid with ornaments and with texts from the Koran in white marble, itself a palace, both as regards its magnitude and its decoration.

"The central avenue runs from the gate to the Taj, as shown in the engraving, with a system of fountains, eighty-four in number, the entire length, having a marble reservoir in the middle, about forty feet square, in which are five additional fountains, one in the center, and one at each corner. On either side of this beautiful sheet of water, into which are falling the silvery jets of spray from the fountains, are rows of dark Italian cypress, significant of the great design of the shrine. The river Jumna flows mildly by, as the garden is on its banks; and the birds pour forth their songs, while the odor of roses, and of the orange and lemon and tamarind trees, perfume the air. Amid all this loveliness, the Taj rises before your view, upon an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble, about thirty feet in height, and having a graceful minaret at each corner. On either side are the beautiful mosque and the rest-house, facing inward, and corresponding exactly in size, design, and execution. The mausoleum itself, the terrace upon which it stands, and the minarets, are all formed of the finest white marble, inlaid with precious stones.

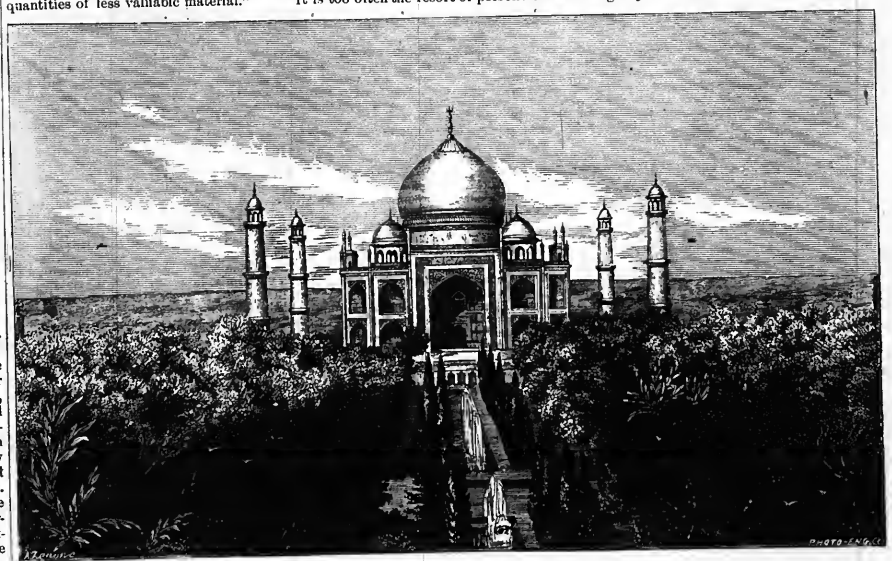
"The dome, 'shining like an enchanted castle of burnished silver,' is seventy feet in diameter, the Taj itself is two hundred and forty-five feet in altitude, and the *cullice*, or golden spire on the summit, is thirty-five feet more, making a height of two hundred and seventy-five from the terrace to the golden cresent.

"It is asserted that the whole of the Koran is inlaid upon the building, in Arabic language, the letters being beautifully formed in black marble on the outside, and in precious stones within. Nearly all the external ornamentations which the reader sees in the engraving are these texts. It is difficult to determine whether the exterior or the interior is the most fascinating; each has its own matchless claim, and each is perfect in its loveliness.

"But the richest work of all is on the cenotaph of the Empress, within the screen. The snow-white marble is inlaid with flowers so delicately formed that they look like embroidery on white satin, so exquisitely is the mosaic executed in carnelian, blood-stone, agates, jasper, turquoise, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones. Thirty-five different specimens of carnelian are employed in forming a single leaf of a carnation; and in one flower, not larger than a silver dollar, as many as twenty-three different stones can be counted. Yet these are but specimens of the beauties that are spread in unparalleled profusion over this entire chamber. Indeed, Long asserts that he found one flower on her tomb to be composed of no less than three hundred stones. Her name and date of death, with her virtuous qualities, are recorded in the same costly manner, in gems of Arabic—the sacred language of the Mohammedans—on the side of her tomb. Over all this richness and beauty rises the magnificent dome, which is so constructed as to contain an *echo* more pure, more prolonged, and harmonious, than any other in the world, so far as known.

"Tavernier, the traveler, who saw this building commenced and finished, tells us that Taj, in its erection, occupied 20,000 men for twenty-two years. Its cost, we are told, was 'threescore, seventeen lacs, forty-eight thousand and twenty-six rupees'; that is £3,174,802 sterling, or, in American money, $15,874,010 gold, of the money of that time; equal to about $60,000,000 of our money now!"

The *Baptist Missionary Magazine* quotes Colonel Anderson as stating that the following precious stones were used in the mosaic work of the Taj: "Opals, 3,870 lbs.; rubies, 4,644 lbs.; emeralds, 8,342 lbs.; sapphires, 12,470 lbs.; carnelian, 77,400 lbs.; turquoise, 20,640 lbs.; lapis lazuli, 37,840 lbs.; coral, 8,600 lbs.; agate and onyx, 43,000 lbs.: besides unlimited quantities of less valuable material."



THE TAJ MAHAL.

SELECTIONS.

THE DRINK PEST.

The venerable Joseph Livesy, in a late issue of The London *Temperance Record*, makes a very earnest appeal to the friends of temperance, from which we quote the following:

"We have never yet taken a sufficiently deep, serious, solemn, comprehensive view of the evils of the drinking system. We skim too much upon the surface, and what we see is so revolting we don't care to go deeper. We recount these evils by saying, "We have 140,000 criminals, 900,000 paupers, 60,000 lunatics, in England and Wales only; that 182,000 persons were charged last year before the magistrates with being drunk and disorderly, nearly double the number of those in 1863; and that our annual expenditure upon intoxicating liquor has now risen to £130,000,000!' But to gain anything approaching to an adequate idea of the whole of the evils of this horrible system, we must go farther. Few conceive or could believe of the sufferings, miseries, discomforts, difficulties, and distresses endured in the domestic circle; and if the matter were fairly investigated, there is nearly as much from moderate drinking as from gross intoxication. There is scarcely a house free from the drink-curse, and which has not to endure some of its afflictions, the teetotaler's excepted. Want of furniture, clothing, bedding, and the decencies of life; hungry children and starving wives; shop debts, rent debts, pawning, and total neglect of the children's education; wife-beatings, broils, kickings, and murders—all of these are the effects of this wicked system. And many of these evils are not confined to the the poor or wage-receiving class, but are endured by trades-people, shop-keepers, commercials, professionals, and those of independent means. Oh! what a tale could broken-hearted mothers reveal belonging to wealthy families, of their sons sent across the sea into exile because of their reckless and profligate conduct, brought on and matured by the drink! The trademen's books show who are the worst customers, for bad debts are generally made with drinkers. No class can reveal the curse of drinking clearer than the employers of labor. Little work, bad work, men idling and drinking when they should be working, are the subject of unerring complaints by masters in every branch of business. Indeed, if we were to begin to enumerate the awful accidents by railways, by sea and land, and of all sorts, produced by the drink pest, we might fill volumes."

THE RAT TRAP.

Boys! never frequent the public house! It is too often the resort of persons of bad character. Shun it as the high road to ruin; it is all down-hill, and difficult to stop when onec you start.

Hear the parable of the rats!

The rats once assembled in a very large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a small steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws.

After many long speeches, and the proposal of many difficult and fruitless plans, a happy wit among the family, standing erect on his hind legs, said:

"It is my opinion that, if with one paw we can keep down the string, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats present loudly squealed assent, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes; but the ravages of the trap continuing, they called another meeting.

The elders had just assembled and commenced deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak.

All were instantly silent, when, stretching out the remains of his leg, he said:

"My friends, I have tried the method you proposed; you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap—*Don't touch it!*"

Boys, think of the rats. Avoid the glittering temptation as you would a spring trap. If once it gets hold of you, you will never get clear of it without losing something. It may not be a leg, but it may be your character, your honor—certainly it will be your money, and with that, perhaps your credit, too.

TEMPTATION.

An old man kept an apple-stall at the corner of a street. He had apples, oranges, cakes &c.; and sold a good deal in pleasant weather. He was a good old man, and people often bought to help him. Sometimes he thought his things went without selling. Every now and then he missed a cake or a great yellow orange. It troubled him. "I'd rather give a boy an orange than have him take it behind my back," said the old apple man; "I can better afford to lose it than he to steal it."

One day he caught a boy in the very act of pocketing two large oranges. A policeman was near, and saw it also; and the policeman was very glad for he had long suspected some bad boys in that neighborhood, and was on the lookout for a chance to catch them. "Now, my boy, I've caught you," cried the policeman, "and shall march you off to the station." Somebody went and told James' mother. She put on her bonnet and ran to see what was the matter. "My James steal! *Never!*" cried the poor mother. She found however, the proof direct, and James himself did not stand out. He confessed taking the oranges. "Jemmy, Jemmy, why did you do so?" cried the mother.

"Oh," cried the boy, the big tears rolling down his checks, "it was because *I kept looking at them.*"

As this was James' first offence, he was not sent to the House of Correction, but he was fined, and his poor mother had to pay the fine out of her small earnings.

"Oh, James, James," she said, "keep watch over your eyes, and never, never look a second time on forbidden things."

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

Every man and every woman has his or her assignment to the duties and responsibilities of daily life. We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress; to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities and influence. It is the motto of every true heart, and the genius of every noble life, that "no man liveth to himself." It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

W. C. BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrube the jay;
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours;
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago;
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn's beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on man,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light, the waters of the rill,—
The South wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

The Teachers' Table.

EDUCATION AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The great Centennial exhibition to be held in 1876, at Philadelphia, has made special arrangements for the representation of our century's progress, as will be seen by the following plan:

DEPARTMENT III.—EDUCATION AND SCIENCE.

Educational Systems, Methods and Libraries.

CLASS 300.—Elementary instruction: Infant-schools and Kindergarten, arrangements, furnitures, appliances, and modes of training.

Public schools: Graded schools, buildings and grounds, equipments, courses of study, methods of instruction, text-books, apparatus, including maps, charts, globes, etc.; pupil's work, including drawing and penmanship; provisions for physical training.

CLASS 301.—Higher education: Academies and high schools. Colleges and universities: Buildings and grounds; libraries, museums of zoology, botany, mineralogy, art, and archæology; apparatus for illustration and research; mathematical, physical, chemical, and astronomical courses of study; text-books, catalogues, libraries, and gymnasiums.

CLASS 302.—Professional schools: Theology, law, medicine and surgery, dentistry, pharmacy, mining, engineering, agriculture and mechanical arts; art and design, military schools, naval schools, normal schools, commercial schools, music. Buildings, text-books, libraries, apparatus, methods, and other accessories for professional schools.

CLASS 303.—Institutions for instruction of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the feeble-minded.

CLASS 304.—Education reports and statistics: National Bureau of Education. State, city, and town systems. College, university, and professional systems.

CLASS 305.—Libraries: History, reports, statistics, and catalogues.

CLASS 306.—School and text-books: Dictionaries, encyclopædias, gazetteers, directories, indexes, volumes, bibliographies, catalogues, almanacs, special treatises, general and miscellaneous literature, newspapers, technical and special newspapers and journals, illustrated papers, periodical literature.

Institutions and Organizations.

CLASS 310.—Institutions founded for the increase and diffusion of knowledge: Such as the Smithsonian Institute, the Royal Institution, the Institute of France, British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the American Association, &c., their organization, history, and results.

CLASS 311.—Learned and scientific associations: Geological and mineralogical societies, etc. Engineering, technical and professional associations. Artistic, biological, zoological, medical societies, astronomical observations.

CLASS 312.—Museums, collections, art-galleries, exhibitions of works of art and industry. Agricultural fairs, state and county exhibitions. National exhibitions. International exhibitions. Scientific museums and art museums. Ethnological and archæological collections.

CLASS 313.—Music and the drama.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No doubt this *Journal* will fall into the hands of many young teachers. To such I would offer a few thoughts.

1. If you would have no drones in your school, talk at each recitation to the dullest in the class, and use all your ingenuity in endeavoring to make him comprehend. The others, than, will be sure to understand.

2. Make each exercise as attractive as possible. Think out your methods beforehand, and illustrate freely.

3. Cultivate self-control; never be led into confusion, and above all be in earnest.

4. Be cheerful, and *smile* often. A teacher with a long face casts a gloom over everything, and eventually chills young minds and closes young hearts.

5. Use simple language when you explain lessons. Long words are thrown away in the schoolroom.

8. Thoroughly test each pupil on the lesson, and do not be afraid of repetition. Review *every day* or much time will be lost.

7. Do not try to teach *too much;* better teach a little and teach it *well.*

8. Endeavor to make your pupils understand the *meaning* of what they study. Probe the matter to the bottom, and get at the real knowledge of your scholars.

9. Cultivate the understanding, and do not appeal directly to the memory.

10. Lay the foundation of knowledge firmly and well.

11. Impart right principles and lead your pupils to a higher level, to a nobler range of thought. Endeavor to accomplish all that skill, intelligence, and love can suggest.

"What now you do you know not
But shall hereafter know.
When the seed which you are sowing
To a whitened field shall grow.

"'Tis a rich young soil you're tilling,
Then scatter the good seed well;
Of the wealth of the golden harvest
Eternity will tell."

12. Teach your pupils to fight manfully in the warfare of good against evil, truth against error, and, above all, let the eternal principles of right and wrong govern your own life, and form a part of your own character. If you do this, you will "sow beside all waters, and eventually bring home your sheaves rejoicing."

—*Maine Journal of Education.*

At Home.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

"Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about, the social air
Is sweeter for her coming."—*Whittier.*

NOBODY BUT JOHN.

"Some one is coming," said I, as the clack of the shutting gate fell on my ears, and I looked at Maggy's soiled, untidy dress, and tumbled hair.

Maggy started, and glanced hastily from the window; then sat down again in a careless way, remarking as she did so: "It's nobody but John."

Nobody but John! And who do you think that nobody was? Only her husband.

Nobody but John!

A few moments afterward, John Fairburn came into the room where we were sitting, and gave me one of his frank, cordial greetings. I had known him for many years, and long before his marriage. I noticed that he gave an annoyed glance at his wife, but did not speak to her. The meaning of this annoyance and indifference was plain to me; for John had come of a neat and tidy family. His mother's housekeeping had always been notable. She was poor; but as "time and water are to he had for nothing"—this was one of her sayings—she always managed to have things about clean and orderly.

Maggy Lee had a pretty face, bright eyes and charming little ways that were very taking with the young man, and so was quite a belle before she got out of her teens. She had a knack of fixing her ribbons, or tying her scarf or arranging her hair, shawl or dress in a way to give grace and charm to her person. None but her most intimate friends knew of the untidiness that pervaded her room and person when at home and away from common observation.

Poor John Fairburn was taken in when he married Maggy Lee. He thought he was getting the tidiest, neatest, sweetest and most orderly girl in town, but discovered too soon that he was united to a careless slattern. She could dress for other people's eyes, because she had a natural love of admiration; but at home, and for her husband, she put on any old dud, and went looking often "like the old scratch," as the saying is.

On the particular occasion of which I am speaking—it was after she and John had been married over a year—her appearance was almost disgusting. She did not have on even a morning dress; only a faded and tumbled chintz sack above a soiled skirt—no collar—slippers down at the heels, and dirty stockings. Her hair looked like a hurrah's nest, if any one knows what that is—I don't; but suppose it is the perfection of disorder. No one could love such a looking creature. That was simply impossible.

"Nobody but John!" I looked at the bright, handsome young man and wondered. He ate his dinner almost in silence, and then went back to his work. I had never seen him so moody.

"What's come over John?" I asked as he went out.

"Oh, I don't know," his wife answered. "Something wrong at the shop, I suppose. He's had trouble with one of the men. He's foreman, you know."

"Are you sure it's only that?" I asked, looking serious.

"That, or something about his work. There's nothing else to worry him."

I was silent for awhile, debating with myself whether good or harm would come of a little plain talk with John's wife. She was rather quick-tempered, I knew, and easy to take offence. At last I ventured the remark: "Maybe things are not just to his liking at home."

"At home!" Maggy turned on me with a flash of surprise in her face. "What do you mean?"

"Men like beauty, and taste, and neatness in their wives as well as in their sweethearts," I said.

The crimson mounted to her hair. At the same moment I saw her glance at a looking-glass that hung opposite to her on the wall. She sat very still, yet with a startled look in her eyes, until the flush faded and her face became almost pale.

"Maggy," I said, rising and drawing my arm around her, "come up-stairs. I have something very serious to say to you."

We walked from the little dining-room and up to her chamber in silence. I then said: "Maggy, I want to tell you about a dear friend of mine who made shipwreck of happiness and life. It is a sad story; but I am sure it will interest you deeply. She was my cousin; and her name was—

Maggy bent forward, listening attentively. "What?" she asked, as I hesitated on the name.

"Helen."

"Not Helen White, who married John Harding, and was afterward deserted by her husband?"

"Yes; my poor, dear Cousin Helen. It is of her I am going to tell you."

"I never knew why her husband went off as he did," said Maggy. "Some said he was to blame, and some put all the fault on her. How was it?"

"Both were to blame; but she most," I replied. "John Harding was, like your husband, one of the neatest and most orderly of men. Anything untidy in his home, or in the person of his wife, annoyed and often put him out of humor; but he did not, as he should have done, speak plainly to his wife, and let her see exactly how he felt, and in what he would like a change. If he had done so, Helen would have tried—as every good wife should—to conform herself more to his tastes and wishes. But, he was a silent, moody sort of a man when things did not go just to suit him; and instead of speaking out plainly, brooded over Helen's faults, and worried himself into fits of ill humor. And what was worse than all, grew at length indifferent to his home and wife, and sought pleasanter surroundings and more attractive company abroad.

"Every man thus estranged from his home is in danger, and Harding was no exception to the rule. Temptation lay about his feet—and that commonest temptation of all, the elegantly fitted up billiard and drinking saloon.

"They had been married just about as long as you and John have been, when the sad catastrophe of their lives took place. I had called to spend the day with Helen, and found her in her usual condition of personal untidiness and disorder. When her husband came home at dinner time, I noticed with painful concern that he had been drinking—not very freely, but just enough to show itself in captious ill humor. Helen had not dressed for dinner, but presented herself at the table without even a clean collar, and with an old, faded shawl drawn about her shoulders. She looked anything but attractive.

"I saw her husband's eyes glance toward her across the table with an expression that chilled me. It was a hard, angry, determined expression. He was scarcely civil to me, and snapped his wife sharply two or three times during the meal. At its close, he left the table without a word, and went up-stairs.

"'What's the matter with John?' I asked.

"'Dear above knows!' replied Helen. 'He's been acting queer for a good while. I can't imagine what's come over him.'

"'Does he coma home in this way often?' I asked.

"'Yes, he's moody and disagreeable as he can be most of the time. I'm getting dreadfully worried about it.'

"As we talked, we heard John moving about with heavy footfalls in the rooms above. Presently he came down, and stood for a little while in the hall at the foot of the stairs, as if in hesitation. Then he went to the street door, passed out, and shut it hard after him.

"Helen caught her breath with a start, and turned a little pale.

"'What's the matter?' I asked, seeing the strangeness of her look.

"'I don't know,' she replied in a choking voice, laying her hand at the same time on her breast, 'but I feel as if something dreadful were going to happen.'

"She got up from the table, and I drew my arm around her. I too felt a sudden depression of spirits. We went slowly up to her chamber, where we spent the afternoon; and I then took upon myself the office of a friend, and talked seriously to my cousin about her neglect of personal neatness, hinting that the cause of her husband's estrangement from his home, and altered manner toward herself, might all spring from this cause. She was a little angry with me at first; but I pressed the subject home with a tender seriousness that did the work of conviction; and as evening drew on, she dressed herself with care and neatness. With a fresh ribbon tied in her hair, and color a little raised from mental excitement, she looked charming and lovable. I waited with interest to see the impression she would make on her husband. He could not help being charmed back into the lover, I was sure. But he did not come home to tea. We waited for him a whole hour after the usual time, and then sat down to the table alone; but neither of us could do more than sip a little tea.

"I went home soon after, with a pressure of concern at my heart for which I could not account. All night I dreamed uncomfortable dreams. In the morning, soon after breakfast, I ran over to see Helen. I found her in her room, sitting in her night-dress, the picture of despair.

"'What is it?' I asked eagerly. 'What has happened?'

"She looked at me heavily, like one not yet recovered from the shock of a stunning blow.

"'Dear cousin! what is the matter?' I said.

"I now saw, by a motion of her hand, that it held, tightly clutched, a piece of paper. She reached it to me. It was a letter, and read:

"'We cannot live happily together, Helen. You are not what I believed myself getting when we were married—not the sweet, lovely, lovable girl that charmed my fancy and won me from all others. Alas for us both that it is so! There has been a shipwreck of two lives. Farewell! I shall never return.'

"And this was all; but it broke the heart of my poor cousin. To this day, though nearly three years have passed, she has never heard from her husband.

"I saw her last week in the country house to which she has been taken by her friends—a wreck both in mind and body. She was sitting in an upper room, from the windows of which could be seen a beautiful landscape. She was neatly attired, and a locket containing her husband's picture, hung at her throat. Her head was drooped, and her eyes on the floor, when I entered; but she raised herself quickly, and with a kind of start. I saw a momentary, eager flush in her face dying out quickly, and leaving it inexpressibly sad.

"'I thought it was John,' she said mournfully. 'Why don't he come?'

I had to stop here, for Maggy broke out suddenly into a wild fit of sobbing and crying, which lasted for nearly a minute.

"What ails you, dear?" I asked, as she began to be a little more composed.

"Oh! you have frightened me so. If John should—"

She cut short the sentence; but her frightened face left me in no doubt as to what was in her thoughts.

She arose and walked about the room in an uncertain way for some moments, and then sat down again, drawing in her breath heavily.

"If young wives," I remarked—believing that in her present state the truth was the best thing to say—"would take half the pains in making themselves personally attractive to their husbands, that they did to charm their lovers, more of them would find the lover con-

tinned in the husband. Is a man, think you, less an admirer of womanly grace and beauty after he becomes a husband than he was before?"

"Hush! hush!", she said, in a choking voice. "I see it all! I comprehend it all." And she glanced down at herself. "I look hateful and disgusting."

After a plain, earnest talk with Maggy, I went home. I give her own words as to what happened afterward.

"I was wretched all the afternoon. John had acted worse than usual at dinner-time; and what yon told me about poor Helen set my fears in motion and worried me half to death. Long before the time he usually came home, I dressed myself with care, selecting the very things I had heard him admire. As I looked at myself in the glass, I saw that I was attractive; I felt as I had never felt before that there was a bower in dress that no woman can disregard without loss of infinence, no matter what her position or sphere of life.

"Supper-time came. I had made something that I knew John liked, and was waiting for him with a nervous engerness it was impossible to repress. But the hour passed, and his well-known tread along the little garden walk did not reach my anxions ears. Five, ten, twenty minutes beyond his hour for returning, and still I was alone. Oh! I shiver as I recall the wild fears that began to crowd upon me. I was standing at the window, behind the curtain, waiting and watching. All at once I saw him a little distance from the house, but not in the direction from which he usually came. He was walking slowly, and with his eyes upon the ground. His whole manner was that of one depressed or suffering. I dropped the curtain, and went back into our little breakfast-room to see that supper was put quickly on the table. John came in, and went upstairs, as he usually did, to change his coat before tea. In a few minutes I rang the tea-bell, and then seated myself at the table to wait for him. He was longer than usual in making himself ready, and then I heard him coming down slowly and heavily, as if there were no spirit in him.

"My heart beat strongly. But I tried to look bright and smiling. There was, oh! so dreary a look on John's face as I first saw it in the door. He stood still just a moment with his eyes fixed on me; a flash of light passed over it, as he stepped forward quickly, and coming to where I sat, stooped down and kissed me. Never before was his kiss so sweet to my lips.

"'I have found my little wife once more,' he said, softly and tenderly, and with a quiver in his voice.

"I laid my head back upon his bosom, and, looking up into his face, answered; 'And yon shall never lose her again.'"

And I think he will not. The sweetness of that hour, and the lesson it taught, can never be forgotten by my friend Maggy.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A STARTLING IDEA OF FINANCE.

Abont the beginning of the present century, the old bank of Albany (since defunct,) then presided over by thirteen distinguished representatives of fatherland, issued the first circulating notes. Immediately after their receipt from the printer, an application for a loan of a few thousand dollars was made to the bank by a drover, well known in Albany for his ability and financial soundness. The loan was passed by the board, and the cashier was ordered to pay the money, who, like a faithful officer, revolved in his mind as to what kind of money he would pay whether it should be their own currency or gold. The first item puzzled him; it was now. The directors were immediately reconvened, and the subject was laid before them. Chairs were drawn to the great fireplace, thirteen clay pipes were lighted, and discussion ensued upon the proposition to pay out the new currency. No satisfactory conclusion was likely to be arrived at until the following speech was made by one of the number.

"Gentlemen of the board: These bills of ours received to-day, have cost this bank a large sum of money. The engraver, the printer, the paper-maker and incidentals, all have to be paid. The thought of these expenses so justly incurred, does not stagger me in the least, for the bills are very fine and an ornament to the bank. But, gentlemen, when it is proposed to send these new bills into the far West, there to be traded off for cattle—torn, soiled, and perhaps utterly destroyed—I, for one, solemnly protest. I venture this moment, gentlemen, to assert the opinion, that should you be so unwise as to allow these new bills to be sent north and west, broadcast beyond Lansingburgh, Schenectady, and away the other side of Utica, (as I understand this man proposes to take some of them,) you will never see them again, so long as the bank of Albany has an existence or a name."

The motion was lost and the gold was duly paid.—*The Greensboro' Herald.*

THE WITCHERY OF MANNER.

Almost every man can recall scores of cases, within his knowledge, where pleasing manners have made the fortunes of lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants, and in short, men of every walk in life.—Raleigh flung down his laced coat in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud queen's favor. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend The tones in which he ask for a pinch are often more potent than the logic of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury; the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within. Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn. The gruffest man loves to be appreciated; and it is often the sweet smile of a woman, which we think is intended for us alone, that bewitches our heart, and lays us at the feet of her whom we afterward marry.—*Home Guardian.*

Correspondence.

SNUFF DIPPING.

A writer in one of the Raleigh papers gives what he has seen and known to be true, the manner of making most of the snuff, which so many ladies put in their mouths, in many portions of our southern countries, adding that a superior brand of snuff is made from dried tobacco worms.

In addition to the manufactory of snuff it will be no exaggeration to assert that a large portion of it was always made from refuse tobacco—such as ground and frost-bitten leaves, the sweepings of the floors of large manufactories, and the gleanings from stems and stalks. As these manufactories were in, or near large cities, very early in the history of its preparation, proprietors obtained a large amount of their material from other sources, especially from the pickings of the sweepings of the streets. Afterward when fires were traced to the dropping of lighted cigars in the streets, and it was interdicted by municipal law, reservoirs and depositories were provided in all the hotels, theatres, restaurants, beer and drinking saloons, in the form of tin or sheet iron salvers with wire bottoms, stationed over a marble trough filled with water. In process of time, as the use of tobacco increased and these depositories were understood, the daily accumulation of butt ends of cigars and exhausted rejected quids of tobacco contributed no mean source of revenue to the proprietors—eagerly sought for and readily purchased as they were by the manufacturers of snuff, and in this way was developed a source of supply that at this day constitutes the material from which is made much the larger portion of the snuff found in commerce.

Now these are the facts in history of the kind and character of our snuff material. Let us look at them a moment. Every one who has seen it knows the drinking saloons in cities are infested with a diseased, debauched, mendicant, filthy, brutalized race of semi-barbarian creatures, nine-tenths of whom, perhaps, every time they outer these "hells" drop into these reservoirs a slobbered end of a cigar, or an exhansted quid of tobacco, accompanied generally with an overflowing mouthful of ambier, not only saturated with tobacco, but reeking with the putrid secretions of scurvey, cancum oris, or other diseases of the glands, gums, and teeth, which are prevalent among this class of society, and crawling ten thousand into sin (a species of the maggot tribe) this execrable compound percolates through the pile and serves to highten its aroma.

These reservoirs or salvers are generally filled during the day and night, and are emptied and taken in the morning by snuff grinders, who assort the ends of fine perfumed cigars for the maccoboy or bottle snuff, while from the quids and slobbered ends of common cigars the snuff as found in the stores is made; and this is the material and source of that delectable compound our ladies so liberally and so complacently cram into their months to cleanse(?) their teeth with, or, what is worse, roll under their tongues as a sweet morsal; and that its "linked sweetness may be long drawn out," ever and anon, gulp it down their throat that their poor abused, poisened stomach may receive its share of this delicious compound.

W. H. Lee.

YORK SPIT LIGHT STATION,
Near YORK TOWN, VA.,
Sept. 1, 1875.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

We can in no way present the lights and shadows of a Hampton graduates life so well as by publishing extracts from their private letters to their teachers. Not designed for publication, they reflect the real thought and a genuine experience and are invaluable to those interested in the problem of negro education, for they place the hopeful class of colored youth in a just light, and give people a chance to judge, upon good evidence, whether it pays to have such scholars at Hampton. The following will, we hope, interest many.

REYNOLDSON, GATES CO.,
July 8th, 1875.

I have just got my mind fully composed to write you what Susie and I are doing—we have been well until now—We have our school affairs settled, and we will begin to teach next Monday morning. We would have begun sooner, but the farmers have been having such a very dry time with their crops that they could not afford to spare their children to go to school; so Susie, Lucy and I, will begin on next Monday the 12th. Susie will be six miles from me, at a place by the name of Middle Swamp, and Lucy about three miles from Susie and four miles from me. Lavinia Green, will also commence to teach school, and Mr. Charles Green, at Gatesville, and Wm. Reid. We had a very nice time visiting around when we were over the river, and singing our plantation melodies for sabbath schools and giving addresses and lectures on education, and other matters. We really find so much work to do, that we do not know where to begin. We were examined at Gatesville last Thursday, a week. Mr. Green, Susie and myself received first grade certificates; Lucy, Lavinia and Wm. Reid second grade certificates. Susie will sturt for her boarding place to-morrow, she says she will be so very glad to hear from you at any time, to receive your advice and instruction. Dear Miss——, I hope you will write often to us for you do not know what a stimulant your letters are; they are so much so that I often wish that I could get a letter every week, but that of course is impossible.

Please write soon for I shall be ever so glad to hear from Susie. All join with me in sending you much love.

I am one of your former students,
T. B.

OLD CHURCH, VA., HANOVER COUNTY,
July 12, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—These are the first lines I have attempted to address you since my class left school, two years ago. I could have written often, but I was sensible of the fact that writing could not ans wer in the least degree the demands of the school upon me, nor at all satisfy the obligations which I owe to the Hampton Institute. No student has ever studied at Hampton who loves the school more than I do, though my means of showing it are very poor.

I have been a constant subscriber to, and reader of, the WORKMAN since I left school; and finding it at all times a most welcome and desirable companion, furnishing me each month with tidings from Hampton, I have been content to go on, patiently and diligently, with my work, hoping that in so doing I should sooner meet my demands in the school than by writing. Few students, I venture to say, has ever gone through Hampton more self-dependent than I, and at the same time under greater pecuniary embarrassments. I was wholly dependent upon the school for its indulgences the greater part of my time there, and was always humbly grateful for its favors. I can say with much truth that during my whole stay at Hampton I tried to be faithful in the discharge of all the duties assigned me, and if I failed at any time to do so, it was not willfully done.

General, I am truly thankful to you and all connected with the school, for the very liberal deduction you have made in my bill. You will please send special directions how to meet my present obligations, when I shall hope to answer you soon in the settlement of my whole bill.

I am, with grateful feelings for good received,
Yours with due respect,
W. P. B.

AN Ohio correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "I am using a remedy for driving away insects and hugs that works tiptop, and if any of your readers have not tried it I advise them to waste no time with soot, ashes, etc., hut ask their drusgist to order them a pound of carbolic acid, N. 5, which will cost seventy-five cents. If air-slaked lime is to be had, use a teaspoonful of acid to a quart of lime; mix well, and dust over the plants. One application is frequently sufficient. The cabbage-flea (jumping Jack) threatened to destroy my plants of cabbage and rutahagas, hut one dose was sufficient to clear the garden of them. If the lime is not slaked, take one teaspoonful of acid to a pint of hot water and slake the lime with the mixture.

HEDGES.—An exchange says: Arbor vitæ and other evergreen hedges which have not already received their annual clipping, should be attended to now, without delay. Keep the top down and induce a thick bottom growth. The wider a hedge is at the bottom, the better light it gets, and the healthier it will be. A pair of shears costing from two to three dollars will be found very convenient both for trimming hedges and for clipping grass borders, hut an old scythe fastened to a short, straight stick for a handle, leaving about half of the cutting edge beyond the stick, will be found not a bad tool for shortening in the tender ends of evergreens. Some gardeners prefer it to the shears, believing they can cut more evenly and much more rapid, bnt a neglected one is a perpetual eyesore.

BEST HOLIDAY GIFT,
FOR PARENT, CHILD, TEACHER, PASTOR, FRIEND.

GET THE BEST.
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Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1875.
HYPOCRISY AND PIETY.

MARK xii: 38–44.

38 And he said unto them in his doctrine, Beware of the scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and *love* salutations in the market-places,
39 And the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts:
40 Which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: these shall receive greater damnation.
41 And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much.
42 And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.
43 And he called *unto him* his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury.
44 For all *they* did cast in of their abundance: but she of her want did cast in all that she had, *even* all her living.

Golden Text.—WHAT DOTH THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE BUT TO DO JUSTLY, AND TO LOVE MERCY, AND TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD?—Micah vi: 8.

Do you remembsr the question the young lawyer put to Jesus—tha answer to which was the subject of our last Sabbath's lesson? Jesus answered him so well that the wicked Scribes did not dare to ask him anything more. Tha young lawyer himself was so convinced of ths wisdom of Jesus' reply that he could not help saying to him, "Well, Master thou hast said the truth." He was more frank sud honest than tha rest of tha Scribes, for though his answers silenced them than, thsir after-conduct shows that they did not ropent of their wrong thoughts and feelings toward Christ, but at once began to lay plots to have him delivered into their hands so that he might ba put to death. But "the common people heard him gladly." They could see that Jesus—who is always the friend of the poor and lowly—had more real interest in them than these Scribes who had been their leaders and guides. Jesus was sorry for them that they had no better guides than these wicked men, and he told them to beware of them becausa thay were only pretending to be good while thay were in reality very bad men. This pretending to be what they were not made them hypocrites. Christ himself gave tham this fearful name when he pronounced upon them those fearful woes (Matt. 23: 13–16, 23–33). Our Fathar in Heaven does not love men, woman, or children, who only make a show of being good. I hope that wa may *be* really good and not, like these Scribes, only want to appear so. If we sincerely ask Jesus to help us, and then are willing to do as we are bidden in God's Holy Word, wa shall succeed.

Tha treasury was a room in the temple whera were placed boxes in which tha people could drop their gifts. This money was used in the service of the temple. Jesus was sitting by where he could see them as they brought their offerings, [Can Jesus see what we do now? "The eyes of tha Lord are in every place beholding tha evil and the good" (Prov. 15: 3).] He saw the rich cast in much, and then there came a ceatain poor widow of whom he said, "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into ths treasury." She gave two mites. A mite was the smallest piece of Jewish money. It would taka three of these to be worth us much as one of our cents. What did Christ mean then by saying she had cast in more thau all? It was because she had given *all* she had. The rich people had given large sums of money, but they did not have to deny themselves anything or to go without anything they really wished to have. Christ by no means condemned the rich men but he showed how pleased he was at the spirit of self-sacrifice which prompted the gift of this poor woman. Then, too, it is a standing encouragement to all who, like her, are abla only to cast mites into the Lord's treasury. Beacuse we can only give a little is no reason that we should not give anything. If we give what we can, be it ever so little, freely, from love to Christ, he will accept and bless the gift. The first gift which Jesus asks of us all is ourselves, "My son, give me thine heart" (Prov. xxiii: 26). If wa give ourselves to Jesus wa shall wish to show that we are his by keeping all his commands and doing good unto all as wa have opportunity, by giving as wall as in other ways. "God loveth a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. ix: 7).

LESSON II.

September 12, 1875.

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.

MARK xiv: 3–9

3 And being in Bethany, in ths house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster-box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; And she brake the box, and poured *it* on his head.
4 And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made?
5 For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her.
6 And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me.
7 For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always.
8 She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying.
9 Verily, I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, *this* also that she hath done shall be spoken of, for a memorial of her.

Golden Text.—WHERESOEVER THIS GOSPEL SHALL BE PREACHED THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE WORLD, THIS ALSO THAT SHE HATH DONE SHALL BE SPOKEN OF, FOR A MEMORIAL OF HER.—Mark xiv: 9.

Our last lesson records Christ's words of commendation of the woman who so loved the Lord and his cause that she cheerfully cast all she had into his treasury, for which she received a far greater blessing than they who had cast in of their abundance. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." (2 Cor. viii: 12)

In our lesson to-day Christ speaks words of praise of another woman who proved herself his friend by doing what *she* could to show her love for him. This woman's name was Mary (John xii: 2, 3). She lived in Bethany with her sister Martha and brother Lszarus, whom Jesus had, not very long before, raised from the dead. This feast was at the house of Simon, the leper. Simon is supposed to have been the father of Mary and Martha and Lszarus, and probably he had himself been cured of leprosy by Jesus. If so, this was another cause for Mary's overflowing gratitude. While Jesus was sitting at the table, Mary brought an alabaster box of ointment which she brake and poured upon his head. The box was of a kind of white marble—very beautiful, and it cost three hundred pence. That, in our money, would be between forty and fifty dollars. As well as being very costly it was very fragrant, for wa read in another place that "the house was filled with the odor of tha ointment." (John xii: 3). It was tha custom in those times to put sweet-smelling oil on the heads of those who were worthy of honor. Kings and priests were anointed in this way (1 Ssml x: 1). Mary wished to show how much she loved and honored the friend who had done so much for her and her family. She was not content to pour it upon his head only but also poured it upon his feet. Some of tha disciples, particularly Judas (John xii: 4, 5), found fault with Msry for what she had done, saying that it might have been sold and given to the poor. Wa have reason to halieve that this was not tha true reason of the complaint of Judas, for we know he was a selfish man and very fond of money, and it was he who carried the bag and took charge of all the monay which belonged to Jasus and the disciples. But Jesus did not find fault with her, for he knaw how full of love to him her heart was. Instead he rebuked the disciples, telling them to "Let her alone"—that she had wrought a good work on him. He would very soon leave the earth and no moro offerings of love could be brought to him as a person; but "ye have the poor with you always," he added, "and whonsoever ye will ya may do them good." *We* cannot do little acts of kindness to Jesus himself, as Mary and Martha could, but we can do good to the poor people whom we know, who need our help. We may be so poor ourselves that we have no monay to give them, but that is not the *only* way, nor is it always tha *best* way of doing good. If we try very hard I think we can each of us find out ways in which we can be *so* helpful to other people that the dear Jesus will say of each of us as he did of Mary, "She hath done what she could."

The last verse of our lesson shows us what value Jesus put upon this loving act of Mary's. The prophecy of Jesus has been and is being continually fulfilled—for wherever the blessed Bible goes, bearing its messages of love from our Father in Heaven and the record of the life of His son and our Saviour, the story of the loving devotion of Mary is recorded, and thus her memory will be dear and fresh as long as time shall last.

LESSON III.

September 19, 1875.

THE BETRAYAL.

MARK xiv: 42–50.

42 Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand.
43 And immediately while he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders.
44 And he that betrayed him, had given them a token, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; take him, and lead *him* away safely.
45 And as soon as he was come, he goeth straight-way to him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed him.
46 And they laid their hands on him, and took him.
47 And one of them that stood by, drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear.
48 And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are ye come out as against a thief, with swords and *with* staves to take me?
49 I was daily with you in the temple, teaching, and ye took me not; but the scriptures must be fulfilled.
50 And they all forsook him and fled.

We learned in our last lesson that some of the disciples found fault with Mary for anointing Jesus. They called it a waste. Judas was the one who was most displeased about it. This was because he would rather Mary should have given him the money which the ointment cost, for he loved money more than he did his Lord and Master. And now this love of money, which the apostle Paul tells us is "the root of all evil" (1Tim. vi: 10), led him to go directly from Simon's house and do the most wicked thing it was possible for him to do. Judas knew that the chief priests hated Jesus and were very anxious to put him to death, so he went to them and offered to betray him to them if they would give him money for so doing. They agreed to give him thirty pieces of silver. This is only about eighteen dollars in our money.

After Judas went out for this wicked purpose, as Jesus and the rest of the disciples sat together at supper he again explained to them that he was about to die, and told them that hereafter this supper was to be eaten by his followers in remembrance of his death. It is called the Lord's Supper. It is Jesus' wish that all who believe in him aud truly love him should often do this in remembrance of his dying love to them. Then they went out to a garden near by called Gethsemane. Christ left the disciples near the gate to watch, while he himself went further into the garden that he might be alone with His Father. Three times he returned to them, finding them asleep; the last time he came with the first words of our lesson, "Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand." Probably he had caught a glimpse of the party coming from Jerusalem with their "lanterns and torches" (John 18: 3). The sign which Judas was to give in order that they might know which was Jesus, was a kiss. A kiss was a token of affection, and it shows what a thoroughly bad man Judas had become that he could meet Christ with such pretences of love while that very kiss was to be the meaus of giving him into the hands of his bitterest enemies. He told the men to taka him and lead him away safely. In Matthew we read that he said, "Hold him fast." (Matt. xxvi: 48). Perhaps he was afraid that Jesus would escape from them and then he would lose his money. Jesus was not a prisoner because he could not escape, but he was willing to be "led as a lamb to the slaughter" (Isaiah liii: 7) for our sakes. One of the disciples, Peter, (John xviii: 10), drew his sword to defend Jesus, and struck the servant of the high priest, cutting off his ear. But the gentle, forgiving Christ did not approve of Peter's rash act for he rebuked him (John xviii: 11), and Luke tells us he touched the ear of the man and healed it (Luke xxii; 51). In this hour of his great trouble he performed a miracle of mercy and that for one among his enemies. The disciples, when they saw that Jesus was actually taken, were so overcoma by fear that, though only a little while before they had said they would never desert him, "all forsook him and fled." They, like many in our day, little knew the weakness of their own hearts until they were tried.

Would you like to know what became of Judas? When he fully realized what was to be the results of his sin his conscience so smote him that he tried to undo his wretched work by taking back the money and owning that he had betrayed innocent blood. But these wicked men cared nothing for his remorse. He had served their purpose and, they turned away from him with the heartless reply, "What is that to us? See thou to that." His ill-gotten gain could do him no good now, and in despair he threw down the money he had so coveted and went out and hung himself. A wretched end, was it not? Judas began his downward course by breaking God's command, "Thou shalt not covet," and we see to what a fearful end he was brought. May God incline our hearts to keep all his holy commands for in the keeping of them there is great reward. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord" (Romans vi: 23).

LESSON IV.

September 26, 1875.

THE DENIAL.

MARK xiv: 66–72,

66 And as Peter was beneath in the palace, there cometh one of the maids of the high priest:
67 And when she saw Peter warming himself, she looked upon him, and said, And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth.
68 But he denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest. And he went out into the porch; and the cock crew.
69 And a maid saw him again, and began to say to them that stood by, This is *one* of them.
70 And he denied it again. And a little after, they that stood by said again to Peter, Surely thou art *one* of them: for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth *thereto*.
71 But he began to curse and swear, *saying*, I know not this man of whom ye speak.
72 And the second time the cock crew. And Peter called to mind the word that Jesus said unto him, Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice. And when he thought thereon, he wept.

Golden Text.—WHEREFORE LET HIM THAT THINKETH HE STANDETH TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL.—1 Cor. x: 12.

When Jesus had been taken by those to whom Judas betrayed him, he was led away to the high priest to be examined. You will remember that tha disciples had forsaken him so that ha went alone among his anamies and there was no one to speak one kind, true word for him. But the disciples did truly love him although they so cruelly left him in this hour of his need. Pater did follow him afar off—doubtless hoping in some way he might hear what was said to him or done about him. From Peter's words Jesus had a right to expect that he of all others would stand by him and be faithful to him, for it was at that last supper that he had made great promises, even declaring "If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise" (verss 3); yet how soon was he found committing the very sin which shortly before he himself thought the farthest from him. As Peter sat by the fire one of the servants said to him, "And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth." "I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest," was his prompt reply. He not only told a lie but he was "ashamed of Jesus," his best friend, and denied that he ever knew him. After awhile another looked at him and said, "This is one of them." Of course it would be harder for him to tell the truth the second time than if he had spoken it at first. It made the lie seem more necessary than ever, "and he denied it again." This is always the way with wrong-doing of any kiud. If we would ha safe we must avoid the first wrong step. But notwithstanding these two denials they were still very suspicious of Peter, and some ona else in the crowd said he was sure Peter must be one of ths followers of Christ because he spoke in the same way that tha people of Galilee did. And now, in additiou to denying again that he knew Christ, ha began to curse and to swear and thus broke another of God's holy commands. Which commandment did he break? Can you repeat it? As soon as he had denied Christ the third time he heard the cock crowing. How do you suppose he felt when he heard it? Of what do you think it reminded him? Wa are told what he did, "He went out and wept bitterly" (Luko xxii: 62). It was a bitter but wholesome lesson for Peter, for he was a true disciple and never could have been happy until he repented of his sin and obtained forgiveness. We sea how, in Peter's case, ona sin led to another. First, he trusted too much in himself—he felt so strong in his own good purposes that ha was sure he could never do so cowardly and wicked a thing as to deny Christ. Then, too, he put himself in had company and forgot to ask God to keep him from being tempted above what ha was able to bear. Besides he had not kept close to Jesus, but had "followed him afar off," and after this his downfall was rapid. Left to himself, ha denied—denied again that ha knew Christ—and then cursed and swore. But Peter was very sorry for his sin and God forgave him. He had no opportunity to tell Jesus before he died how sorry ha was, but Jesus knew that he was ona of his true disciples and after he rose from the dead sent a message assuring him of his love and forgiveness, "Go tell his disciples and *Peter*" (Mark xvi: 7). If, when wa feel that we have done wrong, we go to tha Saviour had tell him and ask his forgiveness, we shall find him as kind and as tender now as he was to Peter, and if we trust ourselves wholly to him he will doliver us from all evil.

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VOL. IV. HAMPTON, VA., OCTOBER, 1875. NO. 10.

AUTUMN.

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, OCTOBER, 1875.

Died, at the Hampton Normal School, on Saturday, Aug. 14th, of consumption of the bowels, Lucy A. Hays, member of the class of '78, and of class No. 2 of the Hampton Singers.

This is the first break that death has made in the circle of the Hampton Student Singers.

They have traveled thousands of miles and over half of the United States through a period of three years and a half, and have been kept from all accident and danger by the way. Quietly, and among those who loved her best; tenderly cared for and sincerely mourned, the first of the little band has passed from her home on earth to her home in Heaven.

Those who knew her best will mourn her most. In the intimate association of daily travel and work, her cheerful and loving disposition and christian unselfishness of spirit, always prefering others to herself, endeared to her teachers and companions,

Our sweet singer has joined the choir above, but

"With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hand
We shall meet one another again."

To impartial observers it is evident that some colored men whose education has given them prominence in the past, have sadly missed their way to leadership in the future. We have had from them a peevish and passionate declaration of independence of aid from without. They suppose they need their own leaders, in politics and the press, in order to fill such a prominent place in the national affairs as would gratify their pride. It may safely be said, that if the race is really capable of a high civilization, what we now see of it has scarcely a feature of what its maturity will be. For colored men to contemn aid from any friendly hand is simply to supply by conceit their grievous lack of a solid basis for self esteem. Their lot in America is cast among men who have had long experience in the art of taking care of themselves. To compete successfully, the negro must have assistance and instruction. For true progress he needs all the docility which God has given him, and all the humility which common sense would fain teach him. No premature self-confidence can take the place of the slow teaching of life as it is. By this the instinct and power of self help has almost to be yet created, and from the past history of the race and its present overweighted condition it is easy to see that no general competition with the whites will be posisble except by the aid of those friendly white men and women who are now giving to the wards of the nation the spelling book, the idea of social morality, and last but not least, who in business relations are not merely just, but merciful also; it is in response to such generous treatment that the negro, as a rule, does not succumb to the difficulties of his position, and abandon all effort excepting to live from hand to mouth without an earnest thought of the future.

True independence must have a much more solid basis to rest upon, than the resolntions of the Richmond convention. Habits of thrift and foresight, the achievement of a competency, the ownership of lands and houses are essential. When the negro as a class reaches business success the world will begin to think that he is capable of standing without external aid.

Evidences of progress in this, the right path to independence are not want ing to offset the discouraging spectacle of the colored politician. In this connection it gives us great pleasure to record the experience of a gentleman who has been trying the plan of giving the colored people a fair chance to own their own houses. The facts as he states them are as follows:—

Commencing in April 1871, he has built and sold to negroes forty-nine houses, besides selling to them sixteen vacant lots. Only three of the houses were paid for in cash. twenty-four of the remaining houses have been paid for in full, chiefly by monthly installments. The other twenty-two were sold for $10,756, of which $5,650 has been paid. No case has yet occurred, or is likely to occur, in which it has been or will be neccssary to turn out a purchaser for default. First payments of from one tenth to one fifth have always been insisted on, partly as a means of sorting out the better class, and partly because after having paid their fifty to one hundred dollars, they would make great efforts rather than to lose it.

The kind of education required by those poor people in the process of buying a home on such a plan is of the highest value. They have an object before them which they see to be within their reach. They have the strongest motive to struggle in their experience of the tyranny of landlords. And the man who, after three or four years of close economy, has fairly earned the deed to a house and lot, has acquired habits of self-reliance and self-control of which few college graduates can boast. He has encountered practical life and been victorious. He has a solid basis of achievement to be proud of, and of independence for the future. Relieved of rents, which have heretofore absorbed every spare dollar, he can now lay up something for the education of his children and proyide for their rise to a higher social level than he was born to. This may be too slow to suit those who by their lofty ideas, have divorced themselves from real sympathy with the needs of their race, but to us it seems that the success of the gentleman referred to has as much hopeful augury for the future of the colored people in America, as is to be found in any other direction.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Miss Emma J. White of New York City, was, many years ago, wedded to Mr. Ezra R. Johnson of New Bedford, Mass.; both were colored, free born and of most repectable families. Mr. Johnson engaged in sailmaking in Philadelphia; thence he removed to New Bedford and supplied whalemen with their outfit of garments etc., for long cruises in the Pacific and Arctic oceans. He was prosperous, purchased shares in whale ships, and accnmulated about $20,000. In 1850 the gold fever carried him to California, where he wisely foresaw the future of the settlement near the Golden Gate, purchased lots in San Francisco, and patiently held them. He resumed the clothing business for seamen and operated in various ways. He had a taste for medicine, studied and practised homeopathy with some success, and was known and is still remembered as Doctor Johnson.

His education was fair, his mind clear, his judgement excellent, and his character good. He was a member of the Baptist Church.

He returned to New Bedford in 1855 and died there in 1872. His wife survived the family of six children and died July, 1874, aged sixty-one years, leaving most of her property to benevolent institution as follows:—

Union for Good Works, New Bedford, Mass. $5,000; Society for aged Colored Women in Boston $5,000; Society for aged Colored Women in New Bedford, Mass. $5,000; Episcopal Church in New Bedford (white) $2,500; Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Va. $5,000.

Her benefaction to the Hampton School was the result of attending one of the concerts of the Hampton Singers, when she purchased the book "Hampton and its Students" and became deeply interested in the work.

Her works will follow her.

The Commoner is a new weekly paper published in Washington, D. C., in the interest of the colored people; it is edited by a young colored gentleman of fine abilities, and in the language of its editor, Rev. Geo. Williams, "will try to be to the colored people of this country a guide, teacher, defender and mirror. As a guide it will endeavor to lead them from the quagmire of perverted political life to the firm foundations of intelligent citizenship and independent manhood. As a teacher it will strive to present to them everything that is beautiful in character, noble in action, and sublime in living. Will teach them, if not to forget to forgive the past, and press on and upward to the things that are before. As a defender it will protect them from the unmerciful and acrimonious attacks of their enemies; and seek to overthrow every thing that is subversive of their material, educational, and moral welfare. As a mirror it will always aim to reflect their genius, virtue, and thrift, and thereby show the country and the world that the negro under healthful and normal influences, is capable of the highest development."

A journal for the colored people seems to be a necessity, and is a necessity so far as it promotes the ends indicated in the above editorial remarks. The price of this paper is $2.50 per annum, postage prepaid, with liberal terms to agents and discount to clubs. We trust that the *Commoner* will obtain a firm foothold, and that may it long wave the banner of truth and light over a wide range of readers.

LETTER FROM A GRADUATE.

The letter of which a portion is published below, is from an exceedingly intelligent and reliable man in middle life; a graduate of the Hampton Institnte, of high character and good power of observation; originally from Eastern Maryland. We hope as he shall extend his travels he will send brighter pictures of his people for surely there are much more cheering aspects than he presents. The letter is personal and allowance must be made for freedom of expression; he would probably be more guarded in a letter for publication:

TARBORO, EDGECOURT COUNTY, N. C.,
September 12, 1875.

Dear Teacher,—When I left Hampton last June I started out selling books and did very well till I got so bad off that I couldn't travel, and then the doctors and boarding-house keepers took me in hand, and I tell you they soon got me in St. Peter's fix when he saw the lame man. My object in going about selling books was not so much to make money as it was to see those places where the colored people were in the majority and had everything their own way. I did intend to go down in South Carolina and Mississippi, but my health will not permit me to do so at this time. Well, it may be all for the best.

As you know, the blacks are in the majority in Eastern North Carolina, and they have the lion's share of all the offices. Well, I don't have a very high opinion of these officials. The most of them are young men and are pretty well educated, but, as a general thing, are wholly destitute of character. There are very few of them that I'd trust with fifty cents.

There is a very large graded school in this place, and it supplies this and the surrounding counties with teachers—*such as they are.* The principal, a young man, is State Senator and a graduate of Lincoln University. I called upon him recently and found him *dead drunk*—which I found out afterward was nothing strange. I have been in their Justices' Courts several times, and have been disgusted with profanity and drunkenness of those whose duty it was to administer justice. I have spoken to our people several times this summer, but I didn't receive much applause. They would look at me and groan. Sometimes they would ask me if I was a preacher, and when I told them no, they would say that they didn't think that I ought to meddle with "'ligious" matters.

When I used to hear you speak about the students sinking down to the level of those with whom they associate, I didn't fully realize your meaning, but now I see it more clearly.

I thought that I could do a "big thing" getting subscriptions for the Workman this summer, but I found I was mistaken. I literally wore out the samples carrying them in my pockets, and showing them to the people. The colored people down here read nothing but political papers—those that can read at all—and when they found out that the Workman was not political they would have nothing to do with it. If I don't get the school in Charlottsville I shall go to my home in Maryland. I don't feel able to teach just now, but if I get the school I am going to try.

Very respectfully yours,
T. W. C.

HOW TO STOP A PAPER.

Do not take your paper to the postmaster and tell him to send it back; in nine cases out of ten you will fail to stop it in this way. Do not attempt to return it yourself, and write on the wrapper to discontinue; this is against the law, and lays you open to a fine. Before your subscription expires, send to your editor a postal card, saying your subscription expires on such a date, please discontinue at that time. Sign your name, also the town and State where your paper is sent, in full. If the paper has been sent two weeks or more over the time for which it was paid, don't send a postal card; it will do no good; rather write a letter and enclose what is due for arrearages, always allowing that one number will be sent before the letter reaches the publisher and his list is corrected. By observing these simple rules your requests will always be promptly attended to.—*Printer's Circular.*

EDITORIAL MERIT RECOGNIZED.

As many of our readers are aware, France possesses an association of literary and scientific men, known as the Academy. To obtain a seat in this body is the goal of every French writer's ambition, and the crowning hope of every *savan.* Noblemen and archbishops are proud to be members of this institution. The membership is limited; death alone makes vacancies, which are filled by the ballots of the survivors. For the distinction of being elected to this association there is always a struggle, and a keen one, ending inevitably in rendering one man happy and making dozens miserable.

One of the newly chosen members of this erudite congress is John Lemoinne, an editorial writer of Paris, most of whose contributions have been published in the *Journal des Debats;* and outside of newspaper work, M. Lemoinne has written little else. But his editorials were so good, that they have earned for him a reward that hundreds of writers of books have coveted and striven for, though never obtained. Learned and conservative as the French Academy is, it has shown the world that it recognizes the true value of jonrnalism by raising one of its representatives to the highest position of honor attainable by literary men in France.—*Print. Circular.*

Last week the slow and solemn music of the Fort Monroe band was heard in the quiet village of Hampton, while a company of soldiers marched with slow pace, with reversed arms, toward the churchyard of old St. John's Church. After them came a hearse covered with the national flag, and that was followed by a large number of sorrowing friends. The hearse contained the remains of the late Rev. Mark L. Chevers, Post Chaplain, U. S. Army, who had officiated for forty-seven years at Fort Monroe.

Mr. Chevers was born in New York City in 1795, and was consequently eighty years of age. He served as a soldier some time, during the last war with England, acting as sergeant of his company. In early life he became acquainted with Bishop Moore, who was made Bishop of Virginia in 1814, and by him was induced to come to Virginia. He was ordained by Bishop Moore in 1824, and three years afterward came to Fort Monroe and Hampton. Blessed with a strong constitution he was able to undergo great labor without fatigue, and during these many years he has been a faithful minister of the Gospel. It is seldom that a clergyman spends so long a time—forty-seven years—in one place; but at Fort Monroe there is a couple who were married by Mr. Chevers, when young, who are now great grandparents.

The service at his funeral was very impressive. The services were in Centurian Church, Fort Monroe. The chancel was draped with black, as indicatory that the church had lost a worthy minister, while the abundance of flowers placed about the chancel and on the casket, showed the belief in the resurrection. There were seven of his brethren of the clergy present, and the church was filled to its greatest capacity. The services were performed by the Rev. O. E. Herrick, Post Chaplain, U. S. Army, and by the Rev. N. A. Oheson, D. D. of Norfolk. There were also present many members of the Masonic fraternity, of which he had been a member. Having been in the Army so many years he was buried with full military honors.

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

X.

MINOR MORALS (CONTINUED).

Among the innumerable forms of deceitfulness, there is one, viz.: the withholding of the truth, of which I want to speak to you as *students*, and which I want you to consider as it effects you in your relation to each other, to your teachers, and to your school. I am sure that there are few of you who do not grow to have a real and hearty affection for the school to whose influences you owe so much, and who do not feel that in after life you will look back to your school as to a home, with interest, with gratitude, and if all goes well, with honest pride. And yet, I fear that you do not often remember how much the character and success of your school depend upon individual scholars, how much you can help your teachers, how much you can do for your fellow students, how much, in short, the whole tone of the school will depend upon *you*. No school can be very powerful for good unless a majority of its students co-operate with the teachers, and make the honor of their school a real thing, so real that it is a live influence among them, and this can only be done by the best and most intelligent scholars uniting to put down and expel the vices which are constantly creeping in among their younger and weaker schoolmates. You will understand better than I can tell you how much there is which is wrong and foolish going on among you, which your teachers, however deeply it may grieve them, can hardly reach without your assistance, and that therefore your personal responsibility is very great. When you become a member of a school you become responsible, not only for your individual life in it, but for its honor and good name, and there is nothing which a student should feel more keenly than any disgrace befalling his school, above all when it is a disgrace, which, to a greater or less extent, may be chargeable to his own carelessness or wrong doing.

Now while there are many ways in which you can show your allegiance to your school and your determination to make its record honorable and its name respected, there is one in particular which often involves some troublesome questions and requires much consideration. I mean that courageous telling of truths for the good of the school, which you know will bring upon you from some of your companions tha accusation of taletelling, an accusation which must always be very painful to any right-minded boy or girl.

Taletalling is emphatically mean, but there is a wide difference between glibly complaining of some fellow student's mistake or misdemeanor, and conscientiously and soberly reporting to the school officers anything which you are convinced is, unknown to them, injuring or interfering with the work of the school, or poisoning the moral atmosphere. This latter you are bound in honor to do even at the cost of great pain to yourself; it is a duty which you owe to the school as an organization of which you are a responsible member, and in doing it you need to be sure only of two things: first, that your report is accurate; second, that it is made, not for the sake of telling tales, but because you know that in no other way can the evil be remedied.

To take, or attempt to take the law into your own hands on such occasions, is about always worse than useless, for you are not in a position of authority and usually have neither the experience nor the judgment necessary to enable you to deel justly and wisely with the offender. The only honest and courageous course for a student who becomes aware of a serious misdemeanor on the part of a fellow student, is to report at once, without exaggeration or reservation, to the proper authorities, and to be guided as to his own action entirely by their decision.

By this and by a conscientious obedience to the laws of the school, you can vastly strengthen the hands of your teachers, and you can do your share in the honorable and lasting work of building up a Christian college for your people, a work of which your own experience must already have taught you the inestimable importance.

Throughout all your school life you should remember that the time which you spend in study is entirely and simply a time of *preparation*. The great work of life opens before you when the school doors close behind you, and from that day forward you will in all probability have little time or opportunity for merely personal cultivation. You have spent months, possibly years, in sharpening your weapons, and when the day comes for using them, they should be keen and true, or your chance in the crowded field will be small. Remember, then, that your school hours are precious, that the knowledge which you acquire in them is the foundation of all that you will get in after life, and that the habits which you then form will remain always at the base of your character. In your school, under the guiding and protecting influence of your teachers, you have an opportunity to form and strengthen both your moral and intellectual nature, and you cannot too strongly feel the importance of making the best use of your advantages. I believe that most of you understand the value of the education which you get from books, and that upon that point I need say little to you. You know that without such education you can do little or nothing; that with it the world of art, of science, of business is open to you, and you are aware that in order to obtain it you must pay the price of persistent hard work; but in regard to the habits of life which you are forming day by day, I fear your convictions are not so clear.

In respect to these habits, then, I have something to say to you before we part, and although it may seem to you to be to some extent a reiteration of what has been said before, yet I hope to be able to put the facts before you in a new and strange light.

The habit of courtesy, of consideration for others, the habit of truth telling and of fair dealing, the habit of self-control, you can form in yourselves (as soon as you are old enough to appreciate this importance), no matter how great your early disadvantages may have been, provided you can place yourselves for a time under favorable conditions, and nowhere can you find these conditions so well as in a good school. In such a school you are thrown into close contact with a large number of young men and women, under such regulations that courtesy, consideration and self-control, become matters-of-course, while the association with cultivated teachers is of very great personal assistance to you. All the circumstances are helpful, for you have not only individual ambition as a spur, but you have also an ambition to keep up the reputation of the school, and a desire that neither those who have graduated before you nor those who are to come after you shall have reason to be ashamed of your record.

You have, in short, as I have already told you, what is probably the best opportunity you can ever obtain to make yourself strong for good and against evil, and in order to use your opportunity wisely you ought to consider what are your special weaknesses and temptations.

Do you ever stop, for example, to think how frequently idleness ruins man and women, and whether you yourself are doing your best to form a habit of industry? Are you conscientious about your work, filling every hour sot apart for labor with useful employment, or do you shirk and evade, doing only what you are obliged to do and doing that not very energetically or persistently? Do you realize that the command "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is applicable to all your undertakings, because slip-shod, unregulated work is never good or successful, and you can never do little things well unless you are in earnest about them.

If you have thought much about this matter of industry you must already have learned that it is not only all-essential as regards your worldly success, but that it has also a most important and certain influence upon your character. If you permit yourself to become careless about your work, to fall into irregular, unpunctual habits, you will find that it affects your whole life and injures you seriously in many ways, gradually unfitting you for any kind of persistent labor, and making you finally useless, shiftless, and utterly unsuccessful. Begin, then, in school, where everything is in your favor, to make yourself conscientiously industrious, and do it as a matter of principle, for as the years go on, you will find that there is spiritual as well as material truth in the proverb, "The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing,—but the substance of a diligent man is precious."

Hand in hand with the vice of idleness goes frequently another almost equally dangerous vice, that of waste; and the temptations to it among young people are usually very great. You have not yet learned by experience the danger of wasteful and the value of economical habits, and as a general thing youth has more temptations to spend than incentives to save. Usually you have no one dependent upon you; you are strong and hopeful and not afraid of the "rainy days" against which older people are constantly advising you to provide. You scarcely see why you should trouble yourself now to form a habit of economy, and it seems very hard and unreasonable that you should be told to deny yourself pleasures now in order to prepare for a very uncertain future. But if you are wise you will learn, as wise men since the foundation of the world have learned, "from the ant, which provideth her nest in tha summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest," and will understand that your material prosperity will largely depend upon your thrift. Furthermore, waste is in itself sinful; we have no right to squander and misuse anything, but should honestly economize and make the best use of everything which passes through our hands, whether it be our own or another's.

The food which we waste which might feed the hungry, clothing which we neglect and abuse, which might cover the naked, tools or material of any kind which we wear out and destroy by rough handling or carelessness, money which we spend thoughtlessly,—for all these we are accountable, and neither here nor hereafter can we escape from our responsibility.

Diligence and thrift are at tha foundation of worldly prosperity and are also most emphatically Christian virtues, and neglect of them in your youth will cost you in later life a heavy price, and I am inclined to press upon you their importance, because as a people you have had in the past little opportunity to practice them and are therefore specially likely to undervalue them.

A virtuous life is a many-sided life; if you mean to be good men and women it will not suffice for you to cultivate merely those virtues which are easy and pleasant to you, and growing in one direction only, but your endeavor must be to develop evenly and healthily upon all sides; and now in these years which are set apart as a time of preparation for the work and care and responsibility which will surely be the lot of every one of you, you should constantly and earnestly remember how precious is every hour. All that you learn now is just so much working capital for the rest of your lives, and if properly used, you will find that it will never fail to bring you a heavy interest upon all the time and strength its accumulation may have cost you. All the knowledge you get from books, all the experience you gain of different forms of labor, all the good habits you form, may be considered as permanent investments, which by a little determination on your part may be made continuously and increasingly profitable, and the honorable ambition to elevate yourselves and your people, which I believe most of you feel, ought to help you greatly in overcoming the obstacles which God in his omniscience has seen fit to put in your path.

You know better than I can tell you what those obstacles are, and I believe you are rapidly learning, what I have again and again told you in these pages, that they can only be surmounted or removed by patiant, hard, intellectual work. For such work you have now the opportunity, in it you have the warm sympathy and wise assistance of teachers and friends, to it you have every stimulus human life can offar.

More than all this, and I believe that there are many of you who have a deep and honest sense of the truth of what I am going to say, you have the humble faith that you are the children of an all-wise Father whose will it is honor and gladness to fulfil, in whose justice you can most absolutely trust.

If you can put love for Him at the foundation of your lives, all the details of which I have tried to teach you something, will seem neither trivial nor impossible, you will know the meaning of that beautiful old verse,—

> "A servant, with this clause,
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine.

and you can so order your ways that whereaver you may be, or whatever may be your work you can feel and show that you are about your Father's business.

It is to this end that all decency, all courtesy, all honor, all study tend, and this is the conclusion of the whole matter: "Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of men."

LUCK MAY LIE IN A PIN.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Now I am going to tell a story about Luck. All of us are acquainted with Luck; there are those that see her all tha time, some only at certain seasons of the year, others only one single day,—yes, there are even people that only see Luck once in their life-time; but all of us do see her.

Luck once was placed in an apple; that was for a man whose name was Newton. The apple fell, and thus he found his Luck. If you do not know that story, ask some one to tell it to you. We have another story to tell—a story about a pear.

There once lived a poor man who was horn poor, and had grown up poor, and was poor when he married. He was a turner by trade, and used to turn umbrella-handles, and umbrella-wings, but he only earned enough money by this to live from hand to mouth.

"I shall never find *my* Luck," said he.

Now this is a true story which really happened. I could tell tha name of the country and tha place where the man lived, but that is of no consequence. The red and sour mountain-ash berries blossomed and ripened around his house and in his garden, as if they were the choicest fruit, and in the garden stood also a pear-tree, but it had never borne a pear, and yet, there Luck was placed in an invisible pear.

One night tha wind blew terribly. In Aviza, men said the great Dillig boulder was lifted up from tha side of the road, and thrown down like a lump of clay, and so it was not at all wonderful that a big branch should have been broken from the pear-tree. The branch was taken into tha work-shop, and the man turned out of it, just for fun, a big pear, and another big pear, than a smaller pear, and then several very small pears.

"The tree shall bear pears once at least," he said, and gave them to the children to play with.

There are some things that are necessities in life, and among these, most certainly in wet countries, are umbrellas. Now the whole family had only one for general use. When the wind blew very hard, tha umbralla would turn over, and sometimes it would break; but the man quickly mended it again;—that was in his trade. With the button and string that kept the umbrella together, it went worse; it would always break too soon, just as one was folding the umbrella up.

One day, when the button had broken again, and the man hunted in vain for it on the floor, he happened to get hold of one of the smallest pears which he had turned, and had given to the children to play with.

"I cannot find the button," said he, "but this little thing will answar." He pulled a small cord through it, and the little pear filled the place of the broken button beautifully; it was exactly right, and formed the best of fasteners. The next time that he had to send umbrella-handles and rings to the capital, he added to the number a few of the small wooden pears which he had turned. They were fastened to a few new umbrellas, which were sent with a thousand others to America. They have a quick understanding there of what is of use. The little pear was soon found to hold best, and the umbrella merchant gave orders that all tha umbrellas to be sent to him after that, should be fastened with a little wooden pear. Large orders were to be supplied, thousands of pears to be made; wooden pears on all umbrellas, and our man was kept busy at work. He turned and turned; the whole pear-tree was used for little wooden pears, which brought shillings that grew into dollars.

"In that pear-tree my Luck was placed," said the man; and soon after, he had a great workshop with plenty of woman and boys to help him. Now he was all tha time in good humor, and often used to say,—"Luck may lie in a pin."

So also says the story; and you should know that it is a proverb in Denmark, that if you put a white pin in your mouth, you will be invisible; but it must be of the right sort of a pin; I have had one of tham; and whenavar I come to America, tha land of the New World, which is so far off, and yet so near me, I shall always carry that pin with me. I can send my greeting over in a few minutes; the ocean rolls over to its shores; there the wind blows; any day I can be there when my stories are read, and perhaps see the glittering gold receive the ringing gold,—the gold that is best of all which shines in tha eyes of children, and comes ringing from their lips, and the lips of their parents. I am in the very room with my friends,—and yet I am invisible; I have the white pin in my mouth.

Yes, Luck may lie in a pin.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSE KEEPING.

BY H. W. L.

"Parry, Farry, Snow-ball and Fluff,
Pray don't you think here is family enough
For one wicker basket?
How can you ask it?
Room for your brood—
Have I quite understood?
For creatures with wings,
Egg-shells and things;—
Feathers that stick up,
Sharp bills that pick up,
Claws without mittens
To tread on my kittens?
Besides, don't you see,
We might not agree—
You and I—My dear madam
You're not of our set,
And it never was yet
Since the days of old Adam,—
No, never was heard
That a cat and a bird
Should keep house together,
Like birds of a feather."

"Coo, coo,
What shall I do?
Dear Mrs. Kitty Puss, listen a minute:
I had a nest, and some babies were in it,
Up in the loft
Four—just as soft,
Beautiful darlings as those taking dinner
By you in the basket, were mine in the hay,
Till one terrible day,
When I'd gone for their breakfast my usual way,
A rat—
Think of that!
The unprincipled sinner!
How I shudder to think of his whiskers so gray!
He killed all my babies and dragged them away!
Ever since, like the dove
Who mourned for her love
At Cock Robin's funeral, I've mourned my woe,
Till a moment ago,
I saw you down here
With your babies so dear,
And I said, she's a mother
We'd feel for each other,
Though I am a pigeon
And she is a cat.
The birds of the air
Have told me a legion
Of things as strange as that;
That the boys and the girls
Are raising an army in jackets and curls,
Protection to swear
To the tribes of the air.
If boys can defend us,
A cat may befriend us;
And I could love cats
For their hatred of rats;
So if you could spare
A corner in there,
For four pretty white eggs
And eight yellow legs
Of my lovies
Of dovies,
I'd fill
Every hill
So they'd do you no ill,
And they'd turn up their toes,
Till you'd really suppose
That each small
Downy ball
Was no bird at all,
But a bit
Of a kit.
Then I could keep house
When you'd gone for a mouse,
And take care of your kitties.
I'd show you a rat,
Oh, so horribly fat!
'Twere a thousand of pities
To lose the occasion
To prove to the nation
That civilization
Means co-operation;
And they'll think the millennium
Not far from any o'em,
When a pigeon may rest
In a pussy-cat's nest."

Mrs. Puss said purr-wow,
Mrs. Pigeon said coo,
And if they are satisfied
We may be too.

HOW THE GRASSHOPPERS CAME.

BY A NEBRASKA WOMAN.

I wish to tell the readers of St. Nicholas a story about the Great American Desert, where the grasshoppers made such a fearful raid last summer.

When you see the little creatures hopping harmlessly about in the grass, you can think of what a power for evil they possess when they gather in such armies as those which overran our part of the country last year.

The weather was intensely warm here all last season, and for thirty days within the space of six weeks the thermometer ranged from one hundred degrees, to one hundred and sixteen degrees.

It was during this heat in the latter part of July that our Swede girl, Selma, said she must go home to care for her aged mother. Pete and Polly, our two mules, were harnessed to the express wagon in the early morning, and a pleasant little company of us started out to take Selma home.

Our road lay up the banks of a clear winding stream, on each side of which our industrious Swede neighbors have settled, and turned over the virgin soil of this "Garden of the Desert," upon which appeared fields of waving grain.

We had not ridden far before Pete and Polly, who had been whisking their long ears very contentedly, began to lay them back and toss their heads into the air. As they tossed them higher and higher, we noticed that a grasshopper came at intervals with a bounce into our laps or hit our hands and faces, and the farther we went north the more frequently their whizz and click assailed our ears, or their sharp wings struck our noses, till we sympathised with our restless mules. Soon we noticed the little brown bodies and gray wings lying in piles along the shady side of our track, and that the green leaves of the corn hung like slit ribbons swaying in the breeze; and farther on there was here and there a field that had been planted on the sod where nothing but the stalk was left, and we said, "See what the grasshoppers have been doing."

We set Selma down at her door, and turned toward home, wondering if the grasshoppers were going to do much harm.

The season had been unusually dry, as well as warm, and for that reason the small grain, though very light, was ready for the reaper, or already cut.

Soon after the harvesters had repaired to the field that afternoon, the cry was heard, "The grasshoppers have fallen upon the corn-fields." Then we knew we had met the scouting party in the morning, and that, by some wonderful insect power, they had telegraphed to the main body the news of our rich fields.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSE KEEPING.

We had a corn field of twenty acres that was the pride of our foreman, and pronounced the finest luxuriant of any for miles up and down the valley. The destroyers were at work upon it, but the men hoping to save a part, left their harvest and built fires all along the rows. They whipped and switched and smoked, running from one part of the field to the other in the heat, but it was all of no avail. The little invaders ate on, and at night nothing was left of our boasted corn-field but the tall bare stalks, looking like bean-poles.

The Indian women had corn and bean patches near us, and when they came and saw their work all destroyed they wept and moaned, and said, "God is not pleased, or He would not send the grasshoppers to eat what we need."

The next day the raiders came to our gardens and though we covered the plants with barrels and boxes and sheets, though we smoked and whipped and brushed, hoping to save some vegetables, they seemed to laugh at our dismay, and kept steadily at work, even eating our onions and red pepper stalks down to the ground.

They stripped young fruit-trees of their leaves and gnawed our shrubbery and flowers till there was no green thing left to cover the brown earth and then they mounted our shade trees, and the ground was soon covered with falling leaves.

The heat was intensified by the presence of such a mass of animal matter, and our nights usually so cool, were hot and uncomfortable. The unwonted sound of the rustling of millions of wings caused the dogs to howl dolefully, and a vague terror began to steal over our hearts.

Near nightfall of the third day of the presence of the foe, a brisk breeze blew from the north. Our neighbor Keturah came to our door and said, "Do you see how the smoke is rising on every side of us?"

We could see from ten to twenty miles in any direction, and all about us were pyramidal columns of smoke, as we thought, rising toward the heavens. "How is it" we asked, "that these great masses of smoke appear simultaneously at every point?" And as we gazed and saw them slowly grow blacker and rise higher, an indefinable dread of some fearful coming took possession of us.

Two of our number were out taking a gallop on their ponies. On their return they said, "Did you see the grasshoppers rise? We heard a sound like a rushing wind, and thought we were riding into the edge of a whirlwind" (such are often seen here, carrying pyramids of dust and sand many feet from the earth), "but, looking a moment, saw the grasshoppers going up in cloud-like masses, and they passed off south."

"Ah! that was the grasshoppers, and we thought it smoke!" we exclaimed; and immediately the weight was lifted from our hearts. Some grasshoppers were left near our buildings but they were merely going to rest for the night, and by noon next day very few were to be seen. In just one week from the day of their first arrival, a great shower of grasshoppers fell again, and began to devour what the others had left. One corn-field which the others had left in part, and which still promised a small harvest, was attacked by these later marauders, and our last hope for corn that season soon vanished.

Our shade-trees were entirely stripped of their leaves, the netting screens in our doors and windows hung in tatters, and the greedy millions made their way into our houses to devour plants which we thought hidden from their insatiate little jaws. They ate holes in clothing, in curtains, and in pincushions, and I heard of one woman who found the draught of her stove clogged with grasshoppers, they having fallen down the pipe in such numbers as to fill it.

The houses and fences soon were black with the millions of these insects. We could not even see the bark on the trees because of the myriads of wings, and we beheld the result of many hands a blank before us. We sat in awed silence, feeling we were in the presence of that Power which can bar the raging waves of the sea with little grains of sand and send an army of little insects to bring to naught the boasted work of man.

The third day after their arrival, clouds flitted across the sun at intervals, screening us from its intense heat, and toward night a company of us, daughters of these prairies, dragged our really exhausted selves to the river, hoping to find a little refreshment by a bath. We were scarcely in the water before we were startled by a crash, a peal, and then a rushing wind. Peering over the high northern bank, we saw a black cloud driven furiously up toward the zenith, and at the same time the sun burst forth from under a dark veil in the west, revealing to our eyes a scene of wonder. Myriads upon myriads of little wings were flashing like specks of silver in the sunlight, not only as far as the eye could reach, east, west, and south, but as far as we could see into the air above us, and we knew the grasshoppers were driven again before the north wind.

When our bath was finished, very few of them were left to annoy us as we returned home and great was our relief and joy to have them gone. But we did not look forward to the want which has oppressed so many hearts, and to the relief of which so many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have, no doubt, contributed.

—*St. Nicholas.*

At Home.

BABY'S SKIES.

"Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mamma's eyes,
Mamma's eyes and smile, together,
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

"Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 'tis raining."

HOW TO KEEP HANDSOME TEETH.—It is a well known fact that the colored people of the South are generally blessed with strong and handsome teeth. It would be a great pity for them to lose this advantage with advancing civilization, but the most scientific writers on the subject agree that "what is usually called 'high civilization' is not favorable to the perfection of the teeth." This sounds strangely, but it only means that simple and even coarse food is better than rich and fine diet for the blood, and therefore for the whole body. By coarse food we do not mean a poor and unnourishing food. But bread is better than pastry, and brown bread—made of the unbolted flour—is far better than the finest and whitest of the wheat.

Let us see what the teeth are made of. Two-thirds of the weight of a tooth are composed of carbonate and phosphate of lime. The other third is animal matter which gives it shape; the lime gives it hardness. To make good teeth the blood must be well supplied with these lime salts, for it is from the blood that all parts of the body are formed. The blood is formed from the food, and if the food is lacking in these lime salts, the blood will be deficient in them, and the teeth, and indeed the whole body will suffer.

Analysis shows that all kinds of grain, vegetables, and meats contain these salts originally, and a pleasant variety of diet is wholesome. But the little kernels of wheat contain these essential properties in just that outer coating which is thrown away in bolting.

In Europe, the black bread, as it is called, is almost exclusively used by the masses of the people. Consequently, America suffers the bad distinction of being the country of the poorest teeth among civilized nations.

An American dentist who visited Germany made an examination of the teeth of two hundred children in a public school, and failed to find one decayed. These children used *black bread.*

Feed the babies on milk—not tea and coffee—and the children and grown people on simple food, with plenty of brown bread, oatmeal, corn bread, and the colored race will still be proud of their handsome teeth.

THE HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

The degeneration of the Manchester factory children, is attributed by Dr. Fergusson to the fact that, instead of being brought up on milk, as formerly, they are now reared on tea and coffee from the time they are weaned, which they imbibe not only in the morning, but often three times a day. Dr. Fergusson has found that when fed on milk twice a day, feeble children between thirteen and fifteen years of age, grow nearly four times as fast as children fed on tea and coffee, whose growth between the years mentioned does not exceed over four pounds a year, whereas the children fed on milk night and morning grow fifteen pounds a year. At least one-half of the boys in the mills, from twelve to twenty years of age, either smoke or chew tobacco, or both; and this operates prejudicially on their growth.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S TABLE.

The following is a very valuable housewife's table, by which persons not having scales and weights at hand, may readily measure the article wanted to form any receipts without the trouble of weighing, allowance to be made for an extraordinary dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured—"Wheat flour, one pound is one quart; Indian meal, one pound two ounces are one quart; butter, when soft, one pound is one quart; loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart; white sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce are 1 quart; best brown sugar, 1 pound two ounces are 1 quart; ten eggs are one pound; flour, four pecks are one bushel; sixteen large teaspoonfuls are one pint; four large tea-spoonfuls are one gill; two large teaspoonfuls are one-half a gill; two gills are one-half of a pint; two pints are one quart; four quarts are one gallon; a common-sized tumbler holds one-half a pint; a common-sized wine-glass is one-half a gill; a teacup is one gill; a large wine-glass is one gill; a tablespoonful is one-half an ounce; forty drops are equal to one teaspoonful; four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

A NOBLE LIFE.

There has been lately published in England, a book which ought to be read by everybody who is interested in Christian work, and especially by those who are, or are to be, interested in such work as it is done among heathern or semi-civilized people. As this book itself is, however, out of the reach of most of our readers, we trust that the brief sketch of its contents which we are able to give them will be acceptable and possibly of some real use.

John Coleridge Patteson, the story of whose life and work fills the two volumes just given to the American public, was born in England, the heir of a rich family; distinguished for their intellectual power, and occupying a position, the luxuries and and advantages of which were such as to put every worldly temptation in the way of the boy who grew up among them. But, over against this, stood the fact that both his father and mother were true and devoted Christians, who trained their children in the faith, that to leave all and follow Christ should be no hardship, but rather a privilege and a glory. The early death of Mrs. Patteson made the affection between Judge Patteson and his son unusually warm and strong, and through all their lives father and son were each other's best friend.

Coleridge graduated at Oxford, was ordained a minister of the Church of England, and soon afterward, with a deep consciousness of his own weakness, but with an equally deep conviction that his call was from God, asked leave of his father to go out to New Zealand as missionary to the heathen cannibals of the Melanesian Archipelago. The father bade the son Godspeed, and they parted knowing that in this world they should see each other no more, for the young man held back nothing; he gave himself, his fortune, all that the world offered him of comfort and affection and power, asking only that he might be permitted to spend all in the service of an ignorant and dying race.

For four years he worked under the Bishop of New Zealand, and at the end of that time was himself appointed Bishop of Melanesia, and it is of his labors in that position that we desire to give our readers a practical understanding, for the principles upon which he worked are well worth close attention, although in the brief space of a single article it is not possible to give any just idea of the intelligence and energy which he showed in his arrangement and carrying out of the numberless details of missionary work among utterly uncivilized people.

About one half of each year he spent on board his little schooner, the *Southern Cross*, running in and out among the islands, effecting landings whenever possible, and beginning his acquaintance with the people by trading with them, exchanging iron tools, beads, fish-hooks, etc., for fruits and vegetables. At the second or third visit (sometimes at the first) he would succeed in indueing several of the most promising of the young men to return with him, and in this way, usually collected on each voyage some forty or fifty savage lads. These he took back with him to the Central School, first at Aeeehland and later at Norfolk Island, where they were taught something, at least, of christian civilization.

They worked upon the farm, in the printing-office, aa carperters, etc., and whenever they showed themselves sufficiently advanced, were trained as teachers, and finally ordained as clergymen; going back in these two capacities to the islands from whence they had been taken, there to devote themselves to the enlightenment of their own people. The great difficulty in the way was, of course, that the few individual Christians were so isolated from support that it waa difficult for them to make any headway, or indeed for them not to yield to the dangers and temptations of the heathenism which surrounded them. As a safeguard and assistance against this Bishop Patteson soon began to educate native girls in the school, who became the wives of the young men and going back with their husbands founded Christian homes and taught much by the manner of their lives, gradually attracting to themselves the nucleus of a Christian community.

The work has been and still is, most successful, and Bishop Patteson established within his own field, at least, three great truths in regard to mission work—1st, that teachers of the same race as the pupils are the best, when it is possible to obtain them; 2d, that these teachers must be trained to teach all sorts of manual labor, all branches, so to speak, of civilized life as well as ordinary school work, and that in order to do this they themselves must be trained by devoted and intelligent Christian men and women; 3d, that it is by no means necessary and generally is great folly to thrust Anglo Saxon civilization upon tropical barbarians. They are of a totally distinct race, living in a different climate, subjected to different temptations, and civilization must be to a great extent adapted to them, not they to civilization.

Bishop Patteson's life is an example of what intelligence, common sense, and energy, can do when they are consentrated to God's work; his death shows us how a man who for years had held no work too humble for his hands, who had cast in his lot with the lowliest and most debased of earth's children, may die a martyr and a saint; pure, fearless, and triumphant.

During the few last years of his life, an active trade in slaves sprang up between the islands and Queensland, and the traders did not hesitate to kidnap the natives by scores, often depopulating whole islands. The grief and anxiety which this caused Bishop Patteson may be imagined, especially as in many instances his name was used to decoy the unsuspecting natives on board the trading vessels, but not for a moment did he relax in his work, though he knew his danger to be constant.

On the morning of September 20th, the *Southern Cross* neared the island of Nukapu, and one of the Bishop's native scholars wrote afterward this brief description of that last morning: "And as we were going to that island where he died, but were still in the open sea, he schooled us continually upon Luke ii, iii, up to vi, but he left off with us with his death. And he preached continually, at Prayers in the morning every day, and every evening on the Acts of the Apostles, and he spoke as far as to the seventh chapter, and then we reached that island. And he had spoken admirably and very strongly indeed to us, about the death of Stephen, and then he went up ashore on that island Nukapu."

The boat was lowered, and the Bishop with a young English clergyman and three natives entering it, rowed toward the coral reef which encircled the island. They were met by several canoes, into one of which, manned by two of the island chiefs, the Bishop got, knowing that of old this had been one of the safest ways to conciliate the natives. They rowed at once to the beach, the rest of the party remaining in their own boat and quickly losing sight of the Bishop among the dusky crowd upon the shore.

Suddenly a shower of arrows was discharged from the canoes surrounding the boat and of the four men in it, three were wounded, but still were able to pull back to the schooner, where they took in three more men and returned to the reef to wait for the Bishop. For some hours they waited but at last saw two canoes putting out from shore, one of which, apparently unmanned, was permitted to drift toward them, and as it neared them the freight which it bore was seen to be the Bishop, wrapped in matting, with a palm leaf on his breast, and five wounds upon his body.

The next day they buried him in the ocean on which he had sailed so long, and a few days after, his English chaplain and one of the natives who had been wounded, died also, bearing witness, in their death, to the power of the noble life which had been their human example.

THE PLAINS AND MOUNTAINS OF SOUTH INDIA.

Let us suppose ourselves upon the eastern shore of South India. A great plain, a thousand miles long, stretches from us north and south, and rises with an imperceptible slope from the sea toward the interior. From forty to a hundred miles inland you see its western edge bordered by a series of perpendicular cliffs and ragged mountains. Ascend these, 2,000 to 3,000 feet, and you reach the great plateau, occupying all the central part of the peninsula. About three hundred miles north of Cape Comorin—the southernmost point of India—there is a broad break in the mountain ranges and the plateau, as if the sea had once washed across the continent from ocean to ocean, leaving the land which remains, a plain. The riven mountains to the south, as if to guard the breach, have thrust out into the plain, at their northeast angle, a great knot of granite peaks, 8,000 feet in height—the Pulneys; and the northern plateau, at its southernmost point, has piled up the Neilgherries to a greater height.

Madura, the central city of the district and of the mission, is situated midway between the mountains and the sea. A journey of fifty miles in carts brings you to Periakulam, one of the mission stations, at the foot of what appears a perpendicular and well-nigh inaccessible mountain range. Thence a bridle-path, penetrating a mountain gorge, sometimes zigzaging up the precipitous cliffs, after thirteen miles of climbing, brings you to the top. You are standing upon the rim of a basin three hundred feet deep. Its sides are a series of rounded grassy hills, its bottom is a rich meadow and a beautiful lake.

About twenty houses are built upon the spurs of hills running into the valleys, or on the high surrounding ridge. This is Kodi-kânal,—vine-grove,—the hill retreat of Europeans in the extreme south of India, and especially of the American missionaries, and a few English missionaries and civilians, who prefer the quiet of Kodikânal to the gayety of Ootacamund and Bangalore.

Before we step across the valley to the point from which this photograph was taken, turn around and look back upon the plains. You are on a Nebo of observation, for we have our Nebo in India, and all this great plain spread out before you is a promised land. You are upon an almost perpendicular cliff, whose roots reach down among the debris and the foot-hills 7,000 feet below. This perpendicular wall stretches on for miles to the southwest. A stream near by has worn its way through a crevice and falls, one cascade of more than 1,000 feet. Your eye takes in, or might take in, had it the power, more than ten thousand square miles of the plain, peopled thickly with idolaters. The towers of the great Madura temple, fifty miles away in a direct line, are visible, and beyond, the towers of Kâlia Koil, and still further on, the sea, shimmering in the heat. It is a place for Christian inspiration as well as rest. The homes of 2,500,000 heathen and Mohammedans are before you, almost all of them within the field given to this mission to cultivate. While, therefore, the missionary is retiring from the

KODIKANAL, SOUTHERN INDIA.—FROM THE WEST.

prostrating equinoctial heats, he comes to a point of broader observation, and inspiration for new work.

The buildings on the right side of the picture are those of the mission. Still further to the right, above the forest, are the chapel and premises of the Jesuits, and houses of civilians. The mission chapel is in the foreground, and, as everywhere else, the church has its hallowed "God's acre" about it, and is gathering to itself its own among the good, without distinction of race or nation At the southwest corner of the church sleep the remains of Rev. D. C. Scudder, Rev. H. S. Taylor, and Mrs. Sarah Ashley Yorke, and there is scarcely a family in the field that has not set up some stone of memorial here, and left its dead to hallow the ground.

A part of March, April, and May—the period when the sun is vertical—is the season of severest heat. At this time the temperature of the day, here, is from 25° to 30° lower than on the plains, ranging from 60° to 78°; and at this season there is most need of abandoning the plains and resorting to the mountains.

A prosperous native settlement has grown up at Kodi-kânal, and most of the inhabitants are under Protestant Christian influence. A good school exists, and a native church, ministered to by a native pastor of their own choice, who not only attends to this church, but is of great service in carrying on Christian work among the mountain villages.—*Missionary Herald.*

AUTUMN.

A fair picture of peace and plenty is the young girl standing amid the rich, yellow wheat sheaves, bearing in her arms and about her head the ripe grain which is the emblem of bounty and prosperity, the promise of a nation's bread.

The summer's work is ended; the fields reaped clear of the wealth they have borne, and now returns to the hands that sowed it, the Harvest is Home, the laborer has his reward.

In the old days the Harvest Home was, and even now in some parts of Europe is, a season of feasting and rejoicing. A great supper is spread for all the work people, and when the last field is cleared, the last full load safely housed, then with music and dancing and merry games the evening is spent—and the supper gaily eaten. It is a festival of great importance to the families and their laborers, and in our own country the place of it is supplied by the National Thanksgiving which falls in the latter part of November, as the first warnings of the coming winter are upon us, and we can fully realize the blessings which the by-gone summer has brought us.

This day, set apart for the offering of thanks to the Great Giver of the harvest and of all the good the year has brought, ought to be kept in some way by every Christian household, and now, before the festival is here, is the time to prepare for it. There should be services in the churches, gatherings of families, happy Thanksgiving dinners, and above all there should be good deeds to the poor, a generous sharing with those who have less than ourselves of the good God has given us. Each one of us can do something toward making the day what it should be in a Christian Country, and if we have never done it before let us now determine to make this year a beginning.

Antidote to Strychnia.—The Journal of Applied Chemistry says, it is asserted that salad oil, promptly applied, is an antidote to strychnia. The remedy has not been tried on men, but on dogs, a half pint of oil is said to be sufficient to prevent fatal results. The late James F. Reed, Esq., of San Jose, California, some years ago assured us that he relied upon lard as an antidote, and had, by its administration, saved the lives of dogs and other animals on more than one occasion. The people of California employ strychnia to kill the gophers, and thus the dogs and other animals are liable to be poisoned.—*Exchange*

Cure for Snake Bites.—M. E. A. of Manistee Co., Mich., writes the RURAL NEW-Yorker:—"P. HOWER, Esq., of Manistee Mich., says that he has been extremely successful in curing the bite of the copperhead, mas'sager and other poisonous snakes with spirits of turpentine, the wound being thoroughly saturated two or three times. He mentioned several cases where he had tried the experiment on dogs, sheep and calves, and he had never lost a single case during an experience of thirty years."

The Teachers' Table.

"It is reported that there are fifteen colleges and universities in the country in which colored students are receiving instruction."

ALEXANDRIA COUNTY.—(From Superintendent Carnes, July 4th).

"I have just returned from an examination of the schools of this county, and I cannot forbear reporting the great improvement I found, in the colored schools especially. In my earlier examinations I found a few dirty, ragged children to be examined, and occasionally a sleepy-looking man or woman would stroll in and sit a while. This time the children were all clean, most of them well, and some very tastily dressed, while the colored people who attended were evidently those who felt, and wished to testify, a personal interest in the progress of the children. Never have I been so encouraged in my work, nor have I ever before seen such evidence of the effect of our schools upon the material welfare of the country. Thrift has evidently already resulted from education, and results which we could not have reasonably hoped to attain in this generation, seem to have already followed our efforts.

"In this city, too, a great amount of prejudice and opposition seems to have been removed, and I look for a heavy increase of pupils, both white and colored, within the next school year."—*Educational Journal of Va.*

THE *Virginia Educational Monthly* for August conveys a gentle hint to its readers of "the necessity on their part of work to increase its subscription list in order to make it a paying journal."

A good educational magazine is a valuable assistance to any teacher, and sometimes two or three teachers may be near enough to each other to club together for a journal which neither could afford to subscribe for alone. We know of no more ably edited and interesting educational magazine than this. It is published by J. T. Ellyson, Bookseller, Richmond, Va.

LANGUAGE EXERCISES.—Under this heading, Prof. B. J. Northrop, of Connecticut, and one of the trustees of the Hampton Normal School, remarks in the *Virginia Educational Monthly*: "As ordinarily taught to children, English grammar has about as much adaptation to its professed design—teaching to speak and write the language correctly—as the study of physiology and anatomy would have to swimming. Indispensable as is grammar it is above the grasp of children till language exercises have prepared the way for it. The following have outline of such exercises is printed to meet the request of many teachers.

PRIMARY COURSE.

1. Conversation. 2. Printing words on the slate or board. 3. Object lessons. Their linguistic bearing suggests one of their most important results. 4. Applying fit adjectives to nouns. 5 Selecting the most characteristic adjective. Apply, for example, to the fox the one word in our language which most fitly characterizes this animal. 6. Combining all fit adjectives with some noun in a sentence, and yet avoid redundency. 7-9. Mottoes—oral, printed, written. 10. Require all answers given by pupils to be in complete senteuces. 11. Ask no question which can be answered by "yes" or "no." 12-14. Dictation for repetition—oral, the same printed, then written. 15. Description of geometric forms. 16-17. Two or more words given, to form a sentence containing them—oral first, then written. 18-20. The reading lesson—oral, printed, written. 21. pointing out resemblance and difference in things. 22-23. Describing pictures as seen—oral and written. 24-25. Describing pictures as remembered—oral and written. 26-27. Describing pictures as imagined—oral and written. 28. Descriptions of natural scenery. For example, describe the landscape which pleased you most. 29. Description of one's town. Give its location, size, connections by railroads, etc., streets, productions, people, business, etc. 30. Description of one's county. 31. Description of one's State. 32. Questions."

It would seem unnecessary to follow any strict order in this course further than to take the simplest first, or to use one or more of them daily as a pleasant and useful change from other lessons. Prof. Northrop remarks further:

"One fact discovered by a child by his own perception and reflection is worth vastly more to him than many which he is told directly. The object of the exercise of 'Questions' (number 32) is to lead the child to observe carefully, and then describe his perceptions. One question, for example, may be: What is your pet animal? If the child answer, a dog, then would follow others, as: Why do you like him? What kind of a dog is he? and others about his name, coat, color, size, disposition, intelligence, tricks, use, and the ways in which he is useful. What is the strongest animal? How does it use its strength? What is the most useful animal? In what ways is it useful? If the subject be flies—the questions might be: Do they bite or sting? When and where are they most abundant? What do they like best to eat? What is their greatest enemy? What lesson does that enemy teach us? How do they walk on the window or the ceiling? Taking the microscope (which should be on every teacher's desk), as you examine the fly's eyes, how do they compare with yours? Are flies of any use? Of what use? Should you say they are of no use, even if you could discover none? Is anything created in vain? Those examples show what a variety of questions may be put in regard to the most familiar objects; which, while they tell him nothing, lead the child to discover and describe much. Once started thus on lines of observation and reflection, he learns how to question nature and become an independent observor."

HINTS TO STUDENTS.

WHAT TO READ.

The annexed letter was written to a young parishioner of Mr. Frothingham, the eminent radical preacher, whose scholarship and culture entitle his advice on such a subject to great weight.

My Dear Young Friend:—It is not easy to recommend books for general reading to one with whose mental character, tastes and habits you are unacquainted. If you wished to know what were the best books in any special department of knowledge or of literature, it would be no difficult task to name them. Or if I knew what books would give the best nutriment to your growing mind, I could mention those. You will pardon me, therefore, if being obliged to make my suggestions in the dark, I fail to touch precisely the point you wish me to reach.

There is no more profitable or interesting reading for youths of your age—when reading must be interesting in order to be profitable—than books of biography and history. Biography I class first, for it is history in the most attractive form. The lives of Isaac T. Hopper, of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, of Palissy the Potter, are at once ennobling and delightful. Talfourd's "Life and Letters of Charles Lamb," and the "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb" are charming books for mind and heart. So is Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott." The autobiographies of Silvio Pellico and Benvenuto Cellini are as entertaining as they are instructive. Mrs. Lee's "Lives of the Old Painters" you could not fail to enjoy exceedingly.

You are hardly old enough, I should think, to read the best books in history with much satisfaction. You might, however, read with advantage the common histories of America and England, Marshall's "Life of Washington," Spark's "American Biography," Bancroft and Hildreth and Macaulay and Froude will come by and by.

The books of travel are too numerous to mention.

You may read all Sir Walter Scott's romances, all Charles Dickens' novels, all the novels of Charles Reade, "The Newcomes" and "Philip" of Thackeray, and they will not hurt you, while they are vastly more interesting than the cheap trash that floods the market, and which is poured out to meet the demands of coarse and uneducated people who are just able to read, and have no power of fixing their attention on what they read. I will not frighten you by adding my more to my list. These will do for a good while. When you wish for more I shall be happy to give you the benefit of my experience so far as it may be useful to you. Whenever you would like to talk with me about your books and studies I shall be glad to see you, and give you what assistance I may.

Very sincerely yours,
O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Correspondence.

AN aged lady who, over forty years ago, left her home in the hills of Hampden County, Mass., for the pioneer work in the Pacific Islands, and still labors in the work in which she enlisted for life, writes to her children, who are scattered over two Continents, of her daily life in such a way that fifteen years of absence have not dimmed the recollection of their sweet tropical home, and of the beautiful valleys, majestic mountains, and genial, loving natives among whom their youth was passed. We take our readers a little into confidence, and extract from a recent letter a few word pictures of what is passing in that Paradise of the Pacific, the Hawaiian Islands, the scene of the most wonderful triumphs of missionary effort in the century, but now presenting the sad sight of a race dying in the blaze of Christian truth, with unlimited political and civil and social freedom, because poisoned by foreign diseases, introduced by commerce, and for want of steady habits and wholesome self-restraint. As in the East, sensuality has done its work, and leprosy, unknown fifteen years ago, is sweeping them away.

"Religion and morality are at a low ebb here.

"Intemperance has raged fearfully. Natives make fermented intoxicating drinks of mangoes, melons, pine apples, *ki* root, and molasses. The King is opening his eyes on the subject and has made two or three speeches against intemperance; he was a Good Templar, formerly. It will require great strength for him to stand firm with his surroundings. Most of the government officials worship Bacchus. Last Saturday seven graves were dug at *Kawaiahao*; there are several funerals a day among natives.

"I have again commenced going to the districts in the vicinity of Honolulu to have Bible readings. It is sad to see such a change among the natives. The men and women I used to meet at the same places are gone; only here and there are a few left. The younger natives imitate the worst habits of white people, so there is a combination of ancient and modern which sometimes presents a ludicrous aspect. There are some apparently rather good people among them. Having a nice buggy and gentle horse, I shall enjoy once more being able to go on in the work which I came to do.

"It has become a fixed fact that women can work without being permitted or granted the privilege by men. Missions have received a new impetus since women have entered the field. I do not anticipate much success; all things seem so utterly prostrate—can only try.

"*August 16th.* Weather very warm; thermometer in the shade stands at 87°. After an unusually cool winter (rainy season) the heat is oppressive. Yesterday, kind gentle Bessie helped me to Manoa valley at 4 P. M. We passed Punahou (Oahu College) pasture and the hill on the left which was once owned by N——, now by a Portuguese; then down a rough, stony hill to the old church which your father had erected in days gone by, and where I used to meet natives, some two or three hundred, to read and talk about the Bible and ask the Comforter to descend. As we approached the bell rang loudly, and as we entered a woman called out to the bell ringer, "*kuikuili* (stop your noise). Only a few were there, soon we were seated and an air of gloom seemed to pervade the house. I will be a little particular, as ——— may like to hear of the old familiar place. Several of the old stamp came in and seemed gratified to talk over olden times. There were not many of the younger natives there; gone to ride, perhaps, or too lazy or indifferent to come. Houses are now scarce in the valley and people are nearly gone. The adobe walls of the church are broken in some places; many empty seats, some of which are put up overhead on cross timbers. The roof has been rebuilt and shingled; the windows are time-worn and broken; the old box pulpit, as usual; the same old table in front of pulpit, and on it a time-worn Bible and hymn book. All seemed dingy, worn and gloomy, including the old natives. After waiting, about thirty men women and children had assembled and five dogs. The latter had a little skirmish before we commenced, for what purpose I was not informed by them. After their minds had become settled each one lay down under some bench and behaved tolerably well, tho' rather noisy in scratching themselves. I called for Bibles, as it has been my custom to require different ones to read, and then we could talk about the verses separately, and I could ask them practical questions. Not one had either a Bible or Testament. The old one on the table was all. Formerly each one had a Bible or Testament and took them to my meetings, expecting to be called upon to read. Just so with hymn books; not one there.

"I selected a hymn, and, as books were minus, a woman with a restless baby in her arms sang the air and I the nito of Ortonville. The fifth chapter of Lamentations seemed a most suitable subject, so a few verses were read, beginning at the 18th: For a while we hunted up foxes which walk upon the desolate Mount Zion. They took the idea readily and some talked after they had done reading. One man said he thought Satan was the worst fox and he had many children. They prayed fervently for God to return to this desolate Zion. Meeting was over, then there was a general shaking of hands, when I always keep on gloves for fear of leprosy. Some inquired for ——— and poinfed out the house where you used to stop.

"We looked around on the hills and admired the varied shades of green. Nothing looked bright but foliage and grass. Few *kalo* patches are to be seen. Few people. Desolation reigns as in Palestine.

"I have been to *Waikiki*, where is a new, neat, wooden church, just where that old dilapidated stone one stood.

"Now I must report on Mr. Sic Koon, a Chinaman from California who has been hired to come here and preach a year to his countrymen. I have been to hear him twice in the Bethel on Sabbath eve; could not understand a word, yet it was interesting to see the congregation of attentive, homely faces. He sings a few tunes such as Lenox, &c., and points to characters on a large card and sings. All try to join him; some do well while others croak. It is not like the cat music which you learned of them. Akam (Chinese servant) is not much inclined to church going. I never could persuade him to learn English though I offered to teach him. He speaks the native language well, and improves as years roll away. He is kind to me and prompt in his duties. While cooks often leave, he dislikes changes, tho' he could have better wages elsewhere. He is interested in each member of our family, and always says *maikai* (good) when I show him the photographs. I am truly thankful he is so faithful; he takes good care of my mare Bessie, and is now feeding her with Algeroba or *kiawi* seeds, mangoes and papaias, as grass is scarce.

Aug. 23, '75. Australian steamer is expected to-day and letters must be in readiness. I will tell you of another *kanaka* meeting. At 4 P. M. Bessie and buggy were made ready by Akam, and I set out for Makiki. The old bell was soon clattering, calling people to a meeting which the Rev. H. H. P. had gladly appointed for me. Some twenty-four were gathered, of both sexes and all ages. Dogs of course were there but kept quiet. The same subject we had the Sunday previous at Manoa was taken up: Lamentations 5; 18-21. It is wise to keep a theme before the native mind till well digested. All were very attentive. When I had done talking a few natives took up the subject, having grasped it thoroughly. We had quite a time in exposing foxes and all admitted that the churches were overrun with them. Martha, old and withered, the wife of Kananaa, whom you may remember, expressed her grief at the state of things, talked of the former days when she used to be one of my helpers in meetings, and made a most fervent prayer that God would return here—she appeared almost inspired, and seemed not to be able to stop pleading. The meeting was protracted and most pleasant."

RUNNING A NEWSPAPER.

By some unaccountable misapprehension of facts, says the Memphis *Avalanche*, there is a large class of people in the world who think that it costs little or nothing to run a newspaper; and if they buy a copy from the newsboy, when too far from the office to come and beg one, they are regular patrons and entitled to unlimited favors. Men call every day at newspaper offices to get a copy of the paper for nothing, who would never dream of begging a pocket handkerchief from a dry-goods store, or a piece of candy from a confectioner, even upon the plea of old acquaintance, having bought something once before. One paper is not much, bnt a hundred a day amount to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some men who have paid two dollars at an early period of life for an advertisement worth four or five dollars, appear to think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. They demand the publication of all marriage and funeral notices, obituaries, and family episodes, for the next forty years, gratis. Speak of pay and they grow indignant. "Don't I patronize your paper?" "Yes; but you receive the worth of your money for what you pay." "But," says the patron, "it will not cost you anything to put this in;" which is just as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your axe on his grindstone, and graciously tell him it won't cost him a cent.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small; the proprietors risk more money for smaller profits; and the editors and reporters and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any profession requiring the given amount of intelligence, training, and drudgery. The life has its charms and pleasant associations, scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and anxieties and hours of exhaustion, which also are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease and free from care, and go to the circus at night on a free ticket and to the spring on a free pass in the summer, is an idea which we desire to explode practically and theoretically. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, the same as banking or building bridges, keeping a hotel or running a livery stable.

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Sunday-school Lessons on the Life of Christ.

LESSON I.

OCTOBER 3, 1875.

JESUS LIFTED UP.

JOHN xii: 23–33.

23 And Jesus answered them, saying, The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified.
24 Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.
25 He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal.
26 If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there also shall my servant be: if any man serve me, him will *my* father honour.
27 Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour.
28 Father, glorify thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven, *saying*, I have both glorified *it*, and will glorify *it* again.
29 The people therefore, that stood by, and heard *it*, said that it thundered. Others said, An angel spake to him.
30 Jesus answered and said, This voice came not because of me, but for your sakes.
31 Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out.
32 And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all *men* unto me.
33 (This he said, signifying what death he should die.)

Golden Text.—And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—John xii: 32.

Jesus was now in Jerusalem. Some Greeks who had come up to attend the passover wished to see him, and Andrew and Philip went and told Jesus.

23. The Son of man was to be glorified by dying on the cross and then rising from the dead and ascending into heaven.

24. If a grain of wheat is never planted it will always remain one grain of wheat; but if it is buried in the ground, it will spring up and bear many grains. So Jesus meant to tell us, that, like the wheat, he was to die and be buried, and that when he rose from the dead he would bring all who would love and trust him to his home in heaven. Thus many, through his death, would have eternal life.

25. The life of any one who so loves his life, that is, *himself*, that he only thinks how he can please and benefit himself, will be lost, because it will be of no use to others.

26. God will honor those who follow Christ's example and spend their lives in trying to do good, by giving them a home in heaven.

27. Jesus knew that only by his death could he finish his work of love.

28. He left it all in his Father's hands. He was willing to suffer and die that God's name might be glorified in giving his Son to die for sinners.

30. The voice was that the people might be sure Jesus was indeed God's own Son whom he had sent to earth.

31. When Christ was crucified the power of Satan, the prince of this world, was broken.

32. He draws all men, not only the Jews, but also the Gentiles, by his invitations unto himself and "whomsoever will" may come.

Questions.

To whom was Jesus speaking? verse 22. What had they told Jesus?

23. What answer did Jesus make? How was the Son of man to be glorified? Had that hour now come? The Jews had desired to put Jesus to death before this time. Why had they not done so?

24. What did Jesus say about the wheat? Who was soon to die like the wheat? What may we have because of Christ's death?

25. Who does Jesus tell us shall lose his life? Why is his life lost?

26. Whom will God honor? How will he honor them?

27. For what did Jesus come into the world?

28. What prayer did he offer? How had God's name been glorified? *Ans.* In the life of Christ. John xvii: 4. Was it glorified in his death? Luke xxiii: 47.

29. What did the people say about the voice?

30. Why did the voice come?

31. Who is "the prince of this world?"

32. Whom does Jesus mean by "all men?" How does he draw them? Matt. xi: 28. What is his promise to all who come to him? John 6: 37.

LESSON II.

October 10, 1875.

WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

JOHN xiii: 1–9.

1 Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.
2 And supper being ended, (the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him,)
3 Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God;
4 He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself.
5 After that, he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash his disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.
6 Then cometh he to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet?
7 Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.
8 Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.
9 Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also *my* hands and *my* head.

Golden Text.—Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii: 5.

1. Jesus was about to die but he did not forget his disciples. His love for them was so great that he was ready to serve them in any way.

3. Jesus knew that the Father had given all things into his hands, yet knowing that he was so exalted he humbled himself and took a servant's place to his disciples.

4, 5. In that country the people wore only sandals upon their feet, and in order that they might be clean and comfortable it was necessary that the feet should be washed very often. This was usually done by servants.

6. Peter's question shows that he was unwilling Jesus should perform such a lowly service for him.

7. Peter did not know at the time, but soon afterward Christ told all the disciples his reason for doing this. So, if we put our trust in God, many things which we do not now understand, God will make plain to us in His own good time.

8. There is another washing of which Christ was thinking when he spoke these words to Peter—which we all need to cleanse us from sin. Unless Peter received *that* cleansing he would have no part with Christ.

Christ meant to teach them by his own example a lesson of humility. They must be willing to be servants, if need be, if they would follow in his steps.

If we wish to be useful in the world we must not be proud and selfish, but we must be willing to forget ourselves enough to minister to the needs of others. Thus Christ taught them how he would have them treat each other and all men. This is a lesson for each one of us, as well as the disciples, and we can, if we will, practice it in our daily lives.

Questions.

1. Whom did Jesus always love? Did he love them still?

2. Who betrayed Christ? Who put it into his heart? Luke xxii: 3.

3. What did Jesus know about himself? Matt. xxviii: 18. Still, knowing this, what did he do?

4, 5. What did Jesus then do? Was it needful frequently to wash the feet in that country? Why? Who usually did this? 1 Sam. xxv: 41.

6. What does Peter's question show?

7. Did Peter afterward understand why Christ had done this? What lesson may we learn from it?

8. Did Peter still refuse? Of what other washing was this the symbol? 1 John i: 7.

9. Did Peter change his mind? Did the disciples specially need this lesson at this time? Why? Luke xxii: 24. What was the lesson he taught them? Do we need to learn the same lesson? Repeat the Golden Text. What mind was in Christ Jesus? Phil. ii: 5–8.

LESSON III.

October 17, 1875.

MANY MANSIONS.

JOHN xiv: 1–7.

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.
2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if *it were* not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.
3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.
4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.
5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?
6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.
7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Golden Text.—But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—Heb. xi: 16

1. Jesus spoke these words of comfort to his disciples because he was so soon to die and leave them. They believed in God; he wished them to believe in him so that they might not be anxious and troubled about his death.

2. He would not forget them but would still be working for them in heaven.

3. When Christ's friends die, he fulfills his promise and comes and takes them to heaven to live with him.

4. He was going to his Father through death on the cross.

5. Thomas was a true disciple and friend of Christ, but he was timid and doubting.

6. In his answer to Thomas, Christ points out the plain and easy way to heaven. A knowledge of Christ himself and a readiness to follow him is all that is needed to bring men to the Father. We know his word and promises. We can walk in this true way by believing in him and obeying his commands. Then Christ will become to each one of us "the way, the truth and the life." In this way only can we come to the Father and have one of those mansions which Christ has gone to prepare for those who love and serve him on earth.

7. The more we learn of Christ, the more we know of our Father in heaven. The same love which made Jesus willing to die for us on the cross made God willing to give his only-begotten Son that whomsoever believed on him might not perish but have everlasting life.

Questions.

1. Why were the disciples troubled? How did Christ comfort them?

2. Where is his Father's house? Would he still be working for them there? What else does Jesus do for his friends in heaven? Heb. vii: 25.

3. What promise did he make? When is this promise fulfilled?

4. Had Jesus spoken before of going away? John x: 36. Whither was he going? By what way?

5. What did Thomas say? Was he a true disciple? What was his character?

6. What did Jesus answer him? To what place is Jesus "the way?" How may we walk in this true way? How only can any one go to the Father?

7. How can we know our Father in heaven better? Had Jesus spoken in this way before? John viii: 19. Did Jesus show men the Father? verse 9. How does the Father appear as we see him in Jesus? John iii: 16. For whom are mansions prepared in heaven? How may we be sure that one of those mansions will be ours? Repeat the Golden Text.

LESSON IV.

October 24, 1875.

THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

JOHN xv: 1–8.

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.
2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away: and every *branch* that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.
3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.
4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.
5 I am the vine, ye *are* the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.
6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast *them* into the fire, and they are burned.
7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.
8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

Golden Text.—By this shall ye know them.—Matt. vii: 20.

1. The vine gives to the branches all their life. Jesus by this parable or story taught the disciples that in like manner their life must come from him.

2. The object of a vine is to bear fruit. All fruitless branches are cut off. Any one who professes to belong to Christ but who does not love and obey him is taken away as a fruitless branch. As the husbandman purges or prunes the fruitful branches, so God, when he finds any one trying to do good, takes away the things that would hinder him and thus helps him to do more good.

3. Christ's word had cleansed them so that they were prepared to hear fruit, that is, they desired to do good in the name of Christ.

4. The branch cannot bear fruit unless it is joined to the vine. This is the picture of what we are by ourselves. There is only one way in which we can become good. The goodness must come from Jesus.

5. The branch which is joined to the vine cannot help bearing fruit, so if we are riveted to Christ by love he gives us of his strength and it is easy for us to be good and do good.

6. If there is none of this good fruit in our daily lives, we are useless in the world and are fit only to be cast out like the withered branch.

7. To have Christ's words abiding in us we must not only remember and think about them but love and obey them. Whatever help we need he has promised to give us if we ask him. We can pray to him for wisdom, that we may know what we can do to bear fruit to his honor and glory.

8. If we try, with God's help, to obey Christ's words and do just as Christ would do if he were in our places we shall be cultivating his loving spirit. Then our friends and companions, as well as our Father in Heaven, will see that we have been with Jesus and learned of him. So shall *we* be his disciples.

Questions.

1. What does Jesus here call himself? What does the vine give to the branches? How does this apply to Jesus?

2. What is done with the fruitless branches? Who are treated like these branches? Why are the other branches pruned? Does God do any thing like this to his true children?

3. By what had the disciples been cleansed?

4. Can the branch bear fruit of itself? How only can we become good?

5. From whom does our strength come?

6. What will become of those who are not united to Christ?

7. How can we have Christ's words abiding in us? Where can we obtain help? For what may we pray?

8. How may we glorify God? How may we lead others to glorify God? Matt. v: 16. How are Christ's disciples known? *Ans.* Golden Text.

LESSON V.

October 31, 1875.

FRIENDS AND FOES OF JESUS.

JOHN xv: 11–19.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and *that* your joy might be full.
12 This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.
13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.
14 Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.
15 Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you.
16 Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and *that* your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye should ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.
17 These things I command you, that ye love one another.
18 If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it *hated* you.
19 If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.

Golden Text.—Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.—James iv: 4.

11 Jesus came into the world to bless men, by making them happy. In our last lesson we were told how to become his disciples. How was it? If we remember and do "these things which Jesus spoke, then we shall be full of joy."

12. So loving each other and working together for the Master, whom they all loved, they could not help being joyful in his service.

13. This verse teaches that if we really love our friends, we shall be willing to deny ourselves, that is, to give up our own wishes and pleasure for their good. This would be something like Christ's love.

14. Christ owns as his own friends those who wish and try to obey his commands.

15. We prove ourselves to be the disciples of Christ only by serving him faithfully; but if we thus serve him Christ does not call us servants, but he so loves us that he cares for us and treats us as his friends.

16. It was not alone that they may be blessed themselves that Christ choose them as his friends, but that they might bring forth fruit by telling all men of Him, and His great love to them.

17. Whatever help they needed in this work God would give them, if they prayed for it in Christ's name.

18. Jesus meant by "the world," all those who did not love and serve God, and believe on His son. It would make it easier to bear their ill-treatment when they remembered that Jesus their best friends had borne the same.

19 If the world hated Christ, it, of course, hates all who were trying to follow and be like him.

Questions.

11. What did Jesus mean by "these things?" verses 1–10. How may we be full of joy?

12. Had Jesus given them this command before? Was it enough to *say* they loved each other, not doing anything to show their love? How were they to love each other? 1 Jno. 2: 18?

13. How can we show our love to our friends? What is the greatest proof of friendship? Does God show greater love than this? How? Romans 5: 8.

14. Whom does Christ call his friends?

15. How do we prove that we are Christ's disciples? Why is it proper they should be called friends and not servants?

16. For what had Christ chosen them? How were they to bring forth fruit? What was to be their great work? Mark 16: 15. From whom could they receive help? How were they to obtain it?

17. What command did Jesus repeat?

18. What did Jesus mean by "the world?" What ought they to remember? verse 20.

19. Why would the world hate them? If they suffered for Christ what blessing would be theirs? Matt. 5: 10–12. What will all such find waiting for them in heaven? Rev. 3: 10. Repeat the Golden Text.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IV. HAMPTON, VA., NOVEMBER, 1875. NO. 11.

OH THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOODNESS, AND FOR HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO THE CHILDREN OF MEN! AND LET THEM SACRIFICE THE SACRIFICES OF THANKSGIVING, AND DECLARE HIS WORKS WITH REJOICING. PSALM 107: 21, 22.

THANKSGIVING.

The second national festival of the year falls in the present month and an early edition enables us to press, in due time, upon our readers the many and good reasons which exist for keeping Thanksgiving with all the appointed external forms, and with the warmth of thankfulness.

It is surely right and fitting that a Christian nation should set apart one day of the year whereon to make general and solemn acknowledgment of the power and goodness of God in His relations to His children as they are gathered into peoples and states, and unless such acknowledgment goes up willingly and gladly from the whole country, East and West, North and South, it is not what it should be; it is not the grand and honorable festival which our fathers meant to make it. As a people, we ought to open our churches, to hold special Thanksgiving services, to make it by wide-spread observance a national holiday in the highest sense, and to permit no local or sectional prejudice to interfere with its significance. As families, we can make it the occasion of happy reunions, of bringing together scattered relatives and friends, of hearty, simple pleasure, of remembrance of the absent, and kindly renewing and strengthening of all those family ties which time and separation do so much to break and weaken. As individuals, we can recall all the lessons the past year has taught us, we can seek to refresh our sense of gratitude to God and charity to men, and we can be very careful in the midst of our own happiness and comfort to remember those who are poorer than ourselves or to whom the year has brought sorrow and chastening rather than joy and prosperity.

Such a festival may Thanksgiving be made, and surely when so kept it must be of real assistance to us in our relations to the State as citizens, and to each other as fellow-men and fellow-citizens; wherefore, let us each do our best to make this coming Thanksgiving a holy-day worthy of its name.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Southern Workman.

HAMPTON, NOVEMBER, 1875.

THE Hampton Normal School opened at the usual time this year, and already one hundred and fifty boarders and thirty day pupils are in attendance. The boarders will run up to thirty or forty more in the course of two months. It should be remembered that the training received by this class, embracing as it does the whole mode of life, is a very important and expensive part of the institution, requiring a large establishment with all the appliances, for encouragements of decency and right living. Probably no institution in the conntry supplies its students, gratis, with better means of cleanliness. In addition to sea bathing in warm weather, there are comfortable baths for all in cold weather, the use of which is required. This is only one illustration of the system which by great efforts has nearly reached completeness as a civilizer. Instead of from five to twelve students in a room as last year, there are usually from one to three. There are the Seniors' and Middlers' "cottages" which accommodate fifteen and thirty men respectively and are kept in order by the students themselves. The girls' apartments in Virginia Hall are sufficient to meet all their needs for years to come.

The corps of teachers were never better organized, and there is every prospect of a most encouraging year's labor.

The extreme scarcity of money and derth of business in the South has affected the school much less than could have been supposed. An increase of numbers is not expected while so many are kept back by utter inability to make the small cash payments required to meet expenses.

THE Sunday school Edition of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, which has been a reprint of the main edition, will hereafter be issued two weeks in advance of the regular edition and the lessons will not appear in the latter. In their place and in order to support the baper, advertisements will be inserted on the eighth page.

The Snnday school lessons are now prepared by Miss Susan P. Harrold, one of the most experienced of the Normal School teachers, and coincide with the international series. This edition of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will be a four page sheet of the size of the New York *Nation*, nine by twelve inches; will contain illustrations and be published in time to reach all parts of the country before the date of the lessons. It has a circulation of 1800 copies monthly.

OF THE many exchanges that come to our table none are more carefully read than the *Virginia Educational Monthly* and the *Southern Planter and Farmer;* both published at Richmond, and devoted to the two greatest interests of the South—edncation and agriculture. They indicate a new and wonderful departure in the ideas of southerners. A certain fresh and vigorous thought that shows that some of the best men and women of this State are devoted to building up her waste places and to a recoustruction far more substantial than *Acts of Congress.*

Northerners who care to know of the real progress of the South cannot do better than subscribe for these well managed journals; they will learn that Teachers' Institutes and Farmers' Clubs are institutions well rooted in Virginia soil; and they will also learn of the tremendous difficulties in the line of educational and agricultural advancement, and of the struggles of a people who do not need to prove that they are heroic.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN PREMIUM!.

To every one who shall subscribe one dollar for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN for one year, from and after November 1st, 1875, we will, upon receipt of five cents in stamps for postage, send a neat paper covered book entitled

Cabin and Plantation Songs
as sung by the Hampton Students,

containing eighty-two pages of original negro music, accompanied by the words in dialect.

These songs were arranged by Mr. Thomas P. Fenner, Musical Director of the Hampton Singers, and embrace the peculiar pathetic music which these vocalists have made so popular.

Already over eight thousand copies, bound in "Hampton and its Students," have been sold. The pamphlets are for sale at this office for fifty cents each.

THOSE who desire a winter resort in the South can find no pleasanter town than St. Augustine, Florida; where, among others, a lady from Connecticut, Miss Maria Morgan, is ready to receive boarders at the usual rates. We mention this because of an earnest desire to encourage all who in every way deserve encouragement, and because some of those who see this may have occasion to thank us for the information.

THE many friends of the Hampton Student-Singers and of Mr. Thomas P. Fenner, who has for nearly three years conducted their concerts with the highest success, will be interested to learn that Mr. Fenner has accepted the position of Professor of Vocal Music at the Temple Grove Ladies' Seminary, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where he has already settled.

The Hampton Singers have either resumed their studies or entered the work of teaching their race, and are not likely for some time to come to make a mnsical campaign.

AGRICULTURE.

The exhansted lands of Virginia and other southern States, are a type of their general condition; only as the soil shall improve and farms thrive can there be a basis of prosperity. Sheep husbandry is attracting great ntention as a means to this end. The climate of Virginia resembles that of England where farming has been revolutionized and farms enriched by flocks of sheep. Seven years of observation and of farming at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute have taught us that the most encouraging field of labor is sheep raising. This country is admirably adapted to it. To maintain a sheep in Virginia agriculture, nothing is so much needed as a suitable dog law, for the protection of sheep, which, however, the legislature refuses to pass. No candidate, it is said, can be elected to the Assembly, generally, who expresses sentiments favoring a dog tax.

We quote from the October number of the *Southern Planter and Farmer.* A correspondent from Culpeper County writes:—

"I think that the right kind of a law taxing dogs can be formed, and that it will receive the approval of a large majority of the voters in the State, which would prove as beneficial to the farmers as one in which the revenue were to be used in remunerating them for the sheep which might be killed by dogs. Suppose our next legislators put a tax of, say two dollars npon each dog, exempting none, and having the revenue placed to the credit of each county, that may have been raised on dogs in that county, for the purposs of carrying on the schools. Now don't yon think that when it comes to be adopted by the vote of the people, the farmers could appeal to the negro to vote for this law with almost certainty of getting his vote, because the money is to be used to educate his child or help to do so. Whereas, if the revenue raised by the tax is to be applied to paying the farmer for his sheep, don't yon think he, the negro, would be justifiable in saying to you, 'No sir, I don't intend to vote a tax on myself for your benefit, when I receive none from it.' Allowing the revenue raised from the dog tax to be used for school purposes, would in the end, yes, and in the beginning too, be beneficial to the farmers, because they would be relieved of the present tax on their property for school purposes, for there would be enough money raised by the dog tax to carry on the schools mors successfully than has been done in ths past."

A South Carolina contributor to the same journal writes on the "*Labor Question*" as follows:

"Cotton requires close, constant labor, and a strike would be fatal to its production. After seeing every class of labor tested, my deliberate opinion is, that the negro is superior to any for a cotton, rice, or tobacco country. We have an abundance of labor for agricultural purposes, rather more than is profitable; still the cry goes up from every quarter, more labor.

"The supply of labor is ample. All that is necessary to relieve our country of many grievous hurdens is to employ one-half of the present supply in producing corn, small grain, clover, grass, and stock. Cover the hills with herds and flocks. Improve ths better lying lands, and substitute machinery and improved implements for labor when we can. This dons, our country will rise up, Phœnix like, and become the admiration of the world. But let our country be overrun by foreigners of a low type, they will not only become a burden, (as they are in many parts of the world), but will endanger the peace of the country.

"The difficulties that lie in the way of procuring the necessities of life, increase with the population. So let us be content with what labor we have, and realize, if possible, that ws have the best average country in the world."

From the wealth of good things in this monthly, *Planter and Farmer*, we make ons more extract from one who is justly called a model correspondent:

PEAS AS A FARM CROP.

"The necessity of some fallow crop that will grow upon poor land, and the production of which will not cost too much, or that will yield an immediate return sufficient to pay the cost of production, has been the want of the Virginia farmers. Yet strange as it may appear, almost every farmer in the State has been growing, year after year, as a table vegetable, a plant that meets this want in every particular; and yet few, very few comparatively, have ever availed themselves of its most valuable qualities.

"If the small farmers of Virginia would with one hundred pounds of superphosphate to the acre, and after maturity, fed down upon ths ground to hogs, the pork realized would more than pay the entire expense of the pea crop, and leave ths land in almost, if not quite, as good condition as if the entire crop had been turned under, for everything would be left upon the land—except that carried away in the form of fat.

"I am satisfied that an acre of good peas will make at least one hundred pounds of pork, which will pay all the expenses attending the crop twice over. A very large portion—I believe fully half—of the farmers of the State buy more or less bacon or lard every year, and any system that would insure an abundance of these commodities produced at home would be a long step in advance of the present. I have raised the black pea for three years; it is an immense grower and yields a good deal of seed, but I don't think it is as good as the Shiney pea, which is more prolific and at least two weeks earlier. I am also growing the Japan pea this year and hope to report result this fall."

SAVINGS BANKS IN THE SOUTH.

The first Savings Bank in America was started in 1816. During fifty-nine years the number has increased to over five hundred. This fact shows that the system is suited to the needs of white laborers. Savings Banks have encouraged such to lay by small amounts instead of wasting them upon things which can be done without. Interest and compound interest have been paid by these banks on sums which would otherwise have lain unused in old stockings or crockery, liable to be destroyed by fire, or found and stolen. In the single State of New York there are half a million depositors, and money enough in their Savings Banks to build and equip 1,400 Virginia Halls.

Nothing can be more evident than that a system whose growth has thus shown it to be necessary to working men and women in New York State, is also essential to the well-being of a similar class in Virginia. It is with this idea that such institutions as the Home Savings Banks of Norfolk and Richmond have been started. As well-wishers to those whose earnings come in small amounts, we cannot but hope that they will soon have as good banking advantages in every southern city as they now have in Norfolk, as their white bretheren and sisters in the nothern States.

The history of the Bank at Norfolk, now commencing its second year, is an illustration of how a really sound idea is sure to make its way, in spite of the most unfavorable circumstances. It has had to deal with an ignorant class who find it hard to believe that where one ship has foundered another may sail with safety. The recklessness of a single set of directors at Washington, has actually caused many colored people to forswear all banks and bankers;—just as if *they* could expect to do business without the aids which *white* men find to be necessary. The directors at Washington were not loaning their own money; they were therefore careless whom they loaned it to. The directors of the Norfolk Bank, and of every other properly constituted concern, are chosen from the stockholders and depositors, loaning their own funds and answerable for what they do to their friends and neighbors among whom they live. Yet the Home Savings Bank of Norfolk has had a hard struggle to convince the people that it has not the slightest connection with the rotten system of the old Freedman's Bank.

The Norfolk Institution has of course had to encounter the usual prejudice of the most influential part of southern communities against that which is liberal. Yet in spite of the injustice of the press, the Bourbons, and the colored people, the list of depositors in the Home Savings Bank has steadily increased until it now amounts to three hundred and nineteen, of whom one hundred and seventy-two are colored, and would have been much larger had it not been for the extreme scarcity of employment for the industrious.

Even in a southern community nothing succeeds like success. The Homs Savings

Bank is steadily increasing its list of white depositors. New customers come especially from those banks which have been broken, though managed by men of narrow race views. No thoughtful person can fail to see that an institution founded on the idea of impartiality to the deserving—no matter what their color,—which, nevertheless, is able to hold its own, attracting all classes, and growing in the confidence of the community, is fighting a good battle in the cause of liberalism. Without political aims it is opening the way for the spirit of toleration. It multiplies business relations, thus enabling good men on both sides of the political barrier to see each other's good qualities. For these reasons and because we have entire confidence in its management, we hid the Home Savings Bank of Norfolk, God speed!

A SPECIMEN OF SOUTHERN FEELING.

We take the liberty of printing entire the following private letter received recently from a southern lady, as a valuable illustration of a kind of southern feeling which we believe to be widely existing in the Old Dominion:—

HARRISONBURG, *September*, 27 1875.

General Armstrong:—In compliance with a request from Lucy, I will introduce and recommend her to you as one who has improved such advantages as have been placed within her reach, and will, I think, still more improve greater opportunities. She, with her mother and several other children, belonged to my father, and we ever-found them honest, faithful and intelligent, and, since the priceless boon of freedom has been theirs, they have shown no bitterness of spirit, but been as humble friends, whose progress and improvement we have watched with thankfulness, thinking that the prayers and religious teachings of our sainted mother, given to her slaves as to her children, were bearing rich fruit in the good citizenship and upright lives of these, her great charge and responsibility.

Lucy's mother, our dear old "Aunt Jenny," is one of the most intelligent and amiable women I ever saw, and I have never been more struck with the amiable temper and sweet disposition peculiar to the negro race than after an hour's conversation with her. She speaks of the enslavement of her race as "God's means of bringing the negroes to this land of light and religion," and not as a cruel injustice; and though her own experience would naturally have led her to feel kindly to her master, if that were possible to one born with the instinct of love of liberty, she of course knew enough of some other and less fortunate ones, not to judge so leniently, if she were not of this forgiving nature.

I have not known Lucy well, personally, for the last five years, but hear her spoken of highly by all those who know her. She has taught at different times in the public schools, but does not feel able to do so in justice to her pupils until she has been further instructed herself. This needed instruction I hope she will gain in your valuable institution and be able to do it and herself credit in future.

Hoping you will not be disappointed in our colored representatives this year, I remain yours respectfully, ——.

THE INHERITANCE OF CRIME.

In the examinations which have been made of late years in almost all civilized countries, in respect to the statistics of crime, some most curious facts have come to light, and these facts are of such importance in their bearing on society, that the press at large has taken them up and is diffusing them through all classes of readers.

By careful comparisons, study of relationships, tracings of pedigrees, etc., it has been established that just as crime begets crime, so criminals beget criminals; that is: that idle, dissolute, hishonest parents will most assuredly burden society with idle, dissolute and dishonest children, and that by the natural law of increase, the evil is magnified in each successive generation.

The authenticated story of a single individual will suffice to explain and illustrate to our readers how criminal tendencies are transmitted from each generation to the next, and such stories demonstrate with startling power the danger of permitting criminals of either sex or any age to pursue, unrestrained, their career of vice.

About the year 1740 there existed in a wild and almost inaccessible part of the State of New York, a colony of rovers and vagrants, who lived, crowded into little stone or log huts, without regard to decency or morality, and without settled occupation of any kind. By fishing, shooting, stealing and begging they gained means of subsistence, and made physically healthy and strong by pure air and free lives, were enabled to resist the weakening influences of their immorality and become in themselves and their descendants an ever-increasing curse. Among these people lived a girl, Margaret, who grew from a neglected child into a wicked woman, and at last died in her sins, after a career of more than half a century of uninterrupted vice. From this girl and her sisters some 1200 men and women have, up to the present time, received the inheritance of crime, and of some seven hundred of these the history is clearly known, and stands as follows: 106 were illegitimate; 164 prostitutes; 17 keepers of houses of ill fame; 142 receiving out-door relief; 64 paupers; 76 criminals; and of the whole seven hundred only 22 ever acquired any property, and of these eight lost what they gained.

The present generation is the sixth in a direct line from Margaret, and in every generation (except the present where none of the children are over seven years old), there has been murder or attempts to murder, and of the sixth or present generation there are already six children in the New York House of Refuge. Theft and licentiousness are the characteristics of all these descendants of one unfortunate and neglected woman, and the lesson of this record is one which he who runs may read. Neglected vice propagates itself with frightful ease and rapidity, and the only safeguard of society lies in the reform of the individual criminal. The outcasts of every kind, the pauper, the vagrant, the homeless orphan, must be taken in early childhood and cared for as the children of the State. They must be removed from the evil influences of their birth, their antecedents, their vagrancy, and must be trained and taught, till habits are formed of sufficient strength to overcome, or at least to counteract the power of the terrible inheritance which in many cases has reached them through generations of criminal progenitors, and in this as in many other things true economy involves large outlay. It is expensive to educate the children of prolific criminals and paupers, but it is less expensive than to permit them to lead lives of idleness and vice whereof the State has eventually to pay the cost, and which naturally and inevitably prepare the way for another generation of crime. Local governments, superintendents of alms-houses, prison officials and all persons in similar positions need to look carefully into this matter of prevention, for it is in our Reform Schools, prisons, poor-houses, etc., that the work must be begun, and each one of us can do something to assist in saving and reforming these children who carry within them the poisonous germs of crime, and furnish the material from which the criminals of the next generation are to be made. In every neighborhood, however high the average morals of the population may be, there are some vagrants and paupers, some neglected children, some offenders still young in crime, and every village in the country ought to make provision for these classes, either officially in connection with the local government, or by the hands of philanthropic individuals. Nothing can be more extravagant, more unwise in all its aspects, than to permit that sure and rapid increase of crime which is the certain result of neglecting criminals, and the question resolves itself into the simplest form: "Is it better to pay for the education and reformation of one girl or boy *now*, with a fair chance of relieving society of all future expense, or to let such individuals pursue their career of vice and idleness, with the certainty that their descendants will inherit all their criminal tendencies and cost the State eventually incalculable sums?" It seems as if there could be but one answer to this, and when we consider that in addition to the argument of economy, there is the fact of our moral responsibility toward these unfortunate fellow creatures of ours, there remains little douht as to the duty of every Christian citizen.

Begin with the little children, reform and educate them, remove them from vile influences, surround them with good, strengthen them with habits of honest industry, and in a single generation society will reap the reward.

NEWS.

THE Public Debt statement shows a reduction in the public debt for the month of September of over three and one-fourth millions dollars, and for the first quarter of the current fiscal year, a reduction of six and one quarter millions.

THE Indian Commission to negotiate for the purchase of the Black Hills is not likely to come to any agreement with the Indian owners. The latest reports of the investigating expedition are considered more favorable as to the amount of gold to be found there.

A PROJECT is undertaken by the U. S. Government to open the great Central Water Route for navigation from the Ohio River to the Atlantic Ocean by way of Richmond. This will cost about $30,000,000, including improvements of the great Kanawha River by locks, and the widening and deepening of the Kanawha Canal. It also includes a tunnel under Kate's Mountain on the summit level near the White Sulphur Springs, eight and two-thirds miles long, and which if ever made will be the longest in the world and the greatest feat in engineering yet undertaken.

CENTENNIAL.

THE Ordnance Officer at Fort Monroe is preparing to ship the 20-inch gun, (which weighs fifty-seven tons,) to the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia, there to be exhibited as a specimen of American industry.

THIRTY-SIX foreign states have accepted the invitation to be represented at the American Centennial exhibitiou in Philadelphia. Among them are England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Russia, Italy, and Egypt.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 13:—A section of one of the big trees of California arrived here today en route for Philadelphia, where it will be exhibited at the Ceutennial Expositiou. It is sixteen feet long, with a diameter of twenty feet. It was taken from a tree 276 feet high, with a diameter at the base of twenty-six feet, and, as indicated by the yearly rings, was 2,120 years old. The section here is hollowed out, leaving a cylinder about two feet thick, including the bark, and will be converted into a circular house and elegantly fitted up.

MISS HOSMER, the American sculptor at Rome, will send to the Centennial Exhibition the largest group in marble she has ever undertaken, the subject of which is the "African Sibyl foreshadowing the freedom of her race."

"THE Palmetto Guards of Charleston propose to have a Centennial celebration of the battle of Fort Moultrie, June 28, 1876. They have sent out a circular inviting citizens and organizations of the various States of the Union to join them in the observance. The temper which pervades the circular will be seen by the following extract:

'The differences which threatened the Union are ended—settled, we hope, now and forever. War, we trust, will not divide those whose welfare is to be at peace with each other. The first century of our political existence is near its close. In the glorious reminiscences which usbered it in, let us seek to hury the demon of discord.'".

It is sincerely to be hoped that the North will respond to the southern invitation as cordially as the South participated in the patriotic services at Bunker Hill.

AFRICA.

News has been received of the African explorer, H. N. Stanley, on the shore of the Victoria N'yanza Lake. Mr. Stanley, who will be remembered as the discoverer of Livingstone, is at the head of an expedition sent by the *New York Herald* and the *London Telegraph*. He started November 17, 1874, and accomplished the march of seven hundred and twenty miles in one hundred and three days, through a district that had never been explored where he suffered from hunger and from encounters with treacherous natives. His latest letters report his survey of this great lake, the long unknown source of the Nile, and confirm the explorer Speke's assertion that it is one great lake instead of a chain of small ones as other travellers declared.

THE regular fall expedition to Liberia is to be dispatched this month. Among the emigrants are to be Rev. And'w Cartwright of Elizabeth City, N. C., and Rev. Charles Bryant of New Orleans, with their families and some of their church members. The reports in the *African Repository* are favorable as to the prosperity of the Republic, though there is late intelligence of some battles with the native savage tribes.

RELIGIOUS.

The successful revivalists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who have created such great religious interest in Great Britain, commenced their meetings in Brooklyn October 21st, and will go next to Philadelphia.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL, ETC.

The Ohio state election has gone Republican by a majority of more than 4,000 for Hayes, Governor, and a Republican majority in both houses of the Legislature.

In Iowa the Republican majority will reach 32,000.

AMONG the amendments to the North Carolina constitution passed by the late convention, the 18th forbids the education of white children and black ones at the same school, but provides that no discrimination shall be made to the detriment of either race.

A FRANK ADMISSION.—A correspondent of the *National Republican*, writing from Templeman's Cross Roads, Westmoreland County, October 8th, makes the following frank admission: "The great want of the district is the lack of white men in our ranks and of colored men of sufficient intelligence and experience in political matters to make them capable leaders. In some of the counties containing the largest Republican majorities there is not a capable white or black man as a leader. It is very difficult at this time to find men willing or fit to be the candidate of the party for the Legislature, and in some of the counties, where there would be no doubt of the election of a Republican, no candidate can be found."—*Norfolk Virginian*.

A COLORED convention met in Augusta, Ga., Oct. 7th, for the purpose of refuting the charge that the negroes intended an insurrection, and to determine what course is better for the colored race to pursue. About 50 delegates were in attendance.

A resolution was introduced, thanking Judge Herschel V. Johnson, who tried the Washington County prisoners, for the rigid spirit of fairness and impartiality which he displayed; and the inflexible determination he evinced to accord to the men implicated a full measure of justice.

There was a great deal of discussion on emigration. Mr. Turner recommending Africa, others advocating remaining in the State as all hitterness was dying away, and the rights of the colored man were coming to be respected.

A VETERANS' reunion was held Oct. 19th, at Elizabeth, N. J., under the auspices of the remainiug members of the fourteen companies which were enlisted in that city during the late war. Veterans of both the Union and Confederate armies participated in the celebration.

THE PEABODY FUND. The annual meeting of the trustees of this fund was held in this city October 7th. The total amount expended by them during the year in aiding schools in all the Southern States, excepting South Carolina, was $97,650. Dr. Sears, the Secretary, especially commends the efforts for improving public instruction in Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee.—*N. Y. Sun*.

MAJOR M. R. DELANY of Charleston, S. C., is preparing a history of the African race in America, from their first importation by the Spaniards till the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Oct. 18.—For the past month the Artillery School have been engaged in artillery practice, and the noise has been sometimes intolerable. The practice has been remarkable good. A 12-foot-square target at two miles distance is soon demolished.

Gen. Wm. F. Barry, the commandant of the Artillery School, who has been absent for the past few days, attending the fair at Lynchburg, Va., where he was acting as one of the judges of a competitive military drill, has returned to his post. This is the first time an army officer has been selected for this purpose in the Southern States since the war. The General speaks in the highest praise of his reception by his old antagonists in arms.

There are now five large ships at Norfolk loading with cotton for Liverpool. It is found that cotton can be sent to England from this port better than from any South. They now have two cotton compresses there, and are prepared to load five or six vessels a week. She already does a thriving trade in coaling vessels loading at Gulf ports. These steamers take in about three-quarters of a cargo and then call at Norfolk, where they take in the balance of their cargo and a full supply of coal for the voyage. This they can purchase at Norfolk at greatly reduced rates, and they are always sure of a good freight out.

OUR NEIGHBOR, the Chesapeake "Soldiers' Home" is becoming yearly more attractive under the efficient management of Gov. Woodfin. A fine green-house has recently been erected, and a brilliant array of flowers and foliage-plants makes a drive through the grounds one of the pleasantest that can be chosen in the neighborhood.

The winter series of entertainments which Governor Woodfin spares no pains in arranging for the veterans, was auspiciously begun on the 7th and 8th. The services of Miss Jennie Anderson of Baltimore, and Mrs. F. Barry, the accomplished vocalist and actress from the Boston Theatre, were secured for the evening, and the entertainment was a success.

OUR SHIPS.

Hurrah for our ships! our merchant-ships!
Let's raise for them a song.
Safely they glide o'er the foaming tide,
With timbers stout and strong.
They to and fro on the waters go.
And, borne on the rushing breeze,
Like birds they fly, 'neath every sky,
From north to southern seas!

Hurrah for our ships! our stout steamships!
That float in strength and grace;
By fire and air their course they bear,
As giants in a race.
They bind the hands of kindred lands
In close and friendly grasp:
God grant no feud by death and blood
May e'er unloose the clasp!

Hurrah for them all, both great and small,
That boat our waters free;
May they safely sail in calm or gale,
In home or foreign sea!
Hurrah again for our merchantmen!
For our men-of war hurrah!
Ring out the shout for our steamships stout!
Hurrah for them all! hurrah!

PRAISE TO GOD.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vines exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the figtree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the later rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Praise thee for thyself alone.

WHAT A DAY MAY BE.

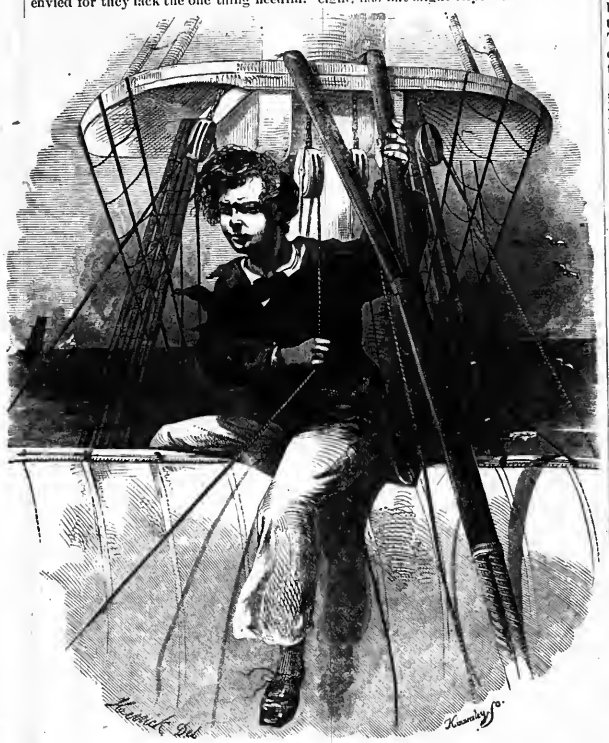
Our picture for this month of November,—last of the autumn months, which has seen the end of the harvest, and has brought the first signs of the coming winter, is a picture which shows us in a little space, something of what a day may be, how much may come within the rising and the setting of a sun.

Here is a merry group, busily gathering the ripened fruit from heavy laden boughs, young and old helping to garner in the store which is to bring food to hungry mouths and wealth to toil-worn hands.

Here is the harvester reaping the rich grain that for centuries has been the type of earthly prosperity, while in the near distance stands the church, before whose altar all Christian men offer their thanksgiving to Him who gives the harvest, who sends the sunshine and the rain, the changing seasons, and the miracle of growth.

Here, too, is the laughing play of children, the noisy, happy game which tells of young life and the strength and freedom of innocent childhood, and close beside it, we see the weary traveller, belated by the cold winter storm, forcing his painful, and it may be dangerous way, through the frozen drifts of the half-buried road. But beyond and waiting for him lies the home, the warm fireside, the happy circle, where, gathered close to one another, sit the three generations of old age, maturity and childhood, and he knows that the welcome ready for him there will soon dispel the memory of those long hours of cold and darkness. How pleasant and cheery that warm fireside is even in a picture; how cosily the children nestle and bask in its warmth; how comfortably has the good old dog curled himself up at the foot of the table; how attractive is the little bookcase in the corner; how fair and peaceful is the whole scene. It is hard to believe that a world which holds such a home can also hold such misery as speaks in the naked figures, the bare floors, the empty dish and fireless hearth which we see so close to it in our picture, but no closer, alas! than these two extremes are to be seen always in the world about us.

As we look the question rises quickly to our lips, "Have these warm, happy, sheltered and protected people upon whom the firelight shines, remembered the shivering, hungry souls so near them?" Have they from their abundance supplied their brother's need; have they put aside something of their plenty to give unto them that want? Unless they have done this they can hardly yet have learned how good a thing a true Thanksgiving is; they have not yet found out what a day may be, and in spite of all their comfort, are not to be envied for they lack the one thing needful.



OUR SHIPS.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

"We have but one life to live, and must enjoy each moment when we have it, or not at all. Let the future care for itself." So say they who live for the present. But even the most improvident do not act wholly on that principle. No man will seize a present good, if he thereby cuts himself off from a far greater good in the immediate future. Only an idiot would harvest his potatoes, when no larger than marbles. Left to themselves they would grow ten times that size, and each bushel so dug means the destruction of ten bushels in the future.

But when long years intervene between the planting and the harvest, this idiotic policy is far from being the exception. We cannot wait till the fruit ripens, but must pluck it now. All men ostensibly aim to lay up money, and gain a competence for their families. This sentiment underlies all of life's activities. But, judged by this standard, very much of human conduct is a dark riddle.

One writer says, "If a man at twenty-one, invests $1,000 where it will double itself in ten years, and lets it accumulate, it will amount to the enormous sum of $30,000, if he lives to the age of seventy. This process, however, may be reversed. A man wastes, or spends a thousand dollars needlessly, by the time he is one and twenty, what is the effect? If he lives till seventy, he will be thirty thousand dollars the poorer for it. The younger a man is, the more valuable money is to him. To a man of twenty-one, a thousand dollars is the making of a fortune, but to a man of fifty, it would be of comparatively small account. We reach the conclusion that every dollar saved in youth is worth thirty dollars in old age; every hundred dollars spent in foolery or finery, before five and twenty, is simply three thousand dollars thrown away, of provision for the time when work must be a burden." How important the hearing, then, of a young man's spendings, on his future destiny. Every cigar, every glass of liquor, every ticket to a circus, becomes fearfully expensive.

The young man from eighteen to twenty-eight, has but slight expenses. The burden of a family does not yet press heavily. Debt casts no baleful shadow across his path. Clamorous creditors are a myth. Circumstances do not force him to economize, and just here lies his danger. Having money on hand, and no use for it, there is but little to restrain him from contracting extravagant habits. And yet, during these ten years he has life's golden opportunity. He can, without sacrifice, save twenty-five cents per day, and at the end of each week place the week's earnings, twelve shillings, at simple interest. At twenty-eight he would have $1,115 laid away. This invested would, at seventy amount to $19,000, and all as the result of twenty-five cents per day saved between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight.

All this looks simple, and it is not mere theory. Then how does it happen that the laboring men are so poor that a few week's enforced idleness brings starvation to so many of them? In too many cases the blame rests with themselves. Providence, so bitterly cursed by many for their ill luck, does not arbitrarily set up one and pull down another. There is almost invariably, an intimate connection between one's habits and principles, on the one hand, and his condition on the other. Shiftless spendthrifts do not attain affluence, nor do the industrious and economical come to want. As we look upon the young men of to-day and study their habits, we can easily foretell what future awaits them; can confidently say of some, "these will in a few years be the men to need help in every financial crisis. They are getting ready for it now."

Here are two boys of eighteen, working in the same shop. The one pays out no money foolishly, and from time to time puts a little in the Bank. This small pile grows, from year to year, faster and faster. He will be a thriving business man. The other spends his evenings in saloons, hall-rooms, and places of amusement. He believes in enjoying life as he goes along. Though not earning more than five dollars per week he pays out something each day for cigars and beer, and during the summer season he loses many a day from his work, to attend excursions and circuses. He forms no habit of saving. When trade becomes dull, and some of the hands are to be dismissed, he is included *every time*. The employer takes but little time to decide which of the two boys it is for his interest to keep.

The above are extreme cases, but they illustrate important truths. Some people, by spending less than their income, constantly aim to better their conditions. Others are always in debt, and appear content that it is so. They have not that wholesome horror of debt, which would make them shun it as a viper. It winds about them, one by one, its coils, till they are fastened for life in its relentless grasp.

Life is a game of chess. By a wrong move at the outset, the day is at once lost, though the contest be prolonged. Fortunes are gained or lost in youth. By the decisions then made, life's problem is solved, Habits are like streams. The rill may easily be controlled, and turned this way or that. But flowing onward, it enlarges into a mighty river, laughing at every attempt to alter its channel.

Many who save nothing, plead heavy expenses and unsteady employment. But generally, if they are steady and free from bad habits, they can get steady employment. But too often the trouble is, that while they think it impossible to save even two shillings per day, *pay out as much or more* for drink, tobacco, liveries, &c. Whole fortunes leak out through these little wastes. These are the worm holes that sink many a ship.

After all, does he *enjoy* life, who spends all as he goes along, to be forever after harassed by debt? Has he not sacrificed enjoyment, himself, everything?

The young man is master of the situation. His future will be what he makes it. As he sows, so shall he reap.—*Oswego Times.*

SLOW BUT SURE.

A friend who for years has kept a down-town book-store in New York, was asked one day what rent he paid for the large room he occupied, which covered most of the second floor of the building. His answer was, "Five thousand dollars."

"How is it possible for the business to pay such a rent?"

"A continual dropping," replied the old gentleman, with a smile. "Five cents profit on a book does not count much toward it, but that repeated often enough will make up the sum."

Besides the rent, there was the living to make for a large family, and the salaries of three or four clerks to be paid.

It is these small, steady earnings, managed with prudence, that build up the most substantial fortunes. Few suddenly-acquired fortunes are permanent. They often fly away as suddenly and mysteriously. Besides this, "He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent." It is a very hard matter to steer straight, morally, when the eyes are dazzled by a sudden blaze of what the world calls prosperity.

Do not sigh for Aladdin's lamp, boys. You have a better talisman in your hands. Steady, persevering labor will win for you far better and more satisfying riches.

WILFUL SUMMER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Out in the woods,
A little while ago,
I heard Summer crying
Very soft and low--
Crying and scolding,
Or it sounded so.

"Don't bid me leave yet,"
Said she, whimpering.
"I overslept myself
Somehow in Spring.
Haven't had my time out,
Haven't done a thing.

"Only half my berries
Ripened in the beds;
Only half my roses
Bloomed white and reds;
See the poor, belated things
Hanging down their heads.

"Shall I hurry off, then,
Leaving them to die,
Autumn standing at the door,
With his frosty eye—
Autumn, chuckling as he kills?
No, my sweets, not I.

"I shall stay awhile yet;
Don't tell me nay,
Don't bid me to be good,
Minding what you say.
Mother Nature, two weeks more
I must have my way."

Will she linger, think you,
Keeping thus her word,
Daring frosty Autumn?
Don't be absurd.
How can I tell you, dears?
For no more I heard.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Agitation is an old word with a new meaning. Sir Robert Peel, the first English leader who felt he was its tool, defined it to be "the marshalling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws." O'Connell was the first to show and use its power, to lay down its principles, to analyze its elements, and mark out its metes and bounds. It is voluntary, public and above board; no oath-bound secret societies like those of old time in Ireland and of the continent to-day. Its means are reason and argument, no appeal to arms. Wait patiently for the slow growth of public opinion. The Frenchman is angry with his government—he throws up barricades and shots his guns to the lips. A week's fury drags the nation ahead a hand's breadth; reaction lets it settle half-way back again. As Lord Chesterfield said a hundred years ago: "You Frenchmen erect barricades, but never any barriers." An Englishman is dissatisfied with public affairs. He brings his charges, offers his proof, waits for prejudice to relax, for public opinion to inform itself. Then every step taken is taken forever; an abuse once removed never reappears in history. Where did he learn this method? Practically speaking, from O'Connell. It was he who planted its corner-stone. Argument, no violence! *No political change is worth a drop of human blood.* His other motto was, "Tell the whole truth:" no concealment of half one's convictions to make the other half more acceptable. No denial of one truth to gain hearing for another. No compromise, or, as he phrased it, "nothing is politically, right which is morally wrong." Above all plant yourself on the millions; the sympathy of every human being, no matter how ignorant or how humble, adds weight to public opinion. At the outset of his career the clergy turned a deaf ear to his appeal. They had seen their flocks led up to useless slaughter for centuries, and counselled submission. The nobility repudiated him; they were either traitors or hopeless. Protestants had touched their *ultima Thule* with Grattan, and seemed settling down in despair. English Catholics advised waiting till the tyrant grew merciful. O'Connell, left alone, said, "I will forge these four millions of Irish hearts into a thunderbolt which will suffice to dash this despotism to pieces." And he did it. Living under an aristocratic government, himself of the higher class, he anticipated Lincoln's wisdom, and framed his movement "for the people, of the people, and by the people."

Wendell Phillips.

TALAS—NEAR CESAREA.

Talas is one of the many fine towns lying near the base of Mount Argeas. Were it not near the large city of Cesarea it would itself be called a city. In population it is but little below Yozgat or Marsovan, and its buildings, both public and private, are much more expensive than those of most interior towns of Asia Minor, or of European Turkey. Rev. Dr. Dwight, who visited this region in 1816, was quite surprised to find such towns here, and said that their like was not to be seen in any other part of Turkey, but that they constantly reminded him of the grand old baronial towns along the Rhine.

It will be observed that nearly all the buildings are of hewn stone. The roofs are flat, surrounded by balustrades, and serve much the purpose of the yards surrounding the houses of a New England village. The town is in two parts, Kuchakeoy, or the end village, being on the low land, a few of its houses being seen in the foreground of the picture. Most of the town is built on a very steep side hill. Large gardens, filled with fruit trees and fine old English walnuts, lie between the two parts of the town. Quite a fraction, perhaps one-fourth, does not appear in this view at all, lying farther to the left.

1, 1, is the hired house occupied by the whole missionary circle of the Cesarean station a part of the year, and by two missionary families permanently; the trees conceal a portion of the building. 2, 2, 2, is the large garden alluded to. 3, is the fine new Greek church of "St. Nicholas." 4, 4, is the main street leading from the lower to the upper portion of the town; and 5, 5, the street leading from the town to the city, Cesarea, four miles away to the northwest.

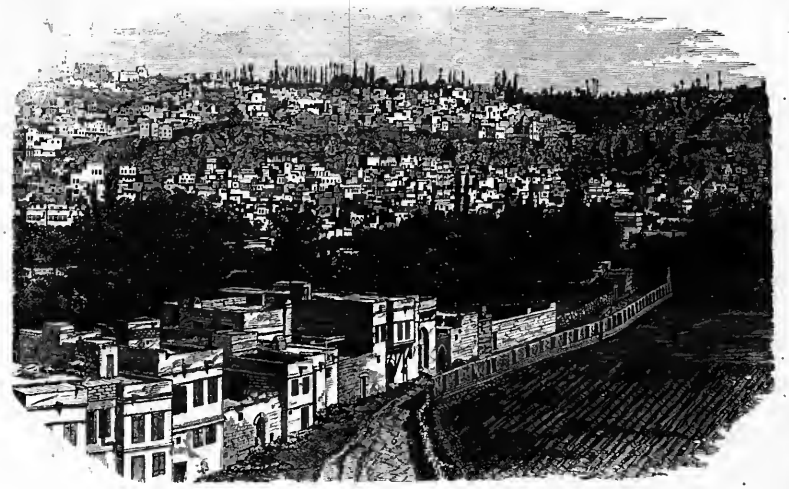
Talas was first occupied by missionaries in the spring of 1868. There were then in the place two families known as Protestants, and the first storm of persecution had spent itself. This place was chosen for the home of the missionaries because of its healthfulness. Cesarea, though so near and not very much lower, being in the middle of a plain which is surrounded on all sides by high lands, is too hot to be occupied safely or comfortably in summer, and from 1854, when the station was formed, till 1868, the missionary families had been under the necessity of moving twice a year. It was especially to avoid this wear and tear of mind, and of *worldly goods* (was it Franklin that said, "three removals are equal to one fire"?), that we took up our home here.

The results of our five years' residence here have been very gratifying. In point of health, the town has fully met our expectation, and the practicability of doing a large portion of our missionary work, and that efficiently, from this place, is demonstrated. In the missionary work in connection with the town, it has been even more satisfactory. The tabular view for 1872 shows that for that year our Sabbath congregation averaged ninety, and our Sunday-school one hundred. The evangelical work is pretty equally divided between Greeks and Armenians.

The station high-school for girls is here; and at a point a few rods to the right of the house of the missionaries, as seen in the photograph, in a garden hidden by the trees, a fine house is now being built for its accommodation. It is to have rooms for the accommodation of girls that come in from the out-stations to enjoy its advantages, and a good schoolroom; and on the second floor there is to be a hall, 44 by 34 feet, which will serve as a place of meeting till the growth of our community renders it necessary to build a church.—*Missionary Herald.*

THE LIGHTNING MAIL.

The new postal lightning train which now carries the mail from New York to Chicago, makes the journey in twenty-six hours, or twelve hours less than the old rate. It averages over forty miles an hour, which seems fast enough for fast America, though in Europe, which we think so slow sometimes, the Scotch mail averages fifty miles an hour between London and Edinburgh. It must be remembered, however, that England has only one quarter the length of railroads to look after that we have, and on her short and carefully constructed roads a higher rate of speed can be maintained with safety.



TALAS, NEAR CESAREA.

The postal car is loaded up at the Grand Central Depot in New York City at two o'clock in the morning, and makes but a few stops on the way to Chicago. It receives and distributes mail, however, at many more stations, but without stopping an instant in its lightning speed. The apparatus for doing this is one of the simplest nature. Affixed across the door of the car is an iron bar on which is fastened a second bar at an acute angle from the first, the two together forming a triangle whose longest side can be turned so as to reach out some little distance from the side of the car. At the mail stations are gallows or iron frames like the one at the side of the train, near the engine tender. On the extreme point of this, just within reach of the triangle on the car, the bag is suspended. As the train passes the bag is caught in the triangle, slipped from its place, and by the rapidity of the movement wedged into the narrow junction of the "catcher." At the same instant the mail clerk, who is standing by the door, pulls the bag into the car, and if it is filled with matter for distribution it is at once opened, or if bound for one of the great cities it is stored away to be hurled out as the city is reached.

The bags for the different way stations hang in rows along the car with mouths wide open to receive the bundles sorted from the distributing bags, and be made ready for the "catcher." The car is, in fact, a post-office on wheels, and is filled with busy post-office clerks. A refreshment saloon is attached to the car, for they must take their meals on board, and their work is most exhausting. Less so, however, than that of the engineer who with every nerve strained to intense action bears the whole responsibility of keeping his engine up to time and looking out for dangers ahead. So great is this strain that on the first trip made by this lightning train, as it stopped at last in the Chicago depot, the engineer fainted away.

THE ABUSE OF MEDICINE.

It may safely be said that the majority of people are either ignorant or indifferent of the proper used of food and drink, but common as mistakes or sin in these respects are, they are hardly more common than the apparently insatiable desire for medicine which has grown to be a serious evil in our modern civilization. Men and women who are ignorant of the first principles of physiology, know nothing of the power and uses of drugs, and nothing of the symptoms of disease, insist upon "doctoring" themselves and their friends, and swallow potions and pills and apply lotions and plasters with strange, and sometimes fatal disregard of consequences. The advertisements of quack medicines are everywhere; no place is sacred; no man secure; and that they are permitted shows only too plainly that they are successful. The truth about such medicines is simply that they are compounds of drugs, generally the cheapest and nastiest to be had, put up by people who have no claim whatever to the name of physician, and are entirely and shamefully ignorant of the effect of their doses.

The truth about the people who take such medicines is simply that they are culpably foolish in trifling with their health by swallowing unknown compounds, and in wasting their money upon irresponsible quacks, and worse than foolish in that they wilfully continue in the ignornnee which permits them to commit such follies. There is but one rule for sensible people in sickness of all kinds, viz.: use such simple remedies as you are sure of, and send for a responsible, educated physician. Leave quacks and their medicines alone both in sickness and health, and body and mind and pocket will be all the better.

Hydrate of Chloral as a stimulant, is taking the place of opium, hasheesh, &c., in England, and to some extent in this country. It kills in about three years, on an average.

A lazy life is a miserable existence.

YOUNG ROBINS.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

Four little robins just ont of the shell
Lis close in the nest,
'Neath the warm mother-breast,
Hovered and hushed full well.

Mother-bird ponders: "In plenty aro flies,
Bnt a plump lady-bug,
Or a lovely rose-slug
For these babies would be a surprise."

And she thinks to herself (then drops out like a leaf),
"They will lie there asleep,
With not even a peep,
And my marketing I will make brief."

Bnt ehe's no sooner gone than they nestle and stir,
Twitter fise little notes
From tholr weak little throats,
And wonder what *has* 'come of her.

By the time she gets back they are all in a fright,
Every mouth is ontspread
To the back of its head,—
Every pin-feather bristles upright.

And they clamor and shriek, and the mother cries, "Whose
Ie this horrible clotter?
And what is the matter?"
And she hovers them over, and coos.

"O, I saw such a wonderful thing!" tries one,
"Such a marvellons light
Thef it dazzled my sight!"
"Yon simpleton! that was the sun."

"And O," cried another, "I thought I should freeze!
And the house shook and tossed,
And I knew we were lost!"
The mother laughed,—"That was a breeze."

And out moaned a third, with an accent of pain,
"Wet, terrible things
Dropped down on my wings!"
"Ah! those were a few drops of rain."

And the fonrth sobbed aloud, to the mother-bird clinging,—
"Snch a deafening sound
As I heard all aronnd!"
"Why, that was yenr relativee singing!"

"Now hush-a-by babies upon the tree top!"
And she settles to hover
The frightened ones over,
With s sigh for the worm she let drop.

The Teachers' Table.

PRIMARY STUDIES.

An extract from the report of the Bureau on labor and statistics.

Children must, when brought under instruction, be taught those things which will benefit them in the common affeirs of life. But what are they? Clearly these:

1. The use of lengnage, that they may know how to think, and give expression to thonght. Theee they will attain by *reading*, and by exercises in dictation, letter-writing, and compoeition. *Spelling* will come in here.

2. The nse of the eye the ear, and the hand, both as aids in mental operations, and in facilitating the bneiness of life. This use they will acquire by writing, drawing, and music, and most industrial arts.

3. How to observe, to reflect, to reason upon a subject, and to acquire great truths. Here will come in an enlarged system of object-lessons, and the great facts of earth and sky, as illnstrated in topical and physical geography, astronomy, and the elements of natural philosophy.

4. How to transact business. Here will come in mental and written srithmetic, simple methods of keeping accurate accounts, the science of forms, as taught by geometry in the simpler elements.

5. The discipline and formation of character. And here comes in the subject of morality, of duties to God and man, being the great precept of Christian morals;—here the influence of the history of nations and of individuals, as instruction and warning—history in its trne significetion, civil, socinl, indnstrial, rather than warlike and of the hero-worship.

6. The physical discipline of the body. And here comes in a variety of exercises—gymnastics, military and other—aiding physical development, and prepering for industrial, personal labor.

There is nothlog more interesting to the young mind, or easier for it to learn, thnn the leading facts in natural philosophy and science. The boy who eldee down hill can be taught about the inclined plane and other mechanical powers. He can also be taught the chemistry of the snow and of the air he breathes. He can be taught something of the anatomy and physeiogy of his body and the members which he uses. If he can learn the twenty-six letters, and the names of thirty or forty of his fellow-scholars, he can learn the nemes of the eimple substances of which metter is composed. In fact, the knowledge of these things is natural food to the young mind, and this knowledge once gained leads to further inquiries and further acquisitions.

AN OYSTER IN SCHOOL.

How many of onr teachers could give this children an object-lesson like this, which is graphically described in the *American Educational Monthly*?

Near the hinge of an oyster is a cavity which leads to its stomach. It may be called with a little license, its month; not that it has teeth, or that in any way it masticates food, or that it indicates the place of the head, for the oyster belongs to a divieion of the molluske known as *acephalates*, or headless ones. But it is functionally a mouth, and is like months in two important particulars. It is the entrance of the food to eu alimentary canal; and it has certain lip-like organs with which to control the entering food. If, then, the oyster's mouth is thus situated near the hinge, thet part of the creature should be known as its asterior, or forward end. The oponing end, that which the oystermen call the "nib," le therefore really the posterior extremity.

Every one knows that in opening an oyster the knife has to be passed through a stout organ, wrongly called by many the eye; for the oyster is eyeless. Some call it the heart. This, also, is incorrect. It is the great adductor muscle with which the animal draws together its valves. But the oyster has a true heart. It is situated near to and forward of the adductor muscle, that is betwees it and the mouth. If a finger of a glove were cut off and inflated with eir, being closed up et the excised end, and then a thread were tied round so as to constrict it at the middle, we should have something resembling in shape pretty nearly the oyster's heart. This small organ is divided by the constriction into two lesser organs—an auricle and a ventricle; a receiving and a distributing roservoir of the pale, opalescent blood—its true life-current, which animates every part of this complex little being.

If an oyster be opened with sufficient tact and care, the heart can be seen at work, beating much as our hearts beat—a trne rythmical pulsation. Indeed, with wetch in hand, the beats can be counted, as when a physician mekes a diagnosis of one's pulse. As death nears, so slow the throbs of the oyster's heart.

"All this is well enough for the naturalist. Is such a sight attainable by me? Could I open an oyster and see all this with my own eyes?" So querles an earuest teacher. To all this we answer—Yes. Genernlly good eyes are sufficient. At the mest, you would only need a pocket-lens, such as a few shillings would buy, and which, indeed, no teacher should be without. When working lately at a County Teachers' Institute, in South New Jersey, a whole-soaled teacher, whose eyes beamed with intelligence and zeal, accosted me in this wise: "Sir, I was so interested in your description of the anatomy of the oyster, and especially the detail of the place, form, and functions of its heart, that I got some live oysters, and determined to see for myself. I opened several before I got the hang of it. There it was, a real heart! With my pocket-magnifier it was almost painful to see that little thing boeting away, as if for dear life."

This was a great discovery for that teacher. But this was not the end of it. He gave a little lecture to his school on the great mystery of life, even in an oyster. The pupils listened with deep interest. And that interest waxed into a sensation, when the teacher took an oyster and opened it before them, and showed them the oyster's heart. Then he made each one take the magnifier into his own hand and look. There, in an impreseive way, each saw for himself the beating of an oyster's heart.

Having ourselves been moved on several occasions to tears in presence of a newly-seen fact in nature, we asked that teacher how he felt. He acknowledged that the impression made on his mind was profound. "It made me almost sad for several days."

Yes, deep-thinking is this. It is thought upon discovery. It is viewing a new country from a mountain-top. Nay, more—it is the pure light of n peragraph from a page of the great book of God's works, illumining the soul with the august conception of a glorious fact, witnessed, handled, felt, comprehended, absorbed, and so tranemuted, and made for evermors a part of one's own selfhood.

And what about those dear children? More than "it is lawful to utter." That teacher had done for them a grandly good deed by turning their eyee upon the light which had so profoundly affected him. What activities had been set agog in the thinklngs of those children! It was alchemy of the sublimest kind. It tnrned a snpposed little clot of insensate jelly into an animate organized being; for with their own childish eyes they beheld its very heart—yes, and even saw it beating. The oyster will never again be to them a heartless thing. How humanising, expanding, elevating was that vision! To them, this noble teacher was a seer, for he had taught their yonng ideas to shoot far and deep into the hidden mattere of the life-bearing things of God.

HINTS ON SELF-CULTURE.

THE YEARS.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And ecorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?—

Each, turning round a small, sweet face
An beautiful as near,
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear.

And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again. —MISS MULOCH.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

"A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stories of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature securee cheerful occupetion for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in these hours, for went of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse pleasures! How many young men can be found in this country, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strengers to intellectual activity, are almost driven, in the long, dull ovenings of winter, to haants of intemperance and bad society!"

HOW TO READ HISTORY.

"Read history as you would a newspaper and for the samo purpose, nemely: to get the information it contains. Do not attempt siuply to memorize the languege of the writer, iguoring the general knowledge conveyed. Read thoughtfully and understandingly, and you will soon acquire a taste for this most pleasaut of studies, while your ideas will clothe themselves spontaneously in easy, natural and expressive languego."

"It is not what people eet, but what they digest, that mnkes them strong. It is not whet they read, hut whet they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profeee, but what they practice, that mekes them holy."

LEARNING LANGUAGES.

"Every reader of the 'Autobiography of John Stuart Mill' has been astonished at the ease with which he acquired languages in boyhood, and meny heve believed that imaginstion in later life exeggerated the feets of childhood. But Dr Schlieman, the explorer of the ruins of Troy, tells a story of himself in manhood almost as wonderful.

"At the age of twenty he began to study languages, chiefly by himself. He read a good deal aloud, without making a translation, devoted one hour a day to writing essays on interesting snbjects, correcting those under a teacher's supervision, and then learned them by heart, repeating in the next lesson what was corrected on the previous day.

"'I never went on any errand, even in the rain, without having my book in my hand, and learning something by heart; and I never waited at the post-office without reading.'

"In half a year he succeeded, though in active business, in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the English lasguege in this way. He then applied the same method to the study of French, and was at home in it in six months. With the facilitise thne acquired he found it easy to learn to speek and to write fluently in Dutch, Italian, Spenieh and Portuguese, by giving six week's study to each. A resolute will and natural capecity surmounted all difficulties, and made progress easy."

"'THE mother tongue is a great educator,' was the motto of Pere Girard of Switzerland."

At Home.

WE make up this column this month entirely from the colums of *The Housekeeper*, a new "Journal of Domestic Economy" lately started in New York City, published and edited by Mr. Charles F. Wingato, heretofore editor of the *Paper Trade Journal*. As may be seen even from so small a sample, the *Housekeeper* is a valuable monthly, full of varied information and practical suggestione nrranged in attractive and telling classification, in which Mr. Wingate is an adept. "Household Humbugs and Dangers; Shopping and Marketing; the Kitchen; the Laundry; the Dining Room; the Parlor; the Library; the Bedroom; the Nursery; the Boys' Department; and What to do for a Living;"—are the principal hends under all of which really useful and lively articles may be found.

GET A PAIR OF SCALES.—Every careful housekeeper should provide herself with accurate and handy scales—so as to be able to test every article which is bought from the market or grocery.

We are fortunate in having a small market basket which holds a certain number of quarts of berries, and it is surprising what a varying portion of its space is occupied by the same number of measures. One dny two quart boxes will fill what will require three boxes the next day, and so on. Such a basket is an effectual check on false measure.

CRACKED WHEAT HOME-MADE AND CHEAP.—This may be easily had by breaking the well-cleaned grain through a common coffee-mill, fine or coarse, as the regulating-screw may be set when you grind. We have a spare domestic coffee-mill which we chanced, once on a time, to try for the purpose, and discovered a ready and economical way of having this most wholesome and palatable article made at home as good in quality as can be bought ready-made, only at much greater cost. A bushel of well-"smutted" (that is perfectly cleaned) wheat of sixty pounds, the standard weight in the produce trade, at $1.50, costs 2½ cents a pound, or at $3 per bushel costs 3½ cents a pound, for which as cracked or crushed wheat we are asked to pay now eight cents a pound. No weight is lost in the cracking or preparing to cook.

WATERPROOF blacking may be made of gum shellac, methylic alcohol, gum camphor, lamp-black, sweet oil, mutton tallow, turpentine, and oil of mirbane. It is applied with a soft camel's-hair brush, and requires no rubbing beyond what is necessary to spread it over the surface to be blacked.

If you are troubled with ants, lay a few fresh bones around their haunts. They will gather on them in large numbers, and can be destroyed by throwing the bones into hot water.

TRUE AND FALSE ECONOMY.

In spite of dull times, savings banks officials report an increase in deposits during the last year, which indicates a greater disposition to save, and less of that reckless expenditure of earnings among the laboring classes, than formerly. In America, where all are free and equal, politically, there is always a striving after social equality as well, therefore the huge hands—all honor to them—that toil through the week, are distressingly squeezed in kids on Sunday, and no matter what the garb on work days, broadcloth it must be for "meetin'." This false idea of "as good as you be" distinguishes our working men and artisans from those of Europe; their garb being as distinctive on Sundays as on the working deye, and the thought of imitating the parson or doctor unknown. There is a class with us, however, who are above false appearances, deeming it better to lay by for the traditional rainy day than to spend their hard-earned money for luxuries beyond their reach; these are generally to be found in the rural districts.

These are the two kindsof economy, false and true. Ecooomy in food is often disastrous in its results; it is more ecouomical to pay thirty cents for good beefsteak than ten for cabbage, and better to buy a good coat than a shoddy suit. No man can save money at the expense of his stomach, and the attempt will be followed by dyspepsia, doctor's bills, and if the victim has been quacked, there will be a cheerful undertaker and eccompanying funeral expenses.

It is not economy to allow fences, barns, factories and houses to get out of repair and go to decay; it is practical extravagance, so if economy must be practiced, begin in another place where mere display is the result. This hint conveys our meaning, so while congratulating our friends on their increasing capital, we earnestly entreat them not to spend a dollar now at the expense of so many dollars in the future.

Correspondence.

WESTWARD.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Let me give all who desire a pleasant route of travel, a piece of advice. I shall speak from experience, so my word may be accounted true. If any one desires to see neture in all her untamed grandeur, if any one would travel by a line that feasts the eyes with scenes of beauty ever new, and eo enchants the mind that it cannot know fetigue, then let him *not* journey from Omaha to San Francisco. I can assure him that should he do so, he will feel that all the sins of his past life are amply atoned for before he reaches his destination.

But before I give you the details of my sufferings, let me present a few statements regarding the geography of the western country, hoping at the same time that the minds of all my roaders are better poeted regarding this important subject than my own was before; by a painful experience, the truth was indelibly stamped upon my memory.

By very many persons the words West, end fertility, are considered synonymous. If by West is meant the entire West, stretching as far as the Pacific coast, a graver error could not well be made. The great region of fertility that must give to our country the bulk of its agricultural produce, is the Mississippi valley. On either side of this "Father of Waters"—which, by the way, is no father at all but only a good eized child—a very fertile belt of land with deep, rich, black soil, stretches eastward and westward for some hnndreds of miles. But beyond these tracts the region of extreme fertility ceases, and in the West the country degenerates into a barren desert. I first noticed this exceedingly rich loam in Illinois. It is to be seen throughout the whole length of Iowa, which, quite level in the eastern portion, grows more and more undulating and hilly as one proceeds westward. In Nebraska, too, the same fertility is to be found, and the cornfields of this state surpass those of Illinois, which latter ones I believe are quite famous. But on passing from Nebraska to Wyoming we notice a chnge. The soil, hitherto black, becomes reddish, and the vegetation stunted and poor. But let me panse here, I am again haunted by that spectre of geography. If any one that may chance to read this can name in order the states and territories that lie between the Mississippi and the Pacific, he may account himself one in a thousand. So it may not be out of place for me to etate that the great Union Railway, having for its starting point the city of Omaha in Nebraska, on the Missouri River, runs through Nebraska and then successively through Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and Califor-

To resume, soon after entering Wyoming, whereiu ngriculture is abandoned though grazing is extensively practiced, we come to the region of the Black Hills. Now I had vainly imagined that the Pacific Railway had been constructed at an immense expense over the most stupendous obstacles, but Nature could not offer a fitter plan for such a piece of engineering than the greater part of its route affords. Through Nebraska it skirts the Platte River and mile after mile runs over country that is as level as a floor. And when it enters the country of the Black Hills it has no other difficulties to encounter than those of a steep grade, ascending about eighty feet to the mile. Again, I had supposed that from the beginning to the end of my route through the Rocky Mountains I should be whirled among huge boulders, along the edge of precipices and tha sides of steep ravines, and vallays shut in by the walls of rock rising above them till they reached the regions of perpetual snow; so when I found we were nearing the Black Hills my heart had high with expectation. But slowly and surely we ascended a very gentle slope, seeing all around us much more of Mother Earth than of walls of rock. No ice-crowned peaks rose above us, though occasionally we did pass a crumbling boulder that might have risen three or four feet above the car-tops. But the scenery from the summit of the Black Hills was certainly grand. We were eight thousand feet above the sea-level, and far away on every side extended a view that embraced sloping hill-sides, deep ravines with jutting crags, and here and there a gray peak in the distance mottled with fields of yet unmelted snow. A comrade by my side caught the inspiration of the moment and exclaimed, "It makes a feller feel good up here, anyhow." What a happy thing it is to be able to express in fitting language the feelings of awe which nature inspires. Nor were we called upon to admire the works of nature only. Even in these wild solitudes the art of man shone forth triumphant, and our hearts were stirred within us as from the smooth face of a boulder our eyes were greeted with an St. 1860; x. (Started in 1860 with ten dollars capital).

The soil in this region is very poor—an alkali containing a large proportion of a chalky substance. It is unfit for use upon the engines, as it deposits a sediment upon the sides of the boiler, known as *boiler scales*, which is the cause of many boiler explosions.

Passing on from the Black Hills we found nothing of interest until we reached Green River Canon. The shapes which the running water has cut out of the soft rock through which it has worn its way, are truly wonderful. Huge pillars, domes, and castles arose in almost perfect shape in never-ending succession.

After leaving Green River we met with no fine scenery until we came to the Weber River in Utah. For quite a number of miles the road follows the bed of this river, passing through a deep gorge, the sides of which rise on either hand in solid walls of rock to the height of several hundred feet. Here only were my expectations realized until we reached California. A Mormon village is situated on this river. I eyed the inhabitants closely, but found they looked very much like other human beings. Not so the Indians we met from time to time. My faith in the noble Red Man is now a thing of the past.

And now came the season of our tribulation. The Great American Desert lay before us—an arid waste of lava formation, comprising the whole extent of Nevada. No object of interest could be seen in this region of barrenness—nothing but a waste of burning plains, and peaks scorching in the sun without a particle of vegetation upon them. The occupants of the car were in a state of misery. Some sat gasping in the stifling heat like dogs on a July day; some walked up and down the car in desperation; some spent most of their time at the wash-bowl; and some gave unremitting attention to the tank of ice-water,—all looked as if the joy of life had gone forever. But our trials ended when we entered California. Here we saw much that was grand and well worth seeing, but which I cannot describe now. Sometime I may have something to say about this wonderful state.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

The following extracts from letters received recently from some among the most intelligent and earnest among the Hampton graduates, furnish forcible answers to questions sometimes asked at the North; whether work enough has been done for the Freedman, and whether he appreciates and is grateful for what he has received:

September 23, 1875.

Dear Teacher:—My heart is troubled, and my mind is so full of thought that I wish to make known to you that I know not where to commance. C. and I have tried tha book and paper agency this summar, and we are *surprised.* We did expect to make some money, but have would make alone, but to travel over the South and see how the colored people were getting on. And their actions and condition is what surprised us. We did not travel as far south as we expected, finding the people but little interested in books or literature, and money so scarce we were almost compelled to give it up. But it is not money that my heart is troubled about; but it is my people. In my travels this summer I have been disgusted. When I see so much corruption and unintelligence in churches, and so many unintelligent preachers, and instead of growing better is growing worse; I say when I see it, it makes my heart weep. When I go in a town and see so many colored bars, it troubles me; because I know that the colored are their customers. In many places they are constanily going from the churches to the bar-rooms, on Sunday during services. When I look around and see those things among our people, the one great question presents itself to me, as to what can I do to better it? This question is not decided in my mind; it is so perplexing that I cannot decide, only to go ahead and do all that I can in the way of teaching and example.

I cannot return to Hampton this term; I am not able; I am going to stay out and teach this term and be ready to return next term. I want to open school somewhere about tha first of October if I can get a school. I shall go from this County to teach, for there is no money for this County. If I had taught this summer in this County I would not have any money, for those that have taught cannot get any money; they are paid off in County bonds, and it is so with several of tha surrounding Counties. I never saw such a scarce time for money in my life, and it is not only I that say so, but everybody that I talk with about it. Even money dealers and merchants all over the State cry out, no money. I find your words to be true, that is: "If one seeks money he can get it; but if he seeks other things he must not be troubled because he doesn't get money." I would have made some money this summer, but I have spent my time in trying to do good for others, and find myself lacking. I will now close.

W.

MIDDLE-SWAMP, GATES COUNY, MD., *September* 27, 1875.

Dear Teacher:—I thought I would write you in what way I have employed my time since I have graduated. After spending a short time in visiting around the country, I commenced teaching on the 12th of July. I had quite a large school,—sixty-two scholars. My school was in a very bad condition when I opened it; the children were wild and rude, but I am glad to say that after some hard work on my part—leeturing and talking—I noticed a marked improvement. There has never been a colored teacher in this place before I came. The colored school has always been taught by gentleman teachers who took no interest whatever in the children. My scholars were very anxious to learn and applied their minds very closely to their studies.

The people as a general thing are poor; they are glad to see their children advancing, and are glad to learn also.

I had a very fine Sabbath-school. My scholars found the SOUTHERN WORKMAN very interesting. I have found a large field of labor since I have been in the South. I have just begun to realize what work there is to do in educating the colored youth of the South. I have one scholar that wants to enter Hampton School in October.

With many thanks to you and teachers,
I am one of your former scholars,
SUSAN R. M.

WYTHEVILLE, VA., *September* 22, 1875.

Dear Teacher:—It has been such a long time since you heard directly from me, I know you have thought several times why I did not write. Well, I have thought and wondered, too, how it was, till to-night I was lying down and thought of Hampton and my indebtedness to you and tha many friends at the old home, then I rose at once and began to write.

I left A. rather unexpectedly to myself. The people were not willing to have the school go as it did last year. Last year by paying a small tax the people could secure to themselves a ten months school. This only amounted to seven cents a week for each child, except those who had no parents to look after them, they, of course did not have to pay anything. Now you see why this tax was levied; the County was not able to run a ten months' school without a supplement from the people, which they willingly gave last year. This year they refused to supplement, which, of course, knocked them out of the three hundred dollars which they received from the Peabody fund, and the County not being able to run the school without some help from somewhere, they were only able to employ us for five months. I saw at once that I had better look out for some work that would pay me better. Hence I am here with a very large school, numbering one hundred and sixty scholars; have two assistants, a young lady and gentleman from Richmond, shall like this place as well as I did A. The people seem to be very well pleased with me so far. Had I known that I was not going to have stayed in A., I should have been in Hampton.

Watkins is now in Liberty, and will open school there soon. You see what few of the Hampton boys that are in South-western Virginia have just made a change in their homes. J. M. Ricks is about twenty-five miles above me teaching in Marion. Reese Bowen was in this town last week; he has a school somewhere in the country. He says that he has a very nice school, too. So much for news na to schools.

Now that it is near October, I suppose you are packing or think about it, at least, to start for Hampton to begin your new year's work. I should like much to meet you there. I have begun ten months' work and can sympathize with you in the beginning of yours. I find in this place as I found things in A.; there is a great deal of Christian work to be done in every direction. Here are minds to be cultivated and aspirations to be raised above the common standard that is now prevalent among our people. I tell you I am deeply interested in the cause of my people. I don't do as much in the way of public talking as some of the laborers that are out on the field, but I try to set a good example in everything I go about, which I find has great effect. The most of our people will follow example rather than precept, hence, while that kind of work may be slow, I find it lasting. There are so many incompetent men going around trying to lend by word rather than deed, one has to be very careful as how he walks. It is twelve and I must close.

L.

ELIZABETH CITY, PASQ. CO., N. C., *July.*

Dear Teacher:—As I know you have heard all about the good and grand times that we had on commencement day, I can't tell you anything new.

The people kept the 4th of July here to-day and I was called on to address a large audience on the subject of education and refinement with the two Mr. L's of Howard University. The people received our advice on tha temperance question with great acclamation.

M. and I are much indebted to you for our first grade diplomas. You don't know how much we thank you for the careful, hard and patient teaching that you gave us. I am studying just as hard as ever. *because my eyes are just being opened.*

T.

EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA SABBATH-SCHOOL UNION.

The Sabbath-school organization in the eastern part of North Carolina, known as the Eastern North Carolina Sabbath-school Association, and held in August, 1875, and passed resolutions on Sabbath-schools, Missionary work, and temperance.

On Thursday, the 12th, the house was called to order at 10.30 o'clock by the Assistant Superintendent, W. D. Newcome, who stated the object of the meeting and invited ministers, teachers, and other interested persons to take seats with the delegation. The interested part of the congregation were soon seated together, and the forenoon session was spent in appointing committees, and preparing for the work of the afternoon.

The afternoon was taken up in hearing the reports of the different schools. Twenty-six schools made report, and we give an abstract from the statistics as follows: Number of teachers 108; number of scholars 1777; amount of money $26.75. All the schools were reported in good order. Some were in need of books and papers, and ask for help. The anticipated enjoyment of many was interrupted on the second day by rain. Though, after all, many a heart was made to feel glad by the bright and cheery speeches of the little ones in their exhibition.

After hearing the reports and resolutions of the different committees in the morning, it was proposed in the evening to have a general discussion on the "Value of the Sunday-school to society," "The true Sunday-school teacher," "The method of organizing Sunday-schools," &c.; but when the business of the Association was finished it had not ceased to rain, and the house was so crowded it was impossible to obtain order, hence the idea of so full a discussion was dispensed with.

About 3.30 o'clock P. M., the rain passed over, and the people retired for refreshments in the grove, where an hour was spent; after which the children united in their exhibition which lasted the remainder of the evening. The entertainment was conducted by Miss Katie Smith, student of Howard University, Washington, D. C., who is teaching at the Chapel. The exercise was well conducted, and Miss Smith deserves credit for the well-training of that school.

The Union will next convene at Edenton, N. C., on Thursday before the third Lord's Day in August, 1876. It is hoped that each school will send two or three of their scholars, well trained, to join the exhibition.

REV. L. W. BOONE, *Supt.*
D. D. WEAVER, *Clerk.*

NOTICE TO SCHOOLS.

The next Annual Meeting of the Union will be held at Providence School, Edenton, Chowan County, N. C.; to commance at 9 o'clock on Thursday before tha third Lord's Day in August, 1876. It is hoped that every delegate will be present at that hour. There were some constitutional changes which we do not give in print, but it will be preserved in a written minute for the benefit of tha next meeting.

Tha word Association in tha name was stricken out and *Union* inserted, a word which we like much better.

D. D. WEAVER, *Secretary.*

STATISTICAL TABLE.

NAMES OF SCHOOLS.	NO. OF TEACHERS.	NO. OF SCHOLARS.	AMOUNT OF MONEY.	SUPERINTENDENTS.	CLERKS.	P. O.	COUNTY.
Lincolnville.	4	61	00	H. J. Askew.	Willis Harrell.	Winton.	Hertford.
New Ahoskie.	2	40	00	J. M. Jenkins.	M. E. Hall.	"	"
Second N. Ahoskie.	4	48	00	Langley Early.	W. B. Mitchell.	"	"
Mount Maria.	8	235	50	Moses Vann.	John Britt.	"	"
Oakway Grove.	3	43	00	W. P. Holloman.	Miss F. L. Holloman.	"	"
Harrellsville.	5	60	00	O. A. Giles.	W. P. Eason.	Harrellsville.	"
Middle Swamp.	4	106	00	W. H. Sweat.	G. Sanders, Jr.	Pitchlanding.	"
New Bethany.	4	61	00	L. H. Horton.	L. H. Horton.	Gatesville.	Gates.
Jerusalem Grove.	12	48	00	Miles Rogers.	J. W. Hudgins.	"	"
New Hope.	3	52	00	A. O. Greene.	M. Reid.	"	"
Hoppie.	3	80	00	R. F. Beamond.	Elsberry Hobs.	Sunsbury.	"
Hilton Grove.	4	82	00	S. D. Nowell.	Abraham Harvey.	Gatesville.	"
Welches Chapel.	4	50	00	H. L. Elliott.	Alex. Browning.	Small's M. Rocks.	Chowan.
Whitecak Station.	4	50	00	L. L. Mobley.	L. D. Mobley.	" "	"
Providence.	6	130	00	G. H. G. Parker.	Miss Nellie Cox.	Edenton.	"
Bennetts School.	4	50	00	Moses Hasty.	A. C. Hardy.	Colerain.	"
Black Rock School.	4	75	00	Moses Hasty.	H. C. Hardy.	"	"
Shiloh P. Grove.	3	225	00	A. W. Simons.	A. W. Simons.	"	"
Mt. Gloma.	4	45	00	Daniel Holley.	Spencer Wilson.	Bertie.	Bertie.
Peterson Chapel.	5	84	00	Mark Law.	Lorenzo Holley.	"	"
Hertford.	4	95	00	Isaac Wood.	Cicero West.	"	"
New Bethel.	4	66	00	Stephen Norcum.	W. Elingshouse.	"	"
Reverse School.	5	60	00	Peter Bishop.	Jos. Missell.	Merry Hill.	Hertford.
Coltons S. H.	3	50	00	Samuel Holloman.	F. A. Belfield.	Rich Square.	Northampton.
Sumners S. H.	3	50	00	Mark Lawrence.	L. W. Holloman.	Winton.	Hertford.
Mt. Pleasant.	3	65	00	Preston Sharp.	Anderson Smith.	St. John's	"
					Isaac Pruden.	Harrellsville.	"

Cash on hand	$38 00
School title fee	26 00
Donation	3 00
Total	$67 00

THE HYGEIA HOTEL,

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

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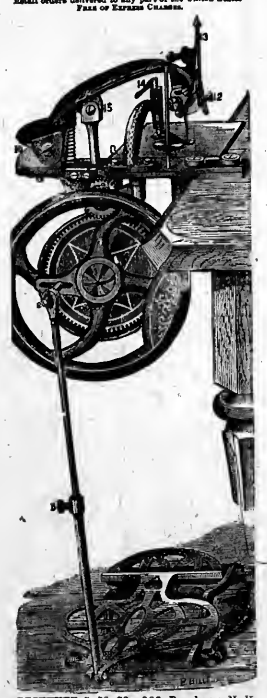

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Southern Workman.

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VOL. IV. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1875. NO. 12.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME

There 's a New Year coming, coming
Out of some beautiful sphere;
His baby eyes bright
With hope and delight:
We welcome you, Happy New Year!

There 's an Old Year going, going
Away in the winter drear;
His beard is like snow
And his footsteps are slow:
Good-bye to you, weary Old Year!

The New Year comes smiling, smiling,
While the Old Year hastens away,
Unwilling to be
The one sorrow to see
In a world so enchanting and gay.

There is always a New Year coming;
There is always an Old Year to go;
And never a tear
Drops the Happy New Year,
As he scatters his gifts on the snow.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG,
RICHARD TOLMAN, } *Editors.*
H. W. LUDLOW, *Assistant Editor.*
J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager.*

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Being in direct relation with the Public School officers, and many others of the ex-slaveholding class, and with an immense colored population, we are in a favorable position for noticing and promoting the gradual, unobtrusive social movements about us, the formation of a new public sentiment, the genuine revolution in the agricultural and popular educational ideas and practices of Virginians.

The one hundred and fifty teachers (most of whom are graduates) sent out from the Hampton Institute, form an admirable *corps of observation*, whose letters from many parts of the South, published in the WORKMAN, furnish reliable, interesting and picturesque accounts of the real life and condition of their people. These teachers are helping to build up a negro christianity and civilization. As a rule they are of good character, and command respect with all classes; are non-political, are devoted to their people, have an earnest religious purpose, and their experience is one of the most encouraging phases of reconstruction with the friends of progress.

Those interested in practical training, in education through self help, and in an intelligent christian press, are appealed to to commence, and continue, by subscribing, to encourage the SOUTHERN WORKMAN; whose record is a better guarantee of its future than any promises. A dollar a year is little for one, but it *counts up*. It helps not only deserving students; creates opportunities not otherwise within reach; is not likely to die; promises much influence for good over a people mostly beyond the range of newspapers, who greatly need honest advice and just criticism, many of whom are terribly misguided by demagogues, and corrupted by low and semi-heathenish practices.

If four years are long enough time to judge of the demand for and success of a paper, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN is an established fact. Its four years' history has a history of steady progress. A comparison of the first number, of January, '72, with this one, which closes the fourth volume, is very encouraging.

Improvement in form, in type, in press-work, and general make up, improvement also, in material is very marked. There has been, in some degree, at least, corresponding improvement in the subscription list.

There is perhaps but one point where it has not changed—that is its purpose. It was begun, as in closing its first year, it announced: "In the desire to set growing up a spirit of intelligent energy among the working classes of the South," and "claims this desire as the foundation of the undertaking." To foster, and as far as necessary, to create such a spirit, has been its constant and honest aim.

Its field was a new one and had to be ploughed before it was sowed. The freedman did not know that he wanted a newspaper; especially one that discussed crops and housekeeping, social virtues and general intelligence, instead of politics. In this preparatory work, the graduates of the Normal School, scattered through the country as teachers, have done good service and been among our best agents. The slowly growing list of regularly paid subscriptions among the freedmen, though now suffering the arrest of hard times, shows that the paper is taking hold on the class for which it was especially intended.

Our audience had not only to be collected, but studied, and a growing adaptation to its wants, we believe, is an essential element in the paper's growth.

Our illustrations have been an immense help. The friendly publishers in the North who have enabled us by them to get access to the freedmen's cabins, cannot estimate the wealth of sunshine they have sent into these humble homes. Sometimes we find one of the pictures carefully cut out and pinned against the cabin wall, and we do not find fault with the sacrifice of the rest of the paper to admit the spirit of taste and home adornment.

For the 117 plates which have illuminated our paper in these four years, we are indebted to Mr. J. R. Osgood, Mr. J. L. Shorey, and Mr. H. O. Houghton, of Boston; the A. B. C. F. M. Society, through Mr. Charles Hutchins, Boston; the Congregational Publishing Society, through Mr. Moses Sargent, of Boston; the American Tract Society, through Rev. J. D. Stevenson, New York; and Messrs. Harper Bros., New York. To all of these generous friends for the favors already bestowed, and the kind promises of more, we renew our hearty thanks, and the thanks of our readers.

In May 1873, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN took a new departure. Its April number had been printed at the rate of 800 a day, on the second-hand Washington Press, which was the best the office could afford to purchase at the start. The May number was printed at the rate of 800 an hour, on one of Hoe & Co's New Hand Stop Cylinder Presses, presented to the office by that celebrated firm. The value of this noble gift, to which Messrs. Farmer, Little & Co., of New York, added a large quantity of new and handsome type, was not only to the advantage of the paper but of the printing office, enabling it to avail itself of a large amount of job work, which before had to be refused for lack of time.

In January '74, the WORKMAN was changed to quarto form, a decided advantage in appearance and convenience. The latest improvement is a small Baxter steam engine to run the press, employed first for the last (November) number. This secures a much steadier and firmer press-work, and will do better justice to our illustrations.

Among our chief encouragements, is the sympathy of our Northern and Southern friends who become our subscribers for love of the cause,—knowing that every paper they take helps send one into a cabin home. We are also greatly indebted to the editors and proprietors of many of the principal journals and magazines of the country, who, for the same love, put us on their exchange list. These exchanges are not sacrificed by the editorial scissors, but pass from our office to the Reading Room of the 200 students of the Hampton Normal School, and thus the beams of light are shed afar, and find repeated reflection.

Our Hampton neighbors must have a special word of thanks. Not only is our paper taken by many here, both white and colored, but our office is liberally sustained by our friends of opposite politics; members of the legal profession, county officers and business men, who put their work into our hands.

With all this good will in the past, the evidences of progress, and the consciousness of high and honest aims, we have faith in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN'S future.

Some time ago, a Northern friend wrote to us that he had been so struck with its steady progress, and so convinced of its importance that he had placed a full file in the Library of Harvard College for preservation, as possessing historic interest in the records of a new development of civilization. We mean to use every effort to make it worthy such preservation and such work; to push every advantage—not only to hold the ground already gained, but to make this a base for further advance.

In Great Britain and the United States, there is plainly, a growing interest in the redemption of Africa. Attention is invited to an account in another column of the proceedings of the American Missionary Association at their last annual meeting.

Protestants and Catholics have planted their Missionary Stations along the coast, and already about $400,000 are expended annually by the former—$300,000 by English, and $30,000 by American christians.

Unless the negro of America is a failure, he will take an active part in this great movement to regenerate a continent. Africa does not need ship loads of discontented freedmen. She needs ideas; men of faith and purpose; and especially, those who in themselves illustrate what is possible for that race.

Within ten years we expect that a company of our Hampton graduates, not as full-fledged Reverends, but as earnest teachers, will accept an African outpost, imparting not only the higher truths of the Bible, but also, the lessons of practical industry, thrift, and decency, which they have learned here. Mission work is only genuine and thorough as it is civilizing. The customs of savage life are fatal to a growing Christianity. There may be convictions and conversions, but only a weak, backsliding piety unless there is a basis of self respect, an enlightened conscience, a new habit of life. This is of slow growth. The old colored woman who would not believe that stealing a poor old goose should disturb her communion, illustrates the divorce between religion and morals among many heathen converts, who, though faithful in church duties, may live supinely in the ruts of barbarism, and and remain victims of its gross traditions and superstitions.

Hampton teachers, by their peculiar training, would be qualified to inculcate such industrial habits as would lead most surely to reform.

How interesting and dramatic would it be if the churches of Virginia should aid in this work. Many a Southerner would gladly do his part toward the support of a former slave as an African evangelist, were he assured of his qualifications.

It will be said "they are needed at home; charity begins there." Ten out of two hundred going on a distant mission, full of uncertainty, and difficulty, would inspire the whole with such a self-respect, and a zeal for duty, that the expedition would pay from a purely stay-at-home standpoint. The gain in quality would far outweigh the loss in quantity. When a millionaire parts with half of his money in an effort to do good, there is more of him than there was before. When a nation gives up its best youth to save its freedom and its principles it is richer after the sacrifice. The reaction and inspiration of noble deeds is their chief value to the world.

There is some cheap wit and plausible philosophy at the expense of missionaries, often by those who say most about, and do least, to illustrate in their own lives, the universal brotherhood of man.

Charity begins, but it does not end at home. One man may have the strength of ten. Let a dozen of our Hampton boys "burn their ships;" give themselves to the African Crusade, and the residue would fill the gap ten times over by their share of the spirit that led their comrades to a foreign field. "To save one's life is to lose it; to lose it is to save it."

Progress at the South is at a snails pace, corruption is advancing with strides. Ignorance and perverted knowledge are doing their perfect work.

We believe that among the illiterate of all classes the ballot is becoming more and more misused; that they are looking more at its commercial value than at its responsibilities. The freedman have gained about all they can hope for by legislation. Their rights were a personal, tangible, all important issue that sent them in solid phalanxes to the polls, invincible by bribes or threats. This inspiration is nearly gone; the duty of the voter in the abstract is not realized.

The most active wire puller or ring candidate finds it hard to persuade the farmer or mechanic to leave his work and walk two or three miles to the polls. There is a growing indifference among the honest class, partly because they are not thrilled by the issues presented, and partly because they will not take the trouble to vote for such men as present themselves. A student's letter in another column illustrates well the course of the lower class when there is a chance to make something out of the right of suffrage.

The crying need of the colored race is education and Christian morals. Thoroughly equipped institutions which shall train their best youth to become teachers, and examples for the rest are demanded. An efficient common school system which shall gather in the multitudes of children, destitute of every decent influence and means of grace, now ranging the pine barrens and plantations of the South, is the only barrier that can resist the present tendency. There are some few school houses, such as they are, and fewer teachers. The first and last need is *men*. The work that Northern benevolence can and ought to do at the South is to help furnish the educators of this race. These given, the desired result will follow; they will bring the people out right.

Virginia leads, and some of the other Southern States are following in an honest worthy effort for the education of all their children, white and colored. Pinching poverty limits their efforts.

When the good men of the North and South unite in laying the foundations of sound educational work for the freedmen, the result is likely to be great both in the redemption of that race, and for the national welfare.

One T. W. C. a graduate from Hampton, in a recent letter to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN—a journal by the way, that has recently become so conservative that it leans the other way—proves himself to be an adept in showing how worthless he is; that is, in the person of his race. Such truculency is sure of reward. But why did the editors publish it, when they themselves acknowledge it to have been intended only for sewer eyes? We feel sure they would not have done so, had the writer been white. Have Virginia conservatives captured Hampton?—*Philadelphia Christian Recorder.*

In the October number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, appeared a letter from a graduate of the Normal School, giving his impressions, from personal observation, of some of the colored people and officials in Eastern North Carolina. Because those impressions were unfavorable, we are censured for publishing them. Neither their general truthfulness, nor the justice of our correspondent's criticisms have been denied. Yet our brethren of the "Philadelphia Christian Recorder" have no better name than "truculency," for this plain unvarnished statement of facts. We confess we do not belong to this numerous class,

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Its field was a new one and had to be ploughed before it was sowed. The freedman did not know that he wanted a newspaper; especially one that discussed crops and housekeeping, social virtues and general intelligence, instead of politics. In this preparatory work, the graduates of the Normal School, scattered through the country as teachers, have done good service and been among our best agents. The slowly growing list of regularly paid subscriptions among the freedmen, though now suffering the arrest of hard times, shows that the paper is taking hold on the class for which it was especially intended.

Our audience had not only to be collected, but studied, and a growing adaptation to its wants, we believe, is an essential element in the paper's growth.

Our illustrations have been an immense help. The friendly publishers in the North who have enabled us by them to get access to the freedmen's cabins, cannot estimate the wealth of sunshine they have sent into these humble homes. Sometimes we find one of the pictures carefully cut out and pinned against the cabin wall, and we do not find fault with the sacrifice of the rest of the paper to admit the spirit of taste and home adornment.

For the 117 plates which have illuminated our paper in these four years, we are indebted to Mr. J. R. Osgood, Mr. J. L. Shorey, and Mr. H. O. Houghton, of Boston; the A. B. C. F. M. Society, through Mr. Charles Hutchins, Boston; the Congregational Publishing Society, through Mr. Moses Sargent, of Boston; the American Tract Society, through Rev. J. D. Stevenson, New York; and Messrs. Harper Bros., New York. To all of these generous friends, for the favors already bestowed, and the kind promises of more, we renew our hearty thanks, and the thanks of our readers.

In May 1873, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN took a new departure. Its April number had been printed at the rate of 800 a day, on the second-hand Washington Press, which was the best the office could afford to purchase at the start. The May number was printed at the rate of 800 an hour, on one of Hoe & Co's New Hand Stop Cylinder Presses, presented to the office by that celebrated firm. The value of this noble gift, to which Messrs. Farmer, Little & Co., of New York, added a large quantity of new and handsome type, was not only to the advantage of the paper but of the printing office, enabling it to avail itself of a large amount of job work, which before had to be refused for lack of time.

In January '74, the WORKMAN was changed to quarto form, a decided advantage in appearance and convenience. The latest improvement is a small Baxter steam engine to run the press, employed first for the last (November) number. This secures a much steadier and firmer press-work, and will do better justice to our illustrations.

Among our chief encouragements, is the sympathy of our Northern and Southern friends who become our subscribers for love of the cause,—knowing that every paper they take helps send one into a cabin home. We are also greatly indebted to the editors and proprietors of many of the principal journals and magazines of the country, who, for the same love, put us on their exchange list. These exchanges are not sacrificed by the editorial scissors, but pass from our office to the Reading Room of the 200 students of the Hampton Normal School, and thus the beams of light are shed afar, and find repeated reflection.

Our Hampton neighbors must have a special word of thanks. Not only is our paper taken by many here, both white and colored, but our office is liberally sustained by our friends of opposite politics; members of the legal profession, county officers and business men, who put their work into our hands.

With all this good will in the past, the evidences of progress, and the consciousness of high and honest aims, we have faith in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN'S future.

Some time ago, a Northern friend wrote to us that he had been so struck with its steady progress, and so convinced of its importance that he had placed a full file in the Library of Harvard College for preservation, as possessing historic interest in the records of a new development of civilization. We mean to use every effort to make it worthy such preservation and such work; to push every advantage—not only to hold the ground already gained, but to make this a base for further advance.

In Great Britain and the United States, there is plainly, a growing interest in the redemption of Africa. Attention is invited to an account in another column of the proceedings of the American Missionary Association at their last annual meeting.

Protestants and Catholics have planted their Missionary Stations along the coast, and already about $400,000 are expended annually by the former—$300,000 by English, and $30,000 by American christians.

Unless the negro of America is a failure, he will take an active part in this great movement to regenerate a continent. Africa does not need ship loads of discontented freedmen. She needs ideas; men of faith and purpose; and especially, those who in themselves illustrate what is possible for that race.

Within ten years we expect that a company of our Hampton graduates, not as full fledged Reverends, but as earnest teachers, will accept an African outpost, imparting not only the higher truths of the Bible, but also, the lessons of practical industry, thrift, and decency, which they have learned here. Mission work is only genuine and thorough as it is civilizing. The customs of savage life are fatal to a growing Christianity. There may be convictions and conversions, but only a weak, backsliding piety unless there is a basis of self respect, an enlightened conscience, a new habit of life. This is of slow growth. The old colored woman who would not believe that stealing a poor old goose should disturb her communion, illustrates the divorce between religion and morals among many heathen converts, who, though faithful in church duties, may live supinely in the ruts of barbarism, and and remain victims of its gross traditions and superstitions.

Hampton teachers, by their peculiar training, would be qualified to inculcate such industrial habits as would lead most surely to reform.

How interesting and dramatic would it be if the churches of Virginia should aid in this work. Many a Southerner would gladly do his part toward the support of a former slave as an African evangelist, were he assured of his qualifications.

It will be said "they are needed at home; charity begins there." Ten out of two hundred going on a distant mission, full of uncertainty, and difficulty, would inspire the whole with such a self-respect, and a zeal for duty, that the expedition would pay from a purely stay-at-home standpoint. The gain in quality would far outweigh the loss in quantity. When a millionaire parts with half of his money in an effort to do good, there is more of him than there was before. When a nation gives up its best youth to save its freedom and its principles it is richer after the sacrifice. The reaction and inspiration of noble deeds is their chief value to the world.

There is some cheap wit and plausible philosophy at the expense of missionaries, often by those who say most about, and do least, to illustrate in their own lives, the universal brotherhood of man.

Charity begins, but it does not end at home. One man may have the strength of ten. Let a dozen of our Hampton boys "burn their ships;" give themselves to the African Crusade, and the residue would fill the gap ten times over by their share of the spirit that led their comrades to a foreign field. "To save one's life is to lose it; to lose it is to save it."

Progress at the South is at a snails pace, corruption is advancing with strides. Ignorance and perverted knowledge are doing their perfect work.

We believe that among the illiterate of all classes the ballot is becoming more and more misused; that they are looking more at its commercial value than at its responsibilities. The freedman have gained about all they can hope for by legislation. Their rights were a personal, tangible, all important issue that sent them in solid phalanxes to the polls, invincible by bribes or threats. This inspiration is nearly gone; the duty of the voter in the abstract is not realized.

The most active wire puller or ring candidate finds it hard to persuade the farmer or mechanic to leave his work and walk two or three miles to the polls. There is a growing indifference among the honest class, partly because they are not thrilled by the issues presented, and partly because they will not take the trouble to vote for such men as present themselves. A student's letter in another column illustrates well the course of the lower class when there is a chance to make something out of the right of suffrage.

The crying need of the colored race is education and Christian morals. Thoroughly equipped institutions which shall train their best youth to become teachers, and examples for the rest are demanded. An efficient common school system which shall gather in the multitudes of children, destitute of every decent influence and means of grace, now ranging the pine barrens and plantations of the South is the only barrier that can resist the present tendency. There are some few school houses, such as they are, and fewer teachers. The first and last need is *men*. The work that Northern benevolence can and ought to do at the South is to help furnish the educators of this race. These given, the desired result will follow; they will bring the people out right.

Virginia leads, and some of the other Southern States are following in an honest worthy effort for the education of all their children, white and colored. Pinching poverty limits their efforts.

When the good men of the North and South unite in laying the foundations of sound educational work for the freedmen, the result is likely to be great both in the redemption of that race, and for the national welfare.

One T. W. C. a graduate from Hampton, in a recent letter to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN—a journal by the way, that has recently become so conservative that it leans the other way—proves himself to be an adept in showing how worthless he is; that is, in the person of his race. Such truculency is sure of reward. But why did the editors publish it, when they themselves acknowledge it to have been intended only for select eyes? We feel sure they would not have done so, had the writer been white. Have Virginia conservatives captured Hampton?—*Philadelphia Christian Recorder.*

In the October number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, appeared a letter from a graduate of the Normal School, giving his impressions, from personal observation, of some of the colored people and officials in Eastern North Carolina. Because those impressions were unfavorable, we are censured for publishing them. Neither their general truthfulness, nor the justice of our correspondent's criticisms have been denied. Yet our brethren of the "Philadelphia Christian Recorder" have no better name than "truculency," for this plain unvarnished statement of facts. We confess we do not belong to that numerous class,

who always raise their hands with a prodigious "hush!" when the truth is in danger of being spoken. We believe that misconception of the colored man's state retards his true progress, and that honesty to him and his friends will wear best in the long run. For years our aim has been to encourage the development in the freedman of a solid basis for self-esteem. We would not wish to see him satisfied with the empty husks of vanity and conceit, and when whole communities are willing to entrust the administration of the law to men who, as our correspondent says are "wholly destitute of character," it is necessary and proper that they should be aided in seeing themselves as others see them. And though the WORKMAN is not a political paper, we are free to say that we have a better opinion of the Republican party than to believe, as our friends of the Recorder seem to do, that telling the truth, unpalatable though it may be, is any indication of an abandonment of that party, or, as he expresses it, of being "captured" by conservatives. No. The best friends of that party are those in its ranks, who have not hesitated to point out and condemn its errors; and the truest friends of the colored race are those who will show them their failings and their dangers, and how alone they may be avoided.

Those who are compelled to seek a warmer climate, and do not care to go to the extreme South, will do well to try a Virginia winter. At Fort Monroe, the Hygeia Hotel, crowded in summer with guests, offers a charming resort, especially for the fall and spring months.

At Hampton good winter board can be obtained at the rate of ten dollars per week at comfortable private houses. There are few days from October till May, when one cannot enjoy rowing on Hampton creek. Riding cannot be much enjoyed in winter weather by reason of the mud. There is deer-hunting in Warwick county, fifteen miles distant, abundance of wild ducks on all the water about here, and it is the Paradise of oysters. The best medical skill can be had by those requiring such attention. The brilliant dress parade and military evolutions at Fort Monroe, experiments to test the strength and accuracy of heavy ordnance by the officers of the Artillery school, the beautiful grounds of the National Soldiers' Home, near Hampton, containing the finest green house in the State, and the many sided Hampton Institute, with its farm, shops, and eager aspirants for academic honors, all give a freshness and variety to a winter here that cannot be found in the usual Southern resorts.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax and Mrs. Colfax, with a party of ladies and gentlemen from Baltimore, and Fortress Monroe, visited the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute on November 10.

After inspecting the various departments, industrial and academic of the school, and listening to some singing by the students, Mr. Colfax addressed them in a speech which was received with much applause. He said that he had been very much impressed, not only in listening to the melody of their voices, but also in the thorough and painstaking manner in which they are instructed. He told them that the reputation of this school has gone all over the land, that all understand its noble aims and objects, and how its students are instructed so that they themselves become teachers, and thus its influence will be felt in tens of thousands of families. After some excellent advice to young teachers, which we record more fully in another column, the "*Teacher's Table*," Mr. Colfax spoke some encouraging words of the condition and progress of the colored race, saying that it has since its emancipation more than realized the expectations of its friends. He then closed with a warm eulogy of President Lincoln, which was met with hearty applause, and lade the school and the students "God speed and good speed."

The speech, notwithstanding a rather rapid delivery, was well reported by Mr. Bodell, of Old Point, correspondent of the Associated Press.

After leaving the school, Mr. Colfax and his party visited the Chesapeake Soldiers' Home, and left the same evening for Richmond.

For our pictures this month we are indebted to three friendly sources. Messrs. Harper Bros., for our beautiful frontispiece; the American Tract Society, for the pictures of Burying Hill and the Standish Monument; and to the American Congregational Publishing Society, a new contributor, for the Dove's return to the Ark.

Mr. George Dixon's establishment at Hampton, Va., on a co-operation basis, furnishes as good oysters as can be found in this region. Those desirous of obtaining kegs of fresh oysters for Christmas, will do well to look at his advertisement.

The Annual Meeting of the American Missionary Association of New York, was held at Middletown, Conn., Thursday, Oct. 23th.

A paper was read by Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, on the "Inadequacy of Legislation to the Fundamental Reconstruction of the South." He emphasized it as the reconstruction of society, not of government. Law, he understood, has done about all that it can do in removing legal disabilities. What is needed, is the mutual conciliation of the races. Good legislation should rather be the effect then the cause of the reconstruction we hope for. Legislation exhibits and records progress, but does not inspire it.

Rev. Edward Hawes, of New Haven, read an exhaustive paper on "Slavery and the Slave Trade." After a rapid historical review, showing that slavery is almost as old as the race, and not confined to any zone, not even an European country that has not profited by its traffic, he proved that, while emancipation has been accomplishing rapid and seeming y universal victories, the work yet to be done is immense, millions still being under the hardest yoke of slavery. Multitudes of Chinese emigrants are bought and sold by contract, in the coolie trade, prevailing in Cuba, Australia, the French colonies and Peru, in which latter country it is estimated that 100,000 miserable Coolees have perished under a harder bondage than slavery ever imposed in our South. This forced labor system is carried on in a frightful way in many countries, though of late Japan has abolished it and our own government does not recognize coolie contracts. Brazil has a mill on and a half of slaves, and though the emperor favors emancipation, and has one decreed it, conservatism still frustrates his endeavors. Africa, especially the east coast, is dominated by the slave trade, the Portuguese controlling 900 miles, and the interior is a vast hunting ground. Anywhere from 400,000 to 1,000,000 are annually sacrificed by actual sale into slavery, or by war and disease and broken hearts in the process of getting them to market. At Zanz bar, one of the slave marts, from one to three hundred are daily exposed for sale, and the trade is mainly carried on by emigrants from India, protected by English law. The khedivo of Egypt, though thought to be sincerely opposed to the trade, is practically negatived in all his efforts to suppress it by his Mohamedan executive, and this is one reason why he summons around him such as Baker, Stone, Gordon and Cameron. The Portuguese abolition of slavery is only a pretense, and if the khedivo does anything effectually against the slave trade, it must be by the pressure of foreign sentiment and the aid of foreign intervention. Mohamedanism, wherever it prevails, is the natural ally of slavery.

An important paper was read by the Rev. M. G. Dana, of Norwich, Conn., upon "The Relation of the Freedmen to the Evangelization of Africa," of which we give brief extracts:

A new significance will be given to the work of this society when it is seen to have relations to two continents. The inquiry is a timely and practical one, and to its earnest consideration the public mind of this country needs to be awakened.

1. Let us look at the field in some of its geographical features. Africa, about which so much of late has been written, lies between latitudes 38 deg. north, and 35 deg. south; and is of all continents the most tropical. The Atlantic washes its western coast, the Mediterranean the northern, and the Indian ocean the eastern. Its superficial extent is estimated by the best authority at 9,853,000 square miles, exclusive of the islands. This vast continent, once the emporium of commerce, contending with Rome for the sovereignity of the world, the cradle of the ancient church, and the asylum of the infant Saviour, has remained until recently one of the least known.

The coasts of Egypt, of the Red Sea, and of the Mediterranean were early settled; in these regions christian churches were early founded, and colleges and repositories of science and learning established. When Alexandria was at the height of its fame, christian bishops of apostolic renown and a noble array of martyrs lent to Africa annals an unusual interest, while the labors of St. Mark, Apollos, Clement, and Origen attest how early christianity obtained a foothold on this continent. The interior, however, was practically, and to a very recent date has remained, a *terra incognita*. The uncertainty and confusion that prevailed as to the geography of the country, led in 1788, to the formation in London of a society for promoting the exploration of inner Africa, and under its auspices important information was obtained through such travelers as Houghton, Mungo Park, Hornemun, Brasckhardt, and others.

11. Let us note next, what has been done religiously in this field. One needs to read the story of African missions, so full of pathetic suffering, of incidents the most tragic, to which the saintliest and most gifted of Christ's disciples out of every land have dedicated their lives—for they only can be realized how much the christian heart has felt, how much achieved for this benighted country. There are graves in that sad and suffering land around which in thought one cannot but linger,—while thrilling memories come back to him, recalling the heroic and holy officers of such as Threlfford, who left a home of wealth and the charms of social enjoyment in England, to preach Christ to African heathen; and John Williams, "the martyr of Eromanga," who went out as a companion to the venerable missionary Dr. Moffat; and Joseph Danwell, "the angel of Gola," as the grateful natives at Cape Coast Powa called him; and the devoted Melville Cox, the first missionary of the Methodist Church in this country to Africa, who in the university of this very town (Middletown, Conn.) said, on parting with a friend, "If I die, write as my epitaph, 'Let a thousand fall, before Africa be given up;'" and the earnest Bryant, of the American Board; and the scholarly Vanderkemp, of Rotterdam, a graduate of Leyden University, who gave up honors and the society of the learned to proclaim the gospel to the degraded Hottentots and Kaffres; and Bishop McKenzie, the zealous leader of the universities mission; and last though not least, that intrepid traveler who consecrated his life to making known to the world the wants and woes of Africa, and the possibility of christianizing it—David Livingstone. Nor does this list include the names of holy women not a few, who with rare self-devotion, counted not their lives dear to themselves, if only they could tell to Africa's daughters "The old, old story of Jesus and his love." In Egypt, Abyssinia and Africa, seven societies are at work, eight thousand copies of the Coptic New Testament have recently been sold, and crowds have listened to the preaching of the gospel.

Summary.—For a total exhibit we can report that the Church Missionary Society of England spends about $95,000 annually in Africa, and had last year more than 15,000 children in its schools. The London Missionary Society is at present expending $36,000 yearly. The Wesleyan Society, which is in advance of every other, has now reached the sum of $125,000 as its annual outlay for its African missions, and has 17,000 children under training in its schools. The Baptist Mission Society in 1873, expended $13,000 for its work in that continent. The entire amount spent by the churches of Great Britain for Africa's evangelization is now over $300,000 a year. The Basle Mission, founded in 1816, has sent from its college 99 missionaries to the Gold coast region of Africa, and numbers 2,414 converts. The American missionary societies spend, all told, not far from $80,000 yearly in Africa.

The interest in this work was never greater than at present. The Church Missionary Society has just sent eight laborers to East Africa designing to establish one strong station, with a view to a chain of stations towards the interior. The Church of Scotland is about to establish a mission station at the southern extremity of Lake Nyassa, while the Free Church, together with the Reformed Presbyterian Church, are to memorialize Dr. Livingstone by a new mission called Livingstonia, on the banks of Lake Nyassa.

In conclusion Mr. Dana recommended:—Endue the Africans of this country with the missionary spirit and establish a training school for missionaries in Africa.

THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING DAY has been clouded by the sad intelligence of the death of VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON, who breathed his last on Tuesday, Nov. 22d, at 7-30 A. M., in his room at the capitol, after a short illness, from which he was supposed to be convalescent.

His death is a great national loss, when wise counsels and clear foresight are so much needed for the crisis which is approaching. The Republican party loses in him one of its chief original organizers, and most able and eloquent leaders; the country, a statesman whose honesty and integrity are recognized by all parties. More than a quarter of a century of prominent political life—one of the severest tests to which a man's character can be submitted—has left his record sustained, and growing brighter. It is a significant fact in these days of official corruption, that he leaves the political stage a poor man. He has not speculated in his country's trust.

By the colored people, he will be remembered with Charles Sumner, whose intimate friend he was, and by whose side he worked for twenty years, in the cause of freedom and equal rights. His most eloquent speeches in the United States Senate, his commanding influence as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs during the late war, his labors since its close in the work of reconstruction, and the chief of his literary efforts, were devoted to the cause of the colored race. He was one of the original founders of the Freedmen's Bureau. Those who recall his visit to the Hampton Institute three years ago, will remember his delight in the education of the freedmen, and his words of encouragement to the students.

Ardent Abolitionist as he always was, and occupying so prominent a position in Northern politics, his desire to promote good-will between all sections of the country, was known and appreciated in the South as well as the North. During the war he visited Alexander H. Stephens in prison, and General Breckenridge on his death bed. In his tour through the South last winter, he was met with cordiality everywhere. His heart, like President Lincoln's, was full of "charity to all, and malice to none."

As the North has so lately united with the South in tributes of respect to the memory of Stonewall Jackson, the Christian soldier, so may the South join the North in sincere mourning for the Christian statesman, Henry Wilson.

The most valuable lesson of Vice-President Wilson's life, is perhaps this:—He was a "manual laborer, and the son of a manual laborer," with only four week's schooling in a year, till he was twenty-one; yet by that time he had read seven hundred books, chiefly historical and biographical, from the library of a lady who encouraged him. He was a genuine specimen of an American self-made man. "The Natick cobbler" rose to the Vice President's seat by sheer force of character—by virtue of the strength that was in him. He kept his record unspotted from the corrupt world of politics by christian principle. His career says to young men:—You can never be statesmen if you haven't it in you—you can never be pure statesmen, if you are not pure men!

INDELIBLE MARKING PAPER FOR MARKING CLOTHING WITHOUT A PREPARATION.—*Direction*—Lay the indelible Paper upon the article to be marked, and place over it a thin piece of writing paper, upon which write with a common lead pencil, or any smooth point. If the marking is pressed with a hot flat-iron or otherwise heated for a few seconds, it can be washed immediately with hot water and soap as usual. Warrant-ed not to fade or spread in the cloth. A package sent, post-paid, on receipt of thirty-five cents, two for sixty-cents. Address B. ALEXANDER & CO., Sole United States Agt's, Eighth street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Agents wanted, send for terms. Please quote this paper. 12-6

Agricultural.

FACTS ABOUT PEA HAY.

After a trial of two months, and seeing the much longer experience of a neighbor, I believe that no better hay for working teams can be gotten, than what is made by cutting cow-peas before they are ripe enough to shell.

On the 24th day of July, four bushels of black cow-peas were sown on about two and a half acres of ground. On the 24th day of October, seven good cartloads of dry hay were housed. Thus as much hay was secured in three months as could have been gotten, in some of our dry seasons, from clover, in fifteen months.

Peas sown in May come off in time for fall seeding. In June or July they are sown after the spring crop is harvested. They are cured with less risk than any other hay crop, because their chief value lies in the stalk and peas, neither of which are easily injured by rain. They dry in the mow, because they will not pack closely. They are a sure crop, in seasons when clover dries to death. The South has no need to trifle with grasses while she has the cow-peas for hay.

A team of horses at constant service on the road, was found to fatten so fast when fed pea hay, instead of baled hay from Maryland, that their supply of grain was reduced from 12 quarts to three quarts each per day, without diminution of their life and vigor.

F. RICHARDSON,
Norfolk, Va.

We have received from Europe a limited quantity of the Bismark, late Cabbage Seed, which produces solid heads of cabbage the size of the mouth of a flour barrel and larger. These enormous cabbages are raised with the most ordinary cultivation, in any climate, and at present prices, double the ordinary profit is realized from their production. In transplanting from these seed, great care should be used to give sufficient space for growth. A package sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents; 3 packages $1 00; 8 for $2 00. A sure cure for cabbage pests and 4 beautiful chromos, The Malden's Dream, full set sent free with each package. Address, B. Alexander & Co., sole U. S. Agents, 8th St., opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Please quote this paper. 12-6

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

MRS. HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam:
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast"

—*Landing of the Pilgrims.—by Mrs. Hemans.*

Yes; that is the landing of the Pilgrims by Mrs. Hemans; but, fortunately for the Pilgrims, the landing by themselves was not opposed by quite such formidable obstacles. It is only one illustration of the fact that writers who draw upon their own imagination for descriptions of distant scenes are liable to make mistakes.

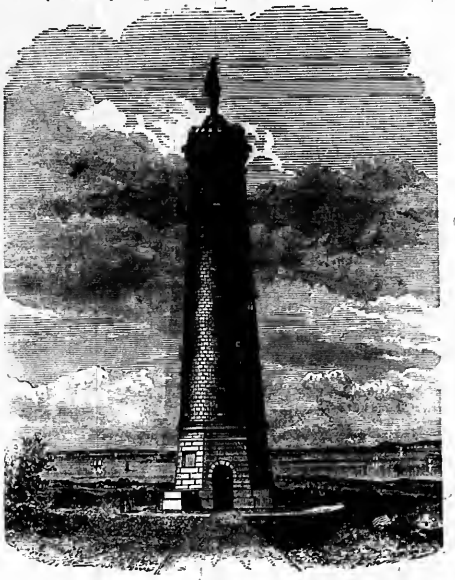
Whoever goes to Plymouth expecting to find the "rock-bound coast" the English poet sings of, will be disappointed. No rugged cliffs and frowning crags with wild surf roaring at their feet, but, as far as the eye can reach in either direction, smooth sweeps of sand-beach, and now and then low rounded hills in the background, on one of which now rises a tall column in honor of one of the bravest of the Pilgrim Fathers, Capt. Miles Standish. As the ancient Pilgrim chronicles wrote it, "A bay greater than Cape Cod, compassed with goodly land, and in the bay, two fine islands uninhabited, whereon are nothing but woods; immense store of fowl and excellent food, and cannot but be of fish in the season—a most hopeful port."

But what is Plymouth Rock, then? It is, curiously enough, the only rock that is to be found on the coast for many miles; a solitary ledge or huge boulder, now nearly buried in the sand; differing in geological structure from any stone in the vicinity. How it came there nobody can tell, but it made a very good stepping-stone from oppression to freedom, a threshold to a new civilization and a new world.

The natural growth of the shore, and the building of wharves have left the Rock so far up the beach now that a giant could not reach it, at one stride, from a boat in the bay; but, fortunately, we need feel no doubts as we stand upon it, that it is the very spot first pressed by Pilgrim feet in Plymouth. There is no possibility of misplaced enthusiasm here. Its story is not one of those that has crept from romance into history, but is as well authenticated as that of George Washington and his little hatchet. In 1741, it formed part of the natural shore where waves flowed at high tide. It was proposed that year to build a wharf which would cover it; but an old man was living in Plymouth, Thomas Faunce, the last ruling elder in the first church there. He was ninety-five years old, and had known some of the Pilgrim Fathers intimately. When he heard of this intended sacrilege, he tottered weeping to the stone, and, in presence of many of the citizens, pointed out the rock made sacred by the Pilgrims' feet. In 1818, a man was living, for fifty-two years town clerk in Plymouth, who was present at this memorable scene. From that day the Rock has been held in reverence.

When the Revolutionary war was impending, the citizens of Plymouth undertook to remove the whole of the Rock to Town Square to make of it a "liberty pulpit" from which to rouse the patriotism of the people. A large piece was split off in the attempt, and they concluded to be satisfied with this. Twenty yoke of oxen dragged it to the Square, where a liberty pole was put up beside it, and many a rousing speech was made from the "liberty pulpit," doubtless.

There it was left until 1834, when it was set up with appropriate ceremonies in front of the Pilgrim Memorial Hall, where it now stands, enclosed with an iron railing. The date 1620 is printed on the stone in large white letters, and all around the railing are inscribed the names of the Pilgrim



STANDISH MONUMENT.

landers.

Within the Memorial Hall are gathered many curious relics of the Pilgrims: the sword of brave Miles Standish; Governor Carver's high backed, magisterial chair; tables and stoves, andirons, money chests, and antique cabinets brought over in the *May-flower*, with Indian tomahawks and arrow heads strangely interspersed among the peaceful relics of the Pilgrims' primitive household furniture!

BURYING HILL.

Until a few years, the original Rock on the shore has been suffered to remain protected from oblivion only by its historical record, and from the depredations of curious visitors who would carry it off bit by bit, only by the drifting sand which has nearly buried it out of sight. Now, a beautiful granite temple stands over it, at once a monument and a defence.

Above the strip of shore on which it stands, rises the low hill or ledge on which the Pilgrims buried their dead through the first terrible year of struggle, when, as Governor Bradford wrote, they "dug seven times as many graves as they built houses." These graves they were obliged to level, and sow the hillside with corn to conceal them from savage attacks. Still above this ledge is "Burying Hill," thickly covered with ancient tombstones, and surmounted by the ruins of the first fort built to protect the little colony from the Indians.

At the foot of the first declivity, stretches the narrow street of the earliest Plymouth, of which not a single house remains, though there are some quite ancient ones in the present town. "We make narrow streets and small lots," says the Pilgrim chronicle, "because we have no strength to take care of more." Here Governor Bradford, and Governor Carver, and Captain Standish, and all the brave leaders, men of rare gifts and cultivation, from the best families of the old world, labored in the field together, built their own houses, planted their own corn, and shared all the toils and dangers of the pilgrim band. They were men of great heart and great genius; genius which sees the end from the beginning, a great state in a savage wilderness, and hopes all things, believes all things, and endures all things to accomplish the vision.

How has it been accomplished? Not one of that struggling band went back in the *May-flower* which brought them over. More and more came out to them, flying from religious persecution in England where the royal commissioners told them "only obey the law and come to the established church, and be a dissembler, hypocrite or devil if you will." They chose the wilderness rather than such a compromise with conscience, until, as Doctor Bacon, in *Harpers' Magazine*, says, "Twenty-one thousand Puritans are supposed to have come over to America. The descendents of Bradford and Robinson, Winthrop, Cotton, and the rest, have increased to *seven millions*, carefully estimated. They have spread from ocean to ocean. Many of the early Puritans were cultivated and accomplished men. Most of them at heart republicans. The compact formed in the cabin of the *May flower* became the model on which every State, from Maine to Oregon, has been founded. Like these early Pilgrims, our people everywhere pledge themselves to obey the laws which they have themselves sanctioned, and which derive all their authority from the consent of the people, but which the people will enforce with their united strength. The moral system of the Puritans has become the foundation of our great prosperity. It was upon knowledge and religion they built their state. Every State has obeyed the precepts of Robinson and Brewster, till Colorado and California founded their prosperity on their public schools."

With this record, we can all claim an interest in Plymouth Rock, "from ocean to ocean," from the Bay to the Gulf. As I stood on the ledge a year ago watching a December sunset over Plymouth Bay, the Pilgrims' nameless graves beneath my feet, and saw a group of Hampton students gathering with enthusiastic shouts around Plymouth Rock, I thought; Who has a better right to stand there, with the children of the Puritans, than this race which has sent as brave a band of Pilgrim Fathers to Africa as those that landed here, and is standing itself on the threshold of a new civilization and a new world of liberty?

H. W. L.

The *Riverside Weekly*, of Louisville, Ky., says—A friend has furnished us a record of the tavern-keepers of Bardstown as recollected by an old and reliable citizen, from 1794 to 1833. He gives their names, habits, and pecuniary results. The number foots up twenty-three. Of them, only four realized any profit out of the business—while sixteen of them became addicted to the use of liquor, and most of them drank hard. This was when liquors were not so adulterated as now, yet the curse of the business was fatal. A record of the liquor venders for the past decade would tell a more appalling story, by far. It seems that God has never forgotten to note out "woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips."

They have a working men's temperance prayer meeting in Buffalo, New York, inaugurated and sustained by the christian women of the city. One hundred and sixty-six reformed drunkards, during the year, is the work of these meetings.

THE DOVE.

The bird let loose in Eastern Skies
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing nor flies
Where idler warblers roam.

But high she shoots thro' air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her sight,
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft thro' faith's serener air
To hold my course to Thee.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

—*Moore.*

THE CARRIER DOVE.

Well did the patriarch Noah choose, in sending forth this gentle bird as his messenger over the waste of waters. Its wonderful power of flight, and instinct for returning home are, still, often made use of in different countries. Trained to know one home, it is then carried to some distant point with which communication is desired. A tiny letter on thinnest paper is tied under its wing. The moment it is set free, it wheels high into the air, and then—"without compass, chart or quadrant"—starts home with unerring flight, though that home may be hundreds of miles away. It is said to fly, sometimes, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. During the siege of Paris, in the French and German war, in 1870, constant correspondence was held, by means of this aerial post, between the city and its friends outside.

The dove with the olive branch is our fitting emblem of peace, the harbinger of returning prosperity after the wild unrest of war.

THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Some of our readers may remember an illustration which appeared not long since in our pages, of the dredging constantly carried on in the South Pass of the Mississippi delta. Since the 14th of June last, a company of engineers have been at work building jetties with a view to permanently deepening the channel of this same South Pass, and the latest reports from them are most encouraging. The jetties on the east and west sides are rapidly progressing, a large part of the mattress foundation has been securely laid, and the channel is cutting out with extraordinary rapidity, having already gained seven feet in depth at the head of the works. The engineer in command does not hesitate to affirm his belief that before the end of the present year, the largest ships will be able to enter the river by the South Pass at any tide, and proceed without delay to New Orleans. If such hopes as these should become certainties the commerce of New Orleans and of the whole surrounding country will receive immense impetus, and that department of the South will have reason to look forward to greater prosperity than of late has fallen to its lot.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

The expedition under Mr. H. M. Stanley, (an American) to which we alluded in our September number, left Bagamoyo, a town on the coast of Zanguibar, in the month of November last, and after a perilous journey of one hundred and three days, reached, on the 27th of February, the shore of the Victoria Nyanza Lake. Mr. Stanley's account of the journey has reached us safely and is full of interest, while the results of his exploration promise to be of the first importance. As usual, want of space prevents us from giving our readers anything like a detailed account of the work accomplished or the country traversed, but we cannot refrain from the attempt to condense Mr. Stanley's most interesting letter to the *N. Y. Herald*, taking for granted our readers' desire to know as much as possible in regard to African exploration.

The first great danger of the expedition arose from the desertion of the guides, who left Mr. Stanley to lead his little army of something over three hundred men, with no aid but his compass, through an almost impenetrable jungle. On the fifth day they reached a small village, where the people themselves were half starved and had no food to offer the hungry and exhausted travellers.

A party of twenty of the strongest of these was detailed to go northward in search of supplies, and Mr. Stanley himself struck into the woods in search of game. He returned empty handed, and his own words best tell what followed: "I was so struck with the pinched faces of my poor people, that I could have wept heartily, except for the fear of alarming them, and I resolved to do something at once for their relief. I emptied a sheet-iron trunk of its contents, filled it with water, and put it on the fire; then broke open our medical stores, took five pounds of oat-meal and three tins of revalenta arabica, (prepared food) with which I made gruel to feed two hundred and twenty men. O, it was a rare sight to see these poor famine stricken people assisting me to cook that huge pot of gruel; and it was a still rarer sight to watch the pleasure steal over

THE CARRIER DOVE.

their faces as they drank the generous food. After forty-eight hours' waiting we heard the joyful sounds of musketry announcing the return of the party from Suna, and the food they brought was greedily seized by the hungry people who were so revived by it that one and all clamored to be led away that afternoon. Nowise loth myself to march away from this fatal jungle, I assented, but two more poor fellows breathed their last before we left camp."

On the 21st of January the expedition reached Ituru, a district which came near being fatal to the little band, as the natives were treacherous and cruel, and it was only after three days of hard fighting that Mr. Stanley was able to force his way into a comparatively safe country. They encamped in a broad valley of Ituru, on the day above mentioned, and found themselves at once surrounded by the inhabitants, whom they endeavored to propitiate by gifts, and by great liberality to the doctor, who took the place of a king. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Stanley was obliged to open his bales of goods in order to dry them, and the sight was too much for the greedy natives. Upon a mere pretest war was immediately declared, and the encampment was attacked by an army of natives in full war costume, with bows and arrows in their left hands and spears in their right.

The camp was favorably situated and men were at once set to work to raise a high fence of thorn bushes about it, although Mr. Stanley permitted no active measures of offense until he became quite sure of the intentions of the enemy. On the second day the natives appeared in great force, and four parties were sent out from the camp with orders to burn the villages and seize all the cattle to be found. These attacking parties were in the main successful, toward night returned, bringing cattle and grain, though they reported a loss of twenty-one men. On the third day the natives were completely overcome, and just at daybreak on the fourth day the expedition marched out of the devastated valley, leaving its inhabitants to the fate which they had brought upon themselves by their treachery and greed. Three days later, Mr. Stanley, in halting at Mgongo Tembo, found that he had but one hundred and ninety-four men left, having in less than three months lost by famine, dysentery, heart disease, desertion and war, one hundred and twenty-five men of African birth, and one European.

At last the expedition encamped within one hundred yards of the Victoria Nyanza, and, although Mr. Stanley confesses his ignorance of the actual size and configuration of that great inland sea, he is evidently full of hope that its mysteries are soon to be opened to him. He writes: "As soon as my letters are finished, the sections of the *Lady Alice*" (the boat which he took out with him) "will be screwed together, and the first English boat that ever sailed her mission of thoroughly exploring every nook and cranny of the shores of the Victoria. It is with great pride and pleasure that I think of our success in conveying so large a boat safely through the hundreds of miles of jungle which we traversed, and just now I feel as though the entire wealth of the universe could not tempt me to turn back from my work."

Our readers can now judge for themselves of the importance of this expedition, and of Mr. Stanley's prospect of success in the attempt he is so bravely making to settle the vexed question as to whether the Victoria Nyanza is a simple lake, or a chain of small lakes, and we trust that they will take sufficient interest in this American explorer to look forward with pleasure to the accounts of his work which we hope to offer them in the future numbers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

KAPIOLANI.

In 1825, five years after the first missionaries landed in Hawaii, Kapiolani a woman of high rank, while living at Kaiwaoloa (where Captain Cook was murdered) became a Christian. Grieving for her people, most of whom still feared to anger Pele, she announced that it was her intention to visit Kilauea (the largest known volcano), and dare the fearful goddess to do herworst. Her husband and many others tried to dissuade her, but she was resolute, and taking with her a large retinue, she took a journey of one hundred miles, mostly on foot, over the rugged lava, till she arrived near the crater. There a priestess of Pele met her, threatened her with the displeasure of the goddess if she persisted, and prophesied that she and her followers would perish miserably. Then, as now, *ohelo* berries grew profusely round the terminal wall of Kilauea, and there, as elsewhere, were sacred to Pele, no one daring to eat of them till he had first offered some of them to the divinity. It was usual, on arriving at the crater, to break a branch covered with berries, and, turning the face to the pit of fire, throw half of the branch over the precipice, saying, 'Pele, here are your ohelos. I offer some to you, some I also eat;' after which the natives partook of them freely. Kapiolani gathered and ate them without this formula, after which she and her company of eighty persons decended to the black edge of Halemau-mau. There, in full view of the fiery pit, she thus addressed her followers: 'Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and he should save me from the wrath of Pele, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain! Great Is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God!' Then they sang a hymn. It was more sublime than Elijah's appeal on the soft green slopes of Carmel."—*The Hawaiian Archipelago, by Isabella Bird.*

HOW TO MEASURE BOYS.

"Would you tell a lie for five cents?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Henry decidedly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No ma'am."

"For a hundred dollars?"

"No, ma'am; not even for a hundred dollars."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Henry hesitated. He could buy so many things with a thousand dollars! Oh! it would buy lots of things. While he was thus thinking and hesitating, another boy answered, "No, ma'am," very positively.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because," answered Charles, "when the thousand dollars are gone, the *lie* is there just the same."

Which of these boys was the stouter, morally? Charles, of course.

Ten cents would have measured the moral strength of some boys.

—*Children's Advocate.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH. | The apprehended trouble with Spain has | *The Christian Weekly* says: | THE PILGRIMS.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

MR. THOMAS P. FENNER, for three years in charge of the music department at Hampton Institute, and director of the Hampton singers, until they were disbanded, is now at the head of the department of music at the Temple Grove Seminary, Saratoga, and leader of the Saratoga Musical Association.

DR. HANS VON BULOW, the eminent German pianist, is giving a series of concerts in the principal cities of America.

SENATOR FERRY, of Michigan, President pro tem of the Senate, succeeds Mr. Wilson as Vice President until the next Presidential election, unless the Senate chooses some one else to fill his place.

SENATOR FERRY, of Connecticut, died the day before the Vice President's death. When Mr. Wilson was told of it he spoke feelingly of the loss, and said that Senator Ferry was an active, honorable, and useful man.

A MONUMENT to Edgar Allen Poe, the celebrated author of the "Song of the Bells," and the "Raven," has been erected in Baltimore.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the American historian, announces that he shall continue his history of the United States, in four volumes, from the close of the Revolutionary war to the present time.

THE SLAVE TRADE is very active on the coast of Africa, and the English cruisers have lately made large captures.

THE BROOM MANUFACTURE is one of the important industries of the South. In New Orleans there are already eight factories.

THE STANDARD COTTON COMPRESSES now in use at Norfolk and Portsmouth for reducing the bulk of cotton bales for shipping, are a great improvement on the old hydraulic presses till recently employed, and the most perfect of any of the steam presses. They can be worked at the rate of one hundred bales an hour, and reduce a bale to one-fourth its original size.

DR. GERHARD ROHLFS, the well-known African explorer, has recently arrived in this country, and will spend some months here, and give some lectures on his travels in Africa, which have been very extended and interesting. The American Geographical Society has invited him to speak before its next meeting.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS of Fisk University are enjoying a second tidal wave of prosperity and popularity, in singing before crowded houses in Scotland, and being feted by the Scottish nobility, as they were last year by the English.

AN EFFORT IS BEING MADE to unite all the colored Methodist organizations in the country in one body. This effort is in the direction of the tendency towards union, and the blotting out of ecclesiastical differences now apparent throughout christian churches.

EARTHQUAKES and great showers of volcanic dust and ashes in Iceland, covering the ground to a depth of six inches, destroying pastures, and killing livestock.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT is about to send a new exploring expedition to the interior of Africa, from the west coast to the basin of the White Nile.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has gone to visit India.

TRIAL BY JURY has been established in Japan.

AUSTRALIA is to exhibit specimens of products and manufactures at the Centennial.

CHINA has consented to ask England's pardon for the murder of a British traveler, and to open her lines of trade, and treat foreigners on a just and liberal spirit.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF ALABAMA has a provision that all banks organized in the State must have a specie basis, and their notes must be redeemed in gold and silver. Suspension of specie payments is forbidden; bank charters are granted only for 20 years, and the loaning of State or municipal credit is prohibited.

THE Episcopal Church has just elected to the African Bishopric of Cape Palmas, the Rev. Dr. Clarke, of Augusta, Ga., a distinguished clergyman. This bishopric includes the Liberian colony of Monrovia. The Boston *Advertiser* remarks:

"It has been urged that a colored man be selected for this field, as the English Church has done in the appointment of one for another district of Africa, and as has recently been done by the Church of Hayti. For some reasons the house of bishops have thought best not to adopt the suggestion now, although it is believed that the true plan for the evangelization of Africa is by means of the colored people themselves, and it is wonderful that our colored brethren in this country are not more interested in the matter than they are. It would seem that a wave of enthusiasm should be rolling through their schools and seminaries, leading many to make their mission the reclaiming of Africa. Perhaps it may so be seen in days to come."

THE apprehended trouble with Spain has been peacefully settled. While she claims the right to maintain Courts Martial in revolutionary Cuba, she will guarantee to American citizens fair defense according to the provisions of the treaty of 1795.

THE present cotton crop is said to be the largest since the war.

MOODY AND SANKEY have concluded their labors in Brooklyn and gone to Philadelphia.

The unveiling of the statue of Stonewall Jackson in Richmond, which took place October 27th—too late for notice in our November number—was the occasion of a brilliant and impressive pageant.

When it was first proposed by some English friends to present this statue to Richmond, some fears were expressed that the gift might wake up old animosities and sectional bitterness which it would be better to let die. On the contrary, the Northern press has vied with the Southern in tributes of honest admiration for the sturdy virtues and military genius of their quondam antagonist. As a Richmond journal observes, "the desire to do him honor was so universal as to be absolutely without distinction of race or condition."

This is as it should be. Stonewall Jackson was an American of whom all Americans may feel proud. His virtues belong to the nation, and the due recognition of heroism is essential to any advanced civilization.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR, of New York, died on Nov. 24th, leaving an estate estimated at $200,000,000. His death occurring so near that of Vice President Wilson, suggests what very different kinds of success there are in life. John Jacob Astor, the father of William, came to this country from Germany, a poor young man with a genius for money-making, and a resolute purpose. The immense fortune which he left for his son to increase, was rolled up by steady devotion to business, and sagacious investment in real estate.

Wilson died poor, but his goal was a different one; and he gained it. Wealth and political power are seldom to be honestly got together, and either one is good if used for God and humanity. An ancient tombstone, somewhere, bears the inscription,

"What I spent, I had; what I gave, I have; what I kept, I've lost."

Even the Astor's huge possessions, time may dissipate, but the Astor Library, with its 150,000 volumes, open to all readers, is a lasting monument of their beneficence.

Four beautiful fine oil chromos 7 x 9 and one 9 x 13 sent for fifty cents, and six size 7 x 9 and six size 9 x 12 sent for $1, and a full family portfolio of 100 oil and gem chromos, *very fine*, all designs, $2. They are scriptural scenes, landscapes, sea views, hunting and fishing scenes, Rocky Mountain scenes, birds, animals, fruit and flower designs. Our chromos are facsimile reproductions of the choicest works of the *great masters*, and pronounced by connoisseurs equal to the original oil paintings. Three hundred Decalcomania pictures sent for 50 cents large mixed, nil kinds, $1; and 1,500, $3. A sample of these goods with full instructions to transfer the same will accompany each of the above orders if desired. Address, enclosing price, and a three cent stamp for return of goods by mail. B. ALEXANDER & Co., wholesale and retail dealers, 8th street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Agents and tradesmen are making money selling our goods. Ladies are meeting with great success in this work. A full agent's outfit of 200 fine samples sent on receipt of $5. Please state the name of the paper you saw this in. 12-6

WHAT OUR EXCHANGES SAY.

The *Liberal Christian* says:

"The revival of religion that we need, is a revival of honesty, of purity, of simplicity and frugality; of steady faithfulness, of patience and persistency; of serene behavior under the burden of adversity; of modesty and considerate kindness, in the midst of great prosperity; the revival of greater faith in character—of deeper faith in God.

The Country Gentleman says:

The animal which is of the greatest profit to the owner, which increases most in bulk or flesh, gives the most milk or does the most work, is that one of easy disposition in comfortable circumstances. The profit of all farmers and stock owners would be promoted by promoting the comfort of their stock.

THE WAY WE WASTE.—With an annual expenditure of $600,000,000 (figures based on official statistics) for liquors in the United States, it is not to be wondered at that the times are hard and the people poor. Sixty thousand Americans annually lie down in a drunkard's grave. It were better to bring into the field and shoot down sixty thousand of our young men every year, than to have them go through all the processes of disease, degradation, crime and despair, through which they must inevitably pass. Twenty-five years of absolute abstinence from worse than useless liquors would save to the country fifteen billions of dollars, and make us the richest nation in the world.—*Scribner's Monthly for December.*

The Christian Weekly says:

The Centennial Commission decided some weeks ago that the exhibition shall not be open on Sundays. The earnestness with which the religious press have been discussing this question, long after it had been decided according to their wishes, is one of the amusing curiosities of journalism.

The Christian Recorder (organ of the African M. E. Church) says:

"No greater truth is there, than that expressed in the common adage—'Every tub must stand on its own bottom.' It must be so with us. We must stand upon our own feet. We mean money, education, religion—we mean character. These are the feet that we need, that we must have."

The Friend's Review says:

According to the report of the Freedmen's Committee, "In view of the provisions made by the State of Mississippi for the education of the colored children, and the difficulty of securing the funds necessary for defraying the expenses of our school at Jackson, the Committee are united in judgment that it is not best to attempt to maintain a school there the approaching winter; that the Treasurer be authorized to loan the funds in his hands for the present, and the Committee authorized to rent our school and dwelling houses for the coming winter if opportunity offers."

GAMBLING AT FAIRS.—Several honest farmers in this State say that if gambling is continued another year they shall withdraw from the Society. Better that every agricultural society in the State be discontinued than to have the morals of our young people corrupted, cities and villages disgraced, and so much money carried off in such a bold, dishonest manner.—*Maine Farmer.*

The Golden Rule says:

Prof. Tourjee told us five years ago, "the time would come when men would be sung into heaven! when the power of song would be appreciated in our churches as a means of conversion." The prophecy has its fulfilment in Sankey. We must have consecrated singers and songs, not operatic shriekings. Moody is teaching preachers how to preach; Sankey is teaching singers how to sing. God bless them both!

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."—The excellent little paper issued by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, says, in a report of an address by Hon. J. H. George, The practice of thrashing the patient ox to increase his speed; of whacking him across the nose when he is desired to stop, is certainly not the characteristic of a good teamster, any more than the habit of yanking, twitching, and whipping the horse is the indication of a good driver. If a man addicted to this method of driving will harness himself to a gig and with his eyes blinded, a harsh bit in his mouth and person with the reins and a raw hide behind him, who when he wishes him to start, simply gives him a cut with the raw hide, when he would have the speed increased gives him several additional cuts, and when he wants him to stop, yanks the reins with force enough to nearly break his jaw, he will appreciate this style of driving, and knowing how it is himself, will doubtless correct his method. A great majority of the sprains, sprains, and ringbones not to speak of the heaves and numerous other horse ailments, are caused by this rough and thoughtless driving.

..."Died, suddenly, near Johnsontown, Va., on Friday, Sept. 17th, Anna E. Pitts Collins, at the residence of her husband, Horace G. Collins. She was one of the first students to enter the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in 1868; was there at its organization, and remained there until the summer of 1872, at which time she left, and has taught school successfully up to the time of her death. She was a consistent member of the A. M. E. Church.

As her nurse approached her bedside to raise her pillow, she said to her, "please let me alone, for I shall be all right directly." In less time than five minutes after, Anna had crossed over the river of death, and, as we think, her spirit had taken up its abode with the pure, and the holy ones. Dear Anna has gone to meet Lucy Hayes, and all her fellow students who have gone before. Farewell, dear Anna! a short farewell,

Till we shall meet again, above,
In the groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

—Six kernels of corn were given for planting to each of 252 scholars in a Virginia Sunday-school, last spring. The *Sunday-school companion* reports that five barrels of corn were returned as the result of this operation, and sold for $20, the money going into the missionary fund.

THE PILGRIMS.

This month of December contains one day which ought to be kept upon this continent as the anniversary of the birth of Christian liberty, for the men to whom, under God, we owe our religious freedom, on that day landed on American soil.

Early in the seventeenth century a little colony of English Puritans, driven by persecutions from their native land, established themselves in Holland, hoping to find there the peace denied them at home. But they soon found, that for various reasons, Holland was no resting place for them, and with admirable courage they crossed over from Delft to Plymouth, England, and thence sailed, on the 6th day of September, 1620, for the utterly unknown wilderness of North America. Their little ship of one hundred and eighty tons, the *May Flower*, has become famous in history, for the men and women she bore across the sea laid down their lives for the cause of Christ, and fought unto the end for that principle of liberty which they believed to be at the foundation of Christian civilization.

Before leaving England they made terms in regard to their settlement in America, with the Virginia Company, which at that time possessed important privileges in the newly discovered country, and were, doubtless, full of hope as to the result of their bold enterprise. On the 9th of November they reached Cape Cod, and anchored in the roadstead of the present Provincetown. Here, they, with the sagacity which characterized their work, drew up and signed a solemn compact, binding themselves to be ruled by its terms, and at once elected John Carver to be governor for one year. An exploring party was sent out and spent some days in searching for a favorable spot whereon to begin their little settlement, and finally, in the midst of storms and desolation, they landed at Plymouth, on the 22d of December, 1620.

What stout hearts must have beaten in the bosoms of that brave band; what deep courage must have been theirs, that they did not turn back appalled from the suffering and danger that were visibly awaiting them on that icy shore. In less than four months they lost, by starvation and exposure, more than half their number; in the spring the knot tie which bound them to their homes was broken by the departure of the *May Flower*, and shortly after their governor, John Carver, was added to the long list of their dead. That first winter upon New England soil is one unbroken record of suffering and death; but such men as Bradford, and Allerton, and Miles Standish, were not of the stuff that turns back, and in the face of privations of which in our day we can scarcely form an idea, they organized their government, built up their village, made treaties of peace with the neighboring Indian tribes, and, in short, conquered, one by one, the obstacles which Nature and man put in their way.

Until 1623, when the colonists were able to secure an abundant harvest from the land which they had cleared, they lived in constant fear of starvation; but from that time on, dangers and hardships lessened; their numbers were increased by fresh colonies from England; new settlements were begun at Boston, Charlestown, Dorchester, etc., and the material success of the enterprise was assured.

But this final success, with all its grand results, only throws stronger light upon the sacrifices of that handful of men and women who by their steadfast courage grounded the great nation which was to come after them in the principles of freedom, and by the stern tenacity of their faith taught their descendants the value of religious toleration. We owe so much to them, that, as citizens of the country upon whose bleak shore their work began, we ought to recognize their share in the formation of our national policy, and know them as wise and Christian men, and if in so doing we can catch something of the spirit in which they labored, suffered, and at last triumphed, our lives will surely thereby be made stronger, and more patient.

Correspondence.

WESTWARD AGAIN!

In my last contribution to the WORKMAN, I endeavored to show that the journey by rail to California is not, altogether, a delightful one. Perhaps a brief account of the settlements along the route, the possible future developments of the region through which it passes, and a word of advice to those who contemplate a visit to the Pacific shores, may not be out of place before I pass on to consider this wonderful State, California.

Go into the worst portions of an Eastern city or town, pick out the vilest looking grog-shops and a very limited number of the poorest houses—imagine these collected into a small community, and you have a fair picture of many of the settlements on the Union, and Central Pacific Railroads. In some of the more fertile districts, there are thriving townships of considerable size, but they are not numerous. Most of the way-stations are villages—not always are they worthy of that name, as they sometimes consist of one or two houses only—that have been created by the necessities of the road, not by any attractions of the surrounding country. Their inhabitants are mostly men, rough and uncultivated, and shut off from the elevating influences of civilization. The frequency of the liquor and gambling saloons sometimes led me to wonder whether all made their livelihood through these institutions of our modern civilization, and if so, who were the patrons? They furnished a significant hint as to the moral status of these places. Human nature is the same the world over, and so long as we are "of the earth earthy," we can never quite rise above the sensuous plane. Intellectual celebrities sometimes prefer, to discuss art, literature, and science, over roast turkey and champagne sauce, rather than cold water and a crust. Can we very much blame these wild, headstrong fellows when they try to find the wine of their life in the dance-house and the gin mug?

An old friend, whom I found unexpectedly in San Francisco, and who was obliged through the reduced state of his finances, to make his way here in the emigrant train, pointed to me a slightly unpleasant cul-de-sac which chanced to befall him on the route: Retiring, at one of the stopping-places, to an obscure and half-hidden saloon, he there encountered two gamblers who "kindly" offered to loan him money if he would play. Knowing their game, he consented, borrowed ten dollars, and at the first stake drew out twenty. He concluded this was sufficient, payed back the ten dollars he had borrowed, and was about to walk off with the other ten. The sight of a pistol barrel produced a change in his plan of action, and he departed no richer than he came.

In the earlier days of the road, the dwellers at these way-stations were much more lawless than they now are, and lynch law often dealt out summary justice to offenders. Sometimes the passengers upon the trains were startled by the sight of bodies dangling from the trees or the trestle-work. A stern retribution of their crimes, perhaps, than courts of justice could have afforded.

The splendid soil and glorious cornfields of Nebraska, leave no doubt as to the future of that State. With the westward flow of civilization it will soon become populous and flourishing. Yet I confess I should be but poorly satisfied to live among its flat plains; lacking—at least, in the region through which I passed—not only in grandeur, but even in prettiness of scenery. Its people would hardly be filled, I fancy, with the most lofty thoughts and imaginations, and yet we must not ascribe to the physical features of a country too great an influence upon the mind. In the war through which our nation has just passed, some of the best soldiers came from the farm lands of Iowa; though perhaps it was the grim old Puritan spirit of their New England ancestors that animated them.

The soil of Wyoming, though hardly susceptible of cultivation, is excellent for grazing purposes, and already it begins to abound in vast herds of cattle. From the cars I occasionally saw cows and horses feeding in immense numbers, guarded and protected by their mounted owners. Sometimes in the far distance, a thick cloud hovering near the earth, arrested my attention; nor could I explain the phenomenon until I could easily make out the long line of cattle passing in thousands over the dusty plains.

But can the apparently sterile wastes of Utah and Nevada ever be made of use? The most vivid imagination could hardly picture those burning lava plains, producing not a solitary thing but sage brush, as waving with luxurious fields of grain. And yet, nothing but water is needed to transform this desert into one of the finest wheat countries in the world. Not a drop of rain, however, falls throughout the summer, and not until the richer and more easily cultivated regions are overrun with inhabitants, will these forbidding wastes be reclaimed and populated.

The question may be asked whether this Western tour is an entirely safe one? In reply I would inquire whether pleasure driving is entirely safe in the East? I think the chances of accident or assault are about equal in the two cases. The best time in which to make this journey, is the spring or autumn, and the requisite preparations are just the ones necessary for any long trip, and no more than these. Both the washing and drinking water upon the cars is good, and the meals furnished at the way-stations are very fair along the whole route. To those passing over the road in the summer I would recommend the upper berths, in spite of their unpopularity, as they are cooler and better ventilated than the lower. And to those whose purses have a limited length, I would say that the whole distance from the Atlantic shore to the Pacific, can hardly be accomplished, with first-class accomodations, for less than two hundred dollars in currency.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

November 7, 1875.

Dear Teacher:—I am glad that I have the pleasure and time to write to you, and tell you of my school. I was examined by the County Superintendent, and now I am getting along very nicely. I have forty scholars on the roll, and they tell me I have not more than half. The election stopped my school two days this last week. I must tell you that the colored people in this township are very ignorant. The white man in this place is all the go. If the white men tell the colored pupils that they would like to have votes enough to make a number by offering them a pair of boots or shoes, or a hat, he will vote for him or them, and be glad to do so. I saw eight sell their votes at the polls, and went down to the store about a hundred yards, and some took one thing and some another; such as hats, boots, shoes, and they seemed to be satisfied at doing so. General—the pupils want my assistance in helping them to get up a Sabbath school, they have not had any Sunday school before, and I will ask you if you can tell me how much you think it will cost to get it up. They have not any Bibles, no Testaments nor hymn books. I told them that I would write to you, and see if I could get any instructions about starting it, for I did not know where I could get any books. Please write to me and let me hear where I can get them. They made up the amount of five dollars in get them with, but I told them that would not be enough—for I thought that it would not take less than ten or fifteen dollars. My school will last six months. I commenced my work here as a teacher, on the 18th of October, '75, and the people seem to be very much pleased at present. When I opened my school I had seven scholars the first day, and now I have the number that is named in the first part of my letter. The school house is very poor at present, but the trustees says that they will have it fixed before cold weather, but it is cold. The colored people say that they did promise to fix the house for the white teacher, and they never did do it. And I told the pupils not to keep too much talk about it. But pray, all the more. So they have sent the lumber to fix it with, and I am in hopes that they will fix it.

Respectfully, yours.

VIRGINIA, October 29, 1875.

Dear Teacher:—I have been thinking for some time that I would write and let you hear from me. Since I have been teaching, I think I have done much good in this county. My first school taught in '73, shortly after I left Hampton, whose name is ever dear to me, continued five months and stopped about one year. When I went to make up the school, of course it was a new thing to me as well as children. They gathered around me both parents and children, I told them my plans, and they seemed to like them, and said that they gave their children to me as a father. At the opening of my school the children could not read, and most of them were in their alphabet. I asked them did they like to be whipped? No, sir, was the prompt reply of nearly all who were present. I asked then what must be done in case of misconduct and bad lessons? Here was a pause, they seemed not ready to give as prompt an answer this time as before, I suggested the following one: We punish for misconduct, and a series of bad lessons. Am I right or wrong? Right, sir. How then can you avoid being punished? Get good lessons, and behave ourselves, and not fight. That is very good, said I, I made them no promise, but told them if they wanted to read and write I would teach them if they did what I told them. They promised to obey, and those five months were spent in all possible effort for their success that could be made by me. When the school closed, some of them could read in the fourth reader, first lesson in Maury's Geography and Grammar. The school closed in great honor. Trustees and parents were well pleased, and I myself as a young teacher. My next school was kept in '74, of that you have one of my scholars. That was kept nine months instead of five. I had forty-eight pupils on roll during the session. I now come to '75, in which I have seen a little embarrassment; I have taught nine months in this year; gave great satisfaction to the County Superintendent. Not to confer any honor on myself, but it becomes me to say something about the teachers who have been teaching in this county from Hampton, as I am a teacher of the colored race. Your moral lessons were of much interest to me while at H. I have been better principally by them, and mourn the lost opportunities which I should have had. My school before the present one, was in a church, (colored,) and I took much pains in trying to teach the Bible in the best of my knowledge, but the members of the church are like the most of the colored race, have these strange ideas about Christianity: If you don't make a great noise, they don't enjoy your teaching of the Bible. I long to see the race educated in that respect.

The whiten of this county (those who are of respectable families) are much in favor of the educating of the poor class of children. But the poor, and low classes of whites are not so much in favor of it. They won't let the children cross their lands to go to school; they have to go sometimes miles out of their way. This is not pleasant, certainly, but can't be prevented. Some of my scholers walk as much as sixteen miles per day. Have in my present school forty-four pupils. When I write again I shall try to give you a better account of myself. All of my teaching since I left Hampton has been one year and eleven months. I like it better every year. With much love and many good wishes to the school, and all its teachers, I am very truly, your pupil and well wisher.

To General S. C. ARMSTRONG. E.

The Teachers' Table.

ADVICE FROM HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Address Before Hampton Institute.

1st. At the foundation of all instruction is this principle: "To train up a child in the way he should go, *you must walk in it yourself.*" You must be exemplars as well as teachers. To make others true you must be true yourselves; to make others wise, you must be wise. If you preach temperance and practice drunkenness, no one will heed you.

2d. There are two classes of teachers that I observe: One class is pedantic, pumpous, self-contained, magisterial. When he stands before children he fills them with awe, instead of playing on their heartstrings by the mighty power of love. Such teaching has few results. The child looks up with awe; the little delicate tendrils of his infant mind cannot reach up and grasp instruction from such a teacher.

The second class of teachers bring sunshine into the schoolroom. Children turn to them as flowers to the light. There is an atmosphere of sunshine around such a teacher. His own light attracts all to him for their good and growth.

Above all things, teach children what their life is. It is not breathing, moving, playing, sleeping, simply. Life is a battle. All thoughtful people see it so. A battle between good and evil, from childhood. Good influences, drawing us up, toward the divine; bad influences, drawing us down to the brute. Midway we stand, between the divine and the brute. How to cultivate the good side of the nature is the greatest lesson of life to teach. Teach children that they lead these two lives: The life without, and the life within; and that the inside must be pure in the sight of God, as well as the outside in the sight of men.

There are five means of learning: These are

Observation,
Reading,
Conversation,
Memory.
Reflection.

Educators sometimes, in their anxiety to secure a wide range of studies, don't sufficiently impress upon their scholars the value of memory. Now, our memory is one of the most wonderful gifts God has bestowed upon us; and one of the most mysterious. Take a tumbler and pour water into it; by-and-by you can pour no more; it is full. It is not so with the mind. You cannot fill it full of knowledge in a whole lifetime. Pour in all you please, and it still thirsts for more.

Remember this:

"Knowledge is not what you learn, but what you remember.

It is not what you eat, but what you digest, that makes you grow.

It is not the money you handle, but that you keep, that makes you rich.

It is not what you study, but what you remember and reflect upon, that makes you learned.

One more suggestion:

Above all things else, strive in fit the children in your charge, to be useful men and women; men and women you may be proud of in after life. While they are young, teach them that far above physical courage—which will lead them to face the cannon's mouth—above wealth—which would give them farms, and houses, and bank stocks and gold—is moral courage. That courage by which they will stand fearlessly, frankly, firmly, for the right. Every man or woman who dares to stand for the right when evil has its legions, is the true moral victor in this life, and in the land beyond the stars.

THE FIRST FREE SCHOOL IN AMERICA.

The origin of the free school of America was singular. In the records of Boston, New England, is the following entry: "The 13th of the 2d month, 1635. It was then generally agreed upon that our brother, Philemon Purmount shall be entreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nurturing of all children with us." Upon this slight basis the first American common-school was established, for the advantages of which Indians and whites were invited without distinction. The system spread to other towns, and what was at first a local arrangement has become national.

HOW TO INSTRUCT THE CHILDREN.

A writer in *The American Educational Monthly* says: "It is easy to make a child happy and contented; he has an eager appetite for the sulest stories, and you may clinch a moral thus if it be not too long. He will be glad to learn how North America is bounded, aye, and remember it too, if you will associate it in his mind with the icebergs of the north, the roaring surf of the Atlantic, the orange and palm of the south, and the snow-capped mountains and blue sea of the west. Let him handle a yard-stick, a nest of measures, and a grocer's scales, and he will take hold of his tables with a zest. Divide your history class into sections; let one represent the valiant Carthgenians, the other the victorious Romans; let them recount in rivalry the incidents of that ancient struggle, and instead of becoming drowsy, their eyes will flash at the thought of the recitation. Children are very fond of pictures. Events quickly become fixed in a pupil's mind when illustrated in this manner.

FREEDMEN IN GEORGIA.

Charles Nordhoff, in a recent letter written from Atlanta, in Georgia, says that the number of colored polls for that State in 1874 amounted to 83,318; that the number thus returned showed an aggregate value of taxable property equal to $6,157,798, on which $30,788 were paid in taxes; that these colored persons owned in fee simple 338,769 acres of agricultural lands, and that their city and town property amounted to $1 200,115. These figures, in view of the circumstances, are most remarkable. It is scarce ten years since nearly all these persons were slaves, owning nothing, not even the cloths they stood in, or their own bodies, as against the legal rights of their masters. They were ignorant and degraded, acquainted only with the ruder industries of life, and without any habits of economical thrift. And yet under freedom and with its inspiration and motives, they have, besides supporting themselves, achieved these results in the way of accumulated capital in hardly a decade; and that, too, notwithstanding the great disadvantages of their situation. This certainly tells well for the colored people of Georgia; and it shows, moreover, that the State, though for most of the time in Democratic hands, has protected the property rights of the colored people.

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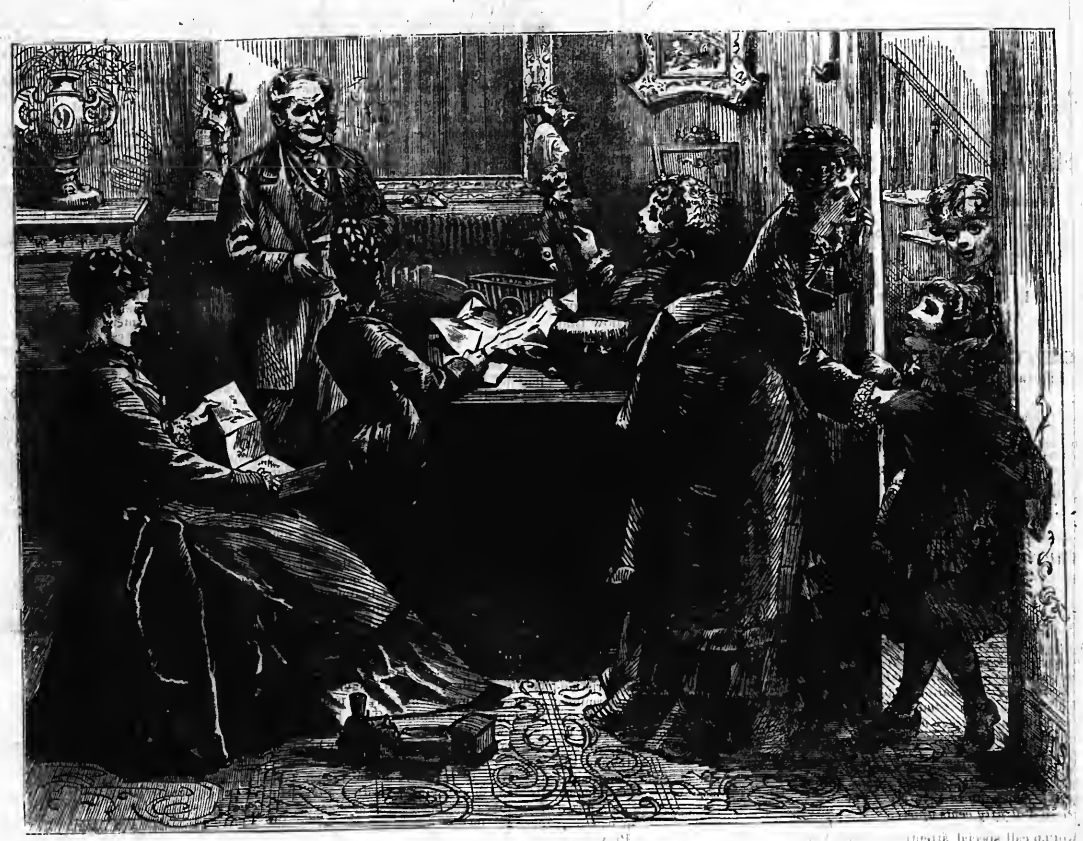

CHRISTMAS GIFTS; or, What we do at our House.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

First Girl.—What do you do at your house,
when Christmas eve is nigh?

Second Girl.—We stretch a line at the chimney side,
And mother sees it strongly tied;
Then, hang our stockings, and go to bed.
And just as soon as our prayer is said,
We wonder and guess, till asleep we fall,
What Santa Claus has for one and all.
Then, long before daylight, we haste to pull—
From the line by the chimney our stockings full.
And that's what we do at our house.
And what do you do nt your house when
Christmas eve is nigh?

Third Girl.—We have in the parlor a Christmas tree;
And each has his own little mystery
In hanging upon the branches green
His gifts for the others, by them unseen.
Then mother goes in, the candles to light,
And everything is so gay and bright,
That you ought to be there our joy to see
When we have our gifts from the Christmas tree;
And that's what we do at our house.
What do you do at your house when
Christmas eve is nigh?

Fourth Girl.—We hear in the evening a rousing ring;
We hurry the door to open fling;
And sure as you live, with his long white hair,
And his jolly red face, Santa Claus is there!
He opens his pack, and with laugh and shout,
We take the presents he tosses about.
Then he's off; but just after his visit is o'er,
Uncle John comes in at the other door!
And that s what we do at our house.
What do you do at your house when
Christmas eve is nigh?

First Girl.—We, too, hang our stockings; but mother says,
One thing we must do—all Christmas days—
Just as sure as they come, just as long as we live;
Some gifts to the poor we must always give.
So a basket she fills, on Christmas eve.
And tells us just where our gifts to leave.
Would you know how the best time at Christmas is found?
Help Santa Claus carry his basket around;
For that s what we do at our house.

M. B. C. Slade in New England Journal of Ed.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Once more the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, standing at the door of the new year, stops to offer good wishes and warm Christmas greetings to the readers who have gone with it month by month through the now completed year. The great festival of Christendom, the day which marks the birth of the Saviour of mankind, is so full of meaning, so fraught with associations, human and divine, that the heart must be hard indeed which does not grow tender and kindly under its influences, which does not put aside something of the selfishness of its nature, and for a few hours at least, kindle and burn with love toward God and man. All that is best in humanity clings to the observance of the day whose promises are the heritage of every Christian, and instead of detracting in any way from its importance as a holiday we should rather endeavor to make much of all the privileges and blessings which it brings with it. It is a wise custom which has set apart the few days between Christmas and the beginning of the New Year to be kept as a holiday season, and it is pleasant to find how much kindness and generosity, how many good deeds and how much true happiness can be comprised within the limits of the holiday week. Even the busiest of us can afford to stop for these few days and in the endeavor to make others happy find that our own cares are for the time forgotten, that we have caught something of the Christmas spirit, and in spite of all the weariness and hardness of our daily lives, are happy and hopeful as are the little children to whom Christmas brings long coveted gifts and bright dreams of mysterious joys.

The children's share in Christmas is so important that it deserves and generally obtains special attention, and in regard to it we can perhaps give our readers a few useful suggestions. You can give your children and many of their childcompanions a merry Christmas at a very small cost, if you are only willing to interest yourself in them and their pleasures. You can get a fir-tree from the nearest wood, or buy it for a trifle in the market, dress it with a few bright paper flowers, some strings of popped corn, and here and there a rosy apple or an orange, and then hang from its branches the gifts, whatever they may be, which you are able to give your children,—let it all be done without their knowledge, and you will find in their surprise and delight ample reward for all your trouble. Above all, try to teach your children on this day, at least, that it is better to give than to receive; do not permit their enjoyment to be entirely selfish, but teach them to share it willingly with other children and to find their own happiness in the happiness of others. It does not seem as if it could be a very difficult thing to make a "Merry

Christmas" for one's own household, for a party of children, for a few neighbors, or even one or two families who without help from some kindly hand could know nothing of Christmas cheer, and in one sense it is an easy and a pleasant work, there being commonly but one obstacle in the way of its accomplishment; that obstacle lies always and altogether in ourselves; we cannot make Christmas happy for others, even if they be little ignorant children, unless we carry in our own hearts the warmth and life of the Love which the first Christmas brought into the world. It is that which gives the day all its meaning, and the best wish that we can offer one to another in this season of good wishes is that our hearts may be filled with the true spirit of loving kindness, the Christmas spirit, which brings always the best of blessings in its train.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

H. W. LUDLOW, *Editor.*

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HAMPTON, JANUARY, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, *on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the* SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing* 82 *pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. *The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.*

WE WOULD call special attention to the very excellent suggestions to be found in our Teachers' Table this month, as to the best method of teaching kindness to animals.

When Mr. Henry Bergh started his "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," in New York a few years ago, he was laughed at or regarded as a rather more than usually visionary enthusiast who would soon ride his hobby to death in spite of his principles against fast driving. His wonderful success in gaining the public interest, in securing legislation to support his theories, and, above all, in educating public sentiment till states have similar societies and laws; this success not only proves him to be a man of real strength, but shows that the country is advancing in civilization. It looks toward the millennium.

It is very easy to interest children in the cause. The friskiness, and ignorance of pain which makes them fail to appreciate the suffering they often inflict on animals can very easily be guided and changed into enthusiastic delight in caring for them and watching their habits. The editor of the childrens' magazine, the *St. Nicholas*, a year or so ago started an army of "Bird Defenders" among their readers, which now numbers hundreds if not thousands of children in all parts of the country, and some on the other side of the ocean, pledged to defend the feathered tribes from all enemies. There is no calculating the effect this must have on the morals and manners of the next generation.

And, aside from any higher considerations, when the farmer understands that the cow best cared for gives most milk, and the horse best treated works the best; when he knows that scientific naturalists say that the grasshoppers that whiten his field, but not to the harvest, and the poisonous beetles that destroy his whole potato crop, he owes to his wholesale slaughter of the innocents—of birds, which destroyed more insect larvæ in a day than corn in a season, he will begin to ask himself if kindness to animals does not pay better than cruelty.

THE LATEST letters from Mr. Stanley, whose valuable discoveries in Africa our readers have followed with interest, contain very remarkable reports of an earnest desire for instruction in christianity manifested by an African King on the shores of Lake Niyanza. This king, Mtesa, is the same monarch as described by Speke, the English traveler, as accustomed to order two or three of his wives off to execution every few days. His desire for christian instruction may not be as intelligent or as significant as one's first enthusiasm might interpret it to be; but a very small door suffices for christian truth or a christian missionary. It is a great thing to know that a missionary would be safe and welcome, and if Ethiopia is stretching out her hand to God however feebly, will not one be found to respond? The report is especially remarkable as coming from on who is, as he says, "no missionary." Let us hope that he may indeed "become one" and consecrate his labors as Livingstone did. Mr. Stanley's suggestions as to the kind of missionary needed in Niyanza are full of common sense and equally applicable to any missionary field. Mr. Stanley says:

"Until I arrived at Mtesa's Court, the king delighted in the idea that he was a follower of Islam; but by one conversation I flatter myself that I have turned the newly raised religious fabric to the ground, and if it were only followed by the arrival of a Christian mission here, the conversion of Mtesa and his Court to Christianity would be complete. I have undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to it. He has caused the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal, as Mtesa can read Arabic, as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I shall become one if such success is so feasible.

"But oh that some pious practical missionary would come here! What a field and a harvest ripe for the sickle of the Gospel! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, &c. He might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher that is wanted here. The bishops of all Great Britain collected, with all the classic youths of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing here, with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach the people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understands agriculture, and can turn his hand to anything, like a sailor, this is the man that is wanted here. Such a man, if he can be found, would become the savior of Africa. He must be tied to no Church or sect, but profess God and His Son, and live a blameless Christian, be inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in God. He must belong to no nation in particular, but the entire white race. Such a man or men Mtesa, King of Uganda, Usoga, Unyoro, and Karagwe—a kingdom of three hundred and sixty geographical miles in length by fifty in breadth—invites to come to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that if they will only come to him he will give them all they want.

Now where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The Colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become an ardent well-wisher for the Waganda, as I am.

Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black pagans of Africa, who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and to the Free Methodists at Mombasa, to the leading philanthropists and the pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them, and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is dense. I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost ten-fold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense.

FISH CULTURE.

We have received the First Annual Report of the Fish Commissioners of this state. It is a document full of interest, from which we should like to quote more largely than our limits will permit. The importance of taking proper measures to increase the supply of food fishes can hardly be over estimated, and the wonderful results which have followed the adoption in other states of methods for their artificial propagation are leading to the establishment of fish commissioners and hatching houses all over the country. Streams that had become depopulated, through what the commissioners term "various devices for wholesale murder," are now yielding an abundant supply of the best kinds of fish, through processes as simple as they are beautiful and vastly superior to those of dame Nature. To quote from the report: "The artificial impregnation of fish eggs is no longer an experiment. Improvements may be made in the machinery and manipulations, but enough is known to establish the fact that a new and important branch of industry has been created, which may be made to minister largely to the comfort of the human family. Fish are endowed with a wonderful fecundity; the shad lays 25,000 eggs, the herring 100,000, and many others are still more fruitful. But in the *natural* process of impregnating and hatching, so many enemies assail the spawn that a very small perceatage escapes and survives. It is estimated that of shad eggs, from their mode of spawning and the host of enemies that follow in their wake, not more than one in a hundred becomes an adult. On the other hand by the artificial process ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent. of the eggs may be converted into living fish.

"Russia and Switzerland—favored by the abundance and character of their waters in being admirably adapted to the finest species of fish the salmonidae—have outstripped all other European countries in the progress they have made in the cultivation of this new art. As one of the results common in Switzerland of fish culture, the following statement is given by the secretary of the college of France in his recent report on Swiss pisciculture: "The inhabitants of the village of Nallarbe about twenty years ago, lived from the fisheries in the river Orbe. By exhausting this river which was especially rich in the salmon kind, without ever replenishing it, the fishers and their families were reduced to absolute want. The observations of Perry, confirmed by experiments made at the college of France, reached the ears of the schoolmaster of the village: he first studied pisciculture theoretically, and finally attempted some experiments which were crowned with success. The inhabitants of the village anxiously, but somewhat incredulously, followed the different phases of the artificial hatching of eggs which went on under the most favorable conditions. The village became interested in these experiments, and several hundred francs were annually appropriated for aiding the schoolmaster in his enterprise. At the present day the river swarms with fish, and according to the official report there are eighty families living off the fisheries.'"

If the exhausted rivers of Virginia could be replenished, as we doubt not they will be under the operations of the Fish Commissioners, what a wonderful addition will be thus made to its resources. The commissioners go on to state that,—

"In the United States the subject has been entered upon with the energy and zeal characteristic of the people. In many of the states fish commissioners have been organized, hatching houses on a large scale established, and their operations attended with gratifying results. Connecticut which was the first to begin is the first to exhibit good fruit. A few years ago the Connecticut River was so exhausted of shad that not enough could be found in its waters to replenish it. *Now*, after six years of artificial propagation, shad, which formerly cost twenty dollars a hundred, can be bought for three. Nearly as great a revolution has been wrought in the Hudson. The U. S. Government has taken hold of the subject with vigor, and has established a commission, at the head of which is the eminent Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute.

The commissioners say:

"The distinguished chief of the commission and the eminent scicutists associated with him will not only stock all our streams of a national or interstate character with every variety of the best of fishes adapted to them, but will sound all the depths and shoals of science, and define and fix the status, the genus and species of every fin that swims." We look to the labors of the commission for the most accurate, unmute, extensive and exhaustive account of the nature and varieties of fishes that the world has seen. And we don't not, it will impart additional interest to pisciculture and greatly enlarge its benefits. We have only room to add that the fish commissioners for Virginia have determined to establish hatching houses at each of the four state institutions, viz: the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Blacksburg, the Military Institute at Lexington, the University at Charlottesville, and the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. The two former are already in running order, and it is expected that the other two houses at Charlottesville and Hamptou will be completed during the coming year.

The names of the Virginia Fish Commissioners are A. Moseley, W. B. Robertson, and M. G. Elizey. The act creating the commission was passed March 25, 1875.

COLORED LODGES.

Until the reproach of being a non-reading people is removed from them, it may be safe to say that in proportion to numbers the colored race will sustain more secret societies than all other nationalities combined. Over three hundred such societies were recorded at Norfolk alone as depositors in the old Freedman's Bank.

At the lodges all sorts of secular information is disseminated. There only, the layman finds himself treated with respect as an officer. Public opinion there, is shaped and brought to bear with a power not inferior to that of the church members. Embracing nearly all the best of the race, the societies reach downward to the poorest and lowest, and enforce their influence by the pecuniary evils of expulsion. The subject is for these reasons an interesting one. The lodges are necessary make-shifts or stepping-stones in the progress of this people from darkness to light, and it is encouraging to learn from the best attainable testimony that the tone of lodge opinion on social and moral questions is decidedly in advance of the average private standard. It is easy to see that no member can help receiving from the association the most practical lessons in punctuality and self-respect. And it seems probable that while retaining their hold on the degraded by the beneficiary features, the societies turn on the light of civilization as the unaccustomed eyes are able to bear it, and succeed in exhibiting duty with an effect which may be more durable, as it is more rationally produced, than the excitement resulting from pulpit oratory. The lodges should also have the credit of being liberalizing in their tendencies, inasmuch as Religion with its diverse forms of belief is studiously excluded from the discussions, in deference to the feelings of individual members who represent

gle with each other on common ground. We have also been assured by members that political discussion is not permitted in their meetings.

The beneficiary feature in these associations is perhaps their best claim to respect. It insures a poverty-stricken people against much misery; for with sickness comes relief from the lodge. The Free Masons give whatever is necessary. Other societies allow five dollars per week for the first four weeks; three dollars per week for the second four weeks; afterward two dollars per week, as long wasted cases make their heavy calls. Decent burial is provided at a cost of not less than fifteen dollars to the lodge. Many colored people belong to several lodges and in time of sickness receive relief from all at the same time.

The fees paid by the members are a serious tax on their prosperity,—would pay for many valuable books and papers,—and are only to be defended by the plea that the sick are aided, and that most of the members could not profit by any vehicle of knowledge excepting oral instruction. The admission fees are usually fifteen dollars, though the Free Masons pay twenty-five dollars. The monthly fees are fifty cents. Three months in arrears cause members to be termed "non financials." The amount spent in regalias which each member is compelled to own is from fifteen to twenty dollars apiece. The lodge furnishes regalias to the chief officers at a cost of about one hundred and fifty dollars. There are no salaried officers, excepting the secretaries who receive from six to fifty dollars per year. These expenses, with the hall rents, are said to be the only outlays. One hundred members is called a strong lodge.

From these figures it appears that a member's regalia costs him as much as it costs the lodge to bury him. That, except in strong lodges, about half the money is spent in display and salary and hall rent. And that unless a man is sick for a month during the first year of membership, he will pay out more than he receives.

In view of these results, and of the fact that a good monthly newspaper can be had for less than nine cents per month, and that the forty-one cents per month and admission and regalia fees might be of material aid in buying for each member a home of his own without rent to pay, we can only hope that advancing intelligence will soon enable the colored people to obtain at a much cheaper rate as much of benefit as the secret societies are now able to furnish.

SCHOOL DEBTS.

It is very gratifying to the officers and teachers of the Normal School to find graduates and students, who left the school in debt, making strenuous efforts to save enough from their earnings to repay what has been loaned them. This should always be so, but we are sorry to say that in some cases, students who have been helped by the school, seem to be indifferent about paying what they owe. These debts are emphatically *debts of honor*, and the utmost economy and self denial should be practiced by those owing them, that the school may be paid what is due, and thereby be enabled to aid other deserving students in obtaining an education. The following quotation from a letter just received from a graduate who enclosed the balance due to the school, has the true ring, and we commend it to the attention of all who are in arrears:—

"You have been very patient and very good to me. You have favored me very greatly. You have given me that which is better than fine gold—an education. So here is your money."

We hope that we shall in no instance have occasion to repent of having trusted to the honor of a student to repay his school debt. J. F. B. M.

WHAT SOME OF OUR FRIENDS SAY.

We have not done much trumpeting for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN. We prefer rather to let it speak for itself and win its own way. But such appreciative and encouraging expressions have come to us at the commencement of its new year from to rejoice with us over the measure of success we have gained in a cause that is good.

REV. G. P. TYLER, of Lansingburg, N. Y., writes:—

"I like the SOUTHERN WORKMAN very much. I think it unusually wise in the character of the articles it inserts,—so well adapted to those for whom it is especially designed, and instructive to the general reader. It is far above the average for any class of readers, I think. I send mine to a young colored man and his wife in Charlo te, S. C."

One of "those for whom it is especially designed" writes us:

"You will please continue your paper to my address. I don't feel as if I shall ever get tired of reading the WORKMAN, except I shall become tired of hearing from Hampton, and while there are so many recollections of the past presenting the scenes of my school-days at Hampton, I can't think that I shall soon become willing to drop the medium which has held me in such pleasant and continual communication with the school since my class graduated. I should be glad to send you other subscribers, but this vicinity, like many others, is one in which the colored people do not use all the means of education to the best advantage. Hence, I am compelled to send on my own, and hope soon to find a few subscribers among my best scholars."

REV. H. T. CHEEVER, of Worcester, Mass., says:—

"The paper is an admirable one—little if any short of the beau-ideal of what such a paper should be. The copy my sister has had has done great good. It seems to us that you work in no way more effectively for the colored race than through such a paper as the WORKMAN. And be sure it is appreciated by many more than you are aware of."

We will close these pleasant quotations with a letter from an octogenarian friend who sends us with it an exceedingly interesting account of the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of his wedding day. We give some of the particulars of this remarkable occasion in another column. It is an honor to have gained the approbation of such ripened judgment:

LOCKPORT, ILL., *November*, 20, 1875.

Mr. Editor:—Your card notifying me that my subscription had expired was received during my absence from home. I owe you an apology for not knowing that my year was up and thank you for the notice. We like the paper and *all things* that work for the elevation of our downtrodden fellow-men, and we wish you and all your co-workers in this noble cause "God speed" and full and entire success.

We have been friends of the colored race the last fifty years and supporters of this special work for the Freedman from its commencement *in our limited way*, and should rejoice to *help* more if we could. The Lord bless and prosper you and the blessed work in which you are engaged.

You may, if you please, send the songs.

Very truly and fraternally yours,

ISAAC PRESTON.

THREE SCORE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

AN INTERESTING OCCASION IN THE HISTORY OF ISAAC PRESTON, ESQ.

At Lockport, Ill., on Monday, Oct. 4th, 1875, there gathered at the residence of Isaac Preston, Esq., an assemblage on such an occasion as probably does not occur once in the history of ten thousand families. The object of the meeting being the sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Preston.

There were present the three remaining children of the aged couple, viz: Mr. J. W. Preston, Ex-President of the Board of Trade of Chicago; Mrs. Dr. C. M. Daniels of Elgin, and Mrs. Isabel Codding of Normal, Ill.; several grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, besides a large number of nephews, nieces, cousins and very old friends.

The first toast, "The Bride and Groom," was responded to by B. F. T. Bourland of Peoria, a son-in-law of Mr. Preston's. Mr. Eben Beach of Chicago, who was at the the table, was the only one present who witnessed the original marriage ceremony in 1815. Mr. Beach was called upon to give some account of it, when he said as he was only five years old at the time he had but an indistinct recollection of that happy event.

Mr. Isaac Preston was called for. He arose evidently under strong emotion, but after a short pause he said:

Mr. Chairman:—You will pardon my weakness, you know it is once a man and twice a child. But I only got up to thank my old and their unalterable friendship for myself and better half who sits here by me, and I will say further that it is a source of great satisfaction to me to see here at these tables all our own living children and so many of our grandchildren and great-grandchildren to join in this *unusual* celebration. Than I see before and around me a noble band of those tried, true, and steadfast friends, men and women who for near the last half century have labored, toiled and suffered, and *triumphed* with me in our united efforts for the promotion of some of the highest interests in connection with our common humanity, and that too when it was worth near the price of a man's life to be known and recognized as a friend and advocate of human freedom. And here again I see some of our present neighbors, their hair whitened with the frost of seventy to eighty winters like "aged hemlocks" standing with us just at the brink of the "river" ready, perhaps, to take the next ferry over. And now, Mr. Chairman and friends, under these circumstances, in view of all that has been said by our honored friends that have previously spoken, you will pardon my weakness and I will only repeat the expression of our sincere and heartfelt thanks for this new and unmistakable proof of your friendship and confidence.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston were both born in 1793; he, in Fairfield, N. J., and she in Granville, N. Y. They were married in Granville, October 4th, 1815, and first settled in Warren county, New York. They removed to Genesee county in 1817, and emigrated to Illinois in 1836.

They are such in full possession of their mental faculties, and take a lively interest in the events of the day, reading one or more of the Chicago dailies, as well as their religious weeklies and magazines regularly, and discussing the social and political subjects of our time with the earnestness of persons in the prime of life. Their physical health is excellent, and it is wonderful to see this activity with which they move about among their friends, and with what ease they undertake a journey which persons many years younger would consider a great task.

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

America seems to be the gathering place of all nations. We have Irish Americans, German Americans, French Americans and Africo-Americans among our voters. The German population of some of our cities is said to be greater than that of any city in Germany. While Rome spread her civilization through the countries she invaded, we teach our free institutions to the nations that come peaceably to us to enjoy them. The latest comer is the most nuclent of all, the Chinese; and it differs from all others in coming with no intention to remain, but only in pursuit of wealth or knowledge.

Of these 60,000 Chinese, by far the larger number remaining upon the Pacific slope—25,000 of them in San Francisco alone are employed as miners, laundrymen and house-servants. They bring with them their household gods and heathen worship, and if they die in this country, their bones are sent back to their "Celestial Empire." While many selected young men of the higher classes are sent here by the government for education, the majority of those shipped as laborers are of the lowest orders, degraded and dirty. The American Missionary Association has established a station among them and is doing much to raise them.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* sends from San Francisco an interesting account from which we quote:

Each steamer, once a month (an opposition line now makes the arrivals two a month), brings from 500 to 1,500 steerage passengers, all Chinamen, known here as coolies. Nearly all the Chinamen along the coast arrive here under the consignment of six commercial companies. Few of the natives of China, although they have the desire to come, having heard so much of the milk and honey flowing in the streets, have the means to pay their passage. The commercial companies are very rich and control nearly the entire Chinese labor upon the coast. They have their agents in China, and they regulate the emigration. These companies advance the money to pay the passage of the Chinaman, and he is consigned to them. When he arrives, he is taken to the store, the proprietors of which have paid his passage. The company which has paid his passage controls his labor until he has paid his passage money, and a liberal percentage besides. So these companies lure him out wherever they probability is that he pays his passage by his labor two or three times over. These companies are composed wholly of Chinamen, and they are large importers of tea. The Chinamen, when they arrive, are hired out by these companies, some to miners, others to manufacturers and factories, and some to farmers. The Chinaman are better fitted for the working of machinery than for hard manual labor. They learn to manage machinery very quickly, and in all the branches of light manufacture they are more expert then any American or foreigner. They are exceedingly apt in working light machinery. For hard, manual labor they are not equal to the white man, but at light work they are unexcelled. Before the placer miners were practically exhausted, the Chinaman did very well in mining, but now, when they can scarcely make a "grub stake" at that description of mining, they have gone into factories and other pursuits. The examination of the Chinaman upon his arrival is very interesting. The passengers are divided into squads. Squad No. 1 is the first to march from off the steamer to the wharf. Each man brings his baggage—sometimes more than he can carry at one time. They are checked off by a Customs officer as they pass down the gang-plank. Each one places himself behind his baggage. Some have trunks, some packages wrapped in matting or common duck, and some boxes and parcels tied with ropes. Each trunk, box or parcel is opened, so that the whole contents is exposed. The baggage of each is gone through with in a manner that would shame a New York inspector.

CALIFORNIAN DISLIKE TO THE CHINESE.

As to whether the importation of Chinese to the United States should continue there is a division of opinion, but not so far as California is concerned. If the people in San Francisco had their way to-morrow or the day following there would not be a Chinaman within her borders. The people here employ them because they cannot help it. A good female white servant here costs from thirty to fifty dollars a month, and she wants all her afternoons and her Sundays. A good Chinaman who can speak English and is an excellent house-servant may be had at from eighteen to twenty dollars per month. It is said they steal, but that may be said of the Irish and the negroes also. But who ever knew of a Chinaman's getting drunk? Who ever knew of a Chinaman's asking to go out to see his cousins? He is up in the morning, and has nothing to hope for but hard work during the day. He does not ask for cast-off clothing, and he does not expect half a dollar every time he brings a pitcher of ice-water or posts a letter. Six Chinamen can make their meal on thirty-five cents. They eat at this frugal meal pork, rice and tea, and occasionally bread, although they eat little of the latter. Two meals a day, which are all they eat, cost them not more then six y or seventy cents for six persons, or a little over ten cents each. Where is the American, the Irishman, or the negro who can live so cheaply? The Chinaman in this city pays for his quarters, where he cooks his meals and sleeps, from one dollar and fifty cents to five dollars a month. If they can teach us habits of economy, why not allow them to do it? The great trouble with the Chinamen is that they are too economical. Six or eight of them occupy quarters that would be too small for one person. They sleep underground. They have no fresh air, no ventilation. A white man would die in their quarters in a single night. I have known six and eight of them to sleep in a room not six feet square, without a window except a small aperture leading into even a worse place. Their quarters are generally underground. They seem to like it. They will sleep, cook their rotten fish, smoke opium, and eat in the same den. One dog, if he were a decent dog, would die in such a place. They have taken the healthiest and purest portion of San Francisco and peopled it with thousands where there ought to be hundreds. If I had the power I would prescribe a certain area of cubic feet for each individual, white and black, in San Francisco, and I would make a penalty so heavy that Chinemen would tremble at it.

The wealth of California, Oregon, Colorado, and Nevada is in their mines. The more these are developed the richer the country will be. The Chinaman, driven from his close quarters in San Francisco, would fly to the foot hills and the mountains to seek employment in the mines. There would be no trouble in enforcing a cubic ordinance if the city offers were fit for their places. It would be a contemptible confession of weakness to admit that 25,000 docile Chinamen could set a city of 150,000 inhabitants at defiance. The Chinamen are needed on the plains and in the mines. There is plenty of gold and silver to be dug, for thus far the mines are not half developed. If the entire 800,000,000 of Chinamen in Asia were turned loose within the United States there would still be room enough. We have a place for Put, a place for Sambo, and a place for John. Let John come!

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS.

In the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing birds, and flowers,
The little children wait;

When at last the summer ripens,
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
The toiling people win,—

Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain,
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain;

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out,
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer
Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!

When this pretty story was told me,
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children
Would like to know it too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do.

To make God's innocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.

—*Celia Thaxter in Independent.*

THRIFT.

There is perhaps no temptation so commonly fatal to the worldly interests of dwellers in warm climates as the temptation to become thriftless, to neglect and postpone all labor which is not inevitable, to live from hand to mouth without that care of the future which is essential to success, making present ease the chief, if not the only consideration, and sacrificing for its sake even the most evident advantages. There is no doubt that to a certain extent climate is responsible for this, for the warmth of the air and the frequent fertility of the soil make it possible to live with very little exertion, and human nature is so constituted that in a majority of instances necessity is the only spur which will surely force men to persistent labor. But granting this and giving it due weight in explanation of the undeniable lack of energy among the mass of our Southern population, there still remains much individual responsibility, a burden belonging to each man and woman which cannot honestly be shifted upon climate or soil. It is perhaps a delicate question to put directly, but it can hardly be evaded, and a fair answer to it may be productive of much good, so that we feel that we are showing no discourtesy to our readers when we ask point blank; "Is the want of order and organized, persistent industry, so noticeable in our Southern population, a necessity?" Is it necessary that the work of one hour should be spread over two or three; that there should be no fixed times for, or regular divisions of labor; nothing done today which can be put off till to-morrow; in short, no exertion made for the sake and the love of neatness and order? This may seem an exaggerated characterization of the thriftlessness of which we speak, but in truth it is no more than a fair statement of the results of that indifference to all motives, except the desire for present ease, which leads men and women to refuse to make the continuous, intelligent exertion which constitutes industry and thrift. To put the matter in the plainest light, we ask our readers to look for themselves at one of the tumble-down cabins, which are only too common in our villages, surrounded by broken fences, falling outhouses, dirty yard, neglected garden, and with an interior no whit better than is promised by the first view, and then to seek for the home of some man whose work is regulated, who believes in and obeys Heaven's first law of order, whose house, inside and out, is neat, clean, well-cared for. The contrast between these two dwellings exhibit clearly enough the width of the gulf which lies between thrift and thriftlessness, and the preponderance of the latter in most of our villages is a bitter but undeniable fact. That it need not be so we are all convinced; that it is so is a disgrace in which we must all share, until the motives offered by ambition, pride and duty, become sufficiently strong to induce us to overcome the languor which is our only excuse, and the habit of indifference which weighs so heavily upon us.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS.

HOUSE AND HOME.

The corner stone of all civilization is the Family, the existence of families include the existence of homes, and a home pre-supposes a house, so that we are swiftly and easily led to comprehend the importance to the human race, or at least to all civilized members of it, of the houses which shelter them, and which, furthermore, supply so large a share of the comforts, the charms, the sweet and powerful influences of Home.

The effect of well-built, convenient, attractive houses is hardly to be overrated, they are so supremely civilizing that men and women can hardly fail to be made, in one way or another, the better for living in them; they seem to offer a premium upon neatness and taste, and are a constant stimulant to the desire for comfort and beauty which is common to all people above the level of barbarians. No young man at the outset of his life can have a safer or wiser ambition than that which he gains from his desire to become a house holder; no young woman can go far wrong who believes that to become a housekeeper in the true meaning of the term, is a good and beautiful thing, and neither of these positions are, as a general thing, to be lightly won or easily kept. A man who has only his own labor to depend upon must make up his mind to much hard work and some self-sacrifice before he attains to the undivided ownership of a suitable and comfortable house; and a woman, who in her childhood and youth has known little or nothing of the details of housework, needs to lay up a stock of courage and perseverance when she promises herself to become a true housekeeper.

But both man and woman find themselves amply repaid for all their labor and sacrifice when, the goal being won, the house and home are theirs and they can rest, as did the wise men of old under the safe and beautiful shelter of their own vine and figtree.

Now, taking for granted the desire and resolution to make homes for yourselves which I believe to exist among most of you to whom these chapters are addressed, there follow at once the practical questions: first, "What is the safest and quickest way of becoming the owner of a house, open to a man who works for his daily bread?" and second, "What is the best and most convenient plan for building a suitable house on limited means?"

The answer to the first question will vary to a certain extent with circumstances, but in the main will remain the same, and to show that the principle upon which it is based has already been successfully demonstrated, I quote from an editorial in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN for October, 1875.

"Commencing in April, 1871, a gentleman resident in the South, built and sold to negroes forty-nine houses, besides selling to them sixteen vacant lots. Only three of the houses were paid for in cash. Twenty-four of the remaining houses have been paid for in full, chiefly in monthly instalments. The other twenty-two were sold for $10,756, of which $5,650 has been paid. No case has yet occurred or is likely to occur, in which it has been or will be necessary to turn out a purchaser for default. First payments of from one-tenth to one-fifth have always been insisted on, partly as a means of sorting out the better class, and partly because having paid their fifty or one hundred dollars, they would make great efforts rather than lose it."

The cost of these houses, built as above described, was, as the figures show, about five hundred dollars apiece, and every one of the forty-nine purchasers has found it in his power to pay from fifty to one hundred dollars (or more) down at once, and to continue monthly payments of from five to ten dollars.

The security of the gentleman who thus offers his experience lay in the fact that he withheld the deed of house and lot until the whole price was paid, giving the purchaser a contract to give him the deed when the last payment should be made, and he made his profit, which was very small, by buying a large tract of land and building by wholesale. The interest was included in the instalments, and this served often to hasten payments, the whole arrangement being, in short, exactly similar in its results to a mortgage.

A man buying a single lot and building a single house, could hardly, of course, do it on such advantageous terms as the above; but the difference would not be very great, and in a neighborhood where a number of steady, industrious men were willing to unite, land could be bought and houses put up at the cheapest possible rates, the necessary money being borrowed from a bank or an individual, upon mortgages on each house and lot. In this case the mortgage and the interest thereon would be paid off by instalments exactly as the monthly payments were made to the gentleman from whom I have quoted, and the results in each case would be the same.

The fact that forty-nine men have been found in any locality who could in this manner purchase houses for themselves (and I ask you again to notice that there has not been a single defaulter) establishes a fair precedent, as the circumstances in this instance were not specially favorable and the successful purchasers were simply working men of ordinary honesty and perseverance. Any sober, industrious man with a thrifty wife who is willing to do her share of the work, can, if he is getting average wages, pay in less than three years for a house and lot which will provide for him and his family a comfortable home for a lifetime, and he can do it with very little more exertion than would be required to pay the rent of an inferior house for the same length of time.

The advantages of owning a house in distinction to hiring one, are so great as to need only the briefest mention, and most of you must already have learned that, for many reasons, hired houses make very uncertain and unsatisfactory homes. There is no better investment for a certain proportion of a man's capital than a house and lot, and the earlier in life he makes the investment, the more profitable it will be, not only as a direct saving of money, but also and principally in a higher sense. In the first place, he saves for himself the profit which in paying rent he puts in another man's pocket; he avoids the uncertainty which must always accompany the occupation of another man's house, and the expense, discomfort and loss caused by frequent removals from one place to another; and he secures all the pecuniary advantage which must accrue to any working man who becomes known as a steady, industrious and permanent resident of any one locality.

But perhaps his greatest gain is that which comes secondarily, in the moral stimulus which he and his family receive from living in a house which is their own property, wherein no one has a right but themselves, which they can improve and beautify until it becomes to them as their home, the pleasantest and most attractive spot on earth. When a man and woman actually own the house which is their home, they find themselves, as a rule, quickly filled with an honorable ambition to make house and garden as neat, comfortable and pretty as possible. They take pride and pleasure in working for the improvement of that which is their own, and receive constant gratification from results achieved by their own labor and thrift. They have provided for themselves a tangible object for honest ambition; they have something to work for and be interested in, and have thus secured a strong safeguard against the temptations to idleness, unsteadiness and extravagance which so constantly beset humanity and are so frequent a cause of ruin.

Powerful as all these influences are upon parents, they are, if possible, still more powerful in their effects upon children, to whom the importance of a home with all its strong and sweet associations, its various and lasting ties, is incalculable. There is almost necessarily a certain training, a certain formation of thought and habit received from living in a permanent, orderly and peaceful home which nothing else supplies, and this in itself should be a sufficient reason for parents to do their utmost to become possessors of that which is the first essential of a home, namely: a comfortable, suitable house. That this is the foundation of family life is indisputable, and no one who looks at the matter fairly can fail to be convinced that the wisest thing a working man with a family can do, is to secure, as early in life as possible, a house, which will not only be his house as long as he lives, but will also form a provision for his wife and children in case of his death.

The answer to the first question, "As to how a working man can best and most quickly become the owner of a house," seems to be very simple, and if we can trust the experience of others, is very satisfactory: if he has not ac-

cumulated sufficient money of his own for the purpose, he must buy and build, either alone or in company with others, with money borrowed at a fair rate of interest, giving as security a mortgage upon his house, and paying off such mortgage as rapidly as possible. In no way can a man incur smaller risk, and all that is required of him as essential to success is average industry and economy, so that no able bodied man who is blessed with a helpful wife, need fear to undertake the purchase in this manner of a homestead, which, under ordinary conditions, is certain to pay him heavy interest upon the money invested.

VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The beautiful capital of Turkey is now an object of special interest on account of the present state of affairs in that country; the insurrection of its long oppressed western provinces, and the probability that the three great Powers of continental Europe, Russia, Austria, and Germany, will interfere and, wresting his abused power from the Sultan, divide the Ottoman Empire between them. Thus the ancient city of Constantine, capital of the Eastern Roman Empire, will be restored to Christian rule, after having been for four hundred years under the power of the Moslem.

Mr. Henry Day, who has written an interesting book under the title of "A Lawyer Abroad," gives a very graphic description of Constantinople and its aspect from the sea. His sketch, and the fine picture of the scene for which we are indebted to the Foreign Missionary Society, illustrate each other, and are almost as good as seeing with our own eyes. He says:

"We approached Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora just before sunrise, and came abreast the city as the sun was gilding her lofty minarets and domes, shining with dazzling brightness upon a thousand windows. Standing on the deck of our ship, as she came up proudly from the sea around the Point Seraglio, nothing could be more grand than the picture before us. At our left rises Stamboul, on a triangle of land flanked by the Marmora and Golden Horn on two sides, with the green Seraglio Point for its apex, its houses rising by easy ascent from the water on each side, rank above rank, to a gentle eminence surmounted by a hundred domes and minarets; while towering above them all, and crowning the picture, rises the magnificent dome of St Sophia, surrounded by gilded minarets stretching almost into the blue sky.

VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Before us, and across the Golden Horn from Stamboul, stands Pera, another city covering the steep sides and the lofty eminence of another hill. On the Asiatic side lies Scutari, embosomed in green trees; and still further to the east, in lofty grandeur, rise the purple sides of Mount Olympus. To the north, winding up among the wooded hills, is the Bosphorus; while to the west, between Stamboul and Pera, lies the Golden Horn, stretching up to the charming valley of the 'Sweet Water.' All the elements of natural grandeur and of the handiwork of man are before you in one picture.

"Here, in this magnificent harbor, surrounded by cities, float the most stately of ships,—the flags of all nations. The waters are replete with craft of every kind, from the ocean steamer to the frail kiak. Here we see the mountains, the rivers, the cities, all in one glorious setting, such as the world has never seen before.

"But the charm is dispelled the moment you set foot within the city. The streets are narrow, filled with dogs, badly paved, tortuous, often filthy; the buildings generally very common, old, and built of wood, excepting the mosques, which, with the lofty domes and minarets, are externally very magnificent and imposing. Internally, none of them are of any interest, excepting St. Sophia. To see this magnificent structure would repay one for a voyage to Constantinople. Its foundations were laid by Constantine. It is the most perfect structure of its age and size in the world. It covers about two acres of ground, and is nearly square, with a magnificent dome over the center, one hundred and seven feet in diameter and one hundred and eighty feet high, and at the very top is written this verse from the Koran, in golden Arabic letters: 'God is the light of the heavens and the earth.'

"There is one other building in Constantinople which we would not forget to mention. It is the Bible House of the American Bible Society. Modest and unpretending externally, it is the representative of that mighty spiritual power which, without observation, is working the regeneration of the world. While St. Sophia, the representative of the more formal, imposing, and material Christianity of the fourth and fifth centuries, bravely defended by the valor of the Crusaders, is now in the hands of the Moslem, devoted to the worship of the false prophet, this more spiritual Christianity, emanating from the Bible House without waving banner or shining steel, is carrying her peaceful conquests into the very heart of the Ottoman empire."

The American Board of Foreign Missions is doing a great work in Constantinople for the christianizing and civilizing of Turkey. Robert College, under the charge of the venerable Dr. Hamlin, the Theological Seminary, the Home School for girls, formed and conducted by the ladies of the mission and exerting a powerful influence in a sphere to which men would not even be admitted,—all these are mighty levers to raise the nation into the light of truth and freedom.

The Board also publishes three weekly papers in the different languages of Turkey, and four illustrated monthlies for children, the first papers ever printed for children in Turkey, where, indeed, no newspapers of any kind were known forty years ago.

JOHN B. GOUGH ON "BLUNDERS,"

THE BEST OF HIS LECTURES.

This lecture is not intended merely for amusement but for use. It will be useful to parents, children, guardians, and especially to young people. "By the term blunders, I embrace a wide range of meaning—errors, mistakes, bulls, and the like; an error being a departure or deviation from that which is right; a mistake the taking of one thing for another; a blunder a mistake or error of a corresponding kind and generally considered blamable. It usually exposes the person to ridicule, while a bull is simply a verbal blunder containing a laughable incongruity of ideas. One source of blunders is absent-mindedness of the business which is immediately in hand. The mechanic spoils his work by thinking of something else. The cooper puts his son inside a barrel to hold up the head, to find when he has finished that the boy is headed into the barrel with no way of escape but through the bunghole—a foolish blunder. A dentist extracts the wrong tooth—a stupid blunder. A physician prescribes the wrong medicine, or a druggist puts up the wrong prescription—a criminal blunder.

There are also many blunders in orthography and literature; but let us turn our attention to blunders more serious in results and effects upon society. Last year the people of the United States paid to 160,000 retail liquor-dealers $800,000,000, besides $400,000,000 for the crime and poverty and huge machinery required to take care of the results of this traffic. I do not believe in the warfare of labor against capital or of capital against labor; but, with all my heart, might, mind, strength and soul, I advocate a universal unanimous and persistent strike against this liquor business. Strike hard and strike home, warring not with men, but with the demoralizing traffic. Strike at it at home and at party receptions. Strike at the cut-glass of the moderate drinker and rum-jug of the poor man; at the decanters and whisky-flasks; strike in the name of justice, purity and humanity; strike for the love of God and in behalf of the drunkards of the state; strike against it at the ballot-box; strike against it in your churches; strike till you die, and by God's help we shall do something to repair the most awful national blunder of the nineteenth century. [Applause.]

Young men, middle-aged men, old men and women, take a glance back the way you have come. Can you not recall blunders for which you are paying the penalty? Have you never committed blunders that have caused you sleepless nights, sad waking hours, bitter regrets and the pangs of remorse? Will you not repair them? You can if you will. The younger son, when he demanded of his father his portion, made a blunder. When he spent his substance in riotous living he made a blunder. When, continuing in his erratic course he spent all, he made a blunder. But when he determined to return to his father's house he made no blunder. That spirit sees the nature of all temptations and rectifies all blunders. There is no darkness or desolation it cannot brighten, there is no gloom it cannot dispel, and its hands are the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

Take Care of the Cents, and the Dollars will take care of themselves.

Rich Uncle Tom, says the Boston *Cultivator*, offered his baby niece a copper, which baby's mother threw on the floor in a pet, taking it almost as an insult. Uncle Tom only laughed, and quietly picking up the cent, started for home. On his way he exchanged the copper for a nice new-laid egg. He took the egg home and put it under a sitting hen, and in due time out popped a chicken. The chicken grew to be a hen, and the hen proved as great a "layer" as her mother. Some of the eggs Uncle Tom saved to pay him for his trouble and his corn, and sold the rest, or turned them into chickens for the benefit of Aunt Sarah's baby, who kept growing along, first to girl, and then to womanhood, and was still as pretty as ever.

At last Uncle Tom sold some of the hens for a lamb. The lamb became a sheep, and the mother of many sheep, until the sheep were sold for a cow. So, year by year, while Aunt Sarah's baby grew older and prettier, her property grew larger and more valuable, until, on her wedding day, Uncle Tom took home to her in a line, like the procession going into the ark, first a flock of hens, then a drove of sheep, and following after, a herd of cows,—a handsome dowry, and only the rightful income from her first copper.

ONLY A FLOWER TO GIVE.

"Mother," asked little Phœbe Cary, "have you nothing I can carry to poor Aunt Mollie?"

Phœbe's mother was poor, and her cupboard was empty that morning.

"I wish I had, Phœbe," said she, "Can you think of anything?"

Phœbe thought a moment, and then said, "I have only a flower. I will take her a sweet-pea."

Now Phœbe had a sweet-pea, which she had planted under her window, and as it grew and flowered, both mother and daughter enjoyed it. Phœbe picked a fine blossom, and ran down the lane to poor Aunt Molly's cottage. This was a poor old sick woman, who for a whole year had lain on her bed suffering great pain.

In the afternoon a lady called to see Aunt Molly and noticed the sweet-pea in a cracked tumbler near the poor woman's bed.

"That pretty posy," said Aunt Molly, looking up with a grateful smile, "was brought to me this morning by a little girl, who said it was all she had to bring. I am sure it's worth a great deal to know I'm thought of, and as I look at it, it brings up the image of green fields and the posies I used to pick when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have! If this little flower is not beneath his making and his care, he won't overlook a poor creature like me."

Tears came into the lady's eyes. And what did she think? She thought, "If you only have a flower to give, give that, and remember, too, the Saviour's words, that even a cup of cold water, given in a Christian spirit, shall not lose its reward."

—*Child's World.*

AFRICA

The expedition under Mr. Stanley, for whose advance into Africa we promised to keep our readers informed, was, according to letters dated *May* 15th, occupied in exploring the great lake of the Victoria Nyanza, having launched upon its waters the first English boat which has ever been sailed upon an African lake. Mr. Stanley reports the lake to contain numerous islands, while the coast is of a very irregular character, sometimes stretching away into vast plains and again rising into rocky and abrupt cliffs. Great care was of course necessary in their intercourse with the natives, but they had been successful in obtaining the requisite supplies of provisions and had not been seriously menaced, though the boat and Mr. Stanley himself were objects of intense interest and no little awe to the savages inhabiting the shores of the lake, to whom white men and sails were utterly unknown.

Hippopotami abounded and were a frequent source of danger, as one of them could easily upset the boat and drown or mutilate its crew.

The King of Nyanza assisted the expedition by lending Mr. Stanley a number of canoes and some five hundred men to accompany him to the Katonga River, but owing to some of the impediments so frequent in African travel Mr. Stanley was obliged to go on with only two canoes, leaving the rest of his party one moon on the lake shore. He was absent fifty-eight days, and in that time surveyed about 1000 miles of the lake coast, but returned to find another of his white companions dead. That this was a great blow to him we can imagine, and he closes his letter with a few lines which we quote entire: "Thus two out of four white men are dead. I wonder who next? Death cries, Who next? and perhaps our several friends are asking, Who next? No matter who it is. We could not better ourselves by attempting to fly from the fatal land, for between us and the sea are seven hundred miles of as sickly a country as any in Africa. The prospect is fairer in front though there are some 3,000 miles more to march. We have new and wonderful lands before us, whose wonders and mysteries shall be a medicine which shall make us laugh at fever and death." Mr. Stanley's proposed course is first to the north, but he hopes to fully explore all the great interior lakes, and to settle the vexed question of their relationship to each other, in which attempt he has the hearty sympathy and encouragement of the civilized world.

We print extracts from a very remarkable and interesting address delivered on the 23d of July last, at Randolph Macon College. Its author, John Hampden Chamberlayne, Esq., is the editor of the *Norfolk Virginian*, a representative paper of Virginian Conservatism. When such men as he talk common sense about Virginia, it cannot possibly be rejected on the ground that it is imported:

Till 1815 Virginia led all the states in power and in influence; from '15 to '25 she stood still, and then for long years she grew weak from day to day.

That whole period from the debate at the Burgesses House to the decision at Yorktown, from the provincial declaration of the Apollo Hall in Raleigh Tavern to the treaty of '83, was instinct with public spirit. In Washington stripping his own Virginia of means and men to seek the common good at Boston and New York. In Henry, straining every nerve as Virginia's Governor, to hold up the hands of Washington. In Nelson, devoting his house to the guns of his countrymen, and giving his estate to the public purse; in that Roman matron who bade her sons come back no more to their Valley homes if on their heels Tarleton should ride; in Henry Lee of the Legion, never losing trust in the great plan and the greater genius of his commander, and with his little troop covering the long, long retreat from middle Georgia to Dan river, to become, at length, part of that great leaguer to which gathered at Yorktown, Lafayette from the Valley, Washington from Long Island, and Rochambeau from the Windward Isles.

These things are an oft told tale, and when war was done and peace came with tasks yet harder, when destruction ended and construction began, when the pullers down were called to be builders up, that same public lived to ends yet greater and on a scale far wider. Then Virginia created the Union despite the loss to her which prophetic Henry saw, then Washington gave eight years of his mature wisdom to his country, and then, likewise, with self-denial almost above the human, laid down a power well nigh absolute, and wisely, as few of the sons of men are wise, warned his countrymen to limit his great office, whether worthily held by statesman or patriot, or, as might be, in other days, made the prize of intrigue or the spoil of some lucky captain. Then Virginia ceded the boundless Northwest, and then she consented to make herself in the Senate small as Rhode Island. Then at one blow she abolished entail, primogeniture and the privileged church. Then Madison taught all the country through the Federalist, Marshall laid the foundations of our jurisprudence, and John Taylor, of Caroline, raised the empirics of the farm to the science of agriculture. On every hand, from 1775 to 1835, we find Virginia full of vigor at home, respected and powerful abroad, because full of public spirit.

With the year 1835 the heroic period of Virginia may be said to end, and a decadence followed which we are apt enough to forget, but which to study is our highest duty, since the lessons it teaches are needful—yesterday, to-day and to-morrow—if our decadence is to be followed by steady and long-continued progress in strength and power.

The decline of Virginia's power is generally acknowledged, but you will often hear men say it was comparative only and not positive, and that whatever its extent it was due to the democratic element of our institutions and sprang from universal suffrage, for, be it known to you, there still lives among us a class of minds to which Democracy is as the red flag to the bull, and whose religion it is to pronounce the ballot-box anathema maranatha.

Now, I am here to preach no politics, but, as observers of affairs and students of history we can see this view is false. The decadence could not be caused by universal suffrage, because the suffrage was not extended till long after the decay was plain. It could not be caused by democracy, because no such effect followed the establishment of extreme democracy and the widest limit of suffrage, both before in New England, and afterward in the new commonwealth of the West.

Leaving these narrow notions, all too straight to fit the facts, let us see when and why this decadence of Virginia took place.

Neither Democracy, then, nor native sloth is the cause we seek, and, leaving the negative for the positive method, I should be false to you as well as to myself if I should shrink from declaring what seems to me the root of the evil.

It is to be found in the repression of free thought and free inquiry, which the institution of slavery thought necessary for its protection.

The leaders in the heroic period were to a man enemies to slavery and incredulous both of its expediency and its rightfulness, and it was they who offered the great free ordinance for the Northwest in 1784. Had natural causes met no hindrance, slavery would doubtless have been gradually abandoned. But the anwise war made on it at the North, begun by Aaron Burr as early as 1800, avowed in New England in 1810, and pushed by John Quincy Adams with ever-increasing bitterness, forced Virginians to identify its protection with there right of self-government. "A poor thing," we cried, with Touchstone, "but mine own," and shall I not do what I will with mine own? The abortive but frightful attempt of the negro Gabriel in 1800, and the Southampton insurrection in 1832, brought terror in to confuse reason, and turned prejudice to passion. Last came the demand for cotton, raising its price from nine cents in 1830 to seventeen cents in 1831, and the corresponding rise in the value of the negro, and a triple band tied us to slavery: first, the just and beneficent theory of State Rights and local self-government; second, the pride of race; and third, the greed of the pocket.

Determined thus to maintain slavery, we had next to justify it. This we did by clinging to one interpretation of the Bible; by triumphantly citing the example of the patriarchs, and by finding all doctrine in the famous case of Onesimus. On such texts as "servants obey your masters," a whole dogmatic theology grew up, fit rival for narrowness and intolerance to that which from such words as, "The powers that be are ordained of God," taught the Jacobites of England the doctrine of Passive Obedience, or that, its antithesis, which the Independents and the fierce Fifth Monarchists invoked when they pulled down the prelates as "troublers of Israel," and smote off Charles' head with the "Sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Slavery once bound up with the Bible and with fixed belief, inquiry into the one and doubt of the other became a crime; all change was looked on as danger, and every novelty distrusted. Where, as in England and the states north of us, men were free to discuss all things, there they had no slavery. Hence, with us, society sternly repressed individual thought on this institution, and on all the facts and fancies which we believed to support it. The next step was to glorify it, and apology became eulogy. To this, too, a literature was devoted. To belief in this eulogy or to acquiescence in it society gave its smiles; to all question of it, gave frowns, suspicion, and ostracism. And, too, it was glorified here only, by us alone, it followed that the rest of the world and the opinion of other men we ceased first to value, and then to regard at all, and turned to the contemplation solely of ourselves and our virtues.

Now, you cannot limit the mind without dwarfing it, nor shut off all light without weakening the eye; so, when we left our faculties unused we began to lose them, and digging for ourselves a mammoth cave of darkness, we went near to be blind as its fish.

The facts of our science we found in books instead of nature; not a discoverer nor an investigator was left among us; the very spirit of inquiry was gone, and you might hear, as I have heard, an educated country gentlemen gravely maintain that the bird called rail or sora every fall turns into a frog, and spends its winters buried in the mud. Fighting-cocks, hunting-dogs and race-horses we still bred in purity and excellence, but so little was known of the laws of species and the methods of breeding, that for all other domestic animals accidental mixture was the rule and degeneracy the fruit.

Our people poured out in ceaseless streams to create or to enrich a half-score of states. In the forty years from 1820 to 1860 our population increased only fifty per cent., though living was cheap, early marriage universal, and our rate of production above the average. So late as 1830 we had but 35,000 residents of foreign birth, and Richmond, out of fifty chief cities of the country, had the smallest foreign-born population. Our comparative numbers had made us in 1800 and 1812 the first State of the Union; in '20 we were second; in '30 we were third; in '40 fourth, and in 1850 fifth; so severe was the drain of emigration and so strong the wall we built against immigration, whether of men or of ideas. In wealth, too, the same course was seen, for there is reason to believe that our slave-owning agricultural class was bankrupt in 1840, and was saved from utter ruin only by the steady rise in the demand for cotton and the steady increase in the value of slave property—an increase vaguely estimated at four per cent. per annum on the stock of slaves.

Here in Virginia, of labor-saving invention we wanted nothing, for of the labor of slaves we of the governing class had enough, and naturally we had no wish to relieve of drudgery the white man not owning slaves, nor to make him rival the slave in production nor ourselves in leisure.

Here in Virginia, there was no longer room for energy, for we had determined we had all things in having slavery; there was no room for inquiring minds, for we had answered Plato's question. He asked, "What is Truth?" We said, "It is our peculiar institution."

This state of things could not last in the modern world and among our race, and in the decade that began with 1830 signs of reaction appeared.

Before this reaction, however, was more than fairly begun, causes wider than those which governed Virginia's special history, precipitated the war. That it found us unready, you know. But war is the simplest of the arts, and, as all the world knows, we proved such masters of it as that we maintained for four years our lopsided and incomplete civilization against great odds, and upheld our obsolete idea against the thought, the science, and the art of the world.

We failed, of course; but in the failure awoke that Public Spirit which, like the insensible heat of vagrant gases, had lain hidden and latent, but was ready to blaze out when pressure came to make solid their mass and visible its force. Of the war and of what followed it—of its efforts and sacrifice, and of the endurance, the hope, and the common purpose with which we adjusted and must still adjust our society to its new environment—I need not speak, for it is known to you all.

In publishing this lecture the Editor remarks:

Whether we agree with his conclusions or not, we cannot shut our eyes to the facts he presents, and they do not, by any means, flatter us. It is high time that we cease to waste breath over the "glory of the past," and to address ourselves to the urgent demands of the *present*. We have been quite long enough a mutual admiration society; we must realize that we, *even we*, have faults, and some very grievous ones.

A very graceful Centennial gift to the United States has been planned by some distinguished Frenchmen to commemorate the sympathy France gave us in our struggles for freedom a hundred years ago, and cement the present friendship between the nations. The French people are so heartily and universally entering into the spirit of the plan and contributing to the subscription lists, that it will be a truly national gift. It is to consist of a colossal statue of Liberty to be erected on a pedestal on Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor. The statue is to be large enough to serve as a light house, the torch to be held in the hand of the figure which will thus represent "Liberty lighting up the world." An eminent French sculptor will model the statue and it will be no doubt a fitting memorial of noble deeds, and worthy of the two great nations.

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS.

An *Exchange* says: We doubt if a full conception of this gigantic affair entered a single mind of those who were looking on. We confess that we were not near equal to the occasion. The proportions of machinery hall alone—one of the smallest of the buildings—was hardly appreciated; because everything around it was on such a grand scale that it didn't look so large after all. But within this building every living soul in Herrieburg, Carlisle, and Mechanicsburg could be supplied with a comfortable seat, and room for as many more. Every person in Philadelphia could be accommodated with standing room in it at one end the same time, and there would be room enough left for the people of another good-sized city. And this building is not near as large as the mammoth building just east of it, known as the "main building." In this building every living soul in the great State of Pennsylvania could be supplied with standing room, and leave a good-sized corner for the people of another state. Then a person can walk a hundred miles, in machinery hall, without going over the same spot twice. In the main building, he could walk a hundred and fifty miles. Taking all the buildings, a visitor to the exposition can walk over five hundred miles, and not go over any one place twice in the whole distance. So the person who goes to the exposition, expecting to "do" the whole thing in one day, will be wofully disappointed. He couldn't do it traveling at railroad speed.

It is believed that over 100,000 people will be present at the exposition, from Europe alone. Millions of Americans will be there next year. It is safe to say—nothing otherwise occuring—that the exposition next year will be visited by six millions of people, and probably ten millions.

THE CENTENNIAL CALENDAR.

The anniversaries to remember in the Centenial year are,—

March 17th. Evacuation of Boston by the British.
June 28th. Repulse of the British attack on Fort Moultrie; The first victory over the "Mistress of the Seas."
July 4th. Declaration of Independence.
Aug. 27th. Battle of Long Island, and consequent retreat across New Jersey.
Dec. 25th. Washington crossing the Delaware, a brilliant victory at Trenton.

NEWS OF THE MOUTH.

The Crops.—The November and December reports to the department of agriculture indicate that the corn crop of 1875 was one of the largest ever grown, probably equaling the very large crops of 1870 and '73. It is at least a fourth greater than the crop of 1874, and about a third larger than the crop of 1869, reported in the last census. Every section of the Union reports some increase. The condition of the potato crop is also extraordinary in both product and quality. The total yield is fully one-fourth greater than last year. The hay crop in New England, except Maine, and the Middle States is reported large and good quality, compared with last year. Maine reports an advance of ten per cent., but in other states of that section, also Virginia and West Virginia, there is an average falling off of about thirteen per cent., the principle cause being an early drought. The tobacco crop shows an increase of over seventy-five per cent. as compared with last year, when a partial failure was experienced. All the large tobacco states show a marked increase in production, especially Tennessee and Kentucky. The New England crop has increased about ten per cent., in quantity. The year has been mostly one of disaster to fruit growers, though some parts of the country have enjoyed a total or partial exemption from this injury. The returns indicate that the entire buckwheat product equals that of last year. An extraordinary increase in the sorghum crop over last year is indicated in the Southern States and in the Mississippi valley.

Another terrible ocean disaster occured on the 9th of December, the "North German" steamer *Deutschland*, from Bremen to New York, was driven on the sands and wrecked—seventy-lives lost.

The Colored M. E. Church of America has now four bishops, and a membership of 300,000 in the Southern and Western States.—*Golden Rule.*

There are a million of colored Baptists in Georgia.—*Golden Rule.*

Our American Centennial exhibition is already a great success. In spite of the succession of wet sheets thrown over the enterprise in its infancy, by the refusal of congress to adopt it at once as a National affair, then by the consequent alarm and withdrawal of some of the foriegn exhibitors, and chilliest of all, the apparent indifference of the American public, the Centennial commission has gone straight ahead with the vast preparations, in full faith that all would be required, and it has won as it deserved success in all directions —Russia and Italy and the other frightened sheep have come trotting back with all their trains of merchandise and art behind them. The American public has shown that it was only gathering itself for a spring—and finally the commission has achieved its greatest triumph and at one stroke captured the American Government bodily and conveyed it to Philadelphia to look at the large buildings and go home and vote a million and a half to finish them. As the *Tribune* puts it, "The President, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and both Houses of Congress left the Capitol in a body for the first time in the history of the Government and came to give their aid and countenance to the undertaking." They came, they saw and were conquered. The appropriation is a foregone conclusion, and one which the nation will approve.

The President's message opens, appropriately in this Centennial year of the Republic, with a brief review of the progress it has made in the last hundred years from a population of 3,000,000 to one of 40,000,000; from a simply agricultural people to a country noted for varied manufactures and commerce; our liberties have been preserved, the bondsmen freed, our thirteen states have become thirty-eight states and eight Territories. The cotton gin, the steamship, the telegraph, sewing machines, and many others are all American investions. The development of our mines has affected the business of the world. We have new the respect if not the friendship of all civilized nations.

Our foreign relations are stated to be mostly satisfactory and friendly, and the President is happy to announce the passage of an act by the Government of Portugal to abolish slavery in her colonies, and expresses the opinion that the United States ought to provide by suitable legislation that no citizen of the United States shall hold slaves as property in any other country or be interested therein. A reciprocity treaty has been concluded with Hawaii and waits the ratification of Congress. Our relations with Spain are considered at length and especially in regard to the Cubsn question. The President concludes that although the conflict in Cuba is disastrous to our commerce and conducted in violation of the laws of civilized warfare, the revolutionists have not established a right to recognition by foreign powers, having failed to maintain any government of their own with which intercourse may be had. He thinks, however, that he may send a special message to Congress during its present session recommending some plan of intervention. Negotiations pending with Spain in reference to proper protection of our citizens he hopes may be satisfactorily settled as other claims have been.

Honorable mention is made of the Centennial exhibition and its management, and strong recommendation of such legislation and appropriations as will ensure its success.

At the close of his Message the President sums up as follows the points which he regards as most needing legislation:

First, that the states shall be required to provide a good common school education for every child within their limits. Second, that no sectarian tenets shall ever be taught in any school supported in whole or in part by the state, nation, or by any tax levied on any community; and that ability to read and write shall be made a condition of the right to vote for all becoming voters after the year 1890.

Third, Declare church and state forever separate, and all church property taxable,

Fourth, Drive out all licensed immorality and polygamy.

Fifth, Enact laws for a speedy return to a sound currency which will command the respect of the world. He recommends a resumption of specie payments by January 1st, 1879, at the furthest.

A Monument to Vice President Wilson is to be erected by the citizens of Natick.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison celebrated his fiftieth anniversary at Newburyport lately by taking up the composing stick again in the *Herald* office where he set type half a century ago. As the *Golden Rule* remarks, "The types have fought a good fight for this pioneer of freedom and humanity in that half century."

One-half the full grown males in southern Illinois cannot read or write.

Congress has given formal notice that after January 1st, 1877, the United States will redeem its notes in coin. The New York *Nation* urges the states to pass laws, as New York has, making taxes, debts and contracts payable in coin or its equivalent after that date unless paper be specified in the contract.

The Horrors of the Coolie trade in Cuba is exciting the indignation of the civilized world. The Coolies, as the Chinese emigrants are called, are induced to embark by false representations, bound by false contracts, shipped like slaves, and when they arrive in Cuba find themselves doomed to a life of slavery from which they often resort to suicide to free themselves. When the time of their contracts expire they are treated like vagrants and put on the public works till they reengage themselves or are sold into service. The depositions of 1200 Coolies were taken before commission sent from China and Spain to investigate their condition, and the greatest atrocities were revealed. Men of literary and official rank were among the number of the kidnapped.

China having in 1872 prohibited emigration to Cuba to protect her citizens, and Spain claiming that this act was a violation of a treaty made in 1864, the committee of investigation above mentioned was sent to Cuba, and the case referred to representatives of the five great Powers, the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, and Germany. These five great Powers were unable to settle the question.

The Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education gives the following interesting statistics: There are 10,500,000 children in the country between the ages of six and sixteen; 8,000,000 pupils in the public schools, with an average daily attendance of four million and a half. These are educated at a yearly expense of $74,000,000. The Cherokee Nation pays the highest salaries to teachers, $250 a month to male and $200 to female teachers.

Michael C. Kerr of Indiana is elected Speaker of the House of Representatives by the Democratic majority. He is a staunch hard-money man.

The New York *Tribune* of December 4th, gives a brief sketch of almost every one of the new members of the Forty-fourth Congress. In the Senate there are forty-two Republicans, twenty-nine Democrats, four Independents, and one vacancy for which Pinchback (Republican) and Mc Millan (Democrat) of Louisiana contest. In the House there are one hundred and one Republicans, one hundred and seventy-seven Democrats, five Liberal Republicans, four Independent Republicans, four Independent Reformers, and one vacancy caused by death of two members from one district in Tennessee. The Senate has a Republican majority of eleven; the house a Democratic majority of sixty-three. The last Congress had a Republican majority of twenty-one in the Senate and one hundred and five in the House.

Out of this three hundred and thirty-six members of both Houses one hundred and seventy-six have never been in Congress before, an unusually large proportion. This seventeen new Senators number eleven lawyers, four ex-Governors, three ex-Confederate officers, and one ex-Confederate Senator. The new Representatives number one hundred and twenty-two lawyers, thirty-one merchants, four physicians, two editors, six farmers, and two college professors; twenty-seven are veterans of the Union Army, seven of the Union Navy, and twenty-six served in the Confederate Army; seven are of foreign birth.

Wm. M. Evarts, as orator, and H. W. Longfellow, as poet, have been selected for the opening of the Centennial. A grandson of Richard H. Lee, of Virginia, will read the Declaration of Independence.

There are now seven colored men in Congress. Three of them could not read until the war emancipated them. One, Robert Smalls, served in the army and navy on both sides during the war.

Wm. M. Tweed, who was sent to the Penitentiary two years ago for his share in the enormous frauds of the Tammany Ring, and was released on grounds of a legal error in the decision of the court, only to be arrested on a civil suit by the State of New York to the amount of $6,000,000, has managed without much trouble to escape from Ludlow St. Jail, and is now enjoying the stolen sweets of freedom as best he may with the reflections that must accompany him. A reward of $10,000 has been offered by the sheriff for his recapture, but nobody has got it yet.

The Evangelists, Moody and Sankey, are as successful in Philadelphia as they were in Brooklyn. The meetings are crowded, with no abatement of interest.

Ostrich-farming has become one of the profitable industries of Africa at the Cape of Good Hope. Ostriches are kept and plucked like geese, while the eggs are hatched by artificial incubators.

Agricultural.

Speaking of Peas,—A writer for the *Southern Planter and Farmer*, quotes the opinion of a Mr. Ruffin, in which he agrees, as follows:

The mottled or shinney pea, which has been so much celebrated in latter years, differs in some respects from all others. The seeds are of a light brownish color, thickly streaked or mottled with deeper brown. It is deemed by farmers who have tried it longer and more fully than myself, to be one of the heaviest vine-bearers, and also by far the most productive in grain.

It was also noted, as a peculiar value found in the mottled pea, that the vines were pulled up, still green and full of leaves, after most of the pods were ripe, and were thus cured for hay.

This last peculiarity noticed by Mr. Ruffin is one that recommends it very highly to me. To-day, after three light frosts, the black pea vines are entirely denuded of leaves, and the stalk apparently dried, while the shinney is full of perfectly ripe peas and green, luxuriant leaves, and the stem still green and succulent. I have used an acre or two of peas for feeding my horses and milch cows in the stable, and find them superior to the best clover, with oats as grain feed; while with the pea no grain is required. The peas cut for this purpose were the black, and the ground being in good heart, they ran and intertwined so thickly as to render mowing a difficult task. The shinney pea grows more upright, with very little disposition to run, and I think, without having a great deal of experience, will be far preferable as a crop for feeding green on this account.

Another advantage that it possesses for this purpose is that the peas, when fully ripe, are very difficult to shell out; while the black pea, if ripe, will, if cut, after being exposed to the sun until dry, shatter out very badly.

One and a quarter bushels of the shinney pea or one and and three quarters of the black is about the right quantity for an acre.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

The English date their improvement in agriculture from the time of their attention to sheep raising; but they had mutton-sheep only, whose droppings are like guano. They raise immense crops of turnips for their food in winter. And it is this class of sheep my experience is in. Your correspondents seem to consider the value of the wool alone. I consider the carcass the profit; wool pays for the keep—the more the attention and feed, the better the remuneration in both.

You think our farmers are disposed to raise sheep. I have always noticed beginners have strong tendencies to extremes; some think they need no feeding—anything will do them; "they will eat the running brier by the yard." All this is a mistake. They require less than other animals, and they will nibble the tender end of briers; and if the brier was removed frequently, doubtless they would eat the tender shoots as they put out; but this they would do as an alternative, as you see cattle sometimes leave luxurious grass to eat old, dry straw. Another erroneous idea—"sheep will bear crowding." Crowd sheep on the farm and they will skin it into poverty; not one will ever be fit for the butcher or the table; none will sell; consequently it will embarrass the owner to know what to do with them. He will have to adopt the plan I heard of; as winter approaches chase them, all he can catch cut their throats for the felt, as too weak to encounter the winter; and thus end in failure, loss, disgust, abandonment.

Advise farmers entering into sheep husbandry to begin only with as many as they can furnish grass enough for in the summer and a moderate supply of food in the winter, a fair proportion of which should be of turnips or other roots, or cabbage leaves—especially for ewes; beans promote the growth of wool. Increase the number as the means of keeping increases, always bearing in mind sheep of any kind will always do better in small than large flocks.

I have now complied with your request in a very plain way, and short; the latter you editors prefer.

Clarke county, Va. J. W. Ware.

The Teachers' Table.

Method of Teaching Kindness to Animals.

I have always tried in my forty-six years' experience as schoolmaster, to teach children habits of kindness to animals. I well know that early impressions are never forgotten, and that a child who is taught humanity to animals will, in later years, learn to love his fellow-men. I have, therefore, taken pains to develop the affections of the children under my care, and to sow the fruitful seeds of kindness, gentleness, and justice toward domestic animals, which are, and always will be, the farmers chief wealth, and also toward others, which, although in a wild state, are no less useful in agriculture, though ignorantly treated as enemies. In this last category are such as the hedgehog, the shrew-mouse, the bat, the toad, the frog, and the lizard, all of them great destroyers of noxious insects,—the mole, which carries on a continual war with the larvæ of beetles and caterpillars, and which should be allowed to live in peace, if not in the gardens, at least in the meadows, where the light and fertilizing soil of the hillocks that it raises, so far from being injurious to the production of grass, in reality favors its growth in a remarkable manner, provided care is taken to turn over freshly-raised earth with a spade,—the nocturnal birds of prey, for which agriculture cannot be too thankful, which are ten times better than the best cats, for, without stealing the roast or the cheese, they wage a bitter war against rats and mice, and destroy, in the fields, great quantities of various kinds of fieldmice and dormice, which, without these nocturnal hunters, would become an intolerable scourge,—and lastly there are the small birds, those indispensible auxiliaries, which hold a first rank for the services they render; those innocent and charming little creatures, which are the best guardians of our gardens, our orchards, and our fields, by their incessant and fierce warfare with the innumerable legions of destructive insects, which, for the most part, birds alone find out and destroy.

I have long been convinced that kindness to animals is productive of great results, and that it is not only the most powerful cause of material prosperity, but also the beginning of moral perfection. I therefore began my work in 1861, and at the same time introduced agriculture into my school; for I saw the close connection between the doctrine of kindness to animals and the important science of agriculture, since there can be no profitable farming unless animals are well kept, well fed, and well treated. And, besides, how can children better learn the pleasures of country life than by understanding the importance of agriculture, the methods used in their own country, and the profit which may be derived from intelligent farming and kind treatment of animals? Do they not become attached to country life? Do they not feel kindly toward all dumb creatures? Do they not receive ideas of domestic economy? Do they not love Mother Earth, who pays us so freely and so generously for our work? And does not this love tend to check the growing evil of emigration from the country to the city?

My method of teaching kindness to animals has the advantage of in no way interfering with the regular routine of my school. Two days in the week all our lessons are conducted with reference to this subject. For instance, in the reading class, I choose a book upon animals, and always find time for useful instruction and good advice. My "copies" for writing are facts in natural history, and impress upon the pupils ideas of justice and kindness toward useful animals.

In written exercises in spelling and composition, I teach the good care which should be taken of domestic animals, and the kindness which should be shown them. I prove that, by not overworking them, and by keeping them in clean and roomy stables, feeding them well, and treating them kindly and gently, a greater profit and larger crops may be obtained than by abusing them. I also speak, in this connection, of certain small animals which, although in a wild state, are very useful to farmers.

In arithmetic, I give them examples in domestic and rural economy, and thus show the children, in exact figures, the amount which may be made by farming when domestic animals are kindly treated.

Besides all this, we have a practical conversation on two afternoons in the week, when I often explain the law against cruelty to animals.

The results of my instruction have been, and are, exceeding satisfactory. My ideas have deeply impressed my pupils, and have exercised the best influence upon their lives and characters. Ever since I have introduced the subject into my school I have found the children less disorderly, but, instead, more gentle and affectionate toward each other. They feel more and more kindly toward animals, and have entirely given up the cruel practice of robbing nests and killing small birds. They are touched by the suffering and misery of animals, and the pain which they feel when they see them cruelly used has been the means of exciting other persons to pity and compassion.

My lessons reach adults through the example and advice of the children, and also by the following method: My pupils have a book containing "Talks about Useful Animals." By my advice, the book is taken home, and is read with interest in the winter evenings, giving rise to the best effects. In my evening class I also teach adults principles of kindness, in the same manner as in my day-school, and with the same success.

I close this letter with the hope that principles of kindness and compassion to animals will soon be taught in every school.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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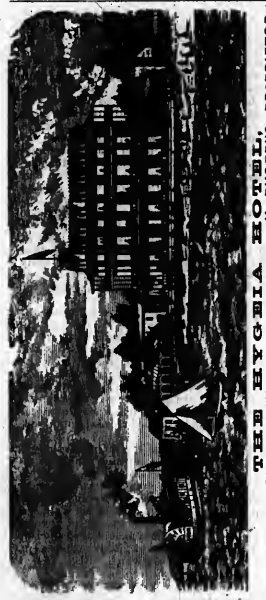

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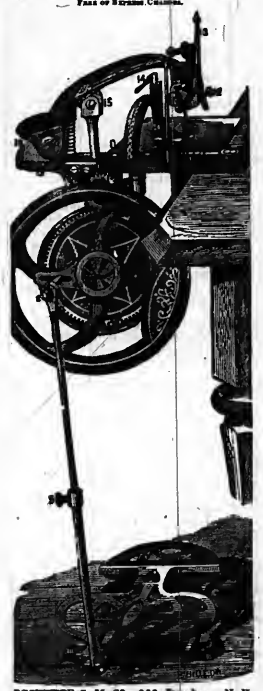

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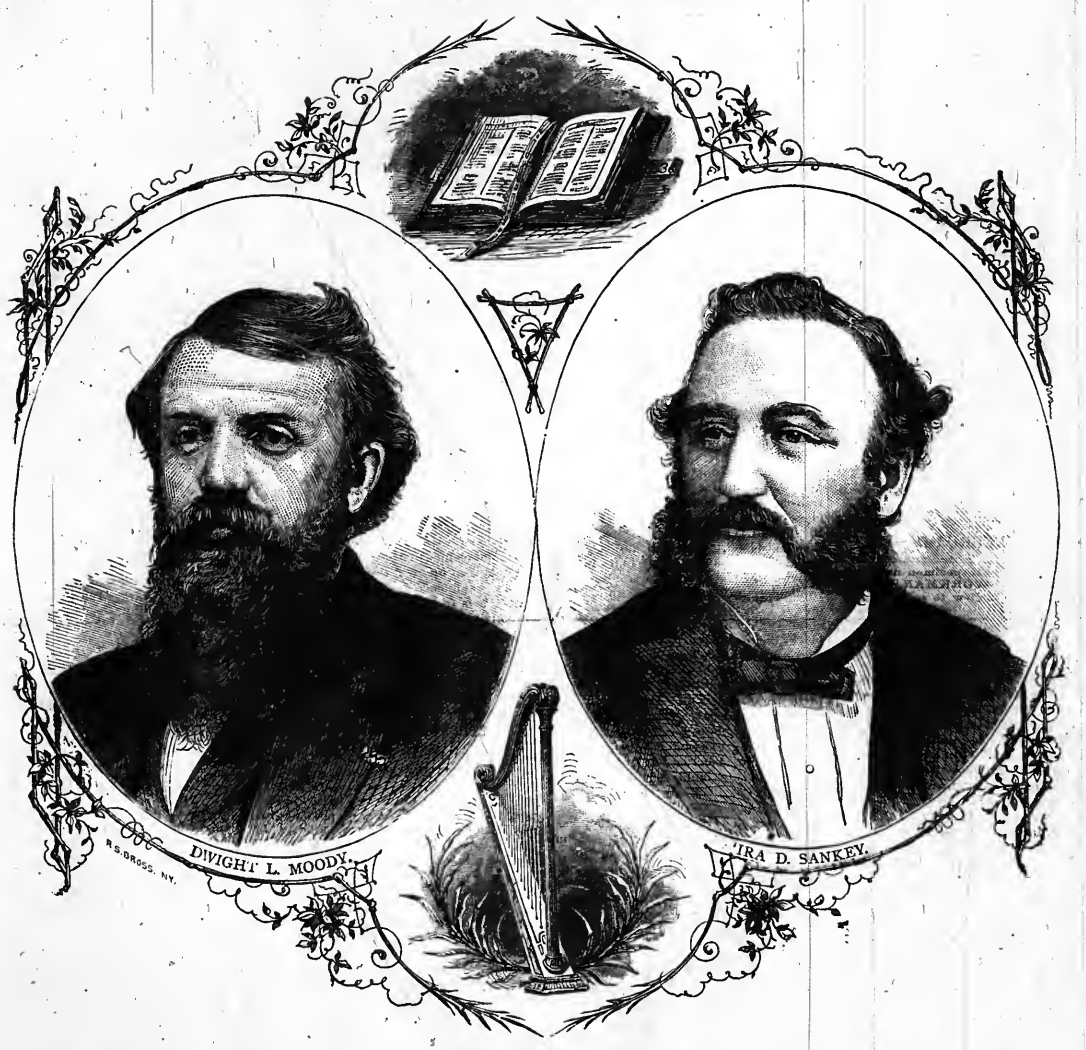
Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1876. NO. 2.



THE AMERICAN EVANGELISTS.

THE AMERICAN EVANGELISTS.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

Our first century has ended, and our new Centennial Year begins in the midst of a religious awakening greater than the world has known since that of the days of Wesley and Whitefield. Like that it has spread to two continents, and more than that has commanded general respect and sympathy. For though there is some difference of opinion as to the wisdom of certain methods and the probable permanency of their effects, there is a general conviction that a true revival of religion is a good and desirable thing in these days of widespread corruption, and that the two men who are giving their whole time to this work are men of honesty and peculiar power.

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the great revival is the respectful tone taken toward it by the Press; the leading daily newspapers, equally with the religious journals. And if this fact be explained by the demands of public sentiment, the wonder is certainly not lessened.

Who then are Moody and Sankey, and where do they get their power?

For the above excellent likenesses of them, we are indebted to the American Tract Society.

Some twenty years ago, a young shoe-maker of little education, but who had left a good Christian mother in his country home, was converted in the Bible Class of Dr. Kirk's church in Boston. His name was Dwight L. Moody, and he was considered such a doubtful case that he was admitted to the church only after a long probation. Removing to Chicago after a while, he was persuaded to take a class in a mission school, and it was there, working with all his soul for the ragged and wretched, that he felt the mighty call in his heart to preach the gospel to every creature.

During the war, he served in the Christian Commission, and after its close, as a lay preacher in Chicago and sometimes Boston and other places. He was much criticised for his roughness and want of the manners of a good speaker, and was sometimes seriously advised to give up his preaching for awhile and study. But he felt that the spirit of the Lord was upon him, and that he was anointed to preach the good tidings; that there was no time to lose, and he must learn how to preach by preaching. In 1872, he made a visit to Great Britain and preached with some success. On his return, he met a young man in Philadelphia who was devoting himself to Sunday school work, and whose sweet and powerful voice in singing the Sunday-school songs attracted Mr. Moody. This was Ira D. Sankey, and ever since, for the last four years, the two men have worked together in perfect harmony, and with wonderful effect.

In England, Scotland and Ireland, all classes of society have been stirred to their depths by the simple story of the Cross. The aristocracy have been set to street preaching, the Scotch Presbyterians to singing Sunday-school hymns, and everywhere the common people have heard them gladly. Since their return to this country, immense crowds have collected night after night with no abatement of interest, in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, and preparations are made in New York, where they spend this month, for audiances of 12,000 in one building.

We publish below a letter from a lady friend giving an interesting account of one of the Brooklyn meetings which she attended. It will answer well for any of the meetings which are all much alike. The Watch night service in Philadelphia was one of peculiar interest, when ten thousand persons watched together the dawning of the Centennial Year, and many professed to find it the dawning of a new life in their souls. The five minutes of silent prayer at the close were most impressive.

What then is Mr. Moody's power? As far as it can be said to be his power, it is certainly his earnestness.

There is something in the magnetism of great crowds, and the congregational singing of ten thousand people; and one is impressed with the feeling that the people's unfailing interest is not wholly accounted for by anything in the two leaders. It must be that the questions of personal religion are, after all, more deeply interesting to the masses of mankind than we are apt to think; Mr. Moody himself would tell us that the power is all of God.

Mr. Moody has improved as a speaker; his sermons are original and striking. But the great element of his personal power is earnest-

ness. He reads one book—the Bible; he does one work—the preaching of it; he desires one thing—the salvation of souls, and whatever his hand finds to do he does with his might.

The element of his success is the element of all success. It is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich; it is much study that makes one learned; it is a downright purpose and persistence that conquers any position worth having in life. Even "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force."

The question is not whether some one else could do a better work than Mr. Moody. No one would be more glad than he to have it done better. But who does do it? If any one can and will not, it is not to his credit or Mr. Moody's blame. It is good to be always zealously affected in a good thing.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

H. W. LUDLOW, *Editor.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,

Business Manager.

HAMPTON, FEBRUARY, 1876.

This is sent out as a specimen number of the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN." Please examine it with a view to subscribing.

We earnestly request its friends to co-operate in building it up. Is there not a great and pressing need of an honest independent journal which has the confidence of the colored people?

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on *receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the* SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.

MANY THANKS

Many thanks for the new and renewed subscriptions for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, which in these times of business depression flourishes better than ever. We hope it may soon reach the point of self-support and become not only a useful journal, but a pecuniary support of the educational work at Hampton.

AMALGAMATION, which, under the fostering influences of slavery, had nearly done its perfect work, but is now partially arrested, has left in the United States and elsewhere, the legacy of a sadly mixed population and of a once vigorous race devitalized and with elements of confusion and disaster.

While external pressure has kept the freedmen of every shade a solid body, politically and socially, they are inclined, upon slight pretexts, to separate into sets, Office, or wealth, or learning, or advantage of any sort, is apt to create a petty caste feeling and to break the bands of sympathy more readily, perhaps, than in other races. This will change as they shall improve and have a better and more universal basis of self respect.

But there is a sentiment about color, almost suppressed in this country, which elsewhere seriously affects the prospects of the negro race. A well known ex-governor of Massachusetts, one of the trustees of Liberia College, informed us that there was difficulty in managing its affairs because of the superiority assumed by those who have white or "Norman" blood in their veins.

Mr. Edmund S. Morris, resident commissioner for the Centennial for Liberia has recently written as follows:

"A class of men have grown up in Liberia who think they are bound to rule in virtue of a few drops of white blood in their veins. Too lazy and proud to work, they have conspired against others and sought to create a petty class superiority, in virtue of a little more knowledge than their neighbors.

"They have held *aloof* from intercourse with the interior and opposed the amity and brotherhood that should exist. Having visited Liberia and all her settlements I know of what I speak. The native population seek education, aid and instruction."

A published private letter says, that—

"The peace of the Republic is somewhat disturbed by the question of color. President Roberts is much embarrassed on this account, the fact of his not being of pure African blood being objectionable to many. One who is an intelligent negro from the West Indies is the principal agitating spirit, who seeks to establish color a test, taking the side of the blacks against those of a light complexion. The more orderly of the Liberians would rejoice if they could be relieved of the leader in this course of mischief."

In the time of Toussaint L'Ouverture there was a similar difficulty damaging to the cause of Haytian independence.

In St. Domingo there are three classes, the whites, the colored, and the blacks, mutually jealous, especially the two latter.

The unity of the race in the United States is due to their being on the defensive against powerful race and sectional prejudices, and is an element of strength and a ground of hope. Here the "colored" man who is unable to buy a second class railroad ticket because "we sell second class only to niggers," and the blackest of the Congo type mingle as men of one race and blood. There are, however, here and there, traces of color feeling; in some individuals and communities it makes trouble. In the Hampton Institute, where, out of two hundred and forty students about twenty are white and thirty-five are black, the rest colored, but all classed as negroes, there has been scarcely a sign of it.

It may be a question whether the present prejudice of race is not less harmful than would be this caste feeling and petty social wars, far more bitter and tyrannical than anything existing.

We see in America the negroes' best chance; not to build an "*imperium in imperio*," but to attain manhood, moral worth and power for good. If obstacles shall yield in the next ten as they have in the last ten years, and advantages similarly increase, our colored population, if kept free from internal dissension and open to right influences will have little to complain of, and will supply to the South a large and industrious yeomanry and an intelligent voting population. Of course there will be a proportion of lazy and thriftless people—a drag and a reproach to the rest. That proportion will depend upon the efforts put forth to save them.

In the heart of Africa, where the last and highest compliment to a potentate is, "And, O King, you are *black*," there is another hopeful field. The people have pride of race, capacity, and not a touch of the caste that blights their prospects when the races are mixed. To Christianize them is a crusade worthy of all the powers of the educated young colored men of America, and an opportunity for abilities that cannot find full play here.

The success of the negro is possible only through enthusiasm of race; in other words, faith in himself; and of that the spirit of caste is destructive. We advise the colored men of America to forever stand by each other, regardless of complexion not for political supremacy, but, by mutual loyalty and help, to make for themselves an honorable record as citizens, and that in the great structure of civilization they may not be as rejected stones, but have a high place.

OYSTERS are now in perfect condition. We advise those who wish the best bivalves of the Chesapeake Bay to buy direct of Mr. George Dixon; see advertisement in another column. Mr. Dixon's establishment is honestly conducted, and by giving employment to labor is a blessing to this community.

THE MOST perfect climate on the Atlantic coast is that of Virginia.

Its mineral springs and magnificent mountains afford delightful summer resorts. On the tide-water region, winters are usually mild; and, although at times the low country is swept by cold and violent winds, there are, in the months of December, January and February, many lovely days. The climate is favorable for throat and lung troubles. A number of remarkable cures have resulted from a winter's residence near Hampton Roads, where the frequent respite from severe cold makes boating and horseback riding attractive and out door air enjoyable.

Fort Monroe is a good base of operations for the fine duck and brant shooting on Cobb's Island and in the Chesapeake Bay.

The vicinity of Hampton is, we believe, destined to become a favorite resort for those who are compelled to flee from the wrath of northern winters, and who yet wish a stimulating climate and to be able to reach home in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

ONLY personal experience of the Moody and Sankey movement can give an adequate impression of its depth and force. Criticism is as an idle wind until one has visited the Inquiry Room and seen the quiet but powerful working of God's spirit; until one has conversed with those who are earnestly seeking the "peace that passeth understanding;" until one has had means of ascertaining its results in the change of purpose and of life of hundreds.

Like a good soldier, Mr. Moody aims low; his point blank words reach everybody; he presents, with terrible earnestness, the claims of the religion for which he has given up everything. He has the secret of influence over men; he leads and urges them to follow. There seems to be in him and his method a reproach to the religious teaching that prevails. People cannot resist a man of such convictions, of such resolve to demolish every excuse of thoughtless or careless men, a man whose works are so consistent with his words.

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.

The Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, in his last annual report states, that—

"The year's progress has been satisfactory in all respects." The addition of 10 611 to our Public School attendance, and of two hundred and eighty-three in the number of schools, was something more than we had a right to expect, all things considered.

"As a means of educating the people, the superiority of public over private instruction is sufficiently demonstrated by the recent history of education in Virginia.

"The largest attendance in proportion to population was in the year 1860, but how small was that in comparison with the number in 1875!

In 1860 67,124 pupils (all white).
" 1875 207,771 " (of whom 54,841 were colored).

"In 1860 there were public free schools in but nine counties and cities in Virginia, but the Literary Society of the state paid the tuition of 31 516 children whose parents were too poor to pay anything.

"We have as the net result of private school instruction in the best year of our history 3350S pupils.

"It is not pretended that our Public School system has reached any high degree of efficiency; but we now see more than three times as many children going to school in Virginia as were ever seen going before. And if this gain can be made in the first five years, what may we not hope for by the end of the next five."

"The tuition of the 184,436 children which were in the Public School last year, cost, in the aggregate only $726,300; but at private rates it would have amounted to $1 898,836. If the people groan at the cost of public education, they would howl with rage and despair if required to educate at private rates."

The report shows that the total school population of Virginia in 1875 was as follows:

Whites	280149	
Colored	202640	
		482789

The school age is between five and twenty-one years.

Number white male teachers	2360	
" " female "	1363	
		3723
Number colored male teachers	351	
" " female "	188	
		539

It should be remarked that many of the colored schools are taught by white teachers.

Number white schools	3121	
" colored "	1064	4185
Number white pupils enrolled	129545	
Number colored pupils enrolled	54941	
		184486
Average daily attendance of whites	74056	
Average daily attendance of colored	29871	
		103927
The average of months taught is		5.59
Percentage of white population enrolled		46.2
Percentage of colored population enrolled		27.2
Percentage of white in average daily attendance		26.5
Percentage of colored in average daily attendance		14.7
Whole cost of public edu ation *per month* per pupil in average attendance		$1.58
Average monthly salary of teachers; males	$33.52	
females	28.71	
		$30.48

SCHOOL PROPERTY.

Number of log houses	2101	
" " frame "	1617	
" " brick "	129	
" " stone "	38	
" with good furnitnre	676	4561
Number built during the year		293
Am't expended for pay of teachers	$726300	27
Total current expense	924118	47
" for permanent improvements	97278	21
Total expenditure for all purposes	$1021396	68
Of this am't there was received:		
From State funds	$473750	46
" local taxation	465414	09
" Peabody Fund and donations	77232	13
	$1021396	68

These wonderful results are chiefly due to the great force and personal influence of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dr. W. H. Ruffner. While supported by many men of all classes he has had to encounter a prejudice that has dubbed his great system of schools a "Yankee notion." But the Bourbons of the state have slowly yielded to his energy and enthusiasm, and to public sentiment that every year is growing stronger through the success and palpable advantages of free schools. Virginia, to-day, in her school system, affords perhaps the most extraordinary instance in history of a commonwealth's accepting so speedily and so thoroughly a system of ideas contrary to its cherished traditions, forced upon it originally, but, under the influence of wise and powerful leaders, adopted as best for its welfare, and as certain in time to regain a lost prestige and to achieve future greatness.

DR. HATFIELD said that there was much trouble in the school to find out what was talent for the Sunday-school. When we had a mission school in South street, we had a little boy who had ridden a pony in Dan Rice's circus, and whose mother kept a peanut stand at the Arch Street Theatre. He was the wildest boy in the school, and nothing could be done with him; but at last he got with an educated teacher who led him to Christ. About a year after he left. He turned up in a Hospital as a wounded drummer boy, and sent the dying message to his teacher that to her he owed his salvation. Don't any one say they don't know enough to take a class in Sunday-school.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE PACIFIC.

From the "Central Blue of the Great Tranquil Sea" have again come long, quaint letters full of interesting details about Hawaiian life, such as we published two months ago, and from which we extract as follows:

"The dreary, desolate plains over which you so often passed in childhood's days have changed their sombre hue to a somewhat cheerful brightness. King Street, which passes through the mission, or what Commissioner B. used to call 'Mount Zion,' extends from the plains as far as the rocky grounds beyond the the Waikiki road on toward Ewa; it is smooth and hard and affords a pleasant drive. From the bridge where the very first missionaries landed in 1819, or some two or three miles, the road is macadamized, and is shaded in some places with algeroba and samany trees. The samany answers quite well to the description in Thompson's 'Land and Book' of the tree in Palestine which bears 'the husks which the swine did eat.' It grows tall, and, with its broad spreading branches, covered with never-failing foliage of a dark, handsome green, is beautiful to the eye and affords a most refreshing shade from the sun. The flowers are pink and flock the green, glossy leaves, all of which form a robe of beauty for the smooth barked trunk and numerous branches. The pod, or pericarp, grows from four to eight inches in length, contains seeds like large flat beans, and, when fully ripe, a honey like substance surrounds them. This gelatinous substance will probably never be used here, as in Syria, for making sweetmeats, as we have very nice sugar from cane juice. The pod is altogether unlike what I supposed the poor prodigal was forced by hunger to eat. When a child my sympathies were moved for the naughty boy by thinking his food consisted of what in America is called corn husks. In a few years, if cared for, these trees will become numerous; they might as well be called the rhubarb tree, as in Syria, but somehow they are dubbed with the name of 'monkey pod.'

"We have prodigal sons here, some of whom were born in and came from Christian countries, whose example and influence do not tend to aid in elevating the natives. Evil example has had more to do to counteract the influence of Christianity here than heathenism itself.

"The algeroba, which flourishes in Peru and elsewhere, is a most valuable tree, as it will grow in dry, barren soil. It is tall and the foliage is of a light, bright green color; the leaves are small, yet its numerous branches afford a nice shade. It is excellent firewood; the timber is brittle, so that branches are often broken by a strong wind, and trees blown over. But the scattered seeds spring up readily and grow quickly; the seeds are used for horse feed, and are considered equal to grain for horses; the pod is long and thin; the seed resembles that of an apple, and the whole has a sweetish taste. Horses devour them greedily, and native children like to chew them. Natives make quite a trade in them in their season. Coarse grain bags which are brought from California, are filled with the seeds and sold by the natives for twenty-five cents. Horses are not allowed to run loose much in town, but the poor gaunt creatures owned by some natives can have them for dessert, in their season, from the trees which grow on the plains. King Street with its pretty houses and gardens on either side, and the shade of the beautiful algeroba, is a delightful drive. The flowers are of various hues and from different parts of the world. The 'four-o-clock,' formerly quite a prominent flower, is now entirely ignored.

Thatched houses are rare in and around Honolulu; some few miserable wood shanties are to be seen here and there. Beritania Street, which runs from Kaumakapili, passes our house and terminates on toward Moilili. Nice houses with gardens and shade trees on either side make it a very pleasant street. On the plains are fenced off many building lots. One lot of about two acres is fenced, planted with trees, and named *Thomas Square* to commemorate an act of justice done by the English Admiral, Lord George Thomas. He came from the coast, having heard that some blustering John Bull (Lord George Paulet) on some false pretext had pulled down the Hawaiian flag and raised the English flag instead. This was about 1842. Prison doors were thrown open, and a stream of immorality was set flowing over the land which has swept off many by its strong current into an abyss of ruin and death. The Admiral inform d himself of the various acts, and the causes given, and ordered the same crew from the same ship to go out on the plains and, in his presence, restore the flag of the nation that they had hauled down. This is why it is called Thomas Square.

"On our street any day may be met the King, driving a fine horse and buggy, or with a driver. Then, perhaps, a native in a slouched hat with pants and shirt to correspond, sitting on a mule, within a few inches of his tail, trotting along briskly with two or three dogs scampering along behind. Then, may be, a woman astride a decent looking horse, with bright calico of large figure concealing her limbs and trailing to the ground; a jaunty hat with feathers and flowers on her head; a wreath of natural flowers around her neck, or one made of bright colored worsted. Then follows an express wagon, owned by a native, and drawn by a hungry looking horse, with as many natives of both sexes crowded in as can possibly find room, without regard to the ability of horse, wagon or harness, gaily clad and chatting vigorously. Then a man or woman riding on horseback, with a dog squatting on behind, as composed and dignified as his master. Many are the rides I have had over the hills about Blandford behind my father or mother, but I never saw dogs ride in that way until it came in vogue among the Kanakas. Then, perhaps, a woman walking, with bare feet and meagre clothing, with a little dog fobbed in her arms. Then a white lady with her children in a nice carriage, or some gentleman with his wife taking the fresh air. Young people ride on horseback here; indeed everybody rides when he can get a chance; it is often amusing to see the various vehicles, horses, costumes, etc.

Some benevolent person, well paid no doubt, has erected a long wooden seat under an algeroba tree out on the plains, to be occupied by pedestrians. An old man may be seen with shirt hanging outside of pants, with his two bundles of *pai ai*, or two calabashes of poi, or two large bundles of fresh grass tied up nicely for horse feed, resting his tired limbs. Then a woman in *aholoku*, with a large bundle of dry rubbish which she has gleaned, tied to her back, and, not being easily removed, she rests a while and then trudges on to her home, leading a little dog by a string which seems to be strips of calico from some old garment; three other dogs trot along evidently with affinity for her. A large sized boy passes by with shirt and pants of faded denim, collar and wristbands not fastened, maybe with a black coat which was evidently made for a being of larger dimensions than himself. If the trade wind happens to be strong, the coat-tails fly and one sleeve is half off from the shoulder. He strides along complacently, not seeming to notice the poor old woman struggling with her bulky burden against the strong wind. Passing these on a gallop may be seen a native, portly, dressed like a wealthy white man, including gold chain, gloves, &c., on a well caparisoned steed. His haughty bearing seems to elicit admiration. I could go on and describe indefinitely a variety of costumes and scenes, but enough has been said for you to peep through the mind's eye into some scenes in your native land. * * *

"Have just been out to move the garden hose near the front fence. On each side of the gate are two royal palms which thrive well. The tamarind on the right, not far from the gate, is a tall, spreading, beautiful tree. It is a memorial of ——. As I returned to the house I stopped under the shade of a ceba tree which grows on the east of the path, to admire the charming bright green leaved vine which curtains the verandah. Each morning, for a few weeks, the vine has been flecked with delicate white flowers which grow in clusters, and in form like the morning glory; its odor is charming. On the right of the steps is a flourishing plumbago whose flowers resemble snow-flakes on evergreens; they are small and delicate; it has been in bloom since June. Its branches spread and encircle a tall cypress tree, one of my sentinels. Then close by the steps is a scarlet arbutolon whose bright flowers are mingled with the green leaves; on the left is a cypress taller than the house. A trumpet vine has been growing and climbing around it for some three years; the flower is white, rather small and delicate, and is ever in bloom. The whole forms a pyramid with a tree growing up from its top—the vine does not injure the tree. I thought how beautiful are the works of God.

> "'The world is full of beauty
> Like the angel hands above,
> And if all but did their duty
> It might be full of love.'

I love these charming trees, shrubs, and flowers, but will gladly leave them for the land of 'everlasting spring and never fading flowers.'

"My reverie was disturbed by a sudden shower."

Agricultural.

TREES.

OZG. B. EMERSON.

The destruction of the forests of the United States is going on at a rapidity sad to contemplate. Unless within fifteen years something be done to stop this destruction, or to provide for renewing our forests, our country will be comparatively treeless. No one has yet been appointed or chosen to have the whole care of the forests, but each individual can do something on his own domain. Trees planted and well cared for will make our homes more beautiful, and at the same time more valuable, and in no way can farmers so easily and rapidly increase the value of their waste lands as by planting them to forest trees.

The sugar maple we place at the head of the list of shade and ornamental trees. It is beautiful while young, and its beauty increases with age. It is also valuable for its sugar production, and on this account, if for no other, should be planted largely by farmers and others throughout the State. It should not, however, be set to near the dwelling house, but by the roadside and by fence corners. Next to the sugar maple in beauty and worth stands beech, with its green foliage, and smooth handsome bark. Next comes the birches, of which the black birch, the yellow birch, and the red birch have remarkable beauty.

Even a single tree adds to the appearance of a home, but the dwelling house should not be too much shadowed by trees. Pines should be planted on the northerly and westerly sides of buildings, but not too near. Let the sun come in to the living rooms to give health and good cheer to dwellers within. Trees do better in groups, planting several kinds together.

Trees should also be planted all over our farms wherever there are spots that are not worth cultivating. We have found very few farms in Massachusetts where there were not one or more acres on which it is extravagant to cultivate the usual farm crops. These spots, whether on the rocky hill tops or on the steep banks of the streams, should all be planted with such trees as are adapted to the soils and situations. Many soils now covered by inferior varieties of trees might just as well be producing those which are of more value. Wherever the common pitch pine thrives, other and better pines would always flourish, if the seeds were sown, or the young trees planted. Every one may increase the real value of his farm by encouraging the growth of forest trees in all appropriate places. The hickory is a beautiful and valuable tree, and wherever the inferior sorts are found more valuable shagbark will flourish if planted. By planting your own farm with trees and shrubs, either fruit or ornamental, you make the country more healthy, as every leaf helps to purify the atmosphere and render it fit for breathing by man and animals.

We have received from Europe a limited quantity of the Bismark, late Cabbage Seed, which produces solid heads of cabbage the size of the mouth of a flour barrel and larger. These enormous cabbages are raised with the most ordinary cultivation, in any climate, and at present prices, double the ordinary profit is realized from their production. In transplanting from these seed, great care should be used to give sufficient space for growth. A package sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents; 3 packages $1 00; 8 for $2 00. A sure cure for cabbage pests and 4 beautiful chromos, The Maiden's Dream, full set sent free with each package. Address, B. Alexander & Co., sole U. S. Agents, 8th St., opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Please quote this paper. 12-6

FEEDING HOGS.

The most common practice, both in Virginia and Northward, is to put hogs to fatten in a small, dry pen, and then feed them the most concentrated food. This I cannot think is the best method, and repeated experiment has proven to me that it is not the most economical.

Hogs should be put to fatten when they come off the stubble fields, that they may not lose the impetus of growth and improvement that they have acquired in gleaning the fields. I have found a small field of rye sown for the purpose excellent to give hogs a start, as it sheds them off nicely, and starts them to growing finely. When taken off of rye, they should be put on clover, and fed on corn moderately until green corn is a little past the proper condition for roasting ears. The corn should then be cut up and fed to them stalk and all as long as the stalk is green, after which it should be shucked and given to them in the field. I know that many will say that the hogs will run all the fat off of them if allowed so much range; but a hog that has enough to eat will not travel any more than just enough to obtain clover and grass sufficient to preserve his health. Of course, if any one has a pea field, that will answer very well in the place both of clover and corn, though I prefer feeding corn all the time. Pumpkins are an excellent substitute for grass, and turnips will answer, though not so well. Hogs should at all times, and especially when fattening, have a supply of charcoal by them. It is astonishing how much they will eat. Every one has observed that hogs that are full fed on corn and closely confined will lie and pant, even in cold weather. This is caused by the heating effects of the corn, and arises from a feeling really similar to the *heart-burn* in the human subject. The free use of charcoal neutralizes all acids in the stomach, and hogs that have it to go to at all times will never suffer in this way. It is much more economical to fatten hogs in warm than in cold weather, and they will then consume much in the way of green food that the frost will destroy. All things considered, I think a hundred pounds of meat can be made in August, September and October for about one half what it costs to make it in November, December or January.

CHESTER.

INDELIBLE MARKING PAPER FOR MARKING CLOTHING WITHOUT A PREPARATION.—*Direction*—Lay the Indelible Paper upon the article to be marked, and place over it a thin piece of writing paper, upon which write with a common lead pencil, or any smooth point. If the marking is pressed with a hot flat-iron or otherwise heated for a few seconds, it can be washed immediately with hot water and soap as usual. Warrant d not to fade or spread in the cloth. A package sent, post-paid, on receipt of thirty-five cents, two for sixty cents. Address B. ALEXANDER & CO., Sole United States Agt's, Eighth street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Agents wanted, send for terms. Please quote this paper. 12-6

Four beautiful fine oil chromos 7 x 9 and one 9 x 13 sent for fifty cents, and six size 7 x 9 and six size 9 x 12 sent for $1, and a full family portfolio of 100 oil and gem chromos, *very fine*, all designs, $2. They are scriptural scenes, landscapes, sea views, hunting and fishing scenes, Rocky Mountain scenes, birds, animals, fruit and flower designs. Our chromos are facsimile reproductions of the choicest works of the *great masters*, and pronounced by connoisseurs equal to the original oil paintings. Three hundred Decalcomania pictures sent for 50 cents large mixed, all kinds, $1; and 1,500, $3. A sample of these goods with full instructions to transfer the same will accompany each of the above orders if desired. Address, enclosing price, and a three cent stamp for return of goods by mail. B. ALEXANDER & Co., wholesale and retail dealers, 8th street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Agents and tradesmen are making money selling our goods. Ladies are meeting with great success in this work. A full agent's outfit of 200 fine samples sent on receipt of $5. Please state the name of the paper you saw this in. 12-6

EXTRACT FROM LOWELL'S TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the mighty mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave this unblemished gentleman:
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestranged days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe always what we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again
Shines as before with no abatement dim.
A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outlast the present whim,
And blind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil, and makes it part of ours:
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet Terms of God,
We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrowned manhood forth
In welcome of our saviour and her son.
Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
The deep-set courage and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
If ever with distempered voice or pen
We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back—
And for the dead of both don common black.
Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As we forget thou hast not always been,
Mother of States and unpolluted men,
Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!

HOW BIG DOES THE MOON LOOK?

BY AUTHOR OF THE JOHNNY STORIES.

I heard the children disputing the other evening. I was sitting at the parlor window, enjoying the quiet summer twilight. The children had been playing on the piazza in perfect harmony, until one of them caught sight of the moon rising over a distant hill, and said, as one is very apt to say at such a time, "How bright the moon looks!"

To this they all assented; but as they stood watching the moon's bright face, Harry unluckily added, "as big as a cart-wheel."

"A toy cart, you mean," said Mary.

"No, I *don't* mean a toy cart," Harry replied, stoutly; "I mean a real cart, a big ox-cart, if you will."

"Nonsense!" said Mary. "It isn't bigger than a dinner plate."

"That's just like a girl!" cried Harry, derisively. "It might do for a giant's dinner plate, perhaps."

"I think it looks a great deal bigger than a cart-wheel," said Willie. "Just notice that house on the hill right under it. The moon is as broad as the house."

"That's because the house is so far off," said Mary.

"To me it doesn't look any bigger than a teacup," modestly observed the youngest of the party, little Kate.

At this they all laughed; and Willie, with the patronizing wisdom of a dozen years, looked down upon her, and said,—

"A teacup looks very big to your little eyes, my dear."

Kitty made no reply. How could she under the circumstances? But I could see her straining her eyes to see the moon as big as a cart wheel, or, at least, as large as a dinner plate.

"I tell you it's *bigger* than a cart wheel," Harry began again.

"Why don't you measure it?" I asked, seeing that, like older people, they were likely to go on forever disputing, without taking any steps to have the matter positively determined.

"Come, Harry! You're the champion jumper," said Willie, "jump up now, and settle the question with your tape-line."

"Thank you, not to-night," Harry responded; "'fraid I shouldn't get back by bedtime. But I'll speak to the man in the moon about it the next time he comes down to inquire the way to Norridge."

"Seriously, now," said Mary, "it does look about the size of an ordinary dinner plate—doesn't it?"

"Just about," said I.

"There!" said Mary, triumphantly. "Harry said it looked as big as a cart-wheel."

"So it does," I replied.

This time Harry crowed.

"Or a teacup," I added.

"Why, uncle Adam!" cried the two together.

"Or a huckleberry."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" all in chorus.

"You're just making fun of us," Mary cried.

"No," said Willie. "He means that it looks the size of anything a fellow happens to think of."

"Not exactly," I replied. "Everything depends on how far off the object of comparison may be."

"How so?" Harry asked.

"Put your cart wheel far enough away, and it will look no bigger than a dinner plate nearer by; if you hold a huckleberry close to the eye it will hide a cart wheel."

"That's plain enough," said Willie; "but what has that to do with the apparent size of the moon?"

"Just this," I replied; "to compare the apparent size of the moon—that is, how big it looks—with that of any near object, you have to take account of the distance of the near object. For instance: I hold my lead pencil close to my eye, and it more than hides the moon; at arm's length, the diameter of the pencil exactly measures the diameter of the moon's face; in other words, the moon looks just as big as the top of my pencil three feet from my eye. At six feet from the eye, the pencil top would look only a quarter the size of the moon. How far off do you think your cart wheel would have to be, Harry, to just cover the moon?"

Harry shook his head doubtfully.

"I should have said the moon looked as big as a cart wheel close by a moment ago; but I don't believe I know anything about it now, not if your eyes are like mine."

"You must try for yourself," I said. "Here's a silver three-cent piece. It's a little bigger than the top of the pencil. I'll stick it against the window-pane, then you may see how far you will have to go from it to make the coin just hide the moon."

"Stand still! This isn't a dancing-school," said Mary, as Harry balanced back and forth, trying to get the coin and the moon in range.

"I never saw anything like it," cried Harry, paying no attention to Mary's remark. "When I look at the three-cent piece, I see two moons; and when I look at the moon, I see two three-cent pieces."

"That's because you look cross-eyed," said Mary.

"No, I don't! Try it yourself, if you don't believe me."

"Shut one eye, my boy; don't you know that you can't sight with both eyes?" I said.

Harry put his hand over his left eye, then got the range without any trouble.

"Now I have it," he said. "The coin just covers the moon."

"Hold still, then, while I measure," I said. There! "It's four feet to an inch, from the coin to your eye. That is, the moon looks to you just as large as a three-cent piece four feet off."

"Whew!" cried Harry. "Rather small cart wheel, I should say!"

One by one they all surprised themselves, by seeing a three-cent piece cover the moon; not all at the same distance exactly, for eyes differ a trifle, but about the same. Then I set up a five-cent piece, and they had to go a little farther away; with a two-cent piece still further. Then I hung my watch against the glass, high up, and they found that the room wasn't wide enough to make it look as wide as the moon.

"I never saw anything so deceptive," said Mary.

"It's a regular cheat," said Harry.

"Could you tell how far off a cart wheel would have to be to look as small as the moon?" Willie asked.

"Very easily. You can do that yourself."

"How?" inquired Harry, eagerly.

"This would be a simple, and sufficiently exact way," I replied. "Take a straight rod four feet long, and stick a pin in one end, so," I said, making with my pencil a mark like this ——·. "Let the pin stand up as high as the diameter of a three-cent piece; that, you will remember, is the apparent diameter of the moon four feet off: eyes differ somewhat, as we saw, but that will be exact enough for your purpose. Then take another rod that will reach across the cart wheel, with a little to spare to stick in the ground. Set up the rod, and go from it so far that the pin in the sight-stick will just cover the rod when the other end of the sight-stick is held to your eye. Then you will have the distance at which a cart wheel will look as big, or as small, as the moon."

"That's easy enough," said Harry, "Let's try it to-morrow."

This to Willie: but all insisted on taking part in the experiment. Katy said she had an old umbrella-stick that would make a good sight-stick; and Mary suggested that her gymnastic wand would answer for the fixed rod.

"May be we could measure the sun too," she added.

"So you could," said I.

"Twould hurt our eyes," objected Harry.

"Not if you used smoked glass to look through."

"I've a sheet of blue glass," said Willie.

"That would be better," said I. "You can stick a penny, or any other small coin to the glass, then see how far off you will have to hold it to just eclipse the sun.

"After that, you could measure the distance at which a teacup, or a dinner plate, or a wagon wheel, or any other object, will appear to have the same size the sun seems to have in the sky."

"I don't believe I should know how to do that," said Harry.

"Nor I," said Mary.

"I think I could," said Willie. "Anyhow, we'll try it to-morrow."—*Wide Awake.*

THE HAY-STACK MONUMENT.

THE HAY-STACK MONUMENT.

The engraving presented in this article will be of special interest to many, because of associations connected with it. The prayer-meeting under the hay-stack—at which the special subject of conversation and intercession was the duty of the Christian church, without delay, to give the gospel to the heathen—is often referred to. It was held by Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis, and Byram Green, in 1806, in a field near Williams College,—at first in a maple-grove then under the hay-stack, because of rain,—and the suggestions made, and the emotions awakened or deepened then, had much to do with the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions a few years later, and so with all the work which that Board and other like Boards in America have done and are yet to do. Those suggestions were as the "handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains," the fruit whereof, even now, does "shake like Lebanon."

The precise spot where this meeting was held having been identified in 1854 by Hon. Byram Green, then the only survivor of the "men of the hay-stack," at the Commencement in August of that year the Alumni voted, that the grounds where Mills and his associates used to meet for prayer, and where the first American missions were projected, be purchased by the Alumni of the College, and be called "the Mission Park and grounds." Accordingly ten acres of ground were purchased, including the place of the hay-stack, and the grove where the prayer-meetings where usually held; and in 1856, fifty years after the meeting by which that ground was specially hallowed, a grand Missionary Jubilee was held at Williamstown—designed to be in that Park, though a severe storm rendered it needful to take shelter in the church.

The monument represented in the engraving has been recently erected, upon the spot where the hay-stack stood, at the expense of Harvey Rice, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, a graduate of Williams College. It was dedicated with appropriate and very impressive services on the 28th of July last. Addresses were made by Mr. Rice, the President, and Vice-President of the Board, Dr. Booth, one of the Prudential Committee, and Mr. Sanders, of the Ceylon mission. One of the speakers described it as follows: "As a specimen of fine material and artistic sculpture, it is strictly a Berkshire production, composed of Berkshire marble quarried at Alford, and wrought in the workshops of 'The Berkshire Marble Company.' Its shaft, cap, and base are square, its surface polished, its color a silver blue. It is surmounted with a globe, three feet in diameter, traced in map lines. The entire height is twelve feet. On its eastern face, and immediately below the globe, are inscribed these words: 'The Field is the World.' Then follows a similitude of the hay-stack, sculptured in bold relief, and encircled with the words: 'The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions, 1806.' Beneath this appear the names of the five young men who held the prayer meeting under the shelter of the hay stack." The friends of missions will pray that, in accordance with a prediction uttered on that occasion, this hallowed spot may "become a place of delightful resort, full of sacred memories, which will accumulate and grow in interest with the lapse of time;" that every year may "bring within its inviting precincts hundreds of pilgrims, and every college commencement its missionary jubilee.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem, (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished; the next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed their names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

impetus to the growth of the state, and in point of fact, as they identify themselves with the land of their adoption, are transforming it from an uncultivated wilderness into one of the strongest and most fruitful of the Southern states. The fact that Florida is more nearly tropical than any other part of the Union accounts largely for the attractiveness to business men of which her present prosperity is to a great extent the result, and in this respect she must of course remain without a rival. Nowhere else in the United States can tropical fruits and vegetables be raised in such perfection as in the southern part of Florida peninsula, and as Northern markets can be quickly and cheaply reached, the business of fruit growing is likely to remain steadily profitable. Even yet comparatively little is know of the possibilities of the Floridinn soil and climate, and there is a great field open, south of Jacksonville, for experimental farming; a field, which even at that end they must work as the white colonists work, with whom they are put into competition, or otherwise must submit to the humiliation of seeing their natural inheritance pass swiftly into the hands of strangers.

FOOD.

That the food of a family should be nourishing, well prepared and appetizing is of such importance that every women who is the head of the family should be able with her own hands to prepare all the articles of food which are required to furnish a comfortable and wholesome table, and should not be ashamed to make an actual study of the properties of the various kinds of food and their different modes of preparation. It is hardly too much to say that the peace, the health and the happiness of a family (especially of children) depend as much upon the quality and preparation of their food as upon any other one thing, and no mother or housekeeper can safely neglect her duty in this respect. In some of our large cities cooking-schools have lately been established, and although they may not be immediately successful they are evidently an attempt to supply a want which is keenly felt among all classes of society. To be a really good cook is to be a valuable member of any civilized society, and among people who are obliged to do most of their own household work, it is to be invaluable. A good cook is one who knows how to select food, to vary it by preparation, to make it pleasant to the palate and easy of digestion; who can be liberal but not wasteful, economical but not stinted; who, in short, can provide clean, healthful and grateful food in proper quantities and at reasonable cost. That there are not many such among the laboring classes makes it all the more desirable that the young women of the present generation should be trained to understand how important to them and to their families, it is, that they should study cooking; not theoretically or from books, but practically, with the intention of making themselves intelligent, and thorough cooks, with the consciousness that to be a "good cook," is something of which any woman may be proud.

AFRICA.

A few weeks ago the American Geographical Society held a meeting in New York, for the purpose as advertised, of discussing Mr. Stanley's exploration in Equatorial Africa. The audience upon this occasion was so large, so enthusiastic, so attentive as to prove beyond question that the interest of the general public in the continuance of African exploration is constantly and steadily increasing. The gentlemen who spoke occupied most of the time in describing the growth and character of African travel from the days of Ptolemy to those of Stanley, and maps and charts were exhibited which showed all the

FLORIDA: SHOOTING ALLIGATORS ON THE UPPER ST. JOHNS.

FLORIDA.

In connection with our illustration, "Shooting Alligators on the upper St. Johns," we have on hand so much interesting matter concerning the State of Florida, that we are convinced our readers will forgive us if we enlarge upon our text and devote a little space to that most beautiful state which is fast becoming one of the most productive and promising sections of the South. Since the war, Florida has come rapidly into notice as affording a safe refuge against the severity of northern winters, and from November until May every village and town, and indeed one may almost say every house, within her borders, is filled with invalids or pleasure seekers from New England and the Middle states. This rush of travel increases yearly and is of course of immense importance to the state, especially as every year a certain population of their visitors are tempted by the climate and soil into becoming permanent residents, who bring with them usually either capital which they immediately devote to local improvements, or those habits of industry and thrift, which are only capital in another form. Of course such colonists as these give a steady and strong impetus to the growth of the state, and in point of fact, as they identify themselves with the land of their adoption, are transforming it from an uncultivated wilderness into one of the strongest and most fruitful of the Southern states. The fact that Florida is more nearly tropical than any other part of the Union accounts largely for the attractiveness to business men of which her present prosperity is to a great extent the result, and in this respect she must of course remain without a rival. Nowhere else in the United States can tropical fruits and vegetables be raised in such perfection as in the southern part of Florida peninsula, and as Northern markets can be quickly and cheaply reached, the business of fruit growing is likely to remain steadily profitable. Even yet comparatively little is know of the possibilities of the Floridinn soil and climate, and there is a great field open, south of Jacksonville, for experimental farming; a field, which even at that end they must work as the white colonists work, with whom they are put into competition, or otherwise must submit to the humiliation of seeing their natural inheritance pass swiftly into the hands of strangers.

the present rate of emigration, will not soon be filled, and must always be rich in opportunities. The colored people of the state share of course in the general advantage, but in Florida, as everywhere else, their primary need is education, and their chief disadvantage is that they do not sufficiently understand that as a race they can never elevate themselves except through the channels of trained labor. They must teach themselves, or more truly, must punish themselves to be taught, the hard lessons of industry, economy, honesty, sobriety, and must learn that there is but one road to success all the world over, that is, the road which lies through the gate of personal effort. It would be hard indeed if all the material prosperity of which Florida has so fair a promise should be let to fall exclusively into the hands of her white population, and yet it is too evident that such must be the case unless the colored people of the State are ready for strong and earnest effort, that is, are ready to work intelligently and persistently. They can till the land; they can gather in the harvest of the sea; they can support and fill schools and churches; they can earn and own their share of the beautiful country of their birth, but in order to reach

numerous theories that have been held in regard to the rise and course of the River Nile. It was generally admitted that Mr. Stanley by his late most successful exploration of the Victoria Nyanza, has established the fact that that lake is fed by tributaries from the great mountain range which lies to the west of Zanguebar, and which includes no less than four peaks, rising from 18,000 to 22,000 feet above the sea, and that it (the Victoria Nyanza), is the true source of the Nile. Of course further and more complete exploration is necessary before these discoveries can be considered beyond doubt, but Mr. Stanley has at present so much in his favor that we have every reason to hope that he has solved the vexing problem and that when the civilized world next hears from his expedition, America will have no reason to be ashamed of her contribution to the record of African exploration. There is something grand in the thought that earth's youngest and oldest countries are to be thus connected; that it has been reserved for a child of America to unfold the secret so long buried in Africa's heart, and it is with deep and strong feeling that we all await the final news from Victoria Nyanza and the Nile.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The cause of the recent war in Liberia between the Liberian colonists and the native tribes is stated by Rev. John Orcutt, general secretary of the American Colonization Society, to have been that the natives claimed that the county of Maryland in Liberia belonged to them and that they had a right to trade with foreigners independently of Liberian laws and Custom House restrictions.

As the American Government ordered the war steamer *Alaska* of the European squadron to go at once to protect the Liberians, Dr. Orcutt thinks it reasonable to suppose that the war has ended, at least for the present.

Over 3000 Afric-Americans have emigrated to the Republic of Liberia, five hundred of whom were from the state of Alabama.

The Centennial Year was welcomed with great enthusiasm throughout the country. Bell ringing, flag raising, illuminations, fireworks, and parades, with graver observances of prayer and song in the churches,—all manifesting and strengthening a general feeling that this Centennial Year must be kept sacred to "peace on earth, good will to men."

Philadelphia naturally considered herself the Head Centre of the Nation's Jubilee. The Quaker City broke all bonds of silence. The magnitude of the occasion went to her head. Public buildings and private dwellings were generally illuminated. Independence Hall and the statue of Washington were brilliantly lighted up by calcium lights, and, after a prayer and a speech, at two minutes of twelve, amid the shouts of the people the Mayor raised over the old state-house—the birthplace of our Liberty if Faneuil was its cradle—a flag which was an exact copy of one that Washington raised there on the first of January, just one hundred years ago. This flag, then the flag of the British East India Company, had the British stripes with the English Union-Jack in place of the stars. The Philadelphia papers say:

"The scene was a wild one and beggars description. As the flag reached the top of the flag-staff, the people appeared wild in their enthusiasm and shouted themselves hoarse. As the flag neared the summit, a calcium light from the American Hotel was thrown upon it and it looked grandly as it waved to the breeze. The clock now pealed forth the hour of twelve and ushered in the new year amidst another wild scene. The people actually appeared crazy. After the flag had been unfurled there was a brilliant display of fountains of colored fireworks. After the clock had struck twelve, Michael V. Donelly, the bell-ringer, began the jubilee. He first struck 1, then 7, then 7 again and then 6; indicating 1776. Then he rang 1876 in the same way, and then one hundred rapid strokes. The scene will long be remembered by all who witnessed it."

The End of Mormon polygamy seems to be at hand. In the case of the United States against George Reynolds tried in Salt Lake City for bigamy, Chief Justice Waite charged the jury that freedom of religious faith never implies freedom to violate law. The Reynolds case was appealed to the Supreme Court, and as the N. Y. *Evening Post* says, if this court confirms the judgment as there is no doubt it will do, the Mormons may henceforth believe in polygamy all they like, as they might in murder, but they may not practice it.

The Emperor of Brazil will visit the Centennial Exhibition and travel over the United States.

There seems to be a trace of Tweed in Canada.

Two severe earthquake shocks were felt at Richmond, Va., December 23d.

In the famous Lowell (Mass.) factories there are 10,500 female and 7,000 male operatives.

The Lincoln Tower has just been completed in London, and the top stone laid with appropriate ceremonies. This tower has been erected by voluntary contributions from the people of American and England in commemoration of the abolition of slavery under President Lincoln, and as a token of International good will. The tower is one hundred and ten feet high. The two lower stories are to be used as schoolrooms for poor boys, above is a belfry, and then rises a spire of ninety feet, built of Portland stone and effectively ornamented with the stars and stripes. The stripes represented by reddish stone and the stars cut in deeply. Great enthusiasm attended the occasion of the dedication.

Mr. Longfellow has declined the appointment as Centennial poet.

Africa will be extensively represented at the Centennial. Algeria, Morocco, Zanzibar, the East Coast, the Cape and Liberia will be there. Egypt will be the most extensive exhibitor, and besides a great display of her antiquities and modern manufactures and productions, two hundred persons will be sent representing every class. Dancing girls to show the recreations of the harems, genuine Bedouins from Arabia, Petraea musicians to show the national style of the art. Water will be transported from the Red Sea and the Tiber.

The Slave Trade at the present time extends over a portion of Africa nearly equal in area to the whole of Europe.

One more Centenarian has gone before the Centennial. Father Boehm, the oldest preacher in this country, a pastor in the Methodist Church, died at his granddaughter's home in Staten Island, December 25th. His one hundredth birthday was celebrated at Jersey City the 8th of last June.

Centenarians still live, however, and among them, in Montgomery Co., Indiana, are a couple by the name of Fruits who are respectively one hundred and thirteen, and one hundred and eleven years old, and have been married eighty-five years.

Centennial Peaks.—The *Prairie Farmer* says that Robert Manning, of Salem, Mass., exhibited at the Chicago meeting, four varieties of the pears, all of which grew on trees over two centuries old. The oldest was the Endicott, planted in 1630; the Orange from a tree ten years younger; both continuing to bear well, and have been doing so through the whole period of American history.

The New York State Census for 1875 gives one hundred and nine persons of one hundred years and upwards. Twelve colored persons are in the list.

Rev. Dr. Clark declines the Episcopal bishopric in Africa.

Several Scotch missionaries on the west African coast have made considerable journeys into the interior, and find the people anxious for commerce and Christian instruction.

It is reported that an English gentleman has given $35,000 to establish a bishopric at the capital of Mtesa, King of Uganda, Africa.

A Centennial Legion, composed of a single man and from each of the original thirteen states, and including some who fought on different sides during the war, is to have a reunion at the Philadelphia Centennial.

The noted flag that waved over Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, in September, 1814, during the British bombardment, and which suggested to Key the composition of "The Star Spangled Banner," is now on board the Tallapoosa, which has been lying at Portsmouth. It is badly torn, and has thirteen stars, and is owned by Mrs. Georgianna Armistead Appleton, of Boston, daughter of Colonel Armistead, who commanded the Fort at that time. It is to be exhibited at the Centennial.

Miss Mary Carpenter, the English philanthropist, who visited Humpton three years ago, is in India, engaged in establishing schools for women.

China has appointed two ministers to the United States.

Mt. Vesuvius is in eruption.

John Hons, a young man in Detroit, has saved over one hundred lives from drowning.

A Great Statue of Christopher Columbus is to be set up in the City of Mexico. It is too large to pass through the railroad tunnels, and is to be dragged over the mountains in an ox-cart between Vera Cruz and Mexico.

The intercollegiate contest for prizes for oratory, essays and examinations has been held this year in New York. Eleven colleges took part. The prize for Greek was given to a young lady from Cornell University.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the well known philanthropist, died at his residence in South Boston, January 9th, aged seventy-five years. His whole life has been devoted to enthusiastic labors for the suffering and oppressed. As a young man, he forsook everything to join the brave struggle of the Greeks for independence, and when famine broke out in the land he roused this country to send supplies to the sufferers. He was imprisoned in Paris for his efforts for the relief of the Polish patriots. He was one of the organizers of the Republican party in America, and his ardent anti-slavery sentiments caused him to be charged with complicity in the John Brown raid, a charge he publicly denied as "an undeserved honor."

When he was sixty-six years old, he went to Greece at his own expense, to carry supplies raised in Boston for the relief of the refugees from Crete which was trying to throw off the Turkish yoke. His philanthropic labors were not confirmed to political sufferers. He was chairman of the Massachusetts State Board of Charities from 1865 to 1874, by constant re-election as long as he was able to serve—and founded various State Asylums, especially the Asylum for the Blind in South Boston, which bears his name, and which he presided over for many years. Dr. Howe was, indeed, the first to originate in this country any extended and systematic instruction of the blind, and his efforts have done incalculable good. The famous case of Laura Bridgeman, a deaf, dumb and blind girl, was one of his greatest successes, and she is still living to lament him.

Dr. Howe's widow is Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a gifted woman who will perhaps be remembered chiefly and longest as the author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

A New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says that the New York young gentlemen very generally agreed by a sort of concert to abstain from drinking when making New Year calls this year. When offered wine they would reply, "Not a drop; this is Centennial Year."

A Centennial Year Temperance Pledge from all our young men would be a bright promise for the country's next Centennial.

Norfolk was visited on the 18th of January by a committee of ladies and gentlemen, delegated as Peace Messengers by the ladies of Boston, to present souvenirs of the Bunker Hill Centennial to the regiment of "Norfolk Light Artillery Blues," which participated in that celebration last June. The committee was handsomely received by the Blues and the City, and entertained at a handsome dinner at which speeches and sentiments were exchanged expressive of mutual friendship and esteem. The interesting ceremonials of the presentation were witnessed by a large number of the citizens. The gifts from the ladies of Boston to the Blues consist of a "White Banner of Peace," a beautiful banner of white silk four by five feet, with the inscription "Souvenir of the Banker Hill Centennial, June 17, 1875," and a centre piece representing Banker Hill Monument, with the pine and palmetto placed beside it, the coats of arms of Virginia and Massachusetts on each side, while below is the inscription, "Presented by the Ladies of Boston to the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues." The staff is surmounted by a dove carrying the olive branch, and a streamer inscribed "Liberty of Conscience, Faith, Hope and Charity." Silver badges were presented to each soldier, and gifts to all their families; those to the children consisting of miniature tea-chests containing the famous dispatch from Governor Gadsden of Virginia to the City of Boston, "Don't pay for an ounce of that tea. We'll stand by you."

The committee visited the Navy Yard and Fortress Monroe, and a grand promenade concert was given in their honor at Jackson's Hall, Norfolk, by the Artillery School Band from the Fortress.

From Norfolk the committee have proceeded to Richmond to present the Richmond Commandery the peace banner and souvenirs, and will then go to Charleston on the same errand. God speed the Messengers of Peace!

The Centennial Bill for the appropriation of $10,000 to represent the State in the Centennial Exhibition has been defeated in the Virginia Legislature. The Richmond *Enquirer*, while expressing a disappointment which is generally felt, says: "The debate was profitable, as it gave members on both sides an opportunity to avow political sentiments of a most conciliatory character, thereby showing that there is little if any hostility to the National Government among the people or representative men of Virginia."

The next Union Republican national convention for the nomination of candidates for president and vice-president of the United States will be held in the city of Cincinnati, on Wednesday, the 14th day of June, 1876, at 12 o'clock noon, and will consist of delegates from each state equal to twice the number of its senators and representatives in congress, and of two delegates from each organized territory and the District of Columbia.

The Teachers' Table.

SCHOOL RECITATION FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

BIRTHDAY BELLS.

Single Recitation.—When the white-sailed ships are going
Downward to the bay,
Where Potomac's stream is flowing
On its seaward way,
By Mount Vernon's willows, telling
Of our hero's grave,
Bell-tones, morn and night are swelling
O'er Potomac's wave.

In Concert.—Tolling! tolling! with a sweet, sad knell;
Ever, going by Mount Veroon,
Rings the passing bell!

Single Recitation.—But to-day, our Country's Father,
On the land or sea,
Where thy sons and daughters gather,
Glad we think of thee!
Joyful songs this hour are ringing,
Day when thou wast born,—
Songs of grateful children singing
Of thy birthday morn!

In Concert.—Ringing! ringing! let glad echoes tell
Ships that this day pass Mount Vernon,
Ring the Birthday bell!
—*New-England Journal of Education.*

At Home.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles long in the wheat field
That is yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson bud of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder bloom white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than lady's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They weave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night time are folded in slumber,
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown handed children,
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

WHAT FOUR LITTLE BROWN HANDS DID.

An *Exchange* says: Two Miami schoolboys have embarked in business. One has saved one hundred dollars during the past year by selling fruit, confectionery, &c., on the street at odd hours, and, it being vacation, is now clearing one dollar and fifty cents a day. The other boy, who has sold fruit, &c., on the Maine Central Railroad for five or six years, owns several small houses in Bath, and is said to be worth from $7,000 to $8,000. "Where there's a will there's a way."

A CENTENNIAL ROSE.

Montague's Directory, &c., of Randolph county, published in 1859, says of Mrs. Maxwell, the daughter of Col. Pierre Meoard, our former lieutenant governor, she has in her possession a damask rose-bush, which was brought from New Orleans more than a century since. It is the first rose-bush that ever bloomed in Illinois; and though it has been swept over by the floods of the last hundred years, it still retains its vigor and bloom, putting forth its sprouts upon the annual recurrence of spring-time."

GLUE AS A HEALING REMEDY.

"For the last twelve or fourteen years," says a correspondent of the Scientific American, "I have been employed in a shop where there are over three hundred men at work; and, as it is the case in all shops of this kind, hardly a day passes but one or more of us cut or bruise our limbs. At first there were but few that found their way to my department to have their wounds bound up; but after a while it became generally known that a rag glued on a flesh wound was not only a speedy curative, but a formidable protection against further injury. I was obliged to keep a supply of rags on hand, to be ready for any emergency. I will here cite one of the many cases cured with glue. A man was running a boring Machine, with an inch and a quarter auger attached; by some means, the sleeve of his shirt caught in the auger, bringing his wrist in contact with the bit, tearing the flesh in a frightful manner. He was conducted to my department (the pattern shop) and I washed the wound in warm water, and glued around it a cloth, which, when dry, shrank into a rounded shape, holding the wound tight and firm. Once or twice a week, for three or four weeks, I dressed the wound afresh, till it was well. The man never lost an hour's time in consequence. The truth of this statement hundreds can testify to. I use of course the best glue.

A Tin-shop in the Kitchen.—All housekeepers may not know of what they are capable in the line of keeping their tinware in order. For the benefit of such we will say that it is easier to solder such things than to pay a traveling tinker two prices for mending them. Take a sharp knife and scrape the tin around the leak until it is bright, so that the solder will stick. Then sprinkle on a little powdered resin (they have a liquid solder to sell but resin will do as well); lay your solder on the hole and with your soldering iron melt it on. Do not have the iron too hot or the solder will not adhere to it at first. After two or three trials you can do a job that you will be proud of. If you do not own a soldering iron, procure one by all means; but, when hard pressed, I have used the knob on the end of the fire-shovel, or a smooth piece of iron, or held a candle under the spot to be mended. Anything is better than stopping leaking pans with beeswax or rags. Try it, young housekeepers, and see how independent you will feel. Your pans should be dry when you take them in hand.—*Housekeeper.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *November* 15, 1875.

Not many months since, the word came to our country from over the broad Atlantic, that the two Evangelists, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, had ridden farewell to the scene of their labors in Great Britain, and had set sail for America. Many persons reading that paragraph in the newspapers questioned within themselves whether the same gracious results would follow the work of these Evangelists in their own country, whether our people would hear them with the same eager interest and sympathy, and whether they would have the same power in their own land, and we fear many a doubting heart said, "We cannot believe it."

But God's Holy Spirit is with these two men, and is blessing their labor and crowning their work with most wonderful success. It has been my privilege within the last few weeks to attend several of the meetings that are now being held in the city of Brooklyn, and they will long be held in remembrance. The city seems safe, the Christians are aroused, and many of those who are not yet Christians are asking in earnest, "What must we do?"

Mr. Moody holds every evening a preaching service at the Rink, a large building capable of holding between 6000 and 7000 people; at 4, P. M., a Bible reading at Dr. Talmage's church; and every morning at 8, A. M., a prayer-meeting in the same place. At every service numbers are unable to gain entrance, and "overflow meetings" are held in the adjoining churches.

As we entered the Rink on the first evening, the sight was strange, yet solemn and inspiring. The building was entirely filled—the central aisles were kept open, but every other available place was occupied. On the platform, on the right, was seated the choir—composed of two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, selected from the city churches, and only professing Christians were allowed to join this choir. On the left were the clergymen of Brooklyn and the vicinity, with their wives and friends. In the center of this platform was the small stand prepared for the speaker, and at his right stood the Cabinet organ ready for Mr. Sankey's use.

Just at the appointed hour the two Evangelists entered; Mr. Moody stepped to the desk and bowed his head, for a moment in silent prayer. The most intense stillness pervaded the vast audience, every eye was turned toward the platform—and looking down into that sea of up-turned, eager faces, it did truly seem as if the Spirit of the Lord was in that place.

Mr. Moody's voice broke the silence as he announced the opening hymn, reading the first verse:

> "I need Thee every hour,
> Most gracious Lord;
> No tender voice like Thine,
> Can peace afford;"

And then we listened to the sweetest music we have ever heard. Mr. Sankey led the choir with his wonderful voice, and in the refrain all the congregation joined. But there was a softness and a beauty quite indescribable in the effect of the music; it gave us a new idea of religious melody—soft, yet strong, powerful and yet exceeding sweet, it filled the entire building with a richness of harmony and adepth of expression, wonderful and beautiful in the extreme.

After a brief, earnest prayer, Mr. Moody said, "Mr. Sankey will now sing to us the hymn, 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,'" and there was a hush of expectation as Mr. Sankey, after a few simple chords on the organ, sang this wonderful hymn. We had heard it said that Mr. Sankey "sang the gospel," but we did not all realize what it meant until we listened with wonder and delight. His voice is rich and strong, a baritone, in good control, very flexible and full of expression. His utterance is distinct, every letter, almost, reaching your ear, and every word comes to you freighted with meaning. As you listen, you forget the man, criticism is disarmed and you wait for each word with breathless interest. It has a meaning, it is not only a beautiful song, it is the gospel message, salvation for lost souls.

During the progress of the service—which was conducted as a regular church service—the utmost quiet and attention prevailed. There were many in the audience evidently strangers in a church building, drawn by curiosity or interest in this "newest sensation," but every eye was fixed on the speaker, as, in earnest, plain, searching words he preached the gospel to dying men.

Standing near us was a fine looking man, of middle age, evidently a man of education and good position in society; he appeared interested in the beginning of the service, and when Mr. Moody announced his text, "What think ye of Jesus?" and proceeded to explain and apply the truth to the hearts of his hearers, this man listened as if for his life, bending forward and straining every nerve that not one word might be lost, and at the close the strong man was weeping like a child—and when Mr. Moody asked the inquirers to meet him in an adjoining church, he left the building evidently "seeking Jesus."

As we passed out of the Rink at the close of the service, we went to a neighboring church where Mr. Charles Morton was holding a service for young men. Although the church was a large one, it was filled almost entirely with young men, and during the progress of the meeting, and at its close, very many rose to ask prayer.

On Sabbath afternoon a service was held at the Rink for women, and the building was crowded. There were women of all ranks and conditions, and they met there on common ground, "for there is no difference." Directly in front of us sat a young girl laughing and chatting with a friend, both drawn there, probably, to see and hear. Their manner was frivolous and giddy, but as the sermon progressed they became more attentive; one of them listened at first curiously, then with interest and quiet attention, and at the close, in deep anxiety and distress, retired to the Inquiry-room to ask, "What shall I do to be saved?"

One marked peculiarity in this work is the prominence given to the pure word of God. Direct reference is constantly made to the Bible. Mr. Moody always preaches with his hand. His arguments, appeals, incidents and illustrations are derived chiefly from the arguments, promises, histories, biographies, of Holy Writ. Like Apollos of old, he is "mighty in the Scriptures," and like Apollos, "with power he shows by the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ." One of the most delightful and stimulating of all the kinds of meetings held, is the Bible Reading in the afternoon of each week day. Mr Sankey sings, both alone and as a leader of the great congregation of 4000 people, at the opening. Then, after a brief prayer, Mr. Moody takes his Bible (of a size to be open conveniently on his hand) and explains the Scriptures. He takes some one subject, as, for instance, God's Free Grace, and throws upon it the light of one passage after another—now from an epistle, then from a Psalm, or from one of the Historical Books of the Old Testament. It is like opening one window after another till there is a blaze of light. The words, "Grace means a free gift" are the focus of the rays of a burning glass. Mr. Moody is above all other things a Bible man. The pure word of God is his meat and drink, fountain of his zeal and source of his power.

And in this wonderful work these two men labor with the utmost faith and diligence, but with humility and an ever increasing sense of their own powerlessness without the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit.

A friend who has been associated intimately with them said to me, "It is beautiful to see two men so unlike in disposition working so harmoniously together for the one great end, the salvation of souls. Mr. Moody reminds me of Peter, impetuous, full of zeal, ardent, enthusiastic; while Mr. Sankey is like John the Beloved, loving, gentle, patient, prayerful, —and they work as one man, balancing each other."

The same friend tells the following incident:

"I went one morning to call on Mr. Moody to ask him if he would go with me to visit a very aged Christian lady who especially desired to see him and converse with him, as she was despondent under the seeming withdrawal of the light of God's countenance.

"After asking my case with as much earnestness as I could, I waited for his answer. But he said, 'No, much as I would like to go, I *must not;* for if I should go once to call at a private house, others would come with the same request, and I *cannot.*' So I went to my friend and told her it was as I had feared, Mr. Moody could not come to see her; but her distress and disappointment were so great—for she could not leave her room and was unable to go to hear the Evangelists—and this was her only hope, that they would come to her, that hoping against hope, I said I would ask once more.

"So again I called on Mr. Moody and talked with him, but he said, 'No, *I* cannot; but there is Mr. Sankey, ask him.' Presenting the case to his fellow-worker, I asked, 'Will you go?' and he expressed instant readiness. We started for my friend's house, and as we went I expected to tell Mr. Sankey a little of the lady's history, that he might not be at a loss when he met her; but other friends joined us and I had not a moment with him alone.

"But I need not have feared. Sending himself by the bedside, Mr Sankey seemed to realize the circumstances at once, and in the most gentle and loving way, talked and then prayed with my friend. He seemed to bring help and strength to her mind and joy and peace to her heart, and before bidding her goodbye, sang to her three of his sweet hymns. I shall never forget that interview, we all felt that 'it was good to be there.'"

We might go on still longer with incident and illustration of this wonderful work—the work of God among the people, but neither time or space will permit.

Let every one with prayer and supplication ask God's blessing on this work in our land—that the seed sown may spring up to bring forth fruit an hundred fold. "And God, even our own God shall bless us; God shall bless us and all the ends of the earth shall fear him."

M. M. M.

Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA.

I.

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.

What is there on a mountain, after all, that should so impress the human mind with awe and admiring wonder! It's nothing but an immense dirt-heap, nothing but the tiniest wrinkle in the vast covering of the earth! And yet we are never more exalted in soul than when among the mountain solitudes; we never appreciate better the sublime and grand than when we gaze from some vast height into the depths below. The view of the American River among the Sierras is unspeakably fine. The railroad skirts along the very edge of a precipice that runs down sheer for two thousand feet. Though the valley far below runs the stream, looking almost like a silver thread, while the bridge that spans it seems nothing more than a rod laid across. The road at this point was built with great difficulty, and is, perhaps, the finest piece of engineering along the entire overland route. So steep was the mountain-side that the workmen could find no foothold upon it, and had to be lowered in baskets from above.

The Sierras abound in grand and picturesque scenery, and some day I hope to climb their summits and view the wonders of the prospect that there unfolds itself. The sides of the range when viewed from above present four different belts of color, purple, blue, red and white, the first three being due to differences of soil and vegetation, the last to the snow that perpetually covers the summits of the range. But the scenery grows tame and poor as the Sierras are left behind. Gradually we descend into the fertile plains, whose rich soil presents almost the only thing that calls for admiration. The region is mostly level and presents but little variety of prospect. Streams are seldom seen, and groves and forests are almost wholly wanting. Wheat-fields, nothing but wheat-fields whichever way we turn! One coming into the state from the East in the summer time might almost be alarmed at the aspect of the country. Not a sign of green except the foliage of the trees is to be seen anywhere. The dust lies in the road inches deep, and the parched and yellow grass and brown hillsides present to Eastern eyes a strange and most unattractive appearance. One would fancy that no soil would produce anything while subject to such droughts, and yet there is in all the country no more productive soil than that of the best lands of California.

But more regarding the agriculture of the state at some future time; at present we will consider only the outward appearance of the country. As all the rain falls in the winter months, from the beginning of November until March or April, the streams are either low in the summer or altogether dry. The two largest rivers are the Sacramento and San Joaquin (Wawkeen), neither of which is a beautiful stream. The waters are turbid and the banks, in the summer time at least, anything but lovely. But as we journey onward across the plains, new peaks arise in the distance which prove to belong to the coast range —a line of hills skirting the coast from north to south along its entire length. In some one or two places their summits tower into the regions of eternal snow, but generally they average from five hundred to one thousand feet in height. Quite a lovely picture they present in the dim distance, their outlines softened by that purple haze so often seen upon California mountains. But as we draw near much of their charm vanishes. The purple tint disappears, and we see instead that everlasting brown which tires the eye and almost persuades one that the land has received some terrible visitation of fire or insects. How seldom the real answers to the ideal in this world! This, then, is that beautiful California which the imagination had pictured as the paradise of lands—a vast area of plain and hillside yellow with dry weed and withered grass. And even Oakland falls far short of our anticipations. We had fancied it to be some quiet little village, adorned with beautiful avenues winding through pleasant groves, and commanding from some eminence a glorious view of the bay beneath and the surrounding country. We find instead a large city of some thirty thousand people, low, flat and dusty, and the live-oaks that are scattered here and there dingy from the dust-clouds that have settled upon them.

Notwithstanding all its wealth and gorgeousness of scenery, California does not impress us as being a beautiful country. It lacks diversity of scenery—diversity, that is to say, in any particular part, for of course the summits of the Sierras are in strong contrast with the Sacramento valley. We miss the picturesque woodlands, sunny hillsides, running rills and green meadows that constitute the charm of the New England landscape, and make the old Puritan country far sweeter and dearer than this new-found land of wonders. And yet there is to be seen here splendor of scenery which New England cannot match. The effects of clouds and sky are glorious and beautiful beyond description in this sea-coast region. Already now the homely dress of summer has disappeared, and plain and hill are bright with "living green." The grass grows wonderfully fast and in the spring will appear rank and luxurious, while on every side wild-flowers of the brightest hues will be found in rich profusion.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Dear Teacher:—I can't keep silent any longer. I must write a line or two in way of inquiring for you. You see I have been busy with my Fall work again. I like this place so much and the children seem to like me. I have had several offers to teach for higher wages this Fall, but thought I had better let well enough do. I want to live comfortably, but after that, money ceases to be an object with me. I have thirty-five as well behaved and good looking children as you might wish to see. I can't think of any place where my services are greater needed and more appreciated than here. We were pleased to have Mr. J. M. W. visit our school first of last week. His visit is among our pleasantest recollections. He lectured beautifully to the Greenlawn Sunday-school, and came to H. and instructed my children some in singing—so he got his name away up. I see on slater Marin's bill there is a deduction of $2.0 by the Peabody fund; I was glad to see it. I am going to close school now for two weeks. Remember me kindly to any who may inquire for me.

Yours, lovingly, G.

VIRGINIA.

Dear Teacher:—G. C. and I am teaching the same school I had last term. We commenced the first of September, with quite a large number of pupils, and have had some to come in since. I have applications to join the school most every day but as I have so many pupils I shall be oblige to turn some of them off. It is always with reluctance that I turn any away from the school who seem really anxious to come in and share in its advantages. We have one hundred and five pupils, so you can imagine how much we have to do. The County Superintendent and a School Trustee, came in yesterday to visit our school, it being the first time they had been in since we commenced; they spent some considerable time with us, and said they were quite pleased with our manner of teaching. After the County Superintendent gave the school a short lecture on punctuality they left, assuring us that as they considered themselves so amply rewarded for their visit, we might expect them again soon.

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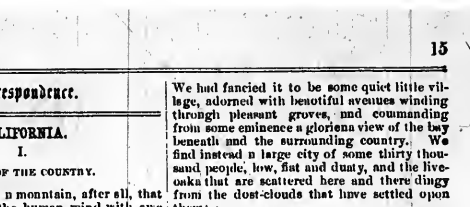

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1876. NO. 3.

THE PET.

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

H. W. LUDLOW, *Editor.*

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HAMPTON, MARCH, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, *on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the* SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. *The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.*

THE PROMINENCE of the negro as a voter, as a subject of philanthropy, and as a victim of prejndice, has created among many a desire to know his real condition more fully. People are not satisfied with reports colored by hostile feeling, by zealous interest, or by partisan passions.

We publish this month several letters from graduates of the Hampton Institute who are engaged as teachers of colored schools, who have entered the field after three years of special training and are devoting their best energies to the work of elevating their people. These writers know their people; their aim is to do good; their concern is for knowledge and morals rather than personal profit; they are known to us as capable, reliable, devoted to their race, and their statements are an inside view of the condition of certain localities.

Written to their teachers and not intended for publication there is a freedom of expression for which allowance should be made; they simply tell what they see; the language and style are their own, and are worthy of attention as the reenlt of a short course of instruction.

In portions of the Sonth there seems to be a relapse into barbarism. What else can be expected when the people are, in some places, in mental darkness and moral deadness, left to the guidance of demagogues, of preachers who are blind leaders of the blind, victims of whatever is low and base in themselves, nnable to read, destitnte of schools, cast by emancipation npon an impoverished and ill-feeling connty, to pass through the fiery furnace of reconstruction, and to care for themselves, after six generations of absolnte dependence, in the midst of a people taught to regard them as fit only for bondage. The freedom that seemed, afar off, like the delectable mountains, has been to many a disappointing reality. They have had to begin at the bottom, with nothing, in the midst of a tremendous social and political ruin.

The wonder is that they have done so well. This is generally admitted by Southerners. Immediate emancipation has not wrought the propbesied mischief, because the negro was better fitted for freedom than was expected. Contact with educated people had set them many examples of noble character; had taught them the methods and restraints of civilized life; they had absorbed knowledge by living in an atmosphere of ideas, and earnest thought busied the brains that had been dormant for ages. The pressure that was meant to smother thinking only stimulated it. Book knowledge became a *terra incognita* of wonderful fascination. No other race could have, in like circumstances, adapted so much of good and so little of the evil of modern civilization. Only the black race survives such contact; it is fatal to the red—the Indian, the Malay and Polynesian races.

A stream of Anglo Saxon blood was poured into African veins, unchecked by social or other law, carrying with it qualities that modified and assimilated the latter to the dominant race.

The Israelites and the Africans were, we believe, alike stimulated and disciplined by slavery for future achievements. In this view a future crisis was inevitable, and it came.

The negro needed it as a pupil needs a new lesson to learn; the South needed it qnite as mucb, to rid herself of a labor system that was ruinous to her lands, to develop her hidden resonrces, and to relieve her wretched poor whites who were the worst sufferers from slavery.

Should a uniform dark shade represent the old *regime* in the Sonth, the present would be illustrated by a mottled surface of deep darkness and bright lights. Perhaps one third of the freedmen are industrious and improving, another third at a stand still, and the remainder retrograding.

Intemperance is making sad ravages. Common drunkards are rarely seen, but frequent indulgence absorbs the earnings that should be put into land and education. Politics has, in some quarters, worked a fearful demoralization. There is no negro 'society" with tone and influence; no general public sentiment. Religion and morals are divorced. The Church, while doing great good, often tolerates gross misconduct in its members. Educational effort is utterly inadequate; illiteracy is boundless. Hence the dark pictures drawn in the letters of our graduates.

But there is a bright side. Widespread violence is over; Kuklux have subsided. Disorders and murders are due to a bad state of society rather than to race feeling.

The black man can learn. Deficiency of character and not lack of brains is his difficulty. The negro question is one of morals and hard work, and he is answering it by an enormous annual production of cotton, corn and tobacco; over forty million dollars of his savings passed through the Freedman's Bank; he is becoming a land holder; over six millions of property in Georgia are owned by freedmen. As a property holder he becomes a conservative force in society and a safe voter. Negro youth are answering it by making as great efforts and sacrifices for edncation as any class in any land. The clear-headed, candid, capable writers whose letters we publish are answering it, and they are fair samples of the two or three thousand who, in different institutions of a high order through the South, are fitting themselves for the new life providentially opened to them, and whose labors will, under God, lead their race to a noble use of their freedom and their rights.

OWING to exhaustion of funds the public schools of Elizabeth City County, Va., of which Hampton is the principal town, are closing after a session of but five months.

Rather than that the "Butler" and "Lincoln" (colored) schools should empty their five hundred and fifty children upon the streets for a period of seven months, their teachers have offered to work for a pittance, and parents are paying a small tnition fee of ten cents a week. It is cheering to see the entbusiasm of some of the little children to raise the ten cents without which they cannot enter school Monday morning. The Farm Manager of the Normal School buys, for his lime kiln, at three cents a bushel, all the oyster shells that are brought, and many little fellows have collected their pile of ten or fifteen bushels for tuition.

On Monday, February 9th, the *Hampton Singers* gave a concert in aid of these two schools, which was well attended by all classes, and eighty-five dollars were realized.

THE Hampton Singers, after many months of study, have not lost their power to interest or please, judging from the last performances at Hampton and Fort Monroe. On the first of March they will give a concert in the Opera House at Norfolk; they sing on the second in Petersburg, and on the third and fourth of March in the Richmond Theatre.

Several of the Singers have graduated and are teaching school with excellent success. The present company is composed of the two Classes who made the two and a half years' campaign.

THE official department of the *Educational Journal* of Virginia informs us that Ex-Governor Walker, of Virginia, Chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, has revived the bill to set apart the public lands for educational purposes, to be divided on the basis of illiteracy. Congress could not do a better thing than this.

A Republican House seemed to care most for the negro's vote, and, ignoring his greatest needs, and of late years blind to his real situation, failed to legislate to his advantage, but strengthened, in some states, the worst influences that could surround him, and insured his political overthrow.

It will be singular if ex-slaveholders, when in power, should be the first to recognize the vital interests of the nation by helping to remove the cloud of ignorance that rests like a pall over the South.

Dr. Ruffner also informs us that a "colored educational association for this state has been formed and so far seems to have been conducted wisely. In August last it was organized. It could not be expected that everybody would exhibit sound and enlightened views, but the tenor of the views was good."

THE Norfolk *Landmark* publishes in full the speech of the Hon. R. M. Smith, colored delegate from the County of Elizabeth City, and a resident of Hampton, proposing state aid to this Institution. We quote from the introductory remarks:

"Mr. Smith, who is a very respectable and intelligent man, spoke briefly, but earnestly and well in behalf of his amendment, and he was heard with great attention by all parts of the House. There was no vote or any other expression of opinion taken upon the amendment, the hill being immediately passed by and other business gone into. However, the demand made in behalf of his race, as represented in Hampton Institute, by Mr. Smith is not unreasonable; and as his remarks were in very good taste, exhibiting not only good temper but good sense, they deserve to be laid before the public."

The following is a portion of his speech:

"I know very well, Mr. Speaker, that the taxable property of the colored citizens of Virginia bears but a small proportion to that of the whites. So much the greater pity for the colored people, and so much the more generosity required of the whites. Even in the matter of the capitation tax I find, by reference to the report of the Auditor of Public Accounts, that the amount paid by the whites is $163,020, while that paid by the colored is only $101,186—making an excess for the whites of $61,834. These are, indeed, considerations why we should not expect so much for the education of the colored race as the Legislature may choose to contribute to the education of the white race; but surely they are not reasons why we should have nothing.

"For my part, Mr. Speaker, I am not here to oppose every motion that may be made on the other side of the House, but I am here to aid everything that is for the good of the State and which is not detrimental to the good of my constituents, and I trust that gentlemen of the other side may meet my amendment in this liberal spirit and help the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. That institute is the great light of the eastern portion of Virginia, and should not be allowed to grow dim through enmity or indifference.

"We have not here to back those humble claims such honorable gentlemen as Gen. Francis H. Smith, of Lexington, and Col. Walter H. Taylor, of Norfolk; but I am persuaded that these claims are recognized by gentlemen of fairness and ability on the other side of this House, and that these gentlemen will not permit them unchampioned to be trampled under foot. The sum asked is small, and I sincerely hope that it may be granted."

Mr. Smith is a blacksmith of this town, a most industrious and excellent workman as well as a good citizen, and is entitled to the respect which he receives.

IN THE December, January and February numbers of the *Southern Planter and Farmer*, published in Richmond, Va., is a series of articles by "Civis," said to be a gentleman of high culture and educational position, who denounces the education of the negro in public schools, because:

1st. "It asserts the hideous doctrine of negro equality. How this blasphemous heresy seeks the amalgamation of the races as its culmination was clearly shown in the last article. I cannot dwell upon this topic; it is too revolting; it is too disgusting for contemplation."

2d. "Its policy is cruelty in the extreme to the negro himself."

3d. "Because it brings paralysis to our industrial pursuits."

Each of these points is fully commented on. There are about thirty pages of writing in the above spirit and style, with frequent reference to the Divine Will in reinforcement of views advanced.

The crack of the whip would, we think, in the author's opinion, prevent the paralysis so imminent from an intelligent laboring class.

The civilized and Christian world recognizes the humanity of popular education and considers as cruelty the enforced ignorance and subjection which "Civis" advocates as ordained of God. He forgets the Golden Rule, and the command "*Go teach all nations.*"

The "hideous doctrine" referred to (of giving a lower race education and opportunity because it is lower and needs improvement) has many enemies in the South, especially among the old aristocracy, to some of whom it is "hideous" indeed not to keep a man down because he is black; "hideous" to teach a man to read his Bible understandingly.

But Virginia and the South are to-day filled with noble men, to the manor born, who are not afraid of the social consequences of education, and who dare trust the innate superiority of the Anglo Saxon to hold its own, as it does, all over the world, and will so long as it *is* superior.

"How this blasphemous heresy seeks the amalgamation of the races was" *not* "clearly shown in the last article." In it he says wisely, "Beware how you subject human nature to temptation," and because of this reckless subjection in slavery we have before us the spectacle of a race devitalized by mixture, with, we believe, more people of mixed than of pure blood. Such a stream of white blood as has been poured into colored veins will no longer flow. The legal protection of negro women and the universal tendency of the freedman to make no social advances whatever are checking this great evil. A little more "superiority" on the part of some of the whites would be a great help. Civis points his guns the wrong way. He might well say in another sense "I cannot dwell upon this topic."

What is "too disgusting, too revolting for contemplation" is the thought of the frightful destiny to which many of the fair, right minded, improving and Christian girls studying at Hampton and at similar institutes would be subjected were it not for their great release and new light. These higher schools and the common schools are interdependent and make up one system.

We have given only a few of "Civis's" statements, but the pith of them as nearly as possible. The dishonesty of paying large sums for education and ignoring the public creditors is forcibly presented and worthy of an able article in reply.

Virginia in her pinching poverty has resolved to educate *all* her children. This fact in connection with her great resources of material wealth and manly worth will in time give her back a leading place in the nation's councils. She will find that good morals and intelligence usually go together, that the negro will gradually separate into classes of which the better will become desirable citizens, and aid in elevating and restraining the lower; that immigration will be attracted to intelligent labor, and that as in every settlement of Anglo Saxons on either continent the race will hold its own and will be, as it always has been, able to choose its own distance, socially, from those that surround it.

INSTRUCTION in the art of cooking is now given to the girls of the Senior Class at the Hampton Institute. Every Saturday a detail prepares a dinner; they do this with zest and consider it a privilege to have such useful training, though part are already skilled in the culinary art.

The desire and demand for labor by students was never so eager as now. As it becomes a fixed fact in our system it is regarded less as drudgery and more as means of help. Eight years of experience in the "blasphemous heresy" of educating blacks has proved most satisfactory, as a stimulus to good habits, a means of great mental improvement and of Christian growth, through which our pupils, and in some measure the thousands whom they teach will be lifted up to the kingdoms of manhood and womanhood, heretofore almost inaccessible to them, not by God's decree, but by man's wickedness.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCES OF TEACHERS: WHAT THEY SEE AND THINK; THE CONDITION OF THE NEGRO RACE AS DESCRIBED BY INTELLIGENT COLORED MEN AND WOMEN; A DARK PICTURE WITH A BRIGHT SIDE; A GREAT AND PRESSING NEED FOR LEADERS IN EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE AND MORAL REFORM; THE RESULTS OF THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

One of the brightest of Hampton's alumni writes from a mountain town of Virginia as follows:

January, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—While my scholars are singing Johnny Smoker (a kind of gymnastic exercise that my friend Mrs. Dixon taught me when I went to school to her) I thought I would write, or rether commence a letter to you. I have a school of seventy-six pupils, some of which are very apt and learn ever so fast, while some are slow and dull; but I try to do my duty by them all. I find the gymnastics we had to be so prompt about at Hampton are very useful. I've taught them to my scholars and they are delighted with the exercise. The scholars are never weary of them, and it is real refreshing to me after a hard day's teaching to go through them with the scholars.

Our schoolhouse is very cold and open. I have been trying to get the parents to fix it, but they do not seem to care anything about it; so I tell the children they must trust in' the Lord. Perhaps we will get it fixed before the severest part of the winter.

I had a Christmas tree for my school—a concert with it. It was the first one that was ever in the neighborhood for the colored people. Everybody was pleased with the performance. They say they never saw such doings in their life. I have the praise of both white and colored that I have done more for the school in my five months of teaching than was ever done before. But I owe all of it to the training I received at my old home, Hampton. I am simply carrying what I've learned into effect in my school.

I have a very nice Sunday-school; but the people are so full of superstition that they say they don't believe in this Bible religion, as they call it. I try to explain the Bible lessons the best I can to my scholars. Sometimes the parents do not agree about or with my explanations. I do hope to live to see my race educated and more enlightened. I am going to take the school for five months more and do all I can for the advancement of it. I am so thankful when I think about Mrs. Dixon helping me to an education.

I hardly know which I enjoyed the most, those Christmas days spent at Hampton or the one at home; but I shall always prize Hampton, for it seem so much like home. How can I but love it,—for it was there I said I would try and lead a better life, which I am still trying to do, though with many trials and difficulties, but with the help of God I'll try to hold out to the end. Give my love to all the teachers and scholars.

One who was not spoiled by a two years' musical campaign as a member of the Hampton Student-singers, is teaching in a county where he is the first and only negro schoolmaster employed in the colored free school. We extract from his last letter. It is gratifying to record such encouraging work:

January 29, '76.

Dear Teacher:—I find among my pleasantest friends and well-wishers, the white people of this vicinity. No man has asked my political views, as has been the case heretofore with other teachers. You were told by the County Superintendent that there had not been a successful colored school here or in the county since the days of blood and war. That is even so, and my work being the first, every one waits with open eyes and eager ears to see all that is done.

The number of children here is about sixty; some of them walk nearly ten miles a day. They are not dilatory about coming in on time; tho' I open at 9 o'clock every morning, there's hardly two at any time who come late. I must say that the most of 'em make great effort to get their studies as told to do. Some have indulged in the idea that the negroes will not be led by their own people. I deny that, and say in its stead that if a good, brave, honest colored man or woman go among the negroes, he or she is sure of success. In the above case I can't blame the colored people for not wanting to catch up a colored man and put him in their bosoms any more than I would blame the white race for not wanting to associate with strange white men, whether they are carpetbaggers or not. These questions begin to settle themselves without further legislation. The next thing that becomes very important to the colored people is: that they have got to educate themselves, that is, thro' their own teachers.

A man is stimulated to success by what has been done in the past by mankind, also by what may be done in future by himself. But he would never be thus driven on if he were taught from his very earliest existence that he belongs to a race that could n't get beyond a certain low standard, and that in fact he is inferior and was from the first beginning. We must have teachers of our own race who do like teachers have done for other races—find out where it started from, know every step toward civilization, every war that they have fought and conquered in, every invention made, able to show to his or her scholars that *man is man if treated decently*, no matter who he is or where he came from.

My school is a success in all that I can ask. (The cry is more teachers). J. M. W.

We believe that there is not a more honest and reliable or a more competent observer of his race than the author of the following.

The "remedy" for the terrible state of things of which he writes is, first of all, in a clear apprehension of them. We publish this letter as the dark side of negro life in the South, feeling it will do good by bringing a great evil to the attention of Christian philanthropy, and knowing that telling the whole truth is essential to wise and successful efforts for the redemption of this unfortunate race:

On my way home I stopped in at my school-house where there is being a (so called) "feast," held for the benefit of an order that holds forth there, and I was surprised to see that it had turned to a drunken frolic. I don't know what else to say it is, and I fear it will last till Sunday morning. While I looked on at some that I have been teaching for so long, now more than twelve months, my attention was called back to my labors, and I came off, downcast and sad, asking, have I accomplished anything in my work here? and I could scarcely say yes. Truly I have taught some to read and write, with some other primary branches added; but all of this, in my estimation, without morality is nothing.

The General has several times asked me to write letters for publication, of the condition and habits of the people here, but (I hate the word) I *can't* write a letter of that kind, for when I write I am apt to say that which rests most strongly upon my mind. I aim at the moral qualities. Now I have seen from the SOUTHERN WORKMAN that everybody does not approve of J. W. C.'s letter, but I can state facts that can nearly equal it. Of course it will not apply to all, but it will be more than I dare say.

I can write encouragingly of my school as a school. Inside of the schoolhouse I have bright and obedient scholars, some that would be prominent men and women, had they the right training at home. I fear it will do but little good for me to tell them about the horrors and wickedness of drinking when they go home at night to a father who has it setting on the table awaiting their arrival. One more week will make fourteen months that I have taught at this place, and I have a class of about twenty, when they are altogether, whom I taught the alphabet. It will soon be the first class of my school, and I enjoy teaching them, and I do believe they all love me and will try to do anything I ask them. Now this is a class of children from nine to fifteen years old, none over fifteen. I simply ask, as I have asked myself more than a hundred times: How can these children be what I try to teach them to be when they are surrounded with all kinds of low habits? not being taught to tell the truth, to work, nor even take care of a book. Miss M., this is horrible for me to think of, and yet I am one of that race, but I hope not of that class. I sometimes shed tears, as I have to-night, with these thoughts. The prospects may look bright to you, while you are teaching an intelligent school, but here I pant for light, while my only social entertainment is my correspondence. We had better not go to Africa to find work.

Now I fear that this letter will cause sad reflections upon your mind, because I know you are interested in these things, too; but you must not think too much about it. I take it all to myself and do what I can. While thinking of my friends to-day I thought of you, and intended to write to-night as I have, but did not intend writing such a letter as I have. I am glad I have one to whom I can express my feelings and who will sympathize. When I meet with my old schoolmates I talk freely of these very features of our race and ask a remedy.

We are glad to add a cheerful letter from a different section of the South. With such workers a better state of things is sure to come. Honest, earnest efforts for the freedmen command, every where in Virginia, the cordial approval and moral support of the whites:

I am sorry to say that the preachers up here do not amount to very much. There are but two or three of them that can read a whole chapter in the Bible. And the people, as a whole, are a great ways behind the times. I have very hard work to get them to buy school books for their children; so you may know by that they will not buy a paper. I have had a new schoolhouse put up since Christmas. I had to go to work and help them finish it; they got it all done but making the seats and building the chimney. I put my school in charge of one of the large scholars and went to work with the men. They said they should not like to work under me very long for I would work them too hard. My school will be out by the 1st of March; don't know whether it will go on any longer or not. Hope it will continue, for I have a very good Sunday-school going, too.

I—— and I are the only colored teachers in the county. They have had all white teachers here before. They like us very well, and say they would like four or five more of the Hampton boys next fall. I like teaching very well indeed, it does me good to see how fast some of my scholars learn. Nothing more this time.

Here is another refreshing letter, published, as is our rule with all these communications, without changing style or adding any merit to the composition. It tells of a little supply of books, etc., sent from the North.

He writes from the eastern portion of North Carolina, where he is doing an excellent missionary work, and where ten men like him would do more for the colored race than a thousand office-holders or soldiers. Help us, ye who read this, to supply more such men:

My school closes the 19th of March. Miss L. sent me a box containing books; papers and cards; the cards were very beautifully colored with various hues. I presented each scholar with a little handle, and if you could have seen the eagerness and joy with which they grasped them, you would have felt that that dear woman was repaid for the interest she has manifested in me and them. I had an exhibition also, which consisted of dialogues, poetry and prose. A great many of the people came to the exercise and repeatedly expressed their delight and pleasure by their smiling faces and words of commendation. A few old Christian ladies remained after the audience was dismissed and spoke words of Christian sympathy and advice, which I valued more than all the praise I received from the crowd generally. I felt a pleasure and delight no words can express. Those simple but earnest and industrious people exhibited a desire for knowledge and general information almost wonderful. Whenever I spoke or explained their lessons to them, they paid the best of attention to what was said, and showed a deep interest. There are a great many unpleasant features in the work, of which we teachers never speak because we feel there is no true glory in any work like ours, unless some sacrifice and self-denial is made in performing it. I must say I feel thoroughly repaid for my efforts for them.

Lamentations like those of Isaiah might be poured out by reason of the condition of the colored population in some parts of the South.

This letter from North Carolina tells what is true of the lowest white as well of the lowest colored population; there is no more important missionary field in the world than among these classes. Many colored communities are comparatively free from the evils described. The writer is fully capable of doing her share of the needed work:

I must tell you a little about my new home. To begin, I must say that it is decidedly the worst place that ever I was in. I have been asked to be an agent for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN in this vicinity. Had he asked me to be an agent for whisky, tobacco and snuff, I could do good business. It is one of the most disgraceful sights that your eyes ever beheld to see a young girl with her mouth stuffed full of tobacco, her lips all stained with tobacco juice, and her teeth all ruined by tobacco; for such is the condition of nearly every young girl's mouth in this place. They will sit in your presence and dip snuff and smoke the pipe all day without feeling the least embarrassed by your lectures. I asked a young girl yesterday (just seventeen years old) was n't she ashamed to use tobacco? she said "no," she could "not do without tobacco and snuff." I then told her all the sin and folly in using whisky, tobacco and snuff. She laughed, as if to say that is all nonsensical talk.

Perhaps you don't know what I mean by dipping snuff. I didn't know until I came to this place and was told by a young girl who used it. They chew a piece of stick until it comes something like a brush, and then they dip the brush in a lot of snuff and put it in their mouths. This they do until their mouths are quite full, then sit and keep the brush moving around in their mouths all the time. You can hardly meet a woman who has not a brush of this kind in her mouth. Besides they may have a baby in their arms and one by the hand. This is the case with the largest number of the girls in this place. You teachers cannot impress it upon the minds of the scholars too strongly how very important it is to go out from that school *real men* and *women*. I have often wondered since I've been out teaching, how those scholars who come to the Hampton Institution see their weak points so quickly and are willing to reform. Some of them come from such miserable homes. Just what the colored race is to be in the future depends entirely upon the Hampton and like Institutions. If they fail to send out good teachers the colored race will certainly fail to be anything. I didn't mean particularly those who can explain arithmetic, teach grammar, and spell well. The colored race wants to be taught the real, true worth of intelligence and character. I used to think when I was at school that the General's lectures were too severe before the boys and girls; but now I don't think so at all. I wish he would make them stronger and oftener.

Miss. H., talk to the girls in prayer meeting about character. Tell them about the sin and misery women bring upon themselves by their brutish actions. The reason I ask you to talk to them in prayer meeting is because their religion does not seem to hinder them from doing any mean, low, disgraceful thing.

I must stop and ask you some advice. I have a very large Sunday school, and you don't know how much I enjoy teaching it. The children like to come to Sunday school, and I try to make it as interesting as I can. I have as many young men and women in my Sunday-school as I have children. I take up a penny collection in Sabbath school every Sunday morning, with which I am going to send off and get them some nice little books and papers. I want you to tell me where to write for them and what kind to get. I am so sorry that my scholars haven't any Bibles. I have only seen two since my own since I came here. About one-fourth of my Sunday school have Testaments.

The disposition evinced in Virginia to give the colored teacher a fair chance is shown by a graduate who writes: "In many places the Hampton students have been and are supplanting a number of poor white teachers who are not allowed to teach in the white schools, and who are constantly before the Board of Trustees and the Superintendent, begging for employment in our schools as their only chance of support."

The hope of the colored race lies in sufficient and proper instruction. Its friends may be assured that there is plenty of material for good teachers. We say to the North, "Assist all the southern schools whose object is to supply teachers for the negro race, and a great work will be accomplished," and we would urge the cause of the poor whites as strongly as that of the blacks. This is the real reconstruction—here all good men of both sections and all classes are in sympathy.

That our graduates are, as a class, inspired by Christian zeal we well know. The following illustrates their spirit in this respect:—

I heard of the new professions in Christ among the scholars, and also of the baptising; it was quite charming news to me. I hope they may all prove faithful Christians and be good and useful, for their labors are needed very much, and I am sure they will find it much more pleasant when they go out to teach. After an introduction, among the first questions I am asked this, "Are you a member of the church?" It is a joy to me that I can answer, I am—not only to tell them I am, but to labor in that direction. Though I feel that I am the least among God's people, especially when I go to the church and see others shout and hear them talk,—but when I come to think about it to myself, it seems to me that they are not "meek and lowly in spirit," but they are boasting too much and need what I may call Christian civilization. I know I am not to "judge," but I think there are a great many meaningless words and actions among the colored people in time of worship, and for a short time afterward. I have nothing to say about it in public at church, but I speak against it in my school, and also to the Christian parents when in private conversation. I pray that I may live to see it all done away, and we shall all be pious Christians. I don't think these have any impression on the world, or make the actors any more acceptable with God, though they may know better what they are doing than I.

THE SONG OF 1876.

A Festival Poem written for the German Centennial Singers' Union of New York.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

Waken, voice of the Land's Devotion!
Spirit of freedom, awaken all!
Ring, ye shores, to song of Ocean,
Rivers answer, and mountains call!
The golden day has come,
Let every tongue be dumb,
That sounded its malice or murmered its fears;
She hath won her story,
She wears her glory.
We crown her the Land of a Hundred Years!

II.

Out of darkness, and toil, and danger,
Into the light of Victory's day,
Help to the weak, and home to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held har way.
Now Europe's orphans rest
Upon her mother-breast:
The voices of Nations are heard in the cheers
That shall cast upon har
New love and honor;
And crown har the Queen of a Hundred Years!

III.

North and South, we meet as brothers;
East and West, we are wedded as one!
Right of each shall secure our mothers;
Child of each is her faithful son!
We give Thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native Land.
For battle has tried thee, and time endears;
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a Thousand Years!

BABY SYLVESTER.

BY BRET HARTE.

It was at a little mining camp in the California Sierras that he first dawned upon me in all his grotesque sweetness.

I had arrived early in the morning, but not in time to intercept the friend who was the object of my visit. He had gone "prospecting," so they told me, on the river, and would not return until late in the afternoon. They could not say what direction he had taken; they could not suggest that I would not be likely to find him if I followed. But it was the general opinion that I had better wait.

I looked around me. I was standing upon the bank of the river, and, apparently, the only other human beings in the world were my interlocutors, who were even then just disappearing from my horizon down the steep bank of the river's dry bed. I approached the edge of the bank.

Where could I wait?

O, anywhere; down with them on the river-bar, where they were working, if I liked! Or I could make myself at home in any of those cabins that I found lying round loose. Or, perhaps it would be cooler and pleasanter for me in my friends cabin on the hill. Did I see those three large sugar-pines? And, a little to the right, a canvas roof and chimney over the bushes? Well, that was my friend's—that was Dick Sylvester's cabin. I could take my horse in that little hollow, and just hang round there till he came. I would find some books in the shanty; I could amuse myself with them. Or I could play with the baby.

Do what?

But they had already gone. I leaned over the bank, and called after their vanishing figures:

"What did you say?"

The answer floated up slowly on the hot, sluggish air:

"Pla-a-y with the ba-by."

The lazy echoes took it up, and tossed it languidly from hill to hill, until Bald Mountain opposite made some incoherent remark about the baby, and then all was still.

I must have been mistaken. My friend was not a man of family; there was not a woman within forty miles of the river camp; he never was so passionately devoted to children as to import a luxury so expensive. I must have been mistaken.

Unsaddling my horse in the little hollow, I tethered him to a young sapling, and turned toward the cabin. But I had gone only a few steps when I heard a quick trot behind me, and poor Pomposo, with every fibre tingling with fear, was at my heels. I looked hurriedly around. There was Pomposo shivering from his arched neck to his sensitive haunches, his very flanks pulsating with terror. I soothed him as well as I could, and then walked to the edge of the wood and peered into its dark recesses. The bright flush of a bird's wing, or the quick dart of a squirrel, was all I saw. I confess it was with something of superstitious expectation that I again turned toward the cabin.

I threw myself on a couch and tried to read. But I soon exhausted my interest in my friend's library, and lay there staring through the open door on the green hillside beyond. The breeze again sprang up, and a delicious coolness, mixed with the rare incense of the woods, stole through the cabin. The slumbrous droning of bumble-bees outside the canvas roof, the faint cawing of rooks on the opposite mountain, and the fatigue of my morning ride, began to droop my eyelids. I pulled the *serape** over me, as a precaution against the freshening mountain breeze, and in a few moments was asleep.

I do not remember how long I slept. I must have been conscious, however, during my slumber, of my inability to keep myself covered by the *serape*, for I awoke once or twice, clutching it with a despairing hand as it was disappearing over the foot of the couch. Then I became suddenly aroused to the fact that my efforts to retain it were resisted by some equally persistent force, and, letting it go, I was horrified at seeing it swiftly drawn under the couch. At this point I sat up completely awake; for immediately after, what seemed to be an exaggerated muff began to emerge from under the couch. Presently it appeared fully, dragging the *serape* after it. There was no mistaking it now—it was a baby bear. A mere suckling it was true,—a helpless roll of fat and fur,—but, unmistakably, a grizzly cub.

BABY SYLVESTER AT HOME.

I cannot recall anything more irresistibly ludicrous than its aspect as it slowly raised its small wondering eyes to mine. It was so much taller on its haunches than its shoulders,—its fore-legs were so disproportionately small,—that in walking, its hind-feet invariably took precedence. It was perpetually pitching forward over its pointed, inoffensive nose, and recovering itself always, after these involuntary somersaults, with the gravest astonishment. To add to its preposterous appearance, one of its hind-feet was adorned by a shoe of Sylvester's, into which it had accidentally and inextricably stepped. As this somewhat impeded its first impulse to fly, it turned to me; and then, possibly recognizing in the stranger the same species as its master, it paused. Presently, it slowly raised itself on its hind-legs, and vaguely and depreciatingly waved a baby paw, fringed with little hooks of steel. I took the paw and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends. The little affair of the *serape* was forgotten.

Nevertheless, I was wise enough to cement our friendship by an act of delicate courtesy. Following the direction of his eyes, I had no difficulty in finding, on a shelf near the ridge-pole, the sugar-box and the square lumps of white sugar that even the poorest miner is never without. While he was eating them I had time to examine him more closely. His body was a silky, dark, but exquisitely modulated gray, deepening to black in his paws and muzzle. His fur was excessively long, thick, and soft as cider down; the cushions of flesh beneath, perfectly infantine in their texture and contour. He was so very young that the palms of his half-human feet were still tender as a baby's. Except for the bright blue, steely hooks, half-sheathed in his little toes, there was not a single harsh outline or detail in his plump figure. He was as free from angles as one of Leda's offspring. Your caressing hand sank away in his fur with dreamy languor. To look at him long was an intoxication of the senses; to pat him was a wild delirium; to embrace him, an utter demoralization of the intellectual faculties.

When he had finished the sugar, he rolled out of the door with a half-diffident, half-inviting look in his eye, as if he expected me to follow. I did so, but the sniffing and snorting of the keen-scented Pomposo in the hollow, not only revealed the cause of his former terror, but decided me to take another direction. After a moment's hesitation, he concluded to go with me, although I am satisfied, from a certain impish look in his eye, that he fully understood and rather enjoyed the fright of Pomposo. As he rolled along at my side, with a gait not unlike a drunken sailor, I discovered that his long hair concealed a leather collar around his neck, which bore for its legend the single word, "Baby!" I recalled the mysterious suggestion of the two miners. This, then, was the "baby" with whom I was to "play."

How we "played;" how Baby allowed me to roll him down hill, crawling and puffing up again each time, with perfect good humor; how he climbed a young sapling after my Panama hat, which I had "shied" into one of the topmost branches; how after getting it he refused to descend until it suited his pleasure; how when he did come down he persisted in walking about on three legs, carrying my hat, a crushed and shapeless mass, clasped to his breast with the remaining one; how I missed him at last, and finally discovered him seated on a table in one of the tenantless cabins, with a bottle of syrup between his paws, vainly endeavoring to extract its contents—these and other details of that eventful day I shall not weary the reader with now. Enough that when Dick Sylvester returned, I was pretty well fagged out, and the baby was rolled up, an immense bolster at the foot of the couch, asleep. Sylvester's first words after our greeting were:

"Is n't he delicious?"

"Perfectly. Where did you get him?"

"Lying under his dead mother, five miles from here," said Dick, lighting his pipe. "Knocked her over at fifty yards; perfectly clean shot—never moved afterward! Baby crawled out, scared but unhurt. She must have been carrying him in her mouth, and dropped him when she faced me, for he was n't more than three days old, and not steady on his pins. He takes the only milk that comes to the settlement—brought up by Adams Express at seven o'clock every morning. They say he looks like me. Do you think so?" asked Dick, with perfect gravity, stroking his bay-colored moustachios, and evidently assuming his best expression.

I took leave of the baby early the next morning in Sylvester's cabin, and out of respect to Pomposo's feelings, rode by without any postscript of expression. But the night before I had made Sylvester solemnly swear, that in the event of any separation between himself and Baby, it should revert to me. "At the same time," he had added, "it 's only fair to say that I don't think of dying just yet, old fellow, and I don't know of anything else that would part the cub and me."—*St. Nicholas.*

* A fine Mexican blanket, used as an outer garment for riding.

SAFEETA.

On the lower spurs of the mountain chain which rises from the great plain of Akkar, north of Tripoli, on the northern coast of Africa, and runs northward along the Syrian coast as far as Antioch, lies the picturesque village and castle of Safeeta, of which a view is given in the accompanying sketch.

This castle, which, with the famous fortress of El Huan, four hours to the eastward, was one of the northernmost bulwarks of Crusaders' power, is built on the site of very ancient substructions of beveled stones, indicating that the site was used in times earlier than that of the Greeks, for a fortified military post—one of the "fenced cities" of the Hebrew period. Nothing now remains of the ancient buildings at Safecta except the moat and foundation-stones of the fort. These are, however, very extensive, covering the top of the central hill of the three hills on which the modern village is built. The stones are are large, beveled, and admirably laid, and will doubtless stand for centuries more without exhibiting a trace of the march of time, save in the piles of ruins of more modern structures, which are crumbling into the moat, and heaped above the vaults and cisterns.

The present tower, which is built in the center of the now ruined fortification, is about one hundred feet high, and the walls of all three stories are pierced with slits for the discharge of arrows.

The view from this lofty castle is grand in the extreme. Lebanon, with its snowy summits, towers magnificently to the southwest. To the westward, the blue Mediterranean stretches away to the horizon, while toward the south lies the rich plain of Akkar and Tripoli in the distance, and behind it the cape of the "Divine Countenance," shutting out the view in the direction of Beirut.

Under this tower are immense cisterns, perforating the sides and summit of the hill. The fortress, as seen in the drawing, is in ruins, only a few of its many picturesque arches and walls being yet erect. The miserable government of the district has repaired a very small portion of the ruins with an insignificant structure, which may be seen to the left of the wall, and which is occupied by the executive of the county.

The village is built on three conical hills, of which the tower occupies the central one. The houses are low. They are built of large cobble-stones, laid up without mortar—precisely as we lay up a stone wall in America; have no windows and only one low door. The roofs are of great beams, overlaid with hewn boards and covered with earth. The floor is of mud, beaten flat. They repair it when broken by pouring fresh deposits of liquid mud over it, and suffering it to dry. The houses have but one room, in which the wretched people store their grain and straw, and house their cattle, sheep, goats, and chickens, and live themselves. There is no chimney, nor any fire-place, and the smoke is permitted to find its way out from a small hole in the roof, and through the cracks in the door.

SAFEETA — SYRIA.

The sides of the hills are covered with olive and fig-trees, and with low trimmed groves of mulberry-trees, the leaf of which is employed in raising the silk-worm.

The history of the introduction of the Protestant doctrines into Safeeta is briefly this. The members of the house of Beahshoor, a race of scribes of the government tax bureau, genuine descendents of the publicans of ancient times, had by fraudulent means obtained possession of the lands of a large number of the villagers. They had appealed in vain to the government, and to consuls, for aid; but finally it was suggested to them, without the knowledge of the missionaries, that if they turned Protestants they would come under the protection of the English government, and realize their possessions again. They accordingly, about three years ago, to the number of four hundred or four hundred and fifty, enrolled their names at Tripoli as Protestants, and applied to the missionaries to aid them in their temporal affairs. This being beyond the province of the missionaries, they were referred to the foreign consuls and local government, but active measures were at once set on foot to evangelize them, and confirm them in their newly-assumed principles. A native evangelist was sent to their village, missionaries visited them, schools were opened both for boys and girls, and in a short time many, who had had no conception of our faith before, became enlightened, and some, as we trust, renewed by the Holy Spirit. The schools were eminently successful, and more than half of those who first declared themselves Protestants remain true to their adopted faith. Large numbers of copies of the Bible have been circulated, several of the youth of both sexes have been sent to the training-schools at Abeih, Beirut, and Sidon, and we have now a prospect of soon ordaining a native pastor, and settling him over a church to be organized in that region.

From the first this community has been subjected to a fire of persecution, more severe than is usually employed by Divine Providence, to burn off the dross of worldliness and error. They have been imprisoned, beaten, robbed, cursed, oppressed by unjust taxation and falsely-charged debts, at times driven from their homes, and yet have stood firm. When they have been at Damascus, and Tripoli, and Beirut, at different times, in search of help from the unjust judges of the land, or in prison on false charges, they have ever displayed an eagerness for evangelical instruction, and an avidity in the reading and study of the Word, (which they always carry with them in their journeys,) which is quite remarkable.

Many of the children are shepherds, and cannot attend the schools, yet they carry with them Primers and Testaments, and study in the fields, and on the rugged sides of the mountains; and many of the girls as well as the boys have learned to read well, and have committed large portions of the Word of God.—*Missionary Herald.*

HOUSE AND HOME.

When a man finds himself the possessor of a piece of land with money sufficient to put up a small house, i. e., about four hundred dollars, our second question at once presents itself: "How can such a house be built to properly accommodate a family of six or seven members?" Now of course in answering this question there are many things to be taken into consideration, and more ways than one of reaching the desired result. In the first place, climate must be consulted, and as the majority of our readers live where warm weather is to be provided for rather than cold, the suggestions which we have to offer will be especially for their benefit. Location, also, must affect the decision, as, of course, houses in the country and in the city require in many respects different management; while the size of the family, their prospects for the future, and last, but not least, individual taste, must each and all have their weight in influencing the plans of the architect.

It will be understood that where the conditions are so various it is impossible to lay down any rule or rules for the building of a house, and I do not hesitate to confess that the most I can do for my readers is to offer a few general principles, and some personal suggestions, assuring them at the outset that it is upon their own intelligence and experience that they must principally depend. There are a few points, however, which are unalterable, that is, there are a few principles which apply to house-building all the world over, and it is of these that I would first speak, and can confidently say that they will fully repay the careful consideration of any one of you who may be about to build a house. To begin with, however small a house may be, the work on it should be well and thoroughly done; you should select good, well-seasoned material, get trust-worthy workman, deprive yourself if necessary of all ornamentation, but permit no shams, no imitations, and be sure that from top to bottom your house is honestly built. The very greatest fault in the ordinary architecture of the day is its flimsiness and want of honesty, and for this no amount of stucco, or cheap carving, or sham ornament of any kind, can atone. If you are limited as to the amount of money which you can put into a house (which I am taking for granted to be the case) than your first care must be to see that you get something real and permanently valuable in return for your money. Be sure that your foundations are sound, your walls substantial, your roof tight, your windows and doors well-fitting, and that you begin with one thorough coat of paint, outside and in; after which if you have any money left, you can afford to take a little time to consider what is the best use for it.

The point to be next considered, as affecting both comfort and utility, is the internal division and arrangement of the house, and this demands some thought, for the arrangement of the rooms of a house affords a very delicate and valuable test of the amount of civilization and refinement possessed by its inhabitants. In the dwellings of the very poor and ignorant we find human beings of all ages and both sexes crowded together to one room, forming a hot-bed from which springs a frightful crop of indecency, immorality and vice, and to no lower depths than this can human beings sink, for it pre-supposes the absence of even the instincts of modesty and decency. Now the first step on the upward road is the separation of the sexes, then the prevention of overcrowding, finally the separation of individuals, and the setting apart of certain rooms for special purposes, as kitchen, dining, sitting, sleeping rooms, etc.; and this is what we reach in the *home*, and it is an approximation to this which should be attempted even in the smallest house which is inhabited by men and women claiming to be civilized. "Can this be done," you ask, "upon small means, and in cases where the mistress has the work of the family to do single handed?" I believe it can, and furthermore, I believe that you will find the attempt to do it in itself civilizing and enlightening. You may think it a trivial matter, but I assure you that the mere fact that you determine not to eat your meals in the kitchen where they are cooked, but in another room which can easily be kept free from the disorder, heat and smell attendant upon cookery, wherein you can sit down to a clean and properly arranged table, will make better men and women of you, will give you an impetus in the right direction and assist you materially in your efforts to rise to a higher plane of thought and life.

Therefore in building your house it is well worth your while to try for such arrangement of it as shall give you two or three separate rooms on each of the two floors. If your means do not permit you to cover a space sufficiently large to be divided into three rooms, you must be content with two rooms on each floor in the body of the house and a small out building for a kitchen, which would give you a dining and sitting room down-stairs and two bedrooms above. For a six roomed house the best division is kitchen, dining and sitting rooms down-stairs and three bedrooms above; for an eight-roomed house, kitchen, dining, sitting room, and parlor or one bedroom down-stairs and four bedrooms above, but this last is of sufficient size to accommodate a more than usually large family, and is commonly beyond the means or the needs of a working man. In any of these houses a small entrance hall opening from the front door is desirable, a back door is indispensable, while a piazza or porch and a garret each adds greatly to the general convenience and comfort. The minor details must of course depend chiefly upon the wants and taste of the family: but the points which I insist upon as of unvarying importance are: 1st, that the house should be properly divided; 2d, that the rooms should be set apart for special uses; 3d, that great effort should be made to prevent over-crowding, especially in the sleeping rooms. This last is a matter of both decency and hygiene, and it may be considered certain that a room of ordinary size should never be inhabited by more than three people, while in most cases it is desirable that the number should be limited to two, it being always understood that ventilation should always be most carefully attended to. I dwell strongly upon the points just mentioned because, as I have said before, I believe that a properly arranged and well ordered house is an important educational agent, that it has real and great power to civilize and elevate, and that finally its refining influences depend more than is commonly supposed upon these particulars of internal arrangement.

In regard to externals the first great consideration should be the drainage, for nothing so nearly affects the inhabitants of a house as the local drainage and the quality and quantity of the water supply. In city houses these matters are usually under the control of officials, the individual having no direct power or responsibility, but in most country neighborhoods each man has to attend personally to the details of drainage, etc., and consequently it is every man's duty to inform himself as to the best means of obtaining efficient local drainage and a pure water supply. Where there is any general system of drainage for a town or village all that is necessary is to properly connect each newly built house with the main drain, and this can be done by means of a single small pipe, into which the whole house-drainage, from water-closet, sinks, etc., must pass, and which must be filled with traps and properly jointed. The latest experiments prove that brick sewers are almost always failures, both on account of the material and the size, for a sewer should never be of more than sufficient capacity, because, as we all know, a current of water spread over a large surface flows with much less force than when it is confined within a smaller space, and the effect of this in a sewer is to permit the deposit of all heavy substances which may have entered the drain and which lie there choking up the passage, when in a sewer of smaller capacity they would quickly be carried down by the force of the flow. A smooth two-inch pipe of some hard, vitreous material, which cannot absorb sewer filth, will carry off all the drainage from an ordinary house, is the best possible sewer and is comparatively inexpensive. Where there is no public system and the drainage is purely local it is best to raise the foundation of the house a little above the general level of the ground by filling in so that there be a natural drainage of all moisture away from the house, while all the house slops should be disposed of in ways to be presently described. If pigs or cattle of any kind are kept, their pens and yards should be as far as possible from the house, and should be kept clean by being frequently emptied of the manure and filth which should always be utilized at once upon farm or garden. The water-closet should be, if possible, an earth closet, as earth is the most effectual and cheapest disinfectant and deodorizer at present known to science. A cheap and cleanly out-of-door earth closet can be made by simply digging a vault in the ground and keeping in the building above it (which is merely an ordinary privy) a box of thoroughly dry earth and a scoop. Each person after using the closet should be required to empty into it a couple of scoopfuls of the dry earth, and as often as once a month the contents of the vault should be removed and used at once as manure, for they are almost completely deodorized and therefore inoffensive which makes the frequent cleaning a comparatively easy matter. Chamber slops can of course be emptied into the same receptacle, but it is much better to dispose of them in some other way as they largely neutralize the effect of the earth. They can be emptied into pig-sty or cow-yard, where they do their part in making fertilizing material, (but this should never be done except when the yard or sty is cleaned regularly and frequently), or they can be thrown upon the ground at a safe distance from the house, (this again should never be done when a house stands in close neighborhood to other houses), or, and this is probably the best way, they can be emptied into a hole dug in the ground as far from the house as possible and boarded over, the cover being lifted only when the slops are emptied. By emptying occasionally a little dry earth into the hole and once or twice a year filling it up entirely and digging a fresh hole, the slops of a large house may be disposed of with ease and safety. Kitchen slops and swill should all be carefully kept for pig feed, for if the

family do not keep a pig, some neighbors can always be found who will take away swill for the sake of having it, and to waste such material is one of the numerous forms of extravagance which keeps poor people poor forever.

After the drainage of a house and the cleanliness of yard and outhouses have been carefully provided for, I believe that next in order comes the question of the water supply, and while a few of you, as residents of large cities, are not obliged to think much about the matter, being supplied by the city or by companies, yet I suppose a majority of my readers are dependent solely upon wells or springs and can therefore drink pure or impure water, according as they themselves are intelligent and energetic, or ignorant and lazy. It is not, I confess, always easy for an uneducated person to detect the impurity of water, because while pure water is always clear and tasteless, water which is clear and tasteless is not always pure; but there are a few simple rules which he who runs may read, and which will, in most cases, afford effectual protection. For example, it is evident to any one that to use water from a river below a point where the refuse of a factory or the drainage of a town empties into it, must be harmful; that, again, it must be equally so to use water from a stagnant pond, or from a brook which drains marshy land rich in decomposing vegetation, and yet it is but too common to find whole communities using such water and dying like sheep with dysenteries and fevers, merely because they are too thoughtless or too lazy to make the effort to obtain a pure water supply.

Water should never be taken from a river or brook which is contaminated by filth of any kind, and this danger can usually be avoided, for there are few localities in which it is not possible to obtain a plentiful supply of wholesome water from wells or springs. If there is a good unfailing spring within convenient distance of a house, water should be drawn from it in preference to any other source, and sometimes by means of a few yards of pipe, spring water can be brought to the very door of the house, which, although it costs something at the outset, is in the end a real economy. But, as in a large majority of cases, wells and wells only, form the source of the water supply, it is to them that your attention must chiefly be directed, and in building a house, I would advise you to make, if necessary, many sacrifices, in order to secure a well of good water. In the first place, a well should never be dug in a place where there is any danger of its receiving the drainage, from house, water-closet, barn-yard, pig-sty, or any similar source of contamination; it should not be in the near neighborhood of large trees whose roots are likely to grow into the water and make it dirty and unwholesome; it should be so covered that not even leaves can fall into it, and should occasionally, in a dry season, be thoroughly cleaned. There is really nothing so safe and certain as an artesian well, which consists of an iron pipe sunk perpendicularly into the ground until its lower end strikes a supply of pure, sweet water; and these wells are coming gradually into use, their advantage over the ordinary wells being that they can be sunk to any distance necessary to obtain really pure water, and that they are beyond the possibility of contamination, either from drainage or any other source. But from common wells, which are at present, as I have already said, by far the most frequent source of supply, the precautions already mentioned will usually secure water sufficiently pure not to affect the health of those who drink it.

Even in these days of comparative enlightenment in regard to matters of drainage, water, etc., there are many people who cling to the ignorance which for the moment is so easy, regardless of the fact that in the end it costs them the heavy price of health and life. They say that they are willing to "take their chances" as their fathers did, and it is difficult to prove to them that they are morally responsible for the results of their own wilful ignorance and carelessness.

It is true that it is only by close and intelligent attention and constant labor that the immediate neighborhood of the dwellings of human beings can be kept clean and wholesome, but it is also true, to quote the words of an eminent authority, that "all filth is absolute poison," and undoubtedly the terrible punishment of uncleanliness is the weapon used by an all-wise Creator to force his ignorent and wilful creatures into the cleanliness which involves so much exertion of mind and body. Surely I need not here reiterate how fatal is the effect of all filth and especially of human filth; surely I need not tell you how fever and cholera and dysentery follow uncleanliness as certainly as night follows day, and that therefore it lies with us to choose whether or no we take the risk of diseases whose prevention lies commonly in our own hands. I could fill page upon page of written warning in respect to defective drainage, impure water, filthy water-closets and outhouses, but it would all be useless unless your own intelligence and moral sense came to the rescue and induced you to act resolutely and as becomes rational beings.

Therefore, I can only beg those of you who are house-holders or who are in any way responsible for the health of others, to study carefully the facts in regard to this comprehensive subject of cleanliness in its relation to house building and keeping, and to judge for yourselves whether it is not well worth while to build and keep a cleanly house.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, the distinguished Senator and jurist, died suddenly at the executive mansion of the Governor of Maryland in Annapolis on the 10th of February. He was found dead, having probably fallen in a sudden attack of apoplexy. Mr. Johnson was nearly eighty years old, and has had a long and conspicuous public life.

John Forster, the English biographer of Dickens, is dead.

The New England Conservatory of Music last month entered upon its tenth year, though it is eighteen years since Dr. Tourjee inaugurated the first conservatory in this country. More than 1600 pupils have attended the classes, and it is now the largest music school in the world.

Our green winter does not reach round the world. The streets of Madrid, the capital of Spain, have lain a foot under snow, and travel has been obstructed by it in Italy and France, while Russia has had more of it than usual even for her.

The Centennial Appropriation bill having passed both Houses of Congress, the Centennial Commission can pocket its million and a half and go ahead rejoicing with its preparations.

Thirty-six nations are now on the list of Centennial exhibitors.

The Egyptian, Swiss and Spanish commissioners to the Centennial have arrived with their contributions to the exhibition. Egypt was the first on the ground, with over six thousand articles—specimens of agricultural products, arts and manufactures.

Liberia has been obliged to withdraw from the Centennial Exposition, the $10,000 she appropriated for the purpose having been used up in carrying on the war with the savage tribes. Mr. Edward S. Morris, resident Liberian commissioner in Philadelphia, has proposed to the President of Liberia to appropriate $500,000 to the purchase of articles for the exhibition, offering to sell the articles at the close of the exposition and return the proceeds, which may be expected to more than cover expenses, to the Liberian Government.

Memorial Hall has been found too small for Centennial purposes and will be enlarged.

A Shaft of coal one hundred feet in length will be exhibited by Tennessee.

Nevada will send the product of her "Consolidated Virginia and California Mines" for the month of May. It will take fifteen cars bearing ten tons each to transport the silver bars.

An International Congress and Exhibition of means and instruments for saving life and preserving health is to be held in Brussels, the capital of Belgium, from June to October. The exhibition will include life boats, life preservers, danger signals, fire engines, alarms and escapes, medical and surgical discoveries and inventions, and methods of drainage and water supply etc.

A Southern States Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition is to be held at New Orleans, for ten days, opening February 28th.

A National Convention of colored men has been called to meet at Nashville, Tennessee, on the 14th of April next, to adopt the line of policy that they intend to pursue in the coming Presidential election.

A Company of twenty-one freedmen, from North Carolina and Louisiana, sailed in January in the bark *Liberia* for Monrovia, under the care of the American Colonization Society. Two preachers, Rev. A. Cartwright, of Plymouth, N. C., and Rev. Charles Bryant, were of the number. A farm of twenty-five acres is given to each family.

Of an appropriation made by the last Congress for the payment of bounties to colored soldiers there has already been expended $64,144, leaving a balance of $20,855. The Adjutant General of the Army reports that this balance will cover all bounties to colored soldiers not already paid.

A Bill has been introduced in the lower House by Mr. Springer of Illinois (Dem.), providing that Americans residing abroad shall be forbidden to hold or employ slaves on pain of forfeiting the protection of the Government. This will reach some residents of Cuba.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, a colored Evangelist, has been adressing large congregations in the St. Paul's Methodist, Episcopal Church, Wilmington, Del. She was formerly a slave in Harford County, Md., is about forty years of age, and shows a great familiarity with Scripture. After leaving St. Paul's, which is a congregation of whites, she commenced a series of services in one of the colored churches of Wilmington. Four or five of the churches of that city are open for meetings every night.

At the dedication of Jubilee Hall, Dr. J. B. McFerrin of the M. E. Church South, addressing General Fisk, said,—"I want you, General Fisk, to understand, and all others, that the Southern people * * * rejoice in the education and elevation of the colored people, and fully appreciate the grand work you are doing for them."

Lieutenant Cameron, the English explorer of Africa has crossed the Continent and and traversed 1,200 miles of entirely new country, and established a sound geographical basis for future explorations in Central Africa.

The Zambesi Mission has succeeded in placing a steamer on Lake Niyanza. Seven hundred natives were employed to carry her past the Murchison Cataracts.

Portugal has voted the abolition of slavery in St. Thomas and the Gulf of Guinea.

South Carolina reports 110,416 children—about half the number in the state—in actual attendance on the free schools. An effort will be made in the Legislature to extend the school session from four and a half to six months in the year.

Spelling Bees are the fashion in England.

The Moody and Sankey meetings in New York city are crowded as in Philadelphia.

E. D. Winslow, formerly a minister and state Senator, and proprietor of the Boston *News and Post*, who recently astounded Boston with the discovery that he had committed forgeries to the amount of $700,000, and then disappeared with his family, has been arrested in London. He went first to Holland where he would have been safe from pursuit, as we have no extradition treaty with that country providing for the surrender of criminals, but, as is usually the case with evil doers, he blundered in his plans and leaving his wife in Rotterdam, ventured to London "for letters he was expecting," and found detectives whom he was not expecting. His sad fall in making haste to be rich, has a moral which somebody finds in his very name—Win-slow.

The Congressional Temperence Society held its forty-third anniversary at the Congregational Church in Washington, on February 20th. Hon. Julius H. Seelye delivered the address. Hon. T. W. Ferry, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, is president of the society for the coming year.

The death in January last of Rev. Edmund H. Sears, D.D., of Boston, Mass., is deeply felt in the denomination in which he was an eminent and beloved minister, and by all of every faith who have come within the sphere of his personal influence, or are familiar with his very spiritual sermons and beautiful hymns. To his son, last year one of the teachers at the Hampton Institute, and now Professor in a California college, it must be a consolation to read in that distant state, such tender testimonials to his father's place in many hearts as these which we copy from the *Liberal Christian*. It is evidently Dr. Bellows who says: "Such losses are great gains. It was difficult to tell Brother Sears how much his brethereu revered, loved and honored him. We can now tell each other freely and take the chances—which his writings did something to increase our faith in—that he overhears our grateful words."

OUR NAVY YARDS.

The United States has nine Navy Yards whose names, locations and areas are as follows:

1.	Portsmouth, at Kittery, Me.,	144 acres.
2.	Boston, at Charlestown, Mass.,	84 "
3.	New York, at Brooklyn, L. I.,	193 "
4.	New London, at New London, Conn.,	71 "
5.	League Island, Penn..	916 "
6.	Washington, Washington, D. C.,	42 "
7.	Norfolk, Portsmouth, Va.,	109 "
8.	Pensacola, Warrington, Fla.,	83 "
9.	Mare Island, Mare I., Cal.,	900 "

The Philadelphia Navy Yard, containing twenty acres, was sold last December.

Washington, D. C., *Feb.* 3, 1876.

To Editors "S. W.":

Dear Sirs and Brn.:

I am glad to send my "mite" for your good paper, though while here—now for the sixth winter,—with my son, who is a Professor still in the Nat'l Deaf-mute College, I am too busy with the "Congressional Temperance Society" to do more than *look* at many good papers.

I am deeply interested in all that is done,—and the *more* that *ought* to be done,—for the "four millions," for their sakes and our own; and hope again, though probably not this spring, to visit the "Queen of Institutes," sitting by the sea.

I shall *try* to send some items of interest in the line of Southern education, gathered hereabouts. Meantime I remain,

Cordially yours,
John W. Chickering.

For the beautiful pictures we give our readers this month we are indebted to several good friends; to Messrs. Harper & Bros. for our first page picture, to the publishers of the New York *Illustrated Christian Weekly* for the view of home life among the Grizzlies, and to the publishers of the *Missionary Herald* for our missionary picture. The likeness of Bishop Holly was furnished by the American Missionary Association.

Indelible Marking Paper for Marking Clothing without a Preparation.—*Direction*—Lay the Indelible Paper upon the article to be marked, and place over it a thin piece of writing paper, upon which write with a common lead pencil, or any smooth point. If the marking is pressed with a hot flat-iron or otherwise heated for a few seconds, it can be washed immediately with hot water and soap as usual. Warranted not to fade or spread in the cloth. A package sent, post-paid, on receipt of thirty-five cents, two for sixty cents, Address B. Alexander & Co., Sole United States Agt's, Eighth street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Agents wanted, send for terms. Please quote this paper. 12-6

Four beautiful fine oil chromos 7 x 9 and one 9 x 12 sent for fifty cents, and six size 7 x 9 and six size 9 x 12 sent for $1, and a full famlly portfolio of 100 oil and gem chromos, *very fine*, all designs, $3. They are scriptural scenes, landscapes, sea views, hunting and fishing scenes, Rocky Mountain scenes, birds, animal, fruits and flower designs. Our chromos are facismile reproductions of the choicest works of the *great masters*, and pronounced by connoisseurs equal to the original oil paintings. Three hundred Decalcomania pictures sent for 50 cents, large mixed, all kinds, $1; and 1,500, $3. A sample of these goods with full instructions to transfer the same will accompany each of the above orders if desired. Address, enclosing price, and a three cent stamp for return of goods by mail. B. Alexander & Co., wholesale and retail dealers, 8th street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Agents and tradesmen are making money selling our goods. Ladies are meeting with great success in this work. A full agent's outfit of 200 fine samples sent on receipt of $5. Please state the name of the paper you saw this in. 12-6.

Agricultural.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

All experience points to a diversified system as the really successful way of farming. Our Southern brethren have seen the folly of the one crop system, and are now raising their own grain, and it will not be long before they will be entirely independent. They will not rely on "King Cotton" any more. We have but little hope of the farmer who adheres, with such a tenacity to the one crop plan, never realizing that good time coming. Furthermore, we think the risk too great for a farmer to have all his capital in a crop of corn, wheat, oats, flax or grass, but should, as far as practicable, have a portion of his farm devoted to each. Then, should one crop fail, or the price thereof be low, he would not be among the sufferers from "hard times." These are hard times; and times were hard last year, and the year before that, and before the panic, and even before the war. There never was a time when times were not hard. There never was a time when the mass of men did not have to struggle with circumstances for a living. Never a time when it was easy to make money, easy to save it and have a large net balance at the end of the year. Money making, except with dishonest persons and unscrupulous speculators, is a progress, not only slow, but it is laborious, and beset with difficulties innumerable. Under favorable circumstances, even, it generally takes a lifetime to accumulate a fortune, whether we are business men, professional men, or farmers.

There is no necessity for so much gloom and despondency on account of the universal financial depression. There are many failures in business circles at the present time, but there were always failures, even in the best days of the country. On the other hand, there are successes now in business, as there have always been. The bold, prudent, industrious man, whether on a farm or in the counting-house, has ten chances to one in favor of success. To the lack of one or more of these qualities may be attributed the cause of all failures.

A prosperous farming community is made up of men who ply their vocation fearlessly, raise a variety of crops, breed and keep the choicest kinds of stock, encourage the mechanical arts and industries, live within their income, read good works on agriculture, horticulture, &c., labor heartily six days, worship God on the seventh, live in love and charity with their neighbors, and whose transactions are all established on the firm, true basis of honesty. In this community, (and there are, we are happy to observe, many of them,) the cries of "hard times" and "my crops have all failed" are never heard.—*Prairie Farmer.*

We have received from Europe a limited quantity of the Bismark, late Cabbage Seed, which produces solid heads of cabbage the size of the mouth of a flour barrel and larger. These enormous cabbages are raised with the most ordinary cultivation, in any climate, and at present prices, double the ordinary profit is realized from their production. In transplanting from these seed, great care should be used to give sufficient space for growth. A package sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents; 3 packages $1 00; 6 for $2 00. A sure cure for cabbage pests and 4 beautiful chromos, The Maiden's Dream, full set sent free with each package. Address, B. Alexander & Co., sole U. S. Agents, 8th St., opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Please quote this paper. 12-6

A GOOD DURABLE WHITEWASH.—In answer to a correspondent who asks for a whitewash that will stand exposure to the weather, we give the following, which we know to be good: Take half a bushel of freshly-burned lime, slake it with boiling water; cover it during the process, to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine seive and add to it seven ponnds of salt previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of grounnd rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, one pound of clean glue which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from dirt. It must be put on quite hot. For this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. About a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard.—*Lancaster Farmer.*

PINES.

Our greatest regret regarding pines is, that we cannot get enough of them, or set them fast enough. We would have a line of them on the northerly side of every orchard we cared to cultivate, and on every barren or unsightly knoll, and in every spot on the farm where they would protect the fields from the fierce winds and storms of winter. There is scarcely a farm on any sandy plain, or exposed hillside, that could not be made to produce more and better crops if one-eighth of the land now cultivated were judiciously set to evergreen trees. They break the force of violent winds in summer, when the tender crops are growing, and in winter, when the fields are bare. Growing around farm buildings, they afford a welcome shelter for poultry, and other animals, and scattered over a farm, in the right places, they add a charm to the scenery which nothing else can.

Pines *seem* to increase the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Let one try the experiment some cold, windy day, of standing for a short time on the northern, and then on the southern side of a pine grove. The difference in the climate is often as great as between March and May. The north winds as they come down over the snow covered hills, are checked in their course by the millions of fine, narrow leaves which hold the air stationary, like the double walls of an icechest. It is not always the coldest air that is the hardest to bear. We all know how much colder it seems to ride against, than with the wind, in a cold day. Cold air in motion, takes the heat rapidly from every thing with which it comes in contact.

Dry still air or as it is sometimes called dead air, is an excellent non-conductor of heat. Dead air keeps ice from melting in the ice-house and refrigerator. Dead air in the walls of stables keeps the cattle warm, and the manure from freezing. Dead air around our own bodies affords excellent protection from the cold air outside; and dead air, held comparatively stationary among the fine, needle-like leaves which cover our pine trees, affords an excellent protection from the cold to whatever comes within its influence. Our own senses are very poor indicators of the temperature of the air or surrounding objects. Inexperienced persons often suppose that a thermometer will show a lower point of mercury on the windy side of a building than on the opposite, even when not affected by the sun, because it seems so much colder where the wind blows. Mercury carried from a warm room would contract and run down the glass faster in wind than in still air, just as our fingers will freeze sooner in the wind than if protected from its power of rapidly absorbing heat. The heat our animals and our plants thrive in so well comes from the sun, and we would endeavor to save it as much as is within our power by protecting our stables and our fields from the fierce winds which, when unobstructed, carry away this heat and disperse it so rapidly.

To this end, pines or other evergreen trees may be planted on the exposed sides of fields or buildings with marked effect and great advantage. Besides their use in tempering the climate, they are, when well grown, a beautiful addition to any landscape, either in summer or winter.

New England Farmer.

THE LOVE OF ANIMALS.

One of the difficult lessons which parents are called upon to teach their children, is the lesson of consideration for all helpless things, of gentleness toward all creatures that are weaker that themselves by reason of physical or mental inferiority, and no ignorance or thoughtlessness can be made a valid excuse for the neglect of this duty which is unfortunately so common. It is so shameful and so contemptible to maltrest or neglect any helpless and dependent being that it seems as if our merely human instincts should sufficiently protect us against this sin, but it is but too true that in this case, as in many others, our unassisted humanity is very weak and most easily tempted by opportunity into the commission of absolute cruelties when we are conscious that such cruelties will not, in this world at least, be avenged by any power stronger than ourselves. There is something startling in the fact that in this age of civilization and refinement, it is necessary for the best men and women from the most intelligent class of society to form themselves into associations in order to protect the animal world from the unbridled passions of human beings to whom the Creator has given power which is only limited and controlled by the strongest forces. It shows beyond question that the majority of mankind have not yet learned that in the very weakness and dependence of animals lies their claim upon our kindness, and that just in proportion to our power over them is our responsibility to their Maker and ours.

The associatione of which we speak make it their object to prevent all unnecessary cruelty to animals, and their experience during the few years which have elapsed since their foundation shows that thay have opened the door into a wide field.

In the treatment of domestic animals, even among educated people, there is an amount of ignorance and carelessness so great as in many instances to constitute actual crime, while it is always productive of great suffering and danger to the helpless and unreasoning creatures who are its victime. Any thoughtful person who has had experience in the care of animals knows that cruelty or unkindness to them always deserve punishment, because animals which are properly treated never require either the one or the other, and both are invariably hurtful. Then, too, there is no more direct loss to the owner of an animal than that which results from a want of care, for the value of an animal decreases in an exact proportion to the neglect and ill usage which it receives. A horse which is improperly fed and carelessly groomed, which is kept in a dirty stable and accustomed to blows and loud, rough speech, is worth a good deal less than the same horse under kind and carefull treatment; and this holds good of all domestic animals, in regard to the care of which there are a few fundamental rules which every one who has anything to do with animals ought thoroughly to understand. In the first place, (and this is seldom appreciated), animals suffer from uncleanliness almost as much as human beings, and it is of great importance that the stables, out-houses, yards, etc., in which they live, should be really clean, that they should have pure water and clean food, and that their own bodies should be kept clean. It may sound like a contradiction to say that even a pigpen, with proper drains, troughs, floor, etc., can be easily kept clean, and the pigs will be all the better for it. Again, the filthy condition common to many cowyards, where we see manure rotting and wasting in the sun, troughs thick with foulness, so that pure water or food is impossible, and in the midst of all, cattle whose sides are black and heavy with dirt, is always unnecessary and is the worst kind of extravagance.

In short, cleanliness is absolntely essential to the health of all animals, and is always in the end economical, as is also good and carefully prepared food in quantities proportioned to the condition of the animal. Nor is this all, for nothing is of greater importance than kind usage, gentleness of manner and voice, and carefulness as regards the comfort of animals in what are often considered unimportant matters. It is wrong and foolish to beat, roughly use, or abusively speak to any animal; they can always be managed without blows or rough words, and are usually intelligent enough to feel the difference between the two systeme.

It commonly depends upon the parents to form in their children the habits in repect to the treatment of animals which will cling to them for life, and we appeal to those of our readers who have children to educate to train them early in the habit of kindness to all dumb créatures. Give your little children pets in the shape of cats, dogs or birds; be sure that they take care of and are gentle with them; as the children grow older, let them help in the care of cattle and horses; teach them that even brutes have rights, and that cruelty to animals is always a disgrace to human beings, and be sure that in after life they will thank you for the valuable lesson.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

A valuable test of a nation's prosperity is to be found in the condition of its commercial relations with other nations, and we therefore take for granted that our readers will be interested in a brief statement of the amount of business which has been transacted between our own and other countries, during the year which is just ended. For the eleven months ending December 1st, 1875, we find that the value of the articles exported from the United States to other countries exceeds the imports by $35,858,793, while in the year 1873 the imports exceeded the exports by something like $22,000,000. The exports of cereals, which are of course among our most important products, have been for the last months of the past year much smaller than was expected, having been affected by the rush into grain speculatione produced by the very favorable prospects of the autumn. As soon, however, as a decline of prices takes place here, or a rise in prices takes place in the English market, the demand will begin and large exportations may be looked for during the late winter and spring, which will of course affect business here at once, and favorably. The general hope is that we, as a nation, have seen the worst of the financial storm which ever since the war, has more or less clouded our skies, and that the year 1876 is to establish ns once more upon a substantial business basis, the poorer but possibly the wiser for our losses. The comparison between the year 1875 and the two or three years immediately preceding it ehows a marked improvement, and the general good sense and solid intelligence of the American people ought to prevent any serious mistakes on the part of the government in dealing with financial questions, which at present are our greatest danger. If we cease to delnde ourselves with the "paper money" and resolve to keep onr national honor unspotted, we have now little to fear, and every reason to hope for a speedy and material change in the prosperity of the country.

AFRICA.

When the Sultan of Zanzibar made his recent visit to Europe he was accompanied by the missionary Dr. Badger, who acted as interpreter for, and general adviser to the Snltan, and undoubtedly had much to do with the establishment of friendly relations between his Highness and the English government.

In November last Dr. Badger telegraphed to England that an Egyptian naval expedition had seized and occupied two important towns on the coast of Zanzibar, having disarmed the Sultan's troops and raised the Turkish flag. It is most unfortunate that one of the greatest, if not the greatest obstacle to the civilization of Africa should be found in the bitter hatred existing between the different nations and tribes which make up the native population, and the numberless wars and petty struggles which result from that hatred. Nothing blocks the missionary's way more effectually than this spirit of enmity which seems to be always active among the native Africans, for one of its worst effects is to make a religion of peace synonymous to them with a religion of weakness. A missionary who goes out to confront this difficulty among so many others, needs indeed to be a strong man, bearing no evidence of weakness in his character or life. He must have a practical understanding of human natnre and a courageous soul; he must not be a learned man, bnt must know a little of many things, and should be clear-headed and cool of judgment.

The spirit of missions is the spirit of Christ; that which Christ was among the ignorant men of Judea, is the perfect realization of missionary life in all places and all ages, and though such perfection is beyond human reach yet the work is waiting and in the power of Christ's name, must be done.

DURING the past month Professor S. H. Owens, just elected Professor of the Normal Department in the University of West Virginia, spent two weeks at the Hampton Institnte, lecturing on educational topics, explaining Leigh's method of teaching to read, and giving the senior class lessons in logic.

He held a two days Institute at the Hampton Academy, of which Mr. Turpin is Principal, the public school teachers of the county composing his audience. Colored and white both took part, and it was felt that a fresh impulse had been given to the cause of popular education among us.

Professor Owens is a graduate of the State University and by his Institntes has done a good work in Virginia. Hie appointment will be a serious loss to this Commonwealth, for there are very few men so qualified for the task of stimulating educational interest and of bnilding up a public sentiment favorable to thorough and scientific teaching.

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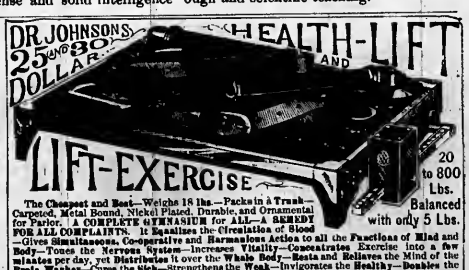

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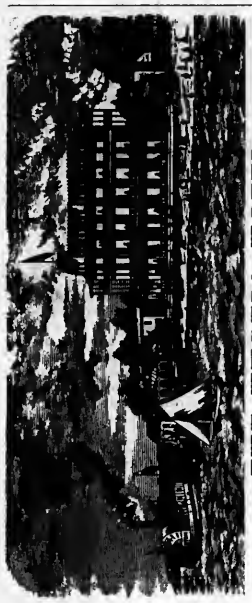

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The drives in the vicinity are delightful, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, the National Military Home, National Cemetery, and the town of Hampton—containing one of the oldest churches in the country, are all within the limits of an easy ride, drive, or sail.

The climate during the year is unsurpassed for salubrity, the range of the thermometer here for the past 10 years as taken from the notes of the Meteorological Observatory, shows an average of 80°, 74°, 70°, for Summer; 70°, 59°, 46°, for Autumn; 45°, 44°, 42°, for Winter; and 48°, 59°, 63°, for the Spring months. —Open for guests all the year.— 11-75, tf.

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Our stock is always

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THE LARGEST,
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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. V | HAMPTON, VA., APRIL, 1876. | NO. 4.

THE SPRING.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, APRIL, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, *on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the* SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.

IN THE old regime in the South there were three classes, whose fortunes have somewhat changed. The aristocracy or gentry being generally bankrupt, and without adaptation to the new order of things, are struggling against a tide of troubles. But some of this class have met the change with wisdom and energy, and by making the best of things are improving their fortunes and have become rallying points of new efforts and hopes. The poor whites and the negroes were the other two classes. The experiences of slavery were not without a stimulating effect upon the latter, who daily harvested ideas from their contact with educated men, as well as learned many of the practical lessons of civilization—not always, however, to their advantage.

While emancipation was to the negro as a sun in the midnight heavens, and produced a wonderful demonstration toward education, it came to the poorer class of whites rather as a blessing in disguise, who could not see any signs of hope in the tremendous ruin about them. We believe from what we have seen and heard during the past five years, that there has been much improvement in their condition. The negro is not in their path as formerly; their chances in the world are fairer than before. The small cotton and tobacco planters who raise all they need and do their own work, the thrifty farmers who pay out no wages, whose growing crops and stock carry them over hard times, and who now have free schools for their children, are the basis of a robust, intelligent, industrial class—the backbone of southern prosperity.

But along the sea shore and in the mountains there are thousands of wretched looking creatures styled poor whites, to whom it is Paradise on earth to sit in a canoe all day with a bob and sinker, or to luxuriate over their pipes and snuff and clay, and "cuss" the negro.

The census of 1870 showed that there were over 1,500,000 illiterates in the South over ten years of age, and illiteracy is the exponent of poverty and degredation. Popular education only can reduce this terrible ignorance; as light and ideas reach this class they will have new wants, make fresh efforts, become consumers and producers, and manufacture at home the articles now brought from Connecticut.

We are told that the Agricultural Warehouses in southern cities have a new class of customers—the small independent farmers who purchase the best tools to make their labor go as far as possible. These men don't complain of hard times; they are on "hard pan" and cannot fall.

We know of no better illustration of the effect of good teaching upon poor whites than that of Miss Amy Bradley at Wilmington, N. C., whose labors in a few years resulted not only in a remarkable improvement of their mental and physical condition, but in a change of public sentiment and an acknowledgment of the great good accomplished by the "Tileston School."

THE two hundred students in this institution are nearly all compelled to work during the summer in order to meet school expenses.

There are a number of young men and women from eighteen to twenty-two years of age who desire employment during the vacation, from June 10th till Oct. 1st. The girls can do general housework and are willing and capable. While not experienced cooks, most of them could, under direction, do plain cooking. Paying their own traveling expenses, they should receive not less than three dollars per week in order to make a satisfactory saving.

The young men can serve as waiters or do farm and general work.

It is hoped that among our readers there are those who will be glad to employ the services above offered.

FEW of the friends of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute realize the difficulty, the necessary expense, and the skill required in the combination of work and study which is its distinctive feature. Students pay their expenses, ten dollars per month, half in cash and half in labor. The cash is earned by summer work in hotels, by teaching or farming, or is paid by parents or friends. About seven thousand dollars are annually allowed for students' labor, of which not over one-half is actually remunerative, through supplies to the school or sales in the market. Of the remainder, one-half would otherwise be expended for hired labor. About $2,000 would be saved yearly were the work done by ordinary workmen solely for profit; but instruction being our object rather than production some labor is given out at a pecuniary disadvantage, and is paid for when of only nominal value.

We invite attention to the need of new industries for the want of which the growth of this institution is retarded—those already in operation being overcrowded by the needs of one hundred and eighty students who *must have work* in order to pay their school bills, forty pupils being day scholars and sufficiently employed at home. For the increased demand for labor next year there is no provision unless to give out more work at a loss.

Are there not men at the North doing a moderate business in light manufactured articles who for the sake, not only of a more genial climate, but to give employment as a means of education, would avail themselves of the advantages of Hampton?

These advantages consist, first, of cheap labor both in and out of the institution: students are paid from six to ten cents per hour. Secondly, the supply of native wood out of which articles can be made: the gum, holly, cypress, pine, oak and other trees abound in this vicinity. Thirdly, the cheapness of fuel: good oak or pine wood can be bought by the single cord at $4.00 or $4.25, and by the quantity for $3.50. Anthracite coal costs by the cargo $5.75 per ton of 2250 lbs. It could be purchased in connection with the Normal School order at about this rate.

The neighboring saw-mills offer lumber at low prices. Carpenters work for from $1.50 to $2.50 per day; masons for $3.00 per day.

There is water communication with Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

The situation and climate are delightful. A large summer hotel two miles distant is crowded during the hot months, while northern people find at Hampton, relief from the severities of winter. It is very favorable for bronchitis and all throat troubles.

The Hampton Institute has abundant land for building sites; it has an eight horse power engine with power to spare. Arrangements could be made for the protection of any who should bring capital for manufacturing purposes.

In illustration of information we desire and of the projects that might be successfully carried out, we quote from a private letter of Mr. M. Denman Ross of Boston, to the Treasurer:

I don't see why the shoe business would not be just the thing for your people, and I should think tanning leather might be done also to advantage. You would, as a matter of course, need to begin in a very small way and grow gradually. If you could come here and investigate the subject in person I think a correct estimate could be made of the prospects of the shoe business, &c.

I have an impression that if you would go to Philadelphia where there is a great deal done in the way of knitting stockings &c., you may find a business well suited to your people. This I think would be a very simple business to start; you could begin with a single knitting machine. The yarn can be purchased all ready for the machine, and then I imagine the finishing and putting the stockings into condition for the market is *hand labor*, which is cheap with you. In Ireland you know the famous Balbriggan hosiery has a world-wide reputation. If you could get the art of making such goods as these with your cheap labor I don't see why there is not a great margin for a profit. When you consider the tariff duty which we pay in this country on foreign stockings, I don't see why we can't spin cotton as cheap as they do in Europe, and as we raise the raw cotton and have cheap labor it would seem as though we should make our own stockings.

I presume the laboring class of people in the South would buy these stockings of you if you would organize some plan to have traveling agents to go from house to house and supply both shoes and stockings,—this, too, would give some of your people employment. Then why not take up the subject of *shoes* and *stockings*, with reference to *home industry* supplying *home consumption?*

THE NEGRO IN TEXAS.

Mr. John G. Fee, a well-known and reliable teacher in the employ of the A. M. A., writes thus from San. Antonio, Texas:

You will ask "what about the negro?" Well, he is "always in the wood pile" somewhere—let us bring him out and look at him.

1st—He is loyal to the core.

2d—He is quiet, law abiding, a lover of order and peace.

3d—And though Mr. Kingsbury, and others, in their publications seek to make the impression that the "negro is played out" "the work done by white men," this is not my observation. A large share of the cotton and corn raised in this State is raised by the negro. (I cannot say colored man, for the Mexican is colored as well as the negro).

Let me take a single fact, under my own observation. Here in San Antonio, where there are between one and two thousand negroes, colored people of African descent, there is not one in suffering circumstances. There were two old, infirm people, who were provided for in the "poor" or "alms-house," and here in the poor-house the colored and whites are together—not so fastidious as you Kentuckians are. My informant, an intelligent man, who was formerly a teacher in one of the colored schools, said to me, "there is plenty of work in this place, and the colored people take hold of it, and are doing well."

Though the negro has been free but ten years, every negro man here who is head of a family has a home, a house to live in; many owning their little properties, which are homes of neatness and comfort, whilst most of the Mexicans, who have been here generation after generation, are still living in mere "hackein," pole shanties, wigwams. The negro is a hundred fold more hopeful, more industrious, more intelligent and far more receptive and truthful. As far as I can learn the negroes in this State are generally undistarbed, and are making hopeful progress. I have found the whole people in Texas far more hospitable, law abiding and orderly than I had expected.

Each branch of the Ohio Legislature has chosen a colored man as assistant clerk.

A WELL educated colored man, whom we know to be remarkably capable, and well qualified to give a just opinion on topics connected with his race, writes, apropos of the editorial article of our January number in reference to the color feeling among negroes of different shades,—"As I am not a mulatto, neither a full negro, I have good opportunities for knowing the real sentiments of both classes—the pure blacks and those of mixed blood. There is a deep suppressed feeling among colored people both in regard to *color* and being '*freeborn*.'"

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

The picture of life among the Southern freedmen, presented by the letters of Hampton graduates, is of necessity often darkly shaded. It has its bright aspects, however, and we are always glad to recognize them in such encouraging and hopeful accounts as the following letters give:

Dear Teacher:—I am ashamed of having kept your letter so long unanswered, but I hope and believe you will pardon me this time. My school opened September 13, so you see I have been teaching a little more than two weeks. During the first week I was so unwell I did not enjoy it very much. I was always glad when half-past three came, but ever since you cannot imagine the delight I take in being in school, and the pleasure it gives me to be able to instruct those who come to me. You know that I am teaching with a white man, you heard me speak of him last term; I am his assistant. Some of my schoolmates do not like the idea of being an assistant, and I would much rather had a school all to myself, and could have had one from the same superintendent, but after weighing all things I found it better by far to take the school here. Now I will tell you the circumstances: Here I have made my board free; I am with my mother, and can help her, and she can help me; I have my machine, and I run it night and morning, early and late. My salary is $30 per month, so you see I can save ths most of it. Mother says my help to her, and being with her all the while is worth more to her than if she charged some one else $10 per month for board. Ann and Amy get the same, but pay $8 or $10 board, I have not heard which yet. Thirty dollars is all they pay in this country. Miss Mackie wrote me about two schools; one in West Virginia that paid $45, but it costs so much to get there, and I did not have the money to go on. Then that is five months school, and this is ten. Don't you think it was advisable to remain here and teach? Let me know what you think of it please. You must excuse me for telling you so much about our school, but you know this is my first and I want you to know all about it. It is a very large, and a nice school-house; has only two rooms yet. I have between thirty-five and forty scholars. My highest class is studying Arithmetic in short division, third-reader, writing, spelling, &c. I have six different classes. I imagine you are tired of hearing and reading such short sentences, so I will not tell you any more now, but hy the time I write again I may have something worth telling you. My brother has been sick a week and I fear will be a little late at school, but father says he shall go as soon as he is able. I feel sad whenever I think of you, and all my loved friends being at Hampton this term, and I far away. I hope I may not be forgotten, I mean to come back some day and visit my alma mater.

I hope to hear from you soon all ths school news.

Yonr sincere friend, S.

Dear Teacher:—I received your most welcome letter a few days ago, which was quite reviving. I had quite a nice vacation. I took a trip to Petersburg, Va., in August—very pleasant. A few days after my return, I came back to my school and began teaching the first Monday in September; I have a good school and am getting along very well.

The people all seem to have the same interest in the school. They rely upon anything I tell them, they are getting along very well in this neighborhood, everybody has a good *crop* on hand. I guess that you will be pleased to hear that Inge is teaching near me; and Dyson, likewise. I have not seen them yet, but I have heard from them, I expect them down to my school Sunday, then there is a lady from Petersburg, Va., teaching about five miles from me. So you see I have a little help this year. I am getting along very well with my Temperance Society. I find that more good has been done by *its* meetings towards reforming the people ths anything else for this reason: They will go to the temperance meeting when they won't go to church. The change is the neighborhood talk. Young men who were always drunk before, are now *sober* and fit to go in company—they act like perfect *gentlemen*, I feel proud of them, because I feel that I have done them good in teaching them to respect themselves. We meet again the 2nd Sunday in Novsmber, I shall try to get Inge and Dyson to coms down and help me. If yon have any tracts or Sunday-school papers, which you think will aid me, please send some. I need all ths help that I can get.

Yon said that you had taken up the book of John again; my Bible-class is reading it too.

I should like to be there some Sunday evening to recite a lesson.

Y.

Dear Teacher:—I left store business Monday morning. Will commence teaching next week. Will walk six miles a day, that is three miles to my school in the morning and back at night. My school house is a very rough one, but it is the best that could be built at present. The people had to build it themselves and at their own expense, so we could not expect a very good ons. The people are very glad that they are going to have a school in their neighborhood, and are working very earnest on the house. I went ont to see how they were getting on Monday, and found everything going on nicely. I think I am going to have some tronble with some of the parents, because I do not belong to the Baptist church.

It is well known that, if a man or boy go in a neighborhood to teach school, the first question that he is asked is, Are you a Baptist? and if you say yes, you are all right and will find plenty of friends, who will do all they can to get you to stay among them. But if you say, I am a Methodist, or a Congregationalist or some other denomination, you stand a very poor chance for a school. I have been home nearly a month, doing nothing, you may say, and I am so tired I don't know what to do. And I can't see how so many young boys, and young men can stand on the streets for weeks and months, you may say, doing nothing but smoking segars and chewing tobacco. It was one blessed thing my father met with such good luck with his five children, for I suppose if we had stayed here we would have been just like the boys whom I mention above. Please let me hear from you soon.

Yours, truly, F.

The *Jeffersonian*, a prominent journal of Albemarle County, Va., publishes the proceedings of the *Piedmont Ministerial Union*, held at Charlottesville, January 21st. The presiding officer was the Rev. J. Hernden. It embraces forty-six colored Baptist Churches and appears to have done much good in improving the ministry. Sermons were preached by Elders T. C. Leitch and M. T. Lewis.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Elder J. Hernden, President; M. Wales, Vice-President; Secrctaries, W. J. Barnett, F. L. Gibson and Jackson Willis.

We are glad to learn that the American Missionary Association of New York will make, at the Centennial, some showing of its great work during the past twenty years among the Africans, Anglo Africans, Chinese and Indians. Within the past hundred years the foreign and home mission societies have become enterprises of vast proportions and importance. Should not they all be represented upon an occasion which professes to illustrate the leading facts in our national character and progress? Progress toward a genuine sense of human brotherhood and in fulfilling our highest duty to the world, is the test of individuel and national character and the most hopeful sign of a permenent civilization. Whatever illustrates their vital points or tendencies should, as far as practicable, appear at our national celebration.

FRIDAY.

Some people will persist in denominating Friday as "unlucky," notwithstanding that it is the date of some of the most important and "lucky" occurrences on the record of human transactions. Let us see: On Friday, August 21, 1492., Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land; on Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety; on Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America; on Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII of England, gave to John Cabot his Commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1565, was founded St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest town in the United States, by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the *May Flower*, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Princetown; and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, 1775, Booker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 6, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had much power and influence in indocing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occured. On Friday, June 7, 1771, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Thos we see that Friday is not so bad, after all.

"MAY I BE SURE?"

"May I be sure, mamma," said Kitty, as the good news of God's free love was read to her, and she was told there was forgiveness for her.

"Yes, dear one, you may."

"But how, mamma?"

"Simply in believing what God has said; for God tells no lies, and breaks no promises."

"And what has God said?"

"'He that believeth hath everlasting life.'"

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The conviction—by his own confession—of Secretary of War Belknap, of selling posttraderships in the West, and his consequent resignation and impeachment by the Senate, have fallen upon the country like a thunderclap—the climax (let us hope) of the sad series of falls from high places which have astounded and disgraced our nation. The effect most to be dreaded of such falls is not the criticism of other nations, but the undermining of our own respect for the most dignified offices of our own government. It is fortunate that an occasion is approaching which turns our eyes to the heroes whose incorruptible fame adds a lustre to the ermine they wore.

Judge Taft, of Ohio, appointed to fill Secretary Belknap's vacant place, is a well-known and irreproachable Republican. The appointment is universally approved.

The appointment of Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., as United States Minister to England in place of Genoral Schenck, whose return and resignation was necessitated by his disgraceful connection with the Emma Mine scandal, meets with very general favor, but is not yet approved by the Senate Committee.

Evacuation Day, the one hundredth anniversary of the departure of the British from Boston, was celebrated with great rejoicing in that city. As St. Patriok's Day it was observed as usual by the Irish.

The war in Liberia is about ended. The United States frigate *Alaska* arrived off Cape Palmas the last of February, and the captain was instructed to arbitrate between the Liberians and Grebos. There was to be a meeting on the 26th when it was thought a treaty would be signed. In the last fight the Grebos were repulsed with heavy loss.

Ex-President Roberts of Liberia, died at Monrovia, February 24th. In 1847 when the people formed a regular government, he was elected President for the term of two years. He was re-elected three successive times, his administration lasting from 1848 to 1856, when he retired and became President of the college at Monrovia. In 1871 he was recalled to the seat of government, President Roye having been deposed for embezzling the proceeds of a government loan. President Roberts was an able and enlightened rulor, encouraging agriculture, general education and immigration, and elevating his country in the respect of Europe. He was buried with military honors.

Pinchback's claim to a seet in the Senate, that body has finally refused to recognize, by a vote of thirty-two to twenty-nine.

Colorado will be admitted as a State next Fourth of July.

A bill has passed the Senate, which, if its conditions are accepted, will admit New Mexico as a State next December. It will be entitled to two Senators and one Representative till the next general census. Provision is made by the bill that the constitution of the new state shall be republican in form and not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States.

The American Board of Foreign Missions reports the whole number of missions supported as eighteen, with three hundred and ninety-three missionaries sent from America, and 1,057 native helpers; two hundred and twenty-three churches with a membership of 11,546, the year's increase being 1,500. It has six hundred and twenty-two schools, with 22,523 pupils.

The oldest inhabitant of Boston is dead—aged about two hundred years.

The "Great Boston Elm," the pride of Boston Common, was blown down in the gale of February 15th. Its exact age is uncertain, but it is represented on a map of the town engraved in 1722, and was then supposed to be a hundred years old. One hundred and ninety rings were counted on a branch which was blown off in 1860. Four branches blown off in 1832 were bolted into their places and grew fast again. A great hollow in the trunk was filled with fifteen barrels of clay, but the tree was growing in 1860 when an off-shoot was discovered. In Revolutionary times the old tree was a gathering place of the "Sons of Liberty." The fallen tree was taken possession of by the authorities, and some of its relics will doubtless appear at the Centennial.

A bill was recently introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature, to grant the right of suffrage to women in municipal elections. Had it passed the Senate, 34,000 women, paying $2,000,000 of taxes to the State, would have become voters.

The Carlist war in Spain is at last ended, Don Carlos having abandoned the cause and fled to France.

Prof. Webster, Principal of the Norfolk High School, visited the Hampton Normal Agricultural Institute on Wednesday, March 22d, and for the greater part of the school session, and an hour in the evening, held the teachers and students in delightful attention by a series of lectures, or "talks" as he prefers to call them, on History, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. Much of his effort was very profitably spent in showing the students how to illustrate some of the greatest truths of nature by apparatus so simple that they could make it themselves. The Professor succeeded in striking at once the responsive cord in his audience, and the enjoyment of the occasion was mutual.

A formidable revolt in Hayti.

A bill reducing the President's salary to $25,000, has passed the Senate twenty-six to twenty.

Daniel Drew, the great "operator" in Wall St., has failed at last for over a million dollars. It is said that his large endowments of Methodist institutions are not secured.

A very disastrous fire occured in Charleston, S. C., March 14th. A large part of the city was destroyed.

Secretary Bristow of the Treasury has been fully acquitted of all charges against him, by the Clymer Investigating Committee.

The New Hampshire State election has resulted in a victory for the Republicans of unexpected magnitude. Governor Cheney was re-elected by over 3,000 majority, and the Republicans secure the Senate, the House and the Council.

The California Senate has passed a bill to punish wife beating with flogging. One good turn deserves another.

Recent telegraphic dispatches report a great battle in Abyssinia between the Abyssinian and Egyptian forces, resulting in a great victory for the latter. The Egyptian army was commanded by an American, General Loring, an ex-Confederate officer. The Khedive has shown great sagacity in surrounding himself with military talent from abroad, and many of the officers of the American war, both Federal and Confederate, are now in his service.

On Tuesday, the 14th of March, the "Hampton Singers" gladly accepted the kind invitation of Rear Admiral Le Roy, commanding the North Atlantic Squadron, to visit his flag ship, the *Hartford*, lying in Hampton Roads. After inspecting this famous ship, on which more men were killed in the late war than on any other vessel in the Navy, they sang to the officers and sailors who assembled on the gun deck to hear them. The officers were thoroughly appreciative and made the visit a delightful one to the Students and the party. Several hundred sailors who were massed in among the heavy guns that had delivered many a telling shot for freedom, listened with rapt attention to the "Gospel Train," "Swing low sweet chariot," "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen." "Jack" enjoys good music, and their pleased and sometimes tearful faces were an abundant recompense. Never were these old songs better enjoyed than on the *Hartford* that day.

Agricultural.

FARM TOPICS FOR SPRING.

Everything in the shape of manure should be saved. Take the hen manure from the hen house and compost it very early in the spring, with an equal bulk of swamp mud or loam, with a sprinkling of plaster, and give it sufficient time to heat slightly, and pitch it over as often as needful to keep it from burning, giving it sufficient time to become mellowed before it is used in spring.

As stock raising has not yet depreciated as most all other farm interests have, it should be the care of the farmer to raise what fodder he can for that purpose. Turn over in the spring all the dry, poor land that you have in your fields that will not produce a ton of grass to an acre, and plant to fodder corn, in furrows, three feet apart. The cultivator run between the rows a few times is all the cultivation necessary. Cut up when sufficiently matured, hind in bundles and shock in the field to remain till duly cured for the barn. Also, for this purpose the great Detroit seedsmen, D. M. Ferry & Co., recommend the Liberian Sugar Cane, the seed for sale by them at one dollar a ponnd—one pound for an acre of land—an incredible amount raised from an acre, according to their recommendation; (I have forgotten how much, not having their seed catslogue at hand); also, said to be superior to all other kinds for our cold northern climate, as the seed will ripen. The expense of seed is but little, and it may pay to try it.

As the potato takes little else from the soil hut potash, I consider it not so exhausting to the soil as a crop of oats or wheat. Of late years I have followed the corn crop, where the land has been well manured, broadcast, with early rose potatoes, realizing twice the profit therefrom, when potatoes are only fifty cents per hushel, than can be gained from oats or wheat, with far less depreciation of soil. Sow down to grass seed at early digging time, or the following spring with grass seed and oats, to be cut green for fodder, as oats cut in that state are said to take less from the soil.

Don't give over housing cattle every night, after pasturing time arrives, where it can be done. Spread under them loam, swamp mud, or forest leaves, and let it go down into the barn cellar to the hogs, and you will be surprised to see, next Fall, what an amount of good mannre you will have, instead of a small moiety of leached, sun-dried yard manure that you have usually had.

A moderately wet hog yard or barn cellar is best for making manure with hogs, and where you can get forest leaves enough, although they may be nothing but pine leaves, raked up with the scurf of the ground, to soak up the liquid of the hogs or cattle, never haul in heavy loam having no vegetable matter and being of no benefit to the soil besides its absorbing capacity to the liquid mannre; besides, it is too heavy to haul out again to apply to the soil.—*New England Farmer.*

We have received from Europe a limited quantity of the Bismarck, late Cabbage Seed, which produces solid heads of cabbage the size of the mouth of a flour barrel and larger. These enormous cabbages are raised with the most ordinary cultivation, in any climate, and at present prices, double the ordinary profit is realized from their production. In transplanting from these seed, great care should be used to give sufficient space for growth. A package sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents; 3 packages $1.00; 8 for $2.00. A sure cure for cabbage pests and 4 beautiful chromos, The Maiden's Dream, full set sent free with each package. Address, B. Alexander & Co., sole U. S. Agents, 8th st., opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Please quote this paper. 12-6

SWEET POTATOES AS HOG FEED.

There is no better hog feed than sweet potatoes, either raw or cooked. Hogs will fatten rapidly on them raw, and dig them themselves, but will do much better on them if cooked. In this part of Illinois, where the corn crop is uncertain, many farmers fatten their own pork on sweet potatoes. Quite a number have planted them the past season, and turned their hogs into the patch, and they will not touch an ear of corn while the potatoes last. But that is not the best plan, as the hogs will waste them more or less. It pays to dig the potatoes and cook them in a large kettle, and when nearly done mix in a small quantity of corn meal or ship-stuff; mash and stir well and let them cook awhile longer, to cook the meal. Feed cool, in troughs, and, my word for it, you will see hogs grow. It is the best feed for sows and young pigs that can be given them.

I have never tested the relative value of corn and sweet potatoes as a hog feed, hut here, in the Fall of the year, we often have sweet potatoes too large for sale and feed them to the hogs, as we always do with the very small ones.

Some may think it is costly feed, hut taking into consideration the yield of sweet potatoes and corn, corn yielding 30 bushels per acre, sweet potatoes 150 to 200 hnshels per acre, and corn sometimes worth twice as much per hushel as potatoes. However, all are not alike situated. Some can grow corn and sweet potatoes. Where potatoes do well they make a good substitnte for corn.—*Exchange.*

Indelible Marking Paper for Marking Clothing without a Preparation.—*Direction*—Lay the Indelible Paper upon the article to be marked, and place over it a thin piece of writing paper, upon which write with a common lead pencil, or any smooth point. If the marking is pressed with a hot flat-iron or otherwise heated for a few seconds, it can be washed immediately with hot water and soap as usual. Warranted not to fade or spread in the cloth. A package sent, post-paid, on receipt of thirty-five cents, two for sixty cents. Address B. Alexander & Co., Sole United States Agt's, Eighth street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Agents wanted, send for terms. Please quote this paper. 12-6

BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Deut. xxxiv: 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it ever;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall!
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!—

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still:
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

THE SPRING.

The picture which our readers find this month upon our first page, would furnish a text, if one were needed, from which to write a discourse upon the value and beauty of pure water; for the scene which it represents is not only fair to the eye, but also is full of suggestions. A great poet has told us of the lessons in brooks and sermons in stones which are written in eternal letters for the eyes that choose to read, and to refuse to receive this unspoken teaching is willful blindness and ignorance which, sooner or later, brings its own punishment.

The little cottage in the background of the picture has, in the bright spring under the trees, a most valuable possession, for the pure water which it unfailingly supplies is an important auxiliary to human health and happiness, while its beauty and freshness are a constant delight to minds which are open to the sweet influences of Nature.

The child who is waiting to fill her pitcher can hardly fail to feel something of the loveliness of the spot in which she stands, and all her life long she may remember those pleasant hours beside the little, sparkling spring, where the warm summer sun was shining, and happy birds were singing in the green trees over her head.

POOR PIERROT.

BY ARSENE HOUSSAYE.

And now my dear readers, let me tell you a story of friend of mine, who wes an ass but not a philosopher. His name was Pierrot.

The frost was silvering the trees of the Park Monceau with dull, white powder, like the head of a marquis of the old regime. It was in front of the rotunda and 9 o'clock in the morning. The sun hung in the fog like a globe of fire, but cast forth no beams. The wind was cruel to the poor world. People walked rapidly along the Boulevard de Courcelles; women veiled their faces and men drew their heads inside their collars. It was a day when a lover's sigh would have frozen the air.

I was hurrying by like everybody else. A female ragpicker, pale and famished, led by the bridle a poor little donkey, which seemed a hundred years old, and which dragged a poor little

POOR PIERROT.

cart full of the rubbish of the street: rags, broken bottles, torn papers, worn-out skillets, the crusts of bread, the thousand nothings which are the fortune of ragpickers. The woman had done good work since midnight but the ass was ready to drop. He stopped short, as if he had made up his mind to go no further. His legs trembled and threatened to fall. He hung his head with resignation as if awaiting the stroke of death.

The sight touched and arrested me. A man would have cursed and beaten the poor beast to rouse him; the women looked at him with an eye of motherly pity. The donkey returned her look as if saying, "You see it is all over. I have done my best for you night after night, because I saw your misery was greater than mine. You have treated me well, sharing your bread with me, and your neighbor's oats when you could steal any; but I am dying at last."

The women looked at him and said gently, "Come, come, dear Pierrot, do not leave me here." She lighted the load by taking out a basket of broken bottles. "Come, now," she said, as if talking to a child. "You can get along nicely now." She put her shoulder to the wheel, but the donkey did not move. He knew he had not the strength to walk on to St. Ouen, his wretched home. She still coaxed him. "How do you think we can get on this way, Pierrot? To be sure I could drag the cart. But I can't put you in it, and you would be ashamed to be dragged after it." The donkey raised his ear, but not a move.

I was going to speak to her, when she ran to the nearest wine-shop. The ass followed her with anxious eyes; he seemed fearful that he would die without his mistress. He was so little you would have taken him at a distance for a Pyrenean dog. He had grown gray in the harness. A few tufts of gray hair remained here and there on his emaciated body. He looked like a mountain burned bare in many places. His resigned air showed a mind free from worldly vanities. He was far past the age where one strikes attitudes. He was almost transparent in his leanness. But his face was all the more expressive. It had something almost human in its intelligence and goodness. Why had he been condemned to such suffering: was it the expiation of a former life passed in luxurious orgies?

The ragpicker soon returned, bringing a piece of bread and a piece of sugar. The ass turned and showed his teeth, like old piano keys. But although it was his breakfast time, he had no more strength in his mouth than in his legs. She gave him the sugar. He took it as if to oblige her, but dropped it again, and the same with the bread.

"Ah! What shall I do?" said the ragpicker. She thought no more of her cart. She was full of anxiety for her friend Pierrot. "Pierrot!" she cried again. Two great tears came to her eyes. She took his head in her arms and kissed him like a child. The caress did what nothing else could do. The ass roused himself and brayed as in his best days. I feared it was only his swan-song. I approached and said to the woman,

"You appear to be in trouble."

"Oh," she said, crying, "if you knew how I love this beast. I saved him from the hutchers four years ago. In those days I had only a hod. I have raised seven children with my hook. The father is gone and one other, and my eldest daughter was taken away a fortnight ago. My worst grief was that I had to take one to the foundlings—I had eleven in all—four of them died at the breast it's no use; you can't have good milk when you work in the streets all night. This little donkey has been my consolation. He was better company than my husband. He never got drunk, and never beat me, and I never beat him. Did I, Pierrot?"

The poor little beast appeared to share in the conversation. He half raised his ears and assented. One of my friends passed by and asked me what I was doing. "I am making a new friend." "He may be witty, but he is not handsome." "I find him admirable, and I would like to see you in his place. He has been out since midnight. Here, you want to help me in a work of charity?"

"With all my heart."

"Very well. Let us buy this ass and put him on the retired list. This good woman will take care of him." The ragpicker looked at us severely, fearing we were laughing at her. But when she saw the shine of the Louis-d'or, she smiled. "How much did Pierrot cost?"

"Ten francs,"

"Well, you go back to the abattoir and buy another ass, and take good care of this one." I gave my card to the women and said good-bye, to her and the donkey. The miracle was complete. The ass started off in high spirits, the woman pushing the cart from behind.

That evening the poor woman came to me in tears. I understood at once. "Ah, sir, he is gone!" "Poor Pierrot," sir, we got to St. Ouen one way or another. But when he came in sight of our hut he fell on his knees. I tried to raise him, but this was all over. My children came running crying. They talked to him and, kissed him. He looked at them, so sadly as to break our heart. I tell you, there are lots of people in the world not worth half so much as poor Pierrot. Think of it, he wanted to die at home after finishing his day's work." Like a soldier who dies after firing his last cartridge.

The ragpicker opened her hand, and I saw the money I had given her in the morning. "Here are the hundred francs, sir."

I do not know whether I most admired her or the donkey—the ass who did his duty to death, or the woman more delicate than our charity.

"I DON'T CARE."

"I am sorry to see my son give way to anger," said a patient mother.

"I don't care," replied the passionate child.

"You will become an ignorant man unless you study better," said the faithful teacher, later.

"I don't care," he muttered under his breath.

"Those boys are not the right sort of companions for you," said his pastor.

"I don't care," he answered, turning on his heel.

"It is dangerous to taste wine," said his friend, warningly.

"I don't care," was still his obstinate reply.

A few years after, he was a worthless drunkard, plunging into every sort of excess, and finally ending a miserable life of crime without hope.

"I don't care," was his ruin, as it is the ruin of thousands. Look out for it, boys and girls. Keep away from it. Don't let it find a place in your heart, or pass your lips. Always care. Care to do right, and care when you have done wrong.

Pray earnestly that you may never lose your soul from a reckless spirit of "I don't care."

YOUNG MAN WHOSE HOUSE ARE YOU SHINGLING?

[SCENE, *Whisky-Shop.*—TIME, *Midnight.*]

SHOP-KEEPER AND WIFE.

Wife.—"I wish that man would go home if he has one to go to."

Shop-keeper.—"Hush! hush! he'll call for something to drink directly."

Wife.—"I wish he would make haste about it, then, for it's time every honest man was in bed."

Shop-keeper.—"He's taking the shingles off his own house and putting them on ours."

At this time James began to come to his right senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretching himself as if he had just awoke, said:

"I believe I will go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the whisky-seller.

"Oh! yes, I must go," said James, and he started.

After an absence of some time the whisky-seller accosted him with:

"Halloo, Jim, why ain't you been down to see us?"

"Why, I had taken so many shingles off my house it began to leak, so I thought it time to stop the leak, and I have done it," said James.

The whisky-seller and his wife were astonished. James is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happy too.

Now, young man, whose house are you shingling?

HERE is a temperance lecture which, though dealing with vast figures can he readily made personal to every one of the large number of men who make up the aggregate employed by the speaker. It is Mr. Whitworth, M. P., an English manufacturer, who in Drogheda, Kilkenny and Manchester, has immense interests which, as it will he seen, suffer materially from the prevalent intemperance of the working classes. He said recently: "I am a commercial man more than a politician, and I am connected with concerns in this country employing 45,000 men, and paying something like £4,000,000 every year in wages. I will just give the result of Sunday's drinking in one of these concerns. We pay £10,000 a week, and employ between 7,000 and 8,000 hands. We never commence work on Monday, because we find the men do not come in sufficient numbers to make it worth our while to get up steam to turn the machinery. Now I have calculated very minutely what the cost of that is to that concern. It is £35,000 a year loss—equal to four per cent. on the capital employed. I want to know how long can this country stand such a drain as that. We are competing with the whole world, and I say that with a weight like that we shall not long he able to compete with it."

GOOD HEART.

BURNS.

It's not in titles or in rank,
It's not in wealth like London Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's not in makin' muckle more,
It's not in books, it's not in lore
To make us truly blest:
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
No treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy long;
The heart's ay, the part ay,
That makes us right or wrong.

AFRICA.

The London Missionary Society has received from an English gentleman an offer of five thousand pounds to be made by them the nucleus of a fund to establish a mission on Lake Tanganyika, with its head-quarters at Ujiji, the spot now famous as the meeting place of Stanley and Livingstone. The early travels and discoveries of the latter explorer were all undertaken when he was a missionary of the London Miss. Society, and for this reason the directors of the Society have lost no time in appointing a committee to consider how such a mission as that above mentioned may be prudently and safely commenced. In close connection with this come letters from Lieutenant Cameron describing his journey from Lake Tanganyika to the west coast, a journey which has placed him in the front rank of African explorers, as he traveled over 1200 miles of entirely new country, and by a course of most extensive and elaborate observations has succeeded in laying down for the first time a sound geographical basis for further exploration. Lieutenant Cameron has traversed the African continent from west to east, and in the opinion of competent authorities has established the identity of the Lualaba and Congo Rivers, a most important and satisfactory result of his undertaking. In his report he speaks of the interior as being "mostly a magnificent and healthy country of unspeakable richness," in which good coal, gold, copper, iron and silver ore are abundant, and where with a wise and liberal expenditure of capital one of the greatest systems of inland navigation in the world might be utilized. With a capital of from five to ten millions of dollars to begin with he believes that a great company properly managed, could have Africa open in about three years, which is certainly most encouraging, though the very brightness of Lieutenant Cameron's hopes seems by contrast to deepen the darkness of the other side of the picture. We still hear of caravans and cargoes of slaves, of rapacious and cruel traders, of false and inhuman natives, and the frequent encounters between the representatives of the powers which have united to put down the slave trade, and the dealers in human life, show how far we still are from the end of the struggle. The latest English papers describe an affair which took place between one of her Majesty's vessels which was cruising off the coast of Zanzibar after slavers, and a native vessel lying at Tanyata waiting for its cargo of slaves. The Englishman was attacked by the natives and had a sharp fight, which, after two or three days of fruitless endeavor to find the chief criminals, ended in the burning of two native villages.

It seems but too evident that if all the civilized nations of the earth were to unite for the purpose of putting down completely and finally the African slave-trade, their power would be no more than adequate to the undertaking, and certainly no Christian of any race ought to refuse such personal aid as it may be possible to give toward this great work. If Africa is to be opened by the powerful hand of commerce, Christianity can surely follow without further waiting in the steps of the pioneer explorers, and be ready in the persons of her missionaries and teachers to bid welcome to the advance guard of civilization.

A CLERGYMAN asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's prayer, 'Who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer who looked as if he could give an answer, and turned to him for it; "Well, little soldier, what say you?" "Because it's headquarters."

A PICTURE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

One of the most interesting countries of the globe is that which is opposite us: the great empire of China, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants, a civilization older than history can estimate, so well satisfied with itself and anxious to keep out the "foreign devils," as it politely calls other nations, that it could only be opened like an oyster—by the knife—and yet sending, now, hundreds of its youths to learn republican institutions and inventions from America, the youngest of the nations.

China has been opened to some extent to the missionaries for nearly fifty years, and the American Board of Foreign Missions have now stations and missionaries there. They have a great deal of work to do: to learn the most difficult language in the world, to root out deep set superstition, reform unfeeling cruelty, and oppression, and shameless vice—and all for people who naturally think themselves wiser and better than all the rest of the world.

Our picture gives the front view of a mission chapel of the American Board, at Peking, the capital of China, a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants, without a street in it wide enough for a horse and wagon to pass through. The people ride about in wheelbarrows and baby-carriages pushed by coolies, as the Chinese laborers are called. The Missionary Chapel in the picture is the plain building at the right. The artist has also shown us part of a Chinese marriage procession, passing gaily along, with the musicians in front doing their best to deafen every ones' ears with the hideous din that passes in China for music.

A MISSION CHAPEL AT PEKING.

The poor little bride, perhaps not more than twelve years old, is being carried to her husband whom she has never seen and who has never seen her. As there is no room for a carriage where the streets are so narrow, and he is not allowed to "take his wife home on a wheelbarrow," where she could be seen, she is sent in a "sedan chair," tightly shut up, as you see, and locked. The key is given to the husband, and if he does not fancy the little bride's looks when he opens the door, he may shut it up and send her back to her father; but then he loses all the money he has paid to buy her, so that few wives get sent back.

Even in the Christian chapels, the missionaries have to respect the popular feeling that it is improper for men and women to associate freely, as they do in more civilized countries. The men must sit on one side and the women on the other, and sometimes even are separated by curtains.

Mr. Gulick, a missionary of the American Board in China, speaks of two great drawbacks to the success of missionary work there. One of these is the habit of eating and smoking opium, which destroys thousands of the Chinese. The encouragement of this terrible vice, for purposes of trade, is a heavy responsibility upon the British Government.

Another drawback to mission work in China, Mr. Gulick says, is the custom of binding the feet of the girls. Respectable women in China must have small feet. I had supposed that the process of binding was commenced with the infant at a few days or months of age; such is not the case.

At six or seven years of age the little girl is taken in hand and her feet are bound. The most of the joy of childhood must then end. For two years hers must be a lot of great suffering, and ever after, through life, she is but a tottering cripple. The foot, which would naturally be eight or nine inches in length, is reduced to from three and a half to four and a half inches. After two years of binding, or say—it the process is commenced at the seventh year—by the ninth year of age, the new foot is said to be formed—*deformed*—for the new foot, the result of the cruel binding, bears no resemblance to the former. The bones of the heel are drawn down toward the great toe; the four smaller toes are bent under the foot, and so bound as to nearly cease to be. The bones, ligaments, and sinews of the foot are so crushed and bent by the binding that the new foot bears, to outward appearance, as little resemblance to the human foot as does the hoof of a horse. Mothers seem to have no pity for their daughters when crying from the torture of foot-binding.

The new foot once formed, as it will be in two years' time, the mischief can never be fully remedied; the bones are displaced and the malformation is complete. The bandages are continued through life. Indeed, I believe that after even a few months of bandaging the pain consequent upon removing the bandages is much greater than that of continuing them. A woman having large feet, that is, feet that have not been bound, is supposed to be a bad character, or else of very low caste. Hence parents, valuing their daughters, or desiring that they may be respectably married, must have their feet bound. To neglect this at the proper age would prove one to be remiss in parental duty.

If a man would treat his horse with such cruelty in New York city, he would be justly prosecuted by Bergh for cruelty to animals. Some few of the missionaries that we met are battling faithfully against this heathen custom, while others speak of it as a question which coming ages of Christian light will meet, but which cannot be faced just now.

Intelligent Chinese, in defending the practice, say that binding the feet is not as injurious to life and health as the binding of the waist practiced by Christians in other lands; that their daughters can never move in good society with large feet; that, if the feet are not bound at the proper age, in girlhood, resort will be had to it later in life, in order to save the disgrace, with much greater consequent suffering; that the daughters themselves will reproach their parents and teachers with having neglected their duty in omitting this part of their physical education.

GOOD SECURITY.

I have been told that there are 31,000 promises in the Bible. To-day one may come across a promise which he thinks the best, but next day he may be in trouble, and may think another is the sweetest of all. But we know they are all good. We may make promises which we don't keep or don't intend to, but God never makes a promise he can't or don't keep.

A few years ago I was working for a man, and went into the country to collect some notes, and my employer took out his notes and wrote on some B, G and A., and when I was going out, he called me and said, "When you see a note marked B, that is bad; A is doubtful, and G is good." I find that the church is divided up the same—some of the people don't see that God's promises are good. When you come to any of his promises mark them all good. His are not dated, but they will all be paid. He has promised us a crown, a mansion, and to be heir with Himself, and let us believe Him. Soon after the Chicago fire a friend wanted to console me because I lost everything, but I told him I had more than I lost. When I got out of my house that night one promise came to me: "He that believeth shall inherit all things." Bear in mind that if we take God at His own Word we are richer than any prince in this world. Let us feed upon these promises.

Dwight L. Moody.

SUBSTITUTES FOR PAPER.

Before the invention of writing, events were recorded by the planting of trees, erection of altars, or heaps of stones, and by similar devices; while the most ancient mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, and tables of stone, to which succeeded plates of various materials, ivory, bark and leaves of trees, etc. In the book of Job mention is made of writing on stone, on rocks and on sheets of lead; on tables of stone Moses received the commandments, and a bill of feoffment on copper has been dug up in Bengal dated a century before the birth of Christ. The laws of Rome were painted on wooden tables, but the perishable nature of these induced the use of wax, which was written upon with sharp instruments made of iron, bone, reed or cane.

In process of time the art of writing grew to consist of painting with different kinds of ink, and this occasioned the

search for suitable material to receive such writing. Bark of trees, linen, etc., were used, but as these moulded, dressed skins of animals came into use and received the name of parchment, from Pergamus in Asia, where they were first dressed. The manufacture of paper became general in the sixteenth century, but did not attain great importance until early in the eighteenth century, and indeed every year since that date has seen some improvement in the process of the manufacture of that which has become one of the necessities of modern civilization.

THE following beautiful lines from the *N. Y. Observer*, are sent to us by a charming old lady and dear friend, of ninety-two years, who has been a constant subscriber to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN from the first, and who strikingly illustrates in her own person the sentiment of the verses:

GROWING OLD.

Softly, oh softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death did they often bring nigh thee,
Yet have they left thee hut beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight.
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling
Far from the port and the land of the blest.
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from their youth wouldst thou borrow;
Thou dost remember what lieth between.
Growing old willingly,
Gladly, I ween.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years,
Rich in the love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened;
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind words has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily,
Blest, we believe.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
See hut tha brighter the heavenly glow!
Ears that are dull to tha world and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;
All their sweet recompense
Youth cannot know.

Fourscore! But softly the years hava swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly, with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death thay did often bring nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee hut beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Graceful and fair.

THE visit of the "Hampton Singers" to the Flag Ship *Hartford* was rendered memorable hy a remarkahle "catch" of fish rarely seen in our waters. About the time the *Queen Emma*, which never played any tricks before on her loyal subjects, was capsized, the attention of the officers and crew was attracted to an unusual splashing in the water alongside, and throwing over the line, they hauled up at successive casts, two Brigadiers (one of which weighed over two hundred pounds), one principal, one treasurer, one deacon, one Bank President and one of the Banks, (a clear case of "watering stock"), and one Hymen whose torch at least was quite put ont. Tho' not of the vocalists, these fish appeared to be mostly of the *Bass* family. There were enough in the haul at any rate for a good mess, and as they were successively landed flapping on the clean deck of the *Hartford*, they made the fact evident. Their path to the cabin was marked with briny tears profusely shed; but after being scaled and dressed, they were warmed up, and all enjoyed the entertainment. The songs of the students, "Nobody knows the tronble I've seen" and "Keep me from sinking down," to say nothing of "John (or Jack) saw," which last was considerately omitted, acquired a new significance on this occasion.

That "La Reine," when on a visit to "Le Roi," should have so unceremoniously turned over her loving snbjects to the tender mercies of old Neptune, cannot certainly be attributed to the superior attractions of the old Sea-God who was in a most ungracious mood, bnt must be charged to the inconsistency of the sex, (which we don't admit), or the prevailing unreliability of persons in high places, and this we don't believe—we give it up. What we do know is, that the kindness and hospitality of the gallant Admiral and his officers on the occasion will ever be gratefully remembered.

At Home.

BABY AT THE WINDOW.

Behind tha purple islands
The sun had sunk to rest,
Bnt floods of gold and crimson
Still glorified the west.
And at the western window,
With Bahy on my knee,
I sat to watch the splendor,
And let dear Baby see.

His soft hand clasped my finger,
He sat arect and still:
A stranga, swaat awa and wonder
His spirit seemed to fill,
As if he heard God speaking
From ont tha glowing skies,
And all the soul was listening
In his large lustrous eyes.

I've often saan man hearken
To God's great words of grace
With far lass serious feeling
Than lit tha Bahy's face.
What solamn sense of grandeur
Within tha small mind wrought?
How did tha far-off beauty
Impress the bahy thought?

No word of mina conld reach him;
He faced that light alone,
As if before him glistened
The steps of God's whita throne.
And in that infant presence
My thoughts with reverence trod;
I saw his Angel looking
Upon the face of God.

Ah Lord, who lovest children,
Thou talkest to the child;
From ont thy crystal heavens
Thy face on him hath smiled!
O let its brightness navar
Be hiddan from his eyes!
Thy tendar lova illumina
His pathway to the skies.

MARY E. ATKINSON.

WHY BABY CRIES.

"What is tha nse of so much crying and screaming all day long, and all night long?"

"Babies never cry so long or so much as that, Aunty. It is a part of the Creator's plan, that they should cry three to ten times in twenty-four hours. You know our limbs are developed by exercise. Babies cannot run abont—they cannot even creep for some months—and still they must have some way of developing their limbs, their lungs—some way of promoting the proper circulation of the blood and the proper digestion of their food. Now crying does all these things. You may have observed that as soon as babies are able to creep, they cry very much less. So we think the Creator intended that crying should develop the different organs of infancy."

"Now," said Aunt Gerusha, "God's ways are mysterious. I never supposed that God so made babies that they must grow by crying. This fact shows a purpose and a plan."

"Now, tell me again, Dr., what good crying does; for I want to tell our good minister that infants praise God by crying."

"Well, Aunty, crying expands the lungs, swells out all the thousands of air cells, makes those air cells healthy so that they can aid in purifying the blood. Then, crying promotes the secretion of saliva, which keeps the mouth moist and comfortable, and also mixes with the food and aids in its digestion. Then, again, crying compels the heart to drive blood all through the body in larger quantities than it otherwise would, and makes it circulate more equally. Then, again, crying rolls the stomach, and thus aids the digestion of the food by way of mixing the digestive finid of the stomach with the food." But I refer to moderate crying; not crying arising from great pain or distress, and not the crying produced by overfeeding. You know some mothers keep the stomach of their infants crowded full all the time. Now, the stomach of an infant is very small and very tender. It requires nearly three hours, or more, for milk to digest in an infant's stomach. This organ ought to have time to rest. It should not be kept at work all the time.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PRETTY CURTAINS AT LITTLE COST.

The *Housekeeper* says: "One of the most agreeable materials for curtaining windows is coarse unbleached cotton sheeting. The irregularity of tha thread, and the roughness of the surface gives its soft folds the charm of a much more costly material, and its yellowish hue warms the light of cool north windows almost to the glow of sunshine." It seems impossible that anything so coarse and cheap can be pretty; but we have tried it and advise our readers to. A narrow, bright border of Turkey red, or a pretty calico stripe makes a pretty finish.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.

Do not get confused; admit no one to your house except firemen, policemen or neighbors.

If a lady's or child's dress takes fire, endeavor to roll the person up in a rug, carpet, or any piece of woolen stuff.

Keep all doors and windows closed until the firemen arrive.

If smoke enters tha room and it is difficult to stand erect, get your mouth as close to tha floor as possible and breathe easy, as there is always a fresh current of air near the floor. A wet cloth over the mouth will greatly aid breathing.—*Housekeeper.*

HOUSE AND HOME.

In most cases the buying and building of a house is more especially a man's work, and it is the husband and father of tha family who is principally responsible for the thought and labor which lay the foundation of the Home. It is for him to earn the money, to choose a suitable site, to see that the house is well and carefully built, properly divided, ventilated, drained, etc.; but from the moment that the family enters the house as a home, the responsibility is shifted, and it is the wife and mother who must bear the chief burden of the housekeeping and become tha ruling spirit of the home. The man, as the bread-winner, finds that his work necessarily keeps him during the greater part of the day away from his home and family, and consequently the duty of regulating and controlling the household falls mainly into the woman's hands, and any conscientious woman will gladly do all in her power to fit herself for the due performance of the work which is so plainly set before her. It seems as if it could hardly be necessary to press upon women of any intelligence the importance of their position as wives and mothers, and yet the evidences of carelessness and ignorance which constantly force themselves into notice, show but too plainly how much the majority of women need assistance and instruction in respect to the every day work of their lives, that work which ont of small things rightly done, builds up so beautiful and grand a whole.

In endeavoring to give in a brief space and a familiar way advice which may practically help and teach the women into whose hands these papers may fall, I find that the subject of family life divides itself naturally into several branches, and in writing of them I shall give precedence to the one which is of invariable and permanent importance, viz: the care of children. I put this first because the first fifteen or sixteen years of the life of a man or woman determine largely what his or her character is to be, and it is over these first fifteen or sixteen years that parents, and especially mothers, have almost unlimited control.

Tha physical care of the child during this period usually devolves entirely upon the mother, and it is to the ignorance of mothers that a large proportion of tha deaths among children under five years old is due. Children who are born healthy can easily be kept so by obadience to a few simple laws, and even delicate children will often become healthy adults if properly cared for during tha first years of life. A baby from the time of its birth until it is twalve months old should always if possible be nursed by its mother, for in this way only can it obtain food which is natural and therefore entirely safe. In cases where this is impossible cow's or goat's milk diluted with lime water is tha best substitute; and after a haby is seven or eight months old, simple preparations of wheat flour, rice, crackers, etc., may be used, but always in small quantities and with great care. Indeed until a baby has safely passed its first year all but the simplest food should be prohibited, bnt after that age it is well, if the child is healthy, to begin with a variety of light food, as potatoes, eggs, bread and hutter, hominy, a little fruit, a little meat properly cooked and cut very fine, etc., gradually increasing the variety and quantity of the food given, bnt being always exceedingly careful to give nothing rich or indigestible, and to closely watch the condition of the stomach and bowels. During all the years of growth a child's food should be nutritive and easily digested, and even with very small means a careful and thoughtful mother can provide such food for her family. Fish, meat, vegetables and fruit plainly cooked, that is, boiled, broiled or roasted without much grease or spice, cold or, better still, stale bread of wheat or corn, eggs, milk, sugar or molasses in small quantities, hominy, rice, etc., can each and all be safely eaten by children over three years of age; and from such food given always at regular times and in proper quantities, nature can be trusted to build up the healthy bodies which are so essential to the happiness of human beings. That meals should be given at regular intervals and that nothing should he eaten between them is of tha utmost importance, for the habit of permitting children to eat candy, nuts, fruit, etc., indiscriminately, is as harmful as it unfortunately is common. Simplicity and regularity are essential in feeding children, and the mother who through ignorance or carelessness disregards these two rules, may be sure that her innocent children will, sooner or later, suffer for her sin.

Of scarcely less importance than good food is cleanliness, and no child can be considered really clean which is not thoroughly washed every day. This process of daily bathing should date from tha day of the child's birth, lukewarm water being used for babies, who should, as soon as they are a month or so old, be put into a tub or large basin and carefully washed from head to foot with a soft sponge or cloth, and soap; the best time for the bath being the morning, though if more convenient to the mother it can be given at night. Children who are properly washed in this way will be directly benefited as to their general health, and are usually almost entirely exempt from certain skin diseases which are the result of uncleanliness. Care should always be taken to thoroughly dry the skin on all parts of the body after bathing: baths should never be given immediately after eating, and for children, should always be of medium temperature, neither hot nor cold.

In addition to the daily bath the cleanliness of children should be ensured by frequent changes of underclothing, and this is not a difficult thing to do, because the under-garments of little children are so easily washed and cheaply made that almost any mother can provide and keep clean a sufficient supply if necessary. In clothing young children, even in warm climates, thin flannel shirts are almost indispensable, for they protect the chest, stomach, and bowels, and prevent much of the danger arising from sudden changes of temperature. Beyond this, there is little to be said in respect to clothing, except that the garments should all be loose and comfortable, and so far as possible adapted to the changing seasons, for a little care in putting on and taking off extra clothing will save children from many of the colds, and ailments resulting from colds, from which they suffer. The substance of all teaching in regard to the physical care of children is simply that if parents can ensure to their children wholesome food, comfortable clothing, and cleanliness, they need have little fear about their physical condition; for though the food may be very plain, the clothing coarse and the cleanliness not always apparent to the eye, yet such is the power of the natural laws that obedience to them in the above particulars is sure to develop children born without inherited weakness, into strong men and women. Of the other essentials to the physical health of children, viz., plenty of fresh air and out-of-door exercise, I need hardly speak, for, as a general thing, the children in whose interest I am now writing enjoy to the full these two privileges and are therein greatly, though perhaps unconsciously, blessed.

If the physical davelopment of children is largely dependent upon parents, the same is true of their intellectual and moral growth, for tha first of these parents being indirectly, and for the second directly, responsible. Tha duty of parents in regard to what is commonly called tha education of their children is usually plain enough, for though they are frequently unable to give instruction themselves, they can almost always succeed in securing the regular attendance of their children at good schools and in providing for them certain advantages at home. While a mother is often too busy to teach her children even so much as the alphabet, she can always see that they are properly prepared for school, that they are punctual in attendance, suitably clad, that their books are kept in order and their lessons learned, in short, can make their road to learning an open way and greatly simplify the work of those who actually teach them. In the home life, too, tha father and mother can provide many advantages for children at comparatively small expense, and it is the presence or absence of these which make the atmosphere of a home helpful and elevating or the reverse. To have a few pictures, prints or chromos, well chosen and neatly framed, to take a good paper or magazine, to buy a few good books, to take children now and then to hear a lecture or to some similar entertainment, are all of direct assistance in the mental education of the young and are no great tax upon the means or the energies of parents. In most cases the best thing which you can do for your children is to give them the opportunity and excite in them the desire to obtain a thorough education, and thus to make up to them so far as possible for the disadvantage which your own lack of education must inevitably be to them.

As you probably know only too well, the time for receiving the education which books give is past for yourselves, and feeling, as you must, what the lack of it is constantly costing you, you should be all the more willing to make every effort to secure it for your children. Your duty is plain enough, so plain indeed that but the briefest statement of it should be necessary: Send your children to the best school within your reach and send them properly prepared; provide for them at home, so far as your means will allow, everything which will teach them or help them to learn, and by your own conversation and behavior show them how important you consider the work of education, remembering that the responsibility of your children's ignorance is rather yours than theirs.

Inseparable from this intellectual training of your children is the development of their moral nature, and it is in directing them in respect to the great choice between good and evil that your chief work as Christians and as parents most certainly lies. It may not always be possible for you to give them all that their physical welfare demands, your own ignorance may not improbably stand in the way of their attaining the intellectual advantages which their growing minds require; but it is only your own sin and folly that need prevent you from bringing up your children to be virtuous men and women. It is from you that they must learn the beauty of goodness and the hatefulness of sin, and it is your teaching during the years when your influence is superior to every other that will influence them all their lives through. It is no light thing to teach a child to be honest, truthful, pure, patient, industrious, careful; but perhaps the most difficult part of the work lies in the preparation for it, that is, in making yourselves what you wish your children to be. As you cannot teach children that which you do not yourselves know, so also you will find it impossible to make them that which yourselves are not, and the virtues which you desire for your children you must first practice, or all your endeavors will go for nothing. I shall reserve for another chapter that which I want to say to you in regard to the moral training of your children, asking you, however, to think a little in the meantime for yourselves about this important subject.

THE RT. REV. JAMES THEODORE HOLLY, D. D.,

FIRST BISHOP OF THE NATIONAL HAITIEN CHURCH.

(Consecrated in Grace Church, New York City, November 8, 1874.)

The following account is taken from Leaflet No. 5, issued by the Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions:—

"The Island of Haiti was one of those discovered in 1492 by Columbus. It is four hundred miles long and more than one hundred in breadth. The largest part of it is now called St. Domingo, and forms a separate Republic, its inhabitants being mostly of Spanish descent. The Republic of Haiti, on the other hand, which occupies the western portion of the Island, is French, and is very thickly populated.

"The pioneer and founder of the Episcopal Church's Mission to Huiti is the Rt. Rev. James Theodore Holly.

"Of African descent, Mr. Holly was born of free born ancestors in Washington City, in 1829. His parents were Roman Catholics, and in that faith their son was reared. He was educated in the public schools of New York and Brooklyn, where his parents successively resided. At twenty-one he abandoned the Romish Church, and shortly afterward determined to enter our Ministry. While pursuing his studies to this end, he supported himself by shoemaking, for, as he afterward told Bishop Coxe, 'his father had made him learn a trade, saying that no one ever knew to what vicissitudes he might be reduced;' and many a time, since then, has Mr. Holly found the usefulness of this manual learning.

"In June of 1855 he was ordained Deacon by Bishop McCoskry, of Michigan, the Diocese in which he was then living; and immediately afterward came to New York and obtained permission of the Foreign Committee to examine the field in Haiti. He returned from there after a two month's absence, but there was no money then in the treasury with which to send a missionary to the Island, so Mr. Holly took charge of St. Luke's Church, in New Haven, until May, 1861, being ordained Presbyter by Bishop Williams. During that month he sailed in the Brig *Madeira* with a Missionary colony to Haiti. It was composed of one hundred and eleven persons, who were chiefly from Connecticut. They landed in Port-au-Prince, and went thence to a plantation three miles from the city. There were no comfortable houses, and much hardship was endured. Through poverty and exposure forty-three persons died within six months. Mr. Holly's family of eight was reduced to three. Most of the colonists returned to the United States, but Mr. Holly, with about twenty others, remained at Port-au-Prince, Mr. Holly continuing to exercise his ministry with diligence and perseverance.

"In the year 1874, the Foreign Committee sent for Mr. Holly to come to New York, where, in October, he was elected Bishop of the Haitien Church, and consecrated to that Office, in Grace Church, New York City, Nov. 8th.

"Many will remember the crowded edifice, the numerous people of the new Bishop's own race and color who gathered there to see this highest Office of the Church conferred upon one of themselves, and there were those who remarked upon the sweet-toned earnest voice that answered to the solemn questions then put to one of a hitherto despised race.

"What England had done for Africa ten years before in sending Crowther, the former slave boy, to minister as a Bishop in

THE RT. REV. J. T. HOLLY, D.D.

his native land, the Episcopal Church of the United States had now done for Haiti.

"His flock were joyously waiting for him, and on the arrival of the steamer, he was conducted to his church, where the faithful had assembled for a Thanksgiving Service, entering under a triumphal arch, surmounted by the phrase *Gloria in Excelsis* Deo."

We are permitted to extract from a letter of appeal, dated *October* 29, 1875, addressed by Bishop Holly to the Rev. Geo. Whipple, Secretary of the American Missionary Association:

Rev. and Dear Sir:—

I have the honor to enclose herewith a copy of an appeal made to American Christians and philanthropists, without distinction of creed or party, to come to the aid of the struggling people of Haiti in the new career of Industry, Education and Religion now being inaugurated by the patriotic government of General Domingue, the present President of that island.

This appeal is concerned with the matter of education, that it is proposed to foster under my auspices with the approbation of the Haitien Government.

I am expected to enlist my friends and sympathizers in the States to found the establishment, and this accomplished, some further aid will be given by that government.

Just about the time he became of age, Bishop Holly was an employe in the office of the American Missionary Association. He thus alludes to it in an appeal to the Americans for aid in his work, in 1875:

My former connection with your association as an humble employe in your office; the dating of my solid convictions against the errors of Romanism, running back to the time of this employment under your auspices; and the long and devoted work that your association has done for my poor unfortunate race in days that tried men's souls; all this emboldens one to make this solemn application to you for aid in the work that I am now doing among the Haitien people in this interesting crisis of their national development.

While a rector in New Haven, Mr. Holly became a favorite correspondent for one of the Southern *Reviews*. When asked by its proprietors for his photograph that it might adorn the pages of the *Review*, he sent it to them, quietly remarking that they might be surprised to find that he was a colored man. For some *unexplained* reason the photograph was not published, and the correspondence dropped.

Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA.

II.

AGRICULTURE.

"Hurrah for the land where the moor and the mountain
Are sparkling with treasures no language hath told;
Where the wave of the river and spray of the fountain
Are bright with the glitter of genuine gold."

So writes one of our American poets. I do not know whether he had California in his mind when he composed the lines, but she would answer to the description better than any portion of the country. But let none of my readers be alarmed at this extravagant beginning. I am not going to spin any California yarns, but deliver a sober and honest account of this wonderful region.

Extravagant stories about the size of the products of California have long been current in the East. I need not to repeat them, but I will say from my own observation, that they are substantially if not, perhaps, literally true. Here we find plums that are often as large as hens' eggs—and when I say hens I don't mean bantams,—pears that would rival a small pineapple in size, and peaches of corresponding dimensions. Nor is it true that Californian fruits are coarse and wanting in fineness and delicacy of flavor. The very largest are not always especially palatable, but those which, though of medium size, are still larger than the average eastern product, are of a most excellent quality. The variety of fruits produced in California is great: Apples, pears, peaches, plums, strawberries, raspberries, currants, melons, apricots, figs, grapes, quinces and others grow in abundance. It must be confessed, however, that some of them are flat and insipid as compared with those raised in the East. The strawberries I should scarcely recognize as such, and the apples are remarkable only for their size and almost uniform fairness. But the grape is the crowning glory of Californian fruits, and I might almost say of all her productions. Over a hundred varieties are cultivated and nearly all of them are choice. The clusters hang thick and heavy from the vines, and the vineyards present, I am told,—for as yet I can only speak from hearsay—an exceedingly rich appearance. I have frequently seen bunches that would weigh several pounds. One vine whose yield was especially remarkable was exhibited last fall at the mechanic's fair, and is to be sent to the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia. It covered a space eighty feet square and produced between two and three tons of grapes.

But although California is the second fruit-producing state in the Union, ranking next to New York, the fruit interest is by no means the chief one among farmers. The wheat crop is by far the most important. Immense fields of this grain may be seen all through the valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which is one of the most fertile tracts to be found in the whole world. These two rivers flow from the north and south respectively, and uniting, pour their waters into the bay of San Francisco. Thus the valley through which they pass extends through the greater portion of the state, and its rich and level plains form the principal agricultural district of California. The soil is exceedingly rich—a black adobe with a mixture of sand. Wheat and other grains are raised with astonishing ease, and the yield to the acre is sometimes unprecedented and almost invariably large. Manure is never used, and the hoe is an almost useless instrument. The method of planting corn is to drop the kernels in the furrow made by the plow and to cover them with the earth raised by the next furrow. The field is then left until harvest-time, as the crops are never hoed. Corn, however, receives very little attention here, as wheat-raising is more profitable. One gentleman in northern California raised last year one hundred and sixty thousand acres of wheat, from which he realized a profit of one hundred thousand dollars. California ranks, I believe, as the first wheat-growing state in the country.

Cattle-raising is also common in some parts of the state. Indeed, in some places the graziers crowd out the farmers by their enormous flocks and herds. Fifty or sixty thousand sheep sometimes belong to a single owner. The pasturage, however, is very poor in the summer season, just when excellent feed is needed, owing to the unbroken drought which then prevails. But in the rainy season the grass grows luxuriantly. In some regions the *native* clover grows to such a height that a traveller passing through it can tie the tops together over his horse's back. And this, I will add, is no California yarn.

Yet notwithstanding all the advantages of soil and climate, the farmer has yet many obstacles to contend with in California. The soil is abundantly rich; the crops are raised with little trouble; the toil need not be incessant, as it must be in the East where the farmer is almost a slave to his labor; and the climate is so mild that rheumatism and premature old age need not afflict the careful liver. But the continuous drought of seven or eight months is a serious hindrance to the growth of the crops, and not till the system of irrigation is perfected may we look for the best results from agricultural labor in California. Already attempts are made in this direction. Verily, this would be a poor field for Sancho Panza, for he would have a windmill to fight at almost every turn. But pumps alone are not sufficient. The copious fall of rain that occurs in the winter months must be treasured up in reservoirs, to be used through the summer as required. The farmer finds other obstacles in the high price of labor, and the high rate of interest. When money loans at nine or ten per cent., the profit from farming must be large indeed to induce the owner of capital to undergo the drudgery of manual labor instead of putting his money at interest. And he who is without capital would be reluctant to borrow and invest in a farm when almost all his profits would be eaten up by the interest money he would be obliged to pay. Again, some branches of agriculture languish for want of proper support. It has been proved by experiment that California can produce cotton of a quality unsurpassed; but not until cotton-mills are erected throughout the state will this article become a staple product.

THERE are always many times in the life of every man and woman, when it is found that ready money is by all odds the best earthly friend. *Begin* to save now; you need something ahead, no matter what your condition in life. Save something TO-DAY to provide for TO-MORROW.

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CLEAN LIPS.

A very kind old lady, many years ago, taught a little private school of young children in a town of New England. She loved her Saviour, and therefore cared very tenderly for her little lambs, trying to bring them to the fold of the Good Shepherd. She always had a pleasant word and kindly smile for them, and often had a flower, an apple, or a kiss to give, for such as behaved properly; and the simple rewards from her loving hand were prized.

This lady's little pupils never had to be *sent* to school. They ran off cheerfully before nine o'clock, that they might be ready to hear the first tinkle of her school-bell. One day her heart was deeply wounded by hearing that a fine little boy, about nine years old, had said some naughty words at play. She called Charlie to her; and taking both his hands in hers, and looking sorrowfully into his bright blue eyes, she asked, "Have you used naughty words to-day, my child?"

"I didn't swear," whimpered Charlie.

"Are you willing to go home now, and repeat your words to your dear mother?"

"No, ma'am," faltered the little culprit as he hung his head and blushed deeply.

"And, my dear boy, have you forgotten," said his kind old friend, "that One was listening to you, holier than any mother,—even yours,—and loving you far more than even the best mother can love her little son? He heard in heaven your naughty words. I am afraid, my child, that, when the lips are naughty, the heart must be very unclean too. I cannot make your heart clean, Charlie; but I will ask the Lord Jesus to do it for you. One thing, however, I can do: I can cleanse your lips. They would not be fit for your mother's 'good-night' kiss if I did not clean them for you." The old lady then called for a bowl of clean water, and took from her desk a bit of fine soap and a little sponge. Then, bidding Charlie open his mouth, she washed it well,—teeth, tongue, lips, and all. She then wiped them dry with a soft, fresh napkin, and bathed his tear-stained face, and kissed him. This simple punishment, and her real sorrow, apparent to the child while she inflicted it, made a deep impression, not merely on Charlie, but on the whole school, who witnessed the transaction.

Charlie is now a man; but *never* since that day has one improper word passed his lips. Ever since, at the very thought of such a thing, he says he fancies he *tastes soap*, and hears again the gentle voice that reproved his youthful naughtiness.—*Early Days.*

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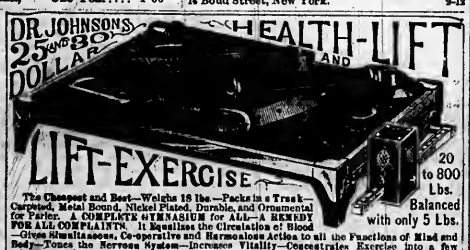

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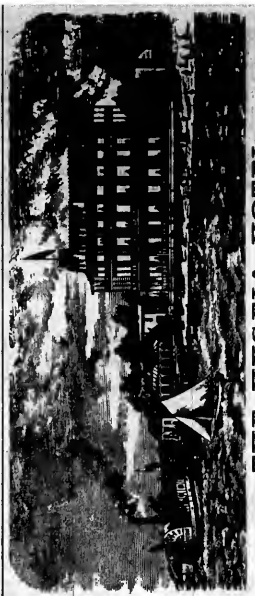

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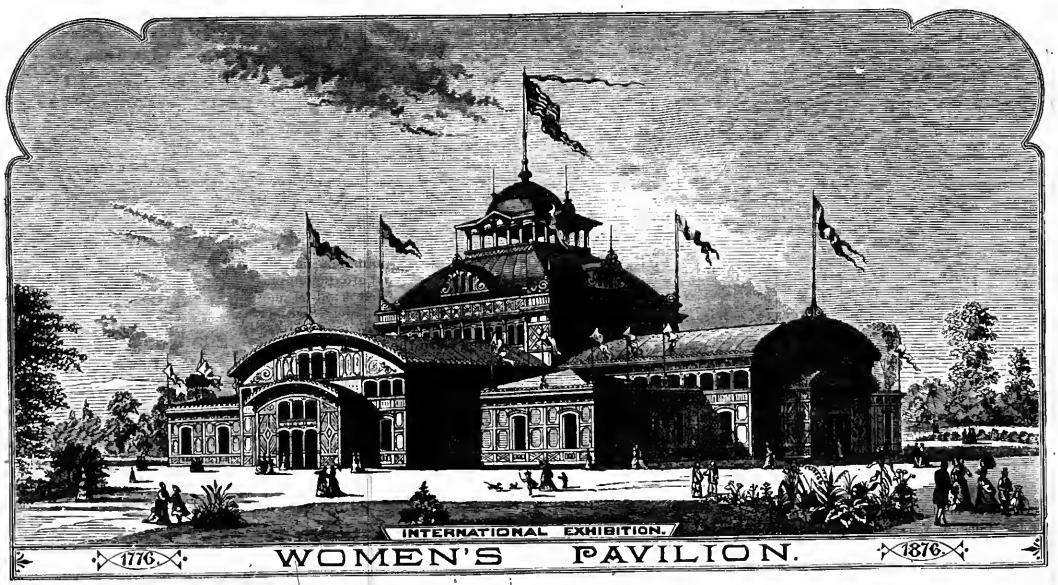

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

The Centennial of America—*centum*, hundred; *annus*, year—her one-hundredth year. One hundred years ago what a feeble infant she lay in Liberty's roughly rocked cradle; to-day how strong she stands among the Powers, holding in her arms a new-born nation, Freedom's latest child, awaiting its own unforeseen development.

It is most appropriate that this national birthday should be celebrated by the American people in Philadelphia, the country's earliest capital, where the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were signed, and the great bell rang forth from the belfry of Independence Hall, "Proclaim liberty to all the land and to every inhabitant thereof."

Thank God that though the old liberty bell is cracked, the glad shout of freedmen comes ringing back from every inhabitant of our beloved land, on this its Centennial day.

The City of Brotherly Love; the city founded by the men of peace; and now rejoicing in the title of the City of Homes, where more humble families are enjoying the comforts of a separate domestic life than in any other city of the United States,—this is certainly an auspicious site for our national celebration.

We are fortunate in having a series of pictures of the principal Exhibition buildings, given us by the Centennial Commission. We present two of them this month to our readers, some of whom will not be able to get to Philadelphia this summer. There are in all, with the special structures raised by some of the foreign nations and states, the hall for the judges, houses of foreign commissioners, restaurants, &c., about one hundred and fifty buildings, of which the few we can show our readers are the chief.

Fairmount Park, in which all these stand, is situated within the city limits of Philadelphia, and is one of the finest parks in the world. It includes over 2000 acres, varied by hills, groves and meadows, streams, and lakes and springing fountains. At one end of it are the Fairmount waterworks, sending out the crystal waters of the Schulkill to all the homes of Philadelphia. A "Zoological Garden" where animals are kept is included in the enclosure: beautiful flowers delight the eye, and tame deer roaming under the forest trees. At quite the other end from the water-works two hundred and thirty-six acres have been enclosed for the Centennial Exhibition. Here has risen, as if by magic a "city of glass." Ever since Mr. Paxton, the architect of the English "World's Fair," had his happy thought of developing a new style of architecture from a green-house, Crystal Palaces have been the fashion for National Exhibition buildings the world over. The great structures are therefore chiefly of glass, set in iron framework, and glitter in the sunlight like fairy palaces. There is enough plain surface, however, for some fine fresco ornamentation.

When the Centennial Exhibition was first planned, only a home affair was thought of. It is always pleasant, however, to ask friends to one's birthday party, so the American people's invitation was sent out to all nations to

come, not only to see our progress, but to bring with them the fruits of their own. More than forty nations have accepted the invitation, and the result will be not only a national but an international exhibition greater than the world has seen before.

The upper one of our two pictures represents the Main Exhibition Building in which all the states and nations will be represented who do not prefer to erect separate buildings.

It is a great palace of glass, four hundred and sixty-four feet wide and nearly 2000 feet long. St. Peters church at Rome, the wonder of all beholders, covers eight acres; the Great Pyramid of Egypt, the largest permanent structure in the world, covers eleven acres; but the glittering roof of this modern palace of industry covers *twenty* acres. I was fortunate in having a view of it while empty, when its vast proportions would be most apparent and impressive. I supposed myself in the centre of the building and was exclaiming with wonder at its immensity when I was told that I had only reached the middle of one of the side aisles. When I see it again it will be, I suppose, brilliant with the richest products of the worlds industry, and thronged with the people of many nations. For vast as it is, every inch of available space from floor to ceiling was long ago engaged, and now is fast filling up with articles of exhibition, while it is estimated that many thousand persons will cross the ocean to America during the coming summer, besides the crowds from every quarter of the Union. Railroads and steamship companies have reduced their fares and added to their conveyances to accommodate these throngs. Great hotels have been built, and many private houses opened their doors for them.

Here will be rich velvets and pictured tapestry from French looms, fine Parisian dolls and all the dainty creations of French artisanship; airy laces from Belgium, wood carving and jewelry from Switzerland, musical boxes and toys from Germany (such toys and musicboxes as "needle guns," too, perhaps), silks and mosaics and corals from Italy, shawls from India, china from China, ivory from Africa, carpets and cutlery from England, and books from all countries. Of course this is only the beginning, not to speak of our own manufactures and inventions from North and South, East and West of this great Union, the country greatest in inventions in the greatest century of invention that the world has known.

The Educational progress of the world is to be carefully represented. In this department the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute is to have a good place, and its exhibition will have a three-fold interest to the people of science and thought who are concerned for the progress of education in general, for the education of the freedmen, and for the combination of industrial with academic training.

The lower picture we present is of the Woman's Pavilion, the beautiful building erected by the Woman's Branch of the Centennial Commission for the representing of woman's work and progress in the XIX century. Here, women artisans, women artists, women authors and women inventors are sending the beautiful and useful results of their industry. It was a fine idea to associate women in the leadership of this national exhibition. They have thrown themselves heart and soul into the arduous labors and responsibilities of the enterprise, and will be well represented in it. An exhibition of the world's progress in the last century would be incomplete without a representation of woman's work, though the best part of it cannot be exhibited in a world's fair.

The 10th of May is the day appointed for the opening of the Centennial exhibition, and it will not be closed before sometime in November. The opening ceremonies will include a poem by Mr. Whittier, a cantata by Mr. Sidney Lanier of Georgia, a grand Centeunial March by Wagner, the great German composer, and the formal announcement by President Grant that the exhibition is opened. Of all this we will give our readers an account in our next number.

THE following is a brief extract from an article in the London *News* of July 23d, 1866:

"A musical wonder has just arrived from America, in the person of a blind negro, whose power of playing the piano 'by ear' is as remarkable as his appearance is odd and amusing. He not only performs solos with a full command of the dexterity which distinguishes pianoforte soloists, but is able to play from memory, after once hearing it, any piece of music, no matter how elaborate, performed before him for the first time by an accomplished player. He can play two distinct tunes at one time—one with each hand—and sing another tune simultaneously, and can perform other clever musical feats which would puzzle the best trained musicians. His manners are eccentric, and he applauds himself even more loudly and delightedly than the audience applaud him."

Blind Tom was born a slave in the State of Georgia, and is now 27 years of age.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager.

HAMPTON, MAY, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.

NO OBSTACLE is more serious to southern prosperity than a certain wide-spread misconception as to the purpose and tendency of northern republicanism. It is strange but true that at southern elections, passion still presumes to appeal to prejudice in such terms as these: "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger? if not, vote against the party of social equality." As if social equality is any more a part of the republican platform than of the conservative! Intelligent northern men would baudage the eyes of justice; but they choose their society on precisely the same principles as intelligent southerners. To assume that they desire negro associates is not only absurd in itself, but directly contrary to experience. For twenty years large communities of colored people have been living among northern men who were ready to make great personal sacrifices for their emancipation and education. Yet with rare exceptions no social intercourse whatever has taken place between the races. With mere political equality all are satisfied. And of all nations the blacks are the least intrusive.

Twenty years ago the danger to slavery from free discussion was real and imminent. Intolerance was deliberately taught and practiced, as the only safe basis upon which society could be reared. The old frame-work now supports the political scarecrow of social equality. And the old hatred of free speech is artfully used to inflame southern communities against the vanguard of northern republicanism.

It is part of the Conservative's creed to invite emigration from the North. In the forsaken fields of Old Virginia there is proof enough that they do not set about it in the right spirit, when they expect a new-comer to leave his opinions behind him. Cheap farms, good soil and a fine climate weigh little against a Yankee's instinctive love for saying whatever he chooses within the limits of decency and courtesy. And no mistake more fatal is made against the material interest of the South than when men are socially ostracised because they think and speak for themselves on political subjects.

All patriotic men, therefore, should unite in dismissing this mischievous bugbear of social equality to take its proper place among forgotten absurdities. The breaking of the color line in politics would be the harbinger of better times for all classes, black and white. Parties would differ on financial questions, the bitterness of sectional hate would no longer turn unwelcoming eyes upon the stream of wealth and enterprise which is waiting to flow in upon upon the South and open her untold resources to the admiration of the world.

THE English papers strongly condemn the course of the American press and the American government in allowing the free publication of the government scandals which have so startled the nation. They say that England also suffers, now and then, from official corruption, but it is not thought worth while to tell everybody. The proper courts investigate the matter, pass judgment, and the whole affair is settled and the offender removed without the assistance of a reporter. One journal quotes a lady correspondent who says she *supposes* it is best to have such things discovered if they exist, but how shocking to put it in the papers! All of which has a show of reason, but the difference in the cases lies just here. In America, the people are the government, the court and the jury to try and to remove public offenders, and the case must be brought clearly before them. A member of our Cabinet to be impeached for bribery, our minister to England on trial for lending his name to a stock gambling concern, our President's private secretary escaping conviction of complicity in the frauds of the Whisky Ring, only to be brought up on charges of conspiring to steal the documentary evidence against it from the government safe, and to attempt to fasten the crime on an innocent man!—a black page of history to put into the hands of young Americans; but far worse would it be, we believe, to let them lose the significance of its stern lessons; far more mortifying and disastrous to the country to repeat in the next generation the blunders of this. Let the people see what are the temptations of office and what kind of men they can trust with it—let them see what it means to have unprincipled rulers, and learn the responsibilities of the ballot.

Governments accustomed by all their traditions to associate public interference in politics with sedition and revolution may judge it wisest to cover up a festering corruption from the public eye, but to a Republic which holds its redemption or its ruin in its own hands, such a course would be finally fatal.

SOME of our colored brethren, editorial and others, with something of the English idea that it is better to "hush up" a disagreeable truth, have deprecated the sometimes plain speaking of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN in regard to the condition and necessities of the colored people in various sections of the South. We are very glad to reflect the lights of the picture, and do so as often as seems consistent with truth. But it is not manly to shut one's eyes to the dark side. But what use in talking about it? Well, it is not the American way of doing things, to cover up a wrong and expect it to right itself. Better look an evil square in the face, and decide what we are going to do about it. We have no doubt that our (colored) correspondents whose reports of their fields of labor, bravely given, sometimes seem discouraging, are much better fitted to work for the improvement of their race than if they could not see its faults or would not acknowledge them. He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.

THE HAMPTON NORMAL SCHOOL received a call on Sunday, March 26th, from a party of distinguished visitors,—Hon. Judge Taft, Secretary of War, Chief Justice Waite, and General Sherman, with Generals Butler, Martindale, Negley and Cavender, Governor Smythe, Hon. L. B. Gunchel and Dr. Walcott, the Board of Managers of the National Soldiers' Home, and the Military Committee from the House of Representatives, General Terry of Virginia, Hon. M. I. Townsend of New York, J. M. Shomburgh of Tennessee, H. Z. Strait of Minnesota, J. Reilly of Pennsylvania, J. G. Cameron and Mr. Wheeler. This party, with several ladies and other gentlemen, having come from Washington to visit Fortress Monroe and the Chesapeake Soldiers' Home, accepted an invitation from General Armstrong to visit the Normal School, accompanied by Governor Woodfin of the Home.

The school which was just assembling to its usual Sunday afternoon Bible-class exercises, received the honorable guests with the hymn "My country 'tis of thee," and then listened very attentively and with frequent applause to several brief addresses.

SECRETARY TAFT

in a few stirring words said that he rejoiced in the sight before him, and assured them that Liberty is the only hope of any race, and that there is no permanency to liberty without education, that they and their people are the beginning and they are the assurance of the end—the glorious end of liberty to all the earth.

GENERAL SHERMAN

was greeted with the song,—

"Glory, glory, how the freedmen sang,
Glory, glory, how the old woods rang,
'Tis the loyal army *sweeping to the sea*,
Flinging out the banner of the Free."

Amid great applause, he said pleasantly, "I will not talk to you, boys; I will talk to the girls. It gives me very great pleasure to see so many bright and promising pupils enjoying these advantages who once would have been bought and sold. Now you are free—free to pick out your own husbands—only be a little careful, that's all. You are the creation of the present age, and all, from here to Canada, are interested in your welfare. I am glad that your teachers recognize the value of this gift of song which you possess more than your white brethren and sisters. It speaks to the heart which needs teaching quite as much as the head. Remember, all of you, that your influence will extend by what you have learned to call geometric progression. Each of you will teach many others, and each of those as many more, till you will be thne the teachers of the whole thirty millions of your race here and in all countries. You will be held accountable to return to your race the full measure of the advantages you have here. I hope you will so do it that your new rights of freedom will become not only a legal fact, but a real thing, universally true and universally acknowledged."

GENERAL TERRY,

of Virginia, was then introduced by General Armstrong with a few words of reminder of all that the Old Dominion has shown of kindness and aid to the school. General Terry said very warmly that he was very much gratified by this his first opportunity of visiting this Institution. He said: "I cannot claim any credit for your freedom. I did not fight to make you free; but you are free, and I am glad of it, and you may rest assured that I for one will protect you in your liberty. I am glad that the State has done as much as it has for this Institution. As a citizen of Virginia you can rely on me, and on all the white citizens of Virginia, for sympa-

thy and aid to this Institution."

These assurances were received with applause.

GENERAL BUTLER

was then introduced. He said:

"Young men and young ladies. The memories of the past come too thickly thronging up in my mind for me to address you as I would. I came here to Hampton in 1861, when most of you were children in arms. I felt it my duty as representing the Government of the United States to found a school here for such as you. What must be my feelings when I see this result of a soldier's duty to his country. You are here enjoying these advantages of instruction; equality in rights, equality in thought, with men and women of any race and color, enjoying equality on earth as you will equality in Heaven. You have a great destiny, because to you more than to whites will those of your own race listen with confidence. Our country is to rejoice in the fruits of your action. You are to teach your people the elements of knowledge, the love of country, the love of liberty and the love of God. I would impress upon you the great responsibility of your actions. Go forth, and bring your race up to the high place God means them to occupy, and great shall be your reward in heaven."

The last speaker was the

HON. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND;

General Armstrong introducing him with the remark that had it not been for his meeting with Mr. Townsend seven years ago in Albany, he would not be here now as Principal of the Hampton Normal School. Mr. Townsend said:

"My life has been talking, but I do not feel like talking now. The emotions that I feel it were useless to try to express, while the sentiments I would have expressed have been so well presented by others that I could make no addition. I see here those who are to be the teachers of their race; those who are to make its homes virtuous. I see those who are to be its fathers, men who are to be doctors, lawyers—best of all, farmers, and who are to teach others to be the same. You have the sympathy of all good people, I don't care whether they live North or South—whether they have been taught that slavery is a good thing, or, as I was, that it is a very bad thing. Every good man or woman now sympathizes in your welfare, and wishes you well. But let me tell you that donations from legislatures can't give you success; teachers can't give you success; you have got to work out your own destiny. So has every man and woman. The muscles of a man's mind wont be strong any more than the muscles of his back unless he exercises them for himself. You must do as the rest of the world has to. Work out your own destiny! There is no doubt as to the success of your people. *Your* people?—when I look at your faces I can't tell whether your people or my people is most represented among you. But if you look at history, you wont find any one stock always ahead. For the last twenty-five hundred years my race is ahead. We have got the front seats now, it is true, and you will have to work hard if you want to get them. But twenty-five hundred years ago, and for ages before that, my race was not heard of. At the time the monuments of Egypt were building, when astronomy flourished on the plains of Chaldea, when the Hamitic people—the children of Ham—were ruling Spain and Carthage, your race had the front seats then. My ancestors were wallowing in the swamps, in darkness from which no ray of light has penetrated to this century. Why have we the front seats now? Because a better civilization was introduced, and the old vice and ignorance slowly swept before it. The introduction of Christianity into middle and northern Europe is what has given us this social elevation and refinement, unsurpassed in history. Let me tell you whereln your great strength lies,—Religion, Morality, Industry. These make men of any nation or color prosperous, and without religion, without morality, without industry, all the legislation in the world is useless to make them so."

The addresses were interspersed hy frequent singing hy the Hampton Singers and the whole school who will long remember the occasion. And while regretting the interruption of the accustomed Bible classes, it was no unworthy Sunday service, we think, thus to stir again in all hearts the sentiments of love to country, which in our nation's most exalted periods has always throbbed in unison with love to God.

Returning to the Soldiers' Home, addresses were made to the Veterans, noticeable nmong which was that by General Terry of Virginia, who told the old soldiers that though he could not call them comrades he was glad to be able now to call them friends—that they had belonged to the finest army in the world and had conquered the next finest, the only ones that could have conquered it. He said that he was glad to see them so comfortably cared for and wished that his own comrades could be. This wish was echoed hy the Northern speakers, and General Martindale closed with an eloquent address, alluding also to what they had just seen at the Normal School as one of the most deeply interesting scenes he had ever witnessed.

THE Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute acknowledges with thanks the receipt in March of a "Celestial Indicator," worth twenty-five dollars, an ingenious apparatus for illustrating the movements of the heavenly bodies, the precession of the equinoxes, &c.; a donation from the Bryant Celestial Indicator Co., of Hartford, Connecticut.

HAMPTON AT THE CENTENNIAL

One of the chief points of interest at the approaching Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia, one that will be sought for among the thousands of distracting objects hy many thinking people from both sides of the ocean, will be the illustration of the Educational progress of the world; another will be the special point of the education of the freedmen on which so much depends for the next century; a third, the illustration of methods of combining industrial with academic education, which is one of the practical problems of the nge.

The representation of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute will combine all these points of interest, and is a duty to the world as much as to the school. A good place in the Main Exhibition Building has been secured where it will be easily recognized hy those who are interested.

The school will be represented:—

1st. By pictures. A fine oil painting, four hy three feet, hy Mr. Pratt of Boston, gives n good view of the whole water front of the buildings and grounds, and is n beautiful picture in itself. Large maps and ground plans are added, and over twenty imperial photographs have been taken hy Mr. Larrabee, photographer from Mill Creek, giving faithful views of separate buildings, interiors of Virginia Hall, Assembly Room, Class rooms, Printing-office, Industrial room, Laundry, groups of students, the Working Squad, Farm hands, brickmakers, Senior Class, pictures of negro cahins, and some of the "old folks at home," to illustrate the progress of the times.

2d. By seven hound volumes of manuscript examinations of classes in all the grades of the school, in Writing, Spelling, History, Arithmetic and Algehra, Geography, Grammar, Moral Science.

3d. By specimens and models of work from the girls' industrial room and shops; samples of agricultural improvements; specimens from the Printing-office.

There will be also a file of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, copies of the book "Hampton and its Students," and pamphlets of the "Hampton Students' Cabin and Plantation Songs." Also a thorough statistical report of the school in all its departments, up to the present time, including the Treasurer's report.

The work that Hampton is doing in its preparatory department, and outside through its graduates, will be illustrated hy photographs of the Lincoln and Butler Schools, interesting also as illustrating the progressive steps in education and civilization; by a bound volume of manuscript exnminations of the Hampton Preparatory Class in the Butler School, taught hy Mrs. Eunice Dixon, and Tanner's Creek School near Norfolk, taught hy Mr. J. B. Towe; hy samples, written on slates and framed behind glass, of writing, &c., hy the primnry pupils of the Butler and Lincoln Schools. These earliest efforts on slntes will be a very attractive part of the exhibition. A large map of Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolinn with the stations where Hampton graduates are teaching clearly indicated, will give a hird's-eye view of the greater part of the area through which Hampton's influence thus extends.

The strong point of the exhibition will be its characteristic representation of persons and personal work as well as of huildngs and furniture and methods.

Mr. J. B. Towe, a Hampton graduate teacher, and one of the first class of Hampton Singers, whose essay on "Old Time Music," illustrated with songs hy the school, will be remembered with interest hy those who nttended last year's Commencement, will be in attendance upon the articles exhihited and ready to answer questions about them.

IT IS customary to regard the religious movement at the Hawaiian Islands as a retrograde one, at this time.

The friends of good work will be glad to read the following extracts from a private letter hy the Rev. E. Bond, one of the pioneer missionaries, whose labors for over forty years in a remote corner of Hawaii have been as sound and wise as they have been earnest and self-sacrificing.

He writes to the lady whose letter from the Pncific appears in nnother column, in regard to a recent effort to educate girls and boys in a sensible way:

KOHALA, *January* 27, 1876.

Dear Sister ——:

I have just made up my accounts of Seminary finances for the past thirteen months, *i. e.*, up to December 31, 1875, and my thoughts naturally turn to you, as one of our most prized patrons. Indeed, you don't know how much your voluntary inquiries, approval of our course of study and discipline, and pecuniary aid cheered and strengthened us, especially as we were and expected to be unpopular, in consequence of our old fashioned notions and persistent purpose to waste no time in our school policy, on mere *show* and gratification of personal vanity as well as parental.

The year—our first—has been a year of many petty trials, mainly because the parents did *not* wish their girls to work, and *did* wish them to be taught solely in English. But thro' the abounding grace of God we have kept steadily on our way, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and now we have been raising our Ebenezer, saying "Hitherto hath the Lord brought us. All praise to Sovereign grace that can use such as we in his blessed service.

Lizzie has worked like a heroine. We had our first examination at the beginning of the year. By means of the constant lying of some who were hostile to the school, the impression had gone all over the Island that we were teaching little or no English and kept the girls at hard work or else shut up in the house! Well, as to studies, both in Hawaiian and English, the examinatiou took all hy surprise. There was great astonishment when the fruits of Lizzie's hard but *silent* work stood out before them, and then there was a perfect fervor among our *Kohala* people to get their girls into school. Ten came immediately in, making our number thirty-one, and I was obliged to notify *Kohala* people that they could enter no more. Then four came from other Districts, till we have thirty-five, and shut down till July. (We receive pupils in January and July only.) Well, there is now no complaint about work, tho' the girls have for months haked, pounded and mixed their own *poi*, cultivated their own potatoes, and done all the work of the establishment. I have the *kalo* pulled and taken to the cook house, and they do the remainder of the work. We had a man to bake, but he was takea sick and then the girls came in. We shall get a man again, if a safe one can be found.

The conduct of the pupils has been good—very little coercivo disciplinc has been requlred, and so far as the school itself is concerned, the year has been one of prosperity and profit. And now, all complaints from parents seem to have ceased.

Finanelally, we carry a balance of twenty dollars to account of 1876, which is a better showing than I had expected. But mercies abound on all sides. Our churches on this Island have nearly all contributed *something* for the school; some five dollars, and others twenty-five or fifty.

Personally, this school has been a heavy addition to my already large work. For two years, now, I have toiled in all sorts of work, to save the money for our sustentation—personally taking hold of every joh to be done. At my time of life the demands on my physical ahility have been too heavy and many at a time. I have been so worked out that the end looked close at hand. Bnt so far the Lord hath kept me, and he will keep me till my work is done—and then I want to go.

My boys' school, which many prophesied would make mischief with the girls', has done itself great credit hy thoroughly good behavior. At the outset there were indications of Hawaiianism on both sides. I took my boys and set the whole case before them—told them how disgraceful before men and displeasing to God was such conduct, and that I was unwilling to have the world know that they could not behave themselves decently without hit and bridle all the time, and, in short, I threw the responsihility entirely upon themselves. And with thankfulness I say it, that to this day I have not known or suspected a single hreach of decency or impropriety on their part.

I hear, via. *Waimea*, that you are still hard at work for the Master. Around *Kawaihao* your record is physically written for generations yet to come, and still more indelibly in the hearts of many poor Hawaiians who have passed to the other side, as well, I trust, as in those of many who are still struggling with foes without and foes within, to win the prize of eternal life, thro' the sovereign grace of our crucified Lord. The work is not, nor for five or six years past has it been to the eye of sense, very cheering. But faith looks beyond, and how can we prove recreant to the Master in such a time as this!

Affairs certainly have a more cheery look than a year ago. Our Sahbath congregation has, within the past eight months, filled up, and our Sahbath-school numbers, on an average, nearly three hundred. Still, there is no clear evidence of a *heart warming* in the Lord's service. For this we long and pray.

Aff. yours,

E. B.

THE little chapel in the National Soldiers' Cemetery of which the church connected with the Hampton Institute has had the charge and use for the last five years, has become familiar and dear to many as Bethesda Chapel. This church organizntion includes the officers and many teachers and students of the Normal School, and many residents of the neighborhood, both white and colored. The needs of the increasingly large congregation have made it very desirable to add to its capacity hy opening the transepts into the hody of the church, and application for permission to do so was made some time ago to the War Department at Washington which has charge of the National Cemeteries. The request was refused, on the ground that the Department had decided to give up all such chapels, and the school was requested to remove it rather than repair it. The recent visit of the new Secretary of War to the Institute had, however, the effect of convincing him of the importance of this chapel, and the Institute has therefore received permission from the War Department to continue to occupy it, and to carry out any desired plan of repair. This will be good news to many who have pleasant associations with the little chapel, and are interested in the welfare of the church worshiping there. About $1,000 could be advantageously expended in repairing it. No fund which can be appropriated to this object exists, but it is hoped that one can be raised by subscription. Any contributions from members of the church or others who desire its prosperity will he very acceptable. Donations may be sent for this purpose to J. F. B. Marshall, Treasurer of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

THE Commencement exercises of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute will be held this year on Thursday, May 18th. Forty-four students are to graduate. This early day is selected for the accommodation of our friends from a distance who will find this the most pleasnnt and convenient time for visiting Hampton. We expect, therefore, a somewhat large attendance, and shall be glad to welcome all that come. The exercises are open to the puhlic. It will be better for any who desire to attend from a distance to notify Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Principal, in order that sufficient preparations may be made for the comfort of all. Full directions as to the journey here will be sent on application.

The school will continue in session after the Commencement exercises, nntil its ordinary closing time, the middle of June, with the difference only that the Senior Class will receive normal training, under charge of Professor Allen of Mansfield, Penn.

THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA.

By MR. SIDNEY LANIER of Georgia.

A Cantata which is to be sung at the opening of the Centennnial.

I.

From this hundred-terraced height
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years:
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my long ago
Moves about the moveless hase
Far below my resting place.

II.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward o'er yon lanking sea,
Hearts within *Farewell dear England* sighing
Winds without *But dear in vain* replying,
Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying
no! *It shall not be!*

III.

Jamestown out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—thee, Albany—
Winter cries, *Ye freeze: away!*
Fever cries, *Ye burn: away!*
Hunger cries, *Ye starve: away!*
Vengeance cries, *Your graves shall stay!*

IV.

Then old shapes and Masks of Thlage,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air—
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—
Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! Thou shalt not be!

V.

Hark!
Huguenots whispering *yea* in the dark,
Puritans answering *yea* in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of
Denial.
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars new-dark the
Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight

VI.

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be—
How long Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

VII.

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall
glow"

VIII.

Music, from this hight of time my word unfold:
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man'a
heart behold:
Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags
unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to
the world.

HOUSE AND HOME.

The moral training of children ought, and if it is to be successful, must, begin with the earliest development of their intellectual faculties. As soon as they are conscious of their own will, they should also become conscious of the existence of other and stronger wills, and the parents should endeavor so to regulate their conduct toward their children, as to make them, as early in life as possible, recognize the fact that the wills which of necessity are so frequently opposed to theirs, are not only strong but wise. That is, you should be so careful, so judicious and so unselfish in governing your children that they may quickly learn to trust you and to feel even in moments of anger and impatience that you are their best friend. Most of you, I think, must have formed in your own minds some idea of what you would like your children to be, and it is a good thing for you to keep constantly before yourselves the standard to which your children are to attain, either abstractly or in the person of some individual whose character you admire. If you love your children with the ordinary love of humanity, one of your deepest, if not your deepest interest in life will lie in watching and guiding their development, and in preparing them as far as you can for the future; and I hope I am right in believing that among the parents who read this there is not one who is not honestly desirous of seeing his children grow up to be good men and women. Taking for granted, then, that you have a full sense of your own responsibility, and are keenly alive to the sacredness of the burden which the Almighty Father lays upon every parent, I shall try to condense for your use some of the experience of those who have made the education of children, in the family and in the school, the study of their lives.

I have already said that, in order to train children properly, you must, first of all, have their confidence, and you will naturally ask how the confidence of these little thoughtless, unreasoning beings is to be won. In reply, I should say in brief, by letting them see that what you demand of them you yourselves fulfill; that is, when you ask them to be truthful, be sure that their quick ears do not find you out in falsehood; when you tell them of the danger and sinfulness of anger, jealousy and hatred, do not let them see in you daily proof of uncontrolled passions; when you command them to be honest, temperate and industrious, do not let them find that in your own life you cling to deceit, self-indulgence and laziness. "Practice what you preach," is a homely text which has served for many a sermon, but can never be more forcibly applied than in regard

COLUMBIA.

to the relations between parents and children; for in all the world you will not find more severe or acute critics than those little ones whose sharp eyes and ears are constantly measuring your life by the rules which you give to them. You must show your children by your daily life that you have real and practical faith in the virtues of whose value and beauty you talk to them, and although you may frequently fail to reach the standard which you have set up, yet if your endeavor be honest, your children, ay, even your *little* children, will quickly and surely receive impressions from your character which will be deep and permanent for good. Take, as an example of this, the exhibitions of fretfulness and ill-temper which are unfortunately not uncommon in family life, and to which children in their intercourse with each other are especially liable. You want to teach your children to be patient, gentle, kindly in deed and word, and these are things which you cannot enforce by mere authority,—you must in your own person show them how much good temper has to do with the happiness of life; you must be gentle and kind *to* them, and then must demand *from* them gentleness and kindness in return. Example, in short, is of the first importance in the education of children, for they instinctively admire and desire to imitate those older than themselves with whom they associate, and are directly and strongly influenced by what they see and hear in their every day life.

But example, important as it is, will not alone do the work; love and authority must go hand in hand as its assistants, and it is to combine these wisely that is the second great difficulty in the path of parents. To love your children warmly and yet not to injure them by over-indulgence, to exact obedience without undue severity, to be firm and unyielding and yet not unkind, to be tender and forgiving and yet not weak, is by no means an easy task, and it is just this that a conscientious parent must strive to be. If you have won your children's confidence by showing them that you *are* what you desire them to be, that your practice and your precept are the same, then the next great requisite in your government of them is, probably, absolute truthfulness, for any attempt at deceit at once destroys their confidence in you, and will, sooner or later, make your authority null and void. By absolute truthfulness I mean that you should never tell a child a falsehood even about trifles, that you should never break a promise to a child if it is possible to keep it, that you should do your best to let your children find you neither changeable nor inconsistent. For example, if you have to give medicine to a child, do not attempt to gain your point by saying that the medicine is "good," when it is really disagreeable, for you will rarely be able to deceive a child in that way more than once, and the result will be that you will be distrusted and disbelieved. Tell the child plainly that the medicine is not pleasant to take, but must be taken, and obtain obedience by gentle reasoning or, if necessary, by absolute authority. The same course should be pursued in all similar cases, that is, when you desire to do anything which is disagreeable do not rely upon deceit, for you will find it a broken reed; but tell the exact truth and with all possible kindness insist upon obedience. You will find that after two or three experiences of this kind the child's confidence in you will be implicit, and that, furthermore, he will have learned that when you seriously demand his obedience his easiest course is to give it as quickly and as willingly as possible. And this brings up another point, viz; the folly of entering into unnecessary conflicts with your children, of fretting them needlessly, and irritating them about things which are not essential. There are numberless small difficulties into which children are constantly falling which are really of very little importance, that is, are not matters of right and wrong, and do not in any way affect a child's moral nature, and of these it is far better for parents to take no notice. Do not tease your children about little things, for this tends to make them fretful and unhappy; but, on the contrary, give them all the liberty possible, guarding yourself against using your authority so frequently as to make it dreaded or despised. When, however, you do give an order or demand obedience in any form, be sure that there is no evasion, let your children understand that when you speak your decision is final, your authority supreme, and, above all, when any conflict arises between you and your child, do not at any cost permit the child's will to conquer yours. Firmness is absolutely essential in the moral government of children, and you can make no greater mistake than to give way to a child when once an issue has been raised between you. If you have deliberately given a child an order of any kind, have required any particular course of action, or ordained any punishment, then no matter how much time, strength and patience it may cost you, you must make good your words, and prove to the child that your will and power are stronger than his. If your child finds out that he can coax or weary or frighten you into revoking an order, or remitting a punishment, your positions will be speedily changed, and his not yours, will be the ruling will. Therefore, do not give too many orders, or inflict too many punishments; but when you do decide that either the one or the other is necessary, then let nothing shake your determination or alter your action. You will find that such a course will not only be better for your children, but will also save you infinite trouble, for it will put an end to that constant teazing and bickering between parents and children, which so often mar the happiness of family life and induce on both sides irritability of temper. Children soon find the difference between a person who is constantly finding fault without reason, giving orders which can be disobeyed with impunity, and ordaining punishments which are never inflicted, and a person who reproves seldom but earnestly, whose orders are absolute, whose punishments are not frequent, but serious and not to be escaped. Under the first of these two systems, children will be careless, impertinent and self-willed; under the second, almost any child will become orderly and obedient, and it is for parents to decide which shall reign within their own family circle.

The question of rewards and punishments is one which as a matter of course occupies much of the attention of every one who is brought into close relations with children, and it is certainly by no means a simple matter. To discourage children in wrong-doing and to encourage them in doing right, is practically the first object of moral education, and some system of punishment and reward is undoubtedly indispensable, especially with young children, who can understand nothing which does not directly appeal to their senses. As a general thing, however, rewards should not be *offered* to a child as an inducement to right-doing, but should be *given* after the act is performed, and then only when the child is really deserving, for constant rewards are to the moral nature what too much sugar is to the digestion, producing in both cases unwholesome and morbid conditions. You can teach children to feel that your approbation is their best reward and that their goodness is your and their happiness, without creating in them a habit of expecting habitually a recompense for good behavior, and in this way you can gradually lead them to understand that it is their motives which you value rather than their actions, that you look deeper than the external conduct, into the spirit which prompts it.

As to the punishment of children the best authorities upon the subject of education are in the main agreed, but even yet there is much left to the ingenuity and patience of parents. Corporal punishment, either in schools or in the family, has no part in the best modern systems of education, and there are very few teachers or parents who should permit themselves to use it. It is commonly a wrong to the child and is almost always inflicted in a spirit of anger, which alone would effectually prevent it from having any good effect. In these days it is usually very ignorant, very careless or very cruel people who depend upon corporal punishment to assist them in governing their children, and any thoughtful and moderately patient person ought to be able to find many expedients which are far more useful and reasonable and which will win from children obedience through respect instead of through mere physical fear. If children were simply and wholly animal in their nature then we might consider blows a suitable form of punishment, (though even animals, as modern experience has proven, get far too much of this crude and barbarous discipline), but as they have another and a higher nature it is only logical that the highest and most successful system of education should appeal to that rather than to the merely brutal instincts. I dare say that most of you feel that you would be almost helpless if the power of whipping your children were to be taken away from you, and are quite sure in your own minds that nothing can take the place with a child, of what is popularly called "a good whipping;" but in this as in other things your safest course is to accept the facts established by those who are wiser and more experienced than you are. If reason and affection both fail, say the wisest modern teachers, there still remain a variety of punishments, which will affect children

without injuring them or making them feel that they are treated with injustice. You can deprive children of some pleasure, take their liberty away from them for a shorter or longer time, by shutting them up, or confining them within certain limits; you can in various ways treat them differently from the other children of the family; you can take away from them some article of food of which they are fond, in short, a little thought will show you that there are numberless ways of inflicting real punishment upon children, without striking a blow. In selecting from these, it is well, so far as possible, to suit the punishment to the offence, for example; if a child does harm or mischief with its hands, as by striking another child, wilfully breaking or tearing anything, punish it by securely tying the offending members, or, again, if a child errs by saying anything wrong or untruthful, punish it by keeping it alone, where no one can be hurt or annoyed by which it may say. But, whatever your punishment may be, never inflict it when you yourself are angry; wait always until your passion is cooled and you can use your sober judgment, for this is the chief safeguard both for yourself and the child, and one without which you will be almost certain to do the child injustice.

Example, love, truthfulness, firmness, each and all are necessary if you would rightly train your children, and to go back to the beginning, to take up once more our text, your precept and your practice must be one and the same. The Christian grace which you strive to nurture in the hearts of your children, you must first firmly plant in your own hearts, looking then in humble faith toward the Supreme Source of all fruition, for "Paul planteth, Apollos watereth, but God giveth the increase."

AFRICA.

Our readers may be interested to know that the Presbyterian churches of Scotland have combined to organize a mission to Lake Nyassa which they have called the Livingstone Mission Expedition, in memory of the great missionary and explorer, who died in the hope that the path which he had opened would quickly be trod by the feet of Christian teachers. The realization of this hope is apparently near at hand, for the accounts received by the Scotch churches from their expedition are most encouraging. The commander, Lieutenant Young, writes from Upper Shire, above the Murchism Cataracks, that the party were all well, and that the steamer *Illala* had been transported safely, though with much difficulty. The negroes in the lower part of the Shire valley, who were chiefly Makololo, had received them with great joy, thousands of them rushing to the banks as the steamer approached the villages, dancing, singing, and shouting that their fathers, the English, had come back to them.

Of a later date than Lieutenant Young's report is a telegram from London, dated February 3d, which brings information that the expedition had reached Lake Nyassa, so that we may now look for speedy intelligence of the actual establishment of the mission. There seems to be no doubt that in that locality, at least, the natives are eager to be taught and will put no obstacle in the way of mission work, so that unless the climate should prove especially unfavorable, there is no apparent reason why the mission should not become permanent, and the station just established on Lake Nyassa prove the headquarters of Christian work in Central Africa.

A FEMALE SEMINARY AT HARPOOT,—

A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

A girls' school in the garden of Eden, with an Eve for assistant teacher. That sounds strangely, doesn't it? but that is what the *Missionary Herald* has given us a picture of this month, with an interesting account of it written some years ago by one of the American Missionaries, Rev. C. H. Wheeler. He says:

"Perhaps some of you don't know where Harpoot—or Kharpoot, as it has until now been spelled—is. In Genesis, second chapter and fourteenth verse, you read of the two rivers, Hiddekel and Euphrates. Standing upon the hill-top, just back of the houses in the picture, you can see, ten or twelve miles to the north, a branch of the Euphrates flowing to the west, while, some forty miles to the southeast, in the Taurus mountains, are the head-waters of the Hiddekel, now called the Tigris, upon whose western banks, about one hundred miles to the southeast of Harpoot, is the great walled city of Diarbekir, and farther to the south, upon the eastern bank of the river, lie the ruins of Nineveh,—the city to which Jonah was sent (Jonah i: 2). South of these, and on the Euphrates, lie the desolations of Babylon. (Isaiah xiii and Jeremiah li chapters.)

"Thus you see that Harpoot lies in one corner of the land of Eden, perhaps upon the spot where God planted the garden, (Gen. ii: 8,) and where sin began, and not very far from the spot where the Lord 'confounded the language of men.' (Gen. xi: 1–9) Of both these events we at Harpoot are daily reminded, by the fearful prevalence of sin about us, and by that 'Babel'—that *confusion* of tongues—which compels us to use four languages, the Arabic, Armenian, Koordish, and Turkish, in the Theological Seminary, in order to prepare men to speak to the principal nations about us; while to preach the gospel to 'every creature,' in our great missionary field, at least seven languages must be used.

"As there are neither railroads, steamboats, nor stage-coaches, nor even roads for carriages of any sort, in that part of Turkey, but only plenty of room to ride on horseback over the lofty mountains and vast plains, we must have horses for ourselves and the native "helpers" to ride. So, on the left of the picture, at the right of Mr. Barnum's house, you see the stable in which are kept several horses for this purpose.

"In the western end of the upper story of the large house, in the centre of the picture, lives Mr. Allen. The middle part is my house, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Williams; while the eastern end and the lower story are occupied by the teachers and pupils of the 'Female Seminary,' about which I am going to tell you.

"Between the graveyard on the hill and the road in front you see an enclosure, which we dignify by calling it the 'garden,' on much the same principle as we Orientals call blind people 'enlightened' ones, or as you Occidentals sometimes call very poor skim-milk cream, because we and you like to call things by a pleasant name. Our 'garden' in Eden is the furthest possible from a *real* one, being, except in early spring and late fall, a mere barren, desolate, rocky mountain-side, upon which can grow no green thing except the very few and very small trees, which are kept alive by hiring a man once a week, in the rainy summer season, to pour upon the roots of each a goat-skin 'bottle of water.' (Gen. xxi: 14.) This he does for about seven-tenths of a cent per bottle. Here you see why 'willows by the watercourses' are spoken of (Isaiah xliv: 4,) and 'trees planted by the rivers,' &c., (Ps. i: 3; Jer. xvii: 8). No others live in those lands of summer drought.

"Upon the outside of the roof of the large house you see a sort of railing, or 'battlement,' such as God bade the Israelites build around their houses. (Deut. xxii: 8.) Persons sometimes fall from the roofs which have no such protection, and die. You can see how readily one can, like Peter, (Acts x: 9,) go upon the house-top to pray. The 'battlement' upon one side of this house is of boards, and so close and high as to form a place of real retirement, where, in the heat of summer, we sometimes sleep of night. The house is built upon the mountain-side, by digging into it, so that while the front portion of the roof is some thirty feet above the road, the back portion is level with the terrace of the 'garden.'

"But I promised to tell you about the Female Seminary. Come with me on a missionary tour among the villages, and see women everywhere doing the drudgery, even to carrying upon their backs huge baskets of manure, to be mixed with straw, made into cakes, and dried for fuel, while their husbands *do the knitting*, and you will see and feel, as we do, the necessity for using some means for elevating woman to her true place, not as the servant, but as the equal, the 'helpmeet' of man. But ignorant people can't be really 'elevated,' because the higher you raise them in position the lower they sink in the estimation of those who behold them.

"To give anybody, man or woman, who is unfit for it, exalted position, only makes that unfitness the more evident; and, if we wish women in Turkey to enjoy their 'right,' of leaving the dung-basket and taking the knitting-needles, they must have some education.

"So soon as possible, then, after opening the Seminary for raising up pastors and preachers, we opened one also for their wives, and required every married student to bring his wife with him to be educated.

"The women, of course, live with their husbands, and only attend the school as day-scholars. Some of them are the mothers of several children, one having a family of twelve, while another, at forty years of age, is a grandmother. So our seminaries have a department not needed in this land,—a nursery. While the older children are sent to one of the city schools, the younger ones are committed to the care of a woman hired for that purpose, with as many girls as she needs to assist her, while the mothers spend about seven hours a day, on five days of the week, in improving their minds and hearts,—and I might add *bodies* too, for among the graces taught in the Seminary is that Scriptural one sometimes forgotten even in Christian lands, and oftener still in Turkey, to 'cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the *flesh*,' as well as of the spirit. (2 Cor. vii: 1.)

"In this 'nursery,' stanchions, or poles, are put up on two sides of a room, and between these and rings in the wall, rope-cradles are suspended, for the smaller children, Just before leaving Harpoot I went to take a look at the 'nursery.' As I opened the door, one of the babies began to cry, and nearly all of its eighteen companions joined in the chorus, making such a din as will make me long remember the visit.

"But we must hurry on to the Seminary, where more than thirty students' wives, and fifteen girls from different cities and villages, who have been received as boarders on the premises, are hard at work, acquiring knowledge.

"But let us pass through the outer gate, that to which the missionary, Mr. Allen perhaps, is riding up, and enter the Seminary. We Orientals don't 'introduce' people, so 'tis taken for granted that you know Miss West and Mrs. Williams, as well as Kohar, ('Jewel,') and Mariam, ('Mary,') the assistant-teachers. Eva, ('Eve,') the other assistant-teacher, instructs those women who speak Arabic and Koordish; for here, as well as in the other Seminary, different languages are

THE FEMALE SEMINARY AT HARPOOT.

used.

"Seated upon the floor, in as many rooms, you see three classes, one, perhaps, in the Bible, which all study daily, from the beginning to the end of their course; another in geography; and the third may be the 'weak ones' as they are called, who are making their first feeble attempts to write figures, or perhaps to add them up upon their slates.

"Then come more advanced classes in arithmetic, and again others in the Bible, the Catechism, moral philosophy, grammar, reading, writing, or some other branch, till we come to one in which all unite, learning to sing those hymns so precious to some of you; 'Sweet hour of prayer;' 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me;' 'There is a happy land;' and scores of others which have been translated.

"So much has public opinion changed, that hundreds, I might say some thousands, of women and girls have learned to read, and the past winter, more than five hundred girls attended the school opened by us. The feeling has become very common, even among those who do not receive our teachings, that it is a disgrace for a woman not to know how to read; while, among those who attend our 'Protestant' meetings, the feeling is so strong in favor of educated pastors' wives, that one of our best preachers recently lost a 'call' to be a pastor, because his wife, the 'grandmother' spoken of above, is not as learned as the people wish.

"And with intelligence, woman, even in Turkey, is gaining her true position of honor and influence. All know that 'gos-

pel-men' treat their wives well. One of the bitterest enemies of the Protestants in Harpootcity,—a woman who never attends our meetings,—has had her daughter taught to read, and has given notice that she will give her in marriage to a 'gospelman,' 'because Protestants treat their wives well,'

"If time would allow, I could tell you much which they have done to enlighten and save hundreds who, but a short time ago, were, with themselves, in the darkness and degradation of ignorance, superstition, and sin."

MAN.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately has there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.
For man is everything,
And more. He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more.

Nothing has got so far,
But man has caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being;—to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty Love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

THE HEATHEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

In this Centennial year, when we are pleasing our national pride by heaping up evidence of our country's greatness, it may be wise for sober minded people to look about for the facts which go to show how much there is still to be done, and how far we still are, as a nation, from anything like complete civilization.

Foremost among the reasons which should keep us back from undue self-satisfaction is the existence within our borders of more than a hundred thousand human beings who are living and dying absolutely as heathen. Our western territories are to-day the home of numerous tribes of Indians, a majority of whom are total strangers to civilization, or worse, are familiar only with its vices, knowing the white man only as an enemy or a victim. North of the Canadian boundary, much successful work has been done among the Indians by missionaries of the English church who have penetrated far into the frozen forests of British America, establishing churches and schools, and effectually changing the mode of life of whole tribes. The work has been hard, and has needed brave men to do it; but the brave men have been found, and the missions are now organized beyond the fear of failure, though their success seems almost incredible when we read of what their support costs; as, for example, in cases where a missionary is obliged to stay for five or six consecutive years at a station where he lives nine months out of twelve on snowshoes, receives one mail a year, and from the beginning of the time to the end never sees a white face.

This hopeful state of things finds a most unpleasant contrast upon the American side of the boundary, where the Indians have, as a rule, been politically abused and morally neglected. In the few instances where they have not been contaminated by the vices, or made furious by the misused power of the white men, in other words, when they have had a fair chance, they seem, in spite of their cruel and debased instincts, to be capable of real and permanent elevation. As a practical illustration of what may be done for them we have only to refer to the case of the seventy representatives of the Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne and other tribes, who were selected as criminals and sent last summer to St. Augustine, Fla., where they have since been receiving desultory instruction and are living habitually under wholesome influences, and in direct contact with a good class of whites. These men have improved steadily, are by no means lacking in intelligence, and show a marked desire to adopt the habits and customs of civilized men, having become already conscious of the sin and shamefulness of their past lives. It is, of course, too soon to speak with any certainty as to their mental power or as to their capacity for receiving moral instruction, but their present condition is hopeful, and offers real encouragement to those interested in the future of their race. It is hardly to be expected that they will stand the test of a return to their barbarous tribes, unless they can be in some way accompanied by the influences of Christianity, and though the question of the national attitude toward the Indians is too wide to be discussed here, our duty as individuals and as citizens is clear enough. Their condition can be materially improved, their degradation is not inevitable, and for our own interest as well as theirs we should do our utmost to facilitate their elevation from the heathenism for which they are not responsible. So long as these Indians find their home in the territories which come under the jurisdiction of the United States Government, so long must their barbarism be a national disgrace, and it is in that light that we would present the subject for consideration at a time when, as a nation, we are hearing so much more of the things we have done than of those that we have left undone.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

GOOD NEWS OF NORTHAMPTON COUNTY; SOME PEOPLE WHO WILL NOT SELL THEIR VOTES FOR HATS;—A TEACHER WHO THREE YEARS AGO COULD NOT WRITE HIS NAME "FIT TO LOOK AT";—"MAKING MY OWN DESKS."

Our letters from Graduates this month are bright and suggestive, and give, on the whole, very encouraging reports of the various fields represented. Simple, straight-forward and unvarnished, they are their own warrant of honesty,—and as many of the graduates read this column, we would say here to them all that while we have room from time to time for only a few out of the many letters we receive, we want them to keep on writing, for their own benefit and their teachers, with no reference to appearing in the paper, and no effort at fine writing. Write to your friends and teachers, and not to the public.

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, VA., *Feb.* 19, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—After reading so many interesting letters in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, from graduates, I have thought it necessary to give you a compendious account of what I have done, and am doing. For the last three years I have been working as a teacher in Bedford County, Va. There I had a very interesting school. The scholars seemed eager to learn, and some of them could read very well. They were making rapid progress in arithmetic, and could spell extraordinary. They also studied geography and grammar, and had very good understanding of both. The colored people were fast accumulating property, and, as a general thing, seemed to be very economical. They possessed good qualities, both morally and physically. When I left there last July, they had splendid crops of tobacco, corn, oats and wheat coming on. The people are very fond of raising tobacco, and don't think they are doing much unless they have very large crops.

After my school closed, as I had been suffering with the rheumatism very badly, thought I had better return home to spend my vacation to recuperate. I arrived home the latter part of last July, but with no intention of remaining. After I had been home a short while, the people were anxious for me to take a school for them; but as I had promised to return to Bedford, it was hard for me to decide to continue at home. I could perceive that after I had been home a short time, by the vicissitudes of the climate, that my health had somewhat ameliorated. Feeling that [illegible] ter, I concluded to take the school here. The Superintendent and trustees were very anxious to employ me as a teacher. Forthwith I was examined, and had the honor of passing a creditable examination.

After my examination I paid a visit to my *Alma Mata* to see the doctor, by a request of one of my friends, to get a prescription for the rheumatism. At the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute I saw a great many changes in the buildings, compared with the ones that were there when I entered school. Also many new faces from different parts of the country. Time would fail me to enumerate the different things and the many changes that I saw at the H. N. and A. Institute. So much for that.

After my visit to Hampton I returned home and opened school, November 1, 1875, about two miles and a half from Bridgetown, at Mr. H. E. Collins' residence, with three scholars. (Mrs. Anna Pitts Collins had formerly taught this school at her dwelling.) I continued to have a very small number of pupils as long as it remained there. Finding that I could not get a full school at Mr. Collins', it was removed to Bridgetown where the house was soon filled. Since I have opened school in the present place I have had sixty-nine scholars on roll, and of that number thirty-three in the alphabet. While I have had so many in the alphabet, among the whole number mentioned I have some very bright and energetic, and recite splendidly. It is pleasant to be with some of them, because they seem to recite with perfect celerity. I hope by next October to send you a representative of my school.

I am happy to inform you that I think prejudice is somewhat eradicated, and knowledge is diffusing. My people of Northampton County seem to be firm in their political opinions, and when voting day comes they meet like brave men. They do not sell their votes for hats, shoes, etc., but would rather buy. I was surprised when I arrived home to see the improvement they had made and the property they had accumulated. A great many of them have comfortable homes. At some future time I will give you a more lengthy account of this county. Yours truly,

JOHN H. CARTER.

VIRGINIA, *March* 12, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—I am glad that I *now* have the pleasure to write to you to tell you about the close of my school. As I had such a full school, I did not let all my scholars *speak* at the last day. I picked out the best of them to write pieces, some to speak by heart and some to read, and some to speak dialogues. And on the 10th of March I closed my school and invited all to come, both white and colored, and there were a plenty of both sexes here. I had my scholars well trained and they did well. If you could have been here on that day you would have been pleased yourself. This school has been going ever since the fall of Richmond, and both white and colored said that the close of my school beat all of them. The teacher of the white school was with me on that day, and he spoke in my behalf for the school another year. All the trustees were here with me on that day, and they gave me great applause.

General, two years ago if anyone had told me that I would be where I am to-day I would have laughed at them. But I thank God for all of that. He is the one to look to for all of that. Three years ago I could not write my name fit to be looked at, and who must I look to for it but *God* and the *teachers* of the H. N. and A. Institute. I often think of Hampton now and wish that I was there. After my free school closed I thought that I could make two or three months in school at Hempton; but the people came together and employed me themselves, and said that I should not go awey for the want of money. They have gotten me to teach three more months for them. The people came together like men, white as well as colored put in.

I em now getting along nicely with my Sabbath-school. That numbers seventy-five, and they are very much pleased with the Sunday-school papere; they say that they can see through them so well and they are plain to read, and so much explanation in them.

To-day is the first day of the pay school, or rather to-morrow. My Sabbath-school was quite full this morning. They want me up here another year, but I do not think that it will be in my power to do so. If I could go to school this summer I think that would enable me to teach here another term. But with my little striving and God's doing all, I will make out the best I can. Your most obd't scholar,

W.

VIRGINIA.

Dear Teacher:—After returning from my day's labor over forty or more scholars, I wrote you last year, telling you of my school in a colored church, which I closed in June, 1875, and had a vacation of two or three months. I began teaching again the 11th of October, 1875, taught five months, and closed; came back to the church where I taught nine months in '75. On my returning to the church I found it very much out of school repair, and I had to make more, and in addition, I made e pretty good black-boerd. I can't do enough for my people when I think how much other kind friends have done for me. My present session commenced about the 28th of February last, and ends 31st of July, 1876, nothing to the contrary. I have forty-four or more scholars on roll, and they are not all who went to come. I can't accommodete the applicants.

I saw in my last paper, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, several letters from the graduetes of the Hempton Institute; one of them touched my views precisely. The writer spoke of the cads which his labor bad eccomplished; he doubted whether he had done any good among those whom he had tried to instruct, when he saw his scholars associeting with dissipated society. I felt for him, and heve asked myself the same questions over and often.

I heve some very ept scholars, and nice oaes, too. They think so much of me, I hardly know what to do for them. I have no tracts, pepers, nor anything of the sert to give them. They ere poor, end so am I. I did give them some of your Sunday-school papers last year which I peid for myself. I tell them I em not able to buy such things as papers and books for them now, but hope I will some future dey. They say they do not look for me to buy such things for them; they thenk me for fixing their school in such nice condition.

General, I thenk God, and you, too, that I heve the ability of doing good among the needy. The colored people here listen to me when I tell them about their incorrect steps. They heve made me their clerk in the church, and when I tell them that they are working contrary to the church discipline, they give over et once. When I first commenced teaching, many of them didn't care enything for the Bible nor its teaching. They sey now that there is no religion outside of the Bible that will seve them in the day of Judgemeat —a greet chenge in the church.

But I guess I um taking up too much of your time talking about these little things. There is one request which I wish to ask of you. I huve seen a good many of the boys and talked with them ebout the several letters from the graduates, hut can't find out who they ere from, and would thank you to have the last part of their names spelt out in full. My Sunday-school will begin next Sundey, the Lord being willing. It promises a very large one. Guess I'll have to call on you for a little instruction ebout it. E.

TWO SORTS of SOUTHERN SENTIMENTS.

An exchange thinks that the following extracts from late numbers of Southern papers will surprise some readers in the North:

"It is a notorious fact that those farmers who are the tightest on the negroes in their employ never fail to get as many hends as they wish. We know several of our largest planters who treat the negroes working for them exactly as they did their slaves, working them from daylight to sundown, allowing no idling; and if a darkey trespasses any of the rules he is tied up and e sound thrashing administered to him; then, if he leaves, the employer hunts him up, brings him back, and doubles the dose. This generally mekes an effectual cure, and the offender resumes work, makes a good hand, and is anxious to bire to the same man another year. The employer has got value received out of his hands, and is, consequently, able to pey full wages. Govern your hends, and all sides will be better satisfied. Let them govern you, and the country will soon go to the dogs."

A private letter just received from a Southern lady, a daughter of Virginia, and as her letter shows, a slaveholder before emancipation, offers such a striking contrast to the "notorious fact"(?) asserted above, and is so interesting a testimony to the fact, perhaps less "notorious," that as marked a division exists in Southern sentiment itself as between any called Northern and Southern, that we take the liberty of printing it. Human nature was doubtless not changed in the one day of the Emancipation Proclamation. Those who had been unjust were unjust still, and those who had been righteous were righteous still. This letter is a noble specimen, hut only a specimen, of the kindly appreciation of the colored people manifested by many of their former masters. Many more could give us interesting accounts of old family servants, and we would be very glad to receive them.

"The articles in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN as to the condition of the colored people interested me very much. There is one point about the slaves I have never seen fully brought out, and wish my pen could do justice to the subject. This is thet the slaves improved just

in proportion to their chances, the house servants and those brought into intimate associations with educated whits people making much higher characters than the plantation hands, who often learned nothing which would elevate them above their savage ancestors, except to work and wear clothing adapted to the climate. Many of the house servants of the South were people of elegant manners, showing many beautiful traits of character. I believe all the slaves of our connection, but Uncle Frank's family, and a great many of those belonging to my husband's people own their houses and lots. Some have little farms in Roanoke. One of the boys, trained to lead his blind master, has long been a clerk in Washington, and is in good circumstances. The last servant brother William had was bound to him until twenty-one by his father. John's term has lately expired and he is now steward in a Pullman car; gets twenty-five dollars per month and board. I saw a sweet letter from him to his blind master lately, in which he said he still read the lessons of Scripture daily, as he had been taught to do from childhood, and expected soon to be confirmed. When we get a compulsory law of education, I think the colored people will improve much faster."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

A. T. STEWART, the merchant prince of New York, died on April 10th, leaving a fortune of fifty million of dollars. His magnificent dry goods store on the corner of Broadway and Tenth Street in New York City, the largest retail store in the world, will of course be carried on by the firm as usual, and few of the crowd that throngs it day after day will miss the owner and founder of it all who used to spend part of every day there, attending to the business and watching with eyes that nothing escaped, every branch of it, as much as the smallest shopkeeper on the great thoroughfare. Mr. Stewart's death adds another to the examples death has laid open to us this year, of a wonderful success in life achieved by men who started from the bottom of the ladder. The lives of Astor, Wilson and Stewart repent the lesson that the great essential to success in whatever direction is a concentrated and steady, unconquerable purpose—the faculty of *sticking* to it.

Mr. Stewart was of Irish birth and Scotch parentage. He was educated in the university of Belfast in Ireland and graduated with honor. He came to this country at the age of twenty, and by an accident finding himself with a small store on his hands, through the failure of a man to whom he had advanced money, he concluded to save his investment by carrying on the business, as advertised that "A. T. Stewart offered for sale a general assortment of fresh and seasonable dry goods." He has been offering such an assortment ever since, till the sales from his retail and wholesale departments have amounted to $203,000,000 in three years. Nine branch houses exist in various countries of Europe, and and he had just started a manufacturing village in Glenham on the Hudson for the manufacture of carpets and other articles which are now imported. Mr. Stewart was thoroughly and actively loyal to the United States Government through the civil war. He was General Grant's first nominee to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, but the appointment was prevented by the discovery of an old law prohibiting the holding of that position by any active importer.

Mr. Stewart's benefactions were princely in various directions during his life. He sent a ship to the relief of the sufferers from famine in Ireland, and brought back and provided places for a colony of Irish emigrants. After the France German war his sent a steamer loaded with flour to the relief of the French, and gave $50,000 to the victims of the Chicago fire. His will disappointed many who expected large donations to public charities. He left, however, directions to his wife and her advisers (he leaves no children) to carry out his purposes in this respect. He remembered handsomely all of his employees who had been at least five years in his service, and left a million to Judge Hilton, his legal adviser, who has exchanged this with Mrs. Stewart who has the bulk of the property for her interest in her husband's business. The public will look anxiously for the promised execution of Mr. Stewart's plans of benevolence. One of them is known to be the completion of a large hotel for poor working women where they can procure respectable and comfortable board and lodging for prices within their means. He left in his palatial marble house on Fifth Avenue one of the finest private art galleries in this country. It was commonly reported before his death that this was to be presented to the city of New York. It would be a princely gift. Mr. Stewart's own explanation of one secret of his success in business is interesting and valuable.—"My business has been a matter of principle from the start. The customers are treated as the seller would like to be in his place. Nothing is misrepresented; the price is fixed for all at the lowest possible figure. What we cannot afford is violation of principle."

THE SURRENDER of Winslow, the Boston forger, to the American government by Great Britain, where he was arrested, has been long delayed by a disagreement between the two nations in regard to the extradition treaty. This treaty, signed in 1842, specifies a certain number of crimes for which extradition may be demanded. Forgery is included in the list; but in 1870 the British Parliament passed a law that no prisoners should be surrendered without a pledge that they should not be tried for any other offence than the one on which they were extradited. Great Britain makes this demand in Winslow's case. America will not accede to it, as it is founded only on a law of the British Government which cannot bind America. Secretary Fish has notified the British government that if the treaty is not carried out, America will consider it broken and will surrender no prisoners to England. If not surrendered, Winslow will soon have the right to demand his release. It is not at all likely that this will be decided otherwise than amicably finally. Two nations that could settle such a delicate question as the Alabama Claims by arbitration will not quarrel violently over a formality which each is equally interested in adjusting equitably.

THE impeachment trial of Secretary Belknap is proceeding in Washington. The defence is a formal one, calling in question the right to impeach an officer after he is out of office. There is much to be said on both sides. If the right be not allowed, any dishonest officer who sees discovery approaching may resign out of harm's way, while on the other hand, if the right be allowed, any new party that comes into power may amuse itself by impeaching its predecessors. These are the horns of the dilemma.

IT SEEMS likely that General Schenck will escape conviction of intentional dishonesty in the Emma Mine scandal, though it is hardly probable that he will be returned to his embassadorship.

1,200 TONS of exhibits from France and $750,000 worth of paintings from England have arrived for the Centennial. Lively times in the Quaker City.

THE BLACK SWAN, as she has been long most popularly known, one of the earliest of successful colored public vocalists, died March 31st at her home in Philadelphia. Her real name was Miss Elizabeth Taylor Greenfield. She was born a slave in Natchez, Miss., sixty-eight years ago. She attained success under great obstacles, won celebrity on both sides of the Atlantic, and was patronized by noble families in England. She was the friend and at one time the instructor of Miss Carrie Thomas, one of the Hampton Student Singers, who, when a child, sometimes sang in her concerts.

A BILL introducing silver payments instead of fractional currency has passed Congress.

MR. MOODY'S work has closed at the New York Hippodrome.

QUEEN VICTORIA is now called Empress of India.

MT. HECLA in Iceland and Mt. Vesuvius in Italy are now in full eruption.

ROBERT LINCOLN, the son of President Lincoln, is running for Republican Secretary of State in Illinois.

THE CAPTAIN of the United States steamer *Alaska*, sent to Liberia to help the Liberian Government suppress a revolt of the native tribes, has been successful in effecting a peaceful treaty between the conflicting parties. Liberia has thus been saved from a destructive war.

THE fine monument to Abraham Lincoln, erected by the colored people of America, was unveiled in the city of Washington with very interesting ceremonies on April 14th. On the day after his assassination an old negro woman, named Charlotte Scott, living in the family of Mr. Reuker at Manetta, Ohio, gave her employer five dollars as the beginning of a subscription for this purpose. The result was an organization under the auspices of the Western Sanitary Commission. The colored regiments then in the service contributed largely, one of them about $2,000. The statue was executed by our American sculptor, Thomas Ball of Florence, at the price of $17,000. It is in a group of bronze, representing the act of emancipation. Lincoln stands erect, holding the great Proclamation in his hand, over a negro at his feet who is rising from the ground, the shackles falling from his arms. The whole cost of the statue was contributed by the colored people of America; the granite pedestal was given them by Congress. The height of the monument is twenty-two feet. It stands in Lincoln Park, the figure of Lincoln fronting the Capitol. It was veiled in flags. A large procession was formed of colored troops and societies with bands of music. On the speakers' stand were the President, members of the Cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, members of the Senate and House, besides the speakers. After Hell Columbia by the Marine band, prayer and reading of the Emancipation Proclamation, Professor Langston formally accepted the statue in behalf of the nation, and called on President Grant to unveil it. Amid great applause, music and booming of cannon the stars and stripes glided down and revealed the beautiful work of art. A poem was read, composed by Miss Cornelia Ray (colored) of New York. Frederick Douglass then delivered a fine oration in eulogy of Mr. Lincoln, and the very interesting ceremonies closed.

MEXICO is in a state of revolt, and Matamoras is in the hands of the insurgents.

A REVOLUTION is progressing in Hayti, and so far triumphantly. President Dominique has fled. Biron Cennal who was exiled from the country is in Port au Prince, and is expected to resume the government.

THE NATIONAL COLORED CONVENTION of April 7th at Nashville, Tenn., was attended by an immense audience. Resolutions were adopted approving of and reaffirming devotion and adherance to the National Republican party and its principles, but stating that nevertheless there are just reasons for complaining against those members of that party who have proved recreant to their trusts; returning thanks to the friends of freedom; disfavoring any desire to cherish ill feeling toward the former slaveholding element of the South, but, on the contrary, extending to them the olive branch of peace; asking all good men to arise in their sovereign capacity to support the arm of the law and protect all citizens against mobs, assassination, outrages, and violence; that the determined and incressing efforts of enemies of their race to establish a color line presents a condition of affairs to be deplored by all lovers of liberty and order; that they hold no sympathy with official rogues, but most earnestly condemn dishonesty, corruption, and infidelity.

Supplementary resolutions were adopted recognizing the validity of the present State Government of Louisiana, under which Pinchback was elected to a seat in the United States Senate, and deeply deploring the manner in which his contest had ended, and regarding it as humiliating to the pride of the colored people of America; that Senator Morton, by his unyielding course, and those Senators who voted and acted with him, are deserving of the lasting gratitude of the colored American citizens; and favoring compulsory education in the Southern States.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE has been specially favored of late with a succession of pleasant visitors. Besides the military party whose visit is described in another column, the school has been glad to welcome Mr. Geo. S. Hillard of Boston, the well known author of "Six Months in Italy" and of valuable text books. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Furness of Philadelphia, old and tried friends of Hampton; Rev. Charles Stoddard, one of the editors of the New York *Observer*, Mr. F. Marquand of New York with Mr. and Mrs. Elbert B. Monroe, (Mr. Monroe is Vice-president of the Y. M. C. A. of New York), Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson and sons of New York, Mr. Rogers, editor of the Berkshire *Courier*, Dr. and Mrs. Wales of Elmira, and Mrs. and Miss Washburn of San Jose, California. Miss Washburn was for several years a valued teacher in the Hampton Institute, and several interesting letters of hers from California have appeared in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN. From some of our friends we heard while here. The school will not soon forget Dr. Furness's fatherly "sitting down talk" to them about the old and new times, Mr. Stoddard's stories of the Deaf Mutes in whom he is interested, and Mr. Hillard's kind words in the class rooms. And through the columns of the Boston *Advertiser*, Berkshire *Courier*, Elmira *Gazette* and New York *Observer* several of our friends have given very kindly and pleasant accounts of their visit.

WE CALL attention to an advertisement in this issue, of the iron single bedstead made of gas pipe, in the Engineer department of the Hampton Institute.

Its advantages are, freedom from crevices in which insects can be harbored, good appearance and strength, and the fact that it can be readily taken apart for shipping and be screwed together again.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE PACIFIC.

We publish another letter from the lady in the missionory field of the Sandwich Islands whose former communications have interested our readers. The letters were written to family friends without a view to publication:

HONOLULU, *Februaru* 7, 1875.

Dear ——:

As you like to hear of natives, I will report a little. When I commenced going ont among them last July, they seemed dead spiritually. Parker felt *kaumaha* and was glad of my poor help. I have not failed to go out every Sunday, except one stormy day, to one of the nine districts, where there is a little church to meet the natives in, since I began to go. There are also two or three places in Honolulu to meet them. A week ago it was cloudy, but no rain. Having been prevented by rain for two or three weeks, I went elsewhere, as *Manoa* is a drenching place when it rains. Parker appointed the meeting there a week ago. No rain, but plenty of mud. The natives were doubtful of my going, and were not ready. Mrs. Judge Spaulding of Cincinnati, formerly from Windsor, Conn., had been with me once, and desired to go again. We found the road rough and muddy, especially the hill this side of the church. We persevered and reached the old church, and looked for the bell-rope, to call the hearers, but it was *minus*. Then motioned to a man at distance who came; but being a Mormon (they are scattered all around) declined, but ran for the *luna*, who had evidently been asleep. He being rather old and stiff, called some boys, who like squirrels climbed up the ladder to the rickety belltower, and grasped the tongue, and made a great clattering. By waiting nearly an hour, some twelve persons had gathered. In the mean time, Mrs. S. and I admire the dark and light shades of the corrugated hills, also the green, desolate valley. The little rippling stream of water, which was near by the church, seems not to have changed since you so often saw it. The grass and weeds grow close to its edge, as in the days gone by. Stunted guava bushes, and a few other shrubs, with numerous rank weeds, and a few neglected *taio* patches here sprend out on the landscape. Far up in the valley were dark, heavy clouds with a cold, autumnal look. I proposed another bell-ringing. The boys liked the fun, and clambered up again, and clattered until I motioned to have them stop. All were seated in the gloomy church, which seems as tho' God's judgment passed upon the church and the ungodly, as described in Isaiah, chap. liv, were upon all things. Just ready to begin, when five large and small dogs opened fight, as tho' for a voluntary in our services. A man kicked and drove them off. My hymn book, and one other. No one to sing but myself, and one verse sufficed. I called on a man to read, and then we had a talk about it and they seemed to get warmed up. Natives seem born to be led. Had they thought I would come through the mud, no doubt more would have been there. They care little to hear each other. Mormon and Catholic influence has been most demoralizing; they are all over the isles.

I walked yesterday afternoon, to *Lukoko*, one of the crowded, uninviting places of Honolulu. With india rubber shoes, picked my way along quite well. This is the place where I think I told you, a man pulled around him the rags and remnants of the old and tattered cloak of bigotry and prejudice, and assumed the attitude of a stump speaker, and seemed to doubt the propriety of my speaking to them, being a woman. He also asked if Parker sent me there, and I replied, "No, God sent me."

Well, I went there yesterday and was warmly welcomed, and the small house was nearly filled. They did not expect me; but rang their little bell, and some ran to call the people, as it is a neighborhood church. It proved to be the most interesting meeting I have had with natives. So much so that it was protracted nearly two hours. Religious interest has been increasing among natives all around the past few months; together it seems encouraging. I do not hope for the nation, only for individuals. There was religious interest among some white people during the week of prayer, which continued two weeks. Several conversions of hard men, unknown to you, and some young folks also. Gibson, the great Mormon of Lanai, professed to be converted last year. People hoped with trembling, but he holds out thus far, externally. I think there is much more to encourage one in working for negroes at the South, than for natives here. But each one must work in the sphere in which Providence has placed him or her.

A very pleasant letter from Mr. Bond yesterday, in which he tells of his school, and of a native girls' school, taught by Miss Lizzie Lyons. He speaks so kindly and appreciatingly of my school as to greatly encourage me. I will send it that you may know something of *Hawaii nei*.

Your sable printer makes me call the *kharub* tree the rhubarb tree. Whoever read of a rhubarb tree? See Thompson's "Land and Book" for description of *kharub* tree.

Mr. H—— is arranging and packing various things for the great Centennial. He has over one hundred varieties of ferns. All are handsomely mounted. The ferns of these isles are much sought after these latter years. There is an oil painting of Hilo Bay, by a *Kanaka*. A sketch of *Halea Kela*, by Mr. Bailey. Many and various kinds of splendid corals and shells from Micronesia. You and E——had better go to the Centennial, and you need not be ashamed of the Hawaiian exhibition. Hope N—— and F—— will go also. Go and see what sugar is made here. Quite a number of people go from here.

Describing her first voyage from the United States to the Sandwich Islands in 1832, Mrs. Armstrong writes:

We came in a whale ship with wretched accommodations. I was seasick most the whole voyage of six months. Sometimes partially suffocated for lack of fresh air in the stateroom below deck, which I was unable to leave, and the water, much of the time, sent forth such a bad odor that one must hold the breath or cover the nostrils while drinking. The whole scene rises up before me as a sort of Purgatory. Surely no man but in ignorance, could ask a woman to go with him in such horrid surroundings as were in the whale ship *Acerick*, with an intemperate commander, and no woman but in ignorance could consent to go without violating the command, "Thou shalt not kill." I look back, and wonder that I lived—and more, that I have any health, instead of the perfect health that I now enjoy. The promise has been fully verified in me, "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." To go on a mission in these latter days, is to lie on "flowery beds of ease" compared with what it was in former years.

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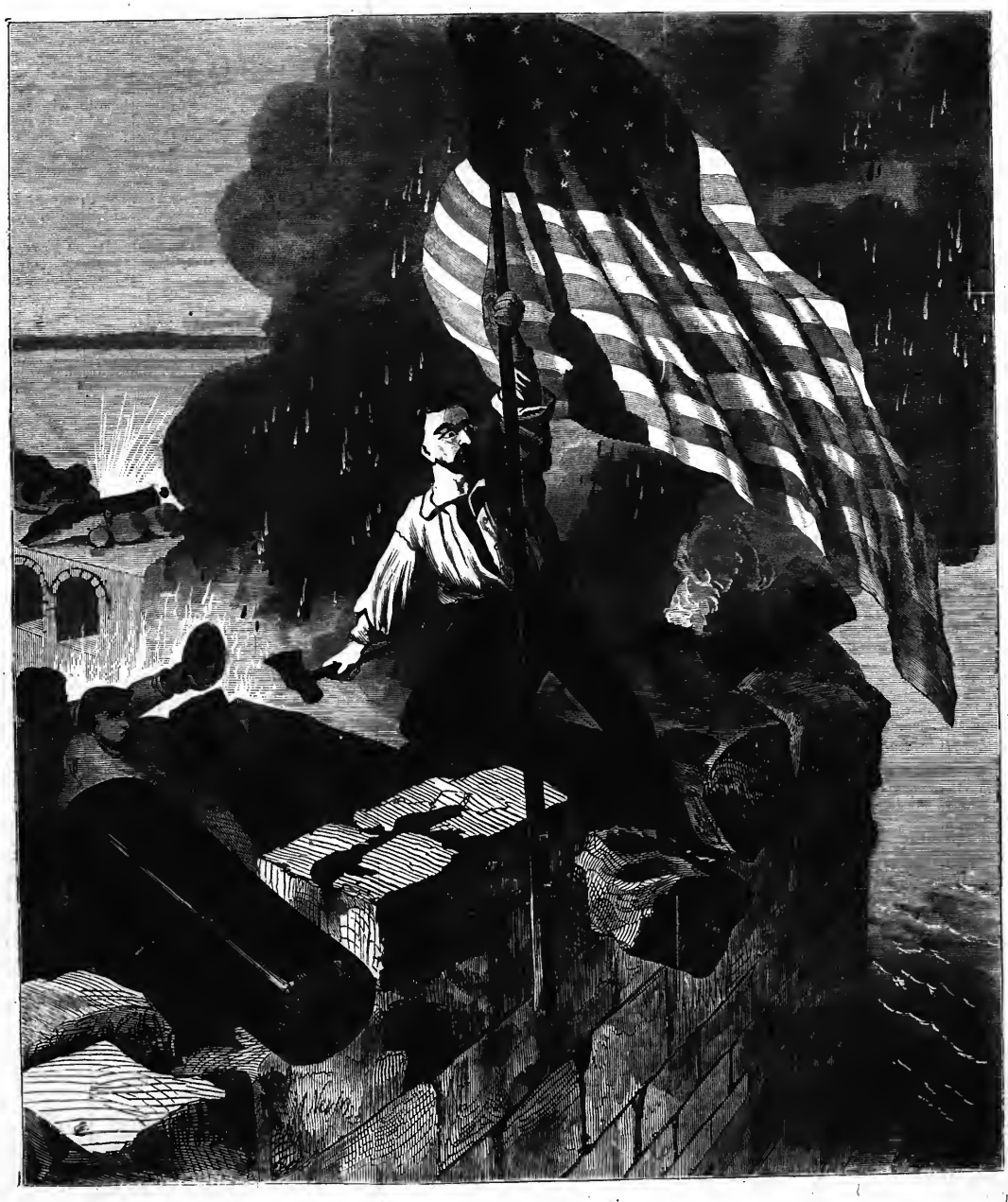
Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1876. NO. 6.



SERGEANT JASPER AT FORT MOULTRIE.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, JUNE, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.

COMMENCEMENT DAY AT HAMPTON.

CLASS OF 1876.

The eighth anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute was marked with sunshine without and within. The clouds that threatened rain in the morning, either passed away or served as a veil to moderate the summer heat; a pleasant breeze cooled the air, and the large company of visitors present seemed to thoroughly enjoy the occasion.

Among the visitors present, were Rev. Dr. Schaff of New York, at the head of the United States Committee on Bible revision, Commodore Thomas H. Stephens, U. S. N., Capt. W. H. Murdaugh of Portsmouth, and his son, editor of the Norfolk *Evening Times*, Judge O. M. Dorman, Maj. Gen. Pemberton, the ex-Confederate General, and Captain Pegram of the Confederate Navy, and Mr. Henry P. Worcester, Gen. V. D. Groner, A. L. Hill, Esq., Mr. R. W. Santos, Mr. W. H. Sharp, Mr. T. A. Williams, Mr. Bell, and many other prominent citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth, who, with their families, made a party of fifty-three, who represented these cities and expressed thorough gratification with the exercises of the day.

Of the Board of Trustees of the Institute the following members were present: Rev. Geo. Whipple, D. D., President, Messrs. Alex. Hyde of Massachusetts, Anthony M. Kimber of Philadelphia, Samuel Holmes, Edgar Ketchum, and Rev. M. E. Strieby of New York, and Rev. Thomas K. Fessenden of Connecticut.

Mr. Z. Stiles Ely of New York, and Hon. Lewis H. Steiner of Frederick, Maryland, also present, were elected members of the Board of Trustees at this anniversary.

Among other distinguished guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Potter of New York with a party of friends, Professor Newell of Baltimore, Superintendent of Schools of the State of Maryland, Rev. Dr. Braden, editor of the *Independent*, London, England, Miss Mary Anna Longstreth of Philadelphia, Miss Caroline Richmond of Providence, R. I., Hon. H. R. Hitchcock, Inspector General of Schools in the Sandwich Islands, Rev. Mr. Church, President of Oahu College, Sandwich Islands, with his wife.

The Class of '76 is the sixth which has graduated from Hampton. Forty-four received diplomas, twelve of whom were young women.

The morning was spent according to custom in examinations. Classes were examined in the various elementary studies and in elocution and Natural and Intellectual Philosophy, the crowd surging from class room to class room, after the manner of such crowds. A marked improvement upon last year was observed in the Senior examinations in some respects. The elocutionary exercises were listened to with interest, showing the natural richness of voice of this people and evidently well calculated to correct as natural defects in articulation and pronunciation.

EDUCATION THROUGH SELF-HELP.

A large card bearing this inscription was suspended prominently above one of the most attractive parts of this school exhibition. A room opposite the Assembly room had been fitted up tastefully as a bower, for the exhibition of specimens and models of the industrial work of the students. In a show case on the table were neatly made garments from the girls' Industrial room. Models were exhibited of cabinet and cooper work made in the workshops on the place, bedsteads, tables, wash-stands, wardrobes, of the pretty Virginia pine. Horns, hollowed and polished by the boys, and filled with dried grasses, added to the decorations of the table, and with some fine photographs of the school grounds and buildings were for sale for the benefit of the Institute.

In the hall below a table was set out with products from the farm, early vegetables and fruits, green peas and asparagus and strawberries. Among the decorations of the table was a branch of flowers curiously carved from a potato by one of the students. As representing the industrial features of the school, this table and the bower attracted much attention, as did also, for the same reason, the farm buildings, the barn, (a new one is greatly needed), the engine grinding bones, the workshops, the Printing-office, the girls' Industrial room with four sewing machines at work, the laundry and kitchen.

At half past twelve the company were refreshed by a collation on the piazza of General Armstrong's house.

The afternoon was devoted to the Commencement exercises proper, according to the following programme:

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY: HARRIET TUBMAN — Laura E. Davis
ORATION: THE SOUTH AS IT IS — Amos W. Calvin
RECITATION: INDEPENDENCE BELL — Richard H. Fantleroy

MUSIC.

ORATION: THE WORK TO BE DONE IN THE SOUTH — William A. Forsyth
RECITATION: THE FAMINE — Georgia Gray
ORATION: SHOULD WE UNDERTAKE TO CIVILIZE AFRICA? — Walter M. Ivy.
ESSAY: MANNERS AND MORALS — Jennie Shelton

MUSIC.

A READING FROM DICKENS' — Dennis F. Douglass
ORATION: THE NEGRO IN THE REVOLUTION — James C. Robbins
VALEDICTORY: THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL — Frank D. Banks

MUSIC.

The orations and essays were marked by great moderation and good sense, a clear-headed, (let us say level-headed), way of looking at subjects that must be thus looked at to be handled effectively. The delivery of the speeches and the recitations reflected great credit upon the teacher of elocution. Hiawatha's Loss of Minnehaha, in the Famine, was a beautiful performance.

Diplomas were presented to the forty-four graduates by Rev. Geo. E. Whipple, President of the Trustees.

Then followed three short, crisp speeches from the following gentlemen:

Rev. Dr. Schaff, of New York, was introduced by General Armstrong. Dr. Schaff is originally from Switzerland, and his slightly foreign accent only served to emphasize his vigorous and beautiful English. We very much regret our inability to give every word of his speech. He said:—

"Thanks to all. Thanks to General Armstrong, thanks to the teachers, thanks to the students, thanks to the trustees, who have prepared for us this treat. I am truly glad I came here. I have enjoyed every moment, far beyond my expectations. The education of the colored people is a success. Success has been defined to be something that succeeds *all around*. This school is such a success as that.

"Virginia has been the Mother of Presidents. May she be the mother of many such institutions as this. May North and South, East and West, forgetting past differences, join hands for the future in the grand march to freedom, to glory, and to God."

REV. DR. BRADEN,

editor of the *Independent* of London, England, was then introduced and said:—

"General Armstrong and dear friends: If you detect in my speech, as in our brother's from Switzerland, a slight foreign accent, I trust you will be able to perceive beneath it the honest warmth of an English heart. Since I have been in your country, I have heard an American story—there are a great many American stories you know. A gentleman sent his servant with a gallon jug to get a gallon of molasses. He gave him money enough for a gallon and a half and the servant brought back no change. 'Where is my change?' asked the master. 'I bought a gallon and a half,' said the servant, 'and put it in the gallon jug.' 'Oh,' said his master, 'well, I don't care so much for the money as for the *strain on the jug*.' That's the way I feel today, my friends,—as if you had been pouring a gallon and a half into my gallon jug.

"When I came to this country, I had made up my mind to come to the South and see what my freed brothers and sisters were doing, and what is being done for them. I with many others had been profoundly touched by the sweet singing of the Jubilee Singers in England. Since I have come here I have had a letter from a lady in England who writes to me: 'The Jubilee Singers are doing a missionary work. They are singing the gospel up and down the land. They must do good.' They must indeed, and so must you as you sing your songs and go forth to work among your people. My brothers and sisters going out to this missionary work, I pray God to give you a courageous heart. You will need it. It will not all be like this pleasant day of your commencement. It will be hard work among a people beneath you. The tendency will be to drag you down to a lower level. Be on your guard. Be careful to maintain the nobility of your own disposition. Maintain your intellectual vigor, your cultured taste, your moral strength acquired here.

"General Armstrong, I congratulate you on being at the head of such an army as this. May it multiply and increase in strength from year to year.

"I will give you as my parting word, my young friends, the counsel which Rev. Charles Kingsley, the English author and minister, wrote in a young lady's album,—

'Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever,
Do noble deeds, not *sing* them, all day long,
Making life, death, and that sublime *forever*
One grand, sweet song.'"

PROFESSOR NEWELL

of Baltimore, State Superintendent of Education in Maryland, was then introduced by General Armstrong with the remark that the foreign character of the speeches to-day would still be kept up by Professor Newell who is an Irishman.

Professor Newell said:

"Ladies and gentlemen. Part of the advantages I expected in going away from home was the privilege of spending the whole day without saying a word. That, however, is always rather a hard thing for an Irishman to do, and I may speak to-day without failing in the modesty which is another Irish characteristic, to thank you for this great treat. From my heart I thank you for the great enjoyment I have received to-day.

"It may interest you to know that I came here yesterday from having spent four hours in examining a school something like this—the Colored Normal School in Baltimore. It will also interest you to hear that the State of Maryland has within the last four years placed the colored and white schools of the State, in law and in practice, entirely on the same level. We mean to do all we can for the colored schools, and—with help from the colored race itself—we shall succeed. For self-help must raise all who do rise. The fault lies not in our stars but in ourselves. You have been helped by the North and helped by the South, helped by the East, and, I dare say, helped by the West; but remember that if you are helped effectually, the help must come from yourselves also."

After a brief speech of thanks to the speakers and friends by General Armstrong, the exercises were closed with singing of Coronation—"All Hail the power of Jesus' name"—by the whole audience, and a prayer by Dr. Schaff.

The graduating class will receive a month of special Normal training under Professor Allen of Pennsylvania, and then go out to add forty-four stars to the map of Hampton graduates' schools.

A SPECIAL course of Normal training in the science of teaching, under the charge of Prof. F. A. Allen of Pennsylvania, was opened at the Hampton Institute on Monday after Commencement Day, to continue until the close of the school term in June. It is attended by the recent graduating class and many of the post-graduates who have returned for the purpose. Some notes of Professor Allen's lectures will be given hereafter in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, for the benefit of those of the Hampton Graduate teachers who were unable to attend the course.

ON MONDAY, May 3d, Curtis N. Banks, member of the Preparatory class of Hampton Normal school, was struck with apoplexy while at his desk in the evening study hour, in the Assembly room, and died the next day, with no return to consciousness. His funeral services were attended by the Chaplain and members of the school, who followed him to his last resting-place in the school burial-ground on the shore of Asylum Creek.

Pleasant testimony to his excellent Christian character has been received from the friends who sent him to the school, and he will be tenderly remembered by his schoolmates, upon whom his sudden death has made a deep impression.

We are happy to comply with the request of our exchange, the *Southern Planter and Farmer*, to notice its May number.

We have several times already called our readers' attention to the magazine and given them extracts from it. It is one of our most valued agricultural exchanges, ably conducted, original, enterprising and full of useful and suggestive information for southern workmen. The May number is an excellent one, containing reports of the Virginia State Agricultural Societies, and the usual number of timely articles, among which we may notice,—"Grape Growing in Virginia," Judge Cox on "Old Virginia Hams," and "Rose Colored Farming," a letter excellent in tone and spirit. It has also the fourth of a series of papers on "The Public School in its Relations to the Negro" by "Civis," with an introduction by the editor giving it his official endorsement.

We have already given our readers some review of these articles and our opinion of their line of argument. We see no objection to the free discussion of the higher politics such as this, by the leaders of public sentiment, whether ministers in the pulpit or editors of agricultural journals. The public school question affects our wheat crops as well as our harvest of souls.

We believe in a free press along with free schools and free suffrage, and that they will all rise and fall together. We like, too, an honest and open-mouthed enemy whose trumpet gives no uncertain sound, and such we believe "Civis" to be in attacking a system which he considers "the sum of all political evils" and we look to as the hope of all political good. His articles present the most favorite arguments of his party in the ablest manner, and we are not surprised to hear that they are eliciting sympathetic responses from many in the South, nor on the other hand, that they are calling out earnest disclaimers and the most opposite expressions of such Southern sentiment as that of Captain Chamberlayne, whose noble address before Randolph Macon College, published with fine impartiality in the *Planter and Farmer*, we copied and reviewed in the Southern Workman of last January.

The whole South is waking up to the consideration of this important question of free schools, and it is well that it should. It is no matter at all that it has for a century been regarded as settled in the North. It is brought home to Southern minds now as never before, and with complicated relations calculated to bias the mind and warp the judgment without the most calm and deliberate thought upon it. When "Civis" declares that "the public school system and the American theory of government cannot exist together," that "whether children are to grow up ignorant or not is not a proper question for government," and proposes to apply to the State debt the money annually appropriated to the support of the public schools," it is time for the American citizen in the South to pause and reflect that the growing up of its children in ignorance is a question which the State can by no means get rid of and cannot afford to ignore. If not answered in one way it must be in another. The statistics of our prisons, the history of one neglected child growing up in ignorance, like "Margaret," whose story we heard last year, whose descendents in six generations numbered seven hundred paupers and criminals with a murderer in every generation, are perpetual answers to "Civis." Shall we tax ourselves for school-children or for paupers and criminals? Have we the right or not to choose between county school-houses and county jails? Will it pay best to buy school-books or ropes for hanging?

We have reviewed in a former number, the arguments of "Civis" against negro education in particular; its simultaneous "dangers" and "impossibility." The South itself is dividing on these vital questions, and, standing somewhat one side, though heartily interested observers of the discussion, we content ourselves for the most part with furnishing to it such practical answers as the Hampton Institute is steadily working out, encouraged by many noble words and deeds and letters from Southern friends of progress and education.

Meanwhile the conflict is one of honest ideas and need not descend to personalities. The distinguished gentleman whom we understand to be represented by the *nom de plume* of "Civis," in a very polite note to the Principal of Hampton Institute, expresses regret in his inability to accept an invitation to its Commencement, and the hope to have the opportunity at some future day of witnessing its exercises and conduct. It is this spirit of candor and mutual respect which should animate all honorable men who differ on questions which all are equally and deeply concerned in having settled according to the highest right.

As "Civis" allows himself to grant, "If the negro, moved by his own instincts, stimulated by his own aspirations, make good, in his own way, by his own strength, and at his own expense, his fitness for citizenship, then the question is put beyond cavil, and the doctrine of negro equality is settled affirmatively and forever." Perhaps, if even with some help the negro succeeds in raising himself to a measure of this perfect manhood, the fact of his right to as much of it as he can get will be generally regarded as established.

Very pleasant and cordial notices of the Hampton Commencement have appeared in the leading Norfolk papers. It is always gratifying to have the kindly appreciation of our neighbors, and we take pleasure in acknowledging the frequent proofs of this that we have received.

Situations for the summer, North or South, are desired by several students of the Hampton Normal School; plain cooking and housework by the girls; farm work, waiting or general work by the boys. Applications may be made at once to Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton.

The Hampton Institute acknowledges with thanks the courtesy of Commodore Stevens in lending his steam yacht for the accommodation of its guests on Commencement Day, and that of Captain Woodfin in extending the hospitalities of the Chesapeake Military Home, and placing his conveyances and his yacht at the disposal of the school. Thanks are also due to Mr. Henry P. Worcester, the enterprising leader of the large and pleasant party from Norfolk.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

Very important changes in the Cabinet have been made by General Grant, in appointing Judge Pierrepont, heretofore Attorney General, to the ministry to England made vacant by General Schenck's recall; making Secretary Taft Attorney General, and appointing "Don." Cameron Secretary of War. The appointments were at once confirmed by the Senate.

The roll of the Republican National Convention is complete now, with the exception of four States and three Territories. The number of delegates chosen is 684, and the number to be elected is only 72. The most generous estimate of each candidate's prospects shows that no one of them will enter the Convention with a majority on the first ballot. Mr. Blaine comes nearest to it with his total of 262 votes, but he falls short then by 117 votes.

The youngest member (how young is not specified) of the House of Representatives, Mr. White of Kentucky, has introduced a bill for the entire prohibition of the sale or importation in the United States of intoxicating liquors or spirits of any kind, except under restrictions for medicinal, scientific or mechanical purposes. The bill provides no penalty for disobedience.

The Post-office Committee at Washington have reduced the appropriation a million and a quarter dollars. If adopted this will cut off the fast mail trains.

The Belknap impeachment trial is progressing.

The Hawaiian Treaty bill has passed the House. It was to legislate for the carrying into effect of the Reciprocity Treaty ratified by the Senate last year. The treaty admits sugar and many other native products of Hawaii to our ports free of duty, thereby securing to us trade and influence in that kingdom.

Up to May 9th, Republican State Conventions had been held in twenty States and three Territories. On the Democratic side only eleven States had yet held Conventions. Connecticut favors Jewell. Colorado is said to prefer Blaine, but did not instruct her delegates. Georgia was divided between Morton and Coukling. Indiana declares for Morton. Maryland is pledged to Blaine. Massachusetts is unpledged but favors Bristow. Mississippi is unpledged but favors Morton. New York delegates are uninstructed, but the platform declares for Senator Conkling. The Ohio delegation is instructed for Governor Hayes. Oregon for Blaine. Pennsylvania for Governor Hartranft. Rhode Island unpledged. South Carolina is unpledged, but two-thirds in favor of Morton. Texas is claimed for Morton. Vermont unpledged, and divided between Blaine and Bristow. Virginia declares for Blaine; also Wisconsin. The three Territories stand: Montana instructed for Blaine, Utah is said to favor him likewise, and Wyoming is pledged to Bristow.

The Democratic Conventions stand Connecticut unpledged—divided between Tilden and Senator Bayerd. Georgia is claimed by Tilden. Indiana instructed for Governor Hendricks. Louisiana unpledged. Massachusetts claimed by Tilden. Nebraska uninstructed, said to favor Tildon. New Hampshire likewise. New York solid for Tilden. Pennsylvania uninstructed, but favoring Governor Hendricks. Rhode Island unpledged. Texas unpledged.

Trouble has arisen in Samoa, an island in the far Pacific, the King having deposed his prime minister, the latter succeeded in dethroning the king. A captain of a British steamer tried to reinthrone him and a fight ensued, after which the British steamer carried off the Prime Minister and his brother to the Fiji Islands. The American Consul acted in favor of the British throughout the whole.

The Democratic House majority having significantly requested the President to inform it as to what executive acts he has performed at a distance from the seat of Government, during his administration, and whether this was in accordance with the act of Congress of July 10, 1790, which directs that all officers attached to the seat of Government should remain there, the President sent in reply a message showing that every president, from Washington to Lincoln, except Harrison who died a month after taking office, and Lincoln whose continued presence in Washington was made necessary by the rebellion, has been in the habit of absenting himself from the seat of Government from time to time, and discharging any executive duties necessary wherever he might be. Washington, in particular, shortly after the passage of the act referred to, having issued an executive proclamation in reference to the subject of it from Georgetown, a place remote from Philadelphia which was then the seat of Government; while Jackson was absent 503 days in all, and signed at Boston the famous order for the removal of deposits from State Bank. Adams was absent 385 days. Jefferson 797 days, and one-fourth of his whole official period he signed his executive acts from Monticello. Madison was absent 637. Monroe 708. John Quincy Adams 222 days. Van Buren 131. Tyler 163. All these and others frequently signed official acts while absent, and often while travelling.

The bill to admit New Mexico as a State in 1877 has passed the Senate and is before the House. The *Tribune* fears that taking two Senators and one Representative out of the State would go far to depopulate it, and thinks that if it is possible for them to get a living at home they had better stay there.

GENERAL.

The materials for the first railroad in China are on the way from England. The road is to extend between Shanghai and Woosung, nine miles, and will be finished in July.

An old-fashioned stage-coach line has been introduced to run for pleasure parties over a sixteen mile route in the suburbs of New York City.

The Centenniel Commission has finally decided to close both the buildings and the grounds of the Exhibition on Sundays.

A very interesting feature of the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia will be a collection of American newspapers. This will give to intelligent visitors from abroad a clear insight into the peculiarities of our civilization. We are more given to newspaper reading than any other people. In our newest frontier settlements the newspaper is the first "institution" to be founded. There are nearly 8,000 periodicals now published in this country, and a collection of them will show all the phases of taste, politics, religious faith, social and business, and professional life. A building has been erected for this purpose, and a separate and numbered place is assigned for each paper, whether weekly or otherwise. Mr. George P. Rowell, through whose indefatigable energy and perseverance the collection is being made, deserves great credit for the effective interest he has taken in the matter.

The rebellions continue in Cuba, Hayti, and Mexico.

The Norfolk Bible Society held its annual meeting April 30th. Judge O. M. Dorman read an interesting report of the year's work from which it appears that 1,061 families were visited and eleven or twelve in every hundred supplied with Bibles. In five months six hundred Bibles and Testaments have been distributed.

The retrenchment of the nation is seen in the fact that our imports from Great Britain have fallen off more than 100,000,000 from what they were in 1873—a fall of 37 per cent.

Alarming riots in Barbadoes, the most eastern of the Carribbee Islands, and the earliest settled of the British possessions in the West Indies.

Thirty-four children from a New York Juvenile Asylum sent to Illinois, where they will be distributed among several families.

Lieutenant Cameron, the young English explorer of Africa, has had the honor of a reception of welcome by the Royal Geographical Society in London, and the Society's gold medal for the year. He is the only one of the explorers who has crossed the African continent from coast to coast, a journey of 3000 miles which has performed on foot in spite of sickness, toil and varied dangers. He took nearly 5,000 observations of latitude, longitude and elevation, and settled some important geographical problems in regard to the courses of rivers in the regions he traveled through, some of which had never been explored before. His success is of great value in the work of opening Africa to the light, and leading to the abolishing of the infamous slave trade.

The Council General of Lyons, France, has established a fund of $4,000 for sending a delegation of workmen to the Philadelphia Exhibition. The Council also voted $200 toward the fund for the erection of the Franco-American monument.

A tablet to the memory of John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism, in Westminster Abbey, the great Cathedral of the English church in London, where is gathered the dust of Kings and Queens, dignitaries of the English church, and those illustrious personages that they have delighted to honor. The admission of a tablet to the memory of the great Dissenters speaks well for the progress of the times and the liberality of Dean Stanley, the ecclesiastical head of Westminster, who performed the ceremony of unveiling the tablet.

Emerson Institute, Mobile, Ala., was hurried by an incendiary on the 16th inst. The people of Mobile, both white and colored, manifest a willingness to aid in rebuilding. The flourishing school, which is thus turned out of doors, numbers about two hundred and fifty pupils. The property was bought for the American Missionary Association in 1868 by the aid of the Freedmen's Bureau and the liberality of Mr. Ralph Emerson. The insurance is $7,500. It will require $15,000 more to replace the building.

The Centennial Commission has given the Pennsylvania Bible Society the right to build a Bible Pavilion in the Exhibition grounds for the purpose of circulating the Scriptures in all the languages which will be represented at the Exhibition.

Taking the lowest, estimates it is computed that 70,000 Africans are still annually exported into slavery, besides all that perish on the way to the coast or on the passage, which, by Dr. Livingstone's estimates, raise the number to 500,000 annually sacrificed to the slave trade.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

In announcing his intentions concerning the specific editorial management of the *Christian Union* for the coming year, Mr. Beecher says:

"With a change in the business organization, I propose to take a far more active part, and to make the paper my own in a more important sense than ever it has been. I shall consider it a parish parallel with Plymouth Church, and I shall give it the same earnest zeal that I give to that; the same spirit, and the same views of Christian life and disposition.

For the small sum of $3.20 per year, (which includes the prepayment of postage at the mailing instead of the receiving office as heretofore), the subscriber receives fifty-two numbers of the *Christian Union*, or 1248 pages, comprising not less than *two thousand three hundred and eight columns of reading matter* in one year, which if issued in book form, would cost the subscriber over ten times the subscription price of the paper.

AUGUST FLOWER.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

More than seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Waterbrash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c. Go to the Drug Store and get a 75 cent bottle, or a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Try it. Two doses will relieve you. For Sale in Hampton by Messrs. Selden & Co., and Druggists generally.

DYSPEPSIA.

Americans are particularly subject to this disease and its effects: such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Heartburn, Water-brash, coming up of the food, coated tongue, disagreeable taste in the mouth, palpitation of the Heart and all diseases of the Stomach and Liver. Two doses of Green's August Flower will relieve you at once, and there positively is not a case in the United States it will not cure. If you doubt this go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. 6-1y

GOD'S ARROW.

"He hath made me a polished shaft; in His quiver hath He hid me." Isaiah xlix: 2.

What is my life? And what avails for me
The discipline of years,
The joy and pain, the loss and gain, the toil,
The rapture and the tears?

Thus questioning among my fleeting days,
A message to me came,
From out my Lord's recorded words, direct
As if He spoke my name.

What is thy life? It is a shaft which years
Have polished for God's hand.
Is thy sphere narrow? O, sharpened arrow! thy use
Is yet to understand.

Thou knowest not His purpose. Know thou this:
He hath a use for thee.
Hid in His quiver, forgotten never, await
His touch. Nay, it may be

The shadow of His hand which draws thee forth,
That makes this moment dark.
He taketh aim, and, swift as flame, thy life,
God's arrow, finds its mark.

Fear not, He cannot fail: He boasteth naught,
He makes no soul in vain.
With courage stand his shaping hand. His tool,
The keen, sure edge of pain.

With patience wait. Unsent by Him, thy flight
Were but a fall to earth;
But in God's hour, almighty power and skill
Divine shall speed thee forth.

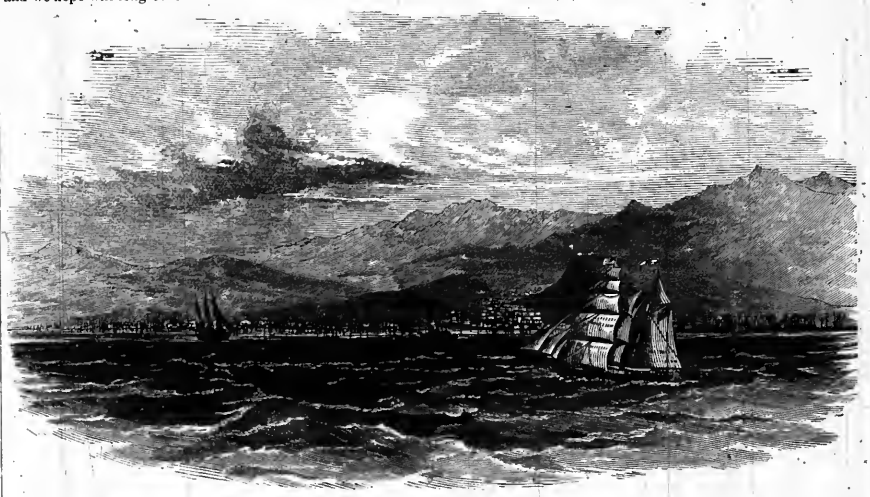
And on no trifling errand. Grand His aim,
His mark high out of view;
And better than thy loftiest plan, His thought
Of what thy life shall do.

MARY E. ATKINSON.

THE MORNING STAR—THE CHILDREN'S MISSION SHIP.

A ship owned by the children of many Christian lands and sent by them to carry the glad tidings of God's love to the uttermost isles of the sea. Is not that a beautiful idea—a still more beautiful reality? But where is she bound, and how came the children to send her? Far, very far away in the western part of the great Pacific ocean, between the Sandwich Islands and Asia, lie hundreds and hundreds—perhaps a thousand little islands. The Micronesian Islands they are called, because they are small. The sea is dotted with them over a space far larger than the whole United States. Some of them are clustered together in groups; some rise lonely out of the waves; some with rocky, frowning cliffs, and some are low coral reefs, covered to the water's edge with tangled tropical forests where birds of gay plumage flash through the boughs. They bask in perpetual summer cooled by fresh sea-breezes—the most delightful climate in the world. Tropical fruits grow in abundance—oranges and bananas and cocoanuts and pineapples and mangoes. A Paradise, but sin has entered there. The thick forests hide fierce savages—untamed by the beauty, unsoftened by the loveliness of Nature—cannibals some of them, feasting on the blood and flesh of their enemies slain in the battles they are constantly waging against each other and the neighbors on the islands to which they venture in their little canoes. Sometimes they are blown off to more distant ones and stay there, and so the islands are peopled, as all originally were, doubtless, from the main land.

Twenty years ago, after the Sandwich Islands had been with wonderful success Christianized by the devoted missionaries of the American Board, they turned their eyes longingly to these islands beyond. They would gladly take their lives in their hands and venture among the fierce islanders to do them good; but how could they go—few trading vessels dared to stop there, and those who did go out on them were as much isolated from the outer world as if the ocean had indeed swallowed them up. They needed a ship of their own, and the American Board of Missions, with a fine inspiration, appealed to the children of the United States to give them one. The call thrilled the hearts of the children and their parents. In four months after the appeal was published the mission ship was launched and started on its nine months' journey around Cape Horn. It was named the *Morning Star*, and the missionaries hailed its appearance in the East with great joy. It was a staunch, little brigantine with two masts, of one hundred and fifty tons. For ten years it cruised between Honolulu and the Micronesian Islands, carrying missionaries, and supplies, and letters, and joy from island to island. Great changes for good were wrought, though amidst great trials and discouragements. Then it became old and unseaworthy and had to be sold. Again the Board applied to the children, and eagerly was the call responded to till $25,000 were contributed by over 150,000 little stockholders, many joining from Europe, Asia, Africa and Hawaii, as well as the United States. The new *Morning Star*—they could not give up the old name—reached Honolulu, March 1867, and 2,000 Sunday-school children marched to the wharf to meet it. It was a beautiful ship, larger than the first, but not so fortunate, for in three years' time, Oct. 1869, it was wrecked on one of the islands, though happily with no loss of life. This time the children did not wait to be asked. As soon as they were allowed, contributions poured in, and February 27, 1871, a third *Morning Star*, built after the model of the second one, sailed from Boston. It has ever since been speeding on its mission of mercy among the islands, and we hope will long continue there.



THE "MORNING STAR" APPROACHING HONOLULU.

Great changes have been wrought in the thirty years since the first was launched. The last reports in the May number of the *Herald* are exceedingly interesting.

NATIVE TEACHERS.

One of the most interesting features of the Micronesian mission is its marked success in employing native helpers. The very first year, the missionaries wrote back that their "Hawaiian helpers were not behind the white teachers in faith, patience and self-denial." In 1874 the *Morning Star* carried Micronesian converts from one island to another as missionaries. The natives adopted them at once, as their own to support and care for—an arrangement which would hardly have been possible for white missionaries. Mr. Chamberlain, who went with them, in his report this year calls these latest converts "the *grandchildren* of the American Board," considering Christian Hawaii its child, the Micronesians converted through Hawaiian teachers its grandchildren, and these taught by the Micronesians, its great grandchildren. His report is very interesting, giving "the fresh impressions of one looking for the first time upon such naked barbarism, such beginnings of Christian civilization, and such rapid progress, even where the laborers have been only most illiterate native Christians. In all the groups, and on nearly all the islands occupied, it will be seen that there is much to encourage: but the progress has been specially remarkable at the Mortlock Islands and Pingelap, where Ponapean helpers, after only two and three years of effort, have gathered many, apparently, into the fold of Christ. At each station on the Mortlocks a little church was formed during this visit of the missionary vessel, and one of the Ponapean teachers was ordained pastor.

"Three years ago, Pingelap had no teachers, having previously refused every missionary advance. The following year Father Alexander reported these people as 'almost as rude and nearly as wild as Gilbert Islanders.' Last year a licensed preacher was sent them, and on the arrival of the *Morning Star*, October 27, 1875, out of a large, quaint village, built on stilts, a curious population moved on each side of the coral-path where your representatives passed to the mission premises. Every one was clad—a sight not seen before since leaving Honolulu. Even the babies had swaddling-clothes, and toddling little ones had comical pants, and miniature jackets of calico. The dwelling of Manassch was found to contain eight apartments, large and small, inclosed by a tight verandah. It was well matted, after Pingelap notions of comfort and luxury, and is really the best native-constructed house in Micronesia, for any missionary.

"The church, completed and dedicated this year, is about sixty-five feet long by forty-five wide. The walls are fourteen feet high and four feet thick, built of solid coral blocks, some requiring fifty-five men to carry them from the reef where they were cut. The roof is lofty, well thatched with pandanus-leaves, and reminded me of the old thatched church in Hilo and its long, steep rafters. The floor is of native plank, hewed four inches thick. The pulpit is a simple table, supported by one standard, and the pulpit sofa is small and tasty. The posts, beams and pillars are skillfully ornamented with woven patterns of cocoanut-twine, in place of paint or carvings. All this is of the people, who have worked freely and with a will, with no foreign oversight or direction.

"Before breakfast on Thursday, October 28th, Mr. Sturges, at the daybreak prayer-meeting, had commenced the examination of one hundred and six candidates for church membership."

Mr. Chamberlain's statements make quite apparent the vital importance of these annual visits of the *Morning Star*.

SERG. JASPER AT FORT MOULTRIE.

There is something very fascinating about heroism. It may add new lustre to a famous name but it needs to borrow none, and the heroic deed of a plain man lifts him to a higher eminence than that of rank and title. So, he who loses his life in a noble cause finds an immortality even on earth in the memory and admiration of the world. Such a hero was Sergeant Jasper, the simple soldier of the Revolution. He has not been forgotten for a hundred years, and will not be for a hundred years to come.

One hundred years ago this "leafy month of June," a terrible battle was raging in Charleston Harbor around the little American fort on Sullivan Island. Eight British ships of war, under Admiral Sir Peter Parker, with a large army under Sir Henry Clinton, threatened Charleston. The American defences were good though hastily made. After the British Evacuation of Boston, Washington, fearing an attack on the southern coast, had set General Lee to watch the movements of Sir Henry Clinton, and news came of the approach of the fleet but just in time to make ready. General Lee had worked indefatigably and his officers with him. General John Armstrong held a force on James's Island, and in the city was Governor Rutledge with the militia and a working corps of three hundred colored men building barricades and earthworks along the shore. Fort Sullivan, as it was then called, was commanded by the gallant Colonel Moultrie, and his garrison of 1,000 men had worked themselves night and day to finish it in time for the attack. No doubt our Sergeant Jasper worked with the best; the bravest men will not shirk work any more than danger. It was built of palmetto logs and sand, the best possible materials for receiving the storm of shot and shell which buried themselves in it without doing great damage. It was considered the best of the defences of the city, and it needed to be, for upon it the whole British fleet concentrated its fire. General Lee, anxious for the result of the contest, had tried to build a bridge of boats for retreat to the mainland if necessary; but the boats fell short, and Colonel Moultrie said, "For my part, I never was uneasy on not having a retreat, because I never imagined that the enemy would force me to that necessity." Such brave commanders are likely to have brave followers. On the ramparts of the palmetto fort floated the first American flag displayed in the South. General Moultrie says in his "*Memoirs*": "As there was no national flag at that time, I was desired by the Council of Safety to have one made. As the state troops were clothed in blue, and the fort was garrisoned by the 1st and 2d regiments who wore a silver crescent in the front of their caps, I had a large blue flag made with a crescent in the upper right hand corner, to be in uniform with the troops."

A little before eleven A. M., on the 28th, the flag ship *Bristol* ran up the signal for attack, and from ships and fort the boomiug of three hundred cannon burst into the brightness of the summer morning. An English historian says: "The continuous thunder from the ships seemed sufficient to shake the firmness of the bravest, and daunt the hearts of the oldest veterans, but the return from the fort could not fail of calling for the respect of as well as of highly incommoding the brave seamen of Britain. In the midst of that

dreadful war of artillery they struck with the greatest consistancy to their guns, fired deliberately and slowly, and took a cool and effective aim. The sloops were torn in pieces and the slaughter was dreadful. At one time the quarter deck of the *Bristol* was cleared of every person but the Commodore who stood alone, a spectacle of intrepidity and firmness seldom equaled."

What terror must that thunder of cannon have struck to the hearts of the helpless wives and mothers of Charleston who thronged the roofs of the city to watch the contest, and sent their agonized prayers to Heaven for dear ones in the dreadful battle cloud, and the noble cause they fought for. How must they have watched the crescent flag of the young Republic, the symbol of its new-born hopes of Independence. While that flag waved they knew the patriots held their own against Sir Peter Parker's veterans. Suddenly, early in the action, it disappeared. How their hearts seemed to stop beating! What—all is lost—the patriots have struck their colors—and no retreat. No—it is a chance shot has struck the flag-staff—the flag has fallen outside the rampart on the beach.

Here comes our hero—no stars or straps on his shoulder. One of the boys in blue. He leaps the parapet—into the very jaws of death—he walks the length of the fort through the storm of iron hail, picks up the flag, fastens it on his ramrod, and scrambling up the rampart, plants it again on the bastion in the sight of all the fleet—the crescent flag waves again to cheer the hearts of the watchers in Charleston. Cheers upon cheers greeted him as he leaped unhurt within the fort. The men could fight all day after that, and they had to; but at sunset what was left of the British fleet sailed slowly away, and Charleston was safe.

And was not the hero rewarded? The next day Governor Rutledge visited the fort and presented Jasper his own handsome small sword, which hung at his side, and thanked him in the name of the country. He offered him a lieutenant's commission, too, and what do you think he said?—"Thank you but couldn't you make it brigadier general?" Not exactly; he said, "No, I thank you, sir. I am only a sergeant. I cannot read or write, and am not fit to keep officers' company." One hardly knows which to admire most, his heroism or his simplicity, but they are apt to go together. Sergeant Jasper he was and Sergeant Jasper he remained till, after other deeds of bravery, he met a soldier's death, gallantly planting the crescent flag on the rampart of the British works at the seige of Savannah.

After the battle at Fort Sullivan its name was changed to Moultrie for its gallant commander. Perhaps some of the old palmetto logs might still be seen under the modern fortifications, but they are not needed to preserve the memory of Colonel Moultrie or Sergeant William Jasper.

The Palmetto Guards, of Charleston, have announced their determination to celebrate the Centennial anniversary of the battle, and have invited all army organizations, North and South, to join in the celebration. It is to be hoped the invitation will be heartily responded to. One of the happiest lessons of this Centennial year is that North, South, East and West are all brothers, with common memories and common interests.

OPENING DAY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Our great Centennial Exhibition was opened auspiciously on May 10th, in glorious sunshine in spite of threatening morning clouds, and in a better state of readiness than any other of the great World's Fairs had reached on their opening days, in spite of many prognostications to the contrary and chidings of American procrastination.

The scene was one of unbounded enthusiasm and brilliancy. There is always something impressive and inspiring in the sight of a vast crowd, and this was the vastest, certainly, that was ever seen in this country, if not in the world. The very newspaper columns dazzle one's eyes with descriptive epithets—waves of red whits and blus, streaming banners, golden eagles, glittering palaces, imperial majesty, dashing uniforms, costumes of all nations,—with seas of song, colossal orchestral harmonies, chiming bells, thundering salutes, and tens of thousands of voices joining in deafening cheers.

But when one reads of *acres* of closely packed auditors, and estimates of their number at a quarter million, one is apt to feel better satisfied to sit at home and read about it all, with pleaty of breathing room, unless we could have had a place on the grand stand with Dom Pedro, or, better yet, a perch on the top of the main building, the best possible point both for seeing and hearing: the whole gay panorama spread out far below, the music of the orchestra, the voices of the chorus and even the words of the speakers floating up above the confusing noise of the multitude.

We have not begun to tire of watching the panorama below us, when cheer after cheer from the vast throng announces the coming of the procession. First the Governor's Staff, mounted, then regiments and companies of National guards and Marine corps and Militia, with their bands, then in a handsome barouche, drawn by four gray horses, the President of the United States, Governor Hartzanft of Pennsylvania, Secretary Fish, with Mr. Geo. W. Childs, who entertained the President at his home. In the next carriage Secretaries Robeson, Bristow and Taft and Postmaster General Jewell, then the brilliant uniforms of various regiments of National and State troops.

On the Grand Stand the front place was reserved for the President and his party. Here, also, were represented the different departments of the National, State and City Governments, the various Diplomatic Corps, the members of the Centennial Commission, officers of the Army and Navy and other distinguished guests. Many ladies added to the brilliancy of the scene. Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, with the Empress had a prominent place. As the band was playing Hail Columbia, General Sheridan mounted the platform and was received with hearty cheers from the multitude. As the President walked to the front of the platform, the orchestra played

"Hail to The Chief"

among the shouts of the crowd.

The ceremonies were begun by the rendition of eighteen National Airs of different countries, by the orchestra of one hundred and fifty performers under the leadership of Theodore Thomas. At eleven o'clock began Wagner's Grand Inauguration March written for the occasion. Magnificent and grandly effective as it was, its details were lost beyond the near neighborhood of the orchestra in the immense auditorium. During its performance, Frederick Douglass appeared on the platform and was received with hearty applause.

The venerable Bishop Simpson, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then made the opening prayer which was listened to with the most devout and impressive attention by the vast throng. And then the grand chorus joined in singing to a choral by John K. Paine, Whittier's simple and beautiful

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New-World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace,

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

O! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gifts of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old.

Then came the formal presentation of the building; first to the Centennial Commission by Mr. John Welsh, head of the Board of Finance, responded to in acceptance by General Hawley, President of the Commission. This was followed by the singing of the Centennial Cantata, written by Mr. Sidney Lanier of Georgia and set to music by Mr. Dudley Buck of Connecticut. We gave the words of this Cantata in last month's SOUTHERN WORKMAN. The bass solo, sung by Mr. Myron W. Whitney of Boston, rendering the last verse of the Cantata, the Angel's Song to Columbia, was encored and was the most loudly applauded part of the whole musical performance.

General Hawley made the presentation of the Exhibition to the President, who in a longer speech than he is accustomed to, declared the International Exhibition open. As he concluded amidst great cheering, the National Colors were unfurled from the top of the Main Hall, and all the other buildings.

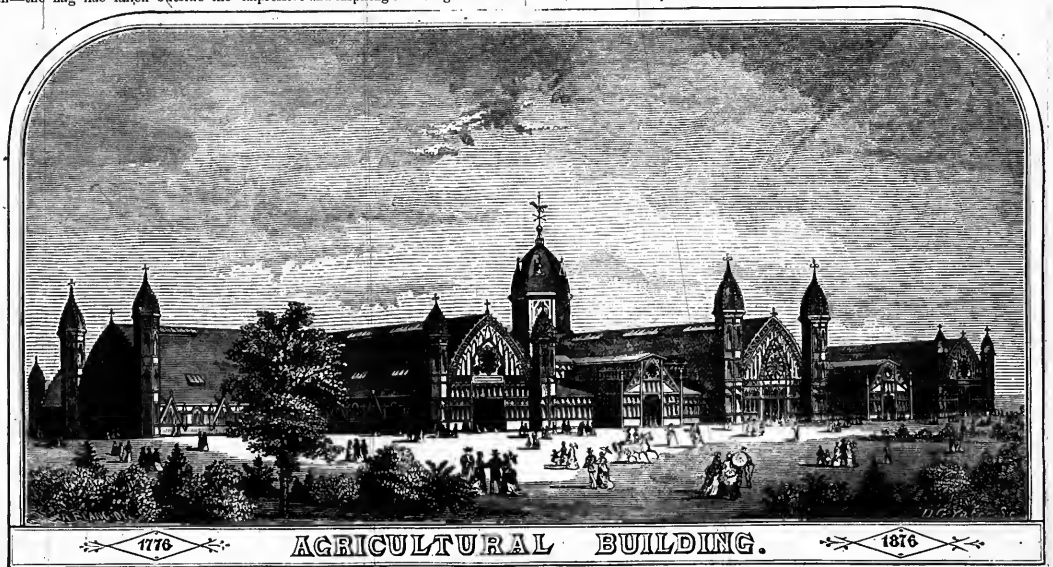
The great procession then formed again, four thousand strong, and commenced the march to the Main Hall, the orchestra and chorus uniting in the majestic harmony of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. The march was through the Main Hall and Machinery Hall to the platform before the mighty Corliss engine which drives all the vast system of machinery in the great Hall. The President courteously invited the Emperor to join him in starting the engine, and together the chief Rulers of North and South America laid their hands on the throttle and obedient to the touch, the monster awoke to life.

The chimes in the tower burst into a glad melody, a hundred guns boomed forth from George's Hill, and cheers upon cheers from the vast multitude announced the Great Exhibition opened.

THE WOMAN'S PAVILION

was formally opened in the afternoon. The Empress of Brazil was received by the ladies of the Centennial Commission, and with Mrs. Gillespie, the President, started the Baxter engine which furnishes the power to that building. The Empress was much interested and pleased by the beautiful display of woman's work.

And so with great rejoicings, a very general display of the National colors and national enthusiasm throughout the city and a grand illumination in the evening, America's Centennial celebration was opened.



HORTICULTURAL HALL

This was, of course, one of the most attractive and beautiful of the Exhibition buildings. It is also the most nearly complete. Long months ago the exhibitors sent in their plants to accustom them to their new quarters under the care of competent gardeners, and now palms and orange and banana trees, tropical orchids and lilies, and cacti spread their broad leaves and swing their trailing vines, and fill the air with fragrance and the eye with beauty from fruit and blossom as if they were blooming under their native skies, while the enchantment of the scene is added to by tinkling fountains and the sweet music of a wonderful organ played by electricity, the latest, perhaps, of American inventions.

From the steps of this great Conservatory—which, by the way, is three hundred and fifty-five feet long by one hundred and sixty feet wide and seventy-two high—the best and the most picturesque view can be obtained of all the grounds. The long Main Building and the roof of Memorial Hall are visible through the shading trees, the arches of Agricultural Hall, the groups of pavilions and State Cottages, the Woman's Pavilion and Government Building. The grounds around the Horticultural Hall are in better order than any in the enclosure, and here is the pleasantest retreat from the noisy crowds to the quiet of grassy lawns and bright flower beds and shady paths.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

JEFFERSON SCHOOL, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Dear Teacher:—Knowing that you are always glad to hear from the Hampton graduates, I thought I would let you know what I am doing and how I am getting along. I came to this place on the 1st of October, and took charge of my school on the 11th. When I arrived here I was delighted to find my old friends and schoolmates, Benj. E. Tonsler and Thos. Cayton, looking as hearty and good-natured as ever. They had been teaching here about a month before my arrival.

We have a very large graded school with five teachers and two hundred and eighty pupils. Three of our teachers are graduates of the Hampton N. and A. Institute, the other two are residents of this place and have been teaching here for several years. I tell you we have our hands full. The school that I teach was formerly taught by a northern lady employed by the New England Aid Society. This lady taught here for six or eight years, and several of her old scholars are now teaching schools themselves. Our school is not as well graded this year as it will be next, owing to the fact that this is the first attempt at grading it at all. The grading is all the work of the teachers, and it was not easy work I assure you to place two hundred and eighty scholars just where they belonged, and in such a manner that each of the five schools might have anything like an equal number of pupils, so as to maintain the required average attendance. But we did the best we could under the circumstances, and, hereafter, each scholar, when he enters, will be placed in the department that he is fitted for, and will be passed from one room to the next higher till he goes through the school.

Of course all of our scholars are not just what we would like to have them, either in their habits or morals; but we are doing all we can to bring them up to the Hampton standard. We intend to root out all the noxious weeds and give the useful plants a chance to grow. You know we can't transform a nightshade into a cabbage—don't care what we do to it—so I think the better plan is to pinch it up at once. I have thirty-five pupils enrolled this month—all the other teachers have from fifty to sixty. Nearly all of my scholars could enter the Junior class at Hampton, and a few could enter the Middle class. In addition to the studies required by law, I have a class in Philosophy and Book-keeping. We have our teachers' meetings regularly, when we compare notes, discuss methods of discipline, and talk over matters relating to the welfare of the school generally. We have all of the scholars to meet in one of the largest rooms occasionally, for the purpose of giving them general instructions and securing harmony of feeling. On these occasions we lecture or rather talk to them on some interesting subject, and these discourses are always listened to very attentively, and are invariably followed by many questions from the scholars—some of them much easier asked than answered, which shows that our pupils are wide awake.

Well, I read in the papers sometimes about the colored people's dying out, &c., but it don't look much like it in this place. Two hundred and eighty scholars attending our school, besides those that attend private schools (for there are two or three colored private schools in town), and a hundred or so more running about the streets, looks like anything else but "dying out." When I see all of our pupils assembled together, receiving instruction from teachers of their own race, and hear them strike up one of their old tunes—such as "Roll, Jordan, roll," or some other old plantation song—I am constrained to say that this is God's work; man could never have brought about such a great change. In my next, I will tell you something about the social, moral and political condition of our people here, and how they are getting along generally. Yours very respectfully,

JOHN W. COLLINS.

VIRGINIA, *April* 27, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—Your letter came to hand a day or two before my school closed, and as I have forgotten just how glad I was, I will not now stop to think, but leave it for another time. My school closed, as I told you before, on the 24th of March, and on the following Saturday night we gave an exhibition for the benefit of the Baptist Church. The Baptists were trying to buy a nice brick church from the white people, and as I had no money to give them, I thought I would try to make some for them. I charged ten cents admission, and realized $2.50. The programme consisted of *poetry, prose, dialogues, reading, spelling* and *singing*. The scholars acted their part very nicely, and I felt that the time had not been spent in vain. One old man came to me at the close of the exercises and said, "You closed up your school better than *any* teacher that has ever been here yet."

The last few days of my school were the most pleasant of the term. Everything worked so smoothly that I almost came to the conclusion that I would, though I had said that I would not, teach there another term, I had my scholars to meet me, for the last time, at the school-house on the following Sunday evening, and we had a farewell time, singing, &c. I gave them those little tracts that you gave me, and told them instead of playing marbles and other things on the Sabbath, to stay at home and read them. After making out and sending in my monthly and term report, and putting my school-house in order, I bade it a long farewell on the morn of the 1st of April, and arrived here that eve. I found mother sick and father very much cast down by the dull times. As I did not get my money for teaching, I could not relieve them, and being at home under such circumstances was more a pain than a pleasure to me. So after walking about a day or two, gathering up horns and polishing a few, I, and I went down to where J. is teaching, on the 6th, to attend a teachers' examination on the following day. G., J. and her assistant, I, and I were the only colored teachers present, and we answered every question that was asked us but two.

The examination began with a debate upon how to teach Orthography, and should children be required to spell *through* the *speller* before they learn to read any, and should writing be taught before they are *perfect* in spelling? The representatives of Hampton took an active part in the discussion, and when it closed the majority was in favor of the Hamptonians, who held that it was best to teach the three together as nearly as possible. At the close of the debate we took a short recess, during which time we sang several pieces for the benefit of our white friends who were quite agreeable, and who told us to make ourselves welcome. The meeting was again called to order by the County Superintendent who asked us a few questions in Arithmetic, Geography and Grammar. The questions were answered promptly and correctly, and the Superintendent said that he was satisfied. Then one of the trustees said that he highly esteemed the interest and part that we had taken in the discussion, and the willingness we manifested to learn from others who had had better opportunities than we had, what we did not know. And he said that we did not act as if we thought we *knew it all*, and just as long as we manifested such an interest, they, the trustees and white teachers of the neighborhood, were ready and willing to give us any aid in our work they could; but just as soon as we got to a point where we thought we could not be taught anything, and just as soon as we thought it our duty to teach Baptist, or any Sectarianism, or politics in our schools, that they had no further use for us as teachers. After this he requested J. to sing, alone, "O, bear me away on your snowy wings to my immortal home," for the benefit of the Superintendent. After which we adjourned to meet again Friday, before the fourth Sunday in May. The subject for that day is Arithmetic. I and I went with J. to her boarding-place, and that night G. came and we had a nice time talking and trying each other's skill at dominoes.

I would like very much to come to the Institute and go north this summer as I did last, but I cannot. Money is wanting. I guess I shall go to Oxford, N. C., next week to see if I can get a school.

I am, as ever, your old friend and scholar,

I.

My Dear Teacher:—When I wrote to you before, I told you that the old people were very intemperate, and so they were. At that time there was one temperate man here, (except myself), M. ——, whom I board with. I asked him if he thought that a temperance society would do any good. He said he thought it would. We organized one with thirty-six members, and then went to work. We have monthly meetings and the result has been good indeed; the improvement among the members is the neighborhood talk. We have on roll near a hundred. When I came here I thought that there was as much Africa here as I cared to witness about that time. It was almost dangerous for a man to go to their meetings, because there would be drinking, swearing and fighting, all in the time of service. But I am proud to be able to say that there is not much of it now. The people have learned to have more self-respect, and have come to see that they are only just what they make themselves.

As for political matters, there is nobody here that troubles himself about them. I have not said anything on the subject publicly; in fact, I have had no cause to speak. This is a very quiet neighborhood in that respect; everybody seems to be busy attending to their own domestic affairs. One man asked me why I did not offer for an office. I told him that I had one and as much work as I could do, and that I could do more good in my office than in any other. I find that the clouds of ignorance and superstition are passing away and that the light is beginning to shine. I feel very much encouraged at the change that has taken place. I believe that if we do our duty, the Lord will grant success. Much love to the teachers and students at Hampton. I trust that I shall be able some day to come there and study a little more.

Yours most obediently.

Dear Teacher:—Thinking of Hampton and my kind friends there this afternoon, I thought you would be pleased to know where I am and what I am doing. It was always my intention while in school to become a teacher, as you know. So when the "Teachers' Institute" met in this place last July, I was present, passed an examination, applied for the school here, and received a situation. There were others who applied for the same school, and among them a white man who has been teaching it for five years. And as it is a very large school, two teachers were employed, I as his assistant. I did not like the idea of assisting him at first, as I wanted to see what I could accomplish in a school all my own. But thinking of what our good Principal once said in one of his lectures to the school, I concluded "where there's a will there's a way" and accepted the situation. I am pleased now to say that I have a very nice school. It numbers seventy-five scholars, fifty-two of which I am teacher. So, you see I have a good deal more to do than the principal. I find him a very kind, obliging man. I get along very well indeed with him, and do not think I shall have need to regret my position.

I am teaching Sabbath-school also. The instruction gained in the day-school is very important, but I consider the Sabbath-school instruction vastly more so. There have been schools here for the colored children ever since 1868, but very little interest has been manifested toward them by the teacher, especially as regards their moral and intellectual habits. I found that such a thing as Scripture reading, prayer and singing was an entire stranger in the school. I consulted the principal, and, after long and earnest persuasion, he yielded to my request.

The greater portion of my people in this section are quite industrious, and possess to a great degree good morals. I find that the white man here, as most everywhere in the South, is somewhat prejudiced toward the colored, but not extremely so. For toward the honest, industrious colored man they seem to retain a good, friendly feeling. There are some who are not in possession of such feelings, and one great reason is because *they* fail to have that self-respect and truthfulness which is so very essential to their welfare. As a fact, those that look upon themselves and show an interest in the elevation and progress of their race, are more highly respected by the whites than those who appear unconcerned and willing to take what may be put upon them; for we have heard them say, when asked to aid us in building churches, &c., "We are glad to see you interested for the good of your people and are willing and ready to help you all we can." I feel more and more every day that I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me. But knowing that you helped me that I might help others, I will do all I can. I received the *Educational Journal* of Virginia for the months October and November, for which please accept my many thanks.

Your former pupil,

S.

VIRGINIA.

Dear Teacher:—I received your very kind and interesting letter some time since, as you know, but I have not, (I am sorry to say), had an opportunity to answer it until now. I have been for the last two weeks preparing my school for the closing exercises of my term, which will end in March.

I go to see my mother once in every month. My old playmates around home seem to me just the same as I left them. They were anxious for me to take charge of the school when I came home, but I would not do it, for I thought my influence would not be much among them, being raised up in their midst. They are very jealous of me, too. They don't like to see any one in their rank get above them. They say I am stuck up, because I don't stand on the corner of the streets and in the store doors with them.

The teacher at my home is a colored lady from New York, a graduate of the Philadelphia high school. I think she is a very nice lady.

I was made Superintendent of the Sunday-school here this morning, which was somewhat a surprise to me. I thought it would be better for them to get a man that would be with them all the time; but, however, I did not refuse to serve.

I have been trying to get up money enough to get the Sunday-school edition of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN; but the people are really so poor in this county that it seems almost impossible for me to do so. But, nevertheless, I will not give up trying. The board here spoke of extending my term, but I don't know whether they will have money enough in the treasury to do so. If they don't, I will have a pay school for awhile. The county has not, as yet, paid me for my services.

Yes, Miss H., I can truly say there was no lesson I learned at Hampton that could be compared unto the love and trust I found in my Father in Heaven. I realize His goodness every day to me, and He has ever been a good and loving Father. But at times I think I am so ungrateful and wicked! I pray to Him daily to keep me near Him and to make me a better Christian—a true Christian. I have prayed for M., and I intend to keep praying for him until God converts his soul.

I don't know whether I will be able to make it convenient to get to Hampton this year to take the course of Normal training or not. I would like to very much, but I can't say just now. As I think of nothing more to say at present, I will bring my letter to a close. Please write soon, and please don't treat me as I have you. God bless and pour out his blessings upon you day by day is my prayer.

I am, ever your friend,

J.

VIRGINIA, *March* 20, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—Yours of the 10th date of January is in hand. And in accordance with your request I have shown your proposition, concerning the Sunday-school paper, to the pastors of our churches; but I cannot say that they have done as much as they might have done for it. I am truly sorry to say that our most influential men are so inactive to the general good of the people. At this time, the people must be met at the church or not at all. They will not readily turn out to any meeting save a church meeting. And in many cases the pulpit occupants are men who look too narrowly at their duties, as the new principal influence in the community. And ever since the emancipation this has been so. For the past four years my attention has been drawn to the fact, and the pressing want of men prepared also for the religious teaching of the colored people. I think it is a fact that our people can be better reached from the pulpit than any other place. They will go to church if nowhere else, and in most cases whatever is said from the sacred stands is law and gospel. And I must say that I am glad that they have such unwavering confidence in their spiritual leaders. Were it otherwise I firmly believe they would be much more difficult to lead. Therefore I thank God that he has provided a means by which His people may be reached and put to action.

So far as I know of the general standing of our teachers, it is good, and they have great power over the people in almost every particular save one, and that is this: they rarely can get them to come together for any purpose to do business. Teachers sometimes may say what they may in the way of having the people attend certain appointments, and it only serves for the time being. I have striven very hard since my teaching to have them turn out upon all occasions of any merit. I think it is the best way to reach them and wrought such impressions as will cause them to go to work, that is, more zealously. A person who desires to see things more in what he calls the right way and gait does not like any other movement. Our people here sometimes are all alive in good things, and then again they seem to be all asleep to everything that is good. I find and feel the great want of more workers in every community. One or two men cannot begin to do the work that is to be done among our people.

While I have been working for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, it has been almost alone. I had a chance not long ago to make explanation of the paper which you sent me to show the pastors. And during the time I asked the congregation if it would satisfy me to know how many there were in it who were subscribers to any paper at all, and so they did. When I called for hands there were to be seen between five and ten in the midst of many people. Well, I was startled at this, and hardly knew how to treat that sad aspect. Anyhow, endeavored to say something that would do them good and show them the consequences of not being posted in the common reading of the times. And I have reason to believe that my talk did good. There would not be half the difficulty there is to circulate a good paper if the parents could read. But since they have not this privilege they care but little for their children in this respect. I tell them to take a paper anyhow, and make their children read to them. And I furthermore tell them that they must take a paper for their children's benefit. I want to attend the teachers' institute, so you may regard me as one of its members. I receive the journal every month, with thanks to you. Many subscribers might be had here with a little trouble. I want to write you a letter about the people in general as soon as I can.

I am yours,

T.

A CAUTION FOR THE BOYS.—The swimming season is nearly at hand, and in a few weeks the bath houses will be liberally patronized and secluded nooks by the waterside eagerly sought out. There is a fact which we would like to have impressed upon the minds of the boys, remembrance of which may save some of them from death. The art of swimming is a grand one and should be generally learned, while the healthy results of the swimming bath are invaluable. But there is a time for the bath as for all things else, and that time is not immediately after meal-time nor when the body is overheated by activity. No person should enter the water within two hours after eating, for the reason that there is great danger of epilepsy at such times, many fatal bathing accidents being attributable to this fact. There are doubtless many persons, especially boys, who enter the water repeatedly just after eating and have escaped serious consequences. Thus far they, of course, have been very fortunate, but the fact remains that in every instance when they have gone swimming at such times, they have placed themselves in extreme danger of death. The danger of bathing while the body is overheated we have pointed out so often that we need only emphasize it at present by this allusion. These matters are worth remembering.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff, for many years on the editorial corps of the New York *Evening Post*, has within a year or two brought out two interesting books on California, Oregon and the Sandwich Islands, and more recently a work in pamphlet form, giving the results of a winter of travel and observations in the Southern States. It is a valuable and suggestive work. We quote from it the following forcible paragraphs:

NEGRO SUFFRAGE NOT A MISTAKE.

No thoughtful man can examine the history of the last ten years in the South, as he may hear it on the spot and from all sides, without being convinced that it was absolutely necessary to the security of the blacks and the permanent peace of the Southern communities to give the negro, ignorant, poor, and helpless as he was, every political right and privilege which any other citizen enjoys. That he should vote and that he should be capable of holding office was necessary, I am persuaded, to make him personally secure, and, what is of more importance, to convert him from a freedman to a freeman. That he has not always conducted himself well in the exercise of his political rights is perfectly and lamentably true, but this is less his fault than that of the bad white men who introduced him to political life. But, on the other hand, the vote has given him what nothing less could give—a substantive existence. It has made him a part of the State; wherever, as in Arkansas, the political settlement nears completion and the color-line is broken, his political equality will help slowly—but certainly—to make him a respectable person. I will add that in this view many Southern Democrats concur. "If the North had not given the negroes suffrage it would have had to hold our states under an exclusively military government for ten years," said such a man to me.

THE NEGRO INDUSTRIES.

Free labor is an undoubted success in the South. The negro works; he raises cotton and corn, sugar and rice, and it is infinitely to his credit that he continues to do so, and, according to the universal testimony, works more steadfastly and effectively, this year, than ever before since 1865, in spite of the political hurly-burly in which he has lived for the last ten years. Nor ought we of the North to forget that a part of the credit of the negroes' industry, to-day, is due to the Southern planters who have been wise enough to adapt themselves to the tremendous change in their labor system, and honest enough not to discourage the ignorant free laborer by wronging him of his earnings, or by driving unjust bargains with him. I have satisfied myself that the black man gets, wherever I have been, a fair share of the crop he makes. If anywhere he suffers wrong, it is at the hands of the small farmers, who cultivate a thin soil and are themselves poor and generally ignorant. It is a curious evidence of the real security of the negro, even in the rudest parts of the South, that many thousands of them have emigrated from Alabama and Georgia into the Yazoo bottoms in Mississippi and into the cotton regions of Arkansas and Louisiana—parts of the South where, if we might believe the general reports which have been spread through the North, no negro's rights or life are safe.

THE NEGRO NOT FOREHANDED.

The black laborer earns enough, but he does not save his money. In the heart of the cotton country a negro depending on his own labor alone, with the help of his wife in the picking season, may live and have from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars clear money in hand at the close of the season. If he has several half-grown boys to help him in the field, he may support his family during the year, and have from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and fifty dollars clear money at the year's end. Few laborers as ignorant as the average plantation-negro can do as well anywhere in the world. Of course he lives poorly; but he thrives on corn-meal and bacon, and has few doctor's bills to pay. Unfortunately, as yet, he commonly spends his money like a sailor or a miner, or any other improvident white man. Very few lay by their earnings; yet the deposits in the Freedman's Bank showed how very considerable were the savings of the few, and I am sorry to say that the criminal mismanagement of this trust has struck a serious blow on the South, for it has given a fresh impetus to the spendthrift habits of the blacks. They have, as yet, far less desire to own farms than I hoped to find. They are, like almost all rude people, fond of owning an acre or a house-lot; and in Southern towns and cities it is common to find them such owners. But a comparatively small number, as yet, are freeholders in the best sense of the word. This, however, will come with time.

SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

They are anxious to send their children to school, and the colored schools are more abundant in those states which I have seen than I expected to find them. I think it may be said that the colored people, so far, have got their fair share of schools and school money. By general consent of both colors, there are no mixed schools; nor would it be wise to force this anywhere. The church is a favorite and well-supported institution among the blacks. I was surprised to see both their number and the substantial character of the church-buildings in the towns. Most of the colored people are either Baptists or Methodists, and their preachers, almost universally negroes, are often illiterate and sensational. The congregation is easily excited, and the preacher evidently thinks he has failed unless he produces shouts, shrieks, and other demonstrations among his audience. I cannot say that the negro congregation is either noisier or more fantastically demonstrative than many white congregations I have seen in the rude parts of the West in my younger days; and on several occasions I heard a negro preacher denounce the sins of his people with a plainness of speech which might with advantage be imitated in more pretentious churches. The preachers, being men of influence, have naturally become politicians. One or two have been sent to Congress. The State Legislatures have also contained them, and they are not always men of good character. It seems to me a pity that both races cannot attend the same Christian church. The church ought to be democratic in the truest and largest sense of the word, and, if it were so, it would be a more important means than it now is in the South for the moral elevation and the civilization of the colored people; but I fancy the blacks prefer their own churches, and would be more difficult to change in this particular than the white people even.

THE OIL RESOURCES OF AFRICA.

For miles along the west coast of Africa, extending between Cape Blanco and St. Paul de Loando, are vast forests of palms, the oily fruit of which has for centuries rotted unused upon the ground. The palm forests back of the coast line between Cape Palmas and Elmina are said to be practically inexhaustible; and so also, in the neighborhood of Fernando Po, immense tracts are covered with the trees. The total export of the palm oil to England exceeds, it is said, 50,000 tuns, or a value of $10,000,000 per annum; but this represents an exceedingly small commerce compared to what might be the case were the enormous resources fully or even moderately utilized. The Fernando Po oil crop, as an example, seldom equals 400 tuns per annum; altogether 4,000 might easily be produced.

The difficulties in the way of development are the unhealthiness of the country and the monopolies controlled by slave-dealers. One of the latter buys the entire right to a large and valuable region by paying the King of Dahomey $10,000 a year. The iniquity of this monopoly is increased, by this King himself, without reference to market prices. The penalty of noncompliance with the King's command is decapitation. Trade is carried by the most primitive means. In Bonny, which is now the greatest palm oil market on the West Coast, the manila, a bronze coin from Birmingham, England, not unlike a bracelet in shape and size, is the current medium for money, in Old Calabar, the currency is copper wire and brass rods, about three feet in length and bent double; on the Guinea coast, gold dust is used, and one tribe uses strips of iron tied up in bundles of eight or ten pieces.

The fruit from which the oil is obtained grows in the form of a large cone, about the size of a man's hat. It is covered with long spines which protect the nuts, the latter being about the size of a large olive and of a deep golden color. The palm tree forests in the midst of which most of the factories exist, are said to be very picturesque. The trees, which tower to an enormous height, are as thick as it is possible for them to be, forming in some places large and impassable clumps, and in other, opening in wide and tortuous vistas. The trunks are often covered at the lower part with tufts of lovely fern, the emerald green of whose long fronds, as they droop gracefully to the earth, forms a beautiful contrast to the sombre brown of the trunks which they ornament. In the open spots in the forests, the factories, mere collections of huts, are built. In Dahomey, the nuts when gathered, are thrown into a trough formed by marking off a small area about six feet square, beating down the earth to form a floor and enclosing it in a wall about eighteen inches high. Into this receptacle the husks are thrown, to be trodden under foot by women until the husks and the oil which exude together, form a kind of putty. The mass is then thrown into vessels of hot water, when the oil rises to the top and is skimmed off. In Fernando Po, it is the practice to let the nuts rest in heaps until almost putrefied; hammering with stones follows, and then simmering of the pulp in a kettle, after which the women squeeze out the oil with their hands. The men do not engage in the manufacture, their labor ending with climbing of the trees and shaking down of the fruit. It will be observed that the outside of the nut only enters into the process. The kernel separately yields a so-called black oil, and forms the staple of a trade with England, where the hard portion is subjected to the action of powerful crushing machines.

Oil from the palm nut is, however, by no means the only fatty product to be obtained from rank African vegetation. No one has ever estimated the vast resources of this description, which abound in the countries bordering on the river Niger: and it is only in the shape of experimental and comparatively small exports that we get a glimpse at them. From Senegambia and Guinea come Touloncuma oil, used by the natives for annointing their bodies and for burning in lamps, and Galam oil, a natural vegetable butter very much used in Africa for preparing food. The castor oil plant grows wild with great luxuriance in Senegambia; and throughout West Africa there is an immense yield of pea or ground nuts, which already has given rise to a large commerce. In the northern part of the continent and especially Algeria, there are enough olive trees to supply, if fully developed, the demand of all Europe. The province of Kabyle is an enormous olive tree forest. The cocoanut palm grows in immense forests in Zanzibar, where its fruit is exported to France and England for making stearine for candles. The *trichilia capitata* on the Zambesi produces small black seeds which contain a large quantity of solid fat. The "forna" nut of Central Africa yields an excellent oil for culinary purposes, and is cultivated by the natives. A tree discovered by Dr. Kirk on Lake Nyassa, also gives a rich oil, which even the natives have not utilized.

There is no doubt but that, in the gradual progression of commercial colonies for development of the resources we have indicated, the most rapid means for opening up the interior of Africa will be found. Such expeditions as those of Stanley and other isolated explorers, though they may add to our knowledge of other resources, do nothing toward their utilization, but rather only show us how great is the task which civilization sooner or later must accomplish, in overcoming the natural obstacles of a neglected continent.—*Sci. Am.*

Agricultural.

CHARCOAL AS MEDICINE.

Nearly all sick horses and cows are made so in the first place by eating improper food, or too much of it. As soon as the owner finds any of his animals sick, it is the common custom to begin dosing with medicine. We must not leave the animals to die—we must "do something!" and so all manner of hurtful drugs and poisons are thrust down its throat—saltpetre, copperas, turpentine &c.—quite sufficient to make any well animal sick, or to kill a sick one. This evil is increased by the neighbors' remarking as follows: "You didn't give the poor thing enough;" "you should give it oftener;" "you can't expect your beast to get well if you don't do more for it."

My rule has always been to give nothing unless I knew exactly what to do; and in the meantime attend to every exterior comfort practicable. If the weather is cold, I place the sick animal in warm quarters, avoiding all exposure and giving pure air and strict cleanliness.

There is one medicine that can never do harm, and is commonly beneficial; this is pulverized charcoal. As I have just remarked, nearly all sick animals become so by improper eating in the first place. In nine cases out of ten the digestion is wrong and charcoal is the most efficient corrective. It will cure in a majority of cases, if promptly administered. A hired man came in with the intelligence that one of the finest cows was very sick, and a kind neighbor proposed the usual drugs and poisons; but the owner being ill, and unable to examine the cow, concluded the trouble came from overeating and ordered a teacupful of pulverized charcoal given in water. It was mixed, placed in a bottle, the head held upwards, and the water and charcoal poured down. In five minutes improvement was visible, and in a few hours the animal was in the pasture quietly eating grass.

Another instance of equal success occured with a young heifer, which became badly bloated by eating green apples after a hard wind. The bloating was so severe that her sides were almost as hard as a barrel. The old remedy—saleratus—was tried for the purpose of correcting the acidity, but the attempt to put it down always caused coughing, and it did little good. Half a teacupful freshly of powdered charcoal was next given. In six hours all appearance of bloating was gone, and the heifer was well.—*The Veterinarian.*

HINTS ABOUT WORK.

Plowing for Corn.—There is no better ground for corn than a well top-dressed sod. The nearer the plowing of this can be brought to the time of planting the better. The seed quickly germinates in the moist fresh soil; the cut worms are busy upon the grass roots and let the corn alone, and the weeds do not start until the corn has had time to get a good growth and shoot ahead of them. The quick growth is greatly helped by some active fertilizer sown on the surface and harrowed in lightly.

Selection of Seed.—It is important that good seed be used. If the best ears have not been selected at husking, or at harvest time from stalks bearing two ears, it would be better to pay a high price for good seed to those who have been more careful, than to take the seed from the corn crib. It is only by carefully selecting the seed for years in succession, that we can improve our present varieties.

Planting Corn.—With the excellent implements we now have for cultivating this crop, there is no need to plant in squares or hills and so waste ground. With rows from 3 to 4 feet apart, the seed may be dropped singly 6 inches to a foot apart. We can have then in the first case 29,000 plants of the small kinds, and nearly 15,000 of the large kinds to an acre. With one good ear to a stalk, the crop would be equal to from 140 to 150 bushels of shelled corn per acre. Why cannot every stalk in a corn field be made to produce a single ear as well as a portion only, when room enough is given? This is what we have yet to learn in the way of growing corn.

"*A good Start*" is a great help in doing any thing, but most especially in growing crops. To thoroughly harrow the ground before sowing, to sow the seed while the soil is fresh, and to use some active fertilizer near the seed, but not in contact with it, will give any crop a good start. The common mixture of poultry droppings, wood ashes, and plaster in equal parts, makes an excellent fertilizer. If mixed while dry, or immediately before using it, no ammonia from the droppings is lost.

YELLOW FEVER DISINFECTANTS.

Whenever a case of yellow fever occurs in New Orleans the streets surrounding the square are sprinkled with Calvert's No. 5 carbolic acid diluted in fifty parts of water. A large sprinkler on wheels is used for the roadway, and the sidewalks are sprinkled by hands. The grounds of neighboring yards are similarly treated, and the privy vaults disinfected with a solution of zinct iron chloride. At the termination of the case by death or removal, the infected apartments are fumigated with sulphurous acid or chlorine. The extent of the ground disinfected is according to the lapse of time since the appearance of the fever. The extent of the infection along the ground is about forty or fifty feet daily, so that after some days' delay the whole square must be inclosed with a disinfecting band, and the enclosed surface sprinkled.

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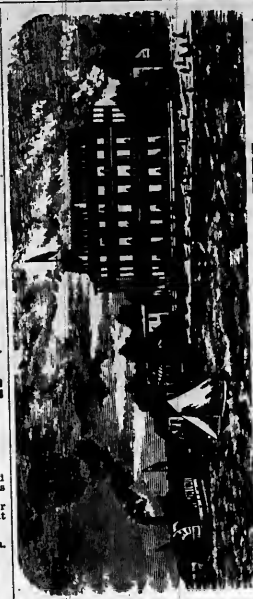

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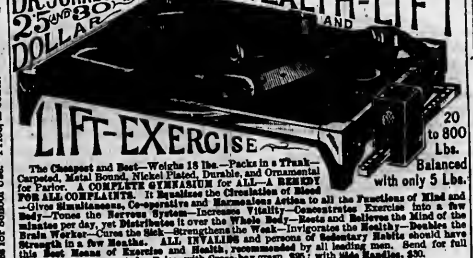

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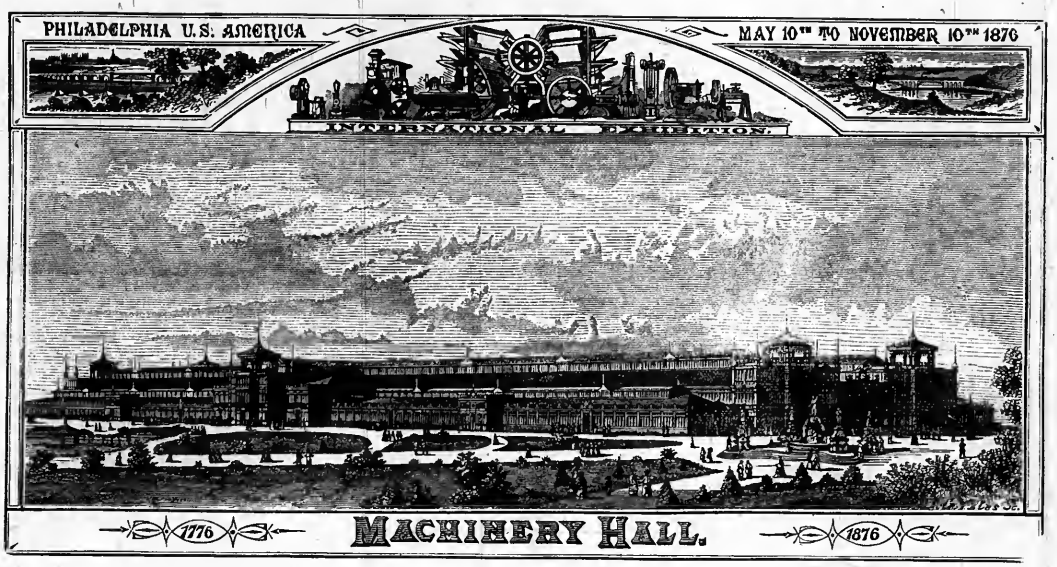
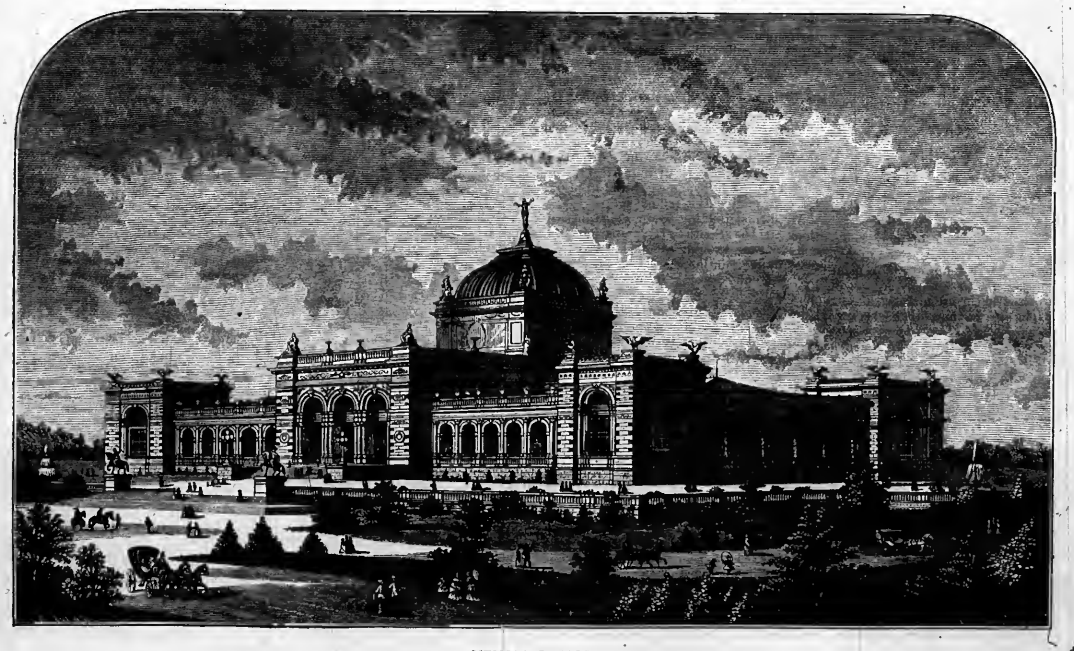
VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1876. NO. 7.





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PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, *on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the* SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. *The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.*

THE possibilities of negro culture are no longer a question. To be black is not to be incapable of the highest scholarship.

The differentia of the two races in respect to intellect are in the average and not in the absolute.

But capacity for knowledge is not necessarily capacity for progress. Lack of brains is not the greatest difficulty with tropical or oriental races. The Hindoos and the Zulus have poets and orators.

A people in the ruts of barbarism, as were some of the ancients, may have a literature and science that will not in the least relax their bondage to vice.

We cannot reason from intelligent negroes, necessarily, to a civilized progressive race. The question with them is not one of special proficiency, of success in one direction—the pursuit of knowledge—but of *success all around.* It is one of morals, industry, self-restraint; of power to organize society, to draw social lines between the decent and indecent, to form public sentiment that shall support pure morals, and to show common sense in the relations of life.

Too much is expected of mere book-knowledge; too much is expected of one generation. The real upward movement—the levelling up, not of persons but of people, will be, as in all history, almost imperceptible, to be measured only by long periods.

It is easy in twenty years to teach a million of colored children to read, but that is not all. Ninety-five per cent. of the Sandwich Islanders, from five to twenty years old, are at school, yet they are decaying. Spelling books do not, as a matter of course, make manly fibre, and practical self-restraint is not the immediate result of learning. If a plain education increases, as we believe it does, the average man's value by twenty-five per cent, it alone cannot change his nature nor extinguish the passions that he has inherited and that incapacitate him for self-government. That requires time.

Knowledge must be digested; the negro's power to acquire it is greater than his ability to assimilate and turn it to account; it sometimes makes him seem like a ship with much sail and little ballast.

Only so far as common sense and character influence a people and make a public sentiment are they advancing,—not that the majority need be virtuous and high-minded, but that there are enough good and resolute men to compel respect for decency and put down the wrong, no matter how many on its side. Thus ten righteous men may save a city. Moral force is the heavy artillery that Providence takes sides with. This and not his machinery and manufactures is the success of the Anglo Saxon. In vain has he belted the earth with telegraph wires and tracked it with railroads if corruption shall triumph over honesty.

This race presents many discouraging aspects, but it is saved and continually improved by a leaven of good and true men whom schools and seminaries of learning yearly supply.

But such men are not so much the product of schools as of home influence. The family is the corner stone of national existence as well as the unit of the church and of society. At the fireside and the family altar is kindled the light that leads to the salvation of a people: here are nurtured the men and formed the forces that shape destinies. History abounds in proofs of this.

The Christian home is the point of departure of civilization. Without it schools and churches can do but little, as among the heathen who may be converted to the truth, but so long as they live like savages, no matter what they profess, they only attain to a low standard of morals and easily backslide. As a missionary once said, "They compare well with respectable sinners at home." They may be gathered into schools and into the fold of the church, but the family only can supply the nurture that makes character strong and the conscience quick and sound.

Colored youth, to escape the terrible associations of negro life, the temptations of which are inconceivable to those in good circumstances, and to become better than their fathers, need the training and the refuge of Christian homes. Are they springing up as the result of negro education? Are there signs of social organization and of sound public sentiment?

In Norfolk, Richmond, Danville, Charlestown and throughout the South the negro is a considerable property owner. He has over 300,000 acres of land in Georgia alone. As a squatter he lives in squalor; as an industrious tenant he improves; as an intelligent freeholder he builds a decent house, tidily kept, with a pretty garden.

The dead level of slavery is broken; they are rising or sinking according to their qualities and opportunities; thousands are collected in families. In time we expect to see such diffused intelligence, such self-respect and regard for character as to create a leading class, creating, by sympathy and unity, a higher negro sentiment, honest and fearless, sensible and not sentimental about the position of the race, making the best of their disadvantages, and, regardless of numerical weakness, trusting in being right and in moral force for controlling influence.

With this directing power which institutions at the South are preparing, the colored race, though weighed down by a mass of degradation, should steadily prosper, gradually passing from subjection to impulse to subjection to reason; basing their prosperity upon ownership of the soil, and diligence in labor and study, and in whatever their hands find to do. Their children will then grow up in good home influences and school-teachers will sow their seed in fruitful soil. There will be a success higher than intellectual attainment, success in moral force, in good sense—success all around.

THE American Missionary Association of New York has established in nearly every Southern State one or more educational foundations of great present and prospective power for the welfare of the colored race whose benefits therefrom it will be difficult to estimate.

While devoting due attention to theological training it has, far more than any existing organization, done a generous and catholic work in fitting teachers whose mission is not sectarian, but for the benefit of whatever denomination may reap the fruit of their labors.

Congregationalists have sent over a million and a half dollars into the South and, for twelve years, over four hundred teachers annually, through whose aid thousands have been brought to the light, but they have received no corresponding increase of numbers. Baptist and Methodist societies have been far more benefitted.

The American Missionary Association burdened itself with a heavy debt of nearly $100,000, because it was better to incur the debt than to refuse the passionate appeals for teachers that came up from every quarter of the South. At the close of the war, the enfranchised blacks sought instruction *en masse*; not a dollar was offered by a southern state; the need was imperative. Few realized the danger of letting the first fresh tide of enthusiasm die out, as in Jamaica where the aspirations consequent upon emancipation have, from neglect, almost ceased.

In the present stage of negro education debt should be avoided; foundations have been laid; state taxation is providing for free schools; the movement is assured and the duty of the North is to aid the important central institutions that yearly send out fresh forces as teachers and preachers to combat ignorance and superstition.

But ten years ago the situation was critical. Kuklux were rampant; it was venial to shoot a "nigger"; the Carpet-bagger was reaping his wicked harvest in the name of loyalty and patriotism, and the terrified or plundered freedman, a victim or a tool, found his best friend in the ostracised and detested "Yankee schoolmarm" who alone brought the means of escape from his real bondage—that to ignorance and his own vices, and, with the Bible and the spelling book trained his conscience and his mind, teaching him to use prudently his new-found liberties. To meet the need of the hour compelled a debt just as much as it did to drive the armies of Lee from the defences of Washington. That debt was incurred in the cause of liberty and humanity, and the wealth of the nation that owes so much to negro labor and to the efforts of the American Missionary Association should pay it.

FUNNY.

A correspondent of the *Virginia Patron* thus reinforces the thunder of the Anti-Free-school party:

He says,—"The truthfulness of the forcible argument of 'Civis' in his recent warfare vs. Public Schools, viz.: that 'the negro has an inate consciousness of his own inferiority and if left alone will show it on all occasions," was happily illustrated right in the circumstances which seek to make him an equal. Riding in to Danville early one morning, my companion and myself overtook a party of negro lads and lasses en route for the school-house. My companion, it must be said with regret, was given to profanity and an occasion so extremely loathsome scarcely ever failed to arouse him. The words here quoted from him were, then, interspersed with frequent oaths and uttered in an extremely angry tone:

Com.—(Loudly and angrily.) Where are you goiug?

Boy—(With fear and trembling.) Ise gine—giae—gwine to schule.

Com.—(With surprise.) What for?

Boy—(Nervously.) Dey sends me, sur.

Com.—(Same toue.) Who?

Boy—Dad.

"By this time the boy's nerves have become completely unstrung beneath so strong a charge of angry looks, tones and words, and 'his deeply moved soul is expressing itself in eloquent tears.'

Com.—(More tenderly.) What is that in your hand?

Boy—(Fearfully.) It's (sob) it's (sob) it's a book, sur.

Com.—What do you do with it?

Boy—(With more courage, his educational pride being touched.) I (wipiag away a tear) I—I—I tries to learn.

Com.—What are you crying for?

Boy—(Tears all gone.) Ise skeered.

"There was a brighter and more hopeful tune on the countenance of this future statesman, (our 'nation's ward'), as our companion assured him as we drove on that he would be likely to serve his state after a while. 'But' added he, to me, 'it will be, if ever, in the penitentiary.' The utter folly of an effort to make the negro an equal of the whites, bears absurdity on its very face. The very 'innate consciousness of his own inferiority' is and will be found an insurmountable barrier."

Argument,—A small black boy cries when sworn at furiously by a big white man.

Ergo.—The negro race has an innate consciousness of inferiority.

It may be that "Com's." own small boys are too much used to their parent's profanity to find it awe-inspiring. Possibly they are developing an innate consciousness of future superiority of their own in that line.

We *have* seen a mere small white boy thrown into fits of tears by the sight of a big black man, without the adventitious aid of swear-words. He was terribly "skeered," but the force of the inference—the innate consciousness of inferiority in the white race—did not then occur to us.

WHEN so much is said and so vigorously said by the leaders of one party in the South of the "unmistakable" evidence that the "real feeling of the people" is in sympathy with "Civis" and Dr. Dabney in their attacks upon free schools and negro education, it is only fair to give the real feeling of a very opposite sort that exists in the South a chance to come to the surface. The letter from a Southern lady which we print in another column gives as "unmistakable evidence" as could be desired of such a feeling, and there are many reasons to believe that it is very widely spread among the best of Southern men and women. The letter is addressed to a former "Mammy" in the writer's family, now employed as forewoman in the Industrial room of the Hampton Institute, where two of her sons are at school.

WE QUOTE from a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* the following translation of an extract from a leading journal of Paris, and remark that the educational institutions and departments of the various states from which, as from perennial fountains, streams of pure and saving influence are pouring over the country, are, most of them, assigned to places in the Centennial Exposition anything but expressive of their importance to the nation's future, compared with the contents of show-cases and specimens of handiwork adapted to the cravings of luxury:

"It is by liberty and labor that this miracle of a growing power has been accomplished. The exposition at Philadelphia is nevertheless not all, and at this moment, when the wonders of industry are displayed in one of the historic cities of the United States, many other problems are agitated in this land so rapidly transformed by an indefatigable race. There is, above all, a question of grave importance by the side of the pomps of Philadelphia, viz., What is the real measure of progress in ideas, morals and institutions beyond the Atlantic? The great republic has, up to this time, triumphed over all natural difficulties as well as the complications of civil war. The exterior is grandeur, but what is there beneath it? For some time strange symptoms succeed each other, and seem to reveal an increasing invasion of corruption upon the domain of public morals. One recollects that, some years since, frightful scandals were discovered in the municipal administration of New York. There was then an organized plunder of all public and private interests, and unfortunately this was not peculiar to New York, but was reproduced, though with less noise, in many other cities. No one can tell how far this corruption has gone or may yet go. This is the reverse of the beautiful medal of the American republic. The evil exists, beyond a doubt. A congressional committee, some years since, bluntly declared, 'that it was necessary to turn the thieves out of public service—that they were to be found in offices high and low.' General Grant has said, in one of his messages, that it is necessary 'to protect the country from numerous abuses and the squandering of the public funds.' Parties have made haste to put in their programmes 'the reform of the civil service.' And to sum up all, it is proved that this strange phenomenon of administration and political demoralization has made alarming progress for a number of years. It is a problem which earnestly engages the most eminent publicists of the United States. The evil which strikes the most clear-sighted minds of the United States, and of which the recent scandals are only a symptom, is due to causes diverse enough and profound enough,—to an ever-increasing change of morals and institutions. That which made the strength of the constitution, as Washington understood it, scarcely exists, to-day. The great republic begins to suffer from the vices of democracy—from the unchaining of cupidities provoked and favored by an unlimited system of elective offices—from the lowering of the moral and intellectual standards in public assemblies—from the blustering denomination of *politicians* organized to prey upon the public life. It is doubtless only a crisis, and the people which has known how to triumph over the danger of dissolution by civil war will, sooner

or later, know well how to oppose energetically that which threatens its moral and national existence."

THE letter from Mrs. Orra Langhorne of Lynchburg, will be read with interest as the testimony of an educated Southern lady, born and brought up under the old regime. Her views as to the character, progress and capabilities of the freedmen possess peculiar value for all interested in the colored race.

THE HAMPTON NORMAL SCHOOL acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a patchwork quilt, the work of the pupils of the Washburn Industrial School of Worcestor, Mass. This Industrial School, founded years ago by Deacon Ichabod Washburn of Worcester, is one of those successful charities which are quietly working out here and there in our land, in the very spirit of the Master, the problems of the world's redemption. Children of any aid and nationality are welcomed alike to its privileges if they need aid and are willing to learn to sew. The last report, read by Rev. Mr. Cheever for the Superintendent, Mrs. Souther, shows a good year's work. The school has met every Saturday since November 6th. Twenty ladies have given their time to the labor of teaching sewing, Scripture lessons, and singing. One hundred and fifty children have been members of the school during the past winter, with an average attendance of one hundred and thirty, and four hundred and forty-five garments have been cut and prepared for their use, of which one hundred and one have been completed by two classes this session. It is required that these be made neatly and presented for examination. On New Years Day each child received a present of a parcel of candy and a picture card, and at the close of the session each girl of the twenty classes received a package of flannel for a skirt, and an orange. The humanizing and elevating influence of such practical benevolence will tell upon many generations, and the cup of cold water to these little ones will not fail of its reward.

AT THE beginning of the year, the American Colonization Society issued an appeal for funds to send a company of colored emigrants to Liberia, the expenses of the past year having exhausted the receipts of $24,230.23. The Executive Committee remark that the society "has demonstrated the practicability and desirableness of setting the negro on his ancestral shores." And their appeal is made in the belief that "African colonization involves the highest interests of the colored population of the United States and the civilization and evangelization of Africa." The value of teachers of their own race for any people who are to be elevated has indeed been established again and again in missionary lands and among our own freedmen. Just how it is to be proved in Africa—whether by training native helpers on the ground, or by colonizing colored Americans, and whether the American freedman can in most cases best help his people by emigrating to Liberia or by staying here, are still open questions, and we shall be glad to give our attention fairly to any facts bearing upon either side.

The New York *Tribune* some time ago published a striking letter from a colored resident of Liberia to an American friend, in which he asserts that the influence of the Liberian Colony upon the natives has been anything but civilizing, that the wars have resulted from the colonists' oppression, and that they have even tried to reduce the aboriginal tribes to slavery in fact if not in name. He says that a Liberian Senator declared to a white missionary from the United States, "Sir, I assure you it was a great mistake that we did not introduce slavery here," and that this spirit pervades the community. This sounds almost incredible; but he forcibly says: "How indeed could it be otherwise? We know only slave-holding civilization. No one can expect the stream to rise higher than its source. It is wrong to suppose that to have suffered injustice and hardship makes men merciful and just. To expect us, the victims of tyranny and oppression, to be other than tyrants and oppressors is as unphilosophical as it is unjust."

Strange as is this fact of human nature, it has often been repeated in history. To suffer persecution does not make men merciful—the Children of Israel enslaved the Canaanites—Calvin burned Servetus—the Puritans hung the Quakers. Is this an inevitable chapter in the future development of African history, or can we raise the fountain-head at home before we turn on the streams to water the desert?

THE *American Citizen*, published in Lexington, Ky., says:

"The colored people vote with the Republican party, not because of any peculiar *social* advantages that they derive from so doing, but because of the *avowed* principles of that party in favor of equal human rights in a *legal* and not a *social* sense especially. They fear the Democratic party chiefly because of its *past record;* but should it so conduct itself in the future, as to remove this feeling of distrust from the black man, we know of no reason why he should always cast his ballot solid for the Republican party. The colored people, as soon as they deem it politically safe to do so, are just as likely to divide their votes between the two great parties as any other class of our citizens."

Agricultural.

IT IS interesting to note in the recent writings and discussions about "formulas" for certain crops, to what a large extent the results of close scientific investigations are being rendered plain to, and applicable by all intelligent farmers throughout the country. The manure formulas for special crops, based upon the researches of scientific men who have devoted years to patient tests in the laboratory and field, is a plain instance of the direct aid rendered by science to practical agriculture—a tangible evidence of the harmony between practice and science. Science is telling the farmer what to do; is showing him how Nature may be made to assist his operations; is saying to him "your methods and means of working are good so far as they go, but are imperfect—take advantage of my experience and reach better results in a shorter time." In this matter of home-made manures for special crops, Prof. W. J. Land, chemist to the Georgia Department of Agriculture, says of compost of which stable or farm manure forms an important part, with acid, phosphate or dissolved bone: "The economy and profit of the compost system is no longer a debatable question with practical farmers. However much the pseudo-scientist, who rejects facts which his theories fail to explain, may endeavor to turn it to ridicule as "unscientific"—with the true economist and practical agriculturist the solid facts derived from crucial test of Nature's laboratory, will outweigh all his theories and the shallow sophistry by which he seeks to sustain them. The true scientist, however, does not shut his eyes to facts, but uses them as material of which to build his theories." And then he goes on to say that "all farmers should be careful to save all excrementitious deposits from all kinds of stock for the compost heap, the coming season, as it will be worth millions to the State in money saved and increased production." It is to this matter of composting that greater attention should be given: our farmers have not sufficiently appreciated its importance, nor given sufficient labor to the suitable preparation of farm manures to become fitted to yield up their food readily to the crops to which they have been applied.

Maine Farmer.

SOUTHERN COW PEAS.

At the close of an article descriptive of Cow Peas, given last month, we stated that we expected an article upon their cultivation; this has come to hand, but we are quite unable to make room for it, and it must be deferred until another month. For those who wish to try the crop, we here give the essential points on planting, hoping to publish the entire article anon. The crop is grown with success in Virginia, and judging from the mass of herbage the plants produced in our trial referred to last month, we should judge them worthy of attention in more northern localities.

Even poor land will grow cow peas. On very poor land the peas are sown the end of April, the crop turned under to enrich the land, and a second sowing immediately made. The peas must not be sown until the soil is warm; the land is well plowed, and a bushel of seed for good land, and 5 or 6 pecks for poor, is sown broadcast, and harrowed in, or covered by a light plow; sown in June or July, the seed should be plowed in deep. The Red, Clay, Black, and Whippoorwill, are the kinds most esteemed for fodder, and they do better on poor soils. The Lady, White Table, and Crowder varieties require richer soils, and are the kinds cultivated for table use; they are often sown between rows of corn at the last working. Cow peas are often cultivated in orchards, serving to shade the ground around young trees, and at the same time furnishing a valuable crop of fodder.

SEA-SAND is largely used as a fertilizing agent by the farmers on the French coasts of Normandy and Brittany, who apply it at the rate of three hundred and fifty-three cubic feet to the acre, and obtain such wonderful results that they are able to reap abundant wheat crops for several years running. The sand is replete with nitrogenous matter. The mixture of fresh and salt water, at the mouth of rivers, appears to favor the growth of submarine vegetation. Crustacles and molluska of all kinds get entangled in vast numbers in these bays, and the most productive oyster beds are found there. The beach is covered by the remains of shell-fish, and the weed brought in by the sea is impregnated by animal detritus. These deposits, added to those derived from the luxuriant vegetation which covers the bottom of the sea, and which when torn from the rocks by a tempest sometimes covers the surface so densely as to impede navigation, contribute to the powerful fertilizing qualities of the sea-sand, and explain the results which follow its use.

AT A RECENT horticultural meeting at Nashua one of the speakers gave the results of his experience in hedge planting. He advised a single row hedge, with the plants set about six inches apart. A successful hedge, in his opinion, cannot be grown compact as it should be, so filled with foliage and shoots that a bird cannot get through, in less than eight years. It needs care and watching and should not be allowed to grow to scraggy limbs at first. The roots of the various kinds of evergreen should be cut about every spring and thus caused to send out fresh sprouts that will make them valuable afterward. One difficulty experienced in cultivating evergreens is that inexperienced persons do not set them as deep in the earth as they should be. They ought to be put deep in the earth and the soil packed about them in such a way that the air cannot get at their roots. If the earth is dry it should be wet with one or two pails full of water and mulched.

OYSTER SHELL LIME.—"D. G.," North Brookfield, Mass. Oyster shells freed of all adhering mud and other matters, consist of 98½ per cent. of carbonate of lime, 1 per cent. of phosphate of lime, and less than 1 per cent. of animal matter. When burned they are converted into lime, which is more nearly pure than that from the ordinary lime-stones. It is thought by some to be superior to stone lime as a fertilizer, on account of the animal matter it contains; this is of course an error, as the animal matter is destroyed in burning; it permeates the shell throughout, and its destruction by heat causes the lime to fall in a fine powder. The unburned shells are practically of no value.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

Many of our farmers have wasted years of valuable time just because they did not teach their cows to come home at night. Any one who has lived or traveled in the country will remember the familiar "Cobos! Cobos!" of the farmer's son or hired man as he endeavors to coax the cows from the great pasture. We have had a little experience in these matters, and well remember how many times we have waded through the brush and bogs looking for the cows, and, boy-like, we thought them dreadfully contrary animals. But we have lived long enough to learn better, and now think the biped the more contrary animal of the two.

Boys, we will tell you a secret that will save you a great deal of trouble, and it is this: Every time the cows are driven up at night or in the morning, give them a good lick of meal or bran, and the cows will always be on hand at the milking time.—*American Stock Journal.*

We have received from Europe a limited quantity of the Bismarck, late Cabbage Seed, which produces solid heads of cabbage the size of the mouth of a flour barrel and larger. These enormous cabbages are raised with the most ordinary cultivation, in any climate, and at present prices, double the ordinary profit is realized from their production. In transplanting from these seed, great care should be used to give sufficient space for growth. A package sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents; 3 packages $1.00; 8 for $2.00. A sure cure for cabbage pests and 4 beautiful chromos, The Maiden's Dream, full set sent free with each package. Address, B. Alexander & Co., sole U. S. Agents, 8th st., opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Please quote this paper. 12-6

AUGUST FLOWER.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

More than seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c. Go to the Drug Store and get a 75 cent bottle, or a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Try it. Two doses will relieve you. For Sale in Hampton by Messrs. Selden & Co., and Druggists generally.

DYSPEPSIA.

Americans are particularly subject to this disease and its effects: such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Heartburn, Water-brash, coming up of the food, coated tongue, disagreeable taste in the mouth, palpitation of the heart and all diseases of the Stomach and Liver. Two doses of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once, and there positively is not a case in the United States it will not cure. If you doubt this go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. 6-1y

Four beautiful fine oil chromos 7 x 9 sad one 9 x 12 sent for fifty cents, and six size 7 x 9 and six size 9 x 12 sent for $1, and a full family portfolio of 100 oil and gem chromos, *very fine*, all designs, $2. They are scriptural scenes, landscapes, sea views, hunting and fishing scenes, Rocky Mountain scenes, birds, animals, fruit and flower designs. Our chromos are facsimile reproductions of the choicest works of the *great masters*, and pronounced by connoisseurs equal to the original oil paintings. Three hundred Decalcomania pictures sent for 50 cents, large, mixed, all kinds, $1; and 1,500, $3. A sample of these goods with full instructions to transfer the same will accompany each of the above orders if desired. Address, enclosing price, and a three cent stamp for return of goods by mail. B. ALEXANDER & CO., wholesale and retail dealers, 8th street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York Agents and tradesmen are making money selling our goods. Ladies are meeting with great success in this work. A full agents outfit of 200 fine samples sent on receipt of $5 Please state the name of the paper you saw this in 12-6.

INDELIBLE MARKING PAPER FOR MARKING CLOTHING WITHOUT A PREPARATION.—*Direction*—Lay the Indelible Paper upon the article to be marked, and place over it a thin piece of writing paper, upon which write with a common lead pencil, or any smooth point. If the marking is pressed with a hot flat-iron or otherwise heated for a few seconds, it can be washed immediately with hot water and soap as usual. Warrant-d not to fade or spread in the cloth. A package sent, post-paid, on receipt of thirty-five cents, two for sixty cents. Address B. ALEXANDER & CO., Sole United States Agt's, Eighth street, opposite Cooper Institute, New York. Agents wanted, send for terms. Please quote this paper. 12-6

BALTIMORE AND NORFOLK.

PEOPLE'S LINE.

The swift and reliable iron steamer *Sue* leaves foot of Gay St., Baltimore, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 P. M., for Norfolk, touching at Old Point. Returning, leaves Norfolk Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for Baltimore, at 4 P. M., and Old Point at 5 P. M., thereby affording travelers a delightful view of Chesapeake Bay by daylight.

Fare: Baltimore to Norfolk $2.00.
Round trip 3.00.
Don't buy through tickets. 3t

1620—1875.

The following has appeared substantially in former years, but the distinguished chronicler, in preparing a Centennial edition, has given it some fresh touches, put on from the Connecticut point of view, as may be seen in the allusions to Gen. Israel Putnam, for instance, under dates interesting to him and his descendants:

1620. Lands on Plymouth Rock, and sets up for himself.

1621. Keeps Thanksgiving—in no danger of overeating.

1632. Builds a Meeting House.

1623. Proclaims a Fast Day.

1628. Cuts down a May Pole at Merry Mount, as a rebuke to vain recreations.

1635. Is crowded for accommodations, and stakes out a new farm at Connecticut

1637. Makes war on the Antinomians, and the Pequot Indians—and whips both.

1638. Starts a *College*, and

1640. Sets up a *Printing Press*.

1643. Goes into a Confederacy—the first Colonial Congress.

1648. Lays down the *Cambridge Platform*. Hangs a Witch.

1649. Sets his face against the unchristian custom of wearing long hair, "a thing uncivil and uncomely."

1651. Is rebuked for "intolerable excess and bravery of apparel," and is forbidden to wear gold and silver lace, or other such gew-gaws.

1652. Coins Pine Tree Shillings—and makes the business profitable.

1663. Prints a Bible for the Indians.

1680. Buys a "hang-up" Clock, and occasionally carries a silver watch that helps him guess the time of day. About this period learns to use Forks at table; a new fashion.

1692. Is scared by *Witches* again, at Salem; but gets the better of them.

1701. Founds *another College*, which, after a while, settles down at New Haven.

1704. Prints his first *Newspaper*, in Boston.

1705. Tastes *Coffee*, as a luxury, and at his own table.

1767. Constructs another *Platform*—this time at Saybrook.

1716. Begins to sip *Tea*—very sparingly. It does not come into family use till five and twenty years later.

1711. Puts a letter into his first *Post-Office*.

1726. Eats a *Potato*—and takes one home to plant in his garden as a curiosity.

1721. Is *Inoculated* for the Small Pox—not without grave remonstrance from his conservative neighbors. Begins to *Sing by note* on Sundays, thereby encountering much opposition and opening a ten years' quarrel.

1740. Manufactures tinned ware, and starts the first *Tin Pedler* on his travels.

1742. Sees Faneuil Hall built. The cradle of Liberty is ready to be rocked.

1745. Builds an *Organ*; but does not yet permit it to be played in the Meeting House.

1756. Buys a bushel of *Potatoes* for winter's use—all his friends wondering what he will do with so many.

1755. Puts up a *Franklin Stove* in his best room; and tries one of the newly invented *Lightning Rods*.

1766. About this time begins to wear a collar to his shirt. When he can afford it, takes his wife to meeting in a *Chaise*, instead of on a pillion, as heretofore.

1765. Shows his dislike to stamped Paper, and joins the "Sons of Liberty."

1768. Tries his hand at *Type Founding*—not yet successfully—in Connecticut.

1770. Buys a home-made *Wooden Clock*.

1773, Waters his *Tea* in Boston harbor. Plants *Liberty Trees*, wherever he finds good soil.

1774. Lights Boston streets with oil *Lamps*: a novelty (though "New Lights" had been plenty, some years before).

1775. Shows Lord Percy how to march to "Yankee Doodle." Calls at Ticonderoga, to take lodgings for the season. Sends General Putnam (under the command of several colonels) with a small party, to select a site for Bunker Hill Monument.

1776. *Brother Jonathan*—as he begins to be called in the family—declares himself Free and Independent.

1786. Buys an "Umbrillo" for Sundays; and whenever he shows it is laughed at for his effeminacy.

1791. Starts a *Cotton Spinning* factory.

1792. Has been raising Silk Worms, in Connecticut; and now gives his minister (not his wife) a home-made silk gown. Buys a *Carpet*, for the *middle* of the parlor floor.

1793. Invents the *Cotton Gin*—and thereby trebles the value of southern plantations.

1795-1800. Wears *Pantaloons* occasionally, but not when in full dress. Begins to use *Plates* on the breakfast and tea table.

1802. Has the boys and girls *vaccinated*.

1806. Tries to burn a place of *Hard Coal* from Philadelphia; a failure.

1807. Sees a boat go by *Steam*, on the Hudson.

1815. Holds a little *Convention* at Hartford, but doesn't propose to dissolve the Union. Buys one of Terry's patent "Shelf Clocks," for $30.00, and regulates his watch by it.

1817. Sets up a Stove in the Meeting House, and builds a fire in it on Sunday; an innovation which is stoutly resisted by many.

1817. Begins to run a *Steamboat* on Long Island Sound—and takes passage on it to New York, after making his will.

1819. Grown bolder, he crosses the Atlantic in a steamship.

1820. Buys a *Steel Pen* (one of Gillott's, sold at $33 per gross). Has his every day Shirts made without *Ruffles*.

1825. About this time, puts a *Percussion Lock* on his old musket.

1826. Buys his wife a pair of queer-shaped *India Rubber* overshoes. Puts on his first False Collar. Tries an "Experimental" railroad, by horse power.

1828. Tastes his first *Tomato*—doubtingly. Is told that it is unfashionable to feed himself with his knife—and buys *Silver Forks*, for great occasions.

1833. Rubs his first *Friction Match*—then called a "Lucifer," and afterward "Loco Foco." Throws away the old Tinder Box, with its flint and steel.

1835. Invents the *Revolver*, and sets about supplying the world with it, as a pence-maker. Tries a *Gold Pen*, but cannot find a good one yet—nor till 1844. Builds a real *Railroad*, and rides on it.

1837. Gets in a panic—and out again, after free use of "shin-plasters."

1838. Adopts the new fashion of putting his letters in *Envelopes* (a fashion which does not fairly prevail till seven years later).

1840 Sits for his *Daguerreotype* and gets a picture fearfully and wonderfully made. Begins to blow himself up with "Gunpowder" and

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.

"Burning Fluid"; and continues the process for years, with changes of name of the active agent, down to and including "Non-Explosive Kerosene."

1844. Sends his first message by the *Electric Telegraph*.

1847. Buys his wife a *Sewing Machine*—in the vain hope that somehow it will keep the buttons on his shirts. Begins to receive advices from the "Spirit World."

1855. Begins to bore and be bored by the Hoosac Tunnel.

1858. Celebrates the laying of the *Ocean Cable*, and sends a friendly message to John Bull. Next week begins to doubt whether the cable has been laid at all.

1861. Goes south to help compose a family quarrel. Takes to using Paper Money.

1861-1865. Climbs the Hill Difficulty—relieved of his pack after Jan. 1, 1864; but loses GREAT HEART, April 14, 1865.

1865. Gets the Atlantic Cable in working order at last, in season to send word to his British cousins (who have been waiting for an invitation to his funeral) that he "lives yet."

1865-1875. Is reconstructing and *talking about* Resumption. Sends his boys to the Museum to see an old-fashioned Silver Dollar.

1875. Goes to Bunker Hill to pay honor to the Illustrious men who commanded General Putnam. Thinks he won't inflate—and helps struggle a western rag-baby. Gets ready to celebrate his second golden wedding by a grand family reunion in Philadelphia.—*Boston Semi-Weekly Advertiser.*

In the year 1761, any one looking into the sitting-room of the chapel-master of Saltzburg might have seen a little figure bent over a table, busily scratching away with pen and ink. The childish hand hardly knew how to hold the pen, but hurried along with marks and dots and strange-looking characters, smeared with ink, and now and then blackened with a huge blot as the pen dashed from ink to paper with trembling eagerness. The door opened, and the chapel-master entered with a friend, but the little curly head did not stir.

"What are you doing, my son?"

"I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, papa. I have nearly finished the first part."

"Let me see."

"No please; I have not yet finished."

The father took the paper, however, and showed it to his friend. They both laughed heartily at the scrawl; but on looking more attentively, the chapel-master said:

"See, it is really composed by rule; but it is too difficult, no one could play it."

"It must be well studied before it is played," said the boy. "See this is the way it begins."

And running to the harpsichord, he succeeded in playing enough of it to show what his idea was.

It was indeed a musical composition, correctly composed, but containing such great difficulties that an able musician would have found it impossible to execute it on the harpsichord.

The chapel-master was Leopold Mozart, and the little composer, only five years old, was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, afterward so celebrated in the musical world.

Two years before, he had stood listening at the fireside while his papa gave a music-lesson to his sister Anna.

"Thou teachest Nunnerl, papa; teach me too."

"But thou art a baby, Wolferl; wait, my little man."

But when the lesson was over, and papa gone, the little fellow went to the harpsichord and standing on tiptoe, groped among the keys, with his baby-fingers stretched wide apart, till he found and played a *perfect chord*. Papa's music-ear caught the sound, and he rushed back into the room to find that his baby had indeed all alone, found his way into the beautiful tone-world.

After that, music-lessons were for him too, and he was never far away when Nunnerl was at the harpsichord, but, perched on his father's knee, followed every movement and tone, and

Court, and played before Francis I., the Emperor, to the wonder and delight of all who heard them.

His father had only taught him on the harpsichord, but he had a little violin on which he played to amuse himself. Six trios composed by Wenzl were once brought to him to try his powers. Little Wolfgang begged that he might play the second violin part, and brought out his own instrument to play with the others. His father refused him, and bade him run away; but Schachtner, whose part it was, called him back and said, "Never mind, little man, wipe away those tears, and stand by me." He did so, looking over the musician's shoulder; and soon Schachtner was surprised to hear a clear clean-cut tone striking in with his. Gradually he heard the music distinctly played, and softening his own tones more and more, let the little fellow play on. Finally he ceased playing altogether, and Wolfgang played on without interruption through that trio and the next, and until the whole six had been performed. He had become absorbed in the music, and all unconsciously threw his whole soul into the performance, and with flushed cheek and flashing eye, played on to the close, radiant with delight, while the tears rolled down the chapel-master's face as he listened to the boy.

He had never before heard him play on the violin, and was overwhelmed with astonishment and joy.

"Little music-king thou art, my Wolferl, and thou shalt reign over us all," he cried as he clasped him in his arms.

Before Wolfgang was eight years old, and Anna twelve, they had performed at the courts of Vienna, Paris, Munich and London. At Vienna they saw and played with the Marie Antoinette, and Wolfgang shocked the fine Court ladies by jumping into the lap of the Empress for a kiss. He could play the works of Bach, Handel and other masters, and in England composed six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen.

Returning to France, they traveled about in that country and in Holland, and Wolfgang played on the organs of most of the churches and monasteries.

One evening being caught in a thunder-storm, they took shelter in a monastary. The monks were at supper, and did not know of their guests' arrival. But soon, wonderful music began to steal into the hall from the chapel; sometimes sweet and sad, then wild and stormy; now a single voice with pleading tones, again a great chorus of response; now the rolling of the thunder and the booming of the wind, and, as these died away, a soft, clear sunny strain, telling that the storm was over. The Fathers were in great affright; one and another stole into the dark chapel to listen, and they counted themselves over and over again to be sure they were all there. But at last a light was brought, the strangers were discovered, and Wolfgang greatly enjoyed their amazement, terror, and delight. They could not believe it was he who had played such music, so far beyond what even Brother Ambrose played—their fine musician. They thought it was a spell — an enchantment — a holy charm — a miracle. And when at last convinced he was a true mortal boy, they lavished the kindest hospitality on the Mozarts, and bade them God-speed on the morrow with many a blessing.

At the consecration of a church belonging to the Orphans' Home in Vienna, Mozart composed the music for the occasion, and conducted it, although only twelve years of age. At thirteen, he went to Rome with his father, and there, in the Sistine Chapel, below the grand painting of "The last Judgment," which Michael Angelo had painted three hundred years before, he heard the wonderful music of "The Miserere."

This is only performed in Holy Week by the Pope's choir, and no one has ever been allowed to have a copy of the music, or even to see it. But so astonishing was little Mozart's memory, that, on his return from the chapel, he not only wrote out the music correctly, but could also sing it perfectly,—a feat which made him the musical wonder of the age.

He was received with the greatest enthusiasm in Italy; made a Knight of the Golden Spur, by the Pope; elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy, and had praises and honors heaped upon him in the very land of song and art.

At fifteen years of age he composed his first opera. But we must now take leave of the *boy*.

His works were numerous, and have

long; and at thirty-five he left to the world the rich inheritance of his musical compositions.

They are full of grace and beauty. Some of them are sad and mournful; some running over with fun and frolic; but sonatas, operas, and masses all speak the genius of the great musician.

His last work was a requiem, which a stranger came to him and ordered. Mozart began to write it, and was to have it finished in a month. But when the stranger returned it was not done.

"How much longer do you want?"

"Another month," replied Mozart.

He continued to work on it, but his health, already poor, began to fail, and he grew feebler each day. He often told his wife he was writing the requiem for himself, and his melancholy increased day by day. He fancied that the unknown person was a being from another world, and became convinced that he was sent to warn him of his own departure. Painfully he worked on with his failing strength, and at last the requiem was completed; but when the stranger called for it Mozart was dead, and the solemn requiem, written for another, was his own death-song.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ARABIC, BULGARIAN AND HAWAIIAN.

In the library of the Bible House in London is a wonderful and most interesting sight—a specimen of the Lord's Prayer written in every known language of the world and in every dialect of each language and in every age of the dialect. It seems like a pledge of the promised time when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and as we look over the many strange and puzzling characters, we can but pray for His Kingdom to come when the most beautiful of all prayers shall be not merely written in the languages, but on the hearts of all, from the least to the greatest.

The first of the three specimens in our picture is in the Arabic tongue. Look on your map of Asia and find Arabia, and remember all you have been told of it. It is a strange country, a country without a navigable river; the camel is its ship of commerce, with which its merchants cross the vast sandy deserts where even a wolf could not live three days. The Arabian horses, you know, are the finest in the world. Kings pay royal prices for one; but the Arab loves his horse as one of his family and will scarcely sell it unless he is starving. The Arabs are a wild, wandering race, proud of its great antiquity and of never having been driven out of their desert land, while their ancestors have been the conquerors of all modern eastern nations. Their language is spoken more or less from India to the Atlantic. It is therefore very important for the Eastern missionaries to learn it.

Bulgaria is a province of Turkey in Europe, extending from the Danube to the Balkan Mountains. The Bulgarians also are an ancient race, once very warlike. They were conquered by the Turks in 1397, and since then have become a peaceful people, living by their farms and flocks. They are noted for their honesty, honor and manly qualities. Oppressed as they have been by their Turkish conqueror, they have never been degraded. Their language is somewhat like the Russian or Polish. Long before the Bible was printed in their language they had a great longing for it. The New Testament was translated for them first by the British Bible Society. Afterward Dr. Riggs of the American Board of Foreign Missions translated the Old Testament and Psalms for them, and then with three other gentlemen, two of them Bulgarians, made a complete translation of the New Testament.

In our last month's paper you learned a good deal of the interesting mission to Hawaii or the Sandwich Islands, with its beautiful missionary ship, the *Morning Star*.

The Hawaiian language is a very beautiful one—very soft and musical, with no harsh sounds. The natives had no written language of their own. The American missionaries had to make one for them, and write down their words as they sounded. Of course they took the English letters, as the Hawaiians had none of their own, and that is the reason that you see the Hawaiian Prayer written in English. Though I think you will not find it easier to understand than the others.

But the Lord heareth all who call upon Him, and to Him that heareth prayer shall all flesh come.

The Lord's Prayer, in Arabic.

أَبَانَا ٱلَّذِي فِي ٱلسَّمَوَاتِ. لِيَتَقَدَّسِ ٱسْمُكَ. لِيَأْتِ مَلَكُوتُكَ. لِتَكُنْ
مَشِيئَتُكَ كَمَا فِي ٱلسَّمَاءِ كَذٰلِكَ عَلَى ٱلْأَرْضِ. خُبْزَنَا كَفَافَنَا أَعْطِنَا ٱلْيَوْمَ.
وَٱغْفِرْ لَنَا ذُنُوبَنَا كَمَا نَغْفِرُ نَحْنُ أَيْضًا لِلْمُذْنِبِينَ إِلَيْنَا. وَلَا تُدْخِلْنَا فِي تَجْرِبَةٍ.
لٰكِنْ نَجِّنَا مِنَ ٱلشِّرِّيرِ. لِأَنَّ لَكَ ٱلْمُلْكَ وَٱلْقُوَّةَ وَٱلْمَجْدَ إِلَى ٱلْأَبَدِ. آمِينَ

In Bulgarian.

Отче нашъ, който си на небеса, да ся свети име-то твое; Да дойде царство-то твое; да бъде воля-та твоя, както на небе-то, *така* и на земя-тѣ. Хлѣбъ-тъ нашъ насѫщный, дай *го* намъ днесь; И прости ни дългове-тѣ наши, както и ный прощавамы на наши-тѣ длъжницы; И не въведи насъ въ искушеніе, но избави насъ отъ лукаваго; защото е твое царство-то и сила-та и слава-та во вѣкы. Аминь.

IN HAWAIIAN.

E ko makou Makua iloko o ka lani, e hoanoia kou inoa. E hiki mai kou aupuni; e malamaia kou makemake ma ka honua nei, e like me ia i malamaia ma ka lani la; e haawi mai ia makou i keia la i ai na makou no neia la; e kala mai hoi ia makou i ka makou lawehala ana, me makou e kala nei i ka poe i lawehala i ka makou. Mai hookuu oe ia makou i ka hoowalewalcia mai; e hoopakelo uo nae ia makou i ka ino; no ka mea, nou ka aupuni. a me ka mana, a me ka hoouanaia, a mau loa aku. Ameue.

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

MACHINERY HALL AND MEMORIAL HALL.

We give our readers pictures this month of two of the most interesting of the great Exhibition buildings.

MACHINERY HALL

is 1402 feet long, 300 feet wide, and over 60 feet high. Within this vast enclosure what do we see? A network of pulleys and shafting. A maze of flying wheels and spindles and complicated machinery, driving and whirling and whirring away with distracting din, fascinating to a mechanic and bewildering to the general beholder who thinks himself with awe in the very present of the spirit of the Nineteenth Century.

Here are steam pumps, steam hammers, steam drills and sugar mills; steam coal mining machines and hydraulic presses, carding machines, cotton looms and calico printing machines. Here are sewing machines in every variety, some that sew on lace and some that sew sails with seams sixty feet long. Here is a machine that is weaving ribbons with portraits of Washington, Lincoln, and Queen Victoria. Here are turbina water wheels, harvesting machines, silk looms and machines for making hats.

One of the most ponderous of the machines is a well-borer from Belgium, that stamps into the ground with an iron foot weighing 20,000 *pounds* and shod with chisels. It ought to be called "Nelly Bly," for

> "When it *bores*; it lifts its foot
> And then it sets it down,
> And when it lights, dere's music dar
> In dat part ob de town."

To turn from this monster and the Rock-drills and quartz-crushers that grind the mountains to powder, to the dainty little saws and files doing fairy-like work on ladies watches—then to the magical Fourdrinier paper-making machine that works away by itself as if it had brains of its own, and then to the great printing presses—Hoe's and Bullock's and Walters' that are covering the paper at the rate of ten thousand newspaper sheets an hour with thoughts that breathe and words that burn to mould and create that mighty power called public sentiment—then we feel indeed that

Each one of these printing presses does the work of twenty-one men that used to be employed on the old-fashioned presses. And if that is not contrast enough just look at the press here exhibited which Franklin used, and step over to the Ivy mills still running where he used to buy his paper, and in which the Continental money, so coarse and clumsy, was made. It is by such contrasts that we appreciate the immense stride the country has taken in a hundred years.

We must see before we go the huge Corliss engine that furnishes the power for all the machinery in the Hall. Remember that there are 10,400 feet of shafting running at the rate of one hundred and twenty revolutions per minute. The Commissioners were troubled to know how to supply this power till Mr. Geo. H. Corliss of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the greatest inventors and manufacturers of engines in the country, came forward and offered to put up and run, all at his own expense, an engine that would do the work. It has cost $200,000. It stands forty feet high, has a fly-wheel thirty feet in diameter, of fifty-six tons weight, has twenty tubular boilers and supplies 1,400 horse power. It is itself perhaps the most wonderful machine in the Hall; the largest stationery engine ever built, driving fourteen acres of machinery, while twenty months ago it was a mass of iron ore. It was put up here for the first time, and the measurement of some of its parts were as close as the one-hundredth part of an inch. It is a marvel of science and skill. When Sir Edward Thornton, the English commissioner, was introduced to Mr. Corliss, he said, "Not Mr. Corliss who built the great engine?" When told that it was, he said, "We give such work to our old men in England." It is indeed a work for a young man to be proud of, and in America it is our young men who are called to the world's work. How great the need of a training that will fit them for it.

In the hydraulic annex, a hall 208 by 210 feet annexed to Machinery Hall on the south, the power is obtained for the machines that run by water, and the pumps are exhibited. Here is a tank thirty-three feet in height above the floor, supplied constantly by two rotary pumps and pouring a waterfall thirty-six feet in breadth into a lower basin. This is a great attraction to visitors, and the cool rush of the waters is a pleasant change from the din of the steam works.

MEMORIAL HALL.

We have left little room for a description of Memorial Hall, and it is probably less interesting to most of our readers, as pictures of men. Though every one likes to look at pictures, our country is even yet too young to have developed a universal appreciation of art. Memorial Hall will help, no doubt, for here are specimens, and some very fine ones, of pictures and statues from all the principal nations of the world. England has sent the best exhibit of modern paintings. In the Italian rooms there is a wonderfully interesting collection made by Signor Castellani, (Signor, pronounced Seen-yor, is Italian for Mr.), a collection of antique marble and bronze statuary of the finest ancient art, unearthed, some of it only within the year past, from the soil of Italy where still unnumbered treasures lie buried in the dust of ages. Here are also beautiful specimens of fifteenth century porcelain and earthenware at which we wonder that things so fragile have lasted so long. And here, most interesting of all, perhaps, is a collection of articles found in very ancient tombs near Rome. Brouze caskets containing articles for the toilet and the bath, mirrors (of polished metal), combs, brushes and dainty toilet articles, all of exquisite form, and delicately carved and chased with figures and scenes and other elaborate designs. The old Romans were a luxurious, art-loving people.

Memorial Hall is, of course, more solidly built than the other buildings as it is intended to remain permanently, while the others will be taken down when the exhibition is over. It is built of granite, iron and glass, 365 by 210 feet, with a square tower at the four corners, and a dome in the centre. It stands on a terrace ascended by steps, at the top of which are colossal bronze figures of winged horses held back by female figures. At the base of the dome are seated four figures representing the Arts and Sciences, on the top is a standing figure, and the four corners are surmounted with an eagle at each corner.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY

in Philadelphia will be the high festival of the Centennial year of course, and we will give our readers a full description of it in our next number. Meanwhile we advise them to use their influence wherever they may be for a worthy and patriotic observance of a day when North and South, East and West ought to feel a heart-warming toward their common country. Never mind making a great noise. Don't leave it all to the boys with their ear-splitting fire-crackers and cannon; but get out the Old Declaration of Independence and read it, read the poem on the old Independence Bell, make an oration if you like, and by all means sing The Star Spangled Banner, and My Country 'tis of Thee.

IT'S MEAN.

One snowy morning, some of the boys went and shoveled away the snow for a poor old woman near the school-house, who had no one to help her. When Sam heard of it, he asked—

"What did she give you?"

"What did you suppose we wanted?" said Harry.

But Sam replied, with an air superior wisdom, that for his part he did not believe in anything that "did not pay."

He will not even make a kite for his little brother, unless Willie gives him something in return.

He seldom spends his own money for candy or cakes; but if any of his brothers or sisters have sugar-plums, Sam always has his share. He gets away the boys' playthings by what he calls "bargains." He thinks he is "sharp;" and he does not always confine himself to fair trading. He takes advantage of the simplicity or carelessness of others, and calls it "smart;" nay, he even looks down on those who are kind and generous, and calls them "silly" for doing what "does not pay."

If he could only see that his habits "don't pay!" Even if there were nothing but this world to live for, this low selfishness is bad policy, if it were nothing worse. But it is much worse. It is walking on a path that leads farther and farther away from God; it is directly opposite to those two great commandments upon which "hang all the law and the prophets." He who lives to himself alone is more unlike than any other creature to Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

POLITE TO GOD.

"Mother, should we be more polite to people than we are to God?".

"No, my son; but what made you think of it?"

"Well, so I thought; but last evening, when uncle Ralph was walking in the garden with Miss Helen, little Carlo ran up to him, and put his muddy paws on his clean, white pants, and he said an ugly word. He looked scared; his face turned red, and he said, 'Do excuse me, Miss Helen.' And I wonder if he will ask God to excuse him when he says his prayers to-night?"

"I hope so," said his mother; "but you had better remind him of it."

"Yes, mother; I will."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

The National Repnblican Convention which assembled at Cincinnati, Obio, Jane 15tb, for the nomination of a Repablican candidate for President, consisted of seven hundred and twenty-nine deligates from the States and Territories. The platform adopted declares,—

I. Tbe United States not a league but a nation.

II. Equal rigbts must be protected according to the Declaration of Independence.

III. Government is under obligation to secure complete liberty and exact equality to every American citizen in the exercise of all civil, political and public rigbts.

IV. Commercial prosperity and National credit demand that the promise, made by the National Government, to provide at the earliest possible moment for the redemption of the United States notes in coin, should be fulfilled by a continuous and steady progress toward specie payment.

V. Appointments should be made as the Constitution provides, by the Presidcat and Heads of Departments and aot by Coagress, and should be given in reference to honesty and fitaess.

VI. All who betray public trusts sbould be promptly prosecuted aad punished.

VII. The public school system is the bulwark of the Republic, and the Constitution should be amended to forbid the gift of public funds to sectarian schools.

VIII. Duties on importations are neccsary to the revenue and should be adjusted for the interest of American labor and the prosperity of the whole country.

IX. Public lands should be devoted to free homes for the people and not to corporations and monopolies.

X. Treaties should be made to fully protect adopted American citizens.

XI. Tbe effect of importing Chinese labor should be investigated.

XII. The party approves recent acts of Republicau legislatures giving additional rights to women in personal and property relations, and appointing womea to superiatendence of educatioa, charities and other publie trusts. Their honest demaads for further rights should be respectfully eosaidered.

XIII. Polygamy should be prohibited aad pat down in the Territories by the general Government.

XIV. The national pledges to soldiers and sailors must be fulfilled.

XV. All sectional feelings and tendeacies are depreeated, and all efforts to attain party success by sectional division.

XVI. The Democratie party is still in sympathy with eaemies to the Union, and has sbown itself in the present Lower House incompetent to administer the Governmeat.

XVII. The National Administration merits commendation for honorable work in management of foreign and domcstic affairs, and President Grant the gratitude of the people for his immense services in war and peace.

After six unsuccessful ballots Governor R. B. Hayes of Ohio, was, on the seventh ballot, nominated as the candidatc for President. W. S. Wheeler of New York, was nominated as the Republican candidatc for Vice-president.

On June 5th Mr. Blaine took the investigation of his case into his own hands, read the private letters which it was claimed would criminate bim, before the Houso himself, and showed their innocence, astonished everybody by charging the chairman of the investigating committeo with suppressing a telegram from London exonerating him, and forced the gentleman to an acknowldgsment. Mr. Blaine's triumph was complete.

On the Sunday after the exciting scene in Coagress, Mr. Blaine was prostrated by a sunstroke as he was entering chureb with bis family, and was unconscious for several hours. His attack was owing in great part to the immense nervous strain to which he had been aubjected, and he owes his narrow escape from death to his perfectly temperate and correct habits of life. He is now nearly restored to health.

Speaker Kerr has been entirely exonerated from the charges brought against him. His health is improving.

The Impeacbment trial is renewed—Belknap's counsel renew the motion to dismiss the proceedings, on the ground that the Senate's jurisdiction was not sustained by a two-thirds voto.

JENERAL.

Hayti still unsettled.

The Sultan of Turkey after beiag forced by his ministry to abdicate, committed suicide, or, as some think, was murdered. His nephew reigns in his place, and for the present the Eastern question rests in peace.

A lightning train bas been run from New York to San Francisco in three days and a half—at an average speed of forty-five miles an hour; the greatest feat ever accomplished in railroading.

President Stearns of Amherst College died snddealy last montb.

The Old South Church in Boston, of Revolutionary memory, was sold in Jnae for $1,350 aad is to be taken down withia thirty days. Too bad.

Winslow, the Boston forger, has been released by Great Britsin. The Englisb press disapprove. The United States will declare the treaty abrogated, and a new one will have to negotiated.

Cotton manufacture is increasing in the Soath. From 1869 to '75 the number of spindles more than doubled.

The cotton crop report is favorable.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is restored to saaity.

A fishing dory, sixteen feet loag and two and a half wide, named *Centennial*, has sailed from Gloucester, Mass., for England.

Mr. Augustus Hemenway, a well known merchant of Boston, and a generous contributor to the Hampton Institute, died on June 10th at Cuba, after a sudden illness of but twenty-four bours.

Washington's Monument.—Mr. Robert C. Wiatbrop, Presideat of the Washingtoa Monument Association, has prepared a plan for the completion of the moaument, which has been adopted by the Associatioa. The design is to abandon that part of the original plan which calls for a temple or pantheon and to erect a simple shaft three bundred feet high. The purpose of surrendering the charter or allowing tbe monument to remain nnfinished or be taken dowa, is to be abandoned, and subscriptions are to be solicited from time to time until the monument is completed.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The large circalation of the *The American Rural Home* in Pennsylvania, and the interest taken hy it in Education, make it desirable that it should contain a summary of the report of J. P. Wickersham, Superintendent of Public Instruction for that State, for the year ending June 1st, 1875. The whole number of school districts in the State is 2,809; the whole number of schools, 17,091; the average time tbat schools were kept open, 6.85 months; whole number of teachers, 19,880, consisting of males, 8,585, females, 11,295. The average salary of male teachers a month was $41.07; average salary of female teachers a month, $34.09; whole number of scholars, 890,073; average number attending schools, 551,848; average number in each school except in Philadelphia, 48½; average cost of teachiag each scholar, except in Philadelphia, 92 cents per month; in Philadelphia, $1.01; appropriations paid by the State, $536,025.13; amount of tax levied, $7,798,816.26; average mills on a dollar levied for schools, 6.33; average mills on a dollar levied for buildings, 4.14; expenses for school-houses, $1,722,103.54; cost of instruction, $3,755,399.03; fuel and contingencies, which include fees of collectors and trensurers, salaries to secretaries, debt interest and other expenses, $1,971,341.00.

THE SUNFLOWER AND FEVERS.

A correspondent of the *Soil of the South*, writing from a place in Alabama which he says was peculiarly subject to fevers, gives the reeult of his experience in the premises, and in not a single instance where he planted sunflowers around his negro cabins did their inmates suffer from fevers, while his wife, two children and two house servanta all had fevers, he not having planted any of the sunflowers around his own dwelling, which, in his opinion, accounted for the difference in the results. We trust that next spring New Orleans may be surrounded by a cordon of sunflowers, that they may be scattered through every garden and cover every vacant lot in the city. Who knows but that they may prevent yellow fever also? The correspondent of the *Soil of the South* says:

"My opinion is, that the sunflower in its rank growth absorbs the very elements in the atmosphere that produce fever, or chill and fever, and what is the life of the sunflower is highly obnoxious to the health of the human family; nor do I believe that a man could ever have a chill who would sleep in a bed of rank sunflowers. This, too, seems to be no new theory, as Lieutenant Maury states that his gardener —a Frenchman—informed him that their sanitary influence had been long known in France."

Lynchburg, *June* 6, 1876.

My Dear Mammy:—

Your letter was received with much pleasure, some time since, and should have been answered sooner.

I have been looking out for some account of the Hamp on Commencement, but have not seen uny, until the Workman came on Saturday. I suppose the Centennial occupies all thoughts this yenr.

Mr. ——— says the most interesting account of the opening day he has seen was in the Hampton paper. I read it all, as usual, and am glad to see such nice letters from the graduates. I think the remarks about that old fogy "Civis" very good indeed, and wish he could be made to go to Hampton once to get his eyes opened to what is going on there.

I think Lynchburg is a good place to judge of the progress of the colored people, for we have all sorts here, from the petted house-servants down to the rough farm hands. There are about 6,000 in the city, and considering the poverty of the greater portion, they give surprisingly little trouble to their more independent neighbors; and in the five years I have lived here, there has never been anything like a political disturbance. Many of them are getting into comfortable circumstances, and some eight or ten families might almost be called rich, and nearly all of these people were destitute at the emancipation. I think the aristocratic white people of the South are too apt to compare the colored people with themselves, instead of with the poor class of whites who stand upon the same level in many respects. The negroes have certainly, as a class, improved much faster in ten years than the poor whites. Having associated with educated people gave them better manners and more ideas of refinement than the poor whites could acquire under the old system.

I get a good deal among the colored people, because I feel deep interest in them, and am struck with the efforts they make at having nice houses; even very poor families will have nice looking beds and white curtains at the windows. Their grateful hearts lead them all to have pictures of Lincoln and Grant and often John Brown on the walls. I do not admire the latter myself, and do not think anyone ever so misunderstood the character of the colored people as he did; but I can respect his enthusiasm, even though fanatical, and think it natural that the colored people should revere the memory of one who gave his life in a desperate effort to free them.

The colored people of Lynchburg lost $16,000 by the Freedman's Bank, and though this seemed very hard at first, it has proved a blessing in disguise, as it made them buy real estate, and a very large number are buying lots and building houses.

The African Baptist Church was lately pronounced unsafe, and the trustees applied to Mr. ——, a leading white Baptist, to sell them a lot for a new building in a very desirable location. Mr. —— is very kindly disposed to them and fixed the price at $2,000, if paid in one week from that time. The price was very low and the church determined to make up the amount. The people who lived near the proposed location objected very much to having the church built, and offered Mr. —— $4,000 for his lot. I cannot blame them very much for this, for the Baptists are subject to revivals, and keep up their services, often accompanied by intense excitement, until 12 o'clock at night. Mr. —— notified the trustees that if the money were not paid at noon on the day appointed, the contract would be void. Mr. ——, a nephew of the Judge, lent them $500, and a great many white people contributed small sums; the church members canvassed the town, and at 11 o'clock on the day stated the money was all paid. But the people had brought in all their little gifts in coin and fractional currency and it was impossible to count it in time, and Mr. —— wanted to hold them to the very letter of the bargain. So Mr. ——, who with several assistants had been trying to count the money, wrote his check for the amount and gave it to Mr. ———. When the money was all counted, it was found to be a good deal more than was required. This church has had the State Association to meet in it, and I was much interested in two services I attended during the term. On Sunday morning the S. S. Association met and several ministers made short addresses, and I am sure I never heard better. The Association sent $2,000 to the General Board of Missions, which seems wonderful to me, considering the poverty of the people.

I have almost filled my page without saying half I meant to do, and must close now. Bessie says, give you lots of love from her. Give my love to Lucy and the boys. I hope Albert is getting along fast.

Hoping to bear from you soon again, I am yours,

Affectionately, Ohra Langhorne.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Carnioan Settlement, Darien, Ga.

Dear Teacher:—I have received several handbills, or cards, and pamphlets, &c., from dear old Hampton, hut cannot tell who sends thsm, yet I imagine that it is my dear, good, patient, while teacher.—Miss H.

Yes ma'am, I have been teaching here in Darien since last May; but as my school was discontinued in the city for awhile, on account of having no building, I am employed by both people and State here, and I have a very nice, large school-building, or Baptist Church, given over to me *free* of charge. I was teaching in the same building you were, when you taught there. I have a very bright set of scholars—forty in number—and it would do you good just to be passing by the door, in the pretty grove, as they sing "We are marching on with shield and banner bright." I must say that all the schools I've taught since I left Hampton have made me feel delighted in thinking that I am able and can do some good for my *people*. My scholars have progressed rapidly, and they *all* seem to like those gymnastic motions (that Miss W. used to teach us at dear old Hampton) which I carry them through every morning. I must say that the children down here in Georgia seem to appreciate the teachings and the instructions of *colored* teachers, their own race, very much.

Dear Teacher:—I would have graduated last term had I returned, but, owing to the reduced circumstances of my father, I taught. I left here in June, 1874, and went to my home. I took charge of a school at C——, where I remained until September, 1875, when I returned. I first taught for the people who paid me one dollar per month for each scholar. I was there a week before beginning my school, which time I spent in going around, visiting and getting acquainted with the people. Every person expressed his joy at having a teacher who, they hoped, would stay with them. The longest time that any other had stayed there was six weeks. Those three teachers were women who allowed themselves to be frightened and driven away by the whites who opposed them because they told the children not to say mistress and master, as was the custom when they met them. The other teachers had been sent there by the state. I bearing credentials from merchants with whom they traded, got along better than my predecessors. I was there a very short while before a man came and asked me to do a little calculation for him. I did it, and soon came his employer, who had talked with me and seemed very friendly, and said "You must stop that or make your track cold about here." He told me that was not my mission there.

We will now go to the first morning I entered upon the duties of my school. You can imagine the unpleasant sensations which came over a young teacher. That was my first experience in the work, and I found more than half my scholars to be larger than I was. The first day I enrolled twenty-one. Five could read words of one-syllable, six knew the alphabet, the remainder knew nothing; three could count a hundred, and five could not tell their names. You can see, from the above statistics, what I had to contend with. I said to myself here is work to do. I succeeded in giving them a start by November, when the county school opened and I was requested to teach, forty-five dollars per month being offered me. I accepted the offer, and taught seven months for which I have not yet got my pay. General Armstrong allows me to remain and pay up when I get my pay. I had a large Sunday-school which was largely attended by the older people who listened very attentively to what was said, as it was there that they could note the progress of their children. They could not spare the time to visit my day school. The only trouble between the races there was in politics.

The colored people are buying land rapidly. I know of several who denied themselves greatly to pay for their land. They would boil the pot at dinner, eat their pot-liquor and bread, warm up the greens for supper, an ash-cake for breakfast, and would boil the pot next day with the same piece of meat. They spin and weave all their clothes, buying a nice dress or suit for Sunday. The trouble is, they do not know enough to tell exactly when they have paid up, and often pay too much. I am here and hope to be better fitted for the work that is before me when I go out again.

Very respectfully yours, D.

Dear Teacher:—I am in my school at half past 8 A. M., and remain there until after 4 P. M., and walk at the rate of six miles per day. I find so much work to do I hardly know which end to begin at. Morals to be taught, as well as spelling, reading and writing, so there is but little time for letter-writing or any deviation from training the minds of the needy. Dear teacher, I see no time for play or amusement, day nor night. I lie in bed one-half of my time, deliberating over the next day's labor; the work is great and demanding. Here are children of all descriptions in school; some are rude, some idle, some with their hands up for something. I often ask myself the question, whether all teachers are as deep in meditation as I am about their schools.

The Southern Workman has been quite interesting to my school-children and others, they like the letters very well that I read to them. They wanted to know how letters get into the papers. I told them that the letters that were to go in the paper the printer took and read over, saw what phrases were correct and those that were not. He then had little things called types which he placed for every letter in the word, and set them in rows just as the teeth of a comb. Then he would ink his rollers and run them backward and forward over the paper. The children thought it must be very tiresome to do all these things. They were much attentive while I was thus explaining to them the several steps taken in this business.

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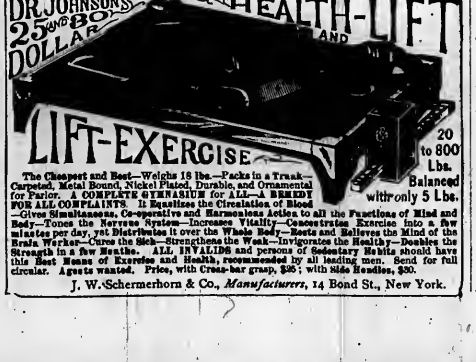

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Hampton Normal & Agricultural Institute,

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES,

MAY 18, 1876.

The following accounts of the last Commencement exercises are published for the information of the friends of the Institute, as evidence of the success of negro education, and to enlist fresh interest in and aid for the Hampton work end for the cause of Christian civilization among the freedmen of the South:

REPORTED BY THE REV. JOHN W. HARDING, OF LONGMEADOW, MASS., FOR THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

"To-day has been the brightest yet in the eight years' history of Gen. Armstrong's school, —for his it confessedly is, by the preemptives right of his creative energy and personal inspiration. With full numbers, a supply now nearly adequate of spacious, handsome and convenient buildings, a higher standard, from year to year, of mental and morel culture, and a growing acquiescence of favorable southern public sentiment, the future of Hampton is a pre-determined success. To begin with, its situation is a grand advertisement. Easily accessible to both North and South, on the edge of a great through line of travel, but just enough apart for proper seclusion, its scenery and climate are the loveliest, and its surroundings uncommonly attractive. Such charming water-views as are furnished by the windings and inlets of Hampton creek, with Fortress Monroe and Hampton Roads in the near distance, and the wide ocean stretching beyond, are hardly to be found elsewhere on the broad Atlantic coast. Many remarkable historical associations, too, lend their peculiar flavor, while Fortress Monroe, Portsmouth navy-yard and aristocratic old Norfolk—now taking a new lease of life and vigor—combine to supply indirect influences of high social culture and good society. Besides all this, Hampton enjoys a valuable advantage over remoter institutions of its kind, in belonging to such a liberal and progressive border state as Virginia, where the Mason and Dixon line is rapidly fading out, and the pulses of enterprise, capital and education are beating stronger, every day.

"By taking the inside route, via rail and Baltimore boat, we arrived at Hampton in the early morning, a day in advance of the anniversary exercises, so having opportunity of witnessing the regular ordinary daily inspection by companies, each class forming a company, officered by themselves. There is also a daily inspection of rooms, guard duty and training in a fire brigade, a Hunuemun fire engine having been recently purchased, with 700 feet of hose. During the past year, in connection with two new dormitory buildings, an encouraging experiment has been tried in self-discipline, through a code of the students' own regulations, subject to approval of the teachers, and carried out by their own officers. It has worked well in repressing petty outlawry, bad language, and inducing general good behavior and a manlier tone of personal responsibility.

"There is a map hanging in General Armstrong's office, including Virginia and portions of adjoining states, blazoned over with stars, indicating the various locations of the graduates, some 150 having taught during the last five years, from graduating classes averaging from 40 to 50. About 4,000 children were under their instruction, last winter, and the present graduating class of 44 will bring at least 1,500 under the influence of the Hampton methods and in contact with its spirit. These methods are invaluable to southern education, because so entirely thorough, prompt and accurate, and pervaded through and through by a high-toned, conscientious spirit of manly and womanly character and behavior. Dr. Ruffner, superintendent of public education in Virginia says, 'School-houses are ready, salaries provided, but teachers cannot be found.' But of the 4,561 Virginia school-houses, 2,101 are built of logs, and only 676 are provided with good furniture. The Hampton graduates, however, says General Armstrong, 'have sometimes built their own school-houses, and often made their own benches.'

"The underlying theory of the Institute is a good, practical, common-sense English and industrial education, through the utmost appliances of self-help, with no pretense to high collegiate culture, but only such as will fit its graduates for the hard and self-denying work of beginning at the bottom, and patiently but surely lifting up their people. The aim is to furnish good, earnest, solid common-school teachers, and especially solid in that most fundamental requisite of the southern negro,—character. The course of study occupies three years, and requires $210, or $70 per year, for the instruction of each student, who is expected by his own efforts to earn more than is given him. For instance, the previous school year the students paid in cash,—principally from earnings during vacation, or as provided by parents or friends,—$6,007; in personal labor on the Hampton farm, and in other industrial employments at of from five to ten cents per hour, $7,488: there was received as personal aid from outside sources $3,310; leaving a balance of unpaid debts, $446. Thus, four-fifths of all school expenses, except tuition, are paid by the students, who, it should be remembered, are, in general, utterly poor. Their parents can seldom help them much, and they have no rich friends. And still it is demanded of them, as better for their character and self-respect, to meet their personal expenses of board, fuel, lights, washing, furnish rooms, etc. They must *live* by their own efforts and the efforts of their personal friends. Their *tuition* is *given* them. The girls' industrial training is in cutting and making garments, the use of sewing machines, bread-making and plain cooking, and all departments of household work.

"In addition to this industrial feature, the Hampton teachers rely much for the formation of character on religious training, and particularly the practical religion of every-day righteousness, as distinguished from the passionate and sensuous and noisy type of the traditional negro piety. At the same time, without being sectarian, it is squarely evangelical. When Gen. Armstrong, appealing to Boston Unitarians for help, frankly stated this, Rev. Dr. Ellis said: 'That's right. We don't place much reliance here in Boston on a personal devil. But you can't get on without one down among those negroes.' Rev. Mr. Tolmen, whose ministrations the students attend, by his plain, instructive and earnest preaching and faithful pastoral care, has succeeded in impressing a rational and intelligent type of religion, interpenetrated with daily virtues, which the negro religion of shouting and dancing and convulsions had not the least conception of. It is illustrated by the case of a negro in old Hampton who stole a suit from one of the clothing-stores so as to appear well at his first communion. Mr. Tolmen places no dependence whatever on the bare fact of regular membership in the negro churches of whatever denomination, in admitting to his own church. As the public sentiment of the school permeates the community, the congregation increases by accessions from the more intelligent negroes of old Hampton; and wherever go the graduates, they carry with them the leaven of a purer religion. Yesterday evening, a little before sunset, and just as the Hampton steamer glided up to the pier with a fresh accession of guests, a novel spectacle arrested their attention; not the drill and martial music, but a baptismal service, the whole school gathered on the edge of the lawn that slopes to the water-side from Gen. Armstrong's house, singing their sweet hymns, while a Congregational clergyman from Massachusetts (Mr. Tolmm's health being too feeble for the service) went down into the water, accompanied by a colored brother with a sounding staff, who, having found a sure footing, returned to the shore and brought back a company of his schoolmates for immersion, that being the form which best suits the general religious sentiment of the southern people of color. Some colored ministers who chanced to be present afterward expressed their gratified convictions that the performer of the rite must have come from somewhere beyond the 'color line,' because he used the address, 'My brother in Christ.' In my Hampton walks, some amusing instances were told of the readiness with which the unlettered negro misapprehends scriptural end other expressions through his ear, when reasoned with on the religious uselessness of so much shouting. 'If we should hold up, the stones would cry out.' 'Don't the Bible say, '*Hollered* be thy name?' A devout old auntie was specially fond of having read to her the account of the conversation with 'Negger-Demus.' One of the farm hands complained to Mr. Tolman of Mr. Howe, farm manager,—who is an expert mechanic,—'Massa Howe bad man, *very* bad man. Good God! He cusses!' 'What does he say?' 'He say, every day 'most, *Hell-lo!*' As a specimen of their pulpit anachronisms, in a glowing description of the Hebrews in Egypt, the land of Goshen was dwelt upon as famous for Goshen butter, where Alderneys and other fancy stocks dwelt up to their knees in clover and timothy. When a woman had gone into such vigorous convulsions in the midst of the congregation that it took several men to hold her, the preacher ordered her to be carried out. It was demurred, 'If you carry her out, you carry out the spirit of the Lord.' Says the preacher, stretching up with authority,—and in his class it is quite despotic,—'I say, carry her out; she wants *wind*.'

"Under Mr. Howe's excellent management, the school farm is rapidly coming into high condition, and in its skilled methods, improved stock, machinery, a Hoedley agricultural engine of nine horse-power, with a bone-digester and a burr-stone mill, a threshing-machine which earned $300 in one month by going to the aid of outlying farmers, a sorghum-mill presented by Mr. Cooper of Ohio, and, in fact, in about everything to make it a model farm, it is an agricultural educator, not alone for the students, but the whole region. Its total receipts, the past year, were $7,998, against expenses of $8,465, leaving a balance against the farm of $467. There was paid for students' labor $2,137, which did not, however, pay in profit to the farm, though it did in instruction, in self-help to the students. A cooper's shop for making 'truck' barrels has been added to the industrial operations, and also brick-making. Trucking proved, last year, a losing business, and its illusions, like those of our Connecticut river tobacco, are becoming more and more apparent. Early potatoes didn't pay for shipping, 400 barrels being fed to stock and the balance hardly paying for freight and barrels. The grounds of the Institute have been strikingly improved in respect of grading, carriage-drives and ornamental trees, with a grand supply either already set out in place or waiting in the nursery of centennial elms, Norway maples and Spanish chestnuts. A new cottage dormitory has been added to the buildings, of which there is now a substantial end permanent supply, nothing more being needed in this line except, perhaps, another dormitory, to relieve the boys whose beds crowd to the eaves the attic in Academic Hall. The material foundations are well laid, and now Gen. Armstrong is pushing for a permanent endowment fund of $200,000 to supply end support the vital educational forces of heart and brain that mold and build up character, and says that he is going to get it, which, in his case, means business, with Mr. Fessenden, Hampton's efficient financial secretary, to make it doubly sure.

"The anniversary examinations and rhetorical exercises, to-day, were largely attended, and showed less, perhaps, of the eagerness and earnestness, and sentiment of the dramatic period of emancipation and contraband memories which now is nearly passed, but better preparation and better average capacities. The best possible teaching is that of personal inspiration, the teacher's own vital and magnetic force, and just that was manifest in every recitation-room we entered. Especially marked in excellence was Miss Lord's lesson in reading, by far the best we ever listened to, and an admirable model, could it be repeated in any of our teachers' institutes. Gen. Armstrong's vigorous handling of Dr. Mark Hopkin's 'Outline of Man' elicited a responsive vigor from the senior class, who showed remarkable mental grasp of abstruse themes, considering their antecedent disadvanteges for studies of this sort. Miss Isabel Eustis of your city, who is mentioned here as a winning and popular teacher, conducted a spelling match, which rose, as the contest ended, to great enthusiasm. One of the best exercises of the school, that deserves introduction elsewhere, is a tri-weekly talk with the school, which might be called a newspaper exercise, calling attention to important current events. Among other interesting features, too numerous to mention, were the accuracy and cleanness of accounts kept throughout all the departments, both educational and financial, each student having his own personal book-keeping of the minutest items of debit and credit, and nothing anywhere left to the slipshod and drowsy management of the old plantation regime.

"Virginia Hall, or rather 'Whitin Chapel,' as the memorial tablet of a generous donor now christens it, was crowded in the afternoon by a curiously mixed assembly. On the one side, a mass of intelligent and glistening faces, shading from darkest ebony to the octoroon, and headed by the graduating class and the melodious Hampton Singers; on the other side, their white friends from far and near, North and South; among those on the platform were General Pemberton of Vicksburg memories and his wife, Commodore Stevens and party of Portsmouth navy yard, the officers of Fortress Monroe and their lady friends, Judge Dormnn of Norfolk and other representative Virginians, colored and white ministers of various persuasions, Dr. Philip Schaff of New York, and Dr. Braden, editor of the English *Independent*,—both these last-mentioned made excellent closing speeches. The rhetorical exercises by three young women and seven young men were well composed and spoken with naturalness and self-possession. Indeed, bashfulness seems to be entirely a lost art with these students, or else it is bravely concealed. Their themes were germane to the times: 'The South as It Is;' 'The Work to be Done in the South;' 'Should we Undertake to Civilize Africa?'—negatively answered; 'The Bible in the Public School,'—strongly advocated.

"But having already transgressed my limits, with only the excuse that Hampton is a very suggestive and contagious place, touching so many interests in various quarters, your correspondent stops himself by saying that whether the 'color line' shall crowd the freedman further South and West,—as in fact it is already doing to a large extent from each state as Georgia,—or whether the outlook of Africa shall more strongly invite, as it promises just now to do, or whether be fights it out on the 'color line,' and stays in his native haunts to stand by his 'civil rights,' in whatever event, or whatever future, Hampton is on precisely the right track."

[From the New York Evangelist.]

BY THE REV. PHILIP SCHAFF., D. D., OF THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

"The 18th of this month was a bright day for Hampton. It was the anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for the education of colored school-teachers, under the able leadership of General Armstrong. Forty-four young men and women were graduated, some as dark as their African ancestors, some almost as white as their former American masters. One had blue eyes and red hair. The difference of color told a sad tale of bygone days. Less than twenty years ago the same persons who now received a well-merited degree of scholarship and fitness for teaching their fellow-men, might have been offered on the slave market for sale to the highest bidder! Virginia has been the mother of Presidents in the first century of our national existence. Let her now become the mother of model institutions for training her colored children to Christian manhood and womanhood, that 'the new cycle may shame the old.'

"The education of the negro is no more an experiment; it is an accomplished fact, and an encouraging success. The examinations of the three classes, the orations and recitations of the graduates, were highly creditable, and equal to the Commencement exercises of many a white college of old standing. The teachers and patrons of the school, and the visitors from the North, must have felt abundantly rewarded for all their labors and sacrifices. The negro songs alone were worth a journey to Virginia. They went to the quick of our sensibilities, and will long resound in our memories, urging us 'never to get weary till we reach the top of Jacob's Ladder, and enter our eternal home.' The Hampton Singers, who a few years ago thrilled the cities of the North, fully sustained their reputation at home. They are singing evangelists, like their brothers and sisters, the Jubilee Singers. May those songs never die out! They divide two eras in our history; they ring out the old year of slavery, and ring in the new year of liberty; they remind us of our shame and of our glory; they reveal the genius of the colored race for one of the noblest of the arts, and their simple, childlike faith, which elevated and comforted them in the days of degradation, and enimates them in their new career of freedom.

"Hampton is admirably located for such an institution, about two miles from Fortress Monroe, in full view of Hampton Roads, where the memorable naval fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor took place, and turned the fortunes of war in our favor. The buildings erected by Northern liberality are large, commodious, and kept in excellent order. The large farm is worked by the pupils, and supports itself. The Principal, the son of a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, and a General of the Union army during the civil war, has the full confidence of the Board, and the general respect and love of his pupils. Long may he live to train an army of school-teachers, who will be among the architects of the new South on the firm basis of intelligence, virtue, and religion."

(From The Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.)

"The anniversary exercises of this well-known and popular institution at Hamptou, Va., took place on the 18th of May, under very pleasant circumstances. The time was fixed a month earlier than heretofore, for the benefit of the graduating class, the academic year continuing until the usual time, and the lower classes remaining at regular work. The graduating class numbered forty-four, of whom twelve were young women, the largest class that has ever left the Institute. The usual exercises were attended by a large and interesting company. President Church of Oahu College, Sandwich Islands, was present, and thus sums up his impressions, which are of peculiar weight and value:

"'It is not common for such school exercises to be spoken of with unmixed commendation; but to one engaged for many years in the work of education, both in this and a foreign land, it is a matter of surprise that these pupils have made such large acquisitions of knowledge in three or four years of their student-life at Hampton Institute. When we remember the poverty of educational advantages in which the early childhood of these pupils was spent, we can but say that they demonstrated fully that they have a capacity for improvement that promises abundant reward for all efforts made for their intellectual culture.

"One very important feature of the Institute is its system of manual labor, in which all the pupils participate. Great care is taken (which is of the first importance to such a people) to impress upon them the idea that they are being educated, not to raise them above work, but to fit them for it—to fit them to be intelligent workmen in some field of productive labor. The value of moral and religious influences as aids in education is with them also fully recognized. It is a pleasure to commend such a school to the generous support and patronage of the public."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., AUGUST, 1876. NO. 8.

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

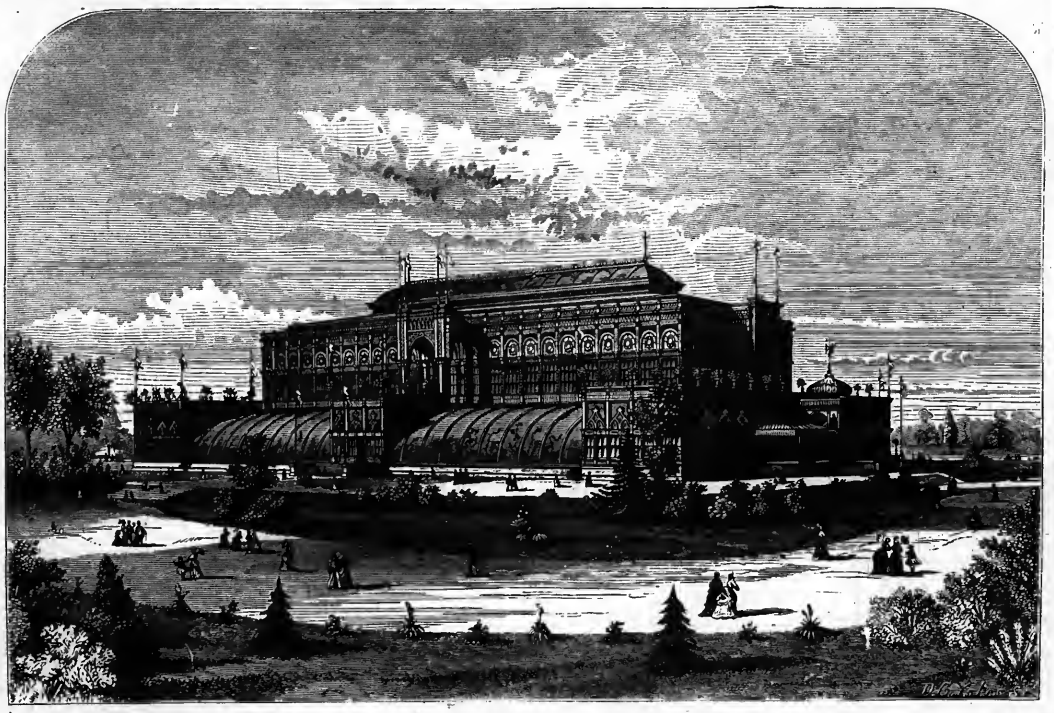
Tropical ferns and palms basking under an acre and a half of glass roof in the tropical atmosphere of a forcing house, are attractions one needs cooler weather to appreciate than a Philadelphia July affords. With the fading of the Rhododendron show in early June, the glory of Horticultural Hall departed. There it still stands, however, one of the facts of the great fair which it will not do to ignore—a glittering palace of glass, three hundred and eighty-three feet long by one hundred and ninety-three wide, and one of the most beautiful of the buildings. We walk hastily across the sunny stretch which separates it from Machinery Hall, pity the burned-up grass, wish ourselves in the centre of the Lake fountain with its hundred lofty jets springing over our heads, then, with a glance at the brilliant flower-beds outside, slip into the arched doorway and walk languidly around the green aisles, trying to imagine how they look crowded with the pink and white masses of a hundred varieties of rhododendrons. The chief attractions now are the tree ferns from Australia and the Sandwich Islands, and they are rather more curious than beautiful, looking like burnt gate posts, ten or fifteen feet high, with bunches of gigantic ferns on top.

Then there are various sorts of palms—date, sago and cocoa,—camphor trees and coffee trees, an india rubber tree with thick, fleshy leaves not quite large enough to cut a pair of rubber boots out of, a banana with its ponderous fruit stalk that it dies in bearing, oranges and lemons and taro and sugar-cane. Among all the green there are now hardly any flowers. One we noticed—a gleaming, passionate creature, scarlet lipped and purple hooded like a fiery serpent; one would expect it to be carnivorous and deadly.

A large fountain in the centre of the Hall made a pretense of coolness, but like most fountains in America, there is more bronze and stone than water about it. The design is pretty—three or four children playing on a reedy river bank, and getting up their courage for a dip in the cool basin below. One envies the little wet scamps. The artist is Miss Margaret Foley, an American lady residing in Rome, Italy.

There have been many rare and beautiful flowers here earlier in the season, some of the most delicate of which were brought from Europe in full bloom. A gentleman who witnessed their unwrapping described to us the careful process by which they were preserved. Each separate blossom or spray was lightly eased in cotton, and held from rubs and jars by small sticks planted in the earth of the pot which was then boxed and itself surrounded by a palisade of sticks, outside of which moss was packed. They were not watered or opened at all on the journey. The moment of unwrapping was an anxious one. Twelve days had elapsed since they were packed, and it seemed hardly possible that such fragile things could have endured the ordeal. Exclamations of surprise and pleasure greeted each dainty blossom as it emerged into a foreign daylight—a little pale and drooping, but soon raising its head, and in a few days blooming as bravely as in its native soil. The experiment was as novel as it was successful.

Many of the home contributions were made from the greenhouse of a gentleman, who, dying, left a provision in his will for keeping a beautiful conservatory on Chestnut St., Philadelphia, always stocked with beautiful flowers, and exposed to the full view of the public; to gratify, as he said, a common love and longing for the beautiful, such as he had felt without being able to satisfy when he was a poor boy himself.



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH IN PHILADELPHIA.

The second century of the American Republic was welcomed as the first was, by the glad ringing of the "Liberty Bell" from the belfry of Independence Hall. Thirteen peals marked the last moments of the old century, and twenty-five more, to fill up the present number of states, ushered in the new. The new bell, a handsome and musical successor to that which rests with a crack in it, mute but honored, in the National Museum, is the gift of Mr. Seybert, a patriotic citizen of Philadelphia. Long may it swing.

Twenty-two thousand visitors are said to have entered Philadelphia the day before the Fourth. Baggage masters and expressmen were reduced to insanity and the owners of trunks to despair, in their frantic endeavors to sort and pair travelers and baggage. It ought to be noted as a sign of the century's progress that nightfall could find the invading hosts quietly eating supper in their respective boarding places in peaceful expectation of the morrow.

To the five thousand invited guests who, born to good fortune, had reserved seats on the platform in Independence Square, the commemorative scenes of the Fourth were in the highest degree inspiring. Patriotism on the pavement at high noon of a July day, in the centre of a suffocating crowd, is a loftier virtue. Yet the masses rose to it, if cheers, waving hats, and, what is sublimer, general good nature and order under such trying circumstances be any proof of devotion to one's country.

The excitement rose to wild excitement as the long military procession entered the Square and passed in review before the platform. Cheers greeted the faded Revolutionary flags waving their historic tatters proudly beside gorgeous silken banners over every company that could claim one, and the legion representing the combined commands of the thirteen original states, led by General Heath of Virginia in the absence of General Burnside, was received with great applause.

Vice-president Ferry presided on the platform in the absence of President Grant. Here also were Governor Hayes, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, Secretary of War Cameron, Generals Sherman and Sheridan, ex-Governor Walker of Virginia, the heads of the Centennial Commission with the foreign Commissioners, and the Nation's other distinguished guests—Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and the Marquis de Rochambeau of France, whose illustrious ancestor shared with Washington the honors of Yorktown. The orators of the day were also on the platform.

A chorus of 1,200 voices and an orchestra of two hundred and fifty instruments were led by Professor Gilmore with a baton made from the famous Washington elm under which General Washington took command of the Continental army at Cambridge. An orchestra overture founded on the national air Hail Columbia opened the services. General Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, then announced the presiding officer of the occasion, and Vice-president Ferry made the opening speech, closing with the prophecy of a universal spread of American institutions, saying,—"When that period shall arrive, Great Britain, so magnanimous in her presence on this auspicious era, will then, if not before, praise the event when American independence was won under Washington, and when freedom and equality of races were achieved under Lincoln and Grant."

A prayer by Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania, the present Chaplain to Congress, followed, and then the spirited Hymn of Welcome by Oliver Wendell Holmes was sung by the full chorus, accompanied by the orchestra, to the music of Keller's Hymn

"WELCOME TO ALL NATIONS."

I.

Bright on the banners of lily and rose,
Lo, the sun of the century sets!
Wreathe the black cannon that scowled on our foes;
All but her friendships the nation forgets!
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!
These are around her, but where are her foes?
Lo, while the sun of the century sets,
Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

(Continued on page 60.)

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, AUGUST, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, *on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the* SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.

A NEW Century has dawned upon America. What will it hring? The newspapers facetiously declare that the people have now set their faces forward and are looking eagerly for July 4th, 1976. There is some truth and reason in this. Like all youth, the young Repnblic is accustomed to look forward more than backward. But as the last cheers in Independence Square have died away, and we leave the contemplation of our heroes and our greatness, and go back to our congressional dead-looks and investigating committees, and look forward to the dust and strife of an approaching Presidential election, It is well that we can carry with us freshened memories of the great past and new impulses of patriotic devotion to the land for which our fathers died. There are those who forecast the approaching decline of the American republic from the history of ancient republics. But the case has changed. They are like the chill at exactly the same hour of every other day until his friends set all the clocks back, and when he thought the appropriate time had come they told him that it was long past and he needn't shake. These prophets of evil are timing onr chill hy the clocks of the Roman republic, hut the wheels of the XIX century move so much faster that we ought to have shaken to pieces before now if such historical analogies control our fate. Our one century has been equal to many in its unparalelled progress, and instead of our declining in prestige, nearly every country in Europe, influenced hy our success, is tending toward republican forms of government. On the other hand, with all the nations of the world flowing into us, with so many diverse elements to be reorganized, harmonized and assembled in one way or another; with the Indian qnestion, the African qnestion, the Chinese qnestion, the Catholic question and a few others, there is small danger from onr perishing from inaction and the enervating luxury of idleness. We have work enough laid ont for one or two centnries, and our country is worth living for.

THERE can be no question that the nation's future will be in a great measure affected hy the future of that race which is beginning Its first century of freedom as the country is beginning her second. The most striking event which has marked our last hundred years has been the abolition of slavery at Its olose, and however many shades of political and sectional differences may have existed among the thousands who took part in our Centennial rejoicings, there could hardly have been one American among them who did not feel after all a sense of relief and draw a free breath, for that we could invite the nations to sit down at our Centennial celebration under a flag free from the old reproach.

In looking forward to its own development, impatient for the full attainment of its dreams, disheartened hy the first delays, as were the children of Israel when they saw the wilderness stretching before them instead of the promised Canaan, It will be well if the new nation will consider the conditions which marked the struggles and success of the early colonists of America. Different as are their circumstances, there is in some respects a striking similarity, as there was between those of the settlers themselves representing though they did widely diverse nationalities, languages and creeds of the old world, while the spirit which animated most of them was such as would carry men successfully throngh any circumstances.

As in his eloquent oration in Philadelphia, Mr. Evarts remarked, "The search for civil and religious liberty actnated the Pilgrims, the Pnritans, and the Churchmen, the Preshyterians, the Catholics nnd the Quakers—the Huguenots, the Dntch and the Walloons—the Waldenses, the Germans and the Swedes, in their several migrations which made up the colonial population. Instead of a capricious and giddy exaltation of spirit at new gained liberty, a sober and solemn sense of the larger trust and duty took possession of their souls, as if the Great Master had found them faithful over a few things and had now made them rulers over many." With the same longing for liberty, with a marked earnestness and fervor of religions faith and feeling which they should cling to as their strongest hope, the freed people should emulate the sturdy thrift, the stern morality, the industry and love of learning of the fathers of our country, the virtues which made "the little one become a thousand and the small one a strong nation." And the country mnst help them do it or suffer with them.

THE history of Methodism in this country reads like romance. Transplanted from England to the shores of the New World in 1776, it began at once spreading in all directions like leaven, and with a rate of progress that seemed to increase like the country's in a multiplying ratio. Appealing strongly to the feelings, claiming a personal inspiration and unction from the Holy Ghost, urged hy men of holy lives and iron wills and total self-abnegation, it took hold on the masses of the people with a power unequaled. In 1801 it numbered 2,500 in its church membership. In 1866 when its juhilee was celebrated, it counted a million; far outnumbering any other denomination.

The secret of this immense powar has been, in great degree, its exact adaptation to a present need. The backwoods settler wanted backwoods preaching—earnest, practical, stirring, rough it may be, suited to just such needs, and such he had from the Methodist circuit rider. The church has been accnsed with some canse of ignoring the valne of an educated ministry. Its fonnders were university men. Wesley himself was a voluminons author in almost every branch of literature. He was the founder of the system of cheap pnhlications in England, and directed all his itinerants to "see that every society is supplied with books, some of which onght to be in every honse."

In America, Bishop Ashury, for fifty years the master spirit of Methodism, oonsecrated a Methodist College at Ablngdon, Virginia. He did not believe, however, that pretentious colleges and universities should be attempted hy the church in its infancy, and formed a grand scheme of estahlishing more practically useful academies in every conference. He established the first Sunday-schools in America. This practical spirit pervading the church sent forth ministry armed with the sling and stone of the plainest trnths instead of a full olassical and theological armor which they could have no use for in the wilderness. The Bible and hymn book were their arsenal, and often their only other books were the book of nature and of human nature; they learned to read men. The circnit rider stndied his Bible on his knees in the thicket or on the snow of the prairie; composed his sermons on horseback, and after an all-day ride through the wilderness, exposed to storms and lurking Indians, preached it in a log cahin or the open air to a set of rough, unlearned, swearing and fighting backwoodsmen. Such preaching must go straight to the point as they did with their rifles that could drive a nail at fifty yards. A square aim at their sins they could understand, hut no polished rhetorio or theological disquisitions. Such a preacher was old Peter Cartwright, the son of an old Revolutionary soldier in Virginia, converted from gambling and vice, and for fifty years a pioneer in Methodism. Rongh as a pine knot, and as full of light and fire; unlearned, bitterly sectarian, hut unwearied in self-sacrifice, pure and kindly and a ruler of men; able to knock down an assailant and then pray with him and convert him. Such was Rev. Valentine Cook who wrote in 1794, "Yesterday I walked upward of thirty miles in mud and water, wet all day throughout. Yet glory was within." Such was the venerahle Bishop Hedding who averaged 3,000 miles' travel a year and a sermon a day while he was in the itinerancy, owning no dwelling place and no conveyance hut his horse. He used to say with a glowing face when he was an old, white haired veteran, "If I had my life to live over again, and the Lord would make me a doctor, or a lawyer, or a merchant, or a millionaire, or a prince, or a minister, I'd be a minister."

The present position of the colored people of America calls for just such a spirit, and just snch ideal devotion as made the glory and snccess of early Methodism. In that romantic history there is both suggestion and comfort for the young freedman who thirsting for education, ambitious for self-improvement, and unwilling to stop short of a classical and professional degree, sees little chance of attaining it and less prospect of using it, while he feels at the same time the pressure of an imperative present need, a call to enter the field at once with what force he has, as a primary teacher or pioneer preacher and not a doctor of law or theology.

There is a school of theorists whose plan for improving the world is for every one to devote his whole attention to improving himself. The trouhle with that plan is, first, that there is always hut a limited number of men and women who are up to that—not to say down to it,—and, second, that, in their very exaltation and self-cultnre, they forgot utterly to cultivate the noblest part of any natnre, unselfish love, and, having not charity, they are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. How tame such a theory of life shows beside those grand old backwoods bishops.

"Whoso findeth his life shall lose it," said the Master. "Whoso loseth his life for my sake shall find it nnto life eternal." What work do yon want in the world? To help make the world better? Then yon never need be out of work. Give yourself to the children of your people. Train them to hnild the temples that you have longed to build. And that will be better than to be lawyers without clients, professors without chairs, theologians without hearers, and with none to come after you. It is greatest to fill the need of the hour.

HAS HE A RIGHT TO AN EDUCATION?

His parents are the poorest of the poor, and, I might well add, the most ignorant of the ignorant, and are able to do nothing for him. He is very desirous of obtaining an education, and I was anxious to place him in your Hampton Institnte that he might avail himself of the opportnnity there offered of *helping himself*. This he *must do*. I hold myself responsible for five dollars per month toward his board, and his clothes and the rest he must do for himself. I am not willing he shonld go in debt, as that is something I heartily disapprove of. With much less help he has taken care of himself here, and I know he can do it there.

His history is qnite interesting. It seems that his parents, who lived fifteen miles from the village up to the time he was fourteen years of age, had no thought of sending him to school; hut, as he says, he saw other boys on the plantation learning their book, and something kept telling him *he* mnet go to school and learn, too. In some way he earned five cents. He walked to the village (fifteen miles) and bought a little primer with the alphabet in it. Then, while working in the field, he would get the boys to repeat the letters for him, from a to z, over and over, till he learned them by note. Then at night he would sit down by the light of the pine knots, take his little book and apply them till he had learned them. Then he wanted to go to school, hnt he lived too far; hut about this time his parents moved to a plantation six miles from the village. One morniug he was at work in the field when he looked and saw a party of children, with their books, going to school. He couldn't stand that. He went into the cabin where his mother was and told her he must go to school. She knocked him over the head and told him to go back to work. He told her, no; he must go and learn. She started to knock him again, when he threw down his hoe and ran—nor did he stop till he came in sight of the school-house. I well remember that morning in March (7th) when, as I called the children to their seats, I noticed a shadow in the doorway, and, looking up, saw this boy literally in rags. I spoke to him and asked him what he wanted, and he reply was, 'I want to come to school, to larn an eddication.' For a while he walked the twelve miles a day; then his mother, finding she could do nothing to hinder him, gave way to him and moved to the village. I ehould have added that when he went home that first night his mother beat him unmercifully and sent him to bed without anything to eat; that the next morning he got up before his mother was awake and ran away to school agaiu, and persevered in that way till he conquered all opposition. Suffice it to say, we have fonnd him enough above the average, every way, to warrant giving him an opportunity to make the most of himself, which I desire him to do. He expresses himself greatly pleased with the school, and I hope he will do well. A. M.

THE following letter was written in reply to an inqniry as to the moral and spiritual welfare of the freed people of the South. It is hy a reliahle lady, for many years a teacher among the people she describes.

ISLAND OF ST. HELENA, S. C.,
February 21, 1876.

My Dear Friend:—

Your letter reached me a few daye ago, and I am willing to do my best to give as correct a view as I can of the results of emancipation here. Of the condition of the colored people generally I cannot speak from personal knowledge; but their condition on thess Sea Islands I do know, and can give a cheerful account of.

If anyone should come from the North and listen to the complaints of former masters, they might naturally think the race was retrograding fast. And if we compare them with nations and races edncated for ages in freedom, civilization and morality, we might think them very low in the scale. But anyone who has watched with eager interest, as I have, the gradual but sure and marked improvement for the last thirteen years, will thank God and take courage for their futnre.

I came down here in 1862, in June; the Islands had heen taken hy the army the winter before. The people were then living on this Island in hnts closely set in lines together, —huts, averaging ten hy twelve feet, with an additional recess just large enough for a hed, most of them with no floors bnt the earth, no heds hut a hlanket,—and into theee they were crowded, not only one family, but two or three. Now, over the island in every direction, instead of these disgusting and dirty houses, are to he seen houses, small indeed, hut tidily whitewashed, with a little verandah in front, standing in the ten or twenty acre lot bought at the land sales, surrounded hy peach and plum trees, with cowshed, pig-pen, corn-house, snugly fenced in. Not a few of these houses have an upper half-story for the children to sleep in—a bed-room below with a bedstead for the parents. A hed of rice straw is considered a requisite hy every one; spoons, forks and plates have nniversally taken the place of the pots and oyster-shells, their former dining requisites, and nnfloored houses are unknown. The children's prize cards, and pictures from illustrated papers ornament, in many cases, the whitewashed walls of the room; mosquito nets, chests of drawers and chairs are not uncommon. The dress is wonderfully improved. On Sundays they were formerly dressed out in rags and tatters of old

finery—a spencer of ragged merino over a dirty checked skirt. The children under twelve were considered well dressed in a shirt, no matter how ragged, and that was usually put on only if white people were about. Now, they dress much as laborers generally do, at their work; and on Sundays no race need be ashamed of the tidy, orderly church-goers. Women and girls in their pretty, light, neatly-made and clean calicoes; the older women in white head-handkerchiefs, the younger, as young people will do, following the fashion in gayly trimmed hats. The men's clothing is quite as much improved, and the majority of parents see that their children come to school passably dressed.

It is now a general rule on the island that the children and clothes should be washed and the house scoured once e week. Of course there is room for improvement, and they are far behind the North; hut we who come in daily contact with them see the daily advance.

They are accused of laziness. That they do not work in the field as long as they used to, I know. Every one above the age of fourteen was driven to the field at snnrise, and, in many places, kept there till dark. Now, they go ont in the morning, fether and mother, boys and girls, end work till the school-hell rings et half-past nine, or, if they are too far from school to hear the bell, till a certain amount of work is done. Then the young people go home, eat, dress and start for school; the grown people work till the sun is hot; then the mother cooks, sews; the fether rests till afternoon, when the work is resumed. In the evening they go to e praise-meeting, sing, talk and welk home in groups. At certain seasons, potato-planting or cotton-picking, for a few days, all work all dey long. The men work during the winter, cutting wood, clearing land, and the women, picking over cotton. They wisely plant enough corn and potatoes to feed the family, end they plant cotton on the rest of their land. The letter is a precarions crop. The cotton money hnys clothes, hnilds their houses, huys en ox or horse, pays taxes.

The long noon-tide rest is needed in this hot climete, and the days or half-days used in political or church meetings I do not consider lost.

There is a great complaint hecause they will not work much or cheeply for others; but as long as work on their own land pays better than ou another's, I think they are right. Before emancipation, you might see acres upon acres of cotton, stretching in unbroken plains, where now every ten acres ere laid out in so much corn, so much for potatoes, so much for cotton. It seems to me e truer civilization. Of conrse Northern employers would be driven frantic hy their slow and clumsy weys; but the Southern white race have just the same fanlt—the result, probably, of slavery and climate combined.

Morality, virtue, was, in the old times, to these people an impossible thing. Now, I have in my class hetween eighteen and twenty girls, growing up in happy girlhood under their parents' care. In other departments of the school as many more; end the two other grammar schools on the island could give the same report. Open, honorahle courtships, marriages publicly solemnized, the young people starting homes of their own; happy homes, virtnons wives, true husbands, ere no longer e rarity on the island, and will soon he the majority instead of the minority. The sin to which they are most addicted is what might be expected in a slave race, viz., stealing; end thet stealing is carried on to no great extent is evident, when among the thousands on our island, there is no police force—one colored constable only, and we sleep in security with nnfastened windows on the ground floor.

In my opiuion of their religion I differ from most people. That their religion is all hypocrisy, because it has not made a nation of slaves perfectly honest, truthful and moral, is as illogical as to call the religion of the Anglo-Saxon race hypocrisy, hecense it has not made them cease from war and learn to do justice to the weaker races. I see evidences that our Lord did not leeve his people comfortless in the darkness of slavery. They who had nothing ou earth found heeven very near; from cruel masters they appealed in prayer and song to the ever-just, ever-kind "Master Jesus," and His love was a strong reality. They said, under the lash, "The Lord coming soon, He know we can't stand it no longor." An old woman dying, her children forgotten, her grandchildren unrecognized in her age and euffering, said to me, "Good-hye, chile; I can't wait to see you again; my Jesus cell me now." Another, in danger of sudden death, said, "The Lord know I is a pore, feehle creature, and He will come half-way down the valley to meet me." Sympathizing friends surrounded a young widow, "Give you joy, sister; your Titus safe with the Lord; we give you joy." This love, warm, deep and true, needs only to be taught to find expression in works instead of words. And it has shown its power alreadg; the patient forgiveness, the love of law snd order, the thirst for knowledge, the ambition for better things, are not natural to enslaved savages,—they are the evident results of e true religion. To that religion I trust their fnture without a fear.

The most crnel master of old times, a man of whom stories are told of unusual atrocity, has come back to the island, and lives without a fear among the people he used to torture. No act of revenge or savagery marked the time when the power passed from the hands of masters to those of their slaves. In several cases the freed people have assisted to the extent of their means their former owners.

To say that there is no hope of improvement in this Christian, law-ehlding, forgiving people who are eager for education, because the vices of slavery yet cling to them, seems, to me, very unreasonahle. I see hut one great danger before them, and that is the practice of drinking intoxicating liquors; and I do wish that a better knowledge of the sin end danger of this vice could be spread among them. We teachers heve a "Bend of Hope" on our island, nnmbering seven hnndred, from children of ten years to young people of twenty, and with temperance songs and facts, end recitations, maintain a steady war against the practice, end with, I am thankful to say, no little snccess.

Hoping this may assist you to prove that the people whom the North freed will yet justify the hopes of their friends,

I remain yours sincerely,

E. MURRAY.

Agricultural.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A FINE, MELLOW SOIL FOR THE GROWTH OF CROPS.

The cereal crops will not flourish on a coarse and lnmpy soil, any more than a pig will fatten on dry, flinty, unground corn; for the reason that in neither case could the food element be made available. Animal life ie hut little nourished by indigested grain, nor is plant life nourished in a soil that is indigestible to the plant. If we apply the richest kind of manure in coarse, hard lumps, it affords but little food to the crop and no real benefit to the soil until it becomes fine and intermingled with the soil; neither will gypsum, bone, or other like fertilizers, produce any immediate effect, nnless they are ground so fine as to become really soluble by the effect of rain and moisture in the soil.

Plants take np nothing from the soil except in solution, for it is impossihle for their roots to take in any crude matter or to feed in any other way. A tree, the roots of which are hard and wiry, will penetrate and draw its snpport from a hard and unbroken ground, but the cereal plants can only flourish in a loose and mellow soil. If we take from the ground a wheat, oat or barley plant, we find the fine earth adhering closely to the roots, and we see nnmorous fine hair roots all coated with the fine earth which is feeding and supporting the plant by the soluble matter it contains, bnt we do not find these hair roots, which are the feeders of the plant, running into lumps of earth for food, though they contain just as much as the pulverized earth, hut the tender roots cannot reach it.

It is true in theory what is already known in practice, that crops feed ouly from the finely-pulverized portion of the soil. The coarser part, though containing just as much plant-food in proportion to its volume, imparts no support to the crop in the way of feeding it. In view of this, we learn the importance of thorongh pulverization of the soil in preparing for the seed. The farmer should bear in mind, in fitting his land for a crop, that he will only get the use of so much of the soil as he pulverizes and makes fine. The balance is unoccupied so far as feeding and sustaining his crop is conoerned.

In cultivating coarse, sandy or gravelly lands, we should make them as compact as possihle, both to hold the fertility from washing down below and to hold moisture in times of drouth; for such lands are liable to lose both, from their loose, porous condition. Heavy rains will disappear in a few hours on such lands, which on olay soils would so saturate it, that several days would elapse before it would disappear. In the one case it runs through the porous soil into the subsoil; In the other, it is held by the tenacity of the subsoil until it is evuporated by the sun and winds.

There is a relution between soil and moisture which develops fertility, and in studying the principles of cultivation we must hold in view the condition of soil best adapted to retain the necessary moisture as well as to discharge a surplns. Clay soils retain more moisture and more fertillty than sandy gravels, but are more liable to be damaged by excess of water.

Sandy and gravelly soils can be worked with impunity soon after the cessation of storms, but clay shonld have time for drying.—*American Rural Farmer.*

YOUNG STOCK shonld be kept growing from their birth. The science of feeding is becoming much better nnderstood than it has been, and the mixing of different kinds to make the food more palatable and nntritions should be a matter of olose study. Food is the raw material from which we make flesh, milk, and wool, and much may be saved hy using this material in the most profitable manner. The mother's milk is the best food for young animals, bnt to this some additional food may be added hy degrees, so soon as the digestive powers are capable of assimilating it.

WE EXTRACT from the report of the Michigan State Board of Health a few words from a report on the apparently difficnlt problem of disposing of the contents of vaults.—

"Now, we have employed a method (in common with others) which many years' trial proves just the thing for country places, and which possesses the following advantages: it is attended with almost no cost; it requires less than a fiftieth part of the labor daily needed for swceping a room; it never, like a water-closet, gets out of order; it is not attended with any perceptible effluvia; and it cannot injure or enter drains or injure wells. The disinfecting process takes place, not 'once a month,' but every day. The contents are rendered as harmless as so much earth, and the men who empty the vaults say they would as willingly do it as to shovel sand. The whole process consists in placing a harrel in the apartment, containing a mixture of sifted road-dust and coal ashes, with a small, long-handled dipper, so that a pint of the dry mixture may be thrown down by each occupant. The absorbing and purifying power of the road-dust is astonishing. The coal ashes are used more particularly for diluting the dust and rendering it perfectly dry. The more clay the road-dust contains, the better it is as an absorbent. The vault shonld be rather shallow, protected from rains, easily accessible for cleaning, and shonld be hid by a swing door at the rear. The closet may be placed quite near the dwelling or in actual connection with it, if the easy and simple daily care is given to it, and it thus relieves the annoyance and exposure of feeble persons or invalids. It should be made pleasant by planting with evergreens, roses, or ornamental shrubbery, as the case may require."

EDUCATING A HORSE.—"There," said Mr. Harrison, pointing to him, "I raised him myself. He's rising nine, now. Come here, Charley." The horse came up to him, and stood looking at me over his master's shoulder'

"How did yon train him?"

"By kindness—thut's the only way—to be sure. Of course yon can make any animal obey by leathering him enough; but then some time when you ain't looking out he'll play you an ugly trick—balk when you're jumping, to let yon tumble on the ground, or rear and fall backwards on you. They're cunning about that sort of thing. I've seen a splendidly educated horse come into the ring and just stand still, not do a single trick, and seem to enjoy to see his master hooted at."

"What is the method of edncating animals?"

"Well, with different animals there's different ways. With horses and dogs yon show 'em often enongh for them to understand it. When I show them several times they find out what you want done, and do it themselves. Then I reward them on the spot. It's all easy; you've only to keep your temper and be kind. Some horses learn very qnickly, but that kind forget just as soon. I like best a slow horse, because he'll remember longer."

ADVANTAGES OF DISADVANTAGES.

Truths come to us often in parsdox. Not one more clearly illustrates my meaning than this—the help that comes from losses.

Thank fortune if yon have misfortune. From single-handed combat with poverty you may learn as none other the valne of prosperity. From lack of talent you may gain a wonderful industry—thet, after all, is commensnrate with natnral gifts. From the disadvantage of a plain exterior you may be driven to beautify the interior of your being. From the disadvantage of parental insignificance or folly you mey be driven to personal excellence and wisdom. If yon heve no influential friends you will build, if you build at all, on a snbstantial basis—the basis of your own merit.

Is you struggle, struggle, struggle, yon gain sinew end muscle. Your body grows strong and your mind is enlarged; your power of will the great force of life becomes all-powerful and irresistible. So, thank fortune you have misfortune. It will redound to your good some day in some wey.

I was thinking of the beginnings of Christianity, of the dauntless heroism of the Apostles, of their God-given euthority of word and work, of their loyalty to the cause intrusted to them regardless of consequences to themselves. I was thinking of the thonsands after thousands of the disciples that crnelly perished, refusing to recent.

Those were tronhlesome times indeed for Christians. A living with the ever-present sense of dsnger from torture and of death, yet resolutely set to meet calamity. Those were heroic days.

All these things are now changed. Chrisrienity has planted its foot the world over, civilizing, purifying, uplifting, comforting. There is no winnowing of persecution—the great granaries of the world are full.

If we ere not now heroic, it is because we are not opposed. Faith exists, hut it is not sternly proved. Christianity is not less precious—but we do not feel that it is imperiled.

They had met the whirlwind uprooting every human interest, leaving only their indestructible faith. We hask in the sunlight of perfect toleration. Our religion affects for good our material interests, until they start up in rank luxurience. Ah! but faith becomes almost swamped in prosperity.

So it is. The apostles were not greater than we, hut they had the huffetings, and beatings, and scourgings of persecntion. They held a great trust. They had the advantage of disadvantages.

And this truth runs throngh all things; hut we do not see it. The hoys say: "If I had a father to help me along, I too could do something." "If I had heen pnt in school I should have known something." "If I had not the stigme of low hirth I could rise." "If I had a fine talent." "If I were not crippled." "If I were not poor!" And the girl says: "If I wasn't a girl I might do something." "If I had e start given me." "If I had not suffered I should heve heauty." "If I had physical strength!" "If I had the advantage of influence I could get e position."

Certainly, if your friends "boost" you yon can get up, hut you do not learn to climh; and they who cannot climh are never secure, even thongh they be lifted.

Necessity is e hard hut the best of masters. If there is anything in a man, necessity will hring it out. Necessity teaches us of what we are capahle. It reveals to ns often capacity that surprises us. Necessity drives into action, and if we are driven into action that is distasteful, the fact of its unpleasantness drives us still farther in order to reach agreeehle action. And exercise brings development, and development power; and power use, and nse recognition; and rocognition demand, and demand for our work, reward.

Also adversity brings out nohle motives. Two girls, equally hright, go to the same school. One is heing edncated by a mother who sews for a living; the other is educated by an opulent father. One is inspired hy a desire to lift the hurden from her morher; the other has no other inspiration than a wish to he intelligent. One works indolently, the other as if for her life. The poor one shoots far ehead of the whole class. She becomes efterward a power in the world. The necessity of love, gratitude, and subsistence drove her into a fine development.

Some hnnger and thirst for knowledge, and the necessity of hunger and thirst sends them to books at every spare moment, perhaps from the plow, from the anvil, from the sewing machine, or tho kitchen, or the work-shop. Such will attain what they seek.

It is said that the Esquimaux binds his young child in a canoo and thrusts him ont into rough waters that he mey become fearless; and his life at stake, driven hy fear, hy necessity, he learns the mastery of the boat, which is to be his life-long companion. So God often thusts us into the deep waters, to teach us mastery of ourselves, and of circumstanccs.

It is e divine law, the law of the advantages of disadvantages.

(Continued from page 57)

II.

Welcome ! a shont like the war trumpet's swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around !
Welcome ! it quivers from Liberty's bell;
Welcome ! the walls of her temple resound !
Hark ! the gray walls of her temple resound !
Fade the far voices of river and dell;
Welcome ! still whisper the echoes around;
Welcome ! still trembles on Liberty's bell ! .

III.

Thrones of the continent ! Isles of the sea !
Yonrs are the garlands of peace we entwine !
Welcome once more to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine !
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine,
"Hushed is onr strife in the land of the free."
Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the continents ! Isles of the sea.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The central event of the commemorative day was, of course, the reading of the Declaration of Independence from the original manuscript, the reader being Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, introdnced by Vice-president Ferry as the fitting reader of the great document, whose grandfather had one hnndred years ago offered in the Continental Congress the resolntion that these United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States. The appearance of the yellow, time-worn docnment in its heavy frame, called forth a hurst of enthnsiasm. Men cheered, women waved their handkerchiefs and children were held up to look npon the Magna Charta of Amerlcan llberties.

The reading was followed by the orchestral performance of the "Hymn," composed for the occasion by a Brazilian musician and offered by Dom Pedro as the Greeting of Brazil.

THE NATIONAL ODE

was then recited by its anthor, the well known traveler and author, Bayard Taylor. We have room hnt for the first verse:

I.—1.

Sun of the stately Day,
Let Asia into the shadow drift,
Let Enrope bask in thy ripened ray.
And over the severing ocean lift
A hrow of broader splendor !
Give light to the eyes
Of the land that waits to behold thee rise:
The gladness of morning lend her,
With the triumph of noon attend her,
And the peace of the vesper skies !
For, lo ! she cometh now
With hope on the lip and pride on the hrow,
Stronger, and clearer, and fairer,
To smile on the love we bear her,—
To live, as we dreamed her and songht her,
Liberty's latest daughter !
In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,
We found her traces;
On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,
We heard her call;
When the lines of battle hroke,
We saw her face in the fiery smoke;
Through toil, and angnish, and desolation,
We followed, and found her
With the grace of a virgin nation
As a sacred zone around her !,
Who shall rejolce
With a righteous voice,
Far-ahead through the ages, if not she ?
For the menace is dumh that defied her,
The doubt is dead that denied her,
And she stands acknowledged, and strong and free !

THE GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH

with chorus Our National Banner, was an appropriate climax to the applause that followed the Ode. The music was by an Englishman, Sir Jullus Benedict, the words as follows, by Dexter Smith of Massachnsetts:

I.

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
Floats that banner bright and holy
In the rays of freedom's snn;
In the nation's heart imbedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
One in all, and all in one.

II.

Let that banner wave forever,
May its lustrous stars fade never
Till the stars shall pale on high,
While there's right the wrong defeating,
While there's hope in true heart beating,
Truth and freedom shall not die.

III.

As it floated long before us,
Be it ever floating o'er us,
O'er our land from shore to shore;
There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it—
Wave it, save it evermore.

THE ORATOR OF THE DAY

was the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts of New York, the famons lawyer and former Attorney General. His oration was an eloqnent review of the nation's progress and a very hopeful forecast of its fnture. He thinke,—

"We have taken no steps backward, nor have we needed to seek other paths in our progress than those in which our feet were planted at the beginning. Welghty and manifold have been onr obligations to the great nations of the earth, to their scholars, their philosophers, their men of genius and of science, to their skill, their taste, their invention, to their wealth, their arts, their industry. But in the institutions and methods of government—in civil prudence, courage, or policy—in statesmanship, in the art of 'making a small town a great city'—in the concurrence of reason and strength in peace, of force and obedience in war—we have found nothing to recall us from the course of our fathers, nothing to add to our safety or to aid our progress in it. So far from this, all modifications of Enropean politics accept the popular principles of onr system, and tend to our model. The movements toward the equality of representation, enlargement of the suffrage, and public education in England—the restoration of nnity in Italy—the confederation of Germany under the lead of Prussia—the actual Republic in France—the unsteady throne of Spain—the new liberties of Hnngary—the constant gain to the people's share in goverument throughout Enrope—all tend one way, the way pointed ont in the Declaration of our Independence."

As the applause which followed the speaker's last eloquent period died away, Handel's grand Hellelujah Chorus hurst exnltantly from the chorus of 1,200 voices. Even more impressive was the singing of the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," by the assembled thonsands led by the orchestra.

The vast crowd dispersed quietly. A fine show of fireworks in East Fairmount Park was brought to a sudden close by a display of celestial pyrotechny in the shape of a thnnder-storm, welcome to every one who was not caught in it.

Thus ended the commemorative services of onr National Centennial.

THE "TRUE STORY" OF "MARY'S LITTLE LAMB."

There are floating abont in the great ocean of literature, stray chips of song or story, which from their wit or wisdom, or from some unaccountable reason, become popularized and cherished more carefully than whole navies of world-renowned anthors. Their perentage unknown, they come as literary foundlings to our doors, and, once admitted, command their own place in our affections. Among such is the poem "Mary had a little lamb." There is hardly a child in the lend who has not become familiar with the verses; not e college student who has not sung them to a dozen different tnnes. It has been parodied, paraphrased, and translated into the dead languages. And yet scarce eny one knows who is the anthor, or whether it is fictitions or fonnded on fact. It is, perhaps, in the truth of the story that the popularity lies. For it is the trne account of an incident that heppened sixty-one years ago, not fifty miles from the Cradle of Liberty. And "Mary," e delightful old lady of threescore and ten, still lives and cherishes the memory of the event. The writer, on a recent visit, craved from her own lips the true story of the affair, and will reproduce it as neerly as possible.

"It was when I was nine years old," she said, "and we lived on the farm. I used to go out to the barn every moruing with father to see the cows and sheep. They ell knew me, and the cows, old Broed and Short-horn end Brindle, would bow e good-morning when I came to their stables. One cold dey we fonnd that during the night twin lambs hed been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved, and almost frozen, and father told me I might have it if I could make it live. So I took it into the honse, wrapped it in a blanket, and fed it on peppermint and milk all dey. When night came I conld not bear to leave it for fear it would die, so mother made me up a little bed on the settle, and I nursed the poor little thing all night, feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could stand. After this we brought it np by hand nntil it grew to love me very mnch and would stay with mo wherever I went nnless it was tied. I used before going to school in the morning to see that the lamb was all right, and securely fastened for the day.

"Well, one morning, when my brother Nat and I were all ready, the lemh could not be found, end snpposing that it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we started on. I used to he a great singer, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning, after we had gone some distance, I began to sing, and the lamh hearing me, followed on and overtook us before we got to the schoolhouse. As it happened, we were early, so I went in very quietly, took the lamb into my seat, where it went to sleep, and I covered it np with my shawl. When the teacher came and the rest of the scholars, they did not notice anything amiss, and all was quiet until my spelling class was called. I had hardly taken my place when the patting of little feet was heard coming down the aisle, and the lamb stood beside me ready for its word. Of course the children all laughed and the teacher langhed too, and the poor creature had to be turned out of doors. Bnt it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the woodshed till night. Now, that day, there was a young man in school, John Roulston hy name, who was on a visit to one of the boys, and came as a spectator. He was a Boston boy and son of the riding-school master, and was fitting for Harvard College. He was very mnch pleased over what he saw in our school, and a few days after gave us the first three verses of tho song. How or when it got into print I don't know."

Thns she ran on, telling of the care she bestowed upon her pet until it grew to be a sheep, and she would curl its long wool over a stick; and it bore lambs nntil there was a flock of five, all her own; and finally how it was killed by an angry cow. Then she brought ont a pair of her little girl's stockings, knitted of yarn spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which had been raveled ont and given away pelcemeal as mementos. No one can donbt that she, whose youth was rendered femons by love for an unfortunate animal, had lived a life of beneficence and charity. With a heart overflowing with love toward all God's creatnres, she has indeed lived to care for the needy and destitute, and be a mother to the motherless. And now, in a green old age, she is surrounded by those whom her warm heart long since taught to cling to her end follow as the lamb in her yonth. When et last she shall cross the river she will find an eternal home in the green pastures and beside the still waters, where the Good Shepherd feeds his lambs. John Roulston died before entering college. Whet the world lost in him who wove into verse that immortalized them, both the story of Mary and the lemh, no one may say.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE FORT MOULTRIE CENTENNIAL.

The following interesting account of the celebration of June 28th at Fort Moultrie, where North and South joined to commemorate the gallant deeds of their common heroes, reached us too late for publication in onr July number. Onr readers will find it a fitting supplement of the description we gave last June of the famous attack and repulse:

"CHARLESTON, Jnne 29th.—The celebration of the Fort Moultrie Centennial was opened on Tuesday night by an imposing public reception to the visiting military at the Academy of Music. Colonel Trenholm, on behalf of the committee of citizens, made an address of welcome, in the conrse of which he said: 'There is the same need now that there was in 1776 for union among the people. Nothing but frequent intercourse and that natural confidence and respect which rests upon acquaintance can repress the agitators, whom for mischievous purposes end against the public goods are perpetually striving to keep alive the passions which the late conflict aroused, and if this occasion is happily instrumental in promoting a better understanding between the sections, it will have accomplished its purposes and vindicated claim to nationality. The spirit of 1776, now evoked, indicates a broad and solid ground on which all may stand, for that spirit elevates duty above all personal aims; it places the general and permanent good of the people before all local objects and temporary interests; applied to the present state of the country, it forbids us to cherish futile enimosities or to brood over disappointments, while it obliges us to honor everywhere and at all times self-sacrificing devotion to duty. Never may the American people cease to reverence their dead of the late war; for, whether in blue or in gray, these brave men laid down their lives in obedience to what they felt to be the impulse of honor and the call of their country. The humble graves throughont the land on which year after year the garlands are renewed by loving hands will in time serve to bind more closely together those of whose past separation they are the evidence, and in another Centennial our descendants will realize that onr country could not echieve her destiny without passing through such trials.' [Applause.] In replying,

CAPTAIN NOYES, OF THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY,

said: 'One hundred years ago, in storm and battle, the flags of the Palmetto and the Pine floated together in defence of their principles and their native land, and now they are floating together again. [Applause.] It is good to be here and together to derive from the memories of the past a guide for the future. The names of Sumpter, Rutledge and Marion are interwoven with those of Hencock, Adams end Otis, and the patriotism of these men would have been of no avail but for the glorious victories of Eutaw, Fort Moultrie, Lexington and Saratoga. Since those days, however, in which the two States stood side by side they have stood face to face in intense strife, but the bitterness has passed away. The same stuff of which onr revolutionary sires were made is fonnd in their descendants, and each can respect and honor the other. The same stars shine above, the same dews bathe the graves of the gray and the blue, and surviving comrades of the deceased heroes have marched in columns bearing floral trihntes to decorate the turf npon the last resting-places of the sons of the North and of the Sonth.'. [Prolonged applanse.]

"Captain Mercer, of the Savannah Blues, said; 'Georgia was one of the thirteen colonies which went into the Revolution and achieved a glorious victory. After that she had fallen back once out of line, hnt she now heard the cry, "Come back!" and without faltering she had come back, and was now again in line striving in friendly emulation with her sister States for the welfare of the whole Union. [Prolonged applause.] Georgia looks to the future. She has no bygones. She makes no apology for the past, hnt she forgets and lebors for the good of all. [Applause.] In behalf of Georgia he extended words of cheer to his comrades, and declared that Georgia wished to see the Government pnre end proud and firmly fixed in the affections of the people.' [Loud applause.]

"Major MacHean, of the Old Guard, of N. Y., said; 'We have come here to testify our admiration of the valor with which yon defended a cause which brougbt sorrow and misfortnne to both the sections, and to extend the hand of friendship and to propose to act with you in bringing about thet confidence which is necessary to onr prosperity. [Appleuse.] The Empire State of the North greets the Empire State of the South [Cheers], and at Philadelphia the bonds of friendship will be renewed and strengthened.' [Applause.]

"Colonel Wilder, of Boston, said; 'Thenk God to-day we are a nnited people, and wonld gladly blot out if we could that page of history that marks the record of fraternal strife; yet thet record adds other names that will be glorious in the next centnry; aye, mnch sopner. It is to-day the sentiment of the sober second thought now that the passions and prejudices of the hour have cooled and softened, and our children will proclaim it, and why not we. Lincoln and Sumner are honored to-day and will be revered in history for their great service to the humen race, and now let me add to the list Lee, Jackson, aye, and Johnston, too; you honor them and why shonld yon not, because they were the brave and true men to whom you gave yonr boys for a cause made holy to you by the awful sacrifice of those who went forth to bettle, with the baptism of a father's blessing and mother's prayers end sister's tears. It was a wild dream, hut to yon a reality, and if you fail to honor and remember those brave leaders, you would heve no just claim to the name of chivelry which we accord you.'

"EX-GOVERNOR BONHAM, OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

was the last speaker. He said: 'If there was a man who went into the war with his whole spirit I was the man. [Cheers.] We gave you the best fight we had, [Loud cheering] and when the war was ended, I feel assured you regarded ns as e foe worthy of your steel, and we can assure you in the same light. I venture to say thet never before in the annals of history has the Anglo-Saxon race been engaged in such a war; feelings were engendered that are now, thank God, ended and obliterated: we felt thet we hed e country left. It was not your country alone, is was our country, it is our country, end shell he our country, and our children's children's country.' [Applause.]

"During the speeches every allusion to the growing good feeling between the sections and to the fixed determination of the South to stand by the Union was received with hearty cheering. At sunrise this morning a salute of 100 guns was fired, and the church bells rang out joyous chimes. All business was suspended, and the mein streets were filled with crowds of citizens end visitors. The decoration of the houses was very general, thousands of American flags converting the ronte of the procession into a long vista of red, white and blue.

"At seven o'clock the line was formed, and a flag was presented to the Pelmetto Guard hy a grand-daughter of Mrs. Barnard Elliott, who, in 1776, made and presented a similar flag to Sergeant Jasper. The presentation took place on the samo spot as that of one hundred years ago. The parade was very fine, embracing 40 companies and about 2,500 men under arms, including one company from New York, one from Massachusetts, sixteen from Georgia, and twenty-two from South Carolina, with the whole garrison, consisting of two companies of infantry and a light battery of Fifth Artillery, heading the column, which was commanded by Gen. Wade Hampton, attended by a brilliant staff. The Centennial Battallon, made up of picked commands from New York, Massachusetts, Georgia and Sonth Carolina, bore bannerets of palmetto leaves, symbols of fraternity, in the muzzles of their muskets, and attracted mnch attention. A feature of the parade was the colored bands and drum corps of Georgia.

"The orator of the day, General Kershaw, rode in a carriage with Governor Chamberlain. The heet dnring the day was intense and there were many sunstrokes. Several of the Old Gnard were nnable to parade. At eleven o'clock A. M. the parade was closed with a review and the commands took steamers for Sullivan's Island, three miles distant, to attend the celebration at the Fort.

"The Centennial celebration at Fort Monltrie

took place in the parade ground, under a mammoth tent. Over 5,000 persons were present. An address of welcome to the visitors was delivered by Governor Chamberlain, after which General Kershaw pronounced the oration, of which the key-note is given in the following extract:

"'South Carolina bids you welcome, thrice welcome; greets you as brethren and friends, and pledges you an untarnished faith and honor that it shall not be the fault of true sons, native or adopted, if our common country be not the home of a happy, free, united and prosperous people, and her career onward and upward, glorious and triumphant for ever. I speak to my countrymen, a South Carolinian to Americans; let your ends be just, we ask no more. Together let us obliterate the passions and prejudices of an irrevocable past, bind up its bruised and mangled victims, and bury deep, in lethean waters, all but the memory of its brave and generous deeds and grand achievements, a common and glorious heritage of the American people.' [Applause.]

"At midday the U. S. sloop-of-war *Plymouth*, ordered hither for the purpose by the Secretary of the Navy, anchored off the fort and fired a salute of thirteen guns. This was responded to by a similar salute fired from the ramparts of the fort by the Chatham Artillery, the guns used being two-pounders, presented to the company by Gen. George Washington. The visitors were subsequently handsomely entertained by the residents of Sullivan's Island. To-night the city is brilliantly illuminated. Several banquets are going on, and the houses of leading citizens are thrown open for entertainment of the military guests. Nothing has occured to mar the celebration but the heat, which has been unexceptionally severe, prostrating hundreds with sunstroke. Only one case so far has terminated fatally, a member of the band of the 5th artillery."—*Evening Bulletin, Phila., Penn.*

HINTS ON SELF-CULTURE.

"Have you anything in your library that will help a new beginner in the way of speaking before an audience on a Sabbath occasion? If you have will you be so kind as to send me a sample, or price, or something of the kind, so I may obtain it?"

We judge from your note, which we have corrected in spelling and punctuation, that you need to begin at the beginning. The alphabet comes before writing, and you need to begin at the alphabet. Reading a treatise will not make you an acceptable or useful speaker. For that you need at first three things, control of your voice, command of language, and self-possession. For control of the voice, read *aloud* fifteen minutes every day in your room, in some book that interests you; there is no better than the Bible. Be careful to enunciate distinctly, and to read naturally, as you would read to a little child. For command of language use your pen. Read the story of the Prodigal Son, for example; then, the next day, write it in your own language. Compare carefully what you have written with the Bible narrative, and see wherein your narrative fails to tell the whole story. Get a good dictionary, and look up all words about the meaning or spelling of which you are uncertain. If some literary friend, your pastor for example, will look over your writing occasionally and give you suggestions, so much the better; but this is not essential. There are works on English composition which after a time may help you; but if you have no teacher, it will be as well to *begin* without a book. Self-possession is only acquired by practice. To acquire this, have something to say in the prayer-meeting, and then say it. Begin very simply. Get hold of an incident; write it out, thus get it clearly in your own mind; then without trying to recite word for word what you have written, tell the story; when you have told it stop. If you make your first lesson simple enough, the next one will be easier. If you have grit and grace to carry out some such a course as this, write to us again in six months, tell us of your progress, and we will give you counsel for further studies. Meanwhile dismiss entirely from your mind the idea that you can be an orator without acquiring the art of writing and speaking the English language with accuracy.—*Christian Weekly.*

The celebrated John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says: "I know nothing I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying 'No.' You must expect unreasonable requests to be preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility and kindness as you acquiesce."

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer specimen than some think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle; men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small? We all know now a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are in what they call the inner circle and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list.—*Thackeray.*

HOW TO IMPROVE THE MEMORY.

What we wish to remember, we should attend to, so as to understand it perfectly, fixing our attention specially on its most important and distinctive features. We should disengage our minds for the moment from other things, that we may attend effectually to that which is before us. No man will read with much advantage who cannot empty his mind at pleasure of other objects, and does not bring to the author he reads an intellect neither troubled with care, nor agitated with pleasure. If the mind be filled with other matters, how can it receive new ideas? It is a good practice to improve the memory, and far better than making notes, or transcribing pages at the time, to read carefully, and after a lapse of some days, to write an abstract of what has been read. This will give us the habit of storing up for future use our immediate acquisitions in knowledge. Again, memory is assisted by an orderly arrangement of the thoughts. It is obvious that in recollecting a speech or discourse, that is more easily recalled in which the argument proceeds from one step to another by regular induction. So we ought to conduct our studies; otherwise, memory will be defective.—*Letter of Baron Alderson.*

UMTWALUMI MISSION STATION.

UMTWALUMI, AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The cut is a view of the backside of the mission house, taken from a position south by east from it. In 1866 a severe famine prevailed in the district, and at the time the photograph was taken, six wagons, laden with corn, each drawn by twelve or fourteen oxen, having come from a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, had just arrived, the owners of which were waiting to dispose of the precious loads, by sale to the hungry people.

On the extreme right of the picture, in the foreground, is seen the end of the *workshop* and *engine-house*, (for, through the kindness of Colonel Governor, a beautiful steam-engine, for grinding corn and ginning cotton, was given to the station, and in the workshop the people are taught how to make repairs on agricultural implements, and to manufacture simple articles of furniture). An old wheel of a turning-lathe lies against the wall, and in the central foreground lies a pile of wood prepared for the engine. The end of the house, in which is the study and dispensary, is seen on the right, and corresponding to it, on the left, but mostly hidden behind the trees, is the kitchen. The house is commodious, built of burnt bricks, of a bright-red color; is one story high, covered with thatch-grass, and surrounded on all sides with a verandah six feet wide. On the inside it is plastered with a tenacious mud, and papered or whitewashed.

Commencing the Station. The Umtwalumi station was commenced in April, 1851. A plain was found about seventy-five miles southwest of Port Natal, in "*the regions beyond*" all other mission stations, a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, in the midst of a well-populated country, near where three tribes touched each other, and on this the missionary decided to pitch his tent and raise his Ebenezer. A beautiful river washes two sides of the plain, at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet below its surface, which has already flowed forty miles from its source at the base of lofty mountains, and which enters the sea seven miles distant, after dividing a table-land thirteen hundred feet high for a passage. Its waters are pure as the chemist could have made them. Usually shallow, and presenting innumerable aspects of beauty, it is also sometimes swollen by rains, when it suddenly fills its rocky channel,—obstructions are swallowed up, trees uprooted, banks undermined and swept away, and animals even birds, unable to rise, are borne on its careering waves to the sea. On all sides but one rise the mountains, from 1,200 to 3,000 feet high, which, summer and winter, are covered with verdure, and are the happy abodes of animal life. Two hundred yards from this river was chosen the site for the future station, with earnest prayer that on that spot God would honor his own word, and that thence might go forth the *good news* to all the surrounding tribes. Four tribes were easily accessible. The people cared nothing for God, or his Son Jesus Christ, but seemed friendly to the missionary. The young men were willing, on being *well paid* for their unskilled services, to aid in erecting the buildings necessary for a house.

Building. The first thing to be done was to take off the canvas which covered the wagon, and so place it on the ground as to constitute a shelter by night and a sitting-room by day. The men were induced to cut and bring from the forest poles and wattles, for the walls of the house, and the women to cut grass for thatching. The walls were made of sticks and mud, three and a half feet high, with an ample roof covering the whole, twenty-four feet square. On the eleventh day, though the floor was still wet, the missionary was glad to enter it, to protect himself from a pelting storm of rain and hail; and he was merciful enough to take his horse with him into his new house.

This was but a temporary dwelling, and immediately energies were turned toward putting up a house of burned-bricks. The bricks must be made by inexperienced hands, and the timber for the roof and finish must be sought in a forest forty miles distant,—or that used which, at great cost, had been brought from over the sea. Little like a clergyman did the missionary appear as, dressed in frock, and covered from head to foot with clay, he moulded the bricks, or used the saw, the plane, and the trowel; but very thankful and satisfied he was, when, as the new year of 1852 dawned, he was in a comfortable dwelling, which bids fair to stand long after he is dead. It is only right to say, however, that the bricks were in part made by a white man, and burned and laid into walls by him. In its *finishings*, the house, though valuable and comfortable, bears many marks of which a skilled workman might well be ashamed.

Schools. A day-school—the teachers of which have received some part of their compensation from a fund set aside by the Colonial Government, for the improvement of the natives—has been in full operation for the last half dozen years, having on the books nearly seventy daily pupils. The day attendance has, however, averaged only about thirty. These children are mostly from heathen kraals, where no motives are presented, by parents or friends, to induce them to attend. This school has been blessed with pious teachers selected by the missionary, and it is due to them that we here acknowledge their faithfulness and zeal, not only in communicating secular knowledge, but in endeavors to win souls to Christ. From this day-school three lads have gone to the training-school at Amanzimtote, two of whom are sons of important chiefs.

For several years the Colonial Government has made an annual grant of $500 in aid of an Industrial School at Umtwalumi, which has been under the care of an English mechanic, and in which many natives have been taught some of the simpler mechanic arts, in addition to the daily religious instruction imparted by the mission family.—*Missionary Herald.*

"WANTED, A BOY TO ATTEND BAR."

The paper dropped from my hand as I read this advertisement. It seemed as though I had read, "Wanted, a boy to go down to perdition."

I fancied I saw a bright, earnest boy going to a bar-room, seeking a living by that fearful trade of selling wine and rum. I could imagine how, one by one, all the good impulses and desires he had in the beginning fell before the evil influences of the dram-shop; how he learned to drink, to swear, and steal; how bad companions came around him, and helped him on to ruin.

Ah! my lad, or whoever you are, who may be tempted by such a call, let me tell you that you had better work in the field, or at a forge, or digging ditches,—anything honest,—than to degrade yourself by selling death to others. No matter how hard you work, no matter if it soils your hands or clothes, so long as it leaves your heart pure. Beware of such "good places" as will lead you into the snare of the evil one. There are many doors, besides those of bar-rooms, which are almost the same as gateways down to the world below.—*Morning Light.*

At Home.

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I I
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal;
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be,
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;—
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled, and doff'd his cap,—
"I earn my bread," qnoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friand,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

—*Camden Democrat.*

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pond. "Do you hear those geese how they scream and hiss? what do they do it for?"

"Oh just to amuse themselves," answered a field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owl's hooting; what's that for?"

"It's the music they like best," said the mouse.

"And the grasshoppers; they can't go home without grinding and chirping, why do they do that?"

"Oh, they are so happy they can't help it!" said the mouse.

"You find an excuse for all. I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears compared to the constant croaking of a frog."

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.

I seized upon the long-wished-for opportunity of visiting the home of this "Apostle of Liberty," and starting from the old and historical town of Charlottesville, in an hour's time, having traveled three miles, we had reached the summit of Monticello, which commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and forty or fifty miles.

As we were necessarily compelled to make our visit a very short one, we repaired immediately to the Mansion where we were met by a gentleman who very courteously showed us through the building. I had read Mr. Wirt's description of the place, written years ago when he saw it in its grandeur. He says: "The Mansion House at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements and ornaments it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man."

There is a marked contrast between then and now. To-day you will find the Mansion House at Monticello in a sad state of dilapidation. The walls once decorated with paintings are now disfigured by the hand of time and the names of curious visitors. To be brief, the building is destitute of anything to mark its past splendor, and from what I learn, no effort is put forth to preserve it.

We next sought Jefferson's grave. A few minutes' walk down the mountain brought us to the family cemetery which is enclosed by a brick wall seven or eight feet high. Finding the gate locked, we were compelled to climb the wall which was easily done, for we had discovered it to be down not far from the entrance. A simple granite obelisk marks the last resting place of the patriot, with the following inscription, said to have been written by himself: "Anthor of the Declaration of Independence and the Founder of the University of Virginia."

THOS. CAYTON.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

THE Democratic Convention at St. Louis has nominated Governor Samnel J. Tilden of New York for President and Thomas A. Hendricks, Governor of Indiana, for Vice-president. Tilden is a hard money man. Hendricks, for inflation and repeal of the resumption act.

THE Democratic platform affirms devotion to the Constitution and its amendments, its faith in republics, and the will of the majority; in the equality of all citizens, in education, in the supremacy of the civil over the military power and the total separation of church and State. It denonnces Republican administration, calls for a repeal of the resumption act as a hindrance to resumption; for retrenchment and reform in all departments of the government, and urges the necessity for a change of the party in power.

GOVERNOR HAYES'S letter in acceptance of his nomination gives nniversal satisfaction to the party. He declares for reform in the civil service, and the retention of officers dnring good conduct; says that it is his inflexible purpose, if elected, not to be a candidate for a second term, and declares strongly for hard money.

SENATOR MORRILL of Maine, after some delay from the demands of his position as Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, has qualified as Secretary of the Treasnry to wbicb office he was appointed hy the President on the resignation of Bristow. Mr. Blaine has accepted the Senatorship for Mr. Morrill's unexpired term, and his appointment has been formally made by Governor Connor.

A PRIVATE letter from a friend of Mr. Blaine reports him slowly recovering. His physicians have ordered him to the sea-side.

THE PRESIDENT has removed Postmaster-General Jewell and appointed Second Assistant J. N. Tyner in his place. He has also removed Mr. D. D. Pratt, Commissioner of Internal Revenues. Political reasons are assigned for the change. Mr. Tyner is regarded as one of the most efficient officers in the department and in full accord with Postmaster-General in all his measures of reform. He is from Indiana. A removal which preceded the above was that of Mr. Yaryan, Chief of Internal Revanue Special Agents.

THE dead-lock between the Republican Senate and Democratic Honse on the question of appropriation hills, has been so persistent that if Congress had not agreed to hills making temporary provision for the expenses of the Government while the dead-lock continned, the Executive machine mnst have stopped rnnning. The Post-office and Naval Appropriations bills were at last agreed npon and things began to move.

THE BELKNAP impeachment trial is rapidly progressing with the examination of witnesses, and, if the defense is equally prompt, it may be decided before we go to press.

BOTH HOUSES have agreed with unexpected unanimity on the Senate resolution for finishing the Washington Monument.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS in Massachusetts have nominated John I. Baker for Governor and pledged themselves to woman suffrage.

A GREAT Repnblican mass meeting was held in New York July 12th, to ratify the Republican nominations. Cooper Institute wonld not hold the crowd in spite of the heat.

AN OFFICIAL statement has been prepared at the Treasury Department, showing the receipts and dishursements of the Government from January 1, 1834, to Jnne 30, 1865, exhibiting also the amount of defalcations and the ratas of losses per one thousand dollars. The amonnt collected during that period from Customs was $83,082,085,093, and the losses $2,444,632. The amount collected from the internal revenne was $2,066,871,342, and the losses, $3,459,325; miscellaneous, $463,578,458, and losses, $1,161,634; disbursements for the War Department $3,930,566,021, and losses, $7,513,638; Navy Department, $316,252,950, and losses, $2,572,327; Indians, $144,927,954, losses, $1,483,620; pensions, $343,386,769, losses, $532,378; miscellaneous, $105,893,726, losses, $10,196,467; Post-office Department, $439,155,854, losses, $939,582.

GENERAL.

FOLLOWING the Centennial rejoicings with as sndden a shock as the news of Lincoln's death followed the close of the war, came the terrible news that General Custer with his whole command, thirteen officers and two bundred and fifty men, had been cut to pieces by the Sioux Indians on the Big Horn river, Montana Territory. Three thousand warriors of this fierce tribe, nnder their leader, Sitting Bull, have never consented to go into the reservation set apart for them by the U. S. Government, and committed constant depredations upon the settlers in the Territory till last fall this expedition against them was planned, under Generals Crook and Terry, General Custer's and Major Reno's being detachments of General Terry's command. The hostile region lies between the Big Horn spur of the Rocky Mountains, and the Yellowstone river, of which the Rosebnd is a tributary. Gen. Custer and Maj. Reno, in advance of the rest, discovered the main Indian encampment, and planned a simnltaneons attack from opposite sides, hnt they failed to make it so. Major Reno was soon repulsed, and then Custer charged into the defile from which not one of his whole force returned alive. The surgeons and Mr. Kellogg, correspondent to the Bismark Tribnne and the New York Herald, perished with the rest. General Custer was the youngest Major General in the service, and was a dashing and successful officer of the Union Army all through the war. He never lost a gun or color, and captured more in the field than any other General not an army commander. Fearless of danger be probahle relied too mnch on his invariable snccess, and died with his men. He leaves a wife but no children.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA, the veteran soldier and former President and Dictator of Mexico, died June 20th, in the city of Mexico, at the age of seventy-eight.

CASTLE GARDEN, one of the old landmarks of New York, at the Battery, first a fort, then a theatre, and then an emigrant depot through which tbe vast flood of Irish and German immigration poured into our country, was destroyed hy fire Jnne 10th.

THE whole village of Rockdale in Iowa has been carried away hy the hnrsting of a mill dam.

SOMETHING like the army worm has appeared in Long Island and is making havoc among oats, rye and corn.

THE CENTENNIAL summer will be remembered for the next hundred years, perhaps, for its scorching heat. The summers of '35, '45, '56 and '64 we are assured were as warm; hut then we didn't have to go to Centennial exhibitions, hut could stay at home and keep cool. 102° and 103°, in the shade, has got to be the expected figure in Philadelphia and even the sea-girt city of New York. Norfolk and Richmond are no worse. We are hardly surprised to hear that the earth itself is on fire in some places in New Jersey—in old swamps full of woody matter. The mortality, especially among children is of course greatly increased, and snnstrokes are very common and fatal.

A PRIVATE letter from Dulnth, Minnesota, on Lake Snperior, reports ice twenty feet thick in the harbor June 30th, and not melted the first week in July.

DOM PEDRO sailed for Europe July 12th. A more wide-awake, intelligent and manly a monarch bas seldom sat on a throne. His indefatigable tonrs of sight-seeing from one end to the other of our, conntry, undismayed by our heated term, have been no mere superficial "doing" of a new country, hnt a conscientious inspection of American institutions for the benefit of his own empire. He seems to rule his country on the principle that Stewart conducted his business, with an eye on every detail. His acute observations, extensive familiarity with all that he saw, hearty cordiality and nnostentations manners have won him universal respect and popularity in America.

MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT has been elected President of Williams College to succeed President Hopkins. The beautifnl memorial vase of silver, presented to him on his eightieth birthday, is now on exhihition at the Centennial.

HARVARD COLLEGE has conferred the degree of LL. D. upon Carl Schurz and President D. C. Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University.

THE bishops of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church have appointed Friday, August 4th, as a day of fasting and prayer.

THE Rev. Dr. Revels, the colored minister, who was elected editor of *The South-Western Adocate* (Methodist), hut declined the post, has been offered the Presidency of Alcorn University, Mississippi.

BISHOP STEERE, the bead of the Cbnrch of England Mission in East Africa, has offered to the Sultan of Zanzihar the use of his mission press in printing the proclamation against the conveyance of slaves along the coast. The proclamation is considered the most severe blow the Zanzibar slave-trade has yet received. A further check to the traffio will be given if a hill which was brought before the English Parliament on June 22d, under the title of "Slave-trading of subjects of native Indian Princes," is passed. It has been found that a large part of the African slave-trade is in the hands of the subjects of the native princes of India who are not under the direct rule of the British Government. The intent of the hill is to make these subjects amenable to the British law upon slave-trading.

MISS HENRIETTA PARKER, late of New Britain, Conn., left a bequest of $200 to the American Snnday-school Union, and of $100 and "the residue of her estate" to the American Bible Society. Miss Parker was once a slave, and was freed by her master and sent North abont 1830. She earned and saved an estate of $3294.40, of which she cast $749.69 into the treasnry of the Lord. In sending her gift to the Bible Society, her exeontor, W. S. Hurd, says:

"She directed that her bequest to the American Sunday-School Union should be expended in organizing Sunday-schools among the freedmen in the State of Georgia, and furnishing Bihles and Testaments for the use of the same. I have received a letter from the secretary enclosing the report of their missionary, in which he says he has organized ten new schools near Athens, Georgia, and given each school twenty dollars' worth of books. And who can tell how mnch good may be done among the freedmen hy the hard earnings of this hnmhle servant of Jesns Christ?"

HOW TO TREAT SUNSTROKE.—The report of the Sanitary Committee of the New York Board of Health upon sunstroke says: "Snnstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is 'mnggy.' It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fonrth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, and abuse of stimulants predispose. It is much more apt to attack those working in tbe sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors and where there is artificial heat, see that the room is well ventilated.

"If working in the sun wear a light hat (not hlack, as that absorbs heat) and pnt inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it np, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have wherever possible an additional shade, as a thin nmbrella, when walking, a canvass or board cover when working in the sun. When mnch fatigned do not go to work, or be excused from work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning on very hot days, especially if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place, apply cold cloths to and pour cold water ocvr head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or ponr cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body.

"If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feehle, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia (hartshorn) in two tahlespoonfuls of water with a little sugar."

AUGUST FLOWER.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

More than seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Waterbrash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c. Go to the Drug Store and get a 75 cent bottle, or a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Try it. Two doses will relieve you. For Sale in Hampton by Messrs. Selden & Co., and Druggists generally.

DYSPEPSIA.

Americans are particularly subject to this disease and its effects: such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Heartburn, Water-brash, coming up of the food, coated tongue, disagreeable taste in the mouth, palpitation of the Heart and all diseases of the Stomach and Liver. Two doses of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once, and

there positively is not a case in the United States it will not cure. If you doubt this go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. 6-1y

Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA.

III.

CLIMATE.

I arrived in California in the middle of August, supposing that then, at least, in the summer months, I should find a soft and balmy air. To my immense surprise, however, I was at once informed that I had better provide myself with an overcoat whenever I ventured out of doors, as I might any day find it useful. I was also told that no one in this country ever wore thin underclothing, but a heavy grade of woollens was absolutely necessary at all times of the year. I was staggered; but a short experience convinced me of the truth of these suggestions, and my faith in the balmy natnre of the climate of California, or at least, this portion of it, has gone forever. Yet I suppose the ideas I had cherished are almost universal in the East. For the sake of such as may expect to find in the atmosphere of this region a remedy for all the ills of the flesh, I will try to describe this climate truthfully.

In the first place, I should state that San Francisco and the surrounding conntry has a climate of its own. Lying upon the coast it is exposed to the cold and damp winds of the ocean. The summer months, which begin with April or May, when the rains cease entirely, are peculiarly disagreeable. Every day at about ten in the morning quite a strong wind arises and prevails until late in the afternoon. A clear day is throughout the summer months unknown. The sun seldom fails to appear at some portion of the day, hut it is often obscured by the heavy fogs which are almost never wanting. The nights are always very cool, and a really warm and summer-like day occurs hut rarely. A light overcoat I usually find comfortable so long as the summer lasts. And yet there are some days that are quite hot, and which are additionally disagreeable from the fact that one must always dress for cold weather; no other course is safe.

Such is the order of things in this part of the country throughout the dry or summer season which lasts from about the first of April till the first of November, varying somewhat in the different years. Not a drop of rain falls during this time, and the dust becomes excessively troublesome. But November brings rain and a new condition of things. The showers fall copiously, the dust disappears, and the seared, brown fields soon become green. The storms occur very frequently and sometimes continue with hut little intermission for two or three weeks, during which time the sun will be perhaps hardly once visible. But the intervals between the rains give the most perfect weather. The fogs of the summer are now pretty much dispelled; the air is wonderfully clear and usually very mild. The mud quickly dries and the roads are hard and smooth. It is a luxury to live in the warm sunshine and the fresh exhilarating atmosphere. And yet, constantly varying as the climate is, the winter brings many cold days A fire is almost a necessity morning and evening, and during the rainy periods through the whole day. The evening air is so chilly at times that I have often found a heavy winter overcoat none too warm. About twenty inches of rain are expected to fall during the rainy season, which lasts, as I have already mentioned, from about the first of November till the first or middle of April. Such is the climate of San Francisco and vicinity—one of the very worst for invalids. All afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, or weakness of the throat or lungs, had best avoid San Francisco. Especially dangerous is it to consumptives, to those whose lungs are really diseased. The cold of this region is a very damp and penetrating cold and hard to bear, and the changes are very sudden. Colds are very tenacious and hard to shake off. And yet I find that the climate is, on the whole, an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable one. The air is very bracing and invigorating to all who can become acclimated without serious difficulty. Though almost fatal to invalids, it is healthful to such as are vigorous and strong. Here one is little likely to feel lassitude and weariness. The young men and women who grow up here are apparently strong and healthy, with fine carriage and rich color. And for my part, I deem it no small blessing to be free from the rigor and the bleak winds of a New England winter.

But I have been describing the climate of San Francisco. Go into the interior, east of the coast range which breaks the force of the sea winds, and you find a very different climate. In the summer, while it is generally cool in San Francisco, it is intensely hot on the plains of the interior. There the thermometer often ranges above one hundred. The heat is disagreeable and in a measure debilitating; hut the absence of winds is grateful. Their constant prevalence in San Francisco is exceedingly detrimental to the nervous system.

Again, go fifty miles south and you will pass into a very different climate, warm and agreeable, and largely free from disagreeable winds. And by travelling two or three hundred miles further you find a climate that is thoroughly tropical, where sea-bathing can be enjoyed throughout the whole year. Indeed there is no California climate, properly speaking. The state presents a great variety in its broad area, and somewhere in its limits nearly all can be suited.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

WINNSBORO, S. C. *May 3*, '76.

Dear Teacher:—I have just finished reading some nice letters in the WORKMAN from the students which sets me to work, for I feel ashamed of myself to think how I have neglected my kind teachers of Hampton Institute. I have really been so very busy that I excuse myself a little, however. I have always worked hard in my schools, but this last term I worked harder than ever before. I had a splendid large school from the 1st of December up to the middle of April. Had to employ an assistant some weeks. Sometimes I feel as though I did well, and, again, I feel the contrary, because I desired to accomplish so much more than I did. I know that my school advanced wonderfully, however. I can scarcely believe when I look back where we started and where we left off. Closed with an exhibition which everybody said was the best ever had here. I wanted an examination, but circumstances would not permit. I felt so much like having one, for I was sure my scholars would do well. I had some of the brightest little girls and boys you ever saw. One of my scholars of last term taught this term, after a few months of instruction during last summer at the Teacher's Institute, in the village. Several of the boys and girls expect to go to the Institute this summer and fit themselves for teachers another winter. They are fine scholars, and just need a little outline instruction to make them good teachers

You would scarcely believe, Miss T——, how much I learned about Grammar the past winter. I have sat up night after night studying Grammar until after midnight, and I am thankful to say I almost understand it thoroughly, though I may make mistakes sometimes. I never thought I could understand the study as well as I do. As for Arithmetic, I have learned to put together and take apart, as I would put in stitches and take them out. In short, I have learned to *study*; and I believe every one who goes out to teach for the good he can do will learn to study, for he will not be willing to put off his scholars with no explanations or reasons. I have found out what teachers have to endure, what anxiety they feel for their scholars. Should I have the pleasure and privilege of going to school again, I would be the most attentive scholar imaginable. I should enjoy being there ever so much to receive instruction with the class after they have graduated. I know they can't but enjoy such a course.

I have seen my faults plainly since I have been out in the world; and, though I say it myself, I know I can make a good teacher in any common branch if I continue the work, for I can see plainer and plainer what to do every day I teach. The people and school committee look upon me as a good teacher, and are pleased with me. I am now spending awhile with the family where I board, before going to Columbia. They want me to stay up here all summer, hut I must not. Have a few little scholars whom I enjoy teaching. Though I have not written I have thought of you and all my teachers and benefactors, times without number. Please to give much love to them all and keep much for yourself.

From your once bad pupil, L.

VIRGINIA.

Dear Teacher:—I opened school the 11th ult. in this county with twenty-eight scholars. At present I have seventy-eight. I taught here during the school term of '73–4, and while I was at Hampton the school was vacant. There are thirty or forty that expect to come after Christmas, so I expect to have over one hundred. I have the school classified; but still, seventy-eight scholars are too many for one teacher. Nearly twenty of them are studying Grammar, 2d Geography, &c. I expect to make assistant teachers of two advanced scholars. We have a Sabbath-school that is well attended and is interesting. A number of the colored people have homes of their own, but they are a small percentage of the whole in this section.

The white citizens seem favorably inclined to the colored people, and the two races are getting along together like citizens.

Hampton is largely represented by her students in this county, as teachers. Nearly all the colored teachers are formerly or recently from Hampton. Experience in teaching convinces me that teaching is an arduous and tedious work; hut I delight in it. I am very much exhausted when I return to my room after school. I believe in a teacher's doing his duty, and, above all, not taking the means for the end, hut constantly keeping the end, education, in view. I believe he ought to keep his high calling in view wherever he goes. He should study a child's physical as well as mental capacity for study; for children often have physical defects. I am well and hope you are the same. Will be proud to hear from you, and your Sabbath-school papers will be perused with much interest.

Respectfully yours, ——.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *February* 1, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—I have tried to get the people interested in the paper, hut they are so very far behind they have not got very much use for a paper. They say that they cannot read and their children would not use a paper enough to pay for getting them one. I hardly thought that there were any of my race so far back as these are. If they get *something* to put on, let it be white, black or blue, it does not differ with them. If there is snow on the ground they only put a dress or a pair of pants on a child and send them three or four miles to school; but they do not fail to give them a box of snuff or a twist of tobacco to bring with them. I told them that they should not use it in school, and some said they were obliged to; if they did not, their teeth would ache. I have succeeded in stopping them from using it in school, and wish I could get them to leave it entirely. It is not strange to see them go to what they call a party and all hands get drunk, men, women and children. I hope they will do better soon. They have always had a white man to teach them, and he did his part as to books; hnt manners to each other had not come in, and to comb their heads was a stranger. I have *times* to get that done. I asked one of the children when they had combed his head, and he said Sunday; and it was very near Sunday again. The committee say they are very much pleased with the school, and most of the white people say it is a good school. They often come to see me teach. They are all very kind and polite to me.

I am yours truly, L.

LIBERTY, BEDFORD COUNTY, VA.

Dear Teacher:—I am again stationed in Bedford County, as you see from the heading of my letter, teaching the same school that I had in charge two terms ago. I have a very pleasant school of ninety-two scholars, with one of my advanced scholars as an assistant. My school, I am pleased to say, seems to be advancing very rapidly, both in their studies and refinement. My first class is studying Intermediate Geography, Grammar, (as far as the verbs), History, Arithmetic, (to division of fractions), Fifth Reader, and composition writing once a week. I have spent the most of my time since I left the Institution in teaching, with the exception of the summer vacations, during which time I have followed my trade as a waiter.

I had a pleasant time while at the Institute dnring the two weeks, hut could have enjoyed myself better had there been some of the teachers and scholars there of my acquaintance.

Please send me some books, such as the Senior class was using, which I have not studied. You would do me a great favor by sending such books, also any reading books, such as you can dispose of. I am still trying to keep up a portion of my studies at a time, as I am afraid this will be the only way that I shall be able to rank with those who will be able to take the Post-graduate course.

We got along nicely with our examination this time, though it was very severe indeed We have several graduates from the Richmond Institute in our corps this year. I, among others of my mates, dreaded them a little when they arrived; hut I have since learned from the Superintendent that we had not any need of any dread, as we were all right. Our number of teachers has greatly decreased this year; for some reason they failed to join us, therefore the demand for teachers at this point is great.

Yours truly, H.

HOW A HOUSE WAS BUILT.

In the town of Audover, Mass., in the early part of this century, there lived an old negro named Pompey, with Dinah his wife, in a little plain cottage near the pond that still bears his name. Pompey and his wife were unlettered and poor, but they lived by honest labor and industry; they were not beggars. He owned a few acres of land, and on this little farm he raised fruits and vegetables, and sold the milk of one cow that was often seen grazing by the green roadside. Pompey was a skilful gardener and earned many an honest day's wages by working for the people of the village. Dinah raised herbs and flowers in her garden, and was also hired for various humble services. When there was a call for charitable labor, gratuitous nursing for the sick, or any other simple offices of kindness, this worthy pair were always ready with their offers and their services, which were useful, sincere and without affectation. There was not a couple in the town who enjoyed more of the esteem and affection of the inhabitants than this old negro and his wife.

Pompey's house was a cottage of very neat and simple construction, of one story, having a small close porch, with a gable, for the front entrance, and a small wing opposite the rear for a kitchen. The roof had two gable ends and two dormer windows in front. These simple appendages made the house a very pretty and suggestive dwelling, besides its beauty of proportion. The house was unpainted, except its facings, which were yellow, and its want of color caused it to harmonize well with the homely landscape around it. But there was so much neatness in the grounds that surrounded it, so many marks of care and industry in the well-constructed woodpiles and clean foot-paths that led through the greensward to the doors of the house, and such a charming though simple variety of flowers in the garden, that the place became one of the sights which people visiting the town were always invited to see, among the interesting objects of classic Audover.—*Atlantic Monthly for April.*

SWALLOWING A FARM.

Somebody once said, "Our Government land costs one dollar an acre, and good whisky two dollar a bottle. How many men die landless, who during their lives, have swallowed whole townships,—trees and all!" There is food for reflection in this statement. Every day of our lives, and almost each hour of each day, we meet individuals not merely landless, but houseless, homeless, penniless, who in the course of their lives have swallowed ardent spirits enough to pay for land and house, and have money in their pockets besides.

But it is not the drinker of ardent spirits alone who thus deprives himself of the comforts of a home—the tobacco-chewer, the cigar-smoker, the young man who spends precious hours of each day and evening in worse than listless idleness. How rarely such persons reflect upon the folly of their course. The young man who smokes three five-cent cigars a day—and many of them use double the quantity, at double the price, puffs away, enough in the course of ten years to give him a handsome start in business, or provide himself a comfortable home. How frequently we hear such persons complain of their inability to take a newspaper, or purchase an interesting book. They will tell you they are too poor for that; and yet the next moment will spend for a glass of ale or brandy, or for a cigar, a sum sufficient to pay for two papers. And this folly is repeated perhaps a dozen times in the course of twenty-four hours. Young man, give this subject a moment's reflection. Sit down and calmly think it over, and if, when you have fairly done so, you conclude it is better to drink and smoke, go on! The day will come when you will discover your error, and that discovery will be made when it is perhaps too late!—*The Expositor.*

BALTIMORE AND NORFOLK.

PEOPLE'S LINE.

The swift and reliable iron steamer *Sue* leaves foot of Gay St., Baltimore, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 P. M., for Norfolk, touching at Old Point. Returning, leaves Norfolk Tuesdays, Thnrsdays and Saturdays, for Baltimore, at 4 P. M., and Old Point at 5 P. M., thereby affording travelers a delightful view of Chesapeake Bay by daylight.

Fare: Baltimore to Norfolk $2.00.
Round trip 3.00.

Don't buy through tickets. 3t.

CENTENNIAL CHRISTIAN HOMES.

THE great number of visitors in Philadelphia, during the Centennial Exhibition, necessitates the opening of private homes for board and lodging. Many Christian families, who are unwilling to open their doors a to promiscuous public, have arranged a plan by which they give admission to Christians and their friends.

In order to have this select class the price is generally much lower than prevails by other arrangements, varying from $5 to $14 a week, and from $1 to $2.50 per day. Each family fixes its own price and receives its pay direct from its guest. Address,

Office for Centennial Christian Homes,
Care of Rev. Edwin M. Long,
S. E. cor. 12th and Berks Sts., Phila., Pa.

H. C. PERCY,
NOTARY PUBLIC
FOR
City and County of Norfolk, Va.
Office in HOME SAVINGS BANK.

DEEDS, BILLS OF SALE, etc., carefully prepared at short notice and at moderate charges. 1y4.

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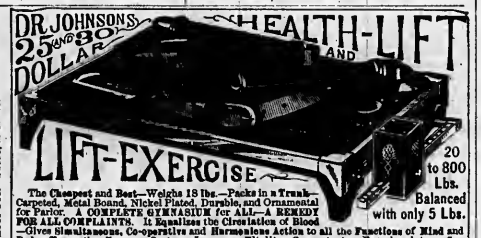

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1876. NO. 9.

THE ENGINEER.

THE ENGINEER AT HIS POST.

There is no finer way to ride, if one has the nerve for it, than beside the engineer on the locomotive of an express. Stowed comfortably out of his way on the high leather-cushioned seat, you look with awe down into the yawning furnace mouth which a grimy stoker is crowding with more coal, and wait anxiously for the first thrill of motion in the panting monster to whose power you have trusted yourself. The bell rings, one turn of the engineer's wrist, the wheels begin to revolve, then to take hold on the track, and you start slowly, glide smoother, faster and faster and faster; the fence posts run into each other, the telegraph poles jerk by, and the train dashes screaming past the first way station before you know it. The motion, which is in the palace car an easy rock, you feel as a series of starts and leaps; the engine bounds along the track, flings itself round the curves, pulling against the outer rail while you expect the next moment to fly off in a tangent to instant destruction. You look nervously ahead. What! Another train is coming straight upon you on the same track! No; the perspective has deceived you, and the down express darts by with shriek and thunder. A new danger occurs to you. How can an engineer ever tell the difference between those up and down tracks that blend all together a hundred feet before your eyes? And if a rail is missing there, or some human fiend has turned a switch, or that bridge is open. You glance feverishly at the engineer. No talking to the man at the throttle. How statue-like he stands, his hand on the bar, his hair blown back by the wind, his whole being concentrated in a gaze up the road through the little window before him, with now and then a look at the steam gauge and a word to the stoker. He holds a curb rein on the steed "whose neck is clothed with thunder." It is the sublimity of the triumph of mind over matter. Reassured, you give yourself up to the delight of your wild course, confident that that resolute statue will bring you to a safe end of it, as he does.

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Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

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HAMPTON, SEPTEMBER, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at fifty cents apiece.

THE next session of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute opens on the 28th day of September, 1876. All those desirous of admission should present themselves on that day, or as soon after as possible. A circular stating terms, &c., will be sent to any one on application, with such answers to questions as may be desired.

Accommodations for students are, at last, in proper order; the day of camping in tents in the open field has gone by. Every proper comfort and surrounding required for decent christian living is provided.

The terms for board, fuel, washing, lights, mending and medical attendance are ten dollars per month, payable half in cash and half in labor, or *all in cash* if parents or friends so desire. Those under 19 years of age, pay $6.00 and work out $4.00 each month.

While admission to the Junior class requires a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic through Long Division, students who are unable to secure the necessary preparation elsewhere will be admitted to the Preparatory class.

Good character is indispensable to rematning in the Institution. This is not a reform school; it is for earnest, capable youth of both sexes who wish to improve themselves and their people.

SUMMER work and summer play are over, and the time approaches when the little army of pioneer teachers from Hampton will be mustering their forces for the fall and winter campaigns. With the new recruits from the last class of graduates, they may be expected to number not far from a hundred and fifty, scattered over the Virginias, Carolinas and Maryland, with 4,500 children gathered under their instruction, in primary or graded schools.

Hard but hopeful work is before them. Some of them may have to turn to and build their own log school-houses, as well as make their own benches. They will find their raw material very raw, and their tools very imperfect. Few school-books, no newspapers, little civilization, and little or no companionship. They will have to teach parents as well as children the decencies of life; they will have to root out superstition and overcome prejudice. To do all this with a fair degree of success, to alone withstand the demoralizing influence of the degradation about them, and gain the respect of black and white is a severe enough test of the metal of any young man or woman.

The way in which Hampton graduate teachers have very generally stood this test is hopeful for the school and for the race, and encouraging to every new company that goes to the front. The influence for good of this constantly increasing number of intelligent, reliable and earnest young pioneers, that this and other institutions in the South are setting at work in the waste places, cannot be estimated. And in the work their hands are strengthened by the example of those that are already in the field, and by the assurance that they are in the right place, doing God's work for their race and their time, filling a present need, and laying the foundation for permanent prosperity and progress.

Foundation work is always humble and hidden, hard labor and small show, but without it what would become of that fair temple of the Future yet in the Master-Builder's mind?

A PENNY saved seems to be sometimes even more than a penny earned. Recent investigations of social scientists into the condition of the British working classes have brought out the curious fact that the families where the wife as well as the husband works in the factory have usually less money laid up at the end of the year, or of a few years,—or are less likely to lay up any,—than those where the wife stays at home, the husband's wages being the same in both cases. The only reason for such a showing must, of course, be that the value of the woman's work in the factory is more than dissipated by the waste that goes on in the house without her care, augmented, no doubt, by the deceptive sense of being "flush of money." There would be extra expenses of sickness or accidents resulting from neglect of children or her own overwork; there would be more drinking at ale-houses because of the comfortless home.

Whatever might be the exact result of such an investigation in this country, the English statistics demonstrate clearly enough the general fact that the wife's true work is in her own household, and prove strongly enough the great value of it. The judicious laying out of money is at least as important and difficult a task as the making it. It takes as much judgment, thought and resolution. A year's earnings slip away very fast through a very small hole. Miss Bremer's story of "The Iron Hand" which, appearing through the cottage roof of peasants who had become thriftless, snatched away one of their home comforts after another until nothing was left but bare walls, is repeated in many a home, and does not always end as well as for the peasants, who wisely returned to their old habit of saving, when a soft white hand returned their treasures one by one. In central New York, a whole country side seems to be gradually changing hands. One good old farm after another is sacrificed to the extravagance of perhaps the second or third generation of its original owners, and, heavily mortgaged, is bought up cheap in parts by the Irish, who, settling on their little plots, in a year or two have paid all up and are making money.

It is upon the woman's influence that this wonder-working thrift and economy chiefly depends. There are many cases where necessity compels a woman to leave her home and children in order to support them; there may be some, where, for a time, it is best for her to help her husband in such outside work, but that does not affect the general truth that her best work is at home. And to this she should train herself, and give to it as much thought and cheerful service as any farmer should to his crops or merchant to his books.

Of course, money making is not the whole of it, though we have dwelt upon this point as a novel one and less frequently conceded. To keep her husband respectable and respected, to bring up her children honest citizens, good fathers and mothers in their turn, to make herself the centre of a tasteful, comfortable, sunny home, and raise the tone of living all around her, is all included in a wife's work. And that doesn't depend altogether upon money-making. For, statistics to the witness-stand again, the same investigations we have quoted show that a rise in civilization by no means necessarily keeps pace with a rise is wages. Two or three shillings more a week does not put an extra clean shirt on a laborer's back, but only pours an extra allowance of beer down his throat, unless he has been trained up to that degree of civilization that feels the longing for clean shirts. It is to this work of civilizing that woman with her greater instinctive refinement and nicety, and love of beauty and order, is especially called. A work, one would think, in all its extent and variety, sufficient to satisfy any one's ambition.

And the more civilized a man is the more heartily will he respect such a wife as his fellow-worker, as necessary as he is himself to the maintenance and comfort of their home.

SOME statements in regard to colleges in evangelized lands have been published by Dr. Hamlin, the venerable President of Roberts College in Constantinople, which are highly interesting in themselves and contain suggestions valuable in their possible application to the case of the American freedmen. There are some points of resemblance between the mental condition and characteristics of the colored race here and the Oriental races, and Dr. Hamlin's vigorous statements are as useful for one as for the other. He says:

"Another attribute of the Oriental world of which education is the best and the sure remedy is the want of courage. It knows that certain peoples make progress in wealth, intelligence, power and well-being. It considers England and America to be surpassingly rich. But it dares not attempt anything for itself. Hopelessness, uncomplaining submission has been its characteristic from age to age.

"But education is above all things adapted to give the character, courage elasticity suppleness and hope, to grapple with difficulties. The student learns that every people has had its dead past, and by what means and through what processes it has been renovated. He sees that the gifts of God are generously bestowed upon these Oriental lands, and that intelligence, industry, conrage and faith in God will surely bring them a better and happier civilization. Until this courage and hopefulness enter the Oriental mind, nothing is accomplished that will be permanent. We are saved by hope. We need courageous, hopeful, practical men, in the overthrow of long established errors. We need men who have faith in God, and faith in themselves, and faith in men, if we would attempt to remove the evils which time has honored. Such men will both point out and lead the way to a better social, industrial and religious life.

"The East is beginning to break loose from its old systems of religion and civilization. Its half emancipated minds must be treated kindly and tenderly. Attack and denunciation are not only useless but injurious. Truth in its simplicity, and perfect intellectual freedom, must inspire and guide all our efforts. If we imagine their movements slow, we must patiently wait for them. The different races and religions must come together with common rights, and learn that allegiance to truth and to a common Father is the great bond of brotherhood. The Eastern world has never conceived this as possible. Every race has lived apart for centuries. Every religion has anathematized every other religion, and has kept itself like a corpse, dead and chilling, neither touching any one nor to be touched by any one. But all this is passing away. And nothing will hasten its departure like a thorough Christian education, which respects the rights of conscience and maintains the truth of God. The Bible must be placed in its true position, not as a book of science, but as a revelation of God's will for our salvation. And man must be placed in his true position as free yet accountable, as having such a life to live that he shall be blessed, and be a blessing to others.

"The youthful mind, when rightly trained, is disposed to faith, not to infidelity. There is no nobler work than to guide it in the right path and make it feel that there is no legitimate conflict between science and religion, that there may be the profoundest devotion both to the one and the other."

THE NEW YORK TIMES reports, having "received several interesting communications recently from correspondents in the South on the labor question. Some bewail the lack of good white servants and of regular white labor, while others intimate that the fault is with the masters and mistresses, and that the blacks, if their wages were punctually paid and they were provided with the modern house-keeping conveniences, would make quite as good servants or farm laborers as the ignorant whites. They note especially that a very intelligent class of colored servants are now to be obtained in Summer among the gradutes of Hampton College, fitting to be teachers."

BUREAUS OF LABOR EXCHANGE.

In the same article from which the foregoing paragraph is quoted, the *Times* remarks that "still, with all this, there are many districts of the South which suffer from a want of labor. The negroes have crowded into the cities, or have migrated farther South, or prefer their own little farms and houses. The employer cannot find hands for his farm, or domestics for the house, or mechanics to do the necessary work of the neighborhood."

It thinks that the solution of this labor question at the South will be found in drawing white laborers from the north. It says, "that during the last two winters, one benevolent association, the Children's Aid Society, receiving especial funds for this purpose, sent forth a considerable number of families of poor laboring people and mechanics to places where work was needed, in the South. The experiment is reported as an entire success," and it recommends the establishment of labor bureaus to facilitate this supply.

The balance of supply and demand in the labor market is always more difficult of adjustment than in other markets, partly because the poverty of the laborers makes it often impossible for them to go where they may be most wanted; and also because, being men and women instead of dead material their interests are more complicated and delicate. It often seems a pity that the two great cries for good servants and more work could not be made to satisfy each other. Neither cry is entirely confined to any section. As Northern factories, closed for a while by the hard times, start into life again, and business of all kinds recovers from its present depression, good workmen now out of employment will all be wanted again, and more too. Possibly an inter-state labor exchange would help keep the question both ways, assisting colored laborers North and white ones South if they want to go. It would have to be conducted with strictest honor and honesty of course to be successful. One difficulty is the great responsibility incurred to satisfy employers and employed. The differing rates of wages could also affect emigration. Perhaps such mingling of white and black labor will be one means of breaking the color lines North and South, and improving the conditions of laborers—for as the *Times* well remarks; "to retain a good working class, the Southern employers must be ready to consult the convenience of their laborers, promote their comfort, and above all, to pay their wages punctually, more than they have been in the habit of doing." We are inclined to think, however, that the workmen already in the South are, with good management, enough to do its work.

WE QUOTE from the New York *Tribune* of August 16th the following obitnary notice of the Rev. E. P. Smith:

"Information has been received in Washington that the Rev. Edward P. Smith, President of Howard University and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, died at Accra, on the Guinea coast of Africa, during the latter part of June. Mr. Smith was forty-nine years of age, having been born June 3, 1829, at South Britain, Conn. He began his college course at Dartmouth, but was graduated from Yale in 1849 and from Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary in 1853. In 1856 he was settled over a church in Pepperell, Mass. He became a delegate

under the Christian Commission in 1862, and was soon made Field Agent for the Army of the West and then for the Army of the East. He also acted as Secretary of the Commission at Philadelphia. After the close of the war Mr. Smith entered the service of the American Missionary Association and aided in establishing schools for freedmen. In 1871 he was appointed Indian Agent among the Chippewas in Minnesota, and two years later was made Commissioner of Indian Affairs. While Commissioner his name was connected with many of the scandals which grew up while Secretary Delano was at the head of the Interior Department. None of the investigations growing out of these scandals, however, led to any report against the Commissioner. The latest charges of fraud with which his name was connected were those made last summer by Red Cloud through Prof. O. C. Marsh of Yale College. The commission appointed to investigate the charges spent ninety days at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies and other points, taking testimony, and made a report last October formally exonerating the Interior Department and the Indian Bureau from all complicity in the frauds. With reference to Commissioner Smith, the commissioners said that they had seen nothing during their investigations that would lead to any other conclusion than that he earnestly and sincerely desired to perform his duty faithfully to the country. They reported that they had encountered no transaction which cast the least shadow upon his personal or official integrity. Last September Secretary Delano resigned, and his departure from the department was followed by others, among them Mr. Smith. He remained, however, long enough to complete his annual report. After his resignation he was appointed President of Harvard University. Soon after, he sailed for Europe for an extended tour."

The Rev. D. W. Burton of West Africa writes: "Brother Smith died on board the steamship *Ambrig*, on the night of June 15th, near the island of Fernando Po, and was buried at the Presbyterian Mission Station, Old Calabar, on the 16th. He left Sierra Leone in good health May 23d, and landed at Monrovia; joined this ship at that place, intending to stop at Accra, but after passing Cape Crast Castle, where he went ashore, he was taken with the African fever and was too sick to land at Accra. He recovered very nicely before reaching Borney and was prepared to go on board the other steamer and return to Accra, where on the 13th of June he was taken with very alarming brain symptoms and from the first was confident that he would not live. He called for the Purser of the steamer and requested him to write for him, and dictated a farewell to his wife."

The Rev. E. P. Smith was a trustee of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, and in the earlier movements leading to the purchase of its property rendered important service. His death is a serious misfortune to the cause of African evangelization.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

The XLIV Congress adjourned August 15th, after the longest session, with one exception known in twenty years. The British Parliament was prorogued on the same day.

During the session there have been introduced in the House of Representatives 4,105 bills and 164 joint resolutions, and in the Senate 1,045 bills and 25 joint resolutions, making a total of 5,150 bills and 189 joint resolutions. Of this number about 140 public acts, 130 private acts, and 13 public joint resolutions and five private resolutions have become laws. Among these latter, besides the appropriation bills for the departments of Government, are the following: an act appropriating $1,500,000 to the Centennial buildings; acts to enable Colorado to form a State government; for the construction of military posts on the Yellowstone; the "River and Harbor" bill for public works already commenced; an act to carry into effect the Hawaiian treaty; to promote telegraphic communication between America and Asia; to provide for the restoration of the original writing of the Declaration of Independence; to provide for an expenditure of $300,000 to complete the Washington National Monument; appropriating $430,000 to pay the judgments of the Southern Claims Commission; providing that no person shall be prosecuted for any offense not capital, unless the indictment or information be instituted within three years after the offense; authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue silver coin to an amount not exceeding $10,000,000 in exchange for legal tender notes, and declaring that the trade dollar shall not hereafter be a legal tender. Acts were also passed for fulfilling treaty stipulations with Indian tribes, and authorizing the President to accept volunteers to aid in suppressing Indian hostilities.

The House passed a bill for the repeal of that section of the resumption act of 1875 which provides for a special day, January 1, 1879, for the resumption of specie payment. This bill remains in the hands of the Senate Finance Committee, unreported. The Senate passed an amendment to the postal bill which would restore the fast mail service and the franking privilege, but it is postponed in the House till next winter. A bill for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to prohibit appropriation of public funds to sectarian schools or other sectarian organizations was placed on the Senate calendar after a third reading. The House passed a resolution introduced by Mr. Lord (Dem.), N. Y., that interference with the rights of free suffrage in any State should be prevented or promptly punished.

The Impeachment trial of ex-Secretary Belknap resulted in his acquittal, all but two or three of the negative voters explaining their vote as based on the question of jurisdiction.

The Reports of the Committee of Investigation into affairs in Mississippi were submitted. The majority report confirms the allegements of terrorism and violence; the minority report denies them.

Governor Tilden's and Governor Hendrick's letters accepting their nomination were published after a month's delay. Both urge reform and the repeal of the resumption act. Governor Tilden calls it a hindrance to specie resumption. He favors the one Presidential term.

By proclamation of the President, August 2d, Colorado was declared a fully admitted State.

A commission has been appointed to treat with the hostile Sioux.

The new President of the republic of Hayti, General Boisrond Canal, unanimously elected by the National Assembly last July, has been inaugurated at Port au Prince amid great rejoicing.

The election of President Lerdo has restored quiet in a great degree to Mexica.

The rebellion in Cuba is still advancing.

PERSONAL.

Speaker Kerr died August 19th at Rock Bridge, Alum Springs, Va., after a distressing illness, consumption of the bowels. An escort from the House accompanied his remains to the family residence in New Albany, Indiana. The announcement of his death in Washington was received with general sorrow by all classes.

Rev. J. Sella Martin, the well known colored clergyman, died in New Orleans on Friday, August 11th. He was a native of North Carolina. He was known as a politician in Illinois and Michigan in 1856. In 1860 he was ordained pastor of the Joy Street Baptist Church in Boston. He visited England as the agent of the Freedman's Aid Society of Ohio, and received there some notice as a speaker. He followed Mr. Douglass as editor of *The New National Era* in Washington. He has since been a postmaster in Louisiana. Mr. Martin was a speaker of marked ability, possessing a pleasing address, and having an excellent gift of holding his audience.

Information has been received in Washington that the Rev. Edward P. Smith, President of Howard University and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, died at Accra, on the Guinea coast of Africa, during the latter part of June.

Senator Blaine has recovered sufficiently to enter the campaign for Hayes and Wheeler in his Congressional District.

Sojourner Truth is not dead, as reported, but is alive and well at Battle Creek, Michigan. A citizen of that place writes to a friend: "Truth still lives in the person of our dear friend Sojourner. She has not been sick, but her daughter Elizabeth has been ill for a month. Sojourner speaks to-morrow on temperance at the Health Institute in this city. She wants to go to the Centennial in the last of September, and will, if some suitable place can be found for her to stop at. I think by her speaking and otherwise she would sell many of her books. This is her only means of support."

GENERAL.

Mr. Morley, M. P., of England has given the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University the sum of $500 for their college.

The Centennial Commission has reduced the price of admission to twenty-five cents for the last two Saturdays in every month.

4,000 strangers have attended the great Wagner Musical Festival in Bayreuth, Germany. It was a grand success.

Twenty cents per hundred pounds from New York to Chicago is decidedly cheap freight, but one railroad is making contracts at only fifteen cents to Chicago, and another, it is announced, has made six months' contracts at thirteen cents to St. Louis.

The American Missionary Association, whose work is chiefly among the freedmen of the South, announces that the deficiency of $12,000 impending in June, has been averted by increased contributions of friends. It is thought that if the receipts for August and September can be made equal to those of July an increase of debt may be avoided this fiscal year.

The editor of *The Christian Recorder*, the able organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, has issued an appeal to the members of that denomination for an increased support of the paper. He states that it does not meet one-third of its expenses, and unless the subscription list is increased the paper must be greatly reduced in size and published less frequently.

Since Custer's defeat, no great Indian battle has taken place, though rumors of such have been heard from time to time. The policy of the Indians has been to separate into small parties to harass, and, if possible, to separate the United States forces. Generals Crook and Terry were able, however, to at last effect a junction. They report the country much devastated by the Indians whose ponies have nearly starved. The Canadian Indians and the smaller tribes in the States refuse to join Sitting Bull, having great fear and hatred of the warlike Sioux.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota has written to the President an earnest letter upon the indian question, thanking him for his efforts to establish a peace policy, and declaring it a marvelous success, though weakened by being fettered by the faults of the old policy, and overthrown by the violation of the treaties by the United States' own act. He suggests a plan to obviate some of the evils until Congress provides a remedy: "First, concentrate the Indian tribes on reservations; second, whenever an Indian gives up his wild life and begins to live by labor, give him an honest title by patent of one hundred and sixty acres of land and make it inalienable; third, provide government for every Indian tribe placed on a reservation. The United States Judge might be required to hold one session of his court on the reserve each year." He concludes with the belief "that a just and humane policy worthy of a great Christian nation will save our poor Indian wards and bring upon us the blessing of God."

The particulars of the riot and massacre at Hamhurgh, S. C., are known before now to most of our readers. According to the official statements of Governor Chamberlain and the Attorney General, further confirmed by the evidence before the coroner's jury, they are briefly these. On the Fourth of July at Hamhurgh, two young white men in a huggy met a colored militia company in the streets and insisted on driving through their ranks. After some altercation, the company yielded and opened their ranks to them. Application was made the next day to a Justice for the investigation of the right of the militia to block the highway, and warrants of arrest were issued against some of the officers. The trial was afterward adjourned to the 8th. Before the hour appointed for it, white citizens from the country around began to assemble, armed with guns and pistols. The militia company assembled in their armory, and at the hour set for trial the defendants failed to appear. A proposition was made by the whites that the militia men should deliver up their arms. This they refused to do, and a fight ensued. The first killed was a young white man, at which the whites brought a piece of artillery across the bridge from Augusta and fired into the armory. The militia were thus driven out of it and twenty or more were captured. Of these, five were the next morning taken out and shot to death by their captors. The colored Justice before whom tha case had been brought was obliged to flee for his life, and his house was sacked, though in his efforts to keep the peace he had gone so far as to advise the militia to give up their arms to him. The Attorney General pronounces the original demand for the arms unlawful, and the attack on the militia to compel compliance without legal excuse or justification. The verdict of the coroner's jury charges fifty-seven citizens of Aiken and Edgefield Counties, S. C., and thirty Georgians with murder, and warrants for their arrest were issued at once. General Chamberlain is glad to testify to the general feeling of horror which the event has excited in this state. It can, of course, excite only such feelings in impartial men of all classes. As the *Christian Union* remarks: "Mr. Lamar of Mississippi did credit to himself and his section by saying in the House of Representatives, of the Hamhurgh massacre, 'No excuse or palliation could be found for snoh barbarism.' He also told the plain truth when he said, 'It is the duty of Governor Chamberlain at once to adopt measures swift and just to bring to justice those who shot those prisoners in cold blood.'" And in view of the verdict of the coroner's jury, the N. Y. *Tribune* says: "Governor Chamberlain is setting a good example to other Governors in the South in showing that South Carolina can take care of her own criminals." The *Tribune* says further and forcibly: "We have no hope of peace, order and good government in South Carolina or any Southern State similarly situated until both political parties abandon the bad habit of making every disturbance the occasion of cheap electioneering."

AUGUST FLOWER.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

More than seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heartburn, Waterbrash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and disagreeable taste in the month, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c. Go to the Drug Store and get a 75 cent bottle, or a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Try it. Two doses will relieve you. For Sale in Hampton by Messrs. Selden & Co., and Druggists generally.

Agricultural.

In this Centennial Year comparisons are being drawn between the present condition of the country and its industries, and their condition a hundred years ago. As compared with many other industries, agriculture does not show a corresponding advance, either in its methods, or its profits. It costs about as much to raise a bushel of corn or wheat to-day, as it did a century ago, and we raise less upon an acre of ground than formerly. On the other hand, a shoe now made wholly by machinery, from the tanning of the hide up to the polishing of the sole, and putting in the eyelets, is produced with very much less labor than a few years ago. But it costs as much to the wearer; the saving is distributed among the thousands of people, whose labor all goes to help in producing the shoe, and they are better off in consequence. The farmer who gets the same price for his wheat that he did many years ago, and does not raise it for any less, is no better off. The world is vastly richer than it was a hundred years ago, but the wealth is not in farmers' hands. It is doubtful if there is a farmer in the world who is worth a million dollars, or a tenth of that sum, who has made it by farming. But there are thousands of persons who have made fortunes by manufactures and trade. The labor of the steam-engine has made the bulk of the wealth of the world. Steam is everywhere, except on the farm. The steam engine, the silent but very valuable labors of chemistry, and scores of other in producing wealth, and lessening manual labor, are at work everywhere but there. It may be that this cannot be helped, but it would be strange if every other industry, except farming, is capable of improvement, and that this is bound to stay where it is, if it does not even go backwards. It is a fact that farmers are not sufficiently well paid for their labor. The reason, or one reason, must be, that their labor is not good enough, or sufficiently intelligent. A man who now makes shoes by hand is a poor man, and must remain so. He can not stand the competition with machinery. The farmer works too much with his hands, and he suffers in competition with other industries, in which handwork is superseded by steam or other power. What is the remedy?—It can not come in a day. It must come only through greater intelligence and enterprise. These are gained by reading, study, and education. Farmers, as a general thing, do not read as much as mechanics. But one in a hundred reads a really good, trustworthy, agricultural paper, or meets in a farmers' club, to discuss question of practical interest to him.—*American Agriculturist.*

Building Walls.—"To learn how to build a wall," says Alex. B. in the *Scientific Farmer*, "it is well to repair an old one. Delective construction is obvious when you see a wall in ruins. When you begin to try the stones, you see that there are some two or three that belong next to each other. To get your hand on these at once half solves for you the problem of wall building;—to fit them snug, and so that each shall have the best possible bearing, and give a good bearing for the stones to come after, is the other half. If you want artistic work, then, perhaps, there is something more to do; but for a farmer's farm this is enough. The ruins before me tell me the last man, however long time he spent, did not get his hand on the two or three stones that should have gone into the wall side by side; then the other two or three that were fit company to these, until the wall was complete. Then neither the frosts nor winds, nor small boy who takes to the wall for roadway as soon as he is in pantaloons, would have parted them."

To Keep Flies out of Cow Stables.—Alderman Mechi directs attention to the method adopted by some farmers of darkening cow-stables with old canvas hangings to keep out the flies. While on a visit to the farm of a friend, he was both amused and instructed to see the latter's cattle "get rid of their tormentors, by passing between pendent canvas curtains, which admitted them and closed after them, rendering the shed dark and flyless."

HELPING THE BIRDS.

BY MISS H. E. HUDSON.

All day I have been hunting
For ends of scarlet hunting,
For pieces, out of rag-bags, whose colors make a show:
Fragments of red, or azure,
Bright hits of doll-house treasure,
And faded bows and ribbons worn many years ago.

From sill and from projection
I hang this gay collection,
I strew the lawn and garden path, I fringe each bush and tree,
I dress the door and casement,
The garret and the basement,
Then watch to see if birds, perchance, will use my charity.

There comes a pretty chatter,
There comes a fairy patter
Of tiny feet upon the roof and branches hanging low,
And flirts of wing and feather,
And little strifes together,
And sheers and flights and flutterings, and wheelings too and fro.

There is a sash of scarlet
On yonder saucy varlet,
And this one, just beside me, is dressed in blue and gray,
This one is golden color,
And that one's coat is duller,
And here's a bird whose crest and tail have orange tippings gay.

A shadow and a flutter!
A chirp above the shutter!
See the swift oriole that wheels above the window here!
Now flitting sideways shyly,
Now, with approaches wily,
Circling and circling closer, between desire and fear.

O, pirates, dressed in feathers,
Careless of winds and weathers,
How you begin to plunder, how bold you all have grown;
How each among the number
His claws and beak will cumber,
And carry off the strings and rags as though they were his own.

The stock is fast diminished,
And when the nests are finished,
The nests of orioles and wrens, of robins and of jays,
In pleasant summer leisures
I'll watch the rag-bag's treasures
Swing in the wind and sunshine above the garden ways. *From Wide-Awake.*

EDWARD BROWN, STOKER.

We were very quiet, Mary and I, as we strolled ont of the churchyard down ons of the lanes and then crossing a stile, we went throngh a couple of fields, and sat down on another stile, with the high hedge on either side of us, and the meadow that they were beginning to mow at the other end, one glorious bed of flowers, and soft, feathery grass.

"Polly," I says at last, breaking the silence, "ain't this heavenly?"

"And you feel better?" she says, laying her hand in mine.

"Better!" I says, taking a long draught of the soft sweet-scented air, and filling my chest, "better, old girl! I feel as if I was growing backward into a boy."

"And you fifty last week," she says.

"Yes," I says smiling, "and yon forty-seven next week." And then we sat thinking for a bit.

"Polly," I says at last, "as I sat there drinking in that cool breeze, and feeling it give me strength, its worth being ill only to feel as I do now."

For yon see I'd been very bad, else I dare say I'm not the man to go hanging about the churchyards and watching funerals. I'm a stoker, and my work lies in steamers trading to the East. I'd come home from my last voyage bad with fever, and been carried home to die, as my mates thought, and it was being like this and getting better that had set me thinking so seriously and made me so quiet. Not that I was ever a noisy sort of a man, as any one who knows me will say. And now, after getting better, the doctor had said I must go into the country to get strong; so, as there was no more voyaging until I was strong, there was nothing for it but to leave the youngsters under the care of the eldest girl and a neighbor, and come down and take lodgings out in this quiet Surrey village.

Polly never thought I should get better, and one time no more did I; for about a month before this time, as I lay hollow-eyed and yellow on the bed, knowing, too, how bad I looked, for I used to make young Dick bring me the looking-glass every morning, the doctor came as usual, and like a brunt Englishman, I put it to him flat.

"Doctor," I says, "yon don't think I shall get better?" and I looked him straight in the face.

"Oh, come, come, my man!" he says, smiling, "we never look at the black side like that."

"None of that, doctor," I says. "Ont with it like a man. I can stand it. I've been expecting to be drowned or blown up all my life, so I shan't be scared at what you say."

"Well, my man," he says, "your symptoms are of a very grave nature. You see the fever had undermined you before you came home, and unless——"

"All right, doctor," I says, "I understand. You mean unless you can get a new plate in the boiler, she won't stand another voyage."

"Oh, come! we won't look upon it as a hopeless case," he says. "There's always hope." After a little more talk, he shook hands and went away.

Next day, when he came, I had been thinking it all over, and was ready for him. I don't believe I was a bit better. In fact, I knew I was drifting fast, and I saw it in his eyes as well.

I waited till he had asked me his different questions, and then, just as he was getting up to go, I asked him to sit down again.

"Polly, my dear," I says, "I just want a few words with the doctor;" and she put her apron to her eyes and went out, closing the door after her very softly, while the doctor looked at me curious like, and waited for me to speak.

"Doctor," I says, "you've about given me up. There, don't shake your head, for I know. Now, don't think I'm afraid to die, for I don't believe I am; but look here. There's seven children down stairs, and if I leave my wife a widow, with the few pounds I have been able to save, what's to become of them? Can't you pull me through?"

"My dear fellow," he said honestly, "I've done every thing I can for your case."

"That's what you think, doctor," I says. "But look here. I've been at sea thirty years, and in seven wrecks. It's been life and death with me a score of times. Why, I pulled my wife there regularly out of the hands of death, and I'm not going to give up now. I've been——"

"Stop, stop," he says gently: "you're exciting yourself."

"Not a bit," I says, though my voice was quite a whisper. "I've had this over all night, and I come to think I must be up and doing my duty."

"But my good man——," he began.

"Listen to me, doctor," I says. "A score of times I might have given up and been drowned, but I made a fight for it and was saved. Now, I mean to make a fight for it right here, for the sake of the wife and bairns. I don't mean to die, doctor, without a struggle. I believe this here, that life is given to all as a treasure to keep. We might throw it away by our folly any time, but there's hundreds of times when we might preserve it, and we never know what we can save till we try. Give's a drink of that water."

He held the glass to my lips, and I took a big draught, and went on, he seeming all the time to be stopping to humor me in my madness.

"That's better, doctor," I says. "Now look here, sir, speaking as one who has sailed the seas, it's a terrible stormy time with me. There's a lee shore close at hand, the fires are drowned out, and unless we can get up a bit of sail there's no chance for me. Now, then, doctor, can you get up a bit of sail?"

"I will go and send you something that will quiet you," he said, rising.

"Thanker, doctor," I says, smiling to myself. "And now look here. I'm not going to give up till the last, and when that last comes, and the ship's going down, why, I shall have a try if I can't swim to safety. If that fails, and I can really feel that it is to be, why, I hope I shall go down into the great deep calmly, like a hopeful man, praying that Somebody above will forgive me all I've done amiss, and stretch out his fatherly hand to my little ones."

He went away and I dropped to sleep, worn out with my exertion.

When I woke, Polly was standing by my bedside watching me, with a bottle and glass on the little table.

As soon as she saw my eyes open she shook up the stuff and poured it into a wine glass.

"Is that what the doctor sent?" I says.

"Yes dear; you were to take it, directly."

"Then I shan't take it," I says "He's give me up, and the stuff's only to keep me quiet. Polly you go and make me some beef tea, and make it strong.

HELPING THE BIRDS.

She looked horrified, poor girl, and was about to beg me to take hold of the rotten life-belt he'd sent me, when I held out my shaking hand for it, took the glass, and let it tilt over—there was only about a couple of teaspoonfuls in it—and the stuff fell on the carpet.

I saw the tears come in her eyes, but she said nothing—only put down the glass, and ran out to make the beef tea.

The doctor didn't come till the next day, and I was lying very still and drowsy, half-asleep-like, but I was awake enough to hear him whisper to Polly, "sinking fast;" and I heard her give such a heart-broken sob that, as the next wave came on the sea where I was floating, I struck out with all my might, rose over it, and and floated gently down on the other side.

For the next four days—putting it as a drowning man striving for his life like a true-hearted fellow—it was like great foaming waves coming to wash over, me, but the shore still in sight, and me trying hard to reach it.

And it was a grim, hard fight; a dozen times I could have given up, and folded my arms, and said good by to the dear old watching face safe on the shore; but a look at that always changed me, and I fought on again and again, till at last the sea seemed to go down, and, in utter weariness, I turned on my back to float restfully, with the tide hearing me shoreward, till I touched the sands, crept up them, fell down worn out, to sleep in the sun—safe!

That's an odd way of putting it you may say, but it seems natural to me to mix it up with the things of sea-going life, and the manner in which I've seen so many fight hard for their lives. It was just like striving in the midst of a storm to me, and, when at last I fell into a deep sleep, I felt surprised like to find myself lying in my own bed, with Polly watching by me; and when I stretched out my hand and took hers, she let loose that which she had kept hidden from me before, and, falling on her knees by my bedside, she sobbed for very joy.

"As much beef tea and brandy as you can get him to take," the doctor says that afternoon; and it wasn't long before I got from slops to solids, and then was sent, as I told you, into the country to get strong, while the doctor got no end of praise for the cure he made.

I never said a word though, even to Polly, for he did his best; but I don't think any medicine would have cured me then.

I was saying a little while back that I pulled my wife regularly out of the hands of death, of course that was when we were both quite young, though, for the matter of that I don't feel much different end can't well see the change. That was in one of the Cape steamers when I first took to stoking. They were little, ramshackle sort of boats in those days, and how it was that more weren't lost puzzles me. It was more due to the weather than the make or finding of the ships, I can tell you, that they used to find their way safe to port; and yet the passengers, poor things, knowing no better, used to take passage, aye, and make a voyage too, from which they never got back.

Well, I was working on board of a steamer, as they used to call the Equetor, and heavy-ladden, and with about twenty passengers on board, we started down the Channel with all well till we got right down off the west coast of Africa, when there came one of the heaviest storms I was ever in. Even for a well-found steamer, such as they can build to-day, it would have been a hard fight, but with our poor, shaky, wooden tub, it was a hopeless case from the first.

Our skipper made a brave fight of it though, and tried hard to make for one of the ports, but bless you, what can a man do when, after ten days' knocking about, the coals run out, and the fires that have been kept going with wood and oil, and everything that can be thrust into the furneces are drowned; when the Paddle wheels are only in the way; every bit of sail set is blown clean out of the bolt ropes, and at last the ship begins to drift fast for a lee shore?

That was our case, and every hour the sea seemed to get higher and the wind more fierce, while I heard from more than one man how fast the water was gaining below.

My mate and I didn't want any telling though. We'd been driven up out of the stoke-hole like a pair of drowned rats, and came on deck to find the bulwarks ripped away, and the sea every now and then leaping aboard and washing the lumber about in all directions.

The skipper was behaving very well, and he kept us all at the pumps, turn and turn in spells, but we might as well to have tried to pump the sea dry, and when with the water gaining fast, we told him what we thought, he owned it was no use, and we gave up.

We'd all been at it, crew and passengers about forty of us altogether, including the women—five of them they were and they were all on one deck lashed in a sheltered place close to the poop. And very pitiful it was to see them fighting hard at first and clinging to the side, but only to grow weaker, half-drowned as they were; and I saw two sink down at last, and hang drooping-like from their lashings, dead, for not a soul could do them a turn.

I was holding by the shrouds when the mate got to the skipper's side, and I saw in his blank white face what he was telling him. Of course we couldn't hear his words in such a storm, but we didn't want to, for his lips said plainly enough:

"She's sinking!"

Next moment there was a rush by me for the boats, and two of the passengers cut loose a couple of the women; place was made for them before the boat was too full; she was lowered down, cast off, and a big wave carried her clear of the steamer. I saw her for a moment on the top of the ridge, and then she plunged down the other side out of sight—and that of everybody else; for how long she lived, who can say? She was never picked up or heard of again.

Giving a bit of cheer, our chaps turned to the next, and were getting in, when there came a wave like a mountain, ripped her from the davits, and, when I shook the water from my eyes, there she was hanging by one end, stove in, and the men who had tried to launch her gone—skipper and mate as well.

There were only seven of us now, as I could see, besides the three women lashed to the side, and only one of them was alive; and for a bit no one moved, everybody being stunned—like with horror: but there came a lull, and, feeling that the steamer was sinking under our feet, I shouted out to the boys to come on, and we ran to the last boat climbed in, and were cast off, when I happened to catch sight of the women lashed under the bulwarks there.

"Hold hard!" I roars, for I saw one of them wave her hand.

"Come on, you fool!" shouts my mate, she's going down!"

I pray I may never be put to it again like that, with all a man's selfish desire for life fighting against him. For a moment I shut my eyes, and they began to lower; but I was obliged to open them again, and as I did so, I saw a wild, scared face, with long wet hair clinging round it, and a pair of little white hands were stretched ont to me as if for help.

"Hold hard! I shouts.

"No, no," roared out two or three, "there isn't a moment; and, as the boat was being lowered from the davits, I made a jump, caught the bulwarks with my hands, and climbed on board, just as the boat kissed the water, was unhooked, and floated away.

Then, as I crept, hand over hand to the girl's side, whipped out my knife, and was cutting her loose, while her weak arms clung to me, I felt a horrible feeling of despair come over me, for the boat was leaving us; and I knew what a coward I was at heart, as I had to fight with myself so as not to leave the girl to her fate and leap overboard to swim for my life. I got the better of it, though, went down on my knees, so as not to see the boat, and got the poor trembling, clinging creature loose.

I raised her up—"hold on by the side while I make fast a rope around you."

And then I stood up to hail the boat—the boat as warn't there, for in those brief moments she must have capsized, and we were alone on the sinking steamer, which now lay in the troughs of the sea.

As soon as I got over the horror of the feeling, a sort of stony despair came over me; but when I saw that pale, appealing face at my side, looking to me for help, that brought the manhood back, and, in saying encouraging things to her I did myself good.

My first idea was to make something that would float us, but I gave that up directly, for I could feel that I was helpless; and, getting the poor girl more into shelter, I took a bit of tobacco in a sort of stolid way, and sat down with a cork life buoy over my arm, one which I had cut loose from where it had hung forgotten behind the wheel.

But I never used it, for the storm went down fast, and the steamer floated still, water-logged for three days, when we were picked up by a passing vessel, half-starved, but hoping. And during that time my companion had told me that she was the attendant of one of the lady passengers on board; and at last, when we parted at the Cape, she kissed my hand, and called me her hero, who had saved her life—poor, grimy me, you know.

We warn't long, though, before we met again, for somehow we'd settle that we'd write; and a twelve month after, Mary was back in England, and my wife. That's why I said I took her like out of the hands of death, though in a selfish sort of way, being far, you know, from perfect. But what I say, speaking as Edward Brown, stoker, is this: Make a good fight of it, no matter how black things may look, and leave the rest to Him.—*Once a Week.*

DOLLY'S PRAYER.

BY EMMA BURT.

"God in Heaven, please to hearken
To your little Dolly's prayer!
While the preacher says the preachin',
Please to tell me where you are!

"For I am so tired waiting
Till the big words all are said,
And Amen, and then the music,
Till the peoples bow their head.

"If I knew the way to Jesus
I would creep so soft along
That I wouldn't 'sturb the preacher,
Nor the prayin', nor the song.

"Then I'd run so very swiftly,
And I'd give him a surprise—
Oh, I'm certain I should know Him
When he met me with his eyes!

"He would be so glad to see me
That his arms he'd open wide,
And I'd quickly climb within them,
There forever I would hide.

"God in Heaven, please to hearken
To your little Dolly's prayer,
While the preacher says the preachin',
Please to show me where you are."

Tired ones with hearts impatient,
How we echo Dolly's prayer:
"God in Heaven, please to hearken,
Please to lead us where you are."

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

SWINGING ROUND THE CIRCLE.

The best general views of the Centennial Exposition, for picturesque beauty and compactness, are gained from the little "West-end Passenger railway," on which, seated comfortably in open cars, the visitor makes the whole circuit of the buildings through the pleasantest parts of the park, by steam, for five cents. Starting from the station at the rear of the Main Building, between that and Memorial Hall, we run the whole length of Main and Machinery Halls, pass the lake with its ever-springing fountain, circle the Bertholdi fountain, fly past the white tents of the West Point cadets' camp, the open doors of the Glass Works giving a glimpse of red-hot swinging balls of molten crystal in the darkness within, then the long line of State buildings, varied in architecture and picturesque in effect—the red tiles of New Jersey, the gray moss-covered eaves of Mississippi, the yellow pine mosaic of West Virginia, the curious Canadian structure, built of piled lumber from northern woods, and, bearing like a heraldic escutcheon in its side, the huge section of a tree trunk from the "forests primeval," counting six hundred years on its rings.

In contrast with more familiar forms are a Moorish Villa, the brown-latticed English houses, marked "private," where the British commissioners keep house comfortably, and the showy, white facade of Spain who is not content with her brilliant display in the Main Building. We pass the pretty Indiana building with its mammoth boulder of coal at the door, the broad piazzas of the Nebraska and Colorado joint exhibition, and an unpretending frame cottage of two rooms, bare of everything but a few chairs, a cot bed, and one oil painting. This cottage was erected at his own expense by a patriotic resident of Philadelphia who could not stand the idea of his Mother State's vacant chair at the Nation's feast. It bears her venerable name sadly over the threshold of its emptiness—"Old Virginia."

We make a long sweep round Agricultural

DOLLY'S PRAYER.

Hall, glancing in by every doorway through the long vistas of pointed arches; stopping a minute on the further side to let off passengers for the elevated railroad that takes a dizzy bird's flight across a deep ravine for the excitement of adventurous visitors; then make the home stretch by another route by the Woman's Pavilion and Horticultural Hall, completing the round of three miles in twenty minutes.

THE WOMAN'S PAVILION.

Our readers have already had a view of the interior of this building, and some account of its origin and purpose. They know that it was rather an afterthought of the great Exhibition, and undertaken by the enterprising Woman's Commission to demonstrate the effect and value of woman's work in this and other countries. It does this, of course, only to a limited extent. Women artists and artisans are not apt to be rich enough to meet the expenses of such an exhibit, and the commissioners had to come to their assistance to secure some of the best of the representations. Then, besides, in spite of those who think her above it and those who think her beneath it, woman's work gets so mixed up with man's work in this workaday world that it is not so easy to separate them. Many of the finest exhibitions in the Main Building and Machinery Hall owe a share of their beauty and perfectness to her busy brain and fingers. The carpets, silks and laces that stream like banners from the foreign and American arcades, the painted Dresden chinn fit for royalty, the artistic French fans, the humbler products of shoe making, envelop making, book binding and—though that should seem uncongenial—cartridge making; these and, doubtless, a hundred other departments of industry represent her work as well as man's. One of the principal designers for one of the largest houses exhibiting oil-cloths and feltings is the daughter of the proprietor. Woman's hooks are on the publishers' shelves, and her pictures and sculptures are in the art gallery, where Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculptress, shows her Cleopatra, while the educational departments of more than one country recognizes women as their most efficient teachers.

But what then is in the Woman's Pavilion? Much that is interesting. A good deal of fancy work it is true. Almost too many elaborate nothings one looks at with a mixture of respect and pity, as at those illuminated manuscript volumes upon which the monks of the middle ages used to lavish lifetimes while the world went by them. It is a pity, too, that the women of New York could do no more than "show out a flag and sign of love," though their flags cost $3,000, we are told.

Aside from this, however, there is much good work in art and industry. One of the most remarkable exhibits is that of the Cincinnati School of Design; chiefly a collection of carved work in wood, of very marked artistic merit in originality of design and beauty of execution. Pianos, mantel-pieces, doors and furniture in oak and walnut and rosewood, covered with elaborate ornamentation of carving and inlaid work, executed with a freedom and strength of handling that will be a revelation to many of women's capabilities. The most elaborate of all is a walnut bedstead inlaid with ebony and painted slate panels by Misses Hattie and Mary Johnson. Trailing trumpet vines, bunches of lilies and poppies carved to perfection, and lavish of detail, painted morning-glories folded up for sleep are the chief designs. This and many of the articles are for sale. Some very pretty chess tables belong to this exhibition; among them is one, each square of which is illustrated with one of the fantastic creatures of the fairy tale of "Alice's Adventures behind the Looking Glass."

The Massachusetts ladies show some beautiful painted tiles and porcelain tea sets.

WOMEN'S INVENTIONS.

It is often said that women have no inventive genius, but here are at least seventy of their inventions, by our own count. The great majority are naturally domestic labor-saving machines; washing machines, locking barrel covers, baby holders and cooking stoves, one "parlor cooking stove," indeed, showing the innate craving of every American woman's soul for a parlor, even though the kitchen has to be in it. There are various systems of dress cutting, and at least two good and sensible models of the "reform under garments" for which Mrs. Flint and her sisters deserve the thanks of the civilized world.

But the women do not stop with the housework. Here is an ingenious life saving mattress that will float in the water and support two or three persons in the enclosed sack that hangs between its two divisions. It has been adopted and put in use by the U. S. Board of Steamboat Inspectors. Here is a new building material, patented by a young lady of a Western city, a horse umbrella extending the idea of a horse sunbonnet—it would delight good Mr. Bergh's heart,—here is a wonderful combination desk, accommodating half a dozen persons with desk room and all sorts of contrivances, yet folding into a space of eighteen inches by six feet. Here is a bedstead which far out-rivals Goldsmith's "bed by night and chest of drawers by day," for it is also a sofa, a safe and a dressing room. Here are illuminated night-signals in general use in the United States Navy. They were indeed the invention of the patentee's husband, but perfected and brought into practical use by the wife after years of experiment and labor after his death. Here are curious out-line models of wire for drawing classes, and here a "soot and spark arrester" for cleansing the black smoke from soft coal before it leaves the chimney—an invention we always meant to make ourselves, and guess we shall have to after all, for if this is a success why haven't poor, sooty St. Louis and Pittsburgh washed their faces yet? The gentlemen learn here that every time they twist their screw-studs into their shirt bosoms they have a lady to thank for this comfortable device. We have not exhausted our list of seventy inventions, and they, of course, do not begin to exhaust all that women have originated. Did not a woman invent the shot-tower, and do we not ourselves know a fair New Yorker who has invented a stone cutter and patented a folding staircase for upper berths? We must stop here, however, with the remark that women's arts are not all understood yet.

The New Century is a newspaper edited, set up and printed by women in the Woman's Pavilion, and finds a ready sale. Carpet and silk looms, tended by women, are seen at work there. We have in a former article told our readers of Miss Allison, the young woman engineer, who has sole charge of the engine which furnishes power to the machinery there.

For the success of the Woman's Pavilion, and indeed for much of that of the whole Exhibition, great credit is due to the ladies of the commission, Mrs. Gillespie and her coadjutors, among them Hampton's good friend, Mrs. S. T. Hooper at the head of the Massachusetts commission, whose work outside, we regret to say, made us always unsuccessful in finding her in the Pavilion.

THE QUEEN'S SPINNING.

The women of other countries are to some extent represented and very creditably, by wood carvings from Sweden and feather flowers from Brazil, for instance. Queen Victoria heads the list with a napkin of finest linen, spun by her own royal hands, and twenty-six etchings. Her daughters, also, send a screen embroidered by the Princess Beatrice, a table-cloth embroidered by the Princess Louise of Hesse and Princess Christian, and four drawings of flowers by the Marchioness of Lorne. So industry is at home everywhere, like the diligent spider who "taketh hold with her hands in kings' palaces."

The general effect of woman's share in the great Exhibition must be, we think, to encourage women workers and to increase respect for them.

CROSS WORDS.

"Oh," said a little girl, bursting into tears, upon hearing of the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak kindly to Amy!" The last time they were together she had spoken crossly to her, and she thought of the last cross word, which now lay heavily on her heart.

Speak kindly to your brothers and sisters and school-fellows, when you are talking to them, lest it may be the last time you may have the opportunity. Cross words are, indeed, very sorrowful to think of. Little children, love one another.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will always be a weak spot in the foundation.

THE CENTURY.

From The New York Tribune.

DEVELOPMENT WITHOUT PARALLEL.

The first century of the United States has closed. It has been a century of development without parallel in history. The population has increased from 2,750,000 to 44,675,000. The area bas been extended from 800,000 to 3,603,844 squere miles. The development of agriculture under the pressure of immigration and the stimulue ef mechanical invention has been utterly without precedent. The valne of manufaeture has edvanced from $20,000,000 to $4,200,000,000. Foreign and domestic commerce has taken gigantic strides. The marvelous development of mineral resources has not heen the work of a century hut of fifty years. There was not a singlo bank in the colonies in 1776; tbere ere more then 0,000 now. Internel improvements and the common school system have kept pace with immigration. On the threshold of the new century, a revlew of the netionel progress is worthy of carefnl etudy.

POPULATION.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the Continental Congress ascertained approximetely the population of the thirteen colonies, in order that the hurdens of the war might not fall too heavily npon any section. The total population was estimated at 2,250,000, exclusive of 500,000 elaves at the South. In 1870 the nation which the representatives of these colonies fonnded was the fifth of the great empires of the world in reepect to population, and it is now nndoubtedly the fonrth. The Chinese Empire in 1670 had 477,500,000 inhabitants; the British Empire, 174,200,000; the Rnsaian Empire, 76,500,000; the German Empire, 40,200,000; the United States, 66,556,871. The average increase in the aggregate population since 1670 in the fifteen States in which a census has been taken is 16 per cent., and at the same rate of increase the total popnlation in 1675 would be 44,675,000, while the German Empire according to the recent ceneus is 42,757,612. During sixty years (1600–60) the population of the United States increased 593 per cent.; that of England and Wales, 121 per cent., and that of France, 37 per cent. The great factor of the marvelone growth of onr population has been immigration. Annexation has contrihuted very little.

The colonies were founded in a religions age nnder the best possible conditions for ultimate self-government. Nearly all the early settlers belonged to the industrione middle classes of the Old World. A euhstantial equality existed among the Puritans in New England, the Dutch in New York, the Quakers and Germans in Pennsylvania, the Swedes in New Jersey and Delaware, the English Roman Catholics in Maryland, the English Churchmen in Virginia, tbe Nonconformists in North Carolina, and the Huguenots in South Carolina. At the time of the English Revolution of 1066 settlements bad been made in all the thirteen coloniee except Georgia, and the total population was about 600,000. Growth was slow and unequal, and it was not until 1750 that the population exceeded 1,000,000. During the next twenty years the popnlation of the colonies was doubled, and on the threshold of the Revolution there swept a great current of immigration from Germany and Irelend into Pennsylvania, New York, and the Carolinas. The first census of the United States was taken in 1790. The population was 6,929,214, including 757,208 slaves. From 1790 to 1620 about 234,000 immigrants arrived. A great wave of immigration then swept across the Atlantic.

At tbe outset America was regarded as a refuge for oppressed labor. The immigrants were accustomed to the simplest forms of labor, and were ready to build canals, and subsequently railroads. The development of manufactures in New England changed the aspect of immigration, and foreigners came to regard the United States as a merket for skilled labor. The cheap lands offered under the Homestead bill attracted an immense numher of industrione farmers. During twelve years an area greater than that of New England was occupied and tilled by 275,000 families under the operation of this act. Inter-State migration has been from the first a popular instinct. There was a constant movement from tbe half-settled States to the unsettled territory, and those wbo were left be hind manufactured for those who were on the frontiers. From 1845 to 1654 there was a great exodus from Ireland and Germany. After the famine of 1846 immigration from Ireland more than douhled, reaching its maximum in 1651. During this period nearly 1,500,000 Irisbmen landed in Castle Garden. German immigration reached its higbest point in 1654. After the years 1637, 1857, and 1676, there was a most remarkahle decline in immigration, a commercial revnlsion acting as a wet hlanket. The total number of immigrants from 1820 to 1676 was 8,808,141, of whom 2,907,565 were from Ireland, and 2,663,437 from Germeny. About 60 per cent. (efter deducting women and children) were in the prime of life; 46 per cent. were trained to various pursuits, and 10 per cent. were traders.

Nearly 10,000,000 of our popnlation are foreigners, or the descendants of foreigners. It has been estimeted thet, if the fusion of elements were complete, of 100 drops of American hlood 25 would be Anglo-Saxon, 27 Germen, 2 Dutch or Scandinavien, 30½ Celtic, 3 Romanic, and 12½ uncertain. The white, red, black, and yellow racee are all represented. In 1870 the ratio of the colored to the whole population was 14½ to 100. The rate of increas of the colored race during the decade was far behind thet of the whole population. From 1653 to 1874 a small percentage of immigration has come from China. The total number of Chinemen who errived during that period was 144,3z6. The total number of Indians in the United States in 1670 was 363,712, of whom 96,360 were on Goverument reservetions. Ae regards sex, the popnlation of the United States is nearly equally divided.

In 1790 one-thirtieth of tho population was in cities, end there were only six towns whose population exceeded 6,000. In 1670 one-fifth of the population was municipel, and there were three hundred and seventy-four incorporsted cities. The growth of some of these cities has been mervelous. During the colonial period the principel occupetions were husbandry, lumbering, trading, hunting, and fishing. One-third of the lebor of the country was employed in timber-cutting. According to tbe last census nearly 6,000,000 are engaged in agricultural pursuits, 1,200,000 in trade and transportation, 2,700,000 in manufacturing and mining, and 2,600,000 in professional life; and there are 43,000 clergymen, 40,000 lewyers, 62,000 physicians, 126,632 teachers, 2,000 actors, 5,200 jonrnalists, 1,000,000 laborers, and 975,000 domestic servants. Alexander Hemilton's dream of the diversity of humen industry in the New World has come to pass.

AREA.

The territory nominally occupied by the colonies that nnited in the Declaration of Independence extended from the seaboard to the Mississippi and the great lakes, and exceeded 800,000 square miles. The aggregate area covered by population in 1790 was 239,935 square miles. The main line of settlements ran 1,000 miles along the coast from the mouth of the Penobscot to the Altamaha, witb an average extent inland of from one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles. A few pioneers bed made tbeir homes in the Obio Valley; there were two or three patches of settlement in Kentucky; tbere was a village in Indiana and another in Michigan; and there were hands of adventurous spirits as far west as Illinois. The total area is now 3,603,844 square miles, or 1,942,000,000 acres, one-half of wbich are public lands. In eurface extent three nations surpass the United States—the British, Chinese, and Russian empires. The arahle land under cultivation is less than one-third of the total area.

AORICULTURE.

The early colonists were of necessity experimental farmers. Experience was the only hand-book of agriculture which could teach them the adaptability of crops to the new conditions of climate and soil, and for a century they husied themselves in compiling and editing tbis practical manual. At the outbreak of the Revolution, however, attempts to raise cotton in the Connecticut Valley, or cinnamon in the Carolinas had been abandoned; farmers were well versed in the arts of agriculture, and were the largest, the most industrious, and the most prosperons class in the community. Nearly all the Revolutionary leaders were farmers. In a letter written four days before his death Washington reminded hie managar of the exhausted state of his farm, and urged the importance of a rotation of crops. While Washington was anticipating the application of science to agriculture, Jefferson was at work upon a new plow which he hoped might prove more usefnl than the clumsy "har share" then in use. Science and labor-eaving machines—the whole progress of agriculture during the century—ie contained in those words. When Sir Humphry Davy was experimenting with bones, turnips, gypsum, and even guano, land was so cheap in America that it was more economical for a farmer to go west and make a new clearing than to attempt to restore hy artificial means the fertility of an exhausted farm. One of the Southern States is now expending $10,000,000 annually in the purchase of fertilizers, and tbe number of scientific farmers who bave studied the laws of production and the principles of farm drainage is increasing rapidly. But agriculture has derived far more from the genius of American invention than from science. The farmer of 1776 went to tbe villaga blacksmith when he needed a plow, and many of his tools were made in bis own woodshed. To-day the manufacture of farm implements is one of the leading industries of the nation, the production of 2,000 establishments amonnting to $50,000,000 in 1670. The centnry opened with the invention of an imperfect drilling machine; it closes with the steam plow and an annual average of 1,200 petents releting to agriculture. Lahor-saving machinery and immigration heve gone hand in hend in the development of the West.

At the close of the Revolution the production of cotton in the South scarcely exceeded ono hundred hales. Tho invention of the cotton gin mede it the greet eteple of the South, tho production increasing with marvelous rapidity until it reached its maximum in 1870—over 5,000,000 hales. The total value of the farm, garden, orchard, and forest products (including live stock sleughtered) was $2,074,761,009 or $60 for each inhabitant. The aggregate area of the farms was 407,735,041 acres, or about 21 per cent. of the surface of the country. The cash value of these farms was $9,262,803,361; farm implements, $336,673,429; live stock, $1,525,276,475.

This summer there are 300,000 reaping mechines in motion. But while the countless lehor-saving appliances which have been introduced during the past century have given the egricultural industry of the nation enormous dimensions, the lend is superficially cultiveted, and exhaustion follows as inevitably as it did in Washington's dey. The rursl populetion is fast decreasing in New England, for farming ie not as remnnerative as it was twenty years ago. In Ohio the yield of wheat is fifteen hushels to the acre, where it was thirty hnshels fifty years ago. But at the present rate of progress it will be two hundred end fifty years before the Great West is crowded with settlers end scientific farming rendered a national necessity.

MANUFACTURING.

The Virginians attempted to manufacture silk and iron soon after the settlement of Jamestown, and eight years after the landing of the Pilgrims there was a water-mill at Dorchester. Manufacturing was an American instinct. The early colonists had heen born on a shopkeeping island and they naturally wanted to make and sell their own wares. At tbe close of the eighteenth century Boston and Philadelphia were smell mannfacturing centres, woolen cloth, paper, iron, glass, and leather being the principel prodncts. At the opening of the Revolution a strong impnlse was imparted to manufactnring, inasmuch as the colonies were cut off from Greet Britain and compelled to rely upon themselves. The disordered state of the finances at the close of the war caused a reaction, hut when Weshington wrote to Lafeyette manufactures were flourishing. There were fifty-three paper-mills near Philadelphia. New England linen was selling in the Carolinas, Lynn was making shoes hand over hand, Ipewich was turning ont silk and finery, Lancaster had oil and hemp mills, and in the Providence Plantations the Baptist traders were building new factories. Tench Coxe, Assistant Treasurer under Mr. Hamilton, estimated that the value of the manufactories of the United States in 1790 was more than $20,000,000.

In the following year Hamilton presented his report on American manufactures, in which he enumerated as regular trades, skins and leather, glue, flax and hemp, iron, iron and steel implements, bricks and pottery, starch and hair powder, brass and copper manufactnres, including andirons and philosophical apparatus, tinware, carriages, refined sugars, oils, soeps, candles, hats, gunpowder, chocolate, silk shoes, "women's stuffs," snuff, chewing tobacco, and lamphlack. The cotton-gin and the factory system combined to huild up industry in New England. The era of steam opened and American mechanical skill enabled the manufacturing interests to keep pace with immigration and the development of the West.

In 1670 there were 252,148 mannfacturing establishments in the United States, with a capital of $2,116,206,769. The raw material consumed was worth $2,433,427,242; the value of the products was $4,232,325,442; the wages amounted to $775,584,643; and the profit realized was $1,743,698,200, or $45.25 for every inhabitant. The leading industries are leather, lumber, cotton, wool, paper, clothing, flour and meat, pig and bar iron, agricultural implements, carriages and wagons, sugar refining, and tobacco. The iron indnstry in 1670 was second to that of Great Britain. Leather is now the principal industry of New England. In the departments of the dressing and tanning of skins, the manufacture of boots and shoes, saddlery, harness, &c., the capital invested is nearly $134,000,000, and the annnal product, exclusive of the value of the material used, is $163,000,000. The centre of the manufacturing industry of the country is New York City, whose prodnct exceeded $332,000,000 in value when the last national censue was taken. Philadelphia ranks secoud and St. Lonis third.

COMMERCE.

Three years after the landing of the Pilgrims a small vessel was launched in the Plymouth Colony. The lumber trade was the first commercial industry in which New England devoted her growing energy. A brisk market was opened in the West Indies, and as fast as the manufactures of Boston sprang into life home bottoms were built for tho coasting trade. In 1676, five hundred end fifty vessels were said to heve been hullt in Boston, and in 1731 the Massachusetts commercial fleet numbered six hundred sail, exclusive of 1,000 vessels employed in the fisheries. Ship-huilding was elso prospering in the other colonies. The colonial merchants now sought to extend their trade to various perts of the world in the teeth of the restrictive legislation of Great Britain. The contrahend trade enlisted not only the fortunes hut the moral sense of the shipowners. Nine-tenths of the merchants were engaged in smuggling. John Hancock was one of the biggest shipowners in the contrahand trade, and Jonethan Trumhull end Alexender Hamilton elso were interested in it.

The export trade of Virginie and the Carolinas was eleven times as great as that of New Englend, hut when the Declaration was signed it hed been virtually suspended. When the States had hed time for hreath after the Revolution, there was a vigorous revival of trade. From 1792 to 1607 exports and imports set up with extraordinary rapidity. During the long period of commercial depression ending in 1830 they averaged $73,000,000. The crisis of 1637 ceused another decline, and then the figures rose rapidly, until in 1360 the exports exceeded $400,000,000 and the imports $362,000,000. The principel exports were wheet, flour, cotton, tobacco, pork, ham, butter, and cheese. During the last fifteen years petroleum has become one of the leading staples for export. In 1673 the imports exceeded $642,000,000, and the exports $626,000,000, the development of foreign trade during the decade having been unprecedented.

The only drawhack to tbe marvelous progress which these statistics reveal is tbe fact that tbe internationel commerce of the United States is at present mainly carried on in foreign bottoms.

MINING.

The development of the mineral resources of the United States is the crowning work of the last half century of American history. During the colonial period a few crude attempts were made to mine copper, and lead and iron ores were worked with partial success in Pennsylvania. Coal was mined in Virginia as early as 1750, hnt the anthracite of Eastern Pennsylvania was not discovered nntil 1770. The extent of the productive coal-fields now known is 135,000 square miles. The Appalachian field has an area of 60,000 square miles, and embraces the Pennsylvania anthracite beds and the great hituminous tract which extends into Alabama and Ohio. In 1673–74, 45,413,340 tons of coal were mined. The anthracite beds will be exhausted in a few generations, hut the supplies of true hituminous coal are endless. The first petroleum well was sunk in 1857. Tbe prodnct in 1674 was over 10,500,000 harrels of crade oil, and the value of the export was nearly $31,000,000.

The iron ore produced hy sixteen States in 1670 aggregated over 8,000,000 tons, one-third of which came from Pennsylvania. The copper mines of Lake Superior were not opened until 1849. In 1674 the total production exceeded 19,000 tons. Since the gold discoveries of 1847 thc United States have held the first place in the production of the precious metals.

BANKING—FINANCE.

Two centuries ago Governer Dudley was paying his son's college expenses at Harvard with Indian corn. Five days after the hattle of Bunker Hill $2,000,000 of Continental paper were issued. The colonists, from prudent Massachusetts to easy-going Virginia, had tasted the sweets of paper inflation and had found them to be suhtle poisons. But the Continental Congress hed no alternative; the experiment was repeated with the same disastroue results; its paper issues were increased from month to month until the aggregate was $350,000,000, and the hills so utterly worthless that a Philadelphia harher papered bis shop with them. While the inflationists of that day were keeping the printing-press in motion, Robert Morris borrowed money where he could on his own notes. "Hard money for the army," was his appeal to his wealthy Qnaker acquaintances. In 1781, notwithstanding the relief afforded hy the French loan, the treasury was $2,500.000 in debt for current expenses, and the army was starving and half clothed. Mr. Morris issued his own notes for $1,400,000, and Washington's army set out for Yorktown, where the war closed, after $93,465,696 (specie) had been expended and a large debt had been incurred. Not far from this scene of triumph there was brought to an end toward the close of a century a civil war that had cost North and South nearly $6,000,000,000. Between Yorktown and Appomattox there was a century of growth, in which the real and personal property of the nation had increased from $1,000,000,000 to $30,000,000,000. At the crisis of the civil war the Government borrowed the expedient of the Continental Congress, and resorted to paper; the Legal-Tender and National Bank acts were passed, and the largest loan ever sanctioned by any government was placed successfully npon the foreign market. Bnt the most mar-

velous feature of the financial history of the hundred years is the growth of banking. When the Declaration of Independence was signed there was not a single bank in the thirteen colonies to aid Robert Morris in keeping the wolf from the door of the American camp. There are to-day in the United States 907 chartered State banks, 2,118 National banks, 666 savings banks, and 2,875 private banks—6,066 in all. The pioneer was the Bank of North America, established in Philadelphia by the Continental Congress in 1782, with a capital of $400,000.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Washington was the pioneer of the American system of public improvements.

The first canals built in the United States were in Massachusetts. The Erie Canal was begun in 1817, and opened in 1825, at a total expense of $7,602,000. It gave value to the products of the West, and extended the navigable water-line 1,400 miles inland. Pennsylvania Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois soon followed the lead of New York, and in 1840 there were 3,850 miles of canal in operation.

A year after the completion of the Erie Canal the first charter for the construction of an American railroad was granted. It was a short tramway of three miles from Boston to the Neponset River. The cars were drawn by horses after the failure of an attempt to propel them by sails. It was not until 1832 that locomotives were attached to the cars. Steam had already been applied to navigation. When the Declaration of Independence was signed there were two steam engines of the crudest design in the United States. There are to-day 74,658 miles of railroad in operation with an aggregate capital of $4,658,208,630 and gross earnings of $508,065,505, paying dividends amounting to $74,294,208, and moving 200,000,000 tons of freight. The canals, with the exception of the Erie, Champlain, Delaware and Raritan, Delaware and Chesapeake, and the Delaware and Hudson, have given place to the railroads and a large extent of mileage has been abandoned.

The telegraph service of the United States is now rendered by seven corporations, controlling 80,000 miles of wire line and carrying 14,000,000 messages annually.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

Washington made an address to the Quakers in 1789, in which he took the broad ground that man was not responsible to man for his faith. "While men," said he, "perform their social duties faithfully they do all that society or the State can with propriety demand or expect, and remain responsible only to their Maker for the religious or modes of faith which they may prefer or profess." On this broad American platform of equality the religious denominations have gone on in their own way. The Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists have made the most rapid progress, the three communions comprising to-day about one-third of the total population. In 1870 there were 72,459 congregations and 63,082 religious edifices, with a total of 21,665,062 sittings, or four to every seven inhabitants. The aggregate value of the property owned by the religious denominations was $354,483,581.

In 1870 the school population was 14,000,000; the number of enrolled scholars over 8,000,000; the number of teachers, 241,300; and the annual expense of the system, $75,000,000. There were 4,500,000 persons over ten years of age who could not read, and 5,000,000 who could not write. The freedmen of the South, and the immigrants from countries where education is neglected, have swollen the array of the illiterate.

In 1770 there were nine colleges in the colonies, six of which had been open only thirty years. In 1875, degrees were conferred by three hundred and seventy-four colleges; and there were, in addition, one hundred and six schools of law, medicine, and theology, and five colleges for women.

INVENTION—ART—LITERATURE.

The General Court of Massachusetts granted in 1646, to Joseph Jencks of Lynn, a patent for "the making of Engines for mills to go with water, for the more speedy dispatch of work than formerly, and mills for the making of Sithes and other Edged Tools." This was the beginning of a national patent system. In 1800, there were 675 patents granted in England and 306 in the United States. In 1870, the record was 85,079 for England and 79,612 for the United States. There have been 120,000 patents granted by the Federal Government since 1800, and on the roll of honor are such names as Fulton, Whitney, Morse and Howe.

The number of printing presses in the colonies in 1776 was forty. The number of libraries in 1870 was 164,815, with 45,528,988 volumes, and the aggregate circulation of the newspapers and periodicals was 1,500,000,000 copies annually.

The Teachers' Table.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING.

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

As Hampton graduate teachers begin to open their school-houses for the fall term, they will turn their eyes again to this Teachers' Table for some words of greeting and advice from home. We wish them all success and shall hope to receive frequent letters as usual. The instructions and suggestions many of them received last June from Professor Allen's valuable course of lectures at Hampton, will, no doubt, bear fruit through the coming year in work made lighter and success more certain.

For the benefit of the many who were not able to attend the course, we are able, they will be glad to know, to give them, with the Professor's consent, some report of his lectures in this column. The lectures were familiar and, to some degree, conversational. Topics were introduced or enlarged upon according to the suggestion of the moment—and this very fact made the teaching more practical and useful, if sometimes less systematic.

The large class, of fifty or over, who listened to the lectures will be glad of the opportunity to review their own notes.

LECTURE 1.

1st. To understand his
Materiel, viz.: boys and girls.
Tools, " books and apparatus.
Work to be done.
2d. A plan of work, made out beforehand.
3d. A method for carrying out this plan.
4th. A true order of studies.

Now, first, to understand our materiel. Many teachers do not begin to understand their boys and girls. For example, people think children don't like to learn. That is a great mistake. Children have a natural appetite for all kinds of knowledge. That is why children ask so many questions. You can make a child like any study if you set about it in the right way. Or you can spoil his appetite for knowledge just as you can his appetite for food. A child likes sugar, but you could make him sick of it by forcing it upon him in larger quantities than he could swallow, or when he is full. He wont like hoaey if you cram it into his eyes and ears. No more will he like geography if you set him down to study a list of hard words he knows nothing about. To keep his appetite keen, give him his food or his lessons in a pleasant form and in not too large quantities. Make him see that you like it yourself, that you have something to tell him that is interesting and will be of some use to him. Be sure and begin this way. Let him feel at the start that his lessons will be interesting, and he will take what hard work may come with them the more cheerfully.

Now, second, our plan of work. Make out your plan for the first day before you go to the school-house. It will be a temporary one of course, but the great thing is to set your pupils to work at once. That will keep them from staring at you and getting disorderly, and will give them a sense of your power—that you know what you are about. At the same time, it will give you a chance to study them, and to decide on your permanent organization and programme and school regulations. You will want to arrange a time for study, for recitation, for recess and for interruptions. In arranging your classes, remember that it will save time and labor to have as few as possible. It is better to condense the classes when you can, especially the reading classes. You will find perhaps very little difference between the 2d and 3d Readers, say, or the 3d and 4th. In that case it is just as well for the two classes to read together, from the same book.

(Some objections were made to this by some of the graduate teachers present who thought such a course would be difficult and unsatisfactory, perhaps, to parents or trustees. The Professor said it was merely a suggestion to be used where practicable; that in his own long experience he had found it a great saving of time often wasted in an unnecessary multiplication of classes.)

Here is another hint. Remember that knowledge is communicated by, first, Reading, second, Writing. You want to teach your boys and girls the proper use of words. There is no better way than by having them write. An excellent plan is to make them write all requests they may have to make. A boy wants a drink. He writes on a slip of paper you have lying on your desk:

Sept. 11, 1876.

Dear Mr. Smith,—May I go out and get a drink? Peter Jones.

That is what I have all my boys do. It teaches them spelling, writing, punctuation, and the proper use of language all at the same time, besides making them a little less in a hurry to make requests. In the evening I mark the mistakes in the written requests and give them back for correction.

Give your youngest pupils, your little tots, three or four short exercises a day and turn them out to play, between times, the rest of the day. If your trustees don't like it, go and talk them over. Tell them you'll teach the little things all they are big enough to learn, and to keep them sitting on hard benches in a close school-room any longer than necessary would be only useless and cruel, and make your room disorderly.

Our school should always be opened with prayer and reading a short portion of Scripture. But don't make this exercise too long, and never begin it in a cross temper.

Now one word about your business relations with the school. You have the right, of course, and you ought to make as good a bargain for yourself with your school committee as you can. Business is business. But when the salary is once fixed, put all idea that you are teaching for money out of your mind. Work as hard and as faithfully for a small salary as for a large one; for $20 as for $200. Work as if you meant to stay ten years. Then you will work faithfully, and your work will last ten years whether you stay or not.

In the next lecture I will tell you what I regard as the true order of studies.

Correspondence.

We have received the following letter from a Southern workman, who, though not a student from Hampton, is in sympathy with its work. We thank him for his good will, and hope that his earnest labors for his people's improvement will be rewarded with much success.

MT. TABOR SCHOOL, COLUMBIA, MARY CO., TENN., *May* 9, 1876.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—I have received the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, have read the same with great satisfaction; and, from its tenor, I regret that it is not found in every cottage, in the hands of the opulent and of the humble peasant, for in my opinion it would do a great deal toward advancing the moral standard of the people. And if any information from me regarding the work in the South will be beneficial to you and your readers I will gladly give it.

I have been here since October 8, 1874, as a Presbyterian missionary. We have two churches and one pastor. One church is a mile from the city. My school is doing well. I had one hundred and forty pupils up to the time of the small-pox breaking out among them, of which three died. At this date I have fifty-three pupils; my wife assists in teaching. My A class studies Latin Grammar, Anetomy, Physiology, Hygiene, Geology of Tennessee, Physical Geography and Arithmetic. Three of this class are public school teachers, three assist us, six are too young to command situations. Those who taught made during vacation nine hundred and twenty dollars. The building I teach in belongs to the colored people here. It is situated on West Market St., near the two large white female schools. It has three recitation rooms, a chapel seating three hundred, and two rooms for teachers. We have one acre of ground, and good water.

Our Sabbath-school is doing well, considering the former prejudice to Presbyterians which is fast dying out here. The colored people are doing very well; some have farms and many have good homes in the city. The South-east and North-west are colored towns. There are five churches, three schools and nine societies. Among the societies which are doing great good are the young men's Literary Lyceum and Good Templars. All the South needs is men of good qualifications imbued with the desire of doing right to all mankind.

The first colored school in this city was opened by Rev. C. Jardon in 1866, and for opening such a school in which colored children were to be educated, he was whipped in the school-room and the little ones sent home. But that did not stop throbbing hearts who were looking for education. And the men who once looked unfavorably upon colored men being educated are to-day good friends, and have been for some time, to the cause of education. Some of the men have visited my school.

I believe that Christianity and education are the only barriers and safeguards of national greatness. And every one who loves the name of America, and having American blood coursing in their veins, ought to arise and do something to perpetuate the good name of the nation. And at the same time, while we have a good name, we have something yet among us which, if not eradicated, will blacken the pages of American history: ignorance and immorality, for in some parts of this state, the proud state of Tennessee, many colored people are treated as if they were not free, having neither church nor school. And thinking of this, notwithstanding we in the city are doing well, it gives me heart throbs for those who live in the back woods. How is this to be stopped? By the young men and young women who are completing their education in the different schools, grasping their sythe firmly and dauntlessly and coming forth to the sunny South to help in reaping the long-ripe field of ignorance.

You must pardon me for saying so much, for the work here has all of my time, and when I start I never know when to stop.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

A. F. A. POTT.

P. S. Two young ladies of my school I would like to send to you; they want to come to your school after my telling them about it, but the girls are poor and think they never will be able to leave home. If you can make arrangements for them, making it as low as you can, I know they will be students of which Hampton would be proud. Let me hear from you at once. Please send me catalogue.

Yours,

A. F. A. POTT.

The following communication was received too late for insertion in our August number. Violent thunder storms and strokes of lightning have been remarkably frequent this summer. The excessive heats of the season would seem to have some connection with this, but, after all the discoveries of science, there is yet a great deal of mystery about atmospheric electricity. We are glad that the case our correspondent reports resulted altogether so favorably.

GATESVILLE, GATES CO., N. C., *July* 22, 1876.

To The Editor of The Southern Workman.

DEAR SIR:—A fearful wind and rainstorm struck here yesterday, partially blockading the streets and yards with trees. It was accompanied with heavy thunder and lightning which struck several houses; one in which Mr. Charles Sears was living, striking his nephew, his child and himself senseless for several minutes, burning off their clothes and leaving them badly bruised but living. A large meeting of the Colored Societies here had convened and they were marching in procession when the storm burst upon the place. One of the female members of one of the societies fainted with terror and lay speechless for fifteen hours, but with medical attention is recovering.

C. W. GREEN.—Class of '75.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

OPINIONS AS TO WHIPPING NOT LEARNED AT HAMPTON.—A LAST WINTER'S LETTER LAID OVER; WHAT GRADUATE TEACHERS HAVE ENDURED AND MAY AGAIN.

VIRGINIA.

Dear Teachers:—Your very interesting letter was brought to me Tuesday morning the 21 inst. by my sister who attended the mail before school opened. When she came, I was getting ready to open school and only had time to notice from whom it came, till after the morning exercises. After I opened school I read it and found it deeply interesting.

I will now tell you something about my work here. I am trying to do my duty and I believe the Lord will protect me in so doing. Pray that I may be strong in Him and that I may have the moral courage to do right at all times. I started my school with a very small number, but it has increased rapidly.

Among so many girls and boys we may expect to find a diversification of character, traits and disposition. I don't believe that it is a good punishment to whip; but what *can* be done with unruly and disobedient scholars? I have had some very trying cases, and I had to use the birch very diligently to bring them to time. There was a great deal of bitterness of feeling against me before I punished these trying cases. [*Caused apparently by an unfortunate division in a temperance society to which the writer belonged.*—ED.] After I inflicted the punishment that I did, this feeling broke out in all its fury. Some came to the school-house with clubs; some came to my own house, and once two big, rough men met me in a butcher's shop where I was purchasing meat, and attacked me, cursing me and threatening to whip me for whipping the daughter of one of the combatants. The girl was only lightly switched, and, in fact, none have been whipped in any other way. You don't approve of whipping, because I remember talking with you the last summer I was at Hampton, and your recital of some difficulty you had once in a school in Georgia. I try to look at all these unpleasant and trying ordeals through which I pass, from a pleasant standpoint, knowing that intelligence is lacking on the part of those who have been guilty of such conduct. Though I am Principal of the school, I can safely say, considering all things, that it is in a pretty fair way to become quite a good school. I enjoy teaching very much, though it is very hard work.

Winter of '76.

My Dear Teacher:—I have enrolled fifty-eight pupils with an average of about fifty, though I have the most uncomfortable school-house that I ever saw or taught in in my life. I can tell the time of day by the sun through the top, and my scholars are continually breaking through the floor. Providence has smiled upon me so far and kept back the snow, and if any should fall here the scholars and I will be compelled to leave the school-house until it is over. The people disappointed me very much about the school-house; they promised to build a new house if I would come and teach this winter. As my scholars seem to be so anxious to learn I shall look to God and go ahead.

FOR our pictures this month we are indepted—as for many heretofore—to our friends of the New York *Christian Weekly*, and Mr. Shorey of Boston.

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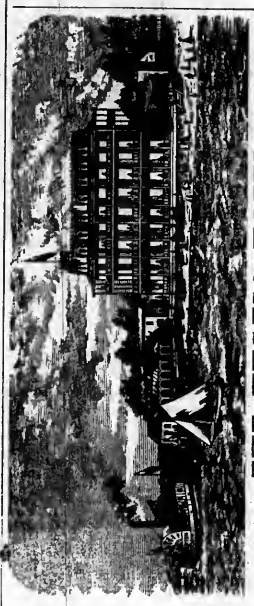

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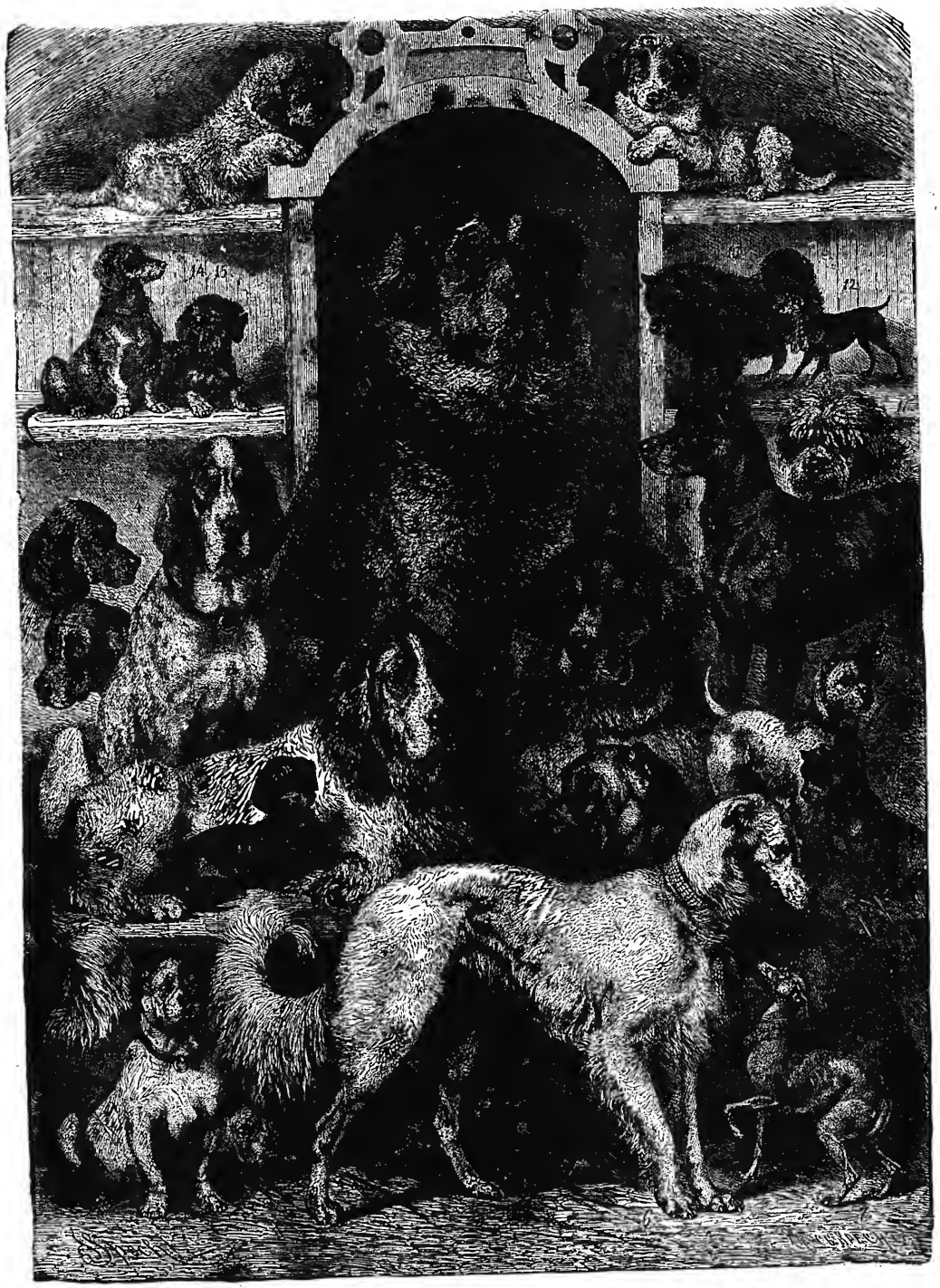
DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., OCTOBER, 1876. NO. 10.



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Southern Workman,

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HAMPTON, OCTOBER, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

A PROMINENT topic in politics is the protection of the negro; over it orators and editors on both sides have warmed up until the North and the South stand arrayed as during the stormiest periods of reconstruction.

There are points of absolute difference between the sections that every four years have kindled, and are likely hereafter to kindle the passions of war. We do not yet have peace. The result is a slow instead of swift return of Southern prosperity through immigration and capital from the North, which is itself crippled by this prostration.

Political campaigns, as now conducted, make reconstruction impossible. Southern feeling is natural. It may be unwise and wrong, but it is inevitable, considering the people and their past.

Garrison the three turbulent states with U. S. troops in order to protect colored voters and the rulers of their choice, and you support not such rulers as Prussia gives her conquered territories, but governments which "no white race on this earth ought to endure or will endure." "This is the greatest problem of our time and a most complex problem," says Mr. James Redpath in the N. Y. *Times*, "for on the other side the problem reads: If we fail to protect the negro in the right of suffrage we thereby surrender the states of South Carolina and Mississippi to the same brutal banditti who drove those communities into civil war."

To politicians it is simple enough. Their remedy, success at the polls, makes the fate of the negro in certain states, every four years, an all important issue—a political firebrand over all the land. All the worse for the delay should his party be finally routed.

Negro influence in politics has passed its maximum; its strongholds are fated to yield; rightly or wrongly they will fall. Ignorance and corruption within, and a vigilant and determined enemy without have doomed them.

In the cause of peace political success counts for little. Many are hopeless because the trouble cannot be voted away or the regular army stamp it out.

Just as the white race is the resultant of its circumstances so is the black race the product of its circumstances. It is not capable of self-government.

Can anything be done for the negro? Improve his opportunities.

The Peabody fund for Southern education, yielding about one hundred thousand dollars annually, has done more for both races, of late years, than all the politicians in Congress.

The lady in Massachusetts who gave a forty thousand dollar school-house and sends five thousand yearly for the instruction of poor whites in North Carolina; the Friends of Philadelphia, who for twelve years have expended ten thousand dollars annually on colored schools in Virginia and North Carolina; the outlay of the American Missionary Association of nearly two millions of dollars already, and two hundred thousand yearly, in the darkest places it could find, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; and the steady annual flow of from sixty to seventy thousand dollars from each of the great denominations, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist and Baptist, for colored schools and colleges,—are all an offset to those reconstructors, whose inspiration has been plunder and whose offices are the wages of wire pulling.

Something can be done for the negro and for the healing of the terrible troubles in the South.

National aid for their education, through the proceeds of public land sales—a measure already urged by Congressmen on both sides—would result in gradual improvement and in better feeling. It would go to the root of the matter. Local taxation and charity are utterly inadequate to this work. The alternative is, in some States, an armed force. Which is the cheapest?

Virginia has vainly applied to the nation for help in instructing its "wards." They are not responsible for their ignorance and unfitness to rule. Their suffrage was a necessity; but it is dangerous to them and to all. It is, at any rate, a fixed fact, and the condition of eight hundred thousand voters in such mental and moral darkness is not only worthy of the noblest efforts of individuals and societies, but of the prompt attention and wise aid of the general government.

NO ONE who does not read the *Educational Journal of Virginia* can realize how deeply rooted in her soil is the free school system or how ably it is managed. Its progress has been amazing. Two of her ablest and best known men, of the highest intellectual rank have recently attacked it impetuously, dubbing it as a "Yankee notion," denouncing it as tending to amalgamation of the races, as false in principle, wrong as an object of state aid, wrong in the sight of God "by whose act the negro is made inferior to the Caucasian," and appealing to all the sentiment and pride of Virginia to abandon it.

A convention called to their aid was a failure. The assailants were met on their own ground by men of equal force and social rank, and have probably retired forever from the field.

Whoever in the North is ready to lend a helping hand in the cause of universal education in Virginia—struggling in her pinching poverty to educate all her children—will do it a good turn and get ten times the worth of their money by sending one dollar and a half, a year's subscription, to the *Educational Journal of Virginia* at Richmond.

THE *Southern Planter and Farmer*, although professedly an agricultural paper, has been the vehicle of violent and long winded attacks upon the school system. Yet it is, compared with the many agricultural journals that lie on our reading room table, inferior to none in interest and value. The school crusade has apparently ceased of late, and its pages are filled with experiences of great importance to those in the North who would know of the farming resources and methods of the "Old Dominion." It is published at Richmond, Va.; price, $2 per year.

A WELL KNOWN gentleman of Connecticut recently related to us his experience of aiding needy students to an education.

During the past ten or twelve years he had loaned to a number of young white men nearly three thousand dollars, about half of which was covered by promissory notes and the balance by verbal agreement. Not a dollar of this amount had been refunded, although several of them were well established in life. On one occasion he loaned a hundred dollars to a poor negro boy at Berea College, Kentucky, and the money was refunded.

An eight years' experience of colored students' credits at the Hampton Institute has shown a steady improvement in respect to paying up after graduation. It was not at first debt, but pressure to pay that was dreaded. This is not peculiar to the race. In some cases there has been entire neglect of duty; in many others there is a keen sense of honor and a self-denying effort to pay up, that is worthy of all praise. Columns could be filled with good accounts of this kind. A wisely applied loan fund for colored students would produce far greater results than could a charity of equal amount.

A SIGN of enterprise in this locality is the establishment of the *Monitor*, a weekly newspaper; terms, $2.00 a year. It is headed with the "Democratic Reform Ticket," advocates party measures, and will be of service to it in the campaign.

The editor says: "In the discussion of all political subjects it will endeavor to exercise due respect for the opinions of those who may differ with it, and to advocate and advance its own ideas and principles by appeals to the reasoning faculties of its readers, and by the use of arguments and facts rather than by the abuse and political clap-trap which too frequently disgrace partisan papers of both parties."

THE cause of popular education in Virginia has suffered a serious loss in the death of Capt. James H. Binford, Superintendent of the Richmond City Schools. He studied carefully the systems of northern and western cities and quickly became one of the best managers and teachers in the state. He was a genial, cheerful gentleman and had great prudence and tact. He died at the Red Sulphur Springs, of rheumatism of the heart.

THE city of Lynchburg, Va., has long enjoyed remarkable advantages in climate, location, society and business privileges, and now means to lead in school privileges. The Lynchburg Public High School offers the best of educational advantages, and appears from the tone of its circular to be in the advanced line of schools of its class. The Superintendent of Lynchburg Schools, Mr. A. F. Biggers, has the oversight of the High School. He is better known to us as an active ally in sending the best fitted graduates of the colored city schools to the Hampton Institute.

WE commend to our readers special attention to the article upon Centennial Harvests which we publish whole from the *New York Tribune* in another column. It is a fairy tale that is all true. The wonderful progress of the last hundred years is in nothing more apparent than in the growth of the wheat harvests of America, which feed the world. We do not live by bread alone, and this view of our increase is suggestive of others we might take. But it gives one a new idea of progress. It is like getting off our jog trot pace on the earth's surface on to some ontside standpoint where we can see at what a rate the old planet is spinning.

NORTHERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY DR. GERHARD ROHLFS.

In ancient times, commerce on the northern coast of Africa flourished, and several of the countries enjoyed a high degree of civilization. One great hinderance to the development of the continent was the Moslem religion, whose false doctrines impeded progress by making its followers fanatic and indolent. Almost the only article manufactured in Morocco, which is exported, is Morocco leather. The art of tanning this leather the Moors brought over with them when they were driven from Spain. The other articles of export are wool and fowls. In Algiers, in spite of forty years of French rule, very little progress has been made. Frenchmen, though they are excellent cultivators of soil, possess very small administrative powers, especially in their colonies. Ever since their conquest of the country they have shown too much leniency to the natives. Colonists of Tentonic origin have always driven before them savage and other inferior races, and have thus obtained complete mastery of their new homes. The French, however, allow nomadic tribes to encamp close to their settlements, and so long as they pursue this policy they will never be safe from revolts. The Bedouins and Berbers will not be civilized, and look upon their conquerors with jealousy and hatred. The French Government should drive these barbarians into the desert as the only way of developing the country.

Tunis, is a small but very fertile country. The production of oil is so great that one year the people did not have vessels enough to store it in. And yet hardly any of this oil finds its way to Europe because the natives are too fanatical to sell it to Christians. Tripoli labors under an additional disadvantage, that of Turkish rule. The Pashas seek only to enrich themselves during their short terms of office, and the natives are outraged. The principal product of the Sahara oases is dates. The houses of the natives are built of the palm tree, and the leaves of the tree are made into baskets and mats. Central Africa, though isolated from the rest of the world, still carries on a greater commerce with foreign countries than many people suppose. Ostrich feathers, which are found in all European and American markets, form a prominent article of export. The negroes cannot form an idea of the uses to which these feathers are applied. Some say they are woven into broadcloth. Another important article of trade is ivory, and the tusks of African elephants are of much larger size and finer quality than those of india. Arachis, the oil of a nut, is largely exported to France, where it is refined into salad oil. Palm oil forms another article of commerce, and in Germany is used for lubricating railroad machinery. Gold dust also is taken to the Western coast and thence shipped to England.

MIGRATING TO THE SOUTH.

I have lately traveled by wagon, with three friends, from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico at Cedar Keys; thence across Florida to Lake Monroe on the St. John's. Here we sold our horses and came home by water and rail. Our object was mainly to see the country, and learn what we might about the South and its people. Having traveled our country from north to south, we could only think of it as composed of three great belts—one north of the Ohio, one south of the thirty-fourth parallel, and the other lying between these two, and partaking somewhat of the character of both. After we had been through Southern Alabama and Florida, we could hardly think of Tennessee as belonging to the South. In the southern half of Tennessee they grow cotton, but more or less throughout the State; and in the coves and valleys of Northern Georgia and Alabama, the capabilities of the soil and climate are favorable for grain and stock-growing. But farther south, after we reach the sand where cotton still is and always has been the leading crop, and still farther, where sugar cane and oranges grow, we are in a sort of other world, where wheat and clover fields, and meadows of the cultivated grasses, are never seen—this is properly the South.

Tennessee in the middle belt, and Florida in the southern belt, are attracting the attention of northern people, more perhaps than any other portions of the Southern States along our route. Tennessee has published an account of her resources, and interested parties are from time to time adding to the facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the country. Quite a good many northern people are locating in Tennessee.

I may say in a general way that the South is no place for a poor man to move to. The South is full of poor people now, and it will not help the matter for more to go there. The scale of prices for farm labor tells the story—Ohio, $18 to $20 per month; Kentucky, $12 to $15; Tennessee, $10 to $12; Southern Alabama, $8 to $10, Florida, $6 to $8. A man who goes south should be able to employ himself and others. With five thousand dollars at command, if he is careful to find the right place to invest his money, he may do well in the middle belt of the South. He will hardly keep out of the hands of land agents, of which the South

is full, but he wants to give little heed, and should take time to study the situation well for himself.

Let no Northern man be deterred from going South by the partizan hue and cry of Southern hate and intolerance toward Yankees. This is one of the devil's own slanders. Nothing promises so much immediate aid to the depressed South as the influx of Northern energy and Northern capital. This is perfectly understood and freely acknowledged. Every intelligent person you meet, and all the leading journals in the South, are vieing with one another, each in his special way, to encourage immigration. They do not want Northern politicians to come down there and run their state and municipal governments, but they do want working and business men from the North to settle among them. All such are sure of a cordial welcome. I am quite inclined to think that farmers may do better to go South than to go West; hence I send this brief statement, founded on personal observation. No one has employed the writer to say or not to say anything whatever concerning the South or its people, and he has not the slightest interest except that of having the facts known. J. S. PATTERSON.—*In Country Gentleman.*

CENTENNIAL HARVESTS.

A WONDERFUL CONTRAST.

In the third week of June, 1776, *Dunlop's Weekly Packet*, published in Philadelphia, contained a brief advertisement to the effect that the city cart for broken victuals made its rounds every evening, and householders were urged to contribute, as the need of the prisoners was great. Our exchanges for the same week in 1876 contain the briefer announcement that the wheat crop of the West promises to be fair. It is worth our while to look into the meaning of the two notices. The prisoners were in truth near starvation, there allowance being half of a fourpenny black loaf per diem; for all else they were dependent on the refuse from kitchens, collected each day in a barrow. Prisoners in England at that date were worse off, being chained in cages and left to beg loudly for food from passers-by. Fifteen years later, during Washington's administration, the need of the poorer classes in the capital of the new republic was so great that footpads attacked men on the principal streets. In London, bangings of the purloiners of loaves of bread were frequent. The rich as well as the poor lived on oats and barley, and they were scarce enough. "Only a wealthy family," says Eden, in 1797, "could afford in Cumberland a "peck of wheat flour yearly, and that at "Christmas. Not a penny white loaf was to be "found in towns as large as Carlisle." Meat was a luxury almost unknown to the English and French peasant. In short, there was not enough food in the civilized world for its inhabitants. The gnawings of hunger drove as many emigrants to our shores as did religious persecution; and if Louis XVI could have filled the empty stomachs of the Jacquerie, there is every probability that he might have died comfortably in his bed. America brought very little food then into the world's market; the narrow strip of soil rescued from the forest, along the sea-coast, barely sufficed to feed her own colonists, and that so scantily that the influx of a small number of troops into a province produced a famine. In Asia, the need of new producing fields was felt more sharply then than in Europe; and it has increased with every year since. So near to famine does the overcrowding of population bring the poorer classes of China, that their practice of infanticide pleads a horrible sort of quasi justification on the ground of humanity. Thousands of families live the year round on the yield of a scanty rice field.

Now let us see what it means to this long hungry world when we say that "our wheat "crop promises to be fair." It means that in these hundred years we have helped feed every nation under heaven as it never was fed before. The wheat fields alone which failed to supply the troops at Valley Forge with bread, throw into the European market every year 250,000,000 bushels; the exportation from Chicago, which began in 1838 with 78 bushels, increased in 24 years to 23,000,000 bushels, so rapidly were the vast fields of the West opened and planted. We take wheat only as a gauge for the whole food-producing power of the country,—a power so enormous and steady that, even in the spasm of the civil war, when an enormous proportion of the male population of both sections was withdrawn from agriculture for five years, no famine ensued. Taking an average of the five years, never were armies so vast so well fed.

It is worth our while to look at the cattle upon our thousand hills, at the fields blooming for the harvest from sea to sea, where in 1776 was a gloomy, impenetrable wilderness. Not only have the hungry peoples of Europe emptied themselves into these welcoming fields, but the abundance of provisions in foreign markets caused by our exports has made a wholesome change in the very minds and temper of the poorer classes. Revolutions lose much of the elements of brutality when the rebels are well fed. There will never probably be guillotines in the streets of Paris as long as bread can be had for a sou or emigration is cheap. "If thine enemy hunger "feed him," is a maxim as politic as it is Christian. We have done our share toward feeding the lean and hungry Cossacks of the world in this last century, and so blunted the edge of many insurrections. We might take the yield of cotton and wool, and show what we have done toward clothing the world. But our readers can look into these matters themselves. The more closely they look the more they will be convinced that it is in the most practical as well as theoretical work that the Republic has contributed to the "ease of creation."—*New York Tribune.*

THOSE who have resumed the cares of school will appreciate the following extract from a letter written by a veteran teacher, who has comforted and inspired hundreds of her pupils, through all their lives, by her sweet words and shining life:

"Although I have taught school so many years, the re-opening always feels more or less formidable. To set the machinery again in motion, to examine the new pupils and arrange fresh classes, and unite all in a harmonious whole, is not an easy task; yet help has always been furnished, and, after the new arrangements are made, the work is delightful; the consciousness of being in the line of one's duty brings with it a sweet reward. There are, of course, difficulties, obstacles and disappointments; but when we are following our Master's call, we are sure of His aid. Peter walked on the Sea of Gennesareth at his Lord's command, but when he looked at the stormy waves and listened to the fierce wind, he began to sink. Had he kept his eyes fixed upon his Lord, he would doubtless have walked steadily and safely forward upon that treacherous element,—not in his own strength, but upheld by divine power.

"While I have the ability, and it is 'the day' with me, I desire to work. I know not how soon 'the night' may come. At the same time, I do not intend to shorten the day by overtaxing my strength, contrary to the laws of Him who made the body as well as the soul.

The reopening of school seems to me more truly the beginning of a New Year than the season usually so regarded,—a time for renewed dedication of heart and consecration to my mission. Is it not a privilege to work (even with feebleness and many imperfections) in our Redeemer's cause, to promote His reign and spread the glad tidings of his salvation? St. Paul's words '*whose I am and whom I serve*,' seem to me sublime. I love to speak of them to my pupils, and contrast this glorious service with that which is paid to an earthly monarch, hoping to induce them to enter it. How eagerly do the attendants upon royalty seek the honor which comes from such service, and which few comparatively can attain, while the service of the King of kings is free to all and infinitely more noble!"

PHILADELPHIA, *August* 29, '76.

Dear Lucy and Judy:—

Yesterday at the great Centennial I had a thought of you when I saw those little handkerchiefs which I send by mail with this letter. Now I suppose you do not know what the Centennial is, so I must try to give you a little idea of it.

"Once upon a time"—it was a time of *peace* all over the world—there was a very large family (of Nations), and one of the youngest children, a fine, healthy child who grew rapidly, was called America. She is just having a birthday party and was allowed to invite just whom she pleased, for she is one hundred years old! They selected the best park they had and made every arrangement to have a good time on the lawns and in the summer houses. America sent a little note of invitation first to one of her mother's relatives, and England came with a rose in her hand. France came, bearing a chicken cock, and a great, powerful boy named Russia had a curious bird with two heads, it looked like an eagle. Italy was a fine maid with a golden chain about her neck, and she brought *such* pretty pictures and images with her. Another child, *China*, brought a cup of tea, and it tasted so good at supper time! A little Indian looking boy, Japan, brought some beautiful silks and satins, fans, and carved ivory. All these and ever so many more, brought some of their work with them to the party so that America could see what they could do—just as you get out your patchwork to show me when I go to your grandmother's house to see you.

One little boy named Corliss came with his big engine and astonished everybody, for he can do everything with it, from weaving a silk ribbon to pumping a Niagara stream of water; it is ever so much bigger than Mr. Goff's steam pump in Virginia Hall. I saw one little colored boy there from Hampton; he had his spelling book under his arm and had a good deal to say about *education*. All the different members of the American family were present, each in her best dress and hat. Indeed, it seems as if all the world is here.

If I should try to tell you all I saw at the great Exposition it would be like trying to count the sands on the shore. As I was walking along with Miss L. we met a nice colored woman from Annapolis, Md., and she was very glad to meet some one she knew. We looked for Mr. Howe in the crowd yesterday, but did not find him. We met, however, Mr. Whiting and Judge McDevitt from Hampton. I went into one house which was called "Old Virginia," sat on its broad verandah, but there was no Hampton creek in sight as is at Griggs Hall.

One of these days, when you study geography, you will learn a great deal more of the Birthday Party than I have told you. One day we took lunch at the Vienna Bakery and had a nice cup of hot coffee and some rolls that were equal to Nancy's. Last Sunday morning at breakfast Mr. M. was wishing for some of Nancy's nice fishballs, for here in Pennsylvania they do not have such things—they are not yankee enough to like codfish.

You may tell your mother that I saw Aunt Fanny Jackson and Walter Washington in Boston. I hope Lee Jackson has begun to build a house for her, and when I come I shall hope to see it almost finished.

Perhaps your friend Mrs. S. or Miss Mary will be kind enough to read this letter to you, and if it does not seem so clear to you as it should, remember that my head and eyes are tired with all they have seen and heard at the beautiful birthday party of America.

If you see Mrs. C., tell her we heard of the arrival of the gentlemen party from Hampton and hope to see them; they are having perfect weather for their trip and as cool as need be.

I hope you two girls try to help your mother and grandmother all you can, for everybody has work enough to do, and the world needs every little industrious girl even, to do her part. I hope this letter will give you pleasure, and that I shall find you all well when we return to Hampton. Ever your friend,

M.

Agricultural.

CATTLE HUSBANDRY THE BASIS OF GOOD FARMING.

No fact in the whole range of rural economy is more plain or forcible, than that those countries in which the greatest number of cattle are found, take the highest rank in the agricultural scale. Go over the countries of the old world, and it will be found with hardly an exception, that in those sections where agriculture is based largely upon cattle husbandry—there will be found the highest farming and the largest share of general prosperity. To begin with, large numbers of cattle cannot exist in poor regions, where the soil is thin and the herbage scanty—a soil which yields the nutritious grasses in abundance, is a strong, retentive soil which will sustain heavy drafts for years. And the very fact that land of this character will carry a large number of cattle, is of itself evidence that it may, with judicious management continue to do so; the manure made from the cattle being all restored to the soil to keep up its character and sustain the demands made upon it. And it is also a general rule that where large numbers of cattle are kept, a system of high farming prevails. This, it is true, does not apply to the vast cattle feeding regions of our own great west, to the steppes of Russia, or other places where immense numbers of cattle are grown and sold to supply the demand of popnlous centres for meat—agriculture, as such, generally being low in these sections of country. But in States and countries where large numbers of cattle, oxen, cows and sheep, are owned and kept by the residents as a part of their farming capital, there, almost without exception, a high culture of the land prevails, the largest crops per acre are grown, and the largest profits secured. In proof of this look at Brittany and Normandy in France; the islands of Jersey and Guernsey; some parts of England, and a few portions of some of the American States. And while we in Maine take rather low rank as a farming State, and especially as a cattle growing State—and here, certainly, the two principles are found side by side—we shall find that in sections well adapted to it, an increase of our cattle will tend directly and positively to the permanent improvement of our general farming. This is so true that in advising it, we can hardly go astray. It will depend somewhat upon circumstances as to the particular line of cattle farming each one adopts, but it may be generally said—and here we feel we are on safe ground—that an increase of milch cows and sheep, and a steady, permanent system of breeding there two classes of cattle, will in the long run be the best for Maine, and bring the most satisfactory returns to the average Maine farmer.

—*Maine Farmer.*

DON'T DO IT.—The greatest mistake that a farmer can make is, to allow his manure to remain exposed to the air and water, under the eaves of his barn, instead of being securely placed under cover, and then kept from the action of the weather. A covering over the manure heap is easy to build, and any farmer can do it. The amount of money to be paid out for material, will not amount to much, and will be many times returned, in the increased worth of the manure. Once more, brother farmers, if tempted to leave things in the old way, don't do it; spruce up, and don't allow the sun, air, and water, to take what the land of your farms so much need to make them productive. Western farmers may afford to lose manure, but we in New England cannot.—*N. E. Farmer.*

WINTER APPLES.—Apples ought to have as sweet an air in their winter home as any other kind of food. They take in, very readily, the musty odors of close, moist cellars, that are little better than vegetable pits and the difference between a crisp, highflavored apple, and one that is flabby and poor, is often simply the difference in the storage which they have had. This fruit needs gentle handling, a cool dry room, just safely above the freezing point, and distance from all rank vegetables or unpleasant odors.

MORE ABOUT SUNFLOWERS—"Sunflowers," says a recent writer, "are richer in honey, and are consequently good neighbor for bees. Oil, hardly to be distinguished from olive oil by any one but an expert, may be extracted from the seed, in the porportion of one gallon to one bushel. One acre will produce something like fifty bushels of seeds. The seeds too, make food, not unpalatable for human being, and very good for animals and poultry. The Portuguese and the American Indians make a kind of bread for them, and roasted they may be ground and used as a substitute for coffee. The stalks may be used as benn poles while growing. Dry, they make passable roofs for sheds and the like, and burn readily on the hearth. The ashes are very rich in potash. Altogether, the sunflowers is a very useful plant; and, to crown all, it has a reputation which the scientists have never disproved, for absorbing malaria, and acting as an effectual screen against that scourge of low-lying districts, fever and ague. Planted in the back years of city dwellings they make not an unhandsome appearance, and if possessed of the disease-destroying property alluded to, their presence becomes very valuable."

A DRUNKEN FARM.

Often and often, while riding through the country, have we passed farms whose history we could read at a glance. The door-yard fence had disappeared—burnt up in the shiftlessness born of drink. The house was unpainted and battered; broken panes of glass were stopped with rags or old hats; the chimney stood in a tottering attitude; the doors swung in a creaking fashion on one hinge; the steps were unsteady, like its owner; everything was dilapidated, decaying, untidy, cheerless. A single look showed that its owner traded too much at one shop—the rum shop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer and beauty for the home,—all had gone down the farmer's throat.

Outside matters were the same. The barnyards were wretched styes; the doors were off, the roofs leaky, the gates down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulness, ruin—all had come from drink.

The farm showed the trail of the same serpent. The straggling and tumbled stone walls, the rickety fences, the weed-grown fields, the sparse and half-seeded crops, the dying orchard, all said to the passer-by: "Whiskey did it." Drink had given the plaster of a mortgage instead of a coating of fertilizers, sloth instead of labor, untbrift in the place of care and demoralization in lieu of system. The farm was drink-blighted, and advertised its condition as plainly as its owner did when he came reeling home from the town. One of the most impressive temperance lectures, for young farmers especially, is a good look at a drunken farm.—*Golden Rule.*

At Home.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With many peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

PAY CASH DOWN.

Because—first, you get things cheaper. The merchant can't afford to go without interest on his money while waiting for you to pay, so he adds it to your bill in a higher price. He must add a premium too on the risk he runs that some may not be able to pay their bills. Then, you will be less likely to spend money foolishly. A hard dollar means something—even a paper dollar is a check on needless expenditure if it must leave your purse every time a dollars worth of goods comes into your house. If you run up a bill, you get the feeling that you can spend your money and keep it in your pocket The most unpleasant time for correcting that mistake is settling day. Then the large bill comes in and you have perhaps nothing to show for your money. It goes hard to pay for what is eaten up or worn out. Then too it is more honest. You don't know that you will be able to pay that long reckoning Better pay as you go, cash down.

HOW TO EAT MUSK-MELONS.—A Southern paper thus discusses the preparation of the musk-melons for the table: "Put it in the refrigerator until the next day at breakfast or dinner, cut it two, lengthwise, take out all the seeds, into each half put a tablespoonful of strained honey, and scoop it out with a spoon, dipping each spoonful into the honey, and eat. If, after eating a little you do not wish your throat was a mile long, and every inch of it a palate, then we can only say that you are wanting in taste and our advice is wasted."

THE Germantown (Pa.) *Telegraph* is authority for the following recipe for making a washing-fluid: "Take one third ounce of gum camphor dissolved in one-half pint of alcohol; also one-third pound of borax and one-half pound of sal soda, and dissolve in one gallon of hot rain water, and the fluid is ready; after stirring all the ingredients together add one gallon of cold rain-water before adding the gum camphor and alcohol. In using, add about four tablespoonfuls to a pint of soft soap, apply to the parts of clothing most soiled, and soak in warm water half an hour or while doing up the breakfast dishes; then proceed with your washing as usual, not boiling over five minutes. I have used this for one year and know it is good and does not rot the clothes; they wash with half the labor and it makes the clothes white. Table-cloths that are stained with tea or fruit stains should be thrown into clear boiling water a few minutes, when they will be found free from stains, while soap or suds when dry will set the stains permanently."

SOME OF MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S RECEIPTS.

CENTENNIAL BISCUIT.—Make a good hasty pudding; boil till the meal is well cooked. Set aside to cool. When milk warm, to every quart of the pudding work in flour sufficient to make a stiff dough. Then make into biscuits, put in the bake-pan and let them stand in a warm place over night. Bake for breakfast in a hot oven and eat while hot.

MARYLAND BISCUITS.—Three parts flour; one tablespoonful of lard; one pint of cold water; salt to taste; make into a stiff dough, and work until the dough cracks, then bake.

FRENCH TOAST.—Beat four eggs very light and stir them into a pint of cold, rich milk. Slice some nice baker's bread; dip the slices into the egg and milk; then lay them carefully into a skillet of hot lard and fry brown. Sprinkle a little powdered sugar over each slice when taken out, with a little cinnamon, if that spice is liked Serve hot. If nicely prepared this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea—almost equal to waffles, and much less expensive.

DYSPEPSIA.

Americans are particularly subject to this disease and its effects: such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Heart-burn, Water-brash, coming up of the food, coated tongue, disagreeable taste in the mouth, palpitation of the Heart and all diseases of the Stomach and Liver. Two doses of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once, and there positively is not a case in the United States it will not cure. If you doubt this go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. 6-1y

THE CHILDREN'S PIC-NIC.

"No one need come who doesn't want to," said the minister, and from the looks of things in our picture, every one who came did want to. What a good time the little ones are having. Even the little dog is glad he came, I think. The boys have brought their boat. That little fellow finds the water rather cold to his toes, don't you think so? And what *do* you suppose there is in those baskets under the tent? Every child who will look at this picture can guess perhaps, and remembers as pleasant a pic-nic as this. But in the great city of New York are *hundreds* of little children who hardly know what green grass looks like. They have only the hot streets to play in, and crowded, dirty rooms to sleep in, and in the heat of summer they get faint and sick. Some good people in the city have now for several summers made great pic-nic parties for these poor little ones, and carried them and their mothers on steamboats down the Bay and out into the breezy, green country, hundreds every week. Some who are sick they keep out in the country a week at a time. Are you not glad? I think the Lord of little children who used to

THE PIC-NIC.

walk through the fields and preach sermons about the lilies and the birds and the grass and corn, must smile on these friends and all friends of the children.

How long do you think it took to write the Bible? Fifteen hundred years. How many people helped to write it? More than thirty. There were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, and Peter. There were Moses, and Ezra, and David, and Daniel, and Samuel. Some were shepherds, some farmers, some fishermen, some were unlearned; and yet they all agree in what they write. There is not so much as a word of disagreement in the whole book. How could that be? Because God did all the thinking in the Bible. The thoughts in the Bible are all God's thoughts. Those thirty men only did the writing. They wrote just what God told them. How many different sections or books are there in the Bible? Sixty-five, all bound together, making one beautiful whole. It is a precious book. Prize it above all other books in the wide, wide world. Make it the man of your counsel and guide of your life. Your life can never be a failure if you follow its instructions.

THE CENTENNIAL DOG SHOW.

The fine picture, for which we are indebted to the New York *Christian Weekly*, was *not* "taken by our own artist on the spot," and may, perhaps, have been originally intended to represent the beauties of some of the World's Fairs of Europe. It may well serve, however, to illustrate a description of one of the most curious and attractive shows in the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and it would not be difficult to pick out apparent originals of all the portraits from the six hundred specimens of canine perfection collected here.

For here are all sorts and conditions of dogs, from bull-dogs to poodles, from Liberian blood-hounds to toy lap-dogs, pocket size; setters and pointers; English fox-hounds and Chesapeake Bay duck-dogs; Scotch collies and English mastiffs; Italian greyhounds of ideal grace and fleetness, and the bow-legged pugs in which British fine ladies delight; terriers of all names and natures, Scotch and Skye, Irish and black and tan; curly water spaniels and skinny Mexican hounds devoid of a hair.

The dog is such an old and well-tried friend of man, there is such a bond of sympathy, a fellow feeling, shall we say, between the canine and the human race, that it might be well for Mr. Darwin to consider whether the "*missing link*" between man and beast, the long lost brother of creation, was not some sort of a jolly dog, instead of a gorilla. Who would not "rather be a dog and bay the moon" than find an ape in the lower branches of his ancestral tree? And this theory might explain the irresistible attraction of a dog fight to a street crowd, and account for the proverbial figure of speech in which we say of a man who has returned to his lower nature, that he has gone to the bow-wows.

At any rate, no one will be surprised that the Centennial dog show draws a daily throng of admiring visitors. The dogs are exhibited in nine, long, double rows of stalls in which they are chained in solitude, or not very happy family groups, and in which they do not seem to feel exactly at home, notwithstanding a bountiful supply of straw, and food and water.

It is a happy thought to the visitor that "barking dogs seldom bite," as the distracting chorus of yelps and whines assails his startled ear from the yet unseen pack, with now and then a deep mouthed musical bay like an organ tone, suggestive of a dewy country side where the fox has broken cover and the huntsmen are in full pursuit.

Among the hunting dogs are some setters valued at a thousand dollars each. Two of them from England are dogs of high degree whose pedigree is shown for nine generations, and has been as carefully kept for the last fifty years as that of a racing horse.

The first of American dog shows is certainly a success.

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

THE HAWAIIAN EXHIBIT.

The recent consummation of a treaty with Hawaii, by which its sugars are admitted free of duty to our shores, reawakens an interest in those far away islands of the Pacific, which, civilized by American missionaries and fostered by American legislation, may possibly, some day, send representatives to the United States Congress. Whether or no we ever grow into such an extra colossal Colossus of Rhodes, and stride half way across the sea to Asia to plant the stars and stripes on Kilauea, the dream of it may serve to gild with an added charm those delicious bits of the tropics basking in their summer seas, our western "Islands of the Blest."

The visit of King Kalakaua, a year ago, on this treaty business, our first visit from royalty—we had not received the Emperor then—made us take down our Encyclopædias and old numbers of missionary magazines, and read over again the marvelous story of the elevation of an entire people, within fifty years, from barbarism to civilization and a place among the nations of the world.

The Hawaiian exhibit at the Centennial show in Philadelphia does still more to instruct and interest us in the condition of the Islands. It is quite ample; showing the natural products, agricultural and mineral, the manufactures, native relics and modern improvements, all tastefully arranged conveniently for inspection, in a large, well lighted room screened off from one side of the Main Building by a light, open structure of varnished pine. Above the arched entrance is this inscription in the Hawaiian language,—

"Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono," which, rendered into English, is, "Righteousness is the life of the nation."

To follow the order of exhibits we have enumerated, the agricultural products show are sugar—the chief staple of the islands,—rice and coffee of good quality; a fine collection of ferns, shells and corals and stuffed birds. One pretty wreath of fine shells and pink corals surrounds the graceful Hawaiian salutation, "Aloha America;" "Love to America." There are two or three cases of volcanic minerals; among them, the curious production of the crater, known as "Pelé's hair," a fine, fibrous substance wonderfully like human hair of a golden brown, which, blown about by the wind, was thought by the superstitious islanders to be the stray locks from the head of the goddess Pelé who presided over the great volcano of Kilauea.

Among the native relics and manufactures, many of them contributed by the Dowager Queen Emma, are royal sceptres that look like grenadier's plumes or feather window brushes; ancient stone implements and savage ornaments; a cloak made of the bark of the bread-fruit tree and trimmed with a gay yellow fringe made of another kind of bark, and a cape made of black and yellow feathers, valued at $600, and worn only by the royal family. There are, also, some curious aprons made of a felt manufactured by pounding the fibres of the bread-fruit tree.

In a drawer, hidden from the common gaze, are some genuine specimens of Hawaiian idols which have become rather difficult to obtain since the general destruction of idol worship on the islands. They are carved of wood and hideous to behold.

A graphic representation of the native manner of worship, with monotonous chanting and genuflections, given by two American gentlemen from the islands for the benefit of their friends and the sake of

auld lang-syne, soon attracted around them an admiring crowd who evidently looked upon it as a part of the regular exhibition.

The most striking and beautiful of the modern specimens of manufacture are tables and curious round jars of all sizes, turned from the richly veined and colored Koa wood, that takes a polish almost like Chinese lacquer. There are also fans and bats of the delicate straw of the arrow-root, and a few small paintings of Island views.

A very nice description of the royal feather-robes, written by the daughter of one of the American missionaries to Hawaii, we copy below, as a fitting sequel to this letter. The missionaries' children, scattered as they are to all the quarters of the globe, many of them themselves missionaries, must certainly be considered as some of the most valuable of Hawaiian productions.

A KING'S ROBE OF GOLDEN FEATHERS.

BY SARAH COAN.

I want to tell you about one of the most remarkable garments ever worn by royalty. It is a feather robe worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Rather costly, is it not? but let me tell you why it is valued so highly and was nine reigns making.

Many years ago the natives of the Hawaiian Islands (far out in the Pacific, you know) were very expert bird-catchers—not bird-killers—the object of their pursuit being a small, black bird called the *Oo*. This pretty little creature had, under each wing, a single golden feather about an inch long; and these feathers the natives made into leis (wreaths), capes and robes for the *alii* or chiefs.

To catch the oo without inflicting any injury was necessary, or the birds would soon be exterminated; hence, to entrap them successfully was considered a great accomplishment.

With the gum of the bread-fruit tree, which is very sticky, the bird-catcher smeared the twig of a tree near some tempting fruit; across this twig he laid a light string slip-noose, and holding the line, concealed himself in the thick foliage. Now came the unsuspecting oo for his mango or guava dessert, and alighted on the smeared twig. Finding it an unpleasant standing place he fluttered and struggled to extricate his feet, but instantly the slip-noose closed tightly around both little legs and he was a prisoner; his two beautiful golden feathers were pulled out, which, I am sure, made him very unhappy, and then he was given his freedom.

I think the wise birds did not get caught a second time, though many of them no doubt were foolish, and lost the new feathers as soon as they were grown.

In this way thousands and thousands of birds were caught to furnish kings with a coronation robe. It is said three hundred birds were caught for feathers to make a lei half a yard long; and the robe is four feet wide and eleven and a half feet long! This *mamo* (war-cloak) of Kamehameha the Great is as sacred a relic as the famous Scottish stone in Westminster Abbey, upon which English kings have been crowned for more than five hundred years.

The Hawaiian "throne" is nothing but a chair covered with the *mamo*.

Until within a few years, there was a similar feather-robe, which belonged to King Lunalilo; but, as he was the last of his family, it was wrapped around his dead body and buried with him.

Very few of the old bird-catchers are living, and, as the young generation does not follow the pursuits of the old, the present *mamo* is considered the last specimen of a lost art. In the Hawaiian department of the Centennial are some fine oo leis and capes, loaned by Queen Emma, which are well worth examining. They are very beautiful, and show great skill of workmanship.

HOW WE WENT WHALING OFF THE CAPE

(From Dicken's Household Words.)

Where one whale is now seen off the southeastern coast of Africa, twenty were seen in former times when the inhabitants of the country were few. It is the same in New Zealand, and on every whale frequented coast. Whale fishery in the Arctics has been in a declining state for many years, a result which the introduction of gas for illumination made no small importance as far as that purpose is concerned; but an increased demand for oil for machinery and other manufacturing uses has kept up the price, and fisheries would still have been profitable, for *one* whale a year would have paid all the expenses of the voyage, and all beyond that were clear profit.

The whaling establishment at Algoa Bay in the eastern province of Cape Colony consisted of a stone-built house for the residence of the foreman, with boiling houses attached; a wooden boat-house in which were kept three whale-boats, lines and tackle, javelins, harpoons, and implements for cutting up the whale's carcass. The boat's crew is four picked men besides the coxswain and harpooner.

The appearance of a whale in the bay was known at once and caused great excitement in the little town of Port Elizabeth close to which the whaling establishment was situated.

Tackle-boats and men are ready in a twinkling. We jump into the stern sheets of the boat—four weather-beaten, muscular tars are at work at the oars, and there, in the bows, stands the harpooner preparing his tackle; a boy is by his side. Coils of line lie at their feet with harpoons attached to them and two or three spears or javelins.

"Pull away boys! There she blows again!" cries the coxswain, and at each stroke the strong men almost lift the little craft out of the water. The harpooner says nothing; he is a very silent fellow: but woe to the whale that comes within the whirl of his unerring harpoon!

Meantime, our fat friend of the ocean is rolling himself about as if such a thing as harpoons never existed. A dozen more strokes and we shall be within aim. Yet the harpooner seems cool and unmoved as ever. He holds the harpoon but seems to grasp it no tighter. He knows the whale better than we do. He has been a harpooner for thirty years and once harpooned twenty-six whales in one year with his own hand. The whale has caught sight of us at last and plunges below the surface.

Now the harpooner makes a sign to the coxswain. The coxswain says, "Give way, boys," scarcely above his breath, and the boat skims faster than ever over the waves. The harpooner's hand clutches the weapon more tightly, and he slowly raises his arm; his mouth is compressed, but his face is as calm as ever. A few yards ahead of us, a wave seems to swell above the others—Whiz—at the very moment you catch sight of the whale's back again above the water, the harpoon is in it eighteen inches deep.

The red blood of the monster gushes forth. "Back water!" shouts the harpooner, as the writhing whale flings his huge body about with force enough to sink twenty boats like ours at one blow. He plunges again under the surface, diving with a rapidity of which you may judge by the swiftness with which the line runs over the bows of the boat. In two minutes it would be on fire but for the constant efforts of the boy who bails water from the sea and pours it over the edge where the line runs.

But it runs more slowly every instant, and then lies slack. He is coming up exhausted, to breathe again. The harpooner is getting ready and pointing a javelin. It is longer, lighter and sharper than the harpoon, but it has no line attached to it. The harpoon is to catch—the javelin to kill. Slowly the whale rises but not within aim. "Pull again, boys!"—while the boy is hauling in the line as fast as he can. Again a whiz—another—and the harpooner has sent two javelins deep into the creature's body, while the blood flows fast. Suddenly the whale dashes forward,—we give him fresh line as fast as we can. Yet he is taking us through the water at the rate of twenty miles an hour at least. One would fancy that the harpoons and javelins have only enraged him and that the blood he has lost has diminished nothing of his strength. Not so however, his pace slackens.

"Pull again boys," and we approach. Another deadly javelin pierces him. This time he seeks revenge. He dashes right toward us—what can save us?

"Back water!" cries the harpooner; with a sweep of the oar, the little boat glances aside and the monster has shot by us, with another javelin hurled deep into him. The harpooner smiles half pityingly at the impotent rage which he knows bodes an end of the contest. The red blood is spouting from four wounds. He rolls over heavily and slowly; a few convulsive movements shake his mighty frame; then he floats motionless on the water—the whale is dead.

Ropes are made fast round him and he is slowly towed away to shore. A crowd is collected to see his huge body hauled up the beach. In two days his blubber—the oil bearing fat which encases his body—is cut away and melting in the copper kettles. Vultures are feeding on his flesh and men are cleaning his bones. In two months barrels of his oil are waiting shipment. An average sized whale produces twenty tons of oil. The fringe work which lined his mouth—horny plates fringed with something like long, coarse hair in which the small marine animals which form his food are entangled—is split up into "whalebone." Or if he is not of the whalebone species—the *Balaena*—his beautiful ivory teeth are fashioned into ornaments. His immense ribs are used as landmarks on the few farms about the country. Meanwhile, our friend the harpooner is looking about for fresh luck; while the proprietor of the establishment is two thousand dollars the richer for this catch.

CAMPING OUT.

If you want to see autumnal scenery unsurpassed by any the world over, and hear the music of the hounds in full cry after that noblest of all games for dogs, the antlered buck in swift career, go to the Adirondacks during the month of September, and remain until snow and the cold drive you out.

"PULL AWAY BOYS!"

The Adirondack Wilderness or North Woods lies between the Lakes, George and Champlain on the east and the river St. Lawrence. It reaches northward as far as the Canada line, and southward to Boonville. Its area is about that of the state of Connecticut. It is estimated that a thousand lakes, many yet unvisited, lie embedded in this vast forest of pine and hemlock. No axe has sounded along its mountainsides, or echoed across its peaceful waters. The forest stands as it stood from the beginning of time in all its majesty of growth, in all the beauty of its unshorn foliage. Ah me, the nights I have passed in the woods. What restful slumber was mine, as I stretched myself upon my bed of balsam boughs with Rover at my side.

"Mr. Murray, wake up! the pan-cakes are ready!" shouted John.

Aroused by the familiar cry, I arose and walking down to the shore of the lake waded out into its tide, and, plunging my head under water held it there for a moment, while the delicious sense of coolness ran through my system; then I raised it, turning my dripping face straight toward the bright warm sun. Oh luxury of luxuries, to have a lake of crystal water for your wash-bowl, the morning zephyr for a towel, the whitest sand for soap, and the odors of aromatic trees for perfumes. What millionaire can boast of such surroundings?

Fresh as an athlete in training, I returned to camp and to breakfast. Breakfast in the wilderness means something. No muttering about "those miserable rolls" no yawning over a small strip of steak an inch and a half by three. No! but in the woods you take a pan cake twelve inches across and one inch thick and go conscientiously to work to surround it. You seize a trout ten or fourteen inches long and send it speedily to that bourne from which no trout returns. You lay hold of a quart pan full of liquid which has the smack of real Java to it and the first you know you see your face in the bottom of the dish.

Over the remnants of what had been a feast we sat in council.

"John, what shall we do to-day?"

"Well, I think," said John, "we'll take some trout. I know a little lake, hidden away back of that hard-wood ridge yonder, which is one huge spring-hole, and when scouting through here on my own account, some six years ago, I took some fish from it such as you seldom see. I doubt if there has been a fly on it since; and if the breeze will freshen a little, you'll have rare sport."

Soon after, John shouldered the boat and we started. Some forty minutes' tramp, and we reached the shore and made our camp. From it the scene was delightful. The lake was nearly circular, some half a mile across, its waters deep and clear. Into it, so far as we could see, no water came; out of it no water went. It was, as John had called it one huge spring-hole, mirroring the surrounding hills in its cool depths. We stepped into our boat and glided out toward the centre of the pool.

"Now," said John, "if the fish haven't all drowned since I was here, you'll see 'em soon." When one rises I'll put you within casting distance of the wake, and if he likes it, he'll take the fly. If one takes, strike hard, for their jaws are stout and bony and you must hook them well or you'll lose them.

We sat and watched. "There!" suddenly shouted John; "one is n't dead yet." And whirling the boat about, he sent it flying toward a swirl in the water, some twenty rods away, made by a rising fish. All alert I sat, holding the coil and flies between my fingers, ready for a cast, when, as we shot along, a bright vermilion flash gleamed for an instant far below us, and a broad yellow sided beauty broke the surface barely the length of my rod from the boat. The swoop of a swallow is scarcely swifter than was the motion of the boat as John shied it one side, and with a stroke which would have snapped a less elastic paddle, sent it circling round the ripples where the fish went down. Twice did I trail the flies across the circle and meet with no response, but hardly had the feathers touched the water at the third cast when the trout came up with a rush. He took the fly boldly, as a bunter might take a fence. I struck even as he hung in mid-air, and down he went. After a sharp fight of ten minutes the trout yielded, the

fatal net enclosed him and he lay flapping within the boat. Thus five were captured in little more than an hour's time—good two and a half pound fish each of them.

At last a magnificent fish shot up out of the water after a butterfly, and fell back with a splash.

"Now!" shonted John, as he sent the light boat skimmiug over the water.

I pitched the coil into the air. The huge fly had not reached the surface by a yard, when the water parted and out came the tront, his mouth wide open, quivering from head to tail with the energy of the leap, missed and fell back flat on his side.

"Quick, quick! cast away!" shouted John, as with a stroke of the paddle he sent the boat sheering off.

The tuft of gray plumes alighted amid the ripples, the huge head of the tront came out of water, his mouth opened, and as the feathers disappeared between his teeth I struck with all my might. Not one rod in twenty would have stood that blow. The fieh was too heavy to be turned an inch. The liue sang, and water flew ont of the compressed braids as though I had snnk the hook into an oak beam. Then came a strife for the mastery snch as I had never waged before with any thing that swims. Words should have *life* in them to depict the sceue. Qnick as a flash the tront started and before I could get a pressure on the lline not tweuty yards were left on the reel. A quick stroke from John and the boat shot one side. After a few short sweeps he doubled on the line and shot straight for the boat, John shied the boat to oue side. Failing in his attempt to run under us, he dove to the bottom. "Let him rest a momeut," said John; "recover your line; yon'll need it all when he risee. He's big and ngly and his next rush will be like lightning."

After I had stowed awny some forty yards of line on the reel I begun to feel of the fish. He acted ugly, I felt that when the rush came, it would try nerve and tackle alike. I gave a qnick sharp jerk. My arm was still in the air and the rod uustraightened, when I caught a gleam far below me, and before I had time to wink, the huge fellow parted the water almost within reach of my arm, and when high up in mld air he shook himself, the crystal drops were flung lnto my very face. Perhaps I may live long enongh to forget that picture, as that trout for an instant, hung in the air, his blue back and azure sides spotted with gold and agate, his fins edged with snowy white, his eyes protruding, gills distended, the leader hanging from his jaws while a shower of pearly drops were shaken from his qnivering sides. He fell; bnt while still in air, the boat glided backward, when he touched the water I was thirty feet away, and ready for his rush. It came. And as he passed us forty feet off, he clove the water as a bolt from a cross bow might cleave the air. Possibly for five minutes the frenzy lasted. Not a word was uttered. The whiz of the line throngh the water, the whir of the flying reel, and an occasional grunt from John as the fish doubled on the boat were the ouly sounds to be heard. But why repeat? Why tell of flights and rushes which followed. The heavy fish and pliant rod were pitted one against the other. Three days later in another struggle the old rod parted but this time it triumphed. For a moment the qnivering tip rattled upon the bars of the reel. The fish struggled and shook himself, ceased to battle, came panting to the surface and rolled over upon his side. The boat shot toward him, and as it glided by John passed the landing-net beneath him, and the brave fighter lay upon the bottom board. His tail, across lts base, measured five inches; and his length from tip to tip was *seventeen inches and three quarters!*

John turned the boat about, and we headed toward the camp. That afternoon, we lay on the beach, and watched the leaping trout sporting before us. The sun at last withdrew his beams. One moment, and the pines that crested the western slope were all ablaze. The next, gloomy and dark they stood, their dense and sombre foliage unlighted by a ray. The shadows deepened. The ripple left the lake. One by one the stars came out, and every star which shone in heaveu above shoue in the depths below. Suddenly, breaking the profound silence, the solumn hoot of an owl echoed through the forest. It was answered in a moment by the prolouged howl of a wolf, hunting among the hills far to the north.

Throwing some hnge logs on the fire, and wrapping our blankets around us we stretched beside the blaze, and sank to rest on our conch of fragrant balsam bonghs, lulled by the whispering pines above us and the ripples playing coyly with the sand.—*Murray's Adventuree in the Wilderness.*

The Teachers' Table.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHINO.

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE 2.

THA TRUE ORDER OF STUDIES.

All studies you will heve to teach, I group uuder three heads.

1st, Language { Reeding end Spelling, Languege Lessons, Grammer, Literature aud Rhetoric, etc.

2d, Mathematics { Arithmetic, Ment'l & Writ. Algehra, Geometry, etc.

3d, Physical Scieuce { Physiology, Botany, Geography, (with Hist.) Zoology, Philosophy, Natural Chemistry.

Of these, some branches ere required by law. Others are incidental hut useful eud dellghtful. Such are most of the Physical Sciences: Botany, Physiology, etc.

"But," you ask, "how cau I teach what I have uot studied myself?" Well, if a teacher will anpply himself with a work on Physiology, even though he has uot leared it before, he can teach it to his pupils. It will he easy for him to thoroughly inform himself ou each lesson, end give to his pupils iu the form of n lecture. In this way he can do great good. What good is it? All childreu should be taught something shout their own bodies, to reverence end take care of them. A great amount of disease and suffering may be avoided by this.

The chief reasou for teachiug childreu botany is to open their eyes to the world of nature about them. Let them learn the names and habits of the plants aud flowers and trees. They will be greatly interested in this, and you could soon have your school room beautifully decorated with their collectious. I heve my pupils collect specimens of each tree and plant in the ueighbor—a leaf, a hit of the wood and hark, a flower and a cone or unt or fruit and seed of each. These are fasteued to cards or sheets of paper, with the uame and description of each specimen, and the name of the pupil who collected them writteu ou it. These cards are fasteued up ou the school room wall. The pupils are very proud of them, and so am I. A vistor, lookiug round your school-room so adorned will say, "That teacher has been at work." Theu I have little hottles filled with the differeut grains we have and the flour made from them. It is a greet education to your children and need not interfere with their other work, and you will get interested in it yourself.

Once in e while, you can bring in e speclmen, an orange for instance, or banana, and tell them where it grows, end why it does n't grow here.

So you cau teach Zoology to some exteut—the nature and hehits of different animels.

HOW TO TEACH READINO WITUOUT TEACHINO THE ALPHABET.

This will strike you as strange if yeu have never heard of it. But it is the latest and most succeseful plan of teaching reading. Remember that the child can connect uo idea at all with a letter elone. It means uothing to him. No wouder he gets tired out learning tweuty-six of them before he can feel that he can even begiu to learn to read. It is just as easy for him to learn a whole word at once as to learn oue letter. See now. I write up on the hlack-board iu large letters so ell the childreu cau see it, the word BOY. There childreu look at that. That's BOY. It does n't look much like a boy does it. Well, see here. Theu I draw the picture of a boy beside the word. No matter how rude it is. It will ouly make the childreu laugh. Thero, what's that? A Boy. Oh, that's a hoy is it? Come here Johnny Stand up here by the desk." Then I put my hand on his head, "What's this children." "A Boy,"—Oh, hut you said that up on the hlack-board is a boy,—"No—that's a picture of a boy," oh, that's only a picture of a boy, is it? *This* is the real *boy*. Well, what's *that?* That is the *word* Boy. Now will you remember that word?—that they will; you have fixed it lu their minds. Then you can say—"But when we talk about Johnny and Georgie both we don't call them hoy—what do we call them? Boys—so uow we'll put one little crooked letter on this word, and we have BOYS. Now whet do boys like to do?—"Play"—well, we'll write BOYS PLAY, Whet's that children? Can you read that? "Oh yes—BOYS PLAY." "Why—you cau reed cau't you!" How perfectly delighted they will be to find they cen read already, though it is only two words. Another time you cau teech them more—Boys pley hall. You will be surprised to see how they will remember the looks of the words—of course you must fix them in their minds in every way you can.

A good way is to have them pick out the words iu their reading books, and merk it, or prick it with e piu, or show it to you—every place they can find it.

It is proved hy experimeut thet childreu learn to read much quicker in this wey then hy the alphabet.

Later on, there is a method of teaching the children to make sentences hy taking a reeder or a story-book and cutting it up into words. Theu put the words in a box and sometimes giving the childreu the box sud let them meke up sentences.

Words give ideas, while letters give uone. We can be sure of a word when we have seen it, but not hy hearing it pronounced. Therefore let the childreu write all the new words you give them, just as soon as they can. If you cen't get sletes get some hlank paper and a gross of leed pencils; cut them in helf and distribute them iu the class aud collect them when the recitation is over, iu order to keep them.

You can teach any child of thrce or four years so, and in a week or two he will read a page iu the First Readcr without haviug learned a letter. First teach them all the words that occur in the lesson you wish them to read, till they can name them et sight, without the least hesitation. Then wheu they turn to the reading lesson, they will read it right off without any difficulty. The first lesson will take trouble end patience, hut the rapidity with which they will learn efter this, will be your reward. And you will also find that they heve found out the uames of the letters themselves.

Have them, leter, take their sletes and readers, end print or write their reeding lesson on their sletes, when they come to the class, let them bring their sletes, not their readers. It is hetter to begin hy teaching them to write, not to print. It is just about as easy, and saves time.

HOW TO TEACH SPELLINO.

Have the children write all their spelling and review every week. Let them write all the words with which they are familiar; words they use daily; names of differeut kiuds of food they eat, of vegetahles, animels, furniture, &c. This is more useful than a lesson in the spelling book which is often half make up of words they have uo use for.

Prououuce no words for spelliug to your pupils, without giving them its definition.

Correspondence.

Northern and Southern Views of

WHAT EMANCIPATION HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

To the Editor of the Southern Workman:

It is now more than ten years since slavery was abolished in the United States. The friends of the colored race In this country are anxious to know what have been the results thus far of emancipation.

By *results* they mean to include the whole question in every phase: its effects upon the hlack race, its effects upon the productions of the South, and its effects upon the whites.

The writer is not a resident of the South hnt has traveled there somewhat, and as opportunlty offered has made special inquiries with reference to these questions. Within a very few weeks It was his good fortune, accidentally, to make the acquaintance of an Intelligent gentleman residing in the state of Texas, and who was practically familiar with the whole subject. He had been for three years in the Southern army, and his family lost one hundred slaves hy the Act of Emancipation. Unable to procnre berths in a sleeping car, we occupied during an entire night and parts of two days seats adjacent. In this way what otherwise would have been an exceedingly unpleasany ride proved a most agreeable and pleasant one. With your permission I will state what has thus been gathered.

1st. What has heen the effects upon the colored race?

Emancipation suddenly set et liberty 4,000,000 human beings. They were unnsed to self-care—many were improvident—all were poor and ignorant—and some, of course, were degraded and vicious. When they were emancipated the indnstries of the South were deranged by the war, and very few opportunities for labor or employment were found. In addition to this, the whites who owned the property of the Sonth, and who formerly employed the labor of the section, as well as provided means for its snpport, were themselves rendered poor from the same cause, and in a large degree made nnfriendly to the hlack race in consequence of the changed relation of the two classes which emancipation had produced. Now let any Northerner imagine 4,000,000 poor and ignorant whites—with the nsual proportion of bad men and women ameug them—let loose snddenly at the North, under precisely similar circumstances, end say what would be the result. Of course there would be much real suffering for the necessaries of life—such as food, clothing and shelter—and could it be otherwise than that vice, theft and frequently flagrant crime would abound? So it has been at the South; so it would be at the North. Precisely the same results in this regard heve appeared at the South as would appear nnder similar circumstances at the North or elsewhere. Besides these *actual* difficulties at the South, they have in many cases been largely aggravated hy bad and designing men, who, for various reasons, have used these people to advance their own purposes.

But among these liherated people there were many, perhaps a majority, or more, who were industrions, economical, and naturally thrifty. Adapting themselves to circumstances they have bent their energies to improve their own condition and that of their race. As a resnlt, many have elready made large progress in education, many are now land owners, and on every hand unmistakehle evidences are beginning to eppear of prosperity and comfort. To the race, as a whole, freedom has already proved a hlessing. Upon this subject the gentleman above referred to, said, "I think the hlacks deserve great credit for what, nnder such adverse circumstances, they really have accomplished. I do not believe any race of people could, if similarly situated, accomplish more, and most would be likely to do less."

2d. What effect has emancipetion had npon the productions of the Sonth?

The enswer to this question will, perhaps, cause greatest surprise of all. Instead of diminishing the productions of the Sonth it has resulted in largely increasing the *quantity* produced, and in a decided improvement in the *quality* of the staple prodncts sent to market. The colored people have largely in various ways obtained possession of a piece of land and from this raise many of the necessaries of life, so that the amount required for food is much more generally raised than formerly. But the great prodncts of the Sonth—cotton and rice—are not only produced in larger quantities than formerly hut of much better quality. Under the slave labor plen the producers were few and the labor for its culture was the forced labor of sleves. Cotton, perhaps more than any other product, is largely improved in quality by clean end careful harvesting. Under the system of master and slave, the latter was required to pick so many *pounds* each day. As pounds were the only thing that interested the cotton gatherer, his whole energies of conse were directed to thnt point, not infrequently at the expense of cleanly picking that no after process could remedy. To-day the cotton growers are more in number and no single prodncer raises as many bales as formerly. Many of the cotton growers now do their own picking and of course have an interest in getting all the money possihle for the crop They fully realize that a bale of cotton is valued quite as mnch for the quality of the cotton as for the number of pounds it contains. As a resnlt great care is exercised at every stage of its culture, and efforts are as constantly and persistently made to increase the quality as the weight. The gatherer is the owner and directly interested in every stage of its growth. Any one can readily see what the result would be. Statistics fully show that the amount raised is not only greater than ever before, but the quality is generally improved, and of course the crop in the aggregate more valnehle. The same remarks will also apply to the rice crop. In general then, the crop grown et the Sonth to-day is larger in quanity and better in quality and worth more money than ever before. In each of these respects we may natnrally look for still greater improvements in the future.

3d. What has been the effect upon the whites?

I answer, Good in every respect. The gentleman above referred to also said, "That the change from slave to hired help—in many cases to doing their own work—was at first very hard, but to-day there was not an intelligent, fair-minded Sontherner hut would say they were better off without than with slave labor; that both master and slave had been benefited hy emancipation."

The old family mansion, erected when slaves were kept, wes huilt with kitchen detached and very few of the modern conveniences for saving labor. Every family had more help than work and consequently thoughts of convenience occnpied little of the architect's mind. When slavery was abolished the daily housework was thrown upon hands nnused to work; and in these houses ill adapted for lightening toil. But they, too, have adapted themselves, and hy degrees are adapting their houses, to the new order of things. "Time makes all things even," and gradnally a better feeling is springing up toward the hlacks which will soon aid in promoting the comfort and prosperity of both classes.

My paper is already too long and I must stop, simply adding that while the transitiou from slavery to freedom worked very great changes to both classes—calling forth from all, qualities that for many years had been dormant, and throwing upon all burdens to which they were nnused and, in many cases poorly adapted,—still we can hnt feel that the result has been, in every respect, such that all may rejolce at what has been accomplished and look hopefully to the future. D. G. F.

OSWEGO, N. Y., *September* 1, 1876.

PHOSPHATIC DEPOSITS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Most readers of the "Southern Workman," have, uo douht, heard of the "Phosphatic De-

posits" on the coast of South Carolina. Yet, I apprehend that not many are aware of the extent of the foreign demand for them, or of the means used to prepare them for market. As I am conversant with the operations of the three companies located on St. Helena Sound, I shall write from personal knowledge in regard to them, viz.: The Coosaw Mining Co., on Coosaw River, The Oak Point Mining Co., and The Pacific Mining Co., on Bull River. Both these rivers form a part of St. Helena Sound.

At Coosaw Mines, the Phosphatic Rock is dug from the bottom of the river, by powerful Steam Dredges; thence it goes immediately into the "Cone Washer," a perforated, cone-shaped iron cylinder, six feet in diameter at the large end, revolving by steam power and through which a stream of water is constantly passing. Here the rock is cleansed from the mud adhering to it, then it is carried into the hopper of a powerful "Crusher," worked by steam, also, where it is reduced to a size capable of easy handling with a shovel. The rock thus crushed and washed is taken up the river by steam Tugs on "Lighters" carrying 80 tons each to the company's wharves.

At the shore end of these wharves, are three large drying sheds, each capable of containing 2500 tons of rock.

The rock is hoisted by steam into cars, and conveyed on an elevated rail-road into these sheds, where it is dried by means of large fire-brick furnaces which burn pine wood.

The heat from these furnaces is forced into large perforated iron pipes laid on the rock from one end to the other of the sheds about three feet from the floor; the rock being piled above them also, to the height of eight feet.

Large iron fans or blowers, operated by steam, drive the heat from the furnaces into these perforated pipes for five or six days in succession, by which time the rock is sufficiently dry for market.

It is then hoisted by steam into cars, which run on an elevated rail-road to the other end of the wharf, where a ship is moored, waiting for her cargo. By means of a "shute" it is then discharged into the "hold" of the vessel.

The "works" at Oak Point Mines are similar to those above described, but they are not so extensive, neither can they load ships at their wharves. All vessels for Oak Point and Pacific Mines are loaded from "lighters," while they are at anchor from one to two miles down Bull River.

The Pacific Mining Co. digs the rock out of the "marsh," (ground overflowed at times by the tide) an embankment being necessary to keep the water off in order that the men may work without interruption. The rock is loaded in large cars and taken up by "locomotive" on a good rail-road, a mile and a half to the works on Bull River, to be washed, crushed and dried as before described.

These three companies give constant employment to hundreds of colored men, whom they pay promptly, and with whom they have less difficulty than would be possible with any other people. They pay to these labores more than half a million of dollars in a year.

It is owing to this fact that the failure of the "Freedman's Bank," in Beaufort, caused so little distress, notwithstanding the great amount lost by the people in that Institution.

The daily disbursment by these Phosphatic Mining Companies has kept "hard times" from the Sea Islands around Port Royal, and enabled the people to get along comfortably, as compared with the laboring classes elsewhere.

Our "Phosphatic Deposits" are supposed to be the petrified remains of inhabitants of the sea; but sometimes we find petrified wood also.

The strata are very irregular—varying from one to five feet in depth.

On the "marsh" the rock is found under a bed of clay, from one to three feet beneath the surface. During last year 73 foreign vessels cleared from the port of St. Helena Sound with 48,000 tons of dried crude Phosphate Rock for European ports.

During the first six months of this year 68 foreign vessels have cleared for foreign ports with 40,000 tons of dried crude Phosphate Rock.

The demand is rapidly increasing as the value of this fertilizer becomes known; and these companies are increasing their facilities for production, particularly at the Coosaw and Pacific Mines. As yet no indication is given of any failure in the supply.

There are several companies engaged in "mining phosphates" near Charleston; of these I cannot write from personal knowledge. I suppose their production is at least equal to that of the companies here. Some of the companies, I think, are supplying the Home Trade exclusively.

"Phosphate Rock" is not considered to be first quality unless it yields by analysis at least 55 per cent. of Pure Bone Phosphate of Lime.

ST. HELENA SOUND, *Aug.* 10, 1876. JNO. HUNN, *Beaufort, S. C.*

THE above interesting letter will, we hope, be followed by others from our instructive correspondent whose opportunities for observation, and great experience, render his statements of especial value. "Inside" facts regarding the South from a reliable source are in demand.

We may add from recent personal investigation that "Phosphate Rock" is sold at the wharves in the Ashley River, and elsewhere in South Carolina, for about $6.00 per ton, and that freight to Baltimore and Philadelphia are from $2.00 to $2.50 per ton. When ground up into meal or powder the rock is worth about $25.00 per ton.

It has no manurial value until "acidulated" by treatment with sulphuric acid. It is often sold to farmers in this condition and they add to it potash, ammonia or other elements required by the character of the soil. [Ed. S. W.]

VIRGINIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following private letters from graduates, not intended for publication, illustrate different phases of experience and teach that Southerners are not all filled with negro hate, and that yet it is hardly safe to believe, that in every case, they are the "best friends" of the colored men. The tone of the letter from Old Church prevails in all our Virginia correspondence, which is quite extensive.

OLD CHURCH, HANOVER COUNTY, VA., *September* 12, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—I am still posted here at Old Church where I have taught three sessions in the one school and expect to teach again this present season. I have reason to believe that I have given the most general satisfaction to the county superintendent and all connected in any way with the Board of Trustees. Many of my scholars have advanced to the Fifth Reader and seem to understand their studies quite well. I have made many good friends among the most respectable white people of this vicinity. They all seem to appreciate the school, and say the scholars are making rapid advancement. Also, I have many respectable and reasonable colored friends; but there are some who don't see as they should see into the importance of certain matters and thus become prejudiced, and will really oppose what they don't understand. It is said that "prejudice hinds reason and produces hate." Comparatively speaking, I can say that I have met with no opposition here except among the colored people, a few of whom have acted the part of a perfect Judas.

But, with all that, I still love the work of teaching, though it is more than likely that I shall not teach here after this season; I think I will have been in one place long enough. If there be any extreme front to our field of labor it must be here, for I have not met with a single Hampton student since I left school, June 13, '73. But I have promised myself a visit to Hampton on Christmas, if possible, which I hope will be so fraught with pleasure as to compensate for all the privations in the wilderness.

Yours, with respect, &c., W. P. B.

AIKEN, S. C. *August*, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—I guess you have heard of the troubles at Hamburg through the newspapers. I went to "Dark Corner" a week after I came home and was gladly welcomed by my old patrons, who insisted on my staying with them; so I consented, and they went down and brought up my trunk. The white people said that it was very strange that I, calling myself a graduate, would content myself to sit down there with thirty-four scholars at a dollar each, when, in Augusta, they would pay me from forty to fifty dollars per month. They said I must be a spy, and sent there by the leaders of the Republican party at Edgefield to communicate political intelligence to the people. The party men have failed to go around canvassing because of their threats, and it was natural for them to be suspicious. After the Hamburg riot they became so audacious as to come to my school by twos and threes, using the most abusive language, until on the 18th of July they began to form a mob for my destruction. Of this I was apprised by a colored man, about 2 o'clock P. M. I hid myself until 8 o'clock, when I departed. They spoke of their intention to cut out my tongue, as they did that man's in Hamburg; but, feeling that there was a better use to be made of it, I safely landed it on the other side of the Savannah. When they went that night the fox was gone. My books and clothes were captured, so my head was all I dared call my own. Everybody wondered how I stayed there last year with such a neighbor as Gen. M. C. Butler.

Here in Aiken there is more freedom. I have applied for a school which, if I get it, will pay me well. Anna and Mat. were baptized and joined the Baptist Church in Augusta. The colored people say I have white folks' religion and was so presumptuous that I couldn't come home and join them as the girls did. Your pupil, D. F.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

THE State election in Vermont gives 28,000 majority for Horace Fairbanks, (Republican) Governor.

THE Maine election gave a Republican majority of 15,459 for Governor.

THE New York Republican State Convention has nominated Hon. E. D. Morgan for Governor and Sherman Rogers for Lieut. Governor.

THE New York Democratic State Convention at Saratoga, after pushing through the nomination of ex-Governor Seymour against his repeated refusal to accept it, adjourned under the impression that he had reconsidered his decision, and finding it had been deceived, was obliged to reassemble. The second nomination is Hon. Lucius Robinson, who has accepted.

THE Massachusets Democratic Convention has nominated Charles Francis Adams for Governor.

THE Connecticut Democratic Convention has nominated Richard D. Hubbard.

THE Republican State Convention of South Carolina has renominated Governor, Lt.-Governor, Controller General, Treasurer, and Secretary of State. R. B. Elliott (colored) has been nominated Attorney-General.

A STATE Convention of colored Republicans was held at Utica, N. Y., September 17.

PERSONAL.

BISHOP JANES, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and president of its Board of Education, died September 18th at his residence in New York City, in his seventieth year.

Bishop Janes was a man of fearless spirit and indefatigable energy. He labored as bishop in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania principally, but traveled also in all the states but Florida, and in most of the Territories. In 1865 he visited England as delegate of the American Bible Society to the British and Foreign Society. At Bremen, he delivered an address on the death of President Lincoln which was widely distributed, and had a marked effect on the sentiment of Northern Europe favorable to the Union cause. A strong Abolitionist, he was unflinching in his support of his principles and regardless of personal danger. He was called the Working Bishop, and ranks with Asbury and the noble line of apostolic leaders who have made the Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South, the strongest in the United States. His death will be a great loss to that church.

MOODY AND SANKEY, the evangelists, have been working in Brattleboro, and Northfield, Mass., during September. They begin their fall work in Chicago, October 1st. A large building, seating 8,000 people, has been erected there for them.

EX-GOVERNOR HENRY A. WISE of Virginia died at his residence in Richmond, September 12th.

GENERAL.

THE Atlantic coast has been swept by a terrific hurricane, which, first striking the West India Islands, washed on, strewing our eastern shores with wrecks from Florida to Canada. At Norfolk the wind blew at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour, and the Custom House and other buildings were unroofed. Two hotels were unroofed at Cape May. All the coast cities suffered damage to houses and shipping. The windows of some of the Centennial buildings were more or less injured, but fortunately the damage there was slight.

TWEED is caught at last, though that he will stay so we shall know better when he lands in America. He was captured in Spain, whither he had fled from Cuba on learning the discovery of his retreat. He was identified by caricatures in American papers sent over for that purpose. We have no extradition treaty with Spain, but the Spanish government seems to be willing to give him up, and he is to be sent back to Cuba on the 21st of September, to be there delivered to the American authorities.

ON SEPTEMBER 6TH a riot occured in Charleston, S. C., growing out of a street attack by colored Republicans upon some colored men who have been taking a conspicuous part in the Democratic canvass. A large number of persons were injured, mostly whites. Governor Chamberlain has issued a proclamation calling on citizens to observe peace, and promising protection.

THE great distress from yellow fever in Savannah has called forth generous responces of relief from Charleston, Baltimore, Memphis, Atlanta, Philadelphia, New York and other cities. It is not probable that the ravages of the pestilence will be stayed until the appearance of frost. One-third of the population remaining in the city are sick and three quarters are destitute. The suffering is largely among the negroes.

THE Indian Campaign is over for the winter. General Terry's troops have been disbanded and returned half starved to camp. Twenty-nine of Sitting Bull's command who were engaged in the Custer massacre have surrendered to General Carlin. The inhabitants of Deadwood in the Black Hills are troubled by bands of Indians who stampede their horses. Several skirmishes have taken place.

A FINE statue of Lafayette, by Bartholdi, presented by the French Republic to the city of New York, was unveiled with ceremonies and in presence of an applauding multitude, on Union Square, September 6th.

THE visitors to the Centennial exhibition have greatly increased in numbers. On one of the cheap days 104,000 paid admission, and 12,000 free ones are reported.

THE Annual Cotton Crop report for the year ending September 1st is very encouraging and hopeful. The total crop of the year just past is reported as reaching 4,669,288 bales. The exports were 3,252,994 bales, and the stock on hand at the close of the year 120,380. The year's consumption of cotton in the United States was as follows: By Northern mills, 1,211,598 bales; by Southern mills, 145,000; total, 1,356,598 bales. The report declares that the industrial prospect for the coming year is extremely encouraging.

MASSACHUSETTS, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey and Pennsylvania have all had their special days of celebration at the Centennial exhibition. The rest of the thirteen original states are to follow in October. The Virginia day was postponed, Governor Kemper having been unable to attend earlier.

THE camp meetings do not cease with the summer. The Cape May grove meeting at South Seaville, N. J., which began August 29th, continued until September 9th. A temperance camp meeting was begun at Clear Lake, Iowa, September 1st, to continue until September 8th.

THERE has been a riot in Charleston, which at one time threatened to assume serious proportions, owing to the unwillingness of the Republican negroes to let some Democratic negroes hold a meeting. It is well known that there is a good deal of intimidation of black Democrats among the negroes themselves, going to the extent, in some places, of expelling them from the church. This is not unnatural, or very awful. To the negroes, politics is not yet a matter of differing opinions, and will not be for some time, and in nine cases out of ten, of course, a man's voting the Democratic ticket has the air of his deserting his own race from selfish motives. The feeling will die out after a while; probably die out rapidly after Mr. Hayes has reformed the civil service down there. The riot is somewhat of a help to the Democrats, as going to show that the intimidation is not all on one side.—*The Nation.*

The Golden Chain and Union Station Lodges, Nos. 22 and 23, Grand United Order of True Reformers, had a jolly time in the County of Matthews to-day. The former was marshalled by Wm. H. Brooks, D. G. M.; the latter by Thomas White, P. W. M. Music furnished by the lodges. They were admired by all who saw them. At 8 o'clock P. M., they assembled at the colored church near Hicks' wharf, where an able address by Rev. J. E. Raymond, (Worthy Chief Templar), upon the principles of the Order, was listened to with marked attention. His text may be found in the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corrinthians, thirteenth verse. Mr. Boswell White, a Hampton Normal cadet, then followed in the same strain. His address was short, but it made a deep impression upon all who heard him. The sisters then furnished a nice supper for the visitors, after which a play took place and continued until 9 o'clock P. M., when they all retired for their homes.

Please to publish this in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN. W. B.

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The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., NOVEMBER, 1876. NO. 11.

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

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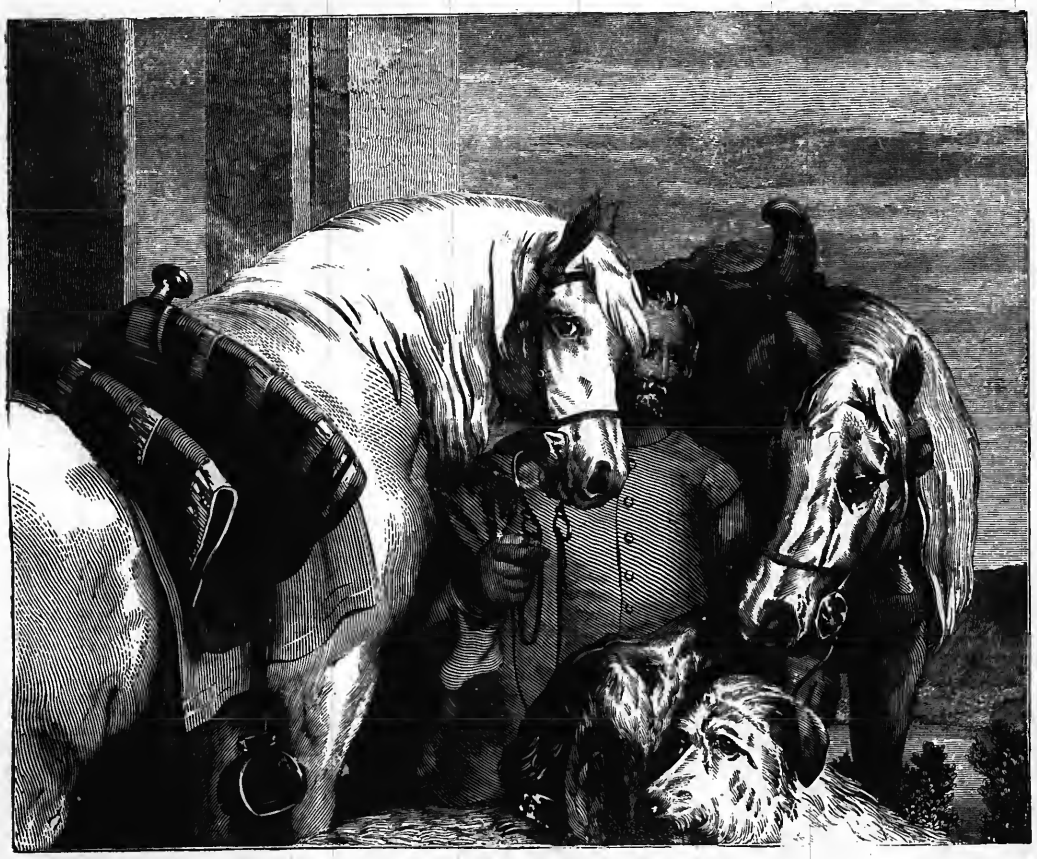
And so we think our readers will enjoy looking at the beautiful picture of this four-footed friend, given us this month by our friends of the *Christian Weekly*, and to hear something of the horse show at the great Exhibition. President Grant has visited it with great pleasure we are told.



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There are some fine American animals, of Morgan breed and others, but far the greater part are of imported stock. Here is a beautiful Arabian, brought direct from the desert. He is nearly white, fifteen hands high, and one enthusiast declares that he "has an eye gentle as that of a good-natured woman." It is not likely that his Bedouin master would ever have thought of that comparison, though if he wished to delicately compliment his beloved, he might tell her that her eye was as gentle as his favorite steed's.

In strong contrast to this Arab grace are the heavy Canadian stallions of Scotch breed for draft horses, one of them seventeen hands high and weighing 2,260 pounds. His name is Donald Dinnie. They are immense animals, with thick necks and legs, and luxuriant manes and tails, like the lamented Lion of the Normal School Farm. Young Simon Pure and Lord Dufferin, from Ontario are fine specimens of the English cart horse.

A card over one of the stalls tells us that the handsome roadster within was bred by the Emperor Napoleon III.

Among the racing horses is Sharpeatcher, a grandson of the famous Kentucky Lexington.

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What a change of diet! What a metamorphosis! Here in Main Hall is a miricle of divine providence in history. New Zealand startles us as when the glutton grub that to-day incessantly devours, to-morrow soars in the sunshine, a miracle of dazzling color and ethereal life. It is like the resurrection of the mulberry-leaf into satin.

Down in the Southern Pacific, at the antipodes, in fact the very foot of the world, and very properly shaped like a boot, but of course, upside down, lies New Zealand. It is about 10,000 miles from Philadelphia. The 40° parallel of south latitude intersects it near New Plymouth; where the more modern "Pilgrim Fathers" first landed in 1841. Its area is about 100,000 square miles, nearly that of Great Britain and Ireland. The colonist here, 12,000 miles from Old England, sees at night, not the familiar North Star and Great Bear, the Pleiades and Orion, but fewer stars in strange constellations, amid great voids of black space. This at first chills his heart with a sense of loneliness, until he becomes used to it. Then he knows that New Zealand is the finest spot of earth, and he would live nowhere else.

Wonderful climate, plethoric soil, marvalous possibilities of development belong to New Zealand. Here, God in geology carries on his marvels of creation. Processes long since finished in other lands, may here be studied in full activity. One hundred miles of snow-crowned mountains give sublimity to the landscape, and silent blessing to the soil. Their peaks snatch the moisture from the breezes of ocean fourteen thousand feet above its level. Dense forests clothe their flanks, colossal glaciers crawl down their sides, giving birth to rivers. The twelve hundred miles lineal measurement, with nearly triple that of well indented and accessible seacoast is bisected by Cook's Straits, a natural canal which saves ships a detour of over 1,000 miles. The face of the Southern Pacific is tattooed with islands, atolls, and young continents. Australia is as large as the United States. Some scholars believe that at the time of Christ's birth, these were uninhabited of man. Certainly the peopling of New Zealand is very recent, only a few years before the discovery of America by Columbus. Even the names of their chiefs and the canoes they came in are preserved. They are most probably a Malay race from Sumatra. Sanskrit, Hindi, and other continental words are found in their degenerate Malay dialect. They call themselves Maories. They tattooed their faces and bodies, even to lips and eyelids. A shipwrecked English sailor, who was given a chief's daughter to wife, was refused by the imperious black-eyed beauty, because he was not handsome, i. e., not tattooed. The sailor thereupon submitted to be punctured with charcoal, until he rivalled a New Zealand dandy.

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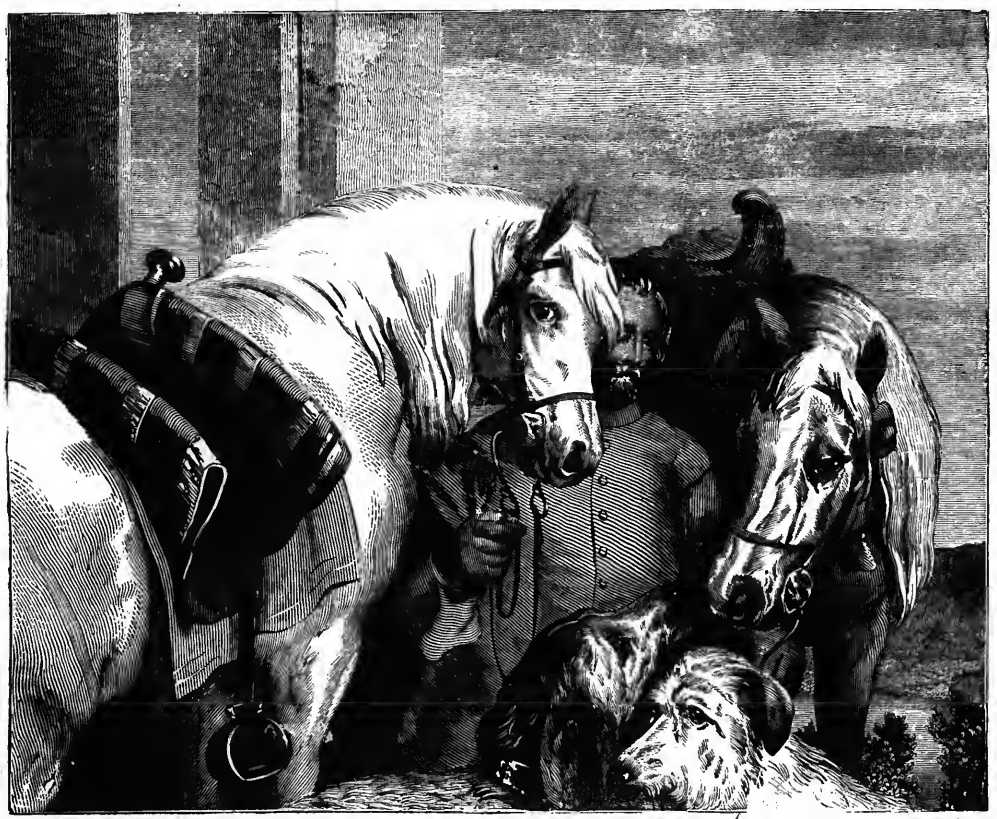

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(Continued on page 84.)

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, NOVEMBER, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

NEGRO EDUCATION finds two classes of opponents. One is the illiterate colored preachers who know their influence is great in proportion to the ignorance of their hearers. The second class comprizes many good men among the whites who fear that when the colored man has education, his knowledge will not be joined with wisdom, and will therefore be a power for evil. For those damaging apprehensions no one is more to blame than the negro politician. We do not mean to denounce as such every colored man who takes part in politics; but only those who have yielded to the temptation to abuse their superior knowledge for their own selfish ends, instead of keeping their eye single to the welfare of their race. It is an encouraging sign to true friends of the negro that office seekers, white and black, are losing their influence. This is the case not merely because opposing factions are forming, but because a great many negroes are finding out how selfish have been the aims of their leaders. That education will tend more and more to enable the average voter to distinguish a demagogue from a patriot is evident from the fact that when intelligent they can be reached by newspapers and written appeals, instead of taking every scrap of information at second hand. Heretofore there have been offices enough for all the educated blacks. Let education be general and it will soon be discovered that all the able men cannot hold office. Self-seeking will be countermined by self-seeking and the balance of power will remain with those who have no hope of office for themselves and therefore are not tempted aside from their duties as citizens by personal ambition.

As the case stands now, there is a mass of ignorance and prejudice in which no appeal to reason can make itself understood or even listened to. The votes of negroes have enabled some of the worst men who ever figured in American politics to hold high places of honor and trust. Such votes marshalled by cunning knavery are dangerous to the country in proportion to their numbers. Education would forever put an end to machine voting, and turn the political slave into a man able to give expression to those ideas of justice and fairness which are now silenced by the authority of the few who can read. From the beginning of history, ignorance has proved a congenial soil for despotism. More light must be admitted into our dark places, or a form of despotism may become necessary to the existence of a civilized government.

THE EIGHTH SESSION of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute opened September 28th.

On the 31th of October, 1875, the attendance was 158 boarders; and 36 day scholars. A total of 194.

On the 31th of October, 1876, the attendance was 197 boarders; and 52 day scholars. A total of 249. The necessity of making the most of situations obtained in summer, delays the coming of many till November or December.

The aggregate of last year was 250.

This year it is likely to be over 280.

Students have entered with unusual promptness. The new class is much larger and passed better examinations than usual. In respect to material, it is as encouraging as could be wished.

Individuals in the North and South who have been interested in colored youth have sent a considerable number. These have had special advantages. On the other hand, men and women over twenty years of age who never studied at all, are in the preparatory class learning to read and write.

It was hoped, originally, to admit only those who were prepared elsewhere, but the necessity of providing educators for districts where there were no schools, led to the admission of youths from those regions, since they would be more likely than others to work among their old friends. Some of them are full-grown men.

A FEW WEEKS ago a mulatto in ragged clothes and of woe-begone looks, appeared on the school grounds asking for work, showing by his accent, that he was not a native. He said that in his youth he had been sold from Richmond to a Cuban and had been working most of his life on a sugar plantation in that island. He had only dreamed of freedom until recently when he resolved to escape. By making trinkets, selling rare birds, and collecting shells, he had saved some gold. This with the bribe of six bottles of wine had induced an American Captain to bring him to the United States.

His master's initials are branded on his head.

The mission to the Sandwich Islands, so grand in its wide spread influence over Polynesia, was suggested by the appearance of a forlorn Hawaiian sailor on the steps of a church in New Haven, Connecticut. Perhaps this abject looking Cuban slave will inspire a new movement in behalf of West Indian negroes.

AFTER A MEETING held last summer in Saratoga, N. Y. with the hotel waiters, in which the Principal of the Hampton Institute spoke of the need of more men for the Christian work of the South and of the world, a fine appearing negro from the "ever faithful isle" requested to know particulars about this school. He returned, promising to bring his sister and perhaps others from their island home to Hampton for an education. Circulars have been translated into the Spanish language, and it is felt that a great work may, in the Providence of God, be done in that field.

A friend of the lowly everywhere has made special provision for the instruction of Cuban negroes at Hampton. A teacher well versed in the Spanish language is engaged to come when required.

POLITICALLY the negro has received an abundant inheritance; educationally it is most meagre. Of power he has a maximum, of wisdom a minimum. He was provided with the ballot confessedly in self-defence, but the power that bestowed it has refused to aid him in getting the knowledge requisite to use it well under all circumstances. The results of a debased suffrage will yet cause mourning among those who are responsible for it, and who have cared much more to control and use than to enlighten it. In caring for its "wards," the government has ignored the noble example set by Northern benevolence and by such efforts as Virginia is making for universal education.

There is a fine irony in the use of the word "ward" as applied to the negro under government protection. As voters and as objects of suffering and of persecution, they have been cared for. As men with deep mental and moral needs, they have been neglected. Was this course unavoidable on the part of a government that is based on intelligence and morality? We believe not.

MOST UNFORTUNATELY there is, in politics, a united South versus a united North.

By political trickery war questions have been forced in with the new issues; the old battle flags are (figuratively) out, the old lines are drawn, and on either side nothing counts for more than a good record as a soldier.

We regard the war as having decided not only certain facts in our political system, but as having created great opportunities and corresponding duties, chiefly the diffusion of intelligence among the illiterates of the South. To the attainment of this end the present condition of things is most unfavorable. No administration has, as yet, taken up the Southern question except from the standpoint of the professional politician. Public offices are sold for political services. The men who hold office, as a class, have not commanded respect; the irritation inevitable at the close of a civil war, after the ruin of an aristocracy and untold losses, has been needlessly increased. The vital matter has been neglected.

The government may well give its careful attention to the condition of the South. Questions of finance are likely to settle themselves, but the Southern question will never settle itself if its management is to be forever entrusted to successful wire-pullers, who cling to the "spoils" system and whose aid in civil service reform is like a physician's in cutting off his own leg and one that he hates to lose.

The problem is full of difficulties; it requires an understanding of the obligations imposed by victory, a perception of moral forces, appreciation of the methods by which men are made better, such as has not been manifested by the government whose fabric of reconstruction appears like a bridge of wood over a river of fire. Politicians are impatient of the distant but far-reaching results of education, preferring to "stamp out" the Ku Klux miscreants and to take their chances of power to use the bayonet should the liberties of the freedmen at any future time be threatened, rather than lend their aid to the best known means for the promotion of Peace on earth.

THE SOUTHERN BRANCH of the National Soldiers Home at Hampton has had of late an unusual mortality, resulting, it is supposed, from imperfect drainage and over crowding of inmates.

Capt. P. T Woodfin, Deputy Governor, has called in the aid of the best medical men in the neighborhood and given them every opportunity to investigate. He has adopted their suggestions and is doing all in his power to make the situation of the men as favorable as possible to health.

Every month improvements are being made, the grounds already are the most attractive in this section of Virginia, and the situation of the veterans appears to be as comfortable as it can be made with the means at the disposal of the Governor.

In view of certain anonymous articles in the papers making complaints, a number of prominent citizens of Hampton have recently visited the "Home" and published a card expressing their entire confidence in the management.

THE DEATH of the Rev. Geo. Whipple, D. D., Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and President of the Board of Trustees of the Hampton Institute, creates a vacancy in the ranks of laborers for the spread of Christian truth that is not easily filled. We hope at an early day to give some account of his life which was one devoted to duty and to humanity, to the neglect of personal interests.

THE Reports of the Principal, Treasurer and other officers of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, for the year ending June 30, 1876, now in the Normal School printer's hands, will be sent early in November to all contributors. The considerable labor and expense involved is no more than is required of good stewardship.

The most serious item is the balance of $5,194.07 against the "Hampton Singers," the past year, in final settlement of all accounts. While this is more than offset by credits of previous years, it is fair to state, in correction of impressions that may have been made, that the whole direct avails of the Singers' campaigns failed to meet the entire expenses. This is due to the panic of 1873–4, during which most of the concerts were given. On the other hand, the indirect results, the interest kindled through the songs, the appearance of the Students and the information circulated, has brought many thousands of dollars to the school treasury, including a legacy of $5,000 from a colored woman of New Bedford, Mass. The concerts were an "advertisement," and, properly, were discontinued when the object was accomplished. With their aid the school has made a new departure.

The officers of the Institute have, from the beginning, felt called upon to render annually as complete account as possible of all receipts and disbursements, giving to those who have contributed an opportunity of criticising their financial transactions, judging of their investments and of deciding intelligently whether the Institute is a proper channel of their charities.

WE PUBLISH another Home letter from the Hawaiian Islands, to be continued in the next number.

The writer is a lady over seventy years of age who has experienced hardships unknown in modern missionary life.

In common with many of her associates in that once remote and arduous field of labor, her strength, though for years overtaxed, has not yet failed, and though in the midst of comforts and free from responsibility, she yet works as one who enlisted for life.

WE CALL special attention to the advertisement in another column, of the Hampton Bar Oyster Company. No better oysters than the Hampton Bars are to be found in oyster beds, and the success of this company under Mr. George Dixon's management, demonstrates the advantage of cooperative association in business.

THE President of the United States has appointed Thursday, November 30th as a day of national thanksgiving.

GUESTS FROM JAPAN.

The Hampton Normal School has had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Fugimaro Tanaka, Chief Centennial Commissioner of Education from the Empire of Japan, accompanied by Mr. Taizo Abe and Mr. Tanetaro Megada, interpreter. At home Mr. Tanaka is Senior Vice-Minister of Education, his office being to superintend and advise the Government upon all matters concerning public instruction. Arriving October 24th, they spent two days in inspecting the school in its various departments, and the neighboring objects of importance.

The interest in peculiar phases of educational enterprise, which induced these gentlemen from the other side of the world to gladly accept an invitation to Hampton, will be appreciated by those of us who had an opportunity at the Centennial Exhibition of observing the rapid strides Japan is making in popular education, and who noticed the zeal of the Japanese reporters flitting about from one Educational exhibit to another, marking every new point with eyes that let nothing escape, and filling their notebooks with the crazy looking columns of dots and dashes which are to interpret Yankee notions to the Celestials.

Introduced to the school at its morning assembly, Mr. Tanaka made a short speech in his own language, interpreted by Mr. Megada. He said:

"Young ladies and gentlemen: it gives me much pleasure to meet you here.

"As I hear that you are accustomed to have the news of the world read to you every morning, I think it may interest you to hear some news of Japan. Five or six years ago, we passed through a time of war and insurrection something like that which, as you have just been hearing, is now troubling Turkey; but all that is over. The country is now at peace, and we are trying to develop it in all ways, especially in education. We have no schools exactly like yours. It will be very good for us to have some. But we have schools: 30,000 of them. About 15,000 of these are Normal schools; and out of our population of 33,000,000, there are 5,000,000 children in school.

"We shall take great interest in inspecting your school and seeing in what we can improve our own."

The classes, farm, industrial departments and buildings of the school were carefully and closely examined by the visitors, who took an especial interest in the working of the labor system, expressing the conviction that it could be adapted with advantage to the school system of Japan.

The Butler School and the colored schools in Hampton, the Soldiers' Home, and Fortress Monroe, were also visited by the gentlemen with great interest, and the acute and intelligent observation which they bring to bear on all their inspection of our country.

A few friends of the school from Fortress Monroe and Hampton, with Admiral Trenchard, commanding North Atlantic fleet, Captain Luce and several officers of the *Hartford*, and Captain Bishop of the *Shawmut* were invited to meet the oriental visitors in the evening, and they were entertained by the songs of the Hampton Students.

By the kind invitation of Captain Luce, the Japanese gentlemen, with some of the officers and teachers of the school, visited the flag-ship *Hartford* on the following day, were politely shown over the ship by the officers and had the opportunity of seeing the exercise of some of the finest guns in the service, the largest of which, an 11 inch Dahlgren, closed the contest triumphantly by demolishing the target, distant twelve hundred yards.

That evening the visitors said their *Sayonara* (good-bye) with expressions of regret that were heartily reciprocated by their hosts, to whom the ends of the earth seem brought nearer by this pleasant visit.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Political.

October 3rd, Colorado's first State election. The entire Republican State ticket elected and a large Republican majority in the Legislature.

October 4th, Georgia State election. Democratic by a majority of 70,918 votes out of a total of 135,000

October 10th, Electione in Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia. Ohio Republican for the entire State ticket by a majority of from 5000 to 9,000, with a Republican majority in Congressmen.

Indiana elected the Democratic State ticket, by a majority of 2 to 3000. A Republican gain of Congressemen. Republicans 8, Democrats 4.

West Virginia elected a Democratic Governor and two-thirds of her Legislature are Democratic.

October 15th, Arkansas Democratic.

On October, 7th Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, issued a proclamation ordering the armed rifle clubs in that state to disband. His request for Federal troops to protect citizens of the state from intimidation has been granted.

Personal.

Mr. Levi Coffin, the energetic conductor on the famous underground railway of slavebolding times has a serious illness which is thought to be the result of overwork in preparing his book on that great thoroughfare.

Sojourner Truth was in Chicago recently trying to sell some of her books to raise means to visit the Centennial. When questioned in regard to her age, she said: "I don't know my age exactly. I judge it by events. I was a slave in the State of New-York, and was sold a good many times. When too old I was made younger, and when too young I was made older. I am between 80 and 90."

Religious.

The Annual Meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, was held at Hartford, Ct. October 4th. It was densely crowded and interesting. Dr. Clark, Foreign Secretary, read an interesting paper on the Christian progress of half a century, and the meeting was addressed by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain of Mudnipilly, India, and others.

The Moody and Sankey meetings in Chicago are very successful. They are held in the Tabernacle, seating 8000 persons. Fifteen thousand have gone away unable to enter. The meetings will be continued three months. Simultaneous meetings will be held in other of the largest cities of the West, under direction of the International Young Men's Christian Commission.

The statue of Religious Liberty, which the Jews in the United States intend to present to the National Government, has been completed. America in the design, stands with her right arm extended over a youth who typifies religion; her left hand rests upon the laws of the country. Around her brow is a circlet of thirteen stars, and at her feet an eagle holds in his talons the serpent of intolerance. The presentation of the statue will shortly be made in Washington.

Educational.

Manliness is not one of the elective studies at Brown University, but it seems to come in the course sometime before senior year. Three years ago Inman E. Page, a colored student, entered the Freshman Class after spending a year at a Virginia college. During junior year he won the highest honors in oratory and scholarship. His classmates have now done a manly thing. They have forgotten that his face was black and have elected him class-day orator. This is the great prize of class politics, and a popular man usually wins it. The case is respectfully referred to some of the young gentlemen in the College of New Jersey.

In the Mann High School at Toledo an excellent innovation is the introduction of a current magazine as a reading-book.

After much discussion by the Boston School Committee it has decided that the salaries of the city teachers shall not be reduced. The committee has honored itself in its decision.

While the school population of California is increasing largely, the number of absentees is also increasing. There is accordingly a demand for compulsory education begining to be heard.

It is asserted by *The Chicago Post* that the fault with our collegiate system is that it does not teach young men the things they are obliged to know to make their way in the world they must live and struggle in.

Dr. Sears says that the majority of the Southern States have made slow but steady progress in education; two or three have manifested renewed interest and energy. The conviction of the necessity of public schools is gaining ground everywhere.

Foreign.

The chances of a general war in Europe are becoming serious. Turkey refusing the conciliatory propositions of the Great Powers, proposes a six months' armistice on conditions, which will undoubtedly be rejected by Servia, guided and supported by Russia. Russia is buying rifles and calling out her reserves, and Italy is demanding a share in the prospective division of the Empire. The English Government has a difficult position between her policy to support Turkey, to maintain the balance of power in Europe and the general sentiment of indignation roused in the nation by the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria.

In Cuba the Winter campaign is opening with fair prospects for the insurgents, who were recently so daring as to enter the city of Las Tunas, and hold possession of part of it.

Spain announces her regular semi-annual determination to crush the Cuban rebellion at any cost.

A despatch from Madrid says it is stated that all differences between Spain and the United States have been arranged, and a friendly feeling now prevails between the two governments.

Centennial.

Americans have royally supported the Centennial Exhibition. They have paid at its gates $2,210,262 24—a sum greater than that received at any previous world's fair. The total attendance—6,200,215—does not reach the figures of several exhibitions, although the attendance on Pennsylvania day (274,919), surpassed the maximum for one day at the other fairs.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 9.—Gov. Kemper, in reply to an invitation to name a Virginia day at the Centennial by proclamation, has written a letter declining to do so. His chief reasons are the poverty of the people to respond in an appropriate manner, and that it is not customary in Virginia to use official proclamations for such purposes.

A deputation of Polish gentlemen in Paris have presented to the American Minister to forward to President Grant a Commemorative, Centennial medal, bearing on one side the effigy of Washington and on the other those of Kosciusko and Pulaski the two Polish heroes who fought in the American army of the Revolution.

A monument to Columbus presented by Italy to America was unveiled in Philadelphia Oct. 12. The pedestal is 12 feet high, the statue 10 feet.

General.

The yellow fever is abating in Savannah with the approach of frost.

The great enterprise of blowing up the obstructing rocks in the entrance to Long Island Sound, known as Hell Gate, has been a complete success and a great triumph to the engineering skill of General Newton who planned and carried it through.

TRAINING COLTS.

It is impossible to lay down rules adequate for the trainer's guidance and direction in the management of vicious or irritable colts; for very likely no two cases require the same treatment. These points may, however, be made: keep your temper. No matter how provoked; put a severe curb upon the rising of passion. A cool head, and calm and steady nerves, with a quick eye, will go far towards success in conflicts with even the most irritating animals. Moreover, never forget that the law of kindness is stronger in its influence on the animal creation than the law of force. Remember this also: do not make much noise when having a contest with a colt. Say little to him, and nothing to any one else. Do not be shouting, "Get up!" "Whoa!" "Look out there!" and the like. Silence is a great virtue in a horse-trainer. A low-voiced groom is worth his weight in gold about the stables.

A horse cannot understand sounds like a human being; and the less said to him, for the most part, the better. A few sounds, of course, are necessary; the word "whoa" being one of these. This word should mean *stop*; it should never mean anything else in the colt's ears. It should be pronounced in a quick, sharp, imperative tone. It should never be drawled out or prolonged, as if there were a dozen *a*'s, instead of one, after the o, as is often the case. *Whoa* means *stop*, and when a colt hears it, he should stop, and stop in his tracks, too. It is not a word to be frequently used, therefore, but to be saved for emergencies; as when some strap or bolt gives way, a bit parts in the mouth or an upset occurs. At such a time you can say "*Whoa!*" and if it has always meant *stop* to your horse, if he was broken to so understand it when young, he will so understand it then, and stop; thereby saving, perhaps, your limbs, or even life. The common fault is to use the word to steady the horse when speeding, or to slow him up. For this purpose take some other word or words; as, "Steady, boy; steady!" but let the word "whoa" mean but one thing to your horse; viz., to stop, and stop instantly. The horse of ordinary intelligence can be made to understand this with very little trouble, and in less than a dozen lessons. We have seen horse trained in less than a week's time, so that, when streaming around the exercise-lot at a swinging gate, they would stop at the word sent forth from the mouth of the trainer, so quickly as to actually throw themselves upon their haunches.

The method is simple. Put your bridle on to your colt, buckle in a pair of long lines, and, taking position in the rear, start him along. After he has taken a few steps, say "Whoa!" and at the same time give him a slight twitch on the bit sufficient to cause him to stop. Do not be rude or harsh, but gentle and firm. Start him now again, and repeat the sound and the movement of the hand. The colt will soon catch the idea, and learn what the sound means. Then you can go on, and teach him that it not only means *stop*, but that it means to stop *instantly*. A few days of this simple treatment will suffice to teach him thoroughly the lesson, which, when well learned, he never forgets, and the real value of which can scarcely be overestimated. If the colt is worth five hundred dollars when broken in the ordinary way, he is certainly worth six hundred when instructed fully in the manner here sets forth. Any sensible man, in purchasing a horse for family service or for fast driving on the road, will gladly pay a hundred dollars extra if the breeder can show to him that the colt will stop short in his tracks at the word; for he sees that, amid even the average risks and hazards of driving, such a power over the animal may prove of supreme importance.

—*Golden Rule.*

HONEST AND TRUTHFUL.

Boys and girls, be honest and open-hearted. Tell the truth even if it hurts you. If you have done wrong, if mischief comes of your conduct, and offense is given your parents or teachers, or employers, come right out with an honest face and tell the whole truth. You may be censured for your wrong, but you will be respected for your manliness in acknowledging your error. Honesty is the best policy, but let policy alone, and do right. Tell the truth always about your bad actions, and let it hurt. That is the way to heal the wrong. I have learned this by experience.

THE CONSTITUTION.

"Old Ironsides."—The frigate Constitution "Old Ironsides," as she was familiarly called, the most glorious and honored name on the list of our old navy, was built at Hart's ship-yard in Boston, where Constitution wharf now is, at a cost of over $300,000. She was was made very strong. Her frame was of live-oak, and her planks were bent on without steam, as it was thought that process weakened and softened the wood. She was launched on the 21st of October, 1797, in the presence of a great gathering of people, but did not start upon a cruise till July 1798, when she went to sea under the command of Capt. James Nicholson. The Constitution was so staunch a ship that she received the name of "Ironsides." She always had excellent commanders, and performed gallant service against the Algerins pirates and the British.

The Constitution was the flag-ship of Commodore Preble in 1804, when Tripoli was bombarded. In the gallant action of the 20th of August of that year she was run into within a short distance of the castle and batteries, and by her destructive fire of round and grape-shot silenced the guns of the fortifications and spread devastation among the Bashaw's fleet.

The next great action in which the Constitution was engaged was the engagement with the British frigate Guerriere, of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Capt. Dacres. It took place on the 19th of August, 1812, off the American coasts, in the present track of ships to England. The Constitution carried forty-four guns, and was commanded by Capt. Isaac Hull. After much manœuvering to obtain the weather gauge the hostile vessels, at six o'clock in the evening, came within half-pistol shot of each other, and engaged in deadly conflict with the entire force of each vessel. The guns of the Constitution were double-shotted with round and grape, and their execution was terrible. The rigging of the two vessels finally became entangled, and both parties prepared to board. The fire from small arms became exceedingly severe, and Lieut. Morris of the Constitution endeavored to lash the vessels together. At this moment the sails of the Constitution filled and she shot ahead instantly exposing the shattered condition of her antagonist. The foremast of the Guerriere fell, carrying with it her mainmast. She was thus left a helpless wreck upon a rough sea.

The combat had continued for an hour, and the Constitution was about to pour a raking fire into her disabled antagonist when the latter discharged a gun to the leeward in token of surrender. At daylight the Guerriere was found to be sinking. The prisoners and some movables were soon transferred to the Constitution, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, the battered hulk having been fired, blew up. The Constitution carried the intelligence of her own triumph to Boston. Her next exploit, under the command of Commodore Bainbridge, was the capture of the Java, a British frigate of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Capt. Lambert. This engagement took place on the 29th of December, 1812, off the coast of Brazil. The action lasted about three hours. The Java was entirely dismasted, a large number of her guns were disabled, her bowsprit was shot away. The Constitution did not lose a spar. The Java was one of the best ships in the British service. Her officers and crew numbered over four hundred; twenty-two were killed and a hundred and two wounded, her commander fatally. The Constitution lost nine killed and twenty-five wounded.

On the 20th of February, 1814, while on her way from Bermuda to Madeira on a cruise, the Constitution, then under command of Captain Chas. Stewart, captured two important prizes, the Cyane, thirty-six guns, and the Levant, twenty. The action began about five o'clock in the afternoon. The evening was pleasant, the moon shining brightly. The British vessels manœuvered so as to attack the Constitution simultaneously. At half-cable's length of each other they awaited their antagonist. She came up in gallant style, and managed so skilfully as to pour tremendous broadsides into both of them. A little before seven the Cyane surrendered. An hour later the Constitution started in pursuit of the Levant, which was endeavoring to escape, engaged her at a quarter to nine o'clock, and after an hour's action compelled her to strike. The loss of the Constitution was three killed and twelve wounded; the two British vessels lost thirty-five killed and forty wounded.

During the long period of peace which preceded the outbreak of the southern rebellion the Constitution was used as a school-ship at Annapolis, Maryland, whence she was removed temporarily to Newport, and was there employed in the same service. The figure-head of the Constitution was a carved wooden statue of Gen. Jackson. It is proposed to set it up in the Naval Academy grounds at Annapolis.—*Harper's Weekly.*

He won his wife. Even the idols are tattooed. The Maories used weapons of stone; made their women beasts of burden, and lived on a diet of fern-root, flour, sweet potatoes, rats, eels, fish, sharks, and human sirloins, chops, and cutlets. They were not always particular how it was cooked. They often ate it raw. Their codes of laws, or rather superstitions, were expressed by the word "Taboo," a word that has passed into our language.

On these islands, no quadrupeds but rats, and few fauna of any kind, existed except the hairy birds called "kiwi" and "moe." The moe stood ten feet high. One, in the Main Hall, has taken off his flesh, and now stands in his bones, as suits the hot weather. In full life dress, and with digestive engines at work, he seems quite able to digest a missionary.

Tasman, the bold Dutch sailor, whose monument is in the name Tasmania, first saw the Maori country. Like a true Hollander, he named it New Zealand, just as an Irish governor afterwards divided it into Ulster, Connaught, etc. That "beat the Dutch." Captain Cook, on his expedition to observe the transit of Venus, arrived in Poverty Bay in 1769, and afterwards visited the islands three times. Our Benjamin Franklin was so interested in Cook's account, that he proposed a scheme for their colonization. Cook, among other good things, introduced a few hogs which increased with marvellous rapidity. In 1839, when colonization began, there was at hand a providential supply of surplus food for them. Here, in Main Hall, we find soap, candles, oil, lard, buns, sausages, tongues, etc., the centennial fruit of Cook's benevolence. When the New-Zealanders first saw soap, they baked it in their ovens, and ate it. The effect may be imagined. Now, the New-Zealander makes the detergent himself. There is a profound significance in a heathen making soap, and using it. China, for instance, is sadly in national need of this wholesome article. The whole heathen world needs it. Long before colonists came, the missionary was on the ground. In 1814, the Rev. Samuel Marsden visited the Islands, and with others established a mission under the auspices of "The Church Missionary Society." Earnestly they began to teach, preach, and translate the Bible into Maori. Gradually the work spread, and other missionaries joined in the labor, until in 1860, the entire native population were nominally Christianized, and thousands lived pure lives of faith and good practice. The introduction of firearms—at first the cause of frightful slaughter—finally tended to abolish the intertribal wars. Even when the Maories and whites met each other in bloody battle, as was sometimes the case, the Christian Maori did not renounce his faith. Many a native with a bullet in his body has been found with the New Testament in his bosom.

Yet far less fighting, proportionally, was done in New Zealand, than in the United States during its early colonization. Now, whites and Maories dwell peaceably side by side.

Years ago, the natives disinterred the bones of the slaughtered whites, and, as a proof that their feud was over, built a memorial church over them. There are now many congregations of Maories, with their native pastors. Men who have eaten at a hundred cannibal feasts, now partake of the symbols of a saviour's love. The converted man, with changed heart, but inefface able tattoo, follows the plough and tills the soil for his family, who, clean and well-dressed, welcome him round a family altar. Maories also hold offices of government, sit in the legislature, teach, carry on business, and labor to elevate the mass of their fellow Maories.

Thus, in sixty years, a nation has been rescued from cannibalism and impending extinction, and Christianized. In thirty-six years, a powerful, free, Christian state has sprung up in the Pacific. There is now in New Zealand, a population of nearly 400,000 souls, of whom 40,000 are Maories, and 5,000 Chinese, (who are to be found all over the Pacific islands.) The Americans number 575. Of the total, 123,000 were born in the colony—an item which proves that New Zealand is a permanent home, and not a wild venture. There are over 250 miles of railroad in operation, 930 miles being built, and 1,048 miles authorized, besides roads, watercourses, splendid cities and buildings, paved streets, and rich stores with plate-glass fronts. There are rich farms, herds of cattle, mines of gold and other metals, and telegraphs connecting the chief towns. A submarine cable will soon join New Zealand to the capitals of the world. Schools, colleges, a university, museums, mechanics' institutes, and book-clubs, under a free government, diffuse education and information. Churches are found in every town. Newspapers already number scores. These are results grander even than the wonderful crops of grain, flax, wool, timber, live stock, metals, or the $3,000,000 of gold represented by the gilded shaft in Main Hall.

Let the visitor study the photographs of scenery, cities, and natives; the statistics, the Maori weapons and utensils, and see how the world is moving on—even at the antipodes. Here are great lumps of kauri gum. Once the infuriate cannibal pierced his vanquished enemy with red-hot ramrods, and poured the boiling, blazing gum into his wounds. To-day, Philadelphia refineries make carriage-varnish of it. From the timber of the majestic kauri-forests, the same Maories, now regenerated men, build their temples for the worship of God in Christ. Out of Christian civilization has sprung this new empire under the Southern Cross. By the power of the gospel, has the tattooed cannibal savage become a man, a brother, and a son of God. When "the broken arches of London Bridge," and "the ruins of St. Paul," and the forgotten writings of the brilliant Macaulay, have alike passed into oblivion, the labor and their fruits of the christian missionaries in New Zealand will shine in remembrance, "as the stars in the firmament for ever and ever."—*Christian Weekly.*

THE ST. BERNARD DOGS.

At the top of one of the rugged mountain passes which cross the Alps between Switzerland and Italy, stands the ancient convent of St. Bernard. This pass is a very old and famous one. A hundred years before Christ, it was used by the Romans as a military road by which their conquering legions poured into Gaul. Some of the original Roman mile stones are still to be seen. In modern times, it is famous for the wonderful passage of Napoleon who in 1800 crossed it with a large army to surprise the Austrians, dragging the heavy artillery and ammunition over heights that had been thought accessible only to men on foot or mule-back.

THE ST. BERNARD DOGS.

The convent of St. Bernard is the highest winter habitation in the Alps. The men who have chosen this life of solitude and separation from their kind, must find it a dreary one indeed through the long months of winter, when the pass blocked up by deep snows is entirely inaccessible, and they are shut up in their howling wilderness, with the frowning mountain peak towering above their roof, and only the awful voice of the storm and the avalanche for company.

The snowy season lasts nine months in the year, and long before the summer tourists start on their pleasure journeys, travelers of an humbler sort, peddlers and silk merchants from Italy, or emigrants with their families are passing one way or the other over the Grand St. Bernard. It is a very dangerous season; a sudden snow storm may overtake and bewilder the travelers, or an avalanche bury them in its fall. The monks of St. Bernard regard it as their special mission, to rescue such needy or perishing travelers. To aid them in this work of benevolence, they have for many years kept and trained a peculiar breed of dogs, the Alpine spaniel, and the fame of the noble St. Bernard dogs is wider spread than Napoleon's. Their sagacity and courage, their keen scent, and docility, and the evident pride they take in their work raise them to a high rank among dogs. They are noble looking fellows, as large as a large English mastiff, with short tawny hair and a remarkably intelligent and gentle expression of countenance. One look in their faces destroys all fear in the visitor around whom they come bounding in ponderous playfulness. In the stormy season of travel several are sent out every night, and are always eager to go. A flask of spirits is fastened round the neck of one, and a cloak to the back of another.

Thus equipped, they rush forth into the darkness, snuff the wintry air, and if a scent is discovered it is tracked unerringly. Even though the perishing man lies ten or twenty feet under the snow, he has a chance for life. If they cannot dig him out themselves scratching up the snow with their feet, their deep solemn bark gives warning to the convent, and the monks hasten to the rescue. If a traveller is able to help himself at all, a drink from the flask around his preserver's neck rouses his benumbed senses, and guided by the faithful dog, or if need be, supported by him, he finds a hospitable shelter.

Our picture represents a St. Bernard dog carrying a rescued child on his back to the convent. One of these noble animals was once decorated with a medal in commemoration of having saved the lives of twenty-two travellers, who but for him would have perished in the snows.

At Home.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be hurried and fretted, and kept in a stew—
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do.
And people will talk,

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, and old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strongly you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease,
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—
For people will talk.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS BY MRS. BEECHER.

THERE is nothing more refreshing than plain, white Swiss muslin curtains open in the middle, looped back on either side with a broad band of insertion, over blue, green or cherry ribbon. Or a strip of well glazed paper muslin looks as well as ribbon, is much less expensive, and can be purchased in any delicate color. Or the curtain may be simply tied back with ribbon. There should be a broad hem on each curtain, with ribbon or paper muslin laid inside the hem. By joining the hem to the curtain with a handsome insertion, and sewing a ruffle on the outer edge of the broad hem neatly fluted, one secures a charming effect from the parlor curtains. Lace curtains are very elegant, but difficult to do up so as to look like new, and somewhat expensive to hire them cleaned by a French cleaner, and when one has them they are no more beautiful than these Swiss curtains, which can be easily cleaned, and fluted, and look like new curtains each time.

LOUNGES.—Very pretty and comfortable lounges can be manufactured at home with very little trouble or expense. If the husband or sons have any spare hours, or skill with saw, hammer and nails, they can snatch leisure moments, now and then, and make the frame; or if they are not skillful, a carpenter, in an hour or two, could make it and give it a proper shape to suit the part of the room where it will be put. After the slats are nailed on, if there is any place near by where a few springs can be obtained, they will make the lounge much more comfortable. Over the springs cotton batting, hair or moss should be laid, then a thick, strong canvas or lagging (but the springs may not wear the outside cover. When this is nailed down smooth and tight, taking care that the stuffing is spread on evenly without lumps or hard spots, put on the cretonne, chintz or woolen outside cover, and nail it down strong. Finish by nailing with brass or, black nails, a gimp and fringe plaiting or ruffle to cover the edge and you have a neat lounge, quite as comfortable as most that you buy. Three large square pillows, filled with feathers, hair, moss or "Excelsior" (a kind of poplar shaving made expressly to pack furniture in), and covered to match the lounge are a great convenience for a straight lounge placed as it should be close to the wall.

TIMELY RECEIPTS.

FLAXSEED LEMONADE (*good for colds*).—Pour one quart boiling water over four tablespoonsful of flaxseed. Steep—not boil—three hours; cover closely while steeping; then strain, sweeten to taste, and add the juice of two lemons, putting in more water if too thick to be agreeable.

ICELAND MOSS JELLY (*good for colds, and very nutritious in convalescence*).—Soak for an hour four tablespoonsful of the moss in cold water enough to cover it. Then stir it into a quart of boiling water, and simmer gently till it dissolves; strain, sweeten to taste, flavor with the juice of two lemons, and a little cinnamon if agreeable, and a glass of wine; strain into molds, and cool before using.

CHICKEN JELLY (*for convalescence*).—Skin the chicken, remove all fat, break and pound the bones and meat, cover with cold water, and heat slowly in a steam-tight kettle. Let it simmer till like a pulp; then strain through a sieve or cloth, season to taste, and put over the fire again, but now without a cover. Simmer till the liquid is reduced one half. Be sure and skim off all fat. Set it to cool until it becomes a jelly. If one has no steamer, a cloth laid between the lid and any kettle that it will fit closely, answers the same purpose.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far above the shining skies.

GOD'S CARE.

Two little girls were walking homeward one moonlight evening. I overheard one of them say: "Sister Annie, it don't make any difference how fast we walk, the moon keeps up with us every step of the way; it don't move at all, and yet it is always going along with us." So it is with the dear God in heaven; though he seems far away, he is keeping step with us always in the march of life.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Warned by the angel's whisper in the night,

them find out whether all these streams are running in the same direction. Set them thinking out why they run in one direction rather than

dle states, with their history and geography. It is to give the children a picture, a vivid, interesting, practical notion of the countries, instead

classes are through with the first recitation, which is about ten o'clock, the books are laid aside, and each class passes out in order for

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Warned by the angel's whisper in the night,
Joseph with Mary mother undefiled
Now hasten into Egypt's land their flight,
To save from Herod's search the Holy Child.

So peacefully they journey o'er the plain,
Naught knowing of the strife in Bethlehem's street,
Of Rachel weeping o'er her children slain;
No sound of fear startles the slumber sweet

Of the Young Child, or troubles Mary's breast—
Unpierced yet with sword of coming woe—
Beneath the watching stars soft lulled to rest
By Nature's voices mingling in the flow

Of purling brooks, and drone of insect throng,
And stir of leaves, and sigh of summer breeze,
Soft chirp of nesting birds and rapturous song
Of hidden nightingales among the trees.

Sweeter the chorus of the angelic guard
Encamped about the noontide's calm repose,
The Holy Family, in watch and ward,
Keeping from haunting fears and hating foes.

And well-nigh sweet as song of cherubim,
Beneath the palm-tree's shade at set of sun
Is heard the Mother's evening cradle hymn,
Soothing upon her breast her Holy One.

So, kept by angel warders night and day,—
What peaceful day, serenely peaceful night!—
The travelers pursue their quiet way,
Till fair, Nile-watered valleys greet their sight.

There safe they rest, remote from scenes of strife,
When all the peaceful pilgrimage is done,
Till they ere deed who sought the Young Child's life,
And out of Egypt God hath called His Son.

So, even to the soul of man is given
Sometimes to rest apart in quiet space,
To grow and strengthen for the call from Heaven,
"Come forth O son, and fill thy destined place."

And so these children of our heart's desire,
God's infant souls on human breasts laid down,
Are ours to nurture for His summons higher,
To bear the cross, to win and wear the crown.

H. W. L.

The Teachers' Table.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING.

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE III.

HOW TO TEACH GEOGRAPHY WITHOUT A BOOK.

In teaching Primary Geography, we have to give the children some ideas of

1st. Direction.
  1st, Cardinal points of compass.
  2d, Semi-cardinal points of compass.
2d. Distance. (By actual measurement.)
3d. A General View of the Country.
4th. Its Trees and Plants.
5th. Hills, Valleys, Capes, Promontories, Sounds, &c.
6th Land and Water Divisions.

It is well to condense your classes as much as you can. Put the a-b-c-darians—the primary scholars—of 1st, 2d and 3d classes, all into one class of Primary Geography. Teach them first the points of the compass. Practice two or three days on nothing but this, starting, of course, with the East, where the sun rises. Make them stand with their right hand pointing to the East; then they will be looking North. They will be then much interested in making out the points of compass around the schoolhouse; in what direction from it their different homes lie, &c.

For learning to appreciate distance, have the children take a line of the proper length; get some tin pegs, and some day take your pupils and start out to measure a mile or a quarter of a mile, so that the children may learn from actual measurement the number of rods in a mile. Thus they will always have an idea of distance. Again; take them to an upper room, or the roof—or up a tree—where they can look off. From this they can judge, with your assistance, of the shape of the land, and the way in which it is laid out into towns and villages, &c. Explain boundary lines to them, so that they may not think, as some children have, that they are lines ploughed into the earth to separate states and counties.

For a general view of the country, take them out some evening and teach them about the nature of things they see about them; of the trees—deciduous or evergreen,—about climate and mountains, &c.

You can make a sort of map by throwing a dipper of water on the floor and tracing lakes, rivers, branches, &c.

Begin at the school-house and work out. Teach them the direction of their homes from it. Set them to noticing the streams in the neighborhood, and which way they run. Let them find out whether all these streams are running in the same direction. Set them thinking out why they run in one direction rather than another, and what that proves about the general shape of the land. Then teach them about water-sheds, and where all the streams are running to: all on their way at last to the oceans.

As you are teaching them the geography of a country, tell them what sort of people, of animals, and plants, and minerals, are found there.

All this is Physical Geography; the natural characteristics of the countries.

Then, as for Political Geography, which treats of the divisions man has made of the earth, begin also at home.

1st. Lay out your School grounds;
2d. Your village.
3d. Your township, or whatever answers to that division in your part of the country;

Thus: your village or township will have for your consideration,—

1st. Boundaries.
2d. Officers.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

3d. Elections.
4th. Salaries.
5th. Taxes.

The officers will be, say,

Magistrates;
Constable;
Clerk;
Collector;
Town Commissioner;

Tell them officers are created by election. When they ask you what that is, have an election in your school to show them. If, at the time, there happens to be one in the town or state, all the better. All these things will be fixed in their minds by being made interesting. You should not depend on the book alone, but use illustrations of your own that will please and instruct the children.

History should always go with Geography. They are twin sisters.

Again begin at home; the home of the children. Then go on to the township, county, state, United States, North America. Then South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceanica.

Of course you will not have time to go much into detail. Take, for example, for one lesson, the six New England states; then the four Middle states, with their history and geography. It is to give the children a picture, a vivid, interesting, practical notion of the countries, instead of the bare, half comprehended lesson in the book.

Our next lecture will be on Study: what it is for. Its objects, requisites and means.

AN ESSAY ON SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

Read Before the Teachers' Institute, held at Charlotte Court House, May 31st and June 1st 1876, by

HENRY C. EDMUNDS, A HAMPTON GRADUATE.

My specified time for opening school, is eight o'clock Winter and Summer, close at four P. M.

Where the illiterates are numerous, I find that it requires from eight o'clock A. M. to four P. M. to give each class its due, allowing two recesses which take an hour and a quarter of the time. My rule to attain regularity is that if any scholar comes and finds the door barred, he, or she goes back for the day. Should they miss two successive days, their names are dropped from the roll. As they are all eager to attend, I have never had a single name to erase on account of being late.

1st Recitation in the morning is Arithmetic, by all who are competent of studying it. This exercise I commence by a review of the previous day's lesson, which is heard alternately by the class. The next day's lesson is then assigned by a brief explanation, each scholar answering when he, or she can. By this means the lesson for the next day, is pretty well mastered.

I go through in the same way with the entire Arithmetic class. It generally takes about thirty or forty minutes for this exercise; when over, I require the classes to retire to their seats without whispering, and there remain, until the proper time for communication.

2nd Recitation is reading and spelling, This I conduct with a review of the last day's lesson, as I before stated, only I give permission to go up in this exercise. When all the classes are through with the first recitation, which is about ten o'clock, the books are laid aside, and each class passes out in order for refreshment of about fifteen minutes. The bell is rung at the expiration of the time, and each class passes in to its proper seat as before. Here is very little confusion, through the whole exercise of the day.

3rd Recitation, is reading, orthography and dictation exercise. I teach Orthography by calling off the words, giving the head scholar the first and so on. Here each pupil has a chance to correct any error that may occur above, and take the one down who made it. As they are all eager for the head, there are few errors made. As soon as the spelling is called off, I give out verses from the New Testament to be written by all. The slates are passed as soon as this is over, and corrected, passed back to the scholars, each one calling off the mistakes, and advancing accordingly. This exercise is then ended for the day. Afternoon exercises begin with writing, but I have observed that this is not the proper time to begin the writing lesson, as the nerves are affected by play. I require all who are able to write to take part in this exercise. Those who are not writing in the copy-books, rule their slates for set copies by me. These are given according to abilities of scholars. After writing: the Alphabet class is called to recite by pronunciation of certain words, such as ah, ha, be, hi, ho, &c. I teach them their letters, spelling and reading at the same time. In this way, they learn their letters, and read in about eight or ten weeks. They are then put in 1st Reader, which they read right off at sight without the sing-song, which so frequently is the trouble with beginners. Last hour, is for Geography and Grammar. The former being Murry's and the Grammar, Bullion's. I teach first steps in Geography by reading the lesson for each day, questioning the class and explaining as they read. By this they learn the definitions &c., and very soon learn the use of the maps, I require them to study first steps in Geography when they enter the third Reader. My rule for teaching Grammar is, that the class learn first the definitions thoroughly, and give examples to each one, in

this process they are better able to get an idea of Grammar. The classes find their Grammar lessons, to be most complicated. This being the last lesson of the day, I give carriage, I rode out to *Mollili's* where were gathered together about seventy persons, a large proportion children and young people. The leaf which was turning yellow on the islature having recently discussed the liquor question, I took that for my subject, selected appropriate Scripture, had it read, talked about it and asked and answered questions and Love, Good Will to Men, unfurled, for the first missionary ship rounded old "Diamond Head." There is knowledge in that old head, but who shall fathom it? I am often reminded

this process they are better able to get an idea of Grammar. The classes find their Grammar lessons, to be most complicated. This being the last lesson of the day, I give more time to it.

Friday the last day of the school week; No new lesson is assigned to that day, a general review from Monday's lesson is required of each class. I close then by a spelling match and amusement in singing. My present school has fifty one pupils on the roll, and only four are in their alphabet.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Extracts from a private letter-journal.

ROYAL BATHS. AN ANCIENT TEMPLE.

Yesterday I took your old college friend, Mr. H., to see the old dilapidated place of refuge beyond Punchou. A part of the walls remain, though broken. A portion of it had been carted off for ship ballast in the days of Kaahumanu. Under a sheltering rock is a spring of excellent water, *kabu* in the days of yore to all but chiefs. The old warrior Kamehameha I. has quaffed his thirst here, besides many others of rank, before end after his day. The roof of the rock is decorated with maiden hair, which grows and adheres to the rock on the inside. A short distance off is a larger basin of water, from the same spring, covered by shelving rock grown over with diminutive maiden-hair on the inner side. This is where royalty used to bathe. Gold fish have been put into this bath-tub, beautiful in their frisking brightness. It is several feet in depth and extends back out of sight under the rock. Then the water passes under ground and empties into marshy ground covered with tall rushes which used to be made into mats.

Within the enclosure, which is not more than two acres in extent, perhaps less, stones are scattered in profusion. I have asked several natives about the spot, but they seem ignorant of what it was, only that it was sacred to chiefs: perhaps it was a place where human sacrifices were offered—more likely a place of refuge from the avenger of blood, as in the Mosaic dispensation. It has no written history. Such places are found on the other islands. Tradition says that on each island there used to be a city of refuge where fugitives were safe.

THE LEGISLATURE. HAWAIIAN POLITICS.

The Legislature is in full blast. There is a strong feeling of prejudice existing among natives toward whites; they do not seem to discriminate between friends and foes. Sometimes I can hardly regret that this nation is diminishing. "A little learning is a dangerous thing" is fully verified in the natives. It makes them so self-conceited, so lifted up when they get a little knowledge! Several of the native ministry have proved unworthy. They seem to long to go to the Legislature. Natives elected to that position are inflated with vanity and often fail in decent common sense. All are well dressed, many in broadcloth, but are minus a shamefacedness. They will keep the House hours in discussing the horse and dog tax, about a supply for themselves of letter stamps, luncheon, ice, &c., to the exclusion of important business. Political life is more desirable to them than anything else at present—like many white people, perhaps.

HOME NEWS.

Grandmother Judd was buried May 15th, aged ninety-four. Mrs. Thurston, the last of the first missionaries who came to these shores in 1819, is nearing the "Shining Shore." Others of us who came in after years will ere long follow. My remaining time is short. Surely, life seems in retrospect "like a swift cloud, like the early dew."

Lizzie Bingham (daughter of the pioneer missionary) continues her boarding school for native girls in the old mission house where we used to live. You will, I think, remember how the roof of the house was lifted up by pulleys and suspended in the air till a second story was added by piling up adobies; how the kind Captain of the British Sloop of War, *Juno*, sent his sailors ashore and manned the ropes, and, at the signal given by the fife and drum, they all heaved away together, and the roof went up. The old mission building and printing-office are both occupied by scholars, except the lower part which is the the residence of Hiram Bingham and his wife.

May 22d. Mr. H. sits just now on the newly painted front verandah, curtained from the sun and bright light by the ever-green vines, reading "Sevenoaks" by Dr. Holland. Yesterday he preached at the Bethel and in the evening a temperance sermon at Fort Street Church. The liquor traffic has recently been discussed in the Legislature, and, after all the voluminous speeches, is left just where they started with it. So the curse will roll on its consuming flood and destroy lives and happiness.

REJECT TEACHING.

Yesterday afternoon, with a large fading *ape* leaf and a young, small and bright one in the carriage, I rode out to *Moiliili* where were gathered together about seventy persons, a large proportion children and young people. The leaf which was turning yellow on the edges, and its spots, was my subject, with the young leaf to start upon. A man read "We all do fade as a leaf," besides other Scripture which I named. Object teaching can be made impressive to natives when it can be brought in. You will perhaps remember the upland *kolo* or *apt*, as having a leaf stem of some five or six feet and a width of about thirty inches, —the leaf is heart formed.

May 23d. Last eve I went with Mr. H. to hear a free lecture on Poland by a Polish Count who is here with his daughter. It was very interesting. Poor oppressed Poland! Overbearing Russia! The lecture was in the Lyceum, a nice place, fitted up and owned by Mr. Waterhouse; it once was the Methodist Church. While there, a storm blew to report the steamer from Australia as near, so I close my letter before breakfast.

June 5th. The drives grow increasingly pleasant, with constant improvements on the plains and the increase in size and number of the algeroba trees. King and Beritanie streets have recently been widened and improved, and cross roads cut from one to the other on the plains, so that with cultivation, houses and gardens, there will soon be more delightful drives.

We rode yesterday to the old crossing over what was once a marshy peth, now a nice road. A rocky foundation covers several acres in that vicinity, with frequent algerobe trees lifting their crested heads of bright green where there is soil enough for the roots to cling and spread. They might be called very temperate trees, requiring little drink or nourishment. On the left of this herd path are numerous tall, dark-green rushes which ever have a cooling look. Formerly they were much used in making mats for floors, being spread on the ground in thatched houses. They were nourished by the quiet waters of the spring and bathing places of the old temple of refuge. Somewhere the water from these fountains oozes out and keeps the marshy grounds moist. Near by is a small pond whose waters are only rippled by the trade winds. Ducks swim and bathe there as tho' in Elysian waters. A few geese may sometimes be seen, with elongated necks, squawking and waddling on in haste to bathe. I always stop to listen to these rare, strange sounds, pleased to be reminded of early days on Hempden County hills. The scene comes vividly before me of permission given by my now sainted mother to go and see a neighbor "pick geese." They were driven into a small enclosure; then one was caught amid the general squalling, and an old stocking drawn over the head to prevent the use of the bill in self-defence, while the pure white or gray robe was taken off in pitiless jerks, and the poor, frightened bird was made as destitute of covering as many cannibals I have since seen in the South Sea islands. The shrill sound of the goose's voice awakens many pleasant recollections of early childhood and thus is more charming to my ear then a musical concert. Then, to see their seeming delight as they plunge into the pond whose waters are like a sea of glass.

A HAWAIIAN MEETING HOUSE.

Now on toward the church, is the hill, not steep or long, but rough with many stones. We drive slowly as the carriage jerks and shakes; near by are several graves—over one or two are dilapidated frames; we jolt along to the east side of the house, so that Bessie would think she was tied as she stood quietly with her head to the coral wall of the house. The two doors are on the south side. We entered; the door sill being two and a half feet from the ground, but a projecting stone from the foundation made a step. First sat a class of men and women studying the Bible. We passed over a tide-worn floor and time-worn dingy benches to where some thirty rather untidy boys and girls were answering questions by their S. S. teacher. I have long since ceased to be moved by their incongruous wardrobes. A new comer might be amused. There was a girl with a gay calico dress hanging loosely, with hare feet, and a gay cotton handkerchief tied around her shoulders by two corners, and, over a bushy head of hair, a jaunty white hat trimmed with white satin ribbon and white feather. Pretty hats are numerous here, imported from Europe and the States. Now and then one is dressed in very good taste. Taste in dress is much more chaste than formerly. You can imagine the scene, with bright, laughing faces. I visited the different classes. The church seems so dingy, so empty, so barn-like. One window was out for repairs, the next was half gone; all were more or less broken. On the north side the trade wind rushed through, so for shelter I sat on an old rough bench in front of the *Koa* pulpit. The walls were lavishly decorated with wasp nests, while "yellow jackets" flew about over our heads. The teacher tapped a small bell, signal for closing. A boy of some fourteen years took some music books from the table, and passed them around. A tap of the bell and all stood up: another tap and all sang quite nicely. Through with that, and the way was clear for me. The Legislature having recently discussed the liquor question, I took that for my subject, selected appropriate Scripture, had it read, talked about it and asked and answered questions. Then followed remarks from men and women, for I always wish to make such meetings a kind of family gathering, which natives like. There was praying and very good singing. A native called for monthly collections, which amounted to some six dollars. Then a general hand-shaking, and we turned our faces toward home.

STONY GROUND.

The hill around the church is so rocky and so covered with small stones that it often reminds one of the Scripture, which speaks of the stony ground hearers. Weeds and grass flourish there only when rain is abundant, but when dry summer comes they wither and die. So the poor natives will listen to truth for a while and seek earnestly the presence of the Holy Spirit; but some temptation comes, and, like the weeds, they wither away. O what a weight of responsibility rests upon foreigners for the evil, wicked examples, acts and influence they have brought to bear upon these half tutored people!

I have often been reminded of the genuine Christian by the flourishing algerobe tree, which lives and grows, green and bright, in stony, dry soil, bearing fruit for the horse to feed on, fuel for our kitchens, and affording a shade from the hot rays of the sun, besides being a charming resting place for the eye.

THE VIEW.

From the same hill every prospect in nature is pleasing. The rough, beautifully varied shades and forms of numerous hills could scarcely be transferred to canvas or paper, without losing their grandeur or beauty.

Away off in the distance rise the blue hills of *Ewa*, often crested with fleecy clouds, moved on by the trade winds as though hastening to some resting place. Again, they are stretched out on the sides of the mountains beyond or disappear, or descend in showers.

The view is ever attractive, ever changing. Between this hill on to lower *Waikiki* the grounds are covered with a rose of green which never fades, nurtured by the stream which runs east of the church down into the valley and onward to the ocean. Flourishing *kalo* patches, some sugar cane, bananas, mango, *kauhala* and algeroba trees, with other trees and shrubbery, make it a spread of green, beautiful to look at.

THE PACIFIC. WAIKIKI.

The blue ocean seems fringed with *hao* trees which hide the sanded shore. Beyond is the ever restless Pacific, dashing and foaming in a wreath of white spray over the breakers. Out of all this spring the feathery plumes of the cocoanut trees, lifted on their tall trunks above their surroundings, and seemingly rising out of the water. This place (Waikiki) is the great bath-tub of Honolulu. Comfortable cottages are built for families in the summer months. Small shanties are put up near the beach where the bathing dress is donned, and where ladies and children wade out to splash or play or swim, as they are inclined. Royalty has cottages there, and one pretty one built by the late king stands unoccupied—sacred to his memory.

Punahou is nestled down in the green foliage of the algeroba. A bridge spans the stream of water on the way to the beautiful valley of *Palolo*, but the road is suitable only for horseback riding. I do not ride now, although it has been my delight from childhood. My last horseback ride was through the dead, hollow trunk of a prostrate Californian big tree, a distance of some eighty feet, and I sat erect on the saddle. You will remember on this rough *Palolo* road the clusters of cactus here and there; an ugly, ill-shapen, poverty looking plant, yet when one of its clumsy leaves has decayed the fibres left show the skill of its great Author.

OLD DIAMOND HEAD.

Now let us look over to "Diamond Head" (an extinct volcano) which is in full view from Stony Hill. There it stands, firm and unchanged, one of the "everlasting hills." With feet immovably fixed and ever laving in the waters of the ocean, which dash and foam, recede and return in fury against its firm foundations. Beneath its rocky cranium what volumes of history are stored away in language unknown to mortal man. From its first being till now, never young, never old; its brown locks never change, and its bald crown never blooms. Its corrugated, jagged sides never yield to changing fashions, brown is the invariable color of its robe. From beneath its rocky brows what has not its eye beheld! All the convulsions and upturnings of nature when these circling hills came to light, when the island of *Oahu* was formed, and liquid fires long since extinct bubbled and bubbled in its own bosom.

When the first human beings stepped on these shores, ages ago, their customs, habits, their wars and peace, all were seen by this unfailing eye. It beheld the banner of Peace and Love, Good Will to Men, unfurled, for the first missionary ship rounded old "Diemond Head." There is knowledge in that old head, but who shall fathom it! I am often reminded of what the natives exclaimed when I showed them a piece of rock from Mars Hill which Ellen brought from her trip to Greece. We read St. Paul's eloquent, soul stirring words, showed them the bit of rock, perhaps on which he stood; they gathered around to take it and feel it, and then exclaimed "*Awae!*" If it could only speak and tell what it knows. So of old Diemond Head.

(To be continued.)

WE PUBLISH part of a private letter from Judge Abraham Fornander of the Circuit Court of the Sandwich Islands, who for many years was editor of the Government newspaper, and more recently Inspector General of Schools. We think his statements are of general interest.

LAHAINA, MAUI, *August* 31, 1876.

For your kind interest in my projected work on the "Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Race, &c.," I am glad and grateful. About the year 1860, I commenced to collect whatever remnants of Ancient Folk-lore still lingered on the lips of the old natives. I employed several intelligent Hawaiians at considerable expense for that purpose. I got access to David Malo's and Judge Andrews' Collections and whatever had been previously published on the subject. The result was that I found myself in possession of probably the largest extant collection of Meles, Kanos, Mookanuhaus, Pules and Wenenas of olden time from Hawaii-nei. To this I added all I could lay my hands on of what had been published or written touching the same subjects at the Southern groups of Polynesia, the Marqu, Society, Hervey, Tonga, Samoa and Fiji. In perusing, assorting and comparing this mass of materials, I found that the Polynesian family had a very distinct national record of their own, touching their origin and their migrations. The traditions of one group would supplement those of another. What was obscured by fable or forgotten through lapse of time in one, would stand out clearly and intelligently in another. Thus the desire awoke in me to afford the Polynesians an opportunity to be heard in their own behalf. How I will succeed, remains to be seen. The work has necessarily been long as well as laborious, my time having been so much cut up by official duties and constant travelling, besides having frequently to wait while sending to the United States or Europe for books of reference that could not be obtained here.

That the Polynesian family came immediately from the Indian Archipelago—from the Sunda Islands to Timor and the Moluccas—into the Pacific, their legends and traditions bear ample testimony, and there their kindred still survives in the scattered tribes of Bettas, Dyhas, Buguis and others, from Sumetra to Gilolo; that, so far from being an offshoot of the Malay family, as has been advanced by so many prominent writers, they are an older race by centuries if not milenniums and were in possession of the Indian Archipelago when the Malays and Hindoos first invaded it,—I think can be now established; and there are traces of their having at one time occupied the western coast of Deccan and the northern shore of the Persian Gulf. Many of their myths, legends and remnants of ancient culte indicate a long and protracted intercourse with the Cushite-Dhaldean and Cushite-Arahian peoples of Southwestern Asia, from whom those myths, &c., were undoubtedly derived. Their ferm from uniform complexion, varying from lightest olive to darkest brown; the diversity in the contour of countenance—from the broad-browed, eagle-nosed Roman, and high-browed, hook-nosed Arab, to the low-browed, flat-nosed Celt; the unmistakable connection of the language with the Arian of a pre-Vedic period,—all indicate a mixture of race and—*ex necessitate rei*—a mixture of Arian, Cushite and Dravidian, such as may be witnessed any day in the Punjaub, Bengal and Deccan. Wm. V. Humboldt and Franc. Bopp were the first to discover and acknowledge the relation (verwandtschaft) of what they called the Maleyo-Polynesian tongue to the Sado-European, and my own investigations tend but to confirm their main propositions. Humboldt and Bopp erred, however, in assuming the Polynesian to be a corrupted dialect of the Malay, and both to be corrupted forms of the Sanskrit. My examination of the subject has led me to the conclusion that kindred words in Malay are of Sanskrit or Sanskritoid origin, whereas the same words in Polynesian are of pre-Vedic origin, before the Arian language had fully developed those inflexions, cases, genders and tenses, which characterized it in all its branches when first it entered in the light of history. In short, with old Dr. Rae of Hana, whom perhaps you remember, I hold that the Polynesian is the Avas or Atavus of the Sanskrit, though the language, as well as the people, has suffered greatly from its fusion with the Dravidian.

My work is slowly progressing to comple-

tion. If I could afford six months' constant attention, I would probably finish it by that time.

The following letter from an ex-confederate soldier is, we believe, an index of the sentiment that prevails widely in the South and justifies the belief that, as a class, the men who fought for their convictions have honestly accepted the decisions of war and are to be trusted in the reconstruction of the South far more than those who talked up Secession and violence and, with some exceptions, still live to foment ill feeling.

MEXIA, TEXAS, Sept. 26th 1876.

DEAR SIR:

At the request of a number of colored citizens of this place I write you making enquiries concerning a School-teacher for them. A statement of the location, surroundings, requirements &c. will better enable you to understand their wants and know their ability &c. Enclosed I send you statement of the town and county, taken from our town paper. There are twenty or thirty families of colored people living in this place. Their livelihood is principally porters, draymen, laundrymen and servants. There is a patronage of 25 pupils that will pay $1 per month in cash at the close of each month, besides others, say 25 more who can pay in produce from farm &c. The School will pay about $50 per month if the right kind of a teacher has hold of it. The State Public School fund will pay almost the entire tuition for ten months of all pupils between the ages of 8 and 14 years, which money is paid promptly at the end of each month. The colored people here have a very good house of their own which they have erected during the past year, which they use as a Church and school-room. They want a good steady, pious *Colored* man to come in their midst and teach the school, labor in the Sunday School and assist in dispelling the ignorance, vice and superstition that now envelop them. The predominant religion among them is Baptist.

I feel an interest in the colored race of the South, especially of Texas, though much has been written in the public Journals to excite prejudice and animosity. I am a native "to the manor born"—was raised in the midst of a large slave population. My father's family owned more than 1000 slaves before the war. I myself was a soldier during the whole war in the Confederate Army of TEXAS, and I feel I can say truthfully that no one wishes the prosperity of the colored race more than myself. Politically I am what is termed a Southern Bourbon or Democrat, though I have little to do with politics, and I advise all the colored people to act as I do.

I can assure you that there is not a more law-abiding, civil, quiet community in the South than this. Here, life, liberty and property are *perfectly safe* to all good citizens. I have written you thus lengthily so that you might know the *whole* surroundings.

Should you favor me with the information please address me as below.—

TO HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS.

PHILADELPHIA, *October*, 1876.

My thoughts often turn to you, graduates of the Hempton Institute, who have entered, or who are about to enter, upon the work for which you have been preparing for several years,—your life-work, I trust, it will be; and I picture you to myself in your school-houses, surrounded by adults and children. I see you full of hope and ardor, resolved to benefit your people, and I pray that your efforts may be successful in this good and noble undertaking. I know how to sympathize with you in your various difficulties; I have myself experienced many that you will have to endure, although not the bodily hardship that may fall to your lot. There may be some trials that you have not anticipated; for instance, one will be the want of appreciation on the part of those for whom you are laboring; not only will the children fail to have an adequate conception of the effort you are making, but their parents, who ought to be more sensible, will expect you to accomplish impossibilities, will look for great results in a short time, will accuse you of partiality, and want of method and ability; probably, those whose children give you the most trouble, will find the greatest fault with you.

After diligent labor all day, struggling against the enemy within and without,—rudeness, disobedience and dulness on the part of your pupils, temptation to anger and impatience in yourselves,—you will go home in the evening, weary and dispirited, almost ready to abandon your post. Then, think of Him who came unto His own, and His own received Him not; His own, the people of Israel, the highly favored nation; how little the Lord Jesus Christ was appreciated while He walked among men, healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, casting out evil spirits, and bringing the dead to life; think how He was bruised and put to shame for our sake; what indignities He endured, and finally what a painful death He suffered that we might live forever. Should the disciple expect to fare better than his Master, the servant than his Lord?

Such reflections will nerve you to fresh effort, and, relying upon a strength above your own, you will, I trust, be ready for renewed conflict. Pray for meekness, patience and forbearance; you will gain a victory over yourselves, and disarm your adversaries; they may even become your friends. Be especially careful in your intercourse with the parents of your pupils and your acquaintance generally, not to *demand* the respect and consideration to which you feel entitled on account of your superior knowledge; be courteous to all, and particularly respectful to the aged; bear always in mind that if the ignorant and superstitious whom you meet had enjoyed your privileges, they would probably have equalled, perhaps have surpassed, you in your attainments; let humility, therefore, crown your other virtues.

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever."

Your sincere friend, M. A. L.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

AMONG the former "Hampton Singers" who are doing a good work for their people; is a young woman of Norfolk, now teaching in the suburbs of that city. She writes thus of her work:—

"My school has opened and I anticipate a happy time. It is a good walk, but I don't mind it. I cleaned it up myself and helped put in the benches. The windows were broken very much; the weeds had grown up fearfully, but I got a hoe and soon found entrance to the door. This begun my school life as teacher.

The little ones were pleased, and I think they thought me rather used to work with my sleeves rolled up.

Yours, very truly, L."

The need of teachers for the colored race is greater than ever. A call has come from Texas, through an ex-confederate soldier, for a teacher from Hampton, for a prosperous colored settlement at Mexia. Four teachers were applied for, a few days since, by a Virginia school officer and could not be sent because the entire available force of graduates and ex-students, nearly two hundred in number, were already engaged in teaching. Some are discouraged at the decrease of wages in certain counties, thirty dollars per month being paid where the salary last year was thirty-five dollars per month. There are now on file calls for nine teachers who cannot be supplied.

WINDSOR STATION, VA. Aug. 15th 1876.

Dear Workman:

Since I have been home I visited Miss T. J. Brown's exhibition and I must say that it was the finest that I have ever seen. I reached the place where Miss Brown had been teaching. She has been there about five months, and the people say that she has done more good and has taught the children more than any teacher they have ever had. They said that she has not only taught them their books, but she has taught them how to conduct themselves in the presence of others and what it is to be honest and truthful. I think that Miss Brown has well represented the Hampton Normal School. She has carried out what she was taught while she was at the school. I could tell when the children would come upon the platform, it seemed as if I could see the presence of Miss Brown in them. They had the very appearances of Miss Brown.

The people of Southampton County are satisfied that Hampton is the place to send their children to make men and women of them. They are very anxious to have their children to learn and more so to have Miss Brown to come back and teach them as she has promised to do. I do hope that all the Hempton teachers will do as well where ever they go as Miss Brown has done in Southempton County. She has brought a name on the school that will not be blotted out. She was thought well of by both white and colored. Every one of us can leave such a name behind us, and I would entreat the teachers of Hampton to try and do as she has, and that is the best we can.

DON'T RUN AWAY.

I know a little boy, named Henry, who is often sent on errands by his parents. Just before leaving the house his mother will say:

"Henry, come right home: don't go off anywhere." But it is often the case that he does not return as soon as he might; he runs away from home, instead of returning to it.

Now, this little boy not only runs off, but he also disobeys his mother, and thus runs away from Jesus: because the Bible says, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for it is right."

When Henry comes home he is tempted to tell a falsehood to cover up his wrong-doing, thus adding sin to sin and going further from Jesus.

There are a great many ways by which little boys, and little girls too, can run away from Jesus. For example: by taking that which does not belong to them; by deceiving, or by doing anything that would displease God. I am afraid Henry is not the only one who has formed this habit; and so I write to all the children, Don't run away from Jesus!

Now, why not run away from Jesus? First, because he loves us. When an earthly friend loves us we try to do all in our power to please that friend; but how much more does Jesus love us than any other friend ever could! and he has shown this love by dying to save us. And second, because we should love him, accept him as our Saviour, and so be happy in this world, and live with him in heaven.

WHAT MARY GAVE.

When the contribution is taken up in churches, boys and girls throw in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before. And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken. She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin, and a great deal of advice to her little three-year-old brother, who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the help, the precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grand-mother, while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away.

But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself neatly, and looked so bright, and kind, and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of her young, pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story from her grand-mother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all who were so happy as to meet her.

DYSPEPSIA.

Americans are particularly subject to this disease and its effects: such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Heartburn, Water-brash, coming up of the food, coated tongue, disagreeable taste in the mouth, palpitation of the heart and all diseases of the Stomach and Liver. Two doses of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once, and there positively is not a case in the United States it will not cure if you doubt this go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. 6-1y

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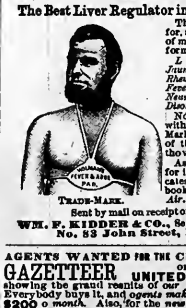

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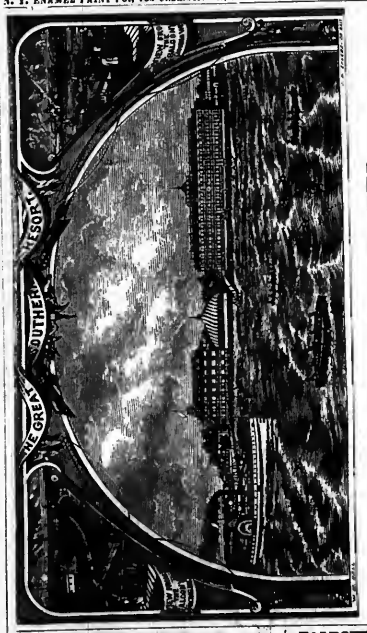

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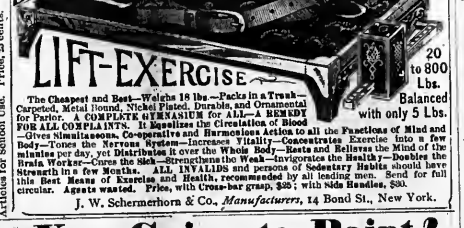

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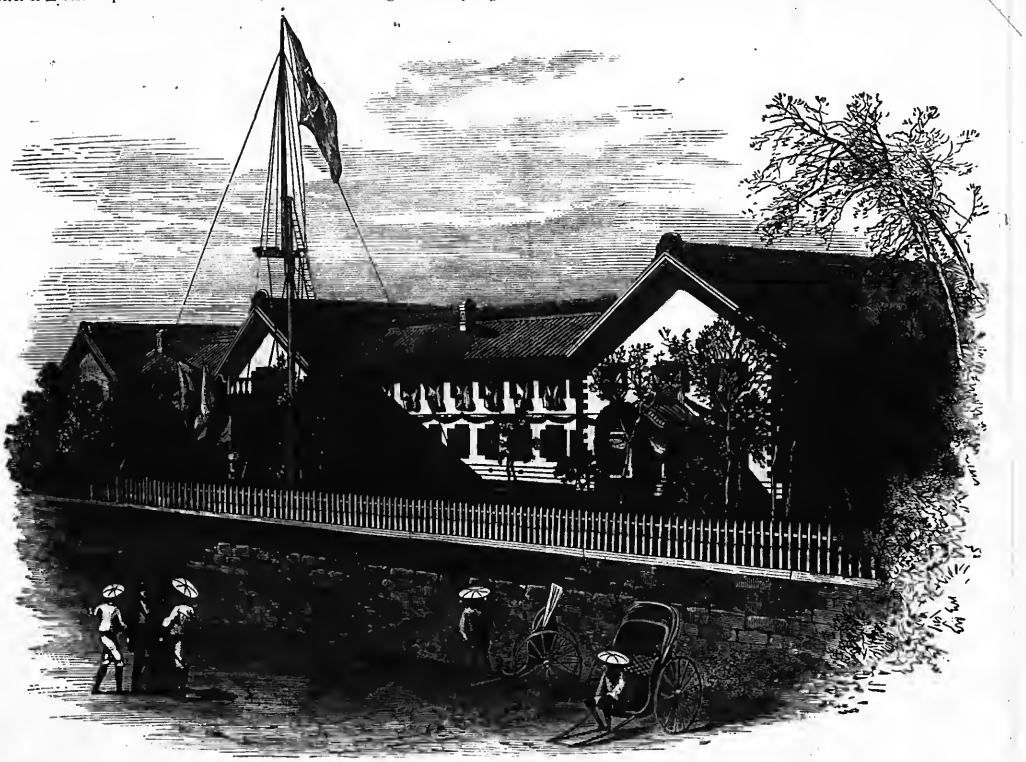
VOL. V. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1876. NO. 12.

THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF JAPAN AT TOKIO.

Our readers who were interested in the account of the visit of the Japanese Centennial Commissioners of Education to Hampton Normal School last month, will be pleased to see the picture we give below of the principal educational institution in Japan, the National University of Tokio, Kaisei Gukko, as it is called there; or the School for the Advancement of Civilization.

Our picture, for which we are indebted to the New York *Christian Weekly*, represents it dressed with flags for the festal day of the opening of the present building in 1873, by the Emperor or *Mikado* in person. The odd



THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF JAPAN.

little vehicles in front of it that look like baby-carriages are the *Kin-riki-shas* or man-power-carriages, used in several Japanese cities instead of cabs. Two of the coolies, or laborers, in their big hats are trying to get a fare for their passenger, while another sits resting in his chair. It is said that these conveyances were really imitated from the baby-carriages of some of the American residents of Japan.

The University building is of wood like most of the Japanese houses, stuccoed with plaster and roofed with tiles. It is 334 feet long, with three wings 193 feet long and 133 feet high, and contains seventy-nine rooms. The kitchen, bath-houses, (all Japanese bathe daily), dining hall and outbuildings are separate. On the lower floor are recitation and lecture rooms, on the upper floor dormitories. The building cost $11,000. Over three hundred students attend the institution. They wear a uniform, and on the front of their caps is a character meaning "civilization."

Besides a general collegiate course, the University has special departments of law, chemical technology, engineering, polytechnic science and mining. English is the principal foreign language taught. As is remarked in the Outline History of Japanese Education, prepared for the Centennial Exhibition by their Department of Education, "Japanese is deficient in terms to express the ideas of foreign science and learning, and as in the middle ages Latin was the learned language in Europe, so English must be in Japan for some time to come." The Latin and French languages are also taught, and when we consider that in spite of its deficiencies in the terms of modern science, the Japanese language has so many thousands of characters that many years of a schoolboy's life are mainly spent in learning his alphabet, each character of which means not only a letter but a word, and changes its meaning according to its position in a sentence, we must acknowledge that the young collegians have enough of language lessons to employ them. "At the lowest estimate," says the Outline History, "a schoolboy is required to learn one thousand characters, and in the elementary schools about three thousand are taught. A man of any scholarship, however, knows eight or ten thousand, and those who would pass for men of great learning are expected to be acquainted with many tens of thousands.

"As at this rate the cost of copy books would be too great, the school children have to use theirs over and over again, smearing out the letters at the close of the day. As you pass along the streets of a Japanese town, you may see the copy books hung out to dry, and the schoolboy himself you will always know in his home-ward march, by his smooched face and fingers which have received more than their share of the writer's ink."

Students are admitted to the University of Tokio from all parts of the empire, on passing the required examination, and from all classes of society. The course extends through six years, and degrees are bestowed at its close. A museum, library and botanical garden are connected with the University.

Across the street from it stands the Foreign Language School, where German, French, Russian and Chinese are taught, with the geography, history and political economy of the respective countries.

In February, 1872, a female school was opened in Tokio under the charge of the Department of Education. Up to this time the education of women and boys received the same government support as that of men, and therefore this first step in providing better facilities was an important step in the history of education. The school provides instruction in Japanese and English.

In 1874, the Tokio Female Normal School was established for the training of teachers. It has one hundred and fifty students. It was founded by the Empress who gives $5,000 yearly from her own private purse to promote the education of her own sex in the empire. This building was dedicated by the Empress in person.

There is also a male Normal School in Tokio. It has been in operation four years and has sent out between two hundred and three hundred graduates. These schools are modeled after normal schools in foreign countries.

At present there are not less than fifty other normal schools in various parts of the empire, at least 30,000 elementary schools, and at least 2,000,000 pupils under instruction. There are also Military, Naval, Engineering and Musical colleges in successful operation.

It may be news to many of our readers that such progressive ideas exist in a country so long excluding itself from all intercourse with foreign civilization. But, though jealous of outside interference, we find that Japan has from the earliest times respected education. More than nine hundred years ago a Japanese statesman wrote, "The successful government of a country depends upon wisdom and wisdom upon education," asking, therefore, that the educational land-tax be restored. In 662 A. D., political honor was bestowed on scholars, and in 690 the Empress Jito rewarded professors with a revenue. The first national university was founded in 668, in order to educate men for public employments. This education was not, however, universal and open to all classes, and it gradually declined with the decline of the Emperor's power which was usurped for two hundred years by the Military Commanders, the last of whom gave themselves the title of Tycoon, and reduced the Emperor to merely a nominal power, the shadow of a sovereign. In 1868 a revolution took place which restored the Mikado to his rightful throne. Among his first acts was the establishment of a Department of Education and founding of free schools throughout the empire. In 1871 he sent to America and Europe an embassy, one of whose objects was to investigate the educational institutions of these countries. Tanaka Fugimaro, Hampton's guest last month, accompanied this embassy as a special commissioner on this subject. Students carefully selected from the schools, and from noble families, were also sent, and are still sent to foreign countries to be educated. In 1875 nine were sent to America from the University of Tokio, one to France and one to Germany. The General Govt.'s annual appropriation to the Department of Education is $1,700,000. This is raised by taxation.

The Japanese Educational exhibit at the Centennial was one of the most interesting in this department, embracing school work and school reports, and apparatus manufactured at the Department of Arts and Manufactures in the University of Tokio, with books, maps, and newspapers, of which more than a hundred are now published in the empire, though it is but nine years since the first newspaper was issued.

The new Japanese Code of Education proclaims that, "It is designed henceforth that

education shall not be confined to a few, but shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member. Learning is no longer to be considered as belonging to the upper classes but is to be equally the inheritance of nobles and gentry, farmers and artisans, males and females."

With such a spirit it is no longer surprising to find in Japan, as we do, religious liberality, freedom of social life, elevation of woman, and progress in civilization.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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Business Manager.

HAMPTON, DECEMBER, 1876.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

HARMONY of action by good men for their country's welfare is postponed by blind partizanship. Where the color line is drawn the white man's chief duty is to vote down his negro neighbor, and intelligence is not divided, as it should be, on questions of public policy. The freedmen, ignoring considerations of character and fitness, believe, as one of them told us, "that it is a sin against God to scratch the Republican ticket."

A solid party vote means that every voter shall be a machine. The political significance of the school house, on the contrary, is that every man shall think and act for himself. The two are diametrically opposed as are despotism and freedom, and the final triumph of the school-house will forever break the ranks of party tyranny.

A large part of the Southern whites, and most intelligent colored men would, we believe, gladly divide into free traders and protectionists, or on other than race issues. But a color line on one side necessitates one on the other, and the progress of the South is, in consequence, at a snail's pace.

Under these circumstances, breaking it up becomes one of the most desirable things in American politics. As a means to this end, in the future, the national well-being requires Congressional and State aid of the most liberal character to the public schools of the South. Experience since the war has abundantly proved that the effect of a solid vote on the color line is to quicken the antagonistic instincts of the races, to damage the interests of labor and capital, to prevent immigration, to dishearten Northern settlers by the social consequences of not falling in fully with the "white man's party," and to keep in the background those men best entitled to public confidence and best qualified to promote the welfare of all.

THE PRESIDENTIAL election through which we have just passed, has been the closest ever seen in this country. Each of the two principal parties has had its day of apparent victory followed by doubt and prolonged suspense. The question who is to be our Centennial President is still uncertain, and may continue to be so till the middle of February when the electoral votes are cast, if not till Inauguration Day in March. The situation is remarkable, the administration of our National government for the next four years depending upon the returns from two or three, or probably only one of the smaller and most remote states, whose unsettled condition makes their canvass difficult, and gives rise to suspicion and charges of fraud, on both sides. In ordinary times, the vote of these states would be unimportant, and the result might be announced without waiting for them. In the present circumstances, one of them may give the casting vote, and illustrate the importance of small things to assured success.

As the channels of excitement have narrowed, it has naturally risen higher, but it is already subsiding, and the country is settling down to the hardest of all ordeals, that of waiting. The enforced delay gives a needed pause for deliberation and the cooling of partisan extravagance. The desire of the masses of the people, whatever their politics, is, we believe, for an honest decision of the question, and a law-abiding reception of it. Every true citizen, certainly, must be of this mind, and will heartily endorse the manly declaration of President Grant: "Either party can afford to be disappointed in the result. The country *cannot* afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns." Such a spirit prevailing will testify to the safety and permanence of Republican institutions, and prove that the freer a people, the more peacefully it can adapt itself to the needs of the hour.

"The extraordinary size of the vote cast shows a healthy state of interest in the affairs of the country. Too many have been apt to be careless of their political duties. And again, the very closeness of the vote will be an inevitable benefit to the country, however it is finally decided. John Randolph used to say that the best majority is a majority of ONE. Whichever party wins in a close election like this, is put upon its good behavior for the next four years. Their record must be pure and of good report for it to pass another such ordeal.

And finally, it is calming to the fears and the passions of the present hour to contemplate the long history of the ages, and find there that "There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may:" that God is King, whoever is president.

URGENT appeals are coming from Africa for colored missionaries. The American Missionary Association must secure a laborer for the proposed reconstruction of its Mendi Mission, and says it would be far more ready to receive a colored man as leader than a white man. In addition to this leader, it desires the services of three colored men and their wives to accompany them. These men must be qualified to teach and preach and must possess all the requisitions of health and heart for the work in Africa. We have also reports of an interesting lecture, which we will give our readers in full next month, by Mr. Gomer, a colored missionary formerly connected with an African mission of the American Board. He represents the great need of the educational work in Africa to be instruction in practical farming, and thinks the best way to meet it would be to establish a Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute there. He expressed a hope that Hampton graduates might be found to assist in such a work. We have no doubt that some such manual-labor educational system as Hampton's would work as well in Africa as it has in America and the Sandwich Islands. The freedmen need their brethren's help in America, but "there is that giveth and still increaseth," and if any Hampton graduate be fired with a holy zeal for the work in Africa and be found gifted for it, we believe that he would leave a blessing behind him, and we should bid him God-speed.

A RECENT number of the New York *Tribune* devotes an editorial to answering the charge which has been made of a want of interest among the freedmen in the National Exhibition. No one who passed many days in the buildings can fail, we think, to endorse the *Tribune's* testimony to the good proportion of colored people, considering their means as a class, who visited the Centennial, and to their evident appreciation of its use. As some corroboration of this, we may mention that 77 out of the 232 students of the Hampton Institute managed to visit it in the course of the season. Pressure of other matter compelling us to postpone till another month the report of our own inspection of the exhibits representing the colored man at the Centennial—those the *Tribune* enumerates and others,—we are glad, meanwhile, to give our readers in full the *Tribune's* excellent "words of justice":

"One word before the Centennial Exhibition is done and away with, in justice to our colored friends. Several of our leading contemporaries have seen fit to call attention to the 'lack of interest shown by the freedmen in the Exposition,' and the absence of a single exhibit showing their skill in any profession or trade whatever,' and from these facts have drawn the inference of their want of patriotic feeling as well as ability in brain or hand-work. If this had been true it would have been excusable. The freedman has had little time or opportunity to qualify himself to make an exhibition of artistic work, and if not a single colored face had been seen in the Centennial Grounds, the fact could have been accounted for by the omission of any invitation to prominent men of their race to be present on the opening day, an omission which arose from inadvertence, but was not the less likely to offend. But the facts are, that two at least of the most notable and significant exhibits were made by people of color; a statue in the Art Gallery which ranked among the first of those by American sculptors, and the Freedmen's Educational Department, in which the Hampton Normal School, Virginia, set forth its claims to notice. These claims were especially significant, as the school is one in which self-help is taught. The pupils can be not only trained as teachers, but with a good English education fitted to earn their own living as mechanics, seamstresses, domestic servants. There is abundance of means offered to the well-to-do of this race to obtain classical and scientific culture, but this school comes directly home to the present needs of the great needy majority.

It is not true, either, that they showed a lack of interest in the National Exposition. On the contrary, there was not a day when large numbers of colored people did not pass through the gates, and they were among the most orderly and attentive observers, eager to gain the instruction set before them. On one day last week over 20,000 colored people were present, having assembled to witness the unveiling of the statue of an African bishop, which they had erected on the grounds. It is time to have done with these petty sneers against a class of our citizens who have neither the disposition nor power to strike back when attacked. It is certain that no people among us have shown themselves more in earnest in accepting education when offered, and they never showed it more noticeably than during the Exhibition."

OUR Centennial Exhibition is over, and we may congratulate ourselves that it is so well over. From the doubtful venture of an almost empty-handed company, it has grown into a National and International enterprise, the greatest of all the great World's Fairs. Over nine million admissions, and over three and a half million dollars of receipts were registered at the gates. And this vast success has been gained, not by the great influx of foreigners which was expected, but through our own citizens. The Atlantic steamers brought over fewer passengers than usual this summer, and the Cunard and other lines actually took off some of their regular vessels. We would have been glad to welcome more to our shores, but it is all the better showing for us. At least one in twenty of our whole population must have had the benefit of a visit to the great Exhibition. Our commerce will no doubt reap advantage from it. Our manufactures have received an impulse. Our workmen have had a chance to inspect the best products of other countries. American silks, American carpets, American work and invention have been brought into the focus of the world's vision. Philadelphia having tasted the pleasure of such a collection of arts and wonders, is taking measures to keep as many as she can for herself, in a museum and art school on the model of the great Kensington Museum in London. We hope that other cities will follow her example. But the greatest of all the benefits of the Centennial, we believe, and the one which will make all the rest permanent, is its educational influence upon the masses of the people,—the two and a half millions of Americans who have flocked to it from all parts of the land. It is as good almost as a tour to Europe to many who have made perhaps the first pleasure journey of their lives, at some personal sacrifice to themselves, and have got their ideas stretched so they will never be quite the same people they were before. They will have something to talk of, something to think about, beyond their personal interests, for the rest of their lives; something to feed on and grow on. A thing of beauty is a joy forever. The benefits of the great Centennial ought to show in the coming generation and give us a new start for the next hundred years.

THE LAST OF THE PIONEERS OF THE HAWAIIAN MISSION.

Honolulu papers announce the death, at the ripe age of eighty-one years, of the venerable Mrs. Thurston, the last survivor of the band of American missionaries who arrived at the Hawaiian Islands in 1820. The circumstances under which these apostles of the Cross began their labors are among the most dramatic and interesting in the history of missions.

When they left the United States for their long and tedious voyage, the Islanders were a nation of idolaters, and even the King and Chiefs were subject to the cruel and oppressive rule of the heathen priests, whose temples were running with the blood of their human sacrifices. While the frail bark which bore the gospel messengers was battling with the storms of Cape Horn, the King and his followers had risen against the priestly despotism under which the nation had so long groaned, and when the missionaries arrived, uncertain of their reception and their fate, but anticipating the violent opposition of the priesthood, they were greeted with the cheering news "the idols are destroyed and the priests overthrown." They proved a people without a religion and ready to welcome the new faith, and Christianity was soon adopted as the religion of Hawaii. Rev. Asa Thurston and his wife were of this first band, and for nearly fifty years they labored together with success and zeal. He died in 1868.

In 1870, the first half-century of the mission was commemorated by the missionaries and their descendants at the Islands by a Jubilee, which was attended by the venerable Dr. Anderson, Secretary of the American Board, and participated in by the King and his people. A paper prepared and read by Mrs. Thurston, giving her reminiscences of the fifty years of missionary labor, was one of the most interesting features of this occasion. She was a woman of vigorous intellect, and both she and her husband were well fitted for the work to which they had consecrated their lives and which they performed with rare ability, constancy and success.

DEATH OF REV. GEO. WHIPPLE, D. D.

Mr. Whipple entered upon his duties as Corresponding Secretary of the American Missionary Association, then recently formed, at the close of the year 1846. He was in the forty-second year of his age, in the full vigor of his manhood, and he devoted his whole energies to his new position with a success that is well known by the results, but with a faithfulness and spirit of self-sacrifice that few outside of his office ever knew. In those days the resources of the Association were quite limited and came mainly from those who were poor in this world's goods. His salary was very small, and he did not feel at liberty to employ adequate assistance In the outer room of the office there yet stands a long table on which Mr. Whipple was then accustomed to write, often continuing his work till one or two o'clock at night; then wrapping himself in a blanket, he would sleep on the table till four or five o'clock in the morning, and then spring from it to resume his writing. The toil

and care of his position at length impaired his health, and in 1858 he took a short trip to Europe to recruit his health, and to acquire information respecting missions in Africa; and the best mode of extending them. Through the whole course of his thirty years' duties as Secretary, he labored with unceasing diligence. He was a model of punctuality in the regularity of his office hours, and his vigilance and supervision extended to all parts of the work of the Association. He seldom took any time for vacation or relaxation, and even in the hours of conference and consultation he soon became restless if the discussions wandered in the least from the point immediately in hand.

Mr. Whipple's character was so well rounded that it is difficult to single out peculiar traits, yet a sound judgment—a judicial cast of mind—was perhaps the most marked feature.

He was very conscientious—not morbidly but practically. He seemed ever to respect the rights of others, in small as well as great things, and it is doubtful if the man lives who feels that Mr. Whipple ever intended to injure him in any way. The rights of the poor slave were espoused by him when worldly consideration would have told him to "pass by on the other side." Nor was he narrow in his sympathies. He was interested in all classes of men, and in all who sought to benefit man or extend the Redeemer's kingdom.

Those who knew Mr. Whipple most intimately had the highest esteem for his piety and his ripe and well developed Christian character. His humility, his profound reverence for God, his quiet and calm trust in His promises, and love, and the full consecration of all he had and could do to the Master's service were some of the lineaments of that character. His was a busy life. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.—*American Missionary Magazine.*

For our pictures we are indebted to the Christian Weekly, and Mr. Shorey of Boston.

Press of matter already in type obliges us to defer till next month two interesting communications from correspondents.

LIBERIA AS A MISSIONARY FIELD.

It is estimated that the American people are giving annually $500,000 for the religious education of British subjects. This sum was thus given before the war, when we were not permitted to teach our negroes, and it is still given now, when we are at liberty to teach negroes, and when the negroes very much need the instruction. Our Liberia Colony has borrowed $500,000 from the British to enable itself to struggle into a healthy interior region from out the deadly malaria of the seacoast, where we Americans have placed it, and where our apathy and indifference keep it; and as Liberians are poor and cannot pay the sum borrowed, having been stripped by us for centuries of the proceeds of their labor, the prospects are that Liberia will have to turn itself over to England to pay her debt. In this way a republican colony may lapse into the possession of a monarchical government. But this consideration, the swallowing up of a republican colony by a monarchy, so full of ill augury to our own Republic, does not seem to waken any concern among us, or cause our missionary action to deviate one iota from the ruts in which it has run for half a century or more. It is not surprising that while we are looking after British subjects, Great Britain should be taking possession of one of our republican colonies. It is plain to be seen that we Americans are helping to educate the inhabitants of Hindostan, but what are we doing for our negroes—our own fellow-citizens? Instead of helping them to the possession of the continent of Africa, their birthright and their land of promise, we are giving them a land of Goshen here in the United States. We are giving them South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The spirit of the political administration of the country is too mercenary to permit of much attention being paid to objects of benevolence, or to the affairs of a colony founded in philanthropy and benevolence. While the members of our government are making money for themselves, in the same rut that became established during the war, our clergy are sending around the hat, box, or plate for contributions to missionary purposes, but seldom if ever is a word uttered by them in favor of our Liberia colony, the greatest practical religious scheme of the age. It is the doorway opened up to a hundred millions of barbarians of a race whom we have outraged, and to whom we are under greater moral obligations than to any other people. Is it for God's purposes that we keep the negroes here in America, or is it not for our own? Have we brought him here from Africa to be educated, and then to be returned as a missionary to the millions of his race, or have we brought him here merely to increase our store of cotton, strengthen the Republican vote, and aid in opposing the political aggressions of Romanism? Our clergy rarely if ever ask such questions. Their religious action runs in ruts; for it is easier to flow in the smooth channels of habit than to irrigate waste lands with the steam.

Liberia is the germ of the greatest missionary enterprise since the Exodus from Egypt, and nothing stands in the way of its development but a want of attention on the part of the Government and people of the United States. First, there is needed a road from the unhealthy seacoast up into the healthy interior—say 100 miles long; second, a survey of the land, so that every African in the United States can tell before he leaves our shores precisely where he is to be situated, just as European immigrants can tell before leaving home where they are to live in this country; and, third, all our foreign missionary efforts should be centered upon Africa.

We saw not long since, on a cold, raw day in January, a colored clergyman from North Carolina, followed by his little flock of some 12 persons, at one of the docks of New-York on his way to Liberia. The little flock had left their homes against the wishes of neighbors, both black and white and under the influence of a deep religious purpose, were steaming an adverse current of prejudice, interest, and false policy, worse than a Northern Winter itself. There was no road through the jungle for them when they should arrive in Africa, no friendly Castle Garden, no railroad with sleeping cars to the interior, no lot surveyed and ready to receive them; but, on the contrary, poverty, apathy, indifference, malaria, uncertainty, exhausted resources, sickness, heedless efforts perhaps, and hastened death. Would it not be better to encourage the high, devotional spirit of this clergyman and his flock by helping them on to lots of land in the healthy interior, where the clergyman could set the example of tilling the soil with his own hands, preaching the word of God to his flock on Sunday? Would it not be better to sustain such a missionary with our missionary money than to be spending it on the Hindostanese subjects of wealthy England? Would it not be well to divert American sentiment, religious and political, from some of its old ruts?

J. W. P.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Agricultural.

TRANSPORTING CATTLE SOUTH.

Mature cattle taken from the North to the South meet with changes that imperil their lives. The risk is less in the fall months than others, since then the contrasts of climate are less. For the South to accept northern cattle in spring or summer, is most unsafe, the chance of their survival being small. There is small risk, on the other hand, in transferring animals from the South to the North at any season, provided the journey is made comfortable to them.

Probably the miscarriages of many attempts to introduce full grown animals of choice breeds in the South, have had much to do in checking their introduction. Purchasers very naturally prefer to secure animals that are mature enough to show the excellences of the breed, and its superiority to the common cattle of the country. They do not know what developments young things may attain to, and feel that in taking such, they incur much risk of their not becoming as handsome as they wish them.

But to incur this risk, which is less in proportion to the excellences of the ancestry of the young things, ancestry that can generally be seen and studied in the large herds of capable breeders, is certainly better than either to remain without improved stock, or to purchase the mature animals, that are more likely to die than to live.

Animals of from four to eight months old, or perhaps a little older, may be transferred South in the cool months of the year, with very little risk of losing them. Indeed, we think the northern breeder would not hesitate to take upon himself the insurance of their lives. Young things of the desirable breeds can be purchased at much lower prices than animals arriving at maturity; and we would advise their selection on both grounds of avoidance of risk, and of economy. Then, too, the new owner is in the way of becoming gradually familiar with the distinctive characteristics, and when they have arrived at the period of profit, will be better able attend to their needs.

WOOL SUGGESTION.

It will always be best for a farmer to produce wool of one sort or the other. Wool that is neither one thing nor the other, neither long nor short, will not usually command a satisfactory price so readily as if it were either the wool clipped from Merino sheep or from the backs of some long-wooled breed. An intelligent dealer in wool assures us that good delaine wool should be at least three inches in length, and be a round, strong staple. The practice of buying wool at an average price per pound, without regard to its quality and condition, is paying a premium for and encouraging the growth of poor and dirty wool, for grease and filth cost but a trifle per pound compared with choice, clean wool. Wool growers who raise wool above the average as to quality and condition can do better than to sell it at an average price by sending it to a reliable commission merchant, where it will be sorted and sold according to its merits. This is a safe and satisfactory way to sell good wool. It is not to be expected that wool buyers will advise farmers to thus dispose of their wool, for it deprives them of all the commission for buying, besides some twelve cents per pound extra in addition for all the delaine wool sorted out by them.—*N. Y. Herald.*

KEEPING EGGS.

Slake 1 lb. stone lime in 2 gallons of water. When cool add one pint of salt. Stir well, and let the mixture thoroughly settle. Place the eggs in a stone jar, pointed end down, and pour over them the clear liquid without disturbing the sediment. Be sure that the lime-water covers them. Close the jar tightly, and do not disturb until wanted for use.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

THE Presidential election is still uncertain. As far as is yet known, the electoral votes of the States stand as follows:

For HAYES.		*For TILDEN.*	
Maine	7	New York	35
New Hampshire	5	Connecticut	6
Vermont	5	New Jersey	9
Rhode Island	4	Indiana	15
Massachusetts	13	Alabama	10
Pennsylvania	29	Virginia	11
Ohio	22	Tennessee	12
Illinois	21	Missouri	15
Iowa	11	North Carolina	10
Kansas	5	Arkansas	5
Michigan	11	Georgia	11
Minnesota	5	Kentuckey	12
Nebraska	3	Mississippi	8
Colorado	3	Texas	8
California	6	West Virginia	5
Oregon	3	Maryland	8
Nevada	3	Delaware	3
Wisconsin	10		
South Carolina	7	Total	184
Total	173		
IN DOUBT.			
Florida	4	Louisana	8

THE Senate will have a reduced Republican majority, and the House a reduced Democratic majority.

SOUTH Carolina has elected Wade Hampton for Governor.

VIRGINIA gives Tilden a majority of 44,244.

THE Returning Board of Louisiana will admit five witnesses from each party to the counting of the vote.

THE negro vote of the United States numbers about 879,000, and is distributed among the several states as follows:

Alabama	80,400	Nebraska	140
Arkansas	2,100	Nevada	0
California	280	New Hampshire	100
Connecticut	1,700	New Jersey	5,600
Delaware	4,000	New York	9,000
Florida	16,700	North Carolina	74,200
Georgia	91,103	Ohio	11,000
Illinois	8,200	Oregon	60
Indiana	4,400	Pennsylvania	11,000
Iowa	1,100	Rhode Island	850
Kansas	8,100	South Carolina	75,000
Kentuckey	40,400	Tennessee	8,600
Louisiana	66,300	Texas	16,000
Maine	800	Vermont	170
Maryland	31,900	Virginia	93,300
Massachusetts	2,500	Wisconsin	400
Michigan	2,100	West Virginia	3,300
Minnesota	140		
Mississippi	86,700	Total	879,110
Missouri	21,500		

THE President-elect of the United States will take the oath and enter upon his duties at noon on Monday, the 5th of March next.

A NUMBER of Chinamen have been naturalized and will vote in Massachusetts this autumn.

CENTENNIAL.

THE Centennial Exhibition was formally closed on November 10th. A hundred thousand people or more, with a thousand umbrellas or less, bravely withstood the pouring rain till the managers changed the scene of action to Judges' Hall. Thirteen guns at sunrise greeted the day from George's Hill, and were answered from the sloop-of-war *Plymouth* at her moorings. At two o'clock President Grant entered the Hall escorted by General Hawley, and followed by members of the cabinet, foreign commissioners, governors of states, and other invited guests. The music was under the charge of Theodore Thomas. Wagner's Inauguration March opened the exercises. Rev. Joseph Seiss of Philadelphia made the prayer. Addresses were delivered by Hon. D. J. Morrill, Generals Hawley, Goshorn and others, giving a brief history of the exhibition, and thanking the foreign commissioners for their co-operation. During the singing of "America" by the audience, the original American flag first displayed by Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard* was displayed, from a neighboring window by a lady whose grandfather was in the famous engagement with the Serapis, and whose family have ever since preserved the banner. It was loudly cheered. President Grant then gave the signal for stopping the great Corliss engine, and announced the Centennial Exhibition closed. A closing salute of 47 guns for all the states and territories of the Union was fired by the George's Hill battery, and the *Plymouth*. The audience, chorus and orchestra joined in the Doxology, and the ceremony concluded.

THE Main Centennial Hall is to be kept for a permanent exhibition building. Memorial Hall, and two or three of the State and Foreign buildings presented to the city, will soon be all that is left of the Fairy City of Glass.

A STATUE to Bishop Allen, the first bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, was unveiled on the Centennial Grounds October 25th.

NOVEMBER 7TH, election day, was Woman's Day at the Centennial.

PERSONAL.

A private letter just received from England gives account of a concert of the Jubilees at Whitby recently at which they cleared £150 (about $500), and says they expect to spend another year in Great Britain.

MISS SARAH M. LOGAN, who is said to be the first colored female student who has been graduated from any medical college in the United States, has just received a diploma from the College of Medicine of the Syracuse University, and has begun practice in Washington.

JAMES PRIEST, from Gainsville, Liberia, in West Africa, has honorably reached the last year in the School of Mines of Columbia College, New York City. A friend, pleased with his proficiency in his studies, presented him recently with a microscope worth more than one hundred dollars.

GENERAL.

THE effort to develop an export market for American cottons promises to be successful. The cooperation of mills representing a million and a half of spindles has been secured, and 60 packages of samples will soon be sent to Philadelphia for distribution among the foreign Commissioners, who are to introduce them in their respective countries. The Commissioners of Portugal, Italy, and Australia have ordered five extra packages. The manufacturers have already addressed a petition to Secretary Fish in reference to the protection of American trade-marks.

THE Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., chartered in 1782, was originally endowed by General Washington. During the last years of his life it was under the presidency of Gen. Robert E. Lee. A large number of gentlemen in different States have organized a movement, in connection with the National Centennial at Philadelphia, for the purpose of increasing the endowment of the University.

THE English Wesleyan missionaries on the Gold Coast of Africa have resolved to re-open missions in the King of Dahomey's dominions. They have been welcomed by the kings of some of the states, and Mr. Williams gives a list of twenty towns where he thinks missions might be opened.

THE Japanese Educational Centennial Commissioners have chosen the Boston school system to represent and recommend to their Government, and will carry home specimens of everything used in the schools. A model Boston school-house will be fitted up in Tokio to display the specimens.

THE Bengal coast of India has been visited by a terrible cyclone (or circular tempest). A storm-wave twenty feet deep swept over the islands; over 20,000 persons perished.

A letter from Savannah states that there had been over 1,300 interments in the city since August 21st, four-fifths of which were yellow fever cases. Very few people remain in the city who have not had the fever.

Affairs in Turkey are still critical. Russia is preparing for the chances of war. Turkey has agreed unconditionally to the Conference of the Powers, and on the result of this depends the peace of Europe.

A New York correspondent of the *Journal* writes that in that city the business men are greatly encouraged. Every department of labor is reviving. Capitalists are building. Labor, building material and wages have not been so low since '60. Notwithstanding the shrinkages the mercantile houses are in a good condition. Huge stores are going up in every direction, and real estate, which is the last thing to move, is already starting.

"WHEN A MAN COMES HOME" [illegible] and comes [illegible] but also [illegible] it is [illegible] want to recommend you to use hard [illegible] you must not let your back door be surrounded

"WHEN A MAN COMES HOME."

When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle;
Better far to sleep
In the hungry deep,
'Neath white sheets of foam,
And of sea weed tangle.
Peace, peace, peace;
Cease, cease, cease.
When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle.

When a man comes home,
Let him enter smiling;
Take the children sweet,
Playing round his feet,
Throw off grief and gloom,
And the world's beguiling.
Peace, peace, peace;
Cease, cease, cease.
When a man comes home,
Let him find all smiling.

When a man comes home,
He should still remember
'Tis not always May,
Either work or play—
Sure as June will come,
There will come December.
Peace, peace, peace;
Cease, cease, cease.
Evening brings all home,
And sunshine in December.

—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

HOUSE AND HOME.

Next in importance to the direct care of the children, comes, for a woman who is at the head of a household, that general personal supervision and labor which, when intelligently done, result in cleanliness, order and comfort for the whole family. Of course it is much easier to write and talk about this kind of work than it is to do it, but, nevertheless, it is a constant surprise to me to find how much can be accomplished through determination and system by women who have much to do and little to do with. These two things, determination and system, which lie at the foundation of all good housekeeping, mean simply that you must always do your work at stated times and in certain places. To take, for example, a very simple but constantly recurring duty, *i. e.*, dish washing; are there not two widely different ways of doing it? One woman will leave her table standing for two or three hours, and then, throwing her dishes all together and unscraped into a dirty pan, will go for hot water, which, as she has forgotten to fill the pot, is not to be had, and at the same time will find that there is no soap in the house, that her dishcloth is lost and her towel wet. Another woman will clear her table as soon as the meal is over, will put her dishes, carefully scraped from all grease, broken bits, etc., into a pan which is used for nothing else, will wash first her silver and glass, then her china and last of all her cooking utensils, will have plenty of boiling water and soap, a clean dishcloth and a dry towel. And of these two women you may be sure that the first will be always in confusion and disorder, while the second, you may be equally sure, is the mistress of a neat and well ordered household.

This comparison may be carried through the whole field of household work, and the advantage will always be found on the side of the woman who systematizes her work, who does it, that is, in a regular and orderly way, who has a time and a place for everything. The details of the life of an ordinary housekeeper who does most of her work herself, are far too numerous and varied to be set down upon paper; but the most important of them are usually much the same from day to day and in all families, and I think that perhaps our best way to get a clear idea of what system and industry can accomplish will be to follow, in imagination, a good housekeeper through the work of one day, from the rising to the setting of the sun. We will give her a house of her own, with kitchen, eating-room and sitting-room downstairs, and three bedrooms upstairs, and her family shall consist of a husband, who is a day laborer, and three children, two of whom are old enough to go to school.

As soon as she herself is dressed in the morning she gives the children such help as they require in washing and dressing, making sure that they begin the day with clean skins if nothing more, and then after thoroughly shaking up the beds and opening the windows, she goes down stairs to get breakfast, her husband having in the meantime made the fire. However simple the breakfast may be, if it should consist only of coffee and cornbread, it should be neatly served in the eating-room, on a clean tablecloth and from clean dishes. To this meal and all others the family should sit down promptly and together, their food should be eaten in a clean and orderly way, and if possible, should not be eaten in the same room in which the cooking, washing, etc., are going on. I have already drawn your attention to the fact that a careless, disorderly habit in respect to serving and eating food should be carefully avoided, not only because it indicates ignorant and coarse tastes, but also because it is injurious to health, and I would once more lay down as a cardinal principle of good housekeeping that the eating room should not be used as a cooking or sleeping room, that the table should be neatly set with a clean cloth, clean china, glass, etc., and that the food should be served and eaten in a neat and orderly way. You will find that there is no one thing which will more affect the comfort of your family than that the meals should be prepared and eaten with regularity and order, and though those of you who have never made the attempt may feel that it is not worth the trouble you think it will cost you, you will find, if you will but make an honest trial, that the trouble is nothing in comparison with the increase of comfort and the satisfaction of feeling that you are educating your children in some very important particulars.

But to return to our diligent housekeeper,—by this time she has, I think, finished her breakfast, cleared her table and washed her dishes in the way I have already described. This accomplished, she will put away the articles used, in their proper places on the cupboard shelves, in drawers, etc., will sweep and dust the room and then go upstairs to the bedrooms which she will proceed to put in order

WHEN A MAN COMES HOME.

for the day. And here I must say a word about the care of the beds and bedsteads, a duty the neglect of which never fails to produce most unpleasant results. If there is one thing in your house about the cleanliness of which you should be absolutely sure, it is the beds, and the only way to obtain such certainty is by constant care. The beds should be thoroughly shaken up every morning as soon as the occupants are out of them, and by this I mean that you should not only take off the coverlids, blankets, sheets, pillows, etc., and spread them out upon chairs in such a way that the air may have free circulation about them, but that you should also take off or throw back the bed or mattress itself, so that the framework of the bedstead will be exposed to the air and light. You should let the beds and bedclothes lie in this way for at least an hour every morning, and in addition to this, you should as often as once a month remove everything from the bedstead and wipe it off carefully with hot soapsuds, going thoroughly into all the cracks where insects are likely to secrete themselves. If you follow this course habitually, you will have little to fear from the bugs whose presence is a disgrace to any housekeeper, and your beds will be always sweet and fresh, a rest and a comfort to those who lie down upon them.

Having thus shaken up her beds before breakfast, (and before I leave the subject, I want to recommend you to use hard beds rather than soft, mattresses in preference to feather beds), our housekeeper finds them well aired on her return and proceeds at once to make them up, spreading the sheets, etc., so carefully that the bed when finished is really an ornament to the room and a temptation to tired limbs. Then she empties the slops, thoroughly washing the basins, pitchers, etc., and refilling the pitchers with fresh water, dusts and arranges the furniture, and leaves the room in such order that she need have no fear of the most critical eye. The children must now be got ready for school and this takes a little time, for their faces and hands must be washed and clean aprons or jackets put on, in order that neither they nor their teacher need have cause to be ashamed of dirt and carelessness for which their mother is responsible.

After they are gone, the special work of the day, whatever it may be, sewing, baking, cleaning or ironing, may begin, (except in the case of washing, which ought to be begun as early in the morning as possible), and this will go on, unless some accidental interruption occurs, until it is time to prepare for the midday meal, which will be dinner or luncheon according as the father and children do or do not return at that hour. In either case, when the meal and its attendant work are done, the mother will again have two or three hours for work in the house or the garden before it is time to cook the evening meal, after which there is again an hour or two after the children are put to bed (and this should be at a regular hour), for rest, amusement, visiting, etc. With a day systematized in this way, it is possible for a woman to do all the work of a small family and to take in work in addition, though it is no doubt more desirable that she should be able to give all her time and energy directly to the care of her own family.

As I have said before, there are innumerable details in housekeeping in regard to which actual instruction from a good housekeeper is almost a necessity; but I am sure that most of you have constant opportunities to see for yourselves how to do your work properly, if you will only take advantage of them. In the matter of cleanliness for example, you must surely have seen enough for yourselves to know that to sweep dirt into nooks and corners where for the moment it is out of sight, or to throw rubbish into a pantry and shut the door, is in no sense cleanliness. If you are going to be clean, you must not keep your cellar unsome with decaying vegetables or refuse of any kind, you must not let your garret be a receptacle for the dusty, mouldy rubbish of years, you must not let your back door be surrounded by the quickly accumulating and foul-smelling dirt of the kitchen; but you must see to it yourself that nowhere within the limits of your responsibility is there anything unclean which your hands can remove. I know that this is no easy task, but at any rate you can do your best, and the advice which I would give to any woman who is too poor or too overworked to do all that more fortunate women are able to do, is, "Rid yourself first of the dirt which is likely to be directly injurious to health; that is, keep your cellar clean even if your windows go unwashed, wash your cooking utensils and keep your beds fresh at the expense of something of less importance, keep your skin clean even if your dress has to go dirty."

But, in truth, a person who really loves cleanliness will be clean everywhere and at all times, and the first step in advance is taken when you begin to feel that dirt in any form is really unpleasant to you, and that to sit down in a dirty room at a dirty table to eat dirty food from dirty dishes (which you know to be only too common a habit) is, to you, actual misery. When you have learned to hate uncleanliness, you will surely learn in one way or another to be clean, and you will never be a good housekeeper until you do hate uncleanliness in every shape and with all your heart. The more closely you examine the work of any woman who is a successful housekeeper, the more evident it will become to you that, like the woman whom we have been following through the duties of a day, she is orderly, systematic and thorough in all her habits. The cleanliness, as we have seen, is not superficial, but includes everything that comes within her province; the work of each day is arranged so that nothing is left to chance; her cooking is done by rule and not by "guess;" she studies to avoid waste, and to make the most of her materials; she knows that the comfort of her household depends mainly upon her thrift and industry, and she takes every means in her power to find out and adopt the best way of doing all that she has to do. And certainly there is no more honorable ambition for most women than the ambition to be a good housekeeper, taking that word always in its broadest and most beautiful sense, the Bible sense, whose inter-retation we find in that wonderful description in the last chapter of Proverbs, a description which should cheer and refresh the heart of every woman who is trying to work well and earnestly:

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, . . . She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her, . . . A woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

The Teachers' Table.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING.

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE IV.

STUDY;

ITS OBJECTS, REQUISITES AND MEANS.

Objects of Study
1. To train the mind.
2. To teach how to think.
3. To enable us to arrange and classify our knowledge.
4. To enable us to converse.

The business of the teacher is to train, develop and discipline the powers by which we obtain knowledge.

As to classification of knowledge, instead of giving the pupil in spelling a book to study his spelling lesson, it would be well often to give him a paper and pencil, and have him put in one column the names of all the trees he can think of, in another the names of the different kinds of fruit-trees; and so on, with the names of things to eat, of things to wear, of furniture, household utensils, flowers, etc. A spelling book made on this plan would be the best kind of spelling book. Besides teaching how to spell words most in use, it would help the pupil classify and arrange his knowledge, making it clearer and more easily retained than a mass of unassorted, unassociated facts can be.

As one object of study is to converse well, require the pupil to give his answers in good, pure English that expresses what he means. Correct his *own* bad grammar and inelegant English, not somebody else's. There will sometimes be found in school books long lists of bad syntax for the pupil to correct. Now if these are not mistakes that he is in the habit of making, they will only put new errors into his head. You want to correct *his* bad grammar, so watch for *his* mistakes, and let him

watch for them himself. Again, make him incorporate your questions in his answers, to show that he understands them. For instance, you ask him, What is the capital of Virginia? His answer should be, The capital of Virginia is Richmond. That will accustom him to the use of the word capital and secure his understanding of it.

Requisites of Study.
1. Health.
2. Pure fresh air.
3. Comfortable seats.
4. Time.
5. Comparative Silence or Regulated Noise.

The first requisite of study is, of course, Health, and for this plenty of good pure air is absolutely necessary. All school-rooms must be ventilated in some way. Arrange your windows to lower from the top. If they won't, make them, by whittling the piece across the lower sash. It is a good plan to have a little stick and string nailed to the side of the window to allow the pure fresh air to sweep through the school-room occasionally.

The children should also be comfortably seated. If the seats are perfectly perpendicular, too high or too low, or the desks flat on the top, the pupils will soon weary and cannot be studious. By cutting off the back legs an inch or two shorter than the front ones, you can make the seats comfortable, and the children will not lounge forward.

Have a time for a study period immediately after each recitation. Then the pupil will have fresh in his mind what you should have told him about studying his lesson for the next day, and can go right at it with interest. Remember a child cannot recite to you what he has not learned. He must have time to learn it. *The smallest amount of time* a child should have for studying a lesson is as much time—or better, twice as much time—as it takes to recite it.

The next requisite is *comparative silence, or regulated noise*. Remember, you cannot have absolute silence, and you don't want it. Where there is life there is motion; where there is motion there is friction; where there is friction there is noise. A silent school is a dead school. The question is not, How still can the school be kept? but how still to get the most study. *It is not the minimum of noise, but the maximum of study that we want.*

Means to secure Study
1. Compulsory study worth little.
2. Study to be valuable must be spontaneous.
3. Appetize.
4. Devices to make study attractive.

Compulsory study is not study. It must be spontaneous to be valuable. Therefore we must make it appetizing, attractive, and sometimes use our best skill to rouse and interest the children.

A dull, warm day can be made more interesting and lively by various little devices which each teacher can best make for himself. Take them out botanizing or show them experiments in natural philosophy. The pressure of the air can be demonstrated in a simple way by a tumbler full of water, covered with a sheet of letter paper, then inverted, when the water will be held up in the tumbler by the upward pressure of the air against the paper. In Hooker's "Child's Book of Nature," Grey's "How Plants Grow," and Miss Youman's "Botany," you will find good suggestions for such devices.

Our next lecture will be on School Regulations

An article in *Schermerhorn's Monthly* contains the following excellent suggestion: "The common faults of declamation can often be avoided by encouraging pupils to take the place of the teacher and explain some interesting topic with which they are familiar. Let it be a description, in familiar language, of something they have seen or read of. 'Tell us about it,' should be the form of invitation. Let them not dream that they are 'speaking pieces.' It is better that very simple narratives should be attempted at first. If necessary, let the more timid pupils retain their seats; at least avoid the cumpliciuity of the platform. A natural manner, the use of original language, and the absence of all the accessories of an exhibition, are indispensable to a right beginning in oratory. Declamation, according to the ordinary method, makes the poorest kind of orators—mere elocutionary machines; but talk, insensibly led, step by step, to assume the dignity of an address to a general audience, develops natural oratory."

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

An appropriate picture to show our readers in this Christmas month, is that of the lofty Rocky Mountain peak which is known as the Mount of the Holy Cross.

He who set his bow in the heavens has stamped this symbol of the Christian faith in pure, shining snow, upon one of the highest summits of our continent.

Cross-shaped rifts hold the snow long after it has melted and slid from the steep, rocky face of the mountain, and produce the remarkable appearance which the artist has reproduced in the picture, and which, seen for a distance of sixty miles, cannot fail to impress the beholder with wonder and awe.

It was first discovered by the Hayden Exploring Expedition, sent out by the United States Gov't under command of Lieut. F. V. Hayden a few years ago to make a geological and scientific survey of Montana and other Territories.

Mr. W. H. Holmes who accompanied the expedition, gives a vivid description of the discovery.

He says:

"Until the middle of June, the great front range of the Rocky Mountains in the Montana territory had been crowned with an unbroken covering of snow, and the higher peaks looked forbidding enough to cool the ardor of the most ambitious mountaineer. We spent a few months on the plains and pine-covered foothills, watching impatiently the face of the mountains. We marked how the snow line moved gradually upward, how the black rocks began to peep out, making innumerable dark patches, and how the snow finally occupied

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

only small areas where it had filled depressions and accumulated in deep drifts. Our little party was not slow to take advantage of this growing weakness in our enemy's front, and steadily advanced up the valleys, into dense timber, up long, steep slopes, through swamps and torrents and treacherous snow banks; and long before the grass and flowers of those upper regions had felt the touch of spring, we were there. And many days before winter had finally surrendered the lofty summits, from a peak more than 14,000 feet above the sea we looked around upon one of the grandest panoramas that the world affords. To the east, the great plain gave a horizon entirely unbroken; to the west innumerable mountains notched the sky like saw teeth. From the ramparts of a continent we looked out upon a boundless ocean, calm, motionless, inward; upon a waste of mountains whose heights, and depths, and mystery fairly confounded us.

This was to be the field of our labors, and we summoned our half-bewildered faculties to the task of identifying such great landmarks as would be necessary to guide us in our future wanderings. An indefinite number of high, rugged ranges could be traced by their lines of lofty summits, as far away to the north and south as the eye could reach. But one among all these summits caught the eye and fixed the attention. Far away to the westward, we discovered a peak, a very giant among its fellows, a king amidst a forest of mountains, that bore aloft on its dark face a great white cross, so perfect, so grand in proportions that at a distance of sixty miles we felt ourselves in its very presence."

It was not till two months later that the party were able to make the ascent of the mountain, after a long and painful journey through a rugged "canon" (pronounced *canyon*) or gorge between perpendicular mountain walls. The ascent was made in a pouring rain which so hid the mountain that they were not even sure it was the right one. All the photographic and surveying instruments had to be carried up on the backs of the men. Mr. Jackson, the photographer, was the first to reach the summit in advance of the rest. Mr. Holmes says:

"Two months later we found ourselves approaching the region in which this mountain is located. On the 10th of August, we stood on the ocean divide, from which the waters to the east are carried by the Arkansas down to the Gulf, while those to the west sink away and are lost in the mysterious gorges of the 'great Colorado of the west.' On the one side, a narrow valley stretched away to the south-eastward in a seemingly endless vista, while on the other the streams and valleys were almost immediately obscured by a mass of irregular mountains. The course chosen would lead us first down the Pacific slope into a deep and rugged canon which we would be compelled to descend for some twenty miles or more, thence, by means of one of the great creek valleys that come down from the range to the west, we hoped to be able to ascend to the base of the peak.

For two days we pushed forward.

On the evening of the second day we reached the mouth of a large creek which it was agreed must drain the high region about the Holy Cross. As yet, no one had caught sight of the object of our search, since the first discovery some sixty miles away, for since entering the canon no mountains had been in sight; only the rocky walls, the densely timbered slopes and the sky.

In vain we searched for a trail or passable route up this creek valley. It was pronounced impossible, and we essayed to climb the ridge to the right, but night was upon us and camp must be made.

On the following morning we moved in another direction and with much better success. By noon we emerged from the timber and stood upon a high promontory that overlooked the grand valley. What a remarkable sight! Broad and deep and regular, it looked like a great pasture, dotted with a million white-backed sheep.

On the opposite side of this valley and somewhat further up, there stood a dark mountain that immediately attracted our attention, and seemed certainly to be the object of our search. High and rugged and cold, its scarred granite faces were tattooed by many ragged lines and patches of snow. But there was no cross. We looked in vain for forms that might even suggest a cross; but neither on this mountain nor any of those that lay back of it could the object of our search be found.

But, after all, this must be the one, and the cross, if it had not already melted away, will be found on one of the other faces. It is at least our duty to see, and first this great valley must be crossed. Two thousand feet of weary zigzagging brought us to the creek bed. Turning up this we picked our way among the rocks and fallen trees until within about three miles of the mountain's base. Here we found it necessary to halt, not only because our animals were utterly tired out, but because the way was completely blocked up. So camp was made by the banks of the roaring creek, with no alternative for the morrow but to advance afoot.

By sunrise all hands were stirring, and the start was made almost with a dash, every man for himself and the best man to the front. It was not long before the party was pretty well scattered, but communication was kept up by frequent shouts. The heavy instruments, which weighed some forty pounds, had been carried a mile or so ahead the evening before, so that we scaled the barriers of rock and wood that lay in our way with unusual rapidity, but when the rock on which the heavy instrument-box had been cached was reached, a halt was called and the announcement made that each man must take his turn at the box and carry it a distance proportionate to his strength.

Our party consisted of seven members. Only four had come up, but we decided to move on. Dr. H. was the first to take up the load. It was strapped to his shoulders, and he marched off with an ease and rapidity that did great credit to his prowess as a mountaineer.

There could be no flagging now. The man who, apparently unencumbered, could not keep pace with the doctor must certainly be in disgrace, and the scrambling advance grew more lively than ever. Presently it began to rain and the smooth rock grew slippery and the grass and bushes dripping wet. By the time we had reached the point where the mountain rises abruptly from the valley, we were soaked to the skin, but we must push on.

Meantime the photographic party, much more heavily laden than ourselves, had encountered far greater difficulties. Mr. Jackson and his two associates carried among them upward of one hundred pounds of apparatus, but were not men to yield before ordinary difficulties. The rain, the greatest possible damper on a photographer's enthusiasm, could not make them hesitate; torrents and cliffs and dense forests and prowling beasts were interposed in vain. They had set out to accomplish an object, and success at whatever cost of exertion and hardship, must be attained.

By the middle of the day Mr. Jackson finds himself far in advance of his companions, but in spite of his unusual enthusiasm he begins to fear for his results.

Eight hours of weary climbing have brought him nearly to the summit of the ridge. There is nothing to be seen but the dull, gray clouds which rise and fall, and sweep back and forth, and sink down again oppressively around him. Is this all labor lost? Have the Fates conspired against him, and is the holy cross a myth, an illusion that has led him on through all these weary days, only to deceive him?

He sits down among the rocks to rest and ponder. Meanwhile the winds rise and the dull mists are driven along the cliffs and are torn to tatters on the sharp projections. To the west great billowy passage-ways are opened, and glimpses of the lofty mountains can be had, looking like ghosts through the thin mists. Suddenly the artist glances upward, and beholds a vision exceeding dramatic and beautiful. He is amazed, he is transfixed. There, set in the dark rock, held high among the floating clouds, he beholds the long sought cross, perfect, spotless white, grand in dimensions, at once the sublimest thing in nature and the emblem of heaven."

A poor, wild Irish boy, taught in a mission-school in Ireland, was asked what was meant by saving faith. He replied, "Grasping Christ with the heart."

Without Jesus, the child who is heir to a kingdom is poor; having Jesus, the child who is clothed in rags is unspeakably rich. Choose the Saviour and his inexhaustible riches.

TO HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS. I heard a great many say that it was the hard- | State to be decided by the average attendance? | with it. A letter received from one of his

TO HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS.

Dear Young Teachers:—

Among the various qualifications of a successful teacher, one of the most important is Patience,—everlasting patience,—in the contest with ignorance, dulness, inattention and indolence. It is not easy to say which of these will tax your patience most severely; the trial will depend upon your own temperament. A teacher who is himself quick of apprehension will be inclined to be impatient with dull pupils, while those who have trained their own minds in habits of application and attention will find it difficult to excuse the idle and careless. But you must constantly bear in mind that your pupils come to you because they *are ignorant*, and many of them are ignorant because their mental faculties have not been trained. A bright boy, who is naturally observant and who has clear perceptions, hardly needs the aid of a teacher, if he can obtain books, for, with these and the book of nature spread out before him, he can easily acquire knowledge. Some of the most distinguished mechanics, mathematicians and naturalists have been self-taught. But the dull and sluggish require a teacher to awaken their dormant powers, to show them how to use their eyes and ears, how to compare and discriminate, to follow a train of thought, and, finally, to reason. The idle and inattentive need a teacher to interest them, to fix their attention, and inspire a willingness to work; they must be taught to concentrate their thoughts and to find pleasure in the acquisition of knowledge.

However carefully you may grade your classes, there will always be in every class a considerable difference in the ability of the pupils, and it would not be desirable to have a class composed of only inferior minds, even if this could be arranged. The dull of apprehension need the stimulus of the quick and bright, and the latter need to learn patience by waiting for the slow to grasp new ideas. Pupils who have clear and active minds are apt, during recitation, to become restless and impatient with those who are less gifted; but you must not only set them the example of patience, but teach them by precept to cultivate this important virtue; talk to them about the duty of bearing with the infirmities of others, remembering that, if they have superior abilities, they have received them as a gift from God, to whom they are accountable for their use; the more highly they are favored, the more patient, kind and charitable they ought to be. Show them, also, that the habit of patience, thus acquired, will be useful to them through life. One more thought. Quick scholars are often superficial; they think they understand a subject when they have only a glimpse of it. If they will listen patiently to the drilling given to minds slower to receive an idea, a much clearer, stronger impression will be made on their own. A lasting impression can rarely be made in a moment.

How much of the time during a recitation should be given to the dull minds in a class must be determined by experience. Your time and instruction belong to all the members of the class. Adapt the words you use and the illustrations you employ to the *average* mental capacity. If one method of reasoning or one explanation is not comprehended, try another; but, after having given a fair proportion of time to the dullest, tell them kindly you will take another opportunity to explain the subject to them; they are probably tired and confused, and, when a pupil's mind is in this state, it is useless to continue to talk to him. It is important not to discourage such pupils by word or manner; they are too ready to think themselves stupid without being told so. Especially avoid laughing at them. Let them come to you sometimes in the morning before school-hours, when their minds are fresh; you may, by your patience and cheerfulness, save from utter discouragement a pupil whose faculties will gradually unfold and mature until he becomes an intelligent and well-informed man. Some of the finest scholars and most valuable men in the scientific world have developed slowly, and not early in life.

Be careful to preserve good temper. However tired or impatient you may feel inwardly, control the expression of your feelings, if you speak at all, speak slowly, and in a lower key than your usual one. I have spoken chiefly of patience with the dull, but, as my letter is already very long, I must defer some thoughts about the treatment of the inattentive to a future time.

"Let patience have her perfect work."—"The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain."

I am your sincere friend, M. A. L.

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

WEST VA., *Oct.* 24, 1876.

Dear Teacher:—I left Suffolk the very day that you mailed your letter to me, and consequently I did not get it. It remained in S. several days before it was forwarded to me, for I did not get it until this morning. I arrived here on the 14th, and when I got to Booker's house I found out that he had gone up to Charleston, but what for I did not know, so as soon as possible I went up to C. on a boat, but, to my surprise on arriving there, I found that he was attending an examination of teachers for public schools, and just as soon as I could get some writing paper I had to go in and be examined also. I have often seen and heard examinations, but this was the hardest I ever saw; everything had to be written. There were only a few colored persons there, but a great many white. I heard a great many say that it was the hardest examination that they ever saw here before Many who received No. 1 certificates last year, could not get but 3, 4 or 5 this. But I did all I could. I was examined in all the branches, excepting one, and that was reading; but I will be examined in it next Saturday.

This is my standing: Art of teaching 100; Penmanship 100; Orthography 100; Geography 80; English Grammar 70; Mathematics 55; History 45.

One of the examiners told me that if I did not get but 60 in reading, it would, with what I have, entitle me to a No. 2 certificate. I was sorry that I could not get a No. 1.

In this county No. 1 pays $45, No. 2 pays $40, No. 3 pays $35, No. 4 pays about $30, No 5 pays about $25. Next Saturday will determine my pay. You see what I was examined on was without previous study.

I am very much obliged to you for interesting yourself so much about getting a school for me. Keiser is teaching somewhere near Southampton, I think. My school only lasts four months, and if I do not succeed in getting another I do not know what I shall do. My school is about two miles from where I board; I am lodging at Booker's. Please give my regards to General Marshall and family.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am your obedient scholar. R. J.

GA., *Oct.* 21, 1876.

My Dear Teacher:—Your letter of the 13th inst. has been received. When I left Hampton in June I had no idea that the whole summer would pass away without my writing to you at least *once* ere the approach of autumn. The fall is now upon us and since the first of October I've often reverted to Hampton and the busy life which envelops the school—the students going from early dawn until after study-hour and partaking of the general activity of the teachers. These thoughts, coupled with observations gleaned while on a short visit to Washington, Philadelphia, &c., have frequently caused me to compare the busy and active life of the Northerners with the slow and apparently indifferent life of our Southern people; for it really seems sometimes that the people don't care whether they live or not, and if they care they don't seem to have any interest in the maintenance of those principles which seek the amelioration of the general prosperity. This is particularly noticeable among the colored people, for you know that they have not been educated to the standard that will naturally give the proper appreciation. During the last summer I have been teaching in the country, in the very depths of ignorance, where some of the people hardly know that they are free, and as to knowing anything about a school-house—why! that was almost a marvel prior to 1874, when the schools were being opened. They had only had a school three months since the war, and that was taught by a man that could not work an example in long division! Necessity compels the people in a great many such places to accept any teachers that the county commissioner may appoint, though the commissioners would send better teachers if they could be procured.

The county schools of Georgia are not very good, for they last only three months, and are then in part supported by the patrons. The city schools are different, for they last nine months of each year and are established upon a permanent basis, and are the means of effecting much good. The county schools are going down every year because the county Boards of Education are reducing teachers' salaries every year, and the result will be after a while that no *good* teachers can be procured, for just as soon as they can find positions that will pay better they will abandon teaching. It is my desire to remain in the school-room as long as I can make a respectable living. I want my little mite to go toward the elevation of my people, for I feel that they need earnest workers of their own now that the North is gradually withdrawing its aid and teachers from the South.

Well, enough of that, now your letter. I am now teaching a private school in the city. I could not get the Principalship of the public schools again, but was offered a position as first assistant which I refused because they did not offer me enough money. I am anxious to get a permanent place somewhere that will last at least nine months of the year. I don't care very much about going out to Texas, but if it will pay, why, I might go. In the mean time, while the gentleman took a great deal of pains to describe the place, &c., he said nothing about the population of the town or whether or not there was a railroad running through the place. These two things I should like to know, also to get a guarantee that the $50 per month *will be paid* at the end of each month. For, though I am not making that amount now, I have the prospects of making it ere long; this, though, is doubtful, and rather than wait I will accept a certainty. I would not go there, either, depending upon the people, for I know the colored people too well; they will do to start with, but in matters of that kind they won't hold out long. I would like to find out *exactly* how much of the $50 the State Public School Fund will pay. Mr. —— said, "It will pay almost the entire tuition for all children between the ages of eight and fourteen," which, in such a neighborhood as he describes, would admit but a very small number of children to be paid for by the State. I should like to know also how the State pays this tuition. Is the amount to be paid by the State to be decided by the average attendance? or do they simply stipulate to pay a teacher a certain salary regardless of the average attendance so long as a good school is kept in operation?

I have united with the church. I feel now that I ought to have done this long ago. Please give my regards to the teachers. I suppose you remember H. W. Arendell. He died very suddenly in the latter part of September, after an illness of five days, in Jacksonville, Florida.

Yours truly, R. M.

DIED at Jacksonville, Florida, September 24th, of Typho-malarial fever, Henry W. Arendell, formerly a student at Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, of the class of '74. The intelligence of the sad event did not reach us in time for our last issue.

Mr. Arendell had been for three years in charge of a school in Magnolia, Florida, and his loss is severely felt in the community in which he lived, and by his former schoolmates and teachers and many friends. He is remembered at Hampton as a very faithful and promising pupil. Obliged to give up his studies in his middle year on account of his eyes, he was heartily recommended by the Faculty to the position he has ever since held in a manner to command the respect of all who knew his course.

His school attracted frequent attention from visitors to Magnolia. He had formed a plan to convert it into an Agricultural and Industrial school, on the model as far as practicable of Hampton, and his project seemed in a fair way to be realized when his labors were interrupted by death.

The high estimate placed upon him by those who watched his course is abundantly shown in letters received from them, out of one of which we take the liberty of making the following extract:

"Henry has made himself so valuable to the colored people and has so fully won my respect and confidence by his efficient and faithful teaching that I feel as if Magnolia had lost its best friend and philanthropist,—all the better for his being so entirely unaware of the importance of his work. Henry was enthusiastic in his anticipations of the new feature of agricultural industry he was to introduce into the school the coming winter, and this reminds me that I will try to find a letter he wrote me in the early summer about it and enclose it to you." (*A portion of this letter we give below.*)

Another friend writes: "He fell in harness at the post of duty while nobly working for the happiness and welfare of his race. He often spoke to me about the proposed establishment of an Industrial School at Magnolia, and knowing me to be a practical horticulturist, desired my coöperation. I suppose Hampton Institute must have been his Alma Mater, judging from the reverence with which he used to speak of it." And still another writes, "He made many friends and was respected by all who knew him."

FROM the letter from Mr. Arendell referred to above, we extract as follows:

MAGNOLIA, *May* 10, '76.

DR. R.,

Dear Friend:—

You cannot imagine how glad I was to hear from you and of your enjoyment at Hampton, my Alma Mater, with my former teachers and friends. You will be pleased to know that the Board of Education unanimously adopted our resolutions pertaining to the Magnolia Industrial, or Manual-Labor School. They think it a capital thing, so much so, that Wm. Long, Chairman, said "That if it proved a success he would use every exertion to have the white schools based upon the same principle." Dr. Colmer said, "If rightly appreciated it would develop both brain and muscle." Judge Boynton, "It is really *the* thing needed." The remainder said all and did all they could to encourage us. Judge Budington is perfectly willing and ready to render his assistance. I shall meet him next week, when I shall take notes of what he says. I have got him appointed Superintendent at last. Now, sir, I await your proposals and plans. The land and muscle are here; all required are implements and brain, industry and good contrivance.

DIED at Danville, Virginia, November 10, of Typho-Malarial fever, Walter Ivy, a graduate of Hampton Normal School of the class of '76.

Mr. Ivy's death will be sincerely mourned by his classmates and friends. Converted while at the school, he was a consistent member of the church connected with it. A letter received from one of his classmates who was with him in his last hours gives the gratifying assurance of his happy Christian death which must comfort the hearts of his afflicted family. We quote it for the benefit of many friends.

The writer says:

"We cannot express our grief at the loss of one so dear and so good, on the one side, and are not able to tell how thankful we are that he now rests "safe in the arms of Jesus." When Jennie was married he looked like a picture of health, but was taken sick the following week with chills, as you have heard, I guess. He was put under the treatment of a doctor immediately, but continued to grow worse all the time. The doctor said he did not gain one day, but was gradually sinking all the while. Last Tuesday he got much worse, and Thursday we received a telegram that he was just alive; and as I wanted to see him once more alive, I gave up my school Friday and went over to Danville. His family thought him much better, in fact he was, and rested easy all day; but I didn't think it any sign of his recovery. The good Lord only permitted him to have one day without pain before he called him home. Friday night about twelve he was taken with violent pains in his chest; they were, however, soon relieved, and then he began to sink away without the least pain, for when he was dying he said no where about him was there any hurt or pain. He died at half past nine o'clock Friday morning. Every one that witnessed his death say they never saw such before—the calmness with which he passed away and the glorious death he died. Every breath, Miss H., was a prayer, and not for himself alone, but for everybody—all of his friends and those who were strangers to him. About ten minutes before he died his mother went to him and said, "Walter, my son, don't exert yourself so; you are willing and ready to die, are you not?" "O, yes, mother! perfectly willing; I want to go; I would not stay in pain when I can go and be at rest with Jesus; but, mother, I want to spend my last breath in prayer to Him who has been so kind and merciful to me. I want to die thanking Him for His kindness." So she said, "Well, my child, do just as you want to," and he died so. A short while before he died he bade us all farewell and asked us to meet him in heaven, and said, "Sister, tell Miss H. that I died in the faith, tell her I am now just waiting for the chariot to swing low and take me home, tell them all goodbye." So, Miss H., I think we ought only to rejoice and be thankful that he has gone to live in heaven forever, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,"

S. G.

A GENTLEMAN of the highest reliability and of excellent judgment writes from Bennettsville, South Carolina, where he recently passed a few weeks, an interesting account of what he saw, from which we extract as follows:

"This is unquestionably one of the best and most prosperous counties in the state: the whites are sober and thrifty, the colored people quiet and industrious, as a consequence the plantations are well cultivated, well fenced and yield well. In Bennettsville, the county seat, there is neither grog-shop, ten-pin alley, billiard saloon, nor indeed any public loafing place, so that the loafer who goes to make up what may be designated the dangerous class in the Southern States, is almost unknown here. No intoxicating liquor is permitted to be retailed in the county. The fast young man, who drinks, gambles, rides and shoots on the wing as a profession, does not exist here; every man appears to have an occupation or business which he is not ashamed to pursue even laboriously. Heretofore whites and colored have moved on together in peace. The county offices have been so divided, mainly through the influence of Colonel Maxwell, State Senator, (colored), that while in a minority of from three to five hundred the whites have administered their own local affairs. The Judge of the County Court, the County Treasurer, Sheriff, one of the commissioners, the County Solicitor and one member of the State Legislature are white men, South Carolinians, and altogether acceptable to the white people of the county. There has, however, been much dissatisfaction with the administration of the state government. The people complain grievously of the burden of taxation which they say goes to enrich a nest of profligate adventurers at Columbia.

I think there has been a decided improvement in both races, while there seems to be no perceptible change in their positions in relation to each other. One represents the capital while the other represents the labor with all the consequent antagonisms. The blacks do not here seem to accumulate property, although they are industrious and well paid. One reason of this may be found in the fact that it is almost impossible for them to purchase land. The planter who owns the land is rarely pressed for small sums of money and land is only sold in large tracts.

The blacks here smile at the idea of intimidating them by refusing to employ them; the planters is too keenly alive to his own interests to make such an experiment, although it has been spoken of. That weapon is much more potent in the hands of the negro; it would be ruin to a planter were the blacks to refuse to labor for one who had discharged one of their number for political reasons."

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Extracts from a private letter-journal. (*Continued.*)

WOMAN'S WORK. JENNY LIND. CANNIBAL MUSIC.

On our way home I asked Mr. H. if he would not have felt ashamed to have it known that he had attended a meeting which might be called a "woman's rights" meeting because conducted by a woman. He did not seem alarmed at the thought of a woman's trying to do good or of leading people of both sexes to the waters of life, especially when the oldest ones are but children in knowledge.

Last evening we went to hear Dr. H. and Carrie C. play operatic duets on his splendid piano. She bids fair to excel, and is to go abroad to study before long. The strains of such music are sweet, but far sweeter to me is the old tune "Sweet Home" which was played for me expressly. I like a beginning and an end to tunes, but opera music is all the same, with lofty peaks and low valleys until after a long journey it stops short. Never shall I cease to remember the sweet strains of Jenny Lind as she sang "Sweet Home" in Springfield, Mass., in 1850. And as indelibly impressed on my memory, tho' heard years previous to that (in 1832), is the long and doleful groan made by a heathen cannibal at Nunhiva (Marquesas Islands) by blowing a conch shell. The occasion was the death of a chief, whose body was decorated and kept until the flesh was ready to fall from the bones and then laid upon a temple or large pile of stones to bleach in the sun. They did not bury their dead. This conch was blown once in twenty minutes both day and night while the body lay in state, and sounded, with its protracted doleful strains, as tho' it came from the regions of despair. Never can I forget the sound. It seems to ring in my ears as I write and revives many heathenish scenes which almost make me shudder at the remembrance. You have a sketch of this old chief *Vokiema* with a long string of whales' teeth around his neck. His father, old Hoge, I never tried to sketch, as he was sick when we arrived there and never could stand long enough to be drawn. Your father was the only medical man there. Hope told him that if he would cure him then he would believe in our God, if not, he would continue to believe in his idols. The poor old cannibal was suffering from an imported disease, for ships had touched there for water and wood

A CANNIBAL CHILD.

Before I leave what was once my home, I will say that a brother of yours was born there, a beautiful babe, named William Nevins from Dr. Nevins of Baltimore, your father's friend, and whose church supported us for several years as their missionaries. The cannibals were delighted with the babe and said they would call him *Hope*, after their dead chief; whatever we might call him. They asked us to leave him with them when we left, and they would afterward send him in some *vakamis* (ship) to us. I replied, I cannot leave him, but perhaps sometime when a man he will come and tell you of the true God whom you now reject. They jumped up and down, clapped their hands and yelled out, *Motaki!* (good).

BOYS' PLAY.

My small magnalia tree bears several flowers this year. One flower is in the house sending its delightful fragrance into every room. The magnificent night-blooming-cereus was in full bloom last evening. You boys used to open the flowers and spread out the stamens and fasten them on your shoulders for epaulettes; it was quite a good imitation. You have learned the use of genuine epaulettes since wearing those imitation ones in childish glee. I remember well how you had some toy wooden-soldiers to play with, and somehow you had a fancy for disjointing and breaking them. When asked why you did so the reply was "It makes me." You have since had ample opportunity to try what stuff soldiers are made of.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

June 9th. Last evening I went to the Stone Church to the graduating exercises of the (native) Theological school. The speakers did quite well. Mrs. Lydia Dominis played the organ, and the choir of about twenty of either sex was really good: there were some splendid bass, tenor and soprano singers (Hawaiians). The large organ pealed forth its loud tones, and with the voices the sounds echoed and rolled within the lofty walls so that it was quite inspiring.

Old *Naone* sat near me with his white locks and faded looks and extended his hand to grasp mine with a hearty *aloha*. Such sincere, hearty *alohas* are more of a rarity than in former years. Several ministers go out to preach; but it fills my heart with sadness to think how many may fall away.

HAWAIIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

June 11th. I walked up to Stone Church to see the gathering of white and native Sunday-schools of Honolulu and vicinity. They all met at Fort Street and marched to the church, each school with an appropriate banner. The brass band played, from the gallery and after the school were all seated, Revds. Messrs. Frear and Forbes and Hon. John Kapena made speeches which alternated with singing. Loud peals from the organ and all the schools combined made the walls of Stone Church ring. It was grand. I sat on the *makai* side of the gallery and had a fine view of the two thousand people: it reminded me of a large flower garden. With few exceptions all were well dressed. It reminded me of the beautiful flowers I saw on distant hill-sides in California on my way to the "Geysers" as we passed over what is called the "hog's back." Civilization was in striking contrast with the heathenism of former years. The music, order, cleanliness and bright faces would compare well with any school in America. If they go to church at all many of the fashionables attend Stone Church, where often are seen very stylish garments, hats, etc., mingled with plain dresses and bare feet.

It is a fine place for Sunday-school gatherings, and its internal appearance and external surroundings are quite imposing. The out-districts are the places to see grotesque doings.

At the close of exercises each school went out to its separate place under the trees (which I planted years ago), where rushes were spread on the ground, plates set along in rows, with dishes of fish, *poi*, bread, cakes, fruit or whatever individuals in each church had provided. All sat on the ground, parents and children, and had a general good time, with plenty of gabble a la *Hawaiian*.

The white Sunday-schools were in a separate place, where children sat on the clean, fresh carpet of scattered rushes. The food was on a table and passed around. The few parents who were there sat on benches or stood. Iced lemonade was most refreshing with cold tongue, turkey and various cakes and pies, with coconut candy. Surely you would have enjoyed it.

OAHU COLLEGE.

12*th*. Yesterday was a wearisome day at Punahou (Oahu College) through all the exercises. The school-room was decorated with ferns, *maile* and flowers. The air was filled with sweet odors. The day was pleasant, the grounds green and bright, shaded by algeroba trees. A fountain plays in front of the college building. The stairways were carpeted with a cocoanut mat, and a large cluster of ferns stood in the window at the head of the stairs. The platform was on the *makai* side, on which sat the Examining Committee; in front of them the scholars. At noon the same old bell called and Mr. Pratt invited us to lunch, and we sat down to a long table of good things in the old dining room, now matted and papered.

Speaking, reading, composition and singing closed up the school year.

Mr. Amasa Pratt has done well as President and is to continue at the school.

This morning I have made cake for the Association at the Fort Street Church lecture room, who are to meet there this eve. Ladies provide. Native and white ministers are to be there with their families. They consult in the native language.

Yesterday came off Miss Bingham's examination in the upper room of Stone Church. Quite a large congregation of people. The King and Prince came for a short time. The girls are neatly and simply clad and appeared well, speaking English quite nicely.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE—THE LAME, THE HALT AND THE BLIND.

Last Sabbath the wife of the captain of the *Morning Star* rode with me to Kokuaka or Fisherman's Point. It was necessary to walk on single planks some hundred feet or more, the outside of a fence over the shore of the Pacific, which was bounded by a stone wall. The water is not deep, but restless, as the tide comes in and recedes; enough motion to affect my head a little unpleasantly. We walked over the planks once and returned through native premises, among houses or shanties hustled together near the sea shore; sheds sheltering canoes, nice pieces of which could be bleach in the sun. Some houses with two stories, the lower one some six and a half feet high. We went to the open door of one, for we often call on hearers. Men, women and children were there, some sprawled out on their backs, some on their stomachs; one smoking a pipe, another reading a Bible aloud or in silence; a woman, with lifted arms, slipping over her head a *holoku*; some with broad, open jaws, yawning. Dogs, with many of the company, seemed to rouse from a Sabbath siesta, with expanded mouths in a satisfactory yawn. I noticed one or two canoes, calabashes, containers with salt in them, some mats rolled up, clothing of various kinds hanging across a small rope of *ahuawa*. I cannot name the variety of articles which my eyes glanced over. Then on the ground outside under the verandah, pigs were resting and grunting, seeming, like those inside, to have their siesta disturbed by our presence. As we entered the door, we called out *Aloha!* and many responses were returned, *Aloha!* We said, "Are you going to meeting?" "*Ae*" was the reply, and we passed on. The room upstairs is hired by a Chinaman, whose wife, half white, and three bright children were in a room matted and papered, with a nice four-posted bedstead, mosquito netting, a few chairs and a table. The woman apologized for what she said was "*Nui nui kalepo.*"

Soon from that lower room issued men and women nicely clad, with Sunday clothes and Sunday faces. A woman with white dress and black lace shawl, a jaunty hat with flowers or feathers, gaiter boots on, and a pretty fan and parasol in her hand—all highly perfumed with fancy perfumery, tho' from a room highly scented with dried salt fish or squid. Surely you will recall their disagreeable odor, as I do the sound of the funeral conch in the land of the cannibals. Men came with white or black suits on, clean and whole, polished shoes or boots and bright neckties.

We went a short distance to the little clean, white-washed church. A man opened the door and board windows, then went out to call the people with a conch shell. Another man went for a chair; I sat on a roughly made bench by the small table. Some twenty gathered in the course of half an hour. Some well dressed, all clean, tho' some feet were bare, which is the most comfortable for them in this climate. Two elderly women came in from some house, both lame and blind, leaning upon their canes, with some one near to guide them. I love to talk with and comfort these poor women by encouraging them to love God. Tho' there is darkness here for them, yet with the love of God in their souls, their spiritual vision need not be dim. Their poor, wrinkled, sad faces brighten when they reply *pela no* (that is so). Rev. Mr. Parker had a union meeting that afternoon, so that the stronger ones had gone to it, not knowing that I would be there. The lame and the halt and the blind were left for my meeting, also some others. On this circuit to the out-districts our subject is on temperance. We have a different set of people at each place. We had a pleasant meeting, even the blind women ventured to speak of God's love.

The outlook on one side from the little church is grounds where salt water is collected and salt is formed. It is the support of some natives there. Beyond is the ever-rolling, blue ocean. Algeroba trees lift their heads here and there, and furnish a refreshing shade from the hot summer sun.

Natives are but children of an older growth and need to be led and influenced. I feel confident that there are some simple, trusting Christians among them. Many have gone astray through the influences of foreigners. Poor Kanakas! they are like sheep without shepherds.

A NEW DRINK to supply the place of gruel or barley-water is recommended by the *Times of India*—"congee water," or the liquor in which rice has been boiled. This drink has three excellent qualities—it becomes impregnated with the properties of the rice boiled in it, and thus satisfies hunger; it quenches thirst, and is a capital draught in fever attacks; and lastly, when taken warm in bed, "congee water" is good for bad colds and influenza.

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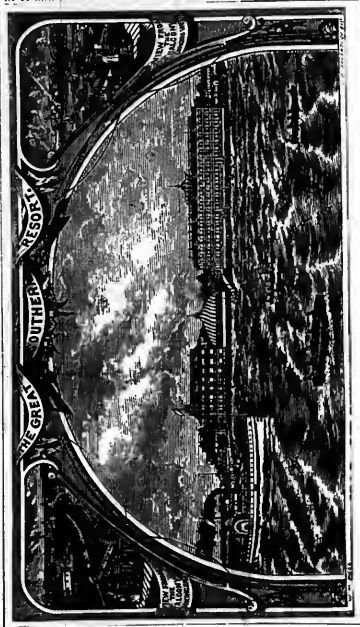

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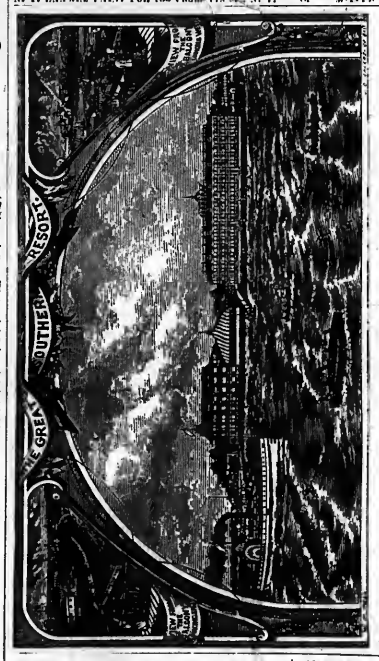

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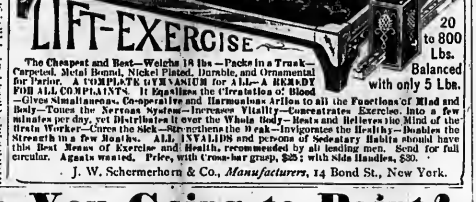

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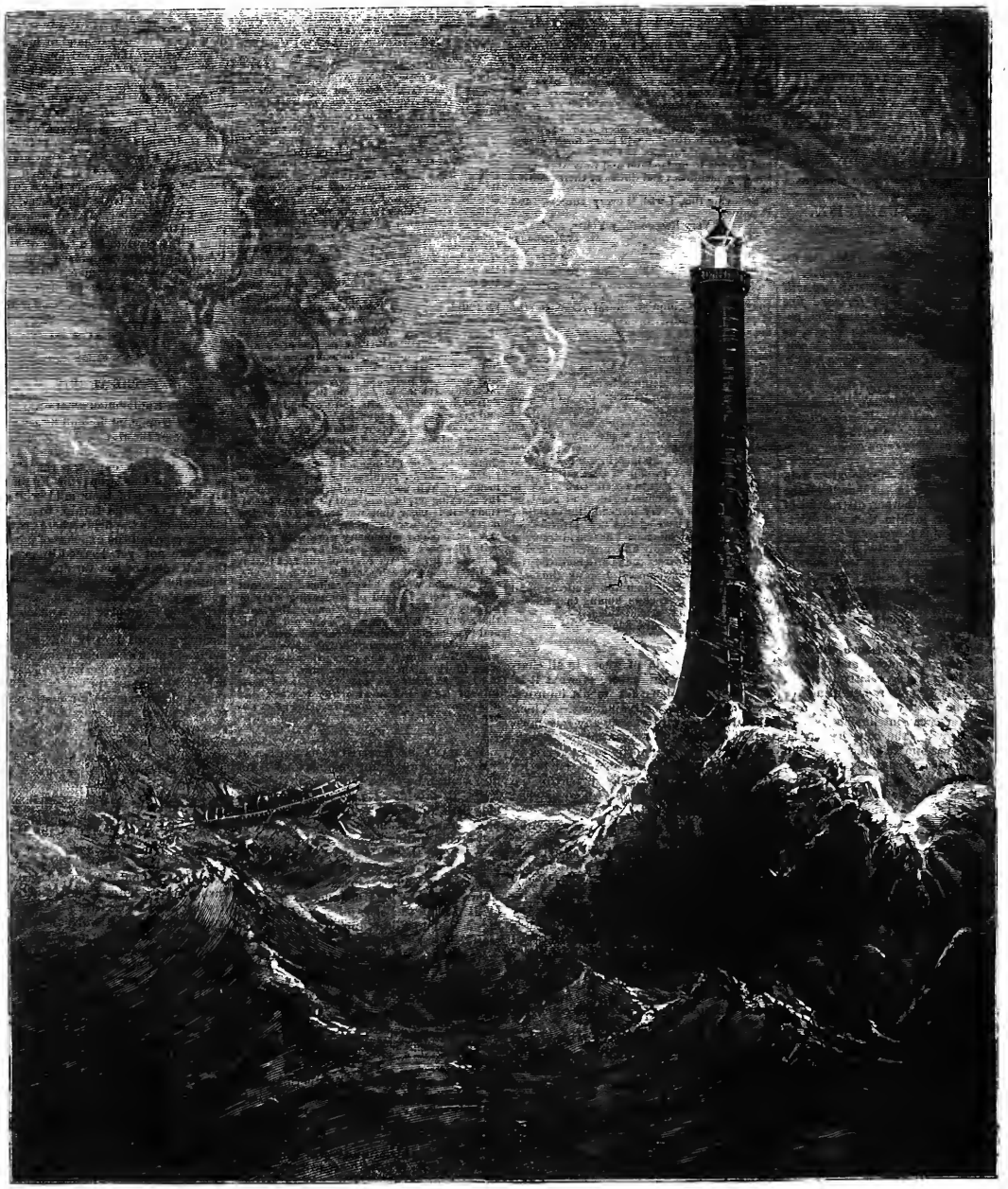

LIGHT HOUSES.

We [illegible] the sea tossing dark
[illegible] the [illegible] was foul
[illegible] the lights are dark
[illegible] are shining along the shore

[illegible] ships view those towers [illegible] straight.
We [illegible] the [illegible] the angry storm

Light after light [illegible] the [illegible] and length
Of the dangerous reef and the rocks huge
form.

As we [illegible] behind us the fearful spark
Lee from the [illegible] another throws
Its shafts of splendor across the dark
Like the smile of a friend their radiance
grows

When we leave the shore for the wide mid sea,
And traverse the pathless fields afar
When the east and night's [illegible] we see,
And [illegible] ghts of many a [illegible] star

As we sail out into the unknown year
Through the lights are [illegible] red which ruled
the day

And though nights are dark we need not fear.
Light after light will guide our way

And when from the shores of earth and time
We sail out into the wide mid sea,
Surely God's bear in stars sublime
Will guide to the Haven where we would be

MARY E. ATKINSON.

Southern Workman,

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HAMPTON, JANUARY, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents aviece.

KNOWLEDGE is power—for good or evil. What will it become in the hands of the negro? asks the Southerner, distrustful of the moral element in him that will determine the use of this power.

That shrewd, half-educated demagogues have made much mischief is well known, but political papers of neither party take any pains to inform the country of the intelligent, thrifty colored men throughout the land who are an honor to their race and country.

Mechanics, farmers, tradesmen, caterers, merchants, lawyers, doctors and clergymen of color form a class relatively small, but numerically large, representing in Louisiana alone twenty millions of property, possessing great intelligence, sound morals and proving the capacity of the negro and the wisdom of educating him.

As with the corresponding white class, they are offset, only in a different ratio, by a worthless class, some of whom are well informed, perhaps college graduates, who bring reproach upon the institutions they represent. One of these advertises himself more than twenty of the better class.

During the three and a half months summer vacation, ending October 1st, the two hundred students of the Hampton Institute scattered as usual throughout the country seeking profitable employment. Eighteen were waiters at the United States Hotel at Saratoga, of whom Mr. John Lucas, head waiter and a well-known caterer of New York, gives a satisfactory account which we print below.

Twenty were employed at the Globe Hotel near the Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia. On one occasion we inquired of the head waiter, Mr. Alexander Miller (white), his opinion, if any, of the advantage of having intelligent waiters. Pointing to a young Hampton student who had never before done waiter duty, he said he was equal to his best professional waiters; that such, as a rule, learned their duties quickly and understood and satisfied people's wants better than routine employes.

Fifteen young men and five young women from this school served as waiters and chamber-maids at the Hygeia Hotel at Fort Monroe, Va. The proprietor, Mr. H. Phœbus, gives the following account of them:

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA., *October 5th*, 1876.

Dear General:—I am in receipt of your note of the 2d inst. asking my opinion of the advantage, if any, of employing educated waiters and chamber-maids in my hotel, particularly with reference to those I had during the past summer, from the students at your institution. It is difficult to estimate the great advantage of having *educated* servants for the discharge of the numerous, arduous and often annoying duties in a house of this kind, because it is so vastly in contrast with the constant apprehension one necessarily feels that *ignorant* servants will prejudice one's interests directly, and prove very objectionable to guests. Of the students at the Normal School who were in service last summer, I cannot speak too highly. Their education seemed not only of the mind, but also of the body, if I may so speak. They were quick in comprehending what was to be done, and prompt in doing it; neat and clean in person and dress; courteous, affable and obliging; quiet and always replying respectfully when spoken to. Of the large majority of them, a well founded complaint never reached my ears, but on the contrary, they demeaned themselves so well that I doubt not every one of them could have obtained, as some of them did, excellent homes in cities, with some of my guests who were attracted by their good qualities. My experience satisfies me that the good seed sown today at your institution will bring forth a rich harvest of faithful men and women, educated and trained to understand and fully appreciate the responsibilities and duties of their position as citizens.

Believing this, I wish it every success, and remain

Very Respectfully Yours,
H. PHOEBUS,

132 West 15th St., NEW YORK, *Oct.* 28, 1876.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG:—

I have received your letter of inquiry in reference to the Hampton students. It affords me great pleasure to say my experience with them has been very pleasant indeed, as waiters in the United States Hotel at Saratoga Springs. So far as my observation has gone I find them all looking forward to something honorable and elevating, not something likely to degrade and demean and lower them in the estimation of the right-minded and well-disposed people, but they aim to attain a position by which they can challange admiration and demand respect. With few exceptions I have found them gentle, peaceable, prompt and faithful in discharging whatever duties were committed to their charge. The effect of the students' education has been very marked; for example, the newspapers have spoken very favorably of them during last summer. I have had frequent inquiries in a friendly and favorable manner about them both from the boarders of the Hotel and the proprietors. I speak thus as a well-wisher of the Hampton students, and bring my letter to a close hoping that success and happiness may attend them.

Sir, I remain yours, &c.,

JOHN LUCAS.

There is a margin of waste in all charity, because human nature is what it is. The best laid plans for men's improvement fail in many individual cases. Those who are helping to elevate any race must expect some sad disappointments. Southerners will find by and by that the risk of giving the negro knowledge is far better than the degradation which is part of the oursed brood that is everywhere hatched out by ignorance.

THERE is need of patience in all mission work. We are likely to die without the sight of a negro civilization. The feverish craving for immediate results that inspired the great efforts and gifts for the first ten years from 1862, was not a working principle, sure of and faithful to its end, but rather a philanthropic dash tending to the re-action which has followed, and to a disappointment, that sprinkling school-houses over the South for a few years did not change the moral condition of the freedmen.

Negro like all civilization, is of a slow growth: it has its periods of action and reaction. Only in the perspective of generations can real progress be seen satisfactorily.

The present period of Anglo-African history is chaotic. There are powerful corrupting influences: morals are suffering while intellect is being sharpened by the discipline of life. Some are saving themselves by hard work; some are being ruined for want of it.

Education is a slowly working leaven in an immense mass whose pervasive directive force cannot be felt generally for many years.

We ought to see, and hope to see the foundations of a negro civilization well laid. It is well for the workers in this cause to remember that they are commencing and not finishing.

The following extract from an essay by the Rev. Dr. 'Maclean, on the "Gradual Conversion of Europe," will interest and instruct many who are asking of the watchmen upon the walls of the Southern Zion, "What of the night?"

"1. The conversion of the old Roman Empire, commenced in Apostolic times, cannot be said to have been in any real degree completed before the year A. D. 395, and even then the single word 'pagan' tells us how much had been left unaccomplished. The winning over of these British Isles, if we commence with the early Missions of the Apostle of Ireland, was marked by a period of wonderful acceleration, followed by a period of no less singular retardation, and cannot be said to have been accomplished before the year A. D. 688. The conversion of central and northern Germany occupied at least two centuries. That of the Scandinavian nations commences in A. D. 800, and does not close before A. D. 1030; that of the Sclavonic family does not begin much before the tenth century, and does not terminate, as we have seen, if it can even be said to terminate then, before the fifteenth or sixteenth.

2. Slow, however, as was the rate of progress, there never was a period during these centuries when the flood was not really rising, though the unobservant eye might not detect it. In the darkest times there were ever some streaks of light, and the heaven destined to quicken the whole lump was never altogether inert or ineffectual. 'Men are impatient and for precipitating things,' but even in the Christianization of the earth it is clear it is not God's way to give at once great results. 'On the contrary,' as has been well said, 'He tries the faith and patience of his people by making them wait for the great day they are longing for; and, indeed, if it were not so, man's love would soon lose itself in the simple gratification of success. And inasmuch as God employs man to convert man, that in the process of conversion, the heart of the converter may be built up in the Faith, it is needful for him that he should wait, and pray, and labor—that he should render himself up in self-sacrifice, still perhaps seeing little, but leaving his labor and his reward with his God.'

3. And if, as is apparent from the retrospect of the period under consideration, the dealings of God's Providence are by graduai steps; if there is 'a plan of things laid out, which, from the nature of it, requires various systems of means, as well as length of time in order to the carrying out of its several parts into execution;' it is clear that we are only deceiving ourselves when we compare sixty or seventy years of modern missionary work with the results that have been achieved by ancient Missions in Europe. We overlook the fact that it is 1,800 years of self-sacrifice, labor, prayer, and devotion which have produced the result we now see. Instead of comparing sixty or seventy years of modern missionary labor with the result of 1,800 years, if we would be fair and reasonable, we should compare them with sixty or seventy years out of the 1,800, during which the Church was engaged in the same work in which she is engaged now. *Revolutions of character in any race cannot come without many influences acting together, and acting not only for a long time, but often imperceptibly.*"

WE HAVE just received a new edition of "Moral Maxims" for schools and families, written by C. C. Baldwin, of Balcony Falls, Rockbridge Co., Va.,—an admirable little pamphlet, original, sensible, pithy, brief, and needed in every school and family in this State.

We hope the little army of Hampton teachers will each of them send for a copy to the above address: price, ten cents. It shows the way to true success in life. M. H. M., of the class of '76, now teaching at Buffalo Forge, thus refers to it in a recent letter:

"I like the country and the people here very much. My school is still flourishing. I have now between thirty and forty pupils and expect a large increase after Christmas. I have introduced into my school a little book called 'Moral Maxims,' written by Mr. Baldwin. I like it very much; it is a kind of moral philosophy on a small scale."

THE WORST elements of Southern society have so long been uncontrolled, that it is scarcely conceivable to a non-resident how large a proportion of the men of property and intelligence are ont of sympathy with their party leadership, and with the Southern press, and take no part in the lawless persecution of negroes in certain states. The existance of this sentiment in favor of law and justice has been alluded to by Mr. Cain, a colored Congressman from South Carolina. In a speech delivered in Congress February 10, 1875, Mr. Cain said: "Take the highest classes, the refined classes, and we have no trouble with them. It is the tar-heels, and the sand-hillers and the dirt-eaters of the South. . . . It is that class who ride at night, who burn school-houses, who drive us from place to place." This testimony of Mr. Cain is corroborated by the common practice of ex-slaves to resort to their former masters for advice and aid. A thousand instances in our own experience go to prove that there is no such race-hatred in ex-slaveholders as there seems to be among Irish toward the negroes. Why, then, do not the wealthy, intelligent, and humane people of the South assert their influence and discourage those "who burn schoolhouses"?

The answer to this question is to be found in that unhappy complication known as the color line in politics. Respectable men are afraid to stir hand or foot for fear of weakening the precarious footing of their party, and falling into the hands of ignorant and incompetent and vicious rulers. It is this fear which has drawn the party lines so sharply that many good men in the South scarcely dare to call their souls their own in political matters. If Providentially the color line should be broken; if it should become safe for good men everywhere to act according to their better judgment, to cultivate genuine liberality, to welcome emigration to every section; then and not till then will terrorism be a thing of the past. Peace for white and black will then be possible, and every man will have a far better chance to rise as high as he deserves.

Agricultural.

THE TURNIP.

Ask an Englishman what crop has been most instrumental in building up the agriculture of the tight little island, and he will answer: "The turnip." American farmers may not expect, perhaps, so great return from this crop; for English farmers, by reason of their mild winters, are enabled to feed the turnip, to a considerable extent, in the fields where grown, thus saving much of the expense of harvesting. We have not yet learned by experience the full value of the turnip as an item of winter fodder, especially for fatting cattle, young stock, horses, and sheep. The writer has in mind a dozen or more prominent sheep raisers, however, who practice feeding turnips largely during the cold months, and with uniform success. Their flocks are always healthy. Their lambs bring the highest prices in spring, and they find the onstom far more profitable than feeding much grain. The famous Scotch beef of the London markets is nearly all produced from turnips and straw; and, so far as we know, the animals mature quite as early as our American, grain-fed beef.

If it pays to feed grain to young and fatting stock, it will certainly pay as well to feed turnips with less grain.

That a partial diet of roots is beneficial to animals none will deny, and this reason, if no other, should direct attention to the turnip crop. After a diet of corn stalks, dry hay, and grain, with what avidity have we all seen the cattle or horses eat a fodder ing of roots! Their craving for green food in winter is akin to that of their master's, and we must supply that craving or experience a loss. In view of the prospective increase of stock fatting, consequent upon the opening of the foreign beef trade, beef producers will do well to investigate the turnip as a fodder crop for extensive use.

We would draw no comparison between turnips and mangolds; for it is the experience of many, that while the mangold is superior for milch cows and swine, the turnip bears off the palm for young stock, horses, fatting cattle and sheep.

Swedes or ruta-bagas may be planted as late as the middle of July with good success, and the flat turnip even in August upon comparatively moist soil. Sown among the corn at the last cultivation, if the corn does not shade the ground too much, or where hills are missing, and in many an open space, the flat turnip will return a good many bushels at a merely nominal cost. In such economies as this are the profits of the farm largely increased. A few littles make up the whole.—*Scientific Farmer.*

PROFITABLE FARMING.—No business occupation, or employment is so sure to be remunerative as farming, if the necessary conditions to success are complied with. Out of nothing nothing comes, and this is as true in agriculture as in any other pursuit. Hundreds of farmers are complaining about poor success; they are expecting something to grow out of nothing. Their fathers and grandfathers have been taking off the cream of the land, and they expect to do the same, when in fact the supply is exhausted. Plant-food has been carried off from the farm so long that there is little if any left to manure crops. Tender plants spring up and grow on air and moisture; they thrive in early spring, but there being no strength in the soil, the scorching sun bakes the ground and dries them up so that there is a small return for all the labor. The soil is not to blame. Nature is not to blame. But the farmer is to blame who expects something to come from nothing. Making the soil rich in plant-food with thorough culture will make farming a remunerative employment.—*Ohio Farmer.*

THE COST OF IDLENESS.

When all the people of the whole country are engaged in productive industry, either directly or indirectly, it must result in general prosperity, whether wages or profits are high or low. If wages are low, capitalists are encouraged, and enterprise and business are pushed forward. If there is a disproportion between capital and labor, and the latter does not get enough, the evil soon regulates itself, by more engaging as managers, and making labor more in demand. This runs up wages. If capitalists and managers make nothing, they cease to hire, wages drop, and many become idle. This is exactly the trouble now; too many persons are out of employment. The evil has been greatly increased by that kind of despotism which has so extensively ruled, known as trades-unions, which are contary to all principles of American freedom, and which the people and their weathercocks, the rulers, would have long ago suppressed, had they not feared losing votes. There are, in the United States, at least 12,000,000 working or producing people. The causes above mentioned have thrown about one-third out of employment, or reduced a larger number to an amount equivalent to one-third; or thrown out 4,000,000 producers. Each of these would earn on an average $300 a year; some more and some less, their food and clothing constituting a part. Multiply the 4,000,000 persons by the $300, and we have a product of no less than $1,200,000,000, the same as actually sunk annually, because those who could earn this sum are idle. A much less sum consumed at the Chicago fire was felt through every State in the Union. It is no wonder then that we have hard times, when so large an amount of what is the same as money is constantly abstracted from the great pile of national prosperity.—*Country Gentleman.*

AGRICULTURE AND SCIENCE.

Agriculture and the world demand more facts, more knowledge, more science. What is already known needs diffusion among farmers, especially among the rising generation. Young men who love the farm and the country have been driven to other pursuits for the greater promise held out to them. And those who advise young men to enter farming as a life pursuit without an education, would place them in the position of a lawyer who knew only law journals and office work, or the clergyman whose only education was his residence in a minister's family.

Farmers need more education to make them better citizens. In their hands rests the well-being of future generations. It is for them to keep the soil productive, that the crops shall meet the requirements of what, at no distant day, may be a superabundant crowd of human beings upon the earth, unless the Malthusian remedies of war and pestilence sweep them off in sufficient numbers to offset the present rapid increase. However much some may decry science, and hold to the sufficiency of practice, they must admit that the practice of the past has greatly deteriorated our farm lands, and even made some districts almost uninhabitable. The sewage of cities is fast piling up on the sea-bottom the fertility of productive soils. This sewage question is one of vast import. China has solved it, but her solution will not answer for our civilization. The guano deposits of Peru, it is said, are already falling, though only thirty-five years have passed since their utilization by other countries. All of the natural fertilizing resources are exhaustible, and what then? Discussion alone might go on forever and not settle a single point. Intelligent investigation is the only means of solving the problem.—*Maine Farmer.*

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING.

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE V.

SCHOOL REGULATIONS:

1. Their necessity and objects.
2. Characteristics.
3. What they ought to be.

The necessity of school regulations is apparent. It would be impossible to teach without them, as every one who has tried to teach knows. The object of them is not to tyrannize over children, but that we may have order, and secure from the pupils the attention to their studies and recitations that is necessary for their advancement. We may state the case clearly thus:

Necessity and Objects { 1. To secure time for study. 2. To secure time for recitations. 3. To secure time for recesses and interruptions.

All this is so evident that it needs little discussion. A well regulated school, like a well regulated household, moves like clock-work; everything goes smoothly; there is time for everything. An ill regulated one is full of discomfort, and disorder and hurry. A practical and systematic teacher, with tact, can soon find a way to allow some time even for the interruptions that are likely to come. If visitors are likely drop in in the afternoon, you will naturally give that part of the day to the least important, or the least difficult studies—those which will be least affected by an interruption. In any interruption, keep calm yourself; avoid any appearance of excitement and flurry. Your own manner will be reflected in your pupils, whether it be flurried and nervous, or indolent, or wide-awake, and cheerful and self-collected.

Seeing the necessity of school regulations, what then should he their characteristics?

First—they should be founded in justice, and general in their application. A child's sense of justice is very strong. We can all, no doubt, remember how bitterly a wound of it is felt. Make a child feel that he will be treated fairly, and he will submit more cheerfully to strict rules than he would to a less severe discipline from a teacher who did not inspire this confidence. To be just, regulations must be general and impartial in their application. You cannot help loving some pupils better than others, but be very careful not to let your preference become favoritism. Never let your favorites off with poor lessons and poor excuses. And remember that it is the dull child, and the disagreeable child, and the naughty child, who most need your care and patience and love. Your regulations should not be so many or so precise as to interfere with well regulated natural inclinations. No healthy, growing child can or ought to sit still very long at a time, or keep too quiet at play. Pupils themselves have rights that teachers are bound to respect.

School regulations ought, then, to be simple and few; and when made by the teacher should be respected by the pupil. If it is the regulation of the school, for instance, that, at the ringing of a bell, the children shall assemble in the school room after recess, the teacher should expect and demand obedience to that regulation. Nothing is more destructive to discipline than for the pupil to discover that the teachers' rules and their penalties are a dead letter. The teacher will see then, the absolute necessity of making as few rules as possible, and, when made, of requiring strict conformity and prompt obedience. We may say, then, of school regulations:

Characteristics { 1. Founded in justice. 2. Ought not to interfere with well regulated natural inclinations. 3 When made, carried out.

Now as, to what they should be, that will, of course, depend more or less upon circumstances. There are some general principles that may be laid down. As we have said in our first lecture, it is essential to success to have a definite programme of every day's work marked out before hand. This ensures a sense of confidence and composure; you have not to think what to do next, and can give all your time to other things. Do not vary or depart from your programme oftener than is necessary. A little practical experimenting will teach you what the best programme is for your school, better than any rules can. Our first lecture, however, has touched on this point.

It is well to employ signs and signals to control the children in a quiet, unostentatious way. Strokes of the bell, or gentle taps of the ruler, to rise; to march out—and so on. It is not well that the signals should be given too often. In a school where there were nine hundred pupils, at the sound of a bell every child in the building rose in order. At a given signal from the teacher the children marched out in perfect order, and when the boy who sat on the back seat in the fifth story of the building, stepped out of the door, every pupil in the building was out. In other words—it took no longer for the whole school to get out than it took for the boy who sat in the last seat to get out. This shows what can be accomplished by order.

Our next lecture will be on School Books; and, if we have time, Recitations.

Correspondence.

HARRISBURG, VA., *Nov.* 1.

To the Editor of the Southern Workman:

The readers of the Southern Workman accustomed to its tone of charity, and interest in the progress of the world, in the improvement of men everywhere, in every country, and of whatever country they may chance, or rather, by the will of their Father in Heaven may be, will listen with interest to Prof. Gomer's lecture on Africa, its present condition and future prospects. He is a colored man from Michigan, educated in the North; intelligent, manly, and an earnest Christian. Early interested in his own race, and having heard of the darkness and wretchedness of the greater part of them in their native land, he had sought and found an appointment in an American Mission station, on the South-westerly coast, and it was of the tribes with which he came in contact there that he told us, in graphic, interesting style. He had always heard, he said, that the negro was by his nature, by the unchangeable law of his Maker, inferior to the other nations of the earth, and unable to rise above the low standard nature herself ordained. This, his five years among them had utterly disproven. The masses are indeed sunk in the lowest idolatry, devil worship, a pitiable attempt to propitiate the evil genius, some deep instinct taught them to dread—with no one to point to the only way in which we can escape his power, being their only idea of religion. Many of the inferior deities were feared, and to the utmost of their simple means guarded against and appeased. But when circumstances place them in the British schools, under the influence of religion, and the light of the beams of the "Sun of Righteousness," they have become successful and even distinguished ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants and officers of the English government. Many are very wealthy, and in business capacity, honor and strict integrity show that no quality is wanting to make him the equal of his companions in the same department anywhere in the world. He gave interesting accounts of the British Colony of Sierra Leone, with its fine schools, churches, and manufactories, but showed how the one thing left undone, that of teaching the natives how to cultivate the fertile land, lying in such abundance all around them, in a sensible and scientific manner, left them with all the tastes and habits of civilized people, but with no means of gaining a living that would enable them to be gratified. Teaching and trading are the only "professions" open to them. And to establish in the missions, in connection with the church, such schools as Hampton Agricultural College," where the boys and girls rescued from the wretchedness of their heathen parents, shall be taught useful, active, self-reliant industries, is the work first and most important to be done in the effort to really benefit Africa. To teach men to clear acres of rich land, instead of cutting trees here and there; to use the plow, instead of the little hand-hoe, which is with the axe and a kind of cutlass their only farming implement; to plant the rice in clean, well plowed fields, and to cut with scythe or reaper instead of now cutting each head with the sharpened reed held in one hand while the other holds the poor little crop so wearily planted and harvested; and then to raise, as he so well can on land so fertile, and in climate so mild, abundant crops of rice, cocoa, arrow-root, potatoes, and anything else he may choose, to feed and clothe his family, build his house and live as any man can and ought to do. To go to Africa with the Bible in one hand and the plow in the other. He spoke with great interest of "Hampton," and said he hoped to get graduates from that successful effort to help them in their yet untried attempt in the same direction. Mr. Gomer's lecture is both interesting and instructive, and rouses in the breast of any one who wishes to assist in the great work of spreading the gospel, and improving the heathen places of the world, an earnest desire to give him a plow, a dollar, or an earnest prayer for success in this interesting field of labor. The Rev. Mr. Evans who had also been at an African Mission station, gave an interesting lecture upon the religious, if such it may be called, condition of the country, and of the peculiar societies, and superstitions in which they are from their birth imbued, and showed us many of the gods, charms for and against different things to be feared or desired. An hour could scarcely be better, or more agreeably spent than in listening to these simple, earnest servants of the one true and holy God, as they told of the great need for the knowledge of His love and mercy by the African tribes near the Sherbro Mission.

A letter to the Southern Workman from a Southern Lady.

There is nothing more interesting at the Centennial Exhibition, at least to the young American, than the Government building, where are to be seen guns of all kinds, from the small, light shot gun to the formidable cannon that makes one shiver to look at it, and long for the time when "nations shall not learn war any more." Pape showed me the great improvement in the light and perfect fowling pieces and shot guns we have now, upon the heavy, slow and cumbrous musket and carbine that our forefathers used with so much effect a hundred years ago. There were figures dressed in the uniform of the different branches of our service, naval and army, infantry men with knapsack, canteen, blanket, bayonet and gun; artillery men beside their gun, looking ready to hurry it on or off the field as the moment might require; jolly tars beside their pretty ships whose decks were so clean, and rigging and sails all so complete, and the gay cavalry man with pistol and sabre, canteen and bugle, mounted on the great wooden horse, looked like Gen. Marion himself. Then there were all kinds of animals, stuffed and looking dangerously life-like: buffalo and bison, elk and musk ox, great grizzly and black bears, singly and in families, huge sea-lions and seal, deer of all kinds and sizes—the pretty deer of our own Virginia hills and woods, the mule deer and large deer of the Rocky mountains, the long-wooled sheep and fine goat of the west, the prairie dog, the hungry wolf and the wild-cat, and many others, while near this department were the skins of various animals, beautifully dressed to show the fur our country could furnish, or tanned to show the delicate or immensely strong and thick leather that it could supply. Beautiful cases of stuffed birds, from the tiny humming bird to the stately eagle who perched upon the highest arch of the building, inspired respect and admiration; lovely shells, among them the many kinds used in the manufacture of buttons, inlaid work &c., and valuable cases of minerals, lead, iron, copper, silver, and gold showed the vast resources of our great young nation. We bowed beneath the flag that waved above us and remembered thankfully that the one great stain and sin of slavery had been removed, and prayed that as one country all her citizens might share in her peace and prosperity; and as the blessings of liberty and education were extended to all, she might go on in her great march of glory and honor, and be ever as she is now—a bright and shining light amid the sin and darkness of the world.

At Home.

A HOUSE OF OUR OWN.

Next to being married to the right person, there is nothing so important in one's life as to live under one's own roof. There is something more than a poetical charm in the expression of the wife writing to a friend, who said: "We have our cozy house; it is thrice dear to us because it is our own. We have bought it with the savings of our earnings. Many were the soda fountains, the confectionary saloons and the necessaries of the market we had to pass, many a time my noble husband denied himself of the comfort of tobacco, the refreshing draught of beer, wore his old clothes, and even petched up boots; and I, O me! made my old bonnet do, wore the plainest clothes, did the plainest cooking. Saving was the order of the house, and to have a home of our own had been our united aim. Now we have it. There is no landlord troubling us with raising the rent, and exacting this and that. There is no ear harbored in our bosom that in sickness or old age we will be thrown out of house and home, and the money we have saved which otherwise would have gone to pay rent is sufficient to keep us in comfort in the winter days of life."

WATCH THE CHILDREN'S FEET.—The following advice from the New York *Evening Post* is very important. Let every mother remember it:

"Life-long discomfort and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm. Neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of croup, diptheria or a fatal sore throat. Always on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand in rainy, muddy or thawy weather, the child should remove its shoes, and the mother should herself ascertain whether the stockings are the least damp. If they are, they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hands till perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and another pair of shoes put on. The reserve shoes and stocking should be kept where they are good and dry, so as to be ready for use on a moment's notice."

CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—A simple remedy for lockjaw is to hold the wounded part in the smoke of burning wool.—*Cin. Enq.*

CHRISTMAS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.

What shall we bring the Stranger.
Born upon Christmas day?
A star, the heavens lend Him,
Angels with songs attend Him,
Turn not, O earth, away.

The souls of men are weary.
On blinding paths they go:
The night hangs murk and dreary,
All sounds are full of woe;
Yet high the herald splendor breaks,
The choral melody awakes,
For in the Christmas morn
Is the Deliverer born!

Draw near, ye sin-defiled,
Look on the Sinless Child!
He comes to such as ye,
Captive, to set you free,
Wounded, to heal your pain;
Lost, to reclaim again.

What shall we bring? Our gold is dust,
His always, ours but in trust.
Our honors to enrich his fame
Who bears o'er all the highest name.
What can these poor hands bring
Unto creation's King?

Love He will own and take
For His most holy sake!
He in whose boundless heart
Love's purest currents start.
Asks of each soul again its store,
Asks the one guerdon meet
Poured at his blessed feet.
Rich—for love's sake
Himself made poor!

THE SECRET DOOR.

(A Christmas Story of Two Hundred Years Ago.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Knowle, in Kent, is an ancient manor-house. It stands knee-deep in rich garden and pasture lands, with hay-fields and apple-orchards stretching beyond, and solemn oak woods which whisper and shake their wise heads when the wind blows, as though possessed of secrets which must not be spoken.

Very much as it looks to-day, it looked two hundred and thirty years ago, when Charles the First was king of England. That was the Charles who had his head cut off, you may remember. Blue Christmas smokes curled from the twisted chimneys in 1645, just as they will this year if the world lasts a month longer. The same dinnery fragrance filled the air, for good cheer smells pretty much alike in all ages and the world over. A few changes there may be—thicker trees, beds of gay flowers which were not known in that day; and where once the moat—a ditch-like stream of green water covered with weeds and scum—ran round the walls, is now a trimly cut border of verdant turf. But these changes are improvements, and in all important respects the house keeps its old look, undisturbed by modern times and ways.

In the same nursery where modern boys and girls eat, sleep and learn their A, B, C to-day, two children lived—little Ralph Tresham and his sister Henrietta. Quaint, old-fashioned creatures they would look to us now; but, in spite of their formal dresses and speech, they were bright and merry and happy as any children you can find among your acquaintances. Ralph's name was pronounced "Rafe," and he always called his sister "Hexie."

Christmas did not come to Knowle in its usual bright shape in 1645. Gloom and sadness and anxiety overshadowed the house; and though the little ones did not understand what the cause of the anxiety was, they felt something wrong, and went about quietly whispering to each other in corners, instead of whooping and laughing, as bad been their wont. They had eaten their Christmas beef, and toasted the king in a thimbleful of wine, as usual, but their mother cried when they did so; and Joyce, the old butler, had carried off the pudding with a face like a funeral. So, after dinner, they crept away to the nursery, and there, by the window, began a long whispering talk. Hexie had something very exciting to tell.

"Nurse thought I was asleep," she said, "but I was n't quite; and when they began to talk I woke up. That was n't wrong, was it, Rafe? I could n't sleep when I could n't, could I?"

"I suppose not; but you need n't have listened," said Rafe, whose notions about honor were very strict.

"I did pull the pillow over my ear, but the words would get in," went on Henrietta, piteously. "And it was so interesting. Did you know there were such creatures as Bogies, Rafe? Dorothy thinks we have got one in our house, and that its hole is in the great gallery, because once when she was there dusting the armor, she heard a queer noise in the wall, and what else could it be? It eats a great deal, does the Bogie. That's the reason nurse is sure we have got one. It ate all the cold sheep's-head yesterday, and the day before half the big pasty. No victual is safe in the larder, the Bogie has such a big appetite, nurse says."

"I remember about the sheep's-head," said Rafe, meditatively. "Almost all of it was left, and I looked to see it come in cold; but when I asked, Joyce said there was none. Cold sheep's-head is very good. Do you remember how much Humphrey used to like it?"

"I don't remember exactly, it is so long ago," replied Hexie. "How long is it, brother?—since Humphrey went away, I mean. Won't he ever come back?"

"I asked Winifred once, but she only said, 'God knew,' that nothing had been heard of him since the battle when the king was taken. He might be dead, or he might be escaped into foreign parts—and then she cried, oh, so hard, Hexie! Poor Humphrey! I hope he is n't dead. But, about the Bogie, how curious it must be to meet one! Oh, I say, let us go to the gallery now, and see if we hear any strange noises there. Will you?"

"Oh, Rafe! I'm afraid. I do'nt quite like — —"

"But you can't be afraid if I'm there," said Rafe, valiantly; "besides, I'll put on Humphrey's old sword which he left behind. Then if the Bogie comes—we shall see!"

Rafe spoke like a conquering hero, Hexie thought; so, though she trembled, she made no further objection, but stood by while he lifted down the sword, helped to fasten its belt over his shoulder, and followed along the passage which led to the gallery. The heavy sword clattered and rattled as it dragged on the floor, and the sound was echoed in a ghostly way, which renewed Hexie's fears.

"Rafe! Rafe! let us go back!" she cried.

"Go back yourself if you are afraid," replied Ralph, stoutly; and as going back alone through the dim passage seemed just then worse than staying where she was, Hexie stayed with her valiant brother.

Very softly they unlatched the gallery door, and stole in. It was a long, lofty apartment, paneled with cedar-wood, to which time had given a beautiful light-brown color. The ceiling, of the same wood, was carved, here and there, with shields, coats of arms, and other devices. There was little furniture: one tall cabinet, a few high-backed Dutch chairs, and some portraits hanging on the walls. The sun, not yet quite set, poured a stream of red light across the polished floor, leaving the far corners and the empty spaces formidably dusk. The children had seldom been in the gallery at this hour and it looked to them almost like a strange place, not at all as it did at noonday when they came to jump up and down the slippery floor, and play hide-and-seek in the corners which now seemed so dark and dismal.

Even Rafe felt the difference, and shivered in spite of his bold heart and the big sword by his side. Timidly they went forward, hushing their footsteps and peering furtively into the shadows. Suddenly Hexie stopped with a little scream.

Close to them stood a huge suit of armor, larger and taller than a man. The empty eye-holes of the helmet glared out quite like real eyes, and the whole figure was terrible enough to frighten any little girl. But it was not at the armor that Hexie screamed; the iron man was an old friend of the children's. Many a game of hide-and-seek had they played around, and behind, and even inside him; for Humphrey had contrived a cunning way by which the figure could be taken to pieces and put together again; and more than once Rafe had been popped inside, and had lain shaking with laughter while Hexie vainly searched for him through all the gallery. This had not happened lately, for Rafe was hardly strong enough to manage by himself the screws and hinges which opened the armor; but he knew the iron man too well to scream at him, and so did Hexie. The object which excited her terror was something different, and so strange and surprising that it is no wonder she screamed.

CHRISTMAS.

Close by the armor, half hidden by a curtain of heavy tapestry, was an open door, where never door had been known to be. It stood ajar, and dimly visible inside was a narrow staircase winding upward.

"The hole of the Bogie!" gasped Hexie, clutching at Rafe's arm. He started, and felt for the sword. It rattled fearfully, and the sound completed Hexie's terror. She burst away, flew like a scared lapwing down the gallery, along the passages, and never stopped until she reached the nursery and her own bed, where, with two pillows and the quilt drawn over her head, she lay sobbing bitterly at the thought of Ralph left behind, to be eaten perhaps by the Bogie! Poor little Hexie!

Ralph, meanwhile, stood his ground. His heart beat very fast, but he would not run away,—that was for girls. It must be owned, however, that when a moment later the sound of muffled voices became audible down the stairs, he trembled extremely, and was guilty of the unmanlike act of hiding behind the curtain. He was only ten years old, which must plead his excuse with bigger boys who are confident that they could never, under any circumstances, hide themselves or be afraid.

The voices drew nearer, steps sounded, and two figures came out of the narrow door-way. Could there be two Bogies? No wonder they ate so much. But in another minute all thought of the Bogies vanished from Ralph's mind, for in one of the figures he recognized his own sister Winifred.

Her companion was a man. There was something familiar in his form. It moved forward, and Ralph jumped so that the big sword rattled again. Bogie number two was his brother Humphrey, mourned as dead ever since the summer before, when so many brave gentlemen gave up their lives for King Charles at the battle of Naseby.

"What noise was that?" whispered Winifred, fearfully.

"Some sound from below," replied Humphrey, after listening a moment. "Must you go, Winnie?"

"I must, dear Humphrey. I dare not absent myself longer lest I be missed and suspected. Oh, if to-morrow were but over, and you safe on the French lugger and over the sea! I cannot breathe while this hiding and danger go on."

"I suppose I ought to be glad also," said Humphrey, ruefully; "but to me that French lugger means exile, and loneliness, and poverty, for the rest of my life, perhaps. Better have laid down my life with the rest at Naseby, in striking one last blow for the king."

"Don't, don't speak so!" protested Winifred, tearfully. "You are alive, thank God; and once these wars are over we may rejoin you, and have a happy home somewhere, if not in the land of our fathers. Now, dear Humphrey, have you all you need for the night?"

"Christmas cheer," said Humphrey, in a would-be cheerful voice. "Beef and ale,—what better fare could be? You are a gallant provider, my Winnie, and there is need, for since I have laid in that hole with nothing else to do, my appetite has raged like a wolf. That sheep's-head was wondrous savory. I say though, Winnie, what do the servants think of the famine I create in the larder?"

"Oh, the stupid creatures fancy that a Bogie has taken up his residence here. A very hungry Bogie, Joyce calls the creature!"

The brother and sister laughed; then they kissed each other.

"Good-night, dearest Winifred."

"Good-night, brother;" and Humphrey vanished up the stairs. Winifred lingered a moment; then, as if remembering something, opened the door again and ran after him. Ralph marked that she laid her hand on a particular boss in the carved wainscot, and pressed it in hard, whereon the door sprang open. He stole out, laid his hand on the same boss, and felt the spring give way under his touch. Some undefined idea of stealing in later, to make Humphrey a visit, was in his head; but he heard Winifred returning, and hurried out of the gallery. Putting back the sword in its place, he entered the nursery. No Hexie was visible, but a sobbing sound drew his attention to a heap on the bed.

"Is that you, Hexie? Why, what are you crying about?" pulling away the pillow which she held tight.

"Oh, Rafe! Then the Bogie did n't eat you, after all?" And Hexie buried her tear-stained face in his shoulder.

"Bogie! Nonsense! There are no such things as Bogies!"

"What was it, then, that lived up that dreadful stairs?"

"I can't tell you; only it was nothing at all dreadful. And, Hexie, don't say a word about that door to any one, will you? It might make great trouble if you did."

"I did tell Deborah, when she fetched the candle and asked why I cried, that I saw a strange door in the gallery," faltered Hexie, truthful, though penitent.

"Oh! Hexie, how could you? A don't like Deborah, and her father is a crop-eared knave. Humphrey said so one day. How could you talk to her about the door, Hexie?"

"I—don't know. I was frightened, and she asked me," sobbed Hexie. "Will it do any harm, Rafe?"

"It may," said Rafe, gloomily. "But don't cry, Hexie. You meant no harm, at all events."

"Oh, don't speak so gravely and so like Joyce," said Hexie, much troubled. She cried herself to sleep that night. Deborah, who undressed her, asked many questions about the gallery and the door.

"It was very dark, and perhaps she mistook,"—that was all Hexie could be made to say.

Ralph was disturbed and wekeful, and slept later than usual next morning. He jumped up in a hurry and made what haste he could with dressing and breakfast, but it seemed as though they never took so much time before; and all the while he ate he was conscious of the stir and bustle in the house, which excited his curiosity very much. Knocking—the sound of feet—something unusual was going on.

As soon as possible he slipped away from the nurse and ran to the gallery. The door was half open. He looked in, and stood still with terror. Men, in brown uniforms and steel caps, were there sounding the walls and tapping the floor-boards with staves. The gallery seemed full of them, though when Rafe counted there were but five.

"This man of iron was, in all likelihood, a Malignant also," he heard one of them say, striking the armor with his fist.

"He is somewhat old for that. Methinks that is armor of the time of that man of blood, Henry the Eighth. Move it aside, Jotham, that we may search the farther panel."

So the heavy figure was thrust into a corner, and the men went on tapping with their wands. Rafe groaned within himself when he heard them declare that the wall sounded hollow, and saw them searching for a spring. Twenty times it seemed as though they must have lighted on the right piece. Twenty times they just missed it.

"We were ill advised to come without tools," declared the man who seemed leader of the party. "Come thou to my shop, Peter Kettle, and thou, Bartimeus and Zerrubabel, and we will fetch such things as are needful. Jotham, stay thou here, to see that no men escapeth from the concealment behind the wall."

So four of the men went away, leaving Jotham striding up and down as on guard. Presently came a shout from beneath the window:

"Jotham! our leader hath dropped his pouch in which are the keys of the smithy. Hasten and bring it to the outer door."

"Aye, aye!" answered Jotham, and, pouch in hand, he ran down stairs. Now was Rafe's opportunity. Like a flash he was across the gallery, his hand on the boss. The door flew open, and he fell into the arms of Humphrey, who, sword in hand and teeth set, stood on the lower step of the staircase, prepared to sell his liberty as dearly as possible.

"Rafe! little Rafe!" he exclaimed.

"Hush! The man will come back," panted Rafe. "Come away—hide—oh, where?" Then with a sudden inspiration he dragged his brother toward the iron man. "Get inside," he cried. "They will never think of searching there! Oh, Humphrey—make haste! Get inside!"

There was no time to be lost. With the speed of desperation, Humphrey unscrewed, lifted, stepped inside the armor. Rafe slipped the fastenings together, whispered, "shut your eyes," and flew back to his hiding-place. Just in time, for Jotham's step was on the stair, and next moment he entered the gallery, and resumed his march up and down, little dreaming that the man sought for was peeping through the the helmet holes at him, not three feet away.

Presently the other soldiers came back with hammers and wrenches, and in a short time the beautiful wainscot, split into pieces, lay on the floor. Suddenly there was a shout. The secret door had flown open, and the staircase stood revealed. Four of the men, with pikes and pistols, prepared to ascend, while the fifth guarded the opening below.

At that moment Winifred entered the gallery from the farther end. She turned deadly pale when she saw the open door and the men.

"Oh! Heaven have mercy!" she cried, and dropped half fainting into a chair.

Rafe darted across the floor and seized her hand.

"Hush," he whispered. "Don't say a word, sister. *He* is safe."

"Hs? Who?" cried the amazed Winifred.

But now voices sounded from above. The men were coming down. Winifred rallied her courage, rose, and went forward. She was very white still, but she spoke in a steady voice. Her two brothers, Humphrey in his hiding-place, and little Rafe by her side, both admired her greatly.

"What is the meaning of this, Jotham Green?" she demanded. "By what warrant do you enter and spoil our house?"

"By the warrant which all true men have to search for traitors," said Jotham.

"You will find none such here," responded Winifred, firmly.

"We find the lurking-place in which one such hee doubtless lain," said Zerrubabel. "Where holes exist, look out for vermin."

"You are less than civil, neighbor. An old house like this has many strange nooks and corners of which the inhabitants have neither

BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

Hexie died an aged woman before any of us were born. But still the beautiful old manor-house stands amid its gardens and pasture lands, with the silvery look of time on its gray walls. Still the armed figure keeps guard by the secret staircase, the tapestry hangs in the old heavy folds, evening reddens the cedar walls and the polished floor, and everything occupies the same place and wears the same look that it did when little Rafe played the man in that gallery, and saved his brother Humphrey, more than two hundred years ago.—*St. Nicholas.*

HOUSE AND HOME.

CARE OF THE SICK.

To all families, but especially to those where there are little children, sickness is sure to come in one form or another, and no wife and mother should feel that she has done her duty until she has trained herself to be a gentle and careful nurse. Furthermore, it is undoubtedly true that a large proportion of the illness which we so much dread may be averted or greatly modified by intelligent and watchful care, and as "prevention is better than cure," the first thing which we need to learn is how to prevent. On that point I have already said much to you, but shall once more repeat briefly some of the more important rules which have been found to be essential to the prevention of disease. In the first place, then, you must be *clean*, in your house, in your clothing, in your body and in your soul. Your house, its cellar, outbuildings, drainage, etc., must be clean, or else the poisonous gases which emanate from decay of any and all kinds, will produce fevers and choleraic diseases. Your clothing and your body must be clean or you will be preyed upon by skin diseases and all the ailments which arise from a stoppage of the pores of the skin; and, last of all, your soul must be clean, because there is no more frequent or prolific cause of disease and physical degeneration than vice and immorality.

Secondly, you must have good and well-cooked food, which you must eat regularly and in reasonable quantities, as excesses in eating or drinking sow the seed for a harvest of aches and pains, and you must be careful that the water which you drink and otherwise use, is pure, that is, is free from filth of all kinds, from organic matter or mineral salts. Thirdly, you must be clothed with due regard to the changing seasons, must have plenty of fresh air to breathe both by day and night, and, finally, must keep both mind and body in a state of wholesome activity, for work, wholesome, well-regulated work, is a most valuable safeguard against many kinds of illness.

A due attention to these rules will undoubtedly enable both individuals and communities to avoid many of the diseases (especially those that usually occur in epidemic forms) which have hitherto been considered inevitable; but even then there will remain ample need for good nursing and any woman who really knows how to nurse will always find plenty of work ready to her hand. I do not, of course, mean to say that a woman who has the care of a household upon her, should be called upon to be also a trained nurse, but I do believe that almost any ordinarily intelligent woman can, if she will rightly use her opportunities and faculties, learn to understand so well the symptoms and treatment of any common illness as to be able to prevent and alleviate much suffering and often to save from death. Take, for example, what is called a "common cold," (which, by-the-way, is one of the most futile sources of illness, especially in cold climates), and let us see what can be done to prevent or cure it. Carefulness in regard to clothing, avoidance of drafts and sudden chills, and a habit of being much in the fresh air, will do a good deal in the way of prevention, and when the cold is fairly caught a little judicious care at the outset will often prevent the long illnesses which so frequently follow neglected colds. The requisites are warmth, an even temperature, light food, and good air. It is well to give a hot bath, to put the feet in hot mustard water, to give hot drinks, if the cold is on the chest to put on a mustard plaster, if it is in the head to steam with hot water with a little camphor in it, taking care always to prevent any chill from following the profuse perspiration. The bowels should be kept open, the head cool and the feet warm, and a day or two of this sort of treatment will usually break up even a heavy cold. In the case of fever, again, the stomach and bowels must be regulated as quickly as possible, light, nourishing food, such as beef-tea, chicken or mutton broth, rice, milk, etc., should be given; the patient must be kept quiet in a darkened room with the head cool and feet warm, while ice or cold water may be frequently given. Diarrhœa or dysentery demand perfect quiet, the best thing to be done in many cases being simply to put the patient to bed and feed him or her on arrowroot, rice and rice water, beef-tea, etc.,—giving small quantities at a time. All derangements of the stomach, inflammations, etc., require the same treatment, the principle being that rest and light food give Nature a chance to effect her own cure, and Nature is by far the best physician we can employ. Medicines of any kind should rarely be given without the advice of a physician and never unless you are thoroughly familiar with their action. There are times, of course, when quick action is necessary, as in the case of croup, when ipecac should at once be given in sufficient quantities to produce vomiting, or in colic, when a dose of castor-oil is always a safe remedy; but usually it is best to get the advice of a good doctor before giving any medicine, for when you begin to administer drugs about which you know little or nothing you are playing with edged tools.

When you have a patient to take care of who is confined to the bed, there are certain things to be done, no matter what the illness may be, which are the foundation of good nursing. You must keep the air fresh by opening a window (not a door) and shielding the patient from the draft. If the weather is cold you can either leave the window on a crack for some time, or you can open it wide for a few minutes, as seems best; if the weather is mild it is best to keep one window constantly open. You must change the bed-linen frequently, and this can be done even with a very sick patient, if you can get some one to help you by raising the invalid for a moment while you pull out the soiled sheet and put on a clean one, rolling it up and slipping it quickly under the slightly-raised body of the patient who can lie upon one side of the bed while you make the other. No slops of any kind should be permitted to remain in the room for a moment, and it is well to use some disinfectant, such as carbolic acid or chloride of lime, remembering, however, that cleanliness is the only really effectual disinfectant. The patient should be kept quiet and in acute cases should never be allowed to see strangers or to become excited by talking, etc., while the nurse herself should wear a dress of some soft material which will not rustle, and should speak always in a low tone and gentle voice, humoring but at the same time controlling the patient. The room should be darkened, or at least the patient's eyes should be shaded from the light, and neatness and order should be the universal rule. Feather beds should never be used in illness, mattresses being on all accounts better, and the bed covering should be light, as a weight of clothing is very oppressive to an invalid. Obedience to the doctor's orders and constant watchfulness of symptoms are essential, and at all times it must be remembered that sick people are like children and require to be treated with great gentleness, but also with firmness.

The work of a nurse is for many reasons very difficult and trying; but the reward is great, and any woman who learns to be a good nurse will find infinite pleasure in the consciousness of her ability to alleviate and prevent suffering, and her increased power to do good to others.

COOKERY.

When one has abundance of good material and is obliged to economize neither in time nor labor, it is not a difficult matter to become a good cook, but the real test of a woman's ability in this department of household labor, lies in the results she can obtain from a few inexpensive materials with comparatively small outlay of either time or labor. The first step in the right direction is to thoroughly understand the importance of good cookery to the health and comfort of a family, and before we go into details, I should like to make clear to you the principles which underlie what is rightly called the "art" of cookery.

You are probably sufficiently familiar with the action of your own stomachs to know that anything which irritates them produces, in a greater or less degree, general derangement and illness, and the acute forms of such derangement are probably pretty well known to you. But, while you are aware that unwholesome or badly cooked food is almost always the cause of these acute troubles, you perhaps do not know that such food may, and frequently does produce a slow and subtle irritation which affects the whole constitution, mental and physical, and in time is capable of causing the degeneration of a whole race. "Dyspepsia" is the name which covers the thousand and one forms of this irritation, and dyspepsia means simply that the stomach cannot digest the food that is put into it, and that this undigested food instead of supplying the nourishment which is the result of complete digestion, disturbs the order of the whole system and lays the foundation of numberless diseases. Now the common, one may almost say universal, cause of dyspepsia is that food which is either unwholesome in itself or made so by improper cookery is put into stomachs to which Nature has given the ability to resent the abuse.

This law of Nature is so unyielding that if you attempt to make your stomach do work for which it was not intended, your whole body will sooner or later suffer the consequences, and nothing is more certain than that men and women who desire to be healthy themselves or to have healthy children, must learn to make their food and its preparation a matter of reasonable consideration. It is possible that this principle of the physiological necessity of good cookery would be sufficient for my present purpose, but there is still another fact which I want you to notice, and that is, that the highest civilization always includes great care in the choice and preparation of food. Uncivilized races live like animals, eating anything they can get, at any time and in any way; but the gradual ascent of humanity in the scale of civilizatiou is marked always by an increase of care in respect to food, both as regards material and cookery. So long as you eat like animals, that is, irregularly, coarsely and carelessly, just so long you are, and will remain uncivilized, end, therefore, if you mean to civilize yourselves thoroughly, it follows that you must become refined and careful in regard to your food and its preparation. You have then, as you see, two good reasons for trying to edncate yourselves in respect to your habits of eating and drinking,—1st, that in order to be really and permanently healthy you must have good and well-cooked food; 2d, that you can never be really civilized until you learn to be refined and careful as regards your food.

Now, practically, it is upon women rather than upon men thet the hurden of this responsibility falls, and women, in this conntry at least, have few more useful fields of work than the kitchen. For most of the women to whom I am writing, economy, of time, of money, and of labor, is a necessity, and it is only, as I have said hefore, when you have learned to appreciate the importance of your work to yonrselves and to others, that you will do it well. I hope, therefore, that you will believe me when I tell you, that when you have learned, from the materials at your command, to choose and prepere for your husband and children good and wholesome food, you have done a great thing; you are helping them and yonrself in ways of which you do not dream If you are in earnest in your desire to do this you must begin with a few simple facts which can be easily stated and remembered, and you must determine to work intelligently and by rule, not hlindly and by "guess."

In the first place, then, you need to learn how to choose and cook meat, fish, vegetables and the different kinds of grain, and a certain amonnt of real study is necessary to do this. In regard to meats, for example, you should know that beef, mntton and venison are more wholesome than veal or pork, that almost all kinds of poultry and game are good and nourishing, and that in preparing any kind of meat it is better to roast, broil or boil than to fry, as by the latter process the article cooked, whatever it may be, becomes soeked with the melted grease and is, in proportion, indigestible. Tough pieces of all meats except pork can be used for soups, and hones and odds and ends of cold or uncooked meat should be kept for the same purpose. These soups, which can be made with cheap vegetahles, as cahbege, onions, potatoes, etc., and with very little or no meat, are wholesome, cheap, and afford an agreeable variety. Fish, for all who live on the sea-coast or in the neighborhood of rivers and lakes, is also a cheep and wholesome food, and as in the case of meat, it can he hroiled, boiled, haked or fried, while when salted or smoked it provides material for many different dishes. As to vegetables and fruits, the variety, hoth in kinds and ways of cooking, is almost endless. Any man or woman in this country who has a garden, not to say a farm, can provide a family with a constaut succession of fresh vegetahles at small expense. and people who live without snch supply have nsually only their own ignorance or want of energy to hlame for it These vegetables and fruits are, with few exceptions, wholesome and may be eaten at all seasons in reasonable quantities, care being taken to use none that are unripe or at all decayed. They can of course be cooked in a great variety of ways, and an intelligent woman will quickly learn how to choose the best and most economical. The different grains also furnish most importaut articles of food and are, almost without exception, wholesome and in this country cheap. They can be simply boiled with water and eaten as porridge or mush, or can be made with other ingredients into cakes, pnddings and hread of different kinds. As porridge, mush, etc., they are especially good for children, as they are easily digested and very palatable.

The small collection of receipts which I have placed at the end of this volume, will, I trust, he of some assistance to you in preparing the material which you are able to ohtain; but nntil you learn, as I have said before, to understand the reasons for good cookery and regular hehits in respect to food, no receipts, however good in themselves, can be of much nse to you. I have, therefore, given, in connection with the receipts, such suggestions as I think may help you to bear in mind or to search for the reasons for what you are doing, hoping that in this way you may gradually find out for yourselves that I have not exaggereted the importance of your work.

When you have learned to cook well end intelligently, you have made yourselves valuable members of any honsehold, rich or poor, and this is surely no little thing to say and no mean ambition for any woman to set before herself, and I would, therefore, urge every woman who reads this to do her best to create healthy and civilized tastes in regard to food in all those who are within her reach.

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

THE COLORED RACE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

I. THE AFRIC-AMERICAN.

The fact that the specimens of colored sk ll and industry et the Centennial were not collected into one representative exhibit, but scattered unostentatiously through the bewildering departments of the great show, accounts in part, certainly, for an existing impression that the colored people have not manifested proper respect and appreciation for the opportunity offered them. The colored men or his friend had to walk from end to end of the Main Hall, or from building to building, to search here and there through the vast display for the testimonies to his progress. The catalogues give no indication of the nationality of American exhibitors, and in the edncational departments, those in care of the varions State exhibits were not always sufficiently intimate with their charge to be able to give statistics, or distinguish between the work of colored and white schools.

Working under these disadvantages, we cannot even now be sure that we have a full list of colored exhibits, and would be glad to receive additional information from any reliable source.

The catalogue is classified lu seven departments: Mining and Metallurgy, Manufacture, Educatiou, Art, Machiuery, Agriculture, and Horticultnre. We shall find American colored exhibits as such comprised in three of them, Manufacture, Art, and Education, though colored labor and skill has, no doubt, contributed to other departments, as for instance to the fine display of cotton from the Southern States.

The colored exhibitors who appear for themselves are very few, it is trne, and the fact is to be regretted, whether a result of want of means, ability or interest, or, as the Tribune suggests, of offense taken at an inadvertent oversight on the opening day. For the best way to meet a slight, unintended or intended, is with a magnanimity and nobleness that will transfer the blush from the slighted to the slighter. Of those colored exhibitors who have appeared, however, their brethren may well he proud, and every one of them has received a well merited award from the judges.

To give precedence to ladies, and begin with probably the most familiar name, we mention first:

MISS EDMONIA LEWIS, THE SCULPTRESS.

It has been charged that no colored woman's handwork appears in the Woman's Pavilion. Any one of Miss Lewis's sculptnres would do honor to that exhibition. bnt, like some other of the women artists, she preferred to have her contributions judged on their own merits instead of as a woman's work specially. Her chief exhibit was her life-sized statue lu marble of the dying Cleopatra. The dying queeu of Egypt is represented sinking in her chair, her arms dropping with relaxing muscles at her side. The statue attracted much attention. It was well placed in one of the principal rooms, and received a prize medal as among the best of Americau sculptures exhibited. Besides this, her master-piece, Miss Lewis exhibited statuette busts in terra-cotta, of Sumner, Longfellow, and John Brown (copies of which are possessed by Hempton Institnte), and two groups in marble, one of sleeping children, the other a study from Longfellow's Indian poem of Hiawatha, representing the old Arrow-maker and his daughter. The last is a suggestive tribute to her parentage on one side, for Miss Lewis is of mixed negro and Indian descent, and was born, it is said, in a wigwam. She was in charge of her own exhibits, and her intelligent, earnest and womanly manner did much to interest visitors in them and her. She returns to her studio n Rome to work out other solid answers to qnestious as to the capabilities of her race.

MR. E. M. BANNISTER, OF PROVIDENCE,

exhibited a very good painting, "Under the Oaks," for which he received a prize medal. A Hampton student thus describes it: "In the foreground of the picture is a pond bordered by water-grasses and lilies; windiug up from the water, a narrow sheep-peth is finally lost sight of in a grove of oaks. "Under the Oaks," with his little crook, sits the shepherd boy quietly watchiug his flock."

In the department of Manufactures, the only colored exhibitor we know of has been equally successful.

MR. ASHBOURN, OF PHILADELPHIA,

exhibited a curious variety of articles manufactured nnder his own patents. Filtering powder, Oil, Tooth powder, Iuk, Vluegar, and Soap, all made from the meat or shell of the cocoanut. Mr. Ashbourne's store is in Pine Street, Philadelphia. His exhibit has set an example of surprise which colored men will do well to follow, and which must do much to benefit his business.

THE MONUMENT TO BISHOP ALLEN.

The colored people's appreciation of the Centennial exhibition and desire to connect themselves with it, is sufficiently demonstrated by the monnment erected by them on the Centennial gronuds to Bishop Allen, the first Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal church of the United States. Bishop Allen was born a slave and bought his freedom. He was a noted preacher before he was free. After he became free, he traveled with the famous pioneer Bishop Asbnry, and learned the elements of theology. He was a lover of education, a man of great benevolence, courage, and executive talents, respected by men of all classes. Three thousand dollars were contributed by Congress to aid in the erection of the monument to his memory. Gov. Garfield of Arkansas was among the large contributors. The monument was the work of Mr. Alfred White of Cincinnati and cost $3,500, which was raised by the efforts of colored men among their own people and their friends. The pedestal was unfortunately broken in transportation, and a temporary one was set up, nine feet high, of blocks of granite, pyramidal in form. On the pedestal stands the the bust of the Bishop in Italian marble, and in raised letters on the central block is the name, "Richard Allen." A bronze statue of the Bishop is contemplated. The monnment was unveiled in October, in the presence of 30,000 colored citizens and many others. Bishop Brown, Prof. of Ecclesiastical History in Howard University made the oration.

MR. WILLIAM B. STILL'S EXHIBIT.

Mr. William B Still, the successful Philadelphia merchant, and well-kuown leader among his people, exhibits some sample volumes of his "Underground Railroad," an illustrated history of the principal transactions of that famous railaoad liue, now heppily closed for want of business. We hope at some time to give our readers some further sketch of Mr Still's life from his own pen.

Turning now to the department of Education, we find abundant evidence of progress in the colored race. Though provided, naturally, for their white teachers, it is no less the result of their own efforts, and suggests the reflection that the hope of the race is the rising geueration in the schools aud higher institutions of learning, and not quite ready yet to show what they will be and do for their people. It is only fair to wait for them, and to remember also thet, as has been the case with the white citizens of the young Republic, their engrossing aim and best work for many years must be the general diffusion of knowledge among their people, rather thau the prodnctiou of individnal prodigies of learning or accomplishments.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The color line was not made a basis of classification of public schools in most of the States. The Massachusetts exhibitors, of course, smiled at such an idea. Maryland displayed some very conveuient charts from which we learned that she has 1524 white schools and 322 colored, 120,523 white pupils and 105,760 colored. As far as we were able to distingnish the work of colored pupils in all the exhibits, it compared very fairly indeed with that of white pupils. The Cincinnati public colored schools' exhibit, deserves very special mention, and has received it from many qnarters.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY,

fonnded by Bishop Peyne, made a special exhibit, and showed good work. This college is interesting as being the only one entirely under colored management, and its success testifies to the ability of its fonnder, Bishop Payne. Some excellent crayon drawings by one of the students attracted particular attention. Indeed, these and other specimens of drawing, geometrical diagrams, and the many handsome samples of haudwriting scattered through the school exhibits suggest the thought that the artistic use of the pencil may be a special line in which we may expect the race to excel.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION SCHOOLS.

These appeared in full force.

Besides Hampton, which made a separate exhibit, there were represented very fully by examination papers and photographs, Fisk, Atlanta, and Straight Universities of Tennessee, Georgia, and New Orleans; Beres, Talledega, and Tongaloo Colleges of Kentucky, Alabama, and Mississippi; Avery and Emerson Institutes of Charleston and Mobile; the Lewis High School of Macon, Ga.; Union Academy of Columbus, Miss.; and the LeMoyne, Wadsworth, Storrs and Trinity Schools of Memphis, Miss., McLeansville, N. C., Atlanta, Ga., and Athens, Alabama. A special attraction to this exhibit was the large oil paluting representing the Fiske Jubilee Singers, the portraits life size. The picture was presented to Fiske by Euglish friends and cost $3000.

HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

This exhibit has already been described in our colnmns. Its academic instruction was represented, as that of other schools, by volumes of writen examination papers. Its chief points of interest to those concerned in educational science and for the advancement of the colored race, were its agricultnral and indnstrial features, and prin ples of self-help, which distinguished it from others. Its specimens of farm produce, and work from the carpenters' shops, sewing room and other industrial departments of the school, with Mr. Larrabee's fine photographs of them, were inspected with interest by hundreds of visitors. The results of Hampton gradnates' work as teachers also attracted interested attention, as shown in a bird's-eye view, on the map of four States starred with their schools, and, in detail, the efforts of the little ones on the examiuation slates, and papers of the Butler and Lincoln Schools, in Hampton, and Mr. Towe's school in Norfolk. We are confident thet the Hamptou exhibit and the information given has been a good thing for the school and the race it seeks to benefit.

And we can, indeed, sincerely assure our colored brethren that the general character of their representation at the Centennial, whether made by themselves or through their teachers and friends, has been greatly to their credit and advantage, and should enconrage them to their best efforts for the future.

We must take another month to consider the very interesting exhibit of the Repnblic of Liberia, and those of other African states.

TO THE GRADUATES AND PUPILS OF THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

My Dear Young Friends:—

You will receive many kind wishes for a Happy New Year, hut none, I assure you, will be more cordial and sincere than mine, that the coming year may be happier than any you have yet known. Do you realize that it is in your power to make it so? Happiness is not something in the far distance, intangible, unattainable; it does not *depend* upon external circumstances; neither health, nor wealth, nor friends can give it, although they are great blessings and add much to the enjoyment of life. Happiness must be in the heart, flowing from a consciousness that we are endeavoring to live that life which is pleasing to God and useful to our follow men. He who created the soul, implanted in it an ardent longing for happiness, which is manifested hy our pursuit of it in a multitude of ways; He gave us a capacity for happiness, of which we have but a faint conception; and He has not left us in darkness as to the true means of attaining it. His hand is full of blessings, which He freely offers aud longs to bestow npon us, if we will accept them. But the difficulty is that we prefer to try our own plan; we doubt whether we shall find happiness in the way God proposes, although, if our eyes were not hlinded, we should surely see and believe that He, who formed man and gave him his faculties, knew perfectly in what his happiness would consist. Some seek it in the acquisition of wealth, fame, and power; others, in selfish gratification or sinful pleasures.

> "Allusive dreams of happiness
> Their eager thoughts employ;
> They wake, convinced the fancied bliss
> Was visionary joy."

Among the most miserable of men, according to their own confession, we find those who reached the goal of their ambition, who were crowned with the world's plaudits, who reveled in the enjoyments of sense; and found them all, as Solomon did, "vanity and vexation of spirit",—a thorough disappointment.

On the other hand, how many thousands, even in the abodes of poverty, on the bed of suffering, in prison, at the stake, have abonnded in heavenly peace and triumphant joy! That peace in the depth of the soul, which is the only foundation of real happiness, is pledged to all the true disciples of our Lord. Through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, we receive the forgiveness of our sins; through His indwelling Spirit, we are delivered from the bondage of sin and walk in the newness of life. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." The world with all its treasures cannot give this peace, nor can its severest trials and disappointments deprive us of it. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," said our Saviour to His sorrowing disciples shortly before His death. But this precious legacy was not bequeathed to those who are merely professors of the Christian name; "not every one that saith 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom, bnt he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven;" it is for the humble, lowly follower of Christ, who endeavors faithfully to live *with* God and *for* God. Let us not be discouraged hy frequent failures and slow progress, our merciful Saviour looks tenderly upon our feehle efforts; hut let us press forward, relying npon His strength, again and again girding up the loins of our mind. That the end of 1877 may find us all nearer the mark of our high calling, more Christ-like, more meet for Heaven, more abounding in love and faith and joy, is the earnest desire of

your friend,

M. A. L.

A LOVING heart and a cheerful countenance are commodities which children should never fail to keep on hand. They will best season their food and soften their pillows. Sour faces and cross words make everything go wrong. Keep in the sunshine of God's love, and don't give the frowns a chance to deepen into wrinkles.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

FROM A TEACHER IN NORFOLK, VA.

Those who are helping to educate colored teachers will enjoy these simple words, not addressed to the public. Through such work as hers only will the salvation of the colored people be wrought out:

Dear Teacher:—I am generally tired in the afternoon and seldom can put my heart on a letter. I have a very good school and like it. I have from forty to forty-five on roll; they were very rude at first, but I think they are becoming interested now, more and more each day. Most of them are very poor and come to school poorly clad. I always feel so sorry for them cold days because they hing together so going home. I am very well satisfied; I don't think, as far as teaching is concerned, that I would change with a Norfolk teacher. My schoolhouse is quite a good one. I make my own janitors to make fire and clean up the schoolroom every night, which they do very well. I have very little trouble with them. I do so hate to whip! They are getting pretty good. When I first opened school with reading, singing and prayer, they didn't know what to think of it, and they talked a good deal during prayers. I had to tell them how ngly it was; so when I let school ont one little one said, "Miss D——, is yon 'ligious?" and I said, "I hope I am a Christian." She said, "Nobody never did pray with us before; yon must he mighty good if you can pray." I felt very queer, knowing that the last teacher was a professor of religion. Don't you think it queer that he never evеn said the Lord's Prayer with them? I do.

I would like to see Hampton very much indeed. I imagine if I shonld come again with my hlue frock on that you all would say I belonged there. L.

The following, from Lottsburg, Va., was received some months since. The writer is a thoughtful, Christian young man, from whom much good work can be expected:

Dear Teacher:—I have heard of the new professions in Christ among the scholars, and also of the baptizing. It was qnite cheering news to me. I hope they all may prove faithful and he good and useful Christians, for their labors are needed very much, and I am sure they will find it much more pleasant when they go out to teach. When I go to a new place to teach, after an lutroduction among the first questions I am asked is this, "Are you a member of the church?" It is a joy to me that I can tell them, I am—not only to tell them I am, hut to labor in that direction, though I feel that I am the least among God's people, especially when I go to church and see others shout, and hear them talk; but when I come to think about it to myself, it seems to me that they are not "meek and lowly in spirit," hut they are boasting too much, and need what I may call Christian civilization. I know I am not to "judge;" hot I think there are a great many meaningless words and actions among the colored people in time of worship, and for a short time afterward. I have nothing to say about it in public at church, but I speak against it in my school and also to the Christian parents when in private conversation. I pray that I may live to see it all done away, and we all shall be pious Christians. I don't think these actions have any impression on the world, or make the actors any more acceptable with God, though they may know better what they are doing than I do. W.

THE GREAT FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

On the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 5th, the city of Brooklyn was visited by one of those terrible calamities which plunge a whole city into mourning, and inspire all who hear of it with awe and sympathy. This was the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, in which, between three and four hundred persons perished in the flames, or were crushed in the mad rush for life. Our picture—*not* taken by our own artist on the spot—can give but a faint idea of the awful grandeur of such a scene, and indeed no one who witnessed it from the outside had any idea, at the time, of the great human sacrifice engulphed in the devouring flames.

There were rumors in the next morning's papers thet perhaps from ten to thirty people might have been unable to escape, but they were hardly credited, and only the families whose members failed to return suspected their fate, until the work of removing the blackened ruins revealed the truth in all its ghastly horror. A large number of the remains found were burned beyond all possibility of recognition by the friends who flocked to look in sorrow for their dead, and, after as many as possible had been identified, often only by some trinket or fragment of clothing, it was necessary to carry the rest to one common grave in Greenwood Cemetery, their common funeral attended by all the principal ministers of the city, and followed, through the inclement weather, by a great multitude of citizens, among whom were many who knew they must be accompanying their own nnrecognized dead to the grave.

After the great shock, the first thought of all not absorbed in private grief, was of the question how many other places of public entertainment might be in danger of the same fate, and inspections were made, and precautionary measures discussed, and improvements ordered, with a vigor that sadly suggests what might have been saved had it been used in time.

The principal danger is from narrow and few ways of exit in which the excited throngs crowd and fall, and are trodden on or suffocated by the crowd. If any one notices on entering a public hall that it has only such outlets, he had better leave it before the entertainment begins. If, however, you are ever surprised by a fire in such a place or any other, remember that the next best thing to absence of body is presence of mind.

It is a good plan to think of such emergencies beforehand, and have some idea of what to do. If your house is on fire and you have to make your way through a room full of smoke, remember that the clearest air will be near the floor, and if you cannot walk, you can creep on hands and knees.

If your own clothes or another's take fire at any time, don't run, that will increase the draught which fans the flame. If no water is at hand, wrap *instantly* round the person, any woollen stuff you can lay hands on—your coat or shawl, a rug or carpet. If there is nothing better, throw him on the carpet and roll the fire out, holding the clothes together.

Remember that there are two things necessary to any fire—fuel and air—or to speak more strictly, fuel and oxygen. Cut off these and the fire goes out. Water puts out a fire by cutting off its supply of oxygen. Therefore hot water will put out fire just as soon as cold water will.

If oil takes fire, however, do not throw water on it, for the oil being lighter than the water, will float on the top of it and burn there, while the water will carry it all over the room. A carpet, or if it is on hand, sand, earth, flour, meal, or any such thing will smother the fire of oil.

Finally, or rather, to begin with, take every possible precaution against fire. Do not throw a burning match on the floor, even after you have blown it out, without seeing where it goes and trampling it out. Do not leave a candle or lamp burning near your bed. If it is necessary to keep a light all night, stand it on the hearth or in a bowl or pail of water around it. Do not set a pail of hot ashes or cinders away in a closet. Do not blow out a kerosene lamp by blowing down the chimney.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The slave trade has just been abolished in the Turkish Empire (including Egypt and Tunis) by the decree of the Sultan.

POLITICAL.

The returning boards of the three doubtful States, South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, have declared the electoral vote in each state in favor of Hayes and Wheeler. Charges of fraud are brought against these boards by the Democratic party, and the Democrats in Congress will probably call for an investigation and try to throw the election into the House. Two sets of votes have been sent from Oregon, each claiming to be the proper electoral vote. Just before the electors were to meet, the Governor of Oregon, on the ground that one of the three Republican electors was ineligible from having been a postmaster when elected, withheld his certificate and gave it to the candidate having the next highest number of votes—a democrat, Mr. Cronin, which would give Mr. Tilden the one needed vote. The other two electors demanding proof of his right to act, and claiming that under the State law it was their province to fill any vacancy, Mr. Cronin withdrew, and himself appointed two other electors, to whom the Governor gave certificates. The two electors elected by the people met, filled the vacancy and sent their votes sealed to Washington, accompanied with the evidence of their election, and claim to be the real Electoral college though without the Governor's certificate. It will be for the President of the Senate to decide which votes to open and count as the true electoral votes, on the 6th of this month. So we shall not know till then at any rate, who is to be our next President.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

His eighth and last, opens with a brief review of his administration, and the peculiar difficulties of the period of Reconstruction; acknowledging mistakes from which no administration has been free, but claiming that there have been more of judgment and not of intent, and oftenest in taking the advice of chosen representatives of the people as to appointments.

THE REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT

is mentioned among the successes of his administration, a greater reduction than all the European nations together have made in the last 100 years. $453,000,000 have been paid off, and the interest reduced $30,000,000 by the refunding of bonds, while taxes have been reduced nearly $300,000,000.

The balance of trade has been changed from over $130,000,000 against the United States in 1869, to more than $120,000,000 in our favor in 1876. A gold is now flowing into the country more than out of it, the President thinks that the pledge of Congress to resume specie payment in 1879 will be easily accomplished.

OTHER ADMINISTRATIVE SUCCESSES

have been the avoidance of a war with England by the peaceful adjustment of the Alabama claims, the Indian policy, under which Indians hostilities have ceased except in the Black Hills, and our cordial relations with foreign powers generally.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

is noticed as of enduring advantage to the country, and he recommends a permanent museum for the Government exhibits.

FRONTIERS, NATURALIZATION, AND NEW STATE.

The adjustment of our Northern boundary and of claims from and against Mexico, arising from disturbances on the Texas frontier are reported. The subject of naturalization of foreigners, and protection of our citizens abroad are recommended for further legislation. The proclamation last August of the admission of Colorado as a State is recited.

THE DEPARTMENTS OF GOVERNMENT

are reported in a prosperous condition. The Postoffice Deparntment in spite of increased expenses, promises to become self-supporting. The report of the commissioner of

AGRICULTURE

accompanying the message, is noticed as of great interest marking the progress of the country in the variety of products of the soil, knowledge and skill in producing, saving and handling the same to prepare them for use, in improvements in agricultural machinery, and knowledge of those scientific subjects necessary to a thorough system of economy in agricultural production, viz., chemistry, botany, entomology, &c. A study of this report is recommended to those who derive their support from agriculture, as it points out those studies for which there is a demand in the market of the world.

THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

Attention is called to the importance of greater safeguards as to the election of President. He thinks the remedy is partially in the enlightenment of electors, and would heartily approve the compulsory support of free schools, and the disfranchisement of all who cannot read and write English, the provision to take effect only on those who become voters after a certain fixed time.

SAN DOMINGO.

He refers in closing to his former recommendation for the annexation of San Domingo, which was strongly opposed by the Senate, reiterating his reasons, not as a renewal of the recommendation but in vindication of it. These reasons are in great part fortified and valid as a market. He believes that free trade with San Domingo would have so affected the commerce of Cuba as to have forced espeedily the Cuban question in favor of a free Cuba, and that the annexation would have afforded American freedmen a safe asylum, which would have enabled them to demand their rights at home on pain of finding them elsewhere.

He closes by saying that as a private citizen of the republic, he shall take a deep interest in the honor, integrity and prosperity of the whole land.

England has withdrawn from her position in regard to the extradition treaty, and to meet her half way. America offers a reconsideration and revision of it. The Fenian movement has taken the alarm and left England to escape re-arrest.

THE INQUIRER appears under date of December 7, in place of The Liberal Christian. The form taken is nearly that of "The Churchman," and the appearance of the paper is much more attractive than that of its predecessor. The publishers state that very valuable additions have been made to the contributing force, and the columns bear witness to the fact in the merit of the matter presented in the first number.

The African explorer, Gordon, intends to continue his explorations in consequence of having discovered a branch of the White Nile, which may open water communications—hitherto barred by rapids—between the Victoria Nyanza Lake and Khertoom.

A great famine in India.

News from Turkey looks more peaceful.

Centra America and Mexico are undergoing revolutions.

In the gale of Dec. 8th, the Admiral's steam launch was parted from the flag-ship Hartford, in Hampton Roads, and the screw breaking, drifted out to sea, with two men in it. One boat lowered for them was at once swamped, but the men were picked up; a second boat, with thirteen men was launched and followed them, but the intense cold overpowered the rowers and they were unable to stem the rough waves, and were in great danger themselves. The Shawmut, another of the fleet, of men-of-war, got under steam as soon as possible, and kept the launch in sight, but were unable for a long time to approach it in the shallow waters it had drifted into on a bar. The men and launch were at last rescued and brought home by the Shawmut, and the benumbed rowers whose hands had frozen to the oars were picked cared up and for by the Sue, a Baltimore boat, when in imminent danger.

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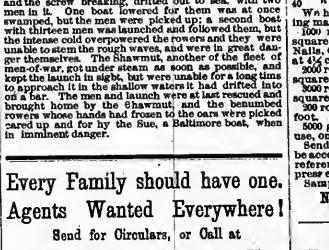

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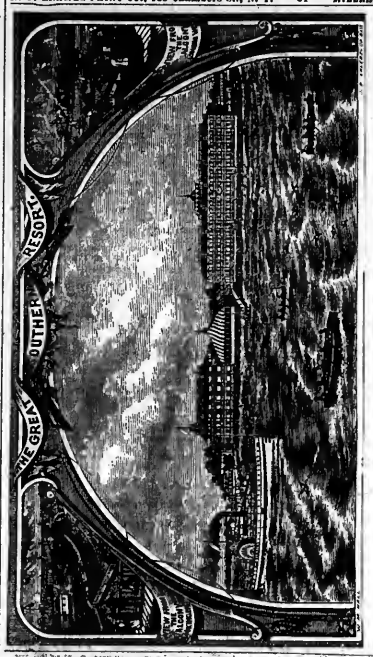

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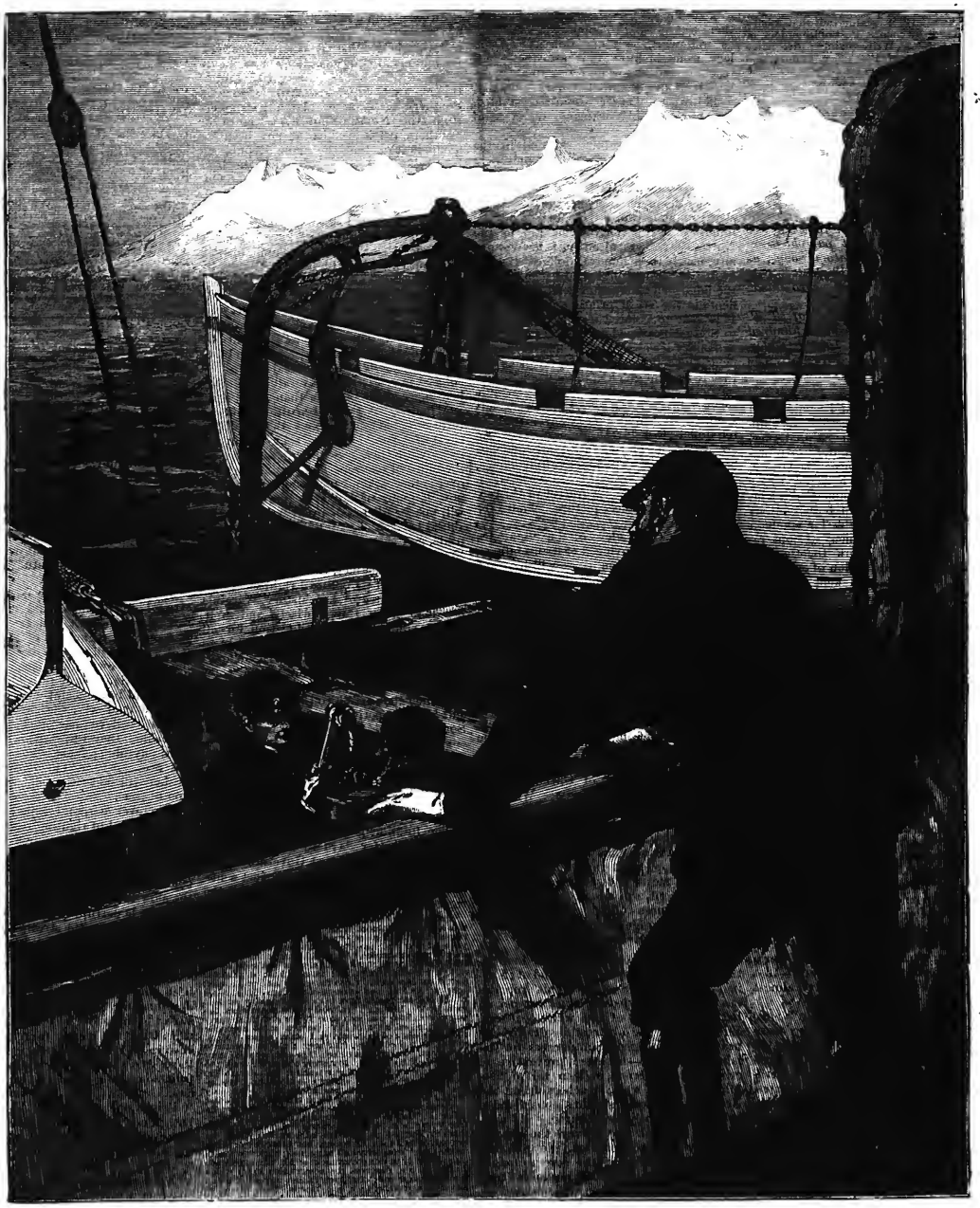
VOL. VI. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1877. NO. 2.



ON THE ROAD TO THE NORTH POLE.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, FEBRUARY, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 32 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents aviece.

THE *Southern Workman* has entered upon its sixth year and has become one of the longest-lived of the periodicals published in the interest of the colored race. It has not been supported by, nor represented any denomination or political party. The ideas it has advocated have not always been popular, yet have commended themselves to thoughtful men of both sections and races. It has sought for common ground on which good men, without regard to party, could work together for the well-being of that portion of our country ravaged by war, and kept prostrate by ignorance, prejudice, corruption and violence. It has pointed out the follies and weaknesses of those whose interests it has had most at heart, only that the remedy might be specified and urged. It has criticised the policy of the ruling race that has so sadly failed to induce an excellent, thrifty class of Northerners, anxious for change, to leave their bleak homes for the more genial climates of the Southern States, to plant there their wealth and spirit of enterprise. It has urged the abolition of the color line in politics as indispensable to a better state of things. It has preached the gospel of salvation by hard work to the enfranchised negro, warned him of the slippery tenure and great temptations of political position, the uncertainty of continued external support, and advocated education — an industrial, practical education, as the panacea for his ills; insisting that character and manhood and not polished scholarship are the true objective points, and that, during the present generation, only a foundation can be laid for a bright future for the negro race;—that all races have advanced slowly, almost imperceptibly.

The columns of the "Workman" have been filled with reliable, convincing testimony, from first hands, that the education of the colored people is practicable, and encouraged by a large class of Southerners, in Virginia and in other States, where, whatever prejudice may yet remain, there is a liberal tax paid by all classes, chiefly, however, by the "old masters," to improve the condition of the ex-slaves by education, and where there is, by the better class of whites, a hearty moral support extended to efficient negro teachers.

Its aim has been to develop conservative, constructive forces among the colored people of the South. It says "Be thrifty and industrious. Command the respect of your own houses. Educate your children. Make the best of your difficulties. Live down prejudice. Cultivate peaceful relations with all. As a voter act as you think and not as you are told. Remember that you have seen marvellous changes in sixteen years. In view of that be patient—thank God and take courage."

The editorial labors of the last five years have been gratuitous, not over one hundred dollars having been paid, in that time, for the entire work of writing, supervision, business management, not including clerical work.

This has been gladly done in addition to other pressing duties, because it was believed to be of the utmost consequence to maintain such a periodical, and because there was no fund to support it. Is it not as well worth a foundation as a College professorship? Is it not equally far-reaching and important? A fund yielding about five hundred dollars annually, would, with its other resources, establish the "Southern Workman" on a solid basis.

It is slowly gaining ground in the South. Such a periodical finds only here and there a sympathizer. Of the monthly circulation of fifteen hundred, chiefly in the South, six hundred and forty-seven are sent to paying subscribers, of whom three hundred and seventy-seven are in the North, the rest gratuitously. It loses annually, nearly three hundred dollars. Its value to the Hampton Institute, as well as the labor and instruction it affords to students in the art of printing, justifies this. It is sent to colored teachers, preachers, to State educational officers, in nearly every county in Virginia, to a list of prominent Southerners, and wherever it is felt that it may do good.

We hope for an increased list of subscribers in every section. A few friends send, yearly, small sums of from two to ten dollars to help the paper. The generosity of the Harper Brothers of New York, in donating valuable electroplates, and the liberal terms of the "Christian Weekly" and of the "Nursery" of Boston, in supplying choice pictures, should be acknowledged.

We trust the readers of the "Southern Workman" are convinced of its usefulness, and that, among them, there will be some disposed to either contribute to its resources or aid in extending its circulation

---

WE regret to note that the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Georgia advises in his recent report, that the annual appropriation by the State in aid of the Atlanta University be withdrawn. Among the alleged grounds for this extraordinary recommendation, the chief one seems to be that the white teachers of that institution had been known to visit at the houses of some of their pupils, an act of Christian kindness to the poor and needy. When we reflect that ninety-five per cent. of the colored children in Georgia are receiving no schooling whatever, and that the institution at Atlanta has honestly endeavored to supplement the lamentable deficiency of means now available to this superintendent, we mourn over the fatuity and blindness of the prejudice which would discourage the aid so urgently needed, for so frivolous a reason.

The circumstance is a new and instructive lesson on the proper method of effecting good in the South. This superintendent did not object to education *per se*, but only because of the white teachers. Education in the abstract is desired by nearly all intelligent Southerners for the laboring classes,—both as a preventive of crime and panperism, and an aid to usefulness. But white teachers from the North are in some sections considered a grievance scarcely to be borne. If then it were possible to convey the needed light by colored teachers, the pressure would be shifted, and the sore no longer chafed. What the cause needs is time and an open field. Given these essentials, and prejudice will gradually disappear.

Strong institutions like "Atlanta," "Hampton" and "Fisk," are perfectly free to pursue their own methods of culture, and are almost alone in the capability of for the good work before them. A few such have already established self-sustaining schools, but the great majority are employed in the public free schools, and as rule are welcomed by the ex-confederates. In some places, if not cordially liked, they come much nearer to that condition than isolated white teachers could hope to do. It is constantly becoming more certain that a concentration of effort upon the selection of the best material of this race, and the careful training of colored standard bearers, will have a wider influence for good and for harmony than any other method in which Northern benevolence can work.

Whenever the polls are open to all, voting unobstructed and counting fair, the colored vote, with education, and under good government, will tend to division on political questions. The negro has an instinctive appreciation of a gentleman; and, supposing a peaceful and just state of things, would often have voted for good Southern men, rather than for strangers from the North or for demagogues or Southern partisans, had it not been for a superstition that the name Republican is a stamp of God not found on base metal. On every subject but that of voting, the negro has been anxious for advice from the property owners, but on election day he locked the door of his heart and threw away the key. Thus it has come about, that many unfit men in the South have held high office simply by reason of the ignorance of negro voters.

Popular education on the broadest scale and no color line in politics is thus seen to be the wisest sort of conservatism. It is the only constitutional method by which to overthrow the power of the blind leaders of the blind. The majority of the colored men would to-day rather vote for just and capable officials than for the unworthy. But they are too often unable to form any judgment about the qualifications of a candidate, and they simply do as they are told. So long, however, as the office of one race is to mount guard over the other, unscrupulous as to how it gains or holds its power, voting will not be dictated by reason, but inspired by passionate and intemperate appeals, and the colored vote will of necessity be solid on the side that appeals to its strongest instinct, that of protection in the exercise of its political rights.

In the course of her history, Virginia has done many things wisely and well. Her encouragement of education for all classes within her borders, entitles her to the admiration of the world. A temperate, fair course towards the negro voter will tend to break up the phalanxes of colored men that march to the polls, and result in a prosperity now unknown at the South.

THE following is from the Inaugural Address on the first of January, 1877, of Governor Z. B. Vance of North Carolina, who was also governor from 1862 till the close of the war.

The fulfillment of its letter and spirit will bring better days to the Pine Tree State. Let us hope that Governor Vance will successfully carry out the just sentiments of his inaugural by caring for the rights of all his people.

"In assuming once more the government of our native State, we are reminded that with power there comes responsibility. The deep wounds, which the last fifteen years of war and misgovernment have inflicted upon us, still gape unhealed. Our public credit has been almost entirely destroyed; our wealth has been swept away; our educational fund has been lost; unpatriotic partisan statesmanship has increased and embittered sectional feeling; and worse perhaps than all, the races composing our people have been set at enmity against each other. Though it is almost twelve years since the war closed, little has been done by the dominant party to heal the jealousies of late enemies, or to reconcile the antagonism of the white and black races. Much indeed, on the contrary, has been done to aggravate both evils. So far as in us lies, it is our bounden duty to remedy these things; to restore our public credit; to promote the regaining of our wealth; to educate the children of the State, to mitigate sectional and race animosities. In an especial manner should it be our duty to disabuse the minds of our black citizens of the false impressions which unscrupulous demagogues have instilled into them; that we intend, in any way, to interfere with their chartered rights. Let us convince them by liberal legislation and kind treatment that we not only intend them no wrong, but that we earnestly desire their prosperity and happiness; that we constitute the party in this government which par excellence maintains and observes the constitution upon which their rights depend; that their former owners are, and naturally should be, their best friends; that, as men of Christian affections, we never can forget the kindly friendships which were formed

BETWEEN MASTER AND SERVANT,

between jealous protection and faithful service; and, finally, that as men of chivalry and honor we scorn to deceive or oppress them because they are weaker in numbers and intelligence than we are. Their instrumentality in our oppression has not been so much their fault as the fault of those who controlled and directed their actions and our fathers, with fidelity and with patience always, and, for the greater part, not as unwilling slaves serve hated task-masters, but as humble friends and dependents serve those whom they love. When war was rampant over the land, and nearly all our able-bodied men were absent in the army, within hearing of the very guns which were roaring to set them free, the great body of them remained quietly at home, laboring in our fields, supporting and caring for our women, children, and non-combatants, with an affectionate fidelity rarely surpassed by any race. So, too, since their emancipation, nine out of ten of the misdeeds committed by the blacks against the whites can, in my opinion, be traced to the instigation of scoundrels of our own color. They have mostly done evil because they were in evil hands. If, by believe that every semblance of personal hostility toward the negro will pass away when his almost unanimous political hostility toward the whites shall have passed away. A wise statesmanship already recognizes in him, under favorable circumstances, an element not only of public wealth, but of conservative power in politics which may become a cherished bulwark of the South. Labor, though it be never so ignorant, if it be closely allied to capital is yet not unfrequently the real strength of society. It also becomes our especial duty to look after the rights and liberties of the people, without which all material interest are as the small dust in the balance. Poor as we are, we would be poorer still if we had more wealth and less of liberty. The freedom and integrity of elections constitute the very corner-stone of our representative government. When they cease to be perfectly fair and unforced, bloodshedding and anarchy are near at hand. We are now approaching a crisis in the fate of this country which all honest men should honestly face.

It was on the soil of North Carolina that the feet of the first English colonist was planted in America, and the solitudes of her forests first of all heard the glorious tongue of Shakespeare and of Milton; it was in North Carolina that the first blood was shed in behalf of American liberty; it was in North Carolina the first declaration of independence was promulgated against the power of the British Empire; North Carolina's provincial congress, first of all, instructed her delegates to unite in a National Declaration of Independence; it was North Carolina who, with one other State to assist her, refused to agree to a provision in the American Constitution permitting Congress in any emergency to suspend the privileges of the great writ of human liberty, it was in North Carolina, and I believe only in North Carolina, that in the midst of the greatest civil war of modern times, when forty millions of people were engaged in desperate strife, amid the gleaming of bayonets, the roaring of cannon, the thunder of charging squadrons and the light of burning cities, the civil power maintained its supremacy over the military, the judge was obeyed. *Inter arma audie banitur leges!*

North Carolina of to-day is the lineal descendant of the North Carolina of the past. Her sons and daughters are the legitimate heirs of this glorious heritage. With such a record I think all who struggle for liberty and law throughout the American Union may rest well assured of the sympathy and support of North Carolina.

FEDERAL protection to any class in the South who may suffer from violence, has become a mere mockery. When the colored man is the sufferer, he may well say "A plague on both your houses," and especially on the well-meaning friends who have tempted his unpractised feet to dizzy heights where they know he cannot stand, and are themselves powerless to avert his fall. The triumph of negro rights by Republican methods, as lately practised, is as hopeless as was the case of Napoleon at Moscow.

The power of nature and the chieftain's own weakness proved that even the most surprising genius must study the meaning of the word impossible.

Those who advise the colored man to struggle for his moral and mental rights, are his true friends. Those who urge him into politics, regardless of his fitness, are only pushing him on to disaster by making him his own worst enemy. Progress in civilization is only possible by slow degrees, and by peaceful methods. While men are mad with the fury of partizanship and believe their property or liberties imperilled, they will neither prosper nor learn anything; there will be a struggle, not necessarily a bloody one, and the weaker will go to the wall. It is a question of time.

Wherever corporal injury is a recognized method of righting real or supposed wrongs, there is little redress in jury trials. Public sentiment must be changed. Wherever stuffing ballot boxes and false counting is practised, the only hope is in the slow methods of education. If the fountain is corrupt it must be purified—trying to change the stream is child's play.

A WORD TO HAMPTON GRADUATES.

IT IS quite certain that there never has been, and never will be, an enterprise undertaken for the good of others without suffering more or less misunderstanding and abuse, not merely from those who are enemies to its objects, but from some of those who should naturally be its friends, from some even of those for whom it exists.

This is one of the things slowly learned, but, once thoroughly understood, the knowledge saves much mental suffering and discouragement, and the honest worker goes ahead in his honest work, with an eye single to his purpose and a faith in its results unshaken — hardly touched—by such temporary annoyances. The more worthy his work and the more heartily he enters into it, the less time he will have to trouble himself about want of appreciation. He is happy if the results

are such as to be his immediate and constant justification, but while

"The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait."

These remarks are called forth by our reception recently from a Hampton graduate teacher, of a copy of the "Morning Star," an excellent little paper, under colored auspices, of Mayo, Va., containing an editorial reply in a very fair spirit to an attack upon Hampton Institute which had been made in the columns of the "People's Advocate" by a well-known colored politician of Norfolk.

For the sake of the graduate who kindly sent us the paper, and of others who like him have read it, and may have been disturbed by this and the similar attacks that have appeared, within the last six months, in this and a few other papers claiming to be the mouth-pieces of the colored people in politics and religion — we have said this much, and will say these few words more.

It is Hampton's good fortune not to have to wait for slow-growing results to justify her motives or methods. Her two hundred graduate-teachers, and the work they are doing for the six thousand children under their care, and the influence they are exerting in the communities in which they live, are her best and ever ready defense. The thought may cheer and inspire you, as well as your Alma Mater. "Ye are her epistles, known and read of all men."

It is indeed against you that the attack referred to is principally made, as the writer says:

"As to its management or its treatment of its students, I can say nothing as an eye-witness if I may except many of its great number of graduates, diplomated (?) every season with very questionable qualifications as teachers, scholars, moralists, etc., etc."

Of course the weight of all such charges must depend very much upon the "qualification as teachers, scholars, moralists etc., etc.," of those who make them. To the little hand of Hampton graduate teachers in Norfolk, who may feel themselves especially referred to by this attack, and to Hampton graduate teachers in general, we would say that the good reports we hear of you from the State superintendents who examine and employ you, from intelligent Southerners generally, whose impartial approval and respect you have gained by your character and conduct, and from your own people who have shown their appreciation of your work among them by overcrowding Hampton this year more than ever — all these good reports far outnumber any evil ones. You have the confidence and friendship of your Alma Mater, and your frequent letters and words of gratitude bring her pleasing evidence that she has yours, and that as you enter upon your work in the world, you appreciate more and more her lessons and her care.

It is to you, as to sons and daughters, that the right belongs to honor and defend her by manly and womanly words when there is need, and always by lives of honest service to God and man; for "Wisdom is justified of her children."

The Report of the Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, for the year 1876 is an able and satisfactory document of which we hope to give our readers a more complete account in our next issue. Dr. Ruffner is an organizer and, by his masterly skill and force, has accomplished an extraordinary result: the popularization of a public free school system in Virginia. Its general results are the enrollment of about two hundred thousand children in forty-five hundred schools. More than sixty-two thousand colored children, attending eleven hundred schools, are included. The average attendance is about thirty-five per cent. less than the total enrollment. Schools have continued on the average a little over five and a half months. The increase of attendance of colored pupils, both in the number enrolled and in the average attendance, has been relatively greater than that of the whites.

There are six hundred and thirty-six colored teachers employed by the State.

Total paid for all teachers' salaries during the year, $783,024.73.

Total cost of school system for 1876, $1,069,679.56.

Total gain in attendance, 10,611.

The cost of instruction for each pupil, 69 cents per month.

The outlook for education in Virginia is encouraging, although she is overwhelmed with debt and pinched by poverty.

A Vigorous Anti-tobacco tract is issued at 548 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. The use of the weed as an extravagance and a filthy habit is realized by all engaged in the work of teaching. We recommend teachers to apply to the above address for from twenty to fifty of these tracts for gratuitous distribution.

We have received an interesting little pamphlet advertising Liberia Coffee as equal to the best in the market. It is raised in the same latitude and belt as the famous "Mocha," has already a far-reaching fame, and is the basis of a growing trade with that well-known colony. It has opened a new era in its history which is significant in view of the important race question that is being settled on the West Coast of Africa. The office of the Agents of this Coffee is 129 South Front St., Philadelphia: Mr. Edward Morris is in charge.

Liberia Coffee attracted much attention at the Centennial, and received an award. Those interested in its production are enthusiastic over their prospects.

We commend to all teachers, especially to Hampton graduates, the Educational Monthly of Virginia published at Richmond. Every public school teacher in the State should be required to take it. Such a valuable periodical ought not to languish for want of support.

The Faculty of the Hampton Institute have subscribed for as many for graduates as they can afford to. The price is $1.25 per annum *to teachers*. They offer for one year, to pay half of the subscription price to any graduate or ex-student engaged in teaching, who is unable to pay the full price. Send 60 cents to the Treasurer of the school, and the Educational Journal will be sent for one year. Teachers should study the principles of their business; should know something of the fine, fresh thought that constantly issues from the press on educational questions. No one who pretends to be able to teach should be satisfied unless he takes a first-class educational paper. To do this is to double one's value in the school room.

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR.

To any person sending us one dollar for the Southern Workman, we will send, besides the Workman, the Mayo Morning Star, containing news from schools, churches, literary societies, associations, conferences, and brief political notes, and Bible lessons for every Sunday. We will also give each subscriber a valuable premium. Both the Star and the Workman sent regularly twelve months.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL OF CHEMISTRY.

Among our numerous exchanges, we are glad to welcome the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, the varied contents, excellent scientific views and admirable form of which render it in every way instructive and entertaining.

Without dogmatism and free from the *ex cathedra* style which is too apt to characterize journals of this class, the above paper holds a high rank among scientific men, as well as with general readers, for its impartial treatment of all questions relating to its province, and an earnest, thoughtful interest in the absorbing development of physical culture, with the advancement of which it deals in clear, easy language and philosophical discretion. Such a journal should have a place in every household in the land, that the truths and discoveries of science bearing upon the multifarious topics therein discussed may promote the enlightenment of young and old, and contribute, in no small degree, to the dissemination of popular as well as professional science, for which its able management and judicial criticism equally qualify it.

Agricultural.

BODILY WEIGHT AND NUTRITION.

Professor C Voit, in a lecture at the Public Health Congress held at Munich, remarked: "The weight of the body has often been assumed as an infallible proof of the maintenance of the condition of the body, or of a deposition of tissue, and the food which keeps up a man's weight has been regarded as on that account satisfactorily nutritious. But the weight of the body is no criterion of the value of the food taken, because while the weight remains constant, or even increases, water may increase in the tissues and albumen and fat diminish; or there may be an increase of weight and deposition of fat, while there is also at the same time a diminution of the albumen of the body. Badly-nourished people are usually not lighter than others, but their bodies contain more water and less albumen and fat than those who are well nourished. Every cattle-feeder knows that cattle which are being fattened do not at first increase in weight proportionately to the food they take. And yet people commonly regard weight as of great importance in the case of men, though a butcher will not buy a carcass on the merits of its weight alone; he must know the quality of the meat.

"The subjective feeling of satisfaction is equally deceptive. The Irish peasant who consumes ten pounds of potatoes in the day feels quite satisfied."—*Am. Rural Home*

HEDGES OR RAIL FENCES.

A nicely-trimmed hedge, fully grown, is an object of beauty, and this is a consideration we would not depreciate, so far as road fences are concerned, where a farmer may properly desire to give a pleasing impression of his premises; but for general fences, other reasons must govern.

In the Middle and Eastern States it costs from 25 to 50 cents per rod (say an average of 40 cents per rod) to furnish the quicks, prepare the ground and set them. Then it will cost as much more to cultivate and properly prune the hedge for the first six years, or while it is growing into a fence. During this time another fence must be maintained, if animals are pastured in the fields thus surrounded. From the completion of the first six years, during the next twenty years, or during the life of an ordinarily good fence, it will cost to keep the hedge trimmed, the brush cleared up and the gaps filled, one dollar per rod, or five cents per year. Now, when good rails can be bought for sixty dollars per thousand, and posts for twenty-five cents each, a bolted rail and post fence can be built for 90 cents per rod that will last as long as the posts without any repairs, really costing no more than to keep a hedge fence in repair for twenty years, after grown. The rails are bolted upon the posts with 5-16 carriage bolts, 9 inches long, each bolt going through the ends of two rails and the post. It requires four bolts to the rod, costing 2 2-5 cents each. The cost of the fence is as follows:

4 rails, 13 feet long at 6 cts.,	24 cents.
1½ posts, at 25 cts.,	33.4 "
4 bolts, at 2 4-10 cts.,	9.6 "
Labor per rod,	20 "
	87 cents.

We have built more than a mile of this fence for ten cents less than the sum stated per rod. These bolts hold the rails snug against the post, and no wind, or storm, or animal can throw it down. It requires no attention during the life of the post.

Again, a thrifty hedge requires the whole strength of the rail for at least eight feet on each side, thus occupying one rod of ground for each rod of hedge. In twenty years this would be equal to the use of one-eighth of an acre for one year for each rod of fence, amounting to at least 50 cents per rod. Besides this, it casts a shade, which injures another half rod of land. Thus the hedge will really cost at least double that of a good post and bolted rail fence in all the Middle and Eastern States. The straight post and rail fence is much easier kept clean of weeds and rubbish. The writer has over two miles of hawthorn and Osage orange hedge, and speaks from an experience of eighteen years.

In England, where the hedge has been the principal fence for the last two centuries, the farmers are rooting it up over large districts, and it will certainly be abandoned in this country, except as an ornament, and on the prairies at the West. The Western States, where fence timber is too expensive, and where it is an object to stop the sweep of the wind, will find the hedge more or less of a necessity.—*Country Gentleman.*

Lake View, N. Y., July 31.

ADVANTAGES IN THE USE OF THE ROLLER.

An old English authority, away back as far as 1817, gives four principal operations in the processes of agriculture, viz., draining, manuring, cultivating and *rolling*. It may be truly said that fifty years of experience, since that time, have not lessened the value of the field roller in the estimation of careful and thorough agriculturists, either in England or America. The advantages derived from the use of the roller, are many and important. As a clod crusher, it is indispensable. With it the roughest and most lumpy soils are rendered fit for the reception of seed and easy of cultivation by the ordinary implements of the farm. After spring grains have been sown, the roller does, perhaps, its best and most important work. The earth pulverized by its previous use and by the plow and harrow, is now firmly pressed down about the seeds, giving encouragement to the growth of the plants and keeping their tender rootlets in position; also preventing evaporation, so that even light soils are not much the worse for any, except a very severe, drought. In spring, winter wheat is greatly benefitted by a good rolling, and no field should be laid down to grass, especially for a meadow, without having its surface made smooth and fit for the passage of the mower and rake by the implement under consideration. Another good work that the farmer finds the roller to do for him is to exterminate large numbers of slugs, wire worms, chinch bugs and other vermin so destructive to his crops. In brief it may be said that there is no one other implement of the farm whose use gives such varied and permanent advantages as the field roller.—*Prairie Farmer.*

TRAINING COLTS.

One of the meanest habits of young horses is that of lying down in the harness. Some colts will lie down almost as soon as you have them harnessed. Sometimes a blow from the whip, delivered low down along the side, quick and sharp, will bring them up with a spring. If one or two blows do not answer, the whip is of no use; you will only torture and scare your colt needlessly. The better way is to "beat him at his own trade," as the saying is. When he lies down, get upon his head and neck, and make him stay there. After five or ten minutes, he will begin to grow uneasy. * * * * *

Now there is no position which gives man such absolute command and mastery over a colt as when he has his knee on his neck, and his hands gripped into the bridle-pieces. Thus situated, man is absolutely "master of the situation;" and we have often thought that it was a very good idea to have a colt of rather vicious temper lie down once, in order that he might learn how powerless he is in the hands of man. When a colt gives up, the man at his head will easily perceive it. The hot blaze and mad glitter will leave the eye; the muscles will relax their tension; the the neck will become limp; and the whole body, losing its rigidity will lie along the earth as if it had no thought of rising, and would never rise. This is the stage of exhaustion and submission. The colt's rampant spirit is cowed, and his pride humbled. His conceit is taken out of him. He has been beaten by his own weapons and *knows it*. He will never trouble you again in that way. As to the time it takes to bring a colt to this conviction, there is no precise limit. Some colts will "give it up" in twenty minutes, some in sixty; and we have known colts hold out for *three hours*. But, whether it takes longer or shorter, carry the thing through. Believe us, you cannot spend your time better.—*Golden Rule.*

"NOW I LAY ME."

TO A. E. S.

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"
Little heads so lowly bended—
"Now I lay me down to sleep—"
Little flock so gently tended—

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
God will keep their souls this night,
Like a gentle loving Father
Keep them till the morning's light.

"If I should die"—Oh! spare them, Father—
"If I should die before I wake—"
Ah! the mother's head drops lower—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Little prayers so softly uttered,
Little angels kneeling there,
Little children, God will hear you
Offering up your evening prayer.

—LILLIE SPOONER.

HOUSE AND HOME.

SOUP.

Although soups are frequently considered, and indeed can be made, a very expensive kind of food, it is quite possible to make delicious soups at a small cost, but this requires some skill and forethought, and is therefore not often done. In the first place, all gravies, scraps and bones of meat, and many kinds of cold vegetables can be used for this purpose, and are indeed, with the addition of an occasional piece of fresh meat and some fresh vegetables, all that is required to make many kinds of soup. The bones, etc., which of course must be perfectly sweet, should be boiled for four or five hours or longer in sufficient water to cover them, then the broth should be strained off and set away until the following day, when it must be boiled again for a short time with whatever vegetables or seasoning you may prefer to use. To "stock," as it is called, made in this way, you can add tomatoes, rice, barley, cabbage, onion, etc. You can thicken it with potatoes or milk; you can season it and put in maccaroni or vermicelli; in short, there are numerous different ways of treating it, and a little experience will soon teach you to make excellent soup from materials which must otherwise be thrown away. Of course, if you can afford fresh meats the soup will be richer and more nourishing, and whenever you boil any kind of meat (except pork) or poultry, you should carefully save the water in which it is boiled for the basis of a soup. There are some kinds of soup which are in themselves a dinner, and I add a few receipts which you will find both good and cheap.

BEEF SOUP.

Take a hock of beef, or any such piece as would be used for corning, boil it three hours, add a dozen white potatoes, three carrots cut fine, two onions, one turnip and a little celery if you can get it, and boil another hour. Season to taste, and serve all together, taking out the beef and putting it on the table in a separate dish.

VEAL SOUP.

Boil a knuckle of veal three hours, add a dozen potatoes, one onion and a large handful of rice and boil another hour. Take out the veal and potatoes and season the soup to taste. Then cut up the veal and potatoes in rather small pieces, and season with pepper, salt, and a little vinegar. Take one pint of milk, or of milk and water, thicken it with two tablespoonfuls of flour; when it boils, add a small piece of butter and pour it over the veal and potatoes. This, with the soup, makes an excellent dinner.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

This can be made without any meat at all, and, if you raise your own vegetables, is the cheapest of all soups. Take a dozen potatoes, half a small head of cabbage, three onions, four carrots, two turnips, if possible a little celery or three or four tomatoes, two handfuls of barley or the same of rice. Cut the vegetables, except the potatoes, quite fine and boil until thoroughly done, seasoning to taste. If desired, a small piece of pork may be added.

SUCCOTASH.

Take two dozen ears of sweet corn, cut the corn from the cobs, dividing the kernels as nearly in half as possible; scrape the cobs and throw them into a large pot full of water. Let them boil two hours, then dip them out and scrape them thoroughly, putting all that you scrape off directly back into the pot, into which at the same time you put rather less than a quart of Lima beans, and a piece of salt pork weighing from one and a-half to two pounds. Boil for three-quarters of an hour, then add the corn which you cut from the cobs, half a table-spoonful of sugar, and a very little salt. This is a most excellent and inexpensive dish, and is very good even when made of dried corn and beans.

BEAN OR PEA SOUP.

One pint of beans or peas to two quarts of the "stock" already described. Soak the beans or peas all night and boil them soft; season with pepper, salt, and a little onion.

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.

Boil until the meat clears from the bone, strain the broth and add the meat to it, with three onions chopped fine. Boil the brains in a cloth by themselves, mix them with a little flour, and add to the soup. Season with pepper, salt, thyme and a little mace.

OKRA SOUP.

Five quarts of water, one and a-half pounds beef, five dozen okras cut in thin slices, one dozen tomatoes, one cup of rice. Season with salt and cloves. The whole must be boiled four hours and strained through a sieve.

OX-TAIL SOUP.

If you have a butcher in your neighborhood you can frequently get the ox-tails for a very small price, or indeed for nothing, and the soup is of course cheap in proportion. Boil the tail until it is thoroughly done, take out the bones and add any vegetable you like, or strain the soup and thicken with a little browned flour, seasoning to taste.

TOMATO SOUP.

Take two quarts of stock, boil two dozen tomatoes until thoroughly done; rub them through a sieve and add to the stock. Thicken with a little flour, season with onion, pepper and salt, then cut wheat bread into small square pieces, fry in a little butter or lard, and drop into the soup just before putting it on the table.

NOW I LAY ME.

POTATO OR MILK SOUP.

Take two quarts of stock and thicken it either with a quart of finely mashed potatoes, or a quart of milk into which you have rubbed a pint of flour. In both cases season with onion, pepper and salt, straining your stock perfectly clear before you add either the potato or milk.

FISH.

For all who live on the sea-board, or in the near neighborhood of lakes and rivers, fish is a cheap as well as a wholesome food, and even those who live far inland, can, at a slightly increased cost, obtain a good variety of canned or salted fish. Fresh fish may be cooked in many different ways, but the simplest are usually the best, and for these, only a few rules need be given.

BOILED FISH.

Clean your fish carefully and boil it whole, in very little water, with or without salt as you like. It should be eaten with some kind of sauce or drawn butter, for otherwise it is very tasteless. A fish weighing four or five pounds is the best to boil.

BROILED FISH.

Split the fish exactly in half and broil it over live coals, taking care that it does not get burned or smoked. When done, put it on the dish and butter while hot.

FRIED FISH.

For this, small fish are necessary, and should be rolled whole in bread or cracker crumbs, or Indian meal, and fried quickly in hot fat, lard or butter.

BAKED FISH.

Take a fish as for boiling and fill it with the following stuffing, sewing up the side where you put the stuffing in, and putting a few small lumps of butter on top while baking. Bread crumbs in quantity according to size of fish, mixed with a little butter, pepper, salt and a little thyme or sage, or instead of the butter a little finely chopped pork.

SHELL FISH.

While the different kinds of shell fish make many delicious dishes, they are, for some people, very unwholesome, producing violent indigestion with often a bright red eruption, and they should therefore be eaten with great care, especially in hot weather.

OYSTERS AND CLAMS.

Stewed. Put the liquor on the fire by itself; when it comes to a boil, drop in the oysters or clams, and add at once, stirring all the time, milk (in the proportion of one cup to a quart of oysters) in which you have mixed smoothly two table-spoonfuls of wheat flour, and one table-spoonful of butter. As soon as this thickens so that the broth is creamy, take from the fire and serve hot.

Fried. Roll each oyster or clam in bread or cracker crumbs, or Indian meal, and fry in butter or lard.

Scalloped. Small dishes should be used for this: scallop shells themselves being excellent. Roll the oysters or clams in bread crumbs with which you have mixed a little salt and pepper, put them in the dishes or shells, with several small lumps of butter on top of each, and bake in a quick oven.

LOBSTERS AND CRABS.

Boil till thoroughly done; take the meat from the shells and eat cold, stewed, pickled or scalloped.

Stewed. Mix with butter, pepper, salt and a little hot water, and boil for one minute.

Pickled. Put in a bowl, season highly with pepper, salt and mace, and cover with vinegar.

Scalloped. The same as oysters and clams.

SALT FISH.

All the different kinds of salt fish may be either broiled or boiled, while some kinds, as codfish, haddock, etc., may be made into a variety of palatable dishes.

CODFISH.

1. Shred fine and stew in a little milk, butter and pepper. Just before putting on the table, add one or more hard boiled eggs, cut into small pieces.

2. Chop up very fine with an equal quantity of potato, add a little milk, butter and pepper; serve hot.

3. Roll the above, when cold, into small cakes and fry in lard.

HADDOCK.

1. Stew with milk etc., the same as codfish.

2. Boil a cupful of rice; when thoroughly done, add twice the quantity of finely shredded haddock, and two hard boiled eggs, chopped very fine; a little pepper.

KREE.

BY A. C. GORDON.

My boy Kree?
His played wid you when you was a chils!
You ac' he
Growed up together? Wait! Lemms see!
Closer! so I kin look in yer face.
Mas' George's smile!
Lord love you, Marster!
Dar 'neath dat cypress is whar Kree lays.

Suburat an' growa!
Mas' George, I shudder he knowed you, son,
'Count o' de beard dat your face has on,
But for dat ole time smile o' yourn.
"An' Kree?" you say—
Hadn't you heerd, Marster,
He 'ceased de year dat you went away?

Kree ac' you,—
How de old times comes back onst mo'.
Moonlight fishin's, ac' hyars in de woow,—
Squirrels an' jay-birds up overhead
In de oak-trees dat de sun shined through.
Look at me, Marster!
Hers is me livin', an' Kree, he's dead!

'Pears to me straogs,
Now when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years.
Mas' George, sometimes de blin'n' tears
Fills up my eyes
'Count o' de misery now, ac' de change.
De sun dims, Marster,
To an ole man when his ons boy dies.

Did you say "How?"?
Out to de dug-out one moonshins night
Fishin' wid your baby brother,—his
Wid de curls o' yaller like streaks o' light
An' de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead, now.
Kree died for him,—
An' yearnin' for Kree,
The Lord tuk him, Marster;
De grees kivers 'em both from sight.

Heerd o' de tale?
Didn't know Kree was de one dat drowned
Savin' Mas' Charley? Well, 'twer he.
De chile waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,
After de corpse o' poor Kree were found;
Two months later he went, you see.
God bless you, Marster,
Nine years has rolled over both underground.

Worn out an' gray,
Here I sits waitin', Mas' George, alone.
All on 'em's gone,—
Marster an' Miela, an' Charley an' he.
You ac' me only is lef'. Some day,
When you've gone back to yer ship on de sea,
I'll hear him say,
Jes as he used ter, a-fishin', ter me:
"Daddy, come over!" An' passin' away
Dat side de river, again I'll be
Wid my boy, Kree.

—*"From Brier-a-Brae;" Scrib. for Oct.*

HOME.

By the firside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining.
From sweet, sweet love, oh, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.

Should we fall out, let us mend ill-doing,
And begin anew a second wooing;
From sweet, sweet love, oh, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.

—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

HOME LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—One hundred years ago, not a pound of coal or cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until, Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fireplace which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick oven. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep." No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so, to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm unless some of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and woman of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our modern barns and woodsbeds, and they never complained.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.

We ride on the back of the wave,
We dip in the trough of the sea;
Our boat is stont, and our hearts are brave,
As fishermen's hearts should be;
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us three.

We laugh when the winds are fair,
And the nets drag heavily
With the weight of the fish, and there is no care
For my fisher-boys and me;
But the winds may rage and roar,
And the surf beat on the shore,
And those wait evermore
Who wait for us three.

'Tis toil and danger and strife;
Yet we love the greedy sea,
That gives us bread for a wagered life—
Bread for my lads and me.
But the waves in anger churn,
And the winds seem cruel and stern
To those who wait, and yearn
To welcome us three.

We laugh when the wind is light;
But my heart is heavy in me
Sometimes when I think of my lads at night,
And the perils of the sea.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us three.

ON THE ROAD TO THE NORTH POLE.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald."

Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

There has ever been a strange fascination about the frozen regions of the North. Drawn by its hidden magnet, men leave comfortable firesides, family and home, and brave the terrors of perpetual winter and nights six months long, trying to wrest from Nature the secrets she treasures behind the "Shining Wall," and beyond "The iceberg's slippery stair."

They bring back wonderful stories of Eskimo and Polar bears, and reindeer, and fields of ice that never melt, and mountains of ice that glitter with all the colors of the rainbow, and strange auroral lights that dance above them and illumine the solemn Arctic night with their many-hued streamers.

But no mortal yet has planted foot on the northern pole of our whirling sphere, and whether it is surrounded by an open Polar sea, as the veteran explorer, Dr. Hayes, believes, or,buried under a "Paleocrystic sea" of ancient and never-melting ice, as Captain Nares is sure, "You nor I, nor nobody knows."

The latest expedition in search of it, an English one, has returned unsuccessful, but with the glory of having pushed farther north on the road to it than any one, unless Eskimo, ever has before. They bring back the usual number of exciting stories which make such pleasant reading by our Christmas fire-sides, especially as we can think that the daring adventurers are enjoying the comforts of their own.

The Alert and Discovery sailed from the British shores in the spring of 1875, finely equipped with scientific apparatus, provisions, and everything necessary for a three years' voyage. They were manned with good crews of courage and experience, and their officers were men of scientific skill and heroic enthusiasm and endurance. They left with high hopes that the British Union Jack would be the first flag to float proudly over the North Pole. Last August, news was brought of them by the Captain of a vessel returning from Greenland. He had found a "cairn," or pile of stones, left by them on one of the Cary Islands, containing letters from them up to July 26th, 1875, at which time they were steaming northward in an almost clear sea, with the water at a temperature of nearly forty degrees, and nearly six weeks of open season before them. From that time nothing was heard of them until Oct. 28th, 1876, when a telegram was received from Captain Nares from Valentia, reporting in five words the failure of the expedition: "Pole impracticable. No land northward."

Further detailed accounts report that a point at least seventy miles north of previous explorations was gained, and within a distance of about four hundred and sixty miles of the Pole. Beyond that, advance was impossible. The Discovery was closed in by the ice and had to be left in winter quarters in Lady Franklin Bay. The Alert pushed on and reached the limit of navigation on the shore of the Polar sea, on which the ice reached a thickness of 150 feet, in latitude 83 deg. 27 min., a higher latitude than any vessel had ever attained before. Here it was frozen in for the winter, and unable to communicate with the Discovery, or to attempt any further exploration till the return of spring and daylight. We will let Captain Nares himself tell how they passed the winter:

"The long Arctic Winter, with its unparalleled intensity and duration of darkness produced by an absence of sunlight for 142 days, was passed by each individual on board with much cheerfulness and contentment. Owing to the sameness in the daily routine, which, when looking into futurity, is thought to entail a long duration of dreary monotony, the time, in reality, passed with great rapidity, and in January, when the first glimmering increase in the midday twilight began to lengthen sensibly day by day, the want of light was scarcely noticed by any one; and not until the sun actually returned on the 1st of March did we in any way realize the intense darkness we must have experienced for so long a period. The manifold ordinary duties of the ship—to which were added the constant repair of the snow embankment, which, in consequence of our being frozen in close to a stranded piece of ice, was thrown down every spring tide—kept the ship's company fully employed, and gave them plenty of exercise during the day. On five evenings in the week, a school formed on the lower deck under Commander Markham and several of the officers was well attended, each Thursday being devoted to lectures, songs in character, and readings, with occasional theatrical representations; the whole so admirably arranged and conducted by Commander Markham as to keep up the pleased interest of all for the whole period."

Our picture represents the inspection of the thermometer or barometer on ship-board. It also had to be inspected at the various observation stations on shore, some of them buried in the snow and some of them elevated on a frame. This inspection was serious work, a few seconds of exposure of any part of the face to the intense cold, endangering a frost-bite. The lowest temperature observed was 72° below zero, Farenheit. For forty-seven days the mercury was frozen.

Against these rigors did the gallant men contend. There was daily muster and divine service, parade for lime juice served out to each man as a very essential preventive of scurvy, a terrible disease which results from long confinement to salt food, especially in the Arctic regions. Regulation exercise was kept up, and walks on the ice, marking the way for return by empty meat cans.

The last weekly entertainment on the Alert was given March 2, 1876, for, the sun having risen the day before—for the first time in one hundred and forty-two days—the time for the sledging explorations had arrived. Captain Nares lectured on The Paleocrystic Sea (sea of ancient ice) and Sledging Experiences, and the whole company joined in singing with the troupe, who called themselves The Pale-o-Christy Minstrels.

THE PALEOCRYSTIC CHORUS.

"Not very long ago
On the six-foot floe
Of the Paleocrystic Sea,
Two ships did ride
'Mid the crushing of the tide,
The Alert and the Discovery.

"The sun never shone
Their gallant crews upon
For a hundred and forty-two days,
But no darkness and no hummocks
Their merry hearts could dummox,
So they set to work and acted plays.

"There was music and song
To help the hours along,
Brought forth from the good ship's store.
And each man did his best
To amuse and cheer the rest,
And 'nobody can't do more'."

In March, after one unsuccessful attempt in which one man died, a party succeeded in reaching the Discovery and reported all well on that ship.

"In April," the report goes on, "in accordance with the scheme laid down, a sledge expedition was started, to attempt to reach the Pole, not overland, for as Capt. Nares telegraphed, there was,as far as could be seen,no land to the northward, but over the ice-floes of the Polar Sea. This expedition was absent 70 days, and reached the latitude of 83° 20' stated in Capt. Nares' dispatch. In the course of this toilsome journey, Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of the American continent, was rounded, and a large portion of the coast of Greenland explored. It was found that no such land as that called by the American explorers President's Land existed. The Polar region seems, in fact, as approached from the direction of Smith's Sound, to be a vast frozen sea. After a terrible struggle, in which the sledges could only advance a mile a day, they reached the extreme latitude yet attained on any part of the Arctic region, and were then within 400 miles of the Pole. It is quite obvious that at such a rate of travel there was no possibility of passing over the intervening space. The obstacles were, in fact, absolutely insuperable. Ice some hundreds of feet in thickness covers the sea, and it may probably be considered as finally settled by the expedition that the Pole is guarded, at least on that side, by 'thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' as terrible as those which Shakespeare's imagination conceived as giving new terror to the fear of death."

This being the case, there was nothing for the expedition to do but return, and many homes must have been gladder on Merry Christmas for their safe return.

But Dr. Hayes, our American explorer, still holds to his faith in the open Polar Sea, which he believes he discovered, and says, "After several years of experience in Smith's Sound, where the ice is probably the heaviest known, I cannot conceive of such a thing existing as a permanent ice barrier on any water." He thinks other seasons may be more favorable, and like enough there will be other dauntless hearts eager to try it once more.

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

THE NEWS WITHOUT POISON.—The NEW YORK OBSERVER claims to publish the *best family newspaper*, and repudiates all unsound or objectionable teaching. Even its advertising columns are free from all quackery and dangerous advertisements; and the whole paper, both in its religious and its secular department, is filled with pure and entertaining reading. While we commend the position of the OBSERVER in this matter, we also heartily endorse it as one of the most desirable periodicals for any household. The price, $3.15 a year post-paid, can hardly be made to return as much good, spent in any other way. S. I. Prime & Co, 37 Park Row, New York.

The Teacher's Table.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING;

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE VI.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

We are to consider School books: 1st—What they are for; 2d. How they are to be used by pupils; 3d. How they are to be used by teachers.

What they are for. } To be used in gaining knowledge, not as knowledge itself.

By this I mean to caution you against too great a regard for the text-book itself. The great number of text-books published is often a disadvantage to schools and teachers. A child studies half way through Davies Elementary Arithmetic and then moves to another place and has to buy a new Greenleaf, and then to another place and has to buy a Robinson, and then the school committee adopts Hagar and he has to buy another new book. Or first it is Harvey's Grammar, and then it is Smith's, and then it is Brown's, and then it is Bullion's; and every time he is put back, and finds new rules and new terms and new ways of putting things, and they all seem to him to contradict each other, and, only partly understanding any of them, he does n't know which to believe, and his mind gets into a complete muddle, and he "hates grammar." What wonder? It is well for him if he has a teacher who knows grammar apart from text-books, and can make him understand that a noun is a noun and an adjective an adjective, whatever it may be called; that it doesn't matter whether you call the verb *to be*, intransitive, copulative, attributive or neuter, if you only understand its various characteristics which these terms describe, and know how to use it correctly. It will be a great relief to the pupil's puzzled mind to understand that the different grammarians are not contradicting each other—usually—but only striving, each one, to explain the subject in the way that seems to him clearest and simplest. Unfortunately, the teacher himself is often so deficient in general knowledge of the subject, that he is almost as much puzzled as the child by finding himself obliged to use a new text-book.

Let us see, then, how text-books should be used.

How to be used by pupils } 1. In hand but a short time. 2. Terms & definitions committed. 3. Not all problems wrought.

A child will go to his books with much more interest if he does not grow too familiar with them. Familiarity breeds contempt. If it is possible to keep him from looking ahead of the lesson, it is so much the better. Take the reading book, for example. A class in the second or third reader, if allowed to take their books home, will usually have read through all the stories and interesting articles several times before they have to read them in the class. The consequence is, they lose their freshness, and reading in the class becomes a dull task. So it is with the reading-part of their geography. I know a teacher who keeps a rubber band slipped over the pages and cover, in advance of the day's lesson, so as to prevent all looking ahead. If the pupils like to read over the back lessons, they can,

Then a child should have enough time given him to learn his lessons comfortably and thoroughly, but not enough to make him lazy over it. He will enjoy it all the more for exercising his mind briskly over it. If I say to my little boy, "Willie, I want you to do this errand for me to-day," why of course he takes his time about it—lounges along if he feels rather lazy, stops and plays with boys along the road, and gets back some time or other. Now, that isn't what I say to him if I want my business promptly done, and well done. I say, "Here, Willie, I want you to run an errand for me. It will take you, let's see, fifteen minutes to get there, ten minutes to do the errand, and fifteen minutes to get back. I'll allow you five minutes for unforeseen delays. Now off with you. Off he runs, and comes back inside the time with the errand well done, and a pair of bright eyes and red cheeks into the bargain. He'd found it a great deal better fun than lounging over it.

2d. Terms and definitions should be committed to memory. It is well to have a child accustomed to give the rest of his lesson in his own words, but terms and definitions should be learned word for word, because they are expressed in clearer, better English than the child can give, and it is important that they should be clear and definite in his memory. Besides, the mental exercise of committing accurately to memory is valuable. Of course the teacher should thoroughly explain the terms and definitions.

How to be used by Teachers.
1. Studied out of school.
2. Not in hand during recitations.
3. Subjects systematically considered.
4. Give terms and definitions.
5. Principles laid down and rules formed.
6. Books should be well marked up.

1st. The teacher should make himself as familiar as possible with the text-books he is to teach, and, indeed, with the whole subject he is to teach. This will give him a sense of confidence in himself, and the pupils a sense of confidence in him. You cannot hope to make a subject interesting to your pupils if you don't understand it pretty thoroughly yourself. They will ask you questions outside of the text-book, and you will find that it is much easier to ask questions than to answer them. A mere pretense of knowing will hold but a little while. A bright child soon finds out if his teacher knows little or nothing about his subject.

I know I am urging a degree of culture which many of you do not possess, and find it difficult to attain. I don't want to discourage you, but to incite you to work. Take home your text-books. It won't hurt *you* to become familiar with the advance lessons. If you have any chance to read other books on the subject, do so, but at least be thoroughly acquainted with the one you teach.

2d. The teacher should not be dependent upon the text-book in conducting a recitation. This will be quite possible if he has followed the advice already given. You have seen teachers, no doubt—I have—hardly able to take their eyes off the text-book, lest they lose the place, and be unable to tell whether the pupil has given the right answer or not. "What is the capital of Ohio ?"—"Columbus"—Looks on the book—"Yes. What's the Capital of Illinois ?"—"Chicago"—stops, looks at the book, loses the place, hesitates, finds the place, —"No sir—next."

How long do you suppose it takes the pupil to find out that the teacher doesn't know much more about Geography than he does ? And how would it look to you, if you were a visitor at such a school ? But if the pupils see that the teacher is independent of the text-book to a great extent, and can tell them some things about the subject that are not in the text-book, they feel a respect for him, and confide in his teaching.

If you have not known much, or enough, about the subject before, do not be discouraged, but study it up, so as to keep well ahead of your class.

3d. The subjects of the text-book should be systematically considered. Nothing helps the memory, and clears one's conception of a subject so much as a systematic arrangement of thought upon it. If you have the choosing of a text-book, choose one that is systematic in arrangement. If you have to make the best of one that is not very clearly arranged, in studying it up try to devise some system in which you can present the subjects to your pupils more clearly."—

A good illustration of such systematic arrangement, irrespective of text-books, is the method of teaching or studying History by topics, given in a former number of this paper. The example was on the American Revolution—as follows:

1. Time.
2. Parties engaged.
3. Causes.
4. Territory.
5. Principal Generals—each side.
6. Principal Victories.
7. Result to each side.
8. Result to the world and civilization.—

"4th. Give terms and definitions clearly, in as few words as possible; explain thoroughly, and have the pupils commit them perfectly to memory.

5th. To give rules alone without showing them to be the result of principles leads to a merely mechanical way of working, without thought. To give a child merely the rule to divide a fraction by a fraction,—"Invert the divisor and proceed as in multiplication,"—or, to teach him borrow one from the next term in subtracting, when the term of the subtrahend is too large,—is all well enough at first. He has enough to think about without going into the reasons of things. But when your advanced scholars are familiar with rules and processes, then analyze and show them the principles on which the rules are formed.

6th. You don't want to let the children mark up their books. It is a very bad habit for the children—but it is a very good habit for a teacher. As you study your text-books, make your notes and pencil your plans on the margin, as neatly as you can, of course. They will be a great help to you, and save time when you come to them in teaching.

TO HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My Dear Young Teachers :—

In a former letter I promised you some hints about the treatment of *inattentive* pupils. You will be surprised when I tell you you must not have any such pupils. I think I hear you exclaim, "What do you mean ? Do you advise us to dismiss from school all the inattentive pupils that are placed under our care ?" By no means; but I hope you will have so much influence over them, so much tact, energy, and enthusiasm in your work, that you will attract and rivet their attention. You will not, of course, be able to accomplish this with new pupils at the beginning of their course; they will come to you untrained, undisciplined, not knowing how to use their eyes and ears, or to follow a train of thought. They will be "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw," more readily than charmed with your eloquence and the truths you wish to teach. But the more careless and indifferent they are, the more earnest you must be. Gradually, they will catch your enthusiasm, and be all eye and ear in their eagerness to learn from you. I have visited your Alma Mater, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, in three successive years, and listened with great pleasure to the recitations of the classes. On no occasion did I see an inattentive pupil. The good order and profound attention that prevailed every where, were due partly, of course, to your own desire to learn, but chiefly, I think you will admit, to the excellence of your teachers. A poor teacher makes inattentive scholars. Who wishes to listen to a dull teacher that does not himself clearly understand what he attempts to impart to others ? Do not undertake to teach what you do not know. All of you who have duly profited by the course of study you pursued at Hampton, are well equipped for the beginning of your career; but, as you catch glimpses of the fair fields of knowledge which lie beyond, and see "Alps on Alps arise," you will be inclined to enter new paths. Follow these new paths by all means, if you have leisure to do so; but do not try to teach new subjects until you have fairly mastered them. Every day, before you go to school, be prepared with the lessons you expect to hear recited. If it be a spelling lesson, be sure that you know the correct pronunciation and meaning of every word in it. If a lesson in History, or one of the sciences, (you have studied Natural Philosophy, Physiology and some others), do not trust to the recollection of what you learned at school; but study the lesson for the day so carefully that you will hardly need the text-book in hearing your class. All the most important facts and ideas you must have so clearly and firmly fixed in your own minds that you can talk about them and ask questions without the book, and then, opening it, glance over the page to ascertain whether you have omitted anything of importance. For a lesson in Geography, be sure that you can point immediately on the map to every place named in it, and also try to be prepared to tell your pupils more than they have found in the text-book. You will, thus, go to your class with confidence; your eyes will be upon your pupils, and not fastened to your books is the endeavor to find the questions to be asked, and the eyes of your pupils will be fixed upon you.

You will soon be able to distinguish between a wilfully inattentive pupil who is mischievously trying to divert the attention of his classmates, and one who wishes to learn, but is naturally restless, and has not from previous training acquired the power of self-control. With the letter you should be very patient, encouraging him to make repeated efforts to overcome his careless habits. With the former try different methods. Let him see that you have an eye upon him and are noticing his conduct, but do not be fretted by it. His object may be to vex you; but, if it is, disappoint him by your self-possession. If he should persist in his wrong-doing, stop short in hearing the lesson; fix your eye upon him; his classmates will do the same, and he will probably feel so ashamed that he will cease to annoy you. Should this not succeed, send him from the class to his desk, and assign some work to occupy him,—perhaps writing out the lesson. It is a good plan to make it more troublesome to the pupil to do wrong than it would have been to do right. Avoid scolding refractory pupils. Take opportunities of reproving them privately; appeal to their sense of right; try to enlist their sympathy on your side; call out their kind feelings; there are few persons that have not a tender chord somewhere; write short notes to them occasionally, give them some work to do for you, and let them render you little services; difficult as it will be, I beseech you to be patient, hopeful, persevering. The most beautiful work in wood is made from the *tough knots*. Yet, should a boy's conduct after a fair trial be as injury to his fellow-pupils, it may be necessary to dismiss him from school.

When you take your seat to hear a lesson, look bright and cheerful; do not habitually preface the recitation by a lecture upon attention, or it will become an old story and lose its effect. But strike your hand-bell or tap gently on the table; then, pause a moment until there is perfect quietness before you ask the first question. Do not, however, omit to talk to your pupils occasionally upon the important subject of order; but choose the opportunity when you feel that their minds are in harmony with yours and open to good impressions.

Finally, be patient with yourselves. You will often be disappointed in the result of your efforts. Your progress is gaining the attention of your pupils will seem slow. You will compare your power, authority and influence over them with your recollection of your Hampton life, and be tempted to fear you will never reach the standard at which you aim. Try and try again. Invent new methods of interesting the young minds around you, and learn from the great teacher *Experience*. Above all, pray much for light and wisdom, for aptness in teaching, for strength and patience. Pray not only in the morning before you begin your work, but through the hours of school as you feel the need of help from above; let short, silent breathings arise from your hearts to Him whose ear is always open, and who "is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

Your sincere friend, M. A. L.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

The following is from a graduate-teacher in Georgia, who gives promise of great usefulness in the good work to which he has devoted himself:

"I am at present engaged in teaching exclusively for the people, a school of thirty-five attendance. My scholars progress rapidly, and their parents make no delay in their monthly regular payments. Well of course it is not much as to a salary; but I thought that being engaged by my people, with their endeavors to run their own school, and the good of service, I could and would be of use to them, if I would '*try*' and put my hand to the plow, remembering 'That he who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.' I took the offer, and am now doing nicely with my day school and acting as assistant to Mr. T. P. Pease in the Sunday-school, who as regular as the working of a clock, every evening is present. I have received valuable experience since I've been teaching, and experienced also the 'love of Jesus.'

C."

A young woman with a little African blood in her veins, but perfectly white, gives an account of her labor in a remote part of Virginia:

"They are very strange out here in many ways and it takes a patient person to work with them. I have now a cunning little fire in my room, and just as comfortable as one could wish for in the country. I have a plenty of everything nice. These people I live with are the leading ones of this place, and they think I have a splendid education. They say if I will only teach the children what I know they will be satisfied. I will have more scholars than I will know what to do with after Christmas. They are going to try to help me get up a Christmas tree for the children.

"Oh! you know I am happy in many ways, for I have now just what I have so long prayed for, and that is a school in the country where the people are behind in everything and where knowledge has been kept from them, and where I might make the poor rejoice with kind words if no more. I hope that you will pray that my entire school may come to the dear Saviour and be made to rejoice in his love. There is not one of my day scholars Christians, but I do feel that some of them will be before long.

"The people are very wicked out here, and it does trouble me so. They shout, tear things all to pieces, knock the glass out of my schoolhouse windows—and then I have to sit there and suffer with the cold until we can get some more and have them put in. Mr. H.—the man I board with—forbid them having their meeting in there any more on that account. The men and women both drink out here and smoke their pipes—every minute in the day nearly sees them going all around with pipe in mouth—swear and take the Lord's name in vain, and it does hurt me so. All I can do is to pray for them and correct them and tell them how wrong it is. You know I never was so far out in the country before, and in the mountains too!—makes things seem very sad to me at first; but we must be cheerful in the work of the Lord. I am enjoying my stay here very much, although some parts of my future look so dark to me, but I know if I trust *Him* that is above, He will provide for me in the future as *He* has in the past.

"I carried some of my Sabbath-school papers an gave my Bible class this morning, and they were so glad of them! I told them that a lady was going to send them some cards and some papers for the school, and they seemed so delighted. I told them that if they would take good care of them and come regularly to Sabbath-school I would show them your picture and try to do all I could to make the stay in school interesting for them. I have to whip some of them, for they have always had it and some of them will not get along without it. You know I teach them in reading as Miss Lord used to teach us. I have one of those books, and they think it is just the thing, and they give them very nicely; and I give them gymnastics, too; they enjoy it so much that they try to do it just as good as they can. I have had over so many visitors, and they always come more than once, both ladies and gentlemen. I have some scholars larger than I am, but not any so old. Some of them are so queer and funny it is all I can do to look sober. I have some very good scholars but the majority are not very far advanced; they don't know anything about grammar. Some of my scholars are at times very dirty, but the most of them come as clean as they can since I have given them a lecture about being neat if they were poor. I wish you were where you could visit my school.

"We talk of having a spelling match between Walt's scholars and Orpheus' and mine—Orpheus' will spell against Walt's and mine—Friday before Christmas; it may not amount to anything. Before the close of school we might have it, but now they all seem so poor where McAdoo is, that I am afraid the little children cannot afford to come up here on the train to spell against us. I have found many kind friends here and some very nice ones too, and they have real nice houses—some of them just as nice off as some of the best white people here."

A Hampton graduate teaching in West Va., gives a bit of his experience. It is valuable as showing the spirit of many negro teachers.

"The school that I am now teaching will be out in about a month, and I see very little prospect of getting a house to teach my next school in (I mean the one at home). We have a brick building there, but it is so entirely dilapidated inside that it will be impossible for me to begin school in there, this winter, till it is greatly repaired. Many of the children and myself suffered greatly last winter, on account of the house being so cold and damp. It has grown so much worse that now I find it wholly unfit to begin school in. Thus you see the precarious condition that it leaves me in. The children in this place are too anxious to go to school for them not to have any school this year, and perhaps none next, on account of that. I believe it is one of the best common schools in Virginia or W. Virginia. I intend to work for a house till I see it is utterly impossible to get one. You may ask me why doesn't the Board of Education furnish a house—well, the reason is this: The Board is composed of Democratic men who do not care much whether we have any school at all or not. Colored people of this place have petitioned to them time after time for the last ten years to build them a house, or to repair the one they have. They have refused on the ground that they have no money. I am going to begin work now to raise money in all the ways I can to repair the house we have. It is impossible to rent a house here. If I can succeed in raising about $40 it would fit the house up very nicely, and make a pleasant schoolroom of it.

"I thought that I would let you know my condition, and perhaps you might know some kind friend in the North who would be willing to aid me a little in this.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

A reader asks us to explain all about the electoral college.

When the constitution of the United States was framed, the faith in the capacity of the common people to decide upon their destinies was much less strong than it is now. Hence, in the election of president, the fathers sought to place the choice in the hands of a body of men who should themselves be the chosen, so that the president should be the picked of the picked. For the same reason, the choice of senators was devolved not directly upon the people but upon the Legislatures of the several states. In the presidential election, the constitution therefore provided a body of electors, of whom each state should choose as many as it had members of Congress and senators. Every state has two senators, and adding to them the number of its representatives gives the number of electors to which it is entitled. Massachusetts, therefore, has thirteen. How these electors should be chosen, or "appointed," to use the constitutional word, is left to the Legislature thereof, and if the Massachusetts Legislature were to authorize the governor to appoint them or

shonld proceed to elect them itself, there would be no objection nndar tha federal constitntion. In fact, in many states the Legislatures have elected the electors, though only Colorado did so this year.

Now, then, tha electors, having been chosen in each state in November on a genaral tickat, to represent tha whole stats, and according as the whole stats has gone for one party or tha other, meet in each state and ballot for president and vice-presidant, ona of whom must not be a resident of that state. That is, if both of one party ware residents of one state, the vote of that state could not be cast for those candidates. This voting is fixed on tha sama day in all the states by federal law, and took place, this year, December 6th. Lists of tha votes are made out and transmitted to the president of the Senate at Washington, who opens tham in the presence of both houses of Congress on the second Wednesday of Febrnary. Tha votes shall then be connted; and those two having majorities of the electoral college, (as the electors all togatber are called) are chosen president and vice-presidant. As thare are 293 mambers of Congress and 76 senators, the electoral college nnmbers 369, a majority of which would be 185. Heuce Tilden or Hayes must receive, to be elected, at least 185 votes.

If two men nre thus chosen, they are inaugurated, according to tha law, on tha 4th of March following. If no one receives a majority for president, the House of Representatives immediately proceeds to alect one, from tha three highest candidates; each state has one vote. If no one receives a majority for vice-president, the Senate must immediately ballot for that officer, two-thirds being present and a majority deciding. If the House shonld not choose a president by March 4th, the vice-president chosen shall act as president. And if naither should be chosen, tha president pro tem. of tha Senate would act as president and ordar a new election. This last procedure is a matter of federal law and not of the constitution.

It is proposed to do away with the whole system of the electoral college and substitnte for it an alection by a direct popular vote, and this seems to be tha tendency of public opinion and of destiny.—*Springfield Republican.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

Jan. 1st. Repnblican and Damocratio Assemblies convened in New Orleans, each claiming to be the Legislature of Mississippi.

Jan. 8th. Repnblican and Democratic Governors and Lieutenant Governors were inaugurated in New Orleans. On the 9th, a body of several thousand men, armed and organized as militia under the orders of the Democratic Governor, Nicholls, t ok forcible possession of all the public buildings, except the State House which was held by the Republicans.

THE Senate and two Assemblies claiming to be tha House of Representatives in South Carolina have adjourned *sine die.*

RESOLUTIONS proposing plans for counting the electoral votes, are the order of the day in both houses of Congress.

IN FLORIDA the State Supreme Court recently issued a mandamus to the Canvassing Board requiring them to re-canvass the votes for Governor, and report the result according to the fnce of the returns. The Democratic candidate, Drew, was thus declared elected and was inaugursted on the 2d inst. The proceedings of the Court have had no reference to the vote for Presidential electors.

THE Committees of tho two Houses have agreed npon a plan for settling the electoral count.

THE House has passed a bill allowing pensions to all who served sixty days in the Mexican war, or thirty days in the Florida or the Black Hawk; one authorizing the Freedmen's Bank Commissioners to buy in property sold nnder foreclosure to secure debts of the bank, and sell the snme; and ona for the sale of desert lands in California, Oregon, Nevada and the Territories.

PERSONAL.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT, the great capitalist and Rail-road king, after his protracted illness, died January 4th. A self-made man like A. T. Stewart, his property amounted at the time of his death to $60,000,000, and the larger part was left to his son, William H. Vanderbilt, who nsumes the Presidency of the Hudson River and N. Y. Central Rail-road.

BISHOP BROWN of the African M. E. Church has gone to visit Hayti to organise missionary work thare.

GENERAL.

THE one-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Trenton, New Jersey, December 26th, was celebrated on the spot with a brilliant mock reproduction of the battle

THE Pacific night-express train on the Lake Shore Road, bound west, plunged through an iron bridge at Ashtabula, Ohio, December 29th, tha cars and engine falling 75 feet into tha ice-covered stream below. Tha cars took fire, and about 100 persons perished hy burning, drowning or freezing, while many more were injured. Among the killed was Rev. P. P. Bliss, anthor of many of the Moody and Sankay hymns. His wifa was killed with him.

THE amount of snow covering New York state this month has not been equalled since 1857. Ovar a great part of the state it lies three feet on a level, with drifts ten and fifteen feet high.

THE breaking np of an ice gorge in tha Ohio river has caused great damage to freight boats.

FOREIGN.

THE Conference of the Great Powers now sitting to consider the Eastern Qnestion, is still in session. Warlika signs multiply in Russia, and the Turks are preparing actively for war.

MEXICO is in revolntion. President Lerdo de Sejada, elected last autumn, has been compelled to flee, and the city of Mexico captnred. The military commandars, Diaz and Iglesias, who headed tha rebellion are now quarelling ovar which shall be President.

A FIRE in Tokio, tha capital of Japan, has recently destroyed 5,000 houses. The residence of the United States Minister narrowly escaped.

The Russian frigate Svetland, flag-ship of the Russian squadron, arrived in Hampton Roads, Jan 13th, and, after exchanging saintes and receiving visits from the American flagship Hartford and Fortress Monroe, proceeded to Norfolk where the rest of the squadron is expected. The Svetland is commanded by the Grand Duka Alexis, son of the Czar and heir of the Russian throne, and has also on board the Grand Duke Constantine, a young prince of eighteen, cousin of Grand Duke Alexis, and brother-in-law of the King of Greece.

Bishop C. C. Pennick of Virginia has been appointed bishop of Southern Africa by the Protestant Episcopal church of America.

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

THE COLORED RACE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

II.

AFRICA.

The African States represented at the Centennial Exhibition are Egypt, Tunis and Soudan, Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, the Gold Coast and Liberia. These were all in some degree representative of negro industry and skill, though none as distinctively nnd honorably as Liberia.

EGYPT.

In tha exhibit of this, "the oldest of the nations," it was curious to observe a chart of the telegraph lines, with which modern Yankee notion the enterprising Khedive has electrified his ancient domain. Egypt, forming part of the great Ottoman or Turkish Empire, (great only in extent and age), has been, since the Crimean war, under the protection and influence of England. The Khedive or Turkish vice-roy is a man of progressive ideas, and is doing much to modernize Egyptian civilizntion by tha introdnction of telegraphs, rail-roads and common schools. Travellers tell us that all nations and tongues are represented in the swarming, picturesqne streets of Cairo, and sonn idea of these schools' infinence may be gained from the register exhibited of one of them which, among four hundred and eighty-six pupils, includes over ten different nationalities; Egyptians, Italians, Greeks, English, Turks, Spanish, French, Austrians, Prnssians, Russians, *&c.*,—and over six different religions; Mnsselman, Catbolic, Jewish, Greak, Protestant, *&c.*

A recent act of the Sultan of Turkey—forced from him by the critical state of his government —has abolished slavery and the slave-trade in all his dominions, so it is to be hoped that the schools may sonn day find room among their overflowing nationnlities for those who once were slaves. The only distinctive representation of the race in this exhibit was by photographs of native Africans of marked negro type.

SOUDAN—THE COUNTRY OF THE BLACKS.

Associated with Egypt was the exhibit of Soudan, the Country of the Blacks, as it is called. This province lying along the southern borders of the great desert of Sahara, has long been known to commerce. It contains fertile plains, and popnlous villages and cities principally inhabited by negroes and under negro government.

The most delicate specimens of native work in jewelry, aspecially of gold filligree work, were exhibited. Whole sets of dainty gold cups or cup-holders, shaped like small eggcups, were made of the finest gold wire wrought into Turkish designs, intended to hold small porcelain coffee-cups, and a swinging brazier of gold like a hanging baskat, exquisitely wrought and ornamented with pendent chains. Besides the gold work, there were suits of chain armor, bamboo hats, mats and sandals, ornamented spears; qneerly-shaped dromedary saddles of leather, drums and strange musical instruments, all of native negro manufacture. Silk worm cocoons suggested other industries of the country.

CAPE COLONY.

This British colony occnpying the southarn extremity of the peninsula of Africa at the Cape of Good Hope, extends a wise protection ovar tha native tribes within its bordars, and one of tha most interesting features of its exhibit was the School Almanac for '76, giving a description of the Government schools for Aborigenes, from which we qnote:

"To place the means of instruction in the ordinary branches of elamental knowledge within reach of native yonth at certain allgible stations appointed by the Govarnment, and to promote the snitable industrial training of both sexes, are the general objects to which Govarnment aid shall be applied. To encourage native youth to become skilled workmen, an allowance of £15 ($75) annually is allowed to young man who after a year's probation pledge themselves to two or four years' apprenticeship to a trade, and £10 ($50) annually to girls who after three months' probation angage themselves to the authorities of the institntion for domestic work. All these are to have alementary instruction morning and avening." Allowances are also givan to needy pnpils who board in the school and besides school work, have some industrial occnpation or are in training to become elementary teachers. Examinations for a certificate as alamantary teachers are held in tha English language and grammar, native languages, Arithmetic throngh interest, Geography physical and descriptive, hand writing and school management.

A tabla cloth of cotton grown in tha eastern province was shown, and some nicely bonnd books, one of them a Pilgrim's Progress translated into Kaffir by a native missionnry, Rev. Tiyo Soga, the second edition printed and published at Lovedale Kaffir Mission Station. There was also a volnme of Genesis translated into the sama tongua.

The most novel of the exhibits was a small model of the "ostrich incubator" or ostrich hatcher used on the ostrich farm of the inventor. This, though not representative of negro skill, suggests a new industry and means of wealth which may benefit settlars of any color. The incnbator, like most clevar inventions, is very simple, merely a large wooden frame divided into an upper and lower compartment, both heated to a proper, steady temperatnre. In the lower nnd warmer ona, fresh ostrich eggs are placed nntil they are hatched by the gentle and constant heat. The young ostriches ara removed to the npper, cooler compartment and covared with a light blanket at night, and carefnlly fed till abla to shift for themselves on the farm. Thus "brought np by hand," the wild creature hitherto anpposed untameable is transformed into a domestic fowl—of rather a large pattern—and submits to a periodical pluckling of its beautiful tail feathers as qnietly as if it were a goose. The loss is small on them, and the profit very great. Natives are employed on the farm and in gathering the eggs, though they cannot imagine what so mnny feathers are used for, we ara told, and think they are made into bread-cloth. A stuffed ostrich fledgeling of two weeks, and one of two months, were exhibited, the smallest looking much like a picked Shanghai rooster

Some water-color sketches were shown of the native population, some with really negro features, others of a more Mongolian type,

THE GOLD COAST.

This province, forming part of Guinea and lying on the west coast of Africa, south of Liberia, is also under British rule. There are English forts and trading stations there, but the population is chiefly formed of negro tribes more or less civilized. A curions and interesting exhibit was made, illustrating the various degrees of progress. Here was the first sample of tooled and polished granite worked in the Surveyor's Yard at Cape Coast Castle in 1875, native work; a block about eighteen inches cnbe, fairly finished. Near it were some frightful idols from Abeokuta. A chair ingeniously carved from a single block of wood showed unaided native art, and a child's jointed woodan doll bore curious witness to the universality of childish instincts, though it was ugly enough to scare a civilized and enlightened baby into fits. A chief's sandals with elaborate ornnments of gold on the straps, a native drum, the sides made of twisted willow enclosing a wooden casa, and a rude triangular harp were objects of interest. A curious exhibit was the white chalk used by the natives to *mark divorced* wives, also those who are victors in law snits and *palavers*, and at marriage ceremonies as a symbol of purity. There were also rope ladders for climbing palm trees, black monkey skins for export, baskets of bamboo leaf, ornaments of the very yellow Guinea gold, and cloth of cotton and silk woven in strips only two inches wide and sawed together. Some very remarkable sword handles were made of the Guinea gold hammered thin and *sewed* on with very fine gold wire.

The exhibits of the Gold Coast and Soudan were the most distinctively native and most characteristic of all the African exhibits, except Liberia's which has its own great and special interest, and deserves an article to itself.

Tunis and Algiers are not representative of the negro race, their popnlation being mixed and chiefly of other blood—of Arabs, Moors and Turks.

The Orange Free State, a very intsresting little dominion, is a settlement of Holland farmers.

The exhibits must attract new attention to Africa's vast and undeveloped, and but partly-known resources. The Liberia exhibit we will consider next month.

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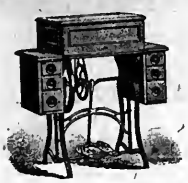

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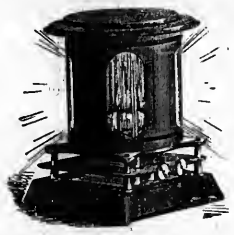

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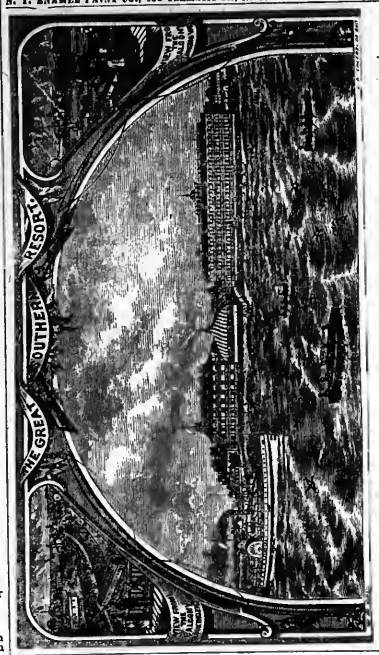

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VI. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1877. NO. 3

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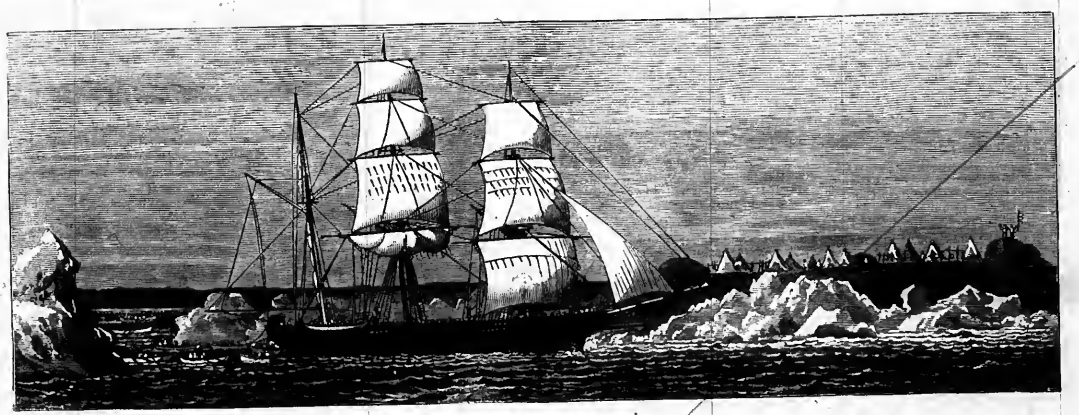

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HAMPTON, MARCH, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 32 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, in an article on the recent kindly meeting of the creditors of Southern States, seeks to stay the hands of those who wish to help the prostrate South to rise to her feet, by arguing that the absence of Northern enterprise and emigration to the South "is a circumstance for which it should blame only itself." "Before they (the Southern States) can hope to obtain either, they must rid themselves of their malignant partisanship, and impart to the politics, business and society of their respective States, the temper which prevails in other parts of the Union." In short, self-help is the only solution which the Times can see to Southern troubles, and until this panacea is used, the Times's hair rises in nervous horror at the idea of measures calculated to benefit the South.

With all due deference, we submit that there is a serious *non sequitur* in the argument. It is notorious that the South is full of people as one-sided as the Times, and who grossly misconceive the temper, purposes, and even the civilization of the Northern people. The remedy of the Times for this ignorance is like that of a school-master who would shut a boy up in a dark closet without a book, till his ignorance developed itself into knowledge.

On non-partisan grounds we believe it would be safe and wise for the rest of the nation to aid in restoring prosperity to the South. If by any means capital could be induced to operate in the old slave States, whether that capital were in the hands of Southern men or of strangers, can any one doubt that the influence of that capital would year by year be increasingly in favor of liberality; *against* fire-eating politicians; and *for* a steady and reliable administration of law?

Slavery being dead, liberalism is a question of time, dependent on the rapidity with which the power of the politicians is undermined by the gradual growth of the monopolized classes, whose pecuniary interests depend upon peace, and upon the respect and good-will of the rest of the world, outside the South. Bitter blasts of censure only make the way-worn traveller hug tighter his dark cloak. If you want to see the light and air of heaven enter, try a little genial sunshine Mr. Times! The effect could not be worse than that of your present course.

WE HAVE received a copy of the "Freedmen Monitor," "For the freedmen in America, and against the slave-trade in Africa." Yardley Warner, Editor; published in Penyfort, Wales, Great Britain; printed at the "Orphans Press," Leominster.

It advocates temperance, publishes letters from teachers of the American freedmen, and goes to the root of the matter by urging education for them, and self-help by them.

Its revelations of the slave-trade as the most flourishing business in Turkey, as requiring 350,000 men, women and children yearly to supply the market, and the sacrifice of four lives for every one sold, are startling. So is the statement that the Eastern and Western shores of the Red Sea are alive with this traffic. All this in spite of the fact that the Porte and the Khedive publicly repudiate the slave-trade both foreign and domestic.

THE SOCIETY of Friends is doing a quiet, thorough work for the education of the ex-slavee at points in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. One of their best schools is the Freedmen's Normal Institute at Maryville, Tennessee, sixteen miles south of Knoxville. It has sent, in the past three years, forty-seven teachers, who are instructing nearly fifteen hundred adults and children.

The Friends in and about Philadelphia have, for years, contributed about ten thousand dollars annually, and maintained not only a most admirable system of primary and graded schools, in certain districts, but have sent supplies to the poor, alleviated great suffering, and saved people who otherwise would have perished through hardship.

GENERAL W. F. BARRY.

This accomplished officer, who has for nine years commanded Fort Monroe and the Artillery School at that Post, has been ordered by the President to his regiment; headquarters at Fort McHenry, near Baltimore.

Not only has the Artillery School been conducted in a most thorough-going manner, requiring a degree of hard study far beyond that of the average college student, but the whole effect of this Military Post, under General Barry's command, has been most fortunate as representative of the Federal power.

Himself a man of no doubtful opinions, the General has, by his tact and consideration, won the respect and confidence of of all classes; and his leaving is a matter of universal regret.

Not a little of the genuine respect for, and loyalty to the old flag, in this and other parts of the South, is due to the manly, straightforward course of the officers who have upheld it, whose high *morale* and just courses contrast happily with the self-seeking of many in the civil service. The Artillery School and the Hampton Institute opened at about the same time; the latter is under many obligations to General Barry for courtesies throughout the period of its existence.

The best wishes of this community go with General Barry and his family, whose place in society and in the hearts and lives of many of the poor and needy, cannot easily be filled.

THIS EXTRACT from a County Superintendent's letter shows a phase of the educational work in Va. The writer is a Southerner.

"I think it my duty to see that the public schools of my neighborhood have efficient teachers, and, if not within reach, to try and obtain them elsewhere. Around me are several schools, white and colored, with very inefficient teachers, and I write you to know if it is possible to obtain two or more colored teachers for the next session of the public schools, at $30.00 per month. At present there are two colored schools having white teachers appointed, but whom the colored people will not accept, and consequently there are no schools as yet opened. If two good colored teachers can be obtained at once, I will call a meeting of the trustees and have them appointed, subject to examination by the Superintendent."

The tone and spirit of the preceeding letter pervades the entire correspondence of this office with the County Superintendents of Education in Virginia.

THE Agricultural department of the Hampton Institute needs a new barn, 50 x 100 feet, with a wing 40 x 100 feet, to cost $5,000. It will have a brick basement on the surface of the ground. The 100,000 bricks required are already made and paid for. Its uses will be the accommodation of upwards of a hundred head of cattle and horses, to provide a large work-shop for grinding, cutting and steaming food, for making fertilizers—already an important and successful industry here,—and a repair shop. In part of the basement, tools and implements will be housed. The present barn, built of old lumber taken from hospital wards at "Camp Hamilton," which were erected in 1863 and 1864, is leaky, decaying, inefficient and inconvenient—a mere makeshift.

Over seventy head of cattle and fourteen horses and colts have been wintered in this barn, sheltered in all sorts of temporary ways.

Quantities of milk are produced, used and sold,—quite a source of subsistence and revenue. Cattle are bought cheaply, fattened and killed for the students' and officers' tables—which use over three thousand pounds of beef monthly. Huge piles of manure are made for the hard-worked farm, on most of which two full crops are raised every year.

In winter a capacious and well-filled barn would provide labor otherwise not to be had. The school farm has, during the past eight years, given nearly $12,000 worth of work to over 350 students, and is now paying out $350 to $400 a month for their labor. As a means of self-help, on the only royal road to education—that through self-help,—the Hampton farm should have what buildings and machinery it needs.

Fifteen hundred dollars have already been promised for the new barn. Thirty-five hundred more are needed.

The Society of Friends had the proud distinction before the war, of being the only class who successfully encountered Southern sentiment on Southern soil. For nearly a century they had "meddled with politics" by openly and pointedly condemning the darling sin of the South. In North Carolina, for example, the Society had taken pains since 1787 frequently to publish their sentiments to the world. Almost annually the Yearly Meeting presented memorials to the General Assembly of that State, denouncing slavery, and in favor of negro education. Since 1818, Friends had disowned all slave-holders. Unlike the other churches their standard of right and wrong to black men, and their interpretation of the golden rule, were not allowed to depend on geographical lines or pecuniary arguments. They alone, in spite of threats, had confined themselves to no neutral position, but had presented an unbroken front of hostility to human bondage. And yet they conquered for themselves the respect and tolerance of the Southern communities in which they lived.

When war came the trials of Friends were very severe. They not only refused to fight for the Confederacy, but the whole record of the Society proved them to be abolitionists. And in that word their Southern neighbors were accustomed to sum up all villainies. Military movements unchained the lawless and unreasoning classes of the South. Friends were drafted, and on refusing to fight, were prodded with bayonets, hucked, hung by the thumbs, and threatened with instant death. They were in the hands of men whom slavery had long trained in the exercise of almost irresponsible power. Yet it is the testimony of the Yearly Meeting in North Carolina, that "not one Friend suffered a violent death" for refusing to fight.

Thus on the field, the principle of patient appeal to the better natures of men left the Friends masters of the situation. Just as in peace, the same principle had secured for them a greater degree of liberty to say what they thought, than any other class of people enjoyed in the South.

The whole history is full of instruction for those who think that carnal weapons or political strife are the only methods by which men may be sure to secure their civil rights. The experience of the Friends is also of the greatest value as a demonstration that the prejudices of Southerners on the subject of slavery, however bitter they may be, are not so strong as their involuntary homage to practical piety and moral courage.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AT THE SOUTH.

Abbreviated from the Report of Rev. B. Sears, D. D., agent of the Peabody Fund, dated Aug. 3, 1876, with statement of aid given to each State from that Fund.

NORTH CAROLINA—$8,300.00.

Not appointing politicians to the office of Superintendent of Schools would be a great improvement. The State tax for education is very light, and a local tax is scarcely known.

SOUTH CAROLINA—$5,000.00.

School population,	239,264
School attendance,	110,416
Average length of sessions four and a-half months.	
Total expense,	$426,463.00
Increase of schools over previous year,	227
Increase of pupils,	5,767

Average school term, one month less. Better teachers and more interest in school would improve them much. The State donated $10,000 last year, to an excellent Normal School at Columbia.

GEORGIA—$8,550.00.

A very decided advance in public sentiment in favor of free schools; more friends and fewer enemies than ever before.

Number of children of school age in the State,	394,037
Available school money for the last year,	$435,319.00
Pupils enrolled in 1871,	49,578
" " " 1873,	83,677
" " " 1874,	135,541
" " " 1875,	156,394

FLORIDA, $3,700.00.

Much embarrassment from death of former school superintendent. The present superintendent, appointed after a vacancy of some length of time, says "We are putting forth our best efforts, and successfully too in the cause. Florida is alive to the public school interest."

ALABAMA—$5,800.00.

The State Superintendent of Education believes "that every person in the State, within school age, has had the opportunity and privilege of attending the free public schools during the last year." He further says "that of the total number of 406,270 persons within the school age, 145,797 have been in the public schools. The average cost of tuition for pupils of the white schools has been $3.09 for the term of 90 days, or 69 2-3 cents per school month; and that per pupil of colored schools has been $3.79 for the term of 83 days, or 91 1-2 cents per month. It will be readily observed that the tuition of these pupils in private schools would have been about seven times more than it has been under our free school system." The want of competent and energetic county superintendents, of intelligent supervision, is one of the great drawbacks to a more efficient School system in Alabama.

MISSISSIPPI—$11,800.00.

State Superintendent charged with fraud; resigned; his successor zealously at work. Salaries of teachers reduced for economy's sake. Believed to be a mistake. Thus far in these Southern States every retrograde movement in school legislation has been followed by a reaction, resulting in decided progress.

LOUISIANA.

To the Peabody Normal Seminary, $2,000.

Dr. Sears reports that his arrangements with Louisiana have undergone no change the past year.

TEXAS—$4,550.00.

Texas made a new school law in March, 1875, and, in September of the same year, a new constitution was adopted, making

tion with the schools, is not able to express any opinion of the present prospects of the State in regard to its pnblic schools.

ARKANSAS—$2,800.00.

Schools suspended year before last from nnfavorable legislation. There has been some favorable school legislation the past year, and there are signs of a reviving interest in education among the people.

Places that had abandoned public schools have learned their mistake, and are making strenuous efforts to re-establish them on a firmer basis. The department of education seems now to be administered with great energy and to have popular sympathy. In July, 1876, the State Superintendent said "I think this State is aronsing itself on the educational question, and I hope will show a degree of enterprise heretofore unknown."

TENNESSEE—$14,600.00.

From last Report the number of children of school age is	426,612
Enrolled in schools,	199,058
Expenditnre for schools,	$703,359

An excellent State Normal University, well endowed and officered, Eben S. Stearns, LL. D., President, was established in March, 1875. The President travels extensively in different counties, holding Institntes, awakening interest in and aronsing enthusiasm on popular edncation.

WEST VIRGINIA—$12,000.00,

Has manifested conciderable vigor in carrying on her schools. The people take an interest in the work, and supplemented State money somewhat liberally. There are five State Normal Schools. But the policy of the government in supporting them has been somewhat vacillating.

VIRGINIA—$20,050.00.

The Report of Dr. Sears upon Virginia embodies statements already made in the "Workman."

Grand total aid by Peabody Fnnd for year closing Aug., 1876, $99,150.

For a just and complete idea of the edncational work in the South, especially among the freedmen, it is requisite to know that of the American Missionary Association, and of the various denominations. The above is from the standpoint of Dr. Sears as agent of the Peabody Fund, who deals chiefly with State officials, although the religions societies are aided in some degree, but always throngh the State Snperintendent of Education.

The Southern States are amply supplied with colleges, Virginia having more yonth in her colleges, in proportion to her white population, than any State in the Union, and there are countless private schools, academies and young ladies' seminaries devoted to the whites throughout the South. It is amply provided for in respect to collegiate education of a high order, secondary schools, as a class, are inferior, and primary education, heretofore sadly neglected, is receiving much attention in some quarters, and has taken a new departure.

Virginia leads in popnlar education. Free schools for all classes have been opposed by a strong party, yet the idea has taken root; it is irrepressible, and the spread of intelligence among the masses of the South, with all its happy results, is a question of time—perhaps of a long time. That depends upon whether Congress will do its duty by aiding these impoverished, prostrate States to educate all their children.

It is time to do something for *real* reconstruction. Will our legislators who have heretofore treated the negro from the standpoint of the professional politician, ever learn anything from the sad experience of the past, and finally help to provide for the nation's wards what they need more than votes and offices?

BURTON HUDSON, class of 1872, is teaching three miles from Enfield, N. C., in a pleasant country place, in a thriving cotton region.

A TELEGRAM from New Orleans reports that Straight University, of New Orleans, was burned Feb. 16th by an incendiary. "What will the end be?" asks Secretary

VIRGINIA SCHOOL REPORT FOR 1876.

In the last annual Report of Hon. W. H. Rnffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, the following interesting items appear:

The gain in attendance in 1876 over 1875, was 15,370 children. In two years the gain has been 26,000 pupils. There were 333 new school-honses built during the school year, against 292 the previous year.

Dr. Rnffner says "I have every reason to believe that the school funds have been honestly, economically, and, in most cases, jndiciously administered hy the local authorities. Moreover, there has been increased attention given to the improvement of teachers and school appliances. The systematic training of teachers is a subject that cannot much longer be postponed. Some of our best superintendents and teachers are personally laboring in this cause with a resolution and self-sacrifice truly admirable; hut our schools can never become satisfactory until the State takes the matter in hand."

In 1841, Dr. Henry Ruffner, President of Washington College, Virginia, submitted to the Legislature a plan for public instruction, in arguing for which he said;

"Great care shonld be taken to prevent our youth from falling into the hands of immoral or incompetent men. Many such now go ahout as school-masters—some of them lazy, drunken, unprincipled vagabonds—who impose on illiterate and incautious persons hy crafty pretensions, and gain employment hy offering to work cheaply."

Dr. William H. Rnffner in carrying out the plan so ahly advocated years ago by his father, states that the "law requires the absolute extirpation of that worthless class of so-called teachers, from whose impositione the people have suffered from time immemorial."

Every candidate for a teacher's place in the State schools is required to pass a rigid examination as to ahility, attainments, character and manners. With faithful officers, immoral teachers in the public schools are an impossihility, and there must be at least a respectable degree of competency. The worst are dropped, and better ones snbstituted; the standard of examination is raised each year, as fast as the improvement of the teachers will allow; the schools are inspected; the teachers are required to report their work every month, and are periodically gathered for professional instruction, debate, and drill, and all means are employed to promote growth and enthusiasm."

But Dr. Ruffner does not flatter himself with figures. The State paid in 1876 for free schools $1,069,679.56. He says, "there may be a high percentage of schools, school attendance and length of school terms, and yet *no education! There* is juet where figures might deceive us fatally. We hear of schools mnltiplying, and children added hy the thousand, and we feel happy; but it is quite possihle for that to happen and real education be in inverse porportion to its extension.

Let it be repeated all over the land a thoueand timee, let it be written on every school house, and on the record book of every school board; and let every superintendent write it npon the palms of his hands—*What we want is not schools, but education!*"

Surely Virginia is in the march of progress.

THE FOLLOWING letter is one of many of similar character received at the Hampton Institnte:

"*Dear Sir:*—"I am sure I am behind in paying my son's schooling [board], but my means are so limited I can't do anything just now. I gave him fifteen dollars when I entered him, and thought at that time to have been able to have sent ten dollars this month, but my pay is only six dollars monthly and I pay two dollars of that for room rent. My husband is no help to me: he is only a stepfather to ——.

"If you can let —— remain there till June, then let him go off and work, I am sure he will pay all that he owes; meanwhile I will pay some if I have to do without the necessary things of life. I am so thankful to God and to —— that he is there. I am sure that God put it in her heart to stop him from going to sea

To meet the many just such cases as the above and the harder ones of students who have no one whatever to look to, the labor system of the Hampton Institute ought to be enlarged. It is already overcrowded. The school farm snpplies, this year, thirty-five hundred (3,500) dollars worth of work to nearly a hundred yonng men, many more than it is profitable to employ.

Will no one give ten thousand dollars to estahlish new and profitable industries, light mannfactnring, easily learned, to turn eurplus labor to account, to give our young men and women something even better than money, to make them self-reliant, and able to take care of themselves? It pauperizes to give hread: it elevates to create opportnnities for earning hread. The latter is the Hampton plan.

A large stock and grain farm is also a great need; it would ahsorb much labor now applied at a great disadvantage, and cheapen the cost of living. Ie not this the way to do the educational work for the freedmen? Let us help them to help themselves. May we soon see ravens flying into our windows, hringing the needed hank-checke in their bills!

THE CO-OPERATIVE Industrial Association of Virginia, organized under the State laws, ie a new and interesting movement. "A company proposes to unite capital with a large number of workers skilled in all the industrial pursuits essential to comfortable living."

A tract of well-timbered land has already been secured, lying beautifully on the Potomac river about twenty miles below Washington, where there are already sufficient huildings.

Subscriptions are eolicited; shares are $25.00 each; workmen are called for from all quarters. Colored laborers and mechanics are wanted. Labor is to be made attractive; capital and labor are to be combined in harmonious union; a practical education is to be secured to every child. The President of the Association is Thomas Y. Durant of Washington; Secretary, J. A. Rowland, 600 Sixth St., Washington, D. C. For information address the latter.

The scheme, if successful, will create a "Happy Land," on the shores of the Potomac. Our information is gained from the circulars of the company, and from the statements of one of its Directors, Mr. Edward Daniels, of Fairfax Co., Va.

We wieh every success to so laudahle, hut at the eame time so ideal and difficult an undertaking.

A RECENT N. Y. *Tribune* contributes the following to the cause of Peace and Good-will in our land:

"The growth of a more liheral sentimsnt in the South, of which there are encouraging evidcnces, is likely to disarrange the plans of some politicians. Had the Southern people during the past ten years followed the path which *The Vicksburg Herald* now advises them to pursue, much of the hate and bitterness engendered hetween the two sections might have been avoided. That journal, in an editorial on 'The Extremists,' says: 'The South has nothing to gain aud everything to lose hy heeding the counsel of this class. She must have done with sectionalism. We have suffered snongh hy the hlunders of the old Bourbons, and if they will not find other questions than the hates and fanaticisms of the past, they must he made to take back seats. The South is solid, hut if she is solid for another sectional contest, woe and failure will be her portion; if she is only solid for the privilege of equality in the Union and ths right to manage her own affairs in a jnst and catholic spirit, happiness and snccess will he her portion. We must act for the present and not from the feelings engendered twenty years ago. We must recognize aud keep in view at all times the difference between the Republican party North and the so-called Republican party of ths South. The one has the confidence of a majority of the Northern people as the great Union party; the other has the just contempt of all honest men. Ths party in ths North will not approve the acts of the concern in the South if ws dis lay the feeling we century."

TO HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS.

Dear Young Teachers:—

The remarks in my last letter on the treatment of inattentive pupils referred especially to those who were engaged in reciting, and, now, I wish to add from my own experience that it ie very important you should not be interrupted while you are hearing a lesson. A pupil may come to you from his desk, and ask a question that can he answerpd in less than a minute, and yet may really consume several minutes of precious time; the thread of your thonghts will have heen broken, and you will not be able to gather it up immediately. A distressing question to a teacher, when thus occupied, is "Teacher, what shall I do next?" and almost equally trying it is, in looking over the school, to see pupils sitting unemployed. Before you begin a recitation, give the pupils who are left at their desks as much work as you think they will he able to accomplish while you are engaged, and, in addition to that, assign other work for them in case they should finish their task sooner than you expected, or meet with a difficulty that requires explanation to enahle them to go on with it. This extra work might profitably he copying from the book they nse for reading. Require them not only to spell the words correctly, dotting every *i* and crossing every *t*, but to copy the marks of punctnation. The yonng pupils who cannot write should print ths words. A habit of closs attention will be formed, which in itself is valnable. It is astonishing how few well-edncated people copy correctly. At the close of each recitation, a short time should be allowed to answer the questions of those who were not permitted to interrupt you.

With regard to the subject of order, Professor Allen's Lecture on School Regulations in the January number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN was so full and excellent that I have little to add. I hope you have read his lecture very carefully,—in fact, studied it. He tells you that your own manner will he reflected in your pupils. A striking illnstration of this truth is given in Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching. Some of you may own a copy of this useful book; hut, as it is probahle that most of you have not access to it, I will make the following extract:

"The school consists of some seventy pupils and a class in grammar is parsing the sentence 'A good boy loves study;' ths language of the teacher is in italics. '*Mary, parse A.*' 'A ie an indefinite'—'*Silence! order there!*'—'article, and is prefixed to'—'*Martha, Martha! sit up!*'—'it is prefixed to—boy.'—'*Right.*'—'*Good, next.*'—'Good is an adjective.'—*Order, Order, Order!*'—thnmp, thump, thump!—'*Go on, go on, I hear you!*'—thump, thump!—'and belongs to'—'*Speak louder! Sit up there! What are you doing? and belongs to?*'—'boy.'—'*The rule. The* RULE *I say.*'—Here several children looked earnestly at the piece of timher he held in his hand.—'*The Rule, sir, the Rule!*'—thnmp, thnmp!—'You've got it in your hand,' vociferated a little harmless-looking fellow on the front seat, while the scholar proceeded to recite the rule. 'Adjectives belong to'—'*Lazy, lazy fellow! Sit up there,*'—Here the class smiled, and the scholar completed his rule, asserting, however, that 'adjectives helong to nouns,' and not to '*lazy fellows,*' as the class seemed to understand the master to teach. Word after word was parsed in this way, till the teachcr, nearly exhausted by this strange combination of mental, oral, and *manual labor*, very much to the relief of all, vociferated '*That'll do,*' and dismissed his class. At the close of school we were told that it was a very hard school, and almost impossihle to keep in order. Now this teacher made the school what it was hy his own manner."

If we wish to govern others, we must be able to govern ourselves. Self-government! What an attainment! Do not be discouraged, if, at first, you often fail in thie respect. Our physical condition varies; the state of our nervous system may at one time make that unbearable which at another time we would scarcely notice.

Equanimity of temper and nniformity of action are very important to success in governing. To secnre these, good health is requisite. Use, thsrefore, every meane to promote it,—good ventilation in your school-room, exercise in the open air, plenty of eleep and wholesome food.

However frequently we may fail in onr efforts at self-government, let us never give up the strnggle. We have a High Priest, who is touched with ths feeling of onr infirmities, who was tried as we are, and who is both willing and ahle to deliver us in the hour of temptation. "Let us thsrefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

I am your sincere friend, M. A. L.

A SIGN-BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it above your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

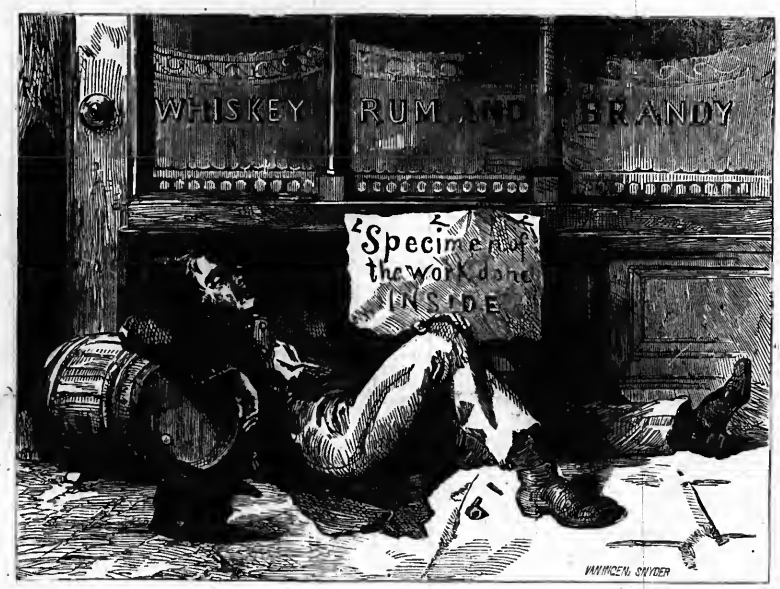
I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller,
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Held out in either hand.
He wavers, but you urge him:
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the fatal work is done.

And I next will paint a drunkard;
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies:

I will paint the form of the mother
As she kneels at her darling's side—
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin
Labelled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rumseller,
I will paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and sorrow,
The crime and want and woe,
That are born there in your rumshop,
No hand can paint, you know;
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.



A SIGN-BOARD.

FACTS ABOUT AN OLD FOE.

BY GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

The subject of temperance has always puzzled me about as much as the subject of intemperance has troubled me. Perhaps the reader can tell better what I mean, as I try to put some of my thoughts and experiences into the concrete.

When I was eleven years old, I lived in the house of an uncle on Second street, in Hollowell, Maine. The next house to this, north, on the same side, was occupied by a very quiet family. This house was shorter than my uncle's, so that, from the back windows of our kitchen part, we could look across into the next lot beyond. On this lot stood an old, rickety tenement, in which the glass was more or less broken, the window-blinds awry, the shingles off in spots and sliding down, the doors cracked and draggy; in fact, the whole outward appearance and immediate surroundings presented the idea of extreme poverty accompanied by sheer neglect and squalor. Out of those rickety doors and broken windows agonizing cries frequently issued; and they were often heart-rending to hear, shrill and piercing, sometimes from a woman, and sometimes from the lips of a terrified child. "Come, Willie, let us go over there and see what is the matter," I said, the first time I was startled by the suffering cry. "No, no," my cousin replied. "It's John beating them; he's *drunk*, and he'd strike us if we meddled.

That house was a great curiosity-shop to my imagination. I never went in; but one day I watched till the door opened, and John came out to go to his work. He was an old-looking man, very straight and well made; had on pretty good working-clothes, and his pants were low on his hips and held up by a leather strap. He did not step like a strong man, but tottered a little in his gait. When he turned towards me, I took, boy-like, a good look at his face, and I can almost see it now, —the drunkard's scarred face! It was not red and bloated; it was not of that kind. It was pale, deathly pale, while the lips were tightly compressed. His eyes appeared dull and sunken; a fearful fresh scar was on the upper lip, he having consumed a part of the lip in his recent wild delirium. This was the picture of a *real* drunkard. Who can describe the misery in that house? Who can even indicate, the forlorn appearance, the utter wretchedness, depicted in that man's face? Yet everybody said, "John is a good man, a kind father and husband, when he don't drink." The cries of the miserable, neglected, poverty-stricken wife, the screeches of the terrified child, and the hopeless, woe-begone, despairing face of the offending drunkard, have become so deeply engraven upon my memory that I generally begin anything that I have to say concerning temperance and intemperance by endeavoring to present this picture which was presented to my childhood.

Perhaps it was fortunate to me to be introduced to drunkenness in this shape, for I assure you there was not a particle of attractiveness about it. The delightful and seductive jollity that Dickens describes so often and makes attractive by inimitable pictures of good fellowship, was not there. The fascinations of generous prodigality, where a young man is simply "going through" his inherited wealth, for his own edification, were not there. The antecedent pleasures of even the brutal man, when he stood at the bar and gave the price of his poor child's bread, that he might treat his boon companions, and under this cover appease his burning thirst, were then wanting. I heard the cry of humanity, and saw the signs of the ravages of a drunkard's despair written in a language that a child could read; and it left its lesson. I now know, after upwards of thirty years of additional experience, that this confirmed drunkard, John, is a type of a class. It is the "pale" drunkard class. We find a few such in almost every community. Hardly any company of fifty enlisted men in the army is without one or more of these poor fellows. They drink excessively at intervals. In the army the drinking period is just after pay-day. For several days, when unrestrained, they do nothing but drink until completely crazed. First, with a drunkard of this class, everything seems to brighten up; all past misspent time and all offenses seem to be forgotten; the eye gleams with unnatural lustre; a smile spreads across the face, and even blasphemy and profanity, seldom ever intermitted by a drunken man, take on a good-natured type. Next the veins are swollen, the body begins to stagger, the man is fiendish, or patronizing, or loving, as the mood takes him. Then he is filled with nausea, becomes apparently dreadfully sick, and vomits excessively. At the end of two weeks, his friends can scarcely recognize him. He has pounded the lamp-posts with his head; he has blackened one eye, scratched the skin from his forehead, sadly hurt his nose, and his clothing is torn and filthy. In a plight, of which this description is only a hint, he, sick, weak, depressed, morose, brutalized, presents himself to his wife and children, if he has such. Where there is plenty of means, tender sympathy, and unremitting care, he is brought comfortably through this sickness. But the outraged home of biting hunger is not always so full of tender sympathy and gentle care. Tears, reproaches, and anger stir up delirium; chairs and tables are broken; children and wife are pounded and kicked; and every sort of violence and outrage is perpetrated at this stage of the spree of the "pale" drunkard.

Another class, very numerous, and a step higher in the scale of drunkenness, I remember was first exemplified to me by a man in Brunswick, Maine, where I was at the time a student in college. His face was always flushed. He never passed through the different stages which I have described. The veins of his face seemed to be flattened out under a transparent skin; his eyes were always reddish and watery; his voice was deep and manly in tone, and he had a perennial good nature. His flesh was abundant; in fact, his proportions were very corpulent. His hands and wrists appeared puffed up, and a pencil always shook in his fingers. He drank liquor constantly. Everybody wondered how he could hold so much. In truth, the drunkard of this kind never draws a sober breath. He often displays a little cunning, but never has any intellectual force. As the years pass on he appears to become more and more good-naturedly imbecile. There is no quarrel at his house, for no one can be more impertinable than he is. He opposes good-nature and thin joking to every reproach: neither his virtue, his honor, nor his conscience, is sensitive. Nothing makes him cross and uncompanionable, unless it be some uncontrollable accident that diminishes or cuts short his supply of liquor. This apparent effect upon the drunken man, tha besotting effect, does not seem to do the world much harm; and these men often live to be quite old. They keep taverns and small hotels; they are proprietors of liquor-saloons; they have brothels and gambling resorts, and are very often seen standing behind bars. They do to be sure, creep into all callings and professions, but they seldom remain long where a clear head and a strong body are needed. The child of such a man has constitutional tendencies in spirit, in mind, and in body that none but God can fathom and expel. The wife of such a man often keeps up a respectable outside, but she covers in her breast a heart full of shame and sorrow.

A third class you would neither denominate the "pale" nor the "ruddy" drunkards. I would call them "mixed." Life to them has been a terrible battle with the demon of drink, and one sooner or later proved to be unsuccessful by the adverse issue. I had hardly entered college, in 1846, when I found that a friend of mine enjoyed strong drink. He usually took wine or malt liquors, though occasionally gin, brandy and New England rum. (We did not hear so much concerning whiskey in those days as we do now.) He was older than I, an elegant gentleman and a promising scholar. I knew him to be ambitious for a successful life; and when a favorable opportunity occurred, I said, "Hal, you love liquor, and it upsets you now and then; aren't you afraid of it?" "No, Howard; I have a strong will, and too much pride ever to succumb to liquor. I shall just drink here for sport and companionship, but I'll never touch a drop when I get out of college into real life. I am bound to make a man of myself." I believed him then. How clear were his eyes and complexion; how handsome his forehead; how manly and strongly made was his figure; how silvery sweet-toned was his voice; how courteous and winning his manners! He was too good material to make a drunkard of; yet, after years, he became one. He rose rapidly to distinction; was much flattered and courted; wealth came at his bidding; a beautiful family gathered at his home; public office sought him. Yet, little by little, his will-power gave way; his pride, after repeated shocks of awful degradation and debaucheries, was destroyed; his wealth went; his family were scattered and impoverished. He lived only a few years after his fall, a bloated, bleareyed, unhappy sot, passing, after the death of his broken-hearted mother, into the drunkard's grave.

Oh, how the men of whom this is a type rise up before the memory of one in middle life! They are not few, but many. There is L——. How strong he was! The only one of a convivial college party who, on the Fourth of July, could drink twenty times, and he "only lively." Two or three years only his body bore it. Then there was M——, the brightest linguist of them all. He intended to be a great man. "Howard, you are a fool; you are old before your time; Webster drinks, Clay drinks, every man that is anybody drinks." Such were his words. All the life that was of value to him or to his friends yielded to weakness and imbecility in a few short years. They became worthless, the early drinkers, or days gone. It is almost dangerous to refer to the army of imbecility, disease, insanity, suicide and death. These are the fruits, not theoretic, but actual, of the drinking of whiskey by many men with whom I have been intimately associated during the last twenty years. A case resulting in delirium on the part of an officer to whom I had passed the liquor, nineteen years ago, so impressed me that I made up my mind that I would never again put glass or bottle to my neighbor's mouth. I made up my mind that it would be better for me, who am socially inclined, and with whom habits have unusual strength, to abstain altogether; and, further, as a motive that I believe was stronger than that of self-love, I saw the prevalent evil of drunkenness wherever I went in this country, and the resulting distress and despair that followed it, and I hoped that I might put some little barrier to its sad ravages by a consistent living protest of life and words.

Now, what has puzzled me, is to define temperance properly; to draw the line in my heart so as not to be small, narrow and censorious on the one hand, or falsely liberal on the other. Next, I have been confounded by the extraordinary prevalence among our people of an almost unquenchable thirst for strong drink. When we were about to cross the Chickahominy, under Gen. Sumner, in 1862, a bridge had to be built in a very short time by a regiment of my brigade. The Colonel asked of General Sumner a barrel of whiskey as an extra inducement for the occasion. It was given, and eight hundred men were, with few exceptions, filled with delight. They drank, and they worked, and the task was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. General Sumner, knowing my prejudices against the strong drink, said to me kindly and apologetically, "I don't think, General Howard, we should have had that bridge built so soon if it had not been for the whiskey; but I admit that it is like endeavoring to get unusual speed to a locomotive with tar and pitch. It gets up the speed, but it burns out the engine." General Sumner was wont thus to take a practical view of our marching engines; but he might have thought of how many poor drunkards were baited again; and, possibly, of the many boys there who were tempted to drink under authoritative

sanction. My point of observation, however, was the extent of the evil appetite.

This enemy of our people, strong drink with its hydra heads, is strongly intrenched. How can we meet it and conquer? We pick up a few poor worn-out victims and help them, but it only makes the enemy laugh in scorn. He recruits his forces from our precious families, from our splendid schools and colleges, from our Sabbath teachings and church organizations; he gets behind all our pressing necessities, and binds us, as a people, hand and foot. For example, our public debt is enormous. We must pay it, and consequently tax the whiskey, the brandy, and the wine, for the people *will* have these things at any price. The tax becomes the principal source of income. There is in the United States license, a grand charter of respectability. We must, as a government, encourage distilleries and gin-mills of every description, for they increase the public revenue. I need only hint at it; we are making of the vicious appetites of our children, appetites which, indulged, will cause their temporal, if not their eternal ruin. We are making of them "ways and means" to defray our honest debts.

If this is true, what have you and I got to say to the poor bar-tender who, simply supports his family out of the bread and clothing of a few wives and children of drunkards in our neighborhood? "My business, he may well say, has goverament sanction; my object is as high as that of Uncle Sam, for it is not that I like the business, but it enables *me* to get a private revenue."

It will be said that the true remedy is with the children; correct public sentiment through them. Yet it is not wise, when you see that the ocean is daily washing away your very fonadations to postpone too long the dykes and barriers. Intemperance comes in like a flood, and it seems now to sweep us all into helpless struggles in the maistrom of its destroying power. May God in his mercy show our people how to build the barriers in the family, in the school, in the church, and in the street, against this fell destroyer that develops dishonesty and crime, and fills our prisons, that poisons the very soul of existence, and peoples the world with morbid longings for the poison, that, in short, seems to have satanic power to wound and to destroy the very subjects of divine compassion and love! Oh, let the Holy Spirit expel and replace this intemperate lust that causeth evil and only evil continually in the hearts of the children of men! To be filled with the Spirit, the comforting Holy Spirit, which is the bequest of Christ's unspeakable love, *may* be the individual remedy for intemperance. Extend it then, dear brother, till multitudes of old and young have this thing more delightsome than food and drink, and more satisfying in its power than aught the intrenched enemy, even from the inmost citadel of his strength, can offer to our brothers and friends.—*Sunday-School Times.*

THE PERILS OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

Our pictures of Arctic perils, for which we are indebted to Messrs. Harper Bros., are engraved from sketches taken on the spot, and furnished by Capt. Kelley, master of the ship Marengo, New Bedford, one of the ill-fated whaling fleet which were lost together in an ice pack off Point Barrow last August. The sketches give a striking view of the sufferings and dangers to which Arctic voyagers are exposed. But what will not men do for fame, for science, and for daily bread! The whales, which used to be abundant in warmer latitudes, having been nearly exterminated there by the long war commerce has waged upon them, there is nothing to do but to follow them to the frozen seas where they still abound, and though kerosene and gas have taken the place of whale oil for lighting our houses and streets, it still is used in manufacture sufficiently to make it worth while to encounter the hardships of an Arctic whaling voyage in their pursuit.

The news of the fleet's disaster was brought into San Francisco in October last, by one of the three vessels left to bear the tidings, the bark Florence with 192 of the survivors on board, the remainder going to Honolulu in the bark Three Brothers. The lost vessels were five from New Bedford, two from San Francisco, two from Boston, one from New London, and two from the Sandwich Islands. Their value was estimated at nearly $500,000 besides their valuable cargoes of 1000 barrels of oil and a large amount of whalebone and ivory.

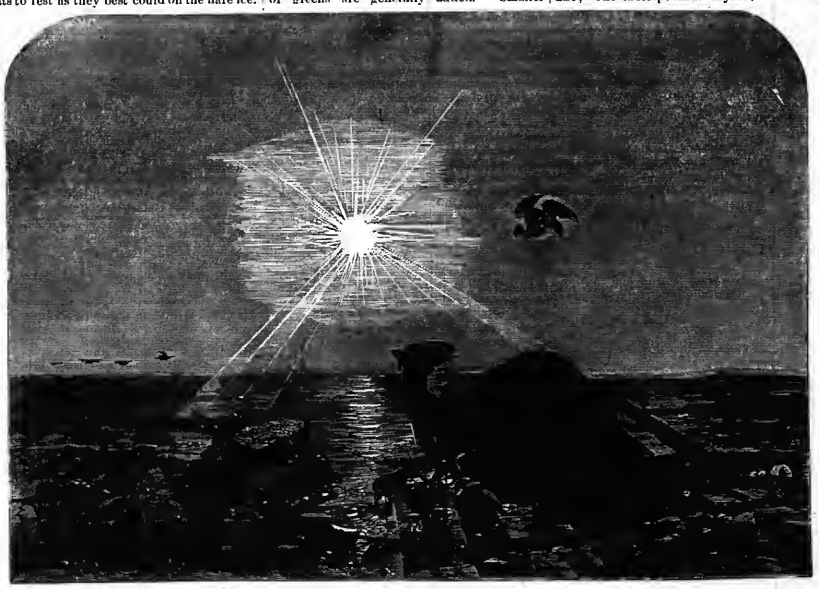
The masters' written report tells us that on their arrival in Behring's sea in May, the vessels found plenty of ice, but few whales, in the first part of the season. They took, however, a great many walrus, and some of the vessels stayed walrusing and so escaped the disaster. The rest of the fleet pushed north, and, about the middle of August, the whales appeared in great numbers and the fishing became lively. The wind increased and hauled to the north, causing anxiety, but the ships ventured to linger, the fishing seeming too good to lose. Two of them, however, the barks Rainbow and Three Brothers, anchored under lee of Point Barrow, and lay in comparative safety.

THE ICE NIP—On the 23d, the wind freshening brought down the drift ice upon the rest of the fleet which set all sail hoping to run ahead of it to the open sea. At sunset the ice stopped their progress, and the next morning a heavy fog surrounded them. The bark Florence fortunately drifted up to Cape Smith and under the lee of a grounded ice-berg which proved her salvation.

The ship Marengo, under all sail, got within three or four ship lengths of open water, and then the ice closed in on her. The other twelve vessels were nipped and held in the ice within sight of each other, but all helpless. Some of the crews perished in the fog and ice in attempting to reach the shore.

The prospect was gloomy enough. With provisions enough to last but three months at furthest, the ships, twenty miles from land, lay powerless in the grasp of the ice, and slowly drifting northward with it farther and farther from help, farther and farther into the regions of death and eternal winter. The ship masters held a council on the Java, and as evidently there was no possibility of saving the ships, they decided to make a last effort to get to shore before all escape became impossible. "September 5th, the signal for departure was given. The boats had been put in the best possible condition, the baggage consisted of about twenty-five days' rations, bread and meat, change of clothing and a blanket for every man. Everything else but guns and ammunition was left on board. Left at three in the afternoon, and dragged the boats along the ice which was very rough with many holes. Many of the men fell through and suffered much from the cold.

THE CAMP ON THE ICEBERGS.—The first night we camped on the ice about four miles from the ship. Many of the men, utterly exhausted by their labors, lay down under the boats to rest as they best could on the bare ice.



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT—page 23.

The next morning we resumed our march in a blinding snow storm from the north-east. Several of the men deserted and returned towards the ships, where numbers of the crew remained rather than face the hardships of the journey towards the land. Of their fate we know nothing. On September 6th, reached a strip of open water, launched the boat and pulled toward the land. All that day and the next we kept working through and over the ice, and at 8 P. M. made land two miles west of Point Sargent.

We continued working along shore, and at noon of the third day after leaving the ships, sighted the Three Brothers and Rainbow at Point Barrow. Reached them before night, and found the ice all solid beyond. The only chance of escape was to drag the boats overland to the open sea, a distance, as it afterwards proved, of 130 miles. We made sleds and attempted the journey, but on reaching Cape Smith, we found the bark Florence there. After a consultation, it was decided that any effort to proceed would be madness, and preparations were made for wintering as best we could at Point Barrow. Boats were prepared for whaling as that was our only resource for food and work."

At Point Barrow the shipwrecked crews bravely set to work to build two houses for winter quarters, the natives on the shore assisting them kindly, and lending them dogs to draw drift-lumber for their houses.

THE ESCAPE OF THE FLORENCE.

The brave men were however to be saved the horrors of an Arctic winter. Before their houses were finished, on the afternoon of the 13th, the ice began to break up before a strong east wind, and the Florence was able, by great exertions, and cutting a channel through the ground ice, to get under way. The men left their houses and rushed to the boats. The Florence ran down the coast, joined the Rainbow and Three Brothers, took in the Captain and crew of the Clara Bell, and gladly set sail for home, leaving the abandoned vessels to drift on into darkness and death with the unfortunate men who could not be persuaded to undertake the struggle for escape. At least sixty were thus left, most of them it is said Sandwich Island natives, whose tropical natures lack the grit and determination of American constitutions, and whose memories of their flowery islands where perpetual summer smiles, must have made their dreary fate more dreary and terrible.

HOUSE AND HOME.

MEATS.

Large pieces of beef, mutton, pork, veal, venison, etc.—poultry and many kinds of game are best and most wholesome when roasted in a slow oven, care being taken not to over do them. Beef, mutton, and poultry may also be boiled, and in this case the water used should always be saved for soup, while the meats may often be made more palatable by boiling vegetables with them, as corned beef with cabbage and turnips. Ham, bacon, and salt pork are usually boiled, and to the last two cabbage, beans, turnips, or some kind of greens are generally added. Smaller pieces of beef, mutton, venison (as steaks and chops,) spring-chickens and the smaller kinds of game are best broiled, and for this the meat should be cut thick (at least two inches) and broiled quickly over live coals, taking care not to smoke, burn or overdo it. With the exception of ham and bacon, no meat should be fried, and even these two are less greasy and safer when well broiled. There are very few articles which a careful and intelligent cook will fry, and as a rule almost any way of cooking food is to be preferred to this.

Excellent hashes and stews can be made from cold meats or from pieces of meat which cannot be used in any other way, and for these I add a few well-tried receipts.

BEEF, MUTTON, CHICKEN, VEAL, OR TURKEY HASH.

Remove all gristle, bones or fat, chop the remaining meat very fine and put it in a pan with a little hot water, or better still a little meat gravy. When thoroughly heated, put it on a flat dish, and surround it with small triangular pieces of buttered toast. In making this of poultry, add any cold dressing, liver or gizzard (chopped fine) which you may have.

CORN-BEEF HASH.

Chop the beef fine, with an equal quantity of potato, add a very little hot water, a small piece of butter, and a little pepper. Heat thoroughly.

BEEF OR MUTTON HASH.

Cut the meat up (not very fine) and mix with an equal quantity of potato cut in the same way. Add gravy, pepper, salt, and heat thoroughly.

VEAL, MUTTON OR CHICKEN HASH.

Chop the meat very fine, season with salt, pepper and thyme or sage. Line a bowl with hot boiled rice, and into the hollow left in the center put the chopped meat. When quite cold, the whole will turn out in shape, and should then be put in the oven and allowed to warm, without browning at all. Take it out and pour over it drawn butter, made as described for fish sauce.

STEWED MUTTON OR BEEF.

For this you can use either meat which has been once cooked, or can take inferior pieces of fresh meat. Boil gently for one hour with just sufficient water to prevent burning, then add potatoes, carrots and onions and a little turnip, and boil three-quarters of an hour longer. Turn out onto a large flat dish, and put hot boiled rice neatly round the edge.

CHOPPED VEAL, MUTTON OR CHICKEN.

One and a-half pounds of the meat; quarter of a pound salt pork chopped fine; three Boston crackers, or an equal amount of butter crackers; two eggs; salt, sage, pepper to taste. Pack in a pan and cook till thoroughly done. Half a cup of cream will improve this receipt.

SAUSAGES.

Three full tablespoonfuls of powdered sage; one and a-half full tablespoonfuls salt; one full tablespoonful pepper, to a pound of finely chopped meat.

CHOWDER.

Three slices salt pork fried brown; three onions fried in the fat; one quart boiled potatoes, mashed; two pilot biscuit broken fine; one tablespoonful thyme; three teaspoonfuls pepper; half a teaspoonful cloves; a little salt, six pounds fresh fish cut in slices; water enough to cover, boil slowly one hour.

STUFFING FOR POULTRY.

Soak a sufficient quantity of bread crusts in water; when soft, chop fine and add salt, pepper, sage and a little butter; chop the liver and gizzards of the fowls very fine and mix with the bread.

CHOPPED BEEF.

Take cold roast or boiled beef, chop it fine, and add half the quantity of bread crumbs, salt, pepper and a little butter. Warm with a little water or gravy, or put it in a pan and bake.

PORK AND BEANS.

Soak the beans all night; put them in a deep dish with a little water, and in the center of the dish put a thick piece of salt pork. Bake three or four hours.

CROQUETTES.

These can be made of almost any kind of meat, game, or poultry, chopped fine, seasoned, and moistened with gravy, soup stock or cream. Form into round balls about as big as an egg; roll these in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs, and drop into boiling lard or beef fat.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes may be cooked in a great variety of ways, and are always good and nourishing food.

Mashed—Rub well-boiled potatoes till there are no lumps, add salt, milk or cream, and a little butter. Leave them in this way, or put them in a deep dish and brown in the oven, or roll and cook as croquettes.

Chopped—Chop cold potatoes not very fine; warm them with milk, butter and salt.

Fried—Cut in thick slices, and brown slightly in butter or lard, or slice very thin and fry to a crisp.

TURNIPS.

Mash while hot and mix with butter, pepper and salt.

CARROTS.

Cut in fine strips, boil soft, drain off the water, and thicken it with a little flour and milk, add pepper and salt, and pour over the carrots. Celery and salsify may be cooked in the same way.

TOMATOES.

Cut two cucumbers and one onion into very small pieces, boil till quite soft, add six large tomatoes which have been peeled and cut up, some pepper and salt, and boil till done. If any of this is left, thicken it with bread crumbs, put in a deep dish, sprinkle bread crumbs and a little butter on top, and bake. Canned tomatoes can be cooked in the same way.

ONIONS.

Boil till soft, put in a deep dish and pour over them a sauce made of milk thickened with flour, butter, pepper, and salt. Scallop cold boiled onions with bread crumbs in the same way as tomatoes.

Cauliflower should be boiled with a little salt and served with drawn butter.

Greens of any kind should be boiled very tender, rubbed through a sieve and garnished with slices of boiled egg.

WHEAT BREAD.

The night before you intend to bake, sift a quart bowl a little more than half full of flour, pour into it enough warm water to make a stiff batter and beat it well. Dissolve half a yeast cake (or an equal quantity of whatever yeast you are in the habit of using) in warm water, stir it into your batter, cover and set in a warm place to rise. In the morning, the batter should fill the bowl and if it does not, you may know that either the yeast is not good, or the batter has not been kept sufficiently warm. Sift four quarts of flour into a large wooden bowl, putting in a handful of sugar, and a tablespoonful of salt, then making a hollow in the middle of your flour large enough to hold all the batter. Dissolve a flat teaspoonful of soda in warm water, stir into the yeast, and then pour it into the hollow made in the flour, kneading the whole well for a quarter of an hour. Cover the bowl up, set it in a warm place and leave till it is so light that it is cracked on top and full of small air holes, then take it out on your breadboard, cut in four pieces, knead each one well but not as long as the first time, shape each loaf and put in the pans, letting them stand for fifteen minutes and then baking in a not too hot oven.

TEA BISCUIT.

Three gills warm milk; one heaping spoonful equal quantities butter and lard; one tablespoonful white sugar; two tablespoonfuls yeast; mix quite stiff. When raised, roll out rather thin (half inch) and cut in very small rounds. Let them rise again and bake in a quick oven.

RAISED BISCUIT.

Warm together one large cup of milk, three-quarters of a cup butter and lard mixed, and one-third of a teaspoonful of saleratus. Take a piece of dough large enough to make a loaf of bread and knead the above mixture thoroughly into it, adding a little flour. Roll it out, cut with a biscuit cutter and set in the pans to rise.

SODA BISCUIT.

One quart of flour and a piece of butter the size of an egg, well rubbed together; one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one and a-half cups of cold milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream tarter sifted in the flour; stir all together with a fork quickly, roll out on the board, and bake immediately.

ROLLS.

One pound of flour; one egg; butter the size of an egg worked in the flour; one tablespoonful of sugar; half a pint warm milk; an even spoonful of salt; one and a-half tablespoonfuls of yeast. Make over night, mix early in the morning, let it rise once, then put it in the pans to rise again before baking.

RICE BREAD.

One pint rice flour; one pint milk; one tablespoonful butter; one egg; one level teaspoonful soda; one of cream tartar; a little salt. Scald the milk and mix as for corn bread.

MUFFINS.

One quart warm milk; three eggs; one teaspoonful salt; four tablespoonfuls of yeast; flour to make a stiff batter, a piece of butter the size of an egg—bake when risen.

CORN BREAD.

Two heaping cups Indian meal, one cup wheat flour, two and a-half cups milk, tablespoonful melted lard; two tablespoonfuls white sugar, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful salt. If a rich bread is desired, add three well-beaten eggs. Bake in small tins.

BROWN BREAD.

One coffee cup wheat flour; two coffee cups Graham flour; one coffee cup yeast; one-half coffee cup molasses; one coffee cup milk; a little salt; mix carefully with a spoon. Let it rise, then add one-half teaspoonful saleratus, put in the pans, let it rise again till very light and bake.

OAT CAKE.

One teacup oatmeal; two large tablespoonfuls flour; one teaspoonful salt. Boil together one cup milk and one and one-half cups water, and stir into it while boiling, the oatmeal and flour. Add piece of butter the size of a walnut and boil five minutes. Spread thin on earthen pie plates and bake in a quick oven.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Ten large spoonfuls buckwheat flour, two spoonfuls cornmeal, half a teacup yeast. Beat the batter at least fifteen minutes at night. In the morning mix with warm water, add a little salt and cook on a griddle with as little grease as possible.

BREAKFAST GEMS.

Eight tablespoonfuls rye flour; one pint milk; four well-beaten eggs; eight tablespoonfuls wheat flour. Indian meal may be used instead of rye, with the addition of one tablespoonful melted butter. They must be baked in small iron pans, which should be heated before the batter is put in them.

FLANNEL CAKES.

One cup milk; two-thirds of a cup butter; two tablespoonfuls sugar; whites of two eggs, well-beaten; half a cup yeast; flour to make a thick batter—cook on griddle.

HOMINY WAFFLES

To one pint cold boiled hominy add one quart sour milk, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, and one teaspoonful soda, with flour sufficient for a thick batter.

Rice cakes can be made in the same way, and can be fried on a griddle, or cooked as weffles.

Boiled rice, hominy, cornmeal and oatmeal are all excellent for breakfast end supper, as they are nourishing, satisfying and cheap. Hot breads of all kinds are, as a rule, unwholesome, and the same is true of fried cakes which should seldom be eaten, especially in warm climates. A breakfast or supper of oatmeal, mush or boiled hominy, with milk, butter or molasses is on all accounts far more wholesome than hot breads or cakes, fried pork, bacon, or indeed than any of the food commonly eaten by the poorer classes in this country, besides being cheaper and easier to prepare. Two meals out of the daily three can be made upon these grains, with the addition, for the sake of variety, of white and sweet potatoes, boiled or baked, and such a diet is, as I have said, strongly to be recommended to all who desire to live cheaply and well.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

FROM A SOUTHERN LADY.

If any one visiting the Centennial Exhibition fails to see the groups of peasants, and simple country folk, they will lose one of the most quaintly, curiously interesting things in that little world of curiosities, treasures of art and industry. They are made of some composition of plaster or wax, and painted in the most perfect flesh tints, and so life-like, natural, perfect, are they that you are almost tempted to check the remarks of the younger members of the party, lest the objects of their criticism overhear and resent their curiosity. The first group represented the sleigh of a sturdy Lap or Norwegian, or some hunter of those cold North regions, drawn by the gentle, faithful reindeer, of whose strength, patience and fidelity we have often read. Upon the sleigh, dressed in fur up to his eyes and down to his toes, sat the owner, evidently about to start on a long, cold ride. The heavy robe formed of the nicely-dressed skin doubtless of some fruit of a hunt, is drawn up; the hands are held out for the very last provision for warmth and comfort, at least in the region of the heart, which is to get a kiss from the queer-looking, ugly little baby which the mother holds out, all wrapped up in its furs and flannels, until only the little flat, red face is to be seen. The funny, short little mamma, dressed in heavy linsey woolsey, short skirt, long woolen stockings and heavy shoes, stands in the snow beside the sleigh, evidently thinking this last precaution, at least, well worth making. The reindeer is a real reindeer; the clothes are real clothes, and the people look like real people.

The next was a group of peasants, gathered about a wounded deer. There were two women, two men and a little child, and there was an air of sadness about them that led us to think that perhaps it was a "homa deer," the friend of the family, as the faithful creature always becomes when domesticated, which had been wounded by chance and had crawled home to die, for the child was crying bitterly and trying to hide her face in her mother's gown; the woman looked sadly upon the beautiful creature whose soft, mild eyes were turned toward them, with the last effort of expiring nature, and the men tho' hunters in dress and appearance, looked sad rather than exultant, we thought. Algie remembered to have read that the peasants are sometimes obliged to kill even their domestic deer, when the winters of their terrible climate are unusually long and severe, and such a sacrifice, we thought, might have occurred. They are all dressed in the useful, sensible costume, which seems so well fitted to protect them from the intense cold, and it is at the same time so bright and picturesque we thought it very pretty. Indeed the woman quite set the fashion of the red and blue now so very stylish. Why can't these useful lessons of warm stockings, stout shoes, short dresses, be among those taught by the great international exhibition?

The third group was a very touching one. It represented a room where a family sat around a plain little cradle, in which lay a dead child. Upon the floor near it stood the little coffin, which was to be the last resting place the little one would need. The old grandfather leaned upon his cane, trying to repress his emotion, but with the lip almost quivering, with that grieved expression peculiar to a little child or an old person; the grandmother holds in her arms another child, who gazes in wonder and awe upon the little baby sister, so still and cold; the father sits at the head of the cradle with the Holy book upon his knees, trying to find the words of consolation which every stricken heart, of whatever land, must need, and the young mother has thrown herself upon her knees beside the cradle, her head resting upon the breast of her little child, in sorrow so real, so true, in its deep stillness, that we wondered the crowd gathered around the group, could laugh and talk and eat peanuts before the sorrow which seemed dumb, only because too deep for words. With a sigh of real sympathy for the poor peasants, we went on our way to look at the more cheerful group of the old watch-maker and his wife, and a young couple who look very bashful, and you quickly understood she is consulting the head of the house about things which greatly concern them. The old woman's *thumb* is so expressive as with one hand on the old man's shoulder she points with the other to the young people, the girl blushing and turning her head coquetishly away from the youth, though at the same time listening with evident anxiety to the decision of her paternal, while the young man looks too wretchedly awkward and bashful to think of anything, but getting out of such an embarrassing position.

Another group was a pleasant little family scene, where grandfather and grandmother, father and mother and little child, all looked comfortable and cosy, but we could not quite understand whether it was any special scene or only to give a good idea of the home life of the simple people. The last group was a very fine bride and bride-groom in the fine festive costume that looked rather *gay* for our taste, as both wore bright colors, and all manner of brass and tinsel ornaments. Indeed the bride wore such a fine crown we thought she must be meant to represent the good Queen Christina, whose Centennial her grateful people so lately celebrated. The contrast between these groups and the many wax figures seen in different parts of the building was very striking; these so natural, the rest so stiff and ugly, that I think plain and simple as they are, they must be considered works of real art in their special department.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

The camel cannot, certainly, be called a handsome beast, unless on the principle that "handsome is that handsome does." To look at him in a menagerie—at his huge hump, ungainly neck and legs, big feet, and sheepish face, half stupid and half vicious, one could hardly help saying—What an ugly brute! But a camel seen thus is not seen to best advantage; he is as much out of place as a real ship out of water. His home is in the desert, the great sandy plains that lie desolate and terrible under the burning sun of Africa and Arabia. You could not expect that a creature fitted for such a home would look well in any other. An Arab thinks his camel a real beauty, and perhaps you would too, if you had the Great Desert to cross.

See how wonderfully adapted to its native home and work the camel is. His big feet, well cushioned with flesh, give him a firm footing on the shifting sand in which a horse would sink and stumble. His knees and breast are fitted with callous bunches which protect them from injury when he kneels to receive his burdens. His long, powerful legs carry him swiftly over the desert, and his powers of endurance are the most wonderful of all his gifts. He travels sometimes for six or eight weeks with only a few days of rest, and can go for a week without drinking, and with very little food. How is that possible?

Nature has provided him with a curious arrangement of cells connected with his stomach, in which he can store away water enough to last him a week if necessary. A full-grown camel has been known to take twenty gallons of water in one drinking. But what does he live on when he eats nothing? He lives on his own hump. This hump is a fat, fleshy mass, and when the animal is in good condition, is firm and full. At the end of a long, severe journey, the hump will often nearly disappear. It has been absorbed into the system to support the animal, and can only be restored by good feeding long continued. On this hump the load is placed, and a good camel is able to support a weight of five or six hundred pounds, without being overloaded for a short journey, and half as much for a long one. The merchants who carry on the traffic between Soudan and the Mediterranean states, bearing north gold, ivory, ostrich feathers and salt, and returning with arms and gun-powder and European manufactures, depend entirely upon the camels to transport their merchandise. As in the times of Isaiah, —"They carry their treasures upon the bunches of young camels." For protection against robbers and the dangers of the desert, these merchants travel together in companys or caravans, counting some times as many as five hundred persons, and two thousand camels. Moving swiftly over the vast sea of sand with their rich freight they are well called the Ships of the Desert.

The dangers of the desert are many and serious. Robber bands of wild Arabs may sweep down upon them; the springs, few and far between at the best, may fail altogether, and there is sometimes nothing to do but to kill one of the camels and divide the warm, rank water stored in his stomach among his perishing owners. Disagreeable as it is, it is eagerly drank by men dying of thirst. The mirage of the desert, a deceptive appearance produced by the reflection of the sun's rays from the burning plains, often deceives the traveller with the appearance of lakes and pools of water with palm trees mirrored in their depths. Misled, he hurries thither only to find himself farther from the cooling springs than ever. Worst of all, comes the *simoom* or hot wind and sand storm, scorching gales as from a furnace mouth, bearing clouds of sand over the travellers. When the simoom approaches a caravan, every one prostrates himself; nobody can face it for a moment. The camels squat down and refuse to move, and the travellers' only chance of safety is to make a rampart of the bodies of their beasts, and cover their heads to protect them from the sand. Entire caravans have perished in these send storms; it was one of them which buried the army of Cambyses.

Our picture represents a sad scene. A traveller has been left by his comrades to die alone in the desert. Perhaps the rest of his party has been conquered and carried off captive, while he was left for dead, and survived only to perish more miserably. Perhaps he was sickened and unable to travel farther, while his fellow-travellers, nearly exhausted themselves, were unable to help him on, or to wait for him. Perhaps they heartlessly abandoned him rather than risk anything for themselves. How terrible his fate. Only his camel near him—alone in the dreadful desert where the bones of other victims lie whitening on the burning sand. His faithful camel tries to drive away the vultures hovering above him, but the next caravan that passes the spot will find only bleaching skeletons, or the drifting sand may have covered them far from sight.

Besides carrying merchandise, the camel is still used as a swift post as in Bible times, when "Mordecai wrote in King Ahasuerus's name, and sealed it with the King's ring, and sent letters and posts on horseback, and riders on mules and camels." A courier belonging to the Sheriff of Mecca told a traveller that he often rode on the same camel from Mecca to Medina in forty-eight hours, a distance of twenty-four miles. To ride on a camel is, however, a difficult art. Perched seven feet above the ground, in a curious high-pommelled saddle, on the top of the animal's hump, holding hard on the back of the seat with one hand and grasping the bridle with the other, it is almost impossible for any but an experienced rider to retain his seat.

Women and children cannot endure the rough gait end always ride in large panniers slung on each side of the hump.

The camel, though far below the horse in intelligence and good disposition, is still a good illustration of the truth that kindness is better than blows. Their Arab owners talk to their camels, cheer them, and sing interminable songs for their benefit.

"Dear unto me as the sight of mine eyes,
Art thou, O my Camel!
Precious to me as the health of my life
Art thou, O my Camel!
Sweet to my ears is the sound
Of thy tinkling bells, O my Camel!
And sweet to thy listening ears
Is the sound of my evening song."

SOMETHING NEW.

In our advertising columns will be found a notice of Zuccato's Papyrograph. This is simply a paper-printing apparatus scientifically spoken of. In common-sense lingo, it is a contrivance for printing, not from type, but from the *identical manuscript* which is written for copy. Letters, bills, sketches—whatsoever that can be done with pen and ink—is itself made the "form" from which impressions are made to an indefinite extent. It follows that they must be exact fac-similes. A quick chemical manipulation, which any boy fairly intelligent can comprehend and practise after ten minutes' showing, constitutes the novelty and utility of Zuccato's invention. And nothing of the kind or of any kind heretofore brought to public attention at all approaches it in simplicity and certain usefulness.

Persons needing duplicates of manuscript, pen sketches and the like, will find the Papyrograph invaluable.

Where privacy is required, its usefulness is of the highest importance, as secrecy may be had without trusting to the good faith of others.

For cheapness of production no other system

of printing can compare with it, as five hundred circulars only cost for papyrographic materials; three cents for 8vo size, six cents for 4to, nine cents for foolscap, and twelve cents for post folio.

The public schools of Boston and many other cities are using It for examination papers, drawing lessons, etc.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

The bill creating an Electoral Tribunal to decide upon the counting of the electoral returns passed the Senate on the 29th of January, and the House the next day. Democrats voting aye 159, nay 18. Republicans voting aye 28, nay 68. It was signed on the 30th by the President who, in a special message, gave the following reasons for doing so: "The bill may not be perfect and its provisions may not be such as would be best applicable to all future occasions, but it is calculated to meet the present conditions of the questions and of the country. The country is agitated; it needs aid; it deserves peace and quiet and harmony between all parties and all sections. Its industries are arrested, labor unemployed, capital idle, and enterprise paralyzed by reason of the doubt and anxiety attending the uncertainty of a disputed claim to the Chief Magistracy of the nation. It wants to be assured that the result of the election will be accepted without resistance from the supporters of the disappointed candidate, and that its highest officer shall not hold his place with a questioned title of right. Believing that the bill will secure these ends, I give it my signature."

The Electoral Tribunal was formed by the election of five members from the Senate and five from the House, with four Associate Justices of the Supreme Court named by the committee, and one more named by these four. The members thus chosen are Senators Edmunds, Morton and Frelinghuysen, Republican, and Senators Thurman and Bayard, Democrat: Representatives Hoar and Garfield, Republican, and Peine, Abbot and Hunter, Democrat; with Supreme Court Judges Clifford, Miller, Field, Strong, and Bradley, the last selected by the other four.

The Joint Convention of Congress to count the electoral vote assembled in the hall of the House of Representatives on the 1st of February. The votes of the States —in alphabetic order—of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut and Delaware, were counted without objection. Three rival sets of certificates were presented from Florida, and objection was made to the eligibility of one of the Republican electors. The papers were referred to the Electoral Tribunal which at once assembled in the Supreme Court Chamber with counsel for the opposing sides.

On February 8th, the Electoral Tribunal sent in its decision—by a majority of eight to seven—that the legal certificates are those of the Republican electors, on the ground that the Tribunal has not the right to go behind the certificates regularly certified to by the Governor of Florida, in accordance with the appointments declared by the Board of State Canvassers of that State.

The decision of the Commission was sustained by the Senate, but rejected by the House. Congress assembling in joint convention on the 12th, the two Houses not having agreed to revoke the decision, it stood unreversed, and the four votes of Florida were counted for Hayes and Wheeler. Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and Kentucky were then counted without opposition. When Louisiana was called, three sets of certificates were presented, and with the objections made were referred to the Tribunal.

The President has addressed to the House a special message in favor of the immediate resumption of specie payment.

The Electoral Tribunal decided February 16th, by a vote of eight to seven, that the returns of the Hayes electors in Louisiana are the valid ones.

The joint meeting of the two Houses was postponed to February 19th. Objection was made by the Democrats, and the Houses separated. The Senate voted to sustain the decision. The House did not act upon it, but took a recess till the 20th. The vote was counted, according to the decision of the Tribunal, on the same day.

On the 21st the votes of Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Carolina and Ohio were counted. Oregon was objected to by the Democrats, and was referred to the Commission.

The *Tribune* remarks on "The temperate and sensible conduct of the Southern delegation in the House, in the face of the revolutionary attitude of their Northern associates."

Feb. 26th. The Electoral Commission adopted a resolution, by the usual vote of eight to seven, that the ballots cast by Odell, Cartwright and Watts were the lawful electoral votes of the State of Oregon and should be counted for Hayes and Wheeler.

GENERAL.

The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, still travelling in Europe and winning golden favors, have been admitted to the Central Yorkshire order of Good Templars as brothers and sisters of the order.

The autobiography of William H. Seward is about to be published by his son.

Mr. Moody's meetings in the great Tabernacle prepared for him in Boston are thronged as all his meetings have been.

Vesuvius shows signs of increasing activity.

The Mexican Government has paid to the United States the first installment of $300,000, on the award of the Joint Claims Commission.

An extradition treaty has been arranged with Spain.

It is hoped that the armistice between Turkey and the provinces of Servia and Montenegro will lead to peace. Both Russia and Turkey, however, are continuing active preparations for war.

A failure of peace negotiations between Spain and Cuba, reported.

Hon. H. A. Stephens of Georgia is in a failing and critical state of health.

The Senate has passed the House bill authorizing the Commissioners of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Co., to buy and sell certain property.

The New York University has consented to admit women to all its departments, forming separate classes. It, however, demands entrance fees, its funds not allowing it for the present to increase its expenses so largely.

Feb. 15th an attempt was made to assassinate Gov. Packard of Louisiana by shooting him in the head. He struck down the pistol, receiving the charge in his knee. The assassin was fired on by a bystander and was slightly wounded. He was arrested at once.

A resumption bill has been reported by Senator Sherman to the Senate from the Finance Committee. It proposes an annual redemption of $25,000,000 legal tenders in bonds, and a larger issue of silver.

The Rinderpest (cattle plague) has appeared in England.

Spain has granted amnesty to the Carlist refugees.

The highest percentage of illiterates in the South is in South Carolina, where it mounts up to 57.64. The lowest is in Maryland, where it is 23.55. In Alabama it is 54 19; in Georgia, 56.06; Mississippi, 53.91; Louisiana, 52.46; Florida, 54.76. The average percentage for fourteen of the Southern States is 42. 37.

The following is a summary of the work of the American Board from its organization: "In all, 380 churches have been organized, into which have been received over 80,000 communicants; while the missionaries have scattered abroad, through 2,300 different publications, in 46 languages, more than 1,800,000,000 pages of educational and religious literature. They have reduced 26 languages to writing, and prepared grammars and dictionaries of great value both to missionaries and to students of comparative philology."

Six Rear Admirals of the United States Navy have died within the last six weeks: viz., Admirals Smith, Alden, Wilkes, Bailey, Davis and Goldsborough. All but Rear Admiral Davis were on the retired list.

Our Centennial View of Liberia is postponed to the next number for the sake of adding to its interest, some fine pictures of the Liberian exhibit.

Hampton Institute was visited on Wednesday, Feb. 21st, by the Committees on Public Institutions, of the Senate and House of Delegates of Virginia, consisting of the following gentlemen:

Of the Senate, Dr. Wm. D. Quesenberry, chairman, Colonel Benjamin F. Bland, Dr. Beazeley, Dr. Nuap, Judge Cochran, and Colonel George W. Ward.

Of the House, Col. W. S. Gilman, chairman, Major L. Scruggs, Major F. M. McMallan, Gen. C. A. Ronald, Mr. W. B. F. Leech, Dr. Thomas M. Duna, Captain Isaac C. Fowler, Mr. William Gaines, Captain John D. Parsons, Mr. B. K. Price, and Mr. Robert M. Smith.

Major Schoolcraft, editor and proprietor of the Richmond Enquirer, accompanied the expedition.

The Old Dominion Steamship Company, of New York, kindly invited the gentlemen of the Committees to be their guests on the trip from Richmond to Norfolk and return. They were met in Norfolk by the Principal of Hampton Institute, arriving on the N. P. Banks, Capt. McCarrick commander, on Wednesday morning at Old Point Comfort, where they were waited upon by the Normal School brass band. After breakfasting at the Hotel, the Committees were brought up to the school, and spent the morning in a careful inspection of the various departments, the buildings, farm, stock, industrial rooms, workshops, and class-rooms. The accounts of the institution were also laid before them.

At noon, after listening to a few songs by the whole school in its Assembly Room, the visitors were invited to the dining room of Virginia Hall, which had been decorated with flags and flowers for the occasion.

Invited to meet the representatives of the Commonwealth, were General William F. Barry in command at Fortress Monroe, Admiral Stephen D. Trenchard of the North Atlantic Squadron in Hampton Roads, Capt. S. B. Luce of the flag-ship Hartford, and Lieut. Charles P. Shaw, Captain P. T. Woodfin, Governor of Chesapeake Military Asylum, and Col. Thomas Tabb of Hampton.

After dinner, the company repaired to the chapel, and spent the hour and a-half before their departure in listening to speeches from several members of the Committees interspersed with songs from the choir and school, and music from the Chesapeake Soldiers' Home band, who kindly lent their services.

Dr. Quesenberry, chairman of the Senate Committee, Col. Gilman, chairman of the House Committee, Senator Bland, and General Ronald and Mr. Robert Smith, Delegates, made short and stirring addresses, marked throughout by a discriminating appreciation and cordiality. Dr. Quesenberry expressed the gratification of the committee with all they had seen, and said that after having examined many public institutions, he could conscientiously say that Hampton comprises favorably with any. He thought that no friend of humanity could see it without professing that we have here a source of power, the source of a stream of civilization which will carry blessing with it. He assured the students, with many kind words, that if they spread broadcast the seed here received, though they may be far behind in commencing their career, they will do justice and credit to themselves, and all right-thinking people will bid them Godspeed.

Col. Gilman, chairman of the House Committee, brought down the house by a lively speech, the text of which was Common Sense. He assured the students that he had done all he could to build up this great common school system which he believes is the great glory of Virginia. He was glad to see that common sense seems to be at the bottom of all that is done here. He told the story of the learned philosopher who, for want of common sense, ordered the carpenter to make two holes in his door, a large one for his large cat to go through and a little one for the kitten. He told them that as when they would furnish a house they would furnish each room according to its use, so in educating themselves, they should think what course of studies would fit them for the practical duties of their lives—and remember, too, that they are Virginians, and that what helps build them up into true manhood and womanhood helps build up the State; that they should go forth as missionaries teaching morality and religion, as well as books. He said he was always glad to see their graduates who have already gone, thus going forth—that as the sun's rays tell of the sun's warmth, so these graduates teachers tell of the common sense in this institution. He cautioned them to keep up their standard of self-respect; and said that he sometimes saw colored men in Richmond laughing and talking with convicts in the penitentiary as if they considered themselves on the same plane. They should cultivate a sentiment of self-respect, and learn all they can here, for every day will bring them a rich harvest in afterlife.

Senator Bland was introduced by General Armstrong with the remark that the gentlemen who had spoken well represented the Assembly and its Acts during the last five years, in relation to the cause of education and this institution.

Senator Bland remarked that this was his first visit to Hampton under the new regime, that what he saw gave him great pleasure and high hope for the colored race; that there is no enmity between the white and colored men of Virginia—they are friends and ought to be, for many of the white people had had black mammies almost as soon as white mothers; that, "carry me back to old Virginia," is a song in which black and white can unite. He reminded the students of their duty to develop and elevate their race in this country, and perhaps in Africa, and that to do this it is first and absolutely necessary to elevate themselves, both intellectually and morally. He said the Committees would have a pleasant report to make to the Assembly, and hoped that future years might continue to see the benefits from the patriotism and philanthropy which has founded this institution, and that the State will put it beside the University of Virginia and Blacksburgh, in its protection and fostering care.

General Armstrong then introduced Mr. Robert M. Smith, as the (colored) representative of this county, and a member whose course since he had been called from honest labor to fill the position, had been such as to reflect credit upon his race.

Mr. Smith made a brief speech, endorsing what had been said by the other members, and speaking particularly of the hearty advocacy of the interests of the Hampton Institute, and of public education in general, by Colonel Gilman, in the Assembly. Mr. Smith said that he fully believed that the only way to make good citizens is to educate the people, and as he had said in the Assembly, this school is a light that should not be put out.

The closing address was made by Gen. Ronald, introduced as one of the veterans of the Mexican war.

General Ronald said that though the invitation to speak had taken him by surprise, he was glad that General Armstrong had given him the opportunity to say that what his eyes had seen had delighted them; what his ears had heard had gladdened them; what his heart had felt had rejoiced it. He told the students that he thanked God from the deepest recesses of his heart that the lines had fallen to them in such pleasant places, and that they had from henceforth such a goodly heritage. He was glad that the State of Virginia had joined hands with the Federal Government to protect them. He said that, as a Virginia gentleman, and a member of its Assembly, he rejoiced when in 1862 the State gave its seal to the act incorporating this school as a State institution; that he gloried in God over its progress and prosperity. He counselled the students to try to make themselves worthy of the protection of the State and General Government. He had been commissioned, he said, by his colleagues to tender to General Armstrong their hearty thanks; and said that they would all carry away with them feelings of gratification and cordial good-will. He closed by gracefully thanking General Armstrong for having done them the honor to introduce them to the gentlemen of the army and navy who had been invited to meet them.

General Armstrong returned the thanks of the school and its officers for the generous words of the speakers, and thought they must have read in the eyes of their audience and the demonstrations of applause called forth by their words, the very hearty appreciation they had met.

The very pleasant hour was closed by the singing of the "Gloria" by the whole school, and music by the Military Home band.

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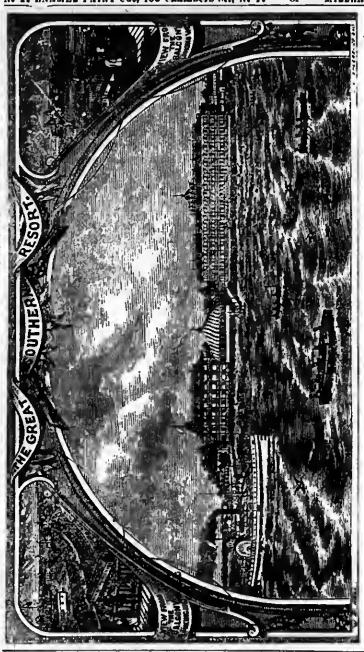

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VOL. VI. HAMPTON, VA., APRIL, 1877. NO. 4

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

The long suspense is over, the 4th of March is past, and we have a President. Every lover of peace and order must rejoice in this fact, whether the method or the result of the arbitration has been exactly according to his choice, or not. We believe that the great majority of every party do so rejolce. The very possibility of deciding such a question hy arbitration in the midst of the intensest party excitement and sectional feeling is an advance in civilization, and in spite of attendant ebullitions of disorder, is cheeringly suggestive of the time when wars shall cease among men. We have, now, to look hopefully into the future, remembering in Whose hand is the king's heart, and resolved to do our best in our own place whether that be great or small.

Inauguration day, falling this year on Monday, March 5th, was, unlike most Inauguration days, bright and pleasant. Pennsylvania Avenue was decorated the whole length with arches, flags and streamers, and crowded to tree tops and lamp-post tops with surging humanity. The sovereign people appeared in full force to look at its new servant. As the brilliant procession came in sight and passed between the solid lines of spectators, it was received with cheer upon cheer from thousands of throats. First came the battalion of Metropolitan Police, then the staff of the Grand Marshall, then United States troops, light and heavy artillery, Marine Corps, Washington Light Infantry, State troops from Pennsylvania, and Washington Light Guards. Then came the Presidential party from the White House. First in President Grant's four-horse carriage, sat President Hayes, ex-President Grant, and Secretary Morrill. In the second carriage, Vice-president Wheeler, and Senator McCreery of Kentucky. Then three more carriages with other dignitaries. The Washington Artillery followed, and then came the Colored troops, the first battalion of the District militia eighty strong, commanded by Major Charles B. Fisher and leaded hy field music. They wore dark blue pants and light blue overcoats, the ordinary soldier cap with a white pompon. The officers wore a similar cap, hut with a plume instead of a pompon. Then came the Columbus Cadet corps, a fine looking body of young fellows of eighteen or twenty.

The Grand Army of the Republic was represented by 150 men, marshalled by Maj. A. G. Richardson.

Various clubs and associations from Washington and elsewhere, including the Pioneer Club (colored), and a Mounted Guard of Citizens, followed, and the Fire Department brought up the rear in brilliant style.

THE SCENE AT THE CAPITOL.

The doors of the Senate Chamber were open before eleven. Statesmen, military officers in gay uniforms, and foreign ministers in brilliant costumes mingled on the floor. In the reserved gallery opposite, the President's desk, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Senator Sherman and their families occupied front seats.

At ten minutes to twelve, the Diplomatic Corps, in court costumes, covered with gold lace, were ushered to their seats. Then came the members of the Supreme Court, and promptly at uoon, the Presidential party entered. The Sergeant at Arms of the Senate advanced in front of them. The ex-President and President walked side by side to the bar of the Senate, followed hy the members of the Cahinet, the President's aids, and in the rear of all a police escort.

THE SCENE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER.

The Senate was called to order by its Secretary, a prayer was offered by its Chaplain, Dr. Sunderland, and President Grant's proclamation convening the special session was read. After the organization of the Senate, Vice-President Wheeler entered, escorted by Senator McCreery of Kentucky, and was greeted with applause. After a short address from him the oath of office was administered to him hy the president *pro-tem* of the Senate, and his first official act was to direct the Sergeant at Arms to proceed with the inauguration coromouies.

THE INAUGURATION.

The Presidential party then proceeded to the platform which had been erected for the inaugural ceremonies at the east front of the Capitol. The President-elect took his position in front, and was greeted by a hurst of applause from the immense crowd. On the platform were seated the foreign legations in their glittering court uniforms, General Sherman, and other officers of the United States army, the Senators and members of the Supreme Court.

The President then read his inaugural address, loudly applauded at its close. Then turning to Chief Justice Waite, who was in his robes of office, he raised his right hand, and repeated after the Chief Justice the oath of office, and touched with his lips the open Bible held hy Justice Swayne.

Once more the great multitude broke out into cheers and applause. The party then returned to the Senate chamber, and after receiving the congratulations of his friends, the new President entered his carriage with ex-President Grant and Senator Morrill, and was escorted to the White House hy the procession.

It is natural to le interested in details of the life and personal manners and appearance of those who are to be the chief representatives and rulers of the nation. Character itself is made up of small lines, and indicated hy little signs. So it is pleasant to hear that our new President has a free, manly bearing, and genial counteuance, and a firm and cordial grasp, that he has cultivated manners, and that he is temperate in all things. It is pleasant to know of his happy home life, and to read of Mrs. Hayes's fine, matronly face—and that she is the beau-ideal of an American lady of refinement and heart.

Our readers will be interested in a picture of the beautiful home our new President has left to assume the difficulties and responsihilities of the Presidential position.

RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR HAYES.

RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR HAYES IN FREMONT, OHIO.

Our first-page engraving, for which we are indehted to Messrs. Harpers, is a picture of the late residence of our new President, in Fremont, in the northern part of Ohio. It is a pleasant though modest country house in a park of about seventy acres of ground, very attractively laid out. A smooth, green lawn in front of the house stretches down to a wild-wood of forest trees, through which one may wander for a summer day, by pleasant wood-lawn paths. One of the most charming nooks in it, and the favorite resort of the family, is called Boffin's Bower.

Inside, the house is furnished quietly and comfortably. The Governor's hlrary is lined, from floor to ceiling, with well-filled bookshelves. In this room and his study he spent many hours daily, hard at work. Here also he preserved his camp chest and sword, some old hattle-flags and other relics of his war experience.

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

was born in Delaware, Ohio, October 4th, 1822, his parents having emigrated from Vermont in 1817. His father's ancestors came from Scotland, his mother's—the Birchards—from England, and came to this country in 1680, and 1635. Three of his ancestors fought in the Revolutionary army. He was a graduate of Kenyon College and Law School, and began the practice of his profession in Fremont, Ohio. In 1849 he removed to Cincinnati, and held the office of City Solicitor there from 1858 to the hreaking out of the Civil War, when he raised a regiment for the Union army, going with it as Major. Receiving promotion as Lieutenant Colonel, he led his regiment at the hattle of South Mountain, remaining with it through the action though severely wounded in the arm. In 1862, he was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, and was afterwards promoted Brigadier General "for gallant and distinguished services during the campaign of 1864." Before these promotions, he had commanded a hrigade as Colonel for over two years, and was then commanding a division. In the course of his service four horses had been shot under him, and he had been wounded four times.

In 1864, he was elected to represent the Second Congressional District of Ohio, by a majority of 3,098, and in 1866 was re-elected. Before his Congressional term had expired in 1867, he was elected Governor of the State, and was re-elected in 1869. On his retirement from the Governor's chair, he was elected again to Congress. In 1874, he was unanimously nominated for the third term as Governor, and after a contest whose energy hrought out the largest vote by over 63,000 ever cast in Ohio, was elected by a majority of 5,544.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILLIAM A. WHEELER

was born in Malone, Franklin Co., New York, June 3d, 1819. He was educated in the University of Vermont, studied law, and com-

menced practice in his native county, being known as an able lawyer. He became District Attorney, and was afterward elected to the Assembly by the Whig party, but served only one term, and then entered business life, being for fourteen years cashier of the bank in Malone, and afterwards for eleven years president of the Northern New York railroad.

In 1858 he was elected to the State Senate of which he was made president *pro-tem*, by the Republican party. In 1860 he was sent as Representative to Congress, and in 1867 was chairman of the New York Constitutional Convention. A year later he re-entered Congress, since which time he has been a member of the House of Representatives up to the time of his inauguration as Vice-President of the United States.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, APRIL, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

WHEN without funds or the prospect of any, nearly ten years ago, the Hampton Institute was established, its founders had these convictions:—

That the improvement of the South, principally through education, was the work of the hour, and that in the elevation of the freedmen the North had a special responsibility.

That the negro required a system of training adapted to his condition.

That only with the co-operation of the best people of the South could effectual work be done for the negro.

That Northern aid would not fail a work wisely done in his behalf.

The Hampton Institute is, to-day, probably the largest, most completely equipped and effective institution devoted to the negro in this or any country. Friends of education in the North have, regardless of denomination, helped it generously. Positively and earnestly religious in its influence, it neither is controlled by or favors any sect, being simply "evangelical". Its graduates connect themselves as Christian workers with the denominations with which they naturally associate, chiefly Methodists and Baptists, who are the smallest contributors to its support.

From the North has come $200,000.00 worth of land, buildings and equipment for the instruction of 260 youth of both sexes—215 of them boarders, from all sections of the country—not only in book knowledge, but in good habits, in moral and Christian principle, and in practical industry, qualifying them to work for a living anywhere and giving them a self-reliance and strength of character worth far more than the money value of their labor.

Hampton's appeal to the North has been nobly met, for in addition to the above, it receives yearly, from between two and three hundred friends, about $20,000 for current expenses, and improvements. No individual or society is responsible for its expenses. Its trustees appeal to the general public. Representing the ideas of those who struggled and fought for the overthrow of slavery, its officers have done nearly ten years' work in a community that is distinguished as the only one in the South that voluntarily applied the torch to its own dwellings and churches, rather than subject them to desecration by the "Yankee." In all that time they have failed to have a grievance. In nine years over 500 students have come and gone, and there has not been a *fracas* in the town in which students have participated. Time has settled social relations between the residents of Hampton and school officers most pleasantly. No one has been on the look-out for grievances, and no one has found any. While refraining from active politics all have voted as suited them, invariably in opposition to Southerners.

Three Legislative delegations have visited the institution and reported most favorably. The General Assembly of Virginia (Conservative) devotes one-third of the Agricultural College Land Fund to Hampton, and an annual interest of $10,000 is paid from the State Treasury to the Institute. Not less than $20,000 are yearly paid by the State as teachers' salaries to our two hundred graduates and ex-students, most of whom are engaged in the public free schools of Virginia. Not one has complained of ill-treatment except at the hands of a few of the lowest class of his own color, and, as a rule, they speak gratefully of the moral support of the whites. There are none more friendly to the work than the Executive of this State and his associates.

The North is helping the South, the South is not helping the North to educate the negro. Southern co-operation is indispensable, and will not be refused to those who enter this work "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

The North has a responsibility in aiding to fit for their duties those whom they have freed and enfranchised. The point at which to apply such aid most wisely is to maintain training schools officered by the best teachers in the country, in which the higher class of negro youth shall be fitted to teach their race. The Southern States are providing by taxation for free schools and are building school-houses. "Salaries are ready, buildings are ready, but qualified teachers cannot be found," is the language of Dr. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia.

THE key of whatever success the Hampton Institute has attained is its *common-sense methods*. Sensible work for the negro will command the respect and moral support of all classes, irrespective of denomination or of section.

Only a common-sense course will settle the vexed Southern question. "Rebels" will not be reconciled to rulers whom they cannot respect. Viewing federal officers in the South as emissaries of a finer civilization, they stand in a fearfully grotesque light.

The overthrow of the present system of political appointments is indispensable to peace. Wisdom and kindly sentiment have been flung to the winds and all possibilities of progress crushed by the power of rings whose inspiration has been selfishness.

When Republicans' pride in the noble record of their party has been turned into mortification by the abuses that have crept in, what must be the feelings of good men of opposite politics! We are promised a reformed Civil Service. The rights of all are to be maintained. Universal education is pointed to as the only safe basis of universal suffrage; to this end national aid may be hoped for. May one not say in the words of the old negro song,—"Dere's a better day a comin'!"

THE Republican party has lived too long on its record. Its managers were convinced that God had no other means to work with than through its agency. They found no better way of propagating liberal ideas at the South than at the point of the bayonet. Unconscious of failing powers, of the change of its grand, manly voice to a weak treble, they quarrelled with the inevitable, gave excuses instead of results, ignored all moral means of reconstruction, made ignorance their tool and public office a personal perquisite. This course with a conquered but proud aristocracy created such confusion that the rule of the opposite party came to be regarded as necessary to peace. This transpired in the face of the greatest political and social difficulties that ever a dominant party encountered, in which success could be won only by skill and firmness and by a corps of competent public officers in sympathy with its true mission, controlled by the dictates of a rare common-sense and of honor, and by a keen moral perception. These it did not have, and complains it could not get. The future will show the justness or otherwise of its complaint.

In the present crisis of its fate as a party, a new man has grasped the helm, with an insight and decision which give great hopes that he will follow the only possible path by which permanent peace can be attained, and prosperity once more visit the nation.

The Executive acting for the nation has a plain path of duty before him. First, to disregard utterly the evil maxim—chief source of our woes—that office should reward party service. Second, to cut entirely loose from the dictation of party leaders,—simply because they have lost the confidence of the country. Supposing them to be good men, good men are not so scarce that it is necessary to advise with those who are tainted with suspicion and distrusted by the nation. Now, if ever, our President has ample justification in the closeness of the vote, to cast aside party affiliations, and, for the first time since Washington, to be universally recognized as the President of the whole people.

THE PRESIDENT'S inaugural wastes no words on glittering generalities but goes straight to the heart of the vital questions which, in one way or another, the nation has to answer.

While, as he says, he does not undertake to lay down irrevocable measures of administration, but simply to announce leading principles, and suggest motives and ends, he does this in a way which promises well for the vigor and judgment of his administrative measures when these shall be in order. His clear perception and statement of the problems before us will help their solution, and are worth committing to memory.

The Southern question which, after fourteen years since its so-called settlement by war, has not retired to the background, he recognizes as "the one subject in our public affairs which all thoughtful and patriotic citizens regard as of supreme importance," seeing that "many of the calamitous effects of the tremendous revolution which has passed over the Southern States still remain, and that the immeasurable benefits which will surely follow, sooner or later, the hearty and generous acceptance of the legitimate results of that revolution have not yet been realized."

And thus recognizing the supreme question of our national politics, he comprehends in one glance the two essential elements in its solution, that touch the very root of the whole trouble.

These necessities to the perfect restoration of peace and prosperity to the South are: local self-government founded in justice, and universal education aided, if necessary, by the general government.

"For," the President remarks, "it must not be forgotten that only a local government which recognizes and maintains inviolate the rights of all is a true self-government. With respect to the two distinct races, whose peculiar relations to each other have brought upon us the deplorable complications and perplexities which exist in those States, it must be a government which guards the interests of both races carefully and equally. It must be a government which submits loyally and heartily to the Constitution and the laws—the laws of the nation and the laws of the States themselves—accepting and obeying faithfully the whole Constitution as it is.

Resting upon this sure and substantial foundation, the superstructure of beneficent local governments can be built up, and not otherwise.

But at the basis of all prosperity, for that as well as for every other part of the country, lies the improvement of the intellectual and moral condition of the people. Universal suffrage should rest upon universal education. To this end liberal and permanent provision should be made for the support of free schools by the State governments, and, if need be, supplemented by legitimate aid from national authority.

Let me assure my countrymen of the Southern States that it is my earnest desire to regard and promote their truest interests, the interests of the white and colored people both and equally, and to put forth my best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will forever wipe out, in our political affairs, the color line, and the distinction between North and South, to the end that we may have not merely a united North or a united South, but a united country."

The common-sense and wisdom of these words, and their tone of manly sincerity and patriotism, commend them to the whole country, and it is not surprising that they have already met a response from both North and South, from men of all parties who have most practical interests at stake, or least of partisan prejudice.

The promise of aid, moral and, as far as necessary, pecuniary—of a general free school system in the Southern States, is full of hopeful significance. Whatever the value of general education under other forms of government, it is absolutely essential to the safety and continuance of Republican institutions. If we would not see these stifled out of existence by the flood of ignorance which has been let in upon the nation by the breaking down of the barriers of slavery, more vigorous measures must be taken than have yet been instituted. Great as the private and local efforts and their results have been, compared with actual needs, they are useful only as showing what ought to be done and how to do it. We cannot irrigate this great desert by streams of private benevolence—we must let in the sea.

The great questions of Civil Service Reform, and the currency, and the subjects of national finances and of Foreign relations, are treated with as able a hand. "A reform in our Civil Service not merely as to certain abuses, but a change in the system of appointment itself, a return to the principles and practices of the founders of the government, who held that appointments should not be made as rewards for partizan services, nor merely on the nomination of members of Congress; and who meant that the tenure of office should depend on personal character and performance of duty."

In furtherance of this reform, he recommends an amendment to the Constitution lengthening the Presidential term to six years, and forbidding a re-election.

He declares in favor of solid money as the basis of currency, and of an early resumption of specie payment.

"Looking for the guidance of that Divine hand, by which the destinies of nations and individuals are shaped," the President calls upon the people, "senators, representatives, judges, fellow-citizens here and everywhere, to unite with him in an earnest effort to secure to our country the blessings not only of national prosperity, but of justice, peace and union—a union depending not upon the constraint of force, but upon the loving devotion of a free people."

In such earnest effort there is not one who cannot help a little.

WHAT is the real problem which the colored race has to solve? Stripped of all its disguises, is it not, simply, how can the negro disarm the prejudices of the Southern whites against him, not as a man, but as an element in politics and in government?

The Southern white man believes that the leaders of the negroes wish to make laws about property which they do not own, and to act as magistrates before they know how to read, and before they have the moral strength to refuse bribes. In

them by refusing office until he represents more property holders and intelligent men. Meantime, both wealth and knowledge are within his own reach, and in their acquirement by patient effort, he will win also the golden opinions of all good men.

Three things have signally failed, since the war, in securing for the race this vitally important sympathy and good-will. The first is solid race voting; the second is the candidacy of unfit persons for office; and the third, military aid. All these things have tended directly to convince fair-minded Southerners that it would not be *safe* for them to aid the negro to rise.

In history; only two ways are recorded in which a minority has established its civil power. The first of these methods is that of military conquest. This course is as utterly out of the question for the blacks as it was for the Indians, and can be advised by no sane person. The second method is by patiently proving that the ill opinions of the majority were undeserved, not so much by argument as by the demonstration of good works. Southerners, like all other men, are open to conviction by this method. And in proportion as religious bigotry is more inexorable than race antipathy, will the colored people have an easier task than the early Christians and the Quakers had, in securing the hearty acknowledgement of their rights of every kind.

THE Cabinet of the Hampton Institute has received a valuable addition, by the gift of specimens of Liberian products and manufactures from Mr. Edward S. Morris of Philadelphia. The specimens include coffee hulled and in the berry, cacao nuts, palm fruit and palm oil, arrow root, ginger, manufactured India rubber, and iron ore. For the plates which add so much to the interest of our articels on Liberia at the Centennial, we are also indebted to Mr. Morris.

Our other plates this month we owe to Messrs. Harper Bros. and the American Congregational Publishing society.

FORTUNATELY for the good name of the colored people, such able men as Professor John M. Langston and Frederick Douglass are likely to be recognized by the new administration as representatives of their race, because of their capacity, rather than as compensation for wire-pulling. By rewarding the meritorious and encouraging those who have proved their claims to universal respect, worthy colored youth will receive a stimulus as much needed as it is deserved.

AMIDST the conflicting evidence before the Congressional Committee in Louisiana, one agreeable circumstance came out, which, as the witness could have had no motive for deception, we may perhaps venture to believe. Antonio T. Alasco, colored, a canvasser for the Democratic party, testifies: "In my speeches I dwelt a good deal on school matters, as the colored people were mors interested in schools than anything else."

OUR next issue will contain a full-page likeness of President Hayes. The electro-plate portrait is the gift of "Harper Brothers" of New York, to whom we are indebted for the picture of Governor Hayes's home in this number.

The "Southern Workman" is under many and constant obligations to the Harpers for the use of valuable cuts.

REV. B. Japhet Medley, in notifying us of the discontinuance of his excellent paper, the *Morning Star*, published at Mayo, Va., says:

"It was not exactly the want of money or the lack of ardent friends that caused our suspension, but merely the fact that my school this year numbers one hundred and fifty-seven regular scholars, with a probability of an addition of twenty or thirty more during the spring, and I had no one at all to assist me in my editorial labors, which were gradually becoming more arduous, and at the time the *Star* suspended I had not secured an assistant teacher for my school. I do not only wish you toward sustaining it, simply to advance the interest of the Normal and Agricultural Institute. Its correspondence is so valuable to young teachers and others who are anxious to see the negro problem solved, that the paper readily commends itself to the reading public.

THE tone of the political papers of Norfolk, Richmond, and of many leading journals in Virginia and the South, is expressed in the following language of the *Richmond Whig*":

"To President Hayes we would say: We will judge your measures in detail. We will not sell out for all the paltry offices in your gift, but we will sustain your every act that is just and right. As we judged Grant and condemned him, not factiously but impartially, because he was wrong, so would we apply the test to Hayes, and applaud and sustain him in his every effort to promote the best interests of our section and of the common country. We advocate no 'new departure,' but we would stand fast by the Conservative organization, and by our moderation and prudence prove that we are conservatives in fact as well as in name."

AT a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society it was reported that thirteen young men from Liberia are now in this country at Lincoln University and other institutions, preparing for usefulness in the African Republic.

Rev. John B. Pinney, LL. D., formerly Secretary of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, is now visiting Liberia for the sixth time. He writes from Monrovia, Dec. 6th, 1876, to Wm. Coppinger, Esq.: "I am quite agreeably surprised to see so general and extensive attention to coffee culture; and despite the calamities of recent difficulties and the late war, general hopefulness."

Many freedmen in North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi have applied for help to emigrate to Liberia. Among them are two teachers and seven preachers of the gospel. An eloquent colored man, recently elected to Congress from the Charleston district, advocates, in a newspaper ably edited by himself, the emigration of 500,000 freedmen to Liberia, and thus to promote African nationality.

GENERAL EATON, the Federal Commissioner of education, has issued his Report for 1875. It shows a total school population in thirty-six states and eight territories, excluding Delaware, the Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Wyoming, as not reported, of 14,007,522. The total enrollment of pupils in the public schools of all the states is 8,756,059. The total number of teachers reported is 249,202. In Alabama, Delaware, Kentucky, Nevada and Texas, the same salaries are paid for the same work to men and women teachers. The total income for public schools in all the states and territories, except North Carolina, Idaho, Washington and Wyoming, is $88,048,950. The total expenditures for public schools in the Union, excluding Delaware, Georgia, Missouri, Idaho and the Indian Territory, not reported, is $81,032,954. The value of school property reported from twenty-nine states and six territories is $173,833,545. Statistics are given of 137 normal schools, with 1,031 instructors and 29,105 students. Fourteen normal schools, including the one in Michigan, each receive an annual appropriation exceeding $17,000. Reports exhibit from 131 commercial and business colleges 504 instructors, 26,109 pupils, and 10,099 volumes in their libraries. There are 95 kindergarten schools of which informstion is given. These have 210 teachers and 2,809 pupils. There is an increase over the number reported last year of 40 schools, 91 teachers and 1,178 pupils. Forty-one schools for the deaf and dumb are reported. These have 298 instructors, 30 of whom are semi-mutes, 5,087 pupils. There are 29,040 volumes in libraries; value of grounds, buildings and apparatus, $0,136,815; amount of State appropriations during the year, $1,049,524; amount received from tuition fees, $94,530. Twenty-nine schools for the blind, with 498 instructors and other employes, and 2,054 pupils, report. The value of grounds, buildings and apparatus is $3,893,467; appropriations during the year, $551,780. A statistical table affords information of 378 other institutions, classed as follows: Orphan asylums, 154; soldiers' orphans' homes, 17; infant asylums, 13; miscellaneous charities, 71; industrial schools, 24. The number of inmates reported in these institutions is 54,204, under the supervision of 1,789 teachers and officers. The income reported for last year was $2,794,264; the expenditures $3,633,887. Eighteen states and the District of Columbia report 47 reform schools. Reports were received from nine schools for the feeble-minded. The whole number of inmates is 1,372, under the supervision of 317 instructors and other employes. The Commissioner remarks that the effect of the financial depression throughout the country is seen in the reduction of the amount of benefactions for educational purposes during this year now closing, the total being $4,126,562. In 1874 it was $0,053,804, and in 1872, $11,226,977. In educational benefactions Pennsylvania nearest to this is New Hampshire, with $470,700.

Agricultural.

AN EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATION.

In 1872, a large manufacturing firm in New York called its workmen together, and announced that after a certain date every man would receive over and above his wages a share in the profits of the business, be they more or less, according to the sales. The men received the statement with incredulity and returned to their work. Six months passed, and the firm announced that it had $4,000 to divide among the men in proportion to their wages. The immediate result of the actual division of the money was gratifying to all concerned. The men resumed work with remarkable animation and industry. Every one became jealous of his neighbor's work, every ons became his fellow's overseer. No idleness now, no "one-handed work," no shirking and dilatory pipe-lighting, no guards to watch for the foreman, no waste of material and time. Never before had so much work been performed in a day; never had such skill, economy, aptitude and intelligenee been shown at the benches, and never had better goods been made. The men were apparently satisfied, and the firm was more than compensated for the increased outlay by the improved quality of the goods. Several months passed, and the house announced that in a few weeks it would have a surplus of ten thousand dollars to divide among the workmen. Suddenly led away by some epidemic of unreason, the men struck for a reduction of time to eight hours. The proprietors would not consent to this, and as a consequence for two weeks the shops were closed. In vain were the men shown the money coming to them; in vain was it demonstrated that they were making more than men in the same line in other shops. They persisted in the strike till they could hold out no longer, and then resumed work as before The firm declined to proceed further with the co-operntive experiment, and what had been fair with promise was thus brought to a disastrous end.—*Charles Barnard, in Scribner.*

VALUE OF TREES IN TOWNS.

Mr. Griffiths, the medical officer of health for Sheffield, England, in his report upon the sanitary condition of that town during 1874, makes the following interesting remarks in reference to street trees: "Whoever has visited the boulevards of Continental towns or even the square of London, can testify to the advantages of verdure as offering pleasure to the eye and gratification to the mind. Morever, from a sanitary point of view, the benefits are of incalculable valne. It has been asserted that the aggregate surfaces of the leaves of well-grown elm, lime, and sycamore trees, with their 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 leaves, equal to about 200,000 square feet, or about five acres; and these are almost constantly absorbing and digesting the carbonic acid and various exhalations given off by the putrefaction of animal and vegetable matter, and, as if grateful for such support, return into the air pure oxygen, which re-invigorates and renews animal life. Trees thus remove poison from our midst, and to be without them is an oversight. Trees can be had which will exist, with suitable attention, in any part of the city. Why not, with all the above facts before us, have them and try them ?"—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

HEN MANURE IN THE GARDEN.

One of the best fertilizers, within easy reach of the farmer and villager, is the contents of ths hennery. This often goes to waste, and the hens find their own lodgings in trees, and on sheds, and other out-buildings. But on most farms there is a roost under cover, where the droppings accumulate, and are kept in a dry state. As a ruls, not much care is bestowed upon it. Often it lies upon the floor without absorbents, the ammonia constantly escaping, to the injury of the fowls. Sometimes it has an annual cleaning, but oftener it lies for years only wasting. Analysis shows it to be exnsnally find it. If all its good properties were carefully gathered, and saved by the use of absorbents, it would be worth much more than this. There are two ways of doing this, equally effectual,—daily sweeping and gathering into barrels or boxes, or by frequent deposits of absorbents under the perches. The former method involves a good deal of labor, and is resorted to only by those who insist upon the utmost neatness in the hen-house. The droppings deposited in the barrels are covered daily with plaster, dry peat, or some other good absorbent. Our own method is to apply the absorbents frequently under the roosts. The hennery has a cemented floor, and is built into a bank, fronting on the south, with a large supply of windows to give light and heat. Spring water is brought into the poultry-house by a pipe, and by the turning of a faucet a constant supply of fresh water is secured. The whole floor is covered with absorbents of various kinds, in which the fowls scratch and dust themselves as freely as they please. The staple absorbent in summer is dry garden soil or road dust, gathered as the state of the weather permits. In the winter it is sifted hard-coal ashes from the furnace. In addition to this, sea weed, and the wrack from the shore are frequently thrown in, which furnishes food for the fowls, as well as helps the manure heap. As soon as the smell of ammonia is detected, more earth is added, and thus the pile of manure grows gradnally throngh the year. It is removed as often as manure is wanted in the garden, at planting, or to assist growing crops. It needs to be used with caution, either in the dry or liquid state. We have large faith in the economy of liquid manure, applied to fruits and vegetables in the summer. It is very good in dry weather, and not much less good in wet, if the soil is well drained. The quantity of water that plants will take up in the growing season is wonderful. We keep a large tank, which is supplied with manure and water from the hennery, lined with brick, stone, or cement, so as to be fire-proof. The sill of the shed crosses it on a level with the ground, nnd as the ashes are never permitted to reach this sill, there can be no danger that fire may be communicated to it by live coals which are somstimes thrown out amongst the ashes. The larger part or the bin is outside of the shed, and it would be well when making it to have it large enough to hold at least a wagon load. When this quantity has accumulated, it should be removed. Where earth closets are used, fine *coal* ashes are an excellent substitute for dry earth, and they may then go from the earth closet to the compost heap. The ashes make useful material for walks and roads abont the farm or garden, and when employed for this purpose, it is desirable to have a large quantity at once.

A GREAT NATIONAL WORK.

The Illustrated History of the Centennial Exhibition, with a full description of the Great Buildings and all the objects of interest exhibited in them. By James D. McCabe, author of "The Centennial History of the United States," Etc. Embellished with over 300 fine engravings of buildings and scenes in the Great Exhibition.

The National Publishing Co. of Philadelphia have issued a large and handsome volume bearing the above title. The intense interest everywhere manifested in the great Exhibition, and the eager desire to obtain a complete and connected account of it, will unquestionably cause this book to have a very extensive sale.

This History of the Centennial Exhibition is not a dry list of the articles exhibited. It is a superb volume of 874 pages, from the pen of one of the most popular authors of the day. Mr. McCabe received the constant and sympathetic assistance of the Centennial authorities, and enjoyed peculiar advantages in the preparation of this work. He went, note-book in hand, through every department of the Exhibition, and the result of his labors is a work abounding in brilliant descriptions of the great World's Fair. He traces the history of the great enterprise from its inception, to its triumphant closing day. He then takes us through every part of the Exhibition grounds, giving brilliant accounts of every building and other feature of interest within them. We are taken through the Main building, Machinery Hall, the Agricultural and Horticultural Halls, the Art Gallery, the Government Building, and all the other structures, and our deepest attention is held all the time by the descriptions of the rare and beautiful objects contained in them.

The book is written with a vigor and brilliancy which render it a complete and life-like picture of the great World's Fair, and which make it invaluable to all classes of our people. There is not another book in print which gives one-fourth of the information contained in this work. To those who have visited the Exhibition it will be a pleasing souvenir of their visit, and enable them to recall the magnificent scenes they have witnessed. To those who could not make the journey, the book is a necessity, for it will enable them to enjoy the delights of a thorough acquaintance with the great Exhibition in the quietude of their own homes.

The work is superbly illustrated. The price is low and within the reach of all. It is sold by subscription only, and the publishers want agents in every county.

Poetry.

ing representation, and all the advantages

pounds.

rancid before it reaches us, and we have bet-

The Penny ye Meant to Gi'e.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man
Who was none too good, though he might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,—
The church was but dim with the candles' light,—
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch, and not by sight.

It's an odd thing, now, that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring;
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all; I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung
Perceiving his blunder but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon!" the chuckling sexton cries out;
"The Lord is nae cheated; he kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell.

He keeps an account, na doubt, for the pair,
But in that account he'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than tha one bare penny ye meant to gi'e."

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale,
A serious side as well as a joke,—
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke,—

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in his account
For all the pennies we long to gi'e.

—*H. H., in St. Nicholas.*

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

LIBERIA'S EXHIBIT.

The little republic of Liberia is the child of the United States republic as this is of England, in sentiment though not in race. If the child left home because it could not be happy there, why so did its mother before it, yet England is proud now of America, and America will yet be proud of Liberia, if she is not so already; while, as America, when she set up for herself could do no better than arrange her household government on the basis of the good old English common law, so Liberia has shown her filial respect by framing her constitution upon the model which the forefathers of America gave her.

She is a little republic still, it is true, only about half as large as the state of Pennsylvania, but she is only thirty years old yet, and she has plenty of room to spread in; she can say as well as the old Revolutionary poet could:

"No pent-up Utica confines our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

She was invited to her parent's birth-day party and meant to come, but having a *little* "*unpleasantness*" on her hands just at that time with an Aboriginal tribe on her borders, —in frontier difficulties the U. S. can sympathize—she had to use up her spare pocket money, and was obliged to decline the invitation.

Fortunately for her, and her friends, her Resident Commissioner to whom she had entrusted the charge of her exhibit, when she expected to make one, was Mr. Edward S. Morris of Philadelphia, a man whose heart is in his hand and his hand in Liberia's. Most of the commerce between America and Liberia is carried on through the firm of E. S. Morris & Co., and it is a firm after an original pattern, its prime motive being not personal aggrandizement, but the development of a country and the elevation of a people. It has warehouses in Liberia, at Monrovia, Half Cape, on Mount River, and Lutheran Mission, and a farm, "Morris Farm," on St. Paul's River. To the Liberians its motto is "A School-house every year," and its watchword is "Plant coffee." Schools have been established, the condition of membership of which is that every pupil shall plant a certain nnmber of coffee trees a year. "The Liberia Advocate," published in Philadelphia and Monrovia, is translated into Arabic, and circulated among the tribes of the interior to induce them to join in the industry, the price of the paper in Africa being "one bushel of unhulled coffee per year, in advance." The commerce thus developed is already a success and will be a magnificent one. Already the firm have found it necessary to build a steamboat, the "City of Philadelphia," to run on the St. Paul's river, Liberia, for their trade.

When Liberia was forced out of the Exhibition by the war on her hands, Morris & Co., nnwilling to see her lose the great opportunity of this introduction to the markets of the world, resolved to put the enterprise through themselves. The great exertions which this resolve necessitated occasioned the death of one of the members of the company, Mr. J. O. N. Stockham, and it is entirely to the enterprise and indomitable energy of this firm that Liberia owes its very creditable and interesting exhibit that it was visited by thousands daily. The diploma of merit awarded by the judges to Morris & Co. is the least of its success, and of small account compared with the verdict of the multitudes who will carry the news of the superiority of Liberian products all over the world and create a demand for them in distant countries of the globe.

As Liberia is a tropical country lying only four degrees north of the Equator, with a calendar from which autumn and winter have dropped out, and having but two seasons, a rainy warm one and a dry hot one, of course its products are tropical. Its principal ones, and those which thus far form its commerce, were thus set forth on the Liberian "Bulletin Board" at the Centennial.

LIBERIA OFFERS:—Coffee, Palm Oil, Palm Kernels, Indigo, Cocoa, Ivory, Iron Ore, Sugar, Palm Soap, Palm Kernel Oil, Arrow Root, Ginger, Cam-Wood, Hard Woods.

In exchange for these

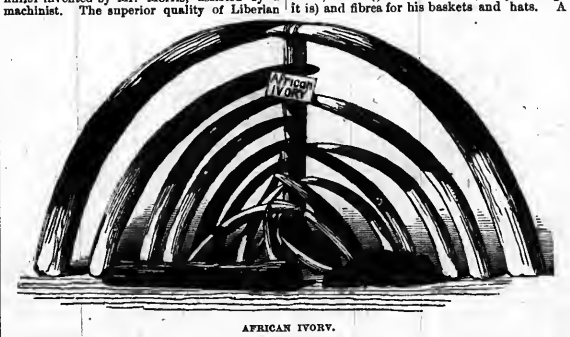
LIBERIA WILL TAKE:—School Books, Agricultnral Implements, Dry Goods, Provisions, Shoes, Notions, Hollow-ware, Hardware, Canned Fruits, Brass Kettles, Tobacco,—*Everything but Rum.*

COFFEE DISPLAY.

The head of the list, as you notice, is coffee. This is the most important and valuable of Liberian products, and the one on which she challenges the world. One of the most striking features of the exhibition, over which the Lone Star flag waved proudly, was a framework on which were ranged two great pyramids of glass jars filled with ten or fifteen specimen varieties of coffee—Mocha, Brazil, Java, &c. —compared with the Liberian, which decidedly excelled all others in size and color and fragrance. Near it stood the great steam coffee huller invented by Mr. Morris, assisted by a machinist. The superior quality of Liberian coffee depends largely upon the new process of hulling by this machine, of which she has exclusive possession.

Coffee grows wild in Liberia but is much improved by cultivation. The grains are planted in a nursery, and the young tree is transplanted when a foot and a-half high. Some trees get their growth in five or six years, the average height being eight feet. The grains grow in pairs covered with a hull—though some of the Liberian berries on exhibition boasted three grains. The trees begin to bear in three years from the planting. At the end of the fourth year, the average yield is one pound to each tree, at the end of the sixth year, four pounds; occasional trees have yielded from ten to twenty pounds of coffee at one picking, and a story is told of one giant tree in Monrovia, above twenty feet in height, which yielded at one picking four and a-half bushels of coffee in the hull, which, on being shelled and dried, weighed *thirty-one* when it starts off hulling and sorting and bagging, it seems as if it must have brains. So it has—in the head of its inventor. By this invention alone, Mr. Morris would have conferred an incalculable benefit upon Liberia, and deserves her lasting gratitude.

The coffee blossom is small and white and very fragrant; the berries when ripe for picking are a beautiful red, and grow in thick clusters at the foot of the leaves When picked they are dried on out-door drying floors, the hull shriveling and turning brown. The next thing is to get this hull off. In Cuba this is done in the "pulping mill," a circular trough in which the berries are fermented in a bath for twelve hours to soften the hull which is rubbed off by a large wheel revolving in the trough. A second drying and pulping is necessary to take off the inner skin, and to restore the color lost in the process, lamp-black is added, or some planters use charcoal, soapstone, or white lead. The Liberian hulling machine makes an immense saving, not only in time and expense, but in the quality of the berry which cannot but deteriorate in the repeated fermentings, dryings and colorings. The bag of red-ripe, well-dried, unhulled Liberian coffee is poured into the huller and almost instantly hulled, sorted by sizes and bagged for sale with its natural color and full strength untouched. The Morris and Woodruff huller will thus dispose of thousands of pounds a day, and is kept running by the use of the coffee shells as fuel. It is an unwieldy looking affair, but



AFRICAN IVORY.

palm tree with its tall, notched stem, and feathery crown of great leaves, under which the red nuts cluster, is a graceful and beautiful object. It is shelter, food and raiment to the native, and the wild Arabs of the desert are said to love their date-palms next to their horses. The variety of palm from which the oil is made usually grows to the height of about twenty-five feet. The nuts grow in bunches under the leaves. They are about an inch long, and have a fibrous covering, inside of which is a deep red pulp, and inside of that a stone. The natives climb the trees by the aid of loops of rope. A red oil is made from the pulp of the nut, and a milky white oil from the kernel of the stone. It is used by the natives as olive oil is in Italy, as a substitute for butter and lard, and kerosene. We do not want it for these purposes, as it grows let right rind it can furnish. Neither do we care to make our faces and bodies shine with it as the natives do, anointing their skin to preserve it from the burning tropical sun, and the attacks of stinging insects. We use it to some extent in medicine, as a liniment for bruises and rheumatism. Its principal value in commerce, however, is when manufactured into soap. It is exported for that purpose in large quantities, but as it is always rancid by the time it reaches foreign markets, it is very much better to manufacture it in Africa while it is sweet with a fragrance like violets. Morris & Co. manufacture it upon their estate, and warrant it free from all adulteration. They also import the oil in jars sealed closely to keep it from spoiling. The soap is of a brownish yellow color. It is very pleasant for toilet and shaving purposes, being smooth and excellent for the skin. All these palm products were exhibited, and attracted much interest.

The palm cabbage we have spoken of as a costly native dish is the head of young leaves starting under the old ones. When boiled it tastes something like cabbage. The natives are fond of it, and sometimes cut a tree down to get it, and they might as well get it this way as to take the trouble of climbing after it, for cutting it off kills the tree in either case, and this tree cabbage is, therefore, a very extravagant luxury except where the trees are in very great abundance, and the market too far off to send the oil to it. This difficulty of getting to market is, as you may well suppose, the great obstacle to commerce in Africa. The opening up of good roads and railroads will be one of the most efficient and absolutely necessary means of the civilization and development of Africa. Mr. Morris is fully alive to the importance of this, and his steamer City of Philadelphia, to run on the St. Paul's, and schooner the "Go-Ahead," which will ply on the smaller navigable rivers, are expected to stimulate trade till a railroad becomes a necessity that will bring about its own realization.

OTHER PRODUCTS EXHIBITED.

The cacao, from which chocolate is made, grows on a tree about thirty feet high. The fruit is pulpy, containing numerous seeds resembling almond kernels, which are ground into powder which made into paste and sweetened forms the article of commerce. Indigo grows like a weed in Liberia, but its manufacture requires considerable care. The arrow root is abundant. It takes its name from the shape of the root which is straight and tapering, sometimes eight inches long. In manufacturing it, the roots are washed and beaten to a pulp. This pulp is stirred in water, when the fibrous refuse sinks to the bottom and is removed, leaving a milky fluid. This is allowed to stand several hours when the starch sinks in fine white powder to the bottom. After repeated washings and settlings it is dried in the sun. A bushel of roots produces about eight pounds of powder. It is used in Liberia as a substitute for wheat flour, and though it has not all the nourishing properties of wheat, is a good food for that tropical climate.

Ginger root of a superior quality was exhibited. This is one of the most abundant, easily cultivated and marketable of the products of Liberia.

A very handsome collection of native woods was exhibited, polished to show their grain and color; among them the cam-wood—a very hard, close-grained wood, susceptible of a high polish, and making beautiful ornaments, crosses, sleeve buttons, necklaces &c. It is, when fresh cut, of a brilliant red, clouded and veined with yellow and black, but turning gradually darker on exposure to the air. Its principal use is as a dye wood. It is one of the most valuable dye woods in the world, and hundreds of tons are exported annually for this purpose. Another valuable tree is the caoutchouc or India-rubber tree. Specimens of the gum natural and manufactured were exhibited.

The sugar-cane is abundant enough in Liberia to make her independent of the rest of the world, and of a quality which will make her a competitor of the West Indies when her commerce and manufactures are developed. Good specimens were among the exhibits.

A group of elephants' tusks, arranged in an arch, made an effective display. The elephants used to abound near the coast, but are now only found in the interior where they are numerous and hunted by the natives for their ivory.

One of the most suggestive exhibits was that of samples of iron ore from native beds yet scarcely begun to be developed. So rich is this ore that the natives hammer their rude implements from it without smelting it first. It contains from eighty to ninety per cent. of metal.

NATIVE CURIOSITIES AND MANUFACTURES.

Knives and hunting javelins, and swords thus hammered with stones from the ore were shown. With the javelins or spears the natives bring down the largest game.

An African canoe, or dug-out, fifteen feet long, and but fifty pounds in weight, was shown. It had been hollowed out of a log

with implements of native manufacture. In such canoes, paddled with one short, broad oar, the natives, fifty or more, swarm out from shore on the arrival of a trading vessel. Each has his bag of coffee on board, and the first who lays his hand on the ship claims and is allowed the sole right to trade with it till he sells out his stock.

War horns made of elephants tusks were exhibited, and a deep, mellow blast was blown for us on one of them by a young Liberian who was one of Mr. Morris's clerks.

A loom and shuttle, weighing together but one pound and fourteen ounces, was shown, with some of the narrow strips, four inches wide, of the cloth the natives weave upon it, sewing them together to form the width they desire. Among the curiosities were a chief's robe embroidered with Arabic characters, war hats of leather tanned with the hair on and trimmed with shells, and a gree-gree or charm made of folds of paper covered with Mohammedan words, and believed to preserve the wearer's life from accident.

An African mail-bag, large enough to hold not more than two letters, was indeed a curiosity. It is worn round the neck of the runner who carries it. When the distance is great or great speed is required, the runners are relieved in every two miles.

YOUNG NATIVE STUDENTS.

Certainly one of the most interesting and hopeful of the exhibits was that of photographs of young native students now at school in this country—at Lincoln University—and expecting to return as teachers and ministers to their own people. One of these photographs was taken just after their arrival in this country, the other recently, after they had been some time at school. The improvement in their faces and bearing is very marked. It was to be expected, and it is very encouraging. Of all the products of Liberia, her men and women are those it will pay best to cultivate and develop—and all other development is accessory to this.

The Liberian exhibit, as a whole, could not fail to excite the interest of all concerned in the world's commerce, and to gladden the hearts and strengthen the hands of all who hope for Liberia's future prosperity, and are laboring to hasten it in its time.

HOUSE AND HOME.

PUDDINGS AND CAKE.

TROY PUDDING.

One cup milk; one cup molasses; one cup suet chopped fine, or butter; two cups raisins; flour enough to make a thick batter; one teaspoonful saleratus. Boil four hours, eat with sauce.

BERRY PUDDING.

Two cups molasses; one cup milk; three cups flour; one-half cup butter; two cups berries; two eggs; one teaspoonful saleratus. Bake.

POP-OVERS.

Two teacups flour; two of milk; two eggs; salt; a piece of butter the size of a walnut (melted). Bake in cups in a quick oven.

RICE PUDDING.

Mix two cups cold boiled rice with a quart of milk, a little sugar and salt, and the grated rind of one lemon. Bake in a slow oven.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

Six tablespoonfuls tapioca soaked all night in one pint cold water. In the morning turn off the water; add a little salt, the yolks of three eggs, one cup sugar, one quart milk; boil like custard. Put it in a dish, and when cool stir in lightly the beaten whites; flavor with vanilla, and eat cold.

ANOTHER.

Put one quart tapioca in one quart cold water. Set it in a warm place till it becomes clear. Pare and quarter apples; put them in a pudding dish with a little sugar and nutmeg. Add a little salt to the tapioca; pour it over the apples and bake till they are tender. Serve with sugar and cream or milk.

APPLE PUDDING.

Pare and grate eight apples. Measure in a cup or bowl and add same quantity bread crumbs, three eggs, one and a-half pints milk, and a little sugar and cinnamon. Bake, and eat with cream, or omit the cream and eat with sweet sauce.

ANOTHER.

Pare the apples and stew till tender; beat up light with a little sugar and cinnamon. Line a mold or baking dish with slices of buttered bread; pour in the apple and cover the top with buttered bread. Bake and eat with sweet sauce.

BREAD PUDDING.

Cut the bread into small, square pieces. Make a custard of a quart of milk, the yolks of two eggs, sugar and a little nutmeg; add half a cup of seeded raisins. Mix all in a deep dish and bake a very light brown. Beat the whites of the eggs very light with just enough sugar to stiffen, and, when the pudding is cool, drop this in spoonfuls on the top. Put it back in the oven till the white of the eggs is lightly browned.

ANOTHER.

Two cups bread crumbs; one quart milk; three well-beaten eggs; a little salt; one-fourth teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little warm water. Bake and eat with sweet sauce.

SPONGE PUDDING.

One-half cup butter; two cups sugar, three eggs; three and one-half cups flour; one cup milk; one teaspoonful soda; two of cream tartar. Bake in cups and eat with sweet sauce.

INDIAN PUDDING.

One quart milk; one teacup molasses; one cup suet; one heaping cup Indian meal; one egg; a little ginger, cinnamon and salt. Heat the milk, and stir into it the meal wet with cold milk. Let it boil for two minutes. When cold add the other ingredients.

HARD SAUCE.

Beat together one cup fine sugar and one-half cup butter. Flavor with vanilla or nutmeg.

SOFT SAUCE.

One pint hot water; one tablespoonful butter; three full tablespoonfuls sugar. While boiling stir in one tablespoonful cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Flavor with vanilla or lemon and nutmeg.

PASTRY.

Take equal parts butter and lard and *chop* them into the flour; add sufficient cold water to moisten, a little salt, and roll as little as possible. For one pie the proportions are one cup flour, butter and lard the size of a small egg. Pastry which is chopped in this way is much lighter than if mixed with the hand; but, however made, it is an unwholesome and expensive food and should be very seldom eaten.

CRULLERS.

One cup milk; one cup sugar; five eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately; teaspoonful soda; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; butter size of an egg; a little nutmeg; flour enough to make a thick paste. Cut into shapes and drop into boiling lard or beef fat.

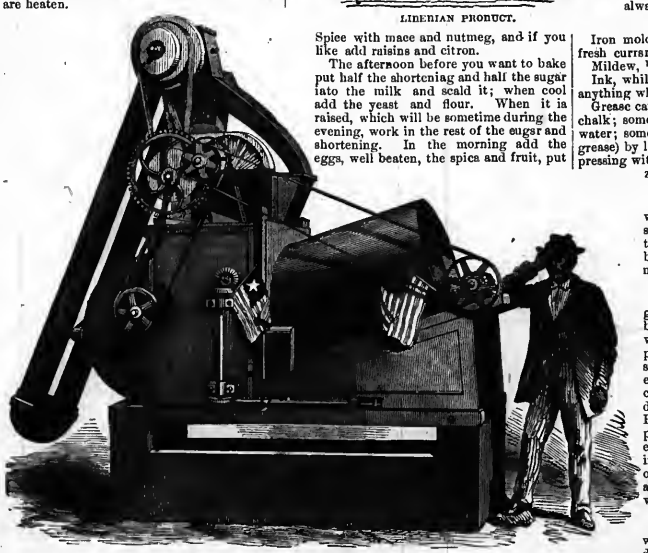
DOUGHNUTS.

One pint milk; three eggs; two cups sugar; one cup butter or lard; one gill fresh yeast; grated orange peel and nutmeg; flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll into balls and cook like crullers.

SPONGE CAKE.

One lb. sugar; one-half lb. flour; ten eggs; one lemon. Mix the yolks of the eggs with the sugar for about ten minutes, then add the whites well beaten; sift the flour in quickly and put at once in a hot oven. Bake twenty minutes. The peel of the lemon to be grated and the juice to be squeezed in while the eggs are beaten.

LIBERIAN PRODUCT.



COFFEE SHELLING MACHINE.

BOSTON TEACAKE.

Two cups white sugar; two cups milk; two eggs; one-half cup butter; one teaspoonful soda; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; four cups flour; spice.

GINGERBREAD.

Three cups flour; one-half cup butter; one cup molasses; one-half cup milk; one egg; tablespoonful ginger; one teaspoonful soda; two of cream tartar.

GINGERSNAPS.

One large cup butter and lard; one large cup sugar; one large cup molasses; one-half large cup cold water; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little warm water; flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll very thin and bake quickly.

SUGAR COOKIES.

Two cups sugar; one-half cup butter; one-half cup lard; one cup milk; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little warm water; flour to make it just thick enough to roll out. Mold as little as possible.

CUP CAKE.

One-half cup butter; two cups sugar; three eggs; four cups flour; one cup milk; one teaspoonful soda; two of cream tartar. Flavor with vanilla or lemon.

FRUIT CAKE.

One cup butter; four cups sugar; two cups milk; yolks of six eggs well beaten; two teaspoonfuls soda; four of cream tartar; eight cups flour; one cup of citron and one cup of raisins, both chopped fine. Spice with nutmeg and cinnamon.

BREAD CAKE.

Three cups light dough; one cup butter and lard; three eggs; two cups sugar; one-half cup milk; one-half teaspoonful soda; nutmeg and cinnamon; one cup raisins and citron. If not stiff enough, add a little flour.

ANOTHER.

Three lbs. flour; one and one-half lbs. sugar; one-half lb. butter; one-half lb. lard; three eggs; one pint milk; one-half pint yeast. Spice with mace and nutmeg, and if you like add raisins and citron.

The afternoon before you want to bake put half the shortening and half the sugar into the milk and scald it; when cool add the yeast and flour. When it is raised, which will be sometime during the evening, work in the rest of the sugar and shortening. In the morning add the eggs, well beaten, the spice and fruit, put it in tho pans and let it rise again before baking.

HARD GINGERBREAD.

One cup molasses; one-half cup butter; tablespoonful ginger; one teaspoonful saleratus dissolved in half a cup warm water; flour enough to roll.

HARRISON CAKE.

Two cups molasses heated with half a cup butter and lard and one cup sugar; one teaspoonful cloves; two teaspoonfuls saleratus; one cup sour cream if you have it, if not, one cup sour milk and a little more butter; flour to thicken as gingerbread; raisins.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEEF TEA.

Cut fresh beef into pieces an inch square, remove all fat and boil slowly for three hours in a tin or porcelain-lined saucepan. You can add more or less water as you want the tea weak or strong. When sufficiently boiled take out the meat, and when the broth is quite cold skim off all the grease (if you are in a hurry and cannot wait for it to cool, strain through flannel); heat with a little salt just before you want to use it.

INDIAN MEAL GRUEL.

Two quarts boiling water; one cup Indian meal; a little salt. Wet the meal to a smooth paste and stir it into the water when actually boiling, and boil slowly half an hour, stirring all the time. Oatmeal gruel is made in the same way.

MILK AND RICE GRUEL.

Wet two heaping tablespoonfuls ground rice with cold milk and stir into one quart boiling milk. Boil ten minutes and add a little salt. Sago and arrowroot are made in the same way.

APPLE WATER.

Take one large juicy apple, pare and quarter but do not core it. Add three cups cold water and boil (closely covered) until the apple stews to pieces. Strain at once, squeezing the apple through the cloth; strain this again through a finer rag; sweeten and drink with ice, and, if you like, a very little lemon juice. This is excellent in fevers and colds, as are also drinks made from acid jellies dissolved in water.

SOFT SOAP.

Two bars common yellow soap; two lbs. washing soda; two oz. borax. Dissolve in eight quarts warm water. The water must be kept warm (without boiling) until the ingredients are thoroughly dissolved.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

Cover at once with soft linen wet with sweet-oil. Do not remove the linen until the burn is healed, but wet frequently with the oil.

CUTS.

Bind up carefully with soft linen and keep wet with laudanum. If the blood flows freely, put on cobwebs.

POISONS.

For any poison drink at once a glass of cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of ground mustard and one of common salt. This is an emetic, and should, after its action, be followed by the white of two raw eggs. A physician should always be sent for at once.

STAINS.

Iron mold can usually be taken out with fresh currant juice, but is very troublesome.

Mildew, by oxalic acid.

Ink, while wet, by milk; when dry (from anything white), by oxalic acid.

Grease can be removed sometimes by French chalk; sometimes by borax dissolved in warm water; sometimes (as in the case of candle grease) by laying thin paper on the spot and pressing with a hot iron; sometimes by benzine,—and sometimes not at all.

MEASURES.

One heaping quart sifted flour weighs one pound; one quart fine sugar and one quart softened butter weigh one pound; one quart brown sugar or one quart Indian meal weighs one lb. two oz.

INSECTS.

Cockroaches and beetles may be got rid of by sprinkling powdered borax on the shelves, sinks, etc., which they frequent. Ants, by putting almond kernels on the shelves, etc. The ants will leave everything else for these, and you can brush them off into hot water, destroying hundreds at once. Bedbugs will yield to nothing but perfect cleanliness. Moth will not eat anything in a chest or trunk in which there is a strong odor of camphor. Brush all woollens and furs carefully and sprinkle with camphor gum.

SALT PORK.

Cover the bottom of the barrel with salt an inch deep. Put down one layer of pork and cover with one-half inch salt, continuing thus till the barrel is full. Then pour in as much strong pickle as the barrel will hold. Pack as tight as possible, and keep the pork always under the brine.

HAMS.

For six hams make a brine strong enough to bear a potato; add one-fourth lb. saltpetre dissolved in warm water, and sugar enough to make the mixture slightly sweet. Soak the hams in this for ten or twelve days, take them out, and, when thoroughly dry, smoke until they are of a deep brown. Then wrap in cotton cloth or brown paper and pack in a box or barrel with coarse salt enough to completely cover them. Hams cured in this way may be kept for two or three years.

COFFEE.

The best coffee-pot is one so arranged that the grounds do not get into the coffee at all, and this end is reached by means of a little cylinder with a fine sieve at the bottom which

stands on top the coffee-pot. The grounnd coffee is put into this cylinder, and the boiling water being ponred npon it drains into the pot below. This ensures clear, strong coffee without further trouble and is the simplest possible method.

TEA.

Pnt the tea, in the proportion of one teaspoonful to each person, into the pot (which should first have been heated), pour boiling water oh it and set it for five minntes where it will keep hot without boiling.

FINIS.

MESSENGERS OF SPRING.

Holding her court among the jasmine flowers,
Thne epoke sweet Spring upon one ennny day:
"Who loves me well enough to leave these bowers
And bear glad tidings np the northward way,
To set green fields a-growing,
And farmer-folk a-sowing,
And hearts aglee with knowing
I bring the sunshine and the flowery May?"

"I will go first," the sweet South Wind replied,
"And kiss the treee and make them dream of leaves,
Fill with rich prophecies the welkin wide
Of daisied meadows and of harveet sheaves,
Of happy cattle straying,
And men and maidens haying,
And little children playing,
And scented gardens, and bird-hannted eaves."

Then sang the birde: "We to the North will go,
Each bird a promise on a glaucing wing;
For men do know we wander to and fro,
Hannting forever thy swset presence, Spring;
All trust our ancient token,
Our songs so long bespoken,
Our promise never broksn,
And our glad newe shall make the wildwoode ring."

So sven when south winds begin to blow,
And elms with tiny epears ealnte the flowers,
And maples on the lawn blush red and glow,
And the bright sunshins smilee away the showers,
From woods with mossee hoary,
And isles of tropic glory,
Birds bring the old, sweet etory
Of Spring'e retnrn to appie-blossom bowers.

On every tree there is a clnging bird,
In every grove euch joyful melody
That the song-sparrow, anxious to be heard,
Singeth on tip-toe in his ecstasy:
"The Spring is coming! greet her!
The Spring is coming! meet her!
For, oh! she is far sweeter
Than Summer's rose or Autumn's luxury!"

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING;

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE VII.

RECITATIONS.

1st. Teacher's preparation for recitation.
2d. Pupil's preparation for recitetion.
3d. Objects of recitetion.
4th How to conduct recitation.

What! has a teacher to prepare for a recitation? Certainly; just as much as a pupil hes to, and that all of you who have been teachers need not to he told. A tcacher who comes to a recitation unprepared, suffors and so do his pupils.

But what ought to be a teacher's preparation for a recitation? Not all teachers know that, or there would ha fewer poor teachers and poor scholers.

We should say first: that to be a good teacher he must have a general knowledge of the subject taught. Wa considered this somewhet in our last lecture. You cannot teach what you have never learned. It is painful and pitiful to see a teacher attempt to teach a class and have to look at the book every time the pupil gives an answer, to see whether it is the right one or not. His pupils vary soon find out that he knows no more about it than they do, and that idea is fatal to the confidence and respect without which the pupil cannot improva, and without commanding which the teecher cannot succeed. Of course the wider and more solid and thorough this general knowledge of the subject the hatter. Therefore whenever you hava a chance to learn something—either from hooks, or people, or observation—about any subject you expect to teach, improva the opportnnity.

Secondly, to be thoroughly prepared for conducting a recitation, you must be familiar with the toxt-book which you use. This is not so important, of course, if you hevo a solid general knowledge of the subject, gained from other sources. If, for instance, you have studied grammar thoroughly from one hook, and are in the habit of talking grammatically yourself, you need not be frightened because you are obliged to use a new text-book which you have not seen before. But avon here, you will feel the need of acquainting yourself familiarly with the peculiar method, end way of putting things nsed by the euthor of your new text-book. If you don't, you will soon find yonrself in tronble. You will tell your pupils something—"Our hook saye diffcrent," they will say; or a pupil will give you en answer to some question,—"That's not right," you say. "Tho book says so"—he will cry. You look. Sure enough it does say so. What are you going to do about it? If yon had made yourself familiar with the text-hook, you would have seen that what seeme, at first sight, a contradiction of what you hed learned before is not a coatradiction, hut a different way of expressing a fact; or you would have learned on what minor points of the construction of onr languege, or explanstion of its idioms, grammarians disagree.

Thirdly, having a femilier acqusintance with the text-book you use, and a somewhat generel knowledge of the euhject frou that and other hooks, and practice of their rulee, the good teacher will not be content to appear before his class without a special preparation on the lesson for the day. If the pup.l ought to know hie lesson, you certainly ought to. You should know it so well that you could change places with him and recito it as well as he does, or much better. If you think this is hard work I am proposing to you, just try it once, and see whether it does not save you much more work and worry then it costs you, to say nothing of the gain to your pupils, which a good teacher considers before his own ease.

Now to recapitnlate what we have said.

Teacher's Preparation.
1. General knowledge of subject.
2. Familiarity with text-book.
3. Familiarity with lesson.

The pupil's preparation is, of conrse, stndy of the text-book. Where he has access to other books, it is often well to let him hunt up further information, after learning what the text-book says. It is well to teach him how to use books of reference, if such are within his reach; how to use dictionaries and encyclopedias. It is a very good thing to get into the habit of using such hooks. But your pupils, I suppose, will seldom have such books at hand, and all they can do will be to study the lessons from the text-books. Now remember that they don't even know how to study till they are taught, and this is for you to teach them. Don't let them move their lipe when studying, or study out loud. To study is to think, and such tricks, or others like them, are only distracting to thought unless they become habits, and they are very disagreeable and unnecessary habits. Teach them to study quietly; to read the lesson over till they are sure they understand it, and then commit the ideas to memory by going over and over them. In case of rules and definitions of terms let them, as I have said before, commit them to memory word for word. It will help them very much, and indeed be often absolutely necessary for their proper learning of the lesson, for you to read over the next day's lesson with them, and explain it to them. They cannot learn properly whet they don't understand. You can generally save enough time for this from the close of a recitation period.

Now, the pupil having understood and studied his lesson, and the teacher also having made himself familiar with it, what is the object of having it recited. It may be stated thus:

Object of Recitation.
1. To test the pupil's knowledge.
2. To teach hin expression.
3. To impert instruction.

Tha first object is a vary avident one. You cannot judge of a pupil's understanding of tho lesson, and know what assistance or discipline to administer, without hearing him recite the lesson.

The second object is almost or quite as important. It is one thing to know a fact, and mother thing to know how to express it in good, clear-cut English. The pupil's favorite excuse "I know, hut I can't tell," is not always entirely a false one, though it is of course true thnt the more thoroughly and clearly he knows it, the more clearly he can express it. Still, he needs to learn the proper use of words as much as to learn anything—or more—and this is what you must teach him.

By the third object, I mean that much instruction may be imparted in the class, instruction that is not in the hook, by a teacher who has a good general knowledge of tha subject himself, and this is another object of a recitation.

You will see by what I have seid, that in a recitation, both the teacher and pupil may learn. The pupils learn the facts of the lesson, and any others you can tell them, and also how to study and how to express themselve in good English. They also learn—or ought to—to have confidence in their teecher. The teacher learns more of his subject, or gete more familiar with it, and he also learns his pupils and how best to teach them.

In our next lectnre, we will consider the question How to conduct a recitation.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

BY THE REV. DR. LEGORE.

This gentleman, for many years a Missionary of the London Missionary Society, and translator of the works of Confucius, is now on e visit to England. From an address, which he delivered at e school, we copy the following extracts.—"*Education in China.*"

This will form the mein eubject of my address. I might almost he, I suppose, the grandfether of the oldest of you, and yet I feel a measure of respect and awe in standing before you. A good many of you will remember what we are told ehout John Frebonius, one of the masters of the school which the boy Luther attended et Eisenach. He always raised his cap to his pupils, when he entered tha schoolroom; and when asked why he did so, he replied:—"There are among these boys men of whom God will one day meke hurgomasters, chancellors, doctors, and magietrates. Although you do not yet see them with the hadges of their dignity, it is right that you should treat them with respect." This was well spoken by Frehonius, and, more than thirty yeers ago, I was delighted to find the same sentiment recorded of Confncius, the sage of Chine. "A youth," said he on one occasion, "is to be regarded with respect. How do we know that his future will not he equal to our present?" He then added, in worde on which I may have something to say, ere I have dobe—"If he reech the age of forty or fifty, and has not made himself heard of, he will not he worth being regarded with respect." Well, you know that education is very much prized in China. It is much more prized in some of the provinces of that vast country than in others; but I do not think I exeggerete in saying that to-day there are more boys and students in schools and under masters in China then there are of men, women, and children all together in Great Britain. I hold here in my hand a Chinese Primer, one of the first lesson-hooks which hoys have to learn when they go to school. Its author, a Mr. Wang Pih-heon, died in the year 1296, so that it must have been written fully 600 yeers ago. He prepared it for femily use; but it has long been taught all over the empire. There must be upwards of a hundred millions of Chinese now living who could repeat it all over from beginning to end. You see it is printed in large characters, the hetter to impress the form of each on the eye and mind, and it is in a sort of doggerel rhyme, each line consisting of six words, with a cæsural peuse exactly in the middle, that it may be the more easily remembered. It is not long, and I will try to giva you some idea of its conteuts. After some preliminary remarks to the effect that all men are good at first, and very much alike, and that it is their being educated or not which makes them differ as they subsequently do, and illustrating this hy exemples, the keynote of the trentise is struck in the following linee.—

"The child fed but untaught,
To ths parent is shame;
To teach, and not be strict,
In ths teacher is blame.
If ths boy do not learn,
Very wrong sure is he;
If in youth he be idle,
When old, what will he be?
As the gem, when uncut,
For nothing is good,
So ths man who's unlearned
Knows not what he should."

Having thus opened his snbject, the author sets forth the rudiments of Chinese learning; good manners, filiel piety, brotherly duty; the elements of arithmetic; the more conspicuous heavenly hodies; tha three honds of society—ruler and subject, father and son, husband and wife; tha names of the seasons, of tha cardinal points and of the fiva elements; the five virtues of benevolence, righteoueness, propriety, conscientiousness, and truthfulness; tha six graine; the six animals good for food, including the horse and the dog; the seven passione; the eight instruments of music; the nina degrees of kinship; and the dutics of the social relations—affection between parents and children, mutual accommodation between husband and wife, kindnees on the part of tha elder brother, and submissive consideretion on the pert of the younger; strict regard to age between elders and juniors generelly; endeavors to promote one another's virtue between friends, respectfulness on the part of the ruler, and leal-heartedness on the part of the subject. These rudiments being supposed to he mastered, the pupil goes on to the higher school, and, through a very small portico of grammar, advances into the field of Chinese literature. Then he begins with a work on filial piety and its duties, hy Confncius, from which he proceeds to the Four Books, which ara chiefly occupied with the sayings and doings of tha doctrinas of the sage. Some analogy has been fancied to exist between them and our Gospels. The Primer contains a santence or two about the metter and authorship of each. The boy learns to read all these books, and, in the course of years, to understand them more or less; and he has to commit them all to memory. When he has done his duty on them, he is prepared to go on to the higher classical books, which Mr. Weng Pih-heon seys are six. The first is called the Book of Changes, to the meaning of which, efter more then twenty years' study, I have hitherto failed to find the clue. The second is the Book of Ancient Historics! Documents, relating to events end individuels during a period of nearly 2,000 years, though the latest document helongs to the 7th ccntury before Christ. The third and fonrth embraces various most voluminous compilations on the ancient rites, ceremonies, arts, and music of Chius. The fifth is the computation of encient poems or odes, said to have been made hy Confucius, and many of the pieces of which are reelly very intcresting. The sixth is the history of his native state of Ivo, for 242 years, drawn up in short sentences hy Confucius. It would hardly he worth reading, hut for three commentaries and enlargements of it, mede not long after the time of the siege, and with which the Primer says the student must also make himself familiar. One of them is as full of graphic details as Scott'e "Tales of a Grandfather." When the student has got through these classical works the Primer says he must turn himself to the five philosophers, some of them orthodox and some heterodox, partly comprehensible and partly incomprehensible. The latest of them lived and wrote in the first century of our era. Only one other lahor is laid on the Chinese student, hut it is a Herculean one. "When thoroughly up in the classics and philosophers," says Wang, "he must take the historians in hand;" and he proceeds to give a bird's eye view of Chinese history from B. c. 2852 down nearly to his own time. Then the standard histories were seventeen. Now, hringing the records of the Empire down to the year 1644, when the present Tartar dynasty gained possession of it, they are twenty-four. I had my copy of them bound in English style, in thick volumes, royal octavo size. How many volumes do you think they make? *Only* fifty-six! A book as large as the last edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" would hardly suffice to contain a complete transletion of them. There is no method of education in the world that so tasks the memory as does the Chinese, and in the case of the mejority of pupils, so far as I have heen acquainted with them, it is simply a gigantic system of cram. Still, in those who have strong bodies and exceptionally strong minds, it develops men of a more then ordinery acuteness, often associsted with a more than ordinary grasp of mind; while among the people generally it develops an appreciation of filial and fraternal duties of euhordination, of whet is proper and decent, and of industry end thrift, which no unprejudiced observer can regard without edmiration. China has e history, a veritable history, extending nearly over 4000 years. No other nation has subsisted so long esscntially unchsnged, and growing, upon the whole, from century to century in resources and population. Various cnuses have contributed to this; and one of the most powerful among them has been the general education of the people. From time immemorial this was prized and inculcated in the country; and in the latter half of our seycuth century—about A. D. 631—the competitive system hy the examinetion of literary candidates was established. Since that time learning has been the pessport to official distinction.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

This is from Newbern, N. C.:

Dear Teacher:—I guess you have often wondered why I had not written to you. My first month was out Saturday. The first day I opened school I did not hava but four scholers, now I have thirty-three. This place is close to the mountains, and thet makes it very cold; we have had two enows. I am seven miles from Newbern.

The colored people ere doing very well; they own large quantities of stock, hnt no land. They have had free school nhout eight years, and the children have a good understanding; some can work common fractions very well. The Superintendent seems to be a very nice man; we have to meet the school hoard at the end of every month. White and colored teachers all meet together. I met the hoard last Saturday. The white teachers asked me a great many questions about my mode of teaching; they seemed very social. Addie and Maria did not go before the hoard for an examination. McAdoo and I went, but we were not examined. They looked at our diplomas and asked a few questions about Hampton. I like teaching better than I thought I would. McAdoo spent the last Sunday with me; I am going to spend the next with him.

W. U.

Another writes from Swansville, N. C.

Dear Teacher:—I am more than obliged to yon for the *Educational Journal* of Va. I have been taking it twelve months, this month; I like it very much. I want some good

books to read. I expect you know better what I need than I do. I want something for general information!

I am well and am getting along nicely. Remember me to Mr. Tolman, tell him that I am leaning on this Lord; He is my friend and deliveror. I look to God for all my help and assistance; he has enabled me to do that which I thought that I could not do. I have worked hard since I left Hampton, trying to improve the condition of my race. I would be glad to receive some temperate instruction through the paper, such as you used to give us every Sunday night. If I could have two more years at Hampton I think that I would be able to do something. Nothing more.

Your friend and pupil, Y.

One who has already done much good work as a teacher, most acceptably to all concerned, writes from York Co., Va.:

Dear Teacher:—I opened school to-day with nine scholars, and expect to teach here five months. There are about seventy-five children belonging to this school. The trustees have promised to give me an assistant teacher if my school gets too large. It is a country about two miles from Williamsburg, as I told you on the postal, and is very lonesome. I am very sorry that I could not take the school in Maryland that you offered, but I had signed a contract when I got your postal and letter. I had rather to have had my school in Tappahannock, Va., but did not get an answer in time. Our Co. Supt. (Col. Jas. H. Allen) wrote to me last spring to make an application for the school in Williamsburg, which I did in August, and would have gotten it, but through some means the man who taught it last term got it again. The term is nine months, salary only $30 per month, with one assistant teacher.

I do not board at home, but can go home any afternoon and return the next morning if necessary. I am not acquainted with the people yet, though I think they are quite friendly from what I have seen of them. Notwithstanding the loneliness, I shall endeavor to make things as pleasant as possible during these five months, after which I would like to take another five months' term.

I shall be very glad and feel comforted every time I have a letter from you, or any of the teachers or scholars. News from Hampton is always reviving to me. Though I may not have improved my time as well as I *might have* done, yet when I think of separation I feel solitary. I find the Sabbath-school here uses your S. S. lesson papers. C.

The writer of this thinks for himself; his views do not prevail among his associates and render him liable to some ill-feeling. He is a most capable and earnest worker for the benefit of his people:

Dear Teacher:—It is with much pleasure that I write to inform you that the *Educational Journal* has been received, and I am very much interested in it. I have read it nearly through, particularly the Official Department, and find that it contains a good deal of valuable information concerning the colored race.

As we have all, through the providence of God, become the citizens of one grand republic, living under the same common law, and must remain, I feel that it is our indispensable duty to promote as much as possible the happiness of our neighbors as well as ourselves, and even to deny ourselves to do so if necessary; and there is no doubt but we shall gain their affection. I have always preferred white officials under the present circumstances of things. It is not reasonable to suppose that we are competent of administrating the laws, since it was our misfortune to be educated by two hundred years of slavery, while the whites were educated in the schools of law. I hope that our people will act prudently, regardless of race, color, or political opinion, and elect those who are competent, and that we may do nothing in the future that shall bring a disgrace upon us.

I am now at home. My teaching in this country has all been under white officials, and I have not heard a word of complaint either from white or colored. W.

SCOTTSVILLE, VA., *Jan. 8th*, 1877.

Dear Workman:—This is the third letter that I have started to write to you. I wish that I were able to write one each month; but I am unable to do so. I want first to tell you about S— and then my school. S— is situated on the canal that leads from Richmond to Lynchburg, about eighty miles from R—. It is a beautiful place, though very small, not as large as Hampton. My school is little out of town, and is situated on a hill by the roadside. It is small now in number to what it once was. One of the first teachers that taught it told me that he has had eighty pupils on roll and averaged sixty. I have on roll forty-three with those that came in since Christmas. There is one thing that hurts my school (and not only mine but most all the colored schools), that is the people don't send their children as regularly as they ought. Albemarle county has the best school system that I have seen in any county, and the Superintendent is anxious as any Superintendent that I have ever seen to have the schools what they ought to be. In fact, all the trustees that I have met with seem to have a great desire for the progress of the schools. The colored people here ought to be farther ahead in regard to civilization than they are, to see what has been done for them in this place by their friends. I have talked with the leading colored men of the place, and they have told me what theirs and their children's chances have been. I asked myself the question why they are so far behind the time still. They have had good help there is no doubt, for the man who is now acting as the Supt. of our S. S. told me that the Supt. of public schools (who is one of the head Sunday-school teachers in the place) used to go to his school Sunday morning and start his school and then take his own children and come and help them (the colored people) in their school work. Why it is that the S. S. is so far behind the times I cannot tell; but the reason for the day school is that when the people send their children they only send them one or two days in the week, and they look for the teacher to teach those scholars as much as he does one that goes every day in the week. And when they get so that they can read in the third and fourth Readers they take them from school for educated girls and boys. I have a few, I am happy to say, who are anxious to send their children to school and have them learn, not only their books, but everything that goes to make them what they ought to be. I am also happy to say that the people are very kind to me, both white and colored. When I first came here, it was a good while before I got acquainted with any white people but the officers of the school. But now most all in the place seem to know me, and are very polite indeed.

We are having one of the coldest times that has been since 1857, and some say that it is the hardest weather that has ever been here. It commenced snowing New Year's day and it fell till late that night, and on the second the snow was very deep, and almost as cold as I ever felt it. On Saturday, the 6th, it started to raining and rained till late that night; on Sunday it was almost impossible to walk the streets. Now we are under the dread of high water. If it were to turn warm and melt the snow we would be sure to have high water. We are a great deal higher than the people in Hampton or any of those cities or towns, yet there is more danger here of high water than there is there. The weather is so bad that I have closed my school till the middle of the week and then I hope to get to my regular work. It is a hard matter for me to find a day to do nothing, for I have almost as much work to do outside my school as I do inside. I find that temperance is very much needed here, more so than in any place where I have ever taught. I have been trying to get up a society of temperance; but find it hard work to do it. With kind wishes,

Your pupil,
A. E. WHITE.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

THE Cabinet of the new administration consists of the following officers, nominated by the President on March 7th, and confirmed by Congress by the 10th:

Secretary of State—William M. Evarts, of New York.
Secretary of the Treasury—John Sherman, of Ohio.
Secretary of War—George McCrary, of Iowa.
Secretary of the Navy—Richard W. Thompson, of Ind.
Secretary of the Interior—Carl Schurz, of Missouri.
Attorney General—Charles Devans, of Massachusetts.
Postmaster General—David M. Key, of Tennessee.

AT THE first meeting of the new Cabinet on the 12th the subject of appointments to office was considered, and two members were appointed to prepare a set of rules to govern such appointments, in accordance with the principles declared in the President's inaugural address.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS was appointed by the President, March 18th, to be United States Marshal of the District of Columbia. His appointment was confirmed by the Senate on the 17th by a vote of 30 to 12; of those who cast the 12 negative votes every one disclaimed basing his opposition upon the race or color of the candidate. Republicans and Democrats were included on both sides. The *Tribune* correspondent says, "The debate is said to have exhibited throughout some of the loftiest, broadest and noblest patriotism that has been witnessed in the proceedings of Congress for many a year." Senator Pinckney Whyte of Maryland is reported to have said that though a native of Maryland and a member of the strictest sect of the Democracy, it was his proud boast to-day that he had never been a slave-holder, and that he voted against Mr. Douglass for no other reason than that he thought him poorly qualified for the place. General Morgan, the new Democratic Senator from Alabama, supported Mr. Douglass's appointment, and said that he did so gladly—that he was himself a Presidential elector in the late contest, and had received the vote of 10,000 colored men, and that it did not lie in him when the representative man of their race was nominated to the American Senate for confirmation in an office he was well qualified to fill to vote against him—that he has determined to cast no vote against any worthy nomination this Administration might make, and to place no obstacle in the way of the successful accomplishment of the patriotic purposes set forth in the inaugural address.

THE special session of the Senate was adjourned *sine die* on Saturday, March 17th.

AN EXTRA session seems inevitable. Nearly 2,000 offices are about to become vacant by the expiration of commissions. The President and his Cabinet will, in the interim between the sessions, devote themselves to careful examination of all changes to be made in important offices, especially in the matter of filling the vacancy on the Supreme Bench.

GENERAL GRANT is to go to Europe in May, for two years, after a trip to the West.

GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN has been appointed Superintendent of Public Works of the State of New York.

UP TO the 19th inst. the President had not taken any decisive action relative to Louisiana or South Carolina. His Southern policy, as early as it has been defined, seems to be this, The withdrawal of troops from the State Houses in Louisiana and South Carolina to their barracks, and for the present, complete non-intervention and non-recognition of either of the organizations pretending to be the legal governments. The representatives of Nicholls have already guaranteed that in that event there will be no armed demonstration against the Packard government; no attempt to dispossess it of the State House, and no attempt to overturn the Packard administration except through the courts and the process of impoverishment from non-payment of taxes.

ALL THE colored members of the Packard Legislature in Louisiana have signed an appeal asking for the recognition of the Packard government.

FREDERIC SEWARD, son of the late Wm. H. Seward, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Tyner, Assistant Postmaster General.

GENERAL.

OWING to want of funds, the Bible and Publication Society of Philadelphia have recalled their missionary in Rome, Italy, the Rev. Mr. Van Meter. His schools there which are in a flourishing condition will be left in the care of the Wesleyan Mission, and Mr. Van Meter will try to raise funds in this country for their aid.

THERE are 500 colored preachers in the Baptist Home Mission Schools of the South. Large-hearted men in the Baptist churches at the North have given four-fifths of the $400,000 invested in these schools.

MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT, a lady formerly connected with the Protestant Episcopal Mission in Africa, visited Hampton last month, and addressed the school on the subject of their duty to that land, and to interest them in her project of building, at some point in Liberia, a boarding school for girls, to give them a higher education than other schools to which they have access afford. Miss Scott has the endorsement of Bishops Whittingham and Pinckney; Rev. Dr. Barten of Norfolk, Hon. J.H.B. Latrobe of Baltimore, and other prominent gentlemen, and of influential and benevolent ladies. Her purpose is certainly a good one, and with the small contribution the members of Hampton Institue were able to make, she has their best wishes and prayers for her success.

FOREIGN.

THERE seems to be a better prospect of peace in Europe. Russia represents herself as averse to war, and desires the co-operation of the European Powers in signing a protocol, arranging negotiations with the Turkish government.

INTEREST-BEARING CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

The Home Savings Bank, Norfolk, Va., issues Certificates of Deposit, payable on demand (pnyable either in New York, Boston, Baltimore or Norfolk), drawing interest at six per cent. These certificates are transferable by endorsement, and may be drawn for any amount desired. They are becoming a popular form of investment with many who cannot conveniently visit the Bank in person. Certificates are mailed to any address on receipt of funds by mail or express. Make all Drafts payable to H. C. PERCY, CASHIER.

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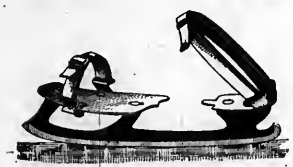

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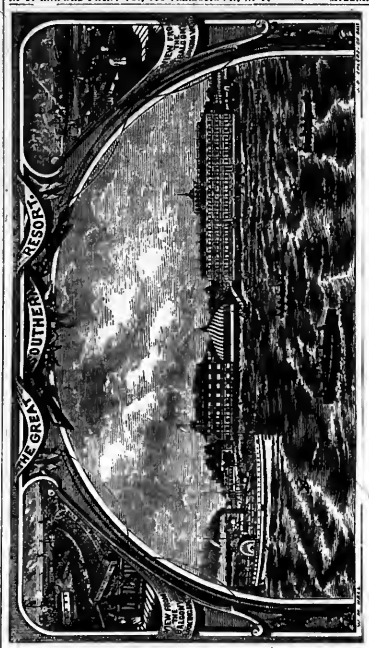

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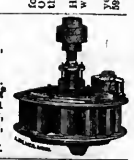

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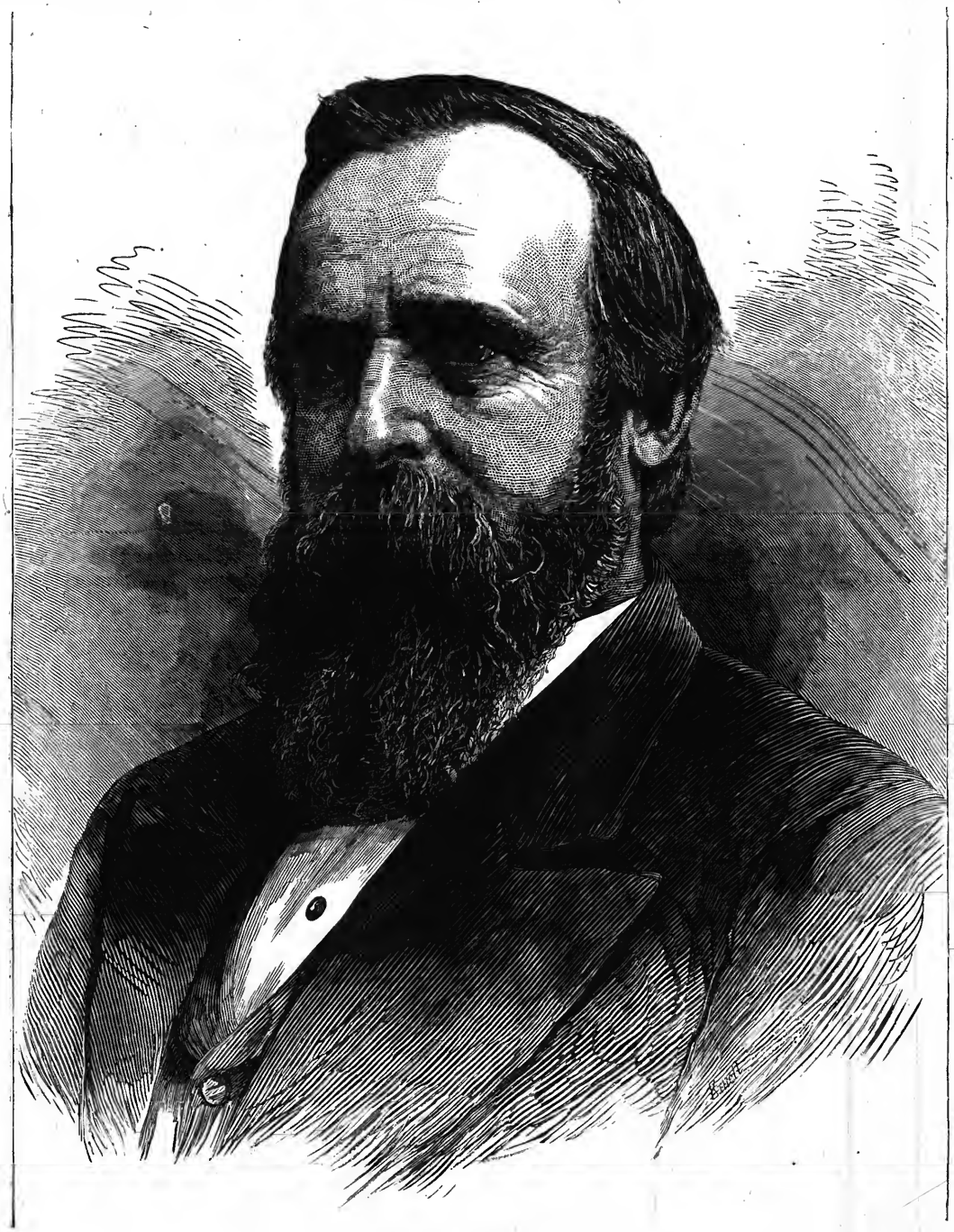

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HAMPTON, MAY, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 32 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

THE backbone of the South, industrially, will be formed in good part from the poor whites. After the terrible leveling brought about by the war, the aristocratic class was, for the most part, helpless and discouraged. A few have struggled manfully up to prosperity, and are the coming leaders.

The plebeian inured to hardship, accustomed to work, and bereft of no fortune in slaves, had, for the first time, a fair field. Although multitudes of them were demoralized, and took to outlawry, as a class they were compelled to work for a living. They are the purchasers of agricultural implements now imported freely into the South; they hire but little; their produce is nearly all *plus*; they feel the hard times slightly; they cultivate "one-horse" and "two-horse" farms.

In the tide-water region they raise truck, besides what meats they need, and in the mountains are "one-hogshead," and "two-hogshead" men—owning farms that produce that amount of tobacco, which they are able to hold for good prices. They are most numerous and thrifty where slaves were scarce. They vote solidly for free schools and teach their children to work. While the lowest and most pitiable forms of humanity are among the "dirt-eaters" and "sandhillers" and "crackers," there is a grade above them of whom much is to be expected.

THERE are signs of a new party in the South. Liberal Southerners and "Last Ditchers" cannot march much longer under the same political banner. A ten years' residence in the South has convinced us of the existence of radically opposing elements among the whites, that nothing but race feeling could keep together.

The passions that massed the races along the color line, and parslyzed progress, are, in the new order of things, cooling off. Liberal, enterprising men, who suffer from disorder, will not much longer follow those whose profit is in "regulating" negro affairs and "firing the Southern heart."

Those who ahhor negro snffrage, and those who will make the best of it, those who oppose education and insist on limiting the freedman's freedom, and those who believe in education and will protect the rights of all, are nearing a division. The new move is full of hope for the colored race. Its leaders will be really representative men. The division has long existed in the hearts of the people, and only awaits its opportunity. Hitherto it has been impossible; now it may be hoped for.

In the South, in the far South especially, political questions have been social questions. On both sides holting the regular ticket has been at the expense of comfort, and often of safety. Ostracism on the one side and ex-communication on the other have generally been the penalties of independent action—no matter how conscientious. The usual social consequences of this sort of political honesty may, in respect to severity, be compared with the major excommunication of the Roman Catholic church. In consequence of this partizan spirit immigration has been arrested. Settlers have been disheartened by party *shibboleths*. Northern men who have capital invested in the Sonth, seeing the folly of their own party, and the intolerant spirit of the other, have sickened of their conrse and prevented hundreds from getting into the same scrape.

Prosperity will dawn when intelligent men shall find on coming to the South a liberal party, incinding many of the best citizens with whom they will at once be in sympathy; then families will feel at home, and in time thousands will follow. The solid ranks of race voting are fatal to progress. They mnst hreak; the liberalism which exists extensively in the hearts of Sontherners must be organized into outward form ere Northern men and capital will cross the border lines of the Sonthern States which they now so generally shun.

PREJUDICE, persecution and hull-dozing lead to scarcity of capital, demoralized labor, bad crops, burnt barns, and end in ruin.

Sontherners mnst make the best of negro labor; they cannot afford to do otherwise; with them it is that or none. Their enlightened leaders are aware of this; they see that there is a direct ratio between race feeling and comfortable living, that the interests of both classes are identical, and that all members of the body poltic must prosper or snffer together. This class and the "Last Ditchers" will not pull together always. The President's challenge to the spirit of Southern liberality may not disintegrate the party, but it must give the control of it to better men. The men whose ancestors were of the best Enropean stock, and took so noble a part in the war of the Revolntion and throughout American history, are not likely to fail ntterly in the task now before them. Slavery extinguished the germs of true prosperity, blighted morals, formed many evil habits, and, by the necessities of self-defence, generated false ideas. This disturhing cause is removed, cut out by the sword—the only possible remedy. A natnral order of things is being restored. The fire-hrand of Southern politics has been put out. Intelligent men will, in time, be divided, as elsewhere, on questions of political economy; and instead of crying for deliverance from the U. S. Army they will appeal to the nation for help to escape from a far greater tronhle—the illiteracy and degradation in their midst.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Tribune* gives an interesting account of a recent trip South, which we summarize:

The negro as a politician has proved a failure, bnt everywhere he is the workingman. The Southern white avoids manual labor; from Richmond to Charleston not a white man seen working in the fields.

The negro is the honse servant; he plows, plants, drives, handles goods and farm products, does all city service and much of the skilled mechanical work.

The white man keeps a store or practises a profession. But in the region of the Blue Ridge Mountains where negroes are scarce, whites do nearly all the work.

Instead of going on to possess the land with his sinewy arms, the negro accumulates bnt little. In South Carolina they are not mnch better off than they were eight years ago—there are exceptions, of conrse. After the stimulns of freedom they relapsed to thriftless ways. They live in hovels, apparently without ambition to improve themselves or their snrroundings. They do not work steadily—are fond of holidays and merrymakings. The average negro, when assured of corn and meal enough for his family, lapses into laziness and enjoys sitting on fence-rails and dry-goods boxes. This is to be expected nntil the white man sets him a better example, and by competition forces him out of snch habits.

The negro is the criminal of the South as well as the laborer.

The State Prison at Columhia contains four hundred colored and thirty white convicts; this in a State where the majority on a jnry is usually negroes, and where jndges are the creations of colored legislators. Nearly all negro criminals were guilty of crimes against property, and the whites, as a rnle, were guilty of crimes against the person. The lower class of South Carolina whites do not steal; they are quick to use a knife or pistol, bnt the lowest of them respect their neighbors' property. Negro prisoners are very tractable. There were hut few mulatto prisoners. Mulattoes either do not steal or are too quick to be caught at it. There is a colored boys' reform school remarkahly well managed, in whlch indnstrial education is given.

SENATOR HILL of Georgia delivered an address before the State University five years ago, in which he said:

"And whnt shall we do with the negro? He is still among us. His capahilities still form a problem. But our duty is plain, and our interest is equally plain. We must do all in our power to educate, elevate, protect, and advance the negro. If his capahilities prove sufficient to enable us to promote him to an intelligent laborer, the country will reap the benefit. If they prove insufficient, we shnll have demonstrated the fact, and others will take their place. We must have an educated labor. We must have multiplied industries. We must have schools of agriculture, of commerce, of manufactures, of mining, of technology, and, in short, of all polytechnics, and we must have them as sources of power and respectability, and in all our own sons must be qualified to take the lead and point the way.

"Then why, with such vastly superior natural gifts, is Georgia so far behind other yonnger and smaller States not mentioned? Only because the art and skill which utilize natnral advantages have been npplied there and and have not been npplied here. We hnve looked almost exclusively to the negro as our laborer. We have, by law, kept even the negro an ignorant laborer. We have thus fixed a social brand on labor itself, and have thus made it promotive of social caste to be nhle to live idly, and one of the greatest of misfortunes—entailing a sort of social exclusion—to be compelled to labor.

"Thie system has rendered our own people unwilling and unqualified to multiply our fields of industry, and this same system has kept nway the educated laborers of other countries. The result is, that almost the only field of labor occupied in our State is that one of agriculture, supposed to be adapted to the capacities of the nneducated negro slnve, and in that field we find our natural strength greatly lessened by the perpetnal wear of ignorant muscle, instead of being, as in the Stntes mentioned, improved by educated skill. We have not only refused to mine our metals and give employment to our water powers, hut we have been cutting down and hurning up our forests; we have so stirred our soils that the rains which kindly came to fructify them were compelled cruelly to wash them awny; we hnve converted into the flesh and the bones of the slaves the wealth which God plnced in our lnnds, and then carried the slaves West to repent the process; and in all the nntional elements of agricultural wealth we nre weaker to-day than we were in 1787.

"Now this process cannnt continne. Our coal and iron will not nlways sleep in the shallow earth because we think it unbecoming the social position of an educated gentleman to wnke them up and lift them out. Our magnificent trees will not always grow and fall into decay because our young men think the style of a gentleman is a soft hand in a kid glove. Nor will the educated lnborers of other States and conntries alwnys, or much longer, send here and freight away at great expense and labor our raw material to foreign shops for manufncture. No; that snpposed necessity which enacted the law that lnbor as a thing of muscle must be kept ignorant has been swept awny forever. Its consequences, social nnd otherwise, muet cease. The time is coming, and now is, when professional gentlemen will not be regarded as the only class of occupied society who need a first-class education and who may compete with the more fortunate idle in social excellence and matrimonial preference."

THE Annual Report of the Commissioner of Agricultnre for the State of Georgia, for 1876, states that

"Mnch attention has been given to the subject of the inspection and analysis of fertilizers and to the careful "soil-test" of the various brands offered for sale in the State. With the analysis, selling price and commercial value of each brand before him, the farmer has all the information which can be given him except the actual results of soil-test on his own farm."

From this, and from the competition between mannfacturers, fertilizers sold in Georgia during the last season six dollars per ton better in quality than the season before. Farmers were thus saved sixteen per cent. on the valnes of the year previous, in their purchases of fertilizers.

Formulas for composting manures saved on the farm, showing the advantage of composting over the use of commercial manures, were pnblished in circulars and scattered over the State. The saving of farm manures has been stimulated as well as a spirit of inquiry into the economy of fertilization. The productive capacity of the State has been increased, money has been saved to farmers, multitudes of whom have taken advantage of the information snpplied by the State, and in letters expressed their gratitude for it.

The State devoted, last year, five hundred dollars to fish culture—too small an amount to begin with, hut it indicates that the subject of restocking its rivers with fish has some attention.

A Hand-book of the State has been prepared to meet the demand for information upon its resources hy those desiring to immigrate.

"A general improvement is reported in the conduct of agricultural labor throughout the State. This is attrihntable to two causes.

1st. The increase in the provision crop of the State has so reduced the cost of living as to remove the laborer to some extent from temptation, the cost of the necessaries of life being now but little more than half that of five years since.

2d. Farmers have perhaps given more personal attention to their business and, with their sons, performed more manual labor on their farms, this year, than during any previous year in the history of Georgia agriculture."

Laborers have been stimulated hy example. There is a quiet and contentment among all classes favorable to industry. As farming has become more concentrated and fewer hired men employed, the demand for them has fallen off. Farmers are counting costs more than formerly. Cotton is low, hut the price of goods and provisions has heen more than proportionately reduced, so that present wages go farther than the higher rates of five years ago.

"Labor is the moet perplexing question with which the Georgia farmer has to denl.

"The freedman is now becoming accustomed to his freedom; is no longer deceived hy the warning of designing men that his liherty is in danger; no longer allows his credulity to be imposed upon by the deceptive promisee of designing parties, hut recognizing the fact that the acquisition of property depends upon industry and frugality, is gradually retiring from politics and devoting himself with greater persistency to productive industry. Many of the more restless annually migrate to the Southeast, allured by the promise of higher wages on the cotton and sugar plantations of that section."

The increased grain crop of the State has stimulated stock-raising, the advantages of which are little understood, attention having been absorbed in the production of the great staples. It is claimed that equal results with Northern States can be attained with far less labor and expense. There has been in a year a decrease of ten per cent. in the area of cotton, but an improvement of seven per cent. in the preparation of the soil. The farmers of Georgia are in a far better condition than at the end of last year owing to their unnsnal prudence and economy in the production of supply crops. In addition to rent and fuel the average wages paid men for the year is $100.00 and board. Total cost of a man $160.00. Laborers are reported as seven per cent. more efficient than last year.

The negro laborer objects to an "overseer;" he rebels against the supervision of any one hnt the landlord, who in many cases resorts to the share and renting system, not always however with advantage to either party, owing to the unsteadiness of colored workmen. The year previous, twenty per cent of the farmers bought exclusively for cash; last year, twenty-eight per cent. The reduction in one

year of supplies purchased on credit was $7,000,000.00.

The vigor and good sense of Georgia legislature in respect to her agricultural interests has been excelled by that of no State in the Union, and it is to be hoped that all the Southern States will follow her shining example.

We have to thank the Messrs. Harper Brothers of New York for the excellent likeness of President Hayes in this issue. For onr other pictures we are indebted to our friends of the N. Y. Christian Weekly.

Agricultural.

CULTIVATION OF HOED CROPS.

The following constitutes part of a treatise on Hoeing, in the editorial columns of the New-England Farmer:

To have easy hoeing and clean fields at hoeing time, requires a little forethought and good management early in the season. It does not matter much whether the plowing was done last fall, early in the spring, or in May, just before planting, provided it was well done. For several reasons we prefer fall plowing, hut land may be turned over late in the spring, and be so handled that the hoeing will not be difficult. Too many farmers spoil their work hy cross plowing their greensward in the spring. They plow their fields in the fall, and, then, fearing they cannot get the mannre in deep enough hy harrowing, they re-plow, and for the next few weeks have a field of sods and turf to contend with. The soil is so coarse and rough that the crops are slow in coming forward, and the labor required in tending them is really discouraging.

Plow a field to a good depth with a good plow, and then follow the plow with a pulverizing harrow that will gradually mellow the surface inch after inch nearly to the depth to which the plow ran, without hanling the turf back again, and one can have as easy hoeing as upon old gronnd; hut re-plow the field, and the soil is left in square blocks of tough sward, which no amount of harrowing can make fine, until they decompose under the influence of the hot weather of a whole summer. Easy hoeing in June requires a start in the right direction in April or May. To have easy hoeing, we must plow well, and then follow the plow with a suitable harrow; and to have clean fields all summer, we must start the cultivator and hoe early, and use them frequently, till the crop is grown. Whatever may be the condition of the weather or the crop, the cultivator should go through the rows as soon as the weeds start. It will do a two-fold work—will kill the weeds, and help pulverize the soil, and mix up the fertilizers with it, and hasten the development of plant food in both the soil and the mauure. But in a rough, cloddy field, one dreads to start the cultivator early, for fear of tearing up or covering up the crop planted, and this affords one of the strongest arguments in favor of performing all the preliminary work in a thorough and correct manner. A field properly plowed, harrowed and planted is ready for the cultivator or horse-hoe between the rows the next day, if desirable. We frequently cultivate potatoes before they break the ground, and also any other crops which may require it. With a good steel-tooth cultivator or a horse-hoe, with outside teeth reversible, one may do at least nine-tenths of the work with the horse, if it is properly handled—but it must he properly handled. It will not do to let it remain in the tool-house until the land is awarded over hy grass and weeds—it must be used often and little. Two cultivatings a day or two apart are worth nearly twice as much as if made the same day. Our rule is, never to cultivate hut once in a row the same day, and never to use the hoe upon field crops until the cultivator has been through several times. Then, when the hoe is used, we know just where to use it, and no time is wasted in doing what the horse and cultivator can do just as well, or even better. The hand-hoe should be used only where the horse-hoe cannot do the work.

Some may think that it will he necessary to follow the cultivator immediately, to uncover hills and re-set plants that the onltivator has disturbed. So it would, if the surface were all clods and turf, bnt where all the previous work has been done as it should be, this will not be the case, and the field may be cultivated ont a half-dozen times if desirable, before the hand-hoe tonches it. Then the work of the hoe will only be to cnt ont the weeds immediately around or between the plants, and these, if left where the cultivator will catch them the next time it is used, will be sure to be destroyed even if they are left there in bad weather, when many people would think it too wet to hoe. We dislike to find so much fault with the common methods of doing farm work, for it can hardly be pleasant reading for onr patrons; but when we see so much bnngling, hlundering work done in the gardens and fields, and so little accomplished, we feel it a dnty to speak plainly. The majority of farmers who work to a disadvantage in the cultivated fields, do so because they have not learned a better way, hut there are some who follow the old course from a pure attachment to old ways and habits. The cultivator was formerly considered an *aid* to hoeing, and when it was found to be time to hoe a field, the cultivator was used to make the hoeing easier. But hy the improvement in cultivators and horse-hoes, as well as in plows and harrows, the time has really gone hy for the cnltivator to aid the hoe, and now the hand-hoe should be considered the aid or accompaniment to the horse-hoe or cultivator. The horse-hoe must now do the most of the work, and the hand-hoe bears the same relation to it that the little hand-rake bears to the other tools with which we now gather the hay crop. The hand-rake is handy to trim up a cock or a load of hay, and gather the scatteriugs hy the fences, hut no one thinks of doing his rakiug with it. Neither should any one do his entire hoeing with the hand-hoe, but use it only for trimmiug out close to the plants, and in the corners where the horse-hoe cannot reach

FARMING AT THE SOUTH.

Ens. Country Gentleman—After a residence of nearly four years in the South, a few notes may not be uninteresting to the readers of your paper, and may beuefit some who are desirous of removing hither. It is pretty generally believed by Northern people that the negro alone can stand the heat of our summers at work in the field, hut this impression is erroneous. It is abnndantly hot, no one will deny the fact, hut a gradual acclimation, which usually culminates before our hottest season, makes it to be endured as to heat, leaving perhaps a more languld feeling than in a cooler climate. But what we suffer from the heat in summer is more than compensated for hy our mild and delightful winters. We have sudden and sometimes severe changes, hut they rarely continue more than a day or two, and the green grass and grain growing during the entire winter make a beautiful picture in comparison with the ice-bound fields of the North. To those suffering from a rigorous climate the change would be pleasant indeed.

Immigration does not flow very rapidly into the Sonth, from the simple fact that everything in the shape of government has been so demoralized since the war. Unscrupulous and unprincipled men, holding offices simply for the sake of plunder and without the good of their country in view, have repelled many who otherwise would have invested here. To the agriculturist many inducements are offered in the way of cheap lands, and good prices for all kinds of grain, grass and other farm products.

Then, too, it is a grand country to raise stock and wool, stock being self-snpporting nine to ten months in the year. All that is required is a small amount of money, plenty of energy, enterprise and industry, and the road to affluence is plain and easy to any such man. All the different grasses that grow in the North can be grown here. I have tested this sufficiently to satisfy myself; and at no time in the past four years has hay sold at less than $20 per ton, more generally $25 to $30. Good cattle hring from $8 to $10 per 100 pounds dressed, and are in demand.

P. S. B.

Montgomeru, Ala.

TO HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Dear Young Teachers:

In contrast with tha disorderly school described in my last letter, Mr. Page gives an account of a visit he paid to the same school after it had passed into tha hands of a very differant teacher. "On another day we presented ourselves at tha door of this same room for admittance. We knocked and, presently, without our hearing the footstep of the person who approached, tha door opened and we passed in. The children looked up a moment as we entered, and then bent their eyes upon their lessons. The teacher softly handed us seats, and then proceeded with tha recitation. His manner was quiet and deliberate, and the school was orderly and husy, and everything presented the strongest contrast with tha former scene. Tha hour of dismission arrived, and tha scholars quietly laid hy thair books, and as quietly walked out of the house, and all was still. 'How have you secured this good order?' said we to tha teacher. 'Have you had no difficulty with noisy scholars?' 'A little, at first; but in a day or two they seemed to become quiet, and we have not been troubled since.' Now the secret was, that this teacher had learned to govern himself. His own manner gave charscter to the school. So it will ever be. A man will govern more hy his manner than in any other way."

It is not to be expected that, with the undisciplined pupils who will compose tha larger part of your school, you will be able to secure the quiet and order which Mr. Page commends. At the same time, he does not advocate a deathlike silance, tha stillness of forced constraint, hut the cheerful quiet of industry when each pupil is diligently uttending to his own work.

You may be surprised at my saying so much about order. You will find, the longer you teach, thnt it is essential to your success. "Order is Heaven's first law," says the poet, and, as far as we can see, throughout God's universe law and order reign, except where they are disturbed hy man's wickedness. How to secure good order must he learned hy each one of you from his own experience, after reflecting much on the subject and obtaining from hooks and other teachers all the information they can impart. You have a guide in the example of your Hampton teachers. Somo persons have, naturally, the power of controlling others. You see it even in young hoys in their plays. This gift is, of course, a great help to a teacher; hut, if you do not possess it naturally, you may acquire much influence over your pupils hy deserving their respect, confidence and affection. If you would gain their esteem, you must he *worthy* of it. It is not hy assuming an air of superiority, as if you were at an immense height above your pupils, and they, on a plana greatly below you; it is not hy laying claim to vast knowledge and infallihla judgment, that you will obtain the authority you desire. By your kind interest, your impartiality and firmness, your truthfnlness and self-control, your steadfast aim to walk worthy of your vocation, yourselves exemplifying the virtues you recommend to them, you will in time gain over these unhounded influance. While you require obedience and maka your pupils feel that you are absolnte rulars over your little domain, let them feel at the same time that you are like good and loving parents, concerned for their true welfare. Endeavor to interest them in tha affairs of tha school; let them realize that it is in one sense *their* school; that its success and reputation depend in great measure upon *them*. You will discover who are the most influential among the pupils; win them over to your side, and interest them in trying to elevate tho moral character of tha school hy co-operating with your efforts. Dr. Arnold, the master of Rugby school in England, whose memoirs I hope you will read when you have the opportunity, was greatly aided in the government of his school by his highest class. Although no teacher can follow implicitly tbe course of others, however successful they may have been, useful suggestions may ba obtained from their experience. More than all other helps seek the wisdom that comath from above; it is freely offered hy One whosa promises never fail. Pray to *be*, through tho indwelling of His Holy Spirit, what you wish your pupils to becoma; your example will he more powerful than any precepts you can give them. As the leaven acts upon the meal in which it is hiddan, so will your presence, even without words, affect your associates. Great is our responsihility for this unconscious influence; when we think of it, we tremble; but ought we not to rejoice, that without eloquence, without performing great or glorious deeds, without a lofty position, we may, with God's help from hour to hour, exert a heneficial influence upon those around us, and, thus, promote tha cause of truth and righteousness in the earth.

"Yon cannot see the waters
By which the grass is fed;
Yon cannot see the brooklet,
Within its little bed;
Yon cannot even hear it,
So quiet is its flow;
And yet those hidden waters
Have made the grass to grow."

"Then, 'planted by the waters,'
O Saviour, let me be,
That I may thns be fruitful,
And glory bring to Thee!
Not nnto me be glory!
Thy praises would I sing;
Yes, for the grass were nothing
Without the Secret Spring!"

I am your sincere friend,

M. A. L.

BEAUFORT S. C., *February 2d*, 1877.

Editor Southern Workman—I have been receiving regularly a copy of your valuahla paper for the past few months, and am highly gratified as well with the object and scope of its labors as with tha apparent success of its efforts. If I know anything of the wants of tha South to-day, or, rathar, of those in the South whom your paper designs to reach and benafit, the highest is a higher and more thorough cultivation of the head and tha heart, that they might appreciate more highly and fully their relations and duties alike to themselves and the State.

I have read with interest tha columns of tha Southern Workman, and particularly the letters from tha Hampton graduates. In them ona sees at a glance an inkling of tha reward of tha labor bestowed upon that institution, which has not been bestowed in vain. The spirit and purposes of Hampton will not fail to exart their just influances upon those who are *educated* within har walls, and they in turn will in lika proportion influence those among whom thay labor in tha future. We need just such an institution in avery county of our State, and especially hare in Beaufort, where a large majority of tha people hava been naglected and denied the privileges of education in tha past, and allowed to grow up in almost abject ignorance.

Taught always to depend upon others, and reared to old age as children—looking to a pareut for everything, the people of this section feel keenly the need of that *self-reliance* which it is the endeaver of Hampton to instil in tha minds of her students. It is wonderful, however, to see how readily the freedmen of these islands have conformed themselves to the new order of things and with how much fasilty they have performed their new and untried duties. That there are many who have shown themselves ftnworthy of the great boon of freedom I regret to he forced to admit, but they are comparatively few, and obtain neither countenance nor respect from tha great body of the people.

The progress, present condition and prospects of the freedmen of this and tha surrounding islands is a theme fraught with interest to most of your readers, and one which I shall take peculiar pleasnre in developing in future articles from time to time. There are facts in the history of these people that will go far towards overthrowing the belief that amancipation has proved a failure in tha South, and that the freedmen would he hetter off nndar their former master.

I see many reasons for encouragement among those who are laboring to elevate and enlighten tha freedman, and who have done so much in their behalf since the war. Whatever may be said against them, they are indeed a grateful people, and appreciata keenly whatever is done for their benefit and amalioration. More anon.

Respectfully,

Iris.

IMMIGRANTS—DO THEY PAY?

We are frequently in receipt of letters asking us our views upon the quastion of immigration, and we have heretofore answered them generally so plainly that with some hesitation we again reply to a recent inquiry, "Whare would you advise ona to procure immigrants?"

We are a "burnt child" on tha question of immigration. We have tried white employees, beginning with tha natives, and going all through the catalogue, even to those from tha vary back-doors of the Continent of Europe, and we are free to confass we have never found one that netted us a dime, while we know we made money out of Sambo, aven though he persists in voting the Radical ticket.

Tha principla we lay down is this: Any white man in this country who has attainad to the age of maturity, and has never accumulatad enough to buy him a home, will be more of a charge than a profit to ma on my plantation. And this principle is adhared to because it is founded upon tha experiance of the past.

Secondly. Field hands coming from another country to the "Sunny South" hring with tham no experiance as to tha cultivation of our crops, are not climatized, hava lass muscle and andurance under our climata than the negro, have far more wants, which require a cash capital that tha Southern farmer has not; and for these reasons are lass profitable, aven with thair superior anergy, than the thriftless negro to whom we hava all our lifa long been accustomed.—*Charleston News.*

Do it at once. Never wait to be told a second time. Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way. Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Don't fret, and grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedienca can be pleasing to God and man.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY S. M. H.

It was only a smile of welcome,
Or a whispered word of cheer;
But it smoothed the path for the tired feet,
And lightened the load of care.

It was only a loving visit,
Perhaps but a loaf of bread;
"But ye visited me" will the Master say,
"'Twas your Lord whom ye clothed and fed."

It was only a tender message
To a heart bowed down with woe;
But from that one seed by the wayside dropped,
Shall a harvest of blessings grow.

It was only a few words spoken,
We thought they were weak and poor;
But they told of Christ and his wondrous love.
As the guilt of the world he bore.

And the Lord from His height of glory
Hath listened our words to hear;
For us is a book of remembrance kept,
And our names are engraven there.

It may not be ours to render
The service our hearts would crave;
He may give us no words that shall win a soul,
Or a life from destruction save.

But often along the wayside,
As we journey life's rugged road,
We shall find some hearts that have need of help,
Who are faithful beneath their load.

And though small is the help we can offer,
If it only be offered in love,
It will carry a blessing to earth's sad ones,
And be known and remembered above.

And the dear Lord when he cometh,
Will bring us great reward;
"Thou hast faithfully done the few things I gave,
Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

WHAT WE CAN DO FOR OUR PRESIDENT.

The fine portrait of our new president which we are enabled, by the courtesy of Messrs. Harpers Brothers, to offer to our readers this month, was taken from recent photographs, and is said to be an excellent likeness. It is a good and strong face, in which we seem to read hopeful augury for the future as far as it depends upon our chief executive.

We have perhaps already exhausted all the details of President Hayes's life that would be of particular interest to our readers, and the best thing left to say is to suggest to them, and urge upon them, a duty well set forth in a recent *Tribune* editorial; the duty of every man and every woman in the country to "help the President," for in his inaugural he asked the help of all. The *Tribune* well says that "whatever may be finally the success or failure of President Hayes's policy, one thing is certain: he will never bring back peace and justice to the country if he has to work alone. The defect in our social system is the shirking by the majority of individual responsibility. The public business of the country is left to a minority, while the honest citizen sits by his hearth swearing that the country is going to ruin. For five years the great mass of just and educated Northerners have been willing—nay, anxious—for a hearty reconciliation with the South. The desire for peace among the Southerners, at least among the older, more rational men, has been just as sincere, but the mob of office-holders and politicians have stood between and blinded them.

"In short, the reader of this paper to-day, be he in Massachusetts or Georgia, has no right to complain of the deplorable condition of the country and then shove its redemption off on the shoulders of the President or any other man. Every effort he makes at just, economical management of his own household lessens the weight of financial pressure just so much; every honest outspoken word in favor of more liberal party action lightens the load which the honest leaders must lift; every friendly meeting between individuals of the South and North hastens the completed Union; every child reared by a Christian mother to be truth-telling and honest is so much golden capital for the next generation."

These are truths for colored citizens as well as white ones. The President is pledged to protect them, and to encourage and assist the spread of general education while hastening the restoration of local self-government founded in justice to all, without which no permanent safety can be assured. Every colored man who shows himself worthy of citizenship, every parent who makes sacrifices to send his children to school, every student who works his way up to an education, and then gives himself to the need of the hour—the teaching of his people, every graduate who proves that education need not make a colored man vain or lazy, every new home founded in morality and an enlightened religion,—will help the President, and the race, and the country.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING.

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE VIII.

RECITATIONS.

How to conduct a Recitation.
1. Establish a suitable relationship between teacher and pupil.
2. Secure undivided attention.
3. Ask questions, individual and class.
4. Commend for effort.

In conducting a recitation, the very first thing is to establish a suitable relation with your pupils. To do this, never scold. Do not put your pupils out of your power by speaking to them in an irritable, cross manner. A scolding tone of voice even will break the line of communication between ourselves and our pupils. That electric line of communication is Sympathy. If it seems broken sometimes by a reproof you have had to give, give the pupil time to recover his temper before you ask him a question. If the class looks irritable, tell a story or say something pleasant before you begin the lesson. Remember that you feel irritable yourself sometimes, and indeed when you do, there is no better way to recover your own spirits than to say something kind and pleasant to your class. Try to exercise self control, and not visit your own bad feelings upon the little ones you have to teach.

LITTLE THINGS.

Arrange your class so that you can see every pupil. I think it is the best plan to place your pupils so that the different sexes will alternate, first a boy and then a girl. Girls generally behave better than boys, and, seated thus, they will influence the boys to behave well and need not be injured themselves. Of course you must keep them under your eye. I have tried the plan in district schools myself and found it works well.

Second, to hear a recitation properly, you must have the undivided attention of your pupils. Your success in gaining this depends very much upon yourself. A thorough preparation for the lesson, and a real interest and enthusiasm in it will excite a corresponding feeling in your pupils. There are, besides, various devices for rousing and fixing their attention, such as telling a story or asking class questions, &c. The great thing, however, is always to have something to teach them, so that they will come to you expecting to learn something new, and then to have your manner wide awake and enthusiastic.

Don't let the pupils put each other out by holding up their hands. It is enough to confuse anybody. Give the one reciting a fair chance; then call for the hands, but don't let them criticize him unkindly. Let them tell the good points he has made sometimes instead of the mistakes.

Third, what kind of questions shall you ask? Well, don't ask ambiguous questions, that is, questions with doubtful meaning. Let the pupil know just what you mean to ask, make your questions clear, and then don't be satisfied with a doubtful, indistinct answer. Do not ask leading questions, questions, that is, which include the answer so that any sharp pupil would know by your question what you want him to say. For instance, do not ask, "Is the numerator the number above the line?" Ask rather, "What is the numerator of a fraction?" or "Where do we place the numerator?"

Do not take Yes or No for an answer, or any simple word; but have the pupil embrace your question in his answer. This will show that he has understood your question and knows what he is answering, and it will accustom him to the use of words. Thus, for instance, "What is the capital of Virginia?" Let the answer required be, "The capital of Virginia is Richmond."

Never ask a pupil a question until he has assumed a proper position. Ask him sometimes several questions in succession, but none that can be answered by yes or no, and let him stand till you call the next pupil, if you have seats for your classes.

Individual questions are best to test the pupil's knowledge. The danger of class questions is that lazy pupils will take advantage of them. They are good, however, to wake up your class when it becomes dull. When a pupil is dull or indifferent, be sure to fire a number of questions at him—without scolding or remark—till he gets ashamed of not answering.

Be sure, if you can, to give some instruction at every recitation—about the subject of the lesson—which is not contained in the book. This will be the dessert to the hill of fare, and the pupils will come for it with appetites keen as young robins.

Be sure not to say, merely, "Take the next lesson." Assign something definite.

The fourth point is to *commend for effort*. Be sure to commend the pupil for trying faithfully, even if he, after all, does not recite as well as some others can. This is encouragement that he needs. A simple approving smile or nod may be enough to make him try his best for a week. It is a great deal better than whipping.

Seek for something to commend, not for something to condemn. This will reclaim many a lazy or mischievous pupil. Just watch him till you see some smallest thing that looks well. He sits studying quietly you think. Take for granted he is. Put your hand kindly on his head as you pass, and say, "That's right, sir; you'll make a scholar," or some such little pleasant word of approbation. How his heart will send the blood up into his face! How he'll straighten up! "What! he thinks I am studying—well, I will, *now*." It's worth trying.

LECTURE IX.

PUNISHMENT.

1st. Proper objects.
2d. Proper characteristics.
3d. When—Where—How.

Proper Objects
1. Reformation.
2. To deter others.

Of the proper objects in punishment you can have, I trust, but one idea. You should never punish a pupil except for his own reformation, or to prevent others from doing wrong. To punish from spite or temper, to wreak our own vengeance, or to gratify our own anger makes us the offender. We are the ones that ought to be whipped rather than the boy, for we are old enough to know better. If we can't keep our tempers ourselves, how can we ask our pupils to?

As we are agreed upon the objects of punishment, and also upon its necessity, no doubt,—it takes but a little experience to prove that,—let us carefully consider what its character should be. This is an exceedingly important question if we would succeed in its objects. We may state its characteristics as follows.

Characteristics.
1. It must be certain.
2. Proportionate to the offence.
3. Natural, not artificial.

Yes, first of all it must be certain. Valuable teachers lose all their power by repeating threats every day. Threats should never be made by a teacher. Let your rules be clearly understood, and their penalties certain. Not, of course, that a punishment may not sometimes for a sufficient reason be remitted, but that should be done with judgment, not from weakness or favoritism; only when the proper objects of discipline can be as well or better secured by the pardon. The objects you should have always before you. Do not fear that this firmness will bring you the dislike of your pupils, if it is joined with kindness and sympathy. They will respect you and trust you the more and like you the better, and you will find that the necessity of punishing will diminish. A boy likes to feel he has a master—he will love him all the more for respecting him.

Second, the punishment should always be proportioned to the offence. This will take time and trouble, but it is well worth it. In judging all cases, you want to find out what prompted the pupil to do wrong. Be careful not to destroy the moral balance which the pupil has formed in his own mind. Just the moment you forbid a boy to do a thing, he instantly decides in his own mind whether it is right or wrong. So be careful about the prohibitions you make in school. Make a distinction between things which are wrong in themselves, in their very nature, and things which may be in themselves innocent and only inadvisable from circumstances. Acts which are in themselves sinful should be punished as such.

Third, punishments should be natural, not artificial. If a boy comes in fifteen minutes late with no good excuse for it, a natural punishment is to keep him fifteen minutes after school. If two pupils will keep whispering together in school, separate them. If a boy makes too much noise at recess, deprive him of the privilege of recess. If a boy ill-treats his companions or uses bad language before them, separate him from them; give him his recess all by himself at a different time from the others, for a certain time.

Now then, the question is, Where, when, and how to punish.

When and where shall punishment be inflicted? Seldom or never at the moment the offense is committed, and seldom or never in the presence of the school. When you call a boy up and punish him before the school, you rouse all the spirit of resistance there is in him—he isn't going to give in. But take him alone, where it will be either the whip or give in, and he will soon choose the latter. Shall you whip? If you can get along without it, so much the better. The best teachers do the least of it, I think. But don't threaten and not perform. If it becomes necessary in school, use the rod. But remember that true government rests in the power one mind has over another. Even a colt is better to be broken without the whip. Tact goes farther than force. You should not fly out at a boy and excite his anger. Use management and try to bring out the good there is in the boy and not the evil.

Remember that all resistance that comes up in school comes from the animal nature, the lower nature of the child that resists. Remember that he has also a higher nature and this is what you must *educate*—or draw forth.

THE FAITHFUL WATCHER.

BY EMMA BURT.

A traveller hurried along by the sea,
On an errand ell unknown,
The cottagers wonder:d whetever might be
His errand along by the slumbering sea,
Save hie dog, a traveller alone.

The traveller came, end the traveller went;
And the fishermen fished in the sea,
Shouldered their nets when the dey was epent,
And climbed the cliff, by their burden bent,
These fishermen etalwart and free.

And lo, on the cliff they sew a sight
As sad as ever you sew:
A lonely dog, on a lonely height,
Thet turned him never to left or right,
Nor lifted en eye, nor a pew,

But patiently gazed in the fathomless pit,
Bent motionless over the brink,
As if his master was fast asleep
Below, and faithful wetch he must keep;
While the waters flow. and shrink.,

And the fishermen never heve known to this dey
Aught of the traveller's fate;
Bnt upon the cliff, they solcmnly say,
A lonely dog does evermore stey
And wetchee eerly end late.

Oh if as faithfully every trust
On mortals by love bestowed,
Wes guarded end cherished, I think it must
Be, life would grow sweeter, by far, and more just—
And never a debt be owed!

INTEMPERANOE IN WEST AFRIOA.

BY REV. DAVID H. DAY.

The greet curse of this country is spiritous liquors, brought in by unprincipled men. By the united exertions of Christian nations the sleve-trade—the blight of Africa—has heen henished, hut its handmaid, the rum-trade, remains to ruin and curse end hlest. For it the pegens of West Afriee will give their all, end once under its influence they become demons. Liherin boasts of her instrumentelity in quelling the elave trade, why does n't she make some efforts in this direction else? During our voyage, looking over e number of speeches and papers mede and written hy persons visiting the coast, I noticed in their descriptions this nnd similer phrases "One thing especielly we noted was the ehsence of all intoxicating drinks." These men either know nothing ebou it or have no regard for the truth, for in Monrovia alone, great quantities of it are sold hoth wholesele and retail. We could point out a dozen places—little low, dingy eahins filled with rows of dirty bleck bottles labeled "Pure Brandy" a dollar e quert, end pure Hollend Gin at sixty-two cente e bottle. On this there is e profit of from one to two hundred per cent. It is as had ae the femous "Jersey lightning," which was ineured to kill et long range. Some of the natives call it "hot water," others, "salt weter." And not only do the netives use it, but more civilized people drink greet quantities. Brandy is at the bottom of e great many of the fatal diseases of the West coast. "Died of brandy and weter" is e common saying, while the men sick with the fever tells you he "is e bottle ehead." I heve been in houses where the family could give you e drink of elmost enything end could not give you e piece of bread or e disb of rice. In one house you are offered chempegne, in another brandy end water, in another Hollends, and in euother Jameice rum. At some pleces it is brought out in fancy decenters, at others in bleck bottles or dirty-looking stone jugs. Go to e physician for edvice in fever end the usuel advice is "drink brandy and water or you can't live." In Sierra Leone we were horrified et the idea of drinking weter with "seasoning," and one quite prominent man told me he had not tasted weter for two yeers. Of course there ere some nohle exceptions, but they ere few.

Lest year some one geve some of the netive boys et the mission rum end made them drunk. We could get no lew to punish the seller, end could do nothing but heap on him a few epithets, not very pleasent to the man's feelings, and let him go. Most merchents sey they cannot do husiness without it. G. Moore & Sou is, I think, the most prominent merchant and treder with the netives in Liberia, and he does not sell e drop, nor ever hes. E. S. Morrie & Co., of Philedelphia, who for some time have been doing quite a large business here, creeted e sensation hy emashing up e lot of bed gin letely brought here from Europe. Mr. Morris is thoroughly e temperance men, end most hitterly opposed to the whole rum business. Some one conaected with his budiness here ordered out e lot of gin unknown to the firm, and Mr. Morris did not find it out pntil his agent in Englend sent him the bills. He et once sent the following circular to his agent, just arrived in Liheria hy the *Jasper:*

Hanging of the Well-known Murderers:
Old Rye—Old Tom Crooked Whisky and Home's Worst Enemy—Rum.

The axecution will take place on board the steamboat *City of Philadelphia*, in the port of Monrovia, on the 1st of January, 1877. Tha pnhlic are respectfully invited to attend and witness tha axecution.
E. S. Morris.
By order of

Accompanyieg this was a letter instructing the ngent to place ell the gin in the store on boerd the boat, invite the mission children of Muhlenberg to a free trip down the river, so as to be present, and smash every hottle, and empty the contents into the herbor. Mr. Morris's directions were cerried out, and twenty-six cases of gin found e wetery grave. Quite a crowd of people witnessed the operetioe, end listened to the temperance speech which the agent made on the occacion. The destruction of the rum called forth from the crowd expressions of different kiads. The Krumen suid: "Det hot watcr all live must." "Poec e men heve all dat make him feel good too much." From the Americo-Liherians were beard such expressione as "Amen!" "God be praised!" while some of the thirsty ones seid, "Oh, what a pity!" After it was over, a numher of the prominent men, among whom were ex-President Werner end President Peryne, personally congratuleted the agent, Mr. Litchfield. We sey, Bravo! Go aheed, Mr. Morris, until you henish the vile thing from the country. *Muhlenberg Mission, Jan.* 11, 1877.

IDOLATRY IN SPAIN.

BY REV. THOS. L. OULICK.

Zaragoza, the nacient capital of the kiagdom of Aragon, derives its nnme from Cesnr Augustue which has been corrupted into Zara-goza.

THE FAITHFUL WATCHER.

Thie city hae just passed through her great yearly festivel of "La Virgen del Pilar," lestieg ten days, when thousands of pilgrime come to Zaragoza from ell parts of Spnin to worship nt the ehrine of this fnmoue, miracle-working Virgin. For it must be understood that there is greut rivnlry betwece different Virgins. In fnct, rivnl processions carrying rivnl images of the virgin hnve somatimes encountered each other in the etreete and fonght pitched battles for the hoeor of their reepective idole.

Bnt the "Virgen del Pilnr" is confeseedly without rival in all Spain, and her shrine is the moet famous plnce of pilgrimage in nll the Paeinenle. It is to Spain whet the shrine of Lourdes is to France, what the temple of Dinnn was to the Epheeians. "There is, ie fact, n remarknble reeemhlance between thie Virgie end Diaen of the Epheeiaee.

The story is that this imnge of the virgin ned child, together with the jasper pillnr on which she staede, were brought here hy angels some time in the first century, and at tha requeet of the virgin a chapel was huilt on the very spot where the image was deposited.

October 12th is the aeniversary of the descent of the virgin. Oe thnt dny fifty thousand pllgrime sometimee pour ieto the city. "God aloee," saye Pope Inocent III, "can coust the miraclee which are then performed here." Cardieal Retz saye thnt here in 1649 he sew n man who had lost his leg which grew ngain on being rnhbed with oil from the lamp of the virgin. The anniversary of this miracle was loag observed as a holiday. The othar day I was ie the Cathedral oxamieing the picture of thle miracle, with perhnps nn incredeloee expression on my face, whee an ueknowe woman stepped up to me and with the utmost aarneetneee assured me that it was certaiely true,—was well authenticated and I must believe it. A large portion of the girls ie Aragon end many other parts of Spain are named Pilar from the jaspar pillar on which this image of the virgin stande.

Zaragoza eboeeds in the etoree of silversmiths nnd jewellere, aed the priaeipnl articlee for sale in nll their ehops are huedreds and thoasands of images of the "Virgee del Piler." They are mostly of silver, but there are also thoesaeds of wood, stone, merble, brase, gold nnd precious stones. They are of all sizes, from an inch to six feet high. The silversmithe make their chief gaine from the sales of these imagee and their shrinee, of which their shop wiadows are full. They are all es fierce opponents of the protestent heresy as were Deinetrius ned his fellow craftsmee of Ephesus. When the gospel hegan to be preached here a short time ago several attempte were mede to kill the preacher.

Zaragoza is, I believe, the only city in Spain which has two Cathedrale. In the Cathedral called "La Seo," which is n eohle gothic pile whose many lofty pillnrs give it the nppearance within of n mighty, hranching forest, *Pedro Arbues*, the terrible inqnisitor, wes slain hy the maddened popnlnce of Zaragoza. Thoegh the Roman church counts him es one of her famous martyrs, his eame is still repeated in Aragon as a synonym for relentless cruelty. He has been immortalized hy both Keulhach eed Murillo.

Kaulhach represents Pedró Arhues in the act of coedemning a high-born girl to the stake, while her fether, mother and brother plead in vain for the life of their loved one. An attendant clutches the confiscated gold and silver of the family, and in the dietance two merturs of the iequisition are seen suffering at the etake. The ecene of the picture is repreeented as on the eteps of "La Seo" Cathedral. Photographs of this famous picture are now being sold in vnrioee parts of Spaie.

The largeet of the two Cathedrale of Zaragoza, which is also said to be the largest in Spain, is the shrine of the famoee virgin. Its name is "La Catedral del Pilar." From this Cathedral there came processions early every day of the festival of "La Virgen del Pilar" last week. The city was filled to overflowing with thonsands of etrnngers who poured in couetless numbers into tha great hasilica, many to hear the music aed see the imposing shows le mnch the same spirit as people in protestent countries go to the theatre. At the same time hundreds of devotees are constantly to be seen either kissing the jasper pillar, where only three square inchee of it nre cautiously left expoeed for the lips of the faithful, or kneeling before the venerated idol nad muttering their vain repetitione, nad the jiagling of coie is constently to be heard as it ie thrown hy the worshipers through n strong iron railing npon the marhle pavemeet in front of the image.

Every day there were hull-fights, or fireworks, or balloon ascesions. The principal etreet was lined on both sidee with temporary booths for the enle of all kinds of wnree. These are still in operatioe. There were also circeese, paeoramas, puppet-ehowe, giants, dwarfe, charlatane nnd n manngeria. Every night the city wae hrilliantly illuminaeted hy fire-worke or hy lenterne placed on all the hnlconjee of theee tall, five-story houses.

We improved the occacioe hy eending a good mae to eell Bihlee nnd othar religioue booke on the etreets, and hy holding a preaching service every evening for two weeks. Although the distraction of fire-worke, hull-fighte nnd all the

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

THE COLORED RACE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

JAMAICA.

The Island of Jamaica in the West Indies has five hundred thousand inhabitants, only fifteen thousand of whom are white, and all the rest are black or colored. The white population is said to be decreasing, and the Island coming more and more into the possession of the colored race.

Its interesting exhibit at the Centennial must certainly be considered as chiefly representative of this race, and it indeed did them credit, and bore valuable and abundant testimony to the good effects of emancipation upon the interests of labor in the long run, however disturbing its first changes may be. Since slavery was abolished by Great Britain in 1847, it has grown to be the most valuable of the British West India colonies, and its exports are more than £1,000,000 ($5,000,000) a year.

The beauty and richness of the country is well described by Mr. Richard Hill, one of its most distinguished colored citizens, a man of great learning and ability, of whom Mr. Gosse, one of the first naturalists in England, said, "it was worth a journey from England to Jamaica to meet Richard Hill." Mr. Hill has written several books, and in one of them upon the history of the Island, he says:

"Few spots of earth present scenes so Eden-like—so picturesque and bland in beauty—as the Island of Jamaica. No one who has visited the cascades of the White River and of the Roaring river, with the intermediate waterfalls of Chorreras, can ever forget the scenery. Earth has nothing more lovely than the pastures and pimento groves of Saint Ann's; nothing more enchanting than its hills and vales delicious in verdure, and redolent with the fragrance of spices. Embellished with wood and water—from the deep forests from whence the streams descend, to the ocean into which they fall, the blue haze of the air blends and harmonizes all into beauty."

Let us see, then, what this Island of Jamaica has sent of its riches to the Centennial Exhibition:

Here was a very beautiful display of native woods, of great value in commerce, for building, for dye-wood, or ornaments. Mahogany for our tables, rosewood for our grand pianos, and ebony for their keys, delicate satin-wood to line our jewel boxes, fragrant cedar and blood-red logwood. The exhibitor called our particular attention to the Logwood Extract, manufactured by the Jamaica Dye-wood Extract Company. It is said to contain only the pure coloring matter of the wood. The refuse of the wood after the dye is extracted furnishes sufficient fuel for the manufacture. Manufactures of this character deserve encouragement, and must become a source of wealth to the Island. Another manufacture which is likely to succeed is that of paper from some of the fibrous plants of the island. Pine-apple is used in the manufacture of delicate woven fabrics. Some specimens of cotton were also exhibited.

Sugar and coffee are the chief exports, and many samples of each were shown, with cocoa and chocolate, and a great variety of spices, the meal of plantain and bread fruit and rice and Indian corn and cassava. A very attractive part of the display was the row of luscious West India preserves and fiery West India pickles in their glass jars. That of drugs and medicine, quinine and aloes and castor oil, was not so inviting. We saw very pretty cups carved from the calabash gourd and elaborately engraved, and combs and ornaments of tortoise shell. But the most beautiful, though not the most useful of all the special exhibits, were the delicate articles made by the women from the lace bark of the inghetta tree. Charming hats and shawls and fans were made of this fairy lace from Nature's loom.

No representation of the schools of Jamaica was made. We were, however, told by the exhibitor that there are two large public schools in Kingston, where many of the negroes are prosperous and wealthy, and since then we have heard many interesting particulars concerning these and other schools in Jamaica, from friends who have visited them within the last few years.

The schools of Jamaica were founded generally by missionaries of various denominations, and are still sectarian in their character, but all receive Government aid from Great Britain irrespective of sect. Some of them are assisted by private benevolence, some by the Society of Friends, in England, and some by individuals, as the Mico-schools—named like our Peabody schools from their benevolent founder. Some of them are free schools, and some, the parents of the children help support.

The city schools are, peturally, better than those in the country. Two agricultural and industrial schools, one of them founded by a teacher from the American Missionary Association, which had five stations in the Island, were in a flourishing condition and had done much good at the time of our informant's visit.

Their success has been such as to show that the system of combining manual labor with education is the natural and best means of combatting the indolence and immorality which still prevail.

A correspondent of the Tribune during the exhibition remarked that when he "came to that of Jamaica, the Commissioner regretted that the school exhibits had not yet arrived." At our last visit during the closing weeks, we were told by the gentleman in charge that the schools of the Island were not represented. There must therefore have been some disappointment of the Commissioner's own expectations, which is to be regretted. The Tribune correspondent was further informed by the Commissioner that, "the British Government spends about $10,000 per annum on the schools of Jamaica, that the attendance is not compulsory but the blacks are eager to learn. Many of them go through the higher courses, and become physicians, clergymen, &c."

The great curse of Jamaica since the abolition of slavery has been the introduction of the Coolie trade, by which Coolies, or laborers, from the East Indies are imported to serve for a term of years under oppressive contracts which they do not understand when they make them, and find ont too late that they have sold themselves into what is little better than slavery. The friends of humanity in Great Britain are making earnest efforts to bring about the abolition of this traffic.

A CENTENNIAL LETTER, BY A SOUTHERN LADY.

MEMORIAL HALL.

One enters the portals of the beautiful marble "Memorial Hall" determined not to be lost amidst the sea of pictures that hang in every apartment, and the multitude of statues that adorn its corridors, but to maintain control of one's eyes and senses, and concentrate his attention upon a few studies of art, the opportunity to see which may never come again. As well might the tempest tossed mariner determine in mid-ocean to keep his eye fixed upon the land he has left. When the eye has wandered over miles of canvas and multitudes of figures, the weariness of eye and brain is so great that it is almost impossible to discriminate between a master-piece and a daub, a lovely landscape, or gaudy attempt at one, and the only thing that you do feel certain of, is that you don't want to see another of any kind.

But there are some pictures that shine out from the mass, that will be seen and remembered as long as life lasts. Such were two of Murillo's, in the Spanish department, "The Crucifixion" and "The Divine Morales." The Crucifixion was grand, but so dark, so terrible, that the soul shuddered at the realization of the great mystery — the holy, spotless God-man *dead*, hung upon the accursed tree, to secure heaven for the sinful, blood-stained, ingrate man. But the "Divine Morales" represents the Saviour of men, bearing the heavy cross up Calvary's weary hill, with a face full of agony, yet fuller still of love. You know the burden was one voluntarily assumed. A light, as from a sacrifice of self, willingly offered, and at last accepted, shines over the face so wan and worn, and yet so beautiful, so divinely lovely. Standing in rapt attention before it, thinking that the lesson there taught is the one, the only one all the nations of the earth should long and strive to know and understand, that they might receive it in their hearts and illustrate it by their lives, I was roused by hearing the person standing next to me exclaim in tones of love and thankfulness, "I could look at my Saviour all day long." Involuntarily I answered, "Yes, and love him more for such tremendous sorrow;" then started at having spoken so freely to a stranger, and turned to see a plain looking colored woman, simply dressed, but her face bright, with faith and love. When all other memories of the great Exhibition have been dimmed by time, that picture of our Lord will shine upon my soul and go with me, I think, to the "valley of the shadow of death."

The "Christian Martyr" is a lovely picture. The "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" is a collection of good portraits." Most people will remember the horrid picture of "Rizpah Protecting the Bodies of her sons" when they would gladly forget it. Most, too, have heard the incident—said to be founded on fact—of a strong, perhaps (?) *rather* too bitter, Republican woman, of course, who on seeing the picture commented thus, "Yes, there's some of them Rebels strung up as they ought to be, and their kind old colored woman keeping the buzzards off 'em. Good picture too" But from this painful picture one would gladly turn to the beautiful "Christian Martyr," or lovely "Madonne and Child," or the sweet, cool picture, "Misty Morning," or "The Anxious Mother" which though only a group of three sheep, a ewe and two lambs, is so life-like, that it is really a fine picture Either the rising of the tide on the sea-shore where she stands, or the distant mutterings of a storm, or some other danger, threatens her little ones, which "the anxious mother" is evidently quite ready and willing to resent, and protect them from. The face is as expressive as possible of keen anxiety, and, at the same time, of desire to quiet and soothe the little ones who stand near her unconscious of danger, or, at least, confident of her ability to guide and watch over them. The long wool looks heavy with the moisture from the sea, and from the half-parted lips you almost hear the low bleat. How wonderful is the art of the painter!

But it is impossible even in your own mind to recall the beautiful faces or scenes of that wonderful "Memorial Hall." Fervently would we repeat "Lord keep our memory green."

The statue of "Liberty" in bronze, which stood in the central hall, was impressive. The light of freedom, longed for, *prayed* for, watched for, "as one doth watch for the morning," shone all over the strong, manly figure; tears of joy and gratitude stood in the eyes raised to heaven, from the uplifted hands the shackles were falling, while the "Proclamation of Emancipation" was held out as if to show to every one where our colored brother got his "free papers." The lovely little piece of sculpture called "Study and Work," which showed a little girl reading and knitting, was beautiful, and a wonderful illustration of the power of genius over cold, hard stone. The child's face of rapt attention, the thread, *real* thread made of marble, as the children say, was carefully and most naturally drawn over the finger, the needles were in their proper place and position, and the stocking was half finished, while the open book upon her knee was evidently not the *least* interesting part to the little girl. The folds of the dress, the simple shoe, the very shoe-string carefully tied, were wonderfully life-like. "The Veiled Nun," "The Blind Girl, Nydia," "The Shower Bath," and many, many other fair and graceful figures come to fill the chamber of memory, but time will not allow even a passing mention.

Our Centennial year has closed! Let us with one heart and one mind begin the new century, with earnest effort to go forward, upward, onward, as our fathers have done in *their* century of which we have witnessed the grand, triumphant close; and with earnest prayer to God that he will bless our efforts as he has done theirs, and lead us on in every good work, we must bid adieu to our Centennial Exhibition.

—"A Primary Speech," delivered 4th of July, 1876, at Pleasant View Sunday-school Celebration, by Tommy Murray.

These lines were written by an old gentleman for his little grandson. He is a New Yorker and was once employed in the office of the N. Y. Tribune. He is a very interesting person.

Our Native Land! free, fair, and grand,
We count our greatest treasure:
And celebrate this Day of State
With patriotic pleasure.

We boys and girls, soon in the whirls
Of life will be contending.
Now, train us well, and time will tell
Our triumph, at the ending.

Our souls seek food;—examples good,
Of honest, noble living,
Will win you praise, from future days,
And bless you, in the giving.

We con the Book of Daily Life,
Each man and woman spelling.
At every turn, we look and learn,
Attaining or excelling.

Heart, body, head, well taught, well fed;
The coming generation
Your worth will feel, your glory seal,
And God exalt our nation.

OAKLAND, CAL., *Feb.* 13*th*, 1877.

Dear General Marshall:

I was very much pleased to receive a few days since the stereoscopic views which you kindly forwarded me. The group of teachers looked so natural, in spite of the few new faces, and recalled so vividly the days I spent at Hampton, that I felt that I ought to be in it.

My whole manner of life since I came to California has been so different from that at Hampton that I cannot help living over again in memory my experience on the "ole Virginia shore." I look over my copy of the Southern Workman with interest on its monthly arrival, and though it will soon be two years since I left Hampton, my interest in the school has in no degree abated. The more experience I have in teaching and the more I think upon the prevailing methods of education, the more I am convinced that the Hampton School is one of the best in the country, and is conducted on the soundest of principles. It is fully a generation ahead of most of our best American colleges, for it succeeds far better than they do in attaining the great end of education, that of strengthening and developing character and fitting students for the battle of life. Of course the test cannot be in a comparison between the graduates of Hampton and those of Harvard, for instance, because the latter has so much better material to work upon; but when we look to the *transforming process* of education, I know of no institution which ranks above your school at Hampton. In the best schools and colleges of the country, those for both sexes, the teaching is sadly lacking in the practical, and young men and women graduate but poorly fitted to do any of the rough work of life. I may be a visionary, but I hope to see the time come when no young man can graduate from our colleges without a thorough training in some handicraft, and when the education of young ladies shall include something of a more practical nature than music, German and dancing. My life in California runs on in a rather monotonous way, and I have nothing very stirring to relate. I enjoy my work at the University, finding the material to work upon good if it is crude. We have now some 300 students, including about fifty young ladies. I have become a firm believer in the one-man power since coming to California.

Very sincerely yours,
EDMUND H. SEARS, JR.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

One of the ablest and most reliable young men who have graduated here writes as follows from Augusta, Georgia:

"*Dear Teacher:*—I went North after leaving school this spring, but in such haste that I hardly had time to look about me to much satisfaction; however, I saw enough on the way from Norfolk to Boston to convince me that people living under free institutions will ever outstrip in prosperity those living under systems of bondage. I reached home in time to take a three months' school, which I taught during the summer, and am glad to say that I got on very well.

"Immediately after closing my school on the 6th of October, I went to Columbus, was married there on the 10th, started in less then two hours afterward for Macon, staying there one day, and arrived at Augusta, safe and sound with bride and baggage, on the morning of the 12th, and went to work in cotton the next morning. I assure you I've been kept hard at work ever since, so much so that I am very tired at night, which accounts for my not writing to you since arriving in Augusta. Of course I might have done so during the summer while teaching, but thought I would put it off until I got married.

"As to politics, neither Mr. nor myself have taken any active part therein, nor would it profit us or our people anything in Georgia, for here the Democrats have everything their own way, and while there has been but little open violence, there has been sufficient cause for it, and would have been were it not for the endaring patience of the colored people, enforced by e knowledge of their helpless condition. There is no such thing as a free ballot here for them, when they go to the polls in such numbers as to endanger democratic success; but if we offer to vote with them (that is, for their man) we can do so without being questioned; otherwise, you are asked to show your poll-tax receipt for the previous year; failing to do this, although your tax may have been paid, you can't vote. By this and many other such frivolous excuses, they cheat thousands of colored people out of voting.

"Had I the time, I would thank you for the kind interest you manifested in my welfare, temporally and spiritually, while at school, but will probably speak of it again when its fruits are more manifest. I have a good Christien wife, am getting on tolerably well, and am quite heppy. We are boarding with a minister's family, and very nice people they are too,—just like parents to us. F."

A graduate, whose voice has been heard by thousands in the Hampton Students' concerts, writes to a teacher from his field of labor in Virginia:

"I feel that I am indebted a thousand times to the Hempton Institute, a thousand times the value of your hill, for my present position, the society in which I enjoy myself and *above all* for what it is still doing for my ignorant and forsaken people.

"My school is now graded and I have an assistant. I heve one hundred end thirty on my roll; average ettendance, one hundred and fourteen.

"My superintendent is a real Democret but treats me with great respect and likes my way of teaching. E. and W. ere also teaching in the county with much success. I am glad to say that the Hampton graduates make special efforts to train their pupils morally as well as intellectually, which the southern people appreciate. My white friends in the vicinity seem to be social, and speak kindly and politely to me even in this bitter election time."

A highly intelligent gentleman in California writes in a private letter as follows of the condition of the colored people in and about San Francisco.

"The darkey mind seems to be getting bewildered on political questions. The Democratic majorities in the Southern States must have been swelled largely by negro votes. But I suppose this was to be expected. Sambo is neither a sage nor an angel yet, though the potencies may lie within him. I noticethat the colored people have no social position in Cali-

fornia, much less so than in the East where there is some slight approach to such a thing. Here they prosper tolerably, but are rather despised, are always called niggers, though they are never abused. I do not think there is so much destitution amongst them as amongst the Irish and some other foreign elements who are cut out by 'the heathen Chinee.' I have never seen colored men at work upon the farms. I think they find employment as porters, janitors, hostlers, and as waiters in the hotels. I have attended their churches several times and always found the same order of things that prevails in the South, only more civilization and refinement. Preachers used good grammar; both they and the people were a little less demonstrative; sometimes there was singing only by the choir. I think the whole posse of them went the Republican ticket, almost without a break."

A very intelligent and earnest graduate who is working in a true missionary spirit gives this experience. It is only by realizing the exact condition of their people that their teachers will do the best work. There are churches and churches, and it is not a reproach to the more enlightened colored people that in some sections negro worship is semi-heathenish in character:

SCOTTSVILLE, VA., *Nov.* 6, 1876.

"*Dear Teacher:*—The clock has struck ten, but I cannot go to bed till I say a few words to you. Miss H., if I have ever felt the need of Christ's help I feel it now. I have been in a good many places, but I do think that the colored people are more behind the times in this place than in any other place in which I have been. I will say that there are some very nice people here; but the rest are bad enough to pay for it. The most of them don't seem to know what a Christian duty is. Those that belong to the church are as bad as those who do not belong to any church. I have never been to any of their church meetings, but I have had the history of them. The deacons have been after me to unite myself with them, and I told them that I didn't know how long I was going to stay and it would be useless for me to send for my letter from Hampton to unite with them, and almost as soon as I get it I would have to go somewhere else. They said they would take me in without my letter; but I don't care to unite without it, because they cannot give me full membership without I do get my letter. I want to do all the good I can here, and I think as they do, that if I am in the church and have a voice in the church matters, that will do more good. So I will ask you, what do you think about it? So I am doing good I don't care. Mr. Powers told me how they were when I first got here; but he doesn't know half. Sometimes when the minister is preaching you can't hear anything he says for the people shouting and knocking over the benches, and on other times the minister can't preach for their laughing and talking in church. Last night I went to church, and the minister started to preach and they laughed and talked so that one of the deacons had to stop the minister and ask the people to keep order. After the minister had finished and they were passing the baskets around, I asked the deacons to let me say a few words, which they did. I first spoke of my day-school and then my Sunday-school, and after that I spoke about the way they acted there—and I gave it to them as they ought to have it; and they being members of the church I asked them if they were setting an example for those who were not members. And to-day I had some of them that know how to behave themselves come and tell me that what I said was worth ten dollars to those that heard it. The deacons are afraid of saying anything to them, they don't want to hurt their feelings; but I told them if the truth would kill them they must die, for I would tell the truth.

"I am getting along nicely with my school. I have thirty-four scholars on roll, and they are coming in every week. I hope that I will not have many, but the school numbers seventy in the winter. The white people are very kind to me as so far; I go to their church when there isn't any preaching in the colored. W."

JAPANESE VIEWS OF EDUCATION.

"It is incumbent on every citizen to understand the nature of the public institutions of his country, and to become familiar with the duties pertaining to his position in society.

"The principles of law exist in all things and have so existed from all time. They show themselves in the natural relations which bind society together, and in the cardinal virtues of humanity, uprightness, propriety, wisdom and sincerity. In public affairs they serve to secure good administration. A school is an institution in which these principles are taught so that they may be practically followed throughout the country.

"It is essential that the young men of a nation should be taught the principles of filial piety, brotherly love, of the just relations between master and servant, parent and child, husband and wife, and brethren and friends. It is equally essential that they should be educated in all the domestic and public virtues, so that the duties which relate to the state and to individuals may both be faithfully performed.

"The acquirement of knowledge and the cultivation of talent are essential to a successful life. By education, men learn to acquire property, practise learned professions, perform public services, and make themselves independent of the help of their fellow-men. Schools are designed to provide this essential education. In their various capacities they are intended to supply to all classes of men the knowledge necessary for a successful life. The simple forms of language, the methods of writing, the principles of calculation, the highest knowledge of law, politics, science and arts; the preparation of the officer for his duties, of the farmer and merchant for their occupations, the physician for his profession, all of these it is the proper function of schools to supply. Poverty and failure in the careers of life find their chief cause in the want of education.

"Schools and colleges are by no means the only agencies by which the education of a nation is advanced. The circulation of books and newspapers, and the establishment of libraries and museums are now everywhere recognised as exerting an important influence upon the progress of human knowledge."

A Hint:—

"In 1869 a lecture-room was opened in Tokio at which the court nobles, the daimios, the lesser nobles and public officers attended. This was designed as a method of mutual improvement, in order to give the leading men of the day an opportunity to increase their culture and their knowledge of affairs. There seems to have been a division into classes for the better attainment of their purposes. There was the class of *explanation*, the class of *mutual improvement*, the class of *inquiry*, and the class of *debate*. The attendants were allowed to choose which class they would join."

LET IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Throw wide the doors, the windows wide,
And let the sunlight in;
With Heaven's first smile upon our home
Let us the day begin.

The sunlight, with its warmth and cheer,
How gladly at our will
It throws a flood of golden light
The darkest rooms to fill!

Throw wide the doors, the windows wide,
And let the sunlight through;
Let in the glory of the morn,
The day so fair and new.

Let in the incense of the flowers,
The sweet life-giving air,
Let in the matins of the birds,
The gladness everywhere.

Throw wide the doors, the windows wide,
Make haste to greet the day,
Make haste, before her fragrant bloom
And freshness fade away

Throw wide the windows of the heart,
And let the morning light
Into the darkened chambers, where
We hide our grief from sight.

Throw wide the windows of the heart,
And let the morning fair
Chase from the sunless spirit all
Its weight of brooding care.

Look through the windows of the soul,
Up to the blue of heaven,
And meet the Father's answering love,
To all so freely given.

Fling wide the doors, the windows wide,
And let the sunlight in;
With God's first smile upon our home,
Let us the day begin.

—*E. B., in Liberal Christian.*

COMMUNICATED.

IN MEMORY.

Departed this life, at the residence of her husband, near Swansonville, Pittsylvania Co., Va., March 11th, 1877, Mrs. Fanny Francis, aged 33 years, wife of Mr. Humphrey Francis. Mrs. Francis leaves a husband and seven children. She was a devoted wife, and loving mother, a true and faithful friend, always to be found on the side of right and truth. Besides her bereft family, she has left a host of friends who mourn her death. Those who knew her best seem to love her most.

She told her husband the day before she died that she was ready and willing to go at any time, that he must not not grieve, but try to raise her children in the way she had begun. We feel that our loss has been her gain, and that she is safe in the arms of Jesus, sleeping that blessed sleep.

A FRIEND.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

APRIL 15th. The Louisiana controversy is practically settled. The project substantially agreed upon is a Legislature to which shall be admitted all members with claims according to parish returns. As this will have a majority of Conservatives, Governor Nicholls will be recognized. It is not expected that Gov. Packard will accept this willingly if at all, but the Commission are assured that as soon as it is announced, a break will occur in the Packard Legislature so large as to leave him no support. The Commission will recommend the withdrawal of the United States troops from the State House, and the Packard government will come to an end.

APRIL 16th. The Nicholls Senate passed joint resolutions as part of the plan of adjustment, endorsing the President's inaugural, and pledging their support to his policy, and declaring as an earnest of this endeavor, that it is and will be their purpose—first, to accept in good faith the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, in letter and in spirit; second, to enforce law rigidly and impartially for the suppression of violence, so that the humblest laborer on the soil of Louisiana, throughout every parish, of every color, shall receive full and equal protection of the laws in person, property, political rights and privileges; third, to promote kindly relations between the white and colored citizens of the State, upon a basis of justice and mutual confidence; fourth, the education of all classes of the people being essential to the preservation of free institutions, we declare our solemn purpose to maintain a system of public schools by an equal and uniform taxation upon property, as provided in the Constitution of the United States, and which shall secure the education of white and colored citizens with equal advantages; fifth, desirous of healing the dissensions that have disturbed the State for years past, and anxious that the citizens of all political parties may be free from feverish anxieties of political strife and join hands in honestly restoring the prosperity of Louisiana, the Nicholls Government pledges itself to discountenance any attempted persecution, from any quarter, of individuals for past political conduct.

Sixth, that the Governor be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to the President.

THE Tribune reports a conversation with President Hayes in which, speaking of his Southern policy as to new view of his, he said with emphasis "My belief is that this course tends to give good government to the South; it tends to secure peace between the sections and between the races or parties of the South, and it tends to secure the rights, interests and safety of the colored people; therefore I am in favor of the policy. I do not know whether I shall succeed in carrying it out, because there are Northern and Southern men who in various ways may possibly thwart me, but of one thing I am confident, namely, I think it my duty to try and carry out the policy and I am going to do it."

OVER 300 clerks have been discharged from the various bureaus of the Department of the Interior, in carrying out Secretary Schurz's plans for Civil Service Reform, and reduction of expenses.

APRIL 14th. The non-Mormon inhabitants of Utah territory, in convention at Salt Lake City, passed resolutions to so amend the territorial constitution that bigamy or polygamy shall be a bar to citizenship.

APRIL 19th. By order of the President, the United States troops were removed from their guard of the Packard legislature, the President in his order stating his conviction that the state of affairs is not such as the Constitution specifies as warranting the interference of the United States government, but merely a question of legal claim to the government of the State, to be settled according to the State constitution and by its own laws in a peaceable manner. No disturbance followed the removal of the troops. A number of members of the Packard legislature went over to the Nicholl's, giving it more than a quorum.

THE Massachusetts Senate has passed a bill to be engrossed, granting the suffrage to women.

GENERAL.

APRIL 1. Ground was broken for a new hall at Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee. It is to be called Livingstone Hall, and to cost $50,000, which is contributed chiefly in England, and is built with the understanding that it is to be used for training missionaries to Africa. Jubilee Hall is overcrowded with students.

APRIL 11. The Southern Hotel in St. Louis burned down, with a large loss of life, and a loss of property estimated at nearly a million.

THE hostile Indians of the Northwest are surrendering in great numbers.

GRASSHOPPERS are lively in TEXAS. A commission appointed by Secretary Schurz to investigate the prospects in the West report that there is not much to fear from their devastations there next summer.

TWEED is to make full confession, and give up his property to the city in exchange for his freedom. Ex-Mayor Oakey Hall of New York has gone to England, it is supposed to avoid the disclosures.

MEXICO is still in a state of revolutionary disturbance. THE states of Central America are reported at peace.

WAR seems to be inevitable and imminent between Russia and Turkey.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent in distributing, *free of charge*, Sample Bottles of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP to all parts of this country, to those suffering from Coughs, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Consumption, and other Throat and Lung Diseases, that the afflicted might satisfy themselves that this remedy would save them from those fatal diseases. No persons has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, skeptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

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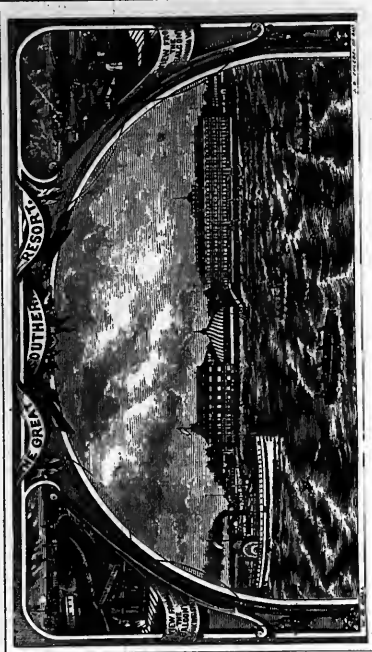

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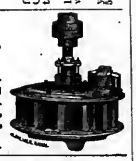

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VOL. VI. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1877. NO. 6

"BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

"BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

Wading knee-deep in daisies and clover,
(Sunshine so bright and breezes so cool)
Large-winged butterflies hovering over,
Puck and Betsy are going to school.

Pretty the butterflies' airy dances,
Up in the balmy summer weather;
Pretty the smiles and sweet coy glances
Of Puck and Betsy walking together.

Under long lashes, bright eyes shining,
Curly brown heads leaning each toward each—
Arms so lovingly intertwining—
Puck and Betsy are easy to teach.

They readily learn what Nature, sweet mother,
Teaches by many a gentle rule:
"My little children, love one another."—
So Puck and Betsy are going to school.

—M. B. S.

DOCTOR JUNE.

[Office hours, every day. Sundays *not* excepted. Consultation free.]

BY LUCY B. WIGGIN.

Dr. June is going his rounds;
Over the house his summons sounds,
But, ere we can answer his cheery call,
He springs up the stair,
With a confident air,
And enters the sick-room, bags and all.

"Well, how is the patient?" we hear him say.
"Very high fever, sir, to-day;
Pulses rapid and eyes too bright;
Appetite poor?
Yes, yes, to be sure;
Lucky I know what will set you right.

"This is the medicine you must take:
Every day a bath in the lake,
Night and morning a cooling draught,
(Repeat at will),
From the spring on the hill,
With an easy stroll when the cup is quaffed."

Entering next a darkened room—
Door or window, how did he come?
Mrs. Neuralgia starts and sighs
At the flood of light
Which dazzles her sight,
As she makes a feeble attempt to rise.

"Tonics, Madam, are what you need;
Oh! yes, very low state indeed.
Doses of sunshine every hour;
And don't be spare
Of the morning air—
A strengthening drink of the greatest power."

For sad Asthmatic, with wheeze and whine,
He orders the balsam of fir and pine,
Warm brown needles beneath his back,
While the sun-warmed air
Which the pines prepare,
Inhaled, will do what the balsams lack.

His medicine chest is a sight to see;
The sick little children laugh in glee,

As they scan the labels with eager gaze,
Then, relieved of dread,
Drop each tired head,
With a smile at the dear old doctor's ways.

Double Extract of New-mown Hay;
Honey of Clover, made to-day;
Essence of Dewdrop, thrice distilled;
With Apple-bloom
In each bit of room
He finds in the morning yet unfilled.

From place to place he hurriedly goes,
For even now it draws to a close—
His brief engagement of thirty days;
And one and all
Should give him a call
Who hope for benefit while he stays.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

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HAMPTON, JUNE, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

COMMENCEMENT DAY at Hampton Institute, this year, has been honored by the presence of Mrs. President Hayes, accompanied by her sister Mrs. Anstin of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Rogers, the President's private secretary, and Mr. Mead, a relative of the President, and escort of the White House party. President Hayes had accepted an invitation to be present, but telegraphed that his New York trip had taken so much time that he should be obliged with regret to give up his intention.

The interest thus manifested by the Chief Executive of the nation and his representatives, in a Freedmen's school, is a cheering and encouraging fact, in keeping with the spirit of the inaugural pledges of protection to the interests of education and the colored race, and one of the evidences that our new President is a man of his word.

The moral support of this visit, and of the cordial spirit which prevailed among all present at the commencement exercises, is worth very much not only to this school but to the two-fold cause it represents.

Besides the White House party many people of position and intellect from both North and South attended the Hampton Commencement. Considerably over two hundred were present. Among them many of our neighbors and friends from Hampton and Old Point, a party of about one hundred and twenty-five from Norfolk and Portsmouth, and a good many, though fewer than last year, from the North.

Among those present from outside were Mr. Frederick Marqnand of New York, Mr. E. B. Monroe, Pres't of Y. M. C. A., New York, Mrs. Monroe; Mr. W. K. Spence of Baltimore, Misses Gilman, Garrett, King and Burnap of Baltimore; Miss M. A. Longstreth of Philadelphia; Mr. White of the New York Tribune; Deacon Ezra Farnsworth of Boston; Rev. J. B. Pinney, of the American Colonization Society, just returned from a visit to Africa; Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Mass., Rev. John W. Harding, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Meriden, Ct.; Mr. and Mrs. Throop Martin, Auburn, N. Y.; General Emery Upton; Gen. Getty, commanding Fort Monroe, Mrs. Getty, many of the officers of the garrison; Rev. James S. Boyd D.D., wife and daughter, Geneva, N. Y.; Rev. Charles Southgate, Mass.; Major and Mrs. Gibbs, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, and Mrs. Lewis Child, New York; Captain P. T. Woodfin, Deputy Gen'l, National Soldiers' Home; Col. Thos. Tabb and wife, Dr. Semple, Dr. J. T. Boutelle and wife, and many citizens of Hampton.

In the Norfolk party were Commodore and Mrs. Stevens, Rev. Dr. Barten, Rev. Mr. Ryan, Judge Gannett, Hon. J. B. Goode, Col. R. W. Hughes, Gen. and Mrs. Pegram, Professor Webster, Rev. Mr. Woods, Rev. Mr. Rose, Col. Wm. Sharpe and Mrs. Sharpe, Captains Franklin, Truxton, Quackenbos, and Loyall, and the Captain of a Prussian corvette lying in Norfolk harbor, Mr. T. R. Williams, and Mr. H. P. Worcester.

The following gentlemen present were elected trustees of the school: Rev. A. N. Arnold, D. D., Chicago, Ill.; Mr. E. B. Monroe of New York; Judge F. N. Watkins of Virginia; Rev. James H. Means, of Boston, Mass. The other trustees present were Rev. M. E. Strieby, New York; Col. R. W. Hughes, Norfolk; Mr. Alexander Hyde, Mass.; Rev. T. K. Fessenden, Farmington, Ct.; Mr. Robert C. Ogden, Brooklyn; Mr. Samuel Holmes, New Jersey; Mr. Anthony Kimber, Phila.; Mr. Edgar Ketchum, N. Y.; Mr. Z. S. Ely, York City; Dr. Lewis H. Steiner, Maryland.

The Senior examinations and other recitations in Academic Hall from nine to noon were attended by crowds of visitors, and were well sustained. The class in Agriculture seemed to attract special notice from its novelty and practical bearing, and the intelligent interest which the pupils themselves took in the subjects under examination. The seniors were examined also in Algebra, Ancient History, and Elocution. The examination in Civil Government had to be given up on account of the illness of the teacher.

The lower classes recited in Arithmetic, Natnral Philosophy, United States History, Reading and Spelling and Grammar. As far as such examinntions can be a test of progress, these were encouraging, and it is believed by the teachers that good progress has been made this year both in study and the development of character. Specimens of the pupils' penmanship, and geometric drawing, introduced this year, were open to inspection, and copies of the Senior "Herald" and "Palladium," the manuscript journals which the class has sustained this year as a variation upon composition writing.

An interesting exhibit was made of the little composition books and maps drawn with colored pencils, the work of a primary school in Norfolk, tanght by a Hampton graduate.

The visitors took special notice, as nsual, of the industrial departments of the school, which were arranged as conveniently as possible for inspection. Some of the farm stock, the colts, and some sheep and cattle were collected in pens near the Academic Hall, a handsome table of farm prodnce was set ont inside, and two knitting machines, worked by two of the students, were in operation running off mittens.

There were no more attentive and evidently interested visitors than the party from the White House, listening to examinations, inspecting the various departments and asking questions about everything. As they stopped to look at the pretty Alderney cows, Mrs. Hayes asked the farm manager what their names were, and thonght it a pity that such beautiful creatures should not have names of their own. It was but natnral, of course, to beg that the lady would name one of them, and she smilingly complied, saying, "I will nme this one Elizabeth Fry, because it has such a gentle Quaker face."

At twelve the Senior class were escorted to Virginia Hall by the band and the other classes. After the usual lunch on General Armstrong's piazza, the visitors repaired to Virginia Hall to attend the afternoon exercises. Before they began, Mrs. Hayes kindly went to meet the school in the girls' parlor where the Senior class and the other students were presented to her, and had the pleasure of a hand-shake and kind smile, each one.

The teachers and many of the visitors were also presented. Northerners, and Southerners, white and colored seemed alike charmed by the unaffected womanliness and affability of Mrs. Hayes, and glad to think that such a true woman presides over the White House, and is the nearest friend and helpmeet of our President.

The afternoon exercises were conducted according to the following programme. The music was chiefly the singing of plantation melodies by the choir nnd school, Mendelssohn's Lark wns also given, but other glees were omitted on account of the illness of the director of the glee clnb.

MUSIC.

Salutatory: With the "Hampton Students" — Maria Mallette.
Our Duty as Graduates, — Henry B. Rice.
A Temperance Story, — Alice Harris.

MUSIC.

Selection: A Child's Dream of a Star, — Richard Muse.
My Log Cabin School-house, — Caroline Roberts.
Selection: A. Ward at the Tomb of Shakespeare, — Boswell N. White.

MUSIC.

Shall we go to Africa? — Robert Hamilton.
Our Work as Women, — Della E. Irving.
Valedictory: Virginia in the Revolution, — Wm. M. Reid.

MUSIC.

A Post-Graduate's Experience, — Frank Tyler.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC.

Contrary to the custom of the school, prizes were awarded for the essays and orations best written and delivered. They were the kind gift of Dr. R. H. McDonald of New York, who requested that they should be distributed as follows: $20, $10, and $5 to the young men, and the same to the young women. In accordance also with the wish of the giver, two committees were selected by the Principal, one of two ladies and one gentleman to award the girls' prizes, and one of one lady and two gentlemen to award the young men's. On the first committee were Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, Miss M. A. Longstreth, and Hon. J. B. Goode. On the second, Mrs. Commodore Stevens, Col. R. W. Hughes, and Mr. Alexander Hyde.

Hon. J. B. Goode in announcing the decision of the committee on the girls' prizes, said:

"Permit me first to say, I am glad to be here to-day. I feel that it is good for me to be here. It is a rare enjoyment. It is impossiblo to over-estimate the benefits to your race of an institution like this. It draws out all the powers of the mind. It teaches you to think, investigate, reason for yourselves. It prepares you for the duties of life. There is as much difference between uneducated and educated men and women as there is between the rough ore and the polished metal. Both have the same essential properties, but one is rough, unsightly and useless, the other fitted for use and ornament.

How important, then, to improve these golden opportunities. If unimproved, then like Esau you will have to mourn the loss of your birthright when tears will not redeem it. The great Webster used to say that he had seen more than Methuselah. It is not the number of years but the opportunities enjoyed and improved that make life long and full. What a responsibility to live in this wonderful nineteenth century in a country like this. We all have opportunities; we may not all become great, but we all may become useful in our sphere of life.

You have been taught that a stone cast into the ocean communicates motion which spreads and spreads until it is felt on the remotest shore. So from every heart spreads influence which shall never cease to spread. Soul reacts on soul—the spark that fires a single breast is conveyed to other bosoms. Let us be careful to exert a good influence.

Having the honor to be associated with that excellent and distinguished lady, Mrs. President Hayes, and that honored friend of this school, Miss Longstreth, on this committee, I have to announce that, after much embarrassment to discriminate and even with some disagreement, we have at last agreed to award the prizes as follows:

$20, to Della E. Irving; $10, to Maria Mallette; $5, to Caroline Roberts; and $5, to Alice Harris."

It was announced by Gen. Armstrong, that the last named $5 had been kindly added by Mrs. Hayes herself, to reward the writer of the original Temperance story. The cause of Temperance, as our readers know, is one in which our President's wife takes great and practical interest.

The girls came forward and received their prizes from the hand of Mrs. Hayes, who gave with each a kindly smile, and then the young men's prizes were announced by Col. Hughes, with the remark, that the committee designated had had great difficulty in making any distinction where all had seemed in one respect or another equally good. As it was necessary to decide they had at last done so in a somewhat arbitrary but not invidious manner, as follows: $20, to Robert Hamilton; $10, to William Reid; $5, to Henry B. Rice. These prizes were distributed by Mrs. Commodore Stevens.

REV. MR. RYAN of Norfolk, an Irish gentleman, pastor of a prominent church in that city, was introduced, and said,—

"Though I have been for many years associated with similar institutions, and though the same principles have been involved in their work, I must say that these principles have been presented with more force, and with more significance to the future here to-day, than in any f have ever seen before. The very place itself—calling up remembrances, first of all of the emigration of noble men from the old country to hew out freedom here, —then of the manly struggles of a free people against the oppression of George IIf. And let it be remembered that every Englishman to-day feels proud that the language in which Chatham and Burke spoke for your freedom, and all freedom, is his own mother tongue. When I remember the later struggle in which your Principal and the colored people took so important a part, and then learn that many statesmen and officers of the side opposed to you in that struggle now contribute to your school, with profound wisdom,—I look on the scene of to-day as prophetic, not of a distant future only, but of an immediate future.

"I see waving above us here the flags of *all* nations. You have sympathy for all. Grand-hearted—large hearted people of America, it is in this that your greatness consists. When we subjects of Her Majesty are away from home, our Queen's birthday always thrills our hearts with loyalty.

"But when I see your President's representative here to-day, this honnred and beloved lady moving so graciously, kindly, sweetly among her sisters, my heart thrills like yours. Ah, that lady needs no household troops, no Horse-Guards. She lives in the hearts of this people!

"Sir, I feel that this height to which we have climbed through years of war and tumnlt is a sort of Mount Sinai with its terrors gone, its thunders silent. Its lightnings are passed. We have come to that other mount, we are come to Mount Zion, to the spirits of those who have brought us to this height, to the general assembly of the First-Born.

"Your Principal has told me, and it is a pregnant thought, that nearly every one of this graduating class of fifty, he believes, goes forth with the love of Christ in his heart. That is a blessed and beautiful thought. I remember an address of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to the Alumni of Edinboro' University, in which he said: 'Yonng men, allow me to tell you, as a man of letters in the world, that religion, in its simplest form, as it flowed from your mothers' lips, is the best thing you can have, better than philosophy and learning. Having this you have the converging lines to Mount Calvary, the glory of God, the good of men.'

"The brightest gem of the British regalia is the Koh-i-nor diamond, valued at £4,000,000. But richer than the Koh-i-nor, my dear young people, is God's peculiar treasure. The King of Kings has nothing more precious—God himself can give you no greater thing—the fear of the Lord is His strength."

The presentation of diplomas to the Senior class was made by Rev. M. E. Strieby, president of the board of trustees since the death of Rev. Dr. George Whipple. After an eloquent tribute to the memory of this one of the most honored and self-devoted laborers in the American Missionary Association in the time of its early struggle for existeuce and through many years after, Dr. Strieby thus addressed the class:

"Dear friends, you are going forth to the battle of life. A Spartan mother who sent her son into the fight and gave him his shield, said to him, 'My son, come back with your shield or borne upon it.' This is the spirit

you need as you go to the great conflict before you.

"Why do I speak of conflict? Has not the boom of cannon ceased? Does not the sunrise of peace crown all the hill-tops of Virginia and reach even South Carolina and Louisiana? It does—and it is the effect, as I honestly believe, of this blessed, growing fraternity brought about by the deep political sagacity of our new President of these United States.

"My friends, I had a speech all prepared to deliver to you, but I am saved the trouble. Every one of your orations and essays takes the wind all out of my sails. You have told us your duty better than I can tell it to you. All I need say is, go forth and do as you have said. Sweet singers, go on and sing until your songs die in Heaven's chorus. Go on, young friends, to do your work as men and as women, for Virginia, for our common country, for Africa. You know your work—go do it.

"These lands, this beautiful site on which your buildings stand, and which you cultivate, are the combined gifts of Old Virginia and the North. I am glad to be told that here are white representatives of this neighborhood in increasing numbers every year to behold the progress of your people.

"It was this wish of your trustees that the President of the United States might be here to-day. I am told that he had great regret in not being able at last to come, but I am happy, in your name, to welcome Mrs. President Hayes. Her presence with us, and that of these friends, and all that is seen to-day, are evidences of encouragement to your race in the conflict of life.

"But I am happiest of all to believe that almost every one of this class has an intelligent hope in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"O young friends, go forth to do the work of your Father, on this earth, and to meet Him in heaven."

PRESIDENT HAYES'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

was then introduced by General Armstrong, with the remark, "I think Colonel Rogers has been doing some thinking to-day, and that he will be willing to say a few words to us."

Colonel Rogers responded as follows:

"I believe I must say Yes to the statement of General Armstrong, and I say it with all my heart. It is so late, however, and we have been saying so much, and hearing so much, that I fear I shall trespass too much upon the time that is left if I comply with General Armstrong's request. And yet I should certainly do injustice and violence to the emotions of satisfaction, the emotions of pleasure with which I have witnessed and listened to these exercises in this beautiful Hall, and in Academic Hall, unless I should in some brief way respond to General Armstrong, to tell you how deeply, how earnestly I have been thinking, as he said. Certainly, they have been a theme for my earnest thought. Interested as I have been all my life in Normal Schools, and many of their closing days as I have seen, I have never attended an examination of any Normal School where the pupils gave marked evidence of more thorough training, and the teachers decided evidence of more conscientious discharge of their duty, than I have seen here to-day.

"I have been accustomed to think of Normal Schools as of first importance among educational institutions. I say this with deep heartfelt interest in Common Schools, but I place the Normal School first, not only in its intellectual training, but its interest in training of characters. I looked on the map which General Armstrong showed us in Academic Hall, where stars were marked, dotting the surface of Virginia all over, showing the places where graduates of this school are doing their grand, good work; and I said to myself—Well may the State of Virginia foster and cherish, as I understand she does, this institution. She has no interest within her borders—this great State, Mother of States, as we love to think her—she has no interest North, South, East or West, through all her beautiful hills and valleys, from where the Atlantic laves her shores to the mountains of her western boundary, no interest to compare with this work that is being done here; no institution—and I mean every word I say—not one she can foster and cherish, that is comparable to the institution whose commencement exercises we have witnessed here to-day.

"I was glad to hear your post-graduate say, in giving us his experiences, that his duties, and his sphere of work while a teacher, had not been confined to his own race. For while race duties are substantial and significant, they are secondary altogether to the larger interests which make us one in a common humanity, in a common purpose to live for all in our land.

"We have all races here: let us remember that as citizens of this free land, one flag waves over us, and we have a common interest in that flag. The time is coming, I trust, when we shall feel that common interest more deeply.

"In the name of those who are with us, and whom we represent, I thank you, pupils, I thank you, teachers, I thank you, friends of this Normal School, for the very great pleasure you have given us to-day."

THE YEAR'S GROWTH.

The growth of the school this year compares favorably in all respects with that of previous years. It closes with 274 on its rolls, and has had an average attendance of 245, a gain of fifteen per cent. over any former year. Of these, 210 are boarders from all parts of the country from Massachusetts to Louisiana, though the greatest numbers are, naturally, from Virginia and the neighboring States. These come into the full atmosphere of the school, its moral and religious training, military inspection of clothes and quarters, and general personal influence outside as well as in school. The day scholars are naturally less under it, but are invited tend the Bible classes and other services and do so to some extent.

The comfortable new cottage, erected last summer for lodgings for the young men of the Middle class, by the generosity of a gentleman of New York, is occupied by thirty-five students, and makes room in Academic Hall for the recitations of the Preparatory class, heretofore held in the Butler school-house. A fine new barn is just started, to cost $5,000, which is nearly provided for, and with these buildings the needs of the school in this direction will be met for some time to come.

The examinations have shown good results of the year's work in the school-room. The Senior class have studied this year—Algebra, Ancient History, Civil Government, Grammar and Composition, Elocution, Book-keeping and Agriculture.

The industrial departments of the school have increased in number and value. Several industries have been added giving employment to many more students. Ten hand knitting machines are kept in constant operation filling orders from a Boston firm, which supplies the yarn and takes the mittens. A hand loom keeps two young women in work, weaving rag carpets to order and for sale. The broom factory is closed for the present, but will be opened again. The brick kiln makes 200,000 bricks a year, for which a ready sale is found. The carpenters among the students have found, as always, abundant occupation on the place. There is a clothes-cleaner among them and other trades are represented and find room.

The girls' industrial room has turned out 1332 articles during the year. Most of the tailoring as well as plain sewing and all the mending for the students is done here. The girls of the Senior class have had instructions every week in cooking in the different families on the place. They have also, as usual, done the laundry work of the school.

The trustees' committee to inspect the farm report great improvement. The stock has been improved and increased. Early produce and fine Cotswold lambs are sent to Northern markets.

The Printing Office gives more employment to students than last year, having obtained since January the printing of the "American Missionary," a monthly paper published by the American Missionary Association in New York. The "American Colonization Society" at Washington, D. C., has also decided to have its quarterly magazine "The African Repository" printed in this office. Outlays have been required to provide for this increase of business, but the office report promises to show a small profit at the end of the year.

The Engineer's department reports the addition of two large water tanks to those already provided, and the steam pump, fire engine and all apparatus in perfect order, and that the agents for the board of under-writers say that this school has the best fire apparatus of any institution in the State. This department has made this year for school use, 40 iron bedsteads and 45 tables, more substantial than any that can be found in the markets and at a third less cost.

The Librarian reports 1996 book in the library, chiefly the gift of friends, and including many valuable works. There have been drawn out during the year, by the young men, 896; by the young women, 429, which is in about the proportion of one sex to the other in number.

The Senior class add 51 to the 196 former graduates of the school, of whom 95 per cent. have been engaged in teaching. The seniors remain after graduation to take a three weeks' course of special instruction in teaching, conducted this year by Professor Johonnet of Ithaca, N. Y. Fifteen post-graduates have come to attend this course.

The church connected with this school has had constant though quiet religious growth. Nearly every one of the Senior class not previously connected with any church, has already united with it, and it is hoped that all will go forth to their field of labor as Christian workers.

THE Southern Workman, like most folks, likes to be appreciated. Its increasing circulation is one cheering sign of rich appreciation, and still more pleasant are such sympathetic words as the following letter contains. Once in a while we like to lay one of these encouraging notes that come to us before our readers believing that many of them will enjoy it as much as we do far the sake of the same good cause

"SALTVILLE, VIRGINIA, *Feb. 26th*, 1877.

"*J. B. F. Marshall Esq.,—Dear Sir:*

"You are no doubt aware that my term of subscription to your paper, 'The Workman,' expired last December, but you were kind enough to send me the *January* number, for which I return many thanks.

"The 'Workman' is such a good paper that I think it behooves me to give my testimony in regard to it.

"It is better suited to the wants of colored readers than any paper I have ever seen. A good many of the colored people of this place are already subscribers to the 'Workman' and I think it is gaining popularity every year and will soon gain a large circulation in this vicinity. I have not succeeded in getting up a club as yet, but hope I will soon I have concluded to subscribe to it another year, and a few days ago I sent you the price of subscription, &c., which I suppose you have received ere this. With the best wishes for the welfare of your paper, I remain

Yours truly,
CHARLES CALIVER."

Agricultural.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

A number of years ago, when our flock was very much afflicted with this disease, a noted poultry fancier was asked the remedy for it. He replied that no poultry yard was ever visited by it, where a convenient supply of clean sand was always accessible to the chickens. Acting on this hint, a flat box was filled with coarse sand, and the epidemic has disappeared entirely. Ever since a box of sand has been at hand for the use of the poultry, and they have kept in perfect health. They sometimes stand over the box and pick at it for several minutes, as if the contents were corn, or other feed. It is also good to keep a water vessel of cast-iron, the rust of which is very healthy for the chickens that drink out of it. If small quantities of slaked-lime are mixed with the sand, the effect is good. In prairie soils poultry cannot get enough either of lime, or sand, such as is imperatively necessary for health, unless the supply is specially and regularly made for them.—*T., in the American Farmer,*

THE BEST BREED.

There is scarcely a week passes that some correspondent or friend does not ask us the question:—"What is the best breed of fowls now raised?" This is a question that no person should attempt to answer. Did they ask which breed we considered to be the best, then we could give our personal opinion in the matter; but let us see how this would work.

We go over to neighbor A.'s and ask him which breed he considers the best, to which he replies:

"The light Brahmas, beyond question. They are hardy, prolific layers, very large size and an excellent table fowl."

Mr. B. thinks the dark Brahmas are best; thinks they lay more eggs in the winter. C. will breed nothing but Cochins, making the Partridge variety his specialty; while his neighbor D. across the way will breed nothing but Buffs, and thinks they are the best. E. says the Leghorns beat them all, and F. thinks the Game fowl has no superior, if an equal.

And so we might go on until we had found a champion for every breed mentioned in the Standard, and several others beside, all of whom see superior qualities in their own birds.

To the beginner in poultry raising, who is anxious to obtain the best breed, we would say that, in our opinion, more depends upon the person having charge of the birds than upon the particular variety kept. Smith may be breeding Leghorns, while his friend Nash breeds Brahmas. They conclude to keep exact accounts for a year, and see which one realizes the largest profit. At the end of the year it is found that Nash is considerably ahead of his neighbor, who comes to the conclusion that Brahmas are more profitable fowls to keep than Leghorns, and he wishes to exchange all his Leghorns for Brahmas. To his surprise Nash offers to trade fowls with him, which is done. Again they agree to keep accounts for a year. The year draws to a close and Smith is confident of winning this time, for are not his the very best birds that made the largest profit last year? But to his surprise and chagrin Nash is ahead again, which only proves that Nash is the better breeder of the two, and knows how to manage his fowls so as to realize the largest possible profit.

In making your selection to commence breeding, it is much more advisable to consult your own tastes and fancies than the relative merits and demerits of different breeds. A farmer who was about to engage in breeding pure bred poultry recently said to us that he wanted a profitable breed, but that it must be large and white in color, for he didn't like any other color, neither did he like a small fowl. To this we replied that he had better get either white Cochins or light Brahmins. Better results will generally be obtained if beginners will consult their own desires and inclinations in making their selections of a breed.—*K., in Poultry Argus.*

POULTRY RAISING.

When so many find it difficult to make a mere sufficiency for life's support, it seems unaccountable that the pleasant and profitable business of poultry raising should be seldom or never resorted to for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, and establishing a paying and permanent business, while an eager, struggling crowd are jostling each other in every other avenue of industry, no matter how difficult or how meager and uncertain the remuneration promised. Poultry raising for profit is a light employment, requiring no particular adaptability, and but a modicum of real work, with, of course, that regular and ceaseless attention which must be given to any business to ensure success, and it is a paying visit from the day of investment. The one secret of success is thoroughness. The chickens must be well and regularly fed with a variety of good food and fresh water.—*Poultry Nation.*

KINDNESS TO CATTLE.—A neighbor recently remarked to me, "You have a faculty of charming steers." I replied that it was a mistake. I simply study their nature and adapt myself to that nature. In approaching home (whether they are in yoke or not,) though I may come with a "rod," yet I always come with love. If I am in a hurry and a steer is in my path, I never give him a kick or a thrust, with a yell, "Get out of my way," but instead I allow him the path, while I pass quietly by, gently rubbing him with the hand as I pass. The pressure of the hand on the animal has a powerful influence in treating him, and I had rather engage to bring two yoke of steers to a stage of good working discipline than tame one pair that had been taught to fear the presence of man.

—*Maine Farmer.*

THE WORKMAN ORATOR.

What think ye boys? Beneath each workman cap
Is set a gift—such as it is—mayhap
A royal one, a Reason great and stout,
To hold the rein within, to reach without—
Through hand of iron sinew, cunning taught
Through hand and arm for conquest deftly wrought—
And smite the rugged elements of earth,
And smelt and fuse until there cometh forth
The wealth of seas, the treasure of the hills,
In giant forces tamed to our wills.
For man is man, and he hath ever been
A somathing better than a live machine!
As God is God, the world had come to naught
Without the workman's sturdy arm and thought.
I tell ya too, under a ragged vest,
A strong heart strongly beats time with the rest;
For blood flows warm in every land and age,
And children are the workmen's heritage.
Oh i when a face is from tha hearth-stone took,
A man of iron is to the center shook.
But over heart and hand our God hath set
This prince of Reason to restrain or let.
What think ye of this kingdom of the head—
The poor man's palace, honor and his bread?
O, comrades, listen! When we drunken be
We fire tha palace, give a fiend tha key.
Our honor lies, all naked, in tha street;
And stones for bread we give our own to eat—
Aye, worse than stones, to them we love so well:
We crush their hearts, and feed them upon hell!
And shall we throw our birthright, lads, away?
Give our manhood? Nay! Forever nay!
The man who gives to drink the reign and rule,
The wise man, wisely branded as a FOOL.

E. B.

At Home.

WHERE IS GOD?

BY MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through.
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea;
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sang and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song:—"I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain have I searched to find the air."

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

SUNLIGHT A NECESSITY.

The Journal of Health says:—Sun-baths cost nothing, and are the most refreshing, life-giving baths that one can take, whether sick or well. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of giving her woolens the benefit of the sun, from time to time, especially after a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight is necessary to their own health. The sun-baths cost nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are still deluded with the idea that those things can only be good or useful which cost money. Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beneficent gifts to man—three things the most necessary to good health—sunlight, fresh air and water, are free to all; you can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health, then see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time; that you bathe for an hour or so in the sunlight, and that you quench your thirst with no other fluid than water.

WHICH WAS THE LADY?

We have heard of an old person in a Northern poor-house who having once been rich, has now been supported by the town for many years because ever since she lost her property she has absolutely refused to labor, thinking it degrading to a lady to work.

The daughter of one of the rich Barons Rothschild of Europe, the Jewish family whose enormous wealth makes them money-leaders to nations, the supporters of governments, has just received a well-earned diploma in Paris as a teacher.

BATHING.

Bathing should always be avoided under the following circumstances, namely: Within two hours after a meal, and when exhausted by fatigue or any other cause; also when the body is cooling after perspiration—the bath to be taken when the body is warm, provided no time is lost getting into the water; bathing in the open air should be avoided altogether if, after having been in the water a short time, there is a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. Vigorous and strong persons may bathe early in the morning, on an empty stomach, but young persons and those who are weak are safer in bathing three hours after a meal, the best time for such being two or three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation or other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.

To Can Strawberries.—The following are reliable rules to be followed in putting up strawberries: 1. To a pound of berries add one-quarter pound sugar, which should be sprinkled on the fruit and remain over night; then place them in a porcelain kettle, let them come to a boil, and can them at once; keep them in a dark, cool place, as the light will discolor them, but will not injure their flavor. 2. Make a syrup of white sugar and water, bring to a boil, skimming if necessary; throw into the boiling syrup enough berries to fill one can, and as soon as they boil up skim out the berries into the can and seal up; continue this till all the fruit is disposed of. The syrup that remains makes a beautiful jelly. 3. After removing the hulls, weigh the fruit and then the sugar, taking pound for pound. Put the sugar with a little water on the stove, let it boil twenty minutes, put in the fruit and let it just boil, taking care that each berry gets scalded. Have the cans ready and seal immediately. Keep the fruit in the cellar in the dark. 4. To one quart of berries take a tea cup of white sugar with enough water to form a syrup; when the sugar is perfectly dissolved put in the berries and cook fifteen minutes. Can immediately in tin and solder tightly. Keep in the cellar. In general, the berries should be canned as soon as possible after they are taken from the vine.

"HE WON'T BITE YOU."

To make a dish of ham and eggs as good as possible, cut the ham nearly half an inch thick, boil it in plenty of water till barely cooked through, pour off the water and put the pan in a place just hot enough to brown the fat part of the ham slightly, but not hot enough to make smoke, or to brown the lean meat much. When this is finished remove the frying-pan from the fire, take up the ham, pour off the fat into a cup, and wipe the pan till it shines like a mirror, without a single speck to mar the polish. Then put in a spoonful of the clear part of the fat, break in the eggs, and set the pan in a place scarcely hotter than boiling water; cover it, and let the eggs cook as slowly as possible for four or five minutes, taking them up as soon as they can be lifted out. Place them around the ham, and do not pour any of the fat on the dish. Eat with mashed potatoes.

HE WONT BITE YOU.

No, don't be afraid, little one, good old Charley won't bite you. He has been treated kindly all his life, so he is kind himself to everybody. If he had been beaten and abused as so many poor animals are, he would have learned ugly, vicious tricks in self-defence. He would lay his ears back on his head when you came near him, and look at you out of the corners of his eyes, expecting every moment to receive a blow or a kick, and he would show his teeth, and kick at us himself. Poor beast—how should he do any better? Could you expect him to be so much better than men had been to him? If you want to make your horse gentle and willing, you must be gentle and kind to him.

The horse is a very intelligent animal and very responsive to kind treatment. Many pleasant stories are told about horses. We have heard of a horse-trainer in California who is so fond of his horses and spends so much time with them that he thinks they can understand what he talks to them, and it really seems as if they did understand a great deal of it. A gentlemen who visited him says, "He turned to a slender, light-built grey pony and said, 'Billy, we are talking about you; if you know what I am saying, turn your head round on the off side.' The pony did so and then went on feeding. 'Billy, tell us on which side of you is your friend Vesta.' The pony whinnied and then, being loose in his stall walked into the next one occupied by the mare Vesta. 'Now,' he said, 'do you and Billy walk down together to the trough, while I make up your beds.' Vesta and Billy walked quietly out and went straight to the trough."

We have seen a horse pump water into his trough to drink. He had learned this all by himself, simply, it must have been, from seeing it done. He would put his nose under the handle and knock it up, and then either knock it down or seize it with his teeth and pull it down, we forget which. But he did not think far enough to pump all he wanted at once. As soon as the water ran, he would stop and drink that up before he pumped again. The pretty colts—good old Lion's colts—growing up on the Hampton Normal school farm are all trained by kindness. We do not mean that their faces shall grow into the pitiful look of patient, hopeless misery which so many horses wear.

Charley's has a happy look, hasn't it? What soft, kind eyes. Come, give him the grass. He won't bite you.

MY LITTLE GENTLEMEN.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

There are five of them, and I presume all strangers to each other. One of them I met in the street-car one day—the ten-year-old boy who respectfully offered his seat to a lady whom no other occupant of the car appeared to see. The boy looked tired and had with him a heavy parcel which could not be trusted out of his hands. The seat was comfortable and he had thoroughly enjoyed it.

But this boy was too full of gentlemanly instincts, and too truly one of Nature's little noblemen, to retain his seat while a lady was standing. And, by the by, had you seen how poorly she was dressed, and noticed the shabby purse from which she took her fare, you would have thought her only a poor woman, a seamstress, may be. Perhaps she was; I only called her a lady because she did as ladies usually do—accepted the seat with a smile and a "Thank you, my boy!" which must have made my little gentleman well content to have yielded his place, and happy notwithstanding the fact that his small feet had only the ghosts of shoes upon them and his jacket was a coat of many colors, where loving mother-hands had patched it.

Another of my little gentlemen I saw in the street soon after. He was dressed in the style of the season, and *looked* the little aristocrat that he was. Several of his stylish little companions were with him, and they were having a grand sledding time as I approached. A beggar woman just then turned into the area of one of the handsome houses. I don't know whether she received help or no. But as she turned to come out a second after, her foot slipped, and, basket and all, she fell flat amongst the merry and wild boys. They laughed, as what boys would not! But my little gentleman—the best dressed of the group—checked his laugh and kindly assisted the forlorn woman to her feet. Then he lifted the basket and with his daintily gloved hand gathered the cold pieces together until the basket was filled; and with a polite bow he handed it to the woman who stood grateful and speechless before him. When I passed a minute after I could not resist saying, "Your mother has a noble son, my boy!" and he answered confusedly, "O, that's nothing!" But it *was* something, little readers, was it not, in the eyes of those waiting angels who carry our good deeds to the Great Throne above?

My third little gentleman I found also in a street-car. I had an armful of packages and sank wearily into the seat two ladies rather unwillingly made for me between them. Standing in front of me was a little fellow about twelve years of age. Poor and very scantily clothed he was, but I noticed his face and hands were clean, and his eyes had an honest straight-forward look that one likes to see.

Older passengers shoved him here and there, but he patiently clung to his strap and allowed others to sway him about as they liked. I had some difficulty in getting my fare out because of the bundles, but presently a low and rather timid voice said, "Please, ma'am, *I'll* hold yer bundles if yer likes," and my little gentleman took them from me as I thanked him. The passengers about him looked pleased at such an unlooked-for act of politeness on the part of the ragged boy, and *he* looked confused. But *I* shall never forget the little thankful act of this little gentleman of mine, and have no fear for the future of a boy whose heart is so noble.

The fourth of my class of noblemen was only a newsboy, quite unconscious of the title I soon gave him.

A blind man, with his cane and the brushes he was trying to sell, came feebly along the street, hesitating now and then as the blind must, uncertain as to what might be before him. Down the street came a crowd of newsboys just from the offices of the different papers, and screaming at the top of their lungs. One among them—a bright-eyed little fellow—only nine years old, I judged, noticed the blind man. "Hold on, fellers!" he cried, "don't run agin that old cove now. What's the use of hurting him when he's blind and can't look out for hisself!" I paused to watch the result. The other boys checked their speed a little and then hurried on, crying, "Oh, bother!" So my little gentleman stood beside the blind man until the crowd had passed and then silently withdrew. The old man, little dreaming of the youthful protector who had shielded him, moved slowly on, and I opened my heart to take in *another*, whose small head was already laurel-crowned in my opinion.

The fifth little gentleman was one of the better class of boys, that is, so far as station goes. He was passing along the street whistling and jingling a pocket-full of marbles. He seemed in haste—probably hurrying to join a comrade at their favorite game—but a little girl, thinly clad and crying bitterly, was crouching beside a cellar grating and peering down into the darkness below. I had just left the editor's office and stood a few minutes to wait for a car. The girl's sobbing attracted my attention and I turned to watch proceedings.

"Hallo! what's up?" asked the boy, pausing.

"I dropped my pennies down there, and—and—mother'll beat me sure when I go home, oh, dear!"

"Never you mind, sis," said the boy. "I bevee't much time, but I'll see if I can find them for you. Wait here!"

Then he entered the store and asked permission to go down in the cellar. Leave granted, he searched for the pennies until they were found, and returned to the weeping girl. Her tearful smile was pleasant to see, and though she hadn't time to say "thank you," so speedily did the little boy run off, yet it was in her heart, no doubt, and *I* had one more to add to my adopted family of "Little Gentlemen."

Little gentlemen make *big* ones, we know, and fine clothes are by no means necessary to prove that fact. Only an accident of birth makes the difference between a nobleman and a noble man, and the first, perhaps, may hold his nobleness only in his title, while the latter receives from the hands of his Maker the title which makes him one of the great court above.

—*Wide Awake.*

A FOOT-HOLD.

Hardly a steamer that crosses the sea
But carries one traveller more,
For a little time, out on the shoreless sea,
Than she counted when leaving the shore.

Blown far away from his mate where she sings,
By the pitiless sea-bound gale,
Lost, and plying his patient wings
Till heart and courage fail;

Lost on the shoreless, unknown main,
Blinded with salt white spray,
Dazed with the endless, waving plain,
Scared by the lengthening way;

Lost on the sea, and no land in sight;
Through the heavy and misty air—
Struggling on through the dark and the light
To terror and mute despair—

Till on the horizon a cloudy speck
Clears to the mast, like a tree,
Clears to the solid and ground-like deck,
And he follows it wearily.

And clings and croaches, a welcome guest,
An eager and tremulous bird,
With the green and blue on his neck and breast
By his heart's hard pantings stirred.

Then came pity, and food and drink to the brim,
And shelter from wave and cold;
But the quick head droops, and the bright eyes dim,
And the story all is told!

Pitiful comfort, yet comfort still
Not to drop in the hungry sea,
Reeling down out of the empty height
To that terrible agony.

Bitter and hard to be driven to roam
Between the sea and the sky,
To find a foot-hold and warmth and home,
And then——only to die!

Yet it was harder, God He knows,
Who counts the sparrows that fall,
For the birds that were lost when the wild winds rose,
When the sea and the sky were all;

When the sky bent down to infold the sea,
And the sea reached up to the sky,
And between them only the wind blew free,
And never a ship went by!

—By Anna C. Brackett, in Harpers' Magazine.

PLAYING SCHOOL.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and children's plays show what will be the next generation's work. They love to imitate in their games the doings of older people, and to anticipate the occupations of their own manhood and womanhood. When a great wave of patriotism is swelling over the country, even the little children shoulder mimic arms, and that is sometimes rather a sad sight, for there is something strangely incongruous between childish innocence and red-handed war. But the children, whose big brothers and sisters trot happily off to school every morning, like to play at school themselves, dolly and all. The children of the world vote for school-houses.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING;

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE X.

THE ELEMENTS OF GOVERNMENT.

The elements of school government, as of all government are

1st. Ability to govern one's self.
2d. Scholarship.
3d. Skill.
4th. Honesty and integrity.
5th. A right use of eyes and ears.

Let me say here, as I meant to say before, that it is better to use the word pupils and not scholars for the children we teach. A scholar means rather, a learned person. So we speak of a great scholar—a scholarly person, meaning one profoundly versed in learning, A pupil is a youth under the care of an instructor.

Without self-control, it is impossible to really control others. A man who cannot rule his own spirit cannot conquer a city—and if it is conquered for him he cannot govern it. In the long run, if he had not honesty and integrity behind it. We all know our own weaknesses—just how far we are honest and true. And let me tell you, you can't live up any higher than you *are*. You may pretend to, and deceive some people for a while, but by and by, down you come. If you want to seem good, *be* good. If you want to raise your position, raise yourself.

Remember this—that the eye is the born governor of the school-room. Don't have reporters and tale-bearers in your school. The teacher's sentinels are his eyes and ears. In the proper use of these, therefore, lies your greatest power to govern your school. You must train yourself to see all that goes on in the school-room without turning your head from side to side. While your head is turned to face one side of the room, the other side may be throwing balls on the ceiling. A little practice will enable you to turn your eyes sufficiently to see nearly all about the room without turning your head at all. Arrange your classes so that no pupil will be out of your range of vision, and cultivate quickness of sight. The law, by the way, has decided that the teacher has control over the pupil going to and from school as well as in the school-room.

"PLAYING SCHOOL."

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

WHAT THE WORLD THINKS OF EDUCATION.

THE FOREIGN EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

It may seem to be nearly time to bring our Centennial Views to an end, but they would be very incomplete if the Educational exhibit were left out. To all concerned in the subject as are we and our readers, it is interesting to know what the great nations of the world in general think of this question of free schools, and universal education, upon which there seems to be a diversity of opinion of late in some corners of our own country.

They, at any rate, thought enough of it to take good care to be represented in this department. No one could walk down the brilliant aisles of the Main Exhibition Building without being struck with the display under every national flag, of school-books and school-apparatus. Silks and satins did not crowd out the spelling-books. Model school-houses and children's copy-books were shown with as much national pride as the richest products of industry and art, and each nation's display was examined with as great care and interest by the commissioners of other countries.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

England.

The educational methods of the great British Empire were represented in greater detail in its provinces than in England.

A very interesting and beautiful exhibit of mechanical and other drawings was made from the Science and Art Department of the South Kensington museum, London. This art school, which is free to all, has done a vast deal to raise the standard of domestic art in England. It was an outgrowth of the World's Fair there, and we look for similar results from the museum which our own Exhibition has given birth to in Philadelphia.

Besides this great one at Kensington, hundreds of art schools have been established in the cities and country districts. One of the most notable ones is at Lambeth, and the students, nearly three-fourths of whom are women, are employed in decorating the beautiful Doulton pottery, every piece of which is a work of art, and no two of which are alike. Fine school-maps and illustrated charts of Botany, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy and Natural History, were shown, and magnificent art-instruction books in drawing and painting and studies in design.

CANADA.

The Canadian educational exhibit was very thorough and interesting. Models of city and country schools—completely furnished with tiny desks and blackboards—the roof off so that all can be seen at a glance. So are exhibited, with the grounds laid out around them, many of the colleges and schools of Montreal, Quebec and Toronto. Full cases of elegant philosophical apparatus from the government schools of Toronto, and photographs of the Normal school and University. School work from all the Provinces was shown. Among the apparatus for object teaching was an exceedingly useful series of specimen cards. These could be easily copied for our own schools, or even made up in a rough way by our pupils under a teacher's direction, very profitably to themselves. They were simply large cards with real specimens of plants fastened neatly upon them, and the botanical description below. Thus a tree was illustrated by a bit of the wood and bark, a pressed leaf, flower and nut. Another valuable aid to instruction was the handsome relief-maps, by which the student gains an idea of the physical features of different countries, their mountain elevations and slopes of the continents. Education is compulsory in the Provinces as in England, and there are excellent Normal schools for the training of teachers.

When the Hampton Students visited Canada, one of their most interesting visits was to the University and High school of Toronto, and the beautiful collections of the very complete apparatus of the Government schools.

FRANCE.

In the French Department were found models, charts, maps, school-books, and specimens of work from the various classes of schools, with full statistics of the progress of education in the State. Paris exhibited portfolios of elegant specimens of art work, designs and drawings from its higher schools.

quisite work in designing for fabrics, and specimens of embroidery and sewing. From 1860 to 1870, seventy-five new school-houses were built in Paris, giving places to 8,500 children of both sexes, of primary school age, and since 1871, 28,670 more have been provided for. France is said to be now spending 71,000,000 francs ($14,000,000 in gold) yearly for primary instruction, part paid by the central government, and part by the communes, or districts, and part by the parents. This is more than is spent for this purpose by any other nation in Europe.

GERMANY.

What Germany thinks of common school education for the masses is well known to all the world. Her very thorough and rigorous system of compulsory public education is closely connected with her military system, and its result is an army trained from childhood to self-control, obedience to orders, and love of "Father-land," and a peasantry intelligent and thrifty. The training of teachers is as systematic as that of the students, and under strict governmental supervision. After leaving the common school, a student who would become a teacher must spend four years in a "preparatory course in a training school or with a private tutor, and three more years in a seminary; the first two to be spent in an elaborate course of study of the subjects he is to teach, the third devoted to teaching under supervision of the director of the seminary in the nearest primary school. He must pass a severe examination, oral and written, and then gets his certificate and is appointed to a school on probation. The exhibit of Germany in the Centennial was not in any respect quite satisfactory to herself though interesting; and her educational department was not so fully illustrated as we would have liked. School-books and maps, however, were of interest as showing her system of teaching by objects and pictures. The school-books are full of illustrations, and reading and writing are taught simultaneously. The exhibit, of course, included a set of the pretty "Kindergarten Gifts," the balls, blocks, straws, colored slips of paper for folding and weaving into ingenious designs, which enter into the system of object lessons invented by the great German, Froebel, to educate little children's minds and hands in accordance with Nature's laws of development.

HOLLAND.

The little Dutchmen are well represented. Drawings from the boys of Rotterdam, models and plans from those of the Artisan's school at Amsterdam. Every commune of Holland has its free schools of several grades which it is bound to support. Drawing and needle work are taught in them in addition to the common branches of learning, and several modern languages. Normal schools for training teachers are also maintained by the Government. The sturdy energy which has won this country from the encroaching Northern ocean will not let it be swamped by the sea of ignorance.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

One of the most thronged attractions in the Exhibition was the pretty Swedish school-house on the Landsdown Terrace. A building sixty by thirty-six feet, of yellow pine, polished but unpainted, framed in Sweden, and put up here, filled with the drollest little desks with carved wooden seats, bright and cheery and alluring, with wall-maps and pictures of Swedish scenes and life, globes, pressed plants, and stuffed birds, counting frames and a small organ. This is a sample primary free school-house, and in 1873, 218,616 children were taught in such. Besides these are higher free schools of every grade up to the University. There are also many industrial schools founded by the nobility, where all who wish to work are thoroughly trained to the trades or arts they have capabilities for.

In 1875, 2,523 applied for admission, 788 of whom were women. These art schools were represented at the Exhibition by very interesting specimens of work in wood-carving and designing, moulding, in clay, cabinet-work, &c. Education is compulsory in Sweden, and Government aid is freely given to all who need it. Sweden turns her paupers into artisans. Her vote is for educated laborers.

Norway's little school-room is smaller than Sweden's, but as picturesque and real, with desks and ink-stained copy-books, and pictures, statistics too which tell us that primary education is compulsory in Norway, and that in 1867, 32,682 children were in the common schools. There are also peasants' high schools, and a free university.

SWITZERLAND.

Very full reports of the Swiss schools were sent, with school-books, and models and specimens of school and industrial work. The Swiss, who have always been noted for their love of freedom, and their intelligence and thrift, believe to the full in general education. It is compulsory and the schools are free, and of the finest character. That of Zurich for example has a world-wide reputation, and attracts many foreign pupils by its superior advantages.

This great country of the Czar, towards which all Europe is now looking for war or peace, shows its interest in the cause of general education by an exhibit of specimen school apparatus and books from the "Pedagogic Museum of St. Petersburg." This is a Government Institution, and collects educational models, books and plans from all other nations to compare with Russia's own, and introduces the best into the country. The Russian collection was rich in pictures, charts and models for object teaching. Admirable exhibits were also made by the Imperial School of Mechanic Arts of St. Petersburg, where the arts of working in wood, stone and metals are taught theoretically and practically; and by the School of Technical Drawing at Moscow, which furnishes skilled designers for the national manufactories of furniture, jewelry, silverware, woven goods, &c. And this progress has been chiefly made since 1851, when at the French Exhibition Russia was lectured by the French commissioner of fine arts, for being "contented with a place at the tail of the schools and factories of Europe."

JAPAN.

The educational exhibit of this remarkable country on the other side of the world from us was fuller than that of almost any other. Such a detailed account of the educational progress of Japan has been already published in our columns, that we need only remind our readers that a country, which fifteen years ago was without a newspaper, has now over one hundred, with eight hundred and sixty free elementary schools, ninety-two foreign language schools, and fifty-two normal schools for training teachers; a university opened to all classes, and a woman's college of first rank.

We will not enter again the solemn portals of Egypt as we have so lately examined its fine educational reports, in considering the representation of the colored race at the Centennial. We are ready to leave the continents of the old world, and look to find out whether the school-master has found the way to the distant Islands of the sea.

HAWAII.

The beautiful Island kingdom of Hawaii, lying midway between the old world and the new in the sunny Pacific, seems to have been brought nearer to us than to China, by the labors of our missionaries and the influence of our civilization. The American missionaries set the school-house beside the church. The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute was framed, as many of our readers know, upon the model of the Manual Labor school established by the Rev. Dr. Armstrong in Honolulu, 40 years ago. The Hawaiian exhibit was one of the most tastefully arranged and attractive in the Exhibition, and was under the charge of Prof. H. R. Hitchcock, the Inspector General of schools in the kingdom. The last educational report states that it has two hundred and two common schools with an attendance of 6,274 pupils, chiefly native, and many boarding schools, some of them supported by Government, and seventeen seminaries and colleges; in all giving instruction to 8,287 more pupils. Photographs of schools and pupils add to the interest of the display.

BRAZIL.

And now we are around the world and on our own side of the globe once more, though we should hardly have known it among a people of a foreign tongue and faith, and governed by an emperor. Such an emperor as Don Pedro, however, we might think next best to a President. His intelligent, wide awake tour through the United States, last year, won the hearts of our people and prepared them to watch with interest for Brazil's appearance at our Centennial. Brilliant as her display was in works of art and industry, and tropical birds and butterflies, and rich marbles to furnish a palace, the department which she made most prominent and took most pains with was that of education. Her schools are supported by government and attendance upon them is compulsory. There are various grades from Primary to High, Technical, Religious and Special. Teachers are paid from $200 to $900 per year. The government furnishes them houses to live in and after twenty-five years of service, if invalid, they are retired with a pension. Very excellent specimens of school work were sent from the various classes of schools. Fine photographs of buildings, and school books and apparatus were also shown. Brazil is still a slave country, as our readers may know, though she has begun a system of gradual emancipation. Her policy in regard to educating her slaves is not the same as the South's was, however. Planters frequently establish schools upon their own grounds for their servants, and some of the free schools are taught by educated colored men who have been slaves. That is what Brazil thinks of educated labor.

THE UNITED STATES.

What the United States in general thinks of common school education is too well known to need repetition here, and without going into wearisome statistics, and details, we may say that the American exhibit was one of the principal features of the great Fair, and was studied with the intensest interest by our visitors from abroad. Most of the thirty-six states were represented, some of them very elaborate—indeed several were most complete. New Jersey's was the largest. Massachusetts the richest in higher grades of work, especially in art education, in which she holds a foremost place. Maryland showed an admirable map or chart of schools, showing among other things the proportion of colored and white schools in the State; 1,524 white, with 120,000 pupils, and 322 colored, with 105,760 pupils.

Varied and rich as the educational exhibits of the different governments were, we did not find ons of the few without them who gloried in the deficiency, or prided itself upon having no free schools. The world thinks that wisdom is a good thing; therefore "get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding."

TO HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Dear Young Teachers:—

By this time most of your schools have been closed for the season. Some of you have obtained other schools for a short term, but the greater part have probably gone home to rest and recruit for another year's work, if your lives be spared. I hope all of you can look back with satisfaction upon the labors of the past year. While we realize that not only does God give the increase, but from Him must come

"Man's high endeavor and his firm resolve,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve,

we may humbly rejoice when our efforts have been successful. With you the result has, of course, varied in different fields of labor; while some have accomplished all that they hoped to do, others have been disappointed. Some of you have had the pleasure of reaping where patient laborers had previously sown, and tilled the soil; others among you have had the more difficult task of breaking the fallow ground and removing weeds, stones and rubbish, before you could plant the precious seed. But, if you have been working to serve and please your Divine Master, looking at duty more than at profit or pleasure, you will not fail to receive your reward. The Lord of the harvest will recognize the value of your labor notwithstanding its imperfections. It has been missionary work, as truly as if you had been in a heathen land. I have sympathized heartily with you in your various trials, especially in the tardy payment of your salaries; your school-houses have been poorly furnished; you have needed maps and other aids in teaching; parents have, in some instances, thwarted your honest efforts to benefit their children. But these difficulties and hardships are slight, compared with those which were encountered by the men who have risked their lives in carrying the gospel to the heathen, or even by the pioneers of civilization in our own country. A brave heart, joined to a missionary spirit, hears present trials with patience, and forgets them when they are past.

Now, how will you employ your vacation to the best advantage? Money is so important to you that you will try, of course, to obtain some employment that will be profitable in a pecuniary point of view. I hope you will succeed. The rest you need is not idleness, but may be found in a change of occupation. Do not, because you have been teaching school, feel above working in the harvest field or in any manual occupation. Do not waste an hour of precious time; idleness is the parent of mischief. When you are not at work, review the studies of the past year, and, if you can obtain suitable books, pursue those studies further, that you may be more thoroughly prepared to teach next year. Take time every day not only to read your Bibles, but to commit portions to memory, especially some of the Psalms, the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables and the discourses of our blessed Saviour. You will find it of great advantage to you in teaching in Sabbath School to be able to quote from the Holy Scriptures accurately and fluently. If you have leisure, I would advise you to store your minds, also, with hymns and selections from the writings of our best poets. Wherever your lot may be cast, I hope you will teach in a Sabbath School, and not fail to attend a week-day prayer-meeting. Should you be where these do not exist, persuade your associates to unite with you in commencing them. On every occasion be faithful to your Lord and Master. Stand up for Jesus. Never be ashamed of your allegiance to Him.

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! let my this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me."

Next to your allegiance to your Almighty Friend, be true to your Alma Mater, under whose Christian instruction and influence, with the Divine blessing, many of you were brought into the fold of Christ. May it be your constant desire to prove your gratitude by walking in the way in which you have been trained. The Hampton Institute will be judged, justly or unjustly, by the conduct of its Graduates. You have met, and will again meet, with opposition and ridicule. You find professors of religion who are unworthy to bear the name of Christ. Be gentle toward them, when duty calls you to refute error and denounce sin. Let the beauty of your lives of your motives, while they attract the careless and erring to the religion that enables you to overcome temptation. Remembering continually your weakness and need of a strength beyond your own, be humble and watchful. Look upward while you press forward; and let every evening find you not only "one day's march" nearer your heavenly home, but nearer the mark of your high calling.

In bidding you farewell, my earnest desire for you is that "Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, who hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, may comfort your hearts and stablish you in every good word and work."

I am your sincere friend. M. A. L.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

HOPE FOR THE NEXT GENERATION. SMART LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS AND TOO SMART LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS. TEMPERANCE WORK. THE NEW SOUTHERN POLICY. WORK NEEDED AMONG PARENTS.

THE following letter was received some months ago, but was crowded out of our columns. We hope to hear further from the writer—one of the original band of our Hampton Student singers, who has given himself to the life work of a teacher with all the enthusiasm which he gave to shout singing.

NORFOLK, VA.

"Dear General:

"With many thanks for your kindness I received the maps and papers. They were just what I wanted to make my school more interesting, as it is now a graded school, and I have an assistant to teach those scholars who are beginners. I was thinking how and where I should get some maps.

"I know that General Page will be quite pleased with your kind offer and let the maps and papers be put up. I shall distribute them among our students as you have told me. The students will be glad to receive them from you.

"I am a great deal better and can carry on my school now all right. I have lectured my people and worked them up to a high pitch of enthusiasm for the education of their children. My school-house is overrun, and my superintendent has given orders to have another room built, which will be finished about next Wednesday. I have had all of this month over one hundred scholars present every day. I feel as if my work has been and is a great and good one. I have taken all pains to train my scholars morally as well as intellectually. I see a great change in my scholars now to what they were when I first took the school. My white friends seem to be quite pleased with my manner of teaching. I teach them politeness, cleanliness, promptness, and everything that will make them true and intelligent persons.

"I have not time now to give you a full statement of the colored people in this vicinity, but the rising generation will be superior to the present if we can fill the public school-house with Hampton graduates or their equals.

I am yours truly,

T."

THE writer of the following has discovered for himself that *too* little learning is a dangerous thing. We have abundant evidence to confirm the belief that a manual labor system of education is the surest safeguard against that conceit which is the temptation of all the newly rich in learning as well as money:

"VIRGINIA:

"Dear Teacher:

"It has been so long since I heard from you, I thought that I would write to you again. This leaves me well and getting on finely with my school. You see that I am teaching at the same place. I have a large school at present, some fifty odd pupils. The children have made rapid progress both in their studies and manners. I have some very smart little boys and girls, whom I hope may come to Hampton some day. I have some boys who are far enough advanced to come to Hampton now, but it is hard to get them off. Whenever they get so they can read and write a little, they become conceited. The old people tell them that they have a good education, then they get careless.

"I am getting on very well with my temperance society. It met the second Sunday in this month, and we had a good time. Yesterday, I went to Whitmel (a town about five miles) and delivered my second lecture on temperance in that place and organized a temperance society, with twenty-one members. Whitmel used to be one of the most wicked places I know, but now the people have reformed a great deal. They have a good church and the members all seem to be very much interested in the work of the Lord. Write soon, I am anxious to hear from you. Remember me to Miss H.—— and tell her that she owes me a letter. If you have any temperance tracts and papers please send me some. I remain your friend and pupil, ever in Christ

Y."

TEMPERANCE work, and work among the parents in communities to which they go are important part of our graduates' work, in which they often exert as great influence as in teaching the children.

"VIRGINIA.

"GEN S. C. ARMSTRONG—

"Dear Teacher:

"I am getting on very well with my work; my school is quite full, and is in a prosperous condition. The children continue to grow in the understanding of their studies and the purpose for which they were made. The parents, too, are beginning to see things differently to what they used to. They seemed to have opened their eyes in many directions and take more pains in fixing up themselves and providing for their families. In fact they appear to have more regard for themselves generally. I feel that my labor has not been in vain, though sometimes I do feel discouraged because of the carelessness of some. The people are getting on very well in this vicinity; they made considerable progress in a religious movement last year. There were two churches built last summer; a Baptist church, about two miles from my school, and a Methodist, about five miles. When I first came to this neighborhood, Oct. 7th 1873, there was only one church here; now there are three. Some of my pupils made profession of religion last year. We continue to have our temperance meetings which have done much good in this vicinity. I hardly ever see a drunkard here. My regards to your family and all the teachers and students.

"Yours most obediently,

Y."

THE following letter of one of our most reliable students has just been handed us, and though of old date, is offered now as giving a vivid representation of what the young colored teacher has before him of work and struggle.

"NORTH CAROLINA.

"My Dear Teacher:

"I send you an account of my school. I commenced my work here as a teacher with eighteen pupils. I have enrolled at this time sixty one, with an average of about fifty. I was obliged to give notice, last week, that no more could be admitted on account of not having room. It is always with reluctance that I refuse to admit pupils, knowing how our country is perishing on account of ignorance, but it is impossible for me to comfortably seat these I have. My little school house is only about ten by twelve feet, that will give you an idea how I am crowded. It is also very uncomfortable. Several of my scholars are complaining of chilblains now. I have been trying to rent a house but find none convenient. I am sure that if any of my Hampton friends could step into my little school room which can hardly be said to have floor or roof, they would pity me sadly. I have plenty of fuel but the chimney is partly made of logs, which prevent my having large fires. The colored people here promised to build me a school-house if I would teach for them this winter, but I was very much disappointed to find the same old log hut standing that I taught in last summer and fall. And there is no need of these troubles. The gentleman on whose land I am teaching is an experienced lawyer of very extensive wealth. He has given the colored people as much timber for building school-houses as they want, and the county pays half the expenses. But the point that troubles me so much is that the people here seem to take such little interest in the education of their children. I am satisfied that if they had to support the school their children would grow up and die ignorant. They seem to think of nothing but drinking whiskey, and having what they consider a jovial time while under its influence. The most encouraging point is the great desire on the part of the scholars to learn; it matters not how inclement the weather is, I most always have full schools, and considering what unfavorable circumstances they are placed in, I think they are getting along very nicely. The parents, and officers of the school are very much pleased with the progress they are making.

"I received a letter from Mr. Geo. Dixon some months ago asking me to join that Missionary band to go to Africa, and I appreciated the offer very highly indeed, but I can think of no place on earth that my services are more needed than where I am. Though in the midst of these discouragements, I have many things to be proud of. I have a very nice boarding-place. The school committee allow me good wages; I have no trouble in getting my pay, and I believe I have gained the the universal esteem and confidence of the people here both white and colored, and with these advantages I am persuaded to continue here until I exterminate many of the evil practices that are so prevalent in these parts and inculcate that desire for education which ought to fill the hearts of every country-loving citizen. I expect to have a comfortable house put on this ground before the first of May, if I have to pay the expenses myself. It is quite a tedious undertaking to try to convince these people that they must be educated to understand the laws of our common country, and also the laws of God.

"Respectfully yours,

W."

WE do not intend to make this column one of appeal for aid—but the need of which the writer of the following letter speaks of books and Bibles, is one which is felt throughout the colored Sunday-schools of the South, and we could distribute hundreds every year to advantage if we had them.

"VIRGINIA.

"Dear Workman:

"I feel it my duty to let you know how I am getting along with my school, and the present condition of the people in this vicinity. I commenced here Feb. 12th with thirty pupils; now I have fifty-two and no assistant teacher. Two-thirds of the pupils can read and spell very well; but few can write or work arithmetic. A great many of them are anxious to get an education, and seem to be striving with all their might to learn what they can. Most of the colored citizens here are renters. Some have accumulated property of their own and seem to be getting along very well. There is not any difference between white and colored children in regard to education. The colored people have a church of their own with nine hundred members. Their pastor has some education, but not much.

"Our Sunday-school is very large and all seem to take an interest in the school; but the trouble with us is, we have not books such as Bibles and Testaments. Now, we do not like to ask alms when we can do without; but this is a case of necessity. We do hope that some of the dear readers of this paper, in casting their bread upon the waters, will think of us while it is well with them. In regard to temperance, I believe that the men are more temperate than the women. I have been working very hard among them trying to get up a temperance society, but have not succeeded yet.

"White and colored seem to appreciate the President's policy toward the South. We believe that he will discharge the duties of his office regardless of the distinctions of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. I find the Educational Journal very instructive; especially the General Department.

"I remain your old pupil,

H.

"P. S. I hope to return next term and graduate."

EXTRACT of Letter from Mr. Geo. S. Hillard.

Feb. 27th, 1877.

* * * * * * *

My thoughts go back frequently to you and your associates and the beautiful spot which is the scene of your philanthropic labors. The songs of your pupils often sound in my ears in the solitary hours of the night. How I wish I could do something to express my deep interest in your progress. It is no more than the plain truth when I say that no Institution I ever visited touched me so profoundly as yours. May God prosper it and you.

* * * * * *

Better late than never, as the proverb says, I return you the number of the Planter and Farmer containing Mr. Chamberlayne's address, which I have read more than once with renewed admiration for itself and respect for its author. It is bold, able, and, as far as I can judge, true. I regret much that I did not fall in with this address till just as I was leaving Norfolk, last year, and so had no opportunity of knowing Mr. Chamberlayne.

* * * * * *

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

MR. FLETCHER HARPER, of the well-known publishing house of Harper Brothers, New York, the last surving member of the original firm, died at his residence, May 29th, aged 71 years. In his death the country loses one of the men of whom it may well be proud; whose long and successful life, crowned with a death of honor and peace, proves the value of sterling business integrity and honor and industry, and is a lesson to all young men that it shall surely be well with the righteous.

From the broad windows of the business palace on Franklin Square Mr. Fletcher Harper has pointed out to us the spot where more than sixty years ago his father had his printing-press and little store. The present firm was founded in 1817 by the four well-known brothers, whose partnership is perpetuated in the firm name. From its small beginning the business has grown until it is now, undoubtedly, the largest publishing house in the world, with a business of over five millions a year. Two more generations are now included in the partnership, and the same harmonious spirit pervades it. Mr. Fletcher Harper was an active member of it almost up to his death. He was the founder of all the most important enterprises of the house, of *Harpers' Monthly*, and the *Weekly* and *Bazar*.

A large-hearted, generous friend of letters, always ready to take young men of genius by the hand, a genial, noble Christian gentleman, his memory will be ever green in the hearts of hundreds.

For many acts of courtesy and generosity, the Southern Workman has been greatly indebted to Mr. Fletcher Harper as to other members of this firm.

HOME NEWS.

A DELEGATION of merchants from the Western States—150 in number—have been visiting Norfolk and other cities to determine upon the most advantageous port for their goods. While in this part of the country they visited Fortress Monroe, the Soldiers' Home and Hampton Normal School. They expressed great interest and enthusiasm over what they saw at the school, and since their return several good letters have been written by one of their number for the *Cincinnati Gazette* and copied into the *Norfolk Landmark*.

MR. HASELY, the lecturer from Africa, a native and "proud to be," has given two lectures on his mother country at Hampton Institute, greatly to the pleasure of the students.

EDUCATIONAL.

FISK UNIVERSITY has just had its commencement, and graduated a class.

AMONG the graduates of the Auburn Theological Seminary at the recent commencement was Moses Aaron Hopkins, the first colored student who has completed the course of study. He is a graduate of Lincoln University, and ten years ago could neither read nor write. His graduating address was on "The Problem of Race Reconciliation in the South." Mr. Hopkins goes to North Carolina, where he will engage in preaching.

FOREIGN.

THE great news of the day, as many of our readers know, is the war now going on between Russia and Turkey. The Czar's troops crossed the Danube on the 24th of April, and the same day 50,000 Russians crossed the Pruth, into Turkey.

It is a war which concentrates the gaze of all Europe, both because of the questions involved, the causes which have led to it, and the possibility that it may yet draw all Europe into a general conflict. The Czar's manifesto declares that its object is to protect the Christian races in the provinces of Turkey—in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria—from the cruel oppression of the Turkish rulers which is continued in spite of the protests of Russia and the other Great Powers of Europe. These provinces, as our readers also know, revolted in 1875, and the atrocities with which the Turks put down the rebellion sickened the humanity of the world. Whether Russia is actuated by the purest motives in this war, or thinks also of enlarging her own territory, the sentiment for which she has taken up arms is one which appeals to all civilized nations. The Turks who have held dominion in Constantinople for four centuries have not in all that time become such a nation; though, within a year, the great pressure brought to bear upon them has forced them into creating something like the form of a representative government.

If the question were only of driving the Turks out of Europe into Asia Minor, there might be but one voice in Europe about it, and the "sick man," as the Emperor Nicholas called the ever-corrupt and tottering Turkish government, after having a fair chance, would long ago have been decently buried. But there is something called the Balance of Power in Europe to be considered. We who have still room to spread ourselves, do not comprehend how nations living at such close quarters as the nations of Europe watch with jealous eyes each other's growth. If the Turks leave Turkey who will take it? All want a slice, and more than that, every one wants no one else to get too large a share. England particularly fears that Russia grown too great may cast an eye upon India, or that, if she does not actually encroach, the half-subjected, half-tamed East Indian princes may be encouraged to revolt against Victoria's sway. Then the Black Sea and the Danube are two of the great highways of commerce between Europe and Asia, and it is essential to the interests of trade to keep them open to all. These considerations have made the present English administration under Lord Beaconsfield cautious, and inclined to look on the Turkish side, while Sir William Gladstone, former prime minister and now leader of the opposition, has introduced resolutions in Parliament (finally rejected) that the "Porte," as the Turkish Government is called, has forfeited the support of Great Britain by its conduct to its subject population, and its refusal to give guarantees for their better government. So the great sea of humanity in Europe is heaving with coming storms, and it is good to think that out of it all God will bring His own plans to pass.

Thus far the successes are on the side of the Russians, though the Turks have taken one Russian town near the border. The Russians have sunk a Turkish monitor in the Black Sea and taken the important fortification of Ardahan. The Turks also fell back from Kars another citadel, to Erzeroum, an important post.

Roumania, a province already partly self-governed, has declared its independence of Turkey, and assists Russia. The Turks have now four strongly fortified towns guarding the angles of a quadrilateral of about fifty miles on a side, which the Russians must penetrate to get command of roads and effect any successes. Turkey has declared the Danube closed and the Black Sea blockaded.

THE great famine in India and China still continues and must until the next grain crops. Hundreds of thousands have perished miserably from hunger and disease.

AN earthquake in South America May 10th, on the coast of Peru.

IN Cuba a decree has been issued pardoning without reserve all banished for political reasons, and raising the embargoes on the property of insurgents with some exceptions.

DOMESTIC.

AN extra session of Congress is called to meet on the 15th of October.

THE public debt statement of May 1st shows a reduction in April of $4,315,500, leaving the total debt at $2,-181,565,887.28.

CONGRESS having failed to pass appropriations for the army for next year, it has been reduced to 25,000 men.

THE Sioux Indians have surrendered.

DESTRUCTIVE forest fires have been prevailing in various parts of the Northern, Eastern and Western States.

JAPAN is, and Brazil and the Portuguese Colonies are about to be admitted to the Postal Union, by which the postage for prepaid letters to Japan, via San Francisco, is but 5c. per half oz.

THE greatest invention of the XIX century is the latest one—the telephone. It is a simple apparatus by which, through delicately vibrating plates and wires, in some instruments with the aid of electricity—in others without it, the tones of music, and even of the human voice, may be transmitted over a hundred miles. It is believed that when the invention is perfected, the distance may be greatly increased. As it is, an audience in New York has been able to distinguish tones and hear sentences and even recognize voices whose source was in

THE Permanent International Exhibition was opened in Philadelphia, on May 10th, at the Centennial Main Building. The display is mainly American, but it includes most of the forty foreign nations represented in the first exhibition. There is a large educational exhibit.

THE great temperance revival which swept Western Pennsylvania in the winter, has extended over Ohio and into Indiana. In Columbus, Ohio, 7,000 men have signed the pledge.

MRS. PRESIDENT HAYES excludes wine from all entertainments at the White House.

Consult the National Teachers' Monthly

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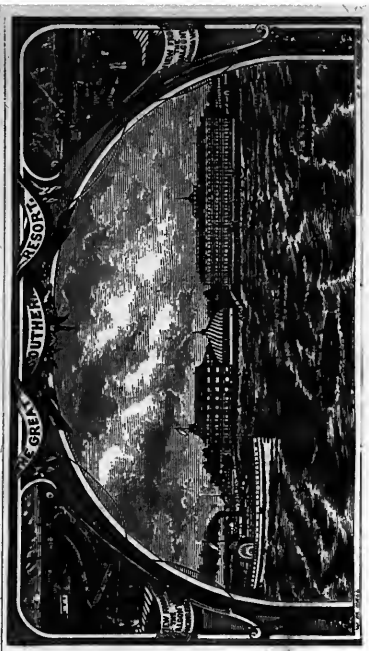

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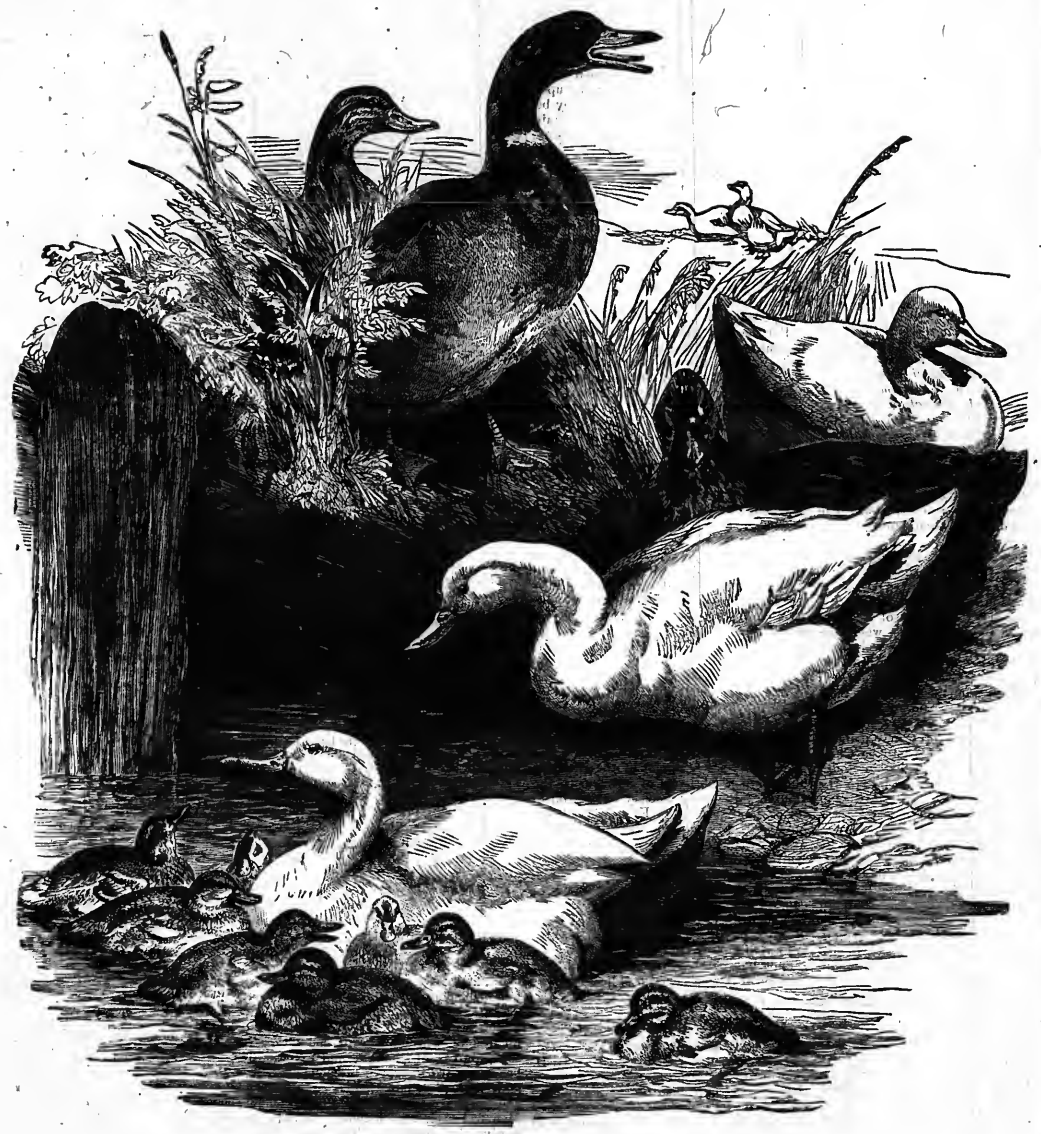

DUCKS.

One little black duck,
One little gray,
Six little white ducks
Running out to play;
One white lady duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby ducks bound for a swim.

One little white duck
Running from the water,
One very fat duck—
Pretty little daughter;
One very grave duck swimming off alone.
One little white duck standing on a stone.

One little white duck
Holding up its wings,
One little bobbing duck
Making water-rings;
One little black duck turning round its head,
One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed.

One little white duck
Walking by its mother,
Look among the water-reeds,
Maybe there's another;
Not another anywhere?
Surely you are blind,
Push away the grass, dear,
Ducks are hard to find.

Bright little brown eyes
O'er the picture linger;
Point me all the ducks out,
Chubby little finger;
Make the picture musical,
Merry little shout!
Now, where's that other duck?
What is he about?

I think the other duck
Is the nicest duck of all;
He hasn't any feathers,
And his mouth is sweet and small;
He runs with a light step
And jumps upon my knee,
And though he cannot swim,
He is very dear to me.

One little lady duck,
Motherly and trim;
Eight little baby ducks
Bound for a swim;
One lazy black duck,
Taking quite a nap;
One precious little duck,
Here on mamma's lap.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, JULY, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

THE courage and sagacity of the present administration is causing Southern society to enter upon its third great period of emancipation. The first Republican President cut out the cancer of slavery; the second deliverance came when the strong hand of the general government ceased to sustain alien adventurers in Southern States. Last and not least of all, Southern extremists are losing their power; the voice of reason, of liberty, of fair play and of self-interest is asserting its right to be heard. We may point to the election of A. J. Willard to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in South Carolina as a handsome rebuke to the baneful spirit of proscription. For being a Republican and a Northern man he was fiercely assailed. But the epithet of "corrupt carpet-bagger," so freely hurled by State Senator Gary, was answered by a Democratic vote in favor of Judge Willard. The spell had lost its blinding power. It was now safe for Southern Democrats to remember, as the Charleston *News* has it, that "their platform was opposition to thieves, not opposition to citizens of Northern birth." And in recognizing the fact that there were some good men outside their party lines, they have taken a long stride toward convincing the world that Bourbonism has had its day, and done its worst, in the South. Extreme men may be of use, but they have committed the greatest crimes in the history of the world. And the emancipation of Southern politics from the control of such, will be the crowning triumph of the century; the chief glory of President Hayes's "Policy."

Wherever ignorance ceases to be massed to menace property, there we see independence of the party lash. Says the *Norfolk Virginian*, on a recent Charter election,—"When the party is unopposed we hold to the perfect liberty of every member to vote for the Conservative of his own choice. It is as citizens, and not as politicians, that we are to vote today." This much of manly independence has a new ring for Norfolk ears.

THE present lull in the political storm is enabling good men of all parties to see how much they have in common. Sectional animosity before and since the war has made partisans overlook all the good traits in their opponents. The truism has been lost sight of, that Anglo-Saxon human nature carries the same sort of beams in its eyes wherever it may happen to go.

In the case of the Indians, the Northern conscience, by a practice of two hundred years, has become callous to the violation of every principle of justice. Utter indifference to means has arisen from a deep conviction that the suppression of the Indian was necessary; that all measures tending thereto would aid civilization; that the better elements of society could not afford to check the evil instruments of so grand an overthrow of barbarism.

Precisely analogous is the argument which has led good Southern men to belittle outrages committed, not only upon the negroes, but upon those who they believed to be malignant or misguided traitors to the Anglo Saxon race, to the cause of honest government, and to civilization itself.

Blinded by party zeal, many Republicans cannot yet understand how there can be enough good men in the South to be worth counting. They forget how little influence good men in the North have exerted upon the treatment of the Indians. They forget that financial ruin and contemptibly weak governments would have been the result of negro and alien domination in the South.

For the first time since the war has it become safe for Southern men to be liberal and just toward Northern settlers. And we who live in a Southern community can testify that we feel the breath of a kindlier spirit.

THE opening up of Africa to commerce, civilization and Christianity, so long a dream of the church, and a problem of the philosopher, seems nearer realization today than it ever has seemed before, simply because of the growing and spreading interest excited on the subject, with increasing knowledge of it. The brilliant discoveries of Baker, and Speke, and Livingstone, and Stanley, and Cameron, have given glimpses of its wonderful riches, and resources, and possibilities, leaving still more to the imagination. European states are looking up the subject of colonization; we hear plans for roads and railroads, and even of turning in the sea, and flooding the Great Desert, to make a highway for commerce.

The church is not behind in ardor. The crude and doubtful desire of a savage king for missionary instruction as reported by Stanley, has been met by the gift from one English Christian of $60,000, to the Church Missionary Society for establishing mission stations in King M'Tesi's dominions. Livingstone Hall for which ground was broken the other day at Fisk University, Nashville, to be erected at a cost of $50,000, for training colored missionaries for Africa, is one of our own country's responses to the new call. The freedmen of the United States have plenty of work on their hands at home, and we are not anxious to get rid of them; but it cannot but be, that they will feel the attraction of Africa's special appeal to them.

HAMPTON IN AFRICA.

Africa will be civilized and christianized. The only question is—How? Rev. G. D. Pike of the American Missionary Association, who accompanied the Jubilee Singers on their first brilliant tour in Europe, after talking with the many earnest men who are interested in the subject there, came back deeply impressed with the belief that the two-fold work of the Christian civilization of Africa can be best accomplished by native workers, prepared by such a two-fold system of instruction and manual labor training as that of Hampton.

This plan, which has been earnestly advocated by Mr. Pike since his return, was a few months ago presented in the columns of the *Advance*, by Rev. M. McG. Dana of Norwich, Ct., who sets forth its various advantages very clearly and forcibly, in the following words:

"The need of a school for training native teachers and preachers, is bringing just now before the American public, the project of founding at some central place, an institution similar to the one at Fortress Monroe. A Normal and Agricultural Institute, planted on the now opened highway to the interior of Africa, through the Nile basin, would supply the Christian agencies wherewith to evangelize Central Africa. Khartoum seems to offer the desired point, for it is half way to the equator, on the line of railway soon to connect Cairo with the Great Lake system, which is said to be seven hundred miles in extent. Here it would be under the protection of a stable government, and would from the start secure for itself the favor of the Khedive of Egypt. Moreover, if located at Khartoum, or possibly Sondokoro, it would be in a climate favorable to the Europeans required as teachers, and could procure the necessary supplies more economically than if off the line of travel. An institution of this character is exactly what the best authorities say is needed. For it must be a practical Christianity, embodying the industrial features, as our school at Hampton does, if it is to take hold of African chiefs, many of them most eager to improve the physical condition of their people, and keenly appreciative of aught likely to enhance their agricultural and trade facilities. One school of this sort, we are confident, would not only become an untold power as a Christianizing agency, but would train up a most capable and practically influential body of native missionaries.

"It is because we have the knowledge and experience, that to us American Christians comes the privilege or duty of giving to Africa its first Normal and Agricultural Institute. Were the means at hand this could be established at once, and officered by those already eager to be identified with such an enterprize. It is the one thing that we in this country who are friends to the African, can do better than any one else, while it would prove the best memorial of our faith in the future of this race. What is wanted now is to find the person or the society that will furnish the funds for this institution; and unless we move promptly, and with enthusiasm and hopefulness, this project will be taken up by some one else, and the opportunity of doing for Africa after a pattern most peculiarly American, be lost by us.

"The earnest feeling prevailing throughout Great Britain in reference to the Christianization of this continent is quite remarkable, and yet we are confident there is far more in this country than has found expression. There is a latent enthusiasm for African missions in this land that it will take but little to develop, and nothing will bring it out like new effort in the line indicated. We ought to have a share in this movement in behalf of Africa, and what better can be proposed to American Christians than to furnish to that people the duplicate of the broadly-planned and effective institution at Hampton? This would not only prove to be just the kind of training-school needed, but would embody the industrial features of Christianity. It would become a conspicuous center of Christian good, and meet the necessity hitherto felt by missionaries, regard for which the latest explorers testify has been overlooked, that of an institution which should exemplify a practical Christianity, and provide for the instruction of its pupils in the knowledge and arts of Christian civilization.

"*Norwich, Ct.*"

The progress of thought in the last fifty years has not failed to affect the conduct of missionary enterprises, as well as that of secular affairs. To throw the whole heart and life into the work, to "labor in season and out of season," and leave results to God, was the whole idea of missionary exertion in the past; and a grand idea it was, producing some of the highest types of Christian manhood and womanhood, and not merely acting upon heathen nations, but re-acting upon the missionary nations as an inspiration, lifting them to higher planes of life and heroism. With no less of Christian ardor and heroism, the progress of thought and experience has suggested improved methods of work, and a more discriminating economy of men and means, adding to zeal, knowledge. Men feel their responsibility not only for motives but methods. The value of the manual labor system of education for raising new races into civilization, has been proved again and again, in the Sandwich Islands, in Jamaica, and even in Virginia among the freedmen. We fully agree with Mr. Pike and Mr. Dana in the conviction, that it will prove the right line of work in Africa.

THE SENIORS' HERALD AND SENIORS' PALLADIUM.

We are glad always to notice any young contemporary when we are not *too* much afraid of a rival; and so take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of several numbers of two pretty manuscript semi-monthlies, the *Seniors' Herald* and *Seniors' Palladium*, which have been sustained the past year by the class of '77, of Hampton Institute.

Remembering with a sigh, the "tears we wasted" in younger days over the bugbear of composition writing, when it was the fashion to set the infant essayist to discussing "The Good, the True, and the Beautiful," "Grief and Happiness," "The Realms of Thought," "The Human Understanding," and kindred abstractions and profundities, about as much within his reach as "The Domestic Policy of the Peruvians," it is refreshing to glance over the neatly written pages of these little sheets, and note the common-sense topics, and the simple, straight-ahead way in which they are generally treated.

How many prize essayists in our colleges are ever heard of in print? How many champion composition writers in our schools could write a column that would be accepted by a city newspaper?

We do not imagine that the contributors to these little manuscript school journals are preparing to rush into print, but the practice of writing on subjects of which they know something, and in which they are interested, and of expressing themselves in few and simple words, is a mental discipline which was never supplied by old fashioned composition writing. We are glad to see that in many colleges and academies, the school essay is supplanted by the school-journal.

We quote with pleasure a specimen contribution from each paper, and give one of their tables of contents:

A SUGGESTION.

To the Editors of the Seniors' Palladium:—

The subject of forming companies for the purpose of making settlements in the Southern States is being very favorably considered by people in various parts of the country, and, indeed, it has often occurred to my mind that it would be a good thing for a number of the young people from this, and other institutions, to form an association for the purpose of buying a tract of land in some convenient locality and settling themselves there. In this manner intelligent communities might be formed, where we should have not only the government of the place in our own hands, but the additional opportunity of demonstrating our ability to build up and maintain a well regulated town. There are special and peculiar advantages to be gained by such a step. For any people to become respected and maintain a proper position among the intelligent classes, they must show that they are able to build up a high sentiment among themselves; they must amass wealth, and I know of no way that is better calculated to start the money, that is earned by our people, to circulating among each other, than the formation of companies where we should have the entire management of the affairs of the town. The place would be ours, and everything in it would be ours; all the business of the settlement would be in our hands, and, by careful management, we should soon have a prosperous village distinctively and thoroughly *negro*. I would not have any one think that I wish in the least to keep up a feeling between the races, but I think it would be to the advantage and interest of the company to allow none but negroes to settle in the village until it had been set firmly on its feet. Having gotten thoroughly established, we would not fear Irish, Indian or any other nationality settling in our midst.

To build up a race sentiment is one of the things that the colored people of America have got to do; and though we may not live to see the work accomplished, we can give it a start and leave its completion to our children.

I have merely broached the matter, and should be glad to have some of the other contributors to the *Palladium* give us their thoughts on the subject.

HAMPTON, VA., *April* 17, 1877.

A LECTURE ON AFRICA.

BY MR. HAZELEY.

Mr. Hazeley, a native of Africa, gave two interesting lectures on Africa last Wednesday and Thursday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., in Academic Hall. Mr. Hazeley was educated at Sierra Leone in Africa. He speaks three or four different languages. His words of introduction were as follows:

"Friends, allow me to introduce myself to you. I am an African, a full-bred African, and I am glad of it." He said that he did not want us to think that the whole of Africa was uncivilized, by any means, because it was not. It was only the western coast that was uncivilized. In the interior they have corporated towns, high schools, colleges, and institutions of learning, just as we have in America. The people are thrifty and industrious, both in-

tellectually and physically. This is near the centre, on the rivsr Niger; this river is about 1,500 miles long, and its banks are thickly inhabited by commercial people. Its population is about 200,000. They are busily engaged in exporting the produce which is very abundant,—such as ivory, gold-dust, cocoanut-oil, palm-oil, sheer-butter, olive-oil, dates, etc. These articles are sold to English merchants and many other traders, in large quantities. Many thousand tons are exported annually from the banks of this river.

This is the bright side. But, on the other hand, we find on the western coast the uncivilized inhabitants. They have no institutions of learning, no corporated towns. They are found in large crowds along the shore, doing comparatively nothing toward the ameliorstion of their race. These people are found in large companies riding horses. You can sometimes find as many as five hundred riding horseback, fighting with each other. When these people see travelers passing by, they hail them and ask them the news of the dey, and next they ask you to give them tobacco, and if you tell them that you haven't any they will say you lie—"You have got tobacco." Bishop Payne asked some of these people one Sabbath why they didn't come to church, and their reply was that "You didn't give us any tobacco to smoke, and how can we pray without tobacco?" If you give them a leaf of tobacco they will attend church, and if you don't they will not. The men think more of their donkeys than they do of their wives. If you ask a man how his wife is, he will not speak to you, or he will tell you he doesn't know. But if you ask him how his donkey is, first, he will speak to you very readily. On one occasion a man spoke to a minister to marry him, and the time was appointed to meet the minister, but the man failed to come. A few days afterward, the minister met the man in the street and asked him why he didn't come; he told him that he had but a small sum of money, and after considering the matter he thought "it would pay him better to get him a donkey than a wife."

Although these people are very ignorant, we see that they have very strong ideas of manufacturing. To prove this Mr. Hensley showed several specimens of their own manufacture,—such as willow baskets, carpets, mats, combs, also palm soap which is made from the palm-tree, rice baskets, and the greatest of all he showed was a nicely-carved gold ear-ring and finger ring. They are also very honest in their dealings with each other. In many cases these people put their corn and rice out to dry, and the neighbors come and get it and there leave the money, and no one will take it. This is the place where enterprising men are wanted.

HAMPTON, VA., *May* 9, 1877.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Emigration to Africa.
"A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing."
Prospect Park.
The May Party.
A Summer's Pastime.
Sunday Evening Exercise.
Choosing Associates.
Farming.
Welfare of the People.
Fear.
Last Days of School.
Carrie's Influence.
Class of '77.
Pictures.
Parting.
Pampering the Body and Losing the Soul.
Hampton's Industry.
Objections to the Emigration of the Colored People to Africa.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Several pictures, mostly life size, of eminent men, have recently been presented to the Normal School by its friends, and now adorn the walls of the assembly-room in Academic Hall. We hope through the kindness of other friends, to make this collection of historic characters more complete, and shall be glad to receive donations of such. We already have Sumner, Greeley, Everett, Clay, Clarkson, Wesley, Lee, and others; and among the living, Grant, Hayes, Whittier, Phillips, &c. Miss Longstreth of Philadelphia presented a fine portrait of the late Rev. Geo. W. Whipple, first President of the Board of Trustees; and through the kindness of Francis G. Shaw, Esq., we have an excellent likeness of his son, the late Col. Robt. G. Shaw, who commanded the first regiment of colored troops sent by Massachusetts to the war, and who fell bravely fighting at their head, in the assault on Fort Wagner.

We have also received from Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, publishers of the "Atlantic," the admirable portraits of Longfellow and Bryant, a most valuable addition to our gallery, for which we are under many obligations. These pictures, bringing our students face to face with eminent historical characters, both of the past and the present, are valuable object-lessons, adding largely to the attractions of the school-room.

A THINKING DOG.

The recent publication of the Rev. B. T. Wood, both in book form and in Harper's monthly and weekly publications, has excited unusual interest in the scientific and literary world. The reverend author insists that animals possess each and all the higher characteristics and qualities of man, only differing in degree or development, and that their immortality is as well assured as that of the human race. We claim, however, for Deaver the honor of having the reasoning and human animal, *par excellence*, and feel satisfied that in Professor Wood's future writings he will establish our dog in a high and honored place. The animal in question is of pointer breed, some sixteen months of age, and the property of Joseph H. Skillman. From infancy the dog has exhibited unusual intelligence, and this has been so wonderfully developed, that the name of "Baby" and her exploits have become as a household word in our city. To close or open doors, to carry, fetch and find; to go regularly for her meals, and not touch a mouthful until permission was granted; to do every conceivable errand, with only the shadow of a hint to draw an inference from; to deposit letters and receive her master's mail; to take the milk from the milkman; to bring in and pile up the kindling—all of these so-called "tricks" are a mere matter of course for "Baby." The other day, Mr. Skillman was out walking, and his knife fell from his pocket. Some time afterward he discovered his loss, and made mention of the fact to a companion. The word "knife" was no sooner pronounced than "Baby" came forward and laid the missing article at her master's feet. In getting her meals she uses a little basket. First asking permission to go, the dog takes the basket handle carefully in her mouth, and proceeds to the rear of Charplot's. The meal received, "Baby" returns, and, having satisfied her appetite, takes back a proper recompense to the cooks. At times her master will ask "Baby" to talk, and her attempts at language are then actually painful. It must be kept in mind that "Baby," as yet, is hardly out of her "teens" so to speak, and what she may become when her faculties have been maturely developed, it is impossible for us to predict.—*Denver (Colorado) News.*

Agricultural.

WATERING STOCK.

WATER is not often looked upon as food, yet it plays a part in the nourishment of an animal either directly or indirectly, in much larger proportions than any other, or indeed all other aliments. An animal deprived of water will perish very much sooner than it would when deprived of solid food. As about 75 per cent. of the flesh and blood of an animal is water, and as evaporation from the skin and lungs is incessant and copious, it may be readily conceived how necessary to health is an adequate supply of water. It is very true that if anything that is necessary to health is withheld, disease and death will follow; and it being very true that an ample supply of pure water is necessary to health, and equally true that this is withheld to a very great extent, the consequence is unavoidable. There are many farms well supplied with water, where the appliances for using it are insufficient or badly managed. Ponds of stagnant water are nurseries of disease, and do much mischief. Streams, unless of a peculiarly favorable character, are almost as dangerous and objectionable. Where the banks of a stream are muddy and marshy, and the current slow, the water is apt to carry germs of disease, or the eggs of dangerous parasites. Streams that are swift of current and flow over gravelly or sandy beds are less unsafe, but still not altogether safe, as they may become the means of conveying infection. Springs are not altogether safe, and in some cases are positively dangerous, as when their margins become fouled by trampling and the droppings of stock. Wells are the safest source of supply that can be had. The water of wells is generally filtered through a considerable depth of soil, and is free from contamination by either dead or living impurities. For sheep, especially, no water is safe but that from wells, and as pigs are almost equally subject to parasitic diseases as sheep, well water should be provided for them whenever practicable. The cost of a well, with the requisite power for elevating the water, and some safe, convenient and economical method of presenting the water to the stock, should be considered as a necessary outlay upon every farm where stock is kept.

—*Am. Agriculturist.*

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.

THE irregular eating of unripe fruit is well known to be unwholesome. The regular and moderate use of well ripened fruit is not so widely appreciated as contributing to health. Residents in regions where more or less malaria prevails, have discovered that nothing is a more sure preventive of its deleterious effects than a regular supply of fruit. A case is well known to us, where a man with a family removed to the West. He had provided large quantities of well-dried fruit, and this was used regularly during the first summer. Although suffering many privations and exposures to hardships, this family escaped the prevailing epidemics. The second year, the supply of fruit being exhausted, the added comforts which they had secured did not protect them from disease. Many other similar cases have occurred. It should therefore be made a special object with all about to remove to newly settled regions, and in fact to any other localities, to take with them or make provision for the immediate planting of an ample supply of early bearing fruit plants and trees, such as strawberries, currants, grapes, raspberries, dwarf apples and pears, and the well-known early bearers among larger sorts, such as Bartlett pear, Early Strawberry, Baldwin and Porter apples, and many other sorts which will give crops while yet small.

But the fruit will not only prevent disease, but in some instances it has proved one of the best medicines to cure it. Many years ago, a chronic cough which had excited a good deal of uneasiness, was cured by daily eating ripe raspberries, recommended by a medical writer of high authority, as an excellent expectorant. Severe colds are more apt to occur on the first cool and damp days of autumn, than at other seasons. We have often cured these diseases on their first attack, by eating copiously of ripe watermelons. The beneficial effects of drinking freely of cold water on such occasions, are well known. Watermelons supply a larger quantity than one could easily swallow in any other way. We have not found these or the raspberry expectorant, an unpleasant medicine to take. When visiting the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, we had taken "a bad cold." Knowing that many had been made sick by drinking the bad water at that place, we resolved to secure both a benefit and a pleasure by using ripe watermelons instead, which happened to be abundant at that time. Their copious use performed a surprisingly rapid cure, with an escape from all the bad effects of the water. But it must be remembered that the common moderate eating will not answer the desired purpose; nothing but the "heroic" consumption of this fruit will effect a prompt cure.

We mention these various facts as an additional inducement for the planting of fruit-bearing trees and plants, in addition to the claim of comfort, and the luxury of a constant succession of fruit through the year, as well as its important contribution to economy, by reducing the expenses of the table.—*Country Gentleman.*

OXEN VS. HORSES FOR FARM-WORK.

BY F. R. ELLIOTT.

Bred, as I was, upon a farm, and familiar with all kinds of stock, when I left good old Connecticut and came west, it was about the first I knew of horses being mainly used for the purposes of farm-work. I had been educated to use the horse for pleasure, and reaping wheat, grass mowing machines being then unknown. The horse was used on the farm only to plough or cultivate between rows of corn or potatoes, and for raking hay. It was counted policy in farming at that time, and I think it is yet, to train all the males of neat cattle to the yoke, and from them obtain service yearly, to meet the cost of their support, while the growth was part and product of the farm. I learned the training of calves—ere they were weaned—to obey the order of haw, gee, whoa, back, etc., and have traveled in ploughing, behind a yoke of steers of my own training, as fast as ever I saw done with horses. A good farmer should know how to train cattle to walk fast, yet true, so that the draught be even, whether upon level land or a steep side of hill, with soil mingled with rolling stones. In my practice since my early days I have always found a team of well-trained oxen superior to horses, and especially for side hill or stump land work. On the prairies, where the plough is run on wheels, and a man doing the work, rides and imitates the race-course, I do not suppose oxen would be profitable; but even then, if trained, they would take heavy loads of manure, or hay, etc., out and in as rapidly as the horse, while their yearly growth would be a gain rather than a loss, as with the horse.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

DIGGING POTATOES.

To a casual observer who passed through the Agricultural Department of the Centennial Exposition, it would appear that digging potatoes was one of the easiest of jobs; one has only to hold the lines, and the potatoes are placed on top of the ground. In the United States Patent Office is to be found a model of a potato-digger, which is not only to dig the tubers but also to separate them from the earth, assort them into two or three sizes, and measure them before dumping them in piles. In theory it works well, but any practical man can see that if the inventor had ever dug an acre of potatoes, he would never have wasted his time with the model. After trying several machines gotten up for this special job, I have again gone back to the old-fashioned plow, as the best under *all circumstances*, and in all conditions of the soil.

A sort of double-mouldboard plow, with steel prongs extending out behind, does well in loose soil; but in soil such as I have turned to-day, it is "nowhere." My plan is to run the plow under the row, and after picking all which are to be seen, (and if properly done there are few left), run a double-shovel plow up and down the row. After the plat has been gone over in this way, I give it a thorough harrowing with a light steel harrow, and, except a boy to follow the plow when plowing for the ensuing crop of wheat, call the job done. If due care has been exercised in regulating the depth of the furrow, and in guiding the team, it will not do to pay very high wages for the latter part of the job. In picking, it will pay to put the unassorted tubers into old guano or phosphate sacks, as it will save much time in removing them from the cart or wagon; the assorting may be done in wet weather or at leisure times. Some speak highly of the common single shovel or "hull-nose" plow, but we have never found it to answer the purpose as well as our steel plow, with a good, sharp share.—T. J. E.

—*Country Gentleman.*

A FROG BAROMETER.

Out at the Lafayette Park police station they have a weather prophet which eclipses Tice and all the barometers in the neighborhood. It is a frog of the genus *Hyla*, more familiar to the general reader as the tree-toad. Hunt, the superintendent of the park, was mildly abusing his barometer one day for misleading him, when the officer on the beat, an old frontiersman, said he would show him a trick. He took a glass jar and threw into it some stones and a couple of inches of water. Then he whittled out a little wooden ladder and put it in the jar. After some lively scrambling a tree-toad was caught, chucked in, and a tin top screwed on. The weather indicator was complete. When it is going to be fair weather, that toad roosts on the top round of the ladder, solemnly blinking the hours away. From twelve to fifteen hours before a change to bad weather "the general," as they call him, begins to climb down, and hours before a storm sets in, he squats himself on a stone, and, with his head just above the surface of the water, peers aloft at the coming storm. Let the weather be changeable and "shifting," as "Old Proh" says, and the toad goes up and down that ladder like a scared middy. When it is fair and the toad roosts aloft, his skin is of a light grayish green. When the change comes, the skin turns black as the toad goes down the ladder, becoming a jet, shining black by the time he reaches the bottom. The fame of the toad has spread through the Lafayette Park neighborhood.—*St. Louis Times.*

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not *your* head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be nicer
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The bravest, wisest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

PHOEBE CARY.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING.

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE XI.

EXAMINATION OF PUPILS.

In regard to this, I will ask you to remember six things:

1st. Teaching is causing one to know.
2d. In teaching we are to proceed from the known to the unknown.
3d. Children know *something* before they enter school, in all the branches taught.
4th. Examination is necessary to see what they know and where their knowledge ends.
5th. Begin to teach where the pupil's knowledge ends.
6th. Teaching is like grafting.

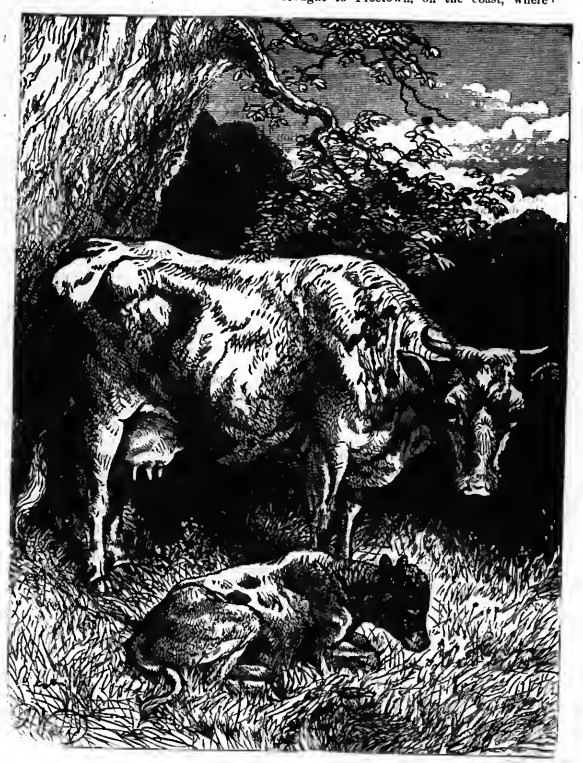
In the first place, teaching is not merely *telling*. It is causing to know something not known before. I may tell you that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to two right angles, but that is not causing you to know it. You may tell a child all there is in the grammar or arithmetic, but until you cause him to know it for himself, you have taught him nothing. Many teachers do too much talking; they recite most of the pupil's lesson for him. Now that may be a smoother, pleasanter recitation to listen to than the pupil's would be, but it does him no good. Only so far as you can get his own mind to act upon the lesson, and take it in and grow by it—make it a part of his own knowledge,—have you really taught him anything.

No child enters your school without knowing something of the subjects taught there. Do you say—how can that be? Well, let us see. Of course the child does not know that it is Arithmetic he is practicing when he is sent to the closet to get a certain number of knives. When he is sent to get six apples, then to get enough more to make a dozen, and then told that he may share them with his friends, he does not know that he is numerating and adding and dividing, but he is doing just that. He doesn't know it is geography he is learning, when he learns how the branch runs by the school-house, and through the woods and into the river; or chemistry, when he discovers that iron will rust, or philosophy when he learns that fire will burn and water boil, but it is no less. This is perhaps as new an idea to you as it is to him, but you see it is a fact, and a useful one for you to remember; you can greatly delight and interest him in the discovery that he is going to learn something more about that of which he already knows something. A French writer tells an amusing story of an ignorant man who, on becoming suddenly rich, employed a private tutor to make up the defects of his education. He wished among other things to learn to make both poetry and prose, and was very much astonished to find that he already knew how to speak in prose. "What!" he exclaimed, "and so I have been speaking prose all my life without knowing it?"

Examination therefore is necessary to discover the limits of a child's knowledge. Ask him simple questions first that he can answer—that will make him proud and interested. Then stimulate his natural desire to know more.

Remember the natural law of Likes. There isn't *anything* a child doesn't know, but that he wants to know. Teachers often make the mistake of thinking that children dislike knowledge. Why it is what they are most eager for. If you doubt that, just bring into your school-room some day a big locked tin box, and set it on the table, saying nothing. How the eyes will open wide, and the little necks stretch out, and what a buzz and stir. "What d'ye spose he's got in that box?" "Don't I wish I knew what's in that!" How many questions do you suppose you'll be asked in five minutes if you let them speak. "Oh, but that's only curiosity"—do you say? Well, all our desire to learn is curiosity, and that's one reason a child learns so fast—he's brim full of curiosity, and everything about him is new and strange to him. You haven't to excite in your pupils a desire for knowledge. You have only to direct it and satisfy it and take care not to crush it out. Encourage questioning, for it helps the pupils to learn faster.

"Johnny—where does the sun rise?"
"Over there"—
"Where does it set?"
"Over there."
"Which way is your house?"
"There."



BLOSSOM AND HER CALF.

"Could you find your way to it in the night?"

"Could you find your way towards sunrise in the night?"

"I suppose perhaps you'd like to know how to?"—

Ah—then he wants to know how to tell the points of compass and the North Star.

Encourage questions. Don't snub the child, or tell him not to ask tiresome questions.

Knowledge is power. Ignorance is weakness. Ignorance is the father of indolence. This is its geneology—its line of descent:

Ignorance,
Indolence,
Pauperism,
Crime.

BISHOP CROWTHER OF THE NIGER.

When a boy of eleven, playing around his father's hut in the forest of Benin—not unlike St. Patrick in the legend—he was carried off by a gang of slave-hunters, along with his sisters, cousin, and mother. His father fell with most of them in the defence of the village. After a horrible march Adjai was bartered for a horse, but was sent back again, and was put in irons along with his mother and sisters. He was soon sent to a slave-market, where a Mahommedan lady bought him to wait on her household. The poor young slave fretted so, that often he wished to die; once he even tried to strangle himself with his belt, but the God as yet unknown to him had other work for the forlorn captive: and the lady, afraid of losing his value, sold him to some Portuguese slavers for some rum and tobacco; and he was handed over to new masters who traded him to Lagos. When he saw the great sea, he was so terrified that he fainted, and had to be carried on board, where a hundred and eighty sick and hungry wretches were assembled, to be led like sheep to their markets.

The slave-ship was captured by two British cruisers, and Adjai and the others were rescued from a life of misery. When they stepped on board the English vessel they trembled, for the Portuguese had told them they would be killed and eaten; and the great pile of cannon balls on board the man-of-war was pointed out as the dried skulls of negroes already devoured by the English. Soon, however, the fear and horror wore off when they found themselves kindly treated, and that chains, blows, and starvation were things of the past. They were brought to Freetown, on the coast, where little Adjai showed wonderful aptitude in learning. He begged a half-penny with which to buy some alphabet cards; in three days he knew them all, and in six months could make out most of the Testament.

In three years the poor little heathen was baptized as Samuel Adjai Crowther, afterwards to be crowned a minister, as his people call it. He translated the Bible into the African language. His first service, however, was to accompany the Admiralty Expedition up the Niger in 1841. A second expedition followed; and the third, projected by the late Macgregor Laird, Esq., was so successful that the Church Missionary society, which had a station at Sierra Leone, determined to commence a Niger Mission. The wreck of the steamer Day-spring gave the Rev. S. Crowther, who had meanwhile been ordained, increased opportunities for becoming acquainted with the country and the people. He eventually found his way overland to the coast, passing through several important towns, and among others Ilorin, which had been first visited by Lander. To this and other places on this overland route fresh attention has recently been called; for in 1871, by the steamer being left high and dry on a sand bank in the Niger, Dr. Crowther found the river route closed against him, and was obliged to return overland to the coast. Notes of this journey are to be found in a separate publication issued by the Church Missionary society.

One point of special interest connected with the Niger Mission is, that from its first commencement, in 1857, up to date, it has been conducted wholly by negative agency, and has prospered in spite of special difficulties, for the most part unknown in other countries which enjoy the blessings of a settled government. In 1864 the quondam slave-boy and zealous missionary was created D.D. by the University of Oxford, and set apart as Bishop of the Niger, in Canterbury Cathedral. The Niger Mission and Bishop Crowther have been identified with the policy, new to Protestant missions, of creating a self-developing and self-extending native Church by means of native converts alone. In this respect Bishop Crowther is a representative man. It was in 1804 that the Church Mission first sent agents to Africa, and in 1854 the Church of Sierra Leone undertook the whole pecuniary responsibility of its own support, and of mission work beyond. It is the same system introduced into South India, at a later period, that is working out similar results here.

BLOSSOM AND HER CALF.

In a certain quiet New England village lives a round and rosy baby boy, one of whose best friends is a pretty, soft-eyed Alderney cow. For many a month the cow's rich milk has gone to the making of the baby's roundness and rosiness, while all that was left from his abundant and frequent meals fell to the share of the little brown and white calf, who, I have no doubt, was proud of her position as baby's foster sister. Old Blossom had plenty of milk for both her hungry children, and the arrangement was a satisfactory one on all sides till the calf grew big enough to understand that a little skilful pushing would sometimes open gates, and a little maneuvering enable her to go through or under bar-fences. From the day of that discovery poor Master Baby was at a disadvantage, for it is a sad truth that his foster sister would neglect no chance, or leave no stage unturned by means of which she could get to her mother's side and appropriate with naughty appetite not only her own, but Baby's share of the day's milk. Not a bit of honor had this greedy calf, and Baby's chubby hands and dimpled feet, and even his imploring screams, stood no chance against the quick-growing strength and sagacity of his four-footed rival.

Every day Blossom must be put into some safe pasture, and the calf carefully penned up out of reach, and even then we would sometimes hear at evening that the calf had contrived some new way of reaching its mother, and had, as usual, stolen its last drop. Then Baby Harry's supper would have to be taken from some other pail, and Harry knew as well as any of us that no milk was so rich and sweet as Blossom's. So then he would cry and scold in his baby fashion, and everybody was very sorry except the naughty calf, who did not care a bit.

LIKE JESUS.

Grandmother told Sally to go out in the yard and pick up a basket of chips. Sally was making a doll-house in one corner of the room, and she did not like to go at all.

"I do not want to go," said Sally, keeping back a tear in her eye, "but I will go, grandmother, because the Bible says Jesus pleased not himself, and I want to be like Jesus."

So she went, and went cheerfully. Trying to be like Jesus will take all the selfishness and willfulness out of a little child's heart.

TO THE BOYS.

"*Don't be laughed out of your money or your prayers.*"

A distinguished English admiral, who rose to the high station as the effects of his meritorious exertions, used to be fond of relating that on first leaving a humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless you, and prosper you, my lad; and as long as you live never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers." The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he did so, while thousands have regretted that they have pursued a different course.

At Home.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

Only a little, soft, white thing
Made for wearing the costly ring;
Made for flirting the daisty fan
As only the belle of the season can;
Made for the stolea pressure or kiss,
(Long Branch fashion), raising to bliss,
By merely the touch of fingers white,
Her escort down by the hcach thet night;
Made for a "prize" for the highest hid,
(And uader the roso a thorn lies hid).
A thing which the honest summer sun
Has taught his ardeut beams to shun,
Lest freckle or tea its beauty spoil,
And makes it too near a hend of toil,
Instead of only a dainty thing,
Made for ease aad tho diamoad ring.

Only e suabnrned, uscful thing
To which the hearts of thc needy cliag;
To which they turn who have learaed the worth
Of a womea's hand on tbis weary earth;
Made for healing, for soothiag o'er
The hearts of those who ere faint aad sore;
Made for honest work each day,
For driving the shadows of life awey;
For holding the "cup of weter" to all
Who, faint and thirsty, for succor cell;
Made for leeding the timid on;
For blessing all it may rest upoa;
Mede to be woa by a loyel heart,
Who in its labor will hear a part;
Made to be clasped by a loyel hand,
Which chooseth the best in ell the lend,
Worth—O! double its weight in gold,
This useful hand thet can never grow old.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

GLASSWARE OUT OF THE RAG-BAG.

"What a pretty little chintz beg you are making, Faaay, aad how aicely you arc trimmiag it with that pink cambric. What is your idea ia running that bit of an old steel sprig in the top?"

"To make it haady, Mary. This is a scrap-beg, or, to speek plainly, a rag-beg, to heng in the sitting room. I made it look nicely, so we would aot be ashamed of it."

"Onr rag-bag is a piece of old bed ticking, and it hangs in the cellar way," said Mary laughiag.

"That is too far off; wa are such lazy folks we should make a small collectioa if we weat there with every scrap we saved."

"Ours is not visited so very often. It is much handier to drop thiags ia to the stove, we all find. It is aot much use to save them, any way, tha rag men give so little for them; ouly two or three cents a pound."

"I knnw it does not seem much, but where you sava all your cuttiags and your old papers, you would be surprised to see how fast it counts np. Mother gives them to me this summer, and I am getting my glassware with them, just now. Coma into the pantry and look at my shelf." And with the self-conscious smile of a prospective housekeeper, Fanay opeaed the door aad displayed her simple treasures. There was a baker's dozea of good commoa tumblers, a set of daiaty preserve plates, two jelly dishes, a covered butter dish, and a spoon glass.

"Haven't I made a beginning?" said Fanay, with a smile and a blush.

"I should say you had," said Mary. "I em quite eavious of you. And you don't say that those were bought with just such scraps as I drop into the stova every day?"

"I can say that they were all bought with scraps which I save every day. I have a plenty of scrap-bags about the house, up stairs and down, to catch aaythiag, aad I take paias to hava them aot uasightly. When they are full, I put them into the rag-barrel, and 'set' them again, just as I do tha mouse-trap. I fiad it a great deal easier way to dispose of them thaa say other we have ever had. They are hard to sweep up, they look uasightly lying about, and I fiad tha saviag of them helps to maka mo thoughtful about other little savings. It is certaialy a great satisfaction to me to convert them over iato these pretty forms, instead of turniag them iato ashes."

"You hava certainly mada a success of it, and I meaa to try the experimeat for a month, anyway, aad see how I make out. Take care that my glassware doesn't take all the shiae off from yours," she added, as sha bade her friend a laughing good-bye.—ELSIE.

—*New England Farmer.*

"GRANDMA'S" TOMATO CATSUP.—To two galloas of peeled ripe tomatoes udd eight tablespoonfils of fine salt; eight tablespoonfuls of groaad black pepper; six tablespooafuls of groaad mustard; ona tablespoonful of groaad allspice; sixteen pods of red peppers, pounded fiaa; aad tea quarts of good vinegar. Simmer these together for four hours; strain through a wire sieve, aad thaa bottla. It will be ready for use in two weeks, but will improve hy age. It will keep ten years.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

ROUGH EXPERIENCES—BRIGHTER VIEWS—FINE EXAMINATIONS PASSED—MEETING FELLOW-WORKERS.

Comparisons are odious; and while the statements of the following letter are no doubt honestly and truthfully made, the writer might have formed other impressions in other places. It is fair, however, to give both sides of a picture, and it is true enongh that the yoang colored teacher often finds his field a very rough road. We are glad to say, however, that this does not make him work the less, but the more.

"*Dear General:*

"I feel it my duty to write you, and to thank you kiadly for your kindness in sending to me the 'Educatioaal Journal.' It came to me the same night that I received your postal card. I have read it, aud am ready to send it to my nearest Hampton teacher. I fiad it my best companion after my Bible. It is just the thiag I have been looking for; and I think as it says—that every teacher should reed it for his own benefit.

"I thought while I was thanking you for the paper, that I would say a few words about this place and people as a whole, which I think you will be pleased to know about. Those whom you sea at Hampton cannot be tokea as an example of the whole race. You may think that some of the new pupils you receive oa the first of every October are far behind the times; but the worst of them are better thaa the best here. You who live in Hamptoa have no idea of the coadition of our people in other places. You scc a few uf the very best of them, and only a few. You may think that you caa judge from knowing the condition of our peoplo in the town of Hampton; but there's a mistake there, for tha folks in Hampton are far above most of the people wherever I've been, in every respect. To tell tha truth, tha peopla here are far behind any that I hava ever met with. In religious matters, they don't think that religioa stops them from keeping up all their old low-down ways, and brace themselves on the verse which says: "Religioa never was designed to make our pleasures less." They seem to think that there is nothing that they want to do after they hava become Christians but what they caa do without harm to their religious integrities. Oaa of their worst faults is intcmperance. They don't think that there is any herm ia "taking a dram," as they call it, oace in a while. Oftentimes, one can see members of the church who are hardly able to walk the streets because of intemperance; yet they say there is not any harm in it. One thing that has been a great pull-back to them is, that they have never had any one to lead and instruct them in regard to their religioa. The superintendent (who is a very nice and good man) has tried to do something ia regard to teaching them; but as he is a white man, they have no faith in him or his teachiag. He told me how far behind they were in religious matters, and I have been waiting a long time, or ever since I've been here, for a chaace to say something about Christianity; finally, two Sunday nights ago, I lectured on Christianity. The people here do not think that they have had a meeting unless they have shouted and knocked down the benches, aad half killed or hurt some one. There are times when the minister is preaching, you cannot hear anything he is saying for the noise of the people. Since I've said *something* about the minister, I will say a little more. He has been a preacher (in his own way) a long time. He is an uneducated man, and his flock seem to think more of him than they do of Christ. I think that what has caused so much darkness throughout the land is, that every man that

Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?

cau read the 25th Chap. of St. Matt. imagines he can preach, and the consequence is, that the country is flooded with uneducated ministers who are trying to preach, and in nine cases out of ten, don't know what they are preaching about.

"The people here don't seem to take any interest in sending their children to school. The place is large enough to have a large school here, and it could, but the parents are negligent, and only send their children to school until they are able to read in the fourth reader, when the parents considering the childrea are educated, take them away. The school has numbered eighty scholars and averaged sixty-three; and now I caaaot make an average of thirty. They act as if they dida't care whether they send their children to school or not. Some few are very anxious to send, while a large number look as if they don't care anything about the school. Some keep their children home—or sending them around on business till 9.30 or 10 A.M., aad then sending them to school; and, of course, if they come later thna 9.15 A.M., I have to send them home again. I have had great trouhls in regulating my school; but um happy to say that I have it in as good shape as I can get it this term. I have tried some of Prof. Allen's ways of teaching, and found them quite successful.

"Please remember me to all the teachers.

As ever, your pupil,

"W."

Here, for instance, is a brighter experience than that of the writer of the above letter:

"N. C.

"*Gen. Armstrong,*

"*Dear Sir:*—As I em one of your students from Hampton, sent out as a teacher emong my people, you would like, no doabt, to heer of my progress since I left the school. Well, sir, I have heea getting along very well indeed. When I first came home, I took a short vacetion of two months, and then left Wilmingtoa and went up into Pender Co., where the people received me with ell marks of kiadness. Then I taught for six months without stopping. The people among whom I was teachiag were so ignorant, aad thought so much of whiskey aud tobecco, thet a paper like *The Southern Workman* would find a slow sale, for the people in some parts of N. C. are very much behind the times. Now, I am ont of Peader Co., ead am teaching in New Hanover Co., oa the Souad, eboat ten miles from Wilmington. I heve beea five moaths already at this place, aad expect to teach uatil aext May. I expected to heve beea teachiag in Wilmiagton this winter, but was on the Sound at the time the schools commeaced teaching, at the seme place that I am et aow. They pay me forty dollars per month where I am teaching, end General, I get along very well emong both white end colored. Hoping to heer from you soon,

I am, yours truly,

"H."

The occasional meeting of our gradnate teachers is a pleasant experience, and they frequently make it a useful one, establishing reading circles and meetings for mutual benefit, when a number of them are settled within convenient distance.

"VA.

"*Miss H:*

"I had the pleasure to write you a short letter on the way, at the same tima promising to write again as soon as my journey was completed. You will see by the above that I am now in my aew quarters. Found everything quiet and working in a systematic way as usual. I have a much better location hera than I had before; wages are better, aad we are much better provided for.

"No doubt you would like to know of my success in teaching, &c. I cas't complain at all, for tha Lord has accepted me as a laborer in his vineyard, and I have been quita successful in my Sabbath school work, teachiag, aad temperance reformation. I am weak, but Ha is stroag. I am tryiag to do with my might what my haads fiad to do.

"I often think of each of you at Hampton, and, as I go from place to place, I behold soma of your work—some young man or womaa employed with, or in a school. We should feel very grateful towards you all, which I must confess I do. I hava oftea regretted aot taking your advice, which was to stay and finish at H. But I hava entered into life's wide ocesa, with a frail bark aad poor rudder; tha curreat is strong, and good oarsmen must pull or perish. I have aot fonnd any trouble yet in teaching. I have passed the board of examiners five times; was successful in all, yet I know that I am incompetent. I will meet you at the school in its next session, if aothiag happens. 'Time is more precious far than gold—the worth of moments can't be told.' If, 'Then we idly waste our time,' we are not, 'guiltless of a crime.'—EPH. v: 15-16.

"I subscribe myself as

Your humble friead aad scholar,

"O."

BAD BARGAINS.

Oace a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an iastance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy; "Esau mada a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad hargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

"Boy, what will you taka to tell a lia for me?" asked a mate of oaa of the cabin boys on board of a fine English ship. "Not all tha gold of California, sir," he replied.—*Missionary Visitor.*

"O MOTHER, I did want ona of those big oranges oatside Dick's shop-window."

"You did aot tonch oae, I hnpe, Eddy," said his mother.

"I did not, mother; but I had to watch my hand *hard* not to let it grab," replied Eddy.

That's right, my boy, *watch.*

THE PEASANT BOY.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

[A volume of the New York Mirror of 1874 contains the following poem, written by Miss Cushman. A note states that it was written on seeing a picture of a peasant boy, with a spade on his shoulder, trudging to his daily toil.]

There's poetry, boy, in that step of thine,
Firmly and free on the green sward pressed;
And the locks that over thy temple shine,
Flow wild in the wind of the soft sou'west.

Care lurks not, boy, in that laughing eye,
No frowns o'ercast that forehead's snow;
And the mellow tints of the morning sky
Lend to thy cheeks an eloquent glow.

Thy heirloom is pure, unbroken health,
A cheerful heart to endure thy toil;
And all thou needest of this world's wealth
Thou can'st sturdily win from the grateful soil.

With the lark's first song thou art up and away,
Brushing the dew from the glistening sod;
And chanting the simple roundelay
Which innocence sings to the ear of God.

From the ardent sun of cloudless noon,
Thou seekest the shade of a sheltered nook,
Where the ring-dove murmurs its amorous tune
To the answering sound of the gushing brook.

There, resting thy limbs on the mossy brink,
Thou takest in peace thy poor repast.
Bending thy feverish lips to drink
From the wave that glideth so cool and fast.

Then to labor again, till the waning sun
Fadeth away in the western sky,
And the shades of twilight are creeping on,
While the birds on the covert nigh

They are coming to meet thee, the peasant band,
The fair-haired girl and tawny boy,
While the hahy prattler clasps thy hand
And breathes thy name in lisping joy.

To the cottage away—to thy mother's knee;
To thy father's side, thou art welcome there;
That mother's smile is ever for thee,
That father gives thee his warmest prayer.

And thou shalt rest in slumber sweet,
Pillowed beneath the rafters eaves,
While the summer rain-drops gently beat
And the night wind stirs the wood-hine leeves.

There's poetry, boy, in that form of thine,
And the gazer covets thy painless life,
Would that thy stormless lot were mine—
Passionless, careless and free from strife.

IN A NUTSHELL.

BY EMMA BURT.

First, a beautiful long white tassel came on the tree, along with a thousand others. The wind brushed it off, and it floated away down into the meadow-grass—then a wee hurr was left.

Already within this hurr a nut was crving to be free.

"Let me out! Let me out!" It prayed of the tree.

"Wait a little, dear, until you are grown," said the tree.

"And *how* may I grow?"

"Ask the wind, and the rain, and the sun."

"O wind, and rain, and sun, how may I grow?" cried the nut.

And they all replied: "TIME only can tell, for we are but the servants of Time."

Then the young nut called, "O Time, tell me how I may grow, for I want to be free."

Then the kingly Time made answer:

"Little nut, you have only to wait, sweetly, trustingly, patiently, and you will grow great, and at length be free."

So the little nut shut its eyes and began to wait, so sweetly and so full of trust, that by-and-by, before it knew it, the wind and rain and sun had done their work, and the prickly hurr began to open,

Then the nut opened its eyes and was surprised at its own exceeding beauty, when the sun shone in upon its rich brown coat. It was very glad and very proud indeed, and said:

"Yes, I am beautiful, and I am also almost ripe; and I am very rich in myself. How very pleasant it is to live! And how lovely are these Indian-summer days!"

The hurr opened wider and wider. And, when the nut had become quite accustomed to the light and air—the wind gently nudged the hurr, and the hurr sent the nut where the tasselled blossom had gone before—down in the meadow-grass to be free.

It was extremely happy for a little time. The grasses and asters, and golden-rod, were very polite to the nut, and the nut was polite to them—so they got on nicely together. The flowers chatted with it about all the strange and charming things they knew in the world—for *they* had always been out in the world from the time they were born. And while they chatted, the brook ran gayly by; and the sun shone brightly, and music was in the air.

After many days, this odd little brown nut grew very strangely sad.

"What? Not satisfied yet?" said the kingly Time, who had been watching the nut attentively.

"Oh, *more* than satisfied, and yet—"

"And yet what?"

"I cannot see what is to come of it."

"Of what?"

"Of all the good you have given to me."

"Ha! ha! How funny!" laughed Time. "If *that* troubles you, I can very soon take it all away!" For Time, who is very wise, was amused, and wanted to tease the young nut a little.

"Pray, do not laugh at me, good time! for, really, I am not quite happy, though I ought to be."

Then said Time very kindly and seriously:

"It is not enough, dear child, to be free, in order to be happy. The richer one is in himself, the more he will suffer if he does not give himself away; but you are too young to understand this now."

Many days the small nut pondered over these wise works—until the flowers, and grasses, and crickets thought it grown quite stupid.

At length it pulled the hem of Time's mantle, to draw his attention, and said:

"Tell me, good Time, *how* I may give myself away?"

Time was so surprised and touched at this, that, grown though he was, the tears came. He said:

"My child, you have only to do what I before told you to do, 'Wait and trust, the way will surely open.'"

So the nut ceased to be sad, and sweetly waited and trusted. The sun went behind clouds, the cold rain beat down upon the meadow and spoiled the grasses and the flowers. The brook froze over, and all grew dismal and chilly. The nut *was all alone* and its beautiful coat was ruined.

Yet it patiently waited and trusted.

By-and-by, after a long time, what do you think happened?

Out of the heart of this same little nut sprang something wondrously lovely. Delicate was the stem, and fair were the tender leaves. It grew and grew until all of the nut was absorbed into its curious root and delicate stem and leaves. Taller and taller it grew until its shadow sloped way across the meadow, until the pretty flowers half twisted their heads off, in looking up to see it. And oh, this nut, which was no longer a nut, was gladder than the gladdest thing on earth; and so it continued to be to the very end of its days.

And so you see the whole story is, after all, in a nutshell.—*Christian Weekly.*

SPEED OF RAILWAY TRAINS.

The following are the highest authentic instances of high railroad speed with which we are acquainted: Brunel, with the Courier class of locomotive, ran 13 miles in 10 minutes, equal to 78 miles an hour. Mr. Patrick Sterling, of the Great Northern, took, two years back, 10 carriages 15 miles in 12 minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour. The Great Britain, Lord of the Isles and Iron Duke, broad gauge engines on the Great Western Railway, have each run with four or five carriages from Paddington to Didcot in 47½ minutes, equal to 66 miles an hour, or an extreme running speed of 72 miles an hour; the new Midland coupled express engines, running in the usual course, have been timed, 68, 70 and 72 miles an hour. The 10 A. M. express on the Great Northern, from Leeds, we have ourselves timed, and found to be running mile after mile at the rate of a mile in 52 seconds, or at 69.2 miles an hour. The engines used are Mr. Stirling's outside cylinder bogie express engines, the load being ten carriages.—*Engineer.*

HAMPTON'S ANNIVERSARY.

PRESS NOTICES.

THE following accounts of the recent anniversary exercises at the Hampton Institute are published in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN for the benefit of those who may not have seen them, and in the hope that good will result. This institution is an important interest, costing annually about $30,000; of which, through state aid and income from endowment fund, $12,000 yearly are believed to be assured. For the balance of $18,000 annually it looks to its friends in the North. The following items are given to answer questions likely to be asked by those interested in the cause:

Number of teachers, 21; of whom 14 are ladies and 7 are gentlemen. Total enrollment last year, 274 (of whom 105 were women and 169, men; average age, 18½ years). Average attendance, 240; Number of boarders, 221. About 200 graduates and ex-students have engaged in teaching; 90 per cent. enter the school work; children taught estimated at 7,000.

Course of study three years, confined to English branches. Manual labor is a special feature.

Cost of educating a student one year, $70.

Students pay their own board bills, partly in cash, partly in labor. The institution provides the board of the 221 boarding students at $10 per month, and gets what it can from students whose payments (half in cash and half in labor) in much non-profitable and unskilled work, to say nothing of arrears of cash payment, make the boarding department a serious but necessary expense; it being a means of many civilizing and improving influences. The work is to lift up the race by self-help and by helpful surroundings, and to bring the benefits of education within the reach of its poorest youth. Scholarships of $70 a year are especially solicited, and sums that will go to make up scholarships.

An endowment fund is indispensable. The chief reliance of the Institute for income and endowment fund will be by spreading information, and not by a costly system of collecting. Contributors receive complete details of receipts and expenses.

Correspondence, Springfield Republican. (*Mass.*)

BY REV. JOHN W. HARDING.

Coming back to my own observations, which as *The Republican's* correspondent, have been continuous for several years, I found on arriving at Hampton a gratifying advance in various particulars: improved grounds; a malarious marsh drained, and converted into an ornamental pond connecting with the sea; two new dormitory cottages, one a $5,000 gift of Mr. Frederic Marquend of New York, the generous benefactor of Yale. New industries: broom-making; a rag-carpet loom, which has turned off over 200 yards; ten Lamb knitting machines, on which the girls learn to make good work in three days, turning off 150 pairs of mittens per month, and under contract with Pratt, Porter & Co., of Boston, for 3,000 doz., they sending the yarn, and paying 40 cents a dozen for the labor. I found the printing-office enlarged by new material, having done work during the year to the amount of $3,400. The student farmers have grubbed up five acres of waste land; the brickmakers made some 200,000 bricks at a good profit; the mechanics have made 40 bedsteads and 45 tables; 40,000 lbs. of fresh beef, pork, and bacon have been put to the credit side of the farm account, one-fourth of it raised on the farm, the rest purchased. While a final balance of $500 against the farm must be acknowledged, the offset should be weighed of splendid permanent improvements; and, better yet, the industrial educational benefit to the students and to the whole adjacent region, as abundantly manifest in the appreciation of real estate, the increased value of farm stock, and the general improvement of agricultural methods. The students are not profitable laborers, except in the large prospective view of their educational value as the future teachers of their race. They have earned during the year about $8,800 by their labor of all kinds, at wages from 5 to 10 cents per hour. *All* must work. It is a predetermined feature of the institution for the combined purposes of industrial instruction, and the formation of staunch character.

At 5 o'clock this morning, we were aroused by the stirring music of the students' brass band on the lawn in front of Virginia Hall. It is the usual rising hour. Breakfast is at 6; a study hour from 7 to 8; inspection of men, in ranks, at 8.20; and so filling up the day with variously continued exercises, till the evening study hour from 7.15 to 8.45; and lights out at 10. It is a first principle with Gen. Armstrong, to give the negro so much to do, with the recreation of variety, and the stimulus of necessity, that there will be no opportunity for his idle passions to consent to sin.

But this is a gala-day, and the routine changes. The steamer Nettie in her frequent trips from Old Point Comfort, brings crowds of expectant visitors; sail-boats and row-boats ply across Hampton Creek; carriages from Fortress Monroe, mule-teams from the country, and a steam barge from Portsmouth, bring in a curious assortment of ranks and colors. Officers of the army and navy with their lady friends; judges, honorables, and divines of the Virginia *elite;* members of the press, and among them Mr. White, Washington correspondent of the Tribune; the colored ministers and curator; the proud old folks who have boys or girls in the graduating class; the young people of color from the region for whom the day is an inspiration; and, most welcome of all, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes and her party from the White House. Led by the band, the visitors follow the procession of students, 250 strong, and pass through their open ranks to the assembly room in Academic hall, where Gen. Armstrong opens the forenoon examinations with the usual morning devotional exercise of responsive scripture reading, singing and prayer. In contrast with the Hampton singing "to the manner born," was a splendid rendering of a "gloria" in perfect harmony and time. Everywhere crops out the large-minded catholicity of the management here. While decidedly "evangelical," there is no narrowness of form, or dogma. At the last anniversary, a Congregational clergyman baptized by immersion several students. Rev. Phillips Brooks offered an extemporaneous prayer at the close of the anniversary. Gen. Marshall, the treasurer, who is a Unitarian of the conservative type, often conducts the devotional exercises.

The forenoon was spent by the throng of admiring visitors in inspecting the various recitation rooms, and hearing the classes in agriculture, and civil government, universal history, natural philosophy, United States history, algebra, arithmetic, grammar, reading, writing, spelling and book-keeping. The object of the teaching throughout is simply to give a practical, thorough drill in the elementery branches that belong to common-school education. Competent *common-school teachers* are the present pressing necessity of the South, instead of illiterate poor whites and worthless colored quacks. And this teaching is, as Col. Rogers, the President's secretary and old law-partner, said in his afternoon speech, the very best of normal teaching. He testified, emphatically, that he had never seen it equaled, and I think every intelligent observer of normal schools would assent. The secret appears to be mainly in three things—first, the spontaneous interest of the pupils pressed by the peculiar motives of their *esprit de corps;* second, the philanthropic motives of the teachers, making them keenly alive to the object and the situation, and so a constant moral and personal inspiration to the pupils; and, third, a persistent drill in the art of expression by rapid and continual oral questioning, and the mutual questioning of the pupils by each other. *Ideas,* clear and distinct, before words, and then, the alert and ready expression of ideas, out of the pupil's own mind rather than the text-book. As Rev. Mr. Boynton, correspondent of the *Christian Union* said, it was, from Gen. Armstrong down end all through, "brainy." In this fine corps of accomplished teachers, the majority are "Vassar" girls.

In the main hall attractive specimens of farm products were exhibited—vegetables, fruits, cereals, etc.—and some of the Lamb knitting machines were at work; and on the lawn adjoining Academic hall were temporary sheds containing fine specimens of the farm stock, horses, colts, Ayrshire, Jersey and graded cattle, pigs, and Cotswold sheep—the prize animals of the county. The Hoe steam-press was at the same time working off the June edition of the *Southern Workman* in the basement of Virginia hall, and from 12 M. to 12.25 the girls' industrial room was open, and the girls at work—under the charge of Mrs. Eudora C. Atkinson, formerly of Boston, about 80 of the girls are taught machine and hand sewing, cutting out garments, etc., and, while they work, somebody reads aloud from some book like Rollo's Travels in Europe, or Higginson's United States, or Longfellow. The girls in the room have made during the year 1,332 articles, and earned $468.78.

At noon, the graduating class and visitors were escorted by the middle and junior classes, led by the band, to Virginia hall, and after a collation for the guests on Gen. Armstrong's broad veranda, in which civil rights and social equality were blended and illustrated in a manner never dreamed of under the old *regime,* and as they could be by any other occasion, the anniversary exercises proper commenced in Virginia hall. Previously, Mrs. President Hayes had given an informal private reception to the young men and women of the school, and, at the close of the exercises in the hall, she again delighted them by presenting to the girls the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, respectively to the first, second, and third best speakers; Mrs. Commodore Stevens following with like awards to the boys. Mrs. Heyes conferred great pleasure and honor upon the whole occasion by her sweet and womanly presence.

The essays and orations of the students by about an equal number of young men and women, respectively, were very creditable. Self-possessed, of manly and womanly bearing, modest in their attire, with well-trained voices and sensible thoughts, they treated appropriate subjects: "Our Duty as Graduates," "My Log Cabin School-house," "Shall we go to Africa?" "Our Work as Women," "Virginia in the Revolution," "With the Hampton Singers," being travel sketches, and "A Post-graduate's Experience," by Frank Trigg, a stalwart alumnus, who had got his A. M. degree by practical experience with the world—and he did much credit to his alma meter—as indeed they all did—and the singing seemed more electrical than ever. But enough, though I might say much more about the school. It ought not to depend, as it does now, upon the precarious provision of annual $70 scholarships from individuals, to pay the tuition of individual pupils, but to have the permanent endowment of $300,000, which Gen. Armstrong has set his mind upon, and, if he lives, with his will there must be a way.

From the Congregationalist of Boston.

BY REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS, GRANTVILLE, MASS.

Ten years ago an article by General Armstrong earnestly set forth the need of normal schools for colored people. Nine years ago this Institute opened with twenty pupils and two teachers. To-day it sends out fifty-one

graduates from a school of 250, with nearly twenty instructors.

It has a farm of 200 acres in a high state of cultivation, on which nearly 3,000 fruit trees are coming into bearing; and a large variety of crops, some two or three a year, supplying the school and shipped to the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Buildings have already been erected valued at $150,000, of which the newest, Virginia Hall, is one of the best in the state.

This morning of anniversary day (May 24th) opens bright, with a pure fresh breeze. The scene on entering Academic Hall for morning devotions is inspiring. The room is spacious. The open windows on one side look out upon the wall kept fields and orchards; upon the other, over the water front of Hampton Roads. On the platform sits Mrs. President Hayes—and how tasteful, simple and attractive she looks!—with her party from Washington, attended by Colonel Rogers, the President's private secretary.

After prayer by Rev. Geo. M. Boynton of Newark, comes one of the liveliest exercises of the day, in elocution, reading, defining, etc., under the charge of a lady, one of the best of trainers and leaders. A more spirited, accurate, or entertaining recitation I have heard nowhere. This was followed by General Armstrong's vigorous and practical instruction in agriculture, of which the fine farming to be seen out the windows was an illustration of the best kind, especially when one understands that the value of land in the neighborhood has been doubled by the example set here.

The variety of employments here is something worthy of note: besides study, fruit and vegetable growing, dairying, stock-raising, brick-making, carpentering, knitting by machines, printing, painting, coopering (the barrels for shipping produce being made on the place), shoe-making, blacksmithing, general repairing; also sewing, cooking, and housework for the girls—the plan being that all the students shall be instructed in some handicraft, as well as in books.

At two o'clock the new and handsome Virginia Hall was crowded with students and visitors from different parts of the land, the greater number citizens of Hampton and Norfolk. All shades of complexion were represented, from midnight to noon, and "color line" there seemed to be quite lost. The music had its own peculiar melody, sometimes plaintive, sometimes frolicsome, but always pleasing. The reading and speaking, of both sexes, revealed the most encouraging views of life and desire to be useful. The pieces were delivered with a quiet self-possession and a clear utterance; and no one could help feeling some enthusiasm for the welfare of an institution which is doing so much, and doing it so well, to fit these youth to be the guides and helpers of their race.

Rev. Dr. Strieby was chosen President of the Board of Trustees, in place of the deceased Mr. Whipple; Rev. Dr. J. H. Means of Dorchester was elected a trustee; and the institution, becoming constantly more respected in its own state, will start on a new year with the best hopes of good men everywhere.

From the N. Y. Christian Union.

BY REV. O. M. BOYNTON, NEWARK, N. J.

As early as November, 1861, the first school in the South for the education of the then "contraband of war" was opened by Mrs. Peake, a freed woman, at Hampton, Va., under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. In contrast with that humble beginning, there stand now tha large and commodious buildings, the farm, tha various equipments, and, more than all, the faculty for instruction in the various departments of learning and labor of the Hampton Institute.

It was tha privilege of the writer to be present at its recent anniversary, May 24th, and to learn something of its organization and success; and it was impossible to come away without deep impressions as to the wisdom of its methods and the grand results of its work. It is, as its title indicates, a normal and agricultural institute—not a college, not a university, but a place for training young men and young women of a neglected race to be intelligant teachers and workers.

Two or three features of the school are of such rare excellence that they deserve especial notice. The combination of an intellectual and industrial education has perhaps been nowhere more successfully effected. That the study is earnest and intelligant no one can douht who hears the classes recite. "I never saw such brains-y teaching in my life," said a looker-on. The principal of mutual criticism runs through all the teaching. One pupil is set to correct another in reading, calling for a definition of any word, correcting a false pronunciation; in philosophy, improving on each other's answers, and at times having a quite hearty dabate, with tha teacher as umpire, over some disputed point. All this freedom with great good nature and quick submission to the gentle powers that be. And tha industrial department is not play at work, but good honest labor. The young men and girls do all the work of farm and house, with only a permanent head to each department. The girls cook, tend the tables, wash, iron, learn and practice sewing by hand and by machine, tailoring, knitting by machine (in which department they are now filling a large contract), and making rag carpet. The boys do the plowing and hoeing, the sewing and reaping of the farm, have care of a hard of Ayrshire cows, an excellent breed of horses, a flock of sheep and no end of pigs. Tha cattle for home consumption are bought in the fall, and fattaned and slaughtered on the place, so that their beef costs them from six to eight cents a pound. An agricultural angine, a steam digester (for the bones; the vital digesters take care of the meat), a corn mill, a cooper shop, a printing establishment (in which tha "Southern Workman" and the "American Missionary" are priated), a brick-kiln, a sorghum mill, a nursery of shade and ornamental trees—all these and other sources of employment keep the young men busy.

Every hour's work is credited at so much. For this is not a charitahla institution; it charges ten dollars a month for board, half of which is to be paid in cash or promises, and tha other half in labor; for which, as most of it is quite immature, the average price is eight cents an hour. The students have earned by their labor during the last year, $8,800. But the instruction of this industrial department is counted of far more value than its productiveness.

As the teaching is largely hy mutual criticism, so tha discipline is largely by self-government. Tha male students live by classes, in one of the large buildings and in two cottages. No teacher is with them. They adopt rules by which they regulate themselves, with the consent of tha faculty. They make charges, have courts and trials and inflict penalties, and reach many minor offences and indecorums far more searchingly than the instructors could with propriety or advantage.

Of the religious character and influences of the school it is enough to say that all hut three of tha fifty-one members of the graduating class give evidence that they are disciples of the Lord Jesus.

But we must hasten on to the interesting exercises of the anniverary. Of the 274 scholars enrolled, the graduating class numbered 52, who had coupleted the three years' course of training, and who received diplomas from the hands of Rev. Dr. Strieby, President of tha Board of Trustees. The literary performances were very creditable—would have been to the pupils of any white school of the same grade—and the tone of serious manly and womanly responsibility and appreciation of the peculiar work which was to be thairs was impressive.

The growing interest of tho people of Virginia in the institution is manifest from year to year. Tha graduates, 25 per cent. of whom become teachers at once, are quite too few for the places which apply for them. Gen. Armstrong says: "We are without a grievanee; we have never had a serious complaint of illtreatment by the school commissioners from any of our graduates, nor serious fault found with the graduates themselves."

Col. Rogers, President Hayes' secretary, in a brief address at tha close of the exercises, said: "I have been thinking much to-day. Certainly there is a theme for very earnest thought and feeling here. Interested as I have been for many years in the system of normal schools, I have never attended tha exercises of any where tha pupils gava marked evidence of more thorough training, or the teachers of a more conscientious discharge of their duties than here to-day. I looked at the map of this State an which the stars are dotted all over representing the schools tanght by your graduates, and I said, well may the State of Virginia foster, as I understand sha does substantially, this institution. She has no other interest in her borders comparable to this. I mean every word of it."

A most cordial address, expressing great pleasure in the evidences of the thorongh work done by the Hampton Institute, and of the importance of the edneation given, was made by the Hon. Mr. Goode, Democratic Member of Congress, of Norfolk, Va., in response to the warm reception given him as he arose to announce tha prizes.

On the whole, it was an occasion of great interest, lighting up several of the most important edueational problems of our day, and, not least, the great Southern question of Negro education and tha Nagro vote.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent in distributing, *free of charge*, Sample Bottles of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP to all parts of this country, to those suffering from Coughs, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Consumption, and other Throat and Lung Diseases, that the afflicted might satisfy themselves that this remedy would save them from these fatal diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering sceptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cts.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

THE Grand Duke of Hesse, Ludwig III, is dead.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the historian, died at Dorsetshire, Eng., May 29th, in his sixty-fourth year.

THE South African Transvaal republic has been annexed to the kingdom of Great Britain.

THIRTY persons were killed and fifty wounded by the breaking through of a wooden bridge over the Avon river in England.

CAPTAIN BURTON, the African traveler, according to the London *Spectator*, has discovered the "Land of Midian." Accompanied by M. George Marie, a French engineer, Captain Burton landed in Midian on the 9th of April and explored a region full of ruined towns built of solid masonry, with roads, lakes and massive fortifications. They report having found mines of gold, silver, tin, antimony and turquoise.

BUT little fighting has been done between the Turks and Russians during the past month. The Russians are slowly but steadily advancing in Asia Minor, and the division on the Danube has already begun to cross. The Montenegrins are struggling hard for existence. They have routed the Turkish army before Martonitza and captured their arms and stores. Austria has about 40,000 men on the Servian frontier and will probably join in the fight. A plot to destroy the passage of the Suez Canal is reported to have been discovered by the Egyptian government. England is considerably alarmed, and, it is thought, will send troops to Exypt to look after her interests; a movement which may eventually cause her to be drawn into the Turko-Russian difficulty.

POLITICAL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, a professor in Harvard College, has been appointed Minister to Spain, and has accepted.

THE pay of letter carriers is to be cut down five per cent. after July 1st, on account of insufficient Postal appropriation.

MR. NICHOLAS FISH, son of ex-Secretary Fish, has been appointed minister to Switzerland, and Mr. Edward F. Noyes of Ohio, minister to France.

GENERAL.

TWO persons were fatally injured at a recent fire in Boston.

OUTRAGEOUS depredations by tramps are multiplying in the Northern and Middle States.

THE debt of New York City, according to the Comptroller's report for May, is $136,458,815.62.

THE roofs of several mines in the coal regions of Pennsylvania have lately fallen in with fatal results.

ELEVEN so called Molly Maguires were hanged for murder at Pottsville, Mauch Chunck, and Wilkesbarre, Penn., last week.

U. S. MARSHAL FRED DOUGLASS paid a visit to his old home in Maryland, on June 19th, for the first time in forty-one years.

A FRESH Indian outbreak is reported from Idaho and Oregon. Fifty persons were massacred at Salmon River, Cama's Prairie and other places.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRIES ELLET, authoress of "Women of the Revolution," "Domestic History of the American Revolution," &c., died in New York City June 3d.

SEVENTY-SIX cadets graduated at West Point Military Academy last month. This is the largest graduating class that institution has ever had. One of the cadets is colored.

MR. FRANCIS MURPHY, the great temperance lecturer, has returned to Philadelphia and is now holding meetings in that city. It is estimated that over 100,000 persons have signed the pledge through his influence.

VOLCANIC eruption in the Pacific Ocean caused a tidal wave to sweep the entire sea from Peru to Japan. On the coast of South America whole villages were destroyed and many lives lost. The Sandwich Islands also suffered from the wave.

ON June 4th a terrible rain and wind storm struck the city of Mount Carmel, Ill., by which sixteen persons were killed, a large number wounded, and property to the amount of $500,000 destroyed. The tornado demolished everything in its track, uprooting trees, overturning buildings and leveling them to the ground.

A COLLISION occured June 12th at Point of Rocks, Md., on the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., between the regular morning train from Winchester, Va., and a special excursion train from Frederick to Mt. Vernon. Four persons were killed and eighteen wounded.

MR. RICHARD F. HALLOWELL estimates the school population of Georgia in 1876 at 394,037. The State contributed for public schools for that year $434,065.62—only $1.10 per scholar. Although the white population is only one-fifth greater than the colored, there were more than twice as many white as colored children in the public schools in 1876. Mixed schools are not permitted. Of the 4,575 public schools in the state less than 1,800 open their doors to colored children.

THE Pacific Mail steamer, *City of San Francisco*, from Panama for San Francisco, carrying 46 cabin and 91 steerage passengers, 150 officers and crew, and a cargo, consisting of silks, laces, &c., valued at $750,000, struck a hidden rock, on the morning of May 18th, cutting a hole sixty feet in length in her hull, and the board were saved; the cargo and the baggage of passengers were a total loss.

Great credit is due the captain and officers for their coolness and prompt action.

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT has been received in England with more distinguished and cordial honors than any other American who has ever visited that country. While his military fame is soundly appreciated, the honors he is receiving are to be recognized as meant for the country he represents, as tokens of the friendship existing between the two greatest commercial nations of the earth. The General has been presented with the "Gold Box," making him an honorary citizen of the city of London, and giving the holder and his children after him forever the right to live and trade within a certain large portion of the city without having to pay a tax on the goods as they are brought through the gates. It exempts them from naval and military service, and tolls and duties throughout the United Kingdom. Few are fortunate enough to be made freemen of the city of London.

A FIRE broke out in the city of St. John, N. B., June 20th, which proved to be an almost unparalleled calamity. In a few hours the fruits of the active industry of generations was destroyed, and scarcely anything remains of St. John but the crumbling *debris* of its buildings, to which the stateliest edifices and the humblest hovels contribute their share. Banks, churches, hotels, theatres, stores and residences are involved in one common destruction. Even some of the shipping at the wharves has shared the fate of the city, while many vessels only escaped by the activity of their crews in cutting them loose from their moorings. Thirty persons are supposed to have perished in the flames. Thousands are rendered homeless. The loss of property is variously estimated at from $8,000,000 to $15,000,000. The appeal for aid is being promptly responded to.

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DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VI. HAMPTON, VA., AUGUST, 1877. NO. 8

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Wildly the storm sweeps as on as it roars,
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly abores,
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale.
O, how we fly 'neath the lond-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in April that our party, numbering four persons, might have been seen approaching the little settlement of Uvalde upon the Medina River in South-western Texas.

Thirteen houses made up the settlement. They were built upon the prairie, half a mile or so apart, and but a short distance from the heavy growth of timber that skirted the banks of the stream. Near the stream we saw a man and a boy, their rifles slung upon their backs. They were turning over the rich green sward with a huge breaking plow that was drawn by four sturdy cattle.

We also saw the women, standing in and about the doors, watching our approach. From the chimneys of their dwellings, thin wreaths of light blue smoke curled gracefully up, brought into bold relief by the darker hue of the cloudless sky above us.

Groups of cattle were lazily reclining upon the green grass, contentedly chewing their cud, while beyond the line of the settlement a large herd of horses and mules was cropping the luxurient mosquito grass with which the face of the entire country was covered. The scene formed a picture of charming repose.

As we halted for a moment on the bank of the stream before fording it, I said to my companions, "That is as pretty a scene of contentment as one could wish to see."

"Yes, but a mighty careless one though," replied old Jack Thomas, our Guide. "Why, thar aint but one man to hum in the hull settlement, an' he's a whistlin' ez thoughtless as though thar warn't a Injun in fifty miles.

"May be there aint," said Hobart, one of the party. "You're always on the lookout for danger, Jack."

"An' may be thar is. Yer can't tell nothin" bout it," answered Jack.

Riding down to the ford, we suddenly came upon half a score of youngsters, plaving in the clear cold water of the stream.

The sight brought another exclamation from Jack, and a laugh from Hobart, at what he called "Jack's skeer."

"Hi, youngsters, whar's all the men gone?" asked Jack, rather roughly, of the naked little urchins, who were standing up to their necks in the limpid pool, gazing at us with feces alive with curiosity.

After some hesitation, one of the oldest, a lad apparently about twelve years of age, timidly replied,—

"Gone for Injuns."

"Gone for Injuns, has they?" replied the old man. "Wal sonny, my idee is they'd better a stayed hum an' looked for 'em."

"When did they go, my boy?" I asked.

"This mornin'. Thar was four Injuns up on the hill, tryin' for to steal the stock, an' the men folks all rid out arter 'em 'ceptin' dad, an' he's out thar plowin'," replied another boy whose head was the only portion of his body visible above the surface of the water.

"Mighty foolish ridin' too I call it," muttered Jack. "Likely 's any way, the hull thing was a put up job to get 'em out er their way. Them Comanches is mighty cunnin' to plan. But sposin' we rido over an' talk to the wimmin folks awhile," he continued, glancing toward the sun. "It's pretty nigh feedin' time, I reckon."

At this point the banks of the river were quite high, and as we rode down into the stream, I noticed that we were completely out of sight of the settlement, so far were we below the level of the surrounding country.

After permitting our horses to drink, Jack was the first to mount the opposite bank, where I heard him say, as though speaking to himself,—

"I knowed it." Then turning, he shouted to the boys,—

"Run, you young rascals! The Comanches is comin'!"

We spurred our horses up the steep bank, and upon reaching the top, saw the man and boy who had been plowing, running for dear life. They made toward the upper part of the settlement where there was a strongly-built stockade of posts, set firmly in the ground and quite ten feet high. To it also the women and children were fleeing.

In the distance were a party of Indians, well mounted, running for the stock which was still quietly grazing in plain sight.

Seeing that the women would be able to reach the stockade before the Indians could intercept them, we turned our attention to the boys behind us, who, comprehending Jack's warning, were scrambling up the bank.

After reaching the top, one or two stopped to catch up a shirt or some other article of clothing; but most of them, dripping with water, started for the stockade as fast as their

HOMEWARD BOUND.

bare legs could carry them.

Upon discovering our party, a portion of the Indians instantly left the main body, riding toward us with the intention of intercepting us before we could reach the stockade with our charge.

"Them varmints are arter the smell of our rifles," said old Jack, seeing the savages turn from their course. "We kin go fer 'em better on foot than we kin on horseback; so we'll let these ere youngsters take kere 'er our horses, an' go fer the varmints ourselves. Here, little ones; keep close behind us. Take these lariats, an' stick by, whatever yer do.

"Now boys, to the front! Keep yer rifles cocked and ready, but don't fire till I give the word. We'll make the vermints sick, fer they don't like to face a loaded rifle no better 'n anybody else.

"Now, go fer 'em!" And "go fer 'em" we did, although I couldn't help laughing at the thought of the comical appearance we must present, with our horses behind us and the shirtless, bare-legged squad of yelling urchins bringing up the rear.

The Indians had by this time approached so near that we saw that they were armed only with bows and arrows. We could also easily distinguish the long tufts of horse hair streaming from their limbs, and even the plumes and circlets of feathers that floated from their heads.

Whooping and yelling like fiends, they horse swiftly down upon us, rattling their long lances against their shields of hull's hide, trying to intimidate us with their hideous yells.

Suddenly old Jack brought his rifle to his face, aiming it at the foremost Indian, who instantly threw himself over upon the side of his horse, thus bringing the animal's body between himself and the rifle. We managed to slowly advance by keeping our rifles constantly pointed, notwithstanding the frantic struggles of the terrified urchins, who, clinging about our legs, were all the while uttering the most heart rending cries.

When within about fifty rods of the stockade, half a dozen of the savages planted themselves directly before the style leading into it, as though determined to make a final stand at that point. The rest of their number continued to ride about us in a circle, thus compelling us to the utmost vigilance. They were evidently, however, unwilling to approach within range of our rifles.

"Now boys, we've got to start them fellers in front thar, or we shan't get rid of these youngsters to-day, that's sartin. I reckon if two on you start straight fer 'em, leavin' me an' the other to look out for these runnin' varmints, they'll get out o' yer way."

In the mean time, the main body of the Indians, who had been collecting the animals, paid no attention whatever to us. Jack was right in supposing that the raid was to enable the main body of Comanches to secure the stock. Having accomplished this, they now wanted to secure our horses and thus prevent any pursuit.

Securing the lariats of our horses, so as to prevent any escape, Jack ordered the youngsters to follow close behind Hobart and Strong, whom he directed to steadily advance toward the stockade.

Upon seeing the determined bearing of the men, and knowing that if they exposed themselves at least two of their number must fall, the Indians quietly dropped over upon the sides of their horses, leaving exposed only the legs, with which they clung to their saddles.

When Jack saw this, he shouted, "Now youngsters, quick! run fer it! If one of the varmints shows himself, drop him, that's all, boys."

For an instant the little fellows hesitated, and then commenced such a race, under cover of our rifles, as no living mortal ever saw before.

Away they went, ten naked little urchins, the eldest scarcely twelve years old, scampering over the green prairie; their slight bodies gleaming in the sunlight like statuettes of silver. They presented a most attractive target for the arrows of their swarthy foes who were kept at bay only by a wholesome fear of our rifles.

The savages shot their arrows from under the necks of their horses and we watched the course of the boys with anxiety, fearing that one of the little fellows might be hit. They however reached the steps, and then, such a scrambling! We caught a glimpse of gleaming white bodies, little bare legs, black heads and thin arms, all mingled in inextricable confusion, and then the scene became a dissolving view.

"Now the youngsters is safe, boys, less me'n you go fer them varmints," said Jack, vaulting into his saddle.

We followed his example, but before we were fairly seated, the entire party of Indians who, we supposed, were a mile away with the stock, came swooping down upon us like a flock of blackbirds, forcing us to make for the stockade at our best speed, to avoid being surrounded by them.

We reached the style, threw ourselves out of our saddles, and fairly tumbled up the steps and over into the enclosure, as a dozen lances quivered in the posts between which we had passed a moment before.

Our escape from death was almost miraculous. The next instant, with shouts and yells of triumph, the Indians had seized our animals, and were scurrying away over the prairies with them at the top of their speed.

As we picked ourselves up from the ground, Hobart looked about him in a bewildered sort of way, and said,—

"Was we goin' for them varmints er not, boys? Cos if we be, hadn't we better be startin'?"

It is scarcely necessary to say that we all disclaimed any intention of going farther for them. The remark put the party into the best of humor, which even the loss of our animals and the prospect of a thirty miles' walk the following day could not disturb. It has not, however, been definitely ascertained which one of us went "fer 'em" first.

— *Youth's Companion.*

AN HISTORIC QUILL.

Among many novelties and relics of one hundred years ago that were on exhibition at the celebration of the American Centennial is the pen used in signing the declaration of Independence. This ancient pen is now in the possession of Uncle William Floyd, at Westernville, N. Y. He is in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His father, General Floyd, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, with the now nearly one-hundred-year-old pen. This curiosity is made from a quill taken from a Scotch goose, and is twice the size of those which grow in this country.—*Utica Observer.*

A POLITE BOY.

At one of the stations on a railroad, an old gentleman entered a crowded car, and was looking around for a seat, when a boy of ten or twelve years rose and said, "Take my seat sir." The offer was gladly accepted, and the old gentleman asked, "Why did you give me your seat?" "Because you are old sir, and I am a boy," was the quick reply.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager.

HAMPTON, AUGUST, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 32 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

THE President's prohibition of office holders from taking an active part in politics is a godsend to the South. Officials have heretofore dictated who should hold office and confined themselves to their own circle. Smartness, pliability, and willingness to "run with the machine" have, as a rule, been the points in view. The sober sense of disinterested men, and whatever has been reasonable in public sentiment, has been secondary to the interests of the managers, who have so discounted the future for the sake of present power that the career of their party is nearly ended.

They are generally respectable men; attending to their duties; in some cases they have won the confidence of men of all parties. But they are not the men to decide who shall be senators and representatives. If there are no others in the party to do this work then it is not fit for power and ought not to have it.

The colored people, incline, as a class, to put forward their best men, but are easily led by demagogues who put themselves forward. Shrewd men will always pull the wires that are so easily worked and so temptingly near. The best of the negroes understand what has been going on as well as anybody and have lost most of their political enthusiasm. On election day they say "Shall we take the trouble to put six dollars a day into that man's pocket?" They see no occasion for pride or hope of better things through the success of the party candidate. An expression of the best sentiment of the colored people is nearly impossible.

TO A CONSIDERABLE class of the freedmen the right of suffrage was taken too much as a dram; it was exciting, the cause of idleness and disorder; it meant to them literally, bread and bacon without work. This wild feeling was not conscientiously checked, but taken advantage of and allegiance to God and allegiance to party were practically regarded as of equal importance. But the stimulus begins to fail. Bread winning is found to be as hard under one party as another; the election of their Congressman does not, after all, mean a lease of life for two years more.

Ostracism, excommunication from church and other varieties of bull-dozing have, heretofore, been the penalties of independent thinking and action on both sides, but intelligent thinking is on the increase in the South.

Experience has done more than schools for the colored people. Their political creed, which assumed that every Republican was "altogether lovely" and every Democrat an enemy has had some rough shocks. They are looking less at words and more at deeds and men and finding that opposition in politics is not always inspired by hatred, and that mean men abound in both parties. There is ground for hope that the races will live more and more peaceably together and that their common interests will prosper.

A PLEASANT sign of the times is the increasing cordiality in the South to those Northerners who are in charge of the leading institutions for the colored race. Slowly but steadily they have gained the confidence of all classes. Hearty expressions of good-will from representative men are now not uncommon.

While the minor schools may have difficulties those that are best known are free from grievances. The refusal of the South Carolina Legislature to pay the professors of the State University for a year's work honestly done, although urged by Governor Hampton to do so, is an exception to this statement.

Real values find their level. Honest, genuine work for the freedmen will win the recognition due to it.

We publish an extract from the speech of the Rev. D. C. Kelly, D. D., of Tennessee, at the recent commencement exercises of the "Fisk University" at Nashville—a noble institution that has sprung into magnificent proportions and great usefulness mainly through the efforts of the famous "Jubilee Singers" in America and in England. It is one of the elder children of the AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, which is supporting and fostering more than twenty institutions for the colored race.

"Dr. D. C. Kelly was introduced and spoke in substance as follows: He recognized the teachers of Fisk University as co-laborers with him in the great work of building up the cause of Christ. He had from his earliest youth had pleasant recollections of the colored people; his first preaching was to them. The colored people had done good work in cleaning up the forests and tilling the fields of the state. As Tennesseans we are bound together. We stand side by side in the work of the future. He wanted to speak plainly, yet lovingly; for what he should say would be for their good. In order to find out how we stand to-day, let us turn back a little. More than a thousand years ago my own ancestors were barbarians. Other nations, in making incursions upon them, looked upon the natives of Britain as incapable of progress. St. Augustine began the work of Christianizing them and they began to rise.

To-day the Anglo-Saxon race moves forward in the front rank of nations, in every respect. Why? They accepted the virtues of Christianity, and have practiced them and enjoyed the legitimate results. Centuries ago your ancestors were in Africa. You were brought here without your consent, by men whose actions I shall not praise; but God has worked the wickedness of men to his own glory. But you were here; you were brought up side by side with our sons and daughters. Often the association was of the most affectionate and confidential character. From these associations there came good, mingled with the evil of your enslaved condition. A blessing came to you of these associations. There is an elevating power in daily contact with an educated class. To-day the colored people of this country are in advance of the colored people of the world. These young people who graduate to-day—the students of Fisk University—are in the front rank of the grand movement of the great work which is to be done for the colored people of this country and Africa.

The chains of bondage are broken, and thank God they are. I always believed, since I was seven years old, that God intended that you should be free, but I did not think that the time had come. I thank God that you are put where you can make the race of life. Will you make that race? Some people think you cannot make it. It is for you to write the lie to this prophecy. Here you have in your teachers the equipments necessary to enable you to do it. There is no royal road to your future. You must stand to your post. You show that you can in the field. Can you show it in the field of intellect? I don't want you to have any better advantages than my boy; I don't want my boy to have any better than you. There are some fields which it may not be well for you to enter just now. There are fields other than political, which you may best cultivate. In the field of literature, of intellectual effort, you may sweep away all difficulties and prejudice, and having attained high positions among men, political places will come for you. In teaching you will have a great field. Here you have a new source of power. The Christian teacher, baptized with the Holy Ghost, may have an unbounded influence. Many of you will preach. In the ministry you can exert a vaster influence among your own people than I or any of your teachers By teaching you they are multiplying themselves many fold. Fields will open to you. God will give them to you.

In the mission work of Africa there is a vast field for your energies. I almost envy you in your work. I do not mean colonization, but the work of sending missionaries in companies of six, ten, and I hope the time will come when you can send one hundred missionaries a year. You may take possession of Africa, establish stations, stop the slave trade, carry the gospel and the sweet songs of Zion from place to place and from tribe to tribe, until that whole field shall be changed into the abiding place of the Lord. You can stand the climate as none others can. You can have access to the people as others cannot.

Again, I anticipate that from among you will spring a poet, whose name shall live to the utmost time. I anticipate that you will produce a musical composer, whose harmonies shall ring through the ages. I cannot sing, yet I have dreams of a harmony that no one has ever yet expressed. I learned to have those dreams when I was a boy listening to the songs of the colored people in their religious meetings. I would allow the peculiar genius of the colored people to work its own way and would not curb it within the traces of our modern musicians. Music brings heart to heart, and many of your victories you will win by its power. Now I must bid you a hopeful, cheerful good-bye. I shall follow your career with pleasure.

To the officers of this institution, I would say you have peculiar fitness for this grand work. As Congregationalists, you have come among us with no antagonistic relations with the people of the South; there is no prejudice against you. I bid you in this work. I am ashamed that we of the church I represent have not been with you Congregationalists in the grand missionary work which you are doing for the world; but I do propose that we shall have part hereafter in the great work of winning mankind to Christ.

In closing, I promise you that if I can help you in any way, I shall most cheerfully do it with heart and hand and voice.

On closing, the Doctor was greeted with tumultuous applause."

IT IS with pleasure that we have again to acknowledge the receipt of beautiful and valuable pictures and portraits, for our Gallery, of Gen. George Washington, Lady Martha Washington and other distinguished persons, from Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, J. H. Bufford's Sons, and from J. W. Black, the eminent photographer of Boston.

THE season at the Hygeia Hotel at Fort Monroe is, this year, more successful than ever before. Most of its five hundred guests are from Baltimore and Richmond. They find at the "Point," sea food, sea bathing and fresh sea breezes that tempt them to linger; while the brilliant effects of guard mount and dress parade and the tri-weekly open air concerts by the band of the Artillery School, added to the music of the waves give a variety of charms to Old Point Comfort as a summer resort, and are bringing to it a fame even greater than it enjoyed in the ante-war days.

There is a trim, tidy appearance peculiar to a military post. Army and Naval uniforms brighten the gay looking groups that stroll on the piazzas or gather in the pavilion whose foundations are washed by the waters of Hampton Roads. The strains of the orchestral band of the Flagship *Hartford* which lies near by are often heard from the pavilion as well as in it, mingling with the sound of the sea.

Nowhere can be better seen the signs of a true reconstruction than at the Hygeia Hotel. For a period after the war there was, among Southerners, an aversion to the place over which waved the stars and stripes. That feeling has passed entirely; often sixty or seventy passengers arrive in one day from Richmond.

Daily excursions are made from Norfolk from whose hot brick walls and streets the change is delicious.

There is a pleasant commingling of people of both parties, there are no social clouds or thunder-storms, and, to all appearance, other than sectional feeling pervades the place. Nowhere do those who were opposed in war meet more constantly; nowhere could they meet more cordially.

Visitors drive daily to the grounds of the Soldiers' Home and of the Hampton Normal Institute, two miles distant. Many a Southern gentleman and lady have expressed the kindest interest in and appreciation of the work of this negro school. Very recently the editor of a leading Virginian newspaper, after a careful inspection, wrote an excellent account of it to his paper.

The beautiful grounds of the National Soldiers' Home adjoining those of the Institute, where 500 war veterans are generously cared for, are visited two or three times a week by Sunday-school pic-nic parties from Norfolk, fifteen miles distant.

The rising generation of this vicinity, seeing more of the results of changes arising from our late war, are likely to grow up in a spirit of larger liberality than in any other part of the South. The many hundreds who every year visit the "Hygeia" receive and impart, unconsciously, new and better impressions of their former antagonists and more hopeful views of the progress of the colored race.

Agricultural.

THEORY—PRACTICE.

Every science, every art, has its theory and practice, the principles of one defining the rules which shall regulate the the details of the other. Sometimes these are written out clearly and serve as a chart to regulate the operations of the practitioner, but oftener they are unwritten, like the English constitution, and liable to much difference of opinion in their definition and application.

Perhaps no art offers a finer field for such a systematization than agriculture. Based on the tangible facts of nature, its principles are capable of classification, and its truths and errors of easy separation. Many are its axioms, as indisputable as those of mathematics; and as many its contradictions, as easily tested, and the error eliminated from the truth. And why is it to-day pursued with such a reckless disregard of principles, and many of its acknowledged truths overriden to the injury of the former?

All admit that the careful and thorough cultivation of a few acres of land is productive of more profit than the negligent treatment of many. Yet who of those who read this article will resolve that next year shall see his tilled ground reduced to an amount which he can handle with absolute thoroughness? Not a month passes but brings to us, in your paper, a well-written argument against the toleration of weeds, showing conclusively the profit of a positive annihilation of the "pestilent brood" before they acquire age and strength to damage the crop. Yet how many fields do you see, as you ride along, cultivated on anything like this thorough principle. Jethro Tull is admitted to have communicated a great truth, when he proclaimed that a thorough comminution of the soil, and a frequent stirring of it around the growing crop, would largely promote its aeration, and to an extent supply the want of manure. Yet how many farmers, however short of fertilizers, stir the ground any oftener than is needed to keep down the weeds? And so on through a round of violated principles. I have a neighbor who talks with great intelligence, but never acts with thoroughness, nor raises a first-class crop.

The farmer follows a rut from which he has not the courage to escape. He has so much land, and if this is a good year, he may possibly get a good crop on the whole. He has not the courage to sell half, or to double the area of his grassland and put his available labor on the balance, or, if it is rough, to allow a part of it to grow up to timber to enrich the next generation. And yet, if one-half the present extent of cultivated land were tilled on this principle next year, he would admit that the aggregate yield of all the farms would be greatly increased, and with less fatigue, worry and cost. Will not our farmers ponder on these things and act?

J. M. W.

—*Country Gentleman.*

INFANCY.

The fact that nearly one-half the infants, born alive, die before they reach five years of age, and that twenty per cent. of them leave this world before they

have been in it twelve months, is full of meaning. This great mortality does not exist in any other member of the animal world. Did the Creator intend that this strange mortality should occur? Animals are governed by instinct, man by reason. Instinct is nearly unerring, reason is very erring.

Mothers and infants are in a small degree governed by instinct. But instinct, feebly developed, soon gives place to reason. The mother needs instruction in rearing her infants. She must become acquainted with the laws of health and of life. These peculiar laws they must discover or know, from the experience and observations of others. Nearly all young mothers are ignorant of the ways to be pursued, in order to give their children a fair chance of living, and of living to three score years and ten.

In infancy, impressions for good or for evil are made. A newly born infant is a creature of extreme delicacy and susceptibility. A check to proper growth now, may give a stunted growth through all the future. Some slight disorder, neglected, may be the germ of some future fatal disease. The brain, nerves, bones, muscles, the organs of circulation and the organs of secretion are becoming more and more confirmed in their respective functions. A stunted tree, an injured stalk, a diseased vine, rarely completely recovers.

Many men and women trace back their feebleness, or their diseases, to their early days. We often have occasion to see that even slight organic changes, or disturbances, may not only impair the present condition of the infantile structures, but may extend through life, however long it may be.

A very wonderful change occurs at birth. The blood of the infant in utero derived from that of the mother for nine months, ceases to flow in its usual introuterine way as soon as the child leaves the sunless home of its earliest days. In infancy constant developments occur. Hardly six months pass away before the teeth begin to show some signs of their coming and in many cases disturb the brain and spinal nerves, the process of digestion, and the peristaltic action of the bowels, the mysterious secretions of numberless glands, scattered here and there in various parts of the body. In adult life comparatively few organic changes occur. The body with its numerous tissues is complete. At birth an opening called the foramen ovale, through which the blood had passed, is closed. The infant is now an independent being. The old blood tubes gradually dry up and the blood takes a new course. The heart of infancy bents rapidly and the lungs expand and contract fast; the liver is very large, but grows smaller from week to week until it reaches the proper size. The kidneys change their form, but still at birth are able to do duty. During the first fourteen days of life the kidneys throw out uric acid crystals, staining the diapers and fretting the child as they pass away. The stomach is less elongated than it is in the well grown child. The appetite is good. Digestion is good, if it can have the food nature prepared expressly for it. If all the organs are in a normal state, the infant sleeps away its earliest days of life; but as weeks pass away it sleeps less and less, until it needs only seven or ten hours of sleep.

Its senses of hearing, seeing, smelling and tasting gradually become active. At first it notices only brilliant objects, as a bright light; and instinctively seeks for food, like other members of the animal world.—*Prairie Farmer.*

SOMETHING ABOUT FOOD.

Our ancestors were more natural, they were nearer normal. Their sons were large and powerful with endurance greater than that of any animal. Their daughters were lovely and strong, the clear complexion, the beautiful hair, the sound teeth, the roses in the cheeks were all their own property. The artificialities were "few and far between." The dyspeptic was unknown, and when first he appeared he was regarded with contempt by the simple-minded people, who supposed he had done something displeasing to his God—and so he had. The time will again come—it *must* come—when for a man to make a dyspeptic of himself (or of his children) will be generally considered as a most contemptible thing.

Time was when spices and pastry were not used, when fine and concentrated foods were unknown, when the "staff of life" was made of pure grain crushed or coarsely ground, without being deprived of its brain, muscle or bone making elements; when the condiments were little used; when nations were free from the morbific slops of our modern civilization; when drug and literary poisons were rarely used; when dull care and corroding passions were under control; when life flowed on at a measured pace, free from the break-neck speed of the present intensive existence; when Hygeia, the goddess of health reigned, and disease was the exception, and a sound mind in a sound body the rule. But now how changed! Ages have passed and the above points have all been reversed, and as a result health is the exception to the rule of disorder.

One must not only be medically, but hygienically and even experimentally educated, to comprehend the mighty influence of bad diet in causing disease in the individual, or a predisposition to it in the offspring, and the correspondingly powerful influence of good food in curing disease. I would as soon think of raising a good horse on door chips, leaves and rotten straw, as a sound human on the abominable articles recommended in most of the cook books now in circulation.

To cure from any disease we must remove the cause before the effect will cease. Dyspeptics are made by bad eating and inharmonious exercising; regulate these with patience and will, and the victim will gain health if it be within the bounds of possibility. In all my experience with the sick, I have been able to trace a close connection between nearly all diseases and dietetic errors. But whenever I ventured to inform the patient or attendant of the exact truth, my judgment would be immediately questioned. This is one reason why physicians so seldom recommend a change of diet to some articles not so agreeable to an acquired appetite. The voice of medical experience says: "Just so far as you do not indulge human appetite in your advice, you will render yourself unpopular." And this has been my experience.

But I am happy in the thought that the dark night of gross habit is passing away, and the bright light of reform is about dawning upon the minds of the more enlightened. I am thankful the odium that has so long eclipsed the name of Graham, is being dispelled and that oatmeal and graham flour are coming into popular use; that there is a growing repulsiveness in so much animal food and pastry, and that good fruit is coming into more general use as an article of food, at meal times. As the inevitable result of this with other growing reforms, I foresee in the not far distant future better sanitary conditions. I see the elastic step, the bright eye, the firm natural hair, the hard, sound teeth, the unsullied complexion, and all the outward indications of good conditions.—*Maine Farmer.*

HOW TO GET RID OF HOUSEHOLD PESTS.

Mercury exterminates fleas and bugs, but I think cleanliness the best and perhaps the only preventive. The common house-fly I do not molest, believing that it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of effluvia and the animalcules which always arise from the putrefaction of decaying substances during warm weather.

So also with the birds, they capture a large share of the insects in the larva state, and thus millers are prevented from depositing their eggs for future worms. As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in force in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early to take the worms or not.

For the residue of insects that infest my vegetable garden, I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes materials fatal to them all, among which white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most utility. The bug or worm which cannot find vegetation unflavored with these articles will seek its breakfast elsewhere and leave a garden unmolested.

A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will cleanse house plants of lice in a very short time. If mosquitos or other blood-suckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash thrown into their holes, or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways, never fails to drive them away.—*Prairie Farmer.*

MILK DIET.

"I find by experience," says E. N. Capman, "that lime water and milk is not only food and medicine at an early period of life, but also at a later, when, as in the case of infants, the functions of digestion and assimilation have been seriously impaired. A stomach taxed by gluttony, irritated by improper food, inflamed by alcohol, enfeebled by disease, or otherwise unfitted for its duties, as is shown by the various symptoms attendant upon idigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhœa, dysentery and fever, will resume its work and do it energetically, on an exclusive diet of lime water and milk. A goblet of cow's milk, to which four tablespoonfuls of lime water have been added, will agree with any person, however objectionable the plain article may be, will be friendly to the stomach when other food is oppressive, and will be digested when all else fails to afford nourishment. Of this statement I have had positive proof in very many cases. The blood being thin, the nerves weak, the nutrition poor, the secretions defective, and excretion insufficient, the physician has not hand a remedy as common as the air, and as cheap, almost, as water. In it all the elements of nutrition are so prepared by nature as to be readily adapted to the infant or the adult stomach, and so freighted with healing virtues as to work a cure when drugs are worse than useless.—*Am. Rural Home.*

Correspondence.

The following letter from a teacher in Mississippi, touches the point at which all teachers of the colored race should aim: the development and encouragement in them of character and self-respect which will enable them to elevate themselves.

"Bolton, Miss., *May 7th*, 1877.

Editor Southern Workman:—I have received a copy of your paper for some time, and assure you that I have ever found it both interesting and instructive.

Its articles show that the truthfulness of the proverb "wisdom is the principle thing, therefore get wisdom, and in all your getting get understanding" is becoming, to the freedmen, quite apparent; and that many of them, in the last decade of years, have proven willing to labor, study and suffer to secure intelligence, if they have not opened their ears to the voice of wisdom and their hearts to the joyful lessons of understanding.

And, kind sir, after a residence of some three years, as a teacher, in this State, I assure you there could be no showing more descriptive of the growing condition of the colored people in this State than the one just credited to your paper. For with the freedmen here, the time is come when they thirst after knowledge as the wanderer over desert sands hungers and thirsts for the bread that perishes and for the crystal waters at which others drink; when they believe that "happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." And the sole reason advancement is not at present more common among them is not because they do not know the worth of intelligence, but because they are of opinion their efforts will not secure them mental culture unless aided by the school room, because they lack the unyielding perseverance necessary to acquire intelligence. And believing, as I do, that the colored people know their wants and desire them too, but are deprived of them with the means of acquiring them at their command. I here ask to advise the more intelligent, the teachers in Mississippi and other Southern States to labor unceasingly to convince them that in every man is the power and capacity to elevate, instruct and educate himself, and that the spare hour they give to weakening frivolities or to a little more sleep, is the time for improvement or their school hour. For this done, the time is not far off when the long oppressed race, among which we work, will occupy a worthy place among the learned of the world and be instructors of men.

Respectfully,

D. K. Atwood.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

GROWING IN VALUE—LET US LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE.

There is an advantage in staying more than one year in a place, as this young man's experience proves. He is one of the most successful of our graduate teachers and doing a good work outside the school-house.

Virginia, 1877.

Dear Teacher:—I have quite a full school. The children are doing very nicely indeed; they seem to understand their studies much better than they did last year. I have enjoyed my work more this winter than ever before. I find that there is more interest manifested among the children. They are beginning to understand that they will be just what they make themselves. I have taught them that they can make themselves useful men and women.

We are carrying on our temperance work yet. The society met last Sunday. There were a great many out. I gave them such instruction as I thought they needed. We will meet again the third Sunday in March,—we will then be two years old. They are not doing much in the work of the Lord; that is, in their meetings. I have a splendid Sabbath School. I do all that I can to make it interesting. Sometimes I feel discouraged at seeing some so careless with themselves. I want to come to Hampton if I can, and study a month, and then go up North and spend the summer, that is, if I can get employment. I think that it would do me good.

Give my love to all the teachers and students, and write soon, if not more than four or five *lines*. I am anxious to hear from you. Hoping that you are well, I remain your friend and well-wisher,

Y.

The experience of our graduates in their relations with black and white is of course a varied one, scattered as they are through various parts of the South. They very generally, however, demonstrate the wisdom of attending to their own important work, and not sacrificing teaching to politics.

Georgia, *April* 10, 1877.

My Dear Teacher:—Yours of the 5th inst. was duly received and I am more than glad to hear from you. I was not fixed in regard to my school wages, and it still remains unpaid. I suppose that you have heard of the trouble of the two political parties in S. Carolina. Had it not been for that my school certificates would have been settled with; but owing to both parties claiming their Governors they were unable to collect any taxes, but as it is settled, I believe, in favor of Hampton, I hope that they are now able to collect taxes and pay the back school funds. The schools of this county (McIntosh) have not been opened for the fiscal year. The examination comes off on the 12th day of May, and I am spoken to as one of the teachers by the School Commissioner. The County of McIntosh pays her school debts promptly. Father is not home now, but I am tending to his business for him, as Ordinary or Judge of Probate of McIntosh Co., until he is present.

We have to work very hard down here to keep out of the way of the ignorant colored people; they don't want to see an intelligent or well-bred young man keep out of ell loafers' company. If you do keep out of all loafers' and drunkards' company they say that you think yourself better than they are. They want you to go about and shake good respectable democratic white men, and also colored men that go along and behave themselves. If the ignorant see you talking with a white man that is a Democrat they will call you a Democrat. I always say to them, Whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, let us live together in peace.

I await an early reply from you, though you are so busy, I shall say at some leisure time. My respects to all, teachers and students. Mother and all send much love for you. With much respect to you, I remain your affectionate scholar,

G.

MODOCS AT HOME.

At Home.

TO-DAY.

Lo, hers hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Hers hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—*T. Carlyle.*

A SAGE ON EARLY RISING.

When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning, make this short speech to yourself: I'm getting up now to do the business of a man; and am I out of humor for going about that I was made for and for the sake of which I was sent into the world? Was I then designed for nothing but to doze and batten beneath the counterpane? Well, but this is a comfortable way of living. Granting that, wast thou born only for pleasure; were you never to do anything? I thought action had been the end of your being. Pray look upon the plants and birds, the pismires, spiders and bees, and you'll see them all regular and industrious, exerting their nature and busy in their station. For shame! Shall a spider act like a spider and make the most of her matters, and shan't a man act like a man? Why don't you renue your faculties and manage up to your kind? For all that there's no living without rest: True; but then let's follow Nature's directions, and not take too much of it. Providence does not grant force and facilities at random; but everything is made for some end. The sun, as high as it is, has its brightness assigned; and so have the celestial deities. And where's the wonder of all this? But pray what were you made for? For your pleasure? Common sense won't bear so scandalous an answer.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

SLEEP IS THE BEST STIMULANT.—The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking turns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best received and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

I suppose every one who goes to the seaside knows how to make sea-weed albums. But for those who go next Summer for the first time I'll tell what they are and how to make them. In the first place the gathering of sea-weed is more successful just after a storm, when the angry waters have cast upon the sand their richest weeds. Gather into a basket your kelps, mosses, and weeds, and when you get home you can set them away for a day or two, as they do not spoil by keeping. Then float them upon thick white or pink tinted paper. Take a pretty and perfect scallop shell—such as you find on nearly any beach—and lay it upon the paper. Trace around it and cut out, keeping the shape as nearly as possible. Take a dozen of these leaves for a book. For the covers use two scallop shells, perforating the flange in two places, inclose the leaves between them and punch holes through them, so you may pass a narrow ribbon or silk cord through. Then tie to the cord a blue or pink bow or ribbon, and your album is finished, and is a charming little souvenir of a seaside visit for yourself or some friend.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURAL PRAYER.—There came a sunshiny day in April, 1789, when George Washington, President elect of the United States by the unanimous voice of the people, stood on a balcony in front of the Senate Chamber in the old Federal Hall on Wall street, to take the oath of office. An immense multitude filled the streets, and the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses. Clad in a suit of dark brown cloth of American manufacture, with hair powdered, and with white silk stockings, silver shoe-buckles and steel-hilted dress sword, the hero who had led the colonies to their independence came modestly forward to take up the burdens that pence had brought. Profound silence fell upon the multitude as Washington responded solemnly to the reading of the oath of office, "I swear so help me God." Then, amid cheers, the display of flags and the ringing of all the bells in the city, our first President turned to face the duties this countrymen had imposed upon him. In sight of those who would have made an idol of him, Washington's first act was to seek the aid of other strength than his own. In the calm sunshine of that April afternoon, fragrant with the presence of seedtime and the promise of harvest, we leave him on his knees in old St. Paul's, bowed with the simplicity of a child at the feet of the Supreme Ruler of the universe.—*Scribner.*

MODOCS AT HOME.

Our picture, engraved from the drawing of an artist who spent some time sketching in an Indian village, shows us how a young brave gets himself up, with the help of his squaw, for a grand feast or council or "war path." "She takes great pride," we are told, in "adorning her own particular brave in the highest style of savage art." Painting his face is the most important part of the toilet. Black in winter, and red or yellow in summer are the fashionable colors; but for a very grand occasion, streaks of all colors are the proper thing. But whatever brilliant hue is selected, is laid on over the last coat without washing off either old paint or dirt. Then with some dashing eagle's feathers, many strings of wampum and beads, leggins and moccasins embroidered with porcupine quill, the indispensable blanket, and as likely as not some ill-fitting and ridiculously incongruous garment of civilization he has bought at the Agency, our modern Modoc brave is ready for the pow-wow, or the war trail.

Nearly four hundred years ago it is, since Columbus discovered America; two hundred and fifty since Virginia and Massachusetts were settled,—yet these wild men of the woods are as wild as ever. Yet they can be reclaimed and civilized, difficult as that may seem, and our people are more and more coming to the conclusion that it is better to civilize than to exterminate them. The Indian may never have been the noble savage of Cooper's novels, perhaps he is quite as bad, as treacherous and degraded as more recent writers have painted him, but low and fierce as he is, he is not utterly irreclaimable.

The Indian exhibit at the Centennial did much to interest people in the Indians. Besides the curious specimens illustrating his savage life, tents and arrows and war canoes, there were shown many specimens of his industry and skill in the arts of civilization, and even of school work. Carpets and cloth woven at the Yankton Agency, Dakotah, cabinet work, and a double-bladed pocket-knife. Even newspapers, so special a growth of civilization, flourish at several of the Indian stations. The *Cherokee Advocate*, printed and edited by a Cherokee at Tahlequah, Indian Nation; the *Japi Oaye* (word carrier), printed in English and Dakotah; the *Indian Journal*, printed at Muscogee, Creek Nation, and edited by an Indian. There was even a paper, *Our Monthly*, printed by boys in the Tellehasse Station School, who had never seen a printing-press before they undertook this work.

The Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw and Seminole Nations support and manage their own 169 schools, with 189 teachers, and 4,400 scholars. The other Indian schools in this country, among the different tribes, are supported by the United States Government and managed by missionaries, and attended by about 3,000 children.

Agricultural Fairs are held yearly in the Indian Territory, and prizes are given for fine horses and cattle and produce. Some of the wildest tribes attend, and much good is done by encouraging agricultural pursuits among them.

The Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws and Chickesaws may be said indeed to be really civilized, and this has been brought about by the labors of missionaries of various denominations—Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Friends. The tribes profess Christianity and live in good villages. The Cherokees have a form of government based on that of the United States; the sale of liquor is prohibited, and the observance of the Sabbath enforced. Half the tribal revenue is devoted to the support and education of orphans. They have Bibles and newspapers and books printed in their own language.

The labors of Bishop Whipple and Bishop Hare in the far western stations of Nebraska and Minnesota and Dakotah, have been wonderfully successful.

Even the Modocs, the fierce tribe whose very name was a terror a few years ago, till their leader, Captain Jack, was hung, and his chief warriors either executed with him or sent to Florida as prisoners, are making astonishing progress in civilization. Some beautiful quilts made by Modoc girls who were sent to the Cherokee Nation to be educated after the war, were exhibited at the Centennial. The schools established in the tribe are flourishing; farms and villages and churches are springing up.

The handful of Modoc warriors in Florida, held as prisoners in the fort at St. Augustine, have been astonishingly tamed and improved by kind though firm treatment, under their present commander. He says that he would now rely upon them as upon any garrison should the Fort be attacked. He has trained them to work and admitted teachers and missionaries among them. They seem to have a special fondness for drawing, and like to make up little books of their sketches of braves in war paint, wigwams and southern scenes, done with the brightest of crayon pencils. One sketch we have seen was quite remarkable as being drawn from memory after only one glance at the scene—the unloading of a steamer. As the gentleman showing it to us remarked, "it is curious to see the noted powers of scuts observation which we have been accustomed to associate with Indian scouts detecting an enemy's trail among fallen leaves, now turned to such harmless and civilized uses.

A committee of the Society of Friends called on President Hayes recently and presented to him a report of their work, undertaken eight years ago among the Indians of twenty-six tribes. They feel satisfied that civilization is progressing steadily among the Indians, and conclude their address with these heartful and hopeful words:

"We have faith in the future, and looking to one Father in Heaven with our own earnest exertions we believe that in after years all the tribes under our care will come to be a source of trouble to the Government, and that in due time they may be converted into useful citizens of the United States. Earnestly desiring that God may endow thee with wisdom which cometh from above, and give thee strength for all the duties which devolve upon thee, and assuring thee of our loving sympathy and prayer, we are thy friends."

INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

BY REV. JAMES MITCHELL.

A Conference at Brussels—Objects stated by King Leopold—Hon. J. H. B. Latrobe invites—Size of Africa—England Claims this Empire—Her Military Lodgments—Our Colored People can find a Noble Field under Her Standard for Honor and Empire—We should organize a Geographical Society.

King Leopold, of Belgium, lately called together an international congress of the friends of African civilization, consisting of about twenty eminent travellers, explorers and learned men—eminent in the work they had done for Africa. They met on September 11, 1876, in the city of Brussels, and were the guests of that enlightened monarch.

The object of the meeting, as stated by the King, was "to discuss the present condition of Africa, the results already obtained and those which remain to be accomplished."

To this congress one or two Americans were invited—among them Hon. J. H. B. Latrobe, the President of the American Colonization Society, whose life long service in the cause of Africa entitled him to this regard. We are sorry to learn that professional duties prevented him from rendering this service, but rejoice that the movement originating in Brussels has been a success, and that auxiliary committees, as Leopold calls them, are being organized, the objects of which are to promote in all proper ways the enlightenment and civilization of Africa.

In examining the maps we discover that there is greater breadth of surface in the Continent of Africa than in that of North America, by near 2,000,000 square miles.

England is alive to the value of this African empire, and bids fair to outstrip all her rivals in her sure and firm plantations along the outer coasts of that wonderful land; as yet she has done little more; for the interior is interdicted to the white man. But let us examine her outworks and draw our inferences therefrom.

Beginning at the north-west, she commands the Straits of Gibraltar, and the guns of that impregnable fortress overlook the Empire of Morocco on the south side of the Straits—sail from thence up the Mediterranean, we find her entrenched in Malta, there her numerous guns overlook Tunis and Tripoli—likewise guarding the way to Egypt, which, when you reach, you find her the commercial and landed partner of the Khedive, by recent purchase of stock in the Suez Canal, that unites the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. These two sheets of water, about 4,000 miles long from Gibraltar to the "Straits of Babel Mandeb" wash the whole northern shore of this vast continent, and once embarked at Gibraltar, you can sail round this grand country as round an island, without disembarking or changing ship, a voyage of nearly 16,000 miles will encircle that land.

In Egypt, England has territorial rights, lately acquired in connection with the great canal, that will justify her in planting the standard of St. George on Egyptian territory, in the event of war in the East. Sailing down the Red Sea, (called so because of the coral and other formations in the bottom that give the waters a red tinge,) we find the fresh traces of her power in Abyssinia; a haughty and semi-savage Emperor punished, and respect secured, if not a hostage, in the English education of his son, among the scenes of London and Oxford. Then, as you pass out of that long red sheet of water into the Indian Ocean, you find the standard of England commanding the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, as at the western gate of these African waters, thence sailing southward along the eastern shore of Africa, we find English commerce and power lodged at sundry points thereon, for 4,900 miles until you reach her great stronghold in the extreme south, at the Cape of Good Hope, where in that temperate clime she is spreading out her dominions with surprising rapidity—this, by the way, is the only colony of England in Africa that has as yet extended into the interior. Sailing from thence northward along the Western coast 6,900 miles, "to the place of beginning," we find her in the numerous coast factories and trading settlements, with her people well protected by her flag; we find her at "Cape Coast Castle," south of our American colony of Liberia, and in Sierra Leone on the north of Liberia, our little republic sandwiched in between her possessions, and so on "to the place of beginning," as we say when we run off a tract of land, and fix its boundaries so as to make a conveyance of the title.

Such are the lines of England's new and magnificent empire, far exceeding in extent anything she now holds, containing about 11,000,000 square miles of territory, three-fourths of which is of boundless fertility diversified with mountain and lowland; mountain ranges with summits covered with perpetual snow, while on the lower terraces and in the green valleys, the tropical fruits, plants and flowers grow and bloom in perpetual Summer—lakes and rivers that far exceed the lakes and rivers of America—and the land is said to contain ons hundred millions of human beings, a population insignificant for such a territory; it is capable of sustaining eight or ten times that number.

France, Portugal, and some of the German States have small holdings in Africa, but none of sufficient breadth or power to affect the final dominion of England—her African Empire is assured, her travellers and explorers have for many years carried her policy and influence in the interior—in that African stronghold she is safe from all the designs and ambition of her great rival, Russia.

Let her go on and develop Africa, giving it to Christ.

SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

HON. W. A. B. CAMERON, late a member of the Congress of the South African Republic, and its commissioner at the Exposition, at a meeting held on the Centennial grounds, Philadelphia, gave a very interesting account of the educational, political, and material condition of that country, which has, since his address, put itself under allegiance to the British government. Mr. Geo. May Powell, the chairman, made the opening address on African topography and climate, and introduced Mr. Cameron, who gave an account of his observations in the diamond fields near to, but not in the Republic. "Over £8,000,000 in value of gems had been secured there within the last few years." He stated that during the last year he had dug about a hundred pounds weight in gold in the Transvaal. He added that a liberal policy was being pursued in relation to education in the Republic; that its financial condition, instead of being weak, as had been represented, was strong. He claimed that the history of Africa showed that republics flourished there better than did colonies.

Miss Russell, Mr. Cameron's sister-in-law, a native of Southern Africa and daughter of an English merchant of Pretoria, the capital of the Republic, read an admirable paper "on the history of the country, and its social, political, religious, educational and material interests."

It was a great gratification to have so much interesting and hopeful information in regard to a region too little known to command, as it should, our active sympathies. Gen Armstrong and others made remarks of appreciation of what had been enjoyed, and after a hearty expression of thanks on the part of the audience, the reception adjourned.

CONGREGATIONAL.

GOING TO TEXAS.—The *American Missionary* appeals to friends for aid to establish a Normal and Collegiate School at Austin, Texas. The appeal says:

Texas is rapidly filling up with people. The drift of the colored population in the Southwest tends strongly in that direction. The educational advantages offered in that State to colored people are meager indeed. As the case now stands there are no public schools in Texas for white or colored, and the new constitution, which is certain to be adopted will secure to colored people only $1.25 per scholar for school purposes for a year, giving them practically next to no educational advantages. The friends of the colored people in Texas are becoming alarmed at their rapid influx into the State, and the danger to it and them, if they are left thus destitute. These friends are ready to welcome any plans for colored schools, and especially schools that train them as teachers and preachers.

A GRADUATE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY FRANK TRIGG.

[Read at the Anniversary Exercises of the Hampton Institute, May 24, 1877.]

BAY VIEW, VA., 1877.

It has been thought that ths experisnce of a teacher identified with the cause of education among the colored people, would be in order npon this, the Seventh Anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

I began ths work of teaching ln the Fall of '74, and havs tanght every scholastic year since. The word teach, I find, as it is used with reference to the colored people has a three-fold meaning, and signifies more than msrely hearing ths children's lessons and attending to the wants of the schoolroom. Thsrefsre I have not been simply engaged in the capacity of a school teacher, in the small confines of a log cabin, but in the world as a practical man and citizen. My fisld of nsefnlness has been broad; my teaching varied and my lnfinsnce extensive either for good or evil. And thns it is with svery teacher among the colored people. To say that there is a great deal of work to do in Virginia among the freedmen, is merely n ropetition of the story of twslve years ago. The question now is, is the work going on and with what success, and what ere the signs of n brighter and more hopeful future for the Negro in Amerina. In 1870 the Free School System in this State employed 900 teachsrs in the colored schools. Many tsught together ln the same school, making a much less nnmber of schools. A third more teachers might have been employed in colored schools to advantage throughout the Stete. Out of this number of teachers I suppose that about two-thirds were preparing to do ordinary tsaching, and the other one-third was laying an imperfect foundation, which must be relaid and re-adjusted by their successors. My owni personal experience has been that the untrained and unprepared teacher is a hindrance to a healthy growing intelligence in eny community. Our back counties are suffering fearfully for teachers. The nnterial is there to meke them out of, but thnt is nll. The under-graduate teachers of this and similar institutions, are far more successfnl in their work than those who have never been under the immediate discipline of a Normal training school; though they may know more of books.

What we want to-day, nmong ns, are men and womm in whom the foundation stones of education havn been lnid, and who will lny well the principles of an American negro civilization. It is my humble opinion so far as I hevn hevn permitted to see; thnt the teachers from this Institution—I say this Institution because it is *the* Institute in thn Stete which fnrnishes teachers for the colored race—are working earnestly, nnd not simply actuated in view of thnir compensntion, but philanthropically. A proof of their work is seen in the fact that the children are growing more in love with their books, and arn learning the lesson: thnt "wisdom is n defence, and money is e defeneo; bnt the excellency of knowledge is thnt wisdom giveth lifs to them thet have it." Thn progress of the colored children in many plncs is very noticeable, so much so that the attention of some of the most embittered and implacable enemies of the Free School system and Negro civilization, has beeu arrested nnd they nre compelled openly to nnnifest their admiration for the zenl and susceptibility which these children exhibit. I noticn wherever I travel, the need of more proficiency in the school-room. Demands for new school house sites are being made yearly. Making it all the more necessary, that the very best materinl our race contains, shell be worked up end monlded in our Normal schools and other institutions, if we would accomplish the grent ends of thn school-room. (And how this may be done, has been a subject of much thought among teachers and others intercsted in the work of edncation among the negroes in Virginia.) There are scattered throughout this State young men and women who have fine telents for cultivntion, but most pitiably, are debarred the privileges offsred them in this and other institutions on account of poverty. They are unable to meet their bills, regularly. Some can pny a portion of their periodical indebtness, and others, nothing. And yet our hope for the negro's salvntion lies right in this class of your boys nnd girls! It is becoming more evident every day, even to the commonalty of freedmen, that they must be their own educators, if they would be educated at all. They are beginning to see too, that of the two races who have been teaching among them, their own color have been far more successful when prepared for the work. The success of the colored teacher has not been in thet he was better prepared intellectually, for the work, but thnt from living with and being among them, his knowledge of the children at home and at school is thorough; and enables him to do them more good than can the teacher who does not meet them at the boarding place and fireside. Much good has been done and is being done the parents through the children. The influence of the children upon thsm has been very remarkable in many instances. Their eyes have been opened to the importance of education and of their being able to do thsir own business. They are tanght by their children in many cases; thus showing great anxiety for improvemsnt let it come as it may. They are learning to read, write and cipher with nppsrent ease notwithstanding the impediments of old age and daily toil.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to say that I have never been thrown into business contact with finsr men than the officers employed in the Free School system in the State of Virginin. I have met them as acquaintences, and as entire strangers, and nll of my meetings with them, whether social or business-like, have been characterized by the ntmost respect. Their complaint is that they are *unable* to procnre good teachers. And this see ms to be the key-note camplaint of every Superintendent whose acquaintance I hnve have made from the Virginia and Tennessee line, to the Eastern shore of Virginie.

The time seems to be at hand when color is regarded but as n surface matter, and principle the whole men. It is no longer a cause of bnainess separetisn and not a symbel of official incapability. Men are being known, net hy the color of their faces, but hy *patriotism*, fidslity and integrity. I am glad to say that those things which characterize the man and not the face are more and more occnpying the eyss and minds of our American pesple. And we thnnk God for what our eyes ses and hearts and minds feel and know, in this the beginning of another century in American Independence. Tho negro is buying his home by the sids of his white brother here and there, and providing for his postsrity. Many hnve benght farms, and hnve dsne much toward furnishing thsm with suitable conveniences. They show determinstion and great patience in the acquirement of property. And we can have no hrightsr tokens of th ir future stetus and success as a people in America. We thenk God thet they sre not to be taught that sublime declaration that every man shall live by the sweet of his brow; for they already know that work is honest, honorable and thnt every man ought to and must live hy it.

One of their greatest impedlments is the use of liquor and tobacco. They spend e great deel of thnir earnings for these articles which satisfy them not; but rob them of peaceful homes and comfortable livings. I think my hardest tesk has been to meet my peopln simply enough, wisely ennugh, nnd harmlessly enough. Doubtless sonic of my hardest times, since I hnve been teaching have hnd their spring in my own imprudence. And I think too, that their hardest times hnvn come from their nwn blunders; and some their most beneficial lessons havn come out of their hnrdships. These lessons heve appealed to them in tones louder thnn the human voice, and as lasting as the memory.

My people everywhere I hnve been, greatly lack steadiness of character and purpose. In thnir business nffairs and political, and religious opinions they are sadly unsteblo. There is too much discordance and want of unity among us as a peoplo who must be progressive or degenerate. There is too little love of race and rnee nggrandizement and too much jealousy nt each other's worldly gain; too much looking over the benm to see the mnte, and too little pntronege of onn nnother's enterprise, in order to grow strong and self-sustaining.

Our colored church organizetions hnvd mads compnratively litlo progress in their callings. It is true that the colored people are very formal in their religion, and while this is n fact, I firmly believe that their intentions are good, and thnt their errors are of the head and not of the heart. In looking back to the past we find that times have changed and people hnvn changed too; hut the peculiarities of a colored sanctuary of a score of years ago remains to be changed. I think one of the reasons for the inefficiency of so many of our ministers, is that their means of acquiring pulpit proficiency are so very limited. In the first place, as a common thing, they have very small and not very choice libraries, and no other source to look for information. Meny take only one paper, and others none. Thn paper takm is very often thn production our most insignificant presses. Hence much confused teaching in our pulpits; and not enough simplicity; too much surface and sameness, and not mough depth and variety. My conviction has always been that our benevolent institutlons have paid too little attention to this department of civilizing influence in the South. To say that the colored people may be met more to advnntage at the church than eny other place, is simply making a statnment, which verifies itself.

I havn enumerated some the principal errors, thnt I notice among my people, and shnll I stop at that? Nny, I would censure myself without giving a reason for it. I think that there is too little patience exercised with the rememberances of the old institution alnvny. We may reject them with all our nature, yet they are thn results of the condition of these people for over two hnndred years. And allowing that they are offensive, shall we not work and wait for a change to comn? (Yes, I think I hear a response, "we will.") Now to the students of the Institute individually: We are in the spirit of a better day; to us this year has not only been n new year in the order of time, but an epoch which is the beginning of a brighter page in the history of our people. I trust that we shall appreciate the evidences of that time, not far distant, when n better and more perfect reciprocity shall sxist between the classes of this country. And again may we learn all the lessons that may be taught us through the respect recently shown by our President to Frederic Douglass and John M. Langston. May we *adopt* the langunge of king Solomon to the daughters of Jerusalem, "I am black, hnt comely * * * look not upon me because I am black,

Respectfully,

FRANK TRIGG, JR.

CAN WE NOT IMPROVE?

A Letter to the West Va. Journal, from a Hampton Graduate.

Editors Journal:—This question has presented itself to me. "can we not improvs?" I mean the colored people, for I nm a colored men myself, or rather a boy. When I look over the record of the colored people for the last ten years, I see many things for which they ought to be praised, but again when I look on the other side I see many things thet we might improve ourselves in faster than we have done. First, let us take up the matter of education. Does each parent do all in his power to give his child an eduection? Does each parent consider the importance of edncating his child? The time has come when we are expected to play our part in this republic as American citizens. Let every parent then see that his child is led to perform his duty as nn American citizen. The time is fast coming when bondage can no longer be a plea for our ignorance. Onr many friends who have stood by us in the pest, and who are still willing to befriend us, want to see us accomplish something on ourselves.

I know that there are many who will plead poverty as a reason for not educating themselves nnd their children, hut let such look nt Vice-president Henry Wilson, who amid poverty and discouragements, rose from the shoemnker's bench to one of the Nation's highest officers. Let such, alsn, look nt Abrahem Lincnln who rose from the humble log cabin to the Presidency of the greatest republic on earth. Let them remember the old maxim, "where there is e will there is n wey," nnd take courage nnd resolve never to give up in despeir of getting an edncetion till they have exhnusted nll the means in their power. I am afraid that there are too many of our people who do not improve the privileges they hnve within their reach. I em nfraid that there nre too many who spend two great n portion of their time in street walking or in vain or vile talk. I think there are many who, if they would count up the time spent by them in vain and idle street talk, would find it to amount to hours and deys enough in which they might heve nbtnined for themselves n vnluable and respectable eduention. If we expect to make en intelligent netion we have no time to spend in idleness. It behooves us to properly employ every minute of our time. If the colored man will only improve his opportunities and persevere, I believe the time is not far distant when a great portion of them will be equnl in eduention, equal in wealth, equnl in civilization, and equal in overything thet tends towsrd humnn ndvnncement, to any nation or people on enrth.

B. W. T.

A work just published in England, entitled "The Border Lands of Islam and Europe," has thn following statistics in regard to the mixed character of the popuietion of Bulgaria:

"These consist of nbout one million and a half of Bulgarians and of helf n million of Osmnnli Turks, and of 80,000 to 100,000 Tartars. The Circassians are about 80,000, thn Albanians 60,000, and the Roumanians 40,000; the Gipsies nmonnt to 25,000, and the Jews to about 10,000. There are also 10,000 Armenians and an equal nnmber of Russians. The Greeks are 8,000, nnd thn Servians 5,000; hesides a few Itnlians and Germans, not together more than a thousand.

"Thn Bulgariens are of Sclavic origin. The country now known as Bulgaria was, before the year 679, occupied by Sleva, who had driven southwards or exterminnted the old Thracian race. These settlers, known by the the name of the seven tribes, were in their turn, subdued by thn more warlike tribe of Bulgares, who descended from their resorts on the Volga, and who, like the Turks, were of Tartar or Finnic origin. The Bulgares, after giving their name to the country and thn language, became absorbed in ths more numerous Slavic race, but not without blending with it certain Tartar characteristics of feature and disposition, which are still to be recognized in greater or less degree in the existing Slavo-Bulgarians."

IMMIGRATION STATISTICS.

Official information received at thn United States hurean of statistics at Washington, shows that during the month of October, 1876, there arrived nt the port of New York 6,350 immigrants, of whom 3,628 were males end 2,922 females. Netionalities: From England, 1,347; Scotland, 210; Wales and ths Isle of Man, 20; Ireland, 910; Germany, 2,016; Anstria, 289; Sweden, 204; Norway, 120; Denmark, 43; France, 328; Switzerland, 155; Spain, 20; Italy, 228; Holland, 32; Belgium, 14; Russia, 487; Poland, 6; Hungary, 20; Turkey, Guatemala, Venezuela, Persia, Maderia and Australia, 1 each; Greece, Nova Scotin nnd Hayti, 5 each; Japan, 3; Cnnada, 24; Mexico, 12; Chili and Africa, 2 each; Cuba 16; Bermuda, 8; Sicily 10; Gibraltar, 4; born as sea, 4. In addition to the above 3,200 passengers arrived dnring ths month of October. Of this number 2,866 were citizens of the United States and 344 temporary sojourners.

WIND INSTRUMENTS.—Dr. Burg, a French physician, has published n little book in which he endeavors to controvert, hy reference to his own observations end experience, the notion commonly entertained that the nse of wind instruments is injnrious to persons, characterized hy pectoral weakness. He remarks,—"Many philanthropists, on seeing our young military musicians wield enormous wind instruments, heve sorrowed over the few years the poor fellows have to live. Well, they ere mistaken. All the men whose business is to try the wind instruments made at thn various factories before sending them off for sale are, without sxception, free from pulmonary affections. I have known many who on entering on this calling were very delicate, and who, nevertheless, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. I myself am an instance of this. My mother died of consumption, eight children of hers fell victims to the same disease, and only three of us survive—and we all three play wind instruments. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our dreeded ert in order to conquer pulmonary diseases."

PRODUCTION OF SILVER.

The yield of the Mexican mines since the conquest up to 1860 amounted to $2,039,000,000, and all from a comparatively limited district. Thn registered coinage of thn mint of Mexico for the last 135 years ending January 1st, 1874, amounts to $1,942,973,107, and taking into consideration the fact that up to the commencement of the nineteenth century Mexico paid e tribute of one-fifth or twenty per cent. of hnr yield of bullion to the King of Spain, the result seems astounding. The following is thn registered yield of a few silver mines on the American Continent. Many others could be given:

Biscennia Silvnr mines			$16,341,000
Santa Anna silver mines			21,347,210
Valeneta	"	"	81,313,486
Rio Grandn	"	"	650,000,000
Simrra Madre	"	"	800,000,000
Veta Madre	"	"	335,935,736

The silvnr mines on the Comstock Lodn paid their stockholders *the enormous sum of over $20,000,000 dividends for the year* 1873. The Panilian silver mine produced $30,000 per day for five years, when it was stopped by a flood of weter. After being opened again it produced in ten yeare $50,000,000. It again laid idln until 1871, when work was once more resumed, and an annuel yield realized of $13,400,000. The best silver mines are those of high altitudes. This is true of the Mexican and Sonth American mines as well as those of our own country. The Potosi mines, which have produced ovnr one thousand millions of dollars, are about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. *Those of Colorado*, as the Terrible, Pellean, Moose, and far-famed Caribou, ere abont the sams nlevation.

COMMERCE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Thn statistice published by the Hawaiian *Gazette* of the commerce and agriculture of the Sandwich Islands for the year 1876, show that the amonnt of sugar manufactured was 13,336 tons—of which 300 tons were consumed at homn—and the estimated yield for 1877 is 18,000 tons. The United States took about 12,000 tons of the erop of 1876. The growth of sugar planting may be inferred from thn fact that the total exports of this staple in 1857 were hut 500,556 lbs., and as late as 1863 hut 5,292,131 lbs, whiln in 1876, 26,000,000 lb were raised. In rice there was an increased production, of 1,671,733 lbs. of cleansed rice, of which 1,500,000 lbs. were needed for domestic consumption. Thn gain for 1877 over 1876, will fully equal that of 1876 over 1875. The value nxported of domestic goods last year was $2,054,158. The combined value of foreign and domestis exported goods was $2,241,062, while thn total amount of imported commodities was worth $1,811,771, showing a balance of trade in favor of the Islands of $429,271.—*Pacific Exchange.*

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING;

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE XII.

SCHOOL LIFE.

The school life of the child is divided into
1st. The How Period.
2d. The Why Period.

Or, we may call the first the Faith Period, or the Fact Period, and the second the Philosophical Period.

The How Period is the period when he is interested simply in learning how things are done—the processes of work. This period lasts perhaps, on the nverage, up to twelve yenrs of age. It depends, of conrse, upon circnmstances,—the child's mental ability, and somewhnt upon the degree of education he has had, or the degree to which his mind has been roused nnd matured—by books, or associations, or experiences of life.

The Why Period is that when he wants to inquire into the reasons of things, the philosophy of them; not only to know how you do something—an example in arithmetic, for instance,—but *why* you do it so.

Remember these periods in your teaching. In arithmetic, for example, teach first processes—second, nnalysis. Do not nttempt analysis until the child is ready for it, by being so familiar with the processes that his mind is free to think and be cnrious nbout the reasons for them.

Here are some things to be tanght in the How Period—some convenient processes, and some advice as to teaching them:

Teach your pnpils the mnltiplication table skipping abont. Do not be satisfied with their knowing it only in rotation, though they learn it so first. I was teaching school myself before I conld tell that seven times nine are sixty-three without running through the whole line to myself, 7 *times* 1 *are* 7, 7 *times* 2 *are* 14, 7 *times* 3 *are* 21, &c.

Never teach the nddition or subtraction or division tables. Take the black-board, or a piece of brown pnper and pencil, and form a table or combinntion of figures, something as follows:

4 and 4		6 and 6	
5 and 3	are 8	7 nnd 5	are 12
6 and 2		8 and 4	
5 and 4		7 nnd 6	
6 and 3	are 9	8 and 5	are 13
7 and 2		9 and 4	
5 and 5		7 nnd 7	
6 and 4	are 10	8 nnd 6	are 14
7 and 3		9 and 5	
6 and 5		8 and 7	
7 and 4	are 11	9 and 6	are 15
8 and 3			
		8 and 8	
		9 and 7	are 16
		9 and 8	are 17

Once nccustomed to these combinations, there is no more trouble in adding.

Tnke, then, a combination such as I have given you, or a similar one, nnd drill the children on it till they know it perfectly.

Do not nt first give a child abstract numbers to handle, but let him associate the idea of numbers with thc idea of objects. Then let him see that he can only add liko things—bushels nnd bushels, dollars to dollars. Better not give figures only, but say add so many and so many bushels, or dollars, or whatever you will. Let him see tlnt he can't add chairs to tables, bushels to qnarts, and get one nnswer,—unless you find some common name to call them by; call the chairs and the tables both pieces of furniture, nnd tben you can add them; call the bushel four qnarts, and then you can add quarts to it. By the time he gets to fractions, he will know what is meant by a common denominator, though you hnven't used the word.

If you wish to sbow him bow to do n sum in nddition on his slate, give him the following, and let him find out all he can about it, you simply assisting him. Tell him to add

Bushels.	
49	He will say 4 and 8 are 12, and 6 are 18 and 9 are 27. Let him
36	write it down in full, 27. The
18	next time he adds up 2 and 1 are
24	3, and 8 are 6 and 4 are 10. Let
—	him put that down under it—as
27	10 tens—and add them together,
10	mnking 127. Do not tell him to
—	*carry*,—it would be better if that
127	word could be stricken out of

the arithmetic lesson, because it means nothing to tbe child. By the time he has performed twó or three sums in this wny, he will see that he can add the 2 right in with his other figures and get the sum immediately.

SATURDAY INSTITUTES.

Before I bring my lectures to a close, I want to give you a useful hint about having what I call Saturday Institutes or teachers' meetings.

In Pennsylvnnia we have n law to this effect; that all the teachers shall bold stated meetings, or Institutes, as we cnll them, for interchange of experience and ideas as to the best methods of teaching, and to keep up an interest in the snbject. They do great good, we find.

In States where there is no law to govern such things, it would be a good plan for teachers from neighboring schools to meet at their respective school-houses alternately, every other Saturday, and bring up questions for discussion, in relation to the different plans they may nse in teaching.

A teacher who tries no experiments, who teaches after the same old plan for ten or twenty years, cannot be called an experienced teacher.

We must, as teachers, be well informed as to the plans by which other nnd more experienced teachers are working.

There are several good works on the plan of teaching which I can recommend to yon if they ever come witbln yonr reach. Among them are Page's "Tbeory and Practice in Teaching," Abbott's "Teacher" nnd "School Economy."

A CHRISTIAN LIFE.—A boly life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloqnent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great, heroic act, or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life.

"DITSON & Co. continue to publish quantities of sparkling songs and pieces. We bave received: 'The Dust of n Rose,' song by J. R. Fairlamb. Also, 'I can't sing for Gold,' by M'Carroll, with beautiful sentiments and golden music. Also, a piqunnt little concert song, 'Little Jack Frost,' liy Mrs. Carlton. Then there is 'The Czar's Mnrch,' which we may enjoy withont tbe discomforts of n campaign. Out in the Green,' n piece with smnth flowing nnsic, not difficult, nnd 'Little Bells,' or 'Gustnv's Glockchen, by Koelling. The last three are instrnmental pieces."

Among the very seasonable lyrics recently published by Oliver Ditson & Co. nre: "Cow Bells in the Lane," by W. S. Hays. Music nnd words are good, nnd tbe picture title is a charming country scene. Then comes a song of the ocean, "Nancy Lee" with a jolly "Yeo, bo !" in it; and a brave song by Miss Lindsay, "My Laddie far nway."

The Pinno music also has n sea-side finvor, being, 1st, "Sailor Chorus," from Wagner's Flying Dutchman, and 2d, "Beantifnl Hudson Waltz," by Nelsou, nfter which we have, for contrast, "Little Jennie Mnrch," with n sweet air in it, and n good deal of brillinncy.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

FIFTEEN thousand soldiers are to sail from Madrid for Cuba in August.

Delegates from the Transvaal Republic have gone to London, bearing a protest from the late Government against British annexation.

A LONDON report says: "Accounts from the Bombay famine districts are daily growing better. Rain is plentiful, and the sowing of crops is beginning. Madras is still suffering, over a million persons are being gratuitously fed."

SIX universities in Germany have more than one thousand students each. Leipzig has 2,780 and Berlin 1,977. In the twenty-one universities there are now 17,143 students and 1,827 teachers. The number of Protestant theological students is 1,019.

THE war in the East seems to be a jumble of successes and reverses without a great deal of severe fighting. The Russians have raised the siege of Kars and the Turkish commander Mukhtar Pasha is within the fortification with about 40,000 men. The Russian campaign in Asia may be regarded as but little better than a failure, while in Turkey in Europe they are gaining ground slowly; having crossed the Balkans and now occupy a strong position before Nikopolis. Political reasons may cause Russia to push on to Adrianople, or even to Constantinople despite military risks, in order to compel the Turks to yield quickly. Decisive battles may, as they have been for a long while, be expected at any time.

ENGLAND is busily engaged in extensive military preparations. It is reported that 500 troops will soon be despatched in the Euphrates and 1,500 more will follow in the troop-ship Crocodile. The destination of these troops is unknown. England's forbearance will most likely come to its limit if the Russians succeed in taking Constantinople—and she is prebably preparing for the worst.

POLITICAL.

COL. MARPHS has been appointed marshal of the North Mississippi district,

CHARLES BLEW has been appointed collector of customs at St Johns, Fla.

RAYMOND, of Mississippi, has been appointed marshal of Idaho.

THE New York Custom House force is to be reduced twenty per cent. before a great while.

Atlanta, July 23—The Constitutional Convention today adopted a bill of rights. The bill recognizes all races of citizens, and pledges protection to all in their rights of citizenship, imprisonment for debt and whipping for crime are prohibited. The bill declares that the right of changing the constitution and form of the Government is the sole and inherent right of the people of the State.

PRESIDENT HAYES has lately issued what is called the Civil Service Order, which says that persons who are members of political committees and are holding federal offices must relinquish one or the other. This order will be rigidly enforced.

A POSTAL Convention composed of delegates from cities and towns in the States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana assembled at the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va., on Wednesday, July 25, for the purpose of arranging a plan for the improvement of mail facilities in the Southern States. A memorial setting forth the postal needs of the South and calling upon Congress for aid by means of liberal postal contracts and such appropriations as may be found necessary to raise the standard of efficiency of the service without making the same too burdensome to the Government. was framed, and will be laid before Congress for their action.

GENERAL

THE strike of the firemen and brakemen on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad became so formidable and the strikers so demonstrative at Martinsburg, on Wednesday, July 18th, that Gov. Matthews of West Virginia deemed it necessary to call upon President Hayes for troops, the state militia being insufficient to quell the riot. By order of the President through Secy. McCrary Genl. French with 250 men from Washington and Ft. McHenry was immediately dispatched to the scene of of the disturbance. The presence of the military in Martinsburg restored comparative quiet, at least prevented violence, and trains began to move east and west; but fresh troubles were being constantly reported; the most serious from Keyser and Cumberland. The latter city being in Maryland, the railroad company requested the Governor of that State to send the militia to their assistance. Gov. Carroll and Genl. Herbert met at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, July 20th, to consider the matter, and it was decided to sound the military alarm to assemble the troops at once. The news of this the alarm had the effect of bringing together thousands of the strikers' friends and sympathizers who assaulted the soldiers with clubs, bricks, and missiles of all kinds while on their way to the depot; the troops opened fire on the mob killing thirteen persons and wounding about twenty. The soldiers were not permitted to leave Baltimore, the track being torn up by the mob and railroad property destroyed to a considerable amount, by fire and otherwise.

The strike was fast becoming an epidemic: freight trains were being stopped on different roads at various places and the news of bloodshed in Baltimore only added fresh fuel to the flame. On the Pennsylvania Line at Pittsburg, July 21st, all freight trains were stopped, the strikers congregated in great crowds and became very threatening. The local militia was ordered out, but the soldiers were slow in making their appearance. At noon about 1000 troops arrived from Philadelphia. They proceeded to twenty-eighth street, where the railroad was completely blockaded and where the strikers were intrenched. About 5 o'clock the soldiers opened fire upon the crowd which so infuriated them that they drove the troops from their position to the railroad roundhouses. By 10 o'clock a mob numbering several thousand had congregated about the roundhouses. After several unsuccessful attempts to dislodge the military it was resolved to burn them out. This order was executed with alacrity, train after train of freight cars were demolished, robbed and burned. Nearly a hundred locomotives were ruined and the shops destroyed. The soldiers forced their way through the crowd and left the city. The mob then turned their attention to the work of destruction they had begun—the union depot was fired and was soon in ruins, as were also an elevator and several other large buildings. Many persons were killed and a large number wounded, and property to the amount of several million dollars destroyed.

The troops and strikers also met at Reading, Pa. with fatal results—eight persons were killed and twenty-five wounded. Several minor disturbances have occurred but all is comparatively quiet now. The situation is still critical, and the successes of the strikers have encouraged them to hold out against troops, yet the law-abiding citizens are becoming so fully alive to the damaging and demoralizing influence of such lawlessness that an improvement may be looked for.

MOB-LAW seeming to be the order of the day, the laborers of San Francisco took advantage of the age in which we live to punish the Chinese of that city for working for low wages. A large crowd gathered together and proceeded to Chinatown intending to "clean them out," but the police, having been apprised of the movement, were in readiness, and when the attack was made disbursed the mob without much difficulty.

THE latest dispatches from Oregon represent that the hostile bands of Indians are thoroughly demoralized. On the 16th, Red Heart, a Nez Perce chief, with 16 warriors from Joseph's and Looking Glass's bands, and 23 women and children surrendered themselves to Gen. Howard. Joseph did not surrender as he proposed to do, but started for the Buffalo country with other hostile chiefs. Gen. Howard is in pursuit. The total loss of our troops is sixteen killed and a large number wounded.

ON July 16th a tornado, accompanied by hail, swept over portions of Dutchess and Columbia counties, New York. Trees, fences and barns were destroyed, and acres of corn and oats were cut down. At Tarrytown, several public buildings were struck by lightning. Great damage by similar storms was done at Quebec, North Bergen, N. J., where several persons were killed, Troy N. Y., Black Rock, Conn., Jersey City, Paterson, N. J., Jamaica, L. I., New York City and many other places, resulting in great loss of life and property.

IT is stated that the loss in the valuation of the real estate of Boston, May 1, 1877, compared with May 1, 1876, will be $60,000,000. It is estimated that the loss on personal estate is about $30,000,000, making a total loss of $90,000,000, and reducing the whole valuation to about $670,000,000, exclusive of bank tax.

SOUTHERN gold mines are again rising to prominence, the product of North Carolina for the fiscal year 1876-6 amounted to $10,498,009, of Georgia to $7,379,000, and South Carolina to $1,881,000,—a total of $19,068,000. Labor is 75 cents a day, and wood $1 a cord.

SEVEN mormon and fifty recruits for Brigham Young accompanied by thirteen "missionaries," arrived in New York July 8. These candidates for future misery consist of Danes, Swedes, Germans, Norwegians, Scotch, Welch, Hollanders, English, Irish, and—strangely enough—Japanese.

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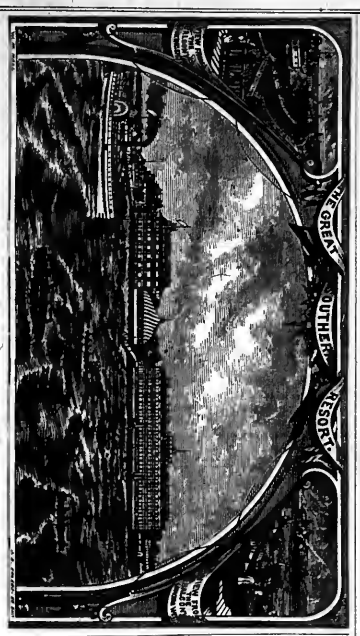

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Southern Workman.

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VOL. VI. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1877. NO. 9

THE CAT AND THE GOLDFISH.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
She saw and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream.
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favorite has no friend!

T. GRAY.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, SEPTEMBER, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 32 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

THE *Charleston News* reports that on inquiry at the office of the Liberian Exodus Association in that city, it was stated that 2,500 colored persons living in Charleston, and over 30,000 outside, had enrolled themselves to go to Liberia. There is no doubt of the fact that the association in that city is making vigorous and successful efforts to induce removals.

It is not surprising that some educated and ambitious colored men should be unwilling to pay the price of the advantages of living in America. Such men are galled by the repressive weight of the Anglo Saxon instinct which will not allow individuals of the colored race to climb much higher socially than the mass of their kindred. It is within the power of the mass to rise to much higher levels, but it must be a work of time; and, meanwhile, these active spirits naturally deem it better to reign in Africa than to fill subordinate stations here. Their personal ambition, mixed as it doubtless is with the noblest desires for the welfare of their race, is creditable to them. But why, under their leadership, the poor and ignorant should abandon their native land, we see no reason so good as to outweigh the objections.

New colonies, if prosperous, offer inviting fields for men of some means, but are full of hardship and battle for those who have nothing. Ignorant poor men will be ruled by politicians whether they stay in America or go to Africa. They can only decide whether white government or black government will best secure to them the fruits of their industry. Is their experience of colored law-makers and justices of the peace such as to encourage them to trust themselves and their families unreservedly in the hands of colored officials? Voting is a misfortune to ex-slaves until they can use it intelligently. Money and education is what they need. And both these essentials are positively within their reach where they are, and wholly uncertain in Africa. America offers them stable guarantees against invasion by predatory bands, or hostile nations of savages. The cotton fields around them offer them paying work. Northern benevolence, cooperating with Southern school systems, is developing the brightest minds among them to a point never before reached by their race. Except social intercourse with the whites, which is by no means essential to their happiness and well-being, every blessing of life they may win here by patient effort, and by the cheerful acceptance of facts, without striving against the inevitable results of living among a more civilized people.

THE case of the people *versus* the politician goes on under the leadership of our good President. Nothing ever deserved to succeed more than the attempt to stop the servants of the people from combining to fetter its sovereign will, and dictate which of them or their kind shall take the place of true representatives of the popular wishes.

Successful politicians are necessarily a positive and aggressive class of men whose power in life has largely come from their faculty of seeing only one side of a question, and acting as if there was only one side. Hence it is dangerous to liberty and to the rights of minorities, as well as highly disgraceful, that professional politicians should ever have been allowed to reinforce their partisan bigotry by any government influence at all.

This fruitful source of evil had, however, become so rooted in our politics that it required the utmost courage in a President to attack it. We have great hopes that the common sense of the country will sustain his hands, and that he may prove the most successful as well as the bravest, morally, of all our Presidents.

ENCOURAGING FROM TEXAS.

The "Workman" is glad to contribute to the fund of facts as to the true condition of Southern affairs by publishing the following letter. It would not hesitate to publish reliable statements as to ill treatment of the ex-slaves, but none have come to hand.

TYLER SMITH CO., TEXAS, *June*, 1877.

We are attempting to establish public free schools for all colors, classes and conditions in our town.

In order to do so, it is necessary to levy a tax upon the property holders. The colored people will not, if the tax is levied, pay more than fifty dollers in a tax of six thousand dollers, while at least one-third of the children to be educated will be colored. They are suspicious, because they see many members of the Democratic party who have heretofore been opposed to educating the colored child, now favoring the present system, and some Republicans whom they have considered their best friends opposing it.

I am a member of the Republican party—have been one since the termination of the war, and a native of the South, can confidently say, the Democrats who favor the education of the colored population are sincere. True, some who still cling to their old prejudices, are opposing it.

Please send to my address a published history of the establishment of your school; also any information in pamphlets or otherwise relative to the establishment of colored schools South and North, for distribution among the colored people who can read.

My object is to endeavor to convince them that the white race are doing and have done a great deal for their education and the improvement of their condition.

Should we succeed in our purpose, could your Institute furnish us with a colored male teacher? If so, at what price per session of ten months?

Very respectfully,
SAM. L. EARLE.

In many of the Southern newspapers of late a kindlier tone towards the negro is manifest. The "Index and Appeal" of Petersburg, Va., not noted for its liberality, in a recent issue refers as follows to the freedpeople:

We have been much impressed with the general easy and comfortable state of the colored brethren, by seeing the display which they made on yesterday, and the immense outpouring which accompanied their excursion to Washington. It may fairly be doubted whether the laboring class of any other country in the world could present such a spectacle. There were hundreds—possibly thousands—it seemed to us a million of the race: men, women and children, at the Appomattox depot, all dressed in their best, and wearing the look of people who had earned a holiday and who meant to enjoy it. Any humanitarian who could detect in the faces or bearing of this great throng any of the unmistakable physical evidences of ill usage, must have had keener eyes for reading that charactery than we possess. A much more forlorn look would be generally found, if we mistake not, on the faces of many of our own poor people, who cannot find employment, who lack for the means of life, and who certainly cannot afford such recreations as are so frequently enjoyed by the colored race. If people have any spare sympathies to bestow, they do not belong, we insist, to so well-to-do and contented a population as those represented in yesterday's excursion, but rather to those who are really much more nearly slaves to the hard conditions of humanity, than is the inferior race, whose wants are simpler, and whose capacity for manual labor is by nature greater. We do not envy the colored people their honest pleasures, but we argue that Northern editors who have so much to say about the hardships and privations of the poor negro ought simply to see some of the sights that are so abundant in the South. Now that the negro is out of politics, he is doing as well as his most ardent friends could desire and if he will but cultivate the graces of industry, sobriety and frugality, there is no reason why he may not possess the respect of everybody in the South. Our people have the kindest disposition towards them, and only ask a fair chance themselves, while they not only allow but encourage the advance of the negro along every line of improvement for which he is qualified by the God of nature.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE PACIFIC.

Extracts from a Private Letter.

HAWAIIAN HOME LIFE—KALIHI VALLEY—COUNTRY LIFE IN THE TROPICS—BANANA PLANTATIONS—THE INHABITANTS.

In all my housekeeping cares these past twenty years Akam, my faithful Chineman has not forsaken me; he has been a right hand to me; is far from being a perfect man, yet has good qualities. He is ever prompt, energetic and never fails to hold on; uses no opium, as most of his countrymen do, neither tobacco. With regard to gambling let reticence cover the fault, except in efforts to dissuade him which have thus far failed. Sometimes he sends cash to his aged parents in China—his profits at the gaming table! The kind care of parents and aged people is a noble trait in the Chinese. There are many hundreds of Celestials scattered over these islands, mostly industrious and employed in various ways. The sick and helpless in their number are cared for. The dead are not forgotten. One day last week Akam wished to go with a number of his friends to pay respects to their deceased friends who are buried in *Pawaa* valley; he said he would be fined five dollars if he failed to go. I said go. He did all his work and was prompt in going and returning. I asked him what they had been doing. He said they took cooked rice, cooked chicken and other food for the dead to eat. "Well, did they eat it?" "Yes," was the reply. "Did they eat it all and did you see them do it?" "Yes; they ate, and what was left we ate." "But how could spirits eat?" Reply, "They do in China and they do here." The thing seemed clear in his mind, but I was too obtuse to comprehend. He seemed satisfied and free from doubt. Perhaps he felt as thousands of men, women and children do when they strew the graves of departed friends with flowers. Why do I care for and keep the little cemetery so cheerful and bright en aspect? Not because the silent sleepers inhale the odor of the flowers, or rest more sweetly for having the green grass which covers them in good condition. Is not the feeling of satisfaction similar in the hearts of Chinese and of Englishmen? Surely it cannot be more heathenish in them than in us to respect the dead, though the forms may vary. Akam never goes to church, not even to hear Sit Moon, the Chinese evangelist. In common with many China men, he dislikes the laziness, lying and dishonest habits of natives, and speaks of such things with contempt. He is not lazy, yet would not hesitate to pilfer eggs, wood, &c., on a limited scale.

I sent, some time ago, a picture of good old *Kahina* who seemed to belong to us. O how fervently she used to implore God to take care of you when you were in the army, and when you came out of the fire and smoke of battle unscathed, she rejoiced that God had heard her prayers. She finally had leprosy, was sent to the leper colony and was a faithful missionary to her afflicted kindred. A Romish priest some time since talked to her of the excellencies of Peter and others. The reply was: "Peter told lies; he denied his Master. I will trust Christ who never told lies, and not Peter who did and may do so again."

Anxious for a change of place for a time, I gave Akam his directions, engaged a Theological student to look after the garden, hired Dolf and Freddie to feed the chickens alternately and gather *papaia* leaves for the old horse, and, on the 10th, after the boys were home from school, started with them for *Kalihi* valley and rode to where vehicles are obliged to stop. C. said the boys might go the two miles farther to my friends; she would content herself while waiting for them with *Harpers' Monthly*. The landscape spread out before her was rocky hills, low grounds covered here and there with clumsy cactus, and now and then a grunting swine would come out from its bed under the cactus roof. We started in fine glee among jagged rocks over which horses and donkeys and footmen have long picked their way. The trail led by a milk ranche owned by a Portuguese; the boys chattered incessantly and would not return, because mama was reeding and "Charlie" would like the rest. Guave trees increased in quantity though stunted and dry; the boys thought it so nice to see guava trees which freshened as we reached the rainy region, and they brought me bouquets of guava blossoms—a delicate white little flower, very fragrant, made up mostly of stameus. Partly hidden by bushes we passed several skeletons of horses which attracted the attention of the boys, and they plied me with questions. Thus we fall and die as we journey on. Men and beasts alike fall when life's spark is out. The former are carefully laid away in the earth's bosom; the latter are left to bleach and decay on its surface. Is there no rest in the future for animals? No righting of the wrongs they receive, or the abuses they endure while on earth?

Here came a troop of thoughts unbidden. I will leave this rural place a while and meet you at *Nuuhiwa*, one of the Marquesas group of islands, where our home was in years gone by, among cannibals. O how thoughts of heathenish scenes rush into my mind! In a flash my thoughts are there to dwell, and in a flash they return to this Eden of nature. I will take you to our savage home covered with leaves of the bread-fruit tree; a coarse mat of *pandanus* leaves lay on the floor. True, natives could and did thrust in their heads under the leaves and steal, yet it seemed almost a palace to us after previous discomforts. Two other families had similar houses near us. Old *Hope*, the chief, had been dead several days, terribly diseased from a malady introduced by foreigners. He had said to your father, "Cure me, and I will believe in your God." He was past cure. The body was lavishly decorated with heathenish ornements, with a roasted pig hanging close by for his soul to eat. This was some twenty rods from our house; the stench was intolerable. In due time they took the body to a beautiful stream near by, shaded by lofty bread fruit and cocoanut trees, washed off the putrid flesh and laid the bones on a *heiau* or temple (a large pile of stones elevated some five feet above the ground), and then they were left to bleach in the tropical sun, like the skeleton of the horse that had attracted the boys. Those old bleaching bones wafted my thoughts back to days and years gone by.

The trail led up and down small hills and verdure increased around us, till we arrived, O, so tired, and were warmly welcomed. The house is dumped down on the side of a gulch where the soil is rich and the strong wind broken; the valley stretches away three miles farther, where it ends in a high ridge. As I sit on the verandah in a cane-seat rocker, a mass of foliage is spread out before me, the rocky hills for background, and a point projects out from the hill seemingly just ready to take a leap and roll down upon us. The foliage is of various shades, with here and there a patch of light green, the crests of the *kukui* trees. The *hau*, hibiscus and other shrubbery has been cleared away and the little farm of bananas and other fruit is bringing a comfortable income for its owner. There are perhaps seventy lime trees, from the fruit of which juice is obtained and sold in the markets of Honolulu to ships, as a remedy for the scurvy. Perhaps fifty orange trees are bearing fruit just now; there are several other fruit-bearing trees. Near the house is a large mango tree heavily laden with green fruit; often one is shaken off by the wind and falls on the roof with a *thud*; to be free from that and the too dense shade and the dampness the large tree is under sentence of death. Mango trees are numerous and beautiful. Some one hundred natives of both sexes and all ages are all that are left in the valley, with about forty Portuguese who have intermerried with natives. They are industrious and penurious, but tricky. Mr. M. employed them until he found they would sell off his bananas and limes at night; natives did the same, until he concluded to cultivate what he could take care of himself. He keeps up a regular trade with dealers in San Francisco, clears about $1,500 a year.

My host is a remarkable man in many respects. He was born in Glascow, Scotland, where his father was a flourishing silk manufacturer. The son, intended for a profession, preferred to wander, and has visited various countries; commanded a sloop on the Hudson river, carried granite to New York; was in the lumber business. He married then, returned home, lost after financial troubles he sought California, did well, heard of these islands and came here to raise coffee. Coffee proving unprofitable, he planted a banana field. He loads his horses and mules with fruit and leads them over the rough road to town; he often clears a dollar on a bunch of bananas sold in California, two thousand miles distant. So he trudges back and forth. He has many books, is a great reader and has a wonderful memory. Tough and wiry, he goes about with a woolen shirt, butternut pants and bare feet. Thus he works at home, lives on a simple diet, has excellent health and expects

to live to be one hundred years old—he is now [illegible] seventy. He has been here twenty-four

amusing to see the energy of the chubby, tireless little fellow.

ren gathered from all quarters; while our good people, both white and colored, seem none the less eager to carry the work to perfection. The

selves, and really did not know what they were doing. But now I look at it in the way which I believe to be the true light of the thing, and

to live to be one hundred years old—he is now over seventy. He has been here twenty-four years. They have no children,—now they have with them Jose, a boy sixteen years old, half native and half Portuguese, who reads and spells to me dnily, prints on his slate and draws a little. So fancy us here in this little Eden, talking of things in different parts of the world. Were a choice given me to spend a few days in either place, I would prefer this rural spot to the grandest hotel. An old native man of one hundred and ten years lives a mile beyond here, whom I hope to see. No Protestants to look after the natives, they are mostly Catholics, and a priest does not fail to come here.

Here I am sitting in a rocking-chair by the window. The house is elevated on stones several inches from the ground. Outside is a path paved with stones; then a perpendicular rough wall, five feet high, which keeps the ascending bank beyond from crumbling and falling on the house. The bank rises to the summit of the mountain ridge,—all is covered with coarse, matted grass except when dug out to plant something. Large and small ferns grow luxuriantly on the edge of the bank close by the wall and even project out from among its stones, kept bright and fresh by frequent showers. Some twenty feet beyond the house grows a large cluster of Brazilian bananas; then guava bushes. I just now glanced out and could see the clear blue sky seemingly just behind nature's wilderness. Ten minutes more and the sun may be obscured and the clouds sprinkle down water.

I wish E. could be here for a time to inhale this fresh air and enjoy these grand, wild works of God. I love to think that there is beauty and grandeur beyond this limited life. Now let us pass through the snug parlor to the front verandah and sit in a cane-seat rocker. On the front door is a knocker which Mr. M. brought from the door of their house in Canada as a memento of "Home Sweet Home"; it has an ancient, familiar look. I love to sit and glance over the varied foliage to the projecting brow of a high hill which ever seems about to leap forth from the mountain. The *kukui, koa, koa,* guava, &c., are all in sight, including the leaves of the pandanus. There is a mass of green from hill to hill across the valley. Some three small white wooden cottages built by Portuguese are in sight.

Last evening was spent in looking over Jean Froessart's Chronicles of England, France and Spain. It tells of character and society in the Middle Ages. Its six hundred pages are embellished with many engravings which are interesting and amusing. The writings were commenced about the year 1300. I use the hook as a sort of pump-handle, and with a few questions from it can start a stream of lore from Mr. M.'s brain which is thrillingly interesting. Ancient and modern history and planting bananas are alike familiar to him. He has the best of religious creeds, void of bigotry,—to love God, keep his commands and serve him in spirit and in truth.

After dining on nice roast mutton, Mr. M. and myself, with little Jose for gallant, set off for the house of "Jack" who lives with his daughter a mile farther up the head of the valley. She is married and takes care of him. The old man is about one hundred and ten years old; his hair is white, and limbs all bones—his legs are like sticks. A blanket was wrapped around him as he sat on his mat; his hands looked like claws. He cannot walk and can hardly hear. He was born near where Captain Cook was killed, and remembers the time well: thinks he was about ten years old at that time.

The whole width of the valley to the mountain top on each side and in front was a mass of green verdure. There was a small church and a school-house, not in sight. I had been misinformed — there is Protestant worship here.

Amelia, a nice looking native, married to one of the best Portuguese, lives on the other side of a deep ravine over which we crossed to her house. She took her three children and went with us. Her wooden cottage has in the parlor an oil-cloth carpet, walls neatly papered and decorated with pictures of Mary, Joseph, Jesus, St. Peter and others, all in gilt frames; a mirror, neat white window curtains, a small *koa* table with a scarlet cover. In the bedroom is a large *koa* bedstead, mosquito nets and a fanciful quilt which Amelia had made. While we rested from our tramp through the ravine, Amelia donned a black, loose dress, but with flowers and feather, and in a few moments John, Mary and Immanuel were ready to start off and escort us. Baby wore a clean light muslin, with a pure white starched sunbonnet; Mary, a pretty hat with flowers, and a clean muslin slip; Johnny, a clean boy's suit. All went barefoot. Amelia was bright and cheerful and led us on with her baby; spoke English quite well, but preferred the native. Another young, married native woman joined us with her boy of eighteen months who wore a pink slip and a hat. He trotted along ahead of us with his bare feet over the rough and stony places and would not let his mother carry him. It was amusing to see the energy of the chubby, tireless little fellow.

Reaching another comfortable Portuguese house, the soft strains of a guitar reached our ears; it was doubly pleasant in that secluded, romantic spot. Our greetings were most cordial all around. Bananas were the principal thing cultivated. This man has, partly enclosed by a staunch stone wall, a large spot for the purpose. Near the house were roses, nasturtiums, geraniums, everlastings, &c., which made all seem homelike.

The Portuguese are mostly industrious, and provide more comfortable homes than do the common natives. We had to pass over a few streams of water, I stepping on stones, with a rough stick in one hand, and little Jose waded along in the water holding the other hand. He seemed delighted that he could be of so much use, carrying a light sauge of Mrs. M.'s, also my own and my umbrella. By accident he broke the handle of the latter, and at tea, on our return, he was missing. Mr. M. called him and found him driving a nail into the two pieces of broken handle, thinking he could restore it.

April 18th. It seems best to hasten home. Mr. M. donned a dark gray suit, with shoes and hat, brought "Charley" with a Spanish saddle on his back for me to ride, having no other saddle. As Charley was apt to shy, the plan was for me to ride astride the saddle, and Mr. M. to lead him by the bridle. We trudged on toward Honolulu, and when near to the "What Cheer" house on the *Ewa* road I was very weary with the position, and meeting two Kanakas, got them to help me alight, walked about a mile, and then took a nice express wagon and was carried home.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

PARENTS WAKING UP — TEACHING AND PREACHING — BUILDING HIS OWN SCHOOL-HOUSE — HONOR IN PAYING DEBTS.

MUST BE EDUCATED.

Here is a letter from one of our graduates who has been several years in the field and is reaping the rewards of continued effort and growing experience. The worth of an earnest teacher is constantly increasing.

SWANSVILLE, VA.

Dear Teacher:—

I received the *Educational Journal*, for which I am very thankful. There is not one of the Hampton graduates near me that I can send it to, and besides I like it so well I would much rather keep it, even if I have to pay part for it.

I am getting on very well with my work; my school is quite full and in a prosperous condition. The children continue to grow in the understanding of their studies, and the purpose for which they were made. The parents, too, are beginning to see things different to what they used to. They seem to have opened their eyes in many directions, and take more pains in fixing up themselves and providing for their families. In fact, they appear to have more regard for themselves generally. I feel that my labor has not been in vain, though sometimes I do feel discouraged because of the carelessness of some. The people are getting on very well in this vicinity. They made considerable progress in a religious movement last year. There are two churches built last summer,—a *Baptist* church, about two miles from my school, and a *Methodist* about *five* miles. When I first came to this neighborhood, October 7, 1873, there was only one church here; now there are three. Some of my pupils made profession of religion last year. We continue to have our temperance meetings, which have done much good in this vicinity. I hardly ever see a drunkard here.

My regards to your family, and all the teachers and students.

Yours most obediently, W. A. Y.

The young man who writes the following letter has had to preach as well as teach since he went into the field. His wife, also a graduate of Hampton, wrote that as it seemed to be his duty to supply this want of his people in the place where he taught. He was trying to make up as well as he could for his lack of special preparation for the work of a minister by praying for help and teaching from God.

VA., *April* 30, 1877.

Dear Teacher:—Since I left Hampton I have taught four successive terms, and in three different places. During this time I have had embarrassments to surmount, obstacles to remove, and conflicts of different characters, arising from different sources, to contend with. Some of these sprung from points of ignorance, some from prejudice; while others came as a just recompense for the many mistakes made by me. Notwithstanding all this, my assailants in no case have been able to offer one charge which would stand a test.

So far as I am able to judge, the progress made by the colored children in these few years of freedom is quite cheering, and the work is moving on bravely. Schools have been established in most parts of this county, and children gathered from all quarters; while our good people, both white and colored, seem none the less eager to carry the work to perfection. The cry from every quarter is "More and better teachers." More teachers are needed to help organize a thorough system of education among our people, and better teachers are needed to help lay the foundations of a higher state of industrial, intellectual, moral and religious culture.

In order to become good and efficient teachers, I believe that it is necessary to suppress and discard every artificial appetite, especially the use of whisky and tobacco. Some may say that there is such a thing as indulging those habits to a proper extent: if this be true, I am sure that its confines do not reach to the public, neither to the school-room. And if they claim that they are temperate in the use of these things and do themselves no harm, and if this plea be possible, the practice taken from the examples of teachers, its tendency would be to lead one hundred young persons to the extreme, while one may chance to be what they call temperate.

The idea is prevalent among both white and colored that most anyone will do to teach or preach for us who is able to read and write, regardless of their moral standing. This is a grievous mistake, and must prove destructive to the true progress of our people so long as it is upheld and indulged by us. It is therefore necessary for us, as graduates from Hampton, in common with the graduates from other institutions, to hold ourselves so as to be worthy of imitation from any people, and to urge the necessity of a standard of high-toned teachers and ministers. By these means we will be able to acquit ourselves creditably before the world, and raise our race to a high position of education, refinement, and religious development. When this is done, and not until then, with the ample provisions already made by the laws of the land for us, every right which belongs to us as a people will naturally follow as a consequence of these great and good attainments.

Yours, L.

P. S. If you have any copies of Dr. Wayland's Moral Science, please send me one by mail and I will pay you for it. My wife and I are well, and she joins in love to you all. L.

Students are sometimes obliged to leave Hampton in debt to the school, but though it has lost a good deal of money from this cause, it is but fair to say of them that they have been very generally animated, like the writer of the following letter, with a spirit of earnest desire and faithful effort to pay up the obligation:

N. C., *April* 7, 1877.

Dear Teacher:—The not being able to comply with my obligation to Hampton has made me feel very unhappy for the past six months; but, sir, the county is in debt to me, and has been for nine months. Now I hope you will be patient with me until the county settles, and be assured the amount will be forwarded immediately thereafter. Building school-houses and paying old debts for land, etc., have caused me to leave undone the main thing needful. The school-house that I am now teaching is cost me last year twenty-five dollars, besides doing the principal part of the carpenter's work. I had a conversation with the Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners a few days ago, and he assured me that the money was good; he thought that it would be proportioned during the spring or summer. I am in debt for the shoes I am wearing, though I work on and look to Providence for a brighter day.

Please accept my thanks for the papers you were kind enough to send me; they added many moments' pleasure to my little vacation. It is always pleasant to me to have something new to read. I wrote a letter for publication in the WORKMAN soon after the receipt of the papers; but after my disappointment in not getting the money to balance my account, I became discouraged and was ashamed to send it. It would afford me a great deal of pleasure to attend the Institute in May, but the above will satisfy you that I am not able. I have been trying to visit Hampton for two years, and made every sacrifice to do so, but failed.

My pupils are getting along nicely in their studies, and the adults are improving in their morals. I commenced my labors here about six weeks after I left Hampton in 1874, and worked very faithfully trying to teach these people; and I don't think my labors have been in vain.

With great respect, I am your old't servant, W.

How one changes by being educated somewhat! Seven years ago I lived near the place which I am going to toil about, and used to go to church every first Sunday in the month (as that was the only preaching day they had in each month), and I used to hear the minister preach, and see the people get happy, as they called it, and shout and cry out,—and I was silly enough to wish that I was a Christian and could do so too. Last Sunday (July 1st) I visited the same place and heard the same minister preach, but with new ears, as it were. Some of those same people were there and got happy as usual and made their loud cries; but the cries fell on my ears in a different way from what they did seven years ago. Seven years ago I looked at those who were making the most noise as the best people in the church, and that they were really true and did mean what they were doing, or else were overpowered by the powerful hand of God and could not help themselves, and really did not know what they *were* doing. But now I look at it in the way which I believe to be the true light of the thing, and that is, that they do it to make people think that they are better Christians than they are. They do it to have the "glory of men." My reason for saying this is because if you trace the character of those who shout and make the most noise in church, they are often the worst characters in the church. It seems so strange to me that the minister enjoys it, for he encourages it. You can see that even in his preaching he tries to make an excitement among the people. Sometimes when he is preaching you can't hear anything he says for the shouts and moans of the people. I shall be glad when all our pulpits can be filled with educated ministers and our school-house with educated teachers, for our uneducated leaders will surely bring our race to destruction if they have the lead much longer. The man whom I have mentioned I once enjoyed his preaching, but I cannot say that I did last Sunday. Education can surely change the very looks and sound of things, and I may well say here that it gives new life to man. Without education a man cannot serve his Creator as he ought. So if we are going to be a people, we *must* first be educated. W.

Having seen in the April number of SOUTHERN WORKMAN, a letter written to you in Oct., 1876, by myself, which may convey an unintended idea to the public, I respectfully ask the insertion of these lines. In relation to the school in Williamsburg, for which I made application in August, '76, I did not mean that the gentleman who was reappointed obtained it by any fraudulent means. He was reappointed by the board, through the solicitation of the patronage of the school. I hope the gentleman will not think I meant his appointment to have been through fraudulence, and I hope that he is a co-worker in the cause of education

Please have these lines inserted in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN. C.

COW AND RABBIT.

A Mrs. Stratton, living at St. Helena, Cal., has a cow and a rabbit, between whom a strange and ardent friendship has sprung up. The Star thus tells the incident:

A black rabbit came to the place some three months ago and took up its abode. Mrs. S. keeps on the place a couple of cows, and a short time since the rabbit took up the strange habit of sleeping with one of the cows.

It goes out to the cow's wonted place of rest, waits her coming, and when arrived, the motherly "boss" licks the little protege with much of the same affectionate tenderness that would be bestowed on a calf, the rough tongue and tremendous licks nearly raising the little animal off its feet, and it meanwhile bracing itself with all its four feet spread to withstand the pressure.

Then little "buony" puts its little nose up to the cow's nose and appears to kiss it, all of which silly demonstrations goes through with, the rabbit nestles up to the old "boss" and goes to sleep. It is a singular "bedfellow," the tiny bundle of fur and ears of perhaps three or four pounds with the unwieldy carcass of six hundred, and should the superior animal uplessly wag her chin or flop her tail unguardedly, the little friend must undoubtedly be wiped out of existence. As yet, however, there is peace in the family, and everything is lovely.—*Ex.*

HOW FAR WILL A GREENBACK GO?

Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocket-book a ten-dollar note, and handed it to Mrs Brown, saying:

"Here, my dear, are ten dollars toward the twenty I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That paye for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note:

"That will pay you for your work on my counter."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays ten dollars on board."

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her twenty dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on the flour bill, he again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Mr. Brown it put back into his pocket-book exclaiming that he "never thought a ten-dollar bill would go so far."

Thus a ten-dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness inside of five minutes. Who says greenbacks are worthless?

—*Laramie Sentinel.*

HINTS ON AGRICULTURE, by Francis Richardson, of Norfolk, Va., formerly farm manager of the Hampton Institute, will be continued in the next number of the "Workman" and are believed to be worth the careful attention of our Southern readers.

HINTS ON AGRICULTURE.

BY F. RICHARDSON.

Introductory.

I

More peopls make their living directly by agricnltnre than by any other calling; and famine wonld overtake all civilized nations if one year's crop should fail. Agriculture is therefore called the "King of Arts." So nniversal is its bearing upon the interests of all classes that no man's head can be considered well furnished, till he knows the general principles of farming. Professional men of nearly all kinds aro continually brought in contact with farmers. Especially is this the case with teachers in ths Southern States. And the more exact and detailed a teacher's inforuation is on agricultural matters, the more he may enjoy the respect and confidence of those practical men who are the leaders of public opinion in rural communities.

II

To command the respect of practical neu, however, the student must know how narrow are the limits within which book knowledge is worth anything. Books caunot convey the skill of touch which enables its owner to select a valuable animal by the quality of its hair; nor can they give the practiced eye, which decides at a glance whether grass is at ths proper stage for cutting, or whether a clay field should be plowed to-day, or left till it is drier. Nor can hooks determine whether a side bill is too gravelly or too cold for wheat; whether *this* farm is worth ten dollars per acre more than *that*, and whether cattle farming in any particular locality is likely to pay better than raising grain. On all such matters the mere book theorist in agriculture would be as much at sea as the young physcian who has his volumes at his fingers' ends, and can prescribe for any disease which may be named to him; but cannot decide what *is* the matter, in his first case.

III

On all such questions as the above, practical men though prompt to laugh at any dogmatic intrusion upon their provinces, are especially eager to hear facts. They value these if modestly offered, and under a sense that tha experience recorded in books has been often gained under totally different circumstances from the case in hand. Books never do record all the circumstances. They deal in relative terms, and in results; generally leaving out such vital points as temperature and amount of rain fall, &c. For example, a first-rate authority on market gardening living in New York gives as a fixed rule that it will not pay to plant truck on land having a clay subsoil. While in the South, on the contrary, the rule is worthless, and a clay subsoil is often especially sought by truck growers. To trust books too far is to become the laughing stock of sensible men.

IV

The stndents of Hampton have not only the great privilege of seeing a fine farm successfully managed under their eyes and hands, but they are also thoroughly drilled in the elements of Agricultural science in their classrooms. The object of the present series of papers is to supplement tha knowledge thus attainable, by giving as many as possible of the practical ideas about farming which are not commonly found in text-books, but which the young farmer needs at the threshold of his experience, and for lack of which many men have thrown away the labor of years or of a lifetime. In treating of agriculture from this point of view it is hoped that useful hints may be given to the teachers who go out from Hampton into farming communities, and whose pupils may apply to them for advice. The whole future of those pupils may be determined by n word from an honored teacher, and much depends upon

STARTING RIGHT.

I

It is best for the young farmer to begin at the bottom of the ladder. He has a long course before him. In thirty years ha may reach a comfortable independence. If he tries to go faster he will usually sink into some enticing pitfall of speculation.

In every country neighborhood nro to be found a few men who have made money by legitimato farming, and who are not ashnued to use their own hands. After finding some such man, the young farmer can make the best use of two or three years, by working faithfully and diligently for him, and learning what he knows. If a young farmer has determined to be rich in thirty years, he can better afford to labor at first for a successful man for board and clothing only, than to receive high wages from a slip-shod fox hunter who calls himself unlncky.

II

After having given satisfaction to a critical master for two or three years, our beginner will find that though he may have put no money in his purse, and is apparently at the bottom of the ladder, he has really made the first great step upward. He has gotten a *character*. A man whose judgment is recognized in the place, has given him a thorough trial, and pronounced him steady, reliable and efficient. What is ths result?

Tho result is that though without a penny or an endorser he will find two classes of persons who are looking for just such men as he. Ths first class is of practical farmers who need foremen. The second class is of non-residents who must have hands who are trusty and not eye servants. Tho most successful farmer is ero be preferred as an employer: first, because such a man is moro likely to he able and willing to pay all who work for him; second, because something is to be learned from him.

III

Our beginner, looking steadily at the end of tho thirty years, will not be in too great a hnrry to start for himself. And in his early efforts to swim sgainst the current, he will wait till he finds soms solid ground under his feet, before he places the weight of another's arms around his neck. It is true that many young men save nothing until they get married, but this is their own folly. Every valuable farm hand, if single, ought to put by at least, $7.00 to $10.00 per month. If he sticks to this till he has laid up $500.00, he will have learnt the valus of little sums,—which is one of the most important lessons in the art of getting wealth. It is the tcstimony of every successful man, that it is more difficult to keep money than to make it.

IV

While working out for an employer, our beginner is gaining experience at the least risk of any period of his life. He has before him the example of a practical man laying out money: If losses occur, the employee gets a valuable warning; if gains result, the employee can some day try the same path. Moreover, while his own bank account is growing, he has many opportunities of seeing, in the experience of other young men, the folly of trying to farm without sufficient capital.

V

By these gradual steps upward, we will suppose our young farmer to have acquired a first rate character for steadiness, honesty, industry, and knowledge of his business. These things are capital in themselves, and are with in the reach of any one however poor. While acquiring them, he has formed fixed habits, and conquered many of his own weaknesses. He has now takcn a Rigbt Start on the road to an honorable career of prosperity. With his five hundred dollars, he is now, perhaps a man of sufficient experience to commence being his own employer. Only seven or eight years of the thirty are gone, and he finds himself in advance of *fully three-fourths* of the young men who began life when he did.

VI

At this stage of the life of our hero (for heroes are those who conquer little temptations), a land agent lights down upon him. The land agent has a nice little farm of fifty acres, for sale at a bargain. He don't want much down —say $200. Seeing the purchaser is such a *deserving young man*, the balance may remain on interest for four or five years. As a friend, the land agent would advise him not to let such a good chance slip. In the whole course of his experience in real estate, he had never known a more favorable opportunity to make a strike. The wood on the farm will nearly pay for it, &c., &c. Only $1,000.00 for the place and all but $200 might remain on interest. "Buy it! young man! Buy it!"

VII

Our advice would be, do nothing of the kind. You will find just as good bargains five years hence. "There are always as fine fish in the sea as have been caught." The wood would be worth very little without capital to handle and sell it to the best advantage. The farm itself will produce nothing without tools, seed, team and labor. If it is the labor of the owner, how is he to be fed? The $300 still in the bank would be soaked up directly as follows:

Cost of the cheapest horse worth owning,	$80.00
Cart harness, plow harness, and whiffletree	20.00
Cart, plows, drag, cultivator, scythe, axe, spade, hoe, forks, rake, shovel, curry-comb, brush, grind stone, wedges, chains, bags, baskets, steel-yard, half-bushel, hatchet, wrench, &c.,	110.00
Cow, pigs and poultry,	50.00
Seeds and plants,	30.00
Lastly, the wedding expenses	10.00
	$300.00

Even if the house were nicely furnished by a liberal father-in-law, how can the young man live, and pay interest on the remaining $800 due on the land?

VIII

All this fearful embarrassment and the consequent working at a disadvantage, and compulsory horrowing, could be avoided by not investing a penny in land so early in life.

Turning a deaf ear to the land agent, our hero sets himself to find a good piece of land which has been a little neglected and whose owner has not much taste or skill, and would be glad to put it out on shares. Such pieces are to be found easily enough, and after refusing a number of such, our prudent beginner, making haste slowly, will be likely to have a favorable opportunity. Here his good character will enable him to command good terms. And the more he can induce the owner to furnish of stock and tools the better. Thero will be plenty of room left to use $500 as working capital, to more advsntage.

IX

In making a hargain to farm on shares, the beginner should he very careful to have the contract drawn up in writing as definitely and clearly as possible. This is necessary even with the land owner who means to deal fairly because misunderstandings are constantly occurring when there is only memory to refer to. So far from making agreements with land owners whose neighbors do not consider them just men, it is much safer for beginners to avoid such altogether. Even a victory in a lawsuit is often ruinous to a poor man.

X

As a guide we give the following form, which can easily be varied, but as written it embraces the common features of such agreements in Eastern Virginia.

Articles of agreement made this first day of 1877, between John Doe of the County, of , in the State of Virginia, of the first part, and Richard Roe of the said County and State, of the other part, witnesseth that the said John Doe doth demise unto the said Richard Roe, his personal representatives and assigns, all that certain farm situate in the County of , in the State of Virginia, bounded on the North by the main road leading from to , on the East by the land of Adam Smith, on the South by the River and on the west by land now occupied by Piers Plowman; from the first day of January, 1877, for the term of three years thence ensuing, yielding therefor to the said John Doe during the said term, the rent of one-third the crops raised on said farm.

And it is agreed that said John Doe shall furnish three head of yearling cattle and ten pigs over three months old, at the beginning of each year of said term. And that all grain fed to said stock shall be out of the share of said Richard Roe. And that said stock shall be common property, share and share alike, and shall not be disposed of before the end of the said term of three years unless by consent of both parties hereto. Working teams are to be fed from the undivided crops.

It is further agreed that said Richard Roe shall have the use of half an acre of grouud adjoining the dwelling as a kitchen garden. And shall have the privilege of cutting as much timber as may be necessary for fencing upon the farm, and wood for his family.

And said John Doe agrees to pay all the taxes upon said property except the road tax, which is to he paid by said Richard Roe. And the said John Doe covenants that the said lessee shall have quiet enjoyment of his term.

The said Richard Roe covenants to deliver the said John Doe's third, at the South barn on said premises, without charge and in as good order as that in which his own crops are housed. The said Richard Roe further covenants that he will not assign without leave, that he will keep the fences in repair and pay the road tax. And to raise forty acres of Corn each year.

Witness the following signatures and seals.

JOHN DOE, [SEAL.]
RICHARD ROE, [SEAL.]

Witnesses at signing,
SOLON SHINGLE, JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Sometimes Richard Roe is not able to furnish team and seed and implements. John then furuishes half, and receives half the crops.

XI

The advantage of renting on shares over renting for cash are principally to be seen in bad seasons. When from drouth, or long rains, or insect enemies, the crops fail; the owner gets very little; while the tenant having dwelling, garden and fuel free, can raise his own meat and vegetables and make his poultry and butter pay his grocery bills; leaving him but little worse off for the bad season except his loss of time and wear of tools. Sometimes, however, it would be better to take the risk of renting for cash, as the money rent is often considerable cheaper in good seasons. The advantage of either method of renting over buying, are that the farmer who rents has the most money left to buy stock with. And he can turn a small capital over much more rapidly in livo stock than in land.

XII

The farmer whose money is all wrapped up in land is compelled to sell his grain for want of stock to eat it. Such farmers are getting this year, fifty cents per bushel for corn. The same corn fed to hogs would be worth one dollar per bushel, provided dressed pork brings six cents per pound. The man who has ready money enough to buy hogs at the right time can thus realize twice as much money for his corn as his neighbor who owns land but has not enough working capital to stock it.

XIII

It is a golden rule in farming never to plant a grain crop on poor land. But if the farmer have no working capital to buy stock to make manure, he can't help himself. He is compelled to raise poor crops.

It costs about $5 per acre to draw out manure and enrich a field so as to bring its crop of corn from five barrels up to eight per acre. The three barrels are the product of only $5 of working capital. How many barrels would the same five dollars have yielded, clear of expense, if put into land? Not more than one.

XIV

The fact is that many farmers are "land poor," because they have not clearly understood that land alone is of no more use than gold to a starving sailor on a raft. The money made by farmers is not in proportion to ths size of their farms, but in proportion as they have working capital, and know how to use it. And if our beginner does not own a foot of land for ten years after he has commenced to farm for himself, he will be better off—provided he and his wife know enough not to spend their working capital for things which *can be done without*.

If, however, the young farmer finds that he is fond of attending auctions, or discovers that either he or bis wife have a habit of buying things because they are "nice," or because they are "cheap," or for any other reason than absolute necessity; then his only chance to escape shipwreck, may be to run in debt for a farm. Debt is a hard master, but it will stop him, if anything will, from fooling away his money. It is a sad fact that not one man in ten can rely upon hiuself and his family to refuse always to buy that which they could somehow manage to do without. Therefore, as a general rule, it is better to put money into land, lest it take wings and escape.

In buying a farm, the next thing in importance after healthful location, is the natural productiveness of the soil. That this should be considered before price is evident. Land rich enough without manure, to bring eight barrels of corn pays the farmer over two dollars per day for his labor. While on land which brings only four barrels, the farmer is paid scarcely one dollar per day. The rich land is cheap at thirty dollars per acre, because each acre after paying tha cost of cultivation, yields more profit than the interest on thirty dollars. While the poor land pays no interest, and would be dear as a gift, unless the farmer has means to enrich it.

XV

Rich land in a productive state is often too high-priced for a poor man. But the richest lands are often unproductive from want of drainage simply, and can be bought at a real bargain. The young farmer should be awake to seize such chances of getting rich land cheap. Some of the most successful farmers have found their fortunes in just that way.

A very simple levelling apparatus may be made as follows: Take a fence board eight inches wide and sixteen feet long. Plane one edge so as to be straight. Nail a leg three feet long at each end of the board. Set the board on its legs, straight side up. A carpenter's level on top the board will tell you how much the lowest leg needs to be raised. Raise it till the straight edge is level, and measure with a pocket rule the height of the leg from the ground. This height is the difference of level between the ends. Make a note of it, and move the apparatus sixteen feet farther. Level and measure as before, and add or subtract as the case may require, from the previous note. Or by putting all the down hill measures on one side of the page, and the up hill measures on the other, the difference of their sums will give the difference of level of two places. By this contrivance it is easy to ascertain without employing an engineer how much fall ean be had, and whether it is practicable to drain a piece of low land.

XVI

In choosing a farm next after healthfulness and fertility comes the question of nearness to market. The importance of this depends upon the particular branches which the skill, means or inclination of the farmer leads him

to follow. There are advantages and disadvantages in being near cities and they are so nicely balanced that good managers grow rich in each location. Everything depends upon the man. A shrewd farmer of small means, by locating twenty miles from town, gets good land cheap. In ten years the value of his land is likely to double by the increase of population around him, and by the growth of his orchards and the improved productiveness of the soil. Meanwhile he can rednce his expenses of transportation hy converting his grain and hay into cattls and colts which will carry themselves to market.

XVII

Having formed a clear idea of what particular line of farming is most in accordance with his tastes and his capital, our young farmer considers every plac offered him with reference to these points specially. And, seeing the sad results all around him of hasty and ill-considered purchasing, he takes his time, and will not be hurried in choosing. He will have nothing to do with poor land at any price, nor will he be tempted by cheapness to buy in an unhealthy place, nor to run much in debt and use up all his working capital in paying interest and other expenses. He had rather buy only a very small farm.

XVIII

After finding a place as near as possible suited to his case, it is well for the young farmer to remember that everything he is doing now should be for the permanent benefit of his land and with a view of making his labors easy as old age comes upon him and his strength lessens. He should therefore keep steadily in view the following ideas, much as they differ from ordinary practice.

First, It is possible so to msnage land that while yielding good crops its fertility is constantly increasing.

Second, It is possible to give his live stock such care in hreeding and management that they will command better prices than those of his neighbors.

Third, By care in selecting seed year after year, he may make his grain crop saleable for sced at an advance.

Fourth, By planting a tenth of his land in applctrees of the most showy and productive market kinds and not more than two or three varieties, he may realize a hundred per cent. on the investmcnt.

Fifth, By striet integrity in pnttiag up his products, he may mske his stamp bring an extra price.

Sixth, By giving his sons or apprentices a little ground to tend for themselves, or stock to raise, he will interest them in looking after his interests and remsining with him.

Seventh, An Agricultural paper is worth its cost for the hints it will furnish.

Eighth, It is much safer to raise a vsriety of crops than to trust all to one crop.

Ninth, By honesty and industry and s constsat study how to mske the best use of every minute, he has more chances to become wealthy and respected at farming than at any other profession for which he is equally fitted. Civil rights and honors naturally follow those who show that they can make and keep money and deserve respect.

"I SCRUBS."

"What have my class done for Jesus since last we met?" asked the teacher of a large infant class one Sabbath morning.

One said, "I have earned some money for the hesthen by doing errands," another, I tend our sick baby;" another, "I fetch hunchback Billy to school, with the boys a-laughing at me." One after another told, in a half-bashful, half-exultant way, of the little activities and self-denials of the week, so pleasing to the teacher, and still more to him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

At last a little four-year-old hand was stretched up, and moved hastily to und fro to attract the teacher's attention.

"Well, my dear, what are you doing to plesse Jesus?"

The little eager face flushed with excitement as the unexpected reply came, "I scrubs."

Some of the older children tittered; but the teacher sobered them at once by saying,

"Yes, little Molly's share in the work my class is doing for Jesus is as important as any. If she tries to help her mother by scrubbing a bench or a table, even if it has to be done over after her, she earns the same smile of love as the older ones who can do errands and earn money for the missionary-box."

"She hath done what she could," is the highest praise that can be spoken of any one; and little Molly has done that.

"Mother," said a little girl who had just come in from the new-fallen snow, "the snow is such a pure, pure white, that I could not help saying in my heart again that little verse, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

That is a sweet prayer, and one which we should all use.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH.

His little dimpled hands were crossed,
His face looked saintly fair,
With npturned eyes of tender blue
And waves of golden hair,
As by his dainty couch he knelt
To lisp his evening prayer.

"Dear Lord," he said, "I want to know
If you will bless to-night
All naughty, wild and wicked boys—
The boys who swear and fight?
Please, too, to help those dreadful ones
Who steal and run away.
And never, never do what's right
Through all the blessed day."

Amazed, his mother heard the plea,
And wonderingly she said,
"Why, what, my darling child, has put
Such fancies in your head?
Why don't you pray for brother Charles
And little cousin Fred?"

"Why should I pray for them, mamma?
They're good, and happy, too;
The Lord has done enough for them,
I want Him now to do
Something for those poor friendless chaps
Who *must* be cross and bad
Because they've nothing in the world
To mske them good or glad."

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Oh, wisdom of the child's pure heart!
Oh, sweet and loving creed,
That gives such tender, pitying thought
To souls in direst need!
Could schoolmen, with their varied lore,
A larger lesson, teach?
Or churchmen from the sacred desk,
Diviner doctrine preach?

—*Home Journal.*

At Home.

LUCK AND LABOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A SOULE.

Luck doth wait, standing idly at the gate—
Wishing, wishing all the day;
And at night, without a fire, without a light,
And before an empty tray,
Doth sadly say:
"To-morrow something may turn up;
To-night on wishes I must sup."

Labor goes, plowing deep the fertile rows—
Singing, singing all the day;
And at night, before the fire, beside the light,
And with a well-filled tray,
Doth gladly say:
"To-morrow I'll turn something up;
To-night on wages earned I sup."

—*St. Nicholas*

BRACKETS.

Pretty and very useful corner brackets can be shaped and made without difficulty, and covered with embroidery, damask or rep. Round the shelf or bracket a piece of the same material with the furniture cover or lambrequin may be cut in points or scolloped and finished with heavy frings. These pieces are often beautifully embroidered on Java or canvas, and the brackets when finished are quite ornamental as well as nsefnl. Leathar work or plus cones varnished are often worked up into very fanciful brackets, and are quite strong and durable.

FOOTSTOOLS AND OTTOMANS

May be mannfactnred ont of old boxes, peck or half bnshel measurss, or long store boxes. Nail old bagging loosely on the top, leaving ons side open till yon havs filled it svnly, plumply (not too hard) with cotton, hay, moss or Excelsior. Then nail ths canvas very tightly all round, and covar with embroidery, or with material to match the furnitnrs. Covsr ths edges with gimp or fringe. Nail a piece of oil cloth over the bottom to maks it slids easily over the carpet when wishing to movs it. Or the top may be fastened by a piess of strong leather or hinges to ons side of the box and stuffed, and covered and trimmed as described above, and thus not only ths footstool or ottoman is severed, bnt a box for plsces, work or anything necessary. In this case there should be castors on ths bottom to movs it, when filled, without trouble.

These srs only a few of the comforts, conveniences and really elegant articles that can be maanfactured by one's own ingenuity, skill and perseverance, saving mach moaey, and gaining more comfort and pleasurs.

A VICTIM TO KITCHEN SLOPS.—Soms fifteen or more yesrs ago a young man in ths village of C——, Potter County, Penn., built him a house and store and commenced trading. Just beneath and to one side of this men's sleeping-room was a filthy pool several feet in diameter, caused by the kitchen slops which flowed from the sink out through a leaden pipe. In the spring following the occupation of the premises, the wife was taken sick of bilious fever, but after a long illness recovered. The next autumn the man took ths fever and died. The store and goods were sold to satisfy the New York creditors, paying some twenty-fivs or thirty cents on a dollar. Thus ended the life and usefulness of a young, active, and highly respectable man, a probable victim to slops. To be so engrossed in the pursuit of earthly good as to forget the simplest and plainest laws of health and common decency, is, to say the least, poor policy.—K.

IT IS SAID, that a powerful yet cheap disinfectant may be made by dissolving a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint of boiling water, and two drschms of common salt in a bucket of water. When both are dissolved pour the two mixtures together, and when the sediment has settled there will be a pail full of clear fluid, which is a saturated solution of the chloride of lead. A cloth saturated with the liquid and hung up in a room will at once sweeten a fetid atmosphere.

CURE FOR POISONING.

A physician says that sweet oil is not only an antidote to the bite of the rattlesnake, but will cure poison of any kind, both on man and beast. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound, for a cure. To cure a horse it takes sight times as much as for a man.

TREATMENT OF BURNS.—On the instant of the accident, plunge the part under cold water. This relieves the pain in a second and allows all hands to becoms composed. If the part cannot be kept under watsr, covsr it over with dry flonr, an inch deep or more. In many instances nothing more is needed after the flour; simply let it remain until it falls off, when a new skin will be found under. In sevrer cases, simmer a leek or two in an earthen vessel, with half their hulk of hog's-lerd, until the leeks are soft, then strain through a muslin rag. This makes a greenish-colored ointment, which, when cool, spread thickly on a linen cloth and apply it to the injured part. If there are blisters let ont the water. When ths part becomes feverish and uncomfortable renew the ointment, and a rapid, painless cure will be ths result. If the patient, in the meanwhile, lives exclusively on fruits, coarse bread, and other light, loosening diet

KINGSLEY says, "If you wish to be miserable you must think about *yourself*; about what *you* want, what *you* like, what respect people ought to pay *you*, what people think of *you*; and then to *you* nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

JOURNALISM TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

There seems to have been a necessity since time immemorial, smoag at least half-civilized nations, to bring events of importance to the knowledge of the people by the medium of writing. To this purpose answered the hierogiyphic inscriptions of ths Egyptians, the tombs of Babylon covered with Assyian characters, the Phoenician tablets, and the well known Marmor Radium.

The first Roman Journal, over two thonsand years ago, appesred only once a year. This paper, intended especially to be read by ths public, wes known by the title Annales Maximi. The editor of this paper was Pontifex Maximus, whose duty it was to chronicls all the important events of the year. The news was written on white wooden tablets, and attached to the residences of the citizens. It must have been a very curious sight to see the old Romans crowding around these tablets to get a look at the latest news. But the thirst after knowledge end of ths people grew rapidly, end in snch a measure that the government, the only issuer of the journal, found itself obliged to issue a deily. It is very interesting to know that some of these journals, having resched 2041 years, are still in existence.

The name of the journal was Acta Populi Romana Diurna, and appesred daily either as Albani, *i. e.*, while the tablets hung out in public, or the contents were written with red chalk on the walls of the houses. The contents of this journal comprised what would be classed as daily news in our modern papers; from the want of the necessary material, political srticles were not to be had. Nevertheless, according to the views of the Roman government, it was a true journal and intended as reading matter for the public, which might also be inferred from the fact that the archives of stats were carved in bronze and were inaccessible to the public. Perhaps it would be of interest to some of our readers to peruse a copy of a verbsl translation from the oldest journal known, issued ons hundred and sixty-eight years before the birth of Christ: "Consul Sicinius was the acting judge to-dsy. There was a heavy thunder storm and the lightning split an oak at the foot of the hills of Veli. In a hostelry, at the foot of the hill of James, there wes a fight in which the landlord was badly wounded. Titinius punished soms butchers for selling soms meat that had not been inspected; the money thus paid was used to erect a chepel to the Goddess Lavera. The broker Ansinius fled from town to-day, taking money with him belonging to other peopls; he was caught and had to refund the money. The brigand Demiphon, who was captured by Offi cer Nerva, has been crucified to-day. The fiotilla from Asia arrived to-day."

You can see from this that it was in olden time pretty much the same as in our dsys; we only wish that our officials would attend to the butchers as well as Titinius did. It must be of interest to our journalists to know that Julius Cæsar, the greatest of all Romans, paid special attention to journalism. He saw the necesity of instructing his people in everything occurring in the state; and we find this quotation in Suetonius:

"Julius Cæsar, as soon as he had entered his public office, caused not only to be writtes, but also spread among the people, the proceedings of the Senate."

Thie was the first political paper; and, as it contained news about building, births, deathe, executions and anecdotes, it can be likened very much to our modern paper. It seems incredible, but it can be proved, that already in the olden time, there were stenographers who took down the speeches made in the senate or in public. They were called notsril; and we find a place in Suetonius whers Augustus is angry because the stenographers reported the speech of Cæsar for Metsllus in a very imperfect manner. There must have been reporters, judging from a letter of Cicero to Cœlius; also, private reporters, who gathered the news and sent them by the circus publicus, an institution similar to our mail, throughout ths provinces.

You can see from this that Atelba's saying, "There is nothiag new nndor the sun," is verified once more—*Translated from the German.*

HARD TIMES CONQUERED.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

round the long table in the middle of the room where lay the school-books and straw all ready *matchined* for braiding, while the old

seated at the table. Too much absorbed in his troubled thoughts to notice the suppressed excitement plainly visible on every face, or if he noticed, knowing they understood his fears,

the simpler the better—may be used; but for young children,—or any pupils, indeed,—it is far better to bogin with oral teaching and such lanauara lessons as these. They are not ar-

HARD TIMES CONQUERED.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

About seventy years ago, a physician with a young family springing up around him, consulting his wife as all good husbands find it prudent to do, bought a large farm in one of our New England States where every farmer truly earns his living by the sweat of his brow. Both felt that nowhere could their children be trained to industry and frugality so thoroughly as on a good farm.

Of course the Doctor was obliged to "run in debt" for this property and give a mortgage on the place. The payments were to be made quarterly, and promptly, or the whole would be forfeited and revert to the original owner. In those days physicians were not likely to become millionaires in a hurry, and though his practice was large the pay was small and not always sure. He therefore looked to the farm to bring forth the means to release him from the bondage of debt; and the children even to the youngest, were taught to labor for, and look forward eagerly to, the time "when we have paid for the farm!"

The creditor was the doctor's father-in-law, through his first wife, and while the good old gentleman lived, if by any mishap or over-press of business the quarterly payment had been delayed, it would have been kindly excused. But for the ten or fifteen years that he lived after the sale of the farm, there had not been one delay in payment, though now and then there would come a time when it was very hard work to secure the needed sum in time, for even in the olden days "hard times" were often found prowling about, to the great terror of our hard-working New England farmers. But little by little the heavy debt was diminishing, and they were looking forward, hopefully, to the year of Jubilee, when they could sit under their own vine and fig-tree with none to molest and make them afraid.

At this period the father-in-law died. He had but two children—daughters. The younger, the Doctor's wife, died childless. The elder married a hard, close, scheming man, who, knowing that his wife and children would inherit this property, in case the payments were not promptly met, lost no opportunity of remarking that Dr. Mason's farm would doubtless soon come into his hands, as with his large family he must fail by and by.

The financial troubles which the war of 1812 had caused, as all wars are sure to do, were not yet adjusted. Money was scarce and payments very difficult. Ten children now filled the old house with merriment and gladness; but they were to be clothed and educated.

Let us see how successfully they had been taught to make their high spirits and resolute wills cheerful auxiliaries in lifting the burden which, since their grandfather's death, was pressing heavily upon their parents.

At the time of which we write, among other crops, rye was extensively raised. It was used for food among the farmers quite as much as wheat, but was also valuable for other purposes. When full-grown, but still in the milk, large quanties were cut to be used for "braiding." The heads were used for "fodder;" the stalks, after being soaked in strong hot soap-suds, were spread on the grass for the sun to whiten. When sufficiently bleached and ready for use, they were cut at each joint, the husk stripped off, and the straw thus prepared tied in pound bundles for sale.

Bonnets, then, meant something more than a small bit of silk or velvet with a flower or feather attached, and the "straw braid" for making them was in great demand. Boys and girls were alike taught to braid, and the long winter evenings were not spent idly. Dr. Mason raised large crops of rye, and each child, almost as soon as weaned, was taught to *braid*, and was soon able to do much by it toward clothing himself. At six years of age, a dollar a week was easily earned; at eight, three dollars; and in something of that proportion up to the eldest.

Does any one think such a life, with such an object in view, was hard or cruel? Never was there a greater mistake. It was of immense value to these young spirits. They had something real, that they could understand, to labor for. There was life and courage and true heroism in it. An education—with here and there, to be sure, some rough places to pass over—which was worth more to them than all the money millionaires bequeath their sons and daughters—an education which prepared them in after life to be courageous and self-helpful.

It is this kind of training that has made New England's sons and daughters strong and self-reliant, and the lack of it which makes these *hard times* such a horror, that we hear of so many who seek death by their own hands as preferable to the struggle for better times.

In the long winter evenings when the labor of the day was over, the children home from school, and the "chores" all finished, the candles were lighted and the evening work began. The mother in her corner was busy making and mending for her large family. The doctor, if not with the sick, smoked and read opposite her. The children gathered round the long table in the middle of the room where lay the school-books and straw all ready *machined* for braiding, while the old fire-place, heaped with blazing logs of hickory, oak, and fragrant birch, made the room warm and cheerful. Here, with their backs fastened open before them to the next day's lessons, the children with nimble fingers plaited the straw and studied their lessons at the same time. For children taught to be industrious usually carry the principles thus developed into the school-room, and are ambitious to keep as near the head of the class as possible.

Such a family as this was well equipped to meet and conquer adversity. For several days Dr. Mason had been unusually grave and silent. All noticed it, but no remarks were made until evening, when he came to supper, so unmistakably worried and despondent that his wife enquired if he was not well.

"Yes, well enough. But, Lucy, I have so far been unable to collect money for our quarterly payment. So much is due me that I had no fears but that enough would be promptly paid to save me any trouble."

"How much is lacking?"

"Not quite a hundred dollars; but it might as well be thousands for any chance I now see of getting it in season. There is now so much sickness about, that, as you know, I have had no rest, and little time to collect money. If not ready before midnight to-morrow we are ruined. I have kept it from you as long as I dared, still hoping that those who ought to pay me would do so."

"Have you told them how very important it is that you have the money?"

"No; I did not wish to speak of it. Mr. H. is watching greedily for a 'slip,' and we need expect no mercy at his hands. Under our hard labor and good care this farm has risen greatly in value—too much so for him to spare us an hour if he can once get hold of it. I am about discouraged. It is the darkest spot we have seen yet. But I must be off and shall probably be kept out all night. To think there is not forty-eight hours between us and ruin! And my hands so tied by several bad cases that I may not find one hour to try and make up the little that is needed.

For a few minutes after the doctor left, the children stood silent and sad, watching their mother. At last she said,

"Children, we can help father through this, and save our home, if you are willing to submit to some little self-denial. No; I should have said to *great* self-denial. Each of you has worked diligently to buy new garments for winter. You need them, and deserve them, and I should be so happy and proud to see you all neat and comfortable. But to help father, are you willing to let me try to clean, mend, or make over your old clothes, and use what you have earned to help brighten this dark day? The braid you have on hand, and what is now due at the store, is all your own, or to be expended for your own clothes, and if each one of you is not *perfectly willing*, I don't wish you to give it up."

It was a beautiful sight to see those eager faces watching their mother, ready to answer the moment she had finished; for in the olden time children were taught that it was disrespectful to interrupt anyone when speaking, even when, as in this case, it was difficult to keep silent. But the reply when given was prompt, enthusiastic, and what she had confidently looked for.

"Thanks, dear children!' Now, then, Easton, First bring me all your braid, and let us see how much it will come to."

The braid, in ton-yard rolls, was brought and its value estimated.

"With that which is now due us at the store we have nearly sixty dollars! Well done, for all these little fingers! But now we must devise a way to make up the remainder. Your father spoke last night of a large quantity of straw which, if cut, would bring in something. He will be away all night. If you work well, we can cut many pounds before midnight. Now, girls, help me wash the dishes, while your brothers bring, before dark, the straw we can cut to-night."

By the time the candles were lighted, all was ready to begin.

The younger children were excused at their usual bedtime, but the others worked with their mother till the tall clock in the corner struck one. Then all retired for a few hours' rest.

Dr. Mason returned home in season for breakfast, and his wife enquired if the eldest son could drive her over to the neighboring town to dispose of some braid for the children. He replied that he must be gone again all day, and neither son nor team could well be spared from important work at home. But a strange thing followed this implied refusal. Mrs. Mason, who never allowed her plans or wishes to interfere with her husband's now repeated her request, and urged it till he yielded, from sheer surprise, apparently, that his wife could be so persistent.

The doctor went his usual round, and the mother and son departed on their mysterious errand. Their business accomplished, they returned well satisfied and ready for supper when the father arrived.

A deeper gloom was on his face when he entered; but no word was spoken till all were seated at the table. Too much absorbed in his troubled thoughts to notice the suppressed excitement plainly visible on every face, or if he noticed, knowing they understood his fears, he did not wonder.

Then, in a slightly agitated voice, his wife enquired:

"Have you been successful in obtaining the money?"

He shook his head, but remained silent. Each young quivering face was turned first toward him, then with earnest, questioning glance to this mother.

"Do not be discouraged, dear, even at this late hour."

"Are you wild, Lucy? There are but six hours between us and ruin. Can you talk of hope now? I have none."

With a warning gesture to the children she rose, stepped to her husband's chair and and passing her arm round his neck, said, gently, caressingly:

"Yet still hope on my husband; God will not forsake us."

He moved impatiently from under her arm; but, as he did so, she dropped a roll into his bosom and turned toward her chair.

"Lucy! Lucy! what is this? Where did you get it?"

All was wild excitement. Each child laughing, sobbing, shouting, but one glance from that strong but gentle mother quelled the confusion, and she replied:

"It is our children's offering, and sufficient to make up the needed sum. I persisted in going away this morning against your wishes, because I saw no other escape. We cut the straw last night—many willing hands made quick work; I sold it, and their braid added to it, with what was already due them, completed the sum."

Those who witnessed that scene will never forget it: Dr. Mason with his arm around his wife, and both in tears, calling her all happy names; the children clinging about their parents, so joyful that home was saved and they had helped to save it.

"But Charlie into the wagon, quick. If he fails me not, the six miles between here and M—will be the shortest I ever rode. I shall be home before bedtime to thank you all. I cannot now. I hope we shall never come so near ruin again."

And they never did. In two years the last dollar was paid, and then Dr. Mason vowed he would never owe anyone a cent. He kept his vow.—*Christian Union.*

HAMPTON INSTITUTE LECTURES ON TEACHING.

BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

LECTURE XIII.

LANGUAGE LESSONS.

The old-fashioned way of teaching grammar was to go straight through a text book from cover to cover—Etymology, Syntax and Prosody, definitions and paradigms and interminable lists of prepositions, and conjunctions and adverbs,—skipping nothing, explaining little, but ruling it in with an unremitting course of parsing through Milton's Paradise Lost, till all pupils' associations with that grand epic were of hateful and prosy tasks, while his own speech and writing were suffered to go uncorrected.

One of the new ways of studying it, is to wade as wearily through, not one book, but book after book, each one larger than the last and fuller of bewildering rules and labyrinthine analysis. Sometimes a teacher is ordered to carry his class to just such a lesson and page in just such a time. The victim's position is meted out without any thought of its being worth while to measure his capacity. He is to swallow the quart whether or no he holds more than a pint. "Cram that down, and be quick about it—and ready for the next dose." A mind that is not developed to the point of analyzing its own processes is expected to follow the subtle windings and doublings of every new book-maker's mole-tracks through unsolved sentences. Worse yet, he has often to write out the whole analysis, page after page, after an utterly incomprehended pattern, piling one new-coined polysyllabled term upon another till his own wits are buried beneath the monument to the author's ingenuity. Still worse, when he has finished one book, and even could he dimly understand it, he has no sure ground to stand upon. The next school he goes to, or perhaps the next year in the same school, a new book is presented to him, with new definitions, and new analyses, and new terms, between which he has no power of discriminating. This book says so and so,—yes; but the last book says *not* so and so; and another says something else. He is in a quaking bog, with no firm footing anywhere, and nothing certain except that it is all mud. The worst of it all is that after all is done, his own English is not improved—how should it be?

That this is no fancy sketch, many unhappy teachers and pupils can testify.

If grammar be indeed what every text book declares it to be, at the outset,—the science and art of reading and speaking correctly, then no system can be good which will not secure such correctness. Teachers who feel perplexed on the subject, and unable to interest or profit their pupils, will be glad of the following suggestions from Prof. F. A. Allen, of a simple and sensible system of language lessons.

They are not intended to entirely supersede the use of text books. A simple text book—the simpler the better—may be used; but for young children,—or any pupils, indeed,—it is far better to begin with oral teaching and such language lessons as these. They are not arranged here in any precise order, but may be taken up according to the preference of the teacher. Most of them have been used at Hampton, before or since their suggestion by Professor Allen, and with great satisfaction and profit.

SUGGESTIONS BY PROF. F. A. ALLEN.

1*st. Teach to Converse.* Have some subject, familiar and interesting, and talk about it. Say, for instance, crabs, or fishing, or the different kinds of vessels, if you live by the sea; or trees, nuts, birds, squirrels, mountains, if you live by these,—no matter what, if only the pupils have enough knowledge of it to talk about it intelligently. Get the pupils, one at a time, to tell you something they know about it—about different sorts of animals and their habits, say; set them to watching ants and other creatures. Then let them come and talk about it all. When the child gets comfortably through what he wants to say, then correct his mistakes, and let the rest do it if they can.

2*d, Compile Current Bad Syntax.* Don't give your pupils to learn, lists of bad syntax which they never have heard, and which will merely give them new errors, but have them watch each other's mistakes and their own and any they hear, and report them. And always have them show why and how they are wrong, as well as give the correct expression.

3*d, Printing and Writing the Reading Lesson.* If they cannot write, let them print the reading lesson or part of it, and instead of reading it from the reading book, read it from their own slates or papers. That will teach them all at the same time—spelling, punctuation, words, style, and reading manuscript; while dwelling on the lesson to write it will make them understand it and catch the ideas more thoroughly.

4*th, Copying Sentences and Poetry.* This is about like number three. Their copies should, of course, be carefully corrected for mistakes in spelling, punctuation, capital letters, paragraphing, grammar, or—in poetry—proper arrangement of lines. Such copying is admirable for forming habits of accuracy, and for accustoming the eye to the look of a word correctly spelled. It will surprise almost anyone who tries it for the first time, to find how many mistakes he will make in copying one plain page of printing. In copying a little, day after day, from the good selections in his reader, the pupil gets repeated practice upon the words most used, and learns new words, and gets a habit of observation, and sees for himself how good writers punctuate and spell, and express themselves.

5*th, Written Requests.* If a pupil wants to leave the room, get a drink, go home, or what not, instead of speaking or holding up his hand, let him write out his request neatly on a slip of paper already provided and lying on my desk for such purposes, and he steps up and lays it on my desk, or hands it to me. I keep all given to me, in one pile on my desk, look them over at night, and return them the next day, if necessary, for correction.

6*th, Story Telling.* Tell or read (better tell) the class some short, interesting story. Then have them (at once, or the next day, as they are able,) repeat it to you, using their own words or such of yours as they can. Be careful at first, merely to make sure they get all the simple facts. Then criticize their language, and then their style.

7*th, Writing Out the Story on their Slates.* This is a good varintion of number six, as grammar is the science of writing as well as speaking correctly.

8*th, Writing it on Paper.* This may be done with pencil or ink, according to their ability; but should, in either case, be done with all possible care. Do not be satisfied with a shabby, slovenly exercise when the pupil can do it better.

{1st. Neatness.
{2d. Uniformity of handwriting.
{3d. Grammatical construction.
{4th. Style.

9*th, Narration of Their Own*

{1st. Of some actual scene.
{2d. Of some imaginary scene.
{3d. Some systematized story.

Some of this may be too difficult for your pupils. Don't go ahead too fast with them, but only as you see them increasing in ability. Let the stories not be too long, to tire the listeners. Train them to an animated style, and to saying a good deal in a few words.

10*th. Description.*

{1st. Of Persons.
{2d. Of Things.
{3d. Of Places.

This, of course, needs your care—that the descriptions of persons do not grow into personalities.

[An excellent plan we have tried at Hampton is the German one of picture-reading. Hang up a picture—say, from the SOUTHERN WORKMAN—and let the class examine it awhile, and then see which can find out the most things in it, or give the best description of it. This is exceedingly interesting to pupils, and trains their eyes to see and their minds to act, with quickness and accuracy. Let them look about them, and describe what they see,—the room, the view from the windows. You will be surprised, first perhaps, at their inability, but soon by their improvement.—ED.]

11*th, Letter-Writing.* Going through a course of school studies will not make a pupil write a good, fair letter, unless he is taught that, too, either by his teacher or his own observation. Teach your pupils the common forms of letter-

writiag, nnd practice them in it, critleizing,

1st. Date, and address.
2d. Substance and close.
3d. Signature, folding and superscription.

12th, Instruction in Different Kinds of Letters. It is very good to let your pupils practice writing different kinds of letters, anitnble for different occasions. Such, for instance, as the following:

Expressing wants.
Family letters.
Letters of friendship.
Business letters.
Invitations.
Letters of condolence.
" " congratulation.
Asking for situation as teacher.

These nre suggested to aid the teacher's selection. Other subjects may easily be found. Teach them that business letters must be short and to the point, saying all in few and clear words; that letters of friendship should be natural, as much as possible like talking. Teach them to avoid stiff and set expressions, and to say what they feel. Teach them the right forms of invitations.

A want of edncation shows more in letter-writing than in most wnys. A misspelled, clumsy and slovenly letter has often lost the writer n good situation; and a fair, legible and well-expressed one has often been the introdnction to a larger sphere.

THE WOUNDED CURLEW.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

By yonder sandy eove where, every day,
The tide flows in nnd ont,
A lonely bird in somhre brown and grey
Limps patiently nbout;

Aud round the hasin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringiug weed,
He steals, or ou the rocky ledge doth staud,
Crying, with none to heed.

But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply;
Sometimes the air rings with their musie clear,
Sonuding from sea and sky.

And then. O then his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain,
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.

Wounded and lame and langnishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in his prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
Brings tears of wistfulness;
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
None may his wrongs redress.

O bright-eyed boy ! was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain,
Than to make sorrow that must mar tho day
With snch despairing pain ?

O children, drop the gun, the cruel stone !
O listen to my words.
And hear with me tho wounded curlew moan—
Have morey on the birds !

Longfellow's Residence, Cambridge.

Few private houses in the United States nre so well known as the residence of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, so oftcu has it been described by affectionate untiquarians and enthusiastic pilgrims. It is not only the home of our most celebrated poet; it nlso surpasses in historic interest any building in New England, with the sole exception of Faneuil Hall. Its nge, as compared with thät of other Cambridge houses, is not great. It was built in 1759, by Col. John Vassall, a firm loyalist, who fled to England in 1775, his property in Cambridge and Boston having been confiscated. Its next occupant was Col. John Glover, a hold little Marblehead soldier, who quntrered some of his troops in the spacious structure. When Washington rode into Cambridge, on Sunday, June 2d, 1775, he was greatly pleased with the appenrance of the house, and, hnving had it cleaned, he established himself therein during the same month. Martha Washington nrrived at the house in December, and Washington remained in it until April of the following year. The southeast room on the first floor Washington took for his study, in which the councils of war were all held during the stay of the commander-in-chief in Cambridge. He slept just overhead, always retiring nt nine o'clock. The spacious room behind the study, which Mr. Longfellow now uses for his library, was occupied by Washington's military family, as n rule a pretty large one. A general's "military family," in English parlance, comprised his whole staff. Washington was not averse to a certain amount of official splendor, and was luckily rich enough to carry out his whim in the matter of mnking his assistants a part of his ordinary household. Trumbull, the artist, complained, rather sarcastically, that he, for one, could not keep his head up in thn magnificent society of the house. "I now found myself," he averred, "in the family of one of the most distinguished men of the age, surrounded at his table by the principal officers of the army, nnd in constant intercourse with them. It was further my duty to receive company and do the honors of the house to many of the first people of the country." But Washington was thrifty and frugal personally; and his generous maintenance at his own cost, of a sort of court, was of great service to the colonial cause. The owners of the house after the revolutiou were, Nathaniel Tracy (whom Washington visited for an hour in 1789), Thomas Russell and Dr. Andrew Cragie. Talleyrand and Lafayette slept in it, and in 1833, Jared Sparks commenced to keep house within its historie rooms. Everett und Worcester, the lexicographer, also occupied it for a time, and Mr. Longfellow took up his abode in it in 1837. At first, he merely rented a room, establishing himself in Washington's southeast hed-chamber. Here he wrote "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night." In the dweiling, in one roon nnd another, almost all his hooks, save the two which date from his Bowdoin professorship, have been produced. Longfellow lind not long been an occupant of the house before he bought it. Its timbers are perfectly sound. The lawn in front is neatly kept, and across the street there stretches a green meadow as far as the hanks of the Charles, bought hy the poet to preserve his view. Mr. Longfellow himself, as he draws near seventy, is a fine picture of beautiful manhood. It has been remarked by his friends that his health has much improved since he delivered his poem, "Morituri Salutamus," at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduntion. Aml all Canbridge, down to coal-henvers and hod-carriers, reveres him for his benignity, and remembers him not only as a poet, but as a kind and gentle man.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Did Farragut Lash Himself to the Mast?

Page the artist, who painted the portrait of Farragut lashed to the mast, writes, that the rare old hero did lash himself to the mast, as depicted, the new "evidence" to the contrary notwithstanding. And the artist gives to the public these interesting reminiscences:

"During the earlier part of the day, Farragut was on the other side of the ship—that is, on the side where I do not represent him. The torpedo grounl was already passed over, Sand Island passed, and perhaps the fort. At all events, he decided to change his position, and go up the shrouds on this side of the mainmast, where I have placed him, whether it was for a better view alone, or to avoid the noise and smoke of the howitzer overhoad, or because he had no further need of the speaking-tube attached to the shroud and running along down to the deck. Indeed, I cannot remember now if he told me precisely why he came down and went up on this side. I know he said he did so; and that while crossing the deck he saw a 'yarn' (using his own word), and remarked to mo that it was 'just tho thing'—because while up on the other side the thought passed through his mind, that if he were stunned or disabled, his body would be shied off into the water by tho shronds, and not caught on the deck, even as your correspondent suggests. And he said: 'Then my wife and hoy would not have my body even.' I got the impression that perhaps he thought there was, after all, some foolhardiness in his previous exposure. (It seems rather severe to dissect a man's heart at snch a moment.) So, he said, he picked up tho 'yarn,' and when he reascended the shrouds, on the side where I represent him, he allowed his discretion to play the better part of valor, and passed the middle part of the rope around his wrist as a loop, and laying the two ends together, 'whipped' them over a shroud behind him, and tied just such n knot as he afterward tied for me. In his first 'pose' for me, tho Admiral himself arranged some boxes so as to keep his feet in the right position, and had on hn a stick placed at the proper angle to represent the futtock-shroud, and took the exact position required for tho situation. At another time he placed a rope around him and tied the knot for a model. The navy yard people promised mn a model of the rigging, which I needed; but delay ensuing, I made tho model myself from exact measurements of the ship at tha navy-yard; and when the picture was done, and the Admiral brought his wife to see it, I think she was more disposed to flatter the landsman who had made the model of the flagship *Hartford*, than the artist who had made the picture of it, though he was kind enough to say, after various observations, thnt it seemed to him "to be about the thing."—*Exchange.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREION.

The first telegraph line in China is now in operation—it is six miles in length.

Hayti is hnsily engaged with another insurrection. President Canal was unpopular with the natives on account of his cordiality to foreigners. Port au Prince was besieged, and a large portion of the city burned.

Reports from London state that the crops of the United Kingdom for 1877 will prove no exception to the succession of unfortunate harvests which they have lately experienced. All kinds of grain is unusually scarce. Cattle are doing well this year.

An agreement has been concluded between Great Britain and Egypt for the suppression of the slave trade; it entirely prohibits the export or import of negro slaves. Egyptian slave traders will be tried as assassins; foreigners will be handed over to their own tribunals. The Khedive engages to abolish all private traffic in slaves in Egypt in seven years.

The Russian forces which crossed the Danube at Sistova were divided into seven army corps, and numbered in all about 240,000. These corps under their respective commanders have been engaged in the occupation of Tirnova, the crossing of the Balkans, the capture of Nikopolis, the advance on Plevna, and in operating about Rustchuk. The advance guard pushed forward to Tirnova, meeting with little opposition; another division, after a sharp conflict, succeeded in furnishing themselves another point of support on the Danube by the capture of Nikopolis. General Ghourko, after being reinforced by the Bulgarian Legion, pressed onward from the eastern side of the Janitra river, the Russians are confronting a large army under Mehemet Ali, commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces. The Russians cover the line of the Balkans as far as Tirnova, and thence to the Shipka Pass; west of the Janitra they occupy Nikopolis and Sistova, and southward as far as Biela. The Turks are defending Rustchuk, Rasgrad, Eski Djuma and Osman Bazar; west of the Janitra they are distributed from Sebri to Lovatz and so on to Plevna. Since the Russians were defeated at Plevna but little fighting has been done; the Turks are not strong enough to follow their advantages, and the Russians are repairing damages and preparing for another attack. Nothing of importance has transpired in Asia Minor during the past month. Owing to recent rains the Russians find considerable difficulty in trasporting reinforcements to the front—the roads are almost impassable.

DOMESTIC.

The tug-boat Matt White, from Richmond, exploded her holler, August 18, while lying at the Rip Raps, instantly killing the captain, engineer and fireman.

A train from Jersey City, N. J. to Long Branch was crossing the bridge over the Shrewsbury river, August 20, when two passenger cars were hurled into the river, and the engine, tender and smoking car into a ditch on the left of the track. The rear passenger car remained standing on the bridge. About sixty persons were more or less injured but none were killed outright; the water was too shallow to drown any one.

A desperate battle took place between Gen. Gibbon's command, numbering about two hundred, and the Nez Perces Indians at Big Hole river, August 12, in which Gen. Gibbon lost, killed and wounded—seven officers and fifty-three men. The Indians' loss was much greater. The U. S. forces are advancing and driving the hostile tribes before them; yet, judging from the past, it is not likely that they will be subdued before winter sets in.

The strike of firemen and laborers which became so vigorous and wide-spread, and at one time so formidable was effectually quelled. Although there is much discontentment in some parts of the country, violent demonstrations have ceased and there is not a great dead of danger of fresh outbreaks. Many trains are being run and mines worked, which had been stopped, without opposition. Troops are still stationed in some sections of the State of Pennsylvania.

The Government Canal around the rapids in the Mississippi river, above Keokuk, which was begun in 1867, has been opened for navigation.

The experiment of thnsporting heavy spars from Hamilton, Ontario, to Boston, by towing them through the water has proved a success. A raft of 180 heavy sticks of timber was towed via Lake Ontario, thus saving nearly $9,000 over old mode of shipment.

The Virginia State Conservative Convention met at Richmond, August 16, and after seven unsuccessful ballots, the eighth ballot was taken which resulted in the nomination of Col. F. W. M. Holliday, of Winchester, for Governor of the State. Genl. James A. Walker, of Pulaski, was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, and Hon. Raleigh T. Daniel, of Richmond, for Attorney-General. Mr. Daniel has since died. Another candidate has not yet been nominated.

The Centennial Anniversary of the battle of Bennington was celebrated at Bennington, Vermont, Aug. 15 and 16. The firing of cannon and the ringing of bells announced the time for the patriotic festivities to begin. About forty thousand people participated in the first day's proceedings; the procession was three miles long; the military were out in full force. Hon. Daniel Roberts pronounced the historical address, and Prof. J. W. Churchill read the poem, by Mrs. Julia C. M. Dorr. Ex-Gov. Hawley spoke for Connecticut; Ex-Gov. Harriman Gov. Hawley spoke for Connecticut; Ex-Gov. Harriman for New Hampshire; Ex-Gov. Banks for Massachusetts; Gov. Conner for Maine; Gov. Stephenson for Rhode Island. Gov. Fairbanks was also in attendance. At 3 P. M. the President and his party arrived from New York. Of his Cabinet, Genl. Devans and Judge Key formed a part of the company. The President was welcomed with great enthusiasm. There were about sixty thousand people present on the second day; the procession was six miles long. The oration, in which procession was six miles long. The oration, in which was described the battle of Bennington, was delivered by Prof. S. C. Bartlett; and Battle Day Poems by Wm. Cullen Bryant and Mrs. Marie Mason, were read and sung. The whole affair was a grand success.

The Wesleyan Female College, at Murfreesboro', N. C., was destroyed by fire last month. The property belonged to the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; it was valued at $75,000; insurance, $34,500.

Charlestown has been chosen as the permanent seat of Government for West Virginia. The Capital remains at Wheeling until May, 1885.

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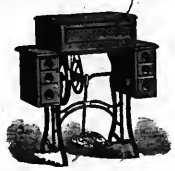

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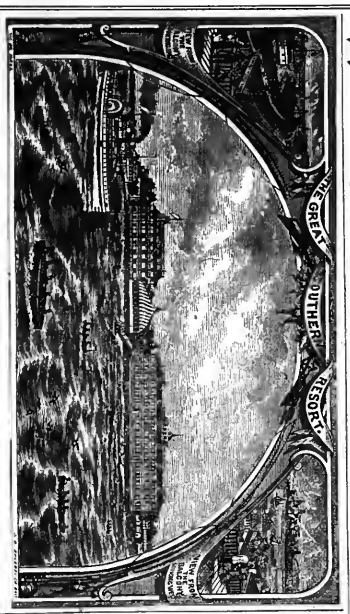

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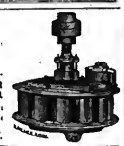

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VOL. VI. HAMPTON, VA., OCTOBER, 1877. NO. 10

THORWALDSEN.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, OCTOBER, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

THE annual meeting of the Educational Association of Virginia at Fredericksburg on the 11th of July brought together a small but earnest and able company of gentlemen. Their transactions are of peculiar interest and are recorded in the State *Educational Journal*, including the address of Prof. Thos. R. Price of the University, President of the Association, and the speech of welcome by Hon. John L. Marye in behalf of the citizens of the place.

Referring to "the fiery slopes of Marye's Hill, Pelham's avenging guns and the redeeming volleys of Lee's infantry," Professor Price said: "Here, then, on ground that is holy to all Virginians, we Virginians meet to do our part in the work of peace. We meet here to take counsel together about the furtherance of the work that involves all the future of Virginia. What was the dream of ten years ago is becoming the living reality of to-day. Under the care of this Association the school life of Virginia has been cleansed and intensified. Plans that were laughed at five years ago as absurd, are now showing themselves to be the lines of march on which our State is moving forward to a better time. Thus, as the new ideas have taken root, no year in all the history of our commonwealth has been more richly blessed with educational success. I claim for our Association the merit of having educated public opinion by our discussions, of having guided legislative action by our counsels."

From Lieut.-Gov. Marye's words of welcome, as from the President's oration, we extract and combine sentences from different parts:

"Virginia has drained the cup of public calamity and of private sorrow to its dregs. She has been called to witness the wealth of centuries swept from her people by the consuming scourge of war, and to see her people who were nurtured in affluence suddenly plunged into absolute poverty.

"Virginia needs the best methods and the most approved appliances to enable her people to struggle successfully for material resurrection. Fruitful fields and full garners do not wait upon rude and ignorant husbandry. How are these urgent needs to be met? Our agents only can produce it. There must be an organized and equipped corps of competent teachers, adequate to impart sound and liberal learning to her people. Your body is the exponent and representative of that honorable and responsible class.

"I beg to assure you that your presence here is most gratifying to the people of Fredericksburg, and that they will strive to make your visit a pleasant and a profitable one."

TO READ the *Educational Journal* of Virginia is to find more assurance of a bright future for her than any other source can afford.

Financially it has a severe struggle, and the losses are borne jointly by the editor and the publisher. Like other things nurtured in sacrifice, and not only struggling to live, but opposing a strong tide of prejudice, it has the ring of apostolic energy and earnestness. The Official Department, edited by Dr. Ruffner, gives a monthly *resume* of school work; and an assurance that, though the active friends of popular education in Virginia may be in a minority, they are alive and have the "vim" that means success.

The Doctor points out in the September number the fact that the Legislature of North Carolina has appropriated $2,000 per annum for two years to provide for normal instruction at the State University. "Board was fixed at figures almost nominal. Messes were formed, which demonstrated the fact that the entire cost for meals for six weeks was only six dollars and a half—about four dollars per month. People throughout the State sympathized with the undertaking. Railroads passed pupils and instructors at half-fare. Professors gave their services. Both U. S. Senators delivered addresses. Every learned profession sent one or more of its distinguished members to lecture. Governor Vance came early in the session and made an address, and at the close came again from a distant part of the State to lend his encouragement to what he deemed of such vital interest to the people whom he represents as Chief Magistrate. Both sexes were in attendance and no charge was made for tuition."

Well may Dr. Ruffner plead for State aid in behalf of such institute work as this.

But so far in vain. "And now when will Virginians wake up to the necessity—not the importance, but the NECESSITY of making some provision to secure a body of trained teachers? It is the vital need of our school system."

THOSE who have contributed to the institutions at the South for training colored teachers, may feel from the above how *point blank* they have aimed at the centre of the Southern question. Every dollar hits the "bull's-eye."

Deeply as the whites need normal training, they had stores of mental wealth to draw upon; the negro had none.

IMPORTANT as was right Congressional action to the reconstruction of the South, it was no more important than the use of every moral means to the same end. But national legislation has for eight years ignored it. The Freedmen's Bureau, that supplied the foundation funds of the principal colored institutions, is in disgrace, though the three and a half millions that it expended for Southern education is a source of just national pride.

Public sentiment at the North is indifferent on this point. Its relation to the pocket is not obvious enough. It will pay in the long run for the nation to be generous to Southern schools, even to the benefit of each individual in business.

Most money makers can see present value in a bond that is likely to pay in ten or fifteen years hence, but few of them can realize that a very light tax to help scatter ideas throughout the South till every man can read his newspaper and think for himself, is a good investment as well as anational duty. This apathy explains the apathy of Congress. Party leaders, both in their struggles for bayonet rule and in their defeat and just retirement, have been utterly obtuse as to the most vital point of the Southern question.

Is there any hope that a wise, just and generous policy, a recognition and relief of the terribly degraded masses of the South, both white and black, may be adopted under the new *regime* which seems to be answering the prayer, "Let us have peace"?

WE HAVE examined the August and September numbers of the *Southern Planter and Farmer*. Of this enterprising journal Judge William Fullerton, New York, in his address before the Piedmont Agricultural Society, says: "Virginia is a favored State, and I can foresee a great future for her. There is a spirit of inquiry among her people which will bear good fruit. One of the most cheering indications of her improvement is that there is now published within her borders one of the best agricultural journals in this or any other country. Each number is worth ten times the year's subscription to any one engaged in agriculture. As a matter of self-improvement, as well as State pride, it should be read in every farmer's family within the State. I refer to the *Southern Planter and Farmer*, published in Richmond. If it does not radically change the defective agriculture of the State, it is because its wise counsels are not heeded."

The August number contains an address by Hon. H. H. Stuart of Augusta, urging the payment of the State debt, showing that Virginia is enjoying the benefits of it in her railroads, built by borrowed money, which have raised the cities of Richmond, Petersburg, Lynchburg, Winchester, Harrisonburg, Norfolk, and many such towns as Danville and Staunton to prosperous cities, more than doubling their population, quadrupling that of some of them, opening to them the markets of the world, infusing into them, life, activity, bustle, through trade and manufactures. Destroy the railroads and turnpikes that have been instrumental in all this, annihilate the benefits springing from the State debt, and Virginia would be moved backward more than a hundred years. The honor of this commonwealth would be compromised by repudiation beyond redemption.

Public schools cost the state last year one million and twenty thousand dollars. General Stuart finds no fault with this. He shows that the people are relieved from tuition fees to the schoolmaster, and that they get a large equivalent in the free education of their children.

The public debt is, in round numbers, thirty millions of dollars (not including that portion assigned to West Virginia). Interest would be $1,800,000. The annual cost of the government is about a million dollars, aside from school appropriations. The present revenue of the state is $2,700,000.

General Stuart proposes the following:

"Instead of a tax of five per cent. being necessary to meet the engagements of the State, I hazard the assertion that a tax of *two-thirds of one per cent.*, in aid of the other sources of revenue, would be sufficient. The whole tax on land is now, at one-half of one per cent., $1,213,782, and on personal property, $374,771. The aggregate of the two is $1,588,553. If the tax were increased from fifty cents on the $100 to 66⅔ cents, the addition to the revenue would be $529,514, which, as I have already shown, after biennial sessions of the Legislature, with a diminished number of members, and reduced pay introduced, will meet the entire deficit. Nay, I go further and affirm that if the Constitution be so amended as to secure a capitation tax of two dollars instead of one dollar, to be applied to the support of free schools, and the Legislature will then pass Governor Letcher's dog law, all our financial difficulties will be solved without any increase of the tax on real or personal property."

The large class of repudiators in this State, the legislators who do not dare vote, any increase of taxes, the men who pride themselves on their honor as Virginians, will do well to read one of the General's closing paragraphs.

"Fellow citizens! permit me to remind you that your debt is a just one. You borrowed the money to improve your material interests. You expended it in valuable internal improvements; in the erection of your noble charitable institutions, and of your renowned University and Military Institute. You are still in the enjoyment of all the advantages resulting from these large expenditures. Will you now repudiate or refuse to pay the price of these works, which have done so much to promote your prosperity? When you thought the honor of Virginia was at stake, at the beginning of the war, you gave your sons and brothers, who were as dear to you as life itself, to the cause; and you poured out your treasures like water to vindicate her unsullied name! Will you now pause in the discharge of an honest duty, and, for the sake of a few paltry dollars, suffer the taint of repudiation to rest on her proud escutcheon? I have proved to you, by figures taken from authentic sources, that the fulfillment of your whole duty to yourselves, to your creditors, and to Virginia, will involve but a trifling sacrifice."

IN THE same number is republished a circular from Hon. L. L. Polk, Commissioner of Agriculture of North Carolina, indicating energy and enterprise in his department.

The Commissioner of Agriculture of Virginia, Dr. Thos. Pollard, has also the past summer undertaken to collect statistics from farmers in regard to crops and stock.

THE proposition for a Social Science Association in Virginia is discussed:

"We in Virginia are in no fix to undertake such work with any particular promise of success. To deal in these abstractions presumes leisure, and plenty of it. Nothing, in our judgment, would insure a more effective deliverance from the embarrassments peculiar to our situation, as brought about specially by the war, than the ability, on the part of an association of our best men, to consider their bearings with calmness, and give shape both to our legislation and to our public opinion. But each one of us is so busily engaged in the daily strife for mere bread, that we can find time for little else. With wealth so certainly assured as to keep one's mind away from the boiling of the pot, this

important work conld be done.

"Every thoughtful man is bound to deplore our sitnation in this behalf; still we are all able to do something, in Grange and Farmer's club, in Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce; and this something cannot be left undone, unless we are willing to flounder forever."

The leading article in the September number of the *Planter and Farmer* is by

"CIVIS," ON THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Who says: "The average expenses per annum of our State government, including education from 1850 to 1860, were $588,000. The same expenses reached in 1874 the enormous figure of $1,584,000." The difference is principally in school expenses

"Retrenchment of state expenses, which wonld improve our morals and revive and invigorate material thrift throughout our borders, even if there were no pressing necessity for economy, is at once the pathway of honor and of safety. Have we the nerve and the manliness, bravely to demand it and push it, tbrongh? In pursnance of this policy, it may be necessary to abolish nnnecessary offices and so compel their lazy incumbents to productive industry; to revise with extreme rigor our criminal code, which, as at present administered, offers a premium on crime, and comfortable quarters on the scant earnings of honest toil, to rognes and scoundrels, who might be pnnisbed far more snitably and effectively at the whipping-post; to abate somewhat that profuse and sumptuous charity which is a standing invitation of the vagrant and idler to tbe alms-house; to reconsider, partienlarly in tbe light of recent developments, the claims of that spurious and intermeddling philanthropy indigenous to other latitudes which has of late moved with its silly sentimentalism the once sober and staid old Commonwealth, to offer, witb the wretched plea of poverty on her lips, to every boy, white and black, witbin her limits, free education from the alphabet up to the calculus, and through all the walks of literature and science."

In short, rednce offices and salaries, legislate but once in two years, restore the whipping-post and disband tbe pnblic schools.

"If we are not moved by a supreme desire to save the honor of the Commonwealth—already tainted—and to submit to any sacrifice necessary to this end, we have become indeed a people too debased for freedom. Is Virginia to suffer the black doom of repudiation? Ratber let her sovereignty be annihilated, and her name, once radient with glory, the synonym of honor, be blotted from history and from the memory of mankind."

The trumpet of "Civis" blows with no uncertain sound.

Nothing is better for this old State than sharp criticism. Adulation of her is not nncommon in ber borders.

Free and earnest discussion of that which is most vital to her will do more good than harm. Let the pen of "Civis" and others deal plainly with the facts of society; and of all that concerns her welfare.

Old ideas and prejudices need to be brushed away before Virginia shall be fully abreast with the nineteenth century.

Spending two or three months every year in New England, in the interest of this institution and for rest, we cannot but see that the mutual feeling of both sections is improving. On all sides Virginia is spoken of as a State with great resources, fine climate and a fine possible future; and there is an undoubted "hankering" on the part of many Yankees of enterprise for the inilder climate of the Old Dominion. The trouble is with the lack of homogeneity of the people of both sections; and with tbe feeling in tbe Nortb that if a man goes South and is careful as to his words he can get along with his neighbors pleasantly enough; but if he "speaks his mind" on political and social questions not in accord witb the popular ideas, he may find his life a lonely one, no matter how respectable and worthy it may be. There has been a good deal of experience to justify this impression.

We anticipate no influx of the vigorous constructive element from the North at present. Notbing could be more helpful or is more needed in this section. Tbe great need at the South is a division of intelligent people into two political classes; naturally, tbose who look backward and those who look forward. Tbe elements are ready: the time is coming for it. When the liberal element in the South is organized against the Bourbons, is headed by men "to the manor born," and hoists the flag of FREE DISCUSSION, there will come to these exhausted states thousands of men of unbounded energy, who will set tbe water power of Virginia at work to prodnce every variety of fabric, and infuse fresb strength into her worn out lands.

The *Journal of Education* and the *Planter and Farmer* are doing a good work and should be read by those in tbe North who seek a change. Tbe latter, bowever, is strongly tinctured with Bourbonism, in respect to the common school question, is afflicted with negrophobia, believing that "we are cursed with negro labor," when tbe Atlantic Seaboard States would be a desert without it, and tbinks Virginia can dispense with Yankees.

A special Committee of tbe Legislature of Georgia, cbarged with tbe duty of attending the annual examinations of the University of Atlanta, (for negroes) founded by the American Missionary Association of New York, and aided by an annual donation of $8,000 from Georgia, has reported most fairly and favorably.

As an acknowledgement of those who were brought up in theories hostile to negro education it bas a special value, and is as creditable to the candor and good sense of the Committee as it is to the University:

Official Report on Atlanta University.

ATHENS, July 10, 1877.

Mr. J. W. Glenn, from the special committee charged with the duty of attending the annnal examinations of the University of Atlanta, reported as follows:

Present, Mark Johnston, H. H. Jones, J. H. Dunham, C. M. Neal, H. L. Mitchell, and J. W. Glenn.

"That the recitations before the Board were most flattering to the teachers and pupils. The results exhibited extraordinary skill and patience in tbe former, and remarkable docility on the part of the latter.

"They would call tbe atteution of tbe General Assembly to the fact that it can, to a great extent, sbape the public opinions of the colored race, and make them true and loyal citizens of Georgia, thereby increasing her dignity, power and influence, or it can turn all their prejudices and feelings against their native State, as the former scene of their slavery and the present bome, as cbarged by our enemies, of their oppressors and natural enemies. Thus trained, they will be ready at the suggestion of our enemies to throw all tbeir political influence and voting power against the true interests of our own section. No school in Georgia ever had such a field, and its social as well as political power may become immense. Those who seek instruction there control nearly one-half of the votes of the Empire State of the South. They have just been emancipated, and are wholly unformed as citizens, and, as yet, almost ciphers in the problem of government—cipbers to be placed after any significant factor that happens to control the impulse, the moment. The Board noticed, too, that they were eminently 'clay in the hands of the potter.'

"Probably no pupils on earth yield so implicitly to the impress made by the teacher.

"The pupils from that school will be moulders of their race in the State, and the bias which they receive for or against our home institutions will be communicated to a vast body of new voters. It has passed into an axiom that the people of a Republic must be educated, since all questions of policy and power must be ultimately referred to them. We consider it no less axiomatic that such education should develop a strong patriotism and a distinctive love for home and 'fatherland.' This race has naturally strong local attachments, but they evidently do not love the home institutions of Georgia as directed by the whites. Our State is a large patron of this institution, and she can be interested in it only so far as it sends out to her intelligent, moral and patriotic citizens. To accomplish this and furnish noble citizens from a race necessarily degraded by recent bondage, as yet almost untaught, and with circumstances and influences wholly unfavorable, is a task as vast in proportions as it would be noble in purpose. Your Board had constantly in view these ends to be attained, and the difficulties in the way. They also found neatness and order in the school-room, far in advance of what is usually found in the academies and colleges of the whites.

"The pupils were exceedingly quiet and respectful, and showed an appreciation of the proprieties and a love for the harmonious and beautiful, which few, knowing the race, would have thought possible. Indeed, the Board are constrained to say that the mental training was very satisfactory. These pupils will *certainly* exert a tremendous influence on their race."

As to whether that influence will be for good or ill, is as yet more problematical. Heretofore, most of the surroundings of these people have tended to drag them away from us; to alienate their affections from the State and embitter them against her institutions. This has been most unfortunate for State and people, and it is highly important that their allegiance and love be secured to the home government.

Until this is done, tbey will always be indifferent and troublesome citizens. The carpet-baggers and others who exerted a bad influence, are now powerless, or nearly so; and if the pupils from this school be patriotic and true, the race may furnish the State many valuable citizens. Members of the Board thought tbat the animus of the pupils this year seemed much better.

Formerly, their feelings were clearly against us, almost wholly alienated—so much so indeed that the propriety of withdrawing the State aid and using it for a normal school taught by our own people has been discussed and pressed.

But the Board tbinks *now* such a course would be unwise; as it would create dissatisfaction and further alienation; because they accepted this aid in lieu of their claim on the Government Land scrip.

They seem much attached to the school, and for the present they will take instruction from Northern teachers more readily and confidently than they would from us.

The Board suggests however, that our authorities insist that these Northern teachers *do not* try to alienate them from old masters and homes, and from their native State; or even use such instruction or place around them such influences (by sectional books, etc.) as will have that tendency.

Probably the present teachers are not so careful in this respect as the interests of this people and of our State demand. The Board would further suggest that the graduates of the "Atlanta University" be encouraged, by all proper authorities, to engage in teaching their race, and in helping to make them good citizens.

All of which is most respectfully submitted.

J. W. GLENN.

On motion, the foregoing report was read before the whole Board of Visitors for the State University, adopted, and ordered to be transmitted to tbe Governor.

(Signed) H. H. JONES,
Chairman Board of Visitors.

We quote from the *Norfolk Landmark* an account of a newly devised means for raising revenue for the State, by means of which it is hoped that the interest on the State debt may be paid:

"Dr. Moffett, a Virginia Legislator, lately conceived the idea of providing for the payment of the interest on the State debt out of the thirstiness of his fellow-citizens. He framed and had passed a law levying a tax of two and a-half cents on each dram of whisky or other alcoholic beverage sold, and one-half cent on each glass of lager. Every dealer is compelled to have a bell register, and when a bartender sells a glass of whisky or beer be is required to turn a crank, whereupon an index revolves and a gong sounds. Deputy Commissioners of the revenue inspect the machine once a month and make up their little bill, which the dealer has to pay.

"The possibilities of this new censes—taken of human weakness or gauge of human folly, whichever suits best—are simply immense. There seems to be some reason to believe that we shall at last know just how many drinks may be contained in a barrel of whisky and a keg of beer."

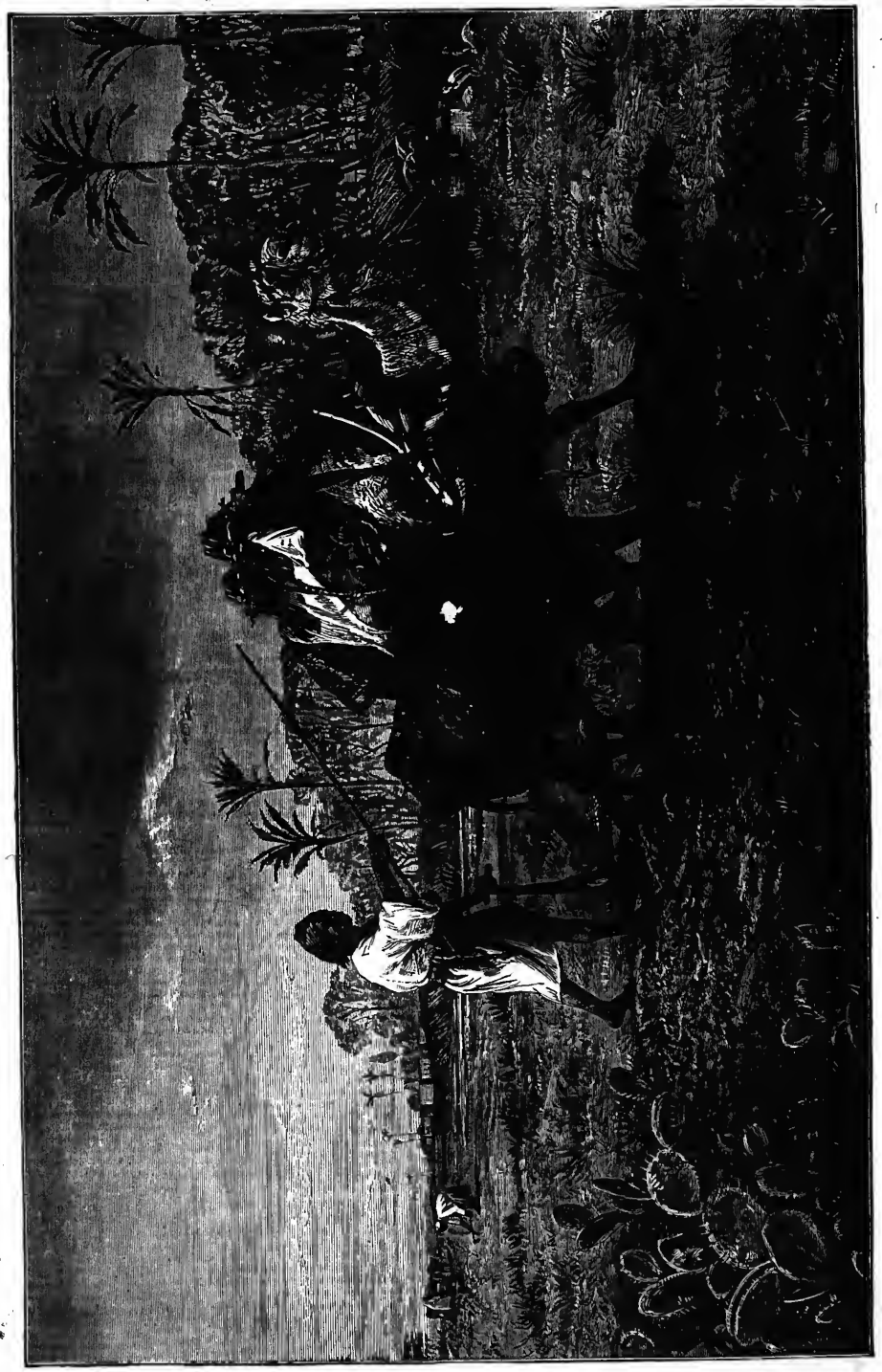
It is hard to convince the ignorant followers of a political party that there is any difference between its principles and its men; that the character of a candidate goes for anything, or affects their duty as voters. This difficulty has nearly ruined the Republican party in the South. The party has committed snicide. It was not "kicked out" by the new policy at Washington. When defrauded at the ballot-box, it has been unable in some cases to excite any sympathy because to be cheated ont of such candidates as it has sometimes presented was but a nominal grievance. Now that the question of race is out of legislation and their political position is assured, the colored people need to learn that the welfare of the country and their own well-being rest on Christian morals and that tbey cannot afford to vote for men of known bad character. They are afraid "to divide the party," yet at this very time decent men in it are being compelled to vote for candidates of the opposite party on moral, not on party grounds. Wherever this is the case, the negro can't see tbat the party is already divided, and that losing its moral strength is absolute ruin; that he is being led by weak and selfish men into his last ditch, politically. Honest difference of opinion in the ranks of the opposite party brings out editorials on "Traitors in the Camp" just as refusing to vote for his party candidate for the best reasons leads the negro to consider a life-long Republican as his betrayer and mortal enemy. But his political education has led to this. Our statement is, of course, as to the generality of blacks. Many of them are clear sigbted, liberal and wise in political matters.

We have received from OLIVER DITSON & Co. another package of fine pieces of Music. There is "The Birdie's Ball," a merry Song with Chorus, and with a picture that will delight the little ones who see it. Then there is "My poor Heart is Sad with its Dreaming," with an elegant title page, and very expressive music, and "Unrequited," one of Pinsuti's elegant compositions, with English words and Italian style. Then for Piano players we have "Come, my Love," a Galop, which is one of a set called "The Telephone," containing 20 easy pieces composed by Mack, also "Whispering Waves," by J. L. Frank, a smooth-going Piano piece of medium difficulty, and lastly, the Unique Galop," by Howard Cadmus, with a strange and splendid title and brilliant music. Examine them at the Music Stores.

RESUSCITATING THE DROWNED.

A new mode of resuscitating drowned persons and others suffering from asphyxia, consists in placing the patient on his back with his arms extended. A roll of clothing is then laid below the false ribs so as to throw the anterior margin into prominence. The operator then kneels actride the patient, placing his hands so that the balls of the thumbs rest upon the false ribs, while tbe fingers fall naturally in the depressions between the ribs on each side. An assistant holde the tongue of the patient, and the operator, with his elbows firmly pressed against his sides, throws his whole weight forward, by which the false ribs are pressed upward and inward, producing great motion of the diaphragm and displacement of the contents of the lungs. Suddenly raising his body, the operator allows the false ribs to return to their position producing a correspondiug movement in the diapbragm and inrush of air. By keeping up rythmic movements of this kind, artificial respiration is produced.—*Galaxy.*

One of the most ready means to extinguish kerosene flames is to throw a cloth of some kind over the flames, and thus stifle them; but as the cloth is not always convenieat to the kitchen, where snch accidents are most likely to occur, some one recommends flour as a substitute, and which, it is said, promptly extinguishes the flames; and can be readily gathered up and thrown out of doors when the fire is ont.



EGYPTIAN PLOUGHING.

A curious farm team, is it not? Yet not so unlike some that one may see in our own Southern States—a little steer and a horse say, or a mule and a cow—and it is explained by the same reason no doubt, that of necessity, which is the mother of invention. The camel is the animal which the Egyptian finds most useful and is most likely to own. Why should he spend his money for more than one ox when his patient camel will bend his long neck to the unequal yoke?

The time for plowing in Egypt is October, when the Nile waters are subsiding from the land, leaving their rich fertilizing treasures of alluvial soil upon it. Then the Egyptian plows his fields and sows his wheat and barley and millet, and in a month after the land laughs with the harvest.

No more beautiful sights and strange contrasts can be imagined than the Egyptian year presents. Bland, beautiful winters when travellers come flocking from the North in search of health; fierce desert blasts, hot and deadly in the spring. Then the steady rise of the River, anxiously watched, bringing food for the year to Egypt's rainless plains from the mountains of the South. Rising, rising, from the middle of June to the end of September, till, from a depth of scarcely six feet at Cairo, the wonderful Nile has overflowed its banks and spread over all the plains. "Standing on the elevated bank or dyke," says a traveller, "you seem to stand between two seas; on one side rolls a swollen, turbid flood of a blood-red hue; on the other lies an expanse of still water extending in the desert-boundary of the valley; the isolated villages circled with groves of palm, being scattered over it like islands, and the *gisr* or dyke affording the only circuitous communication between them."

The subsiding waters leave the country one slimy mud-heap. But out of this red earth, new life is to spring, fresh as first in Eden. The seed is sown on the good ground and "the valley is suddenly covered with a mantle of the richest green, and the face of the land smiles in the traveller's eyes with all the splendor of a new created beauty."

So rich is the land after this strange watering that it yields three crops; wheat and barley are first sown; then, after the spring equinox, cotton, millet or indigo; and thirdly, after the summer solstice, with millet or maize.

Very little cultivation is needed, and the Egyptian plow is a simple affair enough. It did not figure among the two hundred and sixty-three plows of various nations exhibited in Agricultural Hall during our Centennial exhibition. Still in Egypt, as in all other countries the plow is the indispensable companion of the husbandman, and in its rustling furrows follow all the blessings of peace and plenty.

Among all the plows at the Centennial there was one which excited more general interest than all the rest however new their patent or foreign their design. And this was the inscription upon it:

"The Webster Plow,
Constitutional Soil Expounder,"
Owned by the College of Agriculture, Mass.
Made by Daniel Webster in 1837.

Its proportions were as follows: Length, 13 feet; beam, 9 feet; handles 6 feet 4 inches; distance between handles 2 feet 10 inches; width of mold-board, 1 foot 8 inches; width of share, 1 foot 4 inches; point of share to end of mold-board, 5 feet 4 inches.

And this is what Daniel Webster, the great statesman and orator, wrote about it.

"When I have hold of the handles of my big plow, with four yoke of oxen to pull it through, and hear the roots crack, and see the stumps all go under the furrow out of sight, and observe the clean mellowed surface of the plowed land, I feel more enthusiasm over my achievement than comes from my encounters in public life in Washington.

LION AND PONTO.

A few years ago two very good friends lived at the Hampton Normal School. How much they studied I cannot say, but they were both very intelligent characters in their way, and very well satisfied with each other's society. They were together in work and play. If one was sent on an errand, the other always wanted to go too, and though there was a great difference in their size, the smaller could always keep pace with the larger.

As I have put their names at the head of this story, you will easily guess that these two good friends were a horse and a dog. Horses and dogs are usually good friends, and they are both such faithful friends of man that it is strange that men are ungrateful enough to abuse them.

One very dark night, Lion was sent to bring a traveller up from the Fort. The good strong fellow never seemed to mind how heavy a load he carried, so with traveller and trunk he trotted bravely back through the deep mud, and the darkness of that darkest hour that comes just before the day. Ponto was not with him that time, which was a pity as it turned out. Perhaps Lion had advised his friend to stay home and have another nap as he and John would have liked to. They both went almost asleep themselves I think, as he jogged on, unchecked, with drooping head.

Suddenly, the jog trot came to an end, and Lion commenced backing and tossing his head. "You Lion, what's the matter with you?" cried John. But Lion refused to go forward another step, and John had to get out into the mud, and see for himself, or to feel rather, for it was too intensely dark for human eyes to see much of anything.

"Clar to goodness of dis Lion hasn't done lost off his collar. Lion how did you do that? You stand still sir, till I look for it."

Looking for it was rather hard work in the darkness, and John, after groping around the carriage for a while, held a little further conversation with Lion on the subject, and then explained to the traveller, that he reckoned he would have to go back and search along the road they had come, but that Lion would "stand as stiddy as a lamb."

John had utmost faith in Lion's capabilities. How far he imagined the horse could have drawn the wagon without a collar, I don't know, but he went all the way back to Old Point searching for it. Meanwhile Lion fulfilled his promise of standing still and steady. I believe indeed that he went fast asleep. Suddenly a stumbling splash in the mud, and a cry "Hi—thar"—Lion jumped and reared as the dim figures rose before him of a man and woman, unseen till close upon him.

"What's that I tumbled over?" said the man. Fortunately John came scolding up at this juncture, from his unsuccessful search, and between the three the stumbling block was discovered. And what should it be but the collar, quietly lying in front of Lion's feet just as it had slipped off.

Now if Ponto had been there he would have smelled it out in two minutes.

It was fitting, was it not, that these good friends should die within a few weeks of each other. Poor Lion got a nail in his foot, and had the lockjaw. I cannot say that Ponto died of grief. His death was more tragic if less romantic. He was accidentally shot. But he sincerely mourned his friend, wandering around the stables in an inconsolable manner till the day of his own death. If there is any happy hunting ground for horses and dogs and our other four footed friends, as some tender hearted people believe, I have no doubt that Lion and Ponto roam its green pastures together.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SOULPTOR.

Bertel Thorwaldsen was born in Copenhagen, Nov. 19th, 1770. His father was a poor wood-carver, who made rude figure-heads for merchant vessels. While still a child Bertel helped his father and began to carve in wood. There were still living a few years ago, old carpenters who recollected perfectly the pretty child with blue eyes and light hair, who used to come and see his father in the ship-yards of Copenhagen.

"LION AND PONTO."

Little early Bertel manifested a taste for sculpture, and was sent when he was eleven years old to the free school of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts—where he made so much progress that he was soon able to render valuable assistance to his father.

He did not show equal aptitude, however, for other branches of study. At school he showed so little zeal that the chaplain considered him very backward, and when the time came to prepare the pupils for their first communion, put him into the lowest class of the Catechism. A distribution of prizes at the Academy of Fine Arts occurred at the same time and Bertel obtained a silver medal. The chaplain, having seen the fact noticed in the Copenhagen paper, asked his pupil: "Thorwaldsen, is it a brother of yours that has just taken a prize at the Academy?" The boy looked up, blushing with surprise: "It is myself, sir." The Chaplain, who had looked upon Bertel as quite a dunce, was astonished. He changed his tone directly. "Mr. Thorwaldsen," said he, "please to pass up to the first class." This title made such an impression upon the boy that he never forgot it. In after years, when loaded with honors he often said to his friends, that glory had never been so sweet as on that day when his boyish heart thrilled with rapture.

Torwaldsen was seventeen years old when he gained this first prize. In two years he gained another and larger one, and his father now came to the conclusion that the boy had had enough art education to become his partner.

Bertel's teacher at the Academy thought he ought to cultivate his remarkable talents, and with difficulty persuaded his father to allow him to continue his studies. It was decided that he should devote half his time to earning his daily bread in the shipyards, and the other half to his art-studies. He now began to carve figures in stone. Thorwaldsen obtained one prize after another, and at last received the pension which the Royal Academy gives to its most successful pupils, to enable them to travel and study abroad. At the age of twenty-six he left Denmark for Rome, where he lived twenty-three years, during which time he produced an immense number of beautiful statues and bas-reliefs, and won for himself a wide fame.

This success did not meet him just at first, however. He had his discouragements like other artists, and after he had made his first great statue, Jason with the Golden Fleece, it remained so long without a purchaser though admired and praised by all that he was forced to make up his mind to leave Italy, as his money was all gone. He had packed up his things and was starting off, when he found there was a difficulty about the passport, which would detain him a day. A few hours after, a rich English banker came in and ordered a copy of the Jason in marble.

So he stayed in Rome, and fame and fortune came to him. Fame brought the fortune, but she came in strange ways. For instance, his work-shop was struck by lightning, and all his models, except his "Cupid and Psyche," were destroyed. The accident was truly a brilliant and striking one! Poets sang of it, the newspapers were full of it, and all this excitement helped to make him more widely known.

At length he resolved to visit his native land. His parents had long been dead, but the whole nation had become interested in him, and thousands were anxious to see him.

On his way home he visited Lucerne, and there modelled the wonderful monument to the Swiss Guards, who died in defence of the king of France. The colossal lion is carved out of the native granite in an immense niche eighty feet long and forty feet high, hollowed out of the solid rock.

After a short stay in Copenhagen, Thorwaldsen returned to Rome, where for twenty years more he remained, producing many great works of art, which adorn Rome and many of the principal cities of Europe. At length, in 1838, he determined to return to his native land. The king sent a government frigate to bring him home with all his works. Denmark was proud of the great artist, who sprung from the lowest ranks, and became the greatest sculptor of his age, and she welcomed him with such enthusiasm, that his return was like that of a conquering king. The last six years of his long life were spent in Denmark, where he was visited and honored by kings, artists, and great men of all lands. Since Thorwaldsen's death a museum has been erected in Copenhagen in which more than six hundred of his works are on exhibition. These consist of statues, busts, bas-reliefs and groups, representing every variety of subject, and this art-gallery is that of which Copenhagen is most proud.

SOMETHING ABOUT VENUS.

In *St. Nicholas* Prof. Richard A. Procter has something of real value, as well as interest, for the young people, about "Other Worlds than Ours," from which we clip the following:

"It is strange that of the stars we see, Venus is the only one which is in reality like the earth in size. All the others are either very much smaller or very much larger. Most of them—in fact, all the stars properly so called—are great globes of fire like our sun, and are thousands of times larger than the globe we live on. A few others are like Venus and the earth in not being true stars, but bodies travelling round the sun, and owing all their light to him. But it so happens that not one even of these is nearly of the same size as the earth; they are all either very much larger or very much smaller. Venus is the only sister-world the earth has among all the orbs which travels round the sun. There may be others in the far-off depths of space, travelling round some one or other of those suns which we can call "stars," but if so, we can never know that such sister-worlds exist, for no telescope could ever be made which would show them to us.

In the first part of this article, I have given an account of the various changes of appearance presented by the beautiful star which sometimes shines as Hesperus, the star of the evening, and sometimes as Lucifer, the morning star. Let us now consider what this star really is, so far, at least, as we can learn by using telescopes and other instruments.

Venus has, in the first place, been measured; and we find that she is a globe nearly as large as the earth. Like the earth, she travels round and round the sun continually, but not in the same time as the earth. The earth goes round the sun once in twelve months, while Venus goes round once in about seven and a half months; so that *her* year—the time in which the seasons run through their changes.—is four and a half months less than ours. If Venus has four seasons like ours,—spring, summer, autumn, and winter,—each of these seasons lasts eight weeks. Venus also, like our earth, turns on her axis, and so has night and day as we have. Her day is not quite so long as ours, but the difference—about twenty-five minutes—is not very important.

A GOOD ANSWER.—A talented temperance lecturer was once asked, "What should we do with all the grain that is now required for distilling?" "Feed the drunkard's wife and children with it; they have gone hungry long enough," was the prompt reply.

At Home.

BOYS.

BY KATE TRUE.

Oh, yes, I dars say,
"They are much in your way,"
And keep up a noise,
Those troublesome boys;
But then, after all,
Tha world is't small,
And tha very best thiag,
Whlch could happes to you .
Is, to have in tha house,
A boy or two.

Yes, thars's skates in the hall,
Some hats and a ball,
And as to tha table,
Yon never are able,
To find what you want.
When school time is o'er;
There are books, caps, and mittens,
And things by the score,
Bnt, ths very best thing,
Which could happen to you,
Is, to have in the house,
A boy or two.

And then, "when your head aches,"
Ah! yes, don't I know,
How racing and tearing,
Thoss boys will go?
They stamp on tha staire,
They slam every door,
They hug you like bears,
Until you are sore;
But, the very best thing,
Which could happen to you,
Is, to hava in the house,
A boy or two

You see, hye-and-hye,
When you ars grown grey,
These same rognish lads,
Will be done with their play.
And then, what an outlook,
When your work is done,
You will live a naw life,
Through a dear, honored son;
So the very best thing,
Which could happen to you,
Is, to hava in your home,
A boy or two.

—*Salem Observer.*

Don't forget to say good-morning; say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your school-mates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good-morning," heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It really seems to maks the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if thls be trne of the "good-morning," it is also true of all kind, heartsome greetings They cheer ths discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

LIME WATER FOR BURNS.

A correspondent of the *American Farm Journal* writes that tha readiest and most useful remedy for scalds and burns is an embrocation of lime water and linseed oil. These simple agents combined form a thick, cream-like substance, which effectually excludes the air from the injured parts, and allays the inflammation instantly. He mentions a case where a child fell back ward into a bath tub of boiling water, and was nearly flayed from her neck to below her hips. Her agonies were indascribable; but her clothing being gently removed, and the lime and oil preparation thickly spread over tho injured surface, she was sound asleep in five minutes. Subsequently, the parts were carefully washed with warm milk and water three times a day, the oil dressing renewed, and tha little patiant rapidly recovered. Though all the scalded skin came off, sha did not have a scar. This remedy leaves no hard coat to dry on the sores, hut softens the parts, and aids nature to repair the injury in tha readiest and most expeditious manner. This mixture may be procured in the drug storss: but if not thus accessible slack a lump of quick lime in water, and as soon as the water is clear, mix it with tha oil and shako it well. If the case is urgent, use boiling water over the lime, and it will become clear in five minutes. The preparation may be kept ready bettled in the house, and it will be as good six months old as when first made

An Englisb journal says: "In answer to a correspondant who asks for a whitewash that will stand exposure to the weather, we giva tha following, which we know to be good: Take half a bushel of freshly-burned lime, slake it with boilding water; cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Straln the liquid through a fine siave, and add to it seven pounds of salt previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rica boiled to a thin paste and stirrad in bolling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting; one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle, within a larga one, filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to tha mixture, stir it well, and let it staud a few days covsred from dirt. It must be put on quite hot. For this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. About a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard."

Teachers' Table.

SINGING AND MARCHING.

We aaed hardly tell our graduate teachers that it is a good plan to introduce singiag into their schools. Those of the class of '77, who had an opportunity to learn soms light gymnastic exercises have no doubt found them a pleasant aid in their teaching the past summer. Thers is no better way to break up the monotony of the school-room. and rest the children's muscles, aad rouss up the sleepy oaes than to set them singing and marching once in a while. Hera is a very good song for the purpose, set to a lively, familiar tuns, which the children will lika to learn.

MOTION SONG.

TUNE: "When Johnny comes marching home again."

1 With shoulders erect and toes turned out,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Now let us in unison gaily shout,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
2 With hands upraised as we sing the rhyme.
3 We'll strike them together and keep the time.
[:4 And we'll wheel quite round, while singing our motion song.:]

5 Now left and right we march along,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We fill the air with our merry song.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
6 We carry our muskets like heroes of old.
7 Saluting our captain so brave and so bold.
[:8 And we march, march, march, while singing our motion song.:]

9 Our fingers and thumbs are eight and two,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
There's plenty of work for them to do,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
10 With elbows a-kimbo, and looks so shy,
11 We bow to our partners so gracefully,
[:12 And we hop and dance, while singing our motion song.:]

13 As back and forth our arms we throw,
Heigh-o! Heigh-o!
It's pretty hard work now, you may know
Heigh-o! Heigh-o!
14 For trying our best our eyes open to keep,
15 We drop all our heads as if going to sleep.
[:16 And we nod, nod, nod, while singing our motion song.:]

17 What terrible noise is that we hear?
Dear me! Dear me!
18 We all have been snoozing, now that's quite clear.
Dear me! Dear me!
19 So let us take books and be ready for work,
20 For we are not willing our lessons to shirk,
[:21 Tho' its jolly good fun, when singing our motion song.:]

1. School rise and stand erect. 2. Raise hands ready to strike. 3. Clap hands in correct time. 4. Turn round twice while repeating this line. 5. Tread left and right foot. 6. Right arm across waist, left at side. 7. Touch right hand to forehead, like military salute. 8. Keep marching time with feet. 9. Raise hands, palms out, spread fingers. 10. Hands on hips, elbows out, look sideways at each other. 11. Make a low bow. 12. Hop lightly on each foot 13. Let arms hang and swing. 14. Fold arms, grow sleepy. 15. Drop heads. 16. Glide into seats, sing low and soft, nodding heads, and diminishing tone gradually to last note, finally resting arms on the desks and supporting heads asleep. After a moment of dead silence, teacher may strike bell suddenly, when all must raise heads and hands as if frightened, and go on (all seated) with No. 17. 18. Rub eyes with knuckles. 19. Take books from desk hurriedly. 20. Turn leaves quickly with thumb. 21. Throw head from side to side, with careless good nature.
The last line of each verse should be repeated.

HOW A TEACHER SERVES HIS COUNTRY.

If a poor boy has reached the age of fourteen, neglected by the community, he represents a capital of nearly one thousand dollars which is unproductive; and if he lives out the term of life for which he has a probable chance in the life insurance tables—forty years—as a pauper or criminal, he entails a loss upon his State of five thousand dollars. On the other hand, every youthful criminal made into an honest boy by our preventive institutions of charity and reform is a clear saving of five thousand dollars to tha community. It may hs somswhat unpleasant to regard the human being simply as money capital, hut the aapect has its peculiar and impressive lessons—*N. Y. Times.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SCHOOLING.

Shakespeare's schooling is now a point of interest to Mr. Furnivall, who has procured from the Rav. Mr. Lupton, the leerned master of St. Paul's school, London, a conjectural schedule of what would be probably taught at that time in the grammar school of a small country town like Stratford. Mr. Lupton writes: "I think you would be safe in concluding that at such a school as Stratford, about 1570, there would be taught:

"1. An 'A B C book,' for which a pupil-teacher, or 'A B C-darius,' is sometimes mentioned as having a salary. (I have a transcript of an 'A B C book,' from the Greenvills Library, which I suppose to be of the latter part of Henry the VIIth time).

"2. A Catechism in English and Latin, probably Nowall's.

"3. Tha authorized Latin Grammar, *i. e.*, Lilly's, pnt out with a proclamation adopted to each king's reign. (I have edition of 1529, 1532, 1535, 1662, 1676, 1687, 1709, 1717, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1738, 1756, 1778, 1784, 1709, &c., and particulars of many others).

"4. Some easy Latin construing hook, such as Erasmus's 'Colloquies,' Corderius's 'Colloquies' (you will see an edition of 1568 in the British Museum, marked 12316 e 1—7 or 'Baptista Mantuanus'"—to which list of studies, suggests Mr. Furnivall, we may add writing, arithmetic, and music.

TO ANNIE C——
IN MEMORIAM

"Celm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
Death's seel was on thy hrow.

Dear as thou wast, ead justly deer,
We would not weep for thee;
One thought shell cheek the sterting tear,
It is—that thou ert free.

Lone are the paths and sad the hours,
Since thy hright spirit's gone;
But, O, a hrighter home thsu ours,
In heaven is now thine own!"

WE print below a letter from the Rev. Titus Coan, D. D., the veteran missionary at the Sandwich Islands. He resides at Hilo, (Byron's Bay) Hawaii, the most beautiful spot in that picturesque group. From his proximity to, interest in and authority upon the great volcano of *Kilauea*, one day's ride from his house, he has been called the "King of the Volcano."

Hilo, Hawaii, April 21, 1877.

One of the objects which my wife and I most regretted not seeing while in the United States in 1870-71 was the "*Hampton Normal Institute.*" From its organization we felt a peculiar interest in that school. Its influence must be happy on the freedmen of the South, and, I see not why not on many others.

I always give the "*Southern Workman*" a hearty welcome, for it is a *live* paper, and well adapted to benefit the class of peopls for whom it is especially published. Its illustrations are quite useful, and the paper is full of practical good sense, and of information on a great variety of subjects. In short it is a *cultivator*. To show my good will I will send you a trifle to give it one more feather in the wing to help its flight to the cabins and cottages of those who are striving to climh the hill where a wider horizon and a broader landscape shall open before them.

Through my sou, Semuel Latimer, of San Francisco, I will send you ten dollars ($10) for the *Southern Workman*, requesting you to send ten copies for one year, to such individual freedmen, or such schools or other institutions in the South as you shall deem best.

We were glad to hear of the success of your aumerous concerts, and only regretted not to have heard tha melodies.

We are now hoping and longing for political and social peace and harmony between the North and the South; for commercial prosperity; for the revival of all proper industries throughout the land; for the progress of science, of human culture and of all useful knowledge among the masses; and especially for the general pervasion of those moral affinities and that "motherly love" which so surely flow from the gospel and the "God of peace," wherever faithfully and fully preached, and intelligently and truly received in meekness and docility of spirit. What a glorious future awaits our country if her discordant elements, political, social and moral, can ones be eliminated, and the principles of truth, righteousness and love be generally evolved; so that tha whole grand, compacted, and mighty nation shall shine in intelligence, in freedom, in virtus and in the light of God; each and all of the members of tho body politic "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the hands of peace."

Tha whole land might then be jubilant with joy, and the North and the South, the East and the West join in the eloquent refrain of one of our gifted occidental poets, at the closs of a hitter war:

"Thus as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
Tha winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired,
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice as of angels enchantingly sung,
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The Queen of the world, and the Child of the skies."

Your work, and the work of all the good, hoth North and South, tend to such a result, and the prayers of all the soas and daughters of peace ars, that "Violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction within har borders; hut that her walls be called *Salvation*, and her gates *Praise.*" May her snn never more set in blood and murky gloom; but "the Lord be her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning be ended."

Perhaps you have heard, o're this that Rev. C B. Andrews is dead, and that our young Prince and heir apparent to the throne has gone to tha tomb; and that Mrs. Dominis has been proclaimed the succssor of our reigning king. How fast our moaarchs and Princes fall! Your mother has lived upon the Island to see the entombement of five and the dethronement of four, and so have I.

Reciprocity has quickened the nerva and muscle of industry among us. Planters are estir, money circulates, and many are after "the golden fleece." But monitors come along now and then to give needed caution.

The boiling and sugaring house of tha Hitchcocks, near our town, was burnt down on the night of the 20th inst., and the sams night some fifteon houses of the workmen on the Chinamsn's plantation at Kampahnea were consumed.

Hilo has now six plantations in operation, and we shall go up to ten ere long, if workman can be found. Tha lack of a sufficient number of laberers is now one of tha hindrances to the industries of the country.

Most truly yours, T. COAN.

THE CLOCK-TINKER.

TINKER, may I learn the trick—
How you cure a clock that's sick,
Peeping in her face behind,
(Are those wheels her brains?) to find
Why her pulses do not go
Regular and sure and slow?

Tinker, have you learned Time's trick—
How it is he makes clocks tick?
Is there such a thing as knowing
What it was first set them going?
Do you, sir, suppose they had 'em
In their gardea, Eve and Adam?

Is there, up among the suns—
Father of these other ones—
Some great timepiece that can show
All the small clocks how to go?
Are the stars set right by some
Mighty swinging pendulum?

Tinker, where's the loosened screw
That the juggler Time creeps through
When he slips into bis place,
Up behind the old clock's face?
Have you ever seen that feat?
Or does Time evsn graybeards cheat?

"Boy, I've tried through Time to see;
But he played strengs tricks with me.
While I gave the wizard chase
He was dancing on my face.
Look you! like a crow he flies;
Here's his track around my eyes!"

—*Lucy Larcom, in "Our young Folks."*

AMMONIA AS A CURE FOR SNAKE BITES.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

Several cases of snake-hite, in which the value of Professor Halford's remedy, subcutaneous injection of ammonia, has been demonstrated, have, says the Melbourne *Argus*, lately occurred in the colony. At Seymour, on the 14th of December, a young man, twenty-six years of age, named Dwyer, was bitton hy a snake between the thumh and the first finger of the right hand The wound was received at nine o'clock, and no treatment was applied until half-past eleven, when the patient was powerless and almost insensible. Ammonia was injected into his right arm, when he revived at once. He suffared a relapse, but the ammonia was againsuccessfully applied, and he ultimately recovered.

At Bungaree a young girl was hitten hy a snake, and gradually sank into a state of stupor. Two hours and a half after she was hitten ammonia was injected. Relief was immediately obtained and the girl rapidly recovered.

A third case happened on the Acheron, eleven miles from Alexandra, where a little girl two years of age, the daughter of a farmer named Deak, was hitten by a snake just above the ankle of the left foot. Symptoms of completo coma were setting in when the ammonia injection was used with magical effect. The child sat upright and became quite lively. A relapse occurring, a second injection was made with as great effect as before, and the child from that time continued to improve until her recovery.

Another case in mentioned of a native woman on the Wirrega station, South Australia, who was bitten hy a snake on the ankle. She became unconscious, and the surface of the hody was turning cold when ammonia was injected The woman at once revived and recovered.

A correspondent of the *Rural Home* thus deseribes a simple and convenient window fastening hy which the sash can be held in place at any desired height: "Make an almond-sheped hutton about two inches long and an inch hroad at the hase; screw this on the sash within one inch of the strip on the frame where in tha sash slides; cut two or three notches in said strip one-fourth of an inch deep, and cut out upward to a sharp edge. When raising the window with one hand, with the other press the hutton's point into the notch, at whatever height you wish it. A reverse notch can he cut near the hottom to turn the hutton into, to secure it from heing opened on the outside. We heve had these in use over five yeers, and do not know that we would exchenge for the most approved patent springs. A pocket knife and a gimlet are all the tools needed to meke them, and in an hour all the windows in the house can be fixed."

MORE SHEEP NEEDED.

Last year we paid foreign countries fifty millions of dollars for woolen goods, and eleven millions of dollars for uamanufactured goods. When we have in this country twenty millions more sheep than we now have, we shall only produce what wool we use; and yet there is no country on earth where it would seem sheep could be raised so profitably as in the United States. But we are coming every year nearer to supplying our own markets with the wool they demand. In 1875, the wool clip of the country was nearly 200,000,000 pounds, while in 1860, it was only sixty-five millions.—*Maine Farmer.*

Agricultural.

RAISING HOGS.

There is probably no other branch of farm business that pays so well as the raising of hogs. For the last two years, the profit in pork-making has been nearly a hundred per cent. on the money invested. One of my neighbors, last year, paid $30 for a sow and pigs, to which he fed 106 bushels of corn, valued at $95, beside the milk from a dairy of three cows. The second day of November the whole lot sold for $206.41. The manure, he said, would mostly pay for the trouble of feeding. In breeding, it is much the best to use young stock. The sows should not be over two years old, as old sows are much more apt to destroy their pigs than young ones. In the fall and spring, there is usually a good demand for pigs, and they rarely sell for unremunerative prices. This spring, pigs, when ready to wean were sold at $3 apiece.

Of all pure-bred hogs, especially for this section, is is generally conceded that the Berkshire has the preference, as being by far the easiest to keep; and they will mature at an early age, making very fine pork. I can keep two pigs of this breed where only one can be kept of the Poland-China stock. Pigs should be allowed to run with the sow for four or five weeks after farrowing; then they should be weaned, giving them plenty of milk, and they will do fully as well if allowed to run with the sow for a longer period. As the pigs get older, it has been my custom to mix a little meal with their milk, thus keeping them improving all the while. April pigs thus fed can be made to dress three hundred pounds by Christmas, and at a cost, at the present price of corn, not to exceed five cents per pound. Many a farmer makes a great mistake in feeding his hogs on new corn in the fall. It has been clearly demonstrated that one bushel of old shelled corn, ground into meal, is worth as much as four bushels of new corn fed in the ear.

I cannot too strongly urge upon farmers the profit of keeping a breeding sow and raising their own pigs. I was told the other day by a friend, that last winter he bought a sow for $10, and in the spring sold $24 worth of pigs, and in the fall the sow was killed and then weighed over three hundred pounds—a clear profit of $15 over and above all cost of feeding. At what business can any one do better?

—*Country Gentleman.*

THE COMPOST HEAP.

The compost heap can be made one of the great auxiliaries in improvement. The farmer, in the first place, should study the adaptability of his soil to the proposed crop, and so far as possible supply the soil with what is most desirable, and in the compost heap this can be done to a large extent. Of what shall the compost heap be made? The ingredients generally to be found about an ordinary farm, or obtained cheaply (in many cases) a convenient muck or marl bed, ashes, chip dirt, bones, leaves, dead animals, refuse from slaughter houses, woolen or paper milla refuse, night soil, barnyard manure, plaster, lime, refuse salt, old brine, hen manure, soap suds, soot, and many other unsightly things about a farm that can be thus utilized where they will do the most good.

Manure from the stable, the cattle yards and sheds, hog yards and hen roosts, privy vaults, etc, should constitute the basis of the compost heap, with which other refuse mattera we have mentioned are incorporated. The animal, manures act as a ferment, and the fermentation and decomposition which takes place reduces the whole mass to a uniform consistence. Without admixture with other substances, the tendency of animal manures is a too rapid fermentation; they become mouldy and burn up; the addition of other substances named, also muck, turf, etc., checks excess of fermentation, prevents volatile matters from evaporating, and absorbs the gases. The addition of the manure, therefore, to the compost heap is highly necessary if the best and most desirable results are to be obtained. The heap requires occasional turning and intermixing so that the whole mass may become thoroughly and evenly mixed and ripened.

In the application of manure from the compost heap to the land, of course, some knowledge of the character of the soil is necessary, as well as ths wants of particular crops to which it is intended to devote such land; for it is far from good policy, to apply such composted manures to fields indiscriminately. A soil that is well supplied with humus, is often benefited by lime, and other stimulating fertilizers. Light and sandy soils require carbon and potash. Heavy, stiff and cold clays, require carbonsceous and animal manures and silicates, to improve their mechanical condition. It is prudent, therefore, in the management of compost heaps, to take these things into account, so that the greatest advantage may be derived from them. Compost heaps under the management of this judicious farmer, constitutes an important factor in his profits. They are not an insignificant part of his capital, and deserve far more attention than is usually given them. As the country grows older, and the natural fertility of the soil is depleted, the compost heap will become more and more necessary, for it must play a prominent part in restoring the waste and keeping up the productiveness of the land.

THE EXPERIMENT of farming ostriches for the purpose of securing a regular and abundant supply of their valuable feathers, is being tried in South Africa, in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, where the ostrich is "native in the place and to the manor born," and land of the right sort can be obtained to any extent. A large extent of suitable bush land is fenced in, over which the birds roam peaceably enough in ordinary times, but in this breeding season the pairs select and occupy one of the several small camps laid out for the purpose. The birds are very fierce and savage at this period, but at all other times are as tame as a flock of sheep. They assemble to be fed at bugle call, though the feeders have to be careful of any loose articles there may be about, for the ostriches snap up and swallow immediately any such trifles as tobacco, pipes, knives, spoons, coins, &c., and make attempts to wrench off buttons from boots and clothing, and are not particular as to watches and chains if they can secure them. The plucking of the birds is a dangerous operation. They are enticed by a bugle call into a small inclosure, where they are packed as closely as possible to prevent them from administering those terrible kicks to the pluckers of which they are capable, and which are delivered with a force sufficient to break a man's thigh. The plumage of the farmed ostrich is said to be abundant in quantity and superior in quality, and the yield from a well stocked and carefully-tended farm returns a large profit on the whole outlay.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

A TERRIBLE disaster occurred in the English Channel, Sept. 13. The British ship, Avalanche, from London for New Zealand, carrying sixty-three passengers and a crew of twenty-two, collided with the British ship, Forest, from London, for New York, crew numbering twenty-one, and both vessels foundered. The Forest struck the Avalanche between the main and mizzen masts, nearly cutting her in two. The latter sank immediately; the Forest kept afloat an hour or two. Only one boat, containing twelve persons, reached the shore in safety, all others were lost. Nearly one hundred persons were drowned.

M. THIERS, ex-President of the Republic of France, died at Paris, Sept. 3d, in the eighty-first year of his age. Thiers was a statesman of the highest order, and for nearly fifty years has been famous as a historian, journalist, orator and statesman. In personal appearance he was peculiar, almost comical: very short and very stout, with a large hooked nose and enormous spectacles. The death of Thiers is a severe blow to the French Republic, and is keenly felt. He possessed the confidence of a great portion of the French people, who at the present time especially need his wise counsel, moderation and patriotism.

LONDON, SEPT. 17.—*The Daily Telegraph* publishes a dispatch from Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, dated Emboma in Congo, West Africa, August 16. He states that he has completely navigated the Lualaba, and has succeeded in proving it to be identical with the Congo. Henry Stanley entered upon the journey from which he has returned, in November, 1874, when, at the head of 300 men, he left the coast to explore the lake region of Equatorial Africa. He diverged from the usual road at Upwapwa, reached the western frontier of Ugongo on December 31, struck directly across almost a level plain, and at Tchiwya, in the Urimi country, about the latitude of Ujiji he found the waters flowing northward. Thence he followed the course of the River Shemseyu, for 350 miles, and reached Kagehyi on the Victoria N'yanza Lake, February 27, 1875, having lost 194 men by death, and desertion. He launched a boat and circumnavigated the lake, assisted by thirty canoes lent him by Mtesa, King of Uganda. His circumnavigation covered about 1,000 miles; he minutely explored the inlets and found that Speke and Grant were right in declaring—contrary to Livingstone —the N'yanza to be one great lake containing many islands. On April 17 he started to complete his exploration of the west side of the Victoria N'yanza. He proposed next to cross the intervening country, and explore the Albert N'yanza.

THE Turks and Russians have been doing some very severe fighting, and the losses are heavy on both sides, but no important changes of position have taken place since our last issue—the Turks are holding their ground surprisingly well.

DOMESTIC.

A TERRIBLE railroad accident occurred, Aug. 29th, about seven miles from Desmoines, Iowa. In consequence of a violent rain-storm which prevailed at the time of the disaster, a small creek that passes through a culvert under the railway was swollen to a mighty stream, the tremendous current of which washed away the stone culvert and left the track supported only by the silis which spanned the direful chasm. The train consisted of one baggage car, four passenger cars, and one sleeping car: excepting the sleeping car, which remained standing on the track, all of these car were completely telescoped and thrown into the bottom of the ravine. Twenty persons were killed outright and about forty more or less seriously injured.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, the famous president of the Mormons, died at the Lion House, Salt Lake City, Utah Ter'y, Aug. 28. Brigham Young was born in Vermont, in 1801, his parents were Methodists, but he embraced no religion until he became a Mormon. Brigham learned and followed the occupation of a carpenter, painter and glazier. In 1824 he married his first wife, and in 1832 he embraced the Mormon faith at Columbia, Pa. He was immediately ordained an elder, and in 1835 was made senior Apostle: soon after this he left for England, returning in this country with a company of emigrants in 1841. About this time the Mormons had many hardships to contend with: Being compelled to leave Ohio they settled in Missouri, and from thence they were driven to Illinois. Here they lived in comparative safety until 1844 when polygamy was introduced into their community; this so infuriated the people of Illinois that Joseph Smith, the Mormon leader, was assassinated and the Mormons driven out of the State. Young then became the leader and conducted his poverty-stricken hand to Utah Territory, where they arrived in 1847. The Mormon have been quite prosperous in their new home and some of them are very wealthy. At the time of his death Young was worth more than $7,500,000

ONE of the largest fires which have visited New York city for many years occurred Sept. 3d, at 9¼ A. M. The fire was first discovered in a drying room in Hale's piano factory, and an effort was made by some of the hands to extinguish it, but without avail. The fire spread so rapidly, that before 2 P. M all the buildings in the square bounded by Tenth and Eleventh Avenues and Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets were in ruins, besides quite a number on the opposite side of Thirty-fifth Street. The heat was so intense that one of the steam engines was abandoned and was destroyed. Several lives were lost; one thousand persons were thrown out of employment; as many more rendered homeless, and property to the amount of $1,000,000 consumed.

THE international shooting match between the British and American rifle teams, took place at Creedmoor, Long Island, Sept 13th and 14th, and resulted in a victory for the Americans by a score of 3,334 for the Americans and 3,242 for the British, out of a possible 3,600. This is the best shooting that has ever been done on either side of the Atlantic. The ranges were 800, 900, and 1,000 yards.

YELLOW fever has made its appearance at Fernandina, Fla., and owing to the unfavorable state of the weather is spreading rapidly. More than a score of cases have proved fatal. Charleston, S. C. and Savannah, Ga., are doing all in their power for the unfortunate city.

PRESIDENT HAYES and his cabinet have been making an extended tour in the States east of the Mississippi. They have already visited the New England and some of the Western States, and are now travelling in the Southern States. Good-will and enthusiasm greets them on every hand.

A SEATTIFUL monument, surmounted by a colossal statue of the late Andrew Johnson, is to be erected to the memory of the ex-President, near his old home in Tennessee.

THE Democrats of New Jersey have nominated Genl. Geo. B. McClellan for Governor.

SENATOR MORTON, of Indiana, is lying very low from an attack of paralysis. It is thought that he will recover.

SENATOR BOGG of Missouri died on the 20th.

THE faculty of the University of Pennsylvania has decided the question of coeducation of the sexes in that institution. Instruction in the Scientific School and Department of Arts shall hereafter be given to both sexes. There are about 1,000 students in the college.

LEVI COFFIN, well know in *ante bellum* days as President of the Underground Railway, always a prominent anti-slavery man, died at his residence in Avondale, Ohio, at 2:30 P. M., Sept. 16. His age was about seventy-five years.

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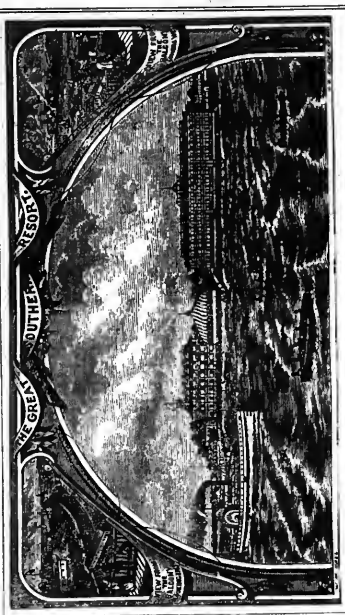

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THE VISIT OF CHARITY.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, RICHARD TOLMAN, J. F. B. MARSHALL, } *Editorial Committee.*

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, NOVEMBER, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

THE Hampton Institute opened October 1st, and on the 18th the total nttendance was 288, of whom 223 were boarders nnd 65 day scholars. There are 161 men snd 127 women. This attendance and the promptness in entering are unprecedented. The sleeping-rooms are crowded; n number of young men will have qunrters in tbe new harn, intended for grain rooms.

Applicnnts hail from nll parts of the country, from Missouri, Texas, and even California. Jamnica and Cuba are represented, the former by one and tbe latter by seven young men, all of good promise. A number of young colored people from the Northern Stntes have entered. As gradustes of the Hampton Institute, whose diplomas secure engagements in Virginis, North Carolina nnd Maryland, tbey are able to obtain work as teachers in those States far more readily than if educated in the North.

Tbe corps of teachers bss not materially chnnged. It is the policy of the school to retain permanently, if possible, a certain number of teachers, securing thus the benefits of experience and retaining a hold on graduates, to whom the institution is its teachers more than its buildings. Keeping up an influence over this class is as important as it was to give them their education, and is a part of the work tbat does not appenr in any statistics. Another such work is the assignment of teachers who are applied for and appointed at the Principal's office.

The Institute is thus brought to hear upon tbe public schools of this nnd other States. A lnrge number of graduates, however, get schools for themselves by corresponding directly with State officers.

Through Professor Newell, Supt. Public Instruction of Maryland, ten have been employed in tbnt State.

Throughout the entire range of our relations with Southerners there has been the kindest spirit, a purpose to give the colored people a fair chance, and an entire absence of complaint on both sides. Long deferred paymeuts of salaries, in some cases, have been the principal difficulty.

DURING the existence of the "peculisr institution" the negro was powerless to help himself. Hence sn sggressive policy of three pbsses, agitation, war, and reconstruction. The present national policy is, however, an scknowledgement thst esch State settles its own questions, regulates its own affairs of every kind. The colored man must make the best terms he can witb bis neigbbors. External aid has somewhat blinded him to the necessity of using his own wits; he faintly reslizes how much he ought to or can do for himself. The rsce has genius for getting slong, for "scuffling" through difficulties; but very little for turning to account sll the resources at hand.

The teacher of the black rsce is more and more inclined to tell them tbat tbeir greatest trouble is in themselves and their greatest work upon themselves. The internal and external condition of a people have a reciprocnl influence. The work of the psst seventeen yenrs nnd the dresm of many for fifty years bas been nn outward change, and it has come with dramatic completeness; the work of the next fifty years will be to mnke the internal cbange correspond with it.

Men and things being as they nre, it will be impossible for the negro to ever hold the political weight that he now has unless bis fitness for power shnll be improved.

His strength is numerical, not morni; when his majority is gone his influence nearly disappears. Rightly or wrongly, bis future position will, in general, be that of a minority. Tbere is no help for it. It will be of use to him only as he develops moral force, and learns wisdom.

In our own vicinity, where the majority is colored, the process of evolving representative colored men is now going on; considerations of character are painfully absent; n candidate for the State Senate is regularly nominated whom respectablo men cannot and will not vote for. There becomes at once a color line in the Republican ranks; eveu the better class of colored people do not realize the importance of the moral element, although some will, in this case, scratch the ticket. In their condition better things cannot be expected; yet they have sometimes shown excellent judgment as to nominees.

Generally, tbey do not feel the influence of enlightened sentiment. The smartest men win.

Their moral weakness is s terrible obstacle to their improvement. It neutralizes many of the benefits of their citizenship. The need of a great and well-sustained system of educstion adapted to their needs is paramount.

One class of men at the North opened tbe late Presidential csmpaign with appeals to the passions and memories of the civil wnr, and would attempt to further regulate the difficulties of the negro. Another class preached reconciliation nnd opposed srmed interferance.

In tbe light of the real welfare of the race the former method was as hopeless as it was useless. The black man could not stand where politicinns would have bsd him; be lacked the personsl quality, the power to organize, to act coherently, intelligently, with any regsrd to the future, and had no nppreciation of public sentiment. It was not his fault. Uuder slsvery he improved much, but it was not just tbe school to fit him for the exercise of sovereign power.

Tbe failure of the Executive at Wsshington to enforce wbat he could not enforce, or to demand wbat he could not get, has apparently broken the ranks of his supporters. The conciliation of the North is tbe next thing to be done. Force has done all it can for tbe negro, but some of his political backers would still use it.

They would open fire, though the recoil of the gun be more fatal than the shot.

The South to-day is in a better temper for providing the blsck man with education than it ever has been; the movement is onward; it is slow but sure. The changes have been tremendous. The negro's opportunity has been created; it is not as ample as it should be, but it is enough for a trial. Tbe importance that the colored race should, at this point, by every industry, energy and wise ambition for self-improvement, ratify its title to its new rights cannot be overststed.

The Charleston News finds much that is grievous in the last Annusl Report of tbe General Agent of the Peabody Fund. The *News* complsins that there should be "such publicstion of tbe facts as will show who gets the money."

And so exnspersting is the silence of Dr. Sears on this snd similar points, that the *News* goes to the length of intimsting that the Peabody Fund is a "mismanaged charity," csils the Report n "confession that nothing has been systemstically done," and finally gives the document a parting shske with the menace that if the facts so imperiously demanded he not furnished, "it is better to let the fund drop out of sight, as an institution which is of more value to officers and coteries than to the Southern people."

It is only just to Dr. Sears to observe that the evident intention of Mr. Peabody was to furnisb funds for doing good in s discretionary way by filling up the gups always occurring in operations of orgsnized and routine sgencies; and by aiding sueb struggling efforts in the right direction ss deserved success and were ready to perish. Education, according to tbe methods of red tape and "impartial" distribution, could only be hopefully essayed by the State or national legislstion. An eclectic disposition of the fund was, in the opinion of Mr. Peabody, adapted to make bis drop in the bucket go the furthest.

In the exercise of his high and delicate trust, there are obvious reasons why the agent for the disposal of such a fund should avoid the jealousies and comparisons which would inevitably attend a detailed statement of the results of his judgement in particular cases. Had the money been obtained by collections from the public, either from appeals to the charitable or from taxation, then indeed the strictures of the *News* would be more wise. As it is, we understaud tbat able journal to occupy the singular position, that the Southern people should hold its benefactors to a strict necount; and that the public has a right to examine the private books of any one who is so "unbusinesslike" as to offer it money.

AN INTERESTING letter appears in this issue of the WORKMAN, from s gentleman in Jamaica who is well informed respecting the condition of the negroes in that island.

Probably few are awsre of the recent efforts for their welfare; we may believe that the race will hereafter have better advantages than ever, not only from Christisn work, but from the sppointment of Sir Antony Musgrave to the governorship of the island. This gentleman was recently transferred hy the British Government from n similar position in Victoria, Australia, to Jamaica. His experience, capacity, nnd deep interest in the welfare of all under his charge, will insure the benefits of wisc and just ndministration to all classes in Jamaica. Heretofore, secounts from there have had an uncertain sound. It hss been impossible, from wbnt we read and have heard, to be very sure of the extent to which emancipation has been a blessing to those people.

There is nothing more difficult than to impress upon ex-slaves the obligations of freedom and tbe fsct that the difference is, tbnt in freedom men must work harder snd behave better than in slavery, but have the luxury of doing it of tbeir own necord.

ON THE Hsmpton Institute grounds there is a very comfortable, furnished cottage for rent. It was built hy a friend of the school who had expected to make it a home, but was called away.

It is benutifully situated, standing close upon the sea-shore, where there are excellent facilities for boating all winter.

Anyone desiring to pass the winter in Virginia and to secure this commodious cottage should address tbe Principal of the Hampton Institute.

Mr. Daniel Barker of Norfolk, whose advertisement of winter-flowering plants, roses and bulhs appears in anotber column, has hsd long experience ns a gnrdener and florist, and is fully competent to do all he agrees. His well-stocked green house contains the best and choicest collection of plants to be found south of Washington; snd he is prepared to guarantee everything he sends out exactly as represented. Give him a call and you will be sure to order sgain.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

The following Special Premiums sre offered by WILLIAM N ARMSTRONG, Esq., of New York:

1. For the best Essay on the trae method of farming one hundred acres of land, in Tidewater Virginia, on the plan of diversified prodaction, $25.
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4. For tbe best Essay on the trae method of farming one hundred acres of land, in the Valley, or Southwestern Virginia, on the plan of diversified production, $25.

It is desired, in a few words, to show the capabilities of n one-bundred scre farm, in each of the severnl localities mentioned.

The conditions, in respect to these premiums, are as follows:

1. The competing essays will be delivered to the editor of the *Southern Planter and Farmer*, on or before the first day of January, 1878, and by him be delivered to the Executive Committee of the Virginia State Agricultural Society.
2. The said Committee will determine the relative merits of the essays, in such manner as they may deem just, and to the author of best essay, respectively, they will award the premium.
3. The successful essays will be given in the first instance, to the *Southern Planter and Farmer* for publication.

GENERAL T. M. LOGAN, of Virginia, read a paper before the American Social Science Association of Saratoga, Sept. 6th, on "The Opposition in the South to the Free-School System." We extract paragraphs of special interest. The spirit nnd tone of the paper are excellent and the insight of the author is clear.

THE OPPOSITION IN THE SOUTH TO THE FREE-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

A paper read before the American Social Science Association, at Saratoga, September 5th, 1877, the subject under discussion being: "The Question of Education in the Southern States."

By Gen. T. M. Logan, of Richmond, Va.

I. Opposition to public instruction in the South prevails mostly in country districts, where the school system is inefficient. It is not so general in villages and towns, where the schools are of higher standar.l: while in cities, where the system is most efficient, the opposition is scarcely perceptible. In thinly settled districts, the schools are necessarily few and widely separated; while salaries are too small to command the services of competent teachers. The inefficiency of country schools is exaggerated by comparison with those of the cities; and tax-payers oppose appropriations for their support. The sparse population of country districts, by thus affecting the efficiency of schools, occasions opposition to public instraction in the South. But as private schools could only be sustained at increased cost, the public-school system is most needed in poor and thinly settled districts

The impoverishment of the Southern people is another condition which occasions opposition to public instruction. With taxable values largely depreciated, the South is, also, heavily indebted; and the free-school system is opposed by many, because it necessitates increased taxation.

* * * * *

But the principal opposition to public instruction in the South, arises from the presence of the freedman. Colored schools must, under the law, be equally sustained with those of the whites; and hence, aversion to educating the freedman occasions oppositiou to the whole system.

In consequence of these local conditions, decided opposition exists, in the South, to the free-school system, although the necessity of governmental instruction is conceded in all other civilized communities.

The voting power should, on theory, be intrusted only to enlightened citizens; but, in free countries, suffrage has already been extended to large classes who, without free schools, would be unenlightened: therefore, as suffrage cannot now be restricted, popular

governments must educate the masses.

Suffrage having been enlarged in advance of educational qualifications, theory has been violated, and placed in a transitional state of great peril. Private exertions being inadequate for the emergency, governmental action is necessary to avoid this danger which threatens social destruction; and free-school instruction is the only available mode of qualifying the people as sovereign voters.

These views apply with peculiar force to the political condition of the South, where an illiterate race, unaccustomed to the responsibilities of citizenship, have been made voters. The Negro cannot provide for the education of his children; and government, as a political necessity, must undertake it.

Before the general introduction of free schools, British laborers were the most intelligent in Europe, and the industrial supremacy of England was unquestioned. But when the laboring classes of other nations became more enlightened in consequence of public instruction, Great Britain experienced closer competition in her leading industries, having adhered to the theory that government should not undertake the education of the people. At the Paris exhibition of 1857, it became apparent that England was losing her industrial preeminence. In many of her manufactures she was excelled in quality, and undersold in market. There was no disputing the fact; there was no mistaking the cause. An exhaustive report by a special committee of parliament gave the explanation: the free schools had diverted the laboring classes of competing nations. As an industrial necessity, the present free-school system of England was thereupon inaugurated.

Thus, progressive countries are forced to adopt some system of public instruction, or be distanced in the industrial race of the nations.

The usual objections to educating the masses are advanced in the South, but they apply equally to other communities, and have been repeatedly refuted. They are generally based on the assumption that education is the privilege of the few, and most of them are mere appeals to class prejudice.

But as the opposition to the free-school system in the South is due principally to the presence of the freedman, so the objections advanced derive their influence chiefly from race prejudice.

It is insisted that the education of the Negro by public instruction will not prove advantageous to society; but no reasons are assigned why he should be an exception to the rule, that the standard of education is always advanced by the education of the people.

All objections to public instruction in the South apply equally to both races; but to avoid antagonizing the whites, they are usually urged against educating the freedman, and thus the appeal is made to race prejudice to strengthen opposition to the free-school system. The whites would not intentionally be unjust to the blacks, even as a class, while towards them as individuals the kindest feelings prevail. But race prejudice, which naturally exists, has been increased by misapprehensions regarding the freedman and his position as a distinct element of society.

Although the "war of races," which seemed imminent during reconstruction, has been avoided, race antagonism, to some extent, remains, and the idea still prevails that it is unavoidable. A social conflict may exist while the relations of the races are being adjusted; but there being no permanent hostility of interest, no race antagonism need continue.

The abhorrence of the whites to amalgamation also increases race prejudice, and strengthens the reluctance to educating the freedman. It is often broadly asserted that slavery being abolished, the races cannot live together without extermination of the inferior, or amalgamation of the two. But neither result need be expected in the South, where the conditions are unprecedented.

The Indian was exterminated because his nature could not conform to the usages of civilization; but the Negro has so far conformed to the usages of civilization as to live in a civilized community.

The natives of South America amalgamated with the Latin races; but a similar result is rendered impossible in the Southern States, by the greater race differences between the Negro and the Teuton; while, furthermore, in preserving race purity, the Teutonic have always been more scrupulous than the Latin races.

Much of the prejudice towards the freedman would be removed, if his relations, as a distinct element of society, were better understood. Many who now deplore the presence of the colored man, as a great social evil, exalt the *regime*, because of its alleged influence in raising the social standard of the whites; and yet, if the Negro formerly exerted a beneficial influence on society, the influence of the freedmen now, as a distinct class of free laborers, should tend more strongly to elevate the white race.

When two races live together, as in the Southern States, in full equality under the law, each will take that grade in the social economy to which its race qualifications entitle it; each will find its ethnological level.

In the South full civil equality exists, and all spheres of life are open to both races; but, in the race competition, the whites occupy the higher plane of life, the blacks occupy the lower.

Practically, there are two classes in the South, as clearly defined as if established and rigidly preserved by caste laws. The whites, in effect, constitute an upper caste, without the existence of laws giving caste privileges; while race prejudice prevents amalgamation, and preserves the class separation into two distinct social strata.

This classification not being established arbitrarily, the whites, as a class, may reap all the advantages, if any exist, of the caste system, without necessarily experiencing the usual evil influences of caste laws.

Full civil equality existing, race competition, stimulated by race pride of the whites, will prevent that enervation of the privileged class which is usually caused by the caste system. The lowest labor on the industrial scale being performed by the freedman, the lowest occupations of the whites are of higher grade than those of the laboring class of other communities; and hence the average employment of the white race, in the South, should be of a higher order than in other countries.

If it be conceded that he has, by nature, qualifications requisite to make him an efficient laborer, differentiation between the races might result in greater fitness of each, respectively, for its special sphere in life; as, in the case of individuals, a division of labor produces greater fitness for special duties. Those, therefore, who value class distinction, should be the last to object to the presence of the freedman, assuming, as they do, his inherent race inferiority.

It has been generally believed that the freedman would entail evils on the South, and these apprehended evils have been greatly exaggerated, thus increasing the race prejudice of the whites; while, as an element of society, he really contributes advantages which all have been ignored.

Communism is regarded as the social rock on which modern civilization is in danger of being wrecked; and, recently, the agrarian tendencies of labor unions, in America, have aroused the gravest apprehensions. But the freedman promises to be a conservative element of society—his presence tending to restrain the growth of communism. The southern limits of the strikes and riots, in the late railroad disturbances, were almost identical with the color lines on the census maps; and, although the tendency to such combinations and excesses varies with density of population, the real protection of the South arose from having two antagonistic races constituting her industrial classes. The white and colored employees will not combine against their employers, because antagonism is stronger between the races than between capital and labor—the white engineer being more identified with the railroad proprietor than with the colored brakesman at his side.

Her industrial classes being thus divided by race differences, the South has less to fear than other communities, while from the same cause, she has less to apprehend, politically, from the communistic tendencies of the day.

For more than a century, the vexed question of the Negro has perplexed the first intellects of the South; and the problem remains unsolved. But the freedman is now a citizen and voter; and self-interest should prompt the whites to prepare him for greater usefulness.

As a laborer, ignorance is his greatest deficiency; this would soonest be removed by the free-school system.

As a voter, the freedman is liable from ignorance to be misled by demagogues; but when taught to read, he is brought within the influence of the press, which is conservative, because controlled by the property holding classes. Therefore his greatest deficiency as a voter, also, would be soonest removed by the free-school system.

All arguments usually advanced in favor of public instruction apply with greater force in the case of the Negro, because of his greater deficiencies. And thus, every consideration of the subject leads to the conclusion, that the future welfare and prosperity of the South demand the education of the freedmen by public-school instruction.

Races, like individuals, require education; but methods of instruction should be adapted to their ethnological condition. But the friends of the freedman insist that the same courses of instruction should be provided for each race, although the education of the Negro has only commenced, while the Anglo-Saxon has received the civilized training of centuries. To undertake the race education of the freedman by a system adapted to the whites, would be like placing a pupil in the highest grades before he had received primary instruction.

The leading aim in the education of the freedman in his present condition, should be to train him to habits of industry. The violation of this principle explains the fact, which has caused so much concern among their friends in the South, that the freedmen who receive the highest education often prove the most useless citizens. Having received only "book education" at school, they enter life without habits of industry, inherited or acquired, to protect them from vagrancy. It is this fact, now universally conceded, which excites the greatest alarm for the future of the free-school system in the South. Education does not induce idleness; but it is alleged that when the freedman regards himself qualified to earn a support by mental work, he is unwilling to accept manual labor. He cannot secure employment suited to his supposed acquirements; and he becomes an idle and unproductive member of the community. His idleness, the more noticeable because of his education, creates prejudice against public instruction, while to explain the evil as a result of an unwise course of instruction, will avail little after the public mind has accepted it as an effect of the free-school system itself.

It is further urged, that the freedmen, as individuals, do not at present require the same education to prepare them for their labor in the lower sphere of life, as that needed by the whites to prepare them for their duties in the higher. Except as preachers and teachers of their own race, there exists no demand for the services of the freedmen in the higher occupations, however qualified they may be by education and ability. Why then, it is objected, spend time and money in preparing them for positions they will not occupy.

The freedmen are now demanding high schools, wherever such schools are provided for the whites, without considering whether they are really needed; but instruction unsuited to the condition of the race only strengthens the opposition to their education. A vigilant minority are eager to destroy the entire system of public instruction, and the friends of the freedmen should heed the warnings of experience.

If, during the civil rights agitation, laws had been passed enforcing mixed schools, the opposition of the whites would have caused the abandonment of all governmental instruction in the South. Prudence overruled, then, the clamor for mixed schools; prudence should over-rule, now, the clamor for similar instruction for both races.

When individual freedmen evince special aptitude, every opportunity should be afforded for their education, especially when their acquirements are in demand; but the free-school system should be adapted to the general wants and not to exceptional cases.

There should be no restrictions on his education, but the question is: What course of instruction, which is practicable, will be most advantageous to the freedman in his present condition? The system would be only tentative and provisional; for, as the race advanced, the education should be changed to suit their changed condition.

It is a grave mistake to attempt to "Europeanize" the African, in efforts to elevate him. On this subject Edward W. Blyden, one of the most cultured of Africans, has expressed himself in the strongest terms against making the African "a parasite upon the European," and urges his development "upon the basis of his own idiosyncrasies."

These views, deductions from general principles, are confirmed by experience. In consequence of having acquired habits of cleanliness, of order, of industry, the graduates of the "Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute" of Virginia, are in constant demand. The policy to be pursued is clearly indicated. Beyond primary instruction, industrial education, similar to the Swedish system, is the education which the freedman needs. The adoption of such a course of instruction, the only one suited to his present condition and wants, would result in preparing the freedman for greater usefulness, and in making him a more valuable citizen; while the success, which will then attend public instruction, would silence all objections, and, eventually, remove opposition to the free-school system in the South.

GOOD USE FOR A DIME.

We advise all our readers to forward their address and 10 cents to Orange Judd Co., 245 Broadway, New York, who make a special offer to send for this sum (half price and postage) the number for October 1st, of the *American Agriculturist*. This splendid number, besides over 50 engravings, contains a great amount of useful, practical, reliable, seasonable information, not only for the Farm and Garden, but for the household. Children included. Most will get from it hints and suggestions worth ten or twenty times its cost..... Better still, to send $1.60 and receive the paper, post-paid from now to the end of 1878—that is, all of volume 37, with the rest of this year *free*. (Two copies for $1.50 each). Nowhere else can one get so much really valuable, paying information for so little money—not 3 cents a week, a sum easily saved or produced extra, which the paper will be sure to help one to do. This journal is prepared by practical men and women, who know what they talk and write about from actual experience and large observation, and do greatly aid others to profitable planning and working. Many single hints and suggestions each abundantly repay a year's cost. The fearless exposure of quackery and humbugs in every number are invaluable, and have saved its readers and the country millions of dollars. The departments for the Household and Children are pleasing and instructive. Every number of the paper is beautifully illustrated. In short, the *American Agriculturist* is full of good things, for every man, woman, and child, in city, village, and country. Take our advice and send $1 60 for 14 months, or at least send a Dime for our half-price specimen now offered, and see it for yourselves.

Our readers will be interested in an extract from the *Brooklyn Argus* of Sept 26th, headed—

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

Freedmen Educated in Southern Colleges and sent as Missionaries to Africa—Farewell Services in the Central Congregational Church.

A notable event, and one marking the beginning of a new era in missionary enterprise, occurred Sunday night in the Central Congregational Church. It is, of course, well known that since the close of the war a number of colleges and other institutions of learning have been opened in Virginia, Georgia and other Southern States for the education of the colored people. These institutions are under the control of the American Missionary Association, which has heretofore always had to rely on the efforts of white missionaries for the carrying on of the work of converting the heathen. Now, however, the Association will be able to send colored missionaries to Africa, and it is believed they will be eminently successful, for the reason that the natives will listen more readily to a man of their own color than to a white man, and also because the colored missionaries will be better able to withstand the extreme heat and deadly miasma of that country than their white predecessors were.

The first colored men qualified to be sent out as missionaries were in the Central Congregational Church last evening, in order that their friends and the officers of the Association might publicly wish them "God-speed" in their great undertaking. They were:

Rev. Floyd Snelson, who was accompanied by his wife and three children.

Benjamin James, M.D., wife and two children.

Mr. A. E. White, who has been specially fitted to act as a teacher, from the Hampton Institute.

All three were formerly slaves on Southern plantations, and since their emancipation have been educated either at the Hampton (Va.) Institute, Atlanta University in Georgia, or Howard University, Washington. These are only three of the twenty academies, schools and colleges founded by the American Missionary Association in the Southern States for the education of the freedmen. They are now attended by 6,175 students, and 70,000 colored children have already been taught by those who were formerly pupils in one or another of the institutes. In addition to the educational institutes founded by the Association, it has also established fifty-six churches in the South.

Sunday evening the colored missionaries and the members of their families occupied chairs in front of the platform, on which were seated Rev. M. Scudder, pastor of the church; Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D., Corresponding Secretary, and Rev G. D. Pike, District Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and Rev. Father Gleason. The church was crowded in every part, and among those present were: U. S. Marshal Hurlow, David M. Stone, Esq., H. W. Hubbard, Esq., Assistant Treasurer of the A. M. A., and many others.

After an address by Dr. Scudder, and the singing of the Missionary Hymn,—

The missionaries were requested to rise and receive the charge from Rev. M. E. Strieby, who said there was a fitness in their meeting in that church, as its pastor represented a family that had had three successive generations in the missionary field, and on the roll of missionary heroes the name of Scudder would always shine. So many things had been said about Africa that he should confine himself to three points. His first charge to them was to take good care of their health, for on that would depend the success of the enterprise, which was at present but an experiment. If they succeeded, the Association would be encouraged to persevere, and it was designed that they should go forward as the pioneers of a vast company of missionaries. He also charged them to be careful in the extending of their missionary work, bearing in mind that an army was not always successful by hard fighting, but there had also to be good generalship. Finally, he advised them to act with caution in moving into the interior of the country, and to put forth their efforts as they saw their way clear before them. Under all circumstances they were to bear in mind that they went forth as the embassadors of Christ, to preach His gospel, and if they did His work faithfully, then at the last he would give them the crown of everlasting life.

At Home.

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

BY MARY KEELY BOUTELLE.

Faded and fair, in her old arm-chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray;
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have and to do, if I can, some day:
You *can* talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh nor send you away.

I see as I look from the window-seat,
A house there yonder across the street,
With a fine French roof, and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay windows are full of flowers;
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it tinkle and fall
When the doors are open; "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that, some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old
A turn-out like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay!
What fun 'twould be if they ran away!"
"Money will buy them," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port, and across the sea;
Oh! to feel in *my* face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old, far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall, some day."
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when, like me, you are old," says she,
"And getting and going are done with, dear,
What then, do you think, will the one thing be
You will wish and need, to content you here?"
"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me," I say.
"That money *won't* buy," says Grandmother Gray.

"Aad, sure enough, if there's nothing worth
All your care when the years are past,
But love in heaven, and love on earth,
Why not begin where you'll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasure to-day,
Treasure that nothing can take away,
Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

—*Wide Awake.*

EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE A TRADE.—In the Prussian royal family this principle is carried to its fullest extent, and according to the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, on the 22d ult., the occasion of King William's birthday, he was presented with an engraving by Prince Henry and a book bound by Prince Waldemar, the two younger sons of the Crown Prince. Each of the princes has learned a trade. The Emperor himself, it is said, is a glazier, and the Crown Prince a compositor. The German royal family have learned that there is no royal road to usefulness and prosperity; that they must become as the people to be able to rule the people. Reverses may come also and it is well to be prepared—skilled workmen have little difficulty in procuring employment.

PREVENTION OF FIRES. Add one ounce of alum to the last water used to rinse children's dresses, and they will be rendered uninflammable, or so slightly combustible that they would take fire very slowly, if at all, and would not flame. Bed curtains, and linen in general, may also be treated in the same way.

A WARNING.—An intelligent writer calls the attention of all consumers of kerosene oil to the pernicious and unhealthy practice of using lamps filled with that article with the wicks turned down. The gas which should be consumed by the flames is by this means left heavily in the air, while the cost of the oil thus saved, at present prices, would scarce be one dollar a year for the lamps of a household. His attention was called particularly to this custom while boarding in the country where kerosene was the only available light. A large family of children living in the same house were taken ill one night, and on going to the nursery, the mother found the room nearly suffocating, with a lamp turned down; whereupon the physician forbade the use of a lamp at night, unless turned at full head. He says he could quote many cases, one of a young girl subject to fits of faintness, which, if not induced, were greatly increased, by sleeping in a room with the lamp almost turned out. Beside the damage to health, it spoils the paper and curtains, soils the mirrors and windows, and gives the whole house an untidy air and an unwholesome odor.

A CURE FOR SOOTY CHIMNEYS.—F. C. R. says: About fifteen years ago, a dwelling was raised one story higher, and a chimney had also to be raised some feet higher; and as the chimney was built up, it was plastered on the inside with salt mortar, to prevent the adhesion of soot. The result is that the part plastered with salt mortar is white and clean to this day, while the other part gets filled with soot up to the very line where the salted part begins, and has to be cleaned each year, the chimney being in almost constant use. The proportions used were one peck of salt, added while tempering, to three pecks of mortar.—*Scientific American.*

☞ If houses were built on dry sites and of sufficient area, and with proper arrangements for ventilation, and the water supply was pure and sufficient, the larger half of the great problem of sanitary science would be solved. The disposal of the refuse of life and labor is a simple matter. Wretched homes, impure air, and fouled water lower the physical and mental stamina of men and women so much as to make them indifferent to dirt, and passive almost under disease. Arouse their energies by better homes, and the disposal of refuse or waste substances would become a work of ease, if not of absolute pleasure. For all of the different modes of disposing of sewerage or other waste there is none so simple, direct or efficient for the rural districts as its immediate application to the soil and conversion into the growing crops of the garden or allotment.—*Sanitary Science.*

LIBERIA.

What People Earn and Eat in Liberia.

BY THE REV. T. GRACEY.

GRAND BASSA COVE, LIBERIA,
January 5, 1877.

SALARIES AND WAGES.

I have put myself to some pains to collect some general information, the correctness of which is sufficient for practical purposes.

To begin with government officials, the President of the Republic is paid a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum in the currency of the country, which is at least depreciated below the United States "greenbacks" now freely circulating here, fully fifteen per cent. He has, however, some perquisites, as for instance, an appropriation for public entertainments at his own table. The Secretaries of State and Treasury are paid one thousand dollars each per annum; the Attorney-General and Postmaster-General seven hundred and fifty dollars each, the Comptroller and Auditor seven hundred dollars each, while the Treasurer receives two hundred dollars less than these, and the Clerk of the State Department three hundred dollars.

But it may be of more general interest to know what can be earned by skilled and unskilled laborers.

A carpenter can command two dollars per day, exclusive of boarding, so also can blacksmiths, but they both find it more remunerative and satisfactory to work by contract. It must not, however, be supposed that at present a large number of such workmen could command employment here. There is very little building now amongst the Americo-Liberians, as there is but little influx of this class into the country, and the residences and business property are quite sufficient for present necessities. The aboriginal population live in houses constructed of bamboo and thatched with straw, and the entire cost of such a house would not reach twenty dollars. The Americo-Liberians occupy houses which have cost from one hundred to several thousands of dollars. But five hundred dollars will purchase a very respectable and comfortable homestead in Monrovia; on the St. Paul's River the cost would be even less.

What Liberia wants primarily is agricultural laborers. There is a fine opportunity for any self-poised colored man here who will leave this small shuffle for the little dignity and remuneration of the government offices and the contest for the small trader's place, and settle down on these fine inland homesteads and develop the resources which are so abundant. He cannot buy land on the margin of the St. Paul's River for less than from twenty-five to fifty dollars per acre, but two to six miles back from it he can have his lands assigned him. He does not need much capital to construct a house, nor for clothing. He can do well on purely indigenous food by a little self-denial till he gets adjusted to the situation.

The ordinary day-laborer amongst the aborigines is paid from twenty-five to fifty cents per day, but the colonist can as readily have seventy-five cents or a dollar for even unskilled labor. This puts him on a level with respectable society, as may be known by the fact that the largest salary paid to a clergyman is not more than eight hundred dollars per year. Even in Monrovia the salary of the leading preacher is only five hundred dollars per annum, he providing his own house out of that sum. The average preacher's salary is not three hundred dollars per year. An unskilled mechanic can command as much pay as the average salary of the school-teacher, for these are paid from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars.

KINDS AND COST OF FOOD.

The next necessity in order to forming a judgment of the real worth of wages is information as to what can be procured with the same. If the colonist determines that he must procure the same food that he was accustomed to in the United States, he can expend very readily a sum much greater than he can earn. Wheat flour must be imported from Europe or the United States. The Holland flour commands from fifteen to eighteen dollars per barrel; English, fifteen or sixteen, and American the same. Mackerel is also sold at fourteen to fifteen dollars per barrel; herring at seven to eleven dollars; bacon, twenty to twenty-five dollars per hundred pounds. There is very little domestic butter, because cattle do not thrive on this coast. Foreign butter costs seventy-five cents per pound; turkeys cost five dollars per pair; Irish potatoes cannot be very successfully cultivated, hence are scarce and costly. But the sweet potato can be had every week in the year. At the Muhlenberg mission farm, at the head of navigation of the beautiful St. Paul's River, the sweet potato is planted once a month for the use of the mission children. The plant grows wild, but does not bear much fruit unless cultivated. The cassava, which is much like a sweet potato and a roasted Italian chestnut, is a root about two and a half feet long. An upper stalk of some old plant is buried two inches deep in the ground, and after a twelvemonth will yield a half-bushel of roots. These things grow readily and with other things require little labor. The seed is thrown on the ground, and a little scratching with the hoe is sufficient. In some places two crops can be grown in succession on the same soil.

But little domestic meat is to be had, but wild meat abounds. The red and black water deer, the elk, a larger deer, and other species abound. The bush-cow is said to be good eating; there is also the bush hog or ground-hog, which is large, and if wounded is dangerous. Rice can be had in abundance, and is large, dry and delicious. Domestic sugar and syrup are of fair quality and cheap. Coffee—the best in the world—can be had at eighteen to twenty cents per pound. Fish abound in the streams.

But who can long want for luxuries where fruits are so abundant, rich and free. The Liberia orange is equal to any that we have eaten fresh from the trees in Asia, Europe or America. Pineapples grow all along the lowlands of the coast, while the graceful branches of the cocoanut are laden to the very tip with the heavy fruits. They look as tender and as delicate as willows and yet hold these weights of seventy-five or a hundred pounds most firmly. Peaches, pears, cherries, etc., are intermixed with the plantain, the guava and the lime, and the whole land teems with the wonderful variety of fruit free to all.

Taken altogether, Liberia offers a free and full diet to the new-comer, and all but a few foreign articles are to be had at marvelous little cost. On the other hand, the climate is such that one cannot accomplish as much work here as in more rigorous climes. The fact that horses, mules and cattle do not thrive here leaves man without such kindly aid, and the only work animal, therefore, is man—or woman—for the latter do a great deal of the hardest work amongst the aboriginal population; and he who would get on well cannot afford to spend his days in idle loafing any better here than elsewhere.

The white man cannot get on in this climate, but the colored man from abroad soon passes through the acclimating process, and can live and labor, and earn and eat as well here as anywhere else in the world. I have taken pains not to overdraw in any direction. There are colonists here who are dissipated, but they are very few. Some mechanics have not found remunerative employment, and a few grumble, but the most of the people, in fact almost all that we have conversed with, after passing through the slight attack of fever, and a severer one of home-sickness in some cases, would not exchange their life and situation in Liberia for any other country. Many of them have tried other lands. Quite a proportion of the better classes have been in England or other European countries, and yet are persuaded that they can earn more, and have better food or more of it, and a happier and more congenial life here than elsewhere. "We are at home," said an eminent negro of Monrovia, who has seen much and known much of what opportunities and affinities the colored race has elsewhere.

Yet this is no place for indiscriminate emigration of colored people. Liberia wants self-poised, self-reliant, self-helpful men, and such can do well here.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Do you know the secret of a happy family? It is love and work; unselfishness and industry. That is what makes the world move on, and the world can't move on very smoothly, you know, unless the homes do. Of course the parents must set the fashion. They are king and queen of the home dominion, and all the little subjects will follow their lead.

"You Maria Serena, mind what I say now or I'll skin you within an inch of your life."

That is what a mother heard her little six-year old say to her doll, when a visitor was in the house.

"Why, Jennie, my dear, that is not a pretty way to play with your dolly."

"Oh, I'm only playing I'm you mamma, and telling dolly what you told sister last night."

It was not that kind of mother that Napoleon mean't, I think, when he uttered his famous declaration that "What France needs is mothers."

And when you see a boy of twelve loafing on the street corners with a dirty stump of a cigar in his mouth, or trying to form his young lips to the half understood oath, it doesn't make you feel any happier to know that he is trying, poor little fellow, to act like his father.

A great many new homes are rising in the South among the freed people. They are the hope of the race. If they can be happy as well as free, bright with love and industry, centres of intelligence and goodness, it will be well for the race and the nation.

Every young colored man and woman to whom has been granted the good gift of an education, and training in industry and morality, for a start in life, should see to it that their homes are such as this.

TEMPERANCE Coffee-Houses are needed in every city of the South. Her working classes are to a fearful extent the victims of rum. We hope the following account will direct attention to a great need, and stimulate some one to try the experiment of a coffee-house in a Southern city.

TEMPERANCE COFFEE-HOUSE.

BY JOSHUA L. BAILEY.

As the traveller upon the prairie saves himself from the approaching fire by starting a fire to meet it, so may the fiery influences of rum and whisky, which would consume the body and soul, be stayed and quenched by supplies of other beverages and wholesome food.

To this end, a nearly simultaneous effort has been made within a few years in Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, in the establishment of "Holly-Tree" and "Friendly Inns," "Temperance Restaurants," and "Coffee-Houses." The results, differing somewhat according to local circumstances, have on the whole been satisfactory, proving beyond any doubt that under proper administration these institutions can do a great work, not only in rescuing drunkards from their evil habits, and in keeping the young men from temptation, but in encouraging thrift and sobriety among all classes, very much decreasing the sale of intoxicants, and changing the character of neighborhoods.

"The Workingman's Coffee-Houses" of Philadelphia may be said to have originated in a desire to accommodate the demand for stimulants of which we have already spoken—a demand difficult to eradicate, but possible to direct and control, by providing an acceptable substitute.

Some ideas which seemed indispensable were acted upon at the outset:

First: As to location. If we wish to catch fish, we must go where the fish are. Upon one of the chief business thoroughfares, where men are already accustomed to congregate at the usual lunch hour, there was believed to be the place to spread the net.

Second: The liquor-saloons are made attractive, they are brilliantly lighted, and comfortably warmed. The coffee-houses must not be behind in these respects.

Third: If we ask men to abandon their beer and whisky, we must furnish them a substitute every way better. It was determined, therefore, that the coffee as well as every other article offered for sale should be of the best quality, prepared in the most skilful manner, and served under circumstances as attractive as possible.

Fourth: The price, too, must not be higher than would just cover the cost, that, while satisfying the palate of the most fastidious, it should accommodate the pocket of the poorest.

The experiment was begun in October, 1874. In the very centre of the city, at the intersection of Fifteenth and Market Streets, a small store was secured, and suitably fitted up. On one side the new public buildings were in course of erection, employing some five hundred men, and on the other about the same number of men, teamsters, draymen, etc., came daily to

the Pennsylvania Railroad Freight Depot. "The Workingman's Central Coffee-House" was the title adopted.

It commenced in a very modest way, with only a few pounds of coffee and

Fourth: No distinction is permitted in the treatment of the patrons, who represent every rank and grade of society. The Coffee-Houses were pre-eminently intended for "workingmen" as distinguished daily increasing number. Hundreds can be counted who have been led away from the liquor-saloons through this instrumentality, and many are known to have entirely abandoned the use of intoxicating

BE YE READY.

BY REV. FREDERICK B. ALLEN.

I visited yesterday one of our steam fire-engine houses. On entering the door there was

the Pennsylvania Railroad Freight Depot. "The Workingman's Central Coffee-House" was the title adopted.

It commenced in a very modest way, with only a few pounds of coffee and sugar, a few dozen rolls, a small cook-stove, and a woman acting the double part of cook and waitress. In a few days the services of an assistant were required, and from day to day the business increased, so that it became necessary to secure additional help and enlarged accommodations. Soon a complete kitchen had to be built in the basement, then the adjoining store was added, and, within a year, the third store, till now the premises occupied by "The Central" are about six times the size of the room in which it was opened! It now furnishes lunch daily to about 1,400 persons.

Encouraged by this success, a second coffee-house was opened under the same management, December, 1874. This was located in the centre of the wholesale trade of the city (No. 31 South Fourth Street), and was called "The Model."

From the first it was crowded even to an uncomfortable extent. The demands of its patrons soon rendered larger quarters a necessity. A new building was erected specially adapted to the purpose, many novel features being introduced which a twelvemonth's experience had suggested.

The *new* "Model" opened June 1 of this year. Many persons thought it was too large, and that it would never be filled. But it was thronged on the day of its opening, and on every day since the demands upon it have been fully up to its capacity. The number lunching here daily is about 2,600.

In the establishment of the Coffee-Houses there were, of course, many mistakes, the results of inexperience. Many things had to be unlearned as well as many learned. But mistakes were promptly corrected. With the growth of the work, ability to provide for it seemed to keep pace, and modifications in the management were adopted as necessity dictated.

Not much was anticipated at the commencement beyond furnishing a mug of coffee and a roll of bread, but it soon became apparent that something more than this was needed. Many of the beer and whisky saloons display the invitation—"Free Lunch." Enticed by this bait, scores of young men enter the trap. At the further end of the saloon a table may be found containing a dish of stewed meat and vegetables, *very highly seasoned*. Of this any one is allowed to eat without charge, but few can do so without stopping to slake their thirst at the bar as they pass out. The lunch indeed is *free*, but not so the drink. Hundreds of young men in our stores, counting-houses, and work-shops have thus been lured into habits of intemperance and final ruin.

To meet this necessity, the Coffee-House bill-of-fare was greatly extended, and now quite a variety of nutritious and substantial dishes are provided, and each at the uniform price of *five cents*. The main feature—the coffee—is, however, preserved. A full pint mug of the best Java (equal to two ordinary cups), with pure rich milk and white sugar, and two ounces of either wheat or brown bread, all for *five cents*, is the everyday lunch of many a man who, but for this provision, would be found at the dram-shop.

A few additional characteristics of these establishments, and to which their success is largely to be attributed, may be here noticed.

First: There is the utmost regard for cleanliness in the preparation of the food, in the condition of the eating-room, kitchen and other apartments, and in the personal appearance of the attendants.

Second: All the employés are women. A matron is at the head of each coffee-house. Great care is taken in filling every position to employ those only whose character and conduct shall be above reproach.

Third: The employés reside upon the premises, and form one family, having neatly-furnished chambers, parlor, library, laundry, bath-rooms, and all the comforts of a home, thereby securing the interest of each in the welfare and reputation of the Coffee-House.

Fourth: No distinction is permitted in the treatment of the patrons, who represent every rank and grade of society. The Coffee-Houses were pre-eminently intended for "workingmen" as distinguished from idlers and drones. Workingmen comprise the great proportion of the people. Clergymen, editors, bankers, merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, mechanics, the draymen, the boot-blacks, the newsboys, all belong to this class—every man who works, whether with his hands or his head. For these the Coffee-Houses are intended, and, while not wishing to exclude any, they are clearly not designed for that other class who do not love work, and will not work so long as they can either steal or beg.

Commenced chiefly with the view of providing a substitute for strong drink, other harmonious work was soon pointed out, and now the upper rooms, over seven stores, comprising the entire block in which "The Central Coffee-House" is located, are devoted to the moral and spiritual benefit of those who can be brought under such influences. Here is a suite of

"A HAPPY FAMILY."

five rooms, consisting of a lecture-room, seating four hundred persons; a reading-room for young men, supplied with books and periodicals; and smaller rooms for prayer-meetings and other purposes.

A prayer-and-praise meeting is held in the lecture-room every Tuesday evening, and a temperance meeting every Thursday evening. A Bible-class and prayer-meeting are held every Sabbath afternoon. In one of the rooms an association of reformed men meets every Monday, and a young converts' meeting is held every Wednesday. A distribution of illustrated papers, chiefly upon the subject of temperance, is made every Saturday from the counters of the coffee-houses to the extent of 3,000 copies, thus supplying Sunday reading in many households not reached by any other like instrumentality.

It may not be out of place here to notice that smoking is not allowed in *any* of the apartments, and the use of tobacco in any form is discouraged.

Should it be asked, What are the results of this coffee-house work? The reply is that they are, beyond any anticipation, satisfactory. The substitute for the intoxicating cup has been accepted by a daily increasing number. Hundreds can be counted who have been led away from the liquor-saloons through this instrumentality, and many are known to have entirely abandoned the use of intoxicating drinks.

Some have been rescued from drunkards' lives, and are now filling positions of honor and respectability, and not a few are rejoicing in the forgiveness of their Saviour. Scores of letters have been received from those who acknowledge themselves to have been benefitted, and fathers, mothers and sisters have called to express their gratitude for the restoration of sons and brothers.

To another question often put: "Are these Coffee-Houses self-sustaining?" it may be answered: *The receipts pay all the running expenses.* But they have not yet, nor is it likely that they ever will refund the money expended in the outfit. Nor is the auxiliary work (reading-room, lectures, etc.) any charge upon the Coffee-Houses, but is wholly sustained from voluntary sources.

Considered in connection with the known results, the amount expended has not been large. No better investment of money could have been made—none producing a greater revenue in good fruit.

Two such institutions may seem to be insignificant in a city which legalizes the traffic of five thousand liquor-saloons; but considering that it is less than two years since the first Coffee-House was opened, the progress made is encouraging. The feasibility and practical success of the enterprise having been demonstrated, it is to be hoped that temperate men and women will aid in the work, until in every city and town such establishments shall supplant the liquor-saloons, and thus contribute in no small degree to the overthrow of the giant evil which to-day broods over the land, wasting our resources, paralyzing our industries, loading us with taxes, corrupting the people, and carrying every year seventy thousand of our countrymen to drunkards' graves.

Let total abstinence men be of good courage, and count labor and patience no hardship. Victory shall yet perch upon their banners.

God hasten the day!

BE YE READY.

BY REV. FREDERICK B. ALLEN.

I visited yesterday one of our steam fire-engine houses. On entering the door there was the ponderous machine, weighing over four tons, in perfect order ready for use. The brass triumings were polished to the last touch of brilliancy. The fire was all made, ready at a moment's notice to be lighted. By its side was the hose carriage, with its six hundred feet of hose compactly coiled on the cylinder, and like the engine waiting for its summons. Just at hand was the stable, where three stalwart horses stood in their stalls, with their harness on, prepared for action. We visited the firemen's sleeping room. Before several of the beds stood a pair of boots, with the pantaloons conveniently arranged so that one in a hurry could jump into them at once. Ten men variously engaged stood about the engine room. Their coats hung upon the wheel of the engine, where they would mount or were folded upon the seat above.

In order to show the completeness of their discipline, the gong which ordinarily strikes for fire rung. In an instant a bell over the horses' heads sounded, and of themselves, the three animals came with tremendous clatter through the passage way, and each took its proper post at the vehicle ready to be attached. It is estimated that in twenty seconds from the moment of the alarm, the engines, horses and ten men are off upon their noble errand. At the beginning of a fire, minutes are of priceless value, and so the firemen are always ready.

What a lesson for us Christians is here taught. Sometimes our call is an opportunity of service, a kind deed is to be done, a fitting word spoken, some Christlike office rendered. The chance may quickly pass. If we are not in the right spirit, if we are absorbed in our own affairs, if we are worldly minded, the golden minute will slip by unimproved. It can never be recalled.

Perhaps a sudden temptation may come. Our character is put to an abrupt test. Our principle is sorely tried. Much depends upon whether we are found prepared or unprepared. One fresh from the place of prayer, one who has just sought God's grace to keep him from evil, or one who is busy in work for his Master will repel the allurement almost without a struggle. The cold, prayerless heart, the soul which has been dallying with sin, looking at the forbidden fruit, longing for it, thinking of it, he will be caught in the snare. He will fall because before the test came, he was not in a state of readiness.

There is one call which must come to every one. Scripture and observation, both prove its suddenness. It is almost always unexpected. The lesson is, "Be ye ready." Not, get ready, but *be* ready, The faithful, active Christian, will not be surprised by the most sudden coming of Christ. The same preparation which fits us for useful living, is the best provision for death. Only we must not wait for the call to complete our readiness for eternity. That must be completed beforehand.

When astronomers prepare for an eclipse they do their work betimes. They leave no possible precaution unattended to. At that critical moment when the long looked for shadow strikes the edge of the planet, or sun, and the leader's voice cries, "Mark," there must be no delay for the adjustment of instruments or provision of materials. They must be ready.

Are our loins girded? Our lamps burning? Would opportunities, temptations, death find us unfurnished? *Be ye* also ready.—*Sunday-School World.*

A WORD AT NIGHT.

Everybody's life is like a book. Every day is to each one like the leaf of a book. Every thought, and word, and act is like the words we read on the page. God reads this book of life which each one of us makes.

Dear little ones, when night comes, ask him to give you light, that you see how you have lived through the day, and whether you have put only good things into your book of life.—*Our Little Ones.*

LITTLE FOXES.

One little fox is "By and by." If you track him, you come to his hole—Never.

Another little fox is "I can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I Can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No use in trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is "No Matter." It *is* matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults. —*Good News.*

A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Ay, goodmas, closa the great hara door;
The mellow harvest tima is o'er :

The earth has givea her treasures meet
Of goldsa corn aad hearded wheat.

You aad your neighbors well have wrought,
Aad of the summer's bounty caught;

Won from her smiles and from her tears
Much goods, perhaps for maay years.

You come a tribute now to pay—
The bells proclaim Thaaksgiving Day.

Well have you sowa, well have you reaped;
Aad of the riches you have heaped,

You think, perhaps, that you will give
A pert, that others too may live.

But if such argament you use,
Your aiggard bounty I refuse

No gifts you oa the altar lay
In any sense are givea away

Lo ! riags from Heaven a voice ahroad:
" Who helps God's poor doth lend the Lord !"

What is your wealth ? Ho'd have you kaow
To hold it, you must let it go.

Thiak you the hand by Heaves struck cold
Will yet have power to clutch its gold ?

Shrouds have ao pockets, do they say ?
Behold ! I show you thea the way ;

Wait aot till death shall shut the door,
But send your cargoes oa before.

Lo ! he that giveth of his hoard
To help God's poor doth lend the Lord.

To-day, my brethren,—do not wait ;
Just yoader staads Dame Kelly's gate;

Aad would you build a maasion fair
In heaven, send your lumbor there :

Each stick that on her wood-pile lies
May raise a dome beyoad the skies ;

Yoa atop the reats withia her walls,
Aad yoader rise your marble halls ;

For every pass that stops the wiad
There shiaeth oae with jasper liaed

Your wealth is goae, your form lies cold,
But ia the city paved with gold

Your hoard is held ia hands Diviae ;
It bears a aame that marks it thine.

Behold the hargain ye have made ;
With usury the debt is paid.

No moth doth eat, ao thieves do steal,
No sufferiag heart doth envy feel;

Ring out the words, Who of his hoard
Doth help God's poor doth lead the Lord !

Go get your cargoes under way ;
The bells riag out Thaaksgiviag Day !

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Teachers' Table.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY EMILIE LILIAN WHITING.

The last little foot had sattered away,
And sound ista alleace hed faded.
The last good-night kisa had been pressed oa my brow;
The room was all darkened aad shaded;
Aad I sat at my desk thinkiag over the day,
Its shadows and saashine, its labor aad play.

Aad I said to myself, and preyed for Hia aid,
That my work should be holy aad pure ;
Might he free from all motives unworthy His neme,
From all thoughts that could staia or allure;
That my teaching may guide them to Him, who would hold
Theas childrea, so dear, at rest in his fold.

Aad I prayed that my work might be earaest and true,
Seeking ever, with teaderest care,
To guide them aright through the life-patha below,
And for life more divlae to prepare;
Aad thet never a precept of mine should be givea,
That could lure them astray from the pathway to heaven.

So I said, as I sat thinking over the day,
And prayed the dear Father above,
To guide, eversnore, each dear little one,
Aad earich their lives with His love;
To help them when'era with life's labor oppressed,
And at last send His angels to call them to rest.

READING.—The manner of teaching *Reading* during the first term in which books are used by the pupils, has a very important influence ou the future progress of those pupils. In the processes of instruction, only one difficulty should be presented to the pupil at a time. Among the difficulties which children have to encounter during their first lessons in reading from books, are, learning *to know the words at sight*, so as to pronounce them readily; learning *to know what the words and sentences mean;* learning *to read in such a manner as to imitate good conversation.*

First Step.—With each new reading lesson the first step should he to make the pupils familiar with the words of the lesson, hy printing them on the hlackboard in columns, and teaching the children to pronounce them at sight; next teach them to pronounce at sight the same words in the book, hut out of their order in the sentences of the lesson, lest they learn them by rote, instead of by sight.

Second Step.—Train the pupils to find out what each sentence means, and tell the meaning in *their own* language.

Third Step.—Trnia the pupil to read each senteace so that the reading may resemble good conversation. Finally, when the lesson has been read in a proper mnaaer, the teacher should talk with the children ahout it, aad encourage them to tell, in their own laaguage, what they have read.

N. B.—*Let the standurd for good reading be its resemblance in manner to good conversation.*

INSTITUTE JOTTINGS.

THE following "Institute Jottings" were adopted by a Teachers' Institute at Beaver, Peansylvania. They will be found as useful here as in that State. Teachers will fiad them valuable.

Never ha late at school.
Make few, if any, rules.
Never allow tale-hearing.
Avoid governiag too much
Visit the schools of others.
Never punish when angry.
Never magnify small offences.
Cultivate a pleasaat counteaance.
Never be hasty in word or actioa.
Teach both by precept and example.
Never let a kaowa fault go unnoticed.
Require prompt aad exact obedieace.
Labor diligeatly for self-improvemeat.
Encourage parents to visit the schools.
Subscribe for some educational journal.
Never compare oae child with another.
Never atteapt to teach too maay things.
Never speak ia a scolding, fretful maaaer.
Make the school-room chearful and attractive.
Never let your pupils see that they caa vex you.
Baalsh all books at recitation, except in reading.
Ask two questioas out of the book for every oas ia it.
Never indulge in aaything iaconsisteat with trus politeness.
Never use a hard word whea aa easy oas will aaswer as well.
Never tell a pupil to do a thing unless coavinced he caa do it. [*Exchange.*

AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF IMITATION.
SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The appropriation for the free or public schools for colored children in Spartanburg, S. C., was so smnll for the present year (1877), thnt it could support them for only one month. The colored people were, in consequenee, so aroused on the subject of education that they resolved to have an independent school of their own, They held a meeting on the 10th of July, and issued an address, stating their need, and asking for aid, at the same time declniring their intention to help themselves. The committee worked earnestly and persevringly. Funds were obtained, which, with aid from the Peabody Fund, wnrranted them to open the school on the 1st of August, with a fair prospect of being able to continue it for nine months. On the 19th of August, an enthusiastic mass-meeting of white and colored citizens was held nt Spartanburg in the interest of this movement. The following account of it was published in one of their newspapers:

Colored School Conveantion.

An earaest effort is beiag made by our colored people at this point to establish a regular graded school, as announced by a circular published a few weeks ago, bearing the signatures of the trustees of the public school, and a colored committee, appointed to look after the aatter. As the State school fnad is not sufficient to support the schools for any length of time, it is the object of the committea to eadevor to secure assistance from tha Peabody fund, which supplemeated hy private subscriptions, aad what the colored people themselves caa raise, it is hoped will be sufficieat to keop the school open for aine months of the year.

Two young colored teachers, named Lewis aad Dart,—oae a graduate of the North Carolina Dibble Uaiversity, aad the other a member of the Georgia State Institutioa for colored studeats,—are actively eagaged in the work of raising aad providing fuads for the school; and called a meetiag in its iatarest, which was held at the Court House on Saturday last.

The meetiag was called to order, and Col. Farrow was called to the chair, and J. L. Dart requested to act as secretary. Capt. H. S. Thompson, State Superintendent of Educatioa, was preseat, and addreased the meetiag at length, on the subject of Educatioa, its importance and advantages, assuriag the colored people that the pledges made by Governor Hoaptoa during the campaign, in behalf of our peo ple, should be faithfully carried out as far as the State was able, but eadeavoring to impress them with the importance of goiag to work themselves.

President Carlisle, of Wofford College, made a few remarks, stating that Spartaahurg had right to be proud of the fact, that the first effort to establish an institutioa for the Deaf and Dumb aad the Blind was made by a Spartaaburg maa; the first doaatioa to found a college in this State was made by a Spartaaburg maa; the first effort to establish a Female College of high grade was made in Spartanhurg, aad that this was the first coavention of the kiad held in the educational interest of the colored people aad addressed by the Superintendeat of Educatioa. After asking many pertineat questions concerning the school, its objects and iateatioas, the character and fitness of the teachers selected, &c., he expressed a favorable opiaioa of their capacity, aad a willingness to aid and assist them.

Mr. S. Bobo then came forward and gave the colored people a good old-fashioaed talk about their duties and responsihilities as citizens, showing a kindly feeliag toward and a willingaess to contribute to the furtherance of the object in view.

Lewis and Dart—who are respectehle, intelligeot young men—both made clear, pointed speeches, showiag a proper appreciatioa and conception of the duties before them, aad makiag a pleasaat impressioa on those in attendance.

At the suggestion of Presideat Carlisle, a subscription list was started, which will be presented to ell citizeas of the towa, aad it is hoped will help largely toward makiag the school a success.

After a few remarks hy the chairman aad others, the meetiag edjouraed.

Now that the government of the Stats is ia the haads of the whits people, and the colored people dependent upon them for all educational advantages (being poor and unable to halp themselves to any great degree),—we hope that a liberal policy will prevail. The colored maa is dependent upon the white for education, moral aad mental,—in short, for civilizatioa, aad we hope it will aot he denied him.

THE writer of the letter published below, is in chnrge of the school at Spartansburg, S. C., referred to elsewhere in our columns. He is one of the best and ablest workers among the freedmen. The influence of such colored men is vital to the welfare of the negro and to the prosperity of the whites. The training of earnest and eapnble negro youths is a demonstrated sueeess, and the wealth of the North enn in no way more effeetually help the prostrate States to better times than by aiding the institution now struggling not only with the difficulties of maintaining strong corps of teachers, but with the necessity of providing in some way for the maintainanee of a majority of their pupils; all willing to work but unable to pay the cost of their food, erowding in for instruetion, and testing the nerve of men who must beg at the North the deficit signified by the masses of dusky, poverty-stricken youth. Out of these onee rejected slnves mny eome good material for a newly construeted civilization.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., Sept. 1st, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Truly, I was greatly eacouraged and rejoiced by the reading of yours of the 8th ult. I thaak you for your strengtheaiag, Christian words ; I thaak you for your promise to aid the Spartaaburg High School. Siace the 1st of July we have *labored* with earaestness, patieace, perseveraace and prayer for the establishmeat of this permaaeat and high school; and aow we all are pleased and thankful to kaow that the school staads on its feet, aad it almost sees its way clear for its first nine moaths. Friends have subscribed about $100 for our school. The small tuition from patroas will amouat to about $200. The Peabody Fund will aid us by $300. The school is runniag ead will close the last of March '78. I taught in it as aasistaat duriag Aug., but have resigaed to the permaaeat lady assistaat—Miss Emma Johnson of Greeaville, and of the State Normal School.

I have the temporary charge of a small congregation. Just now, we are passing through a blessed revival of religion. Have had a crowded house almost every aight for a week past. We have maay axtious seekers for the Saviour. Please help us pray for them.

Am very aaxious to retura to my Junior class next moath, but as I could get hold of only a few dollars this summer, and the way of getting fuada for my lacidental expenses seems quite dark, I almost douht that I shall get back. My congregation is poor as well as small; but if I am compelled to discontiaue my studies, I shall become a pastor at oace. For I have consecrated my all to the work of preaching the gospel of Christ.]

Hoplag that you have recruited your strsagth by your few months' rest, and that you may ever be blessed, I remaia,

Yours sincersly and gratefully,
J. L. D.

The following experienee gives an inside view of the working of an intelligent colored mind, not above the ordinary. Our aim in publishing this and similnr letters is to give our readers impressions from first hnnds of the condition of things among the colored people. The *Southern Workman* has, we believe, better access to their real condition than any other pnper, through its eireulntion among the most relinble and disinterested class in their midst, and through the lnrge eorrespondence of the officers and teachers of the Hampton Institute with the grnduates of the past seven years, who are senttered through the Atlantic seaboard States.

NORTH CAROLINA, Sept. 14th, 1877.

DEAR SIR: After a long deley caused by being moneyless, I write you some lines concerning the present condition of the colored race in this end other counties of North Ceroliaa. Sir, it seems to me that the teachers are gettiag negligent. They seem to be interested as to how much they can get for teaching, and not how much good they can accomplish. Since the last election they have been restive and dissatisfied, and aow they seem to be interested about emigretiag to Liberia. The rich people of this county are very active in dissuading them from going to Liberia or any other country ; they seem to have a different spirit to that of the year 1866, when they were tryiag to persuede every colored maa and womaa off to Mississippi. The colored people put little or no confideace in the whites, they seem to thiak the white man is ever planning or executing schemes to their hurt. Wages are very low round about here this year—lower than they have been since the year 1869. The poor class of white people say the colored people are the cause of it, and colored people say the rich people have made an agreement to pay the laborer so much and nothing over. So each class is disposed to lay the blame oa the other. Herstofore the poor class of whites plead poverty as a reason for aot educating their childreu, but now they seem to have made up their minds that the constant drop is the one that wears the stone, so they have gone vigorously to work. I was engaged ia teachiag all the past winter ia the southern extremity of this county, but have aot as yet received any thing for aiy services as assistant teecher of the Peabody school, that I wrote you about last fall. The principal teacher failed to get aid from the people or the said Peabody fund, therefore I am aot expecting anything from him. Aad I did aot succeed in getting a place to teach this summer, save oas moath subscription school aear Brevard Station. The people as a general thing are interested about their farms, so much so, that you caa not urge them to assemble together for the purpose of literary or scientific improvement. I caaged a few of them to assemble on last Wednesday night with their childres, at the school-house where I have been teaching. I talked very plaia to them about educetiag their childres. I told them how that I believed that God would call them to accouat for aeglecting the educatioa of their childres. Also I offered my service as their teacher, this winter. They seid they would be glad if they could pay me to teach all winter. Have you eny second haad books that have heea used by the studeats at Hamptoa Normal school, that you would sell at a trifle ? I find it so difficult to get the parents of the childres to puy such books as they aeed for their childres, that I am at a loss to kaow how to teach them to read. So if you have aay cheap books, thet you would dispose of, they would be very acceptable. I am very aaxious to have them learn those things which are the more eppropriate. I wish to teach them what it is to worship God like people of erudition and not like the heathea. I was iavited to a prayer-meeting last Sunday evening; on reaching the house where the prayer-meeting was to be held, I saw quite a number of people gathered round the door; they soon begeu their worship, as they called it, by siaging the old familiar hyma, "Am I a soldier of the Cross." But it was aot very long before they had the house in the greatest uproar and about as ever was heard in their dancing-rooms. I know they will get angry at me, but I latend to get them together before long and tell them how they should worship God in a more quiet and easy meaner.

Dear teacher, you will have to excuse me for this careless writing to one of your staading, for I am in a hurry at present. You will please write at your leisurs and let me heer or read all the good news about the Hampton School aad teachers.

Yours truly,
G.

LYNCUBURG, SEPT. 11TH, 1877.

My dear General Armstrong:

From time to time I have been writing some notes oa the colored people, which I sow saclose to you aad leave it to you to decide whether it is worth while to print them ia the Workman. You know my opportunities for what Mr. Shelby's Sam called "bohservation" have been good, as I was born a slave holder, and have been surrouaded by negroes from my birth.

I notice that most people who write about the colored peopla treat them as if they were all alike, which is a great mistake. Like other people they are much the result of circumstan-

Consult the National Teachers' Monthly.

ces; those who had good chances for improvement as slaves, and especially those who were employed as house servants, or allowed to learn trades, being usually now far in advance of the plantation hands. And apart from these differences in education and trainiag, my observation leads me to believe that the slave-trade brought a wonderful mingling of tribes and races to our shores, and that it is quite as true that there are "Negroes and Negroes," as that there are other varieties in the human family. In this neigbborhood I have been struck with the appearance of some ex-slaves, who, while being quite black, have long, silky hair, finer features and more musical voices than their companions. These people are usually intelligent, and are called by the Negroes "Mollygaatons," having evidently some traditions of being natives of Madagascar.

I was speaking of this subject lately, to our neighbor, Mr. Lewis Armistead of Occidental tobacco fame, who has had large experience with the colored people as only negroes are employed in the tobacco factories, and he said he had often made the same remark himself, adding that his father had owned a Negro man of fine appearance, commanding mind and polished manners, evidently belonging to a superior race of men. Uncle Jack, though very black, had a well-shaped head and finely cut features, and was universally pronounced handsome.

He was the "head man" on the farm of his master, who was a Presbyterian preacher, in charge of two or three country churches, and in his frequent absences, much responsibility was thrown upon Uncle Jack, who was always found faithful to his trust.

Mr. Armistead required all his house servants to attend family prayers during the week, and all the slaves on the place to come to the Sunday morning service. Uncle Jack served his race as Methodist preacher, and his style was so much admired that white people frequently attended his church. In his master's absence from home, which his pastoral duties often made necessary, Uncle Jack was always asked to officiate at family prayers, which he did with much dignity, installed in his master's arm-chair, reading the Scriptures with admirable fluency and uttering such fervent petitions for every member of the household, especially its absent head, that tears were often brought to the eyes of those present.

Uncle Jack had a son, who showed such remarkable aptness for learning, being taught by his father and his master's children at odd times, that he attracted much attention in the neighborhood and an effort was made among the white Methodists to purchase the young man for the purpose of educating him as a missionary to Africa. His master asked $800 for him, and the church agreed to pay half the sum, if the youth could raise the other half himself. What a queer picture of humanity such a story presents. Perhaps an impartial observer might have suggested that the slave's master, and all concerned in such chattels as this embryo missionary, and not the savages in distant lands were the people who needed conversion. But the white Virginians of that day were educated in the belief that they were carrying out the Divine plan for civilizing and Christianizing a heathen nation, and such people as Mr. Armistead honestly thought they were doing God-service. Will they not be judged "according to their light?"

This case did not fail to attract the notice of the worst class of slave-holders in the county, who greatly resented the liberties allowed the young missionary, as calculated to sow the seeds of discontent among their slaves. But in spite of all difficulties the young negro did manage to pay his purchase money, and when examined for entrance to college was found surprisingly advanced, having been taught a great deal by the children of the family, and other young people in the adjacent village, who had noticed his ardent thirst for knowledge. After graduating and being ordained, he did at last actually sail for the land of his forefathers, where he was first professor, and then principal of a Liberian college. For a long time he corresponded with a Methodist paper in Richmond, and the letters of the Rev. Edward Morris were read with interest by many people outside of his church connection. Unfortunately for his people and the cause in which he labored, his health yielded to the African climate, and he died in the prime of life.

LETTER FROM JAMAICA.

What is being done for the blacks;—Day-schools, — Sundny-schools, — Denominational work.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, *June* 13th, 1877.

My dear Sir:—

My time is so fully taken up with travel and official work, that I have not been able to command time, until now, to give you some idea of our efforts and success in our educational and Christian endeavors to uplift and civilize the masses of black and colored people of this beautiful island.

Until about eight years ago, the Government of Jamaica did little to educate the rising generation of the laboring classes, but for some years past it has put forth most praiseworthy energy to meet the great want of the country. The total amount spent in 1875 for aid in the work of elementary schools was £14,458 16s. 9d., and I calculate that an equal amount was raised by the schools themselves. The total number of children in the common day-schools of the country was 41,000 in 1875. Out of 555 schools that applied for government inspection, 462 passed that inspection, and received "pay for results." Under my general superintendence I have over 80 Wesleyan day-schools, in which we have nearly 6,000 day-scholars. These teachers are native, black and colored, mostly trained in the Island, and a considerable number of them have been in our employ for years, and would do credit to any of our ordinary day-schools in the mother-country; and they are a great help to us in our church work.

We have in our Sunday-schools nearly 9,000 *scholars*, and 776 teachers. Out of our schools have gone forth, for many years, numbers of young men to occupy respectable positions both in our towns and on our plants; tions. Of our present staff of Wesleyan ministers in this island, fully one-third are natives; and with regard to talent, character and religious power, they do, as a rule, hold their own alongside our European brethren.

We have, as one of the churches of Jamaica, over 16,000 church members, and they raised for general religious purposes last year, more than £14,000. The Baptists, Church of England, Presbyterian and other churches, are at work side by side with as in school and general Christian work, and their reports are equally cheering with our own. Of course we have much yet to do to overtake the work called for by the condition of from four to five hundred thousand people only a little more than a generation removed from slavery, but enough has been effected to give hope to your friends in America who are seeking to uplift the emancipated millions of the Southern States. Wishing them every success in so noble a work,

I am, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully, GEO. SARGEANT,
Chairman of District and General Superintendent of Missions and Schools for Wesleyan Churches of Jamaica.

WE PUBLISH the following extract from a speech of Col. Thomas Harding, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee of Georgia, as expressing the sentiment of a class ut the South. The Southern Democrats are pledged to the education of the negroes. So far, when they have had control, the course of free schools has run more smoothly than when their opponents have been in power:

"Educate these unfriendly blacks, and you teach them to seek a living without work; for a little learning unfits them for their true sphere —manual labor—and they will grow up to be restive, surly, and insolent, toward the whites. The carpetbagger and white radical have already inflicted grievous evils upon us by indoctrinating evil ideas into their woolly heads, and we should not join them in their unholy work of educating them to be lazy, trifling and insolent. Voting and free schools awaken in the idle young negro foolish and absurd aspirations, which will surely engender much trouble and evil. Education makes the negro fickle, unreliable and insolent; then let us not in future, waste our hard-earned money in bringing up a race which seeks to oppress and degrade us, while enjoying privileges which we confer. Let both races educate themselves, and each man his own offspring."

THANKS to the perseverance of the enlightened men of this State there is some hope for the passnge of a dog law by the next Legislature.

The poor people of both races and certain men who are devoted to sport are opposed to the measure.

Dogs are a concomitant of the extremes of poverty and of wealth, and are considered indispensable to the happiness of people of both classes. These two classes are, therefore, opposed to a law of which too much cannot be claimed as a means of restoring prosperity to this commonwealth. We quote a paragraph in this connection, from the *Norfolk Virginian*:

"Bedford County has received $3,557 from the dog tax, which, after paying various sums, for sheep killed by cura, for rewards on scalps of foxes and for cost of collection, leaves $2,700 in the treasury. If this tax were doubled and made to apply in every county in the State, we we would soon see flocks and herds upon our hillsides and in our valleys, along our watercourses, and upon our marshes; but we can never sell mutton or wool as long as the State is plagued, as she now is, with great armies of worthless dogs. The example of Bedford ought to be followed by every county within the State, and we hopo ex-Governor Letcher's bill will be adopted by the next General Assembly."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE hundredth anniversary of Burgoyno's surrender at Saratoga was celebrated by laying the corner-stono of a monument on the battlefield, October 17th.

THE Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, presented by the Khedivo of Eeypt to the British Government, and recently shipped from Alexandria, was lost in a violeat storm off the coast of Spain, the ship which was towing the huge caisson containing the treasure being forced to cut it adrift. It was, however, very fortunately found floating and rescued by another English vessel.

A gentleman of New York City has offered to contribute $100,000, the whole sum needed for the transportation of a similar obelisk which the Viceroy of Egypt has promised to give the United States, and Mr. Dixon, the English contractor engaged in removing Cleopatra's Needle to England,—a cousin of Mr. George Dixon of Hampton,—is prepared to undertake the transportation of the Monolith.

THE President's Message recommended army appropriations on the basis of an army of 25,000 men, and called attention to the benefits to the industrial and manufacturing interests of the United States by a proper representation of American industries at the Exposition at Paris, to be opened May, 1877.

RUSSIA seems to be getting a little ahead. Kars is again threatened. Both sides are suffering greatly from bad roads and weather.

THE 57th Annual Meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions was held in Providence, R. I., October 5th. It was a large and interesting meeting and resulted in the raising of $81,000 on the spot, which more than canceled the Society's debt; $900 were further contributed for the famine sufferers in India.

SEPTEMBER 17th, an Eastern bound train on the Union Pacific was robbed at a lonely station by a party of masked brigands; $65,000 in gold were taken from the express car, and the passengers robbed of their watches and purses. Two of the robbers have since been shot, and $20,000 recovered from their persons.

THE fire in the Patent Office at Washington last month, proved very destructive; 87,000 patented models were lost, and the actual loss will reach $80,000 or $100,000.

THE September statement shows a decrease for the month in the public debt of nearly $4,000,000, and for the three months just ended, of $8,500,000.

CONGRESS convened in extra session on the 12th inst. Three new Senators, chosen to fill vacancies, were admitted, Matthews, of Ohio, Cameron, of Penn., and Cockrell, of Mo. The House was organized as usual by the Clerk. He stated that from Louisiana three sets of credentials had been received, but as only those signed by Governor Nicholls complied with the State law, he had placed those only on the roll; and that as neither of the two claimants from Colorado presented regular credentials, he had not admitted either, leaving the decision to the House, when organized. Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania was elected Speaker. The President's message, stating the objects for which the extra session was called, was received on the 13th. Objection was made to the admission of two members from South Carolina, but they were admitted next day.

A CONVENTION of colored people at Corinth, Miss., a few weeks since, to consider the project of emigrating from the South, was attended by some 4,000 persons, including 300 delegates from other States than Mississippi. The proposition to emigrate to Africa was not looked upon with favor, but the proposition to emigrate to Arizona, New Mexico or Texas was approved.

THE colored people of North Carolina are to hold a delegate convention in Raleigh on the 20th of October, to devise plans for their educational, material and moral advancement as a race, which, the call says, "are and should be at this juncture paramount to all other issues."

THE Spanish Government has paid to the American Minister $570,000, on account of claims for losses incurred by American citizens in Cuba through the civil war in that island. This amount is a part of what was awarded by the Spanish Claims Commission which met in Washington, in 1871.

GENERAL MILES, who was endeavoring to intercept the NEZ PERCE Indians under their chief, Joseph, in their retreat before the pursuing force of General Howard, encountered them on the 9th ult., on Snake Creek, in the northern part of Montana Territory, and surprised their camp, capturing many of their horses. The engagement was severe, and the troops had 64, killed and wounded. The Indians, having entrenched themselves, were besieged for five dnys, and finally, on the 5th inst. they surrendered, giving up their arms. They number, it is stated, about 350 in all, of whom 160 are warriors.

FROM the 5th to the 9th inst., excellent rains fell over a great part of the threatened districts of Northern and Central India. The autumn crops, wherever surviving, will be much benefited, and the spring crop sowing is thought safe. Emigrants from those districts are returning, and agriculture is active. From Madras it is stated that if the southwest monsoon prove good, the famine will end in four months, and relief will be necessary for that period. The subscriptions received by the 'Lord Mayor of London, for the sufferers by the famine, amounted on the 10th inst. to $1,700,000.

HON. J. F. QUARLES, colored, of Atlanta, Ga., has been appointed by the President, consul to Malaga, Spain. Mr Quarles went North after the war, and entered Geneva College in Ohio, where he remained two years, after which he graduated at West Minster College, Pennsylvania.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent in distributing *free of charge*, Sample Bottles of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP to all parts of this country, to those suffering from Coughs, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Consumption, and other Throat and Lung Diseases, that the afflicted might satisfy themselves that this remedy would save them from these fatal diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering skeptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cts.

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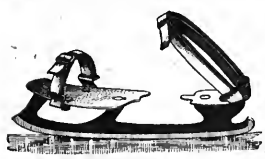

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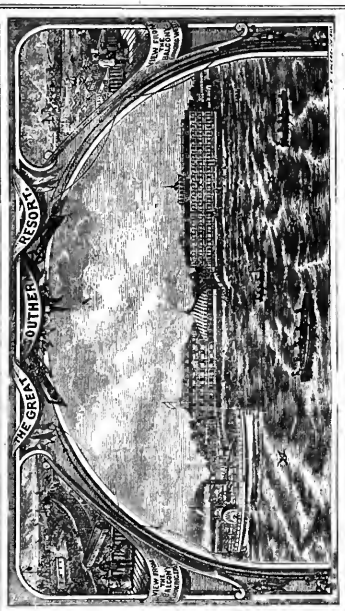

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VI. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1877. NO. 12

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

The fables of Æsop the Athenian slave, written for Grecian edification five hundred years before Christ, will doubtless continue to be read in all civilized languages as long as such exist.

Among the most familiar, is the fable of the Dog in the Manger, that unamiable cur which barked and snapped at the horse every time he put his head down to the oats, until the insulted animal exclaimed —"Why are you so unreasonable. You do not eat oats yourself and yet you will not let me eat them!"

We have all no doubt met and suffered from dogs in the manger, who defraud others of their rights without the poor excuse of wanting them themselves, but from simple maliciousness or selfishness. If a man—or any number of men—resolve to wor't no longer at their old rate of wages, they have no doubt a right to do so, though they may soon see the folly of it. But when the strikers force other men by threats or violence to join them, and oblige their helpless families to starve with them, they are just dogs in the manger, and so you had better say to any who ever ask you to join a strike.

Such are the cross-grained, uncomfortable people who make their homes torture cages for others without apparently taking much enjoyment in them themselves. Such are the fretters and croakers of this world, who, like the frogs in the ditch, drown all the music of the air, and silence the singers without contributing a single melodious note themselves. Such is the bully—no other name so well fits him—who with great brag and bluster and barking worries his betters into submission.

Of course, all these dogs in the manger ought to be whipped out of it. The nobler creatures they presume to insult, should take them up by the neck, give them a good shake and drop them out into the barn-yard. It would not be a hard task, for the bully is always a coward. The trouble is, that the dog in the manger is usually a thick-skinned beast, and chooses his victims carefully from the most delicate and sensitive natures, whose very superiority of organization makes them suffer the more keenly, yet suffer all rather than retaliate in kind. The only consolation is that some day or other the dog will snap at the wrong animal and receive the punishment he deserves.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

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S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON, DECEMBER, 1877.

PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

THE result of the local elections this fall is not encouraging so far as this immediate vicinity is concerned. Here, as throughout the State, there has been apathy; from a-half to two-thirds of the voters of both parties not caring to vote.

The colored vote for State Representative and Senator easily outnumbered that of the Conservatives. This district will be represented in both houses by men of intelligence but of no moral standing. The negro does not realize that by electing such men he is doing himself a serious injury.

But his political educators have, since his enfranchisement, taken no pains to impress him with anything but the duty of voting the regular ticket, and the horrors of the rule of the opposite party; this they succeeded in doing at a terrible discount of his future political prospects, which are, from year to year, growing beautifully less. His idea of his rights is clear, of right and responsibility, very dim; but the latter the average colored man does not take into account. The ballot in his experience is rather a weapon than a solemn duty. It pulls down and sets up; it is, to him, force and nothing more.

He is not to blame for this ignorant view. Among the colored people there are many who see the folly of ignoring character and there is a healthy popular preference for good representative men, but not enough to prevent a few wire-pullers from having their own way. Yet excellent men have sometimes been chosen to represent them. The good men among them are often in principle opposed to those they vote for, but the dread of disloyalty to party is too much for their scruples. The whites, however, appear to have no more political independence than the blacks.

Only as ideas are diffused, as they are able to read and think for themselves and have a set of clear-headed, educated, unselfish men as leaders, will they be likely to do themselves more good than injury by their votes. In their present condition they are liable to the saddest political errors and to reap, and the country with them, a harvest of evil results from the moral blindness which is their misfortune and not their fault.

THE NEW YORK TIMES takes exception to the words of President Hayes when at Richmond in regard to the Superior advantages of the South over the West; as follows:

"The cheap lands of which the President spoke at Richmond are, for the most part, entirely exhausted or impoverished lands requiring skill, capital and time to restore them to productiveness or heavily timbered lands requiring arduous and protracted toil before being brought into cultivation.

Neither of these conditions is suited to the average farming emigrant. He knows, perhaps, very little about scientific agriculture. He has no money to spare for fertilizers. He cannot afford to wait years for a crop. On the other hand, he is unfit for the crushing drudgery of clearing forest land, and he cannot hire hands to do it for him. To such an one of either class Virginia presents few charms. The opportunities it offers are not adapted to such as he. Here it is that the West outbids the South and will for many a year to come. The prairie with its rich virgin soil, its easy cultivation, its quick and remunerative crop offers the very conditions sought by the average emigrant."

A gentleman who has had long experience in manufacturing in a northern city decided that a country life was better for both health and profit; that the South from its climate and proximity to market was preferable to the West, and after studying most carefully the resources of the South, engaging actively in the purchase and sale of produce for months in order to ascertain the most profitable lines of production, he has at length purchased a valuable farm in Elizabeth City County, Va., in which the town of Hampton is situated, confident that he has the best possible vantage ground for agricultural success.

While the whole of tide-water Virginia is by no means attractive, it yet contains many farms of great value and capacity for sale at moderate prices, the yield of which can be sent direct by water to the leading cities on the Atlantic Coast. Both these lowlands and the mountain regions of the State are adapted to sheep husbandry. As soon as the party in power shall possess the wisdom to make a dog law, this industry will take a front rank. Lambs are raised in our open winters with little trouble, and bring from $6.00 to $7.00 apiece in New York City; freight being about 50 cts. apiece. These worn-out lands can be made to produce grass. Thousands of bushels of ale-wives can be purchased on the shore at about twenty cents a bushel and will at once bring fine corn crops on the poorest soil.

At the Hampton Institute, over 6,000 lbs. of pork and an equal quantity of beef are produced yearly from the grass and grain made on the school farm, while the land is growing richer every year.

The open secret of success in farming in this region is stock raising. Without capital this cannot be done. The poor emigrant has but little to entice him, but the man of enterprise with moderate capital will find here a field for his resources such as the West cannot afford.

THE Anniversary meeting of the American Missionary Association of New York, which was held at Syracuse Oct. 23d, 24th, and 25th, was significant as an endorsement by the real workers of the old Abolitionist party of the Southern policy of President Hayes. The hearty accord of the audience, expressed by frequent applause, with such sentiments as the following in the address of the Rev. Washington Gladden, showed the drift of sentiment—though by no means that of all who were present.

The difficulties in the way of peace in the South, were found in ignorance and hate. A large proportion of the colored people cannot read or write, and from such masses come corrupt voters. That was the trouble with Louisiana. The South wanted school-houses, and not regiments of soldiers. When the negro is educated, on that day shall lie down in the same grave the bull-dozer and the carpet-bagger. The olive branch is the only weapon that will conquer a lasting peace for the South. He thanked God we had a man at the head of the Government who carried his weapon in both hands—a man who fought with both hands when necessary, but who was now trying to make peace with all his might. If the Republican party can not follow such a leader as this, then good-bye to the Republican party. If the American people cannot support such statesmanship as this, God help the American people! Returning to the subject of the colored race, he said the future of the negro is bound up in the future of this country. Timely action may turn the course of this nation into a channel of great good.

The earnest dissent of a few was no more manifest than the cordial assent of the great majority.

While Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison thinks that the colored people have been "betrayed into the hands of the enemy," and bitterly denounces the President, Rev. Dr. Strieby, a veteran Abolitionist and the representative and head of the greatest organization in the world for the redemption of the negro race, cordially endorses President Hayes' policy, for he sees that real work for the freedmen is more hopeful in the present condition of things than it has ever been before.

Those who regard the welfare of the ex-slaves as dependent directly on the use of their political power may well weep, for the ballot is nearly useless in their hands; those who see that the ballot is secondary to the improvement of the race in mind, morals, and condition, may be joyful, for this work is flourishing better than ever; those who are helping in this work of improvement are, to-day, through their contact with the field in all its aspects, finding frequent and increasing signs of a better feeling in the South; they have won the respect of all by their ten years of steady effort. Good men are finding each other out and the lines between them are becoming dim. They do not agree historically. The ex-slaveholder may claim that American slavery was a precious boon to the African, but many of this class will join hands with the Yankee school-teacher in efforts to elevate the freedman.

THE death of Senator Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, is another break in the ranks of the famous "War Governors"—such as Buckingham of Connecticut, Andrews of Massachusetts, Morgan of New York, Curtis of Pennsylvania, Denison of Ohio, Sprague of Rhode Island, and Yates of Illinois,—who upheld the pillars of the State at home, while the armies they had sent into the field were fighting for the Union. Governor of a border State, threatened continually with invasion and faction, Gov. Morton not only kept it in the Union, but made it conspicuous among the States for its prompt and more than adequate response to the President's calls for troops. The enthusiasm with which these men rushed to arms was kindled by his eloquence and supported by their knowledge that their Governor was doing everything in human power for them and for their families. No troops were better cared for than the Illinois troops. Homes for soldiers and soldiers' families were established at Indianapolis. When a regiment needed on the field had gallantly offered to start without their bounties, Gov. Morton raised the money on his own securities and paid them. His call upon the women of the State for aid for the soldiers was the first appeal of the kind that was made, and the Sanitary commission was largely indebted to his active and sympathetic efforts.

If greatness is measured by the ability to meet a great emergency, he certainly rose to greatness in the brilliant stroke of state with which he defeated the treasonable intent of the Legislature of 1863 to tie the Governor's hands and prevent his aid to the army by a bill depriving him of all control of the military power and forces of the State. The Republican members withdrawing to break up the quorum, as the only means of preventing the passage of the bill, by the forced adjournment of the Legislature, Governor Morton was left absolutely without means of carrying on the Government for the next two years, no appropriation having been made. He threw the case at once before the loyal people of the State—and asked for funds. Banks and private individuals responded promptly. To make up the deficit he forwarded from the United States Treasury $250,000, which was granted under the act to form and equip militia in States threatened with rebellion. Of this sum, he was able to return nearly half to the Treasury. His accounts were audited by a committee of the next Legislature including members of both parties, and every item approved. His conduct was again reviewed in 1876 on a charge of fraud, and again triumphantly vindicated.

It shows how fast the war is slipping away from us into the past, and new issues taking the place of old ones, that this brilliant record seemed awhile forgotten in the cry of "bloody shirt," and "rag money"—raised against him in both parties, in the campaign of 1873. His earnest speech in Indianapolis reviewing the history of Ku-Klux oppression in Louisiana, was charged with a purpose to revive and foster sectional animosities, and his endorsement of the currency bill, which but for President Grant's veto would have increased the greenback circulation to $46,000,000, was deplored by all friends of solid money. He afterward reconsidered his views of inflation, and in a speech during the last Presidential campaign declared that he should stand by the Resumption Act of '75. As for any sectional animosity, while he believed in dragging oppression to the light and making short work with the Ku-Klux, he heartily approved the President's Southern policy, and his latest reference to public affairs was in endorsement of it.

Long after the swell that followed the storm of civil war has ceased to agitate the surface of national feeling, his name, with those of the other noble "War Governors," will shine as the stars above the horizon of American history.

We think sometimes that such men are raised up for the occasion—the truth is rather that they are raised up *by* the occasion, as when a forest of oaks is cut down, another of pines spring up in its place. The seeds were all there in the ground, waiting only the favoring circumstances to call them into life. So the great needs call forth the great men, and in this fact is the world's hope for the future, and support when the heroes fall.

THE LEE "Gleaner and Advocate" of Mass., contains a tribnte to the memory of Mrs. Mary Shannon, wife of Mr. Wellington Smith of that town, which arrests our nttention, not only by the sadness of the circumstances but because it is a firewell to one whose interest in every good work was as genuine as it was quiet and unostentatious. Her interest and that of her husband in the work at Hampton has for ycars been both cordinl and substantial.

THE Rev. Henry M. Field, Editor of the New York Evangelist, in his valuable and interesting articles entitled "Around the World," gives the following account of the labor system in one of the Dutch Colonial possessions in the East Indies.

Middle Java is very rich in sugar plantations. The production is greater, I should suppose, than that of the West Indies. One manufactory which we visited was said to yield a profit of $400,000 a year. Nor is this the product of slave labor, like the sugar of Cuba. Yet it is not altogether free labor. There is a peculiar system in Java by which the government, which is the owner of the land, in reating an estate to a planter, rents those who live on it with the estate. It guarantees him sufficient labor to work his plantation The people are obliged to labor. Their labor is exacted partly as a due to the government, amounting to one or two days in the week. For the rest of the time they are paid small wages. But they cannot leave their employer at will. There is no such absolute freedom as that which is said to have ruined Jamaica, where the negro may throw down his tools and quit work at the very moment when the planter is saving his crop. The government compels him to labor, but it also compels his master to pay him. The system works well here in Java. Laborers are kept busy, the lands are cultivated, and the production is enormous—not only making the planters rich, but yielding a large revenue to Holland.

MR. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, the most famous champion of the enslaved Anglo African, writes to the New York *Times* regarding the President's course; we quote a few of his sentences:

"As to his Southern policy, I was constrained to regard it as totally at variance with all his fair spoken words and pledges, a deplorable betrayal of a most sacred trust, a discount upon laflexible loyalty, and a bounty upon rebellious usurpation, giving the sheep into the custody of the wolves, on the lasnc assumption that the latter would lose all their taste for blood, provided all shepherdly watchfulness was withdrawa, makiag a 'consolidated South,' wherela the virtual disfroochisement of every colored citizen would be ruthlessly enforced, aad every white Republican be driven to the wall, and at the next Presidential election surrendering the National Gomeat ia to the hands of those who still ostentatiously glory in their rebellious uprising to destroy it. I am more deeply convinced than ever, if possible, that wq are betrayed into the hands of the Philistiues; that the President, however 'amiahlo' and 'well-intentioned,' has not those qualities essential to meetiag a crisis like the present; and that when he talks of his 'policy,' it means this, and only this—absolute surrender to the unrepeutant, merciless, aad haughtily-defiant spirit of rebeldom—to the exclusion of the General Govcrnment from any clsnce of constitutional interference in any part of the South for the protection of those whose rights of citizenship are cloven down by a bloody process, and who may venture to approach the polls only at the peril of their lives. In withdrawiug the troops as he did, he knew with absolute certainty that both Nicholls and Hampton would instantly, by the assistaoce of a murderous minority armed to the teeth, leap into the high places of trust, and dominate the State. He knew, or was inexcusable for not knowing, that his act would be followed by frnatic yells of rebel jubilation on the one hand, and on the other by groanings unutterable of the defenscless colored and white loyalists abandoned to their miserable fate."

There is not a level-headed Northerner or loyalist in the South, independent of government patronage, and qualified by a wise and proper course of conduct to judge of the situation, who would deny that the foregoing words make a ridiculous travesty of the general facts of the ease. There is local oppression; there are those whose groanings are, by reason of severe treatment, unutterable, and no doubt something like "rebel jubilation" has been heard in the land. We are, by our frequent correspondence with the 200 graduates of the Hampton Institute scattered over Virginia and the two adjacent states, in a position to know something of the condition of one quarter of the ex-slave population of the United States. They are governed by their old masters and their prospects are better than ever, especially in the matter of education.

Nearly five years ago the Field Secretary of the American Missionary Association, who had just returned from a tour of inspection through South Carolina, Georgia, Alnbnma, Tennessee and other states, assured us tbat when the whites were in power the work of that Society—managed by the most devoted Aholitionists—was more hopeful than when the Republican element controlled. It would not have been, in his opinion, in the tben condition of the public mind, safe to have stated this publicly. But it was true; and is now more true than ever.

Those friends of tbe negro who realize his real condition, tbat responsibilities have been thrust upon the race for which it is ill-fitted and that the practical duty of the bour is, not so much to make a hopeless struggle for his complete possession of all his legal rights, as to justify his title to them by his own merit, are not only the friends who alone are of much use to him, but the great majority of them rejoice in the President's policy. They did not believe with Fernando Wood, who, in his speech in 1861 in New York, would send the soldier South with a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, but would have him fight with both hands; and now they would make peace with both hands. They know that the South is not all hate; that there is a progressive element there. The late Governor Morton, in his recent speech in Oregon, admitted its existence, but claimed that it was powerless as a minority.

Doubtless it is in a numerical minority, but it is made up of the best men in the South and gains ground daily. It is built up, not by parties and newspapers, but is the product of experience, thought and necessity; the logic of events pushes it forward; the honest, working men in the South know very well the folly and the wrong of cruelty to negroes and mean to do justly by them. They have some peculiar views as to the black man's place, and shudder at the shadow of social equality that they see in civil rights. They do not like his present status, but are disposed to make the best of it. Their sentiment as to the negro is by no means what the latter's Northern friends wish it were, but it is improving; and it is because things are becoming better, and, because the President's policy is helping to make the relations of the races and the general condition of the South better, that so many of the oldest and stoutest champions of the black man believe in the President's policy.

MR D. BARKER, florist, Virginia, formerly of England, has established an attractive greenhouse in Norfolk, Va. (See advertisement in our columns.) His success is shown in the following extract from the *Gardener's Monthly*:—

TUBEROUS BEGONIAS.—Mr. D. Barker, Norfolk, Va., writes:—I have this day mailed to your address a box of the "tuberous-rooted Begonias," which I hope will reach you in safety.

[These were beautiful, warranting all we said of them in our last. It is so seldom that our own people take in hand improvements, that when we find one going along and keeping pace with Europeans in floral culture, we are glad to give every encouragement. We noted several collections of improved tuberous Begonias in England last year, that were considered "extra strokes of luck," but these of Mr. Barker's were the equal of any.—ED. G. M.]

GEORGE DIXON wishes us to inform the friends of the freedmen that he continues to help them to find a market for their Oysters. Many poor men are getting them, but their families are suffering because they cannot dispose of them. They are of very good quality this year. The shell oysters are sent out in barrels; opened oysters in kegs containing from one to five gallons, or in cases (hermetically sealed) holding one or two quarts. Persons wishing to act as agents must apply to GEORGE DIXON, *Hampton, Va.*

WE GIVE below an account of the surrender of the famous Indian warrior, Chief Joseph, from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, which will be gratifying to the many friends of General Howard:

THE SURRENDER.

"Perhaps the greatest misrepresentations current have related to the surrender. It has been generally reported that General Howard did not arrive at General Miles's camp until several hours after Joseph's surrender; it is also stated that Joseph contemptuously refused to surrender to Howard, while willing to give his arms to Miles. The facts are these: General Howard had sent a courier from Musselshell Creek to General Miles, then near the mouth of Tongue River, telling him just when and where (within six miles) Joseph would be likely to cross the Missouri, and directing Miles to intercept him at that point. General Miles sent back word asking for nine days to get ready and in position, and requesting General Howard to "slow up" accordingly, so as to keep the Indians back. This was done. The battle was fought in the Bear Paw Mountain. General Howard, with thirteen of his men, arrived at the scene of action twenty-four hours before the surrender. Joseph stubbornly refused to surrender, and afterward declared that he had no idea of surrendering to General Miles until he heard Howard had come up. And he did not decide to surrender until General Howard's interpreters went over to Joseph's camp, and, in General Howard's name, demanded the surrender. And when the conquered chief with his men came into camp he first offered his arms to General Howard, who, with very extraordinary generosity not often witnessed among rival army officers—and in spite of the fact that Howard was the ranking officer, and Miles had only done what Howard suggested, and, after a 2,000 miles pursuit, enabled him to do—declined to receive them, at the same time waving him to General Miles. The jealousies of army officers are well known; in striking contrast this instance of extreme disinterestedness and generosity is deserving of recognition. Probably very few would have done as General Howard did; we are not sure it was quite the wisest thing to do; but he may be allowed to be his own judge on that point.

"The facts are as here stated. We give them only in the interests of truth and justice. Generals Howard, Miles, Sturgis and Gibbon have each done well. Absolute bravery, conjoined with heroic endurances, was never more signally illustrated. That an army, shamefully left by their country to go nine months without pay, should have served their country with such sublime devotion, is a wonder and a cause for the highest admiration. Heartily to acknowledge it is now the least we can do."

A TEACHER from Ohio, employed in Memphis, Tenn., writes to the *Educational Weekly* as follows:

"I expect to return to Memphis next week, when, with your permission, I shall take it upon myself to send you such information as will enable you to see both sides of the Southern question. Pardon me if I say, that, until last week, your remarks upon that subject have been 'one-sided,' the fault no doubt of your sources of information. All the 'cons' have been furnished you, and none of the 'pros.' The South, as far as her means permit, is doing well for the colored part of her population. I have been in Ohio now six months, and my observation here goes to prove that the colored man is as well if not better off there than here. He holds important offices and fills responsible positions sometimes in the South, as I can prove by furnishing names, if necessary. I know of no such cases here. They have their own schools, provided from the public fund, their accommodations, ample and commodious, their teachers as well paid as our own, and all under the care and direction of the same school officers. They are not admitted into the white schools—true; neither are they in Columbus and Cincinnati, two boasted educational centres. Nations do not outgrow prejudices in a day, nay more than individuals. In time all will be well. Memphis is doing all she can, and she is in nowise ahead of her sister cities."

WHY SOILS DETERIORATE.

It is a fact, evident to us all, that the soils of our country have been and now are deteriorating from excessive cropping. In proof, take our own section, Western New York, and compare the fertility of the soil, now, with forty years ago, and what is the result of the comparison? This season we have an average crop of wheat as compared with forty years ago, but this is an exception of one year in ten, caused by a most favorable season. If the soil does not deteriorate by cropping, why this change? It is simply because it has become exhausted by continual cropping without adequate returns to the soil.

Why do we not read of the Geneses wheat and flour in the city market quotations to-day? Simply because the impoverished condition of our farms is allowing newer States with their virgin fertility to take their place. My experience has been that any soil will deteriorate without an adequate return for the elements which are taken from it. Take, for instance, Michigan soil that has been considered inexhaustible, and no thought was taken for the morrow.

The question arises, how are we to renew our soils and make the straw stand as firm, with heads bowing to the ground, as it did forty years ago? There are four ways apparent to me. First, by deep culture; second, by an appropriate return in the shape of fertilizers for exhaustion by cropping; third, by a judicious rotation of crops, and fourth, by following nature's laws in renewing by appropriate rest.

My idea is that the six year rotation is the best for the objects in view, for the following reasons: First, we plow a three-year-old sod for corn, in the spring, applying hill fertilizers, together with benefits of sod to secure a crop, plowing from four to seven inches according to the nature of the soil. The next spring, we have the corn stubble to turn up for oats or barley with the benefit of old sod for crop, plowing about the same depth as for corn. Immediately after harvest plow from five to twelve inches for wheat, plowing under all the manure made from the farm the foregoing year, if coarse, but if in condition to work in, by all means apply to tha surface, for it will make the wheat stool more readily in early spring and insure a good catch for the grass seed. And here is an important consideration with me and the key to the whole question: Secure your catch of grass seed, for the old German adage is, "No grass, no stock; no stock, no manure; no manure, no crops."

Deep and thorough culture should be aimed at in the preparation for wheat because wheat requires it, and it prepares the ground for the grass crop also. I allow the land to remain in grass for three years. This gives a rest corresponding with the three years of grain crops. I usually mow the first two years, allowing the third for pasture. By the fourth we have a good sod for corn.

Supposing, to illustrate, we take a farm of 100 acres and lay it out six fields of sixteen acres each, leaving the remaining four acres for orchard, buildings, and the like; we see we always have a field in order for the leading cereals,

—*American Rural Home.*

"SPEAK A KIND WORD TO ME."

A man once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration, he said to him:

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy, the tears gushing from his eyes, "I ain't got a mother, like some of them."

We never injure our own character so much as when we attack that of others.

TELL THE BABY A STORY.

Tell the baby a story?—
What shall it be about?
Not about "Jack and his glory,"
That is a trick worn out;

"Beauty," and "Cinderella?"
Oft have I told them o'er,
And every time she has them,
The baby asks for more,

Till I'm tired myself of hearing
The twice-told tales I tell,
Though, perhaps, if I were Baby,
I'd like it just as well.

But the baby wants a story—
"One that is truly true,"
And I've one with age that's hoary,
But always sweet and new.

The story of the Christ-child,
And His wonderful, beautiful birth;
How shining down through the Heavens,
He came to live on earth,

And help the little children
To find the pathway back
To His home in the loving Heevens,
Up His glorious, shining track.

And so we all must thank Him,
On this Thanksgiving Day,
And give him a gift for Christmas.
What shall it be, you say?

He gave Himself to the children
Their Best of friends to be,
And he said, Forhid them not to come
And give themselves to me.

And He left Hia poor behind Him—
What to them have we given?
For, Whetever ye give to these, He said,
Ye give to your Lord in Heeven.

H. W. L.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"Whet means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glea?"
And angels answering, overhead,
Seng, "Peace on Earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We weit for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! he seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
Thet little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then,
And kindly clesping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peece on Earth, good-will to men!"

For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their nature fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels siug,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

Teachers' Table.

PLEASANT SCHOOLROOMS.

If you weat to civilize your children, make your schoolroom beautiful? "How een I do that?—Look at these black walls—these rough beneches—that rusty stove, that crooked stove-pipe, those dingy windows, this broken floor. Whet can I do to meke *my* schoolroom benutiful!"

Soap, water, and whitewash are the fairies to help you. Can you manage to get these? Then enlist the children's help. They will think it fun. The benches can be cleaned. The walls whitened, the stove polished, the pipe straightened, the floor mended and washed; the windows washed, and the rubbish cleared from the yerd,—all in one Saturday if you have hands enough. Tell them to coue with very clean hands and faces and clothes next Monday in honor of the occasion.

How proud they will be of "our school room"—You will have better lessous all the week, and you will teach better yourself.

Ornaments, pictures, mottoes and flowers. These ere the fairies to call in next. Now you are in despair. You have no money for such things with your reduced salery—uncertain at that. Wait a hit. Mrs. Nature keeps a cheep store in the woods. Autumn leaves, ferns, mosses of all kinds, grey hanging festoons, eoral brenches, silver cups, emerald velvet. She has acorns too, trailing vines, scarlet pertridge berries, holly and mistletoe, and vases and brackets of tree fungus. Mrs. Nature knows how to dress up her school-room, and she doesn't forget the fresh air and sunshine. That is the reason the children like her school-house better than yours. You had better borrow some of her notions.

Invite the children to go with you next Saturday morning, and bring home a store of beautiful things. Let them bring their dinner to the school-house, so you all can have the afternoon for work.

You will have plenty to do making and hanging your moss wreaths and festoons, and training your vines, planting them in good rich earth from the woods, in anything you can get for the purpose—any tin can, broken pitcher, or wooden box will do, and can be entirely concealed by mosses and mossy branches. The vines will be very lovely on your white walls, or around your clean windows.

Lay your autumn leaves and ferns carefully between newspapers or in books, for pressing under your trunk. In a couple of weeks they will be dry enough to use, and will keep their color quite well, if you change them into dry pepers every day or two. You can gum them, or sew them onto paper in wreathes or groups like bouquets, and there you have lovely pictures for your walls. Frame them in grey moss, or well-dried green moss. Or you can festen them in bunches on the walls, with small tacks or even pins, or fasten up against the well one of those pretty brown vases, you find clinging to the sides of old trees, and fill it with a gay bunch of your leaves.

TELL THE BABY A STORY.

I have laid out work for you for several Saturdays. All the better. You and the children will enjoy it, and get better acquainted, and your influence will increase, and you will learn a great many interesting things in Mrs. Nature's school-house.

If you bring home more from the woods than you can use, let the children take the pretty things home.

I might make a longer list of ornaments, quite within your reach. For Christmas, of course, you will want holly and evergreens. If you get hold of a pretty picture from some illustrated paper, cut it out for your schoolroom. Fasten it up and frame it with moss or sticks with the bark on. Very pretty rustic frames you can make with no expense but tacks.

With such a pleasant school-room, of course you will have to be neat and clean in your own dress.

The more you let the children help, the better it will be.

Try the plan, and let us know how it works.

INDUSTRY is the foundation end the evidence of civilization. The sevage will not work. All men are naturally lazy. The mind alone produces industry.

The school of the pedagogus cannot teach occupations; but nevertheless it can prepare children for occupations. It can teech principles and form habits which will prepare each child for life, as the house-joiner's tool prepares each piece of material for its place. The first work of the teacher is to destroy laziness. Though natural, it is criminal in boy or man. In its last analysis it is a went of self-determination. Under it man resigns his selfhood, becomes drift, insensate metter. It is contemptible, and destructive to society. And unless it be overcome, education is impossible, as well as future usefulness. Good teaching begins by presenting something that awakens the mind and unconsciously excites activity; and it ends in the establishment of active habits.

(*For the Southern Workman.*)

A HAWAIIAN LEGEND.

BY ELLEN H. M'CULLY, OF HONOLULU.

Kawakawa was a native of the Sandwich Islands. Born in the reign of Kamehameha I, he was a lad of eighteen years when the first missionaries arrived in the Islands in 1821. After the Hawaiian language had been reduced to writing, and books had been printed, he learned to read. When I first knew him he was an old man nearly seventy years old. He appeared on the farm at this time and took his place among the hay-cutters. The short, thick grass which covers many parts of the Islands can only be cut by the man or woman sitting on the ground and using a butcher's knife, a hatchet or a spade. After drying it, the cutter ties it in bundles, and is peid by the bundle. This work was suited to the strength of Kawakawa's years, and he proceeded to establish himself as a regular tenant of the farm by building himself a house. It was made of the long rushes growing on the farm, tied to a light frame. It was innocent of windows, and one low door admitted its owner to its one room. This room was like the average Hawaiian home. Covered by mats made of rushes, or screw pine leaves, one corner was devoted to the calabashes containing the food; another corner with its pile of mats denoted the bedroom; while a line hung with clothes, across another corner, served as clothes-press. Hawaiians do not use chairs, and the room was not cumbered with them. In this hut, set without the slightest regard to any point of the compass, or to the fence line near by, the old man lived in what was to him great comfort, with his old wife Kalawaiie.

Kawakawa was a decided character in his way. He was a short, thin man, stooping a little as he walked. His eyes were small and deep set, and the thin lips of his large mouth were always tightly closed. The habitual expression of his face was one of dignified gravity. The old man had three things among his small earthly possessions especially dear to his heart: These were a yellow wooden chair, an old-fashioned beaver hat and a black broadcloth dress coat; these last the cast-off garments of his master. Kawakawa had an inborn love of ceremony, and he made payday a ceremonious occasion, and on these days he was exceedingly attentive to his toilet. After his hay had been counted each Saturday, he went to the nearest water and gave himself a thorough bath. Going then to his house he dressed himself in the only white shirt he owned, a white vest, leather colored pantaloons and his dress coat. The addition of a stout pair of cowhide shoes and his heaver hat to this toilet, and he was ready for the ceremony of receiving his pay. He seemed to regard the whole affair something in the light of a solemn prayer-meeting. His shoes were evidently a trial to the old man. Accustomed to go barefooted except on dress occasions, the hard, stiff shoes made his feet ache. Sometimes the pain overcame the pride and delight he took in the wearing of these shoes, and then he would take them off and carry them in his hand, tied by their leather strings. When all the hay was in, the cutters went up to the master's house for their pay. Kewekawa's fellow-workers sat or lay on the ground while waiting, talking and laughing and smoking, sometimes playing on the Jewsharp or otherwise yielding to light behavior, but Kawakawa's dignity did not lend itself to any such frivolous conduct. Bringing his yellow chair under his arm, he put it down in a convenient place and sat down on it with an air of grave satisfaction. He engaged in conversation to a limited degree with the older and more sober minded of the company, but entirely ignored the gayer ones, and their untimely remarks and laughter at his appearance and position.

When Kawakawa had been on the farm a short time, a trespassing hog, the mother of a fine litter of pigs, came to an untimely end, and her young were divided among the people on the farm. The smallest, a forlorn, sickly little thing, fell to the lot of Kawekawa and his wife. With a great deal of care they nursed it up, giving it ten to drink and wrapping it in a warm blanket till it came to its full strength. This pig, named Manawahi, a gift, constituted the third member of the old man's family. There was a fourth and last, and this was a chicken. The chicken came into his possession on this wise. The female of the only pair of turkeys the farm owned took it into her head to increase the stock. She had but one egg in her possession on which to begin operations, but this seemed enough to her to warrant the effort, and she set about it. But Lui Yong the small Chinese steward was not of one mind with the turkey, and finding a hen's egg he slipped it under her that her time and patience might have larger results. In three week's time a chicken appeared, and it was given to Kewakawa's care, lest if left under the turkey it might seduce her from any further care of her own egg. This pig and chicken took the place of children to the old people. Every Sunday the whole family might be seen wending their way to Kawaihao, the large stone church nearly two miles distant. Kawakawa carried the chicken under his arm while the pig followed closely on Kalawaiie's heels. Occasionally Manawahi stopped to investigate some tender weed growing by the weyside or otherwise lent himself to mischief. Kalawaiia missing the patter of bis feet, would turn and remonstrate with him and call him to come along. Manawahi plainly showed that he heard and understood, but was not ready to obey. After repeated calls, however, he would shake his head impertinently, and then run to her and follow gravely along till his curiosity was again aroused. During church time the chicken sat quietly and contentedly on the old man's lap, only meking a peep now and then to express her sense of comfort, but Mnawahi was not so well-behaved, and at last he became so noisy, the deacons suggested to Kawakawa that he should leave him at home. In course of time the chicken disappeered, and the most anxious search failed to discover her sepulchre, but it was strongly suspected to be the pot of some of the light-fingered people on the farm. Manawahi's end was even more inglorious. His mind seemed bent on doing evil, and his bad behavior at last estranged the affections of his foster parents, and he was sold for the humiliating sum of two dollers and a half. He was then killed by strangulation, and baked, a victim of his evil habits. Truly a sad end to follow such excellent instruction!

In course of time Kawakawa's health failed. The Yeoman doctor called to his relief pronounced his trouble dyspepsia, but it ran into consumption of the bowels. The old man had a strong desire to live at first. He took his medicine, and ate the food ordered for him with pathetic patience. He became emaciated to the last degree, but he lay in dignified endurence, though the heat of the summer sun poured into his hut, and the flies ran freely over his face. This man, born a heathen, waited on God during the long weeks of his sickness with a patient trustfulness beautiful to see, and which Christians of greater privileges might copy. He liked to have the Bible read to him now, and his familiarity with the Book enabled him to prompt and help along the slow Hawaiian of the reader, even when he had no book. He was especially fond of hearing Jonah's prayer, and the verse "Salvation (or life) is from the Lord." The chapter containing this prayer was always his choice, till shortly before his death, when he accepted it as evident that his departure was

at hand. Now he asked to hear the last two chapters of Revelations. He had submitted himself to God at the cost of his strong desire and be longed to hear of that country to which be was called. One morning friends came to visit him, and they all wept together, and after praying they all went ont of the house on some business or work, leaving the old man alone. When they returned they fonnd a great Presence hnd been there in their short absence and borne the old saint away.

"There are first which shall be last, and last which shnll be first."

OUR SKATER BELLE.

Along the frozen lake she comes
In linking cresents, light and fleet;
The ice-imprisoned Undine hums
A welcome to her little feet.

I see the jaunty hnt, the plume
Swerve hird-like in the joyons gale,—
The cheeks lit np to hurning bloom,
The yonng syes sparkling through the veil.

The quick breath parts her langhing lips,
The white neck shines through tossing enrls;
Her vesture gently sways and dips
As on she speeds in shell-like whirls.

Men stop and smile to see her go;
They gaze, they smile in pleased snrprise;
They ask her name; they long to show
Some silent friendship in their syes.

She glances not; she passes on;
Her steely footfall quicker rings;
Shs guesses not the benison
Which follows her on noiseless wings.

Smooth be her ways, secure her tread,
Along the devious lines of life,
From grace to grace successive led,—
A noble maiden, nobler wife!

ANONYMOUS.

THE CATHOLICS IN AFRICA.

From the "Catholic Review."

An Irish Missionary in South Africa, the Rev. James O'Haire, supplies the following history of the efforts of the Catholic Church to Christianize that neglected region. He writes: "In May, 1660, the first priest set foot upon South African soil, but for doing so was made a prisoner. From that time until 1838 many priests visited South Africa under the most trying circumstances. However, in that year, 1838, there were in South Africa, as far as could be ascertained, only 150 Catholics, without one priest, one church, or one school. Behold the change—witness the progress—there is now south of the Orange River, which is but a portion of South Africa, three vicariates presided over by three Bishops, Vicars Apostolic and one prefecture, under the direction of a Prefect Apostolic. There are fifty-two priests, including Seculars, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Jesuits and Fathers of the Society of African Missions. There are also seven convents, four of which are Dominican, two Oblates of Mary Immaculate and one of the Sisters of Mercy. There are monastic establishments for the education of boys, conducted by the Marist Brothers, Oblates of Mary Immaculate and Jesnits—the latter have under their care the first Catholic college of South Africa—to say nothing of thirty-two other Catholic schools conducted by priests and laics. Add to the above items seven Catholic sodalities, five societies, three confraternities, three cathedrals, and twenty-four churches, including convent chapels, and 10,000 children, and you will see the immense progress that the Catholic Church has made from 1834 to 1877 in South Africa. Notwithstanding the great efforts and success of Catholic missions up to the present, all their labors have been confined to the districts south of the Orange and Vaal rivers, if, indeed, we except the Jesuit missions of Umbaceo, of which honorable mention is made by Livingstone, but which were unfortunately utterly exterminated by a vile wretch, Governor Pomlino. Very recently the enormous territories stretching from tho Orange river to Damarland and the river Limpopo, and thence to the Zambesi, have been accepted by the Society of African Missions. In this vast new mission field there is not at present one Catholic missionary. Great Namaqualand, Damarland, and Gwamboland are peopled by tribes which technically come under the denominations of Hottentots, Koranna, and Bushmen. Then that sweep of country lying immediately between the rivers Limpopo and Zambesi contains at least one million of tractable colored races, inhabiting a country which is exceedingly fertile, rich in gold mines and by no means unhealthy. It is to be hoped that the Society of African Missions will succeed in receiving into its ranks men of self-denial, zeal, and energy, who will found missions in the almost illimitable tracts now confined to its care, by which the door may be afterwards opened to allow the ingress of Catholic missionaries to those regions of Central Africa which, though believed to be thickly inhabited by savage tribes, are yet np to this all but a sealed book to civilized men.

An English Quaker, Mr. Stanley Pumphrey, in a lecture on Indian Civilization, which has recently been published, notes some suggestive facts with regard to the differences which exist between the Indians in Canada and those who are so unfortunate as to be the "wards" of the "freest and most enlightened republic on the face of the earth." He says:

"The Indians of the British dominions are, in proportion to the population, three times as numerous as the Indians of the States are to theirs; yet while the United States have had almost constant wars, on the other side of the St. Lawrence there has been constant peace. Through the kindness of a former Indian Commissioner, William Welsh of Philadelphia, access has been given me to the valuable evidence furnished by J. T. Gilkison, for fourteen years Visiting Superintendent of Indian affairs in Canada, who has had under his direct charge 3,300 of the Mohawks, Senecas and other tribes. The following are some of the questions put to him, together with his replies:

'Have you ever known or heard of any case, during this century, where the whites had any reasons to fear incursions from the Indians?'

A. 'No such occurrence has ever taken place in Canada within that period. Their relations have been friendly; the Indians being treated with consideration and kindness.'

'Do you consider the Indians have perfect confidance in their just treatment by the government?'

A. 'Most Assuredly.'

'Do you believe that whatever is coming to them will be received, without losing any weight or value by passing through the agents of the government?'

A. 'Certainly: clear statements of accounts are furnished them half-yearly, so that they may know what is due.'

"While treated as wards, and receiving, as such, exceptional care and assistance, the Indians of Canada are looked on as a part of the nation, having rights as much entitled to respect as those of any other class. The cupidity of land-speculators, and the rapacity of frontier bush-rangers, are never allowed to over-ride their claims. Suitable reserves, once set apart, are henceforth sacred. They cannot be sold without the voluntary consent of a majority of the male adults by special vote, and with the approval of the government, which approval would be withheld unless a change was evidently for their benefit. The government have never attempted to force the Indians to surrender their lands.

"Added to these excellent regulations they enjoy the benefit of equal laws. They are punished for crimes and protected from injury, just as others. Thus treated, we are not surprised to find that they give no more trouble than an equal number of whiten of the lower classes. Their condition steadily improves, and the population of some tribes is on the increase. The Christian religion, being commended to them by justice and kindness, they are disposed to accept it."

—*Catholic Review.*

POPULAR AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

The Delaware College is making an effort to put agricultural instruction upon a popular basis. It will be difficult to gather statistical results of the instruction given, but the authorities of the State would help much those who are trying to find the best means of improving farms, if they would observe carefully and report upon the operations of farmers who have had the advantage of their system of schooling. The term will extend over next November, December, January and February. No examination is necessary for entrance, and the tuition for four months is only twenty-five dollars. Elementary law regarding the holding and conveyance of land and its appurtenances, will be taught, and the list of subjects upon which instruction is given, includes political economy, practical agriculture, anatomy, botany, meteorology, chemistry and geology, so far as they are concerned in the constituents of soils, and the adaptability of crops, plant-propagation, the breeding of animals, and the common studies of English grammar, English and American history, geography, arithmetic, the metric system, and book-keeping. In several of the departments instruction will be given by lectures. The course of instruction, it is seen, is not high. It is in subject-matter what the agricultural class should understand, and it is to be seen whether a course of lectures covering only four months of the year, giving opportunity for farm work for the other eight, will be of material advantage. The prospect is good, for if the drill necessarily fails in thoroughness because of the short time given, it may give enough information to prevent mistakes, which would otherwise prove costly. Further, it may so open the door to study and reading, that the farmers who have enjoyed it will save their winter evenings and other leisure time, by keeping up their interest in the subjects studied at the college, whereas it is now only too common that much time is foolishly wasted.—*New England Farmer, Sept.* 1st, 1877.

OUR SKATER BELLE.

THE following letter is interesting as an account of things in a certain part of South Carolina from the standpoint of an intelligent young colored man who is honestly trying to make himself useful. The willingness of the present officials to employ him, and the difficulties that beset incompetent teachers are a sign of a healthy state of things to some extent, at least.

The hopeless mania for going to Liberia that prevails in South Carolina and elsewhere, is reasonable enough in his case, for he would do good there, but it is likely to unsettle and injure a large and ignorant laboring class as well as all classes. The condition of these deluded beings is pitiable.

Much depends upon the tact of the whites in dealing with them. As usual, those who by care and kindness succeed in winning the good-will of the negroes will be prosperous and satisfied, but those who attempt to "cuss" them into more enlightened ways will, in their failure, make noisy complaints about their abnormal condition and the need of some "reform" measures.

SOUTH CAROLINA, *Aug.*, 1877.

Dear Sir:

When I left Hampton I went right in pursuit of a school, and was successful, and would have been suitably remunerated, but for the political question which was agitating the minds of all throughout the State. The Democrats being so bent upon accomplishing their object and advocating their measures of reform that they considered any one who was in the country then, to be their foe. In order to get the Negro under their direct influence, they thought it best to remove any one from their midst whom they thought would communicate any political intelligence whatever; though they had never known me to do it, and I never did. So soon after the Hamburg massacre, they began to threaten me and assumed an attitude for immediate hostility, or pretended, so I quietly got away. In August last I went to Aiken expecting to get something to do, but was unsuccessful. Troubles having started in that county, young men and women had to flee from the country. I stayed there with my sister until Dec., when I got a school which I taught four months, and was promised $140 for my services. The difficulty between the dual governments hindered the collection of taxes at the proper time, so they are being collected this month. Being in debt for board, and in reduced circumstances pecuniarily, I had to sacrifice my claim, and after paying board I was almost dry, but have launched out again and am only three miles from where I was driven. No white person expresses any dissatisfaction at my return. There has been a time, when the county was devoid of a true teacher, that most any one could get a first-grade certificate. Now one has to undergo an examination which *certainly* tests their ability to teach. I make the fifth colored person in this county that holds a first-grade, and the only one in Aiken, so I have been before two boards. We have not teachers enough, for every township cannot get such as the Democrats will employ. Now about my school. It is taught in a church built of logs. I have seventy-seven names enrolled and am looking for more soon when the board promises to give an assistant. Have found Prof. Allen's instructions useful in governing and teaching so many. The people are anxious, very anxious to have their children learn. I labor hard to advance their children and have met with tolerable success, as I have been here but two weeks. The people seem to think I know all that's worth knowing. In a country of blind people the one-eyed is king—it is with me, and I will be held responsible for the use I make of the influence I have over them. It has been and is now my aim to promote a higher tone of morals, which I am proud to say, is not so low as in many places. Their religious ideas restrain them as they live close to the cross and treasure up the principles of true Christianity. I shall give you a full account of my school, also Sunday-school, which I expect will be very large.

I suppose you have heard of the movement among the colored people toward the settlement in Liberia. Preparations are being made and many will go if they can get conveyance. I have no doubt that if we are successful in our efforts I will go. It is our only salvation. We will never be a people until we do go there. You are very likely to receive a letter from me at that place some day. I want to get out of debt to the school now. I must close. Very Respectfully, your pupil,

D.

"Well, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city. I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbor's son.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but you see I've got a safe compass to steer by."

"Stick to it, stick to it!" cried the man, "and the devil can not hurt so much as a hair of your head."

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There was no "annihilation of the negro mind in slavery." There was not so very much to annihilate in the poor beings who

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have changed as in no equal period in the history of our race; the revolution has not been all external.

Of the 4,000 free schools in Virginia, 1,100 are for blacks, employing more than 600 colored teachers, the rest being white. They cost annually in taxes about $350,000, four-fifths of which comes from the pockets of the whites, who thus voluntarily supply more money to the cause of negro education than the entire annual revenue of the American Missionary Association.

It means progress that Georgia has for years

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I speak, of course, of the average negro of the South. In his mental, moral, and material destitution, he has as much power as anybody to make the next President, or to decide on questions of tariff, currency, or war. Hence the negro question is and will be, as it has been for the past forty years, a foremost one.

The difficulty with him is, mainly, a subjective not an objective one; himself, not his relations. His low ideas of life and duty, his weak conscience, his want of energy and thrift, his indolent, sensuous, tropical blood, are, rather than mere ignorance, the important and unfortunate facts about him. The race is not, however, a fallen, degraded one.

Ecclesiastical, marital, personal and filial relations among the colored people, are, by civilized standards, terribly wrong.

Pastors and deacons can sell whisky and lead loose lives without scandel; an ex-jailbird returns to his former social position; in politics and in society character goes for little or nothing. Yet there is in our principal cities, North and South, and scattered through the country, a class of colored people of excellent ions, of preachers of character and force.

The power of Christian education and of right public sentiment has never reached the negro race; it has been made impossible. Whether these influences shall be brought to bear upon them is the question. They have never rejected what was never within their reach; their condition is a sad one, but they are not debauched.

A colored girl who comes to the Hampton Institute usually makes great improvement; her expression and general appearance change; her womanly instincts become stronger; her self-respect and character develop by direct teaching and by the still more potent effect of influence and atmosphere. Yet her previous life may not have been pure. She may have sinned without being demoralized by it. Her moral sense was too weak to be shocked. She knew, but could not realize the wrong. It was no terrible leap into an abyss; it was the logic of her life; inevitable almost from the social conditions about her, and no ruinous fall.

Every worthy girl who graduates from our institutions—many of them strikingly intelligent and attractive—is fair game for any hound who chooses to follow her. Whatever her legal rights, she has, practically, no redress; public sentiment does not demand it; she has no avenger but God. Without good society to stimulate her to virtue, living for the most part with those who cannot afford to throw stones, with her own impulsive warm blood against her, only Almighty Grace can save her. I know a number of this class who are devoting themselves as teachers to their race, whose steadiness I wonder at.

Women are often preferred as teachers to men; they succeed equally well, and have equal wages as public school teachers.

The success of co-education among the negroes has been marked. But four cases for discipline in nearly ten years has been the record at Hampton.

While multitudes of freedmen are given over to sensuality, there are multitudes who need but the shining of God's truth and the accessories of Christian living, and the seeds of virtue and of moral beauty in them will spring up, making their lives pure and fruitful; fruitful and useful, even if, from the power of the old nature, not always as correct as they should be.

The morals of the negro are better than they seem. We mistake in our estimate of the reaction of transgression upon ignorant offenders. The story of the devout old "Auntie," who *would* go to communion service and not let one poor old goose (that she had stolen) "come between her and her blessed Lord," shows how little a broken commandment disturbs the peace of the unenlightened.

The oft-mentioned "divorce" between religion and morals never occurred. They never were united, and could not be. We should be careful of severe conclusions as to the value of their weak, inconsistent discipleship. God has been very near to them, and has ever been ready to return to them whenever they would return to Him. They remind us, in many ways, of the children of Israel. The strong religious nature of the negro race makes it with its peculiar experience seem like one that has been led by a pillar of cloud. They appear to be better fitted for a theocracy than for a republic.

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There was no "annihilation of the negro mind in slavery." There was not so very much to annihilate in the poor beings who were brought from this African jungle. In the providence of God the selfishness of men was instrumental, as all things are, to the fulfillment of His eternal purposes. The contact of a higher and lower race in slavery is inevitably most damaging to the latter, and in many ways helpful to the former.

Books are essential to knowledge, but not to wisdom and manly force. The *taboo* of books was the greatest stimulus the race ever had. The black man (contrary to general opinion) *could* think, and thus foiled the white men. He heard table talk, gossip, and speeches. His powers grew as he observed and pondered; restricting knowledge gave it a charm; it was the white man's source of power; with it he would be like him; to possess this secret became a passion, and this passion, though quenched in many by the reaction, and the hard realities of freedom, is the hope of the race in its sudden emancipation in its new temptations and dangers. The negro is an infant in literature, but a graduate from the school of experience. He was fitted for freedom far better than was supposed, and candid Southerners admit that the race has done better than they dared to expect. The total products of the South have been greater than ever. A neighbor of mine, a Confederate Colonel, says that he gets one-third more from free than he ever did from slave labor.

Constitutional amendments and civil rights are no guarantees of the salvation of the freedman. They only give him standing ground on which he can work it out for himself. They give to his friends a chance to help build him up. They mean simply opportunity.

His worst master is still over him—his passions. This he does not realize. He does not see "the point" of life clearly; he lacks foresight, judgment, and hard sense. His main trouble is not ignorance, but deficiency of character; his grievances occupy him more than his deepest needs. There is no lack of those who have mental capacity. The question with him is not one of brains, but of right instincts, of morals, and of hard work.

Most savage races are not mentally sluggish. The African Zulu tests the wit and resources of an educated missionary. The Polynesian cannibal is a natural orator and takes to law and theology with very readiness. The aborigines of Australia are quick-witted. With their struggle for existence, their perpetual "*qui vive*," their traditions, their stores of literature, of no mean merit, transmitted orally for ages, most savage people are not like "dumb driven cattle;" yet their life is little better than that of brutes, because the moral nature is dormant.

The *differentia* of the races seem to be in moral strength, in guiding instincts, in power to "*sense*" things, in their genius for this or that. Within school or college walls these distinctions hardly appear. In active life they are conspicuous and decisive.

With us, the question with the colored race is not, to what culture the gifted few can attain, as we find negro blood among those in the higher ranks of success of many kinds; but what does the race, as a whole, need most and need now? How shall their weak points be made strong?

They need a system of training which aims at the formation of character, and of self-respect; these rest upon a foundation of morals and good habits. We can best aid them by Christian example and teaching. The best of teachers are required. When his whole routine of life is controlled, the negro pupil is like clay in the potter's hands. Boarding schools alone can do the thorough work required. Their officers should realize in themselves the ideas of a true Christian civilization. A teacher does more by virtue of what he is than of what he says. The most powerful constructive influence is indirect; the inner life expands in the right atmosphere rather than through direct pressure. To create such opportunities the American Missionary Association has established a series of institutions whose magnitude and cost have seemed, to some, too great, but the Association was wise to concentrate its resources for higher education, in order to secure a higher quality of personel force and stronger moulding influences, as well as the economical advantages of maintaining larger numbers at one point.

Drill, training, toning up, is the important feature in the Association's work; it is making men and women; it is, I believe, a well-balanced, thorough-going system of culture, aiming directly at the mark, mingling mental with moral and physical training; satisfied to send out graduate teachers as Christians, no matter what denominational flag they may fly.

We negro teachers have a stimulus that the world knows little of, in the enthusiasm of our students, whose opportunities, in most cases, have cost a struggle; they call out every energy by the depth of their need, their unlimited faith in us and by their heroic perseverance. They leave us for the field; we watch them, they never forget us, and, better, they don't forget their debts. We are not like those who fire into the air; we see our shot strike.

The natural indolence of the negro is as much in his way as his ignorance. In salvation by hard work is his hope, his *in hoc vinces*. His education must be promotive of industrial habits. Educated men without trades form a large, and the worst proportion of criminals. Common schools are not the panacea that some have claimed them to be. But they give us leverage upon this people, and we should make the most of them by supplying them with the best of teachers; with men whose knowledge has cost them something, who are able to win their bread, as the people must, and can tell them how to do it; who shall be, not only pedagogues but guides, and civilizers, whose power shall be that of character and example, not of sounding words. The negro teacher is the hope of his race; he is looked up to; his influence for good or evil is vast; when well-fitted for his work he has not been found wanting.

What the colored race needs most, and needs now, is teachers of the right sort, as well as preachers fitted for the pulpit by some stern discipline. Let us make the teachers and we will make the people. Here Christian benevolence at the North finds its true point of effort. Upon it the American Missionary Association has directed its forces with a wisdom and energy which, if sustained, promises the greatest results.

Teachers are in demand. Of the multitudes of free schools in the South probably not one in ten is properly taught. Southern taxation for colored schools amounts to not far from $900,000.00 and Southerners are sending to us for teachers. Institutions conducted by Northern men for negroes have generally secured the respect and good-will of all; their graduates are called for on all sides.

There is no place in the world where such a harvest awaits Christian labor and outlay as in work for the freedmen of America. Every dollar, and every hour expended reach those passionately eager to get good and to do their part toward it. The English language with its riches has become their inheritance. There is no foreign jargon to be learned. They accept the Bible, they crowd their churches. There is infinite work to be done but they are open to the truth.

Long and well-sustained effort will bring about a better state of things among them. But there are comparatively few who will do their part to this end.

A hundred will be horrified over the Hamburg massacre where one will give a dollar to better their condition; thousands will cry out for Federal bayonets where but here and there one will help furnish them with the defense of enlightened minds. An intelligent colored man of good character can take better care of himself without than with a company of soldiers at his back.

Two things are noticeable: an outcry over the abandonment of the negro to the tender mercies of his former owner, and a steady shrinkage in the contributions for his improvement. Embodying as does this cause the grand moral objective of the war and excusing, nay, demanding, every drop of blood that was spilt, it is pitiful to see the meagre contributions both of money and of personal force that have been made for it. You can count on the fingers of your hands the first-rate men who are devoted to it. As the army is the general, so the institution is the man; there are not men enough. Their cry is not to fire the Northern heart; denunciation is, to them, as sounding brass. They are working under the banner of the Prince of Peace, and they find many a noble friend among those who lately were fighting to keep the negro down; they call for resources, for schoolhouses, books, and for enough to keep them comfortably.

When it was a question of freedom or slavery, when North and South were sharing, directly or indirectly, the profits of slave labor, and moneyed interests were too strong for humanity, it was necessary to denounce the wrong.

To the Abolitionist the African slave was a being made in the image of God, bound in chains, and bought and sold like cattle; the negro was idealized; race differentia were ignored; shining characters and their opposites were painted on the background of human bondage; Uncle Tom showing the possible nobility of the negro under the wrongs of slavery, and Legree illustrating the possible ruin of the white man wrought by it.

To arouse the country, blinded by the love of money and of ease, this was necessary. But North and South have atoned for their guilty partnership; the language of those days is not the language for to-day. To denounce the South as a whole befits only a demagogue.

In the South, during the past ten years, ideas have changed as in no equal period in the history of our race; the revolution has not been all external.

Of the 4,000 free schools in Virginia, 1,100 are for blacks, employing more than 600 colored teachers, the rest being white. They cost annually in taxes about $350,000, four-fifths of which comes from the pockets of the whites, who thus voluntarily supply more money to the cause of negro education than the entire annual revenue of the American Missionary Association.

It means progress, that Georgia has for years given to the colored University at Atlanta $8,000, and that Virginia has given the Hampton Institute $10,000 annually, officered and controlled as they both are by Northern teachers, and filled with students all of whom vote in opposition to the party that aids their education; that the latter State had in full operation a free school system five years before her new Constitution required it; that the Presbytery of Virginia and other Southern religious bodies, in their actions and in their organs, are recognizing the genuine needs of the freedmen, urging effort in their behalf, and are making friendly overtures to workers from the North. In old times thousands of good men and women in the South taught their slaves the Way of Life, and many are doing it now. General Stonewall Jackson taught a colored Sunday-school twenty years, and Colonel Preston continues the good work. There is yet stout opposition, and there are mountains of prejudice; to be taxed for negro education is not yet counted a luxury. The sluggish, thinly populated back country has changed but little; and entire regions not at all. In the cities, with their quicker life, more active thought, and commerce with the world, they have better discerned the signs of the times. In Virginia to-day no politician dare oppose free schools in his canvass for the popular vote. The Southern leaders in educational ideas are among the best men in the land; they have struggled in a way not dreamed of at the North; while in a minority they have the earnestness in a just cause that insures success.

The work of educating the freedmen is being done mainly by colored teachers. They are sustained first, by ex-rebel soldiers and ex-slaveholders. Of the hundreds of applications for teachers that I have received in the past seven years, nineteen out of twenty have come from that class with offers of salaries in all cases; secondly, by friends in the North who, eight years before the South expended a dollar, with great effort and outlay, and with aid from the Freedmen's Bureau, were laying a foundation for future builders, giving to the colored people a grand impulse which has brought the present State systems into the line of demand and into the logic of events. They are now concentrating their efforts on higher institutions, which without their aid would never have existed, and which depend on them for their building up, and largely for their maintenance, and entirely for their endowment. They are centres of educational inspiration and power, working harmoniously with the local systems, winning every year the increased confidence and respect of all classes, sending out annually graduates who are needed by thousands and are welcomed along the whole line of school effort.

Bourbonism at the South is not dead; it will not fail for want of effort to restore the Black Laws in South Carolina and elsewhere, nullify school systems, and thrust the black man back to his "normal condition." The theory that "a black man's inner consciousness is only to be reached through his hide" is not fully discarded. Its success, which I think impossible, except in South Carolina and in some of the Gulf States, would not be a reduction of the freedmen to penceful serfdom. To thus mount guard over the negro would be costly. He has been wonderfully quickened and modified since freedom, more by experience than by school teaching; his intent ferocity would inspire a war without a battle in which the rifle and the firebrand would each do their worst work, and desolation would reign. The races will stand or fall together.

Men's madness must sometimes be shown. Perhaps we shall see illustrated at the South the opposite extremes of wisdom and folly in dealing with the negro question; more generally a mixture of both.

General Toombs' silly rant about the "500,000 savages" in Georgia, did not prevent a generous Constitutional provision or permission for State aid to higher negro education.

Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody Fund, says that in all the States where there has been a reaction against education, it has been followed by a return to better measures than ever. A general forward movement at the South is assured; through action and reaction it will go on slowly, surely, and grandly.

The Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., late President of Williams College, Massachusetts, recently said, "History presents no social problem more difficult than that which now confronts the people of the Southern States." After stating the leading facts of the problem, Dr. Hopkins continues, "Is it possible that from these an harmonious social and

political state should come? If it is possible | NEWS OF THE MONTH | Many thousands of dollars have been spent in dis | *Consult the National Teachers' Monthly*

political state should comn t If it is possible, it must be by a combinntion of intellectunl and moral forces such as the world has never seen."

Should the general government do its dutv by the "nntion's wards," nnd good men of nll sections sinking their partizanship, nnkn, in God's name, common cause in behnlf of the negro race, the end will be renched.

A writer in the *Nation* illustrates the process of regeneration which is going on all over the South of Virginia by describing the state of things on two farms which he recently visited.

They are two hundred miles apart. On one of 2,000 acres there were, before the war, nbout 150 slnves of all nges. The owner, at emancipation, put them in wagons and deposited them in Ohio. His successor now works the plnntation with twelve hired men, who see to his cnttle, of which he raises and feeds large herds. On cultivation is carried on on shares hy white tenants. He has an overseer, makes a snug incomc, and spends a good part of his winters in Baltimore and New York. He laughs when you ask him if he regrets slavery. Nothing would induce him to take care of 150 men, women, and children, furnishing perhaps thirty able-bodied men, littering the house with n swarm of lazy servants, and making heavy drafts on the meathouse and corn-crib, and running up doctor's bills. The other was owned at the close of the war hy a regular "Virginia gentleman," with the usual swarm of negroes, and who was in debt. He sold it to an enterprising young farmer from snother county, paid his debts, and retired to a small place, where, with two or three hired men, he makes a liviog. The young farmer, instead of seventy-five slaves, works it with twelve hands in the busy season and three in winter, is up at five o'clock in the morning superintending them himself, raises all raisable crops and is as intent on the markets and the experiments made by his neighbors as if he lived in Illinois or the Carse of Gowrie. He was led hy Colonel Waring's book to try tile-draining, and made the tiles for the purpose on his own land. He was so successful that he now manufactures and sells tiles extensively to others. It would be difficult to meet at the North or in England two men with their faces turned nwsy from the old times more completely than these, more averse to the old plantation ways; and, as far as I could learn or hear, they are fair specimens of the kind of men who are taking possession of the Old Dominion. Their neighbors consist of three classes: men who had by extraordinary exertions saved some or all of their land after the war, and had by borrowing or econmizing managed to stock it, and are now prospering by dint of close manngement and constant attentioo, on the Northern plan; young and enterprising men who had bought nt low rates from original proprietors whom the war left hopelessly involved, and too old or incapable to recover; and a sprinkling of Northern and English immigrants, of which latter class I shall say something in another letter, for their history is curious.

Two years ago in the counties of Laurens and Edgefield, in South Carolina, the Labor League was again organized, but, unaided by the courts or Legislature, it was unable to accomplish any of the "reforms" so much desired by the white citizens. Now, however, under the home rule of Genoral Hampton, the organization has been revived all over South Carolina, and the tone of the local press leaves no room to doubt that a determined, and probably a successful, effort will be made when the Legislature re-assembles to have the laws governing labor in South Carolina radically changed. What the leagues demand—and it must be remembered that they are directed by some of the heaviest land-owners and most influential men in the State—is, that hereafter all agricultural labor shall be performed undor contract, each violation of which shall be considered a misdemeanor punishable by forfoiture of crops ur imprisonment, or, still worse, by whipping. The leagues will also ask that all unemployed negroes shall be declarod vagrants under the law, and punished citbor by the lash or imprisonment, and that the same course bo pursued in regard to all persons found trespassing. Failing in this effort to secure the passage of these and similar "reform laws," the gentlemen who compose the leagues have agreed among themselves that they will refuse to sell or rent land to black men, that they will only employ field hands and other laborers at rates of wages to be agreed upon by them, that they will employ no servant or workman without the consent of his former master, and tbat no cotton, corn, or other agricultural product shall be purchased from negroes, unless such products have been raised upon the land of the purchaser. How absolutely the black laboror, under such a system as this, would be in the power of his white employer is sufficiently obvious without further comment.—*N. Y. Times.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Famine prevails in Brazil, South America, caused by drouth; 80,000 cattle have perished, and 15,000 people are starving.

Earthquakes in Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas.

Storms on the Atlantic. One steamer from Liverpool to Boston, Nov. 4, put back on the 16th, reporting having encountered seven hurricanes.

The society for Prevention of Crime is attacking unlicensed groceries in New York City.

Judge R. B. Carpenter, of South Carolina, has written a letter advising the negroes of that State not to emigrate to Liberia, and telling them that if they will be frugal and honest they will be best off where they are.

The reports from the Woman's Temperance Union of Massachusetts tell us that that State has one hundred and two auxiliary organizations, and 10,000 members. Vermont has nineteen. Minnesota has recently organized a State Temperance Union.

The railroad traffic managers of Ireland attribute the great bulk of all railroad accidents to the sale of spirits along the line.

Mr. T. M. Metcalf, Minnesota's Commissioner of Statistics, estimates that the wheat crop of that State this year will reach the enormous amount of 40,000,000 bushels, notwithstanding the ravages of the grasshoppers.

The steamship Mosel, which recently sailed for Europe, carried out 300,000 California salmon eggs. They are put up in lots, and will be distributed in England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands.

The Chinese authorities have officially taken possession of the railway between Woosung and Shanghai, and stopped all traffic thereon.

General Grant has had a most enthusiastic reception in France, both from American residents and principal officers of the Government.

An International Exhibition, under the patronage of the Governor of Cape Colony, will be opened in April next, with an agricultural department organized on a large scale. Various classes of articles will be included in the exhibition, and facilities will be given for their sales.

The Russians have captured the Turkish citadel of Kars, which is considered the key to Turkey in Asia.

A new submarine telegraph cable is to be laid from San Francisco to China and Jepen by way of the Sandwich Islands.

POLITICAL.

The Army Appropriation bill passed House and Senate, November 12th and 17th. It places the maximum strength of the army, as at present, at 25,000 men, and directs that a force sufficient for protection shall be placed on the Mexican and Indian frontiers of Texas.

Daniel W Voorhees (Dem.), appointed by the Governor of Indiana to Senator Norton's vacant chair, took his seat on Nov. 12th.

The decrease of the public debt during the month of October was $4,250,000. In the Treasury—coin, $131,000,000; currency, $100,000,000.

General Garfield, toward the close of the session, presented a petition which shows that at least two hundred and ten colored men are in favor of emigration to Liberia. They desire Congressional aid to this end. Garfield stated that there was an extensive movement among the colored people looking toward emigration to that country.

RELIGIOUS.

The Eighty-third Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was held in Lynchburg, Va., beginning November 15.

Rev. T. M. Beckman, Chairman of the Committee to consider the Bible Cause, presented a report, which was adopted. The report showed that the Virginia Bible Society has distributed within the grounds of the State from April, 1871, to April, 1877, in Bibles, &c., $41,000, and had received from all sources in the State, $20,970.53. In the same time the American Bible Society had contributed to the necessity $24,000 in Bibles and Testaments. During this period 90,574 families were visited, 14,577 totally destitute families were found, and 9,805 supplied.

The Board of Missions reported the appropriation for domestic missions during the ensuing year. The amount is $1,000 less than last year. The whole amount is $7,100.

The assessments of the ensuing year were reported. The whole amounts are: Conference collections, $6,000; domestic missions, $7,000; foreign missions, $6,220; Bishops' fund, $1,700; educational, $3,000; publishing house, $4,500; Total amount, $30,420.

The American Missionary Association has sent to the Mendi Mission in West Africa the Rev. Floyd Snelson of Savannah, Georgia, who will take the place of the Rev. Barnabas Root, deceased. Mr. Snelson is accompanied by his family, Dr. Benjamin James and family, and Mr. A. E. White of the Hampton Normal & Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Virginia. Dr. James will be missionary physician, and Mr. White will take charge of mission farms. All the parties are colored, and have been connected with educational and evangliring work among the freedmen in the South.

EDUCATIONAL.

The School Board of the city of Norfolk has purchased two lots for the erection of two additional school buildings—one for white and the other for colored pupils. The trustees of the city opened this session with a larger attendance than usual.

The total enrollment in the public schools of Petersburg at the close of the first week was 1,076 out of a school population of about 2,500. Of the enrollment 676 are in the white and 400 in the colored schools. The High School has about 100 pupils.

One member of the new freshman class at Yale is a colored man—Mr. Manning, Sons of Mr. Evarts, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, and ex-President Woolsey are in the same class.

Howard University debt has been reduced from $110,000 to $11,000.

San Francisco.—The Chinese in San Francisco have petitioned to the Board of Education for a school. They are taxed for public school purposes, but not permitted to attend such schools.

Colored Convention.—The Colored Educational Convention of North Carolina was held in Raleigh, last week. The Committee on Resolutions, stating that the time had come for the colored people to think and act for themselves, and to assume the task of moulding their own destiny as citizens of the American Republic; and that education, morality and industry must constitute the basis of their elevation and prosperity as a people; that notwithstanding the many obstacles and evils with which they are compelled to contend in their present condition, they felt cheered and encouraged by the signs of the times: the disappearance of race prejudice in the State, the growing sentiment of friendship and confidence between the races, the obliteration of the "color line," are in the highest degree gratifying to all lovers of progress and peace; that the colored people appreciated the efforts of the State press, and the action of the State Legislature and State Executive in providing more ample and efficient means for the education of the colored people of the State. The last resolution was warmly discussed, and finally defeated; but one of some what similar meaning was afterwards introduced and passed. The Convention is said to have been composed of active, intelligent and earnest men, but the white people complain of the apparent spirit of partisan politics that controlled it.

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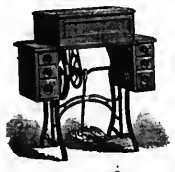

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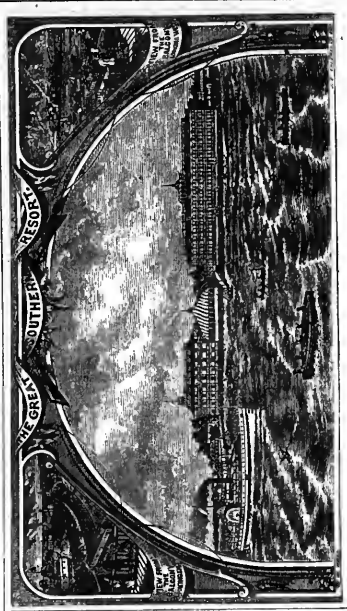

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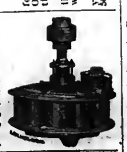

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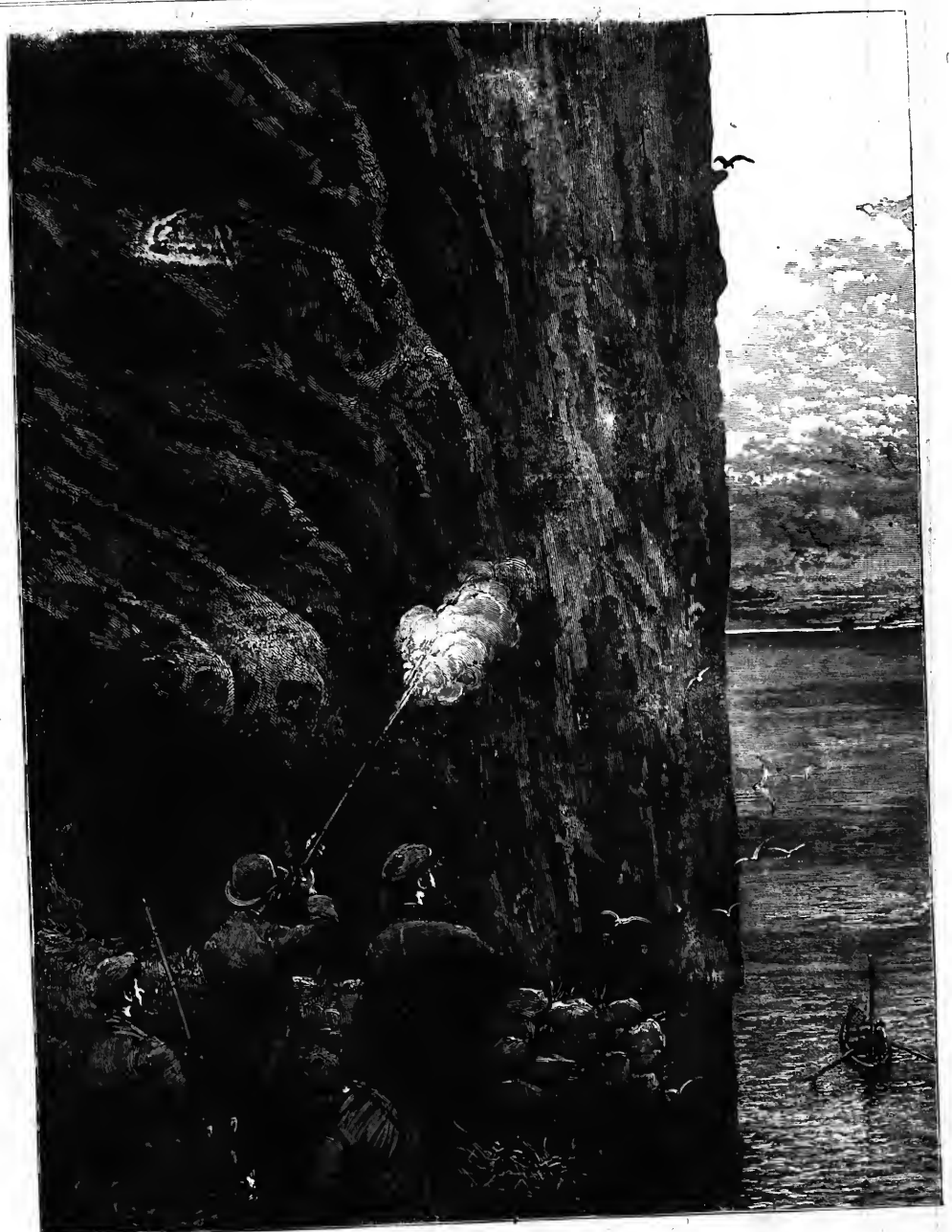

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PREMIUM.

From and after November, 1875, on receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

WITH this issue the "Southern Workman" enters its seventh year. It has been published at a loss, which, however, in yearly decreasing, and is more than offset by its benefit in various ways to the Hampton Institute. The monthly edition is now 1600 copies, not quite half of which are sent to paying subscribers North and South; the rest go to contributors to the school, to friends of the freedmen in this and other countries, to exchanges, to colored men and teachers unable to pay, and to School officers and representative men.

The good-will so general and hearty in this State towards the Hampton Institute and its graduates is in some measure due to the "Southern Workman," which has been recognized, even by a leading Democratic paper as a proper guide and adviser of the colored people.

It asks the continued support of subscribers and their co-operation in extending its circulation among the deserving poor and others of the South, and the rich and influential of the North; that the former may have disinterested counsel and information, and that the latter may read what brave young colored men and women are doing for themselves and their people, and be influenced to help them; and, that by becoming self-supporting, the Southern Workman may bring its resources discounted by no adverse balance, to the support of good work in the South. We urge our friends each to do a little to build up this paper, if judging from this and other numbers they think it deserving enough.

IS THE colored race dying out? According to the census of 1870 it had, during the previous ten years, increased a little over ten per cent., in spite of war, want, suffering and wide-spread ruin throughout the South.

Learned Southerners have, from time to time, solemnly asserted the decrease of the race from the neglect of infants and of the sick, and from other causes, chiefly negro improvidence.

Northern readers have usually supposed that these gentlemen were very willing to adopt a theory which indicated that in slavery the African found his only chance of existence, and therefore his normal condition, and that therefore his best friends are not those who would thrust him into freedom and to destruction.

But recently published facts seem to confirm these Southern prophecies. The country is startled at the revelation.

We quote from the *Boston Journal*:—

"Nearly all the statistics relating to the subject, now accessible, are those coming from the larger Southern cities, and these would seem to leave no doubt that in such centres of population the mortality of the colored greatly exceeds that of the white race. In Washington, for instance, where the negroes have enjoyed longer and more privileges than in most southern cities, the death-rate per 1,000 in the year 1876 was for the whites, 26.537; for the colored, 49.294; and for the previous year it was a little worse for the blacks. In Baltimore, a very healthy city, the total death-rate for 1875 was 21.67 in 1,000, of which the whites showed 19.80, the colored, 34.42. In a healthier little city still, Chattanooga, Tenn., the statistics of the last five years give the death-rate of the whites at 19.9; of the colored, 37. The very best showing for the latter, singularly enough, is made in Selma, Ala. It stands per 1,000, white, 14.28; colored, 18.88. In Mobile, in the same State, the mortality of the colored was just about double the rate among the whites. New Orleans for 1875 gives the record of 25.45 for the death-rate of the whites, to 39.69 for that of the colored. The Registrar of Charleston, whose statistics in this matter run back for several years, sums them up, not in the form of percentages, but of average longevity. Thus, he states that in that city the average duration of life for white people is thirty-eight years and three months; of colored people, only twenty-four years and four months."

Against the conclusions thus suggested is the fact that the body of the colored population is outside of cities and that statistics do not as yet indicate the tendency of the rural class. Many close observers believe that the decrease is general, but equally good authorities assert the contrary. No conclusion is satisfactory; but we incline to the belief that the colored race will at least hold its own, because in the corresponding class of whites in all cities there is great mortality. It would be interesting to know the death-rate among the poor whites of Washington, Richmond and Charleston, whose dying out has never been hinted at.

The negro is prolific. The phenomena of a dying race, such as one sees among the decaying Polynesian tribes, are not seen among them. Children are abundant and healthy in city and country. The pickaninnies do not seem destined to die young; They are a numerous, frisky, healthy class of unfailing humor and appetite, as unlike as anything can be, the sore-spotted, scarce Hawaiian child whose race is doomed.

THE figures above given are ominous and are food for thought. There is no source whatever of a suitable supply in lieu of negro labor. The large, low, swampy, malarial, but highly productive area of the South would become almost a desert without it.

The successful Southern farmer knows that he has the best labor in the world. The negro is important to the country's prosperity.

The decrease of the race would be a serious matter in many ways; it would destroy their *morale*. Young colored men, seeing no future, without hope, enthusiasm, or *esprit de corps*, would gradually degenerate; there would be an appalling number of worthless blacks, mere driftwood, creatures who would care only for the passing day; free as, American citizens are, to rise as high or sink as low as they should choose.

A phenomenon of a decreasing race is the more rapid mortality of the women. The male Sandwich Islanders are becoming lawless and violent from the scarcity of females. The disproportion and the difficulty are increasing, making infinite perplexity and trouble.

This is natural. There would probably be a terrible time with the colored people in the advanced stages of decay.

The statistics of the next census will be of deep interest with respect to the negro race. Humanity, patriotism and religion, demand attention to the well-being of this race.

While self-dependence and self-government are teaching them many lessons, it is at no small cost. They need a system of influences and opportunities which the kind interest of a few friends at the North, together with State aid in some cases, has already provided for a comparatively small number. The general government still ignores its duty to the nation's wards. We hope something may come of the suggestions of President Hayes in his recent Message in respect to national education.

THE education needed for the elevation of the colored race is one that touches upon the whole range of life; that aims at a foundation of good habits and sound principles; that considers the details of each day; that enjoins, in respect to diet, regularity, proper selection and good cooking; in respect to habits, suitable clothing, exercise, cleanliness of person and quarters, ventilation, also industry and thrift; and, in respect to all things, intelligent practice and self-restraint—especially in respect to the employment of "conjure" doctors and the use of quack medicines. Such ways can be best taught in boarding schools. It is indispensable to the success of the colored race that more boarding schools be opened, and that those now in existence be placed on solid foundations. These will create a class or guild who will be a nucleus of civilization.

It is important that the teachers of colored common schools be fitted and enjoined to give to their pupils instruction in the details and duties of daily living. Much can be done to popularize right hygienic ideas, and sound ideas generally, but only by the greatest patience and perseverance.

The missionary workers of the world, believing that their work was the care of souls alone and not that of the whole man, have, we think, by too little attention to physical matters, sometimes made mistakes.

The spiritual guides of a people whose ability to endure the strain of civilization is doubtful, should, we think, constantly strive to avert impending evils by a system of physical doctrines as earnestly enforced as that of the higher life, to which the bodily life is conditional. Both are part of a Christian manhood. Devoted men of the noblest type have sometimes been saddened at the decay of the people for whose salvation they have labored with life-long faithfulness. Does not experience suggest that missionary work in the South and elsewhere should be thoroughly practical, that it should attack, with a vigor not heretofore thought necessary, the minor faults of daily life.

Immorality is often the result of herding in one room, when the occupants, had they known or cared enough about it, would have adopted a decent mode of life. A pure family life, which is the central point of a true civilization, can be promoted both through the illumination of souls and by the direct teaching of and persuasion to better habits and methods.

The wrong should be taken hold of at its roots. The conditions of vice are as great an evil as vice itself.

The causes that affect the continuance of the negro race cannot be overcome by merely supplying them with school-houses and churches. Church membership is a good sign, but no guarantee of their preservation. To these should be added instruction and training upon the whole range of daily life.

WE HAVE received the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of this State, an account of which will be given in our next issue.

THE recent message of Gov. Jas. L. Kemper to the Legislature of Virginia, is his last.

He states that, the whole of the public debt of Virginia, including principal and all arrears of interest, is $33,538,960.00.

He is convinced that the general features of the present revenue system, if untouched, merely corrected as to certain patent defects in matters of detail, will hereafter suffice to pay the full interest on the debt. The Constitutional Amendment which prescribes biennial sessions of the Legislature will make a saving of $100,000 annually. The recent tax on "drinks" is expected, with certain necessary corrections, to yield half a million of dollars yearly.

Governor Kemper opposes with the greatest vigor and ability the proposed efforts to nullify the "Funding Bill." He discusses the re-adjustment of the debt. He says: "So soon as the State shall proceed to pay, as it can, full current interest on the debt; so soon as its ability and its will to continue such full payment shall be made evident to the financial world, I have assurances that, then, a loan may be negotiated at four, per cent. and in a sum sufficient for retiring the whole of the debt."

In reference to re-adjustment, the Governor uses the following eloquent words:

"The broadest and highest considerations only must rule this whole question.

"The credit of the State and the credit of the citizen are parts of one whole, and neither can long exist without the other. The government is but the reflex of the people. The character of the State is but an aggregation of their individual characters. The success of all good and great enterprises for the development and enrichment of the community depends, in a greater or less degree, upon credit, and ultimately upon public credit. No State has ever broken its faith except at the cost of banishing capital, prostrating enterprise, impoverishing its people, and drying up the sources of its revenue. The preservation of a healthy sentiment of State pride and honor is the bulwark of free institutions. It is the cheapest defence of order, the surest means of staying vice and crime, and of giving purity and prosperity to the people and the government. The loss of that sentiment brings with it the saddest of all calamities for a State—the decay of its men."

Governor Kemper earnestly advocates many reforms that will ease the State treasury. An improved system of State book-keeping is called for: one that would dismiss many of the present half-employed force and give better results. He would dispense with county judges. He finds fault with the law which consigns men to the penitentiary at great expense to the State, who could be summarily and inexpensively punished. He says that the lunatic asylums are encumbered with cases of senile lunacy, and waste public money in needless transportation charges.

He thinks that the entire judicial system needs revision, that the tax on personal property should yield three times as much as it does, and that the oyster-beds should yield a revenue.

He makes the surprising statement that before the war, when Virginia was twice as rich as now and larger by one-third, the annual cost of the State government was less than $590,000.

The expenditure for the past eight years has averaged $1,058,976 yearly.

Governor Kemper's most able and thorough discussion of State affairs closes thus,—

"If my official service has been worthy of Virginia, then it shall speak for itself. If in aught I have been unfaithful or unequal to the high trust which a generous people committed to my charge, then no words of ingenious defence or apology can change faults into virtues. All I know, and all I dare affirm, is that, having stood steadfast against every opposer for what I have adjudged to be truth and the right, I shall now deliver into the hands of my successor the crown of Virginia's honor without a stain or spot or blemish sullying its purity or its traditional glory."

GOVERNOR KEMPER has been Governor of the entire State, not of his party only. Thousands of Republicans would rejoice at his continuance in office another four years and gladly vote for him. He has stood steadily for the right, and, while he lost temporarily a certain party popularity because of his unyielding fairness and broad statesmanship, he has gained universal respect, and retires to private life with the good-wishes of all his fellow-citizens. His interest in education has been special, and his kind good-will to the colored people, constant and genuine.

With such Governors, Virginia would soon take a proud place among her sister States.

We call special attention to the broadside of letters from Hampton graduates on another page. Such letters, which we have been for several years in the habit of giving to our readers, have proved, as we are satisfied by abundant evidence, one of the most interesting departments of our paper, valuable to it and the school and their common cause. To be put into direct communication with the work they help support is desirable for all the practical friends of the freedman, and there is no other way so natural and effective as this; it is even better than a flying visit. Unaffected and simple in style, and rich in experience, these letters reflect the condition of the freedmen, and of the whites, too, by whom they are surrounded, as far as these are related. They are pictures from the field by "our own artists." Valuable as they are, we could not afford to use them at the cost of injury to their authors. But the letters themselves could not help showing it. They are a test delicate as an electroscope, and satisfy us that practically no such injury results from their publication. Their readers will agree with us that they are as simple and unaffected now as at first. This is their chief charm, resulting chiefly from the fact that they are written in the freedom of friendly correspondence, without that consciousness of writing for the press which is fatal to simplicity in immature writers. Out of the great number received, it is almost never that we find one spoiled by such consciousness. There is a general understanding among our graduates, that extracts from their letters may now and then be published, so that no confidence is betrayed by this use of them. Indeed, they read each other's letters with interest; but there are so many to choose from that one seldom sees himself in print, and names are usually suppressed, and all the address but the State. Corrections are made only of occasional errors of grammar or spelling, never of matter or expression. But they speak for themselves, and with these precautions and explanations, we feel more than justified in giving them to our readers.

We give below an exact copy of a letter from a County Superintendent of Schools in Virginia (only suppressing one name), having the writer's permission to use it thus. We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to lay it before our readers. Such spontaneous testimony cannot but gratify and encourage all friends of the Hampton School, and the work for which it exists.—

Newbern, Va., *Nov.* 24, 1877.

James O'Keafe, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed is a letter from ——— ———, colored teacher, educated at the "Hampton Normal" school. I have no doubt but that he will give satisfaction, and would advise you to secure his services without delay. I have instructed him to wait until he receives information from you in reference to salary, length of term, etc.

I have had some experience with the "Hampton Graduates," and have almost invariably found them thoroughly trained for their work, quick and zealous in the discharge of every duty, and setting an example to the majority of *white* teachers in the admirable *discipline* of their schools.

I will warrant you that ——— is neither *preacher* nor *politician*, but a teacher in so far as skilled instructors can make him one.

Write to him without delay as he will not long remain unemployed.

Respectfully, W. W Wyson,
Co. Supt.

We are often asked what amount of influence the Roman Catholics are exerting in the South among the freedmen. There seems to be a general haziness of ideas in regard to it, with a general impression that they are making or meditating some great effort to proselyte the Negroes. Official information is the best, and perhaps such inquirers will be interested in the following quotation from the *Catholic Review* of Nov. 24th, a prominent organ of the church, published in New York City:—

"A special correspondent of *The Catholic Review*, who has witnessed the recent departure from St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, London, of missionaries for our colored brothers in the Southern States, thus describes that most interesting ceremony:—

"On Tuesday, October 30th, the Revs. John Slattery and E. Proth took their departure from this college for the negro mission of the United States, and at the same time the Rev. A. Muller started for India. Since the first departure, in November, 1871, when Dr. Vaughan brought his first four young missionaries to Maryland, in response to the earnest appeal of the American bishops assembled in the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, the work of evangelizing the negroes has steadily progressed. It has not, however, developed itself as rapidly as its founder had hoped; for while St. Joseph's missionary fathers have gathered a few thousands of negroes into the one fold by their labors in Baltimore, Marlboro, Louisville, and Charleston, they cannot forget there are upward of 4,000,000 of blacks who, for the most part, remain unevangelized.

"Many more missions are to be founded; many more schools, and some orphanages, etc., are to be founded before the wishes of the founder of St. Joseph's College are in any way realized. A deep conviction remains with many that the evangelizing of the colored race can be done most efficiently by a society. Many heroic efforts have indeed been made on behalf of the freedman, but these efforts have in many instances died away with the death of the originators. On the other hand, a society never dies; hence it is more likely, under God's blessing, to succeed; for when a member is removed through sickness, death, or unfitness, he may be easily replaced by another who will carry on the work. For this reason, viz., to fill up the ranks of the little band of St. Joseph's missionaries, have these two fathers been sent, and next year they will be followed by five or six others."

The description of a brilliant ceremony of consecration follows, and the address to the missionaries by Bishop Patterson, which is eloquent and Christian. After it, the correspondent says,—

"The Fathers took the vow of obedience to the Bishop of Salford, Superior General of St. Joseph's Society. The two missionaries to the negroes added a second, by which they pledged themselves before God to be the servants of the colored people and to accept no work or dignity which might interfere with their vow."

If the idea were merely to establish a new religious faith among the negroes—as possibly it may be with the missionaries themselves,—we would only say, first, that it is not likely to be very successful, and second, that to what extent it could succeed, it might not do any great harm.

We believe that there is great uncharity and wrong in the wholesale denunciations of Roman Catholics in which some Protestants indulge. There is enough Christianity in Bishop Patterson's consecration sermon to inspire these missionaries with apostolic zeal, enough in the religious teachings of his church to save souls, and a great deal of wisdom in its methods from which Protestants might take lessons. The errors and superstitions which overload it are perhaps not more fatal to the souls of its believers than other superstitions and errors they might exchange for these.

We do not believe there is much in the forms of Romanism to attract the freedman. His instinct for the beautiful and dramatic, strong as it is, is less strong than his instinct for spontaneous emotional expression. The informal demonstrations and excitements of a Methodist camp-meeting will always be more attractive to his soul than the most gorgeous of rituals. He wants to do his own praying and shouting.

But the chief significance and motive of this Roman Catholic movement are not religious but political. The Romish Church is always and everywhere a great political organization. It believes in the union of Church and State, with Church on top. While the Negro was a slave, nothing was heard of this care for his soul. Now that he has a vote Rome wants it. To get it, with the shrewdness for which she is famous, she approaches him on the side she finds most vulnerable—his sensitiveness on the question of caste. Another number of the *Catholic Review* says:—

"'The broad, brotherly and catholic spirit of the Roman Church toward all who join her fold is attracting many colored persons. Their union with this Church strikes a killing blow against color caste in America.' We find these remarkable sentences in a very able letter addressed by George T. Downing to the Rev. Edward P. Humphrey, D.D., LL.D. Who George T. Downing is we need scarcely tell: he is a colored man well and widely known as one who has acquired a large fortune by his own industry, skill and thrift, and who possesses the esteem of all who know him. Who the Rev. Edward P. Humphrey, D.D, LL.D., may be, we know not; but it appears that he is the writer of an article 'On the Color Question in the United States,' wherein he advises our colored citizens to take themselves off to Africa and live there by themselves. Mr. Downing takes the liberty of demonstrating the folly and cruelty of this advice, and he does his work thoroughly. Here is a specimen of his style:

"'Reverend and dear Doctor, permit me in concluding to sum up the substance of your letter; to strip it and exhibit it without ambiguity or color; to give its morale and conclusion. I can do so in saying that a class of men, when the first opportunity is given them, are, as you say, "rising apace in the scale of intelligence, self respect, sound morality, and the religious sentiment and life." Yet they must go to an ignorant, soul-dejecting, heathen-killing land, because they, to use your words, will be "stung" by Christians, by the civilized in a Christian land; that they will in this land of school-houses, of Bibles and of churches, with all the astonishing virtues true of the struggling class, be the subject, from high and low, of "slights," "indignities," and a "freezing exclusion," which civilized Christian Americans "will strongly enforce." Verily, the colored man is needed in America as a missionary.'

"Mr. Downing has touched the thing with the point of a needle. Protestant Christianity—the Christianity represented by the Rev. Edward P. Humphrey is a sham; Catholic Christianity is genuine. The one is narrow and clannish; the other is—Catholic. At the altars of the Catholic Church all men are equal—prince and peasant, white and black. Mr. Downing points out with force in his letter that our colored citizens do not hanker after any social recognition other than that to which their education and character may entitle them. Their political rights are assured to them; the Catholic Church gives them their religious rights; what else they want they will win for themselves or do without it."

This sounds well, but people who have lived at the North surrounded by the race which represents the Romish faith in the United States, and are familiar with the sort of fraternal feeling it has for its "colored brethren" (that is not what it calls them), will read this gush of sentiment with a smile; and remembering with some distinctness, a time not very far back when New York streets ran with Negro blood, and a Negro orphan asylum burned to ashes, under the fury of a Catholic mob, will ask themselves what this sudden access of brotherly love means.

It means that there is a large political cat in the meal, and the sooner his claws are discerned the better. And it suggests to Protestant churches which may have furnished the text for Dr. Humphrey's advice and Mr. Downing's letter, that if they are not willing to sacrifice as much of caste distinctions as Rome will for the sake of their colored brethen, they are holding open the door for her to enter in and occupy the land.

ENCOURAGING.

From a well-known clergyman in Boston, Mass.:—

"I enclose my subscription for the Southern Workman to November, 1878,—a capital paper; every number is a missionary.

"Henry W. Foote."

In the *Christian Recorder* of Nov. 29th, the well-known organ of the Colored M. E. Church, edited by Rev. B. T. Tanner, D. D., we find the following vigorous and remarkable editorial:

"The utmost any colored man of to-day can hope to do, is to lay such a foundation as will enable his son, or more probably his grandson, to become distinguished. As for himself, he must be satisfied to remain almost, if not altogether unknown. And wherefore? For the reason that his past ancestry has not been of the kind, as to insure in him high thinking and polished doing. Coming of a generation of servants and slaves, the atmosphere in which he was born and reared has been altogether destructive of that, the world will care to have survive; much less to have honored. Say what you will, there is a certain kind of transmission of intellect from the father to the son. If not the transmission of intellect *per se*, it is certainly the transmission of those helps and agencies by which intellect is developed, and so becomes the power we find it. But for the colored man it comes not *per se*, neither in the shape of helps; consequently he has it not. Therefore the work of the present generation is to lay such foundations as will in the future secure to the class he represents, the brain power that will command the attention of the world.

"Nor let any of us despise this work of laying foundations. There is as much glory to be attached to it as can possibly be attached to any other. The fact is, the glory for any generation, is to do the work given it to do. It may entail poverty, suffering and even death, but if we would be heroes in the fight of life, do it.

"Let us then accept our work, resolving that the foundations we lay for our children and our children's children should be so broad, and wide, and deep, as will compel them to rise up and call us blessed."

That a prominent colored editor should face the true work before his race with such thoughtful, brave, clear-headed discernment, is a most hopeful sign for it. Well may he call that work as glorious as any other can be. It is the work of the Pilgrim fathers, the work of the pioneers of every race that has become great. We are what our fathers lived and died to make us. Our children will reap what we may sow.

FARMING IN TIDE-WATER VA.

An exceptionally good manager who resides in Norfolk and has varied business interests in the city, and at the same time carries on three farms in the adjoining county, on the share system mainly, told us that he found his crops paid him a better interest than any other species of investment. His rule is not to touch poor land at any price.

Good land can be bought in this vicinity at $10 per acre by any shrewd buyer. Southern hostility to Northern settlers is rapidly becoming a mere bugbear. The man who will buy only good land here, and not more than he has means to manage, has vast advantage over farmers farther North, for mixed farming in summer, and fattening stock in winter.

The mean temperature during the six coldest months averages 48°; the thermometer seldom sinking below 20°. No large expense is therefore necessary for building warm basements or furnishing carbonaceous food to keep animals from freezing. Cattle from the back country where they are raised without much expense on the reeds, are to be landed, delivered at the Hampton farm, weighing from 5 to 10 hundred pounds, at two and a-half to three and a-half cents per pound, live weight. Grain is as cheap as in New England, and the cow pea, cut before maturity and cured, makes an excellent and valuable substitute for hay, requiring only four months from the time of sowing till use, and yielding per acre as much value in food as timothy at the North. Clover does well for two or three years, but runs out.

The demand for properly fattened beef and mutton for the markets at Norfolk, Old Point, &c., is not at all supplied from local sources. Fattening is not understood nor practiced generally, and the best beef comes from Richmond, *via* the James River line, and costs $2.50 per head for transportation. Cattle in Norfolk market are worth three to four cents on foot, and beef sells from the stalls at fifteen cts. for choice cuts. Before the war the swamps used to be full of branded cattle running almost wild, winter and summer. Thefts now discourage the Southern farmer of the old school from this method of raising beef, and he knows of no other. Stall feeding, and the English style of feeding sheep on turnips are unknown arts.

An acre of land properly enriched will produce three heavy and valuable crops in a season; viz: early potatoes, corn and cow peas, or turnips. We believe that with our long season, no acre in New England can be made to produce as much cattle food in one year as a selected acre of our school farm. To all Northern farmers of means we would say consider these things, and come spy out the land, and see if we have not understated the inducements to employ the cheap labor of Virginia, rather than the omniscient blunderers from Castle Garden.

Dr. Reynolds, the temperance lecturer, says that six hundred of the oldest physicians of the land testify that since they have stopped giving alcohol as a medicine, they have had much better success with their patients than before.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

The Hampton Normal School, now in the tenth year of its existence, has two hundred and twenty graduates, eighty-eight per cent. of whom have become teachers. With most of these the school has kept up constant communication, both through the Southern Workman which is sent to all whose address is known, and by frequent correspondence.

These graduates' letters, fresh from the field, supply the most direct, and graphic information that can be obtained of the condition of the freedmen and freedmen's schools in the regions from which they come. In publishing them, we believe that we are doing a service to all classes of our readers.

We begin the year with a particularly rich selection, and shall have fresh ones to offer from month to month, as heretofore.

A good friend of the school allows us to publish the following letters from two of its graduates. The first from a young woman who has been teaching for several years with success; the second from the young man who has just gone as missionary to Africa.

———, VA., *May 9th*, 1877

Dear Miss —:

Your welcome letter received in April, deserved a more prompt reply, but I have been too busy to write until now. I don't know how to thank you for the nice package you sent me and my pupils. I have read a part of the books with great interest and delight, the few spare minutes I have had before and after school hours.

You would feel richly paid, could you have seen, or could you even feel, how delighted the scholars were with the tracts, and what nice care they take of them. They are perfectly carried away with the "Child's Question Book." They do answer the questions so nicely. I use it as a kind of dessert after I am through with the Bible lessons, and you ought to see how they smile all over their faces when it is time for "Our Questions," as they call the exercises. I use the Sunday-school papers from Hempton, edited by Miss Harold. As a help, I take "The Sunday-school Times" published in Philadelphia. It is very fortunate for me that the "Southern Workman" and "The Sunday-school Times" are getting out the same lessons, 2d Book of Kings. Do you think I am using suitable questions and helps? I am obliged to take question papers that have the lessons all written out, because my pupils have no Bibles. I have only seen two Bibles beside my own since I came to this place. I have fastened up the texts you sent me, and you can't imagine what a cheerful looking little school-room I have got. Nearly all the children have learnt by heart the "Rules for doing good." Even the little ones who cannot read, can repeat them from hearing the large scholars read them so often. Now I shall be glad, if they will put them into practice— for I think the good of knowing how to do right, is in doing it. It is worth little to know all the safe paths and never walk in them. I don't think it is worth while for me to say anything about my day school, as you see so many letters from other Hampton graduates.

May be I ought to tell you about one of my classes, (I say ought, because I feel proud of it) which numbers about eighteen or twenty, average age seven years; came to me when I first opened, which was the 26th of last February. They did not know their A, B, C's. Now they can read quite well in the 2d Reader, spell in two syllables, can count and, make all the figures from one to one hundred, and some of them can do sume in addition. Don't you think this is pretty well?

Shall be glad to hear from you at any time, when you have time to write.

Your friend, L.

N. Y., *Sept.* 18, 1877.

My dear Friend:

Your kind letter gave me much pleasure. I shall do as you asked me to, that is, take it with me to Africa. Not only that one, but all you have written me on the subject. My time in America is very neer out, our day for sailing being the 24th. We shall have our parting meeting in Brooklyn, next Sunday, and leave the next day. Rev. Mr. Snelson, our minister, has gone home to bring his family. He has a wife and three children. Dr. James has a wife and two children, making the number of our party ten, five grown persons and five children. There are other passengers but not of our party. The vessel is a sailing vassel, and we shall he at sea for some time. It takes her between thirty and forty days to make the trip. I pray that we may have a pleasant voyage. And, as we are going on such a mission, I feel assured that we shall. I am now looking forward to my work, and the more I think of it, the more I want to go. Each day brings new assurance that the Master has called me to do this work for Him. I am well pleased to go to Africa and give my life for the Master's cause. I hope you will write me as often as you have time. For you know, when one gets so far from home, it is always a pleasure to hear from some dear friend. I shall of course have to drop some of my correspondents, but I want to correspond with you all the time. My address will he Mendi Mission, near Frectown, Sierra Leone, West Africa. I feel that I am to do some good in the world, though it be in a land that is forgotten by many. I believe that God will bless it even there. This will he the last letter I shall be able to write before we sail.

Yours truly,
ACKREL E. WHITE.

The thirst for general information which our students acquire in the school finds no springs in the deserts to which many go as teachers. As far as possible we supply it with the old papers from our reading-room, but there are, of course, not nearly enough to go round.

My dear friends and ex-teachers:

Long before this time, I know, you have looked for a letter, but my circumstances were such up to this time as not to allow me to do what I wished to do when I wrote—that is to send money to hnvo my box of books sent to me.

Here where I am the people do not know who is president of the country, nor do they know the name of the country in which they live (I mean the mass of the people). In short they seem to know nothing of the other counties of the State, of the other States, nor of the other countries of the world; they have a knowledge only of their own little county, and the things that have transpired therein for some years.

The majority of the people of this county are Roman Catholic, and I have the good fortune—or bad, I hardly know which—to be settled in a community entirely Catholic. The nearest church of Protestant denomination is several miles from us, in which they hold services only twice a month.

This is a very lonesome place indeed. There is but one family that lives near the school that sends any children, and only three other families are represented in my school. My average weekly attendence is about eight; the average age nine. I have all told, fourteen scholars. I have found no trouble in teaching; it isn't confining, but I suppose that is on account of the lonesomeness of the place.

Since I have been here, I haven't seen a single newspaper; but by an accident, I received a piece of a newspaper aronnd a package a few days ago, bearing date of the 9th of November, from which I got the intelligence of the progress of the Eastern war, and of the death of Senator Morton. A few other minor things also that were very refreshing. Miss M., when you send my books, please put into the box some old newspapers They will enable me to catch up with the times, for I am terribly far behind them. If convenient to you, please put in an atlas, and a geography; and send me a copy of that book called The Speakers' Garland, and the bill of them, and I will send the cash, or, if you prefer, drop me a card, and I will forward that first. You cannot send the box by express, but by freight.

I have just received some money, because the quarter was out the last of the month,—it began the first of September—and the small amount which I have left after paying my board and purchasing a pair of shoes, I will spend for something to read, and will endeavor to pay my bill at the Institute out of the next quarter's salary—if not the whole bill, at least two-thirds of it. I am a poor Christian and need all the prayers I can get. Pray for me. Ask the same of all my teachers. I am in need of almost everything required to make a good Christian. I pray hard, and that is the reason I am so well satisfied here. Though my pay is small I would not leave my scholars for anything. I have become very strongly attached to them indeed. If I can't read the Bible to them, I have a Sabbath school at half-past two, for old and young. I teach the Catholic catechism and read from such books as they choose to bring to me for that purpose. I teach moral lessons and ask questions upon the duties of man towards God, to his fellow-men, the State, &c. I am very well satisfied here, but would be more so, if the people were of my faith.

I hope by the grace of God, never to disappoint the friends who aided me at the Institution. My purpose is to do all the good I can and thus glorify Him. Reading the Bible is offensive to my school board, to my trustees, to my scholars, and also to their parents, consequently no Bible has ever been read in my school-house. That little book you gave me, finds ready listeners among these people.

I am yours with true deference and friendship.

The following letter gives a graphic account of the floods which have caused such suffering recently in Virginia.

———, VA., *Dec.* 1*st*, 1877.

Dear Miss M:

If I had written to you when I first came, I would have told you of a hard country and a lonely place. I began school on the 19th of Nov. I entered the school-room with one little boy and thought for quite a little while that that was all that I was going to have; but by and by more came in which made my number fourteen the first day. I did not do much the first day, however, but take their names and find out what they had been study ing. Here they have no school-house, but rent a room. My room is large enough to hold about sixty. The second day eleven more came in and two the next. By the last of the week I began to feel quite proud of my school. But lo, and behold, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday it rained very hard night and day. Friday night the river overflowed and the water rose very fast and high. The people, those that lived nearest to the river had scarcely time to get out of their houses. They could not save a thing only what they had on their hacks. And some did not do that. There were eighteen livee loet round here. And from what I have heard, there were some thirty-two souls lost here and elsewhere. Such a time I never saw in all the days of my life before. O, it was dreadful. It about ruined a great many families in this place.

Ten houses were washed away and all that was in them. These were all black people's houses, with the exception of one. Poor things, they are now destitute of everything.

As the good Lord would have it, I am not very near the river, so the water did not reach me. But I am afraid it has hurt my school. Many that would come, now cannot come. The James divides the place; the bridge was carried off, so those that live on the opposite side now cannot get to school. And some I had have now lost. Everything seems to be in a perfect chnos.

I have a very nice boarding-place indeed; with very pleasant folks, have a very good room and bed, and really have no room to complain whatever.

When I write again, hope to have something interesting to tell you about my school.

Remember me to all.

Sincerely,
M.

We do not remember ever seeing a richer collection of children's compositions than the following. The teacher has no reason to despair.

VA.

Dear Teacher:—On returning from my school this afternoon, I thought I would write and let you hear of my sojourning. To-day is Friday (the last day in school week), and, after a review of the week's studies, the children are requested to write short compositions I send you six, copied just as they were written:

"SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"Sunday school is a good place to go. To keep out of badness. And learn the words of god good boys and girls goes to sunday school every sunday when they can. Everybody ought to go to sunday school; and hear the Bible because it tell them what is right and wrong.
M. F. Hancock."

"SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"Sunday school are the place that people ought to go, and learn to read about god and his diciples, and of him to learn good and not bad like Biley doue to day killed a little sparrow, where will uever do him no harm in the world, and he put the bird to death. Poor bird. Peter S Hancock."

"Sunday School is a good place that all bad children ought to go to. And some of the members do not come to the Sunday School. And this School is a very emportant one. And the people ought make their children come where gods work are going on. And if they fuse to come whip them. I do not fuse to come where the Lord work ie. Jerry Chappell."

"Sunday School are a place that people ought to go to learn something about the scripture Sunday School are a very pretty place to go to learn and to spell and to read People ought to be have there Selves. Emily Farmer."

"Sunday School is a very useful thing; though I dont go to it but I hope every body will go if I dont go. Sunday School is a place where every body ought to go to learn sense, and read the scripture and hear the word of God. Ellen Coles."

These were written by the Fourth Reader class. My school numbers fifty-one pupils. I have no little task to undergo. Besides worrying with the children all the week, I have the respouciihility of head Deacon and Clerk of the church. I sometimes despair, but when I look and see that there is no one in our midst more competent than I am for either position, I look to the "Great I Am" and do the best I can.

Ere this, you are somewhat experienced in the movements of our race. They suit quite well to begin with, but the end, alas! how different from the beginning! Our penple are quick of apprehension, but do not continue in it.

I am suffering with toothache and rheumatism in my shoulders. I can't write more; hope I may be able to write you a more definite letter before your Institute closes. Please to remember me to Miss C. L. and Miss M. F. M., Mise H., and all the school.

Very reepectfully,
Your once pupil and scholar,
H.

THE writer of the following letter is taking his first experience of teaching in a dark corner. We have no doubt that he will be a light to it.

———, VA., *Nov.* 11*th*, 1877.

Miss M,— Dear friend:

This is my first opportunity of writing to let you know how I got along on my journey.

I left Old Point 2 o'clock P. M., stayed in Norfolk all night; left Norfolk 6:30 A. M., arrived at Richmond, 5 P. M. I had to stay there all night, then I took the packet at 5 o'clock the following evening and arrived here at four the next morning.

I went to see the Superintendent who examined me as follows: "What is a fraction? Which is most, five-eighths or five-sixteenths? What is an improper fraction? What is the difference between compound interest and simple?" The example he gave me was, $100 for four years on compound interest, to work in my head. He then asked me, "What is a participle? What is a conjunction? What is history?" He began to examine me in United States History and he examined me all through; I answered every question he asked, excepting dates. Next, spelling; the only thing I missed in was geography; I missed half the questions he asked. He talked to me half an hour before he began to examine me. If it had not been for geography, I would have been perfect. In mathematics he asked me all he could, and I answered as rapidly as he could ask. He was much of a gentleman, and told me he was sorry to ask a man of my ability to work for such money. To tell the truth it is worth $50 per month to stay here; any one who wishes to do good for the black man, he or she need not go to Africa, for right here one can find the people who hardly know they are free; they all say "Masse Henry," and "Massa John" and so on. The people have lost all confidence in school-teachers; all they have had here have been drunkards, and this lonely place is enough to make any man drink. The minister is about as good a grammarian as the old man who drives the Normal School cart. The whites and blacks are all alike; they all say "gwine," "dar," "fotch" and "is you that." There has been a school here for three years, and there is not a child here that can tell how much 5 and 5 are.

I opened Sunday school to-day. I had about thirty good behaved scholars. When I send to W—— for my box, I will send to you for some hymn books, Bibles, and Moody Gospel Hymns; the Bibles are $ .25 each are they cot? I expect to open school on the 12th; the Sunday-school that I opened to-day is about the first opened in this town.

I know that you wish to know if I am happy here; I em not, but still I am putting my best foot foremost. Where I am boarding I read Bible every night and have prayers. I hope to hear from you soon. Please excuse this letter; I have not any time place to write.

Yours respectfully,
S.

The following letter is from one of the original band of Hampton Student singers, most of whom are settled as teachers and are doing good work.

Miss H.— Dear friend:

I take the present opportunity to write you a few words thanking you for giving me this situation, and letting you know how I am getting along.

I opened school on the 12th. I have not got a full school yet, but they have promised to give me about fifty or sixty after Christmas. They promised me $20 per month, but as there is no money in the treasury and they are in arrears in paying teachers, I shall have to lose ten or fifteen per cent. to get any money.

I like the country very much; the people are very sociable and kind, both white and colored. Rohr Dungey and Horace Sparks are teaching near me, but I have only seen Dungey. There is not much encouragement to teach fifty or sixty pupils for about $18 per month, and pay one's board out of that, but I shall do the best I can while I am here. I heard three miles from the school-house, but we have had no bad weather yet and I don't mind the walk.

Please remember me kindly to General A., and the teachers.

Respectfully,
W.

The spirit with which our graduate teachers meet the difficulties and hardships of their position, is as encouraging to us as their success is, and of course is one great cause of their success. We hear no whining. They state their circumstances, for our sympathy or advice, but waste no time in lamenting. The following letter from one of our young women graduates, is an excellent example of this good grit.

———, VA., *Nov.* 20*th*, 1877.

My own Dear Miss H:

I am again at my appointed work. I opened school the 5th of the month. My school numbers only twenty-one as yet. There are about sixty children in or near this place, that would be in school if they had clothes. I must confess I never saw the people so poor as they are now, nearly every colored family around here is working out in the field picking cotton and peanuts, and nearly all the children

are at work trying to get their clothes ready to come to school after Christmas. Then my school will be crowded. I went around last Saturday through the town, to see how many children

Please remember me kindly to all the girls that I know in school. Much love to all the old teachers. Hoping to hear from you soon I will close. I am as ever,
Your grateful pupil.

papers you could give me, the children will he pleased to have them. When you send the book that contained the plantation songs, please also send a catalogue.

Yours truly, C.

natives who have flocked to the beach to see her arrive. Yes; Africa is ready to receive the white-winged fleets of the world. What shall we send her—slave-traders and rum, or missionaries, and teachers, and a Christian commercial civilization?

are at work trying to get their clothes ready to come to school after Christmas. Then my school will be crowded. I went around last Saturday through the town, to see how many children I could get to come to Sabbath-school. I was much surprised to find twenty children (in this small place) who could not attend for the want of clothes. It is really true I never heard so many little ones say "I want to go to school, but I have no shoes or clothes fit to wear." Of course some of these children will be able to come in school before it is out, but a great many of them are compelled to stay at home the whole term; if it were warm weather they might come. I did not know that the majority of the people here were so poor, but I believe the times are hard everywhere now. I am teaching a night school which numbers fifteen. I teach them right at home. Last Friday night I was teaching as usual, my room was full of boys and girls and one class standing on the floor, when I heard a gentle tap (it was nine o'clock), I said "Come in." To my surprise in stepped Ella and Sesie. You may know I was little a confused. I soon dismissed my school; then for a little chat about the dear old Normal School and its inmates, which I enjoyed very much.

Next morning I went with them to Dr. B's office to be examined, and introduced them. He said that one of them would have to go off on the morning train to the next station as that was her place, so he asked for the diplomas, Ella handed hers. Without another word he handed her a certificate. Susie, poor girl, had forgot her diploma. Dr. B. did not know what to do about that, for he had no time to examine her; so he asked me if I knew when she graduated. I told him yes, then he asked her about where she taught last, and the grade of her diploma. He then said, "Well, of course I will take your word, but had rather see your diploma." He then gave her a certificate. After thinking awhile, he said it would be best for the two girls to get a buggy and go through the country to their places. This was a trial, for they had to go in different directions, so each had to hire a buggy, and out here you can't get a horse and buggy to go ten miles less than $2.00. Ella had to go just that distance, so I soon got one for her, but Susie seemed to have had luck all the way. She had to go thirty-five miles, and the man said he could not carry or send her less than $7.00. I asked her if she could pay that, and she told me that she did not have but fifty cents with her to save her life; I felt very sorry and would have taken the money out of my own pocket for her if it had been in there. At last thought I could get a friend of mine to take her there and wait for the money. He was willing to do it as she was one of my friends, and I was sure he would get his money, but now the day was growing old, he could not get there before night, so he agreed to take her to Jerusalem which is half of the way; he took her there for $1.50 and I wrote a letter there to another friend and asked him to take her up to where she was going to teach. She was very thankful to me and I was glad to be of service to her. I heard she reached her stopping place on Sunday, but I don't know whether she or Ella either, are teaching or not. Both of the trunks are at our house yet, waiting to be sent for; so much for the two teachers.

I hope some other poor girl may be as happy on this Thanksgiving day as I was last. I will try and make somebody happy on that day if it is only to say a kind word, to make some poor heart glad.

Please remember me kindly to all the girls that I know in school. Much love to all the old teachers. Hoping to hear from you soon I will close. I am as ever,

Your grateful pupil,

D.

P. S. If you have anything you would like to send my poor little ragged children, you can send it by express. I will willingly pay the express charges.

THE inspiration of having a missionary in Africa is already beginning to be felt by the School. A missionary does not give up his work at home when he goes to the heathen. His devotion, self-sacrifice and success are a constant uplifting of the tone and zeal of the workers he leaves behind him.

HENRY CO., VA., *Nov.* 14, '77.

Dear Sir:

I was greatly encouraged and rejoiced by the reading of the Southern Workman of the 12th ult. I remember reading in there about the missionary enterprise. Those who are going to Africa, and whose names read as follows: Rev. Floyd Scaelson, Benjamin James and my dear old school-mate A. E. White. I am proud to know that there are three who have resolved to go there for the civilization of our race; and most especially one from our school, Hampton. I also read some very interesting letters that were published in your last paper, November the 1st. One most particularly from North Carolina, which interested me very much.

I am teaching near the place where Inge, Dyson and Yancy taught. I commenced the 29th of October; the scholars have advanced a great deal, some study arithmetic, grammar, and geography, and various other studies. I have a scholar that could enter the junior class if he were at Hampton, and some two or three more soon. The colored people generally, I may say two-thirds of them, are doing pretty well; they are not not any ways dependent on the whites; some own land, cattle, hogs, horses, and nearly every one a dog; while others rent and lease and won't work at all. The chief production in this section of the country is tobacco. They say if they don't raise tobacco, they can't make any money, this year they have made so much tobacco that they can't get any price for it. Danville, Va. is the great market for that weed. My advice is to them to raise more corn, wheat, oats, cattle, hogs and sheep. Most of them do raise enough corn and wheat to last them the year round, while others do not. Hunting is carried on to a great extent; the squirrel, hare, and fox in the day-time and the opossum at night. Sunday is not regarded; they say that is the only time they have to hunt. In this county there are three denominations—Missionary Baptists, Methodist and Old Iron Sides; the M. Baptist and Methodist I am well acquainted with, but the Old Iron Sides I am not. The colored people here believe in good, educated ministers, and they have very good ones in this neighborhood; they have prayer-meeting about twice every week. I have visited one since I have been here, and it was very well conducted, Saturday nights anyhow, and adjourned at eleven o'clock, while some have parties and have big frolics.

If you have any old books, or Sabbath school papers you could give me, the children will be pleased to have them. When you send the book that contained the plantation songs, please send a catalogue.

Yours truly, C.

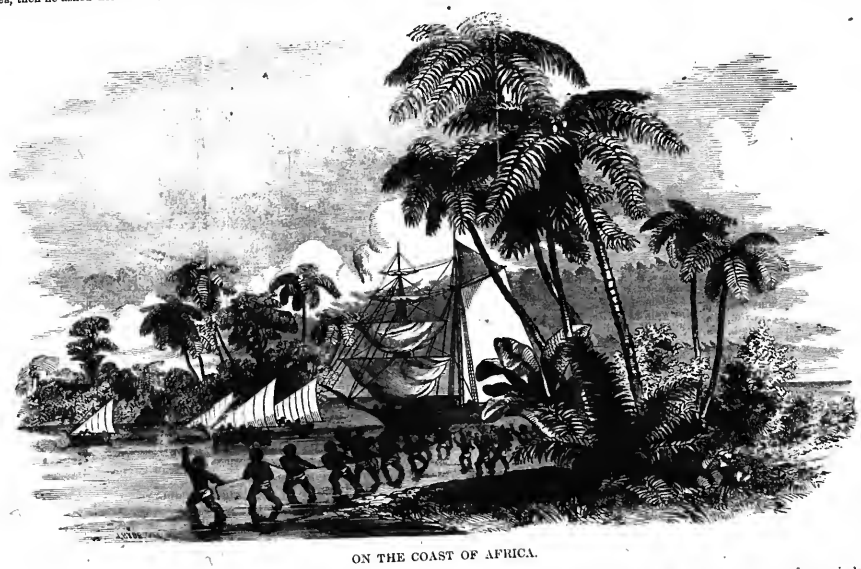
THE BASS ROCK.

Sailing towards the mouth of the inlet known as the "Firth of Forth," on the east coast of Scotland, the traveller's admiration is excited by a remarkable island rock, rising bold and bare 420 feet above the sea. It is about a mile in circumference and nearly round in shape. Its frowning cliffs rise straight from the sea, and no landing is possible on any side but the southwest, and there only when there is a lull in the great ocean waves that dash and roar almost ceaselessly against its rocky wall.

This is the Bass Rock, and it is as conspicuous in history as it is in the landscape. The crumbling walls of an ancient fortification moulder slowly at its southern base, and clinging to the steep side, about half-way up this slope are seen the remains of a still more ancient chapel which dates back to the introduction of Christianity into Scotland, and was built in honor of a pious hermit who made it his retreat during the wars between the Picts and Scots in the sixth century. The fortress dates certainly from the fifteenth century, and before the English took possession of Scotland was used as a stronghold by the Scottish Lords. Kings have found refuge within its walls, prisoners of state and the victims of religious persecution have languished in its damp and gloomy cells. The son of a Presbyterian minister who was confined there in the time of the persecutions of the Scottish "Covenanters" in the 17th century, says, "the Bass was a bare, cold, unwholesome prison; all their rooms or dungeons full of smoke like to suffocate and choke them, so that my father, and the other prisoners were necessitate many a time to thrust head and shoulders out of the window to recover breath."

The stronghold was destroyed in 1701 by King William of Orange after having been held by his enemies, the followers of the exiled King James. Ever since, the Rock has been only the lonely home of sea birds screaming around its lofty summits, and resting in great numbers in the crevices of the rocks, which sometimes shine snowy white in the distance covered by their plumage. Of all the birds which make it their home the solan goose is most valued, both for its down and its eggs. Hardy peasants take them in great numbers for market, travellers often visit the rock to enjoy the shooting and the grand scenery.

Our picture represents such a party of sportsmen, perhaps the guests of the family to whom the Rock now belongs, the descendants of the Scottish Lord, Sir Hugh Dalrymple. For the illustration and the facts concerning this famous Rock, we are indebted to *Harpers Weekly.*



ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

AFRICA READY TO RECEIVE US.

Our picture represents the landing of a merchant ship on the coast of Africa. Her cable is pulled ashore by the willing hands of the natives who have flocked to the beach to see her arrival. Yes; Africa is ready to receive the white-winged fleets of the world. What shall we send her—slave-traders and rum, or missionaries, and teachers, and a Christian commercial civilization?

WE HAVE received a very interesting article upon the Liberian question by Mr. Edward S. Morris of Philadelphia, the well-known merchant in the Liberian trade, and regret that we have not space for it this month, but will give it in our next number. The article, which was written for a Philadelphia paper, is an answer to one recently published by the State Department at Washington. Liberia and her commercial interests have no better friend than Mr. Morris, and in considering both sides of the question of emigration, as those to whom it is of vital importance are bound to do, Mr. Morris's statement is of great interest and value.

SIXTY men are daily employed in quarrying ice from the Grindlewald glacier in Switzerland, for the army hospitals in Bulgaria.

AN Iowa man was burned to death while drunk, and therefore his widow sued the saloon-keeper who made him drunk, and recovered $6,000 damages.

IT is a good supplement to the old proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go,"

THE success of the London Temperance Hospital is treating nearly 5,000 cases without alcohol, is leading the profession to diminish the use of stimulants.

REV. E. W. BLYDEN, the new Ambassador from Liberia to Great Britain, is a member of the Presbytery of West Africa and of the Synod of Philadelphia.

THE medical officers connected with the English army in India, without exception, condemn the issue of rum rations as unnecessary and dangerous in every way to the soldiers' well-being.

MISS JOSEPHINE A. SLOAN, a colored girl, graduated at the head of her class in the Rogers High School, at Newport, R. I., last summer, receiving the gold medal awarded to the first scholership and pronouncing the valedictory. Her average in every study, on examination, was within a fraction of the maximum, which is 100. She took her last two years' study in one year, and excels in Latin, Greek, French and German.

CHARLES A. MINNIE, a lad reared in the Colored Orphan Asylum and a graduate of the Greenwich Street Grammar School of N. Y. city, was the successful competitor for the West Point Cadetship offered by Congressman Miller. In reading, history, and spelling, he ranked 100 each, in grammar 99, arithmetic 98, and geography 88, being an average of 98, while the highest average of the others was 75.

RECORD OF HAMPTON GRADUATES KNOWN TO BE NOW TEACHING.

CLASS OF '71.

Eliza Jackson (Mrs. Prindle), Hampton, Va.
James Fields, Hampton, Va.
Joseph D. Giles, Hilton Head, S. C.
George L. Taylor, Gloucester C. H., Va.
Walter R. Watkins, Liberty, Bedford Co., Va.
Samuel C. Windsor, Mississippi.

CLASS OF '72.

Maria Louisa Chisman (Mrs. Luke Phillips), Hampton, Va.
Isabella Lucretia Howe, Wilmington, N. C.
John Hampden Carter, Eastville, Va.
James Ammon Dungey, Little Plymouth, Va.
Tasewell Ebeaezer Hines, Newhern, Pulaski Co., Va.
Laks Benjamin Phillips, Hamptoa, Va.
Everett Williams, Princess Anae Co., Va.

CLASS OF '73.

Alice C. Davis, Thomasville, N. C.
Letbia E. Jackson, Columbia, S. C.
William P. Brown, Hanover C. H.
Charles A. Boston, Big Lick, Roanoke Co., Va.
Thomas Cayton, Charlottesvills, Va.
John H. Lamb, City Point, Va.
Little Berry Langford, Abingdon, Va.
James M. Ricks, Marion, Va.
Clement J. Spencer, Harrisonburg, Charlotts Co., Va.
Frank Trigg, Abingdon, Va.
William A. Yancey, Swansonville, Pittsylvania Co., Va.

CLASS OF '74.

Millis E. Calloway, Dry Fork, Va.
Mary E. Melvin, 116 Cumberland St., Norfolk, Va.
Margaret Rieard, Wilmington, N. C.
George Davis, Butler School, Hampton, Va.
William Greenhow, Kempsville, Princess Ann Co., Vn.
Augustus Hodges, Kempsville, Va.
George E. Stephens, Winchester, Vn.
Beajamin E. Tonsler, Charlottesville, Va.
Henry Whitted, Hillsboro, N. C.

CLASS OF '75.

Maria Ferribee, Liberty, Bedford Co., Vn.
Lizzis Gibson, Calland's, Pittsylvania Co., Va.
Sallia P. Gregory, Chatham, Pittsylvania Co., Va.
Susan Millon, Worrels Depot, Sonthampton Co., Va.
Lucy Morse, Yorktowa, Va.
William Catus, California, St. Mary'a Co., Md.
Robert Dangey, Sweethall, Williams Co., Va.
James A. Dyson, Whitlock, Halifax Co., Va.
Dnvid Evans, 29 Magazine Lane, Norfolk, Va.
Charles Green, Glendower, Albemarle Co., Va.
William Henry, St. Martin's Station, Worcester Co., Md.
John Holt, Bon Sacks, Roanoke Co., Va.
Zachariah Hunt, Bon Sacks, Roanoke Co., Va.
Frank B. Ivy, Boydton, Va.
Lorenzo L. Ivy, Chatham, Va.
Albert R. Jacobs, Jackson, Northampton Co., N. C.
Madison M. Mendenhall, Milestown, Md.
Maurice Middleton, Lexington, Vn.
Robert Ricks, Chuckatuck, Va.
Thomas H. Scott, Newsome Depot, Southampton Co., Va.
Timothy Smith, Romney, Hampshire Co., West Va.
Joseph B. Towe, 34 New St., Norfolk, Va.
Daniel Y. Turner, Big Island, Bedford Co., Vn.

CLASS OF '76.

Josephins Brown, Grent Bridge P. O., Va.
Laura E. Davis, 186 Cumberland St., Norfolk, Va.
Sarah E. Freeman, Newsome Depot, Southamptoa Co., Va.
Georgie Gray (Mrs. Peterson), Norfolk, Va.
Mary A. Gray, Thomasville, N. C.
Ellsn F. Holmes, Chalemouat, Bedford Co., Va.
Henrietta Hunter, Norfolk, Va.
Snrah F. Poole, 121 Brewer St. Norfolk, Va.,
Jennis Shelton, Ewings Store, Bedford Co., Va.
Anna Thomas, Montezuma, Ga.
James Bailey, Scottsburg, Va.
Andrew Bassette, Hampton, Va.
George B. Bradley, Hot Creek, Campbell Co., Va.
Amos Calvin, Cedar Creek, Cumberland Co., N. C.
Edward M. Canaday, Drummondtowa, Accomac Co., V.
Dennis D. Douglass, Rehoboth, S. C.
Richard H. Funtleroy, 1616 Corcoran St., Washington, D. C.
Wm. Alex. Forsyth, Augusta, Gn.
Robert B. Jackson, Malden, West Va.
Robert Kelser, Scottsville, Albemarle Co., Va.
Reuben H. Matthews, Supt. of Schools, Peasacola, Fla.
Orphens McAdoo, Oak Hall, Accomac Co., Va.
John Robinson, Hampton, Va.
Jesss D. Smith, Gloucester Co., Va.
Walter Uathank, Greensboro, N. C.
Moses Vaughnn, Potocnsi, Northampton Co., N. C.
Charles Voorhees (last year), New Garden, Russel Co., Va.
Ackrel White, Mendi Mission, near Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa.
Whit Willinms, King William C. H., Vn.

CLASS OF '77.

Dora V. Brocket, Bell Haven, Accomac Co., Va.
Maria A. Edmunds, Smithville, Va.
Nannie B. Grooms, Pine Orehard, Howard Co., Md.
Alice S. Harris, Abingdon, Va.
Della E. Irving, Franklin Depot, Southampton Co., Va.
Martha J. Johnson, Oregon, N. C.
Laura A. Leftridge, Salem, Va.
Lucy A. Leary, Hampton, Va.
Maria Mallette, Lake Druumond, Norfolk, Va.
Carolina Roberts, Mechanicsville, St. Mary's Co., Md.
Sarah J. Scott, Walls X Roads, Howard Co., Md.
Lucy F. Simms, Lacey Springs, Vn.
Snrah E. Smoot, Tenth Legion, Rockingham Co., Va.
Mary A. Stokes, Berkley, Va.
Ellen L. Walker, Otterville, Bedford Co., Va.
Ellen C. White, Salem, Va.
Henry Bonaparte, Capeville, Va.
John H. Billups, Boa Sacks, Roanoke Co., Va.
Norris B. Clark, Lake Drummond, Norfolk Co., Va.
W. Lemon Coleman, Leatherwood, Henry Co., Va.
Thomas Cooper, Whnleyville, Worcester Co., Md.
Thomas Gray, Beaver's Rock, Washington Co., Md.
Robert H. Hamilton, Hampton, Va.
Lindsay Hayden, Boonsboro, Bedford Co., Va.
Charles B. Holcomb, Belleville, Nansemond Co., Va.
Warren Logan, Milestown, St. Mary's Co., Md.
Alexander H. McKinney, Pitts Whnrf, Jenkin's P. O., Va.
Thomas W. Merchant.
Woodson T. Merchant, Mechnnicsville, St. Mary's Co., Md.
Richard Mase, Buchman, Botetourt Co., Vn.
Patrick W. Oliver, Big Licks, Roanoke Co., Va.
Richard Randolph, Gloucester Co., Va.
William M. Reid, Parisburg, Pulaski Co. Va.
Henry B. Rice, Malden, West Va.
Horace F. Sparks, Stevensville, Va.
Southall A. Townes, Clarksville, Mecklinburg Co., Va.
Boswell S. White, Mathews C. H., Va.
Robert B. Willims, Williamsburg, Va.

Agricultural.

WE REPRINT from the *Scottsville Courier*, Albemarle Co., Va., nn interesting article by Mr. W. G. Merrick, a Northern gentleman who has settled there, on the

CULTIVATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF WORN-OUT LANDS.

The country, North and South, is full of agents of fertilizing companies and manufacturers, and if the figures could be given, it would astound the uninitiated to know what numbers of the community gain their living directly from the farmers by the sale of fertilizers. I think $10,000 a low estimate of the amount spent on fertilizers in the neighborhood of Scottsville; the amount spent iu the State may be imagined.

The question naturally arises: Have these fertilizers improved the condition of the land and pnid a profit at the same time? I think I can answer that in too mnny cases the results have been unsatisfactory, and I give two reasons. First, the farmer has purchased his fertilizer without knowing the requirements of his soil (on this subject I may have something to say hereafter); second, the farmer often purchases a worthless fertilizer, or at least one which has little of the ingredients of plant food. This is more the fault or ignorance of the party who offers the fertilizer, and can be best corrected by the establishment of an experiment station and certain State laws, such as now exist in Connecticut. The report of the chemist of the experiment station of Connecticut will bo quoted as an authority in these remarks.

These two reasons for the unsatisfactory results from the use of fertilizers are all that ars now necessary. Under the second reason I give a remedy, but the remedy for the first lies mainly with each individual farmer himself, and an understanding of what we want is only to be gained by experiments to he made with different fertilizers on different crops, in an economical manner, until we are satisfied as to what the *soil* requires in order to supply plant food to the different crops.

To those who have not studied the composition of plants, I will say, that there are certain ingredients in soil and atmosphere which enter into the growing plant, bringing it from the germ to the perfect plant, and these ingredients are termed by chemists and agricultural writers "plant food." These ingredients of plant food must first appear in the soil. Unless all the requisites are present in some form the plant cannot attain perfection. Its growth is stunted, its grain shriveled, disease and insects attack it, and the result is a failure of the crop. I shall speak only of those elements which can be supplied by the farmer to the soil.

When plants are burned they always leave more or less ash behind, and this ash consists of several, and sometimes as many as fourteen different substances, of which the following are found in the greatest quantities: Potash, soda, lime, magnesia, silica, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid and chlorine. I will mention one other ingredient of plant food which can be supplied to the soil by the farmer, which is nitrogen or ammonia.

Of these ingredients of plant food the most important are potash, nitrogen or ammonia, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, lime and magnesia. The first three are the ingredients most often deficient; the last less frequently wantiag, and all the others are supplied in ahundance by most soils.

The questiou that first presents itscif to the thinking farmer is, Which of these ingredients are deficient in his soil? How shall he find out? Only by experiment. Now to experiment with potash we would hnrdly buy a super-phosphate, or thinking onr land needed phosphoric acid we would not buy a fertilizer rich only in nitrogen, but this very thing of huying fertilizers without knowing the ingredients of plant food they contain, nor the per cent. of such ingredients, is done every day, because the agent recommends the fertilizer, and it may be a few dollars cheaper than the fertilizer purchased last year.

Let the farmer know first what he wants to supply to his soil for the crop he intends growing. It is unquestionably a great help to know the analysis of a plant in order to supply the different ingredients it contains to the soil to grow the crop in its greatest perfection, bnt when he gets such analysis how does he know which of the ingredients his soil is deficieut in? As I said before, by experiment. If he desires to experiment in all the different ingredients, let him take the following fertilizers:

For potash we have sulphate of potash, a chemical supplied by any market, and containing from 30 to 40 per cent. potash, and valued in the market at $60 to $65 per ton.

Wood ashes, both leached and nnleached. I will state that ashes nre nearly a complete fertilizer, containing almost all the ingredients of plant food, with the exception of nitrogen.

For nitrogen we may use many preparations. Among the chemicals arc nitrate of soda, with 16 per cent. nitrogen, valued at $80 per ton. Sulphate of ammonia, with 20 per cent. of nitrogen, and valued at from $90 to $100 per ton. Among manufactured fertilizers are dried blood, fish, manure and Peruvian guano, besides many others whose chief ingredient is nitrogen.

For phosphoric acid there is pure ground bone, both steamed and raw, with a per cent, ranging from 20 to 26, insoluble phosphoric acid; pure bone treated with sulphuric acid to render the phosphoric acid solubis, and known as superphosphate of lime, containing soluble phosphoric acid from 1 to 10 per cent., about the same or more insoluble

For lime we use the quick lime of commerce.

It must be remembered that there are influences at work both against and in favor of the different fertilizers. For instance, potash may be found of great benefit during certain seasons when we have plenty of rain; again, in a dry season it may be of little value, which shows us many things have to be taken into consideration when experimenting, therefore it is well to carry on the experiments during a series of years, using the same fertilizer on the same plot, until it is clearly demonstrated to our own minds whether it is the plant food needed to produce the best results at the least cost. Further, it may be that not one only, but two, or even three, of the ingredients nre required, therefore it is well to experiment, not only with the different ingredients alone, but two in connection, say phosphoric acid and nitrogen on one plot, potash and nitrogen on nnother, and so on.

There nre other conditions of the soil requisite to obtain the best results. It is often found useless to apply lime to land destitute of vegetation, as lime acts not only as a plant food, but is of mechanical use in dissolving and preparing other elements for use, (this may also be said of potash), and particularly is it of benefit in this way when put upon land where a large amount of vegetable matter has been turned in as a green crop, or when applied where barn-yard manure has been spread, either as a top dressing or plowed in. In fact, I have found from my own experience that any fertilizer acts better on land comparatively rich in vegetable matter than on land destitute of the same.

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA.

Many persons from the North and West are settling in Virginia, mostly in the valley and Piedmont region, where the land is stronger than in the tide-water region and not so subject to bilious diseases. Yet in the counties of Matthew nnd Gloucester the low grounds, so called, are as healthy as any portion of New York or New England. Our lands are light, but far preferable to the plain pine lands of Massachusetts, such as lie east of Springfield, and in other parts of the State. The original growth of timber here is the finest oak, chestnut, pine, gum, some beech, &c. The soil is well adapted for market gardening and fruits—apples, pears, peaches, grapes, figs, melons, &c. Corn is the principal cereal crop now grown. Previous to the war, large crops of wheat were grown, but now very little is raised. The war left the people with limited means and less inclination to improve their lands, and probably four out of five cannot pay their debts. With every possible facility for getting fertilizers, very few apply them. The best and cheapest are fish, which will be delivered on your shore at six or seven cents a bushel; shell lime at the same price; marl in any quantities; muck; mud debris from sea nad land inexhaustible. Commercial fertilizers are sold at lowest rates, but require means. Taxes are high, but not much more than in many other States. For instance a farm adjoining me, of 200 acres, with moderate improvements, oyster shore, &c., valued at $4000, for which it could be bought, pays for State, county, school and parochial taxes, (the last optional,) less than $75. This region should all be a garden spot, but is surely retrograding. We have no railroads and don't need any, as no farm in the county is an hour's ride from navigable water. For a man of reasonable means, this region offers good inducements, and for a poor, lazy man, greater, for he can always, in a few hours' time, get oysters, fish and crabs enough to last a day or two, and make or get corn and sweet potatoes somehow.

SAM'L CLARKE.

Matthews Co., Va., Aug. 18, 1877.

P. S. I am or was a Massachusetts man or boy.—*New England Farmer.*

HERETOFORE the United States has been the great market for European manufactures, but this order of things is being suddenly reversed; for not only are American manufacturers driving European manufactures out of our market, but they have begun to compete most successfully with European manufactures in European markets.

To cite a single instance, as reported to the Department of State by the United States Consul at Amsterdam. The house of Daniel Loeb largely exported leather, principally tanned calfskins, to the United States. The Consul, noting the cessation of these exports, called upon the senior partner for an explanation. His answer was: "We are no longer exporters; we now import from the United States. Affairs in Europe are about being turned topsy-turvy by the Yankees."

He then stated that not only did they import leather from the United States, but that they had also begun to import New England shoes, and that European manufactures cannot compete either in price or quality with the American. The house has recently sent a large order to New england for shoes, and the junior partner was about leaving for the United States to perfect and enlarge their business relations.

DIED, of typhoid fever, Sunday, Dec. 2d, Maria Moody, member of the Senior class of Hampton Institute.

DIED, of consumption, at Appomattox Court House, where he was a teacher, Robert A. Thompson, graduate of Hampton Institute, of the class of 1877, and one of the "Hampton Student Singers."

These deaths are deeply lamented by the School, of which both young people were faithful and beloved members

SELF-HELP AMONG THE NEGROES.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY COL. J. T. L. PRESTON OF LEXINGTON, VA., IN SYRACUSE, N. Y.

While what others are doing in aid of the colored people is important, it is insignificant compared with what they are doing for themselves. Self-help is the best resource for the present, and the best hope for the future A nation may be aided by a friendly, outstretched arm, but progress in civilization can be made only by marching on its own feet.

Two things have been marked characteristics of the colored race since their emancipation. One is their persistent attachment to their churches, and their willingness to make efforts and sacrifices to secure church buildings. I give, as an illustration, an example coming under my own observation. In the town of Lexington, Virginia, with a population of 3,000 or thereabouts, there are eight church edifices: for the whites—Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist and Roman Catholic. For the blacks—two Baptist and one Methodist. Of these eight, the one that reflects most credit upon the congregation that erected it, is the First Colored Baptist Church. It accommodates five hundred hearers. It has a basement ten feet high, built of solid limestone. The superstructure is a well-proportioned frame, tastefully painted, neatly finished within with pulpit, platform, stained benches, chandelier and carpeted aisles. The building is surmounted by a cupola-shaped belfry, which waits for its bell till times are easier, or some liberal friend is moved to make a gift of one. The whole cost not less than $3,500. All this has been done by a congregation every member of which is a day laborer, with only his two hands to depend upon for the support of himself and his family. They have not had help from abroad, and not much from the resident white population, whose resources are strained to keep up their own organizations. They did it without credit—for how could *they* borrow? I cannot forbear repeating the racy account I heard the other day from one of their leading men, a former slave of my own; who has driven my carriage for twenty-five years, and has been my hired servant ever since the close of the war.

"What is the secret of your wonderful success?" I asked of Phil.

"Well you see, ole master, the fust thing after the war, what we thought of, was the gittin' a church of our own. But in course, that was a big thing, and lots of 'em didn't have faith to b'lieve we could lift one een of that job. But the mo' we thought about it, the mo' we wanted it, and at last a pa'cel of us couldnt, stan' it no longer. So I says—'Boys! here's for you! Them what thinks wid me, come along, and to-morrow we'll begin.' This was on a Sunday night, arter meetin. 'Soon as supper'e over to-morrow night',—I says—'we'll set to the foundation;' and don't you hang roun', now, but come along quick.' Sho' nuf, they came, but they wan't but seven of us. 'No matter'—I says—'here goes!'—and the fust man what struck a lick for the foundation is a-talking to you now, ole master. Well, as soon as we got etarted, more came along, and by-m-by we had as mnny as we wanted, in line, diggin' away of moonshiny nights; and sometimes we held a lamp fo' the rest to dig by. When we got done the diggin', came a tough place. We could dig, but we couldn't git out rock an' haul it, and put it up ourselves ar'ter night. That thing 'quired money, and we didn't have any of that to spare, we thought. But the foundation lying thar with its mouth open, as one might say, spoke loud, ole master. So we laid a tax of a dollar a month on every member. Some 'clared they couldn't stan' it; but they *had* to stau' it, or *git*. So you see, we scraped up 'nuf to pay fo' rock to begin with; and every round that went up made the people mo' readier to give. But we was 'bliged to stop four or five times 'fo' we got through. When it was all up, it looked so good and solid, that all the folks cried "Hurrnh!"—though some was of the 'pinion that we were runnin' the coulter too deep, and a cheaper building might do. But when the frame wns up, and the church showed itself, though just in its bones, as one might say, the people was ready to cry, they wns so glad; and nobody ar'ter that held back. 'Deed some of 'em was for hurrin'on too fast. I alwnys *has* noticed, ole master, that blowen bosses does the leetlest work.

But, you see, we seuffled along. We paid what we promised, and had suppers and fairs; and Providence must have helped us, for we got along so much better than folks looked for. As soon as the house could be used, we dedicated it; and we made every man puy fifty cents admittance, and we sot two guards at the door to gather it; and they gathered on those two days one hundred nnd ninety dollnrs. So we went on to do the inside fixings. Our hearts was in it, ole master, I tell you! I felt sometimes like mine would bust! And we b'lieved in havin' thnt 'ar church and—thar it is! The belfry will cost right smart, but we ean go it; and some time 'fo' long we's 'gwine to lnvo a bell, too—you see! I always *did* have faith for the church nnd it don't take much faith for a bell."

THE EASTERN WAR.

WHAT THE RUSSIANS AND TURKS ARE FIGHTING FOR.

E. A. Freeman writes as follows in the *Contemporary Review*: It must then be fully understood that the Turk is not fighting for his own home or his own country. He is fighting for the right to play the tyrant—to play the Turk—in the country and homes of other men. He is fighting to guard his spoils from their lawful owners. He fights in order that he may keep the power of unrestrained murder, robbery, and outrage over as large a part of the earth's surface as he can. To the fine ladies and gentlemen at Stafford House, and to the Duke who talks in their name, this seems a "sacred cause." Those who try to put a sacred cause are spoken of as "aggressors." The "aggression" of Russia consists in the noble determination of the Russian people that this state of things shall be put an end to, in their determination themselves to spend and be spent in the glorious work. If by Turkey we mean the lands so marked out on the map and the people of those lands, the Russians are not fighting against Turkey, but for Turkey. They fight to free the people from barbarian bondage. They fight to free the land of Turkey from the exactions of barbarian tax-gatherers. They fight to free the homes of Turkey from the plunder and defilement of barbarians, robbers and ravishers. They fight, in short, to free the land from the barbarian intruder and give it back to its own people. May such "aggression" as this ever prosper. It is grievous to as as Englishmen that Russia should be left to do alone the work which England should have done at her side. But we can none the less feel our hearts beat for those who are doing the work, in which we are kept back from sharing. They have the sword in the eanse of righteousness; they have jeoparded their lives unto the death to put down the wrong and uphold the right.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

POLITICAL.

THE President, in his Message defends his Southern policy, the good effects of which he considers have been already manifest; favors a steady adherence to the purpose of resumption of specie paymnnts as early as practicable; approves of maintaining silvar as currency, but objects to making it a legal tender in unlimited amount, and to paying any part of the public debt in the proposed new silver coinage, at a nominal value exceeding its commercial value, because such action would be a breach of faith, and an injury to public credit; desires to co-operate with Congress in better systematizing the methods of admission to the civil services and premotion therein; and recommends an appropriation to continue the Civil Service Commission. Attention is called to occurrences on the Mexican border, and solicitude is expressed as to the influences there existing which endanger peaceful relations. The military measures which have been token in that quarter are stated. On the Indian question it is announced that after a series of deplorable conflicts, peace now exists with all the tribes. The pursuit of a just and humane policy in the future, and the faithful fulfillment of all engagements made with them are strongly urged. Its renews his promises to favor Congressional measures for encouraging general education by National aid, and recommends the establishment of a National University at Washington.

CONGRESS.—The extra session of the XLV Congress was finally adjourned shortly before 12 o'clock on the 3d of Dec., and at noon the regular session was opened. A number of nominations remained unconfirmed and many others failed even to be reported, among the latter the New York Custom House nominations. The President's Message and the department reports were submitted. The Secretary of the Treasury in his report states that the expenses of the Government for the last fiscal year were $238,999,088 85, and the surplus revenue $9,046,577 69. The Secretary is confident that no appropriation can be renewed under the existing plan. The House on the 4th passed a bill repealing the "ironclad oath," which requires persons entering the service of the United States to swear that they have never been engaged in rebellion. The House also adopted a resolution for the enforcement of the rule against the sale of intoxicating liquors on the House side of the Capitol. The President on the 6th returned to the Senate nearly all the nominations upon which it had failed to act in the extra session, including those of the New York Custom House officers. The House bill granting certain payments to the heirs of those lost in the sloop of war *Huron* has been passed, also one calling on the Att'y General for a list of criminal prosecutions in U. S. Courts in South Carolina since Jan. 1, 1876, for offences against life, property, civil rights or suffrage On the 10th Pinchback, of Louisiana was admitted as Senator. The House passed a resolution directing the committee on Foreign Affairs to consider immediately the difficulties between the United States and Mexico, and the best means to enlarge their commercial relations. On the 12th, four of the New York Custom House nominations were rejected by the Senate and the other confirmed, after six hours' debate. The Senate Committee on Privileges on the 8th, Senator Stanley Matth ws, of Ohio, introduced a concurrent resolution declaring all U. S. bonds payable, principal and interest, at the option of the government, in silver dollars of 412½ grains and that such payment is not in violation of public faith or the rights of creditors. It was debated at length on several days, but will not be voted on before Jan. 21st. On the 13th Congress adjourned until Jan. 10th.

RICHMOND, VA., December 10th.—In the Senate to-day a joint resolution was introduced providing for a joint committee of both houses to report such measures as will best secure a speedy conference between the commonwealth and its bondholders with a view to securing such an adjustment of the public debt as will bring the payment of the entire interest within the resources of the State, derived from the present rate of taxation, and do equal justice to all classes of bondholders. A motion to indefinitely postpone consideration of the resolution was unanimously voted down A substitute, covering a series of resolutions, as then introduced, proposing increased taxation, favoring the development and protection of the present system of public education, a reduction in the expenses of the State government, a re-adjustment of the State debt and payment of the interest thereon on terms not dictated by the creditors of the State but in accordance with the will of the people; opposing the operation of the funding act of 1871, expressing a determination to pay creditors all that the diminished resources of the State will justify, and repelling the idea of repudiation. Both these propositions were tabled and ordered to be printed.

THE Georgia State election for members of the Legislature and ratification of the new Constitution, took place on the 5th The Constitution was adopted, and Atlanta continued as the capital by over 15,000 majority.

JUDGE HUMPHREYS has refused to surrender U. S. Senator Patterson to the South Carolina authorities.

CONGRESSMAN Robert Smalls, of S. C., convicted of bribery while member of the Senate of that State, has appealed to the Supreme Court for a new trial, pending which, he is released on bail. It is claimed he was convicted on the worthless evidence of a confessed thief, and by a partly prejudiced, partly intimidated jury.

FOREIGN.

THE fortified town of Plevna in Turkey in Europe, after a siege of several months and an unsuccessful sortie, surrendered to the Russians Dec 9. The Sultan has requested the mediation of the foreign Powers, though not as a conquered ruler.

MEXICO has announced its disapproval of the raking into Texas, and requested consultation with the United States government to devise means of preventing them. The government of Pres. Diaz is becoming better established.

GENERAL.

The Norfolk Landmark has the following:

SPLENDID CONDUCT OF TWO COLORED MEN.

BRIEF mention has already been made in the *Sun* of the drowning of Miss Milburn and two children of Mr. Houser, at Mason's island, Potomac river, near Fredericksburg, Va., by the recent flood. The particulars of the affair which are as follows, show that two colored men were also drowned while heroically striving to save an imperiled family: the island was overflowed and the inmates forced to leave their house and take refuge in a tree. While they were in this perilous situation a crowd of men gathered on the river bank, opposite the island, but took no steps for their rescue, until a colored man stepped forward and said that he hardly expected to get back alive, but that he could not stand still and see the people drown. He was quickly joined by another colored man, and taking off their coats and handing them to a bystander, they put out for the island. They reached it safely, and started back, having in the boat with them Miss Milburn and the two children, intending to return for Mr. Houser, his wife and the other child. When a part of the way across, their boat was swept against a tree and upset, drowning one of the men and one child, while Miss Milburn, the other child and the remaining man succeeded in catching hold of the tree. They remained there from three o'clock Sunday afternoon until three o'clock Monday morning, when the tree and its living burden were swept away A crowd remained on the bank beside a fire all night long, listening to their cries, but were unable to rescue them. Mr. Houser, his wife, and the remaining child stayed in a tree near the the house all night and were saved. The names of the heroic colored men could not be ascertained, but their conduct in risking death to succor those in distress is worthy of the greatest admiration.

AT Spartanburg, S. C., on the 19th of last August, was held the first convention for promoting education among the colored people, and was addressed by the Superintendent of Education in South Carolina.

A NUMBER of colored men in Washington have formed an organization under the name of the Negro American Society. Its purpose is to consider the causes and possible remedy for the excessive mortality among colored people in that section of the country.

WE are in receipt of a number of German papers with notices of the first concerts given in Berlin by the Fisk Jubilee Singers, and their reception by the Imperial family. We rejoice in the great success they are having.

THE bottom of the sea will hereafter be surveyed from balloons M. Hureuf and a companion going up in a balloon on the 24th of last August, at Cherbourg, and being at an altitude of 5,000 feet, were amazed to see beneath them, with startling distinctness, every rock, fissure and depression at the bottom of the sea. The sea opposite Cape Levy, where the aerial voyagers obtained this bird's eye view, has an average depth of 300 feet. So limpid did the water appear that the under currents were perceptible, and nothing would have been easier than to sketch or map the bottom of the sea.

THE poet Whittier celebrated his seventieth birthday on the 16th of December Congratulatory poems were sent to him by all the principal poets of America. This sweet singer of American home life, and brave champion of freedom and the rights of the oppressed, is living a quiet and honored life in Amesbury. It has been well written of him, "Distinguished as will be his place in the annals of literature, Whittier has his own pure, sweet, beautiful life as far grander than his writings. His life is his best poem."

STANLEY, the American explorer of Africa, has completed the brilliant achievement of crossing from the great African lakes to the West Coast, a journey of 6,500 miles though terrible hardships and dangers. He has proved that the Congo is, as Carreen supposed, a continuation of the Lualaba, and made other important discoveries, which will be published in a volume.

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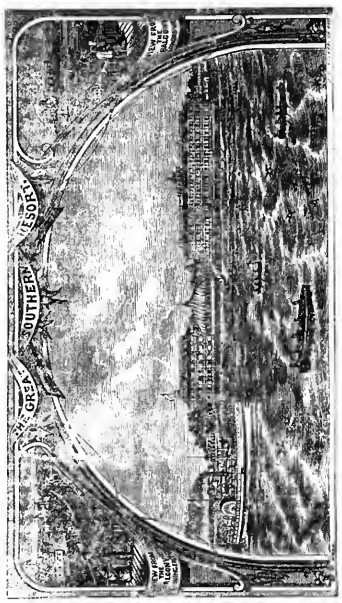

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Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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PREMIUM.

For one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

Hereafter, except during the summer months, there will be a two-page Supplement with each number of the "Southern Workman." The first page picture will be transferred to the Supplement. Commencing with this number an article will appear in each issue, except in summer, from one who has been an occasional contributor to the "Nation" to "Scribner's Monthly" and to "St. Nicholas."

The review in this number of the report of the State Commissioner of Agriculture, is by a writer from whose pen we hope for an article each month; who as a volunteer aid on the staff of the "Workman" will add force and brightness to its pages.

The "Southern Workman" embodies the thought and experience of the largest corps of teachers in any negro institution in the land; it is part of a system which is founded upon the real wants of the colored race, whose support chiefly from voluntary contributions, is best assured by clear statements of its idea, and of the most direct and reliable information as to the facts on which it is based. The usefulness of this paper is increased by discussion of the human problems tangent to a broad plan of education, by impartial criticism of Southern ideas, and by throwing all the light it can on the "situation" and on the needs of the South. It is devoted to a true reconstruction, and has no sympathy with the efforts of professional politicians whose foundation idea is the continued re-election of themselves to government offices. The "WORKMAN" represents those coming from the North who have given themselves to the work of lifting up the colored people, who, having no grievances and only pleasant relations with their neighbors, might be suspected of being under what Charles Sumner called the "subtle magnetism of Southern society," were it not that they are too busy to have much social intercourse with anybody.

It may claim peculiar advantages in having access to the personal experience of nearly three hundred negro youth at the Hampton Institute, and to that of over two hundred mature, thoughtful and reliable graduates, many of whose letters are published, but only as there is ground for confidence in their statements. They form a corps of observation extending chiefly through Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina; there is a sprinkling of them in West Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia.

Their letters, increasing every year in volume, interest and just observation, lay before us the pith of the negro question; the benighted, the well-intentioned, the right and the wrong headed condition of the race; the earnest efforts, the noble sacrifices, the fine success of some, the hard drinking, the lazy and hopeless ways of others.

Such information published freely in the "Workman" gives it, we believe, a special value to all who are interested in moral progress in the South and to whom the real question is whether men are becoming better or worse; to whom a God-fearing civilization is the true objective point.

We believe that there is a field for the "Workman" and we enter into the labors of another year assured that there is a work to be done, resolved to improve this paper, hoping to meet, and determined if possible to create a larger interest in a sound literature on the Southern question.

"REPORT OF THE COMMISSION OF AGRICULTURE, STATE OF VIRGINIA."

BY THOMAS POLLARD, COMMISSIONER.

At last Virginia has settled down to business. For ten years and more, she has been proclaiming from her housetops, and everybody else's housetop, if allowed the chance, that she has the finest climate, and the grandest resources, agricultural and mineral. Emigration societies, colonization societies, land agents, "statesmen," private citizens, and the press generally, have stated and re-stated that this is a land flowing with milk and honey, if you will only come and make it flow with milk and honey. The experienced prospector, the very inexperienced emigrant, the restless merchant, and enthusiastic city men, have been here. As they moved slowly through the country on a single track railway, and viewed a monotonous succession of worn-out farms, and scanty communities rather destitute of what are called the "privileges," they became at once serious, and reflective. The absence of the genial flow of milk and honey, became a marked feature in their experiences. Some, indeed, have been bold enough to stay and see the thing out. But none of them, so far as we know, have become wild or uncontrollable allies of the milk and honey theory.

We believe, most unreservedly, in the vast resources of Virginia, in her location, soil and minerals. But other States have great resources also, and they are always pressing these resources on people who propose to emigrate. The great blunder now is and *has* been, that our statesmen, citizens, land-owners believe, and have believed, that Virginia has greater resources than other States. This has given rise to much foolish, though not criminal, misrepresentation. We have been taking wares to market that do not come up to representation. These worn-out lands are a sorry spectacle in the land markets, when compared to the fresh, deep soil of the Western and South-western States. It is the putting up of a sore-backed, limping, wheezy plug at auction, with the gushing statement that "if you will give him rest, and oats and medicine, you can make a racer of him!"

To the fine speeches of Virginians the question has been made, if you have such vast resources, why don't you develop them? Why are you so generous in giving them away? The Virginian replies, we have no capital to work up our advantages! But to this it is said, "capital always goes where money can be made, and, moreover, capital is uncommonly sensitive in finding out where money can be made."

But, now Virginia proposes to do what should have been done years ago, and to have done which would have relieved her largely in her dire distress. This Report is a new departure. It is the beginning of a system, by which the farmer will develop and give value to his own land instead of selling it at a sacrifice to the thrifty Northern farmer, and then walking into the poor-house. It is not money, it is brain and work that is needed to increase our landed values. Had our farmers, right after the war, borrowed largely of men capital in order to develop their farms, it is evident that by this time they, the borrowers, would have been hopelessly bankrupt. A new system of labor went into operation, by necessity. In the vast changes, in the want of experience, any and all borrowed capital would have been lost. The prime trouble has been that the planters have used their brains actively enough, but not in the right direction. How to make farming pay has been an incidental question. So they have always been ready to get rid of their lands because they did not know what was in them.

In creating the office of Commissioner of Agriculture, and placing Dr. Pollard in that office, the State has done a wise thing. There is no "machine work" in his appointment. It is, however, discreditable to the intelligence of our planters that it was not done years ago. The salary of the Commissioner, even in these hard times, and in view of the small income of the State, is insignificant when compared to the results to be obtained. All the political offices are insignificant in comparison. The agricultural interests of the State are paramount, and there is urgent need of attention to them. The amount of five thousand dollars allowed for contingencies is too little. Each county should raise that amount at least. We should infer from intimation in the Report that there are poor accommodations for the work; in fact, that the Commissioner, like the curb stone brokers, "carries his office in his hat."

Undoubtedly the Legislature feared the people might become too prosperous under a really effective and sudden agricultural light.

Dr. Pollard's report is clear, carefully drawn, and full of information. So far as it depends upon his efforts, the prosperity of the State will rapidly advance. The statement about the "resources" of the State is well enough. But we hope it will not be frequently repeated. When people come to us, in these Southern States, they are treated to "resources" without limit. The North Carolinian will admit that Virginia is not utterly destitute of substance, but if you really wish to see "resources" come to North Carolina. So says the Georgian and the Texan. Even the Vermonter, under the better systems of cultivation, will tell you that the West is a good country, but that Vermont is now the State crammed with resources But the State is only what the people make it. Virginia will be only that which her people choose to make her. Any movement towards the better education of her people in that line, wherein her future prosperity lies, must be hailed with glad welcome.

During the past half century, rich as it has been in great men and great work there has been no better or more fruitful work begun than that which has fallen to those scientists who have devoted themselves to collecting and tabulating the facts which bear upon the origin and development of the human species. The very triteness of the quotation, "noblest study of mankind is man," bears witness to the strength of our instincts in this direction, while the depth and earnestness of the interest shown in all scientific research which may lead to a knowledge of humanity's beginning, prove that it is only truth that will satisfy.

While as yet upon this great all-including question we have reached but the dimmest knowledge, this much, at least, has been established, viz: that in the past the development of the human race has been strictly subjected to laws which are capable of being grasped and formulated by finite intelligences, and that, therefore, it is in the study of these laws that the foundation of all permanently successful work must lie.

In the material world this is universally acknowledged; nobody doubts the invariability of the law of gravitation, or the laws of chemical combinations, or the laws of mathematical relations, and no sane person attempts to run counter to them, but in regard to spiritual or moral conditions, are there not many of us who are still afraid of the truth? Instead of being seekers after truth in its purity and entirety, are we not rather seekers after such half-truths as we think will support us in our pet theories or help us to destroy the pet theories of others? How many of us are there who do not alloy our best work with the prejudices of temperament or education, and befog our vision till the clear rays of truth are broken into the false lights of an ignis fatuus? How many of us are willing to acknowledge failure even when we know that such acknowledgment is the surest stepping-stone to ultimate success, either for ourselves or for others. Is it not certain that we constantly shut our eyes because we are afraid to see, and is it not to this moral cowardice that we must look for the cause of much which is indubitably failure in work which has been done with the distinct purpose of elevating and improving individual members of the human race.

Grand are the sacrifices which man has made, which, thank God, man is making for man, but to ensure that such sacrifices shall bear their best fruit, the fullest sympathy should go hand in hand with the keenest criticism. If there is anything in our religion or in our manhood, it ought surely to make us eager to discover and reject everything which is imperfect in our work, above all in work which we do avowedly and especially for our brothers, in the name of our Father.

It is evident enough that it is only by a full understanding and acknowledgment of past mistakes that we can make any solid progress, and the higher the plane of the work, the more necessary it becomes that all personal considerations should be merged in the endeavor to do it honestly, without pretence or prejudice. It is difficult for a candid mind to study the history of philanthropic effort without being convinced that this inability to confess mistakes, this certainty of being in the right, this unwillingness to submit to criticism, have caused a waste of material which in some of its aspects is most grievous. Of course, on the other hand, it is to be said that it is in this very intensity of conviction that the power of all great reformers has lain, but while this is true, it is true only with very distinct limitations.

The honest convictions of intelligent minds, while sufficiently intense to furnish all necessary motive power, can never be so narrow as to fear criticism, or to shun light, even though it come from the furnace of a chemist or through the lens of a microscope. We can never make men better than they are until we know what they are, and if science has taught us anything in the past fifty years, it has taught us the reason and necessity for literally fulfilling that command of God, "Know thyself."

To do missionary work, to do philantropic work of any kind well, we must first study the material with which we have to deal as a merchant studies his goods, as a broker studies stocks, as a naturalist studies nature. We must know all that other men know of that of which we make a specialty, we must put aside dogmas, banish prejudices, welcome criticism, focus all light upon our work.

If missions (using the word in its most inclusive sense) have wasted material or fallen short of success in the past, because they have been unpractical, because they have ignored the material law, because they have been based on dogmas, because they have been entrusted to enthusiasts, let us confess these mistakes as the first step towards retrieving them.

Let us confess that a knowledge of ethnology might have helped us in Africa or Polynesia, that a keener wit would have saved us in many an encounter with Jesuitism, that a practical acquaintance with business and politics would be valuable to us in dealing with the Indian and the negro, that a knowledge of physiology and hygiene is essential in working among paupers and criminals of all races, and finally let us confess that because we have ignored all this again and again in the past, we have not done what we could. There are those who ridicule or shun, or put aside as meaningless the grand achievements of experimental science, so far as concerns their effect upon the highest development of humanity. Is it not rather true that upon the accurate foundation laid by the supporters of scientific truth, the supporters of spiritual truth may, if they will, build up a fair and shining temple?

EXTRACT.

"Soon, I think, the great difficulty must be met in Mata of teaching the Christian's social and domestic life to people disposed to give up many of their old practices. This is the point at which I suppose most missions have broken down. It is a great blessing indeed to reach it, but the building up of converts is the harder work. Here, for example, is a population of 1,500 people; at present they know all that is necessary for the cultivation of yams, &c., they build houses sufficient for the purpose of their present life, they are giving up fighting, losing faith in their old charms and contrivances for compassing the death of their enemies; they will very likely soon be at peace throughout the whole island. Well, then, they will be very idle, talk infinite scandal, indulge in any amount of gluttany; professing to believe our religion, their whole life will contradict that profession, unless their whole social and domestic life be changed and a new character infused into them. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the English aspect of the Christian's social life is necessarily adapted to such races as these. The Oriental tendencies of their minds, the wholly different circumstances of their lives, limate, absence of all poverty or dependence upon others &c., will prevent them from ever becoming a little English community, but not, I trust, their becoming a Christian community. But how shall I try to teach them to become industrious, persevering, honest, tidy, clean, careful with children, and all the rest of it? What a different thing from just going about and teaching them the first principles of Christianity! The second stage of a mission is the really difficult one.

I think, therefore, that men are needed who have what I may call strong religious common sense to adapt Christianity to the wants of the various nations that live in Melanesia without compromising any truth of doctrine or principle of conduct. Men who can see, in the midst of the errors and superstitions of a people, whatever fragment of truth or symptom of a yearning after something better may exsist among them, and make that the *point d' appui* upon which they may build up the structure of Christian teaching."

BISHOP PATTESON.

We have been encouraged by the responses to our views expressed in a paper rend at Syracuse, N. Y., and published in the December number of the Southern Workman. We have heard from well-educated colored people, in the North and South, from old abolitionists and from ex-slaveholders in a way to assure us there can be a platform of effort for the negro race, on which can unite all whose interest in it is intelligent and wise.

We have been severely scolded for "desertion" of them, and shall lose nothing but the support of talkers. Only the workers in this cause realize fully the necessity of bringing into focus every interest, effort, and resource, and can understand that the work is hopeless unless the good men of the South shall make common cause with them in offering to negro youth a way to the possession of knowledge and to a higher manhood and womanhood.

GOVERNOR F. W. M. HOLLIDAY was formally inaugurated on the first day of January, 1878. For the first time in the history of Virginia her chief magistrate entered upon his duties with a grand demonstration. Ten thousand people were present.

This was not viewed with favor by all. Governor Holliday, after having been introduced by Governor Kemper in an eloquent speech, spoke of the greatness of Virginia and her institutions. Of the war he said:

I know that success is not written upon all their efforts. But success is not needed to make an effort great. Often defeat signalizes more than achievement, and elevates the defeated by the very consciousness of heroic endeavor. Truth and earnestness have more to do with greatness than success or victory. Victory may spring from chance, or overwhelming odds; but earnestness and truth make that character out of which great deeds perennially grow.

This is the crown of Virginia's greatness. Her people were in earnest when they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, a hundred years ago; they were in earnest when they redeemed that pledge by eight years af war; they were in earnest when they favored the adoption of an instrument by which they agreed to enst their lot with their sister States in the formation of the Union; they were in earnest, when for generations they gave of their jewels to adorn the councils of the republic, and of their territory to enlarge its domain; they were in earnest when no sacrifice was too great, save honor, to uphold the Union that their genius and self-devotion had so aided in framing; they were none the less in earnest, when, in their heart, they believed that honor was of more worth than the Union, and entered upon a long and bloody war to vindicate that opinion. In all, they battled for the Truth. And when prejudice and passion have passed away, history will find as much to admire in their last overwhelming defeat, as in the victories which hitherto crowned their career.

Governor Holliday is sound on finance. He urges the payment of the State debt. As a custodian of the honor of the Commonwealth, he is well chosen. Regarding her ability to pay, he says,

I have an abiding faith. Virginia has tided over greater troubles before. She will triumph now.

He deprecates the formation of new parties. He thinks that there should be no strife between the poor and the rich, and that protection and justice should be adequate and universal. He would have a State militia.

Let us have this citizen soldiery everywhere to be seen on fitting days and times. It is not a show of military power like that of a standing army. It is the ever-present and careful guard of the State's interest and honor; it is the ever-standing sentinel upon its battlements, watching not for pay, but for love, and proving how the safety and glory of a good Commonwealth can be entrusted to its own people.

THE "American Missionary," of New York, printed, last year, at the Hampton Institute, but transferred back to New York by reason of unavoidable difficulties arising from distance from editorial headquarters, appears in a new dress, in the magazine form, decidedly improved in many respects, and, we believe, second in appearance and in matter to none of the organs of the great missionary societies of the country.

THE broom shop of the Hampton Institute is again under way and orders are solicited. It is in charge of Mr. McNeely late of the National Soldier's Home at Dayton, Ohio, whose long experience in broom-making insures a good article. Three students are learning the trade under him.

THE following, from the "Landmark" (Conservative) of Norfolk, Va., is valuable testimony, and could be said of some other cities. Neither custom nor law can prevent a people, so far as they are industrious and provident, from occupying the position, and having the influence to which they are entitled.

THE COLORED ELEMENT.

The happiest people in Portsmouth, for their means, are of the colored element. They seem the best contented, always have work, have, for the most part, good, comfortable homes, live well, and their children enjoy the same schools that the whites do. Their churches and social institutions are as large, numerous and flaurishing as any people could desire. Taken altogether we are inclined to the opinion that the condition of the black element in this community is to be envied by a large number of people who are their superiors in everything except providence.

In his Message to the Legislature of Mississippi, Gov. Stone says: "Frequent complaints have come to me of occasional acts of lawlessness in two or three of the southwestern counties of the State. The better class of the citizens—who are greatly in the majority in these—are opposed to lawlessness, but are powerless to prevent it in many instances The lawless persons operate secretly and at night, and before their deeds have become known to those who might pursue them and bring them to justice, they have disguised, and no trace of them can be found These persons generally act in sparsely settled communities. Although in the minority and composed mostly of irresponsible persons, yet these lawless elements should be made to feel the strong arm of the Government, and the guilty parties should be treated with the utmost severity. A few evil, lawless men can bring reproach upon the Government, and cause more harm to its reputation than the entire law-abiding element can repair. I ask the attention of the Legislature to the complaints from the localities mentioned, and suggest rigorous measures to bring the lawless persons to a sense of their duties. The ordinary remedies have, thus far, been inadequate to meet the emergency. It is due, not only to the State's fair name, but to the people in the immediate neighborhoods—who necessarily suffer in person and property—that the lawless bands be broken up, and that such punishment be admin stered as will force them berenfter to obey the laws and deport themselves as good citizens. It might be well to send a Legislative committee to the south-western tiers of counties, to personally investigate the condition of affairs, and to suggest such legislation as may be necessary in the premises. Unless the courts can punish, I am powerless without additional legislation. The complaints are confined to a few neighborhoods in a particular locality. The laws are enforced elsewhere, all over the State, and order prevails; it is a reproach to the entire State that in even one section the law can be violated with impunity. And men should receive very slight consideration who openly defy the laws, and who are utterly indifferent to the reproach which their lawlessness may bring, not alone to themselves and their counties, but to the people of every portion of the State."

The above is a fair statement of the order of things in some parts of the South, from which the black man is a chief sufferer. A low state of civilization is the curse of such regions. The remedy is the Christian school teacher; the Bible rather than the bayonet; light rather than laws; men who will work "In His Name" rather than in that of the Republican or any other party.

THE LABOR QUESTION SOUTH.

THE *New York Times* says:

The recent discussion regarding the relative prosperity of cotton factories North and South has developed the fact that during the twelve years since the war, under a system of free labar, there were produced in this country 2,772,371 bales of cotton more than during the twelve years before the war under the old system of slave labor. The planters are more independent than they ever were then, their crops are seldom mortgaged as they were formerly, and instead of being dependent upon the farmers of the West for their supplies, they grow a greater part of their corn and bacon at home. That the emancipation of the slaves has been the first great cause of this result, there can be no doubt. The free colored man, having more self-respect, a greater feeling of responsibility, more knowledge, and from the necessities of the case being more industrious and faithful, is much more valuable as a laborer than was the negro slave. Unfortunately, there is a very large class of persons in the South who are not willing to acknowledge these facts, or who are so blinded by prejudice that they cannot regard them as do practical business men in other parts of the country. There are, indeed, in several of the cotton States, notably in South Carolina, Alabama, and Louisiana, a number of so-called leaders who freely express the belief that the negro, to be made useful, must be kept in a state little better than bondage, in short, as nearly in a condition of slavery as is possible under the law.

To bring about this result, the Rifle Clubs of South Carolina and a number of the most prominent Democrats in Alabama and Louisiana are engaged in a determined effort to reorganize the old Labor Leagues, and secure such legislative enactments as will place the unfortunate black laborar absolutely under their control. The demands made by the promoters of the movement are not exactly calculated to find favor in the eyes of the man who call themselves citizens of a free country. They ask, in the first place, that agricultural labor of all kinds shall be performed under contracts to be drawn by individual employers, or drawn by them and approved by the Labor Leagues. The share system, by which the negro receives bacon, meal and implements, and in return gives the white landowner one-half or two-thirds of the entire crop raised by himself and family, is to be continued, but under the laws which it is hoped may be passed every violation by a colored man of such a contract would be considered a misdemeanor, to be punished by imprisonment, forfeiture of crops, or, as is proposed, in Edgefield and other White League strongholds, by the lash. Further than this, it is proposed that all colored men found out of employment or trespassing upon the lands of the whites shall be regarded as vagrants and punished accordingly. Should such laws go into effect, and their advocacy by the powerful Labor Leagues of South Carolina, and the secret organization known as the State Grange of Louisiana, leaves no doubt that there is grave danger of this being the case, the Southern black men would be almost as completely at the mercy of their white masters as they were twenty years ago. Even under Republican Governments, where the State, county, and Judicial officers, were all pledged to do full justice to every class of citizens, the negro laborers who worked on the share system with the land owners were frequently defrauded out of all their earnings. The white men were quick-witted and greedy of gain; the negroes ignorant and easily satisfied; and so at the end of the season, when the crops were harvested and the accounts made up, they were only too often obliged to repeat that verse familiar to all the laborers of the Black Belt:

"Nought's a nought, figure's a figure;
All for de white man—
None for de nigger."

Still, the negroes did not complain; their wants were easily supplied, and if they had enough to eat and a cabin to shelter them, they went on with their work without a murmur. That they should rest quietly under such laws as those proposed, however, is not to be expected. Indeed, we have no doubt that in this new movement of the Labor Leagues is to be found the secret spring which impels so many of the freedmen to listen to the glowing, and, as the result has proved, the delusive, promises of the Liberian emigration swindlers. They certainly have every reason to be alarmed at the prospect before them, for even should the law-makers, who are being appealed to, have the good sense to refuse the demands of the land-owners, the Labor Leagues threaten, as a last resort, to openly take the law into their own hands, as they have already substantially done in secret, and agree among themselves not to rent land or give work to any laborer without the consent of his former master, or to buy corn, cotton, or produce of any kind from any employee without the consent of the proprietor of the land upon which it has been raised. In the same way, that is by an agreement among themselves, it will be a very easy matter for the Labor Leagues to determine what rates of wages they will pay their laborers. It will thus be seen that under the new reconciliation plan which has so effectually broken down the color line, the outlook for the black man is not exactly the rosy one that gentlemen of the Stanley Matthews school of politics would have the country believe.

That there is a large class in some of the Southern States who will attempt, through Vagrant Laws and other measures, to control the movements of both vagrants and non-vagrants, is beyond doubt. Only, however, in the extreme Southern States are the law-makers at all likely to legalize such wild schemes. But as serfdom has not yet been established, since no laws have been passed dispossessing the negro of his freedom, it is hardly fair to claim as does the *Times* that the new reconciliation plan has effectually broken down. A good deal can be said in favor of the present condition of the negro laborer as compared with it five years ago.

What if there had not been "conciliation" whatever have been its disappointments. The *Times* would have howled and Radicals raved in their comfortable homes, and opened a war in which only ink and words would have been poured out, while the freedmen would have been turned over absolutely to the tender mercies of the fiercest and most reactionary element in the South, instead of having as now its best element pledged to his protection and education.

The negro is not now suffering from what may be done, in some sections, by and by; he is suffering from the prejudices of a large class of whites

The "Scientific Summary" of the *Popular* belief that they are assisting the elevation and poor people cannot go to the "high hills and undulating plains," said to be in the interior of

who detest their work system, who curse free negro labor, to whom the negro's normal condition is slavery, and who believe that his future can better be decided at the auction block than by his own free will; he is suffering from the money famine in the South, from the wretched mode of payment by store orders, from sharpers and swindlers of every kind and color, and more than one from his own ignorance and vices which are his misfortunes rather than his faults.

He is suffering terribly from intemperance; rum is doing him more harm than prejudice; immorality is a curse tenfold greater than Rifle Clubs or Labor Leagues. Ignorance enforces his subjection to every form of imposition and creates many a social and political *ignis fatuus*. "Southern hate," so freely referred to in political papers, is a minor factor in the forces that keep the negro down. His outward relations are his secondary, his inward condition is the primary matter.

To accept this fact and the demands involved in it, would compel his political allies to be more or less philanthropic, to which they would object most uncommonly. So they harp away on the minor and ignore the major duties. They can make votes for themselves by showing that the black man is in danger of re-enslavement, but would lose votes rapidly by passing around the hat for funds to relieve the negro from his bondage to ignorance.

The point of the *Times* being to show that President Hayes's policy is not a success, it presents one aspect that in itself is most important but misleads because it implies that the serious aspect of the labor question South, is in the violent schemes of the whites and not in the condition of the laborer himself.

Only as good men North and South accept the true view of the Southern problem and together treat it with Christian intelligence, can there be a prospect of better times or of a peace that will be peace.

[For the Public Ledger.]

THE EMIGRATION TO LIBERIA.

PHILADELPHIA, 11 Mo., 23, 1877.

MR. EDITOR.—The State Department at Washington has lately received what is termed "Official Information" concerning affairs in Liberia.

The writer of that information, whoever he may be, grossly exaggerated the facts, and he has labored hard to paralyze the hopes and prayers of the great and good of every land, who are looking to Liberia as the Christian door to heathen Africa.

The appearance of this incorrect information, just at this time, doubtless is intended by its author to check the present determined exodus of many of our freedmen to Liberia; but the studied effort will fail under both heads, because it will ever remain a truth that while man proposes God disposes.

European Governments are jealous of Liberia's position, and their merchants and traders want to possess the land for, and with a view to, interior trade.

The United States has but one opening, one entrance to the continent of Africa; hence this official information, intended to weaken the hold and interest of our Government in the Republic of Liberia. Certainly no friend to that country and to the negro race ever conceived or wrote that communication. The sharp trader with his gold must have insinuated himself into that extra official information. All the discouraging features of the statement have their qualifications and bright side. Had you the space in your paper I could open to your consideration a volume so full of facts and figures touching Liberia, her past, present and future, as would bury the statements of the author so deep they would never know a resurrection. I know what I say, because I do or can testify of what my eyes have seen and my hands handled.

Permit me to allude to one item of the article in question. He says, "there is not a plow in use in Liberia." He is correct as to this fact; but be it known, Mr. Editor, a man's thumb nail or a stick is all-sufficient to scratch the earth and make it laugh a harvest. The soil of Liberia is its own fertilizer, so rich is it. There is but one difficulty—that of keeping the weeds down; hence "cutlasses, hoes, and bill hooks" are all the tools necessary for agricultural purposes.

Every feature of that official information is as weak and designing as the "no plow in all Liberia."

Liberia to-day can show you a coffee commanding the very highest market price; a coffee indigenous to the soil; a coffee so hardy, robust and productive as to be sought after by planters in every coffee country.

The "Scientific Summary" of the *Popular Science Review*, London, July, 1876, states: "The fame of Liberia coffee is spreading far and wide among coffee planters, especially those of Ceylon. Its introduction there has been regarded as a great boon, and justly so, its qualities surpassing anything hitherto known."

I have seen in Liberia young coffee plants struggling for life on old stumps, on rocks and in crevices where the winds alone had carried just enough of the rich soil to cover the seed.

Mr. Editor, there is but one plow necessary in Liberia, and that is the gospel plow, to root up and destroy the heathen hearts and false pens of such as the author of this "official information." Liberia has but one enemy—the white trader who carries poison (home's worst enemy, rum) to her citizens. So determined is this serpent to destroy nations, as well as the bodies and souls of men, that President Payne has lately asked for special legislation against the biting evil.

Liberia is no failure, and if we compare her with Jamestown, Plymouth and other early settlements in this country, she is not only a success, but in the words of Bishop Gilbert Haven, in the last number of the "North American Review," "a very marvel."

Liberia has in its rear, friends to be counted by the millions, a native population thirsting and hungering for all the arts of civilization and all the sweet influences of Christianity. And so I affirm.

EDWARD S. MORRIS.

No 129 South Front street, Phila.

P. S.—The accompanying communication just received from Rev. James H. Deputie, of the M. E. Church, may prove of interest to your many readers. He emigrated to Liberia with his parents from Hollidaysburg, Pa., twenty-five years ago, and has labored as a missionary in that field up to June last. As an offset to another statement of the "no plow" man, I add that Mr. Deputie states that he has not been confined to his home by sickness ten entire days in all that quarter of a century.

[Copy.]

PHILADA., Nov. 21, 1877.

Mr. Edward S. Morris—My dear Sir: I know you will be pleased to learn that I have just read a letter from one of our leading merchants of Monrovia, Liberia, stating that parties from Brazil are now in our republic buying all the coffee seed they can get for planting in South America. So much, my dear sir, for your timely visit to our country thirteen years ago, when our people knew but little of coffee culture and nothing of its proper hulling.

The coffee-huller is proving a blessing to Liberia, and will soon make Africa a coffee grove, thereby hastening the time when coffee, and not rum drinking, will become the order of the day. I read that Monrovia letter with no little pleasure, and recalled your battle cry, "Plant Coffee!" "Plant Coffee!" so peacefully inaugurated and sounded by you in all the Liberian settlements and up every river. It is one of the livings to our now disappearing cloud thus to see the Kew Gardens, at London, and planters in Brazil, Ceylon and other coffee countries looking to Liberia.

When next month I return to my home in Liberia, and my mission station at Mt. Olive, you shall hear from our people in a practical and substantial manner.

The seed sown has not fallen upon stony ground. The harvest is ripening, and our future citizens, the freedmen of America, are today looking to Liberia.

In the name of our people, permit me to ask you to continue to be the friend of Liberia, and advocate her interests with all the power of your tongue and pen. In this country Liberia has many enemies, and why it is we cannot tell. Here, where we look for sympathy and aid, we find to a great extent nothing but censure and reproof, and this from individuals who know nothing of the country or of the people who inhabit it.

The American merchants of Liberia products tell the freedmen of their natural and peaceful home, viz: "Christian Liberia, the open door to heathen Africa." Let Christian churches in this favored land hear again and again of the many thousands of heathens in Africa, who worship a piece of wood for the god. Say to the rich and good of every land that we need more practical standard-bearers, such as do know the grace of God in Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) JAS. H. DEPUTIE.

THE letter replied to in MR. MORRIS's article is one recently addressed to Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, Secretary of State, by Mr. J. Milton Turner, a colored man, for seven years U. S. Minister to Liberia. We give the following extracts from it, which bear upon the point in question.

No. 273.] LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
MONROVIA, Liberia, Sept. 3, 1877.
* * * *

American philanthropists, influenced by the belief that they are assisting the elevation and well-being of an unfortunate class, and at the same time aiding the evangelization and civilization of Africa, contribute of their means to support a scheme which is not alone impolitic, but, in a majority of instances, absolutely injurious in results. This entire enterprise is kept alive in the United States by a few active agents of these societies, who represent, usually, to the more inexperienced of the class they desire to operate upon as emigrants, only what is of a nature best adapted to deceive the unwary into the belief that the abundant wealth which nature has lavished upon Africa is not locked securely within the environs of these deadly climatic influences.

These agents speak the truth when they represent that the emigrants will find the soil fertile; that constant summer prevails; that there are mineral wealth, beautiful landscapes, luxurious vegetation, tropical fruits of every description, &c. But they should add that the most primitive agricultural appliances are used for tilling this most fertile soil, such as cutlasses, hoes, billhooks, &c. Such a thing as a plough is not to be found in use in Liberia. It has been demonstrated that neither horses, mules, nor donkeys can withstand the climate on the sea-coast. Horses are found in the interior, but when brought to the coast they sicken and die. Although constant summer prevails, as to temperature, the miasmatic influence caused by the heavy rain alternating with hot sunshine, causes sickness during six months of the year, and, during the remaining six months of the year, the power of the sun is such that it is almost impossible for any one except a native to work, as it produces inertia, lassitude, want of energy. Indeed, after a man has once had the fever, he never, in Africa, regains the energy he was possessed of before.

It is true there is mineral wealth, but the procuring of this wealth is more than counterbalanced by the sacrifice and difficulty necessary for a people poor in the knowledge of the economy of government, and poor as well in individual competence. Rich as the country is naturally, Liberia has never been independent to loose herself from other countries enough to produce food for her daily home consumption. Although a rice-growing land, rice is imported from England and other countries, and sold for $4 per bushel, when better rice can be grown and sold for half the price. Rice is the principal breadstuff. I have never seen flour of a less price than $14 per barrel; butter at $1 per pound; hams from $5 to $8 each; other provisions proportionably high. In the face of these facts, the American emigrant has to compete with the native for labor. The native is strong and hardy, with very few wants, and able, at fifty cents with very few wants, and able, at fifty cents per day, to perform the labor usually assigned to horses in other countries.

When these agents, by reason of such expert representations, have succeeded, first, in producing discontent, thereby inducing these unsuspecting persons to quit homes and surroundings already known and possessed, and to migrate across an ocean to a land unknown to themselves and the world, impossible hopes are afterwards raised, superinduced by these distorted statements, of empire and national greatness. They are left, at the expiration of six months of (so-called) support, without money or any means of livlihood, with little, if any communication with their former friends and homes, without knowledge of the customs and nature of the country to which they have come, suffering from the despair and discouragement occasioned by the acclimation fever, and, alas! in too many cases, mourning the loss perhaps of their entire families, save the one thus left a mourner; such are only anxious to return from whence they came.

I may here remark, I have never known of the departure of a vessel to America without receiving, frequently, a dozen applications to be sent back. Under the law I am powerless to help them. If, perchance, the children of a family survive, as is frequently the case, the guardians are alarmed when they discover they have left a country where a public-school system prevails, for one where the children will be deprived of this benefit. Thus confronted on every hand by discouragiug circumstances, the emigrant naturally turns to the agent in the United States, whose representations led to this condition of things. I have been sorry, before now, to believe that the agent loses much of his zealous interest in the emigrant with the conclusion of the contract for the provisions for the support of the emigrant for six months. The agent generally replies with the gratuitous advice to the emigrant to push his way as far to the interior of Africa as possible, and there settle.

Travelers to the interior of Africa agree that some distance interiorward from the sea-coast we may reach healthier localities. But when we reflect that there are no roads, only footpaths cut by the natives, and the only means of transporting their goods is on the heads or backs of native carriers, we are not surprised to find that after so long a time as sixty years the emigrant has not penetrated the interior more than four or five hours' travel, especially considering that the forests are almost impregnable, being matted together with a thick undergrowth of vines. The facts show that these poor people cannot go to the "high hills and undulating plains," said to be in the interior of Africa, without means to provide themselves with roads, and without treaties of commerce and friendship with the numerous petty kings, who are, in many instances, either openly or covertly hostile. * * * * *

I have, &c.,
J. MILTON TURNER.
The Hon. W. M. EVARTS.

INSURANCE OF FARM BUILDING.

No farmer can afford to have his homestead or buildings uninsured. To have them burned by accident would be ruinous to him, and a conflagration, which may occur at any moment, might involve the loss of buildings, tools, implements, live stock, and crops. No farmer can afford to run this risk while safe insurance is to be had so cheaply. But unless the insurance is procured in a perfectly safe and honorable company, the policy is hardly to be held as any security. In choosing a company in which to insure, it would be wise to select one which does an extensive business throughout the country, and thus lessens the risk of loss, averaging, as it were, its risks. Those insured are always more watchful and careful of danger. The wise precautions enforced by the insurance company, beget a habit of precaution and carefulness on the part of the insured, particularly when it is known that a want of care, and the reckless use of lights and fire, will vitiate a policy. Then dangerous and explosive oils will be avoided, and only those that are known to be perfectly safe to use, will be burned. There will be no smoking in the barn, nor matches left loosely on the girts or sills. It is a peculiarity of mankind that they will more readily obey any regulations made for them, than follow their own knowledge of what ought to be done. Men would rather be governed than govern themselves, and very readily submit to reasonable control. Thus it is always found that greater neatness, carefulness, and caution are found about farm buildings when they are insured. No careful business man will run the risk of loosing his property by fire, and every farmer should be a business man.—*American Agriculturist.*

Complaints are frequently made by those farmers along the coast, who are just beginning to use sea-weed, that it will not rot. This is probably true of dry eel grass as it is sometimes used. We have known it to be sometimes plowed into a rather dry, sandy soil, and remain for a year without much change. But even this dry sea-weed can be utilized and made to help the manure heap in several ways In the absence of straw or sawdust, it makes a fair bedding for the stables and sty. We have used it constantly for the last five years in the horse stable, and where rye straw is worth fifteen dollars a ton, and sea-weed can be had for the carting or scowing, it is good economy to make bedding of sea-weed. It takes more of it than of straw to keep the horses clean, but it serves the same purpose, and the larger addition to the manure heap is an advantage. It becomes saturated with urine and manure, and is reduced very fine in the fermentation of the manure heap. It is worked up quite as effectually in the pig sty. A very large and profitable addition may be made to the compost heap by either of these processes, when there are good facilities for gathering the dry eel-grass. But most shore farmers prefer to gather this and other sea-weeds in the green or wet state, in a mixed mass, as they are thrown up by the storms and tides upon the shores. In many localities the coves and tidal streams are raked, and the gathered weed and mud is scowed to some convenient landing-place, and then carted to the farm, sometimes to a distance of six or eight miles It goes into the barn-yard or sties, and is mixed with other manures, and readily ferments. Sometimes this material, gathered in the summer and fall, is carted directly to the fields where it is to be used, and is composted with headlands or peat. The sea wrack, gathered later, and made up principally of kelp, rock-weed, and the finer algæ, is often spread directly upon the land as a top dressing, or to be plowed in. These weeds are rich in nitrogen, decay rapidly, and make excellent manure. Capital and labor spent in gathering this harvest of the sea are well invested. CONNECTICUT.—*American Agri.*

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

The readers and charts that you sent gave new life to my scholars who could not read. I

ternoon I give my scholars spelling-matches, singing, gymnastics, and a little talk on physi-

to me, as the sailors had told me so much about the people and their habits, and had described

LETTERS FROM GRADUATES.

———VA., *Nov.* 19*th*, 1877.

Miss H.—My dear friend:

It seems as if I nm in n channel of tronhle for the last two months. Gen. Armstrong said to me, "It' is n new field." I tell you it is a new one. The school-house had not a pane of glass in, and it was about nine feet square. It has not a hand ful of mortar on it. So I held school there for a week until they had church here. Then I asked them to let me hold school in the church. I went all round to the hend men and asked them to help me, which some of them did. I left my boarding-place Sunday morning for church. I got there about 10 o'clock. Preaching began at two. I stayed nntil preaching was over, and two marriages. They marry here on Sunday. I got the minister to ask the people for the church, nnd he explained it very well indeed.

The first voice I heard was, "Yon shan't hnve no school in this church. I want to come here to worship my God." My henrt jumped into my mouth. I said to myself I will have to go back into that miserahle hole. My written speech was useless; I just asked the Lord to he with me. After the minister was through, I got up and began by saying,

"Ladies and gentlemen, you all know that I hnve hecn sent here for n teachcr. Wcll gentlemen, if a mnn goes to the woods to cut wood, he must take with him an axe or he *cannot* cut wood. And it is the same way with me; if you want me to work, you must give me n house to work in. This is hut the beginning I tell you." When I was done, I had silenced every mnn's and woman's mouth in that house. I did not think I could talk so. After I left they cast n vote on it. Not a mnn voted ngainst me. So I shall hnve a good-sized church for my school-house.

I stood my examination splendid. Mathematics I was perfect in, and he gave me a long exnminntion.

I have a large Sunday school here. I only have two or three Bibles, and one Sankey and Moody hymn-hook. Miss H., will you and Miss M. please send me about one dozen of the hymn-books and a dozen Bibles, nnd I will pay yon for them myself. The people here hnve not heard of Sankey and Moody; not the minister himself. I hnve been singing the songs here, and the people think that I am n singer. All the children now are singing "Ho' the fort for I am coming."

The church is named "Turkey-cock church." I will write and tell you all about it as soon as I can. This is one of the dark spots of Virginia.

I have eight scholars thnt I am preparing for the Junior class (nt Humpton). The reason I want to get the scholars there is becanse there is not one educated person in thie whole place. Dr. W. said that I am the best colored mnn he ever examined. I thought to myself, *Lord help the poorest.*

There is one girl here. She is the best girl in school. She is a good Christinn, hnt so poor she can hnrdly come to school. She attdies so hard. Hcr father was sun-struck, and is pnralyzed. Miss H., if yon cnn send her any old clothes, will you please do it? Last Sunday, n lot of little children followed me crying to go to Sundny-school, hut their garments would not permit.

Will you please send me thirty or forty of your Sunday-school papers? Send all the time, and let me know the price of them.

The place where I nm boarding, I have prayer every night and read the Bihle.

Can you send me nny old picture papers, or nny old hooks, readers, arithmetics or geographies? I hope I shall not put yon to too much trouble. And will you send me thirty lead yencils nnd crayon slate pencils?

Please excuse this poor letter. I am in n country where things are scarce.

Good-hye, Miss H. Please write soon.

Yours Respectfully,

S.

THE following is an old letter but a good one. The young man who writes it is still teaching in the same school, and doing good work there.

My kind friend:

I received your heart-cheering letter in good time. It strengthened my faith so much, I know not how to tell you. You know thnt we are so frail, thnt we forget so soon thnt God sometimes sends His mercies in afflictions; and your letter was like a beantiful enn-rise to my soul.

I was really disappointed hy not getting thn school that i npplied for, hut i truly belinve that it was no ordained providentinl disspointment, for I hnve the same school now that I taught last year and my influnnce among the people has no comparison. This school was a common elonmntary school, hut I havn worked and lectored the peopln until they are really interested in the education of thnir children.

I have had all of this month over onn hundred scholars present daily. The trnstees of thn district have visited and nxamined my school. They made it a graded school, and gave me an assistant teacher. I feel as if I am doing more good here thnn I could in thn city school.

The readers and charts thnt yon sent gave new life to my scholars who could not read. I did juet as yon told me, and of all my teaching and hard thonghts to improve my school, I hnve never had anything so good as the chart.

I hnve made grent improvonent in my school by using the Bible readers. I open my school by reading one verse and all the scholars with my assistant-teacher will read the next in unison, then we eing one of the sweet songs from the Moody and Sankey book and pray to our heavenly Father for protection, patience, grace, &c., to lead ns through the day, and lastly esy the Lord's Prayer together.

The General hae jnet sent me some maps (old ones that had been nsed, hnt they answer all purposes), He also sent me some papers which I put with those sent through your kindness.

Now, I am going to have a kind of little reading-room for my school which will add greatly to the elevation of my scholars. The trustees are going to make my school-house larger next week. So the Bible readers, charts, maps, papers, and the change from an elementary to a graded school are the hlessings of God felling upon me and the children among whom I am working.

Oh how thankful I am to God for giving me such friends, and thankful to you and General Armstrong for being such friends. I nm not quite well, hnt the good Lord has given me strength enough to carry on my school. I cannot tell you how much good you have done me and my scholars. I am too poor to pay you, but I have a rich Father, He will pay you for what you hnvn done for me.

I am yours truly. T.

THE following letter was received too late for our last number, which contained a brief mention of the death more fully recorded below.

LYNCHBURG, VA., *Dec 25th*, 1877.

My dear teacher:

Thie is to inform you that Robert Andrew Thompson died at the age of twenty-six, in Appomattox Co., Va., on the 13th inet., where he had been teaching school from the first of October until the 19th inet., without interruption, though under physical disadvantages He was stricken down while nt his post at nooo on the 10th inet., and conducted to hie room to which he was confined until hie "Deliverer came to take hie servant home." His parents reached him on Tuesday and found him so unconscious ne not to recognize them until Thursdny, when his mind came to him, and for an hour he remained conscious. Patient and serene, without a struggle he passed off like one asleep. It is needless for me to say more than herald his death to his dear teachers, classmates and friends, for they know of his protracted illness while in school, and of bie confession of faith in Christ while confined to hie room. I visited him during vacation and was interested in his animated conversation about Christ, religion and its enjoyment. He often told me that though he was in thn room alone during the day, hie communion with Jesus afforded him the greatest comfort. He was fond of teaching, and wherever he taught the little folks loved him, and he won the respect and admiration of both classes. He taught by the consent of his physician and was hopeful of gaining his strength that he might help nlavate our race.

I am yonrs sincerely,

LINDSEY HAYDEN.

The most practical and simple instruction in the laws of health and decent living is of first importance in all efforts for the elevation of a race. To train teachers with this idea is the purpose of the school. How far they are appreciating its importance and carrying it out is suggested by the following letters.

BEDFORD, CO., VA., *Jan 16th*, 1877.

My dear Miss L.:

After spending n pleasant vacation at home, I started for my loog desired work. The people at home wanted me to take a school there for the winter, but I preferred teaching from homn.

I succeeded in getting a school in thie Co., which opened in November. Owing to bad weather I have not had a full school until this nod the last two weeks. I have thirty-seven on roll now, and new ones are coming every day. I think I shall have forty-five or fifty after a while. Several of my scholars could enter the Junior class at Hampton now.

My school was formerly taught by a Hampton graduate: John H. Carter; he worked very faithfully up here, and is spoken highly of by parents and childreo. Nearly all the teachers they have had in their County, were from Hampton, and the superiotendent told me that they had all proved to be very acceptable ones, which you know I was truly glad to hear. My school is situated in n pretty place near the peake of Otter. It is pleasant to look at the peake from n distance, and I imagine it is more so to visit them, which I have not done yet on account of the cold weather—but if I live to see the spring, I hope to.

The house in which I teach is a church of pretty good eize—In it are two stoves, one blackboard and four windows which give us a plenty of light and pure air. My dear Miss L., yon do not know how much I enjoy putting into practice thn lessons which I learned at my dearly beloved home, Hampton. On Friday afternoon I give my scholars spelling-matches, singing, gymnastics, and a little talk on physiology. They seem very anxious to learn and I am trying to make myself useful and discharge my duty faithfully, both to my Father in Heaven and to men.

I shall ever look back to thnt place with the warmest of love, for it was there I learned the all-important lesson—Love for the Saviour. My dear Miss L., please remember me in your prayers. I hope I shall hear from you soon and I will try and write again before long. With much love I am yours devotedly.

J.

———, VA.

My dear Miss L.:

I am just out of school, all tired out, so I know you will excuso thie dull letter.

I received the two parcels of papers you sent me lately. Dear Miss L., you don't know how *very, very* thankful I nm for the papers and books that you have been so kind to send me. It really does a person's heart good to see how much the scholars enjoy the papers you send. Thie is a kind of out of the way piece, so they never had enything of the kind given them before.

It is very gratifying to meet one of my scholars Sunday afternoons and see in his hands either a tract, paper, or one of Moody's books, talking and reading to a friend of his who was too lazy to go to Sabbath-school in the morning. I am sorry that my time is so ocer out nnd I shall have to leave them. Time has flown very swiftly notwithstanding how hard I have labored with these people. I would like to do a grent deal more for them than I have, but I have done all thet I possibly could for the length of time I have been among them. The trustees and parents want me to promise that I will come back next fall. I cannot give them n decided answer yet.

The salary is so small, if I can get better wages I shall take another school. Now, Miss L., the money alone is not my object, but I am poor and have a mother to help take care of, therefore I most work where I can get the best pay and at the same time help to make my people better.

The girls around here know little or nothing about cutting and sewing. I have been trying to teach them by word and example how very important it is for girls to know how to do everything. I cut, fit and make my own clothes and do everything else for myself except washing—that I can't do because I have had a bone felon for three years and it is no oerrer being well to-day than it was two years ago. It is a grent trial to me. The first thing the girls think about round here when they get fifteen years old is getting married. They get married without knowing anything about housekeeping. I tell them that any womnn is worthless matter on a man's hands who has not got some idea of a well-kept house.

I thank you for your kind advice.

Your friend, L.

OUR Graduate Missionary, Ackrel E. White, has arrived out, and sends back to us the following interesting letter.

MENDI MISSION, GOOD HOPE STATION, NEAR FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE, WEST AFRICA, *Dec 1st*, 1877.

Dear friend:

We arrived at Freetown on the 19th, after a voyage of fifty seven days, and remained there till the 29th, and then took the steamer for Good Hope, at which place we arrived yesterday afternoon, (Nov. 30). We had a long and also a hard passage. In five hours all our party were sick except the Doctor and me, after we left the docks in New York, and they were sick for four weeks. At times it looked as if some of them would never be able to see land again. We had some very hard weather; the Captain said he never saw any harder. And all the storms and blows we had, none of them were in our favor, but all seemed to drive us off from the place we wanted to go. The Captain of the vessel was very kind to us, he is a nice quiet man (Mr. Henry Forsett). But we are happy to say that we had no trouble with any of the crew, but we believe that we have gained their best wishes. During the four weeks of sickness of our party we were unable to have any religious eervices, but after we were all better we used to have family prayers every evening, and on Sundny, Sundny-school in the forenoon, and prayer-meeting in the evening. The sailors used to come in to both during the week and on Sunday. They were noon Christians, hnt they were the finest set of seamen I ever saw. After prayers, I used to go to their room and talk with them about a better life, and they said that they wanted to live a better life, hnt it was more than they could do while going to sea. I told them that God was able to keep even a seaman in faith, and if they thought that they could not please God and go to sea at the same time, to leave off going to sea and serve God with their whole heart. They promised to do so. I dont think that my isbor with them has been lost, for one of them with whom I talked the most scent me a note the other morning (last Sonday) saying that he had given his heart to God, and was praying to Him to give him more faith, and me to help him. He came the next evening and told me all about it, and any one who has ever seen him can see a change in him. I am still praying for the rest. When we arrived at Freetown, Mr. Kirk met us with his boat to take our things down, and the next day we went ashore for the first time to behold the people and the place. Nothing seemed strange to me, as the sailors had told me so much about the people and their habits, and had described them so well, till it seemed as if I had been there before. We came ashore Tuesday morning and went to the market and saw the African style. Some of them go very well dressed, and others only wear a small piece of cloth around them. The ladies here theirs larger than the men so they can carry their children in them at their back. The little ones look as happy as can be, and they do look lovely.

We went to the market and saw many things which we were unable to tell what they were, and I am unable to describe. The people seem very kind to us and tried to tell us what things were. Some we could understand (those who talked broken English) and others we could not, neither could we make them understand us. They said that they were glad to have us come and open this mission again, and after we had got to the mission house in Freetown they would call on us from time to time, and give us each knowledge as we need in regard to health and other things. We have been kindly received everywhere we have been. We were invited ont to tea Thanksgiving evening, after which we went to the entertainment given by the Temperance Society. We were introduced to a good many of the leading men and all seem to be glad that we have come to take that mission. Sunday, Bro. Sneleon was invited to preach at the Episcopalian church, and he did so. He preached from Matt. x: 21, "Fear ye not therefore, for ye are of more value than many sparrows." In the afternoon we went to the Sunday-school, and they called on each of us to give a little talk to the little folks, which I enjoyed very much. At 7 P. M. we went back to partake of the Lord's Supper and had quite a pleasant time. We were indeed kindly received. But I cannot tell what the end will be. Thursday, the 29th, we left Freetown, and arrived here the 30th and found Mrs. Mair here and very busy trying to get things aright by the time we got here. We are all well pleased with our new home so far, and I hope will get to work in a few days. After we have gotten fully at work, I hope to write you all about the school. Our church is very small, but we hope to be able to build another before long. With thie I can only send you best wishes and ask you to remember me in your prayers.

Yours truly,

A. E. WHITE.

SINCE the above was in type a member of the school received a later and interesting letter from Mr. White, from which we make the following extracts. The young man referred to in them is the one mentioned in the first letter as the subject of prayers, and their speedy answer seems to give the first fruits of this mission.

DEC. 8TH.

After I had been on ehore but a few days, I received a note from one of them saying that he had given himself to God and was trusting in his mercies, and wanted me to pray for him. He asked me when I first talked with him on the subject, to pray for him, and I did, and the Lord heard me and answered my prayer. And this young man's brother was on the ship with him, and he fell in love with me, and I with him. So he left the ship and is now with me, and will go to school to me when the school starts. He is a fine boy, and reminds me of McNeil very much, only he is some larger than Mack. He is from the same place that Reese came from. His name is Joseph S. Allen.

We took with us from N. Y. one of Wntera and Sons' Organs, and I played in the church last Sunday to those who never heard one before. It is a fine one, price $160. But they gave us half, making it cost $80, Bro. S. one half and I the other. Tuesday we went down the river about three miles to a school house that the mission had once, and we saw the real condition of some of the people. If there is one place where missionary labor is needed, that place is Africa. The people who have not been in the mission schools are in a bad condition. They are prond and high minded as can be, and are a hard set to take them any way you may. We need more faith and I want you to pray for me that I may be strong in faith, ever trusting in the Lord.

We are all very well satisfied with our new home, and all the things around it.

If you are at Hampton give my love to all the teachers and scholars, and ask them to remember me in your prayers.

Your brother in Christ,

A. E. WHITE.

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My dear friends:

My thoughts have very frequently turned towards you, and I hoped to give you in the January number of the South ern Workmnn a visible proof of my continued interest in your welfare. Thie intention I was unable to accomplish, but it is not too late to offer you my sincere wishes for your happiness. May the year upon which we have just entered be the happiest you have yet known! Whatever may be your outward circumstances, it will be the happiest if you are more closely than ever united to the Head of the church, each member faithfully performing the duty allotted to him. May you not only sing

"Nearer my God, to Thne;"

And some with thankful love are filled. Hate us not for all our blindness: Or, to put the question in another form, have

hnt, throngh a living nolon with a living, life-giving Savionr, derive strongth and support from Him continnally!

One elemeot of happloess is contentment, which, St. Paul tells us, is "great gain," when associated "with godliness;" and there is a proverb thet says, "A contented mind ie e continnal feast." In the Middle Ages there was e class of phllosophers, called Alchemists, who believed that all the inferior metals could be changed into gold by being mixed with a mineral which they supposed could be fouod, and which they named "The Philosopher's Stone." They devoted many yearo and expended large fortnnes in the useless endeovor to moke this mineral, for it never existed in neture, aod it is impossible by artificial means to form e substance possessing the power they attrihuted to it. Probably the world would not be happier, if their hopes hed been realized. Gold, useful as it is, does not hestow happiness. Contentment, without hringing wealth, may be called the true Philosopher's Stone, for it is capable of chenging discomfort into ease and trials lnto hlessings. I am not advocating a sort of cootentment thet springs from apathy and encourages idleness. We should never be cootent with the emount of knowledge we possess, hut should continually endeavor to increase it by study, reflection, observotion, and

And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one gleam of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

True contentment springs from filial submission to the will of God in all the arrangements of His providence; it is found in committing ourselves and those we love to the care of the Good Shepherd, following His guidance and trusting in His protection.

"It is content of heart
Gives nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees;
Can make a w ntry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day."

Hoping that a wise contentment may hrighten your hearts and homes,

I am your sincere friend,

M. A. L.

Teacher's Table.

THE PRAYER OF THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

[The following poem is copied from a hook just published in Rome in memory of Emily Bliss Gonld, who died the 31st of August last. She devoted herself with much success to securing means of edncntion for poor Italian.

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces
Spite of all that mars and scars,
To my inmost heart appealing,
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling,
Steeping all my soul in tears!

Eloqnent the children's faces,—
Poverty's lean look which saith,
"Evil circumstance has bound us;
Sin and ignorance surround us;
Life is oftimes worse than death!"

"Look into our childish faces—
See ye not our willing heart?
Only love us, only lead us,
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our part!

"We ere thonsands—tens of thousands;
Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your hnnner—
We, the legion of true honor,
Combeting for love of peace!

"Train us, try us! days slide onward—
They con ne'er he ours again.
Save us! save from our undoing,
Save from ignorance and ruin,
Make us worthy to he men!

"Give us light to cheer our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hnte us not for all our bliodness;
Love us, lead us, shew us kindness!—
You can make us whet you will!

"Raise us hy your Christion knowledge,
Consecrnte to man our powers,
Let us take our proper station,—
We, the rising generation;
Let us stamp the age as ours!

"We shnll he whete'er you make us—
Make us wise, end make us good,
Make us strong for time of trial,
Teach us temperance, self-deniel,
Petience, kindness, fortitude!

"Send us to our weeping mothers
Angel-stamped on heort and hrow.
We may he our fathers' teachers,—
We mny be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!"

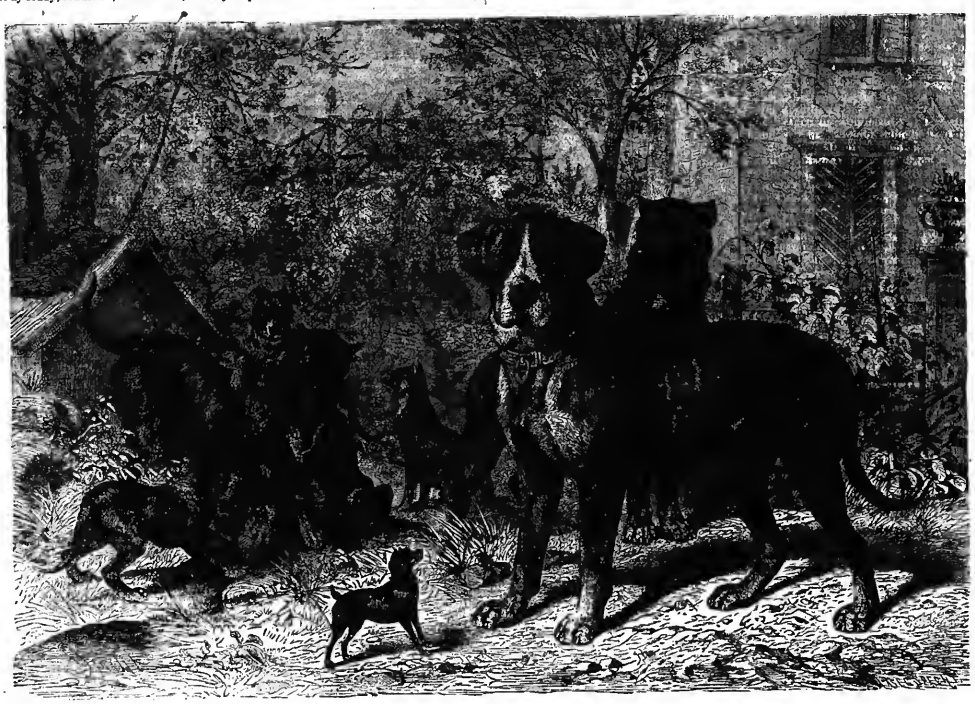
Such the children's mute appealing;—
All my inmnst soul was stirred,
And my heart was howed with sadness,—
When a voice like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children'e prayer is heord!"

—*Christian Union.*

Or, to pnt the question in another form, have you ever had occasinn, as I have had more than once, to seek for n reader for nn invalid or n hlind person? If you have, yon will, I am sure, admit what I have said—that for the great mass of our school-children (and you may even include the High Schools), the teaching of reading as nn art, is a failure. The true test is not the ahility to read a set piece with rhetorical effect, hnt the power to read nt sight and continnously, without effort, prose or verse within the cnpacity of the reader's understanding. We are not likely to mend our ways in this respect until the reading can he made the means of mental development—not a parrot-like imitation of any teacher however skilled in elocution.

REV. C. M. HYDE, lately appointed to the charge of the North Pacific Theological Seminary at the Hnwaiian Islands, in a letter to the *Missionary Herald* writes as follows from those islnnds

"I was very much interested in Miss Bingham's school, end the character, deportment,



WHICH FEELS BIGGEST?

interconrse with those who are wiser than onrselves. Still less onght we to be satisfied with our attainments in virtue,—by which I mean the practice of those things which are true end honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report. We must strive to bring forth more and more abnodently the fruits of the Spirit, which are the evidences of having been grafted into the true Vine. We should, also, endeavor within certain limits to improve our condition in meterial things. If "the men who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to mankind," we ought to be contented without using the talents our Creator has given us to add to the comforts of our homes, to locrease their beanty, and in every right way elevate our condition.

But there is in many persons a restless longing for the unattainable, a dissatisfaction with the position in which God has placed them, a persistency in looking for the thorns and disregarding the flowers in their path. How many make themselves miserable by fretfully repining at the troubles they can not remove! It is well to remember

"Two things you wont fret at, if you're a wise man;
The thing you can't help, and the thing that you can."

How many permit their happiness to be destroyed hy n vain ambition to outshine their neighbors in ornamental dress and style of living, merely for the sake of surpassing them!

"Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly oright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;

GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

1.—Never give in to disohedience, and never threaten what yon are not prepared to carry ont. 2—Never lose your temper. I do not say never be angry. Anger is sometimes indispensable, especially where there has been anything mean, dishonest, or cruel. But anger is very different from lnes of temper. 3—Of all things, never sneer at them; end he careful even how yon rally them. 4.—Do not often try to work on their feelings. 5.—Never show that yon douht nnless yon are able to convict. To douht an honest child, is to do all you can to make a liar of him; and to believe a liar, if he is not altogether shemeless, is to shame him. 6.—Instil no religious doctrine apart from its duty. If it have no duty as its necessary embodiment, the doctrine may well he regarded as doubtful. 7—Do not he hard on mere quarreling, which, like e storm in neture, is often helpful in clearing the moral atmosphere. Stop it hy a judgment hetween the parties. Bnt he severe as to the kind of quarreling, and the temper shown in it. Especially give no querter to any unfairness arising from greed or spite. Use your strongest language with regard to thnt.

WHAT IS THE ART OF READING?

How many hoys and girls of fifteen and under, do we each know, who could read at sight intelligently and agreeably, for an hour, one of Scott'a novels, or the last "Atlantic," or the leading editorial in the morning paper? and recitations of the young ladies who took part in the public examination, on Tuesday, June 12th, in the Stone Church. They did well as far as they weot, in Reading, Geography, and Arithmetic through Reduction. It may be an unwise impotience thet would demand at this time something higher, but there are a few ambitions to go beyond this. Educate the boys and girls beyond the mere rudiments, awaken the higher powers, and they will not be content to keep at work in the fields, with no prospect of rising above the condition of a field hand. But if the way to social elevation is barred, the stimulus to effort for higher advancement is taken away. These social problems are the questions of the day here. Is Christianity as competent to hring about social reg- neration as it is to effect individual reg-neration?"

The question is pertinent to other countries. Race instincts, differences and the difficulties or necessities arising therefrom are, owing to the spread of universal snffrage, becoming practical questions of the first importance.

"PROF. R. H. MATTHEWS, a graduate of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute of Va., has been elected Superintendent of the Colored Public Schools of the City of Pensacola, Fla., and will leave to-day for his new charge. He was once a principal of the Colored Public School in this city."

HAMPTON SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

So now mny the grace of God he with you, is the Prayer of M.

got a school near Bedford Co., Virginia. There I was a stranger in a strenge land, among strangers, with the exception of two

of the month. I never received any money in cash but twice, then it was at a discount once of $5.00 on the $30, and again of $3.00 on the

HAMPTON SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

Once in a year every Hampton student, boy and girl—except only those known as State students—writes a letter to some patron of the school who has given it as much as $70 to meet the estimated cost of one year's tuition of one pupil These letters are sent as they are written, without correction, and have been found a pleasant and efficient means of bringing the donors of scholarships into more intimate relations with those who receive their aid, adding a direct personal interest to their benevolence. For the first letter the student is asked to write some account of his life and efforts to obtain an education; the other two or three he may write are about his vacation experiences of work or school-teaching; his plans for the future, or ideas as to the condition and needs of his people.

These letters are short and simple annals of an interesting period of a race, written by the only ones who could write them. Their character is of course changing from year to year. Six years ago and before that, personal experiences of slave-life and the war were the most frequent topics; now these are occasionally given as family history, but have given place chiefly to the story of the freedman's struggle for a living and education, and pictures of his present condition. As such, they are as valuable as the others were, and will continue to be so.

And all together, giving the lights and shadows of negro life in slavery and freedom, they form a literature of the race which is worth preserving.

As such, we give some of them to our readers, a sample from each class, Preparatory, Junior, Middler and Senior, selected for their general interest, and in respect to composition, good specimens of their respective sections. We might call the first one, Bread cast upon the waters. It claims to be a true fairy tale.

DEAR FRIEND:

Having heard of your kindness I think it no more than right that I should drop you a few lines thanking you for your kindness in lending a helping hand in the education of us colored people, and also give you a short history of my life. My life has been one of sorrow. I was born the year 1857 near Winchester, Va. My parents were the yoke of slavery until God saw best to call them away from this world, and since that time I have been like the Bread cast upon the water, after many days I was found, that is, I went to live with a very intelligent family which be come very fond of me and took a great deal of pains to teach me good morals, but the best of all, they taught me to serve the Lord; the gentleman who raised me was a good Christian and he and his wife spent a great deal of time in trying to make me the same. After a long time I thank God they succeeded and I now feel like spending all my days in the service of the Lord. I have been studying for the ministery for some time but I find what I most need is a education, and I intend to do all I can while I am at school to not only gain book knowledge but also learn the true Will of God. When I look back over my past life I can scarcely help weeping, my mother died when I was nine and I was separated from my friends doing the war and it has been nearly fourteen years, since I have seen any of my relations, accept my sister, and of corse this has a tenancy to make me feel sad, but I try to forget the pass and look forward to a bright future. I read a verce in the bible where it says we must work out our soul salvation with fear and trembling, and I think I can apply it to myself in too different ways, for I hafter work out my soul salvation with fear and trimbling and also work my way through school with fear, for I am now in the preparatory class and I am certain that I will hafter do a great deal of head work before I will be able to get my deploma, but my financial matters are in such a condition that I am afraie that I will not be able to finish my education, but God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and as I have united myself to him, I feel that he will prepare a way for me to succeed, althou we are tought that faith without works is dead, so I intend to do all I can and trust God for the rest, and I hope the time will soon come when I will be able to do a great work for Jesus. I could tell you a great deal more about myself but my life has been so much like a Fairy tale that I am afraie that if I say much more that it will cause you to doubt what I have already said. I think if I would write the hole history of my life that it would make a good size book. So now I think I had better draw my letter to a close.

So now may the grace of God be with you, is the Prayer of M.

A common experience of the freedman was to find the coveted blessing of freedom making "very little change in his life," in its experience of hard work and privation. Education into an appreciation of its real significance is as important for this race as for that which slavishly mourned for the flesh pots of the land of bondage and asked "were there no graves in Egypt?".

HAMPTON, VA., *Jan. 10th.*, 1878.

DEAR FRIEND:

I will try to write you the history of my life. I was born in Newbern, Va., Feb. 22, 1854. I have had a rough time through life.

First I will tell you of my parents. They live in the place I was born. They belonged to different masters. I am the oldest amongst six children. I never knew much of a mother's care until after the Emancipation of slavery. The man that I belonged to was a very hard master. He always kept my mother hired away from me. My father would try to get my master to let me go along with my mother and offered to pay what he would hire me for. I was kept home to drive the stock from and to the farm, run errands, pull my young masters about in their little wagons. That was not very hard. I had to live on half rations.

I recolect very well what it was they allowed me, it was a half pint of milk three times a day in Summer and twice in Winter. They never clothed me any. I never knew what having a pair of shoes was until I got able to get them myself. My mother would send me something every once and a while of what she could get, and being sometimes from a distance from me you can imagine the difficulty. She used to send me what she could get. I could get along very well in summer but when winter came then I had a very hard time. I had to go two or three miles after the stock in the snow barefooted. I have been frost-biten several times in my life. It was a very common thing to see my back covered over with sores from being whiped so much.

My master was not as hard on me as my mistress. He would see that his slaves got something to eat when he was at home, but being in the war he could not see to it.

After I become free there was very little change in my life except in a few cases. My father went to drinking very hard. I could not go to school for that reason, for I had to help my mother get something to eat for her children. I commenced reading newspapers and learned my Alphabet from them and have been reading them ever since.

I was all ways desireous of geting a little Education for I know that I am in need of it. I know also that my mother has a hard time for the reason that I am not there to help her.

I came here in a very poor condition to get learning. I have been here three months and paid for them, but I don't know where the next is coming from. But when I cannot go any longer I expect to go to work and see if I cannot make the money to come.

To elevate and build up my race will be my motto and greatest ambition. All I want is a chance to do something for my race. Please excuse all mistakes.

May God protect you from all harm.

Yours Gratefully, H.

Its graduates are not the only teachers Hampton sends out. Many of the undergraduates spend their vacations in teaching, and with much courage and success, though they are confroated sometimes by such problems as How shall we educate families who live thirteen in two rooms? That is a problem for missionaries to reflect upon.

DEAR FRIEND:

I was born in Beaufort, S. C., Dec. 5th, 1856. I came here to school in '73 with the intention of preparing myself for a teacher so that I could be one of the number to go out among my race and help to educate them and bring them into the fold of educated civilization. I entered the Junior class, and the next year was promoted to the Middle class. I came back again in '74, after my summer's vacation, or rather *workation*, for I worked very hard during vacation time, having secured a good place of employment. But owing to the scarcity of my means I could not go through. So I had to leave school (though I regretted it very much) and go out into the world and seek my fortune first. Thus you see, I was called upon to go out into the field of labor sooner than I expected.

But, nevertheless, I went out with a willing mind and ready hande. At first I did not know really how to begin. I felt weak and very incompetent to teach any one, for I felt so much in need of being taught myself.

Through General Armstrong's influence I got a school near Bedford Co., Virginia. There I was a stranger in a strange land, among strangers, with the exception of two other students who went out at the same time but were situated in different counties. I taught there seven months. The term was only five months, but they gave me a private or pay school as they call it, for two months.

My school was about three miles from the town. I started out there to hunt up a boarding place one Sunday afternoon, got there about 8.30 in the evening. It was a very cold afternoon, and a very discouraging journey, but I tried to forget it and kept on. Imagine my surprise after nightfall, to find myself out in the woods, with here and there a log cabin; and the first one that I was taken to was a small one of one room below and one above, and there was a family of *thirteen* in number. Of course I could not board there, though they would have taken me if they could. I would have liked to board there too, for it was the nearest house to the school house.

Next I went to a married daughter of the same family; that was the house that was chosen for me. So there I expected to make my home for five or seven months. There I was also introduced into a large family of ten, the oldest child being fifteen years old, down to the youngest only a few months. I felt out of place there, but still I saw some room for improvement, so I decided to stay, for this was the next nearest house to the school.

Walking all that afternoon in the cold to my boarding place, gave me a good appetite, but my hunger was appeased when I saw what was set before me. It was not the variety of food but the manner in which it was prepared. It was enough to disgust a pig. Finally supper was over and after a long talk and thawing out by a nice blazing fire, I retired to bed. That house had a little more accommodation, there being two rooms up and down stairs. I had a very good bed, and a nice fire-place, but I cannot say much for my room. But I was content with my lot, or at least I tried to be.

On the morrow I made the final arrangements about my board and sent for my trunk. I felt more at home when I got my trunk and had fixed up my room a little. Then the next day I took another cold tramp of three miles to see my school house, but what was my disappointment to find a little log cabin, one single little room occupying the whole of the house, with a clay and wood chimney, five long benches of very thick plank with two round logs in each end, without backs. And the floor had three holes in it about an inch wide. The door was about three feet high. I shall never forget that door, for it caused my head to ache many days by bumping it against the upper ledge. Discouragement was staring me in the face on every side, but I determined to go on and not look back, for I felt it *my* duty to work for my race, as well as the rest of them.

The people had never had a school there before, and did not know what was required. Some of the children had never seen a book, or been in a school-room before in their lives. They wondered that a mere girl like myself would come out there in the woods to teach them. Many thought it best for me to go back, seeing I was so small, but seeing the energy and spirit I went about my work, they began lending a helping hand. I suffered everything almost but death. In that school-house I caught fearful colds, for I never knew what it was to go to a fire. I had to keep moving to keep alive. My school-room caught fire five times during my first two months, and it smoked fearfully. It had us all crying nearly every day, but for all that I kept on. Many days during the winter I taught school out of doors. So you can imagine what kind of a school-house it was.

My Superintendent did not like for me to stay there, and threatened to take me away if they did not make the place more comfortable. But how could they when they did not know how? I taught in that house two months and a-half. I had to appeal to them to build a better house. So they began during the time of my two months, and had it finished by the middle of January. I moved into it then with pleasure. It was more comfortable, but not as comfortable as I could wish. This had two windows and a good-sized door, a stove, and a very small platform, which was a great improvement to the room. I had a black-board made at my own expense. This house was also nearer to my boarding place. I taught every day during my term there, but one and a-half days when sickness prevented me. I then really enjoyed my school.

I then started a Sabbath-school. I had to take some of my older scholars to help me tench the smaller ones. Then I soon after started a weekly prayer-meeting, and now and then I got a minister to come and preach for us. They had neither schools, meeting, nor any kind of improvement before I went there.

My salary per month was $30, my board, $10, or, I may say, $13, for, having to furnish myself with kerosene, soap, starch and other small articles, amounted to $12 at the end of the month. I never received any money in cash but twice, then it was at a discount once of $5.00 on the $30, and again of $3.00 on the $30. I got the other money in *orders* that I had to use on different stores, so that I had to pay almost twice the value of articles. I lost more than I gained. The people really were so poor that they just made out to board me on what I provided.

I could tell you more interesting tales about my schools but it would take too long a time.

This is my second year at this Inst. and I like it even better than before. I am in the Middle class, and if I am fortunate enough to be promoted to the Senior class, and be enabled to come back, next term, I will prove my gratitude to the school by canceling my debt as soon as I can after I go out. I hope to get a place somewhere again this vacation and to work very hard and save all I can so that I may be able to come back.

My mind often wanders back to my log school-house in the woods. They named the school after me. I opened the first school there.

Knowing how kind you friends in the North are to us, I cannot but send my most sincere thanks. Trusting that you may never feel that your kindness to our trodden down race is thrown away. May God's blessing rest on you and yours.

I am yours Gratefully,

G.

The writer of the following letter thinks less of herself than her teachers think of her, and its style speaks better for her than its humble declarations. They prove at least that these people's heads are not always turned as some think by a little schooling.

DEAR FRIEND:

I once more seat myself to write to you as it is the General's request and my heart's delight. It affords me great pleasure to write to you Northern friends, and more particularly to those that are interested in my welfare. This is my fourth year, and it is the last. I am in the Senior class, *but* I do not feel worthy to be called a Senior.

I am sorry to say that I am very poor in my studies. I have worked very hard these four years that I have been here, and I really feel discouraged to think that my time has come so soon to leave school, and I am going out into the wide world knowing so little. I have tried to do my duty, it is not natural that everybody should have faculties alike. I am sure that my dear teachers have done their best. I am sorry to say that it is *my* misfortune, but I am going forth in the wide world to try and do my very best.

I have not been home for nearly two years. My parents are very poor, and I could not look to them for my help. I spent my summer here at the school. I worked in the Institute. I had a very pleasant summer though. I had to work very hard from four o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. I would stop then and fix my machine for the next day.

Perhaps you would like to know what kind of machine it was. It was a knitting machine to knit mittens on. My regular number were forty pairs a day. When my day's work was over, I would take a fresh bath, and put on a neat dress and go out for a walk in the fresh summer air. There were ten other girls that stayed to do the same work that I did. It was very pleasant, but the pleasantest of all was that we were here to meet all of our dear teachers. They seemed just as happy as we were. We tried to make them happy by doing all we could for their comfort. You can imagine how happy we were to meet all of our dear old schoolmates.

I never thought the first term I came here that I would he where I am to-day. I did not see any way that I could possibly pay my way. I was not a Christian and I felt just as if I had not a friend in the world.

The first year passed and the second year came on. For that term my father paid twenty-five dollars for my schooling. That was the first and it was the last. I had to work very hard to make all I could. While doing this, I thought to myself that if I were a Christian I could get on better. I knew that I could not do anything within myself, so I went to my dear teacher. She taught me the way that I could become a Christian.

From that time up until the present, I have been a follower of Christ. I found my work much easier, and where it used to be dark, the sun now shining. I never shall be able to pay my dear teachers for all they have done for me, but I shall try to do all I can to help others and to do by them as I have been done by. When my school days are over here, I shall go out in the wide world still bearing in mind the dear friends of the Hampton school, and I will do all I can to help keep her name up. I would rather die now than to prove false to my profession when I leave this school; after all the trouble the teachers have put themselves to for my benefit.

Respectfully yours, S.

At Home.

A HOLIDAY SPEECH.

WRITTEN BY MR. THOS. D. MURRAY OF NEW YORK FOR HIS LITTLE GRANDSON TO SPEAK.

Our Teacher trusts I'll make a speech,
Appropriate and pleasing,
To show you that your boys, to teach,
His tries, with care unceasing.

Though diffident, I'll do my best,
A pupil reverential,
Hoping you'll not too strictly test
My effort eloquential.

My subject, Boys; good subjects, they,
Neath Love and Wisdom's ruling,
Though some become Old Satan's prey;
Alas! despite all schooling.

The grammar calls them, "common nouns"
With Person, Case and Gender;
To get its knowledge, neath their crowns,
Costs lots of legal tender.

With active verbs, boys, all, agree,
Are passive, while in slumber,
Singular boys, you, sometimes, see,
But plural boys, you number.

A school-boy's mind, at times, contains
Queer thoughts, in odd relations;
His pocket's store, to you, explains
His plays, or his temptations.

What's in boys, minds, when 'tis let out,
Rarely receives a thanking;
What's in their pockets, would, no doubt,
If known, get sons a spanking.

The girls, with tact and taste endowed,
Serenely wait there chances,
But boys, impulsive, forward crowd,
Obliged to make advances.

What wonder that they oft offend
The rules of rigid breeding,
Their manners, like their clothes to mend,
Their watchful mothers needing.

The school of life, what lessons there,
In tears and smiles, they're learning,
How Good and Evil, False and Fair,
They, daily, are discerning.

CURE FOR CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.—Dr. Bonnet of Grenilhet, France, recommends and prescribes for chronic rheumatism the use of the essential oil of turpentine by friction.

BUILDING FIRES ON COLD MORNINGS.

If we will go into many a farmer's kitchen, about five o'clock on a cold winter morning, we shall too often see the woman of the house sitting by the stove whittling shavings with a dull knife, with which to start the fire. Now, as one's happiness for the day depends, in a great measure, on how the day is begun, you will easily see what an annoyance it is to whittle shavings in a temperature down to zero. This unpleasant task can be easily avoided by two hours' work in the fall, before the ground is covered by snow. Let the farmer and his hired man take a team, with rakes and baskets into the woods, and rake together fifty bushels of pine needles, and haul them home, and stow in some dry place under cover. These are among the best kindlings there are for starting a fire quickly. I have used them for twelve years, and should not know how to do without them. I adopted the practice, when I first began using them, of arranging my stove the night previous, so that, in the morning, I had nothing to do but to light the fire and get back into bed again, all which I can accomplish in ten seconds. In fifteen minutes, the room will be comfortably warm, so that we can begin the day without any drawback.

EXETER.

N. H., October, 1877.

THE USES OF THE LEMON.

Few people know the value of lemon-juice. A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days; it should be renewed night and morning. A free use of lemon-juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. Most people feel poorly in the spring, but if they would eat a lemon before breakfast every day for a week—with or without sugar, as they like,—they would find it better than any medicine. Lemon-juice, used according to this recipe, will sometimes cure consumption: Put a dozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil; boil slowly until the lemons are soft, then squeeze until all the juice is extracted; add sugar to your taste and drink. In this way use one dozen lemons a day. If they cause pain, lessen the quantity, and use only five or six a day until you are better, and then begin again with a dozen a day. After using five or six dozen the patient will begin to gain flesh and enjoy food. Hold as to the lemons, and still use them very freely for several weeks more. Another use for lemons is for a refreshing drink in summer, or in sickness at any time. Prepare as directed above, and add water and sugar. But in order to have this keep well, after boiling the lemons, squeeze and strain carefully; then, to every half-pint of juice, add one pound of loaf or crushed sugar, boil and stir a few minutes more until the sugar is dissolved, skim carefully and bottle. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling them, and the preparation keeps better.—*London Lancet*,

SAN JOSE, CAL., *Dec.* 27, 1877.

Dear friends of the Hampton School:

When I enjoy any great pleasure, I feel like sharing it with you, and so for months I have been planning to tell you all about an excursion which I took last summer, to Mt. Shasta, the great extinct volcano of Northern California, and one of the highest mountains in the United States.

Our party originally consisted of four teachers of the State Normal School—two gentlemen and two ladies, the Principal of the school being the leader in the enterprise. One more lady and several gentlemen joined us, so that our party was of just the right size for the wild camp life we enjoyed.

Mt. Shasta is a giant sentinel, standing between the great ranks of the Sierra Nevada and Coast ranges. From its position at the extreme northern end of the State, it overlooks, between these lofty piles, the whole west central plain of California. The extreme heat of last June, when the thermometer stood for days at 105° in the shade, made us dread the long journey over that burning plain, but it made yet more impressive the sight of the majestic mass of eternal snow when we reached it at last.

I should like to tell you of our camping excursions from our head-quarters at the home-like little hotel, known as "Sisson's," to the lakes and rivers and mountain fastnesses of this wild region; to describe the long rides over the mountain trails on our knowing, tough little ponies, or the tramps of from seven to ten miles a day which the ladies, even, learned to take without special fatigue; the hunting, fishing, sketching, botanizing, climbing—the camp-fires, and the sweet sleep under the open sky. But as I must not stretch the columns of the Southern Workman too much, I will come directly to the final ascent of the great mountain.

People had done their best to frighten us, with tales of travellers who had bled from nose and even from lungs in the thin air of that extreme height—of strong men who had sunk down with fatigue and abandoned the attempt even within an hour's climb of the summit. We were told about this intense cold and strong winds; the snow blindness and nausea, and the danger of slipping on the icy snow. To our rejoinder that ladies had done it before, they said it was at a later season, when the smaller amount of snow made it possible to ride farther on horseback, and so have less climbing on foot. But hardy and in good training as we were, we were determined to make the effort. Difficulties multiplied. A long storm came on, unusual at that time of the year, and what was rain below was snow above, so that although we waited patiently for this new snow to melt away, it still impeded our progress when we finally made the ascent, the fourth and fifth of July. We had planned to celebrate the Fourth on the summit; but the signs of another storm delayed us a day, and as it proved we should have waited longer. But our time was limited, and our desire to carry out our programme strong, so on the Fourth of July, our cavalcade started up the mountain. I should like to tell you of that fifteen-mile ride on our sure-footed ponies, slowly winding up the trail, through forests of immense pines and firs, said to be among the finest of the world, over wildernesses of lava blocks, some of them polished by glaciers. It was strange to think of those great ice-plows which for ages cut their way down this enormous heap of lava, once poured out hot from the earth-furnace. But I must pass quickly over this day's journey. Late in the afternoon we camped in the last timber this side of the eternal snow, at a height of about eight thousand feet above the sea. Our principal insisted on snow-balling me, saying it was the only chance I would ever have to be snow-balled on the Fourth of July. A glorious sunset made a picture never to be forgotten. Then we lay down to rest beside our camp-fires. Such a place to sleep! Again and again I awoke, the wild, cold wind whistling under the edge of my blankets, to see our leader throwing great logs on the camp-fire, then to see the light flash up more brightly on the dark fir branches overhead. We were to start upward at four o'clock, so at half-past three, in the starlight, we were breaking the ice in our water buckets, and preparing hot coffee for our hasty meal. But the lowering clouds made us hesitate. It would have been well if we had postponed our ascent, but having no provisions for ourselves or our horses, we decided to go on, and at five o'clock, leaving our horses behind, we had started up the long snow slope.

I must describe the mountain a little more fully, that you may understand what lay before us. Mt. Shasta, like most volcanoes, is cone-like in shape. It is, indeed, an immense heap of lava, which has been poured out, and built up in layers. The surrounding plateau averages 3,000 feet in height above the sea level. As Shasta itself rises to a height of 14,500 ft. (or two and three-fourths miles) above the sea, there is one great swell of eleven thousand feet, or two miles of vertical height. Of course it is many more miles from the base to the summit, toward the bottom the slope being gentle, toward the top, steep. We had ridden fifteen miles on horseback and climbed 8,000 feet. We had now to make an elevation of 6,500 feet, a mile and a quarter; and to do it to walk six and a-half miles. It was actually more than this, as we had to zigzag over the steepest portions. The first four and a-half miles over the snow is one long, smooth slope, at first gentle, but growing steeper and steeper, between great buttresses of cliffs. Then we turn, and follow up sharp ridges, from which the snow is largely blown away.

The snow crust was hard, during the morning. It would have been impossible to climb it without slipping down to sure destruction, but for our sharp, iron-pointed staffs, or Alpenstocks, and the nails in our shoes. As it was, it would have made a dizzy-headed person giddy to look downward over the long slope; especially after seeing one or two bundles which we dropped go bounding, sliding, whizzing, for miles, till lost to sight. So when we stopped for rest we carefully braced ourselves against our firmly planted Alpinstocks. Taking this route, there were no precipices to climb; all that was needed was a clear head, sound lungs and stomach, and nerves and muscles of steel to endue the long exertion, so much greater in the constantly thinning atmosphere. None of us experienced the common difficulty of bleeding from the nostrils, though our skins grew very dark with the blood, which seemed desirous to force its way out. The guides continually cautioned us to go slowly, taking short steps, and to stop often for rest, as our only chance of holding out to the end.

The view was increasingly grand. It was very strange to see from our snowy height the great yellow wheat plain of Central California, stretching away for hundreds of miles. About nine o'clock, the clouds which had been growing thicker, settled around us. I have been in clouds upon mountain sides before, but never like this. The white snow under our feet and the white cloud around were so impenetrably joined that we seemed to be walking on the cloud as well as in it. For two hours the cloud was so dense that we could not see the members of our own party who were a few rods away. Then it would grow a little clearer and we would see their forms emerge from the mists, and the peak overhead for which we were aiming would shine out for a moment. By the time we had taken our bearings so as to be sure which way to go, the cloud would again shut us into a world of soft whiteness. At noon, when we had reached a height of over twelve thousand feet, and had gained the crest of a great buttress of the mountain, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds, and gave us the grandest view I have ever seen—perhaps the grandest view I shall ever see. We had been climbing up the most regular side of the mountain. On the other side, which we could now see, inaccessible precipices descended thousands of feet. Soft cloud banners clung to their rugged crags, waving and changing at every moment. Below was a wide landscape, the rolling plain at our feet, the snowy Sierras beyond, all seen by glimpses through a vast curtain of shining clouds, shifting, breaking, tossing like waves. But soon the clouds gathered closer around us again, and we went on; now along a ridge of rock, which the wind had swept mostly clean of snow. It had grown colder every hour. At every halt, we had beaten our benumbed hands and feet. Now the wind began to blow fiercely. We wrapped our faces and ears more closely, and struggled on.

At length we reached the last hard climb, known as the "Black Hill," a steep ascent, a thousand feet high, so named from the color of the lava of which it is composed, for it is so steep that the snow does not collect on it. Here the courage which has carried travelers to a height of thirteen thousand feet often gives out. The bitter winter storm was now raging around us; it seemed foolish to go on, but we could not bear to give up, and without a word we silently climbed upward, staggering a few feet, then waiting for strength and breath for a few feet farther. Twenty times or more I flung myself down flat to rest, covering my face, rubbing nose and ears, beating hands and feet to keep from freezing. One of the party froze an ear, and another a toe, in spite of all efforts. Finally we stood on the summit of the dreaded Black Hill, at a height of over fourteen thousand feet. The central and highest summit was a cone rising about three hundred feet higher than that on which we stood, and separated from us by a nearly level ridge about half a mile long. We were congratulating ourselves that the struggle was just about finished, when our guides turned around and refused to lead us further, declaring that the storm would sweep us like leaves from that narrow ridge. It was too hard to give it up. We begged, and the leader of our party with one guide, started out on the ridge, but returned almost immediately, saying that even if we succeeded in crossing, any increase in the storm would prevent us from returning. We knew that the two most famous mountaineers of California had once been prevented by a storm from returning over that ridge, and compelled to pass the night on the summit. They were only saved from perishing by a hot spring, the sole remains of the former activity of this crater. In Harper's Magazine for last September, you will find a vivid account of this sight in a Snow Storm on Mt. Shasta, by Mr. John Muir, the great mountaineer and geologist of California. He has since told us that we were very unwise to go as far as we did.

So, sadly turning backward, down we went as best we could, careful to escape the glacier on our left, till the Black Hill and the rocky ridge safely passed, we came once more to our long, unbroken snow slope. But it was not now so fearful as when we went up, for the July day, though largely a cloudy one, had softened the surface, so that we sunk into it several inches at every step. In this state of the snow we might venture on a slide. Coming down into denser air and more to our long, unbroken snow slope. But it was not now so fearful as when we went up, for the July day, though largely a cloudy one, had softened the surface, so that we sunk into it several inches at every step. In this state of the snow we might venture on a slide. Coming down into denser air and refreshed us wonderfully. The sun, too, had come out, though clouds still veiled the summit. All our memories of coasting down hill in New York State urged us to try this finest of slides. We sat down in the snow, gathered our clothing tightly about us, took our Alpenstocks under our arms, and away we went. It was not dangerous, for we could stop ourselves by digging our heels into the soft snow. Each lady at first slipped her arm into that of one of the guides, or one of the gentlemen of the party. But I soon decided that I could slide more successfully by myself. All the practice of my childhood in "steering" a sled came to my aid—the guide gave me a push, and I went down the long slope alone. Such glee! Shouts and laughter had taken the place of the stoical silence on the mountain top. I never expect another slide three miles long, unless I climb Shasta again.

And so, tired but merry, we reached our camping ground. Mounting at once our waiting horses, after fifteen miles of riding, we reached Sisson's at about eight o'clock. That aggravating mountain looked lovely in the sunset—we could not see a trace of cloud left on its summit. If the leader of our party could have remained, we should have tried the ascent again, sure now that we could accomplish it in any favorable weather. But business called him away, and we followed, glad, after all, to hide our blistered faces and sore eyes in our own homes. The snow-light and the alternate heat and cold, with the piercing wind, had burnt us as if with fire. After bandaging our faces a week, however, we came out with new skins, as good as ever, and none of us felt any bad effects from the exertion we had made. Indeed, our vigor was such us to astonish all our friends, and give us new energy for the next year's school work. We had enjoyed a month of intense and unalloyed pleasure, which will be wealth to us in memory as long as we live.

LUCY M. WASHBURN.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

A LETTER to the N. Y. Observer, from Selma, Alabama, says: Everybody is busy night and day with the splendid cotton crop. This town has received twenty thousand bales more this season than last, and one farmer told me last week, he had bought fifty thousand bales.

AM. COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

The American Colonization Society held its sixty-first annual meeting in Washington on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst. The meeting was opened with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Matthews, and addresses were made by Dr. W. R. Allen, President of Girard College, and the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. R. W. Thompson. The report submitted by the Secretary stated that the receipts for the year amounted to $12,9 3; disbursements, $10,639; balance in the treasury January 1, 18'8, $1,414.

An expedition sailed in the bark Liberia, from New York, January 2d, 1878, with fifty-two emigrants on board well provided for at sea and for six months after landing. They were from all parts of our country, and represented every trade and profession. Three were graduates from the college for the education of red youths. A large portion of them paid a part of their passage and incidental expenses. For the past fifty-seven years the exodus has been increasing. The number that has colonized since the war is 3,188, and from the beginning of the colonization 13,227, exclusive of 5,722 recaptured Africans that the society induced the United States government to send to Liberia. The total number that the society has supplied with homes in Africa is 308,991.

It is stated that organizations to promote emigration to Liberia are forming in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and other states, some of which represent 5,000 persons, which does not include the Liberian Association of South Carolina, which reports that 100,000 persons have signified a desire to emigrate to Liberia, nor the Colonization Council of Louisiana, which has enrol ed 71,000 names.

We see it stated also that extensive frauds upon the colored people are committed by persons in the South, who obtain their money under a promise of securing for them passage to Liberia, and that when the emigrants arrive at the port or ports named, they find it is all a

sham. The friends of the colored race, and especially the friends of the Colonization cause, should guard them against such imposition.

POLITICAL.

BOTH houses of Congress re-assembled on the 10th. Senator Edmunds submitted a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting the States from making appropriations for sectarian purposes. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The Senate resumed the consideration of the Matthews resolution declaring the right of the government to pay the bonds in silver. Senator

Rome was declared the capital in Dec. 1870. The long contest between the civil government and the clerical authority in Italy is a matter of history. The Pope, who had excommunicated the King many years since, on account of his course on this question, appears to have retracted it in the latter's last hours, as he sent him the Papal benedic ion. The eldest son of Victor Emanuel succeeds him as Humbert I. He is in his 34th year, and is believed to be a man of considerable ability.

DOMESTIC.

SAMUEL BOWLES, editor of the Springfield Republican, died Jan. 16, after a lingering illness.

This Hotel, thoroughly
Old Dominion Steamship
thence by the splendid st
Home, National Cemetery
within the limits of an ea
The climate during
reaches 80°, for Autumn, 60°,

OLD POINT COMF
TERMS: T

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The House on the 11th, by a vote of 111 to 107, passed Mr. Wood's resolution authorizing unlimited investigations by the several Congressional committees. Jan. 21, a bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator Dawes, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase the Freedmen's Bank building and adjacent property owned by the Freedmen's Saving and Trust company in Washington, for distribution of the proceeds among its creditors. A compromise silver bill was introduced in both Houses providing for the coinage of silver dollars, and making silver legal tender only when paid jointly with gold, in equal portions, unless otherwise specified by contract.

In the Senate, January 14, Mr. Edmunds (Republican), of Vermont, offered a substitute for the Matthews silver resolution. The substitute declares that the silver dollar of the United States had been long obsolete when the existing loans of the United States were authorized; that gold coin had been the only lawful coin, and that Congress should not legislate to make money at the expense of its creditors; that it is the highest obligation of the United States to pay its debts in such coin as its creditors expected they would be paid in, and that it would be unjust to compel them, or any one else, to receive silver dollars worth ninety-two cents, or any debased money. In the House, a resolution offered by Mr. Kelley permitting the advocates of woman suffrage to present their arguments to the House on the 19th, was defeated by a vote of 107 to 140. The Senate, on the 15th, adopted a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to report in relation to the sales of bondsince March 4, 1861, payments to the Syndicate, etc. In the House, Mr. Springer, of Illinois, introduced a bill to prevent further contraction of the currency below $350,000,000.—On the 16th, the Senate by a vote of 18 to 31, refused to refer to the Judiciary Committee the Matthews resolution in favor of paying the bonds in silver. —The House, on the 17th, amended and passed the bill to enable accused persons to testify in their own behalf. Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, introduced a bill for the prevention of strikes.

President Hayes thus replied to a colored man's request for his advice as to a colored emigration to San Domingo:

"I have given some consideration to your question as to the emigration of colored people from Florida to San Domingo. I am not well informed as to the advantages offered by San Domingo to immigrants, but my impression is that your people should not be hasty in deciding to leave this country. The mere difference in climate is a very serious objection to removal. The first generation in all such removals suffers greatly. It is my opinion, also, that the evils which affect you are likely steadily, and I hope rapidly, to diminish. My advice is, therefore, against the proposed immigration."

FOREIGN.

The Cuban rebellion appears to be not quite "crushed out." If the statement of a recent writer can be relied on, the rebels number about 70,000, of whom 25,000 are well armed, and it requires 168,850 Spanish soldiers to garrison the Cuban cities, and 40,000 men in the field.

Negotiations of a peace between Russia and Turkey are being considered between the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Turkish delegates at Adrianople, which has been evacuated by the Turkish armies. An armistice of six weeks for the purpose, has been consented to by Russia, but it is doubted whether this is not only to gain time and prepare for a future march on Constantinople, which the capture of the Shipka pass through the Balkans has rendered quite possible for the Russian troops when the roads are better and the Danube free from ice. Meanwhile Constantinople is filling up with wretched refugees from the seat of war, whose sufferings pass description—mothers having been known in a phrensy to actually throw away their freezing, starving infants rather than see their dying agonies.

Queen Victoria opened the English Parliament on the 13th. Her opening speech promised neutrality in the Russian-Turkish conflict unless British interests should be directly assailed.

In Greece there is a strong popular feeling for war to reclaim from Turkey its Northern provinces of Thessaly and Epirus, but the Ministry will await the action of England.

King Alphonso, of Spain, was married to a Spanish princess, on the 23d of Jan.

The famine in China exceeds, if possible, that which India has just suffered from. People are actually living upon the corpses of those who die from starvation, and the strong are killing the weak. The Chinese government and foreign residents are doing all they can for the relief of the sufferers, but cannot supply the need.

King Victor Emanuel of Italy died on the 9th of January, with only four days' illness, aged nearly 58 years. He was the first sovereign of "United Italy." He succeeded, to the throne of Sardinia in 1849, by the abdication of his father, Charles Albert, during a war with Austria. Peace was made soon after, and the king, with the aid of able counsellors, promoted many improvements, political and financial. After another war with Austria in 1859, Lombardy was added to his dominions, Savoy and Nice being ceded to France. Subsequently Parma, Tuscany, Modena, the greater part of the Papal States, the kingdom of Naples, and finally Venetia, were also incorporated with Sardinia, and in 1861 the Parliament proclaimed him King of Italy. Rome was declared the capital in Dec. 1870. The long contest between the civil government and the clerical authority in Italy is a matter of history. The Pope, who had excommunicated the King many years since, on account of his course on this question, appears to have retracted it in the latter's last hours, as he sent him the Papal benediction. The eldest son of Victor Emanuel succeeds him as Humbert I. He is in his 34th year, and is believed to be a man of considerable ability.

DOMESTIC.

Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield Republican, died Jan. 16, after a lingering illness.

Mr. McCormick, the Commissioner General, reports 619 applications from the United States for space in the Paris Exposition.

Progress of Fish Culture.—There are now twenty-seven States whose Commissioners of fisheries receive, hatch and distribute the eggs of fishes furnished by the United States fish commission. About 1,000,000 eggs of California salmon were thus distributed in October.

Free labor in the South has increased the cotton crop. For the past eight years it has been greater than ever before. Since 1869 the aggregate production has been 31,575,312 bales, while for the eight years immediately preceding the war it was only 28,797,841.

The financial condition of the Old South Church, Boston, is reported to be this: There is a debt of $225,000, and it is expected that the fair will pay off one-quarter or floating debt, and leave this amount to be provided. There are $25,000 pledged, which is ready when wanted, thus leaving $200,000 yet to be raised.

Bishop Haven has issued a call for volunteer missionaries to go to Africa. He wants to send two men out at once—one to take charge of the Monrovia Seminary and another to take charge of the interior work.

The Murphy Temperance movement has been making great progress in Northern New York. Over 70,000 signed the pledge in two months, 300 saloons were closed and the work is still going on.

Gov. Holliday was inaugurated Governor of Virginia on the first of January. In his inaugural address he thus speaks of the public debt of the State:

"It ought now to be settled; and this Legislature, fresh from its discussion, has promised that it shall be settled. Let that promise be kept. There is time enough in the present session. But woe to the man who in that settlement betrays the trust or sells the honor of Virginia. It were better for that man had he not been born.

"Our duty then is to pay the debt, not to find ways to avoid it."

The Modocs. A Texas paper is informed by a gentleman who has just returned from a tour through the Indian Territory, that the once murderous Modocs have advanced rapidly toward civilization since being placed on their reservation by the Government in 1873. They own 4,000 acres of good land, on which they have built comfortable houses, and have fenced in and have under cultivation over eight acres of land to each person in the colony. They had 120 acres of wheat, 175 of corn, 300 head of cattle, and cut 140 tons of hay. Besides, they have plenty of poultry, etc. Fifty-nine of their children attend school. After this year they will be able to get along without any assistance of any kind from the Government. This is certainly a very gratifying evidence of the capacity of the Indian for the pursuits of civilized life, when he is once put to them in earnest.

On New Year's Day the colored citizens of Philadelphia assembled in convention to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the proclamation of emancipation, and to pay tribute to the memory of Arraham Lincoln. Several addresses were delivered on the occasion. Isaiah Wears, the well-known Philadelphia colored orator, spoke eloquently of the past and present condition of the negro race, and uttered truths worthy of the attention and study of those of his people elsewhere. I extract the se phrases:—

"Suffrage and the exercise of it is valuable to us, and we should cling to it with unflinching tenacity; so also is education a valuable auxiliary in our advancement; but neither the one nor the other, nor both, can supply the place of industry and labor in the process and potency of our elevation. Let us look to the industrial avenues of life as the rough which we must pass to elevation and success. Work, work, is what we want. Let us besiege every department of industry, whether in private or in public hands, and importune for employment."

The entertainment given by the teachers of Hampton Normal School for the benefit of the sufferers from the James River flood, and largely attended by Hampton citizens, netted $83.40, which was made up by the teachers to $100 and the amount forwarded.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent in distributing, *free of charge*, Sample Bottles of Boschee's German Syrup to all parts of this country, to those suffering from Coughs, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Consumption, and other Throat and Lung Diseases, that the afflicted might satisfy themselves that this remedy would save them from these fatal diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, skeptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cts.

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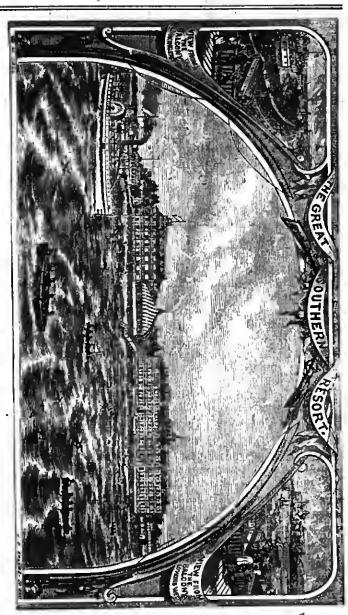

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Harper's Bazar.

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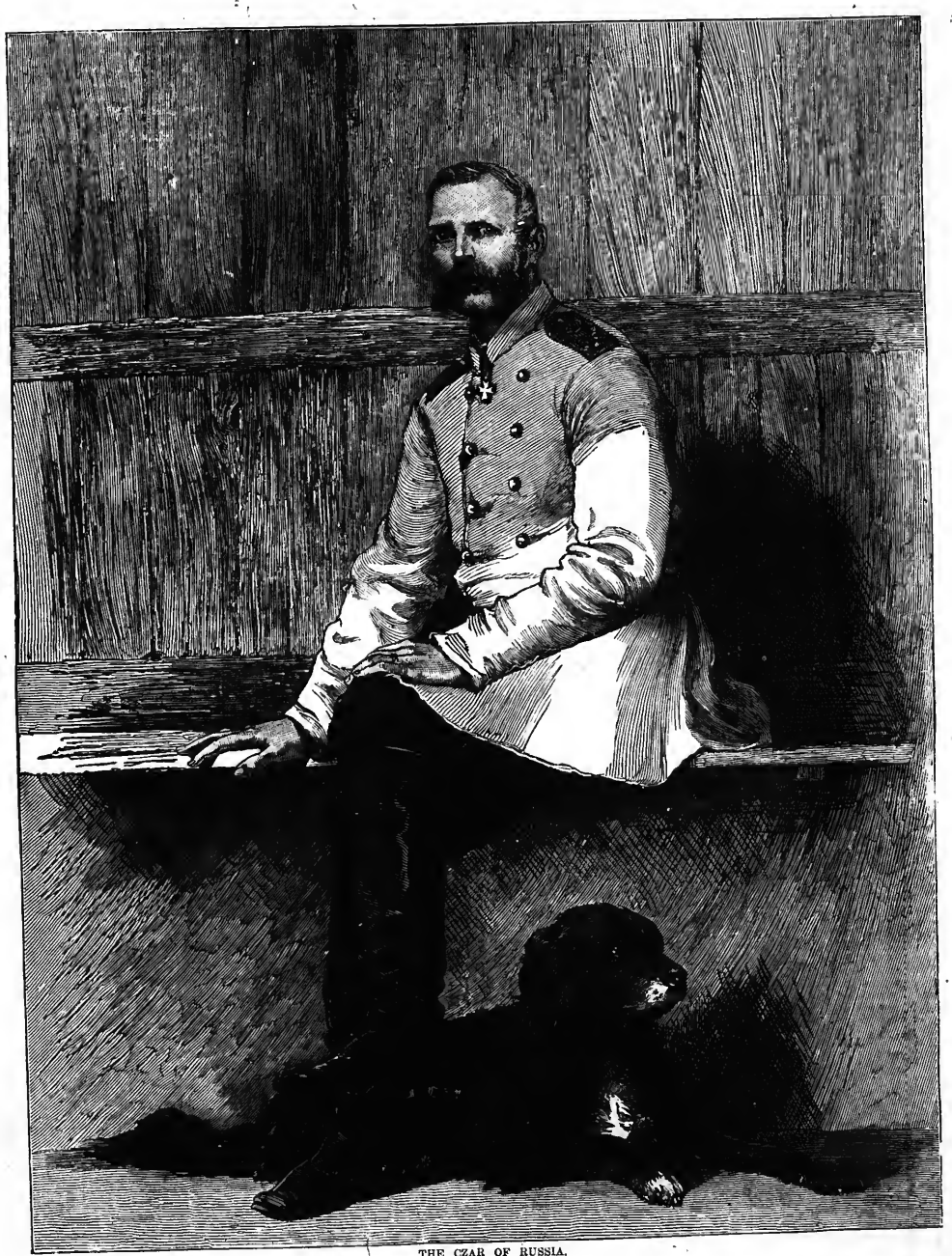
SUPPLEMENT.

FEBRUARY EDITION, 1878.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The eyes of the world are turned upon Rus-

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys,
Though clever at ruses,

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THE OZAR OF RUSSIA.

The eyes of the world are turned upon Russia, and Turkey which seems now to lie at her mercy. In Asia, Kars fallen, and Erzeroum on the point of surrender. In Europe, Plevna taken, the passes of the Balkans captured, and Constantinople itself threatened, the powers of Europe are looking anxiously for the result of peace negotiations now going on at Adrianople, between the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas and the Turkish plenipotentiaries. Upon those results may hang the horrors of a general war in Europe. England especially watches with solicitude the effect upon her interests in the Black sea and in India.

The one man upon whose action thus seems to depend the fate of nations, Alexander II, Czar of Russia, is a man of extraordinary mental vigor and personal power. He is thus described:

The Emperor himself is the great and sole foundation of military honor. He watches all personally. The theory is that no act escapes his eye. Certainly to see how his every word and gestura is followed by those around him he would appear the earthly incarnation of supreme power. And his personal bearing enhonces the reward in every case. A generous word, a friendly look, the well-chosen expression of praise to suit the individual, go home to the heart of the recipient as much as the highly-cherished reward itself.

In no army in the world are greater pains taken to recognise and stimulate individual enterprise. Crosses, decorations, swords, and sashes of honor are distributed with a lavish hand, and, better still, they are given on the spot, and not, as with us, when the recollection of the brilliant deed has nearly died away.

Two hundred officers of all ranks breakfast and dine daily at his table. From the youngest to the oldest every eye is fixed on him. Before the meal, in the assembled circle, as the Czar appears, it is seen one day that an aide-de-camp behind him carries a cushion with crosses on it, and, perhaps, half a dozen sword knots of honor—the ribband of St. George, orange and black—to be worn attached to the sword hilt. Instantly expectation is at its height. The Czar's voice calls the chosen name, all make room for the envied man to pass, he comes blushing and flushed, receives the prize, bends low to kiss the imperial hand, and retires bowing at every step, a made man for life, the admired and courted of all beholders. Then he has to go through the usual embracing and kissing on both cheeks from his friends.

The effect of the system is like magic; it is to concentrate all power and authority absolutely in one centre. The Czar is the earthly Providence of the soldier and officer, as well as the embodiment of the military power and glory of his country. I have seen old officers so overcome with this mark of distinction that they went about for ten minutes after like children, weeping with the prized decoration in their hands, showing it round, half dazed. No system can be imagined more calculated to stimulate individual efforts to the utmost. Yet, with all this spurring there is something wanting. It is the individuality and the habit of spontaneous action, which only the education and modes of thought of a free people can supply. Whether it be the long-standing taint of serfdom, whether it be too much imperialism, the initiative is wholly absent. You tell the Russian what to do, and he will spring to it like an obedient child. In a year it never would have occurred to him to do it himself.—*London Times' Bucharest Correspondence.*

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office; and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number, he, in a short time, selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; he gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid down on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and, when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those letters of recommendation? I do, and would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."
The Well-Spring.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys,
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!
Henry Downton, in Leisure Hours.

THE TWO NEWSBOYS.

While passing along Washington street one evening, my attention was arrested by a little newsboy, who said to his companion:

"Say, Charlie, how much money have you made to-day?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Jolly! is that so? Don't tell your mother how much you have made; keep part of it yourself."

The little fellow straightened up, and with a great earnestness exclaimed:

"Do you think I would tell my mother a lie?"

Turning to the little fellow with an approving smile, I said, "That is right my little boy; always tell the truth."

Noble little fellow! If he abides by that principle of truth, he may rise from his humble position to one of usefulness and honor. Honest boys make honest men, and honest men make happy homes, good citizens, fair dealers, true Christians, and just legislators; while dishonesty fills the land with suffering and wickedness, and peoples jails and prisons with both young and old. Could granite walls and iron bars speak to us, they would tell us the sad fate of thousands who began their downward career by deceiving and lying. This is a wicked and perverse generation, and honest men are hard to find. Children, if you wish to shun the downward road to ruin; if you wish to be successful and respected; if you wish to make glad the hearts of your parents; and above all, if you wish to please your heavenly Father, tell the truth, for "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight."

CAN YOU FIND HIM?

"What book is that?" inquired a merchant of a youth from the country, who, while searching his bag for a letter of recommendation, had let a book fall on the floor.

"My Bible, sir."

"Your Bible! What are you going to do with your Bible here in the city?"

"Read it, sir. I promised my mother I would read it every day; and I shall do it, sir."

The firm tone and flashing eye told the merchant that he had a boy of principle and grit before him. He felt that a boy who loved his Bible after this fashion could be trusted. He was right. Mark the point, and tell me if you can find a Bible-hating boy who can be trusted. Isn't it a fact that boys who hate the Bible are not trustworthy? If, therefore, you wish to be true, trusty, and trusted, you must love your Bible. With the Bible as the rule and guide of your life, every duty will be performed in a manner pleasing to God.—*Sunday-school Messenger.*

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "Sir, have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir" answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered once in school for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her, some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile, and bridle his tongue, must be of good stuff. —*The Life Boat.*

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VII. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1878. NO. 3

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

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PREMIUM.

For one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece

AS NUMBERS of this issne will be sent out as specimen copies, we repeat, in effect, the statement in the previous number, that the force of contributors to this paper has heen strongly re-enforced; that a two-page supplement will accompany each iesue, except in the months of July, August and September; and that fresh efforts will be made to render the WORKMAN a fair exponent of the condition of the laboring classes of the South, and a just critic of the treatment of the negro queetion hy all who have to do with it.

ONE OF the ahlest and best known gentlemen of Virginia recently seid to us that he considered that the greatest danger from the ignornnt negro vote was in the future, when, with the white voters and leaders divided, the balance of power would be held by the blacks, whose votes would be eegerly sought hy demagogues on both sides.

The division of the white vote is, in the nature of things, inevitable. There are Bourbons and Progressives in every great community There are, in Virginia, two large classes; one that looks to the past, grumhles about the present and ie hopeless as to the future; and one that lets the past go, is cheerful about the present and resolute and hopeful for the future. They will not always keep together. The State debt question may create a division.

At present the solid white vote neutralizes that of the negroes; it ie solid only to that end, and has succeeded so well that the game is no longer exciting. The negro hae nearly ceased to vote for State officers; his party has ceased to nominate them. Conservative candidates walk the track. Political warriors will not always be content with this. Newspapers find harder things to say of the candidates on their own side than of the party that has no champion; and come out with a refreshing freedom of expression.

The element of struggle in politics ie sure to reappear. The present Republican party will not rise, hut their ideas, so far as they are sound and progressive, will, embodied in vigorous, wide-awake sons of Virginia soil. In the division these will be, no douht, equal honesty on both sides. Among the crookers there will be many fine gentlemen; the Bourbons are eminent in talent, respectability and influence; hut the Progressives, equally respectful of the grand traditions of ths commonwealth, nnd of equal ahility and standing, will be likely to win, hy their enthusiasm and clearness of aim, and hy the force of sound, aggressive ideas.

Ignorant voters, both white end colored, will be the danger. They ere now indifferent. We believe that less than hslf of this entire class went to the polls at the last State election. Sure of freedom and of an unmolested life, the negroes are beyond the rench of the eppeals that formerly drew them in crowds to vote, and, like ths whitee in a similar condition, they neither think nor care beyond their visihle horizon. From the statements of intelligent colored teachers in msny places, we ere assured that a sordid view of the right to vote ie increasing among the negroes.

Men who a few years ego would lose their places and be turned adrift with families on their hands rather than yield to threets or bribes, will now, since, to them, the crisis has passed, remein at home or sell their votes for a trifle. To expect a just understanding of their duties as citizens, which they never had the means of knowing, is absurd. A stream cannot rise higher than its source. Intelligent, conscientious action cannot proceed from mental and moral weakness. The negro does not and cannot, ae he is, do his whole duty as a voter.

He will vote with the utmost fidelity for whet he thinks are hie own iuteresta; hut for the interests, his own or others', that lie beyond his comprehension, he does not care, he will not act. He will turn his vote to the best account from his own standpoint, which means that when he sees nothing elee to be gained he will negotiate with the man who will give him the most for it.

The vast majority of hlacks in the South are still sturdy Republicans, hut are falling away from party ranks into indifferentism as rapidly as toleration and fair treatment will let them.

Only the most vigorous and wise educational work, only an active interest in their mental and moral welfare, on the part of good men of all sections, will save Virginia and other States from being pushed, by nearly a million well-meaning hut hlind and incapahle negro voters, to say nothing of a host of equally incompetent whites, into fatal political hlunders.

The era of good feeling between the faces hae its dangers as well as that of ill feeling. The former ie hut a surface thing; a calm does not mean that the watere are pure.

"Let us have peace," is the first prayer. Even more important ie the second, "Deliver us from the cvils of ignorance."

AN INTELLIGENT colored minister, feeling his deficienciee, has asked admiseion to Hampton, and for instruction to fit him hetter for his work. The school's first object is to prepare teachers and give industrial training, and ae fast as its accommodatione can he enlarged they are sought hy an eager crowd of epplicants. For evident reasone, also, it would he injurious to its progress and discipline to make up its claeses of pupils of widely differing ages. But it is hoped that special provision may be made before long, for a separate class for such applicants. Their case appeals strongly to our sympathies. The colored preacher finds hie flock outgrowing him, his young people getting to be better educated than he ie, beyond hie help, and more critical than if they knew etill more than they do. One great need of the freedmen is an intelligent and better educated ministry, which would strengthen the hands of the teachers instead of often hindering their work. The fact that some of the ministers themselves nre awakening to a sense of thie, is a most hopeful sign. The epirit which leads them to ask the privilege of sitting with children to learn, ie an admirehle one. Shall it not be encouraged?

THE relations of proper food and home life to national growth is now eo far appreciated that the study of Household and Social Science is attracting much of the best thonght of the civilized world.

The great question is how to get the results of the thought before the minds and into the lives of the masses of the people. Till this is done, of course nothing ie done. The denseet ignorance of the eimplest laws of hesith snd life prevail among them, end not only in the lowest classes, though sadly aggravating and aggravated hy poverty. In this cause, pre-eminently, love for our neighhors is love for ourselves. The ignorant class cannot suffer alone. The fifth of the alleys and tenement houses hreeds the yellow fever and typhus that ravage a whole city. The inuocent perieh with the guilty thousands of helpless children are sleughtered every year in a wholeeale murder of the innocents hy nothiug hut ignorance—or far worse, grow up to lives of misery and crime—stunted and deformed in soul as well as body.

Every effort made to spread e knowledge of the laws of living among the people, and awnken a sense of their importance, so far advances civilization and morality.

Such an effort has heen in successful operation for a year past in New York city, in the Cooking School, and popular tracts on cooking, of Miss Juliet Corson, a lady who is giving her whole time, without profit, to training cooks, teaching workingmen's wivee to feed their families on workingmen'e wages. One of her admirable little tracts, called "Fifteen-Cent Dinners for Workingmen," we hegin in this number to publish hy permission, and call our readers' special attention to the "At Home" column in which it appears.

SINCE the war, Southern farmers and land-owners have, generally, looked to the hone, muscle and money of the emigrant as a quick and sufficient eolution of the financial difficulties of the times. Why they should, ecattered, as they are, over a vast extent of territory, and without preconcerted action, turn as a unit to foreign parts for aid, we shall not now discuss, hut merely note the fact and its significance, as a piece of evidence showing the anomalous financial and social condition of the South before and after the war. The offers, inducements, and flattering promises made by the Southern land-owners have been eagerly considered hy one element, at least, in the Northern States; the element made up of the restless, the unlucky, the broken-down fiuancially, the wildly speculative; the class that is ready to supply schemes, possihle or impossihle, with everything hut money, hand labor and good judgment. The petty organizers of thie class, ecattered through the Northern citiee, sadly destitute of means, credit or character, came herc, as the ehips of the olden time cleared from Boston, "for Havre nnd a market." People here readily called them "carpethaggers." But that class is now nearly extinct, and make no factor in the problem.

The South is left to deal with three classes of emigrants—the poor emigrant from the over-crowded countries of Europe, the capital holding class of Northern men, and the Northern farming body, lying between the first two classes. So far, there has been great disappointment on every side. The South, especially, has heen grievously mietaken in its hopes, in spite of almost frantic efforts to get men and money. The espital holding class of Northern men have not, end will not, move Southward. Money holders are conservative. It is not the man with ahundant income, anxious nhout the educatioh and wants of a growing family, eurrounded with the friendship of many years' standing, ahle to command the luxuries of life, and good things generally, at his own door, who ls ready to go out into a strange land, or undertake whst is essentially a pioneer's life. The Sonth has always claimed to possese the fineet social advantages. Whether the claim is just or not ie of no moment here. It is certain that the money holding class of the North will ignore the claim, and only in exceptional ceses make a change of hase.

It is the reckless, the enthusiastic, who move on new lines of enterprise. New England hankrupts made up the early settlement of Minnesota. Gamhlers, and rash men made up in general, the early society of California. Just now there is no inducement for this class to try their luck at the South. Nor will the vast hordes of laborers, the Irish, the Germans, the Swedes, settle here. These muet go only where land is cheap. They carry little or no money. So Virginia land at ten dollars per acre is dear for them, and they push on to the vast regions lying beyond, where homesteads can he taken hy occupation only. It is possihle that the South may yet be populeted hy this ignorant class. It will be a long time before it fairly works itself into the country.

The third class, available for a new population here, is that made up of the native American farmers of the Northern States, who may be willing to exchange eterile soil and a hard climate for hetter land and a genial climate. We do not refer here to the English colouists who have settled here. They are few in number and their movements are determined hy causes epecial to the present state of English society.

The social differences of the North and the South are greatly in the way of a rapid settlement of the South hy Northern farmers. We do not refer to political differences. Such we wholly ignore. It is the difference of social life, resulting from two opposite modes of life in the past. The sterility of Northern eoil, the hard peremptory demaud for long and exhausting lahor, forethought and economy, the want of opportunity for anything more than rudimentary education in early life, have, unfortunately, dwarfed the social life of the Northern farmer. He is honest, serious, utterly committed against holidays and amusements, jealoue of any influences which interrupt lahor. His pleasures are limited to the tedious patriotic demonstratione of the Fourth of July, and he believes himself verging on hecchanalian ritee, in indulging in excessive consumption of chicken-pie on Thanksgiving day. His literary culture begins with the Bihle and ends with a religious and secular newspaper. Ho has good native eense and shrewdness, generally correct ideas about politics and religion, and has inherited traits which make him a good citizen. But he is utterly without eocial culture. He knows nothing ahout it, and caree nothing about it. Life is a serious husiness for him, and so he regards all matters relating to exterior culture as mere frivolitiee, for which he has neither time nor inclination.

On the other hand, the Southerner has

developed largely, and perhaps unduly, the social side of life. With slavery as

"catechists, schoolmastere and the press.' "From these extracts tho immediate ob-

an; that it is idle to talk of civilization nnd Christianity as distinct forces, the

THE Hampton Institute in its efforts to provide the best possihle teachers for the colored race, has eometimes been taken to

developed largely, and perhaps unduly, the social side of life. With slavery as the base, everything tended to such a development. Untrammelled by the necessity of daily manual toil, occupying a position of command, he was left free to make his culture what he chose. The result was a society of "ladies" and "gentlemen"; a class who had leisure for reading, travel, and conversation; quite proficient in the "habits of good society," and whose chief occupation was to make things pleasant for each other. Their public men were masters of the art of controlling and governing men, far superior to their Northern compeers; while the women, trained, if not gifted, in pleasant ways, in voice and manner, were far above the average women of the North, in social power. But this easy, elegant mode of life was roughly swept away by the war. The abundant hospitality of the great plantations, the expensive feastings of the winter months, the brilliant gatherings at the summer watering places, are now ended, with a painful reaction to the other and reverse side of life. The present generation are still inclined to make social culture a standard of merit. The Southerner welcomes honestly the Northern emigrant, if he is a "gentleman," and has not come down to rob the country, and for him will dispense with a free hand the scanty resources of hospitality left by this all-devouring war. He is glad to get his money and return an equivalent in land, and accepts him as a neighbor, provided he knows how to make himself sociable and neighborly in Southern fashion. But, as we have said, the Southerner will be disappointed in his attempts to get this "gentlemanly" class from the North. And the Northern farmer, for the present, will be disappointed, because his simple ways and crude social culture do not bring him the warmth and welcome of a society like that from which he came. He has only himself to blame for it. It is better for him to go back to his own kind, or to remain with them, if he thinks of moving. This is the testimony of many fair minded men who have tried the experiment.

The land owner of the South finds that these marked differences in thought and habit will prevent any rapid settlement of this vast territory, until by the pressure of similar conditions of labor, of education, of political experience, all the old lines are obliterated, and a general assimilation takes place. It is certain that it will come, but not speedily.

We refer, in this discussion, to the social aspect of the case only. Much time and money have been wasted here in trying to do what cannot be done. Our people are too poor to waste ammunition. It is better to know the true condition of things. Then we shall become self-reliant and move rightly.

IN REPLY to the assertion that a certain mission had been radically unsuccessful in its treatment of the heathen among whom it had been established.

"It is less than twenty years since "Christianity was first introduced among "these people, and in that time almost nothing has *been even attempted directly for "their civilization*. The civilization of "this nation as the term is commonly understood is not and, never has been, a primary object of the American mission. "To impart a knowledge of the arts and "sciences, to reform the policy of the government, to develop sources of wealth, "although it was confidently hoped and "expected that such inestimable benefits "would result from our labors if successful, was, nevertheless, not the *direct* object for which the missionaries left the "homes of their fathers. It was not for "such objects primarily that the A. B. C. "F. M. was organized and chartered, as "all the world may know from published "documents. In the language of its charter, that Board was established 'for the "purpose of propagating the gospel in "heathen lands by supporting missionaries and diffusing a knowledge of the "holy Scriptures.'

"Of the same import is the first article "in the laws and regulations of the Board: "'The object of the Board is to propagate "the gospel among uncivilized nations "and communities by means of preachers "catechists, schoolmasters and the press.' "From these extracts the immediate ob"ject of the Board's organization, and, of "course, this primary object for which "missionaries were sent out by them, is "manifest. It cannot be mistaken. *It is "to evangelize, not to civilize the heathen*, "although, as we have intimated, the lat"ter was not left out of view, but was ex"pected to follow as a secondary result of "our labors. This single, holy, sublime "object of making known the true God "and the great salvation, not only accords "with the last command of Christ to his "disciples, but is an emanation from it. "Whatever is implied in the words, 'Go "ye into all the world and preach the gos"pel to every creature,' is contained in "the missionary's commission, and nothing more or less. Where this command "is fulfilled, our work is done whether the "people are civilized or not. The salva"tion of the soul is the primary and all-"absorbing object; and every department "of our work, whether it be education, "the press, or secular labors, has been es"timated only as it stands related to the "leading design. . . . Civilization is "not, therefore, the first and great object "to be aimed at in conducting missions "to barbarous nations."

The above quotation we take word for word from the sermon of a man who devoted his life to mission work and died in the harness, and who, while living and dying with unshaken faith in the creed which for him included all truth, was yet rather more than less liberal than his fellows. It was written forty-five years ago, after several years' experience of an undertaking which confessedly required much labor, much self-sacrifice and a complete singleness of purpose, but which was, for several reasons, especially open to and within reach of criticism. In view of these facts, we believe that the testimony, direct and indirect, collected from the fast fading pages of such sermons as this, furnish a valuable landmark in the history of missions.

At the present day most people who think at all on this point have become aware that the methods of science are the methods of philanthropy, that let the creed be what it may, the fundamental facts in any attempt to elevate humanity are the same. Huxley works for the paupers and criminals of London in the name of scientific truth, Livingstone suffers and dies for the African negro, in the name of Christ; but wherever we find either to have been successful, we find that the principles on which they have based their work have been identical. And the more closely we study the work which has been done by such men as these, the more evident it becomes that the two classes, whom we may divide broadly into humanitarians and Christians, have arrived at their present standpoint by processes which, while apparently different, have, in reality, an inherent similarity. That is, the methods of both have been experimental and based upon a close study of human nature; and to deny this is to put the Christian religion and those who believe in it at a disadvantage. Fifty years ago men were declaring, as we see from the sermon before us, that Christianity was not able to overcome barbarism, and the reply of Christians to this, of those Christians at least, who understood practically what they were talking about, was to a certain extent a begging of the question. They said: "Our application of Christianity does not overcome barbarism, for the reason that the overcoming of barbarism *per se*, is not necessary to our scheme of salvation." And when these brave and unselfish men and women failed to reach the goal which they set before themselves, it is hardly to be wondered at that they did not suspect that the cause lay in the narrowness of their own methods. Even now, in the stronger light which we of to-day are able to throw upon their work, the fairest criticism seems in one sense unjust, and indeed is only justifiable, just so far as it is helpful to those who are following in their footsteps.

The work attempted and the work accomplished in this last half century has taught us that men are not Christians until the barbaric element has been taken out of them; that it is impossible to make a man a Christian and leave him a barbarian; that it is idle to talk of civilization and Christianity as distinct forces, the alliance is too close, the inter-dependence too complete. When we talk of separating their influences we become as a house divided against itself, our right hand takes up arms against our left, and the result is directly hurtful to both, as was, we believe, undeniably the case in the instance which forms the text for this article.

In this case, as in many others, noble and resolute men failed to realize that Christianity was greater than Christians, and made the mistake of refusing to acknowledge frankly and openly that certain special and individual methods of applying Christianity had failed. They did not do this, because they did not see that for them, for any of us, to say this, means that we have failed, not Christ. It means that we and our fathers before us, and our children who are to come after us, have not touched and shall not quickly reach the depth and the height of Christ's teaching or of God's methods. It does not mean that Christianity does not include civilization; it does not mean that to civilize is one thing, and to evangelize another, and to Christianize still another.

When we take what we call the Christian religion into a heathen land and in our own fashion attempt to create an active faith in it among a race of degraded, unintelligent, almost inhuman beings, why should we hesitate to acknowledge, at the outset, that our methods like ourselves are fallible, and that success can come only through a series of partially unsuccessful experiments? And is it wise to claim for such attempts any success which is in the least doubtful, to publish statements which show only one side, to draw conclusions which the facts do not completely warrant?

That this has been done and is still being done, is undeniable, and the apparent causes for it lie, first, in the enthusiastic, one-ideal tendency of those who undertake such work, secondly, in their misconception of the nature of the work, and thirdly, in their unfortunate belief that to confess their own mistakes is to attribute inherent weakness to the Christianity which they represent.

There can be little doubt that these are all serious obstacles in the way of honest and lasting mission work. Enthusiasm is a powerful and, in certain aspects, a grand emotion, but it is inevitably spasmodic and self-limited; the dead level of cool and reasonable determination being safer ground to trust to.

Misconception of the nature of the work is usually fatal, for nothing permanent can be built upon a false foundation, as the men have found who have attempted to make savages into Christians by the mere re-iteration of dogmas. But perhaps the greatest obstacle of all, in the past at least, has been an inability to recognize that all mission work is experimental—that each new mission is an experiment whose issue is uncertain because the work is left in the hands of fallible men and women.

The Divine command which sends us forth to the help of our fellows does not in any sense shield us or them from the consequences of our mistakes, and there is no Divine promise which ensures success except as it comes through comprehension of, and obedience to, the law which humanitarians call natural and Christians call divine.

The lesson of all failures, and, indeed, of all successes, in mission work, is that the noblest motives and the purest faith are not in themselves sufficient; that to acknowledge mistakes is merely to acknowledge our own fallibility and in no way touches the righteousness of the cause, and, finally, that it is upon this path, as upon every other, through night to light, the experiments which fail that make possible the experiment which succeeds.

In this spirit, it is not only our right, but our duty, to study and criticize closely the methods of those who have gone before us, and for this reason we believe that a careful comparison of the various missions which have been established in this century may be eminently useful, provided, always, that such comparison is made, on the one hand, without carping, and on the other, without pretense.

THE Hampton Institute in its efforts to provide the best possible teachers for the colored race, has sometimes been taken to task for not giving to its students a higher range of study. To transform most illiterate and imperfect beings into earnest, practical and intelligent men and women, has been thought unworthy of elaborate facilities. Greek and Latin in bot haste should have followed the spelling-book; Law and Theology should have entered minds where English Grammar was not well seated. Undisciplined field hands or town boys without the advantage of having lived in an atmosphere of culture, should have been driven into the lists to disprove race inferiority. Literati should have been produced; as far above their humble relatives in knowledge as they would have been in tastes, aspirations and sympathies.

To such objections we would say, that this Institution will advance its standards as rapidly as preparatory schools shall furnish better material. The graduate of last year has more book-knowledge and a far better general culture than did the graduate six years since. But whatever the advance has been, and however encouraging the prospect, we doubt whether the next fifty years will bring the time when high scholarship will help to make the average colored school a congenial field intellectually. The work has never been one for carpet knights to engage in. The weakness and poverty of the people, and their moral defects, make the conditions of life for the teacher in many ways rugged and uninviting. Keeping our object steadily in view, viz: to do the most for the improvement of the race where it is most needed, we cannot but believe that we are right in not attempting to be more than half a century in advance of the age; and that the development of manliness, the imparting of thorough practical knowledge, rather than extensive and really useless knowledge, and the fostering in our graduates of their sympathies for their less favored kinsfolk, the wisest policy we can adopt.

THE statements of the author of a letter against emmigration to Liberia, which was published in the last number of the "Workman," are, we now believe, not entitled to confidence. Attention is invited to the following facts, supplied by Mr. Wm Coppinger, Secretary of the Colonization Society.

Rev. Abraham Hanson, formerly Minister Resident of the United States to the African Republic, remarked in a public address delivered in Washington city. "I have resided in Liberia about three years. I have made several visits along the coast and up the rivers, going from farm to farm and from house to house, and thus, from verbal statements and personal observations, have acquired a knowledge of the industrious habits and domestic comforts of the citizens. In every direction new plantations have been commenced, and old ones materially enlarged and developed. The condition of the people is encouraging. On every hand I have seen proofs of useful industry. The bamboo hut, the log cabin, and sometimes the farm-house, begin to give way for the commodious stone or brick edifice. Were I a member of the African race, with my knowledge of the tremendous weight that still oppresses them, and of the illimitable field which invites them to Liberia, with its innumerable facilities for comfort, independence and usefulness, I would gather my family around me and embark on board the first vessel bound for that distant shore."

Commodore R. W. Shufeldt, who has twice visited Liberia, in a communication from Monrovia to the Navy Department, says, "I am fully convinced that immigration, with a moderate amount of capital, is all that is now required to place Liberia upon a permanent footing, and insure an increasing prosperity. This young nation, weak by virtue of its birth and inheritance, is essentially an American outpost upon the confines of barbarism, and deserves, on this account, the fostering care of the American people."

Bishop Gilbert Haven, who lately returned from an official examination of the Methodist Episcopal Church mission in Western Africa, concludes an article in the *North American Review* for July-August last, as follows: "What was any English colony in America fifty years after its settlement? In 1670, Massachusetts had hardly penetrated beyond the seaboard. A few towns on the Connecticut had been planted, as they have today on the St. Paul's river, the Connecticut of Liberia, but the country a dozen miles back from the coast was practically a wilderness inhabited

by savages. Equally unsettled were New York and Virginia in 1660 and 1670. The little colonies were dependant entirely on the home government for protection and even for preservation. It took a hundred years more before the address of Mr. Ficklin, of Rockingham, delivered last night, and by his satirical hits brought down the House more than once.

Peter said—"I have a scheme to submit. I don't claim to be a Daniel, but I do claim that when I shall make my scheme known no

and, for that reason, they should know whom, and just how many, to expect. Those who come without giving the proper notice must provide for themselves after coming, as best they can.

There are also two classes in Mental Arithmetic. The school is opened nearly every morning with reading the Scripture, prayer and singing. Occasionally a plain talk is given on such topics as Dew, Frost, Rain, Snow, Electricity, &c. The moral character of every pu-

by savages. Equally unsettled were New York and Virginia in 1660 and 1670. The little colonies were dependent entirely on the home government for protection and even for preservation. It took a hundred years more before they were strong enough to stand alone and to resist Indian and French attacks, and even these were not repelled without the aid of troops from the motherland. Let not, then, Liberia be lightly esteemed if at the end of fifty years she is no farther advanced than Plymouth and Connecticut and Virginia were in the same lapse of time. If she is equal to these, she is superior, for if with her far inferior advantages she has attained an equal condition, she is entitled to the greater honor."

A VIRGIN MARKET.

The annual message of the President of Liberia, sent to the Legislature of that republic December 17, 1877, and printed at the "Government Printing Office, Monrovia," is a well-written document, discussing, among other matters of public concern, the subjects of agriculture and education, the establishment of an Interior Department and a Commissioner of Immigration, and recommends the opening of more ports of entry, changes to increase the collection of the customs, and a compilation and codification of the laws. The message indicates that the country is becoming prosperous and strong, and the citizens are united and happy.

[We shall have more to say on this subject in the next number.]

THE "*Freedman's Friend*" for January, 1878, published by the Friends' Freedman's Association of Philadelphia, is before us. It is full of accounts of the good work being done by that Society, which contributes about ten thousand dollars, yearly, of the relief extended to the needy. Its statements as to the condition of the poor at some points are startling; as for instance:—

As the season advances, the wide-spread and extreme destitution among the masses of the poor is becoming more and more painfully apparent. We are giving out meal to keep the perishing from starvation, and they are thankful for a cake of meal, and eat it dry and alone with gratitude, not asking for butter, or meat. The white citizens are becoming alarmed for the poor among them, and are by committees looking up the distressed, and calling on the benevolent to contribute for their relief money, rations, or clothing.

I will send thee the two last daily papers with some account of the terrible state of things which are being unearthed by investigation.

The following is an extract from the *Danville Daily News* of First mo. 17th:

"There is great suffering now even in this small city for the necessaries, not to say comforts, of life. Friends, citizens, readers, are you aware that here in Danville are human beings actually starving? We were called upon but a few days ago to help in buying something to eat for two white women who were perishing, and but for the timely attention of members of this Association, these women would have died. This is only an instance. There are hundreds of similar ones. Let us help them all we can."

WE begin in this number of the paper, a series of articles on the Rights and Duties of Citizens. It is an important part of the duty of every respectable newspaper to instruct its readers as well as to give them news, and we believe that this department of the Workman will make it of greater interest and value to the class for whom it is especially designed.

WE are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a "New Champion Mower," for the agricultural department of this Institution, the gift of the manufacturers, Messrs. Whiteley, Fassler & Kelley, Springfield, Ohio, through their agents at Baltimore, Messrs. L. H. Lee & Bro., and to return our most sincere thanks for the same. We shall say more about this machine in a future number.

WE would acknowledge the receipt from Hon. John W. Johnston, U. S. Senator from Virginia, of a copy of his speech on the Silver question.

A COLORED ORATOR.

The Richmond correspondent of the Alexandria *Gazette* writes as follows: Peter J. Carter, the colored member from Northampton, spoke against the Barbour bill. Peter is the smartest negro that ever spoke in our legislative halls, and he is the only colored man I have ever known who could make a really witty speech. His sarcasm and hits are admirable, while his illustrations are all decidedly fresh. In his speech to-night Peter ridiculed the address of Mr. Ficklin, of Rockingham, delivered last night, and by his satirical hits brought down the House more than once.

Peter said:—"I have a scheme to submit. I don't claim to be a Daniel, but I do claim that when I shall make my scheme known no gentleman will controvert it." Their necks were stretched and everybody waited eagerly to hear what his schema was. Peter then went on:—"My scheme is to increase taxes high enough to do everything. They all will allow that this is the only practical scheme by which the obligations of Virginia can be met; come right square up and grasp the bull by the horns and increase the taxes." Peter then went on to laugh at the idea that taxes could not be increased, and took the ground that an increase was necessary to keep what we have. Said he: "If I had a son who was not willing to pay one dollar for the saving of the ninety-nine, I would take away all he had and give it to somebody more worthy to have it." He further contended that there was much that could yet be taxed. He was for taxing the luxuries of Virginia—the privilege of selling tobacco. Peter also defended Mr. Coghill, of Amherst, against the charge of inconsistency, and said if that gentleman had changed, "did not the good book say that the wise man changes, but the fool never changes."

Peter also ridiculed Mr. Ficklin for lugging in so much history and poetry in his speech, and said, "why one would suppose that the gentleman has never associated with anybody but historians and poets all his life," and then laughed at the idea of Mr. Ficklin bringing into the debate "King Charles and Cromwell, and the massacre under St. Bartholomew." At the last mentioned hit, Mr. Ficklin turned pale, and though the rest of the house roared, he never smiled again that evening, unless, indeed, it was at the little mechanical figure of Dr. Moffet explaining the register, which figure is in a certain room at the Exchange Hotel.

Mr. Carter received his education at the Hampton Institute, and is the only one of its graduates who has devoted himself to politics. His course has been most commendable.

In the Norfolk *Landmark* we find the following:

Mr. Carter referred to the fact that his constituency (Northampton), which was willing to be taxed for the payment of this debt, never derived any benefits from the works of internal improvement for which it was created, and their representatives in the General Assembly had always voted and protested against the creation of this debt.

TO HAMPTON GRADUATES.

At a meeting of a number of the graduates of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., August 20, 1877, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"As in the providence of God, our *Alma Mater* will have been in successful operation ten years at the close of the present session, and as it is the custom of the graduates of all well established schools and colleges to assemble within the walls of their *Alma Mater*, we think it will be fitting to hold a Re-union in this decennial year, composed of all the graduates, or as many as can make it convenient to be present at that time, for the purpose of forming the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. Therefore,

Resolved, I. That there be a letter published in the *Southern Workman* for March, inviting the graduates of the different classes to attend such a Reunion.

Resolved, II. That the faculty be requested to appoint the time for holding it.

Resolved, III. That the committee of arrangements be composed of a lady and gentleman from each class.

Those present at the Saratoga meeting were David Evans, Geo. J. Davis, L. B. Phillips, R. B. Jackson, W. T. Greenhow, W. L. Coleman, G. W. Lattimore, A. M. Hodges, R. H. Hamilton. N. B. Clark, *Chairman.* O. M. McAdoo, *Secretary.*"

In accordance with the above preamble and resolutions, it has been decided to call the Reunion on the 22d day of May, 1878, which will be the day preceding the Anniversary day.

It is very important that all those who expect to be present on that occasion should so inform the committee, at least one month beforehand, that is, by the 22d day of April. The school buildings being very much crowded, the committee will have to make arrangements outside of the school for the accommodation of many, and, for that reason, they should know whom, and just how many, to expect. Those who come without giving the proper notice must provide for themselves after coming, as best they can.

As the class-rooms are always crowded on Anniversary days, it is recommended that the Alumni visit the classes on Wednesday, and give way on Thursday to those who are here for that day only.

The first business of the meeting will be the organization of the *Alumni Association.* After this, there will be one or two addresses of not more than fifteen minutes each; the remainder of the time will be occupied by three or five minutes speeches from those who may desire to relate any of their experiences as teachers, or make any suggestions as to the best methods of conducting common and primary schools. The meeting will continue about two and a half hours, the rest of the afternoon will be spent in a social way.

We again *urge* the necessity of a speedy response from all whom this call may concern.

Address, R. H. HAMILTON, Chairman of Committee, *Normal School, Hampton, Va.*

Hampton, Va., *Feb.*, 1878.

OUR valued correspondent, M. A. L., writes us: "I shall not be able to prepare a letter for the March number of the WORKMAN, but send instead a letter from Walter J. Lewis, the earnest Principal of the Spartanburg colored High School. Three or four months ago, the account of the beginning of that school was published in the WORKMAN, and you may think the account of its success worthy of insertion."

We are very glad to have the interesting account of its success, and would be much obliged to any of our readers for similar reports from colored schools.

The following is Mr. Lewis's letter:—

SPARTANBURG, S. C., *Dec. 4th*, 1877.

Miss M. A. L., Dear Friend:—

You will find enclosed two clips from the newspapers of our town. I frequently acquaint the public of my work in this way.

The school continues to grow in numbers and in progress. I shall have to begin the painful duty of denying very soon. This being the only opportunity for the farmers and persons living in the country districts, our school will necessarily be very large. We are now having a comfortable school-room fitted up—the basement of a brick church. This will give all desired comfort, and then we aim to enter more fully upon our work even than we have. I greatly admire the good the "Bible Readers" are doing in the school. They are just the hooks needed. My assistant teacher follows the directions given, and makes the exercise interesting.

Our school observed Thanksgiving Day in singing, prayer, reading the Scripture, and an address by myself. The occasion was one of true joy and thanksgiving. It is cheering to know that several of the pupils in our school are Christians.

I now give short talks on Physiology and Hygiene.

I hope to write again soon.

Respectfully, WALTER I. LEWIS.

"THE COLORED SCHOOL OF SPARTANBURG.

"DEAR SPARTAN:—After the many hard efforts to establish a permanent training school for ourselves in this town, we deem it proper to inform our friends and the public generally of the quantity and quality of the work done. By the patrons drawing upon their almost penniless purses, and the timely and benevolent assistance of our white friends, we have assumed that the conditions of the Peabody Educational Fund, if the generosity of friends do not cease, will surely be complied with.

"The school has been in session now nearly five months, and has an enrollment of 106 pupils, giving an average of 80. There are two teachers employed in the school—Walter J. Lewis, principal, and Miss Emma R. Johnson. At first the pupils were poorly supplied with text books, but now nearly every pupil is about sufficiently equipped with necessary books and other articles. A good friend of Philadelphia recently sent a handsome lot of books as a donation to the school. This good lady has assisted the school in other respects, and manifests a continued interest, as do others of those who have assisted in our work. The school is in a progressive condition. The classes in the school are as follows: One class in Davies' Practical Arithmetic; two classes in English Grammar; two classes in Davies' Written Arithmetic; two classes in Intermediate Geography; one class in Primary Geography; one class in Universal History; one class in History of the United States; one class in Third Reader; one class in Second Reader; two classes in First Reader. Nearly all of the school take lessons in writing and spelling. There are also two classes in Mental Arithmetic. The school is opened nearly every morning with reading the Scripture, prayer and singing. Occasionally a plain talk is given on such topics as Dew, Frost, Rain, Snow, Electricity, &c. The moral character of every pupil is looked after, and especial efforts are made to improve in this great essential to human happiness. Owing to the frail condition of the present school-room—the Bureau School-House—the school will be taught in the basement of the Silvar Hill Church, during the winter.

"We give many thanks to those of our white friends who have come to our aid in this the most important of all our interests. And as we shall continue to present ourselves for further assistance, we hope to find all others ready to assist us. Most respectfully,

WALTER J. LEWIS."

"We are pleased to find that the colored graded school is prospering, and sincerely hope that our people will continue their assistance, as we believe it is fully deserved."—"*Spartan.*"

THE painful intelligence has reached us of the death on February 17th, by typhoid fever, after a four week's illness, of Mr. Marmaduke C. Kimber of Germantown, Pa., aged nearly twenty-four years.

The son of one of the valued friends and trustees of Hampton Institute, Mr. Kimber, when just out of college in 1872, gave his services to the school for two years as a volunteer teacher. Since then, he has been professor in a Western college, and after a year of travel in Europe, he took charge of the Friends' Academy in Germantown, which position he held at the time of his death.

He is remembered with sincerest esteem by the officers of the school and teachers who were associated with him at Hampton, and the students who were under his instruction; with deep sympathy for his family so suddenly called to mourn and deep regret for the loss to the world of a young man of such high promise, and talents consecrated to the service of God, and his fellow men.

FOR A MEMORIAL.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

Gone — gone! in his brave youth!
His ear yet musical with prophecy
Of high achievements in the time to be,
For God, and God's great Truth.

Leaving the purple twilight
Of a noble soul that dieth nevermore,
Pure thoughts and deeds that marked his life, before
It grew into the more glorious sky light.

I know that he hath kissed
For the last time, our lips, with lips of earth,
His vanished smile left in our hearts a dearth,
Over our eyes a mist.

I know we grasp the empty spaces,
And feel our hands fall chilled, not finding his:
And no more melody or footfall is
In his old echoing places.

Out of the stricken tent,
Wherein he dwelt by us a little time,
His soul hath passed, out on its march sublime
Because the night is spent.

"He is not here, he hath risen"—
Thus spoke the angels who once watched his Lord;
Christ and his brethren, by the self-same word
Are called to burst their prison.

Ye marble snows, lie deep,
Making one stainless monument o'er all God's dead;
Hide in you the stopped heart, the movsless head—
He doth not tire nor sleep!

But on great missions sent,
He speeds for God—forever unincumbered
Of fleshly clogs whereby our powers are numbered—
In glory excellent!

No darkness cometh near him,
No heaviness of feet, or hands, or eyes;
His hymns, by Heaven's clear air made wondrous, rise
Where God, and angels, hear him.

Nor they alone,—for we,
Lying tearful at that threshold — in the night—
O'er which he passed into the quenchless light,
Catch strains of melody.

And he is near us still—
Time hath no stays for Spirit; Place, no bars—
Set Heaven beyond our dimmest outposters—
He's with us when he will.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN LOG SCHOOL-HOUSES. "NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN."

ing all the men came to the door (those that are engaged by the Mission) to ask for their Merry Christmas, and I gave them ten shillings to buy them a goat, and gave them three bushels of rice to make them a breakfast. The people have been coming in all day asking for Christmas presents, and I have given them all something. Yesterday I gave a feast to the children of the Mission, and to-day I have had a feast for the people of the town. I have had a busy time, but I enjoy it very much. I am very glad to hear that you are all well, and hope you will write me soon.

Your affectionate friend,

[Mr. Wilson is a graduate of the class of 1875, and is now in Africa, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions.]

Mr. Wilson's letter is full of interest, and we wish we had room for it all. We are glad to know that he is so much beloved by the people among whom he is living, and that he is doing so much good. We hope to hear from him often.

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them. The children have been blessed in this vicinity, for when the public school is not going on, their parents employ teachers themselves. Jennie gave me her public school last term (four miles from here) and she taught a private one here. We have no five-months schools here. Our trustees think it best to have school ten

We may expect the next generation of the colored race to take the newspaper,—if the pickaninnies are beginning to study the Eastern question.

It is really something for the little ones to get accustomed to the sight of a newspaper,

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY IN AFRICA. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN LOG SCHOOL-HOUSES. "NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN." IMPROVISED DESKS. HUNGRY FOR NEWSPAPERS. A PICKANINNY ON THE EASTERN QUESTION. SEEING THE SKY THROUGH THE ROOF. FROST IN FLORIDA.

WITH two hundred reporters in the field, all personally interested in finding out the real needs of their race, and personally familiar with many of them, we believe ourselves peculiarly well situated to study the condition of the colored people in the South, and the work that is doing for them. And in publishing so many of these graduates' letters from month to month, we are giving our readers the same opportunity.

Our young missionary to Africa has gone right to work in his new field. The following is the latest letter we have received from him.

MENDI MISSION, AVERT STATION,
WEST AFRICA, *Dec. 24th*, 1877.

Miss H.—My Dear friend:

After a hard day's work, I feel that I cannot sleep till I say a few words to you, though it will be in '78 before you get it. I wrote the General while we were in Freetown, and promised to write him again and send an account of our voyage. But I have been so busy since I got settled that when I was through work I wanted to rest. We were in Freetown nine days, and left there Nov. 29th, and got to the other Station on the 30th. While we were in F. we were treated very kindly by the people, and visited many places of interest. We were known as "the strangers," and everybody seemed to know us wherever they saw us. When we arrived at the Station, we met many of the natives who expressed their joy for having seen us arrive, they said that they heard that we were coming, and had been looking for us for three months. On Sunday, Dec. 2nd, Bro. Snelson preached to them from Prov. iii: 17. And that afternoon we had Sunday-school, and in the evening prayer-meeting, and I know you would have been surprised to have heard those people there pray. They have been shut out of the church there at Good Hope since June, and Mr. Kirk told them that they were not to have any more meetings there and they were very sorry to give up their church. This church was established about twenty-three years ago, and after Mr. Root's death (in June) they closed the Station with the hope of selling it. The committee sent Mr. Smith over here to examine the Mission and to see if the Stations were to be sold or not, and he told them to sell Good Hope. But they left it to us whether we thought it ought to be sold or not, and after we got there we thought best to keep it, and open School as soon as we could. So we opened school two weeks ago today, with forty-three children, and they were coming in all the week, and last Monday a good many new ones came in. Tuesday I had to give up my school at Good Hope and come here to Avery, the other Station (about forty miles), to take charge of the place till the Doctor comes. He was to come the same time I did, but his little girl was so ill that he could not bring her, and he could not leave her, therefore it fell on me to come.

December 25.

I had to give up to sleep last night and will spend a part of this evening in finishing this letter. I got here on the 17th and went around to see some of the people around the place and to look at the place. Mr. Kirk the man who has charge of the place is very sick, and so I could not take a list of the things as I was to do. But Thursday he got better and went around with me some. But now he is very ill.

I must tell you that Sunday was my first time that I had to go into the pulpit to talk to the people. This place has a very nice little church, and the one that has charge has to preach, and that fell to my lot on Sunday, the 23d. So I made up my mind to do whatever falls to me; and I took Eccl. xi: c., 13—"Hear the conclusion of the whole matter, Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." After I had spoken for some time, I had one of the men to turn the words (as they call it) and I talked to those that could not understand English from Isa. lv: 6, and this man told it to them in Mendi. We had meeting to-day, but I worked so hard taking stock this morning that my head ached so badly that I could not hold it; and I got Mr. Davis to hold it. This morning all the men came to the door (those that are engaged by the Mission) to ask for their Merry Christmas, and I gave them ten shillings to buy them a goat, and gave them three bushels of rice to make them a breakfast. This people have been coming in all day asking for Christmas. We have had a good many excursions going by here to-day, the natives going by in their little canoes, with their drums, singing and beating the drums. They seem to enjoy Christmas as well as anybody, and more so than I, for it has not seemed like Christmas once to me.

December 27.

I have to write a little and stop. I have been hard at work trying to get some lumber off to the other station to repair the schoolhouse. And now I shall have to stop to hold prayer-meeting, as this is our meeting night, and the first bell has rung.

I am just out of prayer-meeting and while we were in there, I wished that you and some of the other teachers could have been in and heard them pray in Mendi. The most of the members can speak English, but they pray in Mendi for those who do not understand English.

I have written before of one of the sailors on board the Jasper, George Allen, who was converted a few days after we got to Freetown and came and told me all about it. He is a very nice boy indeed, and he and his brother (Joseph Allen) fell in love with me and I hope my work with them has been blessed. Joseph left the ship in Freetown to come and live with me. I am trying to send him to school and clothe him with what work he can do. His board costs me $10 per month and I will have to find his clothes; he is a very smart boy. I went to ask you if you know of any one that will help me to clothe and school such a boy. His people are a long way from here; they live on the same island that Thomas Reese came from (Jamaica), and I have taken him to take care of and I ask help. The Mission is not like what I thought it would be. I thought that they had a boarding school and the children worked, but not so. Now, if you can find any one that will help me with Joseph, please let me know.

Remember me kindly to all the teachers and scholars, and to any of the old ones to whom you may write.

With a great desire for your prayers, I am
Your boy,
A. E. WHITE.

A happy New Year.

THE Educational Journal of Virginia conducted by Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Supt. of Public Instruction, is sent by the Hampton Institute to eighty of its graduate teachers. Many letters of thanks and appreciation have been received from them. They are thus under the direct counsels of the Head of the School System and work much more intelligently and with increasing confidence in those who employ them.

HALIFAX CO., VA., *Jan. 7th*, 1878.

Dear Sir:—

Your card came duly to hand, many thanks to you for the Educational Journal. I received the Dec. No., like it ever so much. I know it will help me in many ways of teaching as well as in my studies. Well, General, I guess you will be glad to know what we are doing, and how we are getting on with our school. Jennie and I opened school at White Oak Grove church Sept. 10th, with forty pupils; it has been increasing ever since. We have on roll at present one hundred and thirty with an average daily attendance of ninety-two.

We have just finished up the fourth month and have six more before our school will close. I must tell you something about the Christmas tree and exhibition that we had Christmas eve. We had the school-room all trimmed up with cedar, pictures &c. The house was crowded. There were a great many of our white friends present. They were perfectly delighted with the way the children went through with their exercises. And especially a piece called "Education our Own Work," by one of the boys, and another (recited) by one of the girls, and various other pieces, such as "The Boy stood on the burning deck," "Horatius at the Bridge." We also had some very good temperance dialogues. One of the trustees made quite a long speech about the good order, and highly approved the way we are training the children under our charge; he calls our school his pet school. There were some of the teachers present too, I have had a conversation with one of them since, about our school; he said he was highly entertained indeed. Both white and colored are wide awake here about the schools. We have pupils coming five and six miles (daily), and you would be astonished to see them in the school-room after such a walk. They seem as fresh and bright as they can be, and as a general thing are first in their places. We have two boys that could enter the Middle Class at Hampton, and seven others, three boys and four girls, that could enter the Junior Class. But their great misfortune is that their parents are not able to send them. The children have been blessed in this vicinity, for when the public school is not going on, their parents employ teachers, themselves. Jennie gave me her public school last term (four miles from here) and she taught a private one here. We have no five-months schools here. Our trustees think it best to have school ten months in a place and change the next into other parts of the district, as they are not able to carry them all on at once."

We always feel proud to get the Southern Workman, for it is in and through that that we can hear from Hampton and many of our co-workers. We look for the letters from Hampton graduates the first thing. I see in the last number, letters from teachers complaining of low wages and hard times. But I am happy to say that we have no right to complain. I get $35 a month for ten months. Our Sunday-school too is very interesting. We have on roll one hundred and ninety pupils. Both old and young attend it. We try to make it as interesting as possible, and to encourage the children, we hold a Sabbath-school district mass-meeting every fifth Sunday.

Jennie joins me in love to you and all the rest of our kind teachers.

We are, as ever, yours,
J. AND J. D——.

MD., *Jan. 6th*, 1878.

Dear General:

Your postal came duly, and you don't know how much I was pleased. I did not really feel as though I had merited the favor that you have bestowed upon me, the Journal or any such compliment from you. You also very kindly sent me a large collection of papers and books. I feel so grateful to you for them all. I had felt as though I was so far behind the times, but now I feel as though I am catching up through your kind efforts.

I have on my roll now nineteen pupils and it is said by the people that I shall have more now the holidays are over. The children have been to work in the fields all the fall, husking corn. My children are all Roman Catholics, and they have an idea that it makes little or no difference about their education. I have a few Protestants, but they are in proportion to the Catholics six to eleven. I find them more ignorant than most children of their ages.

I have no desks or blackboards and I have had one blackboard made in Baltimore and I am to see it to-morrow. There are some broken benches in the room and I mean to have tall legs put under them for desks. The poor children have never had any and have been accustomed to kneeling on the floor and resting their slates and books on the seats to write. I have engaged a man to do it for me next week.

They are very wild but I think they are beginning to understand a little what I should like to have them do. If I can succeed in teaching the children anything I shall feel amply repaid.

I have glanced over the Journal, it came yesterday, and I have found a lot of new ideas already.

Your very grateful friend,
N.

——, VA., *Jan. 5th*, 1878.

Dear Sir:

Yesterday I received your card requesting me to inform you whether or not I got the Educational Journal which you have ordered for me. On the 25th of Dec. I received the Journal; but did not know who had been so kind as to send me such a valuable book. Last Saturday I got another number of the Journal. I found both of them to be full of matter that will be useful in the school-room. You could not have done me a greater favor than you did by sending me the organ of education in Virginia. And in return for the kindness shown me, I shall make the *best* use of it, by reading and digesting the contents of each number. Since I've been here it has seemed as though I were in some distant place where newspapers come only once a year. I couldn't tell what was going on in the world. The first papers I got from Hampton added little to my knowledge for I had read nearly every one of them. But the ones you sent me last week poured floods of information upon my mind. Since reading them, I have felt ten per cent. better. Within the last month and a half, I have had such sore afflictions that I have sometimes almost given up the idea of finishing my course at Hampton. But I've shaken off that feeling now, and for my motto have taken that of Kossuth's.

"There is nothing difficult for him who wills."

I am getting on better than I thought I should with my school. I have thirty-three pupils on roll. The children seem to have been very well taught by the teacher who was here before I came. When I go to my school-house, and go through the exercise of the day; and as I look at my scholars, I think that upon them and me, and the rising generation, hangs the destiny of our people. Indeed the children in the school-room present a glorious future for us. But to come to this very same school-house when the people's meetings are being held; and witness the same children that I have in school and try to civilize, jumping and uttering yells as though they had never seen a school-room, gives one a good idea of what their destiny will be if this state of things lasts for many years.

Yours as ever,
D.

We may expect the next generation of the colored race to take the newspaper,—if the pickaninnies are beginning to study the Eastern question.

It is really something for the little ones to get accustomed to the sight of a newspaper, or a magazine. It is not only our graduates who are benefitted—the seed sown multiplies.

THE "Moral Maxims" referred to in this letter is a collection of wise sayings, admirably adapted to common schools by Mr. C. C. Beldwin of Rockbridge Co., Va. The book is urged upon our teachers as adapted to their work.

KING WM. C. H. VA., *Jan. 22d*, 1878.

Miss H.—Dear friend:

The papers which you sent me, and for which you have my heartiest thanks, I considered were not for me exclusively, but were for whatever good use I could put them to, so I read them to the pupils of my school, with some explanation on the various subjects, and lent some of them to be read to their parents. One little fellow did not understand about the Eastern War, and came running up to me after school, exclaiming, "Lor! Mr. W., I thought the war was done ended." I soon set him right on that score.

I think the contents of "Moral Maxims" invaluable, and I have been wanting to use it in the school, but my roll has been increasing so much here lately that I thought I would wait till the school was about all together, then I propose to take one "maxim" at a time and make a few remarks on it, explaining it the best I can. I should like for the scholars to subscribe and buy a number of them, but they are mostly too poor to buy their school books.

I was very much surprised one day last week, while at school, to see Rebecca Wright drive up to the door, on her way to Benlahville. I instructed her how to find Dr. Lewis, and then how to reach Benlahville, etc.

She got the school up there, and I suppose she has commenced teaching. I hear that Mary Christian is doing well, though I have not seen her yet. Sparke and Dungey are both doing very well. I was at Sparks's school a few days ago. He has a nice little school-house, warm and comfortable, and had about sixty pupils.

I hope to hear from you again soon, and will be more prompt in writing in the future.

Yours Respectfully,
W.

THE following letter is from a young girl who has not gone through the Middle class at Hampton, but is showing much energy and tact, and doing good work as teacher in one of the rough places of tha far South.

FLORIDA, *Feb. 5th*, 1878.

Dear Mrs. ——:

Learning that you had written Miss S. concerning the conditions and tha way the colored people in St. Augustine and throughout the State lived, I thought perhaps it might interest you to know the situation of tha colored people out here. I will first say, I am a colored girl; my native home is in St. Augustine. I was raised by kind Northern friends. I am teaching school on the St. John's River, about thirty or forty miles from St. Augustine. In giving my descriptions I will first describe my school-house. It is made entirely of logs, with the exception of the door and windows which were given by Miss M. The skies may be seen in any part of the room. The cracks in the floor are large enough to put your hands through. When it rains it leaks in like water dropping from the trees. There is no fire-place, nor was there any way for keeping warm until the past week, a young man got me a little stove. But the house is so open this does hut little towards heating it up. We have had some cold days, and the only way I had to keep my scholars warm was to build two large fires and have the poor little children sit around them (out of doors). I rubbed their little cold hands and bare feet, and oh! how it made my heart ache to see the tears stand in their eyes when I asked them why they didn't put on shoes and warmer clothes? and the reply would be "I have on all the clothes I got, and I ain't got no shoes." Sometimes when I have on all I can to keep warm, most of my girls have only two garments on, the boys nothing but pants and shirt. Some of my pupils have to come between two and three miles and then cross a creek. I have a sewing school for my girls once a week. I read to them and teach them things to sing while they are sewing. They are to keep what they make. I have been teaching three and a-half months. The age of my scholars are from three and a-half years to the age of twenty-four years. I have enrolled thirty scholars, most of them very good, all anxious to learn. The people are very, very poor, and have real hard times in getting clothing and keeping from starving. They live in log huts, some of which leak and are in a dreadful condition. I don't know how to describe some of them. There are a few white settlers here; some of them when the folks work for them won't pay; this makes it real hard, as tha work they get from them is mostly their entire support. I shall be here about two months and a-half; if I have neglected telling you anything you would like to know, please write me and I shall be happy to give you any information I can that is in my power.

Respectfully yours,
O.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

The Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, was a gift to this country from James Smithson, one of the first scientific men of his time in England, and a son of the first Duke of Northumberland. "The man of science" he

Washington a scientific centre; it has encouraged research into every branch of knowledge, and it has advanced every science; it has 2300 foreign exchanges, and 1100 libraries in the United States receive its publications; it has published 21 quarto volumes of "Contributions to Knowledge," 12 octavo volumes of

seat chair near Rev. Dr. Hyde and his wife and Mr. Bingham. Joseph sat on a platform and conducted the services. He read Scripture, prayed and gave out the hymns. All sang; many talked and prayed. Mr. Bingham and Mr. Hyde offered remarks.

Having been asked to do so, I ventured to

close by. The skill and dexterity with which they would scoop ont with their fingers pot from a bowl into the one nearly emptied on the table, was marvelous. A waiter came close to the table with a bowl full and, seemingly, in a second of time, he tossed its contents into the empty bowl, a distance of some

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

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A circular letter was sent to many distinguished men, asking how to increase and diffuse knowledge. "Establish a National University" I said most. "A library," said some; "A museum," "Popular lectures," "Tracts for the million," said others. An act of Congress directed the formation of a library, a museum, a gallery of art, lectures, and a building on a liberal scale to accommodate these objects; one clause also gave the Regents the power, after Washington a scientific centre; it has encouraged research into every branch of knowledge, and it has advanced every science; it has 2300 foreign exchanges, and 1100 libraries in the United States receive its publications; it has published 21 quarto volumes of "Contributions to Knowledge," 12 octavo volumes of "Miscellaneous Collections," 30 octavo volumes of "Annual Reports." It has increased its fund to $650,000, and principally by exchanges has a library of over 70,000 volumes. These exchanges pass post free throughout the world. By its exchanges it has received 30,000 specimens of plants. These are kept in its Department of Agriculture. It has pictures, rare plaster cast copies of the principal statues of Ancient Greek Art, the finest in the world. It has recently received a portfolio of cabinet-sized photographs of the races inhabiting the Russian possessions in Central Asia, sent by the Governor-general of Turkestan to assist American scientific students to solve the question of the possible relationship between the Mongols and the native Indians of America.

The success of the Smithsonian Institute has proved to the world that the broad plan of its generous founder, James Smithson, and its distinguished director, Professor Henry, is the highest and best plan by which to increase and diffuse knowledge.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

these objects were provided for, to use the remainder of the income in any way they might think fit to carry out the design of the giver.

In accordance with this act—passed in 1846, the beautiful building represented in our picture was erected in the midst of a park filled with ornamental trees and flowers. The main building is 205 x 57 feet. There are nine towers. In the center and west wing is the National Museum which, like the park, is free to the public.

Very fortunately for the interests of the Institute and of the world, the first Director chosen for it was Professor Joseph Henry, then professor of Natural Philosophy in Princeton College, a man of profound scientific knowledge, and noted then for having made several valuable discoveries in electro magnetism. In 1831 he had shown by experiments that sounds could be transmitted through a wire by means of an electro magnet, using a wire a mile in length.

He has ever since continued to be at the head of the Smithsonian Institute, and by the breadth of his views, and energy of his management for thirty years, has made it what it is, the medium of scientific communication for all the world. "Every civilized government, says Professor Henry, has its museum, which it supports with a liberality commensurate with its intelligence and ability, but there is but one Smithsonian Institute. It does not offer the results of its operations to the physical eye, but presents them to the mind in the form of new discoveries derived from new investigations and an extended exchange of new ideas with all parts of the world." It is known wherever civilization exists; it makes

HAWAIIAN LETTER.

Extract from a private correspondence.

New Year's Festival in the Land of Cocoanuts—Theological Students—Happy Sandwich Islanders.

On New Year's day, there was a great pic-nic in the Palace Grounds. Everybody was invited. The evening previous I was invited to take my first dinner in the new year at the table of the Theological Students, at 12 o'clock. So the early morn found me busy with various duties, giving chickens a New Year's breakfast, &c., &c. They came in a flock as usual, to meet me at the door, and followed me to the house. Instead of entering their usual dining-room, they scrambled about in the greedy chicken style, each seeming eager to get a full share as it was scattered on the ground in front of their house. A few stilted-legged turkeys simply gathered what they could get. I have sometimes thought of the eagerness of men for money, and politicians for favor, when the chickens seemed so greedy to gobble up all they could get, regardless of all right or decorum.

Then a loaf of cake was made ready, which *Ah-Kam* baked nicely, and decorated with flowers, and the Celestial carried it over to the Theological table. At 11 o'clock, A. M., a student came to ask me to go over at that time, as they would have a prayer-meeting before dinner. I walked over, fearing that salutes from the heavy guns on *Punch Bowl* might disturb even my old horse's quiet nerves; was received by a Theologue and seated on a cane-seat chair near Rev. Dr. Hyde and his wife and Mr. Bingham. Joseph sat on a platform and conducted the services. He read Scripture, prayed and gave out the hymns. All sang; many talked and prayed. Mr. Bingham and Mr. Hyde offered remarks.

Having been asked to do so, I ventured to speak a few words of cheer to the students. These students have of late been stimulated to new efforts, and however obtuse the material, we will hope that some polishing of the rough stones will be accomplished.

While the long table was receiving its viands, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde and myself called at the several rooms. The house is large, having been built of adobes many years ago by a well-to-do native. It was purchased by Dr. Judd, and by him presented to the A. B. C. F. M. for a Theological Seminary. It is one story, entirely surrounded by a deep verandah, which has protected the walls. The rooms are large, and several have been added for a hospital. The students' rooms have high-post bedsteads in them, mosquito nettings, tables, and some have bureaus. Floors were covered with China mattings, rushes or mats made from the leaves of the screw pine. Timothy, a namesake of the Apostle, had papered his room with his own hands. Several pictures were hung in plain frames—one was set in a broken mirror.

Miss. L——'s trunk, which was so roughly treated on her journey here, and ignored by her, was nicely mended and stood near a partition, seeming to say, "Look at me, as I stand a useful ornament in this school for prophets!"

The rooms were decently whitewashed and all looked comfortable. The rooms were minus chairs, they having been placed by the long table. The large grounds were clean and covered with a bright sprend of grass, which is cut with a knife, hatchet, or spade, when sufficiently long, and sold for horse feed. Some of the algeroba trees had been felled by the strong wind, which will furnish wood for the students, that, if bought, would cost fifteen or twenty dollars per cord.

We were called to the feast, which was spread on a long table extended through two rooms, with forty plates (hired from a crockery store) set in a long row on each side. The tables from students' rooms joined together made one long one, covered with clean white cotton cloth. Mr. Hyde sat at one end, his wife on his right and I on his left. Pork *kaluaed* (baked in the ground) was cut in pieces of three or four pounds perhaps and put on plates not far apart, also chicken and beef, with sweet and Irish potatoes. Bread and butter and *poi* were abundant. The plates were soup-plates; one native said, "Where is the soup?" There were pitchers of water, coffee in coffee-pots.

Timothy, Joseph, and several others were waiters; not tha Joseph who wore a coat of many colors, but *Kanaka* Joseph. A few of their near friends were invited. There were numerous bowls of *poi* which were often replenished from a barrel of *poi* which stood close by. The skill and dexterity with which they would scoop out with their fingers *poi* from a bowl into the one nearly emptied on the table, was marvelous. A waiter came close to the table with a bowl full and, seemingly, in a second of time, he tossed its contents into the empty bowl, a distance of some three feet, and never missed his aim. Time and time again we would see a stream of *poi* and it was gone. Fingers and tongues were all active. Knives were not plenty, but fingers did better execution. Mr. H. managed with a dull knife to demolish a chicken, and with another succeeded in carving some pork. Everything looked clean and all were jolly and bright. Waiters were active and at the proper time they came along with clean baskets filled with cake or bread and laid some by the side of each plate. Then fine oranges were passed around. On my left sat a student and his lady love—a spruce looking young man, as neatly dressed as could be. He has worked the last four years in a tailor's shop. Now he goes to the school of prophets mornings, and works in the shop afternoons. The girl is a member of Miss Bingham's school, was nicely dressed, with ruffles, &c., but not profuse in ornaments. They were quite a nice looking couple, and ere long they hope to go as missionaries to the Gilbert islands. We talked pleasantly and chaffed him about his name, *Hookano* (pride). Another student's affianced was there. Both were well and neatly dressed, and, with others, played croquet—a game in which native art expert. The King plays it quite well, I believe.

Dinner over, and with the parting salutation "*Aloha*," we left a happy company, having enjoyed the time with them exceedingly.

MISSIONARIES TO AFRICA.

"Nashville, February 18.—One of the most important events in the history of the Fisk University occurred to-night in the departure of four of its students as missionaries to Sherbro Island, off the coast of Africa. They were called ten days ago by the American Missionary Association. Albert P. Miller and Andrew E. Jackson, members of the Congregationalist Church, were ordained before a large assemblage of students yesterday afternoon. This morning Miller was married at the University chapel to Miss Ada J. Roberts, and Jackson to Miss Ella M. Hilldridge. A farewell meeting was held at St. John's Church this afternoon, in which the clergy of the city participated. The party left to-night for New York; they sail for Africa next Saturday."

The call of the Association was sent also to Hampton, and two of its best young men promptly offered themselves to the work to which they have long been anxious to devote themselves. As Hampton already had a missionary in the field, and Fisk also offered candidates, the Association thought best to give the latter its turn. We wish the young missionaries God-speed.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

The letters written every year by the students of Hampton to the patrons of the school in return for the generous aid which makes its educational advantages free, are

home I stayed there four years at the end of that time mother was taken sick so I had to leave and go home for she had no one to help her but me, I stayed at home until she got better and then I went to live with another family I stayed three twelve months. During that

correctly. I entered school for the first time in my life the year 1862. It was taught by a colored lady.

I remain at this school in all about 7 or 8 months. I did not go to school again after that, till the year 1864 when I entered a

had two small children with her to feed and clothe. My oldest sister was sold when the property was divided up among the children. As she made an odd one they sold her and divided the money. Your obliged friend, S.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

THE letters written every year by the students of Hampton to the patrons of the school in return for the generous aid which makes this educational advantages free, are known by them as Scholarship letters. There has been a general improvement in the character of these letters, which is especially marked this year, showing a good use of the privileges of the school, and also some advance in the standard of preparation before entering. In connection with the letters of the graduate teachers they furnish a fair record of each step of the students' progress, and as such, we believe, will interest our readers. We print them in the natural order, from Preparatory to Senior class. The Senior's letter is not strictly a Scholarship letter, but of the same character.

A LETTER published in the last number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, signed "H.," and giving an account of the hardships of a student who was raised in the vicinity of Newbern, Va., has been identified by a gentleman of that town, Mr. W. W. Waysop, Superintendent of County schools, well known to us as a gentleman of the highest standing and as an earnest advocate of and worker for the education of all classes, and been flatly contradicted by him as to its assertione of cruel or harsh treatment. His statements are based on his personal knowledge of the circumstances of the case. He declaree that the young man whose experience of slavery ended with hie eighth year was in every reasonable way provided for, and that he had received the advantages of the public free schools of Newbern every winter but one since their establishment.

We are glad to throw the light of truth on any misstatement that may appear in these columne. No good to any cnuee comee from injury to the fair fame of good and true men and women.

HAMPTON, VA., *Jan.* 12*th*, 1878.

Mrs. ——, *Dear Friend:*

I was requested to write the history of my life and I shall endeavor to do my best. I was born in Norfolk Co., Virginia, in the year 1858, Oct. 16. My mother and father were both slaves, mother and brother and myself were sold away from father when I was quite small and I don't remember anything about him a long time after mother was sold I remember the gentleman who bought her hired her out to another family twelve miles from me and I couldn't see her any more. The people I belong to were cruel to me but I was there until the colored people were freed then they all left and took me with them to ——— and I stayed there two months, during that time I suffered especially from hunger. I have been a whole day at a time without a mouthful of food.

Mother heard of my being there so she sent for me; she was living twenty-five miles from me. On my way I walked part of the way and rodo part of the way on the train. I walked so much that I became founded in my feet and who obliged to stop on my way until I got better I reached home after a while, mother was very glad to see me but I didn't recognize her at all I had been away so long that I had forgotten her. Well we stayed there awhile mother worked out hy the month and I stayed home and took care of the house at the same time she learned me how to work which I am thankful for to-day. After a while mother took a notion to come back to be with her relations, she found some of them and some of them she has never heard from. We lived a while with my aunt until we could get a house then the rent was pretty high and everything else for that matter for shortly after the war everything was dear. All this time I never had a chance to go to school for I had to work hard to help mother pay house rent and buy clothes and other things as far as we were able. I used to watch the children every day as they went to school and wish that I could go, mother learned me my alphabet and from that I learned to read but that was not all I wanted to know. So I asked the lady that I lived with if she wouldn't give me a lesson every night after I was through with my work and she said she would I was so glad I almost shouted with joy for then I thought I would learn something, I didn't have much time to study so I used to take my book and fasten it on my wash tub and got my lessons that way and often when I was cooking around the stove I would peep now and then in my book. But after a time she got tired of hearing my lessons and said she had something else to do but by this time I had learned to make my letters so I was thankful to her for that. After a while mother moved in the country about three miles from the city for she thought we could get along better than in the city, for we wouldn't have any wood to buy and not so much house rent to pay, and there was a small piece of land, too. We got along very well from the first I lived out by the month to cook wash and iron for the family who owned the house we lived in. Mother went to market and sometimes worked out by the day I had a good home I stayed there four years at the end of that time mother was taken sick so I had to leave and go home for she had no one to help her but me, I stayed at home until she got better and then I went to live with another family I stayed there twelve months. During that time there was a nice school house built in that county for the colored children, here I thought was another chance for me to learn something though I wouldn't dare to speak of it for I thought I was too large to go to school. My brother went every day they had a splendid teacher one of the Hampton siugers Mr Joseph B. Towe, brother thought so much of him that he insisted on mother letting me go just one term. Which was right months for he thought I would learn a good deal even in that time. But mother said she was not able to send us both but early in the fall of 1876 Mr. Towe the teacher was going around collecting the children to come to school and he came to our house and asked mother to try and send me a while but she said I couldn't go the term out. so I started the middle of Oct. and went until Christmas hard work too it was for I had to do all the work at home just the same as if I didn't go at all. Well after Christmas mother said I couldn't go any longer for I need clothes and she wasn't able to buy them herself so I would have have to go to work. This was a hitter pill for me for I was getting on so well in school I hated to stop, for by this time I had learned to write with pen and ink something I thought I never would learn. So I begged mother to let me go until the spring that I would try and make out with what clothes I had then, she said I might go till then. During that time Mr Towe ask me if I wouldn't like to come to the Hampton Normal School the next term I told him I would like very much to come but it would be impossible for mother wasn't able to pay the money that it would cost to come here and not only that I didn't think I knew enough to enter any class here but he said mother wouldn't have all the money to pay that some kind person at the north paid half of it and that would leave only half for mother to pay I was very glad to hear that. So I told mother about it but she said I couldn't go anyway for we wasn't able but I didn't think of it at all I went to work as soon as school was out to cook wash and iron hard work too in summer but I didn't care I thought there was a chance for me to get an education if I worked hard for it. Late in the fall Mr. Towe came to see if mother would let me go she said yes I could go but she thought I would have to come back home on the account of my money but said she would do the best she could, so I got ready and came in Oct. entered the Preparatory Class where I am trying to do my best to make the junior class next term I have to work a day out of school to help pay for my board and I am thankful to you for for your kindness in helping me to get an education. I also feel thankful to my mother and teacher for their kindness in sending me here. My chief desire is to get an education that I may be a help to my race. I am now in the first section of preparatory with about sixteen members and we are studying in long division

respectfully, G.

THE writer of the following letter is a girl whose crippled back has not proved a misfortune sufficient to daunt her purpose to get a home and an education. Has Anglo-Saxon grit any better quality than is shown in the following record?

HAMPTON, VA., 1878.

My dear friend: I was born a slave in 1853. At the death of our owner, my mother was to have been hired out, till the youngest of the white children should become of age, Then we were to be divided.

My mother had five children but they were all hired out except one, that died, and we two small ones I was helpless and had to walk on crutches at that time, so one hundred dollars was allowed my young master every year from the estate, for him to allow me to remain with my mother.

He drew mother and two of her children when he became of age. But before he was of age, mother was allowed to hire herself, by getting some one to stand for her or hire her.

In Jan. 1858 mother got an old white lady to stand for her. I had got right well by this time and was able to go any where I had a mind to. She felt attached to me from the very first, and seeing I had a great desire for learning offered to teach me.

So I offered, after I had got instated in her estimation, to pick up chips for her, and in the Summer I used to help her cut asparagus, She was much pleased with my offer. And I used to go to her room every day to get my lessons. She loaned me a book but could not allow me to take it to my mother's room. She said it might give my little Brothers a desire for learning which would have been a very dangerous thing in those days, as colored people were not allowed to learn. She said she wanted to learn me enough so that I could read the Bible, which she said would be a great comfort to me.

After I could spell and read a little, my teacher gave me up, then my Father bought me a little New York primer, that is, he got a white youngster to buy it for him.

And I studied my little Primer without any assistance till I could recite every lesson in it correctly. I entered school for the first time in my life the year 1863. It was taught by a colored lady.

I remain at this school in all about 7 or 8 months. I did not go to school again after that, till the year 1864 when I entered a school taught in the old court house.

But before I got a chance to do much at this school, my Father moved in the country and I had to leave school again. I was too sickly to board, so I was away from school about five years.

But I was not idle during this time. There were a good many Familys in the Neighborhood where we lived, and I opened a private school and taught for ten cents per week for each scholar. I opened a Sunday School also, which was largely attended every sundsy.

The year 1870 I started to school again, it was taught at 10 cts. per week, by the same lady I had been teaching for, so I boarded in Hampton with an aunt of mine that was living near this school and attended this school till the year 1872.

After the death of my Father which took place Dec. the 7th 1872, I had to stop going to school again, we were in very reduced circumstances at this time so my mother sent for my Brother who was in Boston and the following year he tried to farm as my Father had done.

I presumed my little school again but as it paid such a little I found I had to do better than that, so the Superintendent (Co. Supt. of schools) about this time seeing my desire to help myself gave me a job, as teacher of a Public School, known as the Public School No. 3. The first term he gave me $15.00 a moath, for thirty scholars and as my school increased so fast and we did so well, the next term he gave me $20.00 per month.

I thought I would soon be able to get to school again if I could keep on in this way, But I wanted a homestead. I had never had one in all of my life. So I bought two acres of land in the country for $61.00, but we had to wait so long for our money, before I could buy any more it went up from $30.00 to $50.00 per acre. So I sold the two acres in the country and engaged a lot in the town for $125.00.

Then we engaged $128.00 worth of lumber, and had a house put up. I only got $55.00 for the two acres I sold. I sold it to pay for my lot, to the gentleman I engaged the lot from.

I was keeping a little shop during the time I was teaching. I started keeping store, by getting twenty-five cts worth of soap, and I sold it very redily, then I drew an order for some money and paid off some of my debts, and took the rest and got me in some few things and put them in my mother's shed room, and with two barrels and a plank for my counter, I commenced keeping store. I borrowed a pair of scales and mother used to attend to my shop till I let out school.

Saturdays were my main selling days. When I used to trust out any of my groceries, those I trusted would have to pay up in a week's time as I would have to get in all the cash I could to replenish my shop for Saturdays.

Sometimes I used to have to replenish my shop two or three times a week. In this way I kept from drawing my money, so I could get it in a larger sum.

So when I had to move from where we were living, I drew all the money I could and nearly paid off all of our hill. I had to make up store keeping So I got a job as agent for the "Bible Looking Glass," for a company in Philadelphia. After I had paid for my homestead, all to a little, we moved in Town.

And I would have finished paying for my home long ago, but I went on an excursion Sept. the 1st 1876, and as I did not get back in time to attend an examination that was held for all of the teachers, I lost my school, and having spent all my money I was quite destitute again.

So I took in some sewing and I got some work from a Taylor I worked on in this way for some time and as I had nothing to do at the present

I entered the Normal School, Oct. the 1st 1877. It had been my desire for a long time, so I had been disappointed so many times in trying to enter the Normal School. I was much pleased on being received with so much kindness.

And if I am allowed to remain till I finish I hope to graduate with honor. My chance as you see has always been very limited, my means also, but I had a persevering mind and although my homestead and other debts dreamed me dry, I am in good hopes of making more money, and a home for myself too.

My Homestead building and all included, except the interest, was $313.00 and I managed to pay up all of that hill, to $60.00 before I lost my school. And this would have been paid but the interest enlargens it every year. But I have cut it down with interest and all to about $30.00. As my health is so poor I am going to get a good education and make my living by my head.

I forgot to tell you that mother when she used to hire herself used to pay $15.00 a year. The reason Mother's hire was so cheap, she had two small children with her to feed and clothe. My oldest sister was sold when the property was divided up among the children. As she made an odd one they sold her and divided the money. Your obliged friend, S.

HAMPTON, VA.

Dear Friend:

I am pleased to have you know my past life, and future ideas. I was born in Virginia in 1858.

I will give you an account of my first steps towards an education; I was eight years old when I took the first book into my hands to begin life's work: the first instruction was given me by my Father who was a slave and by his own perseverance had gotten a little knowledge of books; he always said to me "Boy whatever you do, try to get an education." Those words were never forgotten, I took perseverance and tried, and found that where there is a will there is a way. My second instruction was from a respectable Gentleman of Virginia, who would take me into his residence and between him and his wife taught me to read very well; and as I grew larger I was forgotten for a while as I had to work.

My father still lived, and is living now with the same Gentleman he lived with before the emancipation: he always urged me to go to school. I went to a primary school near home, two terms of five months each; nearly a year, and about two years before the question of public schools arose. When the public schools were opened I had the opportunity of going two years, at the end of which I commenced to teach school, which was in the year 1874 in the cold season of winter, too cold for boys of my size to do much at farm work; so my Father asked me could I teach my brothers and sisters (five in number) I told him I would try, so asking the same gentleman for a small building about one mile distant, which he had built for the benefit of schools, the Gentleman agreeing I entered the School Room with my brothers and sisters, and commenced the work which I soon liked very well, during a week or two I had five other scholars, and during a month's time I had five more making altogether fifteen, and a tuition fee of fifty cents each. I taught two months as private school during which time I had a visit by the Co. Superintendent of schools, who examined my scholars and was so much pleased with their progress in studying, that he gave me a public school, and a tuition fee of Twelve dollars per month; my number increased very fast and it was my delight to teach them.

I taught school again the following year, and had a very large attendance and got on much better this time than I did the first. I taught school a third time in the year 1876 during which time I found by experience that I had improved in teaching and also learned a great deal myself.

During the time I was engaged in this work, I was very careful with my funds, thinking that I would need it some day; that day did come; it was the day I entered the Hampton Normal School. I had made two attempts before this to come to the Normal school but failed. I can hardly express how well pleased I am with this School, it rules and regulations and its teachers also, and I am happy to say that I have found just such a place as I was looking for.

If the attention of our minds, especially, when we are young, can be brought to take an interest in studying, a point of very great importance is gained, the human mind is of such a nature, that it must be of necessity occupied in the pursuits of some object; if it has no taste for those objects which tend to elevate man, it will seek its pleasures in those which tend to degrade and brutalize.

I will ever try to accomplish an education, and hope when I leave this school, to go out and instruct those who are in the dark, and not enlightened. Having learned that you are assisting and aiding this valuable school, I venture to assure you that I shall strive to do all I can, sincerely thanking you for your kindness.

Yours truly, M.

THE following letter from an undergraduate to a kind friend of the school, who permits its publication, is given as an indication of the spirit which we believe animates most of those who pass through their three years' course.

HAMPTON, *Nov.* 10, 1877.

Miss J.—My dear friend:

I cannot refrain from writing to you when I come to think of all the favors I have received through you when I had no claim upon you and no reason in myself why you should so favor me. Surely the Lord has blessed me since I have been connected with this school with unnumbered blessings. When I first came to this school, I did not have any idea how I should get along, but I came depending on the promises of Jesus. Because I believed I was undertaking something that was not going to be good to myself alone but that in coming here I would be fitting myself to help others. Since I have been here I have studied hard, tried to improve myself, and succeeded in being promoted from the different classes till now I have reached the Senior class. But to-day I would not have been a member of that class if it had not been for the kindness of such friends as you.

Though the time is coming that I must

leave this dear school and many of my friends | is not only the spice of life; it is the necessity, | THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZENS. | zens are equal before the law; their rights and duties are the same, but it is the colored man's

leave this dear school end many of my friends and schoolmates I shall never forget their kindness and the kindness of those that help to carry on the school. I thenk yon especiel- ly for your goodness toword me and for those nice papers and other presents.

After school closed last summer, I went to Old Point to work during the summer because it was near the school and saved the expense of travelling. I got on very well there and my employers seemed to be very well pleased with me. I had a very nica time but I was glad when it was time to return to school, and conid see my teachers and schoolmates. The scholars came in very fest and the school is larger this year than it has ever been. Perhaps Miss H—— told you that e gen- tleman in Boston has been paying for me these two years what I was not able to work ont. If it had not been for that I should have been obliged to stay out and work last term, as my mother (who is a widow) is not able thess hard times to meet my monthly bills. I am so thenkful that I was able this summer to make money enongh to clothe myself, so that I do not have any cause to be anxiona about money matters this term. Don't you think I should be grateful?

I do not wish to weary you with my mneh writing, because if I write thres times as much as I have written, I could not expresa my gratitnde.

From a grateful scholar.

At Home.

GOOD FIFTEEN-CENT DINNERS FOR FAMILIES OF SIX.

Miss Juliet Corson of New York city is de- voting time and money to the good work of helping working men and women solve the problem of living well upon small wages. She has established a cooking school in that city, where cooks can be trained for service, and poor people taught to cook for their own house- holds. She has also published little pam- phlets, for free distribution, containing plain directions and receipts and full bills of fare for a week, with estimated cost, the estimates based on market prices and actual experience. She is a thoroughly practical woman, and work- ing men and their wives cannot do better than to listen to her advice.

But a *good* dianer for six, for fifteen cents! Is such a thing possible? Read her letter and see.

"To the Wives of Workingmen:

In planning how to make the wages of the working man provide his family with the nec- essaries of life, the first point to be considered is the daily supply of food. If this show the laborer's wife how to feed her husband and children upon one-half, or one-third, or even, in times of great distress, upon the whole of his scanty wages, its object will be accom- plished.

The cheapest kinds of faod are sometimes the most wholesome and strengthening; but in order to obtain all their best qualities we must know how to choose them for their freshness, goodness, and suitability to our needs. That done, we must see how to cook them, so as to make savory and nutritious meals, instead of tasteless or sodden messes, the eating whereof sends the man to the liquor shop for consola- tion.

Good food, properly cooked, gives us good blood, sound bones, healthy brains, strong nerves, and firm flesh, to say nothing of good tempers and kind hearts. These are surely worth a little trouble to accure.

The first food of nearly all living creatures is milk, the only entire natural food; that is, the only food upon which health and strength can he sustained for any length of time, without using any other nourishment. For this reason it is the best food you can give the children if you must restrict their diet at all; and it also is a valuable addition to the food of grown per- sons." While this fact about milk is settled, it is generally acknowledged by people who study the subject that we thrive best on a variety. We get wermth and strength from fat meat, wheat, ryo, barley, rice, milk, sugar, fruits, peas, beans, lentils, macaroni, and the roots of vegetebles; we gain flesh from lean meat, unboited flour, oatmeal, eggs, cheese, and green vegetables; and if we want to think clear- ly, wa must use fish, poultry, the different grains, and a good variety of fruit and vege- tables.

The food most generally in use among the masses is just that which meets their require- menta. No hungry man will spend money for what he knows will not satisfy his appetite. For that reason the receipts given in this book treat of tho articles in common use among the working classes. In meals made up of bacon, potatoes, and bread, of corned beef and cab- bage, and of pork and beans, there exists an equal and sufficient amount of nourichment; but if other dishes are added to these, the va- riety will result in better general health and contentment. If we were to live day after day on rice, bread, potatoes, or any one article of food, we would not long ba strong enough for any kind of work. In matters of diet, variety is not only the spice of life; it is the necessity.

In estimeting the cost of these receipts I have naturally supposed that the family con- sists of father, mother, and children of differ- ent ages, and not of six adults; for them the quantities given would, of course, be insuffi- cient. I allow a meat dinner every day; but in order to have this, the meat itself must gen- erally ba used one day, with bread or vegeta- bles, and the next day the breakfast must be the broth or juics of the meat, which, if pre- pared according to my directions, will afford equal nonrishment.

I wish to call your attention to the following important fact. The hardy and thrifty work- ing classes of France, the country where the most rigid economy in regard to food is prac- ticed, never use tea or coffee for breakfast, and seldom use milk. Their food and drink is broth. Not the broth from fresh meat, for they do not often eat that; but that which is made from vegetables, and perhaps a bit of ba- con or salt pork. I ask you to try for dinner, supper, and the next morning's breakfast, the three receipts in Chapter VI. for 'Salt Pot- au-feu,' 'Rice ann Broth,' and 'Bread Broth,' and then let me know how yon like them, and how far they go towards satisfying your hunger, and giving you strength.

In calculating the cost of the receipts I give you, I have used the retail prices asked in Washington market, New York, and in ordi- nary grocery stores, at this season of the year; the everage is about the same as that of past years, and probably will not change much; so that I believe I have not placed too low an es- timate upon them. JULIET CORSON.

New York Cooking School, August, 1877.

Cheap Meat Dinners.

Some of the receipts in this chapter combine several dishes from one source. By using the meat and vegetables for dinner, the rice, or pearl barley cooked in the pot-liquor for sup- per, and the pot-liquor itself, made into broth, for breakfast, you can often bring the cost of a day's meals below forty-five cents; and so save enough during the week to have n pud- ding for Sunday's dinner. The three follow- ing receipts are a good example of my mean- ing.

Salt Pot-au-feu.—Put one and a half pounds of salt pork (cost eighteen cents,) in three quarts of cold water; bring it slowly to a boil, and skim it well; when it has boiled a fifteen minutes, put in with it a two or three cent head of cabbage, cut in quarters and well washed, and boil both steadily for half an hour; new cabbage boils tender sooner than old, but you must not cook either after the stalks are tender, or you will waste a great deal of nourishment; when both meat and cab- bage are done, take up the meat with a fork, and the cabbage with a strainer, and use them for dinner.

Rice and Broth.—After dinner carefully strain the pot-liquor, and put it in an earthen pot until an hour before supper. Then put it over the fire, and when it boils throw into it a half a pound of well-washed rice (cost five cents); and boil fast for twenty minutes, or un- til the rice is just tender; try the seasoning, and then pour both broth and rice into a strainer set over an earthen pot or bowl; as soon as the rice drains, shake it out into a dish, and use it for supper.

Bread Broth.—After supper carefully strain the broth and keep it over night in an earthen pot. In the morning heat it; if it is too salt add a little more water; or season it more if necessary; while it is heating toast two pounds of bread, (cost six cents,) cut it in small square pieces, and throw it into the broth. As soon as it is hot use it for breakfast.

These three dishes will cost about thirty cents. Corned beef, fresh beef, and mutton, can be cooked in the same way, using cabbage with the corned beef, potatoes with the fresh beef, and turnips with the mutton; for the supper dishes, peas, beans, and pearl barley; with bread broth for breakfast.

Thus you see you can make three good meals for four diffsrent days, for one dollar and twenty cents, leaving you a good margin for suitable food for young children, such as bread and milk, or oatmeal porridge; or n nice Sun- day dinner, if the children are well grown."

Will some of our graduates or other readers, who are keeping house or living at home, try these three receipts for dinner, supper and breakfast, just as Miss Corson directs, and let us know how they like them. Th any who will do so, we will give, if they would like it, one of Miss Corson's pamphlets, "Fifteen-Cent Dinners for Workingmen's Families," contein- ing all we have alluded to and other excellent suggestions and advice.

An exchango says that the following is An Invaluable Remedy for Rheumatism.—Take a pint of spirits of turpentine, to which add half an ounce of cemphor. Let it stand till the camphor is dissolved; then rub it on the part affected, and it will never fail of re- moving the complaint. Flannel should be ap- plied after the part is well fomented with tur- pentine. Repeat the application morning and evening. It is said to be equally available for burns, scalds, bruises, and sprains, never fail- ing of success.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZENS.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

A citizen's rights and duties are his political debits and credits: the State owes him cer- tain rights, and he owes the State certain du- ties. This word "State" is used in its broad sense, meaning a fixed government, without reference to geographical sub-divisions. So, too, the word "political" is used in its broad sease, as "referring to the nation," and not in its common acceptation, where it is a syno- nym for "partizan."

In despotisms, where sovereignty is exer- cised by one man or a privileged few, thers is no fear of a subject's misunderstanding his po- litical account: it consists almost entirely of debits; it is his duty to do what he is bid- den, and his only right is perhaps that of ex- istence. In a republic like ours, however, a citizen's political account is more perplexing; for with us, every citizen is, at once, one of the ruled, and one of the ruling. His is both sovereign and subject; and every act does in one capacity reacts directly or indi- rectly, on him in his other capacity. The stability of the State can only be secured by a nice adjustment of these rights and duties: if ths State takes more than it gives, we drift toward Despotism; if the State give more than it takes, Anarcby is close before us.

In our form of government, "a government of freemen by freemen," every citizen is a part of the State, and the goodness of the State can only equal the average goodness of its citizen parts. In no other country is the in- dividual of so much importance: for every citizen with us, is either sound timber or a rotten stick in our political fabric. The fun- damental idea of our government is, that we govern ourselves; that we need no King, Czar, or Kaiser, hence the conclusion is forced upon us, that *Self-government is the first duty of our American citizens.*

Self-government means action; not repose: it is not alone in the not doing of hurtful things that self-government consists, but in the doing of all helpful things. Within every man, there is a constant struggle between what he would bike to do and what he ought to do: and the scale of battle turns as he throws his manhood on one side or the other. When duty wins, the man is a freeman, fit to help in ruling freemen; but when duty loses, the man confesses his duties are too great for him; and if the duties are too great, so are the rights that spring from the performance of such du- ties. Hence it is fair to conclude, that as cit- izens leave their duties unperformed, so will their rights diminish: in other words, the aur- est way for n citizen to loss his rights, is to neglect his duties; remembering, that his first duty is to govern himself.

A good citizen, one who is self-governed, holds his rights and duties with an equal grasp: both reverently. Such citizens are political capitalists. All capital springs from self-denial; from the abstaining from present pleasure, that the means of greater enjoy- ment in the future may be possessed. A wise capitalist uses his capital, not only to supply immediate wants, but in such a way that his capital will increase: so, too, the self-governed citizen performs his duty to the State; not only so as to enjoy present rights but in such a way thet he may reasonably look for great- er rights in the future.

A bad citizen, one who is not self-governed, holds his rights and duties in a very different estimation: he acizes his rights with both hands, leaving not a finger with which to perform his duties to the State. He exercises his rights to the utmost, doing meanwhile no duty that will bring him fresh rights: he is a political spendthrift, living on his capital. If a majority of citizens are like this political spendthrift, political bankruptcy awaits the nation. Heaven forbid that such should be the case:—hnt to avoid even the possibility of such a contingency, is it not time that every citizen asked himself, whether or not he is doing his whole duty to the State; whether he is acting the part of a political spendthrift or n political capitalist?

No observer of passing events can fail to notice how many of our citizens neglect their first duty to the Stats; nor how this neglect of self-government out crops in the actions of the Stats. Individual defalcations are of al- most daily occurrence; in Savings Banks, and similar institutions, breaches of faith are com- mon; the interest on State debts is unpaid, and repudiation as an idea no longer stinks in the public nostril: indeed, many of our so- called statesmen boldly favor the payment of public creditors in dollars of sophistry, in- stead of dollars of gold.

The majority of our white citizens hold their political rights by inheritance: their forefath- ers rendered grave duties to the State, and re- ceived great rights in return. With the col- ored citizens of the United States tha case is different: the State bestowed great rights on them before a single duty was demanded: thus our colored citizens began their citizen- ship as heavy debtors to the State, and no thinking colored man will deny that his race owes duties to the State that only generations of good citizenship can discharge. All citi- zens are equal before the law; their rights and duties are the same, but it is the colored man's privilege to show the world, that the State made no mistake when it entrusted him with citizenship. Remember how the colored men were made citizens: fresh from the shackles of slavery, with no probation demanded, pow- ers were entrusted to them, that comparas- tively few people in the world possess. They passed without e pause from chattelhood to manhood: yesterday, things in the eyes of the law; to-day, men helping to make the laws. The narrative of such a political tran- sition seems more like a tale of fiction than a page from history; and it is mentioned only to urge the point of how careful every colored citizen should be in the performens of his duties to the State. His duties are due to the State, to ths sovereign people of whom he is one, and not to any man, or to any party of men.

Various as his duties are, his rights are equally various: and his greatest right—the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of hap- piness," depends on self-government.

Agricultural.

Profitable Orchards.—The Rural Home describes the apple orchards in Parma, Mon- roe Co., N. Y., showing the profitable charac- ter of the business in that favorable locality, on the South borders of Lake Ontario, and north of the city of Rochester. Among others, the orchard of John Collamsr is men- tioned, which contains 1,100 trees, mostly of the Baldwin and Twenty Ounce. From this orchard $3,000 worth of fruit was sold in 1876, the price being rather high at that time. Another farmer by the name of Tinney, has two acres of the Bartlstt pear, barren some- times, but the annual crop from which has averaged from $500 to $700. John Tinney, a son, has 1,400 bearing apple trees. From his Twenty Ounce trees alone he sold 700 bar- rels in 1876. All these orchards are well cul- tivated; that of Mr. Collamsr without any other crop.

Profitable Raspberries.—The Burlington County (N. J.) Agricultural Society awarded to Wm. Parry the premium raspberries, for on his ten acres of the Brandywine, whicb yield- ed 26,300 quarts—over 82 huahels per acre—affording a net profit of $280 per acre. The gross sales were $4,338; expenses, $1,538. Hair manure only was used, at e cost of $10 per acre.

Potatoes.—Those emateurs who are with- out hot manure or any fermenting material may still have Potatoes quite a month earlier than they otherwise could, by the use of a frame made of 1 in. boards and covered over- head with mats, either straw or bast. A frame of this sort some 10 ft. or 12 ft. long and 6 ft. broad will hold a quantity of Pota- toes, which will he found very useful. Select for planting here some good hardy kind, such as Early Rose; they ought, to be immediately put in shallow boxes, having in the bottom 2 in. of soil, in which set the Potatoes, keep- ing the sprout ends upwards and putting a little soil between them; they ahonld then be placed where they can receive a little warmth under n greenhouse stage or in a warm room. Until they begin to grow the light shanld be kept from them. When they commence growth let them have plenty of light to keep them stout; treated in this way they will make favorable progress. They may occasion- ally he sprinkled with a little water to encour- age them to sprout; they can be planted out when the aprouts are 2 in. or 3 in. long.

—Instead of asking, "What will people think or say, if I do thus or so?" you hed far better ask, "Is it right for me to act so?—what will Jesus think of me if I do it?"

We are not very apt to do wrong if we try to please Jesus in all things.

"Maryland—D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, publishers; 50 cents per year, is a gem for the babies, with large type, and pictures which fill the little ones with glee. Let the little, ones have papers of their own and they will appreciate them, and learn rapidly most pleasant and wholesome lessons."—*The (San Francisco) California Patron.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

Pope Pius IX. died Feb. 7th in his palace of the Vati- can in Rome, where for more than seven years, ever since the occupation of Rome as the capital of Italy, by King Victor Emanuel, he has stayed, refusing to go out and insisting upon calling himself a prisoner. He died at the age of 86, after holding the office of Pope for thirty-two years. He was a very popular ruler, genial and kind in disposition, and charitable to the poor, and a man of vigorous mind, though placing himself at the head of opposition to all modern ideas of progress in civilization which are held even by Catholic countries, and declaring the supremacy of the church of Rome against freedom of speech, of thought, of education, and of religious belief.

The Conclave of Cardinals met for the election of a new Pope on the 18th, and on the 20th elected Cardinal Pecci, who thus becomes Pope under the title of Leo XIII. He is 68 years old and said to be a man of good life, vigorous mind, and more liberal ideas than his predecessor.

Stanley, the great African Explorer, has arrived in London, and been most cordially received by the Lon- don Geographical Society. In accomplishing his great journay across the continent of Africa, he was obliged to fight his way through hostile tribes, sometimes with great blood-shed. For this he is severely criticised, as having no right as a private citizen to enter into war even with savage tribes. Some members of the Geograph- ical Society wished on that account to withhold his wel-

DOMESTIC.

Miss Emma Thursby, the well known singer, with Mr. Carlton and the other ladies and gentlemen of her com- pany, who have been delighting Norfolk with their con- certs, visited Hampton Institute recently with a Boston gentleman who is a friend of the school. Miss Thurs- by, with the amiability for which she is noted, sang twice for the students, who greatly enjoyed the rare

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SEVENTY millions of people, nearly double the population of the United States, are in a state of starvation in China. There is no record of any other as great a famine.

The Chinese have recently signalized their hostility to railroads by purchasing and tearing up the first line ever laid down in the Empire. It was but a few miles long, extending from Shanghai to Woosung. The want of rapid communication between the provinces makes it almost impossible to get relief to them.

EARTHQUAKES in South America, and a great tidal wave along the coast.

CONDITIONS of peace have been agreed upon between certain of the leaders of the Cuban insurgents and certain representatives of the Spanish government. How far these negotiators are authorized, does not appear. The conditions are amnesty for past political offences, free transportation for insurgents who wish to leave Spaniland, political privileges for Cuba like those of Porto Rico, and ir-edom for all slaves. The report that this is an official settlement of the Cuban question is denied.

THE Eastern question still agitates Europe. England sent a fleet of war through the Dardenelles, avowedly to protect British subjects and with only peaceful intentions. The Czar of Russia, however, declared that this action would oblige him to take possession of Constantinople. All Europe is waiting to see whether he will do it and what will happen next. Meanwhile, the peace negotiations drag their slow length along, and the Conference of the Powers to talk the trouble over is still in the future.

POLITICAL.

THE Comptroller of the State of Georgia reports, that the colored population of that State, numbered 84,164, in the year 1877, that they own 457,835 acres of land, valued in the tax list, 1,244,000 dollars; personal property of the value of $488,582; City property valued at $1,190,725; his estimate being that altogether the property owned by the colored people may be valued at $5,000,000.

CHARLESTON, Feb. 23d.—Two regiments of the National Guard, a colored volunteer organization, were to-day reviewed by Governor Hampton. The display was the finest the colored troops have ever made in Charleston, all the companies appearing with full ranks, well armed and equipped, and handsomely uniformed. Several colored bands were in the column, and the field and staff, as well as line officers, were all colored. At the close of the review the companies were massed in front of the City Hall, where Gov. Hampton addressed them briefly, congratulating them on the improvement in their organization and efficiency during the last year, reminding them of his pledge, previous to his election, that the colored should enjoy full and equal rights under the law with the whites, and calling upon them as citizens to co-operate with him in carrying out his pledge. The speech was received with enthusiastic cheering.

THE bill known as the Bland silver bill passed the Senate the 15th inst., by a vote of forty-eight, nays twenty-one, with amendments omitting the provision for free coinage, and directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase silver bullion at the market price, not less than $2,000,000 nor more than $4,000,000 per month, and cause to be coined the same into dollars. It is also to accrue to the Treasury. The bill includes a provision that the President shall invite European governments to a conference to adopt a common ra. to between gold and silver. The bill was returned to the House for action on the amendments.

The House concurred in all the amendments, on the 20th, by a more than two-thirds vote, and the bill was sent up to the President.

A JOINT resolution has passed both Houses, declaring that a reduction of the tax on distilled spirits is inexpedient. The Senate has also passed the joint resolution of thanks to H. M. Stanley, the explorer; a bill to remit taxes on insolvent savings banks; and a bill amending the laws granting pensions to soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812, restoring to the pension rolls those who were stricken off for disloyalty. The House passed a bill recognizing the Woodruff scientific expedition around the world; the Military Academy appropriation bill; and a resolution directing the Committee on Commerce to investigate the loss of the steamer *Metropolis*.

GENERAL ANDERSON, convicted by a New Orleans jury of fraudulent acts as member of the Returning Board, and sentenced to a two years imprisonment, has been denied the privilege of a new trial for which he appealed. It is the general belief of Republicans that he was dishonestly convicted. Secretary Sherman, Senator Matthews and Representatives Hale and White have sent him assurances of their faith in him. It is hoped that Gov. Nicholls will interfere to pardon him. President Hayes at a Cabinet meeting declared his intention to give the Naval and other members of the Returning Board such moral and official support as he may be able.

THE Senate, Feb. 12th, passed a bill making Feb. 23d a legal holiday. The Senate and House united in the formal reception of the painting of "Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation," by the N. Y. artist, F. B. Carpenter. Speeches were made by General Canfield and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens.

FEB. 26.—THE President vetoed the Silver Bill, and it was passed over his veto by both Houses, thus becoming the last of the law.

DOMESTIC.

MISS EMMA THURSBY, the well known singer, with Mr. Carlton and the other ladies and gentlemen of her company, who have been delighting Norfolk with their concerts, visited Hampton Institute recently with a Boston gentleman who is a friend of the school. Miss Thursby, with the amiability for which she is noted, sang twice for the students, who greatly enjoyed the rare treat of listening to such rare powers of execution and vocalization.

SEVERAL members of the City Council and other citizens of Richmond, visiting the Soldiers' Home recently, made Hampton Institute a call, and after looking through the school and farm, met the students in the Assembly room. Judge Meredith, President of the Council, and Hon. L. D. Crenshaw, addressed the school, expressing great pleasure in what they saw, and the kindest interest in the welfare and progress of the students and their race. Such visits and expressions of feeling are indicative and promotive of cordial good will and friendly relations between the two races whose deepest interests are really in common.

MRS. Sarah Satterthwaite and Mrs. Hannah Thistlethwaite are two ladies of the Friends' Society in England who have come to this country on a religious visit, and—like the Friends generally—are much interested in the work among the freedmen. They are personal friends of Mr. George Dixon of Hampton, and on their way North visited the Institute, and the Butler School, and very kindly addressed the students. Their words of encouragement and advice will not be forgotten.

PETER Cooper, the venerable New York philanthropist has decided to found at Warm Springs near Spartanburg, S. C., an art academy for women, similar to the Cooper Institute in New York, to give free instruction to young women in the useful arts, designing, drawing, music, &c.

THE official estimate of the cost of the war with the Sioux Indians is $4,312,531.

GREAT floods in California.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S old home at Marshfield has been destroyed by fire. Fortunately most of the relics it contained were saved.

HON. ORNON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy throughout the war, and General Conrad, Secretary of War under President Fillmore, both died on Feb. 11th. Mr. Welles was highly valued by President Lincoln, and his calm judgment and decision of character made his administration of his department in the stormy time of war, very efficient and popular. He was also a literary man and well known as a writer.

THE United States frigate Constitution, famous in the war of 1812, has been entirely rebuilt, and is to transport the American exhibits to the Paris Exhibition. After her return she will be used as a school-ship.

IT can not be said that the work of the evangelists whose names have become well known throughout the country, is less effective this than the preceding winters. The latest created by Mr. Moody's visit to Hartford has spread to Meriden, South Windsor, Bloomfield, Manchester, and many other towns. The people of New Haven are putting up for him a building, to be used in March, which will seat 4000 persons. In Providence, the Music Hall was filled nightly for eight weeks. Mr. Hammond has had great success in Parkersburg, Virginia. Moody has now visited five of the six New England States.

FACTS have proved not only that the American Indians are not decreasing in numbers, but that they are advancing rapidly in civilization. Of the entire number estimated at 275,000, 94,000, or about one-fifth, receive rations from the government. The numeer of rations issued is steadily diminishing; for instance, 12,000 rations now given to the Navajos will cease to be issued next year. About 70,000 Indians are living under constitutions and written laws adopted and administered by themselves. There are 124,993 who wear citizens' dress; these occupy 22,199 houses. There are maintained among these tribes 226 schools, in which are 11,915 scholars; 148 out of $267,879 is expended on education, and 40,397 have learned to read. The number of acres of land cultivated by Indians within the jurisdiction of the United States is 299,550; the total of bushels of wheat raised by them in 1877 was 683,278; of corn, 4,956,905. The horses and mules owned are 216,286; the cattle are 217,883; and the sheep 587,444. These facts are proof that the peace policy of the national government is far from being a failure. Dr. Clark, one of the secretaries of the American Board, has expressed the opinion that our Indians have made more progress in civilization in the last decade than during the preceding fifty years.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent in distributing, *free of charge*, Sample Bottles of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP to all parts of this country, to those suffering from Coughs, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Consumption, and other Throat and Lung Diseases, that the afflicted might satisfy themselves that this remedy would save them from these fatal diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering skeptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

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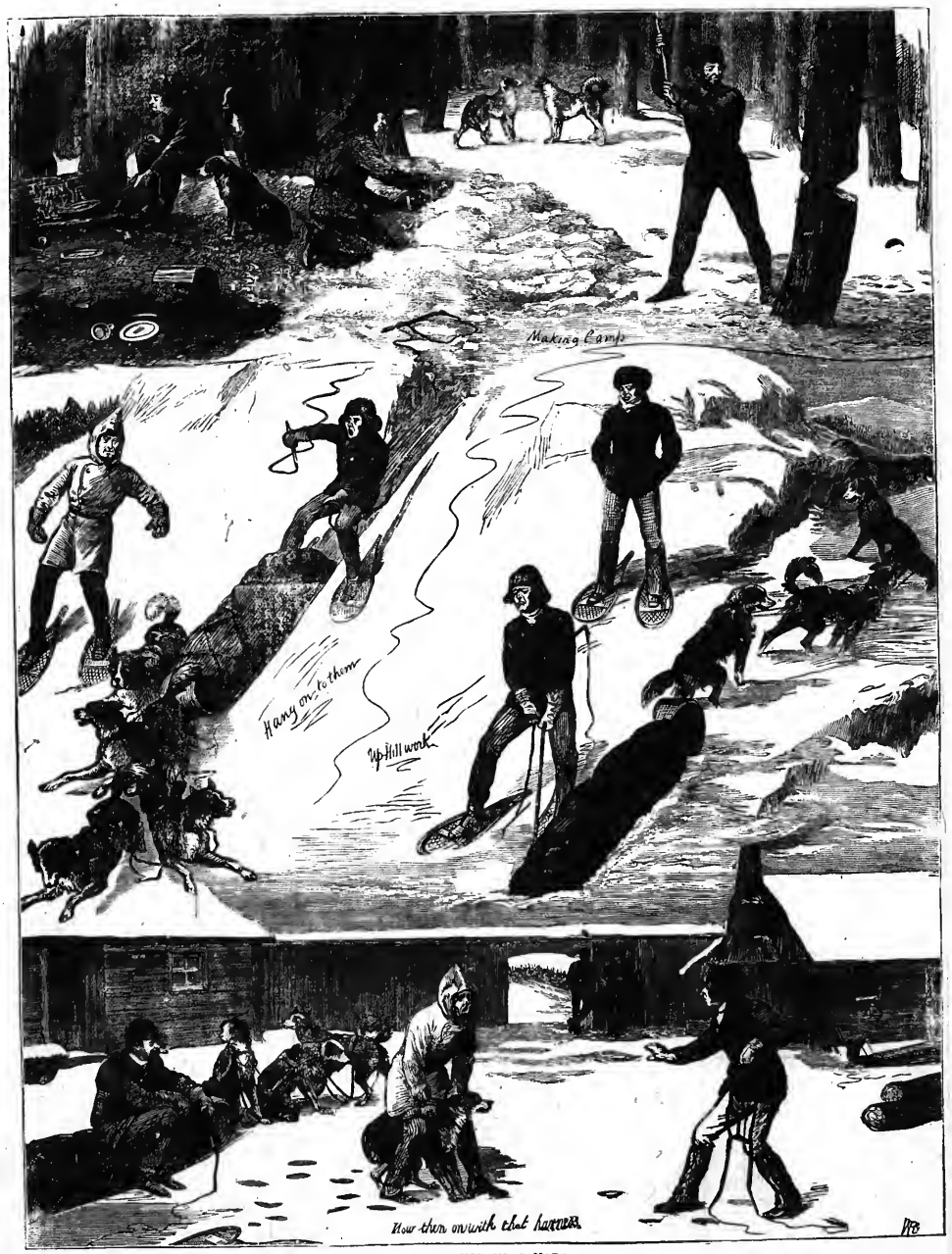
SOUTHERN WORKMAN
SUPPLEMENT.

MARCH EDITION, 1878.



LUMBERING IN CANADA.

LUMBERING IN CANADA.

the whisky barrel or rum puncheon was considered as necessary a part of the stores as the

LUMBERING IN CANADA.

The life of a lumberman in the Northern woods, in Maine, or Michigan, Wisconsin, Oregon or Canada, is a life of hardship and sturdy toil, not without its excitements and pleasures. The work is done in the winter season when the logs can be most easily drawn to the rivers to wait for the spring freshets which shall carry them down to the saw-mills in the lake-port and sea-port towns, from which, transformed into boards, railroad ties, and shingles, they can be shipped to all quarters.

Our picture gives four spirited scenes from the lumbermen's life. At the bottom, we see them making ready to start from some little settlement on the frontier of civilization, for the real wilderness. The curious sled—tobogan our Canadian cousins call it—is already packed with provisions wrapped carefully in skins. The toBogan is simply a piece of birch or bass wood a quarter inch thick, from five to eight feet long by one or two broad, bent up in front like a dash-board of a sleigh, with traces of wood and catgut. The Indians, who invented and named it, used it to drag furs and provisions. The Canadians use it also for the sport of riding down hill. It cannot upset like a sled on runners, and will go over soft snow where runners would sink. Our lumbermen use it for work, not play, and it is to be drawn by a four-in-hand team of strong dogs. All are ready except one, and he doesn't seem to enjoy the prospect before him, as his impatient master shouts, "Now, on with that harness!

Up hill work, the poor fellows find it, as we see in the next scene. The snow looks soft, and even the broad tobogan sinks in it. The sturdy dog-team tugs away, but the dogs do not wear snow shoes, and one of the men, who are better provided, has to come to the rescue, and give it a lift.

These snow shoes, also an Indian invention, are most admirably contrived for walking over soft snow. A glance at the picture will show you how they are made. A strip of light ash, about half an inch thick, is bent to an oval and fastened closely with catgut where the ends meet. Cross strips of flat wood strengthen the frame. It is then woven across with catgut. On this the foot rests, and the weight of the body thus distributed over a broader base is supported where a foot would sink. It is exactly on the same principle that a board laid on weak ice enables a man to go safely to the help of one who has broken through it. The Indians and Canadians attain great facility in using the snow shoes, and one favorite sport is to run races on them, though a beginner is almost sure to tumble down, and lie helplessly kicking and calling for help to rise. The shoes are from two to six feet long and from ten to twenty inches broad.

The left-hand sketch shows the team going down hill. The driver now has to go behind and hold on to the rope to keep the sled off the dogs' heels. A sudden lurch or pull has broken the rope, and the looker on seems to find it funnier than the driver does.

The sketch at the head of our picture shows the lumbermen, arrived at their destination, beginning to prepare their camp. Fires must be built, tents pitched, beds of boughs made ready, and—most important of all, three of the party seem to think, supper cooked.

The "Northwestern Lumberman," a newspaper published in Michigan, gives this interesting account of the work before them.

"An average camp consists of about three hundred men—all men During the Winter this camp will cut a section of about three miles square, 'harvesting' a crop of about 60,000 logs, which will yield when converted into lumber about 10,000,000 feet. The work begins at daylight and ends at dark. On the river when the drive is started, work begins at three o'clock in the morning and ends at nine in the evening, the men having five meals—breakfast at six, lunch at nine, dinner at twelve, supper at five, and tea at nine. The meals consist of pork and beans, corn bread, molasses cake, and tea or coffee.

A camp of 300 men will consume daily four barrels of beans, half a barrel of pork, one barrel of flour, half a barrel of meal, one-quarter of a barrel of sugar, and five gallons of molasses. The men are encamped in tents, making their beds of boughs, while their extra clothing, a pair of duck overalls, a woolen shirt, and two pair of woolen socks, is kept in an old grain sack, and used as a pillow at night.

Sunday in the woods is always a day for sharpening axes, mending sleds, repairing boots and clothes, setting out a new tenting spot, handier to cutting in the woods, and all the odd chores which would grow out of the congregation of so large a body of men. All well regulated camps exclude liquor. The consumption of axes and handles is enormous, an axe lasting a month, and a handle about three weeks."

Did you notice that one little sentence:—"All well regulated camps exclude liquor"?

Another paper says:

"In Canada the same Winter life in the woods as described above falls to the lot of a great number of strong men, and in old times the whisky barrel or rum puncheon was considered as necessary a part of the stores as the pork and flour barrel. The Temperance reformation revealed the complete fallacy of this idea. To endure hard work or great cold, spirits of any kind are a hindrance rather than a help, a source of weakness rather than of strength. It is the fattest of pork and the best of flour, with beans and peas, that shanty-men want (*chantier* is the French word for a lumber-men's camp), and the reason is plain; they need heat-forming as well as muscle-forming food."

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"'Mamma,' said my little Charley, 'now that I have a *new* sled what shall I do with the old one?' His face wore a puzzled look for a little while; when a thought struck him. 'Mamma, there's a chance to do something,—real good too. What's the use talking so much about a thing, and never doing it?'

"'What, Charley?'

"'Well, mamma, if there's any boy in the world that I *hate*, that boy's Sim Tyson. He's always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys, either taking our things from us, or pretending that he's going to. It never does any good to get *cross*, for that's just what he likes: but, better even than this, Sim *does* like a sled; and—well, maybe its foolish—but I've half a notion to give that old sled to him. It might make him *think*, and so do him good. Mightn't it mamma?'

"'Yes, it *might*,' said the mother.

"So Sim got Charley's sled, which pleased and touched him beyond everything; and they do say he is kinder, not only to the little boys, but to everybody, than he was before."

Clara.

THE COLORED GLASS.

A little boy ran to his mother, saying, "O mother I have such a pretty thing! It is a piece of glass, and it is all red. When I look through it every thing looks red too—the trees, houses, green trees your face, and even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied his mother, "it is very beautiful; and let me show you that you can learn a lesson from this pretty thing. You Remember the other day you thought everybody was cross to you. You said father, sister, and I, were all the time finding fault with you. Then you were like this piece of glass, which makes every thing red because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody was cross too. But when you get up in the morning in a good humor loving and helping everybody, they, too, will seem kind and loving towards you.

"Now remember, my boy, and always be what you wish others to be—kind, gentle, loving; and they, seen through the color of a kind disposition, will seem more beautiful than ever."

Children's Banner.

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, gives the following bit of good advice:—"Do not imagine that you cannot now be Christians: the gifts of our heavenly Father's love are not reserved for a certain age: boys may be saved, boys may be workers for Jesus, boys may bring great glory to God. Hence it is that just now, at this particular turning-point in your lives, we are anxious to see you resolute for the right way. May the Holy Spirit incline you to resolve to be the Lord's! Others may despise your conscientious choice, and make mirth of your holy carefulness, but what matters it? Some of us have been laughed at for these twenty years, and are none the worse for it; we have had all manner of evil spoken falsely of us for Christ's name's sake, but we are all the happier for it. O boys, if you are renewed in heart, and become for life and death the Redeemer's, none can really harm you; all must be right with him who is right with God. Hold on, then, to the Sabbath-school, and when you cease to be taught, become teachers. Hold on by the Sabbath services and all the ordinances of the house of the Lord, and say, like Ruth to Naomi, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

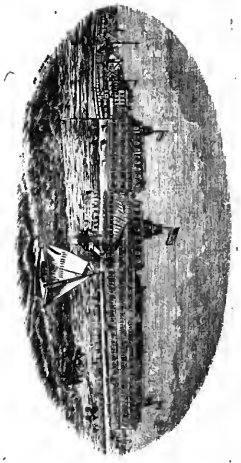
Purify the Fountain.—If you lived in the country, and had a stream of water running through your place, and it became so impure you could not use it, what would you do to purify it? "Dam it up." That would not purify it, or stop its flow. "Cleanse the fountain or spring." That's correct; for as long as the fountain is impure the stream will be also. In Prov. iv: 23 we read: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

Our hearts must be cleansed, made new—that's the first thing; for as long as the heart is defiled by sin all our words and acts will be defiled. Jesus says, "We must be born again."

THE HYGEIA HOTEL,

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

H. PHOEBUS, PROPRIETOR.



This Hotel, thoroughly built and elegantly furnished, is situated upon the beach and at the head of the harbor of Hampton Roads, commanding a view of the Chesapeake Bay, Fortress Monroe, Newport News, Norfolk, Old Dominion Steamship Company's wharf, and the entrance to the Roads. It is accessible from New York, or by rail from that city and Philadelphia to Baltimore and thence by the splendid steamers of the Old Bay Line.

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The climate during the year is unsurpassed for salubrity, the range of the thermometer here for the past 10 years, as taken by the Surgeon of the Hygeia Hotel, Archibald Schools, the National Military Home, Fortress Monroe, Old Point Comfort Lighthouse, one of the oldest churches in the country, are all within the limits of an easy ride, drive, or sail.

The climate during the year is unsurpassed for salubrity, the range of the thermometer here for the past 10 years, as taken by the Surgeon of the Hygeia Hotel, is as follows: Spring months, 45° 65° 85°; Summer, 65° 75° 85°; Autumn, 45° 65° 85°; Winter, 35° 50° 65°.—Open for guests all the year.

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third of the income from all vested property must go to the support of government. Two per centum out of six per centum is a grievous burden. And now we are asking the reason why. The ignorance upon the subject is appalling. It is no easy matter to get at the facts which underlie this civil service baseness. The politicians do not proclaim their methods on the house-tops. Few men have the leisure, the pluck, to reach the facts. When the New York "Ring" was in power, there was doubt expressed as to its honesty. The "Ring" generously asked Mr. Astor, Mr. Roberts and another, all wealthy citizens, to examine the financial condition of the city. These men reported that it was "most satisfactory." At that very time frightful frauds covering millions of dollars had been committed. These men did not find them out because they did not know how to find them out. At another time two "reformers" appeared. They protested against fraud, wrote articles about municipal economy, and issued tracts about reform in general. The "Ring" only laughed. Finally these men worked themselves into a true knowledge of the evil ways of the politicians. Instantly they were bought, one with a lucrative Judgeship, and the other with an important office. The ranks of the reformers were broken, and good citizens staggered about without skilful leaders.

Politics in the hands of nearly all our present officials is a mercantile business. The ordinary citizen can no more detect the doings of the servants of the people, than they can detect errors in the calculation of a civil engineer as to strength and weight of a railway bridge. If the bridge finally tumbles in, he infers there was an error in calculation. If the "Credit Mobilier" takes up Congressmen as the magnet takes up sand, he infers that there is something wrong. If any man thinks he can reach, at a leap, even a moderate knowledge of wire pulling, he is absurdly mistaken. Politicians deal with men and seldom with principles. They study, almost unconsciously, the weak side of human nature, and their hard-earned knowledge is not freely communicated to every man who asks it. The citizen reads the papers and thinks he is "informed." He who is experienced in public life reads the papers, "between the lines," and laughs at the citizen. The newspaper reporter is called on to say something in his item column. Does any one suppose the politician gives him the secrets of the business? We know a most successful politician who said that, after twenty-five years of public service, he had never known of the appointment of a person to office on the sole ground of his fitness to the place. It may be seriously affirmed that not one-half of one per cent. of the men in public life have been put there without their own personal and persistent efforts. There is no such platform as "take me, if you like me."

The radical weakness of the civil service, national and local, is the uncertain tenure of office. Removal at pleasure means one man in and another man trying to get him out. It is the case of the litter of pigs lying under Professor Tyndall's bed, in the snows of the Alps. The pigs in the centre of the bed were warm enough, but those on the outside were cold; so the latter were always climbing over the backs of their fellows and rooting down into the centre. From sight till morning the outer circle was always shifting over toward the centre, with vast grunting and squealing, to the intense disgust of the wakeful Professor. This is our civil service system.

Put a man with a family in office and then place him upon the trap-door of an uncertain tenure, with the bolt-string in the hands of a local statesman, and you compel the man to make the most of his time and opportunity.

Real Civil Service Reform must be like deep culture in baked, compact ground, running a gang-plough down into, and breaking up, old habits and strong prejudices. In the new soil there is hope for the healthy growth of a service which shall secure to the State the best duty of the office-holder, and for the office-holder the consideration and gratitude of the State.

The curious prevalence of superstition among the colored people of the South has been noticed by Mrs. Stowe, and "Edmund Kirke," and occasional magazine writers, but the extent and significance of it is not appreciated, or generally known, by those who are watching the progress of the freedmen with interest and hope. A firm belief in witchcraft and conjuration is widespread among these people, from Virginia to Florida. Religious faith, even when genuine, does not cast it out. They grow together like tares and wheat in the fertile soil of the negroes' imaginative, excitable nature. The teachers of their own race, who mingle intimately enough with them to get a free expression of their feelings, meet it everywhere as an obstacle to their work, and, sometimes, but rarely emancipated themselves from its dominion, find it too much for them.

We have made a special effort lately to collect reports upon this subject from the students and graduate teachers of Hampton, representing a very wide extent of the Southern country. We give our readers elsewhere a page of these reports; not as a mere curiosity.

If there is anything in comparative ethnology, this tangle of superstition, demonology, and fetish worship they reveal—a combination of Salem and Central Africa—is something more than the illustration of an amusing race trait; it suggests an important factor in the question of the continued existence of the race.

Whether the negroes are dying out or not, it is an undoubted fact that the Sandwich Islanders are, and that, at the startling rate of over a thousand more deaths than births every year. If this rate, constant for the last fifty years, continue for fifty more, nothing will remain of the mild natured Polynesian natives of that lovely island group, with its most salubrious of climates and most productive of soils,—but a memory.

Is there any point of resemblance between the two cases?

The most radical and ineradicable cause of this rapid decay of a nation—the terrible inheritance of vice and exhaustion, leprosy—is fortunately absent in the negro race. But the universal testimony of all intelligent observers of the Hawaiian people at the Islands, missionaries, physicians, and others, is that there is another cause at work, hastening their doom and quite enough of itself to insure it, if as insurmountable as it has proved to be thus far. And this cause is the superstition—especially the belief in witch-doctors and "praying to death"—which prevails from the lowest to the highest, the chiefs themselves being by no means free from it. Some of the best of the white physicians say that they refuse to practice among the natives, because they can never be sure that their directions will be followed, or that some "kahuna," or native witch-doctor, is not secretly administering his own drugs by the wholesale at the same time. A native who has a grudge against another goes sometimes to a "kahuna" and pays him well to "pray to death" his neighbor. Word is conveyed to the offender, who, instead of prosecuting his murderer, quietly fulfills his own doom by dying in a few days, of abject terror, slipping out of life with a facility incomprehensible to an Anglo-Saxon. Every sudden death, or illness or casualty, is of course attributed to the same cause, and so the general faith in it is confirmed.

The parallel between all this and the practice and effects of "conjuration" in the South instantly suggests itself to any one who is familiar with the latter, or who will read the reports of it. The same love of the supernatural, and dense ignorance of the laws of living, is more excitable nature and nearly as loose a hold on life, are the elements which form the soil for a growth of superstition as rank and as fatal as that which is helping to depopulate Hawaii. Excuse enough can be made for it, of course, but the important question is, what is to be done about it?

Any estimate, and any system of effort, which ignores this point in the question of the freedmen's future, will be a failure.

The following extracts are from the letter of a friend in Massachusetts, which was not intended for publication, but which we take the liberty of using, not only because its writer is thoroughly in sympathy with all that is good in our work, but also because it contains the frank criticism which we especially desire:

"Thanks for the Workman, which I had already marked as a first-rate number. You are making a wonderfully good thing of it, and it must tell as an important factor of reconstruction in many ways. I think you are too hard, however, on the Northern farmer as 'utterly without social culture' and so on. The New England farmer's culture takes on a good polish in his sons and daughters, as abundant instances prove. We have an annual 'May Breakfast' here which gathers as nice a crowd of cultivated people from a large vicinity as you will often see, and our young ladies spread tables, not only with a Persian elegance of damask, silver, flowers, etc., but the most exquisite cookery,—and the proceeds, too, for culture in some direction like street improvement, tree planting. On the whole, that article on available emigrants to Virginia was rather discouraging. We would have seat a splendid colony into Virginia or Tennessee soon after the war, I think, if inquiry had not convinced us that we should have been utterly snubbed and ostracised. How long will it be so?

"Now as to the views quoted in your article on Missions. On careful reading, I think the author of the sermon was just about right. Your editorial does not interpret him correctly as declaring 'that Christianity *is not able* to overcome barbarism, &c.' He, evidently enough, has strong faith in Christianity, pure and simple, as the true pioneer of civilization, and including it, as the greater includes the less. 'Preachers, catechists, schoolmasters and the press'—if they are not civilizers, who are? Wake up a heathen's soul and he will want a shirt, and so on to a piano. The writer from whom you quote, it seems to me, is as broad and philosophical as his critic in confining the A. B. C. F. M. to its *primary* business, civilization being 'expected to follow as a secondary result.' His head was level, and your article has only expanded his real thought in the best things it contains.

"We are watching with intense interest your work and its bearing on Virginia, Hayes and time and patience and God over all. Although beating against the wind, and perhaps just now on the losing tack, shall we not bring up on the next?"

In regard to the article upon emigration we must remind our friend that the Northern farmers therein alluded to do not belong to the class whom he describes. It is not the educated, well-to-do, steady-going New England farmer who wants to emigrate, but men, as a rule, of a much lower type, of small means and little or no culture, men who in New England are semi-failures. We should be the last to undervalue the typical New England farmer, with his clear head and thrifty hands, the man who has inherited his rocky acres, along with his mental power and his moral standards, from some Puritan great-grandfather; but the world will take many a turn before these men turn their faces southward.

Our editorial upon mission work does not, we think, misinterpret the author from which we quote, for we nowhere make him appear to say that "Christianity is not able to overcome barbarism." This assertion comes, as our friend, if he will take the trouble to re-read the article, will see, from those critics of the mission who saw that Christianity, as applied at that point, had *not* overcome barbarism, and who, therefore, sweepingly declared that Christianity was not equal to the work which it had undertaken. The point upon which we take issue with the author of the sermon is, that in replying to this accusation, which he himself admits to have been a just one, he takes refuge behind the dogma that the salvation of the soul does not necessarily include the overcoming of barbarism. For the purposes of discussion we propose to confine ourselves for the present to those mission fields of which we have an intimate personal knowledge—and of the particular Polynesian mission to which our editorial refers, and which we believe to be a representative one, we feel bound to say that while it is distinctly not a failure it is just as distinctly not a success. That is, this heathen nation adopted easily, as any emotional race will, many of the externals of Christian civilization; there was no great difficulty in arousing in them a desire for shirts and pianos, their childish natures reached out readily enough after these things,—this mistake is the system seems to have lain in the non-application of the fact that they would never use shirts or pianos or anything else, to the glory of God, until the undeveloped moral qualities of their natures had been strengthened by years of wise and patient training. To claim that they were Christians, as we understand the name, before they had attained to even a low civilization, was a forestalling of results which could and did bring little but disappointment. If we declare that we have saved a man's soul when we have no other proof than the man's own declaration to that effect, we are putting very great confidence in the strength of his moral nature, and we are only justified in doing it when we have thoroughly tested that moral nature by long probation.

We believe that the negro of the Southern States furnishes a good example of our meaning, and an experience of the Hampton system enables us to make some fair comparisons. The negroes are, in the main, more advanced in civilization than the Polynesian natives, and possess an element of progress which is lacking in the latter, and yet the growth of individuals among them is exceedingly slow and can only be made sure by a process of general building up which includes all sides of the character. The emotional nature of the negro, his lack of moral stamina, his inability to understand the relation of things, his environment,—all make it necessary to surround him as an individual with powerful influences for good, to bring to bear on him the whole strength of Christian ethics, to literally build him up, line upon line, and to do this far years before we have any right to claim him as a Christian who can safely be left to himself. And all this, we conceive, holds good in the case of any barbarous or semi-barbarous people, and to say that when the gospel has been preached to such a people that "the missionary's work is done, whether that people be civilized or not," seems to us to involve a serious contradiction, for we believe it rather to be true that the missionary's work is then but just begun. Bishop Patteson's experience touches the heart of the whole matter; he says, in reference to his own work in Polynesia, and no man knew the ground better than he, "Soon I think the great difficulty must be met of teaching the Christian's social and domestic life to people disposed to give up much of their old practices. This is the point at which I suppose most missions have broken down. . . . What a different thing from just going about and teaching them the first principles of Christianity! The second stage of a mission is the really difficult one."

The anomalous condition of Southern affairs since the war, continued so long, that a peculiar type of politician has been produced. The republican policy has existed of late to reward partisanship. The common sense of mere patriots has been overruled, and moderate disinterested men have been given the cold shoulder. A selection of the fittest has been going on for sixteen years, and the result was a harmonious body profoundly and sincerely convinced that party was really synonymous with country; that government could not be carried on without division of its spoils among the saints of one stripe; and that the principles which guided Washington in his selection of subordinates were about as applicable as the sermon on the mount, to modern politics. And when upon this united family dawned the conviction that President Hayes meant to carry out the principles of civil service reform upon which he was elected, nothing but the lonves and fishes could have prevented an Enceladus revolt.

It is, however, felt that this is a time to be silent. Clamor may safely be left to Conkling. The first duty of the party is to hold the fort. Despising the idea of reform, the office-holders believe it will soon run its course. It is better to hide their light till the good old times of Grant come round again.

Looking thus fatuously for a long harvest of golden eggs after these troublesome buzzing reformers shall have caught cold, it is sad that these hidden sons of the prophets cannot see that they themselves have killed the auriferous goose. They seem to forget that the livery of the republican party is tarnished by their own self-seeking. It is by no means only from fear of ostracism that hardly a corporal's guard of intelligent men in Southern cities, able to live without office, are willing to be called republicans. It is because the party organization has not deserved support, that it is ready to perish. The politicians who sneer at President Hayes as a visionary iconoclast, do not realize the strength of the popular conviction, that their maxim about the spoils points directly toward the ruin of all public and private morality, the

failure of the American experiment, the abandonment of all reverence for patriotism in the past, and of all hope for purity in the future. We regret to believe that such arguments are lost upon the Southern republican leaders as a class, who, while ostensibly representing the administration, [illegible] among the most

some by the ingenuity of our people.

"The Commissioner of Agriculture proposes that the farmers of a neighborhood should have their tea gardens, and the leaves be manufactured at a central tea house, just as the cheese factories are used by the farmers around them."

from her native land, where a brief period of "life's merry morn" had passed, she ventured to address some unceremonious lines to Gen. George Washington, in command of the American Army, at Cambridge. Gen Washington replied as follows:

"*Cambridge, Feb. 28th*, 1776.

Miss Phillis: Your favor of the 26th of [illegible]

Agricultural.

THOUGHTS FOR THE COUNTRY.

A NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that so many young persons in their early married life, settle in cities, living in apart-

failure of the American experiment, the abandonment of all reverence for patriotism in the past, and of all hope for purity in the future. We regret to believe that such arguments are lost upon the Southern republican leaders as a class, who, while ostensibly representing the administration, are, with some exceptions, among the most irreconcilable enemies of its cherished purposes of reform. We do not believe that the success of the opposite party would be the triumph of reform. We believe in President Hayes, and hope that he will be able to give life to the grand ideas of the republican party as expressed in the platform on which he was elected, and that to do that he has an important task to perform in the Southern States.

The Hon. John B. Goode, Member of Congress from this Congressional District, is the author of a Bill now before Congress which provides that the proceeds of sales of public lands shall be devoted to education, one-fourth to the State Agricultural Colleges of the various States, and the remainder to common schools.

We trust that a Virginian Representative may have the honor of successfully introducing so wise and patriotic and far-reaching a measure.

Inquiries have from time to time been made of us in respect to the climate of Hampton, Va.

The average temperature for the six coldest months of the year is about 45° Fahrenheit. The winter is two months shorter than the winter in the latitude of Massachusetts. The fall and spring seasons are long and very beautiful. There is no malaria in the well settled portion; it is found in the country. Few Northern immigrants complain of it, and the great majority of people in comfortable condition are not troubled by it. The largest and finest Southern Seaside Hotel is two miles from Hampton, at Fort Monroe. The "Hygeia" is a great success, being enlarged yearly and crowded every season.

Summer Hotels seek healthful localities. Hampton has peculiar marketing advantages. Sheep raising is the most promising industry of the region.

The "Industrial Home Company" at Ionia, Fairfax County, Virginia, have organized under a Charter and By-Laws and have issued a Prospectus.

They mean to solve the great problem "How the idle can be employed," in a practical way. They will have a large farm and raise every variety of produce. They intend to build a large "Unitary dwelling or home," built expressly for two or three hundred people, which will provide every convenience including Library and Reading-Room, Steam Laundry and Lecture-Hall for meetings, concerts and amusements, steam power for sewing machine, etc., and suitable parlors.

There is to be a large dairy and a manufacturing establishment. Col. Edward Daniels of Washington, D. C., is, we understand, the inspiration of this enterprise.

Further details will be supplied to any who will address the "Industrial Home Co., Ionia, Fairfax Co., Va."

HOME-GROWN TEA.

"The Commissioner of Agriculture is determined that if he can bring it about, the people of the United States shall produce their own tea. The finest teas are sold in China at from five to fourteen dollars per pound, so that those sold here at fifty cents must be inferior indeed as compared with the best. It is said that these finer teas will not bear transportation across the ocean.

"We pay an average of $20,000,000 a year for teas. The plant grows readily in South Carolina and some other of the Southern States. Wilmington, Delaware, is in the same parallel of latitude with Peking, one of the best tea districts of China. The difficulty in supplying tea of home production is the cost of labor and want of skill in manufactura. But these are difficulties sure to be overcome by the ingenuity of our people.

"The Commissioner of Agriculture proposes that the farmers of a neighborhood should have their tea gardens, and the leaves be manufactured at a central tea house; just as the cheese factories are used by the farmers around them."

EMINENT COLORED PEOPLE.

For the Southern Workman.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

The following sketch of this remarkable colored woman, was sent to me for publication by a friend who was not aware that I had any special interest in, or knowledge of, the gifted subject of it. The name of Phillis Wheatley was a household word in my father's family, John Wheatley was my grandfather's uncle, and the story of this talented slave girl is familiar to us all.

Just a hundred years before the opening of the civil war that resulted in the destruction of slavery in the United States, Mrs. Wheatley bought in the slave-market, in the good old city of Boston, a slender, weakly girl, who had something so gentle and modest in the expression of her dark countenance that her heart was drawn towards her and she selected her in preference to several others who looked more robust. She had no clothing except a piece of dirty carpeting about her. Kind treatment speedily brought health, and she soon learned to speak English. She could remember nothing about Africa except that she used to see her mother pour out water before the rising sun. Almost all the ancient nations of the world supposed that a Great Spirit had his dwelling in the sun, and they worshipped that Spirit in various forms. One of the most common modes of worship was to pour out water or wine at the rising of the sun and to utter a brief prayer to the Spirit of that glorious luminary. The sight of the splendid great orb, coming she knew not whence, rising apparently out of the hills to make the whole world glorious with light, and the devout reverence with which her mother hailed its return every morning, might naturally impress the child's imagination so deeply that she remembered it after she had forgotten everything else about her native land.

A wonderful change took place in the little forlorn stranger in the course of a year and a half. She not only learned to speak English correctly, but she was able to read fluently in any part of the Bible. She evidently possessed uncommon intelligence and a great desire for knowledge, and Mrs. Wheatley's daughter, perceiving her eagerness to learn, undertook to teach her to read and write. She found this an easy task, for her pupil learned with astonishing quickness. At the same time she showed such an amiable, affectionate disposition that all the members of the family became much attached to her. Her gratitude to her kind, motherly mistress was unbounded, and her greatest delight was to do everything to please her, and years afterwards, when she was in England receiving the most flattering attentions from the best of English society, learning that her dear, good mistress was in declining health and wished to see her, she returned to Boston immediately, and remained with her till her death. A very interesting biography of Phillis Wheatley from which most of the foregoing sketch is copied was written by that life-long friend of the slave, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, and is found in the Freedmen's Book, a series of interesting sketches of eminent Africans, compiled and mostly written by her.

J. F. B. M.

AN AFRICAN WOMAN.

A reader of the "Southern Workman" does not recollect having seen any account of the gifted and honored daughter of Africa named below, and thinking its publication might be both interesting and profitable to your many readers, he sends a brief sketch.

In the year 1761, when slave-stealers sailed from Boston, and brought their living cargoes to that port, a merchant named John Wheatley bought in the market, a "likely girl," six years old, and gave her the name of *Phillis*. The kind Mrs. Wheatley, finding her a docile and intelligent servant, taught her to read and write, until she acquired a very full knowledge not only of English, but of Latin. *Phillis* wrote a great deal of poetry which was justly admired by all who read it. In her nineteenth year she was sent to England for her health, and was introduced into society, where her talents and amiability made her welcome. A volume of her poems was published in London in 1773, and was dedicated to the countess of Huntingdon.

On her return to Boston she found the city in arms, at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. Incited by patriotic sentiments toward the land that had forcibly torn her from her native land, where a brief period of "life's merry morn" had passed, she ventured to address some encouraging lines to Gen. George Washington, in command of the American Army, at Cambridge. Gen Washington replied as follows:

"*Cambridge, Feb. 28th*, 1776.

Miss Phillis: Your favor of the 26th of October did not reach my hands till the middle of December. Time enough you will say to have given an answer ere this. Granted. But a variety of important occurrences continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents. * * * * If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near my headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the muses, and to whom nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am with great respect, your obedient, humble servant,

George Washington."

Phillis married a worthless man named Peters, of her own color, who made her life so sad, that she died in 1784, very poor, at the age of thirty-one, leaving three children.

The noble letter of Washington, alike honorable to the writer and to the receiver, is given in Sparks' Collection of the "Writings of Washington."

What an acquisition it would be to the Hampton Institute Library if some friend can send to it the "*Life and Poems of Phillis Wheatley*." What a "*footstep on the sands of time*," to remind the hundreds of Afric's children who would see it that they "can make *their* lives sublime."

The following is a specimen of the author's style.

Lines on the death of the Rev. George Whitfield.

He charged the youth that every grace divine
Should with full lustre in their conduct shine,
That Saviour, which his soul did first receive.
The greatest gift that even a God can give,
He freely offered to the numerous throng
That on his lips with listening pleasure hung.
"Take Him, ye wretched, for your only good,
Take Him, ye starving sinners, for your food;
Ye thirsty, come to this life-giving stream.
Ye preachers, take Him for your joyful theme;
Take Him, my dear Americans," he said.
"Be your complaints on His kind bosom laid;
Take Him, ye Africans, He longs for you;
Immortal Saviour, is His title due:
Washed in the fountain of redeeming blood,
You shall be sons, and kings, and priests, to God."

Favored students of the Hampton Institute, take a lesson of encouragement from the bright example set by Phillis Wheatley.

A Friend.

Norfolk, Va.

REV. DANIEL SEATON.

Already, the length of this admonishes me that the sights of Cairo must be devoted to a second letter before the series of the ascent of the Nile commences, but previous to closing I must write of a fellow countryman, regarding whom the colored citizens of Philadelphia will be delighted to hear. His name is Rev. Daniel Seaton, of Chester, but better known in our city from his prominent leadership in the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a guest here at the Grand New Hotel, the first colored American who ever visited Egypt, and will visit the Holy Land as a gentleman. Tonight, at dinner, I sat on his left, and, although unknown to him, the Polish Prince Sapieha was on his right. Opposite was an English lord, farther up a Belgian count, and a little farther still an American admiral. There is no Civil Rights bill in Egypt, to my knowledge, yet no one, either by look or word, objected to the colored man's presence. In intellect I am satisfied he was the peer of four out of five at the long table. In fact, the object of his journey is to write a work on the Holy Land, and deliver lectures before his people. Dr. Seaton is a graduate of the Howard University, of Washington, and presents a good example of American liberality to an oppressed people, in contrast with those wretchedly ignorant and impoverished of his race who are compelled to recognize as masters the corrupt and immoral government of the Khadiva. Egypt's monuments and tombs prove, with unerring accuracy, the extent of her present degradation, while the American Union, with but a century's existence, has exalted itself to a leading power by fostering education and inexpensive government. Let the fire-eating Democrat and the radical Republican travel through Europe and the East to learn the difference between a citizen and a subject; let them see the immorality, extravagance and parade of royalty; let them compare their estates with all excepting the favored few abroad; let them do all this, and both will return home earnest in their determination for the integrity of the Union first; the triumph of party second.

J. M., Jr.

Agricultural.

THOUGHTS FOR THE COUNTRY.

A NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that so many young persons in their early married life, settle in cities, living in apartments, or boarding-houses, with no domestic life, as it would seem, instead of forming for themselves a home, however small, in the country, around which so many associations would cluster, endearing it to them more and more as the years roll on. That many are deterred by the expense, I doubt not; and I therefore venture to lay before such persons a statement of my own experience, showing what may be done with very limited means. I shall be only too glad, if any words of mine shall prove the means of inducing others to make a like trial, and trust that they may be rewarded by as much happiness and content therefrom as I have found in my simple country home.

I purchased four years since, within half an hour's distance of New York, a piece of land, 25 feet wide by 200 feet deep, at a cost of $1,600; I put up on this a house 22 feet wide by 38 feet deep, at a cost of $0,400 or $8,000 in all—this includes gas, furnace, bath-room, set tubs, in short, all the comforts and conveniences, in miniature, of a city house—a much less expensive one, of course, could be built if desired. It stands 30 feet from the road; 20 feet back of the house are reserved for drying clothes,—leaving 112 feet by 25 feet for my garden, in which I planted the small fruits, such as blackberries, black and red raspberries, currants and grapes, and a few flowers to please the eye. The small fruits gave me at the lowest estimate last summer, 125 quarts. As the grapes were an after-thought, I can only give the result of the second year, which was much less than it will be another summer, say 10 to 15 lbs. in all. At one time I reserved a small space in the lower part of my garden for tomatoes, and had enough from a few plants to supply my table three times a day during the summer, and an abundance of green ones during the autumn for pickling. The space in front of the house is made attractive and pretty by different creeping vines, such as wisteria, honey-suckle, scarlet runner, morning glories and nasturtiums. These climb gracefully over the balcony and fences or are trained over frames and stumps of trees. I also planted borders of migsionette, geraniums, etc. A friend gracefully contributed to our pleasure by sending us a quantity of tulip bulbs, so that we had all through the spring, a beautiful display of these brilliant flowers.

A year or two after I had completed my house and planted my small garden, I was fortunate enough to obtain possession, temporarily, of a lot of land adjoining my own, which I planted in vegetables, and though this was not included in the original plan, I make mention of it, as the whole amount of land is not greater than the means of many to whom I write, would permit them to own. My new piece of land is 175 feet wide by 200 feet deep. I give the result and cost of one year's farming. It was ploughed once in the early autumn at an expense of $6.00, and again in the following spring for the same price ($6.00), twenty-five loads of manure, at $1 per load, were put over the land. A strawberry bed of 500 plants was set out. The first year we had only a return of 4 or 5 quarts, the second, was picked considerably over 100 quarts. A barrel and a half of "early rose" potatoes were used for planting; they yielded enough to supply my own family of ten persons, and my son's of six, during the entire summer, and we had fifteen barrels over for our winter supply.

The other vegetables, etc., were green peas, string beans, lima beans, beets, carrots, white and yellow turnips, parsnips, onions, corn, summer squashes, spinach, cucumbers, lettuce, celery, parsley, melons, rhubarb, cabbages, egg plants and tomatoes in the greatest abundance. The number of egg plants was a constant surprise—there were enough tomatoes to supply six families during the summer, besides leaving a large quantity of green ones for pickling in the autumn. We sold $15 worth of cabbages after giving them away liberally during the entire season. I now sum up the cash:

Ploughing twice,	$12.00
Manure,	25.00
Potatoes for planting,	3.00
Seeds,	10.00
Egg plants,	1.00
Rhubarb,	2.00
Tomatoes,	2.50
Lettuce,	.75
Strawberry bed,	5.00
Extra labor,	10.00
	$71.25

The weeding, hoeing, etc., was done by a boy of eighteen whose wages are $10.00 a month. He lives in our family the year round; doing all the out-door work of the house.

With this simple statement of facts, I close, hoping that some few, at least, may be induced to do likewise.]

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

I will now tell you something of the place [illegible] is an old set- in God the Father Almighty, &c.—the Apostles' Creed.) Then I read a chapter in the likely to be any trouble about her getting a situation, in fact, they wanted her at several places

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My dear young friends:—

I regret that the pressure of many claims upon my time and strength have prevented me from writing to you during the past winter as frequently as I intended, but you have been daily the object of my thoughts, and very often of my prayers for your temporal and spiritual welfare. Several subjects have presented themselves to my mind in thinking about you, but at this time I can offer only one for your consideration.

While looking at the map on which are marked the places where you are teaching, the inquiry has arisen in my mind, "How many of these schools might be made permanent?" Some of you, I am pleased to find, are teaching the same school year after year, while many, perhaps most, of you take a new school every year with the expectation of obtaining a better position. It is certainly reasonable and proper to do this when there is no prospect of improving your condition by remaining; but I wish very much you could induce the inhabitants of the town where you are teaching to take such an interest in your school that they will make it worth while for you to continue the charge of it year after year and try to raise it from one of Primary or Secondary grade to that of a Grammar or High School. If the State should be unable to pay you during more than four or five months of the year, I wish you could persuade the parents of the children to pay something for their education, and others of the citizens to contribute to the support of the school, so that it might be kept up for nine, or at least eight, months in the year. If your friends in the North believed that such a school would be maintained permanently, they would, I have no doubt, help you in the purchase of maps and simple apparatus, and in gradually forming a small library of books to be lent to your pupils. You could yourselves collect specimens of objects in Natural History,—such as minerals, shells, insects, plants;—by the aid of which you could give object lessons that would be useful to your pupils in stimulating their curiosity and improving their habits of observation. They would become interested in making such a collection, bringing you for specimens the leaves and fruit of different kinds of trees, a piece of the bark, and a small neatly cut piece of the wood, etc. This would be more easily accomplished by those who teach country schools, but boys who live in towns love to walk in the neighboring woods, and the pleasure of their rambles would be increased by a useful aim.

A still stronger incentive to continuing to teach in one place is that parents and children become more attached to a good teacher the longer he is with them.

Do not suppose that I wish you, my dear young friends, to be so self-sacrificing as to remain year after year in a community where you have no hope of enlightening the people or securing them from their apathy. Your superior education entitles you to expect support and encouragement from the inhabitants of the place where you teach, and sufficient appreciation of your work to offer you inducements to remain with them. You shed a bright light in many a dark place; you dispel many mists of error, ignorance and superstition, and through trials and disappointments you are surely, although in some instances more slowly than you wish, elevating the minds of people who have been hitherto debarred from the blessings of education. Your efforts may sometimes fail to be duly appreciated, and your pecuniary reward may fall far short of your desert; but your record is on high, and, if you follow the path of duty faithfully to the end, your recompense will be sure from Him who notices every effort and every sacrifice made in His name and for His sake.

I am your sincere friend,

M. A. L.

P. S. After finishing my letter I received from one of the Hampton graduates a letter which confirms the opinion I have expressed. The writer has taught for several years in one school and gained the esteem and love of the people who would be very unwilling to part from her, and she herself feels assured that she can accomplish the greatest amount of good by the course she has pursued.

M. A. L.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

WAITING FOR EIGHT AORES AND A MULE—EVIL OF INDISCRIMINATE GIVING RECOGNIZED. "CUNNING DOCTORS." WHIPPED FOR SELLING HER OWN PIG. GYMNASTICS IN SCHOOL. FAILURE OF MORAL SUASION.

VA., *Jan.* 30, 1878.

Miss M——, my dear friend:

I received your kind letter some days ago, and should have answered before, but I have been so busy. I did not forgat, nor could I forget for without your aid, I do not know how I would ever get along.

Noah's Ark landed two days ago, and I am a thousand times obliged for your continued kindness.

I will now tell you something of the place where I am teaching. C—— is an old settlement; was settled in 17—. It has about fifty or sixty houses, and the most of the houses look like they had been deserted by the whites. The surrounding country is really handsome; it is a mountainous region and has a great many springs; it looks a little like West Point, N. Y. I do not believe that there has been a house built for forty-one years; so the town is one of *has been*.

You asked me to tell you about my school-teaching. I have got along a great deal better than I expected to as far as I am concerned. I have made quite a success of it. That is, I am satisfied that I could be a school-teacher in this place. But I suppose I have got into the poorest place in Virginia for a teacher. The people here are too poor to send their children to a free school. Forty-five scholars on the roll, and only two that have made a full month, and only one that has had all the books that he or she needed. Everybody knows that if a child is a one day and out two, you cannot teach that child any of much consequence.

I call the roll, mornings—"Well, James, or John, why were you not at school yesterday?" —"I had the baby to attend to," or "I had to bring water, Mother was washing," or "I had tobacco to strip," and all such excuses. So, between the tobacco, water and babies, it knocks the school sky high.

The people have been free fourteen years, and now too poor to send their children to school. The next question is: Why is this? Only one reason I can give, and that is, they are too lazy to accumulate a few dollars. Still looking up to the white man, but he turns a deaf ear to the black man, for the white man has his own child to send to school by the sweat of his brow.

I went to Dr. —— and told him all about the school; he said that all the teachers in the county had made the same complaint, so he told me to go ahead and do the best I could. I can scarcely tell you how ignorant the people are. Some have never been twenty miles from the smoke of their chimney. The colored people will not go to work here because they are waiting for the Yankees to come and give them eight acres of land and a mule, and they have been waiting ever since the fall of Richmond. Some Yankees came here in search of gold, and being disappointed, gave the land to the colored people. This really did more harm than good, because it encouraged the rest to wait.

The white people have treated me real kind so far. They have invited me to dine with them. Dr. ——, the Superintendent, has been very kind indeed. He gave me books and papers.

I got along one month without whipping, but I believe I have whipped enough since to make up for the last time. I have got the children just as afraid of me as if I were a lion, and yet they all seem to love me, some of them too much.

I will now speak of the habits of the people. They all believe in witchcraft or cunning. When one of them gets sick they send for a cunning doctor. He comes with his spade or mattock, and says, "it is right down here," and that will be right in front of the door, and he will dig up a bundle of nails, pins, roots, hair and rags, all tied up together. Then he says "This is it, and I will cure you for ten dollars," and he will get it too, and he seems to be the only man that does get cash for his work. How the things get there I cannot tell, whether he had them in his pocket, or had hurried them some time before. I put them down to the lowest, in my school, but since I came to talk with such good old Christians who I know would not tell a lie, and they told me they have *seen* ground puppies jump out of folk's feet, and lizards and snakes. I have not said a word about cunning since, and never intend to; for they can poison you anyhow, for the devil seems to be at the helm. I do not believe in cunning, but I only thought I would tell you what I saw on that point. They die here like sheep. I never saw so many motherless children in all my life. I will tell you one of the doctor's doses: a teaspoonful of lime, ashes, salt, pepper; that much he was seen to put into a glass besides the root he had taken. He gave this to the sick man at night; then in the morning he was as dead as a stone, so that was the last of that poor man.

They marry here on Sundays, and have prayer-meetings Saturdays. It opens at nine, and closes Sunday morning about five. This in the place for shouts. I never saw so many discords in marriages in any place. A man can get a divorce for a few bushels of corn. About twelve months ago, a man's wife sold a pig that was her own; her husband had her tied to a post and thirty-nine lashes put on her by an officer, and yet that man seems to be respected. Sometimes four or five will go to jail in a week. They will go into a man's barn, and kill a cow and cut her up and carry it off. Cows, sheep, hogs and corn stand a poor chance here. The people scarcely know that they are free. The KuKlux have been here. The white people told the colored that the KuKlux were people that came out of the moon, and that they would take their heads off and ask you to hold it. I have seen young men here that would not go to the spring at night to save your life.

I hope you will not get tired of reading this. I will be thankful for any reading matter that you have to dispose of. I feel under many obligations for all of your kindness to me.

Programme for opening my school:

I have them all to repeat after me—I believe in God the Father Almighty, &c.—the Apostles' Creed.) Then I read a chapter in the Bible. After that I have the instruction questions and answers—as follows:

Who was the first man? &c.—(3 questions).

I sing one hymn, and then open the school with counting the first thing. I have some little children five years old who can count a hundred. Many a one only two could count that much.

I walk to the church to teach Sunday-School every Sunday—it is only sixteen miles, there and back. It is something like the day school; the people are too poor to attend much, there are about sixty children that should attend, and only ten or fifteen attend it. It is not the children's fault, because I have seen them a-crying to go, but the old slave will not go without the white man to drive him.

I visit all the children's parents. It takes a great deal of my time, but I have to do so, to beg them to let the children come.

Please remember me to my friends at Hampton.

I have the honor to be,

Respectfully yours,

S.

Nov. 18*th*, 1877.

My dear Miss M.:

As I have been from home almost two months, I guess you think it time I was letting you know what I am doing; I think so my way. I have been teaching five weeks and have made out one monthly report, and am going to send it in to-morrow to the County Superintendent. My school numbers thirty, but will be larger soon; all that come now are small, but five: three boys eighteen, and two girls fifteen years old. I am expecting a visit from the County Superintendent soon. I would like to tell you all about our examination, and the Teachers' Institute.

I remember writing to some one at Hampton that I would be reminded of Hampton again when I went to the last. It was not so, only the *name* was like anything we had there. The room where the Institute met was an open house, the floor was an inclined plane; down the floor great streams of tobacco juice flowed. We always choose the upper seats to save our skirts. The men seem to think they were treating us with the utmost respect. The other teachers did not seem to mind it at all.

Well, Miss M., I have introduced gymnastics into my school. I do wish you could look into my school-room some times and not let me know you were looking until after you had seen all you wanted to and then call my attention. I like teaching very much, but I cannot get the scholars to come regularly, nor promptly. I tried to organize a Sunday-school since I've been here, but have not succeeded as yet. This morning I went to the church hoping to find a full school and found only two. I am going to try again soon, and see if I can possibly get a Sunday-school. I hope I may be able to. Most of the people round here are owners of property, and are getting along very nicely.

Give my love to Miss H. Tell her to save my goose Thanksgiving. You are asleep now my dear Miss M., it is after eleven o'clock. So I bid you good-night, and go quietly to my room. Write soon, to your devoted

L.

OCT., 1877.

Dear Teacher:

I opened some time since—been teaching just a month to the day. We have a terribly large school—numbering near a hundred and forty, and a great many have not yet set in. The school numbers at present a great many more than I ever knew it. You asked about my sister coming; I guess I failed to tell you that the males and females have separate schools. We teach boys only, and I tell you, rough customers some of them are. I had begun to think that I could govern a school without whipping. I had almost unlimited confidence in my ability to govern a school by "moral suasion" as its called, but since I have been teaching I have found how mistaken such an idea was. Boys are coming to school now, who for the last two or three years have, been idling away their time on the street and of course they have acquired all the traits of character that belong to the street loafers, and, of course, such boys as those have to be severely dealt with, but after next month, I seldom expect to have to whip a boy. So far though we have been very successful. I do not teach any classes below the third reader. The State Superintendent honored the school with a visit this week. He questioned them a good deal in regard to their studies, but did not address the school. One of his questions is Geography was to know how to go from here to Charlestoa, W. Va., by water. Can you tell? The class told him very promptly.

That young woman about whom I wrote you could not make it suitable to come to Hamptoa, and, as I had attempted to help her, I just turned my efforts in another direction, and began giving her lessons myself, that she might teach, and although she had not been to school for two years, after helping her for a month she passed a very creditable examination, and I assure you some portions of it were not so easy, but she is about as apt and diligent in her studies as any one I know. Well, after she had passed examination it was easy enough to get a school. The clerk of the district where I taught last year, had asked me to secure teachers for his schools, so you can see there was not likely to be any trouble about her getting a situation, in fact, they wanted her at several places but she rather chose to go to where I taught last term. I have received a letter from her once since she has been there; she has a good school and is getting on nicely, and I think that I shall go down and see her next Saturday. Her parents are both dead; her father went crazy from the effects of drinking whiskey. She has lived with her aunt since the death of her mother, who, it is said was a very nice woman.

I have a great deal more that I will write next time. I teach night school also, it numbers about twenty-four.

Yours truly,

M.

CENTENNIAL HORSES.

WE ARE indebted to Messrs. Harper Bros. for the spirited portrait of four of the horses exhibited last summer at the Centennial Exhibition. Their reporter says that a curiosity of the American exhibit was a beautiful Arabian horse bought from a tribe of Bedouins—the wild tribe, which roam the deserts of Arabia and possess horses which are the finest in the world for beauty and fleetness, and loved by their wild masters like their wives or children.

This Arabian horse was fifteen hands high, a grayish white, very gracefully formed, with an eye gentle as a fawn's. His colts by Kentucky and Norman mares were shown and praised as fine roadsters. "In striking contrast to this dainty son of the desert," says the reporter, "was the little, wicked-looking, black French stallion, of Percheron breed, that stood in a neighboring stall, shaking his long forelock out of his eyes and flourishing a tail of astonishing size." Another contrast of a different sort was seen in the stalls where the ponderous, gray Norman draft horses stood. These huge animals come of a race that is as docile as it is strong. The larger numbers of noticeable animals were of English or Scotch breeds.

An exchange gives some interesting bits of information concerning horses in the United States:

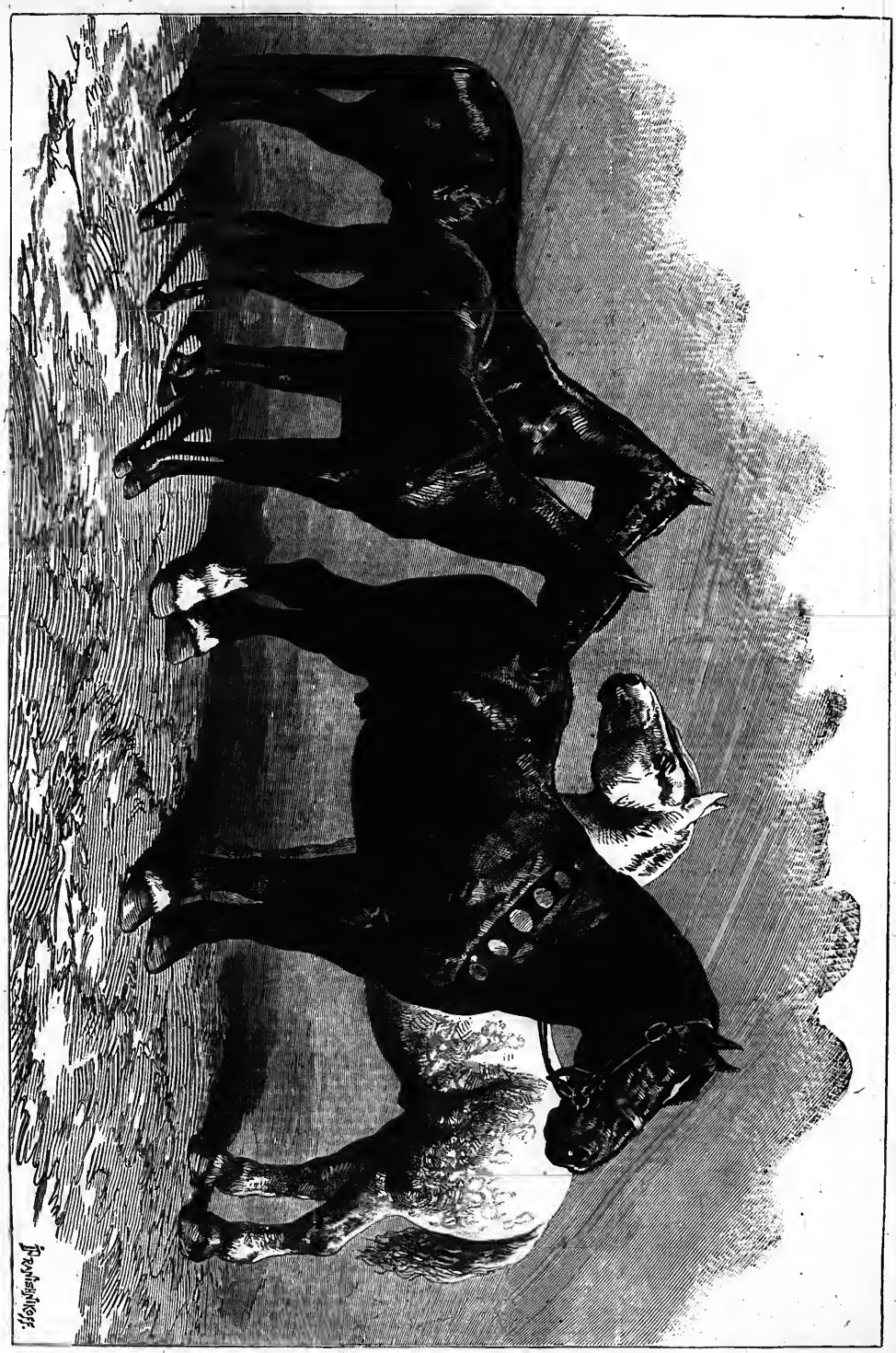
"HORSES AND THE HORSE-TRADE.

"The number of horses in the United States is estimated at 8,000,000, Illinois ranking first in numbers; New York next with over half a million; then Ohio, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Texas, Iowa, Indiana, and Kentucky. The number of horses in the New England states is estimated at 500,000, Maine having the largest number, and Massachusetts next. The farms of Maine and Vermont are noted throughout the land. The horses raised in Maine are, generally speaking, fine specimens of the equine race. So are those imported from Vermont and Canada, the latter having qualities of their own quite distinct from the thorough New England animal. The weight of a good roadster may vary from 950 to 1,000 pounds. For ordinary purposes on the road and for general work an old horse dealer tells us that 1,000 pounds is heavy enough. A larger sized horse would not be found serviceable in horse-cars, omnibuses, or hacks, and certainly not in the huggy or light carriage. A heavy horse will not last so long over the hard pavements of the city as a medium sized one. The practice now conforms to this rule, we believe, as strangers especially will notice in all large cities (in the East at least), quick, tough horses for most kinds of work. A medium sized horse will range from 14½ to 15½ hands in height."—*Dunton's Spirit.*

"THE HORSE TO HIS OWNER.

Going up hill—Whip me not.
Going down hill—Hurry me not.
On level road—Spare me not.
Loose in stable—Forget me not.
Of hay and corn—Rob me not.
Of clear water—Stint me not.
Of soft, dry bed—Deprive me not.
Tired or hot—Wash me not.
Sick or cold—Chill me not.
With sponge and brush—Neglect me not.
With hit and reins—O jerk me not.
And when you are angry—Strike me not."

"GEN. O. O. HOWARD has again, and we trust finally, been relieved from responsibility for the misuse of the funds of the Freedmen's Bureau. The Judge before whom the case was tried, in Washington, yesterday, declared that the General himself had certainly not misappropriated a dollar of the money, and that, under the circumstances, he could not be held responsible for the misconduct of his subordinate, General Balloch. The Judge, therefore, ordered the jury to return a verdict of acquittal, which was done promptly. General Howard has been the victim of much vile abuse in connection with this matter, but it may be hoped that the fact of his innocence will be accepted now even by the disreputable and scurrilous guerilla journals who have made him the favorite target of their calumny."



CENTENNIAL HORSES.

CONJURE DOCTORS IN THE SOUTH.

turn him loose. Every time they would take hold of him the same thing would occur, so not being more attentive; however, they had done just as he had directed them.

weeks for stealing." The girl was a good, virtuous, honest girl, respected by every-

OONJURE DOCTORS IN THE SOUTH.

A careful inqhiry among the stndents and graduates of Hampton has elicited a great mass of testimony in regard to the prevalence of superstition among the freedmen; especially of the belief in what is known among them as conjuration, or "trieking." From over a hundred letters, we select the following specimens, to throw light upon the mentel condition of the masses of this people, and the kind of work that mnst be done amoeg them if they ere to be raised to civilization or even saved from extinction.

It will be noticed that the writer of the following letter—a memher of the Junior class—does not hesitate to avow himself a believer in conjuration. Two years more in the school will change his ideas, it is to be hoped. Yet nothing is harder to eradicate from the mind then early-acquired superetition, and there is little doubt that many who are less frank in its ecknowledgment are hy no. means free from it.

DEAR TEACHER:

Being requested hy you to tell you what I know about coojure Doctors, I will endeavor to do so, accordieg to the best of my ability. I remember once beiag at a woman's house, and there were six mea aad five girls there, and a conjure Doctor passed, hie aame was ——, hut the people called him Dr. ——. He passed the houge, and there were three mon with him, and after he had passed the woman'e house, about a half a mile, those that were at the woman's house, began to talk about him and make fun of him, with the young girls, and the woman told those at the house, that they had better stop talking about that conjurer; she said, "if you don't he will conjure you all." The men said to her, "He doesn't know that we are talkieg about him." She replied, "You need not fool with those conjurers, for they will conjure you hy looking at you," hut they would not stop The conjure Dr. said to the meu with him, that he had to go back to that womaa's house—which he had passed about a mile back. He said, "They are talking about me and makieg fun of me;" and he turned roued, aud went back, and when he got la eight of the house they all got so afraid that some got under the bed and some went up tha stairs, and the head women of the house got almost frightened to death, but he went in and told them to come from down the stairs, and get from nnder the bed, for he said, "I have somethieg to tell you all," aed they all looked as if they were condemned to die, hut he said to them, "Don't be uneasy," and he told them every word they said about him and not one could deay it. He said "honeys, I won't do anything about it this time, hy you not knowing who I am, hat when yon are talkieg about me, yon had as well be talkieg about Jesus Christ, for I can do yon as much good, and I can do you as much harm." They all begged him to excuse them, and told him that they would never say anything about him agaia, and thanked him for not harting them in aey way; aad you could not hear one of those men say any harm about him after that. All they would say would be that they would never say any thiag aboat another conjurer as loeg as they lived, and after he had gone, he said to those men that were with him that those people were telkiag bad about him now as they were talking bad about him at first.

In 1873 I was going down the street and came across a conjure Dr., and he asked me where did a certain lady live, aad I told him, and he weet there; and when he got there the woman told him she had some kind of pain in her head and side, and told him something kept comiag up in her throat and she did not know what to do, and she said, "I want you to look over for me," and he went aud got his cards and shuffled them, and told her to take them in her hands, and she did so, and he told her to hand them back to him, and she did so, and he began to tell her what was the matter with her and he told her she was conjured and told her what it was about. Aed he told her she had better do something for it very soon, for if she didn't she would be under the ground very soon; and she told him she did not know what to do, and she asked him if he could do her any good, and he told her yes, he could care her in two days. She said "All right," and he told her she was conjured by drinkiag a cnp of tea at a wedding, and he looked in his sack, and got out his roots and made her a cup of tea and told her she would see what that was in her, and he told her to drink the tea, and she did so, and in five minutes a scorpion came ont of her month. That frightened several of them, and after this thing was seen, they all got on the right side of that conjure Dr, and the next day she was all right, and she paid this conjurer twenty-five dollars aad gave him as mnch as he could carry home with him, that is, anch as meal and meat, and flour and lard.

At home there was a conjure Dr. that did a crime. He said he was going to kill a man, and this man whom he said he was going to kill had him put in jail, and as fast as the jailor would lock one door and tnrn hie back, this coajurer would come out behind him, and they put him in three times, and he did the same thing avery time, and they started to put him in for ths fourth time, and he said he was not goiag in thare any more. So the sheriff took hold of one eide of him, and the coastable hold of the other, and just as soon as they fastened him, scorpions would rnn out of hie coat sleeves and rnn on them, and they would turn him loose. Every time they would take hold of him the sama thing wonld occur, so they turned him loose. I remember oace of being at a woman'e house, and a conjurer came there, and hy the time he got in the house he told her that she was conjured and she asked him to look and see how her time would run. And he throw his cards to the top of the room and called them out one by one until he called them all dowa. And he looked over them, and told her that she was badly off and told her if she would put it into his hande he would fix thiega. And she told him all right, and he said, "Before I will do anything, you shall see who coejured you, and the one that conjured you shall come and make a great to do over you;" and he told her not to say anything to him. That evening the man came and tried to make them believe that he believed he knew who did it, but they did not say anything much to him. But this coajure Doctor was off in the woods fixieg for the man who conjured the woman, and when he went away, this conjure Dr. went back and asked the woman if she wented him killed, and she told him to do as he chose. And he said, "What he coejured you with will kill you in five daye;" and he said, "I shell turn it back on him;" them man threw down there walkieg atick and it will turn to a snake. in 1878, I was in —— Couety workieg, and there was a lady there hy the name of Clariada ——, and they say round there that she is as dangerous as a rattlesnake. If any one would go to her, yon might hear her scream for a quarter of a mile, and she would begin to tell them whatever they wanted to know. There was a man went to her while I was over there, and she told him who conjured him, and this man went and got after him about it, and he said no one would tell him he did it, and the man asked him who told him that he conjured him, and he said Dr. ——; and this man went to thie conjurer's hoase, to shoot her, and when he got there he pulled the trigger aed tried to shoot her, hat she had tricked his gun and he took it down, and just as soon as he took it down both barrels went off and liked to have killed him, and she told him he would have to crawl home, or some one would carry him, and he started heme and before he had gotten two hundred yards from the house he could not do anything but crawl, and a cart came aleng aud carried him home, and when he got home he was so badly off that he did not live hut half a day. This conjurer had conjured him so badly that he could not live.

At my home once a conjurer was caught in a man's orchard, up a tree, and the man got his gun and shot after him, and this coejerer told the man to shoot again, and he shot him again, and this coejurer told him to come and get his shot, and the man went and the conjurer looked under his arm aad gave him his shot. The people at my homa believe in these conjure Drs. more than they do in the Physician Dr. These conjurers can get their money time the work is done because the people are afraid of them, and I believe they make more money than the white Dr.

I now will close hy saying that I believe in the coajure Drs., and all this that I have written I can vouch for myself.

Yonrs truly

R.

A natural hesitation—partly fear, and partly sheme—was felt by many of our students, at the idea of thus revealing the superstitions of their people, until they were made to perceive the motive and importance of such a consideration of the work before them. Many of the letters show a serious appreciation of that work. It cannot be too serious, and we urge it upon every thinking freedman, with the interests of his race at heart.

What kind of people are Conjure Doctors? They are a class of ignorant people that go around pretending to be ahle to core people hy certain performances. They sometimes make from fiftees to twenty dollars a day through their base deeds.

They are found mostly in the South where people are not so enlightened as they are in other parts of the country.

I have seen several of them, hut have not seen for myself much of their worke, although I have heard a great deal of them. I have heard my uncle speak of several that he has been in contact with. I remember hie telling me abont an old man that pretended to have the power of fixing people so they could steal, murder, or do anything else that they wanted to, and not be found out. This old man was a slave on a large plantation. His fellow-servants would pay him whatevar he charged; then he would give them some kind of root to chew, telling them that they could steal or do anything that they wauted to and their masters would not find it out, if they chawed this root. They thought all he said was trne. When they were caught and punished by their masters they would complein to thie old man. He would tell them they did not do just as he directed them.

When his patients did not get well, he would say it was not his fault; as they did not do as he told them they must enffar for it. They did not once think that he really did not have any anch power, and hlamed themselves for not being more attentive; however, they had done just as he had directed them.

Instead of encouraging people, conjure doctors discourage them when they find them complaining, hy telliag them some one has conjured or tricked them and ueless something is done for them very soon, they will die, or something dreadful will happen to them. The patient are so saible in their doings that in many cases people have supposed them to do more good than real doctors. A great deal of their worke appear very true.

I knew an old lady that had not been able for several months to even sit up in bed. She was pronoaced incurable hy all the other doctors. An old conjure doctor took her in charge, and in less time than two moethe she was apparently as well as ever. How he menaged to de it, I do not keow.

Conjure doctors are not so numerous now as they were before our race became so enlightened, hut still they are too uumerous. They are a curse to their race. Instead of trying to elevate those around them hy doing those things that will lead them toward the light, whea they find how narrow their coeceptioas are, they take advantaga of them hy telling some great tale, and pretendieg to be ahle to do many things to get what little money they have.

We as a school should think on this subject, for it behooves us to prepare for all such obstacles that we are to contead with when we leave school. We aeed eot wait till we graduate to begin to he useful, hat we should begin new. If we begin with the determinatation to rid our land of all these superstitious notions, it will not be long before we shall rank amoeg the greatest nations of the earth. We are the ones to do it, so let us begin hy studyiag hard and trying to learn all that we can that will be useful to us. in this way we mould ourselves for our work hereafter.

L.

The Conjuring Doctors. This is a name applied to a set of colored people in the South, who pretend, either that God favors them, or that they sell themselves to the Devil, who gives them power over disease, so that they can kill or cure as they wish.

They cure, or pretend that they can cure, persons who, they say, have been tricked. Of course they only need to be sent for or consulted when one is sick; they will readily determine that they are tricked. The people being so ignorant and superstitious that they are ready to receive anything, therefore, it seems that the idea of conjuration has become imhued in them.

Conjuration, I find, is one of the many horrible features of ignorance and vice, one that it is very difficult to rid a people of. Time shonld be devoted to the consideration of tha matter, in the South, where it is known to take hold of the people in such a manner. It is not only the wle who practice this misdemeanor and believe in the same, but I believe it is safe to say that at least three-fourthe of the mass of negroes have a tendency to believe in it, and one-fourth, you could not preach ont of a belief in its truth. It is said to be so common and popular that it is practiced not only by the people of the church, but even that their leaders are often known as Conjure Doctors. My impression is simply this, that our people, being a race that delights in anything fascinating or even delusive in point of fact, have adopted such sophistry; and that it has spread to a great extent and to the demoralization of a great many of our young people. I fear it may continue to do evil to the cause of the civilization of the negro of the South.

I am proud that the time has come for the giving of attention to this evil, and hope that it may be rooted out ere long, hy our energy and advice with the aid of our friends and God.

I am glad that I haven't had the chance to know as much of the Conjuring Doctors as many of the students, for it seems to have enchanted them to some extent, I take warning not to trifle with such principles, hnt to "strive to overcome evil with good.

The ceremonies and tricks of these conjurers and Conjure Doctors are often different. They effect the cure of their patients mostly hy the use of roots, snakes, scorpion, lizard, &c., which they usually keep with them.

My idea of such action is that it is an absurd superstitious folly that should speedily be rooted ont.

G.

I will tell you what I have heard about it, and know to be the truth. I can't say that I believe it, for I do not. I have seen enough to to convince me that such things con be done. For instance, an old woman was walking along one day, I weut by her and spoke to her. I don't know her neme. She did look so queer; you can always tell them when you see them, for they always have red eyes. I don't believe yon can find one who has not red eyes. So a young girl and boy passed her, and they laughed at her; she turned around and said to the yonng girl, "you will be in the work-house before this time two weeks for stealing." The girl was a good, virtuous, honest girl, respected by everybody that know her. Sure enough, before two weeks had passed, we saw her name in the papers for etealing, and that she had been sentenced to three years' imprisonmeat. To the yonng man the conjurer said, "Your head will be turned around and you shall crawl on the earth like a enake before you die, and that won't be long." I will tell you how she did this. I stood there and saw her do this myself. She spit on the ground, and then crossed it, and all come to pass just as she said it would. Then I have seen people thet have been conjured. Some get over it, and others just linger and waste awey, and when they get that notion in their heade thet they are hurt, you can't beat into their minds that they are not; they will never rest until they have sent for an old man or woman, as we coll them, "Conjure Doctore." And then they sit down and tell them, "You ere poisoned, and I will put it back on the one that hurt you, if you will pay me so much money," and then they go to work and fix all kinds of tea, and give the person four or five bottles of medicine to take at different hours in the day. Ilcally, I think that the tee end other medicine that these conjure doctors give the people, help to meke them sick, and they keep taking it without feeling better, oely getting worse ell the time from the effects of drinking ell kinds of root tea. I hed an aunt that said she was conjured, and she told ne whet for, end grandma paid an old woman $25 to cure her. She hed been sick for e whole year; she could walk only on crutches. This old woman gave her something to rub her limbe with every night end morning. After she had used thie medicine hy her directions for a month or so, she got so she could walk across the room, end then out of doors, and she has been walking every dey since. She took out of her right arm e spool of chrend, and out of her leg a lizzard. This is the truth, whet I saw with my own eyes. Then a dear friend of mine was sick; her parents had all the doctors come to see her, and spent money on her in every way possible, but instead of her getting better, she would get worse; so one day her brother said he believed she was hurt, end thet he was goieg to e conjure doctor to ask him to come and see her. Well, sure enough, he did bring him home with him that night. I remember the night just as well I went up to to see her; there we sat telking about different things; in came her brother and this man. Her brother said, "I will make you ell ecquainted with the Rev. Mr. H." I can see him now, for we did laugh at him. He had his hair braided like a woman, and rings in his ears. He went to work, and told enough to set one sick person crazy. Then he said, if you come and go with me, I will dig up what they put down for her; her brother went with him, and he dug up e bottle thet hnd all kinds of things in it, flies, bugs, lizards and lots of green looking things, and one lerge frog. After he had explained it to those who were there, he took it, spit in hie hand and rubbed it over the bottle, and told her brother to put it in running water, and that it would make those who had hurt her wonder about it end be troubled about it why it did ne hnrm. Well, she did get better efter e long time. I can't say she was hurt; she herself did not believe it, but like e good child she obeyed her parents and took tha medicine. When I left home she was in good health, and I heve heard from her since and she is still in good health. They have a way to fix you to make you love any one when you don't want to. I knew a women who loved a man at home, and this mnn used to treat her very coolly. So she said she intended to have him, if money would get him, so she went to an old woman and told her ehont this man, and how she loved him, and thet she would pay her any amount of money to fix him in way to make him love her. So this old woman told her to bring her one of her own underskirts that she could let it be buried in e place where he could step over it, and she had a lock of his hair; so she did have it put just where he would step over it, and he commenced to love her after a month or so. He got so he could not stay away from her, and they were married just before I left home. Then there is another thing that the people believe in, our poor ignorant race, and that is *witch riding*. When they can't sleep at night they imagine that something heevy is on their bed, then they will go to work and say, "Such a one would not let me rest last night: she came in shape of a cat"—or some other name they will have it. I heerd and old woman tell this story; she said it was the truth. I will tell you it to you just as she told it to us. She said thet in slavery time they had an old cook, they were all slaves for one family, and this old cook was so mean they could I hardly get along with her, and she could speak to her mistress any way she wanted to, whon others would be whipped for so doing. One day, one of the servants said something to her, and she replied "You shan't sleep any to-night I After they had all gone

up stairs, about nine o'clock, this old woman came out of her room. She was in such a

ing for a family of six or eight persons: "First, have plenty of boiling water; to every boiler-

fully declared under oath; and false swearing is severely punished. The ncenser must face the

the Board, William Coppinger, Esq., corresponding secretary of the American Coloniza-

up stairs, about nine o'clock, this old woman came out of her room. She was in such a hurry to leave that she forgot to fix her things in her room, and she left her door open. They always go out through the chimney, so as to go over the top of the house. So when she had gone, they went into her room to see what she did before going. They found her skin on the hearth where she had skinned herself, so she could be limber. They took it and filled it with salt and pepper, so when she came home she could not get in her skin, because it burnt her, so she had to get into bed and stay there. Next morning, when her mistress went into the room to see her, it frightened her so to see her in that condition that she sent for the master. He asked her about it and she had to tell him. So they tarred and feathered her and burnt her to death. This is all I have time to tell you about. You can judge from this how ignorant they are to believe in such things.

A.

At Home.

THE SPARROW.

A sparrow lighted chirping on a spray
Close to my window, as I knelt in prayer,
Bowed by a heavy load of anxious care;
The morn was bitter, but the bird was gay,
And seemed by cheery look and chirp to say,—
"What though the snow conceals my wonted fare;
Nor have I barn or storehouse anywhere,
Yet I trust Heaven e'en on a winter's day."
That little bird came like a winged text,
Fluttering from out God's Word to soothe my brain!
What though my life with wintry cares be vext!
On a kind Father's watchful love I rest;
He meets this moment's need, I leave the next,
And, always trusting, shall be always blest!

—Rev. Richard Wilton.

OATMEAL AND CRACKED WHEAT. FOOD THAT IS GOOD.

Since I wrote last, we have been using freely of oatmeal and cracked wheat, and we do most heartily endorse them as wholesome food. In oatmeal we found the materials for the growth of the muscles, the bones, and the sustenance of the brain and nerves. We use the oatmeal made into mush or porridge, eaten either hot or cold, with butter and sugar, or with cream and sugar, if preferred. How to cook them? Well, put a pint of oatmeal to soak in warm water a few hours before cooking it, just water enough to cover it, then pour this mixture into boiling water, a little at a time, with a good pinch of salt, and let it cook slowly, same as a cornmeal hasty pudding, for half an hour or longer. To make a pudding of it, take eggs, milk, sugar, raisins and cinnamon, the same as for other puddings. If a heartier dish is desired than either of the ways mentioned it can be made by cooking it with the water in which meat has been boiled, skimming off the fat, and thus adding the relish of the meat. Or, soup can be made by cooking meat until very tender, removing it from the bones and chopping it up finely and cooking it in with the oatmeal.

When eaten by the invalid, it is well to have it thin like gruel, served with sugar and milk, or cream if desirable.

CRACKED WHEAT.—I cook it always one way. It is apt to burn, and for this reason I put it in a little tin pail, and set the pail into a kettle of boiling water; cover closely, and let it boil half or three-quarters of an hour. I soak it previously, the same as oatmeal, and stir the mixture into boiling water.

In a family of little children these two dishes are almost indispensable, and especially where the little ones, through inheritance, will be likely to lose their teeth while young. Sometimes the bony structure of children is little better than chalk. In this case, oatmeal and cracked wheat should be articles of daily food. They should learn to like them, if only from a sense of justice due their mortal frames.—*Exchange.*

LEG ACHE.

A "Relieved Mother" writes to the Chicago *Tribune* to tell another mother how to relieve this really distressing pain: "When one of the small fry makes night hideous with the cry of 'leg ache,' let her rise, wring a common towel out of cool water, wrap it around the offending member its whole length, and instantly cover it with flannel. A flannel skirt is usually the most convenient article, and should be thoroughly wrapped around and pinned, or tied to its place. The mother can then return to her bed, and the patient—after one gasp—will bowl no more."

HINTS ON WASHING.

The quickest and best way to do the washing for a family of six or eight persons: "First, have plenty of boiling water; to every boilerful add from two to three tablespoonfuls of pulverized borax; use some of the borax water from the boiler for every tubful of clothes, adding only enough cold water to make it comfortable for the hands; use soap on the most soiled, and rub on the board, or through a washing-machine; do not boil the clothes; have a tub partly full of boiling-hot borax water, in which to put the clothes that have been rubbed; let them remain in the hot borax water until you are ready to rinse them; from a quarter to a half hour will do; rinse in one clear water, without borax. Use very little, if any blueing. Borax will not injure the texture of the finest linen, and for infants' clothes or flannels it is the only thing that can be used with perfect safety. If stockings or socks are badly stained, they might be boiled in borax water for a few minutes only—too much boiling makes clothes yellow. Borax acts slowly but surely. The improvement in clothes washed after this direction will be noticed after the second or third trial, often after the first. Add a teaspoonful of borax to every quart of starch—it will keep the starch from sticking and add to the polish.—*Ex.*

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZENS. II.

"*LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.*"

"Familiarity breeds contempt" in political as well as social matters; and no man, with eyes in his head, can fail to see, every day of his life, many citizens thoughtlessly trifling with rights which are priceless in themselves, and which have cost tons of blood and millions of treasure. This thoughtlessness arises partly from ignorance, and partly from the fact, that we have become so accustomed to the enjoyment of these rights, that we regard them more as parts of our nature, than as something earned or inherited.

The foremost right of every citizen is his right to his life; for it, he will sacrifice all other rights, indeed all else that he has. A right without the power to enforce the right is no right at all; and if a man's right to his life lies only in his physical power to defend it, the community in which he lives is a barbarism. In more civilized societies, the tenure of life is more guarded; but only in the highest spheres of civilization is life regarded as the most sacred possession of man. Indeed it may be laid down as an axiom, that the sacredness of human life is an exact measure of a nations civilization.

In this country a man's right to his life is most carefully guarded: not only is he protected from the violence of his fellow-men, but also from the violence of the State itself: and nowhere in the world is a man's life declared forfeited for fewer crimes, than in the most self-governed States of this Union. Not only is a man warranted in using all his strength to preserve his life, but in addition can call to his aid the entire force of the State.

Even treason is no longer necessarily punished with death: a court has the power to hang a man convicted of treason, but is permitted to simply fine and imprison him. In most States, a man's life can only be taken from him for his having wilfully taken another's life.

So accustomed are we to the enjoyment of this right to our lives, that we pay little heed to it. But a keener appreciation of this right would prevail if the State became too weak to offer the protection it now does, and forced us, as it were, to carry our lives in our hands.

Next to his life, the dearest right of an American citizen is his liberty of body and mind. The idea of liberty has never yet been accurately formulated in words: indeed for a free man to try to define it, is like trying to define the infinite. To do exactly as one pleases is not liberty; it is license: to do exactly as another pleases is not liberty, it is slavery: yet between these two, the idea of true liberty lies. Perhaps for the purposes of these papers the following, far from complete definition will answer. Liberty is a citizen's power to do all things, which if done by another to him would not injure him.

Impossible as it is to accurately express the idea of liberty in words; the fact is beyond question, that the very idea of liberty involves the idea of restraint: for liberty is a power, and like all other powers must be limited before it becomes useful. A barrel of water converted into steam may pass off into the atmosphere as useless vapor: but confined within the walls of a boiler, it becomes an active living force; a force of incalculable benefit to those who know how to use it; a source of terrible danger to those who are ignorant of its properties.

The freedom of an American citizen, consists in his liberty of body and mind. The State offers the citizen the same right to the free use of his body, as it does to his life; and cannot seize that body unless some specific act has been done by that body, which if done to it by another would have injured it. Before a citizen can be deprived of the liberty of his body, the wrong done by that body must be fully declared under oath; and false swearing is severely punished. The accuser must face the accused speedily in open court: no private trials can occur: the accused is regarded as innocent, until proven guilty, and the proof must be plain enough to convince twelve impartial men: no witness against the accused can testify more than he *knows*, no hearsay evidence being admissable: the accused is entitled to have legal aid furnished him by the State, if too poor to pay for it; and every doubt, if any exist, is to be cast in his favor. To trace, step by step, how these rights have been secured to us, would be to write the history of Anglo Saxon freedom, of the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the publicity of courts and the accusatorial form of trial. Such is not the object of these papers; but suffice it to say, that these rights as enumerated do exist, and what greater ones could a citizen ask?

Having thus hastily sketched a citizen's right to the liberty of his body, we next come to his more intangible, but equally guarded liberty of mind. No despotism can be strong enough to curtail a man's right to *think*; but as before stated, a right is no right without the power to enforce that right; and what does it avail a man to think, if the State forbids him to express his thoughts? In this country a man not only has the right to think, but to express his thoughts orally or through the press; and there is no limit to this right, except the limitation involved in liberty itself. Mark this distinction, the United States gives every man liberty, no man license. Any man can say or publish what he pleases, and the State will protect him, so long as his words are such, that they would not injure him if uttered by another. In despotisms the government says what shall and what shall not be printed: but with us, a man may publish what he likes, and the law, which is but the written wish of the people, will protect him in the use of the right, and punish him for its abuse. It has been noticeable in all ages, that as men cease to be self-governed, they demand license for themselves, and slavery in some degree for others. The history of this country is full of examples of this tendency of mankind. When the Puritans crossed the seas, they claimed to be in search of religious liberty: yet scarcely had they landed, than it was evident that their idea of liberty, was freedom for other men to think as they did. Less than twenty years ago to express anti-slavery sentiments in some parts of the Union meant an invitation to leave that section of the country forthwith, and the invitation was sometimes accompanied with a feather coat more picturesque than comfortable. These examples are introduced simply to point this truth; viz., that large liberty can only exist in communities where every individual recognizes that his neighbor has the same rights as himself, and that the security of both can only be maintained by the mutual respect of both. The right to worship God in this country, as every individual sees fit, is one of the grandest rights that we enjoy: every man can worship as seems fittest to himself, and the State will uphold him, so long as his form of worship is such, that if practiced by another, it would not injure him. So, too, a man may belong to whatever political party he pleases, and no other man can prevent him. But the full exercise of these rights only occurs in those communities where citizens recognize the fact that they are part of the ruled as well as of the rulers, and that they owe every other man certain duties as well as that every other man owes them certain rights.

This great right of liberty of body and mind is treated by most men as the air they breathe: they notice it only when deprived of it. Teachers and leaders of the people, in the pulpit and out, should never weary urging the performance of those duties, on the doing of which this right depends; for unless every citizen does his part to the State, the State cannot do its part to the citizen. When we hear of these rights being impaired in parts of the country, we may know that some citizens have neglected their duties. This right, and others belong to us now, but it rests with ourselves if we keep them or squander them. To keep them we must be ever on the alert, and leave undone no action that would tend to strengthen us in their possession. Beyond peradventure this ballot is the most powerful ontward means of keeping these rights and will be the subject of the next paper.

T. T. Bruce.

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

A NEW EXPEDITION TO LIBERIA.

An important meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society was held March 12th, at the Society's office. Hon. Eli K. Price, President of the Society, was in the chair, and the Rev. J. W. Dulles, D. D., Recording Secretary. William V. Pettit, Esq., Vice President of the Society and Chairman of the Committee on Emigration, reported that about forty letters, with applications from large numbers of freedmen, had been examined. By special invitation of the Board, William Coppinger, Esq., corresponding secretary of the American Colonization Society, was present from Washington, D. C., and furnished for examination the numerous letters from freedmen, received since January 1st., earnestly asking for aid to reach Liberia. In most cases a portion of the expense of passage could be paid, and in some cases one-half. The applications come from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. The applications coming within two months, from twelve States, and from persons claiming to represent more than 50,000 freedmen, manifest a deep and wide-spread desire to reach the fatherland and there build up a Republic of Liberia, which closely resembles the United States in Constitution, laws, language and religion.

It was unanimously voted to authorize the American Colonization Society to send fifty emigrants, to be selected by Wm Coppinger, Esq., at the expense of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society. The expedition will leave on the 1st of May and locate at the flourishing settlement of Brewerville, named in honor of the late Charles Brewer, Esq., of Pittsburgh, by whose generosity many emigrants have been enabled to reach Liberia.

Resolutions were passed complimentary to William Coppinger, Esq., who has been engaged in colonization work for forty years. The President, Hon. Eli K. Price, was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, in 1826, fifty-two years ago. Robert B. Davidson, Esq., a Vice-President of the Society, was also present, who has been actively engaged in the work for over forty years, and also Edward J. Morris, Esq., who has visited Liberia and given a great impetus to the culture of coffee.

DOING FOR JESUS.

There are four reasons why we should be doing for Jesus.

The first is because he has done so much for us.

The second, because of the honor of doing for him.

The third, because of the pleasure.

The fourth, because of the profit of doing for him.

In making our offering or rendering our service to Jesus, it is very sweet to think that he is pleased with what we are doing, and is saying to us, 'Ye have done it unto me.' Blessed Jesus, accept all our services and our offerings! And give us grace that 'whatever we do we may do it unto thee!' If we do this, my dear children, we shall live useful, happy lives, and at last we shall receive an abundant reward from Jesus in heaven.—*Great Pilot.*

Hold On—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, or to speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, or do any wrong.

Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, or running away from your study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

The death of ex-Senator Benjamin F. Wade adds one more to the number of old abolitionists who have laid down their arms after seeing the accomplishment of the aims and dreams of a life-time. That accomplishment was so sudden and unlooked for that it is but human nature that these valiant old warriors should sometimes fail to believe that it has come, and hold on to their weapons till relieved of them by death. Mr. Wade vigorously resisted President Lincoln's method of reconstruction and amnesty, as he opposed President Hayes' Southern policy, "greatly fearing," as he wrote last summer before the election in Ohio, "that this policy, under color of what is called 'local self-government,' is but an ignominious surrender of the principles of nationality for which our armies fought, and for which thousands upon thousands of brave men died, and without which the war was a failure and our boasted government a myth." The question between Mr. Wade and the reconstructing administrations is of course only one of the proper time for adopting their policy, a question only to be decided by experiment, and that experiment never to be tried without temporary friction and confusion. It is doubtful whether to these veterans the proper time for trying it would ever seem to have arrived. Senator Wade was always one of the most valiant of them, and his outspoken, fearless adherence to his opinions won him the respect of even the bitterest of his antagonists.

His enmity to slavary marked his whole political career and inspired his best efforts. Some of his most brilliant speeches were made during the Nebraska bill debate in 1854 against the proposition to ignore the Mis-

The Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Virginia reports that the financial condition of the Commonwealth is truly deplorable. Nine men are coming in from taxes all payments being made in coupons which are at 30 per cent discount. He says there are but $—— in the Treasury, that no money can be borrowed or collected, and that he cannot run the State Government an hour longer. The asylums are behind even on support

His enmity to slavery marked his whole political career and inspired his best efforts. Some of his most brilliant speeches were made during the Nebraska bill debate in 1854 against the proposition to ignore the Missouri Compromise and admit slavery into the Territory. At the breaking out of the Civil war, he was appointed a member of the joint committee of congress on the conduct of the war. In this capacity he always favored the most vigorous measures, especially the confiscation bill, and the bill abolishing slavery in all the Territories. At the death of President Lincoln in 1865, in his position of president *pro tem.* of the Senate, he became acting Vice-President of the United States. In 1867 he was again made President of the Senate, and held the position till 1869, the close of his term. In 1871 he was appointed by President Grant on a commission to visit Santo Domingo and report upon the policy of annexation. Since then he has retired from official life but without losing his active interest in political affairs, and his last illness is attributed to the anxieties and fatigue attending the Cincinnati convention of 1876.

Senator Wade was a self-made man, son of an ex-soldier of the Revolution, and worked his own way through school and up to the bar. He held successively the offices of Justice of the Peace, Prosecuting Attorney, State Senator and Presiding Judge of the Third Judicial District of Ohio. In 1851 he was sent to the United State Senate, and was a prominent member of it for three terms. He died at his home in Jefferson, Ohio, at the age of seventy-eight.

SMALL soldiers be allowed to play cards? In the French and German armies card-playing has been encouraged on the grounds that, like dominoes it is a source of innocent enjoyment, and that it trains the soldier's mind to act quickly and to be habituated to sudden changes of plan. The Director-General of Military Education in the British Army has prepared an exhaustive report on the subject. He thinks that under proper control cards have their uses in the army, but is constrained to admit that their introduction has driven out the chess-table and draught-board.

SOUTH CAROLINA is making progress in manufacturing. There are now in the State 5,941 spindles and 1,400 looms divided among ten prosperous factories. When the Vaucluse and Piedmont Mills, now nearly completed, are filled with machinery, it will add some 1,500 spindles and 450 looms to the above figures. In the course of a few months it is safe to say that there will be 7,400 spindles and 1,850 looms in active, profitable operation, besides other factories in process of construction.

THE Rev. M. W. Taylor, a colored man, and a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal clergyman of Cincinnati, preached there the other day on the death of the Pope and the work of the Catholic Church in behalf of the colored people. He declared that Pius IX. "was the means for the colored race a movement calculated to excite profound gratitude in them. During the civil war he gave his whole energy to devising means for ameliorating the condition of the American slave." "When freedom was proclaimed to our race," added Mr. Taylor, "the Pope ordered Archbishop (now Cardinal) Hughes to select three hundred of the best and brightest colored youths he could find and place them in the best college in the world, for the purpose of preparing them to lift up our race from the depth of ignorance and degradation to which slavery had plunged us. And to help on this work he added to the sums taken from the revenues of the church, frequent and liberal contributions from his own private means. The Sisters of Charity have done even more. Bunkhorne and the Five Points, and have accomplished wonders in the work of elevating our race. We ought to proclaim on the wings of the wind that we honor these things and appreciate them. And then let our Protestant brethren command—as they may—the same gratitude from us by banishing among them the prejudice that exists toward the black man."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

SABINI, the famous Italian astronomer, died at Rome, Feb. 25th, in his sixtieth year.

THE TREATY of peace between Russia and Turkey has been signed. Russia has abandoned her claims on the Bulgarian and Egyptian tribute, the latter to the satisfaction of England, to whom it was pledged to pay the interest of her loan to Turkey. Great enthusiasm prevailed at St. Petersburgh. The indemnity will principally be in the form of territory in Asia, including Kars and Batoum.

POPE LEO XIII was crowned in the Statine Chapel in Rome, March 3rd.

ICE on the Hudson, breaking up March 3rd.

COMPLIMENTARY telegrams exchanged between the Czar and the Sultan on the occasion of the anniversary of the Czar's accession. Austria is dissatisfied with the peace negotiations and wants Bosnia and Herzegovina. A congress of the Powers will probably meet at Berlin. The political outlook in England is brighter. Thessaly and Epirus are promised the same reforms which are pledged to Bosnia and Herzegovina, but this will not satisfy Greece, which wants to recover her provinces.

POLITICAL.

THE Custom returns at New York show a large increase in the imports of Japanese goods, the trade between the United States and Japan having grown nearly three hundred per cent. since the Centennial Exhibition.

THE Auditor of Public Accounts of the state of Virginia reports that the financial condition of the commonwealth is truly deplorable. No money becoming due from taxes, all payments are being made in coupons which are at 35 per cent discount. He says there are but $—in the Treasury, that no money can be borrowed or collected, and that he cannot run the state Government an hour longer. The asylums are behind even on support account. He has no means of paying for per diem of members. $175,000 are due to the banks and they refuse further loans. He says a deficit may be avoided if the General Assembly will provide that the license tax be paid in money only. Of the $1,000,000 balance of taxes now due, for the last fiscal year, there are now ready nearly enough coupons to absorb it, and on the July 1st, next, $600,000 more of them will mature. In the House, various propositions were submitted looking to a solution of the public debt question one of which was the appointment of a commission consisting of the Governor and other state officials to meet the state creditors in order to adjust the debt. No action has yet been taken on any of the propositions. Subsequently the committee adopted a report in accordance with the Auditor's suggestion, recommending that the General Assembly pass a law for the collection of license taxes, including revenues from the Moffat regime, in money to the exclusion of coupons.

ELECTIONS for city and town officers in New York state, Mch. 5th, showed marked Republican victories.

A BILL has been reported in the House, authorizing the equipment of a polar expedition on the plan of a colony, and appropriating $50,000 for that purpose.

EX-GOVERNOR D. ROLEY, of Maine, has published the following statistics, which he claims show conclusively the effect of the prohibition of the sale of liquors save by agencies in that State. In 1840, thirteen distilleries made 1,400,000 gallons of liquor; now there is not a distillery or brewery in Maine. In 1830 there were sold by 2,000 taverns, hotels and saloons $10,000,000 worth of liquors or $20 to each inhabitant. In 1877 the aggregate sales of 160 town agencies were $100,000, or fifteen cents to each inhabitant. Including clandestine sales, the highest total for the year claimed is $1,000,000, or $2 for each inhabitant. In 1833 the deaths from delirium tremens were 242; now they are not over fifty annually. Ex-Governor Dingley claims, also, that rime and pauperism have been greatly reduced in the State, but does not give the exact statistics.

DOMESTIC.

THE FUNERAL of ex-Senator Wade was largely attended on the 6th, at Jefferson, Ohio. His grave is close by that of Hon. Joshua R. Giddings.

THE N. Y. TIMES is about to publish a supplement in Spanish, for distribution in the Spanish-American Provinces, to spread information as to American markets and extend our trade with these countries.

A COLORED County (Ga.) negro farmer raised last year seventeen bales of cotton and thirteen hundred bushels of corn on nine acres of land, his only help being a bob-tailed yearling. This astonishing feat in agriculture reminds us of the period of "dead falls," when some white men were able to raise twenty bags of cotton on a two-acre patch, with a little grocery store in the centre.

THE city of Atlanta, Ga., experienced, March 10th, the severest tornado ever known there. The Episcopal Church, filled with worshipers, was crushed to shapeless ruins, the people having just time to throw themselves under the seats, as the minister abouted to them to do. By this prompt action all but eighteen were protected from the falling timbers, and, strange to say, even these escaped death. The City Hall was unroofed, and great damage done to many stores and private houses.

THE Sea-Shore Cottage, a large building about one mile north of Long Branch, N. J., on the sea-shore, has been purchased by Mr. Fletcher Harper, as a home for sick and suffering females connected with Harper Brothers publication house. Mrs. Fletcher Harper was the originator of the enterprise, and it is said that she will have the entire supervision of the establishment.

THE vessel purchased by the freedmen composing the Liberia Exodus Association in Charleston, S. C., reached that city on March 19, in fourteen days from Boston. The Azor is described as an exceedingly neat-looking craft, full clipper build, and of six tons burden. She has fifteen berths for cabin passengers, and 140 double berths for steerage passengers. A beautiful American flag was presented to the Liberian Joint Stock Steamship Company by Anne E. Thompson.

A meeting of colored men interested in the movement to organize a colony for their race in the West was held at Washington, March 23, and measures were taken to promote that object. They denounce the Liberian scheme of emigration now in progress in the Southern States.

THE United States Treasurer yesterday (March 31st,) commenced the payment of the second dividend, 10 per cent., to the depositors in the late Freedmen's Bank. The sums varied from ten cents upward, and both yesterday and to-day crowds of colored persons were pouring in and coming out of the cash room. The work of of payment will be continued from day to day until completed.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent in distributing, *free of charge*, Sample Bottles of ROSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP in all parts of the country, to those suffering from Coughs, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Consumption, and other Throat and Lung Diseases, that a trial might satisfy themselves that this remedy would save them from these fatal diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering skeptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

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can now be purchased right at home, it is the most successful preparation ever introduced to our people. It works like a charm in all cases of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhages, Asthma, severe Coughs, Croup and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, skeptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cts.

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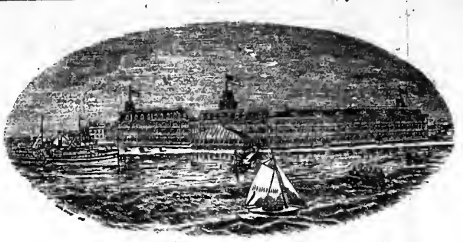

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The drives in the vicinity are delightful, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, the National Military Home, National Cemetery, and the town of Hampton—containing one of the oldest churches in the country, are all within the limits of an easy ride, drive, or sail.

The climate during the year is unsurpassed for salubrity, the range of the thermometer here for the past 10 years, as taken from the notes of the Meteorological Observatory, shows an average of 60°, 74°, 70°, for Summer; 70°, 56°, 46°, for Autumn; 43°, 44°, 42°, for Winter; and 48°, 58°, 53°, for the Spring months.—Open for guests all the year.

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SOUTHERN WORKMAN

SUPPLEMENT.

APRIL EDITION, 1878.

INDIAN VISITORS.

The number of Indians in the United States is now, according to the latest official estimates, about 275,000. A little over a fifth of these are supported by government. The tribes in the Indian Territory are generally well off and have their own schools, churches courts and legislatures. A lady who has lived among them, the wife of a United States officer, reports the curious fact that of the present generation of young people, the women are decidedly in advance of the men in their appreciation and degree of education and civilization—a sad difference, but not as disastrous for their future as the reverse would be.

A bill to allow the civilized tribes of the Territory to elect a delegate to Congress has been introduced into the House this winter. The report shows that it costs the Indians now over $60,000 a year to send delegates to Washington, every tribe sending from two to six. One delegate for all with the privilege of the floor of Congress would give them much more influence, at a far less expense.

It is the policy of the Government to collect the Indian tribes as far as possible in one territory. Many of them do not wish to leave their western hunting grounds, and many delegations are sent to confer with the Great Father at Washington—as they call the President—upon their claims and grievances. Our picture, from Harper's Weekly, represents one of those delegations, literally, in full feather. The wrongs of the Indians from the United States government, in broken treaties and disregarded rights, make a dark page in history, so does the reverse side—the treachery and cruelty of the savage tribes to the settlers among them. The Indian question has always been a difficult one. We are glad to see that President Hayes believes, as President Grant did, in maintaining a policy of peace toward them as far as possible. The Secretary of the Interior in his last Annual Report recommends as progress towards civilization, that the Indians be gathered in smaller reservations and taught agriculture and stock-raising; that small tracts be deeded each one, so that they may have fixed homes; that hunting be discouraged; that proper tribunals of justice be established; that schools be introduced and attention be made compulsory; that farmers be employed to teach Indians agriculture, and that Indian labor be employed on all reservations.

CONGRESS AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

When the late civil war was beginning, Alexander H. Stephens, in a powerful speech, warned the people of Georgia of the inevitable horrors of the struggle. A little later, as Vice-President of the Confederacy, Mr. Stephens made another speech, declaring that its government was established on the corner-stone of slavery. A few days since, in the presence of both Houses, and as a Representative from Georgia, Mr. Stephens, on behalf of the House of Representatives, spoke at the reception by Congress of Carpenter's picture of the signing of the proclamation of emancipation. The picture contains portraits of President Lincoln and all his cabinet. All but one who appears in the picture are dead. The room, carefully studied from the fact, is remodeled. The Union is regenerated and renewed, and it is Mr. Stephens who says: "I can say for myself, and for those of my immediate circle of acquaintances, and for the whole Southern people, that there is not one who would now change the condition of things, resubjugate the colored man, or put him in the condition he was in before." Mr. Stephens did not assume to foresee the result of emancipation, nor even to say that the act was wise. But he declared it to be irreversible, and he begged that sectional strife might end. It is for him and his associates to preach this gospel constantly and zealously at home, and to take care that sectional hatred of the North is as vigorously reproved at the South by Southern men as a similar feeling at the North is reproved by Northern men.

Mr. Stephens spoke of Mr. Lincoln in the most cordial tone. He knew him well in Congress, and honored the simplicity and rectitude of his nature, and felt a pang at his untimely taking off. His words are the most striking and touching tribute to Mr. Lincoln that we recall from any Southern man, and it is a singular vindication of the deep earnestness of Lincoln's solemn words in speaking of the Southerners that Mr. Stephens should say that he knew that in Mr. Lincoln's heart there was malice toward none, and charity for all. What he says brings out again and strongly the "providential" character of Abraham Lincoln. The country might well believe itself to be the peculiar object of Divine favor which in its hour of extremity found that it had chosen such a man to be its leader. The great act of emancipation, which, as General Garfield truly stated in his admirable speech, was passionately demanded by a powerful public opinion before it was approved by the President, seems to have proceeded from him more fitly than from any man then living, or from any other President since Washington.

Whatever incident vividly recalls the truly great men in a nation's history is a public benefit, and this simple ceremony of receiving the the memorial picture, by uniting the voices of a brave Union soldier and of the Vice-President of the Confederacy in affectionate reverence for Lincoln, reminds the country of his noble character and of his immeasurable services. As the orators and the occasion vividly renewed the recollection of the contest and its mighty result, did some musing listener, thinking of that sore extremity of the nation, of the great cost of the sacrifice for its life, and of its solemnly pledged faith to repay that cost, doubt for a moment what Abraham Lincoln would have said of a proposal to break that faith and dishonor the nation? Did he doubt that the war President would refuse to believe that in the very moment in which both friend and foe were proudly praising him, the honor of the nation for which he died lay trembling in the balance?—*Harper's Weekly.*

INDIAN VISITORS.

THE SURPLUS OF THE ALABAMA CLAIMS AWARD.

The Application of the Geneva Award Surplus to Education in the late Slave States would be a beautiful example of compensative charity and international comity. Opinions favorable to it have been expressed by eminent and sound-headed statesmen in both the countries which were parties to the award. The undisbursed money surely belongs to England, if claims direct or *indirect* do not come forward to exhaust it. It has been suggested that the United States, after proper legislation by Congress, should say to England, "Here is the money unclaimed: will you enter into negotiations by the proper channel for the application of it to the good of those who had the most at stake to lose by the piracy of the Alabama, and who have come to the surface of the turbulent waters of the Rebellion as the most in need of help? The United States Government wishes to be generous, and just: just in returning the unclaimed portion of the award, and generous in proposing that it be used for those who would have been the greatest losers had the cause triumphed, far which the Alabama was run out of British waters, i. e., the whole people of the late Slave States." It is for abler minds than ours to indicate the fit steps to reach so desirable a result. But two things seem to be indispensably preliminary, viz.: to make the measure international, and hand over the money to England.—*Monitor.*

TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY.

The undersigned, a corporate body according to the laws of the District of Columbia, appeal to a generous public in behalf of the home for friendless women and girls. This charity, though not exclusive, designs to afford a home for the class named above, among the colored people of the District of Columbia. The population of this class numbers nearly forty-five thousand. Except a small charity, accomodating about one hundred little children and one adult, the other similar institutions are closed against them. Among this class there are hundreds of orphans and destitute women, for whom no one cares, and who, unprotected and untrained, tend to increase the numbers who fill our jails and poor-houses. It is for these we wish to secure a home, and to that end we hope to receive donations in Money, Clothing, Furniture, and goods. We propose to instruct these women and girls in

every branch of useful industry. Also the strictest attention will be given to the moral training, which has been so sadly neglected. Therefore, we earnestly ask the aid and co-operation of the Christian churches and the general public to help us carry on this great work.

clasped them around the other's neck, and replied:

"Don't cry, Bob—don't feel bad! I was ugly and mean, and I was heaving a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ye'll forgive me I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both o'

DEVLIN & Co.,

Consult the National Teachers' Monthly.

THE

every branch of useful industry. Also the strictest attention will be given to the moral training, which has been so sadly neglected. Therefore, we earnestly ask the aid and co-operation of the Christian churches and the general public to help us carry on this great work. It is not the work of a few, but of the entire community. It is a humanitarian and non-sectarian work. We not only appeal to friends in the District, but we apply to all who are in sympathy with Christian work, as the great majority of the people who need this charity are from the various States of the Union.

As one of the instrumentalities of promoting this object, we respectfully call attention to our *National Bazaar*, to be held at Tallmadge Hall, commencing April 8, 1878, for which we solicit material of all kinds, which may be left at the residence of Mrs. E. A. DUFFIELD, General Managing Agent, No. 1111 I Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Hon. R. H. Cain, Mrs. Catharine E. Bond, Rev. J. W. Dungee, Mrs. Amanda Hill, Mrs. M. A. S. Cary, Bishop John M. Brown, Mrs. Mary Watts, Mrs. Maria Hayson, Mrs. E. A. Duffield.

NORFOLK.

Bute Street Sunday-School.

At the regular election of officers, January 6th, 1878, the following persons were chosen to serve the ensuing year:

J. J. Frazier, Superintendent; Jordan Williams, Assistant Supt.; Joseph Webb, Librarian; Thomas H. Brooks, Secretary; Moses Grimes, Treasurer; J. B. Towe, Organist.

The school has greatly improved since the completion of the new church, and was never in a more flourishing condition. The Lesson Exercises in the "Southern Workman" are used regularly in this school.

FREEDMAN'S BANK NOTICE.

Depositors in the Freedman's Bank are again reminded that in order to get their second payment promptly, they should *now* leave their books at the Home Savings Bank, Norfolk, for collection. The books will be returned early in April. A large number have been brought in, but several hundred are yet outstanding. Bring them in at once and have them forwarded. Call at the Bank only between the hours of nine and three.

H. C. PERCY, *Cashier.*

A BATTLE THAT WAS NOT FOUGHT.

Two boys were once at play. A dispute arose between them, and in high words they dared each other to fight. Jackets and caps were thrown on the ground, and both boys were ready to begin. But who was now to strike the first blow, since both of them truly seemed as if they would rather not?

"Now then, strike me if you dare!" cried out the younger boy, with an angry look. The other boy looked at him, but did not strike; and at last he said:

"I have nothing to strike for."

"Well then, after all, neither have I," said the other, who had begun the quarrel. "So let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike you for either." They left the field without striking a single blow, and never quarreled again. Both of them became good men, and held good positions in life.

How few battles would be fought if young people, and old as well, tried to find a reason for the quarrel before they struck a blow!

"The beginning of strife is like one letting out water," but "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

THE HEARTS OF THE LOWLY.

One day three or four weeks ago a gamin, who seemed to have no friends in the world, was run over by a vehicle on Gretiot avenue and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital for a week, a boy about his own age and size, and looking as friendless and forlorn, called to ask about him and to leave an orange. He seemed much embarrassed, and would answer no questions. After that he came daily, always bringing something if no more than an apple. Last week, when the nurse told him that Billy had no chance to get well, the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and finally asked if he could go in. He had been invited to many times before, but had always refused. Billy, pale and weak and emaciated, opened his eyes in wonder at sight of the boy, and before he realized who it was, the stranger bent close to his face and sobbed:

"Billy, can you forgive a feller? We was allus fighting, and I was allus too much for ye, but I'm sorry! 'Fore ye die won't ye tell me ye haven't any grudge agin me?"

The young lad, then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin white arms, clasped them around the other's neck, and replied:

"Don't cry, Bob—don't feel bad! I was ugly and mean, and I was heaving a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ya'll forgive me I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both o' us."

Bob was half an hour into the morning Billy died; when the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse he kissed the pale face tenderly, and gasped:

"D—did he say anything about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died—asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"And may I go—go to the funeral?"

"Yes, my."

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached. No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new-made grave with heart so big that he could not speak.

If, under the crust of vice and ignorance, there are such springs of pure nobility, who shall grow weary of doing good?—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT AILED OLIVER.

"Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. The canary-bird has taken his bath, and is now singing a sweet song. Get up! get up! or I shall throw this pillow at you."

That is what Sister Charlotte said to Oliver Reed, one frosty morning in November. He was a good little fellow; but he had one fault: he was too fond of lying in bed in the morning.

"Don't throw the pillow at me!" cried Oliver. "I'll promise to get up in five minutes."

"If you would be 'healthy, wealthy, and wise,' you must rise early, little boy," said Charlotte.

When Oliver came down to breakfast-table, his father said, "How is this Oliver? You are late again."

Oliver hung his head; and Charlotte said, "I woke him in good time, father; but he went off to sleep again the minute I left the room, though he promised to be up in five minutes."

"I went to sleep, and forgot all about it," said Oliver.

"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father. "I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease which is very common at this time."

Oliver gave his hand to his father; who, after feeling his pulse, said, "Yes, it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's Disease. Take him up to bed again. Put his breakfast by the side of the bed; and, when he feels strong enough, he may eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy wondered what Slack's Disease could be; but he went up stairs with his sister, and was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors; he heard Ponto barking; and Tommy, the canary-bird, singing a sweet song.

Then Oliver called his sister, and said, "Charlotte, what is Slack's Disease? Is it dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton! don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness; that's all."

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in time.

Since that day, Oliver has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's Disease. *Children's Prize*

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

One morning I found little Dora busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced towards her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mother," she said softly.

How true it is that love makes labor sweet. So if we love the blessed Saviour, we shall not find it hard to work for him. It is love that makes his yoke easy and his burden light.

WORKING FOR JESUS, NOW.

"If I can't teach people to be good, I can get them to come to Sunday-school, and then somebody else can teach them," said a little boy to himself.

He had been thinking how, when he was grown up, he would be a teacher, and do so much for the dear Saviour. Then he thought: "What if I should die before I grow up, and then never have done anything for Jesus."

Now is the word; do for Jesus now. Let every one of us find some work to do for Jesus now; to-morrow is not ours; it may never come.

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PREMIUM.

For one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

"THE second stage of a mission is the really difficult one," says Bishop Patteson, the martyr hero of the grandest work ever done in Polynesia. These words apply to the work for the Negross of the South. When Northern teachers first brought them testaments and spelling books, they were everywhere met hy the ontstretched hands of a newly emancipated people, hut had a chilling welcome from their former owners. Now, while colored youth from every quarter are overcrowding ths common and higher negro schools, and gladly make sacrifices for an education, the mass of them are not fired with so much ambition.

Adults have generally lost their interest in night schools, and the leaders whom politics and church authority have brought to the surface are hy no means unanimous in approving ths labors of their Northern friends.

At the same time the sentiment of Southerners is in many regions changed; universally so, we believe, where the larger negro institutions have been planted, and their honest, thorough and useful work has been seen. Candid, progressive men of all classes believs in them, and some Democrntic Legislntnres are generously aiding in the higher education of the blacks, and are maintaining free negro schools.

We recently visited the Atlanta University at Atlnnta, Georgia, in charge of the Rev. E. A. Ware. His two hundred and fifty colored students of both eexes are aiming at varioue grades of scholarship from n normal to a complete classical course.

The corps of teachers is admirable; the results of the institution are far renching. Atlanta is perhaps the grandest of all places as an educational centre for the freedmen of the South. This University, managed with rare skill and economy, hy Northern teachers who have no social recognition, and who develop a fine spirit of self-sacrifice flashing its light into thousands of benighted minds throngh its graduates. It has received many signs of Executive and Legislative favor, having $8,000 yearly from the State treasury, and has won striking testimony to its success from prominent ex-slaveholders who admit, from personal observation, the existence of that which they had believed to be an impossibility; and yet its President pointed to a conspicuous African church whose pastor was his relentless opponent. Not that it is yet fashionable for whites to approve, and blacks to oppose, such work. We are simply illustrating a phase of the experience of negro educators that is not confined to that institution.

A visit to the admirable "Shaw University" at Raleigh, N. C., managed hy the Rev. Mr. Tupper, under Baptist auspices, whose five hundred ex-students are making as teachers and preachers a great impression on the negro race in that State, confirmed our impression that the friends and foes of such a work were not according to the color line.

There is a widely varying experience among those who have taught long in the South. Some have had hitter grievances and others hnve had nons whatever.

Their general preference is for the rule of the most moral and honest. Negro education prospers least under the party that seeks to pay off political labors with the positions of school officers or schoolteachers. Ths spirit and capacity of the administration of school matters is of more account than ths amount of money they spend. Yet prejudicc has done as much as politics to paralyze educational effort at the South.

This experience is natural. The hlack man like other men finds it hard to see himself as he is seen. In the excitement of freedom his true condition did not appear. He was glad to take what was given him. He is kindly disposed, but has not right intuitions or common-sense. Wisdom will come to him as it comes to all, through suffering and loss. Hs will learn mors hy his hlunders than in any other way. Even the white man is not yet through his hlundering period.

The negro in 1878 is more difficult to manags than was the negro in 1868. He is not taking good care of ths political estate put into his hands, and sometimes even denounces the action of his best and wisest friends. But though he has squandered much of his inheritance, and in soms cases failed to appreciate all that has been done for him, he is today vastly qnickened, mentally, hy his experience.

Suffrage furnished him with a stimulus which was terrihly misused, but it has reacted and given a training utterly out of the power of schools and churches to impart. A wild nnimal may be subdued and hecomes useful, hut forever lashed, he becomes a hurden and a curse.

Colored voters, as a class, are slow to see their follies, hut they finally are, to a degree at least, realized. The sources of American intelligence is not so much the pedagogue as the system which gives each man a share in the conduct of affaire, leading him to think, discuss and act, and which educates him quite as much hy his failurcs as hy his successes. Responsihility is the best educator.

By ite political failures the negro race has made a etep in progress. Its objective possessions, politically, are nearly gone, hnt its subjcotive kingdom, that of mind and experience, ie enlarged and improved. It has lost power only to gain it. The question to put to an individual is the one to put to the people—Can you learn hy your experience? We helieve the colored race has that capacity.

We see it in the hundreds of negro students of whom we have had personal knowledge. This people is doing more wise thinking than it ever did before. It nevthinking than it ever did before. It nevsr was so willing to pay for its forty acres and a mule; and the old negro dream is being fast fulfilled in the best possihle way. The negro thinks less of eloquence and mors of honesty. In Georgia and in other States, they nay the hlacks steal much less than they used to. The crops they mnks are strong testimony in their favor. They care more for a good government and less for race rule. They are getting out of pupillage and nre in ths second and the most difficult stage of progress; and the most difficult stage of progress; and the corrnpt and selfish element is active, hnt many strong young men and hright young women of the race are living good lives and doing good work. A small minority of negro editors and preachers may be expected to denounce what is good for their race, and to oppose the higher institutlons whose graduates will some day replace them. It is better that they deride and attack whatever in their hlindness they think to be wrong than take without a questioning thought whatever is supplied to them. That they act is nearly as important as is what they act. Only thus will they learn. Satanic influences beset them; rum is ruining them, but the school-master is abrond; they are thrust into a life of action and reaction; they will hnve some rough justice and some rough injustice, hut we believe that the pillar of cloud is still hefore them.

IN AN account of the Indinns who are to be educated at the Hampton Institute, published in the N. Y. *Herald*, we regretted to see a reference to the "refined and cultured Hampton which in disdain of the effort, hrooding over her old wrongs and wounds, sulkily looks on," etc. Judging the people of Hampton hy the language of the *Monitor*, their weekly paper, there is anything but "disdain of the effort" on their part. On the contrnry, while papers in other parts of the state have used some foolish language about this matter, the *Monitor's* language is fair, appreciative and encouraging. The people and papers of Norfolk evidently regard this movement with much interest and sympathy. After a twelve years' experience of uniform courtesy and fairness on the part of our neighhors, it is ahsnd to suppose they would take ths course above described.

We helieve that Virginians will not object to teaching Indians those things that are vital to their well-being, even if the work shall be done in a Negro institute, especially sincc it alone has the facilities for doing such work.

FOR some years to coms the colored people of ths South will be in special danger from the influences of "watch words." These words often express ideas tcrsely, and, as rallying calls, have done, and may do, signal service in critical moments. But the virtue may die out of a thrilling phrase, as the heart of a tres dies ont. Men often live on reputation after reputation has in fact gonc. Merchants often live on good-will in trade after it has ceased to cover honest transactions. In the grand religious nprisings men hnve fought and sacrificed without limit, for the "Holy Cross," when those words meant that which was high and pure. Yet whole communities have been hntchered, when the "Holy Cross" meant, in truth, only plunder and murder. Was it not Madam Roland who cried ont, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" as the knife went down on her neck? For "British glory" thers is charged up a series of revolting crimes through a century, against the English people. France was torn in pieces, in 1793, by a hurricane of "watchwords." Hardly had one spent its force before another rose and swept the land with desolation. "America for the Americans!" These words once threw political parties into confusion, called into existence secret societies everywhere, mads honesty and statesmanship a hy-word, and cast out of office every foreign-born citizen, without regard to fitness, education or character.

Watchwords are the swaddling clothes of infant communities. Men who think and reason soberly need no such words. Sound judgment needs not to be called to its work hy a ringing shout. Where men cannot reason well for themselves, or reason weakly, rallying cries have their place the economy of education. But they are in apt to be dangerous and misleading.

Across the political hanners of the last few years have been written, "Old Democracy," "Hickory Democracy," "Old Linc Whig," "Repuhlican Party." These words covered, originally, well-defined ideas. Men were working up to objective points. Whnt is the meaning now? In the growth of political opinions they have, each in their own way, done excellent service in calling men to think and act; in mnrshalling them around sound ideas; in adjusting halances of political power; in correcting the ahuses which majorities like to inflict on minorities. But in every community not utterly stagnant, changes of thought go on constantly. What was important and true yesterday is obsolete to-day. What the laws considered just and wise twenty years ago, is deemed inhnman to-day. Opinions flourish and ripen, like trees, and then die out and enrich the soil for a larger and better growth.

So long as men look to office for hread only, and not for honor, so long will the rallying calls be used for personal advancement, just as pir.tes put at the masthead the flags of respectahle nations. To the colored people thers is great and pressing danger from the ahuse of watchwords. There will be a disposition to take on trust, to believe in pretty labels. But political parties, like reputahle Christians, or fair merchants or sound statesmen, may fall from grace and honesty and wisdom. Under the hand that seems to be velvet, may grow the iron grip of selfishness. People young in political experience are easily imposed upon.

For some years the Repuhlican party has rallied the mass of colored voters, for many good and sufficient reasons. And it should do so in the future, if its work, hereafter, is as vital and all-important as it has been in the past. Its bed rock was "no slavery," and now there is no slavery. For what, then, shall it summon the colored voter hereafter? For what, indeed, shall it summon the white voter in tims to come? If it hopes to keep its ranks unhroken and maks itself dominant still, it must unerringly follow ths logic of its own early teaching, or strike off sharply into n new and better departure. If it called up ths peopls of the Federal Union to redress the wrong of slavery, it has imposed upon itself the duty of making that redress complete. If it has lifted the negro harely out of the pit of bondage and ignorance, it has bound itself to carry him to a higher plane of education. The task is, indeed, vast and tedious. If the Republican party took the negro for its "ward," it assumed the duty of educating the "ward." Charities, free gifts of money are not asked for it. The negro ie not, and must not be, a mendicant. Bnt he can claim, and claim justly, that which aids his own serious efforts to make his

citizenship of advantage to the State. He has a right to demand much of the Federal Government, inasmnch as by a Federal law he was harred out of knowledge, cials. An idea of the system adopted may be gained from the fact that the six working committeee appointed were as follows: 1. On insanity; 2. On public hnildings true of all states which have no Charity Boards or Aid Associatione, and therefors of all the Southern States? Is there in any one of onr Southern States anything like sential and accepted facts the less he wil be confused hy any difference in the meth- od of presenting them, and the better he will be ahle to teach, as he should be, with any book, or without any.

citizenship of advantage to the State. He has a right to demand much of the Federal Government, inasmuch as by a Federal law he was barred out of knowledge, light and liberty, for a century.

Undoubtedly, in a Democracy, the best growth is left to the nurturing hand of the individual citizen. Only when the State has been persistently unjust, should there be an exception to the rule, and large, necessary, though temporary aid be given in amends for the wrong done. The soil of these United States cost the white man nothing. The negro must pay for every foot of soil he occupies, though it has increased in value for several hundred years. It is a hardship. Yet the negro does not insist on communism. He can, however, properly and reasonably insist on some exceptional advantages in the way of education. To do him justice, without demoralizing him, is no easy task. This should be the great and final task of the Republican party, the sequel of its career of emancipation.

Whether that party, has been, of late, more anxious for the negro vote than for the negro's well-being, each one of us can answer for himself. What the party has done for negro education, working through the Federal government, of which it has held control for some years, may be best answered by some of the leaders of that party. The statistics are uncommonly meagre. We do not condemn the party. We simply suggest consideration, and careful examination. If the party is still working for ideas, and not for office, it should still command our respect and allegiance. But its methods and plans must be put under the cold, white light of unbiased investigation. Nothing should be taken for granted. The worst enemy of the politician is the independent thinker. Political leaders, like army generals, dislike the rank and file who do much thinking. The best assurance of good government arises when each citizen makes his own "platform." It is not the hard, compact earth which makes the best soil. It is rather the rich, mellow dirt, where the particles are not pressed together, but each atom, from its separate and loose condition, takes in air and water freely. It may be that the Republican party has accomplished its mission. There is no disgrace, if it has indeed run its race. Other parties will follow with new and wider issues. It may repeat the story of the old "Temeraire," in Turner's glittering picture, where the great battle-worn three-decker, after its fighting days are over, is towed out, in the soft twilight, to its final anchorage and eternal rest.

W. N. A.

In 1874 the members of the Social Science Association called, in connection with their general meeting at Saratoga, N. Y., a Conference of Charities, the reason for such a call being best stated in their own words:—"It was found, some years since, that the members of the various State Boards which deal with public charity in the United States, were desirous of a better acquaintance with each other; and that they could meet together and discuss the questions in which they had a common interest with mutual profit and encouragement. It also appeared that a considerable number of persons, some officially connected with public or private charities and others not, were desirous of attending such a meeting and were both competent and willing to join in its debates or to contribute papers, which should be the fruit of special research or of long experience."

This first meeting effected such important results that it was considered on all accounts desirable to hold regularly at least one annual meeting, to be known as the "Conference of Charities." The conference of September, 1877, was the fourth since 1874, and the report of its proceedings furnishes much valuable information and suggestion. At this meeting six State Boards of Charity were represented (the whole number of such Boards in the United States being nine), while sixteen kindred boards, associations and institutions, were represented by one or more delegates, the other members of the conference who were present being non-officials. An idea of the system adopted may be gained from the fact that the six working committees appointed were as follows: 1. On insanity; 2. On public buildings for the dependent classes; 3. On dependent and delinquent children; 4. On penal and prison discipline; 5. On statistics and legislation; 6. On medical charities. These committees are permanent in form though of course the changes of membership are frequent, and their reports are of the greatest value, not only to those specially interested in philanthropic work, but also to the country at large.

The State Boards of Charity, by whom these conferences have been inaugurated, vary somewhat as to the manner of their formation and the amount of authority delegated to them by the state, but in the main their objects are the same, though their efficiency must depend, of course, upon that of their individual members, the appointment of such a board being only the beginning of the work. They have in most instances, and ought to have in all, the immediate charge of the charitable, correctional and penal institutions of the state; that is, they are obliged to visit annually, or semi-annually, all the almshouses, jails, reformatories, hospitals, asylums, etc., of the state, to report upon their condition, to advise as to changes and reforms, to examine estimates of appropriations, to pass judgment as to the proper amounts to be allowed by the legislature, etc. Investigation and exposure of abuses is, to our shame be it said, the fundamental work of State Boards, and the facts which they present to the public ought to rouse a sentiment of sufficient strength to give them all the support they may require in their work of reform. The reports of the various committees go to show that such support can best be given by volunteer associations which shall directly supplement the work of the State Boards, and may be known as State Charities Aid Associations. The members of these societies are of both sexes and are drawn from the most intelligent class, while the fact that they are actuated by purely philanthropic motives puts them beyond the reach of the temptations which, in the United States at least, are likely to affect the working of any semi-political organization.

It is impossible to know anything of state charities, or of any state institutions which deal directly with the pauper and criminal classes, either in their philanthropic or their economic aspect, without being convinced that the interest of both the state and the individual, be he taxpayer or pauper, demands that all such institutions, whether penal, correctional or charitable, should be placed by state law under the direct supervision of associations of intelligent, high-minded men and women, who are competent to examine, criticize and wisely reform.

There is no other way to ensure that the public moneys shall be spent for the public good, or that state and private charity shall reach the unfortunates who require it, through the channels prepared by enlightened Christian sympathy, and it is with regret that we notice that so small a number of states have as yet undertaken this reform.

As we have already said, only nine State Boards are in operation in the United States, and of these not one is in a Southern State. At the September meeting of the conference no Southern State was represented either officially or otherwise, and the only clue which was given to the condition of things in the South, is to be found in the report of Dr. J. S. Conrad, Supt. Maryland Hospital for the Insane, who says that in connection with Dr. Chancellor, who has lately been appointed by Governor Carroll, he had visited the reformatories, prisons and almshouses of the state, and had found them without exception in a frightful condition, "the inmates being huddled together without discrimination of age, sex or condition, and commingling in unrestrained licentiousness." Dr. Conrad closes his report with the gratifying statement that the public attention was thoroughly aroused and they were hoping for the dawn of better things; but the question is forced upon us as to whether what is or has been true of Maryland is not true of all states which have no Charity Boards or Aid Associations, and therefore of all the Southern States? Is there in any one of our Southern States anything like regular inspection of state institutions by competent and unprejudiced men and women, and if not, is it not high time to make a beginning in this direction?

Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to detail, and there is always ample opportunity given in these societies for the expression of individual views, there can hardly be a doubt as to the necessity for these organizations, nor a doubt as to the fact that this necessity is constantly on the increase.

The class of evils which has always existed and will always exist in state institutions which are not supervised by men and women of clear intelligence and high morality, are and must remain a disgrace to the state which permits them, and the only excuse which can ever be honestly presented by such states, viz., that of their inability to meet any increased expenditure, is defended by the reports made by those State Boards and State Aid Associations which have been in operation for the last ten years. The formation of such boards and associations is a directly economic measure, and on that ground, as well as upon the higher one of Christian charity, all conscientious citizens should urge their establishment. No state which is able to support prisons and almshouses is too poor to provide for their efficient supervision, and surely there can be no Southern State in which there are not a sufficient number of benevolent persons to form the necessary aid associations.

The next Conference of Charities will meet at Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 18th, and all states, as well as the more important municipal and private organizations for relieving the poor, are invited to send delegates. It is greatly to be desired that there should be a fair representation of the Southern States in the persons of competent observers, and that, by this and all other means, a general interest should be awakened in subjects which are of such incalculable importance to the Commonwealth.

M. F. A.

We begin in the supplement of this issue to print the chapters of a little book which we design to supply a need greatly felt in Hampton Institute, and we believe in other schools, of a grammar which shall contain only what is necessary and express that in very simple words. The time spent in wading through a mass of superfluous rules and splitting hairs over idioms, might be better employed in learning thoroughly the essential elements of the language and practising its use. This is particularly true for those who begin their education late, or with but few years to give to school, and little money to spend on large and costly school-books.

That the study of grammar need not be the dry and irksome task it too often is, is very certain, and was demonstrated on one occasion by a Hampton student, who exclaimed to his teacher, after a few weeks' exercise in the previously distasteful study,—"Why, there is something really beautiful in grammar!" It is as pretty as *the picture of a little bird with its wings spread!*" We shall be quite satisfied if this simple volume be successful in developing an equal taste for the "fossil poetry of words."

Believing that the practice of the language is even more important than the committing of rules, we shall devote several pages to simple language lessons, taken by permission from "Kerl's Composition and Rhetoric," taught in Hampton in the Middle and Senior years, and given orally to the Junior classes. The examples here given will suggest others to the teachers who will find their practice of the greatest interest and value.

We have invented no new terms, and have as far as possible employed those we find in the text books already in use in Virginia public schools, choosing always what seems to us the clearest and simplest forms of expression. A good teacher should know that it is only in non-essentials, or in methods of presenting accepted facts, that grammarians disagree. The more thoroughly he understands the essential and accepted facts the less he will be confused by any difference in the method of presenting them, and the better he will be able to teach, as he should be, with any book, or without any.

We commend the little book to County Superintendents for introduction into schools, as a saving of time and money; and to teachers, for their own use, as a great help in their teaching whether it be introduced into their schools or not. By thus printing it in the supplements, of four or five months, we bring it within the reach of all who will preserve the numbers.

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the first four numbers of the new magazine, *Sunday Afternoon*, and the permission to add it to our exchange list, which is already, through the kindness of our friends, rich in the best periodical literature of the country.

Sunday Afternoon is published in Springfield, Mass., and edited by Rev. Washington Gladden. Among its contributors are Harriet Beecher Stowe, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Howard Crosby, Charles L. Brace, Prof. William G. Sumner, and "Susan Coolidge;" and they will no doubt keep up the standard of these four numbers, which is as high as need be. The stories are bright and original; the graver articles discuss such living topics of the times as the relations of Labor to Capital, the Temperance Reform, How to save the Children, the relations of Christianity and Civilization, and of Money and Morals. These subjects are discussed by live men in a live manner. To start a new magazine in these days of the making of many books is a bold venture, but, after reading these four numbers, we can but sympathize with the sentiments of Mr. Whittier's graceful note to the editor,—"I need not wish thee success, it is thine already. Thy readers, like Tennyson's wanderers, cannot fail to rejoice that they have reached the place 'Where it is always Afternoon.'"

The sailing of the barque *Azore* from Charleston on April 20th, with the first shipload of emigrants to Africa, sent out by the Liberian Exodus Association, is a marked event in the history of the freedmen. Whatever its ultimate result, and, for the sake of the emigrants and Liberia, we hope that it may result happily, it is an experiment worth trying, because the only satisfactory way of learning most things worth knowing is by experience. All the arguing that can be done on both sides will not do as much toward settling the question of emigration, and with it many other questions, as will this direct experiment. Those who go and those who stay will learn more of the needs and abilities, and the best policy of the race, for this effort. Its success will certainly not injure the prospects of those who are left behind. For all sakes we wish them God-speed.

A great revival of religion among the colored people of Richmond has been noticed recently in all the papers. We hope to be able next month to give our readers a report of it from those who are on the ground. It would seem, from all accounts, to be a genuine deepening of religious feeling. It has excited more attention because one of the principal leaders of it has been the colored preacher Rev. John Jasper, who has been preaching sermons lately to prove from the Bible that the earth does not move, which simply shows that, fortunately for humanity, the love of God can exist in an ignorant mind.

A Letter from Rev. A. N. Arnold, D. D., the eminent Baptist divine, and one of the trustees of the Hampton Institute, who is spending the winter in Charlottesville, for the benefit of his health, says:

"I went to-day to visit the colored Schools in company with Mr. Powers, the County Superintendent. We visited four or five schools, two taught by Hampton graduates. They seemed to be doing well, and were quite large, though suffering somewhat from the same cause which has interfered so seriously with the schools in Richmond for the last few weeks, namely, the unwonted interest in religion. We united our influence with that of the teachers in trying to show them that there was no better way to serve and please God, than the faithful discharge of daily duty.

The following letter just received from the chief of the Japanese Centennial Commissioners of Education who visited Hampton Institute last year, will be read with interest.

SLAVE AND FREE LABOR COTTON.

Twelve crops of cotton have been raised by free labor, and the comparison of the returns with an equal number of crops before the war shows some interesting results. The

Experience teaches that unless we are reminded of excellencies, we will ourselves hardly become excellent.

Besides, I do not think you will find a very considerable degree of gratitude on the part of many of your readers for such publications. If you are in possession of facts concerning the condition of our

certain amount of grace or experience to be willing to hear also how bad or foolish we are. Less frankly, perhaps, but as anxiously, until we learn a deeper lesson of our needs, we all ask for praise and shrink from blame or ridicule. No great

could we stop this? We had Savings Banks made, as we called them. Little tills, or boxes attached to a table. Each boy had his own box. It had a slit in it, her could not be opened except once a month. Then when a boy opens his bank at the end of the month and takes out five or six, or sometimes ten or twelve dollars, he begins to have a sense of property: feels like a capitalist. He's going to save that money, he's not going to spend it for trifles. So the boys' money is spent for useful things—clothes and the like, or finally gets into the large Savings Banks.

One cerious fact about these boys is, that many of them have no real names. They don't know their own names, or their parents' names, and it is impossible to find them ont. One of them went through his life as just "Picketty." Coesumption seized upon him. The boys watched him and nursed him till he died, and then paid his funeral expenses. This little nameless body was carried to Greenwood and there laid down, as no known as the leaves that drop from the trees in enturnn, but the soul had gone to the Father of the fatherless.

One of our lodging-houses is for girls. I trust that our experience is not the experience of General Armstrong. We have found our one lodging-house for girls, more trouble than the five for boys. I don't keow just why it is, but these little floeting girls of the street, little homeless ones, seppurtieg themselves as the boys do by selling newspapers, are very difficult to manage, uncertain, you can't reach them by the usual influences. But we have a jewel of a womae in charge of them, a perfect saint, Mrs. Hurley. She sends off one as servant in a geetleman's family. Perhaps she smashes up everything, makes a dreadful time, comes back to the lodging-house. Mrs. Hurley takes, her in, tries her again. Perhaps she steals the next time she goes out. Mrs. Hurley won't believe she is hopeless—thinks it is the consequeece of her unhappy past, takes her back and tries her over egain. Under her untiring efforts, the large majority of them finally come out well, but it is a hard struggle in the beginning.

Thers are sometimes very pethetic cases among thess girls. Last winter, e girl came in who had been drivse from her home by e drunken step-father. She weet forth ie the wieter storm, sed looked from house to house for e place to work, but could find none. She passed houses of crime, whose light and warmth streamed out to invite her in—temptation met her on every side. She steggered for refuge for a momeat into a hall-wey of a public building, and there on her knees she prayed,—not for hoese or money or food,—she prayed that best of all prayers—"Oh, God, lead me in the strait sed nerrow wey."

Many enthems were asceeding at that moment to Heeven. The rich end the great were praying, but amoeg those prayers and snthems, these few words found room and seemed to touch the very heert of the Father in Heaven. That very moment a gentlemen coming in heard her cry. It might have heen a wicked man—it might heve been one who would try ie her momeet of hitter need to lead her astray. But he seemed sent of God to her. He spoke kindly to her, and brought her to ths Girls' Lodging-House, sed now she is doing well. Her prayer is answered.

In ths boys' Lodging-Houses, over one hundred thousand hoys have been sheltered since their foundstion, and a very large proportion of them have turned out well.

The neme of our society is the Children's Aid Society, end the lodging-houses form only one hranch of its work. The next greet hrench of it is thet of the Industrial Schools designed to reclaim the poor children who heve homes, such as they ere. These are like ths lower common schools with an industrial department added, where the children nre taught to work. They are given a noon meel, clothed aed cleaned, sed all good influences thet cen be, are brought aroued them. Good ladies of the city, from rich and heppy homes, come and teach these poor little children from homes of crime and wretchedness, and under these refieg, Christian influences, little girls, wild, fierce, neeartain, become modest, self-governed, industrious, end grow up to he good women. The results of this work are amazing. We cen point to schools where not more than one out of a thousand heve gone wrong. This is marvellous when you know whet homes they come from.

The inheritance of drunkenness is broken up hy these schools. While eighty per ceet. of the peresns ere drunkards, not oee out of a thousand ef the children become so. This proves whet good influences cae do, eed shows one wey of mecting the evil of intemperance in the land. It is the same with societ crime. Not one in e thousand of our girls go astray.

And now we cen even see the grand result of our work upon the children, in the diminution of crime in the city. I will not enter into statistics, hut one of the most striking indications of our work is the great diminution of commitments of womee.

But the crowning hranch of our work is the transportation of these children from the haunts of vice into good homes. Since we began, we heve placad four hundred thousand children in good homes and a very large proportion of them heve done well. I recently saw two of our boys whom we sent out fifteen or sixteen years ago enter the audience room of the Boys' Lodging-House. One of them had been a litls "Five Points" thief; he used to steal lead from the roofs of honses and sell it; that was the way he made his living. He was sent to Michigan. The little Five Points thief grew up with an honest, kind farmer, learned to work, went to school, taught for awhile, and worked, and earned money and went to Yals College, working his own way through, and graduating last year as honorably as the son of one of the richest men in New York. When he came into the audience room of the boys' Lodging-House and told the boys his story, he told us he had entered the New York Theological Seminary to prepare himself further to be a missionary among the poor city children, who were like what he had been. The second boy went to Indiana; now he owns a farm, has married a pretty and nice young woman out there, hnilt himself a house, and now came back to get enother little boy, snch as he had heen, to help him start on the same road to prosperity. Instances such as these, we have by the hundreds of thousands, of our little rescued children, becoming respectable citizens, good and Christian men and women.

We want to extend this work sow Southward, by trying whet our larger boys can do in Virginia. We have seet some to Petersburgh. Thers is some demand for them down here among the farmers. We have considered the West as on the whole the hest place for oer boys to grow up. It is cheaper of course to send them down here, not so far off. We shall wait and see what is the report from those we have sent.

Of all things that can he done for these children snatched from haunts of crime, to send them far awey from their old surroundings, to new homes, is far the best. They heve a healthy home life—on e farm perhaps, new circumstances, a new chance, good society, all the restraining, elseting influences which are thrown abont respectable people in this Christian land.

I see by your paper, the Southern Workman, that some of your people believe in conjure doctors, whose touch cen pnt seakes into people, or draw them out. There are conjurers of a worse kind who have heen after these boys and girls: coejurers that heuet corner groggeries and thieves' resorts. We mese to epply to them better medicine to draw from their souls and hodies the serpent of evil passions, the poison of intemperance.

It cannot be long before General Armstrong and all your friends, and the friends of these children, and you and I shell appear before the Great Assizes. And the question which will he asked you and me—which we shall each one have to meet—is not, "Whet church do you helong to? Whst professions do yon make?" hut, "What poor heve you fed? What good have you done in the world?" It may be that you may not know you have done this, hut you may heer a voice come ringing from the depths of the heavees,

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my hrethren, ye have done ueto me."

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

GREAT BRIDGE, NORFOLK CO., VA.,
Jan. 11, 1878.

Dear Teacher:—I received your Postal cards, two *Educational Journals* and e *Southern Workman* of recent date. My other friend, Mrs. ——, sent me ths *New York Observer* nins months; the times was just out; I was wondering in what direction I should seed for a paper, as I em not ahle to pay $3.15 e year for the *Observer*. Mrs. —— is in Europe.

The times seem to he hard everywhere this winter, though I heve not seen very much of it. These people plead that they are very poor, hut when it comes to the truth, they are just as ahle to do when they are a mind to do, as the next one of our rsce that has any standing at all. I am very sorry to say, it is this old time religion thet keeps the poor colored people heck, end Conjuretion, for the people are full of it.

There is e colored man who lives ebout one hundred and fifty yards from my school. Several of my pupils have to pass his yard on their way to school. One day, e little girl, about ten years old, had e little stick, and, in running, made some cross-marks in the sand. He saw her makieg these marks. He ran out with a handful of salt end something else and threw it over these marks. In ten minutes I saw him meking for me. He asked for "Ellen." I called her to him. He said, "What did you put in the road to cripple me and my folks?" The child said, "I didn't put nothing there. I only was running, eir."

The child could not satisfy him, hnt then she gave him as much satisfaction as I could give. He weet a helf-mile after the little girl's mother, and *made* her come and look at the marks. Had it not heen for me, the child's mother would have whipped her.

These half-way ministers keep the people in darkness, at any rate a great deel more so than any one might think. The people like to go to chnrch and hear the word of God, sed when they go, they should have sound doctrine preached to them.

I have a very full school; seventy-four pupils on roli.

I am very much pleased to hear thet Ackrel White has gone to Liheria. I truly hope he will have success, for there he wont have te contend with the disadvantages of color. If I were a young enterprising man I should be inclined to try my fortunes there.

I was very anxious to teach; well, I have taught, and feel fully paid hy the children and also their parents, hut I would be better paid if they would only get e good minister and pay him. The whols Soeth is in need of good ministers. There is one that lives three miles from me. He teaches and is also minister. I had a talk with him not long ago. He does not preach this old foolish religion, hut toward the last he becomes rather excited. I asked him what made him do it. He says he only does it to make tbe people think well of him. I told him I thonght that very wrong in him. He made me no reply.

I must hid you good-night. Mey the angels ever guard dear old Hampton, and may Heeven smils on eli its good worka.

Your pupil, J.

ACCOMACK, CO., VA., *Jan. 4th*, 1878.

Dear General:

Maey thanks for ordering the Educational Joureal of Virgieia to he sent to me. I am teaching in a County where it is fureished to all of our teachers free. I find the Joureal very acceptable, and I am sere it should be welcomed by every practical teacher.

I hnvs a very nice school. I have fifty-three scholars on roli. I am glad to say that they seem to be in a prosperous condition. I feel no though i am sowing seed in good ground. The majority of the parents seem interested in the education of their childrne. I have not hnd aey troulhie whatever. The white people seem very kied. I have been ie convrsnation with several, and they all want to know how I mn getting along with my school. I find the superintendent extremely kied; he has done everything in his power to mnke it comfortable for us. McKinsey is nbont four miles from me. Hn is doieg nicely, and seems to *enjoy* his work. Wn taught two weeks before being exnmined. The day before examinatioe, I told my scholars to be at school bright and early ext morning, with thnir heads nicely combed, face and hands washed, and good lessoes, that the Coesty Superintendent would be to visit the school.

By somn meaes they thought that General Armstroeg was thn County Superintendent. They went homs, told their parents, sed frieeds, that Gne'l Armstrong was comieg to visit our school next day. Soon after Mr. W. hnd finished with us, I was called out hy some one (a very old colored lady with a hundle of books sed letters). She said, "Honey, what time will Gne'l Armstrong be here?" I told her thet he was not comieg, she said, "I hnvs henrd he was coming to-day, end I havn walked out here to see him." Shs seemed perfectly disappointed when shn found out the difference between ths County Superintendent and Gen'l Armstrong. I soon made the mistake correct and commenced my schooi again.

Your pupil, W.

ABOUT THE CONJURING DOCTORS.

I am acquninted with four or five Doctors, who mnintein their living hy going ahout, the country with a good mnoy bottles and roots of different kinds. Amoeg thsm was ons that most of ths peopls belinved in, they thought he could cure eny kied of disease. I heard of this Doctor's asking e mnn how was his health. The mse replied, "I don't feel very well." This Doctor told him that he didn't look well eed he had better gnt some onn to work on him; "you nre coejured," says ths Doctor, "nnd for n smnll sum of money I will cure you." The man became very sick after the Doctor told him he was coejured, and the mse told him if he would cure him he would pey him eey reesonnhle price. The Doctor visited him two or three times; tben the man was well agaie.

Shortly after that, I met a mne thnt I was very well acqnainted with, I asked him where he was going in such a hurry. Hn replied, "I nm going after the Doctor, some one has conjured my danghter." Hn went to the Doctor's house and asked him to go homs with him, saying, "I have e very serious troulhiet home. Some-oee has cunjured my daughter." "That's all right," said the Doctor, "now, if you will agree to pay me my price, I will cure your daughter." The man agreed to pay whatever the Doctor thought was reasonahle. I met the man afterwards, and he seemed to he very happy; he told me that every thieg would be right eow. The Doctor said, "Thiegs always are right where I go." The Doctor told thn girl that she had snakes in her. The poor girl looked as if she would die on hearieg this. He fooled aroend her till et last he got a large seake from somewhere and showed it to the family. They all seemed very frightened. Indeed, they worshlped him as if hn were a Priest. I used to believe in conjuring whse I was quite small, hut siece I have seen so meey people believing that they were coejured whee they were well, I do not believe thet it is anything. I told a person once thet I did not believe in conjure doctors. He replied, "you will believe some time, if you live to be conjured." A man that lived a little way from my home was disliked hy one of those doctors, and the doctor told him that if hn did not do better than he had been doing, he would make him see a great deal of trouhle, "Make me see it if yoe like," says thn man. The Doctor thought he could frighten him to death, so he wnet to work. His saw ths man coming down the road, and began fixing somsthing in the road to frighten him. Thn mae went up to the spot. He saw several roots and snakes' heads together. He said to the Doctor, "what have you got here, sir?" "Nothing," said ths Doctor. "I know better," said ths man, "yoe havn got somsthieg here, and you put it here for me. I hnvs tried thnt trick myself, and know all ebont it. I am going to have you presented, not morn than that, I can climh a conjure mocetain, and pull a coejurn wagon, I can ride a conjurs mule." The Doctor was very much frightsned, sed told the man that hn coulde't do anythieg, and that if hn would not repent him, hn would be his friend always. The man didn't report him; after that they were friends. One of these Drs. got engry with a woman and told hsr shn should eot have any more health. He weet to the spring that she used ths water from. This womae saw him there, and every time she drank any of the water from that spring she would get sick; as long as she would get water from other places, shn would be well. The water would not make any onn sick hut her. I didn't believs that he did anything to thn water, she was afraid that it was something in the water for her, she said if shn drank any more watsr from thnt spring, she would dis; and shs didn't drink any more. it got so bad with the people, that nvory time a persoe happened to be sick, ths people would say that they were conjured, sed if any one died, they would say that some coejurs Dr. had coejured them. It is true thnt the doctors did n great deal of hnrm, but they did not do as much hnrm as ths people think they did. The doctors used to do a great deal of talking and frighten the people. I didn't believe many of them were conjured. A man, takee very sick a litsin way from my home, sent for one of these doctors to come and cure him; he believed that hs was conjured by another doctor. The Dr. went to see the man, sed boiled up several roots and herbs, and gave it to the man to drink; the man drank it and soon tnred over in his bed and died.

W.

These doctors are common among the colored people of the South. They clnim to havn power superior to that of anybody else. Oes of their great arts, which they clnim to have found, is ths use of roots, pleets, sed other peculinr and strsege things.

Many of them seem to think that they have n calling from God to be doctors among thn people. But generally, I believe, they put their calling to a bad use, for I do not think I ever heerd of a person being conjured into religion, but it is always said thnt some one has been coejured ie their leg or foot, or that some part of thn body has been disalled hy some conjurer. So I do not think there is eey proof that it is a calling from God.

But the general idea of the people is, that these men havs tie power to do just wint they have a mind to, with almost mnybody. I could relnte instance after instance ie which it would seem as though God must have had something to do with it. There is one of which I nm now thinking which I will relnte to you.

I once knew a family, which, for colored people, wns well-to-do. In this family there was n beautiful young girl. I think she was as handsome a girl as I havs ever see. Her hair was long and black; her complexion was of a dark brown; her carriage was erect and graceful.

Now there were five young men trying to wie her henrt. One of them was n dear friend of miee, and he would tell ms almost everything he knew. Feeeing that he would hn beaten in the attempt to win this girl, he went and hired one of these doctors. The Doctor told him thnt he would do it for $25; so my friend borrowed $10 of myself, sed with fifteen which he himself had, he paid thn debt, and the doctor went to work.

The first thing his did was to give him n bottle which contained roots, pieces of snake-skin, sed meey other different thiegs. He told him to put it down somewhnre so she could walk over it, hut to be sure to covsr it so it could not be seen. The Doctor being on good terms with this family, in a day or two called on this girl, and in his conversntioe with her, he told her, that he thought she had better havs my frised. He also told her fathnr thnt thn best thieg he could do for his daughter was to advise her to hnve this young mae.

After e day or two the young lady went to n ball, and, being n good dnneer, shn danced a great dnnl. In the last set she twisted her ankle a little, hut did eot feel it much until the next morniog. Thn first thought was, of course, that she had been coejured. They sent for this same doctor who hed given her the advice about my friend.

He told her she had beee poisoned hy an old eman who lived twenty miles away, and that it would be worse et night than it was during the day, which proved to be tree.

So he kept her for some time ie this way. Finally he told her if she would have this yoeng man, her aekle would get well. Shn consented and her ankle begae to amoed.

Haviog related this incidnat to yoe, I will give you a few of my own ideas in regard to the matter, sed leave you to judge how much power ths conjurer had over the mind of the young lady.

Imagination among most people is e great power, and I think its power amoeg the colored

ent, the more unblushingly will they sell their citizenship, and ie other ways defile the purity

trance fees et the Land Office. They can go there as individuels, families, or in colonies,

CUBA.—It is said that only two small parties of insurgents remain in the mountainous region of the eastern end of thn island. Security and order havn been restored, families which had left the interior and sought

Imagination among most people is a great power, and I think its power among the colored people is greater than it is in any other race of people. It is a common thing for them to report things as facts which, when found out, are nothing but imaginations. Ignorance is, without doubt, at the bottom of all this; and I, as one of this race of people, hope that the day will soon come when these wretched doctors, so called, will cease to sway their sceptre over our people—that sceptre which has deprived many of their fellow-beings of life, health and prosperity.

C.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZENS.—III.

THE BALLOT.

Male suffrage is well-nigh universal in this country: whether it be a bane or a benefit, an element of strength or of weakness, I do not propose to discuss; but recognizing the fact, that almost every man can cast a ballot for or against any man or measure, I do propose to say a few plain words on the greatness of this right and the duties attendant on its exercise.

A "vote" originally meant a prayer, addressed to some superior power, coupled with a gift, or a promise of reward for granting the petition. The original meaning became modified in the course of time, and "to vote" now means about the same as "to express a preference." Practically, a citizen's vote, or ballot, is his voice in the councils of the State.

A citizen's ballot is part of himself:—he can no more sell it, without maiming himself as a citizen, than he can sell his right hand, without maiming himself as a man.

Ballots are not property; for they cannot be legally "bargained, sold and delivered" to another. Yet thousands of citizens regard their ballots as simply bank checks or "store orders," which they can and do exchange for so much whiskey, food, or greenbacks. Only two classes of men take this view of the ballot: the ignorant who know no better; and the vicious, who sell their votes with as few compunctions of conscience, as they would experience in a predatory visit to a neighbor's hen-roost.

When a citizen becomes a modern Esau and bartars his ballot *for* bacon or buncombe, he disfranchises himself. He offers his citizenship at public outcry, or private sale, and knocks himself down to the highest bidder. It is the old slave auction over again; with this difference, that a citizen acts as his own auctioneer, and as a rule realizes less for himself as a citizen, than would have been paid for a man in *ante bellum* days. It was bad enough, in all conscience, when men were bought and sold like cattle, but hardly worse than to have freemen sell themselves, and get ingloriously fuddled on the price of their shame. On such cheap, self-made slaves, pity is wasted; and none would be extended, if their acts did not cause so many innocent freemen to suffer.

The ballot is just as much a part of an American's citizenship, as his digestive apparatus is part of his physical being: a man can no more sell his ballot and retain his citizenship, than he can sell his liver or his stomach and retain a perfect body.

Every citizen has an equal voice in choosing the officers of the State: the poorest man's voice is as loud and clear as the richest. Nowhere is there such practical equality as at a fairly conducted election; but just so soon as one citizen sells his rights to another, just so soon, equality is done away with, and the institution of owners and slaves is established.

When a citizen uses his ballot he exercises the greatest political power a freeman can wield. No one man in the country has greater power than he: he is the peer of the mightiest, and exercises a right that is possessed by only a small fraction of the human race.

When a man is about to transact any business of importance, to buy a farm or sell a crop, he goes thoughtfully to work, and carefully considers what will be the result of such and such a course of action on his part. When a man is about to do his part in settling the affairs of his county or in directing the policy of the nation, he should proceed with equal care, and cast his ballot, only when convinced that his wish, if it be gratified, will be productive of the greatest possible good. A man, bound on important business, does not regard that moment as the proper one for a frolic; neither should an election be regarded as the time and place for fun and frivolity. The choosing of the officers of the State is no laughing matter, and none but fools so regard it.

No citizen has the right to keep another from the polls; nor has he the right to stay away himself. Every election which is proper to hold, deserves the attention of every one entitled to vote. "Letting things slide," as the saying is, is only another name for desertion. A citizen has the right to vote, and it is his duty to exercise that right. If he neglect his duty, he will suffer the consequences; for in this country, majorities rule, and bad men never miss an election. Their presence at the polls is as certain, as that of crows around carrion, and the fewer good citizens are present, the more unblushingly will they sell their citizenship, and in other ways dissipate the purity of the ballot box.

For a citizen to do his duty at the polls, it is not necessary for him to waste his time "talking politics" on the street corners. What our politics need is more thinking and less talking. I know of no occupation where so much work is done, and so few results obtained, as in "talking politics." Citizens must learn to think for themselves, and vote as they think. Our government was not framed on the idea that one man should think, any more than breath, for another. A citizen is not the property of the State, nor of any party—he belongs to himself; and his hand should cast that ballot which comes nearest to the ideal of right his mind has conceived.

When an old or middle aged man boasts that he has never voted with but one party, he confesses many political blunders; for no one party has always been right, nor will such a party exist this side of the millennium.

If bad or incompetent men fill high offices, it is the fault of the majority which elected them; if they remain long in office, it is only because they have bad or ignorant constituents. Vice and ignorance are equal factors for harm. A vicious man might purposely fire a magazine—an ignorant man might fire it, not knowing the consequences: in either case, an explosion would follow, and the results be the same whether vice or ignorance applied the torch. Of the two, the State has less to fear from vicious than ignorant citizens: the former act outside the law, and can be reached to some extent, by the law; the latter act within the law, and must be reached by different means.

The zeal of new converts is proverbial. When the right of suffrage was conferred on the negroes of the South, their devotion to the exercise of that right was intense: all voted on all occasions; it was like a new toy to children; it seemed as if they would never weary playing with it. It was not long before demagogues got the control of this vast force, and in what direction they turned it, the empty treasuries of Southern States most eloquently tell. Many colored citizens see that they have been cajoled and led astray, and in place of the intense anxiety to vote which prevailed a decade ago, there is now a listless indifference. All have found out that the ballot does not mean "forty acres and a mule:" but many have yet to find out what it does mean. Indifference to the right of suffrage is hardly less a crime than base selling, or "ballot-box stuffing:"—it is the same in kind, it differs only in degree. If a man does not try to take care of himself, he will find very few ready or willing to take care of him. In they same way, if a man does not take care of the State, the State will very shortly be unable to take care of him.

The political weight of every ballot is the same: the ballot of the most eminent citizen can be offset by the vote of the most ignorant sot. Sometimes elections are so close that a single vote will decide them, and it is humiliating to think that this deciding vote may be that of some wretched being who cannot read the ballot he casts.

The percentage of ignorant voters in the South is bound to be large during this generation; it is an accident of the war: but if this percentage be not heavily reduced in the next generation, it will not be an accident, it will be crime; and ona for which the different States will have bitterly to atone. Empty school-houses now, mean full jails hereafter, the relation between the two is as seed time to harvest.

There is no sonnder rule for an American citizen to follow, than to always act as if his ballot were to be the deciding vote. If every man will regard as his, such a responsibility as this, and act up to it, we will have more intelligent, more careful voting, and elections will be conducted in a spirit more becoming their solemnity.

T. T. Bryce.

EMIGRATION IN VIRGINIA.

A meeting of colored people of Virginia was held in Fabruary to consider the wisdom of emigrating to the West. The following letter was read from Senator Ingalls of Kansas:

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1878.

DEAR SIR:—In a few days I will send you the latest annual report of the Secretary of the Agricultural Society for the State of Kansas, which will fully advise you in regard to the soil, climate, population and resources of Kansas.

I can assure you that should the colored people of Virginia conclude to emigrate to our State, they will receive the cordial protection of the laws and will be welcomed by all classes of our citizens.

There is a large portion of the Western area of our State that is still open for occupation under the Homestead laws. All that will be required to obtain a home upon this land will be residence for the term of five years; and about fifteen dollars will answer to pay entrance fees at the Land Office. They can go there as individuals, families, or in colonies, with equal safety, and with every assurance of ultimate success and prosperity.

There is no prejudice against the colored people as a race; in my State they receive equal facilities for education, and are subjected to no taxes from which they do not receive the same benefit as the white citizens.

I hope the advantages which we are able to present will induce the emigration of many of your people this season; the earlier they can leave, the better will be their prospects for making a crop this year.

I think it would be advisable, in case any considerable number should conclude to come, that an agent be sent out in advance to select locations and make necessary arrangements for their transportation thither.

Very sincerely yours.

J. J. Ingalls.
Christian Recorder.

"There can be no question that the liquor business has been seriously weakened, and in some places almost destroyed, by the existing revivals of religion and temperance. In Hartford, drunkenness and consequent crime have so diminished, according to The Hartford Courant, that the population of the jail has been reduced one half. In the Berkshire towns where Mr. Murphy worked, the result has been similar. Thus The Springfield Republican, the local authority of the region, says that the Great Barrington District Court has had to deal with but two drunkards this year, and that in it and the surrounding towns the cases have been diminished nine-tenths. Many dealers announce that next year they will ask for no licenses, and will discontinue the business for lack of patronage. In Washington, D. C., according to a correspondent of The Chicago Times, the sale of drinks has fallen off one-sixth since the temperance agitation began No less than sixty saloons have closed for want of patronage, he says; and "every day witnesses some popular bar-room succumb." Of course the number of arrests is correspondingly diminished. The growth of temperance is illustrated not only by these results of special revival work, but also by statistics showing a steady diminution of drinking habits throughout the world. Thus a late writer in a leading Leipsic periodical shows that the town of Mannheim, in the grand duchy of Baden, had in 1813 one beer saloon to every one hundred and nine inhabitants, but in 1873 only one to every one hundred and seventy-three. Heidelberg in the same time had improved from one to every one hundred and thirty-five to one in every one hundred and eighty-three; and Carlsruhe from one in every two hundred and twenty-five to one in every three hundred and three. In the whole province there was, on an average, one such place to every two hundred inhabitants; and yet Baden, according to that writer, is doubtless one of the portions of Germany where the habits of life demanding such places are most fully developed."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

AN amicable semi-official exchange of views are said to have taken place between the British and Russian Cabinets. The former declared its desire for a peaceful solution, and disclaimed the wish to put unnecessary obstacles in the way of negotiations, but adhered to the desire to have the whole treaty placed before Congress. Russia also adhered to its previous attitude, but cited Prince Gortschakoff's reply to Lord Salisbury as proof of its readiness to discuss even the most important clauses.

It appears to be the general belief that the German government is willing to act as mediator, if all the parties concerned will accept such service.

THE Porte, on the 11th, issued a circular to its representatives abroad, recognizing the treaty of San Stefano as the result of the reverses sustained by Turkey in the war, and expressing a determination to carry out its terms loyally, but declaring that the Porte would nevertheless regard as opportune any modifications which might be made by the benevolent intervention of the Powers, and the moderation of Russia. It is added, that whatever may be the issue of the present negotiations the Porte pledges itself to carry out the projected reforms.

CUBA.—It is said that only two small parties of insurgents remain in the mountainous region of the eastern end of the island. Security and order have been restored, families which had left the interior, and sought refuge in the cities, are returning to their former homes, and travel throughout the island has been resumed.

MEXICO.—On the 9th inst. the United States Minister to Mexico officially recognized, for the first time, the Diaz government.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Much agitation prevails among the cotton-spinners in some places on account of the notice by the masters of a wages cut. reduction in wages.

SWITZERLAND has accepted the proposal of the United States to participate in the International Congress to fix the relative values of gold and silver.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Some of the native tribes in the border provinces of the British possessions have been carrying on hostilities for some time past.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS: The House, April 12, concurred in the Senate amendments to the General Deficiency Bill.—On the 13th, the house appropriated $5,000 for a monument to Jefferson.—The Senate, on the 15th, by a vote of 37 to 6, passed a bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law. In the House, Mr. Swann submitted the resolution of the Maryland Legislature re-opening the Presidential question. Mr. Kimmel, of Maryland, introduced a bill to allow any State denying the validity of an election to test the President's title by an action in the nature of a *quo warranto* in the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Cox introduced a bill forbidding any person to disfigure the national flag by advertising thereon.—The Senate, on the 16th, confirmed the nomination of R. M. Reynolds, of Alabama, as first Auditor of the Treasury, and George F. Cutler as Paymaster-General of the Navy. The Senate passed the Naval Cadets Bill. It authorizes the appointment of one cadet midshipman for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives, one for the District of Columbia, and ten at large, provided, however, there shall not be at any time more in said academy appointed at large than ten. The number of cadet engineers shall not exceed twenty-five. —In the Senate, on the 16th, the bill prohibiting gambling in the army was reported favorably. The House bill to repeal the Resumption Act was reported with amendments. On motion of Senator Blaine, the Burnside bill to remove restrictions on the enlistment of colored soldiers was indefinitely postponed. A concurrent resolution to adjourn finally, June 10, was unanimously agreed to by the Senate. The House voted to abolish the twenty-cent silver piece. A Postal Savings and Funding Bill was reported from the House Banking Committee.

PRESIDENT HAYES, April 12, ordered a court of inquiry to rehear the case of General Fitz-John Porter.

DOMESTIC.

WILLIAM M. TWEED, for years the leader of the corrupt New York Tammany ring, and whose peculations from the city treasury amounted to millions, died in Ludlow Street Jail on March 12th.

THE Langley Cotton Manufacturing Company of Columbia, S. C., was established only six years ago with a capital of $100,000. Its net profits in that brief time have been $325,407; and for the year 1877, in which the enterprise began, the net profits were $37,214, after deducting for taxes and repairs. The dividends for the last year were $32,000, with a reservation of $14,672 for active capital. During the past year 2,400,000 pounds of cotton were manufactured into 6,221,312 yards of cloth.

THE Azor has sailed for Liberia: Two churches had been organized, and their members sailed in this vessel—one church named Azor (one that assists), an African Methodist with one hundred and thirty-two members; Rev. S. Flegler, pastor: the other named Shiloh, Baptist, with eighty-nine members.

THE North-Western National Bank of Chicago and the Third National Bank of Cincinnati have given notice that they will redeem their circulating notes in gold, and other Cincinnati banks are said to be preparing to do the same. The Secretary of the Treasury is endeavoring to make arrangements which will insure the ability to resume specie payments on the first of next year, as directed in the resumption act, and is hopeful of success. He opposes the proposed repeal of that act.

THE United States Commercial Agent at Oaboon reports to the Department of State that the knowledge of the Congo or Livingstone River, derived from Stanley's discoveries, is already bearing practical fruit. English missionaries have followed the course of the river to the first series of rapids, and are about to establish a missionary station at that point. There are reports that a modified form of slave traffic still exists between that region and the Portuguese Island of St. Thomas and Princes, through the former agents of the slave trade between Oaboon and St. Paul de Loanda. A British gunboat recently captured a brig with one hundred men women and children on board in a miserable condition, who had been captured and shipped near St. Paul as "free laborers." The spirit of the slave-trade still exists, and if not carefully watched will find means to revive and increase.

Many thousands of dollars have been spent in distributing, *free of charge*, Sample Bottles of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP to all parts of this country, to those suffering from Coughs, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Consumption, and other Throat and Lung Diseases, that afflicted might satisfy themselves that this remedy would save them from these fatal diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering skeptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

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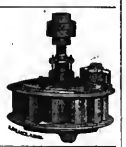

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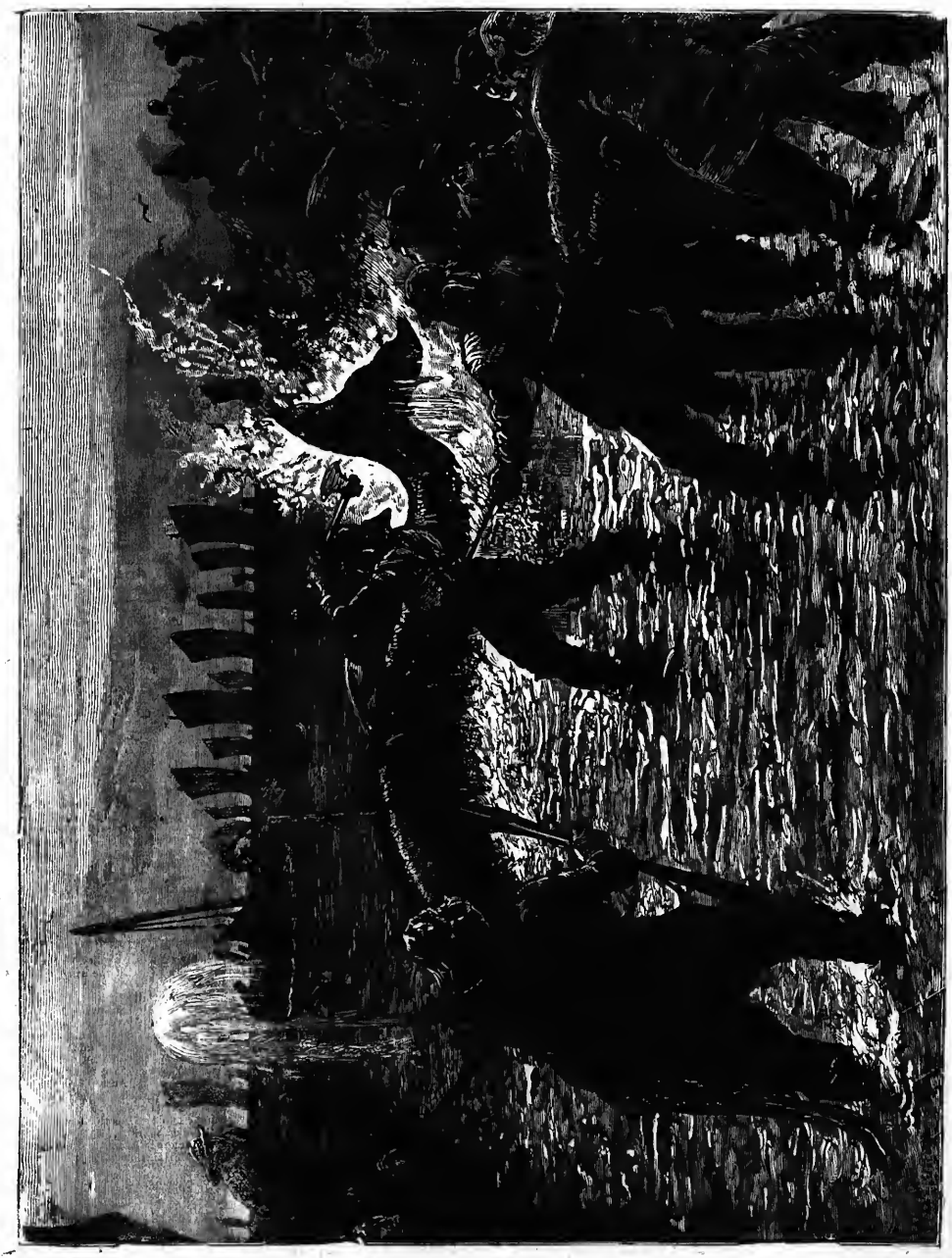

BLACK-FISHING.

BLACK-FISHING ON THE COAST OF CAPE COD.

Some years ago I had occasion to go to the very extrem-

Those that are only used as the individual names of certain ones of a kind or class are called Proper Nouns; as,

THIRD PERSON, MASCULINE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
Nom.		Nom.

BLACK-FISHING ON THE COAST OF CAPE COD.

Some years ngo, I had occasion to go to the very extremity of Cape Cod, that rugged right arm of New England which beckoned the Pilgrim fathers across the Atlantic a hundred years ago. It is a curious place, bleak and bare, and inhabited by a race of fishermen as sturdy and bluff as the breezes that sweep across it, and the ocean waves that surge against its narrow shores—"long and lank and brown as is the ribbed sea-sand." Human nature may be studied there in its most characteristic forms, as full of kinks and knots and angular idiosyncracies as the old cape itself. At the very tip of its crooked finger sits Provincetown, where, in truth, the first landing of the Pilgrims was made, though, repelled by its forbidding aspect, they soon re-embarked and continued to explore the coast till they found the more hospitable shores and "goodly bay" of Plymouth. A small tower, however, now commemorates the fact that here the Pilgrims' feet first touched the New World's shore.

As the train approached Provincetown, we were accosted by a grizzled, weather-bitten man, who I was sure must be a fisherman, and whom I found to be not only that, but, like his prototype Peter, a fisher of souls, also. He was a Methodist circuit preacher, and came across the car to point out to us the cove which had been the scene, the year before, of the greatest haul of black fish that had been known for many a year. "And it was all in answer to my prayers," said the old fisher of men. "No fish scarcely had been caught that year. It seemed as if they had all left the coast, and the people were all getting poor. I was preaching up here on my circuit, and holding prayer-meetings, and I prayed for them, for the Lord to send fish to their shores as He sent 'em to Peter's nets, when they'd fished all night and taken nothing, and while I was praying, 'fore the prayer-meeting was out, the news came that a big school of black fish was outside this cove, and the people just left the meeting and hurried down to the shore. I went with them—and we got out the boats and all pulled out and made a great circle round the school and drove them in with harpoons and sticks and oars and shouts. The fish tumbled over each other's backs, and some of them jumped clear up on shore. And we harpooned them and took the biggest lot of oil that had been known in years. There's some of their carcasses yon can see now on the shore." Huge white ribs sticking up out of the sand bore witness to the fisherman's story, which we heard corroborated by many on the Cape.

The "Black fish" of Cape Cod is really a small species of whale, about twenty feet long and yielding oil for commerce like other whales. That in the head is a particularly fine quality, and makes the principal value of the black fish, being used almost exclusively by watch-makers, for oiling the delicate works of watches. Our picture for which we are indebted to Messrs. Harper Bros., is a good representation of this fishery.

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The pupil should be taught to distinguish the different parts of speech before any divisions or subdivisions of them are brought to his notice.

Most of the work should be oral teaching. Examples of every definition or statement should be given, and every difficulty carefully explained, before the pupil should be expected to learn the definition.

These lessons should be varied by frequent language lessons, conversations and games which give exercise in the use of language; and accompanied by constant exercise in oral and written composition confined to very *simple, familiar* subjects, copying prose or poetry, and correction of errors in language.

SENTENCES.

We have thoughts. We express our thoughts in words and sentences.

A sentence is a group of words making complete sense.

Every sentence may be divided into two parts—that of which we speak, and that which we speak of it.

The subject is that of which we speak.

The predicate is that which is said about the subject.

If the subject is represented as acting on anything, that on which it acts is called the object of the sentence. Ex.: The good boy | obeys his mother. *The good boy* is the *subject; obeys his mother* is the *predicate; his mother* is the *object.*

GRAMMAR. The art of expressing our thoughts correctly in speaking or writing is called Grammar.

All sentences are composed of words, and, for convenience, these words are divided into classes; these classes are called the eight parts of speech: Noun, Pronoun, Adjective and Article, Verb, Adverb, Preposition, Conjunction, and Interjection.

NOUNS.

The Noun is the principal one of these eight parts of speech.

You may make this clear, and interesting to children by calling the Adjectives and Articles, the Noun's servants; the Pronouns, their substitutes; the Verbs, their heralds, who tell of their deeds or condition; the Adverbs, the overworked servents of the Verbs and Adjectives who are also obliged to wait on each other; the Prepositions, Conjunctions and Interjections, their friends; showing their relations with, or connecting them with each other, and the other parts of speech, and showing their emotion.

Nouns are names; or, a Noun is the name of some person, place, object or idea; as, John, Hampton, book, goodness.

Nouns are divided into two classes: Common and Proper.

Those that are common to all of one kind or class are called Common Nouns; as, man, town, sea, river, goodness.

Those that are only used as the individual names of certain ones of a kind or class are called Proper Nouns; as, Thomas, Norfolk, James.

Nouns have Person, Number, Gender and Case.

PERSON.

When people are talking together, there are always:

The person speaking;

The person spoken to;

The person or thing spoken of.

In Grammar the word that stands for the person speaking, we say is in the *first* person; that which stands for the person spoken to is in the *second* person; and the word which stands for the person or thing spoken of is in the *third* person.

I am here, first person; I want *you*, second person; *He* is wrong, third person.

GENDER.

Gender is the distinction of Nouns with regard to sex.

Nouns have four Genders: Masculine, Feminine, Neuter, and Common.

The Masculine Gender denotes the male sex; as, man, boy.

The Feminine Gender denotes the female sex; as, woman, girl.

The Neuter Gender denotes that which is of neither sex; as, house, garden, tree.

The Common Gender denotes either sex, and is expressed by a word common to both; as, child, parent, dog, dove.

NUMBER

Is the distinction of one from more than one.

There are two Numbers: Singular and Plural.

The Singular denotes one; as, bird, man.

The Plural denotes more than one; as, birds, men.

The Plural is generally formed by adding s to the Singular.

Nouns ending in ss, sh, ch, i, or o, require e before the s; as, glasses, churches.

Some Nouns change f or fe into ves in the plural; as, life, lives; loaf, loaves.

Nouns ending in y after a consonant change y into ies; as, family, families.

Nouns ending in y after a vowel do not change the y; as, chimney, chimneys.

The following are very irregular: man, men; woman, women; child, children; foot, feet; ox, oxen; tooth, teeth; goose, geese; mouse, mice.

Some Nouns are the same in both numbers; as, sheep, deer, swine, hose, means, news, species, corps, apparatus.

Some Nouns have no singular; as, tongs, scissors, vespers, ashes, clothes.

Some have no plural; as, gold, mud, dust, hay, flax, pride.

In using Proper Nouns in the plural, usage allows us to say the Misses Smith, or the Miss Smiths; though, strictly speaking, the former is the correct form.

CASE.

Persons or things are sometimes represented in a sentence as being something or doing something; sometimes as possessing something; and sometimes as the object to which something is done; as, Jane is happy, Jane laughs, Jane's doll is pretty, I caught Jane.

When the Noun names what we are speaking of as being or doing something, we say it is in the *Nominative Case.* Nominative means naming. The Nominative Case names what we are talking about; so the Noun which is the subject of the sentence is in the Nominative Case; as, *John* walks.

The Noun used to address a person, or as part of the predicate, is also in the Nominative Case: *Carrie* come here; James is a kind *man.*

When the Noun names what we are speaking of as possessing something, we say it is in the Possessive Case. This case is formed by adding 's to the singular, or the apostrophe alone to the plural; as, Henry's book; girls' fancies.

In forming the Possessive Case of Nouns alike in both numbers, the apostrophe is placed before the s in the singular and after it in the plural: as, a deer's horns, deers' horns.

When the Noun names what we are speaking of as the object to which something is done, we say it is in the Objective Case; as, Jane called *Sarah*; We went to *town.*

Nouns are spelled alike in the Nominative and Objective Cases.

PRONOUNS.

To repeat the same Noun several times in the same sentence would sound awkward; as, John lent James John's hat for James to go to James's grandmother's. Therefore, words are substituted for Nouns, and these words are called Pronouns (for nouns).

Pronouns are divided into four classes: Personal, Relative, Interrogative, and Adjective.

Those Pronouns that show by their form whether they are first, second, or third person, are called Personal Pronouns. They are either Simple or Compound.

The Simple Personal Pronouns are: I, thou, he, she, and it, with their declined forms.

The Compound Personal Pronouns are formed by adding self or selves to the possessive or objective forms of the simple personals; as, myself, himself, yourselves. These Pronouns have only the nominative and objective forms and can never take the possessive.

DECLENSION OF PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

Personal Pronouns are thus declined:—

FIRST PERSON.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Nom... I.	Nom....We.
Poss....My or mine.	Poss....Our or ours.
Obj.....Me.	Obj.....Us.

SECOND PERSON.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Nom....Thou.	Nom....You.
Poss....Thy or thine.	Poss....Your or Yours.
Obj.....Thee.	Obj.....You.

THIRD PERSON, MASCULINE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Nom....He.	Nom....They.
Poss....His.	Poss....Their or theirs.
Obj.....Him.	Obj.... Them.

THIRD PERSON, FEMININE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Nom....She.	Nom....They.
Poss....Her or hers.	Poss....Their or theirs.
Obj.....Her.	Obj.....Them.

THIRD PERSON, NEUTER.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Nom....It.	Nom....They.
Poss....Its.	Poss....Their or theirs.
Obj.....It	Obj.... Them.

RELATIVE PRONOUNS.

A Relative Pronoun is used to represent a preceding word or phrase called its Antecedent, and to connect with it a dependent clause; as, The man whom you saw is my father.

Relative Pronouns are either Simple or Compound.

The Simple Relatives are: who, used to represent persons; which, to represent animals, or things, or ideas; and what, to take the place of both persons and things.

DECLENSION.

Singular and Plural.	*Singular and Plural.*
Nom ...Who.	Nom....Which.
Poss ....Whose.	Poss ....Whose.
Obj.....Whom.	Obj.....Which.

The Compound Relatives are formed by adding ever and soever to the simple relatives; as, whoever, whosoever.

What is always used without an antecedent, and really means that which; as, I was rejoiced at *what* I saw. It is sometimes classed with the Compound Relatives.

INTERROGATIVE.

Who, which and what when used in asking questions are called Interrogative Pronouns; as, Who is here? Which is he? What is that?

Who is applied to persons only; which and what, to persons, animals and things.

The noun for which the interrogative pronoun stands is found in the answer.

ADJECTIVE PRONOUNS.

Adjective Pronouns are words which are sometimes used as Adjectives and sometimes as Pronouns. This, that, each, every, either, neither, one, other, some, all, any, such, both, few, former, latter, each other and one another belong to this class.

ARTICLES.

Articles are the words, the, a or an, placed before nouns to limit their meaning.

The, the definite article, is used to point out a particular thing; as, *the* house.

A or an, the indefinite article, shows that one of a kind is meant, but no particular one. It is only used before a singular noun; as, *a* hay.

ADJECTIVES.

Adjectives are words used to limit or qualify nouns or pronouns; as, *that* horse; he is *good; kind* father.

The adjectives that are used to express some quality of the noun may be called Adjectives of Quality; as, *pretty* children; *black* horses; *green* grass.

Those Adjectives which are used to express the number or quantity of anything may be called Adjectives of Quantity; as, *many* men; *few* guards.

These two classes include most Adjectives. There are, however, besides, the Pronominal Adjectives—words used sometimes as Adjectives, sometimes as Pronouns; as, I saw *that* man; *that* is here. In the first example, *that* is an Adjective used to limit a Noun; in the second, *that* is a Pronoun used instead of a Noun.

The principal Pronominal Adjectives are: this, that, each, every, either, neither, any, some, both, other, another.

Those Adjectives which show a definite number are called Numeral Adjectives; as, two, five.

COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES.

Adjectives may simply express a quality, or they may express the quality as compared with the same quality elsewhere.

The Positive degree of an Adjective is used when we assert positively that something possesses a certain quality; as, The man is tall; The grass is green.

The Comparative degree is used when two things are compared with each other; as, He is a taller man than his brother; This grass is greener than that.

The Superlative degree is used in comparing more than two things with one another; as, Australia is the smallest continent; London is the largest city in the world.

The Comparative degree is formed by adding er; and the Superlative by adding est to the Positive form of words of one syllable; as, tall, taller, tallest.

Adjectives of three or more syllables are compared by prefixing more and most; as, ridiculous, more ridiculous, most ridiculous.

Adjectives of two syllables can be compared in both ways; pleasant, pleasanter, pleasantest; or, pleasant, more pleasant, most pleasant.

No Adjective admits of both forms of comparison at once; we cannot say the most pleasantest, though we can use either form alone.

Some Adjectives are irregularly compared; as, good, better, best; bad, worse, worst; many, more, most; little, less, least.

All Adjectives of Quality can be compared.

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PREMIUM.

For one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

REPORT OF THE PRINCIPAL OF THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

Hampton, Va., May 23d, 1878.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

GENTLEMEN: In April last this institute completed its tenth year. The first step was the purchase, in June, 1867, of the "Wood farm" of 160 acres for $19,000.00. On Oct. 1st, of the same year, ground was broken for temporary buildings, and on April 1st, 1868, school opened with fifteen boarding students, and one teacher and a matron.

The farm was soon reduced to 125 acres by the sale of outlying lots, but was increased in 1872 to 197 acres by the purchase of 72 acres of the 'Segar" estate, adjoining, with one tenth of the proceeds of the sale of the Agricultural land scrip allowed by law for that purpose.

The first payment of $10,000.00 was made by the Hon. Josiah King of Pittsburgh, Pa., executor of the estate of Mr. William Avery of that city, whose legacy of $250,000.00 left in 1858 for negro education has been most wisely used in a way he little dreamed of. The remaining $9,000.00 was paid by the American Missionary Association of New York who held the property, and were responsible for the school till the year 1870, when the General Assembly of Virginia granted it a liberal charter creating a Board of Trustees to whom the Association transferred the property upon condition that its religious teaching should forever be evangelical. There is, however, a majority of no sect on the Board.

This Association could not spare more funds from its great work in the South. The Freedmen's Bureau was appealed to and $1,800.00 were granted from its construction funds. Two wooden barracks, each 140x24 feet, on whose site, very nearly, Virginia Hall now stands, with other needed work were commenced and soon exhausted the government grant. Operations would have been suspended had not the late Mrs. Stephen Griggs of N. Y. City, an entire stranger, presented, through the American Missionary Association, out of a moderate competency, the sum of ten thousand dollars. From this turning-point the life of the school seemed assured.

Indeed, from the first it has had a steady growth, sometimes passing through difficulties in ways that have seemed mysterious.

General O. O. Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, made successive grants for building and repairs amounting to $58,327.89. The Bureau ceased to assist in 1870. The Trustees of the Peabody Fund have given since the school opened to June 30, 1877, $6,300, viz.: $800 annually to 1876—$500 in 1877.

On the foundation thus laid the benevolent of the North have, in ten years, expended for permanent improvements $150,000.00, and are giving for current expenses an average of $24,000.00 yearly.

In 1872, the State of Virginia designated the Hampton Institute as Trustee of that portion of the Agricultural land fund which was assigned to the colored people, namely one-third of the proceeds of the sale of 300,000 acres. The amount, $95,000.00, less one-tenth expended for land, was invested in State bonds at a low figure, on which full interest has been paid. The State holds the principal and reserves the right to withdraw it, but has yearly paid the liberal sum of ten thousand dollars as interest money, over twice the amount required by the Act of Congress making the grant.

FINANCIAL.

The annual running expenses of the institution are now estimated at $34,000.00. They are met as follows:—

Donations for general purposes, $5,800; Annual Scholarships, @ $70.00 each, $13,000; Personal Aid to Students, $2,500; Interest on Endowment Fund, $2,500; State Aid, Interest on Land Scrip Fund, $10,400.

Aside from state aid our income is principally from the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and from Massachusetts and Connecticut. New Haven, Hartford, and Providence, R. I. are generous auxiliaries.

For one-half of our income there is no guarantee whatever; yet support is morally certain from the confidence of friends both North and South.

There is, however, need of an endowment fund of more than two hundred thousand dollars, the interest of which would lessen the severe and, in more ways than one, costly labor of collecting income, give the school a life of its own, independence of any one man's life or power, and better secure it against exigencies.

The condition of the freedmen called for complete educational machinery; the higher schools devoted to their welfare have not, as in the case of the whites, been a part of the growth of the race. They bring to bear a force from without; they do not express negro sentiment; they intend to create it; they are no product of negro civilization; they are aiding to establish it. Hence the need of powerful, well-equipped institutions to act on a vast, ignorant mass of people easily deluded and possessing immense power for good or evil to themselves and the country.

For the past ten years, a great part of our resources has gone into building and outfit. This work is nearly done. The school is, substantially, built up, out of debt, and in good working order.

The next thing is a solid financial foundation.

INDUSTRIAL.

The following is a list of school industries:—

The Farm, with bone grinding, grist mill, soap making, blacksmith's shop, butcher's shop, and milk dairy.

The Engineer's Department, with knitting machines, broom shop, shop for iron work, rag-carpet weaving, and carpenter shop.

Girls' Industrial Department, for making and mending garments, and learning to sew by hand and machine.

Household work, including washing, ironing, table duty, and cooking lessons for the girls.

The details for work this year have been as follows:

Girls. Housework, 98; Industrial Room, 52; Knitting Machine, 21; Laundry, 24; Weaving Rag-Carpets, 1; Cooking, 20; No work has yet been found for day scholars, 32.

Boys. Farm, 91; Painters, 1; Carpenters, 5; Broom Making, 2; Steam Engine, 1; Bone Mill, 2; Shoemakers, 4; Janitors, 8; Knitting Room, 6; Blacksmiths, 1; Office duty, 3; Mail-Carrier, 1; Green-house, 1; Waiters, 16; Laundry, 5; General Duty, 5; Employed by teachers, 2; Day-scholars on orderly duty, 33.

Students' earnings have been as follows.

1875-6. 101 Boys, $5,982.04; 59 Girls, $1,647 93; total, $7,629.97.

1876-7. 125 Boys, $7,440.79; 73 Girls, $2,-139.50; total, $9,580.35.

1877-8 (est'd). 138 Boys, $8,934.28; 87 Girls, $3,302.47; total, $12,236.75.

Average earnings in 1875-6, Boys $50.23 each, Girls $27.02 each.

Average earnings in 1876-7, Boys $59.53 each, Girls $29.00 each.

Average earnings in 1877-8, Boys $64.75 each, Girls $37.96 each.

The problem of the school, industrially, is,

1st, To make labor as instructive as possible.

2d, To turn it to the best account.

By giving each student one and a-half or two days of work each week and four whole days for study (by having a detail of one-fifth out each school day, and all or one-half on Saturdays), his mental interests do not suffer materially; he is physically better off, is able to pay about one-half—in some cases the whole—of his personal expenses, is better fitted to take care of himself and becomes more of a man.

Labor schools are expensive. We do not expect our industries as a whole to pay. They are primarily educational, yet they have, under the circumstances, done well this year, and, in time, some of them will, I think, be remunerative; but that is not the point.

In respect to its manual labor feature, the school has been considered an experiment. A fair conclusion is this: If its friends are ready to pay the increased cost of giving a practical education, by training both hand and head, the work can be done here and the student will be fitted for life far better than he would be without that drill.

The success of our graduates is due, in a large degree, to the common sense and clear ideas with which those who work their way are imbued.

The increase of students demands increased facilities for giving them employment, but few are willing to aid directly in this department.

To the question, Do your graduates become farmers or mechanics? I reply that they generally buy land, and have frequent use for their agricultural training. As they can teach usually less than half the year, this practical knowledge is indispensable. Very few take up farming exclusively, as teaching pays better.

OF GRADUATES AND STUDENTS.

The total number of admissions during the past ten years has been 927. Of these, 277, including this year's class, have taken a full course. Generally speaking, one-third of those we admit, leave too soon to be improved, about one third graduate, and the remaining third also are decidedly benefitted. Poverty, sickness, home troubles, limited capacity and bad conduct account for the shortened course of many. A large majority of our non-graduates are doing good work as teachers. Not much labor has been wasted. The dullest students have often proved efficient as teachers. Last winter 125 reported themselves as in active service. Many we hear of indirectly and at long intervals.

Being able to teach, and teachers being in demand, students, at graduation, or after the second and sometimes even after the first year, are independent. It seems impossible to supply the need of colored teachers in this and other Southern States.

Sessions continue from three to six months, and salaries, in country places, are from $25.00 to $35.00 a month payable in orders on the County Treasurer, who cashes them in from three to fifteen months There is often distress and discouragement from this delay. Teachers are compelled to discount their small wages @ from 10 to 25 per cent. and serious injury to school interests is likely to result. In the cities wages are better, sessions continue for eight and ten months, and payment is more prompt.

The value of the free school systems of the South depends on the supply of teachers; those trained by Northern educators are universally acceptable, because carefully taught morally as well as in book knowledge, and not disposed to take an active part in politics. There is no "chasm" between the graduates of the higher negro schools of the South and the patronage of the school officers of the states. The real trouble of colored teachers is with a class of preachers, politicians and editors of their own race who resent the introduction of intelligent ideas into religion and into the relations of life. They could easily be conciliated by substituting Latin for labor. The colored people at large and their leading men, as a whole, are most appreciative and give the school and its graduates the heartiest support. But negro opposition is no novelty.

It is as much a national as a race interest that the negro race be elevated. The success of the negro teacher indicates the way it is to be done. In ten years not a serious grievance has been reported by a student to this office; nor a complaint by a state officer of the conduct of a teacher. Troubles and annoyances have occured, but nothing like "outrages."

It remains to push carefully selected and fitted colored youth into the field. There are, at the South, thousands of them of excellent capacity and spirit, who would, were the way opened, work for their race, and be welcomed and encouraged by good men of every class.

Hampton graduates find it easy to secure general confidence and respect.

To the question, then "What becomes of your graduates?" we answer: Not less than ninety per cent. have taught school. We are satisfied that eighty per cent. were teaching last winter, and that the large majority will devote themselves to the good of their people. Those who do not teach are generally working for themselves or others. I know of but few worthless ones. There seems to be no general tendency to relapse from the tone given to their lives at the school. I have observed in many, a moral growth after graduation, the reaction of right life upon character. That some will

(*Continued on page 44.*)

While tho average edncation of the American people is high, its average knowledge of matters concerning political economy is very low. The sparse popnlation, the absence of commercial friction and competition, the agricultural pnrsuits of the people, and the ease with. which money has been made, have combined to make a knowledge of political economy a matter of secondary importance. It must be admitted, however, that the commercial classes exact from their agents some knowledge of book-keeping, of putting up and taking down shutters, of drawing billbeads and of taking invoices. It is not overstating the case to say that in no civilized nation, are so few of the leading men in public life, both business and political, fitted by training or education to consider, or wisely expound, the principles of political economy, as in the United States at the present time. In the Universities the subject of political economy bas been ranked as a secondary study. Even now it is not seriously taught. Among the merchants, the bankers, the brokers, the retailers, among all classes who handle the vast products of the country, from producer to consumer, there is no literature of political economy whatever, save what appears in the fugitive, and generally foolish, contributions to tbe press. The few able men and newspapers which discuss this subject, work largely in stony ground. It is certainly not complimentary to the national pride to recall the fact, that, so far, it seems impossible to generously support any periodical which is devoted to serious subjects (excepting religious literature), while on the other hand, periodicals devoted to trifling subjects command extravagant support. The "Popular Science Monthly," with its annual circulation of five thousand copies, and the "New York Ledger," with its three hundred thousand subscribers, make the best commentary. The British public, with its low average in education, supports over ten magazines devoted exclusively to the treatment of political and social matters only. Should the American periodicals cut out their love stories, and illustrated articles on travel and adventures, and treat soberly and exclusively the vital matters that underlie social and business life, their circulation would stop. Our merchants read newspapers, and "keep up with the times." But this mental dissipation, the passing into the brain every morning of a lot of disconnected, incongruous items, not only fills the mind with much chaff. but, and what is of more importance, excludes any trained, systematic thinking.

The intense suffering among the commercial classes during the last few years, is due in a great measure to the all-pervading ignorance of the laws of political economy. So far as foresight or the careful sifting out of facts, or the drawing of inferences and comparisons from them, with a view to permanent results are concerned, our people have hardly been wiser than common savages, certainly not as sensible as the common peasantry of France or Germany. The laws of trade have been the "rule of three." So long as goods bring a profit over cost, make and sell. So long as there is a demand, rush in supplies. What the actual condition of the country is, what light carefully gathered statistics may throw on the future of trade, or what the experience of other nations has been, are matters usually ignored by merchants, though they go to the life and solvency of business. For fifteen years, we have been spending money, not earned, for national, State, city, county, and town objects. The great war was fought on credit. The town bridges have been built on credit. The Union has been restored on credit. And nearly every local improvement has been made on credit. This is what thriftless men always do. In business matters there has been no economy, no saving, no safe trading, no keeping of capital well in hand. Wild-cat railroad speculations, visionary gold, silver, and coal mining schemes, have taken captive the leading business men. Throw a rickety bridge across commercial perdition, and before it put a notice, "here is the short cut to fortune," and the young clerk and the old merchant sweep upon it in solid column, though the stream below is full of drowning men. In New York City alone, during the last five years, the decline in the value of real estate has been about four hundred millions of dollars, or nearly one fifth of the national debt. Why has there been this decline? Why is there the same vast, crushing decline in Boston and Chicago? And why did the values ever rise? A few years ago, animal and vegetable food commanded here a higher price than in any market of the world. Yet here is a country which was so rich in the products of the animal and vegetable world, that it should have furnished, as it does now, the cheapest food on earth. One sufficient, though not the only, cause of this, is the wide-spread ignorance of the mercantile classes respecting the facts upon which the laws of political economy are based. The people are apt to call the knowledge of such facts "book learning," yet it goes to the essence of every-day business. The vast and wide-spread ruin from the decline in the values of real estate would have been largely avoided, had the dealers in real property known and understood the history of real estate in this country since the beginning of the century.

The paper money of the war of 1812 and the paper money of the Civil War produced the same results, and was followed by the same consequences. We venture to say that not one merchant in ten thousand has ever read the financial history of the "paper times," or has he ever made any researches regarding the character of currency, beyond the desultory reading of a daily paper. The great demand for industrial products during the war, was abnormal and vicious. The intelligent merchant did not see it. There are now in existence facilities for supplying the country with cotton, iron, and chemical goods for fifty years to come, and a vast capital is now locked up and wasting away in these enterprises. But the merchants did not know what they were doing in expanding their manufacturing facilities. The cities are filled with a surplus population, carried out of the producing, into the consuming class. Educated men and common workmen are starving, and thousands of once promising lives are utterly blasted from this heaping up of the commercial classes in the cities. Neither legislative bodies, nor Chambers of commerce, nor individuals, stopped to consider the situation, or to study the inexorable laws of trade which are stronger than men, and which crush without remorse, all who oppose them. Congress once attempted to keep down the rising price of gold, by legislating against speculation in it. But the laws of trade carried up the price of gold to ruinous figures, and exhibited our statesmen as so many impotent manikins, trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom. Legislatures have enacted that men shall consider "eight hours a day's work." But the laws of trade come in, and make a day's work just what the market for labor chooses to make it. At this late day, the relations of labor and capital should be understood, but the commercial world is harassed, production retarded, confusion created, because no one seems to know anything about them. The vast majority of people live from hand to mouth, very dependent for sustenance and happiness upon the proper adjustment of these relations. Yet in the politician's library, the merchant's desk, on the farmer's table, there is a dearth of the literature upon these important subjects. If we wished to illustrate supreme ignorance on these matters, we should go to the Congress of the United States.

Men who have entered upon their business careers with the best prospects, are now closing up the accounts of a long and profitless business life, and find the cause of their misfortune in their ignorance of those principles of political economy which are as important in the minor affairs of trade, as in the larger relations of States. A knowledge of these principles will not always insure success in business. It will, however, indicate the strong points in commercial life, and reduce the errors of judgment. Napoleon said, "He is the successful general who makes the fewest blunders." W. N. A.

FLORAL EXHIBITION AT HAMPTON.

Everything must have a beginning, and May 15th and 16th, 1878, will hereafter be marked as the inception of the Hampton Horticultural Society of the future,—the dates named being the first occasion of a public floral exhibition ever having occurred in Hampton.

This event was mainly due to St. John's Guild, represented by a committee, consisting of Messrs. Booker, Cumming and Garrett, and the display, although not large, was very creditable, embracing forty-six entries, every one of which was by an amateur.

The exhibition room was tastefully decorated, and presented quite an attractive appearance. The inclement weather of the few previous days played sad havoc with roses, and, in consequence, this "queen of flowers" was inadequately represented. We know that some of the finest varieties in cultivation are grown here, and regretted it was impossible to show them in proper condition. A list of awards, and reference to some of the more prominent objects of interest, is unfortunately excluded, owing to want of space. A fair collection of plants was shown by some of the students of the Normal School, but in another year we hope it may be able to make an exhibition which shall surpass any similar effort ever attempted in the State. When we consider the possibilities in floriculture that this section affords,—where tea roses and other plants too tender to be exposed to the rigors of the winter at the North may be safely left out of doors the year round, the only wonder is, that flower exhibitions have not been generally held throughout the South. That the love of flowers is quite as strong here as elsewhere, we perceive evidences all about us. Almost every house bears testimony that the germ exists which only needs proper encouragement to develop into full fruition. Aside from the mere sentimental aspect which the subject presents, it may well be considered, with the great markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, with their immense demands, at our very door, if floriculture could not be made a *practical* undertaking here, and if we could not compete favorably with the the florists of those cities. The subject is one worthy serious thought, and our hope is, that before many months shall pass, some steps will have been taken toward the accomplishment of so desirable an end.

A REMARKABLE EVENING OF MUSIC AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

It is frequently the case that evening prayers are attended by those who may be visiting the Institute, and sometimes the students are called on to gratify the desire, that almost all who come here have, to hear some of the plantation songs. The recently arrived Indians are also called on occasionally to give specimens of their peculiar music. After the singing is over, the visitor, if he be a distinguished one, is generally introduced, and asks to the entertainment by an exhibition of his talent, which is usually in the speech-making line. Sometimes, however, visitors with a different gift come, and it was on one of these pleasant occasions, about three weeks ago, that the following remarkable programme was given before an audience of teachers and scholars in the chapel.

PART FIRST.

Plantation Songs. Hampton Singers.

PART SECOND.

War Song.
Indian Sentimental Song.
"I need Thee every hour."
Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and Kiowa Indians.

PART THIRD.

"O Luce di quest anima"—"Linda di Chamounix."
Miss Clara Louise Kellogg.

Cantique de Noel.
Mme. Marie Roze.

"La Donna e Mobile"—"Rigoletto,
Signor Frapolli.

Ballad—"When the flowing tide comes in."
Mr. Tom Karl.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.
Miss Kellogg.

Long metre Doxology.
Chorus of Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Norwegians, Cubans, Hawaiians, Africans, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Kiowa, and Ute Indians, and Yankees.

Here are three distinct styles of music, the offspring of as many different degrees of civilization and culture, and performed by representatives of the classes from which they have sprung.

First—The harsh, guttural, unmelodious sounds that are used by the Indian to give expression to his emotions. They vary little in character to the uninitiated ear. The quick passage from a low to a high note, which, held for an instant with a discordant sort of "shake," drops suddenly to another low note; the repetition of this several times with the occasional introduction of two or three other notes, without apparent form or rythm, ending as unexpectedly as it begins,—is his song, that tells the story of his ardent love or of his wild delight at the approaching conflict with his enemy: the savage expression of savage love and hate.

Second—The plantation melodies. Simple, many of them beautiful; made, like the Indians' songs, according to no rules of which those who composed them were conscious. They are the fervent musical utterance of longing for the good time that *has* come; full of the pathos of suffering and the fervor of religion, albeit, at times, grotesque in the conceptions formed by ignorance and superstition of spiritual things.

The florid, melodious strains of Donnizetti and Verdi, the delight of crowded opera-houses; the inspiring Christmas Hymn, well known in concert halls and churches; the besutiful ballad, sung by artists of high professional rank, and the grand old Choral, in which all joined, make up the third part—the music of culture and art.

Certainly, the most skillful theatrical manager, desiring to give an entertainment that should introduce specimens of music differing most widely in style and manner of performance, could not have succeeded better. Of the individual performances of Miss Kellogg and her associates, it is, of course, needless to write. Their kindness in consenting to gratify the desire to hear them sing and give a great treat to the students, many of whom will, in all probability, never have another opportunity to listen to such singers, was acknowledged by General Armstrong in a few words.

It was a remarkable evening of music and most enjoyable. The stopping of the troupe over night at the hotel at Fortress Monroe, on their way to Norfolk, gave the opportunity to invite them to visit the school, and the impromptu nature of the affair contributed in no small degree to its success.

In view of the very great need for concerted action among the friends of temperance, we have decided to prepare, from time to time, full programmes for meetings, so arranged as to meet the requirements, without making too great a demand upon the resources, of an ordinary temperance society. We propose that each programme shall be used once by the Hampton Normal School Temperance Society, before it is issued by us, and by this means we shall be sure that we are offering to our readers only such material, as will, if rightly used, result in a successful and attractive meeting. Any further information which may be desired in regard to these programmes, will be cheerfully given by the editor of the Southern Workman.

PROGRAMME.

For a Temperance meeting, the materials for which are within the reach of any Temperance Society.

SINGING—RESCUE THE PERISHING.

ESSAY—Original, and limited to five minutes.

RECITATION—I'm a Little Temperance Girl.

I'm a little temperance girl
Just five years old;
I wouldn't drink a glass of wine
If you'd fill the cup with gold.
I have a little brother,
We belong to the Band of Hope;
I 'spect there'll be no drunken men
When he and I grow up.
For, don't you see, the *little ones*
Are all going to join the Band,
And we'll soon be *great big temperance folks.*
Oh! won't that be *so grand*
When there's not a drunkard to be seen?
For, don't you think it's queer,
The *first thing* drunkards learn to drink
Is the *cider, wine, and beer!*
And so we belong to the Band of Hope,
And we mean to be *good* and *true;*
And all the little boys and girls
We shall ask to join us, too.

TEMPERANCE DISCUSSION—My Aim in Life.

This scene shows a room in which are five boys, and one youth, who should be in appearance somewhat older than his companions. Two of the boys are reading, two playing cards, and one at work upon a little boat. Conversation begins as soon as the curtain rises, and each boy tells of his hopes and intentions in regard to his future occupation. One means to be a lawyer, one a clergyman, one a gambler, one a sportsman, one a sailor. After each one has stated his reason for his choice, the young

man, who has been quietly listening, comes forward and gives them the result of his experience, advising them to choose useful and honorable occupations and to work always for the cause of temperance.

Think of the teeming prison's cell,
Where rum incited felons dwell;
Think of our lovely sisters' doom,
When wine has nipped them in their bloom;
Ay! pause and think of every shame,
Of every crime too dark to name;
And let the wine-fiend's spell be riven,
And turn your thoughts to home and heaven!

Agricultural.

THE NEW CHAMPION MOWER.

Among the great achievements of the in-

Supper: Beans boiled in Broth, 10; — 30 cts.

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast:* Cocoa and Bread, 7; Fried Lentils, 10; *Dinner:* Bean Broth, 10; Haslet Stew, 10; Suet Roly-poly Pudding, 12; *Supper:* Cheese Pudding, 12; — 61 cts.

man, who has been quietly listening, comes forward and gives them the result of his experience, advising them to choose useful and honorable occupations and to work always for the cause of temperance.

SINGING—GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

DECLAMATION—Drinking does not Pay.

Go with me to every jail and prison throughout our lasd, from ocean to ocean, and ascertain how large a portion of those crimes and misdemeaaors that have taken men from their families and lodged them there in prison walls has resulted from intoxication; and the answer from every jail and prison comes to us to-night, that "drinking does not pay." Visit the poorhouses, which the charities of mankfnd provide for those who from competency, have been reduced to destitution, and learn there the sad lesson, how many of them have ceased to become useful and valuable members of society, and dependeat upon the taxes by which we support the poor, in coasequence of yielding to the intoxicating bowl; and every poor-house aaswers, "Drinking does not pay." Examine the statistics of the gallows, and learn how many of its victims were indaced to take the dowaward road thither by that intoxicating cup which turned their hrains aad nerved their arm for the blow which seat them to the gallows; and the gallows tells you that "drinking does not pay." Read history, and learn from it how many of the great and the gifted in other laads as well as oar own have commenced at wine-drinking, and ended in ruin, meatal aad physical, aad history tells you that "drinking does not pay." Nay, more, read the papers of the day, and from every quarter you hear, morsing after morning, and evening after evening, of the thousands who, oace having pledged at the altar a lifetime of devotion and affection to their brides, reel home from a drunken debauch, to treat with brutality and violence those who shonld be as dear to them as their heart's bipod; and this army of worse than widowed wives, whose woes no one but themselves caa realize, tells you most sadly and impressively that "drinking does not pay."

It has been well said, "It is the first step that costs." Young men, stepping ont upon the threshold of life, with everything bright and hopeful in your future, let me adjure you, above all things else, aext to devotion to that religion which is to smooth your pathway to the tomb, avoid taking that first step. Plant your feet apon that solid rock of sobriety, as well as of safety, aad then you may know that, so far as intemperance is concerned, its waves can dash against you, hat they will dash in vain.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

TABLEAU AND DECLAMATION—Bridal Feast.

The curtain rises upon a wedding scene, the personages in which are a bride and groom, clergyman, two bridesmaids and two groomsmen, page holding tray with wine-glasses upon it. The curtain falls upon this scene and rises again to show the same company, each one of whom is now holding a wine-glass. The bride steps forward, glass in hand, to the front of the stage and declaims as follows:

"I see a mountain range, whose purple heights
Are lifted to the sky; while o'er its brows
Ocoasmer clouds hang like a bridal veil.
Bright flowers are blooming on its ragged sides,
And joyous birds are carolling in the shade
Of giant oaks and beeches. A crystal rill,
Merrily laughing, leaps from cliff to cliff,
Eager to gambol in the vale beneath,
And over all, a shadowy, cloud-like mist
Mellows the harsher outlines of the crags.

There ! there ! within a deep, and cavernous gorge,
I see the half-nude forms of savage men,
Flitting like phantoms, 'mong the umbrageous trees,
And in their midst I see a manly form
Stretched lowly on the cold and dankeome sward,—
How death like is the pallor of his cheek !
How gleams the fire of madness in his eye.
As the wild fancies of delirium,
Like Etna's flood, roll o'er his fevered brain !
One faithful friend kneels by him, and his head
Is pillowed on his breast so tenderly
As 't were a mother with a dying child.
"Genius in ruins !" Oh, that noble youth !
Why should death single out a mark so young ?
See how he throws the damp locks from his brow
Of marble whiteness ! See him clasp his hands !
Hear his appalling shrieks for help, for life !
Mark how he clutches at that kneeling form,
Imploring to be saved ! Oh ! stones might weep
A rivulet of tears to hear him call
Upon his father's name ! See him entwine
His icy fingers, as he vainly shrieks
For his loved sister, twin of his fond soul,
Who weeps for him in a far distant land !
And now his arms are lifted up to heaven,
Praying for mercy; and his language bears
Such fearful agony upon its sentences,
The red men move away with noiseless feet,
And leave them quite alone.

"'Tis evening now,
And like a warrior's shield, the great white moon
Stalks through the eastern sky. One silver beam,
Piercing the thickness of the clustering leaves,
Lights up the features of the dying youth;
His eyes are fixed and dim; he does not heed
The kindly words his friend pours in his ear.
And now his head sinks back, he gasps for breath,
His pulse is still—ah, no, it beats again !
'Twas a mere fancy; it will beat no more,
For death's cold hand is on him: he is dead !

"They hollow out a grave within that glen;
Without a shroud they lay him in the earth,
Where he shall sleep until the end of time.
No sculptor's hurin ever shall emboss
A marble shaft to mark his lonely tomb.
Dear friends, the youth who died in that strange land
Was my twin brother; and he owed his death
To ardent drink. Shall I now taste the cup ?"
"Say, shall I taste the cup ?"

The guests must here reply "No ! No !"

"Then shun the wine cup;—
'Twill hrand you with the mark of Cain:
Forswear at once the tempting bowl,
That ruins body, mind and soul !
Think of my brother's lonely grave,
Far by the bland Pacific's wave;
Think of the hungry infant's wail;
Think of the mother's visage pale;
Think of the teeming prison's cell,
Where rum incited felons dwell:
Think of our lovely sisters' doom,
When wine has nipped them in their bloom;
Ay ! pause and think of every shame,
Of every crime too dark to name;
And let the wine-fiend's spell be riven,
And turn your thoughts to home and heaven !

As she says this the girl dashes the glass to floor breaking it into fragments, and the curtain is drawn.

SINGING—THE TEMPERANCE BAND.

READING.

If we ever expect to gain any signal victories in the warfare with intemperance we must arm ourselves with the only weapons that are mighty through God to the pulling down of its strongholds. Where are its strongholds? They are in the depraved moral natures and the diseased appetites of men,—in a region that laws never can reach and subdue. What are the weapons by which these strongholds may be taken? They are the weepons of truth and love.

But love is better than truth. Personal kindness to the intemperate is the main reliance. Many persons are miserable because they drink; many drink because they are miserable. Hard toil all day; a cheerless home or no home at all at night; no relief or recreation; no opportunity for social enjoyment; no cheering prospects; no elevating friendships—such as is the portion of many of those whom, as Christ said, we have always with us. And if such as these choose to forget their loneliness and misery now and then in the exhilaration of strong drink, it is not so much a matter of wonder. The expedient is a foolish one, hat it is easy to see why many people resort to it.

Now the whole business of saving these people from ruin is not done when you have "shut up the grog-shops." Shutting up the grog-shops will not make them happy or hopeful; what they want most is not so much the shutting up of the old ways in which they have sought relief, as the opening of new and safer ones. A little personal kindness, a little effort to improve the conditions of their life, a little care to provide them with diversions that are wholesome and elevating, will do them more good than much legislation about liquor selling. This is the work that costs—not money, but what most men are less willing to give than money—time and patience and loving vigilance and careful thought. It does not cost much to make a speech in a temperance meeting, or to pass an evening in a bright room wearing a pretty regalia road your neck and singing pleasant songs, or to go to the polls and cast your vote for the prohibitory candidate; but to seek out the homes of the wretched and to contrive ways of making them heppier,—this does cost something And yet nothing is plainer than that Christ, if he were on the earth, would be working in this way.—*Sunday Aft.*

ADDRESS, Original, and limited to six minutes.

SINGING—TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

READING—Seeds.

Wa are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the ia'el lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill;
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
Soft with Heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful hands remembered,
Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mould;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold:
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words and looks and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone !
Bid Thine angels guard the furrow,
Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow ripened ears,
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passions,
Stay the hasty, heedless hands;
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant lands.
Father help each weak endeavor,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till thine harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.

TABLEAU — Before the pledge.

Interior of room, broken furniture, disorder and poverty visible in everything; drunken father sitting beside an old table with his head buried in his hands, mother crying, a boy hanging to her skirts and crying also, and a little girl kneeling beside her father looking up into his face, boy in the background with cigar in his mouth, evidently following in his father's footsteps. Curtain falls to rise on second tableau—

After the Pledge—

Same room, everything neat and in order, a tea-table well spread, father sitting beside it, nicely dressed and reading a newspaper, mother, with heppy face, stands beside him, two children in the foreground playing merrily with toys, boy just entering with his market basket filled with good things. During the first tableau a voice or voices behind the scenes should sing "Hear our Prayer"—during the second, "Home sweet Home."

Agricultural.

THE NEW CHAMPION MOWER.

Among the great achievements of the inventive genius of Americans may be classed the Champion Reaper and Mower, manufactured by Whiteley, Fassler & Kelly, at Springfield, Ohio. This machine was invented by Mr. Wm. N. Whiteley, and the first petent was issued thereon in 1853. From thet time forward the "Champion" has been a success.

In 1858 a shop 40 by 80 ft. was all the limited capital of the projectors would afford, and indeed it was of ample capacity to fill their orders for some time. Petient toil and honest ambition, however, heve won their own reward, and from the modest little shop of twenty years ago have grown *five mammoth factories*, which are now exclusiveiy employed in the manufactnre of the "Champion" harvester, and ere producing over forty thousand machines annnelly. Their immense factories form the "United Champion Interests," composing the largest manufactories of agricultural implements in the world. A better idea of the magnitude of these establishments can he obtained from the following figures, which were obtained by actual measnrement. The foundries, for monlding castings, are equivelent to one floor 853 ft. in length and 50 ft. in width; the iron working departments wonld make e floor 1,490 ft. by 50 ft.; the wood working department, a floor 845 ft. by 50 ft.; the paint and varnish shops, n floor 962 ft. by 50 ft.; the warehouse for storage of finished machines is equal to n floor 2,220 ft. by 50 ft. nnd will store 8,000 machines. These five establishments cover an area of grounds amounting to almost nine acres, and fully twenty acres in all are used for buildings, yards, nnd side tracks.

The "Champion" Mower embodies an entirely new mechanical contrivance for giving motion to the knife, which does away with all fast rnnning gearing and gives an even and rnpid motion to the cutter, rendering it almost noiseless. There are other valuable features which combine to make this a superior machine; it can be instantly adjnsted while in operation, to cut low, to take up lodged and very short grass, or to cut over rough grounds, and when it is desirable to cut the crop high. Either end of the cutting apparatus may be lifted at pleasure at any angle or position when cutting, to pass over cut grass or obstructions.

The agricnltnral department of the Hampton Institute is, fortunately, in possession of a "Champion," which has been thoroughly tested and with complete success. It is all that its makers represent it to be, and is truly worthy the nppreciation it has received in the more than a dozen first premiums—including that of the Centennial—which have been awarded it. The machine belonging to the school was presented hy Messrs. Whiteley, Fassler & Kelly, with permission of Messrs. L. H. Lee & Bro., of Baltimore, their Southern agents

At Home.

HOW TO FEED A FAMILY OF SIX.

We have recently given our readers an account of Miss Corson's good work for workingmen and women in New York city, her cooking schools to teach the wives how to cook wholesome, good and economical meals. We published three of her receipts and offered to give her pamphlet containing these and many others to any one who would try them and send us word. No one has done so, but we renew the offer, and give below her daily bills of fare for one week, estimated for a family of six, with the prices, and the directions for preparing the first day's meals. The directions should be strictly followed in order to make the experiment a fair one. The richest dishes may be spoiled in the cooking—the most nonrishing ones made unwholesome. Follow her directions carefully, and send us word how you like them, and if then, you wish it, we will send you the little pamphlet which is full of good advice and *tried* receipts for cheap but excellent dishes.

MONDAY — *Breakfast:* Boiled Rice with Scalded Milk, 15; *Dinner:* Corned Beef and Cabbage, 10; *Supper:* Peas boiled in Stock, 10;—35 cts.

TUESDAY.—*Breakfast:* Broth and Bread, 10; *Dinner:* Baked Beans, 10; *Supper:* Macaroni with Cheese, 12;—32 cts.

WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast:* Toasted Bread and Scalded Milk, 13; *Dinner:* Stewed Tripe, 15; *Supper:* Polenta; 5;—33 cts.

THURSDAY.—*Breakfast:* Rice Paneda, 12; *Dinner:* Salt Pet-nu feu, 10; *Supper:* Lentils stewed in Stock, 10;—32 cts.

FRIDAY.—*Breakfast:* Broth and Bread, 10; *Dinner:* Mutton and turnips, 10; *Supper:* Barley boiled in broth, 10;—30 cts.

SATURDAY.—*Breakfast:* Mutton Broth and Bread, 10; *Dinner:* Beef and Potatoes, 10; *Supper:* Beans boiled in Broth, 10;—30 cts.

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast:* Cocoa and Bread, 7; Fried Lentils, 10; *Dinner:* Bean Broth, 10; Haslet Stew, 10; Snet Roly-poly Pudding, 12; *Supper:* Cheese Pudding, 12;—81 cts.

Total..... $2.53

Rice.—Rice is largely composed of starch, and for that reason is less nutritious than flour, oatmeal, Indian meal, or macaroni; but it is a wholesome and economical food when used with a little meat-broth, drippings or molasses. It is very safe food for children, especially if used with a little molasses. The following is an excellent supper dish. Wash half a pound of rice, (cost five cents,) throw it into one quart of boiling water, containing two teaspoonfuls of salt, and boil it fast ten minutes; drain it in a colender, saving the water to use with broth next day; meantime just grease the pot with sweet drippings, put the rice back in it, cover it, end set it on a brick on the top of the stove, or in a cool oven, and let it stand ten minntes to swell; be careful not to burn it. The addition of a very little butter, sugar, molasses, nutmeg, lemon juice, or salt and pepper, will give it different flavors: so that you can vary the taste, and have it often without getting tired of it, and it need never cost you over seven cents.

Salt Pot-au-feu.—Put one end a half pounds of corned beef (cost eighteen cents,) in three qnnrts of cold water; bring it slowly to a boil, and skim it well; when it has boiled fifteen minutes, put in with it a two or three cent head of cabbage, cut in quarters and well washed, and boil both steadily for half an hour; new cabbage boils tender sooner than old, but you must not cook either after the stalks are tender, or you will waste a great deal of nourishment; when both meat and cabbage are done, take up the meat with a fork, and the cabbage with a strainer, and mash them for dinner.

Rice and Broth.—After dinner carefully strain the pot-liquor, and put it in an earthen pot until an hour before supper. Then put it over the fire, and when it boils throw into it half a pound of well washed rice, (cost five cents,) and boil fast for twenty minutes, or until the rice is just tender; try the seasoning, and then pour both broth and rice into a strainer set over an earthen pot or bowl; as soon as the rice drains, shake it ont into a dish, and use it for supper.

Bread Broth.—After supper carefully strain the broth and keep it over night in an earthen pot. In the morning heat it; if it is too salt, add a little more water; or season it more, if necessary; while it is heating, toast two pounds of bread, (cost six cents,) cut it in small square pieces, and throw it into the broth. As soon as it is hot, use it for breakfast.

These three dishes will cost about thirty cents. Salt pork, fresh beef and mutton, can be cooked in the same way, using cabbage with the salt pork, potatoes with the fresh beef, and turnips with the mutton; for the supper dishes, peas, beans, and pearl barley; with bread broth for breakfast.

Thus you see you can make three good meals for four different days, for one dollar and twenty cents, leaving you a good margin for suitable food for young children, such as bread and milk, or oatmeal porridge; or a nice Sundny dinner, if the children are well grown.

THE following pleasant letter was mislaid in making up our last issue.

DRAGON MILLS PO.,
KING & QUEEN CO., VA.,
March 23d, 1878.

General Armstrong,—Dear Sir:

I am truly glad to say my paper renders me a great satisfactios. I can say I do admire the Southern Workman rather better than any other paper I have ever taken since I have become capable of reading them. I am sorry that I have not been taking the paper for the last two years. Oh, those interesting letters of the teachers and scholars of that school are enough to attract the attentios of any one that appreciates education as I do. I have never had the glorious opportunity as a great many of my school mates. There are some of them in Hampton now, I hope they may have good luck and study hard until they have completed their education. Oh, it makes me feel so prond to see that the colored race is prosperiag so fast. Now there has been but a very little while, it appears to me, since H. F. Sparks was a school-boy here in King and Queen. Now he is the teacher, besides being useful in a great many other things. I started to school in the year 1870, not knowing anything scarcely, but I kept on learning after leaving school. I was so unfortunate as to lose my father, and I had to leave school. I crave very much to visit the school at Hampton. My dear teacher, Mr. Jas. Dungey, in vocal music school tells us what nice times he and others used to have at Hampton. He has been with us now for two terms, one in 1878 and another in 1877, and after the hour is ont he very frequeatly gives us a good lecture about learning music, and honest living &c., No more.

Yours, Respectfnlly,
B. A. Reed.

degenerate, there can be no doubt; but, after leaving here, the general movement is upward.

The little army of Hampton graduates is becoming a power. For the first time It is indispensable to a true civilizing work, but is practicable only with careful, capable teachers, and with good discipline. An advantage of colored pupils is that they can be better disciplined than whites, and produce a better manhood. In a few weeks there has been a marked improvement among the young men. This feature of the school, owing to the peculiar fitness of the officer in charge, is likely to than those of race are being drawn. Common sense and common interest are working against deeply seated notions and prejudices that will yield because weak in themselves and because they do not pay.

degenerate, there can be no donbt; but, after leaving here, the general movement is npward.

The little army of Hampton graduates is becoming a power. For the first time in the school's bistory, they have, this year, an alumni meeting. Their nnion and mutual sympathy, their relations with the school, are of great importance. To many, the school is their only home. It is tbe birthplace of their better life; and tbey give to it an affection and confidence that create an obligation on our part.

This year the newspapers of the scbool reading-room have, after lying a week on tbe table, been distribnted among graduates in every direction, also qnantities of illnstrated papers and many others have been given by friends of the school for this purpose. They have received much benefit from the State *Educational Journal* which is sent to them. Next year we intend to have a graduate department; making as complete a record of them as possible, corresponding with each one, supplying good reading matter, of whicb they are often destitute, thus keeping tbem in close and pleasant relations, enconraging and cheering them in every possible way. By such moral snpport they will be stronger, better, safer. Thns will the results of onr labors be preserved, and a guild of earnest, high-minded, united and powerful workers be formed as a nucleus of civilization, a barrier to the mischievous element among their people, and, in connection with n similar class from other institutions, become a basis of hope for the race; they will be civilizers rather than mere pedagogues; the future leaders of their race, and occupy a place not yet taken.

The present class of students has not qnite the earnestness and enthusiasm which characterized those who first entered. Parents sometames send their children to be improved, rather than from the innate desire of the child to learn. Education is not now, as it was then to them, a sudden Heaven-sent opportunity. The stimulus of the first few years following emancipation conld not continue. Our student material is, however, good, perhaps more youthful than formerly, but capable of excellent results.

The size of the school renders it difficult to do the best work on individuals. If possible, numbers will not be increased and there are plans for more thorough work next year upon students, in personal habits, in condnct and in Christian cultnre.

The conscientiousness of stndents in paying up debts after graduation is worthy of mention. There is an evident increase of it among them. In many cases great sacrifices are made, and during the past ten months they have paid from their own earnings $836.59 on this account, a much larger snm than has been paid within any previous twelve months. (*See Treasurer's Report.*)

The instruction corresponds to that of high school English course without the classics. There is a craving for the languages, but such a lack of the simplest mental furniture that, during the three years of their stay, the chief work is rudimentary. There is a childish desire for the signs of polished scholarship, and faint appreciation of the absurdity of them without a foundation training. They usually, however, come to better ideas of their studies. We are not testing the capacity of the negro mind; it has, like all mind, no limits, but we are trying to send men and women into the world with a purpose.

Thorough primary teachers are the present and pressing need of the South.

The institute class of this year will be conducted hy Col. F. N. Parker, Supt, School of Quincy, Mass., whose methods of, and success in, primary instruction are the finest of which I have any knowledge.

Ours is foundation work; the best skill is as necessary in the bottom as in the highest courses; to make men cling to and contented in such work they should be experts in it.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES,

is, after ten years' experience, considered successful. The leading colored institntions of the South (whose pupils are adults) have adopted this plan with nniversal-satisfaction.

It is indispensable to a true civilizing work, but is practicable only with careful, capable teachers, and with good discipline. An advantage of colored pupils is that they can be better disciplined than whites. Only in boarding schools can negro youths receive the training that they need. Otherwise, no thorough work can be done. Well regulated living is the condition of true growth, and it is to be had not at our students' homes, but by creating it at their schools, thus snpplying the sad deficiencies of their previous lives.

A majority of the stndents are yonng men, but the majority of the teachers are ladies. The latter exert a refining influence, create a pure Christian atmosphere, and work with a patience, skill and devotion that could not be surpassed.

I believe that no corps of male professors conld give the tone that lady teachers impart, or do so well as workers npon the whole life.

The teachers of the ex-slaves have a peculiar position and responsibility. They give character and direction to the lives of their pupils, who in their turn endeavor to do the same for those they teach.

Onr graduates do not find in their world hosts of educated men with whom to compete. They are commonly the most enlightened in their circle, and find influence and authority within easy reach. We have to prepare not only routine teachers, but civilizers. It becomes us to study the character, condition and tendencies of the negro race, and upon a just analysis of it to base a system of instruction that shall make their weak points strong. This course has brought upon us the condemnation of many negro leaders and papers, but the commendation of intelligent Southern men of every class; this is inevitable from our recognizing deficiency of character rather than mere ignorance as the difficulty with the ex-slaves.

INDIANS.

Curiously, without effort on our part or expense to the school, there are here fifteen Indian youth, five of them to be transferred in September next to Bishop Whipple's school in Minnesota. They were originally from the Indian territory, captured and committed three years ago to the care of U. S. troops, at St. Augustine, Florida.

Through the skill and tact of Capt. R. H. Prstt, their commander, they threw off their old garments and assumed a civilized appearance and habit. When the sixty-two captives were recently offered a return to their homes, twenty-two preferred to remain East and be educated. Ten of this number are here. One only was originally accepted, but learning the terms the winter residents of St. Augustine gave funds for the education of nine more. They arrived April 13th, with the five others above referred to.

All were at once put to book instrnction four days eacb week, and to labor lessons for two days weekly.

They write and understand English quite well, but speak it with difficulty; they are earnest and quick at study; they use the hoe and spade energetically, and they show mechanical skill, and at everything willinguess and quickness. They compare in pluin work with the best of our students; they seem to enjoy their colored associates; no point of friction has been discovered, though they are said to have quick tempers. They like their fare and instruction and accept their discipline. Their habits are unexceptionable.

I think this school can indicate one way in which the Indian may be educated to his own great advantage, and to that of the country.

Brevet Captain Henry Romeyn of the U. S. Army, was, on the 13th day of March, 1878, detailed by orders from the War Department, as Instructor in Tactics at this institution; it being entitled to an officer as an agricultural college.

It is not intended to make soldiers ont of our students, nor to create a warlike spirit. Snch a course would be most unwelcome to onr friends and supporters. Drill, inspection of person and rooms daily and organization, without arms, will create ideas of neatness, order, system, obedience, and produce a better manhood. In a few weeks there has beeu a marked improvement among the young men. This feature of the school, owing to the peculiar fitness of the officer in charge, is likely to be of great advantage.

IN GENERAL.

I would again refer to the need of an endowment fund.

Accommodations for female students should be increased by finishing a new corridor of ten rooms in Virginia Hall, at a cost of $1,000.00, and by erecting a cottage to provide for 40 young men at a cost, of $5,000.00.

The need of decent, civilizing surrouud ings for a part of our students, and to relieve their present crowded quarters is great.

The range of industries should be increased for the sake of more varied training, and to give employment to the surplus labor that cannot now be worked to advantage.

A fine basis for a mechanical department is made in the generous offer by Mr. Geo. H. Corliss of Providence R. I. of a new sixty-horse power "Corliss engine," with boiler, complete in every respect. With this engine, and a snitable shop, for which the bricks are now being made, partly by our students' labor, a new and valuable feature will be introduced into our system of education by self help.

I think it right to recommend the redno-tion of all salaries of over $300.00 by ten per cent. They are now worth by more than ten per cent. what they were when first fixed. This reduction seem indispensable in view of the times, and the necessities of the school.

No finds given for permanent investment have ever been used for current expenses. Money intended for endowment to the extent of $15,600.00 has been used in the erection of necessary buildings for the accommodation of stndents, and to the extent of $2,929.92 for the purchase of lots of land. There are, however, funds on the way to us that will eventually restore those amounts to the interest bearing accont.

I regret to announce the resignation of the Rev. Richard Tolman who for eight years, has been pastor of the Bethesda Church in connection with this institution. His ministrations have been highly blessed. The religious work of the school has been a quiet, constant, healthy one, with far-reaching results. The steadfastness of those who have gone out from this fold, has been a comfort und encouragement.

REPORTS.

I would refer the Trustees to the accompanying reports of the several departments, all of which are in good condition, and well managed. The detailed reports of the Treasnrer, showing results in, and condition of every part of the work, create confidence and serve to insure continued support.

The farm has been fortunate in the erection of a fine barn 100x150 feet and complete outfit at a cost of $8,566.07. It is a means, as mnch as the school-room, of giving instruction. It is an educator in other directions.

I would call attention to the report on "Wildwood," a valuable cotton farm of 1300 acres, near Newbern, North Carolina, the gift of Mr. Arthur R. Graves, Executor, from the estate of the late R. R. Graves of N. Y.

Our relations with the State of Virginia, as trustee of that part of the land fund devoted to the colored people have been in all ways satisfactory. Interest has been promptly paid. Throughout the State the feeling is kindly and encouraging to good work for the negro race.

During the past ten years there has been a progress in Southern sentiment in respect to the negro, readily apparent only to those who can look behind the front presented by politicians and periodicals. Thought, experience and necessity have pushed out old ideas and pushed up new ones. The change has been, I believe, as great as was possible for human nature under the circumstances, and in time will be so regarded. Other lines than those of race are being drawn. Common sense and common interest are working against deeply seated notions and prejndices that will yield because weak in themselves and because they do not pay.

The present condition of the colored people is more favorsble for their improvement than at any previons time.

All its schooling in the past decade has done less for the negro than the lessons of experience which have been in some ways severe They are now less influenced by sentiment, and more by reflection. They seek education less universally, but with a better idea of what it is. It is not the "Open sesame" they once dreamed it was. Freedom is disillusioned. "Salvation by hard work" is an nnderstood thing, illustrated by the immense crops produced by their labor. The necessity and the moral obligation to aid in their elevation is more appreciated than ever in the South. The freedmen are working into more settled and pleasant relations with their neighbors. Although rum, demagogues and other evil influences within and without are pushing them down, yet I believe with long-continned and wise effort, and by infinite patience and care, that "the fate of the negro, the romance of American history" may become a bright record.

The friends of this Institution and of negro progrese have reason from its record of the past ten years, and from the slow bnt sure and steady forward movement in the Southern States, to thank God and take courage for the future.

The plan of the Hampton School was snggested by the educational system of the Sandwich Islands, introduced by American missionaries and built up chiefly by the labors of the Rev. Richard Armstrong, D. D., Minister of Public Instruction. The twenty years' personal observation of the Principal, and of the Treasurer, Gen. J. F. B. Marshall, of the civilizing work in that country has been an important element in the direction and result of the efforts at this institution.

Respectfully submitted,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, PRINCIPAL

THE INDIANS' RETURN HOME.

Extract from a letter from Sallie M. Dawes, former teacher at the Wichita School, now staying at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, dated 5 mo., 3d, 1878.

We hear that several of the Indians from Florida are going to Hampton Institute to school. I think John Downing will be very glad to have them there. It was a pleasant sight to see those who came to this Agency when they first arrived. I think there must have been between two hundred and three hundred of their people, that went to welcome them home. They formed themselves in procession, and when the prisoners came up they got out of the wagons and marched at the head of the procession. It was a pleasure to me to witness their march into the Agency. They have come back determined to do better; they are anxious to get work and live like white people.

A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.

Does the duty of kindness to animels include this one? Well—if Mr. Octopus gives you a chance to be kind to him, improve it by all means, but if you have very close dealings with him you will be very likely to be the one most in need of kindness. For frightful looks, and relentless venom, he well deserves his name of Devil fish. He is not a creature of an artist's wild imagination; nor does his picture do him injustice. His body is soft like an oyster's, he has a pair of large eyes, a mouth beneath furnished with a streng parrot-like beak, which seizes the food brought to it by the eight long arms with which he also swims, opening and shutting them like an umbrella. The arms are furnished with powerful suckers, which, heving once fixed upon their prey, cannot be pulled awey till the arm itself is cut off. Pearl divers dread them more than the shark.

Terrible as the large ones are, the smaller verieties at least have been forced, like the rest of the animal creation, into man's service. In the Sandwich Islands they are as highly esteemed for food by the natives as Norfolk oysters are by us. They are eaten both raw and dried, and form one of the most curious articles in the Honolulu fish market. The black ink paste is an especially valned morsel. This ink is also said to be used in the manufacture of *sepia* or india-ink, and the one hone of the cuttle-fish—for that is another name of the moneter, you give your canary bird to sharpen its hill on.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZENS. IV.

TAXATION.

Taxes are debts due the State by its citizens: they are the cost of law and order. No government in the present day could exist for a moment without revenue, and revenue is derived from taxation.

In return for their taxes, and their taxes make up the sum of public monies.

By English and American law, all bills for raising revenne must originate in the lower or popnlar branch of the legislature: the reason for this is obvious; it is the people's money that is to be used; and they, through their direct representatives should have a voice and

can State protection be obtained without taxes; like a well-conducted insurance company, that State will obtain the greatest number of desirable tax-payers, or policy holders if you will, which exteuds the greatest assurance for the least premium, compatible with its own safety. If anyone doubts the truth of this statement, let

It is a peculiarity of mankind, that everybody thinks that system of taxation best, where the burden *seems* to fall on somebody's else shoulders. Such a tax levy is physically impossible to make; and even if it were physically possible, there are philosophical reasons against it: for every organized society is a political unit, composed of many atoms perhaps, but still a unit, and no pressure can be applied to

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Taxation is an ontgrowth of civilization: in savage times, taxes were nnknown; Imperial Rome supplied, what in modern times would be termed her treasnry, hy the fruits of conquest; the feudal system needed no army of tax collectors; it was only as society progressed, and the expenses of government exceeded the revenne of crown lands, that the system now known as taxation, became necessary.

Taxes are a citizen's contributions from his own estate to that of the organized society in which he lives: they are a portion of his own wealth given for the safer keeping of the hiance, and for the continnance of the State. Labor is the father of all wealth, and history presents hardly a more striking fact, than that labor has been deemed honorahle, only as nations have found taxation indispensahle. In harharous and semi-civilized tribes where peaceful taxation is unknown, labor is regarded as degrading, and might is the only right. Taxes do not make labor honored, bnt the honoring of labor makes taxes possible.

Whether taxation he light or heavy, depends on one of two sets of circumstances: first, if the government of the State be wisely or unwisely administered; second, if its citizens be good or bad. A State composed of perfect citizens would have a minimnm of taxation; for in States, as in individnals, it is the vices that cost. A State whose affairs are condncted hy those skilled in money matters, will be infinitely cheaper to live in, than one conducted by persons ignorant of the A. B. C. of finance. Here, again, comes in the all-pervading duty of the citizen to vote intelligently for public officers; for if taxes he high, owing to the corruption, or incapacity of public servants, let the people remember that a majority of them elected these pnblic servants. "It is not onr stars, hnt onrselves," we have to blame, if in this conntry we have faithless and nnfit representatives. No citizen should vote for a man to fill an office of pnblic trnst, whom he wonld not trust with his own money. For would it not he absurd for a man to declare, "That I will trust Smith with pnblic funds, but will not with private moneys"? Let not citizens forget, that the pnblic money comes from their pockets, and that it depends on the representatives they choose, how much or how little they get in return for their taxes, and their taxes make up the sum of pnblic moales.

By English and American law, all hills for raising revenne must originate in the lower or popnlar hranch of the legislatnre: the reason for this is ohvious; it is the people's money that is to be used; and they, through their direct representatives shonld have a voice and choice, as to what pnrposes, and to what amount their money shall be spent. By the same law, however, which directs that all hills for raising revenne must *originate* in the lower or popnlar branch of the legislature, it is provided that the npper honse must concur in the resolves of the lower, before such resolvee are of any effect. This feature of English and American law is pecnliar, and apt to escape the notice of casual students of politics. It amounts to this; that the voter is donhly represented in the law-making branch of the State: first; through his representative in the lower house, he is represented as an individual: second; through his senator, he is represented as a part of his State. To put this statement in other words—a voter is twice represented—as an individnal, and as a social being.

Of a State's right to tax, and of a citizen's duty to pay such taxes, there can be no question; provided taxation is accompanied by representation. Taxes should be paid as cheerfully as any ether debt: the equivalent received is as real, thongh perhaps not so tangible, as if the money had been exchanged for food, clothing or shelter. The more a man has to pay out in taxes, the less he has to exchange for other things; but in return for his taxes he receives, or should receive, the protection of the State, as regards his life, liherty, and property; without which his right to these, or any other earthly thing, wonld depend solely on his being physically stronger than those, who would assuredly try to wrest from him, all he had.

The point I wish to establish is this; a man should he willing to give up a small part of his property, in order to secure the undisturbed enjoyment of the rest: and that in this country he has the proud privilege of choosing the men who shall determine how small this small part shall be.

If a man desires to insure a house against fire, he naturally takes the insurance from a coinpany which he feels convinced will pay the amount insured, in case the house be hurnt; and of two equally solvent companies, he selects the one which will assume the risk for the smaller preminm. Taxes are the preminms citizens pay for the assurance of the State's protection to themselves, their families, and their property. Withont paying premiums, insnrance cannot be had, neither can State protection be obtained without taxes; like a well-conducted insurance company, that State will obtain the greatest number of desirable tax-payers, or policy holders if you will, which extends the greatest assurance for the least premium, compatible with its own safety. If any one doubts the truth of this statement, let them explain why the drift of intelligent European emigration has been, and is, to the far West, rather than to the near South. An intelligent emigrant, be he from New or Old England, will always go to those States where he is best protected at the least cost. It is to the interest of every State to increase the nnmber of her tax-payers, and none but short-sighted citizens favor the raising of any barriers to anch emigration, whether the barriers be social, political, or pecuniary. Where taxation is so high as to amount to practical confiscation, citizens migrate — the ruinous taxes of the city of New York have done more to build up neighboring towns and cities in the last twenty years, than their natural advantnges would have caused them to grow in a century. Practically there are only two kinds of taxes, taxes on land and on personal property. All must agree that taxes on land are eminently proper, for to the cultivation of the soil the labor of the greatest nnmber of men is directed, and directly or indirectly from it, springs all wealth. Taxes on personal property are more difficult to frame: the question for every framer of a tax bill should be, how can the State get most and tax-payers suffer least. The very statement of the question shows its difficulties. The field for discnssion on this point is a wide one, bnt foreign to the object of these papers; still I will venture the assertion, that a system of taxation, whose maximum tax falls on luxuries, and the minimnm tax on the necessities of life, is the best for both the State and its citizens. Liquor of all kinds, tobacco, jewelry, fine clothing, pleasure carriages and pleasnre vessels shonld all be taxed; they are among the superfluities of life; people can get along without them, and if they can afford to indulge in these luxnries, they should pay the State a revenue for the enjoyment of them.

As before stated, all taxes, of whatsoever kind, are a citizen's contribution to the State; and every citizen, even if he pays no greater tax than on a dog, owes it to himself to do all in his power to have the rate of taxation as low as is consistent with the real necessities of the State. If every voter could be made to understand this truism, and to feel that when he votes he directly affects his own pockets, a different class of legislators would meet in our different capitols.

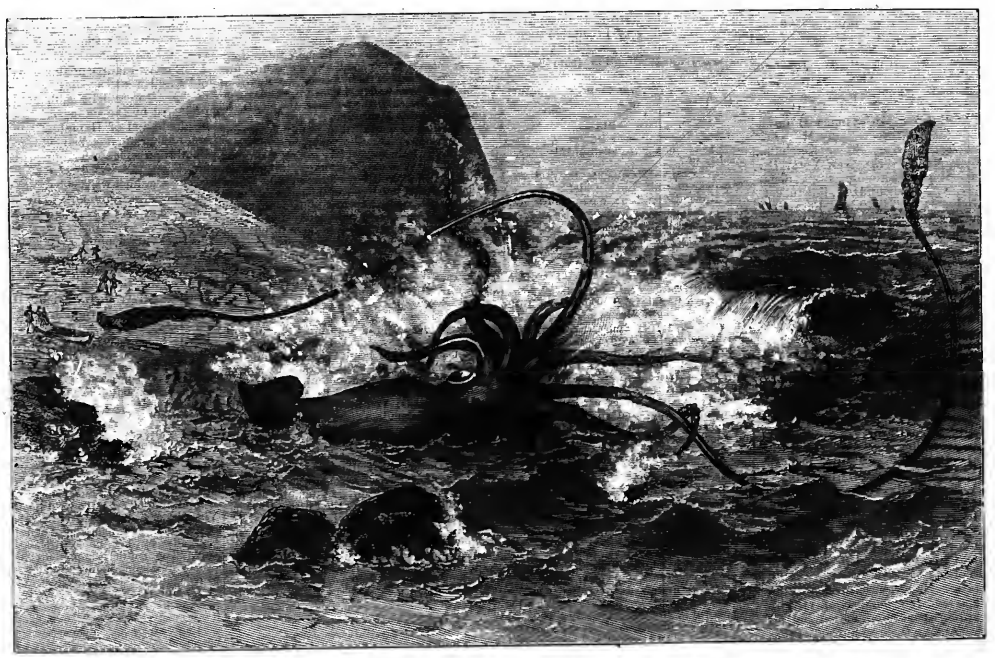
It is a peculiarity of mankind, that everybody thinks that system of taxation best, where the burden *seems* to fall on somebody's else shonlders. Such a tax levy is physically impossible to make: and even if it were physically possible, there are philosophical reasons against it: for every organized society is a political nnit, composed of many atoms perhaps, hnt still a unit, and no pressure can be applied to one atom without affecting every other atom to a greater or less degree. If a farm he heavily taxed, the farmer is less able to pay wages; and if the laborer's necessities are heavily taxed, he must receive higher wages than would otherwise suffice for his needs. If there be any one fact in social science that is head and shoulders over other facts, it is that men as social beings are not independent, hnt dependent creatures, and that which affects those above them, or below them, to the right of them or to the left of them, affects them.

In intelligent communities, the taxes imposed for school purposes are the most cheerfully paid. It needs no argument to show that such taxes are simply providing for the life of the State, by edncating the children that they may he able to wisely continue the affairs of the State, when the present generation shall have passed away. In many States (and it should be in all) the taxes paid for the support of schools are solemnly pledged to that purpose; and to that purpose alone. To divert school taxes from the use of schools, is like removing the fonndation of a house to patch the roof.

Man has been aptly defined as a trading animal: and the greater part of every man's existance is spent in exchanging one thing for another. Self interest is the hasis of every exchange, and no man makes a trade nnless he receives something, which at the time he esteems more highly than that which he gives. Taxes differ from other exchanges in two important points—in the first place they are not voluntarily made; and in the next place, when a man deals with the State it is not exactly as with another man, for to a certain extent he is dealing with himself, inasmuch as he is a part of the State.

That the tax-payers should have a potent voice in the distribntion of the money they contribute to the state seems only justice. The idea of a property qualification is entirely democratic (in the pure sense of the term), for it enables property to be represented as well as poverty, and any argument against this theory must be hased on the communistic idea that "Property is rohbery."

T. T. Bryce.



A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.

ANNIVERSARY DAY AT HAMPTON.

The Tenth Annivereary of Hampton Inatitute was celebrated on the 23d of May. It was marked with peculiar interest, as being the tenth, and hy the presence of President Hayes, who thus confirmed the pledges of his inaugural, and hle repeated declarations of his interest in education and the progrees of the colored race. A very large number

THE ORDER OF THE DAY

was very much as usual with some interesting variations, however. The morning was devoted as always to the examination of the gradnating class, and the ordinary recitations of the other classes. The visitors, among whom were the President and his party, who arrived about ten o'clock, going as they liked from class-room to class-room, or scattering over the place to inspect the buildings and various industrial exercicee, which were condncted according to the following programme:

MUSIC. Chorus: "Men of Harlech."

Salutatory. Essay. - Suggestions to my Classmates. Catharine Fields, Hampton, Va.

Essay, - - The Dangers of Universal Suffrage. Jacob T. Brown, Hilton Head, S. C.

Selection, - "Telling the Bees." - *Whittier.* Dixie Clementine Lumpkin, Williamsburg, Va.

MUSIC. Plantation Songs.

Essay, - - - - Homes for Our People. Angelina Talliferro, Lynchburg, Va.

Egyptian art, and they are allowed here, as they were in St. Augustine, to paint pictures and fans for sale, the money going to themselves and need for clothing. Many of the visitors took away such mementoes of their visit. But though fond of painting wild hunts, and war dances, and grand battles, they are not fond of recounting their own savage deeds, and confided to Captain Pratt that they do not like to be asked by visitors if they have scalped and killed people. It would be best certainly to avoid such curi-

ANNIVERSARY DAY AT HAMPTON.

The Tenth Anniversary of Hampton Institute was celebrated on the 23d of May. It was marked with peculiar interest, as being the tenth, and by the presence of President Hayes, who thus confirmed the pledges of his inaugural, and his repeated declarations of his interest in education and the progress of the colored race. A very large number of visitors attended, some of whom came, no donht, chiefly to see the President, though his coming was not announced, hut all of whom seemed greatly interested in the school and its exercises.

The President was accompanied hy two of his cahinet, Hon. G. W. McCrary, Secretary of War, and Attorney General Devens, also hy his son, Mr. Webb C. Hayes, Col. R. K. Rogers, private Secretary, and Mr. R. A. Evarts, son of Secretary Evarts, and five ladies. The President's party was accompanied from Baltimore hy Hon. S. M. Shoemaker, Rev. C. R. Weld, Enoch Pratt, Esq., Mr. Matthews of the Baltimore *American*, Messrs. John L. Thomas, Harvey Shriver, R. P. Bland, H. C. Cramp, E. Carrington, E. H. Stimson, C. K. Wild, and several ladies.

Besides these, among the visitors were many whose names are prominent in the North and South. Of the trustees of the school, were present, Rev. M. E. Striehy, D.D., New York, Hon. R. W. Hughes, Norfolk, Va., Hon. Alex. Hyde, Lee, Mass., Rev. Thomas K. Fessenden, Farmington, Conn., Mr. Robert C. Ogden, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Samnel Holmes, Montclair, N. J., Mr. Anthony M. Kimber, Philadelphia, Hon. Edgar Ketchum, New York, Mr. Z. S. Ely, New York, Dr. Lewis H. Stiner, Baltimore (State Senator), Rev. A. N. Arnold, D.D., Pawtucket, R. I., Judge F. N. Watkins, Farmville, Va., Rev. J. H. Means, D. D., Boston, Mass. Of the Curators, were present, Col. Thomas Tahh of Hampton, Mr. J. H. Holmes, Richmond, A. Kenan, Petersburgh, Rev. William Thornton, Hampton, and Rev. John M. Dawson, Williamsburgh (State Senator).

Among the guests were, also, Mrs. E. L. Youmans of New York, Mrs. Walter Baker and friends of Dorchester, Mass., Miss M. A. Longstreth of Philadelphia, Mrs. C. Boewell, Mrs. E. G. Sessons, and Rev. F. S. Hatch of New Hartford, Ct., Mr. G. E. Brown of Boston, Hon. Chas. Kimball and wife, of Lowell, Mase., Capt. R. K. Pratt, U. S. A., Rev. John Harding of Springfield, Mase. (representing the Springfield Republican), Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hall of Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Day of Elizabeth, N. J., Dr. A. T. Ball, Mr. Willmott Williams and Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Bartlett of New York, Misses L. and E. L. Anetin of Philadelphia, Mr. Clark (Max Adeler) of the Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia, and Messrs. S. C. Hubhard and John Aitkin of New York.

From nearer home, two excursion steamers brought a large nnmber of visitors from Norfolk, about two hundred and fifty in all. Among them were Capt. Truxton, U. S. N., with a party of ladies and officers from the Navy Yard, General Groner and family, General T. H. Webh, Captain and Mrs. Pegram, Capt. Taylor, Mrs Capt. Boutelle, and Mr. A. F. Cunningham.

From Fortress Monroe, General Getty, General Upton, Major Calif, Major and Mre. Campbell, and Lieuts. Zalinski, Clark, Smith and Paddock, with other citizene and ladies.

From the Chesapeake National Soldiers' Home, were present, its governor, Capt. P. T. Woodfin, Dr. Hare, and others. The school le indehted, as in former years, to the courtesy of Capt. Woodfin, who placed his yacht and other conveyances at its dieposal, and also to the Quarter Master, and Mr. Phœhus, proprietor of the Hygeia Hotel, for similar favors.

Hampton was represented hy leading citizens of all classes, the ministers of the white and colored churches, and its Northern and Southern residents, all of whom have manifested a spirit of cordiality and good will toward the school.

The colored race was well represented hy the parents of the graduating class, leading clergymen and promlnent colored citizens of Hampton, Portsmouth and Norfolk, and colored visitors and friends of the etudente from a distance.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY

was very much as usual with some interesting variations, however. The morning was devoted as alwaye to the examination of the graduating class, and the ordinary recitatione of the other classes. The visitors, among whom were the President and his party, who arrived about ten o'clock, going as they liked from class-room to class-room, or scattering over the place to inspect the huildings and various industries. The farm was represented hy a goodly ehow of vegetahles, fruit and sheaves of waving grains, and, as at the last anniversary, two knitting machines were running on a platform hnilt np for them hy-a stairway in the Academic hnilding, and attracted rather more than the nsual group of visitors, because one of the operators was an Indian, who worked as deftly and cheerfully as if snch peaceful occupation had been the chief pnrsuit of his life.

The senior class was examined in Book-keeping, Universal History, Arithmetic, Algehra, Civil Government and the science of Agriculture and Agricultural Chemistry.

The recitations of the other classes embraced Arithmetic, Geography, History of the United States, Reading and Spelling, Physiology and Natural Philosophy. The Senlors passed very creditahle examinations. Ae usual, the class in Agricultnre attracted most attention, from its novelty and practical bearing. The greatest throng, however, was found very naturally in the class-room of

THE INDIANS.

Our readers may be as interested as the visitors were in the roll-call of this class. It consists of

CHEYENNES:—*Ma-ah-chls, Soaring Eagle; *Cow-way-how-nif, Little Chief; Mar-cu-vekist, Howard Charlton; We-ho-no-cas, White Man; Nu-ne-cas, Kohoe; *Nan-hi-yurs, Matches; Tich-ke-mat-se, Squint Eyes; Pa-acya, Nick Pratt; Nock-ko-ist, Bear's Heart.

KIOWAS:—*To-un-ke-ah; Etahd-le-ah; Ohet-tolnt; Tsadle-tah; Koba.

ARAPAHOE:—*Nar-cn-bo-ist, White Bear.

Those whose names are marked with an * are to be transferred in September to Bishop Whipple's school in Minnesota.

Having been at Hampton but five or six weeks, their knowledge of English, and so forth, had been chiefly acquired at St. Augustine. Their former commandant and good friend, Captain Pratt, who came to see them examined, says, however, that they have perceptihly improved since they came, particularly in distinctness of speech—and who is a better judge of them than he? He declares himself more and more convinced that they are in just the right place, and remarked, "If I had known yon would take my speech down that I made when they first came, I would have explained more fully just why I said I was sure there would be no tronhle between them and the other students. It is, that they have come with a purpose. They have coms not to quarrel, hnt to sindy and work. And when they have a purpose, they stick to it. Then, all are too busy here to quarrel. When people are kept hnsy they do not quarrel." The Indians were examined in spelling, and writing and geography. The general atmosphere of excitement around them seemed to rouse them out of their ordinary shyness before visitors—for shy they are, and capable of blnshing, conventional ideas of Indian equanimity notwithstauding—and they answered questions, hounded states and spelled their long names with a wide-awake celerity and smiling eagerness that brought frequent responeive smiles from the interested throng about them.

Any incidents concerning these Indian students will no doubt he interesting to our readers at this early stage of their connection with the school, and one may be told which will illustrate their characteristic, as Capt. Pratt says, of sticking to their purpose. The use of tobacco in any form is contrary to the laws of the Institution. The rule was explained to them, but it was thought to be scarcely possible that they could be brought to yield their consent to it. They stood in solemn silence for some time, then one looked np and with one quick gesture of his hand across his lips, as if striking a pipe away, and a short ejaculatory grunt, indicated, in the most expressive manner possihle, his resolve to give up the Indian weed. One after another followed, after due deliberation, the last one taking qnite a while to bring himself to the point, but finally all had given their consent, and Captain Pratt says that after they make np their mind to a thing it is made np and they do not like even to he asked again about it. They have certainly kept to their resolve thus far with a firmness which would do honor to any man.

The Indians have quite a remarkable natural talent for drawing and painting, is their own peculiar style, which reminds one of Egyptian art, and they are allowed here, as they were in St. Augustine, to paint pictures and fans for sale, the money going to themselves and used for clothing. Many of the visitors took away such mementoes of their visit. But though fond of painting wild hunts, and war dances, and grand battles, they are not fond of recounting their own savage deeds, and confided to Captain Pratt that they do not like to be asked by visitors if they have scalped and killed people. It would be best certainly to avoid such curious questioning and let their dead past bury its dead and its tomahawk.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

At noon the graduates marched, as usual, to their dinner, escorted hy their schoolmates and the school hand, and the invited guests of various colors and sections sat down on the broad piazza of General Armstrong's house, and under the trees on the lawn, to refresh themselves with a lunch, after which President Hayes, in response to an invitation which expressed the desire of all present, made the following excellent speech, from the steps of the piazza.

"The announcement that I am to make an address is unexpected, and of course it must be without premeditation. We all must have been very much interested in what we have observed. When now ahout one-half through, as is usual in such cases, we assume that the one-half that remains will he more interesting.

In some entertainments, we are assured that the second half is better than the first. If this is the case to-day, I am sure we may congratulate heartily, the teachers, the pupils, the patrons of this Institution.

Whenever I am called upon to talk to our newly made citizens—to young colored people especially, I always feel like giving them good advice. It is so easy, you know, to give advice. We all do it,—we like to do it. Now there rests—evidently—on this generation of American people, a great duty—the duty of educating this people lately freed from bondage, to rear them up to the full status of American citizenship. I am very glad to learn that the State of Virginia has contributed so largely—$10,000 yearly—to this great duty, and that there are such large voluntary contrihntions to it in support of this institution. And what we have seen here showe that both sides of education to citizenship are attended to here. Knowing how to work, to support oneself is an important part of civilized life. The man who cannot earn a home for himself—who cannot lay np somethiug against a wet day, is not qnite prepared for American citizenship. So this is what I have to say to my colored friends: You have learned to work. In these two hundred years that you have been in America your people have done a great deal of work. Now learn to save. The question all intelligent people interested in your progress ask is, Do they accumulate property? Do they pay taxes? Do they own homes? The great Doctor Johnson said, 'Frugality is the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, the mother of Liberty.' Remember there is no independence to be gained without frugelity. I said about this same thing the other day to the students of Howard University. The real way to get this glorious privilege of independence is for every young colored man to learn to labor and to save. As Burns says:

> 'Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Not for a train-attendant;
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being *independent*.'

Now, this is a simple thing, hut it is the real thing. If you earn $10—save a little of it. If you earn $100, save more. The difference hetween spending all and saving something is the difference between misery and happiness. I was ridiug with a friend of mine the other day, and talking abont this, and he reminded me of the words of that great moral philosopher in whose mouth Dickens puts a better expression of this truth than I can give. *Mr. Wilkins Micawber*—you know, who said to David Copperfield—

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen ninteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annnal expenditnre twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down npon the dreary scene, and —and in short you are forever floored."

And this is all I have to say to you: Be determined to work—to earn—to save.

And let all of us, in any event, join in a prayer that this Institution may he blessed in its endeavors—that its pupils, its teachers, and all its friends may be blessed."

The procession was then formed, headed hy the officers of the school and the Presidential party, and marched to Virginia Hall chapel, which was soon filled to its utmoet. Crowds are likely to be over-estimated. At least twelve hundred must have gathered to listen to the afternoon exercises, which were conducted according to the following programme:

MUSIC. Chorus: "Men of Harlech."

Salutatory. Essay, - Suggestions to my Classmates, Catharine Fields, Hampton, Va.

Essay, - - The Dangers of Universal Suffrage. Jacob T. Brown, Hilton Head, S. C.

Selection, - "Telling the Bees," - *Whittier.* Dixie Clementine Lumpkin, Williamsburg, Va.

MUSIC. Plantation Songs.

Essay, - - Homes for Our People. Angelina Tallifero, Lynchburg, Va.

Dialogue, - "The Swiss Patriot" - *Sheridan Knowles.*
WILLIAM TELL, Thos. W. Bolling, Charles City Co., Va.
ALBERT, } Wm. H. Baggs, Washington, D. C.
VERNEL, }
OSELER, Wm. H. Johnson, Petersburg, Va.

MUSIC. Glee: "All Among the Barley." *Stirling.*

Essay. - The Present Condition of the West Indies. Thomas Reese, Kingston, Jamaica.

Selection, - - "A Dutchman's Dolly Varden." Caspar Titus, New York.

MUSIC. Glee: "Hark, the Lark." *Cooke.*

Debate - How can we do Most Good for Our People,—as Farmers, Ministers, or Teachers?

As Farmers; Charles H. Jones, Saulsbury, N. C.
As Ministers, Jos. S. Davis, Pittsylvania C. H., Va.
As Teachers; } Charles A. Anderson, Staunton, Va.
Valedictory, }

MUSIC. Plantation Songs.

Post Graduate's Address, - Who are Needed in Africa? James C. Robbins, Bristol, R. I.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC. Plantation Songs.

The music, which has been directed this year hy Mr. Charles G. Buck, formerly of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York city, was particularly good. The old English glees, sung without accompaniment, were delightful, and highly appreciated hy the audience. Several of the original hand of Hampton student singers, now graduates, had returned, and the Plantation songs rang out with the old fire.

The readings were good, and the essays and speeches were marked hy good common sense, and a very fair average of excellence.

Fifty-four seniors received diplomas, twenty young women, and thirty-four young men. The diplomas were presented by the president of the Board of Trustees, Rev. M. E. Striehy, D. D., with the following address to the graduating class.

"My youug friends, a fair field and chance are the right of every human being, and almost all men are willing to grant that right, and most, a little more. If a man falls into the water, or drives his team into a ditch, almost any one who passes by will turn to and work hard to help him out and set him on his feet again. There is a very geueral instinctive desire for fair play among men.

Now, I believe this is true in regard to the efforts now making in behalf of your race. In the attendance here to-day the Government of the United States is represented by its presiding officer. The old mother State, Virginia, is represented by the nohlest of her sons and daughters, and more substantially by her noble gift of $10,000 a year. The Sonth is represeuted. Southern people are coming more and more every year to recognize the effort made here in your behalf. And the North is represented hy the many of its best people who come here to visit you, or teach you. Many noble hearts are seeking your good. These are represented here to-day.

You have had this help, and now you are goiug out to use what you have gained. You will no longer have these opportunities of aid, these helpers all around you.

We may all come here next year, President Hayes may come perhaps, other of your friends will come, but you will he far off. Your teacher will be here—the school work will all go on as usual, but you will be off in the field, hard at work, alone. You are going forth, and I feel I speak the seutiments of this assembly of your friends in saying that you give us evideuce that you go forth to do a noble work for yourselves and for your people, and when I give you these diplomas, it is in evidence to you that we believe this.

When you are far off, in the lonesome places where your work is, remember this day, and these people, to cheer and comfort and encourage you in your work. And remember, too, that wherever you are the eye of God is upon you, net to mark your failures only, hut in tenderest pity for your weakness.

By the judgment of your teachers, and in evideuce of their opinion of you, I am authorized to-day to present you these diplomas."

After the distribution of the diplomas, General Armstrong remarked,

"I am very sorry—it was my mistake—that the Senior class did not hear the noble and earnest words of the President in front of my house. I asked him to speak there, thinking that some might have the opportunity of hearing him who would not he able to here. It would not be fair to ask him to speak again,

of course, but we shall have the pleasure of listening to the Attorney General of the United

ic lives. Then, if success comes, well; if not, the brave heart within you will enable you to bear safely up against any ills this life is

general diffusion of knowledge in the town of Hamptou, the attempt to provide him with a class of twenty children who had

tial election in Florida and Louisiana. The Republicans did not vote. President Hayes sent a brief message to the Senate, accompanied by a long letter from Secretary Evarts, in relation to the Halifax Fishery Award. The President recommends that the appropriation be

of course, hnt we shall have the pleasure of listeniag to the Attorney Generel of the United States—Geaeral Devens, whom I have the honor to introduce to you."

General Devens responded.

"It is very embarrassing, after so polite an introductioa, to come forward with the full coasciousness that I cannot come up to the complimentary notice. But I must express the very great satisfaction I have experienced here in all I have seen to-day.

"It is now fourteen years siace I was here lying for three months over in Chesapeake Hospital—which is now the Soldiers' Home, but was then a hospital for officers—after the battle of Cold Harbor. The same natnre lies around me to-day. The Hampton River slips lazily to the sea, the ardent Virginia sun spreads its effulgence over the hroad roadstead. It is the same sea of molten silver—large enough thea as now for the aavies of the world, filled aow as then with greet ships. But now they are the ships of peace, bearing the wealth of netions, the commerce of the world. Then they were the iron-clad messengers of war and death. And on this Peninsula all is changed, so woaderfally chaaged. In Chesapeake Hospital thea, were five or six hundred wouaded officers; on this place, three or four thonsand wounded men. What a change. The teats are struck, the hugles have sonaded their last note of war on this peninsula. (applaaae.) I rejoica that on the spot where those breve men lay suffering, rises this institution of learning.

There is a Greek story thet Cadmus sowed dragoas' teeth ia Greece, aad there sprang up from them e terrible harvest of armed men for conflict and battle. But on these fields where bostile armies camped, and the dreadful seeds of war were sown, I rejoice that this institution has sprung, devoted to liberty and learning. That is a noble monument which Miss Dix raised in the cemetery here to the hrave men who fell fighting for their coastry's liberty and yours. But I thought as I looked up to it to-day that a more beautiful one had been reised here to that army, which vindicated the authority of a President elected hy all the forms of law—which stood for the country's honor, for the liberty of all men. It seemed to me that a nobler monument than brass or marhle or granite, is an institution like this, built for instruction; so well and so strosgly built, and to last, and to cerry forward the benefits of instruction from generation to generation. I recall the language of a brave officer whom I knew well, who was welcomed on the battlefield of Gettyshurgh by every one who saw him with, "How glad I am to see you are come." "Yes," he replied, "I've come, and I've come to stay." Aad stay he did, and sleeping on the battle-field, awaits his just reward. I am glad that this Institution has come to stay. I am glad to see these college walls so well and strongly built, to give shelter to those who seek instraction for hnndreds of years.

I see above me the name of John C. Whitin inscribed upon this marble on the wall, as giver of this chapel to your Institution. I know John Whitin well, and his brother Paul—they are two of the noblest men, and most succesful manufacturers, of this conntry. And I know that they never did a piece of work in the world which they did not mean should last. So this Hall is placed here that it may last.

Now my young friends who ere about to go out from his Institution: after all, all that can be done in the way of material eid to an institution like this is of little importance in helping it compared with the results it can show. By its fruits is every work known. Every institution can show reasons for its existence, only by the sort of men and women it turns out for the duties of life. How long would the military institntion at West Point stand—over which my brother the Secretary of War presides,—if the American people did not see that it turns out competent officers, hreve aad honest men? And no Institution after it is once fairly established, can stand except on its own character, and the character of the men or women it sends out into the world. I believe thet, np to this time, this Iastitution has done all that conld he expected of it. Notwithstandiag all the help thet has been given there are still great difficulties before it, I know, hut we are entitled to say that the experiment has succeeded, and thet it will continue to succeed.

I wish I conld give you one word of encouragement which would be of use to you, which you could carry eway and lean upon. For there is no more interesting occasion than that when young men and women stand thus together as fellow students for the last time, in one moment more to separate forever. One would say to such, Be of good cheer; take up the burden of life hopefully; do your duty manfully, cheerfully.

I wish you had heard the good words of advice of our President. I shell not presume to add to them more than my own good wishes. I am sure that I speak the feelings of all here present, when I wish you all success, prosperous, happy lives, and something better than prosperous lives—manly, womanly, heroic lives. Then, if success comes, well; if not, the brave heart within yon will easble you to bear safely np against any ills this life is heir to."

Amid the lond applanse which followed this speech, a call for "the Presideat—the President!" was raised by some insatiate American sovereign, and the Presidest very kiadly responded, seeming glad, indeed, to add a few more cordial words to those he had already spokea. He said—

"Friends: I came here this morning, as I think we all did, with very friendly feelings and favorable impressions of Hampton Institute. I may not at this time detain you in attempting to describe what I have seen and heard that enables me to feel sure that all who came will leave with feelings more friendly and impressions more favorable for all we have seen and heard to-day.

You are dealing here with some of the greatest problems of America; the problem of edncation, the problem of race. In both of these, I think this Institution is doing something to furnish us with a wise and safe solution. Why, think of all we have heard this afternoon. We all know what is said to be the weakest point of our colored brethrea. Yet in what college commencement have we ever heard more common sense expressed in simpler, purer English, than we have heard today.

Aad then, that other race. Those who were present in their class room to-day, and heard their strange names, the Soaring Eegle, and the White Bear, and all the rest of the hig warriors led by Miss Hyde, will be glad that it is within their power to be educated here.

And I adopt the sentiment I heard expressed at the lunch table. I believe that to elevate any race, we mnst give the womea eqnal advantages with the men. This is done here, and for these fifty-four young men and women who graduate from here to-day, we ell nnite in prsying that God may bless them."

The President's hearty impromptu speech was received with great applause. The audience then joined by requeet in the old ringing missionary hymn,

"From Greenland's icy monntains,"

and a prayer by Rev. Dr. Means closed the exercises of the day, which, from beginning to end, may be called a successful close of Hampton's first decade, and a promising send off for her next one.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

An interesting feature of this tenth anniversary was the presence of over fifty of the past graduates representing all of the seven classes which had gradnated from the Institute, now returning to establish for the first time an Alumni Association. Hampton welcomed back her children, with most of whom, indeed, she has been in constant and frequent communication of friendship and help, ever since they went ont. These young people have been and still are doing excellent work in the field, a field of much labor, some hardship, temptations and struggles of various kinds, but still a field of glorious opportunities for serving their people and their country, opportnnities which they have eagerly songht and to a great extent eppreciated and improved. It is believed that this meeting of the Alumni has resulted, and will result, in good—that these graduate teachers go forth again with increased eppreciation of the advantages they have received and the work they have to do, strengthened confidence in their Alma Mater, and renewed enthusiasm for the work to which they have devoted themselves.

One of the number brought with him, as specimens of his work, one of his advanced scholars, a bright little boy of twelve or fourteen, and a number of map drawings very well done in colored crayon pencils, by his pupils, and some of their compositions. The examination of his school just ont of Norfolk was attended recantly by some of his former teachers. It did credit to his work and we hope to heve a more extended report of it in next month's paper.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE LECTURES.

Twenty-three of the Alumni have remained to attend with this year's graduating class the course of lectures on teaching at the Institute, given this year by Col. F. W. Parker of Quincy, Mass. Col. Parker has the confidence and high recommendation of the principal edncators of New England, and is, no doubt, one of the ahlest teachers of the well-known system of object teaching in this country. Over ninoteen hundred little children are under his superintendence in the schools of Qaincey, and his success is there considered as established. On Anniversary Day, he gave a specimen of his method of primary instruction. Unfortunately for the full illustretion of the theories he advocates, though speaking volnmes for the general diffusion of knowledge in the town of Hamptoa, the attempt to provide him with a class of twenty children who had aever had any instruction whatever, was a failare, hnt he sncceeded admirably in fixing the attention of the little ones npon the india-rnbber rat in his pocket and its written name on the blackboard.

The lectures will coatinne till the close of the term, June 13th, and it is hoped that the graduates may gain from them much that is saggestive and helpful in their work as teachers.

A VISIT TO WICHITA AGENCY.

Lawric Tatum writing from Wichita Agency, Fourth mo. 29th, says:—"The Indian prisoaers from Florida arrived here to-day, except seventeea, who preferred to remain behind to attend school and trades. I had a talk with them. Loae Wolf, Double Bit, White Horse, and Black Horse replied. The latter said, 'I remember the time when we were all taken to Forida. While there, the white people aased to tell as whet we oaght to do. From them we learned about Jesus, our Saviour. At night, before retiring to hed, we used to read of the Great Spirit, and talk about Jesus. I have thrown away all my had ways aad now love only the good.' They all professed frieadship for the white people, and an iatention to abandon the war-path, and be peaceable. Several of the prisoaers were youag, apparently not grown, while others had their hair silvered with gray."

INVENTION OF A COLORED MISSISSIPPIAN.

Bea. Taylor, a colored maa llviag is this place, has lately returned from Washington, whither he has been to secure a patent for a new steam eagine which he has invented, and which, if the judgment of many experienced and scientific men to whom he has shown his model is correct, is calculated to revolutioaize the present application of steem. The engine is rotary, having the steam applied at the circumference of a wheel, giving this trehle the force of ordinary engines, with no distinguishing of power at the various stages of the revolution of the wheel. This invention dispenses with all the machinery except the one wheel, which answers at once the purpose of cylinder and driving wheel, and two steam boxes throngh which the steam is applied. It is estimated that engines on this plan can be manufactured at one-fourth, or less, the cost of those now in use, and their simplicity and the possibility of making them of extremely light weight will extend the use of steam-engines beyond the present limit. Ben. Taylor, the inventor, is sort of mechanical genius, having before manifested an insight into mechanics of no ordinary degree. His invention, if nothing fails—and the probahilities are in his favor—will rank him amoag the first inventors of the day.—[*Rosedale (Miss.) Journal.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

The Shah of Persia is to visit the Paris Exhibition.

There have been great labor strikes in England among the colliers and the cotton operatives, throwing thousands of men out of employment, and occasioning great suffering and disturbance.

The leader of the Cuban rebellion has come to New York. He reports the Cuban patriots still 3,000 strong, well armed and drilled, but with 40,000 opposed. He thinks the war will continue, but that the late conciliatory policy of Spain has done more against the cause of the patriots than all the Spanish forces combined.

Earl John Russell, the great English statesman and twice prime minister, died May 28th, at the age of 86. He has had probably, a longer public life than any of his contemporaries, having entered Parliament sixty years ag o, and has always been active on the side of liberal measures and reform.

The Congress of the Powers to discuss the treaty between Russia and Turkey and arrange the Eastern question, is to meet at Berlin, probably on June 11th.

The Eastern Question.—Hopes of peace are again renewed. Count Schouvaloff returned to London May 22, via Berlin. Speaking of the results of his mission, the London *Post* says, in semi-official form: "Count Schouvaloff brings the assurance that the disposition in St. Petersburg for peace quite equals that in London."

Steamer advices from Venezuela state that the earthquake of April 14 entirely destroyed the town of Cha and all the surrounding farms.

POLITICAL.

Congress: The Democrats of the House, May 17, secured a quorum, and passed the Potter resolution for the investigation of alleged frauds in the last Presidential election in Florida and Louisiana. The Republicans did not vote. President Hayes sent a brief message to the Senate, accompanied by a long letter from Secretary Evarts, in relation to the Halifax Fishery Award. The President recommends that the appropriation be made, "with such direction to the Executive in regard to its payment as in the wisdom of Congress the public interests may seem to require." The House Committee to investigate the alleged election frauds was announced on the 20th: it consists of seven Democrats and four Republicans. A bill was introduced in the House asking for an appropriation of $139,000,000 for interoal improvements, mainly for old Southern Canals. The government is asked to issue a fifty-year five per cent. bond as a specific loan for this purpose.—In the Senate, on the 21st, the house bill to forbid the further retirement of legal tender notes was reported favorably by the Finance Committee.—On the 23d, in the House, Mr. Harrison, of Illinois, offered resolutions to extend the investigation of alleged frauds in the late Presidential election to the States of South Carolina and Oregon, and not to disturb the President's title. The House, by 71 yeas and 59 nays, decided that a question of privilege was involved, but as less than a quorum voted, the resolutions were withdrawn. Subsequently a resolution was adopted authorizing the select committee to investigate electoral frauds in any State where there is probable cause to believe that such frauds were practiced.—The House, on the 24th, in Committee of the Whole, voted not to reduce the army.

Alexander H. Stephens has written a letter denouncing the Potter resolution as calculated to disturb the peace of the country, declaring the "opinion that the affair will prove in the end, either a contemptible farce or a horrible tragedy."

Saturday, May 26th, the Senate passed a concurrent resolution declaring that the treaty with China, allowing unrestricted emigration to this country, might wisely be modified, to subserve the best interests of both Governments.

DOMESTIC.

The Woman's Hotel in New York city, erected by A. T. Stewart for the benefit of working women who could pay $6 a week, has proved a failure from want of patronage, and will be opened as an ordinary hotel.

A great torcado has passed over Wisconsin, destroying life and property.

The American Social Science Association met in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 18-24. Among the topics discussed were Health in Schools, Money in relation to the Industrious Poor, Public and Private Charity, Labor and Machinery, Tramps and Tramp legislation.

The African Methodist Episcopal Conference met in New York city, May 23-29. It passed a resolution condemning the African Emigration scheme as it now presents itself in South Carolina.

Montana is overrun with grasshoppers.

William Cullen Bryant on returning from the unveiling of a statue in Central Park, May 30, slipped on a door-step and struck his head, becoming at once unconscious.

The General Association of the Baptist Church is now sitting at Norfolk, and the ministers will visit Hampton Institute to-day (May 31).

The annual convention of the Educational Association of Virginia will be held in Hampton, July 9-12.

Four thousand operatives are thrown out of employment by the stopping of the Mills at Fall River, Mass.

The American Institute of Instruction will hold its forty-ninth annual meeting at the White Mountains, New Hampshire, July 9, 10, 11, 12. Headquarters at Fabyan's. This meeting is expected to bring together the leading educators and be the largest educational meeting ever held in the country, and the railroads and hotels have reduced their rates to those who attend, making the round trip from Boston, incinding hotel bills four days, to be each $10 ticket and travel, $7, or $18 with excursions to Mt. Washington, &c. Special rates are also made with other cities and any further information may be had by addressing the Secretary, Geo. A. Littlefield, Malden, Mass.

A successful experiment in silk culture has been made by Mr. Samuel Lowery, a colored lawyer, of Huntsville, Alabama. For three years past he has been engaged in this enterprise, and has now about a quarter of an acre planted with mulberry-trees, and is the owner of more than a 60,000 worms. The mulberry grows well in Northern Alabama, and the silk-worms have proved unusually healthy. Mr. Lowery thinks the cost per acre of silk culture would be about the same as that of cotton. The experiment is of such industrial importance to the South that Mr. Lowery has come North to establish the necessary market, and to procure all labor-saving appliances which are now employed in the preparation of silk for the market.

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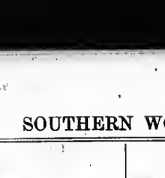

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The drives in the vicinity are delightful, the Hampton Normal end Agricultoral School, the National Military Home, National Cemetery, and the town of Hampton—containing one of the oldest churches in the country, are all within the limits of ao easy ride, drive, or sail.

The climate during the year is unsurpassed for salubrity, the range of the thermometer here for the past 10 years, as taken from the notes of the Meteorological Observatory, shows an average of 69°, 74°, 76°, for Summer; 70°, 58°, 46°, for Automn; 45°, 44°, 42°, for Winter; and 48°, 52°, 63°, for the Spring months. —Open for guests all the year.

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SUPPLEMENT.

JUNE EDITION, 1878.

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LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Our Missionary to Africa has his hands full, with less time to write than at first, but his letters are full of

veloping, and she will be better off when she graduates next year, than if she had been helped through in three years.

Va., *Feb.* 18, 1878.

THE following letter is from one of the second band of Hampton Student Singers, who graduated last year and is now successfully teaching:

since they need some help of the kind, and pay for them myself for the present; but you can, of course, tell me the particulars, that I may know what to tell him, and will you please send me a specimen copy?

I shall be at Hampton in May, if it is possible.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Our Missionary to Africa has his hands full, with less time to write than at first, but his letters are full of interest and good cheer. More than one of his old school mates would be glad to be with him.

GOOD HOPE STATION,
MENDI MISSION, WEST AFRICA,
FEB. 27TH, 1878.

Miss L——, My dear Teacher:

Your kind letter of the 3d ult. reached me on the 14th of Feb., bearing the sad news of your having lost the use of your left hand also. I am very sorry, because I know how it is when you have to have another work for you. You cannot say half you would say if you were writing for yourself. I had letters from Miss M. A. L., and Mr. Pike and one from a lady in Albany, N. Y., at the same time I got yours. The lady in Albany I never saw or heard from before. She said that she saw my letter in the Workman of Sept 18th, and thought that she would write me to let me know that a stranger was interested in my welfare. I also had a letter from McNiel which told me of a good many of the Hampton students.

You asked what I was doing. I am doing my same work (teaching). I have a school here with one hundred and thirty-nine pupils enrolled, and they are coming every week, and almost every day. I have not yet gotten my school in as good order as I want it, on account of having had to leave it for some time. We opened, as I told you, the second week in December, and I taught six days and then had to leave the school to Dr. James and go to the other station to take care of the place and things, as Mr. Kirk and Mrs. Mair were going away, and the Doctor's family was sick and he could not go. I left here Dec. 18, and got back Feb. 14. While I was there, I had to keep house, look after the school, look after the mill and attend to the church. I had to hold services every Sunday and Wednesday.

You can judge how full my hands were. But I am thankful that the Lord stood by me and helped me through. I was taken with the fever Dec. 29th, and was down ten days, and I didn't think that I would be left to write to any of my friends again. But the good Lord was so merciful that he kept me to work a little more for him. And now I am back again to work with these noisy children. You can tell how noisy they are when only a few out of the number are more than twelve years old. I go in at ten A. M., and let out at 3.30 P. M. My work on Sunday is to play the organ for church and Sunday school, and I have a Bible class. I have all the work I can well do.

Friday Evening, March 1st.

My dear Teacher:—I will try and finish your letter this evening. Last night I had to make a new roll, as it was the last day in the month, so I could not write. The young men here want me to take a Sunday morning Bible class, also a singing class. I have declined the latter, but I think I may take the Bible class. I told you before about the brother of the young man who became a Christian on the ship, being with me. He was a sailor also on the Jasper, and left the ship to follow me. He is not a Christian, and I want you to help me pray for him. I do want him to become a Christian, so much.

Your letter and the others were the first return letters I have had except one from home. I hope to have a good many soon. I want to write to all my teachers but I hope they will not all wait for me to write first. Please remember me kindly to all I know. Tell them that I hope to love Africa as well as I do America, though it's a land of darkness and sin. The harvest truly is ripe but the laborers are few. I hope that you will all pray for a blessing on our work here, also that He will send out more workers to work for him in this field. We need good men.

I pray and wish for a better understanding of the Bible. If I could have had a year or two study on that subject, I think I would be more fit for the work the Master has given me. I have finished my Bible reading and shall start at Genesis again. I have been much benefitted by reading Paul's writings, also John's and Peter's. My new Bible will be much used by the time you see it again. I use it twice each day for my daily readings, and many other times. I shall always thank God and the giver for such a complete Bible as it is. Please remember me kindly to the giver. Remember me to all the students, and tell J. and H. to write.

With many kind wishes and much love for you. I am, Your boy,

ACKREL E. WHITE.

THE writer of the following letter has taken nine years to work her way steadily through the school, staying out a year or two at a time to pay her own way, and help a brother. She has not been the loser. Such good grit as this is worth developing, and she will be better off when she graduates next year, than if she had been helped through in three years.

VA., *Feb.* 18, 1878.

Dear Teacher:—I thought I would write you this letter to let you know how I am getting along, and if you think it is good enough to put in the *Southern Workman*, you may do so.

I succeeded in getting the school, and I went to work both soul and body. I went to the church the Sunday before I began my school Monday, and the man that wrote to Miss H. for me got up (directly after the preacher had finished his sermon) and said, "Sisters and brothers, I introduce to you our teacher." I rose up, standing until he finished talking, and then I politely bowed and was seated again. He went on to say, "She has come from a long ways to bring both the light of education and of the gospel, for she is a member of the same faith and order as we are; therefore I hope all will send their children to her as regular as they can, both to the school in the week and Sunday too." I handed the minister a note saying that I would open school on Monday, and also Sunday-school the following Sunday, &c., &c. Sure enough, the next morning I went to the schoolhouse and found more children there than there were benches to seat them. How they got along before without the benches, I cannot tell. The first day I had thirty-four scholars, and when I had taught five days, at the close of the first week, I had forty-seven. I made out the best I could until I saw one of the trustees, and I asked him for a record book and to have some more benches made; and he asked me how many did I want and how long. I told him as near as I could,—and about a week after I saw him, I had them. I have on roll now fifty-seven scholars. I open my school just as you do at Hampton; also Sunday-school in the way as at Hampton.

The first Sunday I went to Sunday-school the house was very near full. I assisted the teachers in taking the Bible class. We took up the same International Lessons that we had last fall—the book including Paul's journey from Cesarea to Rome. I use my book that we had in our Sunday-school class, and I find it a great help to me. Had not I paid good attention when it was explained to me, I could not have taken it up. I want to take the *Sunday School Times* as soon as I can, and also the *Southern Workman*—I got one the other day, and I was so anxious to hear all the news, I began reading it and kept it continually in my hand till I read it all over. The last two or three Sundays that I went to the Sabbath-School house, I did not find near as many attendants as at first, but some of the leading members told me that they wanted talking to, and perhaps after awhile that we would have a fuller Sunday-school.

I am getting along very well only for one thing, and that is, I board about two miles from the school-house, and I have no watch to tell how the day goes; and I don't think that there is a clock or a watch in the neighborhood. The minister and clerk of the church are the only two colored, and one white man (the Sheriff), that I have seen with watches. I have been trying to rent one, but I have not succeeded in getting it yet.

I will give you a little idea about these people just about here. The colored men is getting along better than the white one is, for I have counted five or six huts where the white people live that are not as good as the colored. I never saw white people live in such cabins before.

I have twelve scholars that will be capable of entering the Junior class next term, and I am going to try to get some of them to go, if I can. Every Friday afternoon I have all the children that can, speak some pieces of poetry, and I spend the rest of the time in reading a little book, called "The First Lesson on Health," Mrs. A. gave it to me for this special purpose, and I explain to the children, as near as I can, how they must dress and keep their skins clean, to prevent so many contagious diseases that are always flying about in the air. I make them all promise me that when they come Monday they will have clean faces, clothes, and combed hair. The reason I do this, I am determined to do my duty as to telling them what they should do in the way of education and civilization, for that is something which is a very important point and very much needed—is lecturing on health and cleanliness.

We have not been able to raise a subscription to send for some Sunday-school papers yet. I will be very glad to get anything for my scholars like papers or good books of any kind. I will be glad to hear from any one who is interested in my welfare.

I have been to visit my friend Mary's school and she is getting along very well indeed for the first time that she ever taught. Mary and I sang some of our old Hampton songs, which made me think of my dear old home, Normal School.

I hope to hear from you soon, for I am always glad to hear at any time from Hampton. Your aff. scholar, R.

THE following letter is from one of the second band of Hampton Student Singers, who graduated last year and is now successfully teaching:

VA., *March* 12, 1878.

Dear Teacher:—I feel *ashamed* of myself to think thet in all this time since I've been on the "Eastern Shore" I have not written you one line. I think it is almost too much to ask of you to forgive me; yet I *hope* that you *will*, and with that hope I will proceed to give you a description of my "field of labor."

I feel, Miss M., that in many respects I am peculiarly blessed; especially do I feel so when I read the letters of some of the other ex-students and students and compare my lot with theirs. The testimony of the student who is now teaching in Florida, not so very far from St. Augustine, struck me the most forcibly of any that I read in the *last Southern Workman*. The case of those poor people is to be pitied indeed. I can see those poor little children, in my mind's eye, sitting huddled around those two fires out doors, with bare feet and scanty clothing: 'tis a sad reality.

The people here are quite thrifty; the chief occupation is farming, and every family I know owns from one to three horses and two or three cows. In Accomac County there are not many who own land, they rent instead. In Northampton County there are more who own land and houses.

I have quite a pleasant boarding place; it is on a large farm quite pleasantly situated. I have a walk of only one-quarter of a mile. I have now fifty-six scholars on the roll, with an average daily attendance of 33.50, which is considered very good for this section, as usually the scholars, both boys and girls, have to leave school in the spring to work out or to help at home. I get along very well in my school, considering this is my first term, much better than I dared to hope—though I think the credit is due a great deal to the *Educational Journal* which I receive once a month through the kindness of the General. As soon as I found who had been so kind to me, I lost no time in sending Gen. A. my thanks, and since I have had more of a chance to find out the value of the book, I thank him again and again through you. The only thing I have of sufficient cause for complaint is the condition of the church. One would naturally suppose, from the condition of the people, that they could and would afford a *little* better church: it is the poorest church that I have seen on the "Eastern Shore." I can put the toe of my shoe in over so many of the cracks in the floor; and the church leaks some,—the best place I can stand when it rains is in the "northeast corner" of the pulpit.

When we met at Eastville, at Etta Stephens' boarding place, there was such a nice little party of Hampton students that it really seemed like a reviving peep into Hempton School "good times." Miss M., you can't imagine how "highly hope up" we were when Jimmie told us that L. and J. were coming to assist us at our concert. We rather doubted him, until he said, "Miss M. told me that they would start on the boat Friday morning." Then we said, "Oh! then they will be here, sure." Every one seemed to enjoy it very much, and they want us to repeat it right away. Some of the people amused me by asking if we were going to have anything to sell to eat. They thought it was a sort of fair, though when they found out what it was really they were very much pleased with it, and the first remarks that greeted our ears were, "When are you going to have that again?" "You ought to have that again right off." Though it is hardly worth while for me to give you such a lengthy description of our entertainment, for I know you have had a full account of it from L. and J.

I heard from W. last Saturday. He says he is getting along very well in his school. I heard also from M. and O.; they are in what you may call something like backwoods, if I can judge from their letters. Mr. C. came to see me one Sabbath not long ago. He is teaching at Drummondtown, as you know, which is twelve miles from me: he told me that he had an average attendance of "*only* seventy-five."

My school will close about the last of April or first of May, and I am trying to get up a school exhibition for the young people. The book which Miss H. sent me comes in just right for selecting pieces for speaking, but I would like some easy dialogues for the occasion, so I could not think of any better way than to apply to you, if it is not too much trouble to ask you to send me a few for boys and girls, or *any* that you can send with the least trouble, and I will be much obliged to you. Another thing I want to ask you about, Miss M., and that is the cost of the little Sunday-school papers that are printed at Hampton. I've spoken to the Supt. of our Sunday-school about having some papers, and he said he would like it, but before deciding he wants to know all the particulars, and if it would be cheaper for each pupil to get them in his or her own name, or how. But I thought I would get some from Hampton myself for the Sunday-school, since they need some help of the kind, and pay for them myself for the present; but you can, of course, tell me the particulars, that I may know what to tell him, and will you please send me a specimen copy?

I shall be at Hampton in May, if it is possible. My love to all. Tell Miss. H. I will write to her soon, and ask Miss L. if she would like to have me come and be one of her cooks again. Remember me to her "Toddles."

Your loving —— D.

C——, VA., *Jan.* 13*th*, 1878.

Gen: S. C. Armstrong — Dear Friend:

I am very glad to tell you of the reception of the Educational Journal and of the Southern Workman. I am very glad to get them, and I find the Journal to be quite a help to me. I shall be very glad to get the paper for the time mentioned. I have intended to send for it, but there has not been any money in the treasury, so I could not get it to send until now. I have a very good school now, and it would be much larger if I had room in my house for them, I shall be very glad to see Mr. Yancey get back to his work. There are a great many just at this time that could be in school now, that can't go after a while. I am much pleased to see that they are so very anxious to learn; I do not find much trouble in having them mind me. This is a dark corner, and there is much work to do here for some one. Their work for Sunday is drinking and gambling or hunting. I feel very sorry for them. I hope that tha time will come when my people will do right. They are all afraid of each other, and if one dies, all say he is "hurt;" "such and such a one has conjured them." I can't say that makes them die, but they do die very fast up here from some cause. I tell them I do not believe in such things, and that they can't do so and so, but I am afraid of them after all I say to them, but they don't know that I am. But there are some of them the white folks are afraid of, so I think I might watch them too. I am about sixteen miles from Sallie and Mr. I. I saw her just before Christmas. I am very glad to say that all appear to think a great deal of me, white and colored. You will please oblige me with the paper and Journal addressed as before.

I will close by saying I am always glad to hear from Hampton, it is so much like home to me I love it more and more.

I am ever, Yours obediently,

L.

FROM A FELLOW WORKER.

ENTERPRISE, MISS., *March* 28, 1878.

Dear Editor of the Southern Workman:

Having read so many letters from graduates and students of the Hampton Institute, I thought I might be permitted to give an account of my labor in this part of the world's wide field.

I have been teaching school in this State nearly three years. Not in regular succession, for our people here do not keep up a regular school. But that has been my work when I could get it to do. In most of the large cities and towns the colored people have had greater advantages of learning than in the interior of the country, as is the case nearly every where, I suppose. We have the privilege of a free public school every year, a period of four months, and most our people do greatly err in that they will not support a private school, and just wait for those four months of free school, which term begins the first of January of each year. Some of the people are poorly provided for with school-houses. Some without any doors or shutters to them and great holes and cracks through which you could put your head, and the floors miserably poor. I did all I could to induce them to fix up their school-houses comfortably so that the children will not suffer much from the cold, for some of them are very poorly clad indeed; it often makes the cold feeling come over me to see the destitution and suffering among our people. It has made me often sit and think over their cases, but as thinking alone would not suffice, I had to give them up into His hands who knows all our sorrows and cares, and even hears the raven when he cries. But I believe if our people would be less political and more seekers of home comfort, it would be far better for the whole population. As a natural thing we look for too much from abroad and do too little at home. I believe that politics has done what good it could, and again, I believe it has done a little harm too. Politics has caused many an innocent man to fall a victim to its insatiable adherents, and many lives were jeopardized which were entirely free from partyism. I hope I have not gone too far from my subject. I was writing about the colored people and their education, and of my labors among them as a school teacher. I often, as I read of progress in studies made by the Hampton students, wish that I was there to complete my education, I thirst for knowledge so much. But I am not able to attend school now, I have to work to support myself and mother who is well advanced in age. If you allow this to be published I will next time write something of my own life and adventures.

Yours,

A. B. COLMAN.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VII. HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1878. NO. 7.

GIVE THE OLD HORSE A BITE.

Southern Workman, by going east or west, or whether it be to build up educational institutions, or a literature, or even a political party. To say far in the future for me and my children, and in fact for the whole African race."

Dr Orcutt has received hundreds of letters from colored organizations, all making anxious

FORT SILL, I. T., *June 6th*, 1878.

Dear friend Etah-leah:

I received your letter, and was glad to hear from you. I have not yet

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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PREMIUM.

For one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece

---

THE Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Educational Association of Virginia will be held at Hampton, Va., from Tuesday, the 9th of July, to Friday, the 12th, 1878.

Col. William Allen, Principal of the McDonough Institute in Maryland, and the Rev. Frank C. Woodward, of Murfreesboro', N. C., will deliver addresses on the evenings of the 10th and 11th of July.

The President's Inaugural Address on the year's work in education in Virginia, will be delivered on opening the session of the Association, at eight o'clock, on the evening of July 9th.

There will be essays on a variety of topics, by the leading educators of the State.

Judging from the list of names, including professors from the University of Virginia and from the principal institutions, the occasion will be a brilliant one, and will fulfill the expectations of the friends of education in the State.

The use of the Chapel in Virginia Hall at the Hampton Institute has been tendered to the Association.

A report of the proceedings may be expected in our next issue.

THE EXODUS to Liberia has called out much hostile criticism. But with all the confused and erratic ideas that have characterized the movement, is there not a germ of possible power or good in it?

Discontented negro leaders may have inspired the movement, and led hundreds to sacrifice their all, to be finally and bitterly disappointed; but through this open door to Africa, there may pass those who will eventually take their places in the front rank of African civilizers.

We are told that not only fanatics guided by religious enthusiasm, but men of property and of the best standing among the colored people, have staked their all on Liberia. Such men will not be put down by the tronhics of the hour. The one great effort of the Anglo-Africans, and their friends, to found a Negro Republic will be encouraged if only one in ten of the emigrants shall successfully plant himself in that distant land. Progress is always through struggle and severe experience.

We are glad to see every legitimate effort of the colored man in his own behalf, whether it be to better his fortunes by going east or west, or whether it be to build up educational institutions, or a literature, or even a political party. To say to this race, "Lie down there; it is your place," would be to ask that they emasculate themselves. The country is strong enough to bear whatever blunders they shall make, and will in the future be far better off when the logic of experience, or in other words, the Providence of God, shall determine when and how they shall stand in all their relations. They will accept whatever limitations are inevitable, when they discover them to be inevitable.

"A fair field and no favor," for the negro as for all.

The success of Liberia would, more than anything else, give to the colored man everywhere a basis of self-respect, and assure the future of Africa. Liberia invites not so much the industrious freedman of America, who can make for himself here a comfortable home, as the ambitious young man of color, willing to do and endure for the sake of his race and for the sake of a social position in which his color shall not be a harrier to his comfort.

Africa itself furnishes the rank and file for good communities. A homogeneous class is needed there, rather than the heterogeneous set (owing to mixed blood) that America sends over. The antagonism between the colored and the black, conspicuous in Jamaica and elsewhere—and existing, but latent, in the United States, is one of the greatest dangers of the Liberian Republic. The "Norman" mixture and the pure negro blood, when relieved from the pressure of a common prejudice, such as exists in America, tend to a sharp division on the color line.

Liberia will, at any rate, illustrate the strong and the weak points of the negro race in the exercise of its unimpeded energies, and in the light of her experience we can better work for it in this country. A wreck that reveals a sunken rock may do greater service to commerce and to men than had she sailed safely to port.

There is no failure in any honest, well-directed effort. Disappointments strew the way to success.

The African race was created for an end; and every phase of its activity is interesting as bringing out its qualities, developing its power, and indicating its direction. It has originated so little for itself that while the remarkable movement in and towards Liberia should be criticized according to the facts as they appear, it should be regarded as most important to be carried to its logical results; as trial ground of a pure negro civilization.

WE copy from a New York paper the following account of the last Liberian party. We believe that the freedmen from the Middle and Northern States migrate in a more intelligent way than those from farther South, and that there is much hope for Liberia from the influx of colored men who have counted the cost, and who go to work for a negro nationality.

They may not see the fulfilment of their hopes, but "Civilization is the sum of the sacrifices of those who have gone before," and, if there is the spirit to make intelligent sacrifice, there will surely rise from the offering and suffering of pioneer generations, slowly but surely, an African Republic of untold importance to the welfare of that continent.

"OFF FOR LIBERIA.

SIXTY-NINE COLORED PERSONS CROSSING THE OCEAN FOR A NEW HOME.

The bark Liberia, Capt. Richardson, sailed June 19th with sixty-nine colored emigrants for Liberia. They were collected principally from North Carolina, Virginia, and Florida, under the supervision of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society. The expedition is under the supervision of the American Colonization Society. Dr. Orcutt, secretary of the society, took charge of the emigrants on their arrival in this city. They are to have twenty-five acres of land each in Liberia. This colony will settle in Brewerville, in the interior.

Among the cabin passengers was Prof. M. H. Freeman, a colored graduate of Middlebury College, Vermont, and late professor in the Avery College, Pennsylvania. He has been appointed to fill a professorship in the Liberian College. He said yesterday that his sole object in going to Liberia was to benefit his race. He encouraged all of his race to start for Liberia as soon as possible. "The problem of social equality in this country," he said, "is too far in the future for me and my children, and in fact for the whole African race."

Dr Orcutt has received hundreds of letters from colored organizations, all making anxious inquiries as to when and how they can get to Liberia.

An English company has proffered a loan of $1,000,000 to the Liberian Government, with the stipulation that it shall have a monopoly in her coffee exports. The bark Liberia brought, on her return trip, forty tons of coffee that sold in this city for $22,000."

SEVENTY young men and twenty-two young women remain at Hampton Institute this summer—a larger number than in any previous year—finding employment on the school farm, in the shops, knitting-room, laundry and at housework. An aspect of busy life prevails instead of the ordinary deserted look of a school in vacation time. This work on the place is eagerly sought. It is not, in all cases, as profitable as other labor might be to the various departments, but their resources are stretched to give employment as far as possible to the deserving and needy students, helping them to help themselves. The young people are under watchful care and supervision; the family life of the school is kept up, and regular Bible class instruction on Sundays. Among those who stay, are earnest Christian workers, and in a quiet way much good influence is exerted.

THE fifteen Indian students are of course among those who remain at Hampton through the summer. Many of our readers will look with interest for some news of them, and be glad to hear of their continued progress and content. Like the other students who remain, they work through the summer, chiefly on the farm, thus earning money for their clothing and support. They are allowed a day and a half in school each week, and thus, under a regular teacher, their instruction is kept up in the English language, with object lessons, and phonetic practice, writing, arithmetic and geography. They also meet for an hour every evening, from eight to nine, with a few of the other students, under the care of a teacher, for conversation, and games that are exercises in talking. This conversation class is thus far a great success, enjoyed by the Indians and the other students who take pleasure in helping them.

They also have their Sunday-school class, and a prayer-meeting in which most of them are very constant and devoted attendants. The devoutness of their simple prayers in Cheyenne and Kiowa cannot be doubted by a listener though understood only by the Great Spirit to whom they are addressed.

At their first meeting, a gentleman present spelled out the question with the card letters for one of the young men to answer: Why do you like to learn? Letter by letter the startlingly impressive answer followed—Because it makes me a man.

The Indians all seem to appreciate their advantages, and at least one of the number who chose to return to their wild woods is wishing himself back, it appears from the following letters, lately received by one of the class at Hampton. He is willing to give them to us to show to our friends, who will surely be interested in them.

FORT SILL, *May, 26th*, 1878.

Dear Etah-leah:

I have got Mr. Fox to write for me. Eleven days after I left you we got home to Fort Sill. Our people were all glad to see us, and when we told them you were going to school to learn more, they were glad again.

I am tired of this place here, and wish I were back with you at school. I don't like it and if I get a chance to go away to school I am go-ing.

I am going to stick to my clothes and what I know about the white man's way, but when my pantaloons and coat wear out I don't know where I shall get any more.

Mr. Fox says the agent will give me new ones.

I have been working in a corn-field here a little, but I have nothing to do now.

I wish I were with you, then I would be happy.

Write to me soon. Mr. Fox will read all your letters and write for me. Give my love to all the Kiowas.

From your friend,

AW-LIH.

FORT SILL, I. T., *June 6th*, 1878.

Dear friend Etah-leah:

I received your letter, and was glad to hear from you. I have not yet gotten into any steady work. The Kiowas are going out to make medicine in ten day from now.

I am still on the good road. I wear my clothes just the same and I use no paint, and I always want to live like a good white man. There are only about half the Indians going out to make medicine, the rest will stay by the agency and watch the corn. Anything you tell me to do I will do it, and will tell the Kiowas anything you say. All the young men want me to join the Kiowa soldiers, but I tell them no, I don't want to go with them.

Etah-leah, study hard, and work, and learn the good road and then come back. I want you and the rest of the young men.

From your good friend,

AW-LIH.

Write soon. Give my love to all the boys.

POLITICAL BANKRUPTCY.

Shrinkage, and a general reduction of money values is not confined to business affairs only, at the present time. Political affairs are in the same unfortunate way. There is no fanciful analogy between political and business affairs, in popular estimation. "Political capital" is a phrase as current as banking capital. Originally it was strictly confined to trading, and corner grocery statesmanship. But the rapid growth of this order of statesmen, together with the extinction of the other and better orders, make it a just and appropriate term.

Honesty, Fidelity, Intelligence, are useful in business. So they are useful in politics. However, they do not always supply the want of cash capital in trade, nor do they, at present, supply the want of capital in politics.

Money, or its equivalent in values, is important in one. Platforms, blunders, and catch words, are quite as important in the other. Without intending it, the people generally have infused into public affairs all the worst, and few of the best, customs and usages of business. The great parties which have so long and powerfully swayed the fortunes of the Republic, seem, just now, to have used up their assets, graded down the quality of their wares, disgusted their customers, and are dependent for existence upon "points," after the manner of the curb stone brokers of Wall street. It is, indeed, a hard matter for a man who has been in only one kind of business, during the best years of his life, to be suddenly required to change it. It is equally hard for a man who has taken his living out of political business, during the best part of his life, to be called on suddenly to retire, and resort to some new and laborious way of support. He will make many forcible arguments to show that he is still needed, and he will convince many that he share in official life is indispensable to the safety of the Republic. But the argument is gradually losing its force. Times are changing. The laws of nature and human nature are stronger than the laws of men. In the gradual growth of ideas the time has come for the great parties to appear before the unseen Court, and pass into the invisible hands of the Registers in Bankruptcy. They must tell off their debts and credits; make out just inventories, and take discharges. It is the logic of events, and it need not be regretted. The change will be for the better. In times past, the clear eye of judgment in political matters has been closed by the steam and smoke of burning passions. Even in New England most respectable Whigs refused to have intercourse with most respectable Democrats. Every man of one party looked upon every man of the other party as an enemy of God and man. But feeling and prejudice are now passing away, and hereafter the asperities of elective campaigns, like that of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," cannot be revived. The rigidity of party lines is softening. Parties there will be, but for single and distinct issues only, and men will vote together or oppositely, as each issue presents itself. The outlook is good, because political bigotry is dwarfing itself.

After the *debris* of political bankruptcy is cleared away, we shall have a tolerable state of things for some time to come.

W. N. A.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

IN the deaths within so short a period, of William Cullen Bryant, America's most

be purchased of other parties, (at an average cost of ten or eleven dollars per suit). It is therefore requested that parents, instead of purchasing suits for their

she was detained until the peril was over.

The best tribute that can be paid to her memory was that paid by Rev. Mr. Garnett last evening in a private conversation after the service: "During twenty-five years as Matron

which give us three good cuttings each week. My first cutting this season was April 21. The bed was subsoiled about eighteen inches deep, and made very rich before the plants were set. I have seven grape vines on this piece of

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

In the deaths within so short a period, of William Cullen Bryant, America's most honored poet, and Professor Henry, her greatest scientist, there are striking points of resemblance. Both have gone down to the grave in green and beautiful old age, like "shocks of corn fully ripe." Their long lives have been singularly peaceful. They have been men whom their country has delighted to honor. They have not had to wait till death as many do, for fame's tardy justice, but after many years enjoyment of the sweets of success and appreciation, they have gone—with a common faith in God, a common hope of immortality—

"As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

Some account of Professor Henry's eminent services to science were given in the March number of the Workman, with a description of the Smithsonian Institute. In a letter published since his death, he puts on record his opinion that there is no conflict between science and religion, God's truth is one in his Bible and in his book of Nature.

Unlike Professor Henry, Bryant was born to all the advantages of early and liberal culture, and prosperous surroundings. He was educated at Williams College, though he left it before graduating to enter the profession of law. His literary tastes led him away from law to journalism, and for over fifty years he was editor, for many of them proprietor also, of the New York Evening Post, in both the literary and pecuniary point of view, one of the most successful of New York journals, a leading Republican paper during the war, and ever since maintaining its character of independent patriotism and literary ability.

It gave him golden ease, and freedom for the poetic expression in which his fame will longest live.

He is the true poet of nature. From that wonderful boy poem of Thanatopsis —a Meditation on Death—written in his eighteenth year, to the tranquil backward look on "The Flood of Years," at eighty-two, his verse is full of

"The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God."

At eighteen he saw

"The hills
Rock ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
But solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

His lines "To a Waterfowl," "Inscription for the Entrance to a wood," "Forest Hymn," "A Winter Piece," and "Monument Mountain" are among many beautiful and faithful pictures of nature from his pencil. At eighty-two he looked with genial eye about him in the delightful home of his old age—Cedarmere—

"On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungathered;
Children fill the groves with the echo of their glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside them
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black walnut tree."

Mr. Bryant died from congestion of the brain, after standing exposed to the sun in Central Park, New York, to speak at the unveiling of a statue of Mazzini the great Italian statesman and reformer. Even in his sudden death, spared the slow and painful decline of sickness or age, two wishes of his heart were granted.

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich green mountain turf should break."

"Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
With delight on Nature, or hope on humankind;
Oh may those that whiten my temple as they pass me,
Leave the heart unfrozen and the cheerful mind."

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Institute, it was decided that as soon as practicable, the male students should be uniformed; and a plain sack coat, and pantaloons of bluish-gray cloth, with cap of the same, have been selected as the uniform. Arrangements are now in progress whereby those articles will be furnished here at less price than they, or other goods of same quality, can be purchased of other parties, (at an average cost of ten or eleven dollars per suit). It is therefore requested that parents, instead of purchasing suits for their sons before sending them from home, allow them to purchase uniforms after their arrival at the Institute, as it is desired that *all* should be in uniform by January 1, 1879. After being once supplied with uniform, the student will be required to wear it on all occasions, except when at work in shops or on the farm.

The attention of Hampton graduates is called to the letter to the Alumni Association from Ackrel E. White. And their missionary brother is assured that he was not forgotten on that occasion.

The series of articles on "Rights and Duties of Citizens" is interrupted this month by the absence of the author, but will be continued in the next number.

Died, of consumption, on Friday, June 14th, at his home in Harrisonburg, Va., Albert Jones, of the class of 1877, aged 19 years. His death will be sincerely mourned by his schoolmates and teachers. A young man of more than ordinary promise, bright in his studies, amiable and genial in disposition, he was generally beloved. Converted while a member of the Normal School, he united with Bethesda Chapel, and the gradual decline of his young life since then has been bright with increasing peace. Our sincere sympathy is with his mourning mother, who writes, "His death was beautiful and peaceful. He looked in my face, smiled and kissed me, and said, 'Mother, I am going to be with Jesus and our loved ones.' He longed for rest and to be at home."

We gladly publish the following testimonial to one of our faithful young teachers who is paying her own way through school and will return to graduate with the class of '79.

Beulahville, King William Co., Va., *June 7*, 1878.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong, *Dear Sir:*

We highly congratulate you for sending us such a good and kind teacher. All the parents of the scholars, and the scholars think so much of her, and I think, for the time that she has had, the children have advanced more this term than they have for several years, and I am in hopes she will remain with us another session. I believe she is and has been satisfied with us. I hope you will not think that I was not going to write and tell you how well she has done, for I was waiting to hear what the majority of the people had to say about her, and have heard from all around; they all like her wonderfully well. Miss Rebecca has had as high as sixty-seven scholars, and I believe she did her duty to all.

Sir, I think all the teachers from your school have the praise of being good teachers.

Respectfully yours, &c.,
Gloucester Jones.

EMINENT COLORED PEOPLE.

A COLORED WOMAN'S CAREER.

Memorial services were held at Shiloh church, in New York city, on June 16th, in recognition of the life and services of Mrs. Adelaide Butler, for twenty-five years Matron of the Colored Orphan Asylum in this city. The career of Mrs. Butler, whose funeral took place at the Orphan Asylum one week ago yesterday, and who is buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, reeals the old anti-slavery days, and an episode in the New York riots. Her birth-place was the State of Virginia, nobody knows exactly where, for colored people who came North in those times were very particular in concealing their antecedents. As she was 55 years old when she died, had been employed at the Orphan Asylum twenty-five years, and previous to that had lived a few miles out of Philadelphia in an obscure village for some time, she must have been about twenty-five years old when she took passage for the North, and left her former identity behind her. At the Asylum her devotion to the children was almost maternal; widowed and childless herself, the lastinct of motherhood expended itself in devotion to the motherless waifs under her charge. During the riots she shielded them from the fury of the mob that threatened to kill her, and would have accomplished the purpose had not a Police Captain smuggled her away to the station-house, where she was detained until the peril was over.

The best tributs that can be paid to her memory was that paid by Rev. Mr. Garnett last evening in a private conversation after the service: "During twenty-five years as Matron of the Asylum, her superiors never once had to suggest to Mrs. Butler the performance of any duty devolving upon her;" and her genial face, and pleasant motherly, sympathizing manner will long be remembered by the poor children at the institution. In the crisis of the riots her heroic qualities came out, and it was her presence of mind and decisive courage that prevented a panic, saved the orphans under her charge, and averted a series of cowardly murders. As it was, the mob did pretty rough work, but it would have been rougher still had a less stroag spirit been at the helm. The Asylum was on fire, the surging mob howling for victims. Capt. J. W. Hartt, of the Police, did what he could, but that was very little, with the force at his command. The same Captain attended the funeral and recited a poem in memoriam.

Mrs. Butler's death-bed scene was a solemn and pathetic one. To the last, until her voice grew so faint that its accents could not be caught, she hummed the words of a familiar hymn:

"That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small
Of every tribe and nation."

"She fell asleep singing that verse like a lullaby, said Rev. Mr. Garnett.

—*N. Y. Times of June 15th.*

A temperance meeting was held on board the U. S. receiving-ship Franklin, at Norfolk, on Sunday, June 24d, by the Christian Temperance Union, by request of Capt. T. H. Gilhis, commander. At the close of the service, the Captain made some earnest remarks to his crew, arging them to sign the pledge, which forty of them—sailors and mariners—did, the Captain, and officers, and the ladies of their families setting the example. More such captains are wanted.

The annual examination of the North St. public graded school of Norfolk, five of whose teachers are Hampton graduates, was held on June 24, and is reported very favorably in the Norfolk Landmark. General Page, superintendeut of schools, made an address of encouragement and congratulation to the school and its teachers, and presided at a spelling match between the different classes, in which the girls were victors.

Rev. Wm. B. Derrick, a presiding elder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, visited Hampton Iastitute, June 20th. The school of course was not in session, but, introducing himself to the treasurer, he made a careful examination of the industries still in active operation, and careful inquiries into the methods and course of instruction. He expressed himself emphatically pleased with all he saw and learned, and said, "All good work meets some opposers, but Hampton's best monument is her graduates. I notice them wherever I travel, for their refinement, intelligence and desire to do good. They are doing great good."

Agricultural.

POSSIBILITIES OF A PENT-UP GARDEN.

[We extract the following from the *Weekly Tribune*, showing what satisfactory results may be obtained by the *proper* cultivation of a small piece of ground. If some of the former students of the Normal School have the opportunity and disposition, they might take as a guide, this record of what we believe to be an exceptional case, but one within reach of many persons if they do not lack the will. It would give us great pleasure to publish a similar account from any former student of the School. Of course it is not imperative that all or even any of the varieties of fruit named, should be cultivated. More space might be given to vegetables if preferred. It should be borne in mind that an acre *properly* tilled, will produce more and better crops than three acres slovenly cultivated. ED.]

"*Addison Co., Vt.*

"My garden is 30x80 feet in size, situated the south side of my house, made rich by deep and thorough tillage, and furnishes a family of four adults abundantly with vegetables and fruits in their season. It is laid out and cultivated as follows: Next the house is a border about four feet wide for grapes, with a walk three feet wide made of coal ashes exteading the whole leagth of the border. Almost all of my fruit, asparagus, etc., I put in four years ago this Spring. The asparagus bed is 5x20 feet, coataining 100 Conover's Colossal plants, which give us three good cuttings each week. My first cutting this season was April 21. The bed was subsoiled about eighteen inches deep, and made very rich before the plants were set. I have seven grape vines on this piece of ground, from which I gathered last season over fifty pounds of choice fruit. The varieties are Rogers's Hybrids, Delaware, Walter and Israella. I have two varieties of strawberries, about seventy-five plants of each—the Nicanor for early, and Chas. Downing for later. If space is very limited I deem these two varieties as desirable as any in market. (My soil is heavy loam.)

I formerly cultivated two varieties of raspberries, Brinckle's Orange, and Knevet's Giant, but the former not proving hardy enough for this climate I have discarded it and now cultivate but one variety, the Giant, which is semi-hardy, needing with us hut slight winter protection. My bed is some 3½ feet wide and about 25 feet long with stakes and slats on each side. I cultivate them thoroughly and they furnish us all the berries we want in their season. I have niue currant bushes (White Grape, and Versellaise) set hy the walk, where they receive thorough cultivation. Last season they were loaded with fruit, the White Grape currant being almost as large as the Delaware grape, and of most delicious flavor. For over one month we had this fruit on the table almost every day. The only enemy to fight is the worms. At their first appearance I give them a good dose of hellebore and in about two weeks after, another dose, and that is the last of them. On this ground I have set, in a location where they will not shade the garden much, two apples (Primate and Tetofsky), two pears (Flemish Beauty and Clapp's Favorite), two plums (Green Gage and Lombard). Pieplants furnish us an abundance.

I raised last season over two bushels Early Hill onions. Between the rows of onions I set White Swedish turnips. After the onions were gathered, the turnips grew to be long, furnishing over five bushels for Fall and Winter use. One bed of Bassano beets furnished an abundance of greens when thining out, and as they grew we pulled the largest for Summer use. I also raised a row of carrots and parsnips, and a row of striug heans, and half-a-dozen early cabbages, and some seventy-five heads of lettuce (in different spaces,) of the Hanson and Improved Coss varieties, giving us an abundance of large crispy heads. I planted some twenty-five hills of Early Rose potatoes, which ripened early, when new potatoes command high prices—next to them my early peas. After the potatoes and peas were out of the way. I set 100 plants of celery, which grew to perfection. Near the walks and in the grape border I set fifteen tomato plsats, which furnished us all we wanted, and some for our neighbors. Two hills of melons started under glass gave us some twenty good melons, and greea ones for mangoes. Two bills of early, and two late cucumbers furnished us about all we wanted of that vegetable; thirty hills Early Minnesota sweet corn gave us an abundance of early corn. I also raised what we wished of sage, parsley, peppers, and summer savory.

So much for the useful: now for the ornamental. On the trout of this ground my wife has a little floral department about twenty feet square, laid out into four corner beds with a diamond shape centre bed, in the middle of which is an ornamental design, sustaining a Chinese Wistaria on one side, and a yellow Persian rose bush some seven feet high, on the other side—when in bloom a perfect mass of double golden flowers. These beds contain several choice perennials, also early and late tulips, and at this writing are gay with flowers. A few profuse blooming annuals are set each Spring, such as asters, phlox, stocks, balsams, etc., so that this little piece is covered with flowers from now until Autumn. Over the walk separating the floral from the vegetable, is an arched frame, on one side a Queen of the Prairie rose, on the other side a coral honeysuckle. These two climbers produce hundreds of flowers during the season."

MARKET REPORT.

Flour—Fine, $3.75; superfine, $4.50, $4.75; extra, $5, $5.25; family, (ordinary quality,) $5.75.
Corn Meal—per 100 pounds, $1.05 @ $1.10; Brownstuff, $20 per ton; Bran, $20. Corn—white, 54, yellow, 47c per bushel.
Oats—fair to good 29 @ 30c; prime, 32 @ 33c.
Peas—Black-eyed, $1.25 @ $1.50.
Hay—Virginia timothy, 75 @ 85c.; clover, 65 @ 75c.
Butter—Fine Western, 12 @ 15c.; medium, 9 @ 11c.; common, 6 @ 8c.
Potatoes—75c. @ $1.25, per bbl., according to quality; Sweet, 80c @ $1 per bushel.
Eggs—14 @ 15c. per dozen.
Onions—25 @ 40c per bushel. Sumac, 75c. @ $1.25.
Bacon—shoulders, 5 @ 5½c., clear rib sides 6 @ 6½; breasts, 7½; Hams, 10 @ 11c.
Rice—good to prime Carolina, 7¼ @ 7¾c.
Fish—Herrings, North Carolina No. 1 cut, $3.75 @ $4.50; North Carolina gross, $3 @ $3.50; Eastern gross, $2.25 @ $2.50; North Carolina roe, $4 @ $4.50, per half bbl. Mackerel—No. 1 Bay, $16 @ $17; No. 3 in bbls. $9.50 @ $10; No. 3, $6 @ $6.50; No. 1, in kits, $2.50; No. 2, $2; No. 3, $1.50. Mess shad—in kits, $3.
Molasses—Commoo syrup, 28c.; golden syrup, 50 @ 55c.; New Orleans, 40 @ 55c.; per gallon.
Soap—Common, 6 @ 7c.; best washing, 8 @ 9c.; country, 4 @ 5c.
Lime—Agricultural, 10c.; per bushel, 50 @ 55; Virginia, Indian Rock, $1.10; Rockland, $1.10 @ $1.25.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

METHODS OF EDUCATION.

they have all kinds of things to sell to keep away sickness and to give good luck. They want you to buy them £40 (English) or $192.

but I was not able to do so. I suppose it was not second to any, save that of '75, when the *Bloods* graduated and made such a dust around

would tell you and there would be no doubt that he would be supplied.

Both classes here seem to get along admira-

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

NATIVE AFRICAN METHODS OF EDUCATION,—PURROO AND BUNDOO,—THE PRICE OF A WIFE,—THE HOPE OF AFRICA,—STATISTICS OF PROGRESS,—MORNING INSPECTION AND A READING ROOM,—FINDING A MOTHER.

We warmly second the appeal which our missionary graduate makes in his very interesting letters just received and given below, in behalf of the young man who seems to have been committed by God to his care, and whom he earnestly desires to send to Hampton, hoping what he can of his expenses. Those who have read Mr. White's former letters will remember the sailor who was converted by his efforts, on board the *Jasper*, and his younger brother, who attached himself to Mr. White, following him on shore and begging for his instruction. The boy is from the island of Jamaica. Hampton has just graduated one young native of that island who has devoted himself in purpose to the missionary work in Africa. There is plenty of room for another to be trained for some good work, and we heartily hope that the way may be opened to him. The cost of his passage here, we estimate as from seventy-five to eighty dollars. Is there any one willing and able to respond to the appeal, or to contribute to a response?

SHEBRO ISLAND, W. AFRICA, *April* 27, '78.

Dear Teacher:—

The young man whom I mentioned in my last letter to you is still with me. I want to send him to Hampton; he is a dear boy and I want him educated at my old home, Hampton. If I can get him there, there is no doubt about his fee. I am not able to send him there and pay for his schooling too; I could pay for him after I have gotten him there. I would like to send him in time to begin school at the opening of the fall term in 1878. Please ask Gen A. if he can have a place in school there and if he will try and get some one to help me send him.

I am spending a short time with Bro Gorner at the Shangey Mission, which is about sixty miles from Good Hope. I shall go home some time next week.

We had a very nice time on the 3d of April. I closed my school for a ten days' vacation, and called all the friends of the school together and had them put in what they could to make a dinner for the school. I kept school till 1 o'clock, and then marched the children (both day and S. S.) to the Mission house where they were getting the dinner ready. Bro. Snelson then marched them through the town of Bonthe, and you can imagine the excitement; all the people said they had never seen anything of the kind before. At night I had about twenty-five of my school to speak pieces and they all did well; all the people who were there seemed to be well pleased with what they saw, yet it was all new to them. When I opened school on the 15th, some came and brought their children who had never been sent before. I have on roll about 140 now.

GOOD HOPE STATION,
MENDI MISSION, WEST AFRICA,
May 4, 1878.

Miss M., My dear Teacher:—

I told R. to tell you that you should be the next person at Hampton to whom I should write. And to-day I find myself seated at my little table trying to fulfil my promise. I wanted to write you some time ago, but I had the rheumatism in my right arm so badly that I was unable to write at all; and now I have a large rising under my right arm. I am ashamed to send you thanks for your picture which was forwarded from New York here, but you know that I was glad to receive it.

I have just returned from the Shangey Mission where I have been for near two weeks (this mission is carried on by the United Brethren of Ohio). The brother there sent for me to come and spend some time with him, and to give him some advice in regard to his work while I was there. This mission is on the main land, and one can see more of the habits of the people than he can here. When their children have gotten up to be two or three years old they send them to the bush, called the Purroo and Bundoo. The Purroo is the place where they send the boys, and the Bundoo where they send the girls. They keep them there for a good many years, and cut on their backs the shape of a hamper basket, and teach them the use of the country medicines and the way of worshiping the heathen's gods, and all of the heathen's habits. If a man wants to marry, he can go to the Bandoo hush and pay eight pieces of cloth, of two yards each, and take any girl he wants. After these boys have spent all the time which the chief says they must spend in the bush, they come out and go to whatever trade they have learned. Some are doctors, others teachers, and some are farmers. The doctors go around with their medicine and sell it at a very high price, and when they attend the sick they carry a board about one foot long and nine inches wide, with a bottle of ink and brush. On this board they write, and then wash the ink off and give it to the sick to drink. Then they have all kinds of things to sell to keep away sickness and to give good luck. They went you to pay them £40 (English) or $192. These children are taught all kinds of vice, and they think it is right—such things as lying and stealing. They are very easy to teach, and they put a great deal of faith in the person who is an educated man; he spent eight years in the high school of England. When you find one of the heathen educated, he is ten times worse than an uneducated one. This man was taken up and sent to England and educated there. If he had been trained under some good missionary, he might have been of some use to the country.

Well, apart from this, I guess you have heard of our party since we have been over here. We have been getting on very well except some fever, and now Miss Wyche (the young lady who came with us) is very ill indeed; the doctor says that there is no hopes of her, yet I hope she will be better soon. On account of her sickness, and the excitement caused by it, I shall not be able to write you such a letter as I wish. Since I have been writing it was thought that she was leaving us, but she is still here, and I hope will be for a long time to come. The mail goes at 4 P. M., and I must haste to send this.

I guess by the time you get this you will be quite busy getting ready for the Commencement. I am happy to say that I have had my *commencement*, and a FINE one too, and have started school again. I closed on the 3d of April and had ten days' vacation, and commenced school again. But now I have given the school to Mr. Miller, one of the new comers, and I have taken other work. We had an examination and all the people seem to be pleased. We had, also, pieces recited on the stage, and a dinner for the children and the friends of the school. The people said that they never saw anything of the kind in Africa before. I think now we have about 140 pupils that are coming. We don't have that many any one day, but they are in attendance. I dropped a good many from the roll last month, those who did not come regularly. I have some fine boys in school and one whom I want to send to Hampton next fall if I can get a place there for him and get some one to help me pay for his board. Please ask the General if he can have a place there. He is the boy who has been with me since I have been here, and I have taken him and want to do all I can to educate him.

I hope you will send me a few words before you leave Hampton, for a letter from it always makes me happy to think that I am not forgotten by my old friends. Please remember me kindly to all the teachers and scholars, also my brother and G. Tell them that I hope they will soon join me here as missionaries. I am sorry that my mind has been so upset. I had a good many things to tell you of which I have forgotten on account of the excitement. But after you have written I hope to write a better letter.

Remember me kindly to Mr. Howe, and tell him that I need old Polly (one of the farm mules) and a good plow, and he may express them as soon as he can.

As ever,
Your boy,
A. E. WHITE, Missionary.

FROM a still later letter just received we make the following interesting extracts.

May 9, 1878

Miss H., My dear Friend:—

Last Sunday was the happiest day I have seen for many. We had thirteen new members to unite with the church,—twelve on profession and one who once was a member, and was shut out when the church was closed, came back and united the second time. And of this number, six were members of my Bible Class. Four were my best boys, as I call them, and two I owe as the fruits of my own labor. The young man whom I wrote you about when I wrote before was one. He has been trying ever since his brother became a Christian on the ship, and at last has made up his mind to follow Christ. You can imagine how I felt to see all these, my boys, standing up acknowledging Christ to be their Saviour. There was another of my class to unite with us, but he was sick and could not. I hope he will be able by the next Communion day. Now I ask the prayers of you and all my Christian friends that these young people may prove to be what they profess to be, followers of Christ. I saw in the *Missionary* for last month that a good many of the students at H. united with the church. I do hope out of the number that —— —— was one.

Remember me to the Generals and all the teachers, also to Mr. and Mrs. D. Much love to all the scholars, and a strong desire for their prayers. I do hope I am not being forgotten by my Hampton friends.

As ever, Your boy,
A. E. WHITE.

Hampton's graduates are her living epistles known and read of all men, and the only answer she cares much about making to attacks upon her motives and methods. The following hearty words are dictated by the filial impulse of one of these graduates who thinks that a "living epistle" is at liberty to speak for himself.

VA. *May* 30, 1878

Dear Teacher:—I wanted to attend the Commencement and Teachers' Institute very much, but I was not able to do so. I suppose it was not second to any, save that of '75, when the *Bloods* graduated and made such a dust around those blackboards, working Algebra, &c., &c. I guess you well remember what a dash they cut on that occasion.

From what one Dr. Turner says in the Christian Recorder one who knew nothing of Hampton and its teachings would be apt to think you have a class of perfect know-nothings this term, and that the teachers know but little, if any, more than the scholars. But they would be likely to think you know a great deal about house-keeping and how to treat *white* visitors with more politeness than *colored* ones.

It is true, nevertheless, we graduates of Hampton do not know *it all*, nor do we profess to, but we stand as fair with the school officials of Virginia and other States as the majority of graduates do from the other schools which Dr. Turner named; and I guess the school officials of this State are as capable of judging in this respect as Dr. Turner is. It is not hard for one who knows anything about Hampton and its teachings to see that prejudice is the foundation of most of the objections that are made to it. If Dr. Turner, or some other prominent colored man that knows *it all*, were in General Armstrong's place, and the other places filled by colored teachers—the farm converted into a play ground, the Wash and Industrial rooms into a Drawing-room to entertain visitors—especially colored—when they come, and if the graduates were one-horse preachers going about trying to blow the A. M. E.'s and Baptist's trumpet, begging money for Bishops, &c., &c., (imposing upon the poor, ignorant and hard-working people who need more than they make to keep them and their families from suffering) —Hampton would be considered the greatest place on earth.

Of course Hampton and its graduates have their faults, but show me the one that is without faults, and let the institution that is without first cast a stone at Hampton. I know nothing about Dr Turner and how he was treated at Hampton, but if what he says is true, a mighty change has taken place since I left.

I taught seven months this term and gave general satisfaction. I shall leave here for home in a few days. Please remember me kindly to Miss L. and all the teachers with whom I am acquainted.

Wishing you much pleasure and recreation during vacation, I am as ever,

Your friend and old scholar, I.

The following wide-awake letter gives some valuable statistics of the progress of the freedmen in tidewater Virginia. It suggests the greater progress there might be with more widely spread knowledge of agriculture. An intelligent man with ten acres of land could, by experiments with different kinds of fertilizers that would cost him next to nothing more than perhaps fifteen minutes' extra work a day, while putting in his crops, make discoveries as to the character and requirements of his land that would double its value to himself and be a lesson to the whole country.

VA., *March* 18, 1878.

Dear Teacher:—As it is about time for the boys to be on the lookout, I thought I would write and ask you what they are doing for themselves—I mean in the way of getting work for the summer. I like my new work very much, better than I thought I should. My number on roll is 79, but my attendance has never been over 42.45. I began to teach last fall, not because I thought I would like it, but it was a duty I thought I owed to the institution for having received a free education. I gradually grew to like the work and now I think I love it, as one of the ladies has often said to me when I would speak of not wanting to become a teacher, "When you get into the work you will gradually grow to love it." I believe most of the people in the neighborhood like me, both white and colored. I think there are few who don't. Since I have been here I have been around a great deal and talked a good deal about agriculture. I have not had what you could call a lecture, or talk, but I have given them hints whenever I had a chance to meet them. Some have promised to put my hints into practice. I have also had conversation with one or two white persons. One man told me he was going to sink a barrel and save all manure. He knew nothing of its value until I made mention of it to him. I spoke to a man about the leeching of his manure, and on looking at the heap a few days after, I found he had put a thick coat of dust over it.

Mr. West, the Supt. of Norfolk Co., visited my school soon after the holidays; he gave the school a little talk; he seemed pleased. When I went a few days ago to get some report blanks, he said, "C., you are on your last month, and if you can't do any better next year you may have your school or some other school in the county." Said he "If you can do any better, do it. I always like to see a man get as high as he can." He spoke of all our graduates teaching under him as giving much satisfaction, calling them by name. He said he wanted four graduates next fall, and asked me if I would get them. I told him I would tell you and there would be no doubt that he would be supplied.

Both classes here seem to get along admirably well together. The chief place of rendezvous is at the stores, where they drink and smoke, and talk over matters pertaining to their crops and various parts of the Scriptures. Politics and the questions of the day they know nothing of; but both white and colored have a merry time at their loggin's and corn beatings. A few of the colored people own a little land; those who don't own much land tend other land than their own on shares.

Please accept my thanks for the papers you have sent me from time to time; also the Journal which is of great use to me. There is a young man here—I think him quite bright—who is desirous of getting an education. Though he has lost two fingers of his left hand, he does most anything in the way of work. He is a good farm hand. He says he is willing to work out a year; he has work until July, then he would like to go to Hampton. I have inquired among the neighbors about him and they give him a good name.

In going through the country I have noticed this: In a square of eight by five miles there are 230 families; 108 are colored. There are nine churches, five are colored; seven school-houses, three are colored. The white churches are very much better than the colored, the school-houses are about the same. Forty-eight whites live on rented land; twenty-six colored live on their own land. There may be a few families who live a good distance from the road that I failed to count, but this is pretty nearly correct. I have been around the four sides and through a great many of the by-paths across the swamps and woods.

Gratefully yours, C.

From West Virginia comes a cheerful report. To introduce military inspection and a reading room in a public district school shows enterprise and progress, and an encouraging appreciation of some of the best lessons Hampton aims to give of the value of training outside of text-books.

W. VA., *March* 26, '77,

Dear Teacher:—I am very grateful to you for those books you sent me. I would have sent you the enclosed fifty cents, but I thought probably you might send me the other two in a day or two, so I waited for them. My scholars think them splendid and are making fine progress in them. I have a much larger school this year. I like teaching more and more every day. I have over 60 scholars. I have been teaching Algebra ever since my school began, but I must say I never understood Algebra till I began to teach it this year. I have only one scholar studying it and I think he is excellent in it. I enjoy teaching now as I never did before. My scholars all seem anxious to learn, and this gives me pleasure and patience to labor with them. I require all to keep their clothes neat and clean, and their hair combed every morning, and the boys to keep their boots cleaned. To see that this is done I have a morning inspection, as we did at Hampton. I have now a news table where I keep all the fresh papers and magazines that I can get for the children to read, so that they will know what is going on in the outside world. They take great delight in this. If you could send me any newspapers from there that are not used, and will let me know, I will send the money to pay the postage on them. I know you have heard very little of me at H. this year, but it is only because I have been so busy with my school.

Yours faithfully, W.

The thrilling experience narrated below is one of the dramatic incidents which abound in the history of the freedmen and will make it a rich resource for the poets and novelists of the future.

MD., *May* 20, '78.

Miss E., Dear Teacher:—

Please accept my sincere thanks. Let me assure you that I derive a great deal of good from the papers myself, and in my turn delight others with them. The fame—miniaturely speaking—of "Mr. ——'s pieton papers" has no small extent, and is not a matter of infrequent gossip among the illiterate, which class forms more than two-thirds of the residents in this district.

I'm expecting to have a school exhibition on a small scale on the 30th of this month. "Old Iron Sides," the dialogue commencing "In Brentford town of old renown," "Old Grimes," "Freedom's Flag," "The Last Leaf," and several other pieces, with six pieces of humor by myself.

Since I've been here I've met with the good fortune to find my mother whom I supposed was dead or in some secluded part of the country where neither I, my name, nor any tidings of me would ever reach her. She is living with my eldest brother, who is now twenty-four years of age, in Brunswick Co., N. C., just five miles from Wilmington. I left my mother when I was seven years old

and have not seen her since, so, you see, we are real strangers; though I think I distinctly remember her features and believe that I would be able to point her out among a thousand others. I have heard from her, and written her several letters. I wish very much to see her, and she wishes as much to see me, but I shall not be able to go to Wilmington, as I now see my situation pecuniarily, until July, 1870, if I should live. I want to teach all next fall, winter and spring if I'm able, and go to see mother in the summer. The school term here is ten months, from the first of September to June 80th. At the close of the session I shall not be able go. Through my correspondence with a Wilmington friend this winter, I learned that he had seen a young man who so much resembled me that he made inquiries which led to the discovery of my mother. The young man turned out to be my younger brother Eli who is two years my junior.'

I hope you are having a pleasant time with your scholars, and have none in your Algebra class as troublesome as I was to you. I wish to be prayerfully remembered by you and the other teachers.

Your ex-pupil, M.

At Home.

RULES FOR MARKETING.

FROM MISS JULIET CORSON'S "FIFTEEN-CENT DINNERS."

In my other cookery books, I give directions for marketing for the best cut of meat, and the choicest vegetables; but these cost the most money, and I must tell you how to choose cheap and good food.

Beef.—The second quality of beef has rather whitish fat, laid moderately thick upon the back, and about the kidneys; the flesh is close-grained, having but few streaks of fat running through it, and is of a pale red color, and covered with a rough, yellowish skin. Poor beef is dark red, gristly, and tough to the touch, with a scanty layer of soft, oily fat. Buy meat as cheap as you can, but be sure it is fresh; slow and long cooking will make tough meat tender, but tainted meat is only fit to throw away. Never use it. You would by doing so invite disease to enter the home where smiling health should reign. The best way to detect taint in any kind of meat is to run a sharp, thin knife-blade close to the bone, and then smell it to see if the odor is sweet. Wipe the knife after you use it. A small, sharp wooden skewer will answer, but it must be scraped every time it is used. If, when you are doubtful about a piece of meat, the butcher refuses to let you apply this test care fully enough to avoid injuring the meat, you will be safe in thinking he is afraid of the result.

Fish.—Although fish contains more water and less nutriment than meat, it is generally useful from its abundance and cheapness; and certain kinds that are called red blooded, such as salmon and sturgeon, are nearly as nourishing as fresh meat: oily fish, such as eels, mackerel and herring, satisfy hunger as completely as meat; herring especially, makes the people who eat it largely strong and sinewy. Sea fish are more nourishing than fresh water varieties.

Sea fish, and those which live in both salt and fresh water, such as salmon, shad, and smelts, are the finest flavored; the muddy taste of some fresh water species can be overcome by soaking them in cold water and salt for two hours or more before cooking; all kinds are best just before spawning, the flesh becoming poor and watery just after that period. Fresh fish have firm flesh, rigid fins, bright, clear eyes, and ruddy gills.

Oysters, clams, scallops and mussels, should be eaten very fresh, as they soon lose their flavor after being removed from the shell.

Lobsters and crabs should be chosen by their brightness of color, lively movement, and great weight in proportion to their size; you ought always to buy them alive, and put them head first into a large pot of boiling water, containing a handful of salt; they will cook in about twenty minutes.

Vegetables.—In order to be healthy we must eat some fresh vegetables; they are cheap and nourishing, especially onions and cabbages. Peas, beans and lentils, all of which are among the lowest priced of foods, are invaluable in the diet of a laboring man; he can get so much nourishment out of them that he hardly needs meat; and if they are cooked in the water that has been used for boiling meat, they make the healthiest kind of a meal.

All juicy vegetables should be very fresh and crisp; and if a little wilted, can be restored by being sprinkled with water and laid in a cool, dark place; all roots and tubers should be pared and laid in cold water an hour or more before using. Green vegetables are best just before they flower; and roots and tubers are prime from their ripening until they begin to sprout.

Fruit.—Fresh fruit is a very important food, especially for children, as it keeps the blood pure, and the bowels regular. Next to grains and seeds, it contains the greatest amount of nutriment to a given quantity. Apples are more wholesome than any other fruit, and plentiful and cheap two-thirds of the time; they nourish, cool, and strengthen the body. In Europe laborers depend largely upon them for nourishment, and, if they have plenty, they can do well without meat. They miss apples much more than potatoes, for they are much more substantial food.

All fruit should be bought ripe and sound; it is poor economy to buy imperfect or decayed kinds, as they are neither satisfactory nor healthy eating; while the mature, full-flavored sorts are invaluable as food.

HOW THE INDIANS HEARD THE "GOOD NEWS."

More than two hundred years ago, a young English teacher came across the sea and joined the Pilgrim colony in America. His name was John Eliot. He came to teach and preach, and do what good he could in the New World, and when any one wants to do good, he always finds plenty to do. His heart went out to the wild and ignorant savages of the forest all about him, and he longed to teach them how to live better, and tell them of the love of God.

He studied their language, and this was a hard thing to do, for they had no books and no written language. Then he met them in the woods, and called them around him and prayed for them, and then told them the good news of the gospel of Christ. When he finished talking, he told them they might ask him questions about it. One asked whether God could understand prayers in the Indian language: another asked how the Indians could have such different thoughts about religion from the English, if they all had come from one father. For three hours he talked with them, answering their questions, and at last one very old man asked, with tears, the best question of all—whether it was too late for such an old man as he to repent and be saved.

HOW THE INDIANS HEARD THE GOOD NEWS.

This was Eliot's first sermon in the wilderness, but it was not his last. Some of the Indian eachems, or chiefs, and some of their medicine men, or conjurors, fearing to lose their power over the ignorant minds, threatened to kill him if he did not stop his preaching, but his answer was, "I am about the work of the great God, and he is with me, so that I neither fear you nor all the sachems in the country." Many of the Indians were converted to Christianity, and were known as the "Praying Indians." Eliot spent all the rest of his long life till he was over eighty, in this good work, and became known as the Apostle to the Indians. He traveled constantly among the tribes in the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies, establishing Indian churches, schools and villages in the trackless forests.

In one of his letters he says, "I have not been dry night or day from the third day of the week into the sixth, but so traveled, and at night pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue; but God steps in and helps."

Besides these active out-door labors, Eliot found time to write several books for the Indians and to awaken interest in them. The most important and remarkable of all, was his translation of the whole Bible into the Indian language—the New Testament in 1661, the Old Testament in 1663. These made the first Bible ever printed in America.

How much can be made of one lifetime if it is given to God.

Do all the good you can in the world and make as little noise about it as possible.

GIVE THE OLD HORSE A BITE.

The beautiful picture for which we are indebted this month to our friends of the N. Y. Christian Weekly is an excellent one to use for picture reading in schools. We would remind those of our readers who are teaching, as we have before, that this exercise is one of the very best they can use in their work. Whenever you come across a good picture—large enough to be comfortably seen by your class, and of a character to interest them, keep it if you can for future use. There is enough in this one for several lessons. The children will be interested in the picture as it strikes them at first, and then in finding out how much they can see in it; in naming and talking about the the different things; in describing the picture as they see it, and at last in making up a story about it. They can give sentences orally, and write them on their slates and papers, and so be learning to observe and to think and imagine, and reason, and to express themselves, and to be kind to animals, and he having the best of times, all at once.

HOW MY HORSE TOOK ME HOME.

I was once travelling in the interior of Portugal with several companions. My horse had never been in that part of the country before. We left our inn at daybreak, and proceeded through a mountainous district to visit some beautiful scenery. On our return evening was approaching, when I stopped behind my companions to tighten the girths of my saddle. Believing that there was only one path to take, I rode slowly on, but shortly reached a spot where I was in some doubt whether I should go forward or turn off to the left. I shouted, but heard no voice in reply, nor could I see any trace of my friends. Darkness was coming rapidly on. My horse seeming inclined to take the left hand, I thought it best to let him do so. In a short time the sky was overcast, and there was no moon. The darkness was excessive. Still my steed stepped boldly on. So dense became the obscurity, that I could not see his ears; nor could I, indeed, distinguish my own hand held out at arm's-length. I had no help for it but to place the reins on my horse's neck and let him go forward.

We had heard of robberies and murders committed, and I knew that there were steep precipices down which, had my horse fallen, we should have been dashed to pieces. Still the firm way in which he trotted gave me confidence. Hour after hour passed by. The darkness would, at all events, conceal me from the banditti, if such were in wait—that was one consolation; but then I could not tell where my horse might be taking me. It might be far away from where I hoped to find my companions.

At length I heard a dog bark, and saw a light twinkling far down beneath me, by which I knew that I was still on the mountain-side. Thus, on my steady steed proceeded, till I found that he was going along a road, and I fancied I could distinguish the outlines of trees on either hand. Suddenly he turned on one side, when my hat was nearly knocked off by striking against the beam of a trellised porch, covered with vines; and to my joy I found that he had brought me up to the door of the inn which we had left in the morning.

My companions, trusting to their human guide, had not arrived, having taken a longer though safer route. My steed had followed the direct path over the mountains which he had pursued in the morning.

Another horse of mine, which always appeared a gentle animal, and which usually carried a lady, was, during my absence, ridden by a friend with spurs. On my return, I found that he had on several occasions attacked his rider, when dismounted, with his fore-feet, and had once carried off the rim of his hat. From that time forward he would allow no one to approach him if he saw spurs on his heels; and I was obliged to blindfold him when mounting and dismounting, as he on several occasions attacked me as he had done my friend.

My horse had till that time been a willing, quiet animal. How many human beings have, by thoughtless, cruel treatment, been turned from faithful servants into implacable foes. I must urge my readers always to treat those who may be dependent on them, with kindness and gentleness; rather because it is their duty so to do, than from fear of the consequences of an opposite course.

W. H. G. KINGSTON.

For the Southern Workman.

On the 18th of April, I had the pleasure of visiting five of the public schools for colored children, in Charlottesville, in company with Mr. Powers, the County Superintendent. These schools were graded. There were three male teachers and two female. Of these five teachers, two were educated at the Hampton Institute, one in Boston, one in Washington, and one in Charlottesville. The schools all appeared neat and orderly, and the teachers competent and interested in their important work. We heard recitations in arithmetic, reading and spelling, which were as a whole creditable to the scholars. I had been reading, only a day or two before, an account of the widespread religious awakening among the colored people in Richmond, and the extravagancies that in many instances accompanied and alloyed it; and was therefore not surprised to learn, that a similar religious interest had caused considerable irregularity of attendance in the higher departments of the schools which we visited. Both of us, in the brief remarks which we made, referred to this subject. We were careful to make it plain at the outset, that we regarded religion as "the chief concern of mortals here below," according to the express injunction of our Lord and Saviour, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" but we endeavored to show them that the best way to prove that they had sought and found this chief good was by a more conscientious fulfillment of daily duties, and a more earnest improvement of all daily privileges; and, in their case especially, a more diligent pursuit of knowledge, and a stricter attention to the lessons of the school. I do not know how far we succeeded in producing the impression that we wished; but our remarks were listened to with good attention, and evidently heartily endorsed by the teachers.

And now if I could reach the ears and hearts of any of the readers of the Workman who may be in danger of neglecting school duties or other duties, from the same cause, I would like to say a few words of kind admonition to them. First of all I would say, that I not only approve of your seeking the salvation of tha soul above everything else, but I can also understand the temptation to which you are exposed of neglecting other duties, inferior to this, no doubt, immeasurably inferior in importance, but still real and binding duties. When the mind is absorbed with the urgent need of being at peace with God, and oppressed with a sense of having guiltily neglected to attend to this great need, we are apt to feel as if nothing else was of any importance. "The fear of the Lord is," indeed, "the beginning of wisdom." Life ought to begin with that. And what then? Go on from that to other things? No: go on *with that* to other things. The fear of God is the thing to *begin* with, to *continue* with, and to *end* with. It is the excellence of religion that while it is the first of all duties, it enables us to perform all other duties better. The scholar who didn't get his or her lessons well without religion, must show his or her religion by getting them well now. And the scholar who did get them well before, by getting them better now. It is the happy privilege of the Christian to do all things *religiously*, and so to make all duties a part of the service of God. What saith the Scripture? "Whether ye eat, or drink, or *whatsoever* ye do, do *all* to the glory of God." And tha pious poet, George Herbert, says,

> Teach me, my God and King,
> In all things thee to see,
> And what I do in any thing,
> To do it as for thee.
>
> A servant, with this clause,
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine.

And if such common acts and duties as eating and drinking and sweeping can be done for the glory of God, how much more can study. Strive to show your religion, then, my young friends, by doing your school duties religiously, and then you will at the same time glorify God, please your teachers, and promote your own growth in grace. Diligent study with prayer will help, not hinder, your religious life, and you will find that your religion will make you a better scholar. The conscientious discharge of every daily duty is the surest way to glorify God and grow in grace.

A. N. A.

Charlottesville, April 25.

WILL INDIANS STAY CIVILIZED?

Nothing seems wanting after the following—a personal letter which we are permitted to print—to show the thoroughness of Capt. Pratt's work for the St. Augustine Water"—they were going to be so badly disappointed that I decided to submit their names for the approval of the Honorable Commissioner. "Little Medicine" is very much of a gentleman, and I am well satisfied he will keep his force in good trim and ready for duty. I had to have the Apaches many times in that Association to be cast in this or some other land to carry the light of God's word to many who are now in darkness. While you sit and talk together, may you remember that you have a fellow student in the land of darkness and sin, who desires that when he has passed away there may be some one pliment very highly the last piece in that Workman headed, "Rights and Duties of Citizens—the Ballot," by Mr. T. T. Bryce. I must thank that gentleman for his very clear and excellent article. If he had given the subject a lifetime study he could not have made it more satisfactory. His statements are the

WILL INDIANS STAY CIVILIZED?

NOTHING seems wanting after the following—a personal letter which we are permitted to print—to show the thoroughness of Capt. Pratt's work for the St. Augustine prisoners.

The Captain believes in a preliminary training of the wild Indian before he passes into the mild hands of the missionary teacher. Routine teaching did not do the regenerative work for these once fierce savages. It was the influence of a clear-headed, strong man with power at his back and Christian sympathy in his heart.

The difficulty with the Indians is in finding white men competent to deal with them rather than in their unyielding wickedness.

It will not do to turn the "noble savage" over to cheap men or weak management.

The Secretary of War is, we believe, disposed to give to the Indians the benefit of whatever skill or power for their welfare is at his disposal.

OFFICE U. S. INDIAN AGENT,

CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE AGENCY,
Darlington, Indian Territory, May 23, 1878.
(Direct: *via* Wichita, Kansas.)

Capt. R. H. PRATT, *Logansport, Indiana.*

SIR: I am duly in receipt of your letter of 27th ultimo, from Logansport, Indiana, and my only excuse for not writing sooner is "the usual rush of business."

I met the returning Indians in Wichita, Kansas, and although I had made up my mind to see a great reformation in them, yet I was never more surprised, and that agreeably too, to see such a complete, radical, and thorough reformation. I could scarcely believe that I was in the presence and company of men whom I saw three years ago leave this agency and country *in chains*, and with hearts full of revenge and hatred, and their hands crimson with the blood of our friends. And let me assure you, friend Pratt, that I know there is a rich blessing waiting for yourself and all those who have labored so earnestly and effectually in bringing about so great a change in the very nature of these people, and nothing short of the mighty transforming power of God could have brought about so great a change, and it must have been the unselfish motive of "good will towards men" that actuated yourself and your helpers, that prompted you to undertake such a *labor of love*, and to continue in it until success has crowned your labors.

I find that the best, deepest, and finest impressions have been made among the *young* men, and I think I can safely say that some of these young men have realized a "change of heart"—conversion—and have realized what it is to be "born again," that "putting off the old man with his deeds" and "putting on the new man Christ Jesus," and they are now living the lives of Christians. It has been insinuated by some persons that their reformation was only superficial and would soon be lost. After having enjoyed the company and social and religious fellowship of those who have returned, for nearly one month, I am ready to pronounce the reformation as *genuine*, and if they do return to the beggarly elements of sin, the responsibility will not rest upon the fact that "they have never known the way," but with those with whom they may hereafter be associated, and whose duty it is to keep watch over the precious lambs of the fold. Taking this view of the matter, I think I fully realize the responsibility that is now before us, and the necessity for more earnest Christian care and labor, and especially more rigid watchfulness on my part, in preventing the evil influences of bad white men in their direct and indirect labors to draw them away from right and God. You are well aware of the evil tendencies of camp life among the Indians of the plains, and also that the Indians themselves are not always responsible for their own bad deeds; and, with this view to keep the returning prisoners from all the evil influences possible, it will be my policy, so far as practicable with the limited means at my disposal, to give employment of some kind to the *reformers* that will keep them away from temptation, and under good moral and religious influence.

I was authorized by the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs to enlist fifteen police, with the suggestion that, perhaps, the greater portion of this number might be secured from the lately released prisoners. On the 1st instant I enlisted "Little Medicine," ("chief of police" as your suggestion,) "Buffalo Meat," "Chief Killer," "Star," "No-co-mista," "Antelope," "Left Hand," "Come-uh-so-vah," "Rising Bull," "Medicine Water," "Long Back," and "Howling Wolf," of the Cheyennes, and "Little Wolf-chief," "Sunrise," "Medicine-Pipe," "No-Horse," and "Packer," of the Arapahoes—making a total of seventeen persons. After having chosen those of the Cheyennes except "Long Back," and "Medicine Water"—they were going to be so badly disappointed that I decided to submit their names for the approval of the Honorable Commissioner. "Little Medicine" is very much of a gentleman, and I am well satisfied he will keep his force in good trim and ready for duty. I had to have the Arapahoes represented, or their people would have been dissatisfied. "Howling Wolf" applied to me, during our first conversation at Wichita, for some kind of a position in our school, and I informed him that I would see to the matter as soon as I returned to the agency. On my return, I submitted the matter to Mr. Seger, the "school-contractor," who took hold of the idea at once, and he "(Howling Wolf") and wife and one child, four years old, have been duly installed: He—as butcher, moderator, and general assistant—at a salary (paid by Seger) of $15 per month, to which I add $5, amount authorized to be paid to police; his wife is being instructed in general housework. They occupy a nice room in the building, and take great pride in keeping it in "apple-pie" order; and, that you may know the positive influence exerted by "Howling Wolf," it is my pleasure to inform you that his wife and child have thrown away the squaw dress and blanket, and have come out boldly on the side of reform; also his brother, "Little Creek," twenty years old, and his old "friend in raids," "Wolf Robe," have joined the reform—cut their hair—donned the American costume, and gone to work like men; and I am satisfied that if we could furnish all the reformers with houses and a compensation that would keep them from hunger, there would soon be such a rallying to the standard of reform as would place a majority on our side; but with only a limited amount of supplies and means to assist them in farming and other industries it is up-hill business. We are now only issuing coffee, bacon, flour, and beef, and not sufficient to prevent some degree of hunger, which is unfortunate at a time when these people are trying to work, and realizing no immediate return for their labor.

Our Sabbath school and religious organization has received a fresh impetus since the return of our people from St. Augustine, and not a Sabbath has passed away without the presence of a majority of those returned, and on each occasion some one or more of them takes part in the exercise, either in prayer or exhortation, and we are satisfied that these testimonies have been promoted of the Lord and proceed from hearts full of love.

At the time the police were installed, "Little Medicine" gave his people a talk, in which he stated, in substance, that he once "roamed over the prairies like a wolf, and did bad work with some of these young men, (pointing to them,) and that Captain Pratt took him away in chains for his meanness, which was all right; that Captain Pratt had been very kind to him and had taught them many good things which they would never throw away, and that all the whites had treated them kindly, and that he had been taught to pray, and that God had heard him and had given him a good strong heart full of love for all people, and that he was not afraid to talk before his people, and that he expected to do his duty as police; that Captain Pratt had told him that none but the guilty would be punished, and if any young man in the Cheyenne tribe did bad work he would arrest them, and that they had better not resist, as they would be arrested," &c.

I have thus briefly given you a few items hearing upon the released prisoners, with the hope that you may be assured, by one who claims to be your friend, of the high appreciation of the labor bestowed by you upon the minds and hearts, and very natures of the people just released, and of my belief that good results will accrue to the whole Cheyenne tribe through those whom you have returned to us. With the hope that I may some day have the pleasure of a face-to-face "talk" with you on this subject, I subscribe myself as

Your friend,
JNO. D. MILES,
U. S. Indian Agent.

TO THE HAMPTON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

FROM ACKREL E. WHITE.

MENDI MISSION, GOOD HOPE STATION,
WEST AFRICA, *May* 10*th*, 1878.

My dear Schoolmates and Classmates:

Your desire to meet at our Alma Mater on the 22d, and form the Alumni Association is my desire also. Yet while I desire to be with you and have a word in the formation of this Association, I don't believe that God wants me to be. I do know that I am doing more for him here than I would be there; yet my heart desires to be present with you on that most noble occasion. I feel and know that God has cast my lot in this far off land for the good of his people, and the upbuilding of his kingdom. And I pray it may be the lot of many who shall meet in that Association to be cast in this or some other land to carry the light of God's word to many who are now in darkness. While you sit and talk together, may you remember that you have a fellow student in the land of darkness and sin, who desires that when he has passed away, there may be some one among those who are present with you who will step forward and say, "here am I Lord, send me" to fill his place. Some may say that God has not called them to be missionaries; that may be true, yet, dear friends, there is a part for you to do: "you can help them at your door." If a person has a desire to do good, God will never bar him up so he can not do the good he desires. There are thousands of ways in which we are able to do good, or speak a word for Christ. We know that we cannot all be missionaries, if we were who would be left to help us? And while we can not all be, let us be helpers. I do hope that the class of '76 may be well represented in your meeting, and that the African missionary's name may not be forgotten by you. I hope when you hold this meeting again, that I may be able to meet with you, and tell you many things about this land of darkness and its people. If there were an express train running across the Atlantic Ocean, I would take passage across to be with you on that day. I know that it will be a day long to be remembered. Please send the minutes of the meeting to me, for I shall be glad to hear and know what took place at the meeting. And as I cannot be with you, I will send my congratulations to the committee who brought the idea before the Students, I only wish that I had heard it before this late hour. And as I can say no more, I close by asking you to pray for your fellow student who is a missionary in Africa.

As ever, yours in Christ,
ACKREL EDGAR WHITE.

Class of '76.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE commend to our colored readers a careful perusal of the following letter from a Northern lady in Alabama. It gives two very opposite pictures, either of which it is quite possible for them to realize in their own experience. Which shall freedom mean for you?

HUNTSVILLE, *April* 24, '78.

General Armstrong:—

The papers were received and sent to such readers as I thought would use them to advantage. They ought to do good, and I hope they will.

As a class, our freedmen are doing reasonably well. One of my servants, not over fifteen years of age (entirely black), is making remarkable progress in her education, and her teacher hopes, will make a missionary for Ethiopia. Her poetic recitations are really wonderful. A friend told me a few days ago that he had sold a farm to three freedmen, their joint labor to pay for it in annual payments of $1,000. They have, for the three years they have had it, paid their notes a little in advance; besides, they have put up a gin and several cabins. In two more years they will pay the balance of the $5,000 and will be the owners of a good farm. Others of the same order I could name, but must regret that many, very many, still believe that emancipation means idleness, freedom from work, and appropriating for their sustenance what belongs to another. Some of them who can earn money trifle it away, and often when you hire a servant, the first thing is to advance money to clothe him. Their funerals are perfectly absurd. On Sunday a good old sexton dropped dead from his seat. Yesterday in riding out, I passed the funeral cortege. The handsomest hearse in the city, drawn by four white horses, preceded by numerous attendants with white scarfs; then followed a train of carriages and more than I could number on foot. How all this is supported I can't tell. The schools are doing well. The A. M. A. supports one in a good brick building furnished by the same. Then we have two others with large numbers of pupils, supported by the State.

I have hurriedly, my dear sir, written these facts, and you may publish some of them. I read with great interest the news from Africa, and anticipate great results from that kingdom of darkness.

Wishing you increased success in your noble enterprise. Very kindly,
J. HAMILTON CHILDS.

VIRGINIA, May 9, 1878.

MR. EDITOR:

Will you please allow me a short space in your columns for a

RESPONSE TO—"THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZENS."

Dear Workman:—

I am sure you should be welcomed by every true citizen. I wish it were possible that your May number could be read to every poor ignorant man in America. I must compliment very highly the last piece in that Workman headed, "Rights and Duties of Citizens—the Ballot," by Mr. T. T. Bryce. I must thank that gentleman for his very clear and excellent article. If he had given the subject a lifetime study he could not have made it more satisfactory. His statements are the *TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.* As a general thing my people are too *easily satisfied;* and in order to become a people that will be noticed by enlightened nations, we *must* be more ambitious. "Let the ambition be a noble one, and who can blame it?" God has remembered us in our deepest trouble. He has removed the yoke of bondage from us and allowed us an equal chance of becoming a people. And unless we become more ambitious and improve our privileges, I fear they will soon be taken from us. I repeat Mr. Bryce's forcible words, "Every citizen has an equal voice in choosing the officers of the State. The poorest man's voice is, or should be, as loud and clear as the richest." There are men in this county that really do not know who our President is, and as for voting for the officers of the State, they never think of leaving their employment for such trifling. I don't mean to enter into a discussion of politics here, but *I* don't think such men should be considered as citizens of the State. They are not aware of the harm they are doing by neglecting so great a duty.

The majority of the people here are very ignorant—white and colored. I think if the Virginia free schools are continued, the rising generation will be more enlightened, and be more worthy of citizenship. And after a short time, Virginia will have an intelligent population that will soon help to free her from the enormous debt she is now struggling with. If I were going to remain here long enough, I would think it a great pleasure to call a meeting of the people and read to them this article on the "Rights and Duties of Citizens," and try to convince them of their error. I take the privilege of expressing to Mr. Bryce most cordial thanks for his invaluable advice, and the hope that he will continue giving such instructions to the public, for they are just what the people need. I sincerely hope that his efforts may be crowned with success.

Respectfully,
O. M. MCADOO.

COLERAINE, BERTIE CO., N. C., *June* 24, 1878.

"The Colored Baptist Sabbath-school of Coleraine, gave a pic-nic on the 13th inst., which was a pleasant affair. A fine brass band from Edenton enlivened the occasion, and several good speeches were made; among which was one by Mr. Wm. H. Outlow of Windsor, who gave some good advice to the young people who are to decide the question whether the enslaved people are to drift backward into semi-barbarism or ascend in the scale of civilization."

A FRIEND.

WE are permitted by a very generous friend of the school to publish the following letter from one of our graduates, who has received, as others have, many kindnesses from him.

VA., *Jan.* 21*st* 1878.

Dear Mr. B——:

Your letter and bundles were received Saturday. I was very much pleased with the little stockings, and was more than pleased with the last bundle you sent me. The little coats I will keep until it is near time for my school to close, and then I will give them to my *graduating classes.* The little dolls I will give out as prizes to the little girls, and the puzzles will be given in the same way. I think they are too cunning for anything. I have given most of the other things out. The little boys seemed to be so tickled with the little flannel shirts. To-day I came near whipping two of my little boys, for sitting in school opening their coats and showing their little shirts. I was glad to see them so pleased, but still I could not have them disturbing the school talking about them. You are very kind indeed for thinking of the very things they most needed. I do not know how to thank you for them, but I do appreciate your kindness to me, and only hope that I may deal them out wisely.

C—— wrote to me Saturday. The letter was very nice. She says that she is one of the speakers for commencement. I think it will be very nice to hear and see them. I have plenty of wood, and my school is quite full now, thirty-five. The school-house is not very large, I have scarcely room enough for them, but somehow I manage to crowd them in. The snow is all gone, but it is very muddy. I do not like my board one bit, because it is so coarse. I never get any change, but the same fried meat for breakfast and dinner. I pay my board, and feel grateful that I am able to pay it. Every one is fast asleep here, and I am sitting all alone writing. I have not heard from Miss H. for quite a while. Gen. Armstrong sends me the Educational Journal. It is very interesting. I get all the papers you send me. I want to make out a report of my school to send to you next month. I think you would like to see how I make it out.

With many thanks for all your kindness,
I remain, Yours truly,
S.

THANKSGIVING IN HAMPTON.

dles" and "Little 'Liza Jane" are the favorites; the former danced to the following words,

consecretes himself, his art, his statue to the gods, striking here the grand prerequisite of

duced by the Republican member from Illinois, repudiating all purpose of attacking the President's title, and declaring that as the XLIV Congress decided

THANKSGIVING IN HAMPTON.

BY C. G. BUCK.

The new teacher in Hampton cannot fail to perceive, two or three weeks before Thanksgiving Day, that some important event is about to take piece. There is something going on of which he knows not. He has the uncomfortable consciousness that he is surrounded by mystery, and that the dark feces about him, conceal secrets of an unfathomable nature.

Small knots of students are seen conversing esrnestly together at recess and "after school." The teacher who has cherge of the study-hour is requested to give notice, at the end of the evening, of a meeting of the "A. F. S. O. G's," the "Manhattan Club," or some other organization hitherto unheard of. The girls, for once, keep a secret, and there is nothing to do but give it up, end wait to see whet will heppen.

Suddenly, on the blackboards eppeur solemn wernings end instructions from somo unknown source. "Don't spare the old goose!"—"Filo your teeth! Thanksgiving Dey is coming!"—ere fair specimens of these mystic utterances, each accompanied hy en illustretion supposed to represent a gigantic goose, the bird that here takes the place occupied in the North by the turkey. And here e ray of light finds its wey to the mind of the bewildered pedagogue, and ere long he is in full possession of the secret. These clubs are harmless hodies of students who wish to dine together on Thanksgiving, end are making plens and rsising funds to decorete the tables for which they have spoken.

The dey draws near, and now n feeling of sympathy for the fate of the "old goose" seems to be awakened in the minds of the expectant young gourmands. The blackboards are again the medium of communiestion, and in letters of purest white upon their mourning background we read. "Poor old goose!" or "The old gooso is praying; it is his last night!"

The morning dawns nt last, as all other mornings dawn; the services are held in the chapel, and the reverently-bowed heads give no sign of the exeitement that has reigned for the past days, and that is soon to culminate. The benediction pronounced, the scholars are formed in line, two by two; and while they ere getting ready to merch, we will go with the teachers to the big dining-room, where the tables are set and all is ready for the feast. Some are very prettily ornamented with evergreens and flegs, The Manhattan Club, with its nsme printed with ivy-leeves, is conspicuous. The "A. F. S. O. G." ("Ask For Some Old Goose") looks as hospitable as the board of a club with such a name should look. The old Bachelors' Club table is, as one might expect, quiet and unadorned. The Old Meids' table (to which no boys ere admitted) is, as one might *not* expect, very much adorned. This club is mede up of some of the prettiest end most popuier girls in school, and they carry out this strange freek, "because"—a very good reason, but I understand thnt it has been given bofore by members of their sex. The other parties heve appropriete devices and ornements, and the room looks very gsy.

A moment of expectation, and the doors open to let in the procession. They take the places indicated by slips of paper on the plnfes, and all stend until n blessing has been asked; then 200 chairs rattle on the floor, and 200 tongues begin to huzz. From beside each table march two waiters, in clean white aprons and neckties, to the centre of the room, where stand the hend weiter and his lieutenant. They form in line, and at the command, "Forward!" disappeer into the kitchen, soon to reappear, however, each bearing aloft, upon a platter, a roast goose. The carvers rise, the waiters vanish and appear ngain many times, leaving, after eneh visit, substantial mementoes in great dishes upon the table. The dinner is fairly begun, nnd we will leave them to finish it in peace, while we edjourn tn the teechers' dining-room, to discuss some matters relsting to Turkey.

The dinner is, however, but the beginning of the festivities—the grand opening of the sport. On this occasion, as on Christmas, mnd New Year's also, the boys are nllowed to join the girls in games, &c. Every boy has had his partner selected, end nfter the last mouthful of plum-pudding is eaten, the last raisin gone, and the last motto read, the last couple disappear from the dining-room and follow the throng that has already filled the girl's study-room and parlors. Then the fun begins. In one room a party is playing "points;" in nnother n set of "parlor croquet" is laid out on n table, but as we have croquet almost every day, that is not very well patronized. In the middle parlor, surrounded by a denso circle, lined by a row of interested teachers, a boy is giving an exhibition of conjuring feats, very cleverly done, to the great mystification of the scolars. The "plays," as they are called, enlist the most attention. They are really old-fashioned country dances, but the peculiar views of the colored church members on the subject of dancing are responsible for the name "play." "Husk, oh, Ladies" and "Little 'Liza Jane" are the favorites; the former danced to the following words, sung by the dancers, for they have no other music. The set is formed like e Virginie Reel, and first a couple merch np end down, singing,

> "London Bridge is broken down;
> Oh, how it troubles me;
> Build it up with sand and clay;
> And a husk, oh, ladies turn."

Then the ebain to the words,

> "Husk, oh, ladies, get in line;
> Husk, oh, ladies, turn,"

repeated until the figure is finished.

The olcer pupils, who do not cere fer such exercise, amuse themselves quietly in the teachers' parlors, thrown open to them for the dey.

Nothing lasts forever: even Thanksgiving; and ten o'clock comes by and hy, and the dey is over; but the fun will linger in many memories e long time after the routine of school has begun egein. It has been e beppy day, and a new experience to some. What is this girl seying to the ledy who has cherge of the housekeeping department? She draws in a long breath, laden with the fragrence of the deperted "old goose," and asks with a sigh: "Miss M., do you think the suell will stay around the house long?" The reply cannot be a satisfactory one, for she turns away sedly. Will sho ever see another such day? She waits for next Thanksgiving for her *anser!*

THE SOULPTOR OF CYPRUS.

(A Heathen Fable.)

Long ago, in the beautiful islend of Cyprus, there dwelt a sculptor. None could equel him in his srt; wesith, power and honor were at his command; yet he was not heppy, for his heart was sick within him for the treachery, felsehood and various follies of mankind, and he longed for something higher and nobler. He looked upon his glorious statues, and his heart swelled with mighty yearnings to carve out one which should excel them all; to embody his *ideal* of beauty, of truth, of loveliness. So he took n pure white block of marble and commenced. Day by day it rounded under his skilful hand, till its perfect lines grew into a fair figure.

But even as he worked upon the wondrous countenance, he felt thet, beautiful as it was, he never could fulfill his ideal. Despairingly his ebisel wanders nimlessly over the features, when suddenly a new impulse, not his own, seizes his soul. As he yields to the inspiration he finds his hend guided by n superior power; end gradiuelly tho outlines of the statue grow into surpassing perfectness. At last, his ideal is personified: beauty, truth, purity, rest, all find their full rounded expression in the marvel of her face; and his work is done.

Entrsnced he gazes; hut still the unsatisfied longing remains; he feels that he must *possess* that which he heholds; there stands his ideal before him, but it seems to him as fur off as ever, and its attainment still more impossible. Recognizing his own helplessness, he seeks the temple of the gods: and kneeling down, he devotes bimself to their service, if they will but help him.

At first he deres not, *cannot express* his wish: it seems to him presumption even to think of life heing given to cold marhle; hut nt last he pours out his whole heart in one impassioned prayer, and returns to his home, with heert beating high with undefined hope; he lifts the latch, and, lo! the statue steps from its pedestal and cnils him by his name!

So, in briefest lenguage, runs this simple story: when, or hy whom composed, we cannot tell; hut in it, couched in their own nrtistie way, lies the history of a grand conflict in tha human soul, with its glorious lumination. First, sre depicted those vague longings sfter a higher and a nobler life, to which every beart responds. The deepening conviction that there is such a life, and the search after the knowledge of *what* it is, all are here; nnd as the sculptor, after carving for wesry weeks in vain, despaired of ever heing ahle to set up his stnndard unaided, do we not find it thus!

When et last our perceptions are irradiated (unconsciously perhaps) by the "Divinity which stirs within us," and perceive the criterion by which we are to measure our lives, and the glorious results of a life spent with God and in God flash upon our view, or once the soul recognizes in *this* the fulfillment of her long sought for ideal, and the desire of *appropriation*, of claiming and possessing this, seizes the soul. It nbsorbs, as it were, the whole being, notbing elso seems worth living for; and in this crisis we find our own power utterly worthless; here our hoasted intellects avail us nothing. Happy we, if, like the sculptor, we instinctively turn to n Higher Power!

Nnw let us notice how wonderfully the actions of our artist correspond with the instructions of scripture. He confesses his own inability to do anything of himself; then he consecrstes bimself, his ert, his statue to the gods, striking here the grand prerequisite of sny upward step. Then follows his prayer, feehle et first, indefinite et first, as he does not neme his wish, efterwards swelling into the cleer, earnest petition that this ideal might be given him for e possession, living and *his own*: gift worthy of a god! Lest and most beautiful of all, mark his faith. See his confident, exulting step as he goes to his home. *His* part is accomplished, all thet now remains is to prove the fidelity of the god; e moment more, and this is also done.

(*Moral:*) So with us: our first lesson learned, "without ME ye can do nothing," follow those same successive steps: Consecration, Prayer, Faith. The result is sure; delayed it may be by our own slowness or unwillingness to comply with the terms, but glorious end complete at lest. The fetters are broken; and the soul finds its very deepest longings *satisfied* in the fulness of Him that filleth all in all!

HON. STEPHEN ALLEN'S POCKET-PIECE.

Among the victims of the *Henry Clay* disaster, was Stephen Allen, Esq., en aged man of the purest character, formerly a Meyor of New York. In his pocket-hook were found the following maxims:—

Keep good company or none.
Never be idle—if your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Always speak the truth. Meke few promises. Live up to your engagements.
Keep your own secrets, if you heve any.
When you epeek to a person look him in the fece.
Good compeny and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Good character is above ell things else.
Your charecter cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speak evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him.

It is the wisdom of a Christian not to be angry when rebuked, nor to be proud when praised. This is the remedy egsinst hoth: "Be clothed with humility."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

THE European Congress for the discussion of the Russia-Turkish treaty, assembled on the 13th in Berlin. Prince Bismarck was elected President.

AN official telegram from Havana reports that peace has been restered throughout Cuba, the remaining insurgents having surrendered.

A TERRIBLE tornado swept over Canton, China, on the 11th; 10,000 persons are reported killed.

A MOB of strikers, intending to attack a mill in Quebec on the 12th, was fired on by the military and dispersed.

DR. BROCHARD estimates that France has lost through preventable causes, fully 10,000,000 children within the last fifty years. Returns show the average mortality among infants under a year old, in 5,000 districts, is 41 per cent.

THE policy of England is announced to be, to secure an active protectorate per passic for Turkey, and maintain the freedom of Constantinople.

A DISPATCH from Sierra Leone announces the arrival of the bark *Azor* which sailed from Charleston April 21st with 250 negro emigrants for Liberia. There was much suffering on the voyage from the shortness of water. Ship fever broke out and twenty-three of the emigrants died. The rest were in good spirits at having reached Africa.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.—The Senate on the 8th passed the Army Appropriation Bill with an amendment to consider the expediency of transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The House passed the General Deficiency Bill. On the 10th the Senate referred the Spencer resolution for an investigation of all alleged frauds in the election of 1876, to the Election Committee. The House non-concurred in the Senate's amendment te the Army Appropriation Bill. On the 12th, Gen. John C. Fremont was confirmed as Governor of Arizona. On the 13th the Senate passed the bill reported by its Finance Committee as a substitute for the House bill to repeal the Specie Resumption Act.

THE Ohio Republican State Convention met in Cincinnati on the 12th. The platform recognizes in the administration of President Hayes, "the highest integrity and patriotism, the most sincere effort to promote political purity and harmony, and secure general business prosperity throughout the whole country." The Michigan Republican State Convention met at Detroit on the 13th.

CONGRESS adjourned *sine die* at 7 A. M. of June 20th.

THE Potter investigation is dragging its slow length along, with less excitement of public interest since the House, by a vote of 215 to 21, passed a resolution introduced by the Republican member from Illinois, repudiating all purpose of attacking the President's title, and declaring that as the XLIV Congress decided that Hayes and Wheeler were duly elected, it is not competent for a succeeding Congress to review or interfere with that action, and that any attempt to do so would be revolutionary.

THE monetary conference proposed by the United States to consider the double standard of silver and gold promises to be an important affair. The United States, France, Russia, Italy, the Netherlands, Hungary and Switzerland insure the meeting of the conference. Great Britain, Germany, Austria and Belgium have not yet accepted the invitation. The conference is expected to adopt a current ratio between gold and silver for the purpose of establishing internationally the use of bi-metallic money and securing fixity of relative values between these metals.

THE Democratic Convention of Alabama has refused to admit colored men, and the two Central Committees of the Spencer and Smith rings of the Republican party of the state have united in a call for a State Convention to be held on the Fourth of July. It is believed that they may be able to carry two Congressional districts in the Black Belt, where they have clear majorities of nearly ten thousand votes.

DOMESTIC.

THE Washington National Monument is at last to be completed, the Senate and House having adopted the report on the bill. It will consist of the shaft 55 feet high, with bronze reliefs on the four sides representing events in the life of Washington. Around the base will be a double terrace 220 feet square and 17 feet high, with stairs at the four corners leading to the entrance to the shaft. At the side of the steps will stand statues of revolutionary characters. There are 120 tablets contributed by States, societies and foreign countries; 40 of which are already in the monument. It is expected that others will be given.

TROOPS are being concentrated te put down the Indian revolt. The forces available are but slight for the purpose. The President and Secretary of War have granted the request of the Governor of Oregon to supply settlers on the eastern border of that state with arms and ammunition. It is believed that all the tribes in southern Idaho and eastern Oregon are hostile and that they can muster 1,000 fighting men. There is trouble also in Nevada and Utah, and the Indians in Montana have suddenly disappeared, probably for no good purpose.

A LABORATORY for the study of marine zoology by scientists has been established for the summer at the Rip-Raps near Fortress Monroe, by the Johns Hopkins University, which furnishes the nets, dredges and other apparatus necessary for bringing up the curious forms of life from the vasty deep, and exposing them to the eye of science.

THE schooner *Esther* sailed from New York June 19th to search for relics of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions. The cruise is expected to last for two years.

THE Centennial Anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge by the Continental army was celebrated June 19th by a grand military display. Thirty thousand people were present.

SIXTY-NINE more colored emigrants sailed for Liberia from New York June 19th, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society who will support them for six months after their arrival. It is understood that efforts are to be made to open up the back country of Liberia, and construct roads to bring produce to the sea coast.

REV. CHAS. C. BURLEIGH, the veteran abolitionist who was injured on the railway at Northampton on the 3d of June, died on the 13th.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, poet, author and editor, died in New York City June 12th of congestion of the brain resulting from exposure to the sun while making a speech at the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini, the great Italian statesman and reformer, in Central Park. His death is mourned throughout the country. He was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and began to write poetry which was published before the age of ten. He was educated at Williams College, studied law and was admitted to the bar, but left it for journalism. For fifty-three years he was editer of the New York *Evening Post*. His end was peaceful; his name has been a household word in this country for half a century,—and his poems are part of English classic literature.

NEW YORK CITY is talking of abolishing the colored schools and admitting negro children to all the public schools, as has already been done in districts where they live too far from the colored schools of which there are only four in the city. Curiously enough, the opposition comes from the negro s, as the change would throw the thirty-four colored teachers out of employment.

A TELEGRAM has been sent to Washington proclaiming that a hundred thousand working men are idle in Philadelphia. The falsity of this statement is apparent on considering that this would be one-half of all the male adults in that city.

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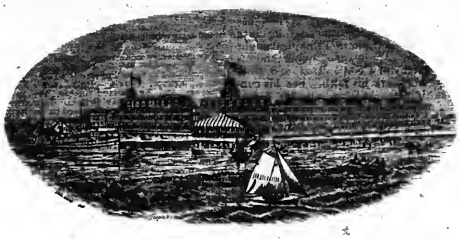

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VOL. VII. HAMPTON, VA., AUGUST, 1878. NO. 8.

THE FOUR EMPERORS.

Southern Workman

If our people will make a business of agriculture, instead of using it as the last shift to escape the poorhouse, and will

paper will be as worthy as usual of the attention of our summer friends.

want for themselves and their sons. It is a call—and, indeed, only an echo of a very general call—for a reform in the collegiate

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

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EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.

Senator Withers of Virginia nnd Mr. Borst, Secretary of the Virginia Immigration Society, have recently been to New York, for the purpose of promoting emigration to Virginia. The spectacle of poor old Virginia begging at the cross roads for settlers should be stopped. It is demoralizing, and, more than that, covers up the real issues which must be met sooner or later. Virginians must give value to their own lands, and give up roping in strangers to do it for them. Emigration schemes were on foot right after the war. Speculators, sociclies, nnd "statesmen" have had hands in them. Pamphlets without number have been written about them. Nothing comea of all this. The army marches up the hill and then down again. The ships are all sailing in a circle. The cannon are fired with thundering noise, but the balls come bounding back. Ia every rock, and bare wnll, and amooth fence of this earth, to be plastered with the "Resources of Virginia?" The trouble, O honored statesmen, is that therc is no backing to all the pretty stories! You say "wonderful resources." Why do you not develop them yourselves? You reply, we have no capital. Were Ohio, and Illinois, and Michigan dcveloped with capital? Your own and very able agricultural writers are telling Virginians every day how they can really improve their own soil if they choose to do it. They will not choose. There are eighty thousnnd land-owners in Virginia. There are only two thousand of them who belong to the State Agricultural Society. It means that seventy-eight thousand of the land-owners take no interest in the supreme object of Virginia industry, the culture of the soil. It means ignorance, negligence, laziness, covering the State like the waters of the sea. So the poverty-stricken old State totters into the highways, and beseeches the emigrant to turn off into her barren fields which are really, she says, full of resources. It is like the picture in *Punch*, of the very bald headed old gentleman selling to a customer a lotion guaranteed to make the hair grow! Settlers will crowd into Virginia as thickly as grasshoppers when Virginians show tho productive quality of their land—when they produce a little hair on the bald head, before selling lotions to make it grow.

If our people will make a business of agricnltnre, instead of nsing it as the last shift to escape the poorhouse, and will actually show the value of the soil, instead of declaiming about it, there will be no tronble in selling land nt high prices. Land in the far West is now cheaper than any land in Virginia. Besides, it does not need "restoration." It is known beyond peradventure, what it will produce, nt the start, when the spade goes in. But across every field in Virginia the emigrant reads "This soil is exhausted."

On the able men who are working in the interests of the State Agricultural Society, much depends. They carry the future of the State, and we count more on them for its restoration thnn npon all the politicians, emigrant societies and statesmen combined. All these latter are bnilding on the sand. The former only are hammering on hard rock.

HAWAIIAN LAW REPORTS.

Before ns is volume 3d of the above Reports. It contains the final judgments of the appellate and highest court of the Hawaiian Kingdom. So thoroughly has the Anglo-Saxon civilization got foothold on these Islands, that the opinions recorded here might readily pass for the judgments of American or British trihunals. The Polynesian names and the, occasionally, nnique character of the issues passed up, indicate that these are not American, but, in fact, reports of a judicial system located in the heart of Polynesia. Burke said, "Justice is the great standing polity of society," and it is true that the Hawaiian government has, decidedly, adopted that polity, and is enforcing it with remarkable persistence.

The opinions of this Report are carefully and studiously drawn. There is no learned writing, or tedious, essay-like gronping of authorities. The points in each ease are developed clearly, and then passed upon. A few days ago, the Presiding Justice of the Supreme Court of the City of New York remarked while a case was argued before him, "The Court of Appeals (the highest court and that of last resort in the State of New York) has decided, in the Smith case, that the law is so and so. It has decided in the Jones case, it is not so, but exactly the contrary. As its opinions are contradictory, we can do nothing but follow our own reason." This is the condition of things in the Empire State. It is needless to say, the judicial system there is wholly elective. In comparison with these Hawaiian Reports, those of the highest Court in the State of New York suffer at every point. Elected Judges,—half lawyers and half politicians,—holding the scales with seeming blindness, yet always with one eye open to "political effect;" rusty lawyers, with the keen sense of justice blunted, and the knowledge of law worn away by a demoralizing experience in Congress or in the Custom House, are not the men to make the splendid researches of Story, Marshall or Shaw, or to master the simple, strong diction of thoroughly trained men. Ex-Senntor Carpenter recently said to the law students of Columbia College, "inexperienced minds are bewildered and tossed to nnd fro by reading New York decisions.

It is not a little strange to rend, in these Reports, the cases involving the rights to highways over great volcanic mountains, where the same principles are made to govern, as in a common highway of Virginia, or a byway of a small Connecticut township. If the system of Anglo-Saxon Jurisprudence is carried much further westward, and beyond those Islands, the yearnings of Tennyson's bilious young man may speedily be realized, and the "world be lapped in Universal Law." We may rest assured of this, that the Law in its Westward course does not deteriorate. W. N. A.

FOR the months of July, August and September, the supplement is omitted from the Southern Workman, the languors of summer usually affecting both our subscription list and editorial forces to about the degree indicated by such contraction. It will be added again in October. Meanwhile, we think that what is left of the paper will be as worthy as usual of the attention of our summer friends.

We published in our June number a programme for n temperance meeting, which we hoped might be of practical value to some of our readers, and in regard to which we offered to give any information that might be desired. Ths great revival in temperance work which has been going on all over the country, shows that the people at large are giving serious thought to this all-important subject, and surely there can be no part of our own or any other country wherein such thought is more needed than in the Southern States. All men, not even excepting those who are themselves the chief consumers of liquor, are beginining to understand that drunkenness and the general use of intoxicating liquors are responsible for much more harm than is apparent in their direct results.

When men or women drink until the power of self control is lost, it is easy to see that they become dangerons to society and to themselves, and in all civilized communities the law has the right to step between them and those whom they are likely to injure. Thus far the law protects us, but it is very difficult, if not indeed impossible for it to go farther than this, and for any attempt to prevent the immense amount of harm which may be done without coming in contact with the law, we must look to the efforts of individuals, nnd particularly to the efforts of individuals organized into societies. It is for this reason that the methods employed by such societies are of so much importance, and we would advisc all pastors of churches, all teachers, all, in short, who are likely to be, or who ought to be, intercsted in establishing temperance organizations, to study the subject most carefully in its practical aspects.

The pledge which is adopted should be carefully worded and the work should not stop with the simple enrollment of members. All who sign, but in particular those who are weak in the faith, or subject to special temptation, should be followed up and strengthened in every possible way, so that they may not only save themselves, but may also be a light unto others. Any temperance society which does not keep watch over the daily life of its members can hardly accomplish much permanent good, and this sort of work can best be done by appointing committees who should be empowered to visit nnd assist such members as, (though they have taken the first step) are not yet able to stand alone. Of course the method of work must be varied to meet the requirements of different neighborhoods, but one great fact holds good everywhere: If you want to make your members permanently and consistently temperate, you must make them feel that they can depend upon you, upon your organization, for personal sympathy, for advice, and to a certain extent for practical assistance.

Temperance Societies which do not make this idea their foundation, need not expect to have much to show for their meetings and pledges, their banners and parades, for all these are useless, and perhaps worse than useless, nnless there is to be found behind them, energy and common sense and Christian aympathy.

M. F. A.

TO THOSE of our readers who are interested in the question of higher education, we commend a enreful reading of the ahle paper of Rev. F. C. Woodward, given in another column, as delivered before the recent meeting of the Virginia Educational Association. Though the broad position it takes as to the necessity of general education necessarily includes all citizens, without distinction, it was of course addressed to white men and intended for white men, without n thought, perhaps, of ths colored man's concern in the question. But this very fact makea it tho more valuable to the colored man, nnd worthy his attention. He can study it without sensitivenesa or suspicion. Its thrusts are not aimed at him. Its ideal aystem of education is not proposed as good enough for negroes, or arranged to keep them down, but it is what white men want for themselves and their sons. It is a call—and, indeed, only an echo of a very general call—for a reform in the collegiate course that shall make it more solid and practical. There is a strong and growing demand among the best white educators everywhere for such a change—for more science and less language, for less Latin and more English, for strengthening and broadening the foundations instead of piling up top stories. The colored man, on the other hand, is crying for the classics, and wants his high schools dignified with the title of Colleges and Universities, to have the name of studying Latin and Greek, though he may not be able to write a letter correctly in his mother tongue.

This state of things, though curious, is not unnntural at all. The popular tendency, especially in the South,—noticed by Mr. Woodward,—to exalt "professionalism," to associate inseparably the ideas of edncation and college training, and to nnderstand by ths latter a strictly classical course in preparation for professional life, is, of conrse, reflected by the colored man as the privileges of citizenship seem to coms within his reach. The desire to improve himself is a worthy one, and what more natural than for him to adopt the white man's view of the case, what more difficult than for him to discern anything special in his own position and needs? But it is a great pity for him to take up worn out, fallacious notions which the white man is just lying down. It is particularly important for him to demonstrate his possession of a ground work of common sense that is worth building upon, and an intellectual honesty that will not be satisfied with a veneering of superficial accomplishments, instead of honest progress.

The Virginia Press Association held its annual reunion at Hampton, on Tuesday, July 23d. Only twelve members were present, and on their way back to Norfolk the next morning, accepted an invitation to call at Hampton Institute, spending an hour in looking over the buildings, printing office and other industries.

Among the visitors, were Col. Bascom, editor of the Lexington Gazette, and President of the Association, Col. Shepard its Secretary, and Major Glennan, editor of the Norfork Virginian.

Agricultural.

THE STATE FAIR.

THE EIGHTEENTH EXHIBITION of the *Virginia State Agricultural Society*, will be held at Richmond, on Tuesday the 20th of October next, and continue four days. An examination of the Schedule of Premiums indicates that Virginia manufactures and products are expected to be conspicuous. There is no restriction as to the color of the competitors, except in the list of "Special Premiums," for the largest and best crop of "bright, fancy tobacco," "dark wrappers," and "sun-cured tobacco," from two acres of land respectively; for the largest and best crop of wheat from five acres, and for the best crop of corn from the same quantity of land. The competitor must be a "young white man between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, who by his own unaided labor shall raise" the specimens exhibited. A ploughing match is to be one of the attractions, with prizes of silver plate, valued at $15, $10, $8 and $5, to the best white ploughman with four, three, two and one horse respectively, and the same conditions to colored ploughmen except that the prizes are in money. As no agricultural exhibition seems to be complete without the inevitable horse-racing, euphemistically styled "Trials of speed," ample opportunity will be afforded to those whose tastes incline in that direction, as there will be four days of racing, with two trials each dsy.

It would bs well to observe that the entry books will be closed on Tuesday evening, October 22d, at 6 o'clock, after which no entry for competition will he received, but subjects *for exhibition only*, will be received at any time. Each exhibitor, ladies excepted, who shall compete for a premium, must be a member of the Society, or pay an entry fee of two dollars. Entries may be made hy letter to the Secretsry, W. C. Knight, Richmond.

BROOM-CORN FOR TYING SHOCKS.

An Indiana farmer says that in his experience, broom-corn for tying shocks or binding fodder, is very much preferable to twins or rye-straw.

WATERING PLANTS.

The old gardeners have always recommended not to water plants when the sun shines on them, hut Mr. Thomas Meehan says, "*water*

whenever the plants need it." Tha writer has been *Axor's* side, to fsed all on board of her for a world, with a gcasrous and cheaply procured soil, and perfect social equality. Others were now in progress whereby those articles will be furnished here at less price than

whenever the plants need it." The writer has been for years in the habit of wetering plants et *all* times of the dey, without perceptible injury to them. *Worm* water is preferable, either in summer or winter; in summer, because there can be no check to vegetation, end in winter, because growth is stimuleted hy its use. Indeed, we recently read of en applica- tion of *hot* water to a plaat which was sickly, restoring it to health. The same euthority asserts that with the application of hot weter re-potting is unnecessary.

PIGS ON AN OAT DIET.

F. D. Curtis says in the *Weekly Tribune*,—"Little pigs will do finely, if the supply of milk is short, hy giving them all the oats they can eat. We fix a pen for them to go into by themselves as soon as they are old enough—three or four weeks—and scatter the oats on the floor, where they run in and out and help themselves. They will not eat enough to be injured, as they might of corn. They chew the oats and spit out the shells, swallowing the meats. The floor should he swept out every few days, as the shells or skins accumu- late and are in the wey. The miller's toll, one-tenth, is saved, and not one oat need be lost. We have a pen of fine, fat pigs which have never had a mouthful of milk fed to them. They run out to grass, and have of kitchen-swill, all they will drink. Oats are the thing which keeps them growing and healthy. Enough are thrown into their pen in the morning to last all day. This saves time, and time couats when pork is low."

NEW YORK HORTIOULTURAL SOOIETY.

At the June exhibition of the above-named society in New York City, a display of grasses was made, being exhibited by the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, and collect- ed and named by Mr. George Dixon.

A report in a New York paper says, "a col- lection of over thirty-five correctly named grasses, which were much admired, and re- ceived a well-merited diploma." Mrs. Albert Howe of this place made an exhibit of seed- ling carnations, which received "special com- mendation" from the judges.

THE VOYAGE OF THE AZOR.

The Charleston *News and Courier* gives an *Extra* to the detailed history of the voyage of the *Azor* to Liberia, by its special correspond- ent, Mr. A. B. Williams, who went out in her as reporter. Mr. Williams is a Southern man, we understand. His letter exhibits a spirit of great fairness to the expedition, and often a most delicate feeling and tender sympathy for the emigrants. His report is of thrilling in- terest. It is over nine columns long, and we can give our readers only an abstract of it, with such extracts as our limits will allow.

The letter is dated—Sierra Leone, May, 30, 1878; and is a faithful record of the long voy- age, from the day when "the *Azor* with her experimental load left Charleston amid the sound of 'The Gospel Ship is Sailing,' and 'We're Bound for the Promised Land,' sung from the hark's deck, and re-echoed from the *Pocosin* and *Allison*."

The second morning found everybody lan- guid as usual at sea, but social lines beginning to he drawn hetween cahin and steerage, while the captain, mates and reporter, who were the only white people on board, repre- sented those "freyed ends" of society that belong nowhere. On the second day "tha captain and mates went vigorously to work reduciag

"THE ISSUING OF FOOD AND WATER

to a system. Messes were formed among the between deck passengers, and cooked pro- visions issued to them twice a dey. The food was generally not good and ill-cooked, caus- ing complaint and suffering. Thera was ebundance of meat, flour and rice, but of very poor quality. The meat was eaough to last with care. All of it but five barrels belonged to the "six months' stores' intended by the emigrants for their support in Liberia till the first crop is made, but it had to be nsed on the voyage. There was no danger of starvation, however. Such 'medical comforts as wines and good spirits' in small quantities, sago, arrowroot, &c., were entirely absent. When stimulants were needed for the sick, the pri- vate stores of the officers and reporter had to bs called upoa."

Mr. Williams speeks in the most enthusias- tic terms of the officers of tha *Azor*. They were kind and considerate and cheering always. Unfortunately, their efforts were constantly baffled by the "ignorance, indiffer- ance and carelessness of the emigrants, and the utter want of anything like system or or- ganization in the expedition." Mr. Williams remerks,—"However bad the supplies, it seems as if any sane person, out at sea with all the possibilities of a long voyage before him, would refrain from wasting them. Yet I have seen nearly enough bread, meat and rice, which would have lookcd eatable enough ta a starv- ing man, thrown carelessly or angrily over the *Azor*'s side, to feed all on board of her for e week." Captain Holmes on the third dey in- stitated

A WEEKLY CLEANING-OUT

and airing of the steerage—bringing up all the beds to be sunned and eired. But in this effort too he met osly hindrance. "It was only by begging and driving that the passen- gers coald be indnced to clean ap around their berths. Often even that failed, and they would not even come on deck themselves to get a little fresh eir." While et the end of the voyage the raporter writes: "Very few of the steerage passengers have changed their clothing aad many have not evea washed their hands and faces since leaving Charles- ton. Of course there were honorable excep- tions,—the Shew and Reeves families from Georgie; Clement Irons from Charleston, who voluntarily surreadered his cabin passage for which he had peid, and weat iato the steerage to make rooin; William Adams from Lancas- ter and a few others set examples worthy of imitation."

"The *Azor* proved a fine sailer, passing every craft steering in her course, and would easily have made Monrovia within the estimated twenty-five days but for three days of south- westerly gales. She also encountered severs! calms, and two storms, one but a stiff gale, but enough to render the inexperienced passengers almost frantic; a few, howaver, really display- ed "courags of a high order, taking matters very coolly and asying thet they were willing to die then if necessary. Tha Captain came down end quieted them with a few quiet words of assurance."

On the first Sunday, the first deaths occur- red, of two infant children. In connection with them, Mr. Williams protests, as he does again and again in his letter, egainst en out- rage. He says

"NO PHYSICIAN

was oa board the *Azor*, though the Managers of tha Exodus had distinctly stated that a physician from Washington would accompany her." The law requires the presence of one on board emigrant ships—and one George Curtis was used to clear with, hut Mr. Williams vig- orously asserts that he knew "aboat as much of medicine as a street car mule." He pre- scribed by goess-work and the help of a small "Mariner's Medical Guida" book given him hy the captain. Captain Holmes at last for- bade his dispensing any more medicines with- out his superintendence. Mr. Williams car- nestly says,—"I cannot find terms strong eaough to denounce the conduct of the mana- gers of the expedition is deliberately seading the *Azor* to sea without a competent physi- cias. If I should never write another line, my last earnest advice to the colored people interested in this movement would be to rig- idly investigate this matter." He also asserts that the fact that the measles was on board the vessel was known and deliberately con- cealed from the Custom House authorities.

This precious doctor shared with a certain so-called "missionary" on board, an ungrace- ful distinctioa. Mr. Williams remarking that, "It seems unfortunate that the Missionary and 'Doctor' sent out with this expedition should each have seen fit to beat his wife."

The Baptist and Methodist ministers in charge of their respectiva flocks, he thinks, "from close observation, were men of really earnest piety who do their best according to their light,"—bnt without the degree of edu- cation that could make them intelligent teach- ers of their people. As Mr. Williams says, "To the observer who thinks a moment, there is something peculiarly saddening in this. For a preacher who can teach his people sound, simple Christianity, there is work to do among these emigrants." Prayer-meetings and Sunday services were held on board, and a Sunday-school, thongh this was hampered by sectarian variances. Clement Irons suc- ceeded in organizing ona good religioas meet- ing in the evenings. The yonng people on the qnarter-deck would gather round the wheel on pleasant evenings and sing sweetly. "After meals, the emigrants generally dis- persed

ABOUT THE DECKS.

Probably one-half could read, and about a fourth write. These fortunate ones would lie about, poring over Bibles, learning hymns, or studying old geographies, histories, newspa- pers or slates. Pleasant to relate, some would gather round them a few of their uneducated fellows, and laboriously instruct them in the rudimeats of the three R's. Others would lie on their backs staring at the blue eky and white clouds," building "castles in the air."

Mr. Williams "interviewed the emigrants quite generally" on

THE OBJECTS OF EMIGRATION.

His conclusion is that "there is no reason which can be called general. The grievances complaiaed of and the hopes antertained were, almost invariably, of a local or personal na- ture. Some were going because they thought they would have a better chance to rise ia the world, with a generous and cheaply procured soil, and perfect social equality. Others were tired of reating or working ont, and wanted to be their own masters. Others complained that the farmers were handing together more and more to keep down wages. Others could only fall back on the old talk of 'Ku-Klnx,' 'Night-Hawks,' and 'political persecntions.' Some assigned nearly all these reasons. One of the most intelligent of the Georgia emi- grants said thet it is becoming such a general practice for farmers in that State to evail themselves of the homestead exemption laws, that the lahorer had no aecurity for his earn- ings, and, therefore, no inducement to work. It seems that, in the main, various and widely- differing opinions and views hrought the em- igrants to Charleston. Once there, they soon rallied nnder the generel watch-words of 'Politicel Persecution" and 'Social Equal- ity.'"

By the third week out, the measles had be- come quite prevalent between decks, and the deaths increased rapidly in the want of medi- cal care. One sudden death from heart dis- ease occured, of which Mr. Williams touch- ingly observes: "It seems a curious fate that this woman who, for forty-three years, had passed her life in the quiet of the conntry, knowing no world heyond the precincts of the town or county, should flad her grave be- aeath the waves of the Atlantic, three thou- sand miles from any place she had known be- fore." The deaths were chiefly from measles and a kind of sore-throat which seemed to become epidemic. On May 20th, the twenty- ninth day out,

SHIP-FEVER

made its fatal appearaace, increased no douht hy the condition of the steerage, which the captain could not purify, even with disin- fectants. For eight days more, tha terrible ordeal lasted, with insufferahle heat, and long calms, provisions getting bad, water scarce, and disease spreading. On the thirty-fifth day, the calms were followed by a wind which soon rose to

A TORNADO,

of which Mr. Williams gives a most graphic description: "The wind roared, shrieked and whistled through the rigging, the thun- der discharged itself in peal after peal, the sails heat with dull, monotonous thuds, or cracked like a thousand whip lashes; the rain pelted and rattled, the cries of sailors and orders of officers could he heard faintly as the wind swept them away. The continnous, vivid flashes of lightning brought out mo- mentary tableaux—a dark figura ap in the riggiag, the captain at the helm—a group of sailors heuling a rope, a groap of passengers standing under some shelter with startled faces—all standing out in a flash and swallow- ed up by tha darkness. What added to the wiardness of the effect was that tha storm had come so suddenly that there was no sea, the *Azor*, amid all the crash and confusion, running as quietly through tha water as a phantom ship, with balls of electric fire on her mastheads. To the noises of the storm were added those of praying, wailing and shoating." This was the last heavy blow, and such light breezes followed that the captain wisely de- cided to put into Sierra Leona, then bnt fifty- seven miles distant, for provisions and medical help, before running to Monrbvia. The longed-for haven was reeched May 28th, the thirty-seventh day out, and after resting there a day, they started in tow of a steamer for Mourovis, which they reached on the ascond day.

Mr. Williams' estimate of tha emigrants of the *Azor* is a fair and kindly one. He says:

"I do not wish to be understood as running down the people or their project. The emi- grants have generally behaved themselves ex- cellently. They have uniformly easily been managed, obedient and accommodating. They have complained much, it is true, but when it is considered that they were suddenly brought into unaccustomed surroundings, with manifold discomforts, insufficient, poor and generally novel food, and with no physi- cian, this cannot be wondered at. The only real trouble has beea their indifference to their own comfort and cleanliness. While all are lamentably, some grossly, ignorant, that is hardly their own fault. Altogether, despite the many reprehensibla characteristics dis- played by some, I have been fevorably im- pressed with the mass of these emigrants. Most of them will maka good citizens; some will be invaluable acquisitions to the new coastry. I don't think there is a reelly bad or viciously disposed person among their num- ber."

AT THE last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Institute it was decided that as soon as practicable, the male stu- dents should be uniformed; and a plain sack coat, and pantaloons of bluish-gray cloth, with cap of the same, have been se- lected as the uniform. Arrangements are now in progress whereby those articles will he furnished here at less price than they or other goods of same quality, can be pnrchased of other parties, (at an av- erage cost of ten or eleven dollars per suit). It is therefore requested that par- ents, instead of purchasing suits for their sons before sending them from home, al- low them to purchase uniforms after their arrival at the Institute, as it is desired that *all* should be in uniform by Jannary 1, 1879. After being once supplied with uniform, the student will be required to wear it on all occasions, except when at work in shops or on the farm.

THE FOUR EMPERORS AND THEIR TREATY.

It is interesting at this time to look at the portraits—for which we are indehted to the N. Y. Christian Weekly—of four of the mon- archs who have jast, hy the treaty of Berlin, decided another of the world's great questions without fighting: the division of conquered Turkey among the European powers. When the bloody war between Russia and Turkey ended with the fall of Plevna, and the hanners of the Czar waved before the gates of Constan- tinople, all that kept him from entering was tha knowledge that all tha other Great Powers of Europe were watching his movements, jealous of any disturbance of the European balance of power. This mada his terms with Turkey, the treaty of San Stefano, very different from what they would have been if he had only himself to consult. But the Powers were not satisfied with this. England especially, with her pock- ets full of Turkish bonds and a special interest in keeping a harrier between Russia's encroach- ments and her vast possessions in India, insisted that tha terms of the treaty should be submit- ted to a general confercuce of the Powers. Russia objected, and for a time there were muttering thunders of war which should shake all the thrones of Europe.

Happily for the interest of peace and civil- ization, the thunder clouds rolled harmlessly away, the Congress of the Powers assemhled, and the Treaty of Berlin is at last agreed upon. It has indeed been "aptly called the Carving of the Turkey," of the eight provinces of Tur- key in Europe. Austria gets Bosnia and Her- zegovinia; Greece, are citification of the froa- tier of Albania and Shessaly; while Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and a large part of Roumelia becama more or less independent. Russia has amply indemnified herself. Con- stantinope is left indeed to the Turks, but his powcr has departed, and he must go back to the Asiatic posassions from which he swept, sword in hend, into Europe, five hundred years ago. In this he is protected by England, who surprised tha Congress with the anouncement of an agreement already secured with Turkey by which she assumes the Protectorate of Tur- key in Asia, and occupies tha Island of Cyprus. This is regarded as a sharp stroke of state pol- icy on the part of Lord Beaconsfield, Eng- land's Prime Minister, and he has received the most enthusiastic reception since his return homa.

And now let us look at the Emperors. What a contrast in types of head and featnres, be- tween Nicholas II of Russia—intellectaal, vig- orous, far seeing,—and tho Sultan of Turkey, heavy browed, dull eyed, crafty, cruel, fit rep- resentatives of their different national history —the Russian, powerful, despotic, encroach- ing, but progressive in civilization, favoring art and encouraging education, emancipating their serfs, giving more and more privileges of free- dom to the people, keeping up with tha march of the world. The Turks utterly bliad to it, till forced now and then to some ill kept prom- iss of reform, extravagant, oppressive, in five hnadred years failing to make of the country they conquered one nation; for fiva hundred years only the hated invader and tyrant.

Here also is Francis Joseph of Austria, and tha bluff, strong face of Kaiser Wilhelm, who with the help of his soldier-statesmen Prince Bismarck, mada Germany one natioa and him- self its emperor. Yon are not surprised to hear that emperor though he is, he still sleeps on an iron camp bed and hard mettress, keeps early hours, takes vigorous out-door exercise, works every day and is in full vigor of mind and body, ia his advanced years.

TAKE OARE.

If the pilot had taken care, tha ship would not have gone among tha breakers. If the coachman had take eare, the stable and three fine horses would not have been burned. If the druggist's clerk had taken care, he would not have put up the prescriptioa wrong and destroyed a life.

Take care what books you read. *Take care* what company you keep. *Take care* of your time. *Take care* of your thoughts. *Take care* of your health. And above all, TAKE CARE OF YOUR SOUL.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES. The colored ont here are poor. I only know one colored man who has land of his own. Work try and keep this up all summer for we do not keep husy aow that school is closed, and we

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF OITIZEN. V.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Over eighty Hampton graduates have been regularly supplied with newspapers from our reading-room. Over eighty of the best journals, dailies wecklies and monthlies, of the North and South are thus being distributed. The course of most of the journals that come to the Institute is first, the editorial office; second, to the reading rooms of the young men and women; third, to the students who are out teaching. There is no greater encouragement to the young teacher, far from home and every educational opportunity but the stern discipline of life, than these papers which follow him to his isolated station in the woods or the mountains, bringing him into close communication with the outer world and with friends who are still remembering him. Every mail brings back some grateful acknowledgment of the good done. We hope next year to extend this work, and to this end, would suggest to our friends who don't know what to do with their papers and magazines after reading them, that they could make missionaries of them by sending them to Hampton.

The freedman's first thirst for education cannot be said to have did out, while children willingly walk ten and fourteen miles a day to go to school.

——, Va., *April 19th*, 1878.

My dear Teacher:—

I received the monthly Jonrnals, and find them a great help to me. I must also return to you my warmest thanks for the Congregationalist. I have the Rev. Mr. Moody's sermon to read to my Sunday school. I have closed one of my five months schools, and have opened another in Cartersville. The people were much pleased with my teaching. I had about fifty-five scholars, ages *from four to sixteen*. And scarcely any one of them could count a hundred, but when they left me they were all good counters. In my present school I have about seventy-five scholars, and an assistant teacher. I also have a large Sunday school, somtimes numbering a hundred. When I first opened Sunday school, I never saw a rougher lot of young folks than the last Sunday school I had I never saw a better. So I know I am doing a little good. I teach a night school of old persons who cannot go to day school, three nights in a week; the night school I do not charge anything for teaching. With all my teaching, I have not received one single cent, and cannot get money unless I discount it at 30 or 40 per cent. or wait eighteen months for it. I have often heard the question asked, are the colored people anxious for an education? I must say that the young ones are. A great many of my scholars walk ten miles per day, and some of them fourteen miles, to school. But the poor children have so many disadvantages. Grog-shops are well patronized. I wanted to give a lecture on temperance. Will you please give me the number of bushels of corn, wheat and rye that are converted into whiskey?

Hoping to hear from you soon again. Much love for all. Yours as ever, S.

——, Va., *April 14th*, 1878.

Gen. Armstrong—kind friend:

It seems impossible for me to find words would express my thanks to you for the many papers you have sent me since I've been teaching. If nothing happens, I shall have taught school six months next Friday, on which day my school will close. If I understood right, the school which I teach, has been in operation for seven years. But the progress of the children seems to have been very slow. I opened my school on the fifth day of November with two scholars only. Before Christmas the people were so slow in sending their children to school that I was about to be sent to another neighborhood. They kept their children home simply because they could not clothe them as they wished. I have told them, and will try and prove to them next Friday, that the scholars of whom I can boast, are not those that were kept away from school because of dress, but those who came regularly though with the poorest of clothes on their bodies. I have even stood and and gazed on some of my pupils' dress, wondering which was the original piece of their garment, girls as well as boys. Many of their heels were well protected from the weather, but their toes were just the opposite. I have at times, felt so sorry for some of the children that had I had the money, I believe I would have spent it for their benefit. For the last three months the children have turned out well. My school-house is a very rudely built one. The school-room has one small black-board in it by means of which I taught many the Alphabet and how to read. I can only say, in behalf of my scholars, that their desire to learn seemed to have been lately excited. They all, children and parents seem to like me very much. They all think I'm the best teacher they've ever had, and have asked me often if I will return next fall. I have made no promise. As the colored people are very easily satisfied out here, the white people like them. The colored ont hers are poor. I only know one colored man who has land of his own. Work seems to be plentiful at times, but very little money is got for the doing of it. It takes a good working man to earn fifty cents and board a day.

Everything looks like spring here now. The farmers are plowing, and planting corn, the fields are looking green with oats, &c.

Even if I should not return to this place another year, I hope some other student of Hampton school will come, and I'll assure you, that if he tries to walk uprightly, at the end he'll not want for friends. Whoever comes after me, I believe will find a school ready to go right ahead May he be successful, as was his predecessor, or as he seems to have been.

I am, respectfully, your ex-student,

Mc.

——, Fla., *May 2d*, 1878.

My dear Miss H.:

Your most welcome letter came duly to hand. I never pernsed a lotter with more interest in my life. In the first place, I was glad to hear from you, and the other teachers; secondly, I was much interested in the account given of the various changes that have taken place since I was in school. I shall always think of the Hampton school with a peculiar recollection. While there, I learned to love the place, and there, too, I made the acquaintance of some noble young people, of whose onward march I sometimes hear, and I feel unspeakable joy when particularly I remember the *great* mission each one has to undertake. *Our* circumstances are vastly different from those of our more fortunate neighbors, and as I view the situation the more perfectly we understand and realize this fact, if there be the slightest degree of energy and humanity within us, we should persue a progressive course with more vigor as each day passes awey. This, knowledge should act as the lever to propel the cause of general advancement among the colored people. I have been studying, time and again, about the methods that are indispensable for the complete elevation of our people from the almost helpless and degraded condition in which we have been for ages, and I see no other way but by growing intelligent By this I mean to include all of the virtues that properly belong to an intelligent individual. Such for instance as frugality, honestly, perseverance, and good morality. With these will come a bright era for our people and likewise for the country. realizing these important matters as I do, and knowing the want of such among us, I have been leuding my little influence in that direction ever since I have been out of school, I am satisfied that the blessing of God has accompanied my feeble efforts, and I feel thankful to realize this satisfaction.

I do wish I could be at Hampton during the reunion of graduates, and the commencement exercises and also to the Teachers' Institute of which I have just received a circular notice from Gen. A., but it is impossible for me to be there. My schools will close this term the last of May. Gensrally the term lasts nine months. Owing to a failure in making collections of certain taxes this year, which is the excuse, *the colored schools* must close a month earlier than usual. The colored public school in this place is divided into two divisions, each division occnpying separate buildings and in different parts of the town. I am Principal, and have the oversight of both divisions. In division No. 1, I have charge of the grammar department. We are expecting that the two divisions will be consolidated at an early date; the Board promising to build us a school-house sufficiently large to hold all the children we may have, which will not be over three hundred, I reckon. The salaries of our teachers range from $35, to $50. At the beginning of each school year, that is in October, we cannot get the cash, but about Jan. 1st, until close of school all teachers are paid off promptly, in cash, at the end of each month. Our warrants that are paid during October, November and December, will he cashed if we have not sold them.

I read with much interest the article of Gen. A., about his Georgia trip, in the "S. W." Please remember me to Gen. Armstrong and Gen. Marshall, and Mr. Tolmen. I have thought about Mr. Tolman *so many* times since I left the institution. I was very sorry to learn of his feebleness during the past year. Please give regards to Miss M., also. I must not forget R. and B. I shell try to write a letter to one of them soon.

With much regard for yourself, I remain,

Most truly youre,

M.

Aiken, S. C., *June* 24, '78.

Dear Mrs. ——:

I thank you very much for the book that you sent to me (Habits and Manners). First Anna and I read part of it together at school, for there were no others there at that time that I thought would like it. But on Wednesday afternoon I would invite the girls down to my house and then I would read it to them. They all liked it very much and said that they thought all that I had read was quite true, and that they would try and remember what I had read and follow some of those rules. I have now read nearly half through it, and yet there is so much more to learn. This afternoon the girls will meet for their reading; it is very plain, we can nnderatand it very easy. I will try and keep this up all summer for we do not keep hosy now that school is closed, and we enjoy ourselves so very much reading to each other.

Don't you think that it would he a good plan to continue this meeting to read once a week and not stop just because the book is finished? I will tell you more of what we do when I write again about the book.

I am, respectfully,

S.

The following letter is from a graduate of the "Institute for Colored Youth," in Phildelphia, in the charge of Miss Fanny Jackson an accomplished womnn and a very successful teacher.

Coming North to solicit funds for the erection of a school house at his home in Georgia, he was advised on his return to stir up the people to help themselves to build a substantial house and to continue school four or five months after the State aid (which continues four months) should cease.

The "Workman" is always glad to publish account of the good work done by colord youth, and letters from them are invited.

Louisville, Ga., 6-13, '78.

Miss M. A. Longstreth:—Dear friend:

I would heve written you loug since, hut for various reasons, merely local however, our work has not been pushed forward as rapidly as I would wish; so in order that I might be able to make my statements with certainty and correctness, I have waited patiently for the graduel, and I can now say successful development of my plans.

As soon as I arrived I at once consulted with the leading men as to the propriety of directly commencing the building. They were greatly encouraged by the liberality which the kind Friends of Philadelphia had shown me, and they take this opportunity of expressing to you their sincere gratitude for your generosity; and they trust that in the future of themselves and their children, it may be seen that the seed was sown upon good soil. With the means which I brought, we immediately commenced the building. And though we did not have enough cash on hand to complete it, we relied upon the spir it which would be aroused, and the innate pride of the people to carry us through. It proved to be a happy venture. Both white and colored, seeing that we were in earnest, encouraged and assisted us. Of the white people, some lent us teams to assist in hauling our lumber, (the mill is six miles distent;) some gave us nails and others in various ways menifested a *friendly feeling toward the enterprise; a point which in the South cannot be over-estimated.* Of the colored people, they have not much to give; but some volunteered to work a few days gratuitously; some gave a little cash; some gave so many boards, and some gave shingles, &c. All this shows a healthy spirit in the community; and that is its chief value, for the amounts given were generally small. We would still fall short of having enough to finish our building, so in order that the work might go on, a number of responsible men mutually agreed to be personally accountable for the deficit. Thus the financiel problem was solved. Our building will be sufficient to accommodate the wants of this community for years to come. It is now more than half done. But in order to suit the convenience of volnntary help, our work proceeds leisurely along. We will not need the building until Fell. I am at present teaching in the old church, the openness of which is, at this season of the year, more favorable than injurious to health. Thus the enterprise bids fair to be a success, and I can now say that the permanent establishment of a school in this place is assured. One more step has been taken towarde your happy idea of placing like so many light-houses, permanent schools ell over the South, as the surest and most practical way of dispelling the derkness which surrounds the freedmen. I informed the people of your kind and unsolicited offer to give the school, if we succeeded in making it a permanency, a set of maps, &c. We shall he truly grateful to you for those articles, the need of which we have felt all the year. I hope I shall heer from you soon as to your approhation of my course. I read with pleasnre the copies of the Southern Workmnn which you gave me. I was sorry the others did not arrive. My address was perhaps misplaced. I have written to seral who assisted me, thanking them for their kindness; but to none so long a letter as this. I must really close or I will weary you.

With many thanks for your goodness and the kindly interest you have manifested in me personally, as one of "Fanny's boys," I remain,

Very respectfully,

Geo. E. Johnson.

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keye,
And don't forget that they are these,
"I thank you, sir," and "if you please."
Then let us watch these little things,
And so respect each other;
That not a word, or look, or tone,
May wound a friend or brother.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZEN. V.

JURIES AND JURYMEN.

Although the right of trial hy jury is several centuries old In England, and has existed in this country since the old colonial times, but few persons, even among the thinking classes, often stop to think what a magnificent right, this right is—in theory; nor with how mighty a harrier it surrounds every citizen, protecting him ugninst the assaults of other citizens, and even against the State itself.

The Latin word, from which "jury" is derived, means "to make oath;" and it, in turn, came from a word which is the equivalent of our English "Right." From its very derivation, it signifies "a body sworn to do right;" and no amount of legal phraseology can give it a clenrer cut definition.

There is nothing perfect in this world, and while the jury system is apparently perfect in theory, it oftentimes becomes a farce in practice, owing to the imperfections of humanity.

In this paper I propose to briefly consider, the theory of triel hy jury; the abuses that exist in practice; and the duties of citizens called to sit in the jury box.

Laws are the direct expressions of the will of humnn societies. It is the province of judges to expound and apply these laws: but with them, juries have nothing to do. It is the province of juries simply to determine facts, "only this and nothing more." If two citizens have a controversy, or the State accuses a citizen of some offence, a certain state of facts has to be determined before any law can he applied. It is the duty of the jury to discover just what this state of facts may he; then, to this state of facts, the law, as made and provided, is applied. The existence of a jury ennobles the position of a judge, for hy its co-operation, he is not only forced to be impartial as to the two contestants, but is lifted far above both and becomes, as he should he, the personification of Law.

In this country and in England, it is the theory at least, that the people govern; and a jury is the introduction of the popular voice into legal proceedings. Indeed, in England, the clerk in a criminal court, on reading an indictment, declares to the jury, thnt the accused plends "not guilty, and throws himself for trial on God and his conntry, which country you are." This idea is the correct one, for a jury is supposed to he selected from the country without prejndice against either the accused or the State

If all controversies between citizens had to he decided hy "the Bench" alone, a privileged class would arise, the existence of which would he prejudicial to Americau liberty. For to give one man the power to determine facts, and then to apply the law as he might interpret it, would he dangerous to both citizens and State: indeed it would he only needful to give him one more function, viz.: that of low making, to invest him with absolute power. Even if such a class were culled from the best citizens, the danger would still exist, for the best of men err sometimes, and prejudice often colors judgment, even if the judge he uponscious of its existence. A jury, however, prevents the possibility of this danger; and besides this, they view the evidence in a fresh, common-sense, practical sort of way, that would he impossible for a man or men, to do, whose lives were passed in professionally listening to evidence. For, say what we will, every one of us has his mind more or less hent hy the peculiarities of his profession or avocation.

According to the doctrine of chances, it is evident that twelve men are less liable than one to fall into any one particular error; and as unanimity of juries is required in most States, it would *seem* almost impossible that glaringly ridiculous verdicts should he rendered. Evidence strong enough to lead twelve different minds to the same conclusion, must he pretty strong in itself, and the verdict of a jury represents the mean impression made hy the evidence, the extreme views of none prevailing. Such, very briefly told, is the theory of trial hy jury.

In practice, trials hy jury often become little better than travesties of justice, and in all our large cities, different trades are organized into what are called "Exchnnges," and all controversies are decided hy arhitration. For instance, A. and B., belonging to some exchange, have a controversy: they agree to leave it to arhitration: A. selects one arhitrator, B. another. The two arhitrators, thus chosen, select some third party, who is learned in the law and custome of the the tradc. Before these three, the parties at variance state their respective sides of the question, and are governed hy the decision made. This system of lay courts for the trinl of civil cases has been adopted mainly because of the delays and expenses incident to litigation in the regular courts, but in no small degree because of the strange verdicts brought in by some petit juries. Intelligent citizens too often shirk their duties as jurors, and leave the jury-box to be filled with men without education or moral sense, and it is from such juries, that extraordinary verdicts may he expected. A

celebrated wit, in speaking of the uncertainty of the weather in New England, declared that there was only one thing more uncertain in this world, and that was, the verdict of a jury. This is not as expounded hy the judge, or related hy counsel; they have nothing to discuss about the law, nor about any imaginary case, they have only to do with the testimony they have heard

desire to raise the grade of our schools and press our classes forward, we leave the foundation of all knowledge unsound. The higher knowledge can take caro of itself, if we take care that the lower knowledge is sound

Resolutions were passed hy the Association, commending the work of Hampton Institute, and of thanks for the use of its chapel; and also for the hospitality received from citizens of the town. The committee recommended

celebrated wit, in speaking of the uncertainty of the weather in New England, declared that there was only one thing more uncertain in this world, and that was, the verdict of a petit jury.

It is part of the theory of trial by jury, that the accused must be tried by his peers, or equals: but before the law in this country, every citizen is deemed the equal of every other citizen, no matter how far the two may be removed in morality, culture or education. A man who is decried by the law too degraded to sit in the jury box is degraded indeed. Take the average juries as drawn in our courts, and to how many individuals of them would a citizen care to leave the decision of any important question? Yet perhaps before twelve of the most ignorant men in the panel, a citizen may be compelled to try a case involving the nicest question of fact, and one that can only be explained in technical language, which to the majority of them is as intelligible as so much Chinese or Sanscrit.

Another serious trouble about trials by jury is the sentimentalism of some jurors, who will hesitate to keep sacred their oaths, and decide according to the evidence, because they know that severe punishment will follow their verdict. In this jurors are wrong; they do not make the laws; the united juries of America, as juries, could not make a paragraph of law. Jurors have simply to say that a certain set of facts exist; having done this, their duties end. The law bearing on this set of facts existed before they took their seats, and they are no more responsible for it than any other citizens.

That jurors are sometimes bribed, it is useless to deny; but this is an argument against the venality of man, and not against the system of trials by jury. A juror accepting a bribe sinks into a depth of infamy, than which there are no deeper depths: he is perjurer, thief, and unjust judge in one, and severe as are the penalties inflicted for this crime, they are none too severe, if its heinousness be considered. When a man, who has sworn to do justice, to weigh evidence, and render a verdict accordingly, deliberately closes his ears to the evidence, and renders a verdict for a price, he shows the same moral deficiency that leads a trickster to play with loaded dice, or a desperado to murder for hire. In some respects he is even worse, for he dons the mask of Justice to do injustice in, and after calling on the Almighty to witness the uprightness of his intentions, deliberately lies before God and men. Are such crimes never punished?

As before said, too many good citizens fail to do their duty as jurors; they grudge the time, and complain of the irksomeness of sitting for days in a crowded court-room, to the neglect of their own affairs. Such views are not the right ones. Jury duty, should be looked at from the standpoint of citizenship, as one of the taxes imposed by the State, and one which should be as cheerfully paid as any other. It should be remembered, that a citizen who forms part of a jury to-day, may to-morrow have need of the services of a jury; and I know no sounder rule for jurymen, than to apply the Golden Rule, and to enter the jury box determined to act as they would have others act toward them, if their positions were reversed, viz: with attention, patience, and impartiality.

The law supposes that a jury when drawn, knows nothing of the merits of the controversy they are to try, or at least that they have formed no fixed opinions. Jurymen should always try to make this presumption of the law a fact; and have their minds resemble blank paper on which the testimony of both sides is to be written, and their verdict should be as the evidence on one side outweighs the other.

Sympathy has no place in the jury box: the suitors are equal before the law, without regard to "race, color or previous condition"; youth and beauty, age and repulsiveness are not parties to the suit, but only accidental attributes of plaintiff or defendant.

The time demanded for jury duty every year is not much, and in doing that duty a citizen only performs a part of those duties, whence come the inestimable right of the protection of the Law. When a man votes for legislators, he indirectly shares in making the laws: when he serves on the jury, he indirectly shares in executing the laws. In these two ways, "We the People" act individual parts in the legislative and executive branches of our government.

The duty of a juryman is hard under any circumstances; but most citizens make their duty harder, by considering matters not pertinent to their duties. All they have to do, is to determine a certain set of facts; what these facts may be, they cannot help; they did not do the deeds, nor are they responsible for them, any more than they are responsible for the law applicable to the case. The attorneys on either side elicit the testimony of the witnesses, and from this testimony, *and nothing else*, must the verdict be made. It is not a function of a jury to discuss the propriety or impropriety of the law as expounded by the judge, or related by counsel; they have nothing to discuss about the law, nor about any imaginary case, they have only to do with the testimony they have heard.

To give strict attention to the testimony is among the first duties of a juror; for however trivial the matter at issue may seem to him, it is of interest to at least one citizen. The juror is in the jury box to be a judge of facts, and not to decide as to the importance or absurdity of the case.

In my opinion there is no position in which a citizen can be placed, where, if he does his whole duty, greater responsibilities rest, than when called to sit on a jury. He has to put aside his individuality, his passions and his prejudices; he must become a purely intellectual being, listening attentively to all each side has to say, and deciding accordingly. He should be as sensitive and insensible as a goldsmith's scale; he is, in fact, an intellectual balance with a moral fulcrum; he weighs the evidence of both parties in a mental scale, of which his solemn oath is the balance point.

T. T. Bruce.

THE STATE EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

According to the announcement previously made in this paper, the thirteenth annual convention of the Virginia Educational Association was held July 9th, 10th and 11th, in the chapel of Hampton Institute.

Educators were present from all parts of the State. The three day-sessions were given chiefly to business and reading of papers upon various scientific and practical subjects connected with the profession of teaching; the evenings, to addresses of more popular character, which were listened to by quite large and appreciative audiences.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

In his interesting opening address, Prof. Thomas R. Price of Randolph-Macon, President of the Association, stated that it had been his purpose to have read to the convention the statistics of the last year's educational work in Virginia; but he had found such unexpected, and he might say, inexcusable, hindrances that he had been forced to forego that part of his duty. He recommended to the Association, the appointment of an annual committee to aid the President in the collection of such statistics; to find the number of scholars taught in Virginia schools, colleges and universities; the number of students from other states attracted here, and the proportion of time and number of students given to the essential studies. Prof. Price frankly pointed out what he thought a grievous fault in the State's present system of education, which he said is, "compared not with other systems, but with its own ideal, more ambitious than solid." He said, "We are all trying to teach too many things—striving to push our scholars forward too fast from the departments into the higher branches. Thus there is a painful lack of proportion between the puny foundation and the swelling superstructure. In all the departments of knowledge I hear the same complaints and see the same faults. Everywhere we are sacrificing the lower to the higher. In efforts to remedy this, this Association can render the best service to the State. The two elements which form the basis of all education,—proficiency in which is itself an honest education, deficiency in which is inability to achieve any education at all, is life-long paralysis of the mental powers,—are, 1st, practical and scientific knowledge of the mother tongue, so as to speak and write it with ease and correctness, and to read it with pleasure; 2d, exact knowledge of elementary mathematics. I grieve more and more, from year to year, at the neglect of the mother tongue in our schemes of education. In our desire to raise the grade of our schools and press our classes forward, we leave the foundation of all knowledge unsound. The higher knowledge can take care of itself, if we take care that the lower knowledge is sound and honest and full. Let us make ourselves, then, the interpreters to our people of Plato's maxim, wisest of uninspired words, 'Of everything the beginning is the greatest part; for at the beginning whatever shape one wishes to give is formed and imprinted upon the soft material.'"

In these words, Professor Price struck the key-note of the convention. The same convictions were again and again reiterated by the speakers.

Col. Wm. Allen, however, (Principal of McDonnaugh Institute in Maryland), in the second evening address, expressed the belief that "a far more important consideration for the progress and safety of the state is the higher education as given by its universities, colleges and high schools," regarding these as designed to educate leaders to guide the masses, and pointing to the "labor combinations, strikes, riots and movements of every kind that pervade the North," as evidence of the failure of its theories of the advantage of common schools in preparing the masses for citizenship. He thought that we should "provide for the high schools first, and then look to spreading elementary knowledge."

The papers read before the convention embraced the subjects of the Natural Sciences, Methods of Teaching Languages, ancient and modern, History, Mathematics, and Mental Science, a Teacher's Life Assurance Society, and the Higher Education of Girls. Dr. Brooks, director of the Johns Hopkins summer school of Biology at the Rip-Raps, gave by invitation an account of the methods of Biological study at the University. The third evening address was by Rev. F. C. Woodward of Murfreesboro', N. C., on the Relation of Colleges to the Professional Tendencies of Our People, extracts of which will be found in another column.

By request, the Principal of Hampton Institute gave some account of the school. He invited questions from the Association, and said that, "as far as negro intelligence is concerned, we are not troubled by the question of brains as a race question. While there is a great deal of dullness, as there is in all races, there is also a great deal of first-class mental capacity. Our great effort now is upon the English language. I consider your President's words last evening very timely. Col. Parker, the very successful primary teacher of Massachusetts who has been conducting our Normal class lectures this spring, urged us to sweep away all the higher studies. Let us at any rate teach our students to do the elementary work thoroughly. You are the teachers of thousands, and your general idea seems to be the same. Our work is to make men and women. First-rate material is scarce everywhere. You can do great good in sending it here—not to increase our numbers, for we are full and more than full, but to send us the best material that will justify these advantages and be made useful to the people and the nation. The course of the school has drawn the fire of the negro press because of the rudimentary course here. We are not troubled by this, but it shows the line on which this question will have to be worked out by those who want to bring the race up. There is no difficulty between our graduates and the Superintendents, nor with the body of the people. There is no more encouraging work. We notice in our graduates coming back to us in a year's time, increased weight and force, and they are doing good, honest work. Gov. Kemper asks Will they hold out? Generally, yes. Some seed falls on stony soil, but much in good soil, always fruitful."

Resolutions were passed by the Association, commending the work of Hampton Institute, and of thanks for the use of its chapel; and also for the hospitality received from citizens of the town. The committee recommended that the Association meet here again next year. Some delicacy being manifested as to returning so soon, the Principal assured the Association that when he had heard of the appointment to meet at Hampton, he had felt it a simple duty, as well as a pleasure, to put the buildings at their service. He was the steward of property designed for, and devoted to, the interests of education, and felt that he was but carrying out the wishes of its founders and trustees in using it for those purposes. Hon. John C. Whitin, the noble founder of Virginia Hall chapel, was a man who never liked to see any of his property lying idle, and he would prefer that this should not. The Principal considered that in an important sense the place belonged to them and all educators of the State, and hoped they would feel at home in it whenever they would come.

After some discussion, the next annual meeting was appointed at Hampton, and the convention adjourned.

The members of the Educational Convention generally, found time to look over the school buildings and industries, and to visit the Indian classes which excited great interest. Some of the professors made a note of an ingenious method for teaching them addition, devised by Mr. J. C. Robbins, a Hampton graduate who has charge of their instruction most of the summer, and the readiness with which the long columns were footed up.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

It is a fine thing to be brave. Rather than be called a coward, boys and men will often go into great danger. But did you know that there are two kinds of courage? Of course you would rather have the best. Once there were two boys, James and Walter; they were walking one day with some of their friends by the river, looking at the fishing boats and nets, and all the sights that interest boys so much about the water. Some of the boys amused themselves by walking across the bridge on the rail.

"Come on Walter," called James.

"No" said Walter. "Some of you fellows will be tumbling in before you know it, and you don't know how to swim."

"Ho! and you do know how, and yet you're afraid," cried James. "Before I'd be such a coward."

As he said this, he felt so fine that he gave an extra spring to show how brave he was, his foot slipped on a wet spot, and down he went into the deep water with a splash that frightened half a dozen crabs so that they let go their hold on the pier, flopped in after him, and scuttled away as fast as they could go. The water closed over his head, the boys shrieked and shouted, but before the nearest fisherman could come to the rescue, Walter had slipped off his jacket and dived off the bridge so quickly that the first time James rose, he struck out for him and caught him before he could sink.

There would not be much danger for a person who can swim, in saving another, if it were not that the one who does not know how to swim, almost always seizes his rescuer so as to impede his motions and draw him under water. The grasp of a drowning man, it is almost impossible to shake off. This fact makes it very likely that there will be two drowned instead of one, and any one who thus tries to save another does so at the risk of life.

Fortunately for James and Walter they were very near the shore, and with a few struggles in which James swallowed a good deal of water, Walter succeeded in reaching it and holding his own head and James's out of water. The other boys then drew them up on the bank one after the other, and so happily ended their adventure.

But which do you think was the best kind of courage, James's or Walter's? James had that unthinking sort of boldness which many have. He risked his life for nothing, because he did not think enough about the danger, to fear it. Walter understood all the danger, and braved it all to save another's life.

General Scott, the famous old veteran of the Mexican War, was once riding to the battle field with one of his young *aides* at his side.

General, were you ever afraid in your life? asked the young lieutenant. "Yes, indeed," said the General, "were not you?" "I don't know what the feeling is" said the Lieutenant with a boastful air. "Well sir," said the old General, "If you were half as afraid as I am now you would run away."

That is the best kind of courage, you see, which keeps a man to his duty even when he is afraid. That is moral courage, and the man who has it will not throw his life away foolishly, to prove himself a hero; he will not be afraid to be called a coward; he will be afraid of nothing so much as to do wrong.

THE RELATION OF COLLEGES TO THE PROFESSIONAL TENDENCIES OF OUR PEOPLE.

college men almost universally enter it, are facts patent to clear eyes and ears. The professional tendencies of the times, and of our own people especially, would be laughable if

centralization of capital but also against monopoly of educational advantages.

General enlightenment, and to this and as far as may be, equal educational opportunities,

recting it from those who alone have the power to do it. The leaders must show the way; the masses will not go forward of themselves; will not drill themselves; and their providential

THE RELATION OF COLLEGES TO THE PROFESSIONAL TENDENCIES OF OUR PEOPLE.

By courtesy of Rev. Frank C. Woodward of Murfreesboro', N. C., we are able to give our readers the following extracts from his very eloquent address on the above subject before the Virginia Educational Association, at Hampton Institute, July 10th. While all his address was of great interest and beauty, we have selected those parts which have most direct bearing—the more striking because, of course, unstudied—upon the educational necessities and tendencies of the colored people as well as the white. His broad and liberal ideas will commend themselves to them, and his strong, common sense views of the higher general education to be desired we urge upon their careful attention. A young man, knowing the ambitions and feelings of young men, and yet lifted far enough above them by position and experience of life to see better than themselves their necessities, he presents these with a force and clearness as apparent in reading his paper as in listening to its eloquent delivery.

He said: "When I used to write what, in the Old Field School, were called compositions, I was given some such abstraction as Virtue, Happiness, Contentment, as a heading, and allowed to scratch down, without regard to correctness of conception or consecutiveness of thought, whatever came uppermost as I stirred up my brain-shallows for words and ideas. And when your President did me the honor of asking me to talk to this learned body at this time, I could have wished most sincerely that, as in my juvenile days, I might be suffered to take some figure-head subject and maltreat or desert it, while the virtuous mantle of small expectancy and great allowance should be stretched, if possible, to cover my wide-spread shortcomings. But I feel that no man dare stand before you who has not something to say worth your while to hear, so because I feel that the theme I have chosen, viz., The Relations of Our Colleges to the Professional Tendencies of Our People, suggests, whether I shall be able to set them forth or not, thoughts worthy the attention and consideration of Virginia educators, I am emboldened to crave your patience a short time this evening."

He regards the college as "the centre force in education, that both fixes the scope of the lower schools," which lend up to it, "and determines the course and standard of the universities" which meet the student where the college leaves him, while it is the finishing school of many. "The interest of those of our people who show any care at all for education is fixed on the college. They associate the ideas 'education' and 'college' together always. The children go to the neighborhood school to learn history, grammar, arithmetic, &c., but to get an 'education' they must attend college.

"But the colleges fall short of doing the work they have or should have set themselves. It matters not how well they may train a few men, they are certainly below their mark, if failing to reach the masses of the people, they thus fail to make higher education popular and widely useful. * * * The popular error about colleges is that they are looked upon by nearly all classes, both in their design and effect, as training schools for those who intend to enter the professional life,—to be established and conducted almost solely for the benefit of that class who are to brandish the ferule, handle pill boxes, carry the green bag, wear the straight breast coat, and drive the editorial quill."

Mr. Woodward believes that this popular idea is fostered by the colleges themselves, which do adapt their course chiefly to the training of professional men and encourage the student's feeling of distaste and contempt for any other career. He says:—

"Should you make inquiry now, I think you would find that quite two-thirds of the young men in any Virginia college are getting ready for some sort of professional career—and look down with lofty commiseration upon the spiritless minority who can suffer their lights to be busheled by an agricultural measure, or to burn in the dirty socket of some low mechanical calling. That most of our young men prefer the professional life, and that our college men almost universally enter it, are facts patent to clear eyes and ears. The professional tendencies of the times, and of our own people especially, would be laughable if not so appalling. Philo-professionalism—if I may coin a word,—always a characteristic proclivity of the better sort of Southerners, is now become an epidemic, breaking out among all classes. Having been long accustomed to see the hand-work done, almost solely, by the lowest class among us, we have come to look upon the accidental association of this class with this kind of work as a necessary fact, and upon this assumption have proceeded to fit that work upon that class, as we do yokes upon oxen and collars upon mules, taking for granted, most illogically, the meanness of the class from the lowness of the work and the lowness of the work from the condition of those who do it; so have we gotten a distaste to manual work and a contempt for those who have to engage in it. We like not hard hands, soiled garments, blunt fingers, the homely, solid look of a spade, a plane, an anvil, and not because we think the occupations these stand for to be degrading, when we use our common sense, but first, because we are physically very lazy, and second, because we have not yet been able to break from the thrall of prejudice which associates these with villanage and slavery and makes them badges of the ignorant and the base. We are still ruled by the whimsey, that the life of a herd-working farmer or mechanic is not compatible with intelligence, refinement and with that high-sounding, vague, modern *summum-bonum* that, without defining, we are pleased to name, culture; whoever, then, would attain these must abstain from those employments that are held to be without their pale: hence, our young men, in the struggle for social existence, feel driven to withdraw themselves from such work and such workers and to, at least, affect some one of the learned professions and the collegecourse that fits for these."

Mr. Woodward sees with regret that this same "propensity to glorify the professions and devote the colleges to them" is also "driving the boys and young men out of the field and workshops where men are now most sorely needed." They are "growing ashamed of dusty, manly toil—and crowding into occupations fancied more respectable because in them the amount of hard work is reduced to a minimum." Those who are shut out from professional life see no use in going to college, and are not far from the truth. "Have we not, in our colleges as now conducted, if unintentionally, yet really, a system of class education that is driving from them the very people who most need help?"

"WHOSE ARE OUR COLLEGES?

"If their aim is simply to drill the leaders and let the rank and file go by, then let us know it distinctly, and cease both our talk and work in behalf of general higher education.

"But if, as I suppose, the colleges are the people's schools, open to all, irrespective of professional or non-professional preferences, intended to give higher education alike to lawyers, farmers, ministers and house-builders, to make all men, regardless of place or of calling, sounder thinkers, more faithful workers, more intelligent voters, better neighbors, more Christ-like christians, then let us find, very presently, a remedy for this harmful misapprehension that now cripples our educational plans and shuts, for the people at large, the way to the higher intellectual and social life. Can educators permit the extension of this vulgar error? Our educational system, from infant-school to college, is *meant* to give to the whole people the best possible chance for getting the mental training and cultivation necessary for their social and literary improvement and success in life: to the people, I say; for whatever reputation may be reflected from a few big, bright names, no society is better, either socially, intellectually or morally, than the average of its constituents. In order to make the masses honest and self-helpful we are not to train them exponentially, by educating a representative here and there, we must reach the individual. The body of farmers and mechanics is not to be cultivated and enlightened by making some, or many, of them lawyers, doctors and teachers. And it will not help them to enlarge the scope and requirements of the course of education before they have been brought up to your lower course. The higher you put your standard, so long as it touches only the professional class, the wider you make the breach between this and the other classes, and the more difficult does it become to get at the people. To the degree that the sympathy between the professional and laboring classes is weakened, a sympathy dependent upon common enlightenment, is there fostered: upon the one side, an exclusive aristocracy, and upon the other, communism and socialism; the bloody straw that in the late riots showed us the direction of the wind is warning, not only against the centralization of capital but also against monopoly of educational advantages.

"General enlightenment, and to this end as far as may be, equal educational opportunities, is the first need of a people who stand on a political level, where the illiterate farm-band is as strong an individual factor of the government as the scholar of world-wide fame. We want perfect understanding among our classes and common ground to stand on. Special schools should exist; but as to general education, whether low-school, high-school or collegiate, it should supply the wants of the body of the people and should even be adapted, as far as possible, to their state of ignorance, prejudice and indifference; should stoop low as well as tower high, and should stoop first. Educational systems to succeed must be adaptive in their forms, their matter, their methods. It is not reasonable to think that the same educational methods and standard are suited to all times or to all people; we want something that will attract and help our own people, and we are not to conclude, for instance, that the course of a German or French or English school, because it is to their liking, can be at once made available for the same class here. What could we do with a Gottengin University at Charlottesville, a Johns Hopkins at Richmond, or a respectable high school in some parts of the Moorfield Valley? You must adapt your educational machinery to the needs and capacities of those whom you would instruct. Certainly it should be well organized, well administered and up to as high a standard as the people can be expected to appreciate and try to attain; but, in the organization and management of popular educational institutions, what their course shall embrace and require is not, it seems to me, to be arbitrarily determined by scholars, according to their advanced ideas of what a college should teach, but, before all other things, with reference to the intellectual needs and powers of their pupils and with a view to their occupations and interests, otherwise you will lift your college out of the pupils' reach and they will turn their backs on it.

"The faculty of an institution that promises to give general training to all classes of pupils should consider what sort of people they will have to do with and try to help them on,—not in the way that makes the people conform to preconceptions of what an educational course should be, but by making the course suitable to the actual needs of the people. Not that it should teach mining chiefly, if adjacent to a mining district, or become an agricultural college, because most of its men are young farmers; but should so regulate its course and standard as to commend itself at once and alike to miners, farmers or any other class, as helpful to all.

"We need a system of college-training equally adapted to the wants of all who desire higher education, no matter what they intend to become. It is not the business of the colleges to know what a pupil is going to do with his knowledge; but to give him what will stand him in stead, wherever he goes and whatever he does. We do not want such a course that a man has to go through with it before he can see the use of it! You may build universities, and make their faculties outnumber the body of attending students; you may found colleges and prop them out of people's reach with a high standard; you may ignore the masses, who do not, because they cannot, fall in with your advanced opinions, and despite their low statue claim high honor for the education work in your state; but, if you do not reach the proletarial, do not touch the 'great unwashed,' do not lift the commonalty from the low, dark reaches of life to something brighter and better; do not weld the extremes of your heterogeneous society into a circle of true neighborship and companionship, your boast is only brag, your vaunted improvement, a pretence, your claim to culture, a veneering of the thinnest. Education, to be helpful, must be equable; over-education and accompanying under-education have time and again brought defeet to plane for general enlightenment, as an army, whose either victorious wing pushes on too fast, soon finds that the inequality of the advance has turned its flank to the foe and forced retreat along the whole line.

"I know that there are many who claim that general education is harmful to the masses, that by it men are made discontented with their condition and unfit for those places from which the education provides them no way of escape; and, if their's were the only correct definition of what education means, we should all have to agree with them; but, as opposed to their narrow-eyed view, common sense will teach us, not that education is dangerous to the people, but mal-education, or that which is not suitable to their case. The position assumes that to educate people is to make them dissatisfied with the lower places in life and with hand-work, and I do not know but that the present system sustains it; but that does not to prove the correctness of the notion, but rather the falseness and inefficiency of the system. It may be said that not the system of education or the policy of educators is responsible for this state of things, but that cannot shift the duty of correcting it from those who alone have the power to do it. The leaders must show the way; the masses will not go forward of themselves; will not drill themselves; and their providential improvement, by what Mr. Mieawher would call, 'a fortuitous combination of propitious events,' is not to be awaited. In vain shall you bids till they shall feel their need and desire a remedy. The earnest teacher shall not sit quietly in his professional chair and wait for the world to come and be taught, but shall, like the Ancient Mariner, button-hole the world and make it listen to what he has to tell.

"There is no self-help in ignorance, no elasticity in prejudice, no outward-shining light from darkened minds, on the better way; but it is the glory of enlightenment that, though it be high, it can bend low at need; though its clearer eyes are fixed on the by-and-by where it sees all truth converging, it can still look out the way for the short-sighted world stumbling through the present; though its step is the swinging stride of a giant, it can time its tread with that of the weak feet that shuffle and halt beside it. It must not go ahead too fast, it must wait now and then for the lame strugglers, it must even turn sometimes from its diametric course, humoring blindness and weakness, to go to its goal around a semi-circumference. The educators are foreworkers, they must blaze and clear the way and then so lead that the slow-footed army may follow.

"Shall we not have in Virginia that system of education that is best suited to the wants of Virginians? Whatever the future may have for us, at present we are agricultural or nothing. We need educated professional men and educated mechanics too, but more than all, educated farmers; this is the class to which more than one-half of our college men should belong, but I venture that not one-tenth of our Virginia college-boys is looking to this life, and that not one-third of that number remains at college longer than two years. Our colleges hardly touch the big body of the people. Does not everything depend upon the intelligence of the dominant class? The farmers are the bulk of our people, are the wealthy men of our State, and have the power to make or mar its fortunes; they hold the purse and dole the pay to us professional men, who, though in some sort the leaders and teachers of the people, are still their servants and employees. We want intelligent followers when we lead, capable pupils when we teach, and also enlightened masters and liberal payers when we serve. We must educate the dominant class, for in its improvement, after all, is conditioned the best interests of the whole people. Let this unhealthy philo-professionalism be discouraged by all true people, and a fondness for honest, manly hand-work fostered instead. Let the faculty of any one of our colleges set its face against the present professional tendencies of our young men and bend their influence upon popularizing the mechanical and agricultural pursuits, and very soon would you see a marked change in the life-purposes of the boys brought under their teaching; they are blamable if they fail of their duty in this matter. But, better still, let the parents raise their boys and send them to college with the avowed purpose of making them educated farmers, machinists, architects, cotton-merchants, tobacco-manufacturers or what not, and, if the boy must have a professional title, let him be baptized major, judge, professor or doctor; it will do him as much good and no one will care a whit for how he got it.

"It seems almost a pity that any of the Indo-European, Anglo-Saxon, American-Virginian stock should needs be farmers and mechanics; it had been well, could our Virginia have been a world's hot-bed for forcing legal, medical, ecclesiastical, professional and editorial seedlings for the supply of the nations; that she should have been a land of courthouses, churches, school-houses, hospitals and sanctums, and evermore the mother of statesmen, philosophers, judges, editors, professors and doctors of divinity; but it is not so,—she is a land of farms and farm houses, and the mother of farmer-boys. But she has all reason to be proud of her brown, brawny sons, for they have made her first in whatsoever things are true and honest and of good report; they have fought her battles both upon the fields where fall the leaden trail of war, and no less bravely in the peaceful fields where the snow-covered fallow crumbles and the golden grain rustles musically on the scythe-edge; we want them now to stand for her honor in her own legislative halls.

"As has already been said, the course of study should be adapted, not only in its standard, but also in its matter, to the popular needs. We need not, perhaps, introduce many or any new studies, but by a reorganization in which the comparative importance of some studies shall be made less and that of others greater, we might, I think, get a new collegiate course that would suit our purposes and needs better than the present one. In the philosophical department, we might have less of Metaphysics and more of Natural Sciences; in the Mathamatical, less of advanced pure Mathematics and more of the applied;

in the department of philology, less Latin and Greek, and more English. Would it not be better, while still granting to foreign languages, ancient and modern, to metaphysics, and to the higher mathematics all they merit, and, in special cases, providing fullest instruc-

Charleston, S. C., who is evidently one whose labors ought to be encouraged.

MT. PLEASANT, CHARLESTON CO., S. C. }
June 18th, 1878. }

My dear friends:

it of attending their prayer-meetings and always enjoy and get good from them, they are so earnest and simple, and always seem to get so near the Great Father. Old uncle Jack always prays that he "may have strength to tote de cross, till he swape it for da crown." Another brother, that they may all "pull together

THE one hundred and sixty-fourth expedition of the American Colonization Society, which consisted of seventy persons, sailed in the bark Liberia from New York, June 19th.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions has opened a special fund for the establishment of a mission in Central Africa.

A CALL has been published, addressed to the colored citizens of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois

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would prevail. But there are many nations and many governments, and each nation seems to think that its first duty is to look out for itself; to develop its resources of all kinds and make itself wholly

are cotton mills, now in running condition, sufficient to supply the wants of the country, for the next fifty years. So the question is asked, Does "protection" protect? It is not our object to

valuable service to the colored people. We skip his well founded charges against the company that got up the expedition, and present, in part, his Liberian experi-

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

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These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

FREE TRADE AND TARIFF.

To the colored men, the questions concerning "free trade" and the "tariff" must be novel and confusing beyond measure. It might naturally be so, by reason of his very recent attainment to an estate, which enables him, and more than that, forces him into active relations with these questions. However, if he is startled, perplexed and confused, he is in no worse plight than his white neighbor. Remarkably few of the merchants of this country have consdiered it worth their while to take the trouble, or pursue the close study necessary, to become fair and intelligent judges of these vitally ecnomic questions. So long as they make money, so long as business can be done by the simple rule of three, buy for less and sell for more, they will ask themselves the question, why waste time in anxious study over these abstractions? And probably any little ventures in the line of abstract study have proved an enervating specific for sleep. The farmer, while taking in rich prices for crops, indulges in the same meditation. But panics and crises come and rock the financial world like an earthquake, trade falls off, pinching times come, and at the last moment, these merchants and farmers begin to ask the reasons for the disasters, and are generally content to put up with grossly ahsurd ones. It is possible that the utter contradiction of views respecting protective tariffs, among men of reputed intelligence, may be explained in a way that will enable the colored men to see the real nature of the conflict. Tariffs are taxes on imported articles, which make the cost of these articles, when they reach the consumer, much larger than they would be if brought at cost of simple importation. Iron can be imported from England at a cost of twenty dollars per ton. The tariff tax is, however, about ten dollars per ton. So the consumer pays thirty dollars for it. Under the "free trade" system, the iron would be subject to no tariff tax, and the consnmer would pay but twenty dollars per ton.

The free trader claims the right to buy articles for his own consnmption, wherever he can get them cheapest, whether in the town in which he lives or in any other place on the Earth. It certainly seems like a sound, simple, and most reasonable doctrine, and if the people of the world were under one government, this doctrine would prevail. But there are many nations and many governments, and each nation seems to think that its first duty is to look out for itself; to develop its resources of all kinds, and make itself wholly independent of all other nations, and its own people prosperous even at the expense of all countries. The grand Christian idea of the brotherhood of nations does not appear to be very welcome in the matter of national prosperity, and, like some other important questions, is cordially ignored, where temporal matters are in hand.

On the other side the tariff people claim that unless there is "protection" by means of high dnties, there can be no competition with foreign articles, and if there can be no competition, there can be no manufactories, and the country must become at once simply agricultural, and there will be no wealth or prosperity, or diversified industries.

The free traders reply that the increase of prices by tariffs, is simply compelling the mass of the people to support the few who are engaged in manufacturing those srticles, which can be bought cheaper elsewhere. They insist, moreover, that all kinds of indnstries will spring up in a natural way in the course of time, and without the need of protection. Ontside of the scholars, and those interested in it as a mattter of science, the disputants have "axes to grind" quite generally. Those insist on protection who are making, or think they will make money if there is a high tariff. And the rest believe in free trade, because it is for their interest to buy in the cheapest markets, wherever they are. While these views are hitterly antagonistic it is probable that the real difference is one of expediency in the education or development of the nation. The free trader believes in a slow, natural growth from agriculture up to the most complex system of industry, although it may take a long time to do so. The protectionist believes in taxing the people, in order to educate the nation, at once, in many industries, and develop many resources.

The taxation for the purpose of common school education is quite analogous. It is a taxation to provide education for individuals who are without capital or means of self-culture, and without which, the average education would become very low. The theory is, that the nation is better off, although by this method many are called upon to pay considerable sums for general education, even after providing liberally for the education of their own households. There are hitter opponents of this protective system for common schools, especially in this State. They say, "we educate our own children; let other people do the same, hut do not make us pay for it. In time other people will do as we do; and education will become universal. It is unwise to put the nation into an educational hot-house and force its growth." It must be admitted, that there is force, in the argument; free trade may be the soundest doctrine, and if it prevailed articles would be cheaper. At the same time protection may be regarded as an education in various industries, which finally ends in skilled labor able to compete with those industries which flourish in free trade soil. American stoves and glass ware from Pittsburgh are exported to Germany. American cloths, and hardware, and sole leather are largely sent to England. Locomotives are built as cheaply here as in Europe. These commercial triumphs are claimed for the system of protection, and apparently, with reason. But the facts concerning the matter are not all developed. Vast amounts of money have been paid by the people for this "protection." Thousands have been tempted to engage in manufacturing when the protection was unstable, and ruin has resulted. Legislation has been demoralized, and business made speculative. Trade has been overdone, and multitndes taken away from real production. There are abont four hundred and fifty blast furnaces in the United States, for iron has been well protected. It is said that two hnndred of these could supply the demand of the conntry in ordinary times. Millions of money have been lost, and armies of men left idle, in consequence. There are cotton mills, now in running condition, sufficient to supply the wants of the country, for the next fifty years. So the qnestion is asked, Does "protection" protect? It is not our object to give any opinion on the subject, but simply to put before colored men the points at issne. It is possible that the selfish interests of the nation may settle these questions, before the colored people are called npon to take sides.

SELF-PRESERVATION being the first law of our nature, it is remarkable how little known or cared for are the simplest rules of health and life. That one-half the ills which flesh is heir to, in the way of fatal disease, are absolutely preventable hy intelligent care is probably an under-estimate. If a knowledge of the body and its laws, perfectly within the comprehension of the unscientific masses, could be generally diffused among them, one-half, at least, of the agony of disease, and the sorrow of bereavement, one-half of the "dark and mysterious providences" which people groan over with eyes shut and hands folded, would be taken out of the measure of human woe, quite full enough without them.

True, it is not ignorance only that is the trouble, but indifference, and that to an astonishing extent. It is a curious inconsistency of human nature, and not a glorious one. Even the Christian man of business teaches his children the ten commandments one day in the week and breaks the greater part of God's health laws himself, six days out of the seven. Even the doctor neglects his own advice. In the intense pursuit of wealth, or fame, or power, men cut short the only life in which they can enjoy their gains. Perhaps there is a hint of our immortality in this royal carelessness of the most precious treasure we possess. To each of us every man is mortal hut himself. It is not, however, the best way of keeping up the delusion long.

Ignorance, after all, accounts for a great part of the recklessness. Ignorance and its associate superstition, confined to no one rank or condition in life, are chargeable with much of the unnecessary mortality that prevails in all. One has only to look about him with his eyes open to be convinced of this. Anything that lets in the light of reason and common-sense upon this ignorance helps, so far, to

> "Ring out the shapes of foul disease,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace."

An effort to this end has been begun at Hampton in the publication of a series of sanitary tracts for the people. The details of its motives and plan will be found in another column. The cordial endorsement and encouragement which the project has received from the American Social Science Association—whose resolutions are given with the prospectus—shew with what seriousness the most intelligent and scientific thinkers of the country regard the need of such work.

WE are pained to learn of the sad death of ALBERT J. LEE, one of our students. He was drowned while hathing in the surf, at Atlantic City, N. J.

WE publish below interesting extracts from the letters of Mr. A. B. Williams, a Virginian, a correspondent of the Charleston, *News and Courier* of Charleston, S. C., who accompanied the colored emigrants who, in the early summer, embarked in the "Azor" for Liberia. We know of no account of that colony so well worthy of confidence as that of Mr. Williams, whom we believe to be a candid and competent observer. In assuming the expense of sending him, and in selecting so fair and so able a man the *News and Courier* has made a most liberal contrihntion to the cause of African progress, and is entitled to the thanks of the friends of that race.

Liberia has, in the words of her representatives, "received great harm by being painted in too high colors." We now have the truth abont her and it will do her more good than harm. The history of the emigrants, so far, has been one of mismanagement, to some degree criminal, and the exposure of it by Mr. Williams is a valuable service to the colored people. We skip his well founded charges against the company that got up the expedition, and present, in part, his Liberian experience. Our readers cannot fail to be interested. In spite of infinite folly and faults there is progress in Liberia, and there is a carcer there for brainy and muscular young colored men, who chafe at their limitations in America.

"LAND OF PROMISE."

Liberia lies on the west coast of Africa between the 4th and 7th parallels of latitude, and the 7th and 12th meridians of longitude. Her territory runs along the coast for six hundred miles, at a depth varying from forty-five to one hundred and fifty miles; the land having been generally acquired by purchase from the natives. The inhabitants consist of colored immigrants from America and their descendants, variously estimated in at number from eight thousand to twenty thousand, there being no reliable census. From the best information that I could get, I am inclined to think that they number from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand, and that they have about hold their own with probably a very slight increase. Besides these there are a few native Africans, taken from captured slave-ships and brought here, uncivilized detachments of various native tribes, a number of civilized and semi-civilized natives scattered about among the Americo-Liberians, and about a dozen white men, generally traders. The Government is called a Republic, and is, in general features, about in the form of our State Governments, there being a president, vice-president, secretary of State, ditto of the treasury, attorney-general, comptroller and auditor. These officers compose the Cabinet, like our National one. The Republic is divided into four counties—Montserrado, of which Monrovia is the capital; Grand Bassa, of which Buchanan is the capital; Sinoe, of which Greenville is the capital, and Maryland of which Harper is the capital—each having its own local government. The towns are governed hy municipal officers, just as ours are. Monrovia, which is named after ex-President of the United States Monroe, is the capital of the country, although Grand Bassa, which is situated south of it on the coast, is said to greatly surpass it in the amount of business done. Each county elects four delegates to the National Legislature, and two Senators, except Montserrado, which elects three of the latter. The Congress, or Legislature, is, therefore, composed of sixteen representatives and nine senators. The Vice-President presides over the Senate, and the lower house elects its own chairman. Every head of a family is given hy the Government twenty-five acres of land, and each male adult ten acres, selected from any unallotted lands. *Only property holders can vote*, after taking the oath of allegiance. There is no prescribed term of residence before becoming a voter. *No white man can hold property*, and that race is, therefore, disfranchised, which is a practical satire on the universal suffrage dogma to which the American negro and his particular friends have ever been so especially devoted.

BRIGHT SIDE OF LIBERIA.

From all I can see, I know no reason why Liberia should not, with proper care, become one of the great cotton-producing countries. There is no replanting necessary, except every twelve or fifteen years; the plant bears the first year, and soon becomes strong enough to defy grass. Nature seems to provide everything here. In rambling around my companion showed me the fever plant, the leaves of which made into tea, are almost a sovereign cure for fevers; the soap tree, the leaves of which when bruised, lather like soap, and are almost as efficacious for cleaning rough surfaces; the tooth plant, a white leaf, which, as I ascertained by experiment, by a little rubbing cleans and pelishes your teeth beautifully; the hamorrhage plant, the leaves of which when applied to a wound stanch the flow of blood; pepper plants, licorice, ginger and lemon plants, a leaf smelling and tasting like lemon, and an admirable medicinal agent; then the mangrove ash makes the strongest sort of lye, and the nnes of palm and bread fruit trees everybody knows. Cassada is a long root, generally about two inches thick, which is palatable when properly cooked, and is very nutritious. Indigo is abundant. Walking about Clay-Ashland you kick up pure silicate from the ground in flakes at every step, and I was shown specimens of ore, I am told yields eighty-five per centum of pure iron. The natives bring pure gold from the interior to trade, and we procnred a ruby picked up from the ground. The Liberians claim that there are diamonds also, hut precious stones seem very scarce. These I do not give as rumors, hut as the result of diligent inquiries among different people, at different times and places, and of personal inspection

KINDNESS TO EMIGRANTS.

Whatever else may be said of the Monrovians, they certainly displayed great kindness to the strangers, who were in many instances utterly destitute of provisions, sending them cooked meals and delicacies for the sick, liberally and continuously. This was no light matter, by the way, as provisions are fearfully high and hard to get. The people in the country do not think of producing anything to sat beyond their own immediate wants, and hardly that. Although there seems to be plenty of cattle, they are usually owned by natives, who never kill them un-

less they are obliged to do so, as cattle, wives, brass kettles and iron bars serve them just as the natives—an appreciation of their inferiority to civilized people. Perfect self-satisfaction

the person and house, ventilation, drainage, care of children and invalids, preparation of

lous tales of the power of those endowed with supernatural gifts.

I think it is very unfortunate that the races

less they are obliged to do so, as cattle, wives, brass kettles, and iron bars serve them just as bonds, stocks, and real estate do European or American moneyed men, as permanent investments, and outward and visible signs of wealth. Cassada, the great staple of the country, sells at 50c. per bushel, a bushel of the roots being about equal to a bushel of sweet potatoes; yams at the same price. Fresh meat is almost impossible to get. Even chickens are exceedingly scarce, and very small ones sell at twenty-five cents each. Eggs are three cents apiece by the dozen. American flour is $14 per barrel. American pork is $28 per barrel. English canned meats and vegetables are fifty cents per can. Onions (English) bring twelve cents per pound. That is about all the Monrovian bill of fare, and it is largely procured from England. Even in the country they live largely on

IMPORTED FOOD.

In answer to inquiries on the subject, I was told that it was supposed that beets, carrots, parsnips, onions, peas, beans, potatoes, &c. would grow there, but they had never tried. Everybody coincided in my expressions of wonder, and everybody re-echoed the set phrase, "Yes, it ought to be done, but you see what we lack here is enterprise; enterprise, sir, new blood and capital would make this country one of the greatest in the world. Our resources, sir,"——. It seems to me I've heard something of that sort down South in Dixie.

THE "SARCASM OF FATE."

It may be more of the "sarcasm of fate," that exactly the state of affairs exists here now that I imagine made slave labor necessary in America; that is, every man is a landholder, an owner and an equal. No lower classes have come in yet to do the manual work. There are no servants, and servants are a necessity, except in an imaginative jackass's Utopia. A few of the poorer Liberians hire out, but they are as good as their hirers, and consequently matters don't work smoothly. All such "servants" are addressed by "Mr." and "Miss." It sounds funny to hear the master of the house say "Miss ——, a glass of water, please." When I visited the President I heard him ask: "Mr. Ross, will you bring in the wine?" This is, of course, a great hindrance to the cultivation of land on any extensive scale, especially when there are no horses. It cramps fearfully the sugar production, where much and cheap labor is indispensable at certain times. So, disguise it as they will the Liberians have to

DEPEND ON SLAVE LABOR

at last, for it comes to that. They hire from a native king a certain number of his superstitionbound slaves for so much rum, so many brass kettles, iron bars and guns, and so much calico paid to him. The "hands" work well and are faithful and obedient until the king, through caprice or having been paid, end wanting them to cut rice, sends orders to them to come back. Then they leave in a body, just, maybe, as the planter needs them most, and the Liberian government is too weak to enforce contracts made with its citizens. One secret of my friend Sharp's success I was told is that he makes an excellent quality of rum, with which he pays a king for "help," and is shrewd enough to keep on good terms with the potentate by sending him an extra cask now and then. In this way he and a few others manage to secure labor when they want it for their fifty, one hundred, and one hundred and fifty-acre farms. One of a thousand acres, though, it would be difficult to work here. There are some comperatively free natives who hire cheaply, but they are unreliable and apt to "knock off" and go at any time. You can pick up a few always, enough to man your canoe or do odd jobs, and if you treat them kindly, they will hire out to you again, and do any kind of work. These natives are abjectly afraid of the white men, having acquired the idea (probably from the Liberians) that he is not only an habitual cheat, but an habitual cutthroat. It requires several months of acquaintance to get them fairly reconciled to the Caucasian. Then they like him above all, and will give him the preference in hiring. These natives will take anything, and the Liberians (who "fled here from the slaveholder's lash") do not scruple to administer unto them a thrashing when provoked thereto. The native is rarely "sassy," and the most he does is to complain in a sort of whine, in his broken English. It is a universal custom for them to address all whom they consider as superiors as "daddy" and "mammy." (This information was a great comfort to me, as I had been much scandalized by being addressed as "daddy" by a fat Kroo boy, within an hour after my landing.)

THE DIFFICULTY REGARDING HOUSE SERVANTS

is in a great degree obviated by a practice now fortunately becoming common. That is the binding of native children by their parents to serve in Liberian families until twenty-one years of age. There were from two to six of these youngsters around nearly every house I visited, and very bright, "handy" and honest they seem. In return for their services they are clothed, fed, taught reading, writing, Christianity and her handmaid Civilization. Quite an attachment in some instances seems to exist between master and servant. This shows a long step forward on the part of the natives—an appreciation of their inferiority to civilized people. Perfect self-satisfaction is the greatest bar to improvement, as it is the most unmistakable mark of a fool. Had the Liberians a little of the humbleness and consciousness of inferiority of the natives, I might have more hopes of them. So far, the civilized natives have made little progress. When they return to their tribes they have to doff European clothes, as, if they didn't, the medicine man would probably attribute the first misfortune that befell him to his violation of the customs of his ancestors, which are more honored in the breech cloth than in the observance of pantaloons and paper collars, and a "settling" dose of poison would remove the progressionist. Their knowledge of the reading and writing of the English language, too, is now generally employed in aiding the king in some villainy. During their residence with the Liberians, they usually pick up a knowledge of commercial values, which makes them useful in facilitating the trading operations of their tribe. As the numbers of these civilized ones increase, however, their influence is bound to be felt for good.

Apropos of the natives, it may be mentioned that the principal tribes hereabouts are Mandingoes and Veis, the former noted for their aptness in manufacturing and trading, and the latter for having invented (patent not yet applied for) an alphebet of their own. These natives generally live in thatch villages, and subsist mainly on rice and cassada, varied by occasional game, or a free lunch composed of black ants, caught by sinking a kettle in the ground and allowing them to tumble in. Wheaten bread is a very rare treat, and they beg or trade for it eagerly.

THE "VEI" MEN.

These Vei men are magnificent specimens of manhood, with broad, square shoulders, full chests, and well developed limbs, and are generally tall and erect. On Sunday they seem to clothe themselves in European raiment, although on week days they usually wear the one garment of large cloth, but so draped as to produce an effect not unlike that of the Roman toga. Their women dress very much as the Kroo women do, and are not remarkable for virtue. The Veis, however, seem immeasurably superior to the Kroos. One of their striking characteristics, I am told, is honesty, their laws mercilessly and severely punishing any breaches of the Eighth Commandment. My informant had in his employ a little Vei boy whom, he told me, he could trust with untold amounts of small change. I think the Veis are making some progress toward civilization. They certainly have that appearance. The Liberian Government allows these native tribes to have each its own magistrate, who fills, in some degree, the position of legal governor or government representative among them. They seem generally to behave themselves tolerably well, and to be law abiding.

(Owing to the length of extracts we will only publish one-half in this number, and reserve remainder for October number.)

PROSPECTUS.

The English National Association for the Promotion of Social Science has, affiliated with it, a Ladies' Sanitary Association, which for the past twenty years has been engaged in the publication and distribution of simple sanitary tracts and leaflets, intended for use in schools and families. These publications are strong and condensed statements of the fundamental laws of health, with illustrations of the results of breaking these laws, and practical suggestions and advice as to the best and easiest way of living in obedience to them. While written principally with a view to the requirements of the poorer classes, they may be made powerful agents for good in any household, and are of especial value in all charitable work among ignorant and thoughtless people. The report of the Association for the present year indicates a surprising degree of success, and demonstrates beyond a doubt, that the demand at the present day for such literature is pressing and steady. What is true of England in this respect is doubly true of the United States, where the habits of our people are largely in antagonism with hygienic law, and where the ignorance prevailing among all but the highest class of our citizens, is affecting the health of the whole nation. Indeed, the need here is so great, and so completely recognized by all who have studied the subject in any of its aspects, that the brief est statement of it is probably enough for our present purpose.

It is believed by the undersigned that one form of this need can be met in no better way than by following in the footsteps of the English Association and issuing a series of sanitary tracts and leaflets which shall supply what is evidently a widespread demand in this country. These publications will provide as simply and in as attractive a manner as possible, carefully prepared information upon all points directly connected with physical life, as, cleanliness of the person and house, ventilation, drainage, care of children and invalids, preparation of food, etc., and, as in the case of their English forerunners, they are to be sold for a sum just sufficient to defray the cost of publication and to permit a certain amount of gratuitous distribution. They will be issued in a series, printed at the office of the Normal School Press, Hampton, Va., and will be known as "Hampton Tracts."

Editing Committee.

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, *New York City.*
HALEN W. LUDLOW, *Hampton, Va.*
STEPHEN SMITH, M. D., *New York City.*
S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Hampton, Va.*

THIS Prospectus was sent with the first three tracts of the series, to the American Social Science Association, convened in Cincinnati, May, 1878, and the following response was received.

AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION,
5 Pemberton Square, Boston,
June 8th, 1878.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Hampton, Va.—

My dear Sir: At the general meeting of this Association, in Cincinnati, on the 20th ult., I submitted to the members present the first three numbers of the Hampton Tracts in manuscript, and they were referred to the Executive Committee for consideration. At a meeting of the Committee held in this city to-day, Prof. Pierce in chair, it was unanimously voted, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the American Social Science Association learns with pleasure of the work undertaken at Hampton, in Virginia, to spread among the people of Virginia, and of the South in general, a knowledge of Sanitary Science popularly set forth; and that from an examination of the three Sanitary Tracts of the proposed series,—viz.: *The Health Laws of Moses*, *The Duty of Teachers*, and *Preventable Diseases*, the Executive Committee of this Association is persuaded that the important task, thus undertaken, will be well performed. We would therefore commend these Tracts to all readers, at the North as well as at the South, and would recommend their wide distribution in the way best suited to promote the circulation of them."

I take pleasure in communicating this vote to you, and through you to the other members of the Editing Committee.

Yours very truly,

F. B. SANBORN,
Sec'y of the American Social Science Association.

DAVID A. WELLS, *President*, Norwich, Ct.
GAMALIEL BRADFORD, *Treasurer*, 5 Pemberton, Sq., Boston.
F. B. SANBORN, *Secretary*, Concord, Mass.

A. Williams & Co., Boston, Publishers for the Association.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LYNCHBURG, *July, 4th*, 1878.

Genl. S. C. Armstrong—Dear Sir:

Your articles on superstition among the colored people, several months ago, interested me very much, and I have wished ever since to write you on the subject, but have been in various ways prevented.

I am so glad you called attention to this subject of "conjuring," for it is an important one and needs watching. In slavery days, we heard little or nothing of it in Virginia, where there were comparatively few negroes. My husband, who lived in what natives know as "Old Virginia," says there was always a great deal of superstition among the slaves of this section, but it was held in check by their owners, who always forbid the discussion of such subjects, and by the laws which prevented the assembling of negroes in large gatherings, except for religious worship, even that being restricted. Now there is no check of that kind and the belief of the more ignorant colored people in "conjuring, witches, &c.," is astonishing. It is evidently a legacy handed down to them from their savage ancestors, and I sometimes think such ideas are growing with them, in spite of their chances for education. Among the negroes around us, I never hear of natural causes being assigned for the sickness and death of colored people, "he was haunted," "somebody done tricked her," "something was done to dat chile," accompanied with a mysterious shake of the head is always the answer when enquiries are made as to maladies. They have great faith in conjure doctors, and sometimes spiteful people who wish to injure another will accuse the person disliked, of being a conjurer. I attribute the strength of this superstition to their ignorance, and also to the exclusion of negroes from the religious services of white people. Most of their preachers in this region are nearly as ignorant and superstitious as their flocks, and as the church represents all their ideas of public meeting, and their whole social system turns upon it, they talk freely at their religious gatherings of "tricking" and "conjuring" and tell marvellous tales of the power of those endowed with supernatural gifts.

I think it is very unfortunate that the races are thus separated in religion, but trust that this, like other prejudices will give way to the spirit of tolerance fast spreading in our land. The point of difficulty now seems to be that the white people are not willing to admit negroes to their churches unless they will sit in the galleries, and as this was a custom of slavery, they abhor it like other usages of those evil days. As a specimen of negro faith in witchcraft, I mention the case of a little colored boy sent to the penitentiery from Rockingham County, last month, for attempting to poison the family of his employer. A professed conjurer or witch woman was called in by the prosecution to indnce the child to confess; and when the old dame informed the urchin that he had better tell her the whole truth, as she could find it all out by working signs and consulting the stars and it would be bad for him if he deceived her, the terrified child told her the whole story, which other points in the testimony corroborated. He had been driven to the crime by the threats of a woman who disliked his employer. I do not think, however, that negroes are more superstitious than other ignorant people. In Rockingham County, where there is a great deal of illiteracy among the white people the belief in conjurers is astonishing, and is not confined to the lowest class. I have known very respectable Germans to employ a "conjure doctor," to cure a child of hip-disease; and in the trial of Mrs. Lawson, some months ago, for the murder of her husband, it was proved that the woman offered a "witchwoman" fifty dollars to put a "spell" on her husband which would kill him.

In 1869 or '70, one Dr. Van Anten, came to Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, and advertise to cure all diseases by pronouncing certain words over the patient. Crowds of white and colored people thronged the Doctor's office, and among them a white woman, bent double with rheumatism, who had not walked for eighteen years. She was carried in a chair by her husband and some friends, and, at the Professor's orders, every one left the room but himself and the patient. A few moments later, a loud shriek was heard and the woman rushed out of the room passed her astonished husband and went with swift steps to her lodging-house, several squares distant. The joy of the poor men was unbounded, he cheerfully paid the Doctor's fees, harnessed his horse, and his wife having entered the wagon without assistance, the happy couple returned to their little home, so long the abode of sickness and pain. Their joy was short lived, however, the women quickly relapsed until in a day or two was the same wretched cripple as before she was charmed. The only explanation of the singular affair was that she thought the men had *frightened* her into moving. He made the room dark, then pronounced *words* over her, standing before her, pawing the air and making fearful gestures. he suddenly sprang at her and bade her sternly "arise and walk." The sequel was sad enough, for the husband, broken in spirit by his life of poverty and care, failed entirely under this double shock of joy and grief and died within a week. The last we heard of the Professor was a rumor of his being sent to the penitentiary of some Western state for forgery.

Yours very truly,
Orra Langhorne.

AGRICULTURAL.

I have had no experience in SUBDUING THE WILD ONION, but there is no doubt that it can be effectually fought by a common Summer-fallow—that is by keeping the plant from growing or appearing above ground during the season of vegetation. No plant can survive if kept from putting forth the leaf through July and August. Respiration is as essential to plant life as to animal and if not permitted to put forth leaves, which act as lungs to the plant, it must die and decay. Plough or cultivate as often as the plant puts forth a germ and before it comes to the surface, during two growing months, and destruction is sure.
—F. P. Root, in *Weekly Tribune.*

BRINE FOR QUINCE TREES.

A man had some quince-trees which grew well but did not bear fruit. Determining to get rid of them he ponred brine from old pork barrels around them. To his great surprise, the next season, the branches were so heavily loaded with fruit, that they had to be propped up. A late Report of the Western New York Horticultural Society is our authority for this statement.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

AN OLD TIME MEETING—AT HOME FOR THE SUMMER—OBLIGED TO CONSULT HER CONFESSOR.—"CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION" WANTED.—"PEACE AND HARMO-

told the worst that I saw). All I can say is this. Let us work on with our might and hope for better things. "For if God be for us who can be against us."

I remain, yours truly,
D.

first took them, and some of the little ones do get along wonderfully well. But the larger ones, I am almost afraid to speak of their progress; I have five now reading pretty fairly in the First Reader, who did not know their letters when I began to teach them. In the family with whom I board, there are two children, a

the races of the South.

——, VA., *April 10th*, 1878.

Dear Teacher:

I organized my school here in the colored Methodist Church, Feb. 4th, with nine-

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

AN OLD TIME MEETING—AT HOME FOR THE SUMMER—OBLIGED TO CONSULT HER CONFESSOR.—"CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION" WANTED.—"PEACE AND HARMONY—EVERY ONE ATTENDING TO HIS OWN AFFAIRS.

THE following letter is from an intelligent and reliable young man, and gives a graphic account of an "old time meeting" still to be seen in many parts of the South, and exhibiting, as the discrimination of our correspondent perceived, a mixture of good and evil. We give it as the writer gave it, not to hold the people up to scorn, even in their wrong doing, but both as an interesting picture from life and—still more—as an indication of the line of work to be followed by those who do the people good. It is not to give them "dry tunes," and force them into the unnatural calmness of a cooler temperament—but so to direct their ardors and instruct their minds and develop their moral strength, that they may show their faith by their works, and learn that religion means honesty and truth and purity of life.

——, MARYLAND, *March 12th*, 1878.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong—Dear Sir:

I have been intending to write you a letter for some time. When last I wrote you, you will remember, I had been in these parts but a short time; yet I had seen many things which I did not speak of in that letter. Among the many things which I had observed is the singular form of worship which the colored people practice here. While at Hampton last term, I read Livingstone's book about Africa. Some of the religious customs related in that volume have certainly been brought over by our forefathers and are in this enlightened land found mingled with the true religion. The great belief which our people have in conjurstion: (or "throwing for each other," as they call it) signs, and the returning of departed spirits, confirm the above opinion. Not long ago, I went to one of their meetings. It was held in a little church about 22 or 23 feet long, and twelve feet wide, with three windows, which have shutters of plank, through which, when shut, little or no air can pass. In the middle of the floor sits a large stove in which a very hot fire was kept during the meeting. The preacher was to have come that night, but for some reason he disappointed them. His absence, however, did not prevent their having an "Old time prayer-meeting," as they call it. So, after waiting for some time for their pastor to arrive, they commenced the meeting by singing a hymn given out by one called "the leader of the band." Prayer and short exhortation came next. Indeed, the two last parts of the opening exercises were well performed by a young man. But in the scene which followed his excellent prayer and advice, he (though somewhat intelligent) was one of the chief actors. One or two more hymns were sung from the hymn-book. I heard some of the women say "*If those men don't stop singing those dry tunes we'll take our bonnets and* GO HOME." By the women ceasing to sing, the men discovered that there was something going wrong. The "leader of the band" seems to have seen at a moment's glance what caused the commotion, and immediately struck up the well-known "I John Saw." The women now joined in; and the woods and hills rang with the resounding melodies of that music which has never known a teacher, but yet is wonderful and almost sublime. While this "shout" was being sung the men and women gathered around the stove, the men on one side and the women on the other. The church by this time had become full of people. One could not kneel down without leaning on some one else. All three of the windows were shut, and the shutters closed. A fire was in the stove. Soon a sickening feeling came over me, caused by the impure air which pervaded the place. I asked one who was standing near the window, to please open it. "You want us to freeze, don't you," said he. I looked up, and to my great satisfaction I found that the roof was full of holes, and I knew that hot air rises, so I said no more to the man about the window. The "leader" had now become too warm it seemed, for while we were at prayers he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, exclaiming at the same time "Get ready, children, we are going to drive out the devil to-night!" The others, as soon as they saw him without his coat, immediately disrobed themselves of their. Had I expected to see such heathenism carried on, I am sure I would not have gone to the meeting. After this there came such a tumult and excitement—women jumping among the men, men holding each other; some of the young girls utterest screams which really could have been heard a mile. Some tore their clothes off without regard to womanly modesty. But what discouraged me *most* was to see among this seething mass some of my school-children. After the meeting was over, and all on our way home, a shameful fight came off between two of the leading shouters (females), about something which had been said during the meeting.

What shall I say, having seen such degrading things with my own eyes, (and I have not told the worst that I saw). All I can say is this. Let us work on with our might and hope for better things. "For if God be for us who can be against us."

I remain, yours truly,

D.

THE experience of the young writer of the next letter, though it seems to herself peculiar, is by no means uncommon. The isolation and loneliness felt in the sudden transportation from the refining and stimulating atmosphere of school to a distant country home where all such influences and all interest in them may be lacking, is trying enough, and demands full sympathy. Yet the very being thrown upon ones own mettle and resources, is a school from which our graduates come back to us with new developments of manly and womanly character. As for the work they can do for their people, there is tact and consideration to be used, of course, as well as zeal. The old people cannot be expected often to give up their long established ideas, and God will accept a man according to what he has and not according to what he has not. But the young people and especially the children are their fair field.

——, N. C., *July 9d*, 1878.

My dear Miss L.:

The evening I was in your room I promised you I would write you this summer. So I thought I would write before you left Hampton. I love the place so and its teachers that it is always pleasant for me to write this word. I had a very pleasant trip to R., where I get off of the cars to go home, but when I got there I have about ten miles to go before I am home; so when I got there my people failed to send for me as they didn't receive my letter, so I had to get home the best way I could. A white man who came within three and a-half miles of my father's brought my trunk and me there, and I walked home from there, and sent for my trunk the next day. I saw J., and gave her the little books you sent. We came through Richmond, and had a very nice time while in the city. My dear teacher, you asked me if all my brothers and sisters were Christians, and my answer was no, and then you asked me if I didn't think that there was a work for me to do. It is true I didn't know what to say when you asked me, because I know how the people here are. They think there is not anything for a person to do toward becoming a Christian, and if I say there is, they will say I got my religion out of the book, so I very seldom hold any contest about it. You may imagine how it is with a person with no sympathizing friends among such people. A person who can't tell a great long experience about how the devil pulled them about, they don't put much faith in them, and their every day life may be ever so different. I have some real hard hints, and blows by words, but I am thankful to God that I am able with his help to stand the storm. You dear teachers don't know one-fourth of the hardships we teachers have to meet with among our ignorant race—and white people too sometimes. I think sometimes that my road here is the hardest of any of the students; there is not one in less than twenty-eight miles of me, who has ever been to Hampton, or any other place to school, a great deal, and I had just as well try to turn water into wine as to try to turn those old people's minds from the way they believe. Though most of them work very hard and own homes, they own very little refinement or intelligence. They often speak of how foolish they think it is to send people off to prepare for the ministry. They think a Christian can preach just as well without knowing a letter as one educated.

I could tell you a great deal more but really I don't like to tell so much unless it were better. I am now staying in the neighborhood where I taught school during the spring; and the lady I am with keeps talking to me so much all the while I am writing, that I shall have to stop for fear you will think I have forgotten how to spell or to use good grammar. I hope to have a long letter from you very soon.

Your devoted pupil,

M.

A FEW of our graduates have from time to time taught in Roman Catholic neighborhoods. While never having any trouble there, their general impression seems to be—entirely unsuggested by us—that the sentiment of that church is indifferent to general education and unfavorable to any but its own sectarian schools.

——, MD., *Mar. 3d*, 1878.

Dear Miss H.:

How glad I was to hear from you, I had been thinking about you so much. I was quite sure that you were very busy, which kept you from writing. My school has increased since I wrote to you last. I have on roll twenty-eight pupils and not less than twenty-one or twenty-two come every day, unless it is very stormy. They are more orderly than when I first took them, and some of the little ones do get along wonderfully well. But the larger ones, I am almost afraid to speak of their progress; I have five now reading pretty fairly in the First Reader, who did not know their letters when I began to teach them. In the family with whom I board, there are two children, a boy of twelve years, and a girl of thirteen years. I have told them a great deal about Hampton and they are anxious to come, the boy, I think might be able to enter the Junior class in about a year. Their mother is anxious, but she says that she will have to consult her Confessor about it and if he will allow her to send him she would like over-so-much to do so, and she will try. I am hoping to see him at H., but I am almost sure her Confessor will never consent. To-day has been a real, genuine March day. It has rained, blown and hailed. But just at this moment it is perfectly beautiful. About three-quarters of an hour ago a huge black cloud hung over us like a blanket; now it is just as lovely as if nothing had happened.

I have not had my health good at all this winter. Our house is so full of draughts, and oh, so smoky you could hardly live, and every day I add a little bit of cold to what I had already the day before. Still I do not feel discouraged entirely, though as you can imagine, I have my moments of despondency. While there is life there is hope. My doctor says that a dryer climate would suit me better. So I think another year if I could get work farther South, I should be a great deal better.

Miss H., I often imagine ninety-six girls tagging after "Miss H.," for "this" and "that" and "the other," as I and many others used to do. Remember me to the teachers.

I shall be so happy and amply paid if I can feel, when I leave these children, that they have learned something. I am going to try to get over to see Sallie for I have an idea that her school is so much better than mine, and that I may pick up a new idea. Davenport I hear but little from, but I believe from what I heard a long time ago, that he has a nice school. Mother has been up to see me twice since I have been here.

Good-bye, dear Miss H.; write to me when you can.

Your loving and devoted,

N.

OUR correspondent has struck the keynote of his people's need in saying that they want what he—well-terms, "a Christian civilization." His report is interesting, and his hopeful and determined spirit is what is wanted in this work.

——, VA., *March 22d*, 1878.

Dear Teacher:—

Since I last wrote to you, my school has been considerably reduced in its attendance; yet I can't say that it has lessened my labor any for I find enough to employ me as when it was full. In answer to your question, I can tell you that I do work in the Sunday school, but have not as yet taken the stand as a lacturer, though I might be able to do some good in that direction; but in my conversations with them I tell them just what I think is right or wrong on anything that comes to notice.

You asked me to tell of their moral, intellectual and physical condition, I will try to do it. Of course different people see differently and have different opinions of things. In giving my opinion I will try to do them no injustice and to give you a correct view of the condition. The people seem to have good idea of what their morals should be, yet they sadly neglect to carry out these ideas in their religious worship; no people can have greater zeal than they, but they need what I term Christian civilization. Their prayer-meetings are conducted in a very rude way, being accompanied by a kind of dance. Outside of their church they practice such things as do not become those who profess to be followers of our Saviour. Of course there are exceptional cases, of those who strive by their daily walks and conversation to let you know that they are servants of God, and this number is not so small as you may think. I could mention many instances in which they do not conform to the laws of God, but time will eradicate many of the evils that are among them. Intellectually these people are far behind; they seem to possess the material but its cultivation has been sadly neglected. The children are quick in most instances, in any of the primary branches taught except mathematics, and for that they seem to have no talent. In their behalf I would say that they have not had the opportunity of going to school till within the last two years, and then the teachers haven't been the best. I will say again, the material is here, and all that is now needed is cultivation. The people are generally strong and capable of great endurance, and generally healthy; whether it is from obedience to the laws of hygiene, or the indulgence of nature, is yet to be found out by me in a great many cases. Their food is generally very simple with none of the luxuries, this may be partially the cause of such prevalent good health; there is no doubt but that it adds to it. Only in one or two cases (to my knowledge), are they over-crowded in their houses.

Yours, C.

To be busy attending to one's own affairs is one of the best promoters of peace and harmony we know of, and this kind of peace and harmony is growing between the races of the South.

——, VA., *April 10th*, 1878.

Dear Teacher:

I organized my school here in the colored Methodist Church, Feb. 4th, with nineteen pupils. Have enrolled sixty-nine. They are getting on very well.

Perhaps you would like to know my method of teaching little children. When a pupil enters my school, I talk to him about things which he is familiar with, and draw out all that he knows about them, and then print the names of the objects which we have been discussing on the blackboard. In this way I teach children words before I teach them letters. I find this method to be a very good incentive to the little ones. I classify my pupils according to their ability, and tell them that they can go from a low to a higher class as they advance in their studies. This seems to animate, and create ambition among them that would not otherwise be awakened. At present I have seven grades or classes. Occasionally a bright boy or girl outstrips all in his or her class. Those left behind will study and try to follow. When one gets careless about his lessons I tell him that I will have to put him back, that he doesn't want to learn. He is not willing for me to do that. He will try to do better.

One rainy day, the school being very small, only a fraction of several classes, I combined two classes to have a review; during the recitation my attention was called to a little boy who sat crying. I asked him what was the matter. He said he did not belong to that class. He thought that I meant to put him back. I could not say much to him for fear that I might destroy his ambition. You can see how this plan works. I don't whip much. None at all about lessons. I think that whipping about lessons does more harm than good. It seems to create a disliking to books. It is very hard work to teach children that which they don't like. I try to make the lessons interesting, so that the children may learn for the love of it.

The colored people of this vicinity are getting on tolerably well. They seem to be making a living and that is about as much as anybody is doing these hard times. There seems to be peace and harmony among both white and colored. Everybody is busy attending to his own affairs. I like my situation very much. Give my regards to all the teachers and students. Write soon to your pupil and friend.

W.

THE COURIER OF THE DESERT.

Our picture this month is from the New York Christian Weekly, a copy of a spirited and celebrated painting by Gerome, a French artist. The camel and his Arab rider are thrown into bold relief against the yellow sands of the desert which stretch in vast expanse behind them, under the scorching sun of Africa. Now, as in the days of Solomon, the camel and swift dromedary are the couriers of the desert, and used to carry messages and mails across the burning plains where horses would be of no avail for long journeys.

A modern writer gives the following graphic account of the manner of camel riding, which is somewhat different from riding horseback.

"Mounting the camel is not difficult, but it has some sweet surprises for the novice. The camel lies upon the ground with all his legs shut under him like a jack-knife. You seat yourself in the broad saddle, and cross your legs in front of the pommel. Before you are ready something like a private earthquake begins under you. The camel raises his hindquarters suddenly, and throws you over upon his neck; and before you recover from that he srrightens up his knees and gives you a jerk over his tail; and, while you are not at all certain what has happened, he begins to move off with that dislocated walk which sets you into a sea-saw motion, a weaving backward and forward in the capacious saddle. Not having a hinged back fit for this movement, you lash the beast with your koorbash to make him change his gait. He is nothing loth to do it, and at once exerts into a high trot, which sends you foot into the air at every step, bobs you from side to side, drives your backbone into your brain, and makes castinets of your teeth. When you have enough of it you pull, and bumbly inquire what is the heathen method of riding a dromedory. It is simple enough. Shake the loose halter rope (he has neither bridle nor bit) against his neck as you swing the whip, and the animal at once swings into an easy pace; that is, a pretty easy pace, like that of a rocking-horse. But everything depends upon the camel.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*"

DARE to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong; it is manly, it is scriptural.

ONE man said to another, "Which is the heavier, a quart of rum or a quart of water?" "Rum, most assuredly, for I saw a man who weighs two hundred pounds staggering under a quart of rum, when he could have carried a gallon of water with ease."

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZENS. VI.

EDUCATION.

The theory that every citizen has a *right* to demend from the State an edncation for his children, is firmly established in this country. As every right has a correlative duty, what is the duty correlative to this right to demand an education from the State? Is it not, thet it is every citizen's duty to avail himself to the utmost, of the advantages he has the right to demend? If this he not the correlative duty of the right mentioned, then it is to be found in the States edmitting to citizenship only those who heva availed themselves of the privileges of education, placed within their reach. There is no equity in compelling a State to give an education to its future citizens, unless it can compel these citizens to give it the fruits of such education in return. In the more densely populated Northern States, public sentiment is keenly elive to the dangers of ignorance, as is seen in the Truant Laws, end Factory children's Lews. The object of the first set of lews is, to compel children to attend some school between certain hours of the day; the object of the second is, to forbid faetories employing continuously children of tender years: if they are employed at all, it is only permitted, by tho parents showing that the children have attended school a certein number of months in the year. None of these lews completely achieve their object; but their existonce shows how keenly the necessity of education is felt in those States, where the steady use of the best faculties of man is required to gein a living. No more difficult problem confronts legislators than to frame a system of public instruction, thet will put edncation within the reach of ell, and put ell within the reach of education.

Edncation hears the same relation to citizenship that interest does to capital: an uneducated population is like the Talent, in the parable, that wes buried in the earth. Education is e mean, not an end; it is a tool, by the use of which, man can produce more with the same amount of exertion, than he can without it. An educeted man with en object in view, approeches it aided by a knowledge of the successes and failures of those who have approached similer objects hefore him: centuries sit by his sido as advisers end friends. An uneduceted man approaching the same object goes unaided; he has only himself to depend upon; his only guide is his own narrow experience, a few years at best.

As I have already stated in thesc papers, the prosperity of a State cannot exceed the average prosperity of its citizens: therefore, whatever increases the prosperity of citizens, increases the prosperity of a State. All discoveries and improvemeats in agriculture, manufacture, or commerce, can come within the ken of an educated man; while an utterly ignorant man has to make his own discoveries and improvements. If every man had to invent end construct his own steam engines, power looms, reaping-machines, or sewing machines, there would be few enough of these labor-savers in use. Compare the prosperity, end the processes of industry, in the more highly educated States of this Union, with those of the South Amerieau republics, where ignorance is general; and a glance will show, how necessary for the prosperity of a State, is the education of its citizens.

As hefore stated, education is a tool, and it is self evident, that a men with proper tools ean do more work than he can with improper tools, or with none at all. A man with an axe can split more wood than one with a stone, or a shell; and if kindling wood be the object of the State, it should supply its citizen choppers with axes, and not let them worry through their lives, poundiug with stones, or scraping with shells.

It heing clearly the duty of the State to furnish its youth with tools, wherewith future prosperity can he huilt; it follows that great care should be taken to furnish proper tools. The pickaxe and the shovel would he hut poor tools in the weeving of cloth, or the sailing of ships, excellent as they might bo in the sinking of a mine, or the building of a railroad. All tools are made from some materiel or other; now, out of what materiels are forged the educational tools, used by men in hewing the path of progress? They consist of a knowledge of reading, writing, end the relations of quentities. With a knowledge of these three, any educational tool can he forged; without them, nono. There is a sound kernel of truth in the old story of the school-boy, who, when asked what he studied at school, replied, "The three R's, readin', ritin', and 'rithmetic." To meke a sound tool, sound materiel is required; no amount of varnish will make fine steel out of poor iron; and a tool made from the latter blunts into hopeless dulness as soon as its owner tries to use it. On our primary schools then, depend the usefulness of all others; for in them is forged the steel, out of which must be made all the tools, with which our youth will have to cut the knotty planks of social advanecement.

To the quality then, as much as to the quentity of its primory schools, should the attention of the State be given: to go on the principle that "anybody can teach a primary school," is to make a certain end expensive hlunder. It is just the same, as if some great iron master should take np the idea thet any brewny fellow could temper steel. Put such a being in e mill, give him iron, heat, water, everything thet is needful, and let him go to work: some sort of a product will follow, hut the likelihood of its being pure steel, is about as remote as the discovery of thet long-lost needle in the fahled hay stack.

The duty of the State to furnish good primary schools, as well as plenty of them, being conceded, the next duty of the State is to efford its youth opportunities to study those branches which will most directly benefit them; that is, those things of which they will have the most need in the the future. In different parts of the country different branches should receive different degrees of attention: for in a country so large as this, the educational needs of men are as as different as the sizes of their bodies; and how idiotic would any one seem, who, if beving determined to give every man in the nation a coat, should have ell the coats made of one size and texture. Dr. Frank C. Woodward, in his recent address before the Edncational Assoeiation of Virginia (extracts from which appeared in the last number of the Workman), has handled this subject in the most thorough manuer, end left little, if anything, further to be said.

In this age of progress, when improvements so tread on the heels of improvements, men must keep up with the times, or fell hopelessly in the rear; to stand still, is simply to be drowned in the flood of betterments, which now, at least, seem "to knaow no retiring ebb." A system of education which was deemed sufficient for the needs of the people half a century ego, is no more fitted to the present age, thau a canal boat is to carry "express" freight. A glance at the reports of the departments of Edncation in some of the newer States, show clearly how the needs of the present are eppreciated and met; and how little respect is paid to any theory, simply because it is old.

COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

Education is a loan the State makes to its youth; a loen on which the interest is always paid, and the principle of which is never repudiated, or to use a modern euphemism, never "readjusted." A good system of edueation costs no more then a bad one, if results be considered. Any system, however, must be expensive; for one cannot enjoy interest without investing capital, and no small capital will yield large interest, unless dangerous risks are taken. If the appropriation of a State for school purposes is meagre, and invested in second-class edueational machinery, the results will he meagre, unless some miracle occur, that has never as yet taken plece. Every State should appropriete the largest possible part of its revenue to school purposes: such use of its revenue is practically making a sinking fund, for the payment of its debts, present and prospective. I believe it auceptible of accurate proof, that those States whoso school expenditures, for the last twenty years, heve formed the largest percentago of their whole expenditures, heve more material prosperity to-day, and better credit in the money markets of the world, then thosa States where the school expenditures have formed hut a smell part of their whole expenditures. In our own country, comparo Massachusetts with South Carolina, Kaasas with Arkansas, California with Florida, and a glance will show how directly proportionate the relative prosperity of the States is to their expenditures for education in the last twenty years. If these comparisons seem narrow or sectional, compare the United States with Turkey, or Germany with Spain. All the revenues of a State come from direct or indirect taxation, and I believe thet so much of the taxes as ere to he epplied to school purposes, should be kept as a speciel fund; end such fund secredly devoted to the purposes for which it was created. In most of our States such a constitutionel provision exists, end is obeyed. The school fund of e State *does differ* from other funds; for on its proper expenditure depends the equipment of those, who in e few years will be the workers end tax-peyers of the State. It is not exaggeration to say, that ia the school fund is found that which nourishes the ective prineiple of healthy growth in the State. If expenses heve to he cut down, let the school fund he the last to which the knife is epplied. If it were necessary to reduce the expenses of a factory run hy steam, it would be poor economy to stop the purchase of fuel. No doubt there would be a saving, a considerable saving, hut when the stock of fuel on hend was hurned out, revenue would stop—as ehruptly and absolutely as the expenses for fuel. Suppose that no child horn after this dete should be permitted to be educated: how loag would it be before the world would sink iato utter barbarism, commerce flicker and die out, agriculture and manufacture he lost arts, and even history itself hecome a myth?

The argument that public schools are luxuries, and that the State cannot afford luxuries, is as hollow as it is heartless. One might as well say that an axe is a luxury to the woodman, that merchandize is a luxury to the merchant, or that the luxurious part of a sewing machine is the needle, as to say that popular edueation is a luxury, in the sense that luxury is used by the holders of this argument. Any process of reasoning, by which the conclusion can be reached, that public schools are luxuries, would make bread end water *the* luxuries of a Sybaritic banquet.

It is gratifying to see how almost unanimously public sentiment, in this country, fevors public schools: the most finished scholars and the utterly illiterate heve the same faith in their necessity. The educated man knows them to he means to a wished-for end; the illiterate men imagines, that in them, hy some magic or "conjuring," are obtained certain powers, in the non-possession of which, he feels himself poor indeed. The same faith exists in hoth, however different may he the reasons for the faith that is in them.

The open opponents of public schools are few in number, and daily growing less; they belong to that "stand still" class, who, contented with little, if others heve less, oppose the education of the masses, as the surest and easiest means of maintaining their present superiority. They rarely offer any arguments in support of their position, hut content themselves with quoting such words of comfort, as "Ignorance is bliss," "A little learning is a dangerous thing," etc., etc. Under the old system of slavery, the theory of universal edueation was bitterly opposed by the advocates of the system: for they knew full well, thet liberty and learning were fast friends, and that the introduction of one, meant the introduction of the other. While on this point a few words mey be proper, in reply to an argument thet crops out now and then, in the discussion of the lehor question and kindred subjects. It is to the effect that edueation tends to make people dissatisfied with their lot, makes them want something better, and that private discontent soon ripens into public broils. This argument is as full of fallacies as a seive is full of holes. The keynote of progress is dissatisfaction. Suppose everybody were satisfied with everything as it is; what possible chance would there ba of there aver heing anything better? Nothing, from man down, is perfect in this world; and so long as an appreciation of the absolute hovers in man's brain, just so long will ho reach toward it, and want something a little better then he has. Dissatisfaction has led to every known improvement: if the world had been satisfied with wegons, railways would never heve existed; if post horses had been fleet enough, the telegraph would not be in constant use. That ell men went something, is the motive power of humen society; when men stop wenting, they stop breathing. The intensity of men's wants measnres the intensity of tha efforts to supply them; or, if the expression he preferred, it measures the activity of trade. Few men wenting little, means a dull market; meny men wanting much, means activity, industry, exchange, prosperity.

There is no ergument against public schools as means of edueating the people: the only velid objections that can he raised, are objections to the menner in which they are conducted, or the course of stndy pursued in them. If only a smattering of this be thinly spread on a smettering of that, and a youth's education he ell roof and no foundation, people can justly find fault; but the feult is with the style of architecture end not with the usefulness of a house; feult is not found with the hoys being educated, but with the wey he is edueeted. If a student he given Homer and Virgil before he can read Milton and Shekespeare, if he ettempt conic sections and the calculus, hefore he can extract euhe root, or compute compound interest, he is eequiring something which resembles an edueation ahout as much as the pasteboerd sword of the harlequin, resembles the eutlass of e men-of-war's men. Against such en edueetion, (if edueation it can he called) strong objections can ho made: it is like the description of a "wild-eat" railroad, given hy a disappointed share-holder, who said "It hegen nowhere, ended nowhere, and ren through a swamp." Yet many young persons in the vanity of their ignorance, yearn after just such e "wild-eat" edueation; and refuse to believe they will only find in it "vanity end vexation of spirit," after they have bought end paid for it. The panic of 1873 killed for a time "wild-eat" railroads in this country; over confidence worked its own eure; so, too, sooner or later, will "wild-eat" edneetion receive a check, and seekers after knowledge appreciete, there is no royel road to learning.

No matter how good en edueation the State may offer, its usefulness will be limited, if the co-operation of parents end guardians he wanting. Laying the table and hidding the guests is not all of a hanquet: if the guests come not, the feast is a failure, and silence sits in the place of mirth. That eny child should be entirely shut out from school privileges is a pity, nay, in this country it is a disgrace; a disgrace not only to the parents, but to the commereial segeeity of the community in which it occurs, to work day after day with dull tools, and have no better exeuse than "no time to sharpen them," certeinly shows a degree of mental obtuseness, that is fortunately scarce in this nineteenth century of ours. That grinding poverty exists in some sections, and that every hand has to be busied, that every mouth may he fed, is lamentably true: but in every year of childhood, there are months that can he spent in the public schools, with no appreciable benefit to the child's future.

The gains of public edueetion are not one-sided, but mutual: public educeation is neither charity nor theft, it is a just exchange—the State gives that it may receive, and the citizen receives that he mey give. Mutual wants are supplied by mutual efforts and mutual satisfactions ensue.

The Latin word, Education, in sturdier Saxon is "leadiag out." Igaoranee is darkness, learning is light; and the leeding of the people out of darkaess into light, is that duty of the State called Public Edueetion.

T. T. B.

COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

It is generally thought that going up is easier than coming down. But these look as if they were finding the coming down quite difficult. You will say that is because it is only too easy, end of course you are right. Mountian climbing is hard enough, going up or coming down, but meny people like nothing better.

There is a society of gentlemen in Europe, called the Alpine club, formed for the very purpose of climhing all the highest mountain, they can master. Some climb for sciences some for pleasure, and indeed there is pleasure in standing on a great monntain top,

> "Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
> And eloads with eternal sleet,
> While Summer, in vials a of flowers,
> Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

After the long ascent, there is a sense of triumph over conquered difficulties. The air is sparkling, the sunlight falls with dazzling splendor on vast snow-fields, peak after peak rises around you; far, far down you look on the tops of the pine forests, and catch glimpses of green mountain meadows, and the roofs of the dairy huts. Clouds drift along below yon, but overheed the sky lifts its unapproachable arch as far away as ever, while the solemn Sabbath stillness of the monntain top awes your spirit into silence and worship.

Looking from a distance up to snowy sum-

mits that seem to float soft as summer clouds in the sky, one cannot make the dangers of the ascent seem real, the wild gorges, and washing torrents, and dangerous precipices,

could be made; and thet no paper can be used to represent them, unless it can be converted *on demand* into these precious metels. Money could ba made of anything, if civilization

and pieces of gold, the gold then and there would have no value. But let some other men come alongside, with water, food, and means of safety, then the gold would have

ceive something of use in return; the reverse of this doctrine is unromantically called *theft.* Plain as this matter is, viz., that honest labor should be paid in honest money, thou-

mits that seem to float soft as summer clouds in the sky, one cannot make the dangers of the ascent seem real, the wild gorges, and washing torrents, and dangerous precipices.

In Switzerland, the strongest mountaineers make it their business to guide travellers up the mountain. I think our little picture must be designed to represent a sad accident which happened some years ago to a party of such guides and travellers who climbed one of the loftiest and most difficult mountains in Switzerland, the Matterborn, fourteen thousand feet high.

With them was a young man not so much accustomed to climbing as the rest, whom they were persuaded to take with them to gratify his ambition. They went up safely and were quite proud of their feat which very few had ever accomplished. On their descent, the guides tied all together with a strong rope passing from the waist of one to another, as is often done for safety, so that if one should slip and fall, the rest might all together hold him up. On the edge of an icy precipice that descended in one sheer, awful wall, four thousand feet, the young man's feet slipped, and falling against the foremost guide he knocked him with himself over the brink. The rest of the party braced themselves back with their "alpine stocks" for one moment of straining nerve and muscle—then, terrible to tell, a sudden lightening of their load threw them back upon the snow and told the awful fate of four of their companions. This rope had a weak spot, it had parted with the strain, and down, down the awful abyss the unfortunate men plunged like lead, dragging two more with them; the rest, horror stricken, clung trembling to the ledge, on which they were for hours, even the bravest of the guides too much unnerved to go back or forward. At last the advancing sun warned them of the absolute necessity of making an effort to get down before night should overtake them on that dreadful brink, and bracing their shuddering nerves as best they could, they crept past the ledge, and down their dangerous road till they reached shelter and safety without further accident. The bodies of the unfortunate men were recovered and interred in the hamlet at the foot of the mountain, where a little memorial church has been erected by their English friends.

MONEY.

BY T. T. BRYCE.

There is no commodity so much used, and so little understood as money. Ignorance of the nature and functions of money is not confined to any section or class, indeed the deepest ignorance is often found in the highest places, as the debates and acts of the last Congress of the United States abundantly prove. The country fairly teems with wild theories about money, and the national craze, if I may use the expression, is directly traceable to the fact, that this generation has only used and known promises to pay money, instead of money itself: the financial heresies, which are rife among us, are diseases growing out of the tainted atmosphere of inflation, through which we have passed, and are still passing.

The only difficulty in the way of everybody's clearly understanding what money is, is that it has a two-fold nature; and people are apt to confound the nature of money as a *medium of exchange*, and of money as *a measure of value*. Real money combines in itself these two properties, and nothing but real money does.

Let us first consider money as a medium of exchange. If a man who had a jackknife, wanted a bushel of wheat, he could find a man with a bushel of wheat who wanted a jackknife, the two could exchange their commodities without the use of money. But suppose the men with the jackknife could not find anybody with a bushel of wheat, who wanted a jackknife; then he would be forced to adopt some other way to obtain the bushel of wheat. Just here, comes in the use of money. The man with the jackknife must find somebody who wants the jackknife, and who can offer, in exchange for it, something, which the man with the jackknife knows the man with the wheat will take in exchange for it. This something is called money. It is evident this something we call money, must be made of some lasting material, or it would wear out in the constant passing from hand to hand. Again it must be of some substance so rare, that its bulk will not be unwieldy; for instance, iron dollars would never answer the purpose of active trade. Thirdly, it must be something that all civilized men desire, and for which they are willing to exchange other things they may possess. Fourthly, it must be of such material as can be readily and accurately divided and sub-divided for the convenience of commerce: for example, the purchase of our daily necessities would be almost impossible, if we had no other denomination of money than dollars. There are other requisites for the material, out of which money must be made; but these four are the leading ones. The experience of centuries has convinced civilization that gold and silver are the only materials out of which real money *could be made;* and that no paper can be used to represent them, unless it can be converted *on demand* into these precious metals. Money could be made of anything, if civilization would agree on that particular thing; but civilization *has agreed* on gold and silver, and it is idle to speculate on what it might have agreed upon, if it had not agreed on these two metals. By the unvarying laws of trade this question has been settled in the Supreme court of commerce, and the legislation of no one nation can reverse the decision. Paper by itself is not, cannot be, money: it can be a *promise to pay money*, but it is no more money than any promise is its performance. The Continental Congress, and the late Confederate States issued thousands of pounds weight of paper, and called it money; but calling it so, did not make it so, any more than calling a picture a man would make it human. What are called Greenbacks are not money; they are bills of credit; they represent the plighted faith of the Government; they are promises to pay money, but are not money any more than eggs are chickens. Greenbacks are debts of the Government, and the only way these debts can be paid, is by taxing the people. When demagogues cry for "more greenbacks" they cry for more taxes; and as taxes for the most part are finally paid by labor, it needs no profound wisdom to see how staunch friends of the working men, are those people who argue that the best way to pay debts is to double or treble them.

Let us now look at money as a measure of value. This word value is about the best abused word in the English language; accurately defined it is the "relation of mutual purchase established between two things by their exchange." If, for instance, I sell a day's work for a barrel of potatoes, the value of my day's work is a barrel of potatoes; and the value of the potatoes is a day's work on my part. Value then, is a relation, not a substance: you cannot weigh value in the grocer's scales, or say it is white, black, or copper colored; neither can you say it is a foot high nor a yard long.

The only appreciation of value that is possible, is our ability to compare two things with a third, or to measure one thing by another of the same sort. If I know that I can buy a coat that I want, for five dollars, and can sell a barrel of flour that I have, for five dollars, it is evident my barrel of flour will buy me a coat. If I sell my flour to Mr. Jones for five dollars, and then give the five dollars to Mr. Smith for a coat, I have simply exchanged my flour for the coat. In one sense the money was a tool I used to save myself time and trouble; it was an instrument quite as much as the cart on which I brought the flour to market. In another sense, the five dollars were a measure of values, for with it were measured both the flour and the coat. It would make no difference to me, if I received one dollar or a hundred dollars instead of five, for the flour, if the coat could be got for a dollar, or for not less than a hundred. The usefulness of money is not in its name, nor its quantity, but in its purchasing power. The best dollar is the dollar that will buy most in the greatest numbers of places.

As all other commodities are measured by money, and as all men are willing to take money in exchange for what they have, it is natural that money should be desired by all men. Although this desire is universal among civilized men, the majority of people do not appreciate the fact, that they do not *desire money for itself, but as a means of procuring whatever else they desire.* One cannot eat money, drink money, wear money, nor use it as building material, yet these and all other physical wants can be gratified, if one has money to offer in exchange for their gratification. Only misers want money for money's sake, and as their name indicates, they are miserable beings. Money is a mean, not an end—man desire it, not for what it is, but for what it can get.

When we speak of measuring everything, we mean that it contains some arbitrary unit of measure so many times, as a foot, a pint, a pound, a dollar. In every measurement the unit of measure must be of the same nature as the thing to be measured: for example, we do not measure length with a unit of capacity, nor capacity with a unit of weight; we do not say it is so many bushels from Washington to Richmond, but so many miles; we do not say that a horse weighs so many feet, nor that a man is so many pounds high. That with which we measure length must have length, that with which we measure capacity must have capacity, and in like manner, that with which we measure values, must have value. While the unit of measure of value must have value, it must be remembered that value itself is a relation, and therefore its unit of measure must be relative, not absolute. By themselves, neither gold, nor silver, nor paper have any value, it is only when they can be and are compared with other things, that the relation we call value springs into being. If a man were alone in a boat in the middle of the ocean, with nothing on board but a thousand pieces of gold, the gold then and there would have no value. But let some other men come alongside, with water, food, and means of safety, then the gold would have value, for it could be exchanged for something.

All absolute units of measure, as of length, capacity, time, weight, etc., must be constant—that is, they must always be the same. But as values are relations, their unit of measure cannot be absolutely unvarying; therefore, that thing has been selected by the commercial world, which compared with other things, *varies least;* and that thing is a grain of pure gold.

The necessity of steadiness in a standard or unit of measure is self-evident: what sort of estimates could a farmer make if a ton should mean 1500 lbs. to-day, and 2240 lbs. to-morrow? Herein lies the danger of having anything but gold as the standard of values. Compared with gold, silver has varied in a single year as much as eighteen cents per ounce, and what has happened before, may happen again. Still this question need not be considered at present, for in a few years silver will be our only standard, for the poorer currency always drives out the better. No man would pay his debts in gold, if he could legally discharge them with rags of other rubbish. To show the necessity of having for money, that which, compared with other things, is steady, let us carry a little further the illustration of the man who sold a barrel of flour and bought a coat. Let us suppose he sold his flour and received five bits of coin, each marked one dollar, which he put in his pocket, concluding not to buy a coat at that time. A year after, however, he wants to buy a coat, and going to the tailor asks the price, and is told, seven dollars. He naturally inquires why the price has been raised two dollars, and is told that there are so many of these dollars now, that it takes more of them to buy anything than it did. The tailor has to pay more for his cloth, more for his labor, and more for everything he has to buy, so he must ask more for everything he has to sell. This man would appreciate how dangerous it was, to have a measure of values so liable to change. If he had sold his flour for gold, the gold piece would have still bought the coat, or if he had kept his flour, he could have exchanged it for the coat; but instead, he had exchanged his flour for a commodity that had no fixed value in the commercial world, and had to suffer the consequences.

The stamp on a piece of money is only a certificate that it contained, when coined, so many grains of pure gold or silver; it adds but little to the exchangeable power of the coin, and its main use, is that people handling it can tell at a glance, exactly its denomination. If a man sells a watch for a ten dollar gold piece, he does not exchange the watch for the eagle on the coin, but for the exchangeable power that is vested in the bullion, on which the eagle is stamped. If the United States should make a coin, containing only 11.61 grains of gold, and stamp it a dollar, it would not be the gold dollar we now have; neither could it be exchanged for more than half as much as could a standard dollar containing 23.22 grains. Calling a pint a peck, or a peck a pint, does not make them so. If Congress should conclude to stamp all gold dollars, "one cent," it would not affect their buying power. The name of a coin has hardly more to do with the coin itself, than a man's Christian name has with his manhood. Money in old times was counted by weight entirely, a practice still continued in the Bank of England. The fineness of the work on coins is to make counterfeiting more difficult; but when they are to be melted, to make jewelry, plate, or other coins, the fineness of the work goes for absolutely nothing, and it is only the bullion that counts.

The amount of actual money in the world is an extremely small fraction of one per cent. of the exchanges that yearly take place between individuals and nations. The practical use of money in commerce is to balance accounts. If a planter receive from his factor one thousand dollars worth of provisions and send one thousand dollars worth of cotton in return, there has been an exchange of commodities, each one of which could have been exchanged for one thousand dollars, but which, in point of fact, have been exchanged for each other without the intervention of a dollar. If the planter should send eleven hundred dollars worth of cotton, it would require one hundred dollars, or some other commodity worth one hundred dollars to balance the account. This law applies to nations as well as to individuals.

Money being so important a thing, as to be the adjuster of commercial differences, and the measure of value of all other things, it follows that the best is none too good, and any man is a fool, who says that "so and so" is good enough money for him. A very dangerous theory is now afloat in this country, that the Government can stamp bits of paper, call them dollars, and give them to the people in exchange for their labor or the products of their labor. If a man gives anything of use he is entitled to receive something of use in return; the reverse of this doctrine is unromantically called *theft.* Plain as this matter is, viz., that honest labor should be paid in honest money, thousands of unthinking people, of the very class that will suffer most, are clamorous for a condition of affairs, under which they will be paid in poor money instead of good. A man who does a day's or a month's work is entitled to be paid in money that is good to-day, to-morrow, and every day; good in the place he earned it, and good in any other place where he may wish to exchange it. By good money, I mean money, that compared with all other things, will vary least in the course of a lifetime, and which has a definite purchasing power in the great markets of the world. To declare that labor or anything else should be paid for, by a thing which, compared with a gold dollar, may to-day be worth 80c., to-morrow 75c., and next year 35c., is to declare in favor of the grandest kind of grand larceny. During the war there was a kind of hair oil, the wrappers of which resembled greenbacks. Unscrupulous persons gave these wrappers to the ignorant freedmen in exchange for chickens, eggs, services, etc., paying what seemed enormous prices. The poor freedman, when he tried to exchange one of these dollars (?) for something he wanted, discovered how he had been swindled. The inflationists to-day went the people to vote to take "wrapping paper" for money.

All languages have two different words to express the idea of exchange. In English we say we buy and we sell: but in reality we mean, that we exchange. No man can buy unless somebody else sells, and *vice versa.* If a man buy a loaf of bread with a dime, the baker buys a dime with a loaf of bread. If dimes become relatively more abundant than loaves of bread, the baker will ask more dimes for his bread; in other words, bread will be higher. If bread become relatively more abundant than dimes, the baker will get fewer dimes for his bread; in other words, bread will be lower.

It is not concerning the quantity, but the quality of the currency, that our people need worry. If we were on a gold basis, and more money were needed for our commerce, more money would come; for money is merchandise and is governed by the same laws of supply and demand. If flour be twenty dollars a barrel in London, and ten dollars in New York, flour will go from New York to London until the equilibrium be restored. If money be worth 7 per cent. here, and 2 per cent. in England, on equal security, money will come from England to America, as surely as unrestrained water will run down hill. We read a great deal about the duty of the government to make money plenty. How can the government make money plenty? If the government coins a dollar, somebody has to earn the dollar before it gets into circulation. If it prints a promise to pay a dollar, somebody has to be taxed to redeem that promise. In either case, the coin, or the promise, has to be earned; the government cannot give money without an equivalent any more than it can give food, clothing, shelter, or gold watches. If citizens could get paper dollars from the government for nothing, they certainly would not give each other everything in exchange for them. Who will pay for anything they can get for nothing?

It is boldly asserted by the Inflationists that the government should issue what they call National Money, that is bits of paper stamped so many dollars, and declare it legal tender; then, they argue, this money would perforce become the currency of the country. To this scheme there are two insuperable objections: first, the Constitution forbids any ex post facto legislation, so this National Money could not be used to pay debts contracted before its creation. Second, the government cannot make people trade, and no man of sense would exchange valuable things for valueless things: in other words, they would not sell for this sort of money; and whatever of it got in circulation would be what was paid to the poor and ignorant, who either could not help themselves, or who had not learned by experience what a dollar was. Suppose a man were paid one thousand of these dollars for a day's work, and that these thousand dollars would not buy an ounce of bread, would that be prosperity? Yet it is the kind of prosperity urged on the workingmen by the Inflationist leaders. Honest labor should be paid in honest dollars; and the dollars of sophistry reserved for the sophists who claim to be satisfied with them.

MORNING PRAYER.

We thank thee, Lord, who through the night,
Hast kept us till the morning light.
Lord we would now meet humbly pray
For grace and mercy through this day.
Keep us, O Lord, from every sin;
From every evil thought within:
Under thy care our dear ones take,
And hear our prayers, for Jesus' sake. Aman.

clusters of rosy bindweed and yallow labur-

tablish an international standard for gold and silver

Hampton Normal and Agri-

LIBYA.

THE earliest historical discription possessed by modern studeots of Africa or Libya, is probably that of Herodotus the Greek, and from the mass of proof which he offers us as to the success of the first attempts to overpass the dangerous defences witb which Nature bas surroonded this wild land, ws choose tbis following account of the first circumnavigation of the African peninsula. It is the opening scene in the drama of a people's life and in its brief boldness is a fitting introduction to the history that follows it.

Between the years 610 and 594 B. C., says Herodotus, Pharaob Necho, King of Egypt (Kings 2d chap. 23d,) despatched vessels, manned by Phœnicians, with instruction to sail round Africa, through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean Sea, and thus return to Egypt. In their heavily manned, awkward vessels, without compass or pilot, ignorent elike of sea and shore, they worked slowly down through the Southern ocean, and when the autumn came landed oo the strange, savage coast to sow the ground and wait for the harvest, which was to give them food for the year of difficult discovery before them. By the deep channelled mouth of some broad river, or under the shadow of some great mountaio range, they cast anchor, and gave into tbe keeping of the rich, virgin earth the precious seed, which the Southern sun soon ripened. The unknown barbarians upon whose dominioo they encamped were friends or foes as might be, the luxuriant tropic mantle of fruit and blossom and harvest, covered wholesome fertility or fatal melarial poison and the life and death of these brave wanderers hung always in that bslance. But none the less did they cling to their first purpose, and their respiog accomplished, tarried not at all for tempting of gain or pleasure, but held to their appoioted course till in the third year they passed through the pillars of Hercules and reached once more their Egyptian homes.

Other and still other expeditioos followed upon this one, and increasing were the attempts of Romans, Greeks and Carthaginians to plant themselves upon the Northern African coast, until in the year 323 B. C., a Grecian colony was established in Egypt, and then opened that cuormous trade with India, which a few years ago led to the successful enterprize of the Suez Canal. From this time on wa read of direct intercourse between the half-civilized tribes of Northern Africa and their more luxurious and cultivated neighbors on the other side of the Mediterranean. Roman Emperors had their studs of African elephants, their pet monkeys from Algeria, their birds of brilliant plumage from desert oases, while their feasts were enriched with glowing tropical fruits, and the fierce battles in their blood-stained amphitheaters were fought by majestic lions and beautiful, cruel panthers, brought for the people's pleasure from far African jungles.

At this time, too, communication was obtained with the interior provinces through the Carthaginians, a people who used armies of elephnnts in time of war, and dealt largely in gold, ivory, and slaves, a form of trade which could only have been kept up by constant intercourse with Central Africa. Soon, however, the victorious Romans overran this attractiva Carthaginian territory and became the virtual rulers of North Africa, when, as their custom was, they sought new worlds to conquer in the boundless solitude of mountain and desert which to the south of them tempted their lusty pride to fresh endeavor. It is more than probable that these bands of Roman warriors pierced their way through the sandy heart of the Great Desert to Timbuctoo, Lake Tsad and the river Niger, thus establishiog the line of traffic between the Mediterranean coast provinces west of Barca and the fertile districts of the Upper and lower Niger, which has been maintained to the present day.

Bare as are these outlines of Africa's earliest civilization, they frame for the imagination a picture of weird magnificence. Across the bare Saharan sands sweep Romen legions, eagle-crowned, mail-clad, triumphant. Before them fly the unknown denizens of this strange, changeless wilderness, — by day, bright tropic birds wheel above their helmeted heads, or shriek shrill warnings at these white-faced men who holdly break at noonday upon the stillness of some deep-shaded oasis. By night, the migbty roer of lion and leopard, the hateful hyena-howl, the swift, distant galloping of zebras and wild asses drive the patient, unhurdened camels nearer their human allies, and arouse from dreams of Coliseum shows, many a weary Roman legionary. Now and egain, as tbe train moves slowly onward the pitiless sun burns some soldier, weaker than the rest, into fever and madness, and he drops on the scorching earth to die alone, for the many dare not tarry for the one, and death becomes as cruelly familiar in Libyan desert as on Punic battle-fields.

But at last the day comes when stunted shrubs and prickly grasses chenge into great branching cotton-wood trees and stately palms, when gratcful fruits tempt juicily on avery hand, when golden oranges, grey plums, and coolilng limes hang balf hidden by clusters of rosy bindweed and yellow laburnum and brilliant parroquets swing saucily on bending branches. From rocky, buttressed bsights fresh, springing water falls into deep, green valleys where harded sheep and oxen give promise of feasts which shall blot ont the memory of the loog desert fast, while graduelly the wandering native tribes of the Sahara are left bebind, and ths permaneotly settled country of the true negro is reacbed, the promised land of these conquest-seeking Romans.

Here we can fancy them halting impatiently, before the walls of some ancient city, whose palaces and temples of sun-dried brick, rise in vivid contrast, from groves of palm and mimosa. Richly coltivated gardens and well-tilled fields show the expectant Romans that the stories of kingly possessions to which they have listened with eager ears are no mere traveller's tales, but that in truth, these distant provinces offer to their conquerors, wealth, wondrous and inexheustible, wealth, too, which does not lack defeoders, for in opeoings amoog the acecia trees is drawn up in battle order, an army whose thousands of muscular, not unskilled soldiers are no mean enemies for the Roman cohorts, broken and disorgaoized as these are by their long, perilous march. The nativs troops, mounted upon beautiful Mandara horses are clothed from throat to knee in iron chain mail, with helmets for themselves, and heavy, protecting head gear for their horses, while their general is distinguishingly draped in bright, softfalling silk.

Is it to be war or peace betweeen these two confronting powers? A word, a look may turn the scale, and so it is that sometimes the invaders are received with hospitable welcome, and sometimes with savage cruelty.

The treasures which they came to seek, they do not win without a struggle, for the sultans and the people of these rich kingdoms are keen in trede and terrible in war, and their civilization though certainly not that of the Romens has still a grandeur of its own which is at this time at its climax.

So there are cities to be sacked, armies to be overcome, shrewd merchants to be bargained with, potentates to be persuaded, and the advantages is oot always with the strangers, though at last even their imperisl greed is satisfied and the long caravsn of camels and slavcs strikes once more the northward routo across the dreaded desert. The spoils which they bear with them of rough gold ore and heavy ivory tusks are destined for the palaces of Roman magnates, and the black captives whose wistful backward glances rest for the last time on the gorgcous distances of their tropic home are to become the toys and victims of corrupt Latin luxury.

Strange must have been the intercourse between these old Romans and Africans, strange it still is tbe after history of both, and the shsdow of its mystery, its crime, reaches even down to us, frea children of a free country.

To-day this all-conquering nation, these merciless, magnificent Romen masters are nearly vivid visions, more dead than death, while the people whom they enslaved are rooted as firmly in their native soil, as though no fierce intruder had ever broken their barbaric slumber—and the children of their blood have planted themselves afresh upon a mighty, new continent, with whose national life they have so intergrown thet tha whola world shook when a few years ago their fate hung trembling in the balanca. The mystery is not for us to read, bot surely every step that we take as wa ratrace tha faint imperfect records of Africa's long sleep, shows us that deeper than all our theories, than all our philosophic explanation lies God's eteroel purpose. As wa go on from century to century and find bow continuously this great country with its immense extent of seacoast and enormous interoal riches, has defied intrusioo, the conviction is ioevitable that Africa's silent resistance to the finer influences of civilization, is full of meaning. She has not baan kept in the rear of the world's progress without a reason, and in our contemplation of external forces whicb heve, more or less, affected her, this thought may help us to a more williog sacrifice of prejudice, a more patient acceptance of bitter truths.

With the downfall of Roman power, ended, historically, Africa's connection with ancient Europe, and from that time she remained under Arabic influence, until in the 19th Century her story passes into the hands of modern European explorers, a brave company, to whom all bonor is due.

M. F. A.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN

THE occupation of Bosnia, in pursuance of the Treaty of Berlin, has not been a bloodless expedition. Serious fighting has resulted, the occupation being vigorously opposed. Austria and Russia are both having to take possession of their new territory by force of arms.

THE International Monetary Coogress opeaed its first session at Paris on the 10th of August. M. Leon Say was elected president. After secretaries were appointed, and a few words of welcome were spokes by the president, Mr. Reuben Fenton, of New York, briefly explained the object of the conference; which is to establish an international standard for gold and silver coin.

A GRAND naval review and inspection by the Queea of England, took place on the 13th of August. The fleet consisted of twenty-six vessels carrying 219 guns and 6,691 officers and men, aggregating 99,541 tons, and 78,350 horse-power.

EMIL HOEDEL, who attempted to assassinate the Emperor William of Germany, last May, was beheaded at Berlin on the 16th inst. Fifty persons including public officers, witnessed the execution, which is generally approved. Since the 2d of June, when Dr. Nobeling attempted to kill the Emperor, there have beeo 563 persons arrested for insulting the Emperor. Of this number 521 have been convicted, including thirty-one women.

A DISPATCH from Havre says that ex Queen Christiana of Spain is worse. No hope is entertained of her recovery.

CAPT. GENL. Martinez Campos, of Cuba, has issued a circular directing the governors of provinces to allow, in all parts of the island, meetings of persons for electoral purposes, with liberty of speech, but prohibiting attacks upon the integrity of the nation, and to allow newspapers ample liberty for discussion on all subjects.

PARIS is now entertaining five "real live" American Indians, and they enjoy the new and wonderful sights very much.

DOMESTIC.

DURING the last fiscal year the total aumber of letters and packages registered was 4,348,187, while $327,488.98 was collected in fees. The percentage of ordinary letters lost was about one-fiftieth of one per cent. As many as 345,642 packages of stamped envelopes and postal cards, valued at $124,147,040.54, were forwarded for the Government without charge for registration, and of all these, only two small parcels of little value were lost. Not a penny was lost out of the immense sums carried for the U. S. Treasury Dept.

Notwithstanding the horrible warnings constantly recited in the daily papers in regard to the great danger of a careless use of kerosene, many pay no heed to the admonition. At Newark, N. J., a young woman, in order to start the fire more rapidly, poured kerosene oil on the embers. An explosion took place, and the unfortunate woman was so terribly burned that she died next day. She was but eighteen years old and and had been a bride but three months.

MORE than 20,000 Americans have visited foreign countries this year.

THAT most dreadful of all diseases, yellow fever, is still raging at a fearful rate in some of the Southern states. A report from New Orleans on 23d inst., stated that there had been more than 1,000 cases and 333 deaths, since the beginning of the epidemic, in that city alone. The chance for patients is, about one to four, fully 60 per cent. of the deaths are of foreigners or unacclimated people, and fully 75 per cent. of the remainder are children.

From Grenada, Miss., comes the most heart rending details of the terrible suffering of the wretched victims of this malady. Scenes in the plague stricken town are beyond description. Entire families have been prostrated, one after another, and swept away in a few short hours. The strongest men as well as the most helpless children are either sick, dying, or dead. The town is almost depopulated, containing but 200 people, of whom not more than 30 or 40 are well, while two weeks ago there were more than 1,500 inhabitants in the place. Eighty deaths have occurred.

A telegram from Canton, Miss., Aug. 21, says— To illustrate the terrible panic reigning here it is only necessary to state that four days ago the place contained 1,000 inhabitants where to-day 125 cannot be found. There are eighteen cases now here, but old residents say that it is impossible for fever to spread owing to every one having left the city except those considered plague proof. The streets were deserted at eight o'clock last night: not a human being was to be seen about the place.

At Vicksburg, Miss., there are also many cases reported, 300 to Aug. 22. The death rate is quite high, 25 having died in a single day, being one more than in any one day during the epidemic of 1853.

The disease at Memphis, Tenn., is spreading rapidly, 12 deaths and 48 new cases reported in one day. The report also says—The colored population, which is now largely in the majority, are acting well in heartily co-operating with the whites. A meeting has been called by the prominent colored men for the purpose of organizing to assist the whites in relieving distress, and guarding property which people in the panic of last week left unguarded. Among the most efficient on the police force now are negroes.

Louisville, Ky., is free from the scourge; has not established a quarantine, and is doing all in her power for those who come to her from the plague-stricken districts.

Cincinnati and Pittsburg have decided to quarantine all boats coming from the South.

The Howard Association, of the Masoolc fraternity, and the Odd Fellows are doing a noble work in caring for the sick and dying; acting as relief committees and as nurses. Appeals for aid are promptly and gladly responded to by the numerous cities of the United States.

POLITICAL.

THE Potter Investigating Committee is still investigating. No new developments, and no prospects of any.

DENNIS KEARNEY, the great agitator, is still on the war path. Having organized a workingmen's and anti-chinese party in California, which was partially successful in the late campaign, he felt it his duty to come East and drag the unlaboring men onward to victory. Kearney spoke in several Eastern cities, denouncing the administration, denouncing capitalists and office holders, declaiming everybody and calling upon the laboringmen to "pool their issues," proceed with the fire-brand and torch if necessary, and strike terror to the hearts of all who had opposed them and those who had not—guilty and innocent. But the workingmen of the East failed to recognize the leader in Kearney and he is now going West, a wiser and sadder, if not a better man.

THE hill allowing women to vote at school meetings in New Hampshire has become a law.

THE Marquis of Lorne is to succeed Lord Dufferin as Governor-General of Canada.

THE Chinese Embassy have arrived and taken up quarters in Washington.

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VOL. VII. HAMPTON, VA., OCTOBER, 1878. NO. 10.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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PREMIUM.

For one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

WITH this number the supplement of the Southern Workman is resumed, and is to be continued till next July.

THE Hampton Institute opened September 26th, with good prospects. During the vacation, from June 18th to September 26th, over eighty students, including Indians, have been employed at the institution, not being able to find work elsewhere and being unable to go to their distant homes.

Four hundred thousand bricks have been made on the premises, half of them by students, of which nearly 200,000 will be used in building, and the rest sold.

On the knitting-machines 2,400 dozen pairs of mittens have been made since the 15th of June.

The boarding department has been in charge of Mrs. Davis of Danville, Va., a very worthy colored woman of remarkable executive ability and force of character; and the routine office business has been conducted by Mr. James C. Robbins, Principal's Clerk, assisted by Mr. Frank Banks, both graduates. All have done admirably.

We invite attention to Mr. Robbins' account, in this number, of the vacation experience of the Indians

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INSPIRED by the success which has thus far attended the effort to educate Indians, seeing that the weak point in the work is the absence of Indian girls, knowing that the condition of woman is the gauge of civilization, satisfied that the Hampton methods are as well adapted to the elevation of Indians as of Negroes and that such opportunities and resources (costing in all $200,000.00) are nowhere else offered, and feeling that the band of Providence is in this work so naturally yet curiously thrown upon us, the officers of the Hampton Institute, upon conference with the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, agreed, at a charge to the government of $167 apiece for one year, to educate fifty Indian youth from the plains, half boys and half girls, between the ages of fourteen and twenty years.

We agree to give, then, as fully as the time of their stay will allow, a knowledge of the English language, training in the decencies of life, and a manual labor drill that shall qualify them to earn their living and be an example to, and an influence upon, their people.

This work will be at no discount of our efforts for the colored people, who are, this year, coming in full numbers. The number of teachers is increased. The capacious dining room in Virginia Hall has room for all. We have recitation rooms for them, but not sleeping rooms to provide decently even for our colored students, of whom about thirty have for years occupied a rough and open attic not intended for such use.

On the 12th of September ground was broken for a new building to be called the "Indian Cottage," thirty-five by ninety-five feet, three stories in height, to be built of home-made bricks, and to be divided, by solid walls, into three separate compartments with as many entrances, to provide fifty students' rooms, and to cost, finished and furnished, $10,000; at least ten of the rooms to be occupied by colored young men.

Ten new rooms in Virginia Hall, for the Indian girls, are already done (and they will have others), which, complete and furnished, will cost $2,000.00.

The cost of the sixty rooms, ready for use, will be $12,000.00 which the Hampton School is to provide, and which, when done, will be done, once for all, and be devoted, so far and so long as needed, to the cause of Christian education for the Negro and Indian races.

The average cost of each completed and furnished room (twenty-five will be double) will be $200.00.

The government should, and doubtless will in the future, assume, as it already has for the coming year, the current expenses of this work, if successful.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS NEEDED!

Will the friends of education and of the Indian assume the cost of these rooms, and thus supply sixty-seven Indians, of whom seventeen are now at Hampton, with the shelter and the decent, cleanly quarters they need; the care and the influence of which upon them will be no small point in their training.

In the past five months of experience with Indians at Hampton there has been no friction of race whatever. The red and the black men have taken most kindly to each other.

Capt. R. H. Pratt, of the U. S. Army, who showed such tact and skill in humanizing the Indians at St. Augustine, Florida, is assigned the duty of collecting these fifty youth and to aid in their management at Hampton.

He is expected with his wild party about the middle of October. The building was commenced the day he started for the plains, though not a dollar was in hand for the purpose. But cold weather was nearing and the "red skins" were upon us. From his first station at Fort Berthold he reported eight youth secured and excellent prospects for the rest.

To provide mechanical instruction for our Negro and Indian students, a workshop, one hundred and twenty by thirty-six feet, three stories, of brick and heavily timbered, is required. The building will cost $6,000.00. Our agricultural facilities are excellent; our mechanical very meagre.

Mr. George H. Corliss of Providence, R. I., has generously offered to place in our work-shop a new and improved sixty horse power Corliss engine, without expense to the institution. This magnificent and valuable gift is in process of construction, and will soon be waiting for its work. We hope to build in the coming spring.

It is for the friends of industrial education to say whether the shop shall be put up. It will give peculiar emphasis and strength to that phase of the Hampton work which has most commended it to thinking people; and will open the door to the education of many a poor and deserving youth whose capital in life is a stout heart and willing hands.

The moral force and true value of our graduates, in the past ten years, has been, not according to their natural abilities, but according to their spirit of hard work, as brought out by our labor system. Give us the work-shop, and we will send men out of it.

Ten days after the ground was broken for the Indian Cottage, in faith in the need and the rightness of it, and in the friends of the races Providentially placed under our care, a lady in Boston, Mass., sent a contribution of $2,000.00 to aid in carrying out these plans.

Three other friends in the same state, by paying $200.00 each, have just assumed the cost of three rooms.

The following is just received from Capt. Pratt, and is the latest news from him:

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, DA., *Sept.* 21, 1878.

Dear General:—The Sioux will come, boys and girls, more than I want,—fine specimens, splendid physique.

I leave in the morning for Cheyenne, 130 miles, to be made in three days by Mr. Mad Bear, a Blackfeet Sioux Chief, in his spring-wagon; and I pay him $15.00 (stage fare). The stage left this morning, and does not go again for a week. No boats and no other transportation worth having.

I shall have a novel ride, but a safer one than if with some of these border men.

Yours faithfully,

R. H. PRATT.

Many besides the friends of Captain Pratt will be interested in the following private letter from him, which seems to insure the arrival of the Indian contingent, and to make more and more clear the wisdom of the government in this effort for their education:

BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY, *Sept. 19th*, '78.

Dear General:

I reached here Saturday morning. Left Sunday morning, and Monday noon was in Berthold, 86 miles away. Special extra conveyance, a common wood wagon and two mules, driven by a drunken Irishman, myself the only passenger. As I anticipated, it took time (a day and a half) to get them up to it, and then only one of the three tribes responded favorably, so I took the whole six from them. All from the goody element and a little schooled. These come slow, but think when I return to get them there will be no trouble in getting fifty, if wanted. I think of re-arranging them. Will go through by stage to Standing Rock (60 miles) to-morrow. Rode in the wagon from Berthold to here (86 miles) between 8 a.m. yesterday and 11 a.m. to-day. Am very tired.

The Lord certainly seems to intend this work to go through, and I shall push it the best my strength will allow. Boats are not one-third as plentiful as I was told, and I shall have to stage it mostly, which is simply wrenching.

The pictures were a capital help. Of them all, Mrs. A—— and the children attracted most. I was right about E-tah-ma-ah to help. I would have saved a day and caught the lively element with him.

There was a little half-breed Ree girl I wanted badly. May get her; she is only eight, but is noted and loved by every one; bright and cleanly. She would make her own way, if once east. Some friend would rise up to pay her way, if the Government would not.

If not successful below, will find a way to let you know promptly, but you can build on a certainty, for I can carry the Rees by storm on my return, and get all from them. Have to hasten for this mail.

Yours faithfully,

R. H. PRATT.

THE NEGRO IN THE NORTH.

In the Middle and New England States, many towns and cities have a colored quarter, or a fringe of negro population, which does not, as a rule, command the respect of the whites, though many individuals and families of the race are held in high esteem.

The more energetic and progressive the white population, the more the blacks seem repressed and confined to menial duties, yet to this, as to all general statements, there are exceptions. The competition of the "irrepressible Yankee," together with the prejudices against color, still potent in the North, overbalance the advantages, whatever they are, of free and "mixed" school privileges and of civil rights, which are freely accorded. Colored young men become barbers, bootblacks, or waiters. They are pushed out of competition for higher places by their want of vigor, and by the tremendous rush of whites for every foothold. For all that, they sometimes win distinction in Northern colleges where students are willing to give negro youth a fair field. There are colored lawyers of excellent standing in some of the large cities.

The race is represented in many kinds of business and in art, and a goodly number have acquired wealth. We believe that the backwardness of the negro population, in the North, is due, about half, to their peculiar difficulties, and about half to their lack of wise and persistant energy. A sensible and talented young colored man is pretty sure to find friends and to make his way; he appeals to the sympathies of a large class more quickly than would a white boy in similar circumstances. The average white has a better chance for parental or family aid; the average black, a better chance for the help of the rich and tender-hearted.

Color works both ways; it hurts and it helps. Socially, the negro is every where thrust out; for his mental and moral progress there is great sympathy. The North will give him the best education it can afford, and leave him in the most wretched condition: a cultivated man with no place among cultivated people.

He has ceased to be a negro of the negroes, yet a college education does not necessarily bring him up to the social standard, and if he is blackballed in society he must not assume that it is all due to prejudice; his culture may lack completeness; he may retain much that he would not have, had his education commenced in early childhood. The few who are not lacking in the finer ways and instincts suffer severely from the presumption that lies against them by reason of their color.

At any rate an accomplished colored man has no place; life is embittered and he inclines to skepticism; this is, we

think, common and almost inevitable.

Those who go to work at any profession my then indeed are we a blind and foolish people.

operations. Secondly, that a military caste would grow up, with its habits of exclusiveness and command, and influence the tone of poli-

law allows or demands, and elevate him to his utmost capacity, which we know is but of low degree at best as a general thing, and if

think, common and almost inevitable.

Those who go to work at any profession or business have unusual difficulties; but if they have unusual talent, or grit, they succeed, and content themselves with their command of mental and other resources, rather than in social recognition. Their experience does not develop a strong sympathetic side; as a class they are not the ones to look to for aid for the needy and deserving among their own people. Yet some of them have made valuable charitable endowments. A lack of *esprit de corps* is, however, a trait of the race.

In twenty years the better colored class of the North has not made the slightest social progress toward white people, in spite of their growth in wealth, and knowledge, and civil rights, even among those whites who have done most for them. Their *statu quo* in this respect is a curious fact. It points to a race fact or instinct; it proves the utter absurdity of that bugbear of many Southerners—a social invasion by the negroes as the result of their enlightenment.

Now that the virulence of the yellow fever epidemic is exhausted and its frightful work so far accomplished as to enable us to judge fairly of its results, would it not be well for us, as a people, to soberly count the cost, directly to the stricken cities, and indirectly to the whole country, of such a summer as this through which we have just passed? The horrors of the plague must be by this time familiar through description or by experience to every man or woman in the United States, but do we realize fully what they mean? We can trace the course of the fever from its outset; we can look back to the first two or three isolated cases in a poor and filthy quarter of a great Southern city, followed by a fortnight in which the foe made gradual but almost unnoticed advances, until, as it were by a sudden leap, the fatal yellow flag was firmly planted and there was no more hope. Gradually along the lines of communication leading out from the plague centre, the disease took its course, enshrouding city and town and country, until, at last, it became evident that no human skill could check it, and that safety could come only through the silent, heaven-sent frost.

The three months during which the fever has had its way, have cost us thousands of human lives, millions of money, and an amount of human suffering which is not to be computed. Surely this is a terrible total and it must be remembered that it is one which can never be paid off, and that it represents a burden which must fall, more or less heavily, not upon one city or state, but upon the whole country. In view of this we may well ask if nothing can be done to stay the course of this devastating fever, or better still, to prevent its gaining a foothold upon our soil, to which it is most certainly not indigenous.

The testimony given by experts during this epidemic seem to show conclusively,—1st, that yellow fever is, in the first instance, invariably brought to our Southern ports from South America or the West Indies, where it always exists. 2d, that filth, if not a necessary condition of its existence, does, at least, so foster it that cleanliness is the best safeguard against it. 3d, that at present there are no known means of checking its ravages when it is once firmly established in any given locality.

The question for the future therefore presents itself in this shape, "is it not possible to keep our Southern ports so clean and so thoroughly quarantined during the hot months, that this awful enemy shall never again succeed in getting a foothold among us?" Science both in theory and practice answers this question in the affirmative, and the experience of other cities and nations answers it as well. It can be done, but it will take time and money, and, more than all, wise and honest men to do it. On the other hand, however, no outlay in these directions can compare with the cost of the fever, in hard money, setting aside the terrible uncounted cost in human life and human agony. Our Southern ports would be kept clean and quarantined for fifty years at the price of one epidemic, and if the past summer has not taught us that this is the only true economy then indeed are we a blind and foolish people.

We call the fever "a scourge," and we can give it no truer name—it is the scourge for our sins of uncleanliness and disobedience to those laws which our health has ordained shall regulate and control all human life. Science and Christianity both assure us that to cease from our sin is the only way to whereby avoid its punishment, and for us, the lesson of the summer of 1878 is not hard to read. The future alone can show how far we are going to profit by it, but can we more fitly honor those noble dead, physicians, clergymen, nurses, and their co-workers, men and women, black and white, Romanists and Protestants, who lie at New Orleans and Vicksburg, and Memphis, and Grenada, than by declaring that, if, as now seems probable, it is within the scope of man's power to prevent such epidemics, we will see to it that this experience is never repeated within our national boundaries.

M. F. A.

We regret very much to learn that Mr. Edward S. Morris, of Philadelphia, one of Liberia's most devoted friends, has recently sustained serious injury from a fall, and hope that the journey to Europe which he has undertaken for his health may fully restore it.

Mr. Geo. W. McNealy of the National Soldiers' Home at Hampton, late of the Sixth Iowa Regt., has, since December, 1877, been engaged as instructor in the Normal School broom-shop and has taught the art thoroughly to a few of the students. He now returns to the Dayton Home in Ohio, and has the best wishes of all at the school.

NEGRO BOYS AND WEST POINT.

A graduate of the Hampton school, Fred Phillips, was, recently, with eighteen others, (he the only colored one,) competitor for the appointment to West Point from this district. We are informed that Phillips and a white young man won the highest and equal marks at the recent examination; but at a subsequent and severer test between the two, the white man won the first place.

The only other negro from this institution who has attempted West Point, John Williams, was admitted and remained nearly a year; but, though excellent in mathematics and other things, failed in French and was dropped. He always spoke well of his treatment there, and had no complaints to make. Phillips is now teaching school.

John Williams became a druggist's clerk in New York City, and when his employer, an Englishman, became heir to a large estate in his native country, he took Williams with him and made him his confidential clerk.

We reprint several paragraphs from a review in the N. Y. *Tribune*, of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone's article in the *North American Review*.

The contrast between the results, so far, of English and American emancipation are striking.

Of the million and a-half soldiers, at whose return to peaceful pursuits at the close of the Civil War Mr. Gladstone is "struck with wonder," two hundred thousand were negroes. Many of the negro regiments were not only schools of discipline, but peripatetic academies in which excellent rudimentary instruction was given, much moral restraint was practised, and the men fitted for their coming responsibilities.

England emancipated a million negroes by peaceful legislation; America liberated four or five millions by a bloody civil war; but the industry and exports of the Southern States are maintained, while those of the English colonies have dwindled; the South enjoys all its franchises, while the peace and order of Jamaica is preserved by doing away with its representative institutions.

Mr. Gladstone is struck with wonder at the return of the soldiers to peaceful pursuits on the close of the Civil War. A million and a half of men, on both sides, were embodied in arms, presenting the greatest military forces in the world. Here was supposed to be a double danger. It was feared that the habits of the camp could not be thrown off at the close of the war, and would lead the country toward an aggressive policy, or still worse, would find vent in predatory or revolutionary operations. Secondly, that a military caste would grow up, with its habits of exclusiveness and command, and influence the tone of politics in a direction adverse to Republican freedom. But both of these dangers, says Mr. Gladstone, have proved imaginary. The innumerable soldiery was at once dissolved. Cincinnatus became the commonplace of every day. The whole enormous mass quietly resumed the habits of social life. The generals of yesterday were the editors, the merchants, the lawyers of to-day. The standing army, expanded by the heat of civil contest to gigantic dimensions, with the returning temperature of civil life, became a power well-nigh invisible from its minuteness amid the powers which sway the movements of a society exceeding forty millions.

The financial sequel to the great conflict, in the view of Mr. Gladstone, is no less extraordinary. The taxation for Federal purposes, in obedience to an exigency of life and death, was made to exceed every present and every past example. It pursued and worried all the transactions of life. The interest of the American debt grew to be the highest in the world. In sixty-three years from the close of the great French war, England had reduced her national debt by about one-ninth, or a little over £100,000,000, or scarcely more than £1,500,000 a year. But the United States in twelve years has reduced her debt by £158,000,000, or at the rate of £13,000,000 in every year. In each twelve months, America has done what England did in eight years. Thus, says Mr. Gladstone, her self-command, self-denial, and wise foretbought for the future have been, to say the least, eight-fold that of England. These are facts which redound greatly to her honor. The most unmitigated democracy known in the annals of the world has reduced at its own cost prospective liabilities of the future which the aristocratic Government of the United Kingdom has been content ignobly to hand over to posterity.

The practical workings of the British Government are set forth by Mr. Gladstone, in a lucid exposition, which gives a more distinct idea of the complicated system than is to be found in any previous treatise on English statesmanship. The curious machine, he remarks, is so subtly balanced that it seems as though it were moved by something as delicate and slight as the main-spring of a watch. This power has not been the invention of human thought. The Cabinet, and all the relations of the British Constitution, have grown into their present dimensions, not as the fruit of a philosophy, not in the endeavor to give effect to an abstract principle, but by the silent action of invisible forces. Its composite harmony depends on a peculiar union of competing influences and powers. More than any other it leaves open doors which lead into blind alleys, for it presumes, more boldly than any other, on the good sense and good faith of those that work it. When these reasonable expectations fail, then, it must be admitted, the British Constitution is in danger. Apart from such contingencies, the offspring only of folly and crime, it is peculiarly liable to subtle changes. Its old particles daily run to waste, and give place to new. What is to be hoped is that which has usually been found, that evils will become palpable before they have grown to be intolerable.

SOUTHERN IDEAS.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

POLITICAL.

There can be no tranquility, no impartial justice, no public economy, no low taxation, and no progress in South Carolina, in these days, except under Democratic rule. The choice is between that and ruin. In the North one political party is, very likely, as honest and intelligent as the other. This is not the case in South Carolina. Unless the Democracy govern, ignorance and vice, under the name of Radicalism, will lord it over the State. The Democracy will not swerve a hair's breadth from their pledges. They will have equal and exact justice for all classes. They will "protect the persons, rights and property of all the people, and bring to summary justice any who dare violate them." In order to do this they must retain the mastery in public affairs. Without that they can do nothing. For the colored people outside of politics, as fully as for the whites, Democratic rule is a supreme necessity. And for their own sake, as for the sake of the colored people, the Democracy must, we repeat, retain the predominance, which is due to superior culture and experience, and which they now enjoy.

SOCIAL.

We do not wish ever to see a white man brought to this State who will have no higher ambition than to excel the negro in muscular power, or to compete with him in his ability to chop, hoe or plough, or do any other kind of menial labor. The negro is among us, and he fills a peculiar position that can never be occupied by the white man. We should take care of the negro, give him all the rights the law allows or demands, and elevate him to his utmost capacity, which we know is but of low degree at best as a general, thing, and if, in the Providence of God it proves to be his destiny to return to the land of his ancestry, we say, with all kindliness, help him along.

But when we discuss immigration the negro seldom occupies our thoughts. We only wish we could believe that the representative negro could be made as valuable a citizen as he is a suitable laborer for the South. We would then be for his sake hopeful of his future; but we can entertain no such idea. In another century, we believe, there will be no negroes in the United States. What will become of them Heaven only knows; but we *feel* that we *know* that progress is the Divine mission of the human race, and there is no progress in the African, and hence he will be obliged to "stand from under."

[When "we *feel* that we *know* that" a thing can't be done, we have about fixed its failure, so far as our own efforts are concerned. "There is no progress for the African" is the refrain of Southern Bourbons. Yet the colored people of Georgia since emancipation, as shown by the official reports, have accumulated over three million dollars worth of property, and over three hundred thousand acres of land. In Louisiana they own over twenty millions of dollars worth of property. Over forty millions of dollars of money earned, mostly, by them, were placed in the Freedmen's National Savings Bank, of which more than four millions remained on deposit. Delegations of solid Southern men have repeatedly examined negro institutions, and declared their belief in the negro's capacity for progress.

Neither the Negro nor the Indian questions are likely to be settled by their dying out; the former, between 1860 and 1870, increased, by the last census report, by ten per cent.—Ed. S. W.]

The negro is here and we must utilize him to our profit and his benefit. He is not to be superseded by an influx of cheaper labor. We do not believe such labor exists. He is good enough for us in *his place*, and we do not want any other race in *that* place. But we do want immigrants; men and women of a higher intelligence, who will come and settle among us, and assist us in developing the resources of our State. We want farmers to come among us who can and will buy our unoccupied lands, and fertilize and improve them. We want mechanics to come among us, who will by their skill convert our timber and minerals into merchantable products. We want co-operative associations of manufacturers to settle here, and utilize our unlimited water powers. We want producers of every style and character to come here, that we may become a more thrifty people; have better schools, more liberal education and, withal, be made a better and more progressive people.

INDUSTRIAL.

In regard to a new cotton mill at Vanclusc, S. C., the *News and Courier* says: The building is one of the most solid and substantial in the United States. The foundation is made of granite, quarried a hundred yards distant. The stone is hard and close grained, and it is said that no better can be found in the South. Above the stone foundation arise the main walls of brick, carefully laid. The building is three stories in height (exclusive of the basement), and is 236 feet long by 74 wide. The first story is used as the weaving room, the second as the card room and pickery, and the third as the spinning room. The capacity is 300 looms, 10,000 spindles. The machinery is all of the most improved pattern. The greater part of it was manufactured in Biddeford, Maine. A part was purchased in Lowell, Mass., and the "slashers" were obtained from England. The mill altogether is one of the most complete and best equipped in the South, and is a credit to the stockholders of the Graniteville Manufacturing Company, as well as an honor to the State of South Carolina. About two hundred operatives will be employed in the mill, a considerably smaller number, we understand, than is usually thought necessary to work a ten thousand spindle mill; but the machinery is so improved and the mill so admirably constructed that experts say that number of hands can run it without any trouble. The dam is built of granite quarried at the spot, and is a solid and lasting structure.

DEATH OF MARY WRIGHT.

Mrs. Mary Wright, formerly a Hampton student, died at her home in Warwick County, on Thursday the 29th ultimo, after an illness of two days.

Mrs. Wright was a student of the Hampton Normal School during the term 1870–1. She was a devoted wife and a consistent Christian. She was beloved by all who knew her.

"Peaceful he thy silent slumbers."

M. D. W.

HARD TIMES.

And, observe, wages are low because there are too many hands in the towns, too much com-

the whites have perhaps not very much on their conscience. Extermination was too often inferred from change of locality; and again, while

on paper exhibit his talent as a master workman.—*Christian Recorder.*

HARD TIMES.

A Boston paper comments thus on the testimony of Col. Wright, before the Congress Committee appointed to investigate the causes of the depression on business:

"One of the standing complaints of shallow labor agitators is that machinery makes against the interest of labor; and it will be remembered that recently in the West, at the very time when farmers were offering $2.50 a day to laborers, lawless tramps who were unwilling to work at any price devoted their energies to destroying the farmers' reaping and binding machines, under the pretense that their use was an injury to labor. Col. Wright maintained that the use of machinery is a direct benefit to labor, because, although it displaced muscular labor for a time, it gave more employment to the masses, gave them more of their own time and better wages for the time employed. If all the machinery were stopped and manual labor substituted, the whole wealth of Massachusetts would be eaten up in a year, and the condition of the people would be as bad as that of the Chinese. To do the work now done by machinery would require the labor of four hundred thousand men and one million five hundred thousand horses, and it would cost four hundred millions of dollars instead of twenty millions, as now. Machinery enables a much larger population to subsist on a smaller area than would be possible otherwise.

"The statement of Mr. Walker, a large boot and shoe manufacturer of Worcester, that 'the demand to be employed in a particular class of labor, at certain wages, is a hundred-fold more the cause of depression than actual want of work,' has a good deal of truth in it. A good many people are idle, not because there is no work for them, but because they want only certain kinds of work, at certain wages. There is some wisdom, as well as pungency, also, in Colonel Wright's remark that the best thing Congress could do for labor, very often, would be to adjourn its session when it was sitting, and that it would be better for the workingmen if Congressmen were paid $25,000, to stop at home, rather than $5,000 to sit at Washington. It is less legislation, rather than more, which the industrial interests need. The incessant Congressional tinkering of the tariff and the currency paralyzes capital and destroys confidence. The constant looking to Government for employment or assistance takes all the vitality and independence from labor. The very best thing that capital and labor can commonly ask of Congress is to be let alone." —*Journal.*

The *Boston Pilot* uses some vigorous words on the remedy for the hard times in the North, which we quote. The crowding of the laboring class of the South into the cities is an unmixed evil. The remedy, to scatter, is easy to see, but difficult to put in practice:

"There are too many men and women employed in the manufacture of goods, and too few employed in the production of raw material.

The mills and workshops are crowded till the crowd overflows, and the streets are filled with idle and hungry people; at the same time the fields and farms are deserted, and in consequence the whole people are forced to pay three prices for all sorts of food and clothing.

The curse and the disease of modern civilization is the formation of great cities and towns, where all the men and women live on the skill of hands and brains, making something out of something else, and depending for the something else on foreign countries or on our own half-tilled lands.

The natural cure for this disease is to spread the labor; let half the crowd leave the mills and workshops, and go out on the farm lands.

Let every inch of soil on the continent be used for the production of food and clothing, and timber and stone, and coal and metal. Then the furnaces will roar day and night; the mill-wheels will never stop; there will be plenty of money, for money only represents material wealth; the schools will be full and the homes comfortable; travel will be cheap, clothing plentiful, flour and beef for every one; and a hundred kinds of sweet vegetables and comfortable fabrics now known only to the rich will be sold in the common market to the laborer's wife.

This is the possibility—this could all be made true and practicable—this is the only lasting cure of the labor evil.

Let every man study this for himself. *All wealth lies in the crust of the earth.* In this country, embracing all climates, capable of producing all fruits, vegetables, minerals, under the sun, thousands are starving, and millions are only just able to live; yet the rich earth lies untilled, unpeopled, while myriads crowd into the cities to prey upon each other, and to listen to the demagogues and the quack doctors.

It will be answered to this that we already produce more than we can use. This is not so; we produce now *more than we can buy* at *the high prices we pay while wages are so low.* And, observe, wages are low because there are too many hands in the towns, too much competition; and prices of living are high because there is too little produced, too little competition in the fields.

No matter what is said to the contrary, the man who produces something useful can always sell or barter it to others who produce something else. Real wealth is not money, but the good things that money represents. Produce the good things and you produce the wealth.

If every field in America were yielding its full riches of grain, cotton or minerals, it would then be time to consider the shortening of hours of labor, and stopping the machines. But until there is no more power of producing raw material, the true question is, How to get the crowds from the cities and spread them at productive work over the fields?"

The *Sentinel*, of Rome, N. Y., quotes from the WORKMAN of September, commenting as follows:

"The Hampton (Va.) SOUTHERN WORKMAN for September contains an able article on 'Money,' by T. T. Bryce. It is a plain, comprehensive explanation of the difference between money of real value and promises to pay. The article is so thoroughly sensible throughout, that we surrender a considerable portion of our space to give it entire. No reader of the *Sentinel* should fail to peruse it."

A New York mechanical engineer, who superintended the erection of the steam and water works in Virginia Hall, at Hampton Institute, was so pleased with the way the students who assisted him took hold, that he has since employed negro help, and has placed negroes in important places as engineers in that city. Colored men are, through his influence, running elevators in two of the best apartment buildings in New York.

The editor of the *Memphis Appeal* treats the charge that colored nurses had, in yellow fever cases, taken advantage of their helpless white victims, especially women, as follows:

"No man, white or black, would be allowed to breathe a second breath after such a crime became known. No such crime has been committed, and white women have not been reduced to the necessity of taking negro men for nurses. The statement is a libel upon the negroes of Memphis. All honor to them! They have done their duty. They have acted by us nobly, as policemen and as soldiers, as well as nurses. They have responded to every call made upon them, in proportion to their number, quite as promptly as the whites. A few of them threatened trouble at one time about food, but they were at the moment suppressed by a company of soldiers of their own color. The colored people of Memphis, as a body, deserve well of their white fellow citizens. We appreciate and are proud of them."

OUR INDIAN POPULATION.

The following is significant. If Colonel Mallery is right, and there can be no question as to the thoroughness of his research and his competency as an investigator, the most vigorous work to promote Indian civilization is timely.

The public conscience seems to us more tender than ever on our duty to the Indians. There never was a better time than now for fresh efforts for this race that will share and help make the national destiny:

"Lieut.-Col. Garrick Mallery, U. S. A., who has undertaken to show that the American aborigines are not red or copper-colored, and had no notion of a Great Spirit, read at Nashville last August, a still more important paper on 'The Former and Present Number of Our Indians.' This has been printed in the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and also separately. It is an effective piece of destructive criticism, and proves the utter baselessness of the traditional estimates of the Indian population of this continent. The author depicts the natives as moving gradually from the head waters of the Columbia and Fraser Rivers towards the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic coast, following the lines of rivers and lakes on account of their fish, and leaving one area, great tracts of the highest fertility, which the imagination of the early settlers peopled as thickly as their immediate neighborhood with dusky inhabitants. When the time came for the Atlantic tribes to be pushed into the interior, not only there was room for them in abundance (sometimes not very far off), but the same civilization that pressed the Indian race from its chosen water-courses provided the facilities for its enjoyment of land which without them was uninhabitable.' As for the wars with the whites, the state of warfare was normal to the Indians, at least to the more powerful tribes and confederacies, and if diminution is traceable to this cause, the whites have perhaps not very much on their conscience. Extermination was too often inferred from change of locality; and again, while on the one hand the multiplication of names for the same tribe enormously swelled the estimates of Indian strength, on the other the disappearance of the name was taken to mean extinction of the tribe. The contagious diseases of the whites have, Mr. Mallery thinks, destroyed more tribes by dispersion and absorption than by actual deaths, and he makes the noteworthy statement that the small-pox 'has ceased to be a scourge to the tribes, the reports of fifty-six agents in the years 1874, 1875, and 1876 not including one fatal case.' The most striking example of over-estimate given by Mr. Mallery is that in regard to the Indians of Alaska, who even in the census of 1870 were set down by the Superintendent at about 70,000. Dr. Dall has lately carefully reckoned them for the same date at 25,704. 'If such change,' says our author, 'had been made after the Alaskans had been under an Agency, it would have been attributed either to fraud in the first enumeration for the purpose of swelling the ration return, or to the fated sudden mortality of all tribes connected with whites.' Mr. Mallery's conclusion that the Indians are more numerous than they were when the country was first settled, and are increasing against all odds, has a practical bearing; for there can be no question that the popular notion that the Indians were passing away has at once encouraged the vile to speed their going, and deterred the good as if from a struggle against destiny."—*The Nation.*

Of the 8,000 youth of legal school age in the Indian Territory, over 5,000 are enrolled as attendants at the common schools, and an average daily attendance of over 3,000 is reported. There is a *per capita* expenditure upon the total school population of the Cherokees of twenty-five dollars, while New York State expends but six. The total expenditure in all the tribes is very nearly $200,000 a year. If money can make good schools, the Indians certainly ought to have them.

COLORED INVENTORS.

It is asserted that the colored race is imitative rather than inventive. The inventive faculty even when existing latent must be developed by circumstance and opportunity. And to make successful inventions that will "work," and come into general use and notice, requires usually not only a talent for invention, but an intimate acquaintance with mechanics, and with the history of former experiments in the same direction. Whatever popular need a man sets himself at work to invent a remedy for, whether in mechanics or politics, he has to remember that the best thought of the world has probably been directed upon the problem for years, if not centuries, and that if the solution were easy it would have been discovered long ago, and so must prepare himself accordingly.

Yet there are colored inventors, and we give below an account of two of their recent inventions, one of which, at least, seems to be a success.

The *Louisianian* says: "Dr. J. H. Smith, who resides at Monticello, Drew county, in this State, has invented several ingenious inventions, one of which, on account of its special utility and adaptedness to the great industry of the South, deserves special mention. It is a fact well known to all cultivators of cotton that the task of ridding the ground of the stalks after the gathering of the lint is one that consumes much time and labor, and thus contributes very largely to the cost of production. At the prices at which cotton has sold for the last few years it becomes of vast importance to the South to add to the profit of cotton-raising by diminishing the cost of production, and this is exactly the object of Dr. Smith's invention—the Stalk Puller—by which he claims that one man can clear up ten acres per day. It must not be supposed, however, that its use is restricted to cotton; it is equally effective with any and all stalks. The machine has been examined by the best mechanics of this part of the country, and the best proof of its merit is the fact that Dr. Smith has already been offered $10,000 for his right."

"A colored man in Mississippi has invented a steam engine which consists of only one wheel and two steam-boxes. The steam is applied directly at the circumference of the wheel."

Georga H. Wells, colored, has won distinction as a master miniature ship-builder. In ten years he has built and rigged about 700 vessels of all classes, ranging from six inches to eighteen inches in length. He has finished forty-one of these tiny vessels in one week. His orders are greater than he can supply. In many cases his work has been sold before it was finished. Mr. Wells, or "Commodore" Wells, is as expert with the pencil and brush as he is with his plane and chisel, and models on paper exhibit his talent as a master workman.—*Christian Recorder.*

At Memphis, a telegram says, the colored population are acting well in the emergency, and heartily co-operating with the whites, and adds:

"A meeting has been called by prominent colored men for the purpose of organization, to assist the whites in relieving distress and guarding the property, which the people, in the panic of last week, left unguarded. Their action in the present emergency speaks volumes, and has greatly increased the confidence reposed in them by those who were their masters. Among the most efficient on the police force now are the negroes."

DISINFECTANTS.

The article commonly used to disinfect foul places is chloride of lime, but in reality it is not of much value. It may, and generally does, remove bad smells, but the cause still remains, as the chloride simply destroys gaseous emanations. The much advertised disinfectants are usually catchpenny nostrums, and unworthy of notice. One of the very best known disinfectants is old-fashioned "copperas," or sulphate of iron, which can be had very cheap. A barrel of copperas would weigh probably three hundred pounds, and can be purchased at wholesale price for a cent and a half per pound. And every family ought, especially in warm weather, to have a supply of it on hand. A couple of handfuls of copperas thrown into a bucket of water will soon dissolve, and it can then be used freely, and is a valuable disinfectant. The best plan is to fill a half barrel or keg with water, and suspend within it a moderate-sized basketful of copperas. In this way it dissolves more rapidly than when thrown to the bottom of the wooden vessel: and thus a supply is always at hand ready for use.—*Scientific News.*

Agricultural.

SUPERPHOSPHATE FOR POOR SOIL.

F. P. Root, Monroe Co., N. Y., writes to the WEEKLY TRIBUNE: "Your inquirer, C. F. F., says he has rented for one year a field which was too poor to grow oats, and he wishes to know how he can enrich it so as to get a crop that will pay for cultivation. This is rather a hard problem to solve, and yet if the soil is of fair quality, lacking only fertility, it may perhaps be made to produce a remunerative crop of potatoes or beans by the use of some kind of manure and cultivation. Land thus exhausted requires more than one season to bring it into a state of productiveness without a very liberal use of manures. If your inquirer has no stable manure, compost or hen manure, with which he can manure in the hill (that is, by ploughing a furrow where each row should be planted after the land is well cultivated, and putting a small shovelful, according to quality of manure, where each hill should be planted), I would recommend bim in the absence of such means to use a commercial fertilizer, to be applied in like manner in the hill.

Of these fertilizers there are many different manufactures, of mostly equal value in relation to cost. A good ammoniated superphosphate for immediate action is as valuable as any on the market, in common use, and on nearly all soils can be relied on as a profitable investment to the farmer. It should be applied at the rate of 200 or 300 pounds per acre in the hill, though not in contact with the seed; it should be covered with a little earth, on which the seed should be dropped and covered. There is some incredulity on the part of many farmers about the benefit of these fertilizers, but it has arisen from the poor quality sold by dishonest manufacturers. There are some soils, however, which are not lacking in phosphate of lime, on which but little or no effect is seen from the use of superphosphate, but such soils do not become unproductive under good cultivation, while these elements remain, so that superphosphates do not improve them."

Horses become, after a little, almost passionately fond of skimmed milk. I have known a few cases in which it has been thus utilized with great economy, and a pail of it three times a day, will keep a work horse in better condition than the average ration of four quarts of oats.

O. S. BLISS, in the *Country Gentleman.*

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

A friend of the school, who devotes a large measure of time to the very practical benevolence of friendly personal correspondence, has kindly sent us the following letters from graduates. They tell their own story, and we need not add a word:

I am teaching in a small school house about two miles from Mr. ——'s. I have a very interesting school. I have about thirty-five scholars. I have a Sunday-school every Sunday. I have a class in it. I have a very pleasant home. I am very much pleased with my work. I am trying to do all the good I can. I am trying to live a Christian life. I am trying to get my scholars to live Christian lives. I am trying to get them to go to Hampton. I am trying to get them to go to Sunday-school. I am trying to get them to go to church. I am trying to get them to go to prayer-meeting. I am trying to get them to go to Bible-class. I am trying to get them to go to Christian Endeavor meeting. I am trying to get them to go to missionary meeting. I am trying to get them to go to temperance meeting. I am trying to get them to go to Young People's meeting. I am trying to get them to go to Epworth League meeting. I am trying to get them to go to Christian Endeavor meeting. I am trying to get them to go to missionary meeting. I am trying to get them to go to temperance meeting. I am trying to get them to go to Young People's meeting. I am trying to get them to go to Epworth League meeting.

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LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

A friend of the school, who devotes a large measure of time to the very practical benevolence of friendly personal correspondence with many young workers from Hampton and elsewhere, sends us the two following letters from a Hampton graduate:

VA.

Miss L., My dear friend:—

I opened my school the first of October. I have sixty on roll at present, and expect to have nearly as many more. This is my third session in this school. I receive thirty dollars ($30) per month, which is no more than I received before taking my course at Hampton. The white male teachers receive forty dollars ($40) per month, and the females receive thirty and thirty-five dollars per month. Some townships in the county pay the same to both colors, and the advantage in this one is that the schools are open seven and eight months which is longer than in any township in the county. Contracts are made for five months only, but for the last four years they have gone on for seven and eight. I have six pupils that are qualified to enter the Middle class at Hampton. Their parents are not able to pay their share of the personal expenses and furnish them with suitable apparel. One—the most proficient—has passed a creditable exauination and will teach in this township, providing he succeeds in getting a house. I invite the Trustees to call in and see my school, believing that they would be more favorably impressed as to the progress of the colored people, and their ability to acquire and attain the same degree of proficiency as themselves. They say they cannot lose the time.

The colored people in this community are improving in nearly every grace that adorns and ennobles a people. They are also improving in religious intelligence. This sensational shouting caused by working upon the feelings is receiving a discountenance, by members, as well as by a large number of ministers. The children are well clothed, and are intelligent, on the whole. I like the work. I am not tired looking to "that Rock that is higher than I." Please do not forget my books—something to enlighten my religious views.

Sincerely yours, W.

VA.

Miss L., Dear friend:—

I have read several pages of the life and character of George Stephenson, contained in a book entitled "The Life of George Stephenson." The book was presented to me by Miss M., with the understanding you gave it and others which I have. Please accept my thanks for your kindness. May the Lord bless you with a happy and long life, that you may see your work crowned in behalf of my race. I have read your letters of advice in the "Workman," and assure you that reading them once did not satisfy me. They are *so* interesting and to the point

If the Good Lord permits, I shall teach next fall. There are many things to impart to the race, but I place the whole work under three heads,—good morals, intelligence and religion. I need not say industry, for they *must* be industrious to enjoy the three. I need a book to open the Scriptures to me so I can teach them correctly. I believe God is a God of intelligence and should be worshiped in an intelligent manner. By the aid of the Master I intend to make my people know and feel that the eyes of the intelligent workers are watching them, and what they must do for *themselves*.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am with great respect, Yours, W.

The following letter illustrates the prevailing sentiment among our graduates who owe the school for their education. To build up such a sentiment is no unimportant work. It adds a cubit, morally, to a man's stature to pay his debts, when he has to struggle as do many young colored men in Southern schools.

VA., *Aug.* 25, 1878.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—It was my intention to have written you a letter just before the close of my school; but Providence interfered. My brother was taken seriously sick, and as my father had died some months previous, this left my mother without support, as none of the rest of her children were at home. Of course this made my presence at home very necessary. I arrived at home to find my brother *very* low, doctor's bill very large, and my mother laboring under many disadvantages. Here came two questions with two obligations: Must I take my seven months' earnings and relieve my suffering brother and distressed mother, or send them to Hampton to pay an *honest* debt? At *last* I decided that "Charity begins at home." Acting according to my decision, I went down into my pocket "right manfully," and it resulted greatly in restoring my brother to health, and making my mother both happy and comfortable.

Thus was I left without a *dollar* to send to Hampton. I am in no way discouraged by being disappointed in my earnest endeavor to cancel the debt which I owe the school. I had no trouble about getting employment for the summer. I am working with the same man I used to work for before I went to Hampton. He intends helping me until October 1st, unless I am willing to leave before that time.

I *will try* to pay some on my school bill about the time I leave here. Please let me hear from you soon. Yours truly, Wm. B. D.

The following far from dismal letter from the Dismal Swamp was mislaid for awhile, but has not lost in intereet. It ie from a member of the first band of "Hampton Student" Singers, who has devoted herself very heartily and successfully to the work of teaching.

Dear Teacher:

I intended to have written to you long before this, to give you an account of my struggle in the educational cause, but the days passed away and left me to find out that the old maxim, "Time and tide wait for no man," is a true one.

I am delighted with my work of teaching, though it is very hard, and requires the patience of Job, on the part of the teacher. If I should say that I had that patience, I fear that it would be a great mistake, for many times when a little boy or girl spells and pronounces s-t-a-r moon, and w-a-l-k bird, I am not as gentle as I should be. Yet with all these little annoyances, I love to teach them and help them to find their way over the little pebbles that lie in their path. My school is not as large as it was some weeks ago, for now spring is coming, and the children that are large enough have to leave their books and take to plowing up the fields to raise the next year's "crop."

The people here work very hard and put what they make to very good use. A very few of them own land; they mostly live as tenants on white people's land. But it is scarce to find one that does not own a mule and tumbling cart. The white people and colored get along very nicely, and a great many of them will sit down and eat with the colored people. They are extremely polite to me and never fail to speak when I pass them, especially the white children when they meet me, going to their school.

They have preaching here once a month, and the minister always comes to see my school; he takes great interest in the work, and does all he can to stir the parents of the children up to send them to the place where they never had the chance to go. I go to their meetings quite often. I thought that I had had the chance of hearing some good shout-singing at Hampton. But here, I never heard such beautiful singing in all my life, of the jubilation style. It seems as if the roof of the church will part asunder sometimes. I often wish that the teachers at H. could just step in, when they are in their happiest moods, and hear them. I would go a long distance to be with them when they meet.

Please remember me kindly to all the teachers, and write when you can spare the time.

From your loving pupil. M.

AVERY STATION, MENDI MISSION,
W. AFRICA, *July* 31, '78.

Dear R.:—

Your letter came to me on the 29th, and indeed gave no much pleasure to read. You can't tell how glad I was to hear from you. I have not had a letter from Hampton nor from home for some time, and I began to think that you all had forgotton that there is a *White* missionary in Africa. I hope you will not take it as personal, but I must say that your last letter was the best one I over had. I am anxious to have another such soon.

On the 17th of June I came here to stay. I had been here before, but not with the expectation of staying, though I stayed two months. Dr. James was here with his wife; his wife died here in May, and for the benefit of his children he got me to make a change with him, which I did; now he is at Bonthe and I am here. You may have heard of Mrs. James' death.

The wet season is fully on us now and we have rain at any time. I can't tell the day that it didn't rain, and sometimes it comes down as if there were no such thing as stop. This is the sickly time of the year and people are dying very fast, but I am happy to say that my health has been very good for the last two months.

I think now I had better answer the multitude of questions you asked: 1st, How I make my children understand me? By repeating. 2d, Do they learn very readily? Some of them do, while others are dull and stupid. 3d, What is your work? My work is teaching. 4th, Climate, water, and food? The sun is very sickening.

If I go out into it only a short time, it makes me feel stupid and it is very apt to give me the fevor. The water agrees very well with me. My food is, mainly, chicken, rice, cassada, sweet potatoes and wheat bread. It is prepared as nicely as at any hotel in Amorica. I give orders how I want it, and if the cook doesn't know how to make it, I do it myself. All my extra dishes I make, and now I cook my own breakfast.

The wild animals are not as numerous as they used to be here. The monkey, deer, goat, leopard, and the alligator, are found here; of the first and last I have seen a good many, but the rest are very rarely seen. The lion and elephant have both kept out of my sight. The fruits are orangos, limes, pineapples, bananas, mangoes and the cocoanut, all of which are fine. The Coffee is near me, even in the yard. We have six or seven hundred little trees on this farm.

My school-room is under the church and reminds me very much of the recitation room No. 6, at Hampton. The church is small but neat; it was built last year by Mr. Kirk. Now I think all your Yankee questions are answered.

Now about the boy. I would like to have him come in time for the next term, but I have not the money; if any one were to give it, you could send a draft on an English bank which would be as good as gold to me. I hope he may be able to get there this year. I am happy to say that he has given himself to Christ and united with the church the first Sunday in May.

You asked about the clothing you would need. My clothes are like what one needs in America in the summer. The blue suit which you had last summer would be very nice here. Dear R., I do hope we may meet again in this world.

I am happy to say that I can cast all my trials and temptations on Christ, and he always carries me through. If any one were in this dark and lonely land who did not know how to trust the Lord, I don't think he could live.

I did want to send you some leaves, but I guess you had rather have a long letter, so I will not send them. Don't think that this is the long one, but I should have written much if I had had more time.

Please give my love to all of the students whom I know, and all to whom you write. Now I shall have to stop. I hope you will excuse all the mistakes you see, as I have not the time to correct them. "Pray for me and I for you, that is the way the Christians do." May God bless you in your work.

Your beloved brother,
ACKREL E. WHITE.

To an absent teacher, the graduate teacher, Mr. Robbins, in charge of the Indian class for the summer, writes,—

"Our evening study-hour continues to be well attended. The young Misses B. and the little girls and lady visiting at Capt. R.'s, are nightly visitors, and four or five day scholars living near the gate come in. We are now having something about flowers—the different parts of the flower, as calyx, corrolla, stamens, pistils, &c., &c. The B's are perfectly carried away with it, and come to me very often to have a flower analyzed. I made the class spell the word with the letters, and point out different parts of the flower. I gave them two large words—monopetalous and polypetalous. I first let them see mono, and its meaning, then poly and its meaning, then petal and petalous. Then I put the parts together. After study-hour, Estabrook went behind the blackboard, and without looking at my writing wrote the words correctly.

"Cohoe came to me after study-hour last night and said, 'I want to go to Hampton.' I did not say 'No; you cannot go,' for then he might have gone my way and I would have lost all control over him. I told him, 'Not good to go to Hampton at night, go in day. You may go, but come back soon.' 'Yes,' he said; 'I come right back.' They come and ask me if they can go, so I know pretty nearly how often they go. I believe that I like one boy quite as well as I do another. You don't know how Tsadle-tah improves in writing.

"With kind regards,
"Yours &c., J. C. R."

Perhaps our readers would be interested in seeing how the Indians succeed in writing English. Most of them write a very legible hand, which they acquired during their three years at St. Augustine. They are improving both in handwriting and ability to express themselves. The following letter was written by one of them to a teacher this summer. It is copied without any correction.

HAMPTON NORMAL SCHOOL, *Aug.* 1, 1878.

My dear friend, Miss L.:

I am real sorry when that you are going away and when used School, then I think about you. One a boy was sink in the water in two days ago before yesterday. I am very sorry for the boy. I am very well, have no sick and the rest too. We have no study hour in four nights. I often wish since you left at the Hampton, and when going to study hour, then to think about you. I now like the white people because those I meet have good will and are my friends all the white people and I want to love Jesus like the white people. We pray to God in every night and morning, and I trying to talking English, but I want to talk English. I am learning hard and try to be good boy like the white man and trying to learn a better way. When I go away, no often think about you and never forget you always. I hope you well, must to me very soon. Your Faithful

Friend, Soaring Eagle.

LATE AT SCHOOL.

"School time! school time! where's my slate?
Where's my book? I know 'tis late.
The school's took in! oh, dear! oh, dear!
I'll catch it awfully, I fear."

SPEAK gently, little folks; for a kind *no* is often more agreeable than a rough *yes*.

LABOR.

BY T. T BRYCE.

Of all the many wonderful things we can see in this world if we keep our eyes open, perhaps one of the most striking, is the omnipresence of motion. From the sweep of the most distant planet in its tremendous orbit, to the disintegration of the hardest rock, there is motion everywhere; different in degree, but the same in kind. Everything about us is in motion, and all motion is work; but it is not with work in general that this paper has to do, but with that small, yet important part of work, called Labor. What is labor? Labor is any definite human exertion put forth voluntarily in exchange for something desired. The Chinaman, who toils all day for two cents, and the eminent advocate, who receives thousands of dollars for a single plea, are both laborers; they both put forth well-defined exertions and receive in exchange something they desire.

It is an error, then, popular though it be, to speak of the "laboring classes" as distinct divisions of society. Every man who puts forth any exertion, in order to obtain something in return, is a laborer, and I fail to see how any living man can be excluded from the so-called "laboring classes." If the expression, "laboring classes," has any distinctive meaning, it means free men as opposed to slaves. The toil of a slave is not labor, it is not definite exertion put forth with any exchange in view; and, scientifically speaking, it differs in no way from the work of a mule or an ox. Viewing labor in this the only true light, the consideration of the labor question becomes simpler, for there are no class feelings to irritate, no color line to fight over. Even with this simplification, the labor question is a vast one, embracing as it does every voluntary human effort not put forth from pure selfishness, from charity, or a sense of duty.

Labor forms a greater or less part of everything that is exchanged; therefore the universal laws governing exchanges can be applied directly to labor. To illustrate what I mean by "labor forming a greater or less part of everything that is exchanged," let us suppose we had a ton of pig-iron: we could exchange it for perhaps fifteen dollars; but if this ton of pig-iron were "worked up" into watch-springs, it could be exchanged for many hundred dollars. Whence comes this increase of cost to the buyer of watch-springs? Mainly from the increased labor that has been bestowed upon the raw material, which was, in both cases, a certain quantity of iron ore. The ton of pig-iron was the result of comparatively little labor; the ton of watch-springs of much labor.

God has made mankind a brotherhood with reciprocal wants; and in this truth is founded the grand law of Mutual Dependence. This law is universal; there are no "ifs" nor "excepts" about it; it is based directly on the endless wants God has implanted in men's natures, which are the muinspring of all human activities. Man's life is a series of wants not even ended by the grave; in the faint cry of the new-born babe, in the last gasp of extreme old age, and in all between, is sounded the refrain, "I want, I want." Not only has God implanted unnumbered and unending wants in man's nature, but He has also given endless meaus of gratifying them; and it seems part of the Divine plan that our own wants must find the means of gratification through others efforts, and that our own efforts be the means of gratifying the wants of others. This is the law of "Mutual Dependence;" and perhaps I cannot state it better, though the statement is far from perfect, than by repeating the words with which this paragraph was begun, viz., that God made mankind a brotherhood with reciprocal wants.

Any man who should attempt to gratify all his wants without the aid of his fellow men would be a savage, and little better than "the beast that perisheth." As an example of the satisfying of the three first wants of life—food, shelter, and clothing—let us imagine a frontiersman, clad in jeans, living in a log-cabin, who has just finished his dinner of boiled pork, washed down by a cup of coffee. Certainly the picture is not one of luxury, yet atoms of labor on the part of countless men have been put forth, before our frontiersman could even have the iron pot in which his dinner was boiled. The ore from which the iron was smelted, was perhaps dug from some deep English mine, where hundreds of brawny workers sold the exertions of their tough muscles for wages; raised to the surface, the ore had to be smelted by another gang of workers, and the pig-iron carried to some town, Birmingham perhaps, where it had to pass through many other hands before it was fashioned into a pot. From Birmingham, it had to be transported to Liverpool or London, and many were the hands employed on the railroads that carried it. From Liverpool or London it was shipped by some steamer or sailing vessel to New York, in the sailing or steaming of which vessel, many other men were employed. Landed in New York, it had to pass through many fresh hands before it started to the Far West, on some of the great railroads, which employed thousands of men in

merely running the trains, and in whose construction tens of thousands of workers had been busied. Yet this pot required an atom of the labor of all these men before it could be used to cook the frontiersman's dinner.

Let us take one step deeper, and remember that every one of the many who shared in the work of putting the iron pot in the log-cabin, man shall receive less wages than fifty dollars a day. How many men will be employed? Clearly, only so many as employers think will give them a product of a day's labor that can be sold for more than fifty dollars. Again, suppose the rate were fixed at five cents a day, how many men would accept the wages? Clearly, only so many as thought that five

ment they appeal from reasonings to bludgeons, they pass from benevolent beings to bandits.

As before stated, love has nothing to do with exchanges; self-interest is the only guide, and the price paid for labor is the result of a bargain, that it takes two to make. One man cannot make a bargain, neither can employer nor employed, fix the rate of wages without

Wages during the past year have been lower in this country than perhaps ever before, and capital never received so little interest.

As remarked in a former part of this paper, no government can fix the rate of wages; but the government can stimulate *all the industries* of the country, by offering to those who want to sell, the opportunity of finding the greatest number of buyers, and those who want to

merely running the trains, and in whose construction tens of thousands of workers had been busied. Yet this pot required an atom of the labor of all these men before it could be used to cook the frontiersman's dinner.

Let us take one step deeper, and remember that every one of the many who shared in the work of putting the iron pot in the log-cabin, depended also on the labor of millions of others for the necessities of his daily life. The multitude of laborers thus conjured to our view is almost beyond the grasp of our intellects, and gives us a faint idea of the universality of the law of Mutual Dependence. This meagre sketch of the atoms of labor that heve centered in the iron pot sufficiently illustrete the law; although the very mention of the coffee hrings to our minds another multitude of laborers, who planted, raised, picked, cured, bagged, shipped, handled, ground, and packed the fragrant berry. The cotton fihre in our frontiersman's jeans at once suggests some plantation in our Southern States, and the dusky laborers who plowed, planted, hoed, picked, ginned and packed the cotton, before it was ready to be sold to some Eastern or English mill, where it was spun and woven into cloth. Again remembering thet all these laborers had to be fed, clothed and housed, and that for their food, clothing and shelter they were in turn dependent on millions of others, the brain becomes fairly dizzy, contemplating the multitude arroyed.

The next great law of exchange thet I would apply to labor, is the law of demand and supply. If there he one man with a harrel of flour for sale, and two men want to buy it, the one will get it, who offers most in exchange. If, however, there be two men, each with a barrel of flour he wants to sell, and only one buyer who wants one barrel, he will take the harrel that he can get by giving the less in exchange. If for flour wa read labor, the truth is none the less self-evident. If there be two men wanting to buy labor (that is, to hire it), and only one man to sell his labor, it is certain the man who offers most in exchange will secure the labor. If, on the other hand, there be two men to sell their labor, and only one to buy it, it is equally certain that the one will be hired who will sell his labor the cheaper. This law of demand and supply is a law of nature, and no amount of legislation can change it, any more than it could prevent the earth turning on its axis.

The first deduction that I draw from this law of nature is, that the more employers there are, and the more prosperous they are, the better for the employed. If there be two factories in e town, with sufficient demand for their goods to run them night and day, it is hetter for the laborers than if there were only one factory run under the eight-hour law. In like manner, it is better for the factories to have enough help to run all their machinery, than to have to work helf-handed. The factory is also benefited by having the same set of hands steadily employed, as the skill of each oue in his particular department is increased by constant practice.

Labor does not hire itself to capital, nor does capital hire labor, *for love*; not a bit of it—each one looks for some gain from the use of the other, and ever seeks the largest possible gain. A factory will not buy a man's labor for a dollar a day, except it thinks it can sell the products of the man's daily labor for more than a dollar. Neither will a man work for a dollar a day in one factory, if he can get a dollar and a dime in another. Dollars and cents (or means to satisfy their respective wants) are the objects of both factory and "help." Self-interest makes the bargain on both sides; love has no more to do with it than a cock crow has, to do with an eclipse.

Labor has its market price, just as corn or cotton; if there be a large supply and small demand, prices will be low; if there be a small supply and a large demand, prices will be high,—and no amount of law making, nor mass-meetings, will prevent it. Everyone tries to buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as possible; the man with labor to sell will take the highest price he can get; the man with labor to buy, will give as little as possible; the price they may agree upon is the market price, and neither close the bargain if they really think they can do any better for themselves. Buyer and seller *together* make the price, *neither* can do it *alone;* and a Government has no more to do with the price of labor (that is, the rate of wages) than it has with the price of potatoes. No Government can fix the price of labor, that is, it cannot say wages shall be so much or so little. No man can be compelled to employ labor he doesn't want; and no man can be compelled to labor for wages that do not suit him. Let us look for a minute and see how futile would be any attempt of the Government to interfere with the price of labor. In the first place, we would have to give the Government the power to say what wages should be poid, which would he a terrible surrender of our rights as freemen. Having granted that right to the Government, it can of course fix the rete where it pleases. Suppose it fix the rate at fifty dollars a day, and pass a law that no man shall receive less wages than fifty dollars a day. How many men will he employed? Clearly, only so many as employers think will give tham a product of a day's labor that can be sold for more than fifty dollars. Again, suppose the rate were fixed at five cents a day, how many men would accept the wages? Clearly, only so many as thought thet five cents were all they could earn anywhere else, and were satisfied with it.

Every man in every civilized communnity hires labor, and is hired. No free man is only employer or employe. The poor man who is hired to work in the field at twenty-five cents a day, hires in others, when he pays his rent or buys his food and clothing. Mr. Vanderbuilt, the great owner of railroads, hires a multitude of men, but is hired by another multitude to carry them and their merchandise on his railroads.

We have now got deep enough into the labor question to see that labor has its market price, like corn or cotton; and that every man is daily exchanging his labor, or the fruits of it, for atoms of the labor of an infinite number of his fellow men. The next point in the labor question that demands attention, is the fact that every freeman's labor is his own; it is his property, as much as his purse or his life. Everyone who attempts to steal another's purse, or deprive him of his life, is seized and punished by the law. So, too, with a man's labor; he has a right to the peaceable enjoyment or employment of it, and anyone who attempts to interfere with such peaceable enjoyment or employment by the use of threats, violates the law, and should be punished by it, as much as if he had tried

FISHING IN THE TROPICS.

to wrest from him his purse or his life. This truth does not seem to be generally appreciated—and many a so-called "leader," who would hesitate perhaps to steal a man's dinner, would not hesitate to steal the labor, whereby he gets his dinner. All "strikes," or rather all forcible strikes, arise from a misconception of the right of property that is vested in every man, as regards his own labor. Every man has an inalienable right to his own labor, but to nobody else's, except he gives something in exchange for it. If I see fit to work eighteen hours a day for sixpence, it is my business and nobody else's; if I see fit to give a man a dollar for blacking my boots, that is my business, and nobody else's. In both cases I may be doing foolishly, but I am doing with my own. If a man come to me and tell me I shall not work for the wages I see fit, but for the wages he sees fit, and I obey; I am his slave as verily as ever one human being was the slave of another. If one man or a hundred come to me, and by force make me stop work, then they rob me, just as much as if they took the product of my labor. Hence, the conclusion is a plain one, and needs he put in plain words: those people who interfere with others' work by violence or threats are either slave-catchers or thieves. The whole question of strikes centres in this: if I do not want to work, or am dissatisfied with my pay, I have an absolute right to stop work; but no right to make Jim, Pete or Bill stop work, unless they wish to do so.

That all men with particular interests in common should unite for mutual protection and encouragement is most proper; that they should endeavor to get the best pay, or, in other words, the most in exchanga for their services, is right and just; but their efforts must be through reasoning, and the means of the market-place—and not through violence or threatenings. So long as such organizations aimply seek to get the most possible for what their members have to sell, they are following God-given impulses; but the moment they appeal from reasonings to bludgeons, they pass from benevolent beings to bandits.

As before stated, love has nothiug to do with exchanges; self-interest is the only guide, and the price paid for labor is the result of a hargain, that it takes two to make. One man cannot make a bargain, neither can employer nor employed, fix the rate of wages without the consent of the other. If a certain set of workmen think their employer can afford to give more wages, they have a right to ask for the advance, but the employer has *an equal right* to refuse. They have a perfect right to stop work, but no right to interfere with others who are willing to take their places. A peaceable strike is only a fluctuation of the labor market, which will adjust itself the same as a fluctuation in the market for corn or cotton, according to the law of demand and supply. But any violent interference with labor is a breach of the peace, and should be put down speedily and effectually. That such breaches of the peace often and quickly develop into riots, is well known, and no one has any sympathy with rioters. If a mob grow into rioters, every one present is either upholding or upsetting the law—there are no innocent spectators of a riot.

Labor can never force capital to give employment, unless capital thinks it can make or save by giving such employment. If, for example, a factory paid a dollar a day to a workman, and could sell the labor in its product for $1.05, the factory would be happy to continue paying the man a dollar a day. But suppose the man should demand $1.10 per day, and the factory could only get $1.05 for his labor in its product, is it not manifest that the factory would decline to pay the advance demanded? No "strike" is ever successful, unless the wages being received by the help are under the market rate. If you are employing one hundred men at ten cents an hour, and they demand an advance of two cents per hour, it is simply a question of market price. If you can get another hundred men to do your work for ten cents per hour, you simply employ others and let your first hundred go seek some other employer. This rule holds good, if the positions are reversed: if two mills "start up" at the same time, and one offers a dollar a day, and the other a dollar and a dime, the first mentioned mill will have no "help" until the last has secured its complement of workers.

The most pernicions quack, who peddles political nostrums, is he who attempts to excite the multitude by declaring that "all the ills that flesh is heir to" come from the employers of labor. People of this sort hold it as an axiom that there is an unending feud between capital and labor; and that the former ever seeks to extinguish the latter. Some of these mischief-makers, assuming this statement to be true, are logical enough to declare that labor should try to extinguish capital. This is the doctrine of communism. Now if there he two things in this world between which the utmost amity should exist, and between which the most intimate reciprocal relations do exist, they are Capital and Labor. One is absolutely useless without the other. Ten million willing arms are no better than no arms at all, if there ho not the *means* of employing them; and the means of employing two arms or ten millions are useless if there be no arms to employ. Capital suffers when work is scarce, and work suffers when capital is scarce. The earnings of capitel, or interest, and the earnings of labor, or wages, vary directly as each other. When capital is earning little or nothing, many willing hands are idle. Wages during the past year have been lower in this country than perhaps ever before, and capital never received so little interest.

As remarked in a former part of this paper, no government can fix the rate of wages; but the government can stimulate *all the industries* of the country, by offering to those who want to sell, the opportunity of finding the greatest number of buyers, and those who want to buy, the greatest number of sellers. This can he done by permitting the citizens of the United States to buy in the markets of the world, and to sell in the markets nf the world, and not limit them to themselves for a market. This is the policy of Free Trade, a policy founded on the belief that it takes two to make a bargain, and that the whole is greater than any of its parts.

The gratification of every one of our wants that God does not gratify without our asking, as air, sunlight, water, etc., requires some exertion on our part. Now it is plain, that any means which enable us to gratify any particular want with only half the exertion we have been accustomed to put forth in gratifying that want, is a benefit to us. The benefit exists in our saving one-half our exertion, or with the same amount of exertion gratifying twice as many wants. This saving of labor is just what is done by machinery; yet it is strange to see quite a large number of people in this conntry who declaim against labor-saving machinery, as working harm to the poorer classes. They say that if a machine he invented whereby two men can do the work of five, that three men are injured.

Let us look carefully at this argument, for it is one of those specious pleas that mislead meny candid people; its apparent exactness is just wherein its danger lies. If such a machine were invented, say in the making of shoes, the profit of using it would he the wages of three men, less the wear and tear of the machine and the intcrest on its cost. Now the use of any such machine would give the shoe factory a very large additional profit, and new capital would at once he drewn in its direction; in other words, new shoe-works would be started where much more labor would he required—for capital is argus-eyed, and ever on the alert to invest in those enterprises which promisa the greatest interest, coupled with the greatest security. Now any machine that would reduce the cost of any product to nearly the extent of three-fifths of the labor that it formerly cost, would start probably ten shoe-works where there was one before; and instead of being a demand for five shoe-makers, there would he a demand for twenty. Let us carry the argument a little further: if the production of shoes increased tenfold, and the cost of them to the maker were rednced by nearly three-fifths the labor formerly put in them, it is manifest, that through the competition of the factories, the price of shoes would fall sharply, and many more people be able to buy better shoes than before the invention of the machine. Again, every machine would require a human mind to guide it,—a machine that thinks for itself is among the absolutely impossible things. Hence, every new machine that is put in motion increases the demand for skilled labor; this demand can only be supplied by educating the unskilled workman, and surely it is a blessing but thinly disguised, that thins the ranks of ignorant toilers and forces the development of deft skill out of hrute force.

If God Almighty had not intended all men to work, he would not have made man the most perfect machine the world has ever seen. It is no more evident that he intended birds to fly and fishes to swim, than that he intended man to work. It is not alone in man's physical fitness for work that we see the Divine intention, but in his being ever filled with ungratified desires, prompting the use of his wonderful physical machinery. How incomplete would God's work have seemed, if man had been made simply a perfect physical machine, uninspired with those desires which keep the machine in motion; or if he had been filled with such desires, but not possessed the physical machinery to gratify them. In labor, then, is the creature, man, carrying out the design of his Creator, and in obedience to God there is honor to man. That labor is honorable is thus susceptible of a very complete and direct demonstration. As all labor is the same in kind, varying only in degree, let it not be said that the labor of the lawyer, the physician, or the merchant, is *more honorable* then that of the fisherman, the farmer, or the smith; the honor rests in the effort, not in its direction. Honor may vary in degree, but the honor of labor varies only as man uses, wholly or partially, the means Heaven has given him of carrying out its designs.

In birds and beasts, as well as in man, God has implanted certain desires, and supplied the means of gratifying them; but compared with those of men, their desires are few, and their gratification direct. Man, and man alone, gratifies his desires by exchanging his labor for the labor of others; there never was a dog, nor a horse, so sagacious as to voluntarily seek to give something he had to some other horse or dog, in order to get in exchenge something the other horse or dog had. One

horse might steal another's hay, and one dog another's bone, but the idea of exchange is beyond them. In no other way, perhaps, is man's superiority over other animals shown.

inches wide, and of any required length. These strips are subsequently woven together into the cloth, which is traded to the Liberian storekeeper, who sells it out again to his custo-

growing up better educated, trained and supplied with the requirements of intelligent men and women. I saw the Liberians, (especially the younger ones,) brought into contact, and conse-

Arithmetic. The boys take their places at the black-boards, and examples are given to them. At present they are working in Subtrection; Addition has been well mastered by most of

horse might steal another's hay, and one dog another's bone, but the idea of exchange is beyond them. In no other way, perhaps, is man's superiority over other animals shown, than in the fact that other animals work—men labor.

FISHING IN THE TROPICS.

If, as some scientific men have thought, a fish diet is good for the brains, the native islanders of the tropic seas ought to be a very intelligent race. A people whose island homes have few land animals, and few rivers, their shores washed perpetually by the sounding sea, whose chief sports and occupations, from their birth to their death, are among its billows, must naturally be a race of fishermen, and so they are. One of the most curious sights to a foreigner in Honolulu, the capital city of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, is the fish market. Here are found many fish which are never seen on an American table, many which are never caught in American waters, some which a foreigner would shrink from an introduction to perhaps. As Miss Bird, a bright English lady who visited the island, says in her picturesque description of the market: "Some of the stalls are piled up with wonderful fish, crimson, rose, blue, opaline,—fish that have spent their lives in coral groves under the warm, bright water. Beautiful creatures, the *kihi-kihi*, or sea-cock, with black and yellow bands across his body; the *hinalea*, like a glorified mullet, with bright green bands along a dark, shining head, a purple body of different shades and a blue spotted tail with a yellow tip. The *ohua*, too, a pink-scaled fish, shaped like a trout; the fish, as common here as mackerel at home; purple spiked sea-urchins, and many other curiosities of the bright Pacific. It was odd to see the pearly teeth of a native meeting in some bright colored fish, while the tail hung out of his mouth, for they eat fish raw."

Beside these beautiful creatures was the repulsive form of the cuttle fish which looks like a nest of twining snakes, with its eight long arms or teatacles, and its pulpy body in the centre. It would be hard work for a foreigner to taste one of these raw as the natives like them, though some of the foreign residents admit them, dried and salted, to their table, under the name of squid, in which form they taste something like raw salt codfish, but are very tough.

The flying fish, called by the Hawaiians *malolo*, are one of the most beautiful of fish. Supported by their fins, which are broadened into something like wings, they rise several feet above the water, and dart from crest to crest of the waves, flying thus from their pursuers beneath the waves, only to meet others above them, the gulls which are ready to swoop upon them. The flying fish also are most beautifully and variously colored; white with black wings, black with white wings, silvery white with bright scarlet wings, or fins, to speak more truly. As the steamer approaches the beautiful harbor of Honolulu, they fly up in shoals on each side of the vessel, making a brilliant display long to be remembered.

LIBERIA.

Extracts from the letters of Mr. A. B. Williams continued.

THE COFFEE TREE

is a beautiful one, generally growing, when developed and under cultivation, from six to ten feet high, with a large dark green leaf, (here, like everything else on, evergreen.) It is generally planted by scions or slips, the little trees being taken from the beds when well started, and transplanted. The coffee grows in thickly clustering bunches along the branches, and is green in color, until ripe, when it turns red. A thick pod or case envelops the grains, which is beaten off when gathered, and dried. The grains are very large, and the coffee itself is delicious, to my taste fully equalling, if not surpassing, Mocha. The coffee trees are usually planted about 400 to the acre, and begin to bear well the third year. The trees yield from one to five pounds of coffee grains each, which sell at twenty cents per pound, wholesale, at Monrovia.

COTTON GROWS WILD

about the country, and nobody seems to pay any attention to it, except the natives, who, with their primitive looms, manufacture from it a coarse, strong cloth which they wear almost universally. They weave strips about six inches wide, and of any required length. These strips are subsequently woven together into the cloth, which is traded to the Liberian storekeeper, who sells it out again to his customers. The cloths generally sell according to width, about 12½ cents being charged for each "strip" contained in them. They are dyed usually with indigo, which also grows wild, in blue stripes of different widths on the white ground. One I saw, however, which was quite elaborate, there being rude attempts at reproducing the shapes of flowers on it.

LIBERIAN SUGAR

is coarse, but of a good quality and color, and brings from seven to eight cents per pound from American refiners. The Liberian production is from 3,000 to 3,500 pounds per acre. They make from their sugar boiling also an excellent quality of syrup, and rum, which is pronounced by connoisseurs to be very fine. This yield of sugar shows what the soil is—magnificent. It can be cyphered out readily, that there should be money in sugar-raising at this rate, especially as a crop is to be obtained in one year, and the cane does not require replanting for years, a new growth springing up every season from the old stumps.

RICE

also grows in a wild and half wild state, and but little care seems to be devoted to its production. It is kept in the husk until wanted for use, when the required quantity is put in a wooden mortar, and hammered on until it is cleaned, and tolerably well broken up. It is a good article to the taste, being richer than our fine white rice. The Liberians claim that this effect is produced by keeping it unhulled. Notwithstanding its growth at their very doors, however, they import India rice for consumption. Although in the country with cattle all about, we had English canned butter at Clay-Ashland. I only saw milk at two places in Liberia, and then it was in the coffee. They say that the cows give so little milk that it's hardly worth while feeding them. I believe, though, that the experiment of carefully feeding and attending to milch cattle has not as yet been tried.

NO HORSES IN LIBERIA,

although I am informed that they are abundant and cheap in the interior. The *Azor's* people turned up their noses, (figuratively speaking,) at the statement that horses will not live here, and declared their belief that they only lacked proper attention. Inquiry on the subject leads me to coincide somewhat in their opinion. From all I can learn, what few equines were here in years gone by were left to shift for themselves about the streets just as the cattle and hogs are now.

TRAFFIC WITH THE NATIVES.

Exchanging calicoes, kettles, guns, beads, &c., for country cloths, palm kernels, coffee and rice. The palm kernels are the nuts gathered from the palm tree, and, with the oil pressed from them, form one of the chief articles of export, the oil being extensively used for the manufacture of fine paints and soaps. The English and French manufacturers extract the oil from the kernels, and press the remainder into cakes, which said to make an excellent food for cattle. Almost everybody handles palm oil; nearly the whole of Liberia seems to smell of it.

LUXURIOUS CONVEYANCES

are made of the long "dug-outs" having cushioned and backed seats near the stern, in which the "boss" reclines beneath the shade of his umbrella and smokes his pipe, or leisurely discusses a lunch or a bottle of wine, while the seven, eight, nine or ten natives who compose the crew paddle away singing merrily. In several places, on each side of the river, small creeks flow into it. These are generally bridged just at their mouths by flimsy foot bridges, supported on long, insecure-looking poles. These creeks are the great resorts of the hippopotamus, (river horse.)

CULTIVATED LIBERIANS.

There is one feature of Liberian life worthy of commendation. As soon as they acquire means, they seem generally to go out to enlarge their ideas by travel and observation. Many of those whom I met had been to, and generally through, England and America, and several over the Continent of Europe. It is hard to imagine how any one could go to Europe, and be contented to come back and live in Liberia. It is said, however, that "the Lapiander loves his home."

THE GENERAL LIFE

of the older and wealthier planters along the St. Paul's, resembles in many particulars that of the Southern planter in the "good old days." Having a good brick house built, and his coffee, or sugar plantation well underway, the tiller of the soil generally takes his ease, wears good clothes and smokes, only exercising supervision of his affairs. The spirit or wine decanter is almost invariably at the service of his guests, and when he goes visiting or to Monrovia, he steps into his canoe, calls his crew together, and travels comfortably and sedately. As the present generation is growing old, the children take charge after the return of the heir from his schooling and "finishing tour." In view of all this, it is ridiculous to suppose that the Liberians are relapsing into barbarism. On the contrary, it is apparent that *each generation is bringing them steadily nearer to perfect civilization.* While these old lords of the soil, in their conscious or unconscious aping of their former masters' former lives, present, occasionally, ludicrous contrasts to their models, by ignorance and lack of culture; their sons and daughters are growing up better educated, trained and supplied with the requirements of intelligent men and women. I saw the Liberians, (especially the younger ones,) brought into contact, and consequently contrast, with the *Azor's* immigrants. It showed, then and then, that whether the negro is capable of attaining the white man's level or not, he is capable of becoming much nearer a perfect man than he is in America. It showed that there is more capability in him for improvement than we have developed. It is conclusive evidence that there is a vast amount of good mental ground lying fallow, wasting or running to noxious weeds, in the negro. It is as well to say it right here—despite their many ignorances, their conceit and their improvidence and inertness, the average Liberian is, in most ways, immeasurably superior to the American negro, and those at Sierra Leone are as far above him in acquirements as the clouds are above the earth. In the social refinements the better classes of colored people there, seem perfect. In one thing I could notice distinctly the three degrees of progression, as illustrated by the English Colony negro, the Liberian negro, and the American negro.

THE OBSERVANCES OF TABLE ETIQUETTE.

This is a small matter at first sight, but it tells a story when looked into. History will show that in proportion as men have become civilized, they have paid more and more attention to the little niceties and daintinesses that redeem the taking of food from the uncleanly and disgusting obedience, to necessity and exercise of gluttony of the savage, to the pleasurable, graceful and cleanly indulgence in a luxury, of the well-bred European or American. It is very well to spout Burns, but even the most rabid universal social equality lunatic would find it difficult to realize that the man who sits opposite, who makes of his mouth an open sepulchre in which he interns all of his feelings, sensibilities and intellectual developments, shovels in on them huge and indiscriminate masses of food with his knife, and gulps his wine as if it were a dose of medicine, is "a man for a' that." People's style of eating is generally a fair indication of their progress in civilization. The Bushman eats his fish half raw with his hands; the Chinaman conveys it neatly and deftly to his mouth with chopsticks; the Englishman carefully, and as deftly, "scoops" it in with a silver fork. These are the three degrees. (I don't mean to say that a man is uncivilized because he eats his fish with a bit of bread and a fork, but the civilized man, however he does handle his food, does it cleanly.) Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, but almost every meal I took while on African soil was in company with colored people.

The Sierra Leone people display a spontaneous and unconscious scrupulousness regarding the observance of all points of table etiquette, such as is hardly seen in the best American households, and puts an habitual sitter at hotel tables to diligently recalling the precepts inculcated in his youth, regarding the proper manipulation of table-furniture, &c. The Liberians are apparently much less enlightened on this subject, and seemed with one or two exceptions, to pay little attention to it, while the *Azor's* people had each their own original and untrammelled style, the main object seeming to be the consumption of the greatest possible amount of food in the least possible time. Almost everybody, both in Sierra Leone and Liberia, had claret at dinner, and there was usually a glass of sherry or Madeira tendered before or after the meal.

VACATION AT HAMPTON.

WHAT THE INDIANS HAVE BEEN DOING—THE SCHOOL-ROOM—THE FARM—CAMP LIFE.

By James C. Robbins, a Hampton graduate, in charge of the Indians during summer vacation.

The vacation life of the eighty students who remain at the school during the summer is a very busy one. In a tour through the grounds and buildings, hard and earnest workers may be seen. There is not the old-time indifference as to the amount or quality of the work; each one feels that there is a great deal at stake in the turning of the machine, the handling of the hoe, or the setting of type,—for these are to be the self-made men and women of Hampton. In this concentration of energies, this determined perseverance, this working for an end, one realizes that among the richest blessings Heaven gives to man is the opportunity to work for self.

Of these eighty students, seventeen are Indians. Three years ago these young men were wild and warlike blanket Indians on our Western Plains; now they are working out one of the greatest problems of the day, "Can the Indians be civilized?"

Mondays and Tuesdays are for study; other days they work. On school days the bell is rung fifteen minutes before nine. The exercises for the day begin with a select reading by the Indians from the Scriptures. Afterwards, they sing one of the Gospel Hymns, then all unite in repeating the Lord's Prayer. At 9:30, A. M., they have their writing, the first lesson on our programme. In examining their copy-books we are not surprised to see many well-developed hands, for it is well known that the taste for copying and making drawings is a characteristic of the race. At the close of the writing exercise, we have Arithmetic. The boys take their places at the black-boards, and examples are given to them. At present they are working in Subtraction; Addition has been well mastered by most of them. It is rather amusing to watch them while at work. Those who do not know how to do an example will see all the devices so well known to school children to get the answer from others; but they do not give evidence of the pleasure that the others feel who have mastered it for themselves. Of course there is a difference in their several abilities; some are very bright and quick—others, "slow but sure." After Arithmetic we have a recess of ten minutes; most of them prefer to remain in the room to work examples. Geography follows the recess, beginning with their homes in the Indian Territory; they are learning all about its rivers and mountains, the location of the different Reservations, and to draw maps of the Territory itself. After this exercise they have gymnastics and the elements of elocution; the object of the former being to bring into use all of the muscles of the body. The morning exercises close at 12 o'clock. At 2 o'clock the school-bell rings and all the boys assemble for their afternoon lessons. The first hour we have a talk and oral exercise on the art of speaking correctly, then a few hints concerning their "habits and manners." Afterwards we have reading, spelling, and defining of new words. So much for our school days.

Every evening, except Friday, Saturday and Sunday, we have a study-hour from eight until nine o'clock. Many word games are played in order to teach them how to speak and spell with accuracy. During one of these games it was agreed that we should try and see how many words we could find in the teacher's name. To the great amusement of all, one of the Indians, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, went to the black-board and wrote "Sambo," as his contribution. Finding such words as mess crabs, Moses' rib-bone, kept the party in constant laughter. We have also had talks about how plants grow. A few seeds of oats and wheat were given to each of them to plant; now when one passes many of their rooms he can see little flower-pots or boxes with the oats and wheat in a flourishing condition. We do not expect much from these little seeds, but we trust, from the lesson taught, there is yet to be an abundant harvest.

Apparently, they are much interested in farming, and go with even more promptness to their hoes than to their books. At the ringing of the work bell at 6:30 A. M., all of the boys are expected to be at the barn ready for work—planting, hoeing and harvesting has thus far been their part; their work is well done. One of the best things about them is their readiness to do whatever they are told, but it is evident that they have not the strong constitution of the negroes. I have no doubt that many think it would be well for them to give all of their time to acquire our language, but when we remember that they came here to be educated for home usefulness, we will see that the labor plan is a wise feature in their education. Work is the lever that lifts a people from barbarism to civilization. At home theirs is to be more muscle than brain work, and that school system is most perfect which best fits a man for his great life work.

One of the pleasantest experiences of the summer was our tent life on the beach. It is very singular that in preparing for such excursions the most important things are invariably the last thought of. Such was true of us. I remembered my bathing clothes, but forgot my blankets. The large sticks of wood were carefully packed in the wagon, but not until we had started did it occur to me that we had neither the axe to cut or the matches to light it. The Indians went on ahead and reached the ground some time before the wagon.

Soon after the wagon got there we had a very lively time, pitching two large tents, cutting wood, making fire, bringing water and getting supper. I was made *chef de cuisine*, and with my two Indian assistants we soon had supper ready; we ate our evening meal in ons of the tents. After supper we decided to have guards to protect our things while we remained in camp. Two men went on guard at a time; they were relieved every two hours in the night. During the day we had but one man on duty, with a change at the end of every two hours. That they might know when to come off duty, Mr. Banks (a Hampton graduate) let them take his watch. About 4 o'clock in the morning the watch ran down. Observing that it ceased to tick, one of the Indians on guard went running with it to "Banks' Exchange," calling, "Mr. Barntz, Mr. Barn-tz, your watch dead." Mr. Banks quietly asked him, "What time did it die?" "Four o'clock," was the reply.

Before every meal, two boys were appointed to wait on the table, two to wash dishes, and one to wait on the waiters and on Mr. Banks and myself. After all the supper dishes had been washed and put away, the boys who slept in "Robbins' nest" went into "Banks' Exchange" for evening prayers. It was comforting to read the ninety-first Psalm, to sing,

"I need thee every hour," and to make a supplication, at the close of which all united in repeating the Lord's Prayer. It filled my heart with gladness when I looked upon the

SECOND DAY.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., the house was called to order—Superintendent in the chair. Minutes of the afternoon session of the previous day

now is, $1,794,735,650, being a debt per capita of $41.57, and interest per capita of $1.97, and there is $256,825,612 cash in the treasury.

DOMESTIC.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute,

AT

"I need thee every hour," and to make a supplication, at the close of which all united in repeating the Lord's Prayer. It filled my heart with gladness when I looked upon the red men sitting in a circle round me, listening to the words of Scripture, singing hymns of praise and prayer.

We retired very early the first night, as all felt the need of rest. I prostrated myself before the god of sleep, ready to obey the mandates of so kind a master; but a hundred thoughts of breakfast and what we should do without baked beans, rudely forced themselves between his majesty and myself. By chance I turned my head and saw an Indian reading his Bible. I thought to myself, this desire for a knowledge and practice of the truths of the Bible is a true indication of progress—for civilization without the Bible is like a dangerous harbor without a lighthouse.

The next morning, with aching bones, we went around preparing breakfast. After breakfast, we went to the beach for a bath. And so it went on, cooking and eating, until night drew nigh; then we had a sham fight of the allied tribes of Kiowa, Cheyenne and Sioux against the Utes. The smhuscades, the daring assaults, the stealthy sttacks, were splendid, but in vain, for the Utes were victorious. The Indian courtship would have drawn a smile from the most stoical. The Indian maiden, with a sheet covering her mouth and drawn tight around her body, falling below the knees, coquetted with her wooer, whose advances suggested a cock and a hen. She finally followed him to his wigwam.

Early in the evening, the wind which had been increasing in violence all the afternoon, blew a perfect hurricane; every minute we expected to see the tents blown over. The spirits of the Indians seemed to rise with the gale. They started a game among themselves and kept it up until 5 o'clock the next morning. About 9 o'clock the same night I had a desire to visit the bench, and set out with Mr. Banks and one of the Indians. When we were about half-way there we were startled by a wild laugh and the sudden appearance of one of the Indians in our path with a sheet wound around him. He had concealed himself behind a stack of corn, and when he heard us coming he sprang out. A minute's walk brought us to the beach. The breakers thundered around us. I sat down to admire them in all their grandeur, for we had one honndless sweep of the mighty deep. It was a splendid night. The heavens were black with threatening clouds; the moon, which charitably covers all imperfections, tried to shine, but an unseen power, as if ashamed to let her look upon some awful scene of desolation, quickly veiled her face; the wind hurried past us as if frightened by tha last despairing cry of its helpless victims. Rising to go to our tents, I thought that though the ocean rolls around us in this wild and lawless freedom, Jesus taught it to obey Him. At midnight I visited the beach again.

The next morning the sun came out brightly, and we had a fine day. Eating, washing, talking, bathing, was the order of the day. At 3 o'clock the order was given to take down tents and pack up. While this work was going on our attention was called to one of the Indians who sat under a tree. He was making a sketch of the head cook and his assistants; they were not flattered in the picture, but the picture afforded them much amusement. Soon the wagon came to take our effects to the school, when we said goodbye to camp life, and now say good-bya to you.

SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.

A brief account of the seventh annual session of The Eastern North Carolina *Sabbath School Union*.

Tha Union hold its last session at Naw Bethel church, near Edenton Perquimons Co., N. C., on tha 15 and 16 of August, 1878.

FIRST DAY.

At eleven, A. M., tha house was called to order by the Superiutendant, L. W. Boon. Opening services—Reading, St. Luka xii chapter to 31st verse, hy Elder Paxton of Edantou, —singing—"Jesus loves ma," and prayer hy Rev. L. W. Boon.

After which a general welcomo was extanded to tha delegates and visitors, hy tha Superintendant, who added a few hrief remarka suitahla for tho occasiou.

Tho roll of schools was then callad, the delagate answoring for tha same.

After appointing a committee on finance, tho lotters were read and delegates aurollad. But before this was accomplished the house adjourned for recess.

Tha benevolent citizens of that vicinity had prepared a long tahla in the grove, which was richly furnished, and the delegates and all visitors were invited to partaka of its contents.

At two o'clock, p. m., the delegates re-assembled. After reading tha minutes of the forenoon session they proceaded to the reading of letters until finished. After which, committees wore appointed, on nomination, missionarias, time and place of tha next session, valuation of prizes, and rasolutions. Adjourned till Friday morning at 9 o'clock a. m.

SECOND DAY.

At 9 o'clock, a. m., the house was called to order—Superintendant in the chair. Minutes of the afternoon session of the previous day ware read and received.

The various committees then made their reports in turn. And the remainder of the forenoon was spent in the general business of the Union.

Resolutions. Rejoicing in the great work of Sahhath schools and feeling the necessity of encouraging and advancing the cause of Christianity.

Resolved 1st, That we tender our thanks to the missionaries and officers of the Union for their faithfulness in the past. And that we the delegates, missionaries and officers pledge ourselves to exercise our greatest powers in prevailing with all the schools within our district to unite with us in tha work.

Resolved 2d, That this Union feels proud of the fact, that there is emulation in the Sahhath school pupils in using their energy, industry and ahility in striving to ohtain the premiums offered hy this Union for their excellence in declamations, and we furthermors tender our congratulations to the receivers of prizes of 1877 for their laudahle success, and say to them, with all others, to continue in their intellectual pursuits and at last reach the very climax of renown.

Resolved. 3d, That we tendor our sincere thanks to the henevolent citizens in the vicinity of New Bethel church, for their kindness in preparing for this meeting and their cares and hospitality toward our delegates during the sitting of this Union.

Resolved 4th, That we recommend all schools in need of Sahhath school books to apply to Rev. A. Shephard, Box 103 Raleigh, N. C. And furthermore, we cordially invite him to visit this portion of the State.

Resolved 5th, That the statistics of this session of the Union, be sent to the State Sahhath School Convention which convenes Sept. 18, 1878.

Messrs. J. H. Lana, C. W. Jordan, Thos. Sharp, E. Elliot, H. A. Drew, committee.

Recess and preparation as on the day before.

Tha afternoon was given to tha Sabhath school children who had made preparation to joiu in an exhibition and speak for prizes which were awarded to tha hast four.

* * * Adjourned to meet at the Baptist church in Murfreesboro, N. C., on Thursday before tha third Sunday in August, 1879. L. W. Boon, Supt.

J. P. Weaver, Sec'y.
Murfreesboro, N. C

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH of Washiagton gives the following report of diseases abroad:—

Havana, Cuhu.—For the week ending September 21st there were 31 deaths from yellow fever and 1 from smallpox.

Rio de Janeiro.—From 14 to 22 deaths from smallpox occur daily.

Morocco, Africa.—Cholera is decreasing. Smallpox prevails in the ports of Mogador and Saffi. In the latter port 15 deatas occur daily from that disease.

Calcutta.—Ten deaths from cholera and 17 from smallpox for the week ending July 27th.

Bombay.—Thirty-two deaths from cholera for the week ending August 6th.

OVER 500 bodies have been recovered of persons drowned by the disaster to the excursion steamer *Princess Alice*, on the River Thaiucs, near London, Eng.

DR. NOGLINO, who made an attempt to assasinate the Emperor Wiliam, died on the 10th, from the effects of the wounds inflicted upon himself at the time of his arrest.

THE military occupation of the Turkish Provinces apportioned hy the Berlin Conneil is going on in the face of armed opposition. The Austrians are progressing daily in their occupation of Bosnia, and the Porte now professes to be ready to act according to the Berlin agreement. The Grecian question is not yet compromised, all that the Turks are willing to yield being a few of the minor islands. It is reported that the Asiatic question can only be settled hy a war hetween England and Afghanistan, in order to prevent Russian advances toward the British Indian possessions, the Berlin treaty preventing Russia from absorhing Asiu Minor. It is also reported that England is to assume the protectorato of Egypt, in accordance with a secret treaty with the Porte.

THE King of Birmah is reported dead.

A FEARFUL tornado visited Hayti the first week in September. Several villages were almost entirely destroyed by the wind or by the sea, and many lives were lost. A similur tornado did great damage in Trinidad, Sept. 1st, especially at Port Spain, but no lives were lost.

POLITICAL.

THE election for State officers and members of Congress in Maine, Sept. 9th, resulted in a failure to elect a Governor by a majority vote, the choice now falling upon tho legislature, which will stand as follows: 68 Republicans; 2 Democrats elected by Republicans; 77 Democrats; and 57 Greenbackers. The Congressmen elected are: Republicans 3, Democrat 1, Greenback 1.

MINISTER CHIN LAN PIN has presented his credentials, and has been received and recognized by President Hayes as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States from China.

THE Treasury Department has saved during the past year in the collection of customs, $730,820.

THE Treasury Department issued a circular, which contains an analysis of the public debt of the United States from July 1, 1860, to July 1, 1878. At the outbreak of the war, the debt of the country, per capita, was $3.74. The war expenditures swelled this account, until, on August 31, 1865, the amount per capita was $78.36, with annual interest per capita of $4.39. This enormous debt has been reduced more than half. The debt, August 31, 1865, stood $2,381,530,294. The total interest bearing debt now is, $1,794,735,650, being a debt per capita of $41.57, and interest per capitu of $1.97, und there is $256,823,612 cash in the treasury.

DOMESTIC.

THE Revised Statutes, declaring that "no foreign gold or silver coin shall be legal tender in the payment of debts," beside reducing the Mexican dollar to its mero value as bullion—about 89½ cents—also reduces a number of other foreign coins which have attained greater or less circulation in this country. The Canadian 50-cent piece is worth, as bullion, only about 89½ cents, the 25-cent pieces only 18½ cents, and the other pieces in proportion. The English shilling which passes for 25 cents is only worth about 19. The U. S. Trade Dollar is worth 99 cents.

VIRGINIA is, owing to the repudiation sentiment in the Legislature, reduced to the most trying financial straits. The public schools have just been re-opened, but there is not a dollar in the State Treasury with which to carry them on or to pay arrearages and salaries due since last session. The teachers are clamoring for their pay, and in some places they have actually refused to begin the labors of the present session until they have received the amount due them for the last. The "readjusters" at the last session of the Legislature failed to make provision even for meeting the ordinary expenses of the State government, and hence the lack of funds to carry on the schools. Gov. Holliday is trying to effect a loan of $250,000 for the purpose of carrying on the public schools.

SOON after the steamer *Adelphi* left her wharf in South Norwalk, Conn., Sept. 28th, for New York, with about two hundred passengers, her boiler exploded with terrific force, instantly killing six persons, wounding about twenty others, two of whom have since died, and precipitating a large number into the water. The air of the morning was chilly, and many of the passengers had sought the sunny side of the steamer, directly over the boiler, to warm themselves. This fact accounts for the large number injured. Great confusion followed the explosion.

THE official census of the District of Columbia gives the population of Washington, 131,947; total in district, 160,051. The proportions of white and colored are as follows: Whites, 106,427; colored, 53,624, showing the proportion of one colored man for every two whites.

THE yellow fever is beginning to abate in the larger towns where it first prevailed, but it is spreading slowly into the rural districts and villages in Louisiana. The total reported deaths, up to the evening of September 23d, have been 8,557. Canton, Miss., reports that no more assistance is needed for that town. In view of the fact that the very prompt and free aid from northern cities has been sent too slowly into some localities and too fast into others, owing to want of knowledge in one place of what is being done in others, Surgeon-General Woodworth has recommended to the Washington Relief Committee a resolution to bring about concert of action in relief work, the wants of some cities being fully supplied, while other places remain in urgent need. The resolution, which was adopted, was to the effect "that the National Yellow Fever Relief Committee respectfully invite the co-operative action of the several relief committees and associations throughout the United States, and to further this concert of action, this committee, which is in official communication by telegraph with all points afflicted, will undertake to give information, so far as possible, of the needs of the several afflicted cities and towns." In the meantime, supplies are going forward to wherever a need is supposed to exist. The total subscriptions in New York City alone reach nearly $300,000; and Philadelphia has contributed over half that amount. Frightful cases are reported in the northern States where persons who left the infected cities to escape the disease have carried the germs with them, and in many cases they have died. The disease seems not to be contagious in the ordinary sense of the term, but spreading only where a peculiar condition of air and soil is caused by filth or decomposing matter, assisted by moisture and high average temperature. Remedies seemed of little avail, whatever the treatment, while a previous temperate life, when proper hygienic care was exercised in the unwholesome surroundings, in a great measure warded off the attacks, or rendered them light and of easy control.

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THE number of emigrants who arrived at New York from January to September was 54,899, an increase of 9,000 over the corresponding period last year.

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FRIEND AND PROTECTOR.

MODE	*Singular.*	*Plural.*

FRIEND AND PROTECTOR.

An English nobleman has a wonderfully sagacious dog upon whose collar is inscribed "Beppo, Friend and Protector." This dog, which seems to have very fine manners, and a full sense of his duties, will not leeve the room, though ordered to do so, antil his master has passed out before him. When a visitor is presented, Beppo puts out a paw, and salutes him with a low short bark.

There is many another fellow of Beppo's race, who might bear upon his collar the same honorable title. The dog is the natural friend and protector often, of man, and many trua stories are told of his fidelity and sagacity, which ought to make any one ashamed of any cruelty to such a faithful friend. As the old song goes:

He is gentle, he is kind,
You 'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The Newfoundland dog especially deserves this praise for his affectionate disposition, his quickness of intelligence, and aptness to receive instruction, and his readiness to defend his master at the risk of his own life. How noble and serene, how gentle and intelligent, is his conntenanca. Sir Edwin Landseer, the genial and celebrated English painter of animals, declared once that "the Newfoundland dog is a distinguished member of the Humane Society." Many interesting incidents are on record which confirm the justice of this assertion. Mr. Jesse, an English writer tells the following:

"A vessel was driven by a storm on the beach of Lyddin, Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, hut not a boat could get off to their assistance At length a gentlaman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfonndland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. Ha could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, hut the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and than, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed and every man on board saved.

Newfoundland dogs have been trained in France to rescue drowning persons, and are kept in readiness on the banks of the Seine. By throwing the stnffed form of a man in the river, and sending the dog to fetch it out, he is taught to do so, when it is necessary. Bnt the natural delight of this noble race of dogs seems to be in the preservation and rescue of human life. Mr. Youatt, who has written a hook upon Humanity to Brutes, says that his own experience furnishes him with an instance of the memory and gratitndo of a Newfoundland dog who was greatly attached to him. Having become inconvenient to him to keep the dog, he gave him to a man who he knew would treat him kindly. Fonr years passed and he had not seen him, when one day as he was walking along a lonely road, he met Carlo and his master. The dog recognized his old master, and they had a pleasant meeting. After e little chat the naw master proceeded on his way, and Carlo as in duty bound, followed him. Mr. Youatt hed not, however, got half way down the hill, when the dog was again at his side growling low but deeply and every hair bristling. Looking about, he saw two rongh looking fellows making their way through the hushes to the road. Their design was hardly doubtful. "I can scarcely say," seys Mr. Youatt, "what I felt when presently one of the scoundrels emerged from the bushes, not twenty yards from me; but he no sooner saw my componlon, and heard his growling, the loudness end depth of which were fearfully increasing, then he retreated, and I saw no more of him nor his associate. My gallant defender accompanied me to the foot of the hill, and there with many a mutual and honest greeting, we parted, and he bounded away to overtake his rightful owner. We never met again; but I need not say that I often think of him with admiration and gratitude."

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VERBS.

A verb is a word used to express the being, action or state of its subject; as, He is, Tha hird flies, The sun shinas.

Verbs are divided according to their form into regnlar and irregular.

A Regular Verb is one which forms its past tense and past participle hy adding d or ed to the present tense; as, wish, wished, wished.

An Irregular Verb is one that does not form its past tense and past participle by adding d or ed to the present, as go, went, gone.

Verbs may be divided into Active Verbs, those which express action; Attribntive verbs, those which express, or ettribute, being or state.

Active Verbs may he sub-divided into Activa Transitive and Active Intransitive.

An Active Transitive Verh is one whose action passes over (transits) upon an object; as, James canght him.

An Active Intransitive Verh is one whose action does not pass over to an object; as, James ran.

Attributive Verbs heve no action to pass over upen anything and therefore must be Intransitive.

The action expressed hy a verb may pass hack upon the subject; as, John was caught. This form of the verb is called the Passive form or voice. Evidently only the Active Transitive Verbs can have a Passiva voice.

The Passive Voice is formed hy prefixing some form of the auxiliary verh to be to the past participle of a trensitive verb.

An Auxiliary Verb is one that is employed in the conjugation of other verbs; as, He had gone.

MODE.

Mode means manner, and grammatically shows the manner in which the verb says something of its subject; as, John welks. If John go, John may go; go, to go.

There are five Modes—Indicative, Potential, Subjunctive, Imperative, and Infinitive.

The Indicative asserts or indicates something as a fact; as, I went to town.

The Potentiel implies the power to do or asserts the possibility of the action; as, He can go, She mey come.

The Subjunctive Mode represents actions conditionally: If I were there I should be happy.

The Imperative is that Mode by which we urge our wishes and claims upon others; as, Go! Honor thy father and mother; Give us this dey our daily bread.

The Infinitive expresses the meaning of the verb in a general manner, without eny distinction of person or number, and commonly has *to* before it; as, To laugh.

Participlas are words that participate in or partake of the neture of a Noun, an edjective and a verb. They are formed from the root-verb found in the Present Infinitive; as, *liking*, from To *like*.

TENSE.

Tense is the distinction of time. There are three divisions of time, past, present, end future.

Each of these divisions has two tenses, so we have Present, Present Perfect, Past, Past Perfect, Future and Future Perfect.

The Present Tense expresses whet now exists, or is taking phce; as, we go, the rain is falling.

It is also used to express all periods of time embracing the present moments—This century; all great truths: as, Sin brings misery; all habits and customs; as, Cherles smokes; and in narration to express past events more vividly—"The combat deepens."

The Present Perfect Tense is used to represent past events as perfectly finished in present time: as, We have finished our work.

This tense is used for all past events whose effects remain to the present; as, Bunyan has written a useful book; or any events when the time is not mentioned; as, God has created the heavens.

When the time of a past event is mentioned in eny way, the past tense must be used; are, In the beginning, God created the heavens.

The Past Tense is used to express past events; as, He finished his work last week.

The Past Perfect Teuse is used to express actions or events completely finished in past time, before some other actions or events took place; as, The Hampton had passed before the last bell rang.

The Future Teuse represents future actions; as, I shall be happy next summer.

The Future Perfect Tense is used to express finished actions in future time; as, The house, when finished, will have cost a large sum of money.

The facts of the Indicative Mode may have reference to any time, past, present, or futnre, therefore in this mode all the tenses are used, as, He came, He has come. I go, She will go, She will have gone.

In the Potential Mode, only four tenses are used, present, present perfect, past, and past perfect: as, He can go, She could say, He can have gone, She could have said.

The Subjnnctive has three tenses, equivalent to a present, a past, and a future.

The Present Subjunctive denotes future time; as, If I be in Hampton (to-morrow) I will see you.

The Past Snbjunctive is present or indefinite in time; as, If I were judge (now) I would be just.

The Past Perfect Snbjunctive, denotes simply past time; as, If I had begun sooner I should be through now.

In sense, this mode can have no perfect tenses, for every completed act must be assumed as a matter of fact.

The Imperetive has only one Tense, the Present: Do this.

The Infinitive has two Tenses, the Present and Perfect: To have, to have had.

The Participles are in three Tenses, the Past, Present and Perfect: Been, being, having been.

Sometimes, when, till, before, as soon as, whoever, or a similar term carries the present or the present-perfect teuse into future time.

WILL AND SHALL.

These two words have a very different meaning: as, I *will* drown and nobody *shall* help me; I *shall* drown and nobody *will* halp me.

When a person resolves for himself, he uses will; as, I will ohey.

When a person resolvas for another, he uses shall, and thus implies authority; as, You shall leave this class. When e person foretells or simply predicts for himself, he uses shell; as, I shall go home in June. When a person foretells, or simply predicts for another, he uses will; as, He will go home at Christmas. Thus *will* always expresses determination or will, yonr *own* or enother's; *shall*, futurity, predicting for yourself or others.

FORMS OF THE VERB.

Verbs have three forms; the Common, Emphatic, and Progressive.

The Common form is that which is generelly used; as, I go, He wishes, He thought.

The emphatic form represents the act with emphasis. It is formed by prefixing the present and past tenses of the verb *to do* to the common form of the verb; as, I do go, I did think.

The Progressive form represents the ection or state in progress. It is formed by prefixing the various modes and tenses of the verh *to be* to tha present participle of the principal verb: as, I am writing; He was singing.

NUMBER AND PERSON.

The Number and Person of verbs arc the changes they undergo to show their agreement with their snbjects.

In the Present Tense, Third Person, while the plural of nouns is formed by adding s, the plural of verbs is formed by dropping s, consequently there is only one s between tha two.

Singular.	*Plural.*
The girl walks,	The girls walk,
The dog herks,	The dogs bark,
The tree grows,	The trees grow.

The exceptions to this arrangement ere the words *is* and *has*, which change into are, and have in the plural.

CONJUGATION.

The Conjugation of a verb is the correct expression, in regular order, of its *voices*, *modes*, *tenses*, *persons*, and *numbers*.

The Principal Parts of a verb are the *present infinitive* or *indicative*, the *past indicative* and the *past participle*.

The Synopsis of a verb is its *variation* through the different moods and tenses in a single number and person.

Conjugation of the Verb To Be.

PRINCIPAL PARTS.

Present.	Past Tense.	Past Participle.
Be or am.	*Was.*	*Been.*

SYNOPSIS.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present, ...I am.	Past Perfect,..I had been.
Pres. Perfect, I have been.	Future, ...I shall be.
Past, ...I was.	Future Perfect, I shall have been.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

Present, ...If I be. Past, ...If I were.

POTENTIAL MODE.

Present, ...I may, can or must be.
Present Perfect, I mey, can or must have been.
Past, ... I might, could, would, or should be.
Past Perfect, ...I might, could, would, or should have been.

COMMON FORM.

INDICATIVE MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.

Person.	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
1.	I am,	We are,
2.	Thou art,	You are,
3.	He is;	They are.

PRESENT PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I have been,	We have been,
2.	Thou hast been,	You have been,
3.	He has been;	They have been.

PAST TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I was,	We were,
2.	Thou wast,	You were,
3.	He was;	They were.

PAST PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I had been,	We had been,
2.	Thou hadst been,	You had been,
3.	He had been;	They had been.

FUTURE TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I shall be,	We shall be,
2.	Thou wilt be,	You will be.
3.	He will be;	They will be.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I shall have been,	We shall have been.
2.	Thou wilt have been,	You will have been.
3.	He will have been;	They will have been.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	If I be,	If we be,
2.	If thou be,	If you be,
3.	If he be;	If they be.

PAST TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	If I were,	If we were,
2.	If thou wert,	If you were,
3.	If he were;	If they were.

POTENTIAL MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I may be,	We may be,
2.	Thou mayest be,	You may be,
3.	He may be;	They may be.

PRESENT PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I may heve been,	We may have been,
2.	Thou meyest have been,	You may have been,
3.	He may have beeu;	They may have been.

PAST TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I might be,	We might be,
2.	Thou mightest be,	You might be,
3.	He might be;	They might be.

PAST PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I might heve been,	We might have beeu,
2.	Thou mightest have been,	You might have been,
3.	He might have been;	They might have beeu.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
2.	Be thou;	Be you.

INFINITIVE MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.	PERFECT TENSE.
To be.	To have been.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT.	PAST.	PERFECT.
Being.	Been.	Having been.

Plural.
The girls walk.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VII. HAMPTON, VA., NOVEMBER, 1878. NO. 11.

THANKSGIVING.

Southern Workman,

When the buildings are up and paid for, the work is done once for all. The Government pays the current expense of the Indians at Hampton so long as it shall

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

From an address by the Hon. W. Porcher Miles, of South Carolina, delivered at the Commencement of Union

sity of meeting the dangers created by the endowment of the negro race with a vast political estate.

In business and in charity, we do for or give to that which presses most upon

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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For further information, address

J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

PREMIUM.

For one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.*

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by the Company in 1873-4-5. The books are sold at forty cents apiece.

WE HAD hoped to chronicle the arrival of the Indians at Hampton in this number. They are expected within a week.

We publish the personal and hastily written letters of Capt. R. H. Pratt, which show the spirit in which he works, and the progress of the cause in which he is engaged.

The topmost course of bricks in the Indian Cottage or "Wigwam" (95 x 36 feet) has been laid (250,000 bricks in all,) and ere this reaches our readers the roof will be on. It will require some weeks to finish, and to dry the plastering. A few Indians will be encamped in tents as an experiment, to test the question both of climate and of the best mode of shelter. All will be temporarily provided for in our present buildings in a way to harm no one.

In October three hundred and fifty dollars were sent hy friends in Massachusetts, and one hundred dollars by a friend in Philadelphia, for the Indian building. Three thousand more are promised, all from Massachnsetts.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS ARE NEEDED TO FINISH IT.

The pro-rata cost of the construction and furnishing, ready for nse, of a single room for Indian students, is

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

There will, as a rule, be two in one room. Of the sixty rooms to be provided, fifteen will be for colored students, and are urgently needed.

One hnndred dollars is the expense for one Indian.

Of those who feel the debt to this race we ask: *How can you better do your part for them than by giving a hundred dollars—or twice that sum, the cost of a room—to the Hampton work in their behalf?*

We mentioned last month that $2,000 were needed to pay the expense of quarters for Indian girls in Virginia Hall, which are now ready; that in the spring it was hoped to erect a large work-shop, 120 x 38 feet, at a cost of $6,000, and that a sixty horse power Corliss engine for the shop had been offered by Mr. Geo. M. Corliss. We ask for

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN ALL.

There is money enough somewhere. It is a question, not of means, bnt of will; whether there are enough individuals in the lnnd who will bring this cause home to themselves.

When the buildings are up and paid for, the work is done once for all. The Government pays the current expense of the Indians at Hampton so long as it shall choose to keep them there, and shonld it withdraw them, the buildings would be precisely in the line of Hampton's needs and progress and will not be useless.

YANKTON, DAKOTA, *Oct.* 9, 1878.

Dear General:—

I am through, and have the required assurance at six of the eight agencies. Shall try to hring the fifty from the Missouri River, because the number is too small to divide and there is so much trouble and expense. Have had a hard time; rode 629 miles in wagons and stages in thirteen days' travel. Spotted Tail and Red Cloud badly stirred up, and my visit there not without danger. Have a good boy of seventeen, with considerable education and Englieh, to act as interpreter. Was at work in a printing-office here and aspires to that trade. I have agreed he shall go into the office at Hampton.

I go forward to Bismarck in the morning.

Have drawn on you for another hundred dollars. It may be that I shall hring several extra (over fifty) which we shall have to beg for. It will be hard, perhaps nnwise, to select or divide, if parties are made up. I don't think the manual labor is going to be a weak point. It can all be euccessfully managed. Look out for good ventilation in the new building: these people live out of doors. We must have boats, fun, &c., out of doors.

Yours faithfully, R. H. PRATT.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, *Oct.* 10, 1878.

Dear General:—

I telegraphed a qnestion to yon from Fort Thompson on the 29th of September, to which I have received no response. I now ask that yon telegraph to me on receipt of thie, directing to Bismarck, whether you think we are not able to carry, through private charity, twenty to thirty over and above the fifty Commissioner Hayt will pay for. I think we can. The query of greatest importance is the immediate expense hence to Hampton. Necessarily I must have a swing both ways or hurt the chances. A party often hinges on the eize; this and that one's going, &c. I say twenty to thirty, meaning any number up to thirty. I should try to start from Berthold with fifteen to twenty, then, if other agencies falled (which I very much apprehend, because there is much disturbance along the river just now) I would come out about even, but if all came to time I would be over. I do not want to risk my health further in a visit to the Indian Territory now, and would rather chance a batch from there, through somo means, in the spring. I have lived hard, and my old enemy hurts me. Beeides, there should have been five hundred Indians from here, instead of fifty, to be educated. The neede are very great. I shall hring the fifty from here, and now, if I can.

I hope to get back here in three weeke. There will be ecurrility on the frontier about this effort. The Cheyennes leaving their agency in the Indian Territory dampens prospecte there now.

I shall meet Mre. Pratt in St. Paul to-morrow and arrive in Bismarck Tuesday morning.

Ever faithfully yours, R. H. PRATT.

BISMARCK, DAKOTA, *Oct.* 23, 1878.

Dear General:—

Have reached thie point on the way down; shall stop only two hours.

Have nine boys and four girls from Berthold. Looke as though we were to be crowded to keep below number, but may have trouhlo to get enough. Some fickleness.

Expect to reach Yankton Monday or Tuesday next, and Hampton four days after.

Last three days cold, with strong wind; Ice two inchee thick.

Yours faithfully, R. H. PRATT.

We go to press on the receipt of the following:

YANKTON, DAKOTA, *Oct.* 31.

Yon have forty boye and nine girls; leave in the morning. R. H. PRATT.

The party may be expected on the 6th or 7th of November. The small complement of girls (nine) is doubtless due to unforeseen difficulties. The Hampton School has room for, and would gladly take, at least twenty-five Indian girls.

Giving the girls an equal chance is only justice and is indispensable to success.

It costs the Government not less than $20,000 to kill an Indian; it costs less than $200 a year apiece to educate his children.

We offer to take twenty more girls—will they be sent?

We hope to give in the next issue of the Workman, an account of Captain Pratt's wanderings and adventures in search of red-skins to join our black skinned youth in their march to manhood and womanhood.

We press upon our readers the importance of this effort; we ask them what they are willing to do for the Indian, and, if they can find no better place for their money, to send it here.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

FROM an address by the Hon. W. Porcher Miles, of South Carolina, delivered at the Commencement of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., on the 20th of last June, we quote the following paragraphs:

"That we are threatened with evile from universal suffrage, I suppose few thonghtful and candid men will deny; especially now that the emancipated slaves of the South, without the slightest previous training or the possession of any qualification for it, have been admitted to the franchise, swamping the white vote in some unfortunate States completely, and subjecting the property and intelligence of the community to its pauperism and ignorance. Political privileges once conferred are never voluntarily abandoned. We must make the best of the situation. Many 'statesmen' (so called,) we are aware, advocate giving the ballot to the African freedman as a meane of 'arming' him against those who might seek to despoil him of his recently conferred (not acquired) rights. But in his present imbecile condition, mentally, it is like putting a blunderhuss in the hands of a poor witling to defend the house against robbere. He may blaze away at friends as well as foes—and be kicked over by the recoil of his own fire-lock. But *nulla vestigia retrorsum;* and as we conferred the ballot on those without intelligence, we must now endeavor to confer the intelligence on those who have the ballot. Of course where the numerical majority of the hour not only shapee the present but to some extent may stamp the future of the country—where 'the massee' control, if they do not make 'public opinion' (sometimee causing genuine public opinion to ewerve aside through intimidation or through the enthusiasm or the virnlence of party,) it must be desirable that the whole population should be truly educated, trained to the jnet discharge, not only of the right of suffrage, but of all the duties of citizeneliip. And for such education and such training, the State ought to provide as for ite 'cheap defence,' and men of property and capital ought to be willing to be taxed epecifically for the purpose, being assured that what they contribute to this object will, if wisely expended inure eventually to their own benefit and will practically be restored to them fourfold in the onhanced value of their property conequent upon the increase of knowledge, intelligence, ingenuity and skill.

"But it must be the right kind of education. The mere accumulation of knowledge is not Education, as a great poet has told us, is not wisdom. There must be the *educating* and training and strengthening of all the faculties that ought to be developed, and the pruning and repressing of those that ought to be kept back and restrained; so that a due equilibrium may he attained and the resultant be not an intellect or a moral natnre abnormally developed on one side and dwarfed and etunted on the other, but well-balanced and proportioned, sound and healthy."

Reaeon seems to be against universal suffrage, but experience is, we believe, in favor of it. Take it in the Southern States.

In the foregoing extracts, the Hon. Mr. Miles, a South Carolinian, argues powerfully in favor of universal education, and he represents the growing and the strongest sentiment of the South. His ground is the necessity of educating the negro, and suffrage created the necessity.

Hereafter, it will be seen that negro suffrage was a boon to the race, not so much as a defeuce, hut as a tremendous fact that compelled its education. There is nothing to do but to attempt its elevation in every possible way. In their pinching poverty, the Southern States have seized the question of negro education with a vigor that is the outcome of danger.

The ex-slave would have sunk into practical serfdom, not by oppression, but by the stagnation of his mind. We have no reason to think that the South would have fitted him to vote; hut now it must be done, and it will be done with an energy that is born of emergency.

To universal suffrage at the South, more than to anything else, is due the existence of the strong and growing class of ex-slaveholders who advocate free schools for all. They advocate it as a necessity created by negro suffrage. They admit that it is due to the colored race to enable it to take care of itself, and they believe that free labor must be intelligent to be of value; but this act of justice, requiring great outlay, would, perhaps justly, hy reason of their pinching poverty be delayed, were it not for the paramount necessity of meeting the dangers created by the endowment of the negro race with a vast political estate.

In business and in charity, we do for or give to that which presses most upon us. The first rank of duties consists of those that seem to Christian men nearest to absolute necessity. In legislation, necessity pushes to the front those questions that are vital; what is merely justice hides its time. The thing that's *got to be done* overleaps all others.

The hallot power came back like a boomerang. It did not protect. But its mission is being fulfilled. It opened the eyes of Southern men to the paramount importance of the elevation of the negro race, to the only way of saving themselves—the slow process of general education. Thousands of Southerners who don't believe in free schools advocate them because the negro vote for them is solid, because a fair trial is due the negro, and what else is there to do?

Virginia, under undisputed democratic control, leads the way in this work, and gave last year over a million of dollars to popular education, one-third of which was for the blacks.

The telling argument 'everywhere heard in the South is, "They are voters and we must enlighten them." Self-preservation is to all the strongest motive.

We believe that those in the North who give to our Southern schools give because it is the cause of national safety. The unenfranchised negro would he regarded by both North and South as a heing who ought to he lifted up, but, they would say, "He had his freedom at great expense; we must first pay the cost of the war that freed him." Neglect of any further duty would have become a habit. Serfdom would have been inevitable by the innate tendency of the blacks, by the logic of events, rather than hy any definite purpose. Reason may appear to he in favor of limited suffrage; experience seems on the other side.

The novel and dangerous element of negro suffrage forced into Southern society has made a tremendous stir, but in the end will be, we believe, an important force in working out the salvation of the negro, the aggrandizement of the South, and the good of the nation.

A RECREANT PEOPLE.

The moralist of the future will be often and sorely puzzled, in his analysis of the acts of the present generation of America, and the motives or want of motives which controlled them. No question will confuse him so completely, or utterly set at naught his advanced notions concerning moral obligations, as the Indian problem of the (to him) past nineteenth century. The confusion of right with wrong; the absurd contradiction of deeply religious professions with inhuman deeds; the offensive violation of the laws of God and man; the dark and devious ways of a people who are ever rallying around Christian churches and creeds; the rank injustice done by a Nation which has inherited a just and comprehensive system of jurisprudenee, and to whom fair dealing is always vital, will hardly fail to suggest to such a moralist the idea that there was a radical defect somewhere fixed in the individual lives of those who made up the Nation itself, and au alarming failure to illustrate by practice, what was persistently preached. It is certainly one of the imperfections of men, that what is beyond the physical eye is apt to be, in effect, beyond the mental vision. Facts do not lose their reality because they are unseen. It is not necessary to shudder through the chnrnel houses of New Orleans, or the hunger-stricken districts of the East Indies to know what misery is. Nor do we need to camp in the solitudes of the great western prairies to feel and be moved by

the intolerably shameful facts concerning our treatment of the Indians. Should the territory, now occupied by them, be mov-

contradiction of emblazoning morality on our banners, but, in fact, putting devilry in our deeds. A distinguished army officer recently said: "Our treatment of

penses of governing. Many of the laborers indulge in salt as a luxury two or three times a week. In Madras there are 19,000,000 paupers. Europeans are paid

operation of those who are able to place them in the hands of distributors, and by aiding the tracts, share the expense of their publication with the editors who have no other pecuniary interest in their

the intolerably shameful facts concerning our treatment of the Indians. Should the territory, now occupied by them, be moved up to our doors, so that our eyes could rest directly on the actual condition of things, the instincts of justice and religion which we still possess, would close the doors of the counting-rooms and keep all things in abeyance, until we had purged ourselves of the infamy of our conduct toward these red men, who, though seemingly worthless, are still human.

We are responsible for the acts of our agents; we are responsible for the government which we have elected to act for us, and for the agents to whom that government has delegated a part of its power. The principal, that is, We the People, are bound by the acts of our agents. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se.* A drunken scallawag, holding his appointment from us, the People, binds us, by his acts, in cheating the Indians out of blankets, and ponies, and beef rations. Especially is it so, where we have full opportunity to know of his acts, and refuse to know them or repudiate him. People say, "The Government acts badly. The Indian Bureau is all wrong. The agents are wicked." But it is our Government, our bureau, our agents, that do this wrong. They hold office by tenure from us. We can discharge, re-appoint or impeach them. There is no excuse for us. Every grown person in the country has the blood of butchered Indians on his hands. The facts are beyond dispute. It is useless, wearysome even, to rehearse the old story. In books of travel, in Congressional records, in reports of benevolent societies, in newspapers without number, the facts have been detailed in no dubious way. The outrages committed by us, in the way of violated faith, are of such long standing we seem to have forgotten their character. Our contact only, aside from obligations arising from contract, imposed upon us serious moral obligations to the Indian. He owned the soil and we did not. We have got it from him.

If we narrowed his nomadic life, and crowded him out of his fertile valleys, we were bound to bridge him over any disastrous consequences to a condition of existence, in which he should not deteriorate, so far as we could help it. Even more than that, we were bound to hold him as the "ward" of the nation; and, under that obligation, to elevate his condition. It was not a matter of mere good-will, of general friendliness, but of imperative duty. It called for wisdom, and patience, and a vast system of education adapted to his peculiar character and surroundings. To dismiss him with food and drink, and blankets and ponies, was criminal negligence, if we were under any obligation to him. The expense and labor would have been vast. But he paid for it in advance, by transferring to us land sufficient in extent to hold empires.

Noble efforts have been made by private individuals and religious corporations to discharge this duty. But that does not meet the case. It is the solemn duty of the nation to do it. We readily paid millions for Louisiana and Florida and Alaska, simply because we had to, and we kept our faith in the transactions. We dared not to try our "Indian policy" on foreign nations. We found the Indian weak, without ships of war or standing armies, and we trented him "accordingly." It is the act of cowards.

The Anglo Saxon race, in dealing with inferior races, is generally headstrong and vicious. The "Maori" war of New Zealand arose out of the frequently wicked attempts of the English settlers to seize the cultivated lands of the natives. He who has read the "Glory and Shame of England," knows the history of British brutality towards weaker people. We, too, are like our ancestors. The restless pioneers of our race are greedy, and bear down harshly on the weak.

Men of thought and broad moral culture are not generally found on the pickets lines of civilization. It is only when the forests are swept away, and the aboriginal tribes are reduced, and frontier life is softened, that men with less steel and iron in their frames than the pioneers, move outward toward the borders and introduce the humane ways of the old settlements. This may account for the gross contradiction of emblazoning morality on our banners, but, in fact, putting devilry in our deeds. A distinguished army officer recently said: "Our treatment of the Indians is a disgrace to the nation, and shows that we are no better than brutes." Recently the great gun of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, which always fires shells with fuses cut to ignite directly over what is wrong, thundered along the lines of this question. Mr. Beecher predicted the outpouring of God's wrath on the American people for their heartrending treatment of the Indians. History shows, he said, that this nation is one of the most barbarous that ever lived, a stiff-necked, hard-hearted people whom God would surely punish for this vile treatment.

We cannot deny that the Indian is cruel and savage. He has committed deeds of great atrocity. He breaks faith, and murders in a pitiless way, and his ways are not our ways. After all, he lives according to his light. What do we? Infinitely superior to him in every opportunity, backed by centuries of training, and all powerful in resources, we break faith with him, assume to care for him as our "ward," and then, year after year, keep worthless scoundrels as our trusted agents to cheat him and plunder him unmercifully. So miserably weak is public opinion on this question, it is hardly possible for the Executive of the Federal Government to redress these wrongs. Therefore, we do not live according to our light, but grossly belie our professions as a Christian people. The conscience of the nation is dead in this matter.

The proper treatment of the Indians is simple enough. Educate the young Indians of both sexes, instruct them in the industrial arts, keep them in groups away from the wild tribes, until the small, growing communities get the habits and routine of civilization; give up the idea of educating a few men to be turned loose upon their old associates, male and female, only to be instantly drawn down to the old ways of savage life; thoroughly police the territories, so that neither white man nor Indian can transgress the laws; and in the fulness of time, the Indian question will be solved. To expect that this can be done in a day, is to believe that the Ruler of the Universe does His work as we do ours, "in a hurry." W. N. A.

INDIA.

The October number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains an able article on the "Bankruptcy of India." It estimates the present population at 190,000,000. Between the years 1858 and 1878, the famines have been unprecedented in number. The supply of bullocks, the main support in tillage, has decreased about forty per cent. The soil is gradually deteriorating. The wealth of India is in the soil, mainly. There are few manufactories, or "investment" properties. The rate of interest runs from 12 to 60 per cent. The debt of the State amounts to about eleven hundred millions of dollars. It has largely increased within a few years, owing to the vast amount of railway building and extensive irrigation works.

The famines that occur are "financial famines." There is food to be had, but no money to buy with. The average annual production is valued at $1,500,000,000. It is much less than that of England or America. The average annual product of each person amounts, in value, to *seven dollars and fifty-six cents.* In Great Britain, the average product per head of population is $150. In order to show the real condition of the natives, it is stated that it costs, annually, to feed the prisoners in the India jails, $11.00 per head. The native, therefore, is compelled to live on three dollars less than the prisoner. Not only, that, but out of the $7.56 must be deducted the cost of clothing, repairs, tools, rent, and food for bullock. The wages of unskilled laborers remote from railways, range from three to eight cents per day. The people live from hand to mouth, and are unable to save for famine times.

Though the income is wholly inadequate to procure the coarsest food, it is taxed by the British Government, 16 per cent., to pay interest on the debt and the expenses of governing. Many of the laborers indulge in salt as a luxury two or three times a week. In Madras there are 19,000,000 paupers. Europeans are paid from three to eight times as much as the natives would be paid for the same service.

The natives are compelled to raise crops which exhaust the soil, but bring ready money to pay off the taxes. The country has been drained of all the wealth it ever had. The North-western Provinces exported grain to England, in order to raise funds to meet the public debt, while 300,000 people were starving at home. About 6,000 miles of railway have been built at a cost of $650,000,000. Millions have been spent in irrigating the soil. Yet the railways pay little or nothing, and the irrigating works are unprofitable. It is the poorest agricultural nation in the world. During the last year, $40,000,000 was spent in public works; and in order to pay the interest on this expenditure, the peasant who is now paying 16 per cent. on his average income of $7.56, must pay additional taxes.

At a low estimate, 1,400,000 people have perished from starvation. The Government requires $250,000,000 annually to pay its expenses, including $100,000,000 for military service alone. The people seem to be sinking under the load. The English people are disposed to act justly toward the natives, but they hardly realize the task they have upon their hands, of governing and elevating these vast swarms of human beings. W. N. A.

THE prominent part now played in our national politics by financial and kindred questions, has prompted us to publish a series of articles on the subject. The third of the series, entitled "Capital," is to be found on another page, and to it we call the attention of our readers.

WE call our readers' attention to the publication, in this month's supplement, of Mrs. M. F. Armstrong's tract upon Preventable Diseases. It is the second in the sanitary series of "Hampton Tracts for the People," which are about issuing from the Normal School Press. The next eight tracts will appear like this in successive numbers of the Workman, before their publication in pamphlet form. Nos. I, II and III, viz., "The Health Laws of Moses," "Preventable Diseases" and "Duty of Teachers," have already been issued in tract form, and may be had by application to the "Editing Committee Hampton Tracts," Hampton, Va. The hearty approval which these have already received from the American Social Science Association and many of the leading journals, is enough to convince the Editing Committee that they are working in the right direction.

In England, a similar effort for spreading a knowledge of the laws of health by simple publications, has been carried on with great results for good, for twenty years, by the Ladies' Sanitary Association of London. In this country the need is certainly as great. That lamentable and wide-spread neglect and ignorance of the simplest rules of living exists in all classes, no one who observes and thinks will deny. There is a class, no doubt, below the reach of tracts or any publications—of anything, in fact, but direct personal effort. But just above this, and indeed, all the way up, are classes which can be reached by them, and can be trained by them to lift up the lowest. It is for these—for any and all of them—that the Hampton Tracts are intended, and it is to be hoped that many who believe in such work will interest themselves in their circulation. City missionaries will be able to use them to advantage in their arduous work. One such, has said that he would like to be able to put the tract on Preventable Diseases into every room of every tenement house. It would be well if that upon the Duty of Teachers, in regard to teaching and enforcing the laws of hygiene, could be placed in the hands of every school-teacher in city and country, to whom the physical and mental health of the rising generation are so largely committed. The Health Laws of Moses are of general application. Such a distribution can only be effected through the co-operation of those who are able to place them in the hands of distributors, and by aiding the tracts, share the expense of their publication with the editors who have no other pecuniary interest in their sale. The price is five cts. apiece: four dollars per hundred.

The Hampton Tracts are aimed directly at some of the greatest existing evils of our civilization. Shall not their efforts be encouraged and extended?

MANY of the graduates of the Hampton Institute will learn with sorrow of the death of Miss Rebecca Taylor Bacon who, from 1868 to 1871, was its Assistant Principal.

She passed away on Saturday the 26th of October at the house of her father, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D. of New Haven, Conn.

Although it is seven years since she left, her influence is still felt in her many wise arrangements which experience has shown to need no change, and through which she is likely to continue for years, a power in this work for the ex-slaves of our country.

She was a woman of rare qualities, of wonderful clearness and force, was always doing good, and will be missed in many an effort for the needy and the lowly.

THE AMERICAN SPICED FOOD.

We have received from Messrs. Anee & Co., General Agents for the Sale of the American Spiced Food for Horses and Cattle, 34 Court Square, Boston, a donation of a quantity of the above-named article, which is very highly recommended by firms well known to us, as a valuable, economical and nutritious article. The Proprietor of one of the largest stables in that city says: "I have fed this article in most every way, with and without grain, and I have never yet seen the case where it has not done all that it is claimed it will do. I consider it the *best* article of food for a horse that I have ever met with in an experience of over thirty years in the care and management of horses, and can confidently recommend it. As an appetizer I believe it stands unrivalled, having given it to horses who had utterly refused to eat anything just before mixing it with their food, and having no trouble with them afterward. It will keep a horse in good condition when well, and will put him in condition when all other things have failed."

It is also recommended for cattle, and especially for milch cows. We advise horse owners to give this food a trial.

☞ *See advertisement.*

A FRIEND sends the following composition by a little ten year old boy in Cape Town, South Africa. It is very well written and is published without corrections.

CAPE TOWN AND ITS INHABITANTS.

The capital of Cape Colony has a population of about 36,000 among whom are many Malays. It has its own government.

The Malays are of a light brown colour, but don't always dress neatly.

Malay women wear a silk handkerchief on their head and a wide print dress.

The priests wear long robes and turbans.

The swell Malays wear a suit of blue.

Once a year the Malays have what is called a Kaliphs in which they cut themselves with knives for they think it pleases their god. When they bury a person they make a shelf and put cakes and a can of coffee for the spirit when it awakes and needs something to eat. I assure you the boys are glad when a Malay is dead, for they go and eat the cakes. Then when the Malays come again they say that the spirit has eaten up the food. There are only a few houses in Cape Town that have three or more stories.

GEORGE PORTER MATHEWS,
10 years old.

REMOVAL.

The Home Savings Bank, finding its present quarters too strait for the proper conducting of its business, will on December 1st, remove to the large and well lighted premises, on Main Street, Corner of Roanoke Avenue, of which they have taken a five years lease. The building is in as fine a location as the city affords, and is being thoroughly put in order with plate glass front, and other modern improvements. This change of base will doubtless result in a largely increased business.

U can make money faster at work for us, than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THANKSGIVING.

BY E. A. SMULLER.

On the glorious Thanksgivings

ties and dangers of an unknown country, and also without the loss of time and the labor required to learn a new language. Africa calls for help, and I hope some of you will, at the

metic and completed Magill's History of Virginia. Seventeen are studying Harvey's Grammar. I have several good spellers and very good writers. Map-drawing is also encouraged.

I have been teaching night school for grown people, and they seem to like it very much indeed. On the whole, the people seem to like me a great deal. But they speak about me very much indeed, because I don't join with

THANKSGIVING.

BY E. A. SMULLER.

On the glorious Thanksgivings
Of the days that are no more,
How, with each recurring season,
Wakes their mem'ry o'er and o'er;
When the hearts of men were simpler,
And the needs af life were less,
And its mercies were not reckoned
By the measure of excess.

When a happy turning homeward,
On the eve of that glad day;
What a throng of recollections
Round each object on the way.
Here the schoolhouse with its maple,
Leafless now, aad dark, and grim,
Shaking with each gust that crossed it
Threat'ning rods on every limh.

There the hill whose towering summit
Boyish feet had loved to climh
When the distant peaks stood beck'ning,
In the glow of eventime;
And where boyish hearts had wondered
Till the coming of the stars,
Of the great wide world that waited,
Far beyond those sunset bars.

Ah, how gladly manhood's footsteps
Took again the homeward way,
Fain to leave the world behind them,
Were it only for a day;
Fain to seek the dear old hearthstone,
Warm with loving hearts and true,
While in simple, guileless pleasures
Youth and joy retuca anew.

Then bow sweet and safe the sleeping
'Neath the sheltering roof once more,
With the sentry poplars keeping
Guard above it as of yore.
Homely though the old square chamber,
And its couch but quaint and rude,
Still the dreams that sought its pillow
Were a bright beatitude.

Heaven send the glad Thanksgiving
Of that older, simpler time,
Tarry with us not in fancy,
Not in retrospective rhyme;
But in true and living earnest,
May the spirit of that day,
Artless, plain, and unpretending,
Once again resume its sway.

—*Christian Weekly.*

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My dear young friends:—

Now that summer wanderings have been exchanged for settlement at home, and work is resmed, my thoughts turn to you, desiring to know how each one is situated. From what I hear of business and the dullness of financial affairs almost everywhere, I fear your prospects of remnerative employment are not very encouraging, and I sympathize heartily with you. Agriculture, perhaps, offers greater returns than teaching, and it is always useful and honorable; but *teaching* is the vocation you have chosen, and the one for which you have been educated. Besides, the great need of the people where you live is just what you are prepared to give them,—thorough instruction in the most important branches of knowledge, careful training of their mental powers, correct principles and motives of action; your great object heing to impart to them, as far as may he in your power with divine assistauce, the religious, moral and intellectual education which you yourselves received from your Alma Mater. The remuneration for even such teaching is uncertain, and may be very small. But let not that discourage you. Your work is of vital importance. The treasuries of the Southern States are, I am told, nearly empty. But you must try to induce the colored people to put their own shoulders to the wheel. We set a higher value upon what we pay for, than upon what is given to us. But, you will reply, they are too poor to pay for the education of their children. If they would give up whisky and tobacco, they would, in most cases, have the needful money. They do not calculate what the smal sums they spend daily in the unnecessary gratification of their appetites and their love of excitement, amount to in a month. You, on your part, must cultivate a missionary spirit, and he willing to deny yourselves for the general good. If I were asked what was the prevailing spirit that characterized the essays to which I have listened at the Anniversary Exercises I have attended for the last five years, the productions of your own minds, the outpouring of your own hearts, I would reply, "It was an earnest resolva to benefit your people, to give to them the blessings that had heen hestowed upon you."

There are not a few among you who would gladly go to Africa to carry the good news of salvation to her benighted people, and to labor to Christianize and civilize them. But, my dear friends, there is an Africa here at your very doors; heathen peoplo in great darkness, who need to ho enlightened, and whom you can reach without exposing your lives to storms of the ocean, the diseases of an unhealthy climate, and the numherless difficulties and dangers af an uaknown country, and also without the lass of time and the labor required to learn a new language. Africa calls far help, and I hape some of you will, at the right time, respand to her call; but at present, there is ample work for all of yau in this country, and in your own neighhorhoods.

Do not think it a waste of time to make friendly visits to the parents of your pupils; converse with them, kindly and withaut an assumption of superiority, upon the advantages of education; acquaint them with your plans; try to arouse sone enthusiasm in their minds; invite them ta come to your schoolroom occasionally in the evening, and read or talk to them about men wha have, with few opportunities, accamplished great things; have, as often as once in twa ar three months, an examination of your pupils, or an exhibition of their progress, to which their parents shall be invited. Make your school so attractive that your pupils will be not only unwilling to be absent themselves, but will volunterily make an effort to induce all their young friends to attend with them. Resolve to succeed, and you will succeed. ~ Let the three P's, Prayer, Patience and Perseverance, he your constant helpers; Prayer for Divine wisdom, Patience under triuls and difficulties, and Perseverance in effort.

When you turn your eyes toward Haupton, you will feel as you have never felt before. The sunshine, not in one home only, but all over those broad fields, is dimaed by the shadow of a great affliction, the death of your honored Principal's lovely and beloved wife. Although you may not huve words to express the sympathy which you feel, your prayers will briag comfort to his stricken heart, and the diligent performance of *your* work will cheer him in *his* labors of faith and love.

I am your sincere friend, M. A. L.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

MECKLENBURG Co., VA.

Dear Teacher:—Since I left Hampton I have taught two terms, and now half through my third one. Upon the whole, I have gotten on very well with the people, both white and colored, aad I have made a great maay friends with the people, which is a great help to ane.

I read the Workman very attractively when I get it, and especially letters from graduates; and I often see where they speak of the white people encouraging them in their work. I am glad to say that the white people in this county are very kind, and seem to be proud of the efforts being made by the colored people of this county to raise themselves from where slavery left them.

Some of the very first families of this place have called on my school very often, and seemed to be pleased at the recliations, and when they left my school-house, said that they were surprised to see such learning among the colored children. In this county there are fourteen colored schools, nearly all taught by colored teachers, aad as far as I can judge, I think the progress made by the children is very cheering indeed. The schools have all been opened with very good attendance, to the exception of three or four.

The people are getting on quite well in this part of the state, considering the hard times.

I received the *Educational Journal*, for which I am much obliged to you. I read it with much care, and I am sure it will he of much value to me in my work. I gave it to Mr. and Mrs. W. to read; they said "that it was very useful to them also."

Yours very respectfully, F.

The daily reading of the important news of the day to the school, with proper explanations, has been found of the greatest use at Hampton Institute, in rousing the minds of students to an intelligent interest in what is going on around them in the world. We are glad to see that some of our graduate teachers are carrying the custom into their own schools, as far as possible. The young man who writes the following letter is an earnest worker, with a due appreciation of the breadth of his work.

BEDFORD CO., VA.

Dear Teacher:—I have closed my large school, which gave an average monthly enrollment of seventy. Owiag to the paralyzed condition of business and the uncertainty of money matters, this township has closed its schools at the expiration of five, instead of seven months, as heretofore. I hope you will not consider me egotistic in giving you a brief history of my work here.

This is my third session here. I found the most advanced pupils in Holmes' Fourth and Fifth Readers, and as far as "compressibility" in the speller. Their reading was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, for it conveyed nothing to the hearer and was too hard for the reader Arithmetic and Geography were as little known as the classics. Two were studying Grammar, and none of the tables were known in Arithmetic. I had to re-arrange all the classes. At present, I have several advanced pupils in the Fourth and Fifth Readers, nearly through Venable's Practical Arithmetic, and Maury's Manual of Geography, the second time. They have gone through Mental Arithmetic and completed Magill's History af Virginia. Seventeen are studying Harvey's Grammar. I have several good spellers and very good writers. Map-drawiag is also encouraged. Twa of my pupils have passed creditable examinatinas for teachers, and expect to teach aext sessiaa to enable them to take a course at Hampton. I made it a part of my daily programme to read and comment upon the topics of the day. I would explain and simplify what I read as best I could, with a desire to inspire them to read something besides text-books. Some kind friends up North and at Hampton have been sending me religious papers and tracts. It was a pleasure for me ta distribute them among the pupils. Sometimes, after they had had them a few days, I would call upon them alternately to state ta the school what they had read in the papers. They would state so readily and intelligently that I was encouraged in my work.

My school was second in number to the largest in the county. It was too large for one teacher and too much work for a $30.00 salary, which is all the colored teachers get in this township; while the whites get $40.00 per month, with schools not more than one-third, or half as large. There are six or seven white, and four colored schools in this towaship There is an increasing interest among the colored people for education.

The future of the race depends mostly upon parent, teacher and preacher. They must co-operate, especially the latter two. The need of an educated ministry is paramount. A sentiment is favor of educated ministers and against sensational preaching is increasing. I meet with the people in their meetings and sometimes try to explain religion to them, believing, as I do, that it is a moral science or principls implanted in the heart of man, actuating as it does the whole man. Prayer-meetings last from two and a-half to three hours.

As many as twelve families within a mils of my school have homes of their own, owning from five to two hundred and fifty acres of land. The free use of whisky is still a bane and curse to many, though there is a marked difference in its use, wrought by the "Moffet Peach Bill," pressure of the times, and sad experiences.

No teacher that compreheads his position can confine himself to any text-book, for the people need that kind of education that encompasses all the details of life. Late in the spring and all the summer the children attead market, which is only seven miles off. If the girls do not attend school while they are under ten and twelve years of age, they learn but little, for a notion to marry diverts their minds from study. The young men who are out of school seem to be crystallized, for they have no desire to study books. Politics, with a great many, seem to be a something of the past, for very few vote, unless in a State or national election.

I am proud that the school has a representative in Africa. I am teaching a small private school at this time.

Give my love to all the teachers.

I am yours sincerely, H.

The following letter graphically relates the first experience in teaching of an under-graduate who is honorably working her way through the school:

VA, *March* 27, 1878.

Dear Teacher:—I know that you have thought that I was never going to write to you; but no, dear teacher, I have often thought of you and your great kindness toward me, and I do really thank you for all you have done for me.

I must say, although this is the first time I ever taught, I find more real pleasure in it than anything else I ever did in my life. I never thought teaching would be so nice. Really, I do think I am doing the work I was made for. I am at my mission. I have a very cozy little school-house about forty yards from the main road, with four little windows, a nice little stove, a table and chair,—which makes my school-room look very nice indeed. The first month I opened school I had 58 pupils on roll; second month, 73 on roll; third month, which is this month, 68 on roll. I guess I have about 50 pupils every day. When I first came into the school-room and took my place as teacher, you can't imagine how funny I did feel; the children looked at me and I at them. Some were very poorly clad which made me feel very sorry for them. I looked around, and when I found myself, I was in a deep reverie of thought, thinking how I could start, as to open the dear little minds. I went to work and put my mind to it, and to-night I do feel as though I have done some little good.

When I first opened school I had a lot of children who never came to school before and did not know the Alphabet. Now I have only a few in the Primer; those that were in the Primer have taken up First Readers, and so on. I have three different classes, viz.: Junior, Middle and Senior. The class I call my Senior class is now in Addition of fractions. When I commenced school three months ago, they were in Long Division. I have a class which is in Division. The children seem to learn fast, and they seem interested. I whip like smoke, too. I did not think I would whip any when I first came out here, but the pupils needed it so much that I could not help from whipping them. I make my rules, and when they are violated I whip the one who does it. I don't like to whip, but I tell them if whipping will make them learn, I will surely give it to them; and it does all the good in the world. One thing I feel proud of: I think all of my pupils love me, which makes me feel happy.

I have been teaching night school for grown people, and they seem to like it very much indeed. On the whole, the people seem to like me a great deal. But they speak about me very much indeed, because I don't join with them in their prayer-meetings, and get happy and shout; they say I have not any religion. But I tell them I consider getting up and getting happy and kicking up so, *ignorance;* and I don't join in anything I consider degrading, no, not at all. They then call me selfish. I have a lot to contend with in that way; it goes very hard with me. They look for me to do a lot of things their teacher did they had before me which I think were very unnecessary, and I don't do them myself. It is very hard for a teacher to do just as the one did before her. I have a lot to stand on that account. The people are very ignorant, and they seem to think no one knows anything but themselves; they have the old ways in them.

I have only two months to teach, and I would like to go North, if I could, and stay until October, and then come again and take the same school. But the children have not books to learn out of; they were very proud of the papers you gave me for them. If you have any books or papers which you would think would be good for them, I would thank you for them.

Dear Miss L., I hope you will give me any good advice you think would be good for me in teaching. I hope to hear from you soon. I have not received any money yet; but as I get my money, I shall try and send some of it to the General to help pay my debt. I get $20 per month. I don't know whether I shall get this money or orders. I should like to see you all at Hampton very much. The many lovely instructions I received while there I have ever found a guide for me.

I must bring my long and uninteresting letter to a close. Hoping to hear from you soon, and that the good Lord will bless you,

I am your happy pupil, M.

THE RETURN HOME.

A PICTURE FOR THE CHILDREN TO STUDY.

All children are fond of pictures. Indeed, I think I might say, that all grown people are fond of them too. And, as we have said before in this paper, one excellent way to teach children is by pictures. Take a simple one at first in which there is not enough to confuse them, and let them pick out everything they can see in it.

This is a small picture, yet we can find enough in it to talk about. Now, children, what do you see in it? A gentlemen and two ladies? Would it sound better to say, two ladies and a gentleman? Notice, and you will find that people generally put the ladies first; that is done for politeness. What else do you see? A chair, a picture, a church. Is the church in the house? Then you see it through the—what? I see something else—the name hegins with s, there are several of them, one above the other; can you tell what they are? And I see some round things on the s. The name hegins with p. What are they.

Now can your bright little eyes see any thing else in the picture that I have not seen?

Now tell me about the things. What kind of a chair is it? Would you like to sit in a chair like that? Are both the ladies of the same age? How old do you think the old lady is? What is she getting up for? Does she look glad or sorry? Does she look surprised? How does the young man look? What makes them look so, do you think? Do you think the young man is just coming home, or only coming to say good-hye before he goes away? Would the old lady look as she does if he were going away? Do you think he is any relation of hers? Who do you think, is that other lady?

Whose portrait, do you think, is that on the wall? Do you know what a portrait is?

Now look through the door at the church; does it look small or large? Is a church really smaller than a door? What makes it look small? Look through the window—not in the picture, hut a real window, and look at the first house or tree you see. Does it look large or small? Hold up your hand before your face. Does your hand cover the house or the tree so that you can't see it? Is is really smaller than your hand? Now mark on the window how large thg house or tree you are looking at is—how large a part of the window it takes up. Now try it with a house or tree farther off. Does it take up a larger or smaller part of the window than the first one? Now try one off farther still. So, the farther off any thing is, does it look larger, or smaller?

Now, do you think you can tell me the story of the picture, or shall I tell you what I think it is. You tell your story first, and then I will tell mine. We can hegin.

Once there was an old lady—

Christ has to prepare a home for us. Are we getting ready for tho house?

One man said to another, "Which is the heavier,—a quart of rum, or a quart of water?"—"Rum, most assuredly; for I saw a man who weighs two hnadred pounds staggering under a quart of rum, whon he could have carried a gallon of water with ease."

CAPITAL.

BY T. T. BRYCE.

CRAZY COMMUNISTS—WHAT CAPITAL IS—CAPITAL'S DIET—SAVING IS OAINING—ALL MONEY IS CAPITAL, BUT ALL CAPITAL NOT MONEY—"CAPITALIST CLASS"—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND BEES—CAPITAL A COWARD—PRODUCTION THE OFFSPRING OF CAPITAL AND LABOR—LIBERTY OF LABOR AND LAW OF LOANS—CREDIT'S COMPOSITION—UNEQUAL DIVISION OF CAPITAL—EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF, YET BY HIMSELF HELPLESS—POLITICAL ECONOMY A SCIENCE, NOT A POEM—ONLY GENERAL TRUTHS HAVE GENERAL LAWS—WHAT WOULD BE WITHOUT CAPITAL.

I. A wave of lunacy, such as seems to overflow every country sometime in its history, is now disturbing the political atmosphere of the United States; and such absurd cries as "Property is robbery," and "Capital a crime," are mottoes of a party, that is respectable only in numbers, and really dangerous only to the ignorant. This form of lunacy is not a native disease, but it exists within our borders, and no amount of quarantining has served to check its importation. The malady originates in knavery, and, like the physical diseases, Yellow Fever and Cholera, flourishes best with ignorance and filth as surroundings. Mental sickness of this form is commonly called "Communism," "Socialism," or "Kearnyism," and is an interesting social study; but the object of this paper is not to discuss disease, or its symptoms, but to briefly consider what Capital really is, its uses, its nature, and necessity.

II. Going to the root of the matter, capital means "the head" or source; and when we likea capital and labor to the head and hands of the industrial body, the simile is uncommonly apt. I would define capital as anything of value, which has been saved, and from the use of which a profit may be had; or, to put it in a nut-shell, *any means of profit saved.* The bottom idea of capital is, that somebody has *saved* something. If nobody had ever abstained from the gratification of present desires, in order to be able to satisfy some future want, there would be no such thing as capital. A capitalist, then, is not the terrible ghoul painted by demagogues, who daily devours working men and women, but simply one, who has something that has been saved, either by himself or someone else. The origin of all capital is abstinence, and until self-control becoma a vice, capital and crime will not be synonyms.

III. Capital is not an element, but a product, and labor its prime factor. Man had to labor before he could have anything to save; and the height of absurdity is trod by those would-be-philosophers, who smear labor with fulsome flattery, and damn its product, capital, to depths unfathomed. If two men earn equal wages, and one save a dime a week, while the other spends every cent in the gratification of present desires, the condition of the two at the year's end will be different. One will be a capitalist to the extent of five dollars and twenty cents, while the other will not. This capitalist may exchange bis fifty-two dimes for a boat, a chest of tools, a plow, or anything else he may see fit, and be a capitalist so long as he has something *saved*, from the use of which a profit may he had.

IV. Money is only one of the myriad forms of capital, and is no more the whole of capital, than Hampton Roads is the Atlentic Ocean. This idea is not half often enough shaken to the surface, and too many people, consciously or unconsciously, confound all capital with pieces of gold or silver, with bank bills, or government promises to pay. Old Jupiter, with all his masquerading, never assumed a thousandth of the forms that capital takes. Farms, factories, ships, stocks, railways, bonds, tools, money—are all forms of capital; indeed, any material thing that has been saved, and is saleable, is a form of capital.

V. In a recent paper on "Labor," it was pointed out that the expression, "laboring classes," failed to mark eny distinct division of society. "Capitalist class" fails almost as signally; for a man, if he has only an extra shirt, is to that extent a capitalist; and any creature who, in the ordinary course of events, has absolutely nothing saved, that is salable, is fitter to be classed with beasts than human beings. The desire to save, and the willingness to sacrifice present indulgences to provide against future wants, is an attribute of man aloae. The making of such provision by tha lower animals, as hy bees and beavers, comes from instinct, not from reason. A young hee, which has never seen a snow-flake, will make and save honey as steadily as if it had lived through many a frosty night. The extent of a netion's savings is a pretty sure criterion of its civilization; the lower in the social scale a nation or trihe may be, the less capital, or things asved will be found in it. Only in the most civilized countries do we find much capital in many shapes.

VI. Of all timid things, capital ie the most timid; it ever seeks to be surrounded by strong laws that can be quickly enforced; and at the sound of war or riot, promptly seeks to change its form and abiding place. There must be tranquillity in any locality that invites capital, or tha invitation will not be accepted. A man will risk his life, perhaps, in a country where he would not buy a farm, nor build a factory; and the summary execution of writs issued from Judge Lynch's Courts is not the kind of strong law that capital likes. Once frightened, capital is slow to again "screw its courage to the sticking point." There are today as many promising ventures, as there were before the panic of 1873; yet capital, not having recovered from that fright, regards them with indifference, and nestles in the hosom of comparative safety, rather than in the lap of even prudent venture.

VII. While capital ie always a product, it is also always a means to further ends; to realize such ends, it must be united with present labor, for capital by itself is as helpless as a finless fish. A plane, a hoe, or a fish-hook, is a form of capital, hut utterly fruitless unless united with buman effort. Labor by itself is as sterils as capital; but from the union of the two come all the betterments of society. All production equals labor multiplied by capital; cut out either factor, and the result can never be production. Capital is the result of efforts in the past—canned labor, so to speak; labor is present endeavor with an object in the future; while credit is the shadow of labor yet to be performed, or of capital yet to ha creeted.

VIII. Liberty of labor is guaranteed in this country; so is liberty of capital. A

THE RETURN HOME.

man may lahor with the peaceful plow in almost perfect safety, or may risk his life in making nitroglycerine. So, too, may capital cuddle in the almost absolute safety of a government bond, or blindly venture into the wildest schemes. No man has the right to interfere with either. Labor ever seeks to get the most for itself, that is, the best wages: so does capital seek the best (not always the highest) interest. The degree of risk taken hy either enters into the return demanded. A nurse, to take care of a Yellow Fever patient, demands and gets more than one taking care of a healthy child. A sum of money lent on undoubted security earns less interest, than if the risk be great. The law of loans is a very simple one. "The rate of intercst varies inversely as the security." The security is the sum of the things pledged or collateral, plus the credit of the borrower. If the collateral he very large, the amount of personal credit need he but small; if the collateral be very small, the amount of personal credit must ha large. In loans where direct collateral is zero, as in a Government hond, the credit must bc high, for it is all the security a lender has. Credit, too, consists of two parts: first, in one's disposition or tendency to do right; second, in one's capacity to use things horrowed to advantage. This second item in the sum of credit is an important one, for no man or State known to lack capacity to use well the thing he or it desires to borrow, can horrow on favorahle terms. The first item of crcdit, that is, tha teadency to do right, must he established hy dceds, not words. The honor of a state is more accurately indicated hy the market price of its bonds, than by the eloquence of its orators.

IX. The division of capital among men is as varied as their dosires and powers; and on these diversities the whole world moves. Perfect equality would he perfect stagnation. If all men were equally good lawyers, where would be the clients? If all were merchents with equal stocks, where would he the customers? If all were equally good preachers, where would be the congregations? Indeed, if it were not for the diversity of men's tastes and powers, where would anything be? The world and its people might as well return to chaos, and in universal nothingness find the universal equality of property preached hy the communist, and practiced hy the highwayman.

X. That some men should have more capital than others is a necessity from the very nature of things; it is no more unjust, than that one man should he stronger, taller, or more healthy than another. The majority of people accept such, as the natural state of things; and the minority, who decline to accept it, are found among the vicious, who have squandered all they had, the improvident, who never have saved anything, and the lazy, who never labor for more than mere existence. Capital and labor are united in wedlock, and all forms of production are their offspring,—but their marrisge is no affair of the heart, it is wholly of convenience. You will not pay a man a dollar for ten hours' work, that you can have done equally well for seventy cents; neither will you give ten hours' work for six pounds of sugar, if six hours' work will buy it. Whenever capital and labor exchange themselves one for anotber, rest assured, each ona will make tha best possihle hargain for itself. Political economy bas nothing whatever to do with tha affections, and any attempt to weave sentiment into an economic web, always results in a fahric, that will neither wash nor wear, fair as its surface may seem. The price of capital and lahor depends on demand and supply; they are mutually dependent, and that is all about it. They are parts of an exact science, with no more poetry about it than there is in tha multiplication table. No man is ever so content with the pay received for the use of bis hrain, muscles or capital, that he would not like to receive a little more; this feeling is universal, and will he, while men are made of the materials they now are. Charles Dickens' picture of Oliver asking for "more" was only a miniature of sociaty at larga.

XI. As before etated, capital is anything saved that is capahle of producing a profit; a ebisel is as mueh a form of capital as a thousand gold dollars; and if we attempt to lay down laws to rula capital in general, they must be genaral and include all capital; thay must apply to tha tools of the village-smith as well as to tha millions of tbe Bank of England It is on this rock that the ignorant agitators of tbe labor question split; they try to divide society into two classes, laborers and capitalists; but as no such divisions exist, their conclusions are as impotent as their premises are faulty. No two of them agree where the line should he drawn; ona would draw it between those who have bonds, and those who have not; while another would regard the ownership of machinery as the dividing line; and others still would regard those who hav more than themselvee as capitalesists. The great difficulty that confronts the believers in this earthquake doctrine, that all property should be avanly dividad, is that nobody will avar want to "divide down," as the saying is,—that is, the man witb ten centa will not want to divide with the man with only five; nor ha with half a dozeu, who have nothing.

XII. If the dreams of those who would dastroy all capital could be realized, the eun would rise on the world's people, naked, homeless, foodless, and with nothing saved, not avan seed to plaut. Compare such a picture with the world as it is, and a faint conception can be formed of the use and necessity of capital.

CIVILIZING THE RED MEN.

We extract from the Washingtoa *Star* the following letter on Indians. The SOUTHERN WORKMAN will hereafter publish informatioa on the Indiaa Question aad bege its friends for facts in that liae.

AN EPISCOPAL MINISTER ON INDIAN LANOUAOES AND CUSTOMS.

The following extracts are from a letter received by the Rev. Alfred Holmead, of this city, from the Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, who is now at the Omaha Indian agency, Nebraska, making philological investigation into the languages of these and neighboring Indians:—

"We left the Omaha agency July 31st and reached Winnchago agency in two hours. There I found myself among Indians speaking a strange tongue. The Dakotas, Ponkas and Omahas call them 'Big Voices.' Nearly all the men wear citizens' clothing and many of them understand a little English. All the families have had houses huilt for them. Fifty of these bave brick basements, the upper stories heing frame. The Indians do not like that kind of a residence; so very few are inhabited. Instead, the upper stories are used as granaries, and the basements have heea converted into stables, while tha family occupy their tent, at a short distance from tha house. The other houses are either frame or brick. Tbose of brick are twn stories high, with a covered porch in front. These, I believe, are the favorites. The Winnebago tents are made of poles covered with hark, rushes, grass, &c. They differ in shape from those used hy Omahas, Ponkas and Dakotas. The former are low and generally ohlong; the letter are high. According to the census roll, tbere are over 1,350 Winnebagoes, while the Omahas are scarcely 1,000. The Winnehagoes are celebrated for their knowledge of horse flesh, all being provided with good ponies, and on Sundays (!) white men frequently engage in horse races with them. I regret to sey that the tribe is not celebrated for honesty. While they do not often steal from white men, they will now and then steal ponies from each other. Very often they take them from the Omahas, run them over into Dakota or Iowa, and sell them to white men, end there is no way of reaching the offenders. The police receive but $5 per month, and they cannot afford to leave the reservation and pursue the thieves. Nor can the agent lend any assistance, for the department insists on economy, and applications for a special fund for such cases have been refused. The Omaha agent is in a similar situation. He knows of Omaha ponies stolen, and cannot lift a hand to aid his people. This is very hard. True, there is the jail. But it is no punishment to be confined in such a building; for there are generally several prisoners together, and their friends come to the wiudow, or barred door, bringing food, changes of clothing, &c., and at night the air resounds with singing and the notes of the Winnebago flute; notes resembling those made by "young America" on the tin horn that has become such a nuisance. In conversing with some persons who have been several years with the tribe I have heard them express a strong desire for regular Sunday services. Such services, they maintain, would be attended. The Indians again and again asked for them. They wish to pattern after the whites in this respect. Could these services be started aud maintained, my informants are sure that a good effect would soon be perceived. One reason why horse stealing is so prevalent is plain. The older men have their dances on stated occasions, when they boast of their exploits, so many ponies stolen, &c., without their being caught in the act. Of course the young men wish to do as well as their elders; so by the next dance they try to steal at least one pony that they too may take part in the dance, and acquire a reputation in tha tribe. While all the men are not guilty of this fault, no one can be indnced to disclose the name of any whom he knows to be guilty. I feel very much interested in this tribe and wish that the way were open for such services as are desired. This agency is under the supervision of the Friends, who have contributed liberally toward the maintenance of tha industrial school, furnishing the clothing for the scholars, &c. The industrial school is a fine brick building four stories high, including a hasement. One wing is for boys, the other for girls. These children are of course hoarded at the school, which has accommodations for 80 pupils. Several of the children can play upon the organ and sing in Englisb. They are taugbt the usual branchee and receive their first lessons in farming, sewing, &c. There are also two day schools on tha reservation. While all the schools are in session it is an easy matter to have a Sunday-school; but during vacation the children are asbamed to come, as their good clothing is not available, having been stored away on shelves in their industrial school building until the reassemhlag of the scholars.

"The farmer, Mr. E. C. Stanton, bas been several years witb the tribe, and altbougb he testifies that they are sbarp at a bargain, and

are prone to horse stealing, he himself has bim he must wait till another day, or—as *legality* of the plan I proposed, but knew that fifty enlisted-men dotted the plain with their

are prone to horse stealing, he himself has suffered no loss, although his barn is frequently open at night.

"The evening of our arrival we noticed several young Winnebagoes playing croquet with the son and daughter of Mr. Stanton. Such games should be encouraged, having a tendency to withdraw the rising generation from the love of their old heathenish games. Indians, too, are very fond of music, and if you refuse to teach them hymns they will cling to their old songs. At the Winnebago schools singing is yet 'in order.' During the vacation this year the organ was taken up to the house of the agent.

"A Vermont gentleman spent part of a day here, and said that he was more than repaid for his trip from the East. He was no longer incredulous as to the possibility of Indians becoming civilized."

NEGRO LABOR.

DITCHING IN NORTH CAROLINA,—NEGRO MEASUREMENT,—SETTLING DISPUTES.

The writer of the following letter is a practical planter, well known to us as a driving, thorough-going, reliable man, who is farming for a living. We hope for more letters from him, and should be glad to hear from others, who will give us, by illustrations from their own experience, clear impressions of the quality and value of negro and other labor, and of the characteristics of this "peculiar people."

EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA, *Sept.* 3, 1878.

Eds. Southern Workman:—

I am directly interested in *southern workmen*, and, although I shall perhaps say less of their spiritual welfare than other contributors, I still trust that some articles treating chiefly of their material and temporal interests will not be out of place in your columns.

I have now been among these people over eight months, and while I see much that is censurable, I have found a great deal that is commendable and promising. I am much more favorably impressed, thus far, than my acquaintance with freedmen at the North had led me to anticipate.

I very soon perceived the vital importance of knowing how to deal with such people; they were selfish and suspicious, displaying very few attractive qualities, and inspiring a new-comer with very little confidence. I could not wonder at this as I learned more of their surroundings and the treatment they so often receive.

DITCH WORK.

I had ditch work for about a score of hands which I let out to several parties by the yard. A new rope chanced to be taken for a line to measure off their work. It was about ten yards long, but was doubled and a stake fastened at either end. How suspiciously the interested ones watched each length of four yards, as it was run off, to see if the stake was just at the mark! But they were not at all careful to have the line drawn *tightly;* that was for the "boss" to watch. Each one for himself and the guardian of his own interests, was their motto. I longed to see them animated by some truer and nobler principle.

MEASURING UP.

In measuring up any piece of ditch I very soon found that there was always sure to be a difference of one rope's length in our reckoning. They all had a way of counting the first length before it was measured—an error which I was forced to call attention to and which all soon understood. But to offset this they never counted the last length at all; so we were sure to differ every time. After patiently measuring a long ditch—tiring their brains with the weary count—and announcing the result as *one hundred and thirty-seven*, it was discouraging to hear me dispute it. It was sure to awaken instant opposition and a firm resolve to stand for their rights and be swindled by no one, white or black. But imagine, if you can, the expression of unutterable astonishment depicted on each countenance at hearing me insist upon *one hundred and thirty-eight* as the correct length. Every time, my count was sure to exceed theirs by one length, and on several short ditches this frequently made a difference of one or two days' work. Nothing could more effectually have inspired them with faith in my honesty of purpose; they declared it was the strangest thing they had ever met with.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE FELLOW.

One evening a stout, active fellow applied for a job at ditching, naming his informant. I needed hands and took him. We readily agreed on the price for a piece of work, and he commenced. He accomplished wonders, and I complimented him accordingly, much to his satisfaction. He soon applied for a new section, but, being otherwise engaged, I told him he must wait till another day, or—as some others had done—occupy a certain ditch till I had time to examine, and run the risk of our being able to agree on the price to be paid. I told one of my family that he was the smartest worker I had met with, but a most uncomfortable fellow for an enemy. I never before saw such a murderous eye and countenance in any man.

He went to the ditch assigned, with a small gang under him, and crowded them along. I examined his work as soon as possible and decided upon its value; but he contended for nearly double the rate of my estimate, and clearly showed that he felt he had the whip hand and was going to force his own price. I repented ever having employed him and pondered well the wisest course to pursue. I silently resolved never again to ignore my first impressions of a stranger.

ARBITRATION.

I presently commanded a halt, and said we must settle for the past before proceeding further. I told them that I only wanted to have justice done in the matter, and was willing to leave it to any fair-minded person to say what was right. I remembered that in a neighboring ditch was an old man who had impressed me with his candor and who was fond of referring to the time when he was justice of the peace, so I at once proposed to call him over and submit the question irrevocably to his arbitration. It was agreed to, and I set them to shouting to call him over, refusing to let them go and bring him lest there should be some collusion, and declining to go myself so as to avoid all suspicion of bribing the umpire.

The old man came over, and I most impartially presented the case. He was proud of the honor we were conferring upon him, yet felt embarrassed lest he should incur the ill-will of one or both of us. He said he would just tell what he should be glad to do the same work for, himself; and so he did, giving precisely the figures I had offered for each section.

I congratulated the fellow on our speedy adjustment of differences, and told him his money was ready. The change that came over him was astonishing. He said he was a working man, always anxious to be busy; and with surprising humility begged the privilege of finishing the job at the same price, which I saw fit to let him do. After this he worked in company with others, or under them, but never seemed disposed to approach me again for any favor; he acted as if ashamed of himself.

MEDDLING WITH THE LINE.

One ditcher who had but newly come, upon finding that his work did not measure as many yards as he had anticipated, boldly insinuated that my line was longer than I claimed. To satisfy him I carefully measured it in his presence, and was greatly surprised to find it fell several inches short of four yards; so that instead of cheating them, I had evidently been wronging myself many dollars. At first, I thought some one had been meddling with the line, but upon close examination, found that it was merely the new cotton rope which had shrunk. I had paid them each week for all the work ready to be measured up, and when this defect in the line was discovered, we were nearing the end of the last week's work I should have for any of them.

I reflected well over the proper course to pursue. I had been animated, from the first, by nothing but a love of justice, and now felt that in equity they should refund me about five per cent of all that had been paid them. So I at length announced that I could not make a final settlement until all their previous work should be accurately measured, and I gave a full explanation of my reasons for so doing. One after another received the decision in disappointed silence; my words seemed unanswerable.

THE FIERCE-EYED DITCHER.

The first one to demur at my conclusions was that same fierce-eyed ditcher I so much disliked. He had an interest in some ditch and demanded instant settlement. He declared that I had no right to go behind the weekly returns to rectify any mistakes, and tried his best at bullying. I firmly reiterated my decision, and told him he was the first to complain. He said every one of the men was as much displeased as himself, only they had not the courage to stand for their rights; with a significant jerk of the head he said, "You will *drop* one of these days." This threat accorded perfectly with my first impressions of the fellow. He had been chafing under his defeat at the ditch arbitration, and now saw a pretext for effectually triumphing over me.

In frankness I may say, that as I thought of the lonely roads I frequently had to travel, and of the expectant loved ones around the evening lamp, his threat gave me some little uneasiness. So I tried to see if there were not some wiser course to pursue, and one that would involve no compromise of principle. I felt that some question might arise as to the *legality* of the plan I proposed, but knew that in point of *equity* I was indisputably in the right.

CHANGE OF BASE.

I resolved upon an entire change of tactics. I turned and paid him his claim, then notified all the others that it was optional with them whether to have their work re-measured or not. I told them that I had tried to act like a *man* in dealing with them, and now was going to notice how many among them were *men*. I was gratified to see that every one of them unhesitatingly voted to have his work re-measured, although feeling certain that it would make him some dollars poorer. One or two who had finished the week before and left, volunteered to return and have all the mistakes rectified. The sequel to all of this is the most gratifying part of the story.

THE MAGIC ROPE.

A suitable pole was prepared, and the work of re-measuring commenced. To the general surprise, the ditch overran the original measurement, instead of falling short. That magic cotton rope was next examined, and lo! it was of a new length. The truth soon dawned upon us. The rope stretched and shrank with the weather, being nearly a foot shorter on a wet day than on a dry one. As measurements were made in all sorts of weather, the thing pretty nearly averaged. Some had been overpaid a few yards, but I let it pass as a reward for their manhood; the work of others overran several yards and they were paid the balance due, which, I trust, convinced them that honesty pays, even if animated by nothing higher than motives of policy. The best of feeling prevailed all around, and recalling that most of that turbulent fellow's, Bills ditches were measured on dry days, they laughed to think how much he must have lost by his foolish course—nor were they long in letting him know of it. Bill occasionally passes now, but never pretends to see me.

That ditch business so established my reputation for fair dealing that no one, since Bill, has ever called it in question; in fact, they now trust all their affairs to me.

B. WISE FREMAN.

NEGRO SOLDIERS.

In the many ways excellent "Record of the Services of the Seventh Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops," recently compiled by an officer of that Regiment, there are accounts, by two of its officers, of an attack made on the 29th of September, 1864, by four companies of that command, led by white officers, upon Fort Gilmer, north of the James River, before Richmond. We quote:—

"Companies C, D, G and K were placed under command of Capt. Weiss, who, when he received the order to charge, replied, 'what! take a fort with a skirmish line?' and then added, 'I will try, but it can't be done.' What followed can best be described by quoting his own words:

"Capt. Weiss says: 'I at once, about 1 P. M., ordered the four companies on the right of the regiment, C, D, G and K, twenty-five or thirty paces to the front, where a slight depression in the ground secured them from the eyes, if not the projectiles, of the enemy. After being deployed by the flank on the right of the second company from the right, the command advanced in ordinary quickstep against the objective point. Emerging from the swale into view, it became at once the target for a seemingly redoubled fire, not only from the fort in front, but also from the one on *its* right. The fire of the latter had been reported silenced, but instead, from its position to the left oblique, it proved even more destructive than that of the one in front.

"'Both forts were most advantageously situated for defense, at the extremity of a plain, variously estimated at from 500 to 700 yards wide, whose dead level surface afforded at no point shelter from view or shot to an assailing party. The forts were connected by a curtain of rifle pits containing a re-entrant angle, thus providing for a reciprocal enfilading fire in case either was attacked.

"'The nature of the ground and the small altitude of the ordnance above the level of the plain also made the fire in the nature of a ricochet.

"'As the party advanced the enemy's shell and shrapnel were exchanged for grape and canister, followed soon by a lively rattle of musketry. When within range of the latter, and after having traversed about three-fourths of the distance, the order to charge was given and obeyed with an alacrity that seemed to make the execution almost precede the order. For a moment, judging from the shocking of their fire, the enemy seemed to be affected by a panicky astonishment, but soon recovering, they opened again with canister and musketry, which, at the shorter range, tore through the ranks with deadlier effect. Capt. Smith and Lieut. Prime, both of Company G, have fell grievously wounded, while forty or fifty enlisted-men dotted the plain with their prostrate forms.

"'In a few minutes the ditch of the fort was reached. It was some six or seven feet deep and ten or twelve wide, the excavated material sufficing for the embankments of the fort. Some 120 men and officers precipitated themselves into it, many losing their lives at its very edge. After a short breathing spell men were helped up the exterior slope of the parapet on the shoulders of others, and fifty or sixty being thus disposed an attempt was made to storm the fort. At the signal nearly all rose, but the enemy, lying securely sheltered behind the interior slope, the muzzles of their guns almost touching the storming party, received the latter with a crushing fire, sending many into the ditch below shot through the brain or breast. Several other attempts were made with like result, till at last forty or fifty of the assailants were writhing in the ditch or resting forever.

"'The defense having been obviously reinforced meanwhile from other points not so directly attacked, and having armed the gunners with muskets, it was considered impolitic to attempt another storm with the now greatly reduced force on hand, especially as the cessation of the artillery fire of the fort was considered a sufficient hint to the commander of the Union forces that the attacking party had come to close quarters and were proper subjects for reinforcements. No signs, however, of the latter appearing, it was decided to surrender, especially as the rebels had now commenced to roll lighted shells among the stormers, against which there was no defense, thus inviting demoralization. Seven officers, Capts. Weiss and McCarty, Lieuts. Sherman, Mack, Spinney, Ferguson and Eler, and from seventy to eighty enlisted-men, delivered up their arms to an enemy gallant enough to have fought for a better cause.

"'Many, in mounting the parapet, could not help taking a last mournful look on their dead comrades in the ditch, whose soldierly qualities had endeared them to their best affections; and many, without for a moment selfishly looking at their own dark future, were oppressed with inexpressible sadness when reflecting on the immensity of the sacrifice and the deplorableness of the result. It was a time for manly tears.'

Lieut. Spinney gives the following account of the charges against Fort Gilmer:

"'The charge was made in quick time, in open order of about three paces, until we could plainly see the enemy; then the order was given by Capt. Weiss to "double quick," which was promptly obeyed, the line preserving its order as upon drill. Upon arriving at the ditch there was no wavering, but every man jumped into the trap from which but one man returned that day (George W. Washington, Company D.)

"'Upon looking about us after getting into the ditch we found there was but one face where the enemy could not touch us, so all the survivors rallied at that face. Then commenced a scene which will always be very fresh in my memory.

"'Capt. Weiss gave orders to raise men upon the parapet, which was done by two men assisting one to climb. Capt. Weiss, having from thirty to forty men up, attempted to gain the inside of the fort, but he with all of his storming party were knocked back, either killed or wounded, into the ditch. A second attempt was made with the same result, Lieut. Ferguson being wounded by a bullet across the top of his head. A third attempt was made with no better success.

"'The enemy during this time had been rolling shell upon us, and calling upon us to surrender, which was answered by some of the men in the words, "we will show you how to surrender," at the same time rising and firing into the fort. One of those men I remember to have been Perry Wallace, Company D.

"'Upon a consultation of the officers who were in the ditch, it was decided to surrender what was left of the command. I was still upon the face of the parapet, when Lieut. Sherman passed me a handkerchief which I raised upon the point of my sword. But the rebels, fearing it was done only to gain a foothold, would not take notice of it, but called upon me to come in, which I did, and met with a warm reception at their hands, being plucked of all they could lay hands upon. An adjutant of an Alabama regiment coming up, ordered his men to return to me what they had taken, but this was not done, however. I stated that our men had disarmed themselves and were ready to give up the hopeless struggle. Still they would not believe me, but made me mount the parapet first, when they had the courage to do so themselves, when the remnant of the four companies marched into the fort.

"'The march to Richmond was one continued insult from the troops that were hurrying to the front; one man being determined to kill Capt. Weiss, whom he thought was not humble enough. The female portion of the inhabitants were also very insolent.'" [Capt. Weiss, the hero of the attack, in another account says, "The kinder behaviour of that

part of the guard which had participated in the action was suggestive of the freemasonry that exists between brave fellows to whatever side belonging."—EDS.]

"'Upon arriving at Libby Prison the officer in charge asked the commander of our

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

It is announced from India that an Afghan war is inevitable. The British have 35,000 men at Peshawur, and are daily receiving reinforcements.

JOHN W. BOYENTON,
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part of the guard which had participated in the action was suggestive of the freemasonry that exists between brave fellows to whatever side belonging."—En.]

"'Upon arriving at Libby Prison the officer in charge asked the commander of our guard if the "niggers" would fight. His answer was, "by G—d! if you had been there you would have thought so. They marched up just as if they were on drill, not firing a shot."

"'After being lodged in Libby, Salisbury, and Danville prisons, we were returned to Richmond about February 17th, paroled on the 21st, and reached our lines on the 22d.'

"An article in the New York *Herald* of November 4th, 1864, copied from a rebel newspaper, arguing for the arming of slaves, has in it the following passage:

"'But A. B. says that negroes will not fight. We have before us a letter from a distinguished general (we wish we were at liberty to use his name and influence) who says, "Fort Gilmer proved the other day that they would fight. They raised each other on the parapet to be shot as they appeared above."'

"The officer referred to was understood to be Gen. Lee.

"Four companies annihilated, 70 killed, 110 wounded and 129 missing tells the story of Fort Gilmer."

We believe the conduct of these men was as heroic as that of those who charged at Balaklava. "Some one had blundered" in ordering a skirmish line unsupported to charge a fort.

We knew these officers and men well. With such leaders as Capt. Weiss, negro soldiers will fight. The fine success of the Seventh, and of some other colored regiments in the war, was due, not only to ordinary discipline, but to the great efforts of their officers (always white) to make their men manly and intelligent. We quote again from the "Record of the Seventh," to show the kind of work done in that regiment (also in others, but in few so thoroughly,) to show the capability of the negro soldier—a fact tint by the end of the war was fully appreciated by the Confederate authorities.

"In the Seventh thara was, from the beginning, an earnest determination and a common ambition to make the regiment second to none. To this end they labored uncessingly. Not in matters of drill and discipline only, but to remedy, as far as lay in their power, the almost total want of educational advantages among their men. Classes were organized, and, except when military duty prevented, were kept up almost to the day of discharge. The result may ha briefly summed up. The men came to us ignorant of hooks, ignorant in manners, and with little knowledge of and less interest in anything outside their own little plautation world. Few could read—none scarcely could write their names. When the regiment was dishanded nearly all could read; a large percentage could write fairly, and many had acquired considerable kuowledge of the simpler English branches; and, what was of even greater importance, they had learned self-reliance and self-respect, and went back to their homes with views enlarged, sympathies quickened, and their interest in the outside world thoroughly awakened. There were many instances where the longing and the eagerness of men to *learn*—to be able to "wring from books their hidden treasures—was really painful to witness. If our success was not all that could have been wished, it was, to speak frankly, more than we expected in tha beginning, and amply compensated us for our efforts."

There is, we understand, in tha Army, little, if any, confidence in or enthusiasm for the colored regiments now in the service. It has been snid on good authority that they are insubordinate. This state of things is not a surpriss in view of tha peculiar ideas on tha subject of freedom that prevail to some extent among the colored people. Negro employes in any capacity are apt to take harsh words from those in authority, harder than whites in the same position. The onc feels that "it is too much like old times," and sulks; the other thinks "it's all in tha business," and gets a better place when he can.

But officers in command of colored troops have n magnificent opportunity to mould their men almost as they choose; it requires, however, hard work, a genuine Christian interest in nnd sympathy for them, as men who need wise gnidance and help. It is easy to see how they may be a failure; it has been proved that they fought and died like men. Success depends upon their officers; upon rigid military methods, with humnne and many-sided training. Success everywhere is the *man* not the method.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

It is announced from India that an Afghan war is inevitable. The British have 35,000 men at Peshawur, and are daily receiving reinforcements.

It is said that the Russians are fully determined to maintain their administration in Eastern Roumelia during the term of their occupation of Bulgaria.

The Russians claim that the territory between Constantinople and Adrianople is not affected by the Treaty of Berlin; therefore, under the preliminary Treaty of San Stefano, they have a right to occupy it until a definite treaty shall be concluded.

Baker Pasha is to complete the fortifications of Constantinople within two months.

Advices from New Caledonia state that the insurrection is spreading. A further massacre of whites by the natives had occurred. Two companies of marines and two men-of-war have been ordered to New Caledonia from Cochin-China.

Cardial Paul Cullen, Archbishop of Duhlin, is dead. He was born in England in 1803, and was nominated as Cardinal in 1866. His funeral procession embraced ton thousand persons, and it was witnessed by sixty thousand.

Forty thousand Lombard, Italy, peasants have been attacked by pellegra, a malady which, beginning with the skin, impairs the digestion and nervous system, and becomes fatal. It is produced by the habitual consumption of flour made from damaged maize, and by overwork, uncleanliness, and unhealthy dwellings.

The Emperor of Brazil is interested in dealing with the future prospects of the numerous freedmen children of slaves who will be thrown on the government's hands twelve months hence in accordance with the Free Birth law of September 28, 1871. In the province of Rio Janeiro, where there are 370,000 slaves, the number on their children born free since September 28, 1871, is 62,000, of whom 18,300 have died. At the same rate there should now exist in all the Empire 248,000 of these children, and in the year after the 28th of September, 1879, the government could be called upon to receive from the owners of the mothers some 25,000 children—namely, those who had attained eight years, at which age the masters have the option to retain them to twenty-one, paying them small wages and educating them, or to recede from the government a bend carrying six per cent. interest on 840 milreis for thirty years.

The Bank of Scotland closed it doors, defaulting to the amount of £50,000,000. There is much suffering in consequence.

As Alfonso the King of Spain was driving through the street known as the Calle Mayer Oct. 25, a man in a blouse fired a pistol at him. The King was not touched, and continued on his way to the palace amid the acclamntions of the crowd. The desperado was immediately seized by the soldiers and taken to prison.

POLITICAL.

On Tuesday, Oct. 8th elections were held in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and West Virginia.

In Ohio, the Republican majority on the State ticket is from 8,000 to 10,000. The Congressmen elected are: Democratic, 11; Republicans, 9.

In Indiana the Democratic majority is about 10,000. The Congressional delegation will consist of Democrats, 9; Republicans, 8; and 1 Greenbacker. The Democrats have a majority of 6 in the Legislature on joint ballot.

In Iowa the Republicans have a largely increased majority in the State ticket. The Congressional delegation consists of 7 Republicans and 2 Greenbackers.

West Virginia elected 3 Democratic Congressmen, there being no change in the political complexion of the State.

The following elections are yet to be held: *Nov.* 4th—Mississippi; *Nov.* 5th—Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Wisconsin.

Oct. 19.—The annual report of General Humphreys, chief of engineers, was submitted to the Secretary of War. In the course of his report he recommends the following amounts, if appropriated by Congress, may be profitably expended: James River, $180,000; Norfolk Harbor, $100,000; Appomattox river, $300,000; Great Kanawha river, $500,000; Little Kanawha, $20,270; Cape Fear river, $50,000; Charleston harbor, $200,000. And other appropriations are recommended for the fur South.

The State Auditor's quarterly report shows the total collection of interest-tax for Louisana State consols for the first nine months of this year to October 1, $430,316. For corresponding period last year it was $318,208.

DOMESTIC.

A terrific cylone swept over the Atlantic coast on the night of Oct. 23d. Great damage was done to shipping and property from Maine to Florida. The ship A. S. Davis, from South America for Norfolk, was totally wrecked within sixty miles of her destination, and nineteen of a crew of twenty perished. The steamer Genl. Huston from New York for Savannah was lost hut her passengers and crew were fortunately rescued. In the Chesapeake Bay the storm was especially severe, scores of small fishing and oystering vessels were badly damaged or wrecked; the steamer Express from Baltimore for Washington was destroyed and sixteen persons drowned, the Florida of the Old Bay Line narrowly escaped a similar fate; the large fish-oil factories of J. S. Darling and O. E. Mallly were considerably injured, and their fishing boats more or less damaged—the Alfaretta of Hampton being completely wrecked, her captain and crew were rescued with difficulty.

In Philadelphia 334 dwellings and stores were unroofed and otherwise injured, and several completely demolished. In addition to these there were badly injured 31 churches, 23 schools, 35 factories and warehouses, 5 hotels, 2 elevators, and 50 other large buildings, such as depots, ferryhouses, mills, and railroad offices involving a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The fatal accidents were six, and those seriously injured number thirteen.

Yellow Fever reports Oct. 28th. NEW ORLEANS, The weather is clear and pleasant. Twenty-one cases and twenty-three deaths were reported during the past twenty-four hours.

MEMPHIS,—Last night was the coldest of the season. Heavy frost fell, and ice lined the gutters this morning. There were six deaths in the city and suburbs.

CAIRO.—There have been no new cases or deaths from yeer since the last report. There was heavy frost this morning. All quarantine restrictions will be removed November 1st.

VICKSBURG.—Ice and black frost last night. The Howards are closing up affairs.

CHATTANOOGA.—One death and one new case—both colored. Ice this morning.

MOBILE.—From noon of the 26th to noon today, 15 new cases and 5 deaths,

The official agricultural reports for October place the average condition of the crop at 96 per cent., a decrease of 4 over the September average. New England, the Middle and Gulf States show a small decline. The South Atlantic States maintain their September condition, while all other sections indicate improvement. The out-turn of the crop will not vary largely from 1,300,000,000 bushels.

The October returns of wheat do not materially change the statistical aspects of the crop. The final returns will not be made until the December returns have been tabulated. The reports from the New England and Middle States indicate a slight advance upon the previous yield. The Gulf States show a still more decided advantage, owing to the superior crop of Texas. The South Atlantic States and the southern inland States show a very heavy decline, which however, is more than compensated by the general increase in the Mississippi Valley and on the Pacific coast. The yelld for the whole will be in advance of last year, and from present indication will exceed 400,000,000 bushels.

The indications favor an out-crop larger than the crop of 1877.

A larger quantity of counterfeit trade-dollars are in circulation in New York.

The exports from Richmond, Va., for the quarter ending Sept. 30th, to Austria, Brazil, Cuba, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Portugal and Novia Scotia, consisting of tobacco, petroleum, flour, lard, cotton goods, rosin, hnroess, glassware, hoops, staves, hark, wheat, corn, iron, coal, &c., amounted to $1,517,761; which shows a very decided improvement in business.

A terrible railroad disaster occurred on the Old Colony Railroad, near Boston, on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst. The special excursion train of sixteen cars, one a palace car, crowded with from 1,500 to 1,800 people, returning from the Reagan-Davis sculling-race at Silver Lake, Plympton, was thrown from the track by a misplaced switch. Twenty persons were killed and a hundred and thirty injured, some of whom have since died. The cars with the dead and wounded did not reach Boston until 11 o'clock, where they were met by an immense crowd of anxious friends and a heart-rending scene of grief ensued.

The President will soon issue his proclamntion fixing Thursday the 28th of November as Thanksgiving-day.

The Manhattan Savings Bank was entered on Sunday, Oct. 26th, by professional crackamen, who succeeded in carrying off cash and securities to the amount of $3,000,000. The bonds, however, having been registered, will be worthless to the thieves. Many detectives have been employed to work up the case, but no arrests have yet been made.

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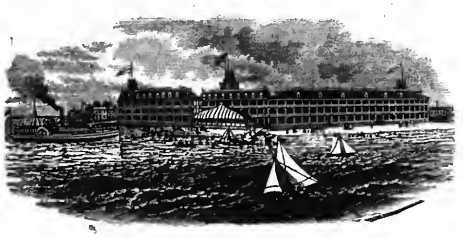

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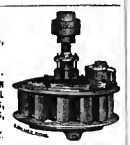

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The undersigned are about publishing from the Hampton Institute Press, a series of tracts, and leaflets under the above general title. These publications will provide as simply and in as attractive a manner as possible, carefully prepared information upon the subjects connected with healthful living, such as cleanliness, ventilation, drainage, care of children and invalids, preparation of food, etc. They are to be sold for a sum just sufficient to meet the cost of publication and provide for a certain amount of free distribution. The first three of the series are now ready for sale in pamphlet form and may be had by application to Editor "Hampton Tracts," Hampton, Va. The price of either of the three is 5 cents apiece, or $4.00 per hundred for 25 or over, and postage. Samples will be sent on application. The succeeding eight numbers of the series will be published first, in the Southern Workman, and the nine numbers of the paper including the present, are offered for 50 cents by special arrangements with the publisher.

The Editing Committee desire to make arrangements with booksellers to place the tracts upon their counters for the convenience of the people.

They call attention to the subjoined Resolutions of the American Social Science Association, to whom the first three tracts of the series were submitted last March.

Editing Committee. { MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, *New York City.* HELEN W. LUDLOW, *Hampton, Va.* STEPHEN SMITH, M. D., *New York City.* S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Hampton, Va.*

AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION, 8 Pemberton Square, BOSTON, *June* 8, 1878.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Hympton, Va.—My dear Sir: At the general meeting of this Association, in Cincinnati, on the 30th ult., I submitted to the members present the first three numbers of the Hampton Tracts in manuscript, and they were referred to the Executive Committee for consideration. At a meeting of that Committee held in this city to-day, Prof. Pierce in chair, it was unanimously voted, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the American Social Science Association learns with pleasure of the work undertaken at Hampton, in Virginia, to spread among the people of Virginia, and of the South in general, a knowledge of Sanitary Science popularly set forth; and that from an examination of the three Sanitary Tracts of the proposed series, —viz.: *The Health Laws of Moses, The Duty of Teachers,* and *Preventable Diseases*, the Executive Committee of this Association is persuaded that the important task, thus undertaken, will be well performed. We would therefore commend these Tracts to all readers, at the North as well as at the South, and would recommend their wide distribution in the way best suited to promote the circulation of them."

I take pleasure in communicating this vote to you, and through you to the other members of the Editing Committee.

Yours very truly,

F. B. SANBORN, *Sec'y of the Am. Social Science Ass'n*

{ DAVID A. WELLS, *President*, Norwich, Ct.
{ GAMALIEL BRADFORD, *Treasurer*, 8 Pemberton Sq., Boston.
{ F. B. SANBORN, *Secretary*, Concord, Mass.

PREVENTABLE DISEASES.

In an address, delivered shortly before his death, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, to an audience composed largely of women, he said, after an earnest appeal in behalf of the neglected children in whose cause he was speaking,

"Lord Shaftesbury told you just now that there were 100,000 preventable deaths in England every year. So it is—we talk of the loss of human life in war—we are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon balls and gunpowder and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think, What so terrible as war! I will tell you what is ten times and ten thousand times more terrible than war, and that is—outraged nature. * * * * * Nature, insidious, inexpressive, silent, sends no war of cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work. * * * * Silently, I say, and insidiously, she goes forth; no—she does not even go forth, she does not step out of her path, but quietly, by the very same laws by which she makes alive, she puts to death. By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills and kills and kills; and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her." Mr. Kingsley was an Englishman and he was speaking to English people, but this loss of life, and worse still these lives which drag on through years of helpless suffering, are just as common in America as in England. There are just as many preventable deaths, just as much needless ill-health in America as in any country in the world; indeed, it is sometimes said that our standard of health is below the average, and the terrible fact stares us in the face that every man and woman among us is directly responsible for this. Every woman who reads this, I may almost say, every woman in the United States can, if she likes, save in the next six months, three or four human lives. And it is not only true that this need cost but little time or money, but also that it will in the end be a direct saving of both.

Nothing costs more than illness—the doctor's bills, the nursing, the little necessary luxuries, the loss of the patient's time, all are expensive, and if we confined ourselves to figures alone, it would be easy to show that to invest money, or thought, or labor in anything which prevents illness, is the soundest economy. In these latter days we have begun to find out that a large proportion of our physical suffering is simply a direct punishment for sin. There is, for example, a large class of diseases which are known to physicians as "bad-air diseases," that is, diseases which are directly caused by bad air, and which are never caused by anything else. Now, it is hardly ever necessary for anybody to habitually breathe impure air, and those who do so have usually only themselves to blame for the result.

The first step in the right direction is to understand what makes air impure, the second is to learn how to get rid of or prevent this impurity, while the final effort should be to arrange our houses, our work rooms, our churches, in short, all buildings in which human beings live, so that the air within them can always be kept free from everything which is likely to produce or foster illness of any kind. Of course, there are many forms of diseases of which bad air is not the immediate cause, but there is no kind of illness which is not aggravated by a want of fresh air, while it is undoubtedly the cause, directly and indirectly, of a majority of the diseases of civilized life.

Therefore, in writing of preventable illness, I put the bad air diseases, or what is practically the same thing, the diseases which are caused by a want of fresh air, first upon the list, and shall try to give you such a horror of the dirt and filth which make bad air, and of the ignorance which shuts out fresh air, that however poor, you are, however small your house, or crowded the neighborhood in which you live, you will still try by all the means in your power to be clean yourself and to make the people about you, clean too.

Now everything which is thrown out from the human body is unclean, and becomes at once dangerous to human life. It should never be forgotten that we are constantly poisoning the air about us in a variety of ways, and that it requires constant care to get rid of these various poisons. The breath which we send back from our lungs, has been used and exhausted and has become a poison to all living beings. The pores of the skin are continually giving out moisture, which passes into the air, where you may often recognize its presence by the unpleasant smell which you must have noticed about people who are not in the habit of washing frequently. All the excretions from our bodies, everything which is thrown off as waste matter, that is, as matter which is no longer of use to the body, is, or quickly becomes poisonous; and this sort of poison is spread more quickly by the air than in any other way. We may and do take such poison into our systems in the water we drink or even in the food we eat, and some fevers, cholera and dysenteric diseases are frequently spread in this way, but the air is, in the main, the chief source of danger, and without pure air, health is impossible.

Many great men have, of late, devoted themselves to studying the causes of diseases, and they have almost beyond question, established the fact that all contagious diseases, that is all diseases which can be taken by contact with the sick person, or carried in clothing, or left in bedding, furniture, etc., are caused by germs, that is infinitesimally small living organisms which are thrown off from the body of the sick person. They are found in the breath from the lungs and in the secretions and excretions of the body; in fact, the whole atmosphere surrounding a person who is ill with what we call a contagious disease, as for example, scarlet fever, diphtheria, or measles, is full of these germs which possess the power of multiplying themselves with inconceivable rapidity. Now, it seems to me, that as soon as this is understood, the first impulse of every reasonable person, will be to get rid of these poisonous organisms, to kill them and cleanse the air from their dangerous presence. And yet, it is a painful fact that very few people are willing to take the proper precautions, to do what is necessary, to follow the direction of physicians or other competent authorities in regard to treatment of contagious illnesses.

We are told, and in some of the large cities it has already been proven, that by a careful and intelligent system, epidemics may be stamped out, or at least may be kept in check and prevented from spreading beyond the locality in which they break out.

When, for example, a case of yellow fever or cholera is discovered, (and such a case should be promptly reported to the nearest physician or health-officer,) the patient is if possible, removed at once to a hospital, or if there is no hospital near at hand, to some building or part of a building where he can be properly cared for and kept in strict quarantine. The house in which he was taken ill is cleaned and thoroughly disinfected, that is, carbolic acid, chloride of lime and other substances which have the power of of destroying the life of the disease-germs, are sprinkled freely through the house, walls are whitewashed, carpets taken up and floors scrubbed, bedding and clothing of the patient are washed carefully or burned in short, everything which is likely to hold the contagion is removed, and all that is left is made as clean as soap and water and disinfectants can make it. In houses where there were several cases of fever or diphtheria, I have known the authorities to order the wall-paper to be torn down and very often the sewer pipes are taken up, and the cesspools and drains closed or entirely altered.

It is better on all accounts to take the patient to a hospital, but in case this for one or another reason cannot be done, he should be separated as much as possible from every one except those who have the care of him, and they should use every precaution in going back and forth between the sick-room and the rest of the house.

The sick-room and the patient himself should be kept thoroughly clean, the attendants should see that the air is kept fresh and that plenty of clean water is used, while any vessel used by the patient should have a small quantity of chloride of lime, carbolic acid or some other disinfectant kept in it, and after use should be immediately emptied.

It is of great importance that everything which passes from the bowels of the patient, all water used in washing him, the urine, all expectorated matter etc., should be so disposed of, that they cannot affect the air of the house, and in washing the bed and body-linen or anything which has been used about the patient, great care should be taken that nothing else is washed at the same time or in the same water or tub. This applies also to everything used in feeding or giving medicine, in short, to every thing which is used in and comes out of the sick-room. In case of death the funeral should be as speedy and as private as possible, while from the moment that it is known that the disease is contagious until the patient dies or completely recovers, there should be no communication between him and any one except his nurses. The practice of running in to visit such patients is on all accounts objectionable and should never be allowed by intelligent people. It is not only bad for the patient but is a very common way of spreading the disease. By a little care and decision all this communication can be put a stop to, and by so doing, we close one important channel for the spread of contagion. This care should include not only the incoming of strangers into the household but also the outgoing of members of the household, who should quarantine themselves as much as possible.

I have known working-people who were willing to take the trouble of keeping a suit of clothes in some outhouse or similar place, at a distance from the sick-room, where they would change all their outside clothes, when they went to work in the morning and again when they returned in the evening, so that there should be as little risk as possible of giving the disease from which some member of their own family was suffering, to any of their fellow workmen. And I have known a family in which two of the children were ill with scarlet fever while the third, a baby, was still nursing and was entirely dependent upon its mother. It was certainly difficult to know what to do, but the mother, being an intelligent and conscientious woman, solved the difficulty and probably saved her baby's life. She got a woman to come in and take care of the baby and the house, while she herself, took the two sick children up stairs, allowing no one to go into the sick-room but herself. When it was time to nurse the baby, perhaps three times a day, she would go into an adjoining room, change all her clothes, sponge her whole body with water and soap, and then, dressed in clothes which had never been in the sick room, she would go down and nurse her baby. Of course this would be done only in the case of very contagious diseases, but if more of us were willing to take such precautions there would be fewer deaths from scarlet fever and diphtheria, and an intelligent following out of such a system would certainly be of immense benefit to the human race.

It is also of very great importance that children from an infected house should be kept away from school for several weeks, or until the doctor in attendance pronounces that there is no further danger of contagion, and parents who are not utterly selfish will keep them so far as possible, away from other children. All this of course, sounds very difficult, and I do not mean to tell you that it is anything else, but what I do want you to believe is, that however hard it may be, it is worth doing, because—and you cannot think too seriously of this—it is left for us to choose whether we will go on suffering and letting our children suffer from all this terrible train of contagious diseases, or whether we will, by care, and patience, and intelligence, crush out the poisonous forces and prevent these illnesses which we all so greatly dread! Now, if we choose the latter course, the first thing to do is, as I have said before, to learn what the evil is which we are going to fight, and one of the discoveries which startle us at the outset of our undertaking is, that we are in danger not on one side only, but on many sides.

For example, we have found that a large proportion of preventable diseases are directly contagious, that is, are taken by one person through contact with another, and are spread, so far as we now know, only when the germs of disease thrown off by one person are taken into the system of another. But when we come to look further, we find another large class of diseases which take their rise in uncleanliness or neglect in regard to the surroundings of human dwellings, drains, cess-pools, privies or water-closets, pig-sties, barn-yards, etc.

All these are receptacles for animal matter in a state of decomposition, and some of the gases which are given out during this process of decomposition are exceedingly injurious if inhaled, to any extent, by human beings. Air which is made impure by the presence of these gases cannot be, at any time, wholesome for people to breathe, while in certain states of the atmosphere, or of the human system, they assist directly in producing dysentery, diphtheria, etc. These and other diseases owe their contagious properties to the organic germs of

which I have already spoken, and these germs develop much more rapidly in air which is poisoned by the pres-

LESSONS IN GRAMMAR.

INFINITIVE MODE.

PRESENT. PERFECT.

which I have already spoken, and these germs develop much more rapidly in air which is poisoned by the presence of sewer-gas, or any gas which is the product of decaying animal matter. Besides which, no human being or animal, can breathe such air for any length of time without being injured by it; that is, the general tone of the system will be lowered, and both men and animals become more likely to take contagious diseases when the germs of such disease reach them. It is only fair to say that we do not yet fully understand the relations between impure air or water, and disease, but we know enough of the conditions which cause the latter, to fill thoughtful people with a very great horror of all uncleanliness. To keep our houses and everything about them clean, is absolutely essential if we wish to be well ourselves and to have healthy children; and to do this, a good deal of intelligent work is required. If you live in a city where you have a water supply, you should always take care that the pipes are in perfect order and properly trapped, and wherever there are stationary basins or sinks, you should watch them closely for any unpleasant smell from the drain pipes. Even when there is no such smell the stopper should always be kept in, and it is well to leave a little water in the basins, especially at night, for this prevents, to some extent at least, the foul gases from rising into the rooms and poisoning the dwellers in them. Water-closets in particular, should be kept in thorough order, should be ventilated as thoroughly as possible, and purified by the use, as often as once a week, of some good disinfectant. In the country, where the arrangements of a house are entirely under the control of its owner, the barn yard, pig-sty, privy, etc., should not be too near the house, and should be cleaned regularly and thoroughly, the contents being disposed of, if possible, for manure, as for that purpose they are always of value. As soon as the smell from any one of these places can be noticed in the house, you may be sure there is danger, and when you have once made a beginning in cleaning them regularly, you will not find it so hard as it seems at first. Within the house the first thing to be attended to, is that which is strictly at the foundation, that is, the cellar. This should have a cement floor (which is not expensive) and should be kept perfectly clean—no decaying vegetables or refuse of any kind should be kept in it; the walls should be whitewashed once a year; in short, the cellar should contain nothing which can poison the air of the rest of the house, for it should never be forgotten that the air of the cellar is sure, sooner or later, to become the air of the sitting-room and bed-room.

Then as to the living rooms: I do not think I can say much that you do not already know, and which I need not say at all, if you would only put your knowledge into practice. *Soap and water should be used with a free hand, holes and corners should be swept out with a will, slops emptied always once a day, beds shaken up and aired, and above all, everywhere and always, plenty of fresh air. Don't be afraid to open your window by night or day, and remember that if the climate is so severe or your rooms so small that you can't keep your windows open, there are various simple contrivances which will enable you to get a steady supply of fresh air without the danger of drafts. For example, raise the lower sash a few inches, and fill up the space at the bottom with a stout board that fits it closely: air will then enter through the space in the middle of the window, as be directed up to the ceiling. Or, you can make blinds which will act as ventilators, that is, a piece of stout cloth can be stretched tightly across the window by hooks or on a light iron frame, close to the sash below, but sloping inwards at the top, so that when the window is partly opened, the air will be thrown up to the ceiling. Or again, you can bore through the sash, five or six augur holes, through which air can freely enter, taking care that they slant downwards from the inside, so that even in a driving storm rain cannot enter, and, if you choose, make corks to fit each hole so that you can close them when desirable.

Once more I can fancy that are you saying to your selves, "This is a great deal of trouble to take for a small matter," and I should be very thankful if I could feel sure that you won't at once dismiss the whole subject from your minds—and yet I think that it must be easy for you to see that the reason for taking all this trouble about drains, and sewers, and cellars, and pig-sties and ventilation, is, that it is only in this way that you can secure the necessary supply of fresh air, and I think you must begin to see that without this supply of fresh air, you run the risk of having fevers, dysenteries, and various other acute and sudden illnesses which are caused or fostered by the poison germs thrown off by organic matter in a state of decay.

I wish I could write in letters of fire, the great truth that no human being can be strong and healthy, able to do his or her work well and cheerfully, or able to enjoy life, without a full supply of pure air. It is not only that the diseases which I have already mentioned are caused and fostered by impure air, but that the whole system is enfeebled by it, and therefore falls an easy prey to any and all disease. Consumption, that fatal scourge of our people, is often produced, and always aggravated by bad air, and it is hardly possible to say enough to people who have weak lungs, or throats, as to the vital importance to them of pure air.

Don't live in dirty rooms or houses; don't sleep with closed windows and doors, in unaired beds; don't be afraid of Nature's best food and medicine, pure air. I have told you already, and tell you once again, that it will cost you some trouble, and perhaps some money to get it, but it is money and trouble well invested, for it will save paying for drugs, and doctor's bills, and better still, it will save you and your children from suffering, from weakness, and often from death. Will you not try for yourselves and prove that this is true?

*Receipt for a good cheap soap: 6 pounds common yellow soap; 2 pounds washing soda; 2 oz. borax; 10 quarts water; put it on the stove and keep it hot, (not boiling) until the soap is thoroughly dissolved.

LESSONS IN GRAMMAR.

To be Published in Book Form.

Conjugation of the Verb TO OBEY.

ACTIVE VOICE.

PRINCIPAL PARTS.

PRESENT.	PAST.	PAST PARTICIPLE.
obey.	*obeyed.*	*obeyed.*

SYNOPSIS.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present, ... I obey.
Present Perfect, I have obeyed.
Past, ... I obeyed.
Past Perfect, .. I had obeyed.
Future, ... I shall obey.
Future Perfect, I shall have obeyed.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

PRESENT.
If I obey.

POTENTIAL MODE.

Present, ... I may, can or must obey.
Present Perfect, I may, can or must have obeyed.
Past, ... I might, could, would or should obey.
Past Perfect, ... I might, could, would or should have obeyed.

COMMON FORM.

INDICATIVE MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.

Person.	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
1.	I obey,	We obey.
2.	Thou obeyest,	You obey,
3.	He obeys;	They obey.

PRESENT PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I have obeyed,	We have obeyed,
2.	Thou hast obeyed,	You have obeyed,
3.	He has obeyed;	They have obeyed.

PAST TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I obeyed,	We obeyed,
2.	Thou obeyedst,	You obeyed,
3.	He obeyed;	They obeyed.

PAST PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I had obeyed,	We had obeyed,
2.	Thou hadst obeyed,	You had obeyed,
3.	He had obeyed;	They had obeyed,

FUTURE TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I shall obey,	We shall obey,
2.	Thou wilt obey,	You will obey,
3.	He will obey;	They will obey.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I shall have obeyed,	We shall have obeyed,
2.	Thou wilt have obeyed,	You will have obeyed,
3.	He will have obeyed;	They will have obeyed.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	If I obey,	If we obey,
2.	If thou obey,	If you obey,
3.	If he obey;	If they obey.

POTENTIAL MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I may obey,	We may obey,
2.	Thou mayest obey,	You may obey,
3.	He may obey;	They may obey.

PRESENT PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I may have obeed,	We may have obeyed,
2.	Thou mayest have obeyed,	You may have obeyed,
3.	He may have obeyed;	They may have obeyed;

PAST TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I might obey,	We might obey,
2.	Thou mightest obey,	You might obey,
3.	He might obey;	They might obey.

PAST PERFECT TENSE.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
1.	I might have obeyed,	We might have obeyed,
2.	Thou mightest have obeyed,	You might have obeyed,
3.	He might have obeyed;	They might have obeyed.

IMPERATIVE MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
2. Obey thou.	Obey you.

INFINITIVE MODE.

PRESENT.	PERFECT.
To obey.	To have obeyed.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT.	PAST.	PERFECT.
Obeying.	Obeyed.	Having obeyed.

Conjugation of the Verb TO OBEY.

PASSIVE VOICE.

The PASSIVE VOICE is formed by prefixing as an auxiliary *the* various forms of the verb *to be*, to the past *participle* of the transitive verb. The tense of the verb *to be* determines the tense in the Passive Voice.

SYNOPSIS.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present, ... I am obeyed.
Present Perfect, I have been obeyed.
Past, ... I was obeyed.
Past Perfect, .. I had been obeyed.
Future, ... I shall be obeyed.
Future Perfect, . I shall have been obeyed.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

Present. ..... If I be obeyed.
Past, ... If I were obeyed.

POTENTIAL MODE.

Present, ... I may be obeyed.
Present Perfect, . I may have been obeyed.
Past, ... I might be obeyed.
Past Perfect, ... I might have been obeyed.

IMPERATIVE MODE.

PRESENT TENSE.
2. Be thou obeyed.

INFINITIVE MODE.

PRESENT.	PERFECT.
To be obeyed.	To have been obeyed.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT.	PAST.	PERFECT.
Being obeyed.	Obeyed.	Having been obeyed.

PROGRESSIVE FORM.

SYNOPSIS.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present, ... I am obeying.
Present Perfect, . I have been obeying.
Past, ... I was obeying.
Past Perfect, ... I had been obeying.
Future, ... I shall be obeying.
Future Perfect, .. I shall have been obeying.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

Present, ... If I be obeying.
Past, ... If I were obeying.

IMPERATIVE MODE.

PRESENT.
Be thou obeying.

INFINITIVE MODE.

PRESENT.	PERFECT.
To be obeying.	To have been obeying.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT.	PERFECT.
Obeying.	Having been obeying.

EMPHATIC FORM.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present. . I do obey. Past, .. I did obey.

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE.

PRESENT.
If I do obey.

IMPERATIVE MODE.

Present. .. Do thou obey.

INTERROGATIVE FORM.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present, ... Obey I? Do I obey? Am I obeying?
Present Perfect, Have I obeyed? Have I been obeying?
Past, ... Obeyed I? Did I obey? Was I obeying?
Past Perfect, . Had I obeyed? Had I been obeying?
Future. .... Shall I obey? Shall I be obeying?
Future Perfect, . Shall I have obeyed? Shall I have been obeying.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VII. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1878. NO. 12.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, } Ed.

While there is the excitement of novelty in the advent of the Indians at Hampton, and more than that the interest of a far-reaching and important experiment in the possibilities of Indian civilization, the work for the colored race continues to be none the less Hampton's main work, in no prejudice. A negro gentleman is admitted to the upper classes of society, there, when, even now, he would be refused by the family of a white coal heaver, here.

Colored men, gentlemen, are entertained by the English aristocracy, where there is a command of wealth, art treasure, and royal connection, far beyond the reach of loudly demands social equality, will be the least worthy of it.

W. N. A.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

GEN. S. ARMSTRONG,
Principal of Hampton Institute:

I have the honor to furnish you the

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

WITH the January number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN it will enter upon its eighth year. The two-page supplement will become a four-page cover, and the paper, stitched or pasted, with cut leaves, will present a new appearance and contain more matter. The price will remain the same—one dollar a year.

During the three months of summer the old eight-page form of the paper will be adopted.

The friends of the paper are asked to aid in increasing its circulation. It is the pleasaat custom of some to send annually five or ten dollars for its maintenance.

There is abundant material for the WORKMAN in the educational and industrial interests of the South, especially of freedmen, and in the working of the interestiag experiment in Indian education now being worked out at the Hampton Institute.

THE official statement made by Captain Pratt in another column as to the individual character and circumstances—as far as these could be ascertained—of Hampton's forty-nine new Indian students, will be fouad very readable. It is just such personal touches that give life to a dry official report, and add not only interest, but real value. A test experiment, such as this effort in Indian training at Hampton, should be conducted upon the fairest possible conditions, and it is due to thoss who are watching it, to show them what the conditions are. The signal failurs of some past efforts to educate Indians at the East and return them, the better and not the worse for their learning, to be workers and civilizers among their people iastead of idle swaggerers or dangerous schemers, has thrown discredit upon ths whole project of educating them. It is believed by those who have undertaken tho new effort, that the industrial elcment in the training at Hampton is the essential one which has been wanting in the unsuccessful attempts, and which makes the present one more hopeful. It *is*, therefore, a test experiment, and looks far beyond the immediate results to the sixty-seven Indians who are its subjects, important and far-reaching as these may be. It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn from Captain Pratt's statement that the material to be worked upon is fairly good.

The only drawback to the general fairness of the conditions is felt to be in the small proportion of girls sent, the occasions of which are stated in Captain Pratt's report. It was intended that they should constitute half the whole number. It is useless to talk of civilizing a nation without civilizing its women, and no experiment in Indian education can be successful that does not prove that Indian women can be lifted, intellectually and morally, into a pure and true womanhood. No experiment can be complete that does not give its full shars to this questioa. It is to be hoped that the effort at Hampton may yet be thus perfected.

THE letters from Hampton graduates in this number are particularly fresh and interestiag; and we call especial attention to them.

While there is the excitement of novelty in the advent of the Indians at Hampton, and more than that the interest of a far-reaching and important experiment in the possibilities of Indian civilization, the work for the colored race continues to be none the less Hampton's main work, in no way to be put one side.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

The old abolitionist with very decided views, and the Southern fire-eater, quite equally bigoted, were wont to close a discussion on the slavery question in this way: Abolitionist, "The negroes are entitled to the same rights which we have." Fire-eater, "Then, sir, do you mean to say that you are willing to let your sister marry a nigger?" For a score of years, in the press, in the pulpit, on the stump, in the bar-room, in the halls of Congress, the color question has been discussed in the same bigoted, profitless, inconsequential way.

The relations of the whites and blacks have been radically and finally altered by the recent fact of political equality. There remains, however, the question of social equality, which will, for many years to come, be the objective point in all disputes between the two races. There can be no doubt as to the way this question should, and will settle itself. The sensible whites and the sensible blacks will find no difficulty about it whatever. The foolish, ill-mannered whites, and the equally foolish and grossly ignorant blacks, will always be uneasy about it, and provoke useless discussion, and create bitter feeling, as they will do in dealing with any question. It is true that the white race, in America, has been, and now is, prejudiced against the black color of the human skin. Toward black dresses, black shoes, black furniture, there is, not only no prejudice, but even a preference. The hand will be readily covered with a rut or goat skin dyed black, but when the human skin takes that color, some very violent antipathies arise. Recently a distinguished clergyman said to the Hampton students: "We are deeply interested in you. We were children when you were children, and we played together as companions." In the capacity of nurse the black woman was on most intimate terms with white children. When, indeed, did it dawn upon the youthful white that there was an awful gulf betweeu the two races? In spite of the color antagonism, the crossing of the white upon the black race has been so persistently practised that the percentage of those who are purely black is quite small, even in spite of the awful decrees of many States that there shall be no intermarriage between the races. It may be safely said that the antipathy to color is a mere prejudice, strongest where there is the most ignorance, and least where there is the wiest culturc. Twenty years ago Northern men refused to ride in the same horse car with colored people. "For colored people only," was painted on certain cars. And thousands of white people, living in miserable tenements clad in dirty shirts, but gifted with lofty principles, indignantly quit the conveyances, in which the blacks happened to ride, and got themselves sadly into sackcloth and ashes, over the tumbling in of civilization manifested in the awful spectacle of a "nigger riding with white folks."

Now the warning signs "for colored people only" have been takcn down, for the simple reason, that in the due course of time, the prejudice expired, and the whites became quite willing to ride with blacks.

In 1832 a lady opened, in one of the towns of Connecticut, a boarding school for colored girls. The oitizens protested, the town authorities interfered, the Legislature passed a law declaring the school illegal, the trustees of the church of God forbid the girls from entering the church, the mob destroyed the house, and the principal of tho school was cast into jail. Is there, to-day, a town in New England which will object to such a school? In scorcs of towns the white and black children attend the same school. In Europe, where social culture is more advanced than in America, there is little or none of this prejudice. A negro gentleman is admitted to the upper classes of society, there, when, even now, he would be refused by the family of a white coal heaver, here.

Colored men, gentlemen, are entertained by the English aristocracy, where there is a command of wealth, art treasure, and royal connection, far beyond the reach of any American whites, and to which the "first families" of America find most difficult entrance. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, recently received at their breakfast table the "jubilee" singers, of Nashville. This prejudice is, however, not on one side only. The Africans pity the white complexion of travellers, passing through the Lost Continent, and the laws of Liberia forbid the whites from holding any property in that State. The distinguished Englishman Canon Rawlinson, in an article published in the November number of the *Princeton Review*, instances, historically, many cases where the white and black race have mingled together. He cites the great Egyptian race, as one made up of Caucasian and negro, and and he advances a most questionable proposition, that the true solution of the difficulty in America lies in mingling the races. "Amalgamation is the true remedy," he writes. It is safe to say, that prejudice against color will finally die out. When this prejudice ends, difficulties will still exist. It is evident that the colored people are already beginning to grasp after that impalpable thing called "social equality." It would he well for them to analyze the matter, and come to, and act upon, just conclusions. It is not a grievance, if they are not invited to the houses of the whites If it is, they share it with the majority of the white people.

In the sense, in which the colored people look at it, there is little social equality amoag the whites. Life, with them, is largely made up of persistent efforts, to obtain social recognition. Fashion and prejudice do strange and absurd things. The black man is not more rigidly excluded from many homes of white mea, than are white men themselves. What are termed the "upper classes" in the large cities of the North and South exclude peremptorily the majority of their fellow citizens from any social recognition. The merchant's clerk looks wistfully at the grand houses from which he is excluded, and devoutly wishes he had entrance there In time, with energy and intelligence, he gains wealth, and builds a grand house of his own, from which he excludes men till they, too have obtalned position and wealth. An English merchant or tradesmen, though he be worth a million is barred out as a rule from any social intercourse with the aristocracy.

In Baltimore, Richmond and Charleston the colored people utterly decline to tolerate among themselves, any general social equality.

It is a mistake, therefore, for colored people to imagine that they only are marked out. and left to the struggle for social equality. They take their chances with the rest of mankind. The whole matter is in a nutshell. True worth, ability education, power in brain or money, and rare qualities will command, generally, the best attention of society.

Mea like to associate with those of their fellows, who bring them pleasure or profit. Educated men and women are, usually, welcome every where. Colored people must accept tbe facts, as they are, and do as other people do. There need be no fear of the future. The laws give them every chance to rise. Every black man holds the ballot, aad is a "sovereign." It may sooa happen that some colored men, by sagacity or industry in trade, will secura large wealtb. If he has money to lead, many white men who "despise the nigger" will follow bim, stick to him, be glad to ride in the same conveyance with him, and dine with him.

A colored *belle* with half a million behind her will fiad many white men quite unprejudiced on the question of color. A negro capitalist with a huadred thousaad at comaand will quickly clear away prejudices. Men who build railroads, and factories will gladly associate with blacks who have money to invest.

Keen wit, genius in music, in oratory, or in the drama, supplemented with good personal babits, make men, acceptable to all people. aad whether the color he white, blue, greea, or black, will make no difference. The antecedents of the colored people put them far behind in the race for this social recognition. It is their misfortune, and they must accept it. Of one thing they may he certain, bo who most loadly demands social equality, will be the least worthy of it. W. N. A.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

GEN. S. ARMSTRONG,
Principal of Hampton Institute:

I have the honor to furnish you the following information in reference to the individual Indians whom the Interior Department has determined to educate at yonr school, brought by me from the different agencies in Dakota. From Fort Berthold you have thirteen. Of these I have a very meagre account. The missionary promised to look up their history and forward it to me at Hampton.

Ka-ru-aach—Sioux Boy—Ree; sixteen years old, aad Tis-cahf-uh—Laughiag Face—Ree; eighteen years old, came to me with the followiag aote:

To Captain Pratt:

This is to certify that Laughiag Face and Karuaach have appeared before Mrs. C. L. Hall with the argent request that I write to you, saying tbat they botb wish to go to the "Grandfather's School" together.

Karuaach talks Sioux or Dakota iaa gusge well. He is half Ree and half Dakota. They say they know that it will be bard, but they are young aad toagh.

Laughiag Face is one of Miss Briggs' best scholars. They take to English.

MRS. HALL.

Koo-nook-te-wau—Shootiag Bear—twenty years old, was recommended by tbs agent as a good boy. He thinks he will do well.

A-hu-ka—White Wolf—Arickaree, twenty years old, recommended by the missioaary and teachers.

Say-ed-da—White Breast—eighteen years old, Mandan.

Ka-what—Bowlegs—twelve years, Mandan, recommended by tbe missioaary snd teachers.

E-corrupt-ta-ba—Man that looks around—eighteen years old, Mandan, recommended as a quiet and industrious young maa; a good subject.

Ari-hotch-kish—Long arm—thirteen years old, Gros Veatre. Ha is the son of Hardhros, secoad chief of the Gros Veatres, probably the most progressive Indiaa at the agency. It was a great sacrifice for himself and his wife to give up tbeir boy. I consider bim a fiae subject for education.

No-wa-tesh—Tom Smith—fourteen years old, half-breed. Brother of tbe interpreter, and very efficient in helpiag to get the youth to come.

Of girls, you have:—

Mary, twenty-five, aad Anna, her daughter, ten years old; Arickarees. Aana is half-caste.

Josephine Malnourie; eigbteen years old; a half-breed.

Sarah Walker, thirteen years old, a half Gros Ventre.

All these girls are recommended by the agent and missionary as proper subjects for educatioa.

The Fort Berthold Indiaas are more aearly self-supportiag than any of the wild tribes whom I have aet. They are aot nomadic, but bave lived in tbs sama village for many years They grow large quantities of corn, potatoes and other vegetables. However, they take very little interest in educational matters. The teachers and missionary find no little difficulty in getting them to sead tbeir children to school and listen to their teachings. They live in very substantial houses aad seem particularly suited for tba climate, it beiag less than a bundred miles below the British line, where tbe winters are very severe. It is the boast of tbe three tribes, tho Arickarees, the Gros Ventres and the Mandans, that they have never killed a white man, bave always been friendly to tbe whites. In all of our wars with tbe Sioux they bave furnisbed scouts and guides for tbe military, and no incoasiderable numher of their young men have beea killed while fighting with our troops agaiast the bostils Sioux.

E. H. Alden is tbe agent, and tbs Rev. C. L. Hall, the missioaary, both of them Coagregatioaal miaisters. Either of tbem will cheerfully furaish any iaformation or sct as a medium of correspondence in reference to tbe youtb from tbeir agency.

From Standing Rock Agency, you bave three boys and one girl:

Nak-a-pa-la—John Cadocte—eighteen years old, is a Yaakton Sioux who has had some privileges of association with tha whites and understands a little English. He is recommended as industrious and apt; has never been to school.

U-hah ke-um-pa—Carries Flying—a Blackfeet Sioux. He is a nephew of a former chief named Gooss. Ha is thoroughly wild, and I bave no iaformation of him; but my observation on the route leads me to think him a most hopeful subject. He is sixteen years old, a large, bold, and fine looking Indiaa.

Puh-ta-chel-la—John Pleats—a Blackfeet Sioux half-breed, eighteen years of age. He has never been at school; has a quiet disposition aad is industrious.

Rosa Pleats, his sister. Her Indian name is Wab-aeech-u-n; half-breed. Sbe is fifteen years old; never at school; is recommended as quiet and promising.

The agent, Father J. A. Stephan, is in heartsympathy with all civilization and Chris-

The above information in regard to tbe youth from Crow Creak Agaacy, comes from tbair most efficient missionary and teachar, Mrs. M. E. Duignn, who was the only person nt the agenay to act, tba agant and missionary being absent as witnssses before a United

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1ST LT., 10TH CAV., U. S. A.

At last, Oct. 31st, Capt. Pratt started witb his wild crew from Yaakton by cars, having come dowa the river on tbs last boat of tha season, and aarrowly escaped a freezing up whicb would have meant indefiaite datsation aad parhaps entire failure. But all dangers were averted or overcome, tho two thousand

Rosa Pleats, his sister. Her Indian name is Wah-seech-u-a; half-braed. She is fifteen yeers old; never et school; is recommended as quiet and promising.

The agent, Fether J. A. Stephan, is in hearty sympathy with all civilization and Christian work, and will cheerfully communicate in reference to the youth from this agency.

From Cheyenne River Agency you heve:

John Robb, seventeen years old, Sens Arc Sioux; has had soms advantages which he appears to have improved. He speaks English quite well. Was two years in Ohio at school—sent there by Mr. Rohb, the trader, and took his neme. His father, White Bull, is a tall, fine looking, clear-headed Indien, and anxious that his children should heve the best influences of civilization.

Henry T. Fisherman, seventeen years old, Two Kettle Sioux, is the son of Charley Fisherman who was the first Indian et that agency to adopt the white man's dress and ways.

Charley is a man of unusual ehility and charscter, and the officer in charge thinks thet the son will prove a credit to the father.

Daniel Chantay Wahneechey, fourteen years old, is the son of Little No-heart, chief of the Minniconjoe Sioux. The officer in charge says: "Little No-heart hes proved himself deserving of all that can be done for him. Ha is a man of a very high order of intelligence and is imbued with the most nohle sentiments and aspirations. He is constantly lahoring with his people, endeavoring to instill into their minds and hearts the nohle ideas, thoughts and longings of his own. Daniel appears very like his father, and I feel assured that he will maks a good and uscful man."

Henry Brown, fourteen years old, is the son of White Horse, who is second to Little No-Heart in importance among the Minniconjoes. The officer in charge says thet he is "a very hright and engaging hoy of unusual ability, medest and meritorious."

Louis Aggeuoughwia; fifteen years old; Minniconjoe Sioux.

Leroy Shutashnay; fourteen years old; a Two Kettle Sioux.

Joseph Wahn; fourteen years old; Minniconjoe Sioux.

Samuel Wahminuyah Luzah; fourteen years old; Minniconjoe Sioux.

Charley Tahtahnkahskah; twelve years old; Sans Arc Sioux.

The officer in charge says of these hoys that they are all personally known to him, are good, hright, healthy and intelligent little fellows, and he helicves that they will make rapid progress. They are selected frem about thirty applicants, and he feels disappointed that I was unable to take the whole thirty.

The agent, Major Theodore Swan, 11th Infantry, Lieut. Geo. L. R. Brown, 11th Infantry, Lieut. Geo. L. R. Brown, 11th Infantry, or the missionary, Rev. Henry Swift, will communicate in regard to the youth from tha Cheyenne River Agency. Lieutenant Brown, the acting agent at the time, was most efficient in collecting tha party, and is in hearty eympathy with the effort and much intereated in the youth from that agency.

From Crow Creek Agency we have five hoys and one girl:

Husansan—Gray Legs—Yankton Sioux; Christian name, Edward Ashley; eighteen years old. Mrs. Duigan, the missionary teacher says of him: "The adopted son of one of our hest Indians, hright hoy and warm-hearted; was in the mission school one year; reads and writes nicely in Dakota.

Mark-pia-mouia—Walking Cloud—nineteen years old; Unkpapa Sioux. He was emong the first that applied to go, and has been quite earnest about it.

Pe-ma-ni—"One who hoots while he walks"—looke about nineteen, age uncertain; Unkpapa Sioux. He is the nephew of Wi-zi, one of the principal and most progressiva chiefs of tha band.

Tu-kan-wi-ca-cha—Old Stone—Christian name, Charley Stone; fourteen years old; the grandson of a chief of Yanktonese, Bone Necklace. His father, Dog-back, is a Christian Indian, has lately taken a farm, and is trying to come to civilization. The hoy is an only son and the pride and hope of his father and mother. It has cost them not a little heart-ache to give him up.

I consider him the most hopeful of those from this agency.

Xienga (prenounced Shoongar)—The Fox—Christien nems, Androw Fox; sixteen years of age. The missionary says: "He has been in tha mission school, and has proved himself loyal to us in various ways. He is a little odd in his manner, hut his heart is all right. He has shown great aptitude in drawing: He is a nephew of the head chief of the Yanktonese, Wi-zi."

Zia-wie—Yellow Hand—Unkpapa Sioux; about fifteen years old. She is the daughter of one of the best Indians at the agency. She was brought to me just at the last momant hy her father, who had been very anxious thnt a youngar child, a son, ehould go to school, hut as he was only seven or aight years old, he was altogether too emall, and he at last concluded to send his daughter. I found both himself and his daughter very much in earnest about it. I should say that eha is a most hopeful eubject.

The above informetion in regard to the youth from Crow Creek Agency, comes from their most officiant missionary and teachar, Mrs. M. E. Duigan, who was the only person at the agency to act, the agent and missionary being absent as witnesses before a United States Court.

From Lower Brula Agency you hava:

Ah-lah—Stepping on—Christian nams. Hanry Rencountre; a Brule Sioux; eighteen years old. His fathar, who is dead, was a half-hraed, which makes Henry three-fourths. He was at school at Yankton Agancy for a tima whare he was instructed in the Dakota language. He is highly spokan of by tha missionary.

Hay-ga-ek-tome — Elk Spider — Christian name, Francis Rencountre; seventeen years old; an orphen. Want to school at Yankton Agency two years. He is no relation to Hanry.

Ha-touch—Loud Voice—Christian name, Joseph Winnehago; sixteen years old; father dead; navar at school He is highly recommended by the missionary.

Wo-ka-sa-ka — Whips — Christiau neme, James Wo-ka-sa-ka; seventeen years old; Brula Sioux. His father is dead. Has been at school, irregularly, four years, exclusively in the Dakota languags.

O-ta-ga—Strong—Christian name, George Bush-otter; fifteen years old. His father was killed in battla. Ha has been to school one year, irregularly. His instruction has been antirely in the Dakota language.

Ze-do; Christian nams. Lezedo Rencountre; sixteen years old; parents living; half-breed; never at school.

Tha hoys from this agency are all very highly spoken of hy tha missionary, himself an aducated Indian thoroughly acquainted with his people. He selected them himself after a full knowledge of what was needed. I have no further information in regard to them, but the missionary has promised to forward me something in regard to their previous history and advantages. What I have said of them here I have obtained from the hoys themselves. Tha missionary, the Rev. L. C. Waller, takes a very deep interest in this effort, and will act as a medium of communication.

The Lower Brula Agency and Crow Creek Agency are hoth under the care of an army officer, Capt. Wm. E. Dougherty, 1st Infantry, who, unfortunately, was absent at tha time of my first visit and until tha day before my second visit to these agencies. From what I saw of him personally on my last visit, and from what I heard of him, he is thoroughly in sympathy with any effort looking to the eduoation and civilization of the Indian, and will cheerfully aid it in any manner.

From tha Yankton Agency, you have eight boys and three girls, all of the Yanctonai Sioux band. The first is,

Georga Dolina, fifteen years old, son of the old chief Dolina, now dead. Ho is three-fourths Indian; was at St. Paul's hoarding school, Yankton Agency, two years; reads and writes in Dakota, and understands some English. Ha is a member of the Episcopal church, and of good character.

Edmund Bishop; fourteen years old; full hlood; son of Running Bull, 1st Liautenant of Sihley's Scouts, a large, hold, influential Indian. Edmund reads in Dakota, has had some advantages at school, and is a good character.

Oscar Brown; thirteen years old; studious; reads Dakota; a good character and very promising hoy; of full hlood. His father is with Sitting Bull.

David Simmons, a half-hreed; his father dead; thirteen years old; hright; speaks and reads English. He has a good character.

Charley Willis; aighteen years old; full hlood; rends and writes in Dakota, and is a member of tha Episcopal church.

Tun-kan-sa-pa; Christian name, Joseph Cook; ninateen years old; son of Iron Lightning. Joseph is of full hlood, good ahilitias and good health. Ha is gantla and docila. Ha was at St. Paul's School two years in all.

Samual Four-star (Ta-cour-pi To-pa); ninateen years old; son of Standing Buffalo. Ha is of full hlood; is reasonably hright, always pleasant and obediant. He was for a faw months in St. Paul's school at Yanktou Agancy.

Frank Yellow-Bird (Zithana Zina); aighteen years old; full hlood. Hie father is dead. Ha has good health, and they have always thought a great deal of him at the Agancy Mission.

Mary Kettle; sixteen years old. Sha reads in Dakota.

Lizzie Spidar; fourteen years old; full hlood; has no education.

Carria Andarson; twalve years old. Sha reads in Dakota.

At this agency there are very vigorous efforts made for Indian education, under tha auspices both of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches. The instruction is confined mostly to the vernacular. Tha agant, Dr. John W. Douglas, is in most hearty sympathy with this affort, and will be pleased to hear frequently from tha youth from this agancy, and to furnish information or aid in any manner.

I failed to procure the authorized proportion of girls at the various agencies, partly hecause Indian girls are more useful to their parents as laborers than hoys are, and, more particularly, because of prejudices existing against association with the colored race, on the part of soma of tha Indians' advisers.

I met very pleasantly, at all of tha agancies, the educators and missionaries at work immediately with the Indians, and extended to tham always a warm invitation to visit Hampton and investigate for thamselves.

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The coming of these Indians to Hampton was looked upon as entirely an experiment, and an experiment which involved larger interests than their own. It was, as the Captain said, "preparing leaven to work in a larger lump." The industrial element in the school's training was regarded as an important factor in the question; and perhaps it was this more than anything else which interested President Heyes and the Indian Department in the experiment, and its success in this particular which decided them to appropriate funds for extending it.

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CAPTAIN PRATT'S CAMPAIGN.

It is General Sheridan, I believe, who is responsible for the *bon mot* that "the only good Indian is a dead Indien," and also for the statement somewhat worn now hy repetition, that every such conversion costs the United States $20,000 and a-half dozen soldiers.

If his estimate is susceptible of mathematical demonstration, Capt. R. H. Pratt, whose flying trip from Decota to Virginia with forty-nine Sioux children to place in school, has just been chronicled by the Associated Press, may congratulate himself upon having saved to the country $980,000, and two hundred and ninety-four lives, not counting the Le family.

He has at any rate selved completely the question of their willingness to come East and the practicahility of hringing them; and now if the Hampton Institute can turn them into tolerably good Indians, without "killing," the whole problem of our "Indian policy," of education *versus* extermination, may be helped toward a settlement whose value to the country cannot be counted in millions.

THE FIRST EXPERIMENT.

Many of our readers know that Hampton has had under instruction, since April last, fifteen (now 17) Cheyenne and Kiowa Indians from Indian territory, helped here by private benevolence after having been held as United States prisoners for three years in St. Augustine, under command of Capt Pratt.

The coming of these Indians to Hampton was looked upon as entirely an experiment, and an experiment which involved larger interests than their own. It was, as the Captain said, "preparing leaven to work in a larger lump." The industrial element in the school's training was regarded as an important factor in the question; and perhaps it was this more than anything else which interested President Heyes and the Indian Department in the experiment, and its success in this particular which decided them to appropriate funds for extending it.

WHAT WILL MAKE A MAN WORK?

Fourteen years ago, you know, the question was,—

"Will the negro work when he no longer has got to?" And the paradoxical answer had to be,—

"Yes, for he *has* got to. Freedom's spur is as sharp as slavery's whip."

The question now is "Will the Indian work, who never has had to?" After six month's trial Hampton still answers,—"Yes, with the same spur."

Perhaps the next question, ought, in fairness, to be—Would the white man work if he *didn't* have to?

I will not pause for a reply.

AFTER THE INDIANS.

Private benevolence alone is to he credited with the initiation and carrying out of the first experiment with those frou the Indian Territory. In the second experiment, undertaken hy the Government, the Sioux were selected, on the principla of takng the most pains with those who giva the most trouhle. Captain Pratt was ordered to visit the agencies in Dacota Territory, chiefly on the Missouri river, beginning with the most northern; making one expedition to select his subjects and another to pick up his parties from station to station, descending the river. This plan was carried out to the letter, with much axertion and soma dangerous adventure.

Fort Bauthold, the most northern agency, is hut seventy-five miles south of the British line. Then follow southward Standing Rock, Cheyenne River, Red Cloud, Crow Creek, Lower Brule, Spotted Tail (90 miles west of the river from Brule) and Yankton. From Fort Berthold to Yankton is about 750 miles.

Tha first expedition promised well, and from Yankton Capt. Pratt wrota Oct. 9—

"I have the required numher from six agencies. Rode six hundred and thirty-nine miles in wagone and stages. Spotted Tail and Red Cloud hadly stirred up, and my attempted visit to Spotted Tail not without danger.

WHAT SQUAWS ARE GOOD FOR.

From one cause or another—some want of interest, and some feoling against negro schools on the part of some of their advisers—the second expedition obtained hut nine girls instead of twanty-five, and the numher had to be mada up in hoys, not without much exertion. Ons great obstacle in the way was tha greater value set upon girls as the working class. An Indian girl works from the day she can carry a hucket of water. The young hrava must be called on for nothing, hut supplied with beads and war paint to an unlimitad extent. At Fort Berthold a chief told Capt. Pratt—If I had any sons you could heve them, hnt I can't let my girls go.

At last, Oct. 31st, Capt. Pratt started with his wild crew from Yankton by cars, having come down the river on the last hoat of the season, and narrowly escaped a freezing up which would heva meant indefinite detention and perhaps entire failure. But all dengers were everted or overcome, the two theusand miles of land and water safely passed, and in five days from leaving Yankton, the whola forty-nine arrived safa at Hampton.

FIRST LESSON IN CIVILIZATION.

It was a sight to arouse a strange variety of emotions, in e thenghtful looker on. And deuhtless the chief actors were experiencing some of their own. In the first place, whet must the wild lerds of creetion have theught of the manners end customs of a country where the squaws were invited to seats in an ambulance, while they were requested to walk efter them. Their first lesson in civilization et Hampton. That they hed had semo others befora beceme evident, as, seeted round an abundantly supplied breakfast table, they nsed their knives and forks with an ease that contrasted curiously with their general wildness of face and costume.

BLANKETS VS. UNIFORMS.

Of costume there was a great variety. They came as they were: seme with short hsir, and "white clothes"; some wrapped in hlankets from which their hlack, unkempt locks struck wildly out; and some in a curious mixture of apparel—one with a white bagging shirt hanging down under a short hlanket, and over buckskin leggings and moccasins.

The effect was heightened, and made significant by the appearance of the St. Augustine Indian boys who were just rejoicing in the glories of a new suit of the Hampton pniform, a neat hlue-gray with silvered buttons bearing the monogram of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

If one's courage failed before the question, Can these wild children of nature ever he civilized, one look at the hright faces of the Cheyennes and Kiowas, and one thought of what they were three years ago, was answer sufficient.

THE MAN WHO HOOTS.

The new comers are chiefly Sioux, the rest heing Mandans, Arickarees and Gros Ventres. Their ages range from ten to twenty-five; most of them are young. There are many good feces, and seme interesting histories, as well as some peculiar names. To the roll of Hampton will now he added,—a Frauk Yellow Bird, Walking Cloud, Man that looks around, Getting on, Gray Legs, Bow Legs, White Breast, Shooting Bear, Mary Kettle, Lizzie Spider, Man who hoots when he walks, Leughing Face, Strong, Comes Flying.

One of the women is a mother who could not let her little girl come without her. Captain Pratt says their teepee was the neatest Indian tent he ever saw. Zie-wie is the daughter of a worthy Indian, who, unlike the Berthold chief, brought her to Captain Pratt himself and asked him to take her. A few can speak English a little. Two of the hoys can talk quite well, especially one who acts as interpreter—Johnny Robb—and who will he employed in the printing-office.

THE OUTLOOK, AND THE WORK TO BE DONE.

On the whole, the outlook is very hopeful. All coms pledged to do their very hest and eager to learn to read and to work. The officers of the school have faith to believe that the American people will feel the importance of the experiment and their own responsibility to ensure it against failure.

Everything hangs on the success of the send-off; Government favor and faith in the possihilities, and the Indiau's consent to the effort for his civilization.

The Government's present agreement is to pay, for food, clothing and instruction, $167 a year for each Indian so long as it shall keep him at the school. Tha school has under-000, in the erection of a new dormitory containing sixty rooms, and of a large workshop with suitahle machinery for the instruction of the Indians in trades.

Captain Pratt says that if this experiment succeeds, he could go again and hring back two or three thousand to eastern schools. He certainly could do it if any man could. The whole success thus far attained, the very inception of the experiment, has grown out of the success of his own benevolent and vigorous efforts in St. Augustine, attracting the attention of hundreds of visitors and finelly the notice of tha Government. It has vary wisely detailed him to tha command of the new hand collected by his untiring exertions, and it is to be hoped that he will he permanently retained in the position.

With such possihilities dawning in the future for this race, Hampton may well feel justified in calling upon the people to share the new responsihilities laid upon her.

Will not the response he as one who Comes Flying?

Helen W. Ludlow, in N. Y. Evening Post.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

PRAYING A TEACHER BACK—SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK—NEEDY CHILDREN—TEACHING AND FARMING—A WITNESS TO PLEASANT RELATIONS—OWNING THE LAND—DON'T BELIEVE IN COMPLAINING—GRATEFUL FOR HER PAST.

—SELF-HELP.

Almost all Hampton graduates who are teaching, become also Sunday-school teachers, often beginning the work in their neighborhood.

One undergraduate who has been out teaching for a year, and has now returned to finish his course, wrote of his year's work:—"I have got up four Sunday-schools, and organized a Sunday-school Convention. A large number turned out. It was very hard work to get the people interested, but after they were with me a day they were awakened to the sense of it. Our next Convention will be in the early part of '79."

A great lack of books, Bibles, often of sufficient clothing, is found among the children. When, with all these hindrances, there is such eagerness for instruction as the following letter describes, will not the prayer of these little ones be answered beyond what they have asked or thought? Many barrels of clothing, Bibles and Sunday-school books and papers, could be distributed every year to these destitute schools, from Hampton, through its graduates. Some good friends have sent such heretofore, and there is plenty of room for others to work. Will not some Sunday-school in the North take it upon itself, out of its superabundance, to answer the children's prayers?

ACCOMACK CO., VA., *Nov.* 19, 1878.

My dear Teacher:—I wish I were at H. to help you Thanksgiving. I have opened school and I enjoy it as usual. I have thirty-four pupils on roll. I will open my other school after Christmas. I walked seven miles to open my Sunday-school. I was really happy to meet them. They told me the Lord certainly would answer prayer, for they had prayed that I might return to them." I had to borrow money to come, but I am really glad I did come. Last year I only taught Sunday-school every other Sunday, but they at once made arrangements to have it every Sunday morning, and I was compelled to promise them I would take charge. So this winter, until February, I expect to walk seven miles to my Sunday-school.

If Miss M. has any old Moody and Sankey hymn-books, ask her to please give me some; and if Miss H. gets anything this year to give away, will you please remember me? I have some very poor children here that would attend Sunday-school and day school too if they could. I have about seventy scholars now that attend Sunday-school. If Miss H has anything, please send it to me Christmas; and I will pay all charges.

Do you know where McKinney is? Do you ever hear from Dora? I heard from Clark recently. Don't know my name at all. Love to all. Hope you will write soon.

Your boy, as ever, O.

And here is another needy school, whose teacher does his best to feed the lambs:

N. C., *Sept.* 29, 1878.

My dear Teacher:—I am well and doing well. I have not had a very pleasant vacation. I was taken down sick in August, with fever; I was very sick. I have been very busy this summer, doing all the good I can for my race. I have had a very good school all the summer. I had in August sixty-five scholars. Oh, I thought I would have to give up teaching; but I made up my mind to continue. It takes very great patience and pains to teach school. I have been in this good work for three years. I don't think I could employ my time in any greater work than this, do you?

I am employed Sundays as well as Mondays. I have to work very hard for my Sunday and also every day school. The parents of the children are not able to buy their children books and clothes. Sometimes I have a meeting and ask the parents of children why it was that they did not send their children to school. Their reply is that they are not able to get their children books and clothes. My school will close the last of October, and start again in January.

I hope you had a pleasant vacation this summer.

F. E. Robinson is about six miles south of me, and M. D. Vaughn and A. R. Jacobs are about fourteen miles south-east of me, teaching and farming.

You must really excuse me for not writing before now.

Miss H., can you do anything for these *needy* ones? The little children are very anxious to *learn;* the little things are very ignorant. *Help* them if you please.

Are there many scholars at Hampton? Please tell me all the news about the school. I will close my letter with the kindest wishes from

Your sincere friend, P.

The following letter adds to the many testimonies received from Hampton graduates to the friendly kindness of white people about them. The writer is a young man whose course, in school and out, has proved him worthy of respect.

GLENDOWER, ALBEMARLE CO., VA., *Oct.* 28, 1878.

Dear Teacher:—Your kind letter of September 23d came to hand. It is true that I have delayed in giving you an answer, and I am somewhat ashamed to ask you to forgive me; yet I hope that you will.

I arrived at Glendower one week before the school opened. The last letter which I received from Mr. M—— contained two letters of introduction: one to his son, Mr. G. M——, and the other to Mr. P——, the examiner and Superintendent of Public Schools of Albemarle Co. I called on Mr. P—— first, as I wanted to assure myself of a trial in that county. I was examined and received my certificate as teacher. Next, I had to see Mr. D——, the clerk of the schools, who gave me all information concerning the school and the form for the monthly report, &c. I was next anxious to see Mr. G. M——; fortunately, I met him in town, his residence being at Glendower. Mr. M. invited me out to Glendower the following Sunday, so that notice might be given that he and the teacher would meet them the next Sunday at the school-house.

The first Sunday we saw a few at the school (who have labored during vacation to keep up the Sunday-school) engaged in the good work, and that, you know, gave me much pleasure. We met at the appointed time as the following Sabbath and found many of the old folks present. They were first addressed by Mr. G. M., who gave them a talk in the Hampton style—sound, practical and to the point, impressing upon the minds of the parents the necessity of punctuality, regularity and a growing interest in the school work. I was next called upon to say something, and as Mr. M. had said just what I had in mind to say, I, by his consent, indorsed his words, and ended with: "Send your children, if unable to send them any other way, ragged but clean."

My school is well furnished, and being situated on Mr. M.'s land, causes his interest and attention to be drawn more in that direction, especially in this line—ministering to the wants of the school. I began with fourteen scholars on the 14th of this month; the following Friday I had on roll twenty-two. Saturday, I called on R. Kelser at Scottsville, and found that he had received forty-six. I returned home with the determination that I would have my school filled the next week; on Sunday I visited church, and after the morning's services were over I was allowed to speak, which I did, and by reasoning with the parents of the children, many consented to let their children come; but some could not make it possible within a month and a-half, on account of being hired out by the year, and other disadvantages. I was invited to a wedding dinner and I had the pleasure of seeing a great many of the children's parents and conversing privately upon the school subject; many of them show deep interest in the work.

I am glad to say that most of the people here own a few acres of land, and they have comfortable dwellings upon them; on the other hand, many are too poor to pay for books for their children, the Board only providing for entirely indigent children.

R. Kelser and myself are getting along nicely, and our intentions are to do a good work here and hold high the colors which we labored for before leaving the shores of "good old Hampton." I am comfortably situated at my boarding place, and I must say that my landlord does all he can to add to the pleasure and comfort of the "teacher."

Dear General, your talks to us about receiving kindnesses and respect from the white people who live in our vicinity have been proved here, so that I have become a witness to your words. I would like our many graduates to know that none but friendly feelings exist here for the Hampton students, and those to a high degree.

On my way Saturday to see Kelser at Scottsville (five miles and a-half from my boarding place and four from the Glendower Post Office,) I was passed by two white gentlemen, one on horseback and the other in a one-horse wagon containing one seat. They had advanced some thirty or forty yards when they stopped and the one on horseback called out, "Are you the teacher of the Glendower school?" to which I politely replied. "Yes sir." Said he, "Would you like to ride?" at the same time getting down from the horse's back. "Yes sir; I thank you," was my reply. I rode the distance of four miles on horseback, and on the way the two gentlemen had occasion to stop on business, and seeing that I was inclined to wait until they started again, asked me to ride on to town and hitch the horse so that they might see him on passing through.

R. Kelser joins me in sending love to all.

I will close by saying that I am not as large as they expected me to be, but I trust that the work will be equally well done.

With love, I am yours obd't'y, D.

The writer of the following has certainly no cause to complain at present. The spirit he expresses is, we believe, one which very generally prevails among Hampton graduates. Some of them have rough experiences, but as a rule we hear no whining, and when they, from time to time, revisit Hampton, they show an increased strength of manhood and womanhood gained in their experience of life.

I have been very fortunate in getting a school. I have every reason to be thankful to God for his kindness toward me. If I had stopped in Virginia, as many of my friends wished me to do, this good place would have been lost. But I know Maryland was better than Virginia about paying teachers, so I came to Ellicott City, and was sent by the Superintendent to this place. Opened school on the 23d of September, and will keep it open until the 30th of June next. I now have twenty-seven scholars, and will have at least as many more after the people get their crops in. Have the best school-room of any of the colored schools in the county. The only fault that I find is that it is not quite large enough. Have a class in fifth Reader, one in Primary Geography, and will have one in Fractions. The teacher that taught here before seems to have been a good one. I have taken the scholars from just where she left off. Have a good blackboard, and a large map of the United States which I brought from home, having won it in a competitive examination, as a prize, over six years ago.

I am now boarding with a very nice old lady and gentleman, who do everything in their power to make "the school-massa" happy and comfortable.

There are at present but two Catholics in my school, all of the rest being of the Methodist persuasion. There can be gotten up a large number of Sabbath School scholars. It (the Sabbath School) has not been very well attended, because there were no teachers, or because the teachers would not come, I do not know exactly which. I don't say that I will succeed, but I am going to try to teach in it, and also have some of my advanced pupils teach.

You spoke of me as never complaining. I do not believe in complaining much. "Make the *best* of everything," is what the General says.

It made me real sad to hear of Mrs. Armstrong's death. I have felt the loss of a beloved father, and can sympathize with the General in his great bereavement. God is our only refuge in the time of trouble. I pray that He may look with tender mercy down on the little ones that are left motherless.

Last July I went home to see my mother. Almost three years had passed away since I had seen her. Of course, after being absent so long, my return was quite an event to her. I found her much worn out in body, as well as in mind. My brother lay for three days at the point of death; he finally recovered. I left within five days after my arrival at home (July 8th) for Jordan Alum Springs, where I remained until the 7th of Sept. Then I returned home, where I stayed eight days. Then I started once more to leave my dear kind friends and all behind. God has cared for me in the past; he will in the future.

I would like very much to have my brother Jacob go to Hampton, Christmas. He is a fine boy. Mother is anxious to have him go also. He is the best bass singer, according to his age, that was ever heard sing in Staunton. His musical talent is really wonderful. Please let me know what my chances are of getting him to Hampton Christmas.

Let me know in your next where Charles Anderson and Mary Christian are. I hope you will not forget me in your prayers.

Yours sincerely, D.

IT is natural for the young graduate to look back with tender regret and heightened appreciation upon the associations and advantages left behind. Distance and contact with the realities of life bring a juster valuation of benefits received, and gratitude is developed or increased. This is well for the graduate for whom the school is still the only source to which to look for sympathy and help in the onward course, and by the hold thus maintained upon its graduates, the school's power for good is greatly increased.

——, VA., *Nov.* 1878.

My dear Miss H——:

I received your nice, long letter, some time ago. It gave me a great deal of information. I was glad to know where my classmates were teaching. I am sure some of them are more contented and happy at their work than I am. I have come to love it now, since I have gained the little ones' love. They seem delighted to see me, in the morning, when I go in the school house. I love them all alike. I have no favorites. I haven't but five boys and eighteen girls now. I have the promise of a full school after Christmas. I have not gotten acquainted with many of their parents yet, though I intend to, but I have been sick so much I have not been anywhere much except to church, and I take a walk nearly every day for exercise. I have made out my report for one month, and it was correct. I am very well well cared for and taken care of. I do not think I would have been any better satisfied anywhere else. I like the place very much, and most of all, my work. I help in Sabbath School, and I do like it so much. Mr. B. sent me a bundle and in it were some Sunday School papers among the many other things. I gave them out Sunday and it was such a pleasure, they seemed so glad and happy. They needed help very much in the management of Sabbath School, and I am trying to get it in the right path gradually, as well as I know how. Mr. B. sent me some things to give my pupils and any needy ones I may know. I thought I would stay here Christmas eve night, and have a Christmas tree (as they never saw one here) and give the things out in that way. Have you any childrens clothes that you could send me to assist in filling the tree? If you have any of those leggings I wish you would send me a pair of them, it is so cold where I teach; the school house is as close to the water as Mr. ——house at Hampton, and it is all open underneath and the cold air comes up through the cracks of the floor, and the whole house is cold. I find it hard to keep warm. This is the best they can do. I have been quite sick with the bronchitis, so the Dr. said it was.

I miss you all very much. I am glad myself Miss H. that I came to school there. I should not had the dear friends that I believe I have now; especially you and Mr. B. are my dearest. I do love you both so much. Since I have left you my love grows more for you. I did not show it as much while there as I really had in me. Give my love to my teachers. I hope to be there Christmas day.

I would like to come Thanksgiving but I guess it is not best. Please write again soon, I am always cheered by your letters.

Yours truly,

C.

THE spirit of help-yourself, and pay-your-own-way, is the one to aim for in lifting any race—or any individual, into independent manhood. It is a young woman who shows in the following letter that she has caught this spirit, and it will make her worth more to herself and her people, when she finally graduates, than any amount of aid she can do without.

——, VA., *Aug.* 24, 1878.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong—Dear Friend:

I must say I feel ashamed of myself to think all this time I have not written to you. But when I tell you that I have been very busy, I know you will excuse me. Now I will proceed to give you a description of my "Labor." First, I shall thank you for your kindness in sending me that valuable book the Educational Journal, which was a book of great use to me. Had it not been for that book, I don't know what I should have done. But as it was, I found it one of the greatest helps in the world to me. I had a very large school, and to teach such a school as that required system, and how to do things systematically I found in that good book the Educational Journal. And the way I had been taught at good old Hampton helped me to teach my pupils. My school was one of the largest ever known to be there. The children all seemed to be anxious to learn, and the most of them attended school very regularly. The school was very comfortable and everything was pleasant. The people were quite industrious almost every one of them being farmers. The colored people seem to be getting along as well as the whites. The place I boarded was quite a pleasant place, not very far from my school house. The first month I taught, I had fifty-seven pupils, the average daily attendance being 36.06 which was considered very good indeed. The second month I had seventy-three on roll. I tell you I had my hands full. But I worked on with a free heart, and my pupils learned very well indeed. Every one was pleased with the way in which their children learned; and say they want me to teach again. I never enjoyed any work in my life as well as I did teaching school. I do really believe that it is my mission. Some of my pupils were very far advanced. They can enter the Middle class very easily. I worked on with my pupils until 28th of May. Some, when they came to me did not know their letters, but before they left school they were in the Second Reader and spelling in words of two syllables. They got along nicely. I do feel very good for I believe I have done a little good in the place I was teaching. The Sunday school was nice too. I can tell you I did feel very strange when I saw how every one looked up to me. On the whole I had quite a nice time teaching. On the 7th of June I had my closing exercise which every one liked ever-so-much. I carried it on just as you all do at Hampton. In the morning, my pupils all came to the school-house and a lot of other friends were there; not any whites though. School was opened by reading from the Bible and prayer by Mr., N. the gentleman I was boarding with; then singing by the school. My senior class in reading was examined. They read about Horatius at the Bridge; then they were examined in Arithmetic and other classes, then my Junior class and so on. Everyone thought it nice. At 12 o'clock the pupils marched up to the church, the guests falling in in the rear, where a long table was set and the children ate their dinner. Then the afternoon exercise went on, which was singing and speaking. A great crowd was there, and a lot of white people, and every one enjoyed themselves. At half-past four o'clock; the exercises

closed with singing "In that great getting up morning." The children and parents then all left for home; the children with weeping eyes, crying because I was coming away.

I am now at home. I shall not return to Hampton next term, not till the year of 1880, and then I shall be Independent and go right

was cut down—a work of twenty-five days for five men.

This gave an opportunity for finding out how old it was, by counting the rings. Perhaps you know that every year a tree grows, it adds a new ring of new wood

more of agriculture, are better housed and more industrious, but in book education are backward. They raise thousands of bushels of corn, and a great many potatoes. They *cache* what they raise, in great holes in the ground, shaped like an old-

of the Sioux, and they are under the care of the Roman Catholic church, two priests and several sisters. The priest had about twenty or thirty boys in school, and the sisters about as many girls. They were nicely clad, and there was quite a satis-

closed with singing "In that great getting up morning." The children and parents then all left for home; the children with weeping eyes, crying because I was coming away.

I am now at home. I shall not return to Hampton next term, not till the year of 1880, and then I shall be independent and go right through. If life lasts I intend to graduate. My mind is set on that. I will close by saying I am always glad to hear from Hampton; it is as much like home to me I love it more and more.

I am ever, yours obediently,
M.

OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS.

BY E. J. W.

OUR large picture this month is from the N. Y. *Christian Weekly*, where it illustrates the following pretty story—

"My mother was of Dutch descent, brought up with her Aunt in a farm house in the Mohawk Valley where the only language used in the family was Dutch. She kept Christmas in the way in which her aunt had kept it. Our kitchen was of the old-fashioned kind. I think I see it now; its naked beams overhead, its great open fireplace with wide jambs in whose ample embrace we children could sit and enjoy the heat and glow of the cheery wood fire, where lay an immense back-log flanked by ponderous brass andirons that flashed in the blaze of the hickory wood piled high between them. With nuts to crack and apples to roast, with the doughnuts and the cider, we passed two happy hours listening to mother's stories of the Indians that her Aunt Wandel had told her, or frolicking with father who played like a boy; until we sobered down and with chin resting in our hands, gazed into the glowing coals and pictured to our minds quaint faces and forms which no one else could see. Soon little sleepy-headed Giles nods and all is over—we must go to bed.

"The boys are soon clad in their long woollen night-gowns and caps, father takes his good-night kiss and goes out to the barn. Then the stockings are brought out: such stockings! we wear none so large now. Mother fastens them on the high, old-fashioned mantel-piece with a fork from the cupboard, or pins them on the string stretched from side to side, and we gather around Will who sings a song of invocation to our loved and honored Santa Claus. As a relic of bygone days we give it to you. Mother stands, candle in hand. Will gets as close to the chimney throat as the heat will allow him and sings:

"St. Nicholas, good holy man!
Pull your best for Tobbleton,
Then drive on to Amsterdam,
From thence to Spain."

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

In all that land of wonders, the State of California, there is nothing more marvellous than what are known as the Big Trees. It is not surprising that when they were first discovered by a California hunter, his own companions refused to believe his story; but for many years now, travelers from all parts of the world have visited them, accurate measurements and photographs have been taken, and a slice from the fallen trunk of one has even been brought, in pieces, and set up in a world's fair. The name of the Big Trees is *Sequoia-gigantea*. *Sequoia* was the name of a famous old Indian hunter. *Gigantea* means gigantic. They are a variety of Cedar, and are worthy brethren of the ancient Cedars of Lebanon.

Bunker Hill Monument is 221 feet high, and thirty feet across the base. The largest of the Great Trees now standing, as far as has yet been discovered,—the Mother of the Forest, it is called,— is 320 feet high, and ninety feet round at the base. The Father of the Forest, whose mighty form lies prostrate on the ground, must have been 435 feet high—nearly twice as high as Bunker Hill Monument—and 116 feet in circumference at the base.

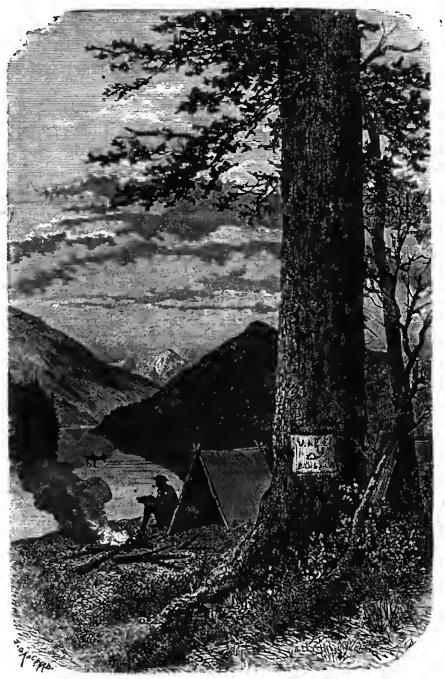
It is very hard to get a full idea of what these figures mean.

A writer who has seen the Big Trees gives this description, to help our imagination: "Suppose the tree fallen at the gable of an ordinary two-story house. You wish to cross by a plank laid from your roof to the upper side of the fallen trunk. That plank would perceptibly slope *up* from your roof-peak. Through another tree, also fallen, and hollow [probably from burning] from end to end, our whole party on horseback charged at full trot, for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet."

In 1835, one of the largest of the trees was cut down—a work of twenty-five days for five men.

This gave an opportunity for finding out how old it was, by counting the rings. Perhaps you know that every year a tree grows, it adds a new ring of new wood round its trunk inside the bark, which stretches and grows to cover it. When a tree is cut down, these rings can be easily seen, and by help of a microscope, can all be counted. Their number, you will plainly understand, must tell the tree's age exactly. Nearly 3,000 rings have been counted in the largest of the fallen trees, and it must, therefore, be nearly 3,000 years old. Twelve hundred years before the birth of Christ, two hundred years before Solomon sent for hewed cedar from Lebanon to build the temple of the Lord in Jerusalem,—far away in the fertile soil of this that we call the *new* world, the little tender shoot had started that was to grow into this mightiest of all growths.

Nine groves of these goodly cedars have as yet been discovered. The best known are the Calaveras and Mariposa groves. In the former, there are 1,200 or 1,300—



THE BIG TREE.

a hundred of them being over twenty-five feet in *diameter* at the base. There is one forest of them three or four square miles in extent; and recent discovries of young groves prove that the Big Trees are not doomed to pass away in their present generation, but will astonish the dwellers on earth for thousands of years to come, perhaps as long as the earth itself shall last.

NOTES ON THE TRAIL IN DAKOTA.

The following interesting items were noted down from informal conversations with Captain Pratt, concerning his journey among the Missouri River agencies in Dakota, collecting the students for Hampton.

INDIAN AGRICULTURE.

There are three tribes at Fort Berthold—the Arickarees, or Rees, as they are commonly called, the Mandans, and Gros Ventres. In all, there are between 1,300 and 1,400 Indians at the station, and more to the west. They were, in their original state, more advanced toward self-support than other tribes that I know of; know more of agriculture, are better housed and more industrious, but in book education are backward. They raise thousands of bushels of corn, and a great many potatoes. They *cache* what they raise, in great holes in the ground, shaped like an old-fashioned churn, three feet in diameter at top, enlarging downwards, seven or eight feet deep. They fill the holes with potatoes, or other vegetables, then cover them in with earth, stamping it hard to keep the rain out. The whole town is perforated with these *caches*. You travel over hundreds of them without knowing it.

INDIAN ARCHITECTURE.

They live in permanent houses, and their village has stood where it now is beyond the recollection of the oldest men I could find in it. Their houses are made of a double frame-work, circular in form, and covered first with grass, and then with earth. There are no windows; the light enters only at the one door, and the hole left in the top to let the smoke out. The fire is built in the centre, just under this hole, and all around the sides are ranged the beds—very snug places to sleep. The houses are very large. In some of them forty people can sleep; and in the winter, the horses too are brought inside at night. But they are kept well policed and much cleaner than you would expect. A Medicine Lodge in the village is seventy-five or eighty feet in diameter. It would hold 400 easily. In all the village there are about 1,300 people. They have about 2,000 horses, and some cattle. When the country was wild and the buffaloes plenty, they were quite able to take care of themselves. Now, the Government supplies about half of their need in rations.

NO PREJUDICES ON ACCOUNT OF COLOR.

These Indians are all friendly to the United States It is their boast that they have never killed a white man in war.

I have found no prejudice against the colored race existing naturally among the Indians anywhere.

SIOUX AGENCIES.

Standing Rock Agency is 160 miles below Fort Berthold, on the river, sixty-five miles below Bismarck. This is an agency of the Sioux, and they are under the care of the Roman Catholic church, two priests and several sisters. The priest had about twenty or thirty boys in school, and the sisters about as many girls. They were nicely clad, and there was quite a satisfactory exhibition of advancement for the year they had spent there.

TEEPEES.

The Sioux live in lodges, or teepees as they call them, made of buffalo skins tanned with the hair off, sewed together, twenty-five or thirty skins to a teepee, and stretched upon poles which are tied together near the top and spread out at the bottom. A hole is left at the top, through which the poles project and the smoke finds its way out. These tents are quickly taken down and easily transported. The poles are tied to a horse, half on each side, with the ends trailing behind; the skins, rolled up, are carried on a traverse, together with the family furniture and children.

A LADY MISSIONARY'S SUCCESS.

At *Crow Creek*, the agent being absent, I found only a lady missionary of the Episcopal church, Mrs. Duigan. She has one of the best Indian schools I have ever seen. She has worked there two years, and quite a number of her scholars can speak some English. Her school is under excellent discipline, though right among their people. She does not permit the students to leave the school much during term time. Government has recognized her efforts, and given an appropriation for a new boarding-school-house large enough to accommodate fifty pupils. One of the Indian girls is an assistant in the school, and is a fine teacher. She has had six years of schooling and speaks English fluently.

DAKOTA BOOKS.

At Lower Brule, I found an Indian missionary in charge—a full-blooded Sioux who had been educated at the East through the efforts of Bishop Whipple. He is a minister of the Episcopal church, and has just begun his work at the station with some helpers. He has a little church and school-house at the agency, and there are two other school-houses at neighboring settlements of this agency. Dakota books are used at all the Sioux agencies; the Bible and some school books and a hymn book, having been translated. They have also a newspaper in that language. Some of the Indians who have come to Hampton can read and write in Sioux, or Dakota, as they prefer to call it.

Yankton Agency is the most southern and the last agency I visited. It is a Sioux agency, on the river, 750 miles below Fort Berthold. There is an Episcopal school under Bishop Hare, and a Presbyterian school under Mr. Williamson, who has been working among the Indians for many years.

NEARLY SNOWED UP.

Just below Bismarck, we met a snow-storm which lasted two days. There were six inches of snow. The dead places in the river froze over, and there was floating ice. The captain feared that we wouldn't get through, and it was the last boat of the season.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE CARS.

What were the Indians' impressions on seeing the cars?

Some had seen them before, and others had quite a good general impression of them. As the cars started off some apprehension was manifest. They would hold their blankets up before their faces, peep out for a moment, and then cover their faces again, not liking to see how fast they were going.

DOCILITY—ADVANCEMENT—POVERTY.

Were they docile?

All the way.

Do you think that some are not good material, and will give trouble?

A few may not turn out good material. But they are as docile as any class of people; they will give no serious trouble.

How many have never been under instruction?

From one-third to one-half have never been to school at all. Those that have been to Indian schools have been taught chiefly in Dakota.

What about their poverty?

They are very poor. Some of these tribes have been deprived of their ponies and arms.

INTERJECTIONS.

An Interjection is a word used in some excitment or sudden emotion: as O, Oh! Alas!

3. Good boys.... The teacher....
4. The wheat and corn....
5. The storm ... The wind.... The thunder....
6. The dog.... The squirrel.... My nussy....

What about their poverty?

They are very poor. Some of these tribes have been deprived of their ponies and arms.

GIVE THEM ENGLISH AND TRADES.

What is our work here for them?

Give them as much English as possible, and a knowledge of manual labor, trades, &c., I don't care of what kind. They need farmers, carpenters, blacksmiths, tinsmiths. There is Indian tinner at Yankton Agency, who, I am told, is making a living; and there is an Indian blacksmith at Fort Berthold who has been there two years or over and is doing well. There is nothing the Government needs more just now than English-speaking Indians, and we want to get them into a condition where all Christian people can get at them. Here we must the greatest effort.

ACCOUNT OF THE FORTY-NINE DAKOTA INDIANS.

From *Yankton Agency*, three girls, eight boys. Sioux tribe. Most advanced of all. Have been under Episcopal and Presbyterian teaching in their own language.

From *Lower Brule Agency*, six boys, mostly orphans, bright and hopeful. Sioux tribe; Brula band. Taught in Dakota language—in care of Episcopal Church.

From *Crow Creek Agency*, one girl, five boys, mostly good specimens. Sioux tribe; Uncapapa band. Taught principally in Dakota—in care of Episcopal Church.

From *Cheyenne River Agency*, nine boys, all under seventeen, exceptionally bright, a careful selection. Sioux tribe; two of the Sans Arc, two of the Two Kettle, five of the Minnecoujos bands. Two of them are sons of noted chiefs. Raw material—had no teaching.

From *Standing Rock Agency*, three boys, one girl. Roman Catholic Station.

From *Fort Berthold Agency*, four girls (promising,) nine boys; good material. Congregational teachers.

LESSONS IN GRAMMAR.

ADVERBS.

Adverbs are words used to modify verbs, adjectives and other adverbs; as, She walks *rapidly*. He is *very* kind. John reads *tolerably well*.

According to their meaning and use, adverbs are divided into three classes: adverbs of manner, time and place; answering the questions, How, when and where; as, quietly, now, there.

An Adverbial phrase is a combination of words used as an adverb; as, in short, at all, by and by.

Many adverbs are manufactured by adding *ly* to adjectives; these and some others may be compared by prefixing more and most, less and least. A few are compared irregularly; as, wall, better, best; ill, worse, worst; little, less, least; much, more, most.

In is improperly used for *into*. He went *into*, not *in* the house. It is necessary to go *to* a place before being *in*.

Between is used for two only; among in reference to more than two; as, He sat between his two friends; He was among his friends.

PREPOSITIONS.

A Preposition is a word that shows relation. Either the relative position of objects to one another, or the relations of words and ideas. as, The book is *on* the table; The book is *under* the table; The book is *in* the drawer; The book has dropped *to* the floor; The book is *against* the table; I take the book *from* the table *toward* the wall *with* my hand. You may use above, over, within, without, down, out of, before, behind, up, underneath, in the same manner. While other prepositions; as, I thought *of* him; She went *with* me; She called *for* me; show rather the relation between words and ideas.

The Preposition should generally be placed immediately before the word that it governs; as, With whom are you going? not, Whom are you going with.

Since is often confounded with the adverb ago; as, He called four days since. Since should be used only in measuring time from the past toward the present, and ago in measuring from the present toward the past; as, It is three months *since* school began; It began three months *ago*.

CONJUNCTIONS.

Conjunctions are words that connect words, phrases or sentences; as, Washington *and* Jackson were generals. The words generally used as Conjunctions are: also, and, as well as, but, because, for, if, inasmuch, lest, neither, nor, notwithstanding, nevertheless, or, than, though, since, unless, when, where, while.

Conjunctions couple the same cases of nouns or pronouns; and the same modes and tenses of verbes, unless the nominative is repeated; as, John and James are here; He came and went; He saw, but he would not hear.

Correlative Conjunctions are composed of two corresponding words; when one is used the other should be; as, either—or, neither—nor, though—yet, same—as, not only—but also, as—so, other, or the comparative degree,—than; *Either* you *or* I; *Neither* he *nor* she; *Though* I could *yet* I would not; None *other than* he. He is *better than* she is; They are the *same as* mine; *As* I heard *so* I spoke.

INTERJECTIONS.

An Interjection is a word used in some excitment or sudden emotion; as O, Oh! Alas!

Other parts of speech may be used as Intarjections; My son! Behold! What!

Interjections have no relation to any other part of the sentence.

CAPITAL LETTERS.

Capital letters are used at the beginning of every distinct sentence, to begin every line of poetry, for proper nouns and titles, or adjectives derived from proper nouns.

The pronoun I and interjection O are always capitals. The names of the days of the week, of the month; every name of God; every noun and principal word in the titles of books; common nouns personified; also the first word of a sentence directly quoted, should always begin with a capital. Examples:

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;

Hampton; Judge *Smith*; *Sir Walter Scott*; *American*; *Ciceronian*; *Sunday*; *July*; *Jehovah*; *Lord*; "*Guyot's Geography*"; O *Freedom*! *The Apostle John* says: "*The Word* was made flesh and dwelt among us.

PUNCTUATION.

The Comma (,) is used when a slight pause is necessary; to separate three or more words used alike, simple sentences, words in apposition, or when a verb is understood; as, A friend, always faithful, is beyond price; He was good, wise and great; Who can he say, when all around are sad? Scott, the great novelist, was a fine poet, essayist and historian; Some delight in study; others, in idleness.

A Semicolon (;) is used where a longer pause is required between clauses, or before as, introducing an example; as, A noun is a name; as, boy, man.

The Colon (:) is used where a still longer pause is required, between clauses, and before direct quotations; as, Sterne says: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

The Period (.) is used at the close of a sentence, and after abbreviations.

The Interrogation Point (?) is placed after every direct question, when an answer is required; as, How old is your friend? When the question is only said to be asked, it is not required; as, I was asked, how I liked Hampton.

The Exclamation Point is used after expressions of sudden emotion; as, Oh! Ah! Alas for frail man!

An Apostrophe (') is used where one or more letters are omitted; as, 'Tis, o'er.

Quotation Marks (" ") should be used immediately before and after a quotation; as, A wise man says: "Know thyself."

A Caret (∧), used only in writing, shows that the word or letter placed over it was only omitted by mistake; as,

thy
Honor father.
∧

LANGUAGE LESSONS.

Never let a grammar lesson—or any other lesson—get to be dull. Vary the exercises, and, if you see the little faces growing weary or inattentive, change the subject for the time—tell a story, or have a lively general exercise. These exercises can be made very useful and instructive. Those given below have all been tested, and found of great value in waking up pupils' minds, suggesting ideas, and teaching their proper expression.

The examples given will suggest many others to the mind of the teacher. They are quoted by permission, with some adaptations, from "Kerl's Composition and Rhetoric."

1.

Give a noun, or object word; as, *chair*, *stove*, *roof*, *star*, *clock*, *clay*, *water*, *fire*, *dust*, *spring*, *summer*, *umbrella*, *boot*, *city*, *baby*,—and let it go round the class in a spirited way, each pupil making a different sentence in which the word is used correctly.

Example:
1. I have a little chair.
2. See that chair.
3. Our baby has a high chair.
4. We have a rocking chair.

2.

Write a subject on the blackboard, and let the class supply different predicates, and different forms of the same predicate.

Example:
The boy walks.
The boy is walking.
The boy walked.
The boy was walking.
The boy did walk.
The boy talks.
The boy reads.
The boy writes.
The boy laughs.
The boy studies.
The boy plays.

In connection with this and all other exercises, the teacher should correct mistakes; such as, "I seen him;" He done it."

3.

Write or recite predicates to the following subjects; that is, complete the sentences:

1. The horse..... The horses..... The ox..... The oxen..... The army.....
2. The sheep.... James.... Alice and Mary....
3. Good boys.... The teacher....
4. The wheat and corn....
5. The storm ... The wind.... The thunder....
6. The dog.... The squirrel.... My pussy....
7. The tree.... The buttercup.... The rose....
8. The opossum.... The raccoon.... Our cow....

4.

Write or repeat subjects to the following predicates:

1. ...plays. ....play. ....swims. ....swim.
2. ....rests. ....rest. ....runs. ....run.
3. ....neighs. ....lows. ....cackles . ..crows.
4. ....is a good scholar. ....does not boil his hook.
5. ....is useful on a farm. ....is useful in a school.
6. ....is found in the woods. ....grows in swamps.
7. ....grows on old stumps. ... is green. ....is blue.

5.

Write or recite four sentences about a *Horse*.
Four about a Brook.
Four about the Sun.
Four about Houses.
Four about Geese.
Four about Spring.
Four about Summer.
Four about Boys.
Four about Girls.
Four about Lambs.

6.

Now we will take a boy named ——— (put in some name not in the school, and not personal, as Ebenezer,) and call him everything we can think of that begins with some letter—say G:

1. Ebenezer is good. 2. Ebenezer is gay. 3. Ebenezer is gallant. 4. Ebenezer is greedy. 5. Ebenezer is graceful. 6. Ebenezer is great. 7. Ebenezer is girlish. 8. Ebenezer is gracious. 9. Ebenezer is grasping. 10. Ebenezer is gentle. 11. Ebenezer is generous. 12. Ebenezer is giddy. 13. Ebenezer is a gentleman. 14. Ebenezer is a goosey. 15. Ebenezer is gasping.

7.

Pronouns, you have learned, are words put into the place of nouns, so that we need not repeat the same name too often.

In the following sentences, give the right pronouns instead of the repeated nouns, and supply a suitable pronoun when the word is left out:

1. John has learned John's lesson.
2. Mary has torn Mary's book.
3. The apple lay under the apple's tree.
4. The apples lay under the apples' tree.
5. Thomas has come home, and Thomas is well.
6. The gun was brought, but the gun was not loaded.
7. Laura was good, therefore Laura's teacher praised Laura.
8. Julia will buy you a basket, if Julia can buy the basket cheap.
9. Samuel and William went to meet Samuel and William's father, but Samuel and William did not meet Samuel and William's father, for Samuel and William's father came home another way.
10. John and I must start early, or John and I shall be too late.
11. Mary may have the doll, but.... want the sled.
12. I will take this book, and.... may take the....
13. The boy had an apple, and gave.... to.... sister.
14. The boy.... is good will be loved by.... teacher.

8.

Another excellent exercise for a class is to give them a short sentence, or the beginning of a sentence, and let them enlarge it, each one adding a little. If there is a blackboard, the teacher can write it down as they give it, and when it has gone round the class, the children will be delighted to see that they have written quite a little story, and will be interested in going over it again to correct mistakes, and improve it.

Example: We walk.

We walk in the garden.
We walk in the garden to see flowers.
We walk in the garden to see the flowers and watch grandfather plant cucumber seeds.
We walk in the garden to see the spring flowers, and opening buds; and to watch grandfather while he plants the little cucumber-seeds which will soon grow to be large green vines with yellow blossoms.

Enlarge the following sentences in like manner. Of course the first sentence need not be written over each time, as in the example which was written thus to show what each child might add.

Rain fell. Soldiers marched. Johnny went. We study. The boys ran. The boys worked.

9.

Conversation with the teacher may be made very useful to the pupils. Encourage the children to talk with you. They may bring objects to school to talk about. Lte them ask questions about it, and tell you all they know about it. Then tell them anything you can about it, and call on them to repeat the information you have given; correcting their mistakes in language after they have finished.

10.

Tell or read (better tell) the class some short interesting story. Then have them—at once, or the next day, as they are able—repeat it to you, using their own words or each of yours as they can. Be careful, first, to make sure that they get all the simple facts. Then criticize their language.

A VETERAN OF THE INDIAN SERVICE.

Agent Jno. D. Miles, who has charge of the Cheyenns and Arapahoe Indians

Don't give yourself any trouble about the "Sioux Cheyannes" who ran away; they loved the country up North, and would not be persuaded to remain here. I have told the

four days, and more than half the fam lies along the road have at least one case, and in some all the children are down with it.

The new City Hall just completed at Providence, R. I., at a cost of about $1,000,000, was dedicated on

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute,

A VETERAN OF THE INDIAN SERVICE.

Agent Jno. D. Miles, who has charge of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians in the Indian Territory, and has given eleven of his best years to Indian agency work, paid Hampton a visit on the 19th. He came to see the eleven Indians belonging to his agency, who were sent here last spring from the Florida prisoners. After some exhibitions of their stock of knowledge in reading and arithmetic, he listened to and made notes of messages sent back to their friends and relatives by Matches, Roman Nose, Nick, Koba, Ohettoint, Bears Heart and Soaring Eagle. The teachers, and school management generally, were much pleased to hear the many expressions of satisfaction made by Agent Miles in regard to the advancement of his boys.

The Indian teachers organized a raid on the Agent in pursuit of the best methods to teach Indians, and found themselves well repaid, in having their present work confirmed, and new resources provided. The details of the good work on a similar scale going forward at his agency, under the management of his school contractor, Mr. Seger, who has 157 Cheyenne and Arapahoe boys and girls in training at a manual labor school, were most interesting. The fact that by their own labor these boys and girls have earned money enough to buy over 400 cattle, and have such interest in them as to seek to increase their number from year to year, is a very significant one. The teachers were highly pleased with several incidents of the school related by Agent Miles, particularly with an account of his taking a party of the children to the Wichita County, Kansas, fair, and of one of the Indian boys having carried off the highest premium for penmanship, when brought in competition with the white boys of Wichita.

Every minute of Agent Miles' stay at Hampton was used by him most industriously in examination and inquiry. He noted and invited attention to the circumstance that all the Cheyenne and Kiowa boys who sent messages to their relatives by him, spoke particularly of their mothers, saying that he always felt safe about his Indian boys when they grew anxious about their mothers. He regarded it as a very marked sign of advance in civilization. Having withstood the wreck of administrations, the mutations of Indian official service, and of harrowing Indian wars, for eleven years, we think Agent Miles a most competent judge. We hope he may visit Hampton School often.

STILL ON THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM A CHEYENNE CHIEF.

The friends of the St. Augustine Indians will be gratified by the evidence the following letter affords, that those who have returned to their wild homes are disappointing all fears and prognostications of their speedy relapse into savage ways. The letter is from Minimic, the old Cheyenne Chief, who will be remembered by all familiar with the prisoners at Fort Marion. It is written verhatim from his dictation by Agent Miles:

Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, }
DARLINGTON, IND. TY., *Oct.* 26, 1878. }

CAPT. R. H. PRATT, *Hampton, Va.:*

When I met Agent Miles at Wichita I was very glad, for I knew thet he was my friend. When I errived at the Agency I saw thet a great many of my friends end relatives were still "Indiens," end I wondered what I could do for them to get them to be like good whites. Howling Wolf and Ishen helped the Agent, and we got quite a number of our relatives to cut their hair and put on American clothes and go to work. You gave me the whole white man's road, end I still hold to it, have thrwn nothing ewey, nor do I expect to get tired. I am with the Agent and expect to assist him. All my femily ere living, none died while I was awey with you.

I often find that the Cheyennes do not do as they ought to, end I get discouraged. I then take out your photograph and look at your face and remember your words, end I am encouraged to persevere on. I would like so well to see your wife and children, end talk to you face to fece. I often wonder if you heve forgotten me, as you heve not written to me for so long a time. I would like to see all the Cheyennes at school. I know they must be doing well, for we often hear from them—would like for you to write me all about them. Don't give yonrself any trouble about the "Sioux Chsyennes" who ran awaj; they loved the country up North, and would not be persuadsd to remain here. I have told the Agent to "throw them away," for they were foolish. I hevs sat with the Agent in council end have helped him to talk to "Dull Knife" and party, but they *would* not listen to good talk. Your friend, his

MINIMIC. X
mark.

NOTE. Minimic has dictated every word of the above, and wished me to say that he is still a "white man." As ever,

J. D. MILES.

Roman Nose, in his speech to Agent Miles said: "I stey here three years. I learn English. I learn to work. I know something. Then I go to Indien Territory, I teech my people, all my friends." After he had concluded his speech, Agent Miles replied: "I want to say to you, Ronan Nose, end to all these boys, that you heve begun to teech your people already. Your letters, Roman Nose, that you havs written back to your father, have had such en effect on the old men thet he has thrown away his blanket and wears white men's clothes—and has gone to work regularly. He comes into ths egency regularly to hear from you. He is reelly very much changed and that entirely through the influence of your letters. Every letter eny of you write home to your fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters or friends is read in one or meetings, end to meny of your people, end they do lots of good. You ere doing good now. You are on the right road. Stick to it."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

THE late European Turkish provinces are still in an unsettled condition.

THE Turkish Government has indefinitely postponed the carrying out of reforms in Asia Minor, professedly for want of funds.

THE directors and other officials of the City of Glasgow Bank have been committed for trial on charges of fraud and theft. The relatives of John Stewart, one of the directors, have offered $500,000 as his bail. Several person prominently connected with the bank have disappeared.

The Scotch High Court of Judiciary has definitely refused to admit to bail any more of the City of Glasgow Bank directors.

The Scotch relief fund for the benefit of the stockholders of the City of Glasgow Bank has reached $825,000.

There have been numerous failures in England and Scotland.

THERE have been heavy floods and a great destruction of life and property in France.

A TELEGRAM from Rome says the negotiations between the Vatican and Germany are progressing slowly. Both sides are anxious to arrive at a prompt settlement concerning the dioceses of Alsace and Loraine, which are still administered as when they belonged to France. The Vatican will take advantage of the recent defeat of the radicals in Switzerland to establish relations with that country. The exiled Swiss bishops have already been notified to return.

A CONVENTION concluded at Paris between the countries of the Latin Union provides that the coinage of gold shall remain free, and the coinage of silver, suspended indefinitely, cannot be resumed without the consent of all the members of the union. The convention requires ratification by the Chambers of the countries of the countries in the union.

THE favorable result, to the Republicans, of the election for French Senators is confirmed. The Republicans, it is said, will carry 46 of the 75 Senatorships to be filled, a gain of 28.

A SECRET treaty between England and Austria has come to light.

AN attempt was made on Sunday, Nov. 17th to assassinate the King of Italy as he was entering Naples.

SNOW storms of exceptional severity for this time of the year prevailed on the 13th in the north and northwest of England, and throughout Scotland.

A COAL field has been discovered in India.

THE Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne have arrived at their new home in Canada.

A LITTLE war is going on between Afghanistan and England.

LONDON, November 26.—The Hamburg-American Line steamship Pommsrania, Captain Schwensen, which sailed from New York November 4th for Hamburg, and arrived at Plymouth at midnight on the 24th instant, came into collision last night about midnight, during a fog, about four miles southwest of Folkstone, with a British Bark. The Pommerania at the time was on her way from Plymouth to Hamburg. The steamship foundered in about ten minutes. One hundred and seventy-two were saved by the iron screw-steamer Glengarry, of Middlesboro', and landed at Dover. Fifty-eight persons are missing. The Captain and all the crew were saved. The vessel with which the Pommerania collided is reported off Folkstone with bows stove forward. Her compartment was full of water, and a tug had gone to her assistance.

DOMESTIC.

THE annual report of the Patent Office, submitted to the Secretary of the Interior, shows that for the year ending June 30th last, 19,057 original applications, were received and 14,019 new patents issued. There were 872 reissues and 722 patents granted for designs, and 9,757 caveats were filed. The total receipts of the office were $734,888 and the total expenditures $665,906. Of the amount expended, $50,000 was for the restoration of models injured by the fire last year. 1,505 trade marks were registered, against 938 the previous year.

A DISPATCH from Parkersburg, West Va., says that along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for forty miles east of that city, diphtheria is raging to a greater extent than was ever known in that region. Twelve children have died within four days, and more than half the families along the road have at least one case, and in some all the children are down with it.

THE new City Hall just completed at Providence, R. I., at a cost of about $1,000,000, was dedicated on the 14th.

L. D. PILSBURY, Superintendent of Albany Penitentiary, has paid over to the County Treasurer $42,437.51, being the net earnings of that institution for the year ending Oct. 31st.

NEW YORK POLICE STATISTICS.—During the quarter ending September 30 the New York city police made 20,208 arrests, the proportion of men to women arrested being about two to one. Of the total number arrested 7,173 were married and 13,026 were single; 5,449 could neither read nor write. The ages of those arrested were as follow: Under twenty years, 3,857; between twenty and thirty, 7,285; between thirty and forty, 5,033; between forty and fifty, 2,542; over fifty 1,491. The nationalities represented were: United States, 9,105; Ireland, 7,494; Germany, 1,949; England 545; colored (United States), 325; Scotland, 224; Italy, 203; France, 148; British Provinces, 133; Norway and Sweden, 42; Spain and Cuba, 38; Poland, 28; Russia, 17; Switzerland, 14; China, 1); Prussia, 4; Turkey, 1 and Africa, 1. Among the occupations of those arrested 3,885 labors head the list; there were noticeable 1 politician, 17 dog catchers, 6 clergymen, 26 editors and reporters, 28 lawyers, 15 physicians, 227 printers, 7 telegraphers, and 1 sexton; 5,089 had no occupation. There were 4,099 arrests for intoxication. Then in numerical order came disorderly conduct, assaults and battery, larceny, vagrancy, burglary, forgery and robbery. There were 19 arrests for homicide. There were 42 suicides reported—6 by poison, 7 by hanging, 12 by shooting, 8 by drowning, 9 by the knife and 2 from jumping from buildings. There were 36 attempted suicides and 146 sudden death; 1,222 lost children were found; 226 persons were found; 295 persons were found sick and destitute and were taken care of by the police.

THE tomb of the late A. T. Stewart at St. Mark's churchyard, New York City, was robbed of the millionaire's remains on the night of Nov. 7th. A reward of $50,000 is offered, but no trace of the body or of the robbers has been found.

THE United States Government has paid to England the Halifax Fishing award, amounting to $5,500,000.

PENSACOLA, FLA., November 11.—The Australian, for Liverpool, cleared to-day with 6,500 bales of cotton, $300,000, the largest cargo ever shipped from this port.

MACON, GA., November 11.—A fire at the State Lunatic Asylum at Milledgeville destroyed several out-buildings, storehouses, and supplies. There were no accidents to the inmates, but much excitement prevailed. Loss about $4,000.

THE excess of exports from the U. S. over the imports for the ten months ending Nov. 1st, amount to $237,070,012. The excess of imports of bullion over exports for the same period were $2,446,461. During the ten months of 1877 the exports of bullion exceeded the imports by $24,999,949.

Begin right, boys. Don't indulge in any kind of bad habits, thinking that hy-and-by you will break them off. Begin right, and keep on right. Ask God to make you strong. The manliest thing you can do is to give yourself to God, and seek his help day by day, The very best thing that can be said of any young man is, "He is a Christian." OAK.

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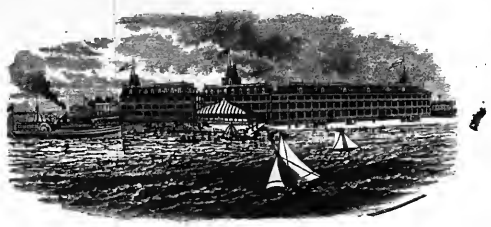

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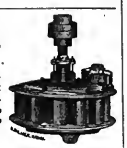

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WHO FOUND JAMIE?

BY HELEN W. LUDLOW.

The door bell rang.

That was not an uncommon occurence, as you may imagine, at No. 1, Rivington Square, an uptown, city boarding-house with a doctor's office in the basement. So I don't know why a sudden impulse of feminine curiosity should have stopped me on my way upstairs, and made me look back over my shoulder, through the opening door.

Feminine curiosity, however, was for once justified. A picture for a painter was framed in the doorway. It held me suspended between the first and second floors.

Just a pretty little frish woman, with a pretty bit of a baby in her arms.

It was the baby that did it, I know:—gave the mother's shoulder that tender droop, with the faded shawl dropping from it in a few artistic folds, pushed the rusty bonnet back out of sight, and laid its own red-riding-hood and flower-like face against the black locks straying over her eyes; while winter roses blossomed on the brown cheeks below, and the dainty ones above; and the slow-falling November snow and gray pavements dimly showing through it, made a soft-tinted background for all.

"An' is the Docther at home?"

A voice like music I turned, ran down stairs, and held out my hand.

"Ah! it is you, Mrs. McGuire. Come in. The doctor will be at home presently. Bring that baby in, out of the cold—the dear little dot!" and with another feminine impulse, I took it from its mother's arms and kissed it. I never *was* proof against a clean, sweet baby, and this was dainty enough for any one to kiss.

Besides, little Mrs. McGuire was an old pensioner of ours. Some sympathetic, out-giving souls have a way, you know, of attracting to themselves all the odds and ends of humanity. I always told *my* "beloved physician" that his sign ought to read,

"Come ye disconsolate."

At any rate, they came all the same as if it did, and this was one of the best of them; that is to say, the most needy—not so much of silver and gold, as of general advice and comfort, and human cheer, which the richest are not always rich in. For this she had come to us often in the five years since the stormy night when Hugh found her nearly frozen in the streets, flying from her old husband's abuse and drunken rage, turned out of doors with her baby to die.

Since our first introduction to her, we had moved from the suburbs to the city, and had not seen her as frequently as before, though never quite losing sight of her. I thought to myself, What new trouble now? as I asked her in; but before any questioning, I took her into the study and established her by the fire, hung her dripping shawl and limp bonnet to dry, and gave her a good hot cup of Hugh's own tea as tenderly as I know he would himself, the pretty blue-eyed baby, which I had not seen before, supplying, meanwhile, a safe and pleasant topic of discussion. Then, after it had received its own appropriate consolation, and cooed itself to sleep in its poor little mother's arms, and been laid away on a rug on the lounge, I said:

"And what is it that has brought you so far this stormy day, Mrs. McGuire? You are as wet as if you had walked all the way."

"An' that's what I did, ma'am, ivery shtep, barrin' the ferry."

"What! Two whole miles—three miles with the other side? You don't mean to say that——"

"No, ma'am; he gave me tha fare himself," she said, divining and turning aside my suspicion of some new outrageous demonstration on the part of her tyrant.

"But what then? That baby ought not to have been out so long in this weather—though it does look like a daisy. And you must be perfectly dragged out, carrying it! What is it?"

The winter roses had faded out of the brown cheeks, but a flush of excitement rose in their place as she looked at me. I noticed how thin the cheeks were, and how hollow and haggard the pleasant, deep blue, frish eyes, heavy with unshed tears, and weary to exhaustion. She only said:

"It's Jamie, ma'am."

"Jamie? Is he sick? Oh, you don't mean he has run away again?"

"Ha has, ma'am. He's been away goin' on four months."

"Four months! You poor, or woman! Why didn't you come and tell us sooner?"

She glanced at the sleeping y.

"I couldn't, ma'am. I was y had with the worry, and I couldn't iver get so far, ti ow."

It seemed cruel to search her f further, but, with some hesitation, I said:

"It wasn't his father, this time, I hope."

When Jamie was scarcely five years old, his unnatural father, in a fit of anger against his wife, carried him off to spite her, and after keeping him all night in no one knows what dens of low drunkenness, came home without him. If it was true that time, as he declared when he woke from his heavy sleep, that he had not done it on purpose, having once discovered this original and effective means of torturing the poor little creature in his power, he redeemed himself from any suspicion of a lack of purpose, by repeating it again and again. Three times in as many years, the child was thus carried off and dropped, like a forlorn little kitten, in the dark streets at night, not so far from home, fortunately, but that every time a friendly neighbor or the street watchman brought him back, pityingly, the next morning to the distracted mother.

But, whether from these infantile experiences of night revelries and sleeping under the stars on ash-heaps or area steps, the boy had acquired a love for street life, or was instigated to it by his father, or, more likely still, had inherited from him some perverse distortion of nature, as he grew older, he developed a fondness for wandering on his own account, and was fast becoming a little wild street Arab, restrained by small love for his long-suffering mother. He had been gone for a fortnight the last time, and when he came creeping back, dirty and ragged and half-starved, his mother, roused to unaccustomed energy, placed him in the safe keeping of the "Sisters" in a Roman Catholic reform-school.

So it was with some uncertainty that, surprised at his escape, I asked whether his father had helped him off.

"Deed no, ma'am. The ould man has been pretty dacent to to me lately. An' I thought Jamie would get along all right at the Sisthers. I felt real safe about him. They were teaching him a trade, don't you see—hoop-skirt making—all the b'ys worked at it. He didn't like it very much; but it wasn't hard work, and he had enough to eat, an' they taught him his book, an' I wint to see him myself ivery week, visiting day, so he shouldn't get lonesome. Och! whin I wint up to see him—it was some time last May—an' they tould me he had run away, you could have knocked me down wid a shtraw just, I was that weak."

"What did he run away for? How did he get away?"

"He got tired o' stayin' an' workin', an' he shpoke up right saucy to one of the Sisthers, an' threatened to run off, an' she gave him a whippin' for it. I don't suppose he got more than he deserved, but he never would take whippin' well. The ould man has been him often, but I'd niver raised a han' to him, an' he wouldn't shtand it from a woman. So thin he wouldn't stay anyway, an' he got off that same night—got over the big high garden wall; however he did it I don't know, but he could do anythin' in climbin'."

"And you've never seen him since?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. He came shtealing home that very night to me—watched his chance when he saw his father go out. 'Och, Jamie!' says I, after I'd kissed him an' cried over him,—'however could you?' 'Don't say a word, mother,' says he; 'if you wont send me back, an' father'll promise not to beat me, I'll niver run away again; but I'll niver go back there alive,' says he—an' he just a little feller of ten years old, but he shpoke up as fierce as a man.

"Well, I gave him his supper, an' told him to go into the neighbors', till I'd shpeak to his father; an' so I did, an' the ould man was good natured, an' promised fair he'd niver lay a finger on him, an' no more he didn't. An' Jamie was just as good wid me, an' kind as iver you'd ashk, or expict, an' shtayed around home, an' helped me wid the childer, an' ran on errands, an' always came back just as good. I thought all my troubles was over, ivery wan!"

"Wasn't I tellin' you how good he was till me, ma'am? An' so he was—just like a little lamb. I took all the comfort in life wid him, and the ould man, him so clever, an' the childer well—ah! them was the happy days! An' so it wint on till one mornin'—I think it was just about six weeks since I'd had him home, a Monday mornin'—I got the breakfast out of the way, an' the ould man off to his work, an' I got my tubs out an' thought I'd have my washin' done up in a hurry. An' I hadn't a bit of soap in the house, an' Jamie was takin' care of Mary Ellen and Johnny, makin' pictures for them, just as nice; an' I said, 'Jamie, I'll look afther the childer, till you run to the grocery an' fetch me a bar of soap,' says I. 'Yes, mother,' says he—just as cheerful—an' he got his cap, an' I gave him the six pinnies, niver uishtrushtin' nothin'. Jamie niver did lift a cint off me; he was no thief; there wasn't a thievin' hair on him. 'Now run quick, Jamie dear,' says I. 'Yes, mother; I'll be back right off;' so he shouted to me from the shtreet, an' turned about an' smiled at me, so he did, an' swung his little cap, an' darted off like a flash; an' Johnnie a callin' afther him, an' me a shtandin' there in the doorway, smilin' an' thinkin' what a comfort he was, afther all.

"An' that—was—the last—minute—I've iver—set eyes onto him—from that blessed day to this."

She was not crying, poor, heart-broken mother, but I was, and I hope you are.

"It was two months an' over before I was able to raise a hand about it meself. While he didn't come, an' I got frightened, I took Johnny an' Mary Ellen into the neighbors, an' wint round to the grocery—it wasn't five minutes' walk—an' they told me they'd given him the soap, but hadn't noticed whin he wint out;—no more they wouldn't, you know, ma'am, av course. An' I looked about a bit for him, an' thin I thought maybe he'd be home before me, an' I wint back, but he wasn't there. An' I wint out again, but I couldn't get no word of him. An' whin the ould man came home for his dinner, there wasn't any for him, an' I didn't care. I charged him with takin' Jamie off, but he shwore he didn't. An' thin I wint out of me head like, an' didn't know much how things wint till afther baby came, poor little thing, an' afther that I wasn't able just to raise me head, not for two months, as I told you. The ould man seemed sorry, an' kept pretty sober, an' got his daughter to come an' get the meals. He did what he could about it, I believe. He wint up for me to the Sisthers, but they hadn't seen him there. An' so it wint on, in hopin' he'd come back, day afther day. He'd niver been gone so long before. When I got able to walk, the neighbors were good an' had an eye to the childer, now an' thin, an' I wint out a little ivery day, lookin', till I got shtrong enough to go further an' carry the baby. Thin I just took her in my arms, an' came across to the city, an' walked an' walked till I knew I mustn't walk a shtep further if I iver wanted to get back. Many's the mile poor hahy an' I has walked, lookin' an' lookin', but we've niver got as far as this before."

Ah—looking and looking—many a mile. How my heart followed the image that fancy called up, of the poor little woman and the baby born to sorrow, walking wearily, how wearily, through the long noisy streets of the great city so overpowering in its vastness, so lonely in its fullness, to a mother who seeks among its great, hopeless throngs for one little lost child!

As we sat cozy and comfortable that night by the bit of open grate fire that Hugh, I am glad to say, always will indulge in, I told him the sad story in few words; and, in fewer still, his practical, common-sense kindness responded promptly, as I knew it would.

"The police stations must be notified at once. It ought to have been done at first. And I'll send a description of the case to the Children's Hospital, and House of Refuge, and to all the private asylums where such little waifs would naturally drift. If the poor soul wants to go herself to look, I'll give her letters and get passes for her. He's most likely safe in one of them, poor little scamp."

O Hugh, do you really think so?"

"Yes indeed, dear; there's little that escapes those nets."

Hugh went himself, the first thing next morning, to the nearest police station to give a minute description of little Jamie and his disappearance, and instantly, from station to station round the great city, the message flashed, till the whole beneficent strength of the law's keen vision was focussed upon this one little vagrant. The police officers shook their heads, however, over the length of time that had elapsed, and said,

"More chance at the Refuges."

Just as soon as the necessary passes could be obtained, we sent for Mrs. McGuire, and, with heart throbbing wild with feverish hope, she started upon the new trail among asylums and lodging-houses and hospitals. When it was possible, we went with her to make her reception surer and her search easier. Ah, the thousands of homeless little ones in a great city; the hundreds of childish faces that passed before us, of all colors and nationalities! But among all the hundreds, no Jamie.

"She'll bo down sick, to-morrow," I said to Hugh, as the cab rolled off in which he had sent her home from the last Refuge on our list.

"Yes; poor soul," he assented. "I've a call over there to-morrow afternoon,"—he still kept a few patients in our old home—"and I'll try to run in and see her."

We certainly did not expect to see her in the city, and were surprised enough when, as we were sitting at lunch, the familiar message was brought in:

"The little Irish woman is waiting in the office for the Doctor."

I ran in first to see her while Hugh finished his lunch. I almost doubted her sanity, as I met her hungry, restless eyes, and noticed the burning spots under them. As gently as possible, I told her that no word had come to us yet from the police, but she hardly seemed to hear what I said.

"Didn't you tell me, ma'am, that there'd be some way found yet to get him? An' it's this it is, maybe."

She held out with trembling hand, a dingy, ragged bit of newspaper.

"Well, what is this?" I said, turning it over and over, gingerly, and reading only various advertisements—Houses to let—Board wanted—Use Dr. Killdear's Baby Mixture—ah!—

"Seventh Daugbter of a Seventh Deughter. Grandchild of an Arabian astrologer. Medams Latour, the well-known clairvoyant, from Paris, discovers what is lost, reads the past and the future, reveals the destiny, tells name and shows likeness of future husband or wife. Fortunes told told by card reading, palmistry, or consultation with spirits, and clairvoyance.

on each one of us, though, somehow, when it was my turn, I felt transfixed.

"Do you come to consult me, ladies?"

Her accent did not suggest the Arabian astrologer, nor the Parisian extraction, and my courage rose, while I briefly explained that it was only I who wished the consultation.

"Dat lets you out, for I am in trouble," retorted the Madam.

and triumphant as I meant it to be. I was ready to give up all my theories of treatment, and very much afraid I had killed my patient with an overdose of stimulants.

"Well, cheer up, dear; we did the very best we knew," he said, kindly taking a share of the responsibility. "I'll tell you how we can use up some time at least. The settlements along the Pacific Road are not innumerable. We can find out every one, and send a note to the postmaster

"Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter. Grand-child of an Arabian astrologer. Madame Latonr, the well-known clairvoyant, from Paris, discovers what is lost, reads the past and the future, reveals the destiny, tells name and ehows likeness of future husband or wife. Fortunes told told by card reading, palmistry, or consultation with spirits, and clairvoyance.

Madame Latour is conenlted by the first ladies and gentlemen of the city, and never fails to give satisfaction. Gives equal attention to rich and poor. Ladies hours, 8 to 4; Gentlemen, 5 to 8. Evening seances twice a week, with materialization of spirit forms and faces."

I felt those hungry eyes on my face as I read, and tried to meke it impassive.

"Yes, thet's it just, ma'am. It was Mrs. McGraw gave it till me when I got home last night. Wasn't she waitin' for me, with the childer all ebed, and a hot cup o' tay for me, and when she was after makin' me drink it, sure she says, 'There's thim as knows where Jamie is,' she says, 'an' can bring him back till ye,' says she, an' she gives me this bit as she'd found in the peper that very day, that come round the tay she'd bought for me, bless her. An' I was that worn ont I went to ahlape like a behy, with it clutched right in me hand, an' I had a drame about Jamie how he'd come home till me—an' O ma'am, if you an' the Docther will lend me the money to go the Madam, I'll work me fingers off, but I'll pay back ivery cent till ye."

Lend her the money! I knew well enough she meent what ehe said, and would do it; hut to lend her only new disappointment and misery—

I heard Hugh's step,—"Wait a minnte," I eaid, and ran to stop him in the inner office, drawing the door shut after me.

"O Hugh, only look at thet. The poor women really wants to try it."

He read the Madam's elluring annouucement. What reply would you expect a "regular" physician to make? Of course—that's just it. He said,

"Nonsense!" and thet with some vigor.

I put my hand on his arm.

"Yes, Hugh, hut somehow I can't quite go back and tell that poor heert-broken thing so."

"Would you rather raise false hopes, dear, that would only prolong her agony?"

"The hopes are raised already, Hugh. Besides,"—I went on, arguing as much with myself as with him, "I do believe ehe would die, without some sort of hope; and you know, you give etimulents sometimes to keep a patient up on false etrength till he has a chance to rally. Perhaps this would occupy her mind for awhile, and tide her over ehe worst, and meantime something might turn up, or ehe might at least get over the dreadful fatigue of these expeditions and gain a little hit of strength."

"Well," said Hugh, smiling at my medical theories, "there's something in that view of the case. And do yon propose to take her to thie ehrine of the prophets?"

"Why, yes, Hugh, if you don't mind. That is, unless you have some wiser plan to offer," I said a little artfnlly, for I was quite enre he hadn't.

"No, there's nothing left that I can see but to wait for some clue from the police, and I've no idea now that it will ever come. These little nobodies are as hard to identify as a stray cat. You may try yonr treatment, if yon like, hnt let me meke eure it's the the best piece for you to go to. One may have e choice of oracles, I suppose.

"Oh, Medame Latonr; I am pretty sure it's the best there is, Hugh. She's all the feshion. Mies Roye and Mr. Seundera were discussing her last evening at dinner. Miss Roye has heen to one of her seances, and saye that though she doesn't believe in euch things herself, Medame Letour certainly does do most wonderful things that cannot be explained."

"Seneible woman—I mean not to helieve altogether in such things. You had hetter take her with yon. I don't like to heve you go there alone, with Mrs. McGuire. She might go into hysterics, and you would need help. Well, good-hye dear."

"Good-hye, Hugh. I shall heve some sort of a etory to tell you to-night."

I went back with the comfort of consent to her petition, to poor Mrs. McGuire, feeling, in epite of my plausible arguments, very doubtful whether I was more kind than cruel, and yet that she could not have borne a refussal.

Miss Roye was delighted with my invitation to accompany us to the medium's: poor Mrs. McGuire was beyond minding the presence of a stranger, and at two o'clock we mounted the steps of a brick house. My light touch of the bell was answered instantly, and the door was thrown open by a respectable looking colored waiter. Yes, the Madam was at home, to ladies, and we were ushered into a reception room to wait till she was at liberty.

A French nurse with a daintily dressed little girl, was preparing to leave, with a pair of flushed cheeks that a walk in the Park might cool, hut I wondered how the "little pitcher" could he prevented from pouring out a story of the visit to Mamma when they got home. In twenty minntes more, which seemed twice as long, two women draped in the deepest mourning, passed slowly by the door and went out, the elder supporting the younger who was weeping violently under her long crape veil.

We were then at once summoned into an inner parlor, larger and darker, empty of any human presence, and not suggestive of spiritnal occupancy. It had only the ordinary scanty furniture of any unfashionable city rented honse.

A door opposite the mirror opened quietly, and the seventh grand-daughter of the Arabian astrologer stood before ne. A tall, stout woman with masses of black hair puffed and piled high npon her head, in the style then prevailing on fashion plates, a face that would have been simply coarsely expressionless, but for a pair of quick, searching black eyes. If they looked as sharply into futurity as they did around them, they ought to have seen much. They rested a scarcely appreciable moment on each one of us, though, somehow, when it was my turn, I felt transfixed.

"Do you come to consult me, ladies?"

Her accent did not suggest the Arabian astrologer, nor the Parisian extraction, and my courage rose, while I briefly explained that it was only I who wished the consultation.

"But it's *you* that are in tronhle," retorted the Medam, turning suddenly upon Mrs. McGuire, who, startled completely off her guard, clasped her hande convulsively and sobbed out:

"An' sure that's thrue for ye, ma'am. An' if ye'll help me out, it's the Lord himself will bliss ye."

"You have met with e loss," said the Madam, calmly, seeting herself at the table. "You huve come to the right place for help Now"—addressing me—"will yon conenlt hy the c ds, or the spirits, or clairvoyance?"

I hesitated.

"An' which wan (im ways is the best thin?" asked Mrs. McGuire, appe (to the oracle herself.

"All are equally , and perfectly satisfactory as far as they go. Of rse, you can't do as much with cards."

"*Spirits*," mc d Miss Roye's lips behind her hand.

"The only ' in consulting the spirits," said the Madam, as if ng an audible suggestion, "is that you can't always he sure they are not lying spirits. In clairvoyance, I tell only what I see myself, so I know it is reliable."

So the question was settled.

"Please draw up to the table," said Madam Latour, handing me a long strip of thin brown wrapping paper, "and write upon this, the name of the lost. You will observe that I shall not look at it, hut you can make the test as perfect as you please hy covering your writing, end when it is written, double the peper over and over till it is a mere strip."

I took the paper with a feeling that it was all a child's game, and I had to consider what the consequences were and what the world would say. The Madam turned her keen eyes religiously awey, and, screening one hand with the other, in small feint characters, I wrote the name, Jemie McGuire, at the top of my peper, folding it over and over, as she had said, giving the strip thus formed en extre fold across. It was no sooner done than the Medam extended her hand, without a word, and without turning her eyes which seemed to be closed, her head resting upon her other hand, her elbow supported by the back of her chair. I dropped the folded slip into her open palm, her fingers closed upon it, and —still without her head'e turning—went through a series of manipuletione with no effect thet I could see, but to crush and twist the slip more and more hopelessly for any examinntion, at last giving it a careless toss over her head into the fireplace, where it lay with the other wisps and explained their presence.

Her arm, returning, sank listlessly on the table, her head droopeel lower; ehe seemed to heve dropped asleep with the facility of the fat boy in Pickwick. In a few minutes, however, her breast began to heave and pent as if she were struggling under some mysterious influence, "Is it not ewe inspiring?" murmured Miss Roye.

The convulsive gasps ceased, and in dreamy, slow utterance, with eyes still closed, our oracle began to speak.

"Where—em—I? Snow—snow—snow—stretching everywhere as far as I can see; and long bleck lines running straight through it. They are railroad tracks. No hills, all flat like fields or like the sea. Far off I see something moving—like a lot of animels running. Now I see a few houses in a line along the track. A little further off, I see a lerge log house. A men is working outside. The sides of the house are growing like glass to me. I can see right through into the room. It is a pleasant looking room—like a kitchen—warm and bright. An open fireplace, and a coal fire. A woman is clearing off the table. A baby is in a cradle. In front of the fire a little boy is sitting, mendiug a sled. He is a small boy with derk hrown heir and red cheeks. Now the woman is speaking. What is ehe saying? Be still now, and let me listen. She says:

"'You'll go to echool to-day, *Jamie McGuire*,'"

A faint scream from the over-taxed little mother started Miss Rose and myself to our feet. What other sentences the clairvoyant may have spoken, if any, we did not heed or hear, as we caught the poor fainting woman and laid her on a sofa. She did not lie there long. How Madam Latour came out of her trance we did not notice; hut ehe rose from her chair, exclaiming—

"Where am I? Oh—what have I been saying? What is the matter?"

The fainting mother heard her, and, rousing, in a frenzy of excitement, was down at her feet on her knees.

"An' couldn't ye," ehe pleaded, "find out the name of that far place, an' let me go there for him—or maybe you could get thim creatures to send him back till me?"

"Well, I've almost given up snch efforts. It is a great exertion, a great strain upon my nervous system," sighed the Madam. "Now I see that you are a poor woman," she added, benevolently, "and you had better save your money for yourself, as long as Jamie is so well off. For it would take a great deal to bring him back."

"How much, then?" broke in the mother.

"Put it as low as I could, for you—it's really a dangerous exertion for me. Put it as low as I could, because I know you're poor, I couldn't in conscience, ask less than twenty dollars."

"I could work an' get it, yes, I could, if you'd only be so good as to wait for it, or let me pay up a bit at a time. I'd pay you ivery cint, that I would, an' bless you too, ma'am."

My impatience rose over its bounds, the more because I was angry with myself for having brought myself and the poor little woman into euch a position. "Come, Mrs. McGuire," I said, "you had hetter go home and think this over. Madam Latonr will trust you if you decide to come to her."

My story for Hugh that evening, after Mrs. McGuire had had her dinner and gone home, was not as bright and triumphant as I meant it to be. I was ready to give up all my theories of treatment, and very much afraid I had killed my patient with an overdose of etimulants.

"Well, cheer np, dear; we did the very best we knew," he said, kindly taking a share of the responsibility. "I'll tell you how we can use up some time at least. The settlement along the Pacific Road are not innumerable. We can find ont every one, and send a note to the postmaster or station-keeper and inquire if any such family with euch a child lives there."

For all Hugh's generosity and ingenious devices, I ley awake most of the night, thinking over the difficulties of the case, pitying a weary mother, indignant with the woman who, I believed, was deceiving her, and feeling with shame a sense of having assisted the fraud. I went to hrenkfast next morning with a nervous headache which received a sudden impetus when the office bell rang, and the old message was brought in.

"The little Irish woman to see you, ma'am, and the Doctor."

"We'll go together," said Hugh, and so we did.

Was she really insane this time? I thought so when we opened the office door. She looked ready to spring at us. Her eyes were almost black with excitement. Her cheeks burned. She was quivering all over, laughing hysterically hetween sohe, and then the tears streamed forth as I had never seen them in her darkest dnye, as ebe clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"O Doctor dear—O ma'am! Blessed be God! He'e found! Jamie's found!"

"Thank God!" we both exclaimed.

"But where—how—out West?" I stammered, hardly knowing what to think. The mere suggestion calmed her.

"Ah, ma'am, sure the Lord was better to me than that false desayvin' creature—though it's too happy I am, to be nagger with one one now. Wasn't I goin' home last night ready to pay her ivery cint I had in the world, and believe ivery word of her foolishness, an' didn't I find, right there in me own house, a hit of a letter writin' for me, just like an angel had brought the same, an' it right from that blessed man Mr. Christian himself—him ne kapes the Shepherd's Fold, ye know, sir—sure it's Christinn he is by name, and Christian by nature. Mary Ellen an' me made it ont together, an' it sayin', how four weeks ago, only just a hit afther we'd wint there, you know, ma'am, a poor little b'y was brought in by a newe-girl who had found him sick in the streets, an' he come right down with the faver, an' couldn't say a word. An' when he got better, he gave his nnme as Johnnie Mellin, don't you see, an' said he hadn't any home, an' they kep' him in the school, an' took care of him. But his tacher found him cryin' ivery day, do you see, ma'am; cryin' an' cryin'; an' wouldn't play with the other b'ys; an' he wouldn't tell wan of them what the matter was, till, at last, they were so kind he lost fenr of them, an' owned up his name wasn't Johnnie Mellin, but Jamie McGuire, an' he had a mother just over the river, only he was afraid to go home hecause they thonght he'd run away. An' so Mr. Christian said I'd best come over an' see him first, instead of his sendin' him home."

"*Thought* he'd run away? But hndn't he?"

"That's just what I don't understend yet, ma'am; for, don't you see, when you'd been so good helpin' me an' upholdin' me, sure I couldn't do onything till I'd come an' towld ye."

And so, within an hour, we had the pleasure which nny one might think a rich one, of seeing that mother heart clasp to its closest embrace, the little hrown head so long missed, thet poor little waif taken np into the warmth and tenderness of a mother's love, that love satisfied for all the long days of cruel pain.

And this, perhaps, would he a good place to stop; hnt I know you will want, as we did, to listen to Jnnie's poor little story, and learn how it was that "they thought he'd run away," and he thought he hadn't.

"And oh, I'm so sorry, mother," he sohbed, "and sure I never meant to leave you. But after I'd got the soap, and went out of the store, there was Pat O'Brien, and Tim Rooney, and Johnnie Sullivan, and we got playin' and cuttin' up, and I left down the soap somewhere, and it went just clean out of my hend. And we went down to the docks to play, and jumped on a canal boat a lyin' there, and before ever we knew, there ehe was out in the middle of the stream, and an old tug takin' her down to the locke. Oh, wasn't we scared, though! And the captain he swore at us; but when we got to the locks, he let the boye off. But it was an awful waye from home, and I was afraid to go back so late, and without the soap or the money. So I begged the captain to let me stay on board and work, and I told him that my father and mother was dead, and there wasn't nobody to say I shouldn't—I didn't know how awful mean that was till Mr. Christian told me—and so, at last, he said I might, and so I went all the way down into Pennsylvany with the boat, down among the coal mines. Sometimes the boye let me ride the horses. Thnt was hully. Only, sometimes, they knocked me about too. When we got down there. I went ashore, and hired out to a farmer to do the chores; pick beans, and help make hay a little. I liked it pretty well, and he was good to me. But in the fall, the same boat started up on its last trip, so I thought I'd had about enough of farming, and the captnin said he'd take me hack. But when we got up here, I got the old scare hack again, and dursn't go home. So I tried to make a living off the streets, hut I had bad luck and took sick, and thought I was going to peg ont; hut a girl they call Shouting Sallie found me and brought me here. And you know how they got it out of me who I was—I'm awful glad they did—and I'll never run awny ngnin—which I didn't that time neither—if you'll make father not beat me. And I'll work, and pay you back that six cents for the soap I didn't fetch you. Mr. Christian saye it's the square thing to do, and I expect it is. And I told the fellers here I was an orphan—hut I'm awful glad I aint. That's all."

It is a true story I have heen telling you. So Jamie was found, and we might say with him, that's all. But will you not think for a minute who found Jamie?

It was not the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, the grandchild of the Arabian astrologer, the most popular medium of the day, with all her gifts, natural and acquired, and eyee that saw what was not to be seen, the oracle at whose shrine hundreds waited with awe and left their gold and silver behind, the "false, deceiving creature," chuckling over human credulity and her ill-gotten gains.

Not she; but the ministers of true and noble and rational charity which—not for gold or gain—seeks by systematic, common-sense effort, to make up for eome of the world's ein and folly, half of whose hnttle would be gained if the superstitions epun by ignorance could be swept like dusty cobweb, from the houses of rich and poor.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VIII. HAMPTON, VA., JANUARY, 1879. NO. 1.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

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ON THE THRESHOLD.

BY H. W. L.

EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

Correspondence between Bishop S. Morris and

my possession, as you know, for several years, on the St. Paul's River in Liberia, twenty miles from the sea. 800 acres of the most fer-

being trained in your schools in America, can have no nobler aspiration than to penetrate those remote regions of their Fatherland with

LC 2701
.S7

ON THE THRESHOLD.

BY H. W. L.

Standing--waiting—on the threshold—
Half in hope, and half in fear--
For the Temple gates to open
Of the strange, the glad New Year.

Dim the pathway lies behind us
O'er the rugged ways of life;
Weary are our feet with travel,
Weary are our hearts with strife,

Weary are our hands with warding
Off the pelting storms of Fate,
But at last we take fresh courage
At the New Year's Temple gate.

On the blast comes voice of scorning—
"Childish hopes, from childish fears!
"What has been is that which shall be,
"This shall prove as other years."

But the child heart brave within us,
Heedeth not the warning dull;
Fair the New Year's Temple rises
O'er its Gateway Beautiful.

Gifts are scattered at its portal;
From its courts, our souls to cheer,
Music streams and warm light flashes—
Let us in, O Glad New Year!

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, *Nov.* 30, 1878.

General Armstrong,
Hampton Institute Va.—

My Esteemed Friend:—I arrived in England for the first time about two weeks ago, when my attention was called to a sympathizing notice kindly inserted in the "Southern Workman" relating to my health, which when I left the United States in July last, was far from satisfactory, but I am happy and thankful to be able to say, that a few months "off guard" has so much restored me, and I feel so well, that I am about to undertake the serious and exposing work of lecturing in this country telling of "Liberia as I saw it,"—and of Africa. My first effort will be in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and second in the "Friend's Institute," both of this city. I propose to be on duty here for the next four months, and if encouraged, will go from city to city, throughout England, and reach Scotland—Liberia and Africa require this at my hands—may I ask for your earnest prayers on behalf of my self-imposed service.

I find here the Liberian Minister Plenipotentiary, Edward W. Blyden LL. D., well-known to you, a pure Negro not too much cast down on account of the present condition of his race, the regeneration of which has his every heart throb. Fortunately for Liberia he is not a colored, but a black man, full of faith and works, and looking to Africa—not away from it. Had he been at the Court of St. James years and years ago—Liberia to-day would not be so far behind in the race of nations. He has had his audience with the Queen of England and was kindly received by her, he is received into the best society here, and was lately elected an honorary member of the Athenæum, one of the most exclusive clubs in all England. He is invited to the meetings of the learned societies here, and his ever appropriate remarks before them, find their way into the press. What will the wheel of time not do for individuals and nations!

At the Foreign Office there this interesting fact is on record,—that the only two *independent nations* sending their dispatches in the English language were those from America and Liberia. I ask no pardon when I say if America is the son of England — what is the American settlement of Liberia but her grandson. The time is fast approaching when the entire Anglo-Saxon race will be proud of the Negro Republic, "Christian Liberia the open door to heathen Africa." Be patient, my good General, and you will see that your ploughing and seed sowing at Hampton have not been in vain.

On the subject of the heavy work in which I am engaged, I send herewith copies of correspondence between Dr. Blyden and myself, which will be interesting to your flock in every fold.

For the first I visited Westminster Abbey this P. M., accompanied by Dr. Blyden. I went there for the sole purpose of standing at the grave of Livingstone, and to have my own train of thoughts, to do this, I willingly passed the graves of Wilberforce, the Poets' Corner, and others of the "mighty dead,"—and as I turned away, remembering the dust of Livingstone was there; I could not forget the interesting and appropriate fact, that his heart was left in Africa—I saw nothing else than Livingstone's grave. I did not want to break the spell of the influence of the mighty name.

Please remember me kindly to Miss L——, and know me to be as ever, your friend,

EDWD S. MORRIS.

P. S. My address while in England will be, "Friends Institute," 13 Bishopsgate St., without London, E. C.

EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

Correspondence between Edw'd S. Morris and Edward W. Blyden LL.D.

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, WEST AFRICA.
April, 1877.

Edward S. Morris, Esq.,
No. 128 *So. Front Street,*
Philadelphia, U. S. A.:

My Dear Sir:—

I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to congratulate you on an occurrence which took place in this community not long since, which I was told was brought about through your orders—I refer to the destruction by your agent of twelve hundred bottles of Gin,—That article of trade which is unfortunately so common in the business prosecuted by Europeans on the Coast, was introduced into your business here, I learn, without your knowledge, and against your positive orders. Such an act of wholesale destruction of the poison done in West Africa by a Christian white man deserves to be forever remembered, and the intelligence of it, ought to be spread far and wide. "Publish it in Gath, and tell it in the streets of Askelon." It is a standing and serious reproach against Christians among Mohamedans in the interior of West Africa, among whom I have travelled, that they introduce with their religion, that which destroys both soul and body,—that they bring the Bible with their left hand, and Rum with their right. I have had in my travels in the interior, to meet this charge again and again. In my article on "*Christian Missions in Africa*" in Fraser's Magazine, Oct., 1876, I said, and I repeat it here,—for I am very much impressed with the feeling. "It is a very "fortunate circumstance for Africa that the "Mohammedans of the interior present so for-"midable and impenetrable a barrier to the "desolating flood which, but for them would "sweep across the continent. The abstem-"iousness of Islam is one of its good qualities "which I should like Africans to retain, what-"ever may be the future fortunes of that faith "on this continent."

It is sad to reflect that Christianity, with its professors often weakened by indulgence in the poison must be helpless to contend in this country against a faith which besides some elements of spiritual truth, has in its practical teachings that great physical truth for Africa and the Negro,—*viz.:* "that fermented liquor is a snare and a curse from the devil," and the recognition and observance of which by the robust followers of that faith is preserving for the Negro race. these men of magnificent physique and intellectual strength who are the active propagators of Islam in the interior.

Your testimony in favor of temperance by the public destruction of that large quantity of Gin at great pecuniary loss no doubt to yourself,—will not be lost upon the natives. The Mohamedans, many of whom frequent a village very near the spot where the Gin was destroyed will hear of it, and carry the news to the interior, and who can tell the effect of that single deed.

"How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

On purely natural grounds, desiring and laboring for the incorruptible integrity of my race, I must thank you for doing that which must be done on a larger scale than I am afraid Christian merchants are yet disposed to do, before Christianity will make any progress in Africa, *viz.:* the execution and annihilation of Rum the murderer. Wishing you every success in your great work, I remain,

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD W. BLYDEN.

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 1, 1877.
OFFICE, 120 SOUTH FRONT ST.

PROF. E. W. BLYDEN,

Dear Sir:—

I received your kind and appreciative letter dated Monrovia, April 4th, and thank you for your kind words, and trust the results you anticipate may in the smallest measure flow from the act of destroying the Gin. I already have my reward in having done the deed.

I see by the papers that you are now Liberia's Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James. I must congratulate our struggling Republic on having secured the services of such a representative—and sincerely hope you will succeed in all your efforts for the Republic. The friends of Liberia in this country cordially endorse the appointment.

Yes; my effort is not only to destroy Rum in Africa, but to supersede the cultivation of sugar-cane from which Rum is made—by the excellent Coffea, which is indigenous to Liberia, the best in the world. You know my efforts for years past in that direction. But not only do I wish to save the bodies of the Negro race in Africa from the ravages of the murderers. I want to educate their minds. I want to see the Christian school-house scattered in Africa far and wide. I have had in my possession, as you know, for several years, on the St. Paul's River in Liberia, twenty miles from the sea, 800 acres of the most fertile land, and it has been my desire, from the outset of my acquisition of that land, to make it a very nursery of industrial as well as literary education, not only for the Liberian youth, but *for the sons of Native African Chiefs*, who will in due course inherit their father's official position; so that when these educated sons assume authority over their tribes they can and will, with one sweep of the pen, abolish every heathen custom, cast aside their idols, and worship only at the footstool of our common Father. These proposed school-houses should also receive and teach the native girls from the bush. The children of Liberia's future citizens, the thousands of freedmen of America now looking to your Republic as their natural and happy home, will also be welcomed to them. These school-houses can be multiplied from one to one hundred, and I have matured such a plan, based upon work, system and prayer, as must secure a successful operation.

The General Superintendent of the schools should not only be a man of letters, but a Christian gentleman—a Negro beat on the elevation of his race; one who can bring the sons of chiefs to the school-house and delight in training them as the future men of Africa; one whose heart is for the advancement of all Africa into the paths of Christianity and civilization; one who practically believes in our Great Standard-bearer, and can tell of His holy example and precepts, as contained in the four gospels of the New Testament.

Now please give me fully, and without hesitation, your views as to the practicability of my plan, and make my suggestions which you think may be useful to me.

There are enough of the great and good in America and England who will be glad to give their mite to the African school-houses, and read with pleasure the annual Reports of the workings of the same which I will send them.

Yours truly, and for Africa's sake,
ut commend,
EDWARD S. MORRIS.

LEGATION OF LIBERIA, LONDON,
November 6, 1877.

My dear Sir:—

I am so anxious to do what I can to cooperate with men of your earnestness and zeal in the cause of my country and race that I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 1st, to thank you, in the first place, for the deep interest you continue to manifest in the cause of Africa and the Negro race,—and, secondly, to express my conviction of the entire practicability of your views on the subject of education in Africa. There is great anxiety among the natives for schools—an increasing feeling on their part as to the importance and necessity of having their children instructed. Their wants in this respect ought long since to have been more generally met than they have been. I am sure there will be no lack of scholars of both sexes for the schools. And, fortunately, you have an interesting tract of land on the St. Paul's River, twenty miles from the coast, and on the direct highway to the vast interior, which may be made the starting point and nursery of education for a very large area of country; and you are further favored for the work, I think, in being, as you have said in one of your letters to me, "a Committee of one with power to act."

Teachers I am sure will be forthcoming. It is not without a Providential purpose that numerous schools are now thrown open in your country for the instruction of the Freedmen and their children.

It is, I venture to say, under the impulse of an inspiration higher than mere human benevolence, looking to an object of a wider grasp than mere human sagacity can compass, that hundreds of self-denying men and women of your own race in America should be devoting their time, talents, energies and wealth to a work which to some seems far from promising—a work almost smothered in its incipient stages by the unsympathizing, but persevered in by those whose hearts were in it, until it has obtained the mighty proportions of to-day,—the work, I mean, of establishing, supporting, and teaching the numerous Institutions of learning for the instruction of some of those who were formerly slaves—Institutions which now form so many interesting centres of light throughout the southern portions of your country. Those schools are at this moment preparing the workmen who are to engage in the work you are now endeavoring to inaugurate. And from what I know of the natives for hundreds of miles interior, I am satisfied it is quite practicable to extend a line of Christian schools and civilized farms from the malarious sea-board across the beautiful, populous and salubrious highlands to the banks of the Niger, and beyond the Niger to the heart of Soudan.

Liberians and their friends can aim at nothing more glorious than this, and they should aim at nothing less. The Negro youth now being trained in your schools in America, can have no nobler aspiration than to penetrate those remote regions of their Fatherland with the Primer and Bible, the Hoe and the Plow. This is a work of magnificent purpose—a work of the highest promise.

Three hundred years of European commerce with West Africa has left the people worse than it found them. Agriculture and schools are to be the great means of building up the tribes and starting them on the road to a Christian and successful civilization.

Believe me yours faithfully,
EDWARD W. BLYDEN.

To EDWARD S. MORRIS, ESQ.,
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

LIBERIA.

THE *Charleston News and Courier* generalizes as follows about Liberia:

In a land so fertile and productive as Liberia the accumulation of property should have been rapid, but the assessed value of the real and personal property in the Republic is only $3,000,000, and this is said to be an over-valuation. It is not surprising that the "shabby-shoddyism" which forms the ruling political class in Liberia should oppose white immigration. Whites in Liberia make thousands where the colored people make hundreds, and if they were admitted on an equal footing with the blacks, they would crowd the present settlers out, or make them move on. There is, however, some cheer in the outlook. The people are religious. Churches are seen everywhere. In every settlement there is a school. The inertness of the Liberians keeps back their educational institutions, and causes them to languish; but the principal institutions of learning are passing into more vigorous hands, and Mr. Williams is confident that the coming generation, in acquirements and opinions, will be far in advance of the present. Good order is kept in the Republic. There is little or no drunkenness. Now and then one of the Liberians is killed by a native, which can't be helped; but, on the whole, Liberia, in temperance of habit and the absence of brawling, is an improvement upon too many American communities.

From the letter of Mr. Williams, its correspondent, we make this extract concerning Religion and Education in Liberia:

UNIVERSAL RELIGIOUS FEELING.

From the highest to the lowest, all seem to have an unalterable faith in the Almighty, and believe in His active interference in human affairs. Solomon was a wise man, and knew more and had seen more of real life than nine hundred and ninety-nine thousands of us, with all our steam and telegraph, and when he said, "in all thy ways acknowledge Him and he shall direct thy paths," he must have meant it. Or, looking at it from an entirely outside standpoint, there is another proposition. Christianity, where it exists, must be progressive. For that we have the word of its greatest exemplars and teachers. The progressiveness of Christianity is certainly toward perfection, and the nearer a people approach perfection their creations must keep pace. This isn't a sermon, but a practical view of matters, which the veriest infidel can agree with. Churches are everywhere, and in almost every settlement in Liberia. The Methodists largely predominate, but there are quite a number of Baptists, with a fair sprinkling of Presbyterians and Episcopalians. Of the latter church the Rt. Rev. Dr. Penick, a Virginia clergyman, is the bishop. His residence is at Grand Cape Mount, and I had no opportunity of seeing him, but on all sides he is most highly spoken of, both as a minister and a man. From all accounts, he is setting the Liberians a good example of the quaintly expressed principle,

"Pray to God devoutly,
And hammer away stoutly,"

as I was told of his having been engaged in the woods, cutting away with his own hands, preparing timber. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has its agents always at work here too, and is one of the props of Liberia. Its drafts are printed, and circulate here at par, as currency. This society supports a number of primary and intermediate

SCHOOLS,

and with the government schools there is a well attended institution of learning in every settlement. Besides the children of settlers, a number of those of the natives attend. There is thanks to this American society, no lack of educational facilities, although the government schools are said to be much injured by political wire-working obtruding on their management. It is very rare to meet a Liberian who cannot read and write, and most of them have progressed much further. Besides these, there is Liberia College, supported and controlled by the New York Colonization Society and another body; the Alexandria High School, supported by somebody else, and the Monrovia Seminary, under the auspices of the A. M. E. Church Missionary Society, and of which Rev. Royall J. Kollogg is principal. The Liberians manifest the same inertness regarding their schools that they do about everything else. Politics are allowed to mix in the public schools, and the appropriation for their support is spoken of as "merely nominal."

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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WITH this number the SOUTHERN WORKMAN enters upon its eighth year.

During the three summer months, it will appear in the old eight-page form.

The regular monthly edition is a little over 1,600 copies, about half of which are sent to regular subscribers, North and South, and the remainder, without charge, to contributors to the Hampton Institute, to a considerable number of Southern public school officers, to some prominent men in the South, and to exchanges. The work and results of this school are thus kept before many thinking people, and we believe that the WORKMAN is doing good in a quiet way. It has been most kindly referred to by papers in this state.

While it has claimed much for the Hampton Institute, we believe no one who has visited or studied the school has complained of over-statement in these columns or elsewhere.

We hope to give, during the coming year, interesting facts relating both to the negro question and to that of the Indian race. From the reference to the Hampton experiment in the President's message, the results of the training of sixty-seven Indians here may be considered as having an important relation to our future dealings with that race. Those who take the WORKMAN will be kept informed of the progress of the work here.

The President says:

"We owe it to them as a moral duty to help them in attaining at least that degree of civilization which they may be able to reach. It is not only our duty—it is also our interest to do so. Indians who have become agriculturists or herdsmen, and feel an interest in property, will thenceforth cease to be a warlike and disturbing element. It is also a well authenticated fact that Indians are apt to be peaceable and quiet when their children are at school, and I am gratified to know, from the expressions of Indians themselves, and from many concurring reports, that there is a steadily increasing desire, even among Indians belonging to comparatively wild tribes, to have their children educated. I invite attention to the reports of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, touching the experiment recently inaugurated, in taking fifty Indian children, boys and girls, from different tribes, to the Hampton Normal Agricultural Institute, in Virginia, where they are to receive an elementary English education and training in agriculture and other useful work, to be returned to their tribes, after the completed course, as interpreters, instructors, and examples. It is reported that the officer charged with the selection of those children might have had thousands of young Indians sent with him had it been possible to make provision for them. I agree with the Secretary of the Interior in saying that 'the result of this interesting experiment, if favorable, may be destined to become an important factor in the advancement of civilization among the Indians.'"

WHILE many are excited about the rights of the colored *man*, few—indeed who?—in all our Northern country are working for the rights and the welfare of the colored *woman*.

Newspapers fill their columns with appeals for the one, and say never a word in behalf of those on whose condition the whole fabric of civilization is based. The nation can stand the loss of negro ascendancy in some of the states, although their votes may entitle them to it, and even of a few Republican Congressmen which may reasonably be claimed, but it cannot stand a state of society among its five millions of blacks in which woman's virtue may be tampered with without practical redress.

The fact that the most intelligent and admirable colored girl is, among her own people, without the advantages of a pure social atmosphere, and beset, not only by bad men of her race, but by a class of whites who recognize no "immoral quality" in the act of compassing her ruin, makes her position, with her face as fair and beautiful as that of any Anglo-Saxon girl, and her mind well endowed and cultivated, a tragic thing. That such an one may, without legal or social redress, receive treatment worse than death is a possibility and sometimes a fact in our American life that is beyond expression shameful. We hope that, among all those in the North who have wealth to give or leave, there will be one or more who will richly endow some existing or some new institutions for the training of negro girls, that they may be, in mental and moral strength and in practical skill, better able to do their work in the world. This has not yet been done.

Apropos of this we quote from a letter from a Southern lady who knows whereof she writes:

"The white and colored people are on very good terms: but alas for the virtue of the colored girl! My father, who has felt some interest in negroes all his life, says he is growing almost hopeless of the race, because of the position of the colored woman whom no white man treats with respect, and who too often thinks it more honor to be a white man's mistress than a black man's wife. I think this evil is actually increasing in some districts, and it reacts on the white race by preventing the white men from marrying. A gentleman from Charlotte Co. told me lately, that he did not expect to marry at all; he had observed that white ladies could not get on with colored servants, and he would have no others. When my father was in the Virginia Senate in '65–6, he introduced a bill making it lawful for a colored woman to claim a support from the father of her child. The bill was defeated by one vote, but many people believed it had passed, and it was for a time a great check to immorality. Last year the subject was revived, and, as a result, the Legislature repealed the whole clause in the pauper law, so that there is now *no woman* in Virginia who in degradation and shame can secure assistance from the partner of her guilt. I have searched the Scriptures diligently, and can find no warrant for the position of Americans on this subject."

EVIL DAYS.

Have we fallen on evil days? The civilized portion of mankind seem to have dropped into a bad way. Every man counts his own state as one of peculiar misery, and we hear some talk of the simple delights of barbaric life. The gearing has parted, the steam is low in the boiler, the cars are off the track, the floods are having wild sport, the timbers of the social fabric are swaying about, and the mourners go about the streets. Riches breed strong and rapid wings, and fly away in vast flocks, like migrating pigeons. Values of property have sunk out of sight. Factories stand idle, as if the workmen were stricken with plague. Ships rot at the docks. National banks impair their capital. All this in America. In England, trade has withered up as if swept by a dry monsoon, and the channels of commerce are becoming shallow with sand-bars. Germany has gotten into bankruptcy. Russia is insolvent. Austria is accustomed to the "poor debtor's oath"; and France is now anxious about the future of trade. The condition of India presents a vast, intricate and complicated problem, apparently beyond the control of any human wisdom. A few years since, there was great commercial prosperity. To-day there is distress wherever man is above the savage state. There is a cause for this, and it is time the blunders were recognized, and the remedies applied. The laws that govern human life, social, moral and political, have been outrageously violated, and we hardly know or believed it. Each community must make the diagnosis of its own particular disease, and find out and apply its own proper remedy. Each has its special law of life and growth, and to the study of that law the most serious consideration must now be given everywhere, or the "evil days" will remain with us.

Here, in the Southern States, is need of the boldest inquiry, and the unflinching application of remedies. The people of the North have enough to do, in solving very serious political and social problems of their own. They will not, for some time to come, understand the complicated state of our affairs. While we do give them credit for the desire to act justly, it still must be said that their methods of investigation are hardly sound or just. The "facts" upon which Northern people rely for judgment, are such as are furnished by newspaper reporters. In matters of business, it is safe to say that they would instantly reject this kind of evidence.

The time is near at hand when the Northern people will take no further interest in local matters at the South. The people of the South must work out their own salvation. But they are hardly in the right frame of mind to discuss economic or social questions. There are here many able and just men, and if the questions which vex us were left to them for determination, it would soon be well with us all. These men are in a minority, however, and it is the average man who must settle the problem. For men to criticize their own institutions, to attack peremptorily their own habits and ideas, to account for present misfortune by their own social and economic mistakes, is to reach a standard of culture rarely attained in the most advanced communities. The "evil days" will remain like heavy mists upon the South until it is recognized here that we, like other communities, are capable of committing, and do commit very grave errors. The mariner is always correcting his reckoning, because he believes it is liable to error. The inventor perfects his machine by a vigilant watch upon its weak points. The wisest statesman knows the infirmity of human judgment.

The true reconstruction of the South is in the reorganization of its social and economic ideas. Many of the best men here are afraid to speak boldly, and are uttering truths in secret which they hesitate to speak openly. In this reticence there is no hope of progress. There is need of men militant, men vigilant and ready to take up arms against any sea of trouble. The silent but irresistible forces which underlie all life are working here, in ways that few suspect. In a score of years there will come political and social changes which few now anticipate. There has not been presented to the thinking men for a century a more absorbing, profound and interesting question, than that of the relations between 4,000,000 of blacks, set at liberty by a fiat, and of 8,000,000 of whites, lately a dominant power. To those who are beyond the mere physical boundaries of the innumerable questions raised by the novel relationship, it may not be a vital matter, but to those who must face them daily it is a serious and almost distressing matter.

Near us one of the grandest rivers of the earth, the James, comes broadly down to the sea. In 1640, upon its banks, were busy communities and great plantations. It was the national seat of empire. A superb harbor, the Hampton Roads, gave an anchorage which broke the stroke of wind and wave. Its imperial position called for tribute from commerce. Two hundred and fifty years have passed. On the banks of this great river there is a scanty growth of trees, and vast stretches of wilderness holding neither city nor village nor crop. Land has almost ceased to have value, and there reigns a primeval silence. Men have ceased to reclaim the wilderness. The wilderness has triumphed over man. If the traveler upon this river, in 1878, held the ancient note-book of the tourist in the time of James I., he could add nothing to it. Yet since the earlier settlement upon this river, 40,000,000 of people have covered the land with States. Wealth and commerce have reached immense proportions. Great cities have grown up on all the other large water-courses. Is it not about time to ask the reason of this desolation? Is it possible that the causes of this commercial abeyance, this comatose condition, shall remain for two hundred years more?

Kansas has taken 105,000 immigrants during the last year, yet her corn brings only eighteen cents per bushel. The banks of the James River, though on a direct line of transportation to every port of the world, are deserted, though the corn upon them brings forty cents per bushel. Is the land accursed, or is there some reason for these contrasts in prosperity? The people of the South must come to some understanding in these matters before the evil days will be over. If thinking men were the executive men, in this region, there would be hope indeed, and we should see the flushes of daylight over the distant seas. W. N. A.

THERE is one way of fighting intemperance which is not, we believe, sufficiently understood in this country, although it strikes, with the weapons of commonsense, straight at the root of the evil. For example, can we in America present anything like such testimony as that which is offered in late numbers of English journals (and which has been, we are glad to say, the subject of a good deal of notice in this country) to the great success of the attempt in England to compete with gin palaces and rum shops, through "coffee palaces" and "cocoa taverns?" In the city of Liverpool alone, there have been established twenty-nine such places, under the care of a society which has a subscribed capital of $100,000. The object of this society is, of course, to benefit the working classes, by providing them with places where they can get good, wholesome refreshment and real nutriment at the same cost, and with the same attractive surroundings that tempt them into bar-rooms and corner groceries. But to the astonishment of the subscribers, it has been found that the coffee and cocoa rooms not only had a marked effect on the morals of the people among whom they were established, but that also they have paid as high as ten per cent. on the capital invested, a proof of success so satisfactory that the company propose at once to double their capital and still further extend their work.

In any village or town where the people have money enough to pay for liquor, they have money enough to try this experiment of coffee houses, and the attempt can be made, either by an association, or by a single individual who has a little capital at command. A wise and gracious fashion has been set by our English cousins of starting these houses as memorials to some good and beloved person—as in Portsmouth, where one has recently been opened in remembrance of John Pounds, the founder of the ragged-school movement.

If every town in the United States had a warm, bright, cheery room in which simple, well-cooked food, with tea, coffee, and cocoa, could be had at a small cost, not only would none of us be the poorer for it, but, on the contrary, the gain to our nation in mercy, in physical vigor, and in purity of life would be beyond counting. M. F. A.

AN ENGLISH paper publishes as a curiosity the following statement of "her Majesty's Inspector of Schools" at the east end of London, in his report for 1877:

"The great defect of which all examiners complain is want of intelligence. It is to be lamented, but certainly not to be wondered at. Persons who have had the advantage of a liberal education are apt to ignore conditions under which their own minds have been formed, and which are altogether lacking in the education of the children who frequent elementary schools. Our own education was in fact going on, unconsciously to ourselves, during most of our waking moments. We learned as much, like the ancient rabbi, from our companions as from our teachers. It is not so with the children of our schools. Their education is almost entirely confined within the school hours. The vocabulary of their families is extremely limited. Home influences are destructive of school influence. This is the case even with reference to pupil-teachers, whose reading up to the moment of entering college is often as deficient in accuracy, intelligence, and expression as that of the younger children. It is, perhaps, natural that little children who know what a donkey is, or a 'moke,' should not know what an 'ass' is, or that if asked how many legs a fish has, they should say 'four,' 'two,' or 'one;' but it is almost incredible that great girls, pupil-teachers in the east end of London, should not know what is a 'mushroom,' or that both boy and girl pupil-teachers should habitually understand as a 'churchyard' the 'rampart' to which

... where there is no proper sense of ... increased accommodations. The Acade-

the body of Sir John Moore was hurried. One of the most favorite pieces of prose learned by pupil-teachers in their fifth year is the famous speech of Lord Chatham. I have not yet had one who understood what is meant by 'extending the traffic to the shambles of every German despot.' The meanings of the words were not always known; the sense of the entire passage, never. An amusing story about a sow was lately given out for the compositions of the pupil-teachers. A good many understood 'cow' instead of 'sow,' but the animal, whether as 'cow' or 'sow,' was in almost every case spoken of as 'he' or 'him.'"

No one who has had much experience in teaching the less favored classes will find it difficult to credit these statements—or to match them. The English inspector suggests no remedy for the "lamentable lack of intelligence," as far as appears from the extract, but his very just explanation of it makes it clear that the only help must come through the schools themselves—through the teachers and the school books, the home influences being all adverse. No books can take the place of the personality of an intelligent and expert teacher, and yet they fill an important place and exert their silent influence where the teacher's must stop. Great improvement has been made in text-books, no doubt, since the last generation went to school, but it has been mainly in adapting them to varying ages in one class—the class of those that have some culture at home. It seems as if, in the extensive tendency that exists to compile every year new histories, new readers, new grammars, new text-books of every species to take the place of those which were last year declared to be perfect, the idea might occur to some one to find originality and distinction in preparing special text-books for special classes of students. Is not this a new field?

For example, all the primary readers, as far as we know, are written for little children But we take pride in this country in the idea that all the nations of the world are coming to school to us, and they do not all come as little children.

For the last fourteen years, we have been teaching the Negro to read, and now, rather late in the day, the notion is reviving that education may be as good as extermination for the American Indian, while, at this very moment perhaps, the girl-faced Celestials are shouting out their reading-lessons in the Babel of the San Francisco evening schools. For Indian braves, Chinese merchants, colored young men and women who have been supporting themselves for years perhaps, and any others who take their first readers in hand after having passed out of childhood to say the least, many of them with minds matured by the practical lessons of life, it is not very stimulating to struggle on with a reading lesson only to learn that "John is a bad boy, he will not go to bed," and "Jane has a nice new doll." Could not words of one syllable be found to express ideas more valuable or congenial? The baby books are just right for the babies, but for a grown up primary their advantage is doubtful, even over the practical old saws that "Health is wealth," and "Haste makes waste," and "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Then, as the course proceeds, there is another trouble. The more advanced common school books, say the Sixth readers, histories, ancient and modern, and other books of the same grade, presuppose an advancement of the student in English not by any means represented and secured by successive steps in his school studies. They, too, may be admirable for the pupil who is surrounded by an atmosphere of good English and general information in his own home, whose education "goes on unconsciously to himself, during most of his waking moments;" but the student who has had no such preparation takes up each higher study only to find himself unaccountably bewildered at the outset, in a tangle of strange words, and unfamiliar expressions, and intricate sentences. It is no wonder that he gives up in despair, or enlivens the dullness for his teacher now and then by an amusing mistake.

We would suggest to text-book makers, the preparation of a set of books to supply his special need, on the basis of nature ideas in the primary books, simpler and clearer expression in the higher ones, remembering that he is a man and thinks a man's thoughts, but that English—beyond the colloquial—the English of books, is to him almost a foreign tongue. It would be well if each progressive text-book of every kind should have at the end a glossary of all the new words and idioms in it, arranged in vocabularies corresponding to the lessons or chapters; if it can be pictorial, so much the better. The student will then know a rampart from a graveyard, and how could *we* know except we were taught? As for the peculiary profitableness of such an edition, simplicity and clearness would by no means injure the more advanced books for any class, and the mature primaries, if good, would be sure of a clear market in that they were designed for, for the present at least. What degree of simplicity and clearness should be arrived at, may be inferred from the English Inspector's report.

The want of such books is felt, often seriously, at Hampton, and an effort has been made to partly supply it in one direction by preparing a small pocket-grammar for the assistance of its graduate teachers. This little book, which has been published in numbers in the Southern Workman, is not expected to supplant others which the teacher may find in use in his school district, but to help him in handling them, containing in few pages the principle elements and rules and paradigms of English grammar which he would otherwise have to search for through the unfamiliar pages of a large text-book. A number of very excellent language lessons are added, by permission, from Kerl's Composition and Rhetoric, which are exceedingly suggestive and helpful and will employ his little school profitably for months.

Unity in diversity is the problem of our country; not only in the variety of its interests, but in the diversity of its people.

From across the water have come many branches of one race, and, from Africa, an entirely distinct race; each with its peculiar ideas and instincts; each with more or less strong centripetal tendencies, the African having decidedly the strongest.

Commercially and politically, the movement is, and must be, concentric; for there can be but one system of trade and of government. Socially, the movement is eccentric; the play of social preference or of instinct is free. The various branches of the white race have their own separate centres, but with no decided barriers to a commingling, which, though frequent, is not general, but, so far as it goes, invigorates the population.

The Negro, a distinct race, is by its inherent qualities led into close relations with the whites, chiefly by way of service, but by its instincts, into a social and religious life of its own.

This is fortunate, because not only practical men, from long experience, believe, but Professor Agassiz, as the result of close observation, especially in Brazil, was satisfied that the races are better in their purity, and that the mixture tends generally to a weaker rather than to a stronger and more valuable product.

In Northern cities where, for more than a generation, colored people have lived by thousands, have had the advantages of schools, of wealthy and devoted friends, have made remarkable progress in their political rights, in education and, to a degree, in wealth, yet, on the general social line, they have not advanced a step.

Brilliant success on their part has won recognition. Color emphasizes more than it cripples shining talents. The colored class orator at Brown University, Rhode Island, attracted more attention than all the other class orators in New England of that year. The negro graduate of West Point who received his diploma with the cheers of his classmates, is known throughout the land. Successful colored business men have a scarcity of grievances.

Indeed, the tribute of universal respect and confidence is within the reach of the humblest colored man, quite as easily from the whites as from his own people.

The Hampton graduates and those of like institutions in the South, make few complaints of their treatment in travel or in their honest efforts for the welfare of their people, and find no little encouragement from all enlightened men.

Only where there is no proper sense of "*noblesse oblige*," will a favored and superior people refuse the needed stepping-stones to the earnest and deserving who would struggle upward from a lower plane. This sense often fails where it should be found. Prejudice enters here; it decides beforehand the limits and capacity and place of the colored man, instead of giving him a fair chance and an open field. From the changes of the past fifteen years we may hope that prejudice will finally disappear, and that there will be no white man so timid of his foothold or so uncertain of the power of his race as to tremble at or oppose any wise effort for the advancement of the colored race.

Prejudice is one thing; race instincts or tendencies are another: the former will be, or ought to be, transient; the latter are of their nature permanent.

Among the sensible of both races there is a decided movement toward the "unity in diversity" that on the side of the colored race has long been a vexed question.

Again there is a solid South and a solid North. The latter is aroused by alleged wrongs to the negro. The aim is to create a strong public sentiment against such practices.

But not a word to arouse anybody to a sense of the condition of the negro which is the bottom fact in his misfortunes.

Ball-dozing is bad enough, but what of the sight in a city in a recent election where the whites were divided, and the votes of the ignorant and low of both classes were paid for in half-dollars and in whisky. Crowds were, we are informed, driven to the polls and paid off publicly in drinks and money. Being sold on the auction-block was no more debasing than this selling themselves. Violence from without is not so bad as the moral poison of such doings to the head and heart.

Everywhere men will be found to buy cheap votes. Freedom at the polls to vote decently or disgracefully as he chooses is not the paramount need of the negro. It is his right and he should have it. But to be a respectable, intelligent man is the first thing, and means to this end are not beneath a statesman's notice, especially since the negro is the ward of the nation.

What measure has Congress adopted since 1870, looking to the mental poverty and needs of the freedmen? Far reaching and slowly working means to this end have little interest to those whose championship of the negro is loud, but whose hearts are fixed only on carrying the next election.

The best part of the colored people are chiefly interested in getting land and in educating their children. These matters are not involved in politics. Those who hope for offices make a good deal of demonstration, but a large class has relapsed into indifferentism and they no longer vote.

Some day we may read more of their being pushed to the polling places, rather than from them. There is among them a vast and cheap supply of material for the demagogue; and their grade of intelligence invites the worst class of leaders and managers, whose characters and doings are a most important factor in the disturbed condition of things in some of the Southern States.

GEORGIA.

The Augusta *Chronicle* of November 8th has the message of the Governor of Georgia, from which we glean the following items:

The State debt of Georgia is $10,644,500, which is one twenty-third of the taxable property of the State; and the annual income, after paying expenses, suffices to liquidate from $200,000 to $300,000 of the debt. The Governor recommends the establishment of a Branch Agricultural College in the old Capitol Buildings at Milledgeville. The trustees of the Lunatic Asylum, which has now a capacity for 800 patients, ask $25,000 for the enlargement of the negro buildings, the necessity for which is pressing. The Governor says the number of insane colored people is increasing yearly, and the proper and humane care of them demands increased accommodations. The Academy for the Blind at Macon has sixty-three pupils. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum has seventy-three inmates, and is in need of more accommodations for both colored and white inmates. There are said to be 300 deaf mutes in the State needing the benefit of this institution. The report of the State School Commissioner shows an encouraging condition of the public schools in the state. The statistics show the steady growth of the public school system. In 1873 the attendance was 83,677; in 1877, 190,626, of which 61,664 were colored. While there has been an increase in the population, there has been a decrease in the illiteracy in the state. In 1874 the number of persons between ten and eighteen unable to read was 106,444, of which 26,552 were whites and 79,692 colored. In 1878, the total number of illiterates was 85,630, of which 22,323 were whites and 63,307 were colored, thus showing a decrease of 4,229 whites and 16,385 colored. An encouraging result, as Governor Colquitt justly observes, of the free school system.

We print the following extract because it goes to the root of the matter.

In missionary operations the world over the boarding school is used as affording the best leverage on the races.

The savage or semi-savage needs a training that covers the twenty-four hours of the day, rather than verbal or book teaching during six or eight hours. The one is radical, formative, but expensive. The other is cheap, but superficial, though often surprisingly effective. It is only second best, but the best is needed. Work for the women of all the races, whether degraded or civilized, is of equal importance as that for the men. We regard the Indian question as this: "Can Indian girls be led up to Christian civilization?"

In the Hampton Institute the question is being answered, only on too limited a scale.

AN INDIAN BOARDING-SCHOOL AND ITS HINDRANCES.

("Chips from a North-Western Log" in "Sunday Afternoon."

Here I found in operation a boarding-school for boys and girls, organized on the only plan at all available with Indian children, the manual labor system; the first and most vital point in the education of an Indian boy being to convince him that labor is not degrading. Only those who have attempted it, realize in even faint degree the difficulty, nay, the almost impossibility of accomplishing this, in the face of an instinct strengthened by generations of inheritance, and rising involuntarily against such subversion of all Indian theories and beliefs. But let the fact at last take possession of the mind, as in many cases it does, that chopping wood, or breaking land, or planting crops, is not only honorable, but brings comfort and security from want, and the Indian becomes a patient, steady worker, eager for guidance and assistance in the new line of life, and almost pitifully anxious that his children should be taught and trained.

The difficulty in this school, which included some twenty-five children, was deficient appropriation from Congress, an evil with which all have to contend, and on this point Mr. Wright spoke, with no indignation fully warranted by facts:

"I have worked," he said, "for twenty-five years, steadily and hopefully in spite of every opposition and discouragement. I know the language as well as my own, and I know the Indian character. Year after year new agents come to us, each one a little more ignorant and headstrong than the last, and each one sure *he* is going to solve the problem of civilization. All of them pooh-pooh the idea of a boarding-school, and affirm that it is only an Indian dodge to have their families fed at the government expense. I must do what they say or give up the work, and so we resort to the day-school, which is simply useless. How am I to alter things, when a child returns each night to a filthy wigwam, and, very likely, gambles away the clean clothes put upon him in the morning? To accomplish anything they must be under your eye day and night. You must force them to be clean; to eat at regular hours; to acquire some sort of power of mental application. The wigwams are scattered for miles around. The spring sugar-making, the hunts, the planting and watching the fields, divert them from school; and at last when the agent finds rows of empty benches, he begins to see the justice of what I have said, and allows the original plan to go on. Then Congress steps in, has an economical streak, and cuts down the school appropriation five hundred or a thousand dollars.

It takes a million dollars to kill one Indian in WORK OF THE PRESIONS SOCIETIES

It takes a million dollars to kill one Indian in war, if I read the army reports aright; so, of course, you must save this five hundred on the education fund. Thers is sverlasting shilly-shallying with the whols question, and it's all in a nutshell. Banish from the Reservations every half-breed nnd white maa not directly io government employ; for there is not an Indian atrocity on record that cannot be traced straight back to half-breed lies or white man's whisky. Take the children from the wigwams, bain them to decent life, and I guarantee no more Indian troubles. The whole thing, I tell you, lies in a nutshell; but God knows whether those fools of Congressmen will ever see it."

Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent Public Instruction of Virginia, has issued a circular on Histories to be adopted in city schools, from which we quote:

Almost in the first decade of American independence a great controversy began between the northern and southern sections of our country, which culminated in 1861, and nnhappily continues even yet. Hence, by the law of the human mind, a history of the country written by an American author is and must be a party history. It being peculiarly difficult for any one to write a teachable history for children, we have examined all United States histories offering, and whilst some of them are good as to form and style, and the most of them are respectful in tone, not one written by a Northern man does jnetice, in our opinion, to the leaders, ths character, the principles, or the actions of ths Southern people, in respect to either the later or the earlier periods of American history. And if this be true, not one of these histories ought to be taught in our schools. The two Southern histories on the State list may not be perfect books, bnt it is certainly better that our children should learn from them than from those written from an opposing standpoint. Would England allow France to write a modern hietory for English schools?

TRADE OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

A striking example is, the trade in Carolina phosphate rock. The shipments of the crnde or unmannfactnred rock in 1868 were 11,862 tons. For the year now closed the shipments were 170,978 tons, besides a local consumption of 20,000 tons. This phosphate rock is found in the sarth and nnder the waters of the rivers around Charlsston. To the State is paid n royalty gverling on $150,000 n year. The whole of the selling price of $6 or $7 a ton, less the royalty of ona dollar on river rock, is covered by the payments for supplies and to laborers, and by the profits of the mining companies. In like mannar, the difference between the price of crude phosphats and that of ths manufactnred fertilizer is realized here in Charleston, to the extent of the manufactnres by the extensive and well-equipped Phosphate Manufacturing Companies. So too is it with the frnit and vegetable trade. Last year, within the sound of St. Michael'a chimee, 600,000 qnarts of strawberrias, 43,000 barrels of potatoee, and 20,250 crates of peas were raised, besides vast quantities of other similar produce. Join to such salient facts the remarkable healthfulness of ths city, tha death rate among ths whites being only twelve to ths thousand, and Charleston finds in the past year substantial cause for deep satisfaction.—*News and Courier.*

We copy (without chnrge) the following suggestive advertisements, taken from *The New England Weekly Journal*, printed on Monday, April 8, 1728, at Boston, Massachusetts:

1. "A very Likely Negro Woman twenty-two years old, to be sold. Inquire of the Printer."
2. "A very Likely Negro Girl 13 years old, to be sold. Inquire of the Printer."
3. "Mr. Math. Pigott intends to open a School on Mondny next, for the Instruction of Negroes in Reading, Catechizing, and writing if required. If any are so well inclined as to send their servants to said schoul near Mr. Checkley's Meeting House, care will be taken for their instruction as aforesaid."

Feeding Stock.—Economy and effectiveness, are the main points to observe. The best food, fed in the best way to the best stock, must be the most profitable, and to reach this conclusion is more a matter of care and skill, than of money. Money can procure food, stock, good huildings, and labor; but good management always depends on the intelligent application of known facts to practice.—*Amer. Agri.*

WORK OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

We reprint from the "Indépendent" of New York the following account of the work of the Religious Societies among the freedmen.

We think the work of Catholics among the colored people, has been usually overrated and that this article has the truth about it.

The three societies most largely engaged in the educational work—those of the Methodist Episcopal and Baptist Churches and the American Missionary Associntion—have together twenty-one chartered schools and twenty-four high and normal schools, besides a few special and common schools, with 9,030 pupils in all of them. The Presbyterian Board has thirty-seven parochial schools, five of which, with 1,977 scholars, are of a higher grade, with 3,989 pupils in all. The United Presbyterians have two schools, and several other denominations maintain one or more high or other schools each. These institutions are scattered through all the Southern states, being most numerous in Tennessee and the cotton states. They were all begun at the primary grade, and have raised their standards as their students have been advanced, until the best of them now provide courses of instruction approaching those of Northern colleges. The societies having them in charge have in later years been gradually withdrawing from the field of primary instruction, and devoting their efforts more eatirely to preachers and teachers and the prepsration of advanced scholars.

Ninety-five per cent. of the graduates of the Hampton Institute devote themselves to teaching. More than one-third of the whole number of pupils in the Methodist schools (1,005) were preparing to teach last year, and it is estimated in the report of the Methodist Freedman's Aid Society that more than one hundred thousand children had been taught by persons trained in its schools.

Theological instruction is given in all of the higher schools, and is the leading object of the schools of most of the denominations which we have not especially named, as well as of some the establishment of which is still under consideration. The Methodist Episcopal Church has three special theological schools; and the American Missionary Association has decided to establish a missionary course in connection with Fisk University, to embrace three years and teach those practical (the common trades) and literary branches the knowledge of which will be most useful to missionaries in African fields. The Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has opened a medical department in connection with its college at Nashville, Tenn., which was attended during last year (its first year) by thirty-three students.

The Friends' school at Southland, near Helena, Arkansas, begun in 1864 as an orphan asylum, besides a school of about two hundred scholars, partly supported by the state, has a normal department and a college, teaching science, mathematics, German, and Latin, whereof seven students were graduated in 1870, the first year of graduation, and has become the centre of a monthly meeting of colored Friends. The Friends Freedmen's Association supports eighteen schools, with 2,457 pupils, in Virginia and North Carolina, and their Bible and Tract Association actively circulates Bibles First-day school-books, religious papers, etc. The Methodist Freedmen's Aid Society likewise circulates "elevating and instructive pictures," to counteract the efforts of the Roman Catholics to make proselytes by the circulation of their pictures. The Lutherans have lately entered this field. The Synodical Conference has sent out a missionary within the last year, who gives a hopeful report of the prospects of ths work, and the Conference has resolved to carry it on with vigor, and to publish a German and an English periodical, to further it. The General Synod South has resolved to establish a school.

The Baptists have been the most ready of the Southern bodies to respond to the Northern efforts for the elevation of the Freedmen and the most cordial in their response. They have co-operated by giving good words for several years with the American Baptist Home Missionary Society; and ths report of their convention on "Duty to the Colored Race," which was published in THE INDEPENDENT of May 23d, is the clearest, most enlightened, and most definite and practical declaration on the subject that has yet come from the South. The Southern Presbyterian General Assembly has recognized the importance and the promise of the work of colored evangelization, along with its difficulties, and has been assisted by the Reformed Church of America in sustaining a theological and training school at Tuscaloosa, Ala. A fact worthy of notice is that one of its most distinguished ministers and one of the moderators of its General Assembly, the Rev. Dr. Girardeau, was for several years the pastor of a colored church in Charleston, S. C. The Associate Reformed Synod of the South co-operates with the United Presbyterian Church in support of its institution at Knoxville, Tenn. The Methodist Episcopal Church South is more backward than these its fellow-churches. It has good words for its Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, commends its efforts to establish an institution of learning, suggests that contributions to this object will be approved; but does nothing directly, and hesitates to say that the education of the colored people is demanded by Christian duty and enlightened patriotism.

It is difficult to determine the effects of the evangelizing efforts of the Freedmen's societies upon churchmembership. The colored people are apt, when drawn into the Church, to prefer their own organizations, so that the results in this direction are not fairly shown in ths reports. The colored Baptist and the three colored Methodist churches are large, flourishing, and growing bodies, and include already a considerable proportion of the freedmen throughout the South. For the rest, the Methodist Episcopal Church returns 127,326 colored members in the South, the Presbyterian Board 10,257, and ths American Missionary Association 4,048 members. The Protestant Episcopal Church has opened thirty-seven chapels for colored members and the Reformed Episcopal Church has built up several flourishing colored churches in South Carolina.

The colored people are doing their part nobly. The African Methodist Episcopal Church displays praiseworthy energy in its efforts to build up schools and colleges in the North and South; the Colored M. E. Church is soliciting aid to establish a theological school; the Colored Baptists, appreciating the advantages offered them by the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, are seeking to establish institutions of their own, notably in Alabama and Kentucky, and have recently organized a General Association for the support of a book depository and publishing house and for co-operation with the Home Missionary Society.

A great deal has been said about what the Roman Catholic are doing among the freedmen, and the apprehension has often been expressed that they are going to lead the mass of the colored population away from the Protestant churches. The fear has been fed by the unbounded boastings of the Roman Catholics and by some extravagant estimates which have been made of the conversions that have been effected under their preaching. One report fixes the amount spent upon the freedmen at six hundred thousand dollars, and obscurely estimates the number of scholars in the schools at from 150,000 to 500,000, with ten thousand youngmen in the higher schools and seminaries. Nothing approaching a confirmation of these estimates has been brought to our notice. We have carefully examined the Roman Catholic papers with reference to this subject for a year past, and have been able to glean from them only the most barren record of facts and isolated movements. Bishop English, of South Carolina, began operations among the Negroes of his diocese soon after its erection, in 1820, and a school for free colored girls and the religious instruction of liberated slaves were begun there about 1830. Another mission was organized in Hutchinson's Island about 1850. Provision has existed in Maryland for the religious instruction of colored people in Roman Catholic churches from time immemorial. The Jesuits have taught the catechism at Frederick since 1840, and a colored sisterhood has existed in Baltimore since 1829. In Louisiana the Roman Catholic has enjoyed the prestige of being the popular church. No results have been perceived from these and similar isolated labors to extend outside of their immediate sphere of operations.

A formidable enterprise was begun seven years ago for the conversion of the colored population through the agency of an English training school, which was to fill the country with colored priests. This is the scheme concerning which the most nervous apprehension has been felt, and which it has been feared would revolutionize the religious condition of the greater part of the South. The last year's report of the training school is before us. It has had forty-two students, three of whom have come to labor in America and four in India, and returns now thirty-three students and six lay brothers. Of the four missionaries who were sent out in connection with the opening of the institution, three, of whom one has died, have been laboring in Charleston, S. C., for two years, and report for that time 190 baptisms, with ten persons under instruction for baptism, and about one hundred persons admitted to their first communion. This is the only mission opend in South Carolina; and this is the only report that this dreaded propagandist monster has to make of its work. What we have mentioned, with the notice of the reception of fifty colored Catholics at Providence, R. I., comprises all the facts and all the detailed statements bearing upon this subject that we have been able to discover. We believe that, if the Roman Catholice really had facts to prove that they have made the progress they claim to have made, they would not hesitate to publish them conspicuously. As they fail to produce them, we are contented to believe, for the present, that they are doing no more than their fair share of the work, if so much, and receiving no more than their share of the conversions.

AT HOME.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WEEK.

MONDAY.

Breakfast: Boiled Rice—Scalded Milk.. 15)
Dinner; Corned beef and Cabbage..... 10) 35
Supper; Peas boiled in Stock..... 10)

TUESDAY.

Breakfast: Broth and Bread..... 10)
Dinner; Baked Beans..... 10) 32
Supper; Macaroni with Cheese..... 12)

WEDNESDAY.

Breakfast; Toasted Bread—Scalded Milk 13)
Dinner: Stewed Tripe..... 15) 33
Supper: Polenta..... 5)

THURSDAY.

Breakfast; Rice Pnnada..... 12)
Dinner; Salt Pot-au-feu ..... 10) 32
Supper: Lentils stewed in stock..... 10)

FRIDAY.

Breakfast: Broth and Bread..... 10)
Dinner: Mutton and Turnips..... 10) 30
Supper; Barley boiled in Broth..... 10)

SATURDAY.

Breakfast: Mutton Broth and bread. 10)
Dinner; Beef and Potatoes..... 10) 30
Supper: Beans boiled in Broth..... 10)

SUNDAY.

Breakfast: Cocoa and Bread..... 7)
Fried Lentils..... 10)
Dinner: Bean Broth..... 10) 61
Hasiet Stew..... 10)
Suet Roly-poly pudding.. 12)
Supper; Cheese Pudding..... 12)
Total $2 52

This leaves a balance of sixty-two (62) cents for extra bread, milk, and butter.

Baked Beans.—Put one pint of dried beans, (cost six cents,) and qnarter of n pound of salt pork, (cost four cents,) into two quarts of cold water; bring them to a boil, and boil them slowly for about twenty minutes; then put the beans, with a teacupful of the water they were boiled in, into an open jar, season them with salt and pepper to taste, and one tablespoonful of molasses, (cost of seasoning one cent,) lay the pork on the top, and bake two hours, or longer. The dish will cost about ten cents, and is palatable and nutritious. The liquor in which the beans were boiled should be saved, and nse tha next morning as broth, with seasoning and a little fried or toasted bread in it.

Macaroni.—This is a paste made from the purest wheat flour and water; it is generally known as a rather luxurious dish among the wealthy; but it should become one of the chief foods of the people, for it containe more gluten, or the nutritious portion of wheat, than bread. It is one of the most wholesome and economical of foods, and can be varied so na to give a succession of palatable dishes at a very small cost. The imported macaroni can be bought for about fifteen cents a pound; and that quantity when boiled yields nearly four times its bnlk, if it has been manufactured for any length of time. Good macaroni is yellow or brownish in color; white sorts are always poor. It should never be soaked or washed before boiling, or put into cold or lukewarm water; wipe it carefully, break it in, whatever lengths you want it, and put it into plenty of boiling water, to every qnart of which half a teaspoonful of salt is added; you can boil an onion with it if you like the flavor; as soon as it is tender enough to yield easily when pressed between the fingers, drain it in a colander, saving its liquor for the next days' broth, and lay it in cold water until you want to use it. When more macaroni has been boiled than is used it can be kept perfectly good by laying it in fresh water, which must be changed every day. After boiling the macaroni as above, you can use it according to any of the directions. Half a pound of uncooked macaroni will make a large dishful.

Macaroni with Cheese.—Boil half a pound of macaroni, as above, put it into a pudding dish in layers with quarter of a pound of cheese, (cost four cents,) grated and mixed between the layers; season it with pepper and salt to taste; put a very little butter and some bread crumbs over it, and brown it in the oven. It will make just as hearty and strengthening a meal, and will cost about twelve cents.

Stewed Tripe.—Cut in small pieces one pound of tripe, (cost eight cents,) half a quart each of potatoes and onions, (cost of both five cents,) and put them in layers in a pot, seasoning them with one tablespoonful of salt, and one level teaspoonful of pepper; mix quarter of a pound of flour with water, gradually using three pints of water, and pour it over the stew; (the flour and seasoning will cost two cents;) put the pot over the fire and boild it gently for an hour and a half. It costs about fifteen cents, and furnishes a good nutritious meal, the onions and flour making up any lack of nourishment in tripe and potatoes.

Polenta.—Boil one pound of Indian meal, (cost four cents,) for half an hour, in two quarts of pot-liquor or boiling water, salted to taste, with one ounce of fat, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning; then bake it for half an hour in a greased baking dish, and serve it either hot, or, when cold, slice, it and fry it in smoking hot fat. This favorite Italian dish is closely allied to the hasty-pudding of New England, and the mush of the South. It costs five cents.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

ON THE OUTPOSTS — NEARLY WITHOUT SCHOOL-BOOKS — TEACHING BY COLONEL PARKEA'S METHOD—HUNORY FOR SOMETHING TO READ—SUCCESSFUL TEMPERANCE WORK—APPRECIATIVE PARENTS—DROWNED OUT—BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

The value of a rational system of object teaching for little children can never be fully appreciated till the teacher finds himself, like the writer of the following letter, with no school-books and no means of getting them, and thrown entirely npon his own resources for npparatus and methods. Then he learns, not only the value of the system, but of common sense to adapt it to peculiar conditions and emergencies. The suggestions of Colonel Parker, the successful advocate and exemplnr of object teaching in Massachusetts, given last May to the Hnmpton Graduates' Normal Class, have been thns found useful to more than one of their number.

VA., *Nov.* 13, 1878.

Dear Miss H——:

Your letter of the 18th ult., was a pleasant surprise.

f was not aware that any of my classmates were so near me, and was surprised that both P. and B. were here. May they have success! Teaching is not easy work, and those who do not lntend to labor faithfully had better stay away. I had no idea what an immense amount of work a school required, but have been taught it by the best teacher—experience. My school is way up ln —— District, in a very poor, lonesome and dreary place. The nearest post-office is eight miles distant. The district is very poor, and is more than $400 in debt on account of its last year's schools. It contains six schools (three whits and three colored) and every year previous to this they have been open, hnt because of the heavy debt they have incurred only two are open this year—one white and one colored. So here I nm—not another school within ten miles of me—teaching the one that —— has had for two years. I opened October 1st, and have now forty-eight scholars, all small ones, for the older ones cannot come until the fell work is finished (gathering corn, &c.,) and then I shall he overrun. I found them nearly destitute of hooks; they have nothing hut readers and spellers. On inquiring about arithmetic and geography, four had commenced erithmetic and forgotten all about it; one or two had a slight smattering of geography, and none could write. I saw *work* was needed and set about it. There was no nse telling them to get hooks (arithmetics, geographies and copy-hooks,) as they were too poor, and I might stay the whole term out hefors they got them. So I commenced teaching erithmetic from the board, with explanations, and I have to-day, one class that has finished ndditlon and commenced subtraction, two classes still in edition, and two more learning connting, adding, and the valus of numbers. In writing, I am tenching hy Celunel Parker's method, and have half the school making the alphabet. I don't need any arithmetics and don't care whether they have any or not; neither do I wish them to havs any copy-hooks. Geography I have not started, and hardly know how, for the poor little children hurdly know anything except what they see up here, and you may know that is not much; few of them have ever seen a hoat, and it would he almost nseless for me to try to explain about geogra phy without something for them to look et. In their spelling classes, as they hnva no means to find out the definitions of words, I make myself a kind of talking-dictionary as far as I am ahle.

This is a very unhealthy plece—chills and fever prevniling; the land is low and very swampy.

My primary class I am teaching hy Colonel Parker's method. I find it much more easy than the uninteresting and dull repetition of a h c. Still I have a class learning by the old method, those who knew the alphahet or part of it when I commenced.

Accepting your congratulntions and welcome with heart-felt thanks, I remain

Vary sincerely yours, P.

In how many garrets and closets, books and magazines and pnpers nccumulate dust and mold which might light up the "dreariness" of such outposts as these, where lonely workers are struggling single-handed with the forces of ignorance and temptation.

VA., Thanksgiving Day.

Dear Miss H.:—

I have hean intending to write to you for soms tims, hut have heen waiting till my school commenced. I came here to stay two weeks hefsre I could make a start; hut I hegan last Monday with eleven scholars. I like the place vsry well, and the peoplo nlso. I find the inhehitents in moderate living circumstances and kindly disposed, especially toward school teachers. They have had schools here very regular since 1865, hut the scholars are not very much sdvanced for all of that. My highest class is studying Fifth reader, Elementary Arithmetic, Intermediate Geography, and Bullion's first lessons in grammar. I have an elegant school-house which has only heen in uso one year, and it is n vsry short distance from my hoarding place, which I consider a very great advantage over some whose experiences f have heard related at Hampton.

f find, Miss H—— a great difference in teaching and being taught, or, in other words, my position here and at H. In the social point of view, I find it quite lonely; hut from the lahor stand-point, I see no time to lose. The people speak a language or dialect almost as difficult to understand as Greek or Latin, comparntively speaking; and as the human family is prone to do as those around them, I feel seme fear of falling into their habits.

This is a very out-of-the-way place, as I may call it; it is eight miles from any railroad or telegraphic communications, and we have only two mails per week. ft is very difficult to get hold of any reading matter of any consequence here, which adds greatly to the dreariness of the place. McNeil is teaching five miles from me; I see him quite often.

News from Hampton is very acceptable at any time, so f will be glad to hear from you whenever convenient.

Yours, ohediently, &c., D.

The favorable reports from County Superintendents, of the teachers they employ from Hampton, continue to be a very encouraging testimony to the school's work.

VA., *Oct.* 24, 1878.

My dear Miss H——:

I arrived safe at ——'s whnrf on Tuesday, and found the people waiting for me; they have been looking for me for two or three weeks. So one gentlemnn took me to his house, and I am there now. f met with very good luck in coming. I didn't have much trouble. I found the people all anxious to see me. Mr. D. took me up to —— yesterday to he examined hy Mr. W. He was very much pleased when he saw that f was from Hampton, and said that if f had not forgotten my diploma that he would not examine me; hut my examination was not hard; his wife asked almost as many questions as he, hut I managed very well—indeed he said he was perfectly satisfied with my answers to his quastions; he said I answered as if I understood what I was talking about. I don't know how I answered, hut that is what he said. Wharton teaches at Onaucock, hut I did not see him. Mr. W. does not livo in town; he gave me my certificate, and told me to go to one of the trustees and he would tell me the number of my school and give me directions; he gave me my reports and showed me how to make them out. He kept me about three hours.

My hoarding place is about as far from the church as from Virginia Hall to the Camatery. I shall teach in the church until I get my school fixed. I want to open school Monday. The people say they will send the children as soon as they can. I am in a very lonely place to me, but I hopo I may lika. They wnnt me to tosch Sabhath School too. I hopo that I may get along better than I oxpect. The school that Dora hnd last year is vacant. f guess they want a teacher; in fact, they want Dora, if they can get her. I met B. at Cherrystone, and he told me thet thore were two vacant schools in his nsighborhood wishing for teachers, and ho thought that any of the girls or boys might taks either of those; one is Capevillo and I can't think of where he said the other one was, but he said thore were two or three vacant places for teachers. Elva has the one that Jim Calloway taught last winter. I am going to try and do the hest I can. I hope I may get my money. f hope that they may all have success.

I am about two miles from my post-office, but close to my school. I hope to hear from you all at Hampton. I haven't any more to write at present. I hope to hear from you soon. Your sincere frieud, C.

Temperance work is one of the most important branches of the gradunte teachers' lnbor in the South, and they almost invariably add it to their teaching—"by no means in vain," as the writer of the following letter gladly testifies.

VA., *Dec.*, 1878.

Dear Teacher :—

The 4th of last February I organized a school at this place with ninoteen pupils, and taught six months. During that time I enrolled seventy-sevsn. The 18th of last July, I had my examination end pic-nic. The forenoon was spent in examining tha children in spelling, reading, arithmetic and geography. The minister of tha M. E. Church of this place took part in examining the children. Ha seemed to be surprised at the rapid progress they had mada. He said that he had nevar seen childran show such proficiency undar similar circumstances.

I then gave an intermission for dinnsr, and ell had n grand time partaking of the viands so ahundantly provided. Whon all had dined, the school was called to order and the children went through with the exercises they had prepared for the closing. When they were done, Elder Pindell of Danville was introduced, who delivered a short address, and was followed by Mr. McSparan, who spoke very encouragingly to the children, admonishing them on the importance of improving their minds; also to the parents about their duty as citizens. Everything passed off agreeably, and all seemed to have enjoyed what they had seen and heard.

A great many white people were present who seemed to be astonished to see the colored children learning so fast.

The appearance of things here last February was quite discouraging. The colored people were in almost a savage condition. Some of them seemed to be without the least idea of right or wreng, so far as self-respect is concerned.

Soon after I got my school well on the way, I hegan the temperance work, which has by no means been in vain. In these temperance meetings I give all the instruction that I am capable of giving, in trying to bring about a general reformation. Never was I so convinced that some good had been accomplished, as I was the fourth Sunday in November, in our second annual temperance meeting. Every ona alluded to the great change which has taken place since the organization of this society, saying that they believed that it had done more good in this vicinity than any other organization. You may imagino my feelings of gratitude for such encouraging remarks. I felt amply rewarded for all my anxious labors. It seems to me that the people have been aroused to the sense of their situation and many of them are trying to improve their condition.

There are many strong opponents to the temperance movement, hoth white nnd colored; but nearly nll the hest people speak well of it, and try to encourage it all they can. Many who opposed it at first, are now in favor of it. I am persuaded to believe that much more good can be done by working in the same way.

This leaves myself and family well, nnd getting on nicely with our schools. Give my kind regards to all the teachers and students.

Yours most obediently, W.

The kindly feeling toward the Indian students manifested in the following letter is very general, nnd notwithstanding some friction resulting from the temporary, unexpected overcrowding of the boys this year, the two races live and move harmoniously together.

VA., *Dec.* 2, 1878.

Dear Miss H——:

This is the first good opportunity I have had since the arrival of your letter, to answer. I was glnd to hear that the Rev. Mr. Tuman is still with you and improving in health. The resigning of his position will no douht he a great help to him, although we'll miss his eloquent and instructive sermons. I saw through the papers the arrival of the Indians you spoke of in your letter. I hope the school is doing her ssme successful work this term, and everything will work together for good. Please remember me kindly to Nick Pratt; tell him who I am. When I left school he gave me his card and asked me to write.

I will now give you a brief statement of my school, and the thirst for knowledge the people who I am surrounded with seem to evince. I opened school on the 15th of Octoher with eleven pupils, three boys and the halance girls. They kept coming in every week until my numher was made up, which is twenty. Twenty is the required average daily nttendance, but last month my oversge was but eighteen. My percentege was 92.75. My school is now twenty-four large, but I have heen informed it is about forty-five large. Most of the larger pupils work until Christmas. I am very sorry they are late in coming in, for they lose a greet deal of instruction. The children here are very apt, but have not heen taught the small principles of education, as Colonel Parker defines it. I am trying, as neer as possihle, to apply his mode of teaching, and have been quite successful so far. The parents are the most enlightened upon the snhject of edncation I have met with not to have it themselves. They meet me at any time and show great desires to talk about education, end express great regret that they have heen deprived of it. I take great pleasure in talking with them and giving them instructions and light on my suhject I em ahle.

The distress from serious floods has been very great during the past year, and that the poor people are, notwithstanding their losses and discouragements, rising even slowly, shows good stuff in them worth cultivating.

"I am very much pleased with the situation of the town of which I have the pleasure of teaching in this winter; hut one characteristic about it I don't fancy. B——, as you know, is famous for floods. On the 24th of last month was one year since the town was almost flooded, and on the 22d of last month, we had another small flood which came near doing damage. I left my school-house on the account, the water being nhout two feet from the door. The school-house is situated on the hank of a small river, and every time we have a heavy rnin I have to look out. f have been informed that it was half-full of water during the flood of '77. The house I am stopping in is nhout 300 yards from the school-house, on the same river, hut on the left hand side of it; it hnd its first floors nlmost covered during the flood of '77. The people have suffered much here from damage done hy water, hut a good deal of the colored people's land is on the river-side and they lose something every time it comes, hut they have their eyes open and are rising slowly.

The teachers' institute for this county met in Harrisonburg (ahont eight miles from here) on the the 13th, 14th and 15th of Novemher. The numher of teachers present was over 100, of that number six of us were colored. Miss S., Miss L., and myself were the only Hnmpton teachers, and are the only ones in this county. The institute was conducted by Mr. H——, the Superintendent of schools in the county. Everything passed off nicely and therc was no distinction mnde whatever. Different modes of teaching were explained, and a very fine lecture upon the subject hy Dr. Ruffner. Mr. H—— is a very wise man and thinks a great deal of our ways of teaching; he has ways very much like General A., and I have taken a great fancy to him, and hope many more of our teachers may be fortunate enough to get in this county next year, or under one as good as he."

It is natural enough that counsels given in school days should be at the time unheeded or even misunderstood, especially if they suggest any limit to young ambitions; but the fact that, almost without exception, Hampton's 241 graduntes have devoted themselves heartily and persistently to tenching their people, in spite of many obstacles nnd hardships, proves encouragingly that, with the real experience of life, conscience and common-sense come to the rescue, past advice is remembered, nnd the truth perceived that the highest sphere for any mnn or woman is in faithfully serving the pressing need of the hour.

"My love for teaching grows daily. I never thought I could love it so, and I can say with candor, I never feel in place unless I am in the school-room. This is the first time I ever taught school, and think it is the noblest duty I can do for my people, for none hut those who see and hear can tell of the amount of work in the way of teaching is needed in the South. I never looked et it while at Hampton, when I used to hear the General speak of the need of tcachers in the South, as I do now; and I think it is the duty of all our teachers to give the hest instructions we can and give all the time we can to training those under us, and by so doing I helieve our duty toward God and mnn will have heen accomplished. I think those of our teachers who have resigned teaching should, as tha prodigal son, return to it again and never let it go until the required work has heen accomplished.

Please remember me kindly to Generals A. and M., also the Misses M., and all the teachers who know me. Thsnking you kindly for the offer you have made to send me reading matter, I close.

From your ohedient pupil, C.

P. S. You asked me about Anderson. I am sorry to say I don't know where he is. I saw him last August in Staunton, and haven't heard from him hut once since, and don't know where he is or what he is doing."

VA., *Nov.* 22, 1878.

Mr. B., My dear friend:—

I received hoth your letter and my Thanksgiving present. I am very thankful to you for it. Tha Moody and Sankeys came all safe, and now I enjoy singing from thom every morning in my little school.

I think it very good for D. to teach private school until the others open. I suppose she will then take her sama school.

I do not see the SOUTHERN WORKMAN regularly. Tha gentleman I board with used to take it, hut I think his tima has run out now.

Miss M—— wrote me of tha nrrival of the new friends, the Indians. She told me that she and Miss H—— had been husy getting tha girls all right. One of tha Indians wrote to me and said: "The Indian girls hava long hair, and so have you and you look like an Indian."

The weather is very mild here now, and I do not have e fire in my school-room; it is pleasant enough without it. My school has not increased any yet. Tha Sunday-school is improving very much. They attend so much better now than they did. Thero were almost three times as many last as there were my first Sunday there. They take great delight in learning the little verses on the cards you sent. I will have enough to go around three times to those that can read them. As soon as they can repeat all the verses correctly on tha first card I gava thom, I will give out some more. This will make them learn them quick.

Here is a little flower one of the children brought me. You see roses are not ovsr here yet. I have flowers always on my desk.

Your grateful friend, C.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

Progress of our New Recruits.

An Unfamiliar Toilet.

It hardly seems possible that a month's time would make so marked a difference in the appearance of our new Indian boys. The fancy leather breeches and blankets are now things of the past. The change from blankets to clothes had some funny incidents; one boy wore his suspenders hanging to his pantaloons. Another wore his new shirt over his trowsers; of course there was a titter when he entered the dining-room and chapel; he was the observed of all observers, but took his seat in happy unconsciousness of the part he was acting and proud of his new shirt.

Although the Indian of the West rejoices in the possession of long hair, as soon as he comes into contact with Eastern civilization he is very anxious to get rid of it. Most of the boys wanted to have their hair cut after they had been here a few days. One or two clung to the customs of the fathers; with them as with the Chinaman the hair is the connecting link with home; to part with it is a complete surrender to the ways of civilized life, and not until then is there an indication that our manner of living has made an impression on them.

Their Study and Work.

How much there is to teach them. We have not given them books, but use charts and the black-board. It is well said, the best teachers for the Indians are walking black-boards, and that those mysterious things called books ought not to be put in their hands for months to come. They are being drilled in Phonetics, Language and numbers. Object teaching is a great success. They have been assigned to their work; some to the farm, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, steam engine room, stable and dining-room. The girls work in the laundry and industrial room, and dining room.

First Lessons in Making Beds.

There are many other things to be taught besides book learning and the Industries; take *bed-making* for an example: When they first began to make beds, the sheets were either tucked up under the pillow or laid on the outside of the bed; when asked why they did not use the sheets they said "sheets cold." One boy was found to have seven sheets who did not appear to know the proper use for two. All this had to be corrected; so one night I got the janitor of the cottage to help me take a bedstead, bed and clothing into the large sitting-room; the boys were called in, and seated in a semi-circle; then I began the work of bed-making. As I put blanket after blanket on the the bed the boys grunted and laughed, and so did I; for, if my memory is right, there were not less than seven heavy blankets on the boy's bed. Well, the clothes were neatly tucked up and the pillow put in its place, after the necessary shaking so dear to a good housewife's heart. Then I said "Now boys I will show you how to get into the bed," which I did.

As all the conversation was carried on through an interpreter, I told him to ask them who was willing to try to make the bed.

He had hardly put the question when one of the boys, who did not want his hair cut, came forward for the trial; he began where I did and ended in the same place, so closely had he been observing my movements. No sooner did he finish than there was a stunning applause—He was then asked to show us how to get into the bed, and when his head touched the pillow and the clothing was drawn over him, up went another shout.

Religious Training.

Many of these boys come to us from good Christian influences and have been taught to read and sing in their own language. Every Friday night some of them have a prayer-meeting conducted by the minister of the Episcopal church in Hampton. I cannot tell you how I felt when I first heard them singing. An Indian boy was playing the organ, and in perfect concert they sang the grand hymn "Nearer my God to Thee." My thoughts went to and fro, and when I looked at their beaming faces and knew that they understood the words they were singing, for they sang in their own tongue, I felt that they *were* nearer to Him at that hour.

For the benefit of those who may wish to see a specimen of the Sioux language, the first verse of the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee" is given below.

Mita Wakantanka,
Nikiyedan,
Kakix mayanpi xta,
He taku xni;
Nici waun wacin,
Mita Wakantanka,
Nikiyedan.

On Guard.

It will be interesting to know that the Indians are required to go on guard duty; that is, they patrol the grounds at night, and so, instead of being destroyers, they are protectors of life and property. Thus far everything is hopeful; we are looking on the bright side of the picture, and are trying to develop the good that is in them. There should not be such a question, "Can the Indians be civilized?" All things tend to prove that every people can be. It is fairer to ask what means shall we take for the end. This is a question our National Government is now trying to answer.

J. C. Robbins.

LETTERS FROM THE AGENCIES.

From an Episcopal Missionary:

Yankton Agency, Dak., *Nov. 15th*, 1878.

To Capt. Pratt, Hampton Institute, Va.
My dear Capt. Pratt:

I am so sorry that I was so late in getting to the boat the morning you came to this Agency. Now that you have arrived at your destination, with your charge, I thought I would do myself the pleasure of addressing you a line.

THE KING OF THE CATS. (*See next page.*)

I am exceedingly interested in this your experiment, and I pray God to give you great success in it. I shall watch it with liveliest interest and do what I can through the influence I have over quite a number of the boys to make it a success. Two of them, Joseph Cook and Frank Yellow-bird have already written me, and in almost every line tell me how pleased and happy they are. I shall write to them and others.

There is one thing of which I wish to speak. All who went from this Agency, with two exceptions, are members of our church—Episcopal. Some are communicants of the church. There are two others from up the River, of whom I know, who are also communicants, viz. Henry Fisherman, and Edwin Ashley. There may be others, for I have not heard who went from up above except these. I know the Institute is under the influence of the American Board. But I could wish that influence might not be brought to bear upon them to lead them away from the faith in which they have thus far been nourished, for the sake of our work here. If it could be so, I could wish that if any churchman or churchwoman is among those engaged in teaching, there might be some special interest manifested in them to try to foster their love and interest in their church, and keep them to their moorings.

Another thing. There is often a tendency to change the names of Indian children. As they are already down on the church register and are known by certain names, I could wish they might retain them. I will enclose a list of those from this Agency. Since you were here a good many have manifested disappointment that their children did not get in. I think you might fill an institution from this Agency alone. You have got some good material, I can vouch, and I trust the experiment will be all that could be desired.

With regards to Mrs Pratt and your fellow workers,

Very sincerely yours,
Joseph W. Cook.

In regard to the solicitude expressed in the above letter, we would say that the writer would probably be satisfied with the arrangements already made before he wrote. Last September, when Bishop Whipple very generously gave up his own plans for the five St. Augustine Indians who were to go to his own school in Minnesota, because he believed it best for their interests to remain under the training at Hampton, the school decided to gratify his probable preferences for them as far as possible, by placing them under the special care in church and Bible class of the Episcopal minister of Hampton, Rev. Mr. Gravatt, who has undertaken the charge with great enthsiasm and faithfulness. When the Dakota Indians arrived, those of them who were already members of the Episcopal church were added to this class, simply for the reasons which Mr. Cook puts very clearly in his letter, and which we think commend themselves to common sense—to prepare them the better for usefulness in their church when they return to it, and to avoid bewildering their minds by unnecessary changes of forms which may be misunderstood. Those of the other denominations are so nearly alike that no change is necessary, and the school, as is well-known, is entirely unsectarian, numbering among its workers as among its supporters, members of many different denominations, Episcopalian and others, working harmoniously together with a common motive, for a common end.

WHAT THE WINNEBAGOES ARE DOING.

The very striking reports from the Winnebago Agency in Nebraska induced us to send to the agent, Mr. Howard White of the Society of Friends, for further personal information, and he replies in the following interesting letter.

Winnebago Agency, Neb., 12 *mo. 4th*, 1878.

Editor Southern Workman,
Respected Friend:

I have your favor of 14th ult., with inclosure and accompanying circular. The item taken from the "Atlanta Republican," to which you refer is substantially correct. I forward herewith copies of the Sioux City Journal, referring to the subject in question.

I can fully appreciate the importance of the work undertaken by the Normal and Agricultural Institute, in educating Indian children. And judging from the methods of teaching, to be adopted, as portrayed in your paper, I have no doubt of its success.

We have at this Agency an Industrial Boarding School with an attendance at present of sixty-five Indian boys and girls. Our school building was erected five years ago, at a cost of about $20,000. Although the school has been broken up twice, owing to the want of funds applicable to its support, sufficient success has been attained to demonstrate that the Industrial Boarding School system is the true one to adopt in this work.

Very Respectfully,
Howard White,
U. S. Indian Agent.

FROM ST. PAUL SCHOOL.

Two Indian boys at Hampton have received this letter from a relative. It was written in Sioux and translated by John Robb.

St. Paul School,
Yankton Agency, Da.,
Dec. 9, 1878.

Dear Cousin, Mr. John D. Rohb, "Alcila," and Brother Henry Fisherman:—I am very glad to hear from you both of you, and I will tell you all the news from home. I got a letter from Old-Woman at Cheyenne Agency. He said that the Indians who have not cut their hair, when we left there, now they are cut their hairs, and he thinks not over ten person have not cut their hairs at that Agency. And he said they are living comfortably like a white people. My cousin and brother I hope you are doing, and learning you can, and if you get them, I hope you may make a success, and he like a men. This is one of the opportunity for the Indians, and while you are head of them, trying to be strong good men, of yourselves and not to forget words of God. Always he remember him.

You must write to me some time and I will answer always, and tell you all news from home. You need not mind the Indians. You know that they are men to make a fun of fellows. We will try and better and make them ashamed. And there is thing make my heart sadden, Edward Swift. I do not see his reason why he did not go with you, because Bad Spirits pretty strong and have to be tryiug a little hard to better him. Write soon when you can. When I hear from you, I was very glad to hear, and almost as if I see you both of you, consin and brother. This is I am going to say to you. So I shake hands with both of you. From Stephan Tooale.

OUR INDIAN EXCHANGE.

The *Anpaho*, or Daybreak, a neat little

paper published by the Niobrara Mission, at Yankton Agency, Dakota, contains the following interesting item. If any of our readers are unfamiliar with the Dakota language, they will be assisted by the [illegible] made by John Robb.

purposes this year, but I hope it is large and that you will not only increase agency facilities three-fold, but that you will get a delegation of the best Agency pupils at every suitable manual labor and agricultural institution East, that will undertake them.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

In a celebrated museum in Germany, I once saw an amusing family of young lions. Their mother was sick and unable to nurse them, so the royal family had to be brought up on the bottle. They were greedy young creatures, and each had a [illegible] bottle full of milk, four times a day,

which careful experiments are needed. Whatever may have been its effect upon the wire-worms, it was no doubt useful, not indeed as directly nourishing the plants, but in acting as a solvent of plant-food in the ground, which was not before in a form available to the roots of the

paper published by the Niobrara Mission, at Yankton Agency, Dakota, contains the following interesting item. If any of our readers are unfamiliar with the Dakota language, they will be assisted by the translation below it, made by John Robb, the Interpreter of the Dakota Indians at Hampton.

De Ptayetu kin Tunkansina-ti kin ekta taku wanji awaciupi qa yustaapi qa waste seececa. Dakoto Minisose opaya yukaapi kia ospaye tokiheca etanhan hoksina qa wincincana wanjikxi wicakahniigapi qa hutam Tunkansina-ti skotaahan ektu awicayapi qa on epewicakiyapi kta, okinaj hona eciyatanhna Dakota oyate saupa wicayuwastepi kta e. Waana kuwapi. Hecen hekta October 30th, heehan Capt. Pratt tawicu kici inkpataahan wata okna kupi, qa owakpamni iyasyaza ipi, qa hoksina, wicincana ko wanjyetu sahkogna qa wikcemna-noapa okita yena mnawicayapi qa ekta awicayapi. Iyuha 49, qa Ihanktonwan tipi etanhan 11 hoksina 8, qa wincincana 3, Wanaa tanyan ihunipi, qa koska wanji wowapi maqu, Joseph T. Cook, Tukansapu hee. Nina wiyuskin qa taku owasin iyohipi qa tanyan un keya. Wuyawapi en opapaj kin he, Hampton Institute, Virginia, eciyapi.

TRANSLATION BY JOHN ROBB.

This fall there is one good thing for Dakata Indiaas on Missouri River, from great father, which have been done, which have already picked ont boys and girls from different Agencys, ou Missouri River and take them to East and learned some good things from book. October 30th. Capt. Pratt and his wife, are come down on steam boat, gathered those boys and girls from ages are 8 to 20 years old.

All together were 49. Of them from this Agency, 11. 8 boys and 3 girls. They are got there now. I got letter from of them youag men Joseph T. Cook, and said he is glad, and gat all what they wanted, likes the place, aama of the place is Hampton Institute, Virginia.

The Hampton Sebool, being in earnest on the Indian experiment, and believing that it cannot be fairly carried on without educating the women as well as the men, recently made an offer to the Indian Department to take charge of twenty more girls. This proposal being refused for want of funds, Capt. Pratt has sent to the Department the following letter which we hope may bear fruit

HAMPTON, VA., *Dec.* 23*d*, 1878.

Hon. E. A. Hayt,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:—Referring to the refnsal of the Indian Depsrtment to send twenty more girls here heceuse of no funds for that purpose, I would respectfully request assurance from the Department, that in case I sm sble to interest personal clarity of friends to the Indians, sufficient to cover their expeuses while here for a three years' term, the Department will pay their traveling expenses from the egencice here, allowing me to hring that number, or such part as I am ehle to eecure patrons for, from the Indian Territory tribes already represented here. I em led to request this hy the extent of sympathy I find with the views here held of the importance of equal eduestion of the sexes, and the lack of a proper proportion of girls in this effort. This discrepancy is not the fault of the Department, hut mine, as I bad the authority to hring half girls and could have brought a less numher of hoye from Dakota, and then gone to the Indian Territory and equalized the sexee as the Department intended. I have already some assursnee of patrone for the girls. A lady who is now paying the way of two of the Florida hoys, will pay for two girls. Thie sha has written me she wants to do, without having had sny knowledge of the school's proposition and its refusal. This personal interest in the Individual boy or girl being educated I regard as a most vuluehle aid toward its eueeess. The assursnce from this lady is the origin of this ides and the hasie for thie letter.

I heg leave to state thst I am awarc of the delicacy of this proposition, hut that I feel it to be my own fault that the girls sre not here and shall if sanctioned so operate.

My statement that "I could have hrought thousands," is fully horne out hy numerous letters I have received from the Indian country. Iudividuals, teachers, miesionaries and sgents have all written me asking to send hoys and girls. Several agencice say "You can have all you want." One miesionary says I could now get enough from that Agency aloné to fill sn institution liko Hampton. Noticing in my report that we failed to get the girls, there are plenty offered from Dakota, the Indian Territory, and Nebraska. Even the Six Nstions in Western New York send sn appeal. Their Attorney, Mr. Johnson, asks that they be allowed to send girls enough to make up whst we lack, and will give their best. He saye they are good onee.

I do not know what sum the Indian Department has asked for, for general educationsl purposee this year, hut I hope it is large and that you will aot only increase agency facilities three-fold, but that you will get a delegation of the hest Agency pupils at every suitable manaal labor and agricultural institution East, that will undertake them.

Very tespectfully, your ob't serv't,
R. H. PRATT,
1st Lt. 10th Cnvy.

The followiag are a sample of the letters referred to in the above.

YANKTON AGENEY, DAK., *Dec.* 14*th*, 1878.

Capt. R. H. Pratt,
Hampton, Va.:

My dear Sir: I was very much gratified to learn of the safe arrival of yourself und the Indian hoys and girls under your charge at Hampton Institute. And the letters the latter have sent hack to their friends have heen very cheerful aad encouraging. I could give you now all the young Indians you wanted and more. I wish you would make uuother draft on me. So many are sorry now, and their parents too, that *they* did not go with you. I can furnish you with some girls now, and that you may require, and bright specimens too. Let me know if you want nay more of these, aad how they shall be forwarded.

Letters from these Yankton youths come not infrequently to this Agency and they furnish pleasnnt themes of conversation amoag the Indians. I wish you had a thousand there and that the ides of educating them in this practical way, of making industrious men and women of them so as to he of real service and benefit to their various tribes ou their return had been everywhere adopted loag ago. Indians must learn not only the priaciples and practice of Christianity hut to be industrious and self-supporting. Habits of labor and economy must he drilled into them und become a part of their nature. else all other education will be of little avail. I hope those at the Hampton Institute will be continued there for some years. I should be very glad to hear from you ofteu.

Very truly yours,
JOHN W. DOUGLAS,
U. S. Ind. Ageut.

We learn from Rev. Charles L. Hall, of Fort Berthold, that *ten* boys and *three* girls of that village have just been taken to Hampton, Virginia. Mr. Hall says, "Thank God for Capt. Pratt's success." It had seemed to us that Hampton Institute was both *too far off* and *too far south*, to send our northern Indian children to. But they have gone in a good time of the year to become acclimated. If they enjoy good health through next summer, others may safely he advised to follow.

—*Iapi Oaye.* (*Word Carrier*)

THE KING OF THE OATS.

Yes, the King and Crowu Prince. Don't they look royal?

The lion is often called the King of beasts. Ask your Suuduy School teacher to show you where that text in the Bible is.—"When the lion roars, the beasts of the earth tremble." But perhaps you did not know that he is a eat. I nm afraid that old Tom, hrave rat-catcher as he is, would run from his Majesty, but for all that they belong to the same order of animals. Pussy has indeed many other distinguished cousins; the Tigers, the Leopards, the Jaguars, the Punthers, the Wild Cats, and several others; they all belong to the Cat family, hut the Lion is the head of the tribe, the largest and most terrible.

If his Royal Highness would let you examine his mouth, his teeth nnd his tongue, his paws and his claws, you would see that big as he is, he is a true Cat, and so he is elassed in the books of Natural History. All the eat tribe are light, stealthy and silent of foot, quick of ear and eye, and swift of attack. Watch your old Tom when he watches at a hole, when he springs upon the mouse and plays with it before he kills it, and you will have a small-sized picture of n Lion's pursuit of his prey.

The chief home of his majesty is in the wilds of South Africa, where civilization has not yet driven him out of his kingdom. Here he reigns supreme, but great and strong as he is, man, so much weaker in body, subdues him by his strength of mind and will.

The Lion's cub is just as playful as a young kitten, and just as ready to romp with any one who will play with it. But it is rather rough play, for the baby Lion is as big as a very large house cat and very much heavier, and its big baby claws can give a hard scratch.

In a celebrated museum in Germany, I once saw an amusing family of young lions. Their mother was sick and unable to nurse them, so the royal family had to be brought up on the bottle. They were greedy young creatures, and each had a quart bottle full of milk, four times a day. It was a funny sight to see them rolling about with their bottles between their paws, or scrambling over each other, boxing each other's ears, biting each other's taile, running around after their own, and behaving exactly like Pussy's kittens. But I would not like to have one for a pet, would you?—It might grow up.

On the Farm.

HINTS FOR WORK.

From American Agriculturist.

Live Stock require constant watchfulness. To keep them comfortahle is as important as to feed them well. No animal will thrive and fatten, if unclean and cold, hence uncomfortable and fretful.

Warmth savee feed, helps fattening, and often prevents sickness, if not the total loss of an animal.

To keep the Animals in good condition, or increasing in weight, should he the object of every farmer during the winter season. To permit a loss of weight after the summer's feeding, is to waste the food of both winter and summer. It costs more to get an animal fat than to keep it fat.

Young Animals require particular eare; this is the making of the adult animal. To over feed is as unwise as to stint food. Costiveness is perhaps the most to be guarded against at this season; linseed oil-eake meal is a good and eheap preventive. One pint to one quart daily may be given.

Working Oxen are often more useful thau horses, and of lute have been too much neglected. It should not be forgotten that oxen require more time to feed than horses, and ample opportunity for rumination should be given. During winter, oxen that work upon the road ought to be shod. The eost will be saved in the extra work done, and freedom from injury by slipping.

Young Steers less than a year old, may be broken to the yoke by any patient boy. At first they should be yoked and tied up until they have become used to the yoke, when they may be led sround and taught to drive. This is interesting play-work for a famer's boy in winter.

Plowing of heavy soils may be done to advantage until the ground freezes. It is well to plow under stable manure on such land. Light soils are quite as well if plowed in spring.

Power of a Horse.—The tractive power of au average horse moving two miles nn hour, is equal to 166 pounds. This is steady work. If a horse were fastened to an immovnble post by a chain and a spring balance, and were to make a steady pull, he could exert double the above power, or over 300 pounds, but could not maintain it. If forced to his utmost strength in leaping, he would exhibit a force at least equal to his weight, increased by his velocity. A horse is able by a sudden spring to break a chain that would lift a ton or more suspended in the usual way.

The best Cement.—"Portland Cement" is the strongest, but the dearest. "Ameriman Rosendale Cement" is as good for all ordinary purposes, but it requires more time to set. Any cement will crack if frozen when saturated with water.

Salt on Wheat.—A New Jersey farmer writes, that he has applied salt to his wheat fields; and tho result was a healthier growth, an increase in yield, and comparative freedom from insects. He writes of another who thinks that he eleared a prospective corn-field of wire-worms, by sowing eight bushels of salt per aere, the fall previous to planting. Whether salt ean be applied to the soil in sufficient quantity to destroy insects and not be in too great excess for the healthy growth of the erop is still an undecided point, upon which careful experiments are needed. Whatever may have been its effect upon the wire-worms, it was no doubt useful, not indeed as directly nourishing the plants, but in acting as a solvent of plant-food in the ground, which was not before in a form available to the roots of the plants.

Farming on Shares.—A plot of ground being furnished by one party, the seed and labor by the other, one-half the products to each is considered in many sections as a fair division. Exact justice in such matters, however, can only be reached by a careful estimate of the value of what each one puts into the partnership: the interest of the value of the land on the one side, and the cost of seed and labor on the other; then the products may be fairly divided according to these figures. If it be argued that the land-owner has no guarantee for skill and eare on the part of the tenant, so the latter has no surety for the condition of the land. The halving system is a poor one at best, for what would he fair when land is worth $50 per acre, would be no guide on $10 land. No one rule can be made for general application, except the business rule.

BOYS ON THE FARM

It is a proud day when the average boy gets on his first pair of boots and trudges to school by the side of his older sister. He does not eure any longer to take her hand. The leading strings are cut. But this early ambition to be a man is entirely eclipsed, when he has taken charge of his first pair of steers, and started for the fair. Has he not raised them from their mother's milk up, broken them to the yoke und to the eart, taught them to pull and to back, to haw and to gee, and to obey his word of eommand? They are his workmanship, the evidence of his skill in subduing brute muscle, and making it do his bidding. He is going up to the exhibition to display the fruits of his triumph, and, as he hopes, to wear the laurels of victory. He is no longer a merely spectator upon the fair grounds, hut an exhibitor of stock and au entertainer of spectators. There is unquestionably a difference of native tastes in boys. Some have a natural aptitude to one calling and some to another, hut most men have their callings determined by early circumstances; sometimes hy ineidents so trivial, that they have hardly a place in memory. It is not difficult, generally, for a father, who loves the farm, to determine the calling of his children. If he makes it a business of thrift, and provide comfortably for his family, they will respect the ealing. If he is discouraged and continually shifting his work, or his home, they will not be likely to make tillers of the soil. But if he eonduets the farm upon business principles—makes it n machine for eoining money—and providing home comforts, they will be ready to invest in it. One ean hardly begin too early with his hoys to ineline them to the calling that is to give them bread, and the means of their future usefulness. If the boy is to be a farmer, he must begin to have a personal interest and venture iu farming while he is yet a boy. Filial affection, in a happy home, is n very stroug motive to industry and fidelity, hut it does not shape a hoy's plans for life like an investment of his own brains nnd museles in his daily work. He should have erops and auimals, not only that he ean "eall" his own, hut that *are* his own, to keep, to enjoy, and to sell for his own pleasure and profit. The trusts may be small at first, but they should be absolute, and let him have his own experience of sueeess and failure in managing them. Let him manage poultry, a lamb, a calf, or a eolt, nnd exhibit his own stock at the fairs. We notice with great satisfaction the inereasing ntention paid to boys at the fall fairs. Boys did some of the best work at n recent plowing match at one of our fairs. One, a boy of fourteen, held the plow und drove his own team, and made as good a seed bed as his older competitors. These premiums for boys' work, are in the right direction, and should be carefully studied in making up the lists for next year. Make room for the boys.

PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION.

TRANSFORMATION A SYNONYM FOR BOTH: "USELESS EACH WITHOUT THE OTHER"—LIFE NOT A SEE-SAW—RICH NEIGHBORS BETTER THAN

something indirectly reaches the plowman; furthermore, eating the bread is not its consumption, for it reappears in the form of physical strength, enabling the eater to put forth fresh exertions. Neither can the farmer be

would be frost-bitten, and Christmas find more people with needful dollars in their pockets. Every dollar has two sides, and is entitled to be looked at twice before it is spent. On one side, count how many hoars' labor it has cost you to

The New Orleans Stock Exchange has passed a set of resolutions declaring that a default by the State on the January coupons of the consolidated debt would be "felt disastrously by every financial corporation and institution of the city." A committee was appointed to co-operate in measures for see-

PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION.

TRANSFORMATION A SYNONYM FOR BOTH: "USELESS EACH WITHOUT THE OTHER"—LIFE NOT A SEE-SAW—RICH NEIGHBORS BETTER THAN POOR—MAN NOT A MAKER—LITTLE TO GIVE, LITTLE TO GET—SALES ARE RINGES.

A LESSON IN HUMILITY.

Man, regarded as a physical, intellectual, and moral heing, is the greatest wonder of this world of wouders. Yet with all bis wonderful powers, man never has made, and never will make an atom of mutter: furthermore, he is as powerless to destroy matter as to make it. Humiliating as this may seem, it is nevertheless a sturdy fact. What men vaingloriously call production and consumption (or, in plsiner English, making and destroying) are only two words used to express one idea—viz., transformation or changisg. Man can only change the metter God has made. God is the sole Creator or Maker; man is but one of his creatures, who, at best, can only change what has been created. More social and economic fallacies spring from considering man as a creator or producer, than from any other one cause. Beyond doubt, man is a wonder, but he is none the less a creature, and as incapable of *making* an atom of matter, as e our dog to construct a pbonograph. The object of this peper is to consider man as a transformer, and to point out that he does not occupy an indepesdent point in space, but u point on the circumference of life's great circle, with us many points to the right of him as to the left of him.

FALLACIES AFLOAT.

The trnth, that man cas do no more than transform matter, seems beyond the grasp of most of the pruting politicinns, who are rendering, to n people hungry for economic truths, their unripe ideus concerning what they are pleased to term, producers and consumers. One sect of these would-be philosophers claim, (if we follow their doctrines to the end), that men can have food without labor; and the other, that men can labor without food. One is directly opposed to the other, but both are equally wrosg. There is no such thing on earth as a producer, who does not consume, or s consumer, who does not produce. Any system of goversiment or school of philosophy, which pretends to treat any man or class of men as purely producers or purely consumers, is bound to be a failure. You may cut a mule in two pieces, and have one half with ears, and the other half with a tail, but you will have no mule. Exactly so is eny uttempt to divide society in two classes, producers and consnmers; the division may be made, but society will he destroyed. Every act of consumption is hisged on some act of production; and the hinge is called a ssle, or an exchange.

RAW MATERIALS, ABSOLUTE AND COMPARATIVE.

The Creator of all things made matter, and man to manage it. Matter by itself is a gift from Heaven; so is the force of gravity, power of germination, sunlight, etc. These are the only absolutely raw materials; and as they have been so lavishly bestowed, man will give nothing for them; they are to he had without even asking. It is only when two or more of God's gifts have been combined hy map's energy, that the relation called property springs into being, and other men ure willing to give in exchange for it, what they heppen to possess. It is clear, therefore, that absolutely raw meterials have no vulue, as no man will give anything in exchange for them. To my mind, raw material, in an economic sense, is anything which any man proposes to change as to its form, time or place, although it may he, nay, probahly is, a finished product to some other man. For instahce, cotton is e finished produet to the planter, but raw meteriel to the spinner; while, in turn, his yarn is e finished product to him, but raw material to the weaver, and so on through the endless links of industry. The gentlemen in Congress, who occasionally tinker the Tariff, are continunlly stumbling over the rock of "Raw Materiale!" Almost all of them are in favor of admitting free of duty what they call raw material: if they will do this, absolutely Free Trade will be permitted; for nobody will import anything that cannot be used. The finest silk garment ever turned out of Worth's establishment in Paris is raw meterial to the woman who expocts to wear or sell it.

EVERY MAN A MIDDLEMAN.

Changing either the form, or the place, or the time of matter, is what all mea ars always doing. Tble seatence is only a paraphrace for "transforming." Farmers and millers change the form of grain, growing and grinding it; merchents change its plece, taking it from where it is most abundant, to where it is most in demand; bankere and speculetors change the time of the grain by kesping it from the period of superabundence to that of comparative scarcity. Every one of the many who handls tha grain, from the plowman to the bakar, are middlemen, and the labors of all ere necessary to enable the man who eats the loaf to bnve it. He le no consumer, for previous labor of his has produced something that buys the bread, which something indirectly reaches tha plowman; furthermore, eating the bread is not its consumption, for it reappears in tha form of physical streagth, enabling the eater to put forth fresh exertions. Neither can this farmer be called a producer, for although he "raises" the wheat, all the time he is plowing, reaping and threshing, he is consuming food, clothing, etc., he is no more than a middleman—there having been laborers befors him, and laborers shall come after him. Men is liko the present, a small space between the great past and the great future, but nevertheless a space.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Granting that men are ever transforming matter, but never making or destroying it, that men are links in industry's great chain, whose end links are locked together, it follows thet men are prosperous ready, only es their neighbors are prosperous. It stands to reason that no man is better off from having all his neighbors poor. Tha man who has but little to sell, can buy but little; the man who can buy but little, has but little to sell. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is an economic as well as e moral maxim; for if your neighbor has but little, you can exchange but little with him. Therefore, your property, or capacity to exchange, is increased as his property, or capacity to exchange, is incressed. Ignorance of this truth is commos emong all classes of society, but painfully so among the colored people of this country. Mutual jealousy is one of their weakest social points; how this spirit came about makes no difference, it exists. Instead of rejoicing at the prosperity of any one of their race, they are envious; instead of trying to get up where he is, the tendency is to try to pull him beck where they are. The feeling of "Comrade, touch the elbow," seems foreign to them, and petty jealousy is one of the heaviest chains binding them. Cohesion is as necessary in a people as is a bar of iron, if either is to bear any weight. When mutual dis trust, or repulsion, so to speak, takes the place of mutual attraction, only a rope of sand binds a community together.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

In the economy of nature, nothing is really lost, although apparently something disappears in every change that matter undergoes. If tea thousand cords of wood were burned to ashes, and the scattered in the sea, there would not be en ounce of matter lost: there would have been a clnnge of form and that is all. The object of transforming any bit of metter is to increase the utility or beauty of some part of it: those transformations, then, are best, in which the least apparent loss is noticeable; but of nothing, nothing comes—so if e portion of matter has once been transformed, another similar portinn of matter must be found, before a similar transformation can be made. If e man weeve ten pounds of yarn into twenty five yards of cloth, he must obtain another ten pounds of yarn before he can weave twenty-five more yards of cloth. This economic law is generally appreciated by menufecturers and merchents, as in their pursuite it is self evident; but farmers seem generelly ignorent of it, for they go on, year after year, taking awey from the soil the many elements thet go "to make a crop," but returaing to the soil only a part of whet they take away. The laws of neture are inflexible, even if formers be unacquainted with them, and sooner or leter these ignorant ones find their lends worn out and themselves bankrupts. This State is full of examples of this fact, and many a man is wearing bis life out, trying to solve the question of how to subtract two from four, and have four as e remainder. If a man cut and split a cord of wood, he cannot expect to feel as fresh and strong at the end of the job as at its beginning; he has exchanged his strength for the pile of split wood, and cannot have a similar amount of strength until he has exchanged for it, food, sleep, etc.

THE RULE OF THREE.

All enstgy is a series of blows; and "to strike" is an active transitive verb. Humen industry is the algebraic sum of human ensrgies, and depends on the consumption by one man of the production of anotber, in order to produce something for a third. To argue that the second of these could be benefitted by the injury of the first or third, is to srgue that e blanket could be lengthened by cutting off either end and sewing it on the otber.

THE EQUATION OF EXCHANGE.

All living men are ever exchanging something for something else; give and take are the two members of life's equation. The final expression of any equation of this sort, its simplest form, so to speak, is "Labor for labor." It matters not in what form, in how many fractions, or parentheses, the labor may be hidden, it is alwaya labor; labor aithar past, or present, or yet to be performed, that is exchanged. This is e rugged homespun truth, that meny do not know, and, which many who do know, keep tucked away in the cobweb corner of their brains, where memory and reflection are forbidden to swaep or dust. If every man could have greven on bis finger-tips that everything he huya la a sala of so much of his labor a truer economy would guide many purchases. If a men can earn a dollar a day, and buys ten drinks of whisky at ten cents a drink, he has worked one day to tickle his palate ten times. If people abont to buy anything would always measure their intended purchase with hours of lebor, intead of dollars and cents, a good deal of folly would be frost-bitten, and Christmas find more people with needful dollars in their pockets. Every dollar has two sides, and is entitled to be looked at twice before it is spent. On one side, count how many hours' labor it hes cost you to get it; on the other, how many hours' of your labor you are about to get for it; strike a balance, and keep or spend the coin, as the balence seems in your fevor or against you.

OWLS OF SOCIETY.

This doctrine of "Labor for labor" is one of those genuine truths cnsined in words that contain no sophistical alloy; it will staud the acid tests of morals, politics, or ethics, and is unharmed. Beautifully true as this doctrine is, it is as hateful to some people as a red rag to a bellowing bull; the believers in "Fiat Money," the upholders of the equal redistribution of property, and people fevered with like "isms," boot at this truth like owls at the moonlight. Nevertheless, even as the moon, in spite of owl hools, has shone in the pest, shines now, and will shine in the future, just so have men in the past, do men in the present, and will men in the future, exchenge "Labor for labor," in spite of the hoots of "isuites" whose "ism" truth won't fit.

T. T. u.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, Princess Alice of England, died at 7:30 o'clock A. M., on Dec. 14, of diphtheria. Queen Victoria is deeply afflicted by the death of the Princess. It is a striking coincidence that the death of the Princess took place on the anniversary of the death of her father, Prince Albert, who died December 14, 1861.

The bark Zingarella, Captain Osgood, arrived in Boston after a passage of thirty-two days from Grece, west coast of Africa. She was compelled to return without loading all her cargo, owing to the prevalence of yellow fever. At Gorce the disease is very malignant. many persons having died, including a large number of soldiers. She lost one of her crew by the fever.

The political aspect of the island of Cuba continues favorable, order reigning everywhere. Captain-General Martinez Campos is in Santiago de Cuba.

DOMESTIC.

The report of the Bureau of Statistics for October shows total exports of all kinds to be $66,530,736, with $40,884,079 of imports making an excess of exports over imports of $25,646,657, against $18,624,324. Excess of exports over imports for the past ten months is $234,653,754, against $97,181,438 in 1877. The exports show a large increase and imports a small decrease.

Monday Nov. 9th, will be remembered as the dark day in Cincinnati. Gas had to be lighted in private houses by 5 o'clock P. M., and by 5 o'clock the street car conductors found it necessary to light their lamps.

Figures compiled at the Treasury Department show that the expenses of the government for the Centennial Exhibition were $8,750,000, or about $10,000 less than the Congressional appropriation.

A Mississippian has invented an ice-boat to be propelled by steam instead of sails, and claims, in a letter which he wrote to the Poughkeepsie ice-yacht people, that he can make 100 miles in an hour.

The immense herds of buffalo which crowded the western plains forty years ago are being depleted so fast that experienced hunters predict their practical extinction within a few years.

Charles W. Angell, the defaulting Secretary of the Pullman Palace Car Company, arrested in Lisbon, Portugal, admits his identity, and will be brought to this country, with the money which he had with him, about $40,000.

Nothing has been heard from the steamship Herman Ludwig, which sailed from this port for Antwerp September 28, with a general cargo. She carried no passengers Mrs. Dart, wife of the captain, and two other persons. She was an iron steamer of 1,505 tons. Still another sad disaster at sea is recorded. The British ship of war Orontes, on her passage from Halifax for Bermuda, lost a man overboard. The boat's crew of thirteen who went to the rescue were all drowned by the capsizing of the boat.

A Louisiana newspaper reports that there are now some fifty cases of leprosy in Lafourche. In that State, all originating from one person, who some twenty years ago, settled on the lower part of Bayou Lafourche. Legislative investigation is asked for.

In consequence of his injuries it became necessary to amputate the leg of Gov. Wade Hampton: his condition is much improved, and his complete recovery confidently looked for. He has been elected U. S. Senator.

The bark Monrovia left New York, Dec. 3d, with thirty-one emigrants for Brewerville, Liberia, Africa.

The death of Bayard Taylor, which occurred in Germany, to which country he was U. S. Minister, on Thursday, 19, will be mourned as a sad event, whereby this country was deprived of one of its noblest men.

Rev. Solomon Cosey of Danville, Va. sailed last month on the steamer Wyoming, Guion Line, for Liverpool, en route to Lagos, West Africa, as a missionary. The colored Baptists of Virginia have pledged his support.

The colored people of Atlanta, Georgia, return $260,000 of taxable property. In the State there is a slight decrease over last year. The figures were in 1877, $5,430,944. In 1878, $5,124,875.

New York, December 17—12:30 P. M.—Gold has just sold at par—the first time it has touched that figure since the suspension of specie-payments in 1862.

The colored Baptists of Kentucky have determined to establish a normal and theological school at Louisville, and an agent has been appointed to raised $25,000 for the purpose.

There is great distress in nearly all the manufacturing districts of England, owing to financial and commercial troubles.

Jack Kehoe, the notorious chief of the Mollie McGuires, was hanged at Pottsville, on Dec. 18th.

Arrangements have been consummated for the establishment of a line of steamships between Philadelphia and Amsterdam.

The New Orleans Stock Exchange has passed a set of resolutions declaring that a default by the State on the January coupons of the consolidated debt would be "felt disastrously by every financial corporation and institution of the city." A committee was appointed to co-operate in measures for seeing that the interest is paid.

Mrs. Catharine Roe, of Washingtonville, N. Y., who brought suit at White Plain against George Eppell, for damages for the sale of ale to her husband, has recovered $200.

At the last election a new Constitution was adopted in Washington Ty. by a vote of 8,452 to 3,231. The Republican candidate for delegate to Congress was elected by 1,301 majority.

On the 18th, a joint resolution appropriating 50,000 for the yellow fever investigation passed both Houses.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute,

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

INCORPORATED IN 1870.

S. C. Armstrong, *Principal;* J. F. B. Marshall, *Treasurer.*

Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers, for the Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short end long division

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payeble monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationnry. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the Stats hnt is supported mainly by voluntary contribntions.

Annusl scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuitios, are solicited.

Donetions of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable, &c., &c.

For further information address,
S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal,*
Hampton, Virginia.

TO FARMERS

WHO WOULD

PRACTICE ECONOMY.

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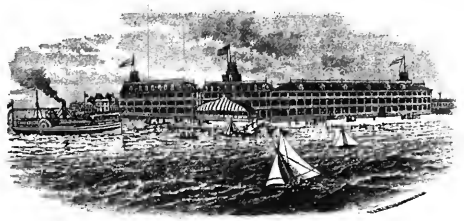

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A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG.

Some years ago, in traveling across one of our Middle States, I came just at sunset, at the close of a long day's journey through a fair and fertile country, to a little town, whose white houses and upward-pointing spires gave promise of comfort and welcome for the night, whose shadows were beginning to fall around me. The road which I was following led me along the shore of an inland lake whose waters shone under the slant sunbeams with the brilliancy of some strange jewel, while the low hills surrounding it were green with all the freshness of early summer.

As I neared the village, I saw that it was built well up on the gently-sloping hillside and had rather more than the usual proportion of pleasant, neatly kept houses with bright little gardens and other evidences of prosperity. Down, close on the lake-shore, at some distance below most of the dwellings, stood a small group of factory buildings, whose smoking chimneys and wide open doors showed me one source, at least, of the prosperity of the little town. The scene was altogether so pleasing, and the prospect of such a stopping-place for the night so attractive, that I quickened my steps and was soon within speaking distance of the knots of work-people who were standing about the factory doors or dropping off in twos or threes along their homeward road.

As they seemed to be all going in the same direction, that is, up the hill, down whose gentle descent ran the main street of the little village, I joined them and walked on for a few moments, silently watching their faces in the expectation of finding some one or two among them whose aspect should encourage me to begin a conversation.

I had not long to wait, for just before me in the dusty path two pleasant-faced young fellows were walking arm-in-arm, and from the snatches of their talk which I overheard, as well as from their faces, I judged that they were not without ideas of their own. So, quickening my pace once more in order to keep beside them, I said:

"Good evening, friends. You've a flourishing little town here, I see. What's doing in your factories now?"

"Oh, trade's pretty lively, sir; it's mostly work in ivory horsehoats, piano-keys and billiard-balls and such like," replied the elder of the two men.

"I suppose, then," I said, smiling, "that these pretty places which I see along the hillside have a foundation of elephant's tusks?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir," replied my new acquaintance, smiling in his turn; "but it's true enough that that's where most of the money comes from round here. It's a good business enough and we're mostly a pretty steady set of folks, both rich and poor."

"Yes; your village speaks for itself," I answered. "I never saw a neater, more orderly looking street than this." Just as I spoke these words, my eye was caught by a house which seemed to contradict my assertion somewhat positively, and I did not try to check the half-surprised exclamation which rose to my lips. My companion's eyes followed mine, and I could see that while he knew quite well what it was that had attracted my attention, he was in no hurry to answer my next question. There was perhaps nothing really uncommon in what I saw, but, taken in connection with its surroundings, it certainly was a little surprising, and almost unconsciously I halted for a moment, as did the young man with whom I had been talking. We had just left behind us the last of the factory buildings and had passed one or two small dwelling houses, but had not yet reached the thickly settled portion of the town, so that for a little distance the road had quite a lonely air.

On our right stood the house which had attracted my attention, and though it was far back from the street, I could see, even in the twilight, that it was large and well built and was surrounded by what had once been a beautiful garden. It was closed, by door and by window, but there was no evidence of any great precautions against those who might desire to enter, and, indeed, entrance looked to be an easy thing enough. The garden was overgrown with weeds and vines, and though an occasional rose-tree raised its hardy head above the tangle at its feet, it was plain that for many a year no careful hand had trained or pruned its thorny branches. In fact, the strange thing about the whole place was the air of total neglect which had at first struck my attention, and in this it was such a contrast to all that I saw of the rest of the village, that I turned at once to the man at my side for an explanation. He hesitated a moment before answering me, and then prefaced his answer with a slow shake of the head which showed me at once that something was amiss.

"Yes; it's easy to see that things ain't as they should be here, sir; but then it's hard to say just what's wrong. There are strange stories told about this old house, but folks from out o' town don't generally believe 'em, so 'tain't often we speak of 'em."

"Well, I can't promise to believe all you tell me," I said, laughing, "but I must acknowledge that you have excited my curiosity and I should like to hear what you know about the house."

"'Tain't much that I know, sir, but you're welcome to hear it all." He hesitated here for a moment, and then went on slowly, "They do say, and I guess most folks round here believe, that the house is haunted."

"Ah?" said I, "do you mean to say that the house has been deserted and neglected in this way because people are afraid to live in it?"

"That's just it, sir. It's as good a house as any in town, and you see for yourself what the garden might be, but you'd have hard work to get anybody round here to take a lease of it."

"That's rather hard on the owner," I said; "who is he, and when was the house built, and what kind of a ghost is it that none of you people are clever enough to lay? Come, tell me the whole story, if you can spare the time. I'd like to get at the bottom of this matter."

"Oh, yes," answered my acquaintance; "I've the evening before me, and anyway it's no long story. You see, the house was built about twenty-five years ago by a gentleman who took great pains to have it just as he wanted it, for he meant to spend his days there. But he hadn't lived there more'n about five years when his only son took sick and died with some kind of a fever, and then his wife caught it and she died too, and that kinder broke him up. So he went off and the house stood empty for a year or two, and then he wrote back to his agents here, and they let it to some folks from out o' town, a real nice family they was, too. But they hadn't lived in it more'n a year when one o' their children died, and after that the mother couldn't bear the house, and they moved away. Then it was let again, and that time there was two deaths in less than six months,—and so it went, sir, everybody that tried to live in the house either got sick and had to leave, or died; and the story got round that them that died stayed there, and the folks that come after see 'em and was scared to death. It's more'n six years since anybody's lived there, and it'd be brave folks or crazy ones that'd go there now."

While my companion was talking, we had walked slowly on and were, by this time, in the heart of the village and near the hotel where I intended to stop. But that which at first had been mere curiosity had now deepened into a strong desire to know something more about what was, at least, a very strange story, and I asked with real interest if no attempt had ever been made to discover a cause for the sickness which had made the house so fatal. "Did nobody ever look to the sewers and the cess-pools and so on?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, sir; they've had workmen there for weeks at a time, but nothing made any difference, the next people that took the house had the same luck; and at last old Mr. Grant (that's the gentleman that built it) said himself that there was a curse on the house, and he wouldn't throw any more money away on it, so there it stands. These new-fangled notions about drainage and all that, is very good, no doubt, but they can't help a case like this," and the young man once more shook his head ominously.

"Well," said I, "I must say good-evening to you now, but I'm going to be in town for a day or two, and I should like to talk this matter over with you. I don't believe in ghosts, in the first place, and then I'm a doctor, and I tell you frankly that I don't believe all these people died without good cause; so if you'll tell me your name, and the name of the unlucky agent who has to take care of this ghost of yours, I think I'll take a look at the house myself. If I should make up my mind to stay in it for a couple of days, suppose you come and stay with me; you're a fine, stout young fellow—between us, I think we should be a match for anything we are likely to find."

"I don't know about that, sir; but my name is Henry Johnson, and I'd certainly like to see you again. Anybody in the hotel can tell you where Mr. Harper, the agent, lives, and he'll let you have the house cheap, I dare say." and with rather a grim smile, my friend left me at the hotel door.

I am a physician and I have certain hobbies, one of which is that a great deal of the sickness, and consequently a great deal of the sorrow, from which we suffer in this world, comes from ignorance of, or, worse still, disobedience to God's laws. And I am willing to put myself to a good deal of inconvenience if I can help people to understand these laws, and to see what is the result of breaking them. Then, too, I think it a great pity that sensible people should allow themselves to be affected by nonsensical superstitions of any kind, and the idea that the whole population, or at least, a majority of the population of such a village as this should believe in the possibility of a house being made uninhabitable by ghosts, gave me a very unpleasant shock. My journey was merely one of pleasure, and I did not see that my vacation could be better spent than in disproving the existence of these same ghosts, if I could, in so doing, strike a blow for common-sense and against superstition. To begin with, I was pretty sure of my ground. I had called upon the old doctor who had lived in the town for years, and had obtained some information in regard to the various deaths which had given the house its bad name, and I believed that a close examination of the premises would enable me to put my finger on the cause.

So on Monday afternoon, I went again to the agent and got the keys of the two main doors, and then walked down to the factory to meet young Johnson, who, I was glad to find, was a married man. Of course I wanted to see his wife before I concluded my bargain; so I went into the little house where they lived—Henry had already told her about my plan—and she welcomed me with a cheery "Good-evening, doctor. Will you sit down and take a cup of tea? We're plain folks, you know, but Henry says you think we can be some help to you, and I'm sure I'd like to know what you think about our 'haunted house,' as they call it."

"Yes," I replied; "I do want your help, but before we make any bargain I want you to understand just what I mean to do; so, if you don't object, I'll sit here for an hour or so and explain my plans while you and Henry eat your supper." So without farther delay the husband and wife sat down to their meal, in which I was glad to see the baby had no share, his sensible mother having given him his bread and milk some time before, so that after a little romp with his father, he was all ready for bed.

"You see," I began "there is no doubt that all these deaths did occur in the house, just as they are said to have done. Dr. James assures me of that, and it is just as certain that there is a direct connection between the house and the deaths, as it is that the house stands there empty at this moment. Now, at the very outset, I want you to understand that I entirely reject the possibility of any ghosts being mixed up with this affair. There isn't anything supernatural about it; whatever the cause may be, you may be sure it is a natural one, and though we may have hard work to find it, it is to be found, and found in just one way, that is, by careful examination and experiment. If I were to tell you that I have already made up my own mind from merely walking about the place and using my eyes, it might shake your faith in me, so I shall make no promises as yet, but will simply tell you my plan.

In the first place, if you, Henry can leave your work at the factory for a couple of days, I want you to spend them in the house with me, taking your meals at home here, as usual. If our examination should turn out as I think it will, I want you two with the baby to move into the house, the rent of which I will pay, and live there for a year, the only condition being that you shall live just as I shall direct. If at the end of that time everything shall have gone well with you, I will advance you the rent for another year, and I don't think that Lizzie will have any trouble in filling all these rooms with respectable lodgers, which will bring you in a nice little income." As I finished my little speech Lizzie's eyes brightened, and I had not long to wait for her answer. "I'm not afraid to trust you, sir, if Henry's willing we'll move in this week." Her more cautious husband put his hand on her shoulder, "Wait a bit, little woman," said he, "suppose everything should'nt turn out well, suppose there should be more in these stories than we think and something—" Here I interrupted him for I was not ready for discussions as to uncertain "somethings."

"We'll put off talking about that for the present," I said; "the first thing to be settled is whether you will go into the house with me for a couple of days—and nights," I added a little mischievously. "O yes," replied Henry, "I can manage that well enough, there's a mate of mine out o' work, he'll take my place at the factory. When do you want me, sir?" "To-morrow morning." I answered, "for I've no time to lose, and if you and Lizzie should back out I must look for some one else, you know, for I'm not going to give up without good reason."

The next morning I was at the door of the haunted house soon after sunrise, and as I stood there alone waiting for Henry, it seemed to me that the neglected building rose up before me, a monument to ignorance and superstition, those terrible twin sisters and as I thought of the victims they had found within this fair garden, I shuddered, remembering that their reign is not yet over, that still they are supreme in many a dark place, slaying day by day their thousands, and maiming and crippling multitudes of whom no man takes account.

But my thoughts were quickly broken in upon by a cheery "good morning," from Henry, and in a moment more we turned the key in the lock of the front door. The wood was swollen with dampness and it was only after some pushing that we succeeded in getting into the hall, which we found ran through the body of the house and opened at the end into a large kitchen with numerous pantries and windows. The latter we raised without much difficulty and soon had plenty of sunlight shining in upon dusty floors and cobweb hung walls. There were two rooms on either side of the hall, there were front stairs, and back stairs, there were plenty of windows everywhere, the ceilings were high, the whole air of the house must have been in the days before it was haunted, cheerful and wholesome. I went through both stories carefully, opening pantry doors and looking into all the corners, more, of course, for Henry's satisfaction than my own. "Well," said I, when we once more found ourselves in the kitchen "so far there is certainly nothing remarkable about the house, and there's nothing left but the cellar. Come, Henry, light your lantern and we'll try that." Henry obeyed and followed me down a pair of steep, dark stairs which led somewhat to my surprise, into a well-lighted and cemented cellar extending under the whole house and thoroughly ventilated by single pane windows, from one or two of which we quickly knocked away the boardings. It was somewhat damp, of course, but for a cellar which had been unused for years it was in unexpectedly good condition, and contained nothing in the way of rubbish beyond a few harmless barrels. I was silent for a moment, and then turning to my companion said very seriously, "Well, Henry, this lays on of *my* ghosts." Henry stared a little and I continued, "I thought I should corner him here, but this place is altogether too clean and airy. My ghosts like dirt and darkness. We must look for them somewhere else." So I turned back up the stairs again, Henry following with a somewhat dubious expression on his face.

The fact that I did not find in the cellar what I had thought might exist there, that is, the evidence of defective drainage, only strengthened my conviction as to the root of all the trouble, and I wasted no more time in looking about me.

On one side of the kitchen was a pump which I found brought water from a well in the garden at some distance from the house, and it was to this well that my suspicions were now all directed. It was evident that

from it the entire supply of drinking water had been obtained, and I only wanted a few more facts to change my suspicions into certainty.

It was now near noon, and I told Henry to go home terrors, I making the only alteration which I considered necessary, that is putting down at the cost of about $12.00, a drive or artesian well in the rear of the garden, entirely out of the way of any drainage from the slope stronger than Lizzie chooses to give you; you can trust her, and I shall trust her too, to see that the money that might go for drink is kept for something better—beefsteak and potatoes, for example." As I said this, I laid my hand on Henry's shoulder, for I knew that he was

from it the entire supply of drinking water had been obtained, and I only wanted a few more feets to change my suspicions into certainty.

It was now near noon, and I told Henry to go home to his dinner, and not to come back till after dark, when he was to bring the tools which I wanted and a couple of blankets for the night.

As for myself, I pumped diligently till the water ran fresh and clear from the well, and then pouring some of it into a bottle which I had brought with me, I went back to the hotel, where with the aid of a little microscope which I always carried with me, I had no difficulty in detecting that the water was, in its present condition, so impure as to be actually a slow poison to any who might drink it. This fact being established it only remained for me to prove that this impurity existed during the years when the various deaths had taken place. If I could do this I felt that I was justified in putting Henry and his family into the house at once, provided I could ensure them a supply of pure water, which I thought could easily be done, and then the rest of my experiment would take care of itself. Now in order to prove that the water from this well had been just as impure ten or fifteen years before as it was at the time of my analysis, I had got to discover the cause of this impurity, and it was just this of which I had from the beginning felt very sure. The whole village was built, as I have said, on a side hill, and the haunted house stood just at the beginning of the rising ground. The well from which came all the water consumed by the occupants of the house had been dug at a good distance from all the outbuildings, etc., but quite near the fence which bounded the property on that side. On the other side of this fence stood a small house, the surroundings of which were not in very good order, and I had found from inquiry, that its condition had been much the same for the previous twenty years. Now it had struck me at first that the well from its position almost at the bottom of the hill might catch the drainage not only from the small house, but also from several other buildings which stood just above it. I thought this could be easily demonstrated but I also thought it quite possible that by a little digging I might find that there was even a more direct cause than this for the poisoned water of the well.

I wanted to do this digging at night partly because I did not want to be watched, but mainly because I thought it would be a good test of Henry's courage. So when he arrived about nine o'clock, I told him what my analysis of the well water had told me, viz., that in its impurity was to be found full cause for the illness and death of any one who should drink it for any length of time. I then carefully explained to him my idea as to the sources of the impurity, and his own common-sense assured him that I was probably right, so that when, between eleven and twelve o'clock I shouldered a spade and started out of the back door to commence my digging, I was glad to find that I had in Henry as steady and clear headed a companion as heart could desire.

We began our work at a little distance above the well but an hour's digging showed me that we were in the wrong place, and in a low voice I told Henry to stop for a moment while I looked about me.

Our digging was no easy work, for the night was dark and hot, and the air so close and heavy as almost to make us feel that some ghostly presence was surrounding us, and forcing us in spite of ourselves to believe that we saw strange shapes, and heard unearthly sounds. The little town was fast asleep, not a whisper or a footfall broke the stillness of the garden, it seemed that not even a leaf rustled, and I think it was something else than fatigue that made Henry's hand tremble as I took the lantern from him. I wanted to jump the fence and walk up for a short distance on the other side, but it was evident that Henry had no idea of being left alone in the darkness, and I can't say that I thought his nervousness at all unusual. However sure I might be of what was before us, I could hardly expect a man to whom the existence of this haunted house had for years been a familiar fact, to give up his belief all at once, and in truth I was not myself altogether free from excitement though in my case the cause was very different. Henry feared a supernatural visitor, I felt, with every nerve in my body, that we were fighting death, and the closer we came to his hiding place the more determined I was that our night's work should end his reign.

So taking the lantern and calling Henry to follow me, me, I walked up along the line of the fence some thirty feet and after a quick examination of the ground said cheerfully to my half unwilling companion "Come on Henry, we'll make another attack here it's too soon to give in you know." In silence we cut away the sod and began our work again and for another hour there were not many words spoken between us. My arms ached with fatigue and I began to think that we were again on the wrong scent when all at once I turned up a spade full of earth which settled the whole matter in a twinkling. By the light of the lantern I could see what my nose had already informed me of, that we had come upon the drainage from a cesspool, and ten minutes more of vigorous digging showed us that this cesspool which had evidently been for years left to take care of itself had leaked directly into the spring which formed the main supply of the well. We had our ghost now at close quarters and no white robed skeleton could be half so terrible to a reasonable man, as was this silent, stealthy, merciless demon of dirt, who, unseen and unsuspected had for so long been doing his awful, irreparable work. I had no need to say much to Henry, he had seen and smelled for himself, and we walked quietly, almost solemnly back to the house, from which, we believed, our night's work had lifted the curse which for years had hung over it. We did not sleep, for dawn was close at hand, and when half an hour later we parted at the garden gate, Henry had definitely accepted the offer I had made him, with all its provisos, and before the week was out, Henry, Lizzie and the baby were established in the house, which for them had now lost all its terrors, I making the only alteration which I considered necessary, that is putting down at the cost of about $12.00, a drive or artesian well in the rear of the garden, entirely out of the way of any drainage from the slope above.

There was really nothing more for me to do except to give them in detail those directions in regard to their manner of life about which I had already spoken to them in a general way, and this I wanted to do at some length. So the evening before my departure from the village in which, instead of one night I had spent ten days, found me sitting in one of the rooms which Lizzie's busy hands had already in a plain way made bright and comfortable. As a matter of fact I had no fear but that the house would now prove to be as wholesome as any in the village, but I wanted my young couple to feel how much depended upon themselves, and I was very much in earnest in desiring that they should make their housekeeping a model for all the young couples about them. They were beginning with great advantages, they had a large airy house, with plenty of space about it, and in good order, and as they had it rent free, they could afford to buy all that they needed in the way of furniture and clothing. I felt that their future was in their own hands, and it was with a strong desire that they should feel it too that I said, "Lizzie, I hope you realize how much depends upon you during the next year"? Lizzie was undressing the baby and she stopped to give him a toss and a half-dozen kisses before she answered, "I've only to look at Baby to know that, sir. You may be sure that I'll do my best to take care of him and Henry." I knew Lizzie meant what she said and I replied, "I don't think think I need be afraid to trust you and Henry, I am sure, in fact, that you will do your best to fulfil your part of our bargain, but I want to-night to go over carefully the terms of the compact and to tell you just what I mean by them. You know I agreed to put this house in good order, and give it to you rent-free for a year, provided you would live during that year just as I direct." The young people assented to this eagerly enough, and Lizzie who was always the first to speak said, "You've only got to tell us, sir, what we are to do, we trust you, as much as you do us." "The foundation of all that I require, Lizzie," I replied, "is that you should be clean, and I am going to tell you just what I mean by cleanliness.

"In the first place, the house must be clean; there must be no decaying vegetables or fruit, no rubbish of any kind kept in the cellar, the air must be kept perfectly fresh and sweet, for you must not forget that it affects the air of all the rest of the house. Then be sure that your sink is clean, don't let the drain get stopped up, and once a day, at least, wipe it out thoroughly clean and dry. It is a good plan occasionally to put a little chloride of lime down the pipe of your sink or wash tub, but in using lime or carbolic acid, or indeed almost any disinfectant you must be very careful on account of their poisonous properties.

Don't let rubbish of any kind collect in the house, keep all your pantries and cupboards clean, don't get into the habit of pushing things away into holes and corners, and be sure that your beds are well aired and that the bedsteads are occasionally wiped off with hot water and soap. The only way to ensure your bed's being properly aired is to shake it up thoroughly when you first get up, turn back the mattress (I take it for granted you are not so unwise as to sleep upon feathers), then open all the windows and leave the room for at least an hour before you make the bed. Empty all the slops every morning and wash out slop pails, etc., with clean water, taking care that any vessel which is used in the room during the night, is kept covered. By-the-by, it is a bad plan to let such vessels stand in a wooden washstand or cupboard, for the wood soon becomes saturated with the smell, which is both disagreable and unwholesome. Don't be afraid of fresh air, by night or day; drafts are not such bad things as they get credit for being, and you ought always to sleep with plenty of air to your room. for the more you accustom yourselves to the air the less likely you will be to take cold. Another safeguard against colds is warm clothing, and I advise you, both in summer and winter to wear woollen underclothes, heavy or light according to the season.

But then, you know, if you don't take care of your skins, putting on flannels won't help you—and if I insist upon your washing yourselves thoroughly every day, or at least three times a week, you must not think that I am making you a great deal of unnecessary trouble. If you want to be well and keep the baby well, you must look out not only for dirt which comes from the outside but also for dirt which comes from the inside, and you must keep the pores of the skin open so that all the waste matter for which they are the proper channel of escape can easily be got rid of. Wash yourselves and the baby often and carefully and change all your underclothing at least once a week, oftener, if you find you can afford it.

"As to your food, I should like to say a good deal, but I can only give you general directions and then trust to your common sense. Eat oatmeal, mush, hominy, rice and all that sort of thing, with all the milk you can get; potatoes, and indeed almost all kinds of vegetables and fruit, boiled, baked, or uncooked, as may be, are excellent, and you ought to get fresh meat once a day, if possible. Eggs, of course, and bacon and ham, but not too much fresh pork; and remember, Lizzie, that you are not to waste time and material in making pies and cake. Plain puddings you can always have; but in cooking food of any kind, you must realize that everything depends on the cook. Don't fry when you can help it,—

'Boil, broil or bake,
For health's and economy's sake.'

Have your meals always at regular times, and don't eat at all times. Take coffee, tea or cocoa with your meals, but don't drink anything between meals—no, Henry, not even an occasional glass of whisky, though about that I shall perhaps have to make a special bargain." Henry looked at me a little uncertainly, and I went on more seriously, "Yes; you'd better not take anything stronger than Lizzie chooses to give you; you can trust her, and I shall trust her too, to see that the money that might go for drink is kept for something better—beefsteak and potatoes, for example." As I said this, I laid my hand on Henry's shoulder, for I knew that he was not entirely safe in this respect, and I wanted my words to have full weight.

"Well," he said, slowly, looking at Lizzie as he spoke, "I'll engage to drop it; it's in the bargain, I s'pose, and besides, I should like to see for myself how a man can get on without any drink."

"That's a wise resolve," I replied, "and your head will be all the clearer for it. Shake hands on it, for I must be off, or I shall miss my train. One word more—remember, both of you, that this experiment is not merely for your good and my satisfaction, but if it succeeds, it is for the good of the whole village. If you prove that you can live in this house and be well and, in every sense, do well, merely by obeying a few simple laws which he who runs may read, why—I think you will be giving a good lesson to the whole village. Once more, good-bye—in a year from to-day I shall come back, and in the meantime, if you want me, send for me"—and with a hearty shake of the hand I left my two friends, and for twelve months turned my back on the whole matter, for I did not mean to interfere any farther in the experiment, and, as the event proved, there was no need for it. Henry and Lizzie were, as I had judged them them to be, an intelligent, energetic young couple, and the two letters which I received from them during the year which followed my visit, were full of good reports.

Time flew, as it always does with busy people, and on the appointed day I found myself at the gate of the haunted house. I had sent no warning of my coming, and I was glad to get my first impressions of the changes before I saw either of my friends. How pretty and neat the garden looked, with the paths clean and the shrubs trimmed; and as Lizzie, with the baby toddling beside her, came down the steps of the porch, I had no need to ask any questions as to their health and happiness.

"Is it all right, Lizzie?" I asked, holding out my hand. The beaming smile on her face answered me better than words, but the words came, too, and fast enough. "Come in, sir, come in and see for yourself; isn't the house pleasant?" The story of the year was on her lips, and I was almost at pleased to hear as she to tell.

"You see, sir," she said, as I followed her into the bright room, "we hadn't been here three months before folks knew all about it; and some of the clever ones, they said, that if we'd laid the ghost with a shovel, they'd no call to be afraid. And everything was so pleasant and convenient that before long some of the overseers came to see if we wouldn't board 'em; so we took the money we'd saved for rent and bought some furniture—and now, sir, every room in the house is full, and last Tuesday, Henry took a hundred dollars to the bank." Here Lizzie fairly broke down, and between laughing and crying was hardly able to speak, though she managed to say, "And I've got the name of being the best housekeeper in town, and it's all because I've done everything just as you've laid out for me."

"And what does Henry say?" I asked.

"I guess he won't be long in speaking for himself, sir; he'll be home in a few minutes. Won't you look about a little, and see how things are?"

It was with real pride that Lizzie led me through her clean kitchen and sink-room, and out of the back door into the garden, where everything showed that Henry had been true to his promise, and that he and Lizzie were fairly started on the right road. They had found, as anybody may find who will try it, that though they were poor and not very wise, they could live clean, orderly, temperate lives, and that, in every sense, such lives "pay." As Lizzie had said, her husband was not long in coming, and when I looked at their happy faces and at the rosy baby, and the cheerful house, I could well believe Lizzie's stories of the effect their experiment was having in the village, especially as it was evident that Lizzie preached as well as practiced. In a word, all I had hoped for was accomplished, and the time of my visit was spent rather in hearing their experience, than in giving any further advice. I renewed my offer to advance them the rent for the next year, but they both refused, feeling that they were quite able to pay it themselves, and when we parted, it was with thorough satisfaction that I promised to visit them again the following year.

So last night I found myself once more within their gates, in the well-kept garden whose brilliant autumn flowers were not brighter than the faces of the little household gathered to greet me. All was well with them still; instead of any ghastly ghosts, another laughing, healthy boy had come to them, and I had found warm and loving welcome. They, had, as before, only to tell me of a year of peace and prosperity—the terrible shadow of disease and death which had so long hung over the house had vanished, and, instead, was the sunshine of a happy home. "And how has this home been made?" I asked myself, as, after I left my two friends, (having drunk their healths in a glass of pure water from what we still called "the new well,") I stood looking back at the house with its windows ablaze in the light of the setting sun. Will not my readers answer, as I did, "It is the work of a husband and wife who have undertaken in earnest to learn and keep the laws of God. They have learned that dirt and filth mean disease, that intemperance in food and drink means ill-health, that impure air and water mean poison, and they have learned that almost any one who chooses can avoid these things."

There are more haunted houses than one in our land, but among them all there is not a ghost which cannot be laid, nor a demon which cannot be driven out by intelligent and patient endeavor. At least, this is what Henry and Lizzie and I said to each other, the last time we met under the roof of our no longer "Haunted House."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VIII. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1879. NO. 2

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.

matched. But he will not let go, and, as lines, and engaged for a time in their manu- improved magic lantern, the peculiar proper-

THE BURNING LAMP.

By a Colored Man, in the Boston Congregationalist.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beame would fall bright upon me.

Straight, straight is the road; but I falter,
And oft shall I fall by the way.
Than lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay

There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go.
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would hurn brightly, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumbla,
They fall on the rocks, and they lie
With their whita, pleading faces turned upward
To the cloude and the pitiful sky.

If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze out in line
Wide o'er the earth and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shina!

How afl the dark places would lighten;
How the mist would rise up and away;
How the earth would laugh out in har gladnees,
And hail the millepnial day!

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.

As to *the* "Battle in the Clouds," which for fifteen years has crowned Mt. Lookout's lofty head with glory, the Generals are disputing its very existence you know, and the whola subject begins to look so cloudy, that nothing may be left to history of one of the most dramatic stories of the war. So, while admiring tha beautiful and spirited picture for which the Workman is indebted this month to Messrs. Harper Bros., we have thought it best to test its truth to nature in the severest possible way. Is this grand encounter between savage man and savage bird, the artist's bold ideal, or the fine fact itself? Facts, facts—like Mr. Gradgrind, nothing else would satisfy us.

So tha picture was submitted to a committee of inspection, sixty-seven strong—consisting of Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoe, Sioux, Mandans, Arickarees, Gros Ventres, and Choctaw. Among tha number, to be thoroughly impartial, was one Soaring Eagle.

The Ohe, and Ahs, and Ughs, and Dochs—land ess easily transcribed interjections—with the kindling eyes and emiles of recognition, would have satisfied any artist's desire for appreciation.

"Good"—"Have feathers for head." One went through tha scene in the expressive sign language, common to all the tribes, with explanations for the benefit of an ignorant paleface. "Catch Wah-kuh, (the rabbit)—kill—tie him to tree. Then Indian hide—watch—look up—still. By and by comes Nihtz—(the Eagle) —down through sky—comes down, comes down, smells Wahkuh—catches him—then Indian jumps—catch Nihtz—then fight. By and by heap feathers—head—back—so—Good."

"Yes, but is that the way *you* catch cagles —kill eaglcs with sticks?"

"No—shoot. In the night—twelve o'clock, eagles go to slecp, *so*. Then Indian shoot up in trea."

"How can you see to shoot them at twelve o'clock at night."

"Moon heap shine."

"Yes, and the picture is moonshine too, is it? Did you ever know a man to fight an eagle with a stick? Any of your friends fight lika that?"

Little Chief, a Cheyenne, said "Yes, one Arapahoe—I knew—fought eagle, kill him—strike him—like that. Heap strong."

White Wolf, a Dakota, also testified to having heard of one man who had so distinguished himself, but did not know why he did not taka the safe and surer method of shooting.

But the lover of facts may be satisfied. Tha pictura has passed inspection, and received confirmation strong. Ona more point is also settled. The gallant brave is a Sioux, or Dakota, to give him the name he likes tha best.

"How do you know"? wa asked,

"Cheyennes no put beads on leggings—only on moccasins. Sioux—beads like that."

This particular pattern was indeed the proud adornment of more than one of the Dakota youths on their late arrival in Hamptou.

Whatever the motive of the red warrior,—perhaps, as the Hnrpera suggest, he may feel the dark eyes of some dusky charmer upon him and covet distinction above some rival in their favor—ha is making a gallnnt fight, and a splendid picture of athletic grace, as eye and muscle strained to intense action, he fights for lifa and death with the angry hird. It would not ha very safe for him to let go now, his gallantry and his grace are well matched. But he will not let go, and, as Matches prophecies,

"By and by, heap feathers—fine head dress, Good!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The opinions of the author of Uncle Tom's Cahin, upon any question connected with the freedmen's interests cannot but be received with respect by the people whose cause she has so long and so ably espoused. We are glad therefore to give them the reading of a letter recently received by the Principal of Hampton Institute. While chiefly in reference to sending a student to Hampton, it expresses her ideas upon an important point, the kind of colored preachers needed in the South.

——, *Dec. 13th*, 1878.

Gen'l. Armstrong:

I am desirous of inducing a likely young colored man, son of my head man to get an education that he may become a teacher here.

His father is a local preacher—but, having no education, his preaching is only better than nothing. But if his son could get some education, he might succeed his father and do better. For a long time yet, in the country, the *preacher* must be only an educated farmer, laboring week days and preaching Sundays; this is what I want to prepare —— for. His father has acquired by free labor a thriving farm and young orange grove, and — can carry this on, and preach, exhort and hold prayer meetings. Now, how nearly can an able bodied youth, accustomed to farm work, earn his board. When does your term begin and end, and when would it be most for —'s advantage to join? I suppose he might work his way up to Hampton, on some steamer. What sort of an outfit would he have to bring? I promised his father to get information on all these points, and an early reply would he a favor to him.

I should say —— has had only common school and Sabbath school teaching hitherto, but has been reckoned a good scholar in these.

Hoping to hear, I am,
Truly yours,
H. B. STOWE.

Mrs. Stowe's ideas of the necessary preparation for colored preachers are strikingly in harmony with the policy of training practiced at Hampton, and, since the days when St. Paul wrought as tent-maker while reasoning in the synagogue every Sabbath, the best pioneer preachers have been men who can support themselves as well as preach; whose hands can teach the religion of honest work, while their lips are telling the good news of the gospel.

EMINENT COLORED PEOPLE.

A COLORED INVENTOR.

The following interesting relation has been furnished at our request by the writer of the account of Phillis Wheatley published a few months ago in this paper.

It certainly proves that the inventive faculty was not left out of the colored race.

"ELIAS JASPER was born at Hampton, Va. in 1820. His mother was a slave belonging to Com. Samuel Barrow and was employed as nurse in his family. His grandfather was handsomely rewarded by the U. S. Government for valuable services during the war of 1812. In very early life he was transferred to Walter Herron, Esq., of Norfolk and remained his legal property till his death. In 1854, he took a trip by underground railroad to Toronto, Canada.

Having learned when a slave the trades of mill-wright and carpenter, in which he was very skillful, he found ample employment in Toronto.

Mr. Jasper when a slave in Norfolk was allowed by his owner then James H. Behan, Esq., to conduct a daguerreotype and ambrotype gallery on Holt Street. He has lately seen pictures taken by himself when a slava.

Among the other accomplishments of the ingenious slave, he was expert in the business of tanning and rope-making, and was engineer in charge of the machinery of the extensive rope-walk and tannery of Plume & Co., Norfolk. Privileges incidental to his position, doubtless enabled him to arranga for a journey to Philadelphia and thence to Canada.

In Toronto, Canada, Mr. Jasper was for some time employed in the large furniture establishment of Jukes and Hayes, as engineer. After remaining about ten years in Canada he went to New York, and thence to Hayti in the ship Flight, Capt. Cutt. In Hayti he invented and constructed a machine for making fish-lines, and engaged for a time in their manufacture.

A merchant who had a large quantity of rope, rigging, &c. from wrecks, applied to the maker of fish-lines to enlarge his machinery, and make up his stock into small cordage, which gave constant employment for six months. The merchant's stock of rigging being used up, he began the manufacture of gunpowder on a small scale, which was tested and approved by the government.

President Geffard sent for Mr. Jasper and wished him to take charge of contemplated powder-works in the Island, but learning that he was also an engineer, and wishing to send in haste a Haytien War-steamer the "Vingt deux Decembre," to New York for repairs, requested him to go thither as assistant engineer, contemplating the establishment of powder works on his return.

Being temporarily disabled from the effects of a burn on board the steamer, he stopped in New York for medical attendance for a while, and then returned to Canada, but in a few weeks he went to Buffalo and enlisted in the 25th Regiment of New York Volunteers. After the close of the war he was honorably discharged from service, and after nearly twelve years' absence returned to Norfolk on the upper deck of a steamer, and not as he left it, a "stowaway" between the decks of a sloop.

The sketch of the life and adventures of the run-away slave, given above was taken down from his own version related orally to the writer as also the following list of some of his inventions.

LIST OF SOME OF MR. JASPER'S INVENTIONS:

Reaping and Mowing Machine, patented in Canada under rule of Sir Edmund Head.

A simple but efficient apple-pearer.

A rotary grate for economy of fuel.

An ingenious picture nail, made to lock behind the lath and securely hold heavy looking-glasses and pictures from ordinary lath and plaster walls.

A similar device for ceilings.

A pea-nut sheller.

Rotary door-mat.

Rotary animal trap.

An invisible hinge.

Carriage indicator showing the number of two, or four wheeled vehicles passing over a bridge or turnpike in a given time.

Mr. Jasper has innumerable plans and models of ingenious and useful inventions, which he would be glad to see in use, and would make favorable arrangements with any parties of means to patent them and engage in their manufacture. The writer of this sketch has seen several of them and speaks confidently of their utility. Any persons wishing to correspond with Mr. Jasper, can address him at 30 Queen St., Norfolk, Va.

The extracts below are from the Washington People's Advocate," and the "Norfolk, Va., Landmark."

I have been gratified to learn that the sketch of Phillis Wheatley the talented poetess, published in the Southern Workman, last spring, accomplished the object intended, and can only hope that the outline of the life of the worthy and gifted colored man given above, may in some way, by its publication tend to benefit him and others.

Respectfully, &c.,
A FRIEND.

A MECHANICAL GENIUS.

"Of the men of our race at the South who are possessed of inventive genius, none are more deserving of notice than Mr. Elias Jasper of this city, whose inventive skill has developed more than one creation. Born a slava, of course he is without any particular mental training; but a more industrious and persevering worker is not to be found. Since emancipation, he has contrived many simple and useful things. It would repay one to visit Mr. Jasper's work-shop, in the western part of the city. Here he has modeled his idea of a rotary grate, for the fire-place, designed to take the place of the stationary grate now in use. It is not exactly a self-feeder, but by a little attention, fire can be kept going in it for a long while, and when the fire is low, a ravolution will rekindle it, without filling the room with dust and ashes.

The most ingenious of all his inventions is his revolving foot mat for doors, carriages, vehicles, &c. It is so contrived that by placing the foot upon it a muddy shoe or boot is instantly cleaned, and the dirt carried to a pan below. He has also an invisible hinge, intended to fill the place of the cumbrous hinge now used on pianos, fancy boxes, show cases, desks &c. Among his wonderful inventions is a magic lantern, whose peculiar properties are to exhibit card photographs, life size, on the bare wall of the drawing-room or parlor. The editor of the Norfolk *Landmark* says:

'A communication appeared in the People's Advocate, published at Washington, D. C., of the 33d ult., concerning Elias Jasper, colored, of this city, who is truly a mechanical genius. We have previously spoken of some of his inventions, but will add, that the list comprises, in part, the following: Rotary grate, revolving door mat, invisible hinge and improved magic lantern, the peculiar properties of which are to exhibit card photographs, life size, on the bare wall. The communication concludes as follows:

"Like most inventors, Mr. Jasper is too poor to secure patents for his inventions, consequently he has many of them on hand waiting for an opportunty. Several of his models, however have been sold. Should some philanthropist become interested in Mr. Jasper's genius he may yet figure among our first inventors.'"

SOME MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NEGRO,

AND THE DIFFICULTIES THEY PRESENT TO TEACHERS.

Every race has its peculiar mental as well as physical characteristics; and it is pretty well agreed, that in successfully educating the youth of different nationalities, to the same point, different paths must be followed. Precisely the same educational means, best adapted to the phlegmatic German, are ill-suited to the more nervous-sanguine American boy or girl. It seems a fair inference, then, that in educating the Anglo-African, the best results cannot be expected from a rigid adherence to those processes, that have been found best in educating American youth. But, in what shall the processes differ? This question is more easily asked than answered; for the history of the education of the negro only covers a period of about a dozen years, and there are not at hand sufficient observed phenomena to warrant any wide generalizations: moreover, the comparison of means is rendered more difficult by the fact, that there is not complete unanimity of opinion as to the best means of educating the white race.

My own experience with the colored people leads me to think that their lack of mental symmetry is due to the preponderance of their analytic over their synthetic powers. Whether this be organic, or simply an outgrowth of years of slavery, when all their conclusions were drawn for them, I do not pretend to say; nor is it of present importance, for we have to work on their minds as we find them, and not on what they may be years hence. The negro's natural love of disputation, just for disputation's sake, must strike even a most casual observer. More than any other race they like to tear statements to pieces, not so much for the purpose of putting the pieces together in another form later on, as of simply making the pieces. This clearly shows the preponderance of analysis over synthesis. In the analytical criticism of some simple poems, I have often been surprised at the keen questions asked, and at the deft unwindings of hidden meanings; but to get a pithy summary of a page of prose is a rarity indeed. To use a very bold simile: in analysis, their minds move in straight lines; in synthesis, in the arcs of circles. The curved line is the line of beauty, and in this mental peculiarity of the negro, are there not grounds for believing that he is naturally æsthetic? His love of music, particularly of choral singing, and his passion for blending colors, are marked characteristics, and seem to be a subconscious groping on his part toward the truth (to him unknown) that "beauty is multitude in unity." The very lawlessness of his music, and the often grotesqueness of his blending of colors, both point to a love of the beautiful, born not made.

This preponderance of his analytic over his synthetic powers is one of the negro's weakest points; and it should be the object of his educators to strengthen him where he is weak. How to do this, is, theoretically, easy enough; but in practice, many difficulties arise. In the pursuit of every study, there must be considerable analysis, even if for no other purpose than subsequent synthesis; so the choice of studies and the selection of text-books are but minor aids in the solution of these difficulties. The natural working of the negro mind is from effect to cause; his mind must be trained to work from cause to effect. As everything in this world is both cause and effect, this theory is not chimerical.

The object of each and every one of his studies should be constantly kept before him by his teacher: in his language lessons, he should be daily reminded that the object of that study is to enable him to properly convey his thoughts to others; in his geography, that it is of a real earth and of real places he is learning; in his history, that it is only recorded experience, and valuable only as other experience is valuable; in his physics: that the relations of forces and matter are over the objects of his investigations, etc., etc., etc.

The effect of such training, daily repeated at every recitation, would have an important influence on students of any race, and particularly on a race so easily influenced by steady pressure as is the negro. After a time, from sheer force of habit if nothing else, he will begin to ask himself, what will be the result of this and that, as well as the reason of that and this. The proper use of "hence," "therefore," etc., etc., will be added to his vocabulary, and his increased reasoning powers make him more valuable to himself, his neighbors, and the State.

T. T. B.

Southern Workman

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Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

Many whose subscriptions have expired have continued to receive the "Workman" in order that they might see it in its new form. All such will be at once notified and their paper will be stopped unless they shall renew their subscriptions. It is hoped that all will continue them. Attention is invited to the articles on *Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton*, contributed monthly by Mr. James C. Robbins, a graduate of the Hampton Institute, who is the Indians' principal teacher.

Letters of Hampton Graduates will be published as usual. Those who wish to see what we believe is *the* hopeful side of the negro question will be interested in the monthly broadside of letters from those who are in the field, working for their people. Being employed by the State authorities as teachers, and in constant contact with their people as their educators, their point of view is a just one.

Their general tone is one of interest in their work, of confidence in their employers, and of faith in those for whom they are laboring.

With the new year has been introduced into the Hampton School a feature which will, it is believed, largely increase its advantages as an institution for the training of teachers, putting it indeed in this respect on a par with the best normal schools of the country. The system of primary teaching which has been so successfully introduced by Col. F. N. Parker into some of the Massachusetts public schools, has so rapidly gained favor among intelligent teachers and has, moreover, been found to be so especially fitted to meet the requirements of primary schools in the South, that there can be no question as to the value of its addition to the Hampton course. The Butler school, a large colored primary school situated in the grounds of the Institute, has been put into the hands of Miss Bullard, one of Col. Parker's thoroughly trained graduates, who will here apply all the essentials of his system, giving constant opportunity for observation and experiments to the Senior class at the Normal School.

Object teaching, the use of the blackboard instead of books, the frequent use of pictures, the various and numerous ways by which an earnest teacher can lead little children into the kingdom of knowledge, will be fully illustrated in the newly opened school, one of whose special advantages will be that those in charge of it fully understand the difficulties which the Hampton graduates and in fact all primary teachers in the South, have to contend with. The necessity for the closest economy, and the impossibility in many cases of securing any educational appliances except such as can be made by the teacher's own hands, the poverty of the pupils, the miserable school houses, and more than all the frequent isolation of the teachers, often so complete as to cut them off from all means of improvement, are carefully considered in the training which they here receive. They will be taught how to make their schoolrooms comfortable and attractive, how to interest their scholars, how to make or obtain for themselves many things which they need which are not provided by the state, and in doing this it will never be forgotten that there is no money to do it with, that the work must be done by thoughtful heads and willing hands.

Those who know most of the system and the manner of its introduction at Hampton are most confident of its success, and the great interest shown in it by the graduates and seniors of the Institute, proves that they understand and appreciate the value of the opportunity offered them. With the advantages now open to them, they will have only themselves to blame if they are not in the future well trained for their work as teachers.

In our present number we offer our readers a tract on Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform, which is one of those issued by the English "Ladies' Sanitary Association" and republished with their consent by the Hampton Tract Committee. Though it was written for English people, there is not a sentence in it which does not apply with equal force to Americans; and surely our need in this respect is as great as theirs. It cannot too often be repeated that it is only by wide-spread and careful education in sanitary matters that any real reform can be accomplished, and no legislation or official action, however wise and far-seeing, can take the place of individual effort. In cleansing a people from physical sin, the first step, that upon which all others rest, is to teach them what physical sin is, what its punishment is, and how to avoid it; and this undoubtedly is the step which costs.

It is even yet a hard thing for us to face the fact that "sanitary science, must be taught in the family, in the infant school, in the academy; taught in the workshop, in the factory, in the church; taught in the university, in the forum, in the legislative halls; taught in the city, taught in the country, taught everywhere."* But this is what must be done until "boys or girls ten years old, shall feel as much disgraced by ignorance of the principal organs of their bodies and their functions, as by ignorance of the difference between an island and a lake, or a mountain and a valley"* No matter what the cost of this may be, that will be a wise and thrifty nation which shall thus protect its sons and daughters; for, be it remembered, it is not only in human lives that we pay the price of our ignorance of these things, but in that which is of more value than life itself, in the purity and strength which alone can make us truly the sons and daughters of an all-pure and omnipotent Creator.

*Extract from an address delivered before the American Medical Association, June 4th, 1878, by T. G. Richardson, M. D. Of New Orleans—President of the Association.

The system of education adopted for the Indians now in the Hampton school is based upon the belief that they can be made self-helpful and in the best sense, independent. To this end, while they are supplied through the officials of the school with everything which is necessary to their comfort, they are taught that the type of manhood and womanhood at which they are aiming, requires that they take from the charity of others, be they friends or strangers, nothing which they can honestly provide for themselves. It is easy to see that nothing could be worse for these people than to permit them to look to the generosity to which they owe their opportunity for education, as a permanent means of support, or even to feel that it is at any time to take the form of gifts of money, clothing or small luxuries, put directly into their own hands. It is not too much to say that such indiscriminate charity, if permitted to reach the Indians here, will effectually neutralize what is for them one of the most favorable features of the Hampton system, and those from whom such charity comes ought to realize that, as under the circumstances it is impossible for them to know the facts in regard to individual Indians, they are, in making presents of any kind without the approval of the school officers, taking upon themselves a very serious responsibility.

There is ample opportunity in the school for the Indians as well as the colored students, to earn in a legitimate way, all the pocket money which it is for their good to have, and not only should the charity of their white benefactors be carefully limited, but the practice which is growing up among their friends of their own race, of sending through the different agencies, articles to be sold here, should be entirely discouraged. The Indian students here need to learn as soon as possible, that it is for them to help their friends rather than for their friends to help them, that being distinctly one of the objects of their education. It is difficult for those in this country who are brought as teachers into personal relations with the Indians, to steer between the Scylla and Charybdis of intense and prejudiced dislike on the one hand, and an over warm and sentimental sympathy on the other, and it is only sound common-sense which can overcome this difficulty. To make honorable men and women of these savages, requires from the outset that they should be taught to feel the responsibility of their own lives, and the present experiment can only be made a fair one by the co-operation of all those who are so generously supplying the means to carry it on, with the officers of the school, who most earnestly desire that there shall be as little indiscriminate giving as possible.

We clip the following from the "Tribune" of Jan. 15th.

It is well to mention that Representative Goode's bill to "educate the people" by dividing the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the several states for educational purposes is made a special order in the House for the 23d inst. This bill provides that the whole net proceeds of sales shall be annually divided among the States, Territories and District of Columbia, according to the population over ten years of age unable to read and write. After five years one-half only of the net proceeds is to be divided among the States and the remainder is to be reserved as an educational fund, the interest of which is to be divided on the same basis. After ten years the apportionment is to be based on the number of persons between five and twenty-one years of age, without regard to illiteracy, and only the interest of the accumulating fund is to be used. Other provisions relate to the preservation of the funds from waste and misappropriation, etc. The scheme is a magnificent one, and has been advocated by some leading members of both Houses for several years; but within a year or two there has been a growing suspicion that the cause of public education in this country needs some other things more than it does more money, and a spirit of inquiry has been evoked respecting the kind of education the country is getting for the millions it now spends every year on public schools.

Mr. Goode is of Norfolk, Va., and is alive to the true interests of the colored people. Like many other ex-slaveholders he is working to provide the freedmen the best possible means of protection and self-support, though he doesn't get their votes. His course is in contrast with that of the representatives of colored votes of the South who, during the past ten years, have made no notable efforts for the improvement of their constituents—and seem to have no genuine interest in it.

They should have given Congress no peace till something was done for the illiteracy of the South.

From the very interesting Annual Reports of the Public Institutions and Boards of officers of this State, for 1878, we glean the following.

Hon. Wm. H. Ruffner, Supt. Public Instruction states that school operations were conducted on a larger scale and more efficiently than could have been expected, considering the alienation of school funds (some $250,000.00) to other purposes. The result was a loss of one hundred and twenty-seven schools, and a decrease of 2,730 pupils.

In 1877, the total outlay for the public school system was $1,050,346.57
In 1878, it was 961,894.97

Whits pupils in 1878,	280,849
Colored " " "	202,852
Total	483,701
Average of months taught, 5.33	
White Schools in 1878	3,390
Colored " " "	1,146
Total	4,545
Number of schools needed for an average of 15 pupils,	850
Whole cost of public education per month per pupil in average attendance,	1.41
Number of white teachers,	3,030
" " Colored "	673
Total	4,603

Dr. Ruffner remarks,

"It will be observed that whilst among the whites there was a loss of 43 schools, there is a gain of 541 pupils, which shows the increasing spirit of education among the white people. The blacks lost eighty-four schools and 3,271 pupils, a loss in ordinary proportion to the loss of schools. Hence we have 3,000 children remanded into semi-barbarism, who are soon to take their place as voters and as component parts of the social organization—a costly economy, and one of the earlier bitter fruits of that spoliation of the schools which will give us a heavy crop this year."

He reports that the school work of the year has been more systematic, orderly and economical than usual.

Owing to expected future division of school funds (for general state expenses) Dr. Ruffner anticipates that 100,000 children who were at school last year will this year be excluded from the schools. The energy of the school officers and of the people may to some extent remedy this. The $250,000.00 alienated school money, above mentioned, leaves nearly that amount due to teachers on salary account. Many Hampton graduates are in great need because of unpaid earnings.

Dr. Ruffner's Report is very thorough. It is replete with powerful facts, arguments and appeals for the education of the children of the State, of all classes. We intend to publish extracts from it hereafter

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The total public debt of Virginia is, by the Report of the Second Auditor $35,947,075.21, with over six millions of dollars due as interest. This debt is a dark cloud over the State, and is taxing its mental and material resources to the utmost. Many are in despair about it. Increased taxes cannot be endured and prosperity is at a stand still. Repudiation is seen and declared to be suicidal. The Legislature is wrestling with this problem.

From October 1st, 1877 to October 1st, 1878, two hundred and fifty colored, and seventy-two white men had been received at the State Penitentiary. Five-twelfths of the population of Virginia is colored. It costs 8 4-10 cents per day to feed an average of 639 convicts; or, including all expenses 25 74-100 cents per day. Deducting earnings the cost apiece was 17 14-100 cents per day. The year's deficit was $40,019.38.

There is a shoe factory, a wheelwright and blacksmith's shop, a weaving and tin factory, a carpenters shop and barrel factory connected with the Penitentiary.

Outside employment of convicts is by law confined to work on the James River and Kanawha Canal.

The Report of the Fish Commission states that the value of the oyster product is ten millions of dollars annually, while that of the wheat crop of the State is but seven millions annually. A tax of five cents per bushel would, it is claimed, yield a revenue of $500,000.00 yearly.

The oyster crop requires no investment of capital while the wheat crop is based for its production on a capital of over $11,000,000.00.

"The grand river systems of the State and magnificent expanse of tidal waters, afford an area of food production which, properly cultivated, may be made to yield vast additions to our food resources."

One million, one hundred and twenty thousand young shad have, through operations on the Albemarle, been placed in Virginia waters after transportation of one hundred and fifty miles. Ninety thousand California salmon were turned loose in the James River.

There are now 300,000 salmon fry in the Lexington hatching house. Nearly all the principal streams have been stocked with black bass.

The principal State charities are its two Insane Asylums at Williamsburg and at Stanton for whites, and one for

it female. I hope men who by the mighty often vary in degree; as, for instance, one of one man preventing another from working

colored people at Richmond, and the Asylum for the deaf, dumb and blind at Staunton all fully reported upon and apparently well managed.

THE Report of the State Commissioner for Agriculture will be noticed in our next issue.

WE call attention to the following letter from Capt. Hugh S. Thompson, Superintendent of Education of South Carolina, which has already been published:

OFFICE STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION, COLUMBIA, *Dec.* 8, 1878.

DEAR GENERAL:—I send you the following information at the request of Colonel Lipscomb, who informs me that you desire it:—

	White.	*Colored.*
Average yearly school attendance under republican administration for seven years	57,429	46,481
Average yearly school attendance under democratic administration for two years.	50,281	69,036

The public school system was under republican rule for eight years, but no returns of attendance were made for the first year.

The amendment to the constitution which was ratified December 20, 1877, by a democratic Legislature, provides that the school fund shall be raised by an annual tax of two mills on the dollar on all the taxable property in the several counties of the State. The proceeds of the poll tax are also devoted exclusively to the support of the public schools. The proceeds of this tax, and hence the amount of the school fund, have been largely increased under democratic rule. The amendment to the constitution further provides that "the school tax shall be distributed among the several school districts of the counties in proportion to the respective number of pupils attending the public schools." No returns are made to my office by which I can tell the amounts devoted to the education of each race, but the foregoing statement will show that the negroes receive more of the school fund than the whites. It is, of course, well known to you that many of the negroes do not even pay the poll tax, and that therefore they contribute nothing to the school fund of which their race receives the greater portion. The colored schools are more efficient now than they have ever been, but the chief obstacle in the way of all the schools is found in the fact that the republicans entailed upon the present administration a debt of nearly $185,000. This amount is due to teachers, and we are paying it off each year. Very truly,

HUGH S. THOMPSON.

General M. C. BUTLER, Washington.

Captain Thompson was at Hampton during the three days' session of the Educational Association of Virginia last July. We were satisfied then that South Carolina, like Virginia, has at the head of her school system "the right man in the right place," and that the educational welfare of the freedmen of both States suffers only from a lack of resources.

THE *Gazette* of Lexington, Va., recently printed the following. The introduction is by a widely known and respected representative of the State, whose large-hearted welcome of every good effort for the welfare of the colored race illustrates the disposition, which, for the past twelve years, we have always found in the educated and respectable people of Virginia.

Colonel Allan's address was delivered at this Institution last summer. The Association was composed of the most scholarly men of the State, with representatives from others. The same place of meeting was chosen for the next session in July, 1878.

"HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

"Will you be good enough to republish the following extract from Colonel Allan's Address before the Educational Association of Virginia.

"I think that Hampton Institute and its officers have well earned the just and yet generous encomium bestowed upon them by a speaker who would not be inclined to be over partial to Northern measures or Northern men.

"Fortunate in the State, especially fortunate is the freedman, in the possession of such an Institution as we have seen here to-day. The generosity of distant friends, guided by a noble and intelligent enthusiasm, laid the foundation of this great school at a time when the prostrate and discouraged Commonwealth was helpless. She has properly and wisely come to its aid since. This Hampton Institute is the most important movement toward the educational advancement of the freedmen that has been made in Virginia, and so far as I know, in the South. I hereby congratulate the gentlemen to whose energy, enthusiasm, skill and devotion this great school is due. Its influence is salutary and already far-reaching. From this institution will go out many teachers; still more will it furnish, I hope, men who by the mighty power of the example of honest, sincere, earnest lives will do much to enlighten and elevate their race."

WAGES.

WIDE USE OF THE WORD—NO NEED TO BE ASHAMED OF IT—TINKLING SILVER TO SOME EARS, DISCORDANT BRASS TO OTHERS—SEEMING AND BEING—"KEEP AND CLOTHING—A WORD ABOUT UNIONS.

SALARY; A PINCH OF SALT.

Some squeamish people affect to think the word "wages" a trifle vulgar, and if themselves in receipt of wages, refer to them as "salaries." In this, thin-skinned daintiness overleaps itself, for the English language contains no more poverty stricken noun than salary: it really means enough to buy one's salt; and was used to express the pitiful sum given a Roman soldier with which to buy that cheap necessity. Wages is a good honest Saxon word, and means *anything exchanged for labor*. Like a good many other simple words, the word wages conveys different ideas to different people, because they do not fully understand it.

ANYTHING EXCHANGED FOR LABOR.

In this definition there are two technical terms. An exchange is the mutual giving and taking of two things by two persons; and labor is human exertion put forth in order to obtain something in exchange for itself. Using this definition of wages, it is manifest that in all free, civilized countries, every man is either a wage taker, a wage giver, or sometimes both. Wages are given for men's exertions alone; interest is paid for capital, and hire for the use of machines and beasts. Difference of individual preferences and self-interest underlie all wage giving and taking, as they do all other exchanges. There is no more sentimentality about wages than there is about oxsleds. A man gives wages because he prefers the services of the wage-taker to what he gives, otherwise he would not give it; so, too, the wage-taker prefers what he gets for his services, to keeping them for himself, else he would not exchange them. There is no obligation on either side; in a free country A is no more compelled to pay B wages, than B is compelled to render service to A. No clear understanding of wages can be had, unless the idea of exchange be kept constantly in view; that is, that wages and services are offsets of one another. Looked at in this light, the question of wages becomes simplified; and the principle which governs them applies to all cases, whether the things exchanged be great or small. If a man agree with a boy to give him a dollar a month in exchange for the boy's services as bootblack, or if a railroad agree to give a man $25,000 a year to conduct its affairs, tha same principle is involved.

BOOKS BALANCED.

People who forget the idea of exchange are apt to have a confused idea that the account between wage-taker and wage-giver is not settled by the performance of services and the payment of the stipulated wages; they seem to think, that in some way, they know not how, there is some obligation outstanding on one side or the other. This confusion is needless and arises from an ignorence of what wages are. If a man go to a baker, and exchange five cents for a loaf of bread, nobody thinks there is any account open between them in the transaction: neither is there between two men, one of whom has rendered the other a certain service, and been paid a certain amount for it; both illustrations are examples of exchanges, and the law of exchange governs both.

NOTHING FOR NOTHING.

Large wages are the offsets of large services; small services are offset by small wages. The rate of a man's wages depends mainly on three things: the kind of services he can render, the manner in which he can render them, and the place where he renders them. If the services a man can render are of a kind that many men in the same place can render as well as he, the rate of wages will be low. If, however, his services be of a kind that few can render, or if he can render them in an exceptionally good manner, then his wages will be high, provided there be a demand for them. The kind of services a man renders and the manner in which he renders them, depend to a great extent on himself; but there is something beyond himself to be considered, and that is, how much other people want his services. The demand for any kind of service has as much to do with fixing the value of the service as the supply. The most skilful butcher that ever lived could not obtain high wages from Hindoos, who eat no meat; nor could the most expert waiter of Delmonico, get high wages from a band of Comanches.

Wages, then, have their market price, the same as corn, cotton, or other commodities. Articles of merchandise of the same kind often vary in degree; as, for instance, one piece of silk is more valuable than another: degree in merchandise is called "grade;" degree in labor is called skill. Man alone can possess skill; for skill is the dual power of perceiving and performing, which man alone possesses. Machines can perform, but cannot perceive; beasts may perceive, but cannot perform. Man's powers of both perception and performance are increased by practice or education; but neither practice nor education can give value to a service, for which there is no demand.

HIGH WAGES.

To obtain high wages, a man must be able and willing to do something which everybody else cannot, or is not willing to do, and yet which somebody wants done, and who is willing and able to pay for having had done. These conditions give a man a general opportunity; but his particular opportunity will only come from his ability to do the particular thing as well, or better, than any other man, who is willing to do the same thing.

"KEEP AND CLOTHING."

Whether wages be really high or low, or whether they seem high or low, are two very different things, although many people never look beyond what seems. Man's prime necessities are food, clothing and shelter; and a glimmer of the truth is contained in the popular expression of a "man's working for his 'keep' and clothing" Every man who labors, labors for his "keep and clothing" *and something more*. Wages are really high or low, if this "something more" be much or little. The real highness of a man's wages is what they will buy over and above his necessities. If a man earn 50 cents a day, and his necessities cost him 40 cents, he is really receiving higher wages than if he were paid $5.00 a day and his necessities cost $4.00. In one case, he can capitalize about twenty per cent. of his labor; in the other, only about two per cent. Men are too prone to look at the *name* of their wages, instead of at the wages themselves. A man who is paid a dollar a minute, and whose "keep and clothing" cost $61.00 per hour, is on the highroad to bankruptcy. This is only another way of proving what has been before proved in these papers, viz., that the best dollar for the laboring man is the dollar that will buy most in most places.

FARMERS AND PLANTERS.

As there can be no value to any exertion, except it can be exchanged for something, and as the chance to exchange varies with tha skill with which it can be performed, it follows that being able to supply wants which are ever present, is the best ability for the majority of men to possess. This is a fact as much as a theory; for one-half the world's inhabitants are devoted to cultivating the soil, thus providing for two of life's prime necessities, food and clothing.

SOMETHING FOR SOMETHING.

In savage societies wages are unknown, every man does everything for himself; but so soon as a race emerges from barbarism to civilization, the relation of property springs into being. Then some men, becoming possessed of property, or capital, find that they have more raw materials than they can work upon themselves, and seek the assistance of other men. Naturally, these other men will not give their assistance without compensation, and this compensation is called "wages." It makes no difference if we approach wages from the standpoint of the wage-giver or the wage-taker, the result is the same; viz., something for something. A does not give B wages, except for the purpose of increasing or saving something that he (A) has; and B does not give A his services from any love of A or A's property, but because he wants what A will give for his services more than he wants his own time and powers.

THE RIGHT OF UNIONS—THEIR BLESSINGS AND BURDENS.

It should be not be forgotten that wage-givers have as much right to combine as wage-takers; and as they are fewer in numbers, are more wieldy bodies. Both unions, however, are subjects of Demand and Supply. If the keepers of summer hotels, for instance, should combine, thinking it for their interest, and resolve not to pay their waiters more than $10.00 a month, and the waiters should combine and resolve not to work for less than $20.00, both would be exercising an undoubted right.

Which side would win, would depend to a great extent on which could hold out the longer. While both held out, no wages would be earned, nor services rendered. The great disadvantage, under which such wage-takers labor in times of "strikes," is that their unions are not large enough; that is, that there are plenty of men, who do not belong to the unions, who may be employed by the union of hotel keepers. Again, very few wage-takers have saved enough to afford many weeks' "keep and clothing," without daily labor. Mention has already been made of the crime of one man preventing another from working if he see fit. Such acts are the complete development of the spirit of slavery. If a working men's union say to A, who has a sick family, "You shall not sell your labor to B, because he will not buy our labor at our price," and force A to obey, A is just as much enslaved as if B should seize him and force him to toil for nothing. Involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, is theoretically dead in this country and England; but in the last few years, many a workman in both countries has found his Trades Union to be as tyranical a master as "ever worked a gang."

AN ECONOMIC DIVISION OF SOCIETY.

Wages are paid for labor only; so soon as a man combines his labor with some form of matter, and offers the product for sale, he is a manufacturer, a farmer, a merchant, or something beyond a wage-taker. Economists have long sought for some general terms by which to divide society,—and, perhaps, no better term can be found than wages. To divide society into wage givers and takers is to make a sharp line of division, and is more accurate than "consumers and producers," "employers and employed," "masters and servants," capitalists and non-capitalists, etc. T. T. B.

ALCOHOL vs. HAWAIIANS.

WE hold with others that the experiment of a Christian civilization for a heathen people, has been more completely tested in the Sandwich Islands than in any other part of the world in any period. This effort commenced in 1820, and still continues.

There is a singular and most instructive parallelism between the nature and temperament of the Hawaiian and of the negro, and the work for the former is full of lessons for those who have to do with the latter. The Hawaiian and the negro politician have alike trifled with or wasted their privileges.

It is remarkable, however, that a Legislature ruled numerically by natives should have made the selling of liquor to their own race a penal offense, leaving the whites to drink *ad libitum*. This is due, however, to the good sense of their Kings, and to the influence of the wiser whites, whose lead the native legislators never wholly abandoned.

We quote from the "Commercial Advertiser" of Honolulu, one article which will illustrate the similarity of the Hawaiian and Negro questions, especially in the matter of intoxicating drinks.

We should add, however, that the most recent facts show a decided tendency to a reduced rate of decrease in population which gives hope of a turn in the tide, and finally, after fearful sacrifice, of a permanent Hawaiian nation.

"When aboriginal or savage races come in contact with civilization, there are vices as well as virtues presented to them which are new, and the dangers or advantages of which they cannot at once be taught to know or comprehend. They very quickly, for want of this comprehension, acquire and practice the vices, for these are more in consonance with their previous habits; while the virtues, affording no present sensual gratification, are not practiced, although they may be admired in a desultory way. Self-restraint is no part of their ethics. It is a virtue strange to them, because its advantages are not clearly apparent. Free indulgence in all their appetites is something present and tangible, and having but dim perceptions of danger to warn them of the peril, they give loose rein to all their desires. Disease and death quickly follow, and the rapid blotting out of whole nations and tribes is a process going on in every part of the world. It is to be seen among the Indians of America, Hottentots of Africa, Maoris of New Zealand, the natives of New Holland, and throughout the Isles of the broad Pacific. In Tasmania, or Van Dieman's Land, the work is already finished, not an individual of the aborigines is left! Alcohol has been the principal agent in this deadly work.

For these direful results, our civilization, because it is superior, and because it furnishes the means of vicious indulgence and sows the seeds of disease, is responsible; and we, the representatives of that civilization, can in no way divest ourselves of that responsibility. We must, as it is our duty, do all we can to restrain the desolating tide by warning the people of their danger. The aboriginal inhabitants of these Islands, once so numerous, have dwindled away to a handful; their struggle for a higher civilization has decimated them. Legislation has been invoked to save them from extinction; the fruits of the faithful and disinterested missionary labors of

nearly sixty years are seen in schools and churches, a constitutional government, and codes of laws, and the necessary machinery, executive and judicial, for their due administration; but all these are seemingly of no avail, they themselves practice petty frauds and laugh at dishonorable actions, and even boast of them as something clever, their children will follow their example rather than their precepts. In your intercourse with them, you

atue, rendering it comfortable in any weather. The temperature in this region is, on the average, about twenty degrees higher in the winter months than that of

months. That this vast number should have been disposed of at any price is an extraordinary fact. It proves that the market is practically unlimited, if the price is low

nearly sixty years are seen in schools and churches, a constitutional government, and codes of laws, and the necessary machinery, executive and judicial, for their due administration; but all these are seemingly of no avail, to stay the downward course of the nation, and a few short years will witness their final extinction, if the tide is not speedily turned. Now, what is the duty of the exponents of that civilization which has, apparently, wrought such devastation? To search out the causes, so far as we can, and then suggest the proper remedy. In the first place, we may say that a general disregard of the laws of health is prevalent among the natives; they need enlightenment upon this point. A few brief medical essays upon the subject adapted to the native mind, would cover the ground. Proper parental and home-training of the young should be brought to the attention of parents, and their responsibility in the matter duly enforced. But one great evil, which has long had a foothold among our people, and which has always led to another of even greater magnitude—licentiousness—is the use of intoxicating drinks. Of the destructive effects of this habit upon the natives every one is aware, and consequently the sale to them of alcoholic drinks has been forbidden by law from the days of Kamehameha III. A wise public policy justified what seemed to be a restriction upon the constitutional privilege or right of the individual, and the large majority of native members of the different legislatures has always resisted all efforts for its repeal. They saw it was better to deny their people a constitutional right than to allow them its exercise, for its attendant excesses and consequent evils would be beyond control. In this they acted wisely, as we believe all will concede. But is the law, as it now stands, effective? No one can claim that it is. We all know that a native Hawaiian CAN get liquor if he has the money to pay for it. He cannot get it directly from the licensed retailer or jobber, for they are restrained by heavy penalties, and the risk is too great. But there is a class of people among us who will furnish it to him for the sake of the profit, and who are too sharp in their illicit traffic to allow themselves to be caught. We allude more particularly now to the lower class of Chinese shopkeepers; men ready to make a profit, even unlawfully, without scruple. We hear of one of these storekeepers in a country village who, if a native buys a dollar's worth of goods, gives him a drink; if five dollars' worth, he gives a bottle of gin. In this city, one Sunday, very recently, a foreigner met a jobber in spirits and desired to buy a bottle of gin. The jobber replied that he would not sell a single bottle on a week day—much less on Sunday. The man then called a native, gave him the money, and in a few minutes the latter returned with a bottle of gin, which he said he bought from a Chinaman."

We take the liberty of extracting a few words from a private letter just received from a gentleman of culture and ability who is doing a good educational work in California.

Society here is a seething pot. The ferment will increase until the Chinese go. Their corrupt filthy Asiatic life needs to be washed back to the shores of China for good and all. When they have gone the pot will still boil, but though there is danger there is not death in it. The radical element is so strong that human thought and action will for a time sweep away from the old safe moorings: but I think I see a sufficient conservative force in the combined influence of culture and Christianity, as already fixed here, to ensure final safety. The life is intensly vigorous: it hasn't a sign of decay; when rightly directed it will be a great power.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES.

The Normal School has received, through Rev. T. K. Fessenden of the Board of Trustees, a donation from the Wheeler & Wilson Man'f'g Co. of two of their new No 8 Sewing Machines. The machines of this Company have a world-wide reputation, justly earned,—and their generous gift to the school will furnish increased facilities for the instruction and employment of the girls in the Industrial Department of the school, and will, it is hoped, lead to a greater demand for these machines when those who are here trained to their use return to their homes.

Those in the North who desire to shorten or alleviate their long and severe winters may be glad to know that a portion of the Hygeia Hotel at Fort Monroe has been fitted up with steam heating apparatus, rendering it comfortable in any weather. The temperature in this region is, on the average, about twenty degrees higher in the winter months than that of the New England States. In February, as the sun gets higher, there are usually many beautiful days; March is, as everywhere, uncertain. There is here a genuine spring season, raw and chilly days mingling with those that are soft and sweet, enticing one into the open air and delighting by their balmy freshness.

The Hygeia extends for hundreds of feet along the shores of Hampton Roads, and commands one of the finest views on the Atlantic Coast. It is reached by the Bay Line Steamers from Baltimore, which run daily. Travelers can leave New York City at 4 o'clock, P. M., and arrive at Fort Monroe, via Baltimore, at 9 o'clock the next morning. The Bay Steamers, "Florida" and "Carolina," are very finely appointed and managed.

As the weather becomes milder the ocean route from New York to Norfolk, (and thence fifteen miles by steamer to Fort Monroe,) on the large and comfortable boats of the "Old Dominion Steamship Company," is a quiet and delightful way of reaching this point. The ships leave New York tri-weekly, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock P. M. Fare from New York by either route, ten dollars.

Fort Monroe is a convenient and attractive stopping place for those who are traveling North or South. Here is the largest fort in the United States, and with its Artillery School, band, drill, parades and target practise, it is always interesting. The Hampton Institute is two and a-half miles distant.

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My dear friends:—

Although, among the treasures of wisdom which have come down to us from past ages, we find much pure gold in the form of proverbs and maxims, we find, also, mingled with it, some counterfeits that pass for current coin, but which, upon being tested, prove to be worthless. One of the most mischievous of these proverbs is, "The world owes us a living." What world? Of whom is our world composed? Is it not made up of our friends and neighbors? We are a part of their world, and if the saying is true for us, it is equally true for *them*. If they owe us a living, we owe them a living. If we mean that industry, economy, and perseverance in the use of whatever ability we may possess, will in due time procure us a subsistence, our assertion is true; but, if we suppose that it is our neighbors' business to support us, or even to assist us, when we are indolent, improvident and wasteful, or when we work carelessly and by fits and starts, we are mistaken. It should be our desire to give value for value, to earn rather than to receive gratuitously. When, from illness or accident, our neighbors (I use this word as it is used in the parable of the Good Samaritan) are unable to provide for their wants, it is not only a duty, but a privilege to assist them through the time of trial; and, when we ourselves are disabled from a similar cause, we should be willing to accept their aid with gratitude. Yet, it is certainly more agreeable, as well as more blessed, to give than to receive.

Most of you, I believe, are engaged in teaching; and it affords me sincere pleasure to know that, through many difficulties, you are steadily pursuing the path upon which you have entered, working to teach the ignorant, strengthen the weak, stimulate the indolent, reform the vicious, and encourage the faint-hearted whose efforts after a better life need your sympathy. But your labor with your pupils is, I fear, often thwarted by the home influence which is exerted upon them unconsciously, yet constantly and powerfully. Can you not induce their parents to come to your school-room now and then in the evening or at any convenient time, and then converse with them kindly on the subject of home-training? Offer them some attraction, such as a magic lantern exhibition; or, if that is not within your reach, some entertaining reading; and, after the exhibition is ended, talk to them, and without claiming great superiority, try to interest them in that education of their children which is the most important—the education of the *heart*. Show them how necessary this is to their happiness in this world as well as in the next, and even to their progress and success in temporal things. Make them understand that they must themselves *be* what they desire their children to become. Counsel is unavailing, unless it is accompanied by example. Children not only copy what they see, but they imbibe the moral atmosphere around them. Their parents may condemn deception, but if they themselves practice petty frauds and laugh at dishonorable actions, and even boast of them as something clever, their children will follow their example rather than their precepts. In your intercourse with them, you will probably notice other subjects to which it would be advisable to call their attention; many persons who feel a real interest in their children's welfare, and others who are influenced by parental pride or ambition, may never have thought of the importance of home-training, but suppose that the teacher is to accomplish everything included in the word "education."

I hope the New Year will be more prosperous financially than the Old has been, and the remuneration for your work larger and more promptly paid. The highest reward, that of a good conscience, is in your own power, and that this may be yours is the earnest desire of

Your sincere friend, M. A. L.

On the Farm.

HINTS FOR WORK.

From the American Agriculturist.

Keep a Diary or Daily Record.—This is a useful and interesting work, and the time spent will be well repaid, in its value for future reference.

Insurance.—See that a sufficient insurance is placed on the farm buildings and contents. The is a duty every man owes to himself, his family, and to his creditors if he has any.

Take Care of the Ashes.—Many fires occur through careless disposal of ashes. The ash house should be at a safe distance from any other buildings. A safe way is, to keep the ashes in an iron can or holder, until cool, and then throw them into the box or receptacle provided for them. Wood ashes are too valuable to waste, and coal ashes make an excellent absorbent in the earth-closet, and are very good for making hard foot paths.

The Small Stock should be looked to, fed and watered. The same hours as nearly as possible, should be observed each day for these matters. Animals are exacting as regards time, and are uneasy under irregularity. After the small stock are cared for, horses and cows should be watered, and the latter turned into the yard.

In Stormy Weather the stock are better under cover than exposed to the wintry blasts. It is a mistake to suppose that exposure makes them hardy: on the contrary they are weakened by it.

Fodder Racks.—The wasteful practice of throwing hay and fodder upon the ground to be fought over and trampled upon, is far too frequent. A cheap fodder-ing rack, covered and protected from the weather should be provided in every yard.

Protection for Stock should be provided even in the Southern States, where the winters are relatively mild. Dry snow is not so chilling as a cold rain; damp winds, even some degrees above the freezing point, often prove disastrous. A shed open to the south however rough, will answer as a shelter.

Milking Cows should be kept dry and clean in the stalls, and extra feed be given to dairy cows that fall off in their milk. A few quarts of ground oats, linseed-oil cake-meal, or bran, stirred in the water in the drinking-troughs, will increase the milk-flow.

Pens and Yards.—If plentiful litter is provided, the pens and yards need not necessarily be cleaned out often; but enough litter should be used to keep a dry bed and to prevent much heat in the manure. If there is any smell apparent a light dusting of ground plaster will remove it.

A Barrel of Plaster should be kept in a handy place in every stable and manure cellar. Where this is used constantly, there will be freedom from the usual strong odor of stables and fermenting manure, and a saving of valuable material which would otherwise escape.

A Curry-comb or Card and Brush freely used, will help to keep the cows, calves, and other cattle, as well as horses, in good health and comfort. If there is doubt about this, a short trial will convince any one that the practice is a profitable one.

Swine.—Pork is lower than for many years past. There have been about 10,000,000 pigs marketed within twelve months. That this vast number should have been disposed of at any price is an extraordinary fact. It proves that the market is practically unlimited, if the price is low enough. The aim must be to produce pork as cheaply as possible. The way to do this, is to keep only the best, and have pigs heavy enough for pork, without wintering over. A pig of the best breeds may be made to weigh 300 lbs. within a year. Only such pigs will pay at present, and poor stock won't pay at all.

A clear Head and good judgment are needed for success in business. Just now farmers need to be more thoughtful and careful than ever before. If times are bad, it is the greater reason why we should be liberal in getting all possible helps to make them better. A good agricultural journal may be worth hundreds of dollars every year to any farmer, if he will only study it carefully. Few journals are prepared with more thoughtful care than the *Amer. Agr'ist.* Its editors and writers are chiefly practical cultivators, and know what other cultivators need, and share their troubles and their successes. At the beginning of a new year it will be worth considering if the advice and information received during twelve months is not worth many times the price paid for it.

A Close Attention to Details.—Many will say it is "puttering business," and that they can not "bother with small matters." But a boy who goes into a store does not think half yards, ounces, and pints are details that he can not "bother" with. If one can, from a bed a few feet square, sell tomato or cabbage plants for more than he can get for a whole acre of corn—and thus is no improbable case—details at once assume an importance. We do not expect any one to throw aside a system that he is familiar with and take up one about which he knows almost nothing. But it seems to us that,

At the Beginning of the Year, when plans are being made, and each one naturally looks about to see where he may improve upon his methods and increase his income, it will be well, in the light of such hints as are here given, to see if some change for the better may not be made in the crops, with a more satisfactory return for the labor. The great point is to make a beginning; a start being once made in the direction of improvement, the change from old methods to new need go on only so rapidly as the new seem to be desirable and safe.

COW-PEAS FOR HORSES.

BY A FARMER.

We had two patches of cow-peas. The season was peculiar. They made less haulm than usual, and much fruit. They were sown broadcast to plow in as green manure, but I wanted to try the experiment of making "pea-vine hay," which we read about in Southern papers. So a few square rods were mown and cured. The shrinkage was enormous, yet the yield of hay probably equalled two and a half tons to the acre, on very poor gravelly land. Both horses and cows eat it well. One of the patches was plowed in and rye sown; the other was on land which became so hard during the drought, that we could not well plow it, and when the seed began to ripen, we let it go, and after a while turned the colts upon it. There was perhaps an acre in the piece, and the leaves had nearly all fallen off before they found out that the peas were good to eat. They have had all they wanted and grass besides for three weeks, and are as fat as pigs. I have never seen young things grow so before. With a little painstaking, early ripening kinds might be introduced which would give us a crop every year. I would like to experiment with different sorts with reference to early ripening and to abundance of haulm for green manure. Both qualities would hardly be found superior in the same variety. That which I used this year, was the "clay" pea.

The use of this word "pea," which is universal where the plant is well known, is likely to mislead those not familiar with it, for it is more like a bean, and like beans, is sensitive to spring frosts and cold. If sown too early, it will rot in the ground, or "live at a poor dying rate," until hot weather comes, and not do well then.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

[illegible] Must Walk for a School

the land, but were never able to pay for it, so they had to lose it. The most of them work in the swamps and at ditching, their wages being

for it. To lift a whole race up to a higher average of moral nature, is a different thing from lifting individuals above its

school is vacant; the people and committee are wanting me there now, but say that they are willing to wait until I close here rather than have some person else; so I have another school

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

A TWENTY-TWO MILE WALK FOR A SCHOOL — ADVISED TO TARRY AT JERICHO. POOR CROPS, HARD TIMES. WORK NEEDED — PROF. PARKER'S METHOD, AGAIN. SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK. SUPPORTING HIMSELF WITH ONE ARM. CONDITION OF PEOPLE IN GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA. THE GRADUATES' BEST WEAPON. THE VA. EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL WELCOMED. AN UNDERGRADUATE'S WORK IN TEACHING AND FOR TEMPERANCE.

THE appeal for papers to read in one of our graduate-teacher's letters has been very kindly responded to by Mr. M. F. Reading, and other friends in Montclair, N. J., to whom we return our sincere thanks—to which the recipients will no doubt add their own.

The following very graphic description of one remote settlement shows the nature of much of the work to be done in the South, and the cheerful determination which Hampton graduates very generally bring to it.

VA., *Nov.* 16, 1878.

Dear Teacher :—

I thought that as I had changed my vacation, it would become me to inform you. I had said that I would not teach, and accordingly had settled myself for the winter. But four days prior to my going to the work which I had engaged, I received a letter from one of the teachers, offering me a school in Princess Ann County. The Superintendent of the said county having written for two teachers (male.) J. B. and myself were selected. They asked me, if I could not come, to send McKinny; but I could not find him, so I made up my mind to come myself, which I am in no way sorry for now, although at first I was sorry I left New York. Things did look "blue." I left on Saturday's steamer, Oct. 5th; arrived in Norfolk, Sunday. The following Monday I went to see the Superintendent, who lives about twenty-two miles out of town. Luckily, I fell in with some cattle-drovers who had come in town with cattle, and got a ride on horseback within two miles of the place. Then it was 4 o'clock, P. M. I went to the house, but he was not there, and I was told by his wife that he would not be home before the following Friday. Then I had to "foot it" twenty-two miles back, through a strange woods and country, in the night, for it was after 5 o'clock before I got away from the house. I got lost almost before I entered the woods; when I found that I was lost, I made up my mind to keep at it all night and perhaps I'd come to some house; but never a house did I see, and after walking ten miles I found myself in the main road, and about 10:30 I was in Norfolk, and never was so footsore and tired in all my life. Depend on it, I did not visit Princess Ann again. B. had to return also.

I heard afterward that the Superintendent of Norfolk Co. wanted three teachers; so I told B. and he brought with him Hodges, at the appointed time, to the Court-house in Portsmouth. We were too late to be examined; there were eight or ten white teachers being examined at the time. I spoke to the Superintendent, and he said that if I would come to his house, which is about eighteen miles from town, he would assure me a school, but that the pay would only be $20 per month. He told B. that he was too small, and that there were but two schools that he knew of. So B. went again to Hampton. I visited his house and he seemed satisfied as to my ability, for he did not examine me, nor did he H. He wanted another teacher, but said that B. was too small. I told him that he was a graduate of my class, and would have graduated before but for his size. He then said that he preferred Hampton graduates, for he thought them better fitted for the work, and, on my recommendation, told me to write for him, which I did and he went out with me. I advised him to cultivate hair on his face; he said he would. He got his school and is now doing well. I have the one that Maria Mallette had, and H. has Clark's. He is doing well; I see him often. I've seen B. seldom.

I opened my school the 25th of Oct. with four pupils; now I have forty-two, with a prospect of over seventy after Xmas. I have some very smart children, several who could enter the Middle class at Hampton; their trouble is in explaining their work, and therefore they say I'm hard on them when I do them as Miss M. nused to do me. I have plenty of reading matter, and am not entirely ignorant of the daily news. Mr. B. sends me papers and many other things for my little ones. I study very hard in the afternoon. I sit here with my arithmetic or algebra and fight manfully for hours, but invariably come out "hors du combat." I often wish that I might spend a term under Miss M., totally devoted to mathematics.

The school board of this section wish success to the colored people. In short, I find them all very polite, at least, to me. The majority of the colored people are *very, very* poor; few of them own the land they live on, and almost all have large families to support. Many did own the land, but were never able to pay for it, so they had to lose it. The most of them work in the swamps and at ditching, their wages being forty-five cents per day and board, or rations, which consist of five lbs. of bacon and a peck of meal a week, or sixty-five cents a day and board themselves. Those who attend to other men's farms do it on shares. If the tenant furnishes team, he is to have two-thirds of the crop, and the landlord the other third. If the landlord furnishes the team, he is to have half. This year they say that the crop is very poor, on account of the drought. They only made about about a barrel and a half to an acre where they make about four if the year is favorable.

The children are poorly clad, many of them. I have been enabled to fit many to come to school through Mr. B.'s kindness, and have many who cannot get books, but I've been able to remedy that through Mr. B.'s and Miss H.'s kindness in sending charts, &c. I teach by Professor Parker's method, and have a class of six (average ages about six years) who can read one of the charts beautifully and know every letter in the alphabet; and when they began, did not know one letter from the other. And that little class has encouraged me wonderfully, for I see that I am of some use to the country, and by exertion may do much good, which, by God's aid, I intend to do.

I have also a very encouraging Sabbath School—get on splendidly, and I am really proud that I can do so much at my first attempt. Of course I am conceited enough to think that I can do much more than I really can; but I am certainly going to do as much as I can—or try, at least—for there is lots of work needed here. One used to civilized life will be astonished to teach school in the country any ways from town. I don't mean to term the people uncivilized, but I compare the times that are now, in the Nineteenth Century, and what used to be. So *many* free schools and *so much* ignorance, it is simply shocking. I visited a prayer-meeting not long since in a Methodist church. I could not (I am ashamed to say) restrain myself from laughing. As a teacher, I had to leave the house. I only wished that I had been an artist; I could have shown the civilized people what I never dreamed of. The most heathenish actions I ever saw. I only pitied them. I would like to describe it, but I have not room, and as I've written quite a long letter, I must stop. Good-bye.

Hoping to hear from you at your leisure,
I am respectfully your pupil. P.

The young man whose determination and efforts to be a "self-supporting Hampton graduate" are naively described in the following letter, has but one arm, having lost the other in the war. He is an example to many who have both arms to struggle with circumstances.

MD., *Dec.* 9, 1878.

Dear Teacher :—

I am receiving your paper again. It affords me a great deal of pleasure to read it to my school, and also to see education progressing, and to see your efforts progressing in the cause of civilization. May the good Lord bless you with long life, and General Marshall and the teachers also!

My school is about nine and a-half miles from Salisbury where my family live, and I walk it every Friday evening and Monday morning; and I have never been later than 8:30 o'clock getting to my school, and if you wish to test this matter, you may write to my trustees concerning it, and they will tell you the same. I have about thirty pupils on roll; average attendance, twenty. My first quarter will be up this Thursday, which will give me a little spending money for Christmas, which you know is very pleasant to have at such times. My school is progressing finely and I shall hold examination on the last Friday before Christmas, and extend an invitation to the parents of the pupils.

General, I have killed my fall pork. I raised two small pigs eight months old, and one weighed 334 lbs. and the other weighed 297 lbs.; you can see by this I intend to be a self supporting Hampton student if possible, and I am trying to save money enough to build myself a nice house on one of my front lots. I have $200 of it now in cash, and am working hard to procure the balance. I have also a small stock of goods worth about $150 which I attended to last summer. You can judge from this that I am not lazy.

The commissioners of Wicomico Co. are building quite a nice court-house, which will soon be completed and add a great deal to the town. There are several other facts I would wish to say something of, but time is short.

Yours respectfully, J.

The evident carefulness and intelligence of observation in the writer of the following letter make his statements interesting, and his work among his people valuable. The statement that 1,400 out of 1,500 convicts in two Southern States are colored, and the vast majority of the commitments are for petty larceny, is merely to say that the ignorant class at the South is, in that proportion, the colored race, and that it has come out of slavery with the old rags of slavish habits clinging to it. But it is a statement which should be carefully considered by every one—especially by every one of that race—who has a desire to work for it. To lift a whole race up to a higher average of moral nature, is a different thing from lifting individuals above its general level,—yet this is the work before such as are themselves so lifted, and they must bring to it all the patience, all the strength, all the wisdom, all the faith, they can by every means acquire.

N. C., *Dec.* 21, 1878.

Dear Teacher :—

Having recently received "The Educational Journal of Virginia," and knowing you must be the sender, I take this opportunity of thanking you. I read it carefully and find it an excellent guide, as well as containing a great deal of useful information.

I am now teaching the free school in this place and have enrolled fifty-one pupils, with an average of thirty-six and one-half. My school is doing well; so far I have nothing to complain of. My salary is promptly paid at the end of every two months. The school here is under the supervision of both the county and the Friends' Freedmen's Association of Philadelphia—so between the two we get pretty well paid. After Christmas I am to have an assistant, as the school increases about fifty per cent. after that date. We have two other schools in the place besides mine—one taught by the Presbyterians and called the Colored Graded School; the other is "Bennett Seminary," which has been recently erected. It is a fine building; has a good corp of teachers, and the terms are very easy, so that any one who will half try may go there. The branches taught are similar to those of Hampton.

When I look at the wonderful changes time has wrought in the last few years, and all for the good of our down-trodden race, I feel that God has surely reached out his hand and helped us, and that we have not been sufficiently grateful, for with all the advantages held out to the colored youth of both sexes, there is such a small number who ever aspire to anything higher than to be hotel waiters and barbers.

Since I left Hampton I have been all through the States of Georgia and South Carolina, and the ignorance and crime I saw among the great mass of colored people forcibly reminded me that the work of Hampton and her sister institutes has only just begun, for ignorance begets crime, and we of this state have our full share of its curse. We have, in this state alone, 1,500 convicts, whose terms of imprisonment range from two years to life sentences. Of this number 1,400 are colored, the remainder, white. And another notable fact is that nearly all of them are strong, healthy young men, a vast number of them perfectly ignorant. The crime is mostly stealing, the stolen object hardly ever being worth over two dollars in value, and frequently as low as five or ten cents. The authorities here are building all their railroads with convict labor. If these few facts do not speak volumes in favor of education and good morals, then education is a failure.

I do not think the graduates of Hampton fully realize the responsibilities which they will be obliged to assume, until they have left its walls forever.

The best weapon after graduation is a good moral Christian character. With this the graduates of Hampton will ever be strong in the fight. I am glad to hear that Ackrel White has gone as a missionary to Africa, and earnestly that hope he will be the cause of much that is good. We cannot all go to Africa, but we have many heathen near home who demand our labor, and if we do what is duty, we should at least feel satisfied.

I attended a teachers' institute last Saturday, and was kindly treated by those present. I may add, another young man and myself were the only colored teachers present.

Hoping you will give my kind regards to Gen. and Mrs. Marshall,

I am, very truly, C.

P. S. Find enclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me the Southern Workman six months. C.

Colonel Parker's lectures on object teaching at Hampton last spring, have proved suggestive and helpful to many of the graduate teachers, who eagerly seize upon all the helps they can get for the arduous work before them.

N. C., *Dec.* 13, 1878.

Dear Teacher :—

I have been wanting to write you for some time, but have not met with an opportunity of doing so before. I have been teaching school ever since the 8th of October. I opened school with only five pitiful looking children the first day; the second, three more, and so on until I reached the number twenty-five, and there I am standing yet. This is the first time I have ever taught in this district. It is some what an out-of-the-way place for teaching, though it was the best I could do at the time, as it was the only house I could get and it is a very poor one. When I opened school, the people promised to fix it within two weeks; but I have been here better than two months, and they have done very little toward it; yet I guess I shall finish here with the house just as it is. I set in here for four months at $25.00 per month. I have been quite successful with some of Colonel Parker's methods of teaching. I find that the children learn a great deal faster since I have been using them. I like his way very much and expect to continue it. My same old school is vacant; the people and committee are wanting me there now, but say that they are willing to wait until I close here rather than have some person else; so I have another school in view when this closes in February.

I met an old white man one morning this week who asked me if I would read a paper for him. Of course my answer was, "Yes sir." He adds, "If I wasn't so old and you would give me learning, I would give you a mighty pretty piece of land." This is a very ignorant neighborhood where I am teaching, and the most of them are poor white people. They think I know everything. I have quite a rough road to my school; as I've two miles and a-half to walk, it is quite disagreeable when the weather is bad.

I suppose my time for the Workman was up in October, though I received one for November. I have not received my money yet and wont until my school closes. I will settle my account at Hampton when I draw some. I received my old friend, the "Educational Journal of Virginia" again last week. I know not who sent it, but I was very thankful to receive it. I would be very glad to get one of your Plantation Song Books, for my own use, to remind me more of the old choir at Hampton. As it is time for my school to take in, I shall have to close, with much love for all the teachers.

Hoping to have a letter from you very soon,
Your grateful pupil. M.

The Educational Journal of Virginia, now sent to the Hampton graduate teachers, is doing good work, and is received with real gratitude and appreciation by these young workers who have so few of the outside aids which more favored teachers think essential to success. It is fortunate for them that it, is one of the very best educational journals published in any part of the country—always wide-awake, vigorous and suggestive.

VA., *January* 1, 1879.

Dear General :—

It becomes my duty to acknowledge the receipt of the Educational Journal of Virginia; and to whom this acknowledgement is due I am unable to tell, unless it be to the Principal of the Hampton Institute. If it is to him, I rejoice in saying that I welcome it as a monthly visitant, with an open heart and outstretched hand. I welcome it, especially, on account of its items of interest which bear directly on my work. I like it because I think that it suits the teachers of Virginia. Its monthly hints seldom fail to *lubricate* the machinery of the school-room. I may say that what the compass is to the mariner, the Journal is to the teacher.

I am getting on pretty well, I believe, with my school. Times are good, because we can get plenty to eat and wear; though money is scarce and wages low. I think that I should be perfectly well satisfied, if I could get hold of such books as I really *need*. If you know of anybody who wants to give the *needy* a lift in this direction, I shall be more than happy to receive an *introduction* to such a person.

We have had quite a pleasant Christmas.
I am very respectfully yours, T.

THE work done by Hampton students as teachers would be perhaps doubled by taking into account that of the undergraduates, very many of whom teach during the summer, or through a year sometimes, the following letter is from one of these who has done well in a lower class, and is expected to return.

——, VA., *Oct.* 12*th*, 1878.

Dear Teacher:

I am sorry to inform you that I'll not be able to come to come to Hampton this fall, for my health has been so bad that I have not been able to raise the means to to come.

I am now teaching school. I commenced last Monday. I have twenty-five scholars, and they are still coming. I expect to have about forty or fifty. My time will be out the first of March, and then I'll try to come back to Hampton again.

I will be very glad for any advice on the subject of teaching school or anything else.

If you can send me a newspaper once in a while, I'll be very glad of it. Remember me to the teachers and all of my class-mates, and tell them I am engaged in a good work. The Superintendent of County Schools thinks that I passed a very good Examination. The maximum grade was ten, and I stood 8. 4-6.

Please excuse this short letter. As soon as I get a little more experienced in teaching I will write an interesting letter. I have been trying to get a Teachers' Manual, but I cannot find one. I am sorry that I have not finished my education, for I find a plenty here to do. I have a Good Templars' Lodge here in my school of which I am the Sec. and Dept.; it has saved many a drink of whiskey, and I think it will be the making of many a man.

It is very cold here now, for we have a large snow on the ground. I am glad to hear that the Indians are getting along so well.

I remain your obedient scholar,
B.

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

following are the conditions: have a severe cold within, apply a terrible cold from without, and you will have no cold at all.

AN EXCITING HOUR IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

There was nothing in the atmosphere that

white man's clothes. Whenever the Cheyennes listened to me and took up the road, my heart was very glad. All the clothes that were sent to my wife were received and are carefully kept. My little girl I have put in the agency school, as I want her to know all

The following is an extract from a letter to Captain Pratt, in reply to inquiries from him as to how the late Florida prisoners (Kiowas and Comanches) who returned to the Fort Sill Agency were do-

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

THE ENGINEER AND BED-STEAD MAKING; THE CARPENTERS AND PRINTERS; AN INDIAN IN TEARS; A CURE FOR A COLD; A FIGHT IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM—INDIAN SENTIMENTS.

AT WORK.

When we hear talk about Indian work, almost the first thought suggested is making bows and arrows, and fancy baskets and head work; we seldom think of them as engaged in any mechanical art or in agricultural work. On second thought, we remember that the women do a little gardening in the way of "making corn," while the "braves" are either hunting, fighting, or sleeping. We are therefore surprised to see how cheerfully the Indian girls and boys are doing the work assigned them.

THE ENGINEER.

E-cor-rupt-ta-hn, who works in the engineer department, shows all the interest needed to make a good mechanic. A bone-mill which had been taken apart was nearly put together by him, and without assistance; the Engineer says that had the boy had time he could have put the whole mill together. He is a good observer and remembers all that he has learned, and in steam fitting can pick out all ordinary fittings; it was thought best that he should work in this department every day for about six weeks; now he works two days a week and goes to school the rest of his time.

MAKING BEDSTEADS.

It is an amusing sight to see E-cor-rupt-ta-ha at work with a Cuban: the Indian cannot talk English at all, while the Cuban can speak but little. They are making iron bedsteads, and an observer who did not understand the situation would say, each misunderstands the other, they cannot agree as to the best way to make them and are now coming to blows. It does look as though they will, for they appear to get more excited; they work a little, then stop and gesture wildly, in the meanwhile each using his vernacular language so fluently that we wonder who will strike the first blow. This scene has been repeated so often that it has a sameness about it, and indeed it has become a question of time, with us, by whom and when the first blow will be struck. As the day is wearing away we leave them; they continue to talk to each other by the sign language, working together in perfect harmony, making good iron bedsteads.

THE FIRST TABLE.

The boys at the carpenter's bench are doing as well as can be expected. One of them, Joseph Cook, seeing a carpenter making a table, watched him until the work was finished; then taking his tools he began to make a table for himself; he made a miniature one which was perfect in its parts, even to the mortises and tenons. If any of the boys form a plan in their heads they are allowed to shape it in wood; thus are their powers developed and trained by these solid expressions of their thoughts. No work of this kind is ever interrupted, for fear of destroying the ideal, as discouragement too often results from broken ideals.

A GOOD PIE.

The two boys in the Printing-office are doing well. One had worked at this trade before they came here; one understands the case, and the other sets type fairly. I was not aware that the art of pastry cooking as well as printing is taught in these offices, yet the printer tells me that "one of the Indians made a long primer pie," as I do not like stiff expressions, I think that his words would have sounded better this way—made a first-rate pie. I do wish that I had been there; I always had a weakness for pies, and I am afraid it is hereditary.

ABORIGINAL TEARS.

It has been said there is nothing that can make Indians cry except the tooth-ache; an observation of the Indians at Hampton is proving to us that there must be many exceptions to this statement. At the barn some days ago, an Indian was seen shedding bitter tears over a heap of ground beef-bones. I do not say that the tears were not appropriate, but it looks as though sympathy as well as the tooth-ache can draw tears from the Indian eye.

A CURE FOR A COLD.

What peculiar remedies Indians apply in a case of sickness! An Indian doctor has great power over the masses; yet he is unable to check the great mortality among his own people, or save their babes from an untimely death. I asked an Indian what he would do if he had a severe cold. "Me swim," was the reply. "Not in this cold weather?" I said. "Yes; me sick, me swim, me well; break ice; good swim." According to one class of treatment, I don't know but what there is some philosophy in his answer. For any one who may wish to try the remedy, the following are the conditions: have a severe cold within, apply a terrible cold from without, and you will have no cold at all.

AN EXCITING HOUR IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

There was nothing in the atmosphere that indicated the coming storm; the classes went on as usual, and not a dissatisfied expression had escaped from the lips of the Indians; the teacher seemed to have perfect control over them; but in an instant there was a change. It was as sudden as a tropical storm. The boys began to kick and strike terribly; the teacher's voice, drowned for a moment by their wild commotion, was heard exclaiming, "Don't you *strike*, I say; take your *seats*; every *one* of you sit down." It was hard for them to obey these commands; they were not satisfied; they did not want to stop the fight until they had killed the enemy; every boy stood trembling and excited; one by one they took their seats,—and the poor little mouse, saved by the kind interposition of the teacher, made its escape unharmed.

STUDY-HOUR—INDIAN SENTIMENTS.

A study-hour is kept with the Sioux three nights a week. One night the teacher asked the boys to tell something in English that they like. The following were noted at the time:

"I like to eat supper."
"I like to go to school."
"I like all boys."
"I like to work."
"I like my teacher."
"I like to be a blacksmith."

QUEEN VICTORIA.

(See page 20)

The spirit of obedience has characterized them thus far; they appear to appreciate the benevolent plan which has brought them here, and are trying to make the best use of their opportunities.

My account has been about the boys, with whom my work lies; I will speak of the work of the girls in the next number.

J. C. ROBBINS.

The following letter from Howling Wolf, one of the returned Florida prisoners, will be read with interest by those watching the results of that effort.

Mrs. Zalinski was for a time one of the volunteer teachers for the Indians in old Fort Marion.

DARLINGTON, INDIAN TERRITORY, *Dec.* 21, 1878.

L. E. L. ZALINSKI,
Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Fla.,

Dear Sir:

I want to write and tell you that all the talk you and your wife and I used to have together, when I was a prisoner at St. Augustine, is all remembered—that not one word of it has been lost, and that I have been trying and am now trying to lead the good life I found away East. The good road I learned there I have traveled myself and have done my best since I came here to induce all the Cheyennes to take hold of and love, and I have been able to get a large number of young men to go to work in earnest and also to throw away the old way of dressing and put on the white man's clothes. Whenever the Cheyeanes listened to me and took up the road, my heart was very glad. All the clothes that were sent to my wife were received and are carefully kept. My little girl I have put in the agency school, as I want her to know all about books when she grows up.

Rest assured that all the advice you gave me is carefully remembered and that not one word is lost. Give my love to all the ladies and officers whom I knew at St. Augustine, and tell them I have not forgotten any of the many good things they did for me. My lodge is poor, and I do not feel good to be still living in one of the old kind of houses. When the Agent gives me help to build a wooden house, I shall feel glad. I am very poor, as the Northern Cheyennes stole every one of my horses when they left this place last September. When I get some more ponies I shall feel better. I should be glad to hear from you to learn if all my friends have forgotten me or not. All my friends Arapahoes and Cheyennes are friendly and want to learn to be like white men, but often say my white friends East have forgotten all about me.

Please answer this soon. I feel glad to-day to be able to send you a letter and to let you know all about me.

Your friend,
HOWLING WOLF.

From one of the missionaries at work among the Crow Creek Dakota Sioux, we have an interesting letter in relation to the youth now at Hampton Institute from that agency, a part of which is here published. In connection with that part relating to the sending of money to Indian pupils here we invite attention to the article on that subject in another column.

FORT THOMPSON, DA., *Jan.* 5, 1879.

My dear Captain Pratt:—

I need not tell you how much plesure your letter gave both myself and the Dakotas whose children are with you. I cannot remember how many times I have reread it for Cecil to interpret to them. We learn also, by letters from the boys, that they are all happy. This is not a little surprising, as I had supposed that some of them would be homesick. Woji came to me yesterday, telling me that he had received letters from his nephews, saying in his usual sweet gentlemanly way that they were both very happy, except one little thing, and would I be so kind as to write and tell you that the boys said they did not get writing paper enough, and wrote him for money to buy it. I told him I feared it was not writing paper that they wanted to buy with the money. I was quite sure if they asked for it they would all be supplied with a reasonable amount. They are often writing their friends for money, which of course is quite absurd, and I have advised them not to send it them. They all advised them not to send it them. They all express great satisfaction that they were strong enough to part with them, and seem hopefully happy in the sacrifice.

The following is an extract from a letter to Captain Pratt, in reply to inquiries from him as to how the late Florida prisoners (Kiowas and Comanches) who returned to the Fort Sill Agency were doing. It is somewhat in contrast with reports from the Cheyenne Agency, but as it presents a truthful picture of results, it is due to those interested that all the facts should be known. Failures will serve to strengthen a future management. It may have been mistaken kindness to send back upon their tribes, at so early a day, the very worst of the Florida prisoners.

FORT SILL, I. T., *Dec.* 15, 1878.

Dear Captain:—

Yours received a few days ago and was very glad to hear from you. I had concluded that I had been forgotten, but am well pleased that I was wrong. I heard of you while on your mission among the Sioux, and was glad when I read of your success. You have undoubtedly achieved a great victory. I wished several times that I were with you. You could not have done better.

I regret to say that most all the Florida boys have gone back to he Indians.

Lone Wolf is dead, which is a great blessing. He would have caused trouble in the spring. All the rest of the old men are confirmed Indians. White Horse is the same big lazy Indian that he was in Augustine; he has forgotten how to put his civilized clothing on any more; he is very low. Aw-lih has conducted himself better than any. I have not seen him with blanket or Kiowa dress since his return. I believe he is trying to do right. Maw-ko-pch comes in very seldom, but he always looks neat and respectable when he does come. Wo-han held up quite a long while, and even went to school with the children here, but he could not hold out; he got into a scrape which rather disgraced him; he left school, and now wanders around almost worthless; he wears his uniform, but also a blanket and al-string. Too-sape or Paddy is at work at the agency and deserves great credit. An-ko-et works whenever he can get it, and still clings to his Augustine teachings. The rest are gone. I have worked with them at my house and fed them, but all to no purpose. You can now see who are the deserving ones.

None of the Floridians are on the Police Force—they said the pay was too small. I talked for the Captaincy for Aw-lih, and had the promise of it; but some Comanche influence was brought to bear, and a Comanche was chosen Captain.

TSAIT-KOPE-TA, one of the Fla. Indian boys, now at Tarrytown, N. Y., under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Caruthers, on being informed by Capt. Pratt, that many of the returned Kiowas had gone back to the blanket, writes as follows:

TARRYTOWN, *Jan.* 5*th*, 1879.

Dear Capt. Pratt:

I got your letter, and am much obliged for it. I understand and think about what you say of the Indians. Long ago you ask me if I think they keep white man's clothes after they go home, and I say no, not all, and now it is so I knew before, but what can I do? I can't stop them they not boys but men, old men don't give up old way. White Horse promise great things but he no sure and I feel sorry. He tell me he throw away all had and keep the straight way, but he don't keep. Never mind Capt. Pratt, don't feel bad, you know these too old and we can't help it, but the young mens you now got will listen to you and grow better.

I feel much about this but don't want make too long letter. I write soon to Aw-lih or Ono-et if I know they get letter. I don't get answer. I wrote Mr. Fox and send money and letter long ago to my mother and no answer and again Dr. write twice and ask Mr. Fox tell me but he send no word and I dont know if my mother ever get money.

Capt. Pratt, perhaps you tell me how they sure get letters then I will write. Dr. Saville came here New Years day and I saw and shake hands with him.

It has been very cold much snow. I hear north more cold and snow very deep.

I hope you are well. I wish you happy new year. ——— sends love.

Your faithful friend,
PAUL CARUTHERS.

THE tribe of Oldtown Indians, in Maine, is said to have lost, under the influences of education, almost all traces of its native character. A letter written by one of the Indian girls of Oldtown to a family in Belfast, is reported to have been conspicuously good, both in composition and scholarship.

We gladly give place for the following letter written in reply to an invitation to visit Hampton Institute, to witness what is being done for Indian youth. The writer, Hon. W. P. Ross, is a nephew and adopted son of the celebrated chief of the Cherokees, John Ross, has himself filled that office, and has several times been sent by his nation to Washington, to look after its interests, during Congressional sessions. Being himself an educated man, graduate of an eastern college, but identifying himself fully with the interests of his nation and race, his opinion should carry with it more weight than can possibly attach to those of men, who, while they have perhaps never seen an Indian, say that the race cannot be civilized.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Jan.* 1*st*, 1870.

Dear Captain:

Your esteemed favor of the 30th ulto. was received yesterday. Please convey to Gen'l. Armstrong, my thanks for his kind invitation to visit the Hampton Institute and witness the efforts made to educate Indian youths of both sexes. It would give me real pleasure to accept the invitation at once, but my duties are such that I cannot leave here at present. I hope, however to be able to do so before returning home. I feel an abiding interest in every effort to save and elevate any portion of the Indian race, and wish all engaged in the good work great success. My experience teaches me that Indians can be improved and civilized; and I believe that your system of instruction is the proper one for the youth of every race, combining as it does the education of the intellect with that of the hands and of the heart. Whatever may be the difficulties and discouragements of the hour, persistence in the course you have indicated as pursued at your Institution, must, in the end, accomplish results of the most beneficial character. That such may be the experience of the Principal and his associates in training the Indian youth who are members of the Hampton Institute is the sincere desire of

Yours very Respectfully,
WM. P. ROSS.

The Lava Beds and the Modocs will not soon be forgotten in this country.

The subjoined is a letter from one of the few surviving Indians of that little band, to the editor of the *Council Fire*, who, with the lamented General Canby, was one of the commissioners to treat with the Modocs, but whose life was saved by a miracle of Providence. The letter gives evidence of progress worthy of the most thoughtful attention:

QUAKER AGENCY, Nov. 27 of 1878.

TO COL. MEACHAM:

Dear Friend.—I will tell you how we get long. We got plenty hart worke siece we come to this Land. We get long well, But sometimes we get feel bad Because we have chills; that one thing we feel bad. Sometimes we never don't feel bad bout anythings. We got split 20,000 rails, we build 10 log house, and corn crip 0. We think we do right all tha same way white mens. Our fellers tend three hundred and 08 acres land and have 75 acres hay. Well this is all I got say bout this: I want you to let great father Washington know Bout that our people are Dying we have to maid coffin for ourself. I call the beaf hides just like our own self have them hides. The great father ort to help us make them coffins. We dont want to do like we used to do, Because we have now home avory thing new.

That tha reason tha great Father ort to help us same as other trichs, we would do like educait peoples. Now all my folks is wall. They dont quarrel at each other; they ain't gona took whiskey noua of them and myself don't. I think all folks be glad wa get long right. I got long with avery thing Agent says to us hout work. One thing no trouble, some time don't we have we eat rite. Some time oat wa up all three days for a week, then we ain't gone an feel lazy. I feel like work avary day and stand it like a mana, all Modocs do same way. That tha reason I like found out whan wa get mora beaf. May be we find out all Right. Wa haven't got much any thing yet. If we had gone feel lazy we dont hodor anybody huisness.

Our timber is very split hard. Wa bain't saw mill got no place. We like build good house. Wo want great father send us lumber to built stable an house. You can help us very aesly. We two dozen mens, no more. I mind business my own. I try to let tho God help me, all, every thing. I say like a citiseu cause I love tha God myself. I like find out right thing. I believe God looks at us avory thiug. I satisfied.

I think God Ho made us to think to you write this letter this evening.

Five years I study bout these things and naver tell you now until this time how I feel. You know Great Spirit ho willing we coma this place. I say nothing long time. I want sea what the white man's got then I talk. We hain't got unff teems. I feal sorry for that. I want great father help us get teams with to work. Wa don't talk loud, we sny eny thing easy, that why we don't get more teams. Wa don't take nothing he don't give us. All we want is some teams and and lumber, and coffins, an plenty to eat little while, then we work and get them things. All the Modoc mens say this. You hean good friend, you help us.

STEAM BOAT FRANK.

"Six years ago the name of Steam Boat Frank was first heard of in connection with that of Captain Jack. He survived the Modoc war and immediately began learning the alphabet, declaring, "I will be a white man before I die." We give his first letter, fashioned and written by the same hand that gave death to his enemies six years ago. We have taken special interest in the Modocs since 1869, and we have better means of knowing the character of these people than any other of their race; better reasons for enmity toward them than any man ever had against any tribe, and yet we must say in candor, that "the Modocs," most despised of all Indians, possess more than ordinary manhood. The few survivors have won the confidence of all who know them, and in a few years will be able to take care of themselves.

They need, 1st, a *bona fide* title to the lands which have been given them in lieu of their blood covered home in Oregon. We trust this matter will not be neglected.

2d. They ought to be allowed the control of the cattle bought for them three years ago. They will take pride in growing herds, and no white man can cheat them under fair protection.

3d. They ought to have a few more good horses and wagons, and then the Modoc question will be settled and the problem solved.

Council Fire.

The largest sum expended in this country for each enrolled scholar is to be credited to the Cherokees of Indian Territory. Each pupil in their schools is educated at an annual cost of $35.70. The smallest sum per capital —89 cents—is paid by Alabama.

PROSPEROUS INDIANS.—Father Wilbur, for many years a Methodist missionary among the Indians, and for the past ten or twelve years agent for the Indians at the Yakuma Agency in Oregon, gives an interesting account of the Indians under his charge in a letter to the Indian Bureau at Washington, dated October 9th, in which he says these Indians, now numbering 3,040, were taken from the war-path in 1856 and gathered on a reservation in 1870. They were then poor. Now they have, as near as can be estimated:

4,000 head of cattle	$ 60,000
17,000 horses	255,000
10,000 acres of land, fenced	30,000
0,000 acres of land, fenced and cultivated	48,000
50 wagons	3,000
100 sets of harness	1,500
42,000 bushels of grain, raised this year	21,000
500 tons hay	2,000
300,000 feet lumber	6,000
100,000 shingles	500
8 houses	2,400
1 large barn	2,000
Boarding house	1,000
300 cords wood	000
Making total of	$433,300

Being $600 per family, or $119 for each man, woman and child at the agency.

THE INDIANS NOT DYING OUT.

FROM THE N. Y. HERALD.

The Iroquois, it is established, now numbers 13,068 souls as against 11,050 in 1763. The Sioux confederacy have quadrupled their numbers in one hundred and forty years and doubled them in twenty-nine years. Colonel Mallery concludes, after a thorough investigation, that there were not more than half a million of Indians north of Mexico on this continent when Columbus discovered America, and he shows that there are now three hundred thousand, without counting half-breeds. But what is of more moment to us, who have the charge of the remaining Indian people within our borders, and to whom it must be a matter of conscience to see that they are decently treated, actual count shows that in the last four years, in a population of one hundred thousand Indians, belonging to nearly one hundred tribes, there has been an actual though slow increase, the excess of births over deaths varying from six-tenths of one per cent to 2.32 per cent. This is the important fact developed by Colonel Mallery's valuable investigation. The Indians are not dying out; and our Indian policy concerns, therefore, not a race which will presently disappear, but a people who are permanently a part of us and for whose care and future we must have not a temporary and perfunctory policy but one which shall last, and whose chief object should be to redeem them as quickly as possible from their savage state and incorporate them into the general body of the people, making them amenable to the same laws as other residents and throwing upon them, as quickly as is reasonable, the burdens of life, from which the agency plan now too greatly relieves them.

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY.

When the new Indian boys from Dakota, were donning their civilized garb, and voluntarily having their long hair taken off, one of the Sioux boys named Mok-pe-a-mah (Walking Cloud) declined to have his hair cut, because the coat that had been made for him was a little tighter than his blanket. When questioned about his school life, he said, "I did not come here to study books, I came to learn to be a blacksmith. A man cannot be two things." He was allowed to try his own theory, but after a few weeks he came round, wanted his hair cut and to come into school, where he is now a bright and eager student.

DIED.—At Hampton Institute, Jan. 21st, of acute pneumonia, with symptoms of meningitis at the last, George Sharphorn,—(Indian name Koo-cook-te-a-wan, *Shooting Bear*) of the Arickaree tribe, from Fort Berthold Agency, Dakota Territory, aged 20 years.

This first break in the circle of new Indian students occurring so soon after their introduction to their new home, has cast a cloud over the band, and over the whole school, in which deep sympathy has been felt for the young man in his sickness, and now for his mourning associates far from home and friends. Coming as he did from the extreme latitude of northern Dakota, it does not seem possible to attribute his illness to the change of climate, though the winter has been a severe one and colds have been prevalent here as elsewhere. His friends may feel assured that from beginning to end, everything that friendly sympathy and duty could suggest has been done for him both in medical attendance and nursing. He seemed indeed to be improving, and was hoped to be nearly out of danger though very weak, when a sudden change for the worse occurred, brain symptoms appeared and, becoming unconscious, he died within twenty-four hours.

He was buried on Wednesday afternoon, from Bethesda chapel, which was filled by the school and its officers and teachers. Rev. Mr. Herrick, Post Chaplain at Fortress Monroe, Rev. Mr. Latourette, Post Chaplain at Fort Union, New Mexico, and Rev. Mr. Gravatt, of St. John's Episcopal church in Hampton, whose interest in and labors for the Indian students have been noticed before in this paper, were also present. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Denison, Chaplain of the Normal School, and were touchingly beautiful and appropriate; the passages of Scripture selected, being Gen. xii: 1-4, the call of Abraham to leave his country and kindred and father's house, and Heb. ii: 8-10, 13-16; the beautiful lessons drawn by St. Paul from his faith. The application was most evident and touching to the simple faith and desire for better things, for a higher life, which had led this young man and his associates to leave home behind them and journey into a far country, to learn at great sacrifice the white man's road, the white man's civilization, the white man's God. And there one hope who did not join in the hope and the belief that he who had thus died in faith, not having received the promises but having seen them afar off, distant and dim perhaps, but yet a light toward which he pressed, is now learning more rapidly in a better school, from the Great Teacher and Father of all. The poor father in his desolated home, trying so hard to walk in the upward road himself, henceforth without the comfort of his only son for whose good he has sacrificed much, was remembered with prayer that he may be upheld by faith in the love of God and the belief that though his son may not return, he shall go to him in his heavenly home.

Then the coffin, draped in the American flag, was borne to its resting-place in the little school burying ground, under the soft afternoon sunshine, and by the friendly hands of the St. Augustine Indian students. The school band preceded it, and it was followed by George's mourning friends from Dakota, with Captain and Mrs. Pratt, and after them, the officers and teachers, the students and other friends. A prayer was offered at the grave, a few sprigs of bright holly were dropped into it with the hope that he who died under these Christmas and New Year emblems may enjoy their full significance, the last bugle call to rest after the heat and burden of the day was sounded over the quiet bed, and with sad but hopeful hearts we left it till the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall awake, and they that have died in faith shall receive the fullness of the promises.

To his mourning father and friends we send our sympathy. They will be glad to learn that George's record during his short life at Hampton has been that of a faithful worker, and a very bright and interested student, and that he will be remembered with sincere friendship and regret.

THE MOURNING QUEEN.

The plain, motherly face of the Queen of England is looked upon now with reverent sympathy and tenderness by every loyal Englishman, and by thousands not her subjects; with reverence for her virtues as a woman and a mother as well as sovereign, and with sympathy in the new sorrow which has fallen upon her and the English nation, and the little Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, in the death of its Grand Duchess, the universally beloved Princess Alice.

"So good, so kind, so clever," her brother, the Prince of Wales simply and affectionately describes the Princess in his letter to the House of Lords. And what is noblest in her, and makes her most admired and lamented, is not her title of Grand Duchess, nor her loftier position as a Royal Princess of England, but that she was a good, self-sacrificing, loving daughter and wife and mother. When her father the good Prince Albert was dying, seventeen years ago, she made herself a place at once in the hearts of the nation, by her filial devotion to him, and at last her own life was sacrificed to her mother-love for her little ones. Several of them being attacked by diphtheria in its worst form, she could not be kept from their bedside, and her death is said to have been caused by a kiss which she could not refuse to one of them whose little heart was breaking over the death of his baby sister.

It is noticed as a curious coincidence that her father the Prince Consort, and she, died on the same day of the month, seventeen years apart. There are other coincidences too, more accountable, and also more significant, which the mourning court and nation, and all who hear of their loss, would do well to consider even in their grief. It is remarkable that in these seventeen years, the Prince Consort, Princess Alice and her child, should have died, and that the Prince of Wales the heir to the throne of Great Britain, *his* eldest son the next heir, Prince Leopold, and three others of Princess Alice's children, should have been brought to death's door by diseases generally known to be *Preventable diseases*, resulting from imperfect drainage or similar uncleanness of surroundings; diseases against which health laws are made, and tenement house occupants are warned.

Surely, the lesson is loud that God's laws of health are for rich and poor, prince and peasant alike, and the man that doeth them, he shall live by them.

The following pleasant words are from a friend—in every sense of the word—and will please our other friends:

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 9, 1878.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG,

Dear Friend:—

Among the various interests which Hampton embraces, allow me to express my increasing appreciation of your paper. Many of the late articles, particularly those on Health, Money, and Agricultural subjects, seem to me to be too valuable to be limited to your present list of subscribers, and would be more extensively useful if they could be circulated in our Western States, particularly in our smaller towns and among our pioneer settlers where there is so often an entire dearth of reading matter. In looking over the numerous papers and magazines on our table, to forward to some who had none, I did not find any that seemed better adapted to them than the "Southern Workman," and the thanks that have been returned since, show how gladly they are received.

With kindest regards,

B. C.

CHANGE OF BASE.

On New Year's morning, the Home Savings Bank removed from its old location on Atlantic St., to the new building on the corner of Main St. and Roanoke Avenue which had been especially fitted up for the accommodation of this Bank. The Bank is now in its fifth year, and is doing a large and prosperous business, as the new and neatly appointed quarters which are daily thronged with customers give evidance. Cashier Percy informs us that he now has nearly 1,200 accounts upon his ledger, showing a balance due depositors of over $50,000. Many of the accounts are small, representing the weekly savings of laboring people, and upon these savings accounts interest at six per cent. is allowad from day of deposit. Besides these, however, the Bank has attracted to its counter the accounts of some 200 business men who find the Home Savings Bank a prompt and reliable institution.

This Bank is the only Bank in Eastern Virginia which keeps its doors open on Saturday nights, to accommodate the working people, from 6 to 8 o'clock.

The Home Savings Bank is also head-quarters for European Exchange, selling Sight Drafts on all the countries of Europe and tha East.

We wish the institution success in its new location, and advise our readers to begin tha new year by starting a savings account in the Home Savings Bank.

The new Grand Vizier of Turkey is a Circassian by birth, and was in his youth a slave.

SNOW, SNOW, BEAUTIFUL SNOW!

HOW IT WAS BLOWN, AND HOW IT WAS THROWN AT HAMPTON—STRANGE SIGHTS THAT JACK FROST SAW—TOMTOMS AND WARWHOOPS—ROUGE

structor in Military Tactics ordered a retreat, and both sides withdrew, with many wonderful tales to tell, but no serious wounds to dress. Two hours after, all the combatants were socially seated in the same supper room,

handsomely painted and bronzed, and are sold at about one-third the price charged for the inferior scales of the same capacity. It seems to us that nearly every family in this country would want one, and it is certainly a rare opportunity for some smart and energetic party to pick up quite a nice little income during the next few months. The

were double eagles, 543,645; eagles, 73,800; half eagles, 181,740; three dollars, 82,324; quarter eagles, 280,250; dollars (gold), 3,000; dollars (silver), 10,509,500; trade dollars, 900; half dollars, 1,378,400; quarter dollars, 2,200,600; twenty-cent pieces, 600; dimes, 1,676,800; five-cent pieces, 2,350; three-cent pieces, 2,350; cents, 8,799,-

SNOW, SNOW, BEAUTIFUL SNOW!

HOW IT WAS BLOWN, AND HOW IT WAS THROWN AT HAMPTON—STRANGE SIGHTS THAT JACK FROST SAW—TOMTOMS AND WARWHOOPS—ROHOE ET NOIR—SNOWBALLS AND CORNBREAD.

The late "polar wave" no doubt saw many peculiar sights, as it rolled from the Icebergs to the Gulf; but none perhaps more peculiar than one on the grounds of the Hampton Institute. This sight was of a snowball fight, betwecn our colored and Indian students. A snowball fight between school-boys is not of itself a remarkable sight; but when it occurs in the "sunny South," between aboriginal sons of America and immigrant sons of Africa, there arises a condition of affairs that the adjective "peculiar" fits nicely.

Even though somebody quote the trite saying that "there is mischief still for idle hands to do," candor compels the statement that the contest took place on the afternoon of one of the Christmas holidays. The exact cause of it, as of many other notable engagements, is not definitely known; but that a grand snowball fight did occur, is an historical fact.

The battle field was an open plain between Academic Hall and the boys' dormitories; the nature of the ground was such as to afford no shelter to either side, although the left of the Indian position was protected by a pond, containing about four feet of water, and covered with a thin costing of ice. Through the middle of the plain ran a broad road, for the possession of which both sides strove earnestly; its immense strategic importance was plain to even a non-military observer for on one end of the road was Academic Hall, and on the other, the "Middler's Cottage," in both of which, big fires were burning—and the day was bitterly cold.

At the beginning of the fight, the Indians were scattered over the eastern half of the plain, while the colored students were massed on the western side. About fifty Indians and as many colored boys were engaged; and so far as could be judged from the number of orders simultaneously given, there were about half a hundred officers on each side. "The colored troops fought nobly," but were unable to rout their opponents. The Indians fought in their usual way, and with great bravery; but were apparently astonished at the novel tactics of their enemies. Some of the colored students, who had been studying Ancient History, seemed to try to arrange themselves after the manner of a Macedonian phalanx; but as both spears and shields were wanting, the attempt was not a signal success and was soon abandoned. An Indian critic, after the battle, characterized the formation as "heap no good." The colored troops firmly believing that "in union there was strength," always advanced in close order; while the Indians avoided the front of the enemy, but kept attacking him sharply and repeatedly on the flanks. Their frontier education was also noticeable in their economy of ammunition: and in several charges the colored boys had to fall back to make new snowballs, while the Indians had several rounds tucked under their left arms. Snow was not over abundant, and Indian ingenuity (?) displayed itself in the substitution of half-frozen mud. So far as accuracy of aim and length of range was concerned, there was but little to choose between the two combatants; for, if the colored boys had never lassoed horses on the plains, nor hurled the warlike spear, they had played base ball, and toughened their muscles by the use of the peaceful hoe. The rule on both sides seemed to be, "Wherever you see a head, hit it," thus following the Irishman's recipe for fun making at Donnybrook. This fact suggests an ethnological question, whether roving wild Irishman, "in the brave old days of yore," did not settle portions of both Africa and America.

During the whole contest, and above the din of battle, was heard the genuine war-whoop; and a frightful song it is, even without the scalping knife accompaniment. Not to be outdone in din making, the colored boys procured a drummer and a drum; but as the former was not skilled in martial music, and had continually to dodge the missiles of the foe, the effect was not particularly inspiring; indeed, there was a melancholy uncertainty about the drum-beats that reminded one of the "tom tom" described by Jungle travelers.

To detail all the individual acts of heroism would fill a volume; but mention must be made of one. A desperate charge made by the Indians had been gallantly repulsed, and they were falling back in great disorder, when a small Indian with one snowball left, turned and faced the foe; his example inspired his brethren, and the retreat became orderly; while slowly retiring, eying the enemy defiantly, he stepped backwards into the pond, through the ice, and down to the bottom. Nothing daunted; he scrambled out with a slush-ball in each hand, and in the heat of battle sought a counteragent to the chill of the pond water.

After the battle had waged long enough to give both sides plenty of exercise, and to develop a good deal of mutual respect, the Instructor in Military Tactics ordered a retreat, and both sides withdrew, with many wonderful tales to tell, but no serious wounds to dress. Two hours after, all the combatants were sociably seated in the same supper room, making a joint attack on cornbread and molasses.

Again be it said, that nowhere else south of the late Mason and Dixon's line, did Jack Frost see a good-natured snowball fight, between black men, who had recently been slaves, on one side, and red men, who had still more recently been savages, on the other, both of whom were trying to learn what was good of the white man's ways.

T. T. B.

"IT WOULD HURT ME THE MOST."

"Would you like to buy some berries?" said a bright, cheerful voice at the back-door.

"How many have you?"

"Two quarts."

"Are you sure there are so many?"

"Yes, ma,am."

The lady hesitated. It really looked to her like quite a small measure.

"I wouldn't cheat, ma,am," said the same clear voice; "it would hurt me the most if I did. But you can measure them."

They were all right; and the lady bought them, the little girl going on her way in the glad possession of her hardly-earned money, and in the possession of a truth that it would be well for us all to learn,—that, when in any way we cheat or rob others, we injure ourselves the most.

"I can't see why," said little black-eyed Frank at my side.

"Because, my boy, by cheating others, we only deprive them of some of their earthly treasure, which, at the longest, they can keep but a little time; but as for ourselves, we injure our soule, which are to live for ever."

PROVE IT BY MOTHER.

While driving along the street one day last winter in my sleigh, a little boy six or seven years old asked me the usual question, "Please, may I ride?"

I answered him, "Yes, if you are a good boy."

He climbed into the sleigh; and when I again asked, "Are you a good boy?" he looked up pleasantly, and said, "Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"Why, my ma," said he promptly.

I thought to myself, Here is a lesson for boys and girls. When a child feels and knows that mother not only loves, but has confidence in him or her, and can prove their obedience, truthfulness, and honesty by mother, they are pretty safe. That boy will be a joy to his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of her sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. I do not think he will go to the saloon, the theater, or the gambling-house. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children they can trust, are blessed indeed.

Boys and girls, can you "prove by mother" that you are good? Try to deserve the confidence of your parents, and every one else. —*Children's Friend.*

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. H. Parramore has permanently settled in Hampton, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth, and inert artificial sets. Rooms, over H. L. Schmelz & Co.'s store, on Main street.

A GOOD INCOME FOR SOME ENERGETIC LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

The Ohio Scale Works, of Cincinnati, have just completed and are now introducing to the public, under the title of the UNIVERSAL FAMILY SCALE, an article that has always been needed in every household; and, in a communication addressed to the publishers of this paper, the proprietors ask us to refer them to some reliable party who will represent them in introducing it to the people of this county. It is very seldom that a new article steps so suddenly into universal favor. Housekeepers are loud in praise, for it possesses the merit of being always ready; there are no weights to hunt up and adjust, is always reliable—will not get out of order—and is an ornament to the kitchen. The description is simply a base surmounted by a hollow column, in which works a spiral spring so scientifically gauged and adjusted as to weigh anything up to twelve pounds with perfect accuracy. On the top of the column is the platform on which the articles to be weighed are placed. By the mere turning of a screw the tare of the dish, plate, or whatever you may use in weighing, is taken out and the net weight given. Housekeepers at once see its value in weighing sugar or fruit, in making preserves or jellies, or in testing the butcher's or grocer's weight, and the thousand and one cases that occur where something that should be weighed accurately is necessary. The Scales are handsomely painted and bronzed, and are sold at about one-third the price charged for the inferior scales of the same capacity. It seems to us that nearly every family in this country would want one, and it is certainly a rare opportunity for some smart and energetic party to pick up quite a nice little income during the next few months. The Company has agents in no more favorable location who are making $5.00 to $6.00 per day, and there are certainly several in the vicinity who can do as well. We recommend such to addressed the Ohio Scale Works, Elm and Geo ge Streets, O., and all information, etc., will he cheerfully given them by mentioning our paper.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

Switzerland and France are suffering from heavy falls of snow. Railroad travel has been, to a large extent, suspended in those and other countries of Europe.

Notwithstanding the unusual severity of the weather the yellow fever is still prevalent in some of the West Indies.

Juan Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain last October, has been condemned to death by the Supreme court Justice.

A dispatch from Corea in North Brazil reports that the deaths in the capital from small-pox number 600 daily. The suffering is appalling.

London, January 13.—The Governments of Germany, Great Britain, France, United States, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal are said to have agreed to the rules drafted at Berlin to prevent collisions at sea.

There has been another heavy failure of a bank in England, the Cornish Bank, with liabilities of over £1,000,000. The number of business failures in the year 1878 was over 15,000.

Great distress continues to prevail in many parts of England, and extensive measures of relief are undertaken. Extensive strikes are also threatened.

The Tartar revolt has been suppressed by Russia.

The Republicans in France have had a complete victory in the elections to the Senate.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* says: "A full pardon has been granted to twenty-four communist exiles in New Caledonia for their services against the insurgents in that colony."

The Railway strikes in England have generally proved a failure.

Lord Beaconsfield has had a serious attack of gout, from which he has recovered.

There is no diminution of the financial and social distress prevailing in England, and the outlook is exceedingly gloomy.

The British steamer Bayard, from New Orleans, December 4th, for Rouen, France, foundered at sea December 10th, and all on board were lost, except two of the crew.

The British steamer Lishope, from Boston for Liverpool, which arrived at Queenstown Jan. 9th, lost her boats and a number of cattle on her passage.

The British bark Bay Star, Captain Sawyer, from New Orleans, November 28th, for Liverpool, put into Crookhaven, having lost two men overboard.

The King of Holland was married to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, Jan. 7th.

A telegram from Paris, published in London on the 10th, states that the new French Atlantic Cable Company has been constituted. The capital is 52,000,000 francs, and the number of shares, 84,000. The Company proposes to lay two cables, one from Brest to Cape Cod, and the other from Land's End to Nova Scotia—both by the way of St. Pierre.

The plague at Astrakhan is assuming serious proportions. Fugitives have carried the contagion to three adjacent villages. The infected disirict has been surrounded by troops. Communication with Moscow has been stopped. General anxiety prevails throughout Russia.

DOMESTIC.

The suit brought by the heirs of Stephen A. Douglass against the Government, to receive damages for certain cotton captured in Mississippi during the war, has been decided in favor of the claimants.

The statue of Charles Sumner was unveiled in Boston on Friday, Dec. 27th.

Col. John S. Mosby has started for San Francisco, whence he will sail to assume his duties as American Consul at Hong Kong.

The report of commercial failures in New York City for the year 1878 amounted to 917, with liabilities amounting to nearly $64,000,000; assets, $19,000,000.

The returns to the State of Virginia from the Moffet liquor register system for the first year were $382,563.

The New Orleans Howard Association, in their annual report, acknowledge the receipt of $383,449, and the expenditure of $380,185. They relieved 21,344 patients, of which 5,102 were colored.

A severe shock of earthquake was felt in Florida on the night of Jan. 12th.

The report from the Agricultural Department at Washington, for December, shows that the corn season closed with a marked improvement in the condition of the crop. The aggregate of the crop for 1878 is larger than that of 1877 by some 30,000,000 bushels.

The oat crop exceeds that of last year, it being the largest crop ever raised in the country.

The hay crop is twenty per cent. greater than last year.

The tobacco crop not quite so good as last year.

The cold snap has not damaged the Florida orange crop.

Three States dedicate new State Capitol buildings this year—Connecticut, Michigan, and New York.

An annual statement of the precious metals produced in the States and Territories west of the Missouri river, including British Columbia, and the receipts in San Francisco from the west coast of Mexico during 1878, shows the aggregate products as follows: Gold, $38,856,231; silver, $38,749,391; lead, $5,452,000—the total being less by $17,267,132 than for 1877.

The Chicago Post-office, a building which cost $300,000, was destroyed by fire on Saturday, January 4th. All mail matter was saved in fire-proof vaults.

The colored drivers and school children of Augusta, Ga., propose to organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in memory of Miss Louise King, whose death has been so deeply mourned in that community. She had been active in organizing societies and securing legislation for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The total coinage at the Philadelphia United States Mint for the year just closed was as follows: 28,754,389 pieces, valued at $25,236,378 50. Of this amount there were double eagles, 543,645; eagles, 73,800; half eagles, 131,740; three dollars, 82,334; quarter eagles, 486,260; dollars (gold), 8,030; dollars (silver), 10,000,550; trade dollars, 900; half dollars, 1,878,400; quarter dollars, 2,236,800; twenty-cent pieces, 600; dimes, 1,678,800; five-cent pieces, 2,350; three-cent pieces, 2,350; cents, 5,799,850.

The public debt statement for the month of December, 1878, is as follows:

Debt, less cash in the Treasury, Jan. 1, 1879	$2,028,648,111 09
Debt, less cash in the Treasury, Dec. 1, 1878	2,027,414,325 79
Increase of debt during the month	$1,233,785 30
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1878	$7,138,720 73

Navigation is closed on the Chesapeake Bay and most of the rivers of Virginia, except for iron vessels, on account of the ice.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute,

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

INCORPORATED IN 1870.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers, for the Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: A knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division.

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable, &c., &c.

For further information address,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal,*
Hampton, Virginia.

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A STEEL Thorn Hedge. No other Fencing so cheap or put up so quickly. Never rusts, rains, decays, shrinks, nor warps. Unaffected by fire, wind, or flood. A complete barrier to the most unruly stock. Impassable by man or beast. TWO THOUSAND TONS GOING AND PUT UP DURING THE LAST YEAR. For sale at the leading hardware stores, with Stretchers and Staples. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet

The Steel Barb Fence is the Cheapest Fence that can be put up.

COST OF VARIOUS STYLES OF FENCE.

Narrow Slat Picket Fence	$6.25	per rod:
Wide " " "	5.32	" "
Common Stone Wall	3.00	" "
" Four-Board Fence	2.00	" "
" Split-Rail "	2.00	" "
Virginia "	1.50	" "
Glidden Steel Barb Fence 4 wires	.84	" "
" " " " 3 "	.66	" "
" " " " 2 "	.48	" "

Posts can be put in every ten feet, and then a four-wire Glidden Barb Fence will cost but $1.08 per rod, or two-thirds the cost of the cheapest, rudest wooden fence.

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It is the pride of the Publishers that their imprint appears in not a single poor, or even indifferent text-book. Its appearance, therefore, upon a title-page is a sort of guarantee which the educational public have learned to respect.

For these reasons, this series has been justly denominated the NATIONAL SERIES OF STANDARD SCHOOL BOOKS—a title which is now universally conceded in its broadest sense, and which cannot, with equal propriety, be applied to any rival publications whatsoever. The series includes the following well-known and universally popular works:

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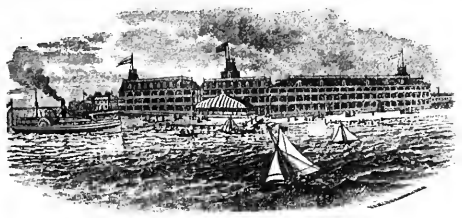

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OLD POINT COMFORT, VA. H. PHOEBUS, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS: Transient $3.00 per day, $17.50 per week and upwards, according to location, &c.

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The drives in the vicinity are delightful, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, the National Military Home, National Cemetery, and the town of Hampton—containing one of the oldest churches in the country, are all within the limits of an easy ride, drive, or sail.

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before five summers' suns have shone upon them, and great part of the remainder grow up weak and sickly.

the conditions, material as well as moral and spiritual, upon which it depends, and learn to co-operate intelli-

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THE tracts which are published as supplements to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN are necessarily somewhat abridged. They are however published at the same time complete in pamphlet form; and can be obtained simultaneously with their appearance in the paper, from the Editing Committee, Hampton, Virginia, or from G. P. Putnam's Sons, 182 5th Ave., New York.

WOMAN'S WORK
IN
SANITARY REFORM.

"I conclude that all our endowments for social good, whatever their especial purpose or denomination—educational, *sanitary*, charitable, penal—will prosper and fulfil their objects in so far as we carry out the principle of combining in due proportion the masculine and the feminine element, and will fail or become perverted into some form of evil in so far as we neglect or ignore it.
Mrs. Jameson.

Woman's systematic co-operation is essential to the success of Sanitary Reform. Our legislators may frame wise Acts of Parliament, enforcing sanitary regulations; but some of the greatest causes of disease and death lie quite beyond legislative interference, and can only be removed by woman's agency. "The Health of Towns Act" may ensure good drainage and water-supply, pure air, and other important external sanitary requisites; but till every woman frames a Health of *Homes* Act, and becomes a domestic "officer of health," none can ensure that the pure air shall ever be breathed, the good water ever be sufficiently used, or other Sanitary conditions ever be fulfilled in-doors.

In general terms, sufficiently explicit for the present purpose, the great field of sanitary labor may be considered as divided into two parts:—the amelioration of injurious external circumstances, and the reform of injurious habits and customs. Of these parts, the former may be considered as belonging principally to man—the latter, principally to woman. It is for man's comprehensive mind to devise schemes for draining and cleansing our towns, for improving dwellings, and for placing the necessaries of life within the reach of all; and it is for his strong hand to execute these schemes. It is for him to discover the laws of health, and to teach and apply them in his special sphere. It is for woman, in her functions of mother, housewife, and teacher, to effect those urgently-needed changes in infant management, domestic economy, education, and the general habits of her own sex, without which humanity could never even approximate to bodily perfection, though all injurious external circumstances were changed. It is for her to teach and apply the laws of health in her own sphere, where man cannot act.

After studying sanitary science, and applying it personally, woman will be prepared to commence her work for the physical elevation of others. This, like all her ministrations, should begin in her own home. That sphere, narrow though it seems, presents scope for an amount of sanitary labor which could not be fully indicated in many volumes. Only a very few of the most common domestic violations of sanitary law can here be mentioned.

Prominently among them, may be placed the use of unsuitable and badly-cooked food. In choosing our food and mode of cookery, we regard palate and length of purse; but through our ignorance, the choice is generally more or less in violation of the laws of health, and we pay the penalty in a host of digestive disorders. Whatever grand schemes of public sanitary reform may be carried on in a nation, the mass of the people can never attain to a high physical condition till the housewives study the science of health, and bring it to bear upon the choice and preparation of food. Though there is not always need for the mistress of a household herself to prepare the meals, she should certainly have knowledge which would enable her always to order such food and methods of cookery as are suited to the season, and to the particular constitution, occupation, and state of health of each member of her family. This subject is really a most important one; for not only physical, but mental and moral health, are to a great extent dependent on so material a thing as dinner.

In the nursery, woman's ignorant violations of the laws of health are still more frequent and mischievous. The present high rate of infant mortality among us and other civilized communities, is something unparalleled in all creation. From every hundred of our little ones, thirty are cut down,

"An unripe harvest for the scythe of Death,"

before five summers' suns have shone upon them, and great part of the remainder grow up weak and sickly. No other creature perishes and suffers thus. We do not find the eaglet dead in its aerie, or the young wolf moaning with pain in its lair; among all the inferior animals, health and long life are the rule; while with the offspring of civilized humanity, the capital of creation's pillar, they are the exception. It is true that there are many great causes of infant mortality and disease over which most women have little control. In large towns, thousands of infants fade away, like blighted flowers, for want of pure air, light, and sunshine; others come into the world with the seal of death already on their brow through hereditary influences; and others suffer or die for want of the necessary food and care which poor mothers working at a distance from home cannot give. But in very many instances the principal causes are maternal ignorance and mismanagement; on all sides "Rachel sits weeping for her children," whom she has herself unwittingly slain. It is worthy of special remark, that, although the rate of infant mortality is very much higher than that of adults, infants are entirely exempt from many of the fatal influences to which adults are subject. Intemperance, overwork, anxiety, "accidents by flood and field," and other things which destroy thousands of adult lives, do not affect infants. Surely they would live and thrive if well managed. With regard to maternal duties, we are generally far too wise in our own conceit; it is a rare thing to find a mother who, however ignorant, does not believe that she knows all about the management of her children. Womanly instinct, it is sometimes argued, teach all a mother needs to know. When it can be proved that there are superfluities in God's creation, and that woman's reasoning faculties are among the number, we may talk of the sufficiency of instinct—not before.

The first thing which needs to be done in connection with a reform in the management of infants and children is to obtain intelligent, well-trained monthly nurses and nursery maids.

A monthly nurse, whose work is to tend a mother and child during the most trying and critical period of physical life, ought certainly to be an educated, sensible woman, able intelligently to co-operate with the medical attendant, instead of mistaking one-third of his directions and wilfully disobeying another, as the ignorance and prejudice of the present class of nurses so often lead them to do. "Serious and important," writes Dr, Bull, "are the duties which devolve upon the monthly nurse; and well would it be for English women, if all who undertake this office came from a better educated class of society than they too often do. Ignorance and coarseness of manners are unbearable in a nurse: it is dangerous for the medical man to leave such a person to carry out his measures, while she is certainly anything but a fit companion for the patient, who nevertheless has almost no other for two or three weeks." We must help ourselves and each other in this matter. Thousands of intelligent women who have their bread to earn, and know not where to earn it, might greatly benefit both society and themselves by going through a course of training which would qualify them for the office of nurse. They need not think such a position beneath them, for no employment is really degrading which affords scope for the exercise of the highest faculties of the employed; and it is quite certain that the efficient discharge of the duties of a nurse would do this far more than many of the so-called "genteel" occupations now followed by thousands of women. The heroines of the Crimean war have already ennobled the office of nurse to sick men; we wait now for others to do the same for that of nurse to our own sex in the most critical period of physical life.

The want of trained nursery maids is equally urgent. Children must now be confided to ignorant, untrained girls, who injure them hourly, in body, mind, and heart; and there seems little prospect of obtaining a better class. We have little right either to complain of servants, for they are generally far less to be blamed for being unfit for their duties, than to be pitied as victims of the wrong system of education which has left them so. What is needed in all our schools for girls of the working-classes is, a systematic preparation for their future work, by giving them practical instruction in domestic duties, including the physical management of infants and children. To impart this instruction is at present very difficult, for the teachers in such schools are generally single women who know little of domestic or sanitary matters. Moreover, the pupils would need to practice the operations of washing, dressing, feeding, etc., upon infants. Various plans of meeting these difficulties have been proposed. The one most easily practicable, appears to me to be that suggested by the "Ladies' Sanitary Association." This Association proposes to establish training institutions wherein a few orphan infants might be reared, and practical instruction in their management, and other branches of sanitary knowledge, be given by a competent female teacher.

After the home-work, should come efforts for the improvement of health among our poor neighbors. The prevention of the present fearfully high rate of mortality among their children, is an object specially demanding attention. "It has been shown in the sanitary report," says Mr. Chadwick, "that in the same districts where one-fourth of the children of the gentry have died, more than one-half of the children of the poor have died; and this excess of death among the poorer classes was traceable to preventable causes." Of these, maternal ignorance and mismanagement are, as has been before stated, among the most fatal. Few but those who have been much among the poor, know how fearfully mismanaged their little ones are—how the infant shares his mother's dram and all her food, from red herring to cucumber—how he takes medicine sufficient to treat the whole community—and how, finally, an incautiously large dose of laudanum wraps him in the sleep that knows no waking.*

Ignorance of the laws of health is not only one of the greatest causes of the low physical condition of the children in poor families, but also of that of the adult members. "The physical elevation of our poor neighbors cannot be effected till they themselves understand all the conditions, material as well as moral and spiritual, upon which it depends, and learn to co-operate intelligently in all our efforts on their behalf. Though a very large number of the sore physical evils that afflict them are undoubtedly the natural results of their low moral and spiritual condition, and consequent wilful wrong-doing, probably most charitable workers attribute too much to this score. Nothing is more certain than that many physical evils befall men irrespectively of their moral and spiritual condition or deserts. Those 'eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them,' were not sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem; neither are all the thousands of our poor neighbors who suffer or die from preventable disease greater sinners than we who keep alive and well. If a man is ignorant of the laws of health, or any other physical laws, and consequently violates them, he will suffer the penalty, whatever his moral and spiritual condition. If he throws himself off 'a pinnacle of the temple,' in ignorant contempt of the law of gravitation, its action will not be suspended, neither will the angels come to bear him up, but he will fall and be dashed to pieces, whatever the devil may suggest to the contrary. When a man is brought under the action of those supernatural laws which govern the process of spiritual regeneration, he receives no charter of exemption from the action of those natural laws which govern his physical frame. His constitution, with regard to the great material forces of nature, remains the same; fire still warms, and cold still chills, him. His lungs still need fresh air; his skin, pure water; and his stomach, well-selected food; and if he, through ignorance, fails to supply these requisites, and thus violates the laws of health, he will suffer the physical injury which the violation entails, just as though he were the veriest reprobate. There may be 'exceptions,' but the present Divine 'rule' is not to suspend the action of natural laws, but rather to bring the believer's life into harmony with them. Neither is want of the necessaries of life so great a cause of disease among the poor as most charitable workers believe. We rely quite too much on our schemes for relief, very good though they are in their place. In thousands of instances, it is not want which causes disease, but ignorant abuse and other needless violations of sanitary laws." It is certain, therefore, that the diffusion of sanitary knowledge is an essential part of a complete scheme for the physical elevation of the poor.

Those of us who are district visitors and tract distributors, have excellent opportunities for imparting this knowledge. We should be all the more successful even in the directly spiritual part of our work, if we showed our poor friends how to remove those sore physical evils which cramp and fetter mind and soul, and so often prevent all thought or care for moral and spiritual elevation. Those who possess an ordinary amount of tact will in many cases find it easy to impart sanitary knowledge during their visitations, without being obtrusive, or violating any of those laws of courtesy which should be held sacred alike in intercourse with peasant and peeress. In those cottages where there is a young family, the visitor will find it a good plan to commence operations by noticing the children, the wonderful baby—"the finest baby the doctor ever saw"—especially, and then it will in many cases be easy to say a hundred useful things about their physical management, fresh air, wholesome food and cookery, cleanliness, etc. All appearance of fault-finding and dictation should be most carefully avoided, or little good will be done; better words of advice to all who visit their poor sisters can hardly be found than those of the Rev. Charles Kingsley:—

"Visit whom, when, and where you will; but let your visits be those of woman to woman. Consider to whom you go—to poor souls whose life, compared with yours, is one long *mal-aise* of body, and soul, and spirit,—and do as you would be done by; instead of reproaching and fault-finding, encourage. In God's name, encourage. They scramble through life's rocks, hogs, and thornbrakes, clumsily enough, and have many a fall, poor things! But why, in the name of a God of love and justice, is the lady, rolling along the smooth turnpike-road in her comfortable carriage, to the calling out all day long to the poor soul who drags on beside her, over hedge and ditch, moss and moor, barefooted and weary-hearted, with half-a-dozen children at her back, 'You ought not to have fallen here; and it was very cowardly to lie down there; and it was your duty, as a mother, to have helped that child through the puddle; while, as for sleeping under that hush, it is most imprudent and inadmissible?' Why not encourage her, praise her, cheer her on her weary way by loving words, and keep your reproofs for yourself? * * * * Bear in mind, (for without this all visiting of the poor will be utterly void and useless,) that you must regulate your conduct to them and in their houses, even to the most minute particulars, by the very same rules which apply to persons of your own class. Never let any woman say of you, (thought fatal to all confidence, all influence,) 'Yes, it is all very kind; but she does not behave to me as she would to one of her own quality.' Piety, earnestness, affectionateness, eloquence,—all may be nullified and stultified by simply keeping a poor woman standing in her own cottage while you sit, or entering her house, even at her own request, while she is at meals. She may decline to sit; she may beg you to come in: all the more reason for refusing utterly to obey her, because it shows that that very inward gulf between you and her still exists in her mind which it is the object of your visit to bridge over. If you know her to be in trouble, touch on that trouble as you would with a lady; *woman's heart is alike in all ranks.* * * * * We should not like any one—no, not an angel from heaven—to come into our houses, without knocking at the door, and say, 'I hear you are very ill off; I will lend you a hundred pounds. I think you are very careless of money. I will take your accounts into my own hands;' and still less again, 'Your son is a very bad, profligate, disgraceful fellow, not fit to be mentioned; I intend to take him into my hands, and reform him myself.' Neither do the poor like such uncremonious mercy, such untender ten-

derness, benevolence at horse play, mistaking kicks for caresses."

Much good may be done by the distribution of simple,

erly performed by one ignorant of the laws of life and health.

A very absurd opinion is sometimes expressed that this study injures the delicacy and purity of the mind,

schools for the poor while the teachers are so ignorant of the laws of health as they now generally are. The first step must be to convince them of the need of such a reform, and to induce them earnestly to co-operate in ef-

derness, benevolence at horse play, mistaking kicks for caresses."

Much good may be done by the distribution of simple, intresting tracts containing expositions of the laws of health." "There seems, indeed no reason why sanitary tract distribution should not be quite as efficient in the work of physical elevation as religious tracts have been in that of spiritual improvement. It is true that both kinds of publications must of neccssity fail to benefit the very people who need instruction most. The poorest and most degraded of the people, espcoinly the women, can only read very indifferently, if at all; and therefore the tracts which we give them—however good, suitable, and well received—must in many cases remain unread, or he read so imperfectly as to convey little information. But there is a very large class of the more intelligent and respectable poor among whom tracts are one of the very best means of imparting sanitary knowledge. Mor, in the first place. it is in many cases extremely difficult to impart such instruction orally without giving offence. It is a remarkable fact that the same poor woman who will not show the least resentment when told the most humiliating spiritual truths about herself, will often be offended even by a slight hint that she does not know how to manage her baby or cook her husband's dinner. The spiritual truths are of such general application that she too often accepts them with just about the same feeling, alas! as that evinced in Topsy's cheerful speech—'Yes, we's all sinners; *white folks is too*.' But the sanitary truths are of far more personal application, and often wound the poor woman's housewifely pride to the quick, and fall on tha very 'stony ground' of bitter resentment. But sensible little sanitary tracts, when stitched in the sama covers with the ordinary religious ones, and quietly circulated in the usual way, will rarely give offence." Thosa tracts relating to the health of mothers and infants, may also he very advantageously placed in the boxes of linen which are lent to the poor hy maternal societies. Thosa district visitors who have not maternal or domestic experience, will find that the best way in which they can impart to their poor neighbors that important part of sanitary knowledge which relates to maternal and domestic mansgement is, to give away, or, hetter still, read such tracts to them. For though a young, unmarried woman may from study he able to impart most valuable information upon the mansgement of infants and children, and upon household matters. she will not find that her words—true and wise though they may he—have much weight with her poor neighbors who are mothers and heads of households. "What can she know?" will he a question always presenting itself to their minds. But if she reads from a tract which she assure her hearers was prepared by mothers of families, she may hope to he listened to witb attention and docility. On her own authority she must venture to teach only about clothing, fresh air, ahlution, and other matters involving no maternal or housewifely areana.

Another way in which women can impart sanitary knowledge to their poorer sisters is, hy delivering lectures to them. It would require no great genius, or very laborious course of study, to enahle a womnn thus to teach well and interestingly—in some respects far better than a male lecturer, for there are many important suhjects upon which she could speak more fully and freely tban conventional rules permit him to do. She, moreover, could explain the laws of health with relation to domestic economy, infantile mansgement, women's dress, etc., far hetter than the most accomplished male physiologist, though his general scientific knowledge might he very much greater.

Women engaged in writing for the press may do much towards the diffusion of a knowledge of the laws of health, not only among tbe poor, but among all classes. The numerous works of fiction, magazine articles, and tracts written by women could easily he made a medium for tha diffusion of this kind of information. The Rev. Charles Kingsley, Miss Sedgwick, and a few others have already shown to some extent, how much may be thus done even in the former class of writings. Now, let more of our female writers make imaginative literature a vehicle of popular sanitary instruction—tell us why preventable disease and death for ever sit scattering our hopes and joys, and holding a grim carnival among our loved ones—why youth is grown prematurely old in Mammon's mill—why the churchyard is so full of little graves—why the young mother's chair stands empty in the ingle nook. Let us have a sanitary "Jana Eyre," "Adam Bede," and "John Halifax." Leaving the writings of female physicians out of tha question, women without regular medical or scientific education have already made valuable contributions to sanitary literature. Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," Miss Martineau's sanitary papers in "Once a Week," Miss Catherina Beecher's "Letters to the People," Mrs. Charles Bray's "Physiology," and Mrs. Barwell's "Infant Treatment," may be cited by way of illustration. This matter concerns not only woman of the higher grades of literary talent, but also of the lower—those who never achieve anything more than an occasional letter or article in some third-rate newspaper or magazine; all may do something to dispel the gross ignorance of sanitary laws which prevails.

Women engaged in the work of education, can do much to elevate the physical condition of society by instructing their pupils in the elements of human anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. No other branch of secular knowledge is of such universal, every-day utility and importance as these. The mental, moral, and physical welfare of every human being ara dependent upon obedience to the sanitary laws; certainly then all should have that knowledge without which obedience is impossible. To girls this knowledge is especially necessary, for upon them will devolve in after life the management of households, tbe training of infants and children, and tbe care of the sick, none of which duties can he properly performed by one ignorant of the laws of life and health.

A very absurd opinion is sometimes expressed that this study injures the delicncy and purity of the mind. This idea is so utterly false and revoltiug, that it would not be worthy even of mention, did it not unfortunately exist in the minds of many conscieutious educators, and prevent them from imparting knowledge of the highest importance. To say tbst sny can be injured by studying those divine laws through which we "live, and move, and have our being," is nothing less than to reproach the Great Lawgiver. For we must study them, or suffer the heavy penalties resulting from ignoranee and consequent violation of them. Here, our ignorance leads to hitter physical suffering; if our knowledge were to cause moral injury, we should indeed he most unfortunately constituted, and should have good reason reproachfully to ask, "Why hast Thou made me thus?"

Women also have it in their power to put an end to the undue exercise of the mental faculties, and the neglect of physical training which are so general in girls' schools, and which so seriously undermine the health of the pupils. To secure healthy, harmonious physical development, some more systematic and thorough method of exercise is needed than walks or daneing lessons, which, though beneficial so far as their influence extends, bring into action a part only of the muscular system. Calisthenics and light gymnastics should be introdueed into all schools, for their beneficial results are already well-estnblished. Swimming is another excellent exercise, the importance of which cannot be too strongly urged upon the attention of every eduentor; its elnims as a means of self preservntion, independently of its value as a means of health and enjoyment, are sufficient to prova that it ought to form part of the education of all. Dancing should not be confined, as it now generally is in girls' schools, to the formal lessons given once or twice during the week, but pupils should be encouraged to dance as a recrention in the playgronnd when the weather permits. In winter evenings too, when tha day's work is done,, a merry school-room dance is a very healthful and exhilarating affair, at once destructive to chilblains and "the blues." Every encouragement should also be given to the practice of those outdoor and indoor gaues which bring the muscles into vigorous exercise.

In many schools it is found very difficult to induce tha elder pupils to take any interest in the means of physicnl development. Usually when a school-girl attains the magnificent age of thirteen or fourteen, she leaves active games to "the childreo." If she is a pretty, vain girl, she straightway turns her attention to the mysterics of honnets, mantles, and crinoline; if she is an ambitious, clever one, she begins "cramming" for examinations, and waxes great in crayon heads; if she is thoughtful and conscientious, she devotes herself to an unmerciful course of study, under the idea of "improving her advantages;" whatever she is, she votes exercise a bors and a hindrance, and takes as little as she can. This state of things is a necessary result of the plan of education usually adopted; girls are rarely taught the value of physical development and strength; they are stimulated by prizes and every possible inducement to cultivnte the mind, while the claims of the body are tacitly understood to he of far less importance. But let every girl he constantly and thoroughly impressed with the fact, that the highest perfection and happiness of which her nature is susceptible can be attained only through tha simultaneous, harmonious development of all her faculties; let the belle of the school know that health heightens benuty; let the ambitious studious girl he told of tha dependence of mentnl upon bodily vigor; let the conscientious one he convinced that to develop her whole heing, is a duty she owes to her Creator, to society and to herself. Let prizes be offered, not only to those who excel in languages, music, and drawing but also to those who dance best, and exeeute gymnastics and other exercises with most grace, ease, and precision. Tben we should soon see girls taking delight in the means of physicnl devclopment. In some schools for boys, prizes are offered for proficieucy in various activa out-door games. This plan should he adopted with girls also: the physical frame of both sexes is governed hy the same general laws, both alike requira vigorous muscular exercise, both should alike be encouraged to take it. A priza for the hoys who throw the hammer the furthest, and fence the most skilfully; a prize for the girls who run the fastest, and skip the best. The idea of any similarity in the training of the two sexes gives instant alarm to some persons, who having no faith in the indestructibility of the eternal distinctions nature has established, fear that if girls are allowed to develop their physical, or other faculties, as fully as hoys, they will become hoy-like. But, on the contrary, the more fully and freely a girl is allowed to develop her whole heing, the more distinctly marked will her feminine characteristics hecome. They are deeply rooted in her nnturs; there is no need to cripple her for fear of destroying them. It is most painful to know, however, that to thousands of the inmates of our ladies' schools, vigorous ont-door exercise is impossihle through want of playgrounds. Thers are many hundreds of schools to which no space whatever for out-door exercise is attached—in other words, hundreds of schools where the pupils ara compelled to violate one of the primary conditions of health.

In many schools for girls of the poorer classes, also, the health of the pupils is much injured through hodily inaction and other preventable causes. A visitor fulfils her task of inspection but very imperfectly if she confines her attantion to the mental and moral condition of the children: she should look upon the school not only as a nursery for minds and souls, but also for bodies, and should see that it is favorable to the harmonious, healthy development of all. "Educata! educate!" is the watchword of tbe day; bnt after all, education is a very questionable hoon to poor girls, when it undermines tha bodily health upon which they will be dependent for their hread.

It is next to impossible to effect a sanitary reform in schools for the poor while the teschers are so ignorant of the laws of health as they now generally are. The first step must be to convince them of the need of such a reform, and to induce them earnestly to co-operate in effecting it. They should be kindly encouraged to qualify themselves to teach physiology and hygiene, and every facility should be afforded them for the study of those sciences. In many cases, some herevolent medical gentlemen—the name of such is Legion—will be found willing to give a course of lectures in the elements of physiology and hygiene to a class of governesses and pupil teachers.

In many schools a visitor will find ventilation mucb neglected. This is not ths place to detail all the evils resulting from this one cause; suffice it to say, that a constant supply of pure air is one of the primary conditions of health, and wbere it is not fulfilled in the schools we provide for the children of the poor, we do them a grievous wrong. A lady who visits an ill-ventilnted school cannot, it is true, put ventilators in the walls with her own hands, but she can lay the matter before the school managers, and in most cases will succeed in getting it attended to.

The visitor should observe whether the children are comfortably seated. It is common to find little children perched on a high form, with their feet hanging in mid-air. several inches from the floor; others will he found tightly packed together, herring fashion, in various uncomfortable postures. These and other physical discomforts are often the great cause of the children's irritability and so-called "naughtiness," which are generally attributed to something very different. Of course, little physical discomforts never, never make us adult philosophers at all irritable or unamiable; hut poor little school children have not attained to our exalted equanimity; if, therefore, we wish to make them "good," we must first make them comfortable. The school forms should all be suited to the height of the children, so that their feet can rest comfortably on the floor, and all over-crowding must be prevented. All the forms should he provided with hacks, as to sit without a support for the spine is to most children very injurious.

The visitor will do well to observe the posture of the children when standing to read, sitting to sew, write, &c. They are often required to stand to recite, &c., with their feet closed and their hands crossed on the chest; a very small base is thus afforded to the hody, and the posture is therefore difficult and injurious to maintain; moreover, crossing the hands on the chest prevents free breathing. The best method of standing is with the feet several inches apart, so as to afford a firm base for the body; the arms should hang freely by the sides. It is not judicious to keep the children standing, even in a good posture, more than a quarter of an hour.

The visitor will do well also to notice by what patterns the articles of clothing made in the school are cut.

Very bad patterns are generally used; and schools should, therefore, be provided with model sets made in accordance with laws of health.

The visitor should ascertain how much time is allotted to out-door exercises in the playground. Half an hour, both in the morning and the afternoon, should be thus spent when the weather is suitable; and when it is not, the children should march, or perform other gymnastic exercises in the school-room for the same length of time.

Many other ways of promoting the physical well-being of the children will present themselves to the mind of a visitor who is thoroughly and intelligently interested in the subject.

Those of us who tench in Sunday schools may do much by earnestly and frequently inculcating the duty of using all means to preserve and improve health, as a command of God. We should oftener explain the breadth of the command, "Thou shalt not kill;" show that it relates not only to instantaneous suicids and murder, by knife, halter, or poison, but also to suicide by inches, through unhealthy habits, and to slow murder, hy forcing those dependent upon us to violate the divinely-instituted laws of health. If we taught all this, we should save many from the common sin of self-destruction—many from walking the earth with tha hrand of Cain upon them.

There are many other parts of woman's sanitary work which cannot even be mentioned, much less explained, in this small space.

Besides their own direct sanitary work, women may do much indirectly, through their influence over men. The best and most useful men in sanitary and all other labours are, other things being equal, invariably those whose wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, aid and encourage them in their good work. Men engaged in public sanitary labours have almost invariably to encounter most depressing opposition and difficulty in the prosecution of them; and, for want of woman's sympathy, have often also to endure discouragement hy their own firesides. This must not he; for, from the leading member of parliament, endeavoring to introduce legislative sanitary measures, and the rich landowner, anxious to improve his cottage property, to the obscure author, and the poor medical man, spending their leisure in diffusing sanitary knowledge, all need woman's intelligent appreciation, encouragement and sympathy; and it is part of her divine mission to hestow them largely.

The sum of the whole matter is then, that we, as wives, mothers, heads of households, educators, and supporters of benevolent enterprise, are to a great extent responsible for the sore physical evils around us. Till we work for their removnl with all our power, ramoved they can never be. Nohle, disinterested men, are devoting time, talent, and money, to the promotion of Sanitary Reform, but their efforts alone will not suffice. Men drain and cleanse our towns, and build improved dwellings, but in them wa practise a thousand violations of health's laws—men labor and legislate to supply the necessaries of life to all, but we misuse them—men discover the truths of sanitary science, but wo are too ignorant to apply them—so, after all, the, work of physical elevation goes on hut slowly. May we soon learn to do our part in it!

S. R. P.

*Such a series, of which this is tract No. 8, is now being issued by the Hampton Tract Editing Committee, Hampton, Va.

A REMINISCENCE OF '78,

DEDICATED TO ALL ITS BOYS BY A FORMER

"GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND."

THE following effusion, though not perhaps intended for publication, is too good to be kept from those to whom it is dedicated. We are sure that they, as well as others, will enjoy the "reminiscence."

"O study hour, O study hour,
Around me throw thy subtle power,
And hear me back to that bright spot
That while I live, ne'er 'll he forgot.

"I see it now, that quiet hall
With *snowy* blackboards on the wall,
The *cushioned* seats, the dazzling throne
On which I sat, alone—alone.

The hell emits its silver note,
The timid Senior doffs his coat;
Hushed is each murmuring voice, none speak;—
Save here and there a quiet shriek—

All sit in silence dread, appalled—
And whisper while the roll is called.
Then silently, with sturdy will,
Each plants his foot on Wisdom's hill,

And strives his hard won ground to keep,
Take one step more—or go to sleep.
Sweet, happy hour, thou'lt come no more!
(Alas! that this should rhyme with *lore*.)

And gentle partners of my joys,
Those merry, laughing, thoughtful boys,
Dear C— — whom I loved so well,
And B— —, with thy magic 'spell,'

And all your comrades, and the girls
With pencils gleaming through their curls,
We ne'er may meet again, I trow,——
Do re mi fa sol la si do."

CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 20, CAZENOVE ROAD, STAMFORD HILL,
LONDON, *Dec.* 6, 1878.

To General Armstrong, Va., —and to all other Workmen everywhere: Gentlemen:—

I wrote you a few days ago in relation to the educational and agricultural work which I hope to be able to carry out for the interior of Africa, through "Christian Liberia, the open door."

Let me now tell you a little of Liberia in England. I arrived in London on the 15th of last month—just three weeks to-day.

Next morning at 11 o'clock, I met Dr. Blyden (now Liberia's Minister to the Court of St. James) and we have been more or less together since. His acquaintance is large, and his official position gives him easy access to a great many interesting persons and places. On Saturday last, November 30th, I accompanied him to Westminster Abbey, to see Livingstone's grave. I had made up my mind that that should be the first object of general interest which I should visit in England. By a curious coincidence, that day happened to be St. Andrew's day, and the annual Lecture on Missions was to be delivered by Principal Tullock in the Abbey. Dr. Blyden introduced me through the Deanery—by means of which we got seats in the chancel only a few feet from the lecturer.

Before the lecture, the familiar Missionary Hymn was sung by the great choir and congregation,—

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

I have no words to tell you of my feelings as I heard that ever beautiful and suggestive hymn sung in that ancient sanctuary. The lecturer then went to the desk and read a most impressive and instructive lesson. Among the closing words were these: "The highest Christianity is the Christianity of Christ." He presented Christ as the Alpha and Omega of all missionary teaching.

Dr. Tullock is a Scotchman, and as he lectured he looked down upon the grave of the more illustrious Scotchman, reverence for whose memory had drawn me to the Abbey—David Livingstone, whose remains lie in the Nave of the Abbey, between the front door and the chancel. After the service I waited until the congregation had dispersed, when I went and stood over Livingstone's grave, on which I read these words,—"All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world." And then I remembered these lines:—

"Open the Abby doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage.
The missionary, come of weaver kin,
But great by work that brooks no longer wage.

"He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which man shall prize while worthy work is known.
He lived and died for good—be THAT his fame;
Let marble crumble: *this* is LIVING-STONE."

Truly did I then and there feel new inspiration for the work to which I have dedicated my life. "He being dead yet speaketh." He spoke to me in the precious silence of that great temple, in a language which no human tongue could utter, and touched my soul in depths which no human eloquence could reach—and I renewed my affirmation never to be off guard in my work for Christian Liberia the open door to heathen Africa.

An extra session of Parliament has been called by the Queen on account of the unfortunate war in Afghanistan. It was opened yesterday.

In company with Dr. Blyden, the Liberian Minister, I obtained a seat in the house of Lords immediately over the throne, from which I enjoyed a splendid view of the gorgeous hall and the distinguished assembly. I attended with the Liberian Minister as a sort of Acting Secretary, and was delighted to see the cordial manner in which he was received by the Lord Chamberlain to whom, on presenting his card, he was at once admitted.

We took our seats in the gallery exactly at half-past one. At two, the House began to fill with Peers and Peeresses—the latter in brilliant dresses. Very few of the leading Peers were present. I could see that many eyes were turned to the location where we sat—wondering, no doubt, who we were, or rather who the black personage was.

Major General Sir Henry Havelock, son of the distinguished General of that name, took a seat by the side of Dr. Blyden, and kindly pointed out the distinguished characters, and several interesting objects in the House. He said he is a member of the House of Commons, but was allowed to sit where we were on account of a temporary lameness which prevented him from joining "in the rush" with the other members to the bar of the House of Commons to hear the Queen's speech. The General gave us his card and was far more communicative on first acquaintance than the generality of Englishmen whom I have met. Dr. Blyden says that the higher classes who are *sure of their rank* and position do not seem to feel the necessity of maintaining the dignified reserve which others less favored do.

The ceremonies in the House of Lords on this occasion were very simple. Lord Cairnes, the Lord Chancellor, took his seat on the wool-sack, and on each side of him sat two other Peers; the five constituting the Commission appointed to deliver the Queen's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor. The House then separated.

We then walked through the long corridors across the building to the House of Commons, where two policemen on guard attempted to keep us out of the lobby, because we had no tickets, and the House, they said, "did not meet until four;" but Dr. Blyden produced his card and the doors flew open at once. Having about an hour to spare, we went to the Refreshment Rooms to dine. After which, the Speaker of the House having taken his seat, Dr. Blyden took his position in the Diplomatic Gallery among the Foreign Ambassadors, and I had one assigned me in the Speakers' Gallery, a privilege not usually accorded to strangers, for which I thanked Liberia and her Negro representative. I will not detain you by describing the proceedings in the House, &c., &c. Mr. Gladstone was present. He looks much older than I had expected, but I felt it a great pleasure to see him, though he did not speak while I was in the House.

In all I have seen in England, nothing has pleased me more than the manner in which Liberia is represented and received here. Though a small and youthful State, her Minister is received with as much courtesy and respect as Mr. Welsh, the American Minister.

While sitting in the House of Lords, Dr. Blyden showed me a letter which he had just received from Southampton, inviting him to be the guest of the Mayor, and to attend a banquet there. I have noticed that if Dr. Blyden is pleased at anything in his experience here, it is the fact, as he often says, that "it is honor conferred not upon him, but upon Liberia and the Negro race, and that the intelligence of it carried through the papers to the Negro youth in the schools in America, and in his own country, will stimulate them to renewed efforts."

What Negro in America, however great his culture, will ever reach such a position? I challenge successful contradiction when I say that Liberia is the only road to such honor for the black man in America. For my part, I must confess that if Dr. Blyden were not a pure and undoubted Negro, I should not feel near so much interest in the representative of Liberia here, for the taunt would still be possible—"Show us your pure Negro who can gain such a position." If Mr. Parton who has lately written in the *North American Review* on the "Antipathy to the Negro," and expresses "his inability to name one Negro of pure blood who has taken the first, second, the third, or the tenth rank in business, politics, art, literature, scholarship, science, or philanthropy," really wishes for information on the subject, I would like to introduce him to Dr. Blyden, Liberia's Minister Plenipotentiary, &c., &c. Dr. Blyden can communicate with him not only in first-class English, but in Latin and Greek, Hebrew and Arabic.

On account of his great scholarship, Dr. Blyden has been elected lately an honorary member of the Athencum, one of the most exclusive Clubs in all England.

Has Mr. Parton read Dr. Blyden's articles in Frazer's Magizine, and in the Methodist Quarterly Review, which have attracted the favorable and respectful criticisms of the Saturday Review and other periodicals here? One of these articles was reproduced in our own country by Littel's Living Age; and another by the Methodist Saturday Review. I should like to ask Mr. Parton what encouragement has the Negro in Christian lands ever had to take any rank at all in anything. And how can they ever be stimulated to rise when such wet blankets are constantly thrown over and around them, even by such professed friends as Mr. Parton? If we cannot help a race now struggling to rise, we certainly should not prevent it. Let the Negro have the school-house in his own country and land of freedom for a period half as long as the white man has had it, and then let us hear the opinions of our skeptical Partons.

The fact that any has risen to any rank at all, under such pressure from friends or foes, is to me a wonder, and makes me more determined to labor to put within their reach every possible facility for intellectual culture, and industrial development and growth, which the white man has had. We have been ready enough in the cruel past to avail ourselves of his labor, will we now help to lift him up?

Ever yours at command,
ENWARD S. MORRIS.

EDEN IN MINIATURE.

GREETINGS BETWEEN HAMPTON AND PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Two or three months ago, the Captain of a merchant vessel on a cruise round the world brought to Hampton Institute the account of a very interesting incident of his voyage, his touching at the lonely rock in the far Pacific, known as Pitcairn's Island.

A letter resulting from his account is given elsewhere. Before another year, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will reach the Islanders, and meanwhile its readers on this side of the world will be interested in the strange and fascinating story of that speck of Paradise, as it seems to be, the one spot of earth where evil seems to have least power.

Since Captain —— brought its latest news to Hampton, public attention in England and America has been called to it by Admiral de Horsey's report to the British Admiralty of a visit he has recently made there.

This is its history: In 1787, the British merchant ship Bounty was sent to the Pacific to collect young bread-fruit trees in the then newly discovered island of Tahiti, and transport them to the British plantations in the West Indies. The voyages of Captain Cook and other explorers had excited the adventurous spirits of England, and a fine set of young officers from the best families, some of them noblemen's sons, and of good picked seamen were easily found to join the expedition. Unfortunately, the command of it was given to a man, Lieutenant Bligh, who, though a skilful navigator, was totally unfit to have the control of men; selfish, passionate, brutal to the last extreme to the young officers and sailors, who, by the existing laws of the British Navy, were completely at his mercy.

The natural hardships of an eighteen month's voyage were bravely borne, but the floggings, insults and oppression of all kinds added to these at last became intolerable, and one night, the first mate himself, driven to madness, seized the ship, and aided by others turned the Lieutenant adrift in the launch with a few who stood by him, some provisions and a compass. He eventually found his way back to England more safely than he deserved.

The Bounty returned to Tahiti, and left such as wished to wait for a chance to get home, while Fletcher Christian, the chief mutineer, with eight of his comrades, one an officer like himself, the rest common seamen, sailed away to seek the loneliest spot they could find out of the reach of British law. They took with them Tahitian wives, and nine Tahitian men with their wives and children.

After several weeks' search, Pitcairn's lonely island rose before them.

What safer asylum could be found for "a man without a country?" A mere rock not five miles in circumference, lofty precipices bounding it on every side, giving no safe anchorage for vessels and out of their usual track. As a late visitor calls it, "A speck in the vast, lonely Pacific, where even now, notwithstanding the thousands of vessels trading on it, we have only seen one ship at sea tho' our track measures 4,500 miles."

The mutineers were safe from pursuit, but they carried with them enemies from whom they could not escape, the restless passions of their own unhappy breasts. Fletcher Christian, the chief mutineer, now bitterly repented his false step, and tried to do what he could for the companions he had led into it. But though he seems to have always commanded their respect, he could not always control them. Nine years from the time they landed at Pitcairn, only two of all the men remained alive. Two of the seamen had died from intoxication, having found a way to distil liquor from a native plant; the rest, Tahitian and white men, including Christian himself, had fallen in a conflict and massacre resulting from a cruel wrong done to a Tahitian by one of the white seamen.

Fortunately, the two survivors who found themselves left in charge of the helpless women and children were among the best of the set; Edward Young, an officer, and Alexander Smith, a seaman. The awful experiences they had been through struck them with remorse and penitence. From the ends of the earth they cried unto the Lord, and found that though they had fled to the uttermost parts of the sea, they had not fled from God's presence, but His hand was leading them in a way they knew not. In the hours of their solitude, they resolved to face about, and devote the rest of their lives to undoing the evil their sin and misfortunes had wrought. They hunted up the old Bible and prayer-book which poor Christian had studied in his last days, and gathered the women and children about them to tell them their new purposes and teach them to pray to God.

How well they succeeded is learned from the reports of the first discoverers of their colony, and of every visitor since then.

Nine years after the new order of things began, the island was discovered accidentally by an American ship, in 1808. Great was the astonishment to find it inhabited by English speaking people, and still greater to learn who they were, but greatest of all to see what they were—a community of Christians, living in peace and love, and looking up with greatest affection and reverence to an aged man, Alexander Smith, the last survivor of the mutineers of the Bounty. On his part, the exile eagerly asked for news from home. At that time the colony numbered thirty-five persons. It was rediscovered, again by accident, by an English frigate, a few years afterward. Meanwhile, Alexander Smith, fearing to be taken back to England for trial as a mutineer, had changed his name to John Adams. But when he learned he would be safe, he frankly gave a history of the mutiny.

The reports of these, and all succeeding visitors agree concerning these islanders and their home. "Its lofty mountains tower up from the sea to a height of 1,008 feet, hiding the beauty of the interior, the forests of palm, and lovely valleys rich with tropical fruits and flowers. Truly it is a garden of Eden, and not only in natural loveliness, but in the characters of its inhabitants. Evil and crime seem unknown among them." "They are strict observers of Sunday, and very industrious. Drunkenness, bad language and similar vices are absolutely unknown; rough sailors have declared that the virtues of the islanders so impressed them that they felt tempted to throw money to the dogs and stay and become good with the Pitcairn islanders." Two men, "of excellent character and education," were at different times adopted by the islanders, and are represented in their descendants. The colony outgrew their small island, and in 1856 were all removed—with their own consent—to Norfolk Island, by the English. This island, five weeks' sail from Pitcairn, toward Australia, is four times as large as Pitcairn, and is fertile and well watered. But some were homesick, and in the course of a few years sixteen families returned to Pitcairn on trading vessels; so that there are now two colonies, each preserving the character of the first. Admiral de Horsey says: "They have only three laws in their code—against murder, theft and immorality—and neither of these has ever been broken."

Some people are puzzled by this remarkable history, saying, If such a virtuous community can be the descendants of criminals and savages, what becomes of the theories of heredity? It is very noticeable, however, that of the five original mutineers represented in these descendants, three were Christian, Young and Adams (Smith), the very best of the set. Christian and Young had come from some of the best families in England, and Adams had been a man of respectability and force of character. Of the other two, McKoy was a Scotchman. He and Quintal were the two who died from drunkenness. Less is known of their antecedents, but they were picked seamen. God's laws of inheritance, as found in nature and the Bible, are not limited to the second generation, but extend to the third and fourth—and his mercy to thousands. Neither is a man's nature to be judged from one desperate act under great provocation. From all we know of the men, Fletcher Christian's nature would be a better inheritance than Lieutenant Bligh's.

Many fears have been expressed that as the colonies increase, in size their very innocence and ignorance of evil will expose them to temptation and to demoralization. This does seem a danger, but for eighty years it has been averted by Him of whom Job's friend said, "He shall save the humble person, He shall deliver the island of the innocents."

Southern Workman.

If the ex-slaves of this State, in their wide-spread poverty, ignorance and degradation, increased in five years by over

OUR DISTRESS.

There are twenty million acres of unoc-

its power to aid; starving workmen stand at the doors of silent and barred up factories; women on scant food are nursing

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, *Editors.*

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WE invite attention to the two pages of scholarship and of students letters in this number. The former are selected from over two hundred that are yearly written to those who maintain scholarships at the Hampton Institute, or help it in other ways, as an expression of thanks and of appreciation hy their beneficiaries. The latter are from the usual monthly receipt of letters from graduates who are making themselves useful in various parts of the country chiefly as teachers.

These letters help answer the questions, "Does it pay to educate negroes?" and to show the benefactors of Hampton some of the fruits as well as the need of their generosity.

The work already done for the colored race is but as a drop in the bucket. Freedom is a barren gift without the light in which to use it.

The negro is in the dark. His hope is not in Congress, but in ideas. To diffuse ideas among the ex-slaves is vital to them and to the country.

To give vitality to the common school system established hy the Southern States, the education of the better class of colored youth as teachers is the special field for Northern aid.

We doubt if any gifts go more directly to the national welfare than those that help prepare the teachers in whose hands so much lies the future of the negro race.

THE co-education of Negroes and Indians at the Hampton Institute will he watched with interest. How, in the long run, will 250 of the former get along with 67 of the latter?

Both are peculiar. Neither have the faculty or the inclination to put themselves in the other's place. Ignorant people are apt to be narrow and jealous, and on the alert for grievances. Disinterestedness is not innate; it is the product of Christian civilization.

It is only as true and simple Christian teaching shall reach their hearts that the two races can live together in unbroken harmony.

No lesson can be better for both than that of learning mutual respect and goodwill.

Life is, for the student, self-centred; it is all for himself; and, too often, continues to he so as long as he lives. We hope that by prudence and tact in their education the races represented at the Hampton Institute, who have, so far, mingled most pleasantly, rather as a result of good nature than of principle will attain a higher and common ground of genuine interest in each other's welfare, and go into their respective fields broader and better men for their intercourse at school.

The entire population of the State of South Carolina, according to the United States States Census of 1870, was:

Colnred, 415,814; white, 289,667; Indians, 124; Chinese, 1; total, 705,606.

According to the State Census of 1875, there were:

Colored, 574,391; white, 350,754; total, 925,145. Increase, 219,539, or over 31 per cent.

The colored population in five years increased by 158,577.

If the ex-slaves of this State, in their wide-spread poverty, ignorance and degradation, increased in five years by over thirty per cent., it may safely be assumed that the colored population of the United States is not dying out. Their condition in South Carolina cannot be considered as peculiarly favorahle for increase; it probahly represents their average conditions of living throughout the land.

The census of 1870 has never, we helieve, been regarded as an underestimate, and often accused of being exaggerated for political reasons. About that of 1875 we can give no opinion.

The census of 1880 will he waited for with great interest. It will decide whether the colored people are to be an increasing factor in our population.

We hope it will record their personal and landed possessions.

We are confident that the amount of property held by them would be a surprise to their best friends.

IN AN article in the "Congregationalist" on "Harvard Scholarships," we find this paragraph:

"The beneficiaries of the college, like their richer companions, must pay tuition, room-rent, and board—expenses which the largest scholarship will not nearly cover. They must, therefore, practice strict economy, and are not likely to form wrong ideas as to the value of money."

Hampton scholarships are given on a similar plan. Student's tuition, seventy dollars per year, is given to all, none of them being ahle to provide this amount; hut board, clothing, hooks, and all personal expenses, amounting to over a hundred dollars for the yearly session of eight and n-half months, are charged to students.

Over half of their expenses are paid in labor. Their earnings last year, on the farm, in shops, and in a variety of services, amounted to nearly $15,000.

The experience at Hampton by way of manual lahor is as educating and improving as anything in the course of study. By this system a foundation of business habits, economy and industry is laid, and school work is a genuine preparation for the work of life.

The gross earnings of our students from July 1, 1878, to January 1, 1879, were $8,357.62, of which $2,073.95 were earned by girls, and $6,283.67, by hoys.

We would be glad to know if there is any school for whites in the United States where there is so much willing and so arduous effort for education, or a company of poor youth, in like conditions, who do more for themselves and receive relatively less by way of charity. The number of girls in proportion to the number of hoys, being as 1 to 3.6. Total 240.

IN a recent letter suggested hy his late Southern tour, Generl Sherman refers in high terms to Northern Georgia; indeed, the whole region between that section nnd Lynchhurg, Va., is, he claims, admirably suited and most tempting to immigrants, and urges that agents be appointed who shall attempt to draw upon the stream of population which flows westward to less favorahle places.

The General notes the change of feeling, the decay of prejudice, the kind welcome from those whose property was destroyed by his army in 1864–5, and gives some wholesome advice about giving up the use of the word "carpet-bagger."

Politically, that species is about extinct, and the term is often used now in a way to breed mischief; as an epithet to fling at any Northern man who may be under displensure.

Lack of good schools and congenial church and social privileges are the offset against the advantages of soil and climate of the South.

Not until the favored regions referred to are more enlightened, not until the educated class is divided on political questions, and not until there is a spirit of free discussion and of toleration of all shades of opinion, will a desirahle class of emigrants seek Southern homes.

OUR DISTRESS.

There are twenty million acres of unoccupied land in Tennessee, and there are twenty thousnnd starving men in New York. These hroad, silent acres, loaded nnd lapped with plant food, lie waiting the coming of man. They seem to rise up, like the elements personified in the old mythology, stretching out their hands to the destitute army of hungry men, women and children, in earnest entreaty; "Come to us, nnd plant and sow and reap the splendid fruits of the earth. We hold in our hnnds, for you, comfort, pleasure and riches, hut they are dead till the hand of man touches them into life-giving fruit." And the great army of hnngry men, women and children, in attic and hasement, from under miserahle rags which cover wasted bodies stretch out their gaunt arms and cry aloud: "Give us air, and hread, meat and comfort, for we are in sore distress."

The vast slopes of the Alleghanies, running through the Southern States, covering many varieties of soil and climate, and decked in the wonderful heauty of forest and river, still lie waiting the coming of men who will toil, and huild, and he contented. Is there, then, no hridge of vast span whose one extremity may lie in the filthy tenement house, and whose other extremity may rest in sweet fields, and pastures green?

That men should suffer at nll from physical want, at this early period of the national growth, is simply astounding. There might he a cry of distress from the peasants of Belgium, packed and seething with its dense population, or even from England, with thirty millions crowding its limited area. That there should he want of comfort or of food in this immense domain, where the people live at the gates of an utterly indeserihable wealth of resource, is not only amazing, hut ridiculous. If the present population of forty millions do not thrive and prosper, what shall we predlict of the two hundred millions who are quickly coming after it? Divide the lands of France among the people, and each one takes three and a-half acres. Divide the land in America, and each one takes fifty acres. France has been hlasted with revolutions, cast into confusion hy frequent wars, distracted hy changes in dynasties, and half a million of her ablebodied men annually dragged from tillage and kept in wasteful garrisons. Yet she is prosperous and her products are enormous.

It is time tht a distressed North and a distressed South should get at the truth. We seem to be like cattle standing knee-deep in clover without power to eat it; like the ancient mariner in the midst of ocean, "water everywhere, hut not a drop to drink." It is hardly disputed that the first and permanent source of wealth is from the soil. We are in full possession nnd enjoyment of a domain, which, after we who are now living are through with it, must and will support with ease a population seventeen times as large as that now living. We have the first chance, the best advantage. After we have chosen, and lived and exhausted, these millions come after us, to take and do the best they can. With such rare opportunity, a state of poverty, or a condition anything less than the most wide-spread comfort, is only ridiculous. The European farmer contends with vested rights. Above him is an aristocracy; about him, armies which bleed him with taxation. Traditions and ignorance fetter him. He tills land of the average value of $200 per acre. The American starts without impediments of any kind, with cheap land, and protected by institutions which are of his own creation. Why should he ever suffer? Since the beginning of civilization to the present time, there has not been, in all the opportunities offered by the passing centuries, such chances for well heing, as now come to the Americans. We may be a free, we certainly are not, a happy people.

We are free from pestilence. Famine has not strength enough to cover the vast spaces of latitude and longitude. All the conditions of life are superb. And yet, if, to-day, the miseries everywhere moaning were gathered into one great voice, they would oppress the world with the bitterness of their wail. Tramps are everywhere; private charity is taxed beyond its power to aid; starving workmen stand at the doors of silent and harred up factories; women on scant food are nnrsing shriveled up babies; hankruptcy lurks behind damask curtains, and those who love pleasure are dancing with the sheriff hehind the door. All this in a Republic richer in resources than any empire since the time of Cæsar. Are we then fools? What are the gigantic errors which have hurt us so hadly in the beginning of our national career? The South was broken hy a terrihle war, and the North confused hy the stnpendous hlunder of financial inflation, with its train of innumerahle woes. There are, hesides, inferior causes of trouhle. The New England farmer does not farm as thriftily as the Belgian. The Western farmer robs the soil of its richness without compensation. The Southern planter finds himself on land hadly exhausted. Men have dealt freely, prodigally with land, as the early California adventurers dealt with gold. A despotism which would compel men to till small parcels thoroughly, would quickly increase the average production. An unnatural hunger for wealth has driven the farmer hoys to the cities. Over the harn-yard gate is written, "a fortune or the poor-house." Even Christianity is brought down, like the curreney, to a metallic hasis. Success in life is made dependent "upon huying for a rise," and not upon a better production of grain. The sciences of chemistry and mechanics as applied to agriculture are hardly known, though in the knowledge and application of them is the real secret of wealth. Where there is one copy of agricultural chemistry in the farmers' homes, there are five hundred copies of the "Ledger." The farmer boy holds the plow, hut his ears are open for the distant music of the trade centres. The marvellous and beautiful resources of the earth revealed by Liehig are not seen.

No douht all these errors will be corrected in the end. But commercial and economic hlunders are remedied only by sacrifice, by misery and ruin. The gutters of the great cities are full of broken-down men, for whom there might have been a life of comfort, and advantnge, and honor, had they gone to the earth for meat and drink. In 1790, one-thirtieth of the population was in cities. In 1870, one-sixth, and in 1878 one-fifth had left the country for city life.

As food ranges in price, so range the prices of other things, in the long run. Cheap food makes cheap clothing, cheap shoes, cheap music, cheap rent, cheap tools. The farmer holds the key of the position, if he will, for he cannot be starved. At his door are ments and vegetahles at first cost. Rail, and mail, and wire, bring him the news at the very moment the statesman gets it. There are no longer centres of intelligence. The rancheman of Lnramie, or Salt Lake City, and the hanker in New York, read the same items on the same morning. The merchant of the great city remembers his youth, and dreams, as he wearily sleeps, of the old homestead, and the hills, and the sunlight. The good things of life are quite evenly distrihuted if men choose to take them. It is only when there is a proper adjustment of population in town and country, that great and common prosperity comes.

.W. N. A.

THE Board of experts authorized by Congress to investigate the yellow fever epidemic of 1878, have recently submitted their report to the joint Congressional Committee. While the facts which they have collected are of very great value, they themselves declare that they have hardly done more thnn make a beginning, the urgent demand for public health legislation during the present sessinn of Congress being the excuse for the haste with which the report has been prepared. In view of this, the Board strongly and nnanimously recommends a systematic study of the nntural history of yellow fever, and that two or three skilled experts be charged with the completion of the late investigation, at least two of these experts (accompanied by an experienced microscopist,) being authorized to proceed to the West Indies, there to make a more thorough study of the yellow fever than has yet been undertaken.

In a startling collection of statistics, the Board sums up the cost to the United States of this disease in its epidemic form, and, while very careful to make no overstatements, declares positively that the facts which they have obtained justify them in recommending the adoption by the country at large of the completest possible system of quarantine, especially in the case of ships of all kinds, which, owing to the impossibility of ventilating or disinfecting their cargoes, are most dangerous carriers of both yellow fever and cholera. The poisone producing both these diseases are now known to be easily destroyed by exposure to fresh air; but it is not known how long their power lasts when shut up in close rooms, in compartments of vessels, or in the folds of clothing or goods.

Cleanliness in every direction, the Board reports as essential to health, and strongly presses the necessity of attending to the local sanitary condition of houses and towns, not only when epidemics are dreaded, but *at all times*. No drugs are known which can be relied on as preventions; fresh air, cleanliness, and good physical habits, being the only safeguards. The Board, with one exception, agree in believing that yellow fever germs are killed by cold, and that therefore they cannot anywhere in the United States, live through the winter, except when the weather is exceptionally mild, or they remain hidden away from the cold in sheltered places. They are, it is held, imported anew every season from some constantly infected South American or West Indian port, and one of the most interesting facts established by the recent examination, is that every epidemic of yellow fever which has occurred in the United States has followed directly upon the increase of the disease in countries to the south of us, with which we were at the time in commercial communication.

So far as it is at present fair to sum up the results attained by the Board, we should say that they have established several very important facts, viz: 1st, that yellow fever is not what is known as a malarial disease; that is, it is not the offspring of any such marsh miasm as gives rise to periodic fevers; 2d, that, while the existence of the specific poison of the disease has never been microscopically demonstrated, yet it is safe to assume that it is subject to laws already known, and can, in all probability, be controlled by a thorough system of quarantine; 3d, that the dissemination among the people at large of accurate information in regard to sanitary matters is of the highest importance, for, in this respect, there seems to be no doubt that knowledge is life.

We cannot but feel, in view of what Congress, through the appointment of this Board of experts, has already accomplished, that there is now open to us a grand national work, a work in which every citizen, man or woman, may have a share; for, as the report states, we can pay back to Europe all the debt which we owe to its superior sanitary science, if we can but establish the truth in regard to yellow fever and its allied diseases. M. F. A.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

RECENT legislation intended to put an end practically to Chinese immigration in violation of treaty and of common justice, is the expression of popular feeling in California. Many good men there believe that the Chinese are a curse to be removed as speedily as possible. Yet around them are able champions, and, better yet, there are facts which speak powerfully in their favor. See extract below. The American nation is sadly wanting in a proper sense of obligation to its weaker races.

The cause of raising the ex-slave to self-respect and manhood is "played out;" only here and there has it active supporters. Most of our educated people seem to believe that there is "no good Indian but a dead one," and, in spite of some general interest, there is no vigorous public sentiment in favor of Indians. The Chinaman finds America ready to take any advantage of his cheap labor, but without scruples as to his rights, and contemptuous rather than pitiful of his heathenish ways. Nobility obliges; the lack of true nobility is the real difficulty.

Prosperity is not progress. Christian civilization is a matter of spirit rather than of outward display; unless it carries out the truth that it is better to give than to receive, our civilization is not what it pretends to be.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The writer lived for five years in California, and had very considerable dealing with Chinese, and never lost a cent by crediting them, which he could not say of other nationalities. In the beginning of California's history as a State, there was a mining tax, imposed by law, to be collected from all foreigners, but only, as a rule, enforced against the Chinese. In those days they were, in many cases, harshly dealt with, very often by other foreigners. Mining claims were "salted," and sold to them for more than they were worth, and then, in many cases, they would be driven off, and not allowed to work them. So that all through they have been the subjects of attack and abuse by unscrupulous men, who, in many cases, are too lazy to work themselves and unwilling to allow those peaceable people to enjoy the fruits of their toil.

Official statements show that the annual revenue to the State is over $15,000,000 from the Chinese now in California. Chinese importers at the port of San Francisco have paid $1,800,000 duties, and a yearly rent for storage of $1,000,000. A former Surveyor General of the State expressed the opinion that the Chinese had increased the value of the property of California $200,000,000. Are these not evidences of their industry and enterprise? The writer never met a Chinaman that could not read and write in his own language. True, there is a great population in China, and fears are, therefore, entertained of an immense immigration; and they are heathen; but then they are no worse morally than many others who land on our shores without hindrance. Why not welcome them, so that our churches may do some missionary work at home among the heathen, as well as send missionaries to other lands to do the same work. In San Francisco, there are successful efforts being made in this direction.

The commerce and trade between this country and China is now great, and should rather be cultivated than hindered by legislation, for it is capable of vast development. Politicians make a great mistake if they think to gain prestige and power by legislation that is entirely at war with the genius of our government; and the masses of the people who love liberty and its spread should so express themselves.

A FORTY-NINER.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

There is already much speculation about the electric light, and its use in the place of gas. For some years great improvements have been made in constructing the apparatus for producing this light, and new inventions are of daily occurrence. It is used in more than forty large factories in France, but so far, it has not been adapted to household use. The Frenchmen are undoubtedly the most skilful electricians, at the present time, owing to the thorough education received in the polytechnic schools. Mr. Edison, about whom so much has been said, is not a scientific, that is, an educated electrician. He has taken out more than one hundred and fifty patents, but not more than two or three of any great value. He is hardly more than a brilliant experimenter, who has become famous through the kindly aid of newspaper reporters. He has not made any success, so far, in producing a desirable light. He has made people believe that he is a very wonderful man, but he has not produced any wonderful discovery of practical use. The production of electricity is now a simple matter. Formerly it was produced by means of expensive chemical agents; now it is obtained by simply converting mechanical power into electricity. This is done by making an iron ring revolve in a horse-shoe magnet. The electricity comes in great quantity, but the problem is to convey it away, and distribute it in a uniform manner. The difficulty is mechanical only, and it will be removed before long.

POLYSYLLABICISM;
or,
BIG WORDS FOR LITTLE IDEAS.

If an individual should remark to an infant that the conversation of its avuncular relative consisted of a series of polysyllables, he would only be telling a child that its uncle used long words. Lack of drainage causes a good many kinds of bodily sickness, and lack of education causes a good many kinds of intellectual diseases, and polysyllabicism may be counted among the latter. When we hear a man always rolling out long words, no matter on what subject he may be speaking, it is fair to say that his education is either lopsided, or that it has been almost wholly neglected.

If a man use a fifteen inch gun to kill a sand-fly, he is not counted a very wise being; nor a small boy well dressed, if he wear a sugar barrel for a hat. Yet broad as these examples of physical unfitness seem, they are narrow compared with the big fat words sometimes used to express lean little ideas. Real delight seems taken by some people in monthing long words, which they appear to regard as the Chinese do finger-nails—the longer, the more high toned, or aristocratic.

A good speaker judiciously mingles long and short words in his conversation, as an expert mixes oil and vinegar in a salad dressing. One of the chief causes of the difference between the conversation of an educated and an uneducated person is, that the first knows that language is both the vehicle and vesture of thought, while the other only knows the last half of this truth, and is blissfully ignorant of the fact that the first use of words is to convey ideas.

English is a mixed language, having many words of many meanings, and there is no need of sending our ideas masquerading in foreign dresses, while there are so many glove-fitting, simple, Saxon words ready to do our bidding, and make others know what we ourselves think.

If time be money, it is the part of a spendthrift to use long words where short ones will do as well. If a man only wanted to say to a friend that he had walked in a graveyard, he would waste no little time in "remarking" that he had promenaded within sepulcher environing walls. There is a good deal of sound in this last sentence, its word clothing is the gaudy garb of Southern Europe; but the naked fact it covers is no larger than that covered by the first.

It is astonishing how few people have a real faith (that is, a faith that proves itself by works) that the object of language is the communication of ideas. So long as the power of speech is used as a means of communicating ideas, man is higher than a brute; when it ceases to be such a means, there is no difference between a man's talk and the bray of an ass or the croak of a frog. If two men try to converse, neither understanding the language of the other, the words of each are simply sounds to the other, and as senseless as the vocal efforts of the animals just mentioned. If two men can speak the same language, and one of them uses words that the other cannot understand, it makes no difference, so far as communicating ideas goes, whether the words be Roman, Sanskrit, or English polysyllables; in any case, it is impolite to ask people to listen to sounds which to them are senseless.

Polysyllabicism, as a disease, is confined to no particular locality, but can be found almost anywhere where the English language is spoken. It rages with particular violence, however, among the colored people of the South; and the fact can be explained by the small chances they have had to get an education, and their natural love for music. The sonority of many-syllabled words gratifies that love of the beautiful, which finds pleasure in music, just as the rhythm of the dance, or the swell of a chorus. As they advance in education, the absurdity of using merely 'sound' words becomes clearer; but it takes a good deal of education to straighten a natural bend. There is a story told of an old miser, who gave his son the following advice as a rule for life: "Get money, my son; honestly, if you can; but get money." It occasionally seems as if some of the colored people slightly changed this advice, and made it a rule of language in some such form as this: "Use big words; if they mean anything, all right; but use big words anyway." For the last hundred years, every writing who has tried to caricature the negro, has drawn him as rolling out jaw-breaking words, meaning nothing or next to nothing. The fun in these caricatures consists in putting a heavy Ulster overcoat of words on a little baby of an idea.

There is a notion among certain classes that their dignity is heightened by using long words. The utter folly of this notion can easily be shown. If these long words properly used be spoken to people who understand them, such people are not at all astonished, and think no more of a man who speaks of "an equine dormitory," than of one who says "stall." If, however, these long words be misused, then the people who understand how they should be used, either ridicule or pity the party who misuses them. So much, then, for using long words to people who understand them. To use them to people who do not understand them is impolite, to say the least; and you might as well whistle at a man as to use language he does not understand. The best writers and speakers of whom the English language boasts, have had the greatest command of short words. Take the Lord's Prayer, there is no finer example of Saxon English; yet it is almost wholly made up of short words. It contains no word of more than three syllables and but few of them. How pithy is every clause in it, yet how within the understanding of everyone! Put it in long words, as follows: Our Paternal Ancestor, inhabitant of celestial regions, sanctified be thy Appellation, etc. How many Sunday-school scholars would recognize this as the prayer learned at their mother's knee? Yet this is only a mild case of "polysyllabicism."

To obtain anything from others by means of false pretences is a crime; and any man who tries to get the name of being very learned, from ignorant people, by using words that neither he nor they understand, is a criminal in the eye of the moral law, if not in the eye of the law of the State. No man is guilty of such a mean kind of false pretences, unless blotted with the same ridiculous pride that leads a peacock to try to sing. Such a being is both fool and knave. An old fable tells of a donkey, who found a lion's skin and put it on. All the other beasts, thinking him a lion, feared him, until his long ears stuck out. Then they jeered at him, and ridiculed him as a silly little ass. Numerous donkeys so disguised, two-legged and long-worded, are still to be found; they pass for intellectual lions, until the flop of misused long words betrays their kind. I remember when I was a small boy, that there was an Irish cook in my father's family who had impressed me as being a very intelligent woman, until one day she spoke of yeast-cakes as "discumbustibles," and from that day even a child's eyes could recognize the ears through the hide.

If a man has anything to say, he always uses simple words, that the persons addressed can understand. The reason for this is obvious—he has an idea to *communicate*. But when he has no ideas to communicate, and his self-conceit craves the hearing of his own voice, then long words begin to dribble. If a man, afflicted with polysyllabicism, really wanted a drink of milk, he would ask for a drink of milk; but if he simply wanted to hear his own voice, he would request the tender of a potion of lacteal fluid. No sane man attempts to convey an idea that he has with a word he does not understand, any more than a prudent banker will discount without inquiry a stranger's note of hand.

Long words have their places in our language; but they should be used in their places: the great cables of a man-of-war would be out of place on an oyster pungie: so are scientific and technical terms out of place in speaking of every-day, common-place matters.

Language is a mighty force, and requires careful skill in using: skill can only come from education. Because a man can handle a bow and arrow, it does not follow he can use a repeating rifle; if he try the rifle, before being taught its use, there is danger about, not only for bystanders, but himself.

Man alone can freely communicate his thoughts; and when we find one who does not know that speech was given him for this purpose, we can afford to pity him as having slid out of manhood into beasthood, and regard his misused polysyllables as the cackling of a gander, or the gobbling of a strutting turkey-cock. T. T. B.

A VERY large box of Hawaiian and South Sea Island curiosities, which arrived at Hampton Institute some months ago, after its long voyage around the Horn, has been unpacked after the delay necessary to make a place for its contents in the school museum.

The collection is exceedingly beautiful and valuable. Exquisite corals of many colors and forms; huge bowls from the Hawaiian reef; large, delicate branches—white and pink and red and yellow, from the Southern Islands; and the curious poison coral of the Sandwich Islands—the creature inhabiting its black cells, secreting a venom which makes it dangerous to step upon their sharp edges. Rare and beautiful shells, curious specimens of lava from the volcano of Kilauea, and a large "silver-sword" plant from the sides of the mountain of Haleakala; make up the natural curiosities.

Besides these, there are many of native Hawaiian art. A war spear—twenty feet long, (cut in two for packing) armed with sharks' teeth, stone pestles for pounding the taro root into the favorite national dish of *poi*, and calabashes for holding it, necklaces of bone and human hair, which have been worn by chiefs. From the Southern Islands, a grass dress and feather head-dress, wristlets of human hair in curls, curious necklaces made of closely strung rings of tortoise shell and ivory, braided mats, and a model eight feet long of a war canoe, with its crew, its sides adorned with scalps, and its prow with idols.

These and other specimens make up a very rich collection—a valuable aid in the education of the students, in extending their knowledge of and delight in the wonders of the world, and exceedingly interesting to all. The curiosities were obtained with the assistance, and in great part by the generosity, of good friends in Hawaii, and warm thanks are returned to them by the school and its officers.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

FROM AN INDIAN STUDENT—FROM A CUBAN STUDENT—"MISTAKING HIS EDUCATION"—TEACHING AT TURKEY COCK.
A YOUNG WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Dear Friend:—

I remite to you my scholarship letter. Excuse me by this letter if you pleasa. I am stranger and I do not understand English language very well; but I think next year I shall know little more than now and then I shall our mail to you other better letter. I wish ished, I went to North Carolina and taught school two months. I got along very wall with the people and think I did some good. I had to walk about six miles. I got $20.00 n months and paid $8.00 board. I commencad this school in August, 1875.

Our Superintendent had promised me a for tham, expecting to get it back the next month as they promised; but it ended in a promise. After I had closed the Turkey-cock school I felt real sad. The little children did not want to have me leave. They gave me a pic-nic although it was in March; I enjoyed it, and we all parted warm friends.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

FROM AN INDIAN STUDENT—FROM A CUBAN STUDENT—"MISTERING HIS ENUCATION"—TEACHING AT TURKEY COCK. A YOUNG WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

WE give below, as we did last year, a few of the "scholarship letters" written by stndents to the friends of the school whose contributions make its tuition free to the pupil, his only expenses being for board and personal matters.

The first scholarship letter a stndent writes, is expected to give some accont of his life and efforts to gain an education. Subsequent ones, as they may be sent to the same person, are usually on a different snbject, a vacation experience, or sometimes personal observation or opinions in regard to the condition and prospects of the people. No fine writing is encouraged or often attempted. The object is only to obtain simple and natural expressions of the stndents personality and experience, which shall show his friends how their gifts are applied. As such, we believe they will be of interest to many. They are copied without correction.

THE first letter is from an Indian boy, about 18 years old—interpreter for the Dakotas. He speaks English very well, and has entered the Junior class. He works two days a week in the Printing-office, and set up the Agricultural columns of this number and the last. He had worked at type setting a little before coming here.

Dear Friend:—

I am one of the Indian hoys who have come on here to go to school. We started from home on Sunday of October last year, and it took us four days from Yankton to come here; hut we did not come here by a straight road; there is no railroad runaing here, and we went aronad hy the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., and at Baltimore we got on a steamer (her name is "Carolina") and got hers next Thursday morning, aad took our breakfast at Normal School. After we arrived, I did not go to school for two or three weeks, on account of tha hoys. I am the only one of the party who can talk English well—hut I won't say very good, because I cannot talk so good as to call it very good. I interpret for them. Some of them can understand a little, and now they are all going to school. Soms of them are very much pleased to go to school, and some of them were anxious to learn to work, such blacksmith, carpenter, &c. My brother Charlie is here with me, and he is most contented fellow of whol of them. I don't think he ever thinks ahout home. I will work in Printing-office after a while. I could have worked, hut an officer who has charge of us he said I can go to school every day at first. This school is under kiad of Military authorities and it is a very nice place.

It is located on sea-shora aad we can see nearly a hundred ships every day, aad about two miles from Fort Moaroe.

There are forty of us hoys come from Dakota Tarritory and nine girls. Some two or three different trihes of Indians are already here when we come. There arc nearly three hnndred of people attending this school, and shont ten or dozen good teachers. The head man of this school is fiac man; his name is Gen. S. C. Armstrong. I don't think there is any had person in the department as far as I know. I have had five teachers and they are all very kind, and my studies are not very hard. I don't think they are hard, hut I have been in class only a short time; somehow or other they keep me busy nearly all tha time.

The places where I nsed to go to school are Shellsburg, Benton Co., Iowa, and Lima, Allen Co., Ohio. I went first to Shellsburg. I spent those two placcs in winter time, and I had soma fine skating sometimes with the school-hoys; they gathercd as many as possihle and we went skating on nice hright moonlight nights. Now I cannot do it here because tha climate is not cold enough, and salt water, and I do not think I shall see any ice this winter. I think that this place must he beautiful in the springtime, all the fruits growing then.

Oh, I came near forgetting one thing that I was going to tell you—there is heing put np a nice brick hlock on purpose for the Indian hoys, but not quite finished. We expect to go in next month, and it is built right in the peach orchard; it is fine a place for the boys.

Respectfnlly yours, R.

THE next letter is by a Cuban student. Last year, his letter had to be written for him. This is the first letter he has ever written in his life, as he was not taught to write in Spanish. He is a very worthy young man.

Dear Friend:—

I remite to you my scholarship letter. Excuse me hy this letter if you please. I am stranger and I do not nnderstand English language very well; hnt I think next year I shall know little more than now and then I shall can rwit to you other better letter. I wish give to you exact relation of some part of my life for some part last year, and some this year.

Oct. 2, 1877, I come from New York to Norfolk, Virginia, in 26 hours of way. I took the Hampton Va. hoat front the Fort Monroe from here. I am just arrived when I saw the Cuhan C——, he was very glad, and I too. After I was Virginia Hall and saw the teachers. After a moment I was down-stears in the dinner room ther had shout 300 yoag men and yong lady, after 20 minutes I was in friend C——'s room. I lived there five days.

Oct. 5 I went in the Preparstory class, and I was in its 13 days. Miss M. passed me to Junior class. Dec. 16 I was sick and I was good assistance. Dec. 22 I was from here to New York. I arrived thera in 26 hours of way. Dec. 23 I was in Brooklyn, and I stopped in Mr. Salavarria house. Dec. 24 I was in the morniag from New York, and saw Mr. Rev. I. Palma tha sama day, hy the evining I was in the Cuhans Societ. I spoken somathing hout this Institution.

I came hack to New York the 8 days May. I was at worck to Cigars Magnufactory. Oct. 27 I saw the Geaersl Armstroag in the Cuhan Episcopal Church. Nov. 26 the Cuban Mr. Jimenez and I come from here. Our way was nicely, hut we lost the rest of our money. We took the Fort boat to 7 o'clock in the morniag. Nov. 28 we come here 23 minutes for 9 o'clock. We were a good time that day. Nov. 29 the Captain Romeyas give us a room in the Chapel; there it is very cold becous we have not fire, hut we are very happy in this school. I aske our father that is in heaven to give us good head, good send, and never we shall caaaot forget our teacher, our protectors, and we shall continus to loving them with purity of heart for ever.

Very respectfully, C.

FEW reminiscences of the war, are now found in the scholarship letters, and they will of course become still fewer. The following letter contains some of the last to be expected.

Dear Friend:—

I was horn a slave on the 20th of December, 1857. My parents were slaves before the war and helonged to differeat masters. I helonged to the one my mother did. He was uamarried, aad not so cruel, compared with others. He went in the army, and my mother and father moved in his house aad attended to his property pretty well. When he came out he promised to pay them, hut, instead, he treated us worse than others. After we took in new ground he would he spt to rent to it to others. Father becamc tired of that, so he hought him a piece of land and hastily put up a house and moved. We suffered for awhile, trying to get money to pay for it.

Just after tha war my father was anxious that we should learn (I mean my three hrothers, sister and I); he hought us primers, and as he knew his alphabet, he taught us some of them. Sunday-schools were soon established aad I went. There was a preacher in our neighborhood that had a daughter in the North; he sent for her her to teach day school. This was about 1866. She taught about four moaths and I went most of the time. I had to walk about six miles. After school stopped at home, my father sent me to Deep Creek (a village about sixteen miles from where I lived) to school. It was a missionary school and taught by teachers from the North. In 1868 the free school commenced. Mr. William Brydson (an old geatleman from Jamaica) taught us. He was a good teacher, acknowledged to he so hy educated whites. They called him *Mr.*, and other colored men by their nama or uncls, and I suppose it was his education they were Mistering. I went to him when I could until January, 1874. I went nearly through decimal fractions and was studying grammar, geography, reading and writing. I left in the highest class. Duriag my school lifa here I hecame healthy, and father, who was very needy, would have stopped me from school; hut tha teacher told him I was learning so fast I could teach and pay bim hy and hy. I stayed with my grandfather awhila, but left to board at a place whera I could, hy doing errands afternoons and Saturdays, pay my board.

In 1874, I wanted to go to a trade, and through the influence of Lieutenant ——, then Collector of Customs at Norfolk, I got an appointment as an apprentica to tha ship-carpenters' trade in tha Portsmouth Navy Yard. I was allowed sixty-eight cents a day; but suspansions were so frequent that I hecame nnahla to pay my hoard. I fonnd I would soon he in debt; so I took my discharge. I got along very well with the managers. I left in the spring of 1875 and went home to work.

I intended to put my education to some uss. After the principal work on the farm was finished, I went to North Carolina and taught school two moaths. I got aloug very well with the people and think I did some good. I had to walk about six miles. I got $20.00 a months and paid $8.00 hoard. I commeaced this school in August, 1875.

Our Superintendent had promised me a school, for he donhtless knew of my chances and progress at school. I applied to him and got a school in Octoher of the same year. I stayed at home most of the time and had to walk about five miles morning and night. I taught three terms, and taught them how to read, write and cipher very well. They wanted me to teach this year, hut I told them I did not thiak I would. I had taught side hy side with Hampton graduates and found out how far I was hehind. I longed to come to Hampton, so father cosented to let me have part of my money for teaching last term. I worked on the farm this summer, and when Septemher came I found I could not get my money on account of Virginia's treasury heing nnahle to pay its teachers. I have not been paid yet, hut father managed to get a little for me to come with. I saw hy the catalogue that I ought to hring a recommendation. I knew the Superintendent lived in our neighborhood; I had been a scholar in his school and a teacher under him; so I went to him for one. He gave me one of which I shall be forever proud. I intend to try and conduct myself in a manner that becomes it.

My Sunday-school was near home and I had to bid it good-hye. I had loag heen a teacher in it, loved it, and labored hard to improve it. I delivered my farewell address, but felt so sorry at hearing the superintendent and others express their regret at my leaving.

I arrived at Hampton on the 25th of September. By my having studied and improved myself since my school days, I maaaged to enter the Middle class. My grammar is had, hut I have a good grammar teacher, and, with the corrections of the hoys, I hope it to he soon very much improved. The school allows as to work out half; had it not heen for that I would not have heen ahle to come.

I was converted in the summer of 1877 and joiaed the Baptist church. I attend the Friday eveniag prayer-meetings that we have regularly. I want to he a hetter Christian.

I belong to a dehating society and speak quits often. We middlers have a clah for the improvement of our manners, and we appoint critics who watch and report our condact to the clab—I am a critic at present. I want to grasp every opportunity for improvement and gather honey from each passing hour. I think a great deal of our school, its teachers and all the good people of this country who are hy their money assistiag my race to rise. I am proud of the opportunity of coming to school, while my poor brothers and sisters are destitute of it. I love to teach and think that I will he a teacher, or rather anything that will henefit my race. When I think ahout my race heing destitute of education, hoth morally aad intellectually, and unequal to others, I feel more determined to learn to help solve the problem that the colored man is a man, nothing more and nothing less. I hope I can coma to school next term and then I want to assist my hrother and sister here. I hope our Principal may live loag, for I think it would he hard to find his equal.

I hope to hear from you, together with your kind advice. Your friend, S.

THE writer of the following letter is an excellent carpenter, and it wns with a missionary spirit that he gave it up for a year to teach, making up the deficiency of his pay by his trade after his school closed.

Dear Friend:—

I left Hampton the 8th of Octoher, 1878, and arrivad at —— County, Va., the 3d of November. The same day I arrived I was examined, and my examination was satisfactory. On Sunday I opened a Sunday-school, which seemed to please all. Monday, I opened day-school with eighteen papils, and taught one week, when the officer ordered me aight miles from ——, to a place called Turkey-cock. I still held my Sunday-school at ——, which gave me a long walk every Sunday of sixteen miles. But I did not mind that if I could do any good. When I first opened, every one seemed eager for it, hut when the weather became cold, some gave way to negligence, and others, for lack of suitable clothing, would not come. I had any quantity of papers sent to me from all parts of the North, and I bought forty papers every month myself. I gave every child a paper every Sunday and I never asked them for a cent, for the people were all so awful poor. Not one had ever heard of Sankey and Moody's Hymns; so I bought 140 hooks, 130 Testaments, and twenty Bibles. A few I sold; the most I gave away.

I went to Turkey-cock and began a day-school there. I had a nica lot of children and I did nicely. Tha children all seemed to love me. I felt sorry, for many of them were too poor to send their children to a free school. Ahout ona half of tham had not a book, so I took the little money I had and bought hooks for them, expecting to get it hack the next month as they promised; hut it endes in a promise. After I had closed the Turkey-cock school I felt real sad. The little children did not want to have me leave. They gave me a pic-nic although it was in March; I enjoyed it, and we all parted warm friends.

I came hack to —— and opeaed there the 19th of March with seventy-five pupils on the roll. I did well for the first three months, but the other two I saw the hardest times I have ever seen in my life. They found out that I was from the North, and they think that is a paradise and everything comes without any trouhle whatever. I will write yon a few facts to show how ignorant they are. There are a great many families waiting for the Yankees to come from the North and give them eight acres of land and a mule. All believe in conjuration. The only conjuring I saw in reality was poisoning. They would not plant an evergreen in the yard for any price, because, they say, if tha tree dies, one of the family will die also. One night a man had the night-mare; when he got np in the morning he went to see an old woman about ninety years old, and cursed her—calling her a witch and telling her he had a mind to kill her. Whila I was teaching I did all I conld to break up superstition.

I have got along through the Junior and Middle classes successfully, and am now in the Senior class, and I feel sincerely grateful to the Northern friends for their interest in the education of our destitute race.

I have tha honor of being,
Yours sincerely, S.

THE last letter we have room for, is from a young woman of the Senior class who entered Hampton this year. She has already had long experience in teaching—some of which is interestingly given in her letter, and expects to devote her life to that work.

Dear Friend:—

I am informed that the amount yon kindly donated to this school has been applied to the payment of my tuition for the present session, and in writing this letter I make hut a slight acknowledgement of the henefit derived from your gift.

I have been here only since last September, My home is in Ohio, where I lived till I was eighteea; am now twenty-four. My father died when I was quite small, and my mother, thus left with a family of eight children to support, was unahle to give us so thorough an education as she desired us to have; still I received such a one as is to he obtained in the common schools of Ohio. When barely sixteen, I taught my first school, aad, with the exception of an occasional month or two in vacation, have taught ever since. At eighteen, I followed a sister, who was among the first to go for that purpose, south, to teach the freedmen, where I remained till the latter part of last June, when I returned home.

After going south, I first taught in Mississippi and Arkansas, hut afterward went to Memphis, Tenn., and taught school four years. Here the school year is nine months, and in the summer vacations I always took a school in the country (in Mississippi or Arkansas,) so that from the time I left Ohio till my return I was almost constantly engaged in teaching.

While I was in Memphis, my sister, who was in Mississippi, died, and the followiag fall (during the Hayes' Campaign) my hrother was murdered by Ku Klux near ——, Miss.

At the close of the Memphis school this year, being almost worn out with teaching, I concluded to return to Ohio and rest during the summer. I came, expectiag to go hack in Septemher, hut owing to the presence of yellow fever, the schools did not open at that time as nsual. When I learned this would he the case, not wishing to spend the fall in idleness, I wrote and offered my services as nurse amoag the colored people in M——. In reply to this, the Relief Committee hade me remain where I was, as hy coming there I would only add another to the victims of the fever. This was in August. Soon after, I received a letter from the Superintendant of the Memphis schools, in which he very highly recommended this school, and advised me (as the fever in M. threw me out of present employment) to improve the time hy coming here a year to school. With the letter he also sent a catalogue and other papers giving accounts of the school, which I read, and, after consulting my friends, concluded to come. I came, entered the Senior class, and hope to graduato in June.

I had long since given up the hope which I entertained when I first left school to teach, of returning again; hut now that I am here, the old desire to take a college course has come hack to ms, and I propose, after leaving here, to enter a school of higher grade, and by teaching part of the time, hope to get probably two years longer in school. Then I shall settle down to what I expect to maka tha remainder of my life's work—teaching.

Yours truly, O.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

AN UNDER-GRADUATE'S REPORT—GLEANINGS.

tute as the H. N. A. I. My hoarding place is three hundred yards from the school-house; my board is furniahed hy tha patrons, free of preciated. I can only say that in payment of such dahts, I will anclose you if you will answer affirmatively, my next County warrant, not being ahla to receiva any cash for tham next fall; all that I send will be fit for the Junior class, I hope. Some kind friend sent me the *Educational Journal*; I am very much obliged to tha sender. I read it with care

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

AN UNDER-GRADUATE'S REPORT—GLEANING AFTER THE REAPERS—SCHOLARS FORTY YEARS OLD—TEACHING BY CHART—SOME YOUNG WOMEN'S WORK. UNSECTARIAN EFFORTS.

AN undergraduate who has been staying out this yenr to help pay his own way through school, gives the following graphic account of his work.

——, VA., *Jan.*, 1879.

General S. C. Armstrong, Principal:

DEAR SIR:

Havlog received a paper from Hampton which gnvs nn account of some of the graduates thnt nre out teachlng; nnd seeming to be so successful in the work, it encoursped me to write to let you hear from me. Being n Prep, as they call thn Preparatories, I nm not qualified to write you a very interesting letter, but feel that I can reap my thousands, while the graduntes reap their tens of thousands.

Last term was my first term at Hampton. I arrived on the fourth of Dec. '78. I llked the school nnd tried to be n faithful student. After school closed, I returned home. During vacatloe, my health was bad, so thnt I was not able to earn means to return to school. I than repaired to the country, and while there, I found the peopls very badly in nsed of a teacher. They had a teacher some years ngo, but he left becanse he could get more for teaching elsowhers. And what was to be done? The garden thnt had been tilled for sovon yenrs, was now left desolate and overgrown with thorns and thistles; the roses thnt so beautifully adorned it, were choked nnd withered nwny. The young minds that were so eagerly bent for learning, had now relnpsed into idolsnce and intemperance. The fathers and mothers cried "Help us for our children ars going to destruction, we wnnt n tencher, and must havs one. The state says we cannot help you, for we nre in debt and cannot help ourselves."

So you see the condition the poor people are in here. Could a Hnmpton student turn his back on these poor people? No, I say not, for love to his race would not suffer him to do so.

After witnessing the sad condition that this peopls were in, I felt sorry for them; but did not think that I could do them any good, for I felt myself incapable of teaching. It was my desire to do something for the upliftlng of my race, but I thonght that I could help them in the future, I did not think the time had yet come, so when the time presented itself to me, I refused. But after persuasion I resolved to try.

I then went to the county seat, for examination. The Supt. is a very nice man, every body hare speaks wsll of him, I also prssented him a recommendation from the Supt. of Public schools in ——, Va. After finding out from the recomendation that I was from Hampton, he said that he would be very glad to give me a school, but did not know whether he could or no, for he thought the schools were all supplied with teachers, for tbey had closed one-hnlf of the schools because they had not money to pay the teachors, but come back in a day or two and he would see. So I went back and was sxmmined. He said that I passed n very good examination. The mnximum grade was ten and I stood 8, 4-6. The next week I opensd school. I opened with nine scholars first day, next day fourteen, next twenty-two, and so on up to thirty-six, and the school is still increasing. The first thing I had to do was to get the children to be sociable to each other, for they thought they had come to school to fight and quarrel. The next tronble was to get books, for thsir parents were poor and could not get books, so I had to teach them from the black-board, and uso whatever books I could get. I have been teaching here three months, and have a very nice school. I am not bothered now with the children fighting, they seem to have forgotten all of their bad habits and are trying to learn. My first class is in common fractions, and is also studying geography, grammar and other studies.

Every Friday evening I teach them to sing, and other exercises. I have a nice lot of little singers. Nearly every Friday evening the patrons and strangers come to hear the children sing. During the holidays, I gave an exhibition, and everything passed nicely. Mr. D. B. Peyton of Chicago, one of the Sunday School Superintendents, was present and delivered a few words of encouragement to the scholars, and the I. O. G. T. of which we have a lodge. I taught night school up to Christmas. This was for the mothors and fathors. They would send their children in the day, and come at night themselves. Some of my scholars were about forty years of age; they all seemed to learn very fast. They say they wish I could stay here with them for they are anxious to learn, and want their children to learn. When I left Hampton, they say they wish they were able to send their children.

I am also engaged in the temperance work. I have n temperance lodge in my school-house, and it is doing a great deal of good. Men that used to spend forty, fifty, and sixty dollars a year for whiskey have joinad us, and say that they do without it, and have no desire for it.

I have not seen my of the Hampton teachers since I left school. But few people here know nnything of there being such an Institute as the H. N. A. I. My boarding place is three hundred yards from tha school-house; my board is furnished by the patrons, free of charge; my post-office is three miles distant. I have not had any difficulty whatever with either white or colored.

I was very glad to receive the papers you sent, for they are the only papers I havs to read. I am teaching on promises and have no money to get a paper with. My time will be up in March, after which I expect to return to Hnmpton.

I remain yours, B.

THE following letter is from a young women who graduated several years ago and has ever since been doing a good work for her people and making progress herself.

——, VA., *Jan.* 23, 1879.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong—

Dear Friend:

I receivsd your postal n short while ago concerning the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, and will be glad to take it as stated on the card. Please find enclosed twenty-five cents for the same, to begin with the Jan. number which I have nlready received. I feel that I can never do without this "Workmnn," and do not intend to as long as it is within my reach. I have received both it'nnd the Educational Journal regulnrly since I have been teaching, for which plense accept my heartfelt thanks. Perhaps you would like to know something of my work. I nm still engaged, in teaching, though not a public school. Almost nll the public schools in this county—my own included—have been suspended until next Oct.; on account of the scarcity of public school funds and the indebtedness to teachers for the past yenr. But I opened a private school the 14th of last October, and have succeeded very well so fnr. My school is not very large, but is very interesting. I have seventeen scholars nt present that pay me one dollar per month. A good many more are expected when the weather gets better. The most of my patrons pay very well indeed. There are a few negligent ones, but the Lord has so blessed me since I have graduated in giving me employment, and health nnd strength to do it with, that if I do not get every dollar for my work I shnll not consider it a loss, for I am satisfied that I am doing some good. I have two scholars that could enter the Middle class, and several that could enter the Junior class at Hnmpton, were thoir parents ahle to send them. The majority of the colored people in this section have become so discouraged about having no schools for their children when they are paying taxes regularly, thnt their minds are directed toward buying land and building homes for themselves more than toward the education of their children. But I often tell them in the church and Sunday school where I meet them, that while it is important for them to buy land and own houses, I do not think it meet for them to give ull of their time and attention to that alone, and let their children grow up in ignorance, because they do not receive the ready benefit of their money yaid for taxes. Both are important, and each should be attended to.

Dear General—I often think of the good advice and instruction given by you to our class in the evening lectures. There nre certain remarks I can never forget, for I have learned hy experience thsir trus meaning. I can fully agree with some of my fellow-teachers about finding friends in our field of labor, and they are not all mnong our own color. I nm glad to see that it is elsewhere as here. All through these past three yenrs of teaching, I have found firm friends among our white citizens as well as colorod. And not myself alone, but all colored people here who endeavor to elevate and do respect themselves. Self-respect commands respect.

I think I can say of n truth that the feeling of prsjudice is slowly but surely dying out. A great deal more depends now upon how the colored race conduct themselves in their relations with one another and the whites, than upon any thing olse, as regards their progress and prosperity.

I am glad to hear through the "Southern Workman" such encouraging news concerning our Indian friends at Hampton. I hope their being there may prove a blessing both to them and those by whom they nre surrounded. I have a great curiosity to see them in their studies, &c., and hope to do so perhaps next spring. With love for nll the teachers and friends, I remain,

Yours sincerely, S.

THE great eagernesa with which the graduate teachers ask for suggestiona nnd advice in their work, is great encouragement to those who are trying to prepare them for it.

It is believed that the demonstration of Col. Parker's method of object teaching which one of his trained teachers is now giving to the teachers of the Butler school and to the present Senior class, will prove of very great value to them.

——, VA., *Jan. 11th*, 1879.

Dear General:

Your extreme kindness in waiting so patiently on me for my balance is very much appreciated. I can only say that in payment of such debts, I will enclose you if you will answer affirmatively, my next County warrant, not being able to receive any cash for them unless I have them discounted at a very large percentage. As you said in your bill, teachers' County warrants will be received on full value in settlement of debt.

I am pleasantly situated, Gsneral, and I must confess I like to teach very wsll indeed; better than I ever expected. My school is a nice one indeed, having been previously conducted by a competent young man now at Hampton at school. The children are fond of teachers and like to attend school. Some are quite advnnced too. I find my greatest difficulty in persuading them to give up drinking. They drink fearfully, mon and womon, and still retain their places in the churches. They are fond of school teachers though. I wish you would see if you have any old temperance tracts left from last year, please send me them. My peopls here need much lifting up in this respect, and in the Sundny School. Our only hope of rescuing this, my race, I see after coming among them, is by getting after the young minds and planting within them in time, the sseds of morality, temperance and other virtues. The old folks are too far gone, and past nll hopes. I have looksd, and studied, and asked the opinion of the wiser men and they say the old folks are too conceited to be improved much.

You don't know how much my pupils enjoy the chart; I find it of invaluable service, and shall never stop teaching "Col. Parker's system." It is undoubtedly better than the singsong method of say a, b, c, and asking, What letter is that? I only wish *all* teachers had them. I am sure the children would learn five times as fast. I have now on roll fifty-six pupils and some of them are bouncers too, but still they are behaving nicely and I am doing (I think) a good work. Those papers, I have given out in the Sundny School. They like them very much and come regularly.

My scholars, I. e. some, are quite advnnced. I love them all alike, and so far have not fallen into that common error of favoring "favorites." My love for teaching I must confess, though re-Incrnntly, increases with every days labor. I always had before beginning, a horror of teaching, but it is gone and now I stand a lover of n work I once dreaded.

I Love to Miss C., tell her I find her suggestion for geography teaching, good. I find this my hardest branch to teach with ease. I always hated geography while in school, and never liked it since. I hope Col. Parker will find a way to teach it. Have you any back numbers of the "Southern Workman," containing any of Prof. Allen's lectures on teaching? If so please send me one.

Yours truly B.

THE following letter is from a young woman who is faithfully trying to "hold up a light" in one of the dnrk plnces whose existence under the noonday beams of thia enlightened age and nation, it is hard to imagine.

——, *Dec. 26th*, 1878.

Dear friend:

I know you ure thinking that I have entirely forgotten you. Well, this proves thnt I have not. I have often thought of you dear Miss H., and desired to write you, but have been very busy in school and really could not find time to write to my friends.

I opened Sundny School on the 15th, for the little folks, who had never been inside of a Sunday School room. There is only one Sunday School in this place, and that is three or four miles from my boarding place I have pupils in my school who have never been in Sunday School, almost as old as I am. They didn't even know who made them, and who made the world. I tell you it is surprising to find such a thing in a civilized country. The people nre delighted with this idea. I have carried it on now for ten Sundays. I have found great use for the papers Miss L. sent me, the children are so well-pleased with them. Miss H., if you can find any papers or cards that you can let me have for my S. S., I will be so much obliged to you. The children enjoy reading them. They find good topics for them. I have on roll now twenty pupils. The people have been very busy on their farms, but they are about through now, and will commence going to school next week. I open school every morning with reading a chapter and prayer. I have the children repeat the Lord' Prayer after me. I have a large class studying English grammar, this is our most advnced class. They are now in reduction of fractions.

I close school about 4 o'clock every day, except Friday, then I close earlier so as to have about an hour for singing. I am trying to teach my pupils how to sing the Sankey and Moody hymns; they are learning very fast. I have a great many grown people to visit my singing school.

All the people seem to think a great deal of me; they are doing all they cnn to keep me here two or three years. I am doing all I can for this people, and they know it. I am trying to get two or three boys ready for next fall; all that I send will be fit for the Junior class, I hope. Some kind friend sent me the *Educational Journal*; I am very much obliged to the sender. I read it with eara and interest. I am glad to have something to read. I read to the family I stop with; they enjoy my reading, and seem to take in new ideas.

Ella Freeman is teaching only n few miles from me. I have not seen her yet. I am about six miles from D—— ——, and L—— H——. I received my money for my first month in full, and the month will soon be out again. I opened on the 6th of November. Remember me with love to all the teachers. Give my love to Mrs. D.

P. S. The gentleman I am boarding with is a Baptist minister. He takes the "Southern Workman." I was reading one the other day, and a very interesting letter in it which advises the young teachers to visit the parents of the pupils. I have not done this yet, but I am going to commence next week.

There are two bad habits the peopls follow up here, and that is chewing tobacco and drinking whiskey. I often talk to them about it, but they say "money is all they want," yet they are always complaining about being so poor, and not able to get an education. I tell them the way to get it, is to stop paying so much money for trifles.

I am going to commence taking the "Southern Workmsn next month. I hope you will write to me soon.

Yours with love, M.

THAT the unsectnrian character of the Normal school has an effect upon its graduates, making them more willing and able to work for good wherever they may happen to be thrown, untrammelled by narrow and ignorant prejudices, is a result intended and welcomed, and is pleasantly exemplified in the following letter.

——, *Dec.*, 1878.

My dear Miss H.:

As it is very rainy to-day, and I cannot go to Sunday School, I thought I would spend a few moments in writing to you. I have both Baptist and Methodist children in school, so I thought it would be nice to divide my Sabbath between the two churches. I teach in the forenoon in the Baptist, and in the afternoon the Methodist. But before entering the Baptist Sunday school I thought it best to see the minister of that church One Wednesday afternoon I sent, for him: while conversing with him I found out that he had been a former student of Hampton. We were strangers when we first met, but old acquaintances before we parted. He gladly accepted my services, and said the teachers before had not seemed to take any interest in their school at all. I told him I was willing to help them in any way I could. We bade good bye, I promising him to be there this next Sabbath. I went and found a great many happy little faces there, most of them wers children that came to school to me through the week; we had a nice time. The minister introduced me and me to the school—all seemed happy to receive us. The Methodists seem to claim nll the teachers, so I considered myself a member any way, and went without any trouble. I have a hundred and seven children now, I hardly know where to put them; we have *still* the promise of a *full* school Christmas, where to put them, we are at a stand. L. and I get along nicely with our schools; both teach in the same room. The church is quite large where we teach and we have but one stove, so you see it makes it a little unpleasant sometimes, but otherwise it is quite nice. It is so much nicer to be teaching here than it was last winter where I was; although I did enjoy it last winter, if it was in fear. Mr. B. sent me a nice bundle a few weeks ago for the children; in it I found a nice chart. You do not know what a great help it was for my school. The children are learning to read nicely from it. I gave the things out one Friday afternoon; if you could have been here, to see the many happy little faces. Of course there were n great many that did not get anything. I got a nice lot of Sunday School papers which help in my Sunday School nicely. Fridays, I take Miss L.'s plan, have them to read papers and select pieces for the children to read. Every one seems to like it.

R. C. teaches only seven miles north of me. I see him every week. It always seems pleasant to me to see any one from H——. I have been teaching two months, so you see it only leaves three months for this wonderful piece of work to be done in. The children have begun to ask us if we are not going to teach next winter. I have not said yes, although the Supt. has told us we shall have it the next year "for nine months."

I hope you will write to me soon. I am very anxious to hear from you. Love to M. and L., I can almost hear the bells ringing at H——, for Sunday School.

I am yours truly, S.

RECORD OF HUMAN PROGRESS

their needles making dresses for themselves; that boy or girl, or gazing upon those beau-

thirty-three, the last three weeks, is the num-

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

Donations, large or small, will be most welcome, and are needed to supply our Indian students with tools and implements of various kinds. Of the sixty-six Indians, only six have trunks, and each should have one. Suitable trunks can be obtained at three dollars apiece.

The pro rata cost of furnishing one room for the Indian students is two hundred dollars. Many are now unprovided for.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

It is wonderful how much interest we take in passing events when we feel that we shall be called upon to describe them to others; but the incidents of every day life must be woven together to make a talk to the people or an article for the newspaper.

It is well known that Hampton Roads is a safe harbor for sailors when a storm is coming on. When the gale in its fury drives the vessels over the ocean, scores of others are safely anchored in the Roads where they ride until the storm is over and the sun sets with a clear promise for the coming day; at night the countless lights dancing upon the water suggest the idea of a floating city. It is a fine sight to see the vessels with all sails set slowly moving towards the ocean; to me they look like monstrous birds hovering over the water, but the Indians think differently about it; it gives them a very happy impression, they clap their hands and shout for joy.

"HEAP WIGWAM."

"See! See!" they say to me. I look in the direction they point. "See! See!" they repeat, "heap Indian lodges; one—two—three"—"Do you mean wigwams?" I ask. "Yes, Indian houses,—they good houses, me want to talk to the Indians." I tell them that what they see are not lodges but boats on the water; but I ask, if these were lodges and Indians in them, how could you expect the people to hear you as you are so far away? "Me take looking glass, and throw light on their faces; they see me and I talk to them by hand." This is a very *handy* and reliable way of communicating, as it never gets out of order—the mirror is much used by the Indians when they want to give signals; it will bring the sun's rays to a focus and throw the light a distance of six or seven miles; at a shorter distance it is used to attract the attention of the person with whom they wish to talk; the conversation is carried on with the hands by means of signs similar to those employed by the deaf and dumb.

WHAT THE GIRLS ARE DOING.

Somehow woman's rights appear to be generally made second to man's. I do not pretend to say that this order dates from the creation, but we know how it was with the primitive pair in the garden of Eden. In writing about the Indians, the girls have unhappily been made second again, as I knew more about the boys; but they are not second in order in intellect; in written exercises they are not excelled by any of the boys, yet it is difficult to get them to recite verbally, which is probably the result of home training, for the Indian women are expected to be silent in the presence of the lords of creation.

Soon after the arrival of the Indian party, one of the girls began to show a most unamiable disposition; she was very obstinate and exerted a bad influence over the other girls; everything that tended to improve she opposed; her work and studies were neglected. Now she is developing a lovely disposition and habits of neatness; takes great pride in keeping her room clean, and likes to work better than the other girls.

Every two weeks the girls ask the matron for buckets that they may scrub their rooms. The tendency is to be neat; at present however a strict supervision is needed lest they fall back to their old ways of living, for in certain conditions of life good habits may be easily lost, but it is exceedingly hard to get rid of the bad ones.

The girls are working in the laundry, industrial-room, and dining-room: they are easily fatigued and have not the vigorous constitution of the colored girls. When doing laundry work they cannot work all day at the tub or with the iron, so their work has to be changed.

THE GIRLS' STUDY HOUR.

The girls study at night in Virginia Hall. I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to visit their study hour. It was a very pleasant sight that met my eyes; they had gathered for their evening work and were very busy when I entered; two were sitting at a table playing checkers, while another girl equally interested in the game sat near the players steadily watching as the play went on. At another table, two girls were very busy with their needles making dresses for themselves: at the same table sat a bright-eyed little girl who was arranging in proper order small blocks of wood on each of which was a part of a multiplication table; another was spelling words from a primer; the teacher sat near by ready to assist and direct them when they needed help. All appeared happy; amusement and instruction are well united and serve to relieve the dull routine of every day life. The effort of the girls shows them to be sincere and eager in their desire to improve themselves. I asked their teacher what kind of government she exercises over them, Autocratic, Aristocratic, or Democratic. The teacher has not recently taken charge of the girls, so the kind of government has not been decided upon. It appears to me that the form of our national government is as well adapted to the school-room as to the States. With us, the school-room should lay the foundation of honorable citizenship. It should be the effort of the teacher to make every child feel that he is a ruler, that he governs the school-room. It pays to trust children; when a child feels that instead of being watched, he is to watch the conduct of others, then he learns his first lesson in self control.

WHAT WE NEED TO REALIZE.

In dealing with the Indian, history has proved that what we need to realize more than anything else is that he is a *man*. When

A NORTHERN WIFE. (*See next page.*)

we are ready to treat him no more as a brute but as a brother, then our Western frontier will no longer need to be guarded by armed men, for the just and equitable laws of a common country will protect the pale face and the red man. I do not believe that a people can be found who will not observe the rights of others when its own rights are observed and protected. Individual sins are not race sins: if they were, then the Anglo Saxon and all other races are as much doomed to-day as though the curse had already been pronounced against them.

From letters received by Capt. Pratt during the month we select passages of encouragement and general interest in our Indian work as follows.

An Indian Agent writes from Dakota, January 13th:

Agency, D. T., *Jan.* 13, 1879.

Capt. R. H. Pratt,
Ag. Institute, Hampton, Va.

My dear Captain:

Your long and friendly letter was full of good news and very cheerful. It has gone the rounds in company with the "Workman" and given great pleasure. The pictures came the mail after, and many an Indian eye has gladdened when recognizing that boy or girl, or gazing upon those beautiful grounds and fine buildings. The large photographs you did not mark; so we cannot tell which this or that structure is as we would much like to know. I am building a new office building in which will be a Council room. On its walls I intend shall hang in frames the pictures of Hampton Institute and grounds, and other pictures and maps of every kind are desired for this purpose. I shall make an appeal to the Indian Department as well as to friends in New York.

Hampton Institute has a hold on this tribe which will increase and widen with years.

Very sincerely yours,

D.

A Missionary, from Dakota, writes,

"Children are writing home that they have a great house to live in and are much pleased on the whole.

Much success to you all."

And in a later letter, he says:

Agency, D. T., *Jan.* 14, 1879.

Capt. R. H. Pratt — My dear friend:

I write a line just to tell you how much gratified I am at the success of this effort to educate Indian youth, not only at your success in obtaining the pupils, but that everything has been got into working order with so little mishap or dissatisfaction —scholars, parents, chiefs, friends every one pleased so far as I know. I believe the Lord has prospered and I trust he will bless it as an efficient factor in the salvation of the Indian race.

With many kind wishes,

Yours truly,

W.

From a long letter from Miss Myra Calhoun a Missionary teacher at Ft. Berthold, Dakota, we extract some account of the educational effort there. This work is under the care of the A. B. C. F. M. and in charge of Rev. C. L. Hall who has promised us some account of it at an early day.

Fort Berthold, D. T., *Jan.* 11, 1879.

Capt. R. H. Pratt,—Dear friend:

Our schools are all quite full. Miss Briggs and I have morning school at the same time; Miss B. afternoon school for advanced pupils, and Mr. Hall night school for young men Gros Ventree and Mandans. Our weekly meal (a dinner is given every week as a reward for punctual attendance) is becoming no light task, as it has been for several weeks past. Twenty-nine, forty-two thirty-three, the last three weeks, is the number who came every day each week. I am kept very busy afternoons, cutting out clothes for Indians from annuity goods, helping some to sew them, and now much of the kitchen work falls on me while Miss B. has her afternoon session. At night I go over with Mr. Hall to help at singing, and then employ myself in behalf of the Indians, usually, until eight o'clock.

My scholars (boys) have been clothed in suits from annuity goods, and seem quite proud of them. It is pleasant to see them look so neat. The young men have received nothing, but have taken great pleasure in presenting themselves at night school *in full suits* "putting on airs." They have secured them from the old men who do not care to wear them. They take delight in wearing them, that they would not, had the clothes been issued *to them.*

Another letter from the old Chief Minimic, dated 24th of Jan'y shows the very interesting fact that he and his young men are cutting wood and working towards civilization. To those acquainted with and interested in these struggling men, the letter will have a significance, and we publish it entire.

Darlington, Indian Territory, *January* 24, 1879.

My dear friend, Capt. Pratt:

I was glad to get your letter. I right with the Agent, and trying to do all the good can for my people. All that you have told me I am holding close to my heart. I give none of it away. Since I returned some of my people have gone after buffalo, but I did not go. Those who went are now returning poor; found nothing but small game. I have a large party of my young men chopping wood for the Agent at the rate of $1.25 for each "pile" (1 cord). I got to thinking about you in the wood camp, and concluded to walk in to the Agent's house and remain with him last night to talk and to write to you. The Agent is now writing for me. My wife came in with me. When I was with you, I always listened to your advice. I found you never deceived me, and I shall always remember you as one of my best friends. I have thought very often about going back to see you as my people are poor, and don't know how to live clean like the whites. Tell "Coho," and "White Man" to write me soon for I am anxious to hear from them. Everything that the Hampton boys write to me, I hold fast, and take their good advice, and press it upon others. The Agent is using strong efforts to get all the young men at work so they will not be poor. I go around from lodge to lodge and hear the Indians talk, about it and I knew they all are anxious to do as he wishes them,—except a few Northern Cheyennes, who are not ready to do right. All the young men of my party are ready to hear my advice, and sixty of them in my camp, dressed like whites and have hair cut, and there are several other parties doing the same. The coat given me by the Agent, that was sent from my lady friend is very nice, and I was glad to get it. The "Dull-knife" Sioux Cheyennes were here one year, but would not listen to good talk, were anxious to do bad, and talk bad and then ran away, and have had much trouble. I feel sorry for their women and children. We don't want them here, but you must not feel bad about them, for they would not listen to good talk but made a bad "road" and have to suffer. I would like to see all my old friends at St. Augustine (he here speaks of a lady whom he calls "Lucy") and visit them at their houses. I like to hear from you.

Your friend,

"Minimic."

Witness, John D. Miles,
Indian Agent.

The following speech was composed, and delivered by Tsait-kope-ta, (Bear Mountain) one of the Florida prisoners, at a meeting in the parlor of the young men's Christian Association building, New York, on the 24th of January. As the opinions of an Indian who has experienced the extremes of both savage and civilized life, and who knows his people it is worth something.

My Friends: I hope you will excuse me, if I do not good make you understand, for I cannot much speak English.

I think it is like this about Indians. You know wild animals run away from men, because they think they want to hurt them, and when you catch them, they try to hurt you, but if you are kind and give them enough to eat, they get tame, and no more afraid of you.

Just the same Indians—they afraid they run from white man, and when he find them they fight, because they think he enemy, and can't trust him.

Indians got souls—some people don't think

so, but it *sure*. They feel like other men, | was no attempt to educate girls, which made | broken loose and drifted away from them. It | wheelbarrow can be taken on to the top of
the matter worse than it might have been. I | could not get back to them, and they were | the manure heap. The saving of time in

so, but it *sure*. They feel like other men, only don't want deceive him, don't cheat him, don't break promises, and very soon no more enemy and trust you.

Some Indians got good hearts, just the sama as men everywhere, some good, some bad, some kind, some unkind.

I think you much excuse Indian. You know which good way. *You* know about God. *You* got churches *You* got schools and books. You got *everything*.

Indians only know about fight and other bad things. They can't know good if nobody teach them good. White men there West teach much bad.

Indian Territory got much Whitemen's and Indian's blood upon it. That is *bad* ground with men's blood on it, but may be some people think not enough there yet. God don't think so. He wants peace.

Some good people Far West, but I think this way more good people. Here the people near the Atlantic Ocean, like the middle of the river, clear and clean, but there more like anything bad that comes into the shore.

This I can't understand. The people all over this country choose one man for President. Perhaps he want good for Indian's peace, but others don't want his way. Some ona way think and talk, some other way and he can't do what he want.

Why can't he do what he know is good and right, if he the greatest man in our country? Oh, I know all good people want this fighting to stop. I want Indians all feel good to white men, and white men to Indians.

I know God want so. I know all Indians glad to have *peace*.

The Rev. Mr. Gravatt, Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Hampton kindly permits us to publish a private letter from a Christian teacher in Dakota Territory.

Mr. Gravatt gives religious instruction three times a week to our Indian students who at their homes attended the Episcopal church or were communicants.

Rev. Mr. Cook's remarks about the education of Indian girls, are timely. We feel deeply the importance of securing a number of them to educate.

Yankton Agency, Dak., *Jan.* 23, 1879.

Rev. J. J. Gravatt, Hampton, Va.

Rev. and dear brother:

Yours of 2d inst., came duly to hand. It gave me great pleasure to know that you are so deeply interested in the Indian youth there. I have received a great many letters from them in which they always speak of you and your efforts for their good with a great deal of love and interest. Recently Frank Yellow-bird wrote me asking me for a Bible, Psalm Book and Hymn Book, in the Dakota language, as he was desirous to read and study them, since he understands the English so imperfectly that from English books he can at present get no good. At the same time, he says he is exceedingly anxious to learn the English and studies hard. I have sent him a New Testament, but the others I have not as yet. Frank is a good boy, and has very good abilities. I pray that his present earnestness about these things may continue, and that God may lead him to some good work among his people. Edwin Ashley wrote me that he and others have been admitted to the sacred communion—for which I am glad. I think a great deal of my name-sake. He is a good example of a well-developed Indian—physically—and he has always been so gentle, and good, and kind that I have high hopes of his future usefulness. I should like very much to visit Hampton to see them and you, and confer with you and others as to their welfare, but I fear it is not in store for me in the near future. I stick very closely to my work generally, and hence seldom leave it. I think it would do you good and heighten your interest to make us a visit, which I shall be glad if you will do. I am exceedingly interested in this experiment, and I think the right course has been taken to make it a success. I only regret that there is not an equal number of girls there. For the future of the boys, that is very important. If the future wives and mothers of the people are rescued from heathenism and barbarism, the true civilization of the people is secured. Otherwise, it will be a failure, or, at least, a partial success. Such an experiment as this was tried by the Government many years ago in Kentucky; but it lacked the moral and religious element which this one has, and was to a large extent a failure, and necessarily so. The youth, without religious principle to guide them, returned to their people to find themselves like fish ont of water, surrounded by darkness and heathenism, and finally tired of maintaining an isolated position with no sympathizers among their people, and looked down upon by the surrounding whites, they threw themselves into their old life and became worse than the generality of their people. Then too, there was no attempt to educate girls, which made the matter worse than it might have been. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time, and, if I can be of any use to you in this noble undertaking, please command me. Our work here goes on quietly, and I hope successfully. Our Sunday morning congregations are crowded, and singing and responses are very inspiriting.

Please give my sincerest love to tha Indian boys and girls. So far as I know, their relatives are all in good health.

Sincerely your friend,

Joseph W. Cook.

The following statement was recently handed to us by an old and tried friend of the Indian race, and is well worthy of publication.

Comparative condition and progress of the Central Superintendency—about 16,000—as shown by their schools, pupils, and productions, between the years 1868, 1875 and 1878, and which illustrates the effect of the peace policy, which commenced in 1869.

	1868	1875	1878
Number of Schools	4	15	15
" " Pupils	105	886	*973
Acres of land cultivated by Indians	3,220	14,499	18,495
Corn raised, number of bushels	31,700	320,500	440,540
Wheat " " "	833	28,032	†
Potatoes " " "	1,773	17,102	15,200
Hay raised, Tons	750	4,996	5,850
Horses, ponies and mules owned by Indians	17,924	25,921	220,844
Cattle raised	640	9,540	‡12,699
Hogs "	1,074	12,266	18,021
Houses owned and occupied by Indians	none reported.	1,042	1,356

* If the school accommodation had been sufficient the number of pupils would have been much greater in 1868.

† Mostly lost by rain, and not reported.

‡ During the last three years named there were probably about 15,000 horses stolen from the Indians by professional horse thieves who made regular excursions through the Indian Territory selling in Texas the horses stolen in their journey southward, and in Kansas those stolen in the journey northward.

The above was taken from official reports.

Benjamin Tatham.

January 25th, 1879.

A NORTHERN WIFE.

From rather far north, to be sure, and not much like a trim Yankee housewife is Mrs. Hans Christian in her arctic home, which, I am afraid, smells more of seal-oil and whale-blubber than of soapsuds and whitewash. But a wife's and mother's heart beats under her queer fur wrappings, and she has passed through some wonderful adventures with her admiring husband, who has written them all in a book.

Everyone who has read Dr. Kane's Travels in the Arctic Regions remembers tho Doctor's brave little Eskimo guide, Hans Christian. The Eskimos are the native Indians who are at home in that desolate frozen country, and, no doubt, think it the best land the sun shines upon, though for nearly six months at a time, all through the winter, it does not shine at all. For two of these terrible Arctic winters, Dr. Kane's ship was frozen fast in the ice, but he made many expeditions in his sleds, drawn by the sturdy Eskimo dogs, and in these dangerous journeys Hans was very useful.

In after years he was employed by other travelers, and had many adventures. His book describing them was written in his own Eskimo language, but has been translated. It begins thus: "To relate how the northern part of the big country came to be explored, I write this, I, Hans Hendrik."

It was while he traveled with Dr. Kane that he resolved to marry, though for a time he seemed to have some trouble to get a wife; for, "Afterwards," he says, "I got a sweetheart whom I resolved never to part with, but to keep as my wife in the country of the Christians. Since then she has been baptized and partaken of tha Lord's Supper." His resolution was carried out bravely, and his little wife, Merkut, went with him on most of his travels thereafter.

The most wonderful of all his adventures was shared by both his wife and their baby. In 1872, he was asked to join an American exploring party under Captain Hall, in the good ship Polaris. Of course Merkut and the three children must go along. They had a good journey and got much nearer the North Pole than the last party had, when troubles began. Captain Hall sickened and died. They left him in his lonely, frozen grave and started southward, but were overtaken by the winter storms and darkness. They had to tie the ship fast to an iceberg and spend tha winter there. It was a longer winter than usual and the ica held them fast till the next August. About thet time, a new baby was born to Hans Christian; Charles Polaris Hendrik they called him, after the good ship, which drifted on southward for two months, and then seemed so disabled—strained and leaking—that tha women and children, and some of the men, with plenty of provisions, were put off on to the ice. Still, they meant to stay together, and were greatly distressed one dark night, to find that tha Polaris had broken loose and drifted away from them. It could not get back to them, and they were left alone—ten white men, the two Eskimo guides, Joe and Hans, with their wives and five children, one of them a baby two months old. Fortunately, Captain Tyson and the seal hunters and bear hunters were with them.

The ice they were on was not part of the main land, but a large floating cake, on which they sometimes drifted, sometimes rested, as it was caught and frozen in; floating about thus in Baffin's Bay, strange as it may seem, for six months—all the winter and spring—till at last they were picked up by the Tigress off the coast of Labrador, 1,500 miles from where they started. The Tigress took them to Newfonndland, and you may be sure the edventurers were taken good care of, especially the little Polar baby, snch a traveler as he was. One would think that voyage would have satisfied Hans himself, but he tried it once more with an English expedition, this time, however, without his family, and feeling very homesick for them.—"Often falling a-weeping; remembering my wife and little children, especially that little son of mine who is so much attached to me." He reached his Greenland home in safety, after having gone with the expedition nearer the North Pole than any travelers had been before, and no doubt Mrs. Hans hopes that he will be contented now to stay at home.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

Lick House, San Francisco, Nov. 9, 1878.

Gen'l Armstrong, Hampton, Va.—

My dear Sir: The book you sent for the good people on Pitcairn's Island has been received and will be forwarded by ship "Harvey Mills," which is here and loading for Liverpool. I take great interest in these Islanders as they are truly good people, and I know they will prize your book. I opened the package and found the book very interesting. I am a Virginian, but have not visited my native State since I first went to sea in 1847. I have as the sailors say, "knocked off going to sea and am contented living ashore," as I have done for the past five years, though for eighteen years, I have been in command, and for the last five years of my going to sea I was in command of steamships. There are about fifty of the original Pitcairn Islanders now living on Norfolk Island. They propagated so fast they found Pitcairn Island too small (being not four miles square) to support them all; so the English government took some to Norfolk Island, and I occasionally send them some things. Would send them one of your books if you have another to spare.

Thanking you for your thoughtfulness,

I am, respectfully, &c.,

H. G. Williams.

On the Farm.

HINTS FOR WORK.

From the American Agriculturist.

Liberal Feeding is true economy. The aim should be to induce animals of all kinds to eat all they have a good appetite for and digest, by changing food and also changing the methode of preparing it.

Oil-cakes.—Cotton seed and linseed oil-cakes are too much neglected as food for stock. When these are mixed with equal parts of corn, the food is perfectly adapted to the sustenance of animale, because there is a proper proportion of flesh and fat forming substance; food that is deficient in either of these elements is neither healthful nor profitable.

Bran is a valuable food, and it is a fact that in feeding a ton of bran we can get back a large part of its cost in the extra value of the manure made.

The value of the manure should be a serious consideration in feeding. By using concentrated foods of the kinds above referred to, we are actually laying in a supply of the most valuable artificial fertilizers at the lowest possible cost. It is, in fact, making two profits from the same outlay; one in the shape of a useful food, and one in the extra quality of the manure; and the latter is frequently one of the most important points to consider in feeding.

The best way of managing manure depends upon circumstances. It may be drawn to the fields and heaped in a pile, or spread at once upon the land, or piled in the yarde. But the worst management is to scatter it around in the barn-yard and permit it to be frozen or trampled into the mud.

To wheel manure easily, a few planks should be provided on which a loaded wheelbarrow can be taken on to the top of the manure heap. The saving of time in one winter will not unfrequently, more than pay for the planks several times over.

In the Southern States, no time should be lost in gathering all the manure possible and making composts ready for planting, which begine this month.

Oats.—The earlier spring oats are sown the better, after the soil will admit. If not wanted for the grain, this crop will make valuable fodder.

Clover may be seeded immediately after oats, and brushed in; a good dressing of artificial fertilizer will greatly help the clover and prevent drying out when the foster crop is removed. The clover ought then to be stout enough to cover the ground well.

Orchard grass is one of the most valuable grasses for the south. It will thrive well in open woods and shaded fields, and for pasture in the warm months there is nothing better. When sown with red clover, both are ready to cut for hay together.

Potatoes may be planted this month on fall plowed ground and covered deeply. If frosts are feared after the sprouts appear, they may be covered by hoeing, or a shallow furrow thrown over them.

Preparations for corn and cotton should be made at once. When abundance of manure is not to be had, some artificial fertilizers should be procured.

Large crops on small areas.—It ought to be the effort of every farmer to grow as much as possible upon the least ground. This is economy of labor, of seed and of time. To this end the plowing, harrowing and fertilization of the soil should be thoroughly well done, and the best seed used.

Grass Lands.—In the South there should be more attention given to permanent meadows, as well as green fodder crops. There are thousands of localities well adapted for irrigation, and water meadows may be made cheaply where the ground admits of embanking and flooding. With abundant grass, plenty of stock can be kept, plenty of manure, made and then large crops of fodder, grain, and cotton will be secured. Grass occupies a prominent place as the basis of agricultural wealth.

Seed should be selected or procured at once. By and by, there will be too much hurry to do this as well as it ought to be done. Nothing but the best should be used, and it will pay to pick out weed seeds or imperfect grains by hand, if it can not be done better otherwise. Every time this is done, the work will be lighter and the quality improved.

Find Work for the Hired Men.—A man must live the year around, whether he is working or not. If he is idle during the winter, he must earn enough in the summer to sustain himself when he is idle. It is just as cheap therefore, to hire men for the whole year and to find work for them during the winter, as for eight or nine months. An intelligent farmer can easily keep his men at profitable winter work.

Live Stock should be kept comfortable and clean. Examine calves and yearlings for lice. These pests will be found along the hack and on the neck. Rubbing the skin with crude petroleum will destroy the vermin. Kerosene oil should not be used unless it is diluted with an equal bulk of lard or sweet oil, as it will inflame the skin and cause sores and wounds. Look back at the past months for particular directions, which need not be repeated.

Poultry.—If the hens are kept warm, and are fed well with warm feed once a day, and provided with clean nests, eggs will soon be plentiful. Hens that have been laying may became broody and may be set, if a glazed coop is provided and placed in a sunny spot before a window in a warm poultry house. One early chicken thus raised will be worth in market during summer as much as two or three later ones.

Avoid Exposure of the animals to cold when they are warm. If a horse is brought in, warm and wet with sweat, rub him dry before putting on a blanket. He will then keep warm; otherwise he will become chilled by the damp blanket and take cold.

Early Lambs and Calves are to be provided with warm pens and kept dry and clean during February.

THE OCEAN COTTAGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Hampton, Va., *Jan. 7th*, 1879.

Dear friend:

To fulfill my promise I will now give you a brief outline of the history of the Ocean

which was largely attended. We now divided the school into five classes, having for teachers Bro. Morse, Bro. Whitehurst, Bro. Robinson, Mrs. Rowe and myself; but the classes were much too large, so with Gen. Armstrong's approval, three of the graduates of

school and Sunday School purposes.

I have allowed the work which has been developed by the increase of the Ocean Cottage Sunday School to recommend *itself* to the generosity of people, and am happy to say

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

England has concluded the purchase of Cyprus.

Advices from Samoa report that civil war is immin-

THE OCEAN COTTAGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

HAMPTON, VA., *Jan. 7th*, 1879.

Dear friend:

To fulfill my promise I will now give you a brief outline of the history of the Ocean Cottage Sunday School.

It began on the first Sunday in July, 1877, in a rather singular manner. I brought my family from Connecticut to Hampton the latter part of June, 1877, and we finished moving into Mr. A——'s house on the other side of the Creek, which we called the "Ocean Cottage," on Saturday afternoon. Sunday morning was very warm, the church about two and a-half miles distant by the highway, and a mile by water, so we concluded not to attend service till the following Sunday. The morning hours passed heavily, and I was looking forward to a long afternoon when my attention was called to three children who were playing on the beech in front of the house. I walked leisurely out to where they were, so as not to frighten them away and began talking to them—finally asking them to come in, which they did. We sang, with melodeon accompaniment, several of the Sankey and Moody hymns to them, which seemed to please them very much, and when they were ready to go home, we gave them some Sunday School papers. We asked them if there were any more children in the neighborhood, and received the answer from a little boy, "Yes, sir, there's right smart of 'em." So I told them to coma the next Sunday morning at half-past nine, bringing as many of their little companions as were willing to come, and we would have a little Sunday School.

The next Sunday morning I was very much surprised to see *seventeen* children, ranging in age from four to fourteen, flis into the piazza, and thought I had got myself into trouble, for all at once the amount of responsibility I was taking upon myself dawned upon me, but concluding that there was nothing like trying I began the work, which was not only easy, but quite interesting and pleasent.

The lesson which I taught them first was "The old, old Story," of the birth, life, works, love, death and resurrection of Jesus; how much He was willing to suffer and do for us that we might have salvation; how little Ile asked in return; and I asked them if they would not love a human friend who would give his life for theirs? if they would not feel that the devotion of their whole existence was small for such a display of heroic love? and how they could refuse their love, obedience and submission to His will who was willing to suffer and die for them? The session lasted one hour and a-half—e general talk—during which the little ones paid strict attention. Tho melodeon had been brought out on the piazza, and after playing and singing to them "Jesus paid it all," we united in the Lord's Prayer, and they went homc—promising before leaving to coma again the next Sunday morning.

In August, 1877, we lost two of our members by death, Willie Tolliferro and Mary Braxton, aged respectively twelve and six years.

The school rapidly increased from seventeen to forty-five, some of the older ones coming in occasionally, and that was the number when we moved into the Printer's Cottage, on the Normal school farm in Novemher. I feared then that the school would have to be given up for the winter at least, for want of a room; hut thet cloud was quickly dispelled—for upon telling Brother Cherles Smith of its needs, he, without hesitetion, gave us the use of his largest and best room with a good fire in it for our school, and it is to his generosity that the school owed its existence all last winter. He used to coma in now and then, but he is now our Treasurer, and is regular in ettendance—also his wife, son, and adopted daughter.

Just before Christmas, 1877, the 1st Congregational Sunday School of Litchfield, Ct., of which I have been a member ever since I was four years old, sent me three hundred and fifty Sunday School books, to be distributed as I saw fit. One hundred volumes were given to the Ocean Cottage Sunday School; one hundred and twenty were given to Hampton graduates; the remainder, with the exception of ten given as prizes and thirty which I still have, were given to Sunday schools in Hampton. They heva also sent me papers for the school, from time to time, also their penny collection for the quarter ending Dec. 29th, 1878, amounting to $21, to be used at discretion as opportunity may offer. The 1st Cong'l church, of Litchfield, Ct., of which we are members, sent me, through tha Bible Society, twenty-five 75-ct. Bibles, which were used on our Christmas tree, Dec. 31st.

In the spring, 1878, our school numbered seventy-five, which made it too large for our accommodations, so we decided to erect an arbor, which we immediately did. It was not elegant in appearance, being about forty feet long by twenty feet broad, covered with bushes, and capable of seating about one hundred persons; but the Spirit of God was evidently there, for we gained a goodly number of members for our school, and we held an afternoon service in it every other Sunday, which was largely attended. We now divided the school into five classes, having for teachers Bro. Morse, Bro. Whitehurst, Bro. Robinson, Mrs. Rowe and myself; but the classes were much too large, so with Gen. Armstrong's approval, three of tha graduates of '78, Miss Clementine Lumpkin, Charles Jones, and Jacob Brown, used to go over with us and teach every Sabbeth morning.

In May we had a picnic which was much liked by all who attended it. On the same day, fears which had been entertained for abont a week were confirmed, in finding the body of one of our scholers, Alex. Hatton, a young men who was drowned while attempting to cross Hampton Roads in the terrific gale which occurred last spring.

We had another picnic on the 4th of July last, in which the students that remained at the Institute for the summer joined, and the day was very pleasantly passed.

Brother Herbert, a licensed Baptist preacher, who lived in the neighborhood, and who was decidedly opposed to tha school for more than a year, because of offense given him hy some of the people who sent children to it, was finally "fully persuaded" to come and join us, and is now one of tha most useful members we havs.

In this connection, I will mention tha afternoon meeting which we held every other Sahbath. Half an hour was occupied by myself—talking on such topics as "Looking unto Jesus," "Christ the way," and "The Holy Spirit;" Bro. Morse, another licensed Baptist preacher occupying the remainder of the time. When we first proqosed the meeting the people were quite enthusiastic for it, but they were hardly ever on time.

Many of the people did not like Bro. H., because they thought he felt above them, and had said that they would never sit and hear him preach. After he had joined our school, on gaining his consent, I gave notice that we would have Bro. H. preach for us on the following Sunday afternoon. Several of the older men told me that we would probably have no meeting, as the people would not come to hear *him* preach. One hrother told me that he had always considered me in the right, but he tbought I was making a mistep this time. At two o'clock, the hour appointed for our meeting, no one was there; at half-past two we were no better off; so I came to the conclusion that they must be waked up. I walked from house to house (it was intensely hot that day,) asking at the door, "Are you coming to our meeting this afternoon?"—receiving an affirmative reply at every house, and at half-past three we began our service with singing, and with e congregation of about ona hundred. He took for his text, "Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious, and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded." The discourse was quite interesting throughout, but one passage in particular seemed to me very remarkable; it was: "I do not know so much about the golden and silver slippers that our people are so apt to think they shall hava when they get to heaven, but I do know that I shall be like Christ, and that will be enough for me." After that he preached very acceptahly to us several times, and had good audiences.

In July, the angel of Death again visited our school and took from us a very sweet little girl of five years—Lulu Thomas. She said a few days before she died, "I am going to Sundey School when Mr. Rowe comes, whether it is Sunday, Monday or Wednesday." But on Wednesday evening a greater than Mr. Rowe came, and summoned her away to join that upper Sunday School which is ever hymning its praises around the throne of God.

Our school is testing again this winter the generosity of Bro. Smith, and ha certainly bears the test wall, for every Sahbath morning we find the room in perfect order with a good fire in it. We sincerely hope and trust that God will fully repay him for the kind interest he has taken in this work, as we never can.

Brother Samuel Sterrotte of the Normal School has given us his services for the past five or six weeks, and we hope he will continue till he graduates. He may rest assured that his efforts are thoroughly appreciated.

Last summer, Mr. A—— asked me to see what the people over there would be willing to do towards the support of a teacher provided a school-house be arected. Several meetings were called and $45 were pledged for that purpose. My illness of two months put an end to the matter for a time, but on Thanksgiving Day I visited the people, and succeeded in raising the amount pledged to $86.75. Gen. Armstrong then promised to give $1 for every $4 that they would give, which added to the amount already pledged would give a total of $108.43½, which would support a teacher about fiva months. Mr. A—— is considering the metter of erecting a school-house and will probably do so whenever he can fix upon the best location.

Mr. Cock has given us a beautiful site, to huild a church or a school house on, and it is intendad, as soon as funds can be raised therefor, to erect a building thereon for school and Sunday School purposes.

I have allowed the work which has been developed by the increase of the Ocean Cottage Sunday School to recommend *itself* to the generosity of people, and am heppy to say that every donation which it has received has been a free-will offering. Tha generosity of the ladies of Hampton Institute in giving us so much for our Christmas tree, (which was the first many of the older ones had seen) and the courtesy extended to the school in helping to distribute the presents; of Gen. Armstrong in giving us the use of the White Chapel in Virginia Hall, for our tree; of Mr. Hamilton in leading the singing; of the First Cong'l church and Sunday School of Litchfield, Ct., in sending us twenty-five reference Bibles, and $21 in money; and tha kind words of encouragement spoken by Rev. Mr. Denison and Gen. Marshall, will ever be held in grateful remembrance. I am also much indebted to some unknown friend for sending me the "Sunday School Times," which is very interesting and instructive.

There is no rose without its thorn, and this work has certainly not been carried on without various discouragements; but it has prospered with the loving favor of God, beyond all expectation—the school now numbering one hundred and ten enrolled, ranging in ago from four to seventy-five, with an average attendance in summer of seventy-five, and in winter of about forty-five. The lessons, with the exception of the Ten Commandments, have been taken from the New Testament, until this winter. We have now commenced the Old Testament—taking the leading features—having the school commit and recite the whole chapter; after which I give such illustrations and explanations as I may be able—a general talk—as the room is not large enough for us to divida into classes.

It will he my endeavor in the future as it has been in the past, with the favor of God and the aid of generous friends, so far as is practicable to see that the children's bodies are clothed with warm clothing, their minds with education, and their inner life with the righteousness of Christ.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE C ROWE.

JUST going to press, we have briefly to record a visit to Hampton Institute, from Gen. H. H. Milroy and Maj. Beujaoin M. Thomas, sent by the Indian Department in Washington to inspect the Indian work of the school. They were accompanied by Col. A. B. Meacham of Washington, editor of the "Council Fire," a paper published in the interest of the Indians. Gen. Milroy, after passing through the Mexican and Civil wars, and making a name as Maj. Gen. of Volunteers in the campaigns in the west, was appointed Superintendent of the Indians of Washington Territory and, since that office was abolished, has been agent of the tribes in that territory, along the Puget Sound, laboring with great earnestness for their elevation, and intending to give the rest of his life to the work. Major Thomas is working as faithfully for the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. Col. Meacham is well known by his enthusiastic championship of the red men, to whom he bears no grudge for their rather rough handling of him in the terrible massacre of Gen. Canby's forces a few years ago.

The gentlemen examined the various departments of the school, inspecting the Indians in their rooms, classes, work, &c.—and expressed very great satisfaction with their condition and prospects under the methods pursued for their training. They also met the whole school in its assembly room, and addressed the students, making eloquent appeals to the colored students to repay the efforts made for them by opening their own hearts and extending their helping hands now to another race. Col. Meacham gave a thrilling account of his own escape from death through the intervention of an Indian woman, who like another Pocahontas risked her life to save him when "Scar-faced Charley's" foot was on his neck and his fingers in his scalp. He forcibly remarked that if he could forgive Indians and believe in them, any one can, and that he does, because he sees so clearly that their evil is the the result of their wrongs, and that like that poor Indian woman, they are capeble of generous and noble deeds if they only are given a chance. The addresses were all listened to with deep interest, and how well their appeals are responded to on the part of the colored students may be seen in the fact that two days after, some of the Indians asking if they might have more opportunities for talking English, on the request being laid before the colored students, more than twenty young men volunteered to take each an Indian room-mate to help him on in the language. It is believed that tha mutual exchange of good will, and enlargement of the heart to take in other interests than their own will be one of the best results to both races, of tbe new enterprise at Hampton.

THE President of the U. S. fish Commission last week placed in the Pemigewasset River 1,000,000 young salmon, making a total of 2,000,000. The United States Fish Commissioners all over New England report great success in efforts in hatching thus far.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

ENGLAND has concluded the purchase of Cyprus.

ADVICES from Samoa report that civil war is imminent.

THE Russo-Turkish Treaty was signed on Saturday, February 8th.

HEAVY failures and labor strikes continue to take place in England.

LORD Augustus Loftus has been appointed Governor-General of New South Wales.

Seven of the Glasgow Bank Directors have been convicted and sentenced to imprisonment.

THE Swiss village of Meyringen has been almost totally destroyed by fire. It has been a great resort of tourists.

The Plague is still advancing and the most strenuous efforts to arrest it, even to the burning of infected villages, are proposed.

The Marquis of Hartington was installed Lord Rector of Edinburgh University on the 31st. i His inaugural speech was an exhortation to adhere to liberal principles.

The crisis of France has been safely passed. President McMahon has resigned; M. Grevy has been elected his successor, and M. Gambetta President of the Chamber of Deputies.

A despatch from Brussels states that HENRY M. STANLEY, the explorer, was present at the recent meeting of the Conference on the Civilization of Africa, held in that city, and said that he would lead the Belgian Exploring Expedition, which is soon to start for Africa.

A despatch from Vienna states that a treaty has been concluded between Germany and Austria-Hungary, by which the latter reconnces the right, secured by article five of the treaty of Prague, of calling upon Prussia to permit the voters of North Schleswig to decide by plebiscite whether that province shall be restored to Denmark.

A despatch from Cape Town, South Africa, January 27th, says: "On the 21st inst. a British column, of 500 men, a portion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, a battery of artillery, and 600 native auxiliaries, was utterly annihilated, near the Tugela River, by 20,000 Zulus, who captured a valuable convoy of 102 wagons, 1,000 oxen, 2 cannon, 400 shot and shell, 1,000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, 60,000 pounds' weight of provisions, and the colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment. Among the killed on the British side are two majors, four captains, twelve lieutenants, and the quartermaster of the Twenty-fourth Regiment; two captains of the Royal Artillery, a colonel, captain, four lieutenants, and surgeon-major of engineers, besides twenty-one other British officers commanding the native levies. It is estimated that 5,000 Zulus were killed and wounded in the battle. Reinforcements have been sent from England.

POLITICAL.

A BILL has passed Congress authorizing the taking of the census for 1880.

THE hill to restrict Chinese immigration was passed by the Senate by a vote of 39 to 37.

THE hill admitting women to practise in the U. S. Supreme Court, was passed in the Senate on Friday last, by a vote of 40 yeas to 20 nays.

A BILL to pay arrearages in Pensions has passed Congress. The bill makes good the claims of pensioners from date of discharge instead of time of application for pension, as heretofore.

THE following senators have been elected; Indiana, Hon. D. Voorhees; Wisconsin, Hon. Matt. H. Carpenter; Michigan, Hon. Zach. Chandler; Illinois, Hon. J. A. Logan; Missouri, Messrs. Shields and Vest; Connecticut, Orville H. Platt; New York, Hon. R. Conkling; Pennsylvania, Hon. O. Cameron; N. Carolina, Hon. Z. B. Vance; Maryland, ex-Gov. Groome; Florida, W. Call; Louisiana, Mr. Jones.

WASHINGTON, February 11.—The river and harbor bill, which was concluded by the Committee on Commerce to-day, contains the following among its appropriations: James river, $60,000. Appomattox river, $10,000; Rappahannock river, $10,000; Norfolk harbor, $50,000; North Landing river, $25,000; Cape Fear river, $5,000, and a large number of other appropriations ranging from $5,000 to $100,000 for the improvement of Southern rivers and harbors. The total amount appropriated by the hill is $5,786,000.

DOMESTIC.

ROBERT Carter of Boston, a gentleman of large journalistic and literary experience, is dead.

THE cattle disease appears to be spreading both in this country and in England, notwithstanding vigorous efforts are made to arrest its progress.

A MOVEMENT has been started by representative colored men for a convention to consider their condition, wants, &c., and a call has been prepared for the convention to meet at Nashville, May 5th.

A TORNADO struck the town of Lockport, Texas, on Sunday evening, Jan. 26, demolishing forty houses, including churches, the Court House and Masonic Hall. A child was killed, and several persons were badly hurt.

ON the 24th of January Mr. Andrew Wallace rode his horse across the ice bridge which had formed just below the falls at Niagara. Not satisfied with this, he ascended to the summit of the ice mountain at the base of the American Fall.

PAUL Boyton, the swimmer, is at Pittsburgh waiting for the flow of heavy ice in the Ohio to become reduced, so as to make a voyage down that stream and the Mississippi in his rubber suit to the Gulf of Mexico. It is thought he will be able to start soon.

IT is stated that although the physical condition of Gov. Hampton of South Carolina continues favorable, it is probable that another amputation of the leg-bone will be necessary, as the flesh has receded and the wound cannot heal over in its present condition.

ON Thursday, Feb'y 20, a fire broke out in the works of the Barbour Flax Spinning Company in Spruce St., Paterson, N. J., and quickly spread to the mill-wright shop of the Rogers Locomotive Works. It was a large five-story brick building, and had lately been filled with fine new machinery. The building that was destroyed cost $60,000. The machinery cost $150,000. The total loss for Mr. Rogers is estimated at about $250,000.

IT is stated that Newfoundland will get $975,000 of the Halifax fisheries award money and Canada $4,387,500, the remaining $437,500 being retained by England till the expense accounts are settled. Prince Edward Island will demand $1,000,000, and possibly half of the Dominion's share, on the ground that it was shown at Halifax that the island fisheries were more valuable than those of any other province, or all of them combined.

ONE State at least gives a good account of its finances. Governor St. John, in his message to the Kansas Legislature, shows the, receipts of last year to have exceeded the expenditures by $314,000. The bonded debt is hut $1,182,000, and of this the State holds $468,000 in the Sinking and School funds. The value of school property is $4,327,000 and the permanent school fund amounts to nearly $1,450,000. These details indicate a prosperity that is on the right basis, not the basis of an enormous debt.

All Former Years Outdone.

356,432 GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES SOLD IN 1878,

BEING

73,620 *More than in any Previous Year.*

SOME VERY HARD NUTS TO CRACK:

Companies have sprung up in every part of the Union for making an "Imitation Singer Machine."

Why are not similar companies formed for making Imitations of other Sewing Machines?

The public will draw its own inference.

Gold is continually counterfeited; brass and tin never!

The Singer has taken the FIRST Prize over ALL competitors more than TWO HUNDRED TIMES. *Why?*

After the Chicago Fire the Relief Committee undertook to furnish sewing machines to the needy women of that city. Applicants were permitted to choose from six different kinds of machines. 2,944 applicants were furnished with machines; 2,427 chose the Singer Machines, and 517 distributed their choice among the five other kinds of machines. These girls were to EARN THEIR LIVING on these machines. *Why did they take Singer?*

THE PEOPLE'S AWARD TO THE "SINGER."

The people bought Singer Machines as follows:

1870	127,833	Singer Machines
1871	181,260	" "
1873	219,758	" "
1873	232,444	" "
1874	211,079	" "
1875	249,832	" "
1876	262,416	" "
1877	282,812	" "
1878	356,432	" "

Many of the manufacturers of other machines refuse to state their sales! WHY?

Sales of 1878 over Sales of 1870, 228,599 Machines. A Three-fold Increase.

WASTE NO MONEY ON COUNTERFEITS. *PRICES OF GENUINE GREATLY REDUCED.*

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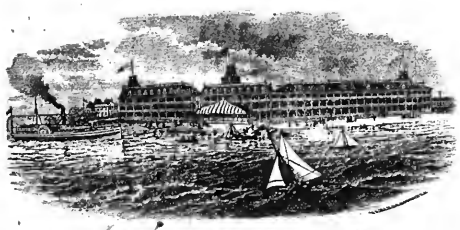
The Singer Manufacturing Company has 1,500 Subordinate Offices in the United States and Canada, and 8,000 in the Old World and South America.



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The drives in the vicinity are delightful, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, the National Military Home, National Cemetery, and the town of Hampton—containing one of the oldest churches in the country, are all within the limits of an easy ride, drive, or sail.

The climate during the year is unsurpassed for salubrity, the range of the thermometer here for the past 10 years, as taken from the notes of the Meteorological Observatory, shows an average of 60°, 74°, 78°, for Summer; 70°, 56°, 46°, for Autumn; 45°, 44°, 42°, for Winter; and 46°, 52°, 63°, for the Spring months. —Open for guests all the year.

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HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year	4 00

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"THE NEW AUTOMATIC"

SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

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TRACT NUMBER SEVEN.

THE Tract (No. 7) which should have

EMIGRATION TO LIBERIA.

set free, and the young and earnest and able among them are rising to a plane of Christian manhood and womanhood, the wonders and resources

TRACT NUMBER SEVEN.

THE Tract (No. 7) which should have appeared in our present number, has been prepared for the Hampton Tract Committee by a well-known physician, but owing to an unavoidable delay it did not reach the printer in time for publication this month, and in its place we offer our readers Gen. Armstrong's speech before the Colonization Society, trusting that it will enable them to forgive the break in the series of tracts which the committee sincerely regret, but could not prevent. To all interested in the question of Liberian emmigration, or indeed in the question of the future of the colored race in the United States, we recommend a careful reading of Gen. Armstrong's speech, as his opportunities for observation in these directions have given him unusual advantages. M. F. A.

A FIELD FOR WORK.

COLPORTAGE AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Any suggestion from Col. Preston of Lexington, Va. is worthy of attention. We print below an extract which he sent, with valuable practical suggestions.

Moderate aid from the North would be needed in this enterprise. The mass of the colored people do not receive any benefit from the Tract Societies and Sunday School agencies which do so much for the whites.

Bad literature, obscene books and nasty pictures will soon find their way among the ex-slaves as they become educated. Efforts for the spread of interesting and pure writings is most timely.

"One of the characteristics of the race since emancipation is their eagerness to acquire the art of reading, and the rapid success in this particular. It is equally true that they are fond of using their new acquisition. This makes an open, and an inviting field for the distribution of suitable books among them. Nor would they be backward in buying.—In proportion to their means they are very ready to spend money. Perhaps a skilful colporteur with a supply of cheap, suitable books and scripture pictures, would support himself more readily than most of the colporteurs among the whites. The distribution of the Bible would be a part of the work. The colporteur ought to be a minister, colored of course, energetic, prudent, and devoted to his work. If of good ministerial talents, he might by preaching be of great service in setting forth the importance of intelligence in religion, sobriety in worship and Christian morality in life. S. L. C."

LEXINGTON, VA., *Jan.* 14, 1879.

Gen. Armstrong—Dear Sir:

I do not know whether you read the Central Presbyterian, or if you do, whether you noticed the enclosed article (on colportage) which I take the liberty of sending to you. In it, I have offered a suggestion which seems to me of much practical importance. The benefits to be derived from it, I shall not enlarge upon to you. But if you approve of the plan, I should like to engage your practiced skill, energy and experience in setting it into operation.

1. The necessary means. I think that with a very small outlay at the start it would support itself.

2. The man or men to act as colporteurs. I should think that, if anywhere, they could be supplied from the Hampton Graduates.

3. The books. Surely they could be had, if not as donations, upon very reasonable terms, from the various religious publishing houses. The list at first need not be much diversified. For books I would head the list with an abridged and illustrated copy of Pilgrim's Progress, and for tracts the Hampton Sanitary Series; the "Haunted House" which is most admirable, and would be acceptable and useful in a circulation much wider than among the colored people only. Authentic, interesting and profitable biographies could be had without difficulty, and scripture pictures and ornamented cards abound and would be highly attractive, and in my judgment useful. But all this detail you understand much better than I do.

4. Where to begin. In Virginia. And it seems to me in the Valley of Virginia, where the colored people are much in advance of the race in general.

Now briefly, and abruptly, cannot you, or some of your co-workers undertake this enterprise, and make it successful if success is in it?

Were I competent (perhaps at any rate if I were younger) I would not seek to devolve the labor upon another. You may, however, rely upon my best co-operation.

Yours,
J. T. L. PRESTON.

EMIGRATION TO LIBERIA.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE

American Colonization Society in Washington D. C.,

Tuesday, January 21st. 1879.

BY

S. C. ARMSTRONG.

What is the sentiment of the colored people of this country, the South especially, in respect to making the United States their home, and in respect to emigration to Liberia?

A few evenings ago, I asked of the over two hundred young colored men and women who have come from thoughout the land, principally from the South, to the Hampton school for an education, what they thought of going to Liberia. A dozen hands went quickly up. I inquired of each one the ground of his idea. A variety of reasons was given that, I believe, fairly illustrates the status of the negro mind on the Liberia question.

One young man had, in the spirit of Christian discipleship, consecrated himself to the work of preaching the gospel in that land; several felt that in this country the negro never will be, as they expressed it, "free;" that the black man is and will be far from being free to all that is open to the white men, and that only in a land of their own can they be on even terms with all, and find the freedom which they seek.

The students had heard of coffee culture in Liberia and of other inducements to go; but, on the other hand, some were awaiting letters from friends who had gone over promising to write how they got on, but had never been heard from; some had heard of great havoc among emigrants, and there was a general sense of insecurity and uncertainty as to that country.

One fair-skinned, bright girl had an uncle who had organized sixteen churches in Liberia and was full of hope and enthusiasm. She meant to go as a missionary; other young women had the same idea; the great majority had no thought of emigration, and many had decided notions against the Republic.

As a whole, the students of Hampton expect to remain in this country, their idea being expressed by one who said "The colored man is better off here than anywhere else in the world."

Our students have, more than once, been addressed by prominent Southern men who have said to them, in effect: "Many of you are Virginians; we must work together to build up this Commonwealth. We believe in this work of education; you shall have your share of the school money and we will protect you in your rights."

This is the tone of progressive men at the South, and their strength is indicated by the fact that, at least in Virginia, no Democratic candidate dares venture, in his canvas for election to office, to denounce the public school system.

The intelligent colored men and women who are honestly working for the real welfare of their people in the Southern States, are, so far as I know about them, winning the respect, good-will and moral support of the people of all classes, and in spite of many discouragements, are generally cheerful and contented. Even the average freedman does not care to change his home. Yet, in some quarters, there are grievous complaints of hard times, poor pay and bad treatment, which create a desire for a place where living may be easier.

It would be strange if among the four millions of Anglo-Africans there were not men of honest purpose, and good capacity, anxious to try a country of their own. The missionary idea is gaining strength every year. The little company of graduates from negro schools in America, one of them from Hampton, who are doing excellent work at the Mendi Mission, under the American Missionary Association, near to Liberia, is proof that the peculiar field of the enlightened freedmen of this country is not forgotten.

The American Board of Foreign Missions in Boston is looking to the South for men to enter the grand field opened up by Stanley whenever the means shall be in hand; and I do not think it will seek in vain.

Twelve years ago an earnest but unsuccessful effort was made by that Board to secure colored missionaries for Africa; yet there were many scores of educated negroes in the Northern States.

We are likely, I believe, to find in the South the finest products of Anglo-African civilization, a better, simpler, more straight-forward development. Thence, not exclusively of course, will go across the sea the men who will best illustrate to the world the capabilities of their race. White men will get a large part of the money that is to be made from African trade, but I have faith that colored men will do their full share in the work of regeneration waiting to be done there, the need of which is the most piteous "Macedonian Cry" that ever was sent over to Christendom.

Africa—Liberia as one of its open doors—is the field for an Anglo-African crusade. No other region is for a moment to be thought of compared with this. Just as, in the Providence of God, his people are set free, and the young and earnest and able among them are rising to a plane of Christian manhood and womanhood, the wonders and resources of the Dark Continent are unfolded. Who doubts the final triumph of right over wrong in the carrying back there of the very Christ to build up whose Kingdom the slave-hunters were unconscious agents.

But there must be men and women of pure devotion and lives, of clear, wise heads, and endowed with common sense. The requisition for common sense will be the hardest to fill.

Among our colored people there is a discontented class; on edge with things here; much occupied with its grievances, and, those of this class who are plucky and adventurous, are disposed to try the Colored Republic.

As things are here, the finer the cultivation of a colored man, the keener his sufferings—especially in the North, where his mental and moral wants are so lavishly supplied, but his social cravings neglected, and his tinted skin is a *taboo* from congenial association. I think I am right in stating that their advanced culture in America tends to skepticism. The old religious nature is, to an educated negro, withered by the pains that comes from finding that that which God made, his complexion, is as a sign set against him; a mark of degradation.

Yet among the colored people themselves there is a prejudice of color, here unobserved, because overpowered by that of the whites which lumps together under its ban the purest black and the clearest white (provided a few drops of negro blood can be traced to the latter,) and by making common cause between them forces them into one social body. Remove this pressure from the outside and those of pure and mixed blood become mutually jealous; the latter assuming a superiority by reason of the white or "Norman" blood in their veins, and the pure being proud of their purity. This is illustrated in Jamaica where the whites, colored and blacks are completely severed socially. A trustee of Liberia College told me that this question had given some trouble in the appointments at that institution, and it appears in Liberian politics. Going over there is not entire escape from prejudice of color.

There was evinced, in my conversation with the students at Hampton, much curiosity about Liberia. They represent a class of negroes who take a very matter-of-fact view of that country; they wish to "better themselves," and in their pinching poverty, and in the money famine of the South, turn eagerly to brighter prospects.

Wise, just treatment of the colored laborer in the South is far from universal. I never saw or heard of a successful Southern farmer who did not believe in negro labor as "the best in the world;" yet one of the leading agricultural journals says, "We are cursed with negro labor."

The "darkey" is a convenient scapegoat for those who went to blame somebody if ends don't meet. Good, kind management and wise directing heads are indispensable to success with colored workmen, and that they don't always get; the latter depend very much for the value of their labor upon favorable outward conditions, the frequent absence of which is to be expected in their circumstances.

Liberia, as giving to the enterprising but discontented or ill-treated negro laborer scope and challenge for all his powers, is a most important factor in reconstruction. It is simple justice, very inadequate, but so far as it goes is a recognition of his claim to try the land he was torn from.

Thirty years ago, statesmen like Clay and Calhoun talked of the nation's debt to the negro, and this inspired the Colonization scheme, which commanded a strong support from the South. After slapping the abolitionists in the face with their talk of right and wrong, a later generation freed the slave as a war measure, enfranchised him, used his vote as political capital, and, after squandering it, have left the burden of his education and improvement to the old slave-holders. The account has not yet been squared. It is as true to-day as it was thirty years ago that there is debt to the race brought here by violence and wrong, and a part of that debt is a fair chance in the land of their fathers.

A difficulty in the Liberian question is the negroes' self-distrust. The race has sadly, perhaps inevitably, adopted the white man's idea of itself. It has, as a whole, no enthusiasm, no idea or sentiment.

It lacks organizing power, guiding instincts. It has no genius for throwing and keeping uppermost its best and ablest men; it has plenty of feeling, but no flow of it, no tendency to any clear and general end or purpose. Such tendency is developed slowly, by long experience, by endless struggle with difficulty ending in victory, and that the citizens of Liberia have just commenced. The ex-slave is not easily allured to a country ruled by his own people. I have an impression that the Liberians are lacking, like the race here, in *esprit de corps*, in patriotic sentiment and in strong administration.

There should be accorded to the freedmen the widest opportunity to make for themselves homes on African shores if they choose to try it. I rejoice in the existence of the Colonization Society, believing in its work, the founding of an African Republic. I believe in it as a beginning not as an end; a hopeful beginning; a good showing for thirty

years of effort. It is not a power; hut is it not a germ of power? Generations alone can answer this. To disparage it by contrast is to reproach the negro for being unfortunate. It were better to hlame the Almighty directly for his doings in permitting suffering, injustice and misfortune to exist.

Give the negro a chance. Yon don't despise the tottering steps of a little child: time and hard knocks only can bring strength. Let the black man's slender self-respect stiffen by struggle, and his race pride gain by race effort. In the United States it is a curse to be black; the highly educated negro is like a man without a country. Help him to make one for himself.

The African race has been pushed suddenly from the depths of bondage to the highest liherty; it bas skipped centuries in the line of development. On its unaccustomed height it is confused; it is in its own way; easily victimized by bad men, and troubles are inevitable.

Genuine progress is slow, and is the result not so much of struggle, as of successful struggle. The thing must not only be attempted, hut it must be done, and there should be a century in which to do it.

When a Northern man recently asked me "Have the colored people improved in morals in the past ten years," I asked him, "Has Now England improved in morals in the past ten years?" Every stage of civilization has its peculiar difficulties and nations forge slowly ahead.

Progress is a moral rather than a material thing. All that is good in civilization is "The sum of the sacrifices of those who have gone before us."

The African question, at bottom, is whether there will be enough men and women of that race who shall unselfishly and wisely devote themselves to its welfare. Whatever shall he fine in their future will rest on this foundation of sacrifice.

Has Liberia the men, or can she get them from here? With them her future is assured, and she will move Africa.

Ten such men would save her.

The Colonization Society claims much for its success so far. Considering that it has planted exotic ideas where men have for ages been fixed in the lowest conditions, the Republic may he considered a wonder. Compare it with the early stages of our own country's growth and there is nothing to discourage.

We know too little about her. The roll of pamphlets sent me to read contains no exhaustive statement of facts, hut general expressions of praise. I never felt really informed abont Liberia till I read the letters of Mr. Williams, correspondent of the *Charleston News and Courier*, whose mingled criticism and commendation made the Republic appear like any new terrestrial region, full of advantages and of disadvantages. For the first time I fonnd what an intelligent man would say against it. There is need of a fair, forcible account of that country, with maps and pictures, that shall be to the colored man what a chart is to a sailor—a guide to success and a guard against disaster.

How about colored communities in the United States?

A colony composed of the 450 manumitted slaves of John Randolph was, in 1846, placed in Miami County, Ohio. "They suffered much at "first from prejudice, yet soon found kind friends. While producing "nothing remarkable, the old have died off and the new generation has "made considerable advancement. They, however, owe more to exter- "nal influences than to inherent qualities." This statement I gleaned from an apparently reliable letter to the *New York Tribune*.

There are negro communities of which I have no definite knowledge, notably one or two in Canada; hut all, I believe, were established by an influence from without. Certainly, in America, the negroes show no tendency in themselves to segregate.

They drift to the cities in throngs, where their mortality increases and their self-respect, as a class, seems to diminish.

In a simple, industrious, country life, the freedmen gain in numbers and in average prosperity and worth.

Against this background of life in America, stands the Colony of Liberia, attempting achievements whose success its record here makes doubtful.

Let us wait and see the negro on his own ground, on his own resources, blundering away, hut slowly learning from his blunders—as we all do—getting experience and digesting it. Let the negro race maintain a respectable republic, and it will furnish the best possible answer to the charge so often made, "The negro has done nothing."

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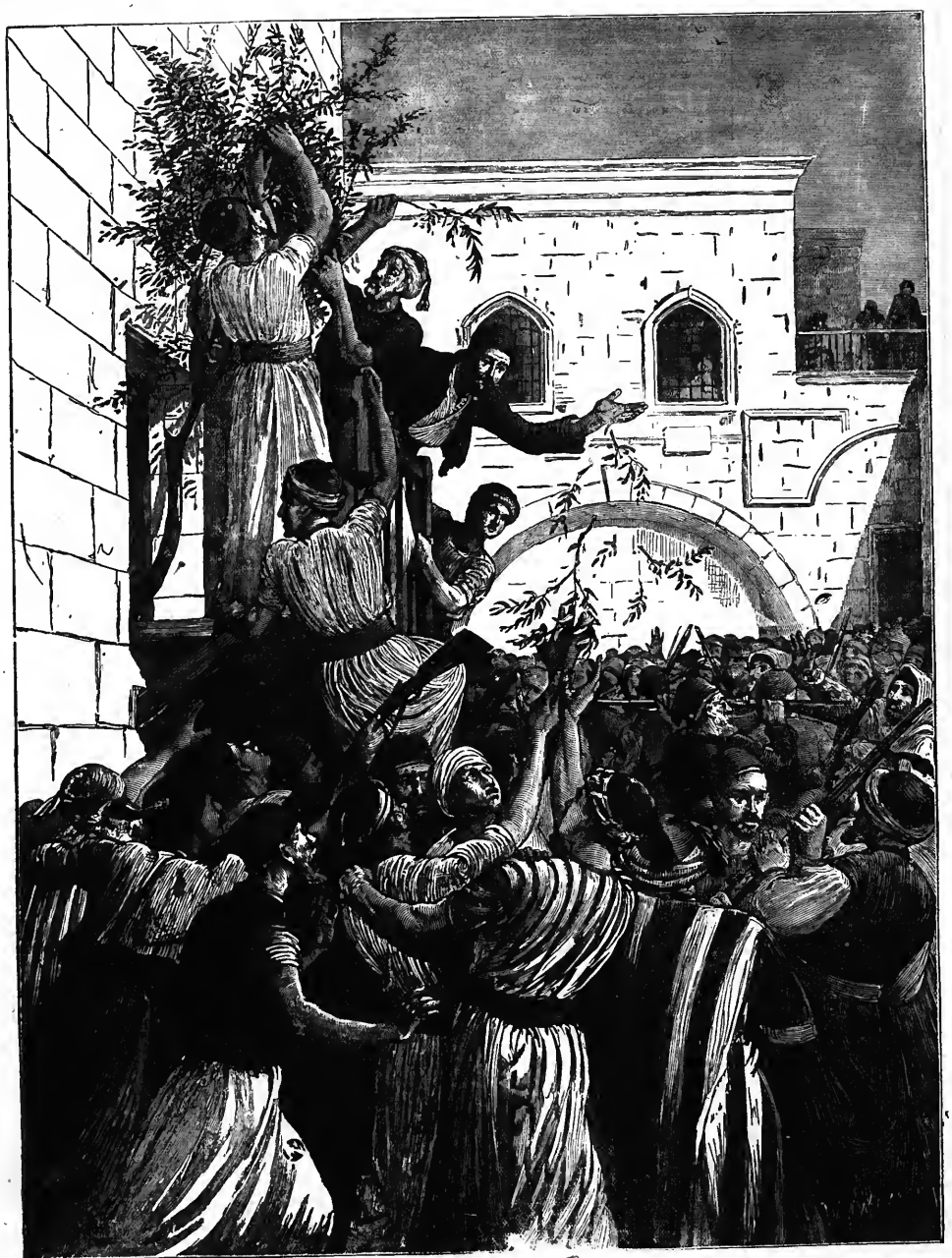

PALM SUNDAY IN JERUSALEM.

AN EASTER ALLEGORY.

In my garden, fair to see,

THE GABOON MISSION.

Mr. A. H. Tolman who taught at the Hampton Institute last year, sends the

Just think of that! The present belief of the negroes copied from the natives of Africa! Almost every word that the Doctor used in telling about witchcraft described conjure-doctor-

Jews, though they were under the immediate government of God—in Egypt—Josh. xxiv: 15; Ezek. xx: 8. At Sinai, Numb. xxv. In Canaan, Judges x: 6; under Solomon, Jero-

AN EASTER ALLEGORY.

In my gardan, fair to see,
I hava watched a mystery;
Watched, and counted wonders three.

First, a thing of lowly birth.
Creeping, clinging to the eerth;
What is such creation worth?

Shrouded next from feet to head,
E'en that low-born life has fled;
Why such care to keep the dead?

Wonder chief! Before mine eyes
Bursts the ehroud, and from it rise
Glorions wings that seek the skies!

As they float beyond my ken,
Somewhere breathee a whieper then—
"Man who dies shall live agein.

"Is thy life of narrow range,
Full of toil and trouhle etrange?
Patiently abide thy change.

"He whom most thou lovest lies
Shrouded from thy longing eyes?
Ona dey thou shalt see him rise.

"Feed thy soul on truth that so,
Still its angel wings ehell grow,
Hidden tho' they be below.

"So all changes sent to thee
Resurrection robes ehall be,
Life and immortality!"

n. w. l.

PALM SUNDAY IN JERUSALEM.

Our first page picture, for which we are indebted to Messre. Harper Bros., represents a curioue scene in the celebration of Palm Sunday at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

The edifice stands upon Moont Celvery, and is distinguished for its eize and massiveness. It forms altogether a block 160 feet long and 100 wida, and includes what are called the Church nf the Sepulchre, the Chapel of the Crucifixion, seven emall chapels, a monastery, and cloisters. Tha Catholics have one convent on the-mountain. The Greeke have twelve here and one at Zion Gate. The Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians have also each a small conbe vent. During Easter-tide an immense number of pilgrims meet, and the variety and opposition of some of the tedets that compose their creeds often lead to serious dieturhances of the peace. Many of the services that are held would be very impressive if the effect were not frequently marred by such demonstrations. An eye-witness of the ceremoniee carried on at tha Holy Sepulchre during Ecaster of last year describes tha scene as follows:

"At six the next morning the eound of the clanging of belle awakened ns, and we dressed to go to the great Latin mass, for it was their Easter-Sunday and the Greek Palm-Sunday. We make our way to the top of the Holy Sepulchre, and entering a little door juet helow the dome, find ourselves in a narrow gallery, from whera we look over the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchra and on the scene below. The Holy Sepulchra where the body of the Meek and Lowly was supposed to be laid ie gaudy with pictures, artificial flowers, silver and gold lamps, gilt candelabra, and burning tspers. Surging round its walls is a crowd as motley as in the scene of a pantomine—Copts, Abyssinians, Assyriana, Greeke, Latins, and Moelem guards. It is necessary that a strong guard be placed in the huilding to keep the members of the various Churches from quarreliog with each other instead of worshiping at the Sepulchre. Presently a jingle of hells, a beating of gongs, and strains of an organ ascend with the fatty smoke of a thoneand tapers from the jostling crowd helow, then from the Latin Chapel a procession of bishope and prieste in gorgeous array, with banners of cloth of gold, slowly wend their way through the crowd, chanting and praying in a steam of incenee. Before this service is quite finished, the Greeks, Armenians, and Copts begin to hold thair respective services, and try each to drown the others' voices as they go through their devotions. During the following week the Greeke have the church to themselves, and they hava far the greater gathering of pilgrime at their Easter ceremonies. On Thursday the Patriarch and twelve bishops enact Christ and His Apostles, Washing of the Feet at the Last Supper, tha Agony in the Garden. A platform is erected in the court-yard of the Church of tha Holy Sepulchre, decorated with the emblems of the Church. A huge branch from the olive-tree in the Garden of Getheemane under which Christ prayed is need in the ceremony, and after the service is over, the crowd scramhle for its branchee."—*Harpers Weekly.*

THE wealthiest colored man in St. Lonie is Mr. J. P. Thomas, the proprietor of the Lindell Hotel harber's shop and hath-rooms. Mr. Thomas, as a harher, by industry had accumulated $30,000; by marriage he cams into possession of ahout half a million more.

THE GABOON MISSION.

MR. A. H. TOLMAN who taught at the Hampton Institute last year, sends the following interesting account of things in Africa.

TROY, N. Y. *Jan.*, 1879.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE H. N. & A. INST:

My dear Scholars:

Though you have not all been *my* echolars and some of you do not know me, I am eure you will be interested in what I am going to tell you.

Dr. Albert Bushnell, for the past thirty-five years at tho head of the Gaboon Mission in Western Africa, is now in this country and *may* visit Hampton; but as his health may not permit this, Gen. Armstrong wishes me to giva you some account of an address which ha delivered here on the avening of Dec. 15. A month has gone by since then, and I have forgotten much that was said.

First, you had better take a good map of Africa and find the equator. On the weet coast, just north of the equator and almost touching it, you will see the mouth of the Gaboon River, where Dr. Bushnell is located. Five degreee north of the equator you will see the mouth of the Niger and five degrees south of it the Congo, two of the three great rivers of Africa. It ie down the last that Stanley sailed, as you know, from its source way over in South-eastern Africa.

I think that missionaries were first sent to Southern Africa, to the region of the Cape of Good Hope; and that the Western stations were established later. Most of the important points on the western coast have now at least one missiouary. Missionary influonce does not extond many miles into tho interior, except in the case of the older missions, and then not over 150 or 200 miles. If I remember Dr. Bushnell's statement, he estimatee that there are about 45,000 church membere in Southern Africa and 35,000 in Western Africa. He said little about the etations in Eastern Africa, but there are a number of them.

Two miesionaries started for the Congo from England as soon as word arrived of Stanley's reaching the sea, and I believe the next steamer carried three more. Dr. Bushnell, while coming to this country, mot a steamer containing soveral more Englieh missionaries, who were intending to push on up the Congo. Missionaries from Gaboon are pushing up a river near the equator that Stanley thinks to be an overflow of tha Congo. If thie be true, their forces will in time be joined to those already starting to go "through the dark continent" by way of that stream.

Dr. Buehnell eeemed very much afraid that his audience would not understand that the tribes among which he labors are naturally very intelligent. Ho spoke of the native African as having a real nobility of carriage, and as having good mental faculties. Mrs. Buehnell has charge of the day schools aud is very enthusiastic over her scholars. One difficulty, indeed, is, that her advanced pupils are so bright that they are hired by morehants to act as their agents. Their piety le often not strong enough to cause them to choose missionary service rather than money. Some of the natives will reckon on their fingers about as fast as the traders can on paper, and by the time a trader has finished offering them different amounts of perhaps a hundred separate articlee in exchange for their ivory, &c., they are ready to tell him whether hie offer ie a fair one.

Dr Bushnell has encountered nearly twonty different tribes, each with its own language. The Gaboon missionaries have translated parts of the Bible into ten languages, but only into one of these, the whole of it. Dr. Bushnell ie now euperintending the printing of some of their translations. In reference to the language into which they have translated the whole Bible, Dr. Buehnell made some statements that astonished me very much. The language has a good number of very expressive words, and ie complete in all its parts, having a full construction of the verb, &c. I may not have given the above statement exactly as he made it, but am sure I do not misrepresent him. He certainly did say that American and European scholars find it almost impoesible to believe that such a language can be the language of a harbarone people, it is so philosophically formed. Many of the missionaries at Gaboon think that the Bible reads *"more graphically"* in this language than in English. I should like to ask Dr. Bushnell if they were able to translate the epistles of Paul with a good degree of exactneee. He only told ue one word in the language—nahgo, a house, eenahgo, houses. The prefix ee is the plural prefix. The method of forming the plural in all the languagee with which I am acquainted, ie by some change at the last end of the word, but this mothod has the advantaga that you know that the word will be plural even before you know what particular word will be used.

The Africane of this locality, at least, believe in a good God, who is supreme, but they think that he does not trouble himself about this world; and they pray to avil spirits who they think have power to harm them and of whom they stand in great dread. They also have a firm belief in witchcraft, which Dr. Bushnell described at some length. I need not describe it to you, *for it is the same belief in every important respect as that which the negroes at the South have in conjuring and Conjure Doctors.*

Just think of that! The present belief of the negroee copied from the natives of Africa! Almost every word that the Doctor used in telling about witcheraft described conjure-doctoring just as perfectly as it did African witchcraft. You will see that nothing in their religion givee them any hope for the next world, and they understand that perfectly themselves. The word, *death*, is forbidden on all occasions. It ie considered a great offense to refer to death in any way, and the dead are mourned for as being forever gone from eight and knowledge. Dr. Bushnell told an affecting story of a fierce warrior's conversion. He watched a dying missionary closely, all through hie last hours, to see if he would shrink from death. The misciouary died triumphant, and the bloody savage, overpowered by the sight of a man *"willing to die,"* coon came to the cross. The feeling among the natives with reference to all mention of death, was a great hindrance to the missionaries in preaching, at first. They "through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject unto bondage."

A great trade with the outside world has sprung up at Gaboon, especially a great trado in kerosene oil and soap. The gospel of moral light and purity naturally causes a desire for physical light and purity.

I can only say a word about the work in other parts of Africa. The church of England has a flourishing mission upon the Niger River, and the Bishop over it is a native. He has a fine steamboat, lately given, to use for missionary purpesee. All of the important missions now send out native missionaries.

The native African ie passionately fond of music and oratory; and these things move the world. On the other hand hie judgment is poor, ha is apt to stick by those of his own race whether right or wrong, he ie intensely vain and conceited, he ie very euperstitious. Stealing and lying, I regard more as due to the conditions in which the race have been placed.

Some day some of the gifted members of this race will, I trust, do great things for God and the world.

Your friend,
ALBERT H. TOLMAN.

A SOUTHERNER'S GOOD WORK.

ONE of Virginia's leading educators, of wide reputation, sende us the following article with a personal memorandum, from which we extract—

"I have eatablished a colored Bible class that meets every Thursday night. My subject ie the Ten Commandments. I depend mainly on quections and answers. If the enterprise succeede, I have thought of preparing a little book of Lectures for the colored people on the commandments. Some portions, I write out at present and I would like to see how they look in print."

We are glad to put the lecture into print, and to express in this connection our conviction that the men of the South have in their hands the future of the freedmen, and that their active participation in efforts for the improvement of the colored people is the only true settlement of the Southern question.

WORSHIPING OOD BY MEANS OF IMAOES.

The fundamental fact upon which all true worship rests, ie "God is a Spirit;" and the all-comprehenelve direction for the mode of acceptable worship is that He ie to be worshiped as a Spirit. But such feeble creatures as we are, cannot understand what spirit ie. We all have a epirit within us, but who can make plain to another what he himself is clearly conscious of? When we die, the spirit leaves the body, but of a disembodied epirit, we can have no notion. How much less can we fully apprehend God, who is an infinite spirit, and the Father of all spirits! How then can we worship Him? We are all inclined to maka a picture of Him, by the help of which we may worship Him. But this is what God most explicitly forhide ue to do.

The reason why he forbide this, wa may partly eee. Wa are to worship God and none other, and are to worship Him as a Spirit. Now, if wa attempt to make an image of God, it will be like ourselves. We ehall picture Him with tha *body* and *limbs* of a man. Soon, then, we shall ceasa to consider Him a spirit everywhere present. Then we shall imagine that he has the *mind* of a man, and preeently we ehall not really helieve that He knows everything and searches ths heart, and so we ehall satisfy ouselves with a worship of form, honoring Him with our lips while our hearts are far from Him. Finally, as we ourselves are sinners we shall not realize that God is infinitely holy, but shall persuade ourselves that He does not take account of *small* sins. Thus wa will by degrees, and very soon, come to consider God altogether like ourselves, and wa shall be worshiping a haing who is not the only and true God.

This was the case, we know, with the Jews, though they were under the immediate government of God—in Egypt—Jos. xxiv: 15; Ezek. xx: 8. At Sinei, Numb. xxv. In Canaan, Judgee x: 6; under Solomon, Jaroboam, Ahab, Ahaz, Manasseh, and at different times down to tha return from the captivity in Babylon—other nations worshiped none but false Gods: the sun, moon and stars, demons, departed spirits of great men, rivers, grovee, beasts, birds, fishes and creeping things. Nor was this the case only among ignorant uncivilized people. The Greeks and Romans, who in many things were among tha most enlightened people the world ever saw, had, it ie eaid, thirty thousand gods, whose images they worshiped. These gods they represented ee marrying, feasting, drinking, gambling, quarrelling, lying, stealing and committing adultery with one enother and with mortals. Idolatry of the grossest sert is practiced in Africa and Asia and many islands of the sea, at this present time.

Take notice how man, in his einfulness, perverts egeinst God, the very things which He has so ordered that they should draw ue to the worship of Him alone. The Heavene declare the glory of God, and men give to sun, moon and etere the glory due to Him alone. The seasons come round to teach ue that He ie the giver of every good and perfect gift, and men worship the gift, inetead of the Giver. When we look upon the mountains and velleys, the springs thet break forth from the hille in pure, cool water, the rivers that roll down to keep the sea full, and the sea itself thet goes around all the earth to keep it pure and fresh, we hear all Nature crying out to us like the voice of John the Baptist testifying to the mightier Jesus. She says, God is over all, worship Him! And yet men who count themselves wiser than other men, are saying that nature is God, and are worshiping nature.

Men who count themselvee very wise, are often very much like men thet we know to be fools.

A missionary in Africa found the people of a certain village etirring the ground with crooked eticks when they were about to plant. He made a simple plough and showed to an assembled crowd how much better it was to break up the ground. They were greatly delighted, and shouted aloud their approval.

The missionary left their village thinking with pleasure of the good he had done to them by teaching them to plough. In a few weeks he returned, and what did he see? The people were still etirring the ground with eticks after the old fashion. They had taken the plough, painted it red, set it up in the middle of the field, *and were worshiping it!*

Men suffer themselves to be drawn from the worship of God, by the thing which He himself has made—how much less can they be trusted to worship Him by anything their own hands have made!

And yet, God has Himself provided an image whereby we may worship Him. Will some of the readers of the "Southern Workman" tell us about this image?

S. L. C.

Friend Isaac T. Hopper, saw a passing teamster one day stop in front of his house and begin to heat his overloaded horse. Friend Hopper stepped out and said, "Friend, didst thou ever hear that some folks believe that when we die, if we haven't behaved ourselves in this world we shall have to come back here again in the shape of dogs and horses?"

The man etared, as if a little donbtful of the speaker's sanity, and then slowly answered, "No, I never heard anybody preach ench a doctrine."

"But I assure thee," replied Friend Hopper, "there are a great many people in the world who do believe it; and I am thinking if thou ehould'st have to come back in the form of a horse, thou would'st be glad to have a kinder master than thou art."

The man smiled, took the hint good-naturedly, and walked away gently leading his tired horse by the bridle. Perhaps, in after times if tempted to beat his horse, he remembered the pleasant old Quaker, and imagined how he should feel if *he* were a horse.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

IMPROVING OPPORTUNITIES.—A remarkable convict in the Rhode Island State Prison is David Peters, a colored man, who in 1869 received a fifteen years' sentence for assault. He was ignorant, but when allowed the use of the prison library he eoon made astonishing advances in learning. He mastered arithmatic, algabra and geometry, took a course in logic and rhetoric, and then turned hie attention to languages. He acquired a fair knowledge of French, German, Latin and Greek, and then took up jnrisprudence. He is now reading law, and for a change studies Hebrew. He delivered at a Thanksgiving celebration in the prison, a year or two ago, an oration, which was pronounced a remarkable production.

Southern Workman,

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

THE American Missionary Association of New York has taken the lead in wise and wide-spread efforts in behalf of the Anglo-African race.

It has, since 1860, expended over three millions of dollars in opening schools and in founding institutions for the freedmen. It is the outgrowth of, and is principally maintained by, the sentiment once known as "Abolition"; but now that word is dropped, and whatever meaning it may have is with reference to the weakness or vices of the negro race, towards which it is still "abolition" to the utmost.

Instead of the bitter hostility of ten ten years ago, its leading institutions are officially recognized in several Southern States as worthy of public aid, and have secured general respect.

This Association has for years been struggling with a heavy debt which at last has been lifted—the last "lift" being a gift of ten thousand dollars from an unexpected source. It is now ready for more and better work. When many reconstruction measures shall have been forgotten, the quiet efforts of this Association, in cabin homes and log schoolhouses as well as in more pretentious places, will come to the surface in peaceful moral forces, in colored men of clear heads, of honest purpose and wholesome influence.

We congratulate this Association upon its freedom from debt. The Hampton Institute is its oldest child, having, in 1870, left the parental Society, to take care of itself. Other institutions may in time follow. The American Missionary Association has done a work for the country that gives it a special claim upon all good and patriotic people. It works not for a sect, but for a Christian civilization.

THE education of the negro, politically, has been rapid; intellectually and morally, it has advanced at a snail's pace. The one has been, mainly, an appeal to his fears for selfish purposes; the other has been aimed at his mind and conscience, without personal ends.

Naturally, the men engaged in both have had little sympathy with each other. The former have professed sincere devotion to the freedmen and demanded their votes in the name of great services and principles; the latter have asked nothing, and gradually have come to feel that not the least of the colored man's misfortunes has been his political leadership.

What a satire was the career of these leaders, on the new and better civilization that was to come out of the old. The places that once knew them, now know them no more, and, through whatever injustice this may have come about, it has been impossible for the Northern men engaged in educating the negro to believe his improvement has been thereby checked.

His prosperity depends upon his own efforts, with favoring outward conditions; but mainly on himself.

Freedom means freedom to starve as well as to thrive. The most thorough enforcement of the Constitutional Amendments means neither bread nor books, nor the least change or help for the personal weakness and blindness in which the negro was thrust into citizenship.

The laws that in ante-bellum days made it a crime to teach him, were no more disgraceful to the nation than the absence of legislation for his instruction when his own good and that of the country demanded it.

The three and a-half millions of dollars given for his education through the Freedman's Bureau, in no way excuse Congress from the charge of making his vote and not his condition their real interest in him.

Self-interest seems to have been the only inspiration of the party in power. Negro rights meant prolonged rule. The mind or soul of the black man was as a cypher in his guardianship. The "ward of the nation" must look to himself or to his old master for escape from his ignorance and for help to manhood.

Not a notable effort was made in the history of reconstruction, by a representative of the negro vote, to get material aid for colored schools. Not a bill could be passed providing help, that would not bring immediate returns to the politician. Even the bacon that was issued to the starving in the South just after the war was at times used for electioneering purposes.

Fifteen years ago, nearly a million of ignorant voters were suddenly created. What has been done to fit them to vote?

Reconstruction is by progress, not by force. Force, and not progress, has been relied on, and has failed. Means of progress are the need of the hour. Southern illiteracy is still a frightful fact.

The colored vote is reappearing as a political force, now that its old rallying points are gone. It is finding new ones, around which it is gathering with greater power for good or evil than ever before. But it will be more and more a matter of merchandise. The blacks are well disposed, but weak and blind; and can't help themselves. Fears and bugbears have been freely used by their leaders to influence them: the real duties and responsibilities of the voter have never been taught them, and the mass of them are still to be victimized in various ways. But fear as a motive, will give place to temptation. Passion and appetite, rather than timidity, will be worked upon. Where rifles have been seen, rum and money will flow at the polls. Where men have been driven away from the ballot box, they will be marched to it to deposit their purchased votes.

Anywhere in this country, this would be so, with such ignorant masses. It can be helped only by going to the root of the matter. But our national legislators seem to have had no patience with, or interest in, the slow, far-reaching methods of settling the fate of the negro. They exalted the voter—they ignored the man. Their own moral standards were fatally in the way of genuine reconstruction measures. Their work is done; the seeds of a selfish, short-sighted policy are bearing fruit.

The great work of the Constitutional Amendments cannot of itself secure the political salvation of the negro. It is like a bridge thrown half way across a chasm. Only the manhood of the blacks can bridge the other half.

"TOO MUCH POLITICS."

The South suffers badly from an overdose of politics. Before the war, the outlet for intellectual force was in statecraft, chiefly. Children grew up in an atmosphere of political talk. Young men looked forward to official life, and the old men rejoiced in the honors and victories of debate. Patient, secluded scientific research was hardly known. Pure scholarship took second rank. Technical education was neglected in a section where manufacturing was not carried on. Owing to the peculiar tenor of labor, agricultural improvements were not generally made. Every man was a skilful politician, just as every Englishman is a good rider.

In the National Congress the result was apparent. A body of keen, well trained debaters from the South usually overmatched the men of the North, in tact, quickness and general parliamentary knowledge. But the social organization which developed this tendency and power toward political affairs is now broken up. A vast and radical revolution has come. The old habit of deep and fervid interest in State affairs still, however, remains. "So long as the Government keeps soldiers here we are crushed," said an intelligent North Carolina farmer in 1866, as he sat on his doorstep in the noontide of a beautiful day in June. "Granted that the Government has no business to keep troops here, does it prevent you from putting in any crop you please, and taking the results of it?" asked a friend. "No," said the farmer; "but we are not free, we are crushed!" Thereupon he mounted his horse and rode into town, and spent the better part of the day "discussing the situation." If the time spent in the discussion had been devoted to his land, he would have been better off by nearly an acre of corn. The sailor asks, What is life without a quid of tobacco? The Yankee asks, What is life without a trade? The Southerner asks, What is life without politics?

There is no doubt that the political situation has been extremely confused and even critical, and each man was called upon to think and act intelligently, but still, it may be frankly asked, whether or no the men of the South have not devoted too much time to these political subjects, not so much from an abiding sense of their real importance, as from the old and well settled habit of discussion. And these men may well ask themselves whether it is not due to themselves and their families to withhold, from public matters, more of their time and attention. We have heard more than one successful Southern man say, "After the war I quit politics altogether, and now I am all right."

The great business of the South to-day is construction, the building up of industries and developing the resources of soil and mineral. Southern men say that these Southern States are far behind any of the civilized States of the world, in developed physical resources. Events educate men, though slowly. It is clear that the coming generations, drawn out of the old ruts, will spend their forces in exploring and bringing out these elements of wealth, and, before many years, will swing to the other extreme and neglect political matters altogether. We speak now of, and for, the present generation. It would be well if it could strike a "golden mean" and take out of politics more of its thought and energies, without impairing in any way its duty to the State. Men are what they make themselves. Even under despotisms they thrive and accumulate. From the surrender at Appomattox till now, no man can say, on his conscience, that he has been prevented, by any cause, excepting only the abolition of slavery, from reaping the benefit of his own sagacious, intelligent industry. Successful men prove it.

The literature of the South is mainly political. The newspapers are devoted almost exclusively to public affairs, and they are conducted with excellent, and in many cases, rare talent. They supply a demand. That demand is for political debate. The *News and Courier* of Charleston, S. C., lately discontinued its agricultural department, and frankly stated that the planters took no interest in it. Though the very life of the South depends on intelligent agriculture, the lethargy of the people on that subject is so profound that the press finds it is for its own interest to exclude even agricultural items, and crowd its columns with political news. It might be supposed that the supreme object of the distressed farmer would be light on the subject he dealt with, and out of which came his only support; and that there would be almost a wild craving for all literature bearing on the subject. It might be supposed that he would cry out, "Take away those political items which do me no good; never speak to me about the ballot. Give me, broken down as I am in fortune and almost in spirit, with these wasted acres on my hands, give me light and knowledge from everywhere that may teach me how to better my surroundings."

It is safe to say, that if, during the last twelve years, the time spent by able-bodied Southern men in political discussion, over and above that legitimately taken up by duty toward the State, had been devoted to an intelligent study and working of the soil, the wealth of the South would be, to-day, increased by several hundred millions. It is not the fault of the press. The blame lies with the reader only, and as he reforms his tastes and varies his wants the press will quickly and abundantly supply them. Every farmer knows by heart the literature of the "cypher despatches." How many farmers know by heart the details of those wonderful experiments by Laws and Prout in England which have made agriculture a money-making business? Reform will come. We only hope that it comes speedily, so that the present generation may take some advantage from it.

EDUCATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

"The Ninth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Education of South Carolina," is an interesting and encouraging one, to all interested in the cause of education at the South.

The School Boards now appear to be composed of some of the best citizens of the state. This is a gratifying proof of the substantial support that the system is receiving, and a guarantee that the School Laws will be wisely and faithfully administered.

The attendance during the past year, was 116,239; of whom 62,121 were colored, and 54,118 were white, an increase of 13,843 over the returns of the previous year. This was the largest number since the organization of the present system, with the exception of 1876; when, owing to certain conditions no longer existing, the number was reported to be larger.

To avoid the risk of incurring debts which it would be impossible to meet, it was deemed wise not to open the schools until the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment changing the manner of raising the School Fund. There is no doubt that the attendance, in many of the counties, was diminished by this delay.

Ten counties were officially visited by Captain Hugh S. Thompson, the present Superintendent, during the past year, and in most of them, addreses were delivered before intelligent and appreciative audiences; much interest was exhibited by the teachers, and in five counties they held conventions which were attended not only by teachers but by citizens interested in the cause; and many gratifying results were attained.

All examinations throughout the State are conducted in writing, thus ensuring uniformity. It has not yet been thought advisable to raise the standard beyond a fair average.

The School Fund has been better managed than ever before, and in many counties there will be a balance to its credit. This is the first year, since the organization of the Public School system, in which there has not been a heavy deficit. The receipts for the year were $316,197,10, and the disbursements $319,030,22; the apparent deficit is explained by the fact that some of the counties have made no Report since before the last instalment of of taxes had been collected: if full reports had been received from all the counties the receipts would more than balance the expenditures.

Among the obstacles to the rapid progress of education are mentioned the inefficiency of the County School Commissioners. It is to be hoped that a more enlighted public opinion will demand higher qualification in candidates for these important positions: an inefficent or unfaithful officer while keeping within the letter of the law may yet violate its spirit. It is hardly too much to say that, as is the commissioner, so will the schools be.

The indifference on this subject does not seem to be greater than that existing in other states with a similar population, and the prejudice against the system is daily growing less.

The lack of Normal Schools is severely felt, and their establishment is recommended.

Ten Scholarships in the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., have been placed at the disposal of Captain Thompson, by Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody Fund.

The colored population of the State, is put down at 415,814, and the white at 286,677. The scholastic population, during

the year was 228,128, of which 144,315, were colored, and 83,813 white. The number of free Public Schools

in 1876–7 was 2,483

was said these Chinese were filthy and immoral. The tenement houses of the large cities would teach them, every hour, new lessons in the utter degradation of human

THE January, February and March subscriptions to the "Workman" were larger than ever.

More than the usual number of letters

SOME MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NEGRO,

AND AN INQUIRY AS TO WHAT INTELLECTUAL DIET IS AT PRESENT BEST SUITED TO HIM.

the year was 228,128, of which 144,315, were colored, and 83.813 white. The number of free Public Schools

in 1876–7 was 2,483
in 1877–8 " 2,922

showing an increased of 439 during the past year. The whole number of teachers employed, was 3,117, of whom 1,026 were colored, and 2,091 white. The average number of months these schools were in session, was $3\frac{80}{100}$; the longest period being, in one county, 6 months, and the shortest, in another, 1 month.

Capt. Thompson is a man of unusual intelligence and force of character, and is the man for his place.

He has a genuine active interest in the welfare of the colored people, and their educational interests could not be in better hands.

Before us is a copy of a speech by the Hon. John Goode of Norfolk, Va., delivered in the House of Representatives on the 23d of January last, advocating a bill providing that the proceeds of the sales of public lands shall be devoted to the education of the people; for the first ten years upon the basis of illiteracy, thereafter upon the basis of population

The argument is brief, statistical and very forcible. The bill is well considered, its leading features having been brought forward repeatedly but always in vain.

Mr Goode asks, "Was it right for the Government to enfranchise them, (the colored people) make them citizens and voters, without some adequate provision to qualify them for the proper discharge of the responsible duties incident to the new station to which they were suddenly elevated?

"Can the Government bestow civil and political rights upon these 'wards of the nation,' and at the same time avoid the solemn obligation to provide for their mental and moral improvement?"

Mr. Goode is an ex-slave holder. He has interested himself in the educational welfare of the colored people in his district. We wish him success in his championship of the most important interests of the freedmen.

CHINESE EMIGRATION.

It is our duty, as it is the duty of every newspaper published in the land, to put on record the facts concerning a most astounding violation of public trust. The Congress of the United States, representing in law, and supposed to represent in fact, the people of this country, recently passed a bill, for the partial, if not total exclusion of Chinese emigrants from the Pacific coast. It was not a case of sudden emergency, nor of overruling necessity. Neither pestilence or plague were brought by these people. Least of all were they a swarm of paupers swooping down on our Western boundary. On the contrary, a multitude of most industrious men, with cunning hands and economic habits, came face to face with the Anglo-Saxon merchants, and excelled them in their own arts.

"Cheap production" is the pillar of fire by night, and the cloud by day, upon which every manufacturer, every operator in every commercial business, fixes his eye with incessant stare. But a lot of yellow visaged, sober minded, rice eating pagans entered the field in competition with the best machinery of the Anglo-Saxon, and that portion of the Anglo-Saxon race which holds the most skilful tools, and triumphed by a cheaper production. Poor Anglo-Saxon! Wonderful pagan! The two hundred and twelve thousand Letters Patent granted by the United States, for "improvement in machinery," and "labor saving devices," go for naught; all the cunning work of Yankee brains is only extravagance before these stolid looking, almond eyed marvels of industry. So the statesmen of the United States, after due deliberation imposed by conservative parliamentary rules, decreed that American should not be the land of the free or the home of the industrious. They denied the traditions of the country, and scoffed at its treaty obligations, and put on the records of a great Republic, a doctrine which makes every despot of the world thankful for the existence of the last Congress. It was said these Chinese were filthy and immoral. The tenement houses of the large cities would teach them, every hour, new lessons in the utter degradation of human life; and a territory organized under the laws of the Federal government, could show them a large population openly practising polygamy. However, behind these "statesmen," stood the people, the press, and the pulpit. Fortunately for the country, for its honor criminally trifled with, the Executive stood like a rock, and this infamous wave of bigotry and wrong, broke at its base, and scattered in froth and foam. To Congress the business is a comedy, to the people an insult, to history an example of foolish legislation, and to China it is a precedent for casting out merchant and missionary, those "foreign devils" who have been reluctantly admitted to their ports. Few cases show so well the veto power in our system of government. It may at times be abused. It certainly has also its splendid uses.

W. N. A.

We have spoken elsewhere of the predominance of political literature at the South. In these papers* we see the new departure, the South resurgent. These are the banners of a thin, but strong skirmish line, which is clearing the way for the great conquest over nature which it is possible for the South to make, and which she will make. It is indeed a pity that these facts, so gathered and set forth in these papers could not be cast in the form of bomb shells, and be dropped with unerring aim into every farm house of the South, so that the flying fragments should tear up and shatter forever, old ideas and habits which keep men poor. Gratitude is due to politicians who serve the country well, but the highest honor is due to those men who stand above merchant, and trader and politician, in meeting the real needs of this desolate country, Whitney once unlocked the wealth of the South with a cotton gin. But the doors are again closed, and there is pressing need of men who can reveal new wealth. It is knowledge and the power born of knowledge, which is needed peremptorily at the South. Here above all places, should be the man who can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. If the interests of our people, black and white, could be committed unreservedly to the men who are gathering and distributing this valuable agricultural information, there would be the most remarkable, unequaled progress in material wealth during the next few years.

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*Southern Planter and Farmer, Richmond, Va., Monthly Journal of the State Agricultural Society, Richmond, Va.
Soil tests of fertilizers, State of Georgia. Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Richmond, Va.

The Kansas papers report, according to the Norfolk Virginian, that "Hundreds of negroes are flocking thither from the far South, under the impression that the long looked for 'forty acres and a mule' to each of them can be had in that State. The delusion is fostered by railroad ticket sharpers, who induce the ignorant negroes to part with their small properties to raise money for a third-class ticket to the promised land."

The negro is the victim of an ignorance that is not his fault, and to remedy which very little has been done during the fifteen years since emancipation.

The country suffers much, but he suffers more from the mental darkness in which numberless pitfalls await him.

The "Work of Half a Generation among the Freedmen of the United States," an address by Rev. M. E. Strieby, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, is a pamphlet well worth reading. It can be obtained at 56 Reade street, N. Y. City.

Dr. Strieby states facts which will surprise most, even of those who have watched the workings of emancipation. He is fair; he admits Southern testimony freely, and finds ground for hope in his careful and able review of the work of half a generation. It should be read throughout the land.

The January, February and March subscriptions to the "Workman" were larger than ever.

More than the usual number of letters of appreciation have been received.

We publish two of them. Every dollar sent as a subscription is a help to the Hampton work, and in return secures reliable information upon a most important social problem.

"It gives me pleasure to renew my subscription to the "Southern Workman." I think the paper is doing good, both in the ideas it promulgates and in the stimulus it gives the colored man.

Please find enclosed one dollar,
Yours sincerely,
(Rev.) Addison P. Foster.

I am very much obliged to you for letting me know my subscription had run out, instead of stopping the paper, for I think the paper is more and more interesting, and the items of interest about the Indian scholars are highly gratifying and also amusing. What an unlimited amount of good Hampton is doing to the two races, and to the third through those two.

I must apologize for taking any of your time, but I felt I wanted to show my sympathy and love for your work by a word.

Yours in Christain love and prayer,
H. W. Ruggles.

In a recent letter from Honolulu, we have the following account which shows that the genus "tramp" has touched the shores of that Earthly Paradise, the Hawiian Islands.

"We have tramps who are worse than Chinamen; the latter had, in the district of Honolulu, increased to 1,299 in the year 1878. Somebody on the (California) Coast has sent here a company of tramps on a labor contract, and some of them refuse to work. They have already committed depredations as you will notice in the papers which I send.

"I was in the garden one day when a man of some twenty-five years, well dressed, came to me and asked for work, could wait on table etc.; said he was of German, origin from Philadelphia. I had no work, but gave him a note to B——, which he did not deliver. On leaving, he asked me to give him a pair of pants.

"Some days later, one windy day, he came up the back stairs and appeared at the door. I opened the door and went out, closing it after me. He asked if my Chinaman could make him a cup of tea. Akam was in the kitchen when the tramp passed. I went into the house and brought him some bread and butter which he refused, but wanted tea, said he was sick. I gave him a cup of tea and made some inquiries. How long had he been here? Some two weeks. Did he come in a certain vessel? Yes. Did he know the two men who were taken up for entering the Queen's Hospital at midnight? Rather reticent, but said he came in the same ship, but they came on contract and he was on his own hook. I since have learned that he had stowed himself away in the vessel. I said it was better for strangers to bring letters from persons known here. I doubt not he designed to take the bearings of the house. Had my Chinaman not been on hand he might have used more freedom."

In the death of Mr. Charles Kimball of Lowell, Mass., the Hampton Institute has lost a valued friend. He was constantly serving it and was tireless in his efforts to extend the knowledge of it, and to increase its resources. We have found few such allies in the past ten years.

The Secretary of War and Senators Kirkwood and Allison of Iowa, visited Hampton Institute recently, for the purpose especially of observing the Indian experiment at the school. They spent a day in examining its various aspects, and expressed much satisfaction with its success. Secretary McCrary has visited the school before. He, and Senator Allison and Senator Kirkwood, the War Governor of Iowa, and Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs in the last Congress, are good friends of both races represented in the school, and made stirring speeches to the students admonishing them to improve their opportunities and help each other in the great work before them, as the pioneers of their peoples in their progress to a higher civilization.

SOME MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NEGRO,

AND AN INQUIRY AS TO WHAT INTELLECTUAL DIET IS AT PRESENT BEST SUITED TO HIM.

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of the negro, which was developed during this first year or two of his freedom, was his intense looging for book learning. Time may have smoothed, to some extent, the wire edge of his intellectual appetite; but it is still surprisingly keen, and in it may be found strong grounds for anticipating a bright future for the race. Yet this very appetite of the negro is a huge difficulty in the way of educating him, for it is so much stronger than his power to digest. He swallows facts with astonishing rapidity, but assimilates them very slowly. To provide a mental diet that will at all satisfy his appetite, and not cause indigestion, is a difficult problem. This tendency to mental dyspepsia is due to the years of slavery suffered; for those years of slavery were years of mental starvation, in point of fact, and by force of law. It is unfair to expect to find in the negro mind any other set of conditions than those which follow a long period of starvation. In restoring shipwrecked persons, who have nearly starved physically, it is necessary to feed them at first only small quantities of such food as can be digested easily. If they be permitted to eat as much as they please, and as they please, their gorgings will weaken, not nourish them. The parallel between the intellectual condition of the lately emancipated negro, and the physical condition of the half-starved sailor, is most striking; and unfavorable results will attend the unlimited, unguided indulgence of the appetite of either. In both cases the strongest opposition to the necessary moderation comes from those most to be benefited by its exercise; and the advocates of such moderation are denounced as foes, and have all manner of selfish, miserable motives attributed to them. Hungry men are not much inclined to logic; the impulse of the sailor is to devour the heartiest food within reach; and the impulse of the colored student is to reach at once for the higher branches of intellectual effort, and regard as wasted the time spent in elementary studies.

It is no fault of the colored people of this generation that they are mentally dyspeptic; but rather their misfortune in having had intellectual starvation fall to the lot of their ancestors. It is their rare privilege to have the chance of leaving to their children sounder organs than they themselves inherited. The object of all gymnastic training is to obtain physical strength, and the object of all book training is to get mental strength. No man can strengthen his physical muscles, with dumb-bells on which he cannot get a grip; neither can we develop our mental muscles, so to speak, by struggling with matters beyond our grasp. Simple as this is, it is one of the most difficult things to make colored students believe. That there is some "royal road to learning" seems part of the faith that has been born in them; and it can only be shaken by months and months of training. No man can reach an upper story of a high building by jumping at it from the ground; if he ever reach it, it must be step by step. If he do reach an upper story, and look down at the ground he started from, he will have more respect for the steps than when he began his journey.

Everyone who has reached middle life, knows that what he learned at school was only the beginning of his education. The amount of knowledge anybody takes from school is only a ridiculously small part of what may be learned, and the condition of a graduate's mind is of far more importance than the number of facts in its possession. If the receptive powers have been alone cultivated, if he has only had dumped into his memory a certain number of facts, he leaves school with a mind like a brick—so long, so wide, so thick, so hard—but with no capacity for future growth. Such kind of mental culture is no more education, than a woodpile is a frame dwelling. To utterly neglect the receptive faculties would be almost as bad as to cultivate them alone: but as they are naturally the strongest part of the colored student's mind, they need less attention than his active or reasoning faculties. Facts for the mind's mill to grind upon may be obtained at almost any period of life; but unless a man be taught in youth how to run his mental machinery, its product will never amount to much. In other words, to teach a student how to think is more important than the number of facts presented. If the millstones cannot move, sand or stones may as well be thrown in the hopper, as wheat or barley. If these premises be true, it follows that the best mental food for the negro in his present condition, are such studies as will most exercise his reasoning powers, and force him to work from generalities to particulars. It is obvious that the subject matter of his lessons is of less importance than the way in which they are taught. For example, in parsing the sentence "Cats eat," a student should be made to understand that the ex-

pression is correct, not because the verb "eat" happens to have the same number and person as the noun "eats," but because "all verbs must agree with their subjects in number and person," and that this is a particular instance of that general law: in other words, that whatever is true of a whole class is true of every individual of which the class is composed. There is no denying that this process is tedious to the teacher, and at first irksome and incomprehensible to the scholar; but it is worth the trouble, if only a small percentage of the class are made to understand that a conclusion requires two premises, and that the human mind can act as well as be acted upon.

Another drawback to the good mental digestion of the negro is the short time the majority of the race can afford to give to their education. They are like hungry travelers in the dining saloon of a railway depot, where the train stops only "ten minutes for refreshments." "Eat and run," they must; it is a matter of necessity; they have no choice. Nevertheless, both traveler and student should select such edibles as are most nourishing and most easily digested. A traveler who wastes his ten minutes in struggling with a bowl of scalding soup, is no more improvident than a student who plunges into the study of astronomy before he has mastered Common Fractions. What the majority of colored students learn, they must learn quickly; and the question with everyone should be, not what he would most like to learn, but what, of the things he has time to learn, will benefit him most. Very few colored people have the pecuniary ability to buy the enjoyment of that schoolsstic calm, which is as necessary for good mental digestion, as the "quiet half hour" after a seven-course dinner.

Three great obstacles are in the way of educating the colored people (so far as book learning goes,) and they are as follows: First, the dyspeptic haste with which their studies must be pursued. Second, their voracious appetites for learning. Third, the weak state of their mental digestion, arising from the intellectual starvation of their ancestors. Time will remove all these difficulties, but at present they exist, and cannot be surmounted by shutting our eyes to them. T. T. N.

FRETS.

A dictionary, as a steady literary diet, can hardly be recommended; but a little, taken occasionally, will sharpen anybody's vocabulary. Custom has so clouded many of our simple words that their real meaning is lost to sight; but turning the leaves of a dictionary will dispel these clouds and often lead to unexpected discoveries. The verb "to fret" is a case in point. Custom has made us regard the word as meaning something disagreeable—as a synonym for "to be cross." This popular notion, like many others, contains a grain of truth and a bushel of chaff. Webster says that it means "to wear away by friction," a definition broad enough to cover all possible uses of the word. In nine cases out of ten, however, when we use the word, we mean "to wear ourselves out by friction against unnecessary trifles." If this definition be correct, it is not presumptuous to say that fretting is more than folly; if not a disease, it is a crime: for it needs no profound argument to prove, that abusing the organisms that have been given us to use, is a crime.

To slightly alter the words of the old song, "If a man be thrown into a bramble bush, and scratch out both his eyes," we pity him as a victim of circumstances: but if he throw himself therein, his wounds will awaken no sympathy, and he is apt to be called a fool.

To describe frets as persons always throwing themselves into metaphorical bramble bushes, is no particular strain upon the language, and brings out clearly the real meaning of "wearing away by friction." A man who frets, wears himself out unnecessarily against the sharp corners of life; while a well balanced man steers clear of all obstacles that he can, and those that he cannot, he goes through or over. If he cannot wear them away, he is careful not to let them wear him away. He always uses the verb "to fret" in the active voice, leaving the passive voice for fools or frets.

Idleness is the dam of many mangy whelps, but the most useless, ugly, one of all is fretfulness. It is hydra-headed; lopping off a head will not kill it; the only way to get rid of it is to starve it out by plenty of hard work, and a hearty will to do the work. A man in dead earnest about anything, has no time to rub himself against the trifles on which fretfulness feeds, and pays no more attention to them than a drowning man does to gnats on the water's surface. No man can any more do his best if he fret, than a boy can whistle and drink cider.

Regarding fretfulness as a disease, there is this peculiarity about it: that although evidently painful, people afflicted with it seem to enjoy the pain. Well packed with truth is the old satire on a hypochondriac, who replied to an inquiry concerning his health, "Pretty wretchedly, thank you." It may be classed among the preventable diseases, for no sane man knowingly gives himself pain; if pain comes to him, he meets it manfully and tries to thrust it from him; but a fretful man clasps every atom of irritation to his bosom, and coddles it with a self-abnegation worthy of a Juggernaut worshiper.

Like weak lungs or feeble digestion, this disease can be handed down from father to son; and parents who indulge in fretfulness are doubly detestable; for they not only poison the waters of the present, but of the future. To poison a pond is bad enough, but to poison the springs whereby a river is fed, is worse.

Fretting is like jealousy, in that it often makes the food on which it feeds, and changes little molehills of annoyance into mighty mountains of misery. Indeed, more people fret on account of what is not, than on account of what is. To enumerate all the things people fret about would be an endless task; but it is astonishing how many people fret because they are not somebody else. "Oh, if I were only so and so, I would be perfectly happy!" is the speech or thought of many a fool. The chances are hundreds to one, that if such metamorphosis were possible, retransformation would be prayed for in less than a week. It is physically certain that no living man has a greater burden than he can bear; and that to every back is fitted a burdan, whether the back be clad in silks and satins, or cotton and corduroy.

In this practical age, usefulness is the standard to which almost everything is referred. "What is the use of it?" is about the first question asked concerning any new or old thing discussed. Measuring fretting by this standard, the result is a minus quantity, less than nothing. No physical use comes of fretting, for it is a steady drawback on any real work a man has to do; nor is there any mental use, for the mind of a fretting man is like a wheel whose axle is not fitted to its centre, and which jolts, and squeaks, and wears itself away at every revolution. It is clear there is nothing useful, and assuredly, there is nothing beautiful about fretting. It is neither calm nor storm: it is simple irritation,—a perpetual pimple on the moral countenance.

Worry is not work, no matter how many people may act as if it were: a horse that champs his bit, crouches in the shafts, paws the air, and shies out of the road, worries a great deal, but works very little. Many a man goes about his work just as the champing, pawing horse: he flatters himself he is working desperately hard, but all the desperation lies in the way he is wearing himself out.

Serious things, like the thrust of a bayonet or the bite of a rattlesnake, do not make a man fret; but such a trifle as the buzzing of a mosquito, or the frayed edge of a ragged collar, is the miserable, contemptible basis of attacks of fretfulness.

A story is told that one of the penances of the pilgrims of the Middle Ages was to wear peas in their shoes, and that some who believed in the letter more than in the spirit of the penance, boiled the peas before putting them into their shoes. With us pilgrims of the nineteenth century, the case is different: we have our choice whether we wear the peas or not; but frets insist on filling their shoes with the most flinty kind of peas the country affords, and set their unhappy faces sternly against having them boiled. It is a strange taste, but some people prefer wormwood to cane-sugar, and all we can do is to wonder at their taste.

A fret is entitled to no sympathy, and, as a rule, gets none; that is, although we can pity a man cursed with fretfulness, we cannot sympathize with what makes him fret, exactly as we can pity a man for being a drunkard, but not for his being drunk.

As before said, a fret really enjoys fretting, and there is no more uncomfortable companion than a person with a pet grievance. If a man has any real grievance, he busies himself redressing it, or having it redressed: but a fret does nothing of tha kind; he takes his grievance round with him, and pours it out into every ear that will listen. Such people always get tha disguised or undisguised contempt of their auditors. Of all bores in all boredom, the greatest is one who always leads his grievance round with him by a string, as a lady does a pet lap-dog. Respect for tha dogs alone prevents saying, that tha rule of valuation of lap-dogs and pet grievances seems tha same—the more diminutive,—the more highly esteemed.

It is a quaint fancy to associate some color with different conditions of mind; and tha common consent blue is associated with fretfulness: not the deep, glorious blue of a June sky, but the inflamed, sickly hlue, that marks the locality of a bruise.

To all in search of health, wealth, or long life, this advice is good—DON'T FRET!

T. T. B.

DURING the recent discussion of the hill to restrict Chinese immigmtion, in the Sennte, Senator Bruce was called to the chair by Vice President Wheeler. This is the first time in the history of the Govarnment that a colored man has presided over the U. S. Senate.

On the Farm.

HINTS FOR WORK.

From the American Agriculturist.

Lay plans for the Year without delay. The forehanded man works to great advantage. He loses no time; everything is done at the proper moment.

Hired men are now engaged to begin work April 1st. The season usually consists of 8 or 9 months, leaving the men idle about one quarter of the year. It is well for employers to consider if they can not better afford to give steady employment. The work is work to be done at all seasons if sought for.

The change of Weather often exposes men working in the open air to great risks. To keep the feet dry is very necessary. A well-drained barnyard is one preventive of wet feet and wearing rubber boots wherever water or mud is to be encountered, is another. The latter will serve in all cases.

Horses feet should be well cared for in the slushy condition of the roads. When brought in from work, horses should be well rubbed down with a piece of blanket and the feet and legs thoroughly dried. The friction will remove the chilling effect of the cold slush; but if this is left upon the feet, the skin may become diseased and cracked heels or foot fever result from the carelessness.

A Caution.—Buy no fertilizers without knowing precisely what they consist of. Peruvian Guano, and other reliable fertilizers, when genuine, always have a brand upon the bags, with a statement of their analysis. Special manures are sold by responsible dealers, according to known formulas, which should be studied by the purchaser, that he may know what he is getting and how to use it.

Calves.—A calf that is infested with vermin, may be known by its rough coat covered with ticks. The young animals should be freed from these pests at once. A mixture of lard and sulphur rubbed along the spine and on the brisket will be effective; and a dose of a tablespoonful of sulphur and molasses, once a day for a week, will help greatly to drive away lice and prevent disease.

Sheep.—A few one-ounce doses of a mixture of equal parts of sulphur and cream of tartar will relieve the irritation of the skin common in the early spring and the loss of much wool by rubbing. Ewes should have dry and clean pens and yards. Abundant litter is no remedy for a wet floor; a dry board is better than a foot of damp straw for a bed.

Lambs.—Early lambs may be pushed forward by giving them a little fresh cow's milk. They will soon learn to drink this from a pan. The milk should be given warm from a fresh cow, a quarter of a pint to a meal. Do not overfeed any young animal; that retards, instead of assisting growth.

Swine.—Separate breeding sows from other pigs and provide them with a warm dry pen, bedded with leaves or cut straw and furnished with a rail fastened 8 inches from the floor and from the wall to prevent the young pigs from being crushed. It is well to give the sow half a pint of raw linseed-oil a few days before farrowing and immediately after; this may prevent her from destroying the pigs.

Poultry.—Unless great cleanliness is observed, the poultry-houses will become offensive and unwholesome in the damp and warmer weather. Clean often and sprinkle with plaster and coal ashes, or dig up the earthern floor and freshen it. If lice or fleas abound, apply grease or kerosene oil to the perches: it will spread from these to the fowls. Provide warm, sheltered nesting places for the early setting hens and a glass covered coop for the chicks. Feed young chicks little, but often.

Tools.—Every implement needs overhauling and many will require repairing. This is the last opportunity of getting things "to rights" before they will be needed. Sharpen and polish up the tools, clean the machines and oil them thoroughly: look well for missing bolts; change round for square headed bolts and put everything in working order.

Handy things to have: A box of copper rivets and burs, a coil of stout copper wire a few dozen mixed screws, an assortment of carriage bolts, an awl and a few wax ends, a bottle of harness dressing, a pound or two of assorted wrought nails, a few loose links for broken chains, half a dozen brass knobs for cow's horns, a small anvil, a box of axle grease (a mixture of black lead and palm oil is the best,) a quart can of sperm oil for machines, 5 gallons of crude petroleum, a small supply of simple medicines and a medicine born,—all these and a closet to keep them in, will be found valuable in the saving of time, money and irritation, when an occasion of pressing need comes during the busy season.

SHEEP-HUSBANDRY, APPLE AND FIG RAISING.

The February number of the "Planter and Farmer" published at Richmond, Va., is as bright and spicy as ever.

We quote from two of its correspondents.

"My experience is, that a couple of acres planted with good apple trees, when of size to bear well, will pay ten-fold more than any other crop; but the land must be good, or made so, after setting the trees. They can be set out as late as the first of April, but it had better be done in November or February, cultivating and improving the land regularly; nothing will pay better.

And as to sheep, no stock of any other kind will pay like sheep, provided you can keep the *comminists from them.* Dogs are easily managed without the aid of law. Allow each man to be "monarch of his own domain," is all of law that is needed. Let any man make the experiment who has never tried it, and lay out some of his spare cash, if he has it, or borrow it if he can get it, in sheep; manage them according to the experience of others or the dictates of common sense, and mark what a per cent. they yield upon the outlay. Almost in every case it will be found that the lambs and wool will more than pay for the flock, with little expense. What other stock can be made to pay one hundred per cent. income? And then there is the home-made flannel, and the warm mittens, and socks, nubias, etc., for winter use, and occasionally fresh lamb in summer; your money meanwhile, yielding perhaps one hundred per cent.

Then, I say, plant out fruit trees and cultivate them; buy sheep and take care of them, for they certainly will pay.

Caroline county, Va. W. W. KAY.

Although a semi-tropical fruit, yet too great a heat prevents fruit bearing; while, our summer days, being longer, we have more hours of sunshine, and as a consequence, just the climate for the production of the fig.

Its cultivation in our colder climes is no experiment, for large crops are raised in and about Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and elsewhere. General Worthington, of Ohio, after several years of experience, says of the fig tree:

"It is quick grown, suits our climate admirably, is easily protected, is a sure bearer, and very prolific. The trees begin to bear when two years old, and when four or five they produce from the same area, with less labor, a larger and more certain crop than either potatoes or tomatoes. I like them best fresh from the tree, and often breakfast on them. The demand by the family is very great. This fall I had a cart-load of dried figs from an area of less than four square rods. The fig tree is eminently *the* fruit for the cottager and villager, and when its merits and adaptability to our climate become known, it will be as regularly grown for family use all over the Ohio valley as either the potato or tomato." And what is true of that State is true of the whole North.

It is true a slight winter protection is needed for our winter weather; but this small attention is more than atoned for, in the fact that the fig has no insect anemies, and the wood no blight, and we *do* have "a heap" of trouble with some of our fruits from these sources.

An experienced cultivator says, "There are few trees, with so little trouble in their cultivation, that bear so abundantly or yield so much for so little care as the fig."

The general cultivation of this fruit would be not only a comfort and a benefaction to our people, but would be a source of wealth. To this end, I will take pleasure in sending to any address my paper on "The Fig," which tells how to grow, how to protect, how to dry figs, etc.

G. F. NEEDHAM.

Washington, D. C.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

FROM OUR GRADUATE IN AFRICA, "MURRAY-MEN AND PURROW DEVILS."—A

to encourage you. It is a life of sowing and not of reaping. And many times when you have sown the seeds, and think that they are taking root, you see something, as it were,

came to see me the other day, and brought four of his wives with him; he has only five but by some means he failed to bring all of them. She, I guessed was left to take care

——, VA., *Dec.* 8, 1878.

My dear Miss H:

It has been six long weeks since I received your nice letter.

We have a good school, numbering a hun-

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

FROM OUR GRADUATE IN AFRICA, "MURRY-MEN AND PURROW DEVILS."—A SAD STRUGGLE—TEACHING TOGETHER—PLEASANT EXPERIENCES—A SOUTHERN LADY'S REPORT OF TWO HAMPTON GRADUATES' SCHOOL.

It is sometime since we have heard from our missionary graduate, and the following letter will be read with intereet by those to whom it is addressed, and other friends.

MENDI MISSION, NEAR FREETOWN,
SIERRA LEONE, WEST AFRICA,
January 7th, 1879.

To the Hampton Graduates:

My dear Friends and Schoolmates:

One year, three months and fourteen days ngo to-day I sailed from New York (in the Barque Jasper) for the land known to us as tbe land of darkness. We reached tbe harbor of Sierra Leone, Nov. 19th, efter n voyage of fifty-seven days. We went ashore on the 20th and remained in Freetown ten days, after which we came to the place of our labor. Since thet time, I have been working among the henighted sons of Ham. When we first got on the field I was stationed at Good Hope, the ether station, and had a more homelike situntion than what I now have. The older people there were raised in Freetown, und therefore are more civilized than these among whom I now labor. People here have most all the country ways and ideas. They practice all kinds of vices, and have many gods. I have never as yet seen any of their gods of wood, but I have seen the bugabug which they have as gods. When they are going to make their farm they must get a bugabug house (which is only a rough pile of earth heaped up by the little hugs called bugabug) and place that in one corner of the farm and make a shelter over it, else they will not have any rice, they say. They must also cook n large pot of rice and fish and place it in one corner for the devil, to make the devil pleased, and he will mind tbeir farina and give them pleaty of rice. And when this rice is ripe, they must cut a large bunch and bang it up for the devil before tbey can use any for themselves. One can go over the rice farms and around the farm-house, and see these fine hunches of rice hanging there, waiting for the devil to come after them.

There are many other thiags about the ways and habits of the country which I would be glad to tell you, but will leave tbem till another time. The thought of writing to many of my old schoolmates came to my mind this morning before day, while I was on my bed. My thoughts are often drawn Hampton-ward, and as I think of her, my Alma Mater, I also think of those deer ones that used to make things plensant for me, both teachers and scholars. It makes me sad to think that since I left many have fallen. Yet when I look back and think that tbey are gone from me, and can no more come to me, I know that I can see them again. I can go to them if they cannot come to me; and while I know that earth has that number less, I believe that heaven has that number more. We have many to die around us day after day, and week after week; they are departing. You may see a man here walking around seeming well, to-day, and to-morrow you may see the sod put upon that same man. When I look about me, and see that my life is so changed, and that I em in Africa instead of the United States, I can but look up and say, how wonderful is thy hand, O Lord! Did I think two years ago that I should ever he among these people? But God knew. Any one may look at the idea of going out as a missionary and think it is a small job; but be is quite mistaken. The word missionary means some thing more then we are able to understnnd before we heve gone. Many persons start out as missioneries who at the first call willingly say, "Here am I, send me, send me;" and when they have fully gotten on the field, and begin to find out the meaning of the word missionary, they are as willing to say "Here nm I, send me, send me, me," as they were before, and more so; but that "Send me, send me," will be to "send me back." I am afraid that many who say "send me" don't know what they are saying. Africa needs missionaries—indeed she does; and I am glad when I hear of any one coming as such, but let him that comes have the work at heart. Many have been out here who came to say that "I was a missionary to Africa," or some other parts, but I think the land would have been bettered by their having stayed away. Let us take the matter to God and be sure He says go. If He says go, tben go, for He will go with you. Many of us say "I want to be a missionery; I want to go to Africa, or some other beathen land to work for Christ," and we have hundreds of missionary duties at our very door daily, end we overlook them, looking eway off to some far land. I tell you dear friends, a missionnry life is everything but a happy one. You have ten thousand things to discourage you, while you don't heve one to encourage you. It is a life of sowing and not of reaping. And many times when you have sown the seeds, and think thet they are taking root, you see something, as it were, pulling up the sown seed. You go and re-plant, and you will soon see something else destroying the seeds. Our greatest destroyers are the murry-men or wise men of Africa end the purrow devils. The murry-men tesch the people all the heathen habits of the country, end they get large pay, therefore they work hard to make the people believe in charms and medicines which they make and sell. They will take a piece of cloth, and sew it together, wax it over and sell it to some poor man for about $3.00, and tell him to keep this about his body, and it will keep away sickness, or give him good luck. And really it is not worth one straw. The purrow devils are those who disguise themselves and go around the country. They have a place of meeting they call the purrow bush. They take all the little boys they can get and carry them to this bush and keep them there till they are quite large, and then their people have to pay a large sum to get them out. While they are in there they are taught all the vices of the country. The murry-men and purrow devils know that if the country became civilized they could not get their living so easily as they now do; so it is their object to keep the country in darkness as long a they can. Aad anything they can do to keep the missionary work from spreading they will do. After a missionary has gotten on the field and sees all these things aad a thousand others, the only hope he has is that the Lord has said that "my word shall not return unto me void." Don't think dear schoolmates that I write this to discourage you and to keep you from coming to Africa or going to some other dark land, I do not; but I want you to consider well your calling before you say "send me." Africa needs help. She is calling for help every day, and I should he more than glad to have some of my schoolmates on the field to help us in the march. We need more men—hut men of the right kind, not such as will work for the praise of men, but those who will work for Christ and his kingdom. I do pray that the time will soon come when all the mission stations in the sunny land of Africa shall have such men to work them. While we are in Ameries and hear of Africa and read about her we cannot have any idea about the land. God has made this land to suit the people here and they only can enjoy life here. They say that "this is not white man country, this country no suit white man, and white man country no fit for Africen man." And I agree with them that this is not the white man country, for the white man comes herc to get rich; he stays here a few years, and drys np as it were, and is soon gone to his mother earth. I have seen the soda put upon many a trader, and yet the come for the sake of riches. These traders are a curse to Africa, they bring rum and sell it to the natives. Africa needs to be opened up to trade, but not such as is carried on here now. There are many valuable things here which might be shipped to some civilized country and made good use of. Then she needs to exchange these things for such things as tools and furniture, clothing and such like. You will see a farmer going to his farm with his tools which are a cutlass and a hoe. The cutlass is not any more than a large knife, and the hoe is about as wide as my two fingers. These he makes his farm with, and works with all the year till harvest time, and when his rice is ready to cut (this being most they raise, rice and Cassadn) he has a small knife not as large as a good-sized pocket knife, the blade is about half an inch wide end two inches long. He cuts his whole crop of rice with this by cntting one head at a time. They don't cut it as we do wheat, but only cut the heeds off. A man who has a large farm will hire men to to help him cut, and gets a drummer to play the drum, and they work by the music, singing, and making a loud noise as the people used to do in America at their old time corn shuckings. He pays each man one shilling a day, in our money twenty-four cents. The women also have a hand in this; they follow the men who are cutting and clep their hands and cry out "that am the man." I don't know whether they get any pay or not, as they don't value woman labor here much. I don't think they do. They don't think that the women do much, yet they make most of the farms for the men. The men may help cut the farm, and the women will plant the rice and keep it clean till time for harvest. While the rice needs cleaning you may go through e cbntry town, and you will hardly see six women, while the men are plentiful. The women are all on their farms, hard at work and the men are setting at home doing nothing. I was talking to one of the men about the African man wanting so many wives and he said that if a man had plenty wife he can make big farm and have plenty rice, but if man no got wife plenty, he no make rice plenty, except he can hire. Thus you see that the wives are the slaves of the country. A man came to see me the other day, and brought four of his wives with him; he has only five but by some means he failed to bring all of them. She, I guessed was left to take care till he returned. So all the men try to get as many wives es they can, the more wives the more honor they have. They buy them from $3.75 up to $19.00 and, sometimes, the old people come and give them their daughters for wives.

Now, dear schoolmates, I have written you a long letter, and every one who reads this, I shall expect to write to me. I would like to write to each one of you, but you know that it would take all my time to do it, and all my money to mail the letters. So I thought the best way would be for me to write you all a long letter, and have it put in the "Workman," and then each of you could write me. I shall not have time and room to tell you all I want to in this, but after you have written me then I will write again. If I owe any one a letter, they must consider it paid when they read this. We are having it quite cool here for African; the Thermometer has stood between 62° and 64° for about twelve days, *i. e.* in the morning, and that is cool for Africa. The natives say it is cold too much. You can see them getting to the fire as if snow was three feet deep. Now dear schoolmates, I must stop. But must first ask you to pray for me, I need the prayers of all praying people. May the Lord bless each one of you, is the prayer of your lonely schoolmate. Write soon to, yours in Christ,

ACKREL E. WHITE.

THE sad etory of destitution and losing etruggle of ignornnce with adverse eireumstnnces, told in the following letter, is indeed "enough to bring tears to the eyes," and indieetes the kind of work to be done in many parts of the South. To do thie work as far as lies in their power, these graduate teachers are bravely trying, and the simple faith with which they sometimes nsk for help in it, is the result of former evidenees of the sympathy of northern friende. Barrels of partly worn but very uecful clothing have been distributed from time to time among such needy ones, grently to tbeir help and encourngement.

MARYLAND, *Jan.* 1879.

Gen. Armstrong—Dear Sir:

Knowing that you are interested in the work of the Hampton graduates, I write to give yon an idea of mine.

I am now teaching school near the village of P., in Prince George Co., Md. On learning my business the examiner asked me where I was educated. I told him at the Hampton Institute near Fortress Monroe, and then he inquired who was the Principal of that school. my reply was Gen. Armstrong, Then he said "I have heard of that school before," and absented himself. On returning he handed me the aames of three trustees and their address and a letter for the same, directing me to see them at once. The letter was one of advice to the trustees, advising them to appoint me as their teacher, and they did so accordingly. Taking my appointment to the examiner (as he requested me) I expected to have to stand a rigid examination, but the examiner only asked to see my diploma; on showing that, he gave me my certificate, requested me to open school at once, and added, "It ought to have been opened two weeks ago, but I will make no reduction in your salery for the quarter."

I opened scbool the 17th of September, with eighteen scholars. They seemed very anxious to learn and attended school very regularly for a while, but as soon as the weather began to get cold the attendance became to be very small, and continued to get small until I only had an attendance of eight. I did not know the real cause then, but by going around to tell the parents to send their children to school, I found out the main cause: General, believe me! every family I went to, brought tears to my eyes. There were tbe poor little children without clothes enough to hide their naked skin, nor shoes to keep the frost from biting their feet, and their parents a very little better off. They asked me was there any way for me to help them. I told them I would try to do something for them.

If there is any way thet you can help these poor little children, either yourself or point me out to somebody thnt will, please do it. The colored people about here are very much bebind, all on account of being poor managers. Most of them have been working ever since the war on the land of their former masters, and are now so much entangled in debt with them, that they have a mortgage on everything they bave, and consequently they work from year to year without accnmulating a cent. In my next letter I will try to tell you something about the different denominations and the babits nnd manners of the people about here, whicb I suppose will be an item of interest.

Yours truly, B.

——, VA., *Dec.* 8, 1878.

My dear Miss H:

It has been six long weeks since I received your nice letter.

We have a good school, numbering a hundred end six—nearly ell of them are present every day too, quite a difference in our positions this winter and those of last. I never taught children that love to come to school any better and they are very willing and anxious to learn. I took in my second monthly report Saturday. Every Friday we have the children speak and allow them to ask their parents in to hear them speak; they seem pleased at that. We speak some times too. I have attended the Teachers' Institute. It was much more pleasant for us this year than last, there was not any distinction made, and the Institute was conducted with more intereat. A great many ways of teaching Reading, Arithmetic and Grammar were explained. Several lectures were delivered on teaching, one particularly amusing and interesting hy Dr. Ruffner. The Institute lasted three days. Col. Parker's method for teaching beginners to read was repeatedly mentioned. I was proud that it was not entirely new to me for S. and I find it quite useful in our School. We have some nice charts (which are hers,) that help considerably in drawing, or rather keep us from displaying our ignorance of that art. I aboold like no much to see the boys since they are in uniform, it must have taken work to get them all ready. I would like to see those Indian girls too—for I've never seen one. Yes, Miss H., I think S. and I are quite fortunate to have schools—such good ones too—and right together. Coles teaches in this Co. too. I would recommend some of the vacancies to some of our students who have not schools, but the salaries at the country schools have been so much reduced that it would not pay any one to come from any distance for only the *promise* of that small amount.

I guess you had a nice time "Thanksgiving—I had a very nice time, teaching on that day, and had a visit from the Supt. whicb was very unexpected to us. I guess be meant it should be a surprise. Our children did real well which made us more proud of them than ever. He praised the children, then turned to us and told us that there would be no difficulty for us to retain our places next winter for a nine months term.

Hoping you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am

Yours fondly, L.

A SOUTHERN LADY who is interested in progress of the colored people, sends the following, which we welcome to our columns.

HARRISONBURG VA., *March* 13*th*, 1879.

Gen. Armstrong:

If your columns are not too much crowded this month, will you find room for the hasty notice of the school in which two of your graduates are doing such good service. As it is only the primary school, their influence is not as much felt as it deserves to be. I wish time and opportunity would allow me to speak more fully of the real good I believe your young teachers are doing, but think even a few words of encouragement will be gratefully received.

Many thauks for the paper whicb is always a welcome visitor and handed after perusal to some appreciative colored neighbors.

The school is in charge of Miss Sarah Smoot and of Miss Lucy Simms, Hampton graduates, now working in Harrisonburg. They have about fifty pupils under their care ranging from five to twelve years and their exhibition of arithmetic, reading, recitations of select poems and other exercises so well known to to those accustomed to teach the young "idea how to shoot" would have done credit to children of much more advanced age.

To see children scarcely high enough to reach the blackboard, multiplying 5,987,549,703 by 9,873,654, or dividing 899,404,443 by 659,783, was an astonishing sight to one who six months ago saw the same children begin the "musical melody of the multiplication table," and now go through the whole of it to the pretty tune which makes even dry numbers and figures attractive.

The famous "Cherge of the Light Brigade" was given new lustre, at least in the eyes of the admiring teachers and parents by the manner in which it was declaimed by little Miss Nannie ——. The patriotic sacrifice of "Arnold Winkleried" was repeated by an urchin scarcely able to "say such big words," but who, in a voice of *perhaps small* thunder, repeated "Make way for Liberty" &c. Dialogues and charades, tableaux, singing in chorus, &c., concluded the exercises which all must acknowledge do credit to the efforts of the young teachers. We wish them God-speed in their efforts to teach lessons of honesty, bumenity, truth end progress to their little pupils, and think they have certainly begun, at least, to walk in the right direction, and hope they will go on and learn to be indeed "true followers of that which is good," and be clothed with true wisdom.

I remain, respectfully,

N. G. DAINGERFIELD.

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

While the Government pays for the basement of "Marquand Cottege," and the Principal felt justified in saying, "Go ahead." The Indian youths were all assembled, and, through an interpreter it was announced that share of attention, and the lesson was finished by illustrating the uses of differently shaped hammers. A jollier set never left a classroom than they, as they tinned their hats, atance. Four or five, owing to certain temporary conditions have been a burden to me, bnt tbe rest bave pushed ahead zealously. Any one who is inclined to stand listlessly,

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

While the Government pays for the board and general living expenses of the Dakota Indians here, the Hampton Institute, relying on Northern aid, has undertaken, for the first year at least, to expend more than two dollars for every one dollar received from the Government.

It has finished and furnished two new corridors in Virginia Hall, containing twenty rooms, for Indian girls, at a cost of $2,000; erected a boys' "cottage," containing fifty rooms, with furniture, costing about forty dollars apiece, at an expense of $10,000, and needs $6,000 for a suitable workshop for the Indian and colored boys. This is needed at once.

To the wide-spread appeal for aid in this work, the response has been a surprise.

Aside from what about ten people have given, the returns have been very small. The few who have given generously have lifted us into high hope for the future. Our Indian students are in comfortable rooms, which for many years, we trust, will be filled with red men's children seeking the knowledge that shall fit them to work for their race.

Two-thirds of the contributions have come from Eastern Massachusetts.

Fifteen hundred dollars are wanting to meet the entire cost of buildings for Indian boys and girls—an outlay to be made once for all.

Next is $6,000 for the workshop where trades will be taught.

It was gratifying to receive, a few days ago, a letter from the boys of a well known town in Connecticut, who "have met together to form a society to raise money sufficient ($200) to pay for a room in the Indians' Dormitory to be built at the Hampton Institute. We are boys from fourteen to twenty years of age. Some are in business and some in school, and all are from the Sunday-schools of the city. We hope to increase our members to fifty, and are quite sure of forty boys."

We take the liberty of publishing the following letter, hoping that it may stimulate other societies to do likewise:

THOMASTON, CONN., *Feb*, 27, 1879.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
Hampton, Va.,

Dear Sir:—

Some of the ladies of our Ladies' Miss'y Society are feeling, of late, a special interest in the work for the *Indians*, and wish to vote an appropriation, if they can do so wisely. Hence, they have asked me to make inquiry as to your work at Hampton.

My impression is that the Government aids you, perhaps to the full extent of your need. If, however, it should be that the aid of the churches is still required for any part of the work, be so kind as to let me know.

Also, if you have any printed matter showing methods and promise of the work for the Indian pupils, please have the goodness to enclose it, and oblige,

Yours very truly,
H. C. HITCHCOCK,
Pastor Cong. Church,
Thomaston, Conn.

OUR INDIAN TRAINING SHOP.

The shop boys are divided into four detachments of ten each and each company works two hours daily, under the direction of Mr. George B Starkweather, lately of Hartford, Conn., reports as follows:

An experience of nearly a fortnight in the Indian department, enables me to give the following account of the progress and attainments of the boys under my charge, since the "new departure" in mechanical instruction here.

The observation of my future scholars, which was enjoined as my first duty, showed me at a glance that they were human, and that a knowledge of human nature with its needs and impulses, must be the key to the situation. What sober-visaged mortals they were! They would pass one by without lifting an eye, and looked as solemn as if on their way to the burial of "the last of the Mohicans."

The scalping-knives and tomahawks that were their inseparable companions in the primary geography pictures, were missing, but I did see pocket-knives in their hands, just such as I used to covet and barter for, when a New England school boy. Now I maintain that whoever truly appreciates the merits of a jack-knife possesses mechanical genius, either latent or active.

Sufficient unoccupied room was found in the basement of "Marquand Cottage," and the Principal felt justified in saying, "Go ahead." The Indian youths were all assembled, and, through an interpreter it was announced that a general workshop was to be opened for their especial benefit, and each was asked to express his wish as to the material in which he should work, whether in wood, iron or what? So few of them seemed to take any interest at all in the movement, or to care for learning my of the occupations of civilized life, that I began to have misgivings.

I had bought a dozen cast iron hammers and some cheap nails, trusting to bits and blocks about the new building for something to use them on.

The first day of Spring all were summoned over to learn the rules of the place, though the shop was not more than half ready. Two days later, at sunrise a class of ten stood at the door, ready for their first lesson. They solemnly followed me in, hung up their hats, donned their new aprons, and took their places on one side of a long bench. I faced them on the other side and my work began in earnest. It must be remembered that "yes" and "no," "good" and "bad," are the only words that can be spoken to them with absolute certainty that they will understand.

AN EASTER ALLEGORY. (*See page*, 38.)

All stood curiously attentive, with hammers in hand, awaiting developments. "Which is the good one?" I asked, holding a piece of board before them with the points of two nails inserted, ready for driving. Both were straight, and seeing no difference, they chose at random. Having taken sides in the matter, they watched intently for the result. One nail, of course, went smugly to its place, while the other split the block. A shout of triumph went up from the winning side, while the others were given an opportunity to investigate the mystery. The maneuver was repeated, and all but one or two guessed right. Then, with two or three blocks and nails each, they were left to make the trial for themselves. One hit his fingers, and his neighbor missed his aim, losing his hammer, another bent or broke his nail, or a fourth split his block, while the next achieved success; all this with great laughter. Then a left handed effort was proposed, which provoked new bursts of merriment. They succeeded, however, quite as well with one hand as the other.

This exercise was followed by drawing nails and the uses of the different kinds were then shown. Wrought and galvanized nails, large and small ones, those designed for horse-shoeing, brads, tacks, etc., all came in for their share of attention, and the lesson was finished by illustrating the uses of differently shaped hammers. A jollier set never left a class-room than they, as they tipped their hats, with a hearty "good morn."

Lack of material for the next day's work forced me to change my plans, so I called for volunteers with the plane and the saw. They tried their hands at tool sharpening, and even tool-making. Bench-hooks, honestone blocks, gauges, mallets, wooden squares, etc., were the productions of succeeding days, for I needed many of these and had duplicates of but few. Articles made by one's own hand always possess a peculiar value. There are scores of things yet wanting, but as far as possible, they will be made in the shop, and by these incipient geniuses. They are thus left largely to work out their own problem. This has its advantages, as the object ought to be: to fit them for their probable after-life, and show them that Jack-at-a-pinch can successfully engage in business without the latest inventions.

They had no idea of the use of the square, or of laying off their work before beginning it, so I set them, nearly all, to making squares, bits of flooring boards and lath being the most available materials. Nicely finished ones were brought to me for approval, but the application of the true square generally brought out the weak points of their instruments very unexpectedly. Dressing on alternate sides till the lath was nearly all cut off, proved a far more effectual way of practically impressing upon them the exactness of a right angle than any words through an interpreter could have been. The necessary revisw of their first lesson was had about the third day, when the fate of many a promising box was sealed by the faulty position of nails. Several were almost discouraged, when, after hours of painstaking, some unlooked-for deformity would present itself, but hope revived upon seeing the magic power of the rasp, sandpaper, putty and paint to hide such defects. I mean eventually to show them that the best work needs none of these appliances—that "whitewash" wherever used is applied to cover blemishes.

I set a number at mortise and tenon work, but I soon perceived that they were not enthusiastic over it, as they could plainly see that their work was not to be utilized, so I gained my point by setting them to chiseling boxes out of blocks, for their own private uses. My aim has been to keep each one busy and interested at *something*, and I have failed in no instance. Four or five, owing to certain temporary conditions have been a burden to me, but the rest have pushed ahead zealously. Any one who is inclined to stand listlessly, without designs of his own to carry out, and too indifferent to apply for employment, is supplied by me, when I am too busy to find other work for him, with some tool that is in need of a good handle just then. Over-production in this branch, is checked by the working of the law of "the survival of the fittest." "Good"—which is always used in a comparative sense—is my commendation when it can be honestly given. I am ever on the alert for the discouraged ones, and it is pleasing to watch their countenances light up as their difficulties vanish.

Some new feature is added to the shop almost every day, and the stock of novelties will not soon be exhausted. The working of tin, leather, iron and glass is gradually being brought to their notice. As with a cheap patent instrument, I cut this latter flinty substance at pleasure, their admiration is profound. One brings out a tin-type of himself and wants a glass cut for it. Then, hesitatingly, shows a picture of the girl he left behind him, to have it similarly protected. I let them try their hands at everything I reasonably can. I frequently have to play the part of surgeon and bind up a bleeding finger, trim ragged knuckles—lacerated by saw teeth, or extract slivers: they endure such operations unflinchingly, and return to their labors undaunted.

It fairly does one good to see the great beads of sweat stand out on their swarthy forebeads, while the cheerful spirit that pervades "Polytechnic School" is truly admirable. "Jesus Loves Even Me," was caught up and whistled by the whole class the other day, while later the familiar tune of "Awake my soul, stretch every nerve," may have been a spur to the stripling polishing up his bow, as well as to one who was making strenuous efforts to say the multiplication table in English. "John Brown," and the plantation melodies are attempted, while the question, "Who will care for mother now?" did not prevent one promising young Sioux from neatly dressing up the corners of his box. "The Sweet By and By" is a favorite tune with several. One boy, to air his English sang, "Nearer my God to *Me*," with great gusto.

"How are you going to manage to get those fellows *into* your shop?" was queried at first, but how to get them *out* is my dilemma. The Institute bell rings for noon, the shop gong warns them that the two hours are up, and yet I have to shake some to apprize them of the fact. Saturday was left as a free day, with open shop, just to see their tastes and preferences. An average of *twenty* thronged the place till sundown. Half a dozen little fellows, deemed too young to join the classes, hung wistfully about the door and were invited to enter. Hammers, nails, tin half-dollars and laths made them supremely happy for the day. The only act of rudeness yet noticed, was, when a large fellow not finding a spare apron, stripped one of these amateurs, and told him, I suppose, that small boys had no business there. The little brave came to me for redress. I took him by the arm, and, leading him where nice new ones were locked up, offered him one, but as the big tears came streaming down his enraged face, I saw that I had made the matter worse, and made the offender restore the apron. The Indian sense of justice was appeased, and the boy was soon happy.

The tools and material all have to be kept out of sight, and asked for when needed; not that there is danger of their being stolen, but rather, misapplied. Everyone of them can see a bow and arrow imbedded in a four-inch oak plank, and many have not yet learned to see anything else in such lumber.

One of the Dakotas, whose line of duties excluded him from our classes, came in the other day and said he needed a shelf of certain dimensions, for his toilet articles. I told him where there was one he might have, but his countenance fell, as he said "I wanted to to make it myself."

I am confirmed in my belief that the valley of the Connecticut may yet be rivalled by the regions of the Yellowstone, in the matter of mechanical skill, if the latter section has be allowed a fair chance. Not one of my classes can be called stupid, and the average do as well as New England youths would, reared in the far West. In nailing their first blocks, they exhibited taste and design in a majority of cases. Two or three could be fitted for mathematical instrument makers, as was the immortal Watt, and; possibly, like him, invent a new motor. I had hoped to find room in this sketch for a brief description of some of the buds of promise but it must be deferred.

G. B. S.

FORT BERTHOLD, D., *Feb.* 3, '79.

Capt. Pratt:—

I know that it is all right now. I hear how my son is doing, but it is hard to bear to not see my son for so long a time. I see that the white men who come here are wise, so I sent my son away that he may learn to be like them. So my son is away off and I am here alone, but I did it.

fully satisfied, from our own observation and practical experience in the field of labor, that board and have been made a separate lesson in writing, spelling and pronunciation. We from an unwieldy bit of timber four inches thick is suggestive of their ancestors, the

them. So my son is away off and I am here alone, but I did it.

My son helped me cut wood and hay, and by it we lived well, so I sent my son away to learn more work so that he can buy wagons and stoves and we will live well through him.

Wherever I go hunting I only find white men and their work. There is nothing now for an *Indian* to live on, so I want my son to be a white man and sent him away. It is all right. My son is now in the midst of good works and my heart is glad. I see his picture where he has on white man's clothes which contain many places to put money in pockets, and I know that you "hold my son well for me."

Capt. Pratt, I know God did this work. It is not your work or mine. God did it for us.

No more. SKUNKS-HEAD.

AN INDIAN WOMAN'S LETTER.

The following is an extract from a letter from an Indian woman, a teacher among the Omaha Indians, to some friends in Philadelphia. The original is exceedingly well done and could not easily be surpassed by an educated white woman.

After an interesting account of a Christmas tree supplied by the friends to whom she was writing, she says:

"Yonder is a man in a faded blanket with nothing striking about him but his tall and vigorous form. He has killed many enemies in battle. He is ever ready, at the risk of his life, to defend the weak and helpless. He never hesitates to rebuke the vices of his people even though he bring down their anger on his head; and yet underneath that stern exterior is as true and loving a heart as ever beat. When a little grandson of his died, 'he wept and would not be comforted.' I have singled him out from the rest because I know him so well, and not because he is the only one. There are others like him, more or less, and when I see them I think to myself, if they have become what they are, amid all their disadvantages, what would they not be with the religion of Christ to help them? Oh! you do not know how hard the work is out here. They have all lost confidence in your people. The good that Christ's followers can do is counteracted by the behavior of your Government toward them. They look on the white people as all alike. How can they believe in the good will and good faith among you when your Government, pretending good faith and good-will, and pretending to ratify it by solemn treaties, breaks them at pleasure, taking their lands from them and driving them hither and thither? Some of the more intelligent among them have thrown aside their own customs as foolish, but refuse to have anything to do with the white man's religion. They have said to me, 'The white men speak fair words to us, but they treat us as dogs, and we have not a spot we can call our own or where we feel safe.' Wa-je-pa, one of my father's band, once said to a minister at my house, 'We Indians *know* there is a God. We have always known it. He made us and gave us this land. We pray to Him in our hearts always, and not outwardly, as you do. We pray to Him when we lie down at night and when we rise in the morning. We pray to Him to bless us in whatever we do, whether it be in our daily rounds or when we go forth to battle. He has power to send us good or evil, and it is right, for we are His. But as for this book you talk about so much, and God's son, whom you say came into this world, we know nothing of them. Our ancestors never told us about them, and many of us do not care to have anything to do with your religion.'

"I am coming more and more to the conclusion that the surest and almost the only way of reaching the parent is through the children. Almost the only comforts they have in their lives consist in their children. For them they are willing to lay aside their arms and take up the plow and mower, all unused as they are to labor. For them they are willing to pass over injuries, lest the wrath of the government be aroused and their children slain. For the sake of their children they are willing to break up their nationality, their tribal relations, and all that they hold dear, to become citizens. Said one man to me, 'I wish that I had had the advantages in my youth which you have. I could then have had a chance to become something other than I am, and could have helped my people; I am now helpless and ignorant, but I shall die content if my children after me live better than I have done."

"SUSETTE LA FLESCHE."

LETTER FROM A CHAPLAIN.

FORT GIBSON, I. T., *Feb.* 4, 1879.

Capt. Henry Romeyn, U. S. A.,

Hampton, Va.,

Dear Sir:—

Your esteemed favor of the 20th ultimo came duly to hand, and I hasten a reply, in part, at least.

Words are inadequate to express the interest we have in all that great work of enlightening, civilizing and evangelizing the Indian Tribes of our country.

For more than thirty years past we have been fully satisfied, from our own observation and practical experience in the field of labor, that the INDIANS ARE SUSCEPTIBLE of education, and motives to work, able to develop and make progress in all that which constitutes *true civilization.* And from the very beginning of our labors, as Missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, among the Sioux or Dakota Indians, in 1848, while we taught them letters and to read the Word of God, and learned their language and preached to them the gospel in their own tongue, we labored to establish among them schools, for the instruction of the children, and, especially, Manuel Labor Boarding Schools.

Very early, it seemed essential to adopt some plan by which the children and youth (the hope of any people and of the Church of the living God) might, for the time being, be taken out from the associations of the ignorant, idle and dissolute at home, and be fed, clothed and taught, to read not only, but to work with their own hands in self-support. As a beginning, and, I may say, the first practical illustration of of the feasibility of this plan among the Sioux, we took three boys and three girls (with the consent of their parents) into our own family, taught them to speak and read the English language, and to work and to have certain responsibilities, duties and privileges; just as any white children are educated and trained in the States.

Had we *then* been able, from our scanty support, to have fed, clothed and taught them, we might, even then, as readily have obtained a hundred fold more pupils. Afterward, Rev. S. R. Riggs of the Dakota Mission, on opening a new station of the Board at Hazlewood, thirty miles below Lac-qui-parle, on the the Minnesota River, opened a Manual Labor Boarding School, such as I described above, only on a larger scale, and with a special allowance by the Board for the purpose, as an important part of missionary work, and a work of great promise everyway.

Out of those small beginnings there has been a wonderful growth, especially among all those Sioux or Dakota Indians who, with their families, were interested in those labors. The privilege I had only a few years since, by the authority of the United States Government (the Indians themselves unanimously acquiescing therein,) of erecting and opening a Manual Labor Boarding School at the Lisseton Agency, D. T., for the Lisseton and Wahpeton bands of Sioux, on their (Lake Traverse) Reservation, I regard as one of the most interesting events of my life and labors.

Very truly yours,

M. N. ADAMS, *Chaplain, U. S. A.*

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

METHODS OF TEACHING. THE THREE R'S. NUMBER LESSONS. LANGUAGE LESSONS. THE WORKSHOP. EFFECTS OF SUCCESS. A MALLET THE MAKING OF HIM. RELIGIOUS TRAINING. THE FIRST COMMUNION. A TOUCHING END SCENE.

The letters and anxious messages of inquiry—some of which are given in another column, from the parents and friends of the Indian students at Hampton, are so like what any civilized father and mother would write concerning the child far away at school, that one cannot read them without a sympathetic thrill and a feeling that all the world is kin, and parental hearts are very much the same whatever the color of the skin under which they throb. For the sake of these anxious parents who have sent their sons and daughters so far to find the white man's road, and for the interest of the many friends who are watching the Indian experiment at Hampton with sympathy, we give a rather more detailed account than we have heretofore given, of the methods of training employed, and the progress and condition of the students.

A WALK THROUGH THE CLASS-ROOMS.

Of the sixty-seven Indians in the school at present, the seventeen from St. Augustine (Cheyennes, Kiowas and an Arapahoe) with four of the later arrivals from mission schools in Dakota, form the most advanced Indian class. Two more of the Dakotas were admitted to the regular preparatory class of the school, and one, the interpreter, and a Cherokee from the Wichita Mission in Indian Territory were able to enter the Junior class.

The remaining forty-two from Dakota Territory divide quite evenly into two sections, according to advancement and for convenience of handling. The St. Augustine class is similarly divided, and, both work and study being arranged on the basis of this classification, each of the four sections has its two hours of industrial training a day, a pleasant and healthful alternation with school confinement.

The great desideratum is English, spoken, read and written, and this is made the chief aim even in connection with the lessons in elementary arithmetic and geography which with the elements of vocal music make up their studies.

If we walk through their class rooms of a morning, we shall find the St. Augustines busy with their Third readers. The new words of the day's portion are on the blackboard and have been made a separate lesson in writing, spelling and pronunciation. We smile to hear the heroes taming their tongues to tell us how the naughty boy pulled the poor cat's tail, but the only doors into the royal domain of the English language seem to be measured for children at present, and so the six foot pilgrims must stoop. Some of them, however, can read with pleasure the simplest paragraphs of the Southern Workman,—a short Indian item or letter, for instance, without much help. Constant drill in phonetics is found very essential, especially for those who were oldest when they began. The Indian gutturals do not open the mouth and give the free play of muscle that clear cut English requires, and many of its sounds are wanting altogether in some of the dialects. Their natural shyness and reserve are also obstacles in the way of their learning to talk. As for their writing, we shall be shown their copy-books, "Spencerian method," of which they have filled nearly three, with very marked improvement. Some, however, could write handsomely when they came.

The Dakotas' class-room next door, we find filled with not quite so well disciplined a set, but all seem interested and wide awake. Here also, and especially, language lessons are made prominent. If we stay long enough, we shall see one teacher giving a reading lesson from the blackboard. A short column of simple words is taught until they can be read at sight, or written at hearing. Then they are asked to write them in a sentence and read it from their slates. This is a favorite exercise. It is varied with similar ones from the Harpers' excellent little primary readers. We shall see another class practising writing according to Col. Parker's method, on ruled slates. And we shall hear the "talking class," naturally not the most quiet, but getting quite enthusiastic sometimes over the story of a picture which they repeat after their teacher or recite themselves, aided by now and then a word or gesture. They are taught chiefly from pictures and objects, to make sentences and put them together.

In arithmetic, the St. Augustines are of course ahead, though not far advanced. The multiplication table in a foreign language is not a trifle, but some have mastered it. A teacher from Col. Parker's training school in Quincy, Mass., is giving the beginners number lessons, teaching the addition, subtraction and multiplication table by the use of blocks. If there *is* a royal road to arithmetic, this is probably that highway. Geography all are very fond of and make great progress in. It is taught with an iron dissecting map of the United States, and a board of clay on which the ambitious world architect may mould continents at will, or practise on islands, peninsulas and capes. To name all the states and territories and reconstruct a dissected Union from chaos is a simple pastime for any one of the sixty-seven, while rivers, mountains, capitals and chief cities are reeled off and described with a surprising celerity. One school period of forty minutes is devoted to singing and light gymnastics, and, on two evenings of the week, they are taught to sing by note from the blackboard, catching the idea of the notes much more readily than one might expect. I heard them on the second evening, and was surprised to find that they had learned the natural scale, singing it up and down and by intervals of thirds, and beating the time for a simple air, with few mistakes. A few have had some instruction before coming here.

THE WORKSHOP.

A full account of this interesting branch of Indian training is given in another column. The shop is but a makeshift until the new one is finished with its Corliss engine and full appointments. The very simplicity of its arrangements is, however, a lesson to the student upon what can be done with a little, and they are quite sufficient for his first 'prentice efforts. The benches are used by eager workers from hour to hour, and the flush of first successes seems as exciting here as in wider fields. "See this mallet," said Mr. Starkweather, showing me a neat wooden one with the maker's name duly inscribed, "That was the making of that fellow. He had been rather listless and almost gave up half a dozen times, but when he found that his augur had gone through straight, and the handle fitted, and he had really made a mallet, he was like another man. He straightened right up, and now he would go at any work I could offer him. But it comes hard when one has been working two or three days on a piece of work—a table, perhaps,—and has got the legs and the top and the sides all ready, and then splits the top in putting it together, as one of them did the other day. Once in a while, I see one clap on his hat and pull it down hard, and out he goes through the door without a word. Then I know something is spoiled; but he comes back, and I give him a word of encouragement and tell him how to mend matters." They exhibit, on the whole, a remarkable taste and aptness for mechanical work, and the patience with which some of them will labor for days to chip out a cane or bow from an unwieldy bit of timber four inches thick, is suggestive of their ancestors, the arrow-makers of the stone age.

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

Religious instruction has been quietly but carefully carried on among them ever since they came to Hampton. Several of the Dakotas were already communicants in the Episcopal mission churches at their stations. The good work done among the Cheyennes and Kiowas in St. Augustine, had not been fruitless, and some of them had evidently been Christianized as well as civilized there. But it was thought best to be careful and watchful before calling them to a consecration which they might not yet sufficiently comprehend, and all were placed in Bible classes for such religious instruction as they could receive. As has been explained before, Rev. Mr. Gravatt of St. Paul's church in Hampton took charge of those whose home relations naturally connected them with the Episcopal church. Prayer-meetings were started among them by Mr. Gravatt, Mr. Denison the chaplain of the Normal School, and Mr. Robbins whose charge of the young men in school and out give him opportunities which he has improved, of acquiring a strong personal influence over them for good. No one, I think, could go into these prayer-meetings without being impressed with the devout earnestness of the prayers, though in unknown tongues, and all felt it but a natural and simple result when a few weeks ago, eleven desired to be received into the company of believers. Two, one of the Dakotas, and a Cheyenne, were baptized in St. Paul's church and the rest, Cheyennes and Kiowas, in Bethesda chapel, the church of the school.

In St. Paul's church, the Dakota prayer-book was used for the benefit of the latest comer. In the school church, the service was made of the simplest possible form. It was a touching scene when these nine young men rose together to consecrate themselves to the Good Shepherd who had sought them so far in their wilderness. Face and eye, no less than the spoken word, showed perfect comprehension and response, as, taking the hand of each in turn, the pastor asked "——, my dear brother, do you take God to be your Father? Do you take the Lord Jesus Christ to be your Savior? Do you take His people, to your people? And do you take His Bible to be your book?" Each was then baptized in the name of the Father, Son and Spirit, and no heart I think could have joined in that first communion without a new, glad sense of the common bond that makes the whole world brethren, the whole church one in Christ. H. W. L.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

Our readers' interest warrants us, we believe, in giving them a few more specimens of the letters written yearly by the Hampton students to the friends whose contributions of scholarships ($70 a year) enable the poorest, deserving student to enjoy the advantages of the school while honorably working out his own expenses of board and clothing.

The first letter gives a simple and graphic picture of summer life at Hampton last season, when ninety students—including the Indians—remained to work and prepare for the next school year.

Dear Friend:—

I have been here two terms, and now that I am entering my third term, I know you will expect me to write you a better letter than I have written you in my Junior and Middle terms. I thought when I was a Junior, if I ever got to be a Senior, it would be so grand and nice, and that I would know so much; but now that I am a Senior, I find that I know comparatively nothing and I feel more like a Junior now than I did then. But I will try and write you something. I spent my vacation here (Hampton) working all summer. I knew that if I went home I would not be able to come back, so the General gave me work here for which I was very thankful. There were four girls and an Indian, to help do the same work that I did. We had quite a large family, about seventy, including Indians, that stayed here all winter, some to work on the farm, others to work in the knitting-room, and some to cook, wash, iron, and do general housework. The rising bell rang at five (except Sundays when it rang at six,) and as soon as we were dressed, we would go down and see that our tables were ready for breakfast, cut up the bread, place it on plates ready to take in, pour out the coffee, put in the milk and sugar, dish up the meat, fish or beans, arrange our cups on trays near the coffee urns, and see that everything was on each table. By this time the breakfast bell had rung. We waited on the table while the students were eating. After they were through we had prayers. Then we ate our breakfast, cleaned off our tables, brought all the dishes into the dish-room where they were washed,

and cleaned up the dining-room. Then we set the tables for dinner. After seeing everything in nice order, our duties upstairs were awaiting us. First to sweep and dust our corridors; the dusting took more time than the sweeping, there being so much wood-work round them. One of us would clean the writing and reading-room, see that there was ink in the ink-wells, and water the flowers there belonging to the different girls. Another would sweep and dust the parlor. Then we cleaned our own rooms. We had quite a number of visitors here in the summer, and they would always ask to see our rooms. So we said smong ourselves we would see how nice we could keep them. Just as soon as we had finished our rooms, we would be called down stairs to prepare the vegetables for dinner. We then clesred up sll the trash that we made, and saw that everything was on the table that belonged there. Wo dished up dinner as we did breakfast. After dinner we washed the dishes, cleaned up the dining-room, put the dishes in their places, snd set the table for supper. On every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, we had nineteen dozen small fish to cleau for breakfast. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, we would have to wash and iron our clothes. Saturday we would spend in general house-clesning, such as scrubbing, washing windows, etc. Immediately after supper, we would go up stairs into the chapel for prayers. After prsyers we would wash the dishes and set the table for breakfast, and then we were through with our work for the day. Sometimes we would go to our rooms, and sew or do anything we liked with the rest of the time till the bell rang.

The Indians had their study-hour in the girls' study-hall every evening during summer. A number of boys and girls would take it by turns snd help Mr. Robbins teach them how to talk. We taught them from different objects. We would take a vegetshle or fruit of some kind with the stem and leaves to it, and deserihe the stem, leaves and fruit to them, telling them to say, "This is the stem, these are the leaves, this is the fruit, etc." They seemed eager to learn, and made rapid progress. After you told them anything once, they scarcely ever forgot it. I would try them very often, by asking them what I had told them the evening before, and they would tell me, heing very careful to get each word as I had said it.

On Sundays, after we had finished our morning's work, the hell would ring for Sunday-school. After Sunday-school, dinner. After dinner, we spent the afternoon in reading, and sometimes we went to church, but we were allowed to go very seldom to Hampton.

I sm getting along tolerably well, I think, with my studies.

Desr friend, this may be the last time I will have the opportunity of writing to you again, but do not think thst I will ever forget all your kindness to me. I feel that I owe you more than I can ever repay.

Thanking you for all your kindness, I remain, Yours truly, A.

Dear Friend:

I feel that I sm under much obligation write to you once more. Our people at the South are poor and helpless. We are trying to raise our standard; how shall we do it; or can we do it without help? We cannot. We are like a hand of pilgrims, wandering through the dark hours of ignorance, looking for better times, which I hope, by doing all we can, God will grant to us in the future. Having been going to school to some of the teachers from this school, and seeing the difference in them and other people, learning that this was the plsce to pull off the old garment, snd pnt on the new, I wondered to myself if there were any such chsnce for me. The reply was yes; if I would come to this school, do what was right and as I would be bidden to do, there was the ssme chsnce for me as for those that gave me my first introduction to this school. I then commenced preparing to come here. Owing to my poor chance in life, that was not much. I got somewhat ready after a while. I left my home, as I may ssy, covered with the shadow of ignorance, and arrived here Dec. 4th, 1876. I entered the preparstory clss, and I saw at the end of the term, I had made soue improvement. When vacation came, I asked Mr. Howe if he would keep me on the farm all the summer; he said he would do so. At the heginning of the next term, I entered the Junior clsss, which I passed through last term, receiving good instructions from these kind teachers, and learning something new every day. At the close of the term, I was promoted to the middle class which I am now in.

Having been opened here a knitting room that extends its righthand and all of its tressnres towsrds the poor, I asked the principal if he would give me a job in there for the summer. Finally I succeeded in getting the job. I went to work in June and learned to think what a nice and pleasant plsce I had for the summer. Indeed it was; only sometimes my machine would get ont of order, or the ysrn would be bad; then it was very troublesome indeed.

I have met with kindness on all sides since I have been here. I know no way in the world to express the gratitude I am in debt for it.

My mind often wanders back home, about the people there, knowing what a bad condition they sre in, it makes me very anxions to get through here, and return to my people. I expect to do all that I can to uphuild and elevate our rsce. I do think if we all go out from herc with that intention, and practice what we preach, God will grant to us in the future what we are looking for.

Yours respectfully, G.

As we go to press, the Normal School is receiving a visit from Bishop Hare, bishop of all the Indians in the North West in the charge of the Episcopal church missions. The Bishop was welcomed especially by the Dakota Indians many of whom knew his face well. After looking through their classes and workshop and cottage, listening to their singing, and that of the other students, and speaking a few kind words of encouragement and advice to all, he held a short service of prayer in English and Dakota with the Indians snd all who could be present. The familliar hymns "Blessed Jesus" and "Rock of Ages" were sung in the Dakota language, and the Lord's Prayer snd Apostles' creed repeated in both. Bishop Hare told them he should see their parents soon and tell them how well they are doing. His visits here and there, will be no doubt, a great comfort to these widely separated parents and children, and seem to draw Dakota and Virginia nearer together.

Mr. J. C. Robbins who has heretofore been the recorder of the Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton, has left for a short trip to Europe. He went for his health, being somewhat worn by his exertions here, and we hope will soon return, refreshed and strengthened, to his Indian boys who miss him greatly as do his other friend.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN

THE British are threatened with another war in Burmah.

ADVICES from Cape Town, state that the Zulus were then inactive. The only fresh fighting which was reported resulted in the capture of some cattle.

A LONDON journal says a private letter from a high Indian officer states that the people of Cashmere are dying of famine like flies, and that at the present rate of mortality the province will be nearly depopulated by the end of the year.

GREAT excitement was produced in the German Reichstag by Herr Liebknecht referring to the possibility of a Republic being established in Germany. The President threatened to deprive the member of his right of speech.

LONDON, March 13.-The marriage of the Duke of Connaught to Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia took place to-day at St. George's Chapel at Windsor, with all the ceremony of state befitting the high position of the royal bride and bridegroom, in the presence of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and royal and distinguished visitors. The Princess was born on the 25th of July, 1860. She is the daughter of the "Red Prince" Frederick Karl, brother of the Emperor Wilhelm, a Field Marshal in the German army. Prince Arthur, the Duke of Conaought, was born on May 1, 1850, and is the sixth child of Queen Victoria.

IN the valley of the River Theiss in Hungary was situated a beautiful city, of upwards of 75,000 inhabitants, called Szegedin. This place—one of the busiest in the Austrian Empire, being a manufacturing town—was protected from a possible overflow of the river by three large dams. On the night of March 11th, after a severe test from a long continued storm, during which time every effort was made to make the protection more secure, the last dam suddenly gave way and the water rushed down into the streets at such a rate that in one hour and thirty minutes the whole city was completely inundated. Everything was swept before the mighty torrent; 8,700 houses were crushed and carried away as though they had been of glass; only two hundred and sixty buildings were left standing at daybreak. The heart-reading cries of those who were unable to escape could be heard above the roar of the swelling tide, hundreds of persons were crushed by the falling ruins or drowned in the mad current; 5,000 are supposed to have been lost.

The work of relieving the suffering of the distressed people is being promptly done. Great sympathy is felt for the poor unfortunates.

DOMESTIC

THE remains of the late Bayard Taylor, U. S. minister to Germany, were buried at Kennett Square, Pa., Saturday, Mch. 10th.

THE late Deacon Asa Otis of New London, Conn., has left nearly three-quarters of a million to different religious societies, colleges, and charitable institutions.

OWING to the decline in Louisiana State bonds, several of the New Orleans Banks have closed their doors. The National Banks are reported as in a healthy condition.

PHILADELPHIA, March 13.—At the annual commencement of the Women's Medical College to-day, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on twenty female graduates from various States.

THERE are in the south 1,579,097 negro children of school age. Of this number the schools reaches 600,000. The Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has disbursed $71,595.40 in its eleven years of existence for the education of the negroes.

MRS. Phoebe A. Stodart has received a verdict for $5,000 from the New York Central and Hudson River Railway for injuries substained by being thrown from a train which suddenly and without warning started as she was about to get on.

IN Brooklyn Mrs. Wilhelmiaa Horn died on Feb. 14, two weeks after eating some uncooked ham, having manifested all the symptoms of trichinosis. Mr. and Mrs. Greifeldt, who lived with her, also ate of the ham, and all were taken sick a few days afterward. They recovered, and on Monday of last week Mr. Greifeldt was able to go to his business. On Wednesday he was suddenly taken ill and died in a short time. A post mortem examination was made in the presence of the coroaor, and the verdict was that death resulted from embolism of pulmonary arteries, due to trichinosis.

POLITICAL

THE forty-fifth Congress expired at noon on the 4th inst. Two of the appropriation hills failed to pass, viz.: the Army, the Legislative, Executive and Judicial. The points of disagreement were the clauses abolishing the jurors' test oath and the United States Election Law.—Two all-night sessions were held, and both Houses sat on Sunday, the 2d inst. The Brazilian mail subsidy proposition was rejected on the 30th ult., and the Yellow Fever Bill was tabled in the House on the 1st inst. The President vetoed the Chinese Immigration Bill, and the House sustained the veto, less than two-thirds voting to pass the hill the second time. The vote was 109 to 95. The Census Bill as amended by the House, passed the Senate on the 3d. The committee who investigated the connection of Senator Matthews with the Louisiana count made a report exonerating him. The President, on the 4th, issued a proclamation convening Congress in extra session on the 18th inst. The new House will consist of 146 Democrats, 128 Republicans, and 13 Greenbackers, of whom seven are said to have Democratic proclivities and six Republican.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute,

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Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division.

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable, &c., &c.

For further information address,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal,*
Hampton, Virginia.

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Narrow Slat Picket Fence.....	$0.25	per	rod:
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Posts can be put in every ten feet, and then a four-wire Glidden Barb Fence will cost but $1.08 per rod, or two-thirds the cost of the cheapest, rudest woodeu fence.

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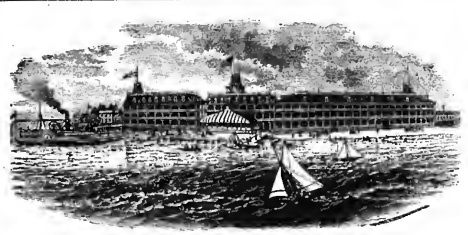

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four noble parts of Human Nature be sufficient for the task of living?

I had a friend; a minister—and none the worse for

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THE RIGHTS OF THE BODY.

BY REV. S. R. CALTHROP.

Man has body, mind, heart, conscience, and soul. All are mutually dependent upon each other; if one of them suffer, all the others suffer with it; men is dwerfed and incomplete, unless be is fully developed in all five.

As my speciel subject, I maintain thet physical well-being, health of body, is therefore necessary not only to the complete development of Humen Nature, but elso to e happy end harmonious development of each one of the other four great divisions of Humen Nature; or in other words, I assert that the body has something to do with the mind, heart, conscience, and soul of man, not merely with all these together, but elso with each of them seperately.

First, then, I shall speek on the mutuel dependence of the faculties.

Now, although it is not possible that eny faculty should act without moving any of the rest at all; nevertheless, since a comperetive separetion of the faculties is bnt too common, let us glence through the history of the past, and mark any notable instances of such separation; and if we find thet a one-sided development has always proved a failure, we shell begin to see the folly of trying such experiments over egain, especially as they would heve to he made upon living humen beings, upon the young children of the rising generetion, who cannot resent our folly, but whose deformed natures will be living proofs of our mistakes as educetors, when the experiment tried for the thousand end first time fails yet again, as it always has done, and always will do to the world's end, while Human Nature remains the same.

Let us then take a few examples as illustrations of the idea which we ere now considering.

Let us then first supposc that the devotional element in man acts elone. The experiment has elready been tried. Many e hermit in lonely cell or rocky cavern, has ent himself off from the society of men, from action, duty and love, in order that he mny be devout without hindrance. How meny such men heve poured out their souls upon the ground, on larren or desert rock, souls which might bave watered thousands with tbe dew of heaven, end all because they made one fatal life-mistake, —tbey thought tbet to pray always, meant to he alweys saying prayers.

You have heerd perheps of Saint Simeon Stylites, who lived in Syria four hundred years after Christ. Wishing to be very holy, be left the convent in which be was a monk, and lived for nine years nnder the open sky on the top of a piller only three feet in circumference. Not feeling then noer enough to beeven, he mounted a pillar sixty feet high, and lived upon it day and night for thirty years, preaching daily to crowds of people who flocked to hear him. When he at last died, the people of Antioch received his body into their city, and called him their petron saint Simeon Stylites, Saint Simeon of the Pillar.

Who could he more devout then Saint Simeon Stylites lifted all his life upon his lofty pillar, absorbed in contempletion, ecstasy, remorse and prayer? Let the poet speek for him.

"Bethink thee, Lord? while Thou and all the saints
Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth
Honse in the shade of comfortable roofs,
Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food
And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,
I, 'twixt the spring and downfall of the light
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times
To Christ, the Virgin Mother and the Saints:
Or in the night, after a little sleep,
I wake, the chill stare sparkle; I am wet
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost,
I wear an undressed goatskin on my neck,
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the Cross,
And strive and wrestle with Thee till I die.
O mercy, mercy, wash away my sin!"

A mournful spectacle. Devotion excited to madness, while mind, heart, and conscience, all are dumb, and the poor weak body only bears the heavy hurdens which the tyrannous soul heeps upon it!

Devotion, then, needs *conscience*. Conscience tells a man thet he must act as well as pray. Devotion mekes the great act of prayer. Conscience works out into the actual of every-dey life, the ideal of which devotion has conceived. Will then devotion and conscience be sufficient for e noble manhood? Devotion and conscience elone developed, have oft-times, in the days thet ere past, formed some stern old grand inquisitor, pagan Saul breathing out threetenings, persecnting the church, or Puritan burner of witches, tortnring the life ont of humen sinews hecause he ought. The grand inquisitor's devotion and conscience told him thet he ought to edvance the holy faith hy every engine in his power, and therefore, as be considered that the rack, the thumb-screws, the rope, the fire end the feggot were the best possible engines, he used the same to the utmost of his ahility; and thought, elas for humanity! thet he was doing God service.

The grand inquisitor had devotion, he had conscience, he probebly elso had nerves of iron; but be could not possibly heve had a *heart*. Devotion, then, end conscience need a loving, humen heert. Will these three be sufficient? The picture grows fairer, we begin to feel less pain when we turn away from the stern, dark portraits which frown so grimly in the picture gallery of history, and look upon thet feir and gentle face upturned in prayer. The face of a young mother. Here is devotion deepest, here is conscience most exacting, here is love most tender.

"What fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love,
Like that within a mother's heart?"

You have seen her clasp her darling to that heert,

"Her breast the pillow of his infancy.
While to the fullness of her heart's glad heaving
His fair cheek rose and fell."

You have seen her—still more saintly picture—in sorrow,

"Keeping watch beside him
Till the last pale star had set,
And morn all blushing, as in triumph, rose,
On her dim, wearied eye."

What gentler, truer, more angelic guardian on earth for the tender life committed to her care? And yet it slips eway hetween her hands upraised to heeven. Devotion does not save him, conscience warns not of the unknown duty, even e mother's love is powerless to teke the piece of a little more knowledge of the laws thet govern thet frail body for life or death.

Rest in peace, soul sainted and dear! The tears thon didst once shed are wiped eway forever.

But for true motherhood, for ell full womanhood and manhood, we must seek broader development. We must train elso the *intellect*. Devotion says, Worship; the Mind adds, The Lord thy God. The Conscience seys, Do right; the Intellect shows what is right. The Heert seys, Love thy fellow men; the Intellect tells the right way of loving them. Piety and cherity! these are glorious! these are the two engels from Heaven which prompt us to help our brothers who need our help; but intellect must show us the way to do it. To teke e single instance. Piety end cherity cannot show us how to drain and ventilate and rebuild the tenements of New York. No; every spade, every sew, every hammer employed in thet most righteous undertaking must he directed hy intellect, hy science. Piety and cherity may prompt, hut intellect must guide.

I know full well that many a heert, guided only by secred instincts of loving, acts out the law of right without any conscious questioning of the intellect; that a thousand tender feet carry the gospel of Christ elong the elleys of New York and London, or along the corridors of the Crimeen hospital, hut there also the beed must aid the heert. The noble beart, the Christien love of Florence Nightingale took her to those eastern shores; this made the voice tender and the hand gentle. But whoever reads the account of what she did, will see that besides these, wit and wisdom, ability to see what ought to be done, intellect, reason in short, was necessary in order to make a Florence Nightingale possible, together with an exhaustless fund of hodily endurance end fortitude.

Thus, then, we find that devotion, conscience, heart, and intellect are all necessary to each other in the harmonious development of Human Nature. Will they be found sufficient for a perfect life?

Put together a strong soul, a tender conscience, a woman's heert, and a men's intellect, and we have surely one of the best types of the modern mind. Will these four noble parts of Human Nature be sufficient for the task of living?

I had a friend, a minister—and none the worse for that, let me tell you—a noble, beentiful soul; a highly cultiveted mind, a heart full of devotion to God and his country, and of sympathy for his fellow men. He wanted to be en army cheplain—it was during the civil war. His heart and his conscience said Go, and be went.

But the first long march the regiment had to make—it was twenty-three miles, on a summor dey—how fer do you suppose his poor legs could carry his greet heart end conscience—his beeutiful soul? Just one mile—one poor little mile—and then he set down—he could have wept, hut he could go not a step farther. He bad to go home and give up the noble work to which heart and conscience bad called bim. And all because he had not cultiveted his body to carry his soul.

Intellect, then, needs *body*.

Come, then, end let us huild a Men. A calm, silent devotion, a conscience pure and reverent, a heart manful and true, en intellect clear and keen, a freme of steel, —with these will we dower onr bero, end call bim Washington!

From me Washington needs no eulogy. Freo America is at once his eulogy and his monument! But let me ask you, Whet would Washington's qualities of mind and heert heve evailed his country, nnless the manly strength, the frame of iron had been edded? A good men he might heve been, a patriot he surely would bave been; hut the Fether of his Country, never! The soul that trusted in God, the conscience that felt the omnipotence of justice and right, the beert that beat for bis country elone, tbe mind that thought out her freedom, was uphorne hy the body that knew no fetigue, by the nerves thet knew not bow to tremble.

Washington had to endure physicel fetigue enough to have killed three ordinary men. And how well did bis youth prepare him for a life of protracted toil. Hear his biograpber Irving. "He was a self-disciplinnrian in physical as well as mental metters, end practised himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, pitching quoits, and tossing bars. His frame even in infancy hed heen large and powerful, and be now excelled most of his pleymetes in contests of agility and strength. As a proof of his muscular power, a place is still pointed out et Fredericksburg, neer the lower ferry, where, when a boy, he threw a stone across the river. In horsemanship, too, he already excelled, and was ready to hack, and able to menege, the most fiery steed. Traditional anecdotes still remein of bis achievements in this respect." It is said that he could jump twenty-three feet forword end heckward, and no one in Virginia could heat him.

It is needless to sey thet I do not mean to exalt the body at the expense of the higher faculties. I only meintain that tho rest are incomplete without the physical element; in which indeed ell the other powers dwell, and hy means of which they are more or less clearly manifested. There mey, of course, be vast physical energy without any corresponding development of mind or soul, as any blacksmith or prize fighter could tell us. And further, there mey he a cheracter, in which some of the higher qualities mey exist in great perfection, coupled, too, with mighty force of body, and yet the cherecter may he incomplete.

It remeins for us to ask, How far does American education fulfil the wants of Humen Nature, and wherein does it disregard them? The title of my Lecture tells plainly enough, where I think that the great deficiency is found; e deficiency which reacts upon both mind and morals, and often utterly defeats the best efforts of clergyman and teechers. I assert, then, thet, in America, the body is almost entirely neglected. Thirty thousand clergyman, from as many pulpits, edvocate the claims of the conscience and the soul. A bundred thousand teachers ere husied throughont the length end breedth of the lend in training the intellect, while a man could almost count on his fingers the number of those engeged in training the body.

The intellectual training which the masses receive, is the highest glory of American education. If I wanted a stranger to helieve thet the Millennium was not far off, I would take him to some of those grand Ward Schools in New York, where able heads are trained by the thousend. When I myself entered them, I was literally astonished. When I looked at the teachers who instructed thet throng of young souls, I could not help saying to myself, Ah! dear friends, it would do yon good to know what I feel just now. I can feel the very blessing of God descending on yonr labors, just as if I could see it with mine eyes. What piety has been at work here, in the construction of this system of edncation! What inspired energy was needed to work it ont! What charity is necessary to carry it on! Many a teacher saw I there, unknown, may-he, to all the world, carrying on her work with noble zeal and earnestness to which the quick

young brains nround liere ehundant testimony. When I saw them, I hlessed them in my heart, I magnified mine office, and said to myself, I, too, am a teacher.

letter of the law of Skitzland were carried out! But it is absolutely certain that this is in effect the law of nature, which does not act, it is true, all in a moment;

Once, then, establish a community of interest on any one subject with young men, and you open to yourself a door, by which all good may enter. Na-

young brains around bore abundant testimony. When I saw them, I blessed them in my heart, I magnified mine office, and said to myself, I, too, am a teacher.

I spent four or five days doing little else than going through these truly wonderful schools. I stayed more than three hours in one of them, wondering at all I saw, admiring the stately order, the unbroken discipline of the whole arrangements, and the wonderful quickness and intelligence of the scholars. That same evening I went to see a friend, whose daughter, a child of thirteen, was at one of the ward schools. I examined her in algebra, and found that the little girl of thirteen could hold her own with many of a larger growth. Did she go to school to-day? asked I. No, was the answer, she has not been for some time, as she was beginning to get quite a serious curvature of the spine, so now she goes regularly to a gymnastic doctor.

I almost feel ashamed to criticize such noble institutions as the schools of New York; but truth compels me to do this. Hitherto, little has been done to train the bodies of the tens of thousands who are educated there. All that is done is excellent, is wonderful, but fearful drawbacks come into play, in the shape of physical weakness, and positive malformation of body.

Some time ago, I read a tale which related that a certain gentleman was, once on a time, digging a deep hole in his garden. He had, as I myself had in my younger days, a perfect passion for digging holes, for the mere pleasure of doing it: but the hole which he was now digging was by far the deepest he had ever attempted. At last he became perfectly fascinated, carried away by his pursuit, and actually had his dinner let down to him by a bucket. Well, he dug on late and early, when just as he was plunging his spade with great energy for a new dig, he penetrated right through, and fell down, down to the centre of the earth.

To his astonishment he landed upon the top of a coach which was passing at the time, and soon found himself perfectly at home, and began to enter into conversation with the passenger opposite to him, a very gentlemanly looking man enveloped entirely in a black cloak. He soon found out that the country into which his lot had fallen was a very strange one. Its peculiarities were thus stated by his gentlemanly fellow-passenger: "Ours, Sir," he said, "is called the country of Skitzland. All the Skitzlenders are born with all their limbs and features perfect; but when they arrive at a certain age, all their limbs and features which have not been used drop off, leaving only the bones behind. It is rather dark this evening, or you would have seen this more plainly. Look forward there at our coachman; he consists simply of a stomach and hands, these being the only things he has ever used. Those two whom you see chatting together are brothers in misfortune; one is a clergyman, the other a lawyer; they have neither of them got any legs at all, though each of them possesses a finely developed understanding; and you cannot help remarking what a massive jaw the lawyer has got. Yonder is Mr. ——, the celebrated millionaire, he is just raising his hat; you see he has lost all the top part of his head, indeed he has little of his head left, except the hump of acquisitiveness and the faculty of arithmetical calculation. There are two ladies, members of the fashionable world, their case is very pitiable; they consist of nothing whatever but a pair of eyes and a bundle of nerves. There are two members of the mercantile world; they are munching some sandwiches, you see, but it is merely for the sake of keeping up appearances; as I can assure you, from my own personal knowledge, that they have no digestive organs whatever. As for myself, I am a schoolmaster. I have been a hard student all my life, at school and at college, and moreover I have had a natural sympathy with my fellow-men, and so I am blessed with a brain and heart entire. But see here." And he lifted up his cloak, and lo! underneath, a skeleton, save just here! "See, here are the limbs I never used, and therefore they have deserted me. All the solace I now have consists in teaching the young children to avoid a similar doom. I sometimes show them what I have shown you. I labor hard to convince them that most assuredly the same misfortune will befall them which has happened to me and to all the grown-up inhabitants; but even then, I grieve to say, I cannot always succeed. Many believe that they will be lucky enough to escape, and some of the grown-up inhabitants pad themselves, and so cheat the poor children into the belief that they are all right, though all the older ones know better. You will now perceive the reason why all the gentlemen you see wear such tight pantaloons, they pretend that it is fashionable, but in reality it is to prevent their false legs from tumbling out. Surely my case is miserable enough; my only hope consists in the idea of educating the rising generation to do better. No doubt it is easy to persuade them to do so in the country from which you come, but I assure you," added he with a heartfelt sigh, "that it is sometimes very hard to do so here. Nearly all of us, here, have lost something of our bodies. Some have no head, some no legs, some no heart, and so on; and our Aristocracy, the governing body, consists of the few individuals who have used all their faculties, and therefore now possess them all."

At this moment a dreadful earthquake broke out, and an extemporo volcano shot the gentleman who had listened to this interesting narration right up to the crust of the earth again, and by a strange and fortunate chance, shot him up into the very hole which he had been digging, and he discovered himself lying down at the bottom of the hole, feeling just as if he had awakened from a dream; and to his surprise, heard distinctly the voice of his wife crying out from the top, "Come, come, dear, you're very late, and supper is getting quite cold!"

The name of the country of Skitzland, translated into the vulgar tongue, is the planet earth, and America is one of the portions thereof. If we were to look round in a circuit of a hundred miles, how many of the Skitzland aristocracy should we find, think you? What a dropping off of limbs and features there would be, if the letter of the law of Skitzland were carried out! But it is absolutely certain that this is in effect the law of nature, which does not act, it is true, all in a moment; but which slowly and surely tends to this. The Hindoo ties up an arm, for years together, as a penance, thinking thereby he does Brahma service; the limb with fatal sureness withers away, and rots. The prisoner in solitary confinement has his mind and faculties bound, fettered and tied, and by a law as fixed as that which keeps the stars in their places, the said prisoner's mind grows weaker, feebler, less sane, day by day. School children are confined six long hours in a close schoolroom, sitting in one unvarying posture, their lungs breathing corrupted air, no single limb moving as it ought to move, not the faintest shadow of attention being paid to heart, lungs, digestive organs, legs or arms, all these being bound down, and tied as it were; and so, by the stern edict of heaven, which, when man was placed upon earth, decreed that the faculties unused should weaken and fail, we see around us thousands of unhealthy children whose brains are developed at the expense of their bodies; the ultimate consequence of which will be, deterioration of brain as well as body.

What is the remedy for all this? In large crowded cities, gymnastic training, regularly pursued *as a study*, is the only thing which seems possible to be done, and most certainly will be useful wherever it is introduced. But there is a different method of physical education, which can be followed either alone or with gymnastics, either in the country, or in towns, where playground can be had obtained. This is the method which I have always followed myself, namely, the regular pursuit of health and strength by all manner of manly sports and games. I myself learnt to play and love these games at school and at college. I once gave them nearly four years' trial in a school of my own, and every day convinces me more and more of their beneficial results.

I cannot tell how much physical weakness, how much moral evil we batted and bowled, and shinned away from our door; but I do know that we batted and bowled away indolence, and listlessness, and doing nothing, which I believe is the Devil's greatest engine; and I also know that the enthusiasm of young people in these games never dies out, their enjoyment never flags, for these games supply the want of youthful nature, and keep their thoughts from straying to forbidden ground.

Now we are very apt to despise what is known as the sporting world, and the men who belong to it are, in this country at least, generally believed to be bad men. But see how pernaciously this world will persist in coming up to the surface wherever a community of men may be. You may try as rigorously as you will to put down, or, rather, *squeeze* this heinous tendency out of Human Nature, but you will always fail, and the reason of your failure will be that you are trying to drive out Nature with a pitchfork, and she of course will perpetually keep coming coming back. So we say of this world, the sporting world, so liable to abuse, and so outrageously abused, what is true of all the worlds, and that is, that it would be well for mankind, if they were to bestow a little thought upon the demands of this, as well as of the other worlds; and not be content to ignore wholly a thing the value of which they do not understand. Now the sporting world has witnessed, does witness, and will forever witness, for a fact in Human Nature, which no amount of pressure will ever squeeze out of Human Nature, and that is, the necessity which human beings have for amusement, and for open air exercise, not exercise merely, but hearty, joyous, bloodstirring exercise, with a good amount of pleasant emulation in it.

This is what cricket and hooting, battledore and archery, shinney and skating, fishing, hunting, shooting, and all honest out-door sports, mean, namely, that there is a natural joyousness in human beings; and thus Nature, by means of the sporting world, by means of a great number of very imperfect, undignified, and sometimes quite disreputable mouth-pieces, is perpetually striving to say something deserving of far nobler and clearer utterance; something which statesman, lawgivers, preachers, and educators would do well to lay to heart. My children, Nature says, are not intended to be made working machines; they have capacities for joy, for free action, for doing some pleasant thing for the mere sake of doing it, without any regard to gain or profit, whether it be of money or anything else; and by obeying my laws, they will find riches which they never sought for, will obtain gifts they never asked.

The preponderance of the animal, the bodily element, produces fast young men; and fast young men, and boys tending to become such, are the problem of society, the terror of the peace-loving, money-making world, and the scandal of the Educator, who himself feels well enough his own impotence in dealing with them.

I have seen many an Educator who has felt that he ought to get at these young rebellious forces, but who does not know the way, despairingly wonders why he cannot do so. Friend! I would say, no man can influence another, unless he has something akin to him. What do you think gives these blacklegs, men of not a tithe of your force and talent, such power over them? Why, it is community of nature, interests in common. But what interests have you in common with a fast young man? You know nothing that he knows, you admire nothing that he admires; and until you do really get a community of interest with him, you will be wide asunder as the poles, and the fast young men will remain, as he has hitherto remained, the one disgraceful problem which modern education cannot solve.

If a teacher wishes to influence the wild boys among his scholars, or if a clergyman wishes to gain their souls, let him join with them in some manly game, and let him be sure that whatever true manhood he has will stand him in good stead, and nothing else: that real vital religion, real nobleness of character will hold its own in the cricket-field or the row-boat, as well as elsewhere.

Once, then, establish a community of interest on any one subject with young men, and you open to yourself a door, by which all good may enter. Nature, dear friends, makes nothing in vain, and it is of such infinite importance that strength of limb, readiness of eye and hand, physical vigor in short, should be transmitted from generation to generation, that she keeps producing fast young men, in spite of the thousand excesses which they commit, and will do so, until the ablest and wisest human minds take the matter in hand, and see to it that this part of Human Nature has its proper and legitimate food, guided by mind, thought, and reverence, instead of being allowed to run riot in all manner of wantonness.

Again, I know that there are some who object to these games, to this free use of our physical powers, on the ground of possible danger to life and limb. To these I would say that the danger is little or nothing to the daring and courageous. The fellow that is afraid of the ball, is scarcely ever hurt. He defends himself with eye and hand. The coward is the one most likely to get hurt. I think that there is just enough risk in these games to engender a manly contempt for pain, and a bold handling of a danger. If the cricket or hass ball were a soft affair, it would be a game for babies not boys. The good that these manly games do, should not be confined to a small class, but should be diffused among the whole community, for the out door world has something to say to all of us. It rouses the scholar from his desk, shakes him, and tells him that much study is a weariness of the flesh, and that the fields are alive with song. Out then he must come, and leave his musty books.

It comes to the business men in the crowded city, and babbles of green fields, nudges Mr. Sparrowgrass with its elbow, and tells him to take Mrs. S. and the children into the country.

It comes to Mr. Fuzziwig at Christmas time, and tells him to let the young men in his shop have a jolly time of it, put by their work, listen to the fiddle, and join the dance.

This same spirit came to the ancient Greek in drama, dance and game, and with him was set to music, and consecrated to the gods, to Apollo the ever young, to Pallas the wise, to Bacchus the joy-giver.

It came to the stern old Roman with his Saturnalia, when, for once in all the year, the slave and the plebeian might speak their minds without fear.

It came to the dark-eyed Hebrew with his feasts of tabernacles, his feast of the harvest and the vintage, and over his joyance a sacred shadow rested, as of One who was over these things, who both made and consecrated the joy.

It is certain that the planet upon which God has placed us, is absolutely well fitted for the development of the human race. The more science investigates, the more wonderful seems the fitting of Human Nature to the world in which it is placed. The more refined a man becomes, the more delicate his insight into Nature, the more satisfied, the more overjoyed is he with her exhaustless charms. It is only our sin, our folly, our ignorance, which perpetually befool us, and rob us of our inheritance.

When the great coming race, prophesied of so long, shall at last inhabit the earth, they shall see no more glorious stars, no finer atmosphere, than we do to-day; the moon shall pour forth no more silver from her bounteous horn; the sun shall lavish his golden beams no more freely than he does to-day. But yet the whole world shall be unimeginably brighter and more beautiful to that crowning race. And why? Because their natures shall be in tune with the outward universe; their bodies shall be perpetual sources of joy to them; and their souls shall be awake to knowledge, truth and love.

Put together the fragments of men that we have among us to-day,—the physical joy in existence of the western hunter, the intellectual keenness of the men of science, the love of Nature of the artist or poet, the love for each little bird and insect of the naturalist, the justice of a Washington, the love for God and men of a Florence Nightingale, and then we gain some glimpses of the men of the future whom God has willed shall possess the planet at last. For assuredly the race is safe, though nations or individuals may fail or perish. Safe, because God has not built the planet in vain; safe, because his long patience shall have its full satisfaction at the last. How shall these things be? God will give his blessing to human labor directed by truth and love.

See to it then, teachers and parents, that young Human Nature has its due. See to it that conscience and the soul have their rightful sway, that intellect and sweet human affection walk hand in hand. And lastly, see to it, that these young bodies have their due. Learn for yourselves numberless manly sports and games, and resolutely continue to teach them and practise them yourselves in the midst of your scholars. Love open air and exercises first yourselves; this love will be contagious, and will communicate itself to those around you. No atom of true dignity will be lost, while a priceless fund of good humor will be gained for yourself, and a mutual good feeling will be established forever between you and your scholars. Do this, and we shall no longer hear of schoolmasters becoming old men before they are forty; but the schoolmaster will be known as the youngest looking, healthiest and happiest man in the district.

Upon us, my friends, as parents and teachers, this great, this sadly neglected duty devolves. We are to see to it that young limbs and lungs have their rights; we must make men understand that it will be a sin against God, if they do not have their rights; a sin, whose punishment is as certain as the law of gravitation. And more, it must be our task to make men understand the inevitable blessing which is sure to descend upon the keeping of God's commandments written upon the body.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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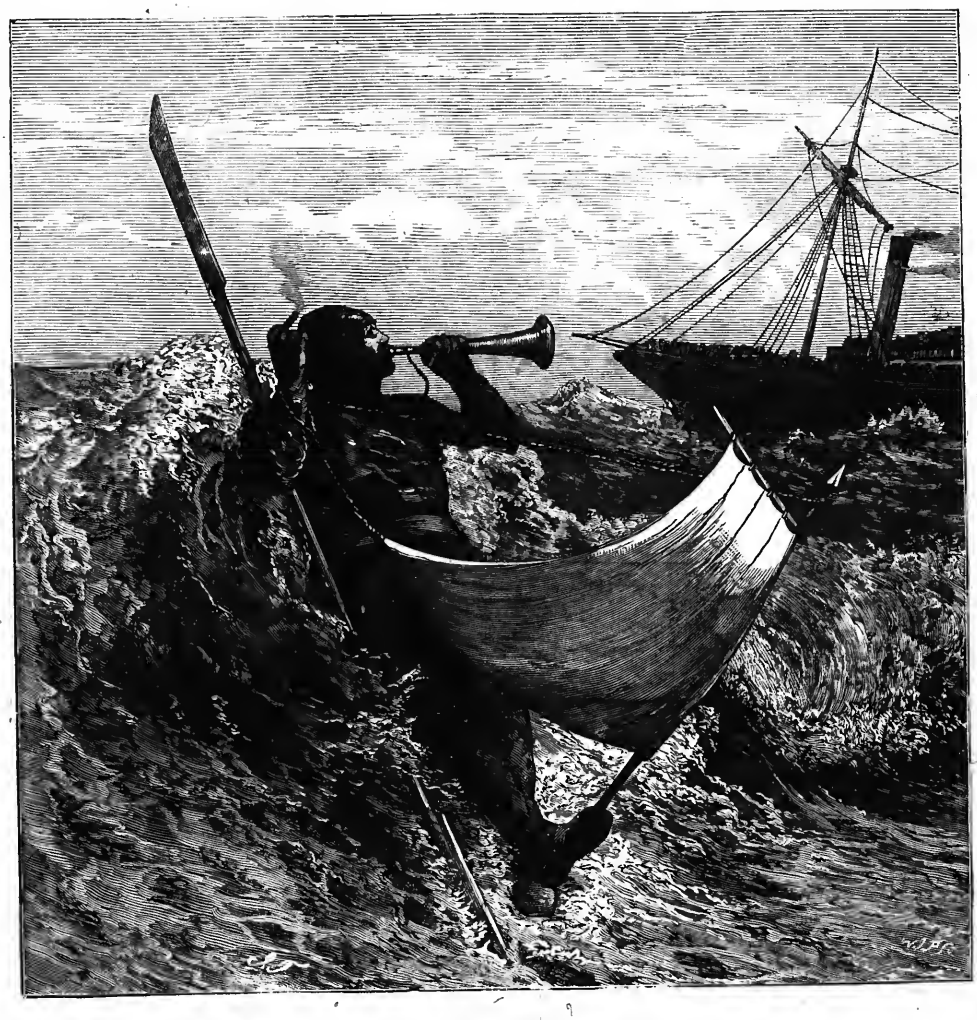

PAUL BOYTON.

PAUL BOYTON.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Harper Bros. we give our readers a look, this month, at Paul Boyton the inventor of the curious life-saving swimming suit represented in the picture. In this suit, he swam and paddled across the boisterous English Channel a year ago, to the astonishment of the world, and in it he has paddled down the principal and most dangerous rivers of Europe, and is now swimming and paddling down the Mississippi, starting from Oil City, Pa., and swimming down the Ohio first to its junction with the greater river. Adventurous and dangerous it is, for though he is in no fear of drowning, there is danger from cold and exhaustion, and while his invention may be the means of saving many from shipwreck by supporting them in the waves till picked up by boats or passing vessels, only the strongest of nerve and muscle and vital force, could make it such a "home on the ocean wave" as it is to Paul Boyton.

We take the following from the *N. Y. Herald* of April 28th.

NEW ORLEANS, *April* 27, 1879.

"After eighty days of herculean struggle Captain Paul Boyton has finished his voyage of 2,342 miles, and landed in this city at thirteen minutes past six o'clock this afternoon.

The last run was his longest time in the water on the trip. He started from Baton Rouge at eight o'clock yesterday morning, a large crowd witnessing his departure. The day was rough and the river full of whirlpools. His depleted condition would not allow him to make much speed, and after a few hours out he had a most terrible experience. Owing to the roughness of the day, the volunteer guard boats were afraid to venture out, and as the captain wearily plied his paddle, waterspouts began to form on the river surface and surge by at a tremendous speed. The horror of the situation cannot be described. Boyton exerted himself manfully to save himself from being drawn from the water by the suck, and had two or three narrow escapes. Finally, his little provision boat "Baby Mine" was caught in a whirlpool and drawn under water. It was only after a fight that the famous craft was rescued, minus half her contents. As night drew on a heavy fog settled on the Mississippi, and sometimes the government lights could not be discerned, and the lonely swimmer had no means of guiding himself except by keeping the current. Several times he ran into the high mud banks by mistake.

"Boyton landed at the foot of Canal Street amid the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles, and so great was the crowd that it took the whole available force of river police to effect a landing. Boyton was placed in a carriage and driven to the City Hotel, where a consultation of doctors was held. After an examination the result was given as follows:—Temperature, 88; respiration, 18; pulse, 75. The Captain is a mere skeleton of the strong built man who started from Oil City full of life and vigor. He has lost about twenty pounds since the start. Letters of congratulation pour in to him from all parts of the world. Boyton has fallen into a sound sleep, which the doctors say will last twenty hours."

TIME FLIES.

BY LAURA SANFORD.

Time flies:

gested that I should think of *lemonade* when I wish to recall her name; so, in future days in thinking about my trip to Europe, I will remember the Lemon *aid* I had during my voy-

D. B. Warner of Liberia was the most sensible African he had ever met, or used words to that effect. We sought an introduction: the letter which we publish

we might lose no detail of the scene. As we rowed, we told our colored oarsmen, Hampton students, over again the story of Sumter, and they in turn sang the plaintive song of

TIME FLIES.

BY LAURA SANFORD.

Time flies:
But with what wings?
With wings of butterflies—
To joy it clings,
Now here, now there.—Who sighs
For joy, finds joy, and dies.

Time flies:
But with what wings?
With wings of bees it flies—
Who works and sings
In rich content all day,
Will hear rich gold away.

Time flies:
But with what wings?
With wings of birds to skies
Where sunlight flings
Wide open heaven's door;
Life! light! who cares for more?

Time flies:
But with what wings?
With angel wings it tries
To lift low things
Up from the heavy sod,
Up from earth's grief to God!

CORRESPONDENCE.

A two months' trip to Europe does not give much margin for letter writing, but our contributor, Mr. Robbins, has been industrious enough to send us the following, which will be read with interest by his many friends. The amusing adventure he relates at the outset, will suggest similar experiences to some other travelers, doubtless:—

HOTEL NEW YORK ET LONDRES,
PLACE DU HAVRE,
PARIS, *March* 30, 1879.

My Dear General:—

If you and my friends at Hampton knew the trouble I had in getting this paper, I am certain that they would all value the letter. I started out from my hotel quite confident that I could make myself understood in so simple a thing as asking for a place to buy paper and envelopes. The first one I met was a policeman, and I forgot all my French and only said, "paper and envelopes." Well, after some jabbering, he stepped into my hotel and called out one of the waiters; it did not help matters, as the waiter thought that I wanted a cab; thinking it might attract a crowd, I thought a minute, then said, "*Rien du tout, Monsieur, rien du tout.*" I did not wish or intend to give up, as I rather enjoyed it; so I went into a store and said what I thought sounded like the French for paper; this man thought that I wanted cigars. Then thinking of my Indian signs, I made the sign for envelopes; he opened a drawer and produced kid gloves: finally despairing of being able to interpret my wants, he sent for a girl who lives across the road and can speak a little English. When she came I told her what I wanted, and she told the man, and we all laughed; he had none, but gave me the card of a man who keeps stationery. I went up and down the Avenue, looking for the place, but I have not found it yet. However, I made myself understood before I gave it up, and got this paper at another place.

March 8th, Saturday. At 4:25 the steamship Ethiopia turned her prow toward the ocean, and I began my trip over the briny deep. There were twelve cabin passengers. As we steamed down the harbor, I went to the organ and played several of Mr. Sankey's hymns; this attracted a Scotch woman who came to hear the music. In a short conversation with her, she told me that she had lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., for several years; is now on her way home, Paisley, Scotland; and if she likes it, she may stay there; to her, "nothing can compare with Brooklyn and the star-spangled banner."

Tuesday, Mar. 11th. Kept my cabin all day and felt miserable: people talk about the delights of Europe—they apparently forget that three thousand miles of the Atlantic roll between America and that delectable land. I would give half of my passage money to stand at this moment on one side or the other of this great ocean, and I would prefer the American side, as I know nothing of sight of the other.

The sea was quite rough to-day. I noticed it more when in bed than out of it; to keep in bed was about the same as trying to sleep on the slope of a Gothic roof with the head pointing toward one gable and the feet toward the other.

Monday, March 17th. I had the courage to ask the Scotchwoman to tell me her name. It is Mrs. Lemon. She is too sweet to have such a sour name; although she eats a great deal of candy (peppermint drops). I believe that hers is natural sweetness. She kindly suggested that I should think of *lemonade* when I wish to recall her name; so, in future days in thinking about my trip to Europe, I will remember the Lemon *aid* I had during my voyage. Let every one contemplating a voyage be sure to carry a good lemon; I believe in their virtue: the trouble with mine was, it was too *sweet*.

Wednesday, March 19th. Saw land around us this morning. The hills of Scotland presented a most magnificent sight; a thick fog rested over and upon the summits. When I first saw them, I thought that it was a great storm cloud rising above the horizon, so dimly were they outlined by the prevailing fog. We reached Greenock at noon, and after our baggage had been inspected we took the cars for Glasgow. This country looked beautiful, mantled with its dazzling white snow; everything vile seemed hidden: heavenly purity would hide earth's sins. The stone walls look like beaten foot-paths, as they are seen in the distance, winding over the hillsides. On reaching Glasgow I took the cars at once for Edinburgh. In buying my ticket to Edinburgh, the ticket-master made a mistake and gave me 3d class instead of 2d class. I did not notice it until the train was about to start; but when I saw that a cushion was the only difference in the cars, and considered how much more expensive the 2d is than the 3d, I was glad that I went 3d class. Reaching Edinburgh, I went to a hotel on Princess St., opposite the Scott Monument.

Thursday, March 20th. After breakfast I went to Holyrood Palace. Visitors are only allowed in the old part of the Palace, in which are Queen Mary's apartments; even in this part we are restricted. The Picture Gallery is an immense room; it measures 150 ft. in length by 24 ft. in breadth, and is about 20 ft. high. All around the room are hung portraits of the kings of Scotland. In a hasty look at them, the most prominent characteristic of all is, almost exactly the same style of nose. There are two enormous fireplaces in this room. I could stand in them; standing on my toes and stretching my utmost, I could not reach the mantels. From the Picture Gallery I was shown into Lord Darnley's rooms: 1st. the Audience Chamber; 2d, the bedroom; 3d, the dressing-room. Leaving these, I entered what is said to be the most interesting suite of rooms in Europe—the apartments of Mary Queen of Scots. The first room was the Queen's Audience Chamber; in it now stands the bedstead of Charles I: there are many old pieces of furniture in this room. Here it was that Queen Mary would summon the Reformer, John Knox, and upbraid him for his intolerance of everyone, especially the Queen, who differed with him in religious opinion. The next room is the bedroom of the Queen. In looking around the walls, I was much surprised to see Queen Elizabeth's portrait; it hangs near the bed. I said to the guide, "I wonder that her picture is here; it seems out of place." "Yes," he replied; "it is no compliment to Queen Mary." This picture among other things was given to Mary by Elizabeth; it always hung in this room, and as it was found here after Mary's death, it has been allowed to remain ever since. In this room stands the bedstead of Queen Mary, with its decayed hangings of crimson damask, its bedspread all covered with fringes and tassels. It is a sad sight. The imagination has again peopled this Palace with fair ladies and gay knights. I see Queen Mary tripping through these apartments, bewitching all by her loveliness and grace. I look around and the vision is gone—what was royalty two hundred years ago, is rags to-day. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The Supping room is very small. It was in this room that the Queen was sitting with a few of her ladies and her secretary, Rizzio, taking tea, when Lord Darnley and his infamous followers entered and acted a part that is well known to all. There is a slight discoloration of the floor where the secretary fell, said to be his blood. The spot is not as bright as I expected to see it, but even if, as has been suggested, it has been retouched, so much the better—everybody wants to see the *place* where Rizzio fell: if no care is taken to keep it, it would be in time obliterated. Among other things, the Supping room contains the Queen's private altar piece, which is a painting of the Assumption of the Virgin on alabaster, and a white marble step which led to her private altar in the chapel.

The last place to visit is the chapel, only the sides of which remain standing. It is said that a builder was employed in the year 1758 to put on a new roof; instead of adding a wooden one with slate shingles, he thought that it would stand the test of time better if he should cover it, as he did, with flag-stones and a large quantity of stone work. The walls here this monstrous burden for a time, but finally gave way in the year 1768. Although it is in ruins, the birds are regular worshipers at the chapel, and when I entered they were having their early matins. J. O. N.

Not long since, Mr. Benjamin Coates of Philadelphia remarked to us that Mr. D. B. Warner of Liberia was the most sensible African he had ever met, or used words to that effect. We sought an introduction: the letter which we publish below will be read with interest.

MONROVIA, *Feb.* 14, 1879.

Mr. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th ult., in which you submit to me several questions touching matters and things in Liberia.

To your first question, "What is the condition of the people [here], are they anxious for a higher civilization, or are they content with the existing order of things?" I have to answer: The people are not content with the present order of things, and they are daily using their best endeavors to improve them, and to raise themselves to a higher standard of civilization; but that civilization when attained, will be in exact accord with their peculiar instincts, and not in harmony, altogether, with the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon people.

Secondly, "How is the color feeling?" &c. This is a question which requires tender and careful handling, and it should be touched only in extreme cases. The negro and the mulatto here are already so mixed up in marriage that it would be a very difficult matter to undertake a division of the two. Your scientists, however, are correct in their views, when they give it as their opinion that pure races hurt themselves when they amalgamate with the impure parts of those races; or, in the other direction—where the pure white man amalgamates with the pure negro woman, the issue of the two is physically crippled and morally injured,—the fusion of the two bloods works confusion and only confusion.

It would, therefore, be far better for both of the pure races, were the white race to keep to itself and the negro race to itself,—the issue of each would be physically healthier and stronger, and their moral natures would be more normal and less apt to be warped out of the line of their good tendencies.

As we have no data from which to gather facts on that subject, I am wholly unprepared to say what percentage of immigrants die every year. I can, however, say this, that, out of a company of fifty immigrants that landed here February 7th, a year ago, only four have since died. One of these was a new-born babe, the second, a woman between seventy and eighty years old.

The health of immigrants can be preserved by the immigrants themselves adhering to the advice, both of their attending physician and the older settlers,—this advice includes the kinds, as well as the quantities of food that should be taken during acclimation; as also when the immigrant should, and when he should not, go out into the field to labor.

If it is to the monetary state of the country you have reference, when you ask, "To what do you [I] attribute the present state of affairs in Liberia?" the one and only reply is, that, I attribute it to a want of a strict economy, perseverance, in the management of the financial department of the country. This done, everything else will move forward satisfactorily.

Coffee culture is being pushed onward with commendable energy and to profit. The foreign demand for Liberia coffee, both in the shape of scions and seed, and for clean coffee for table use, is daily increasing.

In conclusion, I have to record my heartfelt thanks to the good Mr. Benjamin Coates, your introducer to myself, for the many good words he has always taken pleasure in speaking in my behalf ever since 1845—the year we first had any dealings with each other. I have just learned that you take our newspaper, the "Observer."

Yours very respectfully,
D. B. WARNER.

A PATHETIC REMINISCENCE.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Your recent notice of the death of General Robert Anderson's only son and namesake recalls an incident not widely noticed at the time of its occurrence—the formal delivery of the body of General Anderson by the navy to the army at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, in February, 1872. The writer was at Hampton Normal School at the time, and was a deeply interested spectator of this picturesque and pathetic ceremonial.

The war-ship Guerriere, which had been detailed to bring home the body of General Anderson from Europe, came up into Hampton Roads in the evening of Monday, February 5. A friend on board, one of the officers in charge of the vessel, kindly notified us that at noon the next day the body would be surrendered into the keeping of the army. The 6th of February was a soft, still day, full of the inexpressible sweetness of early spring in Virginia. We filled three or four of the school row-boats, and pulled down a mile or more, lying off the fort in the boats, so that we might lose no detail of the scene. As we rowed, we told our colored oarsmen, Hampton students, over again the story of Sumter, and they in turn sang the plaintive song of their people:

"Dust, dust and ashes lie over on my grave,
But the Lord shall bring my spirit home."

It was a "white calm." The sun was thinly veiled in a luminous, white haze which overspread the sky without a rift of blue, and the glassy surface of the Roads was as white as the sky. This peculiar aspect of sky and sea heightened the color-effects of the pageant. Every sail and spar, every touch of red and blue, every twinkle of polished metal was exactly repeated in the smooth water. As the bells and bugles on shore called out noon, a long line of white launches and row-boats, draped and cushioned in scarlet, with large stern flags draping, put off from the Guerriere. One carried the guard and the catafalque covered with what seemed a heavy black velvet pall, the fringes of which trailed a little in the water. Other boats were filled with the ship's officers and men. As they gave way the firing of the minute guns from on board began. The strange procession, moving with the slow, regular stroke of many oars—every large and boat doubled by its own reflection in the water—at last drew up beside the broad wharf stairs. As the catafalque was raised to the level of the wharf a burst of funeral music came from the post band, the detachment of army officers and men formed in order about the casket, the representatives of the navy closed in, and to the measure of the wailing music and the awful guns they marched a short distance inland, and set down their burden gently in the little garrison chapel, under a guard of honor, to wait for "further orders." The task of the navy was accomplished.

The ceremony, we were told, was simply according to "regulations," but nothing could have been more touching or more picturesque. There were tears on all faces, white and black, as we turned and pulled slowly homeward through the Narrows to the Normal School wharf, the rowers singing:

"Dust, dust and ashes lie over on my grave."

Voices in another boat took up the refrain, and responded:

"He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead,
And the Lord will bring my spirit home."

New Haven, Conn, February 27, 1879.

J. S. W.

A NORTHERN MAN in Virginia, writes to Dr. Thomas Pollard, Commissioner of Agriculture, an account of his antecedents and of the inducements to make his home in this State—as follows:

I have now been a resident of your State fourteen months—arriving here in Nov., 1877 and purchasing an estate of 365 acres. The preceding twenty-five years I had been a resident of New York city and engaged in mercantile pursuits.

As you are aware, for families desirous of changing a city for a country life, the proper and fashionable thing to do, is to go West, and I did go West as far as Nebraska. After my Western trip, I was induced by friends to travel through Virginia, and after looking about pretty thoroughly, made up my mind to purchase and settle here, and thus far we do not regret the move and, feel assured, all things considered, we could not have done better.

First. We have a large dwelling house, all the necessary out building, orchard, fruit and flower garden, good arable and timbered lands well watered and numerous springs, good fences around the entire tract, at a less price per acre, including the improvements, than the bare prairie can be purchased in the favored sections of Iowa and Nebraska.

Second. We find ourselves within walking distance (¾ mile) of churches and schools, both public and private.

Third. We find good help, both male and female, at less than half the price demanded at the North West—and perfectly willing to be treated and considered as hired servants and as far as I have discovered, equally capable.

Fourth. We have cultivated and refined society in our neighborhood, who have shown us every kindness and attention and are anxious to enlist Northern capital and energy to dwell among them.

Fifth. The taxes on real and personal property are very light, being not one one-eighth of the amount levied in and about New York city, and not over one half of the amount levied on farms in Nebraska.

Sixth. The climate is mild and healthful, not subject to the extremes of heat and cold as in the Northwest and having longer seasons for agricultural labor.

Seventh. To sum up; Families desirous of securing homes in the country can purchase here at a less price than at the West and instead of having the *bare prairie*, with no improvement, get improved farms, with the many necessaries and comforts of life.

Please excuse this lengthy letter, and allow me to remain,

Yours truly,
JOHN H. STEVENS.

ene. As
n, Hamp-

They will not resist any real or fancied wrong: they will "stand from under."

and care for him and his wife and children.

"The ultimate effect of all this will be dis-

exhibit. He became thoroughly familiar with the exhibits of all countries, and was astonished at the efforts made by the

Southern Workman,

A Twelve Page Journal.
ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

WHILE the relations of the races in Virginia and in the more northerly of the Southern States are, all things considered, satisfactory, there seems to have been little or no change for the better in the Gulf States. In the former states, colored voters are not only in a minority, thereby escaping the inevitable doom of negro majorities, but are of a better type, having had, during slavery, much more contact with civilization, lived in a more stimulating climate and more in an atmosphere of ideas.

Especially is this true of the mountainous region of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina, where, owing to their scarcity, society was but slightly affected by them, and they were much influenced by their surroundings.

At the Hampton School, colored students from the mountains have in manliness and worth a decided advantage over those from the low country.

The negroes of the Gulf States are declared by their friends to be in a most deplorable situation, both as voters and as laborers. The trouble is, without doubt, of two kinds: their inward and their outward condition. Their thriftless ways, drinking habits, indolent tendencies, utter ignorance, and their distrust of whites, combine with prejudices, on the part of the whites, old habits of treatment, old ideas of the negroes' place, with the poverty of the blacks, the money famine of that region, and with a wretched system of credits, to make the ex-slaves as uncomfortable as they can well be.

The whites have shown no skill in dealing with their labor problem. Politics and not profits have been the order of the day: race lines have been drawn; demagogues have taken advantage of this, and inflamed men's passions and made them victims of wild fancies.

When we read of the Negro exodus from Mississippi to Kansas, there is no occasion for surprise.

Partisan papers charge this great movement to the loss of the negroes' political rights: thoughtful observers account for it by a combination of causes.

We believe that it results from the dissatisfaction of the colored people, and that that is due to more than defeat at the polls. Their troubles are both inward and outward, as above enumerated. The result is a distress that at last has forced a wild, spasmodic rush for relief that to many is likely to prove like a jump from the frying pan into the fire.

The planters are alarmed at the loss of laborers, and the Governor of Mississippi, with other prominent men, have called upon both whites and colored to send representatives to a Convention to be held at Vicksburg, in which, if possible, to adjust difficulties and quiet fears which to some extent are needless.

The Exodus to Kansas is the first practical effort in Anglo-African history by the colored man to settle his own difficulties. The vote that was given him has disappointed those who gave and those who got it.

Since the war the negroes have been mobilized; southern railroads derive large revenues from their constant travel. They will not resist any real or fancied wrong: they will "stand from under." Colored men will see more and more clearly the uselessness of Acts of Congress intended for their benefit. They will, as they are generally doing, stay where they were brought up; but if dissatisfied up to a certain point, they will go, sometimes quietly, sometimes with a rush.

The former method is illustrated by a steady stream of freedmen, since 1875, from Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and Kentucky into Texas and Kansas, making little impression as it passed.

While the suffering and folly, and the deceit practiced by ticket agents and others, connected with the present movement, must soon check it, producing to some extent a return tide, there will be, we believe, an increasing tendency among the blacks, especially of the Southwest, to seek more congenial homes when not satisfied. They have suffered more than others of their race, and a friendly region is nearer to them than to others.

They will look less to legislation and more to their own resources, and when they do that they will at last find that they have a solid basis of negotiation, and will be recognized as never before. As voters, they are weak; as laborers, they are strong.

Face to face with their employers, not as communists or trades unionists, but as men with a common interest, they will find in them a fairer spirit than they had expected, and the dawn of a better day will come.

We hope for good results from the Convention at Vicksburg: it is a new and wise way of treating the labor question of the South.

AMONG the many statements in newspapers in regard to the Negro exodus, none have seemed to us more rational and sound than those of "a clergyman and a native of the South," in the N. Y. Herald of Monday, April 14th. He admits "political intimidations and even outrages against the negro in the South," but less than one party charges and more than the other admits. He says, "This negro exodus is not a flight from the terror of political violence."

"Their ideas as to what freedom would bring to them were extremely crude and extravagant." He claims that their disappointment and sense of being deceived have led to their seeking homes further west.

"They also have the idea that their social condition will be improved in the free States. They see that they can never be lifted to anything like social equality in the South. They hope to improve their social condition by getting into the free States. They realize the fact that their emancipation in the South has only lifted them from slavery to serfdom.

"Behind all this stands the fact that the negro in the South is systematically cheated out of his wages. This is done in this way:—The negro is ambitious to be a farmer on 'his own hook.' He rents a tract of land and the landlord has a lien against the whole crop for the rental. It is a penitentiary offence to move any part of the crop from the place before the landlord is satisfied, for his rents. The landlord has the first claim on what the negro makes.

RUINOUS ADVANCES.

"In nine cases out of ten the negro has not a dollar with which to make his crop. He must get advances from the money lender. The money lender is always a store keeper, dealing in plantation supplies. He agrees to advance to the negro farmer the money needed to make the crop, at an enormous rate of interest. He then sells him mules and farming utensils at an enormous profit, and during the year he advances from his store provender for the stock and provisions for the laborers also at enormous profits. To secure himself in the payment at the end of the year he takes a mortgage on the mules, farming implements and all the crop above the landlord's lien. Of course the negro comes out heavily in debt to the money lender. Everything is then sold, and the money lender buys all that the negro has at much below its real value. Now the negro has nothing, and is deeply in debt. He is henceforth in the power of his merciless creditor till he works that debt out. Of course under these circumstances emancipation is a huge disappointment to the negro. He is in a worse condition than he was in slavery. The white money lender gets all the fruit of his labor, and is under no obligation to feed and care for him and his wife and children.

"The ultimate effect of all this will be disastrous to the South. It is a short-sighted and absurd policy, to say nothing of its glaring dishonesty. It is killing the 'goose to get the golden egg.' It is already having the effect to drive the negro out of the South. When the negro leaves the South, the South will be ruined. White immigration will not go into the South, and the white men in the South will not labor on the plantations. When the negro leaves the South, all that sunny and fertile land will grow up in briers and thorns and go to waste. The remedy must be discovered and applied at once to avert the menacing disaster. The remedy is very simple—even-handed justice to the negro as a laborer. This will hold him in the South. Nothing else will."

Should Chinese labor replace that of the blacks all would work well for a time. But the Chinaman is keen as to what and where are his best chances. Having filled his contract, he would settle in the cities and compete with all classes of laborers, and unite the working classes of both colors in a hue and cry against him, that would create a new and troublesome political question.

THE growth of Agricultural literature in this State since the war is a sign of the times. We have just received No. 4, of the MONTHLY JOURNAL of the State Agricultural Society of Virginia. The subscription price is one dollar per year. It is full of interesting and original matter. It shows that increasing attention is being given to the soil, and that the true source of the Commonwealth's prosperity is better appreciated than ever.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of a Hand Book of North Carolina from the Hon. L. L. Polk, Commissioner of Agriculture of that State; headquarters at Raleigh N. C. The office of Commissioner of Agriculture is newly created in many of the Southern States, and the issuing of Hand Books such as the above mentioned, is one of the hopeful features of the time. Commissioner Polk has done himself credit, and the State a great service in this carefully compiled document. It contains two hundred and ninety one pages, and is divided into four parts. The first part describes the organization of the department of Agriculture, contains a historical sketch of the State, a full account of its government, and a description of each county—closing with a record of the distinguished men of the State.

Part second describes the physical features of North Carolina, and is full of interesting details.

Part third refers to taxation, debts, corporations, education, homesteads, charities, relation of the races, climate, native products, fishing interests, railroads and to the future of the State.

Part fourth describes State and literary Institutions, of which there is a goodly list, public schools, and gives a statement of farm products, of cotton and woolen mills, of silk and bee culture, of fruits and of general statistics.

This Hand Book shows enterprise that will not fail to draw attention: the State could not have made a better investment. The Eastern States are full of families who wish to better their condition and to that end are eager for facts from every quarter.

We advise those who are looking for a land of resources and for a genial climate to get this Hand Book, for in both these respects North Carolina has claims and attractions that compare with those of the most favored parts of our country.

The present aspect of politics is, however, against migration. A "Solid South" is economically a great blunder, for so long as it lasts, political questions are also social questions. If the Northerner cannot comfortably free his mind in Dixie, he will either stick to his native hills or push to the western prairis even at the peril of his scalp.

VIRGINIA AND FREE SCHOOLS.

At the recent international exhibition in Paris, Mr. John D. Philbrick of Boston was made Superintendent of the educational department of the United States exhibit. He became thoroughly familiar with the exhibits of all countries, and was astonished at the efforts made by the leading European governments in educational matters. Not only are France, Belgium, Austria and Germany pushing the free school system, but they are giving the aid of the State to training in the trades and and arts. Men are instructed in the working of wood and metals, women are trained in the decorative art, and, finally, children are put into elementary grades of technical education. After surveying all these methods of instruction, Mr. Philbrick exclaimed, "We Americans must educate or die." And he comes, notwithstanding, from Massachusetts, the foremost State in the development of manufacturing and education in the United States. And now come some gentlemen of Virginia who say in fact, "If we educate we die," if it is done at the expense of the State. The argument against free schools is an old one. It was Bishop Berkeley of Virginia who said, "Thank God, we have no free schools!" There is indeed strength in the argument, and it is quite conclusive from a purely theoretical point of view. Under our Republican system of rule is the principle that the individual is everything and the State, in its true ideal, a mere police force, an adjuster of differences between men. If only those who were intelligent and educated held the ballot, there could be no argument in favor of free schools. But the ballot is every where in the hands of ignorant men; and the ballot is like a pistol, whether it be discharged by a statesman or an idiot, the force of the bullet is the same. Illiterate men hold it, and it cannot be taken from them. Here is the starting point. We find society full of most dangerous, rotten material, and we must deal with it as we find it. Face to face with this evil, our only safety lies in reducing that danger to a minimum, in the least possible time. So far, free schools are our only method. Nothing better has been considered practicable. It is true that they are not all-sufficient. Under their light and heat the vast glaciers of ignorance thaw out slowly. But those who come in contact with this ignorance constantly, see no better plan, at present.* The foes of the free school system urge that if education was left to the individual, as simply an individual enterprise, it would soon become as broad and as strong as where fostered by the State. It is simply a question of fact or probability. Germany not only establishes free schools, paid for by the State, but she compels attendance. Why? For the reason that the ignorant peasant refuses to give up the daily profit or income from the child's labor, for the sake of its education. England is in like difficulty, and has resorted to compulsory education. European scholars already say that so foolish is ignorance everywhere, that unless the Americans resort to compulsory education, their free school systems will fail. New England is now face to face with this difficulty, not on account of her Anglo Saxon citizens, but owing to the mass of illiterate foreigners who fill up her towns, and prefer the pittance of the child's wages to the ulterior advantages of any education. She considers it intolerable that the bog trotter from Ireland, and Ralph Waldo Emerson shall have the same power at the ballot box, and she is lessening the great gulf between them. She will not believe that the free schools make men vicious, as these Virginians represent. "De free schools hab ruined my boy," said an old darkey. "Why?" said his friend. "'Cause, afore de schools, my boy didn't read or write, but he hab now de learnin', and he hab committed forgery. Dat am ds matter of de free schools." Dr. Dabney and the old darkey are one on that question. There is a suggestion of expediency in this matter, so far as Virginia is concerned. Here is a State which should be, from whatever point of view regarded, the wealthiest State of the Union. But she is one of the poorest. She is begging for immigrants and capital. She cannot make terms, but must submit to terms. Like

* Dr. Forbes Winslow in his report on the condition of India, says the vast progress made in India is owing to the system of education established by the government.

the green grocer, she must "please her customers," or the trade will go to the next door. At best she has not much to offer, and unfortunately, the emigrant class have found it out. Are these opponents of free schools ready to force the State to say to these emigrants, "We cannot give you free schools. If you want education you must get it by your own efforts. It may be the worse for me, but I am living up to a principle." If crime comes of this, and theft and murder, or it makes the ballot, like the potato, something to be bought or sold, or if the Bible cannot be read or the laws understood, so be it. I must follow out my principle. Poverty with an all-pervading ignorance is better than wealth with education at the public expense." Lofty words like these might come from a great, self-sufficient State, and the groveling emigrant might be awed into accepting the citizenship of Virginia, but we strongly believe that Kansas and Texas with vast spaces of virgin soil, and free schools besides, will win the settlers. We know as matters of fact that one of the chief reasons given by Northern emigrants against residence in Virginia is the want of public schools of high grade. Scores of men have been fascinated by the published accounts of the material resources of the State, they have been disappointed in the matter of education. They may be fools, but they are the men for whom the State is begging, and they must be satisfied.

The most persistent attacks on the free school system have been made in the columns of the SOUTHERN PLANTER AND FARMER, a monthly periodical edited with great ability, and devotion to the interest of the State. It takes the first rank in usefulness. Out of its pages, however, we constantly see the necessity of further aid by the State in the matter of education, and the best illustration of the argument in favor of public education. The farmers need instruction in scientific agriculture It is of supreme importance. But individual effort towards furnishing such education is wanting. The State does little. The individual fails to come forward. Other communities are securing State aid in developing their material interests, and are beginning to reap the advantages of it. Theoretically the individuals in the State are competent, and willing to promote education. Theoretically also, every voter is fitted to handle the ballot. We must meet the failure of the theory in the case of the ballot, by a modification of the theory of the domain of the State in education. "Theoretically," said a sailor, "my ship is built to exclude water, and I need no pump." "Practically" said his mate, "your ship is leaking, and if you don't rig your pump, you will soon be water-logged." The discussion of the relations of the State to education is not undesirable. The community is better for it, provided it is not acrimonious. W. N. A

PRESIDENT MAKING.

There is abundant evidence that the President makers are now vigorously at work. It is a business which requires much forehandedness, especially in times like the present, when the contingencies against success are so numerous. The young man, just upon what Lowell calls the "awful verge of manhood," innocent of the tricks of n vain and deceitful world, unreservedly believes in acts of splendid statesmanship. He dreams of a vast and intelligent nation, moved by a profound judgment, mastered by a divine instinct, working by a severe method of logic, solemnly selecting out of its millions of citizens, the fittest statesman, the wisest patriot, placing him with dignified ceremony in the executive chair, where he becomes the equal of sovereigns, the companion of great generals, the dictator of policies, the idol of the people, the dispenser of patronage. To this young man comes the Muse of History with the inquiry, "Are the Presidents always wise and good?" The youth takes up the record, and is amazed; for many were neither wise, nor great, nor even men of common fame. "Why is it so?" he asks. There comes to him the professional politician, he who has a turn for office, as a mule has for kicking; he who feels that life is well rounded by the monthly emolnments,—and says: "These Presidents are made by 'States." Conventions make Presidents; we make conventions. We who do business in these things do not live on air, but need uncommonly large quantities of beef and bread, and, generally, rum. Do you think that we who make the conventions, who frame the issues, and fire the popular heart, will permit any man to be nominated who will neglect our comfort and support in the hour of victory? We nominate no man who we believe is disposed to betray us. We have been grossly deceived at times. Tyler fooled us, Andy Johnson brushed us aside, and there have been cases where an irrepressible move by the people took affairs out of our hands. Still, every business has its ups and downs." The young man inquires, "Is this statesmanship?" The professional replies: "Statesmanship is a very common affair. If men dealt with political, as they do with mathematical questions, grand work would be done. But in state affairs, ignorant prejudices must be regarded, foolish ideas respected, selfish interests protected, incompetent and knavish men be approved, and many imperfect measures adopted, and above all, and first in all things, we who make it our business to attend to the political affairs of the country must be maintained."

In seeking candidates, *availability* is the first requisite. After that, talent, fame, and honesty come as subordinate qualities. A public man with decided views, has enemies. An obstinate man cannot be managed by party men. So long as the machinery of government is managed by men who trade and live upon public office, it can hardly happen that the best men will be brought to the front except by accident. Such of our public men as have "confessed themselves," assert that the demand of party is tyrannical, and they soon relinquish their best work. The late Senator Grimes said that though he had been a war governor, and had, during the civil war, done prodigious service in Congress, and was considered one of the stanchest Republicans, he was, nevertheless, called a traitor by his party, because, in the exercise of his judgment, he had voted against the impeachment of President Johnson.

There are signs of better times coming. At present, however, the commercial feature in politics is the most prominent. While the wire pullers are at work, bargaining, persuading, and preparing tags for their candidates, the laymen, the voters are silent, scattered and almost helpless for want of a common purpose. Already the keynote of national legislation is the presidency. For this reason, there need be no fear of the passage of dangerous laws. Neither party can afford to make mistakes. The leaders move like men groping in the dark. It is quite apparent, that in the absence of a heavy groundswell of public opinion, sweeping with resistless force some great name into the executive chair, there is to be, for the next two years, a miserable scrimmage, involving every known species of intrigue, with much talk from men who will be inspired to eloquent speech by the prospect of party plunder. The "Ins" will manfully fight for their positions. The "Outs" will make a heroic struggle to get within.

Meanwhile, the people, generally, will learn something, and make a step forward to that "sweet by and by" of a political millennium, where merit alone will be the need of a candidate, where the office-seeking mourners will go about the streets, and the sound of the stump-spouting grinder will be low. W. N. A.

TO EACH NEW SUNSCAIBER to the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN" (a dollar a year), will be sent a picture drawn by one of the Indian boys at Hampton, on plain paper, in water colors or with colored pencil.

These are simple, crude sketches, inspired by imagination or experience and illustrate the peculiar type of art among the aborigines of America.

The boys cheerfully draw their pictures for a small sum, and thus keep in a little pocket money.

THOSE who have read Mr. T. T. Bryce's series of papers upon the modern questions of Political Economy, in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, during the past year, will be glad to hear that he has collected them for republication in pamphlet form, with revision and additions. The pamphlet, of ninety-six pages, under the title of Economic Crumbs, is just issuing from the Hampton Institute Press, and may be had by application at its office. We will review it more fully next month.

For happy adaptation to popular taste and crystal clearness of expression and thought upon subjects on which there is a deplorable amount of haziness of ideas and confusion of words, we do not know this little book's equal, and we strongly recommend it to all classes of our readers.

THE African Methodist Episcopal Conference of Virginia, held its thirteenth annual session, April 13–17, at Hampton, Bishop T. M. Brown, D. D., presiding. There was a full attendance, sixty members being present, with three presiding elders, Rev. Mr. Schureman of the Norfolk district, Rev. Mr. Derrick, Richmond district, and Rev. Mr. Strange, Lynchburg district. The financial report showed a prosperous year among the churches, which now have a membership of 35,000. In the report on education, it was resolved not to admit any as deacons without a certain understanding of English grammar, arithmetic, and history sacred and and profane. This is a move in the right direction. Intelligent ministers are one great need of the race, and, with its present opportunities of instruction in Virginia, the necessity of passing an examination in these branches ought not to keep any earnest young man out of the ministry. For elders there is a more advanced examination.

A free and pleasant interchange of views took place at one of the meetings, between the Principal of the Normal School and Dr. H. M. Turner, of the Christian Recorder, who has published some of the attacks upon the school, which have been common in the colored papers. Taking occasion of the presence of so many of their representative men, Gen. Armstrong alluded to the animadversions upon the school by those who should be in harmony with every opportunity for the advancement of the race, and gave a statement of its ideas and work. His remarks were received with evident interest and satisfaction, and Dr. Turner himself, whom he had not observed sitting in the pew in front of him, rose, and while giving a frank expression of the opinions he had entertained, avowed a feeling of entire friendship to the school and its officers, and requested a copy of the remarks for publication in his paper.

By invitation of the Principal, the Conference spent Friday in visiting the school, and impressions were corrected which may have sometimes separated the people from their advantages.

On Sunday evening the school and others were addressed in Virginia Hall, by Bishop Brown, Rev. Mr. Derrick, and Rev. Prof. Johns, from St. Kitts, one of the West India islands. The addresses were interesting, and eloquent, and all of them expressed a high appreciation of the school and its methods, especially in regard to its foundation work and industrial training. Rev. Prof. Johns, who has been a teacher in the West Indies for years, and is also, we understand, an M. D. and a contributor to the "*Southern Clinic*," a medical Journal published in Richmond, Va., gave a very interesting account of the condition of things in the Islands, social, educational and religious. He intends to make his home in the United States, and has joined the Virginia Conference.

Rev. Peyton Lewis, a graduate of Hampton, in the class of '73, was ordained a deacon at this session of the Conference, and appointed to Chuckatuck, Nansemond Co.

He visited the school, and spoke a few words of good advice to those who are now occupying his old haunts.

WE copy the following from the *Colored Citizen* of Topeka, Kansas.

By the following telegram it will be seen that hundreds of our people from the South are to be furnished employment by the Northern Pacific R. R.

"Senator Windom's colonization scheme of negroes has been indorsed by the Northern Pacific contractors for the construction of the division to Yellowstone. They have made a contract with a Missouri firm for 500 negroes at $1.25 per day per head. The Board of Directors have ordered the building of the whole distance this season to the Yellowstone, and the sale of $2,500,000 of bonds. Hugh McCullough, the newly elected Director, is expected place them."

A VIRGINIA County Supt. of Schools sends the following appreciative postal:

Dear Sir:—

You have been kind enough to send us regularly your valuable paper, the Southern Workman. I read it with interest. I doubt not that it is doing a good work. I have recently changed my place of residence to ——. Please note this change.

Very truly yours, A. H.

DIED—At the home of a friend, in Hampton, Feb. 27, of disease of the heart, —Olivo Madison, formerly a student of Hampton Institute.

Her death will be long lamented by her friends, but was for her a happy release from a prospect of continued suffering, and a happy entrance into life. Her last days were made peaceful and comfortable by the ministrations of loving friends in a pleasant home.

THE state of mind of extreme Southern men on the negro question is well illustrated by an extract from the recent report of an interview with Mr. Jefferson Davis, which we reprint below. Mr. Davis has, if the report is reliable, changed his mind on the subject of free negro labor.

The crucial test of the freedman was whether he would be a better or worse producer than before. He has passed this ordeal successfully. No other can be so severe. Give the ex-slave plenty of light and he will find his way to a respectable manhood.

"THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH

is more promising than that of any other section of the country; but he fully believed that the condition of the present generation of the black race was all the worse by reason of the abolition of slavery. Mr. Davis doubts very much the wisdom of the attempt to educate the negro, and of course he utterly disbelieves in giving him the ballot. He said, however, that he was watching with a good deal of interest the experiment of his education, and was not prepared to say but in the next generation it might be a necessity, in order to enable the negro to protect and guard his own rights. Mr. Davis spoke of the negro race in a rather patronizing way—as children, and not as men. He said they were affectionate, kindly in disposition, and full of the better qualities that belong to a servile race; that they were natural servants, and he could never believe they could be placed on an equality with the whites, either by education, legislation, or any possible changes of public sentiment in regard to them. It was his opinion that, wherever the negro race was found, it must be as an inferior and servile race, and, in the long run, they would give way to the superior race under any and all circumstances. He said that, but for the need of their labor in the fields of the South, he did not think it would be possible for the race to subsist for many generations in competition with the white race, who were so much their superiors in the capacity to plan and to accomplish results by patient and persistent effort. Mr. Davis acknowledged, however, that he had

"CHANGED HIS MIND ENTIRELY

upon one question, viz., that the great staples of the South, cotton and sugar, could be produced with greater economy and in greater abundance by paid labor rather than by the labor of slaves. He said to your correspondent: 'This has already been demonstrated, and that fact alone goes far to prove the advantage which the abolition of slavery has been to the whites.' He said, further: 'What I have said of the plantation labor is equally true of house or domestic employments; for now a far less number of servants is required than formerly to do the work of a household, and we avoid all the expense and annoyance of the feeble, superannuated and supernumeraries that were found upon all the old plantations in a state of dependence upon the owner."

THE "*African Times*," published at Sierra Leone, Africa, says; "We are indeed most glad to learn that the immigrants of the South Carolina Exodus Association, who went to Liberia in the Azor, are contented, happy, and doing well in Liberia. The two commissioners sent to Liberia by the colored people of Arkansas, Messrs. Hicks and Stanford, have returned with a favourable report. In the city of New Orleans there is an organization of women with more than 500 members, raising money, one dollar at a time, for the purpose of emigrating to Liberia with their families. The first difficulty of the great exodus movement

having been thus happily vanquished, Liberia may look forward confidently to a constant succession of shiploads of most desirable im-

them where they are now living, to try and better their condition by seeking a habitation elsewhere. But where a large number of

ter the fields of struggle and endeavor with a renewed zeal, and resolve, so long as God takes sides with the oppressed, he will not

Kansas? This difficulty confronts us at the outset; it is not unsurmountable, but it will not do to close our eyes to it. The mere fact

having been thus happily vanquished, Liberia may look forward confidently to a constant succession of shiploads of most desirable immigrants from America, who will leave the United States as fast as they can save money for the purpose. This is an exceedingly healthy movement and insures a rapid future progress for Liberia. The Hon. W. M. Davis, now in America from Liberia, a full-blooded negro, a self-made man, who has been for six years Attorney-General in Liberia, seems to have very sound views respecting this matter. He says: 'Above all, no emigrant should go there penniless; nor should they to any new country whatever. An empty pocket is not a good thing in a strange community. Every family ought to have somewhere from fifty to a hundred dollars after their arrival. Paupers are not wanted. If Liberia is ever to be built up—and the interests of Christianity and of English-speaking civilization seem to demand that it should be—it must be settled by thrifty people. There is a good market for all farm products, and great commercial possibilities for the superior coffee of the country and other valuable articles of export. There is room for labour as well as capital. The Government furnishes each immigrant head of a family with twenty-five acres of land, and there are many eligible locations, conveniently near to towns, not yet taken up. The soil everywhere is fertile." Mr. Davis thinks "the African fever will disappear altogether after the country is opened up and cleared. It is, in fact, disappearing gradually, not being nearly so severe as it was twenty-five years ago. Temperance, cleanliness and dietary care are almost certain safeguards against it.' "

THE SLAVE-TRADE ON THE RED SEA.

A volume of correspondence with British representatives and agents abroad, and reports from naval officers relating to the slave-trade, just issued, contains a report to the Admiralty from Vice-Admiral Sir R. Macdonald, regarding the slave-trade in the Red Sea and its vicinity, in which it is stated that during the year 1870 no less than 3,000 slaves were said to have been landed at Hodeidah from the African coast. Djeddah is reported to be still a large market for slaves. Up to 1874 a slave market existed in the middle of the bazaar, but on the representation of Her Majesty's Consul this was closed. The slave-trade is, however, now carried on to as great an extent as ever, but in a more private manner. We ought to add that this infamous traffic is most decidedly illegal in Turkey and Egypt and that if, notwithstanding the edicts of the Sultan and the Khedive, it is too often connived at by Turkish and Egyptian functionaries, it is also considerably facilitated by the negligence, indifference or even complicity of some foreign consuls and agents, on whom we have had our eye for years past.—*Levant Herald.*

MR. WILLIAM STILL, a prominent and successful colored business man of Philadelphia, whose clear head and good sense commend whatever he has to say, has given some valuable opinions on the subject of the Exodus to Kansas, and of the colored people generally that are well worthy of attention. We make extracts.

"I will state that I am neither surprised nor alarmed at the attitude of affairs, particularly in regard to this emigration movement. Long ago I came to the conclusion that the colored people in the South would have many struggles to encounter ere the good time arrived. Landless, moneyless, ignorant, and almost wholly dependent on the dominant race for everything—for houses to dwell in, land to till, stores to deal at, lawyers to defend them, doctors to cure them when sick; also surrounded with a state of morals far out of harmony with the doctrine of brotherly kindness or the civilization of the North, I could but feel that this condition of things, the natural result of slavery, would inevitably come about sooner or later, to some extent at least.

"I was not unmindful of the power and value of the ballot, but, under existing circumstances it has always seemed to me to be impossible for the colored man to maintain his ground surrounded with political agitations, while compelled to confront continually, in this poverty and ignorance, the enemy with every advantage over him. I am not by any means prepared to believe that the obstacles to his elevation in the South are insurmountable or that his only hope of redemption is to be sought in flight. No, he is not prepared for any such change in large numbers, for the reason that he would have to appear in a strange land among strangers, empty-handed, to seek employment as a hewer of wood in fields already well occupied, and where hire is now unremunerative. In this case, tens of thousands of poor people entering a state would be likely to settle too numerously to thrive themselves, or to admit of other laboring classes around them to do so; hence, becoming totally discouraged and disappointed, the last end would be worse than the first, in my opinion.

"I certainly do not favor the movement. There can be no objections to individuals, who feel that the way is utterly closed against them where they are now living, to try and better their condition by seeking a habitation elsewhere. But where a large number of people are actuated by impulse and from excitement, engendered by glowing descriptions of a milk and honey land, where everybody will be their friend, and there will be scarcely any more hardships or sufferings compared with what they have experienced, I think it is sure to lead to disastrous consequences. Such schemes, in the past at least, have invariably proved abortive with the colored people in this country.

"In whatever attitude I have viewed the millions of emancipated colored people, I could not imagine it possible for them to rise, without very much suffering, and by patient toiling to get out of the old ruts, where Slavery had degraded them so long, up to a higher level. But it has always seemed to me that the chances for achieving success and power lay not in the road of politics, but in the road of seeking mental, moral, religious and material physical improvement.

"From all the light which I have been able to gather from intelligent colored and white persons, I believe steady improvements are going on generally all over the South, in the way of getting education, land, more comfortable homes, and likewise entering business pursuits; in many instances the reports would hardly seem credible. A single case, out of quite a number which have come under my notice, I will allude to, namely, Montgomery & Sons, of Hurricane, Miss., now occupying the extensive plantation of the late President of the Confederacy and his brother Joseph—employing hundreds of hands and commanding a wide influence, not only on their plantations, but likewise in the commercial mart at Natchez, where they have a large commission house, carrying on a large trade, and are highly respected. In the cotton fairs for several years they have competed with the great cotton planters of the South, at St. Louis, I believe; and have, two seasons at least, carried off the premiums.

"Their commercial hooks have been put in competition with those of other merchants, at the State fair, and for beauty of penmanship, and correct observance of the rules of regular book-keeping, they stood up with the highest. One of the Davis plantations is owned by the Montgomerys, and the other is rented for a term of years. They are situated at Hurricane, Miss. A daughter is postmistress and assistant bookeeper. A letter received from her only two weeks ago, expressly relative to the condition and general improvement of the colored people in that region of the country, was decidedly favorable.

"A letter dated Jacksonville, Fla., March 15, 1879, from my sister, who has been teaching school in that State for the last ten years, makes this incidental remark: 'Mr. J. C. Waters says when he went to Conference at a place called Ocala, he saw Bishop J. J. Clinton's son, who was living there very nicely with two hundred and fifty acres of the best of land, and men and women at work for him. I think if more of our young men would purchase land and settle, they would become able men, etc.' Mr. Joseph N. Clinton is the young man alluded to. He graduated a few years ago at that most excellent institution, Lincoln University, in this State.

"One of my sons, after graduating at the above-named institution, went to North Carolina, and taught school two years, and was well satisfied from the cheapness of land, etc., that there were strong inducements for colored men who want to seek agricultural pursuits.

THE TRUE MEANS.

Mr. Still in conclusion said: "I have more hope in such agencies as Lincoln University, Hampton, Fiske University, Wilberforce College, and other similar institutions, developing the brain-power, which cannot fail in due time to overcome every obstacle. Considering the immensity of the work, which called for laborers and material, it is astonishing how little has been done, by the great North, towards the accomplishment of the work of education. But comparatively few noble men and women have given their hearts and means devotedly to the elvation of the emancipated. Even now there are doubtless free people to be numbered by the hundreds of thousands, in various parts of the South, who have never had a chance to enter a school or a church since the emancipation. Of course, one reason why the educational work was not pressed with more ardor by the North, was the belief that was cherished that in conforring the ballot and the Fifteenth Amendment upon the race, all was done which was needed to render them capable of making their way up to manhood and equality. But experience has proved that the strongholds of Southern injustice could not successfully be contended against in this way. Now if this exodus would only open the eyes and sympathies of the people to engage in a more earnest manner to advance education.

ESCHEW POLITICS.

"Let the colored man eschew politics wherever he cannot enjoy his right, unmolested, and, with an eye single to his elevation, enter the fields of struggle and endeavor with a renewed zeal, and resolve, so long as God takes sides with the oppressed, he will not cease his efforts to prove his capabilities and manhood just where he had worn the yoke, under the eyes and voices that used to cause him so often to wail. In a quiet and determined manner, with such teaching as might constantly be urged from the colored schools, churches and earnest practical men on the soil, it does not seem to me that it would take half as long to overcome the prejudices in the South as strong as they are, as it has done to overcome many of them as they existed in the North. The wise man says, 'When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.' I have great faith in doing right with a view of success, whether others will do so or not, and if there was ever room for trying the experiment, it is now in the South."

WESTWARD HO!

EMIGRATION VIEWED THROUGH ECONOMIC SPECTACLES.

If we want to get a clear understanding of any subject, it is always best to look at it, just as it is, and not muddle ourselves with metaphors. When we clearly understand a subject, then we can illustrate it by metaphors, if we choose. During the past few weeks, there has been a migration of several thousand colored people from the lower Mississippi to the State of Kansas. Their movement is simply an emigration, and as such I propose to look at it, and not get confused at the outset by talking about "Exodus," the "Land of Canaan," etc., etc.

There is nothing miraculous about a few thousand people changing their abodes; all our Western country has been settled in this way; indeed it may be said, the whole Continent. This is a free country, and citizens may go where they please, if they have the means to pay their way. Intelligent men, when they emigrate, have some definite destination and object in view: they do not change their abodes, simply for the sake of change; but because, after carefully weighing the facts and chances for and against, they have concluded that they can better themselves. Men who change just for change's sake, are quite as apt to injure as benefit themselves.

Now let us see what economic laws underlie all society, and apply particularly to settlers in new countries: for the "going West" of colored men is governed in all respects by the same laws as govern the "going West" of other men. Natural laws care nothing for the color of a man's skin; a black man, or a white man, a red man or a yellow man, will, if he cannot swim, be drowned, if thrown into the ocean. A black man must have food, just as much as a white man, and neither can live very long without it.

The law of exchange is the fundamental law of society—society only exists through the exchanges of men. Before any exchange can take place about, one man must prefer what another has to what he has himself, and be willing to give one to get the other; furthermore, this feeling must be reciprocal. In plainer English, it takes two to make a bargain. Before we can get anything, we must be willing to give something, and that something must be what somebody wants, who can give us what we want.

This is the general law of Exchange: how much we can get for what we have, depends on a subordinate law, viz., the law of Demand and Supply. When we have anything to sell, we inquire, first, what Demand is there: that is, how many people are able and willing to buy what we have to sell. We next see what the Supply is: that is, how desirable to others is the thing to be sold; how much of it we have; how many other people have the same or similar things to sell, and finally, how anxious these other people are to sell. The difference between Demand and Supply is adjusted by price. Many sellers and few buyers mean low prices: many buyers and few sellers mean high prices. This is manifestly true of corn, cotton, and bacon, and equally so of labor, and its product, capital.

Food, clothing and shelter are the three first necessities of man: to live he must have these, or something he can promptly exchange for them.

Remembering that capital is nay means of profit saved, the three laws, above mentioned, are all needed for us to be able to predict with certainty, what the chances are of the colored emigrants to Kansas doing well. What have they to give in exchange for what the people of Kansas have? They all have labor; but what kind of labor is it? Is it the kind of labor, that labor buyers in Kansas want? Perhaps the easiest way to answer this question is to ask another, namely; Are laborers, whose knowledge of agriculture has been acquired on cotton plantations, and who are accustomed to a semi-tropical climate, the kind of laborers that Western wheat-farmers prefer, especially in a state where the winters are so cold as in Kansas? This difficulty confronts us at the outset; it is not unsurmountable, but it will not do to close our eyes to it. The mere fact that the emigrants are willing to work, is not in itself a guarantee, that they will get work to do; for there must be somebody just as willing to employ them, as they are willing to be employed, before they can get employment. These two difficulties, then, must be faced—first, whether their labor is the kind of labor wanted; second, if their labor be not exactly what is wanted, whether the people of Kansas will be willing to buy the kind of labor they offer.

In order to discuss this problem fully, let us assume that there are people in Kansas willing to buy the kind of labor the emigrants have to sell. The question at once rises, what sort of wages are likely to be paid? Here comes in the law of Supply and Demand. If there be a demand for the labor of 500 men in one spot, and 5,000 offer their services, it is clear as daylight, that the 500 will be employed who have the most desirable labor to sell, and who will take the least wages for it. The remaining 4,500 must either take their labor to some other market, or else sell it so cheaply, as to create a demand, that did not before exist. This is as true as the law of gravity, for in every exchange, both sides try to get as much and give as little as possible. It may be urged that mankind *ought not to do so;* but it *does.* The rate of wages is always the result of a bargain; and now let us see, in the fixing of the rate of wages for the newly-arrived emigrant, which side would hold the long arm of the lever—the would-be employer, or the would-be employed? It must be assumed that the would-be-employer has enough food, clothing and shelter to supply his own necessities for a time at least, or he would not be seeking to employ others,—he can afford to wait, if delay promise any advantage. But how about the would-be employed, if he have neither food, shelter, nor clothing, nor the means of buying them? Is it not pretty clear that it is he, who has the short arm of the lever; and that he must quickly accept some offer, never mind how low it may be, so long as it enable him to live? An emigrant with only his labor to sell, must sell it for whatever it will bring. He has no choice, or rather he can only choose between the rate offered by somebody else and *live,* or the rate demanded by himself and starve. If the emigrant has money enough to support himself and family, until he find somebody who wants his services, then a satisfactory rate will no doubt be obtained. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind, that a man with only his labor to sell, enters the market, laboring under a serious disadvantage anywhere; but particularly in a strange place, where all the labor buyers are strangers, and where a multitude of his own friends are pressing their labor for sale.

What has been said, refers to the larger part of the emigrants, those who have hardly anything but their labor to offer in exchange. Now let us look at the smaller class, who go to Kansas with the idea of becoming farmers on their own account; men who are allured by the published statements that there are some good lands in Kansas which can be bought cheaply. No matter how cheap land or anything else may be, a man must have something to give for it. His farm once bought, his need of capital is by no means ended—he must have enough to buy stock, tools, and seed, or his farm will remain unbroken prairie: still further, he must have enough to buy food, clothing, and shelter for himself and family, until he can plow, sow, reap, and harvest a crop—four operations that require time, which no amount of willing labor can shorten. A man has a chance to starve to death a dozen times, between the day he begins to plow, and the day his grain is harvested, if he has only that crop to depend upon. Any man, then, who emigrates because he has just money enough to buy his farm, is as short-sighted, as would be a sailor, who would start on a six months' voyage with only six days' provisions.

There is another point, that comes properly within the scope of this inquiry, and that is, that the colored emigrant must put his labor in the market, in direct competition with the labor of the white emigrant, and that too with the conditions of climate all against him. In the Southern States, the colored field laborer (taken it the year around) has a decided advantage over the white: but in the Northern States, the reverse is true. During the first winter, this difference might hardly be noticeable, but in the second it would be marked. This matter is not of vital importance, but it is a fact not to be disregarded.

These words are written neither to encourage nor discourage emigration: their only object is to point out facts as they exist, and to state general laws, which no man, nor any race of men can overturn. The present movement may increase many fold, it may have culminated now; but no man should resolve on so important an act, as changing his abode, unless he weighs carefully all the chances for and against him.

T. T. B.

A NEW KIND OF LETTERS FROM this race, as for the Chinese. Working dirty faces and hands I sent them home to be made neat and I have four teachers, one of which is Miss ———. [another Hampton Singer,] and I.

A NEW KIND OF LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

THE cost of instructing a student at Hamptoa is estimnted at $70 a year, ($210 for the course) and is met by contributions from the North, the studeat being required to meet his hoard hills and book bills by work and cash, which is all he is able to do. Such contributioas are called scholarships, and apportioned to students, each of whom sends in return a letter to the giver, with some accoant of his life, his efforts for aa education, &c.

The friends at the North who have given scholarships at any time during the ten years of the school's existence, frequently inqaire how their particular students nre doing since they have left school and entered upoa their work in the world.

To meet this natural desire to know the result of their beaefactions all of the graduates with whom we are in communication have been requested recently to send an account of themselves to us for the friends to whom they wrote their scholarship letters. The result of this request has been a large number of exceedingly interesting stories of varied experience, and the friends to whom they are addressed will doubtless be willing to share them with others. We give, therefore, a few specimen and extracts which furnish n bird's-eye view of the principal points of interest on this Southern field of labor. The letters and extracts are given without correction or alteration.

THE WHOLE IN A NUTSHELL.

The following, from a graduate of the class of '77, forms a good introduction to the letters, as it is an epitome, of the whole, very clearly given. The writer modestly says of it: "If this letter won't do, please return it to me and I will try again. You know I always did make a poor *out* at composing anything. I said what I meant and I meant what I said, but for all that it may not do."

———, VA., *April 9th*, 1879.

Kind Friend:

When I wrote you before, I was at Hampton preparing for the work in which I am now engaged, viz.: teaching. My experience, during the few years I have taught, is a story of two sides—a dark and a bright.

I have no pleasure in speaking of the dark side; yet to write an honest letter to a friend, I suppose I should give both sides.

Pinced among those who,—lazy and indolent, pass their days in wretched shanties and dirty rags; or in prison, for every kind of petit larceny and misdemeanor; and those who, intemperate and vicious, waste all their earnings in dissipation while their families suffer;-their children go tattered and hungry, —the colored teacher has enough to do.

But this is briefly the dark side of the story as I see it; and I suppose if there were no other side, many a teacher would despair. But when he sees, out of many, a few who are trying to lead honest, sober, Christian lives; a few who are trying to make something out of the name which the reckless lives of their fellows have blighted; a few who are industrious and frugal, he may well feel encouraged to go on with his work with double determination. This few, are trying in every way to improve themselves. They regard the fight they are making, a kind of life and death struggle, out of which they must come victorious. They save their earnings; purchase homes, and properly care for their children. These are doing well and have the respect to which they are entitled from all around them.

This is what I have chosen to call the bright side. To make tha dark side bright and the bright side brighter is the end, I think, every colored teacher has in view. Of course, what I have said is simply the result of my own short experience and limited observation. I believe the colored people of this country can be made good, honest, intelligent citizens if they can only have their first great want supplied—educated preachers and educated teachers.

Were I requested to appeal on behalf of the colored people, I should only ask a supply of good common-sense teachers and preachers; for I believe this is our first great need.

Sometime when you are at prayer, please remember me, and ask Him to make me a faithful worker. If you wish to write to me at any time, address, R.

LITTLE COTTON PICKERS.

Filial devotion, and consideration for the old is n marked trait in the negro, and may be as promising for long life for this race, as for the Chinese. Working themselves side by sids with their parents in the corn-fields, from their earliest years, they learn to appreciate the sacrifices which the old people make when they send them to school.

———, NORTH CAROLINA, 3, 30, 1879.

Dear Friend:

I was asked once more to write to you. I am staying with my Uncle this year. He is getting along in years, and asked me to assist him on his farm. I thought that it was nothing more than right for me to do what I can, because he gave me his assistance when I was not able to help myself. The school which I taught in Virginia is suspended this year; owing to the indebtedness of the State I suppose, and besides, the teachers have not been paid off for their services last year yet. I taught here last summer until the Fall then cotton commenced opening, and I had to close up, because the children have to pick cotton, a good many of them, to help pay for their winter clothes and shoes. They get forty cents per hundred, some make enough in the cotton season to supply themselves, while others don't. Hope you will not infer from the non-payment of teachers that I have given up, not so. I shall, unless something happens, go to my post early next Fall if not before. I tell you what I think is one of the great drawbacks to our race. They want to be, some of them, in an office, and actually they are not capable of the position. We need more land owners in the South. Here is another set of men among us too; and that is so many men going over the country preaching. Now, I like to hear a good minister such as we have at H., but I do not care much about these corn field-fellows. Hope you will answer this sometime. Love to all.

Your friend, B.

A SCHOOL IN THE FLORIDA WOODS.

A young girl who left Hampton, before completing the Junior year, gives a picturesque description of her school in the woods near St. Augustine. She naturally found difficulty in passing the required examination, and was accepted rather on the merits of a letter written to the Superintendent. Her success in teaching illustrates the fact we frequently observe, that tact and executive ability, with a heart for the work, contribute more to the graduate teacher's success than scholarship without them

———, MASS., *March 21st*, 1879.

Dear Sir:

I think perhaps you wonder at times what has become of the girl ———, to whom you so kindly gave a scholarship for two years. Though it has been a long, long time since I last wrote you, please let me assure you, you have not been forgotten by me. Had it not been for you I wouldn't have enjoyed the dear privileges I did while at Hampton, which will never be forgotten. I don't think there is much that I can say to interest you, sir, but you may be pleased to know that I tried teaching school last winter. And perhaps you would like to know what kind of a school I had, and how it was conducted. I will first say I had n very hard time getting my school—but at last, after quite a hard examination. I succeeded in getting one at ———, Fla., about thirty or forty miles from St. Augustine. I had made up my mind to take just what came and do the very best I could. I arrived on Saturday afternoon. Some of the children met me at the boat, and I was taken to a little shanty n little back in the woods. My room was just large enough to hold my bed and my trunk. There was a little clap-board window, no fastenings on either door or window. I found the school-house key and got some pinetops (had no broom) and swept the floor as well as I could. Afterward, I called on those of the parents and children that lived near and took the names and ages of the children. In the morning I went to the Sabbath school. The school was given up to me after being introduced, and I was called upon to lead the school in prayer, and after this to make an address. I never before had to do anything of this kind in public, but I breathed an earnest prayer, asking for aid from above; my prayer was answered and all fear passed away. Monday morning came. I called the roll, took the names of the rest of the scholars, read the Bible and had prayer, and afterward arranged the different classes. We could do but little toward study that day as we had no books. I had enrolled thirty-three scholars, but the average attendance was from twenty-two to twenty-six. When I first opened the school most of the children came with uncombed heads, dirty hands and ragged clothes, as the people were very, very poor, it was very hard for them to keep the children clothed; but they had plenty of water, so when the children came with uncombed hair and dirty faces and hands I sent them home to be made neat.

TOO POOR TO BUY A COMB.

I found one of my poorest little boys one morning behind a tree combing his hair with a stick. I asked him what he was doing; he said they were too poor to buy a comb, so that was the only way he could comb his hair. The children were very anxious to learn and got along rapidly. My scholars, most of them, were very good; the oldest was twenty-four years old, and the youngest three and a-half. At first there were two or three inclined to be a little naughty, but they became my best scholars in every way.

RAIN INSIDE AND THE FIRE OUTSIDE.

Our school-house was made of logs and in the spaces between them you might easily put your hands. The roof was made of clapboards. When it rained we had to huddle up in one corner, for it leaked terribly, and there was but one corner that was safe. We got along pretty well while the weather was warm and pleasant, but when the cold came we had a hard time. There was no way whatever for heating the school-house, and the wind blew in from all sides. The poor children were very poorly clad. Some had but two garments on, some one, and but few of them had shoes. Some of them had to come three miles, and then cross a river in a boat, still with aching hands and feet the dear children couldn't be kept from school. I would make two large fires out of doors and have the children sit around them. This was the only way I had to keep them warm. Some of their hands used to be so numb they couldn't hold their books. I used to rub their little hands and feet to warm them, but this wasn't of much use as they soon got cold again. I would give them a short recess two or three times and have them run and jump, and taught them gymnastic exercises. These helped to warm them a great deal. I tried to stop up the cracks in the school-house as well I could with moss, and when it blew so a fire wasn't safe outside, we had to stay in doors.

The Superintendent visited the school soon I took after it: he said he was pleased with the way it was conducted. He was a Roman Catholic, and when the children sang the Moody and Sankey hymns and repeated the Psalms I had taught them he shed tears. At the close of the school I had an examination. The children were examined in all their studies, nearly all had pieces to speak, which they did very well, they sang, repeated several of the psalms, had a spelling match, and a spelling out, in which a little boy about seven years old came out conqueror. There was quite a number of people present. The white school was closed that day, so as to be present on that occasion, as it was the first of the kind, ever had at ———. There was a number of Southerners present, who seemed quite pleased. The Superintendent at the last day, addressed the school, and said he saw great improvement in every way. My friend, Miss P. offered some prizes, which were to be given to my best scholars on that day, it was hard to decide as to who should get them, they had all tried so hard and did so well. In connection with my school, I had a sewing school for the girls that met once a week.

DID THEY SEW WITH PINE NEEDLES?

The things they made they had for their own. Most of them learned to sew very well. While the children sewed I read to them and taught them things to sing. The people there live in log huts, and are very poor. They haven't enough to eat at times.

HUNGRY TO BED.

Where I boarded, I had two meals a day,—sometimes one—which consisted of dry hominy or potatoes, and a cup of orange leaf or sassafras tea. I went to bed hungry many nights. When it rained it leaked on my bed. I would awaken at night cold and wet. Still I never felt like giving up. I felt I was doing a work for God, and for the advancement of my race.

I fear you are quite tired with my long letter, so I'll close; hoping you are enjoying good health, and all the blessings this earth affords.

Respectfully yours, O.

ONE OF THE HAMPTON SINGERS,

who sang through the North in '72–4, and graduated in 1875, writes thus cheerfully of his success in life.

———, *N. C., March 15th*, 1879.

The General Assembly of North Carolina in 76 and 7, appointed me a Justice of the Peace for two years, and that gave me some knowledge of the legal profession. I would teach from nine A. M. until three P. M. and after three and on Saturdays I would attend to the duties of my office. But my time expires next August 10th. I am now teaching in the city of ———, in District No. 1. My school numbers about four hundred and I have four teachers, one of which is Miss ———, [another Hampton Singer,] and I am principal. So far as I can hear from the Citizens and school Committee, they say that we are doing credit to ourselves from the way the school is conducted, for all seem pleased.

I am now married and have two fine children, a boy and girl. I have also a good wife; one with a good seamstress's trade and a fair education, with reading, writing, aritbmetic, grammar, and geography. My boy and girl, if I can raise them, I want to send to Hampton. I have also bought me a piece of land, about twenty acres, cost $200. all of it is paid for. I have also bought a nice horse and cart. I have a man living on my place cultivating ten acres of it for me, and the other ten acres I am going to let remain in wood to support the other. On the whole, I am getting along well. I do not want you or Gov. ——— to consider the time that was spent on me in that institution was in vain, but on the other hand think it was profitable. I find that the greatest drawback that I have had since I left Hampton, was the colored people—my own race; but I let them see that I leave it all to their ignorance by not making them any reply. And the ones who oppose me first, in the end they become my best friends, and praise my work.

Hoping to hear from you again soon, I am yours with much respect,

H.

WHITE SENTIMENT IN VIRGINIA.

Prejudice is found here and there, and confined to no color, but we believe it is usually met in a way to disarm it.

———, VA., *April 1st*, 1879.

Dear friend:

The whites are very friendly, and I believe they desire to see the colored people educated. I have taken special notice to see whether they were really against the negro on account of his color or on the account of the way he conducts himself, and I must say (and gladly too) that it is on account of his conduct, and not his color. If the colored man conducts himself right he is sure to get on well, and will be respected highly by the white people. All that is required to live in peace and harmony with the whites of this state, is industry, honesty and good behavior to all. My treatment from the whites has been as good as any one would desire. I am always spoken to politely by them, which is returned in the same way. Some of the first families of this County, have visited my school, and spoke very kindly towards the colored people indeed, would always say to the children if "they wish to have the respect of all people, they must be educated, and honest and truthful, and not above work." The colored people are improving very fast, I think. Many are buying nice little homes, and are working hard to make an honest living.

Yours respectfully, I.

GRAFTING TEACHERS. HOW TO MEET PREJUDICE.

———, VA., *April 7th*, 1879.

My dear friend:

I am of the opinion that no Hampton graduate can be contented without devoting a portion at least, of his or her time to this noble work. If it is not their intention when they enter Hampton, it becomes ingrafted in them while there. I completed my course in June, 1875, and have been teaching almost ever since.

HOW TO MEET PREJUDICE.

Having to pass every day through the plantations of some of those so much opposed to the school on my way to and from the school-house, I went to see them and politely asked their permission; and I was surprised to see how politely it was granted—only requesting that I would see that the children shut gates and put up fences after them. I began to think that I should not have such a *hard* time after all. All I wanted was, for them to give me a hearing. Well, I taught here five months, and what do you think was the result? I opened my school with a large number of ignorant but bright-eyed boys and girls, and the number increased almost daily. They would not remain at home because the weather was bad, for they had never had the advantage of a school before, and now they wanted to make good use of their time.

My school soon gained the favor of the whole community—so much so that the white people came in often to visit the school, and would always make approving remarks before leaving. I soon found that I had made friends of my former enemies. One of the wealthiest and heretofore the most prejudiced in the neighborhood told a woman in his employment that if I taught there again she might board me if she wished to, and another gave the colored people permission to build a school-house on his land.

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

[Eight names are grouped in this class, of whom the physician says:]

These ought to be watched for symptoms of lung trouble, and put upon medical treatment, if necessary, early. I do not think they are in any great danger, but they are the ones who will probably need attention in the universal instincts which turn the hearts of the little mothers to their doll babies, in every race and nation. Advantage has been taken of this to encourage them to needlework, and three very neatly dressed dollies are ready for their journey to some little Indian sisters in Dakota, if their own mammas do

OF THAT WHICH I HAVE RECEIVED, I GIVE TO YOU.

THE three Indians represented in this group are fine representatives of three tribes, sworn enemies each to each in their savage state, but brought here into friendly association for

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

BISHOP HARE'S VISIT.

Confirmation at St. John's Church.

To begin this letter where I left off the last, with some mention of the religious interest among the Indian students, I have to record a second very pleasant visit from Bishop Hare of the Niobrara or North-western Episcopal Mission, who returned very opportunely, in time to confirm the two communicants at St. John's church, and two more whom he baptized. The special friends of the Indians, West and East, may feel interested to know the names of the fifteen added to the Christian church. Those received into the school church at Bethesda Chapel, are Etahdleuh, Koha, Ohettoint, Howard Charleton, Henry Carruthers (Roman Nose), Nakawista (Bear's Heart), Coho, Tounkeah, Tichkemstse, Arsit (White Man), and Tsadletah, all from the St. Augustine band of Kiowas and Cheyennes. Those confirmed in St. Johns are Andrew Fox, Mok-piamani, Pamani, Dakotas; and Walter Wan-hi-yurs (Matches), a Cheyenne of the St. Augustines.

It will be observed that the original Indian name was in most cases retained in baptism, in both churches, certainly the most natural and pleasant way, though contrary to the old custom. To claim any monopoly of Christianity for the white man's names seems indeed rather farcical, considering all his relations with his red brethren.

The bishop gave to the school, and again in the church, a very interesting account of the Niobrara Mission and its schools, paying a handsome tribute also to the work of the American Board among the same tribes. A touching message to eastern Christians had been intrusted to him as he left the territory by a native missionary, Rev. Luke Wallace of Lower Brule station:—"Ask the good praying people of the East, to think of my poor people when the sun is setting."

THE HEALTH QUESTION.

It is well understood that the health question is a serious one in all efforts for the civilization of a race, so serious that it has been made the ground of argument against all attempts at Indian civilization, though if the race is doomed in any case, civilizing has the advantage at least of being a cheaper as well as more merciful means of extermination than starving and the horrors of Indian warfare.

There is no reason, however, why the effort to prepare them for the new conditions of life which must inevitably overtake them with the extinction of the buffalo, and the settlement of the country, should not be as carefully guarded in the matter of health as the organization of the army or the navy is. Every one of the little fellows picked from the city streets for the training school which is doing such admirable work for the navy, is put through a rigorous medical examination before admission. Such selection is absolutely essential to any general success.

The plan prescribed by the Department for Captain Pratt's journey to collect the Dakota students, provided no time nor means for such examination, and what care he could take in selection was made to some extent unavailing by changes of minds and the necessity of taking what substitutes could be obtained at the last moment. There is cause for congratulation that the sanitary condition is, on the whole, as good as it is, to start with; though it is not as perfect as it should have been. It is only fair to future criticism to have it clearly understood.

A thorough examination of the young men was made in March by the attending physician of the school. The following is a synopsis of his report:

"I beg leave to submit the following report of my examination into the physical condition of the Indians,—

Class I.

A certain number may be classed together as in prime health. Strong; lungs and heart sound.

[Nineteen names are given in this class.]

There are some who would, doubtless, belong to this class, if it were not for some temporary and curable affection.

[Six names are specified, the temporary affections being coughs, slight bronchitis, headache and back-ache. The coughs and slight bronchitis were sufficiently accounted for by the unusual severity of the winter, inducing a prevalence of such affections here as generally through the country, and all six seem to be in perfect health at present.]

Class II.

These are more delicate, and though not affected by any serious disease at present, examination shows that their lungs are weak. This class will not be likely to stand much exposure or hard work.

[Eight names are grouped in this class, of whom the physician says:]

These ought to be watched for symptoms of lung trouble, and put upon medical treatment, if necessary, early. I do not think they are in any great danger, but they are the ones who will probably need attention in the future.

Class III.

Under class third we may place those who are diseased in any permanent or chronic form. [Six names are in this list, the chief trouble being more or less weakness of the lungs, in some cases, however, so incipient that with this early understanding and care, it may be held in check.]

J. T. BOUTELLE, M. D."

This report does not include the nine girls. They seem to belong in the first class, with two exceptions, one having been kept out of school a good deal by rheumatism, another showing tendency to erysipelas, evidently of long standing. The health of both these is improving.

A very encouraging improvement is noticed in one of the St. Augustine Indians who last year had several hemorrhages from the lungs—the immediate result of a fall, renewing an old hurt received in the West.

FARMING AND GARDENING.

It is with an eye to the health question as well as to industrial training, that prominence is given to the outdoor education of the Indian students. Each boy has one day in the week on the farm, besides his two hours daily, on the other days, in the workshop, arranged to interfere as little as possible with lessons, but a healthful alternation with the confinement of the school-room. Besides his general farm work, each has been given a small plot of ground, a rod square, which he has marked off and planted himself, with such vegetables as he chose. The spring is late, and they are still watching with great interest for the springing up of their seeds.

OF THAT WHICH I HAVE RECEIVED, I GIVE TO YOU.

INDIAN ART.

The fashionable rage for "Keramics" has found its way to Hampton—not from the fashionable world, but by way of the wilderness. A very attractive corner of the Industrial Room shop is that devoted to the pottery painted by the Cheyennes and Kiowas whose untutored art bears a very curious resemblance to the Egyptian. Compare the colored illustrations of Egyptian frescoes in Edward Clark's handsome work on The Homestead of the Nations, with these painted braves in wild chase after the buffalo, or riding in full feather and stately grace around the vases, and you cannot but be struck by the similarity in type of feature and management of lines. Fans are also decorated in a way to keep a whole congregation awake through a hot Sunday sermon. Bows and arrows form a part of the collection, and sometimes moccasins and stone pipes sacrificed on the altar of education.

Some of the Dakota girls can work in beads and quills, but not much has yet been done in this way. Such work must, of course, be guarded not to interfere with study or exercise.

THE DOLLIES.

The three little girls are not beyond the universal instincts which turn the hearts of the little mothers to their doll babies, in every race and nation. Advantage has been taken of this to encourage them to needlework, and three very neatly dressed dollies are ready for their journey to some little Indian sisters in Dakota, if their own mammas do not meanwhile fall too deeply in love with them, of which I think there is danger.

H. W. L.

WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE EPISCOPALIANS.

THE Missionary Herald, organ of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the well-known Congregational Society, says:

THE Episcopalians are now doing more than any other body of Christians in this country for the evangelization of the Indians. They have missions among the Oneidas, the Sioux, the Chippewas, the Dakotas, and the Shoshones, sustained at an expense of about forty thousand dollars a year. The missionary force includes one missionary bishop, ten white clergy, ten native clergy, sixteen native catechists and teachers, and fifteen women helpers—fifty-two in all. Forty-two of these are among the the Dakotas, in close proximity to the missions of the American Board. It is an interesting fact that this work of the Episcopalians is largely dependent on the efforts of the women of their churches, working through a society auxiliary to the Board of Missions. From the last report of this society, it appears that their cash contributions for Indian work amounted the past year to over $15,000, besides 166 boxes of useful articles to the value of nearly $1,100 more. After this, one can better understand the following from the pen of Bishop Hare: "The ministrations of the female members of the mission are such as only Christian women can render, and the influence of their work goes beyond the circle of those in whose behalf they specially labor. Said a leading heathen chief on one occasion: "I do not know about you missionary men, but I am sure," pointing to one of the ladies of the mission, in the distance, on her round of duty, "I am sure that that little missionary woman is good and true." In reply to the question, "Will Indians work?" the Episcopal agent at Yankton says, "Under the superintendence of the Agency engineer, the following industries are conducted entirely by Indian workmen, taught their trades during the last three years: one grist and saw-mill, steam power, with circular saw, turning lathes iron and wood planing machine, corn mill, one tin shop where all the tin ware used by the tribe (in number over two thousand) is manufactured, carpenter and blacksmith shops, slaughter-house, and issue-rooms. Again, under the direction of the Agency farmer, all outside and farm work is done. Indians, who three years ago were seen lounging about in gay blankets, feathers, and paint, are now to be seen in white men's clothing, behind the plow and cultivator, and cutting grain and hay with reaper and mower." These results are in full accord with those reported by our missionaries laboring among the same people, and with the results of efforts, years ago, among the Cherokees and Choctaws.

OF THAT WHICH I HAVE RECEIVED, I GIVE TO YOU.

THE three Indians represented in this group are fine representatives of three tribes, sworn enemies each to each in their savage state, but brought here into friendly association for common education and mutual help.

On the left, one of the St. Augustine Indians, in the United States uniform, a Cheyenne, addresses two of the newly arrived braves from Dakota, an Arickaree and a Sioux, still in their blankets and long hair, and says to them in the expressive sign language common to all the tribes from the Lakes to the Gulf:

"Look to me. I will show you."

This picture, and some others, from photographs of the Indians at Hampton, were published first in Frank Leslie's Illustrated News, and some of them are reproduced by courtesy of its proprietors in the Southern Workman. The copyright of this photograph is owned by the school.

This, from a missionary teacher (Congregational) at Fort Berthold, Dakota, gives, in the highest degree, the spirit of our Indian work and the local work at the agency.

It is manifestly just what ought to be known on this subject.

FORT BERTHOLD, DA. TER., *Feb.* 8, 1878.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt,

Dear Friends:—I wrote to Mrs. Pratt but recently, but *still* have something to say. Will you bear with me? Mr. Hall writes you of Hardhorn's anxiety about Ara, but there is more that I think will be of interest to you. He says: "Why don't Arahatskis write to *me* like Tom Smith does to his mother? Don't he go to school? Don't he talk English? Don't he hear it? What does he work at? Is he sick? I hear they are all sick, and one died. Is that so? Is Ara sick? Not even a *little?*" I told him as best I could about George S.'s sickness and death, the care he had; that we were all sad to hear of his death. "Arahatskis is all well?" I said, "Yes. That land is warm; they have no winter, but they have some cold nights and many of the scholars and teachers took cold, coughed some, were hoarse, but none of our boys or girls were sick in bed." Capt. Pratt's little girl was sick in bed, but none of our boys but the Ree young man who died." He drew a long breath; he had been watching my face very closely, as he did when he first asked, "How is Arahatskis?" I think he *feared* I would keep something from him His reply was, "Good!" He said, "Ara's mother is in the village now; she heard one had died, and she thought of Ara, and her heart was sad, and my heart was sad, we cried, and then I come to see you and hear what Captain tells you. I cannot hear Captain's words, I cannot write to him; but you can, *both.* If Ara is little sick here or here, just a *little* sick; if he is indolent; if he does his work well, if he does it ill; if he hears English a little or much, if he talks it a little or much, Capt. Pratt will tell you and you tell me, and I will hear, and that will be right." I assured him I would, and that we had told Sharp-horn as soon as we heard his boy was sick. "And," I said, "You know I told *you* of it too." He said, "Yes, you did; that is right. Don't keep anything away from us, tell us *all*" I had no inclination to refuse him this *father's request.*

Tom Smith wrote a letter to me and his mother recently; it pleased us both very much, though I fear I do not know *all* he may have *thought he was saying.*

Now, please, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt—to write us letters, telling of each of the Berthold students, answering some such questions as Hard-horn asks; telling us what advancements *each* has made, of the disposition *each* shows under their new influences. Also as to who have received moneys from friends here, who moccasins, and *any* words of appreciation of these favors that would *surely* give pleasure to the donors. We want to invite their friends to meet with us again, to eat us on Thanksgiving, and thought that to have some special word for each from their own special ones there, would be an added feast to the *food.* They are always full of questions as to the progress they are making at *talking* English and learning to write it. I have some fears that Hard-horn will have a fit of hysterics when he receives evidence that Ara can "talk" and "hear" and write English. His highest hopes are in that boy. May Ara be spared to more than fulfill those hopes, even to return to his father and mother with the words of Eternal Life! I told Hard-horn to tell his wife, when she feared, because she could not see her boy, did not know how he was doing, to remember that God *did* see him, God knew what he was doing and what he needed; she could ask God to keep him from sickness and from all that was bad. He consented, and said something about their telling God, but I did not get the rest of his words.

With kindest regards to all,

Your friend. MYRA CALHOUN.

CHEYENNE AND ARRAPAHOE AGENCY, I. T,

February, 4th 1879,

My dear Friend Capt. Pratt:

I think you must be crying, you have not had any letters from us for a long time and that one would make your heart feel glad. We all still love you

and your family and have not forgotten you. The road you gave us long ago we still hold on to, and to all you told us about the Great Father above, and everything you want us to

woman, came forward, and the child taking hold of her blanket stepped behind her. A row was formed, made up first of the medicine-men, and then of all those who proposed

A Caution.—Great damage may be done by using concentrated fertilizers in close contact with seed or very young plants. A teaspoonful of such a fertilizer

timbers in place, take a chalk-line and snap it across their ends, over the center of the sills, to mark the places for the mortises for the posts. In width the mor-

and your family and have not forgotten you.

This road you gave us long ago we still hold on to, and to all you told us about the Great Father above, and everything you want us to hold to. As soon as the Spring comes, we all intend to make a corn field and raise corn in earnest. Should you come here, all your boys would be very glad, and all the Cheyennes would be glad too. I did not go upon the buffalo hunt, but stayed right here all the time.

The advice you gave me to put our children in the school we followed, although some of the old Cheyennes did not want us to do it. I got six in there. Six of those who came back did not put their children in school. These were Medicine Water, Come-up-Seven, Little Medicine, Long Back, Mest end Antelope; and Rising Bull, Nokomistuh, Howling Wolf and I put ours in. I think the people do not know how poor we are. I have nothing, no horses and no money, but I am going to work to get some. For a long time we have no letter from Capt. Pratt. Now all my people will be looking to get one; my wife, and sister, my mother and my child will look, for they all love you and will be anxious for an answer to this. The Cheyennes are now coming back from hunting, they did not find any buffalo. Five of the Agent's soldiers are with them, Little Medicine, Star, Medicine Water, Left Hand, Comenperal and Nokomistuh.

Your Friends did not come back filled up with buffalo but very hungry, the buffalo are gone. I am going to work soon to plow for corn, and push hard to make a crop.

Give my love to Cohoe, Bear's Heart and Little Chief. Cohoe's mother died a little while ago. Bear's Heart's parents are dead also. Little Chief's people are all well. These people's friends here are very poor, and they want them to help them all they can. Cohoe's father and brother are going to make corn with me, and Bear's Heart's people too, also Little Chief's. This talk is for all the Cheyennes who have relations with you, and whatever you tell them they take right hold of and keep. Nearly all these who came back last Spring are employed as soldiers by the Agent. You must tell me when you are coming to see us. By that time I want to have four horses, and show you how I can make corn.

Your friend,
CHIEF KILLER.

AN INDIAN MEDICINE DANCE.

The new—and very readable—magazine, Sunday Afternoon, has been publishing a series of interesting papers upon the Indians of the North-west, written by one who has lived and worked among them. Among these "Chips from a North-Western Log," is the following picture of an Ojibway medicine dance for the cure of a dying girl.

"By noon every Indian family near the lake had gathered here, for this dance was to be the 'Grand Medicine,' with every ceremony used only on the most important occasions. Poles had been put up, covering a space some hundred feet long, from which the snow had been carefully cleared. Boughs were piled thickly against them to keep off the wind, and rush-mats spread within on either side. Three fires burned at regular distances from each other, taking the places of the painted posts I saw afterward in the summer dances, while a stump at the upper end served as a rest for the sick girl, who, wrapped in blankets, leaned against it. Over the central fire hung an enormous kettle in which three dogs were boiling, and corn and potatoes were being cooked in Quawaysanebus's lodge. The gifts to the medicine man, blankets, calico, skins, leggins, etc., hung on a line at one end of the camp, and seating myself there I looked attentively at the faces, many of which were strange to me.

"Five medicine-men were seated near the central fire, the oldest one heating two drums with an energy which made the sweat roll in great drops from his face. All held medicine-bags—those of the people, of weasel-skin, and containing charms given at their initiation, and those of the medicine-men, of mink or otter. Corn and potatoes had been handed about and eaten, and now the head medicine-man, holding his sacred bag in both hands, arose from the ground and bending forward, trotted around the lodge in a space that had been left for that purpose, saying: 'How, how, how!' and followed by the four others, each shaking his bag over over the patient as he passed. This was to clear the lodge of evil Manitous which might be waiting to take the place of the one they intended to drive out from the child. Returning then to their former places, the head man began a chant, growing louder and louder, and in a language known, so the Indians say, only to the higher degrees of medicine-men. As it ended, all the drums rattled; the people bowed their heads and lifted their medicine bags, and the sound of 'How, how, how!' came from every one present.

"Up to this moment Andisogezhacoka had sat motionless; but now she was lifted to her feet. Madam Squattog, the oldest medicine-woman, came forward, and the child taking hold of her blanket stepped behind her. A row was formed, made up first of the medicine-men, and then of all those who proposed becoming such, each one holding the blanket of the one before him, and all beginning to march slowly and carefully to the sound of the drums. Madame Squattog examined the ground with minutest care, picking up or pushing aside even a splinter or spray of hemlock. Three times they made the circuit, faster and faster, shaking the medicine-bags at the end of each round and waiting for the bow and answering 'How, how, how!' of the people. Then the drums beat, the rattle was shaken, and a wild minor chant began, interpreted for me by Aiken as meaning that the road through life and to the spirit land had been made clear; that the tender feet could walk over it even in darkness, finding nothing to hurt them, and that if the Master of Life so willed it, his child could easily come to him by the narrow path.

"As they sang, Quawaysanebus stood wrapped in his blanket and moving up and down slowly like the movement of the Shaker dance. Mess corn and potatoes were handed about as the chant ended, and I ate also in token of good-will. I noticed now that each one held a small shell in the hollow of the hand. Quawaysanebus turned shortly, and taking all the gifts from the line laid them in order on the ground, the whole company marching about them. Then they were lifted and put about the child in a circle; and again all marched around, dropping into her lap the shell they had put for a moment into their mouths, and picking it up at the second round. This was done three times, and then the head medicine-man kneeling down by Andisogezhecoke, began with her right foot, the people still marching, rubbing it furiously, then petting it softly and passing to the left one, going in this way over her whole body, and ending with her head. As he touched her on the crown, the spot at which the Manitou was now passing out, a howl went up from the whole crowd; the sacred bags were pointed toward her and men and women danced up and down. The rattle and drums sounded their loudest and then ceased. All sank down, and for an instant were motionless and silent. Then Quewaysanebus lifting the gifts, presented them to the medicine-men and women, and bowed to the people, who crowded now about the great kettle and filled their pans with the broth and meat of the sacred dogs killed for the occasion.

"I had been watching the child anxiously since the rubbing began. Languid and at first unable to lift her head, the excitement had grown upon her till she walked in the procession with a vigor I could not have believed possible. It was very fleeting, however. She shivered and asked for another blanket, but as they brought it and lifted her to wrap it about her, she gasped, flung out her arms, and then fell back and was gone. Every one was silent as I sought for a few moments to restore her, then reelizing it was useless, turned to her father who stood near, his face working painfully, but saying no word. He stooped and lifted her, and clasping her almost fiercely to his breast, passed into his lodge and shut the door, while the women began the death wail: 'Wah ah nowin, wah ah nowin!' Her mother burst into sobs and shrieks, and threw herself upon the ground, tearing her hair, while the sisters sought in vain to comfort her."

On the Farm.

HINTS FOR WORK.

From the American Agriculturist.

Top-dressing.—An early top-dressing of artificial manure upon fall grain and grass fields is often of the greatest advantage. The ground is now moist and mellow, and the soluble fertilizers are at once ready to be utilized. We have seen the effect in the changed color of the foliage in twelve hours after an application, when a gentle shower has fallen immediately afterwards. If the fertilizer can be sown during a shower, so much the better, otherwise we choose the afternoon for the work, so that the dew of the night may act as a rapid solvent.

What Fertilizers to Use.—For grass, 150 lbs. of Rectified Peruvian Guano per acre is often useful, and so may be the same quantity of complete grass manures made for this purpose. Those who cannot procure these easily, can use 100 lbs. of gypsum per acre, with 250 lbs. of fine bone dust and as many wood ashes as possible up to 40 bushels per acre. The German Potash Salts are a good substitute for ashes. For grain the prepared complete fertilizers, or Peruvian guano, bone dust, or superphosphate of lime may be used. Wood ashes never come amiss for any crop.

A Caution.—Great damage may be done by using concentrated fertilizers in close contact with seed or very young plants. A teaspoonful of such a fertilizer dropped upon a seed or young sprouted grain will kill the germ, or the tender sprout or "growing point" of the plant. Any concentrated fertilizer should be *well mixed* with the soil or scattered very thinly over the surface, and unless it is raining at this time, should never be sown upon a growing crop while the leaves are wet. Common sense will guide a thoughtful man when he knows that most of these fertilizers are either caustic or corrosive, excepting gypsum, which is harmless.

Cows.—There is no better feed as a steady diet for cows, than grass; but there may be cases in which some stimulating food may be used with benefit. Early grass is not healthful, being immature and too laxative. It would be better to follow the old English practice in this respect and not turn cows to grass until May. Mayday is an ancient farmer's holiday on this account in England, and we might well follow their practice. This, of course, refers to localities with the same seasons—earlier at the south, and even later at the far north.

Pigs.—Pork is looking up and pigs are worth more than they were a few months ago. While prices are low, the cost of feeding should be reduced. Pigs can be kept most cheaply upon grass in summer, and an orchard is a good place for them; they will do service in destroying insects.

Sundry Matters.—Poultry should be kept free from vermin; dig up the ground in the runs and clean the houses, and so escape gapes. Provide good coops for young chicks, and let them run in the garden or orchard. Clean up everything about the house and barns and burn the rubbish; numerous eggs and chrysalides of insects will be burned with it. Put all the tools and implements in order, and whitewash pig-pens, poultry-houses and sheep-pens. Look well to fences before cattle find the weak places; if these are once found, they are always dangerous. Pile up all loose manure; it may thus be made into good condition for corn or roots next month. As the weather becomes warm, use plaster freely to deodorize yards, stables and pens; it does a double duty when thus used. Clean the outlets of drains, and repair washed roads.

A VIRGINIA CORN-HOUSE.

A progressive farmer, residing in Chesterfield county, Virginia, where money is scarce and wood plenty, finding the buildings greatly dilapidated, went to work to right them. He sends the result of his experience, in one case, to the *American Agriculturist*, for the benefit of those in similar circumstances. He says: "My first attempt was a corn-crib, for which I adopted the rustic style, using the young pines which had overrun the fields. Any person understanding the use of the simplest tools can construct such a building. From a white-oak log, 18 inches in diameter, cut 4 pieces, each 5 feet long, for foundation-posts, squaring 3 feet of the top, the portion intended to go into the ground being left entire. The depth to dig the holes was found by leveling; for example, the spot where one post is to be set, is six inches higher than the ground where the second is to be; the first hole is to be dug 2 feet deep, and the second 1½ foot and so on for the others; this will make the posts level on top. To make the building rat-proof, I nailed an inch board on top of the posts, projecting 5 or 6 inches each way; then plates of tin were fastened to the edges of the board, the corners being secured together with wires. Two sills 8 to 9 inches through at butt, with a straight spot hewed at each end were spiked on top of the posts, and four floor timbers, notched where they rest upon the sills were nailed in place. To hew the ends of the sills and other timbers so that they will not wind, after having cut the flat surface on one end, tack a straight-edge finish with it, then hold another straight-edge on the other end and sight toward the first, bringing their edges in line and mark where the score is to be cut. Having the floor-timbers in place, take a chalk-line and snap it across their ends, over the center of the sills, to mark the places for the mortises for the posts. In width the mortises are one-third the average diameter of the posts, and in length the diameter of the smallest post. As the tops of the floor-beams will not be level, a level line to work from as a guide in making mortises, putting on the plates, etc., is obtained by a chalk-line across the bottom of the posts, this is done by standing the posts in place—securing them with cleats—and afterwards taking them down to cut the tenons. All mortises and tenons should be cut, holes bored and the timbers fitted together on the ground, as in framing any other building; then if one or more of the poles is crooked, it can be allowed for in the framing." The roof is covered with long shingles rove from pine logs; the shingles project 2 feet over the eaves. The butt-ends of the plates and purlins are all put at one end; the slight taper will do no harm. The poles for the frame above the sills are uniformly about 5 inches through at the butt-ends, and have the bark removed. The panels are made of 2 to 3-inch poles, set quite close together, nailed at each end, and left with the bark on, thus producing a pleasing and picturesque effect. The floor may be of 2-inch boards or split poles. The door or doors may be constructed of 2-inch poles, nailed to stout cleats and a brace, and hung with ordinary hinges. It is better to have the jambs of ash or hickory, as being more durable. Shelves may be put up on either side of the door, for storing seeds, etc. All the lumber used on my corn-house, was fit for no other purpose save fire-wood, and all the labor beside my own, was two days work of a helper at 75 cts. per day. With the abundance of pines and cedar here, one can put up such buildings very cheaply, and they are much more appropriate to the country than the old block-houses, and are more durable, and pleasing in appearance.

MAY-DAY AT HAMPTON.

May-day is not much more than a sentiment in the shivering North. In the sunny South it divides with Christmas the honors of the year. In a very simple way it has become a traditional festival with the students at Hampton, and the last May-day celebration is thus pleasantly described by a friend who was present.

Among the many pleasant anniversaries that the Hampton Student observes, none is more interesting and charming in its manner of celebration than the May-Day party. It has the advantage over the festivals of Thanksgiving and Christmas in the bountiful aid given by kind nature. For those other days, the house must be made bright, warm and cheerful in spite of the bleak winds that bring with them the chill of the waters over whose face they have passed. Holly and mistletoe, the great Mother gives us (a meagre contribution for so wealthy a parent) and says—"You needn't expect anything more from me, children; if you are going to have a good time, you must get it up yourselves. If it's going to be bright, you must look to your eyes and tongues and dresses to make it so." But as the time for the May Party approaches, the old lady softens, and instead of opposing, turns to and does her best to help the thing along. And what generous preparations she makes for her share of the work. On every stretch of green-sward she spreads a yellow mantle of buttercups. On the fence and over the porch of every cabin she hangs a curtain of honeysuckles and roses—white, yellow, pink and red. Beds of narcissus, iris, and geranium; clusters of purple sweet pea, clumps of lilies—fill every door-yard, and mingle their odors with the fragrance of the locusts and pines; and the woods and roadsides give offerings of azalea, myrtle and violets. If we have done well without Mother Earth, what can't we do when she gives her lavish aid to the undertaking.

It is, very properly, a girls' party. Except as delighted spectators, the boys do not appear in the ceremonies. They have done work for it though, and come in for a share of the credit. They have been to the woods and returned laden with flowers and branches. They have also taken the settees in the chapel, and from the double rows that lined each side of the centre aisle half the length of the hall, have made single rows that reach the whole seventy-five feet, leaving between them and on each side, broad promenades. On the platform they have made a raised dais covered with red cloth, in the middle of which,

and under an arch of flowers, is a throne for the queen, who has been elected some weeks ago by her schoolmates.

At half-past seven every seat in the hall is

London, April 21.—The Durham miners' strike is regarded now as more important and more determined than the great strike of 1844, when the men held out four months on less means. Forty to fifty thousand men are engaged in the strike.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

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and under an arch of flowers, is a throne for the queen, who has been elected some weeks ago by her schoolmates.

At half-past seven every seat in the hall is filled with teachers and scholars and friends of the Institution, the students' hand at the back of the hall strikes up a march, the doors are thrown open, and from opposite sides enter two processions of girls dressed in white, each one bearing a wand covered with flowers. They march up the sides of the room to the back where they meet in the middle aisle, and come down two by two for a little way. Then the first couple stop, separate, and stand face to face with their wands joined at the top. Under this arch the next couple pass; stop, raise their wands and join them in the same way. The rest pass through in like manner, each pair adding to the floral bower that, when all the wand-bearers have stopped, reaches nearly the whole length of the hall. Then come four girls carrying baskets of flowers, who take their places at the end next the stage.

After them come (one at a time) three girls; the first of whom carries a banner with the words,—"Welcome Beautiful Queen" inscribed upon it; the second, a lighted candle; the third, a basket of flowers with which she strews the path. Each as she passes down the aisle repeats a few lines explaining the symbolic meaning of her burden.

Their duty thus fulfilled, they take their stations on either side of the steps leading to the platform, and await the coming of the Queen, who now appears leaning upon the arms of two of her maids of honor and followed by four more, one of whom has a sceptre made of flowers, and another a large bouquet. They march up the aisle under the fragrant canopy and the Queen is conducted to her throne, while the maids of honor range themselves on either side. A song is then sung, after which a crown of gold (it may not be of solid gold, but the writer feels that it would not be the thing to ask her majesty about it) is then placed upon the brow of the Queen by one of the two who supported her.

The sceptre is then given into her left hand, the bouquet presented, and a large wreath thrown over her shoulders, each act being accompanied with a few appropriate lines of poetry, and then the Queen rises and addresses her faithful subjects, thanking them for their homage and gifts, and assuring them of her love for them. This ends the ceremony, and then the scholars walk up to be presented to her majesty, who received them, on this occasion of which we write, in a very dignified and graceful manner.

A little dancing by the girls followed, and then the band played for promenading, chatting or anything else that is done to music at such times.

A pleasant feature of the after sport was the sight of the Indians learning to play dominoes under the tuition of some of the girls and boys. It was hard to picture these pleasant faced, well-dressed young fellows—timidly laying down double-sixes or drawing a handful of dominoes in the search for a three or a five to match with—as painted savages dancing a war dance, or yelling in triumph over a prostrate foe. This stalwart young brave who quietly plays "the deuce" and blocks his opponents—how differently would he have played if three short years ago with an enemy on the plain.

The bugle sounds the call to go to bed, the bell strikes, and in a few minutes the chapel is in darkness, and May-Day is over.

This hasty sketch can give but a faint idea of this very beautiful festival. It is entirely the work of the scholars and reflects great credit upon them.

C. G. B.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN

London, April 22.—Advices from Cape Town, Africa, dated April 6, via St. Vincent, says: "Lord Chelmsford's camp at Gingle-Lova, on the road to Ekowe, was attacked at daybreak on April 3 by 11,000 Zulus, who made frequent and desperate attacks on all sides, but were repulsed and pursued with great loss. Four hundred and seventy-one Zulus were found dead around the treaches.

London, April 22.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Cologne Gazette explains the state of things preceding the publication of the imperial ukase. He says a clandestinely circulated organ of the revolutionists (Land and Liberty) demanded the abolition of the third section of the imperial chancellery and the dismissal of the court camarilla surrounding the Czar. It published a list of about two hundred names declaring that the revolutionists would shoot, stab and murder until their demands are satisfied and the camarilla swept from the face of the earth. The correspondent estimates that the secret society numbers 19,000 fully initiated working members, besides thousands who have taken a simple oath of loyalty. The total value of the property of the society is estimated at 2,000,000 roubles. The Czar, who until lately drove out unattended, now has his carriage surrounded by Cossacks.

The moderate liberal party of Poland have adopted a more conciliatory policy toward the Czar.

Pesth, April 18.—The rivers Maros and Koros have again broken their dams in several places. The village of Zerend has been destroyed, and the town of Arad is endangered, the water having already reached the cellars of the houses.

Some hundreds of square miles of fields are again submerged. The towns of Belzsread, Tamlad and Gyulavarasay are threatened. The water at Szegedin has risen eight inches. People are again quitting their houses.

London, April 21.—The Durham miners' strike is regarded now as more important and more determined than the great strike of 1844, when the men held out four months on less means. Forty to fifty thousand men are engaged in the strike.

Turin, April 23.—Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice passed through here to-day en route for England.

Leipzig, April 23.—Herr Richter, professor of music, is dead.

Hamburg, April 23.—At a meeting of merchants held on the Bourse to-day, it was resolved to petition the Reichstag against differential duties and raising the tariff rates, except for purposes of revenue.

Mons, Belgium, April 23.—Miners on a strike at Jemmapes have threatened to pillage a mill. A battalion of infantry has been sent to keep the peace.

The number of persons killed by the fire-damp explosion in the Agrappe coal pit, near Mons, April 17, is ascertained to be 117. Only forty-seven corpses have so far been recovered.

London, April 23.—The honorary degree of LL. D. of Washington and Lee University of Virginia has been presented to Mr. Beresford Hope.

Chili has formally declared war against Peru.

DOMESTIC.

The daily consumption of milk in New York city and its suburbs approaches 400,000 quarts, and at least $25,000,000 are invested by farmers in that industry alone.

A million and a half dollars of funds appropriated for the support of the common schools in Pennsylvania remain unpaid.

A New Albany (Ind.) firm will soon begin the manufacture of felt. Although the demand for this article is large, it is made in this country to only a very limited extent.

In the West the spring trade has opened with a good deal of animation, and the aggregate sales are reported to be far ahead of last year.

Boston is spending a million dollars or so on a new system of sewerage, and feels quite confident that it is going to prove a good investment.

A rice mill is to be established at Jacksonville, Fla. There are produced now in Florida about 1,500,000 lbs. of rice annually.

The Sumter (Fla) Advance says that the orange crop will be twice as large this year as it was last.

The colored people are about to commence the building of a fine church at Natchitoches, Louisiana.

Large improvements in water-works, sewers, &c., for Jacksonville, Fla., are under contract.

The labors of the United States fish commission in connection with stocking western waters with shad have met with very satisfactory results, numerous cases being on record of the occurrence of the adult fish at many different localities in their new area of distribution.

President White, the newly appointed minister to Germany, delivered his farewell address to the students in Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., Wednesday. No allusion was made to public affairs or the duties connected with his mission to Germany. Mr. White will go to Washington this week, and sail for Germany early in May.

Prominent colored men of St. Louis have formed a Colored Immigration Aid Association, and elected J. Milton Turner president. The object is to establish colored colonies and aid colored immigration from the South to the Territories and other sections of the Union.

Indianapolis, April 23.—The Notre Dame Catholic University was destroyed by fire to-day. The college building, infirmary, Old Mea's Home, Music Hall and Minim's Hall were all entirely destroyed. The loss is estimated at $300,000; insurance, $60,000.

Yazoo City, Miss., elected two colored aldermen last week, the democrats doing the work for them. At Nashville, Tenn., a few days ago, a colored lawyer, G. W. Lytle, was admitted to practice in the Chancery Court.

The tobacconists in Petersburg, Va., are very busy manufacturing the weed to meet orders under the reduced tax. A full force is employed, and some of the factories are working from twelve to fifteen hours per day.

In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, the bill to secure women the right to vote on municipal affairs in cities and towns was rejected without debate. The bill to give women the right to vote for members of school committees came from the Senate, and was passed.

Ex-Governor Gen. John A. Dix died at his residence in New York on the night of April 21st.

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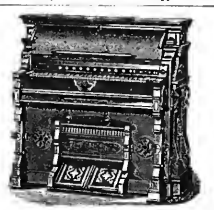

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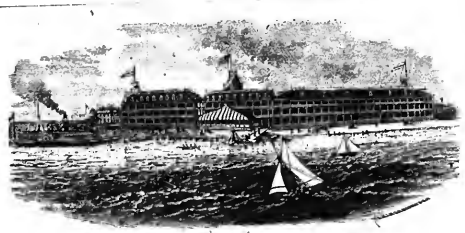

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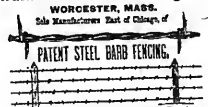

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noxions beyond description; and the effect was, that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhus fever, of which two died. You are inflicting on yourselves the torments of the poor dog, who is kept at the

of our months is warm, lighter than the air, and rises to the ceiling; and therefore in any unventilated room full of people, there is a layer of foul air along the ceiling. You might soon test that for yourselves, if you could

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THE TWO BREATHS.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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Ladies, I have been honored by a second invitation to address you here, from the ledy to whose public spirit the establishment of these lectures is dne. I dare not refuse it: because it gives me an opportunity of speeking on a matter, knowledga and ignorance about which may seriously effect your health and happiness, and that of tha children with whom you may have to do. I must apologize if I sey many things which are well known to many persons in the room: they ought to he well known to all; and it is generally best to assuma total ignorance in one'a hearers, and to hegin from the heginning.

I shall try to ba as simple as possibla; to trouble yon as little as possible with scientific terms; to ba practical; and at the same time, if possible, interesting.

I should wieh to call thie lecture "The Two Breaths"—not merely "The Breath," and for this reason: every time you breathe, you breathe two different breathe; you take in one, you give out another. The composition of thoee two breathe is different. Thc hreath which has been breathed out must not be breethed in again. To tell you why it must not would lead ma into anatomical details, not quite in place here as yet; though tha day will come, I trnst, when every woman antrusted with thc care of children, will be expected to know something about them. But this I may say—Those who habitually taka in freeh breath, will probably grow up large, strong, cheerful, active, clear-headed, fit for their work. Thoee who habituelly take in the breth which has been breathed out by themselves, or any other living creature, will certainly grow up, if they grow up at all, small, weak, nervous, depressed, unfit for work, and tempted continually to resort to stimulants, and becoma drunkarde. If you want to see how different the hreath breathed out ie from tha breath taken in, you have only to try a somewhat cruel experiment, but one which people too often try upon themselves, their children, and their work-people.

If you take any small animal with lungs like your own—a mouse, for instance—and force it to breethe no air bnt what you hnve breathed already; if you put it in e close hox, and while you take in breath from the outer air, send out your breath through a tube, into that box, the animal will soon faint; if you go on long with this process, it will die.

Take a second instance, which I beg to press most serionely on the notice of mothers, governesses, and nurses: If you allow a child to get into the habit of sleeping with its head under the bedclothes, and thereby breathing its own breath over and over again, that child will assuredly grow weak and ill. Medical men have cases on record of scrofula eppearing in children previously healthy, which could only be accounted for from this habit, and which ceased when the habit stopped. Let me again entreat your attention to thia undoubted fact.

Take another instance, which is only too common: If you are in a crowded room, with plenty of fira and lighte and compeny, doors and windows all shut tight, how often you feel faint—so faint, that you require smelling-salte or eoma other stimulant. The cauee of your faintness ie juet the same as that of tha mouse'e fainting in tho hox: you and your friende, and ee I shall show you presently, the fira and the candles likawise, have heen all breathing each other'e breeths, over and over ngain, till the eir hee becoma unfit to support lifa. Yon are doing your heat to enact over again tha Highland tragedy, of which Sir Jemes Simpson tells in his lactures to the working-classes of Edinhurgh, when at a Chriatmas meeting, thirty-six persone danced all night in a emall room with a low cailing, keeping the doors and windows shut. The atmosphera of tha room was noxious heyond description; and the effect was, that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhns fever, of which two died. You ere inflicting on yourselves the torments of tha poor dog, who is kept at the Grotto del Cene, near Naples—to be stupified for the amusement of visitors, hy the carbonic ecid gas of the Grotto, and brought to life egain hy heing dragged into the fresh air; ney, you ere inflicting upon yourselves the torments of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta; and, if there were no chimney in the room, hy which some fresh air could enter, the candles would soon hurn blue, your hreins hecome disturbed, and you run the riek of dying, and the candlee of actuelly going out.

Of this last fact there is no douht; for if, instead of putting a mouse into the hox, you will put a lighted candle, and hreathe into the tube, as hefore, however gently, you will in a short time put the candle out.

Now, how is thie? First, whet is the difference between the hreath you take in, and the breath you give ont? And, next, Why has it a similar effect on animel life and a lighted candle?

The difference ie this. The hreath you teke in is, or ought to be, pure air, eompoeed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carhonic acid.

The hreath you give out is impure air, to which has heen edded, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid.,

That this is the fact you can prove for yourselves hy a simple experiment. Get a little lime-water at the chemist's, end breathe into it through a glass tuhe, your hreath will at once maka the lime-water milky. The carbonic ecid of your breath has laid hold of the lime, and made it visible as white carbonata of lime—in plain English, as common chalk.

Now, I do not wish, as I said, to load your memories with scientific terms: but I beseech you to remember at least these two—oxygen and carbonic acid gas; and to remember thet, as surely as oxygen feede the fire of life, so eurely does carbonic acid pnt it out.

I say "the fire of life." In that expression lies the enewer to our second question: Why doee our hreath produce a eimilar effect opon the mouee and the lighted candle? Every one of us is, as it were, a living fire. Were we not, how could wa ba alwaye warmer than the eir outside us? Thera is a process going on perpetually in each of ne, eimiler to that by which coal ie hurnt in the fire, oil in a lamp, wax in a candle, and the earth itself in a volcano. To keep each of those fires elight, oxygen is needed; and the products of combustion, as they are called, are more or leee the sama in each case—carhonic acid and etcam.

Theee facts justify the expression I just made use of (and which may hava seemed to some of you fantastical,) that the fire and the candlee in the crowded room were hreethiog the same breath as you were. It is but too true. An averege fire in the grata requires, I helieve, to keep it burning, as much oxygen as three human beings do; each candle or lamp must have ite ehare of oxygen likewiee, and thet e very conaidcrahle one; and an averagc gas-burner—pray attend to thie, you who live in rooms lightad with gas—consumes ae much oxygen as six candles or eleven men. All alike are making carbonic acid. The carbonic acid of the fire happily escapes up the chimney in tha emoke; but the carbonic ecid from the human heings and the candlee remains to poison the room, unless it be ventilated.

Now, I think you mey understand one of the simplest, end yet most terrible, cases of want of ventilation—death hy the fumee of charcoal. A human being shut up in a room, of which every creck is closed, with a pan of hurniog charcoel, falls asleep, never to weke egain. His inward fire is competing with the fire of the charcoal for the oxygen of tho room; hoth are making carbonic acid out of it; hut the charcoal being the stronger of the two, gete all the oxygen to itself, and leavee the human beiog nothing to inhala but the carhonic acid which it has mede. The human heing, being the weaker, diee first; hut the charcoal diee also. When it has exheusted all the oxygen of the room, it cools, goes out, and is found in the morning half-consumed beside its victim. If you put a giant or an elephant, I should imagine, into that room, instead of e humen being, tha case would ha reversed for a time; the elephant would put out the hurning charcoal hy the carhonic acid from its mighty lungs; and then, when it had exheusted ell the air in tha room, die likewise of its own carhonic acid.

Now, too, I think wa may see what ventilation means, and why it ie needed.

Ventilation means simply letting out the foul air, and latting in tho freeh air: letting out the air which has been breathed by men or hy candles, letting in the air which has not. And, to understand how to do that, wa must remember a most simple chemical law, that gas as it is warmed, expands, and therefore hecomes lighter; as it cools, it contracts, and hecomes heavier.

Now the carhonic acid in tha hreath which comes out of our mouths is warm, lighter than the air, and rises to tha ceiling; and therefore in eny unventilated room full of people, there is a layer of foul air along the ceiling. You might soon test that for yourselves, if you could mount a ledder end put your heeds there aloft. You do test it for yourselves when you sit in the galleries of churches and theetres, where the air is probably more foul, and therefore more injurious, than down below.

Where, egain, work-people are employed in a crowded house of many stories, the health of thoee who work on the upper floors alwaye suffers most.

In the old monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, when the cegee were on the old plan, tier upon tier, the poor little fellows in the uppermost tier (eo I have been told) elways died first of the monkey's constitutional complaint, consumption, simply from breathing the warm breeth of their friends below. But since the cagee have been altered, and made to renge eide by eide from top to bottom, consumption (I understand) has vastly diminished emong them.

The first question in ventilation, therefore, is to get thie carbonic acid sefe ont of the room, while it is warm end light, and close to the ceiling; for if you do not, this heppene. The carhonic ecid gas cools and becomes heavier—for carbonic acid, at the same temperature as common air, is eo much heavier than common eir, that yon may actuelly (if you are handy enough) turn it from one veeeel to another. So down to the floor this heavy carbonic acid comes, and lies elong it, just as it lies often in the bottom of old welle, or old brewers' vats, as a layer of poison, killing occaeionelly the men who descend into it. Hence, as foolieh a practice as I know is that of sleeping on the floor; for, toward tha small hours, when tho room gete cold, the eleeper on the floor ie breathing carhonic acid.

And here ona word to those ladiee who intereet themselves with the poor. Tha poor are too apt in times of distress to pawn their bedsteade and keep their beds. Never, if you have any iofluence, let that heppen. Keep the hedetead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from the carbonic acid on the floor.

A very simple method of ventilation is employed in those excellent cottagee which her Majeety has built for her labourers round Windsor. Over each door a sheet of perforated zinc, eome eighteen inches square, ie fixed, allowiog the foul air to eecape into tha passage, and in the ceiling of the passaga a eimilar sheet of zinc, allowing it to escape into the roof. Fresh air, meanwhile, should be obtained from ontside, by piercing the windowe, or otherwise. And here let me give one hint to all huilders of houses—if possible, let bedroom windowe open at the top as well as the bottom.

Let me imprese the necessity of using some such contrivancee, not only on parente and educators, but on thoee who employ work-people, and abova all on those who employ young women in ehops or in work-rooms. What their condition may be in thie city, I know not: but most painful it has heen to me in other plaees, when passing through warehouses or work-roome, to see the sodden, sickly countenancee of the girls who are passing the greater part of the day in them; and painful, also, to breethe an atmosphere of which hehit hed, elas, made them unconscious, but which, to one coming out of the open air, was altogether noxious, and shocking aleo; for it was fostering the eeeds of death, not only in the preeent but in futura generatione.

Why should thie he? Every one will agree that good ventilation ie necessary in a hospital, becauee people cannot get well without fresh air. Do they not see, that, by the same reasoning, good ventilation is necessary everywhere, becausa people cannot remain well without fresh air? [Mr. Kingsley here "entreats thoea who employ women in work-rooms," if they have not time to read large works on physiology, to procure certain excellent little English Tracts on the subject. Similar onee are prepariog for the Hampton Tract Sanitary Series.

I look forward—I say it openly—to some period of higher civilization, when the acts of parliament for the ventilation of factories and workshops shall be largely extended, and mada far more stringent; when officers of public health shell be empowered to enforce the ventilation of every room in which persons are employed for hire; and empowered also to demand a proper system of ventilation for every new house, whether in country or in town. To that, I helieve, we must coma: but I had sooner far see thesa improvements carried out, as befits the citizens of a free country, in the spirit of the Gospel rather than in that of the law—carried out not compulsorily and from fear of fines, but voluntarily, from a sense of duty, honour, and humanity. I appeal, therefore, to the good feeling of all whom it may concern, whether the health of thoee whom they employ, and therefore the supply of fresh air which they absolntely need, are not matters for which they are more or less responsible to their country and their God.

And if any excellent person of the old school should answer me, "Why maka all this fuss about ventilation?

Our forefethers got on very well without it." I must answer that, begging their pardons, our ancestors did

digestion was the least out of order. Nay, the very morals will suffer. From ill-filled lungs, which signify

men, who do not care about the matter as a point of beauty—but simply to vie with each other in obedience to something called fashion—that they should, I say,

Our forefathers got on very well without it." I must answer that, begging their pardons, our ancestors did nothing of the kind. Our ancestors got on usually very ill in these matters: and when they got on well, it was because they had good ventilation in spite of themselves.

First, They got on very ill. To quote a few remarkable instances of longevity, or to tell me that men were larger and stronger on the average in old times, is to yield to the old fallacy of fancying that savages were peculiarly healthy, because those who were seen were active and strong. The simple answer is that the strong alone survived, while the majority died from the severity of training. Savages do not increase in number; and our ancestors increased but very slowly for many centuries. I am not going to disgust my audience with statistics of disease: but knowing something, as I happen to do, of the social state and of the health of the middle ages, I have no hesitation in saying that the average of disease and death was greater than it is now. Epidemics of many kinds, typhus, ague, plague—all diseases which were caused more or less by bad air, devastated this land and Europe in those days with a horrible intensity, to which even the cholera of our times are mild. The back streets, the hospitals, the jails, the barracks, the camps—every place in which any large number of persons congregated, were so many nests of pestilence engendered by uncleanliness, which defiled alike the water which was drunk and the air which was breathed; and as a single fact, of which the tables of insurance companies assure us, the average of human life in England has increased twenty-five per cent. since the reign of George I., owing simply to our more rational and cleanly habits of life.

But secondly, I said that when our ancestors got on well, they did so because they got ventilation in spite of themselves. Luckily for them, their houses were ill-built, their doors and windows would not shut. They had lattice-windowed houses too, to live in, one of which, as I can testify from long experience, is as thoroughly ventilating as living in a lantern with the glass broken out. It was because their houses were full of draughts, and still more, in the early middle ages, because they had no glass, and stopped out the air only by a shutter at night, that they sought for shelter rather than for fresh air, of which they sometimes had too much; and to escape the wind, built their houses in holes, such as that in which the old city of Winchester stands. Shelter, I believe, as much as the desire to be near fish in Lent, and to occupy the rich soil of the valleys, made the monks of old England choose the river banks for the sites of their abbeys. They made a mistake therein, which, like most mistakes, did not go unpunished. These low situations, especially while the forests were yet thick on the hills around, were the perennial haunts of fever and ague, produced by subtle vegetable poisons, carried in the carbonic acid given off by rotting vegetation. So there again they fell in with man's old enemy, bad air. Still, as long as the doors and windows did not shut, some free circulation of air remained. But now, our doors and windows shut only too tight. We have plate glass instead of lattices; and we have replaced the draughty and smoky but really wholesome open chimney, with its wide corners and settles, by narrow registers, and even by stoves. We have done all we can, in fact to seal ourselves up hermetically from the outer air, and to breathe our own breaths over and over again; and we pay the penalty of it in a thousand ways unknown to our ancestors, through whose rooms all the winds of heaven whistled, and who were glad enough to shelter themselves from draughts in the sitting-room by the high screen round the fire, and in the sleeping room by the thick curtains of the four-post bedstead, which is now rapidly disappearing before a higher civilization. We therefore absolutely require to make for ourselves the very ventilation from which our ancestors tried to escape.

But, Ladies, there is an old and true proverb, that you may bring a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. And likewise, it is too true, that you may bring people to the fresh air, but you cannot make them breathe it. Their own folly, or the folly of their parents and educators, prevents their lungs being duly filled and duly emptied. Therefore, the blood is not duly oxygenated, and the whole system goes wrong. Paleness, weakness, consumption, scrofula, and too many other ailments, are the consequence of ill-filled lungs. For without well-filled lungs, robust health is impossible.

And if any one shall answer, "We do not want robust health so much as intellectual attainment. The mortal body, being the lower organ, must take its chance, and be even sacrificed if need be, to the higher organ, the immortal mind."—To such I reply, You cannot do it. The laws of nature, which are the express will of God, laugh such attempts to scorn. Every organ of the body is formed out of the blood; and if the blood be vitiated, every organ suffers in proportion to its delicacy; and the brain, being the most delicate and highly specialized of all organs, suffers most of all and soonest of all, as every one knows who has tried to work his brain when his digestion was the least out of order. Nay, the very morals will suffer. From ill-filled lungs, which signify ill-repaired blood, arise year by year an amount not merely of disease, but of folly, temper, laziness, intemperance, madness, and, let me tell you fairly, crime—the sum of which will never be known till that great day when men shall be called to account for all deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

I will say this shortly, that the three most common causes of ill-filled lungs, in children and in young ladies, are stillness, silence, and stays.

First stillness; a sedentary life, and want of exercise. A girl is kept for hours sitting on a bench writing or reading, to do which she must lean forward; and if her teacher cruelly attempts to make her sit upright, and thereby keep the spine in an attitude for which Nature did not intend it, she is doing her best to bring on that disease so fearfully common in girls' schools, lateral curvature of the spine. But practically the girl will stoop forward. And what happens? The lower ribs are pressed into the body, thereby displacing more or less something inside. The diaphragm in the meantime, which is the very bellows of the lungs remains loose; the lungs are never properly filled or emptied; and an excess of carbonic acid accumulates at the bottom of them. What follows? Frequent sighing to get rid of it; heaviness of head; depression of the whole nervous system under the influence of the poison of the lungs; and when the poor child gets up from her weary work, what is the first thing she probably does? She lifts up her chest, stretches, yawns, and breathes deeply—Nature's voice, Nature's instinctive cure, which is probably regarded as ungraceful, as what is called "lolling," is. As if sitting upright was not an attitude in itself essentially ungraceful, and such as no artist would care to draw. As if "lolling" which means putting the body in the attitude of the most perfect ease compatible with a fully expanded chest, was not in itself essentially graceful, and to be seen in every reposing figure in Greek bas-reliefs and vases; graceful, and like all graceful actions, healthful at the same time. You may as well try to cure a lame horse by galloping him, as to cure a diseased lung by working it. But where the breathing organs are of average health, let it be said once and for all, that children and young people cannot make too much noise. The parents who cannot bear the noise of their children have no right to have brought them into the world. The School-mistress who enforces silence on her pupils is committing—unintentionally no doubt, but still committing—an offence against reason, worthy only of a convent. Every shout, every burst of laughter, every song; nay, in the case of infants, as physiologists well know, every moderate fit of crying, conduces to health, by rapidly filling and emptying the lungs, and changing the blood more rapidly from black to red, that is, from death to life. Andrew Combe tells a story of a large charity school, in which the young girls were, for the sake of their health, shut up in the hall and school-room during play hours, from November till March, and no romping or noise allowed. The natural consequences were, the great majority of them fell ill; and I am afraid that a great deal of illness has been from time to time contracted in certain school-rooms, simply through this one cause of enforced silence. Some cause or other there must be for the amount of ill-health and weakliness which prevails especially among girls of the middle classes in towns, who have not, poor things, the opportunities which richer girls have, of keeping themselves in strong health by riding, skating, archery (that last quite an admirable exercise for the chest and lungs, and far preferable to croquet, which involves too much unwholesome stooping.) Even playing at ball, which has been popular ever since the time of old Homer, who makes the Princess Nausicaa and her maidens play it on the sea shore, after they have washed the garments of the royal household—even a game of ball, I say—if milliners and shop-girl had room to indulge in one after their sedentary work—might bring fresh spirits to many a heart, and fresh colour to many a cheek.

I spoke just now of the Greeks. I suppose you will all allow that the Greeks were, as far as we know, the most beautiful race which the world ever saw. Every educated man knows that they were also the cleverest of all races; and next to his Bible, thanks God for Greek literature.

Now these people had made physical as well as intellectual education, a science as well as a study. Their women practised gracefulness, in some cases even athletic, exercises. They developed by a free and healthy life, those figures which remain everlasting and unapproachable models of human beauty: but (to come to my third point) they wore no stays. The first mention of stays that I have ever found is in the letters of dear old Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene, on the Greek coast of Africa, about four hundred years after the Christian era. He tells us how when he was shipwrecked on a remote part of the coast, and he and the rest of the passengers were starving on cockles and limpets, there was among them a slave girl out of the far East, who had a pinched wasp-waist, such as you may see on the old Hindoo sculptures, and such as you may see in any street in a British town. And when the Greek ladies of the neighbourhood found her out, they sent for her from house to house, to behold with astonishment and laughter, this now prodigious waist, with which it seemed to them it was impossible for a human being to breathe or live; and they petted the poor girl and fed her, as they might a dwarf or a giantess, till she got quite fat and comfortable, while her owners had not enough to eat. So strange and ridiculous seemed our present fashion to the descendants of those who, centuries before, had imagined because they had seen living and moving, those glorious statues which we pretend to admire, but refuse to imitate.

It seems to me that a few centuries hence, when mankind has learnt to fear God more, and therefore to obey more strictly those laws of nature and of science which are the will of God—it seems to me, I say, that in those days the present fashion of tight lacing will be looked back upon as a contemptible and barbarous superstition, denoting a very low level of civilization in the peoples which have practised it. That for generations past women should have been in the habit—not to please men, who do not care about the matter as a point of beauty—but simply to vie with each other in obedience to something called fashion—that they should, I say, have been in the habit of deliberately crushing that part of the body which should especially be left free, contracting and displacing their lungs, their heart, and all the most vital and important organs, and entailing thereby disease, not only on themselves, but on their children after them—that for forty years past physicians should have been telling them of the folly of what they have been doing:—and that they should as yet, in the great majority of cases, not only turn a deaf ear to all warnings, but actually deny the offense, of which one glance of the physician or sculptor, who knows what shape the human body ought to be, brings them in guilty—this, I say, is an instance of—what shall I call it? which at once deserves the lash, not merely of the satirist, but of any theologian who really believes that God made the physical universe. Let me, I pray you, appeal to your common sense for a moment. When any one chooses a horse or a dog, whether for strength, for speed, or for any other useful purpose, the first thing almost to be looked at is the girth round the lower ribs, the room for heart and lungs. Exactly in proportion to that will he the animal's general healthiness, power of endurance, and value in many other ways. If you will look at eminent lawyers and famous orators, who have attained a healthy old age, you will see that in every case they are men of remarkable size, not merely in the upper, but in the lower part of the chest; men who had, therefore, a peculiar power of using the diaphragm to fill and to clear the lungs, and therefore to oxygenate the blood of the whole body. Now it is just these lower ribs, across which the diaphragm is stretched like the head of a drum, which stays contract to a minimum. If you advised owners of horses and hounds to put their horses or their hounds into stays, and lace them up tight, in order to increase their beauty, you would receive, I doubt not, a very courteous, but certainly a very decided refusal to do that which would spoil not merely the animals themselves, but the whole stud or the whole kennel for years to come. And if you advised an orator to put himself into stays, he, no doubt, again would give a courteous answer; but he would reply (if he was really an educated man) that to comply with your request would involve his giving up public work, under the probable penalty of being dead within a twelvemonth.

And how much work of every kind, intellectual as well as physical, is spoiled or hindered,—how many deaths occur from consumption and other complaints which are the result of this habit of tight lacing, is known partly to the medical men who lift up their voices in vain, and known fully to Him who will not interfere with the least of his own physical laws to save human beings from the consequences of their wilful folly.

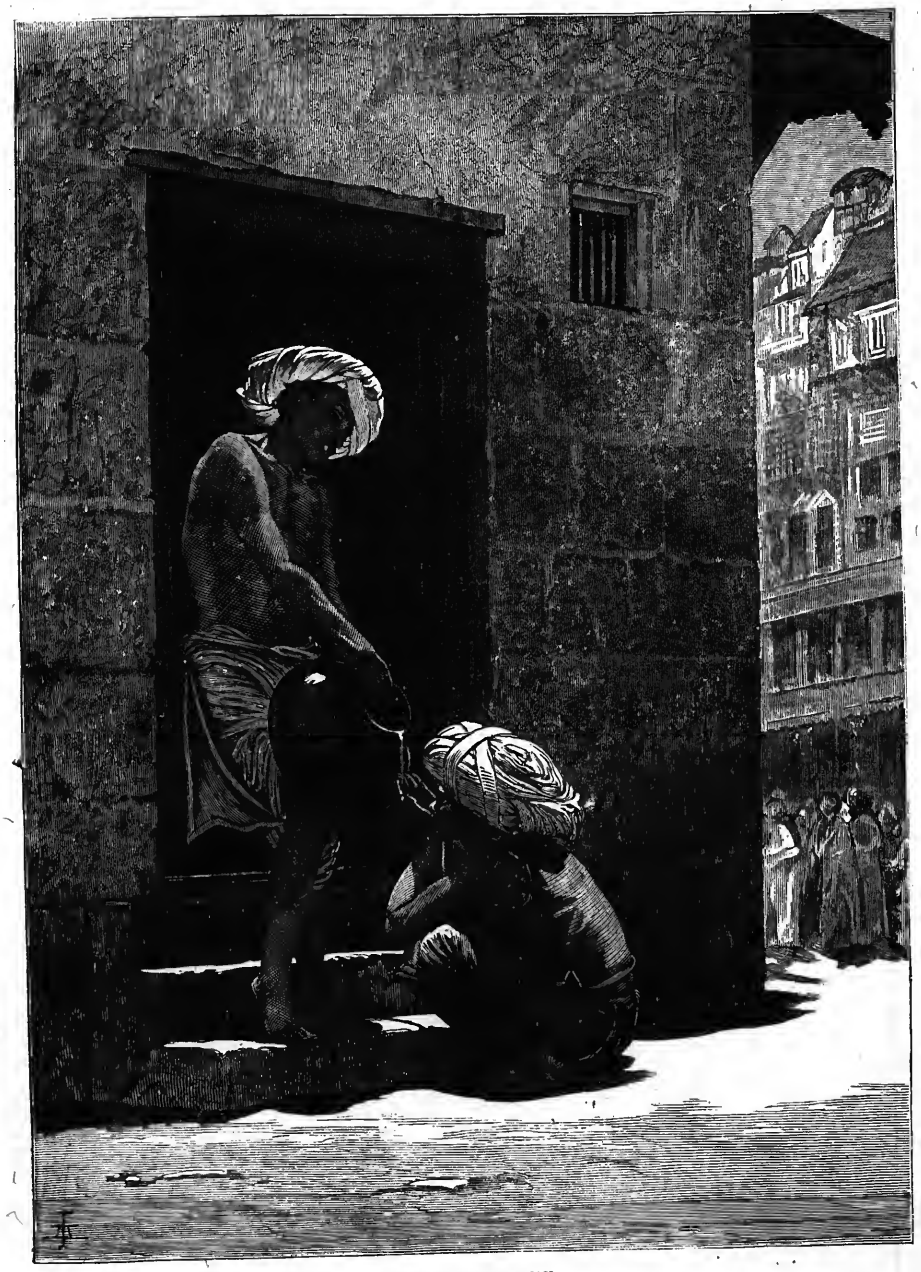
And now—to end this lecture with more pleasing thoughts—What becomes of this breath which passes from your lips? Is it merely harmful—merely waste? God forbid! God has forbidden that anything should be merely harmful or merely waste in this so wise and and well made world. The carbonic acid which passes from your lips at every breath—ay, even that which oozes from the volcano crater when the eruption is past—is a precious boon to thousands of things of which you have daily need. Indeed there is a sort of hint at physical truth in the old fairy tale of the girl, from whose lips, as she spoke, fell pearls and diamonds; for the carbonic acid of your breath may help hereafter to make the pure carbonate of lime of a pearl, or the still purer carbon of a diamond. Nay, it may go (in such a world of transformations do we live) to make atoms of coal strata, which shall lie buried for ages beneath deep seas, shall be upheaved in continents which are yet unborn, and there be burnt for the use of a future race of men, and resolved into their original elements. Cool, wise men tell us, is, on the whole, breath and sunlight—the breath of living creatures who have lived in the vast swamps and forests of some primeval world, and the sunlight which transmuted that breath into the leaves and stems of trees, magically locked up for ages in that black stone, to become, when it is burnt at last, light and carbonic acid, as it was at first. For, though you must not breathe your breath again, you may at least eat your breath, if you will allow the sun to transmute it for you into vegetables: or you may enjoy its fragrance and its colour in the shape of a lily or a rose. When you walk in a sunlit garden, every word you speak, every breath you breathe, is feeding the plants and flowers around. The delicate surfaces of the green leaves absorbs the carbonic acid, and parts it into its elements, retaining the carbon to make woody fibre, and courteously returning you the oxygen to mingle with the fresh air, and be inhaled by your lungs once more. Thus do you feed the plants, just as the plants feed you, while the great life-giving sun feeds both; and the geranium standing in the sick child's window does not merely refresh, but joice his eye and mind by its beauty and freshness, but repays honestly the trouble spent on it, absorbing the breath which the child needs not, and giving to him the breath which he needs.

So are the services of all things constituted according to a Divine and wonderful order, and knit together in mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness.—A fact to be remembered with hope and comfort: but also with awe and fear. For as in that which is above nature, so in nature itself; he that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe as it were, takes up arms against him; and all nature, with her numberless and unseen powers, is ready to avenge herself on him, and on his children after him, he knows not whan nor where. He, on the other hand, who obeys the laws of nature with his whole heart and mind, will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe. He is helped and befriended alike by the sun above his head and the dust beneath his feet: because he is obeying the will and mind of Him who made sun, and dust, and all things; and who has given them a law which cannot be broken.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VIII. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1879. NO. 6



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individuals, that everybody knows more than one of them.

A "circle" of so called fashionable people

A DRINK BY THE WAY.

We are indebted to Messrs. Harper Bros. for this picturesque scene of Eastern life. In the cities of the "dry sad thirsty land" of the East, the water carrier has a good trade. The wells are few, and private or State property, opened at stated times in the day for those who pay for the right to draw: "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.' The musical cry of *Fresh water, Fresh water*, in Italian or Syriac or Turkish accents, draws the customers, but each must pay a few small coins for his refreshment. Our Saviour's invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," and the Prophet's anticipation of it, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money come;" gathered a force from realities of life at the time they were spoken.

CORRESPONDENCE.

March 20.

Having seen all that is shown to visitors at Holyrood Palace, I set out for Castle Edinburgh and on my way, saw John Knox's house. Castle Edinburgh stands on a lofty rock and smiles or frowns, as the times may be, upon the whole City. A guide showed me the most interesting parts of the Castle. There are seven gates to pass through before you enter the ancient citadel; one of these ways was once defended by an iron port-cullis; over this is the old prison where crown prisoners were kept. In the Crown Room where the Scottish Regalia is kept, stands the old oak chest in which the Regalia was hidden and supposed to be lost, until Sir Walter Scott made a search for it, by permission of the Crown, and found it in this room. It is said that Scotchmen are proud of these symbols of their unconquered independence, for these relics run back through a long line of monarchs to Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn. The Regalia consists of a crown, a sceptre, a sword of state and a silver rod of office. In a room about 10 ft. by 15 ft., Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to a son, James VI of Scotland and I of England. The guide pointed out the great precipice over which the royal infant was lowered in a basket when he was eight days old, to save him from the hands of his cruel relatives.

On the highest part of Castle Rock, stands Queen Margaret's private chapel, which is 16½ ft. by 10½ ft. and is said to be the oldest building in Scotland. It was built in the eleventh century by Margaret, who was the wife of King Malcolm, the son, I believe, of good King Duncan so basely murdered by Macbeth.

Beside the chapel stands Mons Meg, a great gun used in the fifteenth century for bombarding. It threw great stone balls as large as the largest of our bomb-shells. The construction of the gun is very peculiar, that is, it appeared so to me; the inside is made of great bars of iron running parallel with the gun and fitted close together, while on the outside are bands of iron the whole length; one of the bands near the breech was broken in 1682 while firing a salute.

As I was going down a stairway of the castle, the guide said to me, "This is the royal way, or the way Queen Victoria entered the citadel. When her Majesty was pleased to visit the Castle these stairs were all carpeted for her." What! I was about to exclaim, did her Majesty walk on a carpet to the citadel of this ancient castle, where tha mother of the king who gave her Scotland did often tread its naked floors? "Her Most Gracious Majesty," he continued, "was pleased to say that she would not disgrace the Castle by walking on a carpet, and it pleased her majesty to have it removed."

As I left the Castle, the guide said to me, "I think that we shall have a storm to-morrow or next day." "What are the indications?" I asked, anxious to learn everything. "*That man in America* says we may expect a storm, and everything he has said this year has been true." I felt of more consequence when I heard this compliment to America; and when I saw our principal Sewing Machines offered for sale with enticing advertisements, I felt proud to think that American ideas and inventions are permeating and influencing movements in the Old World.

March 21st. After breakfast I ascended the Scott Monument. It is fearful to look from such a height; there are so many conflicting desires. I inwardly said, I will not look down, only around; but something said, You must look down; so, putting my eyes on a line with the railing, I approached it and looked over.

I visited the site of the old Tolbooth, better known as the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." The spot is indicated by a large heart which is made in the middle of the street; one can learn much of the history of the old prison by reading Scott's novel, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." There is so much here to remind one of the great Novelist and Poet, that Scotland seems still more appropriate as the name for this beautiful country.

Returned to Glasgow this morning, and went to a restaurant for a lunch. By the by, some wit, anxious to display his Latin, picked up a very good derivation for restaurant. He says, "*res* is thing and *taurus* 'hull: restaurant, a hulling thing." They are certainly very convenient.

In visiting these cities, I am more interested to know how the poor live than the rich. I like to see the homes of the humble, and hurriedly pass the dens of crime where filth is a subject and vice is king. It was toward evening as I passed through one of the avenues of poverty; mothers were out, probably to meet a tired husband and father: almost every mother seemed to have her baby in her arms or by the hand,—it was the largest *infantry* turn out I ever beheld.

Two Scotch hearses passed me; one was surmounted with little black trees from four to six feet high; I should think that they were intended to represent the cypress. They were the gloomiest things I ever saw, making the passage from death to life appear mournful. A man in mourning passed; he had the customary crape band around his beaver; but as if afraid that it might not be seen or understood, there was a black crape bow, the ends of which reached the brim of his hat; it is fortunate for the poor and sincere that sorrow is not measured by the yards of black crape we may wear.

At 9 o'clock, P. M., I took the train from Glasgow to London. An European railway car is very different from what we see in America: it has several compartments called carriages; in each carriage are two seats that run the width of the carriage, with a passage between them; there are two doors to each on opposite sides; the view is unobstructed by panels of wood work. These carriages are distinguished as First, Second, and Third class. The First class is generally nicely cushioned and carpeted; the Second is about the same as the First, but of inferior quality; while the Third class is only cushioned. The engine is a marvel of simplicity compared with the American; it seems to be lighter and more powerful, while the "ding-dong" so annoying to people living near railways, is never heard. I did not see an engine with a bell while in Europe. No checks are given for baggage; a printed label with the name of the place to which you are going is pasted on the baggage, and when you get to your journey's end you must get out and claim it.

March 22d. I traveled all night; 6 o'clock A. M., as we were nearing London, I tried to start a conversation with the only occupant of the carriage with me; but finding that my questions rather annoyed, I apologized for my rudeness and asked him if he did not think me very inquisitive, when he sweetly nodded in the affirmative. I was much pleased with the beautiful appearance of the country. In the distance, the Lombardy Poplars seemed to be the stately pillars of some ruined cathedral; the trees were destitute of leaves, but I admired their delicate tracery—it looked as though fairy hands had been making lace work around the sky.

Reached London about 8:30 A. M., and went at once to a hotel. In the afternoon I visited St. Paul's Cathedral. Its vastness is impressive; it is, I believe, the only cathedral in the country that does not belong to the Gothic order of architecture. On the outside it has a very dirty look, as the dampness and dust of the city have blackened its walls, which are here and there relieved by blotches of white which was probably the original color.

March 23d. Went to Westminster Abbey to hear Canon Farrar. The sacred edifice was crowded with people; scores had to stand. The Rev. Canon delivered a most excellent sermon, addressed to young men. I wish I could be read or heard by thousands of young men in our own land.

He first dwelt upon the lives of St. Anthony (the first hermit) and St. Jerome; their lives of asceticism only made it harder for them to be holy; they had a most fearful combat with the lusts that war against the soul. They finally triumphed, but God never intended that man should live such a life. "Let there be plain living and high thinking. Our lives will be high or low, noble or ignoble, according as we live near to or deviate from our Great Standard."

Oh, that every preacher would thus boldly and so kindly help failing humanity! Young men are sinking down, down, down, conscious of peril, but helpless and unaided in overcoming a baneful appetite. I will add, as nearly as possible, the words of Canon Farrar to those who are trying to escape from the captivity of hell:

"Young men, do not think of the sins of your past life. 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' Do you think that after a mother had told her child not to eat of a certain fruit, she would set it before him? It would make it harder for the child to resist the temptation. You must not place before yourselves the evils of past self-indulgence—it is the forbidden fruit; do not even think of the consequences, but keep up a good heart, keeping the mind busy and all of your time occupied; fight boldly against the flesh, and although you may be often defeated, in the end you will triumph gloriously, for God never leaves unaided a sincere, struggling soul."

I visited the private chapels of the Abbey, and also the Poets' Corner; among other stones were Milton's and Gray's. I copied the following from Gray's monument:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrival'd reigns:
To Britain let the Nations homage pay:
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the Lyre of Gray."

In one part of the Abbey the floor is largely composed of tombstones; one cannot step unless he treads upon the sacred dead. While walking, I looked down and saw that I was standing upon the grave of Dickens; an indescribable feeling passed over me when I realized where I stood. Some one had lovingly scattered early spring flowers upon his grave, and through them in letters of brass I saw the name, Charles Dickens.

The Abbey is very different from what I expected to see, having imagined it to be a great cover to a graveyard, with its old and weather-beaten roof falling under the burden of time; but instead, I see a fine cathedral in perfect repair, dignified through age and the ashes of its illustrious dead. J. C. H.

The writer of the following letter is an uncommonly clear-headed, worthy man, and, with others like him, who have graduated at Hampton, is able to do a great work in the way indicated in his letter.

But the Hampton school cannot assume the burden of it; and the societies devoted to such work seem to be able to do nothing for the freedmen: at least, we never hear of them there.

BONSACKS, VA., *March* 26, 1879.

Dear General:—

I noticed an article in the last number of the WORKMAN headed, "Colportage among the Colored People," and suggestions by Colonel Preston of Lexington, Va.

I really believe it would be one of the greatest blessings that could be offered them. And I dare say it would be hailed with gratitude and delight by us all. You are preparing young men and women yearly to go out to teach the benighted millions to read, but there are none to furnish them with suitable matter to read. There is quite a number of young men here, who desire good books to read, and have consulted me as to the kind and where to get them; yet they are not supplied. I think the colportage would answer all of their needs; and would, at the same time, help us as teachers to teach that all-important branch—reading. The paramount importance of such an enterprise cannot be estimated. Frank Trigg and I taught near together this term and we have talked more than once about such a noble scheme, if put into effect. We would offer our services as colporteurs, if you will start the enterprise, and think we are fit.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am
Your pupil, JOHN H. BILLUPS.

PARROTY PEOPLE.

If parrots render society any special service, it is in their unconsciously being satires on a good part of it. A large percentage of mankind go mumbling and fumbling through life, with no more ideas of their own than a flock of parrots, or a lot of phonographs. They are but sounding-boards for other people's ideas, and their utterances are only "words, words, words."

When a parrot struts about its cage, and says, "Polly wants a cracker," etc, it does about all a parrot can do, and all it was intended to do. Men, however, have mightier missions, upon which they can go if they will; but if they prefer to stay in a cage, and be parrots, there is no law to prevent them.

If all men were of this parroty sort, contented to do as others did, and as their fathers did before them, this would be a very tame world, although its people would be said to be in that negative state called "contentment." There is a great deal of milk and water talk about it being man's duty to be contented as he is, and with things as they are, but if this pretty theory be put in universal practice, the wheels of progress will stop, and laziness become a cardinal virtue. Every step forward, since the year one, has been made because some one was not contented with his surroundings, and yearned for something better. Discontent has two forms: a manly form that ends in improvements, and a parroty form, that begins and ends in peevishness.

Parrots, whether they wear feathers, skirts, or whiskers, never get beyond servile imitation: they do what their masters do, be that good, bad, or indifferent. In birds this sort of thing may sometimes be amusing, but in men it is always disgusting. And, alas, how often is this feeling of disgust excited!

To enumerate all the varieties of parroty people would be an endless, useless task; but there are some varieties which contain so many individuals, that everybody knows more than one of them.

A "circle" of so called fashionable people is a good deal like a company of parrots. They are forever trying to do this, that, or the other; not that it is pretty, pleasant, or healthful, but because somebody else does it. Such people always seem standing on tiptoe ready to sneeze when somebody else takes snuff. They always look uncomfortable; and the deceptions they practice seldom reach beyond themselves. What they are, soon shows through what they try to be, like base metal through thin silver plating. This variety of unfeathered parrots is composed of the weakest members of society; of putty sort of people, who are dented, so to speak, by everyone with whom they come in contact. Who of us does not know many such? I remember a man named Page, who after spending six months in Paris, returned to America. He pretended to speak English with an accent, and pronounced his name "Parjuy." Poor fellow! He fondly hoped some one would think him a Frenchman; but everybody, except himself, knew he was a fool. When a man has sunk to a certain depth of parrotism, he seems to develop some traits of the ostrich: the more utter parrot he is, the less he believes anybody knows it; just as the foolish "bird of the desert" imagines his body invisible, when he cannot see it himself.

Let Dame Fashion squeeze her body into the shape of a funnel, and forthwith a multitude of Eve's daughters will become funnels in appearance; and consumptive dyspeptics in reality. Adam's sons are not a whit behind Eve's daughters in this respect. Give equal opportunities to both, and it would require a judge of unusual discrimination to decide which is the sillier bird. Many men, especially young men, drink to excess, not so much because they like the taste of liquor, as because other men drink it. One parrot says, "Take a drink, boys;" the rest of the flock say, "Take a drink, boys," and—it is taken.

Political parrots are a numerous class, and if by some mysterious dispensation of Providence, there had not been as many placed in one party as the other, they would be a source of grave danger to a country like ours. There are hundreds, nye, thousands of citizens, who never use their reasoning faculties on political questions. The Party says so and so; the Parrots say so and so—and vote so and so: although so far as their ballots represent any individual political convictions, they might as well be cast by parrots with plumage as without it. The most dreary, hopeless kind of political parrot, is one who is proud of being such; and one who boasts that for twenty, thirty, or forty years he has never voted anything but "a straight ticket." Nothing short of a miracle can change such a being into a useful citizen. Any man who really believes that any political party never makes any mistakes, can believe that the moon is made of green cheese, and his faith would find fitter surroundings in a lunatic asylum, than in wielding the ballot.

School-rooms are only too apt to be cages, where scholars are taught to chatter, and rattle off lessons, precisely as parrots are taught to say, "Pretty Poll," or use some less innocent expression. It is pleasant to think, however, that the practice of making children "learn by heart," and only "by heart," is dying of old age, or something equally fatal. But why this parroty process was ever called "learning by heart" is difficult to understand; for surely of all organs employed, the heart has the least to do with it. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call it the "Echo Process," or "learning by ear and tongue;" but either of these titles would bring out too clearly the errors of the system, and error never likes plain speech—it prefers biding in tortuous sentences. People on whom rests the responsibility of educating youth, should ever remember that they have to cultivate minds capable of reasoning, and not the ears and tongues of parrots.

In parrot talk the reasoning faculties are not used: a sound strikes the mind through the ear, and rolls off the tongue as a hand ball off a fence. There is no particular impression made on either the mind or the fence; but both ball and sound bounce from what they strike with a little less force than they came against it. This simile illustrates the fact, that even the best parrots, be they birds or men, never quite equal their models; if the models be bad, they are pretty sure to be worse.

Parroty people, although they do not know it, are always ridiculous: the fun they afford lies in noting the wide difference between what they try to do, and what they succeed in doing. To see a short, stout man try to take as long steps as a tall, thin man, makes people laugh. They do not laugh at the man because he is short, nor stout; neither do they laugh because he takes steps: but they do laugh because he tries to make his short legs seem long, and—fails.

If anyone doubt that there are many parroty people, let them try to explain, by some other hypothesis, the rapidity with which slang expressions spread from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. T. T. B.

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

Mns. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INST., HAMPTON, VA., *May* 21, 1879.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute:

GENTLEMEN:—

The total uumber of graduates from this institution since it opened in April, 1868, including this year's class, 40 in number, is 316.

The total number of admissions for the same time, including this year's (100 in number, besides Indians,) has been 1,027.

Average attendance this year has been as follows:

	Young mem.	*Young women.*
Seniors,	20	11
Middlers,	44	32
Juniors,	47	29
Preparatories,	14	6
Indians,	55	9
	199	76

Besides having a knowledge of reading, writing, and of arithmetic through Long Division, all who are admitted are expected to havs horne a good character, to have sound health, and to be not under fourteen or over twenty-five years of age.

It has been found impossible to raise the standard of admission. Ten years ago over half of our students were from schools maintained by northern charity, whose nine months' sessions, good outfit and skillful teachers fitted a fine class of candidates for the Junior class. The State Schools which have taken their place, have, except in the cities, but three or six months' sessions, poor apparatus and usually inferior teaching. In the principal Southern cities there are many good public schools for colored yontli. Hampton attracts chiefly country youth who don't mind hard work, and have had very few opportunities.

Students are usually received on their own application: reliable information as to their character or qualities is seldom to be had. Every year a number present themselves without a word of previous notice. A desire for education on the part of such may consist with serious defects of character, obtuseness, and very imperfect notions of its meaning.

"WEEDING OUT"

the new comers is an important duty of every session. The first year at the school is prohationary: about twenty per cent. are dropped, principally for weakness of character or for dulness of intellect. Most of thess ara benefited by their short course, and work for such is not considered as wasted.

During tha entire three years' course, there is frequent leaving of students for disciplinary, pecuniary, domestic and other reasons. But experience shows that those who are really capable and earnest seldom fail to return, even after an absence of years, to complete their education.

AID FOR STUDENTS.

Personal aid is given usually at the close of each session, according to need and merit, generally by way of reducing the debts of those who have nobody but themselves to depend upon.

The total charges to students for last session were.....$22,537 32
Assistance amounted to..... $3,223 31
or one-seventh of the amount charged: the usual proportion of such relief from year to year.

Students paid in labor the same year, $14,504.96—the balance was paid in cash or remains as debt to be paid up. Graduates show a good spirit about paying up debts.

Rev. Dr. B. Sears, agent of the Peabody Fund, has sent $500 to be applied to stndents' personal expenses this year, at the rate of $50 apiece. Those who get this aid will richly deserve it.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Friends of the school are asked to meet the student half way: to provide for each ons the cost of his education, a scholarship of seventy dollars; ($70.00) for each year of the three years' course; or $210.00 in all; the student to pay his personal expenses, board, fuel, washing, mending, &c., farnished by the school at $10.00 a month or at $35.00 per session of eight and a-half months: this besides providing his own clothing, books and incidentals.

The board bill is payables half in cash and half in labor.

SPIRIT OF LABOR.

From quantities of letters received, I know that hundreds of colored youth would gladly work out their entire expenses in the school: one-tenth of those now in attendance do so, paying no cash. The monthly payment of five dollars keeps out scores who are eager to come.

Wages of negroes are low, yet one-fourth of our boarders are able, by constant labor in summer as well as by school work, to meet the requirements of half cash and half labor, besides finding their clothes, books, and incidentals.

I question if in any institution for whites in the land, youth are making more exertions for themselves, than the negroes at Hampton and other schools devoted to that race.

The pauper spirit has no encouragement; there is no begging except for more work. The conduct of studeats the past ten years justifies all the pains and cost of an expensive industrial system and all efforts for its improvement.

"SHELLBANKS."

During the past year a generous friend has purchased for the school a valuable stock aud grain farm of 330 acres, known as "Shellbanks," five miles distant, which will afford much labor to students, large supplies for school consumption, and be an excellent place for Indians in summer. No wiser or more needed gift could have been made.

WORKSHOP.

With the approval of the Executive Committee, a work-shop has been commenced, which, with a start in machinery by way of a saw-mill, with planer and matcher, to be placed in the basement, will cost not less than $6,000. More than $12,000 will be required to complete it. This enterprise is greatly encouraged by the gift of a new and improved sixty horse power engine with boiler, by Mr. Geo. H. Corliss of Providence, R. I., valued at $4,000. The building will be two story frame on a brick basement eleven feet in height; aize, 140 x 50 feet; and will need over 200,000 bricks, all of which have been made or will be made on the place, mostly by students' labor. We hope at once to complete the basement, cover the machinery temporarily, saw up logs into lumber, boards, etc., with which to erect the frame part in the summer or fall, as the needed funds shall be contributed. To do this $6,000.00 will be needed.

Mr. Charles D. Cake, a Southern man, of Hampton, a thorough mechanic, is to be manager. Colored and Indian students will furnish the labor; the former to be of those destitute of funds, who will work steadily for a year or more and enter or re-enter school with earnings to carry them through, and a skill which will anywhere command twice the wages of ordinary hands. The latter will learn what will serve them well among their people.

Thia will establish the mechanical feature of the school. The perfecting of our manual labor feature is important. It is our point of difficulty; precedent is against ua; results so far are encouraging.

AN INDUSTRIAL HALL,

Conspicuous in efficacy for good, as in its appearauce, crowning the finest site on our grounds, commanding the broad waters of Hampton Roads, joining with Academic Hall on its right in offering to youth the true way to manhood and to usefulness, should not be delayed for want of funds.

The interests of the two races under our care are best served by a combined training of the hands and heads of those who ars to be their teachers and leaders.

The cause of education would, I believe, be served by the success of a well-rounded industrial system, to answer honest doubts of its practicability.

In the South, negro mechanics are relatively common; in the North, they are relatively scarce Competition in the North keeps them back more than prejudice at the South. Here they have a fair field. But the question, How shall young colored mechanics replace the present class who were trained in slave times is a serious one.

SCIENTIFIC RATHER THAN CLASSIC.

This institution (whenever the common schools with which it immediately connects shall so improve as to permit it) should develop in the direction of scientific teaching.

All, or nearly all of the leading institutions devoted to the freedmen teach Latin and Greek. Classic lore has its place in this field, but the bearing of science on the new and vast productions of the South, in which the negro should have his share, is vital. Practical knowledge that will open the resources of the soil is a paramount need. Getting wealth is desirable for the freedman; it makes him a safer and a better citizen, and creates favorable conditions for that morality, the want of which is their weakest point.

RELIGIOUS WORK.

No work for the ex-slaves can ignore the fact that their preachers have their cars and lead them as they choose; newspapers hardly reach them. The negro understands colloquial English: that of literature is to him an almost unknown tongue.

To reach this generation there must be a great progress of pulpit work, not so much in quantity as in quality. How to do it, I think is indicated in the following words from a letter from Mrs. H. B. Stowe, written from Florida.

"For a long time yet, in the couatry, the *preacher* must be only an educated farmer, laboring week days and preaching Sundays; this is what I want to prepare —— for."

For the many large colored churches in the Southern cities men are being trained in denominational Seminaries in Washington, Richmond, Raleigh, Nashville, New Orleaas and elsewhere, but the mass of these people are scattered in the country, unable to msintain intelligent preaching, and in many cases are sadly victimized by men who are worse than incompetent.

One who teaches from three to six months in winter, farms the rest of the time and preaches Sunday, is the man for the field work, and for the masses of this generation. Thus only can a competent man get work and a support.

Col. J. T. L. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, has suggested the need among the blacks of good moral and religious reading, and that Hampton graduates could do a good work spreading such matter. His published letter has attracted their attention and brought interesting responses.

The danger to the rising generation of a flood of vicious readiag from which their ignorance has been a protection cannot be overestimated. It will be hard to meet.

GIRLS.

The education of colored girls is as important as that of the men. They are received into the higher freedmen schools of the South, but are always, I think, in less numbers than the young men, being in proportion to tha latter about as one to two.

Parents prefer to make sacrifices for their sons; there seems a readier and greater yield for the expense and pains with the boys. Young men have a more tangible aim, more stimulus and a better chance. There is not much to make girls ambitious.

Conditional to all progress is the improvement of women. Provision for their comfort hars is better than that for the men; special encoursgement should be given to increase their numbers. We are deluged with applications from male students.

It is to be hoped that there may be some wise and noble charity in bchalf of colored girls of the South. Nothing adequate in that direction has yet been done. The past rests upon them far more heavily than upon the men. Their color makes impossible the safeguards that surround the intelligent and improved of our race. Their "toning up" under good influences has, in our experience, been most remarkable, and their success as graduates equal to that of the men.

GRADUATES.

Part of one teacher's time has been devoted to corresponding with graduates-supplying reading matter and other encouragement. Out of the 267 graduates now living (9 have died) the school is in regular correspondence at present with 218 as well as with 11 undergraduates engaged in teaching.

Over forty of them havs been brought into correspondence with friends in the North who have sent them papers and and letters, and sometimes supplies, not as personal charity, but as helps to teaching. Some new light and pleasant impressions on both sides have come of this; we hope for more of it. You will see the value of these relations to intelligent earnest workers living among the poor and degraded.

We endeavor each year to reach the entire force that has left. Up to July, 1878, out of two hundred and twenty-two graduates but seventeen had failed to teach; of the last class numbering fifty-four, twenty-one have not taught because of the closing of public schools in this State. Forty-eight ex-students have engaged in teaching. Not less than 30,000 children have come under the instruction of Hampton graduates.

Unusually full reports have been received during the past term, extracts from which have been and are to be published in the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN." Their labors have extended beyond Virgiaia into West Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, and slightly into other States. There have been no grievances or "outrages." In common with those sent out on similar duty from other institutions they report an increasing appreciation of their work by all classes. The qualified and well-behaved negro teacher is received and treated well everywhere.

The common school system is deeply rooted and well championed in this and the adjacent States. In Virginia, in 1878, there were 4,545 free schools of which 1,146, were colored, with an average daily attendance of 34,300; 61,772 colored pupils were enrolled; 673 colored teachers were employed in the colored schools; the rest of the teachers being white. The average length of school session was 5.33 months.

There was a falliag off $250,000.00 of school revenue and the blacks lost as compared with the previous years eighty-four schools and 3,271 pupils. A greater loss is feared the current year.

In Norfolk, Va., ths city colored schools are taught by Hampton graduates; in Portsmouth, just opposite, by whites; females in both cases, and both are under excellent supervision by ex-confederate officers. Salaries are forty dollars a month, and are promptly paid. The sessions last ten months. In country schools, where the majority of graduates are employed, thera are serious difficulties. Short and unsatisfactory sessions of four to six months; pay at the rate of twenty to thirty dollars per month in warrants which are not cashed sometimes for a year, and sold at a discount of from ten to twenty-five per cent. are discouraging.

Owing to the present condition of Virginia finances, at least half of the public schools have been closed, and over a score of graduates anxious to teach, have gone nto service to maintain themselves.

City schools have not been so much affected. An improvement the coming year

The youngar onea are the best material to work upon, especially girls; the latas reminders of the needs of a noble but wronged people.

"A very encouraging improvement is noticed in one of the St. Augustine Indians who last year had several hemorrhages from the

City schools have not been so much affected. An improvement the coming year is hoped for. Were it not for a genuine desire to do their people good, a large number of our graduates would forsake this field for more comfortable situations in the North which are within their reach.

Then there are the trials which an intelligent worker must experience everywhere from the narrow minded and ignorant. The Hampton teacher is a radical among his own people, and often combats notions dear to those for whom he is laboring.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The methods of primary teaching introduced last year, by Col. F. N. Parker, Superintendent of Public Schools of Quincy, Mass., have been of great advantage to his class in their field work. He is expected to conduct an "institute" this year with the present graduating class, from May 26th to June 13th. He will give them rational and clear directions upon the raw material and difficult conditions they will deal with. He will teach them how to make school apparatus, charts, etc., when books are not not to be had; helping them to do the most with their time and opportunities. Miss Bullard, a former pupil of his, has conducted the "Butler" School on his plan the past year, making it a school of observation for the Seniors. Good primary teachers are the universal and paramount need of Southern free schools.

INDIANS.

At the last annual meeting, I reported the arrival in April 1878, of seventeen Cheyenne and Kiowa Indians, direct from Florida where they had been held for three years by the government, as prisoners of war, to be maintained here by private charity. Plans to secure more under government auspices were submitted to, and approved by you.

On the 5th day of November, 1878, forty-nine Indian youth, nine of them girls, were brought here, from the following named agencies in Dakota Territory, selected by Capt. R. H. Pratt, of the U. S. Army, under instructions from the department of Indian Affairs at Washington.

From Fort Berthold, nine boys and four girls.
From Standing Rock, three " " one "
From Cheyenne River, nine " " "
From Crow Creek, five " " one "
From Yankton, eight " " three "
From Lower Brule, six boys.

Their ages are from ten to twenty-two years. Over half of them had been to Ageney Schools, and could read and write in their own language. The government pays the school $167.00 per annum for the entire expense of each one, including clothing, board, instruction in the rudiments of knowlege, and in agriculture and the mechanic arts. The school agreed to provide the necessary buildings and outfit, which it has done. The Indian Cottage or "Wigwam" has so far cost $10,987.91. The cost of finishing two new corridors in Virginia Hall by contract for Indian girls was $1,800. besides furniture for the twenty new rooms.

I believe no one can doubt the wisdom of calling upon the public to do a share of the work for Indians. People will be interested in them only as they do something for them.

The large shop now building is in part for the mechanical instruction of Indians. For the first year at least, we will expend for Indians over two dollars for each one received from the public treasury. The gift of the fine stock and grazing farm of three hundred and thirty acres, "Shellbanks," five miles distant, was inspired by the need of Indian boys of experience in caring for stock. They will thus be fitted for what is the first step in the civilization of the wild tribes; raising cattle and horses.

It is proposed on our part to create every possible condition of success with the important experiment intrusted to us. Its significance was referred to by the President in his last Message, and by the Secretary of the Interior in his last Annual Report.

In view of our experience with Indian pupils, I would remark as follows:

The younger ones are the best material to work upon, especially girls; the latter from twelve to fifteen years of age. They are more pliant and more easily acclimated.

Coming utterly ignorant of English, accessible only through an interpreter, they have made excellent progress in their studies, in language especially; both sexes doing equally well, comparing in talent favorably with the brightest class of colored students. In the presence of visitors they are at a disadvantage; they are always reluctant to air their English; but their desire to learn it is most earnest. Their chief complaint is "too much Indian talk."

On the whole they take kindly to cold water and cleanliness, and to civilized ways; there are differences among them. To help them acquire our language and habits, each Dakota boy has a colored room-mate who is this voluntarily. In most cases there has sprung up a strong attachment between them, and as yet no hostility; the help to the Indians is invaluable. The Dakotas are ready to do the full share of cleaning and care of the room; they pick up words, ideas and habits, and thus get a tutoring to be had in no other way. Success as to contact of races seems complete.

Would the students of any white school in the country do as much for these wild Indians?

Upward of twelve per cent. of our colored students have Indian blood in their veins. The "Mattypony" and "Pamunkey" Indians on old reservations seventy miles from this place, are said to have forfeited their heritage because of absorption into the negro race.

Within three days after their arrival from the West, the Dakotas begged to have their hair cut in order to look like the rest. Long hair was their glory at home. This and many changes, not always on the surface, are due to atmosphere and indirect influence rather than to rules or teaching. At this point is the chief advantage to them of the Hampton School. The force of custom and habit is greater than that of mere regulations.

They have given up tobacco, and have nothing to do with liquor, though rum is for sale within three minutes' walk of their quarters.

They are reasonable, tractable. "They are like other young people," is the frequent remark of those who have to do with them. They have quick tempers, a few have bad dispositions, and trouble of some kind would not at any time be surprising.

They are mechanically quick, interested in tools, willing to work; not, as a rule, up to a full day's work, but some are. They will shirk when left alone. The idea of work is not in their brains or blood: they don't see the point of it or its relation to life. Good management is changing all this.

The question is not of their capacity, but of our capacity to understand them and step by step bring them up to proper ideas and habits. The danger is not of their, but of our failure.

The girls go to school five days each week, are taught sewing, household work, and are to be instructed in cooking and gardening.

The boys work on the farm, a few in shops, an entire day each week, and besides, are divided into squads so that each one works two hours daily for four days each week in the "training shop," under Mr. G. B. Starkweather, where they are taught the use of tools, and to work in wood, iron, tin and leather. Saturday is holiday, with free access to shops, where many resort voluntarily.

Our Indian youth are encouraged to practice and improve in their native art. Painting on paper, fans, and on pottery, brings them pocket money which keeps them cheerful.

The negro has the only American music; the Indian has the only American art.

I believe it to be a duty to preserve, and in a wise and natural way to develop both. The latter is curiously suggestive of ancient Egyptian or oriental styles. There is an oriental expression in the Indian's countenance.

Our Indian paintings are much sought after, and are doing good in many places, as reminders of the needs of a noble but wronged people.

The danger to this experiment is in the matter of health. The change from the cold bracing air of Dakota to this damp seaside air and lower latitude, is a risk. I am advised by an old Indian missionary to let the Indians be very lazy in the summer days. During the vacation, from June 15th to October 1st, we hope to encamp an Indian party for some weeks at "Shellbanks," which is situated beautifully upon a broad river, where they will have an outdoor life, light duty, such as care of stock, and abundant leisure and play.

I cannot do better here than quote from the "Southern Workman" for April from an article by Miss H. W. Ludlow; one of our Indian teachers:

"THE HEALTH QUESTION.

"It is well understood that the health question is a serious one in all efforts for the civilization of a race, so serious that it has been made the ground of argument against all attempts at Indian civilization, though if the race is doomed in any case, civilizing has the advantage at least of being a cheaper as well as more merciful means of extermination than starving and the horrors of Indian warfare.

There is no reason, however, why the effort to prepare them for the new conditions of life, which must inevitably overtake them with the extinction of the buffalo, and the settlement of the country, should not be as carefully guarded in the matter of health as the organization of the army or the navy is. Every one of the little fellows picked from the city streets for the training school which is doing such admirable work for the navy, is put through a rigorous medical examination before admission. Such selection is absolutely essential to any general success.

"The plan prescribed by the Department for Captain Pratt's journey to collect the Dakota students, provided no time or means for such examination, and what care he could take in selection was made to some extent unavailing by changes of minds and the necessity of taking what substitutes could be obtained at the last moment. There is cause for congratulation that the sanitary condition is, on the whole, as good as it is, to start with; though it is not as perfect as it should have been. It is only fair to future criticism to have it clearly understood.

"A thorough examination of the young men who arrived in November last, was made in March by the attending physician of the school. The following is a synopsis of his report:

"'I beg leave to submit the following report of my examination into the physical condition of the Indians,—

"*Class I.*

"A certain number may be classed together as in prime health. Strong; lungs and heart sound.

"[Nineteen names are given in this class.]

"There are some who would, doubtless, belong to this class, if it were not for some temporary and curable affection.

"[Six names are specified, the temporary affections being coughs, slight bronchitis, headache and back-ache. The coughs and slight bronchitis were sufficiently accounted for by the unusual severity of the winter, inducing a prevalence of such affections here as generally through the country, and all six seem to be in perfect health at present.]

"*Class II.*

"These are more delicate, and though not affected by any serious disease at present, examination shows that their lungs are weak. This class will not be likely to stand much exposure or hard work.

"[Eight names are grouped in this class, of whom the physician says:]

"These ought to be watched for symptoms of lung trouble, and put upon medical treatment, if necessary, early. I do not think they are in any great danger, but they are the ones who will probably need attention in the future.

"*Class III.*

"Under class third we may place those who are diseased in any permanent or chronic form. [Six names are in this list, the chief trouble being more or less weakness of the lungs, in some cases, however, so incipient that with this early understanding and care, it may be held in check.]

"J. T. BOUTELLE, M. D.'

"This report does not include the nine girls. They seem to belong in the first class, with two exceptions, one having been kept out of school a good deal by rheumatism, another showing tendency to erysipelas, evidently of long standing. The health of both these is improving.

"A very encouraging improvement is noticed in one of the St. Augustine Indians who last year had several hemorrhages from the lungs—the immediate result of a fall, renewing an old hurt received in the West."

Since the warm weather there is a general improvement in the health of our Indian pupils, though at least one cannot live much longer.

There is more tribal than race feeling. There was at first a little jealousy on one side and suspiciousness on the other.

Until the "Wigwam" was done, students were crowded uncomfortably.

Since all are well provided for, there have been no bad signs and many good ones, as to race feeling. On our rolls are the names of Chief's sons whose ancestors have been at perpetual war; yet no difficulty has occurred. This bodes good after the return of these students.

There is no contempt for the negro. A colored non-commissioned officer has more influence over a Dakota Indian than has a Cheyenne of like position. The boys of different tribes don't like to be controlled by each other. I think they can in time be got over this.

I believe that a colored school, on the labor plan, offers better conditions for educating Indians than any others. Both races need similar methods.

There has been a very active correspondence in their native language between our Indian pupils and their friends in Dakota, resulting in a lively interest among parents and friends there, and a desire on the part of many to come here.

Each month every Indian's record is made up on a card and sent to his people through the Agent, with good effect, I am informed.

These pupils are practically hostages; their being here is a peace measure. We are not dealing with peace ful Indians, for then it would be no experiment. Over half of the 250,000 Indians in America are domesticated.

Our work is upon a wild, fighting people, who have refused peace and are trained for war. But while their children are at school they will not fight; so I am told on good authority.

In getting more Indians, the point made at the last annual meeting was the need of girls to offset the young men, for relapse was inevitable should they return home to mate themselves with savages.

Capt. Pratt was instructed to secure twenty-five girls and twenty-five boys from the upper Missouri, but according to his report to the Commissioner of Indian affairs:

"The girls from this (Cheyenne River) Agency were at the last moment led to abandon their intention through the prejudices against the Hampton Institute as a colored institution, existing in the minds of the educators at the Agency, which the officer who had undertaken the task of getting them ready found impossible to overcome in the short time at his disposal. I found this prejudice more or less at the several other agencies below, and with like effect as to girls." There is reason to believe that a different feeling caused chiefly by the letters that have passed, now prevails.

A serious objection on the part of Indians sending their girls away was that the girls do the drudgery and can't be spared. They do not miss their sons who are idle when not on the war path.

Our work for Indians is imperfect in the want of girls and in the physical weakness as above reported of many of the young men whose selection was hurried. It is a wonder, under the circumstances, that so good a class was brought. Some mortality among these youth may be expected, and should not be charged wholly to the attempt to educate them.

The want of girls should, I think, be remedied. I would recommend that the Trustees address to the Secretary of the Interior a statement of the facts and a request that twenty more Indian girls be sent here to be educated. There is not room for more than twenty more.

ENDOWMENT.

For several years I have urged the immediate need of an endowment fund of not less than two hundred thousand dollars ($200,000), the income of which

should meet, in part, annual expenses, which with 315 students (mostly board-

CAPT. JOHN HAMPDEN CHAMBERLAYNE, editor of that vigorous, independent and

term is four years, the members of the Lower House are elected for only two years; hence, in the middle of every Presidential term.

idiocies, and go to work filling up what we can all see, is a Constitutional "Hole in the Sky."

T. T. B.

should meet, in part, annual expenses, which, with 315 students (mostly boarders, the cash value of whose labor payments is 30 per cent. less than the amount credited) and 21 teachers, and all incidentals, amounts to $35,000 a year.

With the State aid of ten thousand dollars ($10,000) a year, the income from our small fund, and permanent annual subscriptions, one-half the needed amount may be considered as secure.

For the rest, much time and strength must he expended. For a good part of it there is a reasonable expectation, which is met in a surprising degree by the continued generosity of friends.

The income from a fund of $200,000 would lighten n hurden that is heavy, and reduce the risks to the school from accidents or misfortunes that a work like this should not benr.

IN GENERAL.

The military department under Capt. Henry Romeyn, commandant, has been very satisfactory. Students have been drilled, without arms, and an improved bearing is manifest.

It has been an aid to the school discipline, to the safety of its property, and has reached into details of daily life and conduct.

A good uniform has beeu adopted, and furnished as it could be paid for. It is popular, and is the best and cheapest suit they can get. One hundred and thirty suits have been made in our Industricl room, costing students from $7.50 to $12.00 apiece.

The School Band, under the charge of Mr. John E. Fuller, has attained a proficiency highly creditable to its leader.

The housekeeping and boarding department is in better condition than ever before.

The cooking class is deferred till next year. Gardening for girls is important and will, if possihle, be commenced the following session.

There was awarded to the Exhibit of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute nt the Paris Exhibition of 1878, a handsome gold medal which has just come to hand.

Owing to its unhealthfulness, it was deemed best to dispose of the cotton farm "Wildwood," which was reported upon last year. It was, besides, too remote to be under the care of the administration here. While the price realized was moderate, it was, on the whole, a satisfactory transaction.

The Rev. John H. Denison, late of New Britain, Conn., pastor of Bethesda Church (undenominational), which the majority of students and officers attend, has done most acceptable service. Students of all classes, including Indians, show genuine interest in the conduct of life and in religious matters.

I nm glad to acknowledge the services of the Rev. J. J. Gravatt, rector of St. John's Church at Hampton, in taking charge of the spiritual interests of the Indians from the agencies under Episcopal care. They will thus return to their homes in full accord with the methods and teachings which will prevail about them.

Relations with the State are in all directions satisfactory. There has been no change in the Board of Curators appointed hy the Governor in behalf of the State.

Tho institution was formally complained of to the Legislature for interfering with local (Hampton) interests hy reason of its industrial operations, but without injury to its character or standing. The most intelligent element in the community, without sectional distinction, made public vindication in a handsome way.

I am more than ever convinced of the sincere interest in, and appreciation of of this hy Virginians and other Southerners, judging from the treatment of graduates, the cordiality of the press, and public officers, and hy letters from some of her best and ahlest men of this and other States.

I invite your attention to the accompanying reports of the heads of the sevsral departments which show a year of progress.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, PRINCIPAL.

CAPT. JOHN HAMPDEN CHAMBERLAYNE, editor of that vigorous, independent and progressive journal, the Richmond *State*, has accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures at Hampton Institute upon the History of Virginia. Personal reasons will postpone the course until next fall, but Capt. Chamberlayne visited the school on the 25th and made a short address to the students. He told them of his long and cordial friendship to the school and the Southern Workman, and sympathy with the cause they represent; and, speaking, as he well may, as a representative of the governing power in the State and of the public sentiment which he has done so much to mould, he assured them that the Virginian white people believe in colored education—in universal education,—while a few talk against public schools, it is only a few; while some think Mr. A. oughtn't to be taxed to keep Mr. B.'s child in school, which seems a fair statement enough at first glance, the body of the people can see far enough to understand that that is cheaper for Mr. A. than to be taxed to keep Mr. B.'s child in jail; and further than that, the body of the people have heart and conscience enough to feel that they owe a hounden duty to its citizens to see that there shall he no one in it in ignorance. The people believe in common schools, and the State will foster them in the future as she has in the past to an immense amount.

A CONSTITUTIONAL "HOLE IN THE SKY."

The wisdom of the framers of our Constitution has, for more than a century, challenged the admiration of the world:—that thirteen Eoglish colonies could successfully declare and maintain themselves independent of Great Britain, was a surprise; but that their public men should be able to form a democratic republican goverement, that should last more than a century, has been and is, a still greater surprise.

At the close of the revolotion, the thirteen colonies were mutually jealous, or to say the least, had only a half-hearted confidence in one another. This condition of the public mind is clearly visihlo all through the constitution; it is a series of checks and counter-checks; admirable in itself, but resulting in a system, where responsibilities are divided. Tha framers of tha constitution recognized that they were to frama a government for a very jealous, very practical people, and that tha republic at which they aimed, was to he a republic of men, not of angels. In this suhordination of the ideal, and the regarding American citizens as they were, and not as they ought to he, "the Fathers" avoided the rock, on which so many attempts at republic making have split. Still, they could not banish from their minds the ideal of a perfect republic, wherein the executive, the legislative, and judicial branches of tha government would he perfectly independent of one another. The Constitution hints at a recognition of this idcal; indeed, in theory, the three hranches are entirely distinct and indefore them; consequently with a liva interest pendent; but in practice, every one at times trenches on the domain of the other. A majority of the legislative hranch can pass any hill, yet the veto of tha executiva can pravent its becoming a law: still, two-thirds of the legislative hranch can pass such a hill in spite of the President's veto; and, furthermore, tha Supreme Court can declare such a law, or any other, null and void: still further, ha it remembered, that tha gentlemen who sit on the Supreme Bench, are creatures of the Executive. All this interweaving and interlaciog of powers is only a development of the idea, that the beginnings and endings of all powers are vested in the people. Purely democratic as is this idea, it results in no branch having undivided responsihility.

Wonderful as was the fabric the framers wrought, remarkahle as was their foresight,—it was still human work, and hence not perfect. We know we cannot maka it perfect, for tha absolute is beyond us; we also know that constantly changing the processes of goverament is dangerous; neverthelcss, only hide-hound ignorance insists on having all things remain as they are, and talks ahont its heing a sacrilege, to attempt to improve on the work of "the Fathers." The all-pervading idea of our government is Union: and Djsunion could take no more ugly form, than a direct conflict hetween the Executive and Legislative Branches would exhibit. Such a condition of affairs can very easily arise, and our Constitution provides no means of loosening such a "dead lock" as would result. This I call a Constitutional "Hole in the Sky." Tha Presidential term is four years, the members of tha Lower House are elected for only two years; hence, in the middle of every Presidential term, there is a chance of the Presidential chair heing filled hy a man of one political faith, while a majority of the Representatives may he of another. A majority of Congress has a perfect right to pass what hills they please, and in what form they please; the President has an equal right to veto them: and unless the majority in Congress he two-thirds, a dead lock will at once ensue. Both branches of the government might he perfectly sincere, and each honestly believe the other to he wrong; hut, nevertheless, their integrity would neither loosen the dead-lock, nor save the country from the possibility of disunion. The President could not dissolve Coogress, and it could adjourn from day to day until the expiration of its term: neither could Congress impeach the President for doing his duty. There is no tribunal, save the sovereign People, hefore which such a difference could he adjusted, and almost two years would have to clapse hefore the question could he thus adjusted.

In England, owiog to the plan of "changing ministries," the councils of the executive and the legislative branch cannot loog be at variance. With us, it is possible that such a variance last two years. This is a grave defect in our government, and should at once he remedied: for every defect grows more dangerous, as the country grows larger; and any way, it is easier to guard against a fire, than extinguish it, if it once gets under way. An amendment to the Constitution is necessary to remedy this defect, whereby tha term of office of the President would be made to coincida with the term of office of the Members of the Lower House. Wida differences of opinion would no douht exist as to the hest way of accomplishing this result; hut in whatever way it was settlied, it would he an improvement on the present condition of things. Soma people would favor the leogthening of the Coogressional term: others would prefer the shortening of the Presidential term: whila others still, might think it hest to make both terms cover three years.

There is a good deal of twaddle talked ahout the patriotism of the American people risiog superior to party, and carrying the country safely through such a crisis. Against a foreign foc, the patriotism of this, or any other country, can he relied upon, to do a great many wonderful things: such performances call for patriotism in the ahstract, when men are called upon to sink partisanship, sectional feelings, and cherished convictions, hut few men anywhere can he found equal to the task. It is surely wise to so conduct affairs, that there will be no necessity of calling upon so etherial a force as patriotism in the ahstract.

So much for what ought to be done: and now as to when will he the best time to do it. In addition to quoting the trite adage "There is no time like the present," it may he urged, that the country, at this very hour, needs soma national issue, on which parties may divide, and which will afford an opportunity of "blowing off" political steam. Party lines are just now inextricably mixed; the policy of at least one-half of the Democratic party, on tha minor and moiibund issues, is not tha policy of the other half: and the Republican party is under no hetter discipline. As a result, we find the leaders of hoth parties, forced to the extremity of raising the ghosts of dead issues, and making them squeak and gibher at an uninterested people. All citizens would rejoica in having some live political issne hein it: they would welcome such, as a happy relief, as a pleasant change, from the present rattling of marrowless hones.

What tha people want most (in hoth senses of the word want) is a National issue: sectional issues arc dead, and should ba huried. With a National issue, we should hear no more ahout "solid South," nor "solid North," and tha rising generations might be made to believe that soma political questions were not bounded hy geographic lines. The questions, about which partisans now wrangle, are so trivial, that the mock heroics, in which hoth sides indulge, are almost laughahle. To hear tha South, with the record for valor that is hers, declara she is afraid to face United States troops, with tha odds of 50,000 to one in her favor! Is it not ahaurd? Shades of Lee and Jackson, do not listen to it. Equally ahaurd is it, to see the leaders on the other side, pretend to shiver at the idea of a "solid South." What has tha country to fear from the South, even if she he "solid?" And what is more, no impartial, intelligent man can go through the South, and not be convinced, that the South is a great deal more solid in Congress than anywhere else. The extreme of one party completely overshadowing a second, has been followed as usual by the complete overshadowing of tha first hy the second; and the next swing of the political pendulum will probahly hring it nearer to an cquilihrinm. Let the peopla insist that tha politicians stop drivelbng political idiocies, and go to work filling up what we can all see, is a Constitntiooal "Hole in the Sky."

T. T. B.

THE following letter is hy a former student of the Hampton Institute, a reliable and worthy man who writes from a village in Eastern North Carolina not a hundred miles from Hampton. He has been advised that the cost of going West for a small company would huy for them a good cheap farm in many places in North Carolina or Virginia, where the whites would be only too glad to convert their land into money, and not refuse colored customers. A diligent search for a suitahle place would not fail of success.

May 26, 1879.

General, Dear Sir:—

I am glad to have this opportunity of writing you a few lines. My main object of writing to you is to find out about the Western question. All of my people are anxious to go West. Is it good for them or not? They have worked very hard since the war and made nothing at all. All do their work year hy year, and are in debt every year; and they have decided to go West if they can get good authority, such as you and other good men that understand the question.

General, these black people are worse off now than they were in slavery. I will tell you my reasons for saying so. These Southerners do not give any one black man a chance to huy land or anything else, without a large profit—so high that the negro can never pay for it and feed his family too. I engaged to huy a piece of land hera at my own home, hut I will give up huying it if I think I can do better in the West or Africa. The colored people must take their own business in hand. There is plenty of unoccupied land down South, hut the negro cannot get it after working so hard. Please write me a letter that I can read in public and let the people know all about it. There are two or three men getting up crowds to go West. Is it to their benefit or not?

In regard to my teaching, I think I have been doing good in every day and Sunday-school. It is most time for my summer school to commence. I am a man of family now; I was married Dec. 19, 1878. I do not know what to write you about these poor colored people. *Very* few of them own land, and the white people will not sell them land; they do this in order to get the labor of the negro.

Oh! many thanks for all the papers which I have received from H., especially the *Educational Journal*.

Crops are looking splendid, especially cotton crops. I am a teacher and a farmer, doing all the good I can in all the ways I can. Excuse my long letter. Let me know what you think of the labor question.

Yours truly, E. C.

WE ARE happy to announce the promise of three tracts for the Hampton Tract Series, from the eminent and widely known advocates of Social Sanitary Science, Dr. Stephen Smith and Dr. Elisha Harris of New York city, and Dr. A. M. Shew, head of the State Asylum for the Insane, Middletown, Conn.

The cordial consent of these distinguished gentlemen to give their names and labor to the Hampton Tracts, shows how the necessity of the effort is estimated hy leading thinkers upon social science.

We had expected to begin the issue of the promised tracts before now, hut the nrduous public duties of these active philanthropists increased of late hy the organization of the National Sanitary Commission, oblige them to postpone the work for a while. And as for the months of July—Oct. the WORKMAN is reduced to its old eight page size, the publication of the Hampton Tracts in it will be discontinued until November.

The series as nt present ready, are as follows:

No. I, The Health Laws of Moses.
No. II, Prevsntable Dessase.
No. III, Dnty of Teachers.
No. IV. Who Found Jamie?
No. V, A Haunted Honse.
No. VI, Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform.
No. VII, The Rights of the Body.
No. VIII, The Two Breaths.

Send to G. P. Putnam's Son's, Naw York, or to Hampton Institnte, Price 8cts., 100 $5.00, 1,000 $40.00.

REPORTS BY HAMPTON GRADUATES.

I teach the girls at tha Bute St. school. I have girls in my grade from eleven to eight-

make the following extract, is one of the older graduates who can remember the

myself this is trial and trihulation. I had but ona more thing to do, and that was to hutton

REPORTS BY HAMPTON GRADUATES.

We continue in this number, the reports which the Hampton graduates have recently been requested to send to the friends to whom they originally wrote their "scholarship letters."

A contribution of $70 for a year—or $210 for the three years' course—to Hampton, is called a scholarship, being the estimated expense of a student's schooling. His board, washing and such personal expenses are met by himself, at the rate of $10 a month, paid, on an average, half in work, and half in cash.

Every contributor of a scholarship to Hampton, is put into direct communication with the student to whose benefit the gift is applied, receiving a letter from the young man or woman, giving some account of previous life and experiences in the struggle for education. These letters are called scholarship letters, and have proved a very efficient means of deepening the interest and sympathy of many in the people with whose life and efforts they are thus brought face to face. This interest has continued often for years, as is shown by frequent inquiries after the progress of *their* students after leaving school and going out into the field of work for which it was meant to prepare them. To meet such inquiries, many of the 218 graduates with whom we are in communication at present were requested recently to write again to those who had thus assisted them, and give some account of themselves and their work. In response to this request, a great number of letters have been received which would be of interest to many besides those to whom they were addressed, who will no doubt have no objection to sharing them. They are given without correction.

COUNTY AND CITY SCHOOLS.

The experiences of the graduate teacher in county and city schools are given in striking contrast by a young woman who has done good work in both:

NORFOLK, VA., *March* 21, '79.

Kind Sir:—

You may remember that I wrote to you in '74. I graduated that year. Since my graduation I have taught three different schools.

I found teaching quite different from going to school. I wish you could have seen my first school-house. It was an old log hut. The chimney was laid upon boards which rested on the rafters. Whenever we had a good fire, the boards would catch fire. The clay that was between the logs would fall out and leave holes large enough for a dog to get through. I had about sixty pupils. I found them quite earnest workers. They studied very hard and behaved nicely. I found it pleasant work to teach them. I taught a term of four months and left with much sorrow. I have never become so much attached to any school since.

The next school I taught was in a church. The school board paid the colored people five dollars a month for the use of it. We had no school furniture whatever. It was a frame building, with neither doors nor windows yet. I opened school the first of January without a stove. Some days it was so cold that I had to let the children make a fire out of doors and sit on the logs to keep warm. We succeeded in getting a stove about the first of March.

About this time, a kind friend in Ashland, Mass., sent me ten dollars, which I expended on this unfinished building, hanging doors, putting in windows, etc. After we got everything straight, warm weather came, and we got along nicely until the term ended. Through this same friend, some ladies sent me a barrel of clothes for my scholars, which I found very acceptable. As my school-house set in the woods, I had frequent visits from the snakes and lizards in that vicinity.

My scholars seemed to learn rapidly. At the end of this term, June, '76, I left them. I hear from them every little while; they are still going on.

During my vacation I received an appointment to a public school in Norfolk. When I came here to be examined, I found five other teachers. All passed the examination and received a certificate.

There are eight colored schools in the city, all taught by colored teachers, five of whom are graduates of Hampton. Six schools are in one building on North St., and two in the house on Bute St. The boys and girls are taught separately. In the North St. school-house we have the primary schools, and the intermediate grades and the lower grammar grades. The Bute St. school has the higher grammar grade. The rectors of our school are students of Howard University.

I teach the girls at the Bute St. school. I have girls in my grade from eleven to eighteen. I teach reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, U. S. History, and natural philosophy. My girls do well for their chances, for most of them have no help at home and yet they study very hard. We have an examination every five months. We teach ten months, from the 1st of September to the 30th of June. I have two girls at school in Washington, and five or six at Hampton, all doing very well, I am told.

I find that school-teaching is like everything else; it has its drawbacks; but there is nothing that I like so well. I only wish that my education was more complete, that I might be able to do more good in the world. I study some and try to improve myself all I can, as I cannot afford to go to school now.

Hoping that you may not think education wasted on all of the colored people,

I am yours, most respectfully, M.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE SUPERINTENDENT.

Another young woman, teaching in one of the same set of schools, adds this pleasant testimony to the kindness of the Superintendent, (an ex-Confederate Brigadier General), whose interest in the colored schools and their teachers is often witnessed to by the Hampton graduates:

"We have a very kind Superintendent, who visits the schools twice a month and sometimes more. Our salary is $40 a month, always paid promptly by the 15th of the following month after due, which is very good, as most of the country school teachers have to wait for their money so long."

TEACHER, PREACHER AND CARPENTER—A CIRCUIT WALKER.

The good grit and true missionary spirit of the writer of the following letter will be appreciated by all who admire the heroic pioneer preachers of the West. Just such men are needed all through the South as well:

BIG LICK, ROANOKE CO., VA., *April* 18, '79.

Esteemed Friend:—

Yours of March 7th requested me to do what I was just intending to do. You must excuse me for not writing sooner. My school was about out and it kept me very busy to prepare for its examination and exhibition which came off the 11th inst., and I think was very nice. I was also about *eighteen miles from where any stationery could be obtained*, which kept me from writing till now.

I was teaching in Franklin Co., Va. I am also Pastor of three Missionary Baptist churches which are five, ten and eighteen miles from where I taught, which imposed upon me a very hard task. All of these points had to be promptly met and are in a very mountainous country. It is traveled on foot. After the close of my school on the 11th, I preached on Sunday, after walking about fifteen miles on Saturday, and then walked six miles and preached on Sunday night, and on Monday morning I went to Rocky Mount at Franklin Court House, and back Tuesday, the distance of sixteen miles.

And after all, I got no money. The treasurer told me he had no money, and had not finished paying for the year '77.

The school that I taught only paid me fifteen dollars per month. The trustees said they had not the money to pay any more.

I could have gotten twenty-five dollars at the school that I taught the previous term at thirty dollars, but as they were anxious to have me teach and had no school of consequence, I agreed to teach the school for seventy-five dollars, which I did and had a nice and pleasant session.

I have been teaching ever since I left Hampton. In 1874, I worked at the carpenter's trade during the summer, and in the fall I taught a six months' term. In the spring of '75 I commenced exhorting, and was licensed (to preach) June 12, '75, by the church I belonged to. I continued to teach and preach, till in March, '77, the church called a Presbytery of Elders who ordained me to the full work of the ministry; and I have been doing all I can ever since for the upbuilding of my people. I have taught every year since and studied harder than I did while in school, trying to sustain my title of Elder. I have a few scattered books of different kinds. The best are four volumes of T. Fuller's works and an Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. I expect to devote my whole life to this work, if the Lord will help me. B.

TROUBLE OVER.

THE writer of the letter from which we make the following extract, is one of the older graduates who can remember the war and slavery time from which we are allpping so fast away. His first effort to write a scholarship letter three months after he entered the school, was so perfectly illegible that no one was able to decipher a single word of it. He studied hard and has made a man of himself. It is pleasant to hear that his troubles seem to be over.

———, N. C., *March* 21, 1879.

"About troubles, I have not had any since I have been teaching either with parents or outsiders. If anything, I have gained friends. I will give you a little sketch of my life. I was sold four times. All of my owners were very bad to me. I did not have any chance of learning anything in a book, I did not know my brothers and sisters, not until after the civil war. My father heard of me in the time of war, and he thought after the war he would try to find me. He heard of me living in Georgia, so he sent an inquiring letter to see if he could not find me. I am proud to say he was successful. Oh I was so glad to hear of my dear father and mother whom I had been away from so long. My father and mother are both living, right at the same place they were living when I was sold from them.

Several of the colored people own land down here."

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Most colored graduates take to teaching as their natural vocation, but sometimes it seems "best to begin with a little aversion" and find the hills on the first of the road. The spirit rises to meet the emergency, and success is deserved and all the sweeter, as it has proved to the young man who writes the following graphic description of his experiences in the mountains of Virginia.

ACCOMAC CO., VA., *March* 21*st*, 1870.

Dear Friend:

I graduated from Hampton in '76, and since my graduation, I am happy to say, I have been engaged in teaching. Before leaving school, I had an idea that I would abhor teaching and that I would seek other employment. I spent my summer at Saratoga, and when I arrived at Hamptos in the fall a lady friend of mine informed me that she had a school for me, and that I must accept, for she had sent in my name as an applicant. I soon decided to try it one term at least. I went South to see my parents. I had not seen them for four years, and after spending only four days with them I had a letter saying for me to report to Pulaski Co., Va., for a school at once. I left the following morning to commence my new work. I arrived at Pulaski Co., saw the Co. Supt. and he told me that I could not open school for 16 days. I waited patiently 12 days, and then decided to go down to the place where I was to teach, four days beforehand so as to give the people notice. It was twelve miles by the railroad. When I arrived it was about 5 o'clock P. M.

TOO YOUNG.

I saw a few colored men at the depot. I told them I was sent as their teacher. I noticed they examined me very closely; and I soon heard one say to the other, "Why, he is too young, he is nothing but a boy; he can't teach our children." One of them came and asked me my age; I told him 18. I asked him who the leading colored man was. He told me who was mostly interested in school matters. I started for the man's house. I asked his wife for her husband, and she informed me that he was off hunting for his hogs, but if I went to the next neighbor's he could give me some information. I thanked her and went as I was directed, and I was informed that, that gentleman wasn't home, he had gone to "hunt for his hogs." I went to another house and to my astonishment *that* man had gone to "hunt for *his* hogs."

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS.

I became discouraged. I met two men and I asked if they knew where I could be accommodated for the night, that I was the school teacher, and did not know where to go. They told me that they could not tell me. One said he would take me in, but his wife was sick. It was now half-past six o'clock. I went back to the depot and the Agent told me the next train would not pass till three o'clock in the morning, and as it was nothing but a flag station she might not stop. I began to think I was not the one to be a school teacher. I said to myself this is trial and tribulation. I had but one more thing to do, and that was to button up my coat and walk twelve miles back to ———. I soon started on my lonesome journey. It was all among the mountains; something that I was not used to, I had some fearfully dark railroad cuts to pass through, and was frightened all of the time. I arrived at about 9 o'clock. I had two lonesome miles through the heart of the mountains to tramp further, and I felt I had rather do anything than to walk it alone. I tried to hire a conveyance, but everything seemed to be occupied.

GHOSTS AND CATAMOUNTS.

I saw a colored man and I asked him if he would go with me a little way, that I was a school-teacher, and a stranger, and if he would go, I would pay him the sum he charged. He remarked "I would not go that road to night as dark as it is, for five dollars, for it is dangerous, there is often *something seen*." I said "what?" "Ghosts" he said. "Oh, I am not afraid of ghosts. I am afraid of wild animals and such like." But I saw that I should have to go alone, so I started. I got almost three-quarters of a mile in the mountains, when while looking on the right hand side, I heard something on my left. I looked, and there, within about six feet of me, was a huge animal called a catamount; it was eating a bone. I saw it first and quickly jumped behind a tree. It came into the road, looked as though it knew something was about, then went back to eat its meat. I jumped from tree to tree until I had a chance to run, and that I did. I arrived safely in ———, about 10 o'clock, the next day. I told the Superintendent to please write and get me a boarding place. He did so, and I am happy to say I enjoyed my school exceedingly after I commenced. I began to feel as though there was a great work for me to do; as soon as I saw my race's great need of education, I put both hands to the plow and now I love my teaching a great deal more than I ever expected, although I have never gone back to ——— since. The fall of '77 I was sent on Eastern Shore, Va., where I am now. When I arrived there, I hadn't any trouble.

REMEMBERING THEIR COLONEL.

On Sunday morning I went to church. I spoke to the people and told that I was from Hampton, and that Gen'l. Armstrong sent me as their teacher. As soon as I spoke his name, one of the pillars of the church said, "my brother, who did you say sent you?" I repeated my words. That was sufficient. He got up and said—"Brothers and sisters, I know Gen'l. Armstrong; he's a great, good man. He was my Colonel in the army, and he is spending his life for you and me, and if he sent you I know you are a good teacher." After such I was welcomed and they asked all about their Colonel and I had several to send their love to him. I never had any trouble. I had a fine school.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND TEMPERANCE.

I soon organized a Sunday School, and invited old and young. Boys and young men, who had spent their Sundays playing marbles, began to come to Sunday-school, and now I have organized two others near me; one five miles from mine and the other twelve miles. I expect to visit one to-morrow as. A friend in Boston sent books and papers, and I have divided them among them so as to get them all started as well as possible. Also I have a temperance society in my Sabbath school which has sixty on roll. It is very seldom I see a colored man intoxicated. In fact, I don't remember seeing one in two years, but nearly every Saturday, you can see some white men drunk. I have gained the respect of all. I have nearly as many whites to come to me as colored. I have taught here nearly six months, and Virginia seems as if she can't pay her debts. I haven't had one cent of pay as yet, and I think it is doubtful about my getting it soon without a discount of about 25 per cent. My school will close April 14th, after which time I will take my departure. I will go to visit Hampton and then start North somewhere to get employment for the summer. I had to leave my Sunday School, but I have a Superintendent who I hope will discharge his duties during my absence. I will close for fear of worrying you.

A GOOD NAME TO FIGHT UNDER.

I am truly glad that I was ever a member of Hamptou school. The State of Virginia is feeling her good so much, if a student is from Hampton school, as soon as he tells it, the word Hampton fights a battle for him, and I always take pleasure in telling that I am a Hampton student. I do believe that every other graduate from tha Institute feels greatly indebted to the friends who supported them, and we will try and show them that their time and money have been spent to some advantage towards the promotion of the colored race.

Hoping to hear from you any time,

I am yours sincerely, M.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

THE QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE.

"Don't you have trouble in controlling the Indians? How do you manage them?" These are questions frequently asked.

Soon after the arrivsl of the rather wild looking set of long-haired and blanketed Dakotas, five or six of the officers of the school bad occasiou to visit a farm in the neighborbood, and rnde out to it together, on horseback. The progress of the unusual cuvalcade through Hampton was sufficient to start a rumor which had some circulation, that the noble red men had all fled to the woods, and the valiant officials taken the war-path in pursuit. Similar rumors were not uncommon in St. Augustine while the Indian prisoners were there, I understand.

The question of discipline, though without the populnr fear of concealed tomahawks und scalping knives, was from the first, indeed, the subject of some anxiety.

With the colored student, the strongest possible influence that can he brought to hear is suspension or expulsion from the advantages for which his chances are so few and so highly prized. A refractory Indian, on the contrsry, cannot be sent a thousand miles home to his woods—perhaps if he could he, he would not object—nor turned adrift for awhile in the school of experience. A guard-house was established with the military organization of the school, and accepted by the student cadets as a feature of military discipline not too degrading to the self-respect of an American citizen. The St. Augustine prisoners of war had, of course, grown somewhat familiar with it in Florida. But howit would suit the constitution of these children of the wilderness was n question, and with their conviction against physical coercion of any kind, the school officers would find it hard to be at last shut up to it.

The first case fnr discipline among the newcomers was therefore looked for with some anxiety, It camo in the person of one of the brighter half of Dakota youug men, who, attracted hy the novelty of the workshop, stayed awey from a class two days in succession, to slip in with the working squad out of his own hours. Admonished therefor, he proceeded to show his independence und revenge himself upon the teacher hy "cutting" the same class several more successive recitations. In the temporary absence of the interpreter at Washington, it was thought hest to dsley any further notice of the case until there could be a thorough understanding. As soon as the interpreter returned, the young man was called to an interview with his teacher, and after a quiet talk acknowledged that he had been wrong and, promised to do right in future.

That it was only a potched up peace and he bad been let off too easily was soon shown, however, hy his very deliberetely breakiug his promise. The case had then, of course, to be reported to the Principal, with some anxiety and uncomfortable recalling of conventional ideas as to Indian powers of holding out. All the Indian boys were brought together in their awa assembly room, and the delinquent called out before the Principal, Commandant and teacher who had reported him. The Principal explained the case to the students, who, like eny other set of school-boys, most virtuously agreed in condemning their comrade's fault. The offender, allowed to speak for himself, made no excuse whatever and acknowledged himself in the wrong. But when he was told thet though he had broken one promise, this heing the first time he had heen reported, no further notice would be taken of his fault, if he now agreed to return to his duty and give no further trouble, an ominous silence followed. Perhaps three minutes passed, and tho young brave stood with flushed face growing darker every mament, a picture of grim determination. He was quietly told that he was not desired to answer till he could do so from the heart, and that he might take the next day to think of it, going neither to his classes, work or play, or to his meals which would be brought to him. If he could not come to a right decision in one dny, he might reflect upon it the next day in the limits of his own room. The sentence was carried out, and happily one day's meditation was sufficient. When sent for to the Principal's offico at its close, he came with a very different face, and desired the interpreter to say that his heart was good and he had thrown all the bad away. His conduct ever since has thus fnr confirmed his declaration. In further conversation he expressed a desire to he given a room outside of the Indinn cottage, so that he might hear more English. While his wish was granted, he was warned that disobedience and neglect of duty would stand directly in the way of his learning English, as he had found it to do for a day.

I have gone into these details simply hecause it may be regarded as a test case. Others may need some ingenuity of treatmeat, but it is very satisfactory to find that the young braves are susceptible to moral suasion, and particularly to such a worthy motive as the desire to get on in English.

It is only fair to say that the general spirit manifested among them has heen of docility and interest in their study and work, and there hasb een no trouhle of any account with any of them.

INDIAN SMOKING.

When the first seventeen Indian students arrived at Hampton in April, 1878, they were notified tbat they must, while at the school, give up smoking. They came in company with the entire hand of sixty-two from St. Augustine, Fla., where they had been held as prisoners of war for over threo years; the latter being on their way to their old home in the Indian Territory; and the studeuts could go home with them if they preferred the "weed" to the school. Each one, after muture deliheration, with a sigu and a grunt signified his pledge aot to use tobacco.

The following incident illustrates their fidelity:

In December the officer of the guard reported having found Soaring Eagle smoking, and S. E. was called to account. He said, "Yes; I smoke." His attontion was called to the promise to give up smoking, made when he first arrived at the school. He replied in a sad, earnest manner, "I have not forgot, — ——! I have not forgot." "Then why did you smoke?" was asked. He replied, "Long time me little boy, I smoke all time. Sometime uot eat, long time hungry, I smoke, aot hungry. Me sick, I smoke, uot sick. Just now a little sick, I smoke. I do not forget." There is no evidence that he bes violated his pledge a secon time.

THE CHARM OF A BOOK.

The mystery of "the paper that talks" has always been attractive to the redmen. They are very eager to get a book into their hands and naturally impatient of preliminsry steps. "If I cannot read when I gn home, my people will laugh at me," said a young brave. The letters received from the agencies show thet their friends are as eager as they are. This very excellant ambitinn is taken advantage of as far as possible. The only trouble is that primary reading books are so well adapted to little children that they are less useful for older minds, and it is thought better to give them, in part at least, lessons from the board on words and phrases which come into direct use in their daily life. With this practice they are making very marked progress, apparent to all who watch them from week to week, though their great natural shyness and reserve makes them a not very reliahle class to show to company.

To furnish them with a more nourishing mental diet than the children's readers supply, leaflets have been provided speciely for the most advanced class, with short historical anecdotes, facts of science, and simple Bible teachings. These aro read with interest. But after all, they have not quite the charm of books. The gretitude of the Floridas, when a geogrephy was first given to them after they had been taught orally from ueps for some months, was really touching. As fast as they can make them of use, other books will be provided for all. Meanwhile, the first and second and third readers are assiduously pondered. This worship of a book is not confined to the Indians. The object-lessnns given to the little childreu of the Butler School this winter by a trained teacher from Col. Parker's famous schools in Quincy, Mass., have proved quite trying to the faith and peticnce of some of the parents, who thought because the little ones did not bring home books to study, they could not ho learning anything.

LETTERS HAME.

A letter we published last month from a lady teacher at Fort Berthold Agency, remarked, "I think Arahotchklah's father will have the hysterics when he gets Ara's first letter." Perhaps this forswarning may save the old man from such an attack, but a letter is ready for him. Monthly reports of general standing in work, study and conduct and condition of health are sent home for each student from Dakota. On the back of each report card is "room for remarks," usually filled up by some teacher; but the last time a happy thought occurred to some one, that it would be a pleasant thing for the students to write a few words themselves, which they are now for the first time able to do. They seized tbis idea with great delight, and had a very "heppy meeting" in the school hours devoted to it. The phrases are, of course, such as they have been learning to use for some time, and there is no great variety in the letters. Still, they chose from them themselves, and re-combined them to some extant, and no one, I think, said anything he did not understand and mean.

Here is Ara's:—

"I nm Arihotchksah. I like to go to school. I can speak English a little. I am very well. I like workshop. I like Hampton school."

INDIAN BOYS AT HAMPTON.

This group of the smallest Indian boys from Dakota, was taken just after they were brought to Hampton Institute, Novembor, 1878. Their names and tribes aro as follows beginning each line from left to right, the first three, second two, and third one on the stool.

Daniel Chantay Wahneechay, from Cheyenne River Agency, fourteen years, Minniconjoe Sioux. Charley Stone, Unkpapa Sioux, fourteen years old. Leroy Shutashnay, fourteen, a Two-Kettle Sioux from Cheyenne Rivor Agency. Charley Tatahnkaskah, twelvo years old, Sans Arc Sioux from Cheyenne River Agency. Edmund Bishop, from Yankton Agency, a Yankton Sioux. Arihotch-kish—Loug arm, thirteen years old. Gros Ventre.

INDIAN BOYS AT HAMPTON.

THE UNITED STATES PLEDGED TO EDUOATE THE INDIANS.

Appeals to private benevolence for help in educating and civilizing the Indians, reveal a prevsiling feeling that the Government is responsible far settling the Indian question somehow, whether by bullets or schaol books.

But if the Government is the people, then the people are responsible and should make themselves familiar with Government pledges and know how they are fulfilled. The demanstrated success of experiments like that at St. Augustine and this at Hampton, has done and will do more than any speeches can, to rouse and encourage the Government to the fulfilment of its pledges. And this makes their success the more impartant snd worthy of all exertion.

Fram a recent report to the Depsrtment of the Interior, we extract the following items of information in regard to our Indian treaties, which may be to many as novel as they are striking:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE AF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
WASHINGTON, *April* 28, 1879.

TO THE HONORABLE, THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, Washington, D. C.

Sir:—

By reference to the treaties now in force with our nomadic tribes, it is found that a clause, in ilks terms, in reference to education appears in seven (7) of our most important onas, while manifestly the same spirit of educational help from the Gosernment, pervades them all.

Ons of the clauses referred to, is as follows (see rsvision of Indian treaties, pags 132, Treaty with the Cheysnns and Arapahoes, 1868):

"Article 7.—In order to insure the civilization of the tribes entering into this treaty, tha necessity of education is admitted, especially by such of them as ere or may be settled on said agricultural reservetion, and they thersby pledge themselves to compel their children, male and female, between the ages of six and sixteen years, to attend school; and it is hereby made the duty of the agent for said Indians to see thet this stipulation is strictly complied with; and the United States agrees that for every thirty children between said ages, who can be induced or compelled to attend school, a house shall be provided, and a teacher competent to teach the elementary branches of an English education, shall be furnished, who will resids among said Indians and faithfully discharge his or her duties as teacher.

"The provisions of this article to continna not less than twenty years."

These treaties were all confirmed in 1868, and, as will be seen, the educational clause is respectively limited to twenty years. The *intent* was unquestionably to gether into schools, *all* of the children of the tribes who becama perties to the treaties. By reference to the last annual report from this office, it will be found that the total population of the tribes having this clause in their treaties, on the dete of that report, was about 71,000, and their children of school age numbered 12,000; and that ten years after making these treaties, of this greet number of children entitled to educational privileges at government expense, only 944 were really provided for.

The following extracts from said report have a direct bearing upon this subject, and merit speciel attention in this connection:

"The results, efter trial during the few years past, of the peace policy, imperfectly carried out as it has been, prove beyond a doubt that the eventual civilization of the Indians may be reached through the education of their children; and further that it can be brought about more speedily by that method than by any other. Many adult Indians can, of course, in the meantime, be taught to raise their own subsistence from the grouud, to herd cattle, or to do mechanical work; but while self-support is one of the cardiual points to be reached, civilization, the ultimate end, can only be accomplished through an education of the head and heart. The Navajoes and Moquis Pueblos are capable of self-support, but having no schools, are still degraded heathen, apparently no nearer civilization than they were half a century ago. Such education can be given only to children removed from the example of their parents and the influence of the camps, and kept in boarding-schools. Experience shows that Indian children do not differ from whits children of similar social status and surroundings, in aptitude or capacity for acquiring knowledge; and opposition or indifference to education on the part of parents decreases yearly; so the question of Indian education resolves itself mainly into a question of school facilities.

"But the figures contained in the tables herewith, fall fer short of indicating a purpose on the part of the Govrnment to make this question one of speedy solution.

"At a low estimate, the number of Indian children of school-going age, exclusive of those belonging to the five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory, may be placed at 33,000. Of these, not less than 8,000 could, within a short time, be gethered into boarding schools, except for the fact that the teachers are yet to be employed, the school-buildings are yet to be erected, and the funds for both, and for feeding and clothing the scholars, ere yet to be appropriated.

"The whole number of children who can be accommodated in the boarding-schools now provided at the various agencies, is only 2,589. To these may be added 5,082 more, who can find room in day schools,—those expensive makshifts for educational appliances among Indians,—making a total of only 7,671 Indians who have yet been placed within reach of school facilities. And when it is considered that the fifty youth who spend from ohs to *three* years in a boarding-school, must step from thet into the social atmosphere created by 500 youth and 2,500 other members of the tribe who are still in ignorance, it can readily be seen that the elevation of an Indian tribe is being attempted by a method at least as slow as it is sure; and that what should be the work of a yeer will be protracted through a decade, and the work of n decade through a generation.

"In many cases this policy is not only shortsighted, but in direct contravention of treaty stipulations, as, for example, the treaty of 1868, with the Kiowas and Comenches (heretofore uoted). The one boarding school at the Kiowa and Comanche Agency, which will accommodate 75 pupils, is filled, and the othsr 425 children are waiting their turn. To comply with treaty stipulations with these two tribes, would more than absorb the entire fund appropriated for the civilizetion and education of all the Indians in the Indian Territory, exclusive of the five civilized tribes. Even more glaring violations of educational clauses in Sioux treaties might be cited."

The experience of tha Department has been that the best results are obtained by a removal of the children from all tribal influence during the progress of education, so that educators can command all the timo and attention of their pupils.

Yonth so educated return to their tribes as teachers, interpreters, and examples in farm-

ing, &c.; and if properly sustained and guided thereafter, prove far more effective guides than whites of the same capacity.

Nothing is more essential than that Indian youth while passing through school, should have thorough instruction in some practical branch of labor that will meet their needs for obtaining a livelihood after leaving school.

Very respectfully,
Your ob'd't servant, E. J. BROOKS,
Acting Commissioner.

WHATEVER may be one's theory about educating Indians, will not the following letter convince any reader that it is worth while training the young man referred to?

His education has been already provided for by two young ladies, each paying one-half of his expenses, which are $120.00 a year besides his clothing.

We say *training*, not teaching, because the Hampton method is to fit both head and hand for usefulness, and to send the Indian back to his home able to *do* something at the outset, and not with a brain full of facts and ideas that he can put to no use.

The failure of Indian education in the past is due, in great measure, to the neglecting the dictates of common sense in their education.

The boy referred to will come, and wishes to bring a companion who is also very highly spoken of by Mr. Wheeler. Who will help him?

KESHENA, WIS., *Feb.* 12, 1879.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
Normal Institute, Hampton, Va.,

Dear Sir:—

I have been deeply interested in the work which God has given you to do in educating the Indian. I am teaching in a boarding school among the Menomonee Indians, and have in my school a boy in whom I think I see the making of a noble and talented man, if he could be placed under favorable circumstances. He is fifteen years old, speaks good English, is a pretty good reader and writer, has gone to Compound Proportion in Roy's Arithmetic, and has a good knowledge of geography; has a natural genius for drawing which should be cultivated. He is altogether in advance of any member of the tribe, either youth or adult.

His father is a Roman Catholic, though not a very faithful one. This tribe is one-half Roman Catholic, and one-half Pagan.

I think I can secure the consent of the parents to send the boy away to school, and would like to place him in your care. Please tell us whether you can take him, what the necessary expenses will be, exclusive of clothing and travelling expenses, and what share he can reasonably earn himself ont of school hours, and also if there are any funds at your disposal which could be used in his support. Do you know whether the Government would do anything toward his support?

Please reply as soon as convenient, and direct to yours respectfully,

W. W. WHEELER,
Keshena, Wisconsin.

WE trust that the following extract will serve to confirm the faith of any who may distrust the wisdom of the Hampton work for Indians. Major Thomas is one of the best men in the Indian service, and is in charge of unusually fine and capable tribes.

ABSTRACT OF REPORT OF MAJOR B. M. THOMAS, RELATIVE TO HIS VISIT TO HAMPTON, VA.

While at Washington, I had the advantage of a visit to Hampton Agricultural Institute, Va., where there are sixty-seven Indians being educated in company with two hundred and fifty negroes.

I made the visit by direction of the Department and in company with Gen. R. H. Milroy, Indian agent. We were most kindly received by the officers of the Institute, who seemed to take pleasure in showing us all the departments of the Institution in everyday working order. I was astonished and very much gratified by what I saw. The Institution is well equipped, remarkably well managed; every one seems to be happy, and all are learning.

Such an Institution certainly is the best possible place to educate Indians. The Indians there are learning faster and more things that will be of advantage to them, than they could possibly learn in their own country. I respectfully recommend that this system be enlarged till Indians from all the tribes can be educated in the East. * * *

Very respectfully,
Your ob'd't servant,
BEN. M. THOMAS,
U. S. Ind. Agent.

PATHETIC LETTERS FROM INDIANS.

The following pathetic letters from two of the St. Augustine Indians who returned to their tribe, have been received by Capt. Pratt. He hesitated at first to publish them, unwilling to encourage or seem to encourage anything like begging. But the case has this peculiar condition,—the men who, after long suffering and struggling, make this appeal to one who once was their "father and was good to them," have little or no chance of earning money, no tools to farm with, no work to get. A letter published some time ago in the WORKMAN from "Chief Killer," moved some friendly hearts in his behalf. Inquiry was made of Capt. Pratt as to the best way of sending a box of clothing to him, and he wishes to say for the benefit of others who may be moved to active sympathy by these letters, that a box or barrel sent to the address given below, with a letter, would be distributed according to the wishes of the giver.

Another very significant point suggested by these letters is, that, unless some provision is made, the Cheyenne and Kiowa students who have been making such progress at Hampton for a year, in the English language and civilization, must go back to find the same depths of poverty, and lack of work and opportunities awaiting them.

Anything for the Kiowas or Comanches, to care of Agent Hunt, Ft. Sill, Ind. Ty.

For Cheyennes, to care of Agent Miles, Darlington, Ind. Ty.

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,
CHEY. AND ARAP. AGENCY, IND. TY.
March 22, 1879.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT, Hampton, Va.,

Dear Friend:—

A long time ago you were my father. You were very good to me. Since I have been here I have never written to you. Now I want to send you a letter. I want to tell you that the white man's road which a long time ago you gave to me, I have not thrown away, but am still holding to it. The paper you gave me with the verses from the Bible, I have not lost, nor what the Bible says in those verses. I know they are good talks. I have tried to give that road to all the Cheyennes. Have worked hard to get them to take hold of it. Have taught it to my child, and all the English I know I have talked to my son, and he now understands most of it and will follow it.

Most all of the Cheyennes want to take hold and work and make corn, and live like white men. Many are now making ready to plant corn, and others are breaking land. I am going to give my boy to the agent next week to put into school.

The annuity clothes we are issued are not good. Very soon they are worn out. All my relations hold to the white man's road. All are willing to work. If you could get me a suit of white man's clothes, I would like to have them. I have my soldier's uniform yet, but it is worn badly, and the clothes the agent gives me do not wear long, and I can get no more till next winter.

When we were in Florida with you, we were not hungry or poor; the white women had all white people were our friends; but here we are often hungry and always poor.

Please write me soon,
Your friend, BUFFALO MEAT.

FORT SILL, *April* 29, 1879.

Dear Capt. Pratt:

You first taught me the white man's road. I am now very poor and disconsolate. All you gave me is gone, and if you can send me any clothes or something to work in I will be thankful. I have no tools to work with, or plows to work the ground to make corn. Can you send me some? I am again a *Comanche*. I was compelled to go back to the old road, though I did not want to, but I had no pants and had to take leggins. I never have any money, for I cannot earn it *here*, and my heart told me to come to you for help, and perhaps you could send these things to me. I have no piece of ground for my own, and now when I want to work the white man's road and learn it, I have nothing to do it with. I am working first on this man's ground, then on somebody else's, and I am never settled in any place. I have made a great many rails, so you see I have not forgotten what you told me. I haven't a horse of my own. I am very poor. When you come to see us I shall have nothing to show you—no corn—no house—nothing at all. This is a poor country and a bad ground. I don't sleep well, I am afraid. When I was with the white people I was happy. Couldn't you give me a poor old house of some kind? I heard that I was to have a house on the Washita, but I don't want it there. I want it here where I have always lived, and where my people have their houses. The white people in this country are crazy. This is all.

From QUOYOUAH.

DIED at Yazoo City, Miss., March 29th, of consumption, Eliza Nottingham, beloved wife of Samuel C. Windsor. Mrs. Windsor was a gradnate of Hampton Institute of the class of '72. Mr. Windsor was graduated in '71 in the first class that went out, afterward continuing his studies at Oberlin. Since their marriage, he and his wife have worked faithfully as teachers in Mississippi, often in danger and much difficulty. In his present great sorrow, which is aggravated by his own ill health, Mr. Windsor has the earnest prayers and sympathy for which he asks, of all his friends of Hampton Institute.

The writer of this letter was a Hampton student of even less than ordinary promise, but, like many whose school standing was not high, he has been conspicuous out of school.

We publish his letter as a phase of the experience of a colored boy whose little knowledge among his ignorant people gives him a prominence that is impossible for such a youth in intelligent communities:

———, N. C., *March* 26, 1879.

Gen'l ——— ———, *Esteemed Sir*:—

While sitting in my school-room to-day, thinking of my many friends, I, lonely,—yes, very lonely—thought of you, and I could not help from shedding tears. Dear Gen'l, please believe me that it was no small thought with me. When I sit and think how kind you were to me while I was a member of your institution, it makes me feel myself much in your debt. Dear sir, I feel myself in debt to you now.

If it is your pleasure to read any of the North Carolina newspapers, you will see my name appear before you very often. Dear sir, I feel my need of education, and only wish that I could return to Hampton and finish my studies; but sir, I cannot come now: it takes all that I can make to pay my mother's doctor's bill, and to keep me something to wear. I owe to your school some money, and I shall try to pay it the 30th of May, when I come to see you. Dear General, I can never forget you, and only wish that I could be with you again. I often, yes, very often, think of you since I left school. I have met with a great success in this life. I am pleased to say that all people seem to like me, and I get along well. It all came from the advice you gave me. Dear friend, please remember me to your wife, and to Gen'l S. C. A. I will try to come up on the 30th day of May. General, I would like to come back to school. I have three churches in charge, and I do feel my need of education. General, please write me a long letter, and give me the news of your school. Please send me one copy of your paper and catalogue.

I am only twenty-two years of age. I have been a member of the Legislature ever since I was twenty-one. But I am done with politics and shall never accept of the nomination any more. I cannot serve two masters at once. Please remember me to Miss M. and sister; I would be glad to see them. I am this year appointed as Sunday-school State Missionary. My mother has been sick every day since I left your school. Old Mr. ——— is dead, and also my brother.

Your friend, S.

On the Farm.

From the American Agriculturist.

Mowing Machines are now indispensable. The scythe may be used for cutting about fence corners when the wasteful zigzag rail fence is used; but so far as other uses go, it may be hung up out of the way. In choosing a mower, the chief points to consider are lightness of draft, strength and simplicity of construction. With these, one has economy in use, durability, convenience of handling, and ease in keeping in order—points of the utmost importance. There is one other point worth noting, which is safety in case of a run away, or when mowing a rough field, and there is danger that the driver may be thrown upon the cutting bar. The cutting bar should always be well in advance of the driver, but never directly ahead of him.

Curing Hay in the cock is preferable to sun drying. The sweating and fermentation improve, and prevent heating in the mow or stack. The writer prefers to put up hay, after the dew is off, in moderately large cocks,—four feet wide and high,—after it has lain spread in the sun for one full day. It may thus stay safely for a week, if necessary, and a hay cap will protect it from a 24 hours' rain. The day it is drawn in, a man should start early and throw open the cocks, to get a final airing for for two or three hours before it is taken up.

A Horse Fork should be in every barn. In the hurry of haying, the cost of a horse hay fork may easily be saved in one week, by rapid unloading.

Corn,—Late plantings of corn may be made up to the middle of the month. Some early sorts, and some new varieties which claim to be extra early, may be tried as an experiment. It will pay very well to make late plantings up to July for fodder, planting in drills 3 feet apart, with about 12 grains to the foot in the drill. The large kinds of

Sweet Corn is the best for fodder. Triumph, Marblehead, Mammoth, and Stowell's Evergreen, are suitable for the purpose. The common opinion, that sweet corn is better for fodder than field corn, is well founded; but there is some difficulty in curing the stalks, which is easily surmounted, however, and which will be noted in season.

Frequent Cultivation is essential to successful corn growing. The cultivator should be kept going this month through the corn and the root crops, about once a week. It matters not that there are no weeds, that we cultivate and hoe, but to loosen the soil, and by that means to stimulate the growth.

Summer Fertilizers.—The experience of the past few years has often shown it to be useful to give a light dressing of fertilizer to the corn, just before the last cultivation. This helps the earing, and renders many ears productive that would otherwise be abortive. The fertilizer should be worked in with the cultivator. A mixture of poultry manure, ashes, and plaster, will be useful, or the prepared artificial corn fertilizer, may be used in place of this.

Roots.—Early blood beets, and Sugar beets, may be sown early this month. Mangels will now require clean culture, and vigorous thinning. Rutabagas may be sown from the first to the 25th of this month, upon land that has not been prepared in time for earlier crops.

Fodder Crops.—The rye ground cleared by this time may be immediately prepared, and planted with fodder corn or oats, the latter to be followed with late turnips as the oats are cut for feeding; or Hungarian grass may follow the rye, and be cut off in time for sowing rye again next fall. A good plot of cabbages will be found useful for fall and early winter feeding of cows, and if plants have been provided for, they may be set out on the rye ground, or some other piece of rich moist soil.

Working Horses.—An ample bedding of fresh straw will do much to induce a tired horse to lie down and rest. Clean grooming, and an occasional washing will also greatly encourage restfulness and improve the appetite and health. Over-feeding is not judicious, and will not restore flesh lost by hard work and want of comfortable rest. To prevent galls, the harness should be washed and kept soft with castor oil. If vermin attack the harness, a little powdered aloes rubbed in with the oil, will keep them away from the leather.

desired. Nothing came of this, but finally Mr. E. O. Boudinot, a Cherokee, claimed to have discovered that

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

MOUNT ÆTNA is active.

THE new French Atlantic cable is being laid by the steamer Farraday.

THE Nihilists are still at work in Russia. Incendiary fires and assassinations are every day occurrences.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan, Yakoob Khan, has signed a treaty of peace with England conceding every political and commercial advantage hoped for by the British.

THE typhus fever is raging fearfully in Morocco. The deaths have been as many as 200 a day. Foreigners and natives suffer alike: a number of consuls and vice-consuls have died.

A congress is now holding in Paris for the purpose of deciding which of the several proposed schemes is the most practicable for cutting a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has succeeded Lord Chelmsford as supreme military commander, in South Africa. Extensive preparations are being made for a second campaign. Sir Bartle Frere is made governor of the Cape Colony.

Advices from Hong Kong state that the Americans in China received the news of the veto by President Hayes of the anti-Chinese bill with gratification. The European residents expressed surprise, having anticipated a different result. The Chinese who have friends or relatives in America were pleased, but in official circles, it is said, strong retaliatory measures had been arranged, and the veto was not received with unmixed pleasure. The government, it is believed, would have welcomed an excuse for initiating an extreme anti-American policy.

POLITICAL.

SENATOR THURMAN seems likely to be the democratic candidate for governor of Ohio.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, the great abolitionist and anti-slavery editor, died May 28th, at the residence of his daughter in New York City.

THE bill before the Pennsylvania legislature praying for payment of the losses sustained during the labor riots of '76 has been withdrawn.

THE new constitution, for California, framed by the Kearneyites and very detrimental to capital and Chinese labor, has been adopted, much to the surprise of whole country.

Congressman Hull of Florida, who contested the seat of another man, and had his claim allowed by a Democratic House, has been summoned home as a defendant in a criminal prosecution for falsifying election returns. Two of his accomplices have been found guilty and sentenced.

THE riot bribery investigating committee in the Pennsylvania Legislature examined twelve witnesses Tuesday. The most important testimony was that of Chris. L. Magee, who said he represented a committee of taxpayers of Pittsburg and produced forty-four checks showing that he had paid about $2,000 to newspaper publishers for inserting articles in their papers in favor of the measure. The highest paid in any one case was $100.

CIVIL RIGHTS IN GEORGIA.—In a case before Judge Erskine, of the United States Court at Savannah, Ga., where a colored woman was ordered from the "white" deck of a steamer to a place below where accommodations were provided for her class, and failing to comply was put off the boat and afterwards instituted suit for damages, Judge Erskine has decided that common carriers have the right to provide different accommodations for different classes of passengers and to assign each class to its quarters. Judge Woods of the United States Circuit Court at Atlanta, has also recently decided in a school question that equality does not mean identity, and that separate accommodations may be provided and insisted upon.

DOMESTIC.

THE Episcopal Council for the Diocese of Virginia met at Fredericksburg, Va., May 30th.

Rear Admiral Sylvanus W. Gordon, United States Navy, died suddenly at Blois, France, last week.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the New York Produce Exchange shows that the receipts of grain, flour and meal at that point in 1878 were 152,982,170 bushels, an increase over 1877 of 49,548,388 bushels.

THE Congressional committee on the question of counting the electoral vote for President of the United States has agreed upon a bill for the election of a chief magistrate in the event of a contest which provides that in case of a disputed case to electors in any State the Supreme court of that State shall determine which set of electors is the legal one, and such decision shall be final unless reversed by the concurrent action of both houses of Congress.

DEATH OF AN OLD SOLDIER.—Gen. Charles Everett died at the residence of his son, near Smyrna, Del., a few days ago. His age was 98 years. In the Mexican war at Nauvoo, Ill., about forty years ago, Gen. Everett was severely wounded. He was a soldier in the Mexican war, and at the opening of the late war entered the federal army as a captain. He fought under Gens. Baker, Williams and Butler, and was wounded at Fort Hudson, receiving two shots in his leg, which was broken. He came out of the war a brigadier general by brevet. He moved to Smyrna from Camden, N. J., last summer.

COLONEL Frank H. Fletcher, an agent appointed by the St. Louis commission to visit Kansas, to obtain information as to the condition and prospects of the colored immigrants, gives in his report the result of his inquiries among the colonies of colored people who have been settled in various parts of Kansas for a year or more. He found them all contented and doing well, having suffered very little from ill health, each family having from forty to one hundred and sixty acres of land, and on an average not far from seven acres in cultivation. They were well satisfied with the country and with their prospects, and on good terms with their neighbors.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE INVASION OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY—*Its inception, &c.*—News received at Washington shows that the invasion of the Indian Territory was got up as a speculation of a few restless men who were making money out of the emigrants by selling them supplies and who had no other objects in view than this. One man was discovered making private bargains with merchants in Kansas towns bordering on the Indian Territory, by which these were to pay him from $500 to $1,500 by general contribution, on condition that he induced certain numbers of emigrants to pass through their town and buy their supplies there, and it was to secure this profit that this man and his agents formed colonies to emigrate to the Indian Territory. The discovery of this plot, and the interference of the federal authorities, put a stop to the whole movement.

One who claims to know all about it says, that the movement for taking up lands in the Indian Territory was first agitated by a few persons at Wichita Kansas, in 1870, at which time a colony of fifty persons was organized which soon reached 10,000 and every thing was in readiness to move in, when it was determined to stay the movement until some legislation could be obtained at Washington sanctioning the occupation of the lands desired. Nothing came of this, but finally Mr. E. C. Boudinot, a Cherokee, claimed to have discovered that the United States, by treaties, had purchased from Indian tribes in the Indian Territory about 14,000,000 acres of land and it was on these lands the immigrants expected to settle.

DIED at Hampton Institute, May 30th, of pleurisy, after an illness of but ten days, Nick Pratt, (Pa-a-cys) Cheyenne Indian. This is the first break in the band of Indian students from St. Augustine. Nick will be sincerely mourned by his comrades and teachers, and many friends. He has greatly improved, of late especially. His efforts to live a better life have been observed by all near him, and we hoped to see him soon added to the number of those who have professed the christian faith. We believe that God who has been leading him, has now taken him home to Himself.

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During the trucking season THE HOME SAVINGS BANK is open daily from 9 until 5 o'clock, and is open on Saturday nights from 6 until 8 o'clock. All deposits (Savings Accounts) draw interest at six per cent. from day of deposit. The business of this Bank has nearly doubled since its removal to Main Street.

Every man should have something laid up in the Savings Bank towards buying a home of his own.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. H. Parramore has permanently settled in Hampton, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth, and insert artificial sets. Rooms, over H. L. Schmelz & Co.'s store, on Main street.

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A small four-page sheet, containing the international Sunday-school lessons and other matter interesting to Sabbath-school teachers and scholars.

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[*FIFTH YEAR.*]

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Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

AT

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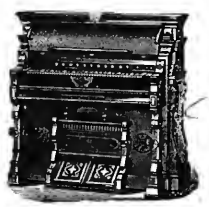

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1871	181,260	"	"
1872	219,758	"	"
1873	232,444	"	"
1874	241,679	"	"
1875	249,852	"	"
1876	262,316	"	"
1877	282,812	"	"
1878	356,432	"	"

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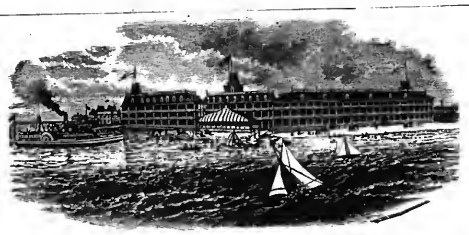

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The climate during the year is unsurpassed for salubrity, the range of the thermometer here for the past 10 years, as taken from the notes of the Meteorological Observatory, shows an average of 60°, 74°, 70°, for Summer; 70°, 52°, 46°, for Autumn; 45°, 44°, 42°, for Winter; and 48°, 52°, 63°, for the Spring months. —Open for guests all the year.

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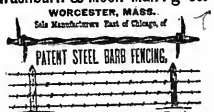

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HAMPTON, VA.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

The eleventh year of the Hampton Normal School closed on Thursday, May 22d, with the usual anniversary exercises attended by a large nnmher of visitors, among whom were many leeding and distinguished men of the North and South.

Among the guests were Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the fnterior; Hon. Geo. W. McCreary, Scerctary of War; Hon. A. C. Barstow of Providence, R. f., Indian Commissioner; Hon. Wm. Stickney of Washington, Indian Commissioner; Senator Saundera of Nebraska; Representativa Pound of Wisconsin; Rev. Dr. Merk Hopkins of Massachusetts, tha vencrable ex-prcsident of Williems College; President D. C. Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; the venerable Rev. Dr. Wm. S. Plummer of South Carolina; Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Warren and Miss Annie Lowell, of Boston; Gen. E. Whittlesey, Gen. E. Upton, U. S. A., Commandant of the Artillcry School at Fortress Monroe; Capt. L. E. Campbell, Q. M., U. S. A., Fortress Monroe, and a large number of officers from that post; Capt. Gillis, Commanding U. S. Receiving Ship Franklin at Norfolk; Lieut. Com. Bishop and other officers of the same vessel; Lieut. Queckenbush and Licut. Harrington, U. S. Marine Corps, stationed at Norfolk; Paymaster Smith, U. S. A.; several officers of the German School ship Nymphe lying at Norfolk; Hon. F. N. Watkins of Virginia; Dea. Ezra Farnesworth of Boston; S. M. Shoemaker, Esq., of Baltimore; Prof. Remsen of Johns ffopkins University; Judge Foster of Connecticut; Rev. Mr. Foote of Massachusetts; Rev. Dr. A. N. Arnold; of ft. I.; T. M. Brewer, Esq., of New York; Rev Thomas K. Fessenden of Connecticut; Mr. Anthony M. Kimber of Philadelphia; Mr. Alexander Hyde of Massachusetts; Dr. Lewis H. Steiner of Maryland; Z. S. Ely., Esq., of New York; Col. Thomas Tahb, of Hampton, Va., Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Lewis, and Miss Sarah Lewis of Philadelphia, Miss M. A. Longstreth of Philadelphia; Rev. Jas. H. Holmes, of Richmond; Rcv. Prof. Johns. of Hempton, late of the West fadies; Rcv. Wm. Thorulon, of Hampton, and other leading colored ministers of Hampton, Norfolk and Portsmouth; Mr. Schriver of the Baltimore *American;* Mr. Perkins of the Norfolk *Landmark;* Mr. Glennan of the Norfolk *Virginian;* Rcv. J. W. Harding of the Springfield *Republican;* Mr. Goddard of the Boston *Advertiser;* Mr. Hubbard of the Hartford *Courant;* Mr. J. H. Clark (Max Adeler) of the Philadelphia *Bulletin;* and the Rev. Geo. W. Boynton, of the "*Independent;*" Mr. E. B. Monroe, Mr. Andrew Kevnn, of Petersburg, Va., ' There were over six hundred guests, hesides three hnndred students assembled in the chapel.

INDIAN VISITORS.

A very striking addition to the distinguished guests were six tull Indian braves in blankets and feathers; a delegation of Northern Cheyennes from fndian Territory who have beeu consulting with the "Great Father" in Washington, end came down to Hampton under escort of Capt. Pratt and Agent Miles to sce the young men of their tribe here at school, to some of whom they are related. Their nunes are Iachi Vih, Little Chief, chief of their bund, High Wolf, Porcupine, Black Wolf, Eagle Feather, and Little Wolf, ell leeding bnves.

It will be remembered that in 1837 a treaty was made with the Southern Cheyennes in Colorado who were established in Indian Territory by the Governmcnt. ft has ever since been the policy of the Department to get the Northern Cheyennes to join these, nnd leave the Sioux with whom they have been affiliated. Two years ago, one thousand surrendered and were sent to fndian Territory. Six hundred and fifty of these have affiliated with the Southern Cheyennes and ere doing well. The fate of the rest who started north under the leadership of Dull Knife, is too recent and well known to need reiteration. Two hundred were left in the North when the thousand gave themselves up, and took part in the fight in which Custer fell. These surrendered in the summer of '77, nnd since then havo been allies of the United States. Part of them—our visitors nmong the number —were nt Fort fKeough on the Yellowstone in Montana, nnd ected as scouts for Gen. Miles in the campaign which ended in the surrender of Chief Joscph and the Nez Perecs; losing one man killed, end doing faithful service. They were then sent to Indian Territory by the Government, but have been homesick and dissatisfied. The object of the delegation's visit to Washington, is to petition the Great Father to let them return to their Northern homes. The older ones especially, do not believe in civilization, and did not come to Hampton with any intention of liking it. Just what they think of it now, is impossible to say, but they are interested and excited, follow the Cheyenne students around into classes and work shop, talk with them, shake hands with their tcachers, and evidently keep up a great deal of thinking. In the evening they watch the social intercourse and merry-making of the students of both races, their stern features now end then relaxing into a smile, and one of the braves was civilized gentleman enough to ask a Dakota girl for her photograph. Photographs of all the Indian students, in their students uniform and neat dresses, at study and work, and of the school grounds and buildings, and specimens of the students' work, will be given them to carry home. An impression of some kind is made no doubt, and it is hoped, one which will do good in the interest of peace and civilization.

THE EXAMINATION OF CLASSES

occupied the morning as usual. The Senior class was examined in Intellectual Philosophy (Dr. Hopkins "Outline of Man," the venerable author being an interested listener) Algebra, Political Economy and Civil Government, Ancient Hjstory, and the Practics of Teaching. For the last, model classes of little children were brought from the Butler School and taught by the seniors, who have been trained during the year by a teacher from Col. Parker's training school in Quincy, Mass. The lower classes had their usual recitations with more or less of a review, and the Indians their erithmetic, reeding, geography and conversation classes. All the classes acquitted themselves generally well, and showed good progress.

THE INDUSTRIES

of the school received their usual share of attention. The farm, printing-office and workshops were inspected; knitting machines were running, and specimens of farm products and sewing, with some samples of Indian art, were on exhibition in Academic Hall.

THE INDIAN WORKSHOP

was open all the morning, and filled with successive classes of Mr. Starkweather's Indian pupils in mcchanics, and a very much interested throng of visitors, among whom the Indino chiefs were conspicuous.

DRILL AND DINNER.

At noon, as usual, the Senior class was escorted to Virginia Hall by the school brass band, and the lower classes. The student cadets were inspected on the green in front, by Capt. Heory Romeyn, U. S. A., Commandant, eod then marched in to dinner, while the invited guests took lunch on the piazza and lawn of the Principal's house.

THE AFTERNOON EXERCISES,

in Virginia Hall, were according to the following

PROGRAMME:

MUSIC--Normal School Band.

SALUTATORY: ESSAY.....Little things.
Della E. Chadwick, Beaufort, N. C.

ESSAY.....Fourteen Years of Anglo-African History.
Samuel E. Courtney, Malden, W. Va.

ESSYY.....The Uses of Time.
Mary Ireland, Waterproof, La.

MUSIC.

ESSAY.....Our Government.
Peter H. Craig, Augusta Go.

SELECTION.....From "Songs of Seven."
Charlotte McAlpine, New York City.

ESSAY.....Should the Negro Emigrate ?
John H. Tunstall, Pittsylvania Court House, Va.

MUSIC.

ESSAY.....Decision of Character.
Olivia Davidson, Albany, Ohio.

ESSAY, Duty of the Government to Educate the Indian.
Ezra D. Wright, New York City.

SHORT TALK.....My Home in Indian Territory.
Etah dle-uh, Kiowa Indian.

ESSAY.....The Historic James.
Ametia E. Perry, Lynchburg, Va.

MUSIC.

ESSAY.....What We Should do for Africa.
William F. Grasly, Danville, Va.

SELECTION....."Lazy Man's Land." *From the German,*
Lucy Smith, Hampton, Va.

VALEDICTORY: ESSAY.....*After the Victory.*
Wm. L. Hamlin, Petersburg.

MUSIC.

POST GRADUATE ADDRESS.....The Force that Wins.
Booker Washington, Malden, W. Va.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC.

The programme was agreeably lightened by music by the Normel School brass band which has greatly improved thia yenr, nnd hy the school choir, end full chorus.

Plantation songs and glecs mede a pleasant variety, increased by a Wer Song from the Kiowas, and a simple hymn or two by the Indian students, rather shyly sung.

Tbe character of tbe orations nnd essays was at least equal to any previous anniversary, on the whole, probnbly superior; and drew from n prominent Virginian present the remerk to his neighbor, that he had never nttended n college commencement where there wea so much common sense instead of rant, a compliment the school prizes as in the line of its nmbition and efforts.

At the close the Principal made the statement, that while the gradunting essays and orations had passed through the hands of the teacher, the revision had been chiefly in the way of cutting down and transposition—the Englisb was the student's own, and those which showed most intellect had been revised least. From this statemeut he excepted the post-graduate eddress, which was delivered exactly as it was written in West Virginia hy the speaker, Mr. Booker Washington of the Class of '75. We give such extracts as we have room for from this address, but they will lack tbe very earnest and sympathetic delivery which enforced the words:

THE FORCE THAT WINS.

"It is a significant fact that of the many who stert out in lifs with a firm and resolute determination to accomplish something in this world for themselves and their country, so few reach the desired end, and so many dwindle into insignificance.

My humble experience, as a teacher in the South for the last four years, teaches me that there is a force with which we can labor and succeed, and there is a force with which we can labor and fail. ft requires not the pretending fop whose knowledge is limited to his kid gloves or his polished broad-cloth. ft requires not the wise gentleman whose store of knowledge consists, merely, in what he memorized from books; it requires not mere education, hut wisdom nnd common sense, n heart set on the right and a trust in God. As a teacher it requires him who can exchange the teacher's desk for the plow or shovel, not him whose heart is set on his salary and not the results of his labor. Hs who remains in the school-room six bours simply because the law demands it, has not a force that will win. As the bardy pioneers, when they began to hew out the forests to lay the foundation of our proud republic, excluded all gentlemen frou their midst, so we, the pioneers of a cause as mighty as that, would inform all such that they nre not the forces that will win.

So in all departments of labor. fn school, hs who studies for the class room, ends with the class-room, but the scholar who studies for the battles of life will win in the battles of life.

Let no misfortnus, no discouragement cause us to think that there is uot work to be performed by each of us. Our beginning in life may bave been cloudy and crowded with disadvantages, but there is a work for the weakest as well as the strongest, and if performed well, in the end it is as honorable as thet performed by the greatest.

If you had asked Elihu Burritt how he rose from the blacksmith shop to be master of ancient and modern languages, he would have told you of days and years of unceasing toil. If you had asked Hugh Miller how he fouod his way from the rock querry to a rank among the first scientists, he would have told you thet patience and perseverence hold the key to the treasures of this world. If you had asked Benjamin Banneker, our negro philosopher, how he climbed from a servaot boy to be classed among the first astronomers of our land, he would have told you the mighty truth that labor conquers all things.

In all ages there have been those whose only nmbition in lifs was to shine in splendor before the world. They have borne titles which they have not merited. They have professed that which they did not know. They have planned out devices and intrigues by which they might keep pace by the side of those who have been truly great. In short they have spent their lives in mapping out soms short and easy road to what the world calls greatoess. But how different has it been with the world's true benefactors. Silently and almost unnoticed they have toiled, waiting for the honor labor brings. With patience and perseverence they have endured much. Clad in plain garments and moving in quiet circles the gaudy world has passed them by. Thus with determination and resolution they press onward, till their work benefits the world and makes an impression that will live when their bodies sleep in tha clay. Such has been the character of those who have led the world in science, in politics, in religion, and in every thing that tends to make man wiser and better. Would we imitate such characters, we must remember that pretension may serve for momentary impressions, hut that which is to stand the scrutiny of years must be n reality.

There is but one road to success and that is the right road. There is but one foundation upon which we can build that shall be enduring and that is upon a pnre character. No matter what the disadvantages may be, no matter what the color of the skins, no matter whether he is rich or poor, n lifs begun and ended upon this foundation will be a success and will be crowned with that bonor which shall be eternal May it ever be onr aim through life to build ourselves and those whom we tench firmly upon this foundation, for it is more priceless than wealth, will do far more for us than any legislation, and will win when other forces fail; and lastly, "Let all the ands thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's," then we shall be a nation known and respected by all men for truth, virtue, and honesty."

We hnve no room for the gradueting essays, nnd it would be contrary to custom and difficult to select from them.

At the same time, some few particulars concerning the class and some of the speakers may interest and not be out of place. one of the young women would be remembered by some who beerd her singing which added interest to the attraction of the Ladies' New England Kitchen at the Centennial Exhibition. Tha speaker of the post graduate address had the pleasure of seeing on the stege with him, 'n young man whom he had prepared to enter the middle year at Hempton. Two others of his pupils graduated with the class one of them his brother. Mr. Washington has been doiag excellent work ever since his own valedictory was delivered four years ago.

One thing which evidently struck some of the Northern visitors with surprise, was the fair skins of some of the speskers. Six out of the thirteen, perhaps, would not be suspected in the North of a drop of African blood. fnquiry is often mede as to the relative mental ability of the light and dark colored. Perhaps this and other Anniversary programmes ere as fair an answer as the school can give. Its honors are awerded, as is usuel, for scholarship and general character, and the programme made up from the best efforts. In the present case, light and dark divide the honors about equally; two of the young women end five young men being dark; four young women and two young men, white or nearly so. The salutatorian end valedictorian are both of the darkest. A review of programmes from the first class that graduated, keeps up the average to e curious degree. Out of eight valedictorians, four have been black, end four light, ranging to white; of the six salutatorians, four have been dark and two very light. Honors are even, apparently, and without the slightest effort to make them so, or any consideration of the question till now.

This startling fact of white negroes in the South, is one of the saddest results of American slavery. Their position is not an enviable one, but full of peculiar temptstion end trials on either hand, calling for speciel sympathy and aid.

THE SHORT TALK

of the Kiowa Indian student, Etahdleub Doanmoe (Boy Hunting), not a graduete, but one of the most hopeful of the numher brought a year ago from St. Augustine to Hampton, we give as a curiosity and interesting addition to the features of the occasion, which "went straight to the heart" of many who heard it. It was partly written by himself, and partly drawn from him in conversation: and then written out for him to commit to memory. ft was delivered with enough distinctness of pronnneiation to be understood, and accompanied by n running translation into the Indian sign langusge, a very graceful system of natural gestures common to all the tribes from the Gulf to the lakes. The young men is in every way a fino representative of his race and its possibilities.

MY HOME IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

"I am a Kiown fndian boy twenty-three years oid. My home is in the fndian Territory. My people are not much civilized. They live in houses mads of skins of the buffalo. They liks to hunt and fight. When f was a little boy f did not see many white people. The Kiowas moved camp often to keep near the buffalo, and we lived on buffalo meat and herries all the time. We had no hrend, no coffee or sugar. We boys talkad all the time about huoting the buffalo, going to fight the Utes, Navajoes or Pawnees, and most about fighting the white people or stealing horses. The old Kiowas talked all tha time to os about fight or hnnt the buffalo. Sometimes the men would go off and bring back scalps of white men and women, or fndian men and women; then we had a big dance. This was all f heard and all f saw, and f thonght it was good, so f will be a big fighter and a good huoter too, and may-be I get to be a big chief. When I was about fifteen years old I killed my first buffalo, with a bow and arrow. I had no gun. Then I was called a man, because f could kill buffalo. Then I went with the young men to fight the Utes and Navajoes and to steal their horses. I was in three fights with the Utes and two with the Navajoes. We did not get many horses; too much fight f went to Texas about ten times, with young Kiowas and Comanches to fight the whites and get their horses. We fought the soldiers most, and a good many fndian men got killed, but I did not get hurt, only sometimes my horse got killed. All this time I wore a blanket or a buffalo robe, and liked to have my hair long, and paint my face and wear big rings in my ears. I did not know anything about God, or churches, or schools, or how to make things grow from the ground to live on. Four years ago there was a big war. The Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes fought the soldiers all winter. The buffalo were nearly all gone, and the Indians got very hungry. The horses worked hard, and it was so cold the grass was poor, so they got very weak, and we lost many in fights with the soldiers. Then the soldiers came to our camps and we had to run away and leave our lodges, than the soldiers burned them. We all got vary tired and hungry, and the women and children cried, so the chiefs said we will go in to Fort Sill, and give up. We met Capt. Pratt in the Wichita Mountains. He had some Indian soldiers and two wagons loaded with bread, sugar and coffee. He gave us plenty, and we gave him all our guns, pistols, bows and arrows, shields and spears. That night we had a big dance because we had plenty to eat. In three days more we came to Fort Sill, and all the women were taken away, and the men put in the guard house. In two months some of the men had

...their ankles, and were sent to | cess is that it is one means of raising men to a | Government in which I belong, go, *nothing* | sheep, 190 hogs, 500 fowls, and 2,500 fruit trees, consisting of peaches, pears, apples and

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VIII. HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1879. NO. 7

A TURKISH LADY.

Southern Workman,

A Twelve Page Journal.

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ANSWER TO THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

Some months ago the Hampton Institute was favored with the copy of a manuscript, prepared in Washington, to demonstrate the folly of the School's now work for the Indians, and to foretell its failure. The paper,

Southern Workman,

A Twelve Page Journal.
ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

In this number we refute an elaborate argument against our efforts for Indians, coming from a leading Eastern newspaper, the *New York Tribune*, that ought to champion all honest and worthy efforts, even if experimental; and we present the thought and experience of noble men and women, who know whereof they affirm, whose devotion to the interests of the Indians, and whose comprehension of his case is beyond challenge.

"Chief Wizi" the guardian of Markpiamani, an Indian boy who recently died at Hampton of disease contracted before he left his home, "made a speech on the on the subject," writes Capt. Daugherty, of the 1st Infantry, Acting Agent at Crow Creek Agency, in a letter which we print in another column, "at the end of which he said to them that if only *one* of their children returns to them with a knowledge of civilized life and with education, they will feel amply compensated for the loss of all the others."

A voice from civilization decries our effort, because, forsooth, some of them may die during the attempt, but the savage tells us he will be satisfied if but *one* shall come back to illustrate and to show them the white man's way.

We invite attention to the article by Miss Helen W. Ludlow vindicating the wisdom of the Secretary of the Interior in sending Indians to this place, to the interesting letters of Capt. Daugherty, of Mrs. M. E. Duigan, of Mr. E. Ballou of Camp Brown, Wyoming Territory; and to the valuable statements of the Rev. C. L. Hall of Fort Berthold, Dakota Territory.

We are glad to report an improved state of health among the Hampton Indians.

The twelve weakest of them have just returned refreshed from a beautiful camping ground on the stock farm of this institution, situated on a broad river where they have fished, hunted, roamed, eaten enormously, and played croquet without limit. Open air, and out-door life have braced them up wonderfully. A new company has taken their place for two weeks' work and play.

This place is an old and well-known Virginia plantation of 330 acres, originally the property of the Lowry family, now known as "Shellbanks," the best stock and grain farm in the county.

It was purchased and presented to this institution by a lady in Boston, Mass., for the special benefit of our Indian students. For coolness, healthfulness and beauty, "Shellbanks" cannot be surpassed.

The Indians at this place are divided into two squads, one half working all the morning, the other half, all the afternoon. They live in tents, have meals in a canvas covered bower, live on fresh beef and mutton, and do their own cooking in the open air, on the sandy beach just above high water mark. Two boats are always at their service.

In the work department a surprising knack for mending and making shoes has been developed. The Dakota Indian is a born shoemaker. Their first efforts are a surprising success. No more shoes will be bought for the boys.

Our effort for Indians depends only in part on government. A new workshop to contain a saw mill, matcher and planer, grist and bone mill, carpenter shop, printing office, knitting machines and eventually other appliances for practical education is commenced. Of the six thousand dollars needed at once for this object, one thousand dollars have been given by a friend; for the rest we appeal to the people of the country.

CROW CREEK AGENCY, D. T., *June* 11, 1879.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
My dear Sir:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter announcing the death of Mark-pe-a-me-ni. The intelligence has been communicated to his relatives, who happily have sufficient intelligence to regard the event with philosophical resignation.

His guardian, Chief Wizi, made a speech to the people on the subject, at the end of which he said to them that if only *one* of their children returns to them with a knowledge of civilized life, and with education, they will feel amply compensated for the loss of all the others.

I am, General, very respectfully,
Your ob'd't servant,
WM. E. DAUGHERTY,
Capt. 1st Inf'y,
Acting Agent.

CROW CREEK, D. T., *June* 18, 1879.

My Dear Sir:—

We had heard by Captain Daugherty of the death of the Dakota boy that you had so kindly nursed and attended. He has no mother living—she died insane some years ago; his father is somewhere up the river. He was an adopted son of Wizi, Chief of the Yanktonaise; he has always been with him, and really Wizi was all the father he ever knew. I was not aware that he had hemorrhages before he went away. Wizi told me to-night that he had many. I supposed him sound, or I would have discouraged his going away. I was more attracted to him than to any of the other young men sent, and he was so sweet and earnest in his manner, and seemed to feel the importance of the step that he was taking. Please accept our thanks for all your attention to him. The Indians were not at all surprised and said they were quite sure that he would not live long. I read your letter to Wizi to-night and the tears came to his eyes; he expressed his thanks for your care of him.

I am sure you would have been pleased at the expressions of pleasure from the father and mother of Charlie Stone on the receipt of the card, and the little letter on the back penned by their son. The mother was just telling me that they had not heard from *himself*, when the father came in quite radiant with the message. They are anxious for his picture, and wished me to say that they are willing to pay for it; a common tin-type will do, I am sure. He is an only son and the pride and hope of the father, who is a Christian, Indian and has a nice farm a few miles from here. Please remember me with love to all the Dekotas, and allow me to present my kindest regards to Captain and Mrs. Pratt.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. M. E. DUIGAN.

SHOSHONE AND BANNOCK AGENCY, WYO., *June* 16, 1879.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
Hampton, Va.,

Dear Sir:—

A copy of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN sent to Agent Patten fell into my hands today. Being engaged in teaching Indians, I feel an interest in whatever is calculated to advance the work. I am convinced that you have taken an advanced step, in the right direction, in this matter; and trust that your institution will receive a still more liberal aid, enabling you to accommodate and train many more Indian youth for teachers and missionaries to their respective tribes.

Day schools, so far as I have noticed, among the Northern tribes amount to very little. Boarding and manual labor schools, if conducted by competent and earnest men and women, will soon work out a great reformation. But far greater results would be attained, and the desired end much sooner reached, if the pupils, after being trained a few years in these schools, were then transferred to similar institutions to yours to finish their education. There certainly would be no question as to the policy of *such transfer*. By their seeing more of the world, and the ways of civilization, their views of life would be enlarged, and aspirations for higher attainments would be developed.

I have had a class of Arapahoe youth under instruction since January last,—have about forty now. My experience is that they are just as apt at learning as average white children, and quite as willing to work. If the money that has been expended—to say nothing of the lives sacrificed, and all the attending evils—had been appropriated to the establishment of Boarding and Manual Labor Schools, and such institutions as yours, the Indian problem, as it is called, would long ago have been solved.

I am glad to think that the time is now near at hand when these cruel wars shall cease, and our Government will do justice to this long-abused and defiant people.

Enclosed find $1.00, for which please send your paper to my address. If you will send a few extra copies, I will endeavor to get some others interested in your noble work.

Very truly,
E. BALLOU,
Camp Brown, Wy. Ty.

FT. BERTHOLD, D. T., *June* 11, 1879.

Gen. S. C. ARMSTRONG,

Dear Sir:—

I have read an article in the *Tribune* with the ominous heading, "The effort so far a failure," which refers to the experience of the Board of Foreign Missions, of which your father was a missionary, and with which I am connected. The best answer to the writer that occurs to me (and it looks to me a sufficient answer) is that the aim of the Secretary of the Interior, and of your Institute, is different from the aim of the "American Board." The aim of the "Board," as he says, was to train up a native missionary force, and they found that could be better done on the missionary field. The U. S. Government can have no such aim. Their aim should be, and I believe is, to fit Indians for citizenship and life side by side with the whites; and what more effective means of accomplishing this can there be than educating their children side by side with white children? It is true that other work tending to make Indians citizens in companionship with whites must go on in connection with this schooling of the children. But the Secretary of the Interior should be credited with more wisdom and foresight than the writer seems disposed to concede to him. All barriers between Indians and whites must be broken down. The reservation system, which cuts an Indian off from contact with industrious, energetic frontiersmen, while it leaves him exposed to the influence of the worst sort of whites—an army of "prodigal sons" who are schooling the Indians in their vices and escaping with them the restraint of the law—must be abolished. This system is on a false and unjust and untenable basis, as the recent decision in the case of the Poncas shows; an Indian is a person who has a right to life, *liberty* and the pursuit of happiness; and he must be allowed his liberty, subject to the restraint and enjoying the protection of laws, and owning his 160 acres as does his white neighbor, and subject to the same influences; as his white neighbor.

Sir, when I think of the young people from this agency under your training, and compare their present condition and surroundings with what they would have been had they remained here, I am almost out of patience with those who oppose your work.

But will the youth not fall back into a worse state when they return? some ask. That depends on two things: (1st) The kind of training they get at Hampton—the special fitness for some branch of industry, and the moral force of character acquired; and (2d) the help and direction they get after their return. If they are dropped, if the Government agent or the missionary take no interest in them, and if the way for them to engage in the industries they have been apprenticed to be blocked, if they are *imprisoned* on a reservation outside the pale of United States law and order, and if their education at the hands of wicked and degraded whites *re-commence* in unchecked force, then we might expect just such a result as might be expected in the case of white children "graduated" into the same conditions.

On the contrary, if they come back to the influence of white laws, and to the influence of ordinary frontier farmers, miners and mechanics, such as are daily crowding up to most of the reservations (and who might have their homes side by side with the Indians, if the reservations ceased to be), then the graduated Indian youth will occupy the same position, and have similar influences and chances, to the white youth of the neighboring farmer's family. When our Government yields to the pressure of good men in the Indian work to exchange this system of tribal "ownership of occupancy" for one of individual ownership by title-deed, under the protection of law, they will have taken a great step toward making the red man a citizen, and the work of educating red children at a distant boarding school to become useful citizens, will not be a failure, as it is not a failure to educate white or black children with the same hope.

Very respectfully yours,
C. L. HALL,
Miss. A. B. C. F. M.

ANSWER TO THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

Some months ago the Hampton Institute was favored with the copy of a manuscript, prepared in Washington, to demonstrate the folly of the School's new work for the Indians, and to foretell its failure. The paper, which had not then been made public, was read with interest in a small circle of those most nearly concerned in the effort, and laid away for future reference, the general feeling being that its points could be all readily met.

Since then, quite recently, this document has been adopted by the New York Tribune, and made the substance of a nearly three-column letter in that journal over the signature of one of its editors, pointed more directly now against the Secretary of the Interior in his encouragement of the Hampton enterprise.

The Tribune letter has been already answered and very well answered on several points, by at least two prominent journals, the Baltimore *American* and Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. It may be expected, however, that, on a subject so nearly concerning her, Hampton should have a word to say for herself, especially as to her own views and intentions which have been so freely interpreted, and so easily fore-sentenced.

THE TRIBUNE'S POINTS.

The points the Tribune letter seeks to make are that any attempt to benefit Indians by educating their youth at a distance from the tribes must prove a failure: 1st, because the majority of the students die from the effects of the removal; 2d, because the majority of those who survive, relapse on their return, into original or worse than original barbarism; 3d, because, whether they relapse or not, the education and civilization they receive, unfits them for their home life, or, in the words of the manuscript, creates a "gulf which the Indian must repass in order to place himself in sympathy with his own people, or expatriate himself and become 'a man without a country.'"

To establish these points the writer goes back three hundred years, and beginning with the attempts of the sanguinary Spanish zealot Melendez to Christianize his ungrateful captives, has collected the records of ten or a dozen unsuccessful efforts in Indian education, from which he presages the failure of Hampton.

ADVISER TO STUDY PRECEDENTS.

From these the Tribune letter selects six as most to its purpose, and thinks "as this interesting experiment will cost somebody, the Indians or the government, $8,000 to $10,000 a year, it would have been wise to study the history of similar experiments." "Leaving out," as it says, "the abortive attempt to found an Indian college at Henrico in Virginia soon after the settlement of Jamestown," and the unsuccessful efforts of the Jesuits in the XVII century;" (leaving them out perhaps because they were not schools at a distance from the tribes at all, but such as the writer advocates, set right down among them in the forest) it takes up four other records to argue from, viz.; of Eliot's schools in Roxbury and Cambridge (Harvard college) in 1660; William and Mary College which was begun for the Indians, in 1700; Wheelock's Indian Charity School at Lebanon, Conn, 1730; from which sprang Dartmouth; and the "Foreign Mission School" established by the American Board of Foreign Missions, in 1817 at Cornwall, Conn.

Of the first we are told that only one Indian graduated at Harvard, dying of consumption soon after taking his degree, and that the attempt was a failure mainly because of loss of health attending change of diet and a regular course of study. Of William and Mary, a contemporary writer quoted says that "the young Indians procured with much difficulty were formerly boarded and lodged in the town where abundance of them used to die. . . . Those of them that have escaped well and have been taught to read and write, have, for the most part, returned to their homes with or without baptism, where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish rites," Of Mr. Wheelock's school, after nearly twenty years' experience, he writes himself as complaint that though the students generally carried a good character through school, not more than half have preserved it unstained after leaving, and many relapsed entirely into barbarism, and he have thinks that white men alone can be depended on as independent missionaries.

THE TRIBUNE'S STRONG POINT.

The letter's strong argument is, however, from the record of the Cornwall school, regarding its plan as "substantially the same as that of the Hampton Institute, as will be seen from the following extract from its constitution:

"The education in our own country of heathen youth in such manner as with subsequent professional instruction will qualify them to become useful missionaries, physicians, surgeons, schoolmasters, or interpreters, and to communicate to the heathen na-

tions such knowledge in agriculture and the arts as may prove the means of promoting Christianity and civilization."

After great temporary prosperity, this school seemed suddenly to collapse, and was discontinued after ten years because it became apparent as the first graduates were ready to leave that not all could be employed as missionaries in any capacity, and those who were not fitted for missionaries had no career open before them and would be subject to great trial and temptation.

The Tribune writer remarks that "this experiment was in the hands of wise Christian men. There was no lack of means. . . . All the influences were friendly; the youths were selected with utmost care; the course of instruction left nothing to be desired; and yet the wisest feature of it appears to have been its abandonment. Altogether, it seems too much to hope that the Hampton experiment will succeed."

There is much similarity between these records it will be seen, and in the mind of the Tribune correspondent all that failure is attributable to one cause; the distant removal of the students from their tribes, affecting their health and forcing an artificial civilization without the chance to use it or the moral strength to maintain it in their wilderness. As these have failed, so must Hampton.

IS HAMPTON ANOTHER CORNWALL?

According to the Tribune, the resemblance would seem to lie in the industriel training for which we have seen that provision was made in the Cornwall constitution. But how was this provision carried out? The same yearly reports and magazines of the Foreign Missionary Society, on which the Tribune's letter is made up will show, "Suitable land," as it says, was provided, by purchase and gift; viz.: five and a-half acres of arable land and ninety-three of woodland. The first report says that "the young men in the school all labored in their turn a part of the time, and have cultivated four acres of corn and three of potatoes and secured some hay. The committee hope to be able to extend the farming business next session so that each student will by laboring two days in a week nearly earn his own food."

The next mention of the subject is two years after, in 1819. The report says "It has been deemed expedient that the members of the school should be taught the various branches of husbandry. They have accordingly labored in rotation under the superintendence of the steward. *The pupils have been able to perform the requisite labor in the early and latter part of each day without encroachment upon the regular hours of study.*" (The italics are our own.)

NO REPORT OF INDUSTRIES AFTER THIRD YEAR.

This apologetic mention of industrial training is the last. From the seven subsequent reports and occasional published letters of visitors at the examinations, we learn of the assiduity of the students in their studies. They master the mysteries of English spelling, and astonish their hearers with declamations in Latin and Greek and even recite passages of Hebrew scripture, and make surprising answers in theology, but there is not the smallest indication of any interest in the industrial department of the institution or of the existence of any such feature.

DEATH FOR WANT OF EXERCISE.

There is a strong contrary indication indeed in the Report for 1822 which appeals urgently to the farmers of Litchfield Co. to supply the student's table, not doubting that "there is sufficient liberality in this thriving agricultural district, if called into systematic operation, to furnish abundant supplies of food and clothing for any probable number of youths who may enjoy the blessings of this seminary."

And in the next year's report, we are the less surprised to read of the death of a student at this agricultural school, "a full Cherokee of great promise, after a residence of about seven months; change of climate and mode of living *added to a want of sufficient exercise* probably inducing the disease."

A LOOK AT HAMPTON.

No one who knows Hampton needs to follow the argument further. If Cornwall and Hampton are as the Tribune declares, "substantially the same in plan," they are very essentially unlike in practice. Agriculture, which seems to have been the one industry ever in operation at Cornwall is only one important one of a dozen at Hampton. Unlike Cornwall again, her industries "encroach" so far upon the course of studies at Hampton, that they are an essential part of the course. Every Indian young man or boy except two or three who have chosen some other special trade, has regularly one full day's work on the farm in each week, and two hours in the workshop every other day but Saturday, making in all another day's work. His work on the farm and in the shop is under supervision and directly educational. His faithfulness and progress in it affects his standing. Ride over the farm of 193 acres on any day of the working week, and you will count up somewhere the day's squad of Indian students scattered among their fellow workers of another race, "encroaching" vigorously with spade or plough or cradle upon the hours of the school-room study, digging away at other than Greek roots, and at least saving themselves from danger of death from "want of exercise." But this is the school which the Tribune thinks "substantially the same" as Cornwall.

Or walk through the general workshop, simple, rude in its appointments, but looking to better things. Among the balsamic fragrance of pine shavings and rosin, and the less delectable odors of calf skin and machine oil, you will find sixteen or twenty young braves in aprons instead of blankets, working away as merry as grigs, but earnest as—Indians—each at the trade he has chosen. Some desire to learn more than one and have the promise of a second *after mastering the first*. That hand lathe you see, with a driving wheel of six feet diameter was entirely constructed by the young men, the band is a neatly plaited larint of hide with the hair on. The trades so far taught are carpenter's, wood turner's, blacksmith's, tinner's, shoemaker's and saddle and burness maker's. To what extent, taught do you ask? Well, those little fellows are making stools good enough for the shop; that young man's table you will think very respectable, though you can see some roughnesses, and he sees them as well as any one; he will do better next time. The tinsmiths are turning out really nice dust-pans, and the crowning triumph so far is a complete pair of low kip shoes, pegged, with heels and leather strings, made from first to last by the head Indian shoemaker. Some admiring companions have already brought him their boots to patch, and it will not be very long before he and his fellow workman can shoe the whole set. With better tools and machinery, there is every reason to expect great utility in all these industries. Outside of the general workshop, one of the Floridas who has been a year at the school has made excellent progress in the carpenter's trade, and is working upon the new machine shop; two more are learning wagon-making, and one is in the engine room. The industries of Hampton are no experiment. Not for three, but for eleven years it has been her policy to sustain and increase them, and she is fully convinced of the necessity of work and self-help in the development of manhood in any man or any race. What report of Hampton, official or of a newspaper correspondent, for the eleven years of her existence, could omit all mention of her Indian trade? It would be Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Yet the Tribune thinks that Hampton is like Cornwall.

If we fail to find the resemblance where it is chiefly asserted, how is it as to other points?"

CORNWALL'S CURRICULUM.

Look at the curriculum arranged fifty years ago for the children of the forest. According to the reports and the manuscript, though omitted by the Tribune, "the course of instruction embraced reading, writing, English grammar, geometry, history, geography, rhetoric, surveying, navigation, natural philosophy and the Latin and Greek languages." From a visitor's letter in 1819, we learn that theology and Hebrew must be added to this list—he says nothing of industries. This is the "course of training" which the Tribune says "left nothing to be desired," an opinion in which Hempton must differ with the Tribune as widely as she does from Cornwall. It is the idea of fifty years ago, but not Hampton's, nor, we believe, of most modern educators. No Latin, Greek or Hebrew at Hampton.

NO GIRLS AT CORNWALL.

Another radical point of difference between Cornwall and Hampton, and second to none, we believe in significance, is the difference which fifty years have wrought in sentiment as to the co-education of the sexes. The Foreign Missionary Society was not without an appreciation of the importance of educating girls. Its reports for 1826—the same year it was decided to discontinue Cornwall—declares that "the education of females more than any other means of human appointment aids in the advancement of civilization." But the sentiment of the times made their education very inferior to that of young men, and the idea of their co-education was still further in advance of the age. It certainly was not attempted at Cornwall. It is a fundamental idea of Hampton—not an experiment, but an established success for one race, and deemed absolutely essential for the development of every other. But the Tribune thinks them "substantially the same." Perhaps if Cornwall had been more like Hampton in this respect there would have been less occasion for recommending its discontinuance, speaks rather vaguely of change of circumstances and difficulty of preserving such a happy "medium in social intercourse, as should secure some acquaintance with refined Christian society and exclude those attentions which would dissipate the mind and prevent suitable application to study." And it only "thinks proper to give some of the ("excellent") reasons which led to the decision."

The "Historical Records of the Town of Cornwall, collected by Theodore S. Gold," supply the interpretation. They tell "There were not only Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese, but the Cherokee tribe of Indians was there represented. Two members of this tribe became enamored of the young ladies of the village offered marriage and were accepted. This created a great deal of feeling and finally ended in breaking up the school." (p. 31.) Hampton, at any rate, looks with special interest and hope upon the girls' half of this effort in Indian education. Early inured to work, saved at least from the vices of laziness, we are inclined to believe even that they constitute the most promising half of it, and finding in greater constitutional vigor a compensation for their life of hardship, will prove perhaps the most important factor in the salvation of their race. If a white man beyond the restraints of civilization finds support and safety in home and wife—not a darner of his stockings merely, but an intelligent and an intelligent and equal companion—why should not an Indian? We believe that the Secretary of the Interior in no point shows the wisdom of his views upon Indian education more truly than in approving the education of Indian girls side by side with their brethren

THE OTHER "FAILURES."

There is no need to linger upon the *Tribune's* other "precedents." There is a remarkable similarity between all of them. Latin and Greek, no industrial training, and almost universal: the girls left out of the question—is the record, running back two hundred years to the Jesuits' school at Quebec for Indian youths, who, Parkman tells us, "sooner or later, all ran wild in the woods, carrying with them a fruits of their studies a sufficiency of prayers, offices and chants learned by rote, along with a feeble smuttering of Latin and rhetoric which they soon dropped by the way." (Old Regime in Canada, p. 163.) Seven hours' school confinement a day, with "evenings devoted to study," and *such* studies—with no physical training,—are quite enough to account for a heavy sick roll, even without the theory, as, in the case of William and Mary, where, sent to board in the town, many died, "some will have it, for want of proper necessaries and due care taken with them." This unnatural straining and disregard of the common laws of health was quite enough, we believe, to account for most of the mortality, without considering the dangers of transportation, no doubt aggravated by them immensely. We think so the more from the record in the Missionary reports of the Mackinaw school, for 1827—the very year Cornwall was closed. The report says: "Such is the medium of intercourse with all the Northwestern Indians that children can as easily be obtained from a distance of several hundred miles as from a shorter. There are now in the school children from the borders of the three great lakes, the shores of Hudson Bay, three or four from Red River, two from Lake Atabasco, far in the North-west, several from the interior, south of Lake Superior, and several from the wilderness near the Mississippi." In those days, these distances were much more formidable than now, but the school was prospering and nothing is said of discontinuing it. The real reason of the superior success of the mission station schools over the eastern seminaries, is, we believe, that they aimed at no such high-strung "course" of superfluities, but a simpler, more natural education, generally, perhaps always, combined with industrial training. The fact of the children's proximity to their tribe was not considered an advantage, but often deprecated, as it is now by our missionary teachers, and was provided against as far as possible, sometimes by legal indenture binding the children to the superintendent of the mission. We have received more than one expression of similar feeling from missionary teachers since the Indians came to Hampton.

ONE OMITTED REASON FOR CORNWALL'S DISCONTINUANCE.

The report to the Prudential Committee,

THE HEALTH QUESTION.

To say that there is, after all, a degree of risk in transferring Indians so far from home to be educated, is to say nothing new or unknown. If we cannot on this occasion repeat the formula of Mr. Phileas Fogg—who, in his eighty days round the world, found no emergency too much for him,—"That is provided for," we can at least say that it is foreseen, and as far provided for perhaps as the present state of sanitary knowledge permits. On the points of study and industry—both essential to the question—nothing more need be said. Shellbanks, a stock farm of 339 acres, seven miles from Hampton on Beck River, belonging to the school, furnishes a pleasant vacation rest for the Indian youths. The boys go out there in squads, for two weeks' stay at a time. They sleep in a tent, cook for themselves, have abundance of fresh meat and milk and vegetables; on cool days have a light day's work of four or five hours, and, for the rest, fish, row, bathe, rove as they please, making no one afraid, except perhaps the black birds. The farm manager—a colored student—reports them as all docile, and pleasant. Civilization is represented by the morning and evening prayer which he has with them. For those whose turn is to stay at Hampton, a camp on the beach is provided, and tent life is the order of the summer for all.

All the details of Hampton views and methods have been quite at the service of the originators of the *Tribune* letter. They have been invited more than once to visit the school, and if they had taken as much pains to examine Hampton as to investigate the records of three hundred years, their course would have *seemed* a fairer one.

With all possible precautions, there is still risk. There may be sickness and death. There has already been. But are their chances any better at home? "Consumption is the great regular scourge of Indian youth," says Henry Elliott, writing of "Wild Babies" in last November Harpers'. One has only to look through the last year's reports from the Agencies to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to fully confirm and add to this statement. Total ignorance of health laws, dirt, crowding, superstition, vice—these are the sufficient causes for the great mortality, in the opinion of the agents. Dr. Allen of the Red Lake Agency, Minn., believes that "as their manner of living improves, with a richer diet of wheat flour, their health will improve, especially as they are desirous to use *soap* on their persons." He regards *soap* as a great civilizer. Add to these risks, those of Indian wars (at a minimum while their children are away at school), and not least, of forced transportation, not to schools, but to distant, undesired new reservations, and we think the balance is in favor of the schools.

ROOM FOR ALL TO WORK.

But Hampton's effort interferes with no other for the Indians. There is room for all to work; the laborers are only too few. As far as Hampton is distinctively an experiment, that is, in the co-education of the two races, we believe the experiment is already a success, and that there are certain marked advantages in the association. But as she is undenominational, so is she impartial in bidding God-speed to all honest efforts. To demand more of newly civilized Indian missionaries than white ones dare to undertake, is cowardly; to expect to "make a lever of a few Indian youth to lift a whole race out of barbarism," is an absurdity which it did not need a three-column letter to point out. What is needed rather is an unlimited number of jack-screws, each to lift a little, but all in unison if it may be.

That past efforts have been jack-screws and not levers should have been no disappointment. Great good has been done by every effort, we believe, in spite of mistakes—but vastly more ought to be done as these errors are corrected by time.

A very curious point to notice in the record of Mr. Wheelock's Charity School, a hundred years ago, is the contrast between two of his own statements. In the full flush of his first enthusiasm, he writes, "if *one-half* the Indian boys thus educated, shall prove good and useful men, there will be no reason to regret our toil and expense for the whole." After twenty years of constant effort, he writes sadly, about to abandon his undertaking, "Of all the number before mentioned, I don't hear of more than *half* who have preserved their characters unstained." Morals enough suggest themselves, but shall we not side with his strength rather than his weakness and decide that it did pay? Civilization is of slow growth, but it grows by effort and struggle, not by inanition, and now that *we* have it we fancy it has paid.

A most sensible Indian chief a hundred years ago declined an offer of the British Commissioners of Virginia to put his young men at college, because the kind of training proposed would teach them neither to bear cold and hunger, neither to build a cabin, kill a deer nor take an enemy. But he graciously offered to take the Virginia gentlemen's sons to the woods, and *make men of them.*

He had, at least, the right idea of the true aim of education. To make men and women of them is what Hampton wants to do for these Indian boys and girls, as for all her students. If the *Tribune*, or any number of other philanthropists and philosophers, have a similar desire and a different plan, there is room for all, and "May God bless us, every one."

KINDERGARTEN NORMAL INSTITUTE AND National Kindergarten, Washington, D. C. Autumn Class begins Oct. 1, 1879. Mrs. Louise Pollock and Miss Susie Pollock, Principals. Mrs. Louise Pollock has been for fifteen years an earnest student and advocate of the Kindergarten System, and translated Midge, Line Morgenstern's "Paradise of Childhood," a Manual for Family and Kindergarten in 1864. Miss Susie Pollock graduated in the Kindergarten Normal Institute of Berlin, Prussia, and has been ever since successfully engaged in teaching in accordance with Froebel's Kindergarten System in Mass. and Washington. For terms and particulars apply to the Principals, MRS. LOUISE POLLOCK or MISS SUSIE POLLOCK, S. E. cor. of 8th and E. sts., Washington, D. C. Send for Circulars.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES TO DONORS OF SCHOLARSHIPS.

Mr. Charles G. Nordhoff, the well known [illegible] author [illegible] "Politics for

Some bring charges against Hampton because she does not give her students a full college course, but gives them instruction in house-keeping, agriculture, &c. They say that higher education in discouraged there-

ities of practical manhood, and common sense and character which shall fit them to be leaders of men.

——, VA., *Feb 27th*, '79.

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LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES TO DONORS OF SCHOLARSHIPS.

Mr. Charles G. Nordhoff, the well known journalist and author (of "*Politics for Young Americans*," Travels to Cnlifornin and to the Sandwich Islands, &c.,) having recently visited Hampton Institute and desiring to aid its cause with his nble pen, was convinced that the letters written by Hampton graduates themselves, direct from their field of laher, supply the most effective material for arousing the interest of Northern philanthropists, and instructing them as to the condition and necessities of the Southern freedmen. He quoted at length, therefore, from some of these letters from the Workman, in his letter of over a column in the New York *Herald*, which has been read hy its thousands of readers, and must do much to aid the general cause.

In a private letter, returning the balance of the letters sent him, to Hampton he says: "They are very interesting, and show me that we of the North know really nothing of the country negroes of the South."

It is our full conviction of both these facts—that the people need instructing as to this Southern field and work, and that direct and reliable information from it, cannot fail to be both interesting and profitable, which has occasioned our efforts to secure and publish these letters, and which leads us to continue their publication.

THE EFFECT OF EDUCATION.

THE first letter we will give is from a young man who was one of the best scholars that ever graduated from Hampton, and one of the student singers during the whole time that band was out, since which time, he has been continuing his studies at Oberlin preparatory school and college. The effect of the culture of travel and intercourse with many educated people, and continued study, with the solid foundation of Christian principle and a training in industry, upon the opinions of an intelligent young colored man as to the needs of his race and the best methods of raising it, are worth observing:

ST. LOUIS, MO., *April* 22d, '79.

Kind Friend:

Gen. Armstrong has requested me to write you a letter in order that you may learn what I have been doing since leaving Hampton.

Immediately after graduating, in 1872, I was invited to join the company of singers organized at that time, and was thus indirectly connected with the institution until June, 1875. I presume you already know something of our tour through the United States, and Canada, and I will not give you an account of it.

Since that time I have been teaching and attending school. During the winters of '75 and '76 I taught five months in Virginia, and four in North Carolina. This was my first attempt at teaching. At each place I gave satisfaction and had no experience worth relating.

In the fall of '76, I went to Oberlin College, and remained there until last September, when I came to this city and secured a position in one of the colored schools. While at Oberlin I almost completed the studies of the Freshman year. As soon as I can earn more money I intend to finish my college course. I have always had a great desire to get a first class education. It may not be best for me to spend so much of my time in school when my services are in such demand; I may not be able to do more effective work then than now, but I know I shall work more satisfactorily to myself.

My work here is hard, but, after all, I enjoy it. The colored people in this city have good educational advantages, and school officers manifest considerable interest in the progress of the pupils. They offer the same advantages that they do the whites. The schools are pretty well filled and compare favorably with the older ones of the city. A large portion of the children are poor, and receive very little home training. The majority of them must receive all their moral instruction and higher ideas of life, from their teacher if they receive any at all. I cannot say that all the teachers here have the best character, since the number is so large, but I do think that many of them have the highest interests of their pupils at heart.

Since leaving Hampton, I have had some intercourse with the colored people in almost every section of the country, and the more I know of them, the more I am in sympathy with the Hampton method; she aims to develop character well as the mind. I think it is very evident that the Negro can become an intelligent citizen if he has the means for improvement, but being educated in vice for two hundred and fifty years, it will not be an easy task for him to abandon his old habits.

Some hring charges against Hampton because she does not give her students a full college course, but gives them instruction in house-keeping, agriculture, &c. They say that higher education is discouraged there. Being a Hampton graduate, I am often attacked hy such persons among my people. I tell them that such is not the case. There are a great many classical schools all over the country which open their doors to colored youth who can afford to attend them; some exclusively for them. Hampton is for the poor who wish to get some education and have not the time nor money to spend in such schools. It is to train teachers. I also say that the other race has such schools, and we need them as well. I don't think we are so far advanced in civilization that we can dispense with training and industrial schools yet. We need more such schools.

I am glad I began my education there. I was too young and inexperienced at that time to understand fully its workings and aims, but now I see its atmosphere was a silent factor in developing my character. I sometimes imagine that I am not doing as much good as I might among those with whom I am inboring, but on thinking the matter over, I come to the conclusion that the young under my instruction, unconsciously imitate my actions, to a certain extent, just as I did those of my instructors, and so I feel encouraged.

Whatever course I shall hereafter pursue in life, I hope it shall not be one which will make you regret that your scholarship went toward paying for my education while at Hampton. I shall ever remember you gratefully.

Yours very truly, I.

A SCHOOL IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

In the mountains of Virginia, special conditions of society exist; instead of great plantations and first families, there is a large proportion of small farms and small farmers of the class once known as poor whites, but the best of the class, though little educated and somewhat narrow, are good workers and likely to contribute most to the prosperity of the State. Much superstition and ignorance exists among them and among the negroes here, but the relations of the races are, as the writer of the following letter reports, friendly, and work among them is very hopeful.

——, VA., *March* 26*th*, '79.

Mr. ——: *My dear friend:*

I consider it a great pleasure as well as my duty, to inform you of my whereabouts, and of my success in this and other fields of labor since I completed my course at the Hampton institute in the class of 1872.

I am now teaching four miles south of the above named town, the school I first took charge of after the completion of my course at Hampton. I have devoted an average of five months in each year to teaching since '72, either in this, Pulnski or Wythe Counties, and am happy to inform you that I have met with great success, in having large schools and advancing my scholars rapidly.

My present school numbers ninety-three scholars, the majority of which come an average distance of two and a-half miles by half past eight o'clock, A. M.

I find these people still anxious to have their children educated as when I first came among them. Although I find it necessary to devote a great deal of my time to moral training of my scholars, I am proud to say that they are improving fast, both intellectually and morally. This is my third return to this school after laboring elsewhere. It seems almost impossible for me to get entirely from this people, as they haunt me so by letter, that I am forced to return to them after intermissions of one and two years.

I am engaged in a very large Sunday school, composed of day-school scholars, their parents and many others who can't attend the day school. We are standing greatly in need of books, tracts and Sunday-school papers.

Many of my scholars have recently embraced religion, which of course makes it very pleasant for me, both in Sabbath school and day school. This place is situated in the South-western part of Va., among the Blue Ridge Mountains. My school house stands on the highest hill in the vicinity, known as Bunker Hill after the famous hill of that name.

I find the white people in this section friendly, although many of them are opposed to the free schools. I would be glad to write more, but fear I may weary your patience.

Yours truly, H.

WANT OF LEADERS.

The following letter from a young woman, gives with picturesque and sometimes humorous touches, one great want of the colored people of the South, the want of confidence in their leader, and of leaders worthy of confidence. It most forcibly snggests the need of training their youth not in book learning merely bnt, primarily and above all, in the qualities of practical manhood, and common sense and chnracter which shall fit them to be leaders of men.

——, VA., *Feb* 27*th*, '79.

Dear Sir:

I nm pleased to give you an account of my first experience in teaching. I taught nearly three months. This was nn entered school, got up by the people of the township. I had on roll fifty-five. The house was small and crowded and very open. I, as well as the scholars, suffered severely from the cold. Scholars seemed anxious to learn nnd were making fine progress in their studies.

After being there a month, I opened Sunday school which was very desirable. The little folks were delighted with the privilege of attending a Sabbath school, and they did attend promptly. Everybody was pleased with me; they said I was the best teacher they ever had, their children learned faster under me than anyone else. I used Col Parker's method of teaching all the while, and the children did advance rapidly, and I certainly did all I could to their advantage. I also opened an evening school composed of grown persons only. Educatioo is very much needed in this part of the country, as you will see plainly before I close.

The reason the school closed, was on accennt of some misunderstaading among the people.

Rev. ——— ———, (colored) was the committee of the school in that section. I was hired for five months, hut the people did not put money enough in the treasury to pay for one month. They did not like their leader (Rev. ——— ———) well enough to trust him with the money to pay the teacher, for what reason I can't tell. All I had to do was to look to the committee for my money. The first month, they paid well enough; the second month they wouldn't pay a cent; so the committee called them together, telling them if they wanted the school to go on, to pay what was due. The people, no doubt, would have carried the school on, but he talked to them in such a way they couldn't understand him. Everybody seemed to be angry and ready to fight. At last, a white gentleman passing by the school house, and hearing the quarrelling stopped and looked on as long as he wanted to, and seeing that the people wouldn't or couldn't understand, asked permission to explain what the committee was tryiog to, and he did explain nicely, in a way that the least child could understand it.

He described and spoke very highly of Hampton school, and said I was from Hampton, I certainly was a good teacher and deserved my money, for I was full capable of doing the work, everybody said I was. He told them to pay what they could, for it was a just debt. At this Rev. ——— ——— became much excited, saying the people would not hear him as they did the white man. So he was led aside by one of his own members; he used several words that didn't become him. So the people won't have any more to do with this school so long as he is committee. The people wanted me, but did not want the same committee, so for this reason, the school couldn't go on any longer. So you can see they don't pull together. They don't even know how to treat a teacher; they are full of superstition.

I am now eighteen miles from ———. Hearing the people wanted a school, I came down. On the following Sunday, I went to the church and stated to the people my reason for coming. The first man rose and said:

"Sister, you is too late. If you had come when we was digging 'taioes, and picking peas, we would a had you."

A dozen or more arose and said the same thing. The last one who rose was a little different, saying:

"We like you mighty well, Miss, but de peas and de 'tatoes is all gone, an' de money is gone too."

I will close hoping to hear from you soon.

Your sincere friend, M.

FROM A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Methodist ministers' wives at the North who know the hardship of a life of itinerancy from one country parsonage to another, will surely feel for this less favored sister who having to take in sewing and washing, with a hahy to take care of, to help eke out her husband's ill paid pittance, is still "trying to make home as pleasant, tidy, interesting and loving as possible." She also was one of the Hampton student singers, and has taught before and since her marriage.

———, NANSEMOND, CO., VA., *Mar.* 21, '79.

Dear Sir:

I remember you as my kind benefactor while at school, and take great pleasure in writing you these few lines to inform you something of my work and general experience since I left Hampton.

The first thing I did after leaving was to go to my home and open public school about twenty miles from there at a little place in Perquimans county, North Carolina. At this place the people seemed eager to have their children educated, and soon I had on roll fifty scholars. I taught only two months, and closed with an exhibition, left none in their a, b, c's, although I found many in them when I began.

I then went back home, and was soon married to one of my former classmates at Hampton. With him I went to live in the western part of Virginia among the Blue Ridge Mountains. There I found the people generally ignorant and superstitious. Our people seemed anxious to have schools, and especially in Bedford County, so that my husband wrote to General Armstrong, several times for teachers, which requests were complied with.

Mr. ———, the Supt. of Public Instruction in Bedford County seemed very much pleased with the teachers who came from Hampton, so much so that sometimes when they went to be examined, he would only look at their diplomas and mark their grade certificate from them.

I taught three sessions under him and with general satisfaction to the Public school officers and people concerned.

At this time I am a minister's wife and the mother of one child, and am trying to make home as pleasant, tidy, interesting and loving as possible, and thus to help my husband to spread true religion among the people. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday morning and meet the bright faces of a few children. In this school we use the Sunday-School Edition printed at Hampton.

Please always think of me as being ever grateful for your timely aid, which you rendered me while at Hampton.

Yours respectfully, A.

SENTIMENTS ON EDUCATION IN GEORGIA.

The following report of the state of white and colored views of negro education in Georgia is from a young man of good character and strength of mind, with five years' continuous experience as a teacher among the people of whom he speaks.

——— Co., Ga., *March* 25*th*, 1879.

Dear Sir:

It affords me much pleasure to write you. Since I left Hampton I am proud to say that my success among my people has been great so far. I have been teaching for five years, and not in one instance have I met with any obstacles, particularly among the white people. They have treated me very kindly. Those with whom I have come in educational matters, seem to, by their conduct and words approve of "the colored man being educated." I have not confined my teachings to one thing in particular; but have tried, through the mercies of kind Providence, to teach morality, Christianity and honesty, as well as school books. My school *record* numbers about seven hundred children who have been under my instructions. My patrons and their children are not only interested and desirous for an education, but for their elevation also. They flock to my school days, evenings and nights. Good many of my patrons attend night school, and I find it quite interesting and encouraging in teaching them. Our schools generally run from five to six months in each year. The salaries of teachers are not large, varying from fifteen, twenty to forty dollars per month.

We have aid from no other sources than the poll taxes, which are collected in the fall, and divided among the number of school districts, according to the pro rata of school aged children. Hampton is a great place for all colored youths; would that there were many more such Hamptons. I can assure you, dear sir, that your kindness and generous donations to help me on with my schooling, and others at Hampton, have not been wasted or prodigally used. As God has opened the hearts of our Northern friends to assist Gen'l. Armstrong in his great works at Hampton, I hope they will help him on, and they will surely see and receive their reward. We are all well. The yellow fever is over and gone, and not much sickness now. Hoping to hear from you, I remain,

With respects,

Yours truly, C.

EXTRACT FROM THE JEWISH TALMUD.

He searches the righteous. How? By judging of the manner in which they attend to the flocks intrusted to their charge.

David the son of Jesse, He tried in this manner. Before the lambs David set tender grass for food; to the old sheep he gave soft herbs and tender grass, while to the young sheep, able to chew well, he gave the old grass; feeding each according to its wants and strength. Therefore the Lord said, "David, who is able to care for the wants of the flocks, intrusted to him, will be able to rule properly over my flock, the people of Israel," even as it is written, "After the young flock He brought him to rule over Jacob, His people."

So did the Lord try Moses. While keeping the flock of his father-in-law in the wilderness, a lamb left the flock and ran away. The merciful shepherd pursued the end found it quenching its thirst at a spring by the roadside. "Poor lamb," said Moses, I did not know that thou wast thirsty;" and after the lamb had finished drinking, he took it up tenderly in his arms and carried it back to the flock. Then said God, "Moses, if thy love and care is so great for an animal, how much greater will it be exerted for thy fellow-being! thou shalt lead my people Israel."—*Jewish Record, Philadelphia.*

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

A LITTLE EXCITED.

A few days after the above incident Koha

matters concerning their health; their ill-health is caused more by their imprudence

ones who cannot get out of the hot, unwholesome city streets where they sicken and die for want of the sweet country air.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

All of the boys are much interested in the marriage question; hardly had the Dakotas arrived here in November, before one of the young braves began to send the most gallant of love letters to his favorite Indian squaw. From the following conversations it seems that the Indian boys are looking favorably upon the colored girls at the school.

One boy says, "I want to learn to make chairs and tables, so that when I get married I can have them in my house." When asked if he would take an educated squaw or one of the Indian women at home to wife, he replied, "No; I marry a colored girl; she will teach me good English."

Another boy says, "I went to learn all I can, and when I stop school I will write to my father that I want six horses." "What will you do with the horses at Hampton?" he was asked; "will you sell them to get money to take you back to the Territory?" "No; I give them to colored girl's father." Why do you give them to him? "If he give me the girl I give him the horses." "What will you do with the girl?" "I take her to my home in the Territory; she be my wife, and work for me, make corn, potatoes, and take care of my wigwam." "What work will you do?" "Oh! I *sleep*, and sometimes kill buffalo." "But may be the colored girl has never done such hard work; it may make her sick; what will you do if she can't work for you?" His laughing reply denied his words: "I give her one year to try; if she can't work, I throw her away and get another wife."

ON GUARD.

Gathering fruit at half-past ten P. M. by moonlight is rather exciting, but may get one into trouble, particularly if it be in the fruit orchards at the Normal School.

On this eventful night two Indians were on guard; going their rounds they were attracted to the cherry orchard by an unusual noise; leaping the fence, they stealthily approached the disturber of midnight peace. Before the intruder was conscious of their presence, they made him their prisoner: he proved to be one of the colored students. One of the Indians put his whistle to his mouth to call more guards,—"Sh—sh," remonstrated the prisoner, "don't make so much fuss; you'll wake all the people on the place." Quietly submitting to his captors, he was conducted to the guard-house. Taking a seat at the table, the prisoner began to write; the stern guard took his club and knocked him on the knuckles, to make him put down the pen: he started to talk, but up came the club again, this time to his mouth. Locking the door of the guard-house, the guards took a seat some distance from the prisoner: there is a large chimney in the room, and probably seeing the advantages it offered, the prisoner took a seat behind it—it kept him out of the sight of the guards. An open window had probably been overlooked; after a few minutes they went to see if all was well and found the open window, and no prisoner; darting out of the door, they caught sight of him running toward his cottage; having the advantage of a start, he was soon in his room, and locking his door, jumped into bed with all his clothes on. The determined guard was not to be thus foiled; jumping over the opening above the door, he took his stand by the bedside of his prisoner, and would probably have remained there all night if the officer of the guards had not talked with the colored boy and told him it would be better for him to return to the guard-house with the Indian guard; knowing that his punishment would be lighter, the boy consented to be re-led to the guard-house.

THE PENITENT.

That the boys are sometimes obstinate cannot be denied, but they soon yield and acknowledge their error, either in words or actions.

In one of the arithmetic classes a boy was sent to the board to work an example; he readily consented and soon had an answer; his teacher saw a mistake and called his attention to it; the boy tried to correct it, but was unsuccessful, and took his seat feeling very disagreeable, and turned his back to the board. Wishing to help and encourage him, the teacher called him by name, "Koba," but received no answer; supposing that he was thinking about the example, she concluded not to disturb him; thus the matter dropped for a time. About 7:30 P. M. the teacher heard a knock at her door; opening it, she saw Koba. "*Why!* Come in, Koba," she said. "Miss B——," he began as soon as the door was shut, "to-day you said, 'Koba,' and I did not say anything. I did not feel good. By and by, I think maybe Miss B—— feel bad because I did not speak, maybe she think I don't like her; so I have come to tell you that I am sorry." Need it be added that his kind teacher, who had no suspicion of his feelings, met him more than half way to make this treaty of peace?

A LITTLE EXCITED.

A few days after the above incident Koba was again sent to the board to do an example. For a time it looked as though the former experience was to be repeated; he took his seat, and it seemed as though he had given it up. A few minutes passed, but they seemed as so many hours to the anxious teacher; then throwing his feet high into the air in a wild demonstrative way, Koba exclaimed, "I know, I know," and going to the board, gave the correct answer at once.

A NOVEL MOONLIGHT DRESS-PARADE.

In going from Virginia Hall to the Wigwam, I was surprised to see a small procession of boys ahead of me; guessing who they were, I quickened my step and soon came upon them; they were marching without music or banners, with broomsticks for weapons and night-shirts for uniforms; a colored student commanded the troops, and had them marking time. Seeing me, he ordered a halt, maybe for a grand review; his men saw me, and immediately there was a great stampede; the excited troops, without discipline or order, went back to their quarters at double-quick time.

OUTDOORS VERSUS HOUSE.

The warm weather is now upon us, and probably no one feels the depressing influence of the summer heat more than the Dakota Indians. Reared as they have been, in their cold northern homes, where snow and ice abound the greater part of the year, it will not be surprising to learn that they try every way to keep cool.

A few nights ago, after a very hot day, about twelve of the boys took their beds and blankets out on the piazza of the Wigwam, intending to sleep there all night. Knowing the changes from a hot and sultry day to a damp and chilly night, I told them that they would not be permitted to sleep out all night, then left them to take their things back into the Wigwam. As everything kept very quiet, I went down to see if they had gone in. Imagine my surprise when I found them all tucked up in bed out on the piazza, with their blankets drawn over their heads, pretending to be fast asleep. I said not a word, but went to work, pulling the blankets from over them; they jumped up, struck by the chilly night air; then I pitched the beds into the house. There was a little scratching of the head, and some muttering from the older boys; then they retired to their rooms, wishing perhaps that I had stayed abroad during the summer months.

The strictest supervision is required in all matters concerning their health; their illhealth is caused more by their imprudence than by climatic influence. Two out of the three fatal cases that we have had since their coming, can be directly traced to imprudence; the third case was caused by a diseased constitution, brought from Dakota to Hampton.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mark-pe-s-ma-ni, from Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, died of consumption at Hampton, Monday morning, June 2, '79. He was buried from the School Chapel; Rev. Mr. Gravatt of St. John's Episcopal Church, of which the deceased was a member, read the beautiful burial service of the church. After some appropriate remarks, the solemn funeral procession trod the way to our little graveyard, to the sound of a Dead March, played by the school band. The remains were borne to the burying-ground by his Indian friends, where we deposited our sacred dust. The services closed with a prayer from the minister, who commended the departed spirit to the kind care of our loving Father. As we were about to turn from the grave, one of the members of the band took his place beside the grave, and blew a long, sweet, touching Good-night.

The beautiful moon cast a soft, subdued light upon the solemn scene; we could but think of that future morning when the trumpet shall sound to bid us arise.

It is pleasant to add that we have every reason to believe that the departed is now happy: in a letter to one of his friends he said, "I die gled." He was patient and gentle in the midst of his increasing infirmities, and when death came it had no terror for him.

J. C. R.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

A PICTURE FOR THE CHILDREN.

Happy are the children who live in the country in the summer time; in the cool, green woods among the mountains, or by the sea-shore where the long, white waves run up the beach, and leave pretty, bright shells and curious seaweed on the sand. What fun to run down the beach after them with little bare feet, and build forts in the sand, and write your name and see the tide wash it out; to wade in the edge of the waves, or dive off the rocks, and frolic in the water, or rock in the row boat, or go skimming over the sea like a bird in the white winged sail boats.

Everybody who lives in town is glad to get into the country when summer comes, but there are hundreds and thousands of poor little ones who cannot get out of the hot, unwholesome city streets where they sicken and die for want of the sweet country air.

A few years ago, into one kind man's heart came a beautiful thought for these poor little ones. And he spoke out his thought in one of the great city newspapers, (for that is one thing they are for) and asked everybody who could to send a little money so that every poor child in the city could have at least one good day of country pleasure that summer, and every poor sick baby and its mother have a week or two of country life. So many little hearts were made glad, so many sick babies got well, the children behaved so well when they were happy, and the country people who had kindly taken them into their homes got so much interested in them that everybody said it must be done again. So every summer the good work goes on, and more lives are saved and more hearts made happy.

Now here is a picture of the sea-shore and what do you make of it? I think this little girl has come with her mamma and aunty to the sea-shore for the summer. And they have come to ask the Fisherman whose boat they always have whether he can take them out sailing this morning. And he is telling them about the poor little ones who are coming, and how his wife is to take one to board with them, and the little girl says she will come and sea the baby, and the lady says it may go sailing with them, and there come the gentlemen who are bringing all the children from the city. Don't you wish they would hurry along so that we could sea them!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mar. 23d. Taking an omnibus I went to the Tabernacle to hear Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. I did not have the pleasure of hearing him—as he was in France hoping to recover his health. Mr. Charles Spurgeon, a son, occupied the pulpit of his father; his prayers were long but very earnest, it seemed as though they must have said to every aching and hardened heart, "I am praying for you."

The Tabernacle has three galleries entirely around it; the whole interior of the edifice is so admirably arranged that a congregation of 5,000 people can see as well as hear the preacher.

Mar. 24th. Went to the British Museum. I did not get any idea of its extent until I went in; the study of its treasures is endless; the library alone is said to contain over eight hundred thousand volumes, and large additions are made to this collection every year. The whole world has contributed its treasures which make this the finest museum on the globe.

Passing through innumerable suites of rooms devoted to Zoology, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and Antiquities, I came to the Ethnographical room; in this room can be seen both the antiquities and the objects in modern use, belonging to all nations not of the European race. I was much interested in the African exhibit; it consists of specimens of cotton fabrics, mostly obtained during the Niger Expedition; shields from Central Africa; weapons and heads used in the African trade; the beads are of two qualities: one for obtaining gold and the other traded for ivory, the former appear to be of porcelain, the latter of glass, all highly colored to attract the eye,—arrows in leather quivers, made by the Mandingo tribes of West Africa; Tuarik saddles and wooden head stools from Ashentee; it is said that the head stools are used principally by the dandies; these young men having oiled and carefully prepared their hair were so afraid they would have to go through the same trouble in the morning, they invented these blocks or head stools; the neck rests on the stool while the head is unsupported; no doubt a few well made night caps would help wonderfully in the work of civilization. There are hats and boxes made of calabashes. The hats are very large and slightly resemble Chinese parasols; the boxes are beautifully shaped and carved; the carvings of the gourds and calabashes bear a striking resemblance to the Ancient Egyptian style; spoons, leather pouches, dresses, pipes, and ornaments of various kinds, used by natives in Kaffirland; these are all barbarous; there are four pieces of pottery well made and worth studying, two pieces are highly glazed. All of the African exhibit of pottery including pipes is well made; the clothes are strong and dyed in quiet colors such as dark blue, very dark red, and white, one sample of cloth made from the leaf of a tree strongly resembles the Chinese ponjee silk in texture and softness, but it is lustreless—spears, wooden fetiches, tobacco pipes, and musical instruments are also to be seen. I had no idea there were stringed instruments in Africa but here are samples in a variety of shapes. I was much pleased to see two varnished calabashes the work of negroes near Para, South America they are exquisitely done; at first I thought it was the lacquer work of the Chinese.

The treasures of African seem inexhaustible. Passing through the department of mineralogy I saw samples of Malachite which were found in South and West Africa.

A feeling of awe passed over me as I wan- | essential, and which will be of the most prac- | ness—to have frequent and rigid examina- | a corresponding rise in the virtue and in- | telligence of the ruler. If the ballot is

A feeling of awe passed over me as I wandered through the great Assyrian and Egyptian galleries and saw the mighty monuments made by men thousands of years ago. Colossal human-headed figures of Lions and Bulls, Bas-reliefs of Tiglath-Pileser II., representations of sieges, stone and wooden coffins and mummies; probably the most interesting thing in the Egyptian Department is the Rosetta stone; it is a tablet of black basalt with three inscriptions, two of them are in the Egyptian language but of different characters, the third in Greek. This stone furnished the key to the interpretation of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

Mar. 25th. The Bank of England has nothing very attractive in its external appearance; it is only so much wall supported by pillars, ineteed of buttresses; but within is all that one could desire; it is strongly defended at night by soldiers stationed at the Tower, a detachment march up to the Bank every night to guard it.

Mar. 26th. Took an omnibus from Chespside to Charing Cross to visit the National Gallery of Arts; the building is much discolored on the outside by dust, and a stranger, without being told, would not think, that so unimposing a building could hovs such treasures of art within.

I felt myself drawn to some of the pictures. I have never thought of Judas Iscariot except as the traitor, but when I looked upon Armitages portrait with the remorse of Judas stamped on every lineament, and the muscles fearfully contracted, I pitied the man. What can be the agony of a soul when it is God-forsaken and foredoomed. I was pleased with Murillo's "Holy Family;" the whole of heven is thrown into the face of the child instead of the Virgin.

HOW HIGH?

The "Golden Mean" of which poets sing, is something more easy to rhapsodize about than really reach. In all branches of human effort it is difficult to strike this "golden mean," hnt particularly so, in fixing the educational pitch of Normal Schools for the colored people of the South, in this, the second decade of their freedom.

Leaving out of consideration that small intensely "conservative" class, who are opposed to "hook learnin'" in general, and to negro education in particular, there are a vast number of people, white and black, who manifest a deep interest in the standard of these normal schools; and perhaps it is not extravagant to say, that their theories are almost as opposite as the poles. Friends of the colored people, real and pretended; their foes, open and covert; and the colored people themselves,—all have theories as to how high the standard of the schools should be. Perhaps the extreme views may be stated as follows: it is claimed by some that a knowledge of the three R's is all-sufficient—"readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic,"—and that all beyond is "vanity and vexation of spirit." Others urge that only the higher branches of intellectual effort should be pursued, and that Greak and Latin should be studied, never mind what else had to be neglected. Perhaps it is not an overstatement to say, that a large majority of the colored people entertain the theory last mentioned. Their most bitter enemies shere this view—the people who would rejoice in their discomfiture, and scoff at their failure, would ask nothing better, than for the negro normal schools to be conducted in each a manner, that the practicel education of the race prove a failure. The best educated of the colored race do not entertain this view—they know if we would build a tall tower, we must have a broad base: and that no man can climb to a point fifty feet in the air, without passing through points twenty, thirty and forty feet from the ground.

Theories are cheap—anybody that wants, can have a theory; but how much they are worth, can only be teeted by practice. A series of experiments conducted by practical people, with the sole object of getting the best possible results, is worth reams of theories. The eleven years' work of this institution is valuable; for in them a mass of facts has been gathered, that outweighs any amount of guesswork. The students, who have attended the school, have at least been up to the average of the colored race, if they have not been above it: and what has been found true of them, it in fair to assume as true of the race at large, or at least of that portion of it, to whom normal schools have an interest. The first fact that stares us in the face is the poverty of most of the students; they can only afford to give a limited number of years to their education, and what they cannot get in those years, they must either do without, or acquire later in life. To be sure, there are some colored people who can afford to send their children to school for many years; but they are rare exceptions, and to them the great colleges of the country, as Harvard, Yale and Columbia, are no longer closed.

Accepting this fact, it follows that in the few years the average student can spare, he must be taught those things which are most essential, and which will be of the most practical use to him in after life. The course here (which some of our colored friends declare is not high enough) covers three years; in the first half of it are taught the rudimentary studies—spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and grammar; in the last half, in addition to those things which the students will have to teach, there are given such studies as will best afford mental training, and at the same time put them in possession of some of the facts, that every good citizen should know: among these studies are algebra, chemistry, agriculture, the elements of physiology, moral science, history, rhetoric, civil government, and political economy. Now if a great majority of the students who come to the Institution are found to be able to go through the course with only reasonable difficulty, then it is fair to say that the standard is none too high, and fitting to discuss the propriety of raising it: if, on the other hand, a great number of students find the course too difficult to master, then it is certain that the standard is high enough, if not too high. Now the facts of the case are (taking the last two years in particular) that less than half the Middle or second class have been promoted to the first or Senior class. To be sure, some have been compelled to leave through poverty and other causes, but the great majority, who have failed of promotion have failed, because they had not mastered the studies of the middle year; hence had either to go over it again or be dropped from the rolls. It needs no argument to show that if the standard were raised, fewer still could complete the course; and the policy of doing the greatest good to the greatest number, should underlie all schools of this sort.

Students are compelled to attend twenty-eight recitations weekly, and study thirteen hours a week "out of school." Now let us suppose for instance that Greek and Latin were added to the course, and, for argument's sake, grant that in three years students could learn enough of these languages to do them any good—they would require at least one recitation in each daily; this would reduce the time they had to devote to other things just two-sevenths. Now, if so many fail when all their time is devoted to their English studies, how many would be able to master them, if they only had five sevenths of the time they now have to devote to them? Thoroughness is a thing of vital importance to everybody and in everything; and in no one thing are the colored people more deficient than in this thoroughness; and any school for them is bound to be a failure, which fails to have "thorough work" as one of its maxims and practices. Giving an education does not consist in putting a student through so many text-books, nor putting so many text-books through him: but in causing him to make his own as many facts as he can gather from his books and teachers, and in training his mind, so that it is not only a storehouse of acquired facts, but a factory where new fabrics of thought can be wrought from old materials.

The object of normal schools is to train young men and young women to be able to teach others: and before anybody can teach another anything, they must understand it themselves. It needs no proof that special attention must be given to those studies then, which students, when they graduate, will have to teach; these must be deeply and clearly impressed on their minds, even if there have to be neglected, those studies, which are taken up more for the mental training they afford, then for any use, that may be made of them in after life. "Aim high" is a capital motto, but "aim straight" is a much more valuable one in practice: too much elevation of the educational rifle is just as bad as too great depression, so far as hitting the bull's-eye of success is concerned. A men who has a smattering of this and a smattering of that, and no thorough knowledge of anything, is a being to be pitied: nevertheless, there are plenty of such beings in the world, and any institution which wilfully adds to the number, is rather to be called a fool factory than a school. Ambition within certain limits is a most excellent possession, but a man whose ambition leads him to attempt that which is impossible, wastes his time and makes himself ridiculous.

Among the things necessary for a sale are these two: that a men have something to sell, and that somebody want to buy it: just so it is with supplying teachers for the colored schools of the South; teachers are wanted, but only that sort of teachers who can instruct the children that will be under them. We do not go to law schools to study theology, nor to singing schools to learn to paint; and a man who had slighted his arithmetic in order to say he had studied trigonometry is not the teacher for children who want to study arithmetic. A person who can blunder through some Latin verses, or stumble through a Greek chorus, may not be able to explain some very simple English construction; yet it is English, not Greek, nor Latin, that is to be taught in these public schools.

The certain way to raise the standard of a school is to increase its degree of thoroughness—to have frequent and rigid examinations, and to put back any student who proves that he has not thoroughly mastered the course over which he has been. If this plan were stiffly enforced, it would make a diploma far more valuable, and materially reduce the number who would gain them. Still, an unbending rule of this sort would work great hardships to a great many, and experience has proved that it is best to seek the highest possible, not the highest absolutely.

T. T. a.

THE PEOPLE SHOULD RULE.

When President Lincoln was urged, and at times was almost goaded, into signing an emancipation proclamation, he persistently refused on the ground that the nation was not ready for it. "I keep my finger on the pulse of the people," he said. He had decided opinions of his own, on matters of statesmanship, and often said that the administration of government was not what it should be, but he held to the principle that under a republican form of government, the acts of those in authority should, and in the long run would, reflect the sentiments of the people who made the government; that he had been elected not to instruct or give new ideas to the people, but to execute their will. And when in his best judgment, the majority of the people were ready for that splendid, though strictly unconstitutional, act of emancipation, he "dipped his pen in the sunlight," and signed it.

Under absolute forms of rule, the people, limited in their sphere of action, may rightly look up to and demand of their rulers the latest and best methods of conducting public affairs, but in a democracy like ours, where the people are rulers, there can be no shifting of responsibility. If the people rule, it must be their policy which shall prevail, and not the policy of their servants in office. No method of action will ever be a success permanently, in a democracy, which does not reflect and respond to the wishes and sentiments of the people. If the people are ignorant, this ignorance will manifest itself in the form of government. If the people are warlike, the government will be warlike. If the people are noble and generous in their sentiments, the action of the government will be noble and generous. There may not always be a quick response between the people and their elected rulers. In fact, there is often discordance for a time. But in the long run, this principle boldly asserts itself. No statesman in America was ever able to permanently maintain a "policy" of his own. He could as well control public sentiment by his opinions, as hold a three-decker to her anchorage with a thread of cotton. The safety of all self-governing communities lies in the inability of the rulers to capture men's opinions, and hold them arbitrarily. The Congress of the United States is a representative body to-day, not only in law but in fact. Whatever the manners, and opinions of the widely separated sections of the country may be, they are boldly illustrated in the House and Senate. The protectionists come from the manufacturing states. The free trade men come from the agricultural states. The silver money men come from the silver producing states. The anti-Chinese men come from the states where Chinese labor is disliked. At no time, in the history of the Republic, has the average culture, and character of the people been so accurately represented as in the Congress of the present time. Neither the best nor the worst social forces of the country are there, but the grand average is. The Southern representation is an exception; owing to the peculiar social organization of this section in times past, the best men represented it, and do now. But the causes which effected this result are ceasing to operate, and before many years, the average opinion of the white and black will be represented by a class of men greatly inferior to those now at the front.

Improvement in the administration of government should go from the people to the rulers, and not from the rulers to the people. The principal should instruct his agent, and not the agent instruct his principal. As the virtue and intelligence of the people rise in quality, there will be a corresponding rise in the virtue and intelligence of the ruler. If the ballot is bought and sold, the rulers will be bought and sold. If the people insist on integrity, the rulers will respond with integrity. Every new school house is a lever which raises the administration of the laws. Every new, broad and generous idea, which gets into the life of the people, finds an expression in the political machinery. The growth of intelligence among the people is the growth of the trunk which carries the branches and leaves up to a finer atmosphere. All experiments in elevating the character of the people by legal enactments are sad failures. Our statute books are clogged with laws which can not be executed.

Painfully strict as our usury laws are, they utterly fail in the mercantile communities. In a democracy, laws become dead letters, unless backed by public sentiment. A woman convicted of murder is sentenced to be hanged. Do we hang women? Although our theory of government is simple it is not yet understood by the majority of the people. Men expect new ideas, and plans of reform from their representatives. But the representative is only elected to carry out the will of the people. And the people fail in self government who keep their will and understanding in abeyance, and look for guidance to the rulers. If Mr. Hayes has a political "policy," and Mr. Sherman a financial "policy," and Mr. Shurtz an Indian "policy.", they say substantially to the people, as you have no policy of your own we will give you one ourselves." Make our government in fact, what it is in law, and these men would say, "what shall we do, we have no policy, for we are your servants." Successful as has been the experiment of the Anglo Saxon race in self-government, it is still a crude affair when held to really just and practicable standards of self rule. The people do not like to think. To remember, to investigate, to collate, to meditate thoroughly and patiently, are the highest and the noblest works of man.

It is, however, a most irksome and troublesome business, for most of us. It is a simple matter to fall in and march along roads which have been cut out for us by others. But roads so made lead in the end to party allegiance and party feeling, and take away our duty to the whole state. As we educate, and the individual grows in understanding, and does thinking for himself, the administration of government improves, because it reflects better ideas. Elected officers, and representatives put aside their policies and their platforms, and stand forth in their true and constitutional character, the real and humble servants of the people.

W. N. A.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The men who dare to follow the lead of their own moral nature and inmost conviction of right wherever it may take them, irrespective of friends or party or popular sentiment are, in all ages, the rarest kind of men, but it is only among them that are found the heroes and mighty men of all time, the men who turn the world upside down.

William Lloyd Garrison was one of these rare men. It was this loyalty to conscience and absolute fearlessness in obeying it which gave him power in his obscure and poverty-hampered youth, to stir society to its foundations. His peace principles of non-resistance were as radical and loyally adhered to as his anti-slavery principles. His appeals were only to the conscience, but men trembled as he went out single headed like a young David with his sling and stone from the brook of truth against the Goliath of a nation's sin, whose mighty fell shook North and South with convulsions the young peace lover never dreamed of.

It is seldom indeed that any reformers enjoy such signal triumphs of their ideas as Garrison and the other anti-slavery men—many of whom were inspired by his influence—lived to see. It is no wonder, therefore, that, as they are rapidly passing away from its scene, they are "sustained by an unfaltering trust" for the future of the race which has received the great gift of freedom.

So William Lloyd Garrison died, and every colored man who owns a home or holds a vote should not only remember him with gratitude but remember the great lesson and power of his life—loyalty to conscience

In this country, and five times that many depend

which could neither be terrified nor bought.

The principal facts of Mr. Garrison's life have been given in most of the newspapers, and are as follows. He was born in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10th, 1805, and was therefore seventy-five years old at the date of his death. A loving, brave and religious mother, formed his earliest habits of mind and heart. He always through life ascribed whatever good there was in him to her influence. A poor boy, he was apprenticed to a shoe-maker at ten years of age, going to school by working after hours, and at thirteen to a printer. At sixteen he began to write for the paper he printed, and at nineteen took the place of its editor. At twenty-one he published a paper for himself but made it a failure as a business enterprise. He edited after this, the first total abstinence paper in the country, the National Philanthropist, and still another devoted also to anti-slavery and peace principles. His first anti-slavery address was made in Park St. Church, July 4th, 1829, in which he avowed the doctrins of immediate emancipation. In 1830, having become partner in a paper published in Baltimore, the "Genius of Universal Freedom," he wrote an article denouncing the sending of a cargo of slaves to New Orleans, for which he was arrested for libel and thrown into prison, but was released by efforts of Mr. Whittier, Arthur Tappan, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. In 1831, he started his famous paper the Liberator, which became known through North and South and was destined to live until the one mission to which it was dedicated was accomplished.

In 1832, the New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed with Mr. Garrison at its head, and he visited England to consult with Wilberforce and show the English workers the fallacy of the Colonization scheme. On his return, the American Anti-slavery society was organized on a platform which he drew up. This was followed by the series of riots, mobs, and disturbances which made the "old abolition days" so stormy, in which Garrison was of course a prominent mark for attack, on one occasion being dragged by a mob through the streets of Boston with a halter round his neck, and only saved by being arrested by the city police.

Believing that slavery was incorporated in the Constitution, he advocated the dissolution of the Union to get rid of it, but soon after the beginning of the war, seeing that the success of the Union cause would bring emancipation with it, he became an ardent supporter of the Governmeut, though without abandoning his personal views upon non-resistance.

Since the war, Mr. Garrison has received many tokens of the respect in which he is held both in this country and in England for his unselfish devotion to humanity. He has kept up a lively and untiring interest in the progress of events, and interested himself actively for the cause of temperance, the rights of women, the protection of the Chinese, maintaining always the side of every question which he honestly believed to be the right side.

He died very peacefully at the home of his daughter in New York, May 24th, after a life of which Wendell Phillips said, in the eloquent eulogy pronounced at his funeral:

"I never saw him unhappy; I never saw the hour that gloom poisoned his existence; I never saw the moment that serene, overflowing, abounding faith in the rectitude of his motive, in the certainty of his success did not lift him above all possibility of being reached by any of the clamor about him. This is the happiest life that God has granted in our day to any American, standing in the foremost rank of men of influence and effort."

A TURKISH LADY.

Our picture, for which we are indebted again to the Harpers, represents a lady of Constantinople dressed for the street, on which no Turkish lady may appear except thus closely veiled from the passer's eyes. The invasion of modern civilizatiou and Western ideas has, however, done much to mitigate the severity of seclusion in which Turkish women were kept. They are seen abroad more frequently and the ugly shroud custom wrapped about them has grown thinner and thinner till its transparent folds rather enhance than conceal beauty of feature when any exists, as well as add lustre and charm to the soft dark eyes.

Still a Turkish lady's life is apt to be a dull one, and a recent traveller thinks that life with her would be but dull, and that any man romantic and rash enough to bind himself to the owner of those gazelle eyes, would grow weary to death of the dull like beauty and empty, sluggish mind.

Christian civilization, however, is doing much for these poor Eastern women in their enforced idleness and ignorance. Lady missionary teachers have penetrated the seclusion of their harems where no man could go, and theirs is in the suburbs of Constantinople, a "Home" seminary for Turkish girls which cost fifty thousand dollars, given entirely by the women of America.

Green Feed for Horses.—Give a share of the green fodder when horses do not run at pasture. If at pasture at night, a generous feed should he given before they are turned out.

Corn should not be neglected in the hurry of harvest. Frequent cultivation hastens growth and the maturing of the crop. To see the difference, leave a row or two uncultivated. Much hand work later in the season may be avoided by a little work with the cultivator, and by keeping the weeds down.

Fodder-Corn may yet be sown. A rye or wheat stubble may be plowed and planted in drills with 3 bushels of corn per acre. The large Western or Southern corn, or Evergreen Sweet Corn, may he used. Some extra good ammoniated superphosphate, with potash added, or special corn-fodder fertilizer, should be sown broadcast and harrowed in before planting. Dropping the fertilizer in the drill does not answer well for corn when other manure is not used broadcast.

Blight.—If this appears, there is but one thing to do, cut away the blighted twig, branch, or whole tree, as the case may be. Cut down to bright sound wood, and burn the removed portions.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

The Khedive of Egypt has been deposed. His eldest son has succeeded him.

The eruption of Mt. Etna has ceased, but the volcano continues to give forth smoke.

Bolivia has authorized privateers sailing under her flag to seize Chilian merchandise even in neutral ships and not contraband of war.

Peru has ratified the universal postal union This reduces postage to and from that country from 17 to 5 cents on half-ounce letters.

LONDON, June 10.—The council of foreign bondholders has sent a protest to the Governor of Louisiana against any attempt of the State convention to reduce the State debt as arranged under the funding act of 1874

PARIS, June 11.—The Prince of Orange, heir apparent to the throne of the Netherlands, who has been for some time ill in this city, died here at 11 o'clock this morning. The Prince of Orange was born on the 4th September, 1840.

LONDON, June 9.—The Times says the recent rise in cotton at Liverpool was a godsend to that long-suffering centre of inactivity, and though only transient, has enabled banks and speculators to avert a collapse that seemed inevitable.

The Liberian boundary commission has failed to fix the northwestern limits of that republic, and adjourned *sine die* No aggeement could be had between the Liberian and English members, and the latter finally referred the matter to Commodore Shufeldt as arbitrator.

LISBON, June 19.—The Cortes has ratified a treaty with Great Britain, establishing a customs union between British and Portuguese East Indies, and the custom-houses between the two will be abolished. The Portuguese will adopt British India's tariff, excise, money, weights, measures and extradition regulations. The British salt monopoly will be extended to Portuguese territory, in consideration of no indemnity to the latter of four lacs of rupees annually.

MADRID, June 1.—King Alphonso opened the Cortes in person to-day. In his speech he declared that the ministry will continue the practice of liberal principles; relations with foreign powers are satisfactory; the budget will contain no new changes; the government will submit measures to alleviate the effects of the ten years' war in Cuba, and with the assistance of the Cortes, will endeavor to assimilate the position of the colony to that of a province of Spain, and hasten the day for the complete abolition of slavery.

CAPETOWN, June 3.—A further advance was made on the 31 of June. Another of Cetewayo's envoys has reached Fort Chelmsford. John Dunn has gone to confer with him Cetewayo tried unsuccessfully to obtain ammunition at Delegoa Bay. A small British force was surprised on the Orange river by a large body of Basutos. Several of the British were assegaied in their tents. Six were killed and fifteen wounded. The enemy were pursued and heavy loss inflicted upon them.

LONDON, June 19.—Reuter's dispatch from Cape Town, dated June 3, via Madeira to-day, states that Prince Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France, accompanied by other officers, left Col. Wood's camp to reconnoitre The party dismounted in a "mealie" field, when the enemy crept upon them and assegaied the Prince, killing him. The body of the Prince Imperial was discovered in a field of long grass. There were no bullet wounds upon it, but there were seventeen wounds made by assegai thrusts. The body was found stripped, and the clothes had been taken away.

DOMESTIC.

The bonds of Augusta, Ga, both six and seven per cent, are selling at a premium.

The annual report of the New York Cotton Exchange shows sales for spinning during the year 210,129 bales, all of here 102,650 bales. Sales of futures since May 28, 1878, amounted to 2,618,000 bales.

The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to contract for the conditional purchase of a site for a postoffice in Baltimore has passed both houses of Congress.

Hon Henry W. Blair, who has received the republican caucus nomination for United States Senator from New Hampshire to succeed Hon. B. Wadleigh, was born at Compton, in that State, December 8, 1834.

Advices from Texas, report the wheat harvest in full blast, and the yield of wheat avenging better than was anticipated a few weeks ago. Corn and cotton are growing finely, with gratifying prospects.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS, according to the Railway World, are employed on the railroads in this country, and five times that many depend upon the roads for support. It is also estimated that between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000 are annually paid to employes and to persons who furnish the companies with supplies of various kinds.

TEXAS ranks third among the wool-producing States, having 3,674,000 sheep, and so treading closely on the heels of Ohio, California leads, of course, Nueces county, Texas, has more sheep in its limits than any other county in the Union—356,000.

The last report of the auditor of Kentucky gives some interesting figures in regard to the financial condition of the colored population of that State, who number about 150 000. They own 181 139 acres of land, valued at $1 275,35?; 3,996 town lots, valued at $1,288,155, and stock and personal property of a taxable sort worth $?66,445. This includes $7,695 in carriages and $6,082 in watches. The total taxable valuation of property held by colored persons in Kentucky is therefore $3,376,337, which, supposing assessments to be on the basis of sixty cents on the dollar, will give an actual property held by them of over $4,500,000

The mayor of Montgomery, Ala, in his annual message, says the real estate market in that city is growing more active, that a large number of new buildings are being erected and others are under contract, and that transfers of real estate are being made with an activity which presages an early rise in values. The rate of taxation has been reduced to $1 25 on the $100. Other Alabama towns, particularly in the northern part of the State, furnish evidences of a revival in their increasing business activities.

Mrs. Jane L. D. F. Hull, aged 58 years, wife of Dr. Alonzo F. Hull, was found dead Wednesday morning, in her bed at No. 140 West Forty-second street, New York. Her hands and feet were tied, she was blindfolded, a gag was in her mouth, and her trunk at the side of the bed had been opened and rifled of its contents. An examination of the premises showed that an entrance had been effected in some way through the front door, as that was found open and all other parts of the house secure. The fingers of the dead woman's hands were found to be badly lacerated, and her friends say that one large diamond ring and one emerald ring had been torn therefrom.

The bark Monrovia sailed from New York Saturday June 14th for Liberia, carrying fifty colored people as passengers, embracing all ages. They have been collected by the agents of the Colonization Society, and most of them come from Arkansas and the Carolinas, although other sections of the country are represented. They were a healthy looking set of people, and appeared of more than average intelligence. Mr. A. A. Stanford, formerly a member of the Arkansas Senate, was one of the passengers.

Hand Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of fine meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad, and Deviled Crabs,—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all seafood, far exceeding in fineness of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the meat causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than they have bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a new manipulation from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For picnics, luncheons, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $5 00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft, with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $1.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

T. T. BRYCE,
Normal School Grounds,
Box 10. *Hampton, Va.*

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. H. Parramore has permanently settled in Hampton, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth, and insert artificial sets. Rooms, over H. L. Schmelz & Co.'s store, on Main street.

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Or Plain Talks for the People, about

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By T. T. BRYCE.

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Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

INCORPORATED IN 1870.

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Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers, for the Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

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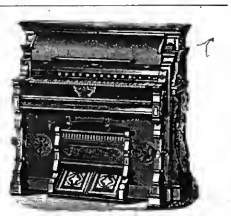

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CLOTH MODEL ATTACHED,

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Children's Patterns of all kinds. Gentlemen's Shirts a specialty. Send bust measure and 30 cents in stamps, or $1.00 for four, to Mrs. HARRIS, 36 Beekman St., New York.

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356,432 GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES SOLD IN 1878,

BEING

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SOME VERY HARD NUTS TO CRACK:

Companies have sprung up in every part of the Union for making an "Imitation Singer Machine."

Why are not similar companies formed for making Imitations of other Sewing Machines?

The public will draw its own inference.

Gold is continually counterfeited; brass and tin never!

The Singer has taken the FIRST Prize over ALL competitors more than TWO HUNDRED TIMES. *Why?*

After the Chicago Fire the Relief Committee undertook to furnish sewing machines to the needy women of that city. Applicants were permitted to choose from six different kinds of machines. 2,944 applicants were furnished with machines; 2,427 chose the Singer Machines, and 517 distributed their choice among the five other kinds of machines! These girls were to EARN THEIR LIVING on these machines. *Why did they take Singer?*

THE PEOPLE'S AWARD TO THE "SINGER."

The people bought Singer Machines as follows:

1870	127,833	Singer Machines
1871	181,260	" "
1872	219,793	" "
1873	232,444	" "
1874	241,679	" "
1875	249,852	" "
1876	262,816	" "
1877	282,812	" "
1878	356,432	" "

Many of the manufacturers of other machines refuse to state their sales! WHY?

Sales of 1878 over Sales of 1870, 228,599 Machines, A Three-fold Increase.

WASTE NO MONEY ON COUNTERFEITS. *PRICES OF GENUINE GREATLY REDUCED.*

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SHOCKOE MACHINE WORKS,

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$66 a week in your own town. Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

U can make money faster at work for us, than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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DIRECTIONS.

For each animal deduct one fourth their usual quantity of grain and add half a pint of Spiced Food each time of feeding.

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"THE NEW AUTOMATIC"

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This machine is PRE-EMINENT over all others in QUALITY and MERIT, and therefore commands a higher price. Persons seeking THE BEST sewing machine appreciate its NEW AND VALUABLE FEATURES, together with its silence, lightness, swiftness, ease of working simplicity and durability. It is the ONLY sewing machine in the world with NO TENSION to manage, and it is different from all other machines in its principles of operation, being FAR IN ADVANCE of any.

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Glidden's Steel Barbed

WIRE FENCING.

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Sole Manufacturers East of Chicago, of

A STEEL Thorn Hedge. No other Fencing so cheap or put up so quickly. Never rusts, stains, decays, shrinks, nor warps. Unaffected by fire, wind, or flood. A complete barrier to the most unruly stock. Impassable by man or beast. TWO THOUSAND TONS SOLD AND PUT UP DURING THE LAST YEAR. For sale at the leading hardware stores, with Stretchers and Staples. Send for illustrated Pamphlet

The Steel Barb Fence is the Cheapest Fence that can be put up.

COST OF VARIOUS STYLES OF FENCE.

Narrow Slat Picket Fence	$6.25	per rod:
Wide " " "	5.32	" "
Common Stone Wall	3.00	" "
" Four-Board Fence	2.00	" "
" Split-Rail "	2.00	" "
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Glidden Steel Barb Fence 4 wires	.84	" "
" " " " 3 "	.66	" "
" " " " 2 "	.48	" "

Posts can be put in every ten feet, and then a four-wire Glidden Barb Fence will cost but $1.08 per rod, or two-thirds the cost of the cheepest, rudest wooden fence.

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Southern Workman,

A Twelve Page Journal.
ISSUED MONTHLY.

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

FOR the months of July, August, September and October, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will appear in its present eight-page form.

From and after November next, the paper will be increased again to twelve pages, cut and stitched, until the following July.

WE welcome from a friend in Connecticut, a donation of a complete set of tinner's tools for the Indian Work Shop, in charge of Mr. G. B. Starkweather.

The outfit of tin-ware for this institution for the coming session is to be made by Dakota boys who ten months ago were little better than savages.

The Indian boys are now making a dozen red cedar tables, oval in shape, with inlaid chessboard of holly and black walnut. The legs can be folded and the tables sent by express to any who may desire to purchase them.—

It was thought best to turn to immediate account the Corliss engine given us; hence a saw mill and outfit was purchased and is rapidly being put in order.

No better educational force could be added. The sum of six thousand dollars will be required at the outset; but one thousand has been received.

How could money do more for men than in building a workshop where the discipline as well as the profits of hard work should be the basis of an education?

We appeal most earnestly to the friends of this work to supply the needed funds. The twelve thousand dollars asked for last fall, to prepare suitable buildings for Indian students, have been given. Donations for this purpose came within fifty dollars of the amount required.

Six thousand dollars was then stated as the cost of the shop to be erected. The necessity for this amount is immediate and pressing.

THE Normal School Steam Saw Mill is expected to be in operation by the middle of August. Young colored men without funds who apply for admission are informed that they can work in the mill till Oct. 1st, 1880, save their wages, go to night school steadily, and thus be fitted both mentally and pecuniarily to enter school and continue there at least two years

We encourage also applications from colored girls for a chance to work their way through school.

Indian boys will have work in the saw mill. Their homes are usually on streams near forests; they will have use for whatever skill they may acquire in preparing timber for building purposes.

ONE bearing of the Hampton work for Indians, for the welfare of that race, is illustrated in the effort made in the last Congress,—to be renewed next session,—to secure the use of a number of vacant army posts and barracks in Kansas, Dakota, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and elsewhere, as schools for Indian youth. The argument accompanying the Bill states that,

"The efforts in this direction recently undertaken, and now in successful progress at the Industrial and Normal Institute at Hampton, furnishes a striking proof of the natural aptitude and capacity of the rudest savages of the plains for mechanical, scientific, industrial and moral education, when removed from parental and tribal surroundings and influences.

"The department has in course of training at the Hampton Normal and Industrial School in Virginia, sixty-six Indians, boys and girls, from eight different nomadic tribes; and although this work was only begun last year, the results already demonstrate that no better plan now exists. The Hampton school was established in the interest of the colored race, with the avowed purpose of teaching them the 'salvation of hard work.' This spirit seems to meet the needs of the Indian race equally well, and the very considerable number of agents, teachers, missionaries, and others engaged in or interested in Indian educational work, who have visited and witnessed the methods of Hampton, join in commending it as just what the Indian needs. The intercourse between the youth at Hampton and their parents and people on the plains has produced extraordinary interest and demands for educational help from these tribes."

Aside from the improvement of our Indian youth is the fact that we are working almost under the eyes of legislators, many of whom have visited us and have confessed to increased interest in, and hope for the Indian.

In some recent published articles, from missionaries to the Indians, there has seemed to be a regret that the money expended here was not given to schools west of the Mississippi, where it is "no experiment." The fact that this work is called an "experiment" is no sign that we have any less faith, or hope, or even success, than they claim to have.

The only doubt is in respect to the health of Indian boys; two out of the forty males who arrived last Nov. 5th, having died of disease contracted before leaving home, and others having had ailments. The girls enjoy excellent health.

Will any boarding school for Indians in their own country show a better health record? In no other respect is there ground for apprehension of failure.

On the other hand no more cordial interest in and approval of this effort has been expressed than by missionaries who are devoting their lives to the red men of the plains.

It is all clear gain; not a dollar has been drawn from the Western work and many dollars have gone to help Indians that without the Hampton effort never would have reached them.

THE Colored Educational Association of Virginia held its Annual session at Lynchburg on the 16th and 17th of July. We regret that our account of it is so meagre. Good speeches were made, especially by Mr. Cromwell of Washington, and Rev. Mr. Brooks of Richmond. The essay of the former gentleman upon Industrial Education, is reputed to have been admirable.

This Association has held regular sessions for nearly ten consecutive years, and is exerting an influence that is needed in these times when, under the pressure of poverty, many are giving up all hope of improving themselves.

It has an important work in its hands. We wish the Association every success and hope that its last meeting will be followed by cheering results.

THE "Exodus" is losing its place as a topic of general interest. The movement has passed its height and the conclusion seems to be that not over five thousand freedmen have changed their homes and that the crops have not suffered materially by it. It is as yet too soon to state what the emigrants have gained by their change.

They have of course, lost in substance, but have they not gained in opportunities? Will their last state be better than their first? That will depend upon the energy and thrift of each individual.

We may expect that a portion of them will improve, and that a part of them will live in the hand-to-mouth way to which the race so kindly takes. We have held that on the whole their situation politically was by no means a comfortable one, but that their chief distress has been the result of the credit system, which, to all men, is a snare, but especially to the ignorant and short sighted.

All that we can learn confirms our view that, in a large portion of the cotton region, in and about Mississippi and Louisiana, the ex-slaves are in a wretched condition, unable to get out of debt, victimized equally by their own ignorance and by a class of traders, merchants and planters, whose rapacity is boundless.

We quote from a statement of Gov. St. John of Kansas in relation to the exodus:

"I have the honor to state that, in my opinion, it was instigated by the southern planters and merchants. I arrive at this conclusion after having examined contracts of lease entered into between the planter and the colored man, in which I find that the latter has been required to pay from seven dollars to ten dollars per acre rent each year.

I further find from the hills that have been presented to me, made and receipted by the merchants of your state, which these colored men have been compelled to pay, that they are charged 20c per lb. for bacon, worth only 6c to 7c; 25c per yard for 6c domestic; $1 to $1.50 per gallon for 35c molasses; $1.50 per lb. for dog-leg tobacco; 12½c per yard for 6c calico, and other articles at equally outrageous prices.

These prices, independently of any other consideration, would drive any class of people from your state. When you take into consideration that as good land as the negro gives from $7 to $10 per acre *rent* for, can in this state be *purchased* for $3 per acre, I think you will have no difficulty in ascertaining at least one of the main causes of the exodus, and by whom it was instigated."

While political power in the South is in the hands of Southern men and ex-officers of their army, the financial power is in different hands. In the recent terrible overturning of things, the old masters and men of wealth have been, to a large extent, succeeded by speculators, or, at any rate, by a different class of men, whose eye is on the main chance, whose greed of gain has had more to do with the distress of the negro than race prejudice, and has driven many of the finest people of the South into great extremities. This has been unnoticed from the fact that political agitators could make no capital out of it, and found it easy to charge the inevitable sufferings of the ex-slaves, in a great transition, to the wilful wickedness of the men whose defeat at the polls was their object.

The "Solid South" is not so bad as the Sordid South. The spoils of the war, the choicest lands and the homesteads of those who staked their all in the struggle, have been in numberless cases bought by men solely "on the make."

The millions of earnings of the colored cotton raisers go not into homesteads and homes for themselves, not to enrich their former owners, but largely into the hands of men without convictions, who enrich themselves yearly by taking advantage of the poverty about them. The man who has the least capital to work on suffers the most: this is usually the black man.

Under this pressure, combined with real or imagined political grievances, the Exodus was natural, as was also the reaction that has set in.

But the idea of moving has entered into the thought of the entire colored race. Every negro in the land knows about it. The Exodus was preceded by a slow and steady march westward from the most disturbed States. It will be followed, we think, by a steady but rather increased flow of colored emigrants who, to escape from hopeless poverty, and for larger political freedom will sell out carefully, go quietly and settle comfortably beyond the Mississippi.

This will be a more serious matter than the Exodus itself. Not that the bulk of the freedmen will go, but enough to effect the labor market in places.

Pressing hard upon the working class of the South, is the money famine, the exhausted soil that cannot make sufficient returns to the farmer, the sad condition of the old aristocracy utterly unfitted, as a class, for the emergencies of the day, and the whole range of thought and habit produced by generations of ease and comfort. Men who could organize victory out of defeat on the battle field cannot yet organize prosperity out of the ruin about them. It is not only immigration and capital but new ideas that are needed. All classes will rise when these come in, for they fall and rise together; and when the stimulus of good and regular wages, based on better methods, and a fair chance, is before the negro the tendency to the West will cease. Till the times change, we believe that a steady current of negro emigrants will go to the states west of the Mississippi.

THE Fourteenth Annual session of the Educational Association of Virginia convened at Academic Hall, Hampton Normal Institute, on Wednesday, July 9th.

Some of the members arrived in Hampton on Monday, and secured quarters at the popular Barnes' Hotel, a place associated with good cheer and courteous treatment. The balance of them arrived by the various steamboat lines and were cordially received and handsomely entertained, some at the above named hotel and others at private residences.

When the association was called to order, the following members were present: Prof. William F. Fox, president; Rev. R. M. Saunders, third vice president; Prof. R. B. Smithy, corresponding secretary; Profs. Thomas R. Price, T. H. Norman, J. H. Peay, Jr., S. C. Armstrong, Harry Estill, and William O. English, Rev. C. H. Toy, D. D., Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D.D., Dr. Robert S. Hamilton, Profs. Charles S. Cocke, H. H. Harris, John S. S. Blackburn, Captain A. F. Couch, Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, Johns Hopkins University; Superintendent M. A. Newell, of Maryland; J. C. McGuire, Major A. G. Smith, Professors T. P. Crump, E. W. Cone, N. B. Webster, B. S. Partridge.

There were quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen in attendance from Norfolk, Hampton, Old Point, and the surrounding country.

Professor W. F. Fox, President of the Association, made the opening address, dwelling chiefly upon the work and interests of the Association. He urged the need of Normal Schools, that teaching is a profession, and required special preparation; and pointed out the need of co-operation between educators of all classes. It is impossible in our limits to do justice to his paper.

The sessions of the Association continued from Tuesday evening till Thursday evening.

The "Spelling Reform" was discussed at length by Prof. Webster and Rev. R. M. Saunders of Norfolk.

"The discipline and training of Girls" was the subject of an essay by Prof. Harris of Richmond College.

"The International Metric or Decimal system of weights and measures" was learnedly treated by Prof. McGuire and Prof. Webster.

Prof. J. S. Blackburn of Alexandria read a report upon the subject of a Teachers' Life Association. Many other valuable papers were presented. The last session was occupied by Col. James Barron Hope, Editor of the *Norfolk Landmark* who delivered an able and very admirable address on the "Comparative Geography and Illustrations of the Commercial History of Virginia." The lecture was full of fine word pictures of the former commercial prosperity of this state and of suggestions for the future. The congratulations of the audience were tendered, by vote, to Col. Hope.

The Association adjourned to meet in July 1880, at the Hollins Institute in the western part of the State.

The *Landmark*, and the *Virginian*, the leading newspapers of Eastern Virginia, published in full the leading essays, and so gave a wide hearing to what was read and said at the meeting.

A feature of it was an Indian recitation in arithmetic, conducted by Mr. James C. Robbins, and Miss Olivia Davidson, both Hampton graduates, and an Indian song led by Miss Amelia Perry, also a graduate. The vigor and skill of the teachers were remarked, as well as the quickness of their pupils. The red skins made some new friends to the cause of their elevation.

THE proceedings of the National Conference of colored men of the United States, held in the State capital at Nash

ville, Tenessee, in May last, compiled by Mr. J. W. Cromwell, have been sent to us, and are worthy of note.

Passing over the minutes of the three days proceedings, we will only remark upon the unwisdom of calling upon the party in power for aid, and upon all classes to lay aside prejudice and ill-feeling, when during the conference, there was frequent language abusive of the party in power, and many indications of race prejudice, and of feeling quite as hostile as anything they had to complain of.

There were present many men of marked ability. The convention was brainy enough, but lacked sound discretion in some things. We will refer to a few of the reports printed in the appendix.

That of Dr. A. T. Augusta, a really able and eminent colored surgeon, on the *Sanitary Condition of the Colored People of the United States*, is both interesting and valuable. We print a few extracts:

"In 1800, a judge in Savannah, Georgia, in charging the grand jury, just after the city was turned over to civil authority, and subsequent to its occupation by General Sherman's army, said, among other things, 'that he deplored the abolition of slavery, because the freedmen could not take care of themselves, and would soon become extinct from starvation and disease, and that the Barnum of a hundred years hence would perhaps have a petrified Negro to exhibit to the world that he once existed.' * * * * * *
The mortality, as shown by the reports among the colored people, has been very great of late, and it is so marked, that if it was not for their great natural increase, as I will show you directly, the predictions of the Georgia judge might soon be realized."

Dr. Augusta accounts for this mortality in part by the crowding of freedmen into the cities into small, utterly comfortless tenements, amidst stagnant pools, with bad food. He is satisfied that the night meetings of the colored people produce great mortality; crowded as they are into badly ventilated churches in cold weather with closed windows and high heat; going thence into the cold air, often leads to fatal results.

Dr. Augusta gives the death and birth rates of a number of principal cities and declares:

"Now I have given you the figures of births and deaths from some of the principal cities of the country, and I have come to the conclusion, and I have no doubt you will, that, notwithstanding the incorrectness of the reports, and especially of the birth rate, city life is not conducive to the increase of the colored population, but rather on the contrary to the decrease, and we might as well look the matter directly in the face. For in nearly every instance where I have examined statistics I find the same results."

What are the remedies he asks:

"They might imitate the old slave holder, who made the old, worn out and superannuated slave women take care of the young children while their mothers were at work in the field or attending to other matters. And therefore houses might be rented in different parts of the city and be converted into nurseries, furnished with all the comforts for young children; and let them be put in charge of two or three old women acquainted with nursing, with doctors to look out for the sick, and allow mothers to place their children there during the day for a small fee, and no doubt in time they might become self-supporting. * * * * * *

Many lives might be saved by having some institution to care for young girls, who are often led by the unscrupulous to a premature maternity."

A matter of the utmost importance,

"is the great number of still births among the colored people, of which they furnish fully three-fourths of the whole number. Now, I have no doubt that some of them are produced by criminal practices, but a large majority of them are produced by accident, from the debilitated condition of many of the mothers, who are compelled very often to perform severe labor, such as washing, ironing and scrubbing during pregnancy and near their confinement, as well as to inhabit the miserable shanties they live in."

The Doctor inculcates early marriages as favorable for the numerical welfare of the race. Not only Dr. Augusta, but observers generally, believe the following:

"Now, notwithstanding that there has been such a large mortality among the colored people in the large cities, still that has not been the rule in the rural districts and small towns, and therefore let us urge upon the colored people to leave the cities and go into healthy localities where they can improve their sanitary as well as their financial condition. For to live in the large cities in such numbers breeds poverty, indolence and vice, and all the consequences attendant upon them, prominent among which are sickness and death."

The statistics of negro population, and other facts below, are of interest:

"The colored population of the United States has steadily increased, from their first introduction up to the last census, at the following rate, commencing with the census of 1700. At that time there were 737,208; in 1800. 1,002,037; 1810, 1,377,808; 1820, 1,771,231; 1830, 2,328,042; 1840. 2,873,648; 1850, 3,038,808; 1860, 4,441,830; 1870, 4,880,000. Here it will be seen that the colored population has nearly doubled itself in every thirty years, and no doubt the census of 1880 will establish the fact that there are six millions of colored people in the United States, being nearly as many as the white population of the South at the breaking out of the late rebellion. If, then, they should increase in the same ratio that they have in times past, it will be seen that in 1010 there will be 12,000,000; in 1940, 24,000,000, and in 1070, 48,000,000.

Now, this estimate is made upon the increase of the colored people, as reported by the several censuses that have been made, under the most unfavorable circumstances to us. It has been proven by the statistics of the District of Columbia, which are the most correct, as far as the colored people are concerned, that I have examined, that their natural increase is greater in proportion than that of the white population. From 1874 to 1878, the total number of births reported in the District of Columbia was for the white population, 9,022; and, for the colored, 6,030—the former composing two-thirds of the population and the latter one-third. So you will see that although the white population is twice as large as the colored population, their birth rate was only one third larger.

Now this estimate does not include the still births, of which the colored people furnished two-thirds, but which, under good sanitary regulations, may be largely reduced. Our increase is a substantial one, and I make use of the word substantial because in the increase of the white population it must be taken into consideration that there is a large emigration from all parts of the world, and especially Ireland and Germany, which swells their increase to a great extent every year, and therefore every decade these are all put into the census, whereas nearly ever colored person placed upon the census rolls is a genuine increase by birth."

The Political Status of the Colored People was the subject of an essay by Mr. J. C. Corbin, colored, of Arkansas. He says:

"The Negro occupies an essential position in the political economy of the South, and is not destitute of social influence. Year by year, as statistics show, he increases in number, wealth and intelligence, the instrumentalities which alone can render his ballot effective in protecting his rights and securing his enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is an admitted fact that his labor is the basis of the wealth of the South. Time will certainly develop the truth that his real welfare must be the object of as studious solicitude on the part of Southern political economists as that of the laboring classes of the North is on the part of Northern statesmen. If this lesson can be learned in no other school, it will be in that of experience, to whose stern teachings the most refractory must at length yield their acquiescence. Political experience teaches that overwhelming majorities are ominous. The projecting part, in parties as in matter, has a tendency to crack and fall. This principle secures to the Negro at least the portion of the 'balance of power;' so that, as expressed by an Arkansas politician, 'it don't matter which end is up, he is surely worth something to somebody.' It should be his desire to make that 'something' a very great something, and that 'somebody' the body of his fellow-citizens; that is, he must by hard and persistent labor elevate his race to a higher plane of intelligence, wealth and morality. Let him become inspired with this as a purpose, may the purpose of his life, and he will soon learn to cling to those things that contribute to it, and to abandon those that tend in the opposite direction. First of all, let him have the moral courage to be poor at first that he may accumulate a competence at the last. Let him note well the ratio between his income and his expenditures, and dispense with all that is wasteful. One of his first objects should be to secure a home of his own, and in making the purchase, to not forget that it must include, if a farm, fencing, implements and seed, but reserve a portion of his means for these necessaries. Next, let him remember that 'righteousness exalteth a nation' and that 'knowledge is power,' and he will in due time see that a political status established upon these sure foundations is satisfactory and permanent, while that which depends solely upon the vagaries of political parties follows the fortunes of those parties, and like them is at the mercy of every caprice of public sentiment."

Mr. Wm. Stewart of New Jersey argued for the *Necessity of a National Review devoted to the interests of a Negro-America.*

"But through what channel can the whites of this country ascertain what are the opinions, the thoughts, the judgments of the Negro-American? I grant you there are a dozen—a score of tiny sheets fluttering in the breezes, and each little *kiteling* is battling away manfully and with all its little might for our people. They each and every one deserve more credit and greater support than they receive. I would there were dozens more of them, for many streams make a river. I say I grant you that there are a score or more of worthy little colored journals existing, but from their surroundings and the paucity of their supporters, the influence they exert either in the ethics of ourselves or the country is very small. We have not a periodical in the land of sufficient calibre to compel a quotation by the leading papers of the country.

If quotations are made from the *Christian Recorder*, *The National Baptist*, *The Louisianian*, *The Watchman*, or any other colored periodical by any white publication, it is on account of some purpose of its own, and not because of any respect the white publication may have for the rank or standing of those colored papers. None of those colored papers are in a position to *force* themselves upon the notice of their white confreres, unless, perhaps, they do so as mendicants."

Opportunities and Capabilities of Educated Negroes is the subject of an essay by Mr. William Still of Philadelphia, one of the foremost of his race in this land.

Referring to the Freedman's Bank he says:

"In this bold undertaking the most signal fact verified was to the effect that even under very great poverty and ignorance more than 70,000 freedmen could be found ready and willing, on simple faith, to intrust their hard earnings to the amount of some $57,000,000 to the custody of this concern, under the delusion that the Government was fully obligated for every dollar of its liabilities, when, in fact, the Government was not liable for a single dollar."

Mr. Still appreciates education:

"In recalling the fiery trials and great hardships which the freedmen have had to undergo from without and within, my sole motive is only to intensify the fact which has unwaveringly been paramount in my mind, namely: under any circumstances, even the most favorable that could be expected, there are great suffering and very hard work for the Negro to undergo, in whatever light his condition may be regarded. But under no circumstances is his elevation to be accomplished and his rights respected, except through the medium of education."

He shows in the following sentences how the Negro's opportunities and capabilities may be made available for his own welfare and for that of the country:

"He is about the only laborer in the South; he has been fully inured to hardships all his life; he need fear no greater danger of having to compete with any other class of laborers. In a sense, therefore, he is in an attitude, with the aid of some book knowledge, to understand the value of his labor—capital. With education, when he works he will know how much he earns. Many ignorant laborers cannot tell. When he spends he will know how much he spends; an ignorant man cannot keep his account. When he buys a piece of land or undertakes to build, he will first sit down and count the cost, to see if he is able to finish; or whether some one is going to palm off upon him a bogus deed or fraudulent agreement. In thousands of instances an ignorant man is imposed upon simply because he can be imposed upon with impunity, by men who would not fancy being caught acting thus toward an intelligent one. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this rule would be likely to hold good."

The need of knowledge by the freedmen, and the effects of ignorance are shown in Mr. Still's remarks upon emigration:

"With some book knowledge, a man in finding himself badly located could readily perceive how a change might better his condition.

"Every citizen, white or black, is free to exercise this privilege in this respect, no one will deny. If one place does not suit him he can go to another of his own choosing.

"Here I am reminded that emigration is exciting a good deal of attention at the present day.

"Never were men more in need of intelligence, in order that they might judge wisely concerning the present exciting crisis. If not wide awake, they are likely to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"But if he can read he may study and learn what practical emigration has done for millions on this continent. The great Western States, for instance, afford an opportunity for a good illustration. Emigration certainly has been the making of all the Western States, if not of this entire country. It was never conducted under any *en masse* system, but generally on individual account or under the auspices of small voluntary companies.

"While the great majority of these emigrants at first went poor they carried with them a thorough knowledge of husbandry, mechanism, storekeeping, trading, and all kinds of industrial labor; besides very many had been inured to hardships, and were quite ready and willing to rough it in the woods, in log-cabins—to begin labor by cutting down and clearing up the forest under great difficulties.

"Now, I am compelled to say, with deep regret, that our poor people are not prepared to emigrate under any such encouraging aspects. They have been too long shut out from the light of knowledge to be ready for any *en masse* emigration movement. In going, with very few exceptions, they could only hope to find employment as hewers of wood and drawers of water, in fields where laborers might be sufficiently numerous to meet all demands either in rural districts or in the towns. Thus with apparently continued hard struggles only to combat, the road to success would still be dark and discouraging."

Mr. Still reminds his people that only by making progress, by conducting farms, stores, trades and engaging in literary pursuits can they retain their old friends and gain new ones.

The following quotation is refreshing.

"I feel quite convinced when looking at the attitude of our people, and the work before them, that there is but one way out of the old ruts into the liberty and prosperity that we feel naturally and legally entitled to, namely, simply "redeeming the time," by intense earnestness, by rigid economy, by encouraging one another in every honorable and commendable undertaking, by acquainting ourselves with the lives and labors of good men and women who have labored successfully to bring about great reforms, and have had overwhelming difficulties to overcome. Also by studying the lives of individuals who have had great poverty to begin with and no friends to aid them; but with undaunted courage, perseverance, and a firm faith, have removed the mountain, and established themselves among the foremost men of their day."

He says, further on,

"One fact all must agree upon, namely: Our condition is very lowly, and in many respects sad. And there are no signs discernible to my mind that we are likely to have our status improved very soon, either through politics or the liberal bestowal of land, money or the preferments of any positious by the Government. Hence, we have nowhere else to look but to self-reliance and to God."

In conclusion,

"Now, I ask, in conclusion, that you will compare the opportunities which I have presented with those of fifteen or twenty years ago, and see if there is no room for thankfulness and encouragement; see if there has not been very decided improvement, and see if there is not good reason for every one of us to renew our efforts to advance education and true and undefiled religion; to promote more economy, more union, more regard for morality, more willingness to seek out and extend a helping hand to the "million" who are of the most lowly and degraded."

The Rev. Dr. B. T. Tanner, of Philadelphia read a paper on the *Theory and Practice of American Christianity*, in which he claims that "there is a fly in all the precious ointment of American Christianity, the fly of caste." "Everywhere in the North or in the South, caste prevails, differing only in degree." "The churchman of the North thus reprimands the churchman of the South. 'You can ostracise the negro to the extent of keeping him out of your parlor, but don't kill him, especially don't keep him from voting the Republican ticket.' The colored American resents the spirit of both sections."

Dr. Tanner refers with appreciation to all the good work of the Christian people of the country for his race and believes that in the future caste will disappear and that a true Christianity will be practised.

Want of space forbids reference to other interesting and able essays and addresses.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

be missed. On the whole, I think it would be a good plan for a few thousands to go from our Maryland very illiterate generally, and far believe, is more indulged in than any other sin.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES TO DONORS OF SCHOLARSHIPS.

BOOKS BEFORE BACON. TAKING UP HOMESTEADS. "A CURIOSITY FOR OWNING PROPERTY." EARLY MARRIAGES. A DARKER VIEW. THE KANSAS EXODUS. INTEMPERANCE. POVERTY AND STAGNATION. TEACHING READING WITHOUT BOOKS. AMONG THE CATHOLICS. VAGUE IDEAS OF POLITICS. COMFORT'S EXPERIENCE.

BOOKS BEFORE BACON.

The enthusiasm for an education which, blind though it often may have been, has given a great impetus to their progress, has by no means all died out even from the generation that found itself too old to be much benefited by the schools. One of our graduate reporters in the field, who has taught between three and four years in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, writes of the latter State; "Schools there are on a very good basis, running from four to nine months for a term. The people are very industrious and pay strict attention to the schools. I have often heard them remark 'My child shall go to school and learn, if he have no bacon to eat with his bread and potatoes.'"

TAKING UP HOMESTEADS.

The thirst for learning seems to be accompanied by hunger for land. The same reporter goes on to say of the same people, "They have a *curiosity* for owning property; such as cattle, land, poultry, etc. They are homesteading Government lands numerously, especially in the State of Florida." Another young man, one of the first band of Hampton singers writes of his school district in Virginia, "I had as good a school as I could wish. Some of my pupils were remarkable in their studies, and the parents returned thanks to me for my careful instruction. The people have made some improvement as to getting themselves little homes. He complains, however, that the smaller children are the best students because, "When the larger boys and girls in that neighborhood arrive at the age of sixteen or seventeen, they get married."

The reports are not always as cheerful as these. Some allowance must be made for different temperaments and ways of looking at things, but there is, no doubt, a variety in the condition of different neighborhoods, and plenty of room for hard work everywhere. Another graduate, also a Hampton singer formerly, takes

A DARKER VIEW.

"I find by experience, that my people generally are not so much interested in the education of their children as they should be. Of course there are exceptions, but the majority of them are looking at the present and not at the future, and as soon as their children reach the age of twelve, fourteen or fifteen, they take them from school, and put them out to work for some white man for fifty cents, a dollar or a dollar and a-half a week and board. They think and say that money is of more value to them than going to school and getting an education; that they have gotten along in the world without any training, and their children can do so too. They don't stop to think how they got along, or how much better they would have got along if they had had an education. And it is hard for us to convince them that it is necessary for their children to be educated that their labor may command a higher value, or that they may be one day capable of holding office or filling other places of trust.

There is a great deal said about the mass of the colored people being imposed upon by the Southern whites, and to a certain extent it is true; but I have found that where a colored man has education, even if he has no more than he gets in a common school, and respects himself and attends to his own business, he is respected and treated better by the whites than by the colored. There is a disposition among a class of our people to pull back and hinder the progress of every rising young man or woman as far as they can. It is the disposition of the 'dog in the manger' and one very hard to fight with."

THE KANSAS EXODUS.

The same writer has these views of the emigration to Kansas:

"Our people at this time are very much interested in the Kansas emigration, but I think there are few from this section that would be willing to emigrate, and those few would not be missed. On the whole, I think it would be a good plan for a few thousands to go from our cities, and large towns; for it would make everything much better for those that stay.

It is my desire at present to continue teaching, but I feel the need of more education and try to improve all I can in my studies. I shall ever be grateful to you for the interest you have taken in the race with which I am identified and for the aid you have extended in my behalf while trying to secure an education.

I am, yours with respect,

——.

POVERTY AND STAGNATION.

A young man who is doing a good work, writes:

"Although I have succeeded so well, my work has not been without difficulties. I am situated away up in ——County, eight miles from the nearest post office. The people are very poor, so poor that they cannot furnish their children with the necessary books; in fact, I never before saw such real destitution. And, as is the general rule, where there is most poverty lies knowledge is found, so it is here. Ignorance, superstition and vice hold supreme sway. The changes of many years have effected little here. The people seem content to remain as they are, not striving to gain prosperity, not pushing to get power, but willing to live in ignorance and grope in darkness, they have no hope for the future, and live only for the present, satisfied with 'plenty to eat and drink.' Some will not send their children to school, others stop them at home to do the least bit of work, that they well could do themselves, and by none is education thought of as it should be. Talking to them does no good. Argument has no effect. But is it thus that the Negro race is to remain?" Nay, God forbid! There is one point to be stormed, that is the gate to future success. Only one way is left by which to redeem it and that is to educate its young. They are the ones which we, the Hampton graduates, are to get at. Ours is to carry the light of education. On us depends much of the work which is to be done. And what could we labor for that is more grand, more great, more Christianlike in its object than for the redemption of our race?"

TEACHING READING WITHOUT BOOKS.

In the dearth of school books and the inability of the people to buy them, this graduate found the instructions of Col. Parker in the Teachers' course at Hampton last year, very useful. He says:

"I had as many scholars as I could well attend to, and when I closed I had enrolled sixty-one. They were very backward, though I must say it was not their fault. None could write or do the simplest sum in addition. I saw that work was needed and plenty of it too, hard, patient and Christian. Setting to with a will, I commenced teaching reading and writing by the method of Col. Parker of Quincy, Mass., whose services we had during the Teachers' Institute at Hampton. Arithmetic I commenced at the same time, and succeeded admirably. I am certain that could all the colored schools be taught by this method, the chief disadvantages that now attend teaching in the South would soon be expelled for I can teach at least three times as much in the same time by this method, as I could by the dull and tedious a-b-ab, of the old school."

AMONG THE CATHOLICS.

Our graduates have taught now and then in Roman Catholic neighborhoods. One of them writes thus of his experience:

"In 1877, I commenced for the first time to teach school, and as a teacher I think I can say I was successful, at least in a degree. But I was disappointed, and sadly too, when I found that all the people were Roman Catholics there. Of course my Sabbath School and recitation of Bible texts plans became castles in the air and immediately tumbled down. Bible reading in school was offensive to the scholars and their parents, and strongly objected to by the priests. During the winter the greatest number enrolled was forty-five, all of which number was Roman Catholic, with three exceptions, viz., two Protestant Episcopalians, and one Methodist Episcopalian. I taught until the last of June, 1878, when I left and went home. I must confess that while teaching there, I came to love the work better than I anticipated. Before leaving Hampton, I always said that I never would teach if I could get anything else to do, but I think I need fear lest I become a slave to school teaching. At home during the last summer I failed to get a position in any of the schools for the winter, other work was dull, and the outlook for a livlihood was discouragingly poor. I wrote to a friend in Boston asking if a position could not be obtained for me there, and by means unknown to me Gen'l Armstrong got a clue to my letter, or the substance thereof, and immediately sent me means and a welcomed order to me to leave at once for my present field of labor. I came here in Nov., and began my now well-beloved work.

VAGUE IDEAS OF POLITICS.

"I have found the people both here and in Maryland very illiterate generally, and far behind the times, having only vague ideas of politics and political parties and what measures lie within the power of a party to enact and what do not; the unlimited power of the president, especially that of ex-president Grant, whom they say only gave up his seat to Hayes for a while, but since Hayes is letting so many Democrats into Congress, and turning out so many Republicans, Grant is going to take his seat again. In each of the places that I have taught in, I have also found that almost invariably they confound the State legislature with the National Congress, but as a general thing they are politically docile, and show all signs, many of them, had they a little better chance and teaching, of being very shrewd politicians.

A."

ANOTHER writes from Maryland,

"I have a very large school and am proud at the progress the children are making in their studies. The majority of my scholars being Catholics, at the beginning of my work among them I had a little trouble in carrying out those principles in teaching that were taught me at Hampton, but they have now become accustomed to my methods of teaching, and we are now getting along well. I told you in my last scholarship letter that my mission would be to help to raise my people from their low state of ignorance and immorality to a standard of respectability. I deem the community in which I am teaching an extensive field for my mission. The children, I may say, knew little or nothing; but that can be readily accounted for; there has not been any school here since 1873, and of course, how can we learn without a teacher? My moral work seems to be progressing equally as fast as my intellectual. When I commenced to teach here many of my larger scholars were accustomed to go to balls on Saturday nights and dance all night; but now it is seldom that I hear of any of them at a ball, and if they go, they don't dance any after twelve o'clock.

B."

COMFORT'S EXPERIENCE.

A young woman writes of her school in Virginia, "I found the people very desirous to gain instruction, both old and young seeming equally interested. I intended to return to it in the fall, but heard that a great many of the schools would have to be closed, and teachers would have to wait an indefinite time before they received their pay, so I concluded I could not afford to teach yet. Yet I mean to go back for I am more anxious than ever to teach, now that I see and understand more fully the needs of my race."

Another who bears the cheering name of Comfort writes:

"I had an offer of a school in Onslow Co. to teach ignorant children. It was a very hard place to go to. God sent me and I went. They haven't any railroad or steamboats so I went in a horse cart, forty-two miles with a man who came for me, a stranger. So the first thing I did was to ask God to guide me with this stranger to the place. We started in the afternoon and traveled all night. About midnight we stopped and camped long enough to feed our horses. Then we started again and traveled till the next day. I was glad to have a rest. Before I got rested the man came for me and said I must go to be examined. That made twenty-two miles more I had to travel with the horse cart. When I got to my schoolhouse, what was it? A little log hut with one door, and two windows cut in the logs to admit light and air. It was a rare thing to see window lights [glass] in that place. My school-house was not a tight one, by any means. You could put your arm through the logs at any time. Mosquitos were by thousands. Sometimes I had a pan set in the middle of the floor and burned some wood in it to make a smoke and keep them off. This was the way I taught for two or three months. How glad the children were to have some one to teach them! I didn't only teach them how to read, but how to live.

I am glad of the Hampton Normal School. It is one of God's blessings to the colored race. What I learned there will be beneficial to me all my life. I hope the Northern friends will never let it go down. We can't thank you Northern people enough for what you have done for our poor colored race, but God will bless you.

Your friend, COMFORT."

INTEMPERANCE.

Another sums up the chief obstacles in the way of his people's progress thus:

"1. General want of book knowledge. 2. Religious ignorance. 3. Intemperance.

I am trying all I can to enlighten them in book knowledge. When we, the Hampton graduates, come out to war against these three *giants* we are obliged to be well posted on all three of these points. Intemperance, I believe, is more indulged in than any other sin. It is a common sight to see at the stores Saturday nights, women and men "drinking and making merry" as they term it, in ways that more become a heathen or cannibal than people in our country. I have got up a temperance pledge and am proud to say have twenty-five names enrolled, many of whom are old folks and had followed smoking and drinking many years. After much persuasion and the reading to them some "Temperance Tracts" I have been blessed with the above result. They are trying their best I believe to keep their pledge. As for their religious ideas, I am trying to correct them by getting at the children's minds in Sunday School. I am certain the only means of making this race anything important lies not in *this* but the coming generation. I am the first graduate who has ever been here, so I am obliged to be very careful as to the influence I leave. I have on roll seventy-one pupils, and last month made an average attendance of thirty-six, and will, I am sure, do this month as well. I am satisfied I have been the means of a *little* good. When I first opened, I had nine little ones who could not say their alphabet, but by object teaching I have them so they can now read all through Holmes 1st Reader, and writs their names and other easy words. I am trying hard not to disgrace Gen. Armstrong, and you charitable Northern friends. I believe time will prove to skeptics that we, the Negroes, are men and women, nothing more, nothing less. May God bless you and others for your services and interest in our race is my prayer.

B."

From the Public Ledger.

VENTILATING SCHOOL HOUSES.

MR. EDITOR:—Under the above caption, in your issue of the 10th instant, "P. E." after deploring the absence of ventilation in many house rooms, suggests the plan of two pieces of pipe turned upward from a board inserted in the window. This answers fairly the purpose, but is unsightly, and does not allow of the sash being shut without first removing the whole apparatus. I have often made use of a plan costing a quarter of what the above mentioned one does, and one that works more effectually, is permanent, and can be carried out, under the following description, by any one who can plane and saw a board, one-half inch thick, two pieces of a length that will fit into the space between the two upright inside beads of the window that hold the lower sash in place; let one piece be four inches wide and fitted at the bottom, and one piece be six inches wide and fitted at the top of the window frame; these can be spriggged into their places. Now, if the lower sash be raised two or three inches, there will be a current of air passing in from below and going out above, thus keeping up constant circulation without direct draught on any one in the room.

This is not the best method to be employed in ventilation, but its plan is the cheapest and quickest way to cure a serious evil during the time necessary to perfect and carry out the best methods.

J. L.

THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.

The poor canary is dead, and children, full of sorrow, have brought it out to bury it in the garden. Long years afterward, when many joys and sorrows have passed over them, they will remember the day when they cried together round the canary's grave, and be glad even then if they can remember that their little hands were always kind to the pet bird, that they never forgot to bring the fresh water and seed, or neglected any wants of the little prisoner, who sang to them in its captivity.

Under my window in the early summer morning, a little free bird sings to me, "Be cheery, cheery, cheery—Oh yes—be cheery, cheery, cheery." I don't know what his name is. I haven't looked for him much, for though I know he is just a little bird, his sweet song brings to me a long silent voice from my childhood, and I like just to shut my eyes and listen.

And there is another bird who has taken to singing in the very middle of these soft summer nights. I think he must be a mocking bird tying his best to turn into a nightingale. First a low whistle and a twitter as if he thought the sleepy birds around might not like it; and then a pause and then a louder trill and burst of melody; as much as to say, "I didn't want to disturb any one. I know you are all asleep, and it isn't moonlight and the stars are all behind the clouds, and the night is very dark—and I didn't mean to do it—but really I can't help it—my heart is full, full, full of gladness, and love. Some One is taking care of us all. He is good. The world is beautiful. By and by the morning will dawn, the sun will rise, there will be a beautiful new day. So sweet, so sweet, so sweet. Rejoice, rejoice."

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

We are permitted to quote from letters written by these boys to friends.

Etahdleuh Doanmoe, a Kiowa, writes to and let you know that I have been thinking of you a great many times because you helping a great deal of the Indians and take care

Indian boys we come down together stay in one house to talking about work—by and by I will come back to Hampton. I want to go to school in Hampton. I think perhaps I

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

SENT TO THE RESERVATION.

What numberless thoughts these few words present to the mind. Many who look on the dark sida will conclude they ere right, in thinking that there is something in the Indian nature which cannot be tamed, and finding some untractable we have been obliged to send them home; it will be pleasant to know that this is not our experience. "Shellbanks," a beautiful farm situated about five and a-half miles from Hampton, presented to tha school by one of its friends, is a valuable reservation for the Indians, particularly during the summer months, as they need more freedom than they can get at the school. The boys are divided into squads of twelve each; each squad goes to Shellbanks and remains two weeks; on its return another goes out. The plan works well and is liked by the boys, who enjoy the farm very much. They cook their own provision (the favorite way is to boil it), wait upon themselves, and sleep in a tent. All are required to work a part of every day. The remainder of the day is devoted either to croquet, shooting, fishing, crabbing, swimming or sleeping. Although largely removed from all restraint, they do not forget their religious instruction. Every night they meet in their tent and, in their own language, listen to the words of Jesus; after offering a prayer they sing a hymn,—thus peacefully closes every day. Before taking their meals a blessing is asked; it is a touching sight to see these children of the forest thus reverently thanking the Giver: many who do less would blush with shame to think of their own ingratitude.

One Sunday morning the manager of the farm (a colored man) found himself short of meat; how to provide it for so many boys was a question. Finally he made up his mind to kill a sheep; wishing to know what the boys would think, he went to their tent and told them his intention. With one voice they cried out, "Don't kill sheep on Sunday, no good kill sheep on Sunday." This verdict settled the question and relieved the anxious mind of the farmer.

The first few days at Shellbanks the boys were not required to work; they were surprised at this and probably wondered if they would be put to work and who would give the command; they did not have long to wait. One morning the manager gave them hoes and told them to go and hoe the corn; throwing their hoes across their shoulders they went out in a body, singing "Hallelujah 'tis done." It is pleasant to add that the Indians have always done whatever has been required of them.

There can be no question as to the good effect of this life at Shellbanks; it produces a marked improvement in their general health as they come back to the school strengthened and fattened.

"TOO MUCH INDIAN TALK."

The Indians are very anxious to speak "good Englis'," and as they complained of "too much Indian talk" it was proposed that twelve of them be sent to different farmers to separate them and give them a chance to learn to speak English.

Through the friendly aid of Mr. Hyde, of Lee, Mass., homes have been found, for the summer, for twelve of the boys, with farmers of Berkshire Co., Mass. This experiment has thus far been a success.

THE WORKSHOP.

The great feature of the Indian education at Hampton is education in the industrial arts. To fill them with book knowledge and send them home is not Hampton's plan. The aim is to make each one sensible, practical, and self-reliant.

In the workshop they are working in wood, leather, tin and iron. They make good pine tables at the rate of one a day, and are preparing to make inlaid folding tables of cedar, black-walnut and holly. In tin, they are making things from the nutmeg-grater to the dust-pan and stove pipe; they excel in leather work. It seems almost impossible to believe that with only three or four weeks instruction they have made eight or nine pairs of shoes. One boy, Karunaeh, has made three pairs, and improved so much on every pair that he is ashamed to show his first ones, throwing them out of sight when visitors are in the shop. They are economical in the use of leather. The work in the shop is not spasmodic; it is continued application for ten hours each day.

ON THE FARM.

The work for the boys on the farm is much lighter than in the shop; they only work half a day, as we fear the effects of the hot southern sun. After the first year there will be less cause for anxiety, for they will be well acclimated.

AN INDIAN LETTER.

LEE, MASS., *July* 10, '79.

Dear Mr. R.:—

I em sitting myself this evening and thinking about you so I want to write to you and let you know that I have been thinking of you a great many times because you helping a great deal of the Indians and take care of them much, so we try to do the best unto you as we can do. We knows what you are doing to the Indians. I would have written to you before but I have been quite busy, is the reason I did not write to you soon when I got here at Lee. All the boys quite well and happy, they comes to see me quite often when they have time in the evening. You know we have to come together and goes to church, then in the afternoon we have the Bible Class and after class we have prayer meeting as we have when we was at Hampton. We had the Lord's supper last week but some of the boys not in so we went in only four, Koba, Tsadletah, Roman Nose and I. A great many people see us in church end they very glad to have us in.

Now I must close writing for it is time going to bed—Good-bye—God bless you.

I remain, with love. Please write to me very soon, you get this and tell me all about at Hampton how they getting along.

Your truly friend,
ETAHDLEUH DOANMOE.

The style and spelling of the above letter have not been changed in the least; they are given just as they were received from the writer.

HEALTH.

The experiment of transferring Indians to a warm climate to be educated is closely watched to see what effect it will have on their constitution. Thus far, with but one exception, they are all in better health and spirits than during the winter months. At their homes, consumption and scrofula are scourges, passing over the settlements in regular "death waves"; consumption is the disease we contend with at Hampton. We notice one peculiarity of the Indians when they are sick: they have none of that indomitable will-power which delays death; instead of battling for existence, they submit without a struggle to what they think is fate, but it is only the shrinking of their timid hearts. A. C. R.

INDIANS IN BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.

The twelve Indian boys placed in care of the farmers of Berkshire are pleasantly reported on by Mr. Alexander Hyde, of Lee, who says:—

"Am happy to report the boys doing well. The Lee Farmers' Club held a field meeting yesterday at Beebe's plantation on Bear Mountain. The club invited the Indians as guests, and all came but two, Cohoe and Soaring Eagle. Cohoe preferred to attend a pie-nic, at which a prize of $2.00 was offered for the best runner. Cohoe won the prize. Dr. Heath is much pleased with Soaring Eagle thus far. Tsadletah was sick again the fore part of this week, but was able to walk to Beebe's yesterday. They get sick and well again wonderfully quick. When sick they give up to it so completely that they appear much sicker."

We are permitted to quote from letters written by these boys to friends.

Etahdleuh Doanmoe, a Kiowa, writes to Capt. Pratt as follows:—

LEE, MASS., *June*, 1879.

Dear Capt. Pratt,

We all met together on this Sunday at Mr. Hyde's house and they had lunch here. We enjoyed much to see each other and we had meeting here as we use to have at Hampton in every Sunday afternoon. I asked the boys if they like to their new homes and they says that they like pretty well. The boys says that they have nice thing to feed on and have good room to sleep in; the boys are getting along very well. I am sorry to say this, I am not very strong to do hard work, but I would not tell Mr. Hyde about it, now I am getting stronger. I hes got a letter from home and it very nice letter, it from my brother, Mobeadlete and Kiowa Agent too—and they want me to come there. Capt. Pratt I wish I go with you when you goes that way and talk with them, what can be done for them.

When I think that way then I feel hurry—about doing something for the Indians. Capt. Pratt you know what I am trying to doing—I am coming to the light and never want to turn away from that light I have seen. I will do something for Christ that he died for everybody and for me. Please write to me when you get this and let me know about going out west. I am doing the best as I can.

Your truly ETAHDLEUH DOANMOE.

White Breast, one of the Mandans who came to the school last November, sends the following letter, which was probably written

THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.

by one of the Florida Indians; he has not yet learned to write, and as they do not understand a common tongue, the letter must have been dictated by the sign language, which is similar to that employed by the Deaf and Dumb:—

LEE, MASS., *June*, 1879.

Dear Capt. Pratt —

I was received your very welcome letter sometime ago, and was very glad to hear from you so soon. I like here very much and the people have been very kind to me, and I am going to try hard to do my best if I can and try to do right. One thing I want to tell you if you go out to Dakota of this summer to get more Indian girls and I shall be very glad to have my little sister to come here to Hampton to school. I am happy here to see a great many good things and good people here and I am enjoyed very much here to learn good many things here—One the man work with me he is very kind man he never speak a cross words to me, so I like him very much to work with him. that is all.

Your truly friend, WHITE BREAST.

Please my love to Kawhet. [One of the Indians at Hampton.]

Little Chief, a Cheyenne, sends the following letter to Capt. Romeyn:—

Capt. Romeyn,

I will sent you a letter. I am stay here this place Lee, I like it very much indeed. Sometimes I get very tired to work—All the Indian boys we come down to-gether stay in one house to talking about work—by and by I will come back to Hampton. I want to go to school in Hampton. I think perheps I cannot come back to Hampton. I hope you will write to me very soon—

Your true friend LITTLE CHIEF.

Koba, a Kiowa, writes as follows to Capt. Romeyn:—

LEE, MASS., *June*, '79.

Dear friend Capt. Romeyne—

I am write a letter for you and I think very often about you. All the boys seemed to like their new homes. One thing am very strange that I did not know anybody at Lee, and did not to talk with them much because I am a little afraid of them, and they afraid of me. I think Lee is a very nice little city—I think very often about my school mates at Hampton the Indian boys and colored boys—Please you tell them some of them that like me I think about them a good many times and wish to see them again—Now I must close writing with much love to you all,

Your truly friend KOBA.

White Bear, an Arrapahoe, who is unable to write, sends the following which was written by another:—

LEE, MASS., *June*, 1879.

My Dear Capt. Pratt,

I like here very well and work ont the doors in good air and getting stronger. I am happy here to see a great many beautiful mountains around here and the rivers. I want to do the white road as long as I liva and help my Indian people when I go back to them and show them how to do right. I shall be very glad to go back home when the two years over and see all my people and help them up in the right way. We are learning a great many things, milking, hoeing and doing all the rest things every day. We saw Genl. Armstrong yesterday and he went all over to see the boys and we very glad to see him—All the boys come together on Sunday at Mr. Hyde's house and have reading; we went to church to-day—Now dear Capt. I must close writing Yonrs

WHITE BEAR.

From Soaring Eagle, a Cheyenne:—

LEE, MASS., *June*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Capt. Pratt

I was received your good letter and was very glad to hear from you. I am trying really hard to working, what the man want me to do. we went over Sunday afternoon at Mr. Hyde house end we have reading in the Bible books and have prayer meeting too —Now I close writing.

Your friend, SOARING EAGLE.

The last is from Roman Nose, a Cheyenne:

LEE, MASS., *June*, 1879.

Dear Capt. Pratt,

I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. I like my new friends here very much. I am going to try hard to work and to do some things every day, by and by I will be a strong man and a good man and learn e good ways. I am going to try to open my eyes and to learn to talk English much. White people talked with me and said you speak English and I said no, I cannot much speak English now, I will try hard to learn to speak English little. I will always remember your talk about the Bible that If ye love me keep my commandments: This is my commandment that ya love one another as I have loved you; ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you—and another that is God helps the man who helps himself—I love that God and I do pray that God to help me and he will give the holy spirit and a good heart to do right—

I must go up stairs to bed end sleeps, so I must say good night. Your faithful,

HENRY C. ROMAN NOSE.

JUST STARTING, AND ALMOST HOME.

There seems to he e special attraction and sympathy between old people and little children, and there is something peculiarly touching in seeing them together. The little pilgrim just started on life's long journey, the aged traveller almost errived at home. The old man knows every step of the rugged way and feels compassion for the little one whose tender feet must so soon tread its roughnesses; he is weary too of the burden end heat of the day, and turns from the anxious discussions of those who are in the midst of the strife, to refresh himself again with the untroubled heart of a child. The child finds no one else so quick to sympethize and so ready to help in its own little joys and novel experiences. The eged need not fear to "outlive their usefulness." The Lord of life takes care of that. What mission more beautiful than to hear the full cup of a long life's wisdom for the comfort of so meny of these little ones? What home is not richer in all sweet end generous sympathies for this communion between the old and young!

THE OUTLOOK FOR FARMERS.

The Nation recently stated that "the history of agriculture in the most as well as in the leset prospérous parts of the world, lends strong support to the view, that on the whole the farmers cannot rise much, if any, above the "French and Belgian type" of laborer. Thia generalization is remarkably sweeping. Is it true? It is hardly worthy of a paper, usually so accurate and painstaking, to chill off the budding hopes of young men and young women who are now casting about for employment. Few people do much thinking for themselves, and the apparently deliberate opinion of a journal singularly honest and able in its treatment of subjects, will be apt to determine, finally, the career of somo of those who are now trying to thread their way out of the frightful confusion into which the last few years have thrown nearly all occupations, or ways of making a living. However, it is hardly possible, for a journal engaged in touching upon many events *currente calamo*, to reach the truth concerning many matters of grave importance.

It is a curious feature of the literature of the last two years, that in it, everybody has fallen into a discussion of the "situation." The dailies, the monthlies, the heavy quarterlies, the politicians, the men of the closet, the scholars, are at earnest discussion over the conditions of the most remarkable and widespread commercial crises known in modern history. It is a serious matter just now, as to what a man shall do for a living, if he have not a well established business, and especially important to that very large class of people, who, the College Professor said, "were never intended by Providence to do much of anything." The opinion of *The Nation* would drive back into the trade centres, not only those who have been recently thrown out of them, in the quiet working of some principle of natural selection, but it would call to these centres the remainder of the population, who have spirit and brains enough to refuse a life to be worked out on the "French and Belgian type" of existence. It has generally been conceded of late that the towns and cities hold an undue proportion of population, and the very best sign of the times, in the opinion of many is, the redistribution of population. The prospect held out by *The Nation* to the quiet and refined, of a life in the rural districts after the manner of the Belgian peasant is sad enough. In 1790 one thirtieth part of the inhabitants of these States lived in cities or towns. In 1878 one-fifth part had drifted into the cities and towns. There must be some definite and just proportion between the inhabitants of town and country. What is it? Possibly the two periods we have cited present extreme and undesirable proportions, and that somewhere between these extremes is the desirable point. If, however, the future of the American farmers' life means ignorance, painful economy, utter denial of luxury, a depressing, hand-to-mouth existence, the outlook for the Republic is bad enough. From any and every point of view we cannot justify this opinion of *The Nation*. Forecasting the future of American agriculture, by inferences from English experience, as *The Nation* does, is hardly fair. The factors of the problem are unlike. Any reader of the English journals of agriculture, will see that in England, the case is hopeless, under the present holding of land. Cultivable land is valued at from $200 to $500 per acre, vast tracts are reserved for pleasure or hunting grounds. The tenant system generally prevails. Successful farmers, like Alderman Mechi, say, the freedom of cultivation is hampered by harsh leases and short terms. The landlord is afraid of the tenant and ties him up. The tenant will not improve the land for the benefit of his landlord. The English tenantry, besides carrying these burdens, are foolish imitators of their superiors. They spend an undue amount of time in hunting, shooting, and visiting, and do not till the land themselves, or if they do, it is tilled badly. These charges have lately been made by the London Farmers' Club. The Journal of Agriculture, (English) says, there is no place where a farmer's son can study agriculture, in its scientific aspect, at a less expense than $750 per year, while ordinary instruction may be had for nothing. If these statements are correct, and there is no reconstruction in the method of farming, the Belgian type must be the end. *The Nation* says, farming does not pay in New England. Neither does "cobbling" pay, yet the wonderful wealth of Boston and Lynn comes from the manufacture of boots and shoes; or, in "cobbling" carried on as a "business." The village blacksmith in the rural districts of New England was never known to have made a fortune in pounding out horseshoes on his anvil. But when this same industry is taken up as a "business," and so conducted, it has brought out great fortunes. The village carpenter rarely makes a fortune. But business men put the same industry into new forms, with machinery and capital and it does pay. The agricultural papers of the country have one grievance which is with them always. It is the lack of business and scientific training among farmers The successful and economic working of land calls for knowledge and experience in mechanics, chemistry, natural philosophy, and medicine. To this must be added the need of mercantile training, no occupation known to man, is so exacting. But up to the present time there has been no occupation whose demands have been so shamefully neglected. The completion, of a liberal education by the farmer's boy is the signal for a professional life. The farmers are not trained thinkers, nor do they attempt to become so. The improvements in agriculture are usually thrust upon them by outsiders. Fine breeds of stock are introduced by the amateure. Experiments are made by the professional men and enthusiasts. The industry which calls for the best use of head and hand usually gets the worst. Several years ago Josiah Quincy said, in an agricultural address, that "the farm of the future would be a business affair. There would be departments and book-keeping and system." It is the blunders in farming which make the Belgian type possible. There are now men and women who not only make farming pay, but make it profitable. This is enough for our argument. Is it possible that in the progress of civilization, farming shall finally be the noblest occupation of all? It is said that the three professions, "divinity, law and medicine" are founded on the fall of man. If man ever gets over that fall, and becomes again erect, will not these professions disappear for want of use, and in their places stand one which more than all others, brings man nearer to nature, and which in its common demands, sweeps in all knowledge, and calls for an education almost universal. If business statistics show us that the vast majority of traders fail, and if the farmer's road leads down to the base Belgian type, the case is indeed hopeless. We cannot believe it. In the severe redistribution of the social forces now going on, we predict the most fortunate situation will fall to those who may be appointed to till the soil.

W. N. A.

RAISING COTTON ON CREDIT,

And what it has to do with the Kansas Movement.

An immense mass of testimony has been collected as to the migration of colored people from the cotton states bordering on the Mississippi. This mass of testimony carefully sifted, reveals the fact, that while political misrule has had much to do with the movement, the real moving cause was the wretched financial state of the negro. If the freedmen had been making and saving money, no amount of terrorism on election days or during a political campaign, would have driven them in such numbers, helter-skelter from their homes. To assume a state of political anarchy, as would alone banish so many people, is to assume that United States Courts have no existence in those States. If these people had been well off in a material sense, it would have required an uncommon amount of "bull-dozing" to have started the exodus. What then is the subtle poison that has been and is at work in these states? How is it, that the negroes and poor whites, dig and delve year after year in the most fertile lands in the world, and yet are deeper in debt at every year's end than at its beginning?

The question is not a difficult one; the poison at work is a dangerous compound of ignorance, and cotton culture on credit. Paradoxical as it seems, many crops are more than half paid for before they are half grown: the planters do not live on the proceeds of last year's crop, but on the crop yet to be made: they live on the distant future, and it requires no special brilliancy to know that this is a lean diet. Cotton is a crop that takes a year to make, and men cannot live a year without food and clothing. Suppose a man without capital enough to buy food, clothing, tools, mules, etc., takes it into his head that he will become a planter on his own account, what must he do? He must borrow what he needs. What security has he to offer as collateral? Here comes in the unfailing law of loans, the smaller the security, the greater the rate of interest. He has nothing to offer as security except the chances of his making a crop. Now this security is of the most risky sort—for no crop has so many enemies as the dainty cotton plant. Overflows, droughts, army worms, markets, and innumerable other enemies are ever lying in wait for it; and anybody who accepts such security demands, and rightfully too, large compensation. Such a planter pays very highly for everything he has to buy, whether it be merchandise, or money with which to buy merchandise. The seller of the merchandise or money has to wait the best part of a year for a return, and of course gets more for it, than if he could "turn it" many times in a year. Almost all the supplies a planter would get, would come from some "store," where the account would not be settled until the "crop" was in. In a majority of cases, the planter would keep no tally of what he bought, and of course at the year's end he surprised at the total. Let anyone permit an account to run for a year, without settlement, and they will inevitably be surprised at how much they have bought. When a man pays cash for merchandise, in nine cases out of ten, he buys in smaller quantities and more carefully, than when he takes the goods and the merchant "puts them down." It is clear, therefore, that everything such a planter consumes is at the highest possible price, even if we grant that all the business is done with the strictest honesty.

Now when the crop is made, it does not belong to the planter; it belongs to the man who has advanced the supplies to make it. This man sells the crop, pays himself if he can, and turns over the balance, if there be any, to the planter; if, as it quite often happens, the balance is on the wrong side, the poor planter has to mortgage his next crop, and so on to the end of the dreary chapter. Another point against him, is that he must sell his crop when it is ready, and as a myriad of other planters are ready to sell at the same time, the chances are that the planter gets a low price. The plain unvarnished fact about this system of planting is that a planter has to sell at the lowest and buy at the highest rates. Is there any wonder that they keep poor?

We have supposed the planter to be a person of average intelligence; but now let us look at it and suppose that the planter was unable to read or write, Does he not run a double risk? He cannot keep even a simple account, to say nothing of a set of books. The chances are that some rogue or another will swindle him, and he cannot dispute the accounts rendered. No section has a monopoly of rogues any more than of honest men. We hear of cases where negroes have agreed to pay ten dollars an acre rent for land that would not sell under the hammer for two dollars and a-half. All there is to be said about such cases is, that one party to the bargain is a fool; if the would-be tenant did not agree to pay ten dollars, there is no law that would compel him to do so. It takes two to make a bargain, and no State law can alter this condition. There are only two ways a State can prevent such transactions: one is to lock up as insane the people who make them; the other is to educate them so they will know better than to make them.

It seems strange that in this nineteenth century of ours, any State can be blind to the expensiveness of ignorance. Let us suppose the present movement is 20,000 negroes, and that each one was worth $500 to the State: what follows? That there is a loss of some $10,000,000: the annual interest on this sum at 7 per cent. is $700,000. Now it is safe to say, if this sum had been honestly spent every year for educational purposes, the present migration would not have occurred. For in no intelligent community will men, year after year, follow a system of agriculture or anything else, where they are compelled to buy at the top and sell at the bottom. Illiteracy is at the bottom of the present movement, and the one unanswerable argument in favor of the colored people going to Kansas is, that their children will have a chance to be educated.

Raising cotton on credit is a relic of the days before the war: even then it was risky; but less so than now, for factore could then take a lien on all the workers the planter owned, as well as on the crop—the natural increase of the workers was a fair guarantee of the interest, while the principal was doubly protected by a lien covering the workers as well as the work they did. Howsoever safe the factors were, the planters were living on a false system, and a very large percentage of them were always a crop or so behind: they lived on the bubble credit, and were pleased with its prismatic hues; but there is nothing very solid about bubbles; and if it had not been for owning their workers, there would have been nothing solid about planting cotton on credit even before the war. The days of plantations were numbered when the war closed, and slavery was dead. Yet it is surprising how large a number of persons fail to see this truth. Plantations are worked by slaves, or serfs; farms, by freeman. This fact seems more thoroughly appreciated in Georgia than in any other Southern State, and there is no question about her being the foremost state in the South. The colored people of Georgia do not make any fuss about "an exodus"—they feel an interest in the State, owning part of it, and the State in them. The distinction to be drawn between a farm and a plantation may be stated as follows: a cultivator controls the first, and is controlled by the second. If a man with capital and capacity to work ten acres, attempt to work one hundred, the chances are that the next possessor of the land will hold it under a sheriff's title. The plan of paying a field hand wages, weekly or monthly, involves the idea of so radical a change from the old system, that it is not surprising that its adoption is slow. Nevertheless, it is the only plan that will work well, never mind how many are ignorant of it. Agriculture is a science, and in the long run, the result of competition between scientific and unscientific cultivators of the soil can only be one thing. The substitution of serfdom for slavery was not the intent of the late Constitutional Amendment, though in some parts of the South such has been the practical result. Before the war planters fed and clothed their hands from self-interest, even if influenced by no higher spirit—and there are thousands of colored people in the South to-day, who are no better off, who earn only their "keep and clothing."

That many of the negroes are lazy and do not work steadily, is most true; but the system of paying them so much a month in store orders encourages this laziness in a marked degree. If a man contract with his laborers to pay them every week at the rate of fifty cents a day, he will only pay for the work he gets—if a field hand want to take three holidays in a week, he will get $1.50 instead of $3.00 on a Saturday night.

Credit is the most dangerous arm in the whole financial armory: those best versed in finance, handle it with the most caution, because they know its danger. Yet the foolhardiness that is born of ignorance handles it with its eyes shut, and is surprised at the result of its manipulations.

That political oppression is a potent cause of emigration all history proves: but common-sense sees clearly that the majority of men, particularly of ignorant men, think more about their material than political well-being: or, in other words, care more about their bread and butter than they do about ballots. That the negro emigrants have "hard times" ahead of them, there is no reasonable doubt; that the cotton States, whence they go, will be injured, is equally true; and the practical question is, how can these two evils be avoided? Long-winded speeches and frothy promises will do no good; but forsake the custom of raising crops on credit, and grant to all men political fair play, and the movement may be stopped where it is. T. T. B.

On the Farm.

From the American Agriculturist.

Late Haying.—The failure to gather the hay while it is at its best, is a too frequent and inexcusable neglect at this season. If farmers could be convinced of how much of the feeding value of hay is lost by leaving the grass to become ripe, hard, and woody, it would no longer be permitted.

How to Cure Ripe Hay.—Hay that has been cut late may be improved by curing it in the cock instead of drying it in the sun. Being comparatively dry when cut it is very soon cured; and if put up in cocks as soon as it is thoroughly wilted, it will heat and steam and become much softened, and will remain greener than if sun-dried in the swath.

Hay Caps will serve a good purpose upon grain shocks, and are much more secure than cap sheaves. *Rake the Fields* after the grain has been drawn; the labor will be well repaid.

Protect the Horses.—A cotton sheet will be found a great protection to the horses working in the harvest field. It screens

them from the heat, from flies, and from dust, and the labor of cleaning them is lessened. As mentioned last month, it will be found desirable, when horses are washed, to use a soft sponge and water in which some carbolic soap has been dissolved. This cools the skin, assists perspiration, removes the strong pungent smell, greatly refreshes the animals, and drives away flies. Where there is a river near by, a bath in the evening will be agreeable and safe, if the horses are kept in the water only two or three minutes, are driven home at once and rubbed dry.

Fodder Crops.—Hungarian Grass, common Millet, or the Golden Millet, may be sown this month for green fodder or hay. A bushel of seed per acre may be sown, though rather thick seeding, the fodder will be all the finer and better for it. Millet that is sown in May should be cut before the seed is ripe or the fodder gets hard, unless the seed is wanted. Millet seed makes an excellent addition to ground feed when mixed with corn and rye.

Buckwheat may be made profitable upon a piece of rough or newly cleared ground. No other crop is so effective in mellowing rough cloddy land. The seed in northern localities should be sown before July 12th; otherwise early fall frost may catch the crop. Grass and clover may sometimes be sown successfully with buckwheat this month.

Sheep.—Keep ewes intended for the butcher by themselves, and feed liberally. A quart of mixed ground feed or bran, and oil-cake meal, will soon bring them into marketable condition. Keep store sheep in a light pasture, and give a handful of feed daily. Provide shade of some kind.

Pigs.—Young pigs may be made ready for market, in 100 days if desired, by good feeding. The sow should be well fed with rich slop, to force a good flow of milk, and a feeding place for the pigs should be provided, in which they can get spare milk with a little fine ground barley meal or wheat middlings.

Poultry.—The flock should now be weeded out; all unprofitable fowls, poor layers, and poor mothers, should be used or marketed. Two weeks feeding in a coop will be sufficient to make them fat. A few of the best old hens may be kept over for early setting, but many in a flock are unprofitable.

The utmost cleanliness should be preserved about the premises in the hot weather. All wastes and garbage should be disposed of on a compost heap; a load of good soil and sods from fence rows will be useful, as the basis for it. Weeds should be gathered and added to the heap. Liberal additions of plaster will prevent disagreeable odors.

Thinning.—Though rather late, it will still pay in the apple and pear orchards. The first thinning is rarely sufficient. Better remove the excess even though the fruit is of some size, than which remains, will be enough better, to pay for the labor.

INTEREST NOTICE.

The tenth semi-annual Dividend of Interest due depositors in the Home Savings Bank, is now ready for payment. All savings deposits of one dollar and upwards, that have been on deposit for at least one month previous to July 1st, are entitled to interest of six per cent,

Interest not withdrawn will be added to the depositors account, and draw interest from July 1st like other deposits.

About one-fifth of the present deposits in the Home Savings Bank, are held by colored people and they represent over one-half the whole number of accounts. No special pains is taken to secure their business; they are treated at this bank precisely as other people are, —no better, no worse,—hence the popularity of the Home Bank among the colored people.

CANNING Crabs is a new industry, but the delicacy of the meat of the crab has led to some activity in this business. The shallow waters of Hampton Roads and the estuaries that lead into it, abound with shell-fish of all kinds.

Every morning early, a score of flat boats push out from these shores, and with their bait of salt tripe and red flannel, allure the greedy crab to seize what he cannot possibly make a satisfactory meal of. The victim stupidly clings to his fancied prize till he is caught with a net or pulled into the boat. In this way one man will catch hundreds every day.

The canning establishment of Mr. T. T. Bryce, on the grounds of the Hampton Institute, is employing nearly a score of its students this vacation in catching, steaming, picking, then canning, sealing and cooking, sometimes a hundred dozen cans per day. We invite attention to Mr. Bryce's advertisement in this paper.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Pietarmaritzburg on the 29th of June, where he was sworn in as high commissioner and commander-in-chief. He expected to leave Durban for Fort Dumford on the 1st of July.

The French minister of the interior estimates that in consequence of a bad crop the purchases of foreign grain by France would amount to £20,000,000.

Gen. Grant is in Japan.

LONDON, July 7.—A large capable of accommodating 8,000 head of cattle to facilitate the importation of American cattle, is about to be erected at Barrow, in Furness, Lancashire, which is connected with the whole railway system of England.

Thirteen hundred sheep infected with foot and mouth disease were slaughtered at Liverpool Monday. They were shipped from Boston on June 21 by the steamship Bulgarian. This discovery will probably cause the United States to be scheduled as an infected country for sheep.

LONDON, July 17.—Reuter's Telegram Company have advices from Cape Town to July 1, by way of Madeira, announcing that an envoy from Cetawayo reached Fort Napoleon on the 28th of June bearing peace proposals and a fine tusk of ivory as a present. He wished to stop the advance of the 2nd division, but was informed that peace proposals must be made to Lord Chelmsford, and that the advance would only be postponed on condition that the former demands were acceded to.

A Daily Telegraph dispatch says Cetewayo sent to the British camp the cattle demanded, and also an ivory tusk. The commanding officer detained the cattle, but refused to accept the tusk, (which was an emblem of peace.) Sir Garnet Wolseley immediately disowned the act, sent messengers to Cetewayo explaining that the refusal of the tusk was a blunder, and asked that three leading chiefs be sent to the frontier.

DOMESTIC.

Ex-Gov. Wm. Allen of Ohio is dead.

A severe storm passed over the Atlantic States on July 16 and 17 doing much damage to property and life.

The drought in Southside, Virginia, threatens disastrous results to the growing tobacco and corn crops.

Christine Cox the murderer of Mrs. Hullis New York city last month, was convicted of murder in the first degree.

The State auditor of Virginia has turned over to the State board of education $125,000 due to the public schools.

A Cincinnati coal firm has just purchased a tract of coal land in Kanawha county, West Va. containing 4,700 acres, which it is supposed will yield 200,000 tons of bituminous flint coal to the acre.

Edward Hanlan, the champion oarsman of the world arrived in New York by Str. Chester from England on the 11th of July.

The Duke of Argyll, daughters and suite, sailed from New York for Liverpool Wednesday afternoon in the Scythia, which was crowded with fashionable people

An engineer corps is now engaged in surveying a route for the proposed Nashville and Rapidan railroad, between Orange Court House and Charlottesville, Va.

A heavy rain and thunder storm at Charleston, S.C., Sunday night July 13th lowered the temperature over 20 degrees. Ten white men and five negroes died from sunstroke in Charleston Saturday.

Genl. Wm. T. Barry, U. S. A. died of malarial fever, at eleven o'clock on Friday, July 18, at Fort Mellenry, near Baltimore, of which post he was commandant. Genl. Barry was commandant at Fortress Monroe, Va., for many years.

All duties on quinine have been removed. The following is the text of the bill as passed:

"That hereafter the importation of salts of quinine and sulphate of quinine shall be exempt from customs duties, and all laws inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed."

The Lynchburg (Va.) Agriculture and Mechanical Society has decided against having a fair this fall, as it had a spring fair. Instead of a fair it is proposed to have a military encampment on the fair grounds, to which all the white military of the State will be invited.

The dreadful scourge, yellow fever, has again made its appearance in Memphis. The latest reports state that the disease is slowly but surely spreading, that business of every kind is suspended and the people are fleeing the city by hundreds. Fears of a general epidemic throughout the Mississippi valley are entertained.

RICHMOND, Va., July 17.—State Superintendent of Public Instruction, W. H. Ruffner has issued a circular to the teachers of the schools to-day, in which he says that he has enough school money to enable him to make an apportionment at the rate of 25 cents per head of the school population. He does not propose to make an apportionment of this fund until August 1, for fear that under a constitutional requirement the counties which have had but few schools during the year might be compelled to return a part, if not in many cases the whole of the sum allotted to them, to the treasury for redistribution. This announcement will be good news to those interested in the public schools in this State.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 17.—The steamer State of Virginia, from New York for Glasgow, went ashore at at Sable Island at 7.45 P. M. Saturday. Four ladies and and five children were lost in the surf while landing. The vessel had 74 passengers, 104 head of cattle and a general cargo. Sixty head of cattle were saved. The purser and a boat's crew of the steamer State of Virginia landed at Sherbroke, Guysborough. They left Sable Island on Sunday, when all the passengers saved were well. The weather had been fine since leaving New York till they got into a fog, in which the vessel went ashore on Saturday night. Assistance will be sent from here to the relief of the passengers on the island. The ship had eleven feet of water in her hold when the boat left the island, and is likely to be a total wreck.

The Jeannette, the ship furnished by James Gordon Bennett for arctic exploration via Behring strait, has started on its expedition from San Francisco fully manned and equipped, commanded by Lieut. Geo. W. De Long, of the U. S. Navy.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Of superior make, can be found, at low price, at

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DIRECTIONS.

For each animal deduct one fourth their usual quantity of grain and add half a pint of Spiced Food each time of feeding.

Reliable Traveling Agents Wanted.

Hand Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

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Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad, and Deviled Crabs,—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all seafood, far exceeding in finess of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the "Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $5 00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to night draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $3.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Box 10. *Hampton, Va.*

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. H. Parramore has permanently settled in Hampton, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth, and insert artificial sets. Rooms, over H. L. Schmelz & Co.'s store, on Main street.

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Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

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AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

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Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

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The institution is aided by the State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,

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BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE IDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VIII. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1879. NO. 9

THE OILED FEATHER.

Southern Workman, viewe of the *Republican* as to the *Tribune's* article, and gives a very pleasant account of the young men—one of whom was originally one of the most desperate

"Does your mother comb your hair every day? Then I pity you. Had mine combed at the Mission once, and it 'moet pulled all my hair out." For, if compul-

Due care should of course be taken in the selection of newspapere to put into the hands of classes, and, as it justly may, the *Post* recommends itself for the purpose. It keeps well up to the standard it acts up

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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For further information, address

J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

For the months of July, August, September and October, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will appear in its present eight-page form.

From and after November next, the paper will be increased again to twelve pages, cut and stitched, until the following July.

IN the coming fall, twenty more girls will be added to the number of Indian students at Hampton. Their due proportion is regarded as essential to the success and value of the effort. When the Indian prisoners from St. Augustine returned to the Territory, and their wives and families turned out to welcome them home with rejoicing, the long dreamed of meeting proved such a shock to the reconstructed braves, that some of them broke from the company and ran away to the woods, refusing to have anything more to do with their affectionate but very dirty squaws. The situation was humorous but tragic, and withal very natural. How could they walk "the white man's road" in such companionship? And how could they walk it alone? When the white frontiersman cuts loose from the restraints of civilized society, and takes no wife to represent it for him in the wilderness, what are the chances that he will keep himself up to exact pitch of civilization? Still less may we expect to lift a people to it without lifting its women. If they are hopelessly degraded, it is foredoomed, like some of the fading races of the tropics. This is far from being the state of the Indian women, and their stronger constitutions, habits of industry, and responsiveness to training, when they are not left out or slighted as they generally were fifty years ago in efforts for its improvement, are encouraging indications for their race. The co-education of the Indian boys and girls with its lessons of mutual respect and helpfulness in the class rooms and work rooms is the hope, and the only hope of permanent Indian civilization.

THE *Springfield Republican* seconds the Indian effort at Hampton by publishing a correspondent's letter based on the WORKMAN'S reply to the *Tribune*, and an editorial taking issue with the latter paper on the question of insuperable difficulties in the way of Indian education. After some most excellent observations upon the necessity and methods of educating Indians, the editor remarks: "The education in agriculture and the arts such as is attempted at Hampton, ought not, it seems to us, to be too far removed from the practical realities of Indian life and necessity, and that it is so in this case, we have no evidence." We shall be glad if this negative approval may be changed sometime to a positive opinion by a visit from the writer, and a personal inspection of the school and its methods such as has been given by some who sanction them.

The *Republican* publishes also, in a later number, a letter from Bishop Huntington of Central New York who has had supervision of four of the Indian prisoners from St. Augustine since their release a year and a-half ago. He supports the views of the *Republican* as to the *Tribune's* article, and gives a very pleasant account of the young men—one of whom was originally one of the most desperate of the prisoners,—of their improvement, intelligence and practicalness. Bishop Huntington says that after a few weeks' observation of them at first, he "decided that they could not be placed to advantage in any existing school; that they should divide their time between study and out of door life, for the sake of both mind and body, that a very large part of what they ought to learn is not to be found in books or any one house; that they ought to live in a family of refined, intelligent and devout people where there were adults and children, and, in order to preserve some of the sympathies and associations of their original condition, as well as a constant use of their own language, so that they might be the better fitted to act as leaders and guides in civilizing their tribes, no one of them should be widely separated from the others; and that they were worth all that their training would cost. They were accordingly committed to the care of a rector of a rural parish,'" where they are doing well; they have three or four hours a day of writing, reading and English lessons, with some vacations; are already familiar with most kinds of farm work, and favorites among the farmers and their families, as well as with the archery clubs of the vicinity. "They go about the shops of blacksmiths, shoemakers, etc., watching the trades and seeing everything without staring at anything."

If the Bishop ever visits Hampton, where we would be very glad to see him, he may be struck, as those who know it will be, with the remarkable similarity between his programme for Indian training and that of one "existing school" at least. Perhaps, too, he would agree that there is an advantage on Hampton's side in what seem to be the solitary points of difference, a more practical familiarity with "blacksmithing, shoemaking, etc," than even Indian observation can gain by merely looking on, and—a great point indeed—the education of the girls also. He touches one vital point of the whole Indian problem in the concluding sentence of his interesting letter when, alluding to the value of a comparison between the civilized Indians of the Onoadaga reservation in New York State, among whom he has conducted a mission for ten years, and the barbarians of the Southwest, he says: "One thing is certain—they are all men. *And the sooner they are made citizens, the better for the country and themselves.*"

Another fact as important to the question of Indian civilization is that it is not to be effected by an occasional experiment, however successful, with three or four youths of scattered tribes, or with a hundred. As well, when it was necessary to lift all Chicago to a proper grade, might the work have stopped with an effort to see how high all the power of modern machinery could raise a single church or school-house without tumbling it to pieces. The value of each particular effort should be, and this is Hampton's desire and aim, while making the most of those who are its subjects, to indicate the best and most practical methods of working toward the general purpose, and to incite and encourage both government and people to the many similar and simultaneous efforts which are necessary to its accomplishment.

THE New York *Tribune* thinks that "one of the most forcible arguments against compulsory education in cities appears in a report of Supt. Field of Brooklyn, who says, that 'in consequence of their long neglect of study it is found necessary to place the pupils whose attendance is now enforced, in classes with much younger children, and it is no uncommon occurrence to observe delicate and carefully nurtured little girls of seven to ten years sitting beside hard featured youths of twelve or fourteen, whose untidy dress and unclean hands and faces are their least repulsive feature.'" This is not a pleasant picture, but to call it an argument against compulsory education reminds one rather of the street boy's compassion for the gentleman's son: "Does your mother comb your hair every day? Then I pity you. Had mine combed at the Mission once, and it 'most pulled all my hair out." For, if compulsory education had always been the rule, it is evident that the delicately nurtured little girl need not have suffered from such propinquity; and the more thoroughly it is enforced now the better for the coming little girls.

Every reform implies some hair-pulling at the beginning, but it is a weak conclusion to talk of giving up before the first difficulty instead of putting forth more vigorous efforts to overcome them, so that the new order of things may work out its legitimate good results as quickly and smoothly as possible. The gathering of these thousands of long-neglected children into the schools might be expected to require new outlays: more classes, more teachers, more school-houses if necessary, some soap and water; but the only argument in the case is not against but most strongly in favor of compulsory education. Even as it is, it may be better for the delicate little girl to sit for a few hours a day in school, under a teacher's eye, beside the big, bad boy, than that he should be left to the education of the streets, to break into her house when they are grown up, or lie in wait for her on the highways.

NEWSPAPERS IN SCHOOL.

The New York *Evening Post* and New York *Tribune* have both within a few months called their readers' attention to the value of newspapers as educators. The *Post* commends as "the latest innovation in schools" the experimcat tried by some superintendents in Illinois and Iowa and followed in other states, of introducing newspapers into the schools to be used instead of higher readers, "substituting for the dry husks of well worn selections, real reading matter upon subjects of current interest."

Hampton Institute may perhaps claim the precedence in this "latest innovation," and can heartily testify in its favor. For seven years, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN has been used in all its reading classes above the primary, not entirely superseding the "readers," which have their value, but alternating with them as part of the regular exercise. All the advantages which the *Post* suggests, have resulted from this practice at Hampton; greater interest of the classes, increased intelligence and general information, and improvement in the useful and pleasant art of reading at sight, which, though it would seem the natural aim of all instruction in reading, is, often enough, its greatest deficiency.

There is still another use of newspapers in schools which Hampton has evolved from the special needs of her students, but which any school might find as sensible an "innovation" upon ordinary routines. Fifteen minutes every morning, after the opening of school, before the classes scatter, are devoted to reading, by one of the teachers, the general news of the day from some leading journal; with explanations if necessary, or sometimes an editorial, or extracts from the correspondence. This will be found a most excellent supplement to, or rather preparation for the slower reading of the classes. With a little care in selection, this time daily suffices to keep the students posted upon the leading events and vital questions of the day, and keenly interested in them. If in addition there is, as at Hampton, a reading-room in the school, to which they have access, they will seek it with heightened and discriminating appetite. Geography and history will become something real and living, as they grow familiar with the present state of the world, and they will not leave school as too many do, knowing a little of every age but their own. School compositions will be improved, as the *Post* suggests, and school debates too; and what is more important, the pupils will carry out into life with them wide-awake minds, and a thirst for "that varied information about the world and its doings, the possession of which," as it well says, "distinguishes intelligent men and women from those who are not so."

Due care should of course be taken in the selection of newspapers to put into the hands of classes, and, as it justly may, the *Post* recommends itself for the purpose. It keeps well up to the standard it sets up for such a paper "one which writes wholesomely of wholesome things, and uses pure English."

For schools which cannot afford such expensive journals, or more than the single copy that will answer for a daily or weekly news summary, we may without immodesty recommend the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, especially to colored normal schools and colleges. Among its regular contributors are writers who are welcomed to the columns of the leading New York journals; of Mr. T. T. Bryce's recent series of articles on political economy, gathered now into book form, one of these journals speaks of editorially as the clearest of popular expositions of the economic questions of the day; the sanitary series of "Hampton Tracts," the publication of which will be renewed in the fall, is endorsed by the American Social Science Association and contains instruction upon the laws of health; greatly needed in all schools; and the fresh information concerning the Indians and the letters of graduates teachers, from Africa and the Southern field, give it unique interest and value.

Some such training as has been suggested is of especial importance in the education of the freedmen. There is no danger that they will suffer from a plethora of newspaper reading. The taste for it must be created and cultivated, and will do more than anything else to arouse their minds to intelligent action upon their own interests and those of the world outside of them.

CAN THE NEGRO DO ANYTHING?

Those who are interested in the negro are disposed to ask that question frequently. By some it is made out of mere idle or philosophical curiosity. By many it is asked with direct reference to the future of the negro, and the obligations of the white race to him. If he has self-sustaining power, a capacity to not only hold his own, but to make headway against the pressure of the superior race. All fear as to the future may be dismissed at once. If, however, he is to display an increasing weakness, an inability to recover himself, in the conflict of races, new obligations will be imposed upon the white race which lives beside him. The historical argument is against the negro. He does not seem to have accomplished much in the past, with a continent to himself, having every variety of soil and climate, he does not appear to have made any progress. It seems as if there was a deficiency of internal force, in the power of self-help. The most advanced African community, excepting Liberia, is behind the lowest average European society in the elements of civilization.

Though the historical argument against the negro is strong, it is not conclusive. It must be said, however, that little is really known about the growth of nations. The study of the human species has only begun. The facts upon which any reliable judgement may be founded are wanting. In the growth of a race, as in the growth of an individual, "favorable conditions" are required. What these conditions are we do not fully know. It is certain that the Latin races remained in abeyance for centuries. It is certain that the original Britons were savages, and their practices, in religion, war and social life, were no better than those of King Mtesa's subjects to-day. There was, finally, a great and wonderful growth. External forces came in. New blood mingled with the old, in the end leaving the Anglo Saxon a thoroughly "crossed" race. The powerful Egyptian race was, likewise, the cross of the Caucassian upon the negro, or Ethiopian. There is ground for the conclusion that the pure races are deficient in energy. Some late developments have raised the question as to which is really the superior race in America. The Congress of the United States has declared to the world, that the supremacy of the American over the Chi-

ness is not assured, in fact, that the | This we shall not deserve or receive, unless we | Carlisle may be the pioneers in a new de- | 1858, and in the late civil war, which he

nese is not assured, in fnet, that the Chinese nre abundantly able to take the bread out of ths mouths of the Americens, and beat ths Yankee on his own ground even in the department of intelligent labor. It is possible thnt in a few yenrs the question may be asked, "Can the American do anything?"

Americe now holds the negro transplanted. His case has no parallel. The experiment begins hy suddenly flinging four millions of negroes on their own resources, without warning, without preparation, without provision. It was the work of an earthquake, an upheavnl more terribls than the eonvulsions of the French revolution. The experiment begins by leaving the negro on a soil, every nere of which is owned by another race. It finds bim without a dollar's worth of property, without inatitutions or traditions. The white race is trained in self-reliance for three hundred yenrs. The negro has been educated for a hundred years in Americe to be dependent. The white hns had three centuries of experience in organizing the forces about him, politicel, social and physical. The negro has had three centuries of experience in general demoralization, and behind that, paganism. In this way the experiment begins. Nevertheless, the negro has one source of strength—the habit of industry aequired in the time of slavery. Its importance cannot be over estimated.

Twelve years have passed since the new era. In the growth of a race it is but a second. But "favorable conditions," so essential to growth, do now exist. There is good climate, abundanes of land, and political, social, nnd religious freedom. Moreover, the white race is willing to aid by example and instruction. A hundred years from now the question may properly be asked, "What has ths negro done?" Till then there is only watching and waiting. Those who are interested in the experiment are apt to be like children, who plant seed in the morning, and at sundown are impatient because there is neither plant nor fruit. Forty years ago, it was asked in England, "Who reads an American book?" Though the Anglo-Saxon has held this continent for near three hundred years, it is only within ten years it has sent back to the Old World a musienl voice whieh could be rated as extraordinary. We surely cannot expect the negro to move more rapidly along the lines of growth than the white race.

W. N. A.

"NOT GUILTY, BUT DON'T DO IT AGAIN."

The Charleston *News and Courier* is standing up manfully to the position it took last winter when, in response to certain liberal and just remarks of the New York *Evening Post* and *Nation*—to the effect that the abnormal condition of affairs in the state ought to be taken into account somewhat in Northern judgments—it declared thnt

"Whether danying or not, that there was what is usually called "fraud" in South Carolina at tha last elections, every influential Democratic newspaper and politician is constrained to say, whether in eorrow or in anger, that "fraud" is utterly wrong, and must be prevented, if it cannot be punished. Public opinion compels them to do it, whether they like it or not. In other words, no public man who values tha present and has an eye to the future can afford to figure before the country as the champion of "ball dozing" or ballot-box stuffing." There are a good many persons in South Carolina who are not moved by such consideratians. The good or bad opinion of the outer world, with its affect on trade, commerce and manufactures, matters little to them. But even these are aware how important it is to avoid dissension and discontent here at home in South Carolina. Their political prefarment depends on the maintenance of Democeratic eupremacy, and they know it. We tell them in all frankness, that South Carolina will not tolerate lawlessness at elections. This revolution must move backwards. Steps must be taken to insure to *whites as well as blacks* absolute freedom of choice, and freedom in expressing their preferences; or there will be trouble in the Democratic camp before the next general election. Let the dead past bury its dead! There is no need to ask pardon. The State and the country are ready to render a verdict of "Not Guilty; but don't do it again!"

This we shall not deserve or receive, unless we give earnest of an intention to behave ourselves hereafter. Such an earnest is *the passage of a registration law.*"

No one who desires the peace and prosperity of the whole country more than to drive an opponent into a corner, need ask anything better than this substitute for a "plead-guilty," if lived up to; but the recent demonstrations by those "persons" in the state who, as the *News* says, care little for "the good or bad opinion of the outer world," have moved it to a still more candid avowal. Rebuking the Kingstree (S. C.) *Star* for publishing threats of vengeanee upon the colored politician Swails, il he should veuture to set foot in Williamsburgh County, the *News* says:

"Things were done in the canvass of 1876 nnd 1878 that cannot and must not he done again. It was a supreme necessity. The necessity no longer exists. To insist on taking, when this body politic is in full health, the kill-or-eure remedies that were swallowed with good effect when the state was *in extremis* will be to place everybody in South Carolina at the mercy of any set of men who choose to constitute themselves public prosecutors and public executioners. At that rate the state would soon be not worth saving."

This is not the loftiest argument of disinterested morality, but high enough quite, no doubt, to be of any avail, and, instead of twitting the *News* with its confessions, Northern papers had better consider the circumstanees, like the *Post* and the *Nation*. As the *Past* says, "These things work themselves out. Men must work up through their struggles with circumstanees." It is through hitterest struggles that the South will work up—is working up—as so lately in Yazoo County, to the pereception of the fact that fraud and violenee and outrage are very boomerangs of weapons, whieh they who take are extremely apt to perish by. Papers whieh are bold enough and sensible enough in the midst of such struggles, to make a stand for law and order and decency, like the Charleston *News* and the Vicksburgh *Herald*, should be upheld with not too exacting sympathy and respect. And this, whieh is the moral duty of the North, is the most vital policy of the South. The masses of her respectable citizens should let it be seen by the world that they are not represented—as we believe they are not—by the Kingstree *Star*, or the Okolona *States*.

We are glad to supplement the brief notice in last month's issue of a valuable gift of tinner's tools for the Indian workshop at the Hampton Institute, by stating that the bill of $257.75 was receipted by Peck, Stow and Wilcox, of Southington, Conn. Two hundred dollars was the gift of R. A. Neal, Esq., of Southington, the senior partner, and the balanee is from E. W. and E. S. Stow, of Plainville, Conn.

We are also glad to neknowledge the generous discount of Bickford and Curtis of Buffalo, N. Y., in their bill for belting, for the new steam mill, also donation of $115.00 on same aecount.

The goods above mentioned are of the best quality, are very useful, and we hope that this example of generosity, will stimulate others to aid by cash and in donations of material to the department for praetical training of Indians at Hampton.

We are very glad to announee that the Secretary of War has turned over to ths Department of the Interior, the U. S. Army barracks at Carlisle, Penn., to be used for the purpose of Indian eduea-tion, under charge of Capt. R. H. Pratt, who has been sent West to collect 100 Indian youth for his school as well as the girls for Hampton. Captain Pratt's wise, Christian philanthropy toward the Indian prisoners at St. Augustins was the origin of the present movement for Indian edueation, and has demonstrated his eminent qualifieations for the work. The Hampton ides of industrial training will be followed as far as possible at Carlisle, and we trust that Hampton and Carlisle may be the pioneers in a new departure for humanity and eivilization.

The experiment of Mr. T. T. Bryee in the way of estnblishing "a packing honse" on the grounds of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute has proved a success, and in addition to crabs, he is now canning tomatoes, pears, and peaches; and will next month begin packing oysters. The best proof of suecess is the fact of persons who have ordered one eease, almost invariably ordering another. We would call attention to Mr. Bryee's advertisement in another column.

The papers have been filled for the last two months with a sad repetition of last summer's fever reports and lessons drawn from the terrible experienee The lessons get to be monotonous, but then the yellow fever has a monotonous way of repeating itself too, it seems, and npparently if the admonitions had been better heeded, the pestilenee would not have intruded its dreadful shape upon us again so soon. It must seem strange to those whose sympathy and aid flowed forth like water at the eall of the strieken South a year ago, to read that the new visitation of the disease this summer originated in a reckless defianee of the commonest, best known rules of prudence, and that its coming found not only Memphis but other Southern cities in a state of unelean-liness inviting to any infection; only ready, like poor Memphis, to make "herculean," but pitifully unavailing efforts to improve the sanitary condition of streets nnd houses after the plague is in the midst of them. If northern cities were in the same condition, the fever infected refugees woul l have carried the contamination to the friends who sheltered them, and have made the epidemie general by this time in spite of all quarantines. For there is no eertnin immunity in a northern elimate. Boston, New York and Philadelphia have all been visited in the last two hundred years. That it has not raged in either city for fifty years is owing, not to ehange of elimate, but to improvements in sewerage and eleanliness. Not that there is no room for improvement both as to eleanness and earefulness in the North. Professor Chandler of the New York Board of Health remarked recently that "it is wonderful that while we hear so much about yellow fever so little regard is paid to the ravages of scarlet fever. Last year two thousand eases of yellow fever in the South aroused the sympathies of the whole world, yet there are as many deaths in a week from scarlet fever and we hear little about it. People from houses in whieh there have been deaths from scarlet fever are allowed to mingle with the masses without the slightest precaution. They do not even change their elothing. The eonsequenee is that scarlet fever is spreading in all directions and the people quietly acquiesee in the state of things." But hy recent legislation, New York, at least, has put its plague breeding tenement houses under the power of the Board of Health, for radical improvements as to ventilation, overcrowding and other conditions. It has learned something by what it has suffered and what it fears, and so, let us hope, will the South. Shot gun quarantine is better than nothing n great deal, but the National Board of Health calls earnestly upon the eities of the Mississippi Valley not to let quarantine occupy their attention to the exclusion of municipal eleanliness whieh is the great object to be secured.

The death of Gen. William F. Barry, former Commandant, for nine years, of the United States Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, deprives ths Army of a gallant and distinguished officer. A New Yorker by birth, and a graduate of West Point in 1838, he has been almost constantly in active service in Indian warfare in Florida and Dakota; in the Mexiean war, in whieh he acted as side-de-camp to General Worth; in the Utah expedition in 1858, and in the late eivil war, which he entered as major in the 5th Artillery, and left as colonel of the 1st. In 1861 he was made brigadier general of volunteers, and organized the entire artillery of the Army of the Potomac, serving with it as chief of artillery in the memorable battles of 1862. He commanded the artillery defences of Washington in '62–3, and served as chief of artillery in the armies of General Sherman, aecompanying that officer in his famous March to the Sea, and receiving the brevet titles of colonel in the regular army and major general of volunteers for his gallant conduct at the capture of Atlanta.

In 1865, he was brevetted major general in the regular army for his services in the last campaigns of the war. At its close, he was given charge of the Lake frontier defenses, and in 1867 was appointed to command of the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe. This important post he held for nine years, a most able and popular officer. In 1876, he was put in command of Fort McHenry, Baltimore, where his regiment, the 2d Artillery, was stationed, and where, on July 19th, he died after a short illness.

During his long command at Fortress Monroe, Hampton Institute was indebted to General Barry for many acts of courtesy and friendship. He was a warm friend of the school and its interests; a friend of the colored race and its advancement, as in the progress of all humanity. He was very fond of the old songs. The Hampton Singers will remember many pleasant evenings when they sang for him in his parlor; one perhaps especially when, after he had called for one after another of his favorite melodies, they surprised him with "When we were marching thro' Georgia," when, as the last wild chorus died away, the General, laughing and wiping his eyes nt the same time, sat down among them and told them very simply the story of that famous march, and some of the scenes he had shared with its hero. The very pleasant friendship enjoyed with him by the officers of the school was not interrupted by his removal to another post, and his death makes it the more valued.

DIED, at the House of the Good Shepherd, in Syracuse, N. Y., August 21st, of consumption, John Robb, of Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota Territory, and a member of the Junior class of Hampton Institute; aged 19 years.

This dear boy, from the time of his admission to the school, in November last, has endeared himself to his teachers and comrades, who will mourn his loss with the friends he left in his Indian home. He was bright and intelligent, and very useful as interpreter for the Dakota students, having had two years of schooling in Ohio through the kindness of Mr. Robb, the post-trader, whose name he took.

His father, White Bull, described in Capt. Pratt's report as a tall, fine-looking, clear-headed Indian. Anxious that his children should have the best influences of civilization, though he had lost three, as we now learn, from the same dreaded disease, was willing to send his son away to learn "the white man's road." So eager are these people for instruction. May God of all love and justice compensate them for their sacrifices.

All that love and skill could suggest, was done for John as the disease developed. About a month ago, in hope that the change might possibly benefit him, he was taken to the Episcopal hospital in Syracuse, whose housemother had charge of some of the St. Augustine Indian young men, and is a warm friend of the race.

Here he was most tenderly cared for, and by his gentle, sweet and patient spirit won at once the love of those who watched over him. Two of his teachers from Hampton had the privilege of visiting him during the last week of his life and gladly testify to the loving devotion of the Sisters of the House and his grateful attachment to them and happy trust in God. John had learned to love the Lord before he came to Hampton. At his own desire he was baptized in Syracuse by Rev. Dr. Jennings of the Episcopal church, and received the communion. His faith was childlike and complete. To the dear Sister who watched with him, and asked how he felt one night, he said with a smile: "God holds me, Sister; I am all right." As I sat holding his hand, the quiet morning before his death, I said to him "You are God's child, Johnny. A look of the most perfect peace came into his face, and he whispered "Certainly."

In this blessed certainty, we leave our dear one on the bosom of his Father. H. W. L.

their suckling babes, and thus allow to tasta and cultivate a relish for the black powdar. I after I left Hampton. I was especially invited here by white men who owned slaves before

business. Education is very much needed here, and it makes me glad and more deter-

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES TO DONORS OF SCHOLARSHIPS.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL. NOT THROUGH WITH THE "CRAPS." JOINING FORCES. MARRIAGE OF SCHOOLMATES. THE DARK SIDE. LIGHT AND SHADOWS.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL.

Persistent, determined effort is a virtue not always accredited to the Negro race, but such as has been shown by the author of the following letter, would be an honor to a young man of any color.

NORTH CAROLINA, 1879.

Rev. ——:

Dear Sir: I am requested to write you an account of my work and experience in teaching. I wrote to a gentleman, in North Carolina, one of a committee on schools, asking him if he could procure me a school for the summer. He wrote me that the preference for home teachers, those of the State, was so strong that he could not do anything for me. Sad as this letter made me, I thought because of his position he could get more work of that kind than I could. I again wrote and sent him stamps to make a few more trials in my favor. His next letter was more favorable. I made every arrangement to leave the Institute so as to be able to reach my new home to open school at the time agreed upon. Two days before my departure, I got a letter stating that the parents of the children would not be willing to spare them before the 4th Monday in July. Not regarding this last letter, I started, and reached a small station on the Portsmouth R. R., at 4 the same day. I was disappointed at finding no one at the station, as was promised to convey me to my destination. So I found myself in a strange place, without money and without friends. Luckily, a few minutes before 6 I stumbled up with a young colored man with his team, who kindly consented to carry my baggage, while I did the walking to his father's house, a distance of ten miles, reaching there about 11 or 12 p. m. Leaving this house about sunrise next morning, I walked seven miles to get to my intended boarding place.

NOT THROUGH WITH THE "CRAPS."

On Sunday following my arrival in N. C., I met in the school house the discontented parents who gave me as their chief reason for keeping the children at home, that they were not quite through with their "craps." In this part of the South the last ploughing and grassing of the corn and cotton, have been done by the last of July, so that the farmer rests through the month of August and the first two weeks in September, when begins the harvest. Putting the question of opening to vote of those present they agreed to let me start the 2d Monday in July. If I had had the cash, I hardly could have got a horse at that busy season of the year; so I had to walk to a town fourteen miles away to be examined. On the morning I started the day bid fair and beautiful, but returned at 7, p. m., both wet and hungry, after walking twenty-eight miles for that day. I closed my school in September, with fifty five pupils, a run of forty-three days. Having concluded to stay in one spot a while and gather moss if possible there being no more school work at my hand, I turned my attention to farming—assisting in harvesting the crops, &c. On the 25th of November, I opened school in an adjoining county, and taught till the first of February following. Owing to the small appropriations, the school sessions are not but two months long in this State. In many districts, the colored people have but one session a year, in some, they have no schools. Salaries range from $15 to $20 the highest and board still high. Now I see no more chance of teaching till summer, if then.

Very few people within a circuit of twenty miles live on their own lands, the most of them making a moderate subsistence on the plantations of the whites for whom they tend on shares, and in some instances rent from them.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL RELATIONS.

I could scarcely wish for any better treatment generally, and more apparently good feeling than are shown by the white people in these parts, towards the black. Politically, the Negro votes as he chooses with no one to molest him except his own conscience. I have been present at several elections, and from what the colored people tell me, I give the above as a fact. I speak only for the county in which I live.

DRINKING AND "DIPPING".

Among both white and black tobacco, whiskey and snuff, are used to a fearful extent. Both races and both sexes partake of the first two freely, women chewing the weed as well as the men, and also smoking it. I daily see women having in their mouths little slender sticks, one end chewed into little fibres with which they convey snuff to their mouths and apply it vigorously from the grinders on one side of the mouth to the remotest grinder on the other. Mothers frequently, after use of their tooth-brushes, give them to their suckling babes, and thus allow to taste and cultivate a relish for the black powder. I have seen little boys and girls between the years of four and five using the brush as expertly as their parents. As the parents are, the children are likely to be, and because of this close union between parent and child, I, as a teacher among my own people, find it quite difficult to draw the child off from the old habits and customs, foolish notions and ideas long indulged in by its parents. Especially, as I have seen a father come into the house having in his hand a quart flask filled with whiskey, help himself and then pass from his wife down to his six year old child. Yet my people with all their faults, are a hard working people and evidently mean to do well, and it is among these hardy and simple minded folks that I desire to dwell, for I believe I can do them good. My present and greatest aim is to get me a house and home though with no money to do it with, as from both the schools I taught, I could not get all the money due me. Faith in my Maker, accustoming my hands to whatever honest employment I can find, and a will to do the right, at all times are the only sources from which I rely for success. In Sunday School work, I have done but little, but hope to do more. In the cause of temperance my feeble efforts have been paralyzed by the stern refusals to my proposals in religious families to signing the pledge. I think it would require the life-long labors of a Murphy or a Gough to root out the habit of whiskey drinking which has so strongly imbedded itself in the people of the Sunny South. Wishing you many blessings and renewed interest in the Institution to which I am indebted, and hoping that I may have your good will in my success in the right, I remain, yours, R.

JOINING FORCES.

Some ten or a dozen marriages have taken place between Hampton students, as is most natural and suitable. The work of teaching is seldom abandoned by both parties and often by neither. And indeed the establishment of decent, intelligent Christian homes among the people is very greatly to be desired. There can be no better object lesson or centre of civilization.

PENNA., *March 28th*, 1879.

Dear Sir:

I write to let you know that your aid toward Hampton pupils is duly appreciated by me.

I taught in Southampton County a term of five months in 1870 from March until July. I enjoyed teaching in that county very much for the people were so anxious to learn and took so much interest in educating their children that I had a Sabbath School of seventy-five members, both old and young, and I tried by the help of our Good Father to lead them in the straight and narrow way. I came home in August of the same year, and there was a vacancy in the colored school in Williamsport, Pa. I got the department down stairs at forty dollars per month. I taught the school that term of eight months. I was then married to an undergraduate of Hampton and he's now principal of the school in the city, and also Superintendent of the large Methodist Sabbath school in the city. Schools are so scarce in the South is why we don't go down there. We have no family and we expect to start for North Carolina in the summer. We have always had an eye single to our people's welfare and have worked for their interest. And now I hope you will be encouraged to help Hampton and its students, for it is there the first seeds of learning are taught us, and we are led in the paths of integrity and sobriety. I think the General and corps of teachers are doing a grand work and one that needs the hearty co-operation of all good people at heart.

I am respectfully, M.

THE DARK SIDE.

The very opposite views expressed by some of our different graduate-reporters, represent, no doubt, to some extent varieties of mental condition and temperament—different ways of looking at and taking things. But there is undoubtedly a dark side to the picture, and less encouraging localities, and no full comprehension of the condition of the people and the work to be done among them can leave out either side. Want of trust in their leaders, and want of judgment to know whom to trust is a necessary result of their past, which only a long future may overcome.

——, VA., 1879.

My dear friend:

I have been watching the progress of the colored people here very carefully, trying to get some good report to write you concerning them, but in vain, and I think sometimes that before that good report comes, I shall be laid under the daisy. I have been teaching here regularly since 1875, the year after I left Hampton. I was especially invited here by white men who owned slaves before the war. These men expressed themselves of being disgusted at the immorality of the colored people. After hearing of my general character, they concluded that I was the proper person for this field. Accordingly they sent for me, and promised to aid me in the work of reform, and I am pleased to say that they have faithfully kept their word. I have been treated with great respect by the whites, and wish I could say as much for the blacks. They seem to hate me but without a cause. I try to do my whole duty, and if I fail in any point, it should be imputed to my ignorance. They acknowledge that I have done more good than any teacher that has preceeded me. Yet there are two points in which we differ, and those are immorality and their form of worship.

Immorality is the principal point, and that I publicly denounce, whenever I find it tolerated, and I believe that it is my duty to denounce it.

NO THANKS.

When I came here they did not have as comfortable a school house as the cow stalls are at Hampton, and the first winter that I taught here, I expected in the spring thereafter, some of my pupils would have died from colds, but, fortunately no lives were lost. When spring opened I attempted to build a school house, and they refused to pay one cent. But I pushed the work forward with what money I could get from the county—which was only twenty dollars—and by the next fall I had quite a comfortable country school-house. I did most of the carpenter's work myself. I organized a Sabbath school soon after, wrote to Hampton for Bibles and received seventeen very nice ones, sent to —— for song books, and I had quite a nice Sabbath School. Last spring their preacher called a meeting of *disinterested persons* together, and voted me out of the school, I could enumerate many other similar cases but deem it unnecessary. Two weeks after that disgraceful meeting I opened day school and taught until the 9th of this month. I expect to open day school in the next district in a few days. Also a Sabbath school, and teach until next October. I have obedient pupils in the school room, but the parental influence at home is so bad that I am much afraid that the next generation will not be much of an improvement on this one.

SUPERSTITION AND SIN.

Polygamy is tolerated in its very worst form. They have their conjuring doctors, and seem to have as much faith in them as we do in the Bible. Their meetings are considered very poor if a dozen don't "get happy" and utter sounds more like wild animals than human beings. And if you fail to be a participant, they don't hesitate to tell you that you got your religion from a book, and you had better go in the wilderness and try again. Or they will tell you that you have white folks' religion. I never get offended at their criticism, but try to do my whole duty and go to Heaven when I die.

NO SOCIETY.

Believe me, I am out of society, and only have an opportunity of visiting my aged parents twice a year. But the thought of doing good comforts me when I get low spirited.

I pray that the Father of light may pour blessings upon your head, for your generosity in helping to prepare me for this great mission. I trust that it was not given in vain. I hope to see you; if not on earth, may we meet where the wicked shall cease from troubling and our weary souls be at rest.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Very truly yours, H.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

A brighter experience, though with some shadows, is thus cheerfully related by a young woman graduate. It is a curious reversal of the preceding one, in both its lights and shades. Want of interest by a county superintendent is a very unusual report.

——, VA., 1879.

Dear friend:

The people have never had the advantage of school here as much as at some other places. The school only lasts five months a year. No school was given them at all last year on account of having no money to pay for a teacher.

My fifth month will be out at the expiration of this week. I shall continue to teach a while longer as the parents, and those interested in education have volunteered to pay me if I would stay and teach for them. I am very glad to stay as the little ones are improving so fast and it is very doubtful whether they will have any school next year. The parents see this and they seem to have their minds awake to interest, and are anxious to have them go on as much as possible to school, before they get so large that they will be compelled to leave and go to work. The children are nearly all small—the average age is eight years.

The white people nor even any of the school board ever show any interest in the school at all. The Superintendent has never visited my school but once, and then only because it was business. Education is very much needed here, and it makes me glad and more determined to continue when I see how anxious the children are to learn, not only anxious but apt. This is seen more among the little ones than large ones. The young grown people do not take as much interest as they should and there are few that have any education at all; all that is, known is mostly among the young children.

I attempted to assist them some in Sabbath school, but their parents do not seem to show much interest in it for they do not make the children attend. I like the place very much and I have no trouble at all with the people or the management of the school.

Your grateful friend, C.

The following letter is from a graduate of the Hampton Institute, who was sent to teach a colored school on application from the State of New Jersey:

NEW JERSEY, *July 4th*, 1879.

Dear ——:

Having finished my quarter, passed the required examination, and been thoroughly installed into the office of a teacher of New Jersey, I write to give general information.

The work to be done here is hard—not less hard than that in the far South; the same energy, tact, and all the numerous qualifications that serve to make a good teacher there, are required here; with a knowledge of the branches taught, more thorough than is required for the 1st grade certificates of Virginia. Jersey, as you know, is second only to Massachusetts in its public school system. The examinations are quarterly, and consist of sets of questions, ten each, of the different branches taught, made out by the state superintendent, Hon. E. A. Apgar. They are certainly hard; but any student of Hampton who is qualified for a graded school can easily, *if he will only study*, pass them.

I had intended to compete for a first grade, but upon looking over a set, which the superintendent kindly gave me for perusal, I changed my mind and at the examination held May 31st competed for the third, with the following results. Orthography 70, Reading 97, Writing 100, Geography 72, Practical Arithmetic 90, English Grammar 80. You can see that I took the wiser course and can judge of what would have happened had I applied for the 1st grade. Enclosed you will find sets of each grade.

CAPE MAY, *July 10th*, 1879.

On Saturday succeeding the day on which this letter was commenced, I procured to Salem to find the County Superintendent as I had urgent business with him. He expressed himself as well satisfied with my work and requested me to write concerning the schools here that need teachers. Your letter soliciting a school for Miss —— was received, and he is willing to engage her. Her school will not be far from mine: it is quite small. Another school situated not more than three miles from me will have to be supplied with a teacher. Salary will be from $60 to $75 per quarter. Good board can be had for $2. per week. These two schools prefer lady teachers. I am certain that any of our graduates could suit if they wished. You can therefore depend upon these two and get the teachers ready to commence Sept. 1st. I retain my school at a salary of $120 per quarter. It is very large. One hundred and five scholars are in the district and eighty-six were enrolled on the school registry. You may give the teachers to understand that it is according to merit that salaries are paid here. If they are thorough they may expect a rise on their salaries. Let them know that I only received $80 for my quarter and that it was by thorough work not only in the school house but outside, that caused fifty per cent. more to be added for my second quarter.

Now about the other three schools that are in the county. Mr. —— asked if I thought an earnest, capable, teacher could be obtained for the city of Salem. One that will exert an influence not only on the pupils, but on the community. I told him there could be such teachers found at Hampton. A gentleman is preferred, and I think could be satisfy the patrons, he could obtain a fair salary after his first trial quarter. Another school here is very small and therefore draws but little of the State appropriation; it cannot pay over $50 per quarter. I am satisfied that a teacher could hardly sustain himself there. The last school is near the superintendent's residence. I am not certain, nor is he, whether it will choose a Hampton teacher, but I will know soon. If any more information is required, I will cheerfully give it. I am now at Cepo May and entered Congress Hall to-day. After paying my expenses here (I had to board until I obtained a situation), I find myself without funds, and am sorry that I cannot remit the amount I owe for the books, but I shall send it in a week or little more.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Ever your devoted scholar,

F.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

A PEEP INTO THE GIRL'S ROOMS.

Although it is one of my duties to daily inspect the quarters of the boys, I have not been required or privileged to inspect the rooms of the girls, yet I believe that an occasional inspection would be a stimulus to the girls to keep their rooms in constant order, for with young women, some would have as believe, whatever is to be seen by masculine eyes will be kept, according to their taste, with perfect neatness. What I have written may make it appear that I did not find their rooms in good order. Miss Amelia Perry, a Hampton Graduate, has immediate charge of the Indian girls during vacation from June 14th to Oct. 1st; she is willing to go around with me, so if you will accompany us, we will go to their rooms and you shall see for yourself.

As nobody within answers the gentle tap, the door is opened and we enter the room. It is a double bed room with hard finished white walls, trimmed with yellow pine, and has one window. The floor is bare, but well scrubbed. The window, well washed, is partly screened by a white drop curtain; the walls are adorned with pictures, not by Rubens nor after Raphael, but cut from pictorial news-papers or magazines, they are mounted on paste-board and prettily framed with the remains of some old paste-board box. The pictures are all around the walls, not in confusion, there is a kind of order which gives a very pretty effect. Think of it! the tops of two Chinese parasols as pictures for this room; the girl says they are pretty and so do I. Two pine chairs stand in such positions as prove that the occupants must have had a little gossip before dinner; in the middle of the floor is a small oval shaped toilet table made of pine; in a corner stands a large wardrobe. I was curious to know if neatness ever got behind the wardrobe doors, so the doors were politely thrown open and I saw at a glance that the inside of the platter was also clean. On one side of the room is a pine bureau with a mirror attached; nicely arranged around the edge of the glass are little motto cards; there are two small iron bedsteads in the room, the beds on which are well made and covered with white spreads. As only one girl occupies this room, I presume that, like other fashionable people, she must have her resorts, one bed for summer and the other for winter. Going to the other rooms we see the same neatness and order, and a few more Chinese parasol tops. It was a good time to inspect, as I was not expected to visit the rooms. At first, I am told, one of the girls was sorely troubled about her wardrobe the question was—"Where shall it stand? It was tried diagonally with a corner, up against the wall, in front of the only window; and finally in the middle of the floor; this she thought the most fitting place.

"We extract the following from a letter recently received from Miss Perry who with others of her (colored) race is doing most excellent work in civilizing her Indian fellow students. The negro is a most efficient ally in lifting up the red man.

"'HAMPTON, VA., *July*, 1879.

"'Little Annie Dawson, the smallest one, has ever so much sense for a child of her age, and seems so willing to help her mamma. The other day she and her mamma were ironing and she happened to get through first and she said, 'Mamma, I iron for you, you go up stairs rest.' We have prayers in the chapel every evening, but on several occasions before they went to bed they have asked me to pray with them. I keep their clean collars in my room; one Saturday morning Lizzie got one while I was out; Sunday when the others took theirs she got angry because she did not have any; I told her I was very sorry; she did not listen to me, but went out of my room and shut the door very hard; about ten minutes after this she came back and before I could turn around, she threw her arms around me and said, 'I very sorry I my collar yesterday wear.'

"'Last Monday, while I was making a dress for one of the smallest ones she said, 'Won't you please make dress very long so when wish not be short? I thought this was so sensible that I made it longer then usual. I have a picture in my room of a boy who seems to be looking at every one; three of the girls were in my room; I noticed they were walking around but did not understand why, presently one of them said, 'That picture see me everywhere I go, what make?' I said no. They then said 'look, coma see, he see you.'

"'I read to them and teach them every day; I find they do not know the names of the different objects in their rooms and very often they come to my room, and ask me the name of such and such a thing.

"'I have been giving object lessons, taking the different things in their rooms; they seem delighted with this and during the day, come to me to spell different words that I have taught them, and ask 'Is that right?' When I first began to teach them I would say, the one that can write me a sentence about this raise your hand. I found that the little ones would be first, so now I begin at one end of the class and have every one write sentences. At first the large girls seemed a little backward and said 'I no write.' One of them went to the board and stood there a long time; she said something but I did not understand, so one of the girls said to me, 'She want make big Y.' 'Oh!' I said, 'you want to begin your sentence with a capital Y.' I made one for her and then she wrote her sentence.

"We have had a nice rain which has made every thing fresh and green again, so I take the girls out to work in the flower garden. One day while we were out there a white excursion party went by; several in the party said 'Those are the Indians' and one of the gentlemen said, 'Poor little things.' Annie and Sarah (two of the small ones) heard it and did not like it; they both said. 'That man, call us, Poor little things, we not very poor little things are we?' Last Sunday one of the girls went to church in Hampton with a colored girl; when she came back, she came to me and said, 'Colored man preacher no good;' then she showed with her hands and body how he did—'I think he drink whiskey, you think so?' I said 'oh no! he was shouting,' she then said 'Mr. Denison (our pastor) no do that way when he preach.'"

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

HARD AT WORK ON THE FARM.

A daily visit is made to the different work shops, and the farm, to see that all of the boys are at work and how they are getting along. The other day, looking up the farm boys, I saw through the bushes of the asparagus bed that six of the little ones were working away faithfully but the two larger boys were enjoying themselves in the shade of a peach tree, helping themselves to fruit that belonged to one of our neighbors. I walked on, as though I had seen nothing, when I looked up, I saw these two boys hard at work, pulling away at the biggest weeds and with a great flourish beating them on the ground to knock out the dirt. When I reached the place where the little fellows were, they kept right on with their work: I passed on to see the big boys; the little ones were probably anxious to see what I would do with these boys. It was dreadful to think, if these two boys have worked as hard all the morning as they are working now, they will be good for nothing for the next few days. Looking up from his work, one of the large boys saw that the little ones had stopped; he called out to them in Dakota; the interpreter was near, so I asked him, what the boy said, "He is telling them to work." This was too much for me; I reserved my reproof and left the grounds.

"PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH."

A careful daily inspection is made of the Indian quarters and at night at 8:10 the students are required to report for roll-call.

At one of the roll-calls the colored sergeant of the Indians voluntarily talked to them about neatness, particularly in their rooms. I have no doubt that the talk was good, but it seems to verify the saying, "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of twenty to follow my own instruction," for if I remember rightly his is one of the rooms that I generally find out of order.

For the next four weeks the Indian boys are to enjoy the delights of Shellbanks. We hope to give an account of it in the next number.—J. C. R.

LETTER from Poor Buffalo to his Nephew at Hempton.

Poor Buffalo's expectations from his nephew will be realized, we trust. "He has made excellent progress in a year, at his carpenter's trade, and is doing well in all respects.

FORT SILL, INDIAN TY., *May* 22, 1879.

My dear Nephew:

I am very anxious to see you. I think of you every day, and will anxiously wait for you, and when I see your face my heart will be full of joy. I am still alive and well and I hope this letter will find you in same condition. Your father and mother, and all of your brothers and sisters are still alive and well, none sick nor none dead, we are all trying to do the best we can, and trying to follow the White Man's road. *I now place my future progress in your hands.* I think that when you have been there at school long enough to get a good education, our Father at Washington will send you home to us and then you can help us to do many things, and teach us very much so that we may be able to do and live better than we now are. Your mother, your Te-vits-a-Peah named Sa-foot is very poor Te-vits-a-Nas-su-tit-tat, and when you write to us again if you could send her a little money—enough to buy her a dress, she would be much pleased—but if you have no money to send her, it is all right.

This is all that I have to write at present, I would be glad to hear from you soon, tell all of the Kiowas there that I still remember them all, and would be glad to see them. *Pearoo* writes this for me. (*Pan Tandlety.*)

POOR BUFFALO.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Ægeriadae at home. Yes, only too much at home for our prospect of pears or peaches perhaps. What the caterpillars and other insect creatures which destroy the goodly fruits of the earth and the rewards of man's industry, are created for, it is difficult to tell. Perhaps to hint to vain man that not everything in the universe was made simply for his use. But whatever they were made for, Mr. and Mrs. Ægeriadae and the whole family of horiag caterpillars, certainly know how to make mischief.

But they are none the less interesting for all that, in their curious "homes made without hands," and the wonderful changes they pass through in their lives.

And here you have a picture of the little mischiefs at home and at work as you could see them if the bark of the tree they are ruining were sliced away, taking down the wall of their house, so to speak.

Yes, ugly looking things, perhaps you will say, but what are those pretty moths on the trunk above them?—well, I hope that some of the children know by their own observation that those pretty moths are responsible for the whole of it; that they are the parents of the crawling caterpillars, which are advancing to motherhood as fast as their many legs, or rather, their devouring jaws, can take them.

It is that pretty moth which stings the tree bark and lays the eggs from which comes not a moth but a crawling grub or young caterpillar. She is running up the bark now to find a good place for the eggs and then die, her life work ended. In a few weeks baby grub begins to eat his way in the world.

He has perhaps a whole year of caterpillar life before him, so you see he can make quite a hole of it. I suppose he enjoys the tender bark and sweet sap wood, but the tree that keeps many such boarders is sure to die. But to him a time comes when he stops eating and goes to work to wrap himself up in a queer little coat of gum and sawdust. All rolled up in this coat, you would think him dead; but wonderful changes are going on in it, unseen by mortal eye. Some of his legs shrink away, and six of them grow very long, his long body shortens, his strong jaws close up and he gets instead a long slender pipe only good to suck honey through. Most wonderful of all, four large downy (I think if your eyes were sharp enough, you would call them feathers—) wings grow on his back; and nothing of all this change do you see, till one day in June or July, the queer dead looking thing, the chrysalis, it is called, begins to move and wriggle itself half out of the hole in the bark, and then the covering bursts, and the full grown moth flutters out, rests a few minutes on the trunk, then spreads its wings and flies off to enjoy its short life of summer sunshine.

And the only way to do, if you want to spoil it all, but to save your tree, is to look for the grub in the spring time, in the bark or roots, cut them out, and kill all the grubs you see in the bark or ground; fill the holes with clay and bind sheathing paper round the trunk, letting it extend below the ground, and filling in with new earth. The time to stop all evil is in its beginning.

THE OILED FEATHER.

In the village of —— lived two neighbors, named Joseph Irons and Samuel Parsons. Joseph Irons went by the name of "Rusty Joe," and Samuel Parsons by the name of "Polished Sam."

Joseph Irons wouldn't put his hand to his hat for any man; not he! He wouldn't waste his time with paleveraig people with fine words;—no, not he! If people didn't like his goods, they might leave them; and if they didn't like his answers, they needn't ask him any questions. In a word, "Rusty Joe," though very honest, and very decent in his way of living, was disliked by almost everybody; and, in truth, no one could be surprised that it was so.

On the other hand, Samuel Parsons was a general favorite. He had a salute for every one that came in his way. He didn't think himself a bit the worse man because he put his hand to his hat to the minister or the squire, as well as bobbed his head to the old applewoman at the corner of the street. As to civil words, Sam's theory was, that they were quite as little trouble to pronounce as gruff ones; and they certainly slipped more pleasant like out of one's mouth. And so it came to pass that everybody liked Sam Parsons; and we may wind up this paragraph, just as we did the last, by saying, and with equal truth too, no one could be surprised.

Well, we will see how "Rusty Joe" and "Polished Sam" got through one day of their existence; for one day will be quite enough for a sample.

"Coma l bring the oil-flask, —thera's a pet," said Samuel Parsons to his wife, as he finished screwing on a naw lock on his front door. Sem, of course, needn't have said, "thare's a pat," unless he likad; but he used to think it was a great shame that women were called all sorts of pretty names before they were married, but nons afterwards.

We don't mean to tell all the names Sam called his wife before they were married; but now he called her "pet." And as soon as she heard the loving word, she threw down her duster on the chair, and off she went to the kitchen for the flask. The flask had a feather in it, as such flasks generally have; and Sam, taking the feather between his fore-finger and thumb, oiled the key of the street-door right well, and then locked it and unlocked it a dozen times. At first it went stiff, and required some strength of wrist to turn it; but as it was worked to and fro, and the oil began to make its way into the wards, it worked more and more easily, until at last Tommy, Sam's little son, who was standing by, was able to turn it almost with a touch; and then Sam affirmed that it would do.

This operation finished, Sam thought he'd just give his knife a touch of the end of the feather. Less than a drop ont of the flask would do,—just a mere touch, that was all it wanted; and presently, to young Tommy's great delight, his father made the blade go up and down, click! click!

Tommy evidently approved of the result, for he began to click, click with his tongue and the roof of his mouth in imitation; and how long he might have delayed his father we can't tell, if it were not that Mrs. Parsons caught him up in her arms and made off with him,—she calling Tommy a "saucy rogue," kissing him all the way, and he, on his part, click, clicking, as though his mouth were a cutler's shop and you were opening and shutting every knife in it.

Some people might think that Sam Parsons had done enough in the oiling line for one dey; but there was one thing more to do, and then he would be quite ready to take his potatoes to market. One or two of the wheels of his wagon had been a trifle creaky; and so he took the grease-pot and gave them a touch of its contents. You could have rolled all he put upon them into the size of a couple of marbles; but 'twas quite enough: the wheels gave over creaking; and, if the old proverb be true, that "Silence gives consent," no doubt they highly approved of what Sam had done.

"Now, then, I'm off to market," said Sam.

"Good-by, Jenny, pet."

Oh, that little word "pet!" Didn't the cunning fellow oil his wife's temper, and even almost her very joints, for her day's work, when he called her by that little name?

"Good-by, Tommy, my darling."

Oh, you cunning man! There you are with your oiled feather again; for when Tommy was naughty, and his mother reminded him that she must tell his father when he came home, and "father would be sore grieved if his boy was naughty," wasn't Tommy good? For, child though he was, he was able to reason thus much in his mind: Tommy is father's darling, and he won't vex him; darlings ought not to vex those who love them.

"I say, Polly," said Sam Parsons to his one servant-maid, as he left the house, "don't forget to clean up those irons, if you can manage it,—there's a good lass. You'll find the oil-flask hanging up behind the kitchen-door." And so, with a cheerful smile upon his countenance, Sam Parsons took his departure for market.

Now, on this very morning "Rusty Joe" was going to market also; and it so happened that before it was time to leave his home on this eventful day, he had as much misery as would fall to his neighbor "Polished Sam" in a week.

When Joseph Irons had finished his breakfast, he got up and went to the street-door to go out; but no loving word did he speak to his wife Betty, who, if the truth were known, was by no means sorry to get rid of him and his ugly temper for a while. She was a poor, down-hearted creature, who never basked in the sunshine of a little love; who never heard the music of an affectionate word; who had indeed all the machinery of a woman's heart, with all its great capacity for doing wonderous things; but there was just something wanted to set it all a-going: *it was a little love.*

"Mind you have my shirt finished to-night," said Joe Irons, as he laid his hand on the street-door; "for I may have to go to Pitbank to-morrow, and I don't want to go to the Squire's in this old concern." And, with this direction to his wife, Mr. Irons took himself off. The door was stiff on its hinges, and stiff in the lock.—ay, as stiff as if it had had the rheumatics for twenty years. After a little difficulty, Joe Irons opened his door; but he could not shut it again with as little trouble. Now, it was no new thing for Joseph Irons to pull the door with a good deal of violence. He despised such a small thing as a drop of oil. The door had hitherto yielded to main force, and his strength was in no wise abated:—so, "Here goes," said he, and he gave it a bang with all his might. There was no resisting such an appeal as this: and the door was shut with a noise loud ennugh to rouse the whole neighborhood. But, alas! Joe did not know what harm he did. He actually shook the house, and broke a glass shade upon the chimney-piece in the parlor!

This, then, was the way that "Rusty Joe" started forth to market. He met with trouble before he went to his street-door,—and when he arrived at it,—and, as we shall see with plenty more before he returned to it again.

Joe's trouhles lay thick before him. He He soon found himself a poor, limping creature, and every step he took seemed to have a corresponding pinch belonging to it. Presently he began to feel conscious that he would be late for market unless he could get on faster; and accordingly, at any hazard to his unfortunate ten toes, he smacked his whip and "gee-upped" his horses; but soon found that they could not make much more headway than himself. What was the matter? Was the load heavier than usual? Were the roads heavier? No; but "Rusty Joe" had not greased the wheels of his wagon for a long time; and now the vehicle went on creak, creak, as though it would come to pieces every moment.

Instead of making allowances for the poor beasts, which were really doing their best, "Rusty Joe" determined to make them pull the wagon up the hill whether they would or nnt. Accordingly, he took a piece of whip-cord out of his pocket, and his knife also, and while the horses stood puffing and penting and blowing with their exertions, he prepared to fit on a new lash.

"I'll tickle yon, my lads," said "Rusty Joe;" and, so saying, he applied his thumb-nail to the knife, to open the blade to cut the cord. The knife was stiff. In fact, the hinge of the blade was rusted; but the angry man would not lose any time over it. Force, with him, would do everything; and with a tremendous effort he half-opened the blade; but in doing so, he broke his nail down to the quick, and the pain soon became very severe. Still the angry man was not to be put off. He cut the whip-cord. He put on a new lash; and with the crack, crack, crack, he tried to start the horses with the creaking wagon uphill. But force will not do everything in the world. The horses made such a plunge, under the influence of the smarting lash, that the harness broke; and there stood "Rusty Joe," in a sad plight, able neither to go on nor to return. Joe! you should have greased your boots, and you would not have been lame or late. Joe! you should have oiled your door, and you would not have lost your temper. Joe! you should have oiled the wheels of your wagon, and then your horses could have pulled it up the hill. Joe! you should have oiled your pen-knife, and then you would not have torn your nail. Joe! you should have oiled your harness, and the leather would not have become rotten, and have broken, as it has done in your time of need.

"Rusty Joe" made a sad day's business of it: he never got to market at all! A little examination of the harness showed that it was completely useless; and he had to unharness his horses, leave his wagon there, and make the best of his way home. With one delay and another, it was coming on evening before this unfortunate man could get his wagon home again.

"Rusty Joe" tried one person end another in the village who had harness. He sent to some of his brother farmers round about; but no one seemed inclined to go out of his way to oblige him.

I am sorry to say, he cursed and swore; but that, like all cursing and swearing, did him no good; and at last he sat down by the roadside. "Rusty Joe" had not been there many minutes, when he heard the sound of wheels; and soon "Polished Sam" appeared in sight with his team. Sam was whistling like a bird, and he and the team seemed more like a merry family than any thing else. A moment's glance was sufficient to show Sam Parsons that there was something wrong, and he hastened as fast as he safely could down the hill, to meet his unhappy neighbour and offer him sympathy and help.

But "Rusty Joe" wanted no help; no, not he. Some were lucky, he said, and some were unlucky; and he didn't want others to be praying into and meddling with his affairs; and the ungracious man carried on in this style for full half an hour. As Joe would not be helped, of course Sam could not interfere; but he found various excuses for dawdling about until his neighbour had managed to get his horses harnessed and put to the wagon; than with a muttering curse or two, Joe started for home. But, oh whet a chorus of cranks came from his dry and squeaky wheels! And so stiffly and heavily did the wheels roll, that there is no knowing when it would have reached home, or whether it would not have broken down again by the way, had not Sam Parsons ventured to offer a little help once more. Sam in the kindness of his heart, had kept close to his neighbour; and now he made bold to suggest that the wagon could never be got home without a little grease. "You hear it creak, neighbour," said he to "Rusty Joe;" "and I believe it was just for want of a little grease it stuck so fast upon the hill." So saying, Sam Parsons produced a little oil from his wagon, and managed to get it well on the creaking wheels. Marvellous was the change: the creaks suddenly ceased, and the horses easily drew their load. Even the patched-up harness was quite equal to its work so slight was the strain put upon it.

With all his grumpy temper, "Rusty Joe" was not sorry to receive such substantial help: so he allowed Sam Parsons to walk by his side, Sam's wagon following close behind. Sam was not long before he noticed that Joe halted very much on one foot. "The hoots are as stiff as if they were froze," said "Rusty Joe;" —"ever since the last market-day when they got such a wetting."

"Whee-o!" whistled Sam; "I'll soften them in two minutes." And slipping behind his wagon, he brought fourth his oil-bottle, and gave the boots a good anointing with its contents. Of course the cure could not be perfect in so short a time: still, "Rusty Joe" could not but see that a little oil was able to do wonders: the boots seemed to have become quite good natured and it was a question whether a little more oil would not make them even frolicsome.

"I have great faith in oil," said Sam Parsons. "I oil almost every thing. This very morning I oiled the lock of my street-door, and my pen-knife, and I greased my wagon-wheels, and I oiled my wife and child, and gave the servant maid a touch too; and, I tell you what it is, neighbor Joe, I slip along famously where I find another sticks fast."

"Polished Sam's" observations were not altogether thrown away upon him. The contrast between his happy neighbour and his miserable self could not but strike the poor man's mind; and he made a desperate resolution to reform. Before he reached home Joe met the village pastor and invited him in.

The minister felt like a fish out of water in Joe Irons' house; but it was very well that he went in; for Joe's wife, irritated by the destruction of her solitary mantel-ornament, and by her husband's rude way of speaking, had not done his shirt, nor paid any special attention to what he was to eat. The minister's presence prevented any harsh words; and his wise and loving counsel led Joe and his wife to forgive end forget the past, and commence afresh that night, by asking for strength from heaven to speak, do and be like Jesus Christ.

Joe's choicest friend was, henceforth "Polished Sam;" and Joe kept as close to his skirts as though he expected to get some of the polish upon himself. Joe never forgot the minister's advice to seek strength for improvement on his knees; and, by way of a reminder that he should not forget his new principles, he hung something over his bedroom mantel-piece, to be the first thing that met his eyes when he awoke; and what do you think it was? Why it was just

AN OILED FEATHER.

CRABS.

Regarded from any point of view, a crab is a curious creature. If we look him in the face, we see that his mouth is between his shoulders, and that his claws or arms move in the same plane as his nostrils. If we look at him from behind, where we would expect to see a tail, we see a smooth surface, at either end of which is worked a flipper, that answers for both leg and tail. If we look at him side ways when in the water, he is either coming towards us or retreating from us, for in his native element, a crab is as perfect a double-ender as a ferry-boat, and anomalous as it seems, when he goes forward, he goes sideways. No one, at first glance, will admire the personal appearance of a crab, but his lack of comliness is largely due to his wearing the most of his skeleton on the outside, which, it must be confessed, is a trying fashion to any animal, especially one with so many legs. Clams and oyster carry this fashion to extremes, and have all their skeletons, on the outside, but they have no arms nor legs to manage, and if permitted to be wrept in a mud blanket and a sheet of water, they ask odds of no one. Crabs, however, are nomads of the sea, and except when they have retired for their winter nap, or are gorged with food, they are ever restless, darting, or sauntering through the water, where business or pleasure leads. This restless spirit is easily shown, by confining some in a barrel with slats over one end, and sinking the barrel in the tide. The constant efforts of those inside to get out are only equalled in zeal by those outside to get in. The parallal between the crab and a certain higher animal is too plain to need showing. It may ha a surprise to some, who are accustomed to think that crabs are "sea scavengers" and will eat everything, to learn that hardly any other creature is so particular in examining food, before putting it into its mouth. Its olfactory organs are of the most powerful kind, and are brought to bear on every bit of food before a bite is taken. The delicate mechanism of a crabs nose is hardly surpassed in nature. It is an interesting sight to see a crab approach a piece of bait, and note how dexterously it will brush away anything which its instinct or its nose says is unfit for food.

Crabs are as born warriors, as clams are creatures of peace. Their weapons of both offense and defense, are strangely powerful, no living man can hold open the jaws in the end of a crabs claw, if his crabship see fit to shut them. But even Achilles had to be vulnerable somewhere, and a crab has his point of vulnerability. Grasped by the thigh, or rather where the hind flipper joins the body, a crab is harmless, and the most ferocious of the tribe may be held by a small boy, if he only have faith that the snapping jaws cannot reach him. With so perfect an armory of offensive and defensive weapons, it is not strange that crabs should be quarrelsome customers, and pass most of their time in duels and the like. It can hardly be said that there is any "softer sex" among crabs, for the lady crabs are quite as vicious as the gentleman, and practice the arts of war quite as constantly: indeed, if there be any difference between them, the lady crabs are the more vicious. If any one were called upon to excuse the crab for this snappishness of disposition, the line of defense would not be difficult to select. The poor crab, since the year one, has been compelled to feel how differently it was constructed from all its neighbors, and how that every creature that can reach it, from men down to harnacles, lives with its hand raised against it, in a metaphorical sense at least. While other animals reach their growth by regular and easy stages, protected during that period with the greatest care, the wretched crab only grows by jerks, and has to loose all its shell to make that growth, and in making it, is exposed to countless dangers: for that delicacy, known to epicures as "soft shell crabs" is only the hard shell crab making one of his jerks of growth. A series of such hardships extending over countless generations, is enough to curdle the milk of any kindness. The strongest argument against this gradual souring of the crab's disposition, however, is to be found in the fact, that nature clearly recognized its warlike tendency, by providing, that if the crab lose an arm in honorable or dishonorable warfare, a new one should grow in its place. I have in my possession, the claw of a crab, who had evidently been slightly wounded in some engagement, and nature giving him the benefit of the doubt, had caused another jaw to grow on the wounded member and the original to heal, so the crab finally died with two hands on one arm. Crabs not only kill one another, but eat their dead foes; no anatomist can extract the meat from a crab more perfectly than one crab can from another. Seizing the dead body with one claw, with the other they pull out limb after limb, and feast on the flesh and muscle that attaches the legs to the body. The phenomenon of mesmerism may be more quickly shown with a crab than any other animal: if you seize one by the flipper as above directed, and rub your fingers over its back shell from left to right, in a few seconds its snappings will cease, and it will permit the manipulator to handle its dangerous claws at will; the stroking seems to throw it into a sort of trance, and a suspension of all muscular activity ensues. In a minute or two after the stroking ceases, the crab revives, and returns to its normal condition. Although the crab is to a certain extent amphibious, its behaviour on land is almost the exact reverse of its behavior in the water. On land, if man makes a motion toward a crab, it will at once turn to fight, but in the water it will scuttle away. On the contrary, if a person stand perfectly still in the water, crabs will approach him, and nibble or bite his toes; while if one stand still on land amid a company of crabs, not one will attempt to injure him. In the water if a crab seize anything, it at once pulls it under its nose to see if it be good to eat; while on land you may put its favorite food in its claws and it will not put it to its mouth. Another strange thing about crabs is, that if you put a stick or something like it in a live crab's claw, it will only hold on for a very few seconds, whereas if you seize it by the flipper and let it seize something itself, it will hold on, while you lift it and its burden to any height. In other words it seems to dislike to support itself by its claws, but will, if it has a chance, hold up ten or a dozen times its weight of other crabs. It is a common thing to see crab-bers unloading their boats, by means of letting one crab, which they hold by the flipper, seize another crab, and this second crab a third, and so on, till sometimes "a string" of a dozen is tossed into the basket. There seems no limit to the number of crabs that may be thus got on a string, except the weight which is needed to pull out the hind flipper of crab number one. The number of eggs laid by a single crab, is marvellous—they are carried beneath the under shell, and in the spawning

season, these bunches of eggs look exactly like pieces of fine Turkish sponge. It would take too much time to deserihe in detail all the changes which occur in the development of the crab, but it is sufficient to say that a single egg is hardly to be seen with the naked eye, wbils crabs grow to weigh over a pound.

Crab catching as a matter of pleasure, and crab catching as a matter of business, are two very different things—for the first, a summer dsy on the sea shore, or hetter still, in some quiet bay, a string with a bit of red meat on the end, a net, a hasket, and a little patience, are all the smsteur crab catcher needs as an outfit. He may try his luck from off a dock, or over the side of a hoat: in these waters, the bait will have hardly reached the bottom, when a vicions twich of the line will indicate the presence of a crab: all to he done is to pull the line stesdily, and the crab with the bait clutched in his claws will be drawn to the surface—slip the net under him and toss him into the basket. Then if the crab-catcher has time, and an eye for the beautiful, he or she may study with delight the many exquisite colors with which tha crustacesn is marked. To an old crab catcher these colors are as an open book, telling him the probable age of the crab, how long since its shell was shed, whether it bas been a long tima in the bay or whether it has just arrived from the sea, etc., etc. To the amateur, however, it will probably present only a curious blending of fresh tints, the most beautiful, being the blue, with which parts of the arms are marked. Until one has been tsught how to pick up a crab, it is well to admire him at a safe distance, for they hava an enormous "resch," as the prize-fighters say, and strike witb the rapidity of an arrow from a bow. Catching crabs for market requires quite extensive preparstions. In the first place, a boat has to be built on purpose for the business; it is flat bottomed, very wide in proportion to its length, and contains but two seats: one near the centre for the crabber to use, when he rows to and from the the fishing grounds, and the other, a small ons in the bow, to use when fishing. Thers is no seat in the stern of the boat, the space there heing used to coil up the line; between the two seats mentioned is placed a "dry goods" box, as a receptacle for the crabs caught. The line consists of a half-inch cotton or grass rope, varying in length from thirty to onc hundred fathoms. At intervals of eighteen inches or two feet, are hung bits of stout twine with loops on the end, into wbich the bait is fastened. These bits of twine are called "snoods," and the hait used is generally tripe. The line once baited, an anchor is securely fastened to each end, and to the anchors are made fast buoys, which enable the crabber to know just where his line is. Reaching the grounds, the anchor is thrown overboard, and the boat pulled away from it, causing the lines to "pay out" over the stern. When it is all overboard, the second anchor with its buoy is dropped, and taking his seat in the bow, the crabber begins pulling his boat back, hand over hand towsrd the first anchor, by means of this line. In this way every bait is brought to the surface, and the crabber, with his net, tosses over his shoulder the crabs caught investigating the baits. Over the hox are strewn green bushes, sprinkled with salt water, to prevent the crabs being sun-struck, for no amphihious animal is sensitive to the sun's rays as the crab. When cooked, (boiled or steamed) the shell of the crab, no mattek what may have been its color, when its occupant was alive, turns red, and this shade of red developed, is a sure guide as to how thoroughly the crab is cooked. When crabs are caught and thrown into a box or basket, they immediately take up arms against a sea of troubles, and snap fiercely at every thing within their reach: succeeding this period of wrath, comes onc of fatalistic repose —tbey crawl into some corner, fold their arms, and if not disturhed awak death with the utmost tranquillity. That they do this, they must be perf-etly undisturbed, a jar of the hox or basket, as by a kick for instanee, makes them apparently forget all their philosophy, and sets them fighting one another, as if every crab accused his neighbor of having insulted him. All sorts of salt water fish, except perhaps the shad family, are es fand of crab meat as the majority of men, and the blue fish, sharks, etc., would bring the crabs to a swift destruction, if it were not for the stout shells of the latter. The spear-like points on the cnds, and the deep serration of the sides of their shells, make them a very awkward morsel for anything to swallow. Hogs aro ravenously fond of crabs, but farmers hesitate to gratify this appetite, for although a pig can catch and crunch a live crab, the dead shell often gets the better of the pig, by wedging across his throat and choking him to death.

The meat of the crab is the most delicato of all the crustaceans, but varies amazingly; if taken from a crab, which has died a violent death, it is ona tbing: if taken from one which has been suffered "to drown in the air," it is another. The meat of the crabs cooked alive, is firm and smooth, while that of a crab, which died beforo it was cooked, is mealy or pasty, and unfit for human food. All death is a change, and in the crab it is a very great change, and the manner of the change has everything to do with the quality of food furnished. If a crab die a lingering death from sun stroke, or unskilful smputation, its flesh is only fit for hogs or fish bait. But let his death be sudden as by turning fifty pounds of live steam upon him, when full of fight, then the market afford no more delicious morsel.

T. T. B.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, arrived at Sierre Leone, Africa, on the 24th of July and started for the River Congo.

South African advices of July 22 say that King Cetywayo has made another effort to ascertain whether his liberty would be granted him if he submitted. He said that he had been completely deserted by his warriors. Other reports however do not sustain his assertions.

A very serious accident occurred last week in France on the Argentan and Granville Railway. Fifteen were killed and thirty-six wounded.

A despatch to the *London Times* from Zermatt says Mr. Mosely, a young physician of Boston, fell and was fatally injured while descending the Matterhorn.

The Porte has at last appointed plenipotentiaries to negotiate on the question relative to the Greek frontier.

Two streams of lava flowed from Mount Vesuvius on Friday as far as the base of the cone, but there was no eruption on Saturday.

A despatch from Geneva reports that a waterspout occurred on the 18th inst. at Pays-de-Gex, causing the river Versoix to overflow its banks. Buildings at Divonne were damaged to the extent of 100,000 francs. Several persons were killed.

A correspondent at Vienna, discussing the chances of war between Russia and China on the Kuldja question, says that the Chinese have available over 100,000 men and 100 guns.

The first court-martiel at Moscow since the promulgation of military law was held on Thursday, and condemned a private gentleman named Zenkoff in twelve years at hard labor in the mines for attacking and insulting a sentinel.

Twenty-four persons, injured in the riot at Belfast, growing out of a Catholic procession on the 11th inst., had their wounds dressed at the Royel Hospital in that city.

The English Perliament was prorogued Aug. 15th.

The Iron trade is improving in Great Britain.

James McHenry, English capitelist and railroad director, has failed for $5,000,000.

The crops in England have suffered much from the recent heavy storms.

Within a few days there have been desperate and bloody riots in Dublin, Belfast and Lurgan, Ireland, and last week at Quebec a fight between the Irish and the French Canadians raged for two days, the wounded numbering scores.

DOMESTIC.

On Sunday night, Aug. 17th, a terrible tornado struck on the coast of South Carolina and followed the shore to Maine, leaving devastetion and ruin in its wake. The town of Beaufort, N. C., was badly damaged: many buildings were either completely demolished or badly injured. The Atlantic Hotel is a total wreck, not a vestage of the building remains to mark the spot where it stood. At Moorehead City, N. C., trees were blown down and houses unroofed. Wilmington and New Berne, N. C., suffered great loss. The storm was at its height at Norfolk at 11 o'clock on Monday. Trees, roofs, steeples and houses were blown in every direction in Norfolk and Portsmouth, and vessels were wrecked in the harbor. Hampton lost many trees and a few small houses. Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and intermediate points, sustained more or less injury from the terrific gale. Reports of shipwrecks and loss of life are numerous.

The yellow fever at Memphis has not abated, but rather made progress, during the last month, the new cases becoming more numerous. The place is now almost completely isolated. Dr Mitchell, physician of Memphis, describes the city as wholly cut off from the world. There are no trains running into or out of the town, and no steamboats land there. The supplies are all brought down the river on barges, which are dropped by the steamboats a couple of miles above the city and allowed to float down. When they arrive at the city men in skiffs or tugs secure them and bring them to the landing. This rigid seclusion has thus far prevented the spread of the disease.

The Department of Agriculture, at Washington, reports for August a slight loss in the general average of the crops of the country since July, but that the wheat crop for the whole country is 7 per cent. better than last year. The average of all the crops is put down at 91.

It is stated that during the five months since the authorities at Norwich, Conn., have withheld licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors the arrests for drunkenness have fallen off from 161 to 38, and commitments from 137 to 37.

There has been great excitement among the Mormons at Salt Lake City since the announcement that the government intended taking measures to prevent their emigration from Europe to this country. The Deseret *News* uses the most violent language, threatening all who oppose the "Latter-Dey Saints" with the fate of Pharaoh, who would not let the Lord's people go. At the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, on Sunday, Aug. 10th, Joseph W. Smith made a violent harangue, denouncing Judge Boreman for committing to prison for contempt of court three executors of Brigham Young, and advising the people to arm themselves and be ready to defend their rights.

The Mrs. Sartoris whose death was reported from London, was not Nellie Grant Sartoris, but her husband's mother.

The largest furnace of the Reading Iron Works, at Reading, Pa., which went out of the blast four years ago, was blown in last week. This company is now building a new tube-mill, which, when finished, will give employment to 200 additional hands.

News has been received at San Francisco by the steamer St. Paul, from Onalaska, that the Arctic exploring yacht Jennnette arrived there on Aug. 2d, all well. The season on the Arctic Ocean has been unusally favorable for exploration. The winter was warm and the ice broke up early. Lieutenant DeLong of the Jeannette, hopes to reach Wrangel Land before the ice closes again, and intends to winter there. There is some question as to his reaching there early enough, as on the way up the Jeannette will visit the coast in the vicinity of East Cape in search of tidings from Professor Nordenskjold.

When visiting Norfolk, be sure to call at

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The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal school, in which he will prepare for market the ment of the hard-shell crabs, for which the watere of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad and Devilled Crabs,—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say onything to those who have eaten them; but to those who heve this pleasure yet in store, the reicpe will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond praventure, the most delicate and delicious of all seafood, far exceeding in fineness of flavor end of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meets in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $5 00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letter, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $2.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

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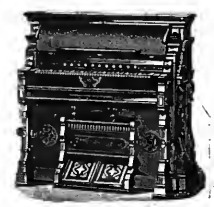

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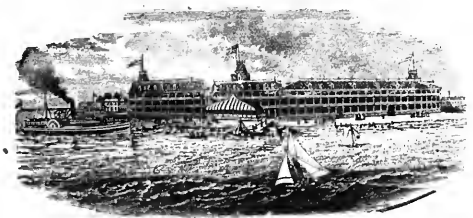

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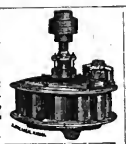

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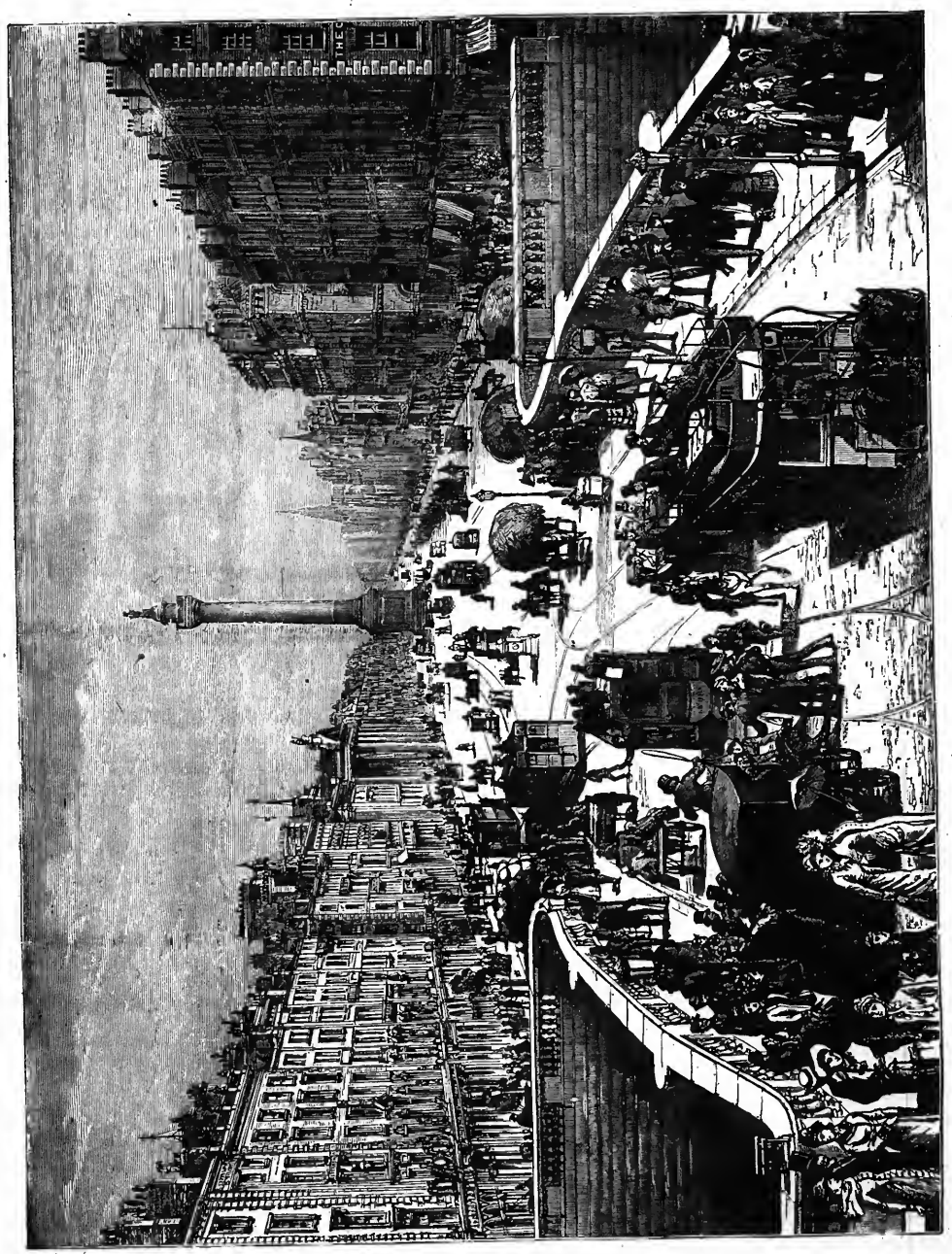
HAMPTON, VA.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE IDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VIII. HAMPTON, VA., OCTOBER, 1879. NO. 10



VIEW OF SACKVILLE STREET IN DUBLIN.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post office at Hampton, Va.

The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed at the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work from all parts of the country, is solicited and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

BEGINNING, next month, with the November number the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will be increased to twelve pages, cut and stitched, until July, 1880.

THE "Hampton Industrial Works" now employ in the saw mill department ten young colored men, who are engaged to work one year at the rate of ten dollars a month and board, their wages to be saved for paying school bills during two years after they shall enter. They are to attend night school in which those who are capable and earnest can fit themselves for admission in October, 1880. Five Indians are also employed.

These "Works" are alive and promise success, but to start them has required a loan of five thousand dollars besides an expenditure of over four thousand of school funds needed for other purposes.

To complete them will require six thousand dollars more. The Executive Committee of the Trustees of the Hampton Institute have decided to raise if possible the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, to meet the needs of this department.

Over six thousand feet of yellow pine lumber are being sawed daily for the markets, and ninety thousand have already been sold at fair prices, besides a quantity prepared to complete the mill. The annual consumption of lumber in this immediate vicinity is about a million feet per year.

This is the kind of education, education in manual skill, and in self-help, that we wish to offer to our Negro and Indians youth, and we appeal to their friends to sustain our efforts. There never were so many applicants as now for a chance to work their way.

WE invite attention to the record of Indians, during the past summer, prepared by Mr. James C. Robbins.

While order, discipline, daily work, and devotional exercises have been kept up, the boys have been allowed plenty of play and a freedom to do as they liked that has resulted in improved health, and yet in eagerness to return to the stricter ways of school life. They are back again on school grounds, contented, cheerful, and a step in advance has been taken by way of requiring the farm hands to do a full days work, five days in the week. Those in the shop have always worked full days. Their progress has been satisfactory.

"Shellbanks" is a fine stock and grain farm of three hundred and thirty acres, presented to the school by a friend in Boston, managed and worked entirely by Hampton students, whose savings either pay their debts or provide for their future expenses. On it is kept a considerable herd of cattle for milk and beef, a hundred acres of corn are growing, one half of which was destroyed by the late tornado, and it has proved of the greatest benefit physically and industrially to our Indians. The girls are out there now for a short vacation.

Is there not enough money in the land to complete and perfect the Hampton method of training. Its agricultural department is established. The mechanical is struggling for existence.

THE citizens of Hampton, Va., have just organized a Town Improvement Society, with a constitution based on that of the well-known Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge, Mass.

Capt. Jacob Heffelfinger is President. The Reverends Frank Bostun, J. J. Gravatt, Mngee and Scott, the leading clergymen of the place are Vice Presidents. Dr. Thomas H. Parramore and Mr. Jefferson J. Barnes are Secretary and Treasurer. They constitute an Executive Committee and will at once take measure for a public meeting to be followed by solicitation for funds for the improvement of the streets by way of covering them with oyster shells and keeping them clean, and planting trees. There is on the part of all appreciation of this effort and a determination to make Hampton the banner town of the State. Already, in activity, enterprise and in charm of situation it is second to none.

The spirit that led its citizens in 1861 to set fire to their own homes rather than let them fall into hostile hands, will now beget a better result, and "beauty for ashes" will be the thought of those who shall by and by behold the streets of this famous little town.

WHILE the Conservative party of Virginia is reading out of its fold the "Readjusters" and is squaring itself on an honest, debt-paying platform, we hear that a re-organization of the Republican party in this State on the basis of honest payment of the State debt is announced.

The ablest and best Democratic and Republican newspapers and men are making common cause to save the credit of this noble old commonwealth. The tendency of the more ignorant people of all classes is towards the mistaken policy of over crippling State creditors. There are, however, men of high character and ability among the "Re-adjusters."

The color line is broken: intelligence rather than complexion is becoming the turning point in politics. The political demi-gods have broken ranks and are at each other. The smooth tones of mutual praise formerly accompanying denunciations of the carpet-baggers, etc., have ceased, and strong language between the ablest of those "to the manor born" is heard on every stump and platform.

We ask attention to an extract from the New York *Commercial Advertiser*—reprinted in the *Norfolk Landmark*—printed in this issue describing the State of things in the "Old Dominion."

During the past summer its leading daily papers have been filled with argument and appeal in behalf of the late settlement of the State debt with its creditors, by voluntary concessions. The next Legislature will, if favorable to this plan, settle the matter forever, and make Virginia the standard bearer of the Southern States, in the struggle to meet their obligations after their frightful impoverishment by civil war. The outlook is now favorable; and it is probable that the State which was the arena of the contest, where blood and money were poured out like water, and where the work of devastation was worst, will stand first and highest in duty and in honor.

THERE is reason to expect, the coming year, a restoration of the public free schools from their sad condition last year during the debt agitation, to their previous thriving state.

Applications are coming in to the Hampton Institute for teachers from counties where, last year, the schools were closed.

The large "Butler" and "Lincoln" colored graded schools in the town of Hampton are to be re-opened—not a dollar was devoted to them last year. The Superintendent of schools in Chesterfield county has written that Hampton graduates are hereafter to be employed in the colored schools of that county. He has already called for four. Such information comes in gradually from regions heretofore not open to our pupils.

There is every reason to believe in the slow, steady and sure progress of Virginia as illustrated by her public faith and her public schools.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES IN VIRGINIA.

The Educational Journal of Virginia for September contains an account of ten teachers' institutes held in July and August, in the counties of Augusta, seventy-two teachers present; Bedford, Botetourt, thirty present; Charlotte, Cumberland, twenty-three present; Fauquier, one hundred present; Franklin, thirty-six present; Lee, one hundred and twenty present; Richmond, large attendance; Wythe, twenty-nine present.

Among the subjects discussed were Corporal Punishment, Theory and Practice of Teaching, Grading of Schools, Geography and Map Drawing, Spelling and Reading,—especially by the Word Method. Many teachers made addresses.

In Bedford county there was a colored institute conducted by Prof. D. N. Vassar of Richmond Institute.

Supt. Graham of Lee, states in his report, "I found by examining that my teachers had improved from fifty to one hundred per cent in the last two years."

"I never was associated with a school in which there was more interest taken than in my last. Some of our pupils have been teaching for twenty-five years; they were as submissive and industrious as young men. I feel very much encouraged with our prospect for good schools this year. The people are alive on the subject of education. They are very willing to supplement the teacher's salary, if necessary; to extend the schools five months. We will open eighty or eighty-five schools in a few weeks. At the close of my examination we held a teachers' institute for two days. The people gathered in crowds to witness the examination and institute.

Supt. Thomas, of Wythe Co., writes as follows:

"My Institute came off on July 22d, 23d, and was in every respect anticipated a success.

1st. I am certain a fine impression favorable to school interests was made upon the citizens attending, of whom we had large audiences.

2d. The attendance of teachers was numerically good—(there were twenty) and of that class which gave character to the institute.

3d. The discussions of subjects assigned and of others brought forward by "queries" was much more professional (i e. it showed professional zeal and skill), than in any former institute in this county.

4th. The entire exercises gave evidence, clear and unmistakable, of the advance of the school work—in the ardor and equipment of the worker, and in the quickened interest of the audience, which latter was not only unabated to the last, but arose to the most gratifying state of deep interest.

5th. The subjects discussed were of such character as to bring out evidences of the advance of the teacher."

There are about four thousand public free schools in Virginia, maintained at an annual expense of nearly $1,200,000. Eleven hundred of them are colored, a little over half of which are taught by colored teachers.

The school system of Virginia has been built up chiefly through the efforts of Dr. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, whose ability and energy are remarkable. He instructs and inspires his officers through the columns of the "Educational Journal" a well conducted monthly. Hampton graduates are supplied with it by their *Alma Mater*, to keep them in sympathy with the entire system and under the care of its chief.

Last year was one of exceptional depressions in school interests. The outlook for the coming year is hopeful.

To those from the North who are engaged in educating the colored people and can personally observe the condition of things, in the South, the course of the Government since 1870 in refusing to aid the new and struggling school systems of the Southern States, as a means of genuine reconstruction, and as a justice to the 800,000 ignorant voters whom it created, seems as great a wrong as the Mississippi outrages. Time will show this.

Under the peculiar circumstances the right to vote carried the right to know enough to vote intelligently. This will be better understood when bribery and persuasion will take the place of violence and intimidation in the South; when negroes will be driven not from but to the polls and thence marched to get their drink, or half dollar, or to a barbacue. This work has begun; it is not peculiar to the South; there is nothing to prevent its spread. We believe that in five years fifty per cent. of the colored vote will be controlled by appeals to their interests or appetites. Public opinion North and South will stop any extensive bull-dozing, and yet the South will be as solid as it shall choose to be so far as the negro vote is concerned. Should the whites divide, the marketing of the votes of the ignorant will be more lively than ever.

There does not seem to be in the land a statesman who is devoting his strength to arrest the evils inevitable from the vast illiteracy of the South.

The emphasis of Northern sentiment is "Let every negro vote." Neither press, nor platform, nor politician has a word for what he needs as much as the political freedom which may be as suicidal as helpful.

THE Hampton work for Indians is likely, as the following letters show, to meet needs from various quarters.

The young men referred to have all been accepted. The government will be asked to supply the needed help; should it decline the school will assume the responsibility, and appeal for aid in their behalf.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADA., 8–30, 1879.

Dear friend:

Elkanah Beard, who has been living among the Absentee Shawnees, in the Indian Territory, writes me that the tribe, numbering about seven hundred, have chosen two young men to be their future chiefs or leading men to do their business for them. They wish these youth or young men to go to Hampton. These Shawnees are self-supporting, live in houses and raise grain and cattle, have no annuities and little money. The Gov't school is a primary one; the boys have attended it. Now can these boys be admitted free at Gov't expense? If not at what expense per annum?

Thy friend,
JAMES E. RHOADS.

(The boys mentioned below are all colored).

TO COL. A. B. MEACHAM:

Dear Col.:

Which school would you advise colored boys to attend—Hampton, or Lincoln University? Robert Johnson has made up his mind now to send Coody to one or the other schools and pay his way the entire course. Cesar Bruner has a son he wants to send to Hampton and will pay his way also. I have a young man in view, Benjamin Nevus, a bright boy of nineteen years, a perfect gentlemen, who will make his mark if he has any chance, but is poor. He attended Mr. Leslie's school a few months, is one of their best scholars. Will you secure a place for him at Hampton upon our recommendation, and the Leslies? I would like all three to go to Hampton, if there "is room," if not for all Coody can go to Lincoln. Please let me know at your earliest convenience.

Benj. Nevus's mother lives at Brunertown—is a relative of Mrs. Johnson. His father is is a Cherokee half-blood, and the mother is a mulatto. He is a very intelligent young men, of more promise than any I have met in this Territory. He does not have the appearance of being lazy as many do. However, I will not vouch for any one without I know he is sober, temperate, gentlemanly, and willing to work for his people after others do so much for him.

NETTIE C. CONSTANT.

"INDIAN EDUCATION."

is in the air; it is all about the Indians. The Rev. Dr. Plummer of South Caro-

at Oberlin College, Ohio, made a creditable record as a teacher chiefly at Yazoo, Mississippi, where he had pastoral care of

their breed! That he and other public men were literally beset with Southern gentlemen, often finished scholars, begging for

"INDIAN EDUCATION."

"The Admiaistretion has a philanthropic impulse that is crossed with the Indian and Negro. Hampton Normal School is become a sort of model in their estimation, and the idea that it has been uncommonly successful in educating the few Indians sent there from Florida has made a great impression in Washington—insomuch that on Friday last the Secretary of War ordered that Carlisle Barracks, Pa., should be turned over to tha Interior Department to ha used as a school for the education of Indian youth, after the manner of Hampton Normal Institute. He detailed Capt. R. H. Pratt, of the army, to have charge of It.

Carlisle Barracks has had great fame in times past. It has been a great cavalry school, and has turned out some of the finest cavelry soldiers ever in the American army.

It is said that Secretary McCrary and Secretary Schurz are both much interested in the subject, and hope that the effort at Carlisle Barracks will be as successful as that at Hampton; but exactly how successful that has been we know not.

This Carlisle effort will be relieved of one objection at least—that of mixing up the Indians with Negroes. We doubt whether it is very advantageous to experiment upon the practicability of this fraternization. We doubt it.

The opinions expressed by the Secretary of War give rise to feelings a little sad. He suggests that it is the only way to save a remnant of the Indian tribes; contending that so long as the tribal relation is continued the Indians must gradually become extinct. He hopes by bringing the young generation to the pursuits of industry and civilized economy they will be influential in leading their people away from the pursuits of savage life. The rapid extinction of buffalo and small game upon the plains require this diversion to save the Indians from utter extinction.

It is sad to think how the lord of the forest, who held undisputed dominion in this continent before the white man appeared here, should be driven to this strait. And the question arises: Will even the expedient benevolently devised open the way to the accomplishment of the laudable object? The experiment is certainly very interesting, and will afford the opportunity to find out more of the Indian character than we have clearly known heretofore. We were decidedly prejudiced against the experiment of the mixed education of Indians and Negroes at Hampton. But this experiment at Carlisle Barracks, we trust, will be less embarrassed. The question is: Is not the Indian so averse by natural and ineradicable disposition and temper to civilization and industry that he will moan, and wilt, and perish in the process of the discipline through which he must pass before be graduates in civil life so as to be useful and comfortable?"

The above from the Richmond *Dispatch* illustrates the uniform fairness which has been accorded to the Hampton work by the press and people of this State.

The Indian is good caste among those who are proud of tracing their lineage back to Pocahontas. The arrival of Indian students at this school for Negroes was naturally not well received by many who had very different ideas of the two races.

There has been, however, no discourtesy, or complaint, or attack, but a readiness to let the plan be worked out, and from our nearest neighbors and newspapers a hearty approval and encouragement of the effort.

From individuals and Sunday schools in Virginia have, from time to time, come contributions in aid of Indian education here. In each case some specimen of the red man's crude and curious art has been sent in response. That is our practice.

We hope that when school is under way again, say in January next, the editor of the Richmond *Dispatch* will visit us and inspect at every point. Those who form public opinion are bound to search for bottom facts on the questions they discuss.

We claim that our colored students, selected as they are from a wide range, furnish the best practicable conditions for building up wild Indians in ideas, decency and manhood. What white school would receive and help them up, without a storm of indignation from weak and foolish parents?

Our class of Negro youth form a current of influence which bears the red children along. The latter are like raw recruits in an old regiment. The greatest difficulty is the English language. Here, it is not only taught, but talked; it is in the air; it is all about the Indians.

The Rev. Dr. Plummer of South Carolina, who attended the last Anniversary exercises at Hampton said to us that he did not hear a single *negroism* in the public utterances of that day. There is no danger of the Indian getting a bad accent or a low dialect.

Capt. R. H. Pratt is already in Dakota Territory selecting twenty Indian girls who are expected here about the tenth of October.

He is to bring eighty boys and forty girls, mostly Sioux, the rest from the Indian Territory, to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, there to be educated at government expense under his charge.

Capt. Pratt is the original mover in this recent fresh impulse to Indian education. His thorough and successful work on his savage prisoners of war at St. Augustine, Florida, has placed him at the head of the most important single move ever made in behalf of Indian civilization. He deserves the opportunity and will succeed.

The Rev. C. L. Hall, missionary to the Agency of the Congregational Church at Fort Berthold, Dakota, in common with many earnest workers for the Indians in civil, religious and military service on the plains, advocates a temporary separation of Indian youth from their people, and a contact with Eastern ideas and people.

The danger is of course, that they will be spoiled. Unless wisely directed, and returned before they shall he so wedded to Eastern ways as to be unwilling to go back as much harm as good may result from this change. Such errors are however needless and no one need, on that account, fear the recent effort at Hampton, Va., and at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. We quote from a recent letter from the Rev. C. L. Hall.

"We need a higher school—such as we have at Santee, to train Indians for missionary work, and teaching, and for educated Christian influence among their people. We need to bring Indian youth as far as possible into contact with life in Eastern communities, in such a way that they may take to the habits and occupations of white people, and impart to their people a good knowledge of white men, as they are at home in the East. I regard all that can be done in that direction, by any one, as *plus*, even though the result turn out no better than with one now here, whom an army officer kept in the East for some years; very little good seems to have come of his education but he is no worse than he would have been, I think; his people cannot fail to get some knowledge of whites, through him, and the more knowledge they have of us as a whole, the less will be their prejudice against us.

"We gave Capt. Pratt our school, that is, the nucleus of it, to start your company, but we lost nothing by it, in my judgment. I hope you will keep at it. It will take a great many years to make industrious, intelligent Christian citizens of all the Indians. Perhaps you could do best with our more southern tribes, and leave some others, *if they will*, to take the northern."

New York, *Sept.* 20, 1879.

Gen'l. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 15th is at hand. I cannot take a school at all this year in the South. I am teaching on the U. S. ship Constitution. I suppose I am the only colored teacher of a white school in the United States. I have about fifty boys under my care, all white. I heard an unknown white man say, "A school teacher is wanted on the Constitution in the Navy Yard." I went and applied to the Lieut. Commander. He said, "All the boys are white but three." Said I "I supposed so; but the U. S. Government ought to distinguish its citizens by their qualifications and character, *not* their color." Looking up thoughtfully he said, among a few other things, "that is true." In less than an hour after this I was examined and am now at my duty. The pay is $36.50 per month, no expense for board, room, etc. If you would like to know how I was received by my boys, the sailors, officers, etc., let me know. It was not very provoking, but will cause you to laugh for a week.

We are supposed in the Hampton Roads Oct. 15, I understand; if so, I'll try to come to see you.

Your sincere friend,

S. C. Winsor.

The above is from a Hampton graduate of the class of 1873, who, after some study at Oberlin College, Ohio, made a creditable record as a teacher chiefly at Yazoo, Mississippi, where he had pastoral care of two churches and kept two schools.

He was well-known to the notorious Dixon who twice warned him to leave, which he declined to do, declaring that he must die somewhere, and that it might as well be there.

He stated his occupation, that he had no part in politics and he meant to stay; he was in no way terrified, finally gained general respect, and made many friends. Mr. Windsor's story is most interesting, and we hope to get it for publication.

While a firm believer in outrages, knowing many terrible things, he realizes that the low, ignorant condition of the blacks is their worst trouble, and that to lift them up by education is the only hope for them: for this he has worked nobly.

Losing his wife, also a Hampton graduate, himself prostrated by malaria and having fears of heart disease, after making a year's provision for his two little children, for at one time he had accumulated considerable money, he sought medical treatment at the New York Hospital. Being finally out of funds, true to his school training, he obtained employment for a while as cook and at last by good fortune was appointed a teacher on a navy school ship.

The following from the Southern correspondent of a Northern newspaper is important if true.

"It is said that freight can never be carried from the Southwest to New York by way of New Orleans, cheaper than it can go by land across the continent. One steam tug lately passed down the mighty river towing freight in barges which, if taken by rail would have filled twenty-three hundred cars. The towns along the river are all coming to life with this revival of trade, and New Orleans and other cities already begin to cast off the sackcloth and ashes which the desolations of war have so long caused them to wear; again our beloved South shows signs of rejoicing, and 'the wilderness and the solitary place begin to blossom as the rose.'

"This revival of prosperity in the Southwest, depresses the North-east in proportion, and a great struggle may be foretold between the railroad rulers of the North and the water-carriers of the South.

"With comuercial recuperation every interest of the South improves, except that of the old aristocrat, whose evil star forbids him, like the hapless Bourbon, 'to learn anything or forget anything.'

"The new comers into the land, chiefly Germans and Northern men, the over-seer class of the country, all indeed who are capable of self-help, are fast rising to affluence, while in almost every case the ex-slave holders are sinking, yearly, deeper in poverty and wretchedness. One firm in Memphis holds mortgages, which they will soon be compelled to close, upon thirty valuable plantations, all these debts having been contracted because the unhappy lord of the soil cannot change his habit of life, blinded by prejudice and the slave of luxury he cannot or will not adapt himself to the new order of things, and is destined to learn, alas, too late, that God 'has rent the kingdom from his hand to give it to' another."

The tone of many Southern newspapers and orators, in these days is illustrated, by the following extract from an account of a recent speech in Lynchburg, Va., by Ex-Governor Vance of North Carolina, now U. S. Senator. The account was printed in the *Springfield Republican* of Massachusetts.

"He implored the parents of the land to give their children such education as would enable them to earn a living—to leave off Latin and Greek, and teach their sons trades, make them learn to till the soil and use machines. He gave a hasty but comprehensive sketch of the grandeur England has attained by reason of her skilled mechanics, and declared that the $3,000,000,000, now waiting investment in her coffers was the product of these trained artisans. Probably he went as far as he could expected to go in saying that at the close of the war, the people of the South were the most miserable creatures that God ever made made or permitted to live! That in proportion to population, Virginia had more colleges than any other state, and in the same proportion, more men who could not earn their bread! That bar and other public men were literally beset with Southern gentlemen, often finished scholars, begging for some pitiful office and latting fine estates go to waste! That the whole system of education, now in vogue, was ruinous, and unless practical methods were adopted, there was no hope for our people. The senator ended by observing that Solomon had said, 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' but he thought Josh Billings had improved on this maxim when he said, 'If you want a child to go right go a little that way yourself,' and he would commend that remark to his Virginie friends for further consideration."

We hope that the school-mates of our missionary to Africa will see what he says at the close of this letter—"I would like to hear from them all."

Good Hope Station, Mendi Mission,
West Coast Africa,
June 29th, 1879.

Dear R——:

I hardly know how to commence, for since I wrote you last, you have taken a trip to Europe, and, I suppose, were so carried away with what you saw, that you have forgotten all about the *White* missionary in Africa. Right here I want to give something which is often given but seldom taken, that is advice. When you go to Paris again either carry some paper or learn how to ask for it. When I was at H. you used to read and talk to me in French just because I did not know whether you were right or wrong, but when you get before a Frenchman, you are not understood when you say "*Avez-vous quelque papier?*"

Well, I have taken a visit, though I did not have to ask for "*quelque papier.*" Dr. James and I have been to Liberia. March 1st, we started for Frectowu to take a steamer from there to Monrovia. Rev'd Mr. Gomer of the Shangey Mission was to go with us, so we stopped at Shangey for him. We reached Freetown on the 7th of March, and learned that a steamer would leave that day for down the coast; it would not stop at Monrovia, but would stop at Grand Bassa, about sixty miles below Mourowia; as the steamer had not been at all regular (caused by the strike) we thought best to make sure of this one, and try to get to Monrovia from Graud Bassa, we got our tickets and went aboard; we learned from the Captain that she would not not sail before the next morning; at six a gun would be fired to let us know, so we went to a mission house and remained all night. A little after six tha gun fired and we went aboard, but it was half-past nine before she started. We had quite a rainy day for the trip, as it was about the middle of the dry season. After two days and two nights, on the water we reached Grand Bassa. The people there received us very kindly and took us to many interesting places. Grand Bassa is the name given to tha lower part of Liberia, there are three towns: Edina, on the south bank of the St. John River; Buchanna on the north bank of the river and about one mile from Edina; Fishtown or Low Buchanna, situated on the sea about three miles from Buchanna. Off the coast, is a great bar; the water rolls over it with a noise like thunder. We were taken from the steamer to the land in a small boat, as they have no wharf; we had to cross this bar; in crossing the bar the boat seemed to go up step by step, till she got to the top of this rolling hill, then we looked down into a valley about an eighth of a mile deep into which our boat must go at the mercy of the angry waves. At the top of the great billow the boatmen all stopped pulling and held on to the sides of the boat, and she swiftly glided down. Had the boat turned one foot either way, all on board would have been lost, for it is said no one has ever been saved out of that place, but that hundreds have been lost. This is a dangerous place, for many lives are lost here every year, yet it is one of the grandest scenes of nature I ever saw. To stand and see those mountain waves rise as though going to meet the clouds, then all white with rage go rolling down with awful thunder, makes one think, "How wonderful are thy works, O Lord."

After spending a few days here we were kindly taken to Monrovia by Senator Williams in his schooner: we stayed there about two weaks; going up the St. Paul River we met some of the people who came out about three years ago. Some of them seem to be doing well; they have put out coffee trees since they came, and when we were there they were picking coffee to sell, and the trees were not three years old. I would like to tell you more about the Negro Republic but shall have to leave it till the next time. Please remember me to all the boys I know, and tell them I would like to hear from them all.

With many kind wishes, I am,
Yours in Christ,
Ackrel E. White.

LETTERS OF HAMPTON GRADUATES

he said "I never saw children learn to read in each other, as if perplexed at their new teach- ——, Va., and taught a private school in

LETTERS OF HAMPTON GRADUATES TO DONORS OF SCHOLARSHIPS.

RECORDS OF HAMPTON SINGERS. THEY EXPECT NO "FLOWERY BEDS OF EASE." HAPPY IN HARD WORK. COUNTRY AND CITY SCHOOLS. THE NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN. A GENEROUS LITTLE BARE-FOOT. A BRIER-GROWN PATH TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE. HELP YOURSELF AND PAY YOUR OWN WAY.

In concluding this series of Scholarship letters which have been running through several numbers of the Workman, we repeat once more, for the benefit of new readers, the explanation that they have been written by request to those who, by the donation of scholarships, aided these students through school, and frequently express a desire to know how they are succeeding in the field of work for which they have been trained.

A Hampton "scholarship" means a gift of $70 a year, or $210 for the course, which is the estimated cost of a student's instruction, and quite beyond his own abilities to meet in almost all cases. His board bills, washing, etc., estimated at $10 a month are paid by himself, half in labor (on the average) and half in cash. The giver of a scholarship is put into direct communication with the student to whose benefit it is applied, by a letter of acknowledgment from him, giving some account of himself in his life and efforts for an education. The interest thus aroused in the recipient of a generous gift is often so great as to create a desire to watch his future course in his life work.

NOT EXPECTING "FLOWERY BEDS OF EASE."

The fear was expressed by some who met the Hamptou Student singers in the North, that the notice they received, and the life of unwouted advantages and luxuries in some respects, would unfit them for the future they must meet and the work they ought to do for their people. In no case, we think, has this fear been realized. Their studies were kept up to a great extent with a teacher while they travelled, and on their return they dropped into their places in the school without affectation and with much zeal. Most of them have since done excellent work as teachers, meeting hardships bravely; among them, the writers of the two following letters:

KING AND QUEEN CO., VA.

Dear Friend:

My first work after leaving school was in the North. I was one of the "Hampton Students" [singers] who went North in 1873 to help raise money for Virginia Hall, I came back to Hampton late in November of the same year, and tarried till Christmas.

I then felt very desireus to ge out teaching. Learning through Genl. Armstrong that there was a vacancy in —— Co., I quickly got ready and went. The superintendent of schools had not asked many questions, before he asked if I was from Hampton Institute. Being informed that I was, "Well, sir," said he, "we are glad to get teachers from that school, and we have been fortunate to get eight or ten from there this term. They do good work and generally give perfect satisfaction where they teach."

A COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I passed a satisfactory examinatiou. I found my school in a very out-of-the-way place, about twelve miles from the nearest railroad station. The house was very frail and rough; the floor made of legs split and fastened to the sleepers with wooden pins. There were no windows but one, very small one, and no blackboards or desks. Some of the people told me it was a very poor neighborhood, and if they were in my place, they wouldn't go. I told them I had come to teach my people and did not expect to "sail on flowery beds of ease." I opened my school, but soon found I must have windows, n blackboard, etc. I went to the trustees and presented the case. They said there was no money in the treasury, and I must see the patrons of the school. I went to them. Some were willing to do what they could;—others said they had paid their taxes, and thought the trustees ought to put the house in good order. I said "I agree with you, and have endeavored to get them to do so, but in vain." After n while I succeeded in showing them the importance of helping themselves. They went to work, and raised money enough to get the window sashes. We were then without lights (window panes); I went to the trustees ngain and asked them to give me an order on a merchant for them. They did so and I got my blackboard in the same way. I went to work and made the desks myself, after which I felt that I could accomplish much more good. The children improved remarkably. Talking with an aged white gentleman one day about the modes of teaching, he said, "I never saw children learn to read in so short a time as your scholars." Children who knew nothing when they came to me, were, at the end of the term of five months reading in the second reader, and could write to me after I went home so well that it could be read without any trouble.

COUNTRY BOARD.

My place of boarding too was very uncomfortable. The best room in the house had only one window and that was boarded up, which rendered it impossible to see to read—(it being n rough log cabin, not white-washed) without opening the door. The room up-stairs in which I slept had no windows save the cracks in the slab cover, which were large enough, some of them, for me to put my hand through. On clear nights I could lie on my bed and see the stars. And on rainy nights I have been waked by rain drops falling on my face, and, when it was snowing, by flakes sifting in my ears. I had been accustomed to nothing like that, and of course it went very hard at first, but, by being well provided with bed-clothing, and on rough nights throwing over me my heavy cloak, I stood the roughs.

One of the trustees told me that was the best place I could find within three miles of the school-house, probably.

SEED AND SHEAVES.

My second school in that county was about four miles from the first, and about three times as large. Some of the young men and women as well as the children were very, very rude, and some of the people told me they did not think I could do anything with them. I did have some trouble at first but after a while their behaviour was altogether better. After I had left there, and gone to another place about five miles from them, to teach, I met one of the prominent citizens of the place I had left, who said to me, "Well, brother D., we had teachers at —— Creek before you but they couldn't do anything with the people. They have had teachers and preachers among them but none did them much good. You have accomplished more than they all. For before you went there both the young men and women behaved ridiculously—even sometimes while the preacher was in the pulpit. Now there is a marked change in them; they are not like the same people. I hope you may come back and teach for us again, for I don't see what we can do without you." His description of the people, I believed, from what I had seen, was authentic. It made tears come into my eyes; not of grief but of joy. For then—

"My heart that was heavy and sad.
Was made to rejoice and be glad."

I felt amply repaid for all of the very hard work I had done, and the disadvantages and suffering.

The enrollment of my different schools up to last fall, '78, not counting any name more than once, public, private, day schools, Sunday-schools and singing schools, amounts to 735. In winter and fall I am teaching public schools. In summer, I generally teach vocal music.

MORE TEACHERS NEEDED, THO' NO MONEY TO PAY THEM.

Much has been done by the friends in the North in the way of educating the colored people of the South, but n great deal remains yet to be done. The Hampton School is doing a great work in preparing young men and women for teachers, and sends out some every year, but nothing like enough to supply the needs of the people. There are many earnest young men and women who desire to be educated at the Hampton Institute, for teachers, but, because they have not the necessary means to go with, have to remain at home.

Though we are too poor to pay you, God, I believe, will amply reward you for all you have done and all you may do.

Respectfully yours, D.

A COUNTY SCHOOL AND CITY SCHOOL.

The next Hampton singer's letter is from a young woman who has been the chief support of her family, and met all difficulties with a brave spirit. She gives a graphic account of varied experience in city and country schools.

——, VA., *March 26th*, '78.

My dear, kind friend:

I left Hampton in '76 to enter on a new field of labor. In the fall of the same year, I sent in an application for a country school situated in a very pleasant village. I was examined by the superintendent of the county, who said I passed very creditably, and the principal of the school told me to go to work when I got ready. Monday, Oct. 8th, I started with very little knowledge of how to begin. I think an education is something valuable to have but how to put it to use is the most important; and I felt that whatever I knew of books and the world I scarcely knew how to put it to use. I sent word to announce it in church by the minister when the school would open.

A BRIER-GROWN PATH TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I had not seen the school-house, and with very little difficulty I found it situnted in a clump of trees and briers. Vines had matted themselves together in such a manner that an entrance to the door was hard to find. There were a few children in the place, and with them I set to work. They looked askant at each other, as if perplexed at their new teacher. We borrowed an old hoe and with the help of a few strong pulls managed to make quite a path. I opened the door and to my disgust there was not a bench or chair to be seen. On looking around the room, I found twelve window panes broken, the room full of every imaginable thing in the shape of spider webs and dirt,

THE NEW BROOM SWEEPS.

There was no broom so one must be made, which was n new business. I get a large hunch of straw and tied it up, and with it cleaned up. The benches I learned had been carried off to be used in church, they came back however in time. I soon began to wonder if all teachers met with the same hearty reception. Thus I began my first day in teaching. My school soon grew to a good size, numbering fifty in one month. I began to love the work in spite of myself. I managed them in four classes, for as a general thing no nine had a set of books alikn. For the younger children, I'd print words on the blackboard. Some were very busy planting cabbage and corn and even then could not afford to buy books; with such I hardly knew what to do for it seemed like trying to build a house without tools. The weather was warm and school went on there nicely for a while.

A GOOD STOVE BUT NO FIRE.

When cold began to creep on we were satisfied with a good wood stove, but we had no wood. The school heard said they could not afford to furnish it, so we gathered a few pennies and bought a little. I had the large boys go in the woods, and cut some. Oft times I would make up the fire for them. The house was very open and we could scarcely keep warm, the air piercing through in every direction from top and bottom and side. You could see the sky above, and any one walking outside. I toiled on, and trusted in God, hoping and praying that the small number in my charge would yet be blessed. It was said for me to look around and see some with scarcely enough clothes on to keep them warm, some with no socks or stockings on, and what we may call only remnants of shoes. The kind people of Hampton gave me a few stout jackets and woolen socks, which I gave to the poorest.

A GENEROUS LITTLE BARE-FOOT.

One little boy I gave two pairs to. Next morning, he came without any on, and said "I gave mine to my sisters, did you care?" I told him no, and gave him another pair, for he had worn none the whole winter. I encountered a very severe winter, and having a long bridge to cross made it more severe.

HARD WORKED BUT HAPPY.

Still I was so interested in the work, and glad to be of some use in the world, that I went every day. I had at the time an invalid father, and, being the main support of the family, I could not well give up. Every day I could see my classes advance and I was exceedingly happy. March 25th, I felt a bit sick and during the day was obliged to close school. I was too ill to go next day, so they called in a doctor who said that the work with the walk, was too much. I had typhoid fever, and rheumatism, which kept me in bed near two months. I was not able to return to my school after that. Through all this the friendsat Hampton were very kind, for which I am very thankful.

A CITY SCHOOL.

The ensuing year I applied for a city school, which I succeeded in getting. The examination was very rigid, but with God's help I passed, and was given a grammar grade. I was much pleased with myself, and so were my friends, but the happiest of all was my father. School opened in September and I had just taught two months when my father died, which was a great shock. I continued to teach, and at the end was re-appointed to the same school.

The term in the country was only five months; the city term ten. I was treated very nicely by both white and colored in the country. Country children are kept out of school a great deal to pick berries, while the city children are compelled to go or lose their places. My classes in the country were in multiplication, division, second and third readers. In the city, I have two grades (3rd and 4th, maximum numbers, 50), and take them through decimals and denominate numbers, modes and tenses in grammar, drawing outlines, physiology and natural philosophy. We have two examinations a year and two promotions. I am glad to have had a little experience in both city and country schools so as to give you a more varied description.

LOVES THE WORK.

I am very much pleased with my choice in life. I am not anxious to give up, although my health is failing. I hope you feel that the work at Hampton is a noble one, and that it is like bread thrown upon the waters to return in its due season. With this I close, and remain,

yours truly, L.

CARRYING LIGHT TO DARK CORNERS.

The young man who writes the following letter has been teaching among his people for six years, and knows their needs. He is an intelligent observer as well as a faithful and self-sacrificing worker

——, VA., 1879.

Dear Friend:

I left Hampton, in June 1873 and came to ——, Va., and taught a private school in the city three months.

In October I applied to the county superintendent and obtained a school in one of the darkest corners of —— Co., where the colored people were groping in almost heathen darkness. Their condition was deplorable. They drank and got drunk, and gambled, and did most everything that was mean. It was not strange to have a riot at the church in the time of service. I am glad to be able to say that we have no such conduct now. They seem to have more respect for God and themselves. I had quite an interesting school all the while. The children made rapid progress in their studies, and considerable improvement in their manners.

A SACRIFICE FOR THE PEOPLE.

After teaching there thirty-eight months I went back to Hampton to take the post-graduate course, but feeling that my service was so much needed here, I could not content myself to remain all the term, so I left Hampton and came here about five miles from where I first taught. My school is in a prosperous condition. I have also an interesting Sabbath school. The parents are beginning to appreciate it more than they did last year. A great many of them are opposed to Sabbath school, and care very little about the moral training of their children.

WHAT THE PEOPLE NEED.

I think my people need teachers more than they need silver or gold. They need something to enable them to protect themselves. In their blindness they can be persuaded to say yes against their own interest.

There are a great many in this vicinity who work hard all the year, and live just as economically as they can, hoping to have something at the end of the year, but they most always come out only even, or behind. Sometimes they are very much dissatisfied and say that the whites have cheated them.

You can see the work yet to be done. In this work, we teachers have a great many disadvantages to encounter. As ignorance and superstition go hand in hand, it is very hard to convince the people that we mean to do them good. They imagine anything to be wrong that they do not understand. It requires a great deal of patience and prayer to enable one to do much good among such people.

After teaching four years in the country, alone, I came to the conclusion that a help-mate would add to my usefulness. The 28th of last April, I received my better half—a wife. We are getting on very well. My wife assists me in the Sabbath school.

Yours truly, W.

GOOD SOIL BY THE WAYSIDE.

In the short time she has been teaching the young woman who writes the next letter has shown herself to be one of the best and most devoted of Hampton graduate teachers.

——, VA., *March 22nd*, '79.

Dear Sir:

Two years ago I wrote to you from Hampton, thanking you for paying my scholarship there and telling you of my purpose after leaving school.

If there are any at Hampton now that are receiving your aid, I hope they may be benefited as much by it as I am; and may they lend a helping hand to others who are now labering, for their aid is greatly needed. My first school was taught in the country and was of a five months term. In the edge of a small body of woods by the roadside, sat my little frame school house. It was the church there, and could not be fixed very comfortably for a school room, as there were no desks, but I got along quite nicely after I obtained good attendance, which was a task, as the parents had never really taken an interest in sending their children to school before. I visited the parents often and talked to them of the importance of sending their children regularly and kept the children interested that were coming regularly, and soon had no trouble at all.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.

The Superintendent of the county schools visited my school once; he asked me what kind of attendance I had. I told him that I had at last obtained regular attendance though it was quite a task. He said he was very much pleased—for that was more than had been done there before—for the parents had never seemed to take an interest before. He spoke a while to the children, praised them for their improvement, and told me I should have a position in the town school the next year, which I commenced October 14th, 1878. This was my second school. It closed about three weeks ago, but I am teaching a private school at the same place and hope to continue it until June.

THIRSTY FOR KNOWLEDGE.

I did not have any trouble with this school for they were very thirsty for knowledge, and I am anxious to impart it as fast as they can receive it. There are many in our school who are willing and know enough to enter higher schools, such as Hampton, and might aid in the great work, but the low circumstances of their parents will not allow them. We who are able feel grateful to the Northern friends for *they* are the great cause of it all.

Respectfully yours, L.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

ALL ABOARD FOR SHELLBANKS!

Beds, blankets, sheets, pillows, crockery, provisions, tents, stova and three thousand bricks all carefully packed awey in a sloop lying at the school wharf; a hasty lunch just finished, when the esptain's cry, "All aboerd for Shellbanks," made tha merry laughing boys' race for the hoat and crowd aboard.

The yawl was filled with boys wild with delight as the waves tossed them up end down

FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP.

After supper the boys were ¢oo tired to pitch their tents so they had a dance; they made a lively noise for some time when, weary in throat as well as in limbs, they wrapped their blankets about them and threw themselves dowu to sleep. There was a good circulation of air and no compleint about natnre's great dormitory.

THE FIRST DAY.

The hoys were pitching their tents, pumping weter, cutting wood, rowing, cooking, and at proper times—eating. They were divided in regular squads for tha farm and hoat work, and as cooks and waiters. The Indisns have as good an idea of law and order as any other people, in fact, it would be almost impossiblo to manaqa them without these forces on our side.

CAMP REGULATIONS.

Thero were three squads—two of nine each, and one of ten; each squad had a captain, who reported with his men for work, and also all neglect of duty. There were four cooks who served as waiters as well. One boy was made first sergeant, and performed duties similar to those of e policeman. The cooks rose at four o'clock and prepared breakfast. At quarter to five the bugle was blown, when the other boys got up; breakfast was served at five o'clock; at half-past five the squad to go for sea-weed reported for work. At half-past six another squed reported for farm work. During tha morning the cooks were busy washing dishes and preparing dinner. At a quarter to twelve the hugla sounded, when the boys came in from the farm; quarter past twelve the dinner was put on the table and the two squads eat their dinner; they hardly finished before the hungry boat hands came for theirs. At half-past one the third squad went to work on the farm while the hoat squad took the sea-weed from the boat. At six the bugla was blown again when ellleft off work, and at half-past six sat down to supper. At eight the first sergeant blew a call; the boys came to the front of tha cottage for roll call and inspection; after inspection they marched to their dining quarters whera we had prayers—the service was in Dakota; thed after giving out tha arder of work for the next day they were dismissed for the night. The allowance of provisions was a little larger than army rations and was issued at 10 a. m. and at 4 and 8:30 p. m. The washing was done in camp.

FIELD GAMES.

The Indians hava accepted as a fact that all work and no play will make Jack a dull boy; when we find them playiog after putting them to work our greatest fear is, they will take an over-dose and so lose the good effect of the remedy. When at work in the corn field they would strip to the skin and with a handful of weeds forming a kind of shield, run about the field chasing each other, shoutiog, laughing and dancing.

CAMP DRESS.

We were not long in camp before the boys began to get rid of all superfluous clothing. All had been supplied with good woolen shirts. The coat was the first thing to remove; then it became painfully evident that many of the boys were fast working their way in all directions through their pants; how to stop the ugly development was e serious question: patching checked it for a time; but many of them gave up the difficult problem and rejoiced that they were free to wear nothing but shirt and drawers. Two of them made a pair of Indian breeches for themselves; the style did not take, as it was not as cool as the other. The feet had bravely struggled at the toes end sides of the shoes and finally made their escape. At the evening war dances only a shirt was worn.

DISCIPLINE.

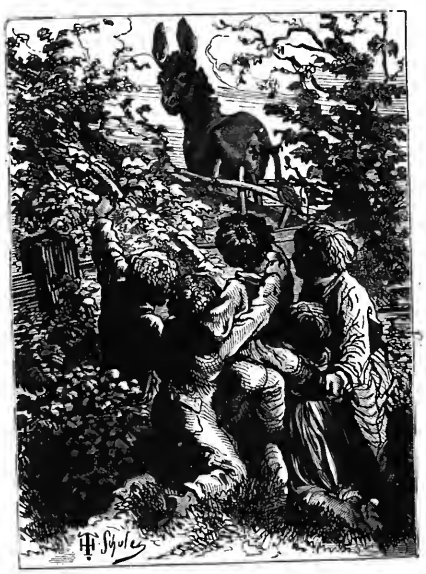
The hoys were given the freedom of Shellbenks, not in a formal way, auch as writing it on sheepskin and encasing it in a box of gold or silver, with a big presentation speech, but by removing the stiff rules which regulate their life et school. Two or three ebnsed this freedom hy returning to the school without permission, where they did as they pleased; no one was thare to look after them. When they returned to camp they were compelled to work all day whila tha other boys were having a good t'ma with the Indian and colored girls who had coma out on a picnie.

FISHING.

Wa started with the hoat about eight o'clock in the morning; every boy had a fishing line; the cooks had put in a big lunch of whita hread and molasses, as we intended to stay out all day. Going down tha river the boys asked to take a swim; tha word had hardly been given before they were stripped and in the water, sporting about like so many porpoises. We cast anchor near a fish-oil factory and went ashore; wa saw how fish-oil and fertilizers sre made, but our olfactories were so disturbed that wa were glad to leave tha place and its associations behind us. Sailing ont into the Chesapeake we dropped anchor and hegan to fish; took lunch at twelve and continued to fish until ahout three in the afternoon; we had very poor luck taking only about two dozen little fishes and six balloon fish—so we stopped fishing and took a sail; got to camp about seven in the evening.

SUNDAY.

At first there was an inclination to make it one of the six days. A prayer meeting was held in the morning, and in the afternoon Sunday-school; all the boys who wished to go to Hampton to church could do so; those who remained attended camp services. All were very much interested particularly in the Sunday-school; the boys returning from Hampton flocked in full of interest, anxious to hear.



THE JERUSALEM PONY.

THE STORM.

Much of the damaga done by the great storm which swept over the coast a few weeks ago has already been reported, but in none of these reports did we find an accouut concerning the destruction of an Indian Camp at Shellbanks.

After breakfast I went arouud the tents, to see if the rain was beating in and to have them tightened; the wind was gradually increasing. The hoys thought that if the ropes were tight enough to hold them then, they would be tight enough to hold them at the end of the next hour: this was poor philosophy and was proved so the next minute by a great gust of wind which blew down a tent. The boys now hecame excited; their wild shouts could be heard above tha roar of the wind and waves; every boy turned out and tried to save bis tent, but it was evident that they would soon fall; the order was given to take all hedding and clothes into the house. The scene now beggared deseription; the rain water was standing in great pools throughout the camp while every minute the water from the river threatened to submerge it. Everything had to ba moved back from the bank; the tents wera struck and canvas, boards, logs, tables, benches and stovo ranmoved to a place of safety. A faw of tha boys, with their blankets around them, were huddled np against the sida of the house watching the wreck, while others, with only a shirt on, ran ont of the house. As a war horse capers and dances to the sound of battla so these Indians capered and danced to the sound of tha storm.

THE LAST NIGHT.

The supper, inspection and prayers were over and an unusual quiet reigned in camp. In ona tent tha occupants were playing games, in the other tents all had gone to bed. About half-past eleven it occurred to the players that it would ba an excellent time to give a mid-night serenade: a drum, which had been made the day before from tha skin of a dead sheep and an old cheese box, was brought out, then forming themselves into line marched to the tent of the cooks; they played such lively eirs that not only the cooks, but the boys in the other tents came out and danced: it was the morning aurora, tha daybresk to the hoys; they did not go to bed again. The cooks began to prepare breakfast while tha boys carried all the logs and boards which made the floors of their tents to proper places. About twelve o'clock mid-night I heard the farm manager knock at my door—the confusion without had already disturbed ma so I hastened to hear what had happened. The boys were coming in from the barn, running and yelling in the wildest manner; the manager was afraid that they were out on a raid, and had killed some live-stock. I suggested, they have been to the harn to empty the straw from their ticks; this was not satisfactory as he knew tbey had been out to the sheep pasture. I got my field glass and from my window examined the ground; no signs of slaughter were to be seen. I turned my glass on the camp lire and saw boys drying sheets they had just been washing; what might have been a pot of mutton was only a pot of coffea and the hoys soon sat down to a breakfast of cold beef, boiled potatoes, hread, and coffee. By two o'clock everything had been put away, they were now ready for a regular war dance; tha drum was beaten, a circle was formed and with feathers in their hats and clothes the hoys danced to the music, making the most hideous noise.

About half-past five they formed into line in front of the cottage all ready to start for the school; every boy was told to take his bed tick and fill it with straw as soon as they got heck.

I asked ona boy what tha others were doing in tbe pastura last night; "We was playing with a dog, he coma round our tents and we chase him a long way, by and by we ceught bim and ploy with him then we let him go."

They started for the boats and were rowed across the river and then walked about four miles to the school.

RESULTS.

In dealing with the Indians ona of the greatest possible mistakes is to withhold credit when it is dus them. We are all more or less inclined to shape our ideas by the expressed opinions of some ons else. I asked the manager what he thought of their work? He said I will tell you what they hava dona then you shall decide for yourself; aftar he endad his list, I said, I think they have done well.

Their health is much improved and all ara in fina condition for their winter work.

J. C. R.

THE JERUSALEM PONY.

Isn't that a funny name for the donkay? So they call him in England sometimes, and just why, I don't know; perhaps because he is the sort of pony chiefly used in Jerusalem; perhaps hecause some people like to maka the most of what they have.

I think all these children meen to have a ride on their Jerusalem pony, one after tha other, if they can catch him, and thet the Jerusalem pony hesn't quita made up his own mind whether thay shall or not. What do you think?

Children always like donkeys. They are such amusing little fellows, and not so high as to make one feel he is riding on the ridgepole of the barn, as you do the first time you ride on horse back. Tha English children are very fond of riding on them. On a pleasant breezy hill outside a little of the greet city of London, called Hempstead Heath, a string of donkeys always stand ready to be hired to children for a short ride, a boy running beside to see that the donkey trots along and does not roll his little rider off.

Tha Italian children are just as fond of riding on donkeys as the English children. But I am afraid they are not generally as kind to the poor *asino* as they call him. The donkey is a very much abused animal, and yet he is patient and kind and gentle. And for a donkey as well as for every other creature, brute or human, kind words are better than blows.

VIEW OF SACKVILLE STREET IN DUBLIN.

Thackeray says of Dublin, "A handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day," and its handsomest street is Sackville street.

The general appearance of Dublin, says the guide book, invariably wins the admiration of every visitor to this capital city of Ireland. From many points it commands a noble prospect; it is situated on tha banks of a noble river; the neighboring scenery is of rich fields and meadows, and tho city itself is adorned with stately edifices. Carlisle Bridge is one of the best points to command a fine view of Dublin. East and west ripples the Liffey, spanned by many bridges, thronged with tapering masts; northward extends the long line of Sackville street with its ranges of stately buildings and tha Trafalgar monument in the centre, a handsome granite column raised to commemorate the great British Admiral, Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar. It is one hundred and eight feet in height, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of Nelson. The column is hollow, and the visitor may ascend it by e winding stair-case of one hundred and sixty-eight steps, and enjoy a view of great extent and beauty. The city with its towers and spires and palaces, its streets and the broad shining ribbon of tha Liffey guiding the eye inland to green fields and thickly wooded hills, and blue, distant mountains, or seaward to the beautiful cliff bounded Bay of Dublin. Opposite the Nelson monument, to the left, stands tha General Post Office, a fina granita building; at the northern end of the street stands the Rotunda, a large circular building containing one great apartment, eighty feet in diameter and forty feet in height, used for e public lecture and concert hall. Its receipts go toward maintaining a large hospital adjoining it. Beyond the Rotunda lies Rutland Square surrounded by the houses of the nobility and wealthy citizens. On its right the elegant spire of St. George's church rises to a height of two hundred fect. Sackville has been called the first thoroughfare in Europe. Through the kindness of Messrs. Harper Bros. our readers may judga of it for themselves.

A farmer wished to borrow a gun from a naighbor for the purpose of killing some birds in his field of wheat, eating tha grain. His naighbor declined to loan the gun, for he thought the birds useful. In order, however, to satisfy his curiosity, he shot ons of them, opened its craw, and found in it two hundred weevils, and four grains of wheet, and in these four grains the weevil had burrowed! This was a most instructive lesson, and worth the life of a poor hird, valuehls as it was.

GARRISON.

The life of a man like Garrison presents some curious questions in ethics. His fundamental belief was, that slavery was wrong, and ought not to be tolerated. But the law of the land not only tolerated it; it protected it. So he declared himself an outlaw, and denounced the Constitution of the United States as a "league with Hell." If every man refuse to obey laws which he considers unjust, there is anarchy at once. If he submit to laws which violate the rule of his conscience, his moral nature is in peril. Social anarchy is a terrible evil. So is a refusal to obey conscience. It is the duty of society to enforce its laws and punish the transgressor. It is likewise the duty of the individual to refuse obedience to laws which he deems unjust. The community may be wrong and the individual may be right: there is no one to judge between them. Garrison boldly accepted the issue and obeyed his conscience. He accepted the consequences without flinching. He saw no compromise. He violated the law in spirit, and in fact, whenever he had the opportunity. His self-sacrifice was sublime. It was martyrdom in its best sense. He placed the law of conscience above all human law. But his position was a dangerous one. A community made up of such active consciences pitches into anarchy, or leaps into reform, at once.

Conscience may itself be wrong. It needs light and education. The Hindoo woman who throws her child into the Ganges obeys her conscience, but it is dark and falsely educated. The pilgrim fathers drove the Quakers out of Massachusetts in obedience to the law of conscience, but it was dark and imperfectly trained. Garrison's mind had a marvelous insight into right and wrong. There was no crookedness in it. It moved in straight lines. The tracks upon which his moral forces moved were not deflected to meet this point and avoid that point, or rising and falling on grades. They were like the railway built between St. Petersburgh and Moscow, by order of the Emperor of Russia, who drew a straight line between the two cities, and said, "Build me that road." His moral energy was immense. Neither time nor circumstances could impair it. He did foolish things, but he always acted according to conviction. The pilgrim fathers had the choice of yielding up obedience to the dictates of conscience or of abandoning their native land. They chose the latter. Garrison did neither. He planted himself in front of the nation, and fought the battle, almost alone.

W. N. A.

EXODUS NOTES.

Letters like the following (more from North Carolina than elsewhere) have been received from the graduate teachers of this institution indicating how wide-spread is the emigration idea. A colored colony of about sixty, recently left the western part of Virginia for Kansas.

The negro once believed in the ballot as a cure for all his ills, but this illusion is over. He has now taken up with emigration as a panacea.

While there is a bright and hopeful side in this movement, there is a very dark one resulting from his ignorance which makes him in many ways the dupe of his excitable nature. His ideas are based upon floating rumors, knowledge being to the race at large as a sealed book.

The Negro is bewildered; he is as likely to move West when his low condition is his own fault as when he has been kept down by wrong and ruinous contracts or by ill treatment at the hands of others. Before many months, however, the colored people will find the "true inwardness" of emigration. Enough can write to send back accounts of the new country, some will return, and there will be a basis of judgment for wise action.

Maney's Neck, Hertford Co., N. C.,
July 22nd, 1870.

Dear Sir:

I have not been ready in writing to you since I left the Institute as others, as I know how busy you are kept in receiving letters from the students. I am still teaching within the neighborhood of Newsom's Depot, Southampton, Va. The people in the above named place seem to be completely carried away from news of emigrating to Kansas, and they have made choice of me to seek all the information I can on the subject. I deemed it expedient to write to you as a proper source. You will please do me a kindness in writing me all the important information in your possession and oblige,

Your obedient pupil,
Thomas H. Scott,
of the class of '75.

P. S. General, I don't wish to be troublesome, but allow me to ask an early reply as possible owing to the condition in which the people seem to be at present.

Thomas H. Scott.

"In a general conversation Representative Casey Young of Tennessee has expressed himself freely respecting Southern affairs. Respecting the negro exodus. Representative Young says the Northern people and press misunderstand the real feeling of the Southern whites, especially those in the Mississippi Valley. All the stories of their opposition to the colored emigration, he characterizes as 'stuff and nonsense.' He declares that there is not an intelligent white man in the whole region who would not be rejoiced to see the blacks leave till those remaining did not outnumber the whites. In the first place, the Southern people believe that so long as the colored men outnumber the white voters in any Congressional District, it will be impossible to make the North believe otherwise than that every white Democrat returned to Congress is elected by fraud or intimidation. Another reason is that the negroes are unprofitable laborers, and so long as they remain it will be impossible to induce white people to settle in the South."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Four or five of the Mississippi steamboats which carried colored emigrants North while the exodus was at its highest last spring, have been siezed and libeled for violation of the law in taking more deck passengers than their registers allowed them to carry."

Governor St. John of the State of Kansas, president of the Freedmen's Aid Association of Kansas, writes that the tide of colored immigration northward continues in an almost unbroken strain, and unless checked by quarantine regulations on the Mississippi river there is no telling when it will stop. The Freedmen's Aid Association has expended $6,000 in aid of the destitute refugees, but its fund is now nearly exhausted and outside assistance is needed. The Governor complains that the North is not sufficiently interested in the movement, and says that while Cleveland has given $1,600 to aid it, New York City has not given that many cents. The Governor says that young Kansas will not in any event falter in her duty toward these people.

Congressman Chalmer's advice to the negroes of his Mississippi district: "You are now freemen. Nobody has a right to restrain you against your will from going where you choose. But, as regards this migration to Kansas, let me advise you not to be rash and precipitate a movement of such importance to your future. You should send forward a few good, intelligent men to ascertain what advantages present themselves to the colored emigrants. But of one thing I assure you—you will have the white man to contend with wherever you go. The sun is the colored man's friend. In the land where his rays drive the white man to shelter, the colored man has the advantage, but in the cold climate of the North he cannot compete with his white neighbor. Stay where your friend, the sun, aids you in the contest."

Recently quite a large party of colored men passed through East St. Louis to Kansas last night, got up by merchants and planters of Mississippi with the view of giving the negroes an opportunity to judge of the country for themselves. Many planters apprehend that after the present cotton crop is picked there will be an extensive exodus from the South. Those who got up the excursion believe the representative colored men who might go would be disappointed with Kansas and return, and their unfavorable accounts prevent an extensive migratory movement. Quite a large number of whites have also joined the party.

The Charleston *News* speaks hopefully of the future of the South Carolina low country, and says that the prospect is that the general cultivation of rice and long cotton will be hereafter regularly profitable, and that this will be augmented by the cultivation of jute and of wheat, oats and hay, which, it claims, can be made under the revenue system, to better advantage on the sandy lands of the South Carolina seacoast, than on the farms of New England or the prairies of the West.

A BOOK WANTED!

The thought in the following article is well worth general attention. We hope its publication in this paper, with but limited circulation, will create some interest and do good.

Wandering through the vast halls of the Centennial Exhibition, I was oppressed with a sense of ignorance. Here were represented "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them" displayed to the admiring gaze of the assembled throngs, but what did I know about the countries whence they came? Standing a moment in the Russian department, I was bewildered with the magnificence around me. Scattered in rich profusion were glittering jewels, costly furs, gorgeous webs of woolen and silk, beautiful furniture, elegant house-furnishings of rare and costly materials, covered work in metal and stone, a good-sized house, containing a thousand useful articles within its walls, all manufactured from India rubber in St. Petersburgh, specimens of varied arts, useful and ornamental, figures representing forty different nationalities, all tributary to the Czar! Pressing my hand to my head, I vainly tried to recall what I had learned from school books about Russia. I had a general impression that the Czar ruled over an extensive savage empire, ordered free use of the knout among his subjects, and occasionally shipped parties of them to Siberia. Yet here before me were indisputable evidences of a people far advanced in mechanical arts and possessing boundless resources within their domains. Passing into China, with the thought, that somehow my geography must have been mistaken about Russia, I found I was again to be astonished, and have all my ideas unsettled. "The Chinese raise and drink tea, kill off most of the girl babies, cramp the feet of the women, wear their hair in long queues, have embroidered shawls and carve ivory toys," such was about the sum of my information in regard to the celestials. But here were beautiful manufactures in great abundance, and very like our own, giving token of refined and luxurious tastes, and great national wealth. The figure of the Chinese lady of rank almost the counterpart of her American sister, arrayed in expensive garments so made as to impede every movement, and render the wearer useless except to look at. The figure of the Mongolian peasant was clothed in scant attire of simple style and adapted to easy motion of every limb and muscle. Surely the civilization of these people shows much the same ideals as ours was my conclusion, as a thousand thoughts rushed through my mind, a thousand desires to know more of the densely populated land on the other side of the globe. Turning into the English department, where I expected to find myself at home, and supposed I did know something of the history, habits and condition of the people, I was overpowered afresh with the sense of knowing so little where so much knowledge was needed.

Apart from the deep interest attached to Great Britain proper, what a vast field of research was opened by an inspection of the exhibits from the various colonies dependent upon the British Government, representing every climate, from the frozen North, to the sunny tropics. Such lumps of gold from Australia, that it seemed as if all the people in the world should have money in abundance; such supplies of raw material for cloth fabrics that one felt as if every human being should be clothed with ease, such bounteous display of food that it seemed as if none should be hungry! And then the beautiful exhibitions of every kind from countries not even put down on the maps of my youthful days! As I gazed, lost in admiration, at the exquisite carvings from Italy, the noble iron work of Sweden, the unrivalled silks and linens of Belgium, the rich jewelry, of Switzerland, the dainty leather cloth of Hawaii, the handsome leather work of Brazil, the curious fishing boats from the Baltic, the beautiful stuffed birds from Kaffirland, how I longed to know more of the various peoples, who had sent such fair handiwork from afar to testify their interest in our young Republic. How do all these nations live? Do they worship the Great Unseen Creator of earth with all its wonders and beauties? Do they love the living, and sorrow for the dead as we do? What sort of rulers have they? Are the common people frugal, industrious and happy, or are they weary, oppressed and over-burdened? How do the men treat the women of their families? Can those who have bright minds and thrifty habits improve their condition, or are a favored few possessed of every privilege, while the masses of the people labor in hopeless toil for the maintenance of the dominant class? These, and a thousand other questions passed through my mind as I traversed those gorgeous halls, adorned with such wondrous treasures from all the nations of earth, and I grew weary and sad as I realized the long years of patient study that must elapse, before I could gain any adequate knowledge of this vast field. Having the good fortune during the exposition to spend a day with General Walker, the distinguished Judge of Awards, I anxiously inquired of him if there was any one book, which could give such an ignoramus at least a glimpse of the present condition, religions, political, social, commercial, economical, of all the countries of the globe, a picture of the world as it is to-day. "There is no such book" said Gen. Walker after a moment's reflection, "It has not yet been written."

Surely such a book is greatly needed. The world goes on so fast in our day, the wonderful inventions of modern times bring individuals and nations once remote from each other, into constant intercourse. The wealthy Chinaman sends his son to college in Massachusetts. The missionary in Africa selects his pet pupil for scholarship in Howard University. The Indian hunter of Arizona gives up his son, trained to hunt buffalo that he may learn the printing-trade at Hampton. The idle Englishman wins a wager that he can go around the world in 80 days; even the delicate and luxurious young lady of the 10th century scarcely deems her education complete until she has journeyed to some distant land. A party of New England teachers make up a holiday excursion to Paris or the Sandwich Islands; Jerusalem has become a railroad station. English newspapers are printed in Japan. How shall all the poor people, or those whom sickness or family cares keep ever at home, know of the progress of the world without such a book? A great opportunity is here offered to the educated colored man or woman of our country to aid humanity in the acquisition of knowledge by undertaking all or some part of this service for man. What better life work offers to the earnest student and thinker of our geueration? The Negro-American, possibly the descendant of the ancient Egyptian, that nation which stands first in the ranks of the world's old-time civilization, possessing the tropical imagination of Africa the home of his race, with the progressive spirit of America, the land of his birth is well fitted for such a task. It has been the reproach of the Negro among men, that he has done nothing for himself or others—that the good which has come to him has come through others—that he has invented nothing, accomplished nothing. Cannot some member of the Colored Educational Society of Virginia take away this reproach from his people, and by patient study, and persistent labor furnish food for eager minds, in giving to the world the book so much wanted?

Fred. Douglass tells you "with leisure comes thought, with thought progress."

Now that many among you are becoming independent and intelligent citizens of the Republic, which has bestowed freedom upon you, and offers you equal privileges to rise to places of honor among your countrymen, let it be yours to aid the forward march of man.

Orra Langhorne.

TO THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

(FROM A GRADUATE.)

Dear Workman:

Thy welcomed columns find me monthly and are read with much interest. In addition to thyself, a copy of the Educational Journal has been coming to my address, in which I find valuable instruction for teachers. I know not from whence it comes, but I wish to tender my thanks through thy columns to the person or party who has been kind enough to favor me with its information, and also to assure the benefactor that it is welcomely received, and carefully read.

At present I am teaching near Enfield, N. C., and have a very interesting school.

With many good wishes for thee and success to the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, I am,

Yours respectfully,
J. P. Weaver.

A MULATTO NOT A NEGRO.

A case in which the question of inter-marriage between the races had been raised, came up last week in one of the courts of St. Louis, and the presiding judge held, that the plaintiff not being a Negro, the legal prohibition did not apply. The judge thinks that a person whose blood is one-fourth Negro and three-fourths of the Caucasian race cannot be classed as a Negro, and he quotes in support of his views a statute in force before the abolition of slavery making a distinction between Negroes and mulattoes, and defining a mulatto to be any person other than a Negro, anyone of whose grandfathers was a Negro, and every person of one-fourth or more Negro blood.—*Exchange.*

POLITICS IN VIRGINIA.

We publisb below, an articele from the *New York Journal of Commerce*, reprinted by the *Norfolk Landmark*, presenting a political picture of Virginia during the past summer.

Ths war between the Conservatives and tbe Forcible Readjusters wages in Virginia. Abis representatives of ths two parties are traversing the State in every direction and combatting each other on the stump. Not a night passes but some battle-royal takes place between these picked champions. Ths Virginia papers sre full of reports of tbe contests and of editorials and communieations relating to the all-nbsorbiug question. Our judgment may not hs wbolly unaffected by our sympatbies: but we tbink, tbat the Conservatives are getting the better of their antagonists at all points in this great public discussion. They havs the best newspapers nnd ths best speakers on their side. They have the law, tbs logic, and the right. And they are adopting ths tactics which generally win in political campaigns. They do uot defend; they attack. The speeches of their candidates and spokesmen ars aggressive and fierce. They brand with the proper opprobrium tbe bypocritical schemes of repudiation uablushingly advocated under the name Readjustment. In these denuneiations there is aconfident ring tbat bespeaks victory. This is the way in which such campaigns should always be conducted. Words should not be mineed; imfamous things should not be called by soft names. Ths attempt of a party in Virginia to put that State back in ber record, to rstrace the steps she has always taken for the preservation of her henor, and give her over to repudintion outright, is disgraeeful in the extreme. It would be an instance of bad faith for which no Southern State, however poor, would have a good exeuse, and for which Virginia with all her resources of wealth would have no excuse whatever. It is good to see the conscience of the Old Dominion aroused on this question. Tbe sense of honor, where the payment of just debts is concerned, is none too keen in any part of the country. It has been badly drugged by political demagogues and sophists for many years at the North and West as well as at the South. There are repudiators everywhere. But circumstances have made tbe South the principal field of their operations at this time. It cannot be truly said that the Waterloo of ths great struggle is Virginia. For each Southern State which is unpleasantly hampered with debts will do as she pleases about them, irrespective of Virginia's action. But if that State decisively puts her heel on tbis pestileat heresy in the coming electioa, tbs effect of her example cannot but be bracing to the nerves of honest men in all parts of ths South, impelling them to still more gallant efforts for the honor and good faith of the States now hesitating on the brink of repudistion. For this reason we do not exaggerate the importance of the present election campaign in Virginia.

A LATE spring and heavy rains have brought unprecedented disaster upon the crops of all Europe. England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain and Hungary have suffered alike, and in Russia what the drought and hail spared, grasshoppers and corn-beetles have devoured. In the economy of commerce one nation's necessity is another's opportunity, and this time tbe balance is in our favor. In this emergency a greater demand than ever will be msde upon the United States, which bas long been the feeder of Europe, and to meet it we have been blessed with another season of wouderful crops. The vast grain fields of the West teem with rich harvests of extraordinary msgnitnde, the estimate reseling 44,000,000 bushels for Minnesota alone. The effect of this happy conjunction of great crops and ready markets will be felt through every nerve of our national life, in trade and industries and politics.

From Our Dumb Animals.

THE HORSE'S PETITION.

"To the coachmcn, truckmen, drivers, masters and owners of horses and oxen:

"Oh, man, God has created me for your good as well as for your use, but in so doing he recommcnded mc to your charity. All my wishes aim at proving my love for and desiro to serve you; therefore do not make me uuhappy by cruel treatmcnt. I like to be attached to you, and am grateful; but I cannot speak. I am often troubled and in fear, because I do not know what you wish of mo. I should be glad to understnnd you, but my head is aching from ths heavy blows with which you overwhelmed me in your anger, and wbich were aimed mostly at my sensitivo nose; or I am dizzy from tbe bard kicks wbicb your heavy boots inflicted on my body. Yes, my whole body is suffering from the powerful strokes of your thiek whip; mouth and teeth are aching from the iron bit that you continually pull too hnrd. The collar, which st times presses me like iron about my neck, strangles me and takes away my breatb. Look at the sore places under my neck, open to the bone, and this wound near my tail, both covered by insects that sting and torment me. I am lame because I have been poorly shod—so poorly that s nail entered the flesh; therefore, I am unable to run eight hours a day up and down on stone pavements, in the burning heat or icy winds. I would willingly do it, if I were not weak and sick. When you hand me over to the hostler, it often happens that he entirely forgets me, in his hurry to get through his work, that he may go away. Almost overeoms by hunger and thirst, tired and overworked, suffering sore pains, I return home, hs forgets to give me water, and my fodder is poor and scant. My bed is the hard, cold, moist esrth. I am tired to death. I would like to sleep, but am in too much pain.

"Alas! if you do not love, as I wish you did, consider, at least, that all rich and good people always choose the handsome and well-kept horse for their use, whilst they set aside a poor animal like myself, for whom they only feel pity and disgust. Therefore, the well cared for horse is a source of profit to his owner. Remember, if in time, you are as poor as I am, it is your fault, not mine. For this reason trust me as a friend, and do not continue to be my tormentor. Take good care of me, and you will see that I shall bold out much longer and do twice as much work to gain money for you in compensation for your kindness. If each of us does his duty we shall be contented and happy together.

"And now let me conide a secret which has been whispered in my ear by the best friend we horses have. There will soon he a happy time for all well treated horses and oxen, also for nll good and kind drivers and owners; rewards will be distributed; let us take the trouble, you and I, to try for the prize.

"(Signed) THE HORSE,

"As the most tortured of animals, together with its fellow sufferer, THE OX."

L. n. U.

At tbe sixth annual meeting of the stockholders of The Home Savings Bank held Sept. 1st. the following Officers were elected for tha easuing year.

Geo. E. Bowdsa, President.
Geo. S. Oldfield, Vice President.
H. C. Percy, Cashisr.

Directors:

H. B. Nichols, Saml. Hoffiin, Geo. E. Bowden, F. Riehardson, J. R. Gillett, S. E. Bickford, B. F. Bolsom, Capt. E. Pickup, Geo. S. Oldfietd, Rev. E. G. Corprew.

Tha Annual report shows tha Bank to be in a flourishing condition, and rapidly growing. A Stock Dividend of ten per ceut. was declared from tha csrnings of the past year.

Ths Homa Saviogs Bank, continues to pay six per cent. interest on Savings deposits.

A smsll party desiring to spend a winter in Virginia, where there is good weather for rowing, sailing, or riding in every month, and the oysters are perfect, would do well to apply to Mr. Daniel Cock of Hampton, who has for his guests, two large well-lighted rooms, with open fire places. His place is beautifully situated on Hampton river, opposite the Normal Institute.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN

The Emperor William has returned to Berlin, having completed the inspection of the autu an maeuvers.

It is reported that Suleiman Pasha, the prominent Turkish general of the Russo-Turkish war, died Saturday, Sept 13, at Bagdad.

LONDON, Sept. 16.—The number of cotton operatives on strike at Ashton is now estimated at fom 8,000 to 11,000. The streets are crowded by unemployed operatives, but little exeitement is manifested

The German Official Oazette publishes a decree dissolving the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. The minister of the interior also publishes a notification fixing the election of direct electors for September 30, and the electica of deputies for October 7.

The North Lancashire Cotton Operatives' Association has issued an exergetic appeal to the masters against the contemplated reduction of wages. Twenty mills are practically closed at Ashton because of the strike, which is also assuming serious proportions at Mosley.

Relative to the apprehended distress among the working classes in the thickly populated towns in the northeast of England, it is estimated that 30,000 persons in the district referred to have been thrown out of work during the last three years. There are thousands of empty houses in Darlington. Stockton and Newport are also seriously affected. The climax of distress has been reached at Middlesborough.

GLASGOW, Sept. 18.—In consequence of the resolution arrived at by the Scotch iron masters last week aot to accede to the demands of the workingmen for an increase of wages until the price of iron exceeds fifty shillings per ton, fifty-four furnaces have been blowa out in various parts of Scotland, readering 3,000 mea idle.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—King Joha, of Abyssinia, writes to the mercantile firm representing him in London stating that he has written to Queea Victoria complaining that the outcets of his territory are closed by the Egyptians. He says that Gea. Kirkham, the English general in her service, was poisoned at Magdewah, while on his way to England with letters to the Queen.

The News's St. Petersburg correspondent announces that the Kuldja treaty has been signed. It provides for the evacuation of Kuldja by the Russians by installm nts during three years, and the payment by the Chinese of five million roubels. Russia retains a strip of land including the military road in the direction of Kashgar. The Chinese embassy will shortly go to Livadia, to thank the Czar for the conclusion of the treaty.

The war in Zulu is rapidly drawing to a close. After a along chase and much hard fighting the dragoons under Major Marter surrounded the kraal where the King had takea refuge, and Major Marter then rode up and called out to Cetywayo to come out of the hut. The King, after some parley complied. He preserved a dignified demeanor and asked to be shot.

A despatch to the *Times* from Cape Town says:—"Sir Garnet Wolseley hopes that Chief Secocoeni will yield without fighting, but those oa the spot say that this is doubtful, as it has transpired that the chief has lately only with difficulty been dissuaded, after a five hours' couacil, from murdering two officers who had been sent to treat with him concerning prisoners."

Indian officials telegraph further details of the attack on the British residency at Cabul. It is related by a trooper who escaped that when the mutinous troops were making an entry for their pay a soldier shouted, "Let us kill the envoy and tie the Ameer." The mutineers then rushed upon the embassy, and stoned some of the servants. The troops composing the escort of the embassy fired upon the mutineers without orders from the British officers. The mutineers then went for their weapons. The fight lasted about a quarter of aa hour, during which time the British officers might have escaped. The residency was defended from the windows. The frontier tribes have partially interrupted commuaications between the Khyber Pass and Cabul.

POLITICAL.

The official vote of Kentucky for Governor is: Blackburn, democrat, 125,799; Evans, republican, 81,882; Cook greenback, 18,964. Blackburn's majority, 43,917. The democratic majority four years ago for Governor was 36,181. Governor-elect Blackburn was inducted into office at Frankfort Tuesday in presence of a large crowd of people.

The returns of the legislative election in Maine give the following result; In the Senate the republicans have chosen 19 members and the democrats and greenbackers combined 12 members. In the House of Representatives the republicans have chosen 90 members and the democrats and greenbackers combined 60. In one district the result is in doubt. The republican majority on joint ballot will be 47. Under the constitution the Legislature on joint ballot chooses the executive councilors and all other State officers.

Returns from all except 39 small towns in Maine give Davis (rep.) 68,691; Smith (greenback) 47,688; Onrcelon (dem.) 24,181. These figures will not be materially changed

The Butler democracy of Massachusetts met at Worcester Wednesday and nominated Gen. B. F. Butler for Governor, A. C. Woodworth for Lieut. Governor, and other candidates for State offices. Gen. Butler has already been nominated for Governor by the greenback party. Resolutions were adopted reaffirming devotion to the time-honored principles of the democratic party and the right of the majority to rule; regretting that a portion of the democracy during the last year have refused to be governed by the decision of the majority, and inviting them to reunite and make commoa cause against the party which now rules Massachusetts, and deprecating the discussion of natioual issues in the State campaign.

DOMESTIC.

Genl. Grant arrived in San Francisco late Saturday afternoon, Sept. 20th, on the Steamer Tokio, and was received with great enthusiasm by a concourse of citizens numbering fully fifty thousand.

Twenty-one clergymen returned home from foreign travel in three steamers arriving at New York Sunday 13th inst.

Comptroller General Goldsmith and Assistant Treasurer Murphy, of Georgia tendered their resignations to the Governor, but he refused to accept them. Goldsmith has since been impeached.

The amount of tobacco sold in Danville, Va., for the year ending September 30, will aggregate at least 29,000,000 pounds, which will be the largest receipts for one year ever recorded.

It is announced that the Mammoth Cave, Ky., has been purchased by a company of Eastern capitalists for $300,000. The interior will be illuminated with electric lights, and telegraph wires will be introduced in the cave.

A rich vein of silver ore has been discovered near Meredith, N. H., assaying $62 silver and $30 lead per ton. Gold has been discovered at Burk's Out, N. F., and a copper mine at Harbor Main, Conception Bay, N. F.

Arrangements for laying the corner-stone of the monument to Sergeant Wm. Jasper, of the revolutionary army, who fell at the siege of Savannah, Ga., on October 9, 1779, on the centennial of that event, are completed. Senator John B. Gordon will deliver the oration.

At a meeting at Yorktown, Va., on Sept. 4th, it was resolved to hold a national celebration of the coming centenaial of the surrender of Cornwallis in 1881. Addresses were made by Hon. R. H. Fowers M. Oleaman, Esq., Col. Robert T. Armistead and Judge R. L. Henley. Resolutions were adopted calling on all the cities of the commonwealth to participate, and the various States to send delegates to Philadelphia on October 19, the next anniversary, and form a national association to bring about a successful celebration. The Gover-or of the State is asked to invite other Governors to take part, and efforts will be made to have the troops at Fortress Monroe or other milithy vessels to be reviewed in Hampton Roads prescat at the centenaial.

Twenty-three new cases and four deaths from yellow fever were reported at Memphis Saturday, Sept. 20th, making 124 new cases and 48 deaths for the week. The total number of cases to that date is 1,126. The national board of health announces for the week that the comparetive difference betweeo the epidemics of 1878 and 1879 becomes more and more marked as the season advances. During the past week there has been no increase of cases at the chief centres, and but one local outbreak beyond them, viz. at Tunica, Mississippi. Texas. At New Orleans there were only two new cases and no deaths last week, while for the corresponding week of 1878 there were 1,526 cases and 593 deaths, and at Memphis 587 deaths—(cases not available) Against 51 deaths in all other places in 1878 the fevor is now confined to the three points mentioned. But one new case and five deaths were reported at Memphis Suaday.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. H. Parramore has permanently settled in Hampton, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth, and insert artificial sets. Rooms, over H. L. Schmelz & Co.'s store, on Main street.

Hard Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The andersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovere of good things in partieular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Nermal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad and Devilled Crabs,—two dishes concering which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; hnt to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all seafood, far exceeding in fineness of flavnr and of grain, lobster, salmoa, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, eveа of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready fer use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, linches, exenreions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a snrprise to some to know that every case ceatains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs! In spite of the amonnt of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $5.00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at sendere risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $3.00 per dezen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

T. T. BRYCE,
Normal School Grounds,
Box 10. *Hampton, Va.*

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Economic Crumbs,

Or Plain Talks for the People, about

LABOR, — CAPITAL, — MONEY, TARIFF, — Etc.

By T. T. BRYCE.

Price 50 Cents. *Mailed on receipt of Price.*

Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

INCORPORATED IN 1870.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers, for the Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by tbe State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are intarested in the negro race.

The great need of tha institntion is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,
S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal,*
Hampton, Virginia.

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Leading Clothing House

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These are advantages that are offered by no other house in New York.

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FOR MEN'S WEAR,
FOR YOUTH'S WEAR,
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THE LARGEST,
THE FINEST.
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BROADWAY AND GRAND STREET,
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NEW YORK.

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HOUSE.

All Former Years Outdone.

356,432 GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES SOLD IN 1878,

BEING

73,620 *More than in any Previous Year.*

SOME VERY HARD NUTS TO CRACK:

Companies have sprung up in every part of the Union for making an "Imitation Singer Machine."

Why are not similar companies formed for making Imitations of other Sewing Machines?

The public will draw its own inference.

Gold is continually counterfeited; brass and tin never!

The Singer has taken the FIRST PRIZE over ALL competitors more than TWO HUNDRED TIMES. *Why?*

After the Chicago Fire the Relief Committee undertook to furnish sewing machines to the needy women of that city. Applicants were permitted to choose from six different kinds of machines. 2,944 applicants were furnished with machines; 2,427 chose the Singer Machines, and 517 distributed their choice among the five other kinds of machines! These girls were to EARN THEIR LIVING on these machines. *Why did they take Singer?*

THE PEOPLE'S AWARD TO THE "SINGER."

The people bought Singer Machines as follows:

1870	127,833	Singer Machines
1871	181,260	" "
1872	219,758	" "
1873	232,444	" "
1874	241,679	" "
1875	249,852	" "
1876	262,316	" "
1877	282,812	" "
1878	356,432	" "

Many of the manufacturers of other machines refuse to state their sales! WHY?

Sales of 1878 over Sales of 1870, 228,599 Machines. A Three-fold Increase.

WASTE NO MONEY ON COUNTERFEITS. *PRICES OF GENUINE GREATLY REDUCED.*

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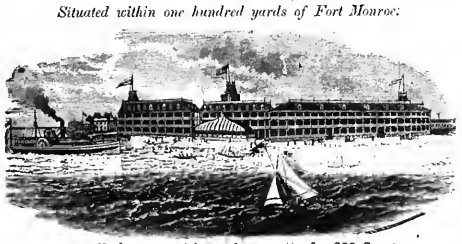
Situated within one hundred yards of Fort Monroe.



Open all the year with ample capacity for 600 Guests.

Has all modern improvements—elevator, gas and electric bell in every room; water bath-rooms and closets on every floor. Equal to any Hotel in the United States as a Spring, Summer and Autumn Resort. Six daily mails and telegraph office; 15 to 20 first-class steamers land daily (except Sunday) 150 yards from the door. Rooms and Halls comfortably heated, and comfort provided for tourists and health seekers during the winter. Fire-escapes only 50 feet apart on every floor. Superior beach for bathing at door-steps, and good fruit May until November. Boating, fishing and driving especially attractive. Send for circular describing hygienic advantages, terms, &c.

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HENRY BRANDT'S,

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BOOTS AND SHOES,

of the latest styles and superior workmanship, at lower prices than elsewhere.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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Shirts of Superior Muslin, Extra Fine Linen Shield Bosom, Open Back, French Yoke, and completely finished for

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Having completed arrangements with one of the largest Cotton Factories in the United States for an unlimited supply of Shirting Muslin, at extremely low prices, and having largely increased our facilities for the manufacture of **men's** and **boys' shirts**, in all styles, we have decided to make an important departure from the course usually adopted by similar establishments, and in place entirely closing in connection with the **consumer**, thus avoiding the enormous profits required by middlemen and the **retail trade**, and enabling us to make the following unprecedented offer:

12 Superior Muslin, Fine Linen Finished French Yoke Shirts, as above, ready for wear, . . . $7.50
6 " " " " " " " 4.00
3 " " " " " " " 2.25

An elegant set rolled gold plated Sleeve and Collar Buttons presented in each purchase of 3, 6 or 12 Shirts.

Sample Shirt finished complete, with a set Buttons as above, sent **prepaid** by mail on receipt of 85 **cents**. We **warrant** these Shirts to be **first-class** in every respect, to be **substantially** and **neatly** finished, and equal in **appearance, durability** and **style** to any Shirt in the market costing two or three times as much. Send size of collar worn, circumference of chest and length of arm. Remember in ordering from us you **save all outside profits.**

Boys' Shirts same price as above. Printed Blanks or Carpenter taken. Catalogue of goods sent with all shipments. NEW YORK FURNISHING CO., 421 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

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THE BEST BELT MADE.

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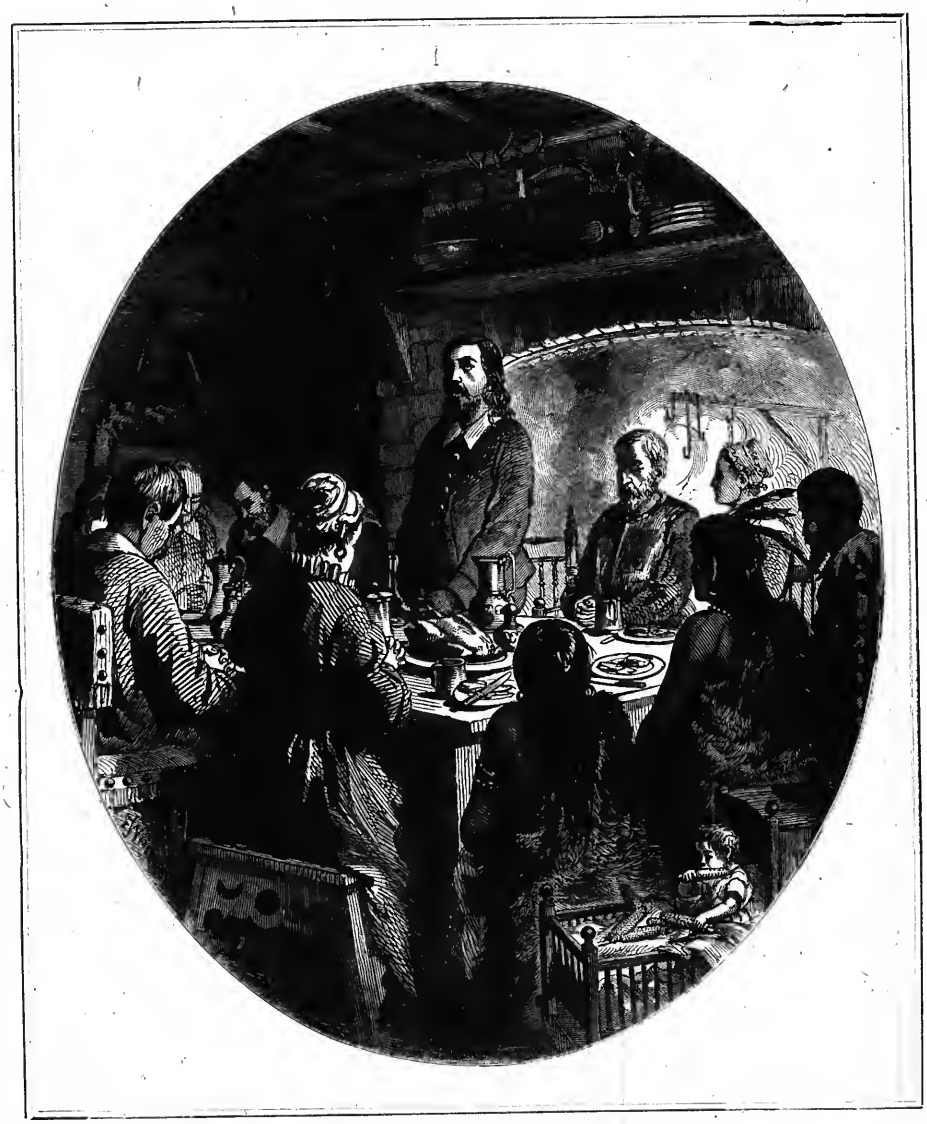
For Sale by all Hardware Dealers. ☞ Illustrated Circulars of Carpenters' Tools sent on application.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. VIII. HAMPTON, VA., NOVEMBER, 1879. NO. 11



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING IN AMERICA

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY IN AMERICA.

We hope that the observance of our Nation-

ly contribute all you desire.

Truly yours,

D. A. Wilson.

rious immortality, with his latest breath thanking his old slave for revealing to him the truth of the gospel.

My informant dwelt much upon Uncle Israel's strength of mind, high character

examinstion hy presbytery, which was more than pleased—"it was delighted with him." The doctor added that, though the first colored church of this sect in Virginia, this was hy no means the first work of the kind in the

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY IN AMERIOA.

We hope that the observance of our National Thanksgiving Day will become more and more general in all parts of the country. Not because it is a New England idea, but because it is such a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to exalt His name *together*. A common worship, a common remembrance of common blessings, draws all hearts not only nearer to God but nearer to each other. As Christmas Day is a time for forgetting old feuds, and renewing old friendships between man and man, so a National Thanksgiving if generally kept, year by year will quicken the pulses of the Nation's heart, heal old wounds and clasp tighter the hands of the family of States.

The artist of the Christian Weekly has well caught the spirit of the first Thanksgiving Day in America, which the Pilgrim Fathers made as general as was in their power, by inviting the red men of the forest to sit with them at the bountiful board which their common labors had filled.

Governor Winslow of the Plymouth colony thus chronicles this first American Thanksgiving Day, in a letter dated

"This 11th of December, 1621.

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor [Bradford] sent four men out fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our Governor, and upon the captain and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

It will be seen that this first Thanksgiving was especially for the preservation and enjoyment of "the kindly fruits of the earth,"—a harvest festival. The wonderful crops which, in every section of our country this year, have made America "a field which the Lord hath blessed," and the raviving prosperity of trade and commerce, make peculiarly appropriate a National Thanksgiving, for all American citizens.

The red man may still have a place at our Thanksgiving feast. Great as have been his wrongs and bitter as have been his retaliations, there is reason for thanksgiving that his "question" is before the American people, and the American spirit of progress and fair play is rousing in his behalf.

OHRISTIAN LIBERIA.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet upon "Christian Liberia," published recently in England to interest the public in the enterprise of Mr. Edward S. Morris of Philadelphia to establish an industrial and agricultural school for sons of native African Chiefs, upon his coffee plantation near Monrovia. His effort has been very successful in attracting the attention of distinguished philanthropists and men of wealth in Great Britain, and we do not doubt that it will find sympathy and aid in this country. Industrial training combined with elementary school education is undoubtedly the right start in the advancement of any race, and we hope that Mr. Morris's efforts may accomplish much in this direction. He sends with the pamphlet, a letter from a former laborer in the African mission field, who thus endorses his project.

"When in Liberia myself as a Christian educator, I was convinced that both the mission schools among the the natives and in the Republic needed more than instruction in letters and religion. The country was not, and is not now prepared to sustain schools. Habits of industry must be formed and encouraged by the visible results of labor. There can be no prosperity of any kind, until labor is esteemed honorable. Liberia needs profession al men, merchants and mechanics. But where she needs one lawyer, or physician, or clerk, she needs ten who are not ashamed to work with their hands in the field and shop, or wherever manual labor is required.

The $2,500 to be raised in this country in order to make available the balance of a like amount, will surely soon be forthcoming. If the Christian people of this country are made acquainted with your plan, and the fact that from your own resources you have already expended twice tha sum now asked from both countries in preparing the way for these schools, they will, I think, gladly and promptly contribute all you desire.

Truly yours,
D. A. Wilson.

OORRESPONDENOE.

PLEASANT PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—A LIBERAL DEMOCRAT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—UNCLE ISAAC.—INCONSISTENCY NOT ALL OF ONE COLOR.—AN ASTONISHED DELEGATE.—DEDICATION OF THE FIRST COLORED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN VIRGINIA.

Our correspondent is a Southern lady who some years ago sent a family of her former slavee to Hampton to be educated. Her bright letters, progressive views, and sympathy for the colored race are well-known to the readers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

To the Editor of the Southern Workman:

During a short visit to the Bedford Alum and Iron Springs, a pleasent wetering place near Lynchburg, a few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of meeting with many Southern people, and it was interesting to hear the citizens of Dixie's land express their views, quite without reserve. Among the guests was a young gentleman from North Carolina, and I gained much information from him in regard to the colored people in his district. This gentleman was a Democrat, but extremely liberal in his sentiments. He gave a very favorable account of the Negroes in his part of North Carolina, and thinks their progress has been remarkable, considering their disadvantages. They are nearly all Republicans, but there has been very little political disturbance in his county and there are many signs of a break in the harsh "border lines," both as to color and party. The Democrats have lately nominated a Negro candidate for the legislature, and at a public meeting where the colored candidate appeared on the platform with several white Democratic speakers, it was the general opinion of the audience that the Negro was the orator of the occasion. Mr. ——— thinks the Negroes usually show more interest in education than the lower class of the white people, but says the public schools are very poorly managed; sometimes teachers entirely unfit for their places are employed, and frequently a hundred pupils are assigned to one teacher, so that it is almost impossible for the children to learn anything. This gentleman talked most affectionately of the Negroes, as is very common with the old slava-holders.

He said many of his former slaves lived on his estate, and his manager is a very shrewd African, who has been his companion and friend from childhood and in whom he feels entire confidence now.

I learned during my short acquaintance with this gentleman, that he had lately joined the Baptist church, and I could easily see that his religious feeling was very earnest. In the course of conversation he remarked that the Negroes had intense sentiment about religion, but did not know how to apply their principles to common life. It has often struck me that this is the difficulty with all Christians, but I made no remark, as he went on to give an illustration of African piety.

It seems that Mr. ———'s father had had an irreligious life, until far advanced in years, while his mother had been from her youth up an earnest Christian. When quite an old man, and very sick, the old gentleman was seized with remorse for an ill-spent life, and suffered great distress of mind. The pastor of his wife's church visited him frequently, and kindly read the Bible and prayed with him, but could afford him no comfort. Among the slaves on the plantation was an old Negro preacher, "Uncle Israel," who could not read or write, but was naturally a gifted man, beloved by black and white people and much respected in the neighborhood. Uncle Israel, one day appeared in his master's room, and informed him that he had thought and prayed much for him in his sickness, had grieved greatly at hearing of his mental trouble, and had now come to ask permission to offer a prayer at his bedside.

The sick man consented, and the old slave poured out a most heartfelt petition for God's mercy. After the prayer was ended Uncle Israel sat long beside his suffering master repeating passages of scripture, of which he had committed to memory an astonishing amount, and talking of mortal responsibility and the great hereafter in a manner that thrilled his hearers.

The next day the sick master sent to the field for Uncle Israel to come and pray for him again, and these prayers and conversations were continued for two weeks. At the end of this time the sufferer professed his faith in Christ, sent for the minister and joined the church, declaring that the old Negro had made religion clear to him as no one had ever done before. He lived nearly a year after this, enduring agonies of pain, but hearing all trials with the utmost meekness, and at last died triumphantly in the hope of a glorious immortality, with his latest breath thanking his old slave for revealing to him the truth of the gospel.

My informant dwelt much upon Uncle Israel's strength of mind, high character and many virtues, "and yet" said he "with all these admirable traits, after the war, when he had set up for himself and began farming on his own account, he stole two bags of guano! He would have been tried for it, as there was no doubt of his guilt, but he fled the country." The young man spoke with genuine sadness of this defection of his old friend from the path of virtue, and said the affair had been much discussed in the neighborhood—many white people had been greatly shocked, as Uncle Israel had been widely known and respected, and some declared they should never believe in Negro religion again. Mr. ——— asserted, however, that he had not yet lost faith in the old Negro preacher, but thought he had been overcome by sudden temptation, arguing in defence of the backsliding African that Peter had denied his Lord.

The end of this story was amusing enough as a picture of Southern life. Uncle Israel's wife had been my young friend's mammy, and great affection had existed between the old Negro nurse and the child of her love. When her husband fled from justice, after the unlucky guano business, the well-beloved mammy mysteriously disappeared, none could tell whither, and "the place that had known them knew them no more." Mr. ——— supposed they had left the State, and the Negroes professed entire ignorance of their whereabouts.

Some years after all trace of the old couple had been lost, Mr. ——— was sent as a delegate from his church to the Baptist Association of North Carolina, which met in a distant town.

As a party of the brethren one day stood around the door discussing things temporal and spiritual, a huge black shadow suddenly enveloped young ———, a pair of brawny black arms were flung about his neck, and a shining black face showered tears and kisses upon the astonished delegate, to the amusement of the other members of the Association. When at last permitted to draw breath and look about him, Mr. ——— recognized his long lost mammy, who insisted on taking him to the comfortable home close at hand, where she and Uncle Israel were living in peace and plenty. Nothing was said about the unfortunate transaction in fertilizers, and the most harmonious relations were resumed between the amiable young master and the affectionate ex-slaves.

Our correspondent encloses her account (published in the Springfield *Republican*) of the dedication of the First colored Presbyterian church in Virginia which was recently established by the assistance of the white church of which it was originally a mission chapel.

NEGRO PRESBYTERIANISM.

The church, an old tobacco factory, nicely refitted and furnished, was adorned with flowers, the choir sang harmoniously to a fine organ, the organist being the brother of the colored preacher and his assistant in a private school which holds both day and night sessions for the benefit of such of their race as are too far advanced for the amount of learning allowed colored pupils in the public schools, or are forced to labor for daily bread and seek a little mental food after dark. The house was crowded with a well-dressed and respectful audience, white elders filling one corner by themselves. The pulpit was occupied by Rev. Dr. Hall of the white Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Pitzer of the Central church in Washington, and also professor of theology in Howard University, and Rev. William Johnson, the colored brother who was about to be installed pastor of the first colored Presbyterian church of Lynchburg. The two first were born slave-holders, the latter born a slave. The service had begun, Mr. Johnson was reading Solomon's impressive prayer at the dedication of the temple in Jerusalem, and the words which attracted my attention, "Moreover, concerning the stranger, which is not of thy people Israel, but is come from a far country for thy great name sake—if they come and pray in this house," seemed curiously appropriate. A hymn followed the reading, and as Dr. Hall and the young Negro sang from the same book, and later the three ministers sat together on the sofa, I thought it was a pity that Sumner, the great advocate of civil rights, Wendell Phillips and other apostles of this new liberty, could not have witnessed this scene in one of the old slave-marts of the South. After the singing Dr. Hall made an interesting address, stating that this was the first church founded in Virginia since the war by the white people for the colored race, and that the two white Presbyterian churches of the city had given the funds to buy the church and employ the preacher, who was a graduate of Howard, and came highly recommended from Washington, where he was well-known—that he had successfully passed "a searching ordeal" in the examination by presbytery, which was more than pleased—"it was delighted with him." The doctor added that, though the first colored church of this sect in Virginia, this was by no means the first work of the kind in the South; that he was born in Carolina, and had lived in several other States, and in all of them had seen many colored Presbyterians, and aided in work among them. He described the custom common in the rural districts of the South of holding all-day services, "in the morning the white worshippers using the body of the church, and the colored people the gallery;" this order being reversed in the afternoon.

Dr. Pitzer's address was instructive and impressive, and so animated withal, that all were interested, and when he closed by presenting a large, well-bound Bible to the pastor of the church, solemnly invoking him "to keep what was committed to his charge, as one who should give an account," there was complete stillness in the house. The young minister, in a few graceful remarks, delivered with much feeling, accepted the trust, and then remarked that it was growing late, and the services would be closed by singing, during which, those who wished, could contribute to the treasury of the church by placing their offerings on the table in front of the pulpit, the whole congregation rose, and most of them filed past the table, making the coins ring upon its marble slab until it was nearly covered with piles of silver, showing conclusively that specie payments are resumed among us.

This move for a Presbyterian church, among our ex-slaves, marks a great advance in material prosperity among them. While I think having a seperate church for the colored people is a mistake, the white people who have spent $2,000 and given much time and labor to this work deserve much praise. It is a long step forward, and there is not a very long distance to go in this line, quite to bridge over the chasm of race hatred and render the color-line like the equator, an imaginary boundary.

Ohra Lanohorne.

FROM AN ATLANTA GRADUATE.

A friend of both schools, and all good work sende us with permision to publish, the following letter from a graduate of Atlanta University who has been remarkably useful and successful in his work as teacher and home missionary. We take the occasion to say again, as we have frequently said, that we should be exceedingly glad to receive more such letters from this or other institutions.

Atlanta University,
Atlanta, Ga., *May 17th*, 1870.

My dear friend:

Your very beautiful and edifying letter has been received, also your papers. Thanks. Shortly after the International Sunday school convention, I said here last month, I promised myself to write you, but school duties and missionary work in the city prevented me from doing so. I wanted to tell you of the fresh and mighty impulse I received in the study of the scriptures and in Sunday School work after having heard such eminent ministers as Dr. Vincent, John Hall, Rev. Chamberlain and others.

I derived great profit from the two days spent at this convention.

I cannot say yet where I shall be this summer. Parties in this State have written me offering a school and church. Last week I received an appointment from the State Baptist Convention of South Carolina as a missionary for a part of that State. The Spartanburg High School, Mr. Lewis, and my little church there wrote some weeks since to engage me for the summer. Before I leave here I shall tell you my post.

I have been elected by one of the largest Sunday schools and churches in our city as a delegate to the Georgia Sunday School and church Convention to be held at Brunswick, Ga., about two hundred and fifty miles from here, on the 22d, 23d, and 24th inst. I shall leave here with two ministers from the city on Tuesday the 21st.

Mr. Ware has not been well this term; has not been able to be at school for two weeks. The fact is he has worked himself down: he is a *wonderful* man. My progress in studies this year is great. The Lord has blessed me.

Praying you well, I am,
Gratefully and truly yours,
J. L. Dart.

The Gilfield Baptist Church, Petersburg, Va. (colored), was organized in 1803, and its membership is now 2,268, being the largest church in the South, with the exception of First church in Richmond. The building is Romanesque in style, will cost $17,000, contributed by the colored people, who have also manufactured the bricks, and dug the foundation for the structure.

Southern Workman, appear after one year's schooling, in November, 1879.

ally, as interest on the Colleges Land Fund, $10,000.00. The rest is given by Northern friends, usually in the form of

from ex-students or graduates, who pay up moderately well. A steadily improving sentiment in the school regarding

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post office at Hampton, Va.

The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed at the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work from all parts of the country, is solicited and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN re-appears in twelve page form, and will so continue till July, 1880, when it will return again for four months to the eight page form.

To many whose subscriptions expired during the summer the WORKMAN has been sent, including this issue, but will be discontinued to all in arrears who shall not renew.

Each number will contain, as heretofore, letters from Hampton graduates who are working in Virginia and the adjacent States, helping their own race and serving the State as teachers of colored free schools. No other paper in the land has such direct and reliable information upon the condition of the ex-slaves. The character and reliability of such correspondents is thoroughly known, and their word-pictures of Southern life are "inside views."

With the expected recruits from Dakota Territory, the number of Indian students will be about seventy. A record of their monthly progress covers usually a page of the WORKMAN. It is prepared by the teacher in charge.

The publication of the *Hampton Tracts* is renewed and will be continued for several months. We call special attention to No. IX, in this month's issue, "How to Cleanse and Disinfect," written for the Hampton series by Dr. Elisha Harris, of New York, Secretary for many years of the New York Prison Association, and member of the National Board of Health. Dr. Harris is a well-known authority upon the subjects he treats, and his practical "reasons and rules" for sanitary cleansing will be found of interest and value.

The good offices of the friends of this paper and of the Hampton School are requested in bringing the WORKMAN to the notice of others who may become subscribers to it and possibly help in the cause to which it is devoted. Copies will be sent to any who shall communicate their willingness to distribute them. The WORKMAN costs a dollar a year. To each subscriber so desiring will be sent a photographic group of Indian students; or for two years' subscription ($2.00), the same group as they appeared on arrival from Dakota in November, 1878, and as they appear after one year's schooling, in November, 1879.

THE NEW YEAR.

The Hampton Institute has opened with brighter prospects than ever.

Never has there been such a demand for admission to it, or for its graduates, 316 in number, most of whom are now teaching. Never has it been so difficult to meet the calls that come from all over Virginia for colored teachers. Schoolhouses are ready, salaries are ready, but there are not enough teachers, and a large per cent. of those employed are incompetent.

Every available graduate has been placed, and there are on file requisitions for eight teachers, with no one to send. These are, in all cases, from County Superintendents of education, Southerners, and ex-slaveholders, whose earnest efforts throughout this and some other States for Negro education is a fact ignored by most who write up the Southern question.

The school system has rallied under the new arrangement with the State creditors which is reviving hope and business.

Salaries are moderate, from $20.00 to $30.00 per month; sessions last from five to seven months.

In the cities, white and colored schools have generally prospered since their opening in 1871.

Students have entered with unusual promptness. The enrollment so far is as follows: Colored boys; 136; girls, 89 (a decided increase over last year); total, 225. Indian boys, 33; girls, 7; total, 40. Boarding students, 237; day students, 31; grand total, 268. The Senior class numbers 39; the Middle class, 65; the Junior class, 76; the Preparatory class, 24; the work students, 24, and the Indian class, 40. The latter labor in the saw-mill and knitting-room, and on the farm; fit themselves, at night school, for the Junior class of 1880, and by saving their wages ($10.00 a month and board), can, with their earnings while in school, complete the three years course of study without a dollar from charity. No part of our work is more satisfactory than this which educates the hand and creates self-reliance and character.

The enrollment will be increased during the year by about twenty-five colored and twenty-nine Indian youth—all to be boarders. Boarding students receive by far the most thorough training; their entire living is covered by school discipline.

Capt. H. S. Thompson, Superintendent of Schools in South Carolina, has selected and sent, as beneficiaries of the Peabody Fund, ten students to be fitted to teach in that State. Commissioner of Education Orr, of Georgia, has done the same at the Atlanta University, Ga., under the auspices of Dr. Sears, Agent of the Peabody Fund.

Twenty-nine Indian students, for whom separate provision is made, are reported, in charge of Agent Crissey, awaiting a rise of water to bring them down the Missouri river to Yankton, to take the cars for Hampton.

This new work gives fresh life and force to the school: it is better for the Negroes with than without Indians. There is not the slightest basis for the notion that the officers of this institution are "weakening" with respect to the education of the colored people. The utter poverty of this rich country in suitable and sufficient schools for Indians, as well as its falseness and injustice to them in the past, justifies the Hampton School in lending them a hand, especially since no other one has its facilities for industrial training. The Negro will be richer and stronger for doing a good part for the Indian, and the Institute is a greater educator as it is a greater power for good.

This school organization numbers 28 teachers and officers, 9 of whom are gentlemen, and 19 ladies, 2 are graduates; 5 clerks and 4 assistants, of whom 5 are graduates—these do the night class work; 6 are devoted to Indians.

The yearly expense of the Institute is, in round numbers, $35,000.00, of which the State of Virginia contributes annually, as interest on the College Land Fund, $10,000.00. The rest is given by Northern friends, usually in the form of annual scholarships of $70 each. They also provide all building and endowment funds.

Giving a scholarship (cost of instruction) is helping one who helps himself. The cost of instruction last year (teachers' salaries) was $20,980.17—a sum utterly out of the power of students to pay, who have to meet their personal expenses, board, etc, the total charge of which for all students for the year ending June 30, '79, was $32,884.51 (less $7,453.52 for Indians,) of which they paid by labor $17,691.23. The remainder, $7,739.76, excepting 2,194.38 from the Beneficiary Fund, was paid by them in cash. Less than one-eighth of their bills were cancelled by charity. To *give* instruction in response to such effort will not pauperize; it is a wise charity and, in the light of the past, a duty. A detailed account of receipts and expenditures for the school and fiscal year closing June 30, 1879, will be sent as usual, in November, to all contributors.

THOMAS WILDCAT and John King, Absentee Shawnees from the Indian Territory, recently elected chiefs of their tribe, sent here by Philadelphia Friends to be educated, appear well. Wildcat having entered the regular Junior class, and King, the Preparatory. Having attended the schools at home, they come because the Hampton course of study begins about where theirs ended, and here they can get an industrial training.

GOVERNMENT has reduced its annual aid for the Indians whom it has sent to Hampton from $167.00, last year, to $150.00, the current year. This not quite covers the cost of board and tuition, leaving no provision for clothing, the yearly cost of which, for a boy, is $60.00; for a girl, $50.00. For this provision the Institute appeals to the charities of their friends.

The following is the annual outfit of an Indian boy. The wear and tear of clothing by Indians is unusual.

* 1 Uniform suit; blue gray; all wool; up to government standard	$12 50
* 1 Ordinary mixed suit	10 50
† 1 Overcoat	5 50
‡ 5 prs. of Shoes @ $1.50	7 50
* 1 pr. Overalls for work	60
† 1 Uniform cap	1 40
† 1 Felt hat	1 00
† 1 Straw hat	90
† 6 Cotton Shirts, linen bosoms @ 80 cts.	4 80
† 8 Linen Collars @ 15 cts.	1 20
* 2 Flannel Shirts, for work, @ 80c.	1 60
† 3 Woolen Undershirts, knit, @ 75 cts.	2 25
* 2 prs. Drawers, light, @ 60 cts.	1 20
* 2 prs. Drawers, heavy, @ 70 cts.	1 40
* 2 Night Shirts @ 80 cts	1 60
† 8 prs. Gray Socks @ 25cts.	2 00
† 6 Handkerchiefs @ 15cts.	90
† 3 Neckties @ 25 cts.	75
† 1 Blacking Brush	25
† 3 Boxes blacking, @ 5 cts.	15
† 1 pr. Suspenders	35
† Hair brush, comb, and tooth brushes,	1 00
Total,	$59 35

* Made in the School Industrial Room.
† Purchased and held in stock for issue.
‡ Made in the Indian Work Shop.

COLORED students at the Hampton Institute, in the various labor departments, have earned as follows:

	Total.	*Average.*	
In 1875-6,	$ 7,629.97;	Boys, $59.23;	Girls, $27.92.
" 1876-7,	9,580.53;	" 59.23;	" 29.00.
" 1877-8,	14,491.91;	" 82.52;	" 35.01.
" 1878-9,	17,691.25;	" 85.11;	" 60.59.

The average attendance in these years respectively was: 110 boys, 59 girls; 125 boys, 73 girls; 138 boys, 87 girls; 154 boys, 74 girls.

In the school year closing June 30, 1879, total charges to colored students were $25,430.99. Their payments in labor and in cash during that time (including $2,194.38 of Beneficiary aid) amounted to $25,354.62, leaving unpaid on the entire year's account the sum of $76.37—the best showing since the school opened. While labor payments have steadily increased, beneficiary aid (direct charity) has steadily decreased, in spite of rapid increase of students from year to year and the terribly hard times in recent years in the South. There are over $5,387.91 due from ex-students or graduates, who pay up moderately well. A steadily improving sentiment in the school regarding debts leads us to expect over fifty per cent. of payment of the later and not over twenty-five per cent. of the earlier contracted debts. The school is in a clear business relation with every one now or ever connected with it, and its education in respect to debt payment is a constant and important care.

We pay from six to eight cents an hour, according to age and capacity, making in some cases more liberal rates to prevent discouragement and to piece out the efforts of those who are willing but weak.

The value of student labor is at a discount of from 20 to 40 per cent. from that of trained labor at the same wages; but in our theory instruction is primary, production secondary; yet financial necessity compels us to push the latter with every energy; the balances of our labor departments the past year are encouraging. They will appear in the coming report.

As a rule, students are divided into five working squads, each squad working one entire school day each week, and on Saturdays; each pupil thus having four days of continuous study, and the farm and other labor departments having a steady working force, thus making profit possible.

This plan is, we believe, peculiar to the Hampton Institute, is not the basis of its industrial success, and was established by Mr. F. Richardson, former Farm Manager, now in Norfolk, Va.

Do not the results of the manual labor experiment at this Institute justify its appeal for $15,000 for a Mill and Workshop?

Hampton's appeal is, "Give us the farm, the shops, and the needed working capital, and we will turn out men and women whom the country needs for the redemption of its poor and ignorant."

The organization that shall afford such opportunities cannot be a week one or cheaply run. It must be strong in men, strong in resources.

EDUCATION OF THE HAND.

Within the past year the friends of the Hampton Institute have most generously responded to an appeal for twelve thousand dollars to provide buildings for our Indian pupils. A fresh appeal is excusable only by the most pressing needs.

We ask for the sum of

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

in order to complete a Saw and Grist Mill and Machine and Workshop, 140 x 50 feet, two and a-half stories in height, the first of (home-made) bricks, known as the

HAMPTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

They are now in operation, with temporary shelter, the brick story being nearly built, and consist, so far, of a sixty horse power Corliss Steam Engine with a forty horse power boiler (the gift of Geo. H. Corliss, valued at $4,000), a Saw Mill, and Matcher and Planer.

They are cutting daily from six to eight thousand feet of yellow pine lumber (readily procured in the forests near by and in North Carolina) which is selling well at fair rates.

Ten colored and five Indian students, with two skilled hired hands, do all the work, under the management of Mr. C. D. Cake, a Virginian, who has constructed all our buildings. Negro and Indian youth are thus getting valuable ideas and habits. The latter work half of every day, going to school mornings: the former work the entire day, attending night school, for one year; they will enter the Junior class in October, 1880, and, by saving wages, and by work while in school, can complete the three years' course of study.

The above has been accomplished by a loan of five thousand dollars (the

of the manner in which it is conducted convince me that it is doing exactly what

nal over nations with effective authority to enforce its decrees, as the ordinary

the Alabama case, know that arbitration was accepted because two nations were afraid of each other: "one afraid, and

The above has been accomplished by a loan of five thousand dollars (the school has no other debt), and by using four thousand dollars of school money needed for other purposes.

This undertaking is justified by constant appeals from destitute Negro youth to work out an education; by the needs of the Indians, and by good business prospects.

Five nine thousand dollars already need should be at once paid up, and the balance of the Fifteen Thousand Dollars asked for, be put into new machinery, tools and outfit, steam power being abundant. The number of worthy students can then be doubled.

The completion of the Hampton Industrial Work is regarded as a most pressing need, in view of the condition of the races for whom we are working.

With its five hundred acres of fine land, a good barn, stock, and general outfit, the Agricultural part of this school is established, and is most satisfactory and effective, employing over fifty students. The Mechanical department should be at once created. The peculiar and difficult feature of the Institute, *Education of the Hand*, would then be more fully realized, and its power for good greatly increased.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, PRINCIPAL.
J. F. B. MARSHALL, TREASURER.

THE Thirteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund presents on the whole an encouraging view of the progress of education in the South, especially in the States in which it would perhaps be least expected. In South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana, as well as in Tennessee, West Virginia and Florida, public interest is waking up, common school attendance and efficiency have increased, and opposition to the system is reported "dying out." On the other hand, some of the more advanced States show a falling off. While, in South Carolina, 57 per cent. of the voting population cannot read the ballots they cast, in North Carolina and Virginia also, the school attendance numbers less than half the children of the State. In North Carolina it is difficult to induce young men of character and talent to devote themselves to teaching, salaries being uncertain, and scarcely more than the wages of a common laborer.

In Virginia, in the colored schools, there has been this year a falling off of 3,271 compared with the previous year. Over $250,000 of the school money has been diverted to other purposes, but three-fourths of the appropriations are secured for the future.

In presenting the report, Dr. Sears, the general agent, urges the necessity of aid from the Government to this and other States laboring under heavy pressure of debts, and suggests the special claim of the colored population who, having been given the right of suffrage, should be qualified by education to use it judiciously. He thinks that the free school system is now so thoroughly established that the appropriations of the Peabody Fund should be henceforth directed chiefly to the encouragement of the Normal schools for the training of teachers, and remarks that much good has been accomplished for the colored schools by such institutions, one association having already sent out from its numerous institutions, 5,627 teachers by whom about 100,000 pupils have been instructed. The shrinkage of of investments, bringing down the income of the Fund from $100,000 to $83,000 makes its judicious appropriation the more important, and gives the greater weight to Dr. Sears's advice. Some of the States are anxiously asking for Normal schools of their own, meanwhile sending what students they can to those of other States.

The State Superintendent of South Carolina says. "The agent of the Peabody Fund has placed at my disposal, ten fifty-dollar scholarships in the Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va. A visit to this Institute and observation of the manner in which it is conducted convince me that it is doing exactly what it professes to do."

These scholarships are represented in Hampton by ten students selected by Capt. Thompson himself, the State Superintendent, who promise well to swell the number of Hampton graduate teachers.

We may supplement the above report by saying that the Virginia schools are looking up. Schools closed last year are reopening with a promise of longer sessions and surer pay. There is a greater demand for teachers, and while twenty-one of the class of '78 were obliged to find other employment than teaching, there are schools this year for all. The importance of this difference will be appreciated by all thinking minds. Up to 1878, out of two hundred and twenty-two graduates of Hampton, but seventeen had failed to devote themselves to teaching. Over 30,000 children had come under their instruction, a leverage for good upon this the rising generation whose advantage can hardly be overestimated, and whose loss would be most disastrous. As Dr. Sears well remarks, "The evils that are certain to grow out of popular ignorance, if the public schools are suffered to languish, or if they reach only a part of the population, will not be limited to the States where they first appear but will cast their blight over the whole country."

ANGLO SAXON BRUTALITY.

The Anglo Saxon people always think the better of Napoleon, because he said, "If you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar." This Anglo Saxon, of all races, is the most tender hearted, humane and sympathetic, so long as its own interests and prejudices are not touched. When it looks upon the banishment to Siberia and the sharp, swift punishment for nihilism, it becomes solemn and gives thanks that it is not Russian. Scratch the Anglo Saxon in the right place, and he, too, is a Tartar. This race, in the pursuit of its own advantages, or when it deems itself injured or insulted, is as brutal, obstinate, unjust, warlike and inhuman as any of the savage races of the world. It does its revengeful work more thoroughly.

This is a bold statement. A recital of its history is the only necessary and all-sufficient argument. It has been said, "no wonder the Anglo Saxons are brutes. They are the issue of Scandinavian pirates, Norman adventurers, and rough savages of Briton." The mingling of this blood makes a "blood and iron" nature. The history of the American nation dates from the landing at Jamestown in 1604. The English settlers found the soil in lawful occupation of the Indians. Then commenced that series of brutal outrages upon the weaker race, inaugurated by shooting the Indians to get their corn, continued through two and a half centuries of broken treaties, and national dishonor, down to the present moment when the pulpit and press are beginning to wake up to the crime of the Republic.

As to the Negro race, the Anglo Saxon in America, has not only shown all the ferocious traits of the blood and iron character, but for a hundred years incorporated in the ground work of his civil policy, in the Constitution of the United States, the right to hold human beings in bondage. The savages of Australia, the Czars of Russia could not have shown more selfishness. Though bondage was abolished a few years ago, the words of President Lincoln show that the Anglo Saxon race was looking out for itself. "If I can preserve the Union without abolishing slavery I shall do so. If I cannot preserve the Union, without abolishing slavery, then I shall abolish it." It was not Lincoln speaking for himself. He held his finger on the "pulse of the people," and spoke for them only. The abolition of slavery was a "war measure," intended in the first instance by the Anglo Saxon for his own benefit. He was not unwilling, of course, that incidental good should come of it. Though bondage is ended, does this great and proud race still do justice? Does not every one know, that if there were a supreme tribunal over nations with effective authority to enforce its decrees, as the ordinary courts of law enforce their decrees, and the Negro entered that court and demanded damages for the loss of his labor for a hundred years, the judgment of the court would go against the Anglo Saxon, Northerner and Southerner alike, for some thousands of millions of dollars? Of course such a proceeding is now utterly impracticable, and it would be folly for the Negro to dwell upon the idea. But we are discussing the traits of a race, and it does that race no harm to hold this looking glass up to its face, sometimes.

During the last session of Congress, both houses, the representatives of the same great Anglo Saxon race, passed a law which trampled a treaty under foot, and forbade the Chinaman from doing just what the Anglo Saxon likes to do, settle wherever there is land and trade. The Anglo Saxon race battered open the gates of China with shot and shell, because it would not trade. Now that the Chinese are doing just what they were forced to do, and in doing so have got the best of the Anglo Saxon, they are treated with sheer brutality.

Now cross the sea and look at the British Anglo Saxon. He shows lustily enough the blood and iron traits.

He holds India as a conqueror, and holds his power by the title of power and sword. An English writer has just said, "the rule we have set up in India belongs to the worst order of despotism, and we have failed even in that." For himself, for his own right to liberty and property, the Englishman pledges his life and fortune. When it comes to the Hindoo, he pledges the same life and fortune to hold him in a despotic grip. And *Punch* makes an angry English woman speak thus concerning the Afghans:

"How dare they dispute what we said,
Or how dare they resist what we did?
The whole duty of scum such as they,
Is to do as we Britishers bid.

To snivel of mercy is muck,
And to talk about reason is rot,
We must down on 'em like a tornado
And drop on 'em heavy and hot.

Shall one thought of the faith we profess,
Cause the heel of vengeance to halt?
No! Slaughter the murderous horde,
Sow the site of their city with salt!"

Perhaps it is "best" that the Hindoo be so ruled. Would it not be equally "best" if some of our cities were ruled in that way? Will the Anglo Saxon accept for himself the principle which he puts before others? Of course not. In the supreme tribunal of which we have spoken does any one suppose there would be a decree in favor of the British? The plea that "I can rule you better than you can rule yourselves," would hardly be accepted.

Some years ago, with blood and iron, the British forced upon the Chinese the opium product of England. It returns a revenue of nearly forty millions of dollars per annum. It kills the Chinese. Their rulers have said so, and protested against it. Time and again true Englishmen have denounced the injustice of it. The object in forcing this trade upon the Chinese was gain. In a very recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the question was asked, "Do these philanthropists know what the effect of the loss of the opium revenue would be on our Indian finances?"

The Anglo Saxon does not hesitate to poison myriads of people, provided there is money in it. Here is not simple profit: It is death to a people. Only when the Chinese nation, equipped with breech-loaders and iron-clads, and with trained sailors and soldiers, asks justice of the Anglo Saxon at the mouth of the cannon, will they get it. The terrible Maori war in New Zealand was brought on by British injustice to the natives. No intelligent Englishman denies it. So far, the Anglo Saxon, as a race, knows nothing of the golden rule. It will deal fairly with people as powerful as itself. Under such circumstances, it has a sweet and amiable disposition. Even between the two branches of the race there is displayed towards each other the same ferocious traits. Those who have studied the history of the Alabama case, know that arbitration was accepted because two nations were afraid of each other; "one afraid, and t'other dare'nt." Had not Lincoln and Seward given up Mason and Slidell, the two nations would have flown at each other's throats, in spite of civil war. When we shall hear of the Anglo Saxon race offering to leave out to arbitration, questions at issue with other nations which may be easily conquered, we shall really believe that there is a modification of the blood and iron traits.

There is, however, another side to the question. The strong feature of of Anglo Saxon civilization is the individual life. While the average national life may be low in quality, owing to the large majority of inferior and ignorant people who make it up, there is still a strong and wonderful growth in individual character. With education, and culture, this wise and healthy growth of individual qualities will, in time, control the nation. There never was an injustice done by the nation that did not meet with a prompt protest from sober, thinking men and women. They were and are in a minority still. What can a hundred intelligent, humane people do against a majority of a thousand unthinking voters? Right growth changes all, and as the years go by, out of the ranks of the thousand illiterate step one by one the reconstructed. In the end the hundred will hold the majority. In founding nations, in building cities, in recovering the wilderness, in grappling with obstacles, in consolidating institutions, the aggressive traits of this race have been of great and splendid use. Now that it has settled itself, marked off its geographical claims, done its rough work, made itself supreme, and perhaps spent its brutality, there are indications of a rapid development in the qualities of generosity and humanity. The great strength of the blood and iron traits will be transformed into nobler attributes, which will make it the most powerful and just race of the earth. The time will come when justice will be the law of the world, and the Anglo Saxon, the strongest race of all, will be its minister and high priest. W. N. A.

THE UTE WAR.

Another Indian war has swept our frontier, adding what it could to the one hundred and eighty-one millions which the Government has already spent upon the Indian establishment, the long list of bloody massacres and gallant lives wasted, and the aggregate of cullen hatred and defiance in savage breasts. The "causes" attributed are, as usual, suspicion and resentment engendered by old wrongs and new invasions of their territory, and distrust of their best friend because he promised more than he could perform.

It is not very flattering to modern progress to confess that a civilized nation of forty millions cannot manage three hundred thousand barbarians in the midst of it.

The trouble seems to be that as some people have just enough religion to make them miserable without reforming them, so we have just enough civilization to make us weak, as far as the Indians are concerned. Our conscience will not quite allow us to hew them all to pieces with the sword and dash their little ones against the stones, as the children of Israel settled the Canaanite question, but we are not good enough, or wise enough yet, to treat them with uniform justice and humanity. The consequence is that in a hundred years we have not been able to impress them with fear or trust.

When a man like General Crook, no sentimentalist, or enthusiast, but the best Indian fighter on the plains, declares "The hardest thing about Indian warfare is to be forced to fight and kill the Indians when I know that they are clearly in the right," it is time for those who stay at home and make up public sentiment to consider that the Indian question may have more than one side, and a claim to serious and vigorous thought. General Crook's letter to Mr. Tibbles, the Omaha editor who called attention to the wrongs of the Poncas, may well be studied by such. For more than a quarter of a cen-

tury, and in more than twenty-five tribes, General Cook has studied Indian character in close contact, in peace and war. His judgment comes with weight when he declares, that the red men act under the same impulses and reasoning as white men, and when he asserts "without hesitation" that they have adhered to treaty stipulations, all progress seems but the day-break of a coming higher civilization. J. C. B.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

THE review of the North Atlantic Squadron and training ships in the Hampton Roads, by the Secretary of the Navy and Admiral Porter, was a most interesting event. The Secretary's address of welcome to the officers and men of the squadron, and the response of Admiral Porter, were both happy and appropriate. The Secretary's address was as follows:

"Admiral Porter and Officers and Men of the North Atlantic Squadron:

"I am glad to welcome you to Hampton Roads, and to the Chesapeake Bay, which has been the scene of so many naval victories. I am glad to see you in such fine condition, and to know that you are so well disciplined. I am glad to see the training ships here, and to know that the boys on board of them are receiving such excellent instruction. I am glad to see the Marine Corps here, and to know that they are so well drilled. I am glad to see the Naval Academy here, and to know that the midshipmen are receiving such a thorough education. I am glad to see the Naval Apprentices here, and to know that they are so well trained. I am glad to see the Naval Militia here, and to know that they are so well organized. I am glad to see the Naval Reserve here, and to know that they are so well prepared. I am glad to see the Naval Academy here, and to know that the midshipmen are receiving such a thorough education. I am glad to see the Naval Apprentices here, and to know that they are so well trained. I am glad to see the Naval Militia here, and to know that they are so well organized. I am glad to see the Naval Reserve here, and to know that they are so well prepared."

The representatives of the other States made friendly speeches. The French citizens of America were represented by Prof. Charlier, of New York, and Major Beamish, an English officer, made an amusing and cordial address on the part of the Mother country.

A barbacue on the lawn in front of the Net-

tury, and in more than twenty-five tribes, General Cook has studied Indian character in close contact, in peace and war. His judgment comes with weight when he declares, that the red men act under the same impulses and reasoning as white men, and when he asserts "without hesitation" that they have adhered to treaty stipulations more closely than the white man has ever done. He declares that the leading chiefs clearly see that they can no longer depend on game for support, and are anxious to obtain cattle, seeds, and implements, and to have their children educated. But they have learned to distrust all promises and treaties; they have learned that our policy is to starve and abandon them when they are at peace with us, and only to coax and make concessions, when they take to the war-path. Worst of all, they have absolutely no protection under our laws.

In the last year, the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail bands of Sioux, whose head men General Crook knows intimately and believes to be honestly anxious for peace, have been robbed of over 1,000 ponies by organized companies of horse thieves, and the law gives them no redress. Under the *Posse Comitatus* act, the military arm of the Government is paralyzed to aid them and cannot, as General Crook understands the law, seize Indian property in the hands of well-known thieves.

We ought to have learned by this time that we cannot trust our human nature with the rights of others. We must give them the right to protect their own.

This is General Crook's most forcible conclusion; that "the true, the only policy to pursue with the Indian is to treat him just as one should a white man," if he breaks the law punish him, but if he keeps it, give him its protection. Let him see that peace means progress, that he has a market for every pound of beef and sack of grain, and, General Crook's word for it, he will make rapid advances. Self interest will compel him to imitate us, to send his children to school and eventually qualify himself for citizenship.

That the Government is roused to a consideration of this view of the question, as indicated by its recent encouragement of the efforts for practical Indian civilization at Hampton and Carlisle, is a fact of great significance, and all the more because Government never leads but follows public sentiment. And for this reason, it is only fitting also that its action should be supplemented and encouraged by the people. The results of such efforts are incalculable.

We hope to have regular reports from Carlisle to lay before our readers. Thus far, we can only say that Capt. Pratt returned from Dakota with about 80 boys and girls for his school, and left almost immediately for Indian Territory to bring back those who had been collected for him by E-tah-dle-uh, the Kiowa young man whose "talk" at the last Hampton anniversary excited so much interest. All the St. Augustine young men but two, who remain at Hampton, have gone to Carlisle to strengthen the hands of Capt. Pratt, and form a nucleus of civilization and and English speech for the new school

Concerning E-tah-dle-uh's work in Indian Territory, a lady teacher from there writes:

"We had quite a surprise last 5th day evening. John Richards (our acting Agent) brought over a young man named E-tah-dla-uh; he is from Hampton and has come to get some children from here. I was very interested hearing about Hampton; he looked well and behaved very nicely. I was present at a council the Indians had the day after he got here. It was quite affecting to see some of the women embrace him. I suppose they were all related to him. At one time I noticed tears in his eyes. He tells us "he likes to be at Hampton." Captain Pratt is to meet him in Wichita, Kansas. Capt. Pratt has been to Dakota to get children. E-tah-dle-uh has persuaded *twenty-five* to go with him, and I hope several from the Agency will go too.

I hope we shall see him again before he leaves."

A SOUTHERN TRIBUTE TO THE COLORED TROOPS.

The gallant rescue of Lieut. Payne and his party from the Utes by Company D, Ninth Calvary of colored troops, under Capt. Dodge and Lieut. Hughes, has justly roused the admiration of the whole country, while it can have surprised no one who, during the war, commanded colored troops, or watched their record, which abundantly proved them capable of soldierly discipline and soldierly heroism. This latest gallant achievement is thus handsomely acknowledged by a Southern paper, the Norfolk *Virginian*, under the heading, "A Gallant Defense and a Noble Rescue, All Honor to the Colored Troops." Remarking that Lieut. Payne is a Virginian, and describing the terrible situation in which he found himself with his command—all their horses lost—surrounded by hostile Indians—the *Virginian* enthusiastically says of his rescuers:

"The conduct of these colored troops is beyond all praise and reflects the greatest credit on the officers and men engaged. With forty-five men, Capt. Dodge made a forced march of thirty-five miles to succor Lieut. Payne, and in the face of five hundred Indians these gallant colored troops joined Lieut. Payne and linked their fortunes to those of the beleaguered garrison. This is an exploit in military history which deserves the notice and applause of all who admire noble deeds, and we do not hesitate to say that not since the war, and rarely during the war, has equal heroism been displayed."

MUST HIS PAST KEEP THE NEGRO DOWN?

BY A HAMPTON GRADUATE.

I believe that every man moulds his own future; it is what he makes it, not his ancestry. Past circumstances make it easier or more difficult, but they do not make it impossible for any people to rise. I don't believe in fate, but in ever-present pluck; let the dead take care of its dead. We must look out for ourselves; the tombstone memorials for the dead, are no reputation for the living. We are fighting the grandest battle of history and our triumph will make it most glorious.

If we are making great strides in the line of development, it is because the result of past centuries of progress of other races is benefitting us as much as them. In these days of trade, travel, and Christian civilization, there can be no slow progress from the Dark Ages. We are not to begin where others began, but to start and go on with them from where they are. Letters, printing-presses and the telegraph are not to be invented by us, they are ready for our use.

We are situated far differently from the barbarians of Northern Europe; remote from all civilization, their development was slow, there was not the stimulating influence of a civilized people among them; as they knew but little of any progress made by others, they were encouraged by every successful effort, however small the result, and were not disheartened by any unfavorable comparison of races; every achievement was weighed in the scales of their own past and present. Although there existed a semi-civilization in the East, its sun traveled very slowly towards the West.

But we are surrounded by the light of a great civilization; on all sides there is a tremendous force pressing upon us, yet urging us on; every one must act as though the whole race question depended upon himself; as spurs make a slow horse go faster, we trust that the hard sayings concerning us may incite us to greater effort. We have slept for more than twenty centuries and have awakened to grapple with this immense power.

Nation after nation in the past, has gone up the historic double-step-ladder on one side and down it on the other, and if time continues, what is true of the past will probably be true of the future. However, a nation is but a part of the race. Every race has its stages of development; there seems to be no topmost step beyond which it is impossible to go; there will always be heights above, and although we may faint and fall back for a time, a motive within and a force without will stimulate and urge us on; we will struggle for the above, until time shall be no more.

Our first efforts are unjustly compared with the crowning results of the day. Who would think of comparing Egypt's Hieroglyphics with Raphael's Cartoons, yet each is perfect of its kind but represents a different stage of civilization. After a twelve years' struggle, we are told that we have done nothing and can do nothing, because of our mental inferiority. Compared with the achievements of the Anglo-Saxons, the result of our effort is obscure; but compared, as it should be, with our condition twelve years ago, the advance is clear and the future looks very promising. The leaven of progress has not permeated the mass of the colored race. Twelve years are not sufficient to raise so large a lump, or to prove its quality or capacity; it must have more time. The enfranchisement and development of the negro will be one of the boasts of the Nineteenth Century.

The Anglo-Saxons have been more than two thousand years reaping the harvest for our use as well as theirs; so now we go on together; the ignorant of to-day may become the parents of the scholars of the next generation. When we look at the centuries before us, all progress seems but the day-break of a coming higher civilization.

J. C. R.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

The review of the North Atlantic Squadron and training ships in the Hampton Roads, by the Secretary of the Navy and staff, October 13th and 14th, was an interesting and beautiful scene from ship's deck or shore. Among the fleet were several famous vessels: the *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," her "tattered ensign" replaced by bright new colors, but keeping enough of her old timbers to preserve her identity and glory of 1812; the *Kearsage*, of Alabama fame; the *Minnesota*, flag-ship of the squadron in these very waters during the encounter between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*; the present flag-ship, *Powhatan*, flag-ship of our flying squadron during the war. The *Tallapoosa*, the Secretary's vessel, was a captured blockade runner.

The first day's review was conducted on board the ships, each of which was inspected and went, through the forms of repelling an attack with guns and torpedoes, abandoning a sinking vessel, &c. Prizes were awarded to the boys of the training ships, one young fellow on the *Minnesota*, Thomas M. Johnston, of New York City, carrying off three, including the highest.

We hope to be able soon to give our readers a full account of this very interesting and useful branch of the service that is preparing educated seamen for our navy. The second day the review was conducted on shore, in Fort Monroe. The landing of the several brigades, 1,000 strong, in small boats, in one bold dash, as if making simultaneous attack upon a hostile shore, made a picture under the brilliant sunshine that will not be forgotten by the throngs who witnessed it.

INAUGURAL CELEBRATION AT YORKTOWN.

The celebration at Yorktown, October 23d, of the 98th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis was a great success, and will accomplish what was designed in preparing public sentiment for the grander centennial celebration in 1881.

The weather was perfect. On the broad expanse of the river before the town, lay five vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, dressed with flags streaming gaily in the sunshine; while crowded excursion boats steamed about, bringing military companies in full uniform, and throngs of visitors from Norfolk, Hampton, Old Point, Richmond, and Washington. It is estimated that 10,000 persons were present. The Governors of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina sent representatives. Admiral Wyman and General Getty and other gallant officers represented the army and navy, and many other distinguished guests were present.

A National Salute at noon from the flag-ship *Powhatan* announced the landing of Governor Holliday and his staff, and representatives of the States, who were welcomed by Hon. R. H. Power, president of the Yorktown Centennial Committee, and escorted by the army and marine corps to the speakers' stand in the great common near the General Nelson mansion.

Eloquent speeches were made by Dr. Power, Governor Holliday, and the orators of the day, General Taliaferro, of Gloucester Co., and Capt. James Barron Hope, of Norfolk. Many liberal and patriotic sentiments were expressed. In the course of his interesting address, Captain Hope made pleasant allusion to Hampton Normal School, hoping that the introduction of slavery into Virginia, as a temporary aid to one race, but a grave affliction to the other, might, through God's blessing, work at last a blessing to both, and "glad to know that to the attainment of this result, Virginia lende her best endeavors, through her free schools and her contributions to the admirable institution planted at Hampton." Captain Hope made a suggestion, received with great applause, that the people of America should restore William and Mary College to its ancient glory, and Hon. John Goode seconded his suggestion by a series of resolutions recommending the appointment of a committee to collect funds for the purpose.

The representatives of the other States made friendly speeches. The French citizens of America were represented by Prof. Charlier, of New York, and Major Beamish, an English officer, made an amusing and cordial address on the part of the Mother country.

A barbacue on the lawn in front of the Nelson house put a characteristic finale to this occasion.

MORE INDIANS!

Just as we are going to press a party of six Indian boys has arrived, as follows:

James Murie and Jonathan Hcustice, Pawnees from the Indian Territory, the latter pure blood; the father of the former is a Frenchman. Charlie Soman and Michael Oshkcnaniew, pure blood Menemone Indians from Wisconsin; two more are expected soon from the same tribe. These four talk English quite well, have attended school at home and, like the Absentee Shawnees, will find in the two lower classes of the Institute just the grade they need. They will not enter the regular Indian class. The Hampton school seems peculiarly adapted to Indians who have exhausted home opportunities for education, whose qualities and capacities have been proved, and who, with a three years' course of plain book knowledge and industrial training, will be likely to be useful among their people. At least two of to-day's arrivals are here at private expense and funds for their education are yet to be raised.

With the same party came White Breast and Ashley, former Indian students here. The former, with twelve others, passed his summer in Berkshire Co., Mass., with a farmer, and appears much improved in strength as well as in English; the latter has returned from a visit to Dakota. Both were heartily welcomed.

A note from Miss S. A. Mather, who accompanied Captain Pratt on his western tour to secure Indian pupils for the school at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., which now numbers 180, mentions the many trials and hardships of the work.

The coolness, decision and marvelous sagacity of Captain Pratt are at the bottom of this new movement for educating Indians in the East.

We hope to give some account each month of Captain Pratt's School.

Dr. Blyden, the distinguished African who was educated in Liberia, and afterward became the Secretary of State in that settlement, and who is now its minister to Great Britain, has been cordially received in England. On one occasion he, King George of Bonny, Bishop Holby and Mr. J. H. Smyth, all of pure African blood, were asked by the Dean of Westminster to meet a distinguished party at dinner, who treated them as "men and brothers." The Athenæum Club has made Dr. Blyden an honorary member. He writes very well and has contributed to *Fraser*.

DIED, in York Co., Va., October 1st, after a brief illness, Willie C. M. Morse, aged two years, four months and seventeen days, beloved son of Mrs. Lucie E. Morse and nephew of Mr. Major Wright, both formerly students at Hampton Normal School. "And Jesus called a little child unto Him."

DIED, at Lee, Mass., October 6th, from the effects of an old injury, Tsadletsh, one of the St. Augustine band of Indians, a Kiowa. A fall from his pony which trod upon him, years ago on the plains, had occasioned an injury to his lungs, and recurring hemorrhage. He had seemed to improve last year at Hampton, but the fatal result was supposed to be but a question of time. He was kindly nursed at the house of Mr. Alexander Hyde, and buried among the graves of his household.

DIED, at Crow Creek Agency, Dakota Ty., in October, Charley Stone, aged fifteen years, grandson of Bone Necklace, Chief of Yanktonese Sioux. Charley, like Tsadletsh, was classified by the examining physician, on his arrival at Hampton, among the six who showed signs of chronic organic disease. Although he had gained decidedly in appearance during the summer at Shellbanks, it was thought safest to send him home when Capt. Pratt went back to Dakota last month. His death there, ths agent writes, occurred very soon and suddenly; but it was a comfort to his friends to have him at home.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

We have one more scholarship letter on hand, giving a general record of a

ceriulg the progress of thair children. Their reasons for giving it to them was that it made them strong, able to stand cold. I succeeded in stopping them giving it to their children.

THE CONDITION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

The largest portion of the colored people are renters, some have come in possession of comfortable homes and are getting along very

heart than any words of mine. I feel their sentiment. It begins, "When all Thy mercies, O my God," &c. I know of no equal number of words that move as well outside of the Bible. Pray for me and for my people.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

We have one more scholarship letter on hand, giving a general record of a graduates experience since leaving school, and a graphic picture of a dark corner of the South in exciting times, in South Carolina.

———, S. C. *September*, 1879.

Dear Sir:—Thinking it probable that you would like again to hear of my work down here, calls forth this communication. Soon after reaching my home in June, '76, I went to ———, S. C., and was there thrown among a populace, who, it seemed, dreamed not of goodness nor felt willing to tolerate "Negro Education;" not that there was a settled conviction on their part that it should not be dons, hnt a trying experience had tanght them that his education coupled with his "Right of Suffrage," made the Negro doubly powerful; for every man who could blunder over a newspaper wanted to be *Road* Commissioner any way; or, if he could write, and many who could not, aspired to Legislative honors. The more intelligent, with some honorable exceptions, were satisfied to be tools for Northern sharpers who came down "to do what they could for the poor colored people'—they "felt it duty." At that time when prejudice was rife, their honds removed and they left like sheep without a shepherd, it was quite easy for those pseudo-apostles of Father Abraham to mount the rostrum, and "With their white, pleading faces turned upward," proclaim that the bottom rail was on top. Their success in winniug their hearts and minds, and the result we know. They established a University and did many other things which looked like advancement, but failed to establish good common schools—they were neglected. Had they been let alone, the better classes of both races would doubtless have been ruling to-day, and the government would have been managed in a manner satisfactory to all. Being thrown among such a people at such a time, efforts to make myself one of their number with the avowed purpose of teaching the young minds how to shoot, it was doubted whether or not that was my true motive. They said, I was a liar—that I had just come out of a Northern college and would not content myself to sit down and teach thirty or forty children at $1 per month each, when those who could present no more of a comparison to me than I could to John C. Calboun, were making from 12 to $1500 a year with a certainty of it being paid. In consideration of the above *supposed* facts, I was informed that it was best for me to make my tracks cold about there. Being slow about quitting, I was waited upon by three of the more friendly and less suspicious who said I had better close school and get away, as preparations were being made to take my tongue. I obeyed upon the assumption that, "A word to the wise is sufficient." This happened soon after the Hamburg Massacre. I have since found, that I was somewhat at fault (though I donbt it), for I was non-communicative, said nothing much to any one, but wanted my actions, self-carriage, to do that which words only could do among those people. I got papers from the office on Saturday (when the gentry loll arouud to hear the news and indulge) and it questioned, would reply that duties of the school so used up my time that I could give politics no thought. When questioned by the colored on the subject, would speak of education, or read and explain a portion of scripture, so they could *hear* of nothing said to them on politics. My whole self was a mystery to them; therefore they were fully persuaded that I had come a secret spy. I went to———and taught till tho Spring of '77, when I went back. Tho Wade Hampton March being at an end, the whites were busy striving to re-establish harmony between themselves and the blacks; were telling them fanciful stories about Liberia in order to dissuade them against "Gwine to Liberia." Whether it was, that they thought I would be instrumental in re-establishing that principle of locativeness which characterizes the race, or that having gained possession of the reins of government, they feared that I could present a formidahlo opposition to them politically, that I was returned with welcomo, I cannot tell. I taught four months with tolorahle success, as I noted improvement in my pupils. The majority of the whites at———are land-poor—the soil is of clay, with here and there loam with a subsoil of clay. Cotton is late opening on such soil and many hands must be employed to gather the crops. Every man plants as much as his horse-power will allow him; there a class of day lahorers are spread through the country, who have no farms of their own, depending upon such jobs, which are aliko unprofitable to employor and employed. Both races are a set of gourmands, whiskey drinkers, tobacco users. Their ministers will preach a sermon for you, take you home with them and set the decanter before you. They go to town, come back, and as soon as they reach the settlement, are met by the settlement folks who inquire about the price of cotton, the news, and lastly but all important "You got any eye water?" Ho has a jug for them, sometimes well watered, and one in reserve for the family—every one being treated to a glass, from the granny down to tho hahy. Whon my landlord went and returned was the time for interested parents to call and inquire concernlug the progress of their children. Their reasons for giving it to them was that it made them strong, able to stand cold. I succeeded in stopping them giving it to their children. There was but one Bible in the settlement among the colored. I went to———, stated their needs and got 25 or 30; they then needed readers. I left there and taught two months in another portion of their county where I found a very different set of people; many of the whites were well educated and appreciated intelligence wherever found, if under a black skin. The colored there eat more and dress less than in———. Many families are striving to accumulate property, therefere the women spin and weave all the clothing worn, make all they eat, and only buy sugar and coffee. They keep continually an open account with their stomachs, taking only a piece of bread before going to their fields in the morning, and the sun always rises upon them there. They are advancing despite the high rent paid by them. They either furnish or are furnished with horse power, pay a portion of crop for rent, hy a valuation of which, I found they paid from $4.20 to $5.50 a year for rent of land valued on the auditor's books at from $5 to $10 an acre. Some there, in order to pay for land, would boil the pot to-day, eat the cabbage and bread for dioner, take bread and pot liquor for supper, bread for breakfast the next morning and save the meat for dinner—sometimes boil it with peas. There are many of that kind if they could get land sold them on time.

I'll now take you down to my next school, begun 15 May, '78. This was in the river swamp of———Co., on a rice plantation where civilization is much wanted and letters needed to be taught. I cannot tire you with a long account of those people their peculiar ideas of the Godhead, &c. I arrived at 10 A. M., carpet-bag in hand, walked seven miles to see the Trustees, four miles back to the people at———. It haviog rained in the morning they had not gone out to work. I called them together, addressed them, after which they had a conference with me in their midst, which was unintelligible to me. Caught a few words—"Him talk well—city geman—we no hah nuffin fur suit um." Finding that something to eat, was the only thing which caused them to parley, I told them I could put up with anything, they agreed to open school. I bought some yeast powder and taught the old lady how to make decent biscuit, tea-cakes &c., how to put the ahundance of fruit they were blessed with to a good use and how to iron a shirt bosom—thanks to my mother for the knowledge. After giving them as great a push as my time there would allow, I was engaged in the Aiken school in Oct., 1878, where I taught up to the present. This is a school established hy Miss Martha Schofield, of Darby, Penn., a most estimable lady, who has done a work among the colored people of this place which will ever gain for her their respect and admiration. After having nearly worn herself out teaching a common school, she is about to establish a school on the Hampton plan for which three hundred acres of land have already been bought. She is assisted by W. Rodenbach, a graduate of the college of the city of New York, an untiring, earnest worker who has been laboring with her since '73.

I could fill as many more sheets about———and have said nothing of the other places, but will not tire you more. You see there is work for us to do, and that there is an immediate need for an educated ministry; for the preachers wield an influence second to none in extent. The old heads are wholly governed by their ministers, the children hy their teachers. The only trouble we have is the parents rely so firmly upon the correctness of their ministers, that to be successful we must cater some to that worthy personage and not oppose him openly—in other words, "Wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

Very repectfully yours,

D.

WHAT HE THINKS NOW.

"Comparisons are odious," and there may be a little touch of human nature in the writer's enjoyment of his discovery that common-sense and thoroughness must finally triumph over superficial show. It is a discovery that many make.

———, *Oct.* 19*th*, 1879.

Dear General:

I commenced teaching, Sept. 8th with 18 pupils; now I have fifty-four on roll, which gives an average of forty-five daily. We have had some very highly educated colored teachers in this county. They could speak Latin and Greek as well as the Hampton students can English, but had very little common sense. I believe it is a very good plan to have the head well stored with Greek and Latin, providing that you have a plenty of common sense in the lower story. The whites of this vicinity compliment tho Hampton school as being the only Institution (of the many in the Union) that sends forth coussecrated teachers. The County Superintendent has given me permission to try Col. Parker's method of teaching. I have tried it for nearly two months and think it much better than the old way. I find by associating the objects with the words gives them more energy and teaches them how to think upon what they see.

THE CONDITION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

The larger portion of the colored people are renters, some have come in possession of comfortable homes and are getting along very well. A good many think that liberty consists in the little brown jug (as they call it) and tha good whiskey. If I could get them to stop drinking and dressing so fine, they would soon be able to purchase homes. I am identified with my people, and it is my determination to strive and do all tha good I can in bettering their condition. If the colored people had enough education to make them law-abiding citizens they would not have so much trouble. For fear that you are getting tired of my story I will close.

Your old pupil, ———.

P. S. I do not want you to think that I am a repndiator. I shall be able to settle with the school before long. Please send the *American Agrieulturist* and ehlige.

THE young man who gives the following account of his post graduate studies is taking up Latin and Greek in the right spirit and way, after having secured a solid foundation of English and a preparation for actual needs and work of life. Such preparation Hampton is pledged to give its students. This secured, any man black or white has a right to extend his studies in any direction consistent with his means and duties. The wisdom of his selection will depend upon circumstances and be discovered by experience. A Hampton graduate who has done as noble work as any of his fellows, and pursued a more thorough classical course perhaps than any of them, since leaving Hampton, remarked recently to the Principal—"I have learned the wisdom of the Hampton ideas of practical edueation. I fiad that my Latin and Greek do not give me the advantage I thought they would, and I wish I had spent the same time in study bearing more directly on my work."

———, VA. *May* 4*th*, 1879.

My dear friend:

I appreciate your words in respect to my duty to and the obligations which I am under to the Lord. You were informed I have no doubt, by my instructor relative to my studying. He is of the Friends, as yourself, and is a man of remarkable ahility. The cashier of the leading hank here was educated by him. I began the 24th of September to study the Latin language, and used Andrews' Latin Lesson, which I finished the 29th of January. I afterward took up Cæsar, and will finish the 2d book in a week or better. I would have finished the 2d book before this time hut Mr. ——— was sick, nearly three weeks, in March. In Greek I am giving attontion to irregular verbs. I like the study of languages very much. The desire of a liberal education, dates back to my boyhood. I may never obtain it but I mean to try. I don't think I could employ my afternooos better than in studying. As a rule, in communities of this size, the teacher is the only person of any intelligence, among the colored people. He cannot as a rule have a great deal of solid enjoyment after his day's work, unless he does read and study. While I could do without Latin and Greek as a common school teacher, my studying is having a good effect upon the colored ministers here. One who could not parse a single sentence, he it ever so simple, but thought he knew a great deal, has studied long enough to gain a very fair knowledge of the elements of English Grammar. Another, equally as deficient, as the one just mentioned when he began, will begin Monday. The colored ministers are learning that to be able to read, write, and talk a little, is not education. Every year confirms my opinion and supports my experience, that until the standard of intelligence in the pulpit is raised very much higher the work of the teacher will fall far short of what it might be. I have not given up my long cherished hope of attending school at Oberlin yet. I am young yet, just a little over twenty-four. In respect to a high school here, there may be a day when such a school will be needed, but not at present. It would not be appreciated, if we could obtain it. In some respects this is the hardest place I ever visited or worked in. There are a very few here who have any respect for progress. Only a few of their former teachers stayed here two years. One must yield to the caprices of popular notions if he desire influence of a low type among a very low class. I am trying to organize a Lodge of Good Templars here. I held a meeting, on Wednesday night, the 1st. Only thirty or forty were present to the meeting, though we have three colored churches here. I admit that I had those who represeot the best intelligence and moral qualities in the place. "Intellectual gain would be a poor compensation for spiritual loss;" such a loss I trust I shall never suffer, for I realize more and more each day the worth of holy living to myself and mankiod. That most beautiful hymn of Addison's, which is my favorite, will more fitly express the deep and fixed purpose of my heart than any words of mine. I feel their sentiment. It begins, "When all Thy mercies, O my God," &c. I know of no equal number of words that I love as well outside of the Bible. Pray for me and for my people.

Your most sincere friend,

S.

THE following letter, from one of the older and most careful observers in the corps of graduate observers, points to a principal cause of Negro Exodus and the only remedy for it: such practical education in agriculture and the laws of property as shall enable the people to improve their homes and keep them after they get them.

———, VA., *Sept.* 10*th*, 1879.

Dear General:

Your letter is at hand. I was glad to hear from you. With reluctance I write according to your request.

It is painful to say that the condition of the poor farmers in this vicinity is quite deplorable; especially that of the colored. Very few of the whites about here rent land; most of them work their own little farms, upon which they make a scanty living. It is not so with the colored. They rent land from the rich farmers, taking the white men's teams and tools; work the land and give one-half of what they make in rent. Some few of them work their own teams, and give one-fourth of what they make for rent. Very few of them make more than an even living, and many fall short of that. There are not more than three or four colored men about here who own land. Some have bargained for land, and worked it three or four years, and paid the interest on the amount they were to give for it, and then have lost it. Others who might do better see this, and become discouraged, and will not attempt to get themselves homes. They say it is no use to huy land, the white people will not let us have it. Some of them have a horse and cow, and some a cow and no horse.

Many a time they set in with the white men without food and clothing and depend on the whites to support them until they make the crop. When they settle up, the colored owe more than they have made; not being able to move they are compelled to stay another year. This second year they may pay up and have something over. If so, they are induced to stay again. The third year ends like the first: they are in debt. Unless they stay another year, they go somewhere else and work the same way. You can perceive that there is no progress made in accumulation. It seems to me that their chances are not so good as they were five or six years ago. As I don't like to grumble, I will not say any more on the subject. If this is not satisfactory, I will try again. I don't know when I shall begin teaching, or where I shall teach. I hope to teach here another year.

Yours truly, W.

———, N. C., *July* 29*th*, 1879.

General Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—It has been quite a while since I have written to you anything about my progress in teaching. Through the kindness of Mr. ——— of ———, Mass., I am teaching school at this place to-day, Mr. ——— is so kind as to pay me so much salary, besides supplying my school with clothing, books, etc., for the children. I began to teach in June; my school will continue through August, by the aid of Mr. ———. I am doing all I can to bring our race out of darkness into light. I find the children of ——— progressing very fast in the way of education. The people here seem to appreciate sending their children to school. I have sixty-one pupils on roll, daily average forty-five to fifty. I am kept quite busy and am pleased to say I delight in teaching school. I teach arithmetic, grammar, reading, spelling, writing, &c. I have quite a number of small children to teach. My friend, Mr. ——— was so kind as to send me one of Monroe's primary Reading Charts. I find it quite a treat in my school. I do not see how I could get on without one now. The children learn very fast from it. Mr. ——— is not only helping my school, but a number of others. He has been so kind as to aid my sister in the good work. As one of the Hampton Graduates I am proud of my title. Always consider me as one of the Hampton workers. Old Hampton has been the cause of me being where I am to-day. I shall alway give it praise. I do not regret the time I spent there; only wish I could have been able to receive more knowledge than I did. I had the pleasure of reading the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN," to-day, which was very encouraging. It did my very heart good to read the programme of May 22d and also some very interesting letters; of Hampton graduates, about the Indians, and other interesting events. Of the speakers on the programme, Della Chadwick, Charlotte McAlpine and Lucy Smith were the only ones I knew; I want to be able to be present next May in order to renew my acquaintances. Will you be so kind as to send me a catalogue of the school. I have a sister I want to send there next fall.

Your pupil, M.

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

noon; this equalizes the labor system. The other boys work around the barn or out in the

too much leisure would make great gaps in our huildiag, so the evenings are also used

flowers," or "I like pictures." To her surprise the shy Lizzie held up her band to answer. "Well, Lizzie, what do you like?"

RECORD OF INDIAN PROGRESS.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

EFFECTS OF VACATION.

During the summer vacation of the school, the Indian girls have made marked improvement in house-work, and general neatness. They received daily instruction in the English language, and their progress is wonderful; some of them can carry on quite a conversation in English, aven using it in talking to each other.

The boys were not required to study, they worked and played; their life at Shellbanks was for the most part a long holiday; the war-dances, games, and songs afforded endless amusement; they were kept up until the boys were tired of them, and were ready to surrender the relics of barbarism for the stricter rules of civilized life. Returning to the school by their own desire, two weeks before it opened, they at once conformed to its regulations, going daily to their work; on no occasion did we have to remind them about propriety in dress. The freedom of Shellbanks did not demoralize them, but rather taught them some useful lessons, as is evident.

THE SAIL.

Before the school opened, we gave them one more treat. A soil boat was engaged for two days; as the boat was not large enough to carry all of them, we took half out one day and the others on the next. We sailed about ten miles, and passed the ships of war, anchored in the Roads. We were much interested in the target shooting from one of the ships, but, after passing it, our interest changed to anxiety, for although we were not in range, we were afraid that, if the shots continued to go so wide of the mark. we would make a second target for some gunner, who having failed to hit the legitimate target, to prove the accuracy of his aim, would declare that he intended to hit us.

We landed on a fine sandy, beach, and, pulling off their shoes and socks, the boys had a good run, while one or two others assisted in preparing the coffee and making the sandwiches for our simple lunch. The boys and girls were called in, and, seating themselves in a semi-circle, the coffee and sandwiches were passed around—and molasses to those who wished it. After lunch, the dishes were washed. Hampton Roods makes an excellent dish pan; of course the middle is a little too deep, but the Indian boys who work in the tin-shop will doubtless profit by Nature's mistake, and not make theirs of so great a capacity.

AT WORK.

There has been quite a change in the labor system; formerly, the boys worked two hours every week, going in regular classes to the work-shop. This system was well enough for a beginning, until the Indian boys had shown some decided preference for some trade; now that their tastes are known and that we have discovered in what branch each will most excel, they have been put to work at it, not so much to draw out of them as to put into them. To do this work well, the teacher must have more time, so now, instead of working only two hours a day, the boys go to school from 8:30 A. M. to 12 M. and work from 1 P. M. to 6 P. M. every day except Saturday and Sunday. Saturday is a holiday. In educating these boys and girls, we are trying to keep before ourselves their coming future; their present can be provided for, but their future must be largely determined by themselves; it will be more or less influenced by their efforts and attainments here; they must struggle on that they may be able to stand alone by and by. A half-day's work system is a good preparation for the whole day's labor that awaits them at home.

In the Indian Work Shop, the boys have lately made three doz. pint cups, six doz. dust pans, three doz. wash basins, one and a-half doz. slop buckets and one hundred lengths of stove-pipe; they are making and repairing shoes, and doing plain harness and saddle work.

The manager of the shop says "They are exceedingly willing to do what they are told." The head shoe-maker worked by the fading twilight, to finish a pair of shoes that he had promised to repair for one of the colored boys. They go out from the shop in squads to do little jobs that are required around the place, and do better work when out alone than they do in the shop.

In the Saw Mill another squad is engaged in carefully piling up the lumber while the eye is trained to judge of its quality and its breadth and thickness. A boy assists about the large Corliss Engine which was generously presented to the school by the great machinist.

The farm boys take turns in watching the cows; two boys go out every morning and work all day; the day following they go to school in the morning and play in the afternoon; this equalizes the labor system. The other boys work around the barn or out in the fields among the weeds.

STOP THIEF.

We were about to retire for the night when a violent ringing of the annunciator caused us to pop our head out of the door to ask what was the matter; no immediate explanation could be obtained, but the cry Stop thief! Stop thief! rang through the building louder than the bell. Without stopping to dress the Indians ran out, some in their underclothing, others in their night dress. What? What? and eager questioners pressed around me on all sides. The alarmist answered for me by using more effective language, "Stop horse thief! Stop horse thief!" That was enough. The cry of horse stealing seemed to kindle their indignation, and away they went with the fury and madness so common to their race. When I saw them again, they were running wildly around the grounds with great sticks in their hands, filling the air with their wild war songs.

The report of a pistol increased the excitement. What was to be done? A boy may have been shot. I started for the residence of the Commandant. Away the boys went dashing past me. Reaching the house, I learned that two prisoners from Warwick were being carried to the jail in Hampton, but somehow they had managed to escape and were concealed somewhere in our grounds. The constable was over from Hampton looking for them. Not caring to have the boys run the risk of receiving a stray shot, I called them back to the Wigwam. They were very much excited, but soon quieted and went to bed.

too much leisure would make great gaps in our building, so the evenings are also used for instruction. There is much amusement and a great variety of instructive games; in other words, there are more arrows used by night than by day, yet all are aimed at the same target. Its a pretty sight to see them sitting around the tables playing games, spelling words, making sentences, and talking English. Soon the time comes to leave; and as they go out, the little Indian choristers begin to sing. As their voices die away I hear the last of their song "I left it all for thee."

J. C. R.

OUR INDIAN GIRLS.

We believe, at Hampton, in giving the girls as good a chance as the boys, for the girls' own sake and for the boys' sake too. So when Captain Pratt brought us our Indian boys he brought as many girls as he could get to come with them. It was harder to get the girls than the boys, for their fathers and mothers wanted them to stay at home and do all the work, as Indian women always have to. Only nine would come, then, but since these have come and found what a good thing it is to go to school, many more want to come and, we hope they may.

This is a picture of the nine who came first. It was taken just after they got to Hampton, a year ago this month, and they have learned a good deal in a year. These are their names, beginning at the back and counting each row from left to right:

Zie-wie (in English, Yellow Moon), Rosa Fleets, Annie Dawson, Mary Dawson (Annie's mother), Josephine Malnourie, Mary Kettle,

OUR INDIAN GIRLS.

Sarah Walker, Lizzie Spider, and Carrie Anderson.

When Capt. Pratt went back to Dakota for more girls and boys, a month ago, Mary Dawson and Mary Kettle went with him. Mary Dawson came to Hampton because she would not let her little girl come so far away without her, but after she found how happy Annie is at school, and how much she is learning, she thought she would rather leave her here and go back to her own old mother in Dakota. Mary Kettle was not very well when she came to Hampton, and though she had grown somewhat better, it was thought best for her not to stay in school. All the rest are doing very well indeed, and improving in every way.

When they first came they did not know very well how to take care of themselves or their rooms. They would put their sheets on top of their blankets, and leave off their warm underclothing some of the coldest days, and go to bed with all their clothes on, and put on three neck-ties of different colors all at once, and make other funny mistakes, as we would perhaps if we went into the woods and tried to live like Indians. But now they know all about these things, and try hard to do what is right. Zie-wie and Rosa and Lizzie are still rather shy of answering in the class before the boys, but they make very good answers, and sometimes very pretty ones. Their teacher one day was trying to teach the class what *like* means. "I like apples, I like pictures," and so on. To see if they understood, she asked them at last, "Do you see anything in this room that you like?" There were some flowers and pictures in the room, and she thought maybe one of the brightest boys would think to say "I like flowers," or "I like pictures." To her surprise the shy Lizzie held up her hand to answer. "Well, Lizzie, what do you like?"

"I like *you*," said Lizzie, quite clearly, with a smile.

Now don't you think that was pretty? I think you can guess what her teacher said.

The three little girls are dear little things, sweet and pretty and bright. Sarah has worked a beautiful little sampler on canvass and sent it home to Dakota. Carrie and Annie are working theirs now. They had little flower-gardens this last summer and took much delight in them. They have dollies and make all their dresses. They talk English quite well. They even talk it to each other sometimes. "Come along—hurry." I heard Sarah say to Carrie, the other day. They are all "coming along."

We hope to have some more girls soon. We hear they are on the way to us, and we shall be glad to see them.

L. & B. AGENCY, WYOMING, *August* 12, '79.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG:

Dear Sir:—The letters published in the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN," from graduates of Hampton, now laboring as teachers among their brethren in the South, and from the Indian boys among their new-found friends in the East, are well worthy the attention of the public. We do not refer to their literature, but to the lesson given us in the simple truths therein enunciated.

These people, long bound in ignorance, being denied the common rights of manhood, are now seeking the light, and calling upon us to aid them. Shall we longer withhold the aid that we are able to give?

It has been fully demonstrated that these down-trodden races are susceptible of the redeeming influences of education, a few Army officers, and the New York *Tribune* to the contrary notwithstanding. The graduates of Oberlin and Hampton, and other educated freedmen can testify for the black man; and the scores of intelligent and well-to-do red men in Indian Territory and elsewhere, who have become good citizens from a good education, ought to close forever the mouths of those who persist in declaring that the only thing to be done with the Indian is to keep him down, and exterminate him. One great hindrance to the red men's becoming self-supporting is that he has never been taught to place a proper value on property, holding it as his individual right; and especially on the necessaries of life. A portion of his living is given to him, and another portion secured in the hunt, all of which is used and wasted as a kind of common stock. The system of licensing Post Traders to monopolize the trade with the Indians, doesn't help the matter. The almost entire stock in trade of the Indians—furs and robes—is turned over to this trader, and they receive in return a large amount of costly trinkets, of no real value. We are not blaming the trader for trying to gather a good harvest from the distant plains; but if the government wants to make the Indians self-supporting, it will be seen, on a little reflection, that better means can be devised, than that of licensing men to make fortunes out of the Indians' ignorance. Why could not the government furnish them with all the necessaries of life, including tools and farming implements, and receive for the same their furs and robes at fair prices? Put young Indians in these government stores as clerks. Teach them to weigh out and measure out goods and receive the pay. When they become competent let them set up in business for themselves; and thus be enabled to keep some of their wealth among the tribe, to build comfortable homes and to beautify and adorn them, instead of putting all around their necks in the shape of beads. These traders are not allowed by law to furnish the Indians with whiskey; but they are allowed to sell it to army officers and soldiers; and the shrewd Indian often manages to get it.

The Hampton plan of teaching them to farm, instructing them in the arts of manufacture, and fitting them to go back to their tribes as competent teachers, and workmen, is a work in the right direction. Every useful trade and profession should be taught them speedily as possible. The people of Boston in a convention presided over by their Hon. Mayor, have decided to have the matter tested as to whether or not the Indian *is a man*. If it shall be found that he is, let us treat him accordingly.

Very respectfully,

E. BALLOU.

CHEYENNE RIVER AGENCY, D. T.,
July 25th, 1879.

GENL. S. C. ARMSTRONG—

Dear Sir:—Having been personally acquainted with, and having selected the boys who left here about a year ago for the purpose of attending your school, I have been very much interested in your benevolent efforts in their behalf.

THE DECORATIVE AGE.

In their wild state, they are very fond of decorating themselves; at Hampton, this taste is bestowed upon their rooms; anything that looks like a picture must have a place on the walls; illuminated advertisements of Blacking, Yeast powder, Fish Balls, Baked Beans, and Nast's ridiculous caricatures of the Indians were indiscriminately put up to beautify, the room. When I found the greatest decoration, I saw that less attention had been paid to the requirements of neatness. But all of this has changed; a talk with the boys made them see it as I did and they had a good laugh. The next morning, when I went around to inspect, I marked the unusual tidiness, and saw that the bronded pictures had been removed.

A VISIT TO THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

The Indians were recently invited to attend a lecture to be delivered by Mrs. Bland, at the Soldier's Home. Mrs. Bland, who has been actively engaged in teaching Indians in the Indian Territory, brought with her some fine magic lantern views of that section of the country. The boys and girls were much pleased with them. After the entertainment, Mrs. Bland had a very pleasant talk with the boys, and in return they sang, "Nearer my God to Thee," in Dakota. We walked to the Creek, and, while waiting for the boat to return to take over another load, the little girls sat down and, in perfect English, without discord, sang three verses of the "Sweet by and by."

STUDY HOUR.

There is a great deal to occupy the time, as well as the hands and brains of the Indians;

Anyone conversant with the habits and disposition of the Indians, fully realizes the el-

"The eagerness of Yankton youth of both sexes to go to Hampton to school is very gret-

not be pulled back by the dense ignorance of a large part of their people in the backwoods

will establish themselves. But until such moral, mental, or physical qualities show themselves, social barriers will exist, higher

Anyone conversant with the habits and disposition of the Indians, fully realizes the almost insurmountable difficulties with which you have had to contend, and the marked and rapid improvement made by the Indian boys in your charge will be all convincing proof, with such persons, of the manifest excellence of the system of training adopted by you.

A manly confidence in himself is what it is imperatively necessary to instill into the Indian in order to successfully convert him into a useful and civilized citizen.

We exhort him to give up most of the habits and customs he has been taught to believe are *indispensable* to a *manly* Indian, and to adopt a mode of life repugnant to his tastes and hereditary ideas of the sphere of action of a manly Indian; hence it is that we find the work of civilizing the Indians, so attended by utter failure; resulting in great measure from the loss of self-respect by the Indian, whom we have persuaded (too quickly?) to adopt the ways and customs of the whites.

Nothing increases a man's self-respect so much as the knowledge that he is capable of performing an action useful in its results to himself and others, and it is therefore manifestly the best policy to endeavor to teach the Indians, young and old, such things as are of every day utility, and, to impress upon them the fact that the performance of certain things will redound to their *personal advantage*. Our boys returning home from your school, will be able to show their parents or friends how to fix a plough, wagon or some other utensil that may be slightly out of repair, to make a table, a bench, bedstead or house; how and when and in what soil to plant seeds, and the proper mode of cultivating the same; to read and talk English, which will enable them to trade understandingly with passing steamboats, traders, or other white men with whom they may desire to sell or buy.

I do not wish to decry the efforts of anyone who may be working for the good of the Indians. I recognize the fact that it is the duty of everyone interested in the Indians to encourage earnest and faithful effort everywhere and by everyone; but I regret exceedingly the attempt made to lessen confidence in your work, as I am fully convinced that you have adopted a course of training with the Indian boys under your charge which must inevitably wield a powerful influence in favor of the work of civilizing and rendering useful citizens of them, their relatives and friends.

Enclosed find $1.00, for which please send your paper to my address.

With hearty thanks for your persevering efforts in behalf of Indian boys from this Agency, and good wishes for the ultimate success of your benevolent undertaking.

I remain, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. LE R. BROWN,
2d Lieut. 11th Infantry.

AN anxious aspirant to Hampton writes thus from Indian Territory to his friend here:—

"I am thinking about going to school where you are. Tell me how many Boys and girls in school there and what kind of Book do you study. Tell me what you has seen. I know you has been see the great water and I hope you has saw these great fish swim in the water. Tell me how many Teachers are you all got, how big the School house is how Big City are you in tell me all thing I like see those thing I know it is very large City This is all I can said I am your friend

"JOHN BROWN, COMANCHE."

A MIXED SCHOOL IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

AN INTERESTING TESTIMONY.

A lady teacher in the Seminole Nation, Indian Territory, writes as follows:—

"You ask me, 'How do the Indians and the blacks get on together?' My experience is—that the Indian makes more rapid progress in classes where colored pupils recite, or in attending school with the blacks, than at an Indian school. I can only speak for the Seminoles, with whom these blacks have lived. There is no difference in capacity, taking them on an average. The blacks have the advantage of our language, while the Indian has to learn the language before he can comprehend what books are designed to teach. What the effect would be to admit Indians speaking other than the Muskogee tongue, with which these blacks are familiar, I cannot say. The colored element is the life of a school here. There is no prejudice of color among the loyal Indians. Mine is the only mixed school in this nation. I have tried to make cultivation the standard—not color.

"I am, very truly,

"Yours in the work,

"MRS. NETTIE C. CONSTANT."

THE *Anpaho* (Daybreak,) published in the Sioux language in Dakota, says:—

"The eagerness of Yankton youth of both sexes to go to Hampton to school is very gratifying. The people have always been ready to let their boys go, but were more than indifferent about the girls. From great difficulty in finding any girls to go, more are offering now than can be accepted, and *all* the boys apparently want to go. Would that we might send all that wish to go."

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

The Italian original of this proverb (*Festina lente*) pecks snugly away in two words a vast volume of truth. Even our English version contains but three words, and it may be, that its very compactness causes so many of us to pass it unheeded. Of all people in the world we are probably the most in a hurry; we want to get through; to overcome in a trice every obstacle that is before us: if that obstacle be distance, express trains and telegraphs are just a little too slow for us, and we pine for something quicker; if there be mountains or deep valleys, we are uneasy till we tunnel one or bridge the other. This characteristic is one of which Northern Americans are justly proud, but it is well to remember how dangerous are all extremes, and that the boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous is the merest film. Within bounds, this energy is admirable; but without bounds, this overweening hurry, this push and drive, this sixty-miles-an-hour sort of business is very apt to result in unfinished work, in fine conceptions but half wrought out, in neglected details, in short—in what is called "a botch."

In the Northern Anglo-American this spirit runs all through; it permeates every vein and fibre of his body; to be sure, it varies in degree in different individuals, but in all, it exists. In the Anglo-African, however, it exists in a far less pronounced degree, and crops out only in particular times and places. It is now it appears in certain educational, political, and social ways that I want to say a few words.

In educational matters the majority of the colored people have no regard for the proverb, "Make Haste Slowly;" in this particular they are more impetuous than the most caricatured of Yankees, and regard a pell-mell rush at or through a number of text books as commendable efforts in pursuit of an education. It would be base flattery to say that this theory of theirs is born of anything but ignorance, or that it is anything but nonsense; nevertheless, it exists, and, like many other peculiarities of the colored people, is explainable by being called the result of that "Peculiar Institution" which put men and women in the neuter gender. No doubt, generations hence this theory will be dead in this country, but that has nothing to do with its present existence, and the grumbling that is constantly going on, because students are not pushed ahead faster, and do not have more books with longer names given them. So far as education goes, we may compare the human mind to a cornfield. Suppose a man had a field of corn, and should begin and hoe a few hills at one end, and then rush off to the other end, and hoe a few hills there; that he should then go in the middle and hoe a few hills there;—what sort of "a patch" would it be? To say the least, the crop would be "spotted," and no doubt the popular verdict would be, that So-and-so is a poor farmer. Now if a student study a little of this, and a little of that, and a little of the other thing; in other words, if he start to hoe many rows and complete none, his education will be as "spotted" as the farmer's crop, and everybody whose opinion is worth having will say, he is a poor scholar. Strange as it may seem, one of the most serious drawbacks a colored student has, is the ignorance of a great majority of his race. Mathematically speaking, a very small quantity is infinitely greater than zero; and a colored student who may know very little, comparing his knowledge with that of his neighbors, feels how much more he knows than they, and if he has no influences to counterbalance, falls to thinking, "How much I know!" which is only another way of saying, "What an ass I am." I remember one instance of a student, in many respects a most worthy young man, who studied physiology for some four months, and never distinguished himself as being particularly proficient in his class; but when vacation came, he saw fit to deliver a public lecture, somewhere in the rural districts, on the subject. Now to have such a thing come to pass, there had to be an audience who knew less than he on the subject, and he had to feel that the little he knew was vastly more than his hearers knew. In places where education is almost universal, a young man with only a smatter of this and a smatter of that, would not be led into such an extrema of self-satisfaction, as would cause him to make public the thinness of his educational veneer. "Comparisons are odious" to be sure, but how can we judge except by comparisons, either with something real, or with an ideal? It is asking almost too much to expect that the colored students, who have begun their education at any of the schools of the country, should not be pulled back by the dense ignorance of a large part of their people in the backwoods districts, which are almost of necessity their fields of labor.

It is by neglecting to "make haste slowly," that so many of our colored friends expose themselves to the batteries of ridicule, which their enemies are ever ready to turn on them: they not only expose themselves to the fire of such batteries, but actually furnish ammunition to the gunners. It seems almost a law of nature, that those things which are to be lasting are of slow growth—it takes years for an acorn to become a useful oak, but a mullen-stalk grows and dies in a summer. A mullen-stalk kind of an education almost any sort of a being can acquire, but to gain an education of the oak sort, one that can be useful to the possessor and to others, requires a very different length of time, and a very different course of procedure.

In matters political we find that "Make haste slowly" is a proverb to which the colored people pay but little heed—it seems not uncommon for them to believe that any man is fit for any office he can get. It is a notorious fact that in the legislature of South Carolina some years ago, a goodly percentage of the members could not sign their own names. The same thing is true of many minor offices; and the story of the Louisiana postmaster, who could not read, and held that this was an advantage, as Postal-cards going through the office would be safe, was founded on fact. The idea that a man to be a good officer must have some education and qualifications for the office, seems almost unknown, and the ruling spirit is, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, *was*, that one man was just as good as another, and just as fit to be president, senator, or representative That this is utterly absurd goes without saying; nevertheless, it is an absurdity that has pervaded the political atmosphere, and to some extent yet taints it. An officer, in the strict sense of the word, *is one who has a duty to perform*,—and to say that any man is fitted to perform all duties, is to go to a physician for legal advice, and to a lawyer for physic. The real meaning of officer is nine times out of ten misunderstood, and people regard an officer as one having certain rights and powers, forgetful of the fact that he is vested with those rights and powers only on the ground of filling certain duties. No person who has watched the improvement in the colored people for the last fourteen years can reasonably doubt their capacity for still greater improvement; but all improvement is a matter of growth, and in all growth time is a factor. It has taken the Anglo-Saxon nearly a thousand years to acquire even his present capacity for self-government—a thousand years of trial, blood and effort. Would it be anything short of a miracle, if all the Anglo-Saxon has done in a thousand years could be done in fifteen or twenty by a race that endured two hundred and fifty years of slavery in this country, and whose ancestors in Africa were lower than the Anglo-Saxons at the Norman invasion? Every ancient civilization is marked by ruins, but where in those parts of Africa whence came the American slaves, are any ruins of civilization reported? All this goes to prove that the only course open to the colored people of this country, if they seek political advancement—that is, an advancement that will stick—is to make haste slowly; to remember that Rome was not built in a day; that all history shows that progress has only been made through suffering and baffling repulses; and that those who have progressed, have done so by surmounting their difficulties—and those who have gone backwards, have been surmounted by theirs.

In social matters, this idea of making haste slowly presents itself in perhaps its most difficult phase. Men associate with one another from the pleasure or profit they mutually find in such association; this fact lies at the bottom of the social edifice—mutual pleasure or profit. The profit or pleasure cannot be one sided, or association will not occur. A cat might like to walk with a king, but the king might not like to walk with the cat, and unless the liking was mutual there would be no association. A good many colored people had the idea that the fifteenth Amendment and the various statutes that grew out of it, would cause a social revolution, and that everybody would be socially the equal of everybody else. The idea was about as sensible as the Pope's Bull against the Comet; but the discovering it to be a mistake has taken time, and caused no little suffering. That there is a strong prejudice against color in this country is no doubt true; it is a prejudice founded on the fact that for generations, people have associated a black man with ignorance and servitude, and an association that has been growing and been handed down for years, cannot be wiped out in a day or a week. The social elevation of any part of a race is difficult; but the idea of the social elevation of a race *en masse* is about as chimerical as a railway to the moon. When a man or woman can show their in him or her are qualities in which a neighbor can find pleasure or profit, and that neighbor has similar qualities to offer in return, then, barring prejudice, social relations will establish themselves. But until such moral, mental, or physical qualities show themselves, social barriers will exist, higher and sharper than any patented picket fence. To develop these qualities is a work of time and effort, or what amounts to about the same thing—education. Here comes in the Make Haste Slowly: and with still greater emphasis does it appear in the doing away with prejudice. To put one's self where one is not wanted is the very depth of bad manners, and the only way to get into any social circle is to so conduct ourselves that the social circle will find as much delight in us as we in it. No amount of human legislation can make an ebb tide flood, nor make society tolerate a man who seeks to take pleasure or profit out of it, without putting an equal amount of profit or pleasure into it. To do this, one must Make Haste Slowly. T. T. N.

Agricultural.

FARM WAGES.

The average rate of pay in New England for farm laborers on yearly engagements, without board, is $20.31 per month, against $22.60 at the beginning of the year—a decline of 10 per ct. The average cost of living has fallen from $9.13 to $8.02 per month—a decline of more than 13 per cent. In New York, farm laborers receive 8½ per cent. less than they did a year earlier, and pay 10 per cent. less for their living. The South Atlantic States reduced labor 15 per cent. and subsistence 16 per cent., and in the Gulf States labor fell 5 per cent. and subsistence only 3 per cent.; the average pay in the former being $11.19, and in the latter $14.80 per month. In the nine Island States east of the Mississippi, the monthly pay varies from $15.50 per month south of the Ohio, to $20.90 in the north—the rate of decline in wages being a fraction less than that of the cost of living; while in the six States west of the Mississippi the present average pay for farm labor is $23.81 per month—a slight increase over that of a year earlier—and the price of subsistence falls off about 2 per cent.

West of the Mississippi, the increase in the rate of wages is chiefly due to the extension of mining operations. In this region a large number of artizans have appropriated public lands, and seek to pay for their claims by working a part of their time at their trades. Quite a number of farm laborers have done likewise, and they work part of the time for wages on the farms of others. The large immigration has enlarged the stock of labor, but it is to a great extent somewhat inefficient in character. All who desire work can get it No surplus is reported from any county in Colorado. In the two Pacific States, the average monthly pay of farm laborers is $38.22, against $36.62 one year earlier—an increase of 4½ per cent.—while the cost of living has increased fully 18 per cent.

A statement of the average rate of wages paid to agricultural labor in several countries in Europe is of interest as affording a basis of comparison between the condition of the American and European farm laborer. From the tables prepared for the report of Secretary Evarts upon this subject, the following information is gathered, the figures referring to the year 1878: Agricultural laborers in England receive without board or lodging, an average per month of $15.00 in Ireland, $14.73; in Scotland, $19.42; in Normandy, $12.44; in Italy, $15.19; in Spain, $14.95; in France, $13.65.

From the Southern Planter and Farmer for October.

WINTERING SHEEP.

Much has been said and written in regard to the successful wintering of sheep, and to those that have been long engaged in the business no advice on the subject is necessary; but there are a few facts connected with the winter management of sheep which it would be well for a new beginner to know. One is that a sheep well started in the fall is already half wintered. Wintering sheep merely for the purpose of keeping them alive is a poor way to look for profit, let prices be high or low. If they are allowed to go into winter quarters in a declining condition, the result is a demand for extra food and care the balance of the winter, and a light clip of wool in the spring. When a sheep is thriving, the wool grows rapidly,

but from the moment it begins to decline, the growth of the wool is checked. To keep them, therefore, in a thriving condition ,sheep should have alittle grain from ths time grass begins to fail in ths fall until it has a good start in tbe spring. A gill of corn or oats given them daily from now until the first of April, will do more good than a pint a day from January till June.

Good shelter, too, is another very important point in wintering sheep. Not that we favor closs harns or sheds for tbe purpose, for they are very unhealthy placee for sheep; but, whils they are often condemned as snch, it is not so much the closeness as it ie the want of proper ventilation that is to blame. Nor ie it any argument against sheltering sheep because the shelter ie improperly used. To shut sheep up closcly in any huilding without proper ventilation ie clearly wrong, but to bave warm, comfortahls quarters at night and allowed the run of tbe field through the day is another thing entirely.

Keeping too many in one flock is equally objectionable. Forty or fifty are as many as can be kept to advantage in one lot on any common-sized farm. And then, as soon after harveet as possible, the lambs should be eeparated from the older sheep and put in a field by themselves, while tbe grass is rich and nutritiue, instead of allowing them to run with the ewes until ths grase becomes dry or frosthitten. Many farmers do not seem to realize that this is the most critical period of a sheep's life, consequently, if weaned at all, the lambs ars usually turned into a vacant lot by themselves, and no furthsr attention paid them until put into winter quarters along with the older sheep. No matter how good the feed may then be, they will not thrive unless they have had a little extra care, and tbe most successful breeders of sheep are those who feed their lamhe a ligbt ration of oats two or tbree timee a day from ths tims they are taken from their mothers until spring.—*Baltimore Weekly Sun.*

Prof. Farrington, in a summary of the experiments, begun in 1870, hy the Maine Agricultural College, to ascertain which has tbe greatest value as a food for swine, cooked or uncooked meal, says: "We have, hy an experiment which has been continued from three to four months each of tbe nine years since its heginning, obtained evidence that all the money and labor expended in cooking meal for swine are more than thrown away."

A most valuable remedy for hoarse and said to be a sure curn: Forty sumac buds, one pound of rosin, one pint of ginger, half a ponnd of mustard, one pint of nnslacked lime, one pound of epsom salts, four ounces of gum guiacum, six ounces of cream tartar. Mix thoroughly and divide into thirty powders, and give one every morning in their feed hefore watering.

The Richmond *State*, representing the liberal side of Southern Sentiment, takes the following view of Negro labor.

The fear that with the loss of slave labor we should lose the grip we had obtainod upon the commerce of the world through our immense cotton crop has heen entirely dissipated by the result of actual experience. During the ten years preceding the war—the last ten years of slave labor—the cotton crop of the South was in round numbers thirty-five million hales. During the last ten years, inclnding 1879, the crop was forty-onc and a half million, valued at $3,000,000,000, a solid increase of six and a half million bales The doctrine of the ex-slave-bolder tben, tbat the free Negro would not, and the white man could not, work the cotton fields, falls entirely to the ground. Wbite men dnring the last few years have done not a little in the cotton fields of the South; but the arm of the free Negro bas been the chief instrument in bringing this revenue of $3,000,000,000 to the cotton-growing States. The free Negro is bappy on corn meal and bacon, and it bas been clearly shown tbat his paid labor is cbeaper than his free labor. The United States now raises nearly balf the cotton grown in the whole world; yet each year's crop for the world could be grown, says Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, one of the bigbest authorities on cotton statistics, on a twelftb section of the arable land of Texas, or on the good lands of any other two cotton-growing States, without over-taxing them. If, then, cotton is not king to-day there is no reason why cotton shonld not he in a few years. If tba Sonth will develop her resonrces like the West, she will clothe the world while tha West feeds it. Snch a developmant is, of course, only consistent with peace, union and harmony, whicb must he restored on the basis of onr ancient friendship and fraternity of feeling.

SOUTHERN PLANTER AND FARMER for OCTOBER, publisbed at Richmond, Va., at $2 a year, is received. Among other interesting articles hy prominent Southern farmers, we notice one of special interest to snch farmers of the South, as wish to improve their worn-out lands, by Dr. Elizy, on "Green Fallow Crops, Animal Manures and Commercial Fertilizers." The Doctor discusses with great interest and originality the scientific and practical action of pea and clover fallow, and grasses generally—the best time, mode of seeding, &c. His discnssion on the action of plaster, lime and commercial fertilizers exhibits great scientific research and practical experience. This series of articles should be read hy every Southern farmer who desires to improve his lands hy the most economical and efficient means. The *Planter and Farmer* is a leading agricultural journal for Southern farmers, and we advise our readers to subscribe to it.

"*Our Cashier's Scrap Book*," hy Henry C. Percy of Norfolk, Va., is very entertaining. Mr. Percy has had, during the past ten years, nnmerous facilities for observing negro peculiarities, and has recorded the numhcrless funny sayings at his counter. An old colored woman, surprised at receiving interest on her deposit, thinking that, of course, she had to pay for the care of it hy the Bank, illustrates a daily experience at the Home Savings Bank.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN

The Ameer, of Afghanistan, Yakoob Khan, has abdicated.

The reported defeat of the Russians at Geog-Tepe is confirmed.

On Friday Oct. 17th, snow fell at Vienna to the depth of six inches. At Gratz the snow is several feet deep. Snch weather is unprecedented at this time of the year.

Four of the largest trades unions in Great Britain have, during their comparative brief terms of existence, spent over $1,500,000 in relieving the wants of members on striko.

A Paris despatch says the *Gaulois* asserts that the ex-Empress Eugenie, notwithstanding all efforts to dissuade her, will embark next February for Zuinland to prey on the spot where her son was killed.

Sir Garnet Wolseley has publicly declared that the annexation of the Transvaal is irrevocable. The Committee of Boers have adopted a resolution that nothing will satisfy them but the restoration of independence.

The Provisional Government in Hayti has been overturned and a new one formed under the lead of F. Hyppolite. Two members of the late Government are in prison. Montmprency Benjahin has fled to the Dutch Consulate-General, and L. Fanis to the American Legation.

Destructive storms and inundations have occurred in Spain. In the Malaga and Alicante districts 2,000 houses have been desteryed. The damage to property is estimated at $6,000,000. A telegram from Murcia states that 570 bodies have already been fonnd. It is believed that over 2,000 people have perished.

A statistical abstract relating to British India from 1868 to 1878-9, which has just been issued, gives the area of British India, exclusive of native States, as 899,841 square miles; the number of inhahited houses, 37,043,704, and the population, 191,096,603. The area of the native States is stated at 575,295 square miles, and the population at 49,161,340. The area of the French possessions is 178 square miles, and the population, 271,460; and of the Portuguese possessions, 1,086 square miles, the population being 407,712. The total area of all India is thus 1,475,879 square miles, and the total population, 240,937,315. The total revenue in the year 1878 was £ 58,969,301, and the total expenditure, £62,512,388.

POLITICAL.

The elections of State officers in Ohio and Iowa, on Tuesday Oct. 14, were looked forward to with great interest throughout the country. The official returns have not been made up, but the general result was as follows:

In Ohio, Foster, Republican, was elected Governor by a majority over Ewing, Democrat, of about 20,000. The Republicans have a majority in both houses of the Legislature and a majority, on joint ballot, of 31. This insures the election of a Republican as successor to Mr. Thurman in the U. S. Senate.

In Iowa, Governor Gear, Republican, was re-elected by a plurality of 75,000 over Trimble, Democrat, 100,000 over Campbell, Greenback, and a majority of about 25,000 over all. The Republicans are reported to have elected all the Senators excepting three, and about 90 of the 100 members of the lower house of the Legislature. The Greenbackers have elected one Representative and have lost four.

The republicans of Cincinnati at the late election, elected the first colored man to the Ohio Legislature.

In Louisiana there are 160,000 voters: 82,000 are colored, 60,000 cannot read.

DOMESTIC.

YELLOW FEVER.—Forty-nine new cases of fever were reported last week at Memphis—32 whites and 17 colored. This makes the total nnmber of cases to date 1,840. There were 31 deaths during the week, swelling the nnmber thus far to 456. The Howard Association has 101 nnrses on duty attending 60 white and 31 colored families.

Latest reports state that the frost has reached Memphis, and the fever is at an end.

Despatches from Forest City, Ark., report eight deaths from yellow fever in that place, and the local Board of Health has issued a proclamation warning the people from coming into the city.

The Georgia State school commissioner has appointed fourteen colored pupils to the Peahody scholarships in the Atlanta University.

It appears from figures furnished the committee on railroads of the New York Assembly that the elevated railroads of New York city did a profitable business in the last three months. They carried 12,012,956 passengers and received $906,862,20. Their receipts will probably foot up $4,000,000 a year in a very short time.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—A dispatch from Milk river, Col., states that Major Thornhurgh's command, composed of three companies of cavalry, was attacked in a bad canyon, September 29, near that place, by soveral hundred hostile White River Ute Indians, and retreated to the wagon train and entrenched. During the retreat Major Thornhurgh was instantly killed, Capt. Payne was wounded in two places slightly, and Lieut. Paddock and Capt. Grimes were each painfully, but not dangerously wounded. Thirteen enlisted men, Lowory, a courier, and Wagonmaster Middleware killed, and twenty soldiers and teamsters wounded. The hostile Indians pursued, and, beside picking off the horses and mules wherever seen, fired the grass all around to hurn ont the camp. Gordon's freight outfit of Indian supplies, which was near, was harned by the fire, also the wagons of company F. Capt. Payne had his horse killed, and Lieut. Cherry's was shot during the engagement. About three-fourths of the horses and mules were killed.

Reinforcements under Gen. Merritt relieved the besieged command Oct. 5th. At the sight of fresh troops the Indians fled and are still hiding. A portion of the command are colored, who fought nobly. Agent Mecker of the White River Agency, Uto reservation was murdered.

NORWICH, CONN., Oct. 24.—Two inches of snow fell here during last night. Weather is cold.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Oct. 24.—Snow squalls prevail along the Hudson to-day, and the Catskills are covered with snow, the first of the season.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., Oct. 24.—Six inches of snow fell last night, accompanied by frost. It is still snowing.

YORKTOWN, VA., Oct. 23.—The ninety-eighth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis was appropriately celebrated here to-day, the occasion being preliminary to the contemplated centennial celebration in 1881. The weather was pleasant and the attendance of military and civilians large, brilliant and enthusiastic. Many of the most distinguished citizens were present from different sections of the country, and the army and navy and the volunteer military organizations from neighboring cities lent their aid to the display. The occasion passed off most agreeably, nothing occurring to detract from its interest.

THE NEW ORLEANS SCHOOLS can not accommodate, as now managed, the large number of pupils applying for admission. The superintendent proposes, therefore, and very wisely, that only the lawful number of sixty scholars shall constitute a class in the primary department, and that applicants in excess of that number shall be organized into a separate class for the afternoon session, the others to be dismissed at the close of their morning session. This period of instruction will be as long as it is desirable to inflict upon little children. The city appropriates this year $200,000 for the support of the schools.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE TRAMP.—A NEW YORK letter says: "One of the most noticeable incidents of the present general improvement in business and industry is the almost total disappearance of street mendicants from the highways and byways. The professional tramp also appears to be a thing of the past. He is well-nigh invisible. The commissioners of charity, moreover have fewer applications for relief than has been the case in many years, and at the police stations the testimony is uniform touching the rapid decrease of after-dark suppliants for lodging and food. These are important facts. One inference is that that class of persons are now finding employment, and are in no further need of charity. All the leading manufacturing establishments in and about the city, it is well known, are increasing their hands, and some of them are running until late in the evening to complete orders. The tobacco factories, which employ vast nnmbers of people of both sexes, are notably busy, as likewise the upholsterers, the plumbers, the cabinetmakers, the boot and shoemakers and the clothing manufacturers. It is a public and private blessing that everybody should thus be at work, and, if the improvement can be maintained on its present basis, we may look forward for a comfortable winter for working people of every class."—*The* (Baltimore) *Sun.*

Oysters! - Oysters!

The canning of steamed oysters has long been an important branch of industry in Baltimore; but the canning of the very best oysters in the Chesapeake, almost the finest oysters there are caught, is an enterprise just established. The undersigned feels confident that in opening a Packing House at this point, he is affording his fellow-citizens and visitors of the country, an opportunity, (which he hopes will be appreciated) of getting the best and freshest of oysters, prepared in the most healthful way, at the most moderate prices.

An Oyster may remain out of water many hours, say days, before it be completely spoiled; but from the moment it is caught and exposed to the air a process of deterioration goes on. It needs no argument to show that the sooner an oyster is hermetically sealed after being caught the better it will be in taste, solidity saltiness, and healthfulness. Within a radius of fifteen miles of this point, are millions on millions of bushels of oysters, from the best of which will the stock used, be selected. The time consumed in transporting the bivalves from their beds to the Packing House is not worth considering, especially as the majority of the boats employed are the little "canoes" peculiar to these waters.

My packing is at present divided into three grades, according to the size of the oysters used; the same care, however, is taken in the preparation of all grades. A case of one pound cans contains 4 dozen; a case of two pound cans contains 2 dozen. Owing to the unsettled condition of the market, I can only quote to-day's prices, which are as follows:

Giants of Hampton Roads, No. 1—No. 2 $3.00 per doz.
Beauties of Hampt'n Roads, " 1 $1.30, " 2 $2.00 " "
Cove Oysters, " 1 $1.00, " 2 $1.75 " "

The above prices are net cash, and remittance may be made by drafts on New York, Chicago, or Norfolk, or else by P. O. order. Authority to draw at sight with Bill of lading attached will ensure the prompt forwarding of any goods ordered. If preferred, cases may be sent by Adams express, C. O. D.; but unless specially directed, all shipments will be made via Norfolk, Va.

Direct all telegrams, via Fort Monroe.

T. T. BRYCE,
Box 10, Hampton, Va.

Hand Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad and Devilled Crabs,—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all seafood, far exceeding in daintiness of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $5.00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $3.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

T. T. BRYCE,
Normal School Grounds,
Hampton, Va

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A W BOOK.--JUST OUT.

Economic Crumbs,

Or Plain Talks for the People, about

LABOR, — CAPITAL, — MONEY, TARIFF, — Etc.

By T. T. BRYCE.

Price 50 Cents. *Mailed on receipt of Price.*

Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute,

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

INCORPORATED IN 1870.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers, for the Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division.

Tuition free to all. Board, &c., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 12 years of age. The first year is prebationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,

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Hampton, Virginia.

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FOR MEN'S WEAR,
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THE CHEAPEST.

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356,432 GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES SOLD IN 1878,

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Companies have sprung up in every part of the Union for making an "Imitation Singer Machine."

Why are not similar companies formed for making Imitations of other Sewing Machines?

The public will draw its own inference.

Gold is continually counterfeited; brass and tin never!

The Singer has taken the FIRST Prize over ALL competitors more than TWO HUNDRED TIMES. *Why?*

After the Chicago Fire the Relief Committee undertook to furnish sewing machines to the needy woman of that city. Applicants were permitted to choose from six different kinds of machines. 2,944 applicants were furnished with machines: 2,497 chose the Singer Machines, and 517 distributed their choice among the five other kinds of machines! These girls were to EARN THEIR LIVING on these machines. *Why did they take Singer?*

THE PEOPLE'S AWARD TO THE "SINGER."

The people bought Singer Machines as follows:

1870	127,933	Singer Machines
1871	181,260	" "
1872	219,558	" "
1873	232,444	" "
1874	211,679	" "
1875	249 853	" "
1876	262,316	" "
1877	283,312	" "
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Many of the manufacturers of other machines refuse to state their sales! WHY?

Sales of 1878 over Sales of 1870, 228,599 Machines. A Three-fold Increase.

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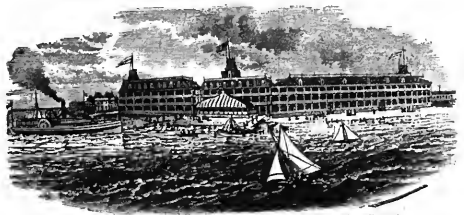

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Shirts of Superior Muslin, Extra Fine Linen Shield Bosom, Open Back, French Yoke, and completely finished for

$7.50 A DOZEN!!

Having completed arrangements with one of the largest Cotton Factories in the United States for an unlimited supply of 79-inch Muslin, at extremely low prices, and having largely increased our facilities for the manufacture of **men's** and **boys' shirts**, in all styles, we have decided to make an important departure from the course usually followed by similar establishments, and replace ourselves directly in communication with the **consumer**, thus avoiding the enormous profits required by middlemen and the retail trade, and enabling us to make the following unprecedented offer:

12 Superior Muslin, Fine Linen Finished French Yoke Shirts, as above, ready for wear,		$7.50
6 " " " " " " "		4.00
4 " " " " " " "		2.85
3 " " " " " " "		2.25

An elegant set rolled gold plated Sleeve and Collar Buttons presented to each purchaser of 3, 4 or 12 Shirts. Sample shirt finished complete, with a set Buttons as above, sent **prepaid** by mail on receipt of 85 cents. We **warrant** these Shirts to be **first-class** in every respect, to be **substantially** and **neatly** finished, and equal in **appearance, durability** and **style** to any Shirt in the market costing two or three times as much. Send size of collar worn, circumference of chest and length of arm. Remember in ordering from us you **save all middle profits.**

Boys' Shirts same price as above. Postage Stamps or Currency taken. Catalogue of goods sent with all samples.

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No. VII, The Rights of the Body.
No. VIII, The Two Breaths.
No. IX, How to Cleanse and Disinfect.

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How to Cleanse and Disinfect.

BY ELISHA HARRIS, M. D.

CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.

FILTH is the name we give to most offensive things. It is something more than "misplaced dirt," for whatever is putrefying, or, by its contact, causing decay or disease, is essentially filthy because offensive to life and health, as well as to the senses. A great physician and medical officer in England has described the Filth Diseases, which kill about one-half of all who die in that country, and these are diseases most common and most dreaded in our American towns and homes; they should be well described, and all their causes must be treated as the foes of life and health.

In this little book we will make an attack upon this enemy of the homes and the cities and villages of our prosperous country. It is our purpose, indeed, to arouse all readers to make continual warfare against uncleanness. These pages are written to show why and how to make the warfare for the protection of the health and comfort of the people.

There are moral and religious reasons for requiring and teaching all the means of cleanliness, for the Bible shows cleansing and purity were enforced by the laws of Moses. The pious John Wesley exclaimed in one of his great sermons to the common people, "Cleanliness is, indeed, next to Godliness!" These religious reasons for cleansing and purity of the person, the home, and the city or village, may well be repeated and enforced as duties of education and habit, if we would preserve and honor the Divine Image of our Creator.

The duty, the reasons, the means and the consequences of thorough cleansing and disinfection will now be described under the name of

SANITARY CLEANSING.

The duty and reasons for such cleansing and purity go together, for health, comfort and the public welfare are so dependent upon the cleanliness of people both in their persons and in their communities of dwellings and streets, that the reasons seem to be obvious and the duty an imperative one. Some of the reasons, however, which are not everywhere understood, must here be mentioned, as follows:—

There are several kinds of waste and decay in vegetable and animal matters which are not always offensive to sight or smell, but which will produce disease, or injure the health of persons who are exposed to it. For instance, the oozing or soaking that may escape through the soil from a common privy, or from excremental matters, wherever cast away, especially if scarlet fever, typhoid fever, dysentery, or cholera is present in the house, and such fluids are left to soak or drain through the soil to a well or spring, will poison the drinking water and may destroy hundreds of lives. It has been proved that even so unsuspected a cause of such poisoning with an unseen and unsmelled infection as the rinsing of an empty milk-can with water from a well or spring so contaminated, will so infect the fresh milk when put in and conveyed to customers, however far away or near, that numerous families have thus become infected; and as the infection has spread from person to person and street to street, or family to family, the malady has become *epidemic*, or, *upon the people*. Like the increasing heat and fierceness of a raging conflagration, the destructiveness of an epidemic often becomes more and more terrible as the number of the sick increases.

Many fatal diseases depend upon the operation of contagious matter that is invisible, and which will not operate to any great extent where everything is clean and pure. Yet there are some kinds of contagion which will long remain in porous substances, like the clothing or bedding used by the sick, or in the carpets and cloths, and even in the floors and wall-paper, or unwashed walls of the sick-room. Some diseases, like cholera, dysentery and scarletina, infect the grounds and sinks into which the matters which the sick discharge are poured; and there are several diseases, especially scarlatina, diphtheria, small-pox, yellow fever and typhus, which so infect the confined air of a room and any package or chest, that the poisonous contagion is very apt to remain many months, and may remain even more than a year, if not thoroughly disinfected. Numerous instances have occurred this summer (1879) in which clothing, bedding and sick-rooms, and even houses in which there had been no sickness, which were infected last autumn with yellow fever, have given that terrible disease to unsuspecting persons. So well are the people of Memphis and New Orleans convinced of this fact now, that their health officers of the National Board of Health are fully determined that everything and every place which has been exposed to the yellow fever infection shall be effectually purified, and all such infection be destroyed in the affected towns and cities that have suffered from this cause this present year, or even the year before.

We have thus called attention to invisible dangers because it is possible to apply visible means of destruction and control of them, and these means are all in the nature of purification and disinfection, such as we will presently describe.

The surface of the human body, and even the delicate membrane covering the eye, as well as the mucous lining of the internal passages of the human body, may, and often do become diseased in such manner, by neglect of purity and careful cleanliness, that they will give off contagious matter. The contagious disorders of the skin, the eyes and mouth are results of neglect of cleanliness, and are justly esteemed very disgusting. We will give some plain rules which will prevent them.

Decaying matters, whether vegetable or animal, and not unfrequently the still living but unhealthy and unclean surfaces and tissues of both animal and vegetable bodies, are apt to become infected with parasites which prey upon and injure or destroy the tissues. Even the tenderest parts and juices of vegetable substances and the skin, the muscles and blood of the animal, may be harmed in this way. It was a little invisible parasite which destroyed the potatoes at harvest time throughout the country many years ago, and there are some foul waters and infected kinds of meat which will breed disease in persons who partake of them. Therefore, it is a duty to be cleanly in food and drink, as well as in our breathing and personal habits.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS REASONS FOR CLEANLINESS.

We have now seen abundant reasons why the merely animal nature of human beings requires cleanliness and purity in their persons, habits and habitations. These reasons might with propriety be applied to the domesticated dumb beasts; and, indeed, the owners and masters of fine stocks of the domestic animals order the care and management of such animals upon these sanitary principles of perfect cleanliness and watchful disinfection. But as the Divine Image has been stamped upon human beings, the mind and moral feelings—the spirit which makes man "a living soul"—have the highest importance in regard to all that affects the health of individuals and communities. It is because "Cleanliness is, indeed, next to Godliness" that we need to regard it as a supreme duty to provide for and enforce the rules of cleansing, purity and disinfection.

It is doubtful if persons who become filthy in their habits and neglect to provide for the purification of their bodies, clothing and premises, will ever be found pure and sweet in their thoughts, language and influence. The writer has had occasion to observe many facts in regard to this matter, and to express some bold conclusions concerning neglected causes of impurity of thought, of manners and of life among the common people, and especially in youth. The blessed Redeemer, when beginning his sermon on the Mount, declared the grandest of all religious truths when he said:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

With reverence and great truthfulness it may also be said, that the cleanly and pure in their lives and homes *are blessed*, for they can fully realize the happiness and sweetness of purity in their thoughts and acts.

There is no hiding the fact that a great many persons who really wish to be morally pure and who yearn to be delivered from impure and unholy thoughts and feelings, utterly fail to become pure in heart, fail to overcome their evil imagination and disturbing thoughts and wrong habits of speech and life, because they do not know and obey the rules of purity and perfect cleanliness in person, clothing and habitation. The good physician, the religious teacher, the good mother and faithful father often has occasion to bear this truth in mind and to act upon it.

Diseases of the body, the fatal contagious and pestilences which destroy thousands of precious lives suddenly, the discomforts, domestic and personal unhappiness chargeable to uncleanliness, ought certainly to lead all persons to adopt the rules and regulations of sanitary cleanliness and purification. The moral reasons for doing so should lead every religious person to enforce and inculcate the duty of such cleanliness and purity. Even if no moral considerations were mentioned or thought of while teaching and providing ways and means for securing the sanitary blessings of cleanliness and purity, the desire for health and comfort, and the duty of decency and a true regard for the welfare of the community in which we reside, would seem to be enough to make all persons both thoughtful and faithful in whatever is necessary for protection against sickness and discomfort.

In preparing the simple rules of cleanliness and sanitary purification which here follow, we have kept in mind the fact that the community and the public generally, the household or family and the individual, are mutually concerned, and in some sense mutually responsible for a faithful observance of these duties. We have to keep constantly in mind, also, that the *air*, the *water*, the *streets and grounds*, the *clothing and dwellings* of individuals, the *waste and decaying matters*, the outflowing or sewerage, the sick-rooms and hospital-wards, the *remains of the dead* and the *sanitary care of domestic animals*,—all, in their respective ways and times, require the faithful application of these Sanitary Rules.

WHAT TO CLEANSE AND KEEP PURE.

We will follow the list just given, and must here refer to the human body as the house which man resides in while living on earth, and which must itself be kept sweet and clean and well defended and repaired. This living body, wonderfully made, the earthly house of the living soul, is worthy of all the care and protection we give it. The skin which covers it has to be kept clean and healthy by bathing and fresh air; the eyes, ears, teeth and mouth and nostrils, ever exposed to the dust without and the outflowing secretions that are local irritants when lodged and dried upon the parts from which nature designed them to be washed away; delicate mucous linings of the lungs, the stomach and bowels; the flesh itself, and especially the blood as it comes through the body, all require to be preserved pure and cleanly,—for if not so preserved they will become diseased, so that discomfort, inflamations, disease and pain will follow. The air, the water, the food and clothing that are supplied for the human body—or the house we live in—should be clean and fresh, so that perfect health and comfort shall be enjoyed by the body and the mind.

The Air.—The right to fresh, pure air is a natural and inalienable right, as precious as liberty itself. Foul vapors and gases, smoke and sickening odors must be prevented from defiling the air in any region where it is to be breathed. To preserve the cleanliness and purity of the atmosphere about our dwelling houses, shops and streets, requires all inhabitants and the operators of business to see to it that by all suitable means they themselves prevent any defilement of the air. The sanitary care of cellars, stables, and all excremental matter and manures, must be understood, and all gases and odors of decaying matter must be neutralized or absorbed by suitable means, as we show in the annexed Rules of Cleansing and Disinfection.

The Water.—The wells, springs, cisterns and reservoirs of water used for drinking and in households must always be *protected against defilement*. If a well or stream is used for these purposes, its actual purity and protection should be looked after at once, and the fact should be settled by the family physician or some other competent person—that the water is pure and the means of its protection against any foul soakage are sufficient. If any fertile field, or a privy, a cellar, a barn, stable or pigpen drains towards the well or stream, there should be some means of protection devised, or another and safer source of supply of water be sought. The utensils, such as pails and pitchers, in which the water used for drinking is contained, should be kept constantly clean; and when any sickness occurs in a house, the water and drinking cups must be unused by other persons.

Food.—Various articles that are used for food are liable to become impure. Even fresh milk and cream so rapidly absorb foul vapors and so readily take up and hold the invisible contagious poison of fevers, that great care is necessary in preserving the perfect purity of milk. The cleanness and sweetness of meats and of all bread stuff should be preserved. If in the presence of decaying matter and putrid gases, meats, and especially fish and butter, quickly become unwholesome. Some people try to restore such hurt food to sweetness by immersing it in water containing an equal quantity of lumps of charcoal, but it is better to prevent the defilement and putrescence altogether.

Streets and Grounds.—The pathways and grounds about dwellings, and all roadways, are best kept clean and free from nuisance, when so graded and sloped as to give easy and certain flowing off for the water; but there must be under drainage to make grounds, pathe and roadways dry. The removal of all decaying matter—animal and vegetable—from the vicinity of dwellings and streets is a sanitary duty. The freshness and healthfulness of pathe and grounds is improved by an occasional layer of fine gravel; but never by sawdust, chips or planks. Decaying wood, even chips and sawdust, is unwholesome.

Clothing.—The modern practice of boiling as well as washing all undergarments, is the best of sanitary rules for such clothing. The frequent ventilation and brushing of all other garments; and a long exposure to light and wind, with most thorough brushing of all clothing and upholstered things that cannot be boiled, is the proper sanitary treatment for such materials, if they have been exposed to any sickness or foul air.

Dwelling-houses.—Through and through ventilation, sunlight, the hot scrubbing of wood floors and the hard wiping and dusting of walls, as well as the lime-washing of common ceilings, are essential means of cleanliness of habitations. Closets, storerooms and pantries and the cellars require equally effectual opening, cleansing and ventilation. The proper use of fresh lime, carbolic acid washes, etc., will be described presently.

Waste and Decaying Matters.—The removal and prevention of such causes of nuisance is the first duty, but the immediate arrest and prevention of the putrefaction and the control of the foul emanations must be secured by the best means at hand. (*See the Rules for Disinfection.*) It is entirely practicable to keep all kinds of refuse matter, even the common garbage of the household, in such manner, by the help of disinfectants or anti-ferments, that it will not have or become offensive before its final removal. But it is important that there should be no needless waste and garbage, and that the regulations for disinfecting and removing such refuse matter shall be faithfully observed. The putrescence of refuse materials used for food is not only excessively offensive, but may be the cause of sudden and even fatal sickness. The sweet and nutritious articles most used for food become putrescent poisons when rotting as garbage; therefore such decay or fermentation should be prevented altogether until removed to the field and covered in the soil. Many a valuable life has been lost and many a family been prostrated by sudden sickness, by the putrid emanations of a few bushels of rotting potatoes or cabbages, or by putrid animal matters and melons.

The Outflow and Sewerage from Dwellings, and Domestic Animals.—Sewerage matter is very dangerous stuff when stagnant and sending off its gases into dwelling houses, shops and other occupied buildings; and, if it is not completely washed away (flushed) by flowing water, it should be led deeply into porous ground at least 200 yards away from the house. It must be kept far away from wells, springs and streams which supply water for household use. The waste pipes within the house, and all the traps and cess-basins, as well as every water-closet and privy, should be carefully disinfected at stated times. (*See Rules.*)

Sick-rooms and Hospitals.—There is something given off from the bodies and in the excremental matters of sick people, which tends to produce disease. All diseases of the bowels and all the fevers, seem to have this tendency. Therefore, all such matters should be disinfected as soon as voided. (*See Disinfection of Sick-rooms.*) The apartment or the ward in which the sick lay should be both cleansed and disinfected, during the sickness and immediately after the removal of the patients. The clothing and vessels used by the sick of any fever or infectious malady, should be thoroughly disinfected in the sick chamber, before removal.

The Remains of the Dead.—The last service given by

the living to the remains of those who die is designed to give protection against the decaying elements of the

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The special drying of a damp apartment is best secured

the living to the remains of those who die is designed to give protection against the decaying elements of the dead body. Buried deeply in the earth, the putrid flesh returns to dust and becomes a part of the common soil. Before the burial, and as soon as death occurs, the cleansing of the surface of the corpse and wrapping it in cloth that is moistened with a suitable disinfecting fluid, so as to delay the beginning of decay, is a sanitary duty which common regard for the deceased person, as well as the welfare of the living, requires. The ancients, who wrapped the corpse in the incense cloths and spices, thus delayed the decay and endeavored to render the dead body inoffensive. Simpler and more effectual means are now used; but such means, even, are too much neglected, yet they are infinitely cheaper and less troublesome than ice packing which is the most common method. The dead should be buried out of our sight without needless delay; but, while the corpse awaits its burial, it should be wrapped in a cloth saturated with a disinfecting solution which any physician can order.*

Domestic Animals.—The health, beauty and usefulness of domestic animals depend greatly upon their cleanliness and the cleanly keeping or care of them. Not only can they be taught to be cleanly and decent themselves, but they become docile and agreeable in proportion as they are cleanly. Suitable means of cleanliness, especially for their voluntary daily bathing in water, to the extent that each species of such animals desires to bathe, should be provided by the persons who keep them. Nearly all quadrupeds seek opportunities to walk about in fresh water. Birds and certain fowls baths with deliberation and pleasure, and all the domestic animals instinctively seek fresh, clean bedding or nests. To neglect the duty of providing for these instinctive wants of such animals is cruel, and will cause disease in them, besides endangering the health of the family and any human beings who have much to do with them. Physicians know that the diseases of domestic animals are chiefly "filth diseases," and those of the dog, the horse, the swine and the cat cause much injury to the human family. Give such creatures all the means of living most cleanly and healthfully, if you would be protected against the loathsome maladies which they aid in propagating when unclean and diseased.

Finally, we should observe our own *instincts of cleanliness*, and should quickly correct any neglect or habit that leads to filthiness of person, clothing or habitation. Offensive odors and filthy things are but other names for rottenness. They offend our senses and our health, and therefore should be avoided.

The following Rules of Cleanliness and Disinfection will make everything plain and practicable in regard to these duties.

Rules For Cleansing And Disinfection.

The Ways and Means.—Pure water and fresh air, and means for applying these elements for cleansing, are the first to be provided for every person and every dwelling. Purity and health are not to be enjoyed without them.

From twenty to thirty gallons of water is the allowance needed daily by every individual who is to be kept perfectly clean in person, clothing and premises.† It is the prescribed allowance for hospitals and asylums, and no family can reasonably provide less quantity. The Croton Aqueduct brings to the inhabitants of New York City from seventy-five to one hundred gallons for each person daily, but more than half of the whole quantity is devoted to other uses than those of the household and the individual.

Every person must have from 25 to 100 cubic feet of fresh air supplied every minute. That is, if a person were to be placed in a small room measuring ten feet from floor to ceiling and being ten feet square, the supply of fresh air brought into such an apartment should be sufficient to refill it every ten minutes, if the person were seriously sick, and at least every forty minutes if perfectly well, while the external atmosphere was pure and cool. Only let this requirement of from 25 to 100 cubic feet of fresh air every minute be remembered by every person who would keep the blood and the surface of the body bathed with fresh air—sufficiently for the necessities of health. This amount of ventilation can be kept up by night and by day without any perceptable or chilling current. In one of the great church edifices on Fifth Avenue the forced volumes of fresh air are sent to the seat of every one in a congregation of 1,800 persons, at the ratio of nearly 100 cubic feet every minute, without any noticeable current.

It should be kept in mind that the blood flows constantly through the lungs, spread through hundreds of square yards of mucous membrane, for the purpose of being washed in fresh air and absorbing pure oxygen to cleanse and invigorate the body. This real internal cleansing is a necessity of health and safety which no human being has a right to interfere with or diminish.

Persons who neglect to secure these abundant supplies of pure water and fresh air endanger themselves and may become so impure and diseased as to injure other people. No dwelling, no parlor, bedroom, kitchen, school-room, work-room or hall, is fit for occupation unless it has such ventilation as will supply from 25 to 100 cubic feet of air per minute to each occupant, when demanded. Windows must be large, and some portion of two of them on different sides of the room must be kept open to secure this degree of ventilation where there are any occupants.‡

Light, as well as ventilation, is necessary for preserving the cleanliness and purity of a dwelling or any apartment. Fungus or mould, which gives a musty smell, will grow to even stain a room and its furniture when closely shut up in darkness. Sunlight, fresh air and pure water are the means of cleanliness and purity. The ways of applying these agents of health should be simple, but never be neglected. The ample supply of water so provided, stored and readily drawn by faucet or hydrant, or so kept at hand that the habit of freely using it is a sanitary and domestic duty. The bath-tub, the convenient lavatory, or wash-bowls, sponges, dippers and cups are essential to the habitual and sufficient use of water.

The habit and duty of *revolting* against foul or stagnant air, and the study of available means for supplying fresh air, should be established by all. The person who politely attempts to supply needed ventilation in a stagnant atmosphere where several or many people are suffering the want of fresh air, need not fear offending. The writer of this always does it and never was rebuked.

Light is necessary as a means of purity and health of the body, and, as before mentioned, is necessary to the cleansing and wholesomeness of dwelling apartments. Many an ailment of complaining and feeble persons may be cured by sunlight and fresh air, and not a few may be purified and made both decent and healthy by the sanitary uses of air and water.

Sewerage, and all the outflowing or excremental matters of the habitation, the individual and the community, must be re-united intimately and under cover, with the earth, or be wholly and ceaselessly washed away far from habitations, and far from such streams and wells as are used for drinking.

Disinfectants, what to disinfect, and how to use them.

Disinfectants are not substitutes for cleanliness and the use of water and fresh air. We disinfect those things and places which cannot at once be cleansed and ventilated sufficiently to prevent decay, nuisance, disease and infection. The chemical and other agents which are employed for this sanitary purpose are termed disinfectants; but they are not alike and will not be applicable alike under all circumstances.

Disinfectants are employed to destroy germs of the fungus and minute animalcular parasites, also to arrest and prevent the fermentation and decay, and to overcome as well as prevent the gases and vapors of decayed and putrifying substances. The most important use of disinfectants is that which destroys the infections and invisible signs of the contagious or infectious diseases. This special application of disinfectiou is now called "stamping out" the disease. *Burning* destroys all infectious matter, but it is found that a *boiling heat*, especially if long continued, or two or three times repeated, will also destroy infectious or contagious virus in clothing and infected apartments.

Chemical substances are employed for this purpose also, and their usefulness depends upon their power and certainty to destroy all living vegetable and animal matters. The high heat of steam which was forced into the ships infected with yellow fever off the coast of Mexico in 1848, immediately and completely destroyed the rats and vermin of the ships and at the same time disinfected the vessels, so that no persons again took yellow fever by going on board of or serving in those ships. Dry heat is sometimes more readily applied than steam or moist heat, but, generally, boiling is the readiest mode of heating, and, so far as we can ascertain, the boiling of clothing and any articles for from twenty to thirty minutes will destroy whatever infection they may contain.

The *Sulphate of Zinc* (White Vitriol) is a powerful and easily applied disinfectant and entirely safe to use. It is colorless, produces no stain and readily dissolves. In the sick-room and whenever the boiling of the clothing from the patients is in the least delayed, the infectious virus in them can be destroyed by packing them in a solution of 4 ounces of sulphate of zinc to the gallon of water. In the care of contagious and infectious diseases, it is best to have this white zinc vitriol on hand for disinfecting clothing. But the boiling of all clothing and cloths, which have been upon or exposed to the sick, is a sanitary duty not to be neglected.

Carbonate of Soda (Sal Soda), or the *Borate of Soda* (Borax), will serve very well as a disinfectant if the solution is as strong as can be made in cold water, but the zinc solution is surest and cheapest.*

Chloride of Lime, or *Carbolic Acid*, are useful where they can most properly be employed, but the lime injures and may destroy clothing, and the carbolic acid is offensive to smell, and unless of a very pure quality it stains. The chloride and the carbolic acid must never be used together. Whatever requires extra cleansing by washing, and particularly when such things have been exposed to any infectious disease, should be washed in the borax or sal soda water.

Water and *Fresh Air* are the great purifiers. Whatever else may be applied to unclean things, infected clothing, foul places or unhealthy houses, these two purifiers must be so applied as to make every part clean and fresh. Boiling water, with or without one of the disinfectants, and strong currents or breezes of fresh air will speedily remove all mouldy, slimy and musty conditions and bad odors that are common in houses, closets, &c. The cooling water may be applied with a stiff wiper or mop, and the currents of fresh air should be so turned on through open doors and windows as to *ventilate through-and-through*.

Wet cellars, damp rooms and all dark places will breed mould and fungus growths which make the air offensive and unhealthful. Light and ventilation, with thorough drying, are the remedies. The drainage and cleansing of cellars and of the grounds about the house are very necessary to healthfulness of premises, and every house-drain should be completely washed out or flushed with water daily. If 20, 50, or 100 gallons are allowed for each inhabitant daily, there need be no lack of such flushing of the house sewerage.

The special drying of a damp apartment is best secured by the continual and strong currents of air, blowing through and through. But if other means have to be used, there is nothing more effectual than finely broken unslacken lime and charcoal laid about on trays, etc.

Fresh Air is the chief defense against the causes of disease in and about our dwellings and all places to which we resort. Even the grounds upon which we walk, or that are under and about our houses, contain common air which is found to be *nearly one-fifth* of the entire volume or quantity of every solid foot or yard of earth. This *ground-air* and all the *house-air* circulates freely and comes into the rooms and all places to which we go. It is clean and fresh or it is impure and sickening, according to the condition of the grounds and the places out of which it comes. The atmosphere of the open country and above our houses, under the open sky, is clean, sweet and refreshing. The theory and practice of ventilation depend on this fact of the purity of the "open air"; but the healthfulness of "house-air and the "ground-air," as it comes into the house or is breathed at the doors and along the pathways and premises of a dwelling spot, must not be overlooked. The perfect drainage and cleanliness of the house lot and surrounding grounds should be most carefully provided for. The personal and domestic habits and rules of cleanliness are necessary to this end.

In conclusion, whatever else is resorted to for purifyeation, or for the prevention or removal of infectiou or other causes of disease, these uses of fresh air and of water, and these faithful habits of cleanliness must be the main sources of sanitary protection and comfort.

The *habit* of daily and continual care to prevent and provide against the waste and neglect, or slovenliness which *cause filth;* the habit of personal and domestic cleanliness; the systematic opening of doors and windows, the cleaning of all apartments and house premises; and the washing and flushing away of all the liquid outflowing or sewerage of the premises, will all together, as a habit of sanitary practice and a daily regulation of the house, whether it be at the poor man's cottage or the rich mansion, make domestic and personal cleanliness easy, and health and comfort secure. Like habits of personal virtue and the right uses of our time and thoughts, these *habits of cleanliness* and the sanitary regulation of houses, become sources of personal and domestic happiness and health. To secure such results, who would not adopt such *Habits and Rules of Health?*

SIMPLE RULES OF DISINFECTION.

(1.) Quicklime.—To absorb moisture and putrid fluids, use fresh Stone Lime finely broken; sprinkle it on the place to be dried, and in damp rooms place a number of plates or pans filled with the Lime powder; whitewash with pure quicklime.

(2.) Charcoal Powder.—To absorb the putrid gases, the coal must be *dry and fresh*, and should be combined with *Lime:* this compound is the *Calx Powder*, as sold in shops.

(3.) Chloride of Lime.—To give off *chlorine*, to destroy putrid effluvia and to stop putrefaction, use it as lime is used, and if in cellars or closets the *chlorine gas* is wanted, pour strong *vinegar* or diluted *Sulphuric acid* upon plates of Chloride of Lime occasionally, and add more of the Chloride.

(4.) Carbolic Acid.—This may be diluted at the rate of from forty to one hundred parts of water to one of the fluid acid. Use this solution for the same purpose as copperas is used; also to sprinkle upon any kind of garbage or decaying matter, and on foul surfaces of any kind. For sprinkling foul or unhealthy streets and alleys, mix one part of this crude Carbolic Acid with a hundred parts of the Copperas solution, and sprinkle the entire surface every four or five days during the summer and autumn.

(5.) Sulphate of Iron (Copperas) and Carbolic Acid.—To disinfect privies, cess-pools, drains, and sewers, and especially the vessels, grounds, or places in which the discharges from the sick with any fever or diarrhœal diseases are evacuated or cast away. Dissolve eight or ten pounds of sulphate of iron in three or four gallons of water, and add half a pint of fluid Carbolic acid (if it can be had), stir or agitate it briskly, to make a complete solution. Use this disinfectant as follows:

To keep privies and water-closets from becoming infected or offensive, pour a pint of this solution into every water-closet pan or privy-seat, every evening.

To disinfect masses of filth, privies, sewers, or drains, gradually pour in the solution, hour by hour, until every part of the mass or foul surface has been thoroughly disinfected.

To disinfect the discharges from the sick, let a small quantity of this solution be constantly kept in all vessels into which the diseharges are voided from the body, and let every privy and every place where the diseharges are cast away be thoroughly saturated with the disinfecting solution. Wherever cholera is present in a house or neighborhood, and wherever persons are arriving from infected places, the daily use of this disinfecting fluid should be maintained. *Bed-pans and chamber-vessels* are disinfected with this strong solution, using a gill at a time, and emptying and thoroughly cleansing as soon as used by the patient.

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* Three ounces of crystalized Carbolic acid dissolved in a pint or more of Camphor spirits will serve to saturate a thin cloth for such a disinfecting wrapper.

† This estimate is for the household and premises, or for a community, village and city, providing for all uses.

‡ If the *outlet* and means for the egress of the foul and confined air of a room provide for the *outflowing* of air at the rate here mentioned, the *inflowing of fresh air* can be readily secured. Even a single small fireplace in a parlor will conduct from 6,000 to 10,000 cubic feet of air away from the apartment every hour the fire is kept up; and as much more will enter through crevices and a narrow opening at the top or bottom of a window or by a screened ventilating inlet. The chief point is to make sure of a steady and sufficient outlet: for this a chimney flue is the simplest.

* Borax is an excellent and safe disinfectant, as well as a good substitute for soap, whether for the surface of the body, the hair, or for clothing. Use from ¼ to ½ a pound in a gallon of water.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

We wish you a merry Christmas,
Little Sister and I.
We're going to look at our stockings,
Hung up by the chimney so high.

All the big people are sleepy,
And it's most too dark to see;
But we couldn't lie still one bit longer,
We're both wide awake as can be.

We hope you've all hung up your stockings,
We hope you have tried to be good,
So Santa Claus wouldn't forget you,
But hring you just all that he could.

We hope you don't mind that we waked you,—
I don't b'lieve you do, for you smiled.
Mamma says that the very first Christmas
Was brought to the world by a Child.

And He was the first Christmas present,
The dearest and sweetest and best;
And now He has gone back to Heaven,
And sende every one of the rest.

And all that He wants for His present
Are children, she says—If you'd try,
Could you grown people be little children,
D'you think, such as Sister and I?

H. W. L.

THE BRIDGE AND ITS KEYSTONE.

(See page 123.)

Is not this a beautiful bridge, its one great arch sweeping the river, so graceful and airy yet so massive and strong. But do you know the whole great bridge would tumble into the river, if you were to take away just one of the stones, the top stone in the middle of the arch? That is the keystone, the stone against which all the rest on each side lean for support. Take that out, and down goes your bridge, with everybody on it.

We must remember that, for we all try to build bridges sometimes. This Christmas week at the end of the old year is a great time for bridge building. Some people sit up all the last night in the year, trying to build their bridge in a single night; a bridge from the old year to the new year, from a rather poor life to a better life, from bad ways to good ways. They look back, and around them, and think, "I haven't been walking in the right way exactly—this is a pretty worthless, barren land I have been living in, this land of selfishness and sinfulness.—I wish I could get across the stream of my bad habits into that pleasant, safe ground where some I see are walking—I wish I could have some of the pleasant fruits of goodness and unselfishness." Yes, wishing is all very well, but how shall we get there. A bridge—that is the very thing of course—a bridge all built of good resolves, the best and strongest.

A sheet of clean white paper, to write them all down; that will do for the scaffolding, you see, to hold the stones till all are laid. So we lay the stones in order—how beautiful they look! First, all the "I won'ts:" I won't ever lie any more; I won't ever steal any more; I won't ever cheat in my business any more; I won't ever be mean any more, or give place to evil thoughts; I won't drink any more; I won't swear; I won't speak a cross word to my wife—or may be it is, to my husband—this whole year; I won't be selfish any longer.

That is fine, that gets us half way over already. Now for the "I wills." I will be honest in everything—truthful in the smallest, faithful in the least; I will go to church regularly; I will listen to my conscience; I will give to the poor; I will make my home happy; I will live for others and for God."

This is grand. How good we feel already! This will take us all the way over, and land us in the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace.

Alas—the very next day, when we take down our scaffolding and try to use our beautiful bridge to walk on, and not only to look at, down it comes tumbling to ruins, and we with it, into the strong stream of bad habits again.

Isn't this the way it has been with us all, over and over again, till some of us have stopped bridge building altogether, and let the floods of habit sweep stronger and stronger around us, benming us in to our narrow, fruitless lives, without any more effort to cross them?

What was the matter with our bridges of good resolves, the best and strongest? Ah, friends, didn't we forget the keystone? And what is that but God himself—God's help, God's grace, God's life in the soul, for all its good resolves and longings to lean upon, and only in leaning find their strength? And how to get it? In this world of buying and selling and bargaining for gain,

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God can be had for the asking."

Friends. If we build our bridge again in this closing year, let us not forget the keystone.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PLEASANT NEWS FROM CAPT. PRATT'S INDIAN SCHOOL AT CARLISLE.

We are very glad to lay before our readers the following encouraging letter from Capt. Pratt's noble enterprise in Indian education at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. The writer, Lt. G. LeR. Brown, 11th U. S. Infy, having been granted leave of absence for six months, has gone to Carlisle and is assisting the Captain in his arduous task, and through him we are happy to expect regular reports from this very interesting work of our friends and fellow-laborers

CARLISLE, PA., *Nov.* 18th, 1879.

Editor Workman:

We find that the location of the school at Carlisle Barracks gives it many advantages. The site is very beautiful, the buildings are commodious and comfortable, supplies of all kinds obtainable at cheap rates, the city of Carlisle a few hundred yards away, with its kindly disposed people and highly cultivated surroundings, will have a benign influence upon the Indian children and, most important of all, the climate is healthy.

The buildings have been thoroughly overhauled, many repairs made, the old fence about the post torn down, a new one built, one of the rows of buildings, formerly occupied by the officers of the garrison, has been converted into a dormitory for the girls and lady teachers. One of the rooms in this building is the common sitting-room for the girls, and here they assemble every evening and led by one of the teachers, join in singing, knitting and games. In another large building, an industrial department for making clothing, etc., has been arranged. One of the rows of buildings, formerly occupied by soldiers, has been fitted up for the boys, the upper rooms for sleeping, and the lower for the laundry, wash-room, reading-rooms and office. The upper rooms in the other barracks have been fitted up for recitation-rooms, the lower rooms being used as store rooms. The building formerly used as a *Theatre* and *Chapel* has been converted into a comfortable and convenient dining-room and kitchen. The children are supplied with plenty of wholesome food. The boys have been formed into three companies and deport themselves in an orderly and satisfactory manner.

Under the through and efficient management of Miss Semple, the school-room work is moving steadily forward. On Sundays, delegations of children, under the care of teachers, attend the several Sunday-schools and churches in town.

A building has been selected for the purposes of mechanical instruction, and will be duly fitted up, at an early date.

During the recent visit of the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, he expressed himself well-pleased with the work thus far accomplished, and, being struck with its necessity, he ordered Captain Pratt to build a chapel 36x60, and foundations for this building are being laid. He also authorized uniforms for the boys.

Owing to the hearty co-operation and earnest, persevering efforts of all engaged in the work, the school is beginning to assume a business-like look, and, from the stand-point gained, it appears full of promise and bids fair to realize the best anticipations of its many friends.

G. B.

THE EXODUS TO LIBERIA.

The American Colonization Society finds itself constrained to appeal for aid, in order to ensure the effective prosecution of its work; the late years of business depression and shrinkage of values and income having largely reduced the contributions to its treasury.

Applications for passage and settlement in Liberia, comprising several hundred thousand respectable people of color, are upon our records.

Every emigrant costs the Society one hundred dollars, of which $50 is for passage and support, and $50 for rations and shelter during the first six months after arrival, including ten acres of land to each unmarried adult and twenty-five acres to every family. Toward this outlay, the preference is given to such applicants, all other things being equal, as will contribute $10 or more *per capita*. Added to this is the expence of travel from their homes to the vessel, which is often considerable, and in all cases is borne by intending emigrants.

Funds are especially needed for the outfit and dispatch of our customary Fall expedition, at this time in active preparation and to embark on the ship *Monrovia*, expected soon to arrive at New York from Liberia, where she landed, in July last, a company of select families, sent by the Society.

Donations may be sent to the undersigned,

Colonization Rooms, Washington, D. C.
By order of the Executive Committee.
WM. COPPINGER,
Sec. and Treas. A. C. S.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

The President of the United States in his last annual message made the following statement and suggestion.

"The abuse of animals in transit is widely attracting public attention. A national convention of societies specially interested in the subject has recently met at Baltimore, and the facts developed, both in regard to cruelties to animals and the effect of such cruelties upon the public health, would seem to demand the careful consideration of Congress and the enactment of more efficient laws for the prevention of these abuses."

A bill to prevent cruelty in the transportation of live stock, passed the Senate but failed in the House.

The need of such legislative action, and of rousing public sentiment to compel it, is most painfully shown by a report read before the third annual meeting of the American Humane Association, at Chicago, in October. Through the generosity of two Massachusetts ladies, Mr. Zadok Street, a member of the Executive Committee was sent by the society to travel all the important Western roads and testify to the condition of stock in transportation. His report, shocking and sickening to humanity, all the more should be carried home to the the heart of humanity, because the worst of it is that it is true.

The following are a few extracts from Mr. Street's Report.

"I have traveled more than eighteen thousand (18,000) miles, in going over some of the principal railroad lines, and over some of them a second and third time, and had different men with me a part of the time, as witnesses.

We have seen one thousand three hundred and forty (1,340) local stations where animals are collected and shipped. In many of the pens cattle and hogs were standing in mud from four to eight inches deep, and exposed to the hot sun, or storms, for days while the owners were collecting their full shipment, and no arrangements of any kind for feeding or watering the animals were made while thus confined. We have seen cattle drink the filthy water that was standing in their tracks, showing their extreme thirst, before being loaded in the cars. At different times we have witnessed large cattle, cows, young calves and hogs in the same pen, to be loaded in the same car. We have seen hogs greatly over-crowded in pens, where there was not space for them to lie down for rest regardless of their tired or hungry condition. At different times the owners did admit that their animals had been driven from ten (10) to eighteen (18) miles without feed or water, before getting to a station, and that they were then loaded into the cars in that condition. We have seen at a station in Kansas, large, fine looking, fat cattle, which the owner expected to sell for exportation, that had been confined in small pens for three days and nights continuously, exposed to the hot sun, without feed or water. A man in charge of this lot said he had just received a dispatch from the owner to ship them to St. Louis without giving them feed or water, and he said that after arriving in St. Louis, he could get one hundred (100) pounds or more of water into each one before they were sold and weighed.

OVERLOADING.—It is no uncommon thing to see from eighteen to twenty head of large fat cattle in a car twenty-eight feet long and eight feet wide, and thirty-six to forty-eight of one end two year old cattle in a car. Also, 120 stock hogs in each deck of a double decked car, and from eighty to ninety large, fat hogs in single-decked cars, where they did not appear to be standing room for them.

We have seen more than one thousand dead animals taken from a single train; dead because of overloading and confinement day after day in the cars in the hot weather, and hundreds more nearly lifeless when unloaded.

We have seen a few humane dealers and shippers, who condemn in strong terms the general manner of treating animals in transit, and who never permit their animals to be overloaded, nor to suffer for want of rest or food, and the result is, they seldom have a dead or injured animal.

The treatment of cattle in cars is more visible than that of hogs; this causes more comment by observers, but we believe that the cruelty to hogs generally exceeds that of cattle.

POULTRY.—We have seen twenty-five hoxes or crates filled with chickens which were shipped from stations on the Missouri River to Denver in Colorado, six hundred miles distant, so overcrowded there was no standing room for them, and in a few hours many of them died.

We find there are more than one hundred millions of animals consumed annually for human food in the United States. Within a few years there has been a demand for our cattle in foreign lands, which will greatly increase the value of our exportations, if the cattle are rightly cared for. The Mississippi Valley, as all know, is one of the most productive agricultural regions on the globe, and a large portion of it is naturally adapted to the culture of corn and grass, and to the raising and feeding of domestic animals.

During the nine months of the present year, there has been received and sold in Chicago alone, one million head of cattle; four million two hundred thousand hogs; two hundred and forty-five thousand sheep, and one thousand horses.

From five to ten per cent. of the real value of cattle and of hogs is lost by shrinkage in weight, and by death and injury done to the animals between the feeding lands of the West and the Atlantic cities.

The commission men, the men at the feeding yards, and indeed all parties in the trade have large interest in this question. It may be feared that unless animals are better treated, their exportation, and the packing and canning of meats will be largely reduced. The cruelty concerns the farmer, the feeder and the laboring man, both in pecuniary and sanitary ways. All the civilized nations have taken action in favor of the better treatment of animals and to prevent diseased meats being sold for human food. Our own citizens are *more and more* awake to this fact."

IN the light of these terrible disclosures the Executive Committee will appeal to press and pulpit and school room co-operation, and suggests that "addresses should be given in each State," and that "there is probably hardly a considerable town in this country where a humane organization would not be a field of useful labor."

The Massachusetts Soc'y for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, older than the General Association, and the second of the kind established in the Union,—the first being in New York—has done admirable service in the holy cause of humanity. Its Secretary justly claims that "giving has become a hereditary habit in a great many families there." Up to the close of its 11th year in March last, nearly $150,000 had been poured into its treasury to flow forth in streams of benevolence.

"The Society has paid in prizes to the children of public schools, for compositions on the proper treatment of animals and for humane inventions, $960.00.

It is now offering $600 in prizes for practical acts of kindness in various ways, the particulars of which may be seen in the September number of 'OUR DUMB ANIMALS.'

It offered $500 last year to any one who would lessen the sufferings of animals in transportation; but the judges ruled that no competitor was entitled to the prize under the condition of the offer.

It publishes 5,000 copies of its small monthly paper, 'OUR DUMB ANIMALS.' This it does at some loss, but its publication might be a profit if the friends chose to double its subscription list.

Its tracts are sent over the United States and beyond, in answer to calls, whether money be sent with the orders or not. Of course this is a department which does not pay unless it is returned through unknown givers; but in any event it is a sowing of the seed, and that our Society has thus far considered a part of its own self-imposed duty.

The names of its tracts are:
"Cattle transportation."
"Protection to Animals."
"How to kill Animals Humanely."
"Five Questions Answered."
"The Check Rein."
"Care of Horses."
"Poems" for School Exhibitions.
"A Service of Mercy," for Sunday Schools.
"Massachusetts Statutes."
"Insect-Eating Birds."

More than 237,000 copies of our several tracts have been printed and circulated at an expense exceeding $2,100.

The number of copies of 'OUR DUMB ANIMALS,' printed since June, 1868, when it was established, exceeds one million four hundred thousand, a large proportion of which were gratuitously circulated."

The new post office at Raleigh, the finest building in the city, was finished off by colored men. The entire contract was awarded to Ellison and Irving, both colored.—*N., C. Republican.*

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post office at Hampton, Va.

The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed at the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work from all parts of the country, is solicited and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

THE North is solid for the negro vote. Its delegation in Congress is a unit for freedom of the ballot, and has, for years, championed the bull-dozed blacks. So much for the vote. How much for the man? How much for the ex-slave thrust into freedom, which meant freedom to live or starve, to rise or fall,—unable to read or write, in a state of enforeed mental blindness, weak, credulous, and though well-meaning to the last degree, the easiest subject for designing men, whose work on his fears, his passions, or his preferences, made him a victim of violence, or a tool, under the guise of friendship, for political adventures.

What have the wards of the Nation received at the hands of their keepers since their freedom and enfranchisement were secured by the Constitution?

Under the Bureau for Refugees, Freedmen, &c., about thirteen millions of dollnrs were dishursed, of which three and a half millions were expended under Gen'l. O. O. Howard's direction, for education, the balnnee going to physieal relief and to administration. The simplest rudiments of lenrning were taught to nearly a million of negro children, and the foundations of such institutions as the the Atlanta, Fisk, Howard and Straight Universities, Hampton Institute, Talladega, Tougaloo and other high schools and colleges were laid; northern religious societies doing the work, and the Freedmen's Bureau supplying a large share of the funds, giving over $50,000 to Hampton alone. On the foundations thus laid, Northern charity has been, for the past ten years, steadily building, and many nohle institutions now attest the wisdom of General Howard's appropriations. These and other similar facts have appeared in his public statements.

Since 1870, the Government has done nothing for the blacks by way of edueation. Henry Wilson said, the "Freedmen's Bureau was too big a load for the Republican Party to carry," a kind of load it did not care to carry, and never has taken up again.

To the host of office-seekers and politicinns the results of the war were opportunities for profit; moral obligations were nothing to them; the ex-slave, grateful to his deliverer and faithful even unto death to the party that emaneipated him, was told that the way he voted was practically choosing between slavery and freedom.

He never was told that, in his ignorant and low condition, he was liable to be his own worst enemy, and that those who helped make him a better man were his true friends.

Excepting that of the Hon. Geo. F. Hoar of Massachusetts (in 1870, we helieve), which was a failure, we know of not a single notable persistent effort on the part of a Republican politician, since the war, for the betterment of the freedmen by way of edueation.

To say that the South is responsible and ought to have provided education for them, is meeting the ery of the ex-slave with mockery and senseless exeuse. A part of slavery was its fallacies regarding negro capacity; human nature made it impossible that the ex-slaveholder should at onee proceed to instruct his former chattel.

Yet, in the State where John Brown was hung, there were in 1878 over a thousand freedmen's schools, and about six hundred colored teachers, one-quarter of a million of dollars being annually devoted to them from the public treasury. There is, according to Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody Fund, a forward movement in all the Southern States in respect to colored schools. For every dollar sent by Northern charity to colored schools there are now three dollars through Southern taxation.

Not a politician has seemed to realize the truth that reconstruction is a question of moral as well as of political forces. Acts of Congress are conditional, indispensable to the higher work; is it not possible that that higher work may be appreciated and pressed in legislative halls? History will assign the highest place in the work of reconstruction, America's greatest problem, to the statesman who, doing his whole duty for the rights of every man, fearless and active against all injustice, shall be equally earaest and active to lift every victim of the slave system from the ignorance and the weakness in which he stood when emancipation found him, and from the danger as well as advantage in which enfranchisemeat placed him.

In Virginia there is no bull-dozing. The negro goes peacefully to drop his ballot. There is nothing to stir the eloquenee of his politieal champions. But when, as in the reeent eleetion, many voted one way beeause they were told that the other party would, if successful, tax them ten dollars a head; when many understood nothing, were confused and remained at home; when many thought that having been slaves at the formation of the State's debt they had no obligation in the matter now as freemen, there is better seen the blunder of the nation's reconstructive policy.

They needed laws, and they needed light too. But they were in the hands of men whose chief concern was their own reelection to office.

The effect of the war upon right minded people was a sense of the sacredness of their duty to the freedmen, whose condition was not their fault; and of the demands made in their behalf by practical Christian philanthropy.

Since 1860, the sum of Northern charities for negro edueation had reached the sum of nearly five millions of dollars. While the ease of contributions for negro schools is not very popular in the North, there is yet, every year, a noble stream of aid for that purpose, mostly for those of high grades, which, in some cases meets a like stream by way of State appropriations. The present ruling class in the South has steadily advaneed in practieal appreciation of good work done by Northern teachers. Beginning with dislike, suspieion and even hatred, they are increasingly fair and liberal. Political differences are counting for less and less, and negro teachers, by hundreds, are welcomed and employed by those who once owned slaves.

The work, so far, is utterly inadequate. The freedmen, as a whole, are unable to see for or to guide themselves. We have nbout 800,000 illiterate negro, nnd multitudes of low white voters; they are not safe. Cases of bulldozing in the South will soon be hard to find—it does not pay. While that means peace at the ballot-box, it does not mean n peace that *is* peace. Quieter but equally effective means will control the ignorant; means that are not peculiar to the South, that are everywhere used when skilled and determined men wish the votes of the low and poor The South may divide, but not because it cannot control enough negro votes.

The ignorant classes throughout the land will drift steadily together. The neglect of our reconstructive legislation will appear better when the ex-slave shall become a puhlic danger.

To-day the manhood, the real improvement of the hlaek man in our country appears to he a matter of uneoneern with those who most loudly elaim puhlie support as his champions.

It is to he hoped that these men will at last redeem themselves hy supporting a measure likely to he pressed upon this Congress which shall provide Government aid in behalf of the illiterate elasses of the South

ON AN EVEN KEEL.

A Frenehman read the Amerieau papers during a Presidential eanvass. The journals and orators of each party demonstrated that the candidate of the other party was ignorant, unpatriotic, dishonest and ineapahle. The Frenchman exclaimed, "What scoundrels the Americans nominate for President!" De Toequeville also said, "It is strange how ealm and submissive the Amerieau people are the day after the eleetion." The older men only, know the white heat reached in party frenzy in the early days of the Republic. Rumors were takea as faet. Scandal was believed to be the honest truth. Each member of one party made himself a proseeuting attorney to bring to summary conviction the opposing candidate. He believed, as such attorneys usually believe, that in the interests of justice every fact and fancy which hore down on the personal character of the opposing candidate should he brought forward, and every fact which exeused, palliated or justified should he ighored. This is, and was, party warfare, but it was not justiee or good sense.

Politeal sentiments are usually involved in a whirlwind of feeling and prejudice. The growth of politieal ideas is in a soil riehly fertilized with bigotry. The party warfare in the early days of the Republic, as we have said, was bitter aad unrelenting. When Washington was nominated as a candidate for his second term of the presidency, his opponents said of him as severe and unjust things, as have ever been said of any candidate since. He was accused of peculation, of nepotism, of ignoranee and ineompetence. This was said hy not few, hut many. They insisted that his election would he a calamity to the country, and deelared that he was at the head of an oligarhy which would ultimately ruin the nation. At this time it would be a most interesting piece of politieal history to collect and publish the infamous things said of the first President of the Republic. Dr. Prime, of the *New York Observer*, said reeently that he had been an intimate friend of the late President Piereo, and that in relating the ineident of the death of the President's ehild, he remarked that the President took great consolation in prayer. An old Whig subscriber replied, "What! President Pieree pray? He can't pray. He is too wieked to pray."

As men eontrol their passions and subdue their prejudices there is a disposition to believe that every question may have two sides to it: that right is not always on one side only, and wrong on the other side wholly; and that, after all, men may reach widely different conelusions, and reach them honestly. It is strange how forcibly men will acknowledge their own fallihility, weakness and short-sightedness, as a general proposition, but how quickly, in all special cases, they fling aside all modesty of opinion, and claim an infallility which belongs to Omniscienee alone.

The early ages of political disension were reptilian. Political opponents regarded each other as noxious or dangerous animals, whose existence was to be tolerated, but whose death was always desirable. Hanging, shooting, poisoning, were the logical results of such political sentiment. When a man wishes to build a house, he looks nhout for and engages a carpenter with reputation for capacity and honesty. This same person, when called upon to vote for one who shall manage the affairs of the country, nt once throws aside all the good sense and temperate judgment he exereised in seleeting a builder for his house. The barometer of his mental and moral nature instantly falls. Stormy winds and gales sweep over him. Instead of staading like a rock, unmoved hy these swift currents of air, he bends and twists like a reed. In the political tempest his judgment is torn to shreds. While no amount of oratory or appeal will induee him to employ an ignorant earpenter, he is eager to put a hricklayer in charge of matters of State, and a fisherman to make comprehensivs laws.

Time, however, makes ehanges, though slowly. Year hy year there grows up in every community a set of men who *keep on even keel;* men who think for themselves, who have the sagacity and knowledge to judge for themselves, who look at things only as they are. These men see, everywhere, good and evil mixed together. They fail to find all the virtues in one party and all the viees in another. They detect, in the fluetuations of political life, a eonstant tendeney towards what is good, and underneath the actions of men and parties a heavy ground-swell moved hy the Infinite Master Hand, whieh sweeps men up towards a hetter condition of thiags.

When a man really knows that the field of knowledge is houndless, and his own eapacity to explore it is limited, he eeases to become a partisan; he makes great allowanee for opposing opinions, and offers nnd demands a liberal charity in judgment. Of late, the religious denominations have shown a disposition to hreak dowh the walls of exclusiveness which have stood so high and formidahle around them. The old preachers would be astounded, should they arise from their graves, and see the denominations shake each other hy the hand. Even the religious press is becoming liheral. Instead of excluding hostile thought it invites it. A late number of the *Independent* eontained an artiele in praise of the personal eharaeter of Col. "Boh" Ingersoll, and followed it hy aa artiele on another subjeet from the pen of a most orthodox divine.

Civilization and eduoation means equilihrium in thought and charity in speeeh. In a higher and more perfect state of social and political life, the ideal of every man will be to keep on an even keel.

W. N. A.

THE report, given in another eolumn, of Mr. Zadok Street, before the American Humane Assoeiation, upon the cruelties habitually attending the transportation of living animals for the markets, is a eurious eomment upon the civilization of the Nineteenth Century—a sufficient testimony to "Anglo Saxon Brutality." We expect harbarity from barbarians; it is not so much a matter of surprise that Pacific Islanders, who, fifty years ago huried their babies alive, should now ride sore backed horses, all day without watering. But is it not wonderful that it has taken nineteen Christian centuries to develop the highest civilization to the degree of even establishing soeieties for the prevention of cruelty to animals and to children, and that a dozen years after their establishment in America, such a report of open and wide-spread inhumanity can be made? Sickening as are the details, they should be kept steadily before the public until it is siekened or shamed into reform.

The Assoeiation justly calls upon the press, the pulpits and the schools to aid in this work of educating public sentiment. We gladly respond. The SOUTHERN WORKMAN has always, indeed, aimed to lay before its readers every month, something upon the subject of the proper treatment of dumb animals.

That there is great need of such education in this State, as well as others, there can be no doubt. Great quantities of livs stock are driven every year over the mountains of Virginia for transportation to the cities and the sea coast. Who

... and many citizens of Hampton ready to ... where it stuck. More experieaced hands

will report upon their condition? And it is not only in transportation that animals suffer. Ignorance and selfishness are everywhere the parents of cruelty. The graduate-teachers of Hampton can do no better work for their race, to help it faster forward in civilization than in wakening in the children an intelligent interest in, and sympathy for the helpless creatures around them, for horses and cattle, and dogs and birds—for everything to which God has given life. And in such work they may always count on Hampton's help and co-operation.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

Looking at the late elections in the Northern States from a non-partisan stand-point, the most prominent object is the tombstone erected over the "Ohio Idea." This "Ohio Idea" was a neat generalization of all theories of repudiation, partial or total. The great American people have expressed their opinion that the obligations of a Nation are as sacred as those of an individual; and the minority who differed with them, are skulking back to old party lines, with no particular lustre added to their political history, nor much certainty of ever again commanding the respects and votes of their fellow-citizens.

The thorough, absolute rout which befell the repudiation party in the North is one of the healthiest signs of the moral tone of the people, that has occurred in many a day. Repudiate any part of the public debt on any pretext, and the same pretext will apply to State debts, and then to individual debts. It is an easy matter to argue against paying any debt, and it is surprising what long stories are told to get at the point, "We won't pay." All we have to do is to ask what right any man has to anything, and the question is settled. But so soon, however, as we claim to have rights in property ourselves, then we must concede the same to others. The State is but the aggregate of its citizens, our nation of its citizens. What is honest between citizen and citizen, is honest between citizen and state, or nation and citizen.

The history of all repudiation, partial or total, is the same—the effect is either financial death or paralysis. The honor (which is but another word for credit) of a State is as delicate as the honor of a woman—tarnish either, and years must elapse before the old-time brightness can be restored. About forty years ago Mississippi "readjusted" her debt, and ever since as a borrower she has suffered. The Northern elections, however, will serve a good turn—they will show the drift of public sentiment (quicker perhaps in the North than in the South,) and the leaders will see in time, that it is a dangerous thing to play roughly with so dangerous a thing as the financial honor of a great State.

Another lesson from the late elections is the evident loosening of party bonds; political hacks, who have never before kicked in harness, have dashed out of the party traces in the most surprising way. It is evident that either new parties must form, or the old ones trim themselves to the present times. Old war-cries rouse no more enthusiasm than the cooing of doves, and the next Presidential election will be fought on issues not now very prominent. The story of "bayonet rule" might as well be wrapt in the "Bloody Shirt" and both be put away in some dark corner of the political attic. The vexed question of State Sovereignty versus National Supremacy was settled at Appomatox, and certain defeat awaits any party which goes to the people with the cry, "We are not a nation." Certain political Bourbons who never learn and never forget anything, may try to force this issue on the country, and their efforts would be pleasing to their more astute opponents; but after all said and done, in this day of newspaper reading, the people force the leaders, not the leaders the people. In benighted regions, where communications with the rest of the world are few and far between, no doubt we can still find voters who wait for their leaders to think for them; but in the greater part of the United States, the people think, move and vote for themselves, and if their public men are not with them, these public men can stand aside and give place to others. The rush and whirl of the last half of the nineteenth century are very different from the comparative calm of the first half. A stage coach represented one; a quadruplex telegraph machine, the other. Intelligent people no longer vote so and so, because Smith, Jones or Robinson says so and so; but because they believe it to their interest to vote so and so. Never in the history of this country has the need of education been so great, for never has personality been so prominent in politics. To educate the masses, we must work on individuals, for the day is past when a country or a district will follow the dictates of a single man.

Probably in no way is the individuality of voting more plainly shown than in the way the negro vote is cast. To see freedmen and their old owners voting the same ticket seems an anomaly, but nevertheless it is a fact. All is supposed to be fair in love, war, and politics, and the Republican party has lost the negro vote to a great extent through the keener knowledge of negro character possessed by their opponents. The policy on one side was to appeal to the negroes *en masse*; the other side appealed to the negroes' individuality, *and won*. The result of the late election in this State was due to the way the colored vote was cast, and the canvass was not on the merits of the issue, but on appeals to the individuality of the colored citizens.

This individuality of thought has its strong points—no concentration of power in the hands of a few is possible, when the eyes and the votes of the many are upon them On the other hand, it has a tendency to create factions, and break up the usefulness of political organizations devoted to unity of action. In a monarchy this spirit would be intolerable—it would mean destruction; but in a democratic republic like ours, it is not only tolerable, but much to be desired. With every man watching every other man, all will be careful of their actions, for all well know how quickly pitiless criticism will assail their every act.

What is to be read, then, between the lines of the Northern elections this fall is, as follows: the people believe "Honesty is the best policy," and that every man as a citizen is part of the government; and not the tool (more or less dull) of the men who claim to be leaders. T. T. B.

BURNING OF ACADEMIC HALL.

The friends of Hampton and its work have already generally learned of the event which, on November 9th, added Academic Hall to the sad list of freedmen's school buildings which have been destroyed by fire in the last year.

The details of the disaster are, as follows: At a little after half past seven, P. M., when most of those connected with the school were assembled in the chapel of Virginia Hall for the usual Sunday evening service, as they were singing the first hymn, a student who had been sent on an errand returned, passed quickly through the room and whispered a word to the Principal. A lifted hand, a breathless pause, and then the announcement, thrilling every heart in the room,—"Let the girls remain quietly and the young men go promptly to their duty. Academic Hall is on fire."

In less time than the description takes, the chapel was emptied of men and boys, and those who were left rushed to the windows to see a great volume of flame and smoke pouring from the attic window and roof, at the north-west corner of the building's front. In five minutes from the time of the alarm the hand fire engine belonging to the school was sending a stream towards the roof, but failed to reach it, though it did good service in checking the downward progress of the flames somewhat, giving more time for the rescue of property. The principal efforts were directed, of course, to getting out the safe and business papers, the offices being fortunately on the ground floor and close to the front door. A squad rushed also to the Assembly room, and others to the library and museum, laboratory, and recitation rooms; while some of the boys who roomed in the building, dashed up to the third story to try to save some of their own effects, in most cases driven back by flames or fear. Guards were set to watch the other buildings, and some stayed outside to help the girls and lady teachers carry papers, books and furniture, as they were tossed or handed out, to a place of safety.

In the course of half an hour, the steam fire engine from the Soldiers' Home arrived on the spot, and many citizens of Hampton ready to lend help, and later the engine from Fortress Monroe, with Major Randolph and his company in charge, and several other officers from the Fort and citizens from Old Point. But nothing avail to save the building.

Indeed, there is no likelihood that anything could have saved it after the alarm was first given, for though the building had not been empty twenty minutes, the fire had then made the astonishing progress of the whole length of the attic, 110 feet from where it started. There had been much warm weather and no rain for two months, and everything was dry as tinder.

In twenty minutes, all efforts inside the building had to be abandoned. A light breeze blowing carried the sparks as far as the Wigwam, or Indian cottage, but a line of buckets was established, and the danger averted by keeping the roof well wet. There was work enough for everybody, and, when one could glance away from it, the fine spectacle of this burning building, wrapped in flames from cellar to attic, darting huge tongues of fire from every window, and raging with fiercer fury as the roof fell in and then the whole front wall. In the work and excitement and grandeur of the scene, there was no room for depression of spirits for the moment, and, before the fire had paled, plans were in progress for improvising new school-rooms and offices, and resuming the regular school work —all of which was accomplished, let us say in passing, with the loss of but a single day of school.

The fire exhausted most of its material and grew dim by eleven o'clock—though the ruins were smouldering through the next two or three days. The walls mostly fell in the fire or soon after it, except at the angles, which were buttressed and very strong. These being in a threatening condition had to be thrown down, but this could only be done by gun powder. Col. Loder, Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery, at the School of Artillery, at Fortress Monroe, assisted by Major Randolph, kindly volunteered to conduct the work of demolition which was effected with 300 lbs. of cannon powder, the fuses fired by a dynamo-electric machine.

The origin of the fire is unknown. It was first discovered by a boy who was sick in one of the attic rooms. Smelling smoke, he got up, and going through the length of the attic, saw the further corner of it all in a blaze, ran back for his bucket, filled it twice at a tank which was kept full up there, and dashed it on the flames, but finding them under too much headway, ran down-stairs crying fire, leaving and losing everything he possessed. Meanwhile, it had been discovered by the student who gave the alarm. The first night watch of two men had just gone on duty. The location of the starting point and the remarkable celerity of its progress the first fifteen minutes suggest the possibility of incendiary work, though in the very dry state of everything, it is possible that a cigar, smoked on the sly, may have been enough to have started it. Some circumstantial evidence and general cause of suspicion have seemed to demand, in the gravity of the occasion, the arrest and preliminary examination of two of the students, resulting in the discharge of one, and the examination by Grand Jury of the other, although he has hitherto borne an excellent character. The only desire of course is to get at the facts of the case, and in this desire, the students as a body seem to earnestly concur, appreciating the fact that the reputation and interests of their race are at stake in the repetition of such disasters as this.

The behavior of the students was excellent. They did good and faithful work. This is equally true of the Indian students. They also worked hard and cheerfully. One of them, Ecoruptuna, especially distinguished himself, and gained a public commendation by volunteering his services and working steadily from morning till night, in the less exciting and more arduous labors of the day after the fire.

Several noteworthy instances of honesty occurred. Sums of money picked up were promptly returned to the Treasurer by a colored and an Indian student. The boys who lost their property in this building being requested to make out lists of their losses, several of these lists were subsequently reduced by the writers themselves who reported having found some of the articles supposed to be burned.

Two offices and thirteen recitation rooms had to be improvised and prepared. The former were established in out-buildings; the latter, in various places, four in the Principal's house, four in Virginia Hall (in the chapel, girls' parlor and reading room,) four in the Wigwam, and one over the engine house. Some black-boards and benches were saved, other boards have been ordered, and seats borrowed from the chapel. The school resumed regular work on Tuesday morning.

There is great cause for thankfulness in the safety of life and limb, and in the rescue of all the important contents of both the Principal's and Treasurer's offices—the desks, business books and papers, official records, bound volumes of the *Southern Workman*, etc. The Herring's safe was brought as far as the door where it stuck. More experienced hands might perhaps have got it out. It, however, was saved from the coal bins, and fell into the cellar in as safe a way as possible. It was subjected to intense heat, and could not be dug out till the walls were demolished. The set of Treasury books it contained were found legible, and will only have to be rebound. The small inner safe was unharmed, and what money it contained, also the bronze and gold medals awarded the school by the Centennial and Paris Expositions.

Besides this, there were saved, all the pictures in the Assembly room, including two very large and valuable photographs of the Coliseum and Forum, eight by four feet: about one-fourth of the library books as they happened to come; only a small part, we regret to say, of the curiosities from the Sandwich Islands (the model of a war canoe, shark-teeth spear, and a few coral bowls,) and a very small part of the philosophical apparatus; a very few new school books; a small part of the school furniture, tables, benches, maps and blackboards.

The losses to the school were of the chief part of the library, the small but choice museum of Turkish, Liberian, and Hawaiian curiosities, all the school desks, the iron dissecting maps, globes, physical charts, models and skeletons, most of the philosophical apparatus, fifty bedsteads and their beddings and stores of blankets, window shades, &c., &c.

A personal loss of about $1,200 falls upon the fifty boys who lodged in the building, most of them losing all their clothing; all of them, a part. One, in addition to clothing, lost $55 in money which he had carelessly kept in his trunk, instead of depositing it, as all students are advised to, in the Treasurer's office.

It is difficult, even yet, to comprehend this fact that Academic Hall is no more.

It was built in 1870, at a cost of $48,000, of which $32,000 were given by the Freedman's Bureau, and the remainder by friends in the North, chiefly in Boston. Like all the other school property, it has been kept well insured, and now stands insured for $35,000 in good companies. With our brickyard and steam saw-mill and facilities for dressing lumber, this sum will, we think, be sufficient to rebuild it on its present foundation which remains good, in simpler style, but on an equally good or more serviceable plan.

NEARS OF THE SCHOOL.

The actual loss in apparatus, furniture, &c., is estimated at $3,500. Three thousand dollars will replace this, and for the efficiency of the school should be expended at once in new apparatus. Will the friends of the school contribute this amount? For this we appeal to the friends who must judge of the value of investments—perhaps of their own former ones —in the Hampton work, by our care of them and the results of the work.

And we ask their consideration too in behalf of the fifty students whose fidelity to the school's interests has been, in part, the occasion of their very serious personal losses, averaging $25 apiece, which we shall try to make up to the extent of supplying necessary clothing. Money and serviceable garments for their relief will be most welcome.

THE Normal School acknowledges very gratefully the many expressions of sympathy received since the fire, and the donations of money and clothing for the relief of the students who suffered by it. These donations will be more fully acknowledged in our next number. They have amounted thus far to nearly half, perhaps, of the students' losses, and the supply of their first pressing needs. The losses of school apparatus and furniture can be made good for $3,000, about $1,000 of which have been received. The most necessary articles have been sent for, and for the interests of the school, all should be replaced as soon as possible. For this the school looks confidently to the friends of its work.

THE growth of public sentiment on the Indian question is apparent in the interest excited by the pathetic eluquence of the Ponca chief Standing Bear, who through his gentle interpreter, Bright Eyes, is pleading his people's cause before the nation.

Another indication is the recent request of a Northern magazine for the history of the Indian work at Hampton to lay before its readers. The sketch appears in the December number of "*Good Company*," and we call our reader's attention to it as the most complete story of the work which has been published. "*Good Company*" is the new name of the magazine, *Sunday Afternoon*, published in Springfield, Mass.

With its new name, the magazine appears in a new and attractive dress, but keeps up to its old standard and anticipates growing popularity.

HEALTH REPORT.

radiated all in one direction. The editor of the *Educational Journal* says:

"Every number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN contains letters from Hampton School graduates, written simply, amiably, and piously; telling of their experiences in school-teaching generally. Most of these graduates this "lower nature" also is made by God, and made to be guided, not destroyed, by the higher, which thus may find in it its own rest and refreshment; like the Titans of Grecian fable, who re-invigorated their giant strength, by the touch of the earth whence they had sprung.

assembled to honor his memory. In the immense procession that filled the streets of the capital, and gathered in "Victory Circle," could be seen the President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the City Authorities, Members of the Diplomatic Corps, the scarred veterans of three wars, members of the Army and Navy, military companies, some of

With its new name, the magazine appears in a new and attractive dress, but keeps up to its old standard and anticipates growing popularity.

HEALTH REPORT.

The following statement of facts is due to those who are watching the Indian work at Hampton as bearing upon the whole question of Indian civilization, and to the school which has undertaken it.

Of the five girls brought to Hampton, Nov. 11th, from Dakota Territory, by Major Crissey, three brought a certificate from the agency physician at Standing Rock Agency, that they were in sound health.

Of these three, two show marked signs of diseased lungs. Both say themselves that they have raised blood before they came here. One of these has also had a fit resembling epilepsy, since she arrived, and we are informed that she had two on the way here. The other one of the two is evidently scrofulous. The third is pronounced sound by the physician here.

The two from Cheyenne River Agency, also brought a medical certificate of sound health. One of them, fourteen years old has had a hemorrhage from the lungs within about two weeks from her arrival. It is hoped, however, that this may not indicate organic disease, and it seems to be the first she has had. The other one is apparently well, though a delicate looking child, undersized for her reported age (12 years) and too young for one to tell much about the possibility of latent disease.

The three sick ones have required the constant care of a teacher and nurse for several days and nights. All that our skill and care can do shall be done, and they are all apparently improving.

To send unsound material is however, obviously most unfair to the effort and to those who are supporting it, as well as cruel to the children and their parents.

The Government did all it could to guard the selection by ordering medical examinations and health certificates. While we would not willingly believe in the unfaithfulness—either from ignorance or carelessness—of its officials charged with carrying out these orders in the Territory, we feel obliged in self-protection, to state the simple facts; these should be clearly understood by all from the beginning.

It should be said that Maj. Crissey's only office was to bring on those who had been selected.

We append the official statement of the examining physician at Hampton.

HAMPTON, VA., *Dec.* 1, 1879.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG,

Dear Sir:—

Having examined the five Indian girls lately arrived, I find their condition as follows:

LOUISE BULLHEAD.—Has a cough and has raised a little blood lately. Both lungs show signs of incipient disease. I find swollen scrofulous glands in her neck.

SARAH MEDICINE ROCK WOMAN.—Has had a fit resembling epilepsy since her arrival, and is said to have had two similar attacks on her way here. Coughs and has raised blood two or three times since she has been here. Left lung diseased in upper half.

ROSA LAY OUT-OF-DOORS.—Has had a cough for about two weeks and had a severe hemorrhage on the evening of the 28th ult. Lungs good with the exception of a small portion of the left one, which shows signs of commencing disease. I think she will probably improve.

AGNES PLACE TOGETHER and MARY TRAVERSIE show no symptoms of any disease.

Your ob't servant,

J. T. BOUTELLE, M. D.

A very pleasant testimony to the results of the broadsides of letters from Hampton Graduates, which we have been for some time in the habit of publishing monthly in the WORKMAN, appears in the November number of the *Educational Journal* of Virginia. These simple reports, fresh from the field, have been scattered through the North, doing excellent service there in giving intelligent views of the work, and awakening substantial interest in the workers. And here is evidence that the influence has not radiated all in one direction. The editor of the *Educational Journal* says:

"Every number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN contains letters from Hampton School graduates, written simply, amiably, and piously; telling of their experiences in school-teaching generally. Most of these graduates are employed in our Virginia schools. We ought not to let one of them go out of the State, and should contrive to give each of them two five-month terms.

"These letters show that these worthy young people have a hard life generally in their efforts to benefit their race; and with the most innocent motives the writers tell facts about some of our public school houses for colored people which ought to make the school officers ashamed and conscience-smitten. Fortunately for the credit of those concerned, names are not given."

So far as taxes are concerned, the most enviably situated county in the State if not in the United States, is the County of Norfolk in Virginia. There is no County debt. The State tax is 50c. on the hundred dollars and the County tax 20c., which latter is entirely for the support of the schools; the balance of the County expenses being met by the receipts of the ferry between Portsmouth and Norfolk, of which one-half belongs to the County.

THE Normal School Library acknowledges the receipt, from the Countess Agenor de Gasparin of a memoir of her illustrious husband. Count de Gasparin was one of the promptest and warmest friends of the American Republic in the civil war that assailed it. His remarkable book, "The Uprising of a Great Nation," admirably translated by Miss Mary L. Booth of New York, came like a breath of inspiration to the friends of the Union, at the moment when, in the first shock, its foundations seemed to be removed, and all friends failing. In that dark hour, he boldly prophesied a closer, lasting Union of North and South, East and West, to arise on the foundations of universal freedom. Count de Gasparin was a brilliant author, orator and statesman; a Christian nobleman with the nobility of nature as well as of title. The Countess, in closest sympathy with his pursuits and sentiments while he lived, has thus gracefully and tenderly commemorated them in this gift to a school which is one of the fulfillments of her husband's far-seeing prophecy.

IF anything can add to the relish of a Saddle Rock stew, it may be the pleasant consciousness that with every delicate bivalve we offer to our palates we are helping on the great principle of co-operative trade, and the progress of a new race.

The oysters of Hampton Roads have a world-wide reputation, and the Hampton Bar Oyster Company is already well-known to many of our readers as a favorite medium of supplying their tables with these delicacies. It may not be as well known that the Company was created some years ago by Mr. George Dixon, an English Friend, especially for the assistance and encouragement of the freedmen of this region, whose principal chance for making a living being oystering, had no means of getting their oysters to Northern markets. Not oysters only, but also crabs, and fowls and eggs are shipped in their season to the North by this company. The development of the industry and trade of the region is, of course, an advantage to it in every way. The unusual warmth of the season has interrupted the oyster shipping business, but it has opened again, and we bespeak for it the patronage it deserves.

A NEW PARLOR CAR.

That the people must have amusements of some sort, and that their amusements may be made a great power for good as well as of evil, are facts now seldom disputed, and much good thought and time are given to deciding what are the best sorts—not least harmful merely, but most helpful. While we used to regard a whole set of human faculties as created only for torment and temptation, to be despised and trampled out, we have come to a more reverent perception that this "lower nature" also is made by God, and made to be guided, not destroyed, by the higher, which thus may find in it its own rest and refreshment; like the Titans of Grecian fable, who re-invigorated their giant strength, by the touch of the earth whence they had sprung.

Recreation—in the very word is treasured up the original and true idea of the right sort of amusement. Whatever truly re-creates the wearied powers of the body and soul, is the true entertainment. This may differ with circumstances and temperament, and stages of individual or national growth, and one may not always be the best judge for himself, but the principle remains correct. As it has come to be generally conceded, more thoughtful and benevolent effort is made to provide helpful entertainment for the people. Holly Tree Inns, reading rooms supplied with games as well as papers, free courses of lectures, and free summer excursions are in the line of such effort. Much more might well be done, no doubt. It might not be a bad idea to revive some of the national athletic games of Greece with their laurel crowns for the victors.

A year ago, some of the young people of an Eastern town, agreed generously to give up their own set of socialies to establish one for the people outside. Once a week they met in public rooms, where all would be willing to come, and spent the evening in a social way, in games and talk and music, for the most part. In one room, a few classes were formed, for French and German or reading. The enterprise had a great success for a year, after which it was given up. It was, of course a strain upon young philanthropy, and such effort had better be turned over as soon as possible to the people themselves.

A very pleasant reading circle has been formed among the dozen or more resident graduates of Hampton this winter, under the name of the Parlor Car. Name and idea were borrowed from a circle in Philadelphia, whose brotherly love will not object, but will rejoice to hear that it has borrowed their success. The circle meets once a week, and the idea is to read up about some different city, each night, unless more time in one is desired. A conductor is chosen for every trip, who appoints two assistants, though contributions of reading or pictures are acceptable from any one. A reporter accompanies the train, and a porter sees to the pleasant preparation of the car. Lady passengers have a fashionable way of taking their fancy work. Thus far, the Parlor Car has visited Norfolk, Washington, Richmond, and Baltimore, spending several nights at some of these places. It is still rolling smoothly and merrily on. It is not patented that we know of, and we strongly recommend similar excursions to other circles.

The consideration of this subject of entertainments is timely at this season, so much given up to amusement, and it is well to remember the word which is the key to the right understanding of it: Recreation.

The principle is so simple in application, and the application is still so various, that there is neither much need nor use of entering here into details.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

The late meeting, in Washington, of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, and the unveiling of the statue of its former commander, Gen. George H. Thomas, and its presentation to, and its acceptance by, the Government, was an occasion of rare interest; not only to those who were directly concerned in the erection of the grand work of art there given to the world, but also to the country, and to all mankind. To commemorate the deeds of the noble soldier, not only the sculptor's art, but oratory, poesy, friendship and valor lent their aid, and the occasion was one long to be remembered by all those present. In the brilliant and imposing throng that gathered about the statue, were to be seen, not only those who had stood by the hero in the dark hours of defeat, when his presence and will alone saved an army from destruction, or had followed him to victory, but the civic and benevolent societies, whose only missions are peaceful, and the citizen, who had never heard the boom of hostile cannon; and even those who had drawn the sword against him in war's troublous times, assembled to honor his memory. In the immense procession that filled the streets of the capital, and gathered in "Victory Circle," could be seen the President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the City Authorities, Members of the Diplomatic Corps, the scarred veterans of three wars, members of the Army and Navy, military companies, some of whose members had once borne arms against him whose effigy they now came to crown with the laurel wreath of the conqueror, and thousands of undistinguished citizens of all ages and degrees.

Quietly and reverently they uncovered their heads, while the blessing of God was invoked upon our country, and He was asked that the lesson of a life full of purity, and of noble purpose, might not be lost, but bear good fruits; and when the striped and starry curtains that had hidden the work of the artist from view, dropped away, and it stood revealed in all its noble proportions, there was a momentary hush, and then from every throat there burst a cheer, and many eyes glistened with the unshed tears, while the cannon the hero had so often heard "on war's sanguinèd plain," thundered forth their salutes in his honor.

In the oration, by Hon. Stanley Matthews, his character was sketched by a masterly hand. Especially did the orator dwell upon his modesty, integrity of purpose, and devotion to duty, and, at the gathering of the members of the society of the Army of the Cumberland and others, in the mammoth tent located in rear of the Executive Mansion, in the evening of the same day, which gathering was briefly addressed by several persons who had known him during his whole career, the same qualities were largely dwelt upon, and it is to them that I would particularly call the attention of young men.

HIS CHARACTER WAS FORMED EARLY.

Entering the Military Academy at the age of twenty years, he at once showed there the same qualities that in later years, and in the most trying circumstances, endeared him to the heart of the nation, and his firmness for the right showed a fit foundation for the rock that towered above the waves of confusion and defeat at Chickamaugua, or refused to be driven to precipitate action at Nashville. Yet it never degenerated into obstinacy. He weighed all, decided, and simply adhered to his decision.

HIS MODESTY.

This characteristic was particularly dwelt upon by Gen. Sherman. He never pushed himself forward, nor "jumped" a grade. As a Second Lieutenant of Artillery, he performed all his duties with the same conscientiousness that characterized his later labors in more extended spheres, and never sought a higher grade till he had thoroughly mastered those of the one he then held. In 1862, offered the command of an army, he at once declined it, stating that the officer then in command, was, from his experience and knowledge, best prepared for the position, and he would prefer to serve, at that time, rather than command. There was never anything of bombast or self-laudation in his dispatches. Simply and briefly he made his reports, leaving his countrymen to draw their inferences, and bestow their praise where they saw fit.

HIS KINDNESS.

He was pre-eminently a *kind* man, as one of his comrades said during his remarks, "as kind, and considerate, and gentle, as a woman." Friend and foe alike bear testimony of this trait of his character, and those who knew him best, loved him most.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

If possible, amid so many shining characteristics, this might "pale their ineffectual fires." However rough duty's path might be, once it was made plain, there was no holding back, or lukewarmness in his services. "Duty," was the watchword of his life. For that he could lay aside all else. Born on Virginia's soil, and importuned like many others to "go with the State," he calmly decided that his duty called him to the defense of the *nation* which he had sworn to defend, and whose existence was endangered; that decision made, nothing could change it. Calm and unmoved amid the carnage of the last fearful day of Chickamaugua, as duty bade, he stemmed the fearful current of defeat, and gained the southriquet, "The rock of Chickamaugua," and later, from beleaguered Chattanooga, his words thrilled and re-animated the drooping spirits of his friends, as they flashed over the wires, "*We'll hold it till we starve!*" His was the perfect soldier character, "without fear and without reproach." The influence of such cannot be lost, but, as not the soldier only, but the quiet citizen and even the schoolboy, look upon the majestic and beautiful statue which those who knew and reverenced him have erected, they will, it is hoped, draw from the record of his career, lessons that shall make them wiser and better men.

H. ROMEYN.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

THE COLORED VOTE IN VIRGINIA. HER SCHOOL HOUSE IN THE WOODS. "LITTLE MOUNTAIN DEER." COLORED

The few who are teaching in the North are good representatives of the school, and one of them thus gives his impression of the condition of the colored

I suppose you would like to hear of my work. After leaving the Institution, I opened school in ——— Co. I was the only colored teacher within a radius of five miles. I was in a very ignorant, degraded and poor section. The best boarding place I could procure was a room

ture I have not attempted to draw for them. I feel quite grand in my new school; the blackboards are so nice, from one side of the room to the other. I hope I shall hear from you very soon. I remain, Yours, respectfully, S.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

THE COLORED VOTE IN VIRGINIA. HER SCHOOL HOUSE IN THE WOODS. "LITTLE MOUNTAIN DEER." COLORED PEOPLE IN THE NORTH. AN ENTERPRISING MINISTER. AFTER MANY DAYS. A TEACHER OR A NURSE? WHITE SENTIMENT IN MARYLAND. AN INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

"LITTLE MOUNTAIN DEER."

A young teacher gives a pretty picture of her school house in the mountains of Virginia, in the following naive letter to a kind friend who sends it to us for publication.

——, VA., *Oct.* 24.

My kind friend:

Your letter was received just an hour ago. It cheered me a good deal. Rain very nearly every day, the roads Tuesday were in a fearful condition, when I placed one foot down I could scarcely get the other up, the soil is clay so you know just what it is during a storm. Although the weather has been so bad, I have had a regular attendance of forty-two pupils; these "little mountain deer" do not stand back for rain and cold. I call them deer because they are so active in climbing the steep hills. My schoolhouse is as good as any in this county (this county is noted for good school-houses,) nicely lathed, plastered and whitewashed, also a *new stove*, good benches and desks. The parents are getting their children books by degrees. I am sure they are anxious to have them improve, and all this does encourage me so much, for you know that I was deprived of it in ——. My room will accommodate one hundred, I think; large and square, three windows on each side, the windows are arranged so that the room can be ventilated. Can you not draw a mental picture of my school-house? A little whitewashed frame building at the foot of a very high hill, a little porch in front, and enough land cleared for a play ground, the road to —— is on the side, nothing else can be seen but a dense forest; the trees are lovely: Autumn has spared no pains to beautify them. I very often wish, when coming from school, that I could draw; the scenery is so very wild and picturesque.

Now I will tell you something about my little ones; they are very poorly clad; a good many have no shoes on; they try to look as clean as possible, their clothes are well worn but I must say they are clean. Many of them are between 12 and 13 years of age. I have four boys that are sixteen, and also as many large girls; I also have a good many little ones; after Christmas there will be a good many large ones in. They are busy working on the farms now, and will not be through until that time. I have a Monroe Chart, and a few primers which I find a great help indeed. I have two classes studying on it. A few are studying fractions and can read very well in the fifth reader. I also have a class in division, multiplication and addition. I am getting on nicely with them and am interested in my work. As yet, I have not opened Sunday School, but Sabbath after this I am going to make a start. I have the promise of a white gentleman's assistance in this place. When I get ready he will help me teach. I scarcely know how to make a beginning, for I have no song books nor Bibles. Most of the people are farmers, and just at this time they are busy sowing wheat. The one I am with has seven acres, and will sow wheat next week. His farm is three miles from where he lives. He expects a good crop next year. I wish I could give as good an account of my boarding place as I can of my school, but I cannot. Last night I thought I would freeze, the wind blew on me from every direction. I piled everything on my bed that I could find, and wrapped a piece of flannel around my head to keep from taking cold. I had the neuralgia fearfully in my face all this week; I think being in the rain so much has caused it. This school was taught by a Hampton student two terms, he was a classmate of mine, but did not finish; I think no doubt he will.

I will see Alice to-morrow, for I will go in town to mail this letter and to get a pair of shoes, then I will see the things you sent, and tell you about them when I write again. I am going to look for the crackers all next week. I will get them just as soon as they reach ——. I do thank you so much for them, and please accept my many thanks for the money and stamps. You are so good and kind to me.

Did you ever see or smell a pole-cat? For the first time last week I saw and smelt one. I had to keep the school-house closed all the time to keep out the scent. I have not got rid of it yet, it got in one of the boys rabbit traps, and they killed it in front of the schoolhouse. I also came in contact with a small yellow and black snake, he was very cold and could do no harm. This is a new life to me. They are having a lively time at Hampton. I hear from there sometimes: They miss Miss H. very much.

I must hid you good-night.

Ever your grateful friend,

M.

IN THE NORTH.

Naturally, the work of the graduates lies almost wholly in the Southern field. The few who are teaching in the North are good representatives of the school, and one of them thus gives his impression of the condition of the colored people there.

——, N. J., *Oct.* 18, '79.

My dear friend:

Your letter just at hand. I received tha books and wrote you a letter about them, which I hope you've received by this time. Now Mr. ——, I want to answer your questions as you asked them, as nearly as I can.

Well, the colored people are living here, seemingly with the idea that they were born to live and to die. There are exceptions; but as far as I've been able to find them, I can count them on the fingers of one hand. From my experience as a scholar in the schools of Southern Va., I claim that the same energy, in fact, *all* of the numerous qualifications that serve to make a good teacher there, are needed here. I guess I have the representatives here of twenty-five or thirty families; and I have had about that number of the parents to tell me that they could not write their own names; but they desire to have their children educated. Their reasons for their children not being any further advanced are, that the previous teachers have all been white, and they seemed to take such a little interest in the children that they only sent them to school when they had nothing else for them to do. And I think it true; for I have some scholars now who have been going to school for three or four years, and know nothing save spelling and reading tolerably well and writing a little.

The colored people are generally poor, very few owning a house to live in; and the most desirable positions are harboring and waiting in private families. The most of the old people work out on farms, for seven, eight and ten dollars per month. And out of that comes family support and house rent, with the aid of their wives, by taking in washing, etc. I don't make this as a positive statement of all; but I *do* of those with whom I have to deal. I think there are not six boys in my school that I've seen with an unpatched pair of pants on. The colored people generally here are not doing near as well as in Va., the reason for which, I think, is Irish competition. There are a great many of them here, and their labor for some hidden reason or no, seems to be more desirable. In the city of ——, there is one colored carpenter, and one colored shoemaker. Even blacksmiths are all white. There is one colored boarding-house kept here by a gentleman from Virginia. This is where I am stopping. I can tell you more, but don't want to worry your patience. I think you can strike an average from this.

ABOUT THE CHURCHES.

With the exception of two families, one of which is Baptist and the other Episcopalian, all of the colored people here are Methodists. But they are in three divisions; one calling themselves "A. M. E.," one "M. E." and the other "Union." The "A. M. E." is in the most prosperous condition. They have at present a pastor who is wide awake to the duties of his office. In short he is a man who will *not* let his members feel themselves contented in their present condition. Before he came here, about two years ago, the services were held in an old church, built about thirty-one years ago, out on the edge of the towns. But since that time, or rather since he has been here, he has succeeded in building a very nice church, (brick) which is well ventilated and furnished with settees, a pipe organ, etc. I don't know what it cost, but the way he built it was by drawing money from the Building Association which gives them ten years, I think to pay the amount with interest, by their paying so much each month. This minister I've called on several times; and he has visited my school several times; giving the children a little talk each time, telling them that they are the ones, who will have the question to answer—"What has the Negro American done." The question now is, What can he do?.

It is somewhat a mystery to white and colored here to know how he has succeeded in doing what none of his predecessors could; that is, getting money from such a poor congregation to build a church in so short a time. I was talking with a gentleman about that last night, and *his* reason for it is, that the people here are inclined to be superstitious. And he tells them that if they don't give money to the church, they cannot see God.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Ever oh'tly yours, J.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

It is not our custom to publish as personal an experience as is given in the following letter. This is published, not as being remarkable or rare, but rather, on the contrary, as happily illustrative of the normal influence of the school which follows the student beyond its walls and, sooner or later, turns the scale for usefulness of many hopeful lives.

Oct. 4th, 1879.

Dear Mr. ——:

Since I returned to —— I have felt a desire to hear from you, and now seize the opportunity to write.

I suppose you would like to hear of my work. After leaving the Institution, I opened school in —— Co. I was the only colored teacher within a radius of five miles. I was in a very ignorant, degraded and poor section. The best boarding place I could procure was a room in a log-house, and every time it rained, my bed was almost soaked with water, which leaked through the roof. Everything was solitary and desolate. I was eight miles from the nearest post-office, to which I had to walk twice a week for my mail, and three miles from a store. Being thus cast off alone, away from all pleasure, my mind naturally centred upon the place I had just left. And then only was the teaching of Hampton presented to me with all its vividness. Then and there I decided to be a Christian, to give my heart to God. And I succeeded. Thankfully did I receive the workings of the Almighty, in placing me in such a solitary place that I might receive the blessings of His gracious love. From this time my whole life was changed.

I taught my school during the five months' session, and after doing all the good I could, with the well wishes of my patrons, I returned to Hampton. And oh, what a change! Everybody was thankfully surprised at the change I had made. My classmates hardly could believe it. After staying a few days, I returned to take another school five miles from my first one. I was there ten days and being unable to make an average (which is fifteen) I closed and went to Hampton. I had only been there two days when I was requested by the General to come out here as a pioneer teacher, and after considerable deliberation I came. I opened here among many difficulties, May 31st. I passed the teacher's examination, which is very rigid here in ——, and consists of sets of very hard questions made out by the State Superintendent, ——, Commissioner of Education for the U. S. to the Paris Exposition. July 6th, I finished my summer quarter and the General was written to for more teachers for the fall. After the vacation, I returned and —— and —— were sent out by Gen. A. We commenced work Sept. 1st, and so far have succeeded admirably.

The section that we are in is very quiet. Most of the whites are Friends, and are not desirous of more show but want religious and moral educators. Our county superintendent is a thorough man, alive to the responsibilities upon him, and endeavors to show his teachers the grandness of the work they are engaged in. The colored people here (and they are many) are as ignorant and degraded as those of the South. I should call the Southerners their superiors in everything but the property question. Most of them were Southerners, and have brought with them all the vices, but seem to have left the virtues of the South. This is a good field for work.

They need enlightened leaders, for they are not a people who think for themselves, but are governed much by their ministry. Here is where the school and church come in contact. Both are forerunners of civilization. Nothing hardly can be accomplished for the people's good without the co-operation of their ministry. I am giving Friday evening lectures to bring out true ideas of life. They are doing good. The elder people are dead to persuasion and example; but it is encouraging to see that nothing can prevail upon the children to forsake the precepts of their teachers. It is true they have serious faults, but when we think of the influences that surround them at home, of the neglect that has been theirs, of almost every conceivable obstacle before them, is it not encouraging that we have done as much? Does it not show that we can do more? Cannot all the difficulties be overcome? Who knows? The whites here are awake to the condition of their colored citizens, and well they may be. What is more great, more grand, than this work—the redemption of a race? I, for one, shall cast in it my lot, and labor that Ethiopia shall yet be recognized as a civilized race.

I have written more than I intended, but hope you will not tire in reading this account of a subject so important to me.

Ever your devoted pupil,

——.

A SCHOOL NURSERY.

The babies need the best teachers, and these little ones have a very good one.

——, D. C., *Oct.* 11, 1879.

Dear friend:

I have been teaching ten weeks. I think it is time for me to let you hear from these children. I have seventy-five children. They are speaking about not letting a teacher have over sixty, but do not see just yet how they can do otherwise. They are quite restless yet a while, do not know how to study, but think that school was made for them to bring all sorts of amusements, so that they may have a grand time. The first week I could not do one thing but tell them, You must not do this, and do that, and, what are you doing? sit down; but now they begin to understand just what they must do. Most of the people seem to think that I am a nurse and bring their little children for me to nurse. Some can scarcely speak a word so you may understand them. I have been printing their lessons on the blackboard for them, but a picture I have not attempted to draw for them. I feel quite grand in my new school; the blackboards are so nice, from one side of the room to the other. I hope I shall hear from you very soon. I remain, Yours, respectfully, S.

THE COLORED VOTE IN VIRGINIA.

Requests having been sent to the graduates settled in Virginia to observe and report upon the colored vote and sentiments in the recent State election, a number of interesting replies have been received from different counties, from which we make the following extracts bearing upon the subject.

—— Co.

"Tuesday, the 4th, was election day for members of the State legislature, and in accordance with Gen. A.'s request, I undertook to note, as well as I could how the election was conducted; whether the colored people voted as a matter of vital interest to the State, or mere personal gain of a suit of clothes or a drink of rum. I must say I saw no drunkenness whatever, as they seemed to realize for once that they must assert their manhood from a point of honor, rather than transitory gain. The representative of this district, a democrat, has had that position four years, but at the election which took place Tuesday, he was defeated, he being for the settlement of the debt as it is to-day, which would necessarily take a term of four years, and injure our free schools, which are poor enough. The colored people in this county are republicans, and, as they have a majority, usually carry elections, if they only 'get rights' as they term it. They are bitterly against putting their shoulders to the wheel of pay, saying they did not contract the debt, and cannot see why they should help pay it. Not being able to get one to be the standard bearer of repudiation, they voted for the 'readjusters' and elected them."

—— Co.

"There has been great excitement here among the voters at this election. The majority of colored voters here are in favor of not paying the debt. A large proportion would be in favor of paying it if they were not led by parties who proclaim that the debt-paying party was going to rain upon their heads three dollars as capitation tax. As a general thing, heretofore, the colored voters never attended these State elections, but at this one there was as much noise made as at National elections. There were stump speeches made all over the county previous to the election, and the colored voters were excited to their highest ambition. The reason they give for their vote is that when this debt was made, they were held as property as security for it, and they had no hand in making it. Therefore, they hold that they should not be taxed to pay it, nor the money taken from their free schools and their children left destitute of education. This is the reason which the solid colored voters give for their vote, that is, those who will allow no party to buy them. There are others who can give no reason at all, but simply vote as the men with whom they live. There is a certain per cent. who can be bought by whiskey or something to eat, and probably for a little money. Not many though, for the colored voters are very solid and pull together. There are about seventy-five per cent. of regular voters; about fifteen per cent. of irregular, and ten per cent. that do not vote at all. Now the election is over, and from what I can understand, the debt paying party is elected from this county."

—— Co.

"The first day I got here, I went to see the Superintendent. Among the first questions he asked me was, 'are you a politician?' I told him that I believed in them but had not taken much stock in them as yet. This he was glad of, and said other teachers had spent one-half of their time in them. There was a readjuster meeting held in my school room, and, of course I went to it. When we were all together it was half past ten, as the people about here don't gather very soon for any kind of meeting. The meeting consisted of reading of abstracts and circulars, and when it closed the people didn't seem to know much more about the debt than they did before. The greatest influence in this part of the county was made upon the colored people by their own color, those seeking office, and who were nominees. There was a little compulsory power used round my neighborhood, such as threatening to discharge or injure in various ways. One man told me some days ago that Johnson, at the end of the war, told the whites of Virginia to pay the negro small wages, just enough to keep him alive, sell him no land, tax him highly and limit his schools, that by thus serving him it would be impossible for him to rise, and he said, 'they have done it all, and they shan't tax me by my vote.'"

—— Co.

"The papers state that nineteen-twentieths of the colored vote were cast for the readjusters' candidate. Many give their reasons. They say, as every one knows, that they were slaves when the debt was made, therefore they ought not to vote to help pay it."

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

END OF THE FIRST YEAR.

you a letter and answering your questions. It's a great comfort to me to hear from you and especially to get good advice from you. I arrived home safely, and have been well in body since. All my people are well in some re-

Thursday afternoon the girls wash their own clothes, and on Friday afternoon they iron them; Saturday will be given to mending the clothes of the week.

A cooking class has been organized. Cook-

will give them strength for the test must not be neglected now.

The girls are not allowed wages, as yet; we want to see how the experiment works with the boys. A short time ago, two of the little

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

END OF THE FIRST YEAR.

It hardly seems possible that it is one year ago this November since we first welcomed these Indians to our school. As we stand upon the threshold of a new year, it is pleasant to look back upon the old.

What a change from one year ago to-day, in their countenances, dress, habits, and manners! Intelligence has been gradually chiseling and softening the hard features of their faces, letting the inner light shine forth. The blankets, breeches, and long hair of the plains have yielded to the strong influence of example at Hampton, and are now things of the past. The indolent habits which characterize them as a people have not been encouraged, but they have not learned to love work. Still, work is required from all; it is taught to be honorable and to be the true road to success; the muscle is trained as much as the brain. The servile position of woman in their home finds no parallel here. The sexes meet in the class-room and at study-hour, and it is to be hoped that a more exalted idea of womanhood, and of woman's equality with man, may be one of the results of the Indian work at Hampton.

DISCIPLINE.

All through the year, we have had to deal with refractory pupils, and the question has always been, What must be the kind and degree of punishment? We have ignored, as far as possible, the fact that they are Indians, and made no great allowance for race propensities; the same rules which regulate the life of the colored students are applied to the Indians. Promptness and obedience have been required of all, but the Indian still wants his own way—promptness is not appreciated, and obedience is hard to obtain.

There has probably been no more trying period than the present since they came to Hampton. The work of the year has been very great; they have really made astonishing progress toward civilization, and as they leave behind them the old life, they have to wrestle, at every step of the way, with their old nature. It is something of a test of human endurance on our part as well as theirs; but the victory is so near and so certain to be ours that we lead them on, fully determined to conquer. "I don't want," and "I don't like," are the first excuses for any act of disobedience. They have not learned to shape their will by ours. This seems to be a crucial test of their real progress. We always try to punish in the line of the offence; extra work is excellent discipline, the amount being determined by the nature of the offence.

DEATHS.

The hand of death has torn five from us. Two were from Indian Territory, and had been East nearly four years; the others were from Dakota. At least all but two of those who have died were, unquestionably, marked with disease when they came to us. There are influences at home which are more dangerous to them than a change of climate.

GONE HOME.

Eight of the forty-nine were sent home—not because they were in any immediate danger, but with the desire to prolong their lives as much as possible. Their health was improved when they came to us, and it was hoped that a change back to their own climate would be beneficial to them. Two of them have died; the others are doing well and send letters that encourage us very much. They have gone back with the true spirit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following little note was received from Wahneechay, who has returned home; his father, Little No-Heart, Chief of the Minneconjoe band of Sioux, recently visited the school and expressed himself well pleased with everything, and wished to send his son back again.

"FORT BENNETT, *Oct.*, 79.

My Dear Brother (Mr. R)

This morning I am very well; I go home now to night. I like English. I pull grass for my father. Brother I want your picture: this is all I have to say my brother.

DANIEL T. NO-HEART."

The following letter from Jos. Cook (one of those who returned,) written at his dictation, naturally recalls the question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

"YANKTON AGENCY, D. T., *Oct.* 28, 79.

My dear Mr. J. C. R.:—

At last I have the pleasure of writing you a letter and answering your questions. It's a great comfort to me to hear from you and especially to get good advice from you. I arrived home safely, and have been well in body since. All my people are well in some respects, though they are not as civilized as I wish they were. Their crops have done well this year. My friend I wish you would write to me all about Hampton when I was there I tried to do the right thing; I knew you wanted everything done well, and did all you could for the boys, so I wanted to help you all I could.

My friend, when I was at Hampton we got along well together; you never made me sad, and I never made you sad. Now I am at home I think of you with gladness. Then my friend I love to hear your words very much. I think of what you say every day for a long time. I love to think of you with my whole soul and above all my friend, my heart was drawn to you, and I loved you, and you had pity on me and that made me glad. I love to sing the song you used to have us sing "Nearer my God to Thee" and when I praise God and sing it I always think of you, and it makes me sad my friend to think of you and how far you are away when I sing it.

My friend I shake hands with you with all my heart. Your friend,

JOS. T. COOK."

Rev. Mr. Cook, Joseph's friend, writes:—

"Joseph came directly to me on his return, and I concluded to send him to St. Paul's School. I got him entered at St. Paul's and he staid there that night. He was excused the next day to visit his family. When he came back in the evening, he had changed his mind. His mother had told him that since he went away she had had a hard time. Joseph was touched; he thought, for the sake of his people, and his mother especially, he ought to go to work at once. It was so noble of him and such a holy thought, that I could not advise against it. I secured him a place in a carpenter shop. He lives a long way from his work, and I fear it will be very hard for him. Thus far he has always been at the Sunday morning service, and last Sunday was at the Holy Communion."

Will anyone now ask, What is the Indian worth? We have heard from all but one of those who have gone home, and have received the same good report—working for the family, and sorrow for the low state they are in.

GIRLS' WORK.

During the past year the Indian girls have been taught sewing in the general Industrial room, but, owing to the large force of colored students employed in this department, it has been hard to give the special training that the Indian girls required. A small room has now been given them, and they meet Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons to learn to cut and make garments. It is the desire of the teacher that each one should learn to cut and make her own clothes. A great many mittens are manufactured in the Knitting room of the School, and all of them have to be finished by hand; so any spare time that the Indian girls may have while in the Industrial room is devoted to crocheting and finishing these mittens.

Thursday afternoon the girls wash their own clothes, and on Friday afternoon they iron them; Saturday will be given to mending the clothes of the week.

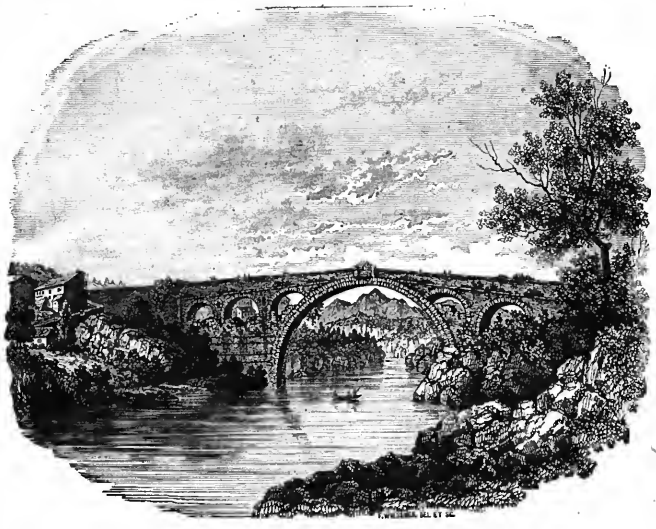
A cooking class has been organized. Cooking is one of the indispensable accomplishments of a woman. Human progress is determined as much by the cook as the teacher: the sight of a withered and blasted dyspeptic ought to make a poor cook blush.

The girls have, thus far, been assisting to get dinner; one girl is out of school one day to help in the kitchen. It is desirable that they excel in this branch of their education, as poorly prepared food is said to be one of the chief causes of the great mortality among the Indians. Even at Hampton it is a very difficult thing to keep them from digging up onions, carrots, turnips and potatoes and eating them raw.

The arrival of the five new girls has had a stimulating influence on the old ones. The desire to appear well is just as natural to the Indians as to any other people.

BOYS' WORK.

The boys have been divided between the farm, blacksmith shop, wheel-wright shop, engine room and Indian work-shop. The farm boys have been under the care of the Farm Manager; but, as with the girls in the Industrial room, we have found that the boys require special training. The services of an experienced farmer, living in the neighborhood of the school, have been secured; the boys go out every afternoon, except Saturday, to their work. We want them to get a taste for work; it is their only salvation as a people. The wheel-wright, blacksmith and engineer have done very well. It is a pretty sight to see the Indian engineer start the Corliss engine in the saw-mill. Tables, benches, bedsteads, dust-pans, tin cups, basins, pans, slop pails, shoes, and iron tanks, are some of the products of the work-shop.



THE BRIDGE AND ITS KEYSTONE. (*See page* 118.)

WAGES.

The time has come when it is proper and necessary to pay the Indians for their labor. One year ago, we could not trust them with money, as it was certain to be exchanged for jewelry or other useless finery. The allowance for wages, drawn from the Government appropriation, is too small to cover any extravagance. From it they are to provide everything for themselves, except two suits of clothes. The Indians need to learn the value of what they receive, as well as what they give. It would be poor policy to continue to hand out supplies—it would degrade instead of elevating them. They must feel that they earn everything they receive. They need to be pinched; close calculation is good for them; it makes them look ahead, and fixes the habit of economy. We know the temptations that money brings when in the hands of the ignorant, but the end to be reached is worth more than the risks, carefully watched as they are. Every day we realize more and more how much should be embodied in any plan for Indian education. The world is a hard school for them; its lessons have not been learned.

This whole effort is a preparation for the great world of temptations into which they must soon go. As pioneers, they must be well armed to fight successfully. Anything that will give them strength for the test must not be neglected now.

The girls are not allowed wages, as yet; we want to see how the experiment works with the boys. A short time ago, two of the little Indian girls were having a gossip in the Industrial room while at work. They conversed in English, and were heard to remark, "I think Mr. R. will go to heaven when he dies." Soon after this conversation the boys told the girls that Mr. R. was not going to give them any more clothes, that they would have to work and buy for themselves. The boys thought they ought to use the money for something else; and the girls thought so too, for they were heard to say: "I thought Mr. R. was a good man, but he makes Indians work and buy all their clothes." It is thought to be harder for Mr. R. to get into heaven now.

LITTLE NO-HEART'S VISIT.

Little No-Heart had come East "to see Washington on some business," and wished to visit the schools where the Indian boys and girls are. He went first to Carlisle, and, after a pleasant stay there, he came down to see us. Little No-Heart comes from Cheyenne River Agency, on the Missouri River, in Dakota; he is Chief of the Minneconjoe Sioux. The officer in command at this agency says: "Little No-Heart has proved himself deserving of all that can be done for him. He is a man of very high order of intelligence and is imbued with the most noble sentiments and aspirations. He is constantly laboring with his people, endeavoring to instill into their minds and hearts the noble ideas, thoughts and feelings of his own."

Every attention was shown our guest. In the morning, the class-rooms, dining-room and chapel were visited, and the dormitory inspected. In the afternoon, he visited the work-shop, and was shown around the school farm, where the Indian squad was at work in the sweet-potato field. That the school was not on dress-parade is evident, from the fact that, at the moment of the chief's arrival, his young braves were vigorously engaged, it is true, but in pelting each other with sweet-potatoes, and shouting the multiplication tables. Sternly striding across the field to the side of his little nephew, who was one of the party, Chief No-Heart began an emphatic address in Dakota, which had the effect of making the boy, while it lasted, the busiest worker in the field.

In the afternoon, the chief was invited to talk to the boys and girls; he gave them sound advice, which was communicated to us by his son-in-law, the interpreter, Charles Tackett. He told them they had everything they needed, and he would tell their friends all about the school; if they were punished for anything, he advised them not to write home about it, for their friends would understand that whatever was done would be for the good of the Indians, and their friends would know that the boys and girls were only mad; that we wanted them to be something. He gave each boy and girl a hearty shake of the hand, and then bade them good-bye.

His visit did us all good. He brought Dakota with him to Hampton, and will take Hampton back with him to Dakota; he made us see the past and present of our charge; through him they are made to realize the pleasantness of their surroundings and the important hearing this work has upon their future life. In a talk with the chief, he said: "The Indians see that the white man's way is the best way; they have thought about it and are ready to go in it; but when the white men try to do as they like with us, that keeps us back."

J. C. R.

LETTER TO BEAR'S HEART FROM MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Our readers will be interested in the following kind letter to one of the Hampton Indian students from this long tried friend of the red man and the colored man.

WAYLAND, *September*, 1879.

Bear's Heart,

Dear Sir: I thank you heartily for the pretty little vase, hearing your name, which came to me some months ago. I shall always value it as a friendly token from your intelligent and much-wronged people, in whose welfare I have taken a lively interest all my life long.

I am rejoiced to know that some of you are trying to obtain a useful education. Knowledge is what renders the white race

more powerful than yours; and the acquisition of knowledge is the only way of placing yourselves on an equality with them. Especially important are those kinds of knowledge which are practically *useful* in the daily business of life; such as the Natural Sciences, considerable. But Let me advice you must take a little more pains in writing—form your writing all even—makes It look better—do not forget this. You write very good hand now. Try little at a time—and then before long you will be accomplished in writing

SPECULATION.

Men rush to extremes as naturally as young ducks waddle to water. From 1873 to the beginning of 1879, every man seemed to distrust every man and every thing; now, a confidence in man and things exists which would be at first successful, (and it is a proverb of Wall St., "A greenhorn for luck"); let him see $100 grow to $1,000, perhaps, between ten o'clock and three, with no particular effort of his own, and that man would laugh to scorn the theory of the folly of speculation,

more powerful than yours; and the acquisition of knowledge is the only way of placing yourselves on an equality with them. Especially important are those kinds of knowledge which are practically *useful* in the daily business of life; such as the Natural Sciences, and their judicious application to agriculture and the mechanical arts.

The remnant of you might, even now, become a great and prosperous people, if you would be wise enough to forget animosities between various tribes, and stand together, shoulder to shoulder, like brethren of one family, with no rivalry except to strive who shall do the most to make the red man respected by the nations of the earth.

Shun the vices of the white men; their intemperance, their dishonesty, and their falsehood; but copy them in their eager pursuit of knowledge, and their intelligent application of it to daily use.

I am one of many hundreds who have always sympathized with the wrongs of your unfortunate and much-abused people.

I am now 78 years old, but my heart is as warm as ever toward all the wronged and the oppressed. I have knit a scarf for you, which I send by Gen. Marshall, in token of my friendship.

May the great Spirit, who is the Father of us all, protect and guide you in the ways of wisdom.

Your old friend,
L. Maria Child.

OPINION OF A TWENTY-YEARS' MISSIONARY.

An officer of the Normal School has recently received the following testimony from a missionary, for twenty years among the Indians, to the value of a work like Hampton's:—

Bennonia, Bernie Co., Mich., October 25, 1879.

Dear Sir:—

I am very glad to see the new movement in regard to educating the Indian youth. For more than twenty years I was a missionary among the Ojibways of the North-west, and of course feel a great interest therein. We fully demonstrated to our satisfaction, that success in this direction, *in the Indian country*, was out of the question. A part of the time I was at the head of a Government school in connection with the American Board, and we found that when they came to graduate, *there was no place for them.* In general, they had not force of character sufficient to withstand the pagan influence among their own people, and there was no place for them in the States. No Christian philanthropist will fail to see the paramount importance of securing the Spirit's sanctifying influences in this, as well as every educational work. Otherwise, we but play into the hands of the Devil.

Yours, affectionately, for the oppressed,
David B. Spencer.

FROM AN INDIAN BROTHER.

We wish it were possible to show our readers the handsome chirography of the following letter to a Hampton Indian student from his brother. The writer and his wife were both educated in the Friends' school, at the Agency, and are prospering, as the letter shows.

Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita Agency, Ind. Terry. Sept. 28th, 1879.

Dear Brother.—I read your kind interesting letter with great pleasure indeed. I always happy to hear from you. I am glad that you are doing well, and are satisfied where you are *now.* That is right—stick to it long as you can, you will come out all right before long. I am in hopes that Capt. Pratt, will be down here in the Territory to get Girls and Boys from these three Agency here. He will get them without any trouble—great many Boys and Girls wants to go. They begin to know the benefit of Education and are anxious. The school here will commenced October 1st.

I tell you old Ansdarko are improving right along—when you ever come back home again you hardly will know old Ansdarko, Indian Territory. Business are flushing right along. Indian employes gets ten Dollars to fifteen per months, rations all furnish by Government, also Clothing to wear, House to live in etc. My wages was Raised to Twenty-five Dollars per month—and still so continue at present. All Indians on this reservation are doing very well, improving their farms—Building Houses for themselves. Also Indian Freighters begin to realize Freighting—some of them Received pay highest one hundred and Forty Dollars for three trips from Caddo to here. The *Cherokee Advocate* you wanted me to subscribe for you—I will heartily do so and have the Editor of the *Advocate* directed to you—Hampton Normal School, Va. You have improved in writing and spelling both—considerable. But Let me advice you must take a little more pains in writing—form your writing all over—makes It look better—do not forget this. You write very good hand now. Try little at a time—and then before long you will be accomplished in writing Also keep up your correspondence—that will help you a great deal—never let an opportunity pass by—always be on time—be prompt in Business or in School—or in conversation—no matter where you are—this is the best Policy I know—friends of mine use to tell me when I went to School these very words I am telling you now—and It done me great deal of good. Produce was not much this Spring—very little corn Raised—the weather was very dry—no Rain—also no Rain yet—the ground very dry—grass all burnt up—no water hardly in Washita River—hoping to hear from you soon, Kindest regards and good wishes to you.

Your Brother,
James H. Deen.

FROM A HAMPTON INDIAN STUDENT AT CARLISLE.

Etahdleuh Doanmoe, the young Kiowa whose "short talk" at Hampton's last Anniversary will be remembered, went to Indian Territory ahead of Captain Pratt, and, by his own speeches and influence among his people, collected at least twenty-five youth for Carlisle. He afterward, with most of the St. Augustine young men, went to Carlisle to assist Captain Pratt with his new students. They keep up a tender feeling for Hampton, as is pleasantly apparent in the following letters from Etahdleuh and Matches:—

Carlisle Barracks, Penn., *October* 29, '79.

My dear friend Miss L——:

You know that I have been away for a long time, since Sept., and just I got back at Carlisle last Monday night about six o'clock. And I was very glad to see my old friends again. We brought down about fifty-eight Indian children here. I got my little sister here. She is 11 years old. her name is Sandly. I thought could not take her away from home, but she would like to come East with me very much, so tooked her with me. Now please give my love to Miss H—— and all the other Hampton teachers who I know. And please remember me kindly. And also give my love to Zonekeah, and B. Heart. I hope all the Hampton boys doing well at Hampton. Now I hope you will write to me as soon as you can, and tell me all about Hampton and they thinking about the Carlisle School? Now I must close writing. And with the good wishes to you all. I hope you will write to me soon.

Your truly, E. Doanmoe.

The following letter was written to Rev. Mr. Gravatt, who is pastor of the Episcopal Church in Hampton in which Matches was baptized and confirmed:—

Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Penn. *Sept.* 14th.

Mr. J. J. Gravatt

My Good Friend;

Before leaving Hampton I promised to write to you but I have it much to say. This morning I went to Church and no Indians were there. I did miss all the Indians very much, *particularly you.*

My heart was sad, and I felt lonely, but I prayed to God Our Heavenly Father that He give me His Good Spirit in my heart to fight to keep the devil or bad spirit out of my heart and I must try hard to do this all the time now; I must love more Jesus too and try to keep my heart warm and in the good way Jesus will help me and show me what to do and I can make Him happy and then by and by I will be more happy in my heart.

Give my love to the Indian boys. Please write to me soon. I want you to pray that God will make me a better man and I may love Him more.

Your true friend,
Walter Matches.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE SOUTHERN WANTED.

By the fire in Academic Hall, our files of the paper for the past year were destroyed. If any of our friends have spare numbers, we shall esteem it a favor if they will mail them to this office. Ten cents each will be allowed for January, April and May numbers.

J. F. B. Marshall.

The largest cotton planter in Craven county N. C., is Isaac Forbes, a colored man. Last year he raised over a hundred bales of cotton. When set free in 1865, he did not have a hundred dollars.—*Ex.*

SPECULATION.

Men rush to extremes as naturally as young ducks waddle to water. From 1873 to the beginning of 1879, every man seemed to distrust every man and every thing; now, a confidence in men and things exists, which would be unexplainable, if we did not recognize how one extreme follows another. For six years only the boldest made any ventures at all, and even then touched the safest things timidly; now, there is hardly an enterprise so chimerical, but many men are willing to bet on its success. How or why this change occurred would be too long a story to tell in this paper, which will have to do with speculation in the abstract—its dangers and allurements.

Next to the instinct of self-preservation, which pervades all men, comes the desire to exchange, increasing in intensity as men rise in civilization's scale. The whole principle of exchange is embraced in the thought of two people having two things, and each preferring what the other has to his own. The efforts of each to get possession of the other's property by giving his own, is the whole story of business life. In any exchange, then, there must be, from the nature of things, two persons having two things, and these persons make each an effort to get what the other has.

No man can be everything to himself,—he cannot be at once his own "baker, shoemaker and candlestick-maker," nor follow all the myriad callings, the results of which are necessary for his comfort and happiness. To get them, he must give some of the thing or things which his own labor produces in excess of his needs. The whole principle, then, of what may be called natural exchanges, is the giving of one thing for another, both being the products of labor. Speculation differs from natural exchange in this, that only one thing passes between two people. A horse-race is a pure speculation—A bets B $100 that the brown horse beats the black, and B bets A that the black horse beats the brown; whichever way the race results, A or B is richer or poorer by $100. If A and B had each owned a horse and had traded the animals, it would have been a natural exchange, and at its end both parties would have had something to show as the result of the exchange. In the case of the bet on the horse-race, if A gets possession of B's money, he will not have it, by having given something for it, but because of the result of something quite foreign to the money. This is a bald illustration, but it marks the difference between natural exchange and speculation. There is no material difference between speculation in stocks, wheat, or cotton, and the betting on a horse-race. There are modifications and refinements in the former which are not in the latter, but both are entered into with the same object in view, the getting of some man's money by giving him an chance to get yours. I do not know if I can express the difference more clearly, than by saying, in natural exchanges, facts are given for facts; in speculations, risks are given for risks. Speculation produces nothing, while natural exchanges and the processes leading to them do. Suppose ten men, each with ten dollars, begin to speculate on cards, dice, horses, stocks, wheat, corn or cotton; at the end of the day one man has $100—the other nine, nothing; the $100 still exists, it has neither been increased nor diminished—it has only changed hands. In the changing of the money from hand to hand, the cotton, corn, wheat, stocks, horses, dice or cards have only been the pivots on which the risks turned.

The highest law of Heaven and earth is that men should labor: and the tendency of all speculation is to reduce labor to a minimum. I would not say that the men, who stand around a race-course or a card-table, or who watch the quotations rolled off an Exchange "ticker," do not labor—for labor is the putting forth of any exertion in order to obtain something in exchange for itself; but it is manifest that all the labor put forth by any of these parties is only enough to risk the result of previous labor on the happening of some special event within a certain time.

If a farmer plent 100 bushels of corn in the ground owned or leased by him, the crop will be the product of his own labor, the soil's fertility, and the chances of the season. Here labor is the largest factor, chance the smallest. If a man bet that corn will be higher than fifty cents in January, and another men bet that it will be lower, the greatest factor, is chance, the smallest, labor.

Perhaps enough has been said on this point, and it only remains to quote the old adage about there being "mischief still for idle hands to do." It is a peculiar fact that money won by speculation is generally spent in folly, or to put it in another way, "Quick come, quick gone."

It is all very well for those who have never speculated to declare they cannot see how men can be so foolish as to risk the money they have worked hard to obtain in speculations of any sort—this is all very pretty in sentiment; but nobody ever utters such a sentiment who has himself worshiped the fickle goddess. Let a man begin to speculate, and be at first successful, (and it is a proverb of Wall St., "A greenhorn for luck"); let him see $100 grow to $1,000, perhaps, between ten o'clock and three, with no particular effort of his own, and that man would laugh to scorn the theory of the folly of speculation, and tauntingly ask how long it would have taken him to have made that amount at the plow, the bench, or in his profession. The argument is of course as specious as can be—but the man who wins cannot see the folly of his winning. But let luck turn and the man's winnings melt away more rapidly than they piled up; on the top of this, let him lose what he invested, and, nine chances out of ten, he will plunge in deeper, hope for a change of luck, and flatter himself the best place to find his money is where he lost it. The majority of such people lose all their own money, and as much as they can borrow of their friends.

Take the history of Wall Street for twenty-five years, and there is hardly one speculator who has made more than a living; the "Street" is full of "lame ducks," as bankrupt speculators are called, and as one flock dies out, a new flock takes its place. It does to repeat, that if two men bet, one must lose; and the loser speaks as little as possible of his losses—of his gains he is more prone to talk; indeed, in general terms, it may do to say, what is "hit" is history and what is "missed" is mystery. We read of lotteries, where one man has invested one dollar and won fifteen thousand; but we do not hear of the twenty thousand men who invested a dollar each and lost.

As stated in the opening of this, a wild spirit of speculation is abroad; and there is hardly a hamlet in the land, in which there is not one man who has an "interest (big or little) in the market." The present craze is without a precedent; every man wants to buy—one crop of buyers take hold one day and sell out the next to a new crop, and these to a third, and so on. This makes the most dangerous sort of a market, for some day the new crop of buyers will not be found, and then will come the crash, and it will come, like all other panics, when least expected. Financial lightning out of a clear sky is no uncommon phenomenon, as any student of commercial history can testify.

To square the circle and make money without labor are two problems, which wise men abandon and fools try to solve. The wear and tear of body and mind which persons deeply engaged in speculation experience cannot be imagined or described,—a man must go through it, and then not realize at the time, the strain he has undergone.

Speculation may cultivate some virtues and check some vices, but it assuredly puffs up vanity and chills charity. A man who has made a series of lucky strokes puts himself, metaphorically, on the back and thinks what a brilliant, far-seeing man he is; while the man that loses at the game, is only too apt to dub as swindlers and scoundrels the men with whom he played—and lost. Of course, these remarks apply only to what may be called emotional speculators, people who have some other calling to follow, and indulge in speculation as an outside issue. One thing is certain, that no man can do his best in his legitimate calling, and speculate at the same time. One or the other must suffer, and generally it is his legitimate calling.

In the sea of speculation, like in the ocean of waters, the little fish afford food for the big ones; and the man who puts his hundred or thousand dollars against somebody else's half-million, will realize the truth, that to him who has shall be given, and from him that hath not, even the little that he hath shall be taken away. If a history could be compiled from the books of Wall Street brokers, this fact would be proved millions of times.

I believe that where one man makes and saves a fortune by speculation, one thousand lose all they have; is it not the quintessence of vanity to bet 999 to 1 on oneself? Especially true is this, if we apply it to people who know nothing of speculation and the laws of chance. A professional gambler can perform seeming miracles with a pack of cards, and just what the inexperienced onlooker would declare to be impossible occurs. In the wider speculations, the same thing occurs, and among dissappointed amateur speculators nothing is more common, than to hear quoted, "The market always goes as it ought not to do." Reason as we may, argue as we will, there are waves of speculation that pass over countries, as surely as there are areas of high and low barometer. Such a wave is now going over the United States, and its tingling influence is felt everywhere, but centres in the N. Y. Stock Exchange. To those who know nothing of speculation, and to those who know but little, I feel assured the following advice is good—Keep out. T. T. B.

Statistics in the United States estimate that with increased immigration, the population will be found in June, 1880, to be about 40,400,000.

for them, the black-

Agricultural.

procured, and of a good variety. Conover's Colossal is the best, and we advise it to

Several ships were sunk in the harbor and the quays and naval establishments suffered heavily.

be general in that section. A heavy rain, with some snow, fell in Charleston, S. C., Nov. 20th. There are re-

Agricultural.

GRASS AND STOCK.

That grass and stock growing are more profitable than raising grain is a proposition so well understood as would seem to render it unnecessary to use any further arguments in support of it. Indeed there is scarcely a well-conducted farm to be found on which live stock does not constitute one of its most prominent features. It is a self-evident fact that where farm products have to be transported long distances to market it is the part of wisdom to reduce them in weight and bulk as much as possible. And this, in the case of such bulky articles as grass and grain, can best be done by feeding them to stock, and thus conveying them to market in the shape of beef, pork mutton, wool, cheese, butter and milk, instead of in their original state. The homely phrase that "the best sack in which to carry corn to market is a beef's hide or a hog's skin" expresses the idea most forcibly, if not elegantly. Especially is this the more necessary when the market is at such a distance as to make the difference of even the fraction of a cent in the pound in the cost of transportation a considerable item in deciding the question of profit and loss.

It is one of the most obvious of business principles that capital, to be rendered most profitable, should be constantly employed. Say the security is equally good, it is far more profitable to loan money on long time at four per cent, than at short intervals at eight per cent., with the capital lying idle most of the time. The same is true of labor. It is far better for a laboring man to take steady work at fifty cents a day (if found) than to depend on uncertain jobs at double the price. And, as labor is part of the farmer's capital, it stands to reason that he can put it out to better advantage in growing stock than in raising grain, in which latter case both himself and teams are comparatively idle a third of the year, while the stock-grower can find employment during the entire time. Again, on many farms where the raising of grain is made a specialty there is much valuable food wasted for the want of stock to consume it, and which could thus be put to more profitable use than allowing it to rot for manure. So, too, there are many farms that are either too wet or too hilly or stony for profitable tillage, but which would give fair returns in grass, in which case even the nooks and corners, sides of streams, fence-rows, &c., can be utilized, while they are of no account in raising grain.

But the greatest advantage of all to the stock grower is the improvement of his land. As we have often said, all plants live by eating, just as do animals; and, like them, obtain their nourishment partly from the atmosphere and partly form the soil. To say nothing of the atmospheric elements of plant food, there are ten mineral elements obtained from the soil, all of which, save three are found in almost every soil in such sufficient quantity as to need no replenishing. The three exceptions are phosphorus, potash and lime; and although these are the most important of all the soil elements, yet they are found in most soils in such minute quantities as to soon become exhausted by excessive cropping. Now, if these three elements of plant food are allowed to be appropriated by grass, and the grass fed to stock, not only are these elements returned to the land in the shape of manure, but large accessions of atmospheric elements also, and thus the land is kept continually improving; whereas if these soil elements are diverted to the production of grain and the latter sold off the farm, the former will be lost to the land, and if not returned in some shape, deterioration follows as a matter of course. —*Baltimore Weekly Sun.*

ASPARAGUS.

There can be no better time than at present to make asparagus beds. Deep spading or ploughing, and working in a good body of well-rotted manure upon a piece of well-drained soil are the essential preparations for the crop. Good, strong plants, one or two years old, should be procured, and of a good variety. Conover's Colossal is the best, and we advise it in preference to any other now in the market. There is a great difference in practice about the distance apart the plants are set. For culture on a large scale by means of the horse-hoe or cultivator, three feet by two are not too great a distance, but in the garden, where it is necessary to economize space, the plants may be set closer; if the cultivator is to be used, the rows may be three feet apart and plants set one foot from each other in rows; if the hoe and fork only are to be employed, they may be set as closely as one foot each way. To set the plants a trench about eight inches wide and six inches deep should be dug along the line, and in this the plants carefully placed, so that the roots shall spread out freely in every direction; after this cover in the plants, being careful to work in the soil that is fine about the roots. This last caution is hardly necessary, for it is supposed that the preparation given the soil is so thorough that every spadeful is fine and mellow. After planting cover the ground with a dressing of old manure, but do not use fresh manure, as it nearly always contains more or less of weed seed ready to germinate in the spring.— *Vick's Magazine.*

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

The Berkshire swine seem to have taken a fresh start among Western farmers and raisers. At one time they were quite numerous in the Eastern and Middle States, but they wouldn't grow big enough for people here, and the Chester County Whites were substituted and preferred, and are no doubt more profitable to the general farmer. We regard the flesh of the Berkshire as preferable, and for home use we like small pork. There is nothing more objectionable than great, fat hams, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, with not more than one-half lean. The small size of the old Virginia ham, which we no longer see, weighing from six to nine pounds, the hogs which were fed principally upon acorns and nuts while running at large, were without comparison the best we ever ate—better, when properly boiled, than any other meat under the sun.—*Ger. Tel.*

Southern planters are encouraged by the fact that cotton sold in Augusta, Ga. during the week ended November 1, as compared with the corresponding week of 1878, gave the planter a gain of about $100,000, owing to the advanced prices. The amount of cotton sold in all the Southern States during October will net the planters from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 more than the sales of the same month last year, the gain being found in the increased price of staple and not in its quantity. Cotton is now worth $10 a bale more than it was a year ago in the Augusta market.

Illinois is a tolerably well cultivated State, but, with 20,000,000 acres under tivation, it has 8,000,000 acres unimproved, an area as large as Massachusetts and Connecticut together.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

BUENOS AYRES, Oct. 23.—The Argentine government has ordered two iron-clads to be purchased in Europe.

A dispatch from Cabul to the Standard says: "In all forty-nine Afghans have been hanged for complicity in the massacre of the British embassy. It is reported that trouble is apprehended in the Ghuzni country. One of the Khans and his brothers are inciting insurrection in Kohistan."

ROME, NOV. 19.—A fire occurred on Thuesday in a house belonging to Prince Charles Bonaparte, on the site of the villa which was burned at the storming of the Porta Pia. Three persons were killed at the fire.

LONDON, NOV. 18.—The former Confederate cruiser Shenandoah has sunk off the island of Socotra, in the Indian ocean. The date of the disaster is unknown. Most of the crew were drowned. The Shenandoah belonged to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

LONDON, NOV. 18.—A dispatch from Pesth to the Daily News says the distress in Montenegro is very great. One-sixth of the population is almost starving. The present supplies of food will only last until the end of January.

There has been severe fighting on the Turkish frontier, near Brescovitza. The latter place was completely plundered by a body of 500 Arnauts.

PARIS, NOV. 20.—The jury on the exhibition of arms has awarded a gold medal to Mr. Mackean, a citizen of Illinois, for his services in connection with the piercing of the St. Gothard tunnel.

LONDON, NOV. 21.—During the night between the 16th and 17th instants, an exceedingly violent storm burst over Odessa, causing enormous damage. Several ships were sunk in the harbor and the quays and naval establishments suffered heavily.

Lord Hatherton, umpire in the dispute about wages between the employers and workmen of the Staffordshire potteries, has made his award. It establishes a reduction of 8 per cent, in wages instead of 10, as claimed by the masters. Over 40,000 operatives are affected by the decision.

Park Hall, near Evesham, the seat of the Earl of Yarmouth, has been burned. Some estimates make the loss £160,000.

M. Forwood, ex-mayor of Liverpool, has received a letter threatening him with death if he speaks against the Irish at any public meeting.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—The British steamer Bornsela, Capt. Williams, sailed from Liverpool today for New Orleans, with 65 farmers and their families bound for Texas. They are mostly from Lancashire, Yorkshire and Durham, with a few from Scotland and Ireland.

POLITICAL.

NEW YORK, NOV. 14.—The Sun publishes to-day the official canvass for State officers as made by the supervisors of the counties. The table shows the following majorities: Cornell, rep. Governor 40,172 (plurality 3) Hoskins, rep. Lieut Governor, 1,130; Carr, rep., secretary of State, 4,411; Wadsworth, rep., comptroller, 7,059; Ward, rep., attorney-General, 7,909; Mendell, rep., treasurer, 4,631; Seymour, dem., engineer and surveyor, 9,969. Kelly's vote 77,471.

OMAHA, Nove. 6.—The returns of Tuesday's election show that the republicans elect Cobb, Supreme Court, by 15,000 majority over Wakely, dem. University regents, Carson and Gannett, rep., are elected by the usual party vote. The returns on district judges elect Pound in the first Weaver in the second, Savage in the third, Post in the fourth, Gaslin in the fifth and Barnes in the sixth—all republicans except Savage, whose majority over the republican nominee will be 1,200. Omaha and Douglas county elect a republican treasurer, clerk, surveyor, superintendent of public instruction and coroner. The democrats get the remaining county officers.

HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 6.—In the election Tuesday for eleven State Senators and a full list of Assemblymen, the republicans elect 9 Senators, the democrats 2: and for Assemblymen the republicans elect 163, the democrats 79, with 3 ties, and the independents 1. The Senators holding over from 1878 are 3 democrats and 7 republicans, making a total for the next Senate of 5 democrats and 16 republicans. The republicans still have a majority in that body of 80, and of 91 on joint ballot.

In Mississippi the democrats' State ticket is elected.

LEAVENWORTH, Nov. 6.—Further returns from the State show that a very light greenback vote has been polled, though in one or two places greenback candidates are elected. Otherwise the republicans have generally increased their majorities. General apathy has caused only a light vote to be polled.

THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.—The Richmond Dispatch says the Legislature of Virginia will consist of the following: House—Conservative debt-payers, 42; conservative readjusters, 44; republicans 17; Portsmouth tie between conservative debt-payer and conservative readjuster. 1—100. Senate—Conservative debt-payers, 14; conservative readjusters, 17; Independent debt-payer, 1; republican, 8—40. If this classification is correct the readjusters and debt-payers each have 57 members of both houses, with the tie in Portsmouth to be decided by ballot. This seems to place the balance of power in the hands of the 25 republicans.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—Returns (semi-official) give Long, rep., for Governor, 121,716; Butler, 108,537; Adams, dem., 9,734, and Eddy, prob., 1,473.

Returns from every county in the State of Pennsylvania give the total vote for State treasurer as follows: Butler, rep., 280,134; Barr, dem., 221,715; Sutton, greenback, 27,397; Richardson, prohibition, 3,819.

ST. PAUL, MINN. Nov 8.—The republican State ticket is elected by increased majorities. Fairbault county elected ex-United States Senator Morton S. Wilkinson to the office of county attorney, and Ramsey county elected for a second term ex-United States Senator Henry M. Rice to the office of county treasurer."

Jere Haralson, colored, an ex-Congressman from Alabama, has been appointed night inspector in the Baltimore custom-house. Sr. H. J. Brown, colored, day inspector, was removed; N. C. M. Orooms, colored, a night inspector, promoted to the place of Brown, and Haralson appointed to the position vacated by Orooms. Haralson represented the Mobile district in the 44th Congress.

Gov. Croswell, of Michigan, has appointed Fernando C. Beaman United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Chandler.

Secretary Sherman will, in his annual report, recommend, it is understood, the discontinuance of the coinage of the standard silver dollars.

DOMESTIC.

The new French cable is finished: it stretches from Brest to St. Pierre Miquelon, and from thence to North Eastham, Mass., which is not far from Provincetown. The central wire of the cable is surrounded by ten copper wires, twisted. For insulating purposes three envelopes of gutta-percha, surround the wire, and outside of the gutta-percha is a wrapping of manilla hemp. Outside the hemp is an armor of steel wire the wires being made in a peculiar manner, side by side. Surrounding the armor is another covering of manilla hemp, saturated with an anti-corrosive compound. The Faraday will return to Brest, when another cable of similar character will be laid from Brest to Land's End, England. At the American end connection will be made with the lines of the American Union telegraph, which are already in place.

The comptroller of the currency issued a statement on November 1, which shows that on January 14, 1875, the amount of national bank notes in circulation was $351,861,450, and the amount of legal-tender United States treasury notes outstanding was $382,000,000, making a total of $733,861,450. On November 1, 1879, the amount of national bank circulation was $325,754,286, and the outstanding treasury notes $346,681,016, making a total of $672,435,314, thus showing a reduction of $51,426,136 in a little less than four years.

The amount of grain received at Chicago during October was larger than for the corresponding month of any previous year, and 8,718 cars more than in October, 1878. There were 33,405 cars of grain inspected and 1,030,250 bushels received by canal and lake without inspection. The amount of grain received at Chicago during the year ended October 31 was several million bushels more than that received during the previous year.

The colored people's industrial fair at Raleigh, N. C., was formally opened Tuesday Nov. 11th. Gov. Jarvis delivered the opening address. It rained all day, but a fair crowd was present. Eight military companies and a number of fire companies composed the procession which escorted the Governor to the grounds.

The heaviest fall of snow in Georgia for years occurred at Augusta, Wednesday, Nov. 19th, the snow falling for over three hours steadily. The storm seemed to be general in that section. A heavy rain, with some snow, fell in Charleston, S. C., Nov. 20th. There are reports of snow in the interior of South Carolina, and sudden changes of the weather.

There were received at Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 17th, 8,627 bales of cotton, the largest receipts for one day ever known within the history of the city.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11.—A special dispatch from Carlisle, Pa., says: "The Indian school at this place has just received an addition of two more girls and six boys from Dakota and Wisconsin. The total number now here is 158 and the school is getting along finely. Indian Commissioner Hoyt was here a day or two ago, and he expressed great satisfaction with the pupils, with their cleanliness, good behavior and their general appearance. He is confident of the complete success of the undertaking. Mr. Hoyt authorized Capt. Pratt to arrange for a chapel and assembly room with capacity for 300 children."

TO BE SOLD FOR RENT.—The bark Azor belonging to the Liberian Exodus Association, in which 300 colored people went to Liberia from Charleston in May, 1878, will be sold there at auction by order of the court, on the 3d inst., to satisfy demands upon the association

U. S. Senator Zach. Chandler of Michigan is dead.

Major-Gen. Joe Hooker died at his home in Garden City, Long Island, last month.

Oysters! - Oysters!

The canning of steamed oysters has long been an important branch of industry in Baltimore; but the canning of the very best oysters in the Chesapeake, almost on the spot they are caught, is an enterprise just established. The undersigned feels confident that in opening a Packing House at this point, he is affording his fellow-citizens in all parts of the country, an opportunity, (which he hopes will be appreciated) of getting the best and freshest of oysters, prepared in the most healthful way, at the most moderate prices.

An Oyster may remain out of water many hours, nay days, before it be completely spoiled; but from the moment it is caught and exposed to the air a process of deterioration goes on. It needs no argument to show that the sooner an oyster is hermetically sealed after being caught the better it will be in taste, solidity saltiness, and healthfulness. Within a radius of fifteen miles of this point, are millions on millions of bushels of oysters, from the best of which will the stock used, be selected. The time consumed in transporting the bivalves from their beds to the Packing House is not worth considering, especially as the majority of the boats employed are the little "canoes" peculiar to these waters.

My packing is at present divided into three grades, according to the size of the oysters use: the same care, however, is taken in the preparation of all grades. A case of one pound cans contains 4 dozen: a case of two pound cans contains 2 dozen. Owing to the unsettled condition of the market, I can only quote to-day's prices, which are as follows:

Giants of Hampton Roads, No. 1—No. 2 $3.00 per doz,
Beauties of Hampt'n Roads, " 1 $1.30, " 2 $2.00 " "
Cove Oysters, " 1 $1.00, " 2 $1.75 " "

The above prices are net cash, and remittance may be made by draft on New York, Chicago, or Norfolk, or else by P. O. order. Authority to draw at sight with Bill of Lading attached will ensure the prompt forwarding of any goods ordered. If preferred, cases may be sent by Adams express, C. O. D., but unless specially directed, all shipments will be made via Norfolk, Va.

Direct all telegrams, via Fort Monroe. T. T. BRYCE, Box 10, Hampton, Va.

HAMPTON BAR OYSTER COMPANY.

(MUTUALLY CO-OPERATIVE.)

OPEN OYSTERS.

In boxes, containing one dozen quart cans and upward,

Select	(largest and finest), per quart can	35 cts.
Standard	(medium size), " " "	30 "
Medium	(large and small), " " "	25 "

In kegs, containing one gallon and upward.

Select	per gallon,	$1.25 "
Standard,	" "	.90 "
Medium,	" "	.75 "

The cans being hermetically sealed can be sent any distance and may be kept for weeks. The kegs are air-tight and will keep for a considerable length of time.

OYSTERS IN THE SHELL.

In boxes or bags containing one bushel and upward, or in barrels containing three bushels,

Select	per bushel,	.75 cts.
Standard,	" "	.50 "
Medium,	" "	.40 "

The freight is paid to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Providence, and arrangements made to have them forwarded, thence to all parts of the Middle, Western, and Northern States.

Orders received by GEORGE DIXON, *Manager.*

HAMPTON, VA., P. O. BOX 13.

TERMS: Cash, or good references. Agents wanted.

N. B. This is an effort to assist the freedmen of these parts, and we trust their friends at a distance will give us their patronage. The oysters are packed with the greatest care, and handled only by persons of cleanly habits.

REFERENCE:

Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Principal Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute; and Mr. K. Whiting, Postmaster, Hampton, Va.

H. W. BOOKER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCERS,
King Street, opp. Mallory Ave.,
HAMPTON, VA.

M. A. BOOKER & BRO.,
Dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass,
HARDWARE AND TOILET ARTICLES,
King Street, next door to Barnes' Hotel,
Hampton, Virginia.

Rural Cards. All Common Wayne Outdoors

Hard Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad and Deviled Crabs—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all sea-food, far exceeding in fineness of flavor and of grain, lob-ter, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $6 00 a case, net cash. Money may he remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $3.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

T. T. BRYCE,
Normal School Grounds,
Box 10 *Hampton, Va*

A NEW BOOK.--JUST OUT.

Economic Crumbs,

Or Plain Talks for the People, about

LABOR, — CAPITAL, — MONEY,
TARIFF, — Etc.

By T. T. BRYCE.

Price 50 Cents. *Mailed on receipt of Price.*

Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

INCORPORATED IN 1870.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer*

Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers, for the Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The Institution is aided by the State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,
S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal,*
Hampton, Virginia.

All Former Years Outdone.

356,432 GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES SOLD IN 1878,

BEING

73,620 *More than in any Previous Year.*

SOME VERY HARD NUTS TO CRACK:

Companies have sprung up in every part of the Union for making an "Imitation Singer Machine."

Why are not similar companies formed for making Imitations of other Sewing Machines?

The public will draw its own inference.

Gold is continually counterfeited; brass and tin never!

The Singer has taken the FIRST Prize over ALL competitors more than TWO HUNDRED TIMES. *Why?*

After the Chicago Fire the Relief Committee undertook to furnish sewing machines to the needy women of that city. Applicants were permitted to choose from six different kinds of machines. 2,944 applicants were furnished with machines; 2,427 chose the Singer Machines, and 517 distributed their choice among the five other kinds of machines! These girls were to EARN THEIR LIVING on these machines. *Why did they take Singer?*

THE PEOPLE'S AWARD TO THE "SINGER."

The people bought Singer Machines as follows:

1870	127,833	Singer Machines
1871	181,260	" "
1872	219,558	" "
1873	232,144	" "
1874	211,679	" "
1875	249,832	" "
1876	262,316	" "
1877	282,812	" "
1878	356,432	" "

Many of the manufacturers of other machines refuse to state their sales! WHY?

Sales of 1878 over Sales of 1870, 228,599 Machines. A Three-fold Increase.

WASTE NO MONEY ON COUNTERFEITS. *PRICES OF GENUINE GREATLY REDUCED*

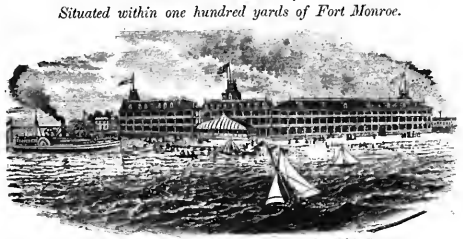
SEND FOR CIRCULAR. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 34 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

The Singer Manufacturing Company has 1,500 Subordinate Offices in the United States and Canada, and 3,000 in the Old World and South America.

THE HYGEIA HOTEL,

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

Situated within one hundred yards of Fort Monroe.



Open all the year with ample capacity for 600 Guests.

Has all modern improvements—elevator, gas and electric bell in every room; water bath-rooms and closets on every floor. Equal to any Hotel in the United States as a Spring, Summer and Autumn Resort. Six daily mails and telegraph office; 15 to 20 first-class steamboats land daily (except Sunday) 150 yards from the door. Rooms and Halls comfortably heated, and comfort provided for tourists and health seekers during the winter. Fire-escapes only 50 feet apart on overs floor. Superior beach for bathing at door-steps, and good from May until November. Boating, fishing and driving especially attractive. Send for circular describing hygienic advantages, terms, &c.

HARRISON PHOEBUS, Proprietor.

JAMES M. BUTT,

(SUCCESSOR TO FORBES & BUTT.)

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

RAILROAD,

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MILL AND MACHINISTS' SUPPLIES,

Hardware and Mechanics' Tools,

BELTING, PACKING, OILS & WASTE,

PIPE AND FITTINGS, BOLTS, NUTS AND WASHERS,

Brass Goods, &c., &c.,

No. 5 Market Square, Norfolk Va.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

N. MCNEILL invites attention of the public generally to his large and carefully selected stock of Boots and Shoes of the

Best City-made Work,

which I will sell at and below cost. All other goods in my store will be sold lower than ever, in consideration of the times. Please give me a call and see for yourselves. Ladies' and gentlemen's work made to order, and repairing neatly done.

N. M'NEILL, HAMPTON, VA.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. H. Parramore has permanently settled in Hampton, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth, and insert artificial sets. Rooms, over H. L. Schmelz & Co.'s store, on Main street.

Theodorick A. Williams. Wm. C. Dickson

T. A. WILLIAMS & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

2 & 4 Roanoke Square, Norfolk, Va. 5-t.

From the Factory to the Wearer.

Shirts of Superior Muslin, Extra Fine Linen Shield Bosom, Open Back, French Yoke, and completely finished for

$7.50 A DOZEN!!

Having completed arrangements with one of the largest Cotton Factories in the United States for an unlimited supply of Shirting Muslin, at extremely low prices, and having largely increased our facilities for the manufacture of **men's** and **boys' Shirts,** in all styles, we have decided to make an important departure from the course usually adopted by similar establishments, and to place ourselves directly in communication with the **consumer,** that needing the enormous profits required by **middlemen** and the **retail trade,** and enabling us to make the following unprecedented offer.

12 Superior Muslin, Fine Linen Finished French Yoke Shirts, as above, ready for wear,	$7.50
6 " " " " " " "	4.00
3 " " " " " " "	2.25

An elegant set rolled gold plated Sleeve and Collar Buttons presented to each purchaser of 3, 6 or 12 Shirts.

Sample shirt finished complete, with a set Buttons as above, sent **prepaid** by mail on receipt of **85 cents.** We **warrant** these Shirts to be **first-class** in every respect, to be **substantially** and **neatly** finished, and equal in **appearance, durability** and **style** to any Shirt in the market costing two or three times as much. Send size of collar worn, circumference of chest and length of arm. Remember in ordering from us you **save all outside profits.**

Boys' Shirts same price as above. Postage Stamps or Currency taken. Catalogue of goods sent with all shipments. NEW YORK FURNISHING CO., 881 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

R. H. BICKFORD. FRED. B. CURTISS.

Bickford & Curtiss,

This Old Reliable Firm

ARE THE

ONLY MAKERS

OF

PURE OAK TANNED

Strictly Short Lap

LEATHER BELTING,

With Patent Round Corner.

THE BEST BELT MADE.

The way to Prove it, is to Try it.

SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS.

Superior to all in BEAUTY OF TONE, ELEGANCE OF FORM and LASTING QUALITIES.

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Stanley Rule & Level Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Improved Adjustable Planes.

Smooth Planes, Fore Planes, Jack Planes, Jack Planes Joiner Planes, Rabbet Planes, Circular Planes. Carpenters, Carriage Makers, Car Builders, Cabinet Makers, Millwrights and Wheelrights, all use them.

Factories, New Britain, Conn. Warerooms, 29 Chambers St., N. Y.

For Sale by all Hardware Dealers. ☞ Illustrated Circulars of Carpenters' Tools sent on application.

HAMPTON TRACTS
FOR THE PEOPLE

No. I, The Health Laws of Moses.
No. II, Preventable Diseases.
No. III, Duty of Teachers.
No. IV, Who Found Jamie?
No. V, A Haunted House.
No. VI, Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform.
No. VII, The Rights of the Body.
No. VIII, The Two Breaths.
No. IX, How to Cleanse and Disinfect.
No. X. Our Jewels.

Send to G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York or to Hampton Institute. Price 8cts., 100 $6.00, 1,000 $40.00.

OUR JEWELS.

It seems to me that any woman who loves her children (and the women who do not love their children are fortunately so few that there is no need to consider them) must have a very strong and earnest desire to train and guide them aright, and to seek for them in all things a better way than she herself has known.

Whatever our position in life may be, whether we are rich or poor, of one race or another, I think that those of us who have little children can meet upon the common ground of our love and hope for them, and I am sure that as soon as we begin to think much about the matter, we find that the greatest obstacle in the way of our doing what we would for our children, is not our poverty, or our weakness, or even our selfishness, but, from first to last, our own ignorance. When our children come to us, helpless and utterly dependent, they bring with them a fullness of love which makes sacrifice easy and burdens light; but, alas for us! with all this love comes no increase of knowledge, no sudden growth in wisdom, which shall enable us to fulfil for them all that our love dreams of. On the contrary, we find, day by day, that to teach our children, we ourselves must first learn much, that their education means our education too, and that it is only by intelligent work and careful watchfulness that we can come to understand and obey the laws that govern their little lives. What an immense undertaking, what a great, almost awful responsibility this seems, and yet how little preparation most of us make for it; how insufficient is the knowledge with which we come to this which is for most of us our life work!

Can there, for example, be anything more important for a woman who has children to bring up, than that she should learn the best way of taking care of them physically? And yet how few of us give any time or thought to that which ought to lie at the foundation of all that we do for our children, that is, the study of their physical life. For, undoubtedly, a mother's first work, first, at least, in order of time, is to see to it that her children are born healthy and kept healthy so long as she has control of them, and it is in the hope of showing that this can be done by almost any earnest and conscientious woman, and that, furthermore, the only true wisdom lies in doing it, that this little tract is written.

In the first place, then, I beg you who are mothers to remember that the health and welfare of your children depend much on your conduct while they are still unborn. To have healthy children; to have good children, the first necessity is that you should be healthy and good yourselves; and this, it should never be forgotten, applies to fathers as well as mothers. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, in every sense, and parents who themselves avoid sin are not only lessening its temptations for their children, but are strengthening them to resist it. Now the best physical helps which men and women can have in leading pure and honest lives are, plenty of light, fresh air and water, a digestible and nutritious diet, all the out-of-door exercise possible, and plenty of work, for idleness, except when ill-health makes it a matter of necessity, is a more dangerous enemy than most people think. Over-indulgence in any direction brings suffering in its train, and to be temperate in all things is a lesson which we should learn as early in life as possible.

In the matter of dress, all women, but especially mothers, should remember that, in order to secure health, the clothing should be worn sufficiently warm for the season, but always light and loose enough to give play to every muscle. Before the birth of a child, the mother should be more than ever scrupulous in the care of her health, for at that time she is responsible for two lives instead of one; while during the period of confinement she should put herself in the hands of a good doctor or nurse and implicitly follow their directions: for in no way do women more frequently and seriously injure themselves than by yielding at such times to their own prejudices, or the prejudices of the ignorant people about them. As a single instance of this danger, I would draw attention to the foolish notion which many woman have, that the sooner they can get about after the birth of a child the better, whereas the fact is that trying to get up too early produces, not only sometimes sudden death, but often troublesome and chronic diseases. A fortnight in a recumbent position, after the birth of a child, is little enough; and no woman, even the poorest, need think that this is time wasted, for she will find if she will try it, that her convalescence will in the end be quicker and far surer. I cannot here go into details in regard to the care of new-born children and their mothers, but I repeat once more that the safest and usually the easiest rule to follow is the one already given: "Put yourself in the hands of a good doctor or nurse, and follow their directions."

Weak as little babies seem when first born into this world, there are, as a matter of fact, very few children who need die if properly taken care of; and that so large a number are lost during the first five years of life is terrible proof of the ignorance or carelessness of those into whose hands they are given. We mothers have much to say as to the thousand and one enemies which threaten the lives of our children, but in reality the worst enemy of all lies in our own ignorance, and in spite of the inevitable evils, which, heaven knows, are numerous enough, very few of our children need die, if we would only acknowledge that we have in our own hands the power to ward off many of the evils which we carelessly say are inevitable. To do this we must begin at the beginning, and after doing all that we can to ensure that our children shall be born healthy, we must then use our best endeavor to take care of them intelligently from the hour that our care commences, realizing at the outset that in this respect we, most of us, have a great deal to learn.

I have divided the details about which I am writing under several general heads, and the rules which are laid down under these heads are only those which have received the sanction of the best modern authorities.

WASHING.

From the day of its birth a baby should be thoroughly washed at least once in every twenty-four hours; and this should be done with water at about blood heat, a soft sponge or piece of flannel and good soap. For the first two months it should be sponged off in a warm room and quickly and carefully dried with a soft towel, using, between the joints, and in the folds of the flesh, rice or starch powder, as this completely dries the skin and prevents it from getting chafed or sore. Carelessness in washing and drying is the cause of many of the irritations of the skin from which little babies so frequently suffer, and for which their mothers and nurses are alone to blame. After the first two months, the baby can be put into a small tub or basin with sufficient water to cover its body, and if its head is kept carefully raised so that it does not get choked and frightened, it will enjoy this much more than the mere sponging. As it grows older the regular daily bath should be kept up, the temperature of the water being gradually lowered, until a child of five or six will have learned to delight in its bath of quite cold water, and if it has been properly taught, will be able, with a very little attention from the mother, to wash itself. A habit of this kind formed in childhood will very rarely be given up in later life, and that it should be so formed is of very great importance, for not only health but decency demands it.

CLOTHING.

Both babies and older children should be warmly, lightly and evenly clothed; that is, their clothes should be sufficient for the climate and the season, should not be so heavy, or made in such a way, as to drag upon any part of the body, or impede any natural movements of the muscles or limbs, and, especially, no one part of the body should be heavily clothed while some other part is permitted to go half bare. The chest, shoulders, arms and feet, should, in cold climates, be well covered, while with little children in particular, the neck and arms should never be left unprotected, at least one undergarment, as well as the outer dress, being made with high neck and long sleeves, which has also the advantage of bringing most of the weight of the skirts upon the child's shoulders. All the garments should be made loose and as light as is consistent with the necessary warmth, so that the child, like all other young creatures, can have fair play for the movement and growth of its limbs. The underclothes should be changed twice a week, or oftener if they get soiled, and any garment which from any cause has an unpleasant smell should be at once removed. As children grow older, they can be taught to think of these matters, and almost any child can be made to have some pride in its own cleanliness and neatness.

FOOD.

It is probably true that in this country more children are killed or made weakly for life by improper food, or over or under-feeding, than by any other cause, and this is the more unpardonable because the kinds of food which, for children, are the most wholesome and nourishing, are usually cheap and easily to be had and prepared. There are very few people in the United States so poor that they cannot get for their children, not only the right kind of food, but also plenty of it, so that here again we can only fall back upon the excuse, if we dare to call it such, of our own ignorance and thoughtlessness.

In almost every household, the children habitually get sweet cakes and pies, hot breads, preserves, pickles, etc., which cost twice as much, both in money and in the labor of preparation, as would the plain, digestible food which alone is suitable for growing children; and yet it seems almost impossible for mothers to realize that in giving these things to their children, they are not only wasting time and money, but are also directly injuring their helpless little ones. It is certainly a very fortunate thing that nature provides for a baby at its entrance into life, food which is all-sufficient for its needs, for otherwise it seems as if the ingenuity of ignorant parents would by this time have extinguished the human race. Even as it is, some mothers insist on giving babies all sorts of food, sometimes going so far as to believe, or say they believe, that a little of anything that they themselves can eat will not hurt the baby. A woman might as well say that the baby's little hands can do the work of her hands, as that its little stomach can do the work of her stomach; and the result of such treatment is that the baby pines, falls sick, is dragged with medicine, and in nine cases out of ten, dies, the victim of its mother's ignorance. Now there are very few moderately healthy women who cannot nurse their children if they choose, and in most cases it is not only easier for a woman to do so than to attempt hand-feeding, but it is also much better for her health, while on the baby's side of the question there is but one thing to be said. To bring up a child by hand even under the most favorable circumstances is difficult and dangerous; while under any other than favorable circumstances it is next to impossible. In no case is a hand-fed child likely to be so strong and healthy as one which has its own proper food, and if the difference does not show at once, it is very likely to in after years. A mother who can nurse her child has, therefore, at the outset, a very great advantage, and one which she is very foolish in any way to neglect, both for her own sake and the child's. She should be very careful about her own food, eating and drinking only that which is plain and wholesome, and the quieter and more undisturbed she can keep herself in every way, the better it will be for the child; for anger, fear, fretfulness, or indeed excitement of any kind, will affect the milk and sometimes make it almost a poison. Then she should try to nurse the child as far as possible at regular times, once in two or three hours being enough, for the first two or three months, during the daytime, while, after the first fortnight, it should not be nursed at all at night. If it is a healthy child, it will, if nursed at ten or eleven o'clock, sleep till three or four in the morning, thus giving the mother a good night's rest, which is a matter of great importance. If the mother has plenty of milk, the child should have no other food until it is time to wean it; but if from any cause she should not have enough, then a little milk and water with a very little sugar should be given from a feeding bottle, which must always be kept perfectly clean, by scalding it out with hot water two or three times a day. When a child has to be brought up by hand, asses', cow's or goat's milk and water, should be used at first, great care being taken that the milk is perfectly pure and fresh; if it can be had as soon as it is milked, so much the better. At first it should be diluted with an equal quantity of water; from the sixth week to the third month, gradually diminish the water to one-third; from the third month, gradually diminish the water till about the sixth month, when milk alone should be given until the first four teeth are through. The milk should be warmed by putting it into a little jug in a basin of hot water, and should be given at the same temperature at which it comes from a healthy mother's breast, viz., 95° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The same regularity should be observed in feeding as in nursing, and the child, while being fed, should be kept as nearly as possible in the same position as in taking the breast. The appearance of the first four teeth show that the child can take and probably needs more solid food, therefore some kind of flour, cornstarch, rice, oatmeal or barley-

gruel, plain crackers or a little bread made very soft, should be mixed with the milk twice in the day. The state of the child's stomach and bowels should be care-

see how easy it is to get a baby, which is otherwise properly cared for, into good habits in respect to its sleep, and how much difference these habits will make in the health of the child and the comfort of the mother.

prising how much exposure can be borne without danger, by children who are used to a free, out-of-door life; while the strength of bone and muscle, digestion and nerve, which is built up by such a life, is such a strong

gruel, plain crackers or a little bread made very soft, should be mixed with the milk twice in the dey. The state of the child's stomech and bowels shoold be carefully wetched, and tha food varied accordingly, arrowroot, sago, rice or baked flour being given where there is tendency to diarrhœa, oatmeel end berley where there is constipation.

As to the time for weaning children, no axect rnle can be laid down for all cases, for much depends npon the health of mother end child, the climate, season of the year, etc., but as a genaral thiog, it is best to ween sometime between the ninth and twelfth month; and weaning can usoally be managed very easily, by giving the kinds of food described above, in gredually increasing quantities, at tha seme time, of course, diminishing the mother's milk. A child which is completely weaned at twelve months, sbould, from that time until it is eighteen months old, be fed four times a day upon milk, simple preperations of the different grains, boiled or baked potatoes mashed fine, beef tea, crackers and bread. From eighteeu months, when children are healthy, a greater variety of food may be given, but tbo same care should be taken in regard to the regularity of their meels (for a hebit of esting at odd times is harmful et any age,) and that they get nothing which is not plain and wholesome. Sweet cakes, pastry, hot breeds, greasy or highly seasooed food of eny kind should be strictly forhidden, while almost eny meat (except pork,) fish, rice, oetmeal, cornmeal, almost ell kinds of fruit, and ell easily digested vegetables, such es potetoes, tomatoes, spinach, etc., may be given, well cooked and in proper quantities, the heaviest meal being taken in tbe middle of the day, and tha condition of tbe bowels being always carefully watched.

Now any woman with common-sense and feirly good health can do all this without much trouble, end in the end will find thet it is the easiest way to bring up her children, for this sort of cara will keep them well and strong, saving all the expense end enxiety of the frequent illnesses which are usually the lot of children who are permitted to eat all sorts of thiogs at ell sorts of times. As, for exemplo, in teethiog, when babies which are properly fed and cared for suffer very little, while badly maneged children are elmost always in pain and frequently have fits, convulsions, and those choleraic attacks, which ere so common a causa of deeth, especially in cities. You cannot make good bread out of bad flour, you cannot grow a strong plant from an unripe seed, you cannot build a sea-worthy boat out of decayed timber,—bow then can you expect your children to be healthy unless you give them in their food the material from which to make healthy bone and muscle, nerve and flesh?

SLEEP.

A very young baby can make no better use of its time than to spend it in eating and sleeping, and, for the first few months of its life, a healthy baby will do this, provided it is allowed to be quiet, is fed regularly, and not dosed with any kind of sleeping mixture, this latter being a practice which every mother ought to understand is senseless, wicked and utterly inexcusable. Up to two years of age, children should sleep twelve hours at night and an hour or two in the middle of the day; after that age, from ten to twelve hours at night is uaually enough, though it is a good thing to keep up the habit of taking a nap in tha daytime, until they are four or five years old. No child should sleep in tho garments which it wears during the daytime, for they ere filled with the moisture given off from the skin, but should be put into nice, sweet, dry nightclothes, while the day clothes are hung somewhere to air. Except in extremely cold weather, it is best for even very young babies to sleep alone, end the less they are rocked and shaken about the better. A clean and comfortable bed and pillow for a child can easily be made by filling a couple of bags with dry moss, corn leaves, sea-grass, or horsehair, and the stuffing can be changed and the bags washed sufficiently often to keep them perfectly clean. The bedclothes should be warm but light, and mothers should be very careful not to let their children get into the hebit of sleeping with their heads covered up, for in this way they breathe over and over again the air which has been poisoned by their own little bodies. Plenty of puro air is absolutely necessary to health, and, in rooms where children sleep, the greateat care should be taken to have good ventilation. Draughts are, undoubtedly, bad things, but they are better than impure air; and children who are accustomed to plenty of fresh air and cold water are not likely to be hurt by an occasional draught.

Children should never be roused suddenly from sleep; and loud noises, or anything which may startle a sleeping child, should be avoided as much as possible, for though children do not always show it at once, it is certain that their brains and nervous systems are sometimes very much injured by sudden shocks or frights. It will surprise anyone who has not tried the experiment, to see how easy it is to get a baby, which is otherwise properly cared for, into good habits in respect to its sleep, and how much difference these habits will make in the health of the child and the comfort of the mother. Wakeful nights with a baby mean fretful days for both baby end mother, and, except in the case of really sickly children, there is seldom any need for a mother to lose much sleep, for sleep is such an absolute necessity for children that Nature forces them to take it, even under very unfavorable circumstances, and a little care on the mother's part in forming regular habits in a baby, will generally ensure quiet, comfortable nights, and two or three hours of freedom during the day, when baby is taking its nap.

Put children to bed at the same hour every night, having first given them e sufficient quantity of proper food, and changed all their dey clothes for loose, clean night-garments. Let the air of the room be cool and fresh, the bedclothes light but warm enough for the season,* have as little light and as little noise as possible, and you will find that "getting baby to sleep" is not, after all, so troublesome a thing to do. Where e mother is obliged to keep her baby in the same room with the rest of the family, she can often manage to screen off a corner, and avoid some of the light and noise, while the mere fact of undressing end putting e child into bed always at the same hour, will of itself often ensure a good night's sleep. The nap in the daytime should be regulated in the same way, and instead of interfering with the child's sleep at night, it usually makes it more quiet, as the effect of two or three hours' sleep in the day is to soothe and comfort the nervous system, thus increasing the chances for a good night's sleep. But, invaluable as sleep is to children, it should *never* be purchased with drugs or potions, or syrups of any kind; again and again should it be repeated to mothers and nurses that these things are all horrible poisons, and that the sleep that they bring is indeed the sister of death.

OUT-OF-DOORS.

In summer, a healthy baby should be taken out of doors when it is three or four weeks old; in winter it ought not to go out until it is five or six weeks old; and in both summer and winter care should be taken that it is properly dressed, not exposed too directly to the heat and light of the sun, or to dampness or strong winds. With a little precaution, a baby can be kept out of doors nearly all the time in fine, bright weather, and the more it is out the better for it in every way, for fresh air brings appetite and sleep, soothes the nerves and strengthens the digestion.

In many ways, children are like plants, and especially in their love for and need of out-of-door air and sunlight. Without these they will fade and droop, just as plants do, as anyone may see who looks at the poor little children who are crowded into dark, dirty tenement houses in large towns, where their white faces and wasted limbs show only too plainly that they are being stunted and starved for the want of fresh air, bright sunshine, and the beautiful, free life which even the poorest children in the country can get so easily.

With babies, of course, it is necessary to be careful in respect to many little points, of some of which I have already spoken; that is, a baby should never be carried upright until it is at least six months old; before that time it should be laid carefully over both arms of the person who carries it, and lie just as it does in bed. It should not be squeezed up too closely, for its bones are very soft; and it should not be let to lie too long on one side, but should be changed from one arm to the other, while its eyes should be shielded from the rays of the sun. After six months, it can be put into a little cart or carriage, and if properly supported with something soft, can be kept out in this way for hours at a time, for an occasional push to the cart will keep a baby quiet, just as well as constant motion. Indeed, I know of no such easy way of taking care of a baby in pleasant weather, as to put it in a safe and comfortable position (always taking care that its back is well supported) in a little cart with a top, or an ordinary baby-carriage, and letting it stand in some protected corner near the door or window, or on the porch, where the mother can once in a while step out, to speak to it and roll it back and forth for a few moments. Almost any child will take its nap in this way, and even very restless children will be quiet for a long time, to the great relief of mother or nurse, who will undoubtedly find plenty to do during these spare moments.

When children got old enough to walk, they soon learn that out of doors is the best place for them, and mothers who live in the country or in small towns find that the fresh air, which is so easily to be had, is food and drink and medicine for their children. It is surprising how much exposure can be borne without danger, by children who are used to a free, out-of-door life; while the strength of bone and muscle, digestion and nerve, which is built up by such a life, is such a strong argument in favor of the country for children, that it is a wonder that all men and women who have families to bring up do not, for their children's sake, look for employment and homes in the country, instead of clinging, as so many of them do, to the crowded, dirty, unwholesome city streets, where pure air is almost unknown and the best influences of out-of-door life are never felt.

But, in city or country, out-of-door air is pretty sure to be the best, and the more you can give of it to your children, even though it is only in a city square, the less trouble you will find them; while to those who live always in the city, too much cannot be said about the value of an occasional day in the country, in the woods or on the seashore, both to their children and themselves. I have heard it said, at the end of a long, hot summer, by mothers of little babies, who were cooped up through the stifling days and nights in one or two rooms of a tenement house, that they believed their children's lives had been saved by the one or two days' excursions into the country which, by the help of some charitable society or through their own economy, they had been able to take: and such is the wonderful power of fresh air and pure sunshine, that I believe they were right.

WALKING.

Do not hurry a baby about walking; for there is never any need to try to teach a child that which Nature will teach it in her own good time, in a much better and safer way than you can. The best thing you can do for your baby, as soon as it is old enough to move about, is to put it on the floor, on a big cushion, or blanket, or even a piece of old carpet, and let it roll and tumble and stretch to its little heart's content, just as any other young animal does when its freedom is left to it. Give it a ball, or a rag doll, or some other safe plaything to crawl about after, and you will find that its legs and arms will find plenty to do, until it is strong enough to pull itself up by a chair or table and take its first, tottering steps, after which the days of rest for its mother are gone by, and there is no safety except in constant watchfulness. If you want your boy or girl to be strong, you must be very patient with their little restless movements, for every one means the growth and development of some muscle, and ought not to be checked except when really necessary.

TALKING.

A healthy child will begin very early in life to make various sounds which are Nature's preparation for speech, and these sounds should not be repressed, for it is only by making such sounds that a child can learn to talk. Of course, all cries or noises which show that the child is in pain, or tired, or hungry, should be attended to at once; but a healthy child will never be a very quiet one, and a certain amount of noise-making seems to be essential to proper growth and development. So don't try to keep children always still; let them shout and prattle and chatter as much as they like, just as you let them struggle and reach and kick, with their little hands and feet. It is all a part of Nature's education, and the less it is interfered with the better.

MEDICINE.

The rule may be broadly laid down that none except the very simplest medicines should be given without the advice of a doctor, and that even the simple medicines should be given as seldom and in as small quantities as possible. Dosing children with this, that and the other, is by far too common a habit among all classes, but especially among the ignorant, for it is safe to say that those who know most about children give them the least medicine. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and although it is, of course, sometimes necessary to give drugs to little children, yet, in nine cases out of ten, intelligent care in the first place will prevent any such necessity. When you see that a child is really ailing, go to a doctor or some person competent to advise you, and don't meddle with medicines of which you know little or nothing, for you are pretty certain to do more harm than good.

CONCLUSION.

Within the limits of such pages as these, it is, of course, impossible to do anything more than give general ideas in regard to the care of little children; but nothing that can be said here or anywhere else will be of any use except in cases where the mother herself is ready and anxious to learn and practise. Fortunately, there are many such mothers in the world, and it is pleasant to think that, in these days, it is comparatively easy for them to learn how to take proper care of their children. In no way is the human race making greater progress than in respect to its treatment of little children, one evidence of which is that in civilized countries societies are being formed for the protection and care of such children as have no friends to care for them, or such as, worse still, are neglected or ill-treated by those who ought to care for them.

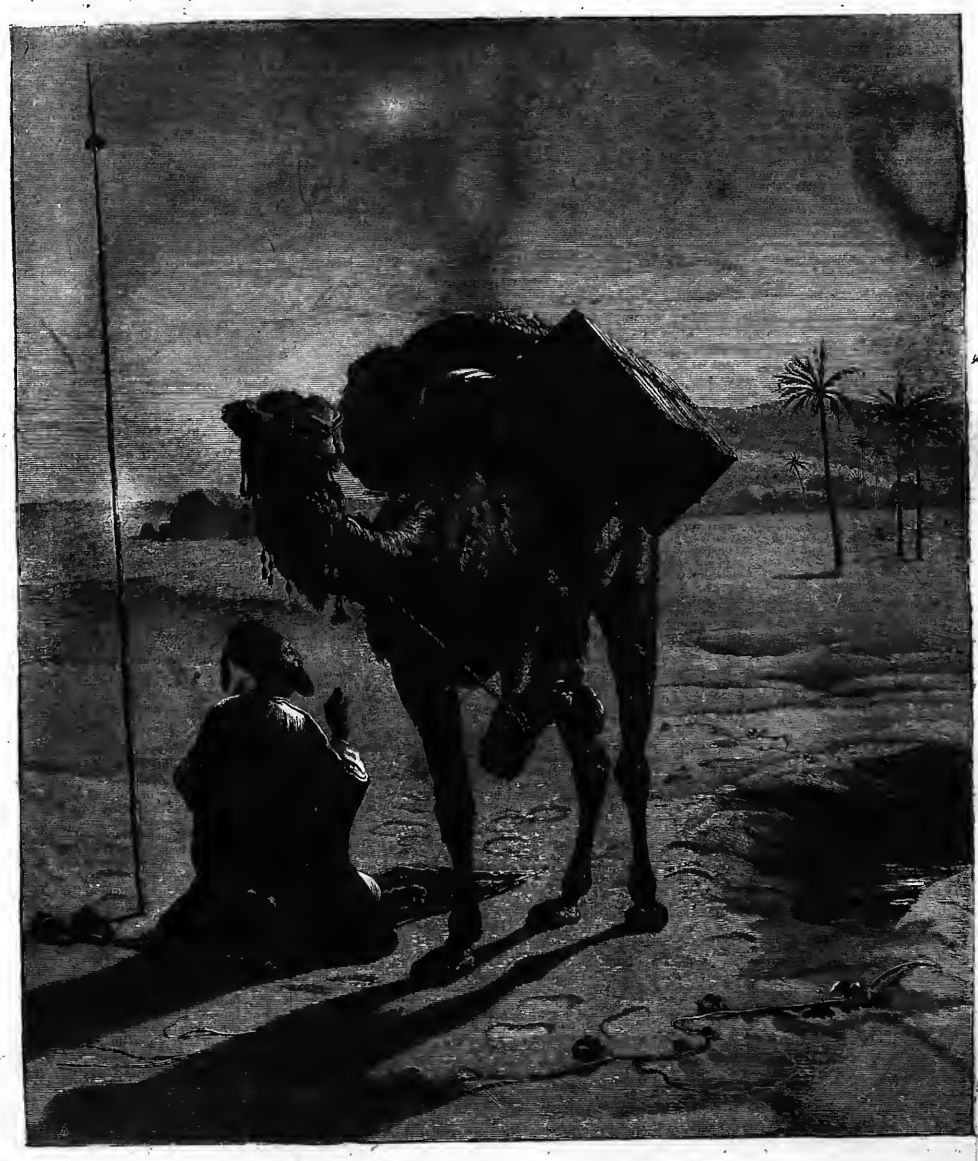
One of the great lessons that Christ left to the world, is, that the little children whom God has made so helpless and dependent, have a claim upon us, who are no longer children, which we can never rightfully set aside. And surely we who call ourselves Christians should hold our children as dear as did that heathen mother, who, when asked to show her jewels, had forward her two sons.

* A warm and light covering can be made by stitching several thicknesses of brown paper into a counterpane or coverlid of any kind. This will be found very comfortable, and of course is very cheap.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IX. HAMPTON, VA., JANUARY, 1880. NO. 1



THE PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

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THE PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

The Mohammedan call to prayer is shouted at sunrise and noontime and sunset from "Syria's thousand minarets." Though he may be far ont of hearing, the devont Arab traveller, across the desert, lights from his camel and, kneeling on the sands with his face towards Mecca, pays his homage to Allah, as best he knows. Shall not we who call ourselves Christians pause on our journey across life's plain, as the New Year's sun is rising, and letting life's burdens and business halt awhile, turn our faces towards our Holy City, and worship the Father with thanksgiving for the care that has brought us safe on our way and given us springs in the desert, and with prayer for His guidance through the trackless future.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Albemarle Co., Va., *Nov. 18th*, 1879.

General Armstrong—

Dear Sir:

Our schools are largely attended and doing well. The term will be much shorter this session than ever before. The school board has been unable to secure the usual amount from the "Peabody Fund."

The election passed off quietly. The colored people of this (Albemarle) county voted almost solidly for the debt-payers. While our motive has been questioned by one of the leading papers of the State, I am firmly of the opinion that our people voted for the honest payment of Virginia's debt, because they believed it to be but an act of justice. There seems to be a disposition on the part of certain newspapers in this and other states, to place us in, certainly, no enviable position in the eyes of our Northern friends. No one will deny that during the canvass a hard fight was made by both sides for the Negro vote. The one side held up honesty. The other side portrayed in language which did not fail to have its untimely effect, that the negro had no right, morally or otherwise, to help pay a debt he had no part in contracting. We were also reminded that this debt was made while we were yet slaves—and were so much property.

These are some of the arguments adduced by the intelligent white readjusters of this state to secure the colored vote. Now, General, is it unnatural, with such sophisticated reasoning as this adopted by the readjusters, that they should have secured a large number of colored votes? Are not the leaders more to blame than their followers?

Again, the white vote against the debt-payers, is much larger than many care to admit. There were no papers edited by colored men preaching repudiation,—yet this class of citizens, who did the most harm to the State are blameless.

The colored man was, doubtless, as honest in his convictions when voting against the funders, as the white man; and the oft repeated assertion, "the Negro did it," shows an unkind spirit, if not an inclination to misplace the great portion of the blame.

I am, very respectfully,
THOMAS CAYTON.

C——, VA., *Nov. 22d*, 1879.

Dear Sir:

In an editorial not long since the *Charlottesville Chronicle-Democrat* spoke in defence of the colored voters of the state. The afternoon of the day on which I wrote you, I sent the editor my thanks, which he published. I also send you, enclosed, the editorial alluded to. I was sorry to hear of the burning of Academic Hall.

Most respectfully,
THOMAS CAYTON.

THE COLORED CITIZEN.

We beg leave to protest against the attempts to cast all the odium of the debt-payers' defeat on the colored voters. Those of them who voted with the readjusters, are no more responsible for the disastrous result than the white men with whom they co-operated, and not as much so, because the white voters ought to have known better. "The Negroes did it," is the ready explanation; "but for the 'ignorant Negroes' the success of the debt-payers would have been triumphant." Undoubtedly so; but what about the "ignorant white men"? But for them would not the defeat of the readjusters been overwhelming? Where then is the justice or the policy of laying special blame at the colored man's door? In all seriousness we say that the sooner that sort of talk ceases, the better. The fact is the colored vote, like the white vote, was divided. In many counties, as in Albemarle, they stood nobly in our ranks, voted with us and pleaded earnestly on the hustings for the preservation of Virginia's credit and honor.

The damage has been done, and it is profitless to speculate how it was done or who did it. A more practical inquiry is, how are we to undo it and who is to help us? If the repudiators' ranks are to be broken, what class of voters is more likely to come over to us? If the "Negroes did it," to them we may hopefully look for assistance in the effort to put things right. The white repudiators are there to stay. The colored voter cannot be a repudiator and remain a Republican.

We are thankful that there has been *some* division among the colored voters everywhere, and indulge the hope, that in future elections, there will be a still greater disposition among them to vote independently. So long as this question of fidelity to public obligations is a living issue, there is reason to hope that a greater number of colored citizens will be found co-operating with those who favor the payment of the public debt. The principles and policy of the Republican party, no less than their own interests, impel them in that direction, and we are confident that they will prove to be invaluable allies of the debt-paying white men of Virginia. They have every thing to gain by such an association. If they wish to rise in the social scale, the true way to do it is to vote independently. Let both of the great National parties find it to their interest to secure their votes, and as sure as human nature is ever the same, the colored people will make friends on both sides. The white people have learnt a valuable lesson from this election. Not only humanity and justice, but a sound policy requires that both parties should hereafter treat the negro as an equal of the white man at the polls. A few isolated communities, at the far South, have been guilty, in the past, of a very reprehensible spirit towards the colored voters in their midst, and these cases have been laid to the charge of this whole section by the fanatical North. Now we insist upon it that all our people should frown upon such proceedings and henceforth endeavor to remove the scandal from Southern politics. If there are bull-dozing communities that cannot be reformed, let them be driven out of both parties. This we say for the future, without admitting the truth of the grave charges brought against us by our enemies.—*Charlottesville Chronicle-Democrat.*

HOMES OF OUR COLORED PEOPLE.

THE copies of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN sent us were duly received, and, a few days afterward, I set out on a visit to a family who once rented a house from my husband, and carried a copy of the WORKMAN with me to see if I could get them to subscribe for it. I believe the WORKMAN is one of the best papers in Virginia, and gives information about the progress of the colored people which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Still, I fear it will be difficult to get many subscribers in Lynchburg for several reasons. Nearly all the colored people are members of some church, and their ministers always try to get those who can read to take their church papers; then some of them take papers edited by colored men, in Richmond or Washington, and then some who have looked at copies of the WORKMAN say it is very good, "but has not enough about politics in it"!

The family I wanted to visit lives in a suburb of Lynchburg known as "Camp Davis," and consists of an old man and his wife, with two or three good, steady boys, whom the old people adopted, as they had no children of their own. Besides these nephews, there is a very old woman, a sister of Uncle Winston, who was sold to the South many years ago, and came back very unexpectedly, when all her relations supposed she was dead. Her daughter, who is a widow also, lives with the family and helps with the work, of which the energetic mistress of the house seems to find a great deal to do. "Aunt Anne," as we all call this busy person, is quite a character in her way, and has a strong, clear mind. When she was renting a house to live in, she was always planning for a home of her own, and without her husband's knowledge managed to save from her own and the boys' labor, $75.00; and when she heard her spouse lamenting that some fine lots near them were selling very low, and wishing he had money to buy one, she produced her bank certificate, to the astonishment and delight of the old man, and he straightway invested in the land, whereon they have since built a snug house.

"Camp Davis," where they live, is quite a village in itself, has a pretty little white church, and is laid off in squares and streets. Only one or two white families live in that precinct, and most of the houses are small and belong to the colored people who occupy them. There are one or two large houses owned by negroes, who are considered rich by their neighbors.

I knew that Aunt Anne was very proud of her establishment, and could hardly help smiling when I came to a tiny little gray cottage, a story and a-half high, with a fanciful cornice on the roof and a latticed porch in front, about big enough for two people to stand in. The whole concern looks like a child's playhouse on a large scale; but it is greatly prized by its owners, who deserve much credit for their industry in accumulating this nice little property, for they were slaves until they were getting to be old people, and had to begin the world, when they were set free, with nothing but their clothes. A latticed fence enclosed the neat little grassy yard in front, which had flower borders all around it, the flowers being carefully covered to protect them from the winter, and back of the house was a large vegetable garden, with fruit-trees and borders of raspberries and strawberries. The family have lately bought a large lot adjoining them, and are planting trees and getting it in nice order; so if one of the boys should be married, they can put up a house and start the new family comfortably in the world.

While I was making these observations, Aunt Anne, the good, sensible mulatto woman who is the happy owner of this establishment, came to the door and ushered me into a very small parlor, shining clean, and so full of furniture, pictures and fanciful things that one might almost suppose it a variety shop. Colored people love bright colors, owing, I presume, to the fact that their race came from a tropical land, where nature paints in glorious tints and delights in gorgeous hues. A tall man might have touched the ceiling with his fingers, and a very long-armed man might almost have extended his hands from side to side of this cheerful, tidy little apartment which Aunt Anne's busy fingers love to adorn. There was a bright carpet on the floor, and crimson curtains with lace ones inside at the windows, and a very fine set of furniture carefully covered with linen, and in one corner a sweet-toned melodeon. A gloss basket, supposed to be a chandelier, hung down over the marble-topped centre-table, and this and the vases were filled with wax flowers and the beautiful, graceful plumes of the Pampas grass. And then the paper on the walls! That was covered with such big bouquets of bright flowers, that they looked as if they would crowd out the numbers of pictures of every kind, which vainly strove to cover *them*. There was a mirror on the mantelpiece so large, that one wonders where it got in, and a handsome picture of horses as big as the famous portraits of Dr. Primrose's daughters; and everywhere that they could find room for, pictures of everything and everybody, from the "Expulsion from Paradise," depicted by two fair, weeping figures with long hair, in figleaf costume, to a little black baby in a long white dress. And then the china and glass, useful and ornamental, that was placed everywhere, that I should have thought could not go anywhere, and not a speck of dust on any of it!

Of course this room was much too fine for ordinary mortals, on ordinary occasions; so, after giving me time to take in all the beauties about me, Aunt Anne remarked, that "it was too cold to stay in a room without fire," and took me into her chamber, which was quite as neat, if not so fine, as the parlor. There was a good fire in the bright little stove, and after asking me to be seated, the lady of the house resumed her place at the quilting-frame, on which was displayed a quilt of very gay pattern; making quilts for sale being one of the numerous trades by which Aunt Anne finds occupation for her busy hands and brings coin into the household treasury of which she is the careful guardian. Her husband and the boys were off at the factory, the eldest of the nephews being one of the best tobacco workers in the city, often making a hundred dollars a month in good seasons. The old sister and her daughter were washing in the kitchen, for Aunt Anne takes in laundry work too, and, with the aid of her hand-maidens, attends to two cows, selling milk and butter, and in the summer time selling fruit and vegetables from her garden. There was a charming air of peace, thrift and content about the little establishment, and I sometimes think that white people, who have never known the sorrows of slavery, what it was to be separated from their loved ones, unable to own property, no matter how much they worked, or to choose their own lot in life, could not possibly be as happy as colored people in such homes as this, saved by honest toil and shared by a united family. After Aunt Anne had exhibited numerous quilts which she had made for sale, and displayed "The Rising Sun," "The Wild-goose Chase," &c., for me to admire, and I had given her the WORKMAN, which she promised to show her boys when they came home, I took leave of the busy housewife.

Wending my way through Camp Davis, I passed many snug little cottages giving proof of careful industry on the part of their owners. Sometimes the beginning of this home-building is very humble indeed. Often a whole family can afford but one little room at first, and one wonders how they can live in such close quarters; but very often the brick chimney has an outside fireplace, showing that after awhile they hope to add another room, and perhaps, if the household prospers, in time a comfortable house is built in front of the small shelter where they first set up their household goods, and it becomes the kitchen or work-room for a far more pretentious house.

One of our colored families who began in a very small way had quite an adventure a year or two ago. They were very poor people, but had managed to buy a lot on a very steep hillside, selecting, on account of its cheapness, what otherwise seemed a bad location. Being in haste to begin housekeeping and very poor, the young couple built a tiny cottage, with the rear supported on long posts, trusting at some future day to build a strong brick room under the wooden structure. Soon after the family moved, a boy was born in the little house, which looked much like a bird-box perched on its tall stilts. When the boy was two weeks old, there was a terrible storm of snow and wind, and when a big snowdrift came along in the night, the poor little house, parents, baby and all, turned a somersault and rolled down the hill! At daylight, the luckless head of the family, who could not be called a *householder*, scrambled out, and with the aid of friends and neighbors took the mother and child out on the bed and carried them to the house of a relative, quite unhurt by their adventures. So much sympathy was excited for the unfortunate family by the downfall of their house, that the colored people all combined to set it up again on a solid brick foundation, and in a short time the family was re-established in a snug little home, with no danger of rolling down hill again in the first high wind.

Colored people are usually fond of animals, and nearly every family has its cat and dog, its pigs and poultry, and not seldom a cow or two, and sometimes are very happy in possession of a horse or mule, which assists greatly in the support of a family.

It sometimes occurs, in buying real estate, that the colored people make a purchase of property to which the title is defective, and the labor of years is lost by one mistake. It is a safe plan for every one who buys property, first to consult a reliable lawyer about the title. Five or ten dollars spent in this way may save hundreds, to say nothing of the care and anxiety involved. A case of this kind came to my knowledge lately. An old white man, who owned quite a large tract of land, died without a will, and his property was inherited by half a dozen children. The oldest son, without consulting the other heirs, sold two acres of land to a colored man for $30.90. The negro paid for the land and began cutting wood off it for sale. One of the heirs to the estate had the negro arrested for trespass, and he was carried before a magistrate. Here was a hard case! A man prosecuted for selling wood off his own land! The poor negro was too much bewildered to make any defense, but a kind-hearted gentleman who happened to hear the case at the trial advised him to employ a lawyer. He did so, and the lawyer asked for the cause to be deferred, and at the same began an action against the man who had sold the land, for obtaining money on false pretences. This alarmed him so much, that he induced his brother to drop the suit for trespass, and finally the consent of all the heirs was obtained to the sale of the two acres of land; but by the time all this was settled, the costs had amounted to as much as the land was worth, and the poor colored man might have saved all this trouble and expense by consulting a lawyer and paying a small fee at first.

ORRA LANGHORNE.

LYNCHBURG, *Nov.* 26, 1879.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

Strength of character consists of two things, power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence, strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make a grand mistake: we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who hears all before him, and before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose hurets of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his will obeyed and has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. It is his passions that are strong; he that is mastered by them is weak. You must measure a man by the strength of his feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or, did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or, one that, bearing a hopelese daily trial, remains silent, and never tells the world what cankers his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive—those are the spiritual heroes. *Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS. } *Regular Contributors.*

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UPON the issue of paying interest on the State debt, according to terms accepted by Virginia's creditors (three per cent. for ten years, and four per cent, for the ensuing twenty-five years), or on terms fixed without their consent (three per cent for forty-five years), there has been an unprecedented excitement in this State. The colored vote has suddenly the balance of power and given victory to the readjusters: There is a split in Conservative ranks. Ex-Confederate leaders arn arrayed against each other. The heroes of the war are replacing one-legged soldiers who fought under them with colored men who might have fought against them. Storms of indignation have arisen.

There has been a pretty clean sweep of the State officers, and in the redistribution colored men have had some share. Negroes expect, hereafter, to be represented on juries and hope to change laws which practically restrict their voting.

So far as this result is at the expense of the State credit it is a calamity. We do not yet know its effect upon Virginia's honor or standing in the markets of the world.

The point we press is the need of enlightened voters who will know what they are about.

Public credit can stand on nothing else. A mass of ignorant voters who can be humhugged and misled, who get all their facts at second-hand, who neither read nor think, is a public danger.

Most of the Southern States have such a class—in the aggregate, an enormous mass, whites as well as blacks, whose action on questions of financial policy will be momentous.

Other ideas than the increasingly dim and distant one of gratitude for emancipation will occupy the colored mind. It will act for what it honestly believes to be its immediate interest. There is nowhere a class on the intellectual plane of the negro that is so well-disposed to right action. It will act up to its light, but its best light is dim and therefore unsafe.

More light for them, not more laws: a higher plane to which they shall be lifted, not by bayonets, or by demagogues, but by spelling-books.

Politicians to the background and schoolmasters to the front.

But where one ex-slave will faithfully attend a night-school, a hundred will gather about a stump speaker. The work of the teacher is upon the rising generation. The one now passing cannot be much leavened with right ideas, and the country must get on with them as best it can.

The mass of illiterate voters in the South is, because it must be, a destructive rather than constructive element.

Good intentions will not help it. The "Outs" in politics will combine with it to get in, and, when in, the others will seek the ninety-nine dissatisfied ones to get in again.

The well being of the South depends much on Northern capital and enterprise. That depends not a little on the soundness of its financial policy, and *that* depends on popular intelligence.

With an effort that is feeble in itself, but wonderful cunsidering the past, the South is maintaining free school systems. Again and ugain have one or two faithful men in Congress vainly urged the duty of aiding this effurt. We hope for better results this session.

Few realize the results of Northern benevolence in sending five millions of dollars, since 1862, to help the freedmen in e way they needed the most, and were helped the least. Thousands of intelligent colored schoolmasters are ahroad, and, with few exceptions, the worthy ones among them have won the respect and good-will of all their neighbors They have worked for their people and for peacs.

It takes a negro educator to appreciate the irony of saying "Let us have pence," and then neglecting the things that make for peace. The one is a sentiment easy as a breath; the other is a duty from which most men flinch.

BREAKING UP.

Those who have feared the power of the "solid South" hardly understood the silent but resistless working of obscure social nnd political forces. Those who understood these forces estimated the "solid South" at its true value—a fabric of imposing and pretentious front, but, nevertheless, based on a foundation of sand, and they predicted that it would quickly tumble in. It was utterly impossible, under laws which, to a remarkable extent, secured equality and freedom of action, for any permanent political forces to be organized. Stability in rank or party must come from specific laws, or from priestcraft, or from some overmastering common interest. Servitude, before the war, massed the whole community in its defense, just as the English uristocracy become one in a contest for their privileges. Break up these artificial barriers, and the tendency of society is like water to dispose itself in a common level.

In the South, the people cannot divide always on the color line. There is, indeed, one color which is very apt to deaden all other colors. It is the yellow of gold. White may dislike black, and black may dislike white, but both love the yellow in its metallic form. Few are the political sentinels who insist on the watchword of integrity. The many, the majority, are paralized before the yellow of gold. Like fierce dogs, won over by pellets of mnat, they reverse their guns when a dollar is tossed at them. The purchasahln quality of the legislatures of the Northern States is a matter of deep concern to thosn who have the interests of the State at heart; and in the treatment of the Indian, the Negro, and the Chinaman, the National Legislature shows that it has no hurden of lofty sentiments.

When the grent war ended, the whites of the South kept in solid line, to the music of old memories, and were knit together hy the inheritance of a vast and frightful disaster. They were held to each other by hooks of steel. They moved, side by side, in a vast caravan of wretched people, stripped of their property and humiliated hy martial dnfeat. Their sentiments were naturnl and noble. But they failed to see that, under disintegrating influennee, the hooks of steel would enap asunder, as they have broken before, among other people, in other lands, in like events. Knenly alive as the Anglo-Saxons are to the "mnin-chance," it could hardly he expected that they would nlways forego the emoluments of office, and the gratification of ambition, in order to indulge forever in love-feasts over the "lost cause," however dear to them. It is, therefore, no surprise to ns, that in the Legislature of the State of Virginia, two one-armed Confederate soldiers were turned ont of humble offices, by a majority which was overwhelmingly Confederate in its antecedents, and in their places two colored men were placed. It is e remarkehle turn in the wheel of fortune. It is the cap-sheaf of disintegration. It ie the proclamation of the rotteness of the platform styled the "solid South."

We ern not considering the motives or the morals of the act. We are simply illustrating the historical process—that process, which, in a community where hrnins ere active and laws and customs are not restricted, allows ideas to grow, ambition to do its work, end gives free play to all the social forces. Had anyone predicted ten years ago that, in a legislature where those of Confederate antecedents were in a large majority, a crippled soldier would he turned out by his old cumrades, and a negro he put in his place, he would have been scoffed at. Now it is done. The old memories are forgotten. The army of the "solid South" is broken up, and the cry of "*Sauve qui peut*" is shouted down the line. With the wisdom or justice of the act we have here nothing to do, as we heve said.

Just as this work of disintegration is accomplished, there comes from various quarters of the South the cry, "Grant for President." It seems as if there is ehout to be a new departure in politics. The negro has heretofore been pushed hack by the whites. Sagacious men have long predicted that the negro would in time be the willing tool of the wnites. The time has come for the trial. It remains to he seen what he will do as he enters on the political etage with his old master es his sponsor.

W. N. A.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

There is no Government service of more value, at present, than thet of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. In a nation which must go to the soil for its life and prosperity there can be no more vital interest than that which seeks to develop wealth from the grouad. It is idle to repeat the old story that we must in the end fall back on our natural productions for material prosperity. The Commissioner of Agriculture is doing a epleadid work The real obstacle to his work is in the ignorance of people as tn its value. If the Commissioner could furnieh eeede of a plant which would produce Republican or Democratic voters, as the case might he, Congress would vote him half the public domain as a reward. Unfortuestely, he deale with subjects which do not take away or give offices.

It cannot be expected that he will nlways he successful in his experiments. Hie work is largely experimental. He is accumulating knowledge and experience for the benefit of the people. It is better that one man experiment thoroughly than that a hundred consume time and money in doing the eame thing, with possibility of loss. The Commissioner has been severely dealt with hecause of his efforts to iutroduce the tea plant. It is quite probable that tea cannot he economically produced in America, but it ie quite possible thet it may be grown in small garden patches, as currents are grown, and meny a poor woman may find relief and pleasnre in gathering the leaves for home consumption. If this can be demonstrated, the value of the ten plnnt will be beyond calculation. No less important are the experimeats in obtaining euger from sorghum and cornstalks. If the millions annually sent out of the country for sugar cnn hn retained at home, hy a domestic production. it will add enormously to the national wealth.

It is strange indeed that a nation of farmers are not alive to these matters. The people nre generous in a matter of experimenting in torpedoes. Yet a hundred thousand farmers arn moaning over the meagre returns to their toil, while their representatives in Washington are reluctant to epend money in devising ways and meens for their relief. The work of the Commissioner is to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. He is doing it. One of these deys it will be known, and he will be honored accordingly.

W. N. A.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

Sixteen more Indian youths, nine girls and seven hoys, from Yankton Agency, Dekota, arrived at Hempton School on the morning of December 30th, under cherge of Mr. W. D. E. Andrus, U. S. Indian Agent for Yankton Sioux. These ere sent hy Government to fill the deficit in its last allowance of twenty girls, only fivs of whom were collected hy Major Crissy in Novemher, owing, as was explained in our last number, to detention by low water in the upper Missouri.

At that time, hy request of the Principel and permission of Government, Rev. Mr. Gravatt, of Hempton, wrote to Rev. Joseph Cook, in cherge of the mission church and school at Yankton, asking him to select fifteen girls and send them to Hampton. His party has now arrived, though, owing to further deleys, he was ahle so obtain but nine girls. This secession mekes the whols number of Indien girls at the school, twenty-one, and of boys, forty-seven. The new set are very intelligent and attractive in appearance, and several already speak English well; one of the girls, indeed, says thet she understands no other language.

Their nemes, with the egent's report upon each, ere as follows:

Mergeret Goulet and Mary E. Goulet are sisters. Their father is French. Both talk English well.

Anna Lymen.—Her father is en American. She is very hright and talks English well; very trustworthy and good.

Kete LeMonte.—Her father is half-breed —part French. He has a large family who are above the everage.

Emily West, niece of Chief White Swan.

Lizzie Selwyn, niece of Chief Medicine Cow.

Felix Benoist, helf French. He talks Englieh very well, ie e good interpreter and reliable.

Cherlee Picotte, half-breed French. His father is interpreter at the egency and heed councilman of the tribe.

Isaac Mandan end Daniel Manden are brothers. Full-hlood Sioux. Their father is one of the head men.

Jesse Prime.—His father ie one of the hest farmers at the agency. The boy has n good reputation.

George Stricker and Samuel Brown are hoth students of St. Paul's Mission School at Yankton, and are highly spoken of hy Mr. Cook. They understand some English.

Julia Upawiu, Lizzie Tasagyemaniwin and Mary Hinman are not epecially described.

The eupervision of the selection hy Mr. Cook is a sufficient guarantee thet it was well done. The difficulties in the way of it are shown hy the report of the agency physician, who, after all, can only say:

"I respectfully etate that I have made a physical examination of (the following named) Yankton Indian boys and girls, and that their average health ie as good ns it is possihle to obtain. I therefore recommend them for educational purposes."

A medical examination of all was made on the morning of their arrival at Hampton, hy Dr. J. T. Boutelle, with the following result: Of the eeven boys, three were put into clase A, as having both lungs in apparently sound condition. One more belongs to this class hut for some hronchial irritation—a cough resnlting from a cold caught on the journey, which will probably he hut temporary. Still another ie merked "A—with a few rales." Of the other two, the left lung is marked as in the second class—not perfectly sound.

Of the nine girls, three are marked A —good; two more, "pretty fair"; three more have right lung A—left 2. One of these has a scrofuloue eruption npon the neck. The ninth one is put into class 2 for hoth lungs, by auscultation, though percussion is normal. She had n cough for a year and says ehe has conghed np hlood, but does not cough now. She has been ordered malt and cod liver oil. Five of the whole nnmber report cases of consumption in their families, in one or both

parents, brothers or sisters.

This statement, as definite as we can make it, we regard as fino to those who are interested in this effort, and to the school which has undertaken it. It seems to confirm the observations of Secretary Schurz in his recent inspection of the northern agencies. Ho states that careful examination and inquiry convinco him that removal to the school has nothing to do with their consumptivo tendencies, which are continually weeding out the weaker ones at the agencies.

The most careful selection possible should be made of material, and with this tha school will do its best.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA.

The Ninth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Virginia gives a melancholy showing for the past year, but looks forward to a better state of things, which has indeed already begun. From '78 to '79, the public schools fell off very nearly one-half; in number of schools, from 4,545 to 2,491; in daily attendance, from 116,464 to 65,771. This sudden and excessive decline, resulting from the pecuniary embarrassments of the State and tha diversion of part of the school fund to meet them, was a little greater, Dr. Ruffner says, than it otherwise would have been, from "the want of what theologians call 'the assurance of faith' on the part of some of the Supervisors" who were frightened by the decrease of income from the State, and the activity of enemies, into diminishing the school levies just when they ought to hava increased them to tha full extent of the law. The State's insolvency is by no means removed, yet the closed public schools have reopened all over it, and while, last year, over a score of tha Hampton graduating class, anxious to teach, were obliged to go into service instead to support themselves—something which never happened before; this year, all of them can find schools, and there are more applications to Hampton for teachers than it can fill.

Dr. Ruffner attributes this encouraging and remarkable change entirely to a moral reaction, "a sudden and powerful determination on the part of parties and people to maintain the school system at all hazards," culminating in the desperate effort of each of the three parties in the November campaign "to prove that its views, of all those advanced, are the very views and the only views which will protect the school system from spoliation." "Whatever may be the result of the contest," adds Dr. Ruffner, "the people will not be defeated, although they may for a time be hindered, in carrying out their purpose to educate their children by means of public schools, and by means of the present school system."

The party which won in the contest is apparently fulfilling Dr. Ruffner's prophesy, and the pledges by which it gained success. And certainly one result of the curious break-up of old party lines, unlooked-for so soon, is the demonstration of the imperative necessity of educating the ignorant masses, into whose hands the balance of power may at any time fall. That the intelligent of all parties are recognizing this necessity is apparent from the digest Dr. Ruffner gives of the written reports of the county and city superintendents. They furnish an interesting history of a year's growth of public sentiment. The hundred and three reports, with less than half a dozen exceptions, notice a strongly favorable or decidedly improving disposition to the common schools. One remarks, "As an evidence of their high estimation by the people, no political candidate dares to raise his voice in opposition to them, or fails to advocate them." Tha deficiency of the school fund seems to have had very contrary effects in different counties, some superintendents reporting that "public sentiment has been much disturbed by the suspension of the schools," "the failure of the State to furnish adequate means to run the schools gava their enemies opportunity to croak. The State did her schools more injury than all their enemies could possibly do." Others declare more cheerfully, that "tha diversion of school funds by State officers has had a very decided effect in increasing sentiment in favor of the school." "The people began to appreciate their utility and importance in proportion as they were deprived of their benefits and advantages." Ona county reports: "All opposition to the free schools has ceased and public opinion has crystallized into a firm basis for their support." The superintendent of another says: "At first a large majority were opposed, but a few days ago one of the first men in the county said to ma that he had tried hard to believe it a Yankee innovation upon our good old Virginia plan, and as such it should be opposed by all true Virginians, but now he has become a decided advocate of it and believed the only hope of educating a larga majority of our citizens, indeed our very existence as a free and independent people, depended upon the preservation and extension of some good system of popular education."

STATISTICS OF EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.

Virginia and some other of the Southern States have shown great enterprise in getting up very full educational statistics. From those furnished by Dr. Ruffner for the last year, ending July 31, '79, we have the following results:—

School population (between five and twenty-one years),		
White	289,849	
Colored	202,852	
		483,791
Schools opened— White	1,816	
Colored	675	
		2,491
Average no. of months taught.		5.36
Pupils in average daily attendance,		
White	44,549	
Colored	21,231	
		65,771
Percentage of school population in average daily attendance,		
White	15.9	
Colored	10.4	
		13.6
Average age of pupils		19.5
Whole cost of public education per month per pupil in average attendance		$1.45
Number of teachers,		
White	2,089	
Colored	415	
		2,504
Average monthly salary,		
Males	$39.95	
Females	24.73	
Cost of the system for year, including balance due,		
For pay of teachers	$391,393.37	
For all other expenses of administration	129,599.16	
	$511,992.53	

Dr. Ruffner says there is a common but mistaken notion that the school system of Virginia is a costly one, compared with other states, and that on this point —especially as to contingent expenses— there was most concern in the legislature last year. To refute this, he gives a statement showing the comparative cost of education in Virginia and nineteen other states, including three Middle, four Eastern, four Southern and eight Western States. The statement gives the comparetiva cost of public education per month, per pupil enrolled, including *all* expenses. Virginia is lowest, giving .88. New York is nearest her of all but the Southern States, giving $1.03. California is highest, $2.41. The statement ha finds in the Georgia Report and is taken, he believes, from that of tho United States Commissioner of Education for 1875, except the figures for Virginia which are his own.

EDUCATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Col. Hugh M. Thompson, State Superintendent of Education in South Carolina, wrote last August to the Principal of tho Hampton Normal School to say:

"Dr. Sears, as you know, has allowed ma ten scholarships at Hampton for the next session. I thought it best to make selections from four different parts of the State, as I want tha influence of your institute to be felt all over South Carolina."

These students have entered Hampton and are justifying Colonel Thompson's selection, for which they are evidently grateful.

Of the general sentiment in tho State in regard to education, he says: "The condition of affairs is improving, but much remains to be done. Prejudice against public schools, indifference to education and waste of money are serious obstacles, but I am encouraged to hope that I am overcoming the two first, and I look confidently to the time when public opinion will remove the last."

Since thus writing, Colonel Thompson's Eleventh Annual Report, mada in November, gives still more favorable statements and full statistics in their support. He states that "tha public schools of the State are in better condition than at any previous time. The disorder and confusion which prevailed so long are disappearing; not that as yet results are fully commensurate with money expended, but it can justly he claimed that the public schools have taken a strong foothold in South Carolina and are gaining slowly, it may be, but surely. The school attendance is larger than at the last report by 6,224, the total attendance being 122,463, larger, he is confident, than ever before.

"The improvement in the schools for the colored has been especially marked."

Colonel Thompson makes "a brief statement to show what has been done toward the education of the negro." He says: "The amendment to the Constitution relative to the school tax was ratified January 26, 1878. This amendment provides that, for the support of public schools, 'the Board of County Commissioners shall levy an annual tax of not less than two mills on the dollar of all the taxable property in their respective counties.' The amount thus raised, together with the poll tax, constitutes the school fund. The amendment further directs that 'the school tax shall be distributed among the several school districts *in proportion to the respective number of pupils attending the public schools.*' This provision of the Constitution has been observed in the distribution of the school fund.

"It is true that the negroes continue to show a praiseworthy desire to avail themselves of the benefits of education; but it is equally true that they are receiving encouragement from the whites and their full share of the school fund. Not only are school officials discharging their duties impartially, but, from personal observation, I assert that in every part of the State, men of character and influence are cheerfully giving to the negroes aid and council in the management of their schools and in all matters tending to the general improvement of their race. The reports of my predecessor, which cover the period from 1869 to 1876, show an average attendance of colored pupils of 41,691, while my reports, from 1876 to the present time, show the average attendance of colored pupils to be 90,723, an increase of a little more than 45 per cent.

"The only institution in South Carolina for higher education which now receives State aid, is the Claflin University and College of Agriculture, which is devoted solely to tha education of the colored race. This institution receives annually from the State, $7,500. It is in successful operation with a large number of students. Rev. Dr. Cooke, the President, reports increasing success in its work the past year.

"During the past year, the public school system has attracted universal attention. At public meetings and in the columns of the newspapers of the State, the public school question has been discussed, generally with fairness and not unfrequently with marked ability. These discussions have taken a wide range.

"In spite of all that may be said to the contrary, the people generally have learned to regard tha control of education by the State with favor, and, more than that, to realize that it is the duty and the policy of the State to foster educational institutions. I am convinced that, to-day, if the question of establishing our public school system could be submitted to a popular vote, imperfect as that system is, it would be sustained by a large majority among all classes.

"I am authorized by tha General Agent of the Peabody fund to say that to a good normal school established by the Legislature ha will give at least $5,000. Aid from this source will doubtless be continued, should the school prove worthy of it.

"The entire population of the State of South Carolina, according to the U. S. censds of 1870, gives: Colored, 415,814; white, 289,667; Indians, 124; Chinese, 1; total 705,606. The school population was, in 1877: Colored, 144,315; white, 83,813; total, 228,128. The present expenditure in the year, per capita of average attendance is $3.26. This is compared with that in twenty-two other states, all higher; among which are California, $30.71; Massachusetts, $25.06; Connecticut, $22.02; New York, $19.61; Maine, $10.65; Delaware, $9.06; Virginia, $8.91, and Oregon, $7.96."

Colonel Thompson closes his interesting report with the just remarks: "South Carolina cannot afford to neglect the lessons which the experience of other states teaches so forcibly. If we develop the men of the State, material prosperity will follow. Of strong, well balanced, well-furnished minds, we cannot have too many. The needs of our people could not be more forcibly expressed than in tha words of a famous Indian chief, who, when asked by an officer of the United States Government what his people wanted, replied, 'Peace, plows, and schools.'"

To those interested in making good the recent losses of the Hampton Institute Library, apparatus and cabinet by fire, we would say that lists of any such articles as friends may be disposed to send would be gladly examined, and whatever would be needed would be reported.

Many have excellent and interesting books which they would be glad to place in our library. Books of history, travel and biography are especially desirable. Trashy reading is ruled out.

In case of duplicate copies, one can be given or sent to some worthy school teacher in a remote and desolate place, who would be only too gratified for fresh reading matter.

An interesting and important fact in this year's work at Hampton is the call for teachers for colored schools.

Never before has it been so difficult to supply the demand. Applications for over twenty are on file in the Principal's office and there are no more to send.

Salaries and school houses are ready. What work is there more needful and more helpful for the colored race and for the South than to produce teachers for the throngs of children that are growing up in ignorance.

The Hampton Institute is maintained chiefly by scholarship donations of seventy dollars each.

In the hope of enlisting new friends who will assume the expense of fitting a teacher to work for the negro race, we publish the following statement. It is printed on the scholership letters from students to their benefactors, now about to be sent according to custom, to those who have helped them.

Students letters are sent to those who contribute to the Hampton Institute one or more scholarships of seventy dollars each, as the tuition, or *pro rata* cost of education of a student for one year, as well as to many who have aided the school in other ways. Students cannot provide tuition, being barely able to meet their bills for board, washing, lights, mending, etc., which amount to ten dollars per month, payable half in cash and half in labor.

Tuition (teachers' salaries) amounted last session to $20,989.17, which was met chiefly by scholarship ($79.09) donations. Not including charges for board of Indians ($7,353.32) which were paid by Government and special contributions, the students' bills for board, washing, etc., were $22,113.17, of which $17,691.25 were paid by labor in the various industrial departments. The balance was paid in cash, $3,237.54 by students themselves, and $2,194.38 by their Northern friends. More earnings and less charity than ever before. Payment in labor by students is *bona fide*, but the value of most of it to the school is from 25 to 40 per cent. less than the amount paid for it. Instruction is primary to profitable production. The question is not what the student can do for the farm, but what can the farm do for the student.

Giving a scholarship is meeting a Negro student at the limit of his resources; is helping one who helps himself, and reaches him in the form of an *opportunity* which stimulates, and not as a cash credit which might tempt him to relax his efforts and tend to pauperize him. The Scholarship Fund is the main stay of this

institution. It maintains the teachers; on it depends, in a great degree, the existence of the school. Contributions for general pur-

less strong. It is only another evidence that a self-sacrificing devotion to any cause leaves the less room for a narrow

them to the dreadful alternative of suffering or doing such great wrongs. It is a shame for an enlightened nation to keep itself thus embroiled to the hindrance of its prosperity

in this direction. The result of his experience, thus far, is his decided conviction that 'there is no better way to elevate the Indian than in negro industrial schools.' An effort

institution. It maintains the teachers; on it depends, in e great degree, the existence of the school. Contributions for general purposes are, however, no less important. Efforts are being made to secure an Endowment Fund, the income of which shall provide, in part at least, for the support of teachers.

Less than one-half of those who enter this school take the full course of three years; the rest are called home either by personel or family troubles, or. are unequal to the advenced studies, or are dropped as "poor material." About one-tenth of the whole number admitted are of the latter class. The rest who do not graduate become teachers in primary schools, or laborers in various cellings.

Many students bring too poor to make the monthly cash payment of five dollars, besides providing for clothing and books, remain out a year or two to earn the means of returning to school.

This explains the frequent changes in letters from students: givers of scholarships, in some cases, receiving letters from different students each year for two or three successive years. If a student can by teaching, or working out for a year, provide for his board and other personal expenses, it is usually considered best to let him make the effort rather then appeal in his behalf to Northern charity. Our rule is, however, to help those who are worthy when they are at the point of discouragement or distress. A Benciary Fund of from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars is annually expended, reducing the total charge to students by about one-tenth. The proportion of charity has diminished yearly as opportuoities for work have increased.

SESSION OF 1879-80.

Number of officers and teachers, 28,—9 gentlemen, 10 ladies.

Number of colored students, 252: Young men, 151; Young women, 101. Average age, 18 years. Number of Indian students 60: young men, 48; young women, 21. Average age, 15 years. Total, 321.

Government pays $150.00 apiece, per year, for Indians, got quite covering cost of boerd and tuition, leeving no provisiun for clothing, the annuel expense of which, for boys is $00.00, for girls $50.00. For this tha school depends on voluntary contributions.

The eotire annual current expeose of the Hampton Institute, above all receipts from students, is in round numbers $35,000.00. Of this amount $10,000.00 sre yearly supplied by State approprietion as interest on the Agricultural College Land Fund devoted to this school. The balance is from interest on endowment fund (about $2,500), and by voluntary contribution from friends in the North.

Of the 310 grodustes of the Hampton Institute, twelve have died, and 00 per cent. of the remainder, with many of those who took only n partial course, have been engaged in the work of teaching their people. The demand for colored teachers is now greeter than ever.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, PRINCIPAL.

Hampton, Va., January, 1880.

OUT OF DEBT.

The December number of the *American Missionary* is entirely devoted to a report of the proceedings at the Annual Meeting of the Association, held in Chicngo, in October. In regnrd to the finnncial condition of the Associstion, the committee mnke the following gratifying report: (1st) The expenses of the yenr hnve been fully met. (2d) The debt of the Association is entirely extinguished. (3d) On the 1st of October the bnlance in the treasury amounted to $1,475.90.

This is a brilliant achievement of the Association, and won in the fnce of adverse circumstances and in n time of general finnncial depression, without nny sudden stroke of fortune, but by the hardest and steadiest work in educnting public sentiment and proving its worthiness of the funds entrusted to it, a proof which must affect its future prosperity as well as its present. It has n right to plead as it does:—"In view of the grand work which has been donc and the still grenter work to be nccomplished, the committee desire to urge upon the friends of the Associntion the necessity for n large increase of contributions the coming yenr, so thnt the missionnries and laborers in this good cause mny 'go forwnrd.'"

Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Associntion, mnde nn address, remnrknble not only for his usunl eloquence, but for its brond views and even-hnnded justice. Its tone is noticenbly free from the bitterness and hnrd feeling sometimes felt in the utterances of men whose interest in the work is much less strong. It is only another evidence that n self-sncrificing devotion to nny cnuse lenves the less room for n nnrrow nnd hnrd judgment of either side. Dr. Strieby's own close connection with the work among the colored people of the Southern Stntes has given him an inside view of the state of nffairs, and his unpartisan view of matters is worthy of serious consideration.

We quote the following passnge from his address:—

"I present three pictures:

"The *first* shows a gathering of colored penple peacefully assembled to prnmote their political welfare. But see that rush of armed men, the brief unequal struggle, and the flight of those who met only to exercise a constitutional right. In the background of the picture is a jail broken open and the venerable Judge Chisholm and his little son clinging to his knees, and his heroic daughter endeavoring to shield her father, all butchered in cold blood. In that background is another scene. That strong man, the leader of Ku Klux bands, whose hands are dyed with the blood of innocent colored men, and who could show the medal which the grateful South had given him, is himself murdered in open day, because he dered to announce himself not as a Republican, but as an independent candidate for office. The worst of all is that there is no legal remedy for these crimes. The National Goverrnment cannot reach them with punishment, and the Stata government will not. They can only be tried in Southern courts, and before Southern juries, and these have acquitted the murderer of the Chisholm father and children and refuse to try Barksdale for the Yazoo murder. Thus does the South make itself solid, and wipe out in blood the least traces of dissent from its supremacy. The North is moved by all this—indignant, determined, and well it may be; for what now avails the four years nf war and the fourteen years of nttempt at justice and conciliation?

"But I show you *another* picture. It carries us back a few years. The Legislature of South Carolina in in session. Its members are mostly black men. They have generally no property and pay no taxes, yet they heve taxed that already impoverished Stata to the verge of destruction, not for public improvement, but to lavish it upon themselves, in suppers, wines, personal perquisites, in jobs and in railroad schemes. No more scandalous or reckless plunderiug of a public treasury has ever been practised in America, and that is saying a great deal. Why is this little handful of mock legislators allowed to do this? Why do not the people rush in upon them and hurl them from the plsces they so dishonor? Why? Simply because there stands as a guard a file of United States soldiers—not themselves sufficient in numbers to be formidable, but representing the National Goverrnment, and to touch them is to touch it. Tha South is indignant, determined, and do you wonder? The troops are now gone, the black legislatnrs are dispersed and white tax-payers are in their places; and rising above all other considerations is the purpose of these tax-payers that, at whatever cost, and by whatever needed methods, be it by tissue ballots or by shotguns, those irresponsible plunderers shall never come back again into power. You blame them; but I fear you would do the same under like provocation. If the General Goverrnment, by means of a bloody war, should subdue the Western States, and then enfranchise in any one State enough Indians to outvote the whites, and those Indians should re-enact the plunderings of the Columbia Legislature, how long would the West bear it? I suspect that very quickly every Indian would be converted into a good Indian; but it would be in the Western sense—he would be a dend Indian. Brethren of the North, make the case your own. Put yourself in your Southern brother's place, and judge him by your own impulses. What, then, is the true remedy for this great evil? To answer this we must honestly consider what the real evil is. These South Carolina tax-payers do not crush these black voters because they are black. They would do the same to the 'poor whites' if they, having the numerical force, should enact the same wrongs. Nor is it because they are Republicans. It would be the same if they called themselves Democrats and did the same things. The trouble, therefore, is not with the man's color or party, but with the man himself—with his ignorsnce, his degradetion and his facility in being used as the tool of designing men. *The remedy, then, is not to change his color or his party, but his character.* All other remedies are delusive, and it a natural folly and crime to tamper longer with them. We have tried them; and to try them over again will be but to swing like a pendulum between the soldiers in front of the State house eud the bulldozers at the elections. It is e shame and n grievous wrong to leave matters are they are. It is a wrong to the blacks to compel them to suffer in the South or flee to Kansas. It is unfair to the South to put them to the dreadful alternative of suffering or doing such great wrongs. It is a shame for an enlightened nation to keep itself thus embroiled, to the hindrance of its prosperity and the jeopardy of its peace.

"Let me show you my *third* picture, which presents 'the more excellent way.' In the foreground is a school-house and near by is a church. Around and in the distance are pleasant little homes and well cultivated lands. Thesc are the instruments for working the needed change; they will make the Freedmen intelligent, virtuous and industrious; will give him property and responsible interest in the welfare of the State. But, you say, this is a long process. Admitted; but what if there is no other? A slave can be changed into a freeman in an hour, but to change him into an intelligent man will take years; to transform millions of ignoraat, cringing and penniless men into intelligent and responsible citizens and Christians will require generations. Tha acorn favorably planted will germinate into an oak in a few days, and though small, it is e reel oak; but it will be many years before its broad branching arms will give wide shelter, or its girth and strength of stem will yield heavy timber. A few such plants started in good soil and carefully tended will come forward rapidly, but the wide growth on arid plsins or in cold swamps will long remain dwarfs. The rapid progress of some of these colored people under adequate training shows what *can* he done; the backwardness of the mass shows what *must* be done. Here is the call to this Association to bear its part in this great work in Americe. It is no light task and no short work. The North is once more aroused to its magnitude as well as its necessity, and in that great effort the better portion of the South is ready to join us. God forbid that any delusive scheme or guilty indifference should hinder its steady progress.

"Converging lines nf providential purpose have met. A marked liec of American convergence began in 1830 with the first shedding of blood in the struggle with the slave power in Kansas. John Brown's raid came in 1859. The rebellion began in 1801; the slaves were proclsimed free in 1803, and their education began almost with the war. Other societies have their own coincidences in this great work, but this Association—loving the distinction of opening the first school among the Freedmen, it is a matter of special interest with us that about one month after Stanley reached the mouth of the Congo, we sent out our first company of *colored* missionaries to Africa, all of whom had been born in slavery, were educated since emancipation, and, moved by the love of Christ and of their fatherland, had gone thither to preach the Gospel. This is to us the beginning of the other part of the great work to which this Association is called, for Africa and America."

We make the following selections from the report of the Executive Committee:

Our *eight chartered institutions*, in the eight leading States of the South, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, have continued to do thorough and faithful work. Ona has been added to the number of our normal schools, making twelve in ell. Twenty-four common schools have been ndded,—six more then the previous year. Tha total number of schools of all grades has been forty-four.

"We hava had, in all, 190 teachers; of these, 10 have also fulfilled the duties of matrons, 6 have been connected with the business department, and 11 have been pastore of churches, but all have been actively engaged in teaching.

"The total oumber of pupils has heen 7,207—almost exactly the number reported a year ago. These have been distributed as follows: Primary, 2,739; Intermediate, 1,405; Grammar, 033; Normal, 2,022; Collegiate Preparetory, 400; Collegiate, 63; Law, 28; Theological, 36. This shows en increase in the professionel schools, a decrease in the collegiate, and over 500 more in the normal departmeot than last year.

"A new element in work for the Indians has been tha *educational work at Hampton.* It has been demonstrated nt length that our Soothern schools may help to solve the Indian as well as the negro problem. Seventy-seven Indian hoys and nine Indian girls have spent the year at Hampton Institute, contented and studious, and responding to patient and skillful teaching with marked and steady progress. During the summer a number of them gained great credit to themselves by their good conduct on the farms and in the families of Massachusetts among which they were distributed. It is hoped that the number of girls allowed to enjoy these privileges may be greatly increased. Captain Pratt has obtained permissiun to do a similar work at Carlisle, Pa.

"It may he, in the providence of God, in this direction, that the Indian work of the Associntion is to be pursued and enlarged in the future. Tha committee recommend, for the present at least, co-operation with General Armstrong in the work he has so well begun in this direction. The result of his experience, thus far, is his decided conviction that 'there is no better way to elevete the Indian than in negro industriel schools.' An effort in this direction promises greater results, for the same expenditure of money, than the attempt to found new missions among the Indians."

THE undersigned gratefully acknowledges the following donntions of cash nnd material, to mnke up losses by the recent fire which destroyed Academic Hall:

Cash Donations to the Relief Fund.

Mrs. Walter Baker, Dorchester, Mass	100 00
S. W. Swett, Jamaica Plain, Mass	50 00
Mrs L. M. Child, Wayland, Mass	50 00
J. B. Bright, Waltham, Mass	10 00
W. H. S. Jordan, Boston, Mass	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Denison, Hampton, Va	95 00
Miss L. B. Gillette Hampton, Va	5 00
Miss Anna C. Lowell, Roxbury, Mass	100 00
"N. B. C.", N. Y	20 00
Fred'k Marquand, Southport, Ct	100 00
J. N. Denison, Boston, Mass	50 00
Centre Church, New Britain, Ct	8 00
J. W. Brooks, Milton, Mass	200 00
J. Henry Brooks, Milton, Mass	25 00
A friend, Brookline, Mass	1 00
"Stockbridge," Mass	11 00
Miss Anna C. Brackett, N. Y	50 00
John DeForest, Watertown, Ct	50 00
Miss Agnes S. Golding, Framingham, Mass	5 00
Thomas W. Whitall, Phila	5 00
Frank Whitall, Phila	48
1st Parish, thro. H. S. Sears Weston, Mass	15 00
W. S. Houghton, Boston, Mass	100 00
Miss M. L. Hopkins, Williamstown, Mass	5 00
Miss C. DeWolf, Bristol, R. I	25 00
Mrs. Wm. Johnson, New Haven, Ct	5 00
Mrs. C. G. Williston, E. Hampton, Mass	100 00
Miss A. Wigglesworth, Boston, Mass	1 00
Elliston J. Morris Germantown, Pa	20 00
Miss Sarah Lewis, Phila, Pa	20 00
Miss M. Lewis, Phila. Pa	50 00
Wm. Endicott, Jr. Boston, Mass	300 00
Caroline and Ellen Thurston, Brooklyn, N. Y	20 00
Y. M. C. Ass'n, thro. Geo. H. Woods, Hartford, Ct	22 00
Eliot S. S., Newton, Mass., thro. H. Whitcomb, Treas	7 00
Enoch Lewis, Phila	50 00
South Society S. S. thro. John P. Tilton, Salem, Mass	25 00
Mary A. Tappan, Boston Mass	100 00
J. C. Delano, New Bedford Mass	15 00
Mrs. Delano, " "	10 00
Miss Rebecca B. Swift, New Bedford, Mass	5 00
Mrs F. N. Billings, " "	5 00
S. Griffiths Morgan " "	15 00
Mrs. John B. Towne, Boston,	50 00
3 friends, thro. Rev. C. F. Hole, Jamaica Plain Mass	25 00
A friend, N. Y	50 00
Rev. Arthur Lawrence, Stockbridge, Mass	20 00
John Flagg, Troy, N. Y	5 00
Miss Anna Hazard, Newport, R. I	100 00
E. S. Hunt, Lowell, Mass	10 00
Friends, thro. Mrs. W. B. Washburn, Greenfield, Mass	1 00
Freedmen's aid Sewing Circle, thro. Miss Ellen D. Jackson, Newton, Mass	34 00
A. L. Williston, Florence "	150 00
Mrs. L. Martin Ludlow, "	1 00
Mrs. G. H. Russell, Boston, "	200 00
J. Ingersoll Bowditch "	50 00
Rev. W. T. Herrick, W. Cherleston, Vt	8 00
Miss Helen C. Butler, Stockbridge, Mass	9 00
Cong. Ch. S. S., thro. Rev. W. Harding, Longmeadow, Mass	25 00
J. L. Kilbon, Lee, Mass	10 00
W. Alfred Spencer, Hartford, Ct	5 00
Thro. A. M. Ass'n, Trust Estate of the late Henry F. Haven, New London, Ct	50 00
Florence, Mass	4 70
Ladies of Rev. Chas. Cuthbert Hall's Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y	8 08
	$2,664 21

Donations of Material.

Thro. Miss Mary A. Longstreth, Phila, Pa.:
Mrs. E. H. Farnum, $75.00 worth of Clothing; from her nephew and friends, 1 bundle clothing.
Miss M. A. Longstreth, Set iron maps of U. S. and Prang's Aids to object teaching, Set Johnsons Maps and Case.
Daniel Neal, stationery, value $5.00; Friends of M. A. Longstreth, do. " $4.00; Mrs. R. D. Wood, clothing; T. H. Morris and friends, clothing; Miss S. G. Shipley, new underclothing; Mrs. Israel Morris and Wm. C. Longstreth, set Phila. Charts, value $25.00; Sam'l W. Richardson for apparatus, 11.00; Mrs. R. D. Wood, apparatus 5.00.
Rev. Chas. S. Rice, Danvers Centre, Mass., 1 bbl clothing.
Freedmen's Aid Sewing Circle, of Newton, Mass., thro. Miss Ellen D. Jackson, 1 bbl. bedding.
Mrs. Chas. T. Hubbard, Boston, 1 bundle clothing.
Congregation of Rev. Horace Winslow, Willimantic, Ct., 1 bbl. clothing.
American Bible Society, New York, 50 Pearl Reference Bibles.
Pay-Director, Edward May, U. S. N. Portsmouth, N. H., 1 bundle clothing.
Society in Greenfield, Mass., through Mrs. W. B. Washburn, 1 bbl. clothing.
J. L. Fairbanks & Co., Boston, Mass., Stationery, clothing and special discount.
Thomas Groom & Co., Boston, Stationery
Damon & Almy, Westvale, Mass., through Miss A. M. Hobbs, 75 yds flannel.
Mrs. Fannie L. Fiske, Boston, 2 doz. pillow cases.
R. C Greanleaf, of C. F. Hovey & Co., Boston, women's dresses, underclothing, &c.
C. S. Dana, thro. Miss N. Lord, 1 bbl. books, clothing and bedding.
Miss Julia A. Kellogg, Elizabeth, N. J., 30 copies Lydia Nash's Arithmetic.
Ladies of Cambridge, Mass., thro. Miss Mary E. Howe, 1 trunk and 1 bbl. clothing, 50 yds. cotton flannel.
Through Y. M. C. Association of Hartford, Conn., per Geo. H. Woods, Manager; a friend, 1 bundle clothing; Genl. J. R. Hawley, 1 bundle clothing; R. R. Allen, 1 bundle clothing; Rev. T. K. Fessenden, 1 bundle clothing; Col. D. S. Dewy, 1 bundle shirts; D. C. Pond, 1 bundle clothing; L. H. Bacon, 1 bundle clothing; Mr. Crosette, 1 bundle clothing; Mr. Wilder, 1 bundle clothing; Mr. Baird, 1 bundle clothing; Roland Mather, 26 vols. books.
J. W. Brooks, Milton, Mass., 2 bundles clothing.
Thro. Henry M. Laing, Philadelphia, Pa; from a friend, 22 double desks, 2 large blackboards, 10 large maps, and charts, etc.
J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 15 Worcesters Comprehensive Dictionary.
Mary M. Truman, thro. Henry M. Laing, Philadelphia, Pa., 1 box.
Miss Wigglesworth, Boston, 12 prs. new pantaloons.
Hon. Alexander Hyde and friends, of Lee, Mass., 2 bbls. clothing, bedding, &c.
Clyde Line of Philadelphia Steamers, Freights.

In addition to the above, several packages have been received from unknown donors.

J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Treasurer.

...A man came to me to-day at the O. ... they desire to. They have not had a good

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

THE COLORED VOTE IN VIRGINIA. AN OUTCRY FOR HELP. CHILDREN TURNED FROM SCHOOL FOR WANT OF BOOKS. A FATHER IN TEARS. JUST THREE DISADVANTAGES. FEW SCHOOL BOOKS. NOT A SINGLE BIBLE. NO NEWSPAPER. TEACHING IN THE NORTH. WHICH SECTION IS BEST FOR THE COLORED MAN?

THE COLORED VOTE IN VIRGINIA.

Many graduates have sent as requested, the result of their observations of the November elections in Virginia. There is strong similarity between them all, showing the arguments by which the great majority of the colored vote was secured by the readjusters. Most would have voted for entire repudiation if they had had the chance, while many, utterly confused by the split of the party, stayed away from the polls, for fear they should vote wrongly. Some extracts from these letters we gave last month, and we add a few more. They are clear and graphic, and nothing can more clearly show the need of educating the ignorant masses, in whose hands are sometimes the intercests of the State.

——, Co. VA.

Of this section, I have seen and talked with a great many of the colored voters: I find they all have the same opinion upon the debt question. Which is, it is nothing more than just and proper that it should be paid; but they have no right whatever, to share its payment; that would be wrong, they say, because it was incurred before they became citizens. During the day of election, near twenty-five colored voters weut to the polls to vote, but on examining the Readjusters ticket, they found the names of men on it whom they did not wish to vote for; therefore, returned without voting at all. The proportion that did not vote, has been estimated to be one-half. Those who did vote voted the Readjusters ticket. I inquired of soveral, why they did not vote, and all give the same reason—"The parties is so mixed up I don't understand um; so if I had voted, I most voted wrong, so I wouldn't vote at all."

I have no reason to believe that voters of this vicinity were influenced by any means, but, that they acted as conscience dictated. I was informed by a citizen of Petersburg, that quite a number there sold their votes; some for money, some for clothes, others for rum and cigars. These votes were bought by men who hold bonds."

——, Co., VA.

"I received your kind letter of the 3d inst. and was exceedingly glad to hear from you and Hampton. The election passed off here Tuesday, 4th, with more than its usual quietness. The leader of both parties worked most assiduously for their success. I left —— about seven o'clock, for my own precinct fifteen miles distsut, arriving there at ten. The vote polled here was small as compared with previous elections; it being thirty-nine votes, five of which were cast by colored voters. All but two for the Coaservatives. The Readjusters received only two votes, at this precinct. This polls numbers one hundred and fifty, so you see the people did not turn out for some reason I know not what, but I judge it was because some had not paid their taxes for 1878 and were thereby disfranchised, others because they knew not which party was right. I passed the ——; precinct on my return, and stopped until the polls were closed and the votes counted. Seventy-one votes were cast there, eighteen by colored men and sevouteen of them for the Readjusters. The Readjusters received a small majority et this precinct. All, or most of the colored men with whom I conversed expressed it as their opinion, that they had no right to take a part in paying a dobt incurred by the State of Va. when they were chattels and property, and of which they have received no benefit. There were many other objections advanced by the most ignorant, which I regard as being too frivolous to be mentioned here.

Hoping to hoer from you ngain soon. I am your pupil.

——, Co., VA.

"I was not an observer of the election, but learn that every one voted as he saw fit. Two-thirds of the colored and most of the whites voted for Repudiation. The formers' reason was that they did not make the debt and had nn right to pay it. The latter held that it was not a legal debt, and the State was not able to pay it. The leading colored men here were opposed to repudintion. Give my love to the Generals and teachers.

——, Co., VA.

"We have an association here, in which we have debates, essays, orations, and the reading of any good extract that may be useful to the members, and I introduced the subject: *Resolved*, "That the colored citizens of Virginia should help pay the State debt," just to get the ideas of the people here in regard to the matter. The majority claim they have no right whatever to pay it, that it was contracted before they had any voice in the government and now that the money is due, the white man that contracted, should pay it. They did not vote very freely on election day because they did not understand the question, and were afraid they would vote for the payment. Only about one-third of the voters in this vicinity cast their votes."

——, Co., VA.

"The election passed off quietly. About one-third of the white and colored voters of this County, and the Senatorial District did not vote at all because they were not in favor of paying the debt. There were no threats and riots, everybody seemed to be cool and sober. A colored Readjuster was elected to the Senate from this District, and a Funder to the House. The Conservatives were divided and the Republicans also. The larger portion of the colored vot d against the payment of the public debt. They were influenced by politicians to do so. They were told that this debt could not be paid and keep up the free schools too, unless by increasing the taxes. A great many whites voted in favor of the colored candidate for the Senate, because he was a Readjuster."

——, Co., VA.

"The colored people claim that they had nothing to do with making the public debt, and should have nothing to do with paying it, but are very willing to vote for those to pay it who contracted it. As a general thing the people never concern themselves about the election until just a day or two before it comes."

Quite a bright general aspect of the colored voting in his county is given by the following writer who was prevented by sickness from observing the last election.

——, Co., VA.

"I have been very sick and can only give you a little hint of our county concerning our elections generally. The voters of —— Co. are very solid. They go to the polls like men of war, and deposit their ballots like true citizens. They think voting is a great privilege of power. There is but little bribery among our voters. There is no drinking to cause any disturbance on election days. Everything goes along smoothly. I think there are only a few who do not vote. When there is to be an election, every man seems interested and goes to work for the regular nomiuee of the party."

CRYING FOR SCHOOL-BOOKS.

That the craving for learning which was so remarkable a characteristic of the freedmen in their entrance into freedom, has not altogether died out is very apparent from the following touching letter.

——, VA., *Dec. 1st*, 1879.

Miss L.:

I received a large package of papers, last week, for which I return many thanks to you or to whoever sent them. I suppose that it was you or Miss M. I gave them out to the children Sunday. They were very proud of them. I also received a small package of the New York Tribunes. I know not who sent them, but I was very glad of them, for it seems to me that I am shut up in a box, and I am glad to get any paper.

Please excuse a long letter this time, but tell me what you think can be done for the following:

I have a very large school and a very poor one, but the most anxious for education I ever had. I have seventy-three on roll and expect more. Out of this number not more than one-fourth have the necessary books, and to my knowing many of them are not able to get them. The superintendent has ordered me to turn them out if they do not get them. But it will be heart-rending to me to do it, when I see them so anxious to learn. They ask me for books. When I say anything about turning them off, they look at me as pitiful as beggars, as much as to say, O Teacher, can't you help us? The Sabhath School is also a poor and needy one. But I never saw a more earnest one.

Now, Miss L., please tell me if you think anything can be done to help them. Can you point me to any charitablo Institution or Society that you think will help me in getting them some books. I suppose you are all much in need yourselves and more so now since the fire. It grieves one to think of it. But knowing that this people deserve help and are greatly in need, I make the outcry for them. I wish that I could see you and tell you just how things are. If they were able to help themselves and would not, I would not make nny effort to help them. But when I see their inability and anxiety, I cannot refrain from help. Now, do tell me at once, what you thiuk can be done.

I will close for the present, in hopes of hearing from you soon.

Yours, in earnest, W.

P. S. A man came to me to-day at the C. H., and asked me if I could not get some boks for his children, and weit on him. When I told that I could not, he said that he did not want his children sent from ashool, and he did not know what to do. So he turned away in tears.

THE SOUTH FOR THE COLORED MAN.

The following letter from one of the few of our grnduates who have taught in the North, gives interestingly, the impressions of an observant and intelligent young colored man as to some of the differences between the North and South as a home for his people.

——, N. J., 11, 7, 1879.

Dear Miss L.;

How glad I was to receivs a letter from you; it seemed as if I had renewed an old friendship.

We are all so glad to receive news from Hampton that as soon as possible after the arrival of a letter, each is made a sharer of the pleasure. Thus it is that yours has been read and commonted upon by all.

Our positions as teachors are not as pleasant as they would be in Virginia. The young men will have no more communication with us than they can possibly help. They say that our ways are so much different from theirs that they do not care to associate with us. They are respectful enough (in this way), and do not seem to have any other cause for remaining distant. I attend regularly the Sabbath school, and generally teach, though they have elected officers and teachers. The young people do not attend very regularly, they say it is of no use.

I shall strive to induce them to visit it oftener, and have decided to give them a lecture for the benefit of the Sabbath School. My Friday lectures are delivered to my scholars upon topics of usefulness and morality generally. The "Morals and Manners," and the tracts of Hampton form a considerable portion of them. My lecture for to-day will be upon Water:—its composers—how supplied from the clouds—its changes upon the earth into vapor again, its uses, and the necessity of pure water. The young are deficient in morality to an extreme. If we can only interest them in some good cause, show them the startling effects of intemperance, and other vices, we may, I think, instill in them some feeling of self respect, some desire that the world will be better for containing them. As to which section has the better advantages for the colored people, I should emphatically assert for the South. That there is a general desire to better the condition of the colored; that prejudice is not as hostile as in the South is true of the North; but can the colored people successfully with the different branches of skilled labor, can they who have lately been brought to hear personally upon American affairs receive the front places in a section where men of influence are common? It is impossible.

The South only is where this labor can defy competition: there where their very existence is required to develop its valuable resources; there where their condition is truly known to them, they look for no help,—and there it is that they are destined to launch out upon the sea of usefulness and true glory.

The fall elections here are just over. Colored people are as ignorant of politics here as in Virginia. The ballot instead of being held as a birth-right inviolable, is but little esteemed, and in many instances I am told, exchanged for money.

I am at quite a loss for reading matter: may I have one of the reading-room journals?

Are the '80's very promising? I don't think they are quite as wild as the '78's were, of which one is Very truly yours, P.

ONLY THREE DISADVANTAGES.

Should one of the energetic philanthropists and model Sunday school workers among our Northern friends be set down in the woods with a race on his hands to elevate, in a community without school books, Bibles or newspapers, and no money to buy them, he might begin to think of Israelite brick-makers, and would know how to sympathize with the young colored teachers who, in true missionary spirit, go out to work for their people under the disadvantages set forth in the following letter. If out of their abundance, Northern homes and Sundny Schools will send us sometimes hooks or newspapers (religious or secular) which they have done with, we can send their light into many dark places.

——, VA., *Nov.* 18, 1879.

Dear Teacher:

I nm now very pleasantly engaged in teaching. I have a school of thirty five bright and enger pupils. You cannot imagine how much pleasure it affords me to start out each day with a pleasant day's work before me.

The people here are very far behind most of the colored people of this county; they do not seem to know the advantages of eduction and a great many of them are too poor to do what they desire to. They have not had a good school for four years, and they tell me, the school is in a better condition now than they ever thought it would be, but it is now very far from what I want it to be, and hope by constant hard work to bring it to. I want to get the children far enough advanced to show the older people the advantage of education; then, I think, they will take more interest in the work, and enable the teachers who follow me to do more good than they could if the people are left in their present condition.

I am teaching Col. Parker's system, and find it a very interesting and instructive way. All my little pupils enjoy it and learn very rapidly. I also use Monroe's reading chart for my lower classes, but have one great disadvantage, that is I cannot get euough Chart Primers; it is quite a drawback. There are several others in our way. I say our, because they pull mo back as well as the pupils.

The first is that about half of my pupils are without books or slates, and do not at present seem as though they will ever be able to get them. I have spoken to some of the parents about getting books; they said, "I will get them as soon as I can get hold of some money." The most of these men are farmers, and get paid for their work in trade or produce, and have large families to support, so you see it is quite hard for them, and totally out of their power to do a great deal.

The second is in the Sunday-school in which they have given me quite an active part. They have not been having Sunday-school here in the winter, but I think they ought to, and am going to try to keep it up if I possibly can. We have only about one-third enough books to go around in the different classes, and not a single Bible or complete hymn book. I am trying to teach them some of the Moody and Sankey hymns. They like them, but learn very slowly, as they do not know anything about music, and I do not know any good way to teach it them, but I do my best, and they try hard, and I trust we may accomplish something before I leave them. I wish you could have seen them the first Sunday I was here, I had a few Sunday-school papers that I got from a friend a short while before I came out here, and I gave them round to all those who could read. They were perfectly delighted. It was a great treat, it having been a long time since they had had anything of the kind.

The third and last disadvantage is about reading matter. This is an out-of-the-way little village, without a single book store, or any place where a person can get a book or a newspaper. I have read but one newspaper since I have been out here, and that has been nearly a month. You cannot imagine how lonely a person is, shut out as it were, from the outside world, for I never know what is going on outside of our little village here.

So far I like teaching very much and I think I can do some good here, at least I intend to do my very best for the little time I have, and with the disadvantages I have to encounter. You know this is my first school, and a happy one it is to me. I do not know of any task I have ever undertaken that I felt more interest or pleasure in than I do in teaching, and only hope that it may continue always the same.

Please remember me very kindly to Gen. Armstrong and the teachers.

Please let me hear from you soon.

I am your obedient pupil A.

A FINANCIAL PLAN.

Our graduate teachers, as a rule, meet their difficulties with cheerfulness instead of whining, and show considerable ingenuity in overcoming them. The following letter is from a very worthy young man of the last class.

——, VA., *Dec.* 18, 1879.

Dear Miss L.:

I am now in my third month, and having had anch a smooth time with my teaching, am beginning to thiuk myself n teacher; am sure I kuow more about it than I did three months ago. However, I am working hard to make it a success. My people seem generally well-pleased, and the superintendent also. My school is now fairly started. House finished and stove up and every thing is in a comfortable condition, and I work daily uninterrupted-ly. The reason I say without being interrupted; ever since I have been teaching, ever one or two weeks I have had to stop for a few days that the carpenters could work, as the building, in which I teach, is a church and had not been finished. I taught here without windows or doors until the last of November. The people are poor and cannot build a school house, therefore they, to have a school, admit me to the church. At first, some made objections. But after I told them how important the school was, they readily consented. I devised a plan by which they could get their windows and doors and at the head of the subscription list subscribed for one dollar, in thirty or sixty days. My time has come to pay. Shall pay next Saturday. After I introduced this plnn about twenty-five subscribed for $1, and some for fifty cents.

I too, earnestly wish that I could be in your reading circle, and advancing. I should like your paper, and shall send you my nddress with money soon. I never get my papers here. I will write you a fullar account of the people soon. Remember me to all.

Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

confidence and ambition to go forward. There is a marked difference in the aptness of the nations into which they had to be graded

agencies are similarly provided for. This division is not absolute. Many know something of more than one trade. The carpea-

Mr. Starkweather, the good effect of throwing upon them some responsibility.

THE MEASLES.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

OUR LITTLE GIRLS AND THEIR SAYINGS.

Tha three little girls represented in the pie-ture, Sarah, Annie and Carrie, are among thosa who came first. We have two other littln ones now. Mary Traversie, and Rosa Lay-ont-of-doors. Mary is smaller than either of them, though not quite as young as Annia. The three who have been with us n year hnve made great progress in talking Englisb and in other ways. They are quick and observing and often amuse and interest us hy their bright sayings and dawning thoughts. Miss Amelia Perry, a graduate of the Hampton School, who taught them through the summer and now has much of the care of them out of school, teaching them to sew nnd cook, furnishes the following incidents of her experience witb them:

"One evening I happened to go into one of the Indian girls' rooms; quite a number of them were sitting around, and one of them, (Carric), said, 'You don't do now, what you promised." I said "Wlint do you mean Curria ? What is it ?' She said 'Hush ! don't tell,—look now, see what I do.' Sho then put her hands to her head, and made other signs which made me remember that I had promised to come and henr her say her prayers in English every evening. I said, 'Come, with me to your room and we will now.' She said: 'Hush ! don't tell the girls what it is.' After she had said her prayers, I snid, 'Come, let us talk a little.' I said, 'Carrie, you were a little naughty yesterday; now I want you to be a good little girl, and then God will love you.' She said 'Can God see me all the time ?' I said, 'Yes, Carrie, all the time.'

'Has He, (God) got very many eyes ?'

I did not know just what to say then, but I said, 'No, Carrie, from the picture wo see of Jesus, God's Son, if we can judge God anything like him, we think He only has two eyes.'

'Well, how can He see behind and everywhera with two eyes ?'

I said, 'Carrie, God is such a being that He knows and sees even what we think. Our thoughts, if they are bad, He knows them, and if they are good He knows them.'

'I think something now; you can't see; does God see and know ?

I said 'Yes, Carrie, God knows everything.'

'If somebody want to kill somebody, and don't do it, does God know it ?'

'Yes.'

Another time, she was helping me to cook. I told her what I was going to have for dinner, mentioning maccaroni. She said, 'What that ?' I said, 'Come into the pantry and I'll show you. I opened the box and showed her the maccaroni. She said, 'Oh ! you going to eat that ? At my home Indian *smoke* that.'

I took some and broke it, and she seemed astonished to think that I was going to cook it. I told her to break it, and after it was cooked she would see that it looked different from Indian pipe stems.

Another time Sarah was helping me cook, and I began to brown the flour to make gravy. She said, 'What for you do that ?' I said, 'To make the gravy look nice and brown.'

'At my home, we don't do that way."

I said, 'how do you do ?'

'Oh ! we put milk in it, and white grease, just like that in that bucket,' pointing to a bncket of lard on the table.

I said 'Do you buy that at your home ?'

She said, 'Yes, how much you pay for it here ?'

I said, 'About twenty-five or fifty cents, I suppose.'

'I think that man at my home no good,' she said.

I asked why.

'Because hn make my father pay a dollar for ono not that big. When I go hnme, I will tell my fäther he no good; not to pay ao mnch money.'

I had on a red shawl ono day. Josephine said, 'Oh, very pretty ! How much money you pay ?' I said 'About four or five dollars.' She said, 'At my home, ten dollars. I think everything so little money here. At my homo very much we pay. I think man no good; makn Indian pay so much money for just littla.'"

PROORESS IN STUDY.

Naturally, we who are with them from day to day do not notice the Indians' progress as outsiders do, one of whom recently expressed himself as "paralyzed with astonishment," on learning that the class ha saw engaged in "sentence building," had, many of them, no knowledge of English a year ago. The arrival of new-comers affords us a chance to estimate the progress tho "old" scholars have made. Tha difference is especially manifest in the girls, the new ones sitting in the class as the old ones used to, with drooping, listless figures and shawls drawn up over their heads, too shy to speak even in their own languaga except in whispers, while the others answer up promptly and clearly. They avidently feel the difference themselves and it gives them confidence and ambition to go forward. There is a marked difference in the aptness of the sections into which they had to be graded soon after their arrival, but all have advanced. Any ona who has watched the unfolding of a little child's mind, has noticed the remiting growth, how after weeks or months almost stationary, the child takes a sudden start, using new words learned no one knows where or how, and astonishing everyone for a while with its rapid development. It is curious to notice the same peculiarity in the Indians' progress. Just now they are in such a flood-tide, interested, eager, and learning rapidly.

NO BABY TALK.

The universal tendency to talk baby talk to those who don't understand English, is carefully resisted in our teaching and talking to the Indians. Baby talk is not so pretty in an Indian chief as a three year old, and it is exactly as easy for him to say I want to go, as Me want go.

Tha significance of the particles and idioms can he learned only by use, and their use acquired only by constant practice. To this end, the conversation class is put through a daily drill in the verbs without knowing what a verb is; the simple tenses and most common forms only are employed as yet. After toiling rather rebelliously through the present, past and future of the verb to be, they suddenly woke to intensa interest on the discovery that they had mastered the key to all the verbs. Now the teacher's entrance is the signal for the general cry, "A new word—a new word. Please give us a new word this morning." Pest, Present and Future are represented to them in a more practical from, by Now, Then, and By-and-by, or perhnps, Yesterday, To-day, and Tomorrow, or some other expression for variety. Any verb has only to be put upon the blackboard in skeleton form, like this;

NOW,	THEN,	BY-AND-BY.
I making,	I made,	I

for any one in the first and second sections to fill up the vacancies—

NOW,	THEN,	BY-AND-BY.
I am making,	I made,	I shall make,

and carry each tense through all its persons, affirmntively and interrogatively. Then they take great pleasure in building them up into sentences,

I am making a dress for myself.

Karunnch made a pair of shoes, for you last week.

They will make a very nice house for their mother when they go home.

To complete the lesson in their estimation, though that has to wait sometimes till the next day, they must turn all the sentences into questions, which they do quite readily, changing the pronouns all the way through if necessary, and insisting upon the question mark.

Are you making a dress for yourself ?

Did Karunnch make a pair of shoes for me last week ?

Will they make a house for their mother ?

This practice is chiefly oral, of course, in the conversation class, but they see the sentences on the board and sometimes write them, while they have similar ones to copy in their writing class.

DIVISION OF TRADES.

In teaching the trades, tha first effort was to find out what was best adapted to the powers and natural bent of each. As far as consistent with this, the next aim is to send back to each agency as many different skilled mechanics as practicable, besides the farmers. Thus for Fort Berthold, which is best represented here, having sent us eight boys, wa are preparing two farmers and six mechanics, a carpenter, wheelwright, tinsmith, shoemaker, tailor and mechanical engineer. Tha other agencies are similarly provided for. This division is not absolute. Many know something of more than one trade. The carpenters are all equally painters and gluziers, and three-fourths of the boys are ablo to mend their own shoes, while with farming goes the care of stock.

WAGES AND ECONOMY.

To teach them the value and use of money and its relation to work, a proportion of the Government's appropriation is paid into their own hands as wages. With it, they are expected to buy all the articles of their clothing but their uniform suits, saving on them if they can, suffering the want of them (unless it would endanger health) till the next pay day, if they squander, or the suspension of the right if it is abused. This of course implies considerable care; it would he greatly easier to keep the money in our own hands, and buy everything for them; it is true also that their work is only apprentice work for the great part, and while it is worth something, does not by any means pay the expense of the instruction in it; but we consider this a very important part of their training, and it is already showing some effects. Mr. Starkweather, in charge of the workshop, reports that since the wages have been started, they work with more earnestness, and appreciation of the value of time, and are learning economy. Any one has the privilege of coming into the shop and mending his own shoes, or others, paying for the materials. Many take advantage of this to save their money. Others pick up scraps of iron and fit them as caps on their boot heels to save the wenr.

THE REPORT FROM THE WORKSHOP.

Mr. Starkweather's report of them is, in general, good. The effect of settling each in a chosen trade has been excellent. They seem to realize that their life-work is before them, and are taking hold with zest and manliness. Karunach, the head shoemaker, has six working under him, takes charge of the box of tools, and keeps all going. He feels the dignity and reponsibility of his position and fills it well. A pair of shoes came in for repair the other day, badly worn out at the heel. He gave them to one of his workmen, a little fellow who thought them a rather tough job and brought them to Mr. Starkweather with the remonstrance, "Oscar Brown, too much, he jumps !" The latest articles of manufacture in the shop are rat-traps, for which there was some need there, and they are watched with interest. One of them is a Dakota invention, consisting of two blocks of wood, gouged out and tied together, forming an imitatious rat hole. A sapling is nailed on the closed end, and bent over the trap, with a loop fastened to the tip forming a snare which enters the hole from an aperture in the upper block, and is held there till the bait is stirred, when it springs up to the discomfiture of the adventurous rat.

The boys are always asking the price of things, and Mr. Starkweather notices that in speaking of money, even among themselves, they always express the amount in English, as two dollars and twenty cents, though they call specie *Maza* (iron) to distinguish it from paper money.

THE FARM REPORT.

Mr. Cock, who is in charge of the Indian farm squad, reports improvement since ha first took them, two months ago. They generally mind well, though they cannot be relied on to always work without watching. The desultory and less interesting character of tha work at this season, may partly accounl for this. They work slowly and are fond of talking, and as their talking is frequently carried on in signs, when one begins ho drops his implements, and all the rest must stop work to watch his hands. Mr. Cock notices, like Mr. Starkweather, the good effect of throwing upon them some responsibility.

THE MEASLES.

A very mild form of this disease is slowly going through Hampton and the School. Several of the Indians have taken it lightly, and it is probably to their advantage to have it here instead of at home. Even here they are rather unmanageable patients, and experience has shown the necessity of locking them into their rooms, lest in spite of all warnings they walk out into a hard rain. This is only another suggestion of some of the causes of mortality among the tribes. The new girls, whose feeble condition was reported last month, are improving, and all are out again. H. W. L.

OUR LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS.

LETTER from Fort Berthold Agency:

FORT BERTHOLD AGENCY, D. T.
November 28th, 1879.

Dear Sir:

It is with pleasure that I respond to your invitation to give you some accouat of the work going on among the Fort Berthold Indians.

In the end of August last, U. S. Special Indian Agent, Colonel Robert S. Gardner, assumed charge of the Agency; and under his vigorous and practical administration, a rapid and favorable change in affairs has taken plnce, and great progress has been mnde, especially in the education of the Indians. Previous to Col. Gardner's arrival here, the average school attendance was almost *nil*. There are now about thirty (30) scholars regularly attending school, and on several occasions the number ran up to nearly sixty (60). This gratifying improvement must be ascribed to Col. Gardner's determination in carrying out the orders of the Indian Department, and in complying with the wishes of the Indians in teaching their children English.

Formerly, owing to a mistaken idea entertained here, that it was absolutely necessary to acquire a knowledge of the Indian languages spoken at this Agency, the Indians were led to think that the teachers did not desire to teach them English, and believe that their own language was superior to the white man's. Time after time, the chiefs and head-men of the Indians complained that their children were not learning English, but no attention was paid to their complaints, until finally the school dwindled away to almost nothing. For a short time previous to the resignation of the late teacher, it was not unusual to find only one or two children attending school out of a population of 1300 Indians.

Col. Gardner has changed all this, and is ably seconded by the present teacher who faithfully carries out his orders, and never uses a word of the Indian languages in school or permits the scholars to use any language but English in all their communication to her. The consequence is that the Indian children are fast acquiring a knowledge of English, and it is pleasant to hear the bright-eyed little ones calling out, "Please Miss ——, may I go out ?" "Please Miss ——, look at my lesson ;" "Please, Miss ——, coma here," &c. The Indians are feeling greatly pleased at the progress their children are making, and the present teacher has tha confidence and esteem of both parents and children, and is greatly liked by both.

A foolish system had formerly been introduced, but is now wholly discontinued, of bribing the Indian children to attend school. A more sensible course would be to give slight rewards to the pupils distinguished for regularity in attendance, and attention to study.

There is no more occasion for the instructors of Indian children at Fort Berthold learning to speak Indian, than there is at Hampton.

At thia Agency there is a promising field for an earnest, practical missionary; the Indians are intelligent and anxious,—as they express it,—to become "White men ;" and quite a large number of adults, and even men in middle life, will sit down patiantly for hours, and try to spell, write, and understand the meaning of English words.

In agricultural pursuits, I am glad to say that the Indians are making progress, and are anxious to abandon the use of their antiquated and inefficient farming tools, and take up the white man's improved implements. They are learning to use plows, reapers, and mowing machines; and during the past season, they cultivated a much more extensiva acreage than in former years, and also for the *first* time they raised about 800 bushels of oats for themselves. They also planted and harvested a good deal more corn and potatoes, and put up a mueh larger quantity of hay than usual.

The annuity goods were issued this year by Col. Gardner, in a more sensible manner than hitherto. Formerly the issue was made *pro rata* to "heads of families," so-called. And when the "family" consisted of only *one* person as was frequantly the case, the issue nec-

cessarily consisted of small fractions of calico | to the Interior Department, for the establish- | civilized tribes, it being found that the Indi-

essarily consisted of small fractions of celico, ginghams, &c., which were practicnlly of no benefit to the Indiens, being entirely too emall for dresses; and thns the goods were wasted and the benevolent intentions of the Government frustreted. Col. Gardner, on the other hand, bed the Indians put themselves in bends of ten (10), end issued the annuites *pro rata*, thereby avoidieg the issue of small fractions of aey of the goods, and iesuring enough of sech article of calico, ginghems, denims, &c., to make dresses for the women and children. The issue of annuities this year was decidedly the best and most satisfactory ever mede here, and the Indians feel well-pleased in consequence.

Wers practical husiness men in charge of all Iudian Agencies, discontent among the Indians would cease; they would epply themselves to industrial pursuits, and civiliza-tion would make rapid strides.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM COURTENAY,
Late Acting Agent.

CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., *Dec. 15th*, 1879.

Editor of Workman:

Sincs the deto of last letter a grest improvement hes been effected in the personal appearance of the boys end girls; cleanliness and order are beginning to roign. Long hair, blankets, leggings and moccasins are no longer seen, much to the disappointmsnt of many of our visitors. "We would liks to see a real Indian," is the complesinieg remerk of many, who appear to think that, at lesst, a few children ought to be paraded in all the treditional glory of paint end feathers.

Habits of punctuelity end cleaeliness ars acquired only by slow degrees by our littlo peopls. All their life they heve taken no eccount of time, eating, drieking and sleeping when the spirit moved; but they ars anxious to learn, willing to do whet is required, are happy and healthy, end work expended in their behalf meets with satisfectory results.

Beth-rooms, laundry, kitchen end schoolrooms are in good working order; the hoys are drilled twice a day during the week, end e delegation of hoys and girls attend the different Sunday schools on the Sabbeth in Carlisle, where much interest is displayed in their welfere. It is hoped with God's grecs and help they will imhibs the gospel truths and thet the seed, sown broadcast in this Christian community, will spring op in the hearts of our little wards, and bring forth good fruit in dne season.

The remarkable chenge that has taken piece in the personal eppearance and deportment of ths children is in great measure due to the persevering efforts and assiduous care of the teachers. The school is indehted to the kindness of Bishop Huntington for the servicee of a skilled nurse in the person of Sister Julia, whose gentle and kindly manners have already won the confidence end esteem of the children. The hearts of ths children, teachers and other workers at the Barracks were cheered and encouraged by the Quaker smiles and kindly interest shown by Miss Susan Longstreth and Mary A. Brown of Philedelphia, who recently visited the school.

On Thenksgiving-day the hoys were supplied with lanterns end candles and taken over to Blaine's Mill (built in the yesr 1772, by Senetor Bleine's grsndfather). Just ehove the Mill, is a large cave in the rocks, and, heving lighted lanterns end candles, the hoys rushed into the cavern six or seven hundred feet, with many shouts of leughter. Having explored the cave and the Mill, the hoys scattered through the woods, gathering nuts end havieg a good time generally. At helf-past twelve the hoye assembled on the crest of the hill, and with protruding pockets, smilieg facee and heppy hearts, they trudged back to the Barrecks, where they meted out due justice to the ample dinner awaiting them. The enjoyment of the day was made complete by a megic lantern display in the evening.

Good results and *kindly appreciation by good people* have been eccorded to the work thns far, and we place onr ehoulders to the wheel with strong and hopeful hearts.

G. B.

SECRETARY SCHURZ ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THE President in his Message and the Secretary of the Interior in his Report, agnin call nttentioo to the importance and signifiennce of the work for Indinns at Hampton Institute, its immediate results in establishment of other like efforts, and its benring upon the whole Indian problem.

The President remarks thnt,—

"The experiment of sending a nnmber of Indian children of both saxes to the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, to receive an elementary Eeglish education and practical inetrnction in farmieg and other nseful ieduetries, has led to results so promising that it was thought expedient to turn over the cavalry bar.acke at Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, to the Intarior Department, for the establishment of an Indian school on a larger scale. This school has now 158 pupils, selected from various tribes, and is in full operation. Arranganents are also made for the education of a nnmber of Indian boys and girls belonging to tribes on the Pacific slope, in asimilar manner, at Forest Grove, in Oregon. Thess institutioes will commend themselves to the liberality of Congress and to the philanthropic muuificence of the American people."

Secretary Schurz expresses his grateful acknowledgement of the willingness with which the Secretary of War turned over to the Interior Department the military barracks at Carlisle, for the use of Captain Pratt's school, and for the harmonious and effestivc co-operntion of the War Department and the military authorities on all occasions when their assistaece was requested. He says also that,—

"Several chiefs whose children are at Hampton and Carlisle have expressed a desire to visit those schools next spring, and to bring their wives with them for that purpose—a sort of Indinn visiting committee. It is thought that such a visit will be calculated to do much good, and it will, therefore, be encouraged within proper limits." He says the education of Indian youths has been e subject of special solicitude, and he is happy to report that very substantial progress has been made in that direction, although much yet remains to be done. The number of childrea of the uncivilized tribes now attending school is 7,193; last year it was 6,220.

The Report of the Secretary, who has recently visited the agencies, is mainly occupied with the Indian question, and is full of interesting statements and suggestione. He says:

"It is believed by many that the normal condition of tha Indians is turbulance and hostility to the whites; that the principal object of an Indian policy must be to keep the Indians quiet, and that they can be kept quiet only by the constant presence and pressure of force. This is an error. Of the seventy-one Indian agencies there are only eleven which have military posts in their immediate vicinity, and fourteen with a military force within one to three days' march. Of the 253, 090 Indians in the United States there have been, since the pacification of the Sioux, at no time more than a few hundred in hostile conflict with the whites.

"While I am by no means disposed to belittle the deplorable nature of Indian disturbances or the great value of a military force in suppressing them, it is but just to the Indians to point out the important fact that disturbance end hostility are the exception end peaceable conduct the rule; that a very large majority of Indian reservations are in a condition of uninterrupted quiet, without the presence of a coercing force, and the equally significant experience that the more civilized an Indian tribe becomes, the more certainly can its peeccable and orderly conduct be depended upon. The progress of civilization and the maintenence of peace among the Indians have alweye gone hand in heed."

He declares that his Department has an Indian policy, which is:

"First. To set the Indians to work as agriculturists or herders, thus to break up their habits of eavage life, and to make them self-supporting. Second. To educate their youth of both sexes, so as to introduce to the growing generation civilized ideas, wants and aspirations. Third. To allot parcels of land to Indians in severelty, and to give them individual titles to their farms in fee, inalienable for a certain period, thus to foster the pride of individual ownership of property, instead of their former dependence upon the tribe with its territory held in common. Fourth. When settlement in severalty, with individual title, is accomplished, to dispose, with their consent, of those lands on their reservations which are not settled or used by them, the proceeds to form a fund for their benefit, which will gradually relieve the Government of the expenses at present provided for by annuel appropriatione. Fifth. When this is accomplished, to treet the Indians like other inhabitants of the United States, under the lawe of the land."

He regards herding and agriculture combined as the best primary means of civilizing the Indians—as herding alone would not keep all busy, even if the herds could be provided. The number engaged in farming and the results of their labor are larger than is commonly understood.

"The Indians on reservations have now under cultivation 157,056 acres (about 24,000 of which were broken by them this year), and this yeer's produce emounts to 1,361,577 bushels of grain, wheet, corn, oats and barley, 390,098 bushels of vegetables, and 48,353 tons of hay. This exhibit does not include the civilized tribes of Indian Territory. At the sems time, the raising of stock has been encouraged as much as possible. Provision has been mede for an additional distribution of 11,300 head of stock cettle among the uncivilized tribes, it being found that the Indians are beginning to take excellent care of their domestic animals and to be proud of the increase of their stock. The cultivation of garden vegetables is also rapidly spreading. Preparations have been made to very largely increase the area of cultivated ground next year. Considerable quantities of agricultural tools have been distributed and the demand is consteetly increasing."

One statement of the Secretary's, one would think, might eet at rest all question of the possibility of making men of the Indians. He says:

"In my last aenuel report I mentioned that lete in the autumn of 1878 the conveyance of supplies from the Missouri river to the Sioux agencies, recently established in southern Dakota, was entrusted to the Indians themselves. The Department furnished wagons and harness; and the Indiens, their poeies as draft animals. A shout of derision all along the Upper Missouri greeted the experiment. A disastrous failure was confidently predicted by those interested in the freighting business and many others. But not only did the Sioux succeed in keeping their agencies supplied during an uncommonly herd winter, taking their wagons over desolate plains, without roads, a distance of 90 and 193 miles respectively from the river, but they have proved the most efficient, honest and reliable freighters the Indian service ever had. Not a pound of freight was lost. Although the Indian freighters, occasionally delayed by accidents or extraordieery difficulties on their weary wey, were sometimes without provisions, not a cracker box nor a pork barrel was broken open."

The Secretary adds:

"The employment of Indians in the mills and workshops on the agencies has been tried with equal success. In some of our grist and saw-mills Indiaes act as engineers. In the blacksmith shops, saddler shops and carpenter shops at the agencies, 185 youeg Iedians are instructed as apprentices, and their number is being constaelly increased. Some of the shops are successfully controlled by Indians as firemen, and the employment of Indiens as laborers in a variety of other ways has been generally introduced. Oe Indian reservatioes, where suitable clay is at hand, the establishment of brick yards to be worked by Indiens is contemplated, and will be begun next spring. On the Sioux reservation in southern Dakota the Iedians ere engaged in putting up telegraph lines.

"The building of houses for Indians by white contructors has been abandoned eed Indians are now constructing their houses themselves, windows sash, shingles and planks, the latter sawed in the mills on the reservations, being furnished to them. The old Indien prejudice that it is improper for men to do anything else than hunt and fight and that squaws only should work, is being rapidly end very generally overcome."

Of the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail bands of Sioux he says:

"A general outbreak was predicted a yeer ego. When I visited them this summer, I found their freighted wagons by hundreds on the road, with their young werriors on the box; their chiefs with their people meking hey, aed cultivating fields on the bottom lands, meny of theu building houses for their families, anxious to have their children educated; many requesting that their boys and girls be taken to our schools in the East, and the universal wish to be permanently scttled, and led on 'in tho white man's way." Only oee slight disorder interrupted their general good conduct. Similar things may be said of many other tribes. The rapid diseppearsance of geme, which is to them a blessing in disguise, will greatly facilitate the introduction of civilized pursuits among several tribes, who at present still prefer huntieg to regular work. There is good reason to hope that if Congress will aid the carrying out of the policy above indicated by the enactment of legislation eecential to its success, and if citizene of the West will meke up their minds to it that the Indians must have at leat some land worth cultivating, we shall, in enother yeer, meke eeother long step toward the solution of the Indian problem which consists in so scttling the Indiane that they may become self-supportieg, and that their presence amoeg us will ecase to be a disturbing element in American society."

The best Indinn fighters on the plains agree with the Secretary in his views of the Indian's case. Such men as Crook and Harney and Mackenzie feel thnt they are fighting a wronged people—they risk their lives to punish snvage outrages provoked by civilized injustice and humanity. The best hope for them and for the Indians is in tho fact that the whole American people seem to be rousing at last to a sense of this reproach upon American civilization.

DIED.—At Hampton Institute, Dec. 26th, of consumption, Francis Rencontre, Sioux Indian, from Lower Brule Agency, aged eighteen years. Francis has been failing for several months, and was put upon the "Saulsbury Treatment" of oil baths and a special diet, with some temporary benefit, but all that could be done was unavailing. He was a bright, sweet-tempered boy, and one of those who were confirmed in St. John's church, last winter.

IN the place of a Hampton Tract, we give our readers, this month, as many extracts as we have room for from the very interesting little volume "How to Get Strong, and How to Keep So," by William Blnikie, a recent publication of the Harpers. The book itself has had already a very large sale, and if we can do anything to increase it, we shall be doing a service to humenity. Its statements are startling; it will surprise many to learn for the first time of the possibilities of the human body, to learn what others have done, and what they can do themselves to improve, and develop—almost to create—physical powers which shall make their lives longer and happier and more useful to the world.

We have not given up the issue of Hampton Tracts, ten of which are now on sale, according to the list on the first page but their publication is subject to unavoidable delays, their generous authors being overworked already in the service of humanity. We have the promise of at least two more from physicians of the highest reputation and authority. These will complete the originally planned series of twelve, and we hope we may be able, from time to time, to add to the number. Meanwhile we purpose to devote this space in every paper to the interest of health and humanitp, in reprints from the best English and American authors.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

Every leap year the great American people are told, that if one or the other of two Presidential candidates be elected, the country will go to the dogs; but somehow or other the country has so far escaped going to the bow-wows, and it is fair to conjecture that in some way it will again escape perdition, never mind who is elected in November next. Nevertheless our ears are already filled with the lamentations and dire prophecies of professional politicians; prophets who are without honor in their own or eny other country. The funniest part of these prophecies is, that the prophets of either side predict thet exactly the same thiegs will heppen, if the candidate opposed to them be elected. They seem like two men travelling round the world in opposite directioes, the farther they get spert in one way, the nearer they are in another.

To non-pertizan observers these fellows are amusing enough, and it would be mortifying to the prophets, if they eppreciated how little the everage Americen heeds their prstings. To etrain a metsphor, the United States is not a good political hunting field, and the people do not submit tamely to the perty whip eracking of any would be political master of hounds.

While we all know thet a Presidentiai canvass will occur this summer and fell, it is not certain on whet issues the contest will be fought. The emount of the story is, thet neither Democrats nor Repuhlicens, taken as perties, are wholly or even partly in eccord. On almost every issue, we find prominent members of both parties arrayed against their frieeds. To be sure "the cohesive force of public plunder," may cause side issuee to be forgotten; but there are vast numbers of men, who have generelly voted one way or the other, who owe their parties nothing and are not amenable to party discipline. This cless is a very large one, as any student of present affeirs must edmit, and it forms a great factor of uncertainty in the coming election. The present position of the membere of Congress is sufficient proof of this—a majority of both parties dodge questioee and stave off votes, uncertain how to act until they can feel the pulse of their constituents. Some men on both sides, hold and true, do not hesitete to declare their convictions; each men heve elreedy a followieg; but the trimmers, end utterere of uncertain sounds have none and deserve noee. On metters of public finence, the best men of both parties agree in a wonderful way, while in an equally remerkable menner, the Republican rag-tag and Democratic hohtail coelesce. The exact epot where both stend ie hard to define, but they seem harmoniously determined to try to do somethieg not quite on the finaeciel squire. It may be that the hulk of the financial question will be eliminated from the contest by a

decision of the Supreme Court, as to the legality of meking paper a Legal Tender in terms of peace.

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to his business. The beginning of the year is the nppropriate time for ascertnining it. Frequently an account of business is kept for n month or two, and then neglected. If it is only to eecourage habits of regularity and perseverance, it will be time well

drive the cattle to them and see that they drink. When all are supplied, empty the troughs, and either cover them or turn them over. Have no flowing water in the the yards to waste and freeze, or become ice-cold for drinking. A cold drink will reduce the milk from the cows 10 per cent

Four thousand three hundred and fifty tons of tea was the cargo of a vessel which reached the port of New York last month from China. This was the largest cargo ever brought here from China.

At Bismarck, Dakota Territory, a large portion of the business part of the town was destroyed by fire on Christmas day, but for the presence of the snow upon the roofs of the houses and the absence of any wind it is thought that the whole place would have been destroyed

decision of the Supreme Court, as to the legality of making paper a Legal Tender in terms of peace.

The silver part of the financial problem would still remain; but the question is comparatively unimportant, and Sec. Sherman may perpetrate a grim joke by asking Congress for an appropriation to build warehouses to hold the "dollars of our daddies," which by order of Congress he keeps coming, and which persistly refuse to stay out of the Treasury vaults. What a remarkable obstacy the people show to take 88c. for a dollar, even when they have the august permission of Congress to do so.

There is another issue on which the Presidential contest may be fought, and that is "Whether or not we are a Nation"? It does not require to be the seventh son of a seventh daughter to foresee—the certain defeat, that awaits any party, which in its platform by statement or insinuation, insults the American People, by saying "you are not a nation." The question of National or State supremacy has been decided—the costs of reaching the decision were three thousand millions of dollars, and four years of dreadful war with all this fresh in memory, the American people at large are in no mood to have this expensive litigation renewed.

Again the commercial condition of the country may have much to do with the way the popular vote is cast. Just now everything is "booming," and the flood-tide of prosperity is setting strongly in. For two years the food crop of Europe has been a failure. On the other hand our food crop has been unprecedentedly large, and most remarkable prices are being paid for wheat and corn. This is also true of cotton, to the extent of our receiving very full prices for a very large crop. In exchange for all this Europe will send us $100,000,000 or thereabout in coin. The balance in our favor must be heavy, and by the working of our Tariff, coin and bullion are about the only two commodities we can exchange our surplus breadstuff and cotton against. There is no doubt that present prices will stimulate the planting of vast areas of cotton and breadstuffs in this country, and it is almost equally certain that Europe will not have three bad years in succession. Putting this and that together, it looks very like as if we must have a sharp break in the prices of food and cotton between now and September. If we do, the change from flood to ebb will be felt politically. For when prices fall from a great height, somebody must be hurt, and men who have been hurt financially, are very apt to blame that intangible thing, "The Government," for having done, or having left undone something that it ought to have done. If we raise an immense surplus of food products, we raise an immense surplus of food products, Europe has a good crop of her own, it and Europe is as sure as night succeeds the day, that the big surplus will go at little figures, and the bigger it is, the less the figures will be.

Of the chances of any individual receiving the nomination of either party it is not my purpose to discourse: But so far as the past reveals the future, candidates who are very prominent six months before the nominating conventions meet, are comparatively in the background when the nominations are made. It looks as if history would again repeat itself, for as before stated, both parties are so loosely bound together, or rather, both contain so many discordant elements, that the leaders of one faction of either party, if pressed to a nomination, would have only the lukewarm support of the other faction, and by both parties, it is likely a compromise candidate may be selected. It is entirely within the range of possibility that a third party may spring up, and put its candidate into the field. If this should happen to prove true, the election would fall into the hands of the House of Representatives, and the politicel prophets would have another chance to prophesy.

To sum ths whole matter up, we are to have a Presidential election this year; somebody will be elected, and the affairs of the country will move along much as usual. But meantima there will be plenty of excitement and any quantity of political meetings. In a majority of cases, people who go to a political meeting as democrats come away more democratic than when they went, and so too of the other party. Talking politics is about as poor business as a man can follow, and listening to others talk is not much better. Any man with a field, a forge, or a profession, any man who really works for a living, will have more of this world's wealth with which to salute the new President, if he sticks to his work through the summer and autumn, than he will if he devote one-eighth, one-quarter, or one-half of his time to discussing, or listening to the discussion of the Presidential canvass by professional partizans.

T. T. B.

HINTS FOR WORK.

From American Agriculturist.

How do You Stand?—One can not lay out his work to advantage, without knowing precisely how he stands with regard to his business. The beginning of the year is the appropriate time for ascertaining it. Frequently an account of business is kept for a month or two, and then neglected. If it is only to encourage habits of regularity and perseverance, it will be time well spent to keep an account, not only of money affairs, but a record of events for every day. This tends to beget promptness and system in every detail of farm work, and in business affairs, that foresight and economy which are everywhere the prime essentials to success.

Keep a Record of the events of each day's work, and farm-life. One of the boys or girls should do this. A book will be needed, ruled with plain lines, on which to make the entries; put down the condition of the weather, the work done, and by whom; purchases and sales made, indeed, anything that may be needed for future reference, or that should be entered in the account book, which will thus become a valuable and interesting record of the farm.

Make an Inventory:—Put down every thing you possess, from the farm itself, to the small tools and utensils, and value each item fairly. Enter the money on hand, and also every debt owed. This is the first work in beginning an account. The property owned, and money on hand, will be on one side of the account, and the debts on the other. The balance will show just how the farmer stands. This account will be the *Account of Stock*.

Purchases and Sale, are entered in the daily record, and from that into a purchase and sale book; except the cash transactions, which go into the cash book.

The Cash Book.—Every payment and receipt of money for purchases, sales, or for wages, should be entered in the cash book; this should be done every evening, and before it is forgotten; all these entries are transferred to a ledger to the proper accounts. The work is very simple and easy, and there are farmer's girls who keep all their father's accounts in the most accurate manner.

Hiring Men.—A farmer should try to make work for a hired man, or several if possible. It he can find profitable work for them, he is making money for himself. A few months' wages spent in procuring or making manure, draining, clearing off stone, getting out stumps, or otherwise making the farm more productive, will be well invested.

Keep the Stables Clean; clear out the manure every morning, and scrape or card off all filth from the animals. The stable should be made so warm, that manure will not freeze at night; a lower temperature will either demand a larger amount of food, or the animals will fall off in condition.

Pile the Manure in squars and compact heaps; and if it is not frozen when thrown out, it will heat and ferment in the pile; but if once frozen, it will be likely to remain so during all the cold weather.

In the Southern States, the work of making compost heaps, should go on rapidly this month. Time is needed in making composts; raw mixtures are not fit for fertilizers, until the materials are decomposed. A bushel of lime added to each load, will hasten the decay of the materials of the compost heap, and cotton seed, well soaked with water, will soon beat, and warm up a large pile of compost.

Economy in Feeding, is a very important consideration. In some cases half the feed used is wasted. Cutting the fodder has proved a saving of one-third to one-half. Where but 10 head of stock are fed, if the feed of one-third or one-half can be saved, it is simply a large increase of the resources of the farm, and is sufficient to pay the cost of a good cutter and the time expended in cutting.

Watering Stock.—The supply of water in winter is a source of trouble. Ice gathere about the troughs and other drinking places; pipes freeze and burst, or become ebonked, and many other inconveniencee occur. These may be avoided by methodical management. Have regular watering periods, twice a day. Fill the troughs from the pumps or cisterns, and drive the cattle to them and see that they drink. When all are supplied, empty the troughs, and either cover them or turn them over. Have no flowing water in the the yards to waste and freeze, or become ice-cold for drinking. A cold drink will reduce the milk from the cows 10 per cent or more.

Horses.—When not at work the horses need but little grain, if sufficient good hay is given. But as hay is generally dusty, and long hay is wasted in the eating, we find it economical to cut and wet the fodder, and give 3 quarts daily of bran or ground feed. The hay saved will pay for the meal, and the increased value of the manure will pay for the labor. The moist feed prevents injury to the horses from breathing the dust from dry hay.

Work Oxen.—Oxen that work on frozen roads, although there is no ice, should be shod. The rough, hard surface wears down the hoofs very fast, and causes inflammation of the interior; the trouble may not become apparent until later, when the mischief is difficult to repair. If the feet are tender and hot, and slight lameness is perceived, examine the hoofs between the claws, cleanse the feet, and apply remedies if needed.

Cows.—Milking cows will be benefited by mixing their feed with warm water, if this can be done without too much trouble. A family cow may be treated to a warm mess in the mornings without difficulty, and it will increase the milk perceptibly. Cut the hay and pour a pailful of hot water over it; mix the mess so that the hay is all wetted, and add the meal; mix again, and feed while warm In a dairy of 20 cows, the extra milk will pay for the labor needed. If the food can be made more digestible, by giving it warm, the waste of animal heat will be avoided, and the same effect will result as from an increase of food. Thus the study of the principles of feeding may be made a source of profit by the economy which may be practised through it. The card and brush should be in frequent use during the winter, and if necessary a coarse cloth and warm water may be used to preserve cleanliness. If filth is permitted to gather on the skin it is difficult to remove at this season.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

THE French Ministry have resigned.

THE evicted tenant who brutally assailed Lord Fermoy in the porch of the Limerick County (Ireland) Clubhouse, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

A CALCUTTA dispatch says executions continue in the Palace at Mandalay. Five Princesses were recently murdered. The Burmese Embassy is still at Thyetmyo

THE Chillians continue to have success in the war with Peru, South America.

THERE has been more fighting in South Africa. Secocoeni's town was captured by the British forces on the 26th of November. Two of Secocoeni's captains were killed, and two lieutenants wounded. Secocoeni's loss was heavy. The total loss of the British was twenty-five men.

A TELEGRAM from Madrid, Spain, says: "The first five sections of the law for the abolition of slavery have been passed in the Spanish Senate. The first section says: 'Slavery is hereby abolished in the island of Cuba in accordance with the enactments of this law.' It is said the whole law will pass by a large majority."

KING KALAKAUA is using his best endeavor to induce Portugese immigration to the Sandwich Islands. This is said to be the outcome of a positive belief on the part of Kalakaua that his government is gradually passing into the hands of the Chinese.

THE officers of the new French cable company deny that there is any defect in the cable, and declare that the line will be open for traffic shortly.

DOMESTIC.

The public reception of General Grant at Philadelphia, Pa., last week, amounted to an ovation. It was shared in by the civil and military authorities as well as by all classes of the people with an enthusiasm that could not have been more heartily manifested. General Grant arrived at Germantown Junction, on a special train from Harrisburg, at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning Dec. 23d, and was at once escorted by Mayor Stokely to his place in the procession with the First City Troop as a guard of honor. The procession was several miles long; United States, Pennsylvania, Jersey and Delaware soldiers falling into line. These were followed by large bodies of men representing various industries; the whole affair presenting a very imposing appearance, and being reviewed by the distinguished guest of the day with evident interest and gratification.

NEW ORLEANS Dec. 29.—Fifteen sea-going vessels cleared from here to-day, including eight steamships, laden with cotton, grain, &c. The amount of cotton shipped is 46,890 bales, being the largest quantity on record from this port in one day, and embracing 22,000 bales for Liverpool, 8,809 for Havre, 2,200 for Bremen, 1,100 for Spain, and $1,200 for New York. There were also quantities of bulk grain, sugar, molasses, &c. The total value of the shipments is $3,000,000.

Four thousand three hundred and fifty tons of tea was the cargo of a vessel which reached the port of New York last month from China. This was the largest cargo ever brought here from China.

At Bismarck, Dakota Territory, a large portion of the business part of the town was destroyed by fire on Christmas day. But for the presence of the snow upon the roofs of the houses and the absence of any wind it is thought that the whole place would have been destroyed.

The New York Journal of Commerce puts the balance of trade for 1879 in favor of this country to the amount of about $150,000,000.

It is estimated that the real estate now owned by the colored people of North Carolina aggregates, between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 in value.

An examination of the educational statistics of South Carolina, recently put forth by the superintendent of public education, shows that the total school attendance for the year 1878-79 was 122,463, of which 58,368 were white pupils and 64,095 colored, an excess of 5,727 colored pupils. During the period of reconstruction between the years 1868 and 1876, the average of colored attendance in the State was 41,091. The average colored attendance during the three years of democratic rule has been 64,78, and increase of 45 per cent. Every school district in the State contains separate schools for white and for colored children. These run for an equal period of time, and are alike paid from the treasury.

A bill introduced in the Virginia Senate, Thursday, by Mr. Fulkerson, to incorporate the Richmond and Southwestern Railway Company. The road is to extend from some point on the southeastern boundary line of Kentucky to and through the city of Richmond to Tidewater, in the State of Virginia. It is claimed that the incorporators propose to expend $50,000,000 in Virginia in the construction of the road and the development of the mineral and other resources of the southern part of the State. This enterprise is alleged to be under the auspices of Boston capitalists exclusively.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA have begun to go. The steamer that sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong on the 15th took 901 of them to their land. The port statistics of San Francisco show that the arrivals of Chinese during the year ended November 1 were 6,128, and departures 8,746—of whom 6,229 went to China and 2,517 to Honolulu—the excess of departures over arrivals being 2,518. It is estimated that there are 94,000 Chinese on the Pacific coast, which shows that this population is decreasing instead of increasing, for when the anti-Chinese agitation was begun, a few years ago, the estimate was 130,000. The total number of Chinese arrivals for the twenty years ended December, 1878, was 230,457, and the departures and deaths 137,491. At this rate the Chinese will soon cease to trouble California workingmen.

During the four months ending Friday, Dec. 19, the total amount of gold brought to the part of New York from Europe was $71,672,930, or an average of $518,826 for every day of the one hundred and twenty-one. These figures are very significant.

The corn crop of the United States and Territories is larger this year than any previous by over 150,000,000 bushels. The country west of the Mississippi returned over 100,000,000 bushels more than in 1878.

The Memphis (Tenn.) Water Company's works were sold yesterday to the Cincinnati bondholders for $155,000, the sale being subject to the approval of the United States Court.

The public schools in Petersburg, Va., were closed on Dec. 12 for one month, owing to the failure of the State to contribute its full quota of funds to carry them on.

General William Mahone, who is regarded as the leader of the readjusting party in Virginia, has been elected by the Legislature to succeed Senator Withers, whose term expire March 1, 1881, in the U. S. Senate, by a decisive majority of all the votes.

Politics in Maine are miserably mixed. Thirty-seven republicans who claim to be fairly and honestly elected to the State Legislature have been counted out by Gov. Garcelon and the Council.

Oysters! - Oysters!

The canning of steamed oysters has long been an important branch of industry in Baltimore; but the canning of the very best oysters in the Chesapeake, almost on the spot they are caught, is an enterprise just established. The undersigned feels confident he in opening a Packing House at this point, he is affording his fellow-citizens in all parts of the country, an opportunity, (which he hopes will be appreciated) of getting the best and freshests of oysters, prepared in the most healthful way, at the most moderate prices.

An oyster may remain out of water many hours, nay days, before it be completely spoiled; but from the moment it is caught and exposed to the air a process of deterioration goes on. It needs no argument to show that the sooner an oyster is hermetically sealed after being caught the better it will be in taste, solidity saltiness, and healthfulness Within a radius of fifteen miles of this point, are millions on millions of bushels of oysters, from the best of which will the stock used, be selected. The time consumed in transporting the hivalves from their beds to the Packing House is not worth considering, especially as the majority of the boats employed are the little "canoes" peculiar to these waters.

My packing is at present divided into three grades, according to the size of the oysters used; the same care, however, is taken in the preparation of all grades. A case of one pound cans contains 4 dozen: a case of two-pound cans contains 2 dozen. Owing to the unsettled condition of the market, I can only quote to-day's prices, which are as follows:

Olants of Hampton Roads, No. 1.— No. 2 $3.00 per doz,
Beauties of Hampi'n Roads, " 1 $1.30, " 2 $2.00 " "
Cove Oysters, " 1 $1.00, " 2 $1.75 " "

The above prices are net cash, and remittance may be made by drafts on New York, Chicago, or Norfolk, or else by P. O. order. Authority to draw at sight with Bill of Lading attached will ensure the prompt forwarding of any goods ordered. If preferred, cases may be sent by Adams express, C. O. D.; but, unless specially directed, all shipments will be made via Norfolk, Va.

Direct all telegrams, T. T. BRYCE,
via Fort Monroe. Box 10, Hampton, Va.

H. W. BOOKER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCERS,
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M. A. BOOKER & BRO.,
Dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass,
HARDWARE AND TOILET ARTICLES,
King Street, next door to Barnes' Hotel,
Hampton, Virginia.

Read Carbe | All Former Years Outdone.

Bayd Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the most of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad, and Deviled Crabs,—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all sea-food, far exceeding in fineness of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $4 00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $2.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

T. T. BRYCE,
Normal School Grounds,
Box 10 *Hampton, Va*

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Normel School Press, Hampton, Ve.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

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Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probably. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

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The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

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I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,
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All Former Years Outdone.

356,432 GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES SOLD IN 1878,

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73,620 *More than in any Previous Year.*

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Companies have sprung up in every part of the Union for making an "Imitation Singer Machine."

Why are not similar companies formed for making Imitations of other Sewing Machines?

The public will draw its own inference.

Gold is continually counterfeited; brass and tin never!

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After the Chicago Fire the Relief Committee undertook to furnish sewing machines to the needy women of that city. Applicants were permitted to choose from six different kinds of machines. 2,944 applicants were furnished with machines; 2,427 chose the Singer Machines, and 517 distributed their choice among the five other kinds of machines! These girls were to EARN THEIR LIVING on these machines. *Why did they take Singer?*

THE PEOPLE'S AWARD TO THE "SINGER."

The people bought Singer Machines as follows:

1870	127,933	Singer Machines
1871	181,260	" "
1872	219,758	" "
1873	232,444	" "
1874	211,079	" "
1875	248,852	" "
1876	262,816	" "
1877	282,812	" "
1878	356,432	" "

Many of the manufacturers of other machines refuge to state their sales! WHY?

Sales of 1878 over Sales of 1870, 228,599 Machines. A Three-fold Increase.

WASTE NO MONEY ON COUNTERFEITS. *PRICES OF GENUINE GREATLY REDUCED.*

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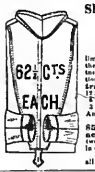

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HOW TO GET STRONG.

more than the chest—or, rather, than the front chest—and the legs having but passive sort of work at best. Poddlers and boiler-makers, plumbers and carpenters, engravers and smiths, shipwrights, carriage-makers, tinthings: one, that the knees are never bent; the other that, after the first week, the hands are gradually brought lower down, until they touch the toes. Some persons, familiar with this exercise, can, with the knees

HOW TO GET STRONG.

Extracts from

"How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So,"

by Wm. Blaikie, Esq., New York City.

In a country like ours, where the masses are so intelligent, where so much care is taken to secure what is called a good education, the ignorance as to what can be done to the body by a little systematic physical education is simply marvellous. Few persons seem to be aware that any limb, or any part of it, can be developed from a state of weakness and deficiency to one of fulness, strength, and beauty, and that equal attention to all the limbs, and to the body as well, will work a like result throughout. A man spends three or four weeks at the hay and grain harvest, and is surprised at the increased grip of his hands, and the new power of arm and back. He tramps through forests, and paddles up streams and lakes after game, and returns wondering how three or four miles on a level sidewalk could ever have tired him.

An acquaintance of ours, an active and skilled journalist, says that he once set out to saw twenty cords of wood. He was a slight, weak youth. He found he had not enough strength or wind to get through one cut of a log—that he had to constantly sit down and rest. People laughed at him, and at his thinking he could get through that mighty pile. But they did not know what was in him; for, sticking gamely to his self-imposed task, he says that in a few days he found his stay improving rapidly, that he did not tire half so easily, and, more than that, that there began to come a feeling over him—a most welcome one—of new strength in his arms and across his chest; and that what had at first looked almost an impossibility had now become very possible, and was before long accomplished. Now, what he, by his manliness, found was fast doing so much for his arms and chest, was but a sample of what equally steady, systematic work might have done for his whole body. Indeed, a later experience of this same gentleman will be in place here; for at Dr. Sargent's gymnasium in New York, in the winter of 1878–'79, he, though a middle-aged man, increased the girth of his chest *two inches and five-eighths in six weeks!* and this working but one hour a day; and he found that he could not only do more work daily afterwards at his profession, but better work as well.

A very great majority of Americans are the sons either of farmers or merchants, mechanics or laborers. The work of each class soon develops peculiar characteristics. No one of the four classes has ordinarily had any training at all aimed to make him equally strong all over. Broad as is the variety of the farmer's work, far the greater, and certainly the heavier, part of it tends to make him stoop forward and become inerect. No man stands up straight and mows. When he shovels, he heads more yet; and every ounce of spade or load pulls him over, till, after much of this sort of work, it requires an effort to stand upright.

Scarcely any work on a farm makes one quick of foot. All the long day, while some of the muscles do the work, which tends to develop them, the rest are untaxed, and remain actually weak. A farmer is seldom a good walker, usually hitching up if he has an errand to go, though it be scarce a mile away; and he is rarely a good runner. He is a hearty, well-fed man, not only because food is plenty, but because his appetite is sharp, and he eats with relish and zest. Naturally a man thinks that, when he eats and sleeps well, he is pretty healthy, and so he usually is; but when he is contented with this condition of things, he overlooks the fact that he is developing some parts of his body, and leaving others weak; that the warp he is encouraging in that body, by twice as much work for the muscles of his back as for those of the front of his chest, while it enlarges the former, often so as to render it muscle-bound, actually contracts the latter, and hence gives less room for heart, lungs, stomach, and all the vital organs, than a well-built man would have.

The merchant, is, physically, however, in a worse position. Getting to his work in boyhood, sticking to it as long as the busiest man in the establishment, his body often utterly unfit and unready for even half the strain it bears, he struggles on through the boy's duties, the clerk's, the salesman's, till he becomes a partner; or perhaps he starts as entry-clerk, rises to be book-keeper, and then stays there. In many kinds of work he has been obliged to stand nearly all day, till his sides and waist could scarcely bear it longer, and he often breaks down under the ceaseless pressure. To be sure, he does not need the strength of a stalwart young farmer; but, could he have retained it, he would have been surprised, if he taken sufficient daily exercise to regulate himself, how valuable it would have been in toning him up for the severer work and trial of the day. If, instead of the taxed and worn-out nerves, he could have had the feeling of the man of sturdy physique, who keeps himself in condition, who does not know what it is to be nervous, what a priceless boon it would have been for him!

Nor do most classes of mechanics fare much better. Take the heavier kinds of skilled labor. The blacksmith rarely uses one of his hands as much as the other, especially in heavy work, and often has poor legs. Indeed, if he has good legs, he does not get them from his calling. The stone-mason is equally one-handed—one hand merely guiding a light tool, the other swinging a heavy mallet. Nine-tenths of all machinists are right-handed. And so on, through the long list of the various trades where severe muscular exertion is requisite, there is a similar uneven distribution of the work to the various parts of the body, the right arm generally getting the lion's share, the left but little, the back more than the chest—or, rather, than the front chest—and the legs having but passive sort of work at best. Puddlers and boiler-makers, plumbers and carpenters, coopers and smiths, shipwrights, carriage-makers, tinners, and all who follow trades calling for vigorous muscular action, not only constantly work one side more than the other, but many of their tools are made, purposely, right-handed, so that they could hardly use them with the left hand if they wanted to. In short, take the mechanic where you will, in the vast majority of instances his right arm and side are larger and stronger than his left, and quite as often his vocation does little or nothing to strengthen and develop his legs.

The result of overworking one part of the body at the expense of the other especially in heavier mechanical labors, and of two little vigorous action in the lighter, tends to make the average workman more prone to disease. Were there uniform development, and that daily vigorous exercise which would stimulate the dormant parts of the man's body, it would add to his life and usefulness.

But how is it with the laborer? He can hardly be liable to the same defects. His work certainly must call into play every muscle of his body.

Well, watch him awhile and see. His surely is heavy, hard work, and must make him exert himself all over. But does it? While it keeps his knees steadily bent, his back is all the while over his work. The tons of coal he lifts daily with his shovel gradually, but with positive certainty, insures his back remaining somewhat bent when his work for the time is done. When a year is spent at such labor, the back must take a lasting curve. While his back broadens, growing thick and powerful, his chest does not get so much to do; hence he is soon a round shouldered man. As he does not hold his chest out, nor his neck and head erect, he contracts his lung-room, as well, indeed, as his general vital-room. Scarce any man grows earlier muscle-bound, for few backs do so much hard work. Now, standing erect, let him try to slap the backs of his hands together behind his shoulders, keeping his arms horizontal and straight at the elbow. Now he will understand what is meant by being muscle-bound. It will be odd if he can get his hands within a foot of each other.

The navvy is no better. The gardener's helper has to do much stooping. So do track-hands, stone-breakers, truckmen, porters, longshoremen, and all the rest. Especially are ordinary day-laborers, whose tools are spade, pick, and bar, who are careless about their skin, who are exposed to dust and dirt, who are coarsely shod, most prone to have bad feet. They, too, have the hearty appetite and the sound sleep. Seldom do they give their bodily improvement a thought, and so often, like their own teeth, they decay before their time, and materially shorten their usefulness and their days.

With us Americans fond of results, many of whose chests, by-the-way, do not increase a hair's-breadth in twenty years, better proof could not be sought than these figures offer of the value of a system of exercise which would work such rapid and decided changes. Hear Dr. Morgan, in his English "University Oars," on this point: "An addition of three inches to the circumference of the chest implies that the lungs, instead of containing 250 cubic inches of air, as they did before their functional activity was exalted, are now capable of receiving 300 cubic inches within their cells: the value of this augmented lung accommodation will readily be admitted. Suppose, for example, that a man is attacked by inflamation of the lungs, by pleurisy, or some one of the various forms of consumption, it may readily be conceived that, in such an emergency, the possession of enough lung tissue to admit forty or fifty additional cubic inches of air will amply suffice to turn the scale on the side of recovery. It assists a patient successfully to tide over the critical stage of his disease."

It may be well to group in one place a few movements which will enable any one to know at once about what amount and sort of work is to be taken daily. Special endeavor will be made to single out such movements as will call for no expensive apparatus. Indeed, most of these want no apparatus at all, and hence will be within the reach of all. As the school is the most suitable place to accustom children to the kind and amount of work they particularly need, a few exercises will first be suggested which any teacher can learn almost at once, but which yet, if faithfully taught to pupils, will soon be found to take so little time that, instead of interfering with other lessons, they will prove a positive aid. Though perhaps imperceptible at the outset, in a few years, with advancing development, the gain will be found not only to be decided, but of the most gratifying character.

DAILY WORK FOR CHILDREN.

Suppose the teacher has a class of fifty. If the aisles of the school-room are, as they should be, at least two feet wide, let the children sit about the middle of the morning, and again of the afternoon session, stand in these aisles in rows, so that each of the children shall be about six feet apart. Let the first order be, that all heads and necks be held erect. Once these are placed in their right position, all other parts of their bodies at once fall into place. The simplest way to insure this is to direct that every head and neck be drawn horizontally back, with the chin held about an inch above the level, until they are an inch or two back of the vertical. Now raise the hands, directly over the head, and as high as possible, until the thumbs touch, the palms of the hands facing to the front, and the elbows being kept straight. Now, without bending the elbows, bring the hands downward in front toward the feet as far as can comfortably be done, generally at first about as low as the knee, taking care to keep the knees themselves absolutely straight; indeed, if possible, bowed even back. Now return the hands high over the head, and then repeat, say six times. This number twice a day for the first week will prove enough; and it may be increased to twelve the second week, and maintained at that number thereafter, care being taken to assure two things: one, that the knees are never bent; the other that, after the first week, the hands are gradually brought lower down, until they touch the toes. Some persons, familiar with this exercise, can, with the knees perfectly firm and straight, lay the whole flat of the hands on the floor in front of their feet. But after the first week, reaching the floor with the finger-tips is enough for the end sought, which is, namely, to make the pupil stand straight on his feet, and to remove all tendency towards holding the knees slightly bent, and so causing that weak, shaky, and spraggy look about the knees, so very common among persons of all ages, to give way to a proper and graceful position.

Let the pupils now stand erect, this time with backs not bent forward, but with the body absolutely vertical. Raise the hands above the head as before, elbows straight, till the thumbs touch. Now, never bending body or knees a hair's breadth, and keeping the elbows unbent, bring the hands slowly down, not in front this time, but at the sides just above the knees, the little finger and the inner edge of the hand alone touching the leg, and palms facing straight in front. Now notice how difficult it is to warp the shoulder forward even an inch. The chest is out, the head and neck are erect, the shoulders are held low, and back vertical and hollowed in a little, and the knees straight. Carry the hands slowly back through the same line till again high over the head. Then bring them down to the sides again, and do six of these movements twice each day the first week, and twelve afterward.

To vary the work a little, and to bring special development to particular muscles, now let the pupil stand with arms either hanging easily at the side, or else held akimbo, the head and neck always erect, with the heels about four inches apart, and the toes turned outward. Raise the heels slowly off the floor, the soles and toes remaining firm on the floor, sustaining the entire weight. When the heels are as high as possible, hold them there a moment; then lower slowly till the whole foot is on the floor again; then rise as before, and so repeat twelve times twice a day the first week, and then twenty-five for the following week, continuing this. If this is not vigorous enough when fifty, after the first month, are tried, it will be found that now this work is telling directly on the size, shape, and effectiveness of the feet and calves, and on the grace and springiness of the step itself. If any boy or girl wants to become a good jumper, or to get decided aid in learning to dance long and easily, he or she will find this a great help. If they even practice it half an hour a day, they will be none the worse for it.

All the work thus far recommended here can readily be done in two minutes. Standing erect, with the arms still akimbo, and the feet as before, now bend the knees so as to stoop six or eight inches, then rise to the perpendicular, stoop again, and continue this six times, the feet never leaving the floor. This strengthens the knees, while the front of the thighs get the heaviest part of the work, though the leg below the knee is doing a good share. By the third week the number may be made twenty-five. If among the scholars there are some who are decidedly weak, twenty-five of these exercises is about the limit. For strong, hearty boys, twice as many will prove nearer the mark. After two or three months of twenty-five movements as described for every day, fifty might be tried once by all the pupils, to see whether it is too severe, and if not, then maintained daily at the maximum.

Thus far the feet have not left their particular position on the floor. Now let the pupil stand with the right foot advanced about twelve or fifteen inches, suddenly rising on the toes, give a slight spring, and throw the left foot to the front, and right back; then spring back as before, and do this six times twice a day the first week, to twelve the second, and twice as many by the end of the month. This calls the same muscles into play as the last exercise, and brings the same development, but in a little more severe and vigorous.

If still harder thigh-work is wanted, startling again, with the feet not over four inches apart, this time do not raise the heels at all, but stoop down slowly, as low as possible, bending the knees greatly, of course, the back, however, being held straight all the while. Then rise to an erect position, then go down again. Practising this three times each morning and afternoon at first, may be followed up with six a week later; and twelve by the end of the month. Better work than this for quickly giving size and strength to the thighs could hardly be devised; while, as has been already noted, scarcely any muscles on the whole body are more needed or used for ordinary walking.

Still standing erect, with arms akimbo, raise the right foot in front about as high as the left knee, keeping the right knee unbent. Hold the right foot there ten seconds; then drop it; then raise it again, fully six times. Then, standing, do the same thing with the left foot. This calls at once on the muscles across the abdomen, aiding the stomach and other vital organs there directly in their work.

This time raise the foot equally high behind; then return it to the floor, and so continue, giving each foot equal work to do. The under thigh, hip, and loin are now in action; and when, later on, they become strong, their owner will find how much easier it is to run than it used to be, and also that it is more natural to stand erect. The rate of increase of these last two exercises may be about the same as the others.

There is not much left now of the ten minutes. Still, if the work has been pushed promptly forward, there may still be a little time. However, all three of the kinds of work suggested for the front thigh need not be practised at the one recess, any one sufficing at first.

With head and neck again erect, and knees firm, hold the hands out at the sides and at arm's-length, and clasp the hands firmly together, as though trying to squeeze a rubber ball or other elastic substance. Beginning with twenty of these movements, fifty may be accomplished by the end of a fortnight; and by their continu-

ance both the grip and the shape of the hand will be found steadily improving.

Clasp the hands together over the head. Now turn

reach the highest point behind, to hold them still there a moment. Now the under side of his arms, and about the whole of the upper back, have had their work.

work the first week. At breakfast, and whenever sitting down throughout the day, determine to do two things—to sit far back on your chair, and to sit at all

ance both the grip and the shape of the hand will be found steadily improved.

Clasp the hands together over the head. Now turn them over until the palms are upward, or turned towards the ceiling, and straighten the elbows until the hands are as high over the head as you can reach. While holding them in this position, be careful that they are not allowed to drop at all. Let the scholar march three or four times around the room in this position. It will soon be found that no apparatus whatever is necessary to get quite a large amount of exercise for the corners of the shoulders. In this way, while there is an unwonted stretching apart of the ribs, and opening up of the chest, the drawing in of the stomach and abdomen will be found to correct incipient chest weakness, half-breathing, and any tendency towards indigestion.

Following up the method, now let the class form around the side of the room, standing three feet apart, and about two feet from the wall. Place the hands against the wall, just at a level with and opposite to the shoulders. Now, keeping the heels all the time on the floor, let the body settle gradually forward until the chest touches the wall, keeping the elbows pretty near to the sides, the knees never bending a particle, and the face held upturned, the eyes looking at the ceiling directly overhead. Now push sharply off from the wall until the elbows are again straight, and the body back at vertical. Then repeat this, and continue six times for each half of the day for the first week. Keep on until you reach fifteen by the third week, and twenty-five by the second month. For expanding and deepening the chest, helping to poise the head and neck so that they will remain exactly where they belong—in an erect position—and for giving the main part of the upper back-arm quite a difficult piece of work to do, this will prove a capital exercise. Whoever will make a specialty of this one form of exercise until they daily take two or even three hundred such pushes, will find that any tendency he or she may have to flatness or hollowness of chest will soon begin to decrease, and will very likely disappear altogether.

In this last exercise most of the weight was on the feet, the hands and arms sustaining the rest. If the aisles are not over two feet and a-half wide, let each pupil stand between two opposite desks and place one hand on each. Now, walking back three or four feet, his hands still resting on the two desks, let him, keeping his body rigid and his knees unbent, bend his elbows and lower his chest very gradually until it is nearly or quite level with the desk tops, then slowly straighten up his arms, and so raise his body again to the original position. Three such dips the first week, five or six the second, and by the end of the month ten or twelve, and that number then maintained steadily, will open and enlarge the chest materially before the year is out, while at the same time doing much to increase and strengthen the upper back-arm. This is harder work than pushing against the wall, because the hands and arms now have to sustain a much greater portion of the weight of the body, but it is correspondingly better for the chest.

Besides these exercises, the teacher, insisting on the value of an erect position in school hours, whether the pupil be standing or sitting, and by inculcating the value of this, would soon find that these efforts were being rewarded by making a crooked girl or boy straight, and so lessening their chance of having either delicate throats or weak lungs. Care should be taken that the school chairs have broad and comfortable seats, and that the pupil never sits on a half of the seat or on the edge of it, but far back, and on the whole of it. This apparently small matter will assist wonderfully in forming the habit of an erect position while sitting. Some twenty years ago a Mrs. Carman, of Boston, devised a chair-back which should just fit the hollow of the back when the back was held erect, as it should be. This simple contrivance greatly encouraged a good position in sitting, and could well be made a part of the standard chair in our schools. A pad of the right shape, hung on the back of the chair, would effect the same object.

The teacher's opportunity to work marked and permanent physical benefit to every pupil under her charge, by daily and steadily following up most or either of the above exercises, or of some substantially equivalent, can scarcely be over-estimated. The exercises strengthen the postures, whether sitting or standing. When a teacher insists on having her children erect for six hours out of the twenty-four, and makes plain to each one the value of being straight, and the self-respect it tends directly to encourage, there need be no great fear that the remaining waking hours will make any child crooked. It is in school generally that the mischief of warping and crooking is done; and hence there, of all places, would be the most appropriate place for the undoing of it.

A little foot-work, for a minute or two remaining, would make a good conclusion. With the hands closed and elbows bent, the body and arms held almost rigid, the neck well back, and the head up, let the column now start off around the room at an easy trot, each stepping as noiselessly as possible; and no heel touching the floor. A minute of this at a lively pace will be abundant at first; and as the legs gradually get strong, and the breathing improves, the run can be either made faster or longer, or both.

DAILY EXERCISE FOR YOUNG MEN.

On rising, let him stand erect, brace his chest firmly out, and, breathing deeply, curl dumb-bells (each about one-fifteenth of his own weight) fifty times without stopping. This is biceps work enough for the early morning. Then, placing the bells on the floor at his feet, and bending his knees a little, and his arms not at all, rise to an upright position with them fifty times. The loins and back have had their turn now. After another minute's rest, standing erect, let him lift the bells fifty times as far up and out behind him as he can, keeping elbows straight, and taking care, when the bells reach the highest point behind, to hold them still there a moment. Now the order aids of his arms, and about the whole of the upper back, have had their work. Next, starting with the bells at the shoulders, push them up high over the head, and lower fifty times continuously. Now the outer part of the upper arms, the corners of the shoulders, and the waist have all had active duty.

Finally, after another minute's rest, start with the bells high over the head, and lower slowly until the arms are in about the position they would be on a cross, the elbows being always kept unbent. Raise the bells to height again, then lower, and so continue until you have done ten, care being taken to hold the head six or more inches back of the perpendicular, and to steadily face the ceiling directly overhead, while the chest is swelled out to its uttermost. Rest half a minute after doing ten, then do ten more, and so on till you have accomplished fifty. This last exercise is one of the best-known chest-expanders. Now that these five sorts of work are over, few muscles above the waist have not had vigorous and ample work, the lungs themselves have had a splendid stretch, and you have not spent fifteen minutes on the whole operation. If you want to add a little hand and fore-arm work, catch a broomstick or stout cane at or near the middle, and, holding it at arm's-length, twist it rapidly from side to side a hundred times with one hand, and then with the other.

In the late afternoon a five-mile walk on the road, at a four-mile pace, with the step inclined to be short, the knees bent but little, and the foot pushing harder than usual as it leaves the ground—this will be found to bring the legs and loins no inconsiderable exercise; all, in fact, that they will probably need. If, shortly before bedtime each evening, the youth, after he has been working as above, say for a month, will, in light clothes and any old and easy shoes, run a mile in about seven minutes and a-half, and, a little later, under the seven minutes, or, three nights a week, make the distance two miles a night, there will soon be a life and vigor in his legs which used to be unknown; and if six months of this work brings a whole inch more on thigh and calf, it is only what might have been expected.

DAILY EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

And what should the girls and women do each day? With two-pound wooden dumb-bells at first, let them, before breakfast, go through twenty-five movements of each of the five sorts just described for young men. After six weeks or two months they can increase the number to fifty, and, if this does not bring the desired increase in size, and strength of arm and chest and back, then they can try dumb-bells weighing four or five pounds each.

Out-of-doors, either in the latter part of the morning or afternoon, if they will, in broad, easy shoes, walk for one hour, not at any listless two-mile pace, but at first as fast as they comfortably can, and then gradually increasing until in a fortnight or more they can make sure of three miles and a-half at least, if not of four miles within the hour, and will observe the way of stepping just suggested to the men, they will get about walking enough. And if once in a while, every Saturday, for instance, they make the walk all of five or six miles, getting, if city ladies, quite out into the suburbs and back, they will be surprised and gratified at the greater ease with which they can walk now than formerly, and at their freshness at the end.

Girls should also learn to run. Few of them are either easy or graceful runners; but it is an accomplishment quickly learned; and begun at a short distance and slow jog, and continued until the girl thinks nothing of running a mile in seven minutes, and that without once touching a heel to the ground, it will do more than almost any other known exercise to make her graceful and easy on her feet, and also to enlarge and strengthen her lungs. A roomy school-yard, a bit of lawn, or a gymnasium-track, either of these is all the place needed in which to learn this now almost obsolete accomplishment. The gymnasium is perhaps the best place, as there they can wear costumes which do not impede freedom of movement.

If besides these things the girl or woman will determine that, as much as possible of the time each day in which she is sitting down, she will sit with head and neck up, trunk erect, and with shoulders low, and that whenever she stands or walks she will at all times be upright, she will shortly find that she is getting to be far straighter than she was, and, if has a larger and finer chest than formerly, it will be nothing strange, for she has simply been using one of the means to get it.

DAILY EXERCISE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

And what should these people do? If there is one good lung left, or a goodly portion of two, there is much which they can do. Before breakfast they need to be more careful than others because of their poorer circulation. Still, in a warm and comfortable room they can work to advantage even then. In most instances consumptive have not large enough chests. Stripped to the waist, there is found to be a flatness of the upper chest, a lack of depth straight through from breastbone to spine; and the girth about the chest itself, and especially at the lower part of it, is often two or more inches less than it is in a well-built person of the same height. Now, to weed out these defects, to swell up and enlarge the chest, and bring it proper depth, and fulness, this will go far toward insuring healthy and vigorous lungs. And how is this done?

Standing under the handles in an appliance like that represented in Fig. 8*, holding the body rigidly erect, the chest out, the knees and elbows unbent, bear the two handles downward on either side of you until the hands are as if extended on a cross, using only very light weights at first. Lower the weights again, then bear down again, and so do ten. Just as you bear down each time, inflate the lungs to their utmost, and hold the air in them until you have lowered the weights again. Rest about a minute, then ten more, and a little later ten more. This will be enough before breakfast work the first week. At breakfast, and whenever sitting down throughout the day, determine to do two things—to sit far back on your chair, and to sit at all times upright. No matter how many times you forget or fail, even if a thousand, keep trying until the erect posture becomes habitual. This point once reached, you have accomplished a great thing—one which may add not a little to save your life.

Next, about an hour after breakfast, start out for an easy walk. Going quietly at first, the head held, if anything, back of the vertical, and the step short and springy, quicken later into a lively pace, and, holding that as long as you comfortably can, return to your room. If your skin is moist, do not hesitate a minute, but strip at once, and with coarse towels rub your skin till it is thoroughly red all over, and then put on dry underclothing. If you then feel like taking a nap, take it. When well rested, do thirty more strokes at the pulley-weights. In the afternoon try more walking, or some horse-back work if you can get a steed with any dash in him. After you are through, then more weight work. Finally, just before retiring, take another turn at the weights.

After the first week run the weight work up to fifty at a time, and increase the out-door distance covered both morning and afternoon, being sure to go in all weathers, and to eat and sleep all you comfortably can. Vary the in-door work also somewhat. In addition to the exercise on Fig. 8, practice now an equal number of strokes daily on the appliance described as Fig. 9†. After the first fortnight try hanging by the two hands on the horizontal bar and swinging lightly back and forth. Before breakfast, before dinner, and just before retiring, take a turn at this swinging. Of it, and the work on the two sorts of pulley-weights, a weak-lunged person can scarcely do enough. These open the ribs apart, broaden and deepen the chest, and inflate the lungs—the very things the consumptive needs. The out-door work secures him or her ample good air, vigorous exercise, and frequent change of scene. On the value of this good air, or rather the danger of bad air, hear Langenbeck, the great German anatomist: "I am sure now of what I suspected long ago, viz., that pulmonary diseases have very little to do with intemperance, * * * and much less with cold weather, but are nearly exclusively (if we except tuberculous tendencies inherited from *both* parents, I say *quite* exclusively) produced by the breathing of foul air." This out-door work should be steadily increased until the half-hour's listless walk at first becomes six or eight miles before dinner, and as much before supper. From breakfast to supper one can hardly be exercising too much; and steadily calling on the heart and lungs in these very favorable ways, increased vigor and power are only what might have reasonably been looked for.

As the months roll on, and this steady work, directed right to the weak spots, has strengthened and toughened you, now put larger weights on the Fig. 8 appliance, and also increase the number of strokes until you do a thousand or even two thousand daily—head and body being always held erect, and full breathing a constant accompaniment. This making a specialty of these chest-expanding exercises, none of which are severe or violent, but which are vigorous enough, and the abundance of healthy and active out-door life, are sure to bring good fruits in this battle where the stake is no less than one's own life. They are rational and vigorous means, aimed directly at the weak part, and, with good air, good food, cheerful friends, and ample sleep, will often work marvels, where the filling the stomach with a whole apothecary shop of nauseous oils and other medicines has wholly failed to bring the relief sought.

* Dr. Sargent's ingenuity has provided a simple and excellent chest expander. He rigs two ordinary pulleys over blocks some feet above the head, and from five to six feet apart, and attaching weights at the floor ends of the ropes, puts ordinary handles on the other ends, and has the ropes just long enough so that when the weights are on the floor the handles are about a foot above the head. Now stand between and directly under them, erect, with the chest as full as you can make it, and keeping the elbows straight, and grasping the handles draw your hands slowly downward out at arm's-length, say about two feet. Next, let the weights drop gradually back, repeat, and so go on. This is excellent for enlarging the whole chest, but especially for widening it. A better present to a consumptive person than one of these appliances could hardly be devised.

† Again, to deepen the chest from front to back, he hangs two bars, B and C, and attaches the weight at the other end, A, of the rope, the bar B, when at rest, being about a foot above the height of the head. Standing, not under B, but about a foot to one side of it, and facing it, grasp its ends with both hands, and keeping the arms and legs straight and stiff, and breathing the chest brimful, draw downward until the bar is about level with the waist. Let the weight run slowly back, repeat, and go on.

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IX. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1880. NO. 2

WARD'S STATUE OF GENERAL THOMAS.

STATUE OF GENERAL THOMAS | Brown of Philadelphia, and it is proposed to | greatly to my pleasure, and also through me | Love only love is the right thread to spin,

WARD'S STATUE OF GENERAL THOMAS.

The kindness of Messrs. Harper Bros. enables us to show our readers a fine engroving from the equestrian statue of General Thomas erected by our foremost American sculptor, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. The engraving was made from the plaster cast in the artist's studio. The statue, cast in bronze, was made for the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, and was erected in Washington last November with interesting ceremonies which we have before described. This noble statue is about fifteen feet in height from the horse's feet to the rider's head. The figures are about twice the size of life. The figures are full of spirit. The General has just reined in his charger on the top of a rising ground to take a sweeping view of the field.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Training School for Indian Youth,
CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., *Jan.* 8, 1880.
Editor of Workman:—

Eleven of the boys, selected from the eleven different tribes represented at the school, were taken to Harrisburg, Pa., on the 15th of last month to witness General Grant's reception by the citizens of that place. They enjoyed the trip immensely, were orderly and easily managed. The gaily-uniformed soldiers, fine companies and brass bands afforded them an inexhaustible fund of amusement. Returning to Carlisle on the evening train, the writer was agreeably surprised to meet Inspector Pollock of the Interior Department. This courteous and kind hearted official was on his way to the Barracks to visit and distribute presents among the pupils; many of whom had been his charges while he was Indian Agent and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Dakota. During his short visit, the Major had several talks with the pupils, giving them sound, common-sense advice. The pupils from the Indian Territory had their pictures taken just before Major Pollock left, and he was commissioned by them to deliver their pictures to their parents, whose agencies he was about to visit.

The boys have been measured for their uniforms, which are to be of army blue with scarlet trimmings. They are delighted with the prospect of having, at an early date, their pretty uniforms, and it is hoped by the authorities that they will have been so thoroughly taught the necessity of cleanliness and care in wearing the white man's dress, that they will present a creditable appearance when the President and Secretary of the Interior pay the School their contemplated visit.

Things of every-day utility will, as far as practicable, be made a part of their every-day life, that they may be developed into useful men and women, capable and willing to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The carefully trained child develops into an useful man or woman, and neglected childhood is naturally followed by a vagabond manhood. Human nature is the same in the red man as in the white; is controlled by the same impulses and is susceptible to the same good and bad influences.

The Carlisle School proposes to give the child of the red man just the same educational advantages which are so liberally extended to the children of the white men all over the country, and it is confidently expected that the same general results *will obtain* in the case of the Indian as *have* in the case of the Caucasian.

The general intelligence of her people is one of America's proudest boasts, and the time has come when it is due to her honor and good name that she extends to ALL her children, "*without regard to color, race or previous condition,*" the grand educational advantages now so freely extended to the white and black.

During the past month, the work of the school has been pushed forward by continued and earnest effort. The chapel has been completed, a gymnasium and reading rooms prepared for the boys; regular drills take place, weather permitting, on the grounds, and during inclement weather the boys are exercised on the porches of their barracks or in the gymnasium. At the regular Sunday morning inspection, the boys appear with their clothing neatly brushed and their shoes blacked.

After inspection, the delegations start for the different Sunday-schools and churches in Carlisle. A strong feeling of interest in their welfare is displaying itself in the good people in the city, who have taken charge of the classes of Indian children who attend their churches.

All these good people, and many others who have shown a marked interest in our work, assembled, with the teachers, authorities and pupils of the school, at the new chapel, which had been duly trimmed, decorated and furnished with two large Christmas trees well laden with presents, the gifts to the pupils of friends, far and near, who have become interested in the little school just springing up from the ashes of the old recruiting rendezvous at Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

Among the presents to the school was a small printing press, the gift of Miss Mary H. Brown of Philadelphia, and it is proposed to instruct several of the young braves in the art of printing, and some day they may become brave enough to publish a paper. The exercises of the evening were opened by the pupils singing a Christmas carol, after which Rev. J. A. McCauley, President of Dickenson College, addressed a few remarks to the pupils, explaining the reason why Christian people commemorate the 25th day of December. The good doctor then led in prayer, at the close of which Santa Claus stepped forward, pupils a little speech and proceeded to the distribution of presents. His furred and extensive proportions at first astounded the little braves, but they soon saw the comical side of the affair and fully enjoyed it.

The presents having all been all delivered to their proper owners, Santa Claus disappeared and Dr. McCauley, having been called forward, again addressed the pupils and closed the exercises of the evening by asking the benediction. Observance of Christian customs is to be made a marked feature of their school life, and it is hoped that the pupils, with the pleasure enjoyed, will imbibe an impression of the true meaning of the festivities and learn to realize the full blessedness of God's love.

The pupils attending the different Sunday-schools in Carlisle were very much gratified to find themselves remembered by their kind teachers on Christmas, and from their expressions of pleasure and satisfaction we are led to believe that they found their first Christmas at Carlisle a very enjoyable occasion.

The need of departments for agricultural and mechanical instruction, which must play an important part in the civilizing work of the school, is very keenly felt, and every effort will be made to have such departments in good working shape at as early a date as possible.

The great importance, to the ultimate success of the work, of filling up the pupils with sound, practical knowledge that will increase their sense of man- and womanhood and render them self-supporting, cannot be over-estimated. It is desired to develop them in every way which will tend to increase their respect and confidence in themselves and the respect of their people for them.

These things must be taught them practically, and to do so effectually requires the establishing of separate departments devoted especially to agricultural and mechanical instruction. Unfortunately, the school has only about twelve acres of arable land. Two hundred acres would not be a superabundance. This discrepancy between the supply and demand must be met, if possible, before spring. There are two large brick buildings, belonging to the school, which will afford ample accommodations for the different trades, such as shoe-making, harness-making, turners, blacksmithing, and wagon-making, etc.; but the obtaining of the authority for the purchase of tools, machinery, materials, and to employ tradesmen, is, at present, the desideratum.

The Honorable Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to whom is due the establishing of the school, have been very liberal towards it and anxious to further the work by all the aid they could, under the law, give; but they must be governed by the action of Congress in regard to the expenditure of public funds.

Through the benavolent help of the many friends who have become interested in the enterprise, the school authorities have been greatly encouraged and materially aided in their work. Miss Mary H. Brown, of Philadelphia, the lady mentioned before as having given the school a printing press, has signified to the authorities her desire to furnish them with three sets of shoemaker's tools for the use of the pupils, and it is hoped soon to have that industry in full operation.

Like other mortals, we find our pupils prone to backslide and that it requires constant watchfulness and care to prevent them from flying the track; but the progress thus far made is decidedly encouraging, and, striving to obtain the best results, we enter upon the new year with strong hearts and willing hands.

G. B.

REPORTS FROM OUTSIDE.

A friend who devotes much time to aiding, by personal correspondence and counsel, as well as in material ways, the young colored teachers from Hampton and other Normal schools in the South, sends us the following very interesting letters from two who are not Hampton graduates. We are always glad to receive such reports from outside our own ranks, and should like to have more of them.

LOUISVILLE, *Nov.* 17, 1779.

Miss L——,

Esteemed friend:—

I own you many thanks for favors in the way of books, papers, etc., which I have received from you this year. They added greatly to my pleasure, and also through me give delight to many. I have become greatly attached to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN. I shall send you a dollar for its continuance next year. I look forward to no part of my mail with more pleasurable anticipations. Its spicy and practical editorials and the letters from teachers (many of which depict so truly my own surroundings and drawbacks, that I could almost imagine I wrote them) I read with the keenest enjoyment. I am sorry I could not continue the *Christian Weekly* which you so kindly sent me. But as I am going to have the WORKMAN, you will not, I am sure, be angry with me because I cannot afford both. I intend to treat myself, on Christmas, to a daily paper. I find it necessary in order to maintain my position as a well informed teacher and as a man of general intelligence and information, to keep up with the current events of the day and to be conversant with the leading opinions on the same. A "daily," therefore, I must have.

My school is closed. I had no special exercises, as most of my scholars on whom I depend for such demonstrations were taken away a month earlier than usual. I shall commence early in the ensuing year. I have some promises of assistance in completing the school-house.

Many thanks for "Easy Lessons in Natural Philosophy." I shall make good use of them in my school-room.

Respectfully, GEO. E. JOHNSON.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., *Sept.* 25, 1879.

Very Dear Friend:—

All of this week I have been very busy preparing to begin on the 29th inst. There being so much to be done in the way of arranging the room, etc., I have been kept unusually busy. The prospects are that I shall have a successful term of teaching this year. Patrons and pupils seem very anxious, our vacation being longer than we expected.

My school is supported partly by private subscriptions, by a small tuition fee from patrons, by the Government, and by the Peabody Fund. Perhaps you are aware of the fact that, in order to secure the Peabody aid, there are certain conditions which it is very difficult for a poor, uneducated community to comply with. For the past two years our school has been kept going from nine to ten months a session. To do this, though, has caused much self-denial and courage, on the part of the teachers especially, who have had the whole matter to look after and keep going. I have been asked to take charge of schools in other parts of this State, and no doubt I would fare better, financially, should I make a change; but as the attachment to my work is great, and the appreciation of those for whom I work is very manifest, I still prefer to live with these in their sunny circumstances. I cannot but believe that there is a better day ahead for us here, and by patient toil and waiting it will be reached.

Schools are not largely attended here, at this season, owing to the large farms of cotton to be gathered. This is an employment which even small children can follow, hence the small attendance of children in schools. I send one of my pupils to the Hampton Normal School on Saturday. He goes as an applicant for the Peabody Scholarship, established in that institution for the education of teachers from South Carolina. He is not our best representative, but I am sure he will give general satisfaction. With prayers for great success, I send him to those who will and can do great things for him.

I regret that I did not send you an account of my tour across the mountains, which was published in one of our papers. The subject of geology has received much of my attention this vacation. I am especially fond of that science.

I trust I may be able to hear from you when convenient for you to write.

Weather is beginning to be autumnal.

Hoping you much pleasure and rich success in your plans, and above all, the sweet consolation that you are each day following your Heavenly Master.

I am, most respectfully,
WALTER I. LEWIS.

At Home.

BABY CLOTHES.

What shall we wrap the baby in?
Silks are too coarse and velvets too rough,
Snowiest linens not half white enough,
Web of right fineness, no fairy can spin:
What shall we wrap the baby in?

Softest of colors may cover his bed,
Delicate hues of the sky and the rose,
Tints of all buds that in May morns unclose,
When on the bosom of sleep drops his head;
He must have something more heavenly instead.

What shall we wrap the baby in?
Nothing that fingers have woven will do;
Looms of the heart weave love ever anew,
Love only love is the right thread to spin,
Love we must wrap the baby in.

—LUCY LARCOM.

FROM MOTHER'S RECEIPT BOOK.

OX-TAIL SOUP.

Ox-tails make an especially good soup on account of the gelatinous matter they contain.

Ingredients: Two ox-tails, a soup bunch (a carrot, a turnip, an onion and a potatoe, a stalk of celery, a little parsley) and a small cut of pork.

Cut the ox-tails at the joints, slice the vegetables, and mince the pork. Put the pork into a stewpan. When hot, add the onions; when they begin to color, add the ox-tails.

Let them fry a very short time. Now cut them to the bone that the juice may run out in boiling. Put both the ox-tails and fried onions into a soup kettle, with four quarts of cold water. Let them simmer for about four hours; then add the other vegetables, with three cloves stuck into a piece of onion, and pepper and salt. As soon as the vegetables are well cooked, the soup is done. Strain it. Select some of the joints (one for each plate,) trim them, and serve them with the soup; or, if preferred, they may be left out.

MOTHER'S MUFFINS.

One pint of milk; one egg; one tablespoonful of lard; one half cup of yeast. Flour for stiff batter. One teaspoonful of salt. Set to rise over night.

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.

1. Alcohol is a poison. When pure, it will produce death as certainly and almost as quickly as prussic acid.

2. Alcohol is a product of fermentation or decay. No plant produces it. No bubbling spring affords it.

3. Alcohol is an irritant. It will blister the skin, and produce inflamation of the stomach.

4. Alcohol is a narcotic. It paralyzes the nerves, and benumbs the sensibilities.

5. Alcohol destroys the blood. It dissolves the blood corpuscles, and thus impoverishes the vital fluid.

6. Alcohol causes heart disease, by changing the heart tissue for fat.

7. Alcohol causes apoplexy. It weakens the blood-vessels, and causes congestion of the brain. Alcohol weakens the muscles. It has been proven by experiment that a man can lift less after taking a glass of whisky than before.

8. Alcohol wastes vital force.

9. Alcohol causes consumption.

10. Alcohol lessens bodily heat. Travelers in the Arctic regions are obliged to be teetotalers.

11. Alcohol causes paralysis of the brain. A man who is dead drunk is temporarily paralyzed.

12. Alcohol hardens the brain.

13. Alcohol produces congestion of every organ of the body.

14. Alcohol hardens the liver and renders it useless.

15. Alcohol produces its worst effects when taken in small doses.

16. Alcohol produces all kinds of nervous disorders.

17. Alcohol occasions cancer, ulcer, dyspepsia, and other diseases of the stomach.

18. Alcohol is the cause of more than two-thirds of the cases of disease found in the hospitals in large cities.

19. Alcohol is one of the greatest causes of pauperism.

20. Alcohol is one of the most active causes of crime. In Scotland it increased the frequency of crime 400 per cent.

21. Alcohol is a great cause of insanity.

22. Alcohol shortens life 50 per cent., according to the statistics of life insurance companies.

23. Alcohol annually kills one hundred thousand American citizens.

24. Alcohol costs more than bread.

25. Alcohol serves no useful purpose in the human system, and does inestimable harm.

—*Exchange.*

Joy and temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
—LONGFELLOW.

CHEERFULNESS is most conducive to health and happiness. Luther said that "the devil hates a good laugh."

A PAPER has this announcement: "Two sisters want *washing*." Many brothers are in the same predicament.

MORE people annually die from want of attention to the laws of health than from war, plague, and famine combined.

The contented plain man who has | But so long as buying votes is not a sec- | vantage as the Negro in the matter of pay-

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed at the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work from all parts of the country, is solicited and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

A FEW months ago Mr. Wm. Coppinger, Secretary of the Colonization Society was informed that the Hampton Institute would educate three African youth, without charge, on condition that they should work out a reasonable share of their expenses.

Prof. Blyden, the well-known African scholar, author and diplomat, on being notified of this, replied as follows.

"MONROVIA, AFRICA, *Nov.* 20, 1879.

"I am much obliged to Gen. Armstrong for his kind offer to educate at Hampton three first-class African boys. Such are the very boys, that we cannot get for such a purpose, and it would be a great pity if we could. I cannot too much insist upon the idea that Africans to be useful at home among their people, must be educated among the circumstances where they are expected to live. As a rule, without a single exception, those who go abroad for education return on stilts—altogether out of sympathy with their people. They may be giants when they return, but they walk on their heads. The infants on foot who have stayed at home, are stronger than they for the purposes of the country."

Dr. Blyden is a full-blooded Negro and is a leading man in Liberia. We should say that his head is "level" on the subject about which he writes. We believe, however, that the Hampton drill would avert the danger of "walking on their heads," because of its ground-work of elementary and industrial training, which tends to keep its students right end up.

Men fitted for the conditione of a simple civilization will succeed in it. Those who are schooled up to the needs and duties of a higher or later plane, do not always land on their feet when forced by circumstancee upon one thet ie lower or earlier.

Education is a meane to an end. The end should determine the meane. The neglect of this is the rock on which thousands are wrecked. Sending Africans to the United States, or colored youth from the South to Northern colleges, or Indians to Carlisle Barracks or to Hampton is, as a rule, of douhtful wisdom, and justifiable only on special grounds. The mere chenge is not the point; the difficulty ie in the position of the transferred student who, in a current of new influences and customs and in a social atmosphere which he enjoye, and forever after craves, revolts at a return to his former life as he would at putting on discarded garments after being clothed in elegant attire.

The lofty miesionary epirit that leads one in ten thonsand white Christians to give up all that he likes and to live for the eake of his fellow man, can hardly be expected in a larger ratio from lees favored races.

The contented, plain man who has been taught at home, Dr. Blyden's "infant on foot," is better for his country than the Americanized African who "walks on his head."

Trans-Mississippi missioneries whose devoted labors for the past forty years heve laid the fouudatíon for the elevation of the Dakota tribes, fear lest the Indians sent to Hampton shall be "spoiled."

Can better work he done for the average Indian or African out of his country than in it?

The Hampton School is attempting an answer to this question. It finds itself a school for civilization. It aims to make, not polished scholars, but men. Manhood is everywhere the same. Decent family life is the most important condition of it. The family is the unit of civilization, and the conditions of a pure family living are the first things to be created in educated men end women. Hence, the co-education of the sexes is indispensable, and in the leading colored schools of the South ie an unquestioned success. We claim as much for well-managed Indian boarding schools.

The pupil is to live not more by brain than hy muscle. Head and hend must be educated together.

At Hempton Negro youth work two days a week and study four.

Indiens, more averse to labor, work one-half of the time, studying the other half, and are encouraged by the offer of wages to work the entire time, gaining what language they need from the shop manager, and from evening instruction or amusements.

These youth acquire new tastes and desires, hut they also get the ability to gratify them. The week point of education away from home is that it creates fresh eppetites, hut does not give the power to satisfy them.

Give new hut moderete cravings, and the means of supply and there is great gain to the student. He is content with his old home when he returns to it; he has e relative ascendency among his people; not so great as to make for him an isoleted end lonely place, hut enough to stimulate him, and lead others to emulate and follow him.

Indian Agents and others have urged a temporary sojourn of their picked youth in civilized regions, hut not too long, lest the educated brave should be elienated from his people, yet unfit for the severe competition of civilizetion — a men without a country.

Hampton is working in full view of this danger. The crucial test is to come when its pupils shall return to their nations.

We believe that they will be men end will stand on their feet and win hread with their hands.

We believe thet some of Dr. Blyden's African hoys would gain hy a course at Hampton, and that they would go back to Africa right side up, end do good work for that country.

IGNORANT VOTERS.

"AUGUSTA, GA., Dec. 3, 1879.—The municipal election that took place here to-day was the most exciting contest that has occurred in many years. There were no nominations. R. H. May and Chas Estes, the opposing candidates for Mayor, were both democrats. The vote was the largest ever registered, and as the negroes were nearly equal in strength to the whites, there was a fierce struggle in every ward to obtain their votes. Early this morning, barbecued breakfasts were provided for them at various places, and when they had finished eating they were decorated with badges and marched in procession to the polls, preceded by bands of music. In the Fourth ward, where the largest vote was polled, and where the most turbulent spirits reside, there were a great many difficulties between white men and negroes, the supporters of different candidates, and about 12 o'clock a riot, which at one time threatened to assume formidable proportions."

The above, from the *New York Herald*, illustrates a recent phase of the illiterate vots of the South. There was a similar occurrence in Atlanta. Georgia, not long since. This thing is on the increase. It is more demoralizing and injurious to the freedmen than anything in their history.

But so long as buying votes is not a sectional sin, no eloquence will be expended over this debasement of the Negro or damage to the country. The political champions of the freedmen are silent in the presence of this form of "outrage." What heve they said about it?

They rend their garments over a corporal injury; they look the other way when the *man* is degraded. They have in all these years of professed guardianship cared not so much that the Negro should have his vote, hut that *they* should get it.

Since the help given, yeers ago, hy the Freedman's Bureau, and a little benefit through the Agricultural College land fund, not a sign of interest in, or care for, the condition ol ex-slaves hy Congress.

The troops were marched down South, and then marched back egain.

Laws have been flung at the waves of humen passion, hnt the waves rolled high as ever for the shrieking politicians who lined the shore, and toesed at them their Speeches and Acts.

The factors in Southern progress, and it has been great, heve been:—

First. The issue of the war, end the terrible logic of it, enforced hy the penalty of starvation.

Second. The Constitutionel Amendments, and some necessary legislation in consequence.

Third. The working of societ and economic law. The South needs and asks for capital and migration. It can get it only hy persunsion and hy edapting itself to those it seeks, as settlers and investors.

Fourth. Public sentiment at the North whieh determines the use of its resources, material, social, and political. Now that the country is homogeneous through the nbolition of slavery this factor is powerful.

Fifth. The moral and educational movement for the improvement of the people, first imposed hy legislation, then edopted by the people and pushed with remarkeble energy, considering the circumstences. This hes been aided by Northern benevolence which has given over five millions of dollers for Negro education alone, and hy the Peabody Fund. The Freedman's Bureau gave three and n-half millione for Southern schools.

Sixth. Last hut not least, the efforts of the people to help themselves. The splendid grit shown hy both races in a quiet way; attracting the attention only of those who are looking for such things, resulting in immense harvests through the thrift of a portion of the poor whites, the energy of e part of the ruined aristocracy, end the steady hehits and improvement of a class of the ex-slaves.

Emancipation created e revolution in which every man struck out for himself, es in a race, almost from tho same point of poverty, and the chances were nearly equal to all. The questiou was one of individual stuff and pluck, end the greatest of nll needs was ligbt for every man. Equal rights were firet in the order of time hut (after emancipation) not of first importance. Ideas were and ere the pressing want, nnd the eupply of them is but just hegun.

ABOUT EMIGRATION.

In discussing the schemes of colored emigration, the real issue is quite neglected. The complaint of the colored men in Louisiana, in North Carolina and Missiesippi, ie, that they are not protected in their political rights, are charged high and excessive rentals for land, or are compelled to pay exorhitant prices for it, when purchased, and that, in ehort, their condition is very intolerahle. There is truth in this etatement of grievances, but there are other facts quite as true which should modify an opinion hased solely on these *ex parte* etatements. Land in the South is cheap enough, and the colored man's money will buy it as quickly as the white man'e. We have yet to hear of a case where, under ordinary circumetances, his money has been refused. And in view of the utterly exhausting way all rented land is tilled hy the tenant, the rental money ie not high. Many white men at the South are at the eame disadventage as the Negro in the matter of paying high rents, and in the inability to purchasn land. It is the misfortune of poverty, end there is no exception on race account.

Poverty, however, is not en absolute harrier to prosperity. Every men who reads or knows about men is ewere of that. The colored man in the South cennot say that he is harred out from the result of honest, intelligent labor. There are instances in nearly every county in the Southern Stetes which show what the Negro can do when he resorts to the usual methods adopted hy all thrifty men to become successful. Thougitfulness, economy end industry will make men rich, though there is not e dollar of capital in the beginning. It has always been so, and will always be so. There is a Negro near New Berne, North Carolina, who has bought and paid for 1,000 acres of land hy raising cotton. No white man in that section of country has been as successful. Indeed, it was said by everyone there thet "cotton did not pay." The truth is, this man worked early and late, end used his hrains to the very hest edvantage. His opportunities were no better than thoss of his neighbors, hut he had the rare faculty for organizing work. This wes the open secret of his success.

A colored man near the town of Hempton is the owner of five acres of lend, upon which he hes huilt n house. He was asked why he had not, during the eight years he had occupied it, planted apple trees on one acre of it. The cost of the trees end the expense of planting would have been about twenty dollars. Tho man replied, "I never had the time. I have to work for my living. I never get a moment to spere." The inquirer asked, "Did you attend camp meeting this year?" "Yes," he replied. "How long were you there?" "Two weeks," he said. The inquirer seid, "If you had taken only two dnye out of those two weeks and planted fifty epple trees, you would have en orcherd in e few years which would yield an ennual income of from one to three hundred dollars. If you had done this e few years ago, you would now be quite independent. This men hed been talking about emigration.

Just now some of the colored people of Florida are talking ebout leeving the State. They declare the usuel grievances, and emong other things complain of the high price of land.

The official returns show that there ere now some fifteen million ecres of unoccupied Government land in Floride, which may be taken up. in lots of 160 ecres ench on payment of fourteen and a-half dollars. Meny of the Northern white people in Florida say it is impossible for them to get reliahls colored lebor, and they have resorted to Virginia for help.

If the colored men of the South who are devoting themselves to the improvement of their own condition, who spend little time in talking politics, who heve become forehanded, will come forward and say that they will sacrifice their accumulations because they cannot vote, we shall be disposed to believe that the colored people are really willing to become political martyrs.

An ably edited paper, the *Land and Water*, saye the law makers of the Southern Statee should pull down all legal enactments which allow men to run in debt for their crops, and then permit the creditor to take them at a sacrifice, because the repeal of euch lawe will prevent people from running in debt. But euch repeal will never remove the trouble. If there is no law for enforcement of debt, the rate of interest will be higher, becanse the risk of lending will be greater. The real difficulty ie in the character of men, who will be improvident and shiftless, and run into debt. No law can keep such men out of trouble. Nor will emigration help them. Hundrede of lezy men in the North emigreted to Florida because they believed that prosperity could be had there without work. They have been sadly mistaken. The prizes in life are few enough, and thriftless men may draw them, but the mase of men must rely on intelligent work for any degree of success. There is a clase of men in the Western territory known as "prospectors." They are alwaye on the lookout for something better than their present surroundings, in-

stead of attempting to make better those surroundings. They never have a grip

of things, are not constructive, and fail to make themselves the power they would be were they united in wise and

nrse, and in his most impressive manner said that as an ex-slave he extended the right hand of fellowship to an ex-slaveholder on the common ground of their aspirations for the

Ladies of Rev. Chas. Cuthbert Hall's Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y. ..... $ 08
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stead of attempting to make better those surroundings. They never have a grip on anything, and so they move on from yeer to year, and in the end die poor.

If no colored man ever succeeded in the South, it would be safe to say that the South is no place for him. But there are already n very large number of the colcr-ed men who have succeeded, are content-ed and have no complaint to make. These men settle the question of emigration. When the rest of the colored men follow in their footsteps and fail, it will be time to discuss the question of a new country. The colored man, like the white, is given to indulging in foolish dreams of sudden wealth, and life is made barren of results by so doing. Things must be taken as they are. The problem of life any of the densely populated European countries is difficult enough. Beside it the problem here is nothing. When land is valued at $200 per acre instead of $10, the colored man, as well as the white man, may speak of hardship.

Real wealth lies in each man's head and hand. If in these there is neither power or cunning, it is hopeless to expect that any surroundings will supply the deficiecy. W. N. A.

THE calls for teachers for colored schools in this State come in steadily, and "nobody to send," is now the invariable answer. The following is an average specimen.

It is from a "rebel," we presume, and illustrates a pleasant and not uncommon relation of Southerners to the work of negro education. What better work than to supply such demands?

BRANDON CHOKEN, VA., *Jan. 20th*, 1880.

Gen'l. S. C. Armstrong:

Dear Sir:—Our Superintendent of Schools Mr. W. H. Harrison, referred me to you to obtain a couple of teachers for our (colored) schools in Brandon Magisterial District, Prince George's Co., Virginia. We prefer female teachers. They can get good places to board at, and we pay $25.00 per month of twenty days. If you can send them, tell them to come on the Steamer "Ariel" up the James River to Fort Powhatan and then they will be in three miles of the place. Please let me know the day they will arrive, as I wish to get our Superintendent to be on hand to examine them as the law requires.

Very respectfully,

J. R. T., (Trustee.)

To our Travelled Friends:

The Normal School has recently improved an opportunity to purchase at reduced cost a Megalethoscope—a very fine instrument for viewing photographs (not stereoscopic views.) We consider it a valuable addition to the educational apratus of the school. It is especially appreciated in the "Parlor Car,"—the pleasant reading-circle established for the resident graduates as we have before described—in its weekly trips to different cities and counties.

If any of our travelled friends can spare from the abundant stores of photographs which travellers are apt to bring home, a few for Hampton, they will be assisting it in an important way. Our Megalethoscope will show pictures of any size from 12x16 inches to card size—landscape shape being preferable.

The Christian Recorder, of Philadelphia, edited by Rev. B. T. Tanner, D. D., and managed by Rev. H. M. Turner, D. D., is by far the ablest newspaper in the land owned and controlled by colored men.

Like the negro himself, it does not lack ability. It is vigorous and pungent, sometimes brilliant in its thrusts, but not always prudent. We do not wonder that the educated colored man of this country in view of all his bearings, finds it hard, sometimes to keep cool

The colored newspapers in the United States, according to a published list in our possession, number thirty-four.

They are an interesting study.

Generally, they do not make the best of things, are not constructive, and fail to make themselves the power they would be were they united in wise and solid measures, and less sensitive and responsive to what are really side issues.

We believe that they are a growing power, and destined to have increasing influence.

A BRITISH WORKMAN has been writing interesting letters to the New York *Evening Post*. Of the effect of a recent speech of John Bright, he states:

"That effect may be briefly described as a general determination to seek homes in this country at the earliest possible moment, and it is worth while to note that this is the determination not of idlers but of the stoutest hearted, most industrious class of England's workmen, the men whose toil has created British wealth, and whose coming to this country would be the greatest gain to us as well as to themselves. Immigration has not always been an unmixed good to us. It has brought to our shores great numbers of the thriftless and the idle and the ignorant, together with men of a better sort. When it promises to give us also men of this correspondent's kind, men who think while they work and who think to some purpose too, it promises to atone fully for whatever ill it has wrought us."

Virginia should be on the lookout for such reinforcements.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN proposes to print advertisements of good lands for sale in this and neighboring states, and to send, in addition to its limited regular circulation in England, one or two hundred copies each month to be seen at and distributed from a well-known office in London, where, for five shillings (we believe), one is allowed to examine maps and accounts from all the states; not to be coaxed into any particular section. The management, having no "axes to grind," maintains itself by collecting all possible facts and charging for the use of them.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

The "*Evening Post*" of New York of January, contains a long and interesting letter upon Howard University. Like "Fisk," "Hampton," and other Institutions for the Negro, it has a peculiar history. Its tap root was the Freedman's Bureau, but it had rather too much of it, largruished awhile, but now is coming to the front as a school of wide-spread influence for good. Its Medical and Theological schools are at the head of that kind of work for the Negro. Rev. Dr. Patton, from Chicago its President has given it an energy that promises even greater results.

The leading Institutions for Negro in the South are in the hands of Northern men of Republican sympathies, and their pupils are likewise, but they are unselfish and true to the interests committed to their care. They are at least abreast of Howard University in commanding the respect and cordial co-operation of good and true men at the South of all classes. We extract from the letter.

"The University is gradually drawing to itself the sympathy and support of the old respectable conservative slaveholding element at the South. It is considered important that this element should be brought into fellowship and co-operation with the University, and efforts are making to accomplish this result. Thus, General Thomas J. Kirkpatrick, of Lynchburg, Va., was recently added to the Board of Trustees as a representative man of this type. General Kirkpatrick is a man of high social standing in Virginia, a Christian man, a leader in the Presbyterian Church, a well-known lawyer and successful politician. He was an officer in the Confederate army during the Rebellion, and a man withal who showed his sympathy with the chattel class by serving fifteen years as superintendent of a colored Sunday-school. At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, this gentleman was requested by President Patton to give the Board his impressions of the University and his ideas on what should be its policy in the future, and this he did with such friendly and sagacious words, that, at the conclusion of his remarks, Frederick Douglas, another of the Trustees who was present at the meeting, arose, and in his most impressive manner said that as an ex-slave he exteaded the right hand of fellowship to an ex-slaveholder on the common ground of their aspirations for the elevation of the colored race. The University has also been visited by two delegates of the Synod of Virginia, appointed for the purpose, who made a thorough study of the aims and facilities of the University and since then have spoken of it in the highest terms. One of them said to a friend, after his visit, "I not only tell you that I am highly delighted, but I gave me for the first time a thoroughly substantial hope for the colored race."

HARPER'S Monthly for February is rich in good things, especially of illustrated articles. That on the Percheron and Norman horse is of practical value to farmers interested in the improvement of his working stock, and suggests "a new field encouraging to all who are prepared to embark in a moderate way in the breeding of large, superior farm and city cart and truck horses." "Washington as a "Burgher," 'Foreign Tips," "A Visit to the Republic of San Marinio," and "Grubstakes and Millions,"—a description of the mining city of Leadville, and other mushroom growths of the rich treasure regions of the Rocky Mountains, are among the most interesting articles.

THE enterprising firm of McMenamin & Co., Hampton, fruit and oyster packers, are putting upon the market a very delicious article of food in the way of Pickled Oysters. It is claimed that nothing but the purest spices and the best vinegar is used in their preparation, and no doubt their superior quality and neat appearance will give them a quick and ready sale with increased demand.

As the January edition was exhausted before the paper had been sent to all the donors of cash and material for our Relief Fund, to make up losses by the burning of Academic Hall, the list is reprinted with such corrections as we have been able to make.

The following Contributions are gratefully acknowledged.

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Thro. Miss Mary A. Longstreth, Phila. Pa.: From her nephew and friends, 1 bundle clothing.

Mrs. E. H. Farnum, $75.00 worth of Clothing;

Miss M. A. Longstreth, Set iron maps of U. S. and Prang's Aids to object teaching, Set Johnsons Maps and Case.

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Rev. Chas B. Rice, Danvers Centre, Mass., 1 bbl. Freedmen's Aid Sewing Circle of Newton, Mass., thro. Miss Ellen R. Jackson, 1 bbl. bedding.

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American Bible society, New York, 50 Pearl References Bibles

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C. B. Dana, thro Miss N. Lord, 1 bbl. books, clothing and bedding.

Miss Julia A. Kellogg, Elizabeth, N. J., 30 copies Lydia Nash's Arithmetic.

Ladies of Cambridge, Mass., thro. Miss Mary E. Howe, 1 trunk and 1 bbl. clothing, 70 yds. cotton flannel.

Through Y. M. C. Association of Hartford, Conn., per Geo. H. Woods, Manager: a friend, 1 bundle clothing; Genl. J. R. Hawley, 1 bundle clothing; H. R. Allen, 1 bundle clothing; Rev. T. K. Fessenden, 1 bundle clothing; Col. D. S. Dewy, 1 bundle shirts; D. C Parsons, 1 bundle clothing; L. H. Bacon, 1 bundle clothing; Mr. Crosette, 1 bundle clothing; Mr. Wilder, 1 bundle clothing; Mr. Ward, 1 bundle clothing; Roland Mather, 28 vo's. books.

J. H. Brooks, Milton, Mass., 2 bundles clothing.

Thro Henry M. Laing, Philadelphia, Pa., from a friend, 22 double desks, 2 large blackboards, 10 large maps, and charts, etc.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 15 Worcesters Comprehensive Dictionary.

Mary M Truman, thro. Henry M. Laing, Philadelphia, Pa., 1 box.

Miss Wigglesworth, Boston, 12 prs. new pantaloons.

Hon. Alexander Hyde and friends, of Lee, Mass., 2 bbls. clothing, bedding, &c.

Clyde Line of Philadelphia Steamers, Freight.

Centre Church, New Britain, Ct., 1 bbl. clothing and beddlng.

Mr. Jam s Bonbright, Phila., thro. Miss M. A. Longstreth, 1 canton flannel, 1 Gingham, 1 Calico.

Miss M. M Walton, Philadelphia, 1 Skull.

Mrs. Jacob P. Jones books.

Miss M. A. Longstreth, 14 Vols. "American Missionary."

J. N. Denison, Boston Mass., clothing and blankets.

Mrs. E. B. M. Knox, Winona, Mass., clothing.

In addition to the above, several packages have been received from unknown donors.

J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Treasurer.

Hampton N. and A. Institute.
Jan. 24th, 1880.

NO LAW FOR THE INDIANS.

At the late meetiag of the American Missionary Association in Chicago, Gen. J. B. Leake read a very full historical paper on the "Necessity of the Protection of Law for the Indian." We can only make a short extract:

"We have given him no redress for civil wrongs. Against a wrong committed by a fellow Indian he has no redress whatever, and we have never pretended to give him any. White men are stealing, openly, from all reservations cattle and horses, or whatever they care to take, without interference or remedy.

There is no law to punish crime of any kind committed by one Indian against another. We have provided that the criminal laws of the United States shall be extended over the Indian country in cases where crime is committed by na Indian against a white man, or by a white man against an Indian. As the the trial must be in the nearest Federal Court, with a jury of white men, the practical application of the law has been that an Indian is always convicted, and the white man always acquitted. Section 34, of the law of 1834, reads: "So much of the law of the United States as provides for the punishment of crimes shall be in force in the Indian country. Provided, the same shall not extend to crimes committed by one Indian against the person or property of another Indian." That condition of affairs is not an accident or an oversight. The law is still in force. The attention of Congress has been called to the fearful condition of the Indian in this regard in nearly every report of agent, superintendent, commissioner and Secretary of the Interior for many years. In 1868 the Commissioner asked "that there be given to proper courts jurisdiction over cases where crimes are committed by Indians against one another." In every one since, in some form, the appeal is renewed, but the high carnival of crime goes on."

A SET OF SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

Perhaps most of our friends know that a "Hampton schoolarship" is a contribution of $70 for a year—$210 for the course—which meets the cost of a student's schooling. His board and lodging he pays for himself, $10 per month, paid, on the average, half in cash and half in labor. He is thus not pauperized, but helped where he most needs help, after making all the honest exertion he can. He can feel that he is working his way up, and his head and hands are trained at the same time. Without these contributions of scholarships, or something equivalent, the school could not continue. In return for them, each student is required once every year to write a letter to the giver of a scholarship, doing his best. The first year he is expected to give an account of his life; after that, of his vacation experience, purposes, or thoughts.

These letters form as good an illustration of the student's progress as can be had. As such, we give a set of them to our readers this month, one from each class. The letters published are selected for their intrinsic interest, while they are from average representatives of the classes, in attendance and ability. They are given here, as they are sent to the contributors—without correction.

FROM AN INDIAN STUDENT.

This young man is nineteen years old, a Yanctonnai Sioux from Yankton Agency, Dakota. He entered the school a year ago, and understood some English and could read in Dakota when he came. He is in the preparatory class.

Dear friend

I want to tell you how I was. I am getting along very well, and like to go to school. I came here Nov 6, 1878 and I try to be white mans way when I was at Dakota Territory I do not know anything. But I came here in Hampton school and I know something white mans do. And when I was 15 years old I go to school at St. Paul's School and I know something, but I was there one year so I could not understand my lesson and not learn talk English but I want to know speak English so I came here this Normal School again. But I do not understand some of the words

because too hard for me but I will trying to talk English and try to be good man, I know some of the white mans way, and I want to know some more so when I get my home I will try to teach my people thats way I want to do. My people they are great deal speak English and they have cut hair and just like white man some are minister and are Deacon and some are teachers my brother he is minister. Last summer he was at Philadelphia and speak English very well. But he is now Dakota Territory on Missouri river the town names Yankton Agesey D. T. thats place I was born and my Father dead about 8 years ago. My mother life. tho Indian people some are good those remember the Church but some are bad those did not remember the Church and did not like to go to school and did not like to be try good man and not work. But they are painting his face and all the time dance and do not know what are doing they are learning just only dance and did not understand anything. I know all my people but some good and some are bad, some like work and some are do not like the work. I like to work and go to school and I will like to obey my teacher and I want to be a good mas. My people some are who good those cut hair and put on American cloth and work. some are black smith and some are carpenter shop and so on. and some Indian have great cows and horses and sheep and wagon and those who are good all time work and like to work but some are did not like work

Dear friend I can not long write so I must stop writing

one of yours truly friend

W——.

FROM THE PREPARATORY CLASS.

For a man of thirty, a minister, to enter the lowest class of beginners in a large school, takes some moral courage, and shows a touching desire to fit himself for his position. We have had several such students at Hampton. Two are now in the preparatory class, one of whom, not long entered, writes as follows:

HAMPTON, VA.

My dear friend:—

I was requested by General Armstrong to write you a scholarship letter, dear friend touching my condition. I am about 30 years of age and was born and raze in the Town call, Washington, North Carolina. I was a slava until the late war frao me. I profess religion about Twelve years ago and sence that time, I have lived a conesant christian Man. My hole desire is to Educate myself for the Lord Vinard. I dont want any higher position in life than to be an amble Christian minister. my object is not for any other purposus. my occupation in life was farming. it is not my object in life to quit farming. But to improve my Brancs for a more higher purpose and to due so I have work and got some money to put me in school about Two years, and inquiring of a school that I could enter, I was told that the Hampton Normal Agricultural institute was the place for me and I came to the school as soon as I could make it convesant and I arrived at the school on the 9th day of January 1879, and was well pleased with the school, and if the Lord will help me and gave me health and straggth, and will be with me, I will not stop school until I finish my scause of study, and so far as my charneter it good and has been so untill now, and I hope it will prove so at the school.

I huvo now father Living, my mother are yet Living I had Two Brothers who died in the United States Armey, my oldest brother he long to first North Carolina Reagment and the next one he long to the United Navay department he join at Neworleans. My oldest brother died at Fortost Monroe, and scence the younger join the Navay at Neworleass, we hava not heard anything from him scence.

So far as myself I am a poor Colored Mas, and if our white Christian friend North will help me and all our Colored People we will be abla to help our selea. I myself give the prayer to the white Christian Missionary people in the Northern States for the improvment of Negro Race in the Southern States.

Know more at present from your friend in Christ.

B——.

FROM A JUNIOR.

Dear Friend,

I am regnested to writh a letter of my past scholarship. I was born in Smithvilla Charlotte cousty Virginia, in the year 1858. My parenta lived with a man by the name of Mr. S., whom he owned as slaves until the end of June. Mr. S. is a farmer and my emancipation. Mr. S. is a farmer and my father is still living with him now acting as head manager on the farm, he is about fifty years of age. My Mother also lives with the same man, and she is about fifty years of age, and she has five living children, three boys and two girls, all of which can read and write some. I have a brother which was graduated at the Hampton Normal School in 1879 and is now teaching school in Charlotte Co. Va. Mr. S. is a very good man to the colored people in Charlotte. After the emancipation, he was the first man who had a schoolhouse built on his farm, in 1868, for the benefit of edueating the colored children. In 1869, the quakers sent a colored teacher from Philadelphia by the name of J. W. Cromwell, who taught one session, he was the first teacher I ever went in my life. I could read a little and count a hundred before I went to school to Mr. Cromwell. My father could read and write very well, though he had never been to school one day in his life; and when I was indeed. I use to be sorry when night came; he use to call me over night, you Richard, you boy, can you count that husdred? no sir. ha would then call me and crack my head, and commence to make me count for him, and kept on in that way until he learnt me how to count a hundred. I use to get very mad with him for it but I came to be glad afterwards, he use to sit down every night and talk with me; boy you better learn how to count, people will cheat you to death, boy. you better learn how to read and write, there is a time coming that you will feel the need of it, and will come to be sorry for it if you don't learn, and kept on after me until he got me interested into it, and then I use to get or take an active part in getting my books every night, and would try to learn how to read and write, at last I got so that I could read and write very well. After I graw to be a good size boy, my old mistress took me in the house to wait on her, and she used to learn me how to read. And when school opened in 1869, I knaw enough to read very well in National first reader and could add numbers very well. My second teacher also was from Philadelphia by the name of Henry Boyer, and he was a good teacher. My third teacher was a self made man by the name of W. J. Johnson of my own town. And my fourth teacher was a graduate of Hampton Normal School, who was a very good teacher, and my last teacher was from South America by the name of Lambert McKenzia a very good teacher indeed. After I went to school to Mr. McKenzie five months during the year 1878, I thought then that I was advanced enough to go to some Institute. I had a great desire to go to the Hampton Institute, as I had heard so much talk about it, and that it was one of the most cheapest school in the United States. Father told me that he was not able to send both of us to a high school, and tried to persuade me out of the notion of going to any high school, and that my health was too delicate to go to Hampton. I said Father I know that my health is very bad, but I will depend on the providence to preserve my health, and of course his loving kindness will watch over me just as much as it will at home. So I took courage depending on the Lord for my success, and remembering the little post when it says, where there is a will there is a way. So I went to work trying to live as economacal or as saving as I could, though wages were very low, but nevertheless, out of a little I made out to save a little. So I went and volunteered without Father's consent, and bought me a trunk, and some clothes, and of course I had some money left, which after Father found out that I was determined to go to Hampton, he told me that he would lend me what money I lacked of paying my school bills this year. I have made up my mind to get an education if it is any way possible, and then I intend to go out into the world, to instruct those who are in the dark, and to do all the good I can towards building up my race, for I find a great need and lack of education even here among some who profess to have some education and how much more it is needed among those who dont know a from b nor a five dollar note from one. Should I be successful in trying to acquire an education, I shall endeavor to try and approve of it and put it to a good use in trying to do all the good I can, in every place I can, everywhere I can, at all the times I can, and to everybody I can.

Most respectfully submitted,

Yours very truly, M.

FROM THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Dear Friend

This is the third time I have had the pleasure of writing a letter of thanks to you. I have been here three terms, I am now in the middle class. I entered the Preparatory class when I came and have been successful so far in being promoted. Perhaps it would interest you to know how I spent my vacation at Hampton. School closed on the thirteenth of June. After making arrangements with Miss M. to stay all summer, I went home and spent a week, they were all very glad to see me. I came back on the twenty-fourth of June, and began my work which was in the laundry.

There were six other girls besides myself, we had quite a pleasant time. We had about one hundred and ten boys, including the Indians, to wash and iron for, which was not an easy job in summer. Every Monday morning early, I washed my own clothes and got through in time for breakfast at six oclock. After breakfast we would wash till the bell rang for dinner; after dinner the bell rang again announcing the time for work; we worked then till supper time. We finished washing Tuesday, and began ironing on Wednesday, and finished that Thursday. On Friday we darned the boys socks, and fixed up their clothes in a closet in the laundry, ready for them on Saturday.

On Sundays we were allowed to visit the churches in the vicinity; but had to be back in time for Sunday school at eleven oclock. At twelve fifteen we had dinner, after which we could go to church if we wanted to, as there was service at all the churches.

But it was so hot and dusty hardly any one cared to go. Every evening after supper, we went directly from the dining room to the chapel for prayers. On Sunday evening after prayers, we remained for a bible lesson given by Mr. R., which was very interesting and instructive. Mr. R. would read the lessos, then we gave our ideas on it, after we were all through, then he explained. During the week we spent the evenings in sewing, reading, and studying. Early in summer Miss G., our matron, promised if we were real good, and things went on nicely, she would give us a picnic out at Shellbanks, and we should have a long drive. Shellbanks was given to the Institute, by some Northern friend for the Indians. It is a very pretty place, fronting on Back River. It is seven miles drive, and about fifteen by water from here.

We started about half after eight o'clock and reached there at ten; the day was intensely hot and on account of the heavy load, we had to drive very slowly. The first thing attracted my attention was the tents. These were used by the Indian boys that were camping out there for a month. Some of them had blankets around them others sheets. I imagined they looked as they did in Indian Territory. They were amusing themselves in every way and seemed to be very happy. Some were fishing, others rowing, and still others playing a game which I think you would like to know something about. They had a large piece of canvas spread on the grass, with about ten boys sitting in a circle. Five of them had long sticks in their hands, and one had eight short sticks. They had three moccasins in the centre of the circle, and while the others sat still and looked on, one would put a bead under one of these slippers, he did it in such a way, that neither of the five boys could tell which one of the slippers it was under.

They then would begin to sing some funny song, which I did not understand. The five boys who had the long sticks, would strike hard on the ground, and then they would begin and turn over the slippers. Each boy turned a slipper in order, till they turned the one that had the bead under it, then he would win some of the short sticks. Then they would begin all over again. In this way they amused themselves for hours; it was quite a curiosity for us. We were called to dinner about two oclock. Some of us sat on the ground, others on low benches. We ate heartily of everything especially watermelons. After dinner we had a sail near Chesapeake Bay. It was the best sail I ever witnessed, every one thought it was delightful. It was all the days of vacation this was the happiest to us. We continued our work till the first of October and then our time was up.

I am trying with all my might to be a senior next term, though I feel very doubtful about it now. Please dont think this uninteresting letter will pay you for your kindness to me, I dont feel like anything I could do would pay you; but by asking God's blessing on you, believing he will pay you, is all I can do.

Respectfully yours

G.

FROM A SENIOR.

Dear Friend

The time has again come when we are to write scholarship letters, which I cannot regret when I think of this fact, that almost none of us would be here, but for the philanthropy of our friends up North, who give the Seventy dollar scholarships. You will pardon me for being a little personal in this. This is my second year at Hampton; when I came I succeeded in entering the Middle Class, which was not I think discreditable considering that I had only gone to school a year and a half before. So you can imagine I had to study right much to be promoted. Now I cannot help thinking of the last day of school, when every one was grave and solemn; a breathless silence prevailed as we assembled to hear the classes for the next session. Only half of my class was promoted, so you can see that our anxieties were not unfounded. Near the beginning of last term I obtained employment in the knitting room agreeing to stay during the summer which I did. About a hundred and fifty remained during the vacation; Our time was spent pleasantly, evening prayers were kept up also Sabbath School on Sundays. After dinner we could go to church in Hampton. Sometimes the minister from H. would come over and preach for us. In July we had a picnic out to the Shell farm five or six miles from here, all had a good time sailing, rowing, playing different games, and lastly but not least the splendid dinner. About the last of the vacation I was borne my health being bad, returning however after a few weeks to resume my studies. I am not sure that it would not be interesting to you to know some of the things, I think, my race need most. It may have been said that the Negro is lazy, this I deny; but acknowledge some faults as had. The colored man will work but he does not know how to take care of what he has earned. Yet he does the most natural thing for him under the circumstances. Spends his money for whiskey and tobacco in imitation of his superiors the Whites. Another thing is this credit system which prevails in the South; a man goes to a grocery gets what he wants and has it charged to him; keeps no account is often charged very high interest or if his creditor is not honest he, the Negro, is cheated out of a great part of his hard earnings. Against immorality and intemperance I have steadily set my face and will remain so, but none the less against ignorance.

What our people need are good men and women for teachers, who have the interes of the race at heart. Those who will work for more than their salaries and do not scorn to work with their hands, thus giving them both precept and example. Such are the most of the graduates out from Hampton. Doubtless you have heard all about the burning of the Academic building but permit me to add this; in the midst of the work and excitement I looked up and saw what was an hour before my room falling in the flames; then I felt a little curious.

I hope that you will not expect too much of me yet I feel that your desire would not be accomplished if I graduated and did nothing for the advancement of others. For thus only half your object would be carried out. My purpose is to do all I can for my people. If the colored people had education and wealth, I believe their political and social rights would be acknowledged.

With many thanks for your generosity toward me, I am

Respectfully yours

W.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

AFRAID OF SANTA CLAUS THE FIRST

ar who gave them to him. I must say I never saw happier children. I only wish you could see them in one of their class. I know you

tle children are looking very different now since I have clothed them in the things that you sent some time ago. They are now read-

come, for it seems like they care for their children's future which they should do, and I really believe they do.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

AFRAID OF SANTA CLAUS. THE FIRST TASTE OF A CRACKER. TOO FULL OF JOY TO TELL HIS MOTHER. UNSELFISH GRATITUDE. HUNTING SMALL GAME. A POLITICIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. NIGHT MEETINGS IN THE MOUNTAINS. QUINCY MUD-PIE MAPS. A PLEASED AND PLEASANT SUPERINTENDENT. SENT HOME IN RAGS. SUCCESS IN A CITY SCHOOL.

A very generous and thoughtful friend of Hampton graduates, who has been plying Santa Claus, on a liberal scale, in some of their little school-rooms, kindly allows us to share a reflection of the pleasure he must have taken in their grateful acknowledgments and simply-drawn pictures of the little ones' delight.

——, VA., *Dec.* 25*th*, 1879.

Dear friend:

Your letter and card are both at hand. The barrel is come also. The Christmas Tree is over at last. The children were pleased and happy. Each child got candy and a present; the little boys who got the caps are as proud as they can be. The people never saw, nor ever had anything like this around here, and as it was new, each tried to get a peep at it. There were about two hundred and fifty people in the house, and I don't know how many outside. Many white people were there and enjoyed it very much. The children did very well. The pieces were spoken excellently, and the singing was very good.

At the end the children were very much surprised to see Santa Claus come in, and many crawled under benches and staid until he was gone.

I don't suppose that they are over their fright yet. I had a few fireworks, which gave them very much pleasure. On the whole we had a delightful Christmas eve.

Hoping that you had a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I am, as ever,

Yours gratefully, P.

——, VA., *Nos.* 12*th*, 1879.

Kind Friend:

I wrote you a card, Saturday, Nov. 8th, stating to you the arrival of your most noble gifts. I went to ——, Saturday, Nov. 8th, and received a barrel of books. Monday, Nov. 10th, I divided the crackers among the children, I never saw children more delighted in all my life. It was such a surprise to them as well as a treat. A great number of them had never seen a cracker. You could hear their little voices from all parts of the room crying out, "Thank you." The last I saw of the children on Monday evening, their baskets, hands and mouths were filled with crackers, from the feast. I found my school increased as much as eight or nine pupils Tuesday. The children at —— have never had advantages in the way of help as children elsewhere. Country children, I find, appreciate what is given them a great deal more than town children. Tuesday Nov. 11th the box of clothing was brought to me. Wednesday, Nov. 12th a great distribution among the children. I never saw such merry children in my life. The school numbered twenty-five pupils the day I gave the things out. I had enough to give all around and then had a great many waists left. I shall give them to the children until they are all gone. My school will be much larger in a few days. The children have been kept back on account of not being clad. I wish you could see and know how much the children appreciate what you send to them. The people about here are quite industrious but have never been helped like others. My pupils are very apt. Those drawing cards that you sent, some of the children are learning to draw beautifully from. I will send you a copy of their drawing before Christmas. They are so anxious for you to see some of their work, since I have told them about you. I have a splendid school; no right to grumble. My books are splendid, and oh! my writing map, I do think it is beautiful! I would not take anything for it. I think my shawl is beautiful. I always wanted one like it.

I have a good boarding place. I have the pleasure, this winter, of boarding with the mother of one of the Hampton graduates. N—— is in New York studying for a doctor. He is working his way through. He expects to enter Buffalo College next Fall. His mother feels very proud of him. I also have the pleasure of teaching within five miles of another Hampton Graduate. It affords me so much pleasure to be so near a Hampton student. I find it quite a pleasure to have some one to converse with about Hampton. I have a great number of small children. A few large girls.

I gave the larger girls some of those aprons. I never saw little girl's dresses fit any prettier in my life. They were just the right size for the little girls. The suits for the little boys fitted splendidly, and they were so very nice. The parents were as glad as the children. One little boy carried his suit home, and he was so overjoyed that he was not able to tell his mother when gave them to him. I must say I never saw happier children. I only wish you could see them in one of their glees. I know you would enjoy it. I have not written you half of the children's capers, because I cannot. You can see from what little I have said that your gifts are very highly appreciated and much needed.

We have what you might call poor people and children at this place. It is one of the offcast places. A place that has not been much cared for. I think I can do more good here than any place I know of.

Your very grateful friend, M.

UNSELFISH GRATITUDE.

The pleasurs of giving is sometimes marred by a lack or npparent lack of appreciation and gratitude. Though the parer the benevolence the less anxiety there is perhnps for a response. The loss from such a lack is greatest to the receiver. There can scarcely be a sweeter example of unselfish gratitude than was shown by these poor little ones who finding there were more children than gifts, helped cheerfully to find the needy ones, and shouted their thanks as loudly as those who got most.

——— Co., Mn., *Dec.* 12*th*, 1879.

Kind Sir:

I have received your letter (dated 28th Nov.,) the clothing and the new supply of books etc., for which I am very thankful. I distributed the clothing last Friday; had nearly fifty scholars present. I notified them on Thursday that I would have something pretty to show them on Friday, and be sure to come out on that day. I did not tell them what it was I had to show. So Friday morning they came out with hearts big with anxiety, to know what I had to show them. After the noon recess I told them that Mr. —— had sent them some clothing, and I was now going to distribute them. At that moment they commenced to shout and clap their hands. and before I could quiot them I had to threaten them with punishment. Before commencing to distribute, I told them, as I had not enough to go round, I would give to those most in need. As I took up piece by piece they seemed to take pleasure in helping me find the needy ones, and those who received but little shouted thanks just as loudly as those who received more than themselves. Sir, there is no end to the thanks the children and people send you for the clothing. And in reason many of them have a great right, for their children were almost naked, and they were not able to buy clothing for them.

I feel truly grateful for the new supply of books, etc., the maps were very much needed. I neglected to say aoything about the crackers in my last letter. I failed not to do with them as you instructed me,—"To eat freely and give freely."

I am glad to receive your papers every week.

I am yours, B.

A SCARED STUMP SPEAKER.

——, VA., *Dec.* 24*th*, '79.

Dear Friend:

I passed a satisfactory examination and opened school in a house large enough to accommodate fifty, with seven long benches and one long desk. During the first week I had twelve little scholars that had never been within the walls of a school house before. I went about the neighborhood hunting up more children. While going along the road up a steep mountain, I met five little boys and girls who were chestnut hunting. I got quite close to them before they saw me. On hearing my foot strike a large stone which lay in the road, they lifted their heads, gazed at me, then darted through the wood like so many wild turkeys. I called to them but in vain. They kept on running. I continued my walk until I reached an old log hut which seemed to have been built in '01. "Who lives here?" said I with a loud voice, though it seemed impossible for any body to live in such a place. I heard a weak voice say, "Come in." I did so, and saw an old women whose head had become white, and figure half bent with age sitting on an old bed made of split wood with a few ragged quilts spread thereon. I asked if there were any children about there that were large enough to enter school. With a feeble voice she said, "There's a good many but none dat seemed so dear to me was sold before de war." "Is your husband living?" I asked:

"Yes, and he's done gone to de mill to get some meal for dinner and him like me, am getting mighty weak. We aint long for dis world." I had fifty cents and I gave it to her. She thanked me and said "God will bless you for dis." I bade her good bye and told her I would come again soon. I reached the top of the mountain and entered another cabin which had two rooms in which two families were living. The lower room had only three plank representing the floor and they were placed near the fire-place. The remaining part was clay. They were glad to hear me say the school bad begun. "We have got seven that'a big enough to go to school and will send them next week." They came and as they had never been to school before, they spent their time in looking about the room. Dear friend, those little children are looking very different now since I have clothed them in the things that you sent some time ago. They are now reading in the First Reader. I, with them, thank you for what you have done for us.

Before the election the gentlemen used to come very often to my school and make some very interesting remarks to the scholars and me, and said they were going to furnish us with everything that was needful after the election. They asked me my opinion of the State debt. I told them I believed firmly all honest debts should be paid. "That is right and you are of the same opinion that we are." They left, laughing quietly among themselves and as they passed the broken window, I heard one say, "We have him all right." After a few days there was a political meetiog held at this Station, and Mr. ——— asked me to attend. I did so, and heard the debt question argued both ways. After the white speakers had finished he called on me to say a few words in behalf of the payment of the debt. I told him I was not a politician and I was rather too young to be in that business. They clustered around me and said, "you must say something to influence the rest of the colored people." I being from home and far from the protection of law or friends, was forced to take my place on the stump. While trembling with fear, a white man brought me a letter from Hon. Fred. Douglas who was in favor of the debt being paid. I read the letter to the colored men and then I said, "my colored friends: I, like Fred. Douglas, believe the debt should be paid, but what race should pay it is a question that should be decided amid yourselves." So I leave you to think and vote for yourselves. My speech was short. There have been a great many colored families thrown out of doors, because they did not vote to suit their employers. Every man, woman and child (colored) who is hired out, is hired by the year. Let the time come as it may they are obliged to stand it, or else lose their year's labor. An able-bodied man gets from $100.00 to $110 00 per year. A number one woman gets $40.00 to $48.00 per year, which they receive in two and three dollar orders. The most of them do not see a cent in cash. A widow, mother of five children, and a first-class seamstress gets $1.50 per week for running a machine. Four of her children come to my school and are learning very fast.

A NIGHT MEETING IN THE MOUNTAIN.

This meeting is held every Wednesday and Sunday night. They meet about half-past eight, after which one of them starts a "little shouting praise," as they call it, which lasts until 12. The most of the women come in and stand with men's hats on. They laugh and whisper during services. I saw, the other night, several of them who had blacked their mouths with charcoal pull some mud from the cracks of the house of which it was the chinking, and strike a man who had bowed in solemn prayer to God. You see there is a great need of teachers and preachers in this section of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

I am now the only one from the Hampton Institute teaching in this County with any such school furniture as was given to me by a Boston friend.

Hoping to hear from you when at your leisure, I am Sir, Your obt. servant, R.

A PLEASED SUPERINTENDENT.

——, VA. *Dec.* 25*th*, '79.

Kind Friend:

The box has been received and contents distributed; it came Tuesday. I came here Tuesday afternoon, with a horse and wagon, and took it to Miss ———'s boarding place, opened it and divided it as directed. I then went on with my half of the articles Wednesday afternoon. After I closed for Christmas, I gave the various articles to the children, their hearts were filled with gladness and thankfulness for the nice presents. I saw some of them this morning dressed in their nice little shawls. I gave the little suit of black clothes to a little boy whose father is dead. He did not know his letters when he first came to me, but he is doing very well now. The boys were very glad of the under shirts. Miss——— had a Christmas tree at her school house to-day; the presents from you, and some from Miss———, made it look very pretty, and her scholars enjoyed the presents very much. I closed my school yesterday, and shall open again next Monday. Miss ——— will do the same. My school has increased to seventy five pupils. I had a pleasant visit from the Superintendent, Col. ———, a few days ago; he was very much pleased with my school and said everything had the appearance of pregress.

Very truly yours, S.

MUD-PIE MAPS.

——, VA., *Dec.* 8*th*, 1879.

My dear Friend:

I am just from my school-room, where I have been all day with twenty-five bright little faces, and sparkling eyes, that I delight to meet every morning. I wish it were possible for you to be present some day, at recitation, so you might see how much interest each child shows; I think you would be pleased and even astonished to see so much interest from children so young.

My school still increases. The narents are showing more interest than they have ever done before, they come in to visit us quite frequently; that seems to encourage the children more and I am sure I feel encouraged to have them come, for it seems like they care for their children's future which they should do, and I really believe they do.

Our Teacher's Inst. is now over; it was not very interesting this year. I read a letter from Gen. Armstrong, to our Supt., expressing his regret at not being able to attend the Institute, on account of the fire.

I can use Monroe's Chart and Primers, Goodrich's Child History, Warren's Geography and the copy-books that you sent me. They use McGuffey's Readers here. I could not use the others as text-books, but I can teach from them on the black-board, which I do from Green's Introduction, and Hagar's Arithmetic.

I have not had a map since I have been teaching Geography; it is inconvenient to be without them too, so I have had to use sand for a map, having the children make the different divisions of land of it, having the table on which it rests answer for the water; they like to work in the sand, when I want my map (sand) arranged.

Hoping to hear from you again, I am,

Yours truly, L.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The young man who sends the following letter is carrying thought into his observation and work. Such workers are valuable.

MD., *January* 19, 1880.

Dear General:—

I would have written you an account of my work before now, but being busily engaged with a very large school have not found time to do so. Many things might be spoken of in connection with this field of labor. By reading the letters in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN I find some other student has told you exactly my experience. I shall endeavor to show the bright side of the picture, and by "reading between the lines" you will observe the dork side.

In '77, when first I came to Moryland, my work was begun in an old log church in the back woods, near a place called Poplor Springs. There I taught seven months. In September, '78, I opened a school at Elkridge Landing, ueor Relay Station. Spent nine months there. Now 1880 finds me at ———, teaching n large and flourishing school. Step by step have I advanced.

The last school was opened on November 24th in the colored church. On January 2d we moved into a large, new schoolhouse, which is filled every day with bright and happy children. This new building is situated in the suburbs of the city. It is about 50 by 28 feet, and is the best public schoolhouse in the county; is provided with an elegant blackboard running the whole length of the room, and upright desks with ink-wells and movable seats which will conveniently seat two, while three little ones can sit on them with ease. It contains also a large self-feeding stove. Land and school-house cost upwards of $500. This is for colored children in the democratic State of Maryland, in whose legislature the vote was unanimous against the ratification of the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments. In the face of this, the whites have no school-house of their own, but rent an old Quaker church in which colored children were formerly taught. When I look at such changes as these and examine their meaning, they astonish me.

When I came here, it did seem as though the "harvest" was too "great" for me. Out in the country I had succeeded, but could I here in the city? What made it worse, white teachers had been teaching the school, and some of the colored people thought it best to have a colored teacher. Whether I could succeed, was more a question of experiment than anything else. To prove the matter, after considering it a while, I went to work, and have now been engaged more than six weeks. My work in the log church at Poplar Springs only trained me for the responsible position which I now hold. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted" has been exemplified in my case. The schoolhouse is crowded to its utmost capecity. Some I have been compelled to turn away. Wherever I go I try by preeept and exsmple to do my duty. How to teach to the best advantage, I make a study, and by so doing my work has been blessed beyond measure. Exhort the graduates, in your Sunday night "talks," to be diligent and *study* their work after leaving Hampton, as they do hook-keeping or algebra; for they will find teaching our race more difficult than either of those studies. "Wise as serpents and harmless as doves" is wholesome doctrine for every student to inculcate. Sometimes one gets discouraged when he works so hard and is not properly rewarded. This is natural. I trust I shall realize something by this year's work.

Now nothing would please me so much as to have yon visit my school. Your presence here would not only benefit me, but increase your knowledge of the great and good work Hampton students are doing in Maryland.

I could say more, but think I have said enough.

I am, very truly yours, D.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

Our record of incidents is supplied by various hands this month, and should therefore have a varied interest. The first contribution is from the Rev. Mr. Gravatt, rector of St. John's Church, Hampton, who has special care of the Indians from the Episcopal Mission stations.

AN EXAMPLE TO THE FLOCK.

"No incidents or facts in Indian life are of greater interest than those which meet the eye of the religious teacher. Their eagerness to learn about the 'good way,' the brightness of their faces when truth is grasped, the power of truth revealed in its freshness to them, and their affection for those who minister to them in holy things, are truly refreshing, and suffice for any amount of labor. Their reverence for things sacred is most exemplary, even in this Christian land where, from life-long familiarity, *we* fail to appreciate privileges, and learn to be unmindful of them. It will no doubt surprise persons unacquainted with the Indians here to know of some of their civilized doings. If absent from Sunday-school or church, they write a note explaining their absence,—such as the following:

'NORMAL SCHOOL, HAMPTON, VA., *Dec.* 28, 1879.

Rev. J. J. Gravatt:—

I couldent to church this morning. I guard to-day. Your truly friend,

GEORGE BUSHOTTEN.'

Where is the white Sunday-school or congregation that does this?

CHRISTMAS.

"I will mention one incident more of an interesting character. Christmas, from the 'glad tidings' it brings, is always a bright and happy festival, but the last was specially so at Hampton. Notice had been given of a Christmas tree for the Sunday-school, which many of the Indians attend. A large and overflowing congregation crowded the sacred courts of the ancient church—possibly 220 years old. A sweet and bright service of Christmas carols began. As was beautifully appropriate, the Indians sang a carol and the 'Gloria Patri' in Dakota, while one of their number played the organ. The whole congregation rose and stood while they caroled joyfully in their native tongue 'for the coming of Christianity,' and prayed 'a gladsome Christmas for all good Christian men.' Surely no one present can soon forget the impression made. When the gifts were distributed, the Indians came forward as their names were called to receive them, having been instructed that these gifts were made because God had given us 'His unspeakable gift,' and that 'God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world but that the world through Him might be saved." J. J. G.

REPORT FROM THE WORKSHOP.

Mr. Starkweather, in charge of the Indians' mechanical training in the various trades, gives the following report from the workshop:

"There is still a marked improvement in the industrial features of the Indians' training, due apparently to the system of compensation recently adopted. Hardly any of their money seems to be spent for trifles. All who contracted debts with me paid promptly. The first Saturday after pay-day many of them were to be seen in town, purchasing articles of clothing. They went from store to store and compared prices and goods most systematically. One asked to be excused early from the shop to attend to matters of his own for which he was to receive money. Permission was given, but he was informed that many repetitions of the favor would affect his month's pay. Upon learning this he could not be induced to go. The matter was fully discussed among the boys, and, since then, I am almost constantly importuned with 'want work.'

"One who was put in charge of several others some weeks ago, with a promise of extra pay if he did well, sent me a note yesterday—written for him by one of the more advanced in English—inquiring how much he could count upon, and when he would receive it. It took the interpreter to explain the nature of the promise fully. He was left to name the amount he thought due him for his extra services, and was assured that it would forthwith be paid. He walked slowly away, with an abashed smile, not venturing to claim a cent.

"The feeling of manhood which animates them as they carefully count over the change, is most noticeable. When any one of them is over ostentatious in rattling his coins, he is sure to be greeted on some side with

"'*Leelah mahza shah!*'—(too much copper metal).

"On the whole, I can think of nothing better calculated to develop them than this practical way of teaching some of life's most indispensable lessons. G. B. S."

THE GIRLS.

Miss Amelia Perry, a Hampton graduate, who for the last seven months has been a valuable assistant in the practical instruction and care of the Indian girls, is about leaving us to teach in the public school in Norfolk. Another graduate of the same class will take her place. She takes with her the very friendly esteem of all connected with the school. The Indian girls had become much attached to her and greatly regret her going. Little Sarah wrote this sentiment in her album, quite unaided:—

"Dear teacher Miss Perry

"I will remember you always. I want you to take care of us all the time. I dont want any body but you. I will cry when you go to teacher some body elee please come to see us again

"Sarah Walker. Fort Berthold Dakota."

Miss Perry says: "If I could give my thoughts to it now, I could remember many interesting little incidents. I have been teaching the new girls to wash and iron their clothes. Some of them did not like to do it at all. I have learned a good many of their words and expressions, and signs, and I know pretty well what they are saying often. And what I don't understand, those who can talk English interpret to me. Some of them did not want to learn. They said it was no good, too much work; at their home they didn't do so, they wore their clothes a long time and then threw them away. I told them we wash our clothes often and mend the holes in them and that makes them last much longer, and they feel much nicer when they are clean. I please tell me again about when you were a little girl and chewed *tobacco*.'"

TEMPERANCE VOLUNTEERS.

Mr. Robbins, who usually compiles these "Incidents," has but just returned from a vacation trip. He contributes the following:—

"The first evening I had the Indian boys together after my return, I talked to them of the wrong and evil results of intemperance. I tried to make it as plain as possible to them, and I had in mind especially one or two of them who had been tempted to drink, and had spent some of their money in liquor. I was greatly surprised the next morning to receive the following little note signed by five of the boys, none of whom I had suspected of ever having taken a drop of liquor, and some of whom are among the very best and most reliable as well as most influential among the Indian students. I was very much pleased by this evidence of their tenderness of conscience and thoughtfulness. They are boys of strong character, and I believe their voluntary pledge will be faithfully kept:

"'*Jan.* 19, 1880.

"'Mr. Robbins,

"'*Dear Sir*:—

"'We are ashame to coma before thee, to acknowledge our great sin against Heaven and the rules of the achool. which wa are now indeed very sorry, and *wish* wa hadn't done so. But we all *agree* that hereafter, we shall never touch or taste the intoxicating liquor as long as we live. So we humbly *beg* thee *forgiveness*, and we shall *remember* and KEEP this *agreement* as long we shall live, for we know now that the "way of sin is sorrow forever."

"'Yours Very Respectfully

"'——— ———.'"

THE PROCESSION OF ALL NATIONS.

On Christmas night, the students were entertained with a grand procession of all nations—the principal countries and tribes of Europe, Asia, Africa, Polynesia, and North and South America, represented by nearly a hundred from the school itself, which, as its visitors know, can supply all shades and types of complexion and features. All the costumes were accurate, though most of them home-made, and the spectacle was very beautiful and instructive. The Indians, as might be expected, were a valuable addition to the forces. Some of them had brought handsome articles of Indian dress with them, beaded moccasins and dresses, leggins embroidered with porcupine quills, bows and arrows, etc. The others had no difficulty in making up for the occasion, with the help of blankets, sheets, and red flannel; while the "Koranic" decorative department was freely drawn on for war paint. The effects were startling, and when the grand march of the nations closed with an Indian war dance, some tears were expressed as to the danger of giving the wild nature a taste of its old wildness. Those who had most to do with the Indians had least fear, however, and the result justified their confidence. The dance was intensely enjoyed, and the whole spectacle heartily entered into, but it was evidently quite understood as a spectacle only. Witticisms were not wanting, and grave declarations,—"I big chief now—no more white man's dress. I come to school to-morrow this way;" but the next day found them clothed and in their right mind as usual. One of their teachers, struck with the change in their appearance, held out her hand with a smile and said, "I'm glad to see you back again, boys." A quick, responsive laugh showed their full appreciation both of the humor of the thing and its graver significance. This quick sense of humor, so often a saving element in character, is a marked characteristic of the Indians. With it they show a corresponding sense of the fitness of things, and power of discrimination, with mental quickness and shrewdness in other directions. H. W. L.

ZULU CHURCH AND SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE ZULUS.

A year or two ago we could read about the Zulus only in books and missionary magazines, but now we may read about them in almost every daily paper. The war between this tribe of Africans and the English has called attention from all parts of the world, and many are asking who these people are who can resist the British forces so successfully.

There are three native races inhabiting South Africa: the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the Kaffirs. The Zulus belong to the Kaffir tribe, and they are sometimes called Kaffir-Zulus. They occupy a region in the south-east part of Africa, including the province of Natal and the territory north of it. Natal is now an English colony, having been made such in 1843, and many English people have gone there to trade and to live. But before these colonists went to Natal, missionaries from America had begun to preach the gospel to the degraded natives. This was in 1835. The Zulus, as they were found, were degraded indeed. The men to be sure, had good forms and features; they were tall and quick in their motions. The earliest missionaries described them as wearing a few feathers upon the head, beads upon the neck and arms, a small piece of the skin of some animal about the loins, and otherwise without clothing. They are a strong, vigorous race, and very brave.

HOW THE HEATHEN ZULUS LIVE.

The ordinary native dwelling is called a "kraal." It looks like a large beehive, and is made of withes covered with thatch. Kraals are usually some eight or ten feet in diameter, and in the center are only four or five feet high, so that no man can stand erect in them. They have but one opening, about two feet high, which serves for door as well as for windows and chimney. If a Zulu has many wives, several of these kraals are built together in a circle, thus making a pen for the cattle. Women are always bought for wives in exchange for cattle, fathers selling their own daughters to the man who will give the most cows for them. The Zulus were never cannibals, but they are very little for human life. It is said that when a king dies his body is not allowed to touch the ground, and before he is buried several of his principal men are killed and their bodies are placed in the grave so that the king may rest upon them. Cetawayo, the present king of the wild Zulus, when the English protested against his slaying so many of his own people, sent back this message: "I do kill, but do not consider that I have done anything in the way of killing. I have not yet begun. I have yet to kill. It is the custom of our na-

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.—The great correct original rather than on their own faulty and bungling copies. The weariness becomes "one-ship"—or the having of a right which others are bound to respect.

have yet to kill. It is the custom of our nation," and I shall not depart from it."

WHAT THE GOSPEL HAS DONE FOR THE ZULUS.

Some one told Mr. Grout, one of the first missionaries who went to Africa, that he was going on a wild goose chase. After thirty years of work there he could say: "If I did, I caught my goose. To be sure it was ten years after the missionaries reached Natal before the first convert was received, but since then fifteen churches have been formed, and large numbers of Zulus have become Christians. They are changed in every respect,—new creatures all through,—with new hearts first, and then with new clothes, and new houses, and new habits.

The picture shows the chapel and a corner of the school house built by the Christian Zulus of Amanzimtote and is said to be a fair representation of the people as they may be seen at any ordinary gathering during the week.

A ZULU CHIEF AND PASTOR.

Our missionaries have sent home a photograph of the Rev. James Dube. The story of this man is remarkable. He was born in the interior, in a common kraal, where he lived as all Zulu children did, naked and untaught. He was the son of a chief, but when he was quite a boy, his mother fled with him towards the coast because a war had broken out between the tribes in the region where he lived. They came to one of the missionary stations, built a kraal, and there James cared for his mother. He soon became a Christian, and when he had gained an education he was made a teacher. After a while the people of his tribe came to get him away from the mission, offering him the place of chief, to which by birth he was entitled. He had only a small salary as teacher, and the chieftainship would have given him everything which an ordinary Zulu thinks worth having: cattle, wives, and authority. But he answered them: "I want you to take Christ for your chief, and then I will gladly be your servant and teach you about him." He seems to have acted on the command Jesus gave his disciples when he said. "He that is great among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief as he that doth serve." In 1870 Mr. Dube was ordained as pastor over the native church at Inanda, and one of our missionaries, writing about him at that time, says: "While he has renounced every rag and tatter of heathenism, he is still greatly respected by his people. They know him to be a true man, a wise man, inside man, inside a nobleman," He was a little over six feet high, of splendid form and feature, and though black as any negro, it was rare for a stranger to meet him without asking: "Who is that fine-looking man?" His preaching was said to be remarkably serious, earnest, and eloquent, so that he always deeply moved his hearers. But before he had time to show all that a Zulu could be or could do, God called him away from earth. He did in 1877. Well did one write about him at his death under the title "Ripened Fruit." There is more of such fruit to be gathered in Zululand. The English are sending thousands of men to South Africa to fight the Zulus. Can we not send a few more missionaries to save them?

Teacher's Table.

GEOGRAPHY SONG.

(This lively little song goes nicely to the air of "The King of the Cannibal Islands." Perhaps some others as suitable will suggest themselves to teachers.)

Oh, have you heard Geography sung?
For if you've not, its on my tongue,
About the Earth in the air that's hung,
All covered with green little islands.
Oceans, gulfs, and bays, and seas;
Channels and straits, sounds, if you please,
Great Archipelagoes, too, and all these
Are covered with green little islands.

All o'er the earth are water and land,
Beneath the ships or where we stand;
And far beyond the ocean strand
Are thousands of green little islands.
Continents and capes there are,
Isthmus and then peninsula,
Mountain and valley, and shore stretching far,
And thousands of green little islands.

All o'er the globe some circles are found;
From east to west they stretch around,
Some go from north to southern bound
Right over the green little islands.
Great equator, tropics two,
Latitude lines, longitude, too,
Cold polar circles, and all these go thro'
The thousands of green little islands.

Oh! don't you think 'tis pleasant to know
About the sea and the land just so,
And how the lines, the circles, go,
Right over the green little islands?
Now you hear how we can sing;
This is, to day, all we can bring.
Come again soon, and then you shall hear
The names of the green little islands.

MRS. M. H. SLADE.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.—The great need of teachers and schools in the South is apparent from the following statistics from the last State reports:

Virginia, school population 280,840 white and 202,852 colored, only 208,000 being enrolled in the schools; North Carolina, school population 278,787 white and 148,613 colored, total enrollment 226 000; South Carolina, school population 85,078 white and 152,203 colored, school attendance 54,118 whits and 62,121 colored; Georgia, school population 137,817 white and 72,055 colored, number of persons over 18 years of age unable to read, 20,830 white and 158,494 colored; Florida, school population 72,083, of which about half are colored, average daily attendance 23,033; Alabama, school population 214,730 white and 155,525 colored, of which 100,713 are enrolled; Mississippi, children of school age 338,153, and but 302,310 attend school; Louisiana, school population 274,406, with an average daily attendance of 83,407; Texas, school population 104,453, enrollment 140,530; Arkansas, school population 187,407, and only 33,747 in the public schools; Tennessee, school population 343,917, 201,152 enrolled; West Virginia, of 201,237 children only 130,204 attended schools. The total appriations the past year for the Peabody fund were $74,850, and $33,000 was on hand for the ensuing year.

THE PRESIDENT'S OPINION of the duty of the Government to promote popular education was clearly given in his last Message. He says:

"It is gratifying to learn from the Bureau of Education the extent to which educational privileges throughout the United States have been advanced during the year. No more fundamental responsibility rests upon Congress than that of devising appropriate measures of financial aid to encourage and supplement local action in the States and Territories, and in the District of Columbia. The wise forethought of the founders of our Government has not only furnished the basis for the support of the common-school system of the newer States, but laid the foundation for the maintenance of their universities and colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts. Measures in accordance with this traditional policy for the further benefit of all these interests and the extension of the same advantages to every portion of the country, it is hoped, will receive your favorable consideration. To preserve and perpetuate national literature should be among the foremost cares of the National Legislature."

COPYING.—One of the most valuable exercises for a class of almost any grade, as soon as it has learned to write, is copying from any interesting book or paper. It teaches writing, spelling, punctuation, words and construction of sentences, all at the same time, besides cultivating accuracy and quickness of observation, and a taste for reading. Do not continue the exercise to weariness, and do not try to keep the writers together. Let each write as much as he can write carefully in the time. Select short stories, anecdotes, bits of interesting information, and sometimes short and good poems. There is no need that all should write the same thing. Pick up the selections wherever you can find them. By exchanging with each other, one good set will last a class a long time. Insist on accuracy. Poetry should be written in its proper form—paragraphs, verses, capitals, etc., observed.

There are various ways of correcting the exercises. One is to go over each carefully, and draw a line under each mistake—each word mis-spelled, or wrong word used, indicating each omission of word or punctuation-mark by a caret. Then return the papers and let the pupil look up the mistakes, and correct, either by re-writing the whole, or writing the words or lines correctly on a separate paper. The latter plan is the best, because beginners, who would most need to re-write, would be likely to make other mistakes in the second copy, and to go over it too often would create disgust.

For further advanced, or more practised pupils, it is a good plan to simply indicate at the bottom of the exercise the number of mistakes of various sorts—as; 4 words mis-spelled, 1 line omitted, 3 wrong punctuation-marks, 8 punctuation marks omitted, &c. The pupil has then to compare his copy carefully with the original, and find out the mistakes himself.

Another plan is not to return the papers to the pupil for correction at all, but to simply keep a record of his mistakes and inform him of their number. This may be made an inducement to greater carefulness, especially as he finds his mistakes decrease with practice, as they will if he is not culpably negligent. This is perhaps the best way—certainly for beginners, for several reasons. Their eyes are better trained to good spelling and proper form of sentences by always dwelling on the correct original rather than on their own faulty and bungling copies. The weariness and disgust are avoided which would be fatal to one of the principal objects of the exercise, the development of a liking for good reading. The corrections of their mistakes is equally insured by copying new selections, for the same words are constantly recurring and those which are most important recur oftenest.

The most advanced class, after they get to be pretty good copyists themselves, may find excellent exercise in correcting the papers of the lowest class. Call it proof reading, if you like, and let them learn to do it as the printers do; you can find the signs used in proof reading at the end of the Unabridged Dictionaries—Webster's or Walker's—or in any printing office. They are easily learned.

In the end, with proper care, you will have taught your pupils two good trades, copying and proof reading, besides improving them in all the ways we have indicated. We have tried the plan and knowthat it is good.

FINANCIAL ISSUES AND THE NEGRO VOTE.

In at least seven of the States forming the American Union, the negro vote is an important, if not a controlling factor. During the next few years, financial issues will be the main ones before the country, and on these the people will have to vote. These are a couple of bald facts, and the relation of one to the other presents a serious question. From necessity, the great majority of the negroes are ignorant and vote ignorantly! and some people, resting their belief on the doctrine of chances, claim that the negro is as likely to vote the right way as the wrong way, on questions concerning which he knows nothing. The facts of history are rather against this doctrine of chances, for whenever the colored people have had a controlling voice in financial matters of State, folly or worse has marked their action. As a single instance, take the financial legislation of South Carolina when under negro control. It would be a grave injustice to white knaves to lay all the blame on the negroes; but if white rogues concocted the villainies there practised, the negro majority went hand and heels with them and not against them. The remarkable way in which the colored vote was cast in this State at the last election is another case in point. So far as can be understood, the following thin bit of sophistry won the colored vote: "The bulk of Virginia's debt was contracted when you colored people were slaves; why should you as citizens help pay it?" This gauzy talk was effective, and when coupled with the promise of office and increased school facilities, caused a surprising political revolution. It seems almost a waste of paper to show the hollowness of this sham; but by the same line of reasoning, the colored people should decline to pay any taxes to the United States, which would be used to pay any obligations of the United States contracted before the 13th Amendment went into effect. Sauce for the goose is supposed to be sauce for the gander, and it is always well to bear in mind that emancipation was an incident, not the object of the late war. If we should follow this line of argument a little further, it is manifest, that all children born after 1865, should decline, when they reach maturity, to pay taxes to discharge obligations incurred before they were born. Enough perhaps has been said of this diaphanous plea—it was absurd, but yet it was successful; it had not even the merit of newness, yet it was accepted as unanswerable.

On matters of public finance the white portion of the American people are none too well informed, as the actions of their representatives in Congress abundantly prove. Nevertheless, the higher average education of the Anglo Saxon enables him to discern more quickly wherein he is wrong, especially when the Schoolmaster Experience devotes himself to the sensitive nerve that runs through the breeches' pocket. Both the educated and the uneducated know the difference between what are called "good times" and "bad times," but the former seek to know why "times" are better or worse, while the latter accept them as they happen to be, and are jubilant or depressed accordingly. The most profound thinker America has produced says, "Cause and effect are but the two sides of one fact;" the educated man seeks to see both sides of the fact, while his less investigating neighbor is satisfied to look on only one.

The strong individuality of the negro is probably his most dangerous characteristic: if an appeal be made that reaches him as an individual, it will probably be effective; but if it be made so as only to reach him as one of a class, as a citizen of a citizen government, it will as likely fail as succeed. For two hundred and fifty years the negro in this country lived under a system, the dominant feature of which was *property*. When we translate this Latinism "property," it become ownership, and if we go one step further, "ownership" becomes "one-ship"—or the having of a right which others are bound to respect. Herein we find "the why" of the strong individuality of the colored voters.

To see an inch ahead of one's nose is not an universal attribute, and those who endorse a financial policy, that looks all to the present and none to the future, are but blind leaders of the blind, with a bottomless pit not far ahead of them. In this age of ours we must either go ahead or be left behind; to try to stand still, or to be only what our great-great-grand-fathers were, is to be what they are,—dead—and as rusty as the nails in their coffins. Hardly any section of the United States has so many natural resources, and so little capital to develop these resources, as our Southern States. Why waste time in proving that every act tending to drive out capital is an act of political suicide? Nothing is so timid as capital, and it is more afraid of financial folly on the part of legislatures, than of ruffians' revolvers or the torches of incendiaries. European emigration is assuming vast proportions, yet how much lands Southward? Capital aroused from a six years' nap is hungry for remunerative employment; but how much is pressing the Potomac and the Ohio? In the last twelve months Kansas and her neighboring states have started and are rapidly completing a railroad system second to none in the Union: steel clad and triumphant, these roads are carrying population and prosperity with them. How did these states do this? By linking Capitol and Labor, and giving the most possible encouragement to both of them. Capital without Labor is as useless as Labor without Capital, and every policy that would invite one to a state, and forbid the other, is about as sensible as to request a deaf mute to entertain an audience of blind persons. What every voter should do is to ask himself whether the policy of his state, (I care not what the state may be,) is favorable to inviting capital and labor to it. If it be not, then the citizen must blame himself in part; for he is part of the State. A state only exists through its citizens; if it commit a folly or a crime, it is only reflecting the folly or crime of a majority of its citizens. Party lines are impassable barriers only to professional partizans: a good citizen should no more be willing to be cooped up under a party platform, than an eagle should sigh for a wire cage.

Financial fallacies will reach the negro voters more readily than other voters, because the exponents of the fallacies (orators and writers) will address the negroes' individuality and dwell solely on the present. Those presenting the truth, will of necessity address all, and speak as much for the future as the present. Economic truth knows no color line, nor class distinctions,—all economic fallacies do. There is no denying the old proverb "Truth is mighty and will prevail," but it is well to remember that the second verb is in the future tense, and no matter *what will* prevail, error *does* prevail, and that too very largely. Closing our eyes to difficulties never surmounts them, and there is no use in winking at the difficulty of preventing the colored citizens being led to their own satisfaction on financial fallacies, and voting in that direction.

T. T. D.

A HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF DISCIPLINE.

It is not often that thanks for merited discipline are so speedily and frankly returned as by the writer of the following letter, a Hampton student suspended for a year to teach or work. Such an experience is however frequently of great value to a student with good stuff in him, the natural discipline of life bringing sooner or later maturity of character, and appreciation of the advantages he has had.

——, TEXAS, *Jan. 13th*, 1880.

General:

Sir—I would have been much more satisfied if I could have written to you before now. But feeling condemned about the way I behaved when I was in school I could not raise the courage to write, until I could do something to encourage my feelings. I was angry when I left, but I found out since that I was a fool. I am now in Texas; and am teaching free school. The people here are ignorant and I find no education of semi use. I expect to open Sunday School this Sunday; but we haven't any books; neither Bibles, nor testaments; nor papers.

I will close by saying I am under many obligations to you for sending me away for a term, and hope you will really excuse me for doing so badly. I hope I have seen the worth of an education.

I will be happy to hear from the school, and also from you. My best regards to Miss M—— and Miss E——, also Capt. Romeyn.

I remain, your student, B.

P. S. General you did me ($100) one hundred dollars worth of good.

PLEASE WRITE TO SANTA CLAUS.

——, D. C., *Dec. 19th.*

Dear friend:

Your letter was received; thank you for sending me C——'s letter; I enjoyed reading it ever so much. I imagine I could see those poor people sleeping up on those little bundle of rags in the corner. Right here some are no better.

To-day I had to send one of my large boys home because he was so dirty, and his clothes were so poor they hardly covered him. All the children are quite small: from five to six except three boys and two girls. The girls are as tall as I am and the boys a little taller. My school gets along nicely otherwise. Sometimes, when it is very cold, a great many have to stay home on account of not having any clothing and shoes, but just as soon as it gets a little warm the school is just as full as ever with happy faces and laughing eyes. To-day, about one dozen children came up to my desk at noon and asked me if I would please write to Santa Claus to send them something. I smiled and said, "I fear he won't answer me." They are so kind to me. Every few minutes some one of them wants to know if I do not want a fresh pitcher of water, or some coal on the fire, or some thing of the sort. I hardly need any Histories for my school as yet, my children are not far advanced enough. If you find only been here to-day and heard some of my children read in those little Primers you sent, you would not regret that you sent them. I know. They do read nicely; not one knew their letters when I took them; and now every one can read a little, but some are still spelling words and pronouncing as queer as ever. To-day I gave the word *as*, to one child, and the child spelled the word *so*, and pronounced it *as*.' The whole school roared. I could hardly keep from it myself. I do not think the maps would be out of place, because I tell them a great many things, and that would help me to tell and show them the places. I thank you ever so much for the present you sent in the letter. I will try to make good use of it.

My little niece is very anxious to write you a letter, but she is sick now; had to stay home from school. With many thanks for your kindness.

I am yours, S.

HOW THE INDIANS MADE THEIR ARROW-HEADS.

A young man in the Smithsonian Institute, writes the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, has just made public the discovery of the method employed in making the stone and volcanic glass arrow-heads, daggers, knives, axes and razors of the prehistoric races. Up to this time this has been a great problem to all antiquarian students, but no theory has ever been advanced showing so practical results as Cushing's. He started to solve the difficulty by putting himself in the identical position of the Aztecs or Mound Builders—without anything to work with except sticks, various shaped stones such as he could find on the banks of my stream, and his hands. After making some rude implements by chipping one flint with another he discovered that no amount of chipping would produce surfaces like the best of those which he was trying to imitate. He therefore came to the conclusion that there was another way of doing it, and, by chance, tried pressure with the point of a stick, instead of chipping by blows of a stone; when, presto! he found that he could break stone, flint and obsidian in any shape he chose. Soon he had made spear-heads and daggers that would cut like a razor, as good as any he had before him, which had been picked up from all over the world. By a little more observation, he found that the "flaking," which he calls his process, on the old arrow-heads left grooves that all turned one way. He produced a like result by turning his stick the easiest way from right to left. He therefore concludes that that the prehistorics were right-handed people like ourselves. This conclusion is reinforced by the fact that occasionally an arrow-head is found that has flakes running from left to right, showing a left-handed person. The importance of the discovery is that it shows that the early races were able to do this work without the use of iron or bronze, a thing long doubted.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

"What will you have?" says the bartender. "What will you have?" Methinks that I can answer that question. First, to the shoemaker who is asking for for gin. "What will *you* have?" You will have an empty pocket. There comes my neighbor the book-binder. His hand shakes as he raises the glass. Ah! you will have the palsy. Sorry am I to see in this den the cooper Mr. Scantling; both his sons are beginning to drink. He looks about suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whiskey. Ah! friend, you will have a pair of drunken sons. And now the crowd increases, for it is Sabbath night. Two voices call: "What will you have? Misguided souls, I greatly fear you will have a deathbed without hope.

Agricultural.

A NEW CEREAL FOR THE WEST.

In the regions of western Kansas, where there is liable to be a lack of rainfall in any season, and where corn especially must have plenty of moisture to produce a crop in paying quantities, a grain that will not merely be a succedaneum, but will absolutely take the place of corn, has been experimented with during the past three seasons, and it is believed to be demonstrated beyond a doubt that it will add very much to the value of western lands.

This grain is called here Egyptian, or rice corn, and, so far as known, has not been cultivated in any other part of the United States. The seed was obtained from the display made by the Egyptian government at the Centennial Exposition. The name is derived from the resemblance of the grain to rice, and, so far as it has been experimented with, has proved a success, both in wet and dry seasons. While growing this crop can barely be distinguished from sorghum; the seed forms at the top of the stalk in large bunches, and, as it ripens and gets heavier bends over and hangs down, not unlike a cluster of grapes. It belongs to the sugar-cane family and is cultivated in the same manner and as easy as sorghum or broom corn. One bushel of the seed is sufficient for five acres, and it has been put in here with a wheat drill. In harvesting the heads only are gathered, and a good threshing machine will clean ready for market two thousand bushels a day. The specimens raised this year weigh sixty pounds to the bushel. The yield per acre in 1878 was from sixty to seventy-five bushels. This season, which, as said above, has been a very dry one, the yield was forty to forty-five bushels per acre. No scientific analysis has been made of this new grain as yet; indeed, it is scarcely known, except in some two or three counties in western Kansas, where it has been grown by several farmers who desire to find some grain that would serve in the place of corn as a food for stock. The trial by these men has satisfied them that for horses, cattle, sheep, or swine it is superior to maize, and farm animals to which it is fed give it the preference to corn when both are laid before them. When ground into meal the rice corn is about equal to a mixture one-third wheat flour and two-thirds corn.

The value of this new grain to the people of western Kansas can hardly be estimated when considered as a sure yield in any season, and it will enable the stock raiser to fatten his herds at home instead of shipping them east, as has heretofore been mostly the custom for fattening. The vast plains in the portion of this state, so celebrated as grazing grounds by reason of the buffalo grass with which they are covered, and its excellent climate, will be doubly valuable if further experiment confirms the value of this hitherto unknown grain.—(*Letter to Chicago Times*)

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

There is nothing on the farm in which there is such a reckless expenditure of money as there is in farming implements. It is not only necessary that every implement on the farm should be of the best kind, but that it should be properly taken care of and kept in the best possible order until wanted for use, for it is just as impossible for a farmer to raise and secure good crops with bad or worn out implements as for a mechanic to do good work with an indifferent tool; and for a farmer to delay putting his implements in order until wanted for use, manifests a degree of negligence totally incompatible with good farming. It is in this particular that so many farmers are culpably negligent, nothing being more common in every neighborhood than to see tools and implements scattered over the farm in all directions, the plow here, the harrow there, log-chains, hoes single and double-trees the dear knows where, and more time lost, perhaps, in hunting them up, if found at all, than it would take to do the intended job for which they are wanted. Now is the time if not attended to before, when every implement on the farm should be personally examined by the farmer, and every necessary repair made at once, so that they may be ready for use on the opening of spring. There is nothing like foresight in this matter, for it is always attended with a saving of time and labor, and nothing shows greater negligence on the part of a farmer than to have such work to do in the midst probably of other and more important business. Let every farmer then, not rest easy until he has given this matter his personal attention, for he may depend upon it it will be the means of stopping many a "hog-hole" in his expenses, if not in his fences.

The Garden.—Although little can be done in the garden at this season of the year, everything should be put in readiness for the work. All seed to be bought should be ordered now, and those raised upon the place be cleaned and put away in small bags, ready for use, and any old or doubtful seeds—especially of the parsnip, carrot, onion, and such other as it is not safe to rely upon after the first year—discarded and fresh seed procured. Have, too, every bag or parcel of seed labeled with the date of the year when gathered, never trusting if you would be sure they are fresh. New sorts come into notice every year, and generally under the claim that they are superior to the old standard varieties, but upon the first trial nine out of every ten are never heard of again. Of these it is well enough to make trial on a small scale, but they should never be depended upon for a crop.—*Baltimore Weekly Sun.*

The agricultural department has published a comparative table on the crops produced this year and last, together with the prices obtained by the producers, as follows.

	1878.	1879.
Wheat, bushels	437,142,493	448,774,000
Corn, bushels	1,388,218,742	1,547,876,000
Oats, bushels	414,578,560	264,555,000
Rye, bushels	23,842,791	21,611,000
Barley, bushels	42,145,841	43,181,2 0
Buckwheat, bushels	12,710,889	13,141,6??
Cotton, bales	5,216,931	5,?03,?87
Potatoes, pounds	39,?46,?99	384,0?5,659
Hay, tons	39,?98,?96	35,618,000
Potatoes, bushels	124,198,?50	181,?50,000

	Price.	
Wheat	$126,316,121	$499,104,000
Corn	411,113,425	580,?5?,0 0
Oats	101,?41,?80	120,?5?,000
Rye	13,?82,?89	13,?05,000
Barley	24,483,315	23,?15,?00
Buckwheat	6,441,130	7,?0,?83
Cotton	191,?54,?11	231,0?0,000
Tobacco	22,137,425	21,4?4,?91
Hay	286,?45,?32	2?9,?83,?00
Potatoes	74,?19,?13	78,?71,000
Total	$1,?85,?0,?56	$1,?04,?80,?59

This increase of some $415,000,000 in a single year is a most encouraging result. But there has also been a gain in other values besides those of the crops noted above. The statistician of the department, who is reported to be gathering material upon which to base a careful estimate of the total increase in certain other values during the year just closed, to include the increased price of real estate and mining property; expresses the opinion, based upon material already gathered, that it will not fall below $1,000,000,000.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

Three successive shocks of earthquake gave Havana, Cuba, a violent shaking up on the night of Jan. 24th. Great consternation prevailed and nearly every house in the city was deserted.

The United States Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro South America, says: "The imports from Great Britain during the last year amounted to about $17,000,0 0; from France, $3,0 0,0 0; and from the United States about $1,?0,000. Of the 414,?33 barrels of flour imported, 3?4,9 barrels were from the United States. The chief export to the United States was coffee, valued at $11,0?,0?1. Of the 1,4?? foreign vessels entering the harbor of Rio only 171 were American."

Twenty-five serious railroad disasters occurred in Great Britain during the month of December last.

A despatch from Berlin says: "The new German protective tariff has already had a marked effect, especially in the price of breadstuffs. Wheat is now 35?6 per cent higher than at the time when the tariff bill was passed. Rye is 55 per cent higher, barley 25 per cent, and oats 17 per cent. The German shipping trade has appreciably declined in consequence of the tariff."

President Prado of Peru, who has been supplanted by General Pierola, now Dictator is in New York.

An official dispatch received at the Chilian Legation at Paris announces that General Baza, President of the Republic of Bolivia, has been deposed and has fled.

A dispatch from St. Thomas states that news has just reached there of terrible floods on the island of St. Kitts, by which two hundred lives have been lost, property to the extent of $250,000 destroyed and the whole island devastated. The island is twenty-three miles long, fifteen miles broad and covers an area of sixty-seven square miles. It is one of the Leeward group of the British West Indies, and was settled in 1625 by English and French colonists and divided into upper and lower parts. The whole population of the island does not exceed 25,000, and of these 200 perished and many of the rest are homeless.

DOMESTIC.

The termination has at length been reached of the trial of Rev. Herbert H. Hayden, on the charge of murdering Mary Stannard at Rockland, Conn., in September last. The trial commenced on the 7th of October and closed on Monday, January 19—the jury failing to come to an agreement.

Frank Leslie, the publisher, died on Saturday afternoon Jan. 18th, at his residence in New York city, from the effects of a cancer. Leslie's publications were actively sold. His *Illustrated Newspaper*, the best known of his papers, was launched Dec 14, 1855, and is therefore a quarter of a century old.

A serious accident occurred on the New York elevated railroad on Saturday, Jan. 24, caused by a train leaping from the track to the street below. Several persons were badly injured, and property destroyed to the amount of $25,000.

Messrs. Parnell and Dillon of Ireland, who are traveling over the United States soliciting funds for the relief of famine—stricken Ireland are meeting with only indifferent success

POLITICAL.

General Garfield elected to the U. S. Senate from Ohio, will take his seat the 4th of March, 1881, when he will have completed his eighth term of continuous service in the House. He entered the House in December, 1863. He was born in 1831, and was graduated at Williams College, Mass., in 1856. General Garfield was at one time one of the trustees of the Hampton Institute.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations for Ministers to the respective countries named:

James Russell Lowell of Massachusetts, Minister to England.

John W. Foster of Indiana, Minister to Russia.

Lucius Fairchild of Wisconsin, Minister to Spain.

Philip H. Morgan of Louisiana, Minister to Mexico.

The State of Maine has become so nearly that both Parties, the Republican and Fusion, feel the necessity and importance of their superior leadership; consequently each has set up a Government of its own and each is sailing in its own ship in the race for supreme control, with the Republicans many boat-lengths ahead.

ITEMS.

BUSINESS IN CHICAGO.—During 1879, Chicago received 13,824,?23 bushels of breadstuffs, and shipped 129,8??,?51 bushels, as against 134,?86,?56 received and 118,?75,?69 shipped in 1878. The total farm products received in 1879 had a weight of 5,?75,000 tons, against a weight of 5,?10,0?? tons in 1878. The value was $?32,000,000, against $?18,000,0?0, an increase of 16 per cent. The wholesale transactions, independent of breadstuffs reach $?1,000,000, and the sales of goods manufactured in Chicago aggregated $?30,500,000. Making a close estimate of these transactions and excluding duplicate sales, when such were included under both heads, the joint sales during the year at wholesale of manufactures and other specialties, aggregate $?12,000,000. The grand total value of breadstuffs, merchandise, and manufactured goods reached the handsome sum of $?61,0?0,000, an increase over 1878 of 17?? per cent.

EXTENSIVE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.—Investigation shows that since the organization of the National Government 329 treaties have been made with 227 tribes or bands of Indians. The total number of Indians on reservations, according to latest census returns, is about 240,000, and the extent of their reservations is 238,359 square miles or 151,?97,?88 acres. This would give every Indian, young and old, nearly one square mile of ground. These figures include the Indian Territory, the population of which is placed at 75,0 0 and is an area of 44,000,000 acres. In Dakota, 27,901 Indians have nearly 35,000,000 acres, or over two square miles for each Indian. The 22,000 Indians in Montana have over 31,000 acres, while the 3,0 0 in Colorado have nearly 12,000,000 acres, or about six square miles for every Indian.

GOLD AND SILVER PRODUCTION.—For the past year, as compared with the predecessor, California shows a decrease in gold of $140,312, and in silver of $?09,145. Nevada shows a total falling off of $13,184,?55, the yield from the Comstock being only 48,830,552 as against $1,?53,?83 for 1878. Colorado shows an increase of over $?,000,000 chiefly from the Leadville district. Dakota shows an increased production of $?33,182.

Oysters! - Oysters!

The canning of steamed oysters has long been an important branch of industry in Baltimore; but the canning of the very best oysters in the Chesapeake, almost on the spot they are caught, is an entire prize just established. The undersigned feels confident that in opening a Packing House at this point, he is affording his fellow-citizens in all parts of the country, an opportunity, which he hopes will be appreciated of getting the best and freshest of oysters, prepared in the most healthful way, at the most moderate prices.

An Oyster may remain out of water many hours, nay days, before it be completely spoiled; but from the moment it is caught and exposed to the air a process of deterioration goes on. It needs no argument to show that the sooner an oyster is hermetically sealed after being caught the better it will be in taste, solidity saltiness, and healthfulness. Within a radius of fifteen miles of this point, are millions on millions of bushels of oysters, from the best of which will the stock used, be selected. The time consumed in transporting the bivalves from their beds to the packing House is not worth considering, especially as the majority of the boats employed are the little "canoes" peculiar to these waters.

My packing is at present divided into three grades, according to the size of the oysters use: the same care, however, is taken in the preparation of all grades. A case of one pound cans contains 4 dozen; a case of two pound cans contains 2 dozen. Owing to the unsettled condition of the market, I can only quote to day's prices, which are as follows:

Giants of Hampton Roads, No. 1 — No. 2 $3 00 per doz,
Beauties of Hump's Roads, " 1 $1 ?5 " " 2 $2 00 " "
Cove Oysters, " 1 $1 50, " 2 $1 75 " "

The above prices are net cash, and remittance may be made by draft on New York, Chicago or Norfolk, or else by P. O. order. Authority to draw at sight with bill of Lading attached will ensure the prompt forwarding of any goods ordered. If preferred, cases can be sent by Adams express, C. O. D. but unless specially directed, all shipments will be made via Norfolk Va.

T. T. BRYCE,
Box 13, Hampton, Va.
Direct all telegrams, via Fort Monroe.

THE HYGEIA HOTEL, $66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co, Portland, Maine.

Hard Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the publicin general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On receipt of can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad, and Deviliced Crabs,—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surpassing delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all sea-food, for excelling in fineness of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on while the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. No only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, lanches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $6 00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to slight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C O D, at the rate of $2.50 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

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Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

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AT

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Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

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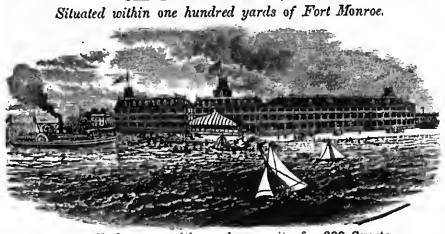

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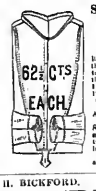

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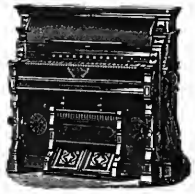

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SOWING THE SEED.

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It has often made me feel sorry to observe how much suffering there is among children; how often, instead of being happy, they are discontented, fretful, and complaining; how often the air is filled with their cries. We may be very sure this crying is often caused by bodily illness, since we know how large a number of the children that are born die before they are five years old. Those who have studied the matter tell us that out of every hundred children that are born, thirty-never live to see their fifth birthday come round. Before all these deaths there must have been a time, longer or shorter, of weariness, sickness, and pain, that makes one's heart ache to think of.

Many are trying to teach our people how to change this sad state of things by better management. Pure air and water, warmth, and cleanliness, will do much in giving health and longer life to the poor little ones. I am going to add a few words about another thing, the importance of which, I think, we too often forget both in the case of the old and young: I mean a cheerful and contented mind. As I believe that illness is very often the real cause of fretting and crying which people are apt to punish as crossness and bad temper, so I think it is also true that fretting and crying in their turn make children ill. Is it not so with us older people? Do we not all know that when any great sorrow comes upon us and our eyes grow dim with weeping, we suffer in health? The appetite goes, the head aches, the face grows pale, and the limbs lose their strength. Be sure, then, that a constant state of dulness, discontent, worry, and fretfulness, though it may not have such a strong effect on the body as that, yet lowers the strength. Be sure that if you want to rear healthy children you must make them happy children. "Healthy and happy"—"happy and healthy"—the two words seem to go together naturally.

Do not fall into the mistake of thinking that the woes of children are fanciful; that children do not feel sorrow, but cry for nothing at all. It is very true that if they have got into a habit of crying they will scream and make a great noise about very little; but then, what has given them this bad habit? Is it not often given by a neglect of their real wants, by mistaken indulgence or severity, by injustice, or, in short, by bad management of some kind? Be sure that children feel deeply. Their little sorrows are great to them. Look back to your own childhood, and to what you felt then, and you will know I only say what is true. In looking back to my own I remember days of grief almost as great as any I have had since. I can remember being unjustly shut up, and left at home, on a day when I had been promised that I should go to see a lady I loved very much. It was a trifling fault for which I was punished, and I was innocent of it. All the years that have passed since have not made me forget the anguish of heart I suffered that day, nor the tears and sobs that almost choked me. I can remember, too, being lost, as I thought, in some public garden in Paris. It was only done for fun by the girl who had the charge of me; but my terror when I looked round and saw no one near, was so great that, though I was then only five, I seem at this day to see the grass, and lilac-bushes, and gravel walk, that I looked upon in my misery. No sailor shipwrecked on a lonely rock, no traveler benighted in a desert, ever felt more castaway.

Remember, too, that these sorrows of children, and the habits and feelings they leave behind, do not end with childhood. They "sow the seed" of many faults that will grow up afterwards. Children who are kept fretting and crying are not only unlikely to be strong and healthy, as children, but are very likely to grow up weak in body, fretful in temper, and little able to take their share bravely in the duties and trials of life. I have said that all this is too often forgotten. If I give you some instances of what I mean, you will perhaps think they are very trifling things. Do not think so. These things that seem little to you are great to little children, and great in their future consequences for good or evil.

Infants have no way of telling their wants but to cry. They cannot say, "I am hungry," "I am thirsty," "I am too hot," "I am cold," "A pin is hurting me:" all they can do is to cry. But as soon as a child can speak, the mother will try to teach it to ask and not to cry. "Ask for what you want," she will say. "Say, if you please, and you shall have it." The mother then must not forget that she has said, "You shall have it." If her child only asks for what is really good for it, she ought to give what it has asked for, and without delay. If she delays, she cannot wonder if her child gets impatient and begins to cry, because though the thing asked for seems a very trifling one to her, and one that as she is busy, may be waited for, it is perhaps a very great thing to the child, who has, besides, no idea how long he may have to wait, nor whether, as he dines not get it at once, he may ever get it at all; so he cries, and then he gets attention, and so very soon learns a very bad lesson. This happens much in the following way:—

A little boy wants to go out to play, but his cap is on the shelf beyond his reach. "Mother, I want my cap," he says. "Please, mother, give me my cap." But mother is washing. She hardly hears him at first, and when she does, she is too busy to mind him. So he goes on saying, "Please, mother, my cap;" and she goes on washing, and thinking that he may very well wait till she has finished off the things under her hand. Meanwhile time is going on. The other boys are out in the lane, laughing and shouting. The game will be over. The poor little fellow quite loses his patience, and begins to cry. Now the mother's attention is roused. "What's the matter, Tommy?" she calls out, as she runs to him. "My cap!" he sobs. "There; then—bless his little heart!—Don't cry: here's his cap," and she puts it on for him, and Tommy toddles off to his friends in the lane, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, while his mother goes back to her wash-tub, never thinking how she has been undoing all her teaching. She will find it in vain to say "Ask for what you want," or, "Say please and you shall have it." Tommy knows better. The way to get a thing is to cry for it. It would have been a little trouble to put down the things that were in her hand and go for the cap at once; but it will be much more trouble to hear fretting and crying all day long.

And some mothers are not so kind and good-natured as Tommy's; and then matters are worse. A gentleman in Edinburgh was obliged to give up his lodgings because of the wearisome noise that began outside his door every morning at eight o'clock. No sooner did eight o'clock strike than little Jemmy, the landlady's son, stationed himself there at the top of the stairs, and began, "Jeanie, bring up the porridge." Porridge is the common breakfast for all Scotch children, and a very good and nourishing breakfast it is.

"Jeanie, bring up the porridge," cries poor Jemmy. "Jeanie, bring up the po—o—o—ridge."

Then comes a long wailing and crying.

"Eh, Jeanie, bring up the porridge; bring up the porridge!" then a long cry, and then, "Jeanie, bring up the porridge," again; and so it goes on. At last a clattering of bowls and spoons is heard coming up the stairs, and then Jemmy stops, follows his porridge into the room and seats himself at the table to begin. But his tears drop into his spoon, and his face is full of peevishness. His breakfast will not do him half so much good as if he had got it without all that fretting, or as if he had been taught to play about, or trundle his hoop, or do something active and healthful, till it came, and he began eating with rosy cheeks and a cheerful heart. Jemmy's mother might have prevented all his grief by some little trouble; but this is not possible for some mothers. The sorrows and toils they have to bear will fall in some degree on their poor children.

Two young ladies are walking beside a hedge row in the country, when a sad sound makes them stop and listen. It is the low moaning of a child. The moaning comes nearer, and they hear footsteps on the path that runs along the other side of the hedge. More and more plaintive seems the child's cry, and then comes a loud threatening voice, and the cry stops for a moment only to begin again. "Mother, mother, take me up!" sobs the pitiful voice.

"How cruel that woman must be," says one of the young ladies, "not to take up her poor child." The other does not speak, but climbs over a stile that separates the field in which they were walking from the pathway, and soon overtakes the mother and child. She sees that the child is a pretty little girl, who goes stumbling along the stony path, lame with a long journey, pale with fatigue, and hardly able to keep up with its mother, while it goes on with its pitiful cry of "Mother, mother, take me up."

But the mother is over-loaded, dusty, and weary. She carries a baby on one arm and a heavy basket on the other. She cannot bear more; and now she sets down her basket, and lifts her hand; but the young lady who is close behind, catches it and holds it firmly.

"Do not strike your child," she says in a gentle voice. "She is very tired."

The poor mother burst into tears. "I am worn out with her fretting," she says. "I cannot carry her and the baby too, and my basket is load enough without either, and we've been a long way. We are but half a mile from home now, and Sally ought to be quiet and come on. No, no, my lady, that will never do: you must not think of carrying her yourself."

But Sally is safe in her new friend's arms, who will not hear of putting her down, but begs the mother to go on and they will follow. Poor little Sally cannot check her tears at first. She has been too much frightened, and her feet ache too much; but before very long she is smiling, and pleased with the posies they have gathered by the path; and baby peeps over his mother's shoulder, and holds out his hands for some and gets some; and so they reach the cottage that Sally says is "home." Four brothers and sisters come to the door to meet them.

They are all neat and clean, and so is everything in the cottage; and the poor woman whose daily toil keeps it so sets down her basket, and thanks her visitor with a grateful smile. She was a good mother, though in her toil-worn weariness she had been cruel to her child.

"It is easy for me. 'Oh, very easy, and nothing but a pleasure to me,' thought the young lady as she walked away, "to carry little Sally. I am young and strong, and have had nothing to tire me. It was very different with her. But she will be glad, when she thinks of it, that she did not beat her poor tired child."

Yes, many a mother would be glad afterwards, when the passion is over, that she had not been severe to the children who were trying her temper beyond bearing, when she was worn out with hardness and sorrows. It is very difficult to be patient at such times; but it is not impossible. It needs a strong effort to do right, and strong love and earnest prayer for help; and if it can be done, the effort will bring its own reward. Severity at such times will do nothing but harm, and add to every difficulty, when kindness and patience will bring the quiet she longs for so much.

What a pleasure it is to see a set of healthy, happy children, merry at play out of doors and good and quiet at home. I have often wondered how their mothers could keep them so clean, and well, and well-behaved, with so much to do and and so many difficulties. It makes one see the difference only the more when they are unruly and fretful. Of course I do not mean to say it is all management, or that it is equally easy to manage all children. Far from it. There is a great difference in children. Some have much better and easier tempers than others; and some can bear little troubles and pains much better than others; but then, it is all the more necessary to learn how to smooth the way for the less fortunate ones, and teach them how to face the trials that will come upon us all as years go on. Some children, too, have much weaker bodies than others, and are more easily hurt by any outward evils or by unwholesome food; and therefore, though they may not be seriously ill, yet they are in sufficient discomfort to be made fretful.

These kind of weakly children are often made to suffer a great deal by being too hot. I have seen a child on a warm spring day with a fur around its throat, and a hot woollen shawl wrapped round it, wailing and crying in a crowded omnibus, and annoying all the passengers, while its nurse tried in vain to hush it by pressing it in her arms and rocking it backwards and forwards. The poor little thing was fevered with the heat, and the simple plan of seating it upright where the air could get to it, taking off the fur, and loosening the shawl, at once changed its cries into smiles and baby talk.

Cold is also a frequent cause of fretting. Young children feel it much more painfully than grown-up people. Who cannot call to mind the sight of some little boy, with bare red legs, and the tears looking as if they would freeze on his blue, swollen cheeks, holding by his mother's gown as she loiters along marketing, or chatting with a neighbor in a bitter frost in winter? She does not know how his poor toes and fingers are aching and smarting, or she would not be angry with him for the noise he is making.

Discomfort of body sufficient to cause fretfulness, is also often produced by the habit of eating what children call sweet-stuff. Any one who would take the trouble to spend half-an-hour in one of the shops where they sell this sweet-stuff, would be surprised at the numbers of children that come in with a halfpenny or penny to buy. What they buy is always unwholesome, and it is very well known that poisonous things are put in the sugary comfits to give them their bright colors; so that children eating them day after day, make themselves sick and uneasy and cross. It would be far better to save up the halfpence till they make a little sum to be spent on something useful or pleasant for the children. A picture book, a ball, or a hoop would give much more enjoyment, and save a great deal of fretfulness.

The habit of feeding children constantly when on a journey, or when going out for a short excursion, as a means of keeping them quiet, is another frequent cause of fretfulness. The moment a child is the least troublesome, a bun or cake is taken out of a basket and given to it, till at last it becomes so ill and uncomfortable, that no power can keep it quiet.

It is sadly common to try to stop the habit of crying, which has been brought on in one way or another, by false promises or false threats. A mother will say, "Stop crying, and I'll give you a cake," "Be a good boy, and you shall have a halfpenny," without ever thinking of really giving either; and the child soon learns that he cannot trust her at all, and therefore her words have no effect upon him. It is just the same with threats. The very common threat of "the stick," is no more minded than if sticks were made of wool instead of wood, because though it may be really used once in twenty times it is never expected. And generally children soon find out that all manner of other threats are only falsehoods. "Here's the policeman coming!" "Bogie shall have you!" "There's the big bear!" All these sayings are soon found out to mean nothing by the children. But what a lesson do they learn at the same time! The lesson that truth is quite disregarded by their mothers, and therefore need not be regarded by them.

It may however happen that children are filled with dread and terror by threats, and as this happens in the case of timid, nervous constitutions, it is of course one of the worst things that can be done both for mind and body. Children have been frightened into fits by horrible stories of what would happen to them. I myself saw a little girl turn pale and tremble when the woman who was hauling it in a steamer said, when it put its hand on a lady's muff, "I will fling you overboard if you touch that." The noise and rushing of the water must likely made it seem like a real danger to this poor little creature. It is by stories of "bogie," and "big bear," and such like, that children are made timid in the dark, and cry if they are left to go to sleep in bed alone, a habit that causes great trouble to mothers. I know a little boy who suffered terrors every morning, because he had been taught to believe that a man who passed, calling, "Any umbrellas to mend?" called "Any naughty boys to be killed?" There was a melancholy story in the newspaper some years ago, of a little girl being frightened to death. She was in a shop, and she happened to look out at the window at the moment when a boy with a hideous mask on his face looked in. She fell into fits and could never be recovered; but died in a few hours.

Without, however, causing such dreadful things as this, it is certain that the habit of threatening timid children makes them cowardly, selfish, fearful of the least pain, and therefore very fretful.

A little boy was pulling a wooden carriage, in which his two sisters were seated. He set off running down hill with it and upset it. All three children began screaming and crying. The girls were hurt and cried with pain, but the boy who was not hurt at all cried the loudest. "Poor fellow!" said a lady who was by. "How sorry he is to have hurt his sisters." But she soon found out her mistake. As soon as he could speak through his screams and sobs, the words that came were, "Shall I be sent to prison?" He was in no grief for his sisters. He never heeded them as they lay on the path rubbing their knees and complaining of their heads. All his thoughts were about himself. Of course he had been threatened with a prison, and was full of dread and terror about it.

People who know how to manage children, and to keep them good and contented, know how important it is to avoid giving them useless orders. "Sit still," "Stand up," "Put it down," "Hold your tongue," "Let that alone." This sort of ordering is sure to make children naughty, for they generally pay no attention to it, and are seldom expected to obey; but now and then they are, and then a sort of struggle begins, in which the children are often the conquerors.

Sometimes, too, people will refuse a thing to a child, grief was reasonable or not. It is much better to leave stops for granny. Poor granny, who ought to be the

Sometimes, too, people will refuse a thing to a child, not because there is any harm in it, but because they are themselves cross or tired, or ill-tempered. "You shen't have it!" they will say when there is really no reason to refuse, and "I will not." Young girls who are employed as nurse-maids are very apt to do this.

Two such young girls were walking out with several children under their charge. One of them, a little boy, was screaming violently. What he wanted was to walk between the two, holding each by the hand. It could have have done them no harm. He would soon have been tired of it and glad to run on, but they would not let him. "You shan't take hold. Walk on in front, sir!" These were the orders. It was easy to order, but impossible to make him obey. The plan he took was to stand still and let them walk on till they were nearly out of sight, filling the air with his screams all the time. They did not dare to leave him. He might have been lost. Besides, everybody was beginning to notice the noise, so they were obliged to take him between them after all. He therefore gained the battle; but to punish him they held his hands roughly, and knocked his feet against the stones. It is sad to think what "seed is sown" by such treatment as this.

A girl in a railway carriage had charge of two little boys. One of them sat still on the seat as she had placed him, half asleep, looking as if he had eaten too much dinner; but the other little fellow was full of life and fun. He began looking about him, and as it was a large and nearly empty carriage, he thought to himself that he would get down and merch about among the seats. There was no reason why he should not. He was quite safe on the floor. There was no danger of the door being opened between station and station, and there was nobody he could annoy. But no! the girl would not let him. No sooner had his feet touched the floor than he was snatched up again and seated as before. "Sit still, directly!" was the order. He sat still for about three minutes, and being a good-tempered child, did not cry; but the large floor of the carriage and those empty seats were too tempting, and down he got again. "Naughty boy! Look at your brother, how good he is!" was the cry as he was seated roughly again. He was an uncommonly good child, for he tried to amuse himself by looking out at the side windows, but before the journey came to an end he had been down again, and been shaken for it, and made to cry and become rebellious, all because this girl was in a bad humor.

Among all the causes of fretfulness, there are few more common than the constant tumbles that children get when they first begin to run alone. They are forever hurting themselves. A child's knees are generally all over bruises, black, blue, and green. Perhaps if I try to describe the different ways in which I have observed different mothers treat their children under these little misfortunes, you will understand better what I mean when I say that good management on these occasions may prevent a habit of fretting, and may also sow the seed of a brave and independent character.

I was walking in a country lane with a little fellow of three, and his mother. We walked on, and he came after us, picking up pretty stones, peeping under the hedges at the weeds and wild flowers, and talking to himself. Suddenly a little noise made his mother half turn her head. He had tumbled into a deep rut. She took no notice, but walked slowly on, and his head appeared in a moment above the edge of the rut. He looked about, and said gravely, "Oh!" It was not an Oh! of pain, but as if he would have said, "Oh, here I am! I must see about getting out again." And first having put on his cap, which had fallen off, and rubbed the dry mud off his hands, he scrambled out, and ran after us. No one took any notice of the disaster, nor did he cry or complain, though he must have scratched his hands and knocked his head.

It is so common to treat a tumble in exactly the opposite way, that I can remember in a moment twenty instances that I have seen of it. A child falls on the floor, and knocks its head against a chair. Up starts the mother, and takes her little pet in her arms. "Has she hurt her head, then? Don't cry? Naughty chair to hit her. We'll beat it well, that we will," and so on; and, of course there is a fit of crying that lasts a long time.

Another very common way is to scold a child if it falls down, and to pick it up roughly; but this is done more often by girls who are taking care of children than by their mothers. "Naughty boy!" they will say, shaking him by the arm, as if his tumble had not been bad enough; "why don't you look where you're going. See how you've dirtied your frock. I won't bring you out again if you don't mind." This is sure to bring on fits of crying, both of pain and rage. So many young girls go out to service as nursery-maids, besides those who are trusted to take care of their little brothers and sisters, that it is very much to be wished they could be taught how to manage children better.

Another way still there is, and a very good one, I think. It is to show kindness and feeling for the child, but carefully to avoid over-pity; rather giving encouragement to be brave. "Jump up again, my boy. Never mind a tumble. Come to mother, and let her rub it, and make it well." This way will generally succeed in making children brave in bearing pain, and preventing crying and fretting over every little ache; and will teach them to be kind to others who get into trouble.

If we are agreed on this point, that fretfulness is very bad for the health, as well as very troublesome, it will become a matter of earnest desire with good mothers to prevent the habit from growing, and if it has already grown to cure it. For this purpose it is of no use to try to stop fits of crying at the time. The only way is to prevent them by good management, or if they cannot be prevented, to take as little notice as possible of the child while it cries. To shake a child while it is sobbing, and its tears are flowing; to call out to it, "Will you be good? will you stop?" never succeeds, nor can it be expected to do so. Ask yourself if it would stop you if you were in a fit of grief, no matter whether your grief was reasonable or not. It is much better to leave the fit to take its course, showing in your manner that you are sorry to see your child so wretched, and are ready to receive it back to your notice when it is quiet. It is trying and difficult to do this. It is difficult to bear the deafening noise and the painful sight, and to do nothing; but it will not happen often. If a child finds that it will gain nothing by crying, it will soon learn to leave it off. If you never refuse anything that is reasonable, and never give a thing because it is cried for that you have refused when it is asked for, the child will soon leave off its useless and troublesome habit of crying.

And it is not only when children are naughty that it will be found best to let them alone. It is a great mistake to meddle much with them when they are good and happy at play. Children will play together for hours if they are let alone. They may quarrel a little now and then, but things will soon get right again in most cases. It is but seldom they will require correction. Even a lonely child will amuse itself for a long time without giving trouble to any one if it is let alone; but its game will very likely be spoiled if it is noticed. See how fond a little girl will be of a wooden doll with a battered face and no legs or arms; how pleased a little boy will be to drag a wooden cart with only one wheel left. They can fancy these poor broken things are very fine, and be just as much pleased with them as if they were new if nobody tells them the things are battered and broken. I have seen a little girl amuse herself a whole morning with a few little wooden sheep, most of them broken, some of them without a head, a dog with two legs, and a shepherd and shepherdess as much knocked about as their sheep. She would arrange them along the bars of the panes of glass in the cottage window. Those that could not stand were asleep, and the dog, who could not stand either, lay watching them. The shepherd and shepherdess went and came, doing all manner of things. He fed the dog, brought stones for turnips for the sheep; she churned butter in a square piece of wood, cleaned the window-sill, which was the cottage, and so on. Outside the window was a grass-plot and a large tree. Most likely the grass-plot seemed to the little girl to be the field where the sheep fed, and the tree to shade them from the sun. All this went on, and she was happy, and gave no trouble to any one. But suppose some one had meddled with her. Suppose some one had said, "Take care you do not break the window!" how everything would have been spoiled! She had forgotten there was a window, but fancied she was in a grass field with her sheep, and there was really no danger of the window. Or suppose some one had said, "Pretty dear! how nicely she plays with her sheep!" or, "Just look at that child, how she goes on playing hour after hour with those broken old sheep!" In either of these cases, all would have been spoiled. Either the child would have felt vein that she was playing nicely, and would have gone on to be admired, or would have felt shy and ashamed that she should care for such shabby things. Her pleasure would all have been gone, and very soon she would have been troubling her mother to find some fresh play for her, or have become cross and fretful.

If people could but recollect when they are men and women how they felt when they were little children, they would understand all this better. But they seem to forget that children have ears, and that they very soon notice and feel the meaning of what is said in their hearing. It is a great thing in management to be able to enter into the feelings of children.

It is endless work if you teach a child to think that you must find amusement for it. Now and then it is good to do so. When a holiday comes and you plan some pleasure for it, what you do will be felt all the more because you only do it now and then.

A kind old grandmother is sitting by the fire in her arm-chair, and her grandson Dicky is crawling under the large table by the wall, roaring like a lion. They have agreed that he is to be a traveler fallen among wild beasts, and she is to be another traveler who is to come and help him. After he has roared for a little while he stops.

"But, granny," he cries, "you don't say anything."

"Oh dear me!" says granny, "there is that poor, good man, fallen among lions."

The roaring begins again, and goes on for several minutes, but then it stops again.

"Say something more about the poor, good man, granny."

"Oh dear me!" she answers, "there is that poor, good man going to be eaten up."

This sets Dicky off again, and he roars for five minutes this time, and then clings to the leg of the table and shakes it well, making the tea-tray that is on it slide down with a clang.

"Ah," cries granny, starting, "there is that clever men climbing up the tree away from the lions."

Dicky now begins to growl and roar by turns, but granny is longer in saying anything than he likes. The truth is, she is getting very sleepy, for she has been amusing him for an hour, and is quite tired.

"Say something, granny: it's your turn now," he calls out.

"Oh dear me!" she answers, "here comes another traveler."

Dicky begins to cry, and quite stops playing. "It's not another traveler," he sobs. "You ought to have said about the bear."

"Oh dear me! Yes, to sure," says granny. "There is that poor, good bear——"

Dicky sits down on the floor, and cries and screams. Granny is quite sorry to have vexed him, and wakes up a little. "What's the matter, lovey?" she says. "Don't cry. Bless his heart! what ails him, then?"

"It *isn't* poor, good bear," he calls out very loud in his passion: "it's wicked bear."

"So it is, ducky. Oh dear me! There's that wicked bear climbing up the tree after the poor, good man."

Dicky wipes his eyes, and makes a great growling for a good while, and then says Bang! bang!" but then he stops for granny. Poor granny, who ought to be the other traveler that has shot the bear, has fallen fast asleep; so, after calling and calling in vain to her, Dicky crawls out, and seeing how it is, begins to cry again and to thump her knees. She starts up in a fright, and calls him a "naughty boy." On this he begins to roar and cry so loud that his mother hears him, runs in, and carries him off screaming to bed. If only he had been used to play alone, instead of wanting some one to be always helping him, he would have roared for this in one, and have been the poor, good man, and the other traveler, and climbed the tree, and growled for the bear, and shot him all for himself; for he had plenty of fun in him, and could fancy all manner of things; but he had been spoiled by too much notice, and so made troublesome and fretful.

The worst of all ways of trying to cure fretfulness is beating children. I believe every kind of pain inflicted on the body, in order to cure faults is a mistake, and to put in two evils for every one it may even seem to cure. Yet some people seem to think beating is the best cure for everything. I was once sitting under a low part of the cliff near the sea, when a party, several of whom were children, walked along by the edge over my head, so that I could hear what they said, though they were out of sight. A voice that I supposed to the mother of the family, said, addressing, no doubt, a little boy who had done something or other naughty, "Here is another act of disobedience! You will not be right until you have had another severe whipping. You know you have not had one since your illness." She spoke in a harsh, grating voice, and I could not help taking a great dislike to her, and fancying how she regularly gave "severe whippings" to her poor child, and seemed sorry to have been interrupted by his "illness;" succeeding, too, very badly, after all, for "here was another act of disobedience."

But whatever may be the truth as to beating for faults in general, I feel no doubt that, as a cure for fretfulness, it is the very worst that can be tried. A little thought will be enough, to show that it must fail. You wish that your child should not cry at every want, or trouble, or pain, he may have to suffer. That is, you want him to be patient and brave. To make him so you punish him in a way that gives him a terror of bodily pain. You actually teach him to be afraid of pain; for if he is not afraid of it, beating is of no use at all as a punishment. You do all you can to make him a selfish little coward, only trying to be good because he is afraid of his poor little body being hurt; and then you expect that when he is hungry or thirsty, too hot or too cold, a little sick and ill, tired and weary, in want of amusement, or aching with bruises from head to foot, he will despise pain, and behave like a man, as you tell him to do. It will never succeed.

I will end by going once more over the subject, and putting together the different ways that may be tried to sow the seeds of a brave and cheerful temper, as if I were trying to write a recipe to avoid fretfulness.

1. Never refuse a thing if it is harmless, but give it, if you are able, without delay.

2. Never give anything because it is cried for that you have refused when asked for.

3. Be careful to observe real illness, and avoid causing bodily uneasiness from over-clothing, or cold, or unwholesome food, such as sweet-stuffs, sour fruit, or giving buns or cakes to quiet the child.

4. Avoid false promises. They are sure to be found out to be false.

5. Avoid threats of all kinds. If believed, they make children timid, and injure both mind and body: if not believed, they are useless. Such threats as bogie, policeman, and bear coming, are sure to be found out to be false if the child lives.

6. Never say anything untrue to a child.

7. Do not wreak your own bad temper, or visit your own feelings of fatigue and trouble on children, by being severe with them, or by saying "You shan't have it;" or, "I won't give it you," when there is no reason for refusal except that you are yourself tired, or in trouble, or out of sort.

8. Avoid giving orders, such as "Stand still," "Go on," "Hold your tongue," "Put it down," etc., unless you really mean them to be obeyed; and the fewer orders you give the better.

9. Neither give too much pity, nor yet be severe and unkind, when a child tumbles down or hurts itself.

10. Do not worry a child. Let it alone, and let it play in peace.

11. Teach it early to play alone, and amuse itself without your help. Let it alone, is a golden rule in nine cases out of ten.

To sum up all in a few words. Try to feel like a child; to enter into its griefs and joys, its trials and triumphs. Then look forward to the time when it shall have numbered as many years as you have seen, and pray for help and strength to do your duty by it. You may fail, as we all may; but if you sow the seed with humility and faith, you will have done all that is permitted to us imperfect creatures; and if you have reared up a cheerful, loving, truthful, and brave spirit, in a healthy body, you have been working with Him who told us it was "not the will of our Father that one of these little ones should perish."

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EVENING SCHOOL IN CHINA-TOWN.

EVENING SCHOOL IN CHINA-TOWN.

BY H. W. L.

Any traveler across the tha continent discovers for himself that, from the first encounter with the Chinese waiters at the railroad restaurant of Evanston, Utah, the yellow, shaven heads increase in numbers, until in the streets of San Francisco they are as thick as the black ones in Baltimore or Norfolk. He is quite prepared by that time to credit the statement that the number of Chinese in this country is estimated at 100,000, the vast majority of whom are to be found on the Pacific Slope of the Rockies. He is equally prepared, probably, whatever his own conclusions may be, to admit that the Chinese question in America is a great question, viewed from any stand-point you please.

Without entering at all into the consideration of this question from any stand-point, it may be interesting to take a glance at an effort which one earnest set of workers is making to meet it from their own.

With this idea, on a recent visit to the City of the Golden Gate, I very gladly accepted an invitation for myself and my traveling companions, from the Rev. Mr. Pond, the American Missionary Association's representative in San Francisco, to visit his evening school in China-town, listening on the way to statements, more or less familiar already, in regard to the work.

The problem of mission work among these thronging thousands of heathen contains, as is well known, this peculiar factor—that they do not come to stay. We have not, as far as at present appears, to prepare future citizens and voters for America; but future missionaries and civilizers for China, citizens of God's Kingdom on earth and in Heaven. It is with this idea at any rate, that the missionaries of all denominations are carrying on their work among the Chinese in California, with what money and force they have—pitifully small, indeed, as in all missions, in proportion to the greatness of the work.

The American Missionary Association's branch of it maintains thirteen schools, about half of which are open throughout the year, without interruption. Fifteen hundred and thirty-six Chinese are enrolled as members of these schools, with an average attendance of three hundred and forty. Up to the time of our visit, about one hundred and twenty hopeful conversions had been reported; and of these converts something more than a dozen have returned to China and are there actively engaged, as far as heard from, in spreading the knowledge of Christianity among their countrymen, having an access to them and to the interior of the country far beyond what is possible to a foreigner.

The fact that the Chinese speak a difficult and almost unattainable language is both an obstacle and an advantage to mission work among them. The necessity of teaching them English, while making the progress, perhaps, slower, furnishes a powerful attraction to the schools to these emigrant laborers, whose first desire is to acquire the language in which they must earn their living and make their small fortunes.

"The English language is the bait," said Mr. Pond, "with which we draw them in, to feed them with the truths of the Gospel. They know that we teach the Bible; but they do not come at first because they care for that, but because they are so eager to learn English. Then they see we are kind to them and interested in them, and they are willing to listen to what we say, especially through the influence of our Chinese helpers, who are earnest Christian workers."

While we have been talking, we have been walking through busy, brightly-lighted city streets, quite distinguishable from the streets of New York or Boston by a certain wide-awake, Western air; and hills, up whose heavy grades we are drawn in mysterious rail-cars, without visible horse-power of flesh or steam.

We stop at the corner of Brennan Place, and mount high steps to the first story of a modest looking house, whose ground floor is appropriated to the office of the Mission. A loud hum issuing from this building rises, as we mount the steps with two or three late-arriving scholars, and bursts into a deafening din, a distracting roar, a perfect Babel of noise as the door opens and we enter the room. All our Eastern ideas of a studious school-room retreat in dismay, and leave us in confused astonishment to stare about us, as one does on first introduction to a cotton-mill, to see what all the racket is about.

The small room seems overflowing with Chinese anise and Chinese boys. It is hard at first to credit the assertion that the average attendance is only eighty. There are perhaps a few more than that to-night. I don't know that the average amount of noise has ever been estimated. All the furniture is of the simplest, most indispensable kind; rows of plain benches with backs, ranged like pews, with one row along one side of the room. At the further end a table, and beyond that a platform. The rows of benches are filled to crowding with boys and young men. A stranger would mistake some of these beardless, girl-featured youth, with their long braids neatly twisted around their heads, and their flowing robes, for young women; but the curse of Chinese emigration is the almost total absence of respectable women among its swarming thousands, and the mission of reclamation among the few women who do come is a work by itself.

The din continues, and, as we grow somewhat used to it, we see that every one of these yellow-faced pupils holds tightly in his grasp an open book, of one sort or another, which he studies with closest attention, painfully following each word with his finger, and, when he has mastered it, shouting it out, in his high-pitched voice, with the utmost force of his lungs.

"Is it possible that they can ever learn anything in such a din?"

"They couldn't learn in any other way," said Mr. Pond, smiling. "In the first place, that is the way they learned Chinese in China. Then, you see, they couldn't learn to pronounce English unless they spoke the words out aloud; and, when so many are studying together, one has to raise his voice to hear himself."

With this satisfactory explanation, Mr. Pond gives us seats on the wall-bench, to look about, and excuses himself to go to his class. I have no sooner taken my seat than the bright-looking young fellow next me pulls my sleeve, and, holding out his book—an old-fashioned collection of "Moral Tales" for children—says, shrilly:

"F-r o-u-d, proud. What mean?"

How shall I tell him! The almond eyes are looking confidently into mine, and I make a desperate attempt, putting into use a recently-acquired knowledge of one marked Chinese trait:

"Maybe Chinaman have one little baby. He run, show everybody. Maybe you have new coat. You say: 'See! Look at my new coat!' All same you proud. All right. Maybe

fusion in domestic service and all regular work. A revival generally comes on violently about the time of a presidential election, and in less proportion in any political

tented, come to our doors with fruits (fresh or dried), vegetables, butter, eggs, fowls, etc. We were always sure of good measure from the honest souls, who often came long dis-

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Of the Hampton Normal School contains the names of those graduates or students

"Maybe Chinaman have one little baby. He run, show everybody. Maybe you have new coat. You say: 'See! Look at my new coat!' All same you proud. All right. Maybe you tell poor Chinamen, 'You go'wey; you not get new coat. I, new coat on, not speak to you? Bad proud!"

My first attempt at pigeon English was entirely successful. My Celestial pupil drank in every word, laughed with pleasure, and gave me at once a new illustration to show that he understood:

"All right. Me talkee velly good English. All same me proud. Good proud! Now hear my lesson."

I held the book with him, and, lowering his voice, he read, in a musical, sing-song tone, several paragraphs, making very few mistakes.

Then he wrote his name in my note-book in Chinese and English hand, Hom Lee, and showed me his Chinese and English dictionary, published in Pekin. But I was not permitted to waste much time in curiosity.

"Now you hear his lesson," said Hom Lee, changing places with the boy next him. I meekly complied; and when I had heard it, looking round for my companions, discovered that each of them had found employment, and was as deeply engaged as if this were what we had come for. And so, no doubt, it was, though we certainly had not known it before.

The teachers present were few, but earnest, and moved about from seat to seat, eagerly welcomed, and giving kind assistance.

I made a tour through the room myself, stopped frequently by irresistible appeals. Scarcely two seemed to have the same reading book. That, of course, did not matter and made rather pleasant variety for the teacher. Hom Lee's unwieldy dictionary was the only one I saw. At the further end of the room I found Mr. Pond and his advanced class, sitting round their table, studying the Bible, which some of them could read quite intelligently, and with evident love for it.

Here I was introduced to "Mr. Fung Afoo," an intelligent-looking young man, upon whose efficient help and Christian devotion Mr. Pond depended much. He was dressed in American style—the only Chinaman so dressed in the room—and had made that last sacrifice a Celestial ever makes to progressive ideas, the sacrifice of his cue and tonsure. Very few, even of the converts, become so entirely reconstructed; and, seeing the air of comfort and general suitableness and picturesqueness of their own loose blouse and trowsers, one can hardly care much to hurry them into conformity with Occidental fashion-plates.

"It is time to close school," shouted Mr. Pond, from the platform, above the din. A bell was struck, books were laid reluctantly aside and

"Silence, like a poultice, came
To heal the blows of sound."

Cards of printed hymns were distributed, and soon the familiar strains of "There is a Happy Land" were filling the room again with echoes, not altogether harmonious. Chinese ideas of music are hopelessly unique. My nearest neighbor, who did not know as "velly good English" as Hom Lee, appealed to me to help him keep his place. His long, sallow finger followed mine along the lines, while he kept contentedly, about a beat and a half behind the rest.

After the singing, Mr. Pond made a short and very touching address upon the text "We love Him because He first loved us." These were some of his words, as nearly as I can reproduce them:

"You Chinamen all love your father. China boy not love his father? Oh! you say, he not fit to live. Why China boy love his father? Why, because first his father love him, take care of him when little baby. You not love your teachers? You not love us? We come here because we love you—love you very much, want to make you good.

"Oh! you not love our Lord Jesus Christ? He first love you. He takes care of you. He sends us to teach you. He wants you to love him. We love him because he first loved us. Won't you love him too?"

They listened with rapt attention to the little sermon which Fung Afoo then translated into Chinese, for the benefit of those who could not follow the English, and with the benediction the evening school closed, and the pupils scattered, to run the gauntlet of the hoodlums, on their way to their homes or harrows in China-town.—*New York Independent.*

Correspondence.

AN ASCENSION THAT DID NOT TAKE PLACE.

If there is anything particularly discouraging about our colored people, it is their singular fashion of getting up revivals, with all the accompanying processes of what they call "purfessing, coming through, getting happy," &c. Any exciting subject or event in temporal affairs will give rise to a revival in the churches, and then follows a general confusion in domestic service and all regular work. A revivel generally comes on violently about the time of a presidential election, and in less proportion in any political agitation.

The last affair of the kind we had here was occasioned by the allusions in the newspapers, early in the autumn, to the meteoric display foretold by the astronomers as likely to occur in November. The colored preachers at once instituted a revival, announcing that the world was about to come to an end, the Judgment Day was at hand, &c. Crowds attended the services every night, all day Sunday, and, towards the close of the revival, every afternoon. There were numbers of converts, and some of our colored neighbors who professed to have "come through," would do no work for several days, walked round all the time, praying, going from house to house shaking hands with all the colored people they met, and showing in every way great excitement. One of these converts plunged into a mud-puddle one dark night, but refused to come out on the sidewalk, declaring, "Jesus would guide him through." Some of the colored people are very sick after these revivals, many are threwn out of work, and the general effect is demoralizing. The scene presented would often be very ludicrous, if it were not very sad.

Negroes are by no means the only class subject to such attacks of religious excitement, "Second Adventism" being a common delusion among Christians, but as the Africans are a highly emotional people they are especially injured by the working of such ideas.

It seems to me very wrong and very rash for any mortal to attempt to fix a time for the end of the world, as the Bible expressly tells us, that "of that day and that hour knoweth no man, not even the angels in Heaven;" and I send you an account of an affair of this kind that came under my knowledge some years ago in the valley of Virginia, hoping it may prove a warning to all who may attempt to fix a date for the coming of the Lord.

I must first, however, explain that a large portion of the Shenandoah valley is occupied by Germans or "Dutch," as they are called by their neighbors, to whom they give the name of "English," whatever their nationality.

These German people are among our very best citizens, nearly always sober, industrious, and thrifty in their habits. They are so universally prosperous in worldly matters that a really poor person is almost unknown in their communities, which are to a great extent separated from other classes of society, and as the elders disapprove much of "the world" and its ways, there is a great disposition among them to keep aloof from what they deem evil influences.

These Germans are usually considered illiterate, though I do not think any people can justly be called ignorant who usually speak two languages, are often able to read one or both, have considerable knowledge of music, and have almost reached perfection in the art of acquiring and keeping property. They are well versed in agriculture in all its branches, and practice many ingenious household arts, such as weaving, dyeing, wood-carving, etc., of which they have little buying "store goods," a great merit in their eyes. They are not a very progressive people, though much change is noticed among them of late years in this respect. In politics, they were during the war, nearly all Unionists, being generally opposed to slavery. In religion, they mostly belong to the Tunker, Dunkard, or Menonite church, as it is variously called. There are, however, quite as many shades of belief among them as among other religious bodies, and new sects frequently arise, composed of members who differ with the majority on "feet-washing," or some equally important point.

Some years ago, one of these Tunker preachers named Shuruen, who was strongly suspected by outsiders of being demented, produced a great commotion among his people by predicting the second coming of our Lord, upon a date fixed by himself. I had often seen this man, whom we "gentiles" deemed a harmless lunatic, lingering about our village book-store, examining all the religious books and occasionally purchasing one. He wore the Tunker costume, which consists of the simplest style of homespun garments, with a broad felt hat, and was really a very worthy men, of quiet manners, only excitable on religious subjects and always ready for a controversy on such points. I remember being much amused once at seeing him purchase a copy of the Koran, the old bookseller giving me a roguish smile, as he tied up the parcel, because I had said that he would never sell the book in that region.

What effect the writings of Mahomet had upon the German mind I cannot tell, but, soon after this, we heard much jesting among our townsfolk about the "Second Advent" for which the Sankers were preparing.

These German people, when obliged by business to go into the town, always carry something to sell, and, in the absence of a regular market, it was very convenient to the villagers to have the good old farmers, or their wives who always look healthy and contented, come to our doors with fruits (fresh or dried), vegetables, butter, eggs, fowls, etc. We were always sure of good measure from the honest souls, who often come long distances to find us lazy townfolks lingering over the breakfast table.

Many were the jokes we made to the amiable little Dutchwoman who furnished our butter, about her approaching ascension. As the time drew near, things began to assume a very serious aspect. The Tunker women set to work making garments for the momentous event. The thrifty housewives and their hard-working husbands grew indifferent to the care of their property, though they continued to feed their stock, merely "to keep the dumb beasts from suffering," as some of them explained to a seeker who asked some irreverent question on the subject. From mere force of habit, I presume, our market woman brought the butter as usual, the day of the promised "Advent;" and when I asked with some curiosity if she would take the money, she said "it would not matter, but she owed that much to another woman, and she wanted to settle all her debts." She was then on her way to a neighboring hamlet, where the Tunkers were assembling in large numbers in a barn close to the dwelling-house of one of their members, whence they expected to rise triumphantly that night at 12 o'clock, "to meet the Lord in the air."

We young folks were disposed to make merry over the upward flight of our butter-woman, but the good little soul was so very solemn, and so earnest y entreated us to prepare for the great change which awaited us, too, that we were fain to become serious, and at least leave off joking in her hearing.

Very solemnly taking leave of us, she got into her little wagon and drove off towards the place of meeting, in the opposite direction from her comfortable farmhouse, the rest of her family having promised to meet her at the barn.

We were all so fond of our little butter-woman that we inquired anxiously next morning, of some young scamps from the village who had made up a party the night before to "see the Dutch ascend," as to what had been the result of the contemplated ascension.

The young sinners had been sobered into quietness by the spectacle they had witnessed, and gave a very impressive account of the affair.

The Tunkers had really assembled in the barn the night before, Shuruen, however, not being present, having departed some days before to carry his message of warning to some other community. Those who had collected had united in prayers and singing of hymns, accompanied by fervent exhortations from some of the brethren,—and all had waited with intense excitement until after midnight for the appearance in the heavens, and the blowing of trumpets, foretold by their modern prophet. Many persons were collected in white robes; families sat together, clinging to earthly ties, while looking forward to endless bliss. Many wept with excitement, and, just at midnight, a very stout old German woman, the owner of the house close by, who had declined to join the other saints (perhaps from some carnal yearning towards the things of earth), threw up the window, and leaning far out, loudly proclaimed that the hour had come and the Lord would at once appear; indeed, she vowed that she already perceived, in the brightening east, the signs of His coming. At this critical moment, the good women leaned too far out, lost her balance, fell to the ground, and a few minutes later was taken up dead. So far as she was concerned, the world had literally come to an end. This melancholy event had the effect of diverting the minds of the assembly from the signs in the sky, and by the time the family had gathered around her, restoratives had been applied in vain, and the natural grief of her relatives had begun to show itself, the night had advanced towards to "wee, sma' hours." The Ascensionists were getting cold and hungry, and one by one they began quietly to look up their wagons and horses, and take the roads leading to their forsaken homes, which they had expected to exchange for heavenly mansions.

While we were talking over this singular delusion of our steady-going neighbors, our little butter-woman drove up, looking weary and sad, as one who had expected to find her Lord, and, having failed, was loath "to take up the burden of life again."

We had no heart to tease her now, after hearing of the tragic fate of her fat friend; but it was difficult to repress a smile when she asked for her basket, forgotten in her excitement about the ascension the day before, and put it into the wagon, as if she felt that she might have some use for earthly things after all.

ORRA LANGHORNE.

Lynchburg, *Jan.* 26, 1880.

The cotton mills at Augusta, Ga., turned out $4,000,000 worth of manufactured products last year, paid 10 to 12 per cent. dividends, and carried a handsome surplus to the sinking fund accounts.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Of the Hampton Normal School contains the names of those graduates or students who, levying the school in debt to it, have paid their debts in full from their earnings as teachers or otherwise. Students whose resources are exhausted, and whose school debts are getting so large as to discourage them, are usually sent away to earn the means, not only to pay their debts, but to meet a part, at least, of the expense of continuing their course. This method develops character, makes them self-reliant, and maintains their self-respect which would be lessened by a dependence on charity. The following letter illustrates the spirit which such a rule engenders. The writer, a member of the Junior class, left school in 1878, owing a debt of nearly fifty dollars, which, as will be seen, she has paid in full from her hard earnings, besides supporting a dependent mother. She will, doubtless, soon return and finish her course, all the stronger for the efforts she has made in her own behalf.

J. F. B. M.

WEST VA., *Jan.*, 29, 1880.

Dear General:—

Enclosed you will find $48.00, which I think will settle my school-bill. When I was there at school and had to leave because I get behind in my payments, I told you then I would get all you money and I have tried to keep my word.

This money has been very dearly earned. I taught school last winter, and am teaching at the same place this winter. I have a nice school. I walk three miles each way to my school every day, making six miles daily. I have done this because I could not afford to pay board; for besides having to save money to pay you, I have had my mother to take care of.

My school is nearly out now; the people like my teaching very much. I get $32.50 per month, but have to spend most of it on household matters.

Yours truly, F. N. S.

FOOD-CURE FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Lelbig's theory that liquor-drinking is compatible with animal, but not with farinaceous, diet, seems to have been corroborated by an English scientific man, who has been trying the experiment on twenty-seven liquor-drinking persons. A striking instance of reform was shown in the case of a man of sixty, who had been intemperate for thirty five years, and was in the habit of taking o spres about once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in obtaining insurance on his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly proved fatal, he was induced to live upon farinaceous food, which in seven months entirely removed his desire for liquor, and he became perfectly sober. He lost flesh at the beginning of the experiment, but regained it in a few months. Among the articles of food mentioned as especially antagonistic to alcohol are lentils, dried beans, haricot beans, and macaroni, all of which should be well boiled and seasoned with plenty of butter or olive oil. Ordinary garden vegetables are said to be provocative of temperance, but much less so than farinaceous diet.

ONE part of rectified oil of turpentine, seven parts of benzine, and five drops of oil of valerian to each ounce of the mixture, is said to make a superior disinfectant for hospital and general use. Each of the ingredients possess the power of absorbing the oxygen of the atmosphere, and of converting it into peroxide of hydrogen, a substance similar in its effects to ozone. Books, letters, newspapers, clothing, well-peper may be treated with this sort of disinfectant without injury. Its action is very persistent.—*Late Paper.*

THE WHEAT PRODUCT IN BRAZIL.

On the 3d of January, 1880, there existed in Rio de Janeiro a stock of 85,470 barrels of flour—say 1557 barrels Trieste, 27,000 barrels of Richmond, 16,000 barrels Baltimore, 1,000 barrels domestic, and *thirty-nine thousand barrels River Plate.* It was only a few years ago that the River Plate countries imported large quantities of flour to supply the deficiency of their own crops. From the United States they took in 1870, 20,051 barrels; in 1871, 54,372 barrels; in 1872, 2,249 barrels; in 1873, 7,833 barrels; in 1874, 10,555 barrels; in 1875, 94,611 barrels; in 1876, 715 barrels. Since 1878 they have imported little if any flour or grain, their own production being more than sufficient to supply their own wants. Their harvesting months are December and January.

Southern Workman,

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Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRUCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post office at Hampton, Va,

The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed at the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work from all parts of the country, is solicited and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

IN the "WORKMAN," for November we agreed to send a photographic group of Indian students to each one sending a dollar subscription, with a request for it; and for $2.00, (two years' subscription,) the same group as they appeared on their arrival from the Indian Territory in November, 1878, and as they appeared in Jan., 1880.

We hope any who have sent subscription and request, but have not received their picture or pictures, will kindly send word to this office to that effect.

Next to visiting the place, these contrasting groups are the most telling evidence of our success with Indians. The growth in every way is obvious. A set will be sent to each contributor to the Indian Cottage or "Wigwam."

For one dollar, two such pictures will be sent to any address.

THE LEGAL status, rather than the real condition of the freedmen has been the chief concern of their professed friends.

It has been assumed, apparently, that a right state of society is a corollary from a system of good laws, while the converse is more nearly true. Blind to the facts of human nature and to the logic of events, a class of men has labored at the great work of creating a new order of things, building better than they knew in some ways, but, as a rule, subordinating all things to party or personal ends. War is, under God, a terrible force from without that decides vexing questions, as that of slavery; but leaves unsettled multitudes of matters that only a force from within can regulate. Violence can only destroy. It cannot build up. Progress is a growth. It is expressed in wise legislation. But legislation that is satisfied with itself, as has been our reconstructive legislation, having made but one weak recognition (through the Freedmen's Bureau) of the condition of the former chattel, results in reaction.

While just laws are good as setting a standard, and influence people in spite of their prejudices, their end is only attained through enlarged ideas.

No nation ever had so tremendous a problem to deal with as did our own at the close of the war. Its solution was attempted by a political party that never forgot its main chance. Moral ideas could have no fellowship with that idea, and the improvement of the people had, therefore, no place in the plans of the politician.

The legal status of the ex-slaves as vantage ground for party success became more and more his only concern. After the faint philanthropy above referred to, the beaten but brave and proud Southerner with the unshaken convictions he had inherited, and the ignorant, good-hearted, enfranchised negro, suddenly lifted to power, were left to work it out together without a moment's thought of the educational duties devolving upon the professed guardians of the latter. More than most men dream, the situation to-day is due to a mutual kindly feeling, disturbed for a while, that came out of the past. The Negro disliked slavery more than he did the slave-holder. No longer dreading the one, he is coming more and more under the influence of the other, not with the intelligence he ought to have had, but in a great degree as tempting the latter to control him through his fears or his passions,—his ignorance, which is the basis of bodily bondage and makes possible a certain bondage of mind and life.

While the ex-slave was being led through troubled times by his political Moses, not directly towards a safe and happy shore, the consciences of another class of friends stirred them to a quiet work, at first under contempt, and sometimes persecution, but which after a time secured the respect and co-operation of the best men of the South, and is now generally recognized according to its merit: the work of fitting the Negro for freedom and for the use of the power that had been given to him. Few in the North realize, as do the men engaged in this work, the great facts and the terrible necessities of the times. Such men talk so differently from their favorite newspaper that something wrong in them is often suspected.

The representative men of the cause that has sent over five millions of dollars in charity to enlighten the minds of the freedmen, and is now sending at the rate of nearly five hundred thousand dollars a year, are better witnesses than those whose profit is in the success of party. Northern sentiment on the Southern question is educated by men who have a very different standpoint from the Negro educator.

We believe that both sections are now cooler than ever before, and that reflection will hereafter enter more into Northern judgment. The question of legal status is now fixed as far as law will settle it and will interest the thoughtful less than that of the real condition of the Negro. Fifteen years of teaching has given a basis of hope and of faith for the mental and moral progress of the race. After fifteen years of freedom, Negro homesteads dot the entire South. In spite of some political friction, and still widespread but not wholly sectional prejudice, we find in nearly every Southern State, in almost every county, ex-slaveholders pushing the common school work for both races; we find free labor a success, and signs of a break-up of the Solid South.

On the other hand is a vast, ignorant, but well-meaning mass of voters, capable of infinite harm because unable to learn their duty as men and citizens, anxious to do so but prevented by public and personal poverty. National aid for Southern education at this juncture seems imperative; not more so than it has been at any time since 1865; but perhaps more to be hoped for now than then.

Charity is increasing its gifts for the welfare of this race. There never was a year like the last for noble gifts to Negro education. On the well-laid foundations of Hampton, Atlanta, Fisk, Howard, Lincoln, Claflin, and other schools, many more liberal offerings are, we believe, to be laid.

For the Indian has been sought the same panacea of salvation by Acts of Congress. As with the negro, these are essential, but have no exclusive claim upon the attention of intelligent law makers. Indian education is a serious concern with some of our legislators and public officers, but at no point have treaty stipulations been more wickedly broken than with reference to the education of Indian children. Proof of this statement is easy to produce.

A better policy has been inaugurated, and the movement is now towards generous provision for educating the red man's children.

Few appreciate the value of a single earnest, intelligent man. He influences hundreds; he multiplies himself. Purpose fulfils itself and will not fail like laws or promises.

What better use of money is there than helping work that generates such purpose?

The best work for the races who have been given to this country to care for, to be sound, strong and perpetual, must look to private beneficence for its foundation.

EDUCATION IN MISSISSIPPI.

The Report of Col. J. A. Smith, Superintendent of Public Education, is just issued, and is encouraging.

We quote and summarize as follows:—

"It is with much satisfaction that I am able to state that the Public School System is in a healthy and growing condition. As will be seen by the statistics, when prepared, the number of children in attendance is largely in excess of that of any previous year. It will be observed that the financial statistics of 1878, including receipts and disbursements, are in excess of those of 1877, and it is probable that this excess will be increased in the reports for 1879. This cannot but be regarded as a manifestation on the part of the people of the State of renewed confidence in the cause of popular education. Considering the financial embarrassment that pervades the State, the liberality of the people in many counties in voting the necessary funds to supplement that distributed by the State, in order to maintain the schools five months in the year, is worthy of note, as evincing faith in the stability and efficiency of our system of public schools, and that prejudice and opposition are gradually giving way to the light and experience of the age, and that the public mind is now being turned in the direction of the improvement of the system.

"One of the most hopeful features of the system of public education with us, is the almost complete liquidation of the enormous school debts inherited by the present regime. It is true, that under the present law regulating the pay of teachers, the nominal sum is not so large as formerly, yet by reason of the appreciated value of warrants, they receive more money."

The educational machinery of the State is not in perfect running order, owing partly to the frequent changes in the school law. There are, as in most Southern States, County Superintendents. These officers have many duties and very little pay, their total year's salaries having amounted to but $11,765; while in Virginia the corresponding set of officers received $30,150.

Two hundred thousand dollars are annually devoted to school purposes. The law requires that "ample school facilities shall be furnished to all the educable youth of the state," and that schools shall be kept open four months in the year, but this is far from accomplished. The tax of three mills on the dollar is not laid or collected, and the cause of education is sadly crippled by neglect, indifference or opposition, in some counties school interests being the last to be considered. Efficient school officers are hard to find.

"TEACHERS.

"The pressing demand of the educational system of the State is well educated and trained teachers. How this demand is to be supplied, is a question that should command the earnest attention of every one who feels an interest in the future well-being of the State. It is true we have among our teachers some that are the peers of those of any other State. These are, however, comparatively few in number. As stated elsewhere in this report, normal schools for the education and training of teachers have been adopted in most states, and this is doubtless the shortest and surest way in obtaining the end sought. It is, however, attended with an expense that it is feared our people, in their present impoverished condition, are unwilling to incur."

Colonel Smith urges Normal Institutes and Teachers' Institutes as a great and pressing need.

Institutes to be held for five or six weeks annually, under State auspices, are earnestly advocated. He sees that the teacher makes the pupils who become the people, and that the improvement of the teacher is most radical work. Four important Institutes were held last year.

The University of Mississippi, with 354 students; Alcorn University (colored), with seventy, under ex-Senator Revels; the State Normal School at Holly Springs (colored), with 100; and Tougaloo University (colored), attendance not given, are or have been under State auspices, and have sent up most encouraging reports.

The latter (Tougaloo) is owned and controlled by representatives of the most deep-dyed Abolitionism, and is thus referred to:—

"The management of the institution is admirable; its teachers are superior, and every thing connected with it is in excellent condition, as I have had occasion to learn from personal observation. As a recognition of the good work being done by the American Missionary Society in the education and elevation of the colored people of the State, it is recommended that a liberal appropriation be made that it may be rendered still more useful."

The Peabody Fund Trustees gave $5,250 last year, principally for the education of teachers for their work.

The Superintendent adds:—

"This question—as to whether or not the State shall aid in the education of her children—if we accept the sentiments of other states and peoples, is settled in the affirmative. If, as it is claimed, the virtue integrity, and happiness of a people depend upon their intelligence; if the statistics of the prison and poor-house can be relied on, that the great mass of their inmates are uneducated; if it be true that ignorance and sensuality go hand in hand, and that illiteracy, bigotry, and superstition are all closely allied, then the correct answer to this question is unmistakenable. No one in this enlightened age will question the fact that labor is remunerative just in proportion as it is directed by intelligence and skill, and at this particular period of time, remuneration in some shape or other, is the end of all labor, and the amount of remuneration should be in inverse ratio to the amount of labor, or in other words, it should be our aim to derive the fullest benefit from the labor expended, and in order to attain this end we must be able to labor intelligently. I would not be understood as arguing in favor of a parsimonious policy in school matters; for it can be demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt that no investment of State or individual means, brings in so large a profit as in education. Unfortunately for Mississippi, she is, at present, unable to expend that amount in the education of her youth that her necessities demand."

Colonel Smith is an ex-Confederate officer who, in spite of traditional ideas, saw the right course, and has given himself, with all his heart and strength, to a great and humane work for both races. He has induced a number of educated Southern men in the various counties to co-operate with him, and to-day, while the people at large are backward and stupid on the educational question, there is a noble company of men "to the manor born" who are zealously laboring with him for free schools. This is a sign of the times.

This is the reconstruction from within that is working steadily throughout the South, and is too little known and appreciated in the North.

THE following illustrates the experience of many who are fitted and anxious to teach in Southern schools. Sessions are short, from four to seven months, payment is delayed, and unless the teacher is trained to some other work he or she is liable to disappointment.

Teaching and farming go well together in the present condition of things. The teacher-farmer is the man for the times; he is essentially an educator throughout the year.

The agricultural training at Hampton is a valuable basis for the teachers whom it has fitted and is fitting for the field.

"Finding the school-work so uncertain, I have decided to divide my time and attention between teaching and farming. I have bought a mule and farming utensils, and have rented a little farm, aiming to make a crop. So you can see how I stand.

"W. A. YANCEY."

A GENTLEMAN in the North recently received the following letter from a gentleman in the South, and sent it to us to read, thus: "Dear Sir:—Please read and

member of my church, and trustee of the public school for colored children in this place, I write to inquire whether you can recommend an efficient male teacher for said school. The funds in hand will pay a salary of $40.00 per

abroad. They felt a reality never before experienced; there was such a ring of sincerity in every word he uttered that their eyes were filled with tears. When the service was ended, my friends said that they could not leave

calls that afternoon, we thought hers the most interesting."

Good advice to teachers from the "Freedmen's Friend."

A GENTLEMAN in the North recently received the following letter from a gentleman in the South, and sent it to us to read, thus: "Dear Sir:—Please read and return. A chance for a missionary."

We publish it—a true word-picture; not to discourage, but as light on the question that can only be solved by getting at all the points.

When the ex-President of the Confederacy admits that he has changed his opinion on free labor, and that it, as a whole, is a success, no argument for it is needed. But "everything is not lovely" in the lines of labor at the South. That is why we are here and training the missionaries that are needed.

My dear sir:—

Yours of the 10th on sheep is at hand. It is all right where you can take good care of the sheep; but my "negroes" love mutton too well to give me time to carry out the experiment,—and living in town, I would have to do it by "proxy," which, my experience tells me, is one of the most unreliable myths yet discovered or invented.

I wish you were here just now to help me talk. I have scolded, preached and threatened my "renters"—all to no purpose; they have, as usual, wasted all their money and are going ahead on the next crop, getting "advances" from the very start. All their money is now in Boston, New York or the West, gone to pay for luxuries and red waggons that they have no use for; but they are restive and will not be comforted so long as they have a dollar of the old crop on hand. "It is their money," they argue, "and they ought to be allowed to spend it their own way;" so I give up the conundrum and let it go.

I have a beautiful estate in one place of about 1,300 acres; it would be a paradise for a gentleman, but I have turned it over to the negroes and they enjoy it to their heart's content. Game is plenty on it, and to be had for trapping; but they prefer to come to town and buy meat. Cotton and corn grow on it with very little labor. Yet the rascals will not gather it further than it suits their wants; the balance they let remain. They pay their rents, and then my pecuniary interest ceases, but wanting to see them have plenty of money, I keep following them up, urging them to pick their cotton and gather their corn; it is like pouring water on a duck's back and amounts to about as much. Hence, I conclude that my mission as an evangelist is a failure, and we must let the man and brother enjoy his freedom in his own peculiar way; otherwise he is not happy.

Yours truly, G.

MR. J. ALEXANDER TYLER wrote a letter on the Indian Question to the N. Y. *Herald*, dated January 31, 1880, from which we clip an extract:—

"Although Indians are called savages by us, and are savages, yet I think it would be difficult among a community of whites containing the same number of individuals as are on the reservation occupied by the two tribes recognizing Spotted Tail and Red Cloud as chiefs, numbering about 13,000 Indians, to find the same degree of morality in its widest sense and strictness. We are too apt to forget, in this age of great progress, that the arts and sciences which our race boasts of were not acquired by us in a brief space of time, but have been gradually developed by the experiments and experience of ages. The possibility of civilizing Indians has never until now been fairly and honestly tried, and yet the too universal cry of our people, and especially those who inhabit the Western States and Territories, is, 'What's the use of wasting time and money in the vain endeavor to civilize the Indians? Better exterminate them!' These questions naturally arise in the mind of the just man:—Why not exert a little patience, and give to the policy adopted by the present administration, and which truly deserves the prefix of 'peace and good will,' a fair chance of being tested? Why turn them over to the iron hand of the military? The Government can well afford to let the sweet spirit of charity govern our relations with this people, and I feel sure that a supreme blessing will accrue from it in saving from ignorance, barbarism and destruction those who are our own fellow-men and entitled to consideration as such in the name of justice and humanity."

THIS is an example of the constant calls that are coming in for teachers.

We are unable to supply the demand in our immediate vicinity.

INDIANOLA, TEXAS, 27th *Jan.*, 1880.

Principal of the Hampton Normal School for colored persons, Norfolk, Va.,

Sir:—

On behalf of Fred Hamilton, a colored member of my church, and trustee of this public school for colored children in this place, I write to inquire whether you can recommend an efficient male teacher for said school. The funds in hand will pay a salary of $40.00 per month for a term of five months. At the expiration of said term, a private school may be established which will pay the same salary for another term of five months. A teacher who can commend himself to the colored people of this place may secure permanent employment. It may be proper to add, that most of the colored people are Baptists.

Your obedient servant,

D. MCNEIL TURNER.

FRUITS OF QUIET LIVES.

We are getting very fast away from the war in some respects,—none too fast from its strifes and hates and miseries and memories of wrong; but in the very midst of these evil growths which cannot die too soon, from human life stirred to its depths on both sides of the line, sprang a strength and beauty, in heroism and loyalty and quiet self-devotion, which can never be forgotten, though they can well afford to be, for their fruit shall remain.

Not the least worthy of remembrance, while perhaps the least anxious for it, is the army of peace that followed the footsteps of war into the South—a strange army, without banners, of delicate women and peace-loving men, armed only with spelling books and testaments, leaving home and culture and comfort behind them, for hardships of all kinds, isolation, coarse surroundings, and sometimes the risk of death itself, without a regret, scarcely with a thought of the sacrifice, with no malice in their hearts—too full of one earnest purpose and compassion to leave room for anything lower.

To be sure they had their rewards as they went along—compensation even outside their success. The intensity of experience, the romance of the work was theirs, and will always be theirs in remembrance. The teachers of the freedmen now and hereafter can know little of it, full of activity and interest as their work is. As a mere matter of rich experience, they may envy the pioneer.

Among these more fortunate ones, were two who need no introduction to Hampton's friends, and would not allow one more general. We can only hope that some day they may consent to give the public the two, thrilling stories blending into one, that here we can only take the liberty of briefly alluding to.

While "Miss ——" remains a cherished name in many a humble household still "walking in the light" of lawful wedded happiness which her efforts kindled (though Hymen's torch was but a tallow dip); and while hard working men owe the comfort of their little homes to a kind hand that first started them in the right track of business; and while sixty-two Hampton graduates live to thank two good friends for their school privileges and to carry on the work among their people that these two friends began, these two quiet lives cannot keep all their good fruits hidden, and Hampton claims the right to express her own acknowledgement of it.

To those who know the story, there is something beautiful, and specially illustrative of the ever special providence of God, in the calling of these two from the distant homes of New and Old England, by the cry of the lowly; and the union of the two lives in one purpose of good never laid down, but expanding as its opportunities increased of finding out new ones.

On their new journey across the sea, Hampton follows these friends with a loving God-speed, and while she knows that they carry with them a kind intent in behalf of her interests, she wishes them all success in their own.

A CASE OF CONVERSION.

We take the liberty of publishing an interesting extract from a private letter:—

"I must relate to you a little incident about some of our relatives who are spending the winter in South Carolina. Some persons who did not know their true goodness might almost term them skaptics, because cant is so repulsive to them. But to my story. The two gentlemen of the family thought they would visit the colored churches. The first they went into, there was so much shouting, &c., &c., that they were glad to retire, though they were called out before the society for 'sterbing' the meeting. However, they passed on to a second church, taking the lowest seats in the house, that, if like the services of the first church, they could retire more quietly. What was their surprise and delight to become so riveted and magnatized by the preacher that their souls were stirred to the very depths! His burning eloquence and glowing appeals, illustrated by exquisite figures, and choice diction, free from grammatical errors, had a power surpassing any one they had ever listened to, in this country or abroad. They felt a reality never before experienced; there was such a ring of sincerity in every word he uttered that their eyes were filled with tears. When the service was ended, my friends said that they could not leave the church without going up to the preacher, and taking him by the hand and telling him how much good he had done them, and putting a handsome gift into his hand, besides that they had contributed when the box was passed around. My friends had little faith before this that the colored man could be raised from his condition, but conviction came with this day's service."

THE "Weed" Sewing Machine Company has contributed a machine to the Hampton Institute, for the benefit of the Indian boys who are to learn tailoring under Mr. J. C. Robbins. We call attention to their advertisement in another column.

DURING the recent discussion in the General Assembly of Virginia upon the public debt a Southerner opposed forcible Readjustment on the ground of the State's resources and ability to pay.

We quote from the *State*, of Richmond:

"The strongest point he made was to show the fallacy of the erroneous, though we admit plausible argument that the freeing of the slaves had destroyed the property on which the debt was based. It had not impaired their property value in any respect to the State; but, on the contrary, enhanced it; for as the slave property was only property in so far as it represented productive labor, and as the State had lost none of the labor of the negroes by freeing them, it had lost nothing. It was but a change of systems, without affecting values adversely. Mr. Henry, of course, did not say there had not been personal loss to the extent of the ownership of property to each person; only the State had lost nothing by it. He puts it strongly and correctly when he says in refutation of this general error: 'The statement is that by being freed they have been lost to the State. Are Senators willing to subscribe to this statement? Do they not know that what was lost to the master was gained by the freedmen? and that the State, which has a half a million of freedmen instead of half a million of slaves, has lost nothing?' That is exactly it. The wealth has changed hands as any other wealth, but still remained in the State as part of its eminent property, and the loss of the one was the gain of the other. The master lost the price of his slave and the slave gained the price of his freedom, the privilege to dispose of his own labor, and the State, which owes this debt, and must pay it from the proceeds of the productive labor of all her people, was no loser by the change.

This fact is so well settled that it requires no argument. We might with greater force plead the general losses incurred in a great commercial crisis, by famine, or pestilance,—than enter this plea in justification of the repudiation of an honest debt owed to men, many of whom were equal losers by this war and its results. The man who owned slaves also held State bonds, and because he lost his slave property he must lose, too, the little remaining money he had invested in these State securities! But Mr. Henry proves that the framers of the bill have also erred in the matter of the value of our real and personal estate which they claim has so materially shrunk since the war as to render it impossible to meet the interest on our debt at a fair rate of taxation. The Senator from Richmond showed conclusively there had been no such shrinkage of values here as intimated in the bill, and every man who knows the story of the past ten years, will fully agree with him. On the contrary there has been, we think, a very perceptible increase in our property and its values, though very few of our people have become sudden millionaires or accumulated vast fortunes. These things are not expected here. We are not a venturesome, speculative, or mercantile people; but content with slow gains that are sure and come to stay with us. Our poverty, that we plead so piteously is not real. We are not poor in fact, though to hear the very poor mouths many make, a stranger would suppose we were as badly off as the famishing Irish people, and needed a general subscription throughout the world for our relief. It is not so. The people of Virginia are doing as well if not better than in almost any other State in the Union, and should blush to put up this beggar's plea to avoid meeting their just obligations."

A lady in Washington Society (not "political") writes to a friend:

"Last week I gave my young lady visitors a taste of Washington Society, making numerous calls, attending a Wedding at which Mrs. Hayes was present.

We called on Mrs. Sen. Bruce and were all delighted with her. She returned the call on Saturday and although we had a multitude of calls that afternoon, we thought hers the most interesting."

GOOD advice to teachers from the "Freedmen's Friend,"

A teacher, if he (or she) is impressed with the moral obligation to improve his opportunities will instruct in various ways not laid down in the books. His own habitation, if he possesses one, as well as the school-house, will evince tidiness and a general appearance of care. Whitewash will be applied where needed, and scraps of paper, dead limbs of trees, or other trash, will not be allowed to litter the school-house surroundings. From the woods and fields may be obtained a variety of climbing vines, as the convolulus, trumpet-creeper, bignonia and and passion flower, to plant and train in appropriate places. There will be pupils found who will consider it a labor of love to co-operate in such work, and thus the example will extend itself to families, and the influence be even apparent in whole communities. Lincolnton appears to be a pioneer in this direction, and as such the commendation of our Superintendent is well extended.

JOHN BRIGHT ON EDUCATION.

At a meeting of the teachers of Birmingham, England, recently called by the Mayor of that town, Hon. John Bright the famous English liberal statesman spoke in addressing them as follows:

"To feel that I am in the presence of from five hundred to six hundred persons who are engaged in the honorable office of teaching, is a great pleasure, and I hold this to be a meeting of a peculiar and very interesting character. I am not sure it would have been possible for the Mayor to send out invitations to five or six hundred persons of any other class in Birmingham, where he would have had so much that is important to the present and future of this great community.

"Education is not books alone. It is not what is called the 'three Rs.' It is not even classics and mathematics, of which when I was young I knew nothing, and of which I have not acquired any knowledge since. I regard what are called the classics—that is, the ancient language of Greece and Rome—as rather luxuries than anything else. It is a luxury to know anything which is good and innocent; it is a great luxury to know a great deal of the past, not that it makes you more powerful, but it is a pleasure to the person who knows. But I do not believe myself that there is anything in the way of wisdom, which is to be obtained in any of the books of the old languages, which at this moment may not be found in books of our own literature. Therefore, I think a man may be as great a man, and as good a man, and as wise a man, knowing only his own language and the wisdom in it, as if he knew all the Latin and Greek books that were ever written. But I say there is another sort of education beyond that of books; I think Milton describes this sentimcnt in speaking of some ancient person as,

Deep versed in books but shallow in himself,

and there is no doubt that there are people who know almost everything that may be known in a library, and yet they will hardly make their way from one street to another.

"I would have nothing there that was done for ostentation or show; but whatever could be done to make education real, to raise the character of our population, to exalt the sentiment of the people, whatsoever can be done by the expenditure of money, by the devotion of the earnest efforts of good men and good women like the five or six hundred I see before me, that I would do and have done. I only exhort you to go on, and to consider there is nothing in this town more essential to its future prosperity and greatness than the good, sound education of your children, and every one of you as teacher will feel you have been permitted to be one of the helpers in the greatest work which the population of Birmingham has ever yet undertaken."

OBITUARY.

DIED., Jan: 23d 1880, at her house in Williamsport, Pa., a graduate of Hampton Normal School, Mrs. Matilda Jane, wife of Wm. B. Weaver, an ex-student of Hampton.

She was, at the age of 12, taken to the Pennsylvania State School for Soldiers' Orphans, at Bridgewater, Pa. After going through a four years' course there, she was employed as a teacher in the school, and taught one year. Then coming to Hampton in the Fall of '73, she entered the middle class, and graduated in '75. Afterwards she taught two years in North Carolina and Virginia; was married in '77, and went to her home in Williamsport, Pa. where her husband obtained the position of teacher in the public school. The deceased was beloved as a scholar by her classmates and teachers; and as a teacher by her pupils, and leaves a husband, mother, two sisters and many friends to mourn her loss.

A SET OF SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

THERE is perhaps no better or fairer illustration we can give of the progress of the students through the school course than a set of their scholarship letters written once a year by them to the friends who contribnte scholarships ($70 a year) to the school. We gave such a set last month, and this is another. The letters are selected for their intrinsic interest. In all other respects they are not above the average, and are given entirely without correction.

FROM AN INDIAN.

HAMPTON, VA.

Dear Friend

I was born in Grand Island Neb. in the 15 day of Nov. my mother was married by a white man and used to liva in Grand Island. and my father was scouting with the Pawnees and once it raiu very hard and he got lightling struck and died. I did not know him. I never seen him. my mother tells me about him. when he died my mother went back to her own home, and lived with her brother, who lived like a white man. In 1869 I went on a hunting with the Pawnees and Puncas we weot on about three days they found some buffios so all the men got their best horses and fixed them up and than took their bows and arrows and guns they went all around them and than they just run after them and see who'll get there first one man would kill two or three sometimes four and eight, and they skin them, and tak'n them home, skin and all the skins are used for moccasins and men legends once I went swimming while the men went after buffios. while I was in the water, I seen a buffio coming towards where I was, frighten me, to. I had to climbed upon a tres. it was mad soma men were after him and had some arrows in him. they killed him and than I got down. from the tree. and I seen them skin it. we had lots buffio meat we camp same place. the Indians were drying their meat so it will less long, after while wa went on again. we want on till sun was sat. next morcing they seen some more buffios. they killed many more they had to stay there till their meat was dry. we stayed there and the Indian women got their things and worked on. with their skin. they finished them. and had lots meat and skins, and return home again. I just use to eat dry meat all the time no towns around nor near, to buy some bread and sugar. I use to get hungry, for brend. I use to cry. for soms brend my stepfather had to taka me where their was some Pawnees that did not go on hunting we got there. I had all the bread I want I was glad then the next day we went on and got to n town and went in the cars and went on we got to another town wa got out and went home. and than they sent me to school. four months. I want homa ngain. after awhils. some soma Pawoees ran awny from their home. went to Ind. Ter. and stayed there for couple years had nice time and had many ponies and mules. they did not need nnything. they sent one back to tell them how nice it was down thers and it, made part of the Chiefs, think it would be nice to go down there. they nse to have a big connsil there with the Agents and Rush Roberts he.p them as I know him. one Chief did not want to go down there that was Lone Chief, because he liked the place where we use to live and because the Pawnees were civilized when they were up there they were commencing putting up their log houses and farming. but they went down to Ind. Ter. At my homa they are just commencing farming. I 'nve got a farm my own. I use to work on my farm in summer and go to school in winter. I had been wanted to go to soma other school I nm very glad they took me to Hmpton School. I think my friends at Hmpton School will help me all they can I want to learn all I enn in Hampton School and stay here till four or five years. my mother was willing for me to come to School and be among the white people. and when I went to the Indinn Territory I went to the day school one yenr, and the next yenr I went to the Boarding School. I never use to talk English one year ago but the Indian Agent at my home kept me nt his house, where there is many white people staying they use to talk to me in English all the time and I try hard I soon learnt how I hnd to interpret for the Agent when we first went down the Territory there use to be many sickness they use to get sick and soma of them died they were not use to in warm country once I was sick I had the chills and favor I pratty near died I got well again before I came away I plowed part of my field and sowed some wheat but I 'nve got brothers who will work on my field while I am away and keep my horses good some white people use to want to take me when I was at home I use to write to Col Meacham to help me to go to some School he did help me and I thank him I am very glad I went to Hampton School I am trying to be a good boy. and study all I can the only thing that troubles me is Georgraphy. I have to try hard. Yours truly

J. M., Pawnee Indian.

FROM A JUNIOR.

HAMPTON, VA.,

Dear Friend

I have been requested hy the principal, Gen Armstrong to write yon a letter concerning the history of my past life.

I was horn in Pickens County S. C. July h2, 1880. When fiva years of age my parents moved to Columbia the state capital, which was at that time a very desolate looking place; there was not a building standing on main street. They having been burned by Gen Sherman's men. The state at that time I believe was under martial law, for when any one committed a crime they were carried to headquarters for trial. The colored people at that time were very poor; many being unable to earn their bread. But luckily for my parents they found good situations. About that time there was a great desire upon the part of the colored people for an education; the larger portion being very poor and unable to send their children to school there was not much done the first year towards education. Bnt the second year a few private schools were opened by colored people who had very little education; and could only teach reading and spelling a little. They knew very little about arithmetic' and grammnr. They being slaves were not allowed books what they learned they did it by chance. To be caught with a book in slavery time would result in him or her being tied np and whipped almost to death.

It was I believe in the year of 1868 that the first school of any importance was opened. It was taught by teachers from the North.

This school still exists under the nnme of the Howard school; nnd is taught by colored teachers and is supported hy the state. It has an average attendsnce of about (700) seven hundred.

I started to this school in 1868. The school nt that time was under the charge of n Northern lady.

I did not go to this school long; my parents not having an education thought I was not learning fast enongh so they stopped me. I learned my Alphabet at this school and how to spell in little. My mother wished to go on a visit to our old mountain home, where we staid abont six months. I did not go to school once while there. When we came home my father sent ma to a private school, there I learned a little about Georgraphy and arithmetic. For some cause or other this school soon closed. I remained out of school this time about one year when I started to school again.

I had by this time learned to appreciate my studies; I studied Davies Practical arithmetic, Barnes' brief history of the U. S.

But unluckily for me my mother was taken sick n hnmber she is still an invalid. I was compelled to quit school to help my father support the family which consisted of five besides myself. This went very hard with me for I was very anxious to learn. The S. C. University at that time was opened for colored boys. I hnd n recommendation given me hy all my teachers. But as I be already said my father was unable to send me. I was however determined not to be outdone hy this; So I started to night school. I had not been going thers long before this school closed. I continued to study at night and at my work whenever I had n chance.

I was stnying with Dr ——, and when he went to see his patients I would carry my books under the seat of the buggy and study untill he came out. Hs caught me at this scveral times and I was discharged. I then gnve up the idea of trying to learn. I had tried every wny I knew how, and had been defeated.

Please accept my heartiest thanks for the contributions you hava so cheerfully given to nid in the elevntion of our race from ignorance and superstition.

I was appointed by Cnpt. S. Thompson atate Supt. of education to receive the benefit of the Peabody fund for one year.

It has been three years since I went to school; I had studied in arithmetic as far as compound numbers. I have been here since the first of October and am very well pleased with the school. I entered the Junior class. Please excusc bad writing as this in my first letter north and of course I am very ncarvous.

Nothing more at present,

Respt. J.,
of Columbia, S. C.

FROM THE MIDDLE CLASS.

HAMPTON. VA.,

Dear Friend;

It gives myscif much pleasure to write you giving an account of my past life. I was horn in Marion South Carolina May, 1866. In the cara of my grandmotber. After the closa of the wnr, father home and in 1870, I was permitted to attend schoo four months each year until 1874, pn being anxious that I should learn n trade and with the advice of my uncle I was put under the cara of a gentlemsn from Portsmonth Virginia who at that time was about to commence shingling in the swamp of the Great Pedee river. After a short time, I succeeded in learning the trade and was getting on very well, but when winter came on, I found that the swamp lifa was very unpleasant; living in tenta roughly hnilt and being exposed to the cold and rain, a spell of sickness was the result. In spits ef the attention I received I grew worse and worse, until if was thought best to send me home, where I could receive better attention. In a short time after I reached home I recovered somewhat and was permitted to attend school for a short time during the latter part of 1875, and in 1878, I practiced my trade a short time but having a thirst for an education, I was not contented with but desired to follow some occupation that was more instructive than making shingles. My mind was fixed on teaching school and after passing an examination, I was authorized to teach and continued one or two short sessions each year from 1878 until 1879 when Capt Hugh S. Thompson (State Superintendent of Education for the state of South Carolina) delivered an address to the teachers of Marion County. In his address he complimented the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute and said he was authorized to award (10) ten students of South Carolina with n Peabody Scholarship to tho Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. To my surprise I was appointed one of the ten, but not without admiration and joy.

As soon as I received intelligence of my appointment, I commenced making preparations for starting, and on the seventh of August, I started for Wilmington North Carolina, with the intention of spending n few weeks there with my brother. After my arrival there, I was advised not to remain on account of the unhealthy condition of the city. Goldsboro North Carolina was the next place I contemplated stopping, and having taken the cars for that place, I reached there on the night of the tenth and was cordially received by Mr —— (a graduate of Shan University at Raleigh North Carolina) and several others originally from North Carolina who have established themselves at Goldsboro since the war. After spending n few weeks there I set out for this place and reached here on the seventeenth of Sept and after being examined, I was assigned to the Middle Class; by hard study and good deportment I will graduate in 1881.

I am very respectfully yours M.

FROM A SENIOR.

HAMPTON, VA.,

My dear Friend,—

I am very glad to have the opportunity of writing to you once more so that I can thank you for you for your kindness to me and my race.

This is the last time I shall hava to write to you as this is my Senior term.

I am very thankful to the Lord for giving my people and me such good friends as you are, and also such a glorious privilege of getting some education, as it is so much needed in my race particularly. Besides there is work to be dona in the world, and if we do not help to do it of what good shall we ba in this grent and wonderful world of ours.

I had n very hard time when I began my school life. My mother had six children to provide for, and I am tha oldest, (I am not sixteen) she hnd to provide nearly every thing that we had.

Many a day bave I had to sit home and grieve because I could not go to school, but meanwhile I knew not that my Heavenly Father was providing for me. He was thongh for in the year 1878 I had learned enough to enable me to enter the Junior Class at the Normal School. I studied very hnrd and was promoted to the Middla Class in 1877. I got on very wall that term but being young my teachers thought it would be better for me to repeat my middla term.

After school closed at the Normal for thnt term, I thought I would teach school during thnt vacation. So I gathered nt my honse, which is in tbe town of Hampton, n numbar of poor little ragged children so thnt I might teach them, nnd also earn something for myself, as I charged them ten cents a week.

Tha first week I had only four scholars, the second week I had twelve, and the third I had twenty. I had just gotten my school fairly started when disease seized me, and with it came n crnshing of all my hopes for the poor little cbildren.

I had to close my school, as I was very ill, and I remained so all summer.

With my illness also came one of my greatest blessings for it was during it, that I sougbt the Lord Jesus Christ and found bim precious to my sonl.

By the time school opened I was well enough to continne my studies.

I studied more earnestly this term hoping to be promoted to the Senior Class at the end of the term, and also trying to guin all the knowledgo tbat I could for tbat was what I came to school for and that was what I must hava. At the end of the term I was promoted to the Senior Class. Oh joy! what great reward that was for my labor!. How happily I began my work for vacation! I worked a part of the first month in the "Knitting Room," but work getting scarce there, I went to work in the "Crab and Oyster Canning Factory" of Mr. T. T. Bryce. When I first began to work there I picked crabs getting two cents per. lb.

At first I did not make much, but I worked steadily on and after awhile Mr. Bryce had me to pick crabs for the Hygeia Hotel allowing me as many pounds of crabs as I picked and half as many extra so in that way I managed to make more money. I had worked in that way some time when Mr. Bryce allowed me to pack the crabs paying me seventy-five cents per day. At that rate I was able to save some money and when I earned twenty-five dollars I thought that I owned a very large sum of money.

I was very happy but my happiness was transient for just before vacation ended my dear step-father was brought home very ill from New York where he had been working. It was on the 18th of the month that he was brought home, and on the 19th he died leaving my dear mama with six children for whom she *alone* has to provide.

What a dreadful cloud this was that bad been thrown over our family just in the hour of pleasure.

What would I have done if I had not had a loving Saviour to fly to in that hour of dreadful sorrow and distress.

The money I had saved I bad to give to my dear mama to assist her in paying for my father's burial expenses.

In that way I was deprived of the school clothes I needed, but I started to school feeling that the Lord would provide for me as he always had done.

An educatiou I wanted and an education I must have if perseverance and hard study would attain it, and I prayed earnestly to the Lord to help me.

The Lord heard my prayer for he fonnd ma a dear friend in one of my dearly beloved teachers who is now in France and to whom I wrote telling her of my distress. I have also another dear teacher in New York who helps me very much.

I need not try to tell you how I love my kind teachers and Northern friends, for I cannot. I hope the Lord will bless them always.

My dear friend I do wish very much that you will write to me, as I would be very happy to have you do so.

Hoping that the Lord will bless you,

I remain Yonrs respectfully R.

ENCOURAGING.

Mr. Alfred H. James, for many years Superintendent of Schools of the Friends' Freedmen Association of Philadelphia writes as follows, from Charlotte, North Carolina:

"The Freedmen who have not been engaged in agriculture or other work for themselves, have fonnd employment nt moderate pay, and seem to have done well during the summer, and are thankful in being in tolerable preparation for the mora trying season of winter. Several have made good crops of cotton, which stood the dronth better than most other crops. R. S. raised eighty bushels of wbeat and fifty-seven of oats, keeps two horses, some fine hogs, and has a good farm-yard of poultry. The great change for the hatter which has in a few short years come over the colored people of Lincolnton is a surprise to all. It was one of our poorest places, where they had poor houses, no money, hnd clothing and scanty food, and but little work to be obtained at any price. Our school had to be maintained without charge to them, while clothing, food and books had in many instances to be supplied, that the children might have tha benefit of it. Today it is a thriving village of neat cottages, a school-house (ours), and two meeting-houses. It is located one mila ont of Lincolnton (proper), and around our school, which nppears to have formed the centre, and been the nucleus of tha whole thing.

Among other gratifying things there, I will state that a large nnmber of tha former students are now engaged in teaching either public or subscription schools in the surrounding country, and from all I could learn are doing well. I met two of these, who came to see if we would be willing to supply their schools with books at the same prices we did our own, stating they could not obtain books at any price, and that the children were badly in need of them. Lack of books is an essential drawbnck to schools here awny.

Charlotte is a lively business place nt this season. Country merchants come here to buy goods for winter stock. Cotton is coming into the market, and bnying and selling is the order. It is a large cotton mart, and is also called, on account of its being a railroad centre, "tbe Chicago of the South."

A. H. J.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

HUNGER FOR LEARNING AND LAND.

after awhila. The most advanced scholars have not entered school yat. They have been busy helping their parents with their crops. I teach reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, superintendents for teachers are once more coming in to Hampton faster than they can be supplied.

alphabets, but they soon found out that they could learn to spell tha words as soon as they could tho latters; and now I am pleased to say that all my little beginners can read any word I write for them. My scholars seem very anx-

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

HUNGER FOR LEARNING AND LAND. THE ANIMAL THAT TAKES THE PLACE OF THE HORSE. THE LITTLE END OF THE HORN. THE SIGN OF A LONG SERMON. IMPROVEMENT IN PAYING TEACHERS. A LESS FAVORABLE REPORT. THE VIRGINIA *Educational Journal* APPRECIATED. A VISITING SUPERINTENDENT. PLEA FOR READING MATTER. A GENEROUS FRIEND. A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The very general desire among the freedmen for acquiring land and an "education," if sometimes a blind instinct, is a very safe and hopeful one, and one that will necessarily grow by what it feeds on. There is no more common report in our graduates' letters than their report of this craving.

Thue, a recent letter from a graduate who is teaching in Virginia, with an average of fifty pupils, says:—"My school is in a very enlightened neighborhood, where education, Christianity and the accumulation of property are the only *factors*. Am boarding with a colored man who owns abont 330 acres of land which is in a splendid state of cultivation. There are a nnmber of others who live within a mile of my school that own fifty acres or more apiece."

Another graduate, an observing young woman, of last year's class, writes also from Virginia:—"I have been teaching nearly two months. The people are very kind and they like me very much. They are industrious. Almost every man owns his house and land."

She gives a picturesque description of the state of things in her neighborhood, which is in a different condition from the first described:—

I have twonty in my day school and twenty-five in my Sunday-school. Some who come have never been to Sunday-school before; it is the first that has ever been held here.

One very disagreeable thing is, that the women here chew and smoke more than the men. If a baby cries, they will give it a glass of wine or beer to quiet it and "warm it up," as they say. I have not seen a drunken man since I've been here. This is enough African for me. I have a great deal of work before me here. The woods caught on fire here one night, and I helped two men and a woman to put it out. They have no engine, so when snch accidents happen, the women and men will cut bushes and whip it out.

The church is five miles from me. I am fortunats enough to ride there, instead of having to walk as a great many do. I have to go in an ox-cart, as that animal takes the place of a horse here generally. Land is sold here at four dollars an acre. My school-house is quite comfortable; it is a log cabin. The women here are quite untidy; they spit all over the floor, and seldom wear a collar. I spoke to them about being temperate and signing the pledge. They objected, on the ground that "if they feel like taking a dram no pledge could keep them from doing so;" and they offer it to me quite often, but I stick to my resolution.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,
Your scholar, L.

THE LITTLE END OF THE HORN.

One of the commonest complaints from the freedmen is, that a colored man may work hard all the year, and come out worse off at the end of it—in debt for his wages, or losing all the payments he has made on his mortgaged land. How far this may be the fault of overreaching employers, and how far the fault of his own reckless improvidence, may be hard to say. In either case, his ignorance is at the bottom of his troubles, and education the only way out of them.

VA., *Jan.* 4, 1880.

General ——, *kind friend*:—

As I have the honor of being one of the Hampton graduates, I thought it would interest you to know what I have been doing since I left school. When I left there last June, I came to this place and taught a private school all summer. I made enough to pay a little for my board and had a little left to buy stationeries.

I began teaching the 13th of October with six pupils for the first week, and when the month ended I had twenty-seven on roll. The second month my average was much better. I am now getting on nicely with my school. My school numbered fifty before Christmas, and it is very likely it will be much larger after awhile. The most advanced scholars have not entered school yet. They have been busy helping their parents with their crops. I teach reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar and geography. I like the work very well, but I have had but little experience. I know it is a grand thing to be able to help those so low down. My scholars, as a general thing, seem to be wide-awake. They seem anxious to learn.

The colored people, as a general thing, are very peor. Only a few own land. The majority hire themselves to white men for wages, and at the end of the year, when pay-day comes, they get nothing for their year's labor. As the saying is, they "come ont at the little end of the horn." The family I am boarding with owns two acres of laud. Most all the colored people raise their own meat, and own one or two cows. They are hard-working people.

I received the *Journal* and find it to be useful. The SOUTHERN WORKMAN, I am sorry to say, stands n poor chance of being introduced here, as there are so few who can read well enough to read a paper. I would like to take it myself. I have not been able to do anything towards the balance I owe the school, but hope to, just as soon as possible. I must stop as you will get tired of this dry letter.

With love for the school and its managers,
I am respectfully yours, M.

Another writes from North Carolina:—

I am teaching in a district entirely inhabited by ignorant people. I suppose, however, there are a few who are trying to get the bottom rail on top. The family with whom I am boarding are very nice people, and seem very much interested in the cause of education; the lady can read a little, and seems interested when she hears good reading. Except this family, the colored people in general are nearly as bad off as they were in slavery. They work with men who carry on large farms on the river, and they make their contracts in such a way that the white men gets all their wages in return for their board and perhaps a jug of whisky at Christmas; so the next year the colored laborer must stay, thinking that he only makes ont to live on the river, and if he leaves that and goes on the Ridge he will suffer. Some few who contract to buy land, get them an old horse and give a mortgage. In the spring when they need the horse it dies, or if not, when the crop is made (which they have mortgaged), if they are not able to meet the payment, the crop is taken and sold; so when the land payment is due they are unable to meet it, and have to give it up. It isn't only the colored, but the poor whites on those large farms who are equally as bad off. All this arises from ignorance. I have had pupils since I have had this school that couldn't count but five at the age of ten and fifteen years. I have sometimes almost regretted knowing anything of the work of teaching since I opened this school two months ngo; but by perseverance I am now enjoying the work again.

I have a more comfortable school-room than I have ever had before. I teach in the same house where I am boarding, in one of the upstairs rooms. Of course I would much prefer a public school-house if I had a comfortable one; but they haven't any kind in this district. I am at least five miles from my post-office, and have to send hy chances.

How is my brother getting on?
Your grateful pupil, M.

THE PAY OF TEACHERS.

In the last year or two, many graduates anxious to teach have been prevented by want of schools or want of pay. Some have shown much pluck and devotion to their people's needs, in working on without pay, or with only pay in promises and warranta markctable at a large discount, supporting themselves as they could by other work. The condition of things in the State is improving in this respect.

One writes on December 25th:—

"I have no trouble about getting my money now. So you see that there is quite an improvement since last winter."

The lmprovement is not yet nniversally felt, as another writes, Jannary 5th:—

"Viewing it (teaching) from a financial standpoint, it does not present much inducement, as they have stopped, not only pay, but, I might say, issuing warranta; so I shall end my third month to-morrow, and have not received my second month's warrant."

From a third county, a letter of January 1st says:—

"There is a chance for us to get some money for our work soon. The apportionment has been made, and we shall get our money as it is collected."

The pinch lasts longest in the country as a general thing, hnt the prospects are much improved. The applications from superintendents for teachers are once more coming in to Hampton faster than they can be supplied.

THE VIRGINIA EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL.

This valuable magazine is sent to fifty of the Hampton graduates by the school, through the kind coöperation of the proprietors. It is highly appreciated, and is a most important aid to their work.

VIRGINIA, 1—7—1880.

General ——, *Dear sir*:—

Your postal was received some time since, also the sample paper and *Educational Journal*, for which please accept my thanks. I find the *Journal* very beneficial indeed. Dr. Ruffner, when attending the recent institute hold here, recommended it to the teachers, and I was just thinking of taking it when yours came to me soon after. I thank you very much for it.

Enclosed you will find stamps amounting to twenty-five cents, for which please send me the WORKMAN for six months. You have my sympathies in regard to the recent fire. I wish you much success in your efforts to rebuild. I am doing nicely with my school here, having eighty-six enrolled. I enjoy the school very much. Mary —— teaches near me; I see her often. My love to Louise and Edith if they are with you.

Truly yours, A.

A GENEROUS FRIEND.

Another report has come of the Christmas gladness brought to many poor little ones in our graduates' school-rooms, by the benevolence of a generous friend in Massachusetts.

VA., *December* 25, 1879.

Dear General:—

I wish you and the school a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I would like to have been with you all to day, but I found that I could do more good by staying here. I had a Christmas tree. The children and most of the old people never saw one before. There were whites as well as colored. The church was so crowded that many stood outside. I have been making ready for it for the past month. The children delivered their pieces beautifully, and everybody was well pleased. I got the tree up by taxing each child ten cents. Of course that would not have given presents for all, but I imposed the tax simply to get candies for them. Most of the presents were furnished by Mr. B. I thought that a good way to distribute them. There were about 300 presents on the tree; so you can judge how well it was loaded. The children were well pleased with their presents. Every child and many grown persons received something. The singing was excellent, too, considering the teacher that they had. We had plantation songs and hymns from Moody and Sankey. The whites were well pleased at the way the children spoke and saug. On the whole, we enjoyed a merry Christmas Eve.

I have a very full school now, more than I can do justice to. I have sixty-eight on roll, and will have after the holidays about eighty. My school term is seven months, and pay, $30.

I received the *Educational Journal*, also the SOUTHERN WORKMAN. Accept my thanks for them. I shall do all I can towards getting subscribers. I shall be at Hampton about New Year's Day, if nothing happens, and will pay for the paper.

Hoping that you may be able very soon to enter a new "Academic,"
I am, as ever, your pupil, P.

BIBLES AND PAPERS NEEDED.

There is hardly any limit to the number of good papers, Testaments and Bibles which we could distribute with advantage in the South, through our graduates. Almost all of them engage heartily in Sunday-school work, often starting the first Sunday-school and temperance movement in the settlement, and often in utter destitution of Bibles, books or papers. The old people can't—many of them—read, but the first thing they want to hear the children read is the Bible. Very many of the children can read, and do their friends remember that if the good and innocent books and papers do not hurry to them, the evil and corrupt will?

VA., *Jan.* 24, 1880.

Dear Teacher:—

I writs to inform you of my sohool. I am now on my fourth month. I have a very large school—100 on roll and average from 65 to 75 daily; so you see I have no time to be idle. I am trying to teach Colonel Parker's method, only in part, which seems to take very well. The reason I teach it only in part is because it requires a great deal of time and patience to teach it fully, and that I haven't got. They like it very well, though they thought it strange at first when I began to teach them words from the chart or board, instead of their alphabets, but they soon found out that they could learn to spell the words as soon as they could the letters; and now I am pleased to say that all my little beginners can read any word I write for them. My scholars seem very anxious to learn. One or two want to come to Hampton, but I have not the means to pay their board. I would like to know if General Armstrong could not take them there and let them work their way through. If so, please let me know soon.

I received your card stating that you desire me to act as agent for the WORKMAN, which I will gladly do; but I am sorry to say that most of my people here do not cherish reading much. Yet I have a promise of a few which I hope to send down soon.

I am doing all I can in the Sunday-school work. I have now that now send for the Sunday-school edition. They are new schools; one I have gotten up since I came here; they are much in need of help. Have you any papers and books that you could give me for them, or could you refer me to a society or company that I could get some Bibles of cheap? I find it a recreation to meet the little ones on a Sunday morning, with a different picture to what they saw during the week; besides, it would be an addition to thn Institute to have them subscribe for the S. S. edition which gives strictly international lessons, also other news that encourage the moral training. Enclosed please find $3.40, which the schools before mentioned send for the S. S. edition. I will write again, and give you a brief sketch of the country and people.

I remain yours ob'd'tly. L.

A PIONEER EFFORT.

A friend kindly sends us this interesting account of the pioneer work of one of the Hampton graduates in a destitute region where there has been no school for five years.

MD., *January* 26, 1880.

My kind friend, Mr. ——:—

I will attempt to write you an account of myself and work. I entered Hampton Institute September, '76, and graduated the following May, '77. The following November I received an appointment in —— County in this State. The vicinity was made up of Catholics chiefly. I did not find the people as much interested or the children as anxious as I had left dear old H. hoping to. I had neither books, maps, or blackboard, and received a very small amount as payment. I resigned the following May.

I received the appointment I have now January 1, 1879. This is my second year. I found the children, some of them, very ignorant; but I am happy to know that there has been some improvement. My patrons, though their children attend school, do not fully realize the true importance of education. The children, after having learned a certain amount, do not seem as earnest as before; the home influence seems to check, in a way, their efforts. I have a blackboard, but no maps or charts. For reading we use the First Reader. We have no globe for geography, and the Commissioners state that the colored people do not contribute, or rather pay taxes enough, to insure them these little necessaries; and I do not find the people ready, and many are not able to supply them themselves. My school has numbered this year forty-seven; I have now on roll forty; average attendance, thirty-two. The parents of four-fifths of my pupils are very poor and their children thinly clad. I have had them so poorly off that I have begged shoes from friends in Baltimore and given them, and found them truly grateful.

This is an inland village, accessible by stage. I am situated about five miles north of it. There has not been a school in this vicinity, I am told, for five years, and this would not have been had not the people banded together and built the school-house. The County Commissioners would give them only books and a teacher. I have tried to do my duty since I have been teaching, and feel that I have helped a few ignorant souls, which is a blessed consolation to me. I believe I have given you a thorough account of my work.

Hoping to hear from you at your leisure,
I am, yours gratefully, N.

FROM A LITTLE FELLOW.

A graduate teacher sends the following specimen of a letter from a class he has taught five months. The handwriting is very neat and legible.

F—— CONNTY VA *feb* the 4 1880

my Dear friend I seat my self to write you a few lines to in form you of my health i am well at this time an doing well i am going to school every day and i like my teacher very well Mr —— —— is my teacher and i think he is a very good teacher mother and father thinks that i am in proving very much in learning and i hope i am and i am going school at Wind hill this is all i have to say at this present time

Nelson Haley.

[This is a letter of a Third Reader scholar living about three miles from the school-house, and about thirteen years old.]

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

PRAYER MEETING.

These meetings of the Indian boys are still attended with unabated interest, although they have been conducted ever since they came to Hampton. There is something very beautiful in the Indian's idea of God; God is known as the Great Spirit, and the church as the Spirit house. They have a strong religious tendency when they are brought to the light.

BIG TEMPTATION.

One of the teachers has been having the Indians recite the verse,

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll cerry you through.

An explanation of the words was carefully given, but notwithstanding it all, the verse was misapplied, for very soon one of the Indian girls went running to her teacher, triumphently exclaiming, "I was victory! I was victory!" "What do you mean?" asked her teacher. The girl replied, "one Indian girl she get mad with me, I no like, she at everything and hit nothing. They will put in a great deal of force, but unless there were a guiding hand, they would attempt all of the trades and give up each as its difficulties appear.

The farm boys are now busily engaged in building a new carriage-house for the school. They have cut all the timbers and put the frame up; they enter into this work with a great deal of enthusiasm. The work of building the carriage-house was given to the Indian boys in order to give them some practical insight into house-building; the knowledge thus gained will be of the greatest use to them on their return home. They need to learn to carry some definite plan of work in their own heads, as we cannot always do the thinking for them. The more they are taught to depend upon themselves the more practical the education becomes.

It will no doubt astonish many to learn that these Indians, who have been dashing over the prairie in their fleres and daring rides, madly braving dangers and knowing no fear, are as timid as children when told to ascend a scaffold but a few feet from the ground.

A new feature has been added to the Indian work here; it is on the same plan as that adopted by the school of Technology in Boston; the plan being to teach the elements of the trades.

Several show an unmistakable sense of wit. When called by an earnest voice from the other end of the shop which they know means that their services are wanted, they reply by an equally prompt "*Present!*" as if answering to roll-call in school. Another authoritative call and they come with a rush, suppressing their mirth.

If Ariotchkiss is called for, some one will repeat the order, apparently to hasten his coming, but really to play upon his name, by saying Harry Hotchkiss.

Edwin Bishop's services are frequently sought with a "Bishop here!" when "Bishop Hare," (Episcopal Bishop, Dakota) is repeated till he reaches the scene of duty. Whenever any are working about stove pipes or anything sooty, they are sure to improvise tasteful goatees or mustaches, and when a smile comes over the beholders' faces, they look up with an air of feigned astonishment.

Two boys are ordered to carry away a large book-case. Each puts his hands behind him, grasps the projecting edge, lifts the bulky article and starts—but both in opposite directions. It took five minutes for the more mirthful faces to sober down.

The name of the one in charge of them very closely resembles certain Dakota words of frequent use. He occasionally mistakes them for a call to him, and asks what is wanted, and it was granted to him. He finished it as well as could be expected, and after learning the price to be charged, bore it off in triumph, saying that he would collect the amount and bring it to the shop. A day or two passed without the subject being mentioned. The matter began to look a little suspicious, and the tyro was summoned to render an account. Being a boy who enjoyed the confidence of all, it was difficult to believe one's senses as, with drooping head, the culprit was brought forth and compelled to let the truth be known. A general sigh of relief, followed the confession—"the patch came off." A broadening smile merged into a hearty laugh, and the curtain dropped.

J. C. B.

MORDAU MISSION, *Jan.* 15, '80.

Dear Mr. Robbins:

Your very kind letter was brought to mind this morning by "White Bull," who came up to pay us a visit. He showed me quite a pile from you of which he is rather more than proud, and as he evidently wished me to indorse your good feeling toward him, I did so, and read all you had said of him. I hope you will be able to come out and see us and our work right in the field. My husband joins in an earnest wish

THE USEFUL PLOUGH. (*See Page* 33.)

big temptation; I no yield to temptation; I fight her, I was victory!" and running away she appeared to be perfectly delighted to think she had done so well the first time, in conquering her temptation.

CARE OF WIGWAM.

The care of the Wigwam is almost entirely in the hands of the Indian boys; there is a colored janitor to direct the work, but the cleaning is done by the boys. The building is swept twice a day, morning and afternoon; the boys make their own beds and sweep their rooms every morning. On Saturday, the floors are washed. The boys on the different floors are required to keep their floor and stairway clean, and are detailed by twos every Saturday for this purpose. Saturday has become a general cleaning day; the effect of clean halls is apparent, they want a clean house all through. It is a very common thing on this day to find the hall blocked by tables, bedsteads, bed-clothing, trunks and chairs, all put out of the rooms to give the floor time to dry. Habits of neatness and order form an important part of their education, for it is these things they will greatly need when they are men.

The rooms of the Wigwam are small, accommodating but two boys to a room; strict privacy is thus secured. We believe the boys will gradually lose all taste for the old way of living with ten or twelve in the same apartment; such a course will do more to correct their idea of living than all the lectures that can be delivered. The plan is to let them enjoy it for a time and then they will have no desire to return to the old way.

WORK.

Do they love to work, some one asks? About as well as most boys; but they are at work and doing well. One inclination of the Indian boys when at work is to aim

A CRAVING.

The temptation to take something to one's room to eat before going to bed is sometimes irresistible; the little Indian girls have the same craving, for one night they crept down stairs and after groping around the dark kitchen for a time they found a cake of corn-bread about eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide and two inches thick; with great joy they hurried up stairs with their treasure; after eating as much as they could, they carefully hid the rest of the bread in their bureau drawers for future lunches.

INDIAN WIT.

One day, on leaving the workshop, where some of the Indians work, I asked each one if he know what his work was and if he understood how to do it; each boy answered, "Yes, sir," until I came to the last boy, when I put the question to him as he stood by his work bench, "Yes sir, *I stand*" and then, after a roguish smile to his companions, he renamed his work. The following amusing incidents showing the Indians' love for the humorous are reported by Mr. Starkweather.

Visitors at the shop have frequently expressed surprise when told that the boys are mirthful; they repeat the old fallacy that "the Indian never laughs," little dreaming that before they are five rods from the place every face will be beaming with smiles, and perhaps quite as free a criticism going on among them as among the visitors departing. A general dance in honor of their departure is what is often inaugurated, especially when the one in charge has occasion to step out for a moment.

When not under restraint, they as playful as kittens; no school-boy ever appreciated more keenly than they do, the fun of slyly attaching a string or a paper to another's coat.

One of the boys never seems happy when not perpetrating some joke. If there is no work at hand, several long shavings answer for feathers, some coloring matter is generally to be found, as are scraps of tin for earrings, and hastily erecting some kind of a throne, on the bench, he perches himself thereon in all the solemn dignity of a sachem. Or he may noiselessly come up to some one at work, and, as if prompted by curiosity merely, slowly insinuate his nose much further into his comrade's affairs than seems compatible even with Indian urbanity. The insult is resented by the angry upraising of the tool in hand,—saw, plane, soldering iron or shoe knife—when the intruder, quick as a flash, drews from behind him a sledge hammer, and for a moment, to any one unsophisticated, blood-shed would seem certain to follow. But as the sham affray speedily terminates by one of both of them rolling over in the shavings, as they give vent to roars of laughter, the spectator is not slow in joining the chorus.

There are limits, however, to an Indian's sense of the humorous. A highly illuminated card, professing to show just how Uncle Sam feeds Boston baked beans to Sitting Bull, was shown to some of them. They viewed it with critical eyes, and the foremost said it was not accurate, that the mouth was too large. The boy with the largest mouth was made to open his jaws to their utmost possible stretch, when a close comparison was instituted between the picture and the living specimen. The verdict was slowly reached that Sitting Bull was misrepresented. "Yes," said the foreman, in English, pointing to the caricature, "*too much* mouth; he swallow a boy."

One youth who had just joined the sons of Crispin, brought in a comrades' shoe with a hole in the upper which needed a patch. He asked the privilege of cementing it on, when a general hearty laugh ascends.

that you may do so, and we shall be glad to have you in our pleasant home in the wilderness, from which you can make journeys all over the Reservation with my husband, in the "Mission" wagon or on one of the ponies. That the work right here is an attractive one, perhaps the fact of our living at this distance—sixty-seven miles—from a white neighbor, may give you some idea.

You ask for information as to the nature of the work here, and its extent. I am not of the descriptive turn, but will try to give you some impressions. In the first place, the Agencies are given in charge of religious denominations; the Sioux fell to us. At each Agency there is a Boarding School, perhaps two, where the common English branches are taught and manual labor; at each camp there are day schools, usually in charge of an educated Indian Catechist, who gives instruction in Dakota, and teaches the scholars to read and write and sing. We consider it of the greatest importance that this people be instructed in their own language first, as they have the Bible, Prayer Book, hymns, and a great many good books, which they can take hold of and read understandingly, and also to be able to convey lessons for spiritual life, for although an Indian may be able to read and write, even speak, English, he does not readily take hold of English ideas, and the best way we have found after eight years' work, has been to convey our ideas in their own tongue. Perhaps with you, where the children are surrounded by white men, and the white man's ways are predominant, they may be more apt to put their English to use. But here they have had to contend against the ignorance and prejudice of their people. Happily now the Dakota sees the good of improvement. Had Capt. Pratt come five years ago for children, he would have in all probability had a bullet through his body for his pains. We have had girls taken from our school, for the sole rea

the respect for the Indian and the cause it represents. The first their more advanced neighbors, they have

son, frankly stated hy the parents, thet the girl was beginnig to know more then the father and mother. Seven years siece, my husband started e hoarding school for boys, hnt until the past three years it was *utterly impossible* to keep one eny langth of time. Not thet any feult was found with the menage-ment, for we tried to do our best and the Indians themselves acknowledged it, but that the child "was tired," "did not want to etay," or that the parents were enwilling. I remember an old man brought his hoy one night, and took him eway tha eveniog of the next dey, ahusieg me roundly hecause Johnnie had not learned to read and write in that time. Howaver, we "stuck to it," and heve hed the pleasure of heving to heve the school enlarged, and more applicants than could he admitted, because all who ceme stayed. This is also dne to the wise administration of Cept. Schroon, who has done nohly.

At ell the stations, Sundey moreieg and evening, and Wedeesday avening, services are kept up. Yon would be snarpised to see a whole congregstion of Indiens go raverently through the whole service, and in thair own languags. We visit tha sick, aod go freely among their homes; the ladies of the mission heve regular sewing schoole where we also givs religions instruction, elso teach tham how to take care of their homes and persons; in fact, ars a sort of Living Tracts for Indian people. My husband, each month, mekes a visit to each station, spending from two to six days at each, preparing catechists for ordination and giving classes for haptism and confirmation instruction, visiting tha sick, marrying the living and hurying the deed.

In fact we do general pioneer work, and the fact that nearly all tha children attend, school, when a a few years since I had hard work to pay four to do so, gives you an idea that the work is important, and I can hardly realize tha improvemeet in a few years.

When wa firet worked hers it was dangerous to do so, hut all thet is changed.

We are glad to send our girls and hoys to you. I am thinking of a visit home. Ood willing, next summer, and think we could get you twsnty, if "mama" or "curvi" as they call me, would take tham.

Hoping to hear from you again, I am,

Very truly yonrs,

M. A. Swift.

DOES WORK FOR THE INDIANS PAY?

WHITE EARTH VS. RED LAKE.

This very common question is met in a very practical way hy the *Minnesota Missionary*, in an interesting account of a vieit to two Indian communities in the state, in one of which mieionary work has been carried on for ten years, and in the other, has been etarted only within a year. We quote what we have room for from the graphic description.

The traveller, going north from tha Northern Pacific Railroad, notices that when he crosses e certain line, the color and featnres of the peopla suddanly change. Instead of heing white, they are olive-colored, and the men heve no heards—he is among Indians. But he is glad to see that all, nearly without exception, wear the same kind of clothes that he does—he rarely sees ona in feathers, paint, and blanket—thet they are driving oxen, ploughing, chopping, and performing all tha operations of civilized life, just liks the people he has left; that they live in houses and heve farme. In fact, but for the change in color, he sees nothing very different from what he would at home. He notices that tha expression of their countenences is mild and heignant, and thet they greet him with a pleasant amila and their salutation of Bo-jo. All this ie very different from the fierce, bloodthirsty, painted aaveges thet he has his life long been reading about, but eo it is. Something has changed them. He looka around and sees everywhere great flocks of cattle feeding on the prairies, and is told that these are all the property of the Indiens. His snrprise increases when he is told that these ara tha finest hody of cattle in the State, or perhaps in the North-west, take them all in all. He is told thet the Member of Congress from this district, when here a year ago last summer, said that the cattle on the White Earth Reservation wera tha finest cattle he had ever seen in his life, taking tham generelly.

Ha scee e school-honse on a hill, and goes into it and finds nearly a hundred Indian children, and the school carried on entirely by Indians or persons of Indian hlood in part, without the assietance of any white person whatever—ona of the teachers a full Indien, the two others of Indian hlood in part, likewise the metron and ell the other officials. Four thousand dollars is annually expendad hy them. He goes a little further, and comes in sight of Bishop Whipple's hospital, tha finest building in the county. Ha goee into it, and finds it moet scrupulouely clean from top to hottom, and, on inquiry, finds thet thera is no full white person about it, hut that it also is carried on by members of the Chippewe nation. His respect for tha Indien nation now hegies to iecrease when he fieds that they can carry on e school end a hospital nnaided.

And now, wearied with his day's journey, ha goes into e house to pass the night—oee of the Indian farm-houses around. He notices that they have a cookieg-stove aed perhaps a warming-stove, cheirs, tebics, hede; that the house is cleen—washed every Seturday, which day, ho leares, is celled, in the Indian language, "Washing-floor-day." He notices thet the beds are well mada up, and thet tha women evidently keow how to keep house. When supper is prepared he sees e tahls-cloth spreed, cups and eaucers, knives eed forks leid, as ie e whita house. He sees hutter, mede hy tha woman of the house, and hiscuits. He has hread and hutter, pork end potatoes, tea end sugar, the eccesseries, if not tha luxuries. He is pleased to see tha men of the bouss bow his head eed sey somethieg in Ojibwey hefors thay hegin their meal. He thinks it is returnieg theeks. Before they lie down for the night he observes thet they all kneel down together, and the head of the femily says something which he does not understand. Only one word has he ever heard hefore, and that startles him every time he hears the man pronounce it, end that is the word "Jesus." His previous experience of the use of that word leads him to conclude that the man is either swearieg or preying, aed from his attitude he concludes he is praying. On inquiry, he is gratified to learn that Indians never swear, that there is no oath in their lenguege, and that if one of them becomes so drunk or so wicked that he wants to swear, he has to hetake himself to English. Tha treveller by this time concludes that he is in a Christian Indien family, and in a Christian community, end that somehow or other these Indians haves heen woederfully chaeged and wonderfully improved from what his ideal Indian was.

To be sure, he finds unfavorahle features, which do not appear upon first inspection, thet these peopls are not all faithful Christiaes; that they are often wayward, liahle to relapse into old hahits end into old sins, and sometimes discouraging their friends hy the sudden lapses they meke into what it was supposed they had forever given up. Bnt this is only what the traveller would expect of people who had lived thirty, forty, or fifty years in the vice and misery of heethenism, and whose hahits hed hecome almost fixed. Ha knows how old hehits cling, even with the best intentions and sees they meke into what it was supposed they had forever given up. Bnt this is only what the traveller would expect of people who had lived thirty, forty, or fifty years in the vice and misery of heethenism, and whose hahits hed hecome almost fixed. Ha knows how old hehits cling, even with the hest

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

AN ENGLISH SONG OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers, adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plough!

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green, tender bough:
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

THE PRESENT PROCESS OF PRESIDENT-MAKING, AND SOME OBJECTIONS THERETO.

Anyone, who studies the history of that form of government known as the Constitution of the United States, and examines the condition of public feeling, and the sentiments of the thirteen States towards one another at that time, must be struck by the difficulties with which the framers were surrounded. Every state was jealous, to a greater or less degree, of every other State, and all the States morbidly sensitive as to their recently acquired sovereignty.

Bitter experience had shown everybody that a "more perfect union" had to be had, yet the temper of the people was such, that the real problem offered for solution to the framers of the constitution was how "to eet one's cake and keep it." As it has been tersely stated, "The framers of the Constitution made the best form of government they *could*, not the best they *would*." It was made by a series of compromises, and hardly a section was passed without bitter opposition.

The kind of government which had existed among the States before 1787 was of the sendrope style; there was no executive department, and no National judiciary; it consisted of a tolerably large Congress, which had abundant power to pass a great variety of bills, but no power to enforce them after they had been enacted. The first object of the framers was to form a "more perfect union," and it was manifest, if we were to have a government, it must be unlike the headless, soulless form, existing as the Articles of Confederation. So soon as the fact was accepted, that the new government should have a head, the troubles of the framers began, and probably no sections of the Constitution were so much discussed and reported upon, as those in relation to the President, and how he was to be chosen. Even the length of the presidential term was the ground of a long debate, and the four years finally agreed upon, was the result of a compromise obtained by striking the average of the terms of a Senator and Member of the lower house.

These preliminary difficulties being settled, the great question came up as to how the people should express their preferences. At first glance, it would seem that the simplest way would have been the best, and that Presidents should have been chosen by a majority of the popular vote, just as Governors in most of the States. There were two difficulties, however, in the way; in the first place, the small States were afraid of granting too many rights to majorities, and secondly, the institution of slavery was recognized in all but one of the thirteen States. Thet slavee were property was conceded on all hands, but it had been provided, when the representative power of the different states was to be fixed, that these human properties were to be counted three-fifths of a person. For instance, if in fixing the number of representatives for any State, it was found to contain 100,000 slaves, these would count in the enumerstion as 60,000 persons. Nevertheless, these compounds of property and persons, of course were allowed no ballots; so states that held a good many eleves would have less power in electing the exeutive than the legislative branch of the government, if the plan of electing Presidents by a mejority of the popular vote had been suggested or adopted. The plen finally selected was obout as cumbrous a bit of political machinery as was ever cast, and in 1804 proved nearly fatal to the progress of the United States as a Nation. By means of the twelfth Amendment, passed thet year (1804), some of the most dangeroua features of the mode of electing Presidents were stricken out, and it was made a little moro simple. Nevertheless, it is altogether too complicated for the present age, and as the reasons for adopting it have passed away, there seems no good reason for retaining it.

The present method of electing a President and Vice-president is substantially as follows: every State appoints in such manner as it see fit as many electors as it has Representatives and Senstors in Washington; for instance, New York has thirty-three representatives, so it appoints thirty-fivs electors. These electors may be chosen by the States Legislature, they may be elected by the voters of the state on a generel ticket, or by means of electoral districts. When these slectors are selected (end in almost ell cases they ere selected by a popular vote on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November) they meet at ths capitel of their state, the day being fixed by Congress and is now the first Wednesday in December. At their meeting they vote by ballot for President, and by scparate ballot for Vice-president; it is their duty to maks separate lists of ths votes thus cast in triplicate, and forward two of each to the presiding officer of the Senate (one by mail and one by messenger), and this officer, in presence of ths Senate and House, opens the certificates (on the second Wednesday of February) and orders the votes counted by tellers. If eny person has a majority of the electorel votes cast, he becomes Presidcnt of the United States on the 4th of March next ensuing.

Surely this is n wonderfully complicated way of finding out whom the people want for President. But the complications do not rest here. If by chance three candidntes should be in the field, and so divide the electoral votes that no one receive a mejority, then the "election falls in the House," and a terrible fall it is too; for the ballot is then taken by States, each Stato having one vote. As et present constituted, only thirty-eight votes would be cast for President, and in order to he elected, somebody must receive twenty of the thirty-eight votes cast. It might work so thet two men each receive twelve votes, and another fourteen votes. Even then there would be no election, and the Senate would elect a Vice-president, voting on the two men who had received the largest popular vote for that office. As the Senete consists of two Senators from every State, nnd is presided over by the Vice-president of the United States, it is almost certain they will elect somebody, as their presiding officer would have "the casting vote" in case of a tic. On this event, the person elected as Vice-preaident would become President, if both the people and the House had failed to elect.

The above is the present process of President-making in the United States; it is as twisted as a bengman's rope, and in the past seventy years the intentions of the framers have been so warped by the course of events, thet the present practice and their theory as laid down are as opposite as the poles. Their theory was ingenious, perhaps ingenuous, and emounted to this—that each state should select in such manner as it saw fit, as many of its best citizens, as the census permitted it to choose, and these citizens should then declare what American eitizen they deemed best fitted for ths office of President. But how are the mighty fallen! Instead of a certain number of the Stetes' most trusted citizens being chosen, and the Presidential contest settled by their wille, we find that partisan conventions nominate the candidates, end the power appointed by the result of a popnler election meet, and say "Aye, eye, sir," to the order of the convention. To ho sure, there is no law compelling a Presidential elector to vote for the nominee of his party, but it would be political suicide to do otherwise. As things stand, Presidential Electors are but tools in the hands of their party—they do the convention's bidding whether it eccords with their own views or not.

To a thoroughly non-partisan. tha present mode of electing Presidents seems absurd, as it was based on conditious which do not now exist, and which are never likely to again exist. The idea of slave property being representable more than horse property has been exploded by the last three Amendments to the Constitution; and the question whether the United States be a leagne or a Nation was affirmed in the Preamble to the Constitution, and confirmed at Appomattox.

The President is the head of the executive department of the Nation, and is responsible to the people for his acts. If he do wrong, he is impeachable by the people, through their Representatives in Congress, not through the Senators of the states. The latter sit as a petit jury on auch trial, and by perhaps a fiction of law, bnt still by law, are supposed to try the case on its merits, even as if at their homes they were on jury duty, trying a case of larceny, forgery, or other crime.

Many believe that the people at large are heartily sick of the old way of electing presidents, but it seems almost impossible to make Congress take any action. How simple it would be to let the people of every State vote as they please for president, (for nine-tenths would vote as ths convention of their different parties proposed), and then have certificates of all votes cast sent to Washington and counted as at present; the man receiving the the majority of the popular vote for the presidency to be declared President, and the man receiving the majority of the popular vote for the vice-presidency to be Vice-President. If nobody received such majority, then let the election fall in the House and be determined by the vote of members on the two candidates who have received the highest votes from the people. It is almost certain the House would choose somebody; if it did not, then let het alternative of choosing a vice-president by the Senato be continued as now. An ameadment of this sort would be popular, hut some of the "Rings" would oppose it; by this means the man would be elected who had a majority of the popular vote, and the principls on which this goverament exists is that majorities rule, and minorities are protected.

If a constitutionel emendment of this sort he passed, and be supplemented by an act of Congress, requiring a registry of all voters before voting for president, we would as n side issue have a splendid chance to know the growth of every part of our country. As it stands now, our population in a political sense grows like a crab—by jerks, end these jerks ten years epart. Suppose for illustration thet the census of 1880 shows that Indiana and Iowa are both entitled to ten electors and that between now and 1888, Iowa should double her population and Indiana lose half of hers. By our present laws Iowa and Indiana would heve the same number of electors in 1888 as in 1880, although by population she would be entitled to four times as many. This inaccuracy would continue until set straight by the census of 1890. (These til set straight by the census of 1890. (These til set straight by the census of 1890. (These dates, States and figures are simply used as illustrations, the principls can he applied anywhere.)

Under any circumstances the present wey of deciding a presidential election in the House is wrong—for the vots of the great State of Ohio can he off-set by the vote of Delaware, and the little State of Rhode Island will have as much of n vote as New York. This is contrary to even ths spirit of our Governmcnt, which recognizes the equelity of the States in the Senate, but their difference of population in the House. Under our present rules it is within the range of possibilities for 18 of the largest States to be beaten by 20 of ths smaller States; and the millious of popular vote on one side, offset by hundreds of thousands on the other.

This possibility is ot variance with our theory of government. Taking in a hit of history, it may be ioteresting to know thet very few Presidents have been elected by a majority of the popular vote, and even the few who have been so elected have not had much of a majority; the highest being that received by Jackson in 1827, when he had 55.81 of the populer vote.

An amendment such as suggested would do nobody eny harm; it would make the President the popular choice, and avoid the possibility of a minority's choice having executive power over the mejority.

T. T. B.

PRORGESS.

Of the recent Industrial Fair of the colored people at Raleigh, N. C. the "Freedmen's Friend," under the auspices of the Friend's Society of Philadelphia, give an interesting account written hy a teacher.

"RALEIGH, *Tenth mo. 25th*, '76.

"The Industriel Fair was a complete success. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the people came in multitudes from all parts of the State. This being the first feir of tho kind ever held by the colored people of the South, they ceme to the city by railroads and vehicles of every description. No line of color was drawn; all ideas of politics seem so have been forgotten. The white people seemed to bo much interested in our welfare, They not only visited the fair in large numbers dnily, but they contributed largely for the support of it, hy giving money to other worthy donations. Gover Jarvis opened the feir on Tuesday with an admirable address.

"Floral Hall was visited by the best classes of whites in the State, who said they hed not seeu anything surpass it in any fair since the surrender. The needle-work of all kinds, and knitted garments, all kinds of drawings by the boys and girls, presented a handsome appearance as specimeus of improvemcnt among our people.

"Farmer Hall was also woll filled. In edition to the donations made to us by tha white people, a large number ware presentod, made by our own colored men, such as buggies, wagons, plows of all kinds, all kinds of house furniture, several pieces of machinery, &c. A great many kinds of products were brought in. Cotton, potatoes, specimens of wheat, oats, corn, barley, peas, tobacco and every other thing imaginahls, such as wa raise on our Southern ferms. They all far exceeded the expectations of tha spectators.

"The stock fowls were very fine. They were sent in from all parts of the State, which enabled all to see that the colored people are gradually advancing from low to higher aims in agriculture as well as in literatnre. I think it would heve cheered tha heart of any Northern man had he been present and witnessed what was on exhibition—all the handiwork and raising of the colored people.

F. H. W.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

On the night of Febry. 17th, the fourth attempt was made upon the life of the CZAR of Russia by exploding a mine of dynamite under the dining room in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

The *Novoe Vremya* publishes particulars of the attempted assassination of the imperial family, showing that the dinner was appointed for 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening. If it had not been accidentally delayed all would have been seated at the moment of the explosion. As it was, their escape was very narrow. The Emperor, accompenied by the Princess of Hesse and Bulgaria, were about to enter the dining-hall through one door and the other members of the imperial family, except the Empress, by another, when the explosion took place. Two servants who were in the dining-hall were injured. The force of the explosion was such that a number of windows of the palace and adjacent houses were shattered. The gas was blown out, and complete darkness prevailed.

Thirteen soldiers were killed and forty more or less injured in the guard-room, which was immediately under the dining-hall, and under which the mine was placed.

LONDON, Feb. 10—Reuter's Constantinople dispatch reports that during a fete a barrack three stories high near that city suddenly collapsed Two hundred soldiers were killed and three hundred wounded. [The number of casualties has probably been exaggerated.]

A dispatch sent from Dublin at 12 o'clock last night says that one woman and seven men were killed and thirteen workmen and firemen seriously injured by the burning of the Theatre Royal yesterday Everything in the building was consumed, including a large and costly wardrobe. The theatre took fire at about one o'clock, from a light in the hands of a boy who was lighting the gas. Most of the employes were at dinner at the time, and the flames spread rapidly Manager Egerton lost his life by remaining too long in the building in his effort to arrest the flames. Loss $200,000.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.—The correspondent of the *Times* at Dublin reports on 15th that the general condition of Ireland is decidedly improved. Although severe distress is still felt at many places there is reason to believe that the whole aspect of the country is improved and that the relief measures have proved adequate to the emergency The Duchess of Marlborough, writing to the Lord mayor of London acknowledging the receipt of £2,000, says the committee, in order to guard against the famine in Ireland next year, have purchased £10,000 worth of potatoes for distribution there. The *Times'* despatch from Rome announces that a collection taken up in Trinity church on Sunday in aid of the Duchess of Marlbrough Fund amounted to 545 francs The *Times'* Paris despatch says the Archbishop of Peris, in a pastoral prescribing parochial collections for Ireland, dwells on Irish liberality to France during the war of 1870. America's contribution for the relief of Irish distress is very large.

DOMESTIC.

The Imperial Mills elevetor, in Chicago, was blown down Thursday, Feby. 15th, and 125,000 bushels of wheat were spilled on the ground. It was 100 feet high, and 110 by 50 in extent, with a capacity of 300,000 bushels. The mill adjoining was badly damaged. The establishment was owned by Douglass & Stuart, and was rented to Munger, Wheeler & Co. The elevator, which cost from $90,000 to $100,000, is a total loss. The loss on the wheat is about $65,000. The loss to the mill is $50,000. There was no insurance covering this kind of accident.

A number of prominent New Yorkers have issued an urgent appeal for funds to alleviate the sufferings of the colored refugees in Kansas. The appeal states that there are 15,000 or 20,000 of them in the State, and they continue to arrive every day, "ragged and barefoot, and without money." It is added that many are sick from exposure to the severe climate, and a number have frozen to death. They are unable to get employment, as they are simply farm laborers, and farming operation are now at a standstill. This is a gloomy representation, but doubtless a true one, and illustrates the short-sightedness, to say the least, of those who were instrumental in causing these ignorant people to sacrifice their small savings and desert their Southern homes for promised high wages and cheap houses in the inhospitable climate of Kansas.

Nashville, Tenn., was visited by a toroado at 11 o'clock on the night of Feb. 12th. The toroado was accompanied hy rain and did great damage. Not less than fifteen dwellings and twenty business houses were partially destroyed At one time the wind blew at the rate of forty miles an hour. Men were blown down in the street. The surfooing of an elevator caused the damage by rain of 20,000 bushels of wheat. The streets were filled with tin roofs, signs, and fallen trees. Several large manufacturing establishments were almost totally destroyed. St. Paul's church (colored), a fine edifice, was almost a total wreck Several freight cars, which were standing on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, were precipitated down an embankment. The damage in the city alone was estimated to be $100,000, but in the country it cannot be approximated. Several lives were reported to have been lost.

A company has been organized in Boston, Mass., for the purpose of constructing and operating a railroad from Cairo, Egypt, through Port Said and Damascus to connect with the Euphrates Valley Railroad, about to be built by an English company. Branch roads are also provided for by the Company's charter. The Turkish Government has been applied to for concession of the necessary right of way.

The City Hall at Albany, N. Y., a handsome and costly marble building, facing the easterly front of the Capitol, was almost destroyed by fire February 18. During the progress of the fire, the dome surmounting the hall fell in, and three firemen were severely injured by the falling debris. Many of the court records were destroyed and others were badly damaged. The loss on the building is estimated at from $30,000 to $50,000, the walls alone remaining.

The report of the auditor of Virginia shows that the delinquency during the pass eight years in the accounts of the county and city treasurer aggregates over $32,000.

As we go to press, the Normal School is enjoying a visit from "Bright Eyes," whose eloquent appeals for her injured people, the Ponca Indians, have ronsed the whole country to sympathy, and new interest in the Indian question. She is accompanied hy Mr. Tibbles, the Omaha editor who first brought the Poncas' case before the country and the people, and hy his Secretary, Mr. Andersson. "Standing Bear," the Ponca Chief was prevented hy sickness from accompanying the party.

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Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On each can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad and Deviled Crabs,—would-be cooks desiring which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an intruduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all sea-food, far exceeding in fineness of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $6 00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $3.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

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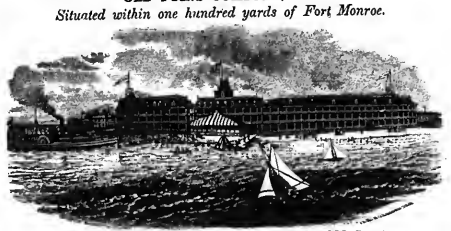

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My packing is at present divided into three grades, according to the size of the oysters use : the same care, however, is taken in the preparation of all grades. A case of one pound cans contains 4 dozen: a case of two pound cans contains 2 dozen. Owing to the unsettled condition of the market, I can only quote to-day's prices, which are as follows:

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to their fashion in tones of despair; "I should think "You have done your work well," said the sun ap-

HEALTH AND HUMANITY.

THE POWER OF SOAP AND WATER.

(Reprinted by permission of London Ladies' Sanitary Ass'n.)

"Well, Mrs. Bennett, you do look comfortable," said Mrs. Lawson, as she seated herself, and glanced somewhat discontentedly round her friend's room. "I can't make out how you manage; you always look as though you had everything about you had just come out of a bandbox."

"Mine is a secret very easily learned," replied Mrs. Bennett, with a quiet smile; "with fresh air, plenty of soap and water, a little trouble to make things neat and to keep them so, any one that likes may have a home like mine."

"Oh yes, it is easy to talk," replied Mrs. Lawson pettishly; "you have a husband who always brings home his wages, and children who do what you bid them. If your husband staid out drinking at the tavern, and your children were nearly brats like mine, I should like to see what good fresh air and soap and water would do you then."

"Even then I think I should be inclined to try them," answered Mrs. Bennett; "they could do no harm if they did no good; and when a man finds he has a clean, neat home to come to after his day's work, it's ten chances to one he will not want to stay drinking away his money at the public house.' And as to children, half their naughtiness, at least when they are young, comes from their being sickly. Keeping a child clean and healthy, and giving it plenty to do, go a long way towards making it good-humored and obedient."

"It's fine talking," said Mrs. Lawson; "but I can tell you if you had my troubles to put up with, you would not find them so easily cured. I only wish you had a bad husband and quarrelsome children."

Of course, Mrs. Bennett could not agree in this kind wish; so she prudently turned the talk to other matters.

If Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Lawson had not been children of the same village, and girls in the same school, they would certainly not have been friends in after life, for the two women were as different as the light and the dark. The one was active, cleanly, and industrious; the other slovenly, idle, and gossiping. The one had been brought up from her childhood to fear God and to try to do His will; the other had been taught to think only of herself, her own ease and comfort.

Both had married hard-working, respectable men. Mrs. Lawson's husband got rather better wages than Mrs. Bennett's. But more money does not always make more comfort; that comes from good management for more than anything else. Any one might have seen this by looking at these two women's homes; Mrs. Bennett's all cleanliness and order, Mrs. Lawson's all dirt and misery. No wonder that Mr. Lawson found the tavern with its company, its pipes, and its drink, a more pleasant place to go to, than his own here, and comfortless home. No wonder that his children, sickly and dirty, were always whining and pining, sworn at by the father, scolded and beaten by the mother.

Mrs. Lawson thought herself a very miserable and ill-used woman, envied the comfort of her neighbor, Mrs. Bennett, and wondered how it was some people came in for all the good things in this world, and others for all the bad. But she never thought of tracing events up to their true cause, or of asking herself how much of her wretchedness was owing to herself.

But somehow on this afternoon, when she came home after her visit to Mrs. Bennett, her friend's words, "Fresh air, plenty of soap and water, and a little trouble to make things neat and to keep them so," rang in her ears; she could not forget them, and without intending to do so, she found herself saying them over and over and over again to herself. With these words still fresh in her mind she went to bed, and thinking over the difference between her own home and her old friend's, she fell asleep. She slept on, how long she did not know, and then all at once she heard a very strange sound coming near the door of the room. It was such a sound as she had never heard before—lump, lump, lump—louder, louder, louder still—and a clattering came with it, and a splashing like water. What could it all be? Presently, while she watched, the door opened of its own accord, and what should come into the room but a pail, so full of water that, although it was supported on one side by a piece of soap and a roll of flannel, and on the other by a brush and a broom, it was quite tired by the journey upstairs, and had to take breath before it could look about it, and see what it had come there to do.

"Well, was ever such a place!" said the water, as it swayed itself uneasily from side to side.

"Never," replied its companions, speaking according to their fashion in tones of despair; "I should think that none of our family or connections has ever been in this room since the house was built."

"What could Mrs. Bennett have been thinking of to advise us to come to such a place as this!" said the brush. "Why I should be worn out with my work before it is half done!"

And as it looked round the room, the brush might well be forgiven for feeling frightened at the quantity of work set before it. The floor, except a small piece in the middle which was covered with a bit of greasy carpet, was inlaid with dirt; the grate was choked up with ashes, the bars were eaten with rust, and the table was littered with scraps of the last night's supper, a torn copy of a cheap newspaper, and some of the children's old clothes which Mrs. Lawson had been patching up. A candlestick full of drops of grease, and with the socket so bent on one side that the candle had no choice but to melt and run away, stood on the dirty chimney-piece, which was ornamented by a few broken cups and mugs, whose only use was to hold the duplicates of things pledged at the pawnbroker's. The window, which was a good-sized one, overlooking a large, airy yard, was so covered with dirt, that no one could tell whether it looked out on to the trees or chimneys; and from the stifling, foul air of the room, it seemed to have been opened no oftener than it had been cleaned. Some clothes which had been washed, and then never properly dried or folded, were lying together in one corner of the room, while in another were a great heap of odds and ends—boots and shoes, onions, apples, bits of bread, bones, an old bonnet and some broken plaything. This was the state of the sitting-room, and the bed-room was worse. There lay five children huddled together in one corner, on a dirty heap of clothes, and the husband and wife on a turned-down bedstead, with the window shut, and the chimney stuffed up with straw. What could come of such a state of things but sickness and misery?

Well might Mrs. Lawson's strange visitors groan as they thought of the greatness of their work.

"Well, looking will not make things better," said the brush at last; "it is better to set to work with a good heart and try what can be done."

"Yes" replied the water; "but where shall we begin?"

"I wish we had some kind friend to open a bit of the window for us," said the brush, "for we shall all be stifled before we can do our work."

"I think I am tall enough," said the broom, "I will try."

And, suiting the action to the word, the broom put its head to the window-frame, which gave way to its touch, and a stream of pure, fresh air came rushing into the room.

"Ugh! ugh!" it exclaimed, stopping short as it met the pent-up, foul air.

"It is all very well for you to say, 'Ugh! ugh!'" said the water smilingly, as the pure air rippled over it; "if you find the room bad now, think what it was for us before you came in."

"Open the door, open the door," sighed the fresh air. The brush obeyed, and then the wind coming through in a strong current, overpowered the foul air, driving it out before it with a rushing, hissing sound, and never stopping in its work until it had peeped into every cranny and corner, and turned out the enemy from all its hiding places.

The brushes meanwhile showed their approbation by sundry approving taps, while the flannel, refreshed by the breeze, unrolled itself to be ready for its work. "And now," said she, as she undid her last fold, "now we have the air, let us have the sunshine too. See he is only waiting to be let in, and while you scrub the floor, I will clean the window."

And soon a glorious flood of light came pouring into the room, with the soft, fresh morning air, while the dust motes danced joyously together on the bright sunbeam. But the sunbeam was offended at the liberty; he thought he was meant for more noble purposes than to be a means by which merry dust motes might take their morning's exercise. So he went away behind a cloud, and told the broom to go on quickly with her work and not to call him out again till she had done making that dreadful smother of dust.

And perhaps he was not altogether wrong, for the broom, bent on doing her work thoroughly, had so forced herself into every crack and corner of the room, that it was not until the dustpan had walked off with the sweepings, and the brush and the soap and the water had taken their fair share of the work, that the air of the room became at all fit to be breathed. Then the sun ventured again to peep through the window, to see what had been done since he went behind the cloud.

Done! Why a room had been cleansed and purified, and so changed that you would not have known it for the same. And by what? Just by fresh air, soap and water, and a little trouble.

"You have done your work well," said the sun approvingly. "But what have we here?" he added, as he glanced into the broken cups on the mantel-piece and spied out the dirty pawnbroker's tickets.

"Oh, leave us alone! leave us in peace!" sighed the tickets, as they stirred uneasily under the influence of the passing current of air.

"Not I," returned the sun impetiently; "if I had been allowed to come in sooner, you would never have been here at all. Now I am here, I shall certainly try to stay till I have turned you and all your connections out-doors."

"Ah well, you'll be a long while doing that," replied the tickets, as they huddled themselves together, to keep as much as possible out of the sun's rays.

The sun flickered for a moment scornfully on the edge of the cup, then looked downwards on the heap of clothes still lying in one corner of the room, and, lighting them up with his bright glance, called into view every stain and dirt-mark

"There is plenty more work in store for you," he said turning to the soap and water; "I wish I had it in my power to help you more than by just pointing out what you have to do."

"That is the best help in the world," replied the soap cheerfully; "it is very much harder to work in the dark then when you show us the way. Then we know that everything done is done once for all, while in the other case it is all mess and muddle, and ten to one, half the work has to be done over again, and my life is too short a one to allow me to waste my strength."

"Ah, you do look but poorly," said the sun compassionately as he looked at the soap, which was plainly wasting away.

"Yes, I and all my family are very shortlived," replied the soap; "but I do not fret about it, I would rather wear out than rust out, and though my life is short it is a useful one.

Nothing would make me so unhappy as to be put upon a shelf, and know that if I were left alone I might live on in idle selfish quiet for hundreds of years, while all the time the work that I came into the world to do was left undone."

"Ah!" broke in the water, who was a little affronted at not getting his fair share in the talk; "if people did but know our value—mine and my dear sister's here—we should soon see a very different state of things about us. Why, I would undertake to bring about a thorough change in society,—a change too by which the people would gain everything and lose nothing."

"Ay, ay," laughed the air; "but what would you do without me?"

"You would have worded your question better," replied the water, good-naturedly, "if you had asked what we could do with you. If we each went alone, it is possible that ignorance, idleness, and disease might be too strong for us; but together we must conquer. Rooms full of pure air, inhabited by healthy, rosy, well-washed children, are seldom the places where discontent and crime will come to take up their abode. White-washed ceilings, well-scrubbed floors, clean clothes, wash tubs, and plenty of soap and water, will do more to make good husbands and wives, obedient children, and industrious, orderly citizens, than all the laws that have ever been made, or all the police regulations that have ever been put in force."

"Right," said the sun; "no one is better able than myself to bear witness to the truth of what you say. There are few houses in the world into which I do not at least try to peep, and I always find that those where I get in most easily—those where I find you, my dear friends, are most loved and valued—are always those where God is most honoured and man is best served."

"Of course they are," replied the water; "and no wonder; it is very hard to be industrious and happy, when one is feeling weak and ill. Now," he added, as he splashed himself gently towards the side of room where Mrs. Lawson and her children were lying, "if we might be allowed to treat those poor children them as we have just served this room, in a week's time they would not be like the same boys and girls. It stands to reason that as they never will let me nor my sister come near them, all the dirt which we should take off, chokes up the pores of their skin so that the perspiration has no means of getting through, and so, of course, it can do nothing but make its way back again into the body whence it came. There it causes boils, sores, fevers, and a host of other miseries which would soon be put to flight if people would but invite us, my dear friends, to come to live amongst them."

"True," said the sun, as he flickered pleasantly across the well-scrubbed floor.

"True," repeated the air, as she wafted herself backwards and forwards in the room.

"True," whispered the soap very faintly, for her strength was well nigh gone.

"Ah," continued the water, "if we could but make

this poor woman see with our eyes; if we could but make her see how much she would gain by seeking our friendship; if we could but show her this room as it

What a change there was when that load of dirt was rubbed off, and the bright, cheering sunbeams fell upon walls and ceiling! True, they lit up plenty that ought

then cleaning fit was yet fresh upon her; and if one or two good cleanings would have done, all would have been well. But, unluckily, dirt has an obstinate habit of collecting again as quickly as it is washed off; and, therefore, no one, two, or three cleanings will drive

this poor woman see with our eyes; if we could but make her see how much she would gain by seeking our friendship; if we could but show her this room as it looks at this moment—bright in sunlight and with the pure air flowing freely through every part—the well-scrubbed floor—the shining furniture—the clean hearth and bright grate—children with their bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and their merry laugh of youth and health—some helping mother in her work, some busy with a game or invention of their own, all seeking to add to the general stock of home happiness! Oh what a difference she would see between such a home as we might give her and that which she chooses for herself! Oh that she could be wise in time! that she might awake to a knowledge of this truth, before these things are hidden from her eyes!"

And excited by his own earnestness, the water gave so loud a splash that Mrs. Lawson started and woke—and behold she was in bed, in the grey morning light, with nothing but the old dirt, misery, and confusion around her.

So clear was the recollection of her dream that it was some time before she could believe that it was a dream only, and that she had not really seen the bright sunlight, and breathed the pure air, and listened to the water's wise words of counsel. It was with a sort of hope that, after all, she might find that what she had seen was real, that she slipped on part of her clothes and stole noiselessly into the front room. Alas! it was just as she had left it the night before. There was the grate choked with ashes, there were the dirty, littered table and the heap of clothes, half mended, all muddled together. There was the window covered with long weeks of dirt, and the air heavy with the fumes of tobacco, beer, and smoke. How different it was to the bright, clean, cheerful home, on which but a few moments before she had been looking in her dream!

"Then it was only a dream after all," said Mrs. Lawson to herself as she looked sadly round.

"Oh, if it had but been true!"

And then came the thought, "Well, but why should it not all be true; if fresh air, plenty of soap and water, and a little trouble, can work the change? Why should I not have a clean, cheerful home, like the one I have just been looking at?" And scarcely thinking of what she did, Mrs. Lawson stepped to the window, and for the first time, for many days, she threw it wide open. Oh, what a stream of pure, fresh morning air rushed in! It almost seemed to speak to her in words again, and give her a promise of returning health and cheerfulness. It was a bright, clear, summer's morning; the sun was rising, and his golden rays were lighting up the great city; all was quiet, for it was very early yet, and city life was not astir. There was something in the calm, and hush, and stillness, that wrought powerfully on the poor woman's heart, and, kneeling down by the open window, she leaned her head upon the sill, and tried to pray—prey in words, such as she had been taught when she was a little child. But it would not do; her heart was too full, and with a simple, "God help me," she covered her face with her hands and sobbed—great choking sobs; but they did her good. They relieved the pent-up misery of feeling, and carried off the excitement in which she was still living, as in a dream. Then she rose from her knees and looked round the room, and her heart almost sank within her as she saw the amount of work which was before her. Where should she begin? When should she make an end? Oh it was hopeless—matters were gone too far—better leave things as they were—Why stir the muddy waters? But then, as if in answer, the soft air breathed gently upon her forehead, and a sunbeam glanced across the room, towards where an empty pail was standing, as much as to say "Let me in, let me in, and I will soon show you how matters may be put to rights."

Mrs. Lawson's eyes followed in the same direction. "Well," said she to herself, "there is the pail, surely enough; why not go down stairs and draw a little water, and see what I can do towards making a beginning at the work? If I go back to bed, I shall not sleep; I should only lie turning, and twisting, and thinking over all the strange things I have seen. Perhaps if I set to work with a good will, I could put the room a bit to rights before my good man wants his breakfast."

And, full of these new thoughts, Mrs. Lawson hastened to the pump, filled the pail with water, and came back with a good heart to her work. Flannel was scarce; so was soap; and as to brushes, they were worn down to the handles. Still, she thought she would do the best with what she had. Who knew that she might not get the loan of better before the day was over? But what was she to do first? Oh, the window, to be sure; she remembered how pleasant the sunshine had looked in her dream, and how his glance had fallen hither and thither, pointing out each fresh work to be done. And so she set herself busily to work at the window.

What a change there was when that load of dirt was rubbed off, and the bright, cheering sunbeams fell upon walls and ceiling! True, they lit up plenty that ought not to have been there; but to see one's faults is halfway towards mending them.

Work, however, as hard as she would, she had only time to get through a small part of her work, before her husband woke, and missing her, called out loudly to know where she was and what she was about.

"Getting things straight for your breakfast," replied Mrs. Lawson, in tones so unusually cheery, that the voice that announced the fact was as startling as the fact itself, and roused Mr. Lawson to get up and see what it all meant.

Quite enough work had been done already to make the husband see that his home looked more comfortable than it had for years.

"Why, wife, whatever has come over you!" he exclaimed in astonishment; "and whatever are you doing!"

"I am trying to make up for lost time," replied Mrs. Lawson; "I have heard strange things lately, things that perhaps we shall all be the better for."

"Well, wife, what time of day have you been up, to get through all this lot of work? If you had waked me, I would have come to help you."

"No; would you though?" said Mrs. Lawson.

"Aye, that I would. I am sure I have worked hard to keep a home respectable over our heads, and I would work harder still, if I could see there was any good likely to come out of it. Here, shall I lend you a hand in cleaning up that grate you are doing? I could carry away the cinders and rubbish in no time."

Not since the days of their early married life had Mr. Lawson spoken so kindly to his wife, and her heart bounded with pleasure at the unusual sounds. "Well then, William, if you would, it would be a real help," said she; "and if you will clear away this dust here, I will get the children up the while, and perhaps it will do them no harm to give them a bit of a wash before they sit down to their breakfast."

"And now, wife," said Mr. Lawson, as about an hour later, he sat down to the most comfortable looking meal he had seen in his own home for many a long day past, "tell me, what has put all these new notions into your head. Who has been talking to you and telling you how much happier we should be if we kept our home a bit tidier and cleaner?"

"Why to tell you the truth, William, you have asked a question I do not know very well, how to answer; however, you shall have my story, and then you may judge for yourself." And in very simple and touching words, Mrs. Lawson told her husband her night's dream; dwelling strongly on the picture that her strange visitors had drawn of the home she now had, and the one with which their help she might soon have. "And I am sure, William, I think they must have been right," she added, as she finished the strange story, "for, though to be sure, we are still in a mess and a muddle, I have not felt so well nor so happy, ever since the day when I first came home with you to my own house."

A hearty kiss from the husband showed how thoroughly he shared in her feelings.

"I am sure, wife," he added, "if you will keep a comfortable home over my head, I am not the man to go to the public-house. I would rather come home and sit with you and the children any day. But what is a man to do when he has not a place fit to sit down in, through the dirt and litter, nor a table fit to spread his newspaper upon, nor a moment's peace for the children's squall, squall, squall? It drives a man to the public-house whether he likes it or not."

"Ah, well, I am sure I am very sorry," replied Mrs. Lawson, "and it shall not be my fault if things go on so again. And I will tell you what I will do, husband; I will go to Mrs. Bennett as soon as I have washed up the breakfast things, and I will ask her to come and help me to put the house a bit straight. And I will tell her what I saw last night, and I will ask her the best way of getting rid of those pawnbroker's tickets there." And as she spoke, Mrs. Lawson glanced towards the broken cup, over which the sunbeams were shining, just as she had seen them in her dream.

"Do, wife; go to Mrs. Bennett and welcome. She is one of the right sort, and you will get nothing but good from following her advice. I will come home straight from work to-night, and if there is any little thing I can do, just leave it till I come back." And shouldering his basket of tools, off walked Mr. Lawson to his day's work, with a step so light and elastic, that one or two of the neighbours asked each other, "Why, whatever has come to William Lawson? One would think he had had a fortune left him."

And William Lawson had had better than a fortune left him. Money quickly got is often as quickly spent; while industry, frugality, cleanliness, and order are lasting riches; and in his wife's awakened conscience lay the seeds of all these virtues which, in due time, would bring forth an abundant harvest.

There was quite a stir among the school-children that day as the little Lawsons took their places. Why! who would have thought it, those little dirty, untidy urchins, were really pretty children, with fair skins, and soft, curly hair! Well, if a little soap and water could make such a change as that, it was indeed a pity it had not been tried before. If their clothes had been but as clean as their faces, they would have been sweet-looking children indeed. Ah, well, wait a while. A city cannot be built in a day, and there is plenty of work cut out for Mrs Lawson, before the neglect of years can be repaired.

And so, indeed, poor Mrs. Lawson found it. She needed all Mrs. Bennett's help—happily, Mrs. Bennett gave it readily—to keep her from growing tired of her work and leaving it before it was half done. It was not very hard to her to work well at first, while the cleaning fit was yet fresh upon her; and if one or two good cleanings would have done, all would have been well. But, unluckily, dirt has an obstinate habit of collecting again as quickly as it is washed off; and, therefore, no one, two, or three cleanings will drive out the enemy. He can only be beaten by fighting him every day. Often and often, Mrs. Lawson was on the point of giving up the struggle in despair. But then the remembrance of that bright home she had seen in her dream came back to her, and she determined once and again to persevere. She was encouraged too, by finding that every step she took in the right direction, was a solid gain of home happiness.

It is true that all things did not come quite right at once. Mr. Lawson's first burst of satisfaction died away, and it was some months before he kept quite away from the tavern. Happily, however, his wife had learned more from her friend Mrs. Bennett than to keep her house clean and her children tidy. She had learned that the woman who would win her husband to his home, must put on "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and bear and forbear long and patiently, as becometh the servant of the Lord God. And so, trusting not to her own strength, but to Him who is all-powerful to help, Mrs. Lawson tried to bear up under hardship and disappointment. Though the struggle seemed hard at first, it gradually less and less, till, at last, in the return of her own self-respect, in the improving health of her children and in the happiness of her husband, she ceased to feel that the exertion was a painful one at all, and she wondered at herself, as she looked back to the days when she had been content to let her home be the abode of dirt, disease, and wretchedness.

And now a year had rolled round since the night on which Mrs. Lawson had first made the acquaintance of the strange visitors, who had now become the daily inhabitants of her home.

Wonderful had been the change that year had made; and as Mrs. Lawson sat up to finish some work that she was doing after her husband and children had gone to bed, she might well be pardoned as she looked round the room with a feeling of honest pride, as she thought how different it looked.

There was no litter now; there was "a place for every thing and everything in it its place." The floor was so clean, that the moonbeams, which fell through the open window, flickering hither and thither, failed to show a stain of dirt or grease. The old broken cups on the chimney-piece, were replaced by new ones, and the pawnbroker's tickets, which for months past had been as eyesore to Mrs. Lawson, had been all taken away to the place whence they came. Yes! the last pawnbroker's ticket had been redeemed that very day, and Mrs. Lawson could at last say with truth, that she owed no man a penny.

Well might she feel happy as she thought what a change a year had made. And by what simple means had the change been brought about! "Fresh air, plenty of soap and water, and a little trouble to make things nice, and to keep them so;" these had been the friends by whose help she had fought the good fight against dirt and misery, and gained the victory.

Oh, that women would be wise in time! If they would but remember how much of the health, and consequently of the happiness of their families depends upon attention to such simple things as keeping a window open scouring a floor, or washing a child's skin, we should not have such constant stories of home quarrels, of sickness, and early death.

But, unhappily, it is just to these little things that many women will not attend. Ask from a woman some great act of self-sacrifice, and she will be found equal to the task. Yet, the woman who will cheerfully sit up through long nights of sickness, by the bedside of a friend, who will for years bear patiently with brutality of a husband, who will give up every pleasure for the good of her child, is sometimes the very person who is found wanting, the moment she is asked to take the trouble to do some little thing which would often prevent the illness, pacify the husband, or further the best interests of the child.

"Where's the need to worry about cleaning the room? it will do very well as it is," say such women.

And so the dirt is left clinging to the walls, the foul air is shut in by the closed window, and in due time, the necessary consequences follow. This child dies of fever—that other is a martyr to boils and scrofula.

When shall we be convinced that the cure for half the ills we suffer from, lies In our own hands? Would that we could be persuaded to send a warm invitation to Mrs. Lawson's midnight guests, to make them our friends for one year, and to work them heartily for that time; then we should learn to value them so much, that we should bid them stay all the years of our life. M. B.

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VOL. IX HAMPTON, VA., APRIL, 1880. NO. 4.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

The Robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath,

LETTER FROM CARLISLE.

Many visitors go to Carlisle to see the Indians. Some of them are disappointed. After

has called out the affection of the wild young hearts; and that is a long step in their education.

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THE STRENGTH OF YOUNG MEN.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

The Robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave with great brown eyes,
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things!
And they never understand a word
Of all the Robin sings.

—*Atlantic Monthly, Feb.*

THE "CATTLE" TO THE "POET."

(Atlantic Monthly July, 1860.)

How do *you* know what the cow may know,
As under the tasseled bough she lies,
When earth is a-beat with the life below,
When the orient mornings redden and glow,
When the silent butterflies come and go,—
The dreamy cow with the Juno eyes?

How do *you* know that she may not know
That the meadow all over is lettered "Love,"
Or hear the mystic syllable low,
In the grasses' growth and the waters' flow?
How do *you* know that she may not know
What the robin sings on the twig above?

UMBRELLAS.

Umbrellas, such a necessary convenience in our day, were, even at the beginning of the present century, but little used in England, or indeed in any part of Europe, unless by invalids or very fine ladies. And they did not carry an umbrella in the streets as we do; but one was kept hanging in the hall of stylish mansions, and held by a servant over visitors as they passed to and from their carriages. It was deemed very effeminate in a man or boy to shirk a wetting; and so it was no wonder that an old soldier like Lord Cornwallis should have had his ire aroused by the offer of an umbrella. He had been dining with a friend, and when about to enter his carriage to return home, stopped a few moments to converse with his host. As it was raining in torrents, a servant in attendance attempted to hold the house umbrella over his Lordship's head; but the old soldier exclaimed, wrathfully:

"Take that thing away! Do you suppose I am a sugar doll, to melt in a shower? or do you take me for a woman, who is afraid of her fine head-gear? I have not been fighting my country's battles, to be frightened now at cold water. A shower of rain is no worse than powder and ball, and I never shirked them."

Then, baring his head to the pelting rain, the nobleman walked deliberately to his carriage.

An old English record states that as early of the middle of the eighteenth century some enterprising genius introduced umbrellas at Oxford and Cambridge, letting them out to the students at so much per hour, thus enabling poor young men to pass from building to building to their lectures without being drenched by rain. But people no more thought of taking an umbrella about the streets of a town or city, than of taking a bed to sleep in, or a stove to warm themselves by, as they went about their regular business.

The first person who ventured on carrying an umbrella was Jonas Hanway—the same benavolent old gentleman to whose exertions England owes the foundation of its "Marine Society," and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbay. Mr. Hanway had traveled in China and other parts of the East where umbrellas were in general use, and having brought one over with him as a sort of curiosity, he at length determined to avail himself of its protective benefits, and so one day ventured on the streets of London, holding "the queer looking apparatus" over his head, during a heavy rain. Perhaps if he had known what a shower of ridicule, and even abuse, he was provoking, he would rather have faced the rain. For groups of men hustled him on the sidewalks, and called him mad; women, from windows and doors, clapped their hands and laughed; and boys in crowds ran after him, hissing, hooting, and even pelting him with stones. But they soon got tired of such shameful sport, and took it quite as a matter of course, as Mr. Hanway, day after day, walked the streets umbrella in hand, whether in rain or sunshine. Occasionally he invited a friend to share his comfortable shelter, and all agreed in pronouncing it very pleasant; but so afraid were they of ridicule, that it was more than three years after Mr. Hanway's first experiment before another man in London found courage to own or carry an umbrella. Jonas Hanway died in 1776, and for the last thirty years of his life he carried an umbrella whenever either sun or rain rendered one desirable; yet the present century has passed more than its first decade before the use of umbrellas became general.—*St. Nicholas.*

LETTER FROM CARLISLE.

Many visitors go to Carlisle to see the Indians. Some of them are disappointed. After nighting at the Commandant's office and being courteously received by Captain Pratt or one of his assistants, the spokesman of the party asks politely if they may "first look about by themselves a little. Cordial permission given, they set forth, but in the course of half an hour are back again with clouded brows and the appeal, "We thought we might see some *Indians* round. Can you show us some?" A smile and a circular wave of the hand emphasizes the assurance that a score or two of the noble red men are within easy eye range at the moment. Following the gesture with a glance over the green where the boys and girls are passing, perhaps, to their school-rooms, the shade of discontent deepens and they explain, "Oh! but I mean *real* Indians. Haven't you some real Indians —all in blankets, you know, and feathers and long hair?"

A little allowance must be made for sentiment in human nature, as when these inhabitants of the vast treeless plains of Dakota were addressed by an enthusiastic visitor as "dear children of the forest." Aboriginal picturesqueness is certainly sacrificed in civilization. Not having expected myself, however, to see a menagerie of wild creatures kept for exhibition, I was not disappointed to find instead, a school of neatly dressed boys and girls with bright eyes and clean faces, as full of fun and frolic as if they had been the descendants of the Puritans. My only wonder —and a wonder which grew, as I passed through one department after another of the school, till it became the strongest impression it made upon me—was wonder at the degree of order which had been secured in so short a time, and with so few assistants.

Carlisle Barracks stand on a knoll half a mile from the old town of Carlisle, which was held awhile by the Confederates who burned the barracks when they left. The buildings have been restored in nearly their original style, so that they have still an antiquated look though comfortable and convenient. The post has an older, historic interest as the place of Andre's confinement.

Standing on the upper plazza of the Commandant's quarters, now occupied by Captain Pratt, the eye sweeps over a beautiful landscape. The bold range of the Cumberland circles around the front and right, only five miles away; the old town lies down in the hollow; green fields stretch between, and the little "Yellow Breeches Creek" winds its very tortuous way round the fort grounds and through a grove of old trees. Walking to the end of the balcony and looking back, one sees the Blue Ridge, blue enough in the distance, though only eight miles off. Looking forward again beyond the flagstaff in front of the Captain's house, is a large green where the boys parade and the girls play. A pretty sight it is to see the merry little crowd enjoying their games of ball, or, with heads up and toes trying to turn out, taking off the boys' setting up drill with shouts of laughter, finishing up all properly with the difficult feat of touching their feet without bending their knees.

The girls' green is flanked by their quarters and the lady teachers', on one side, and their Industrial room and the offices on the other; while the boys' quarters and school building stand behind on either hand, with greens between; and the school dining-room, and kitchen, and the hospital—unoccupied by any student at present, fortunately—make up the fourth side of the large hollow square. The large stables of the garrison have been, for the most part, converted into workshops and a gymnasium. A little chapel has been put up for the school, simply a long room, well lighted and furnished with settees, but this is all the building that has been necessary. So many substantial buildings in tolerable order to start with, have been a great advantage. This is especially noticeable in the school building, two stories high like the rest, the upper half of which affords four school rooms, each fifty feet by twenty-four, and two recitation rooms of half the length. All are furnished with comfortable desks, blackboards, and all the conveniences of a well ordered school. The lower story, containing the same room, allows for doubling the number of students, which is the Captain's desire. Several of his teachers have had experience in teaching Indians before in the Territories. A remarkable degree of order prevailed in the school rooms, and a good start has been made in the three R's, while the advanced class of those who could talk some English before they came, are dipping into geography, and a little history in connection with it. Among these are the St. Augustine young men whom we learned to think of as our Hampton boys in their year's stay at the Normal School. As janitors and company officers at Carlisle, they are helping the new comers in the road of law and order, and are very useful to their old commander and friend, who has of course the best claim upon them.

The smiles that greeted the Captain as he passed from room to room, showed that he has called out the affection of the wild young hearts; and that is a long step in their education.

A good beginning in the industries has been made, as was described last month in the interesting letter from Lieut. G. L. Brown. This officer, after generously devoting very nearly the whole of a five months' leave of absence to voluntary service at Carlisle, is now about to return to his post at Cheyenne River station, in Dakota, unless, as earnestly to be hoped, he shall be detailed to help Captain Pratt in his noble fight for civilization against savage ignorance and civilized indifference.

While their children are off at school the tribes remain at peace, and the horrors of Indian warfare are averted. The true value of the work at Carlisle and Hampton is not in the training of 200 Indian children in English and industry, important as this is to them and to their tribes, but in the educating of the public mind to perceive that if 200 can be trained, all can be; in rousing public sentiment to the point of feeling that all *must* be, to fulfil our national pledges, and sustain our claims of national Christianity and civilization.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY AN INDIAN.

The following, is from the pen of Michael Oshkeneny, a Menomone Indian, a Catholic, who entered the Junior class at Hampton, having studied considerably at home. The composition was handed us by his history teacher who requires the class to write out what they have been taught: there has been no correction whatever.

"Columbus was born in the year 1435 at Genoa one of the commercial cities in Italy. He was well taught in geography and astronomy and navigation. And when he was fourteen years old he went to sea till he was twenty-eight years old. He made many long voyages extending as far north beyond Iceland, and as far south as to Guinea and went to the Azores islands. The valuable East Indian trade was carried on at this time by way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. And Columbus having heard about this rich Empire with its mountains of precious stones and abundant of gold determined to go there. He believed that the earth was round, and Asia could easily be reached by sailing boldly west across the unknown Atlantic. But he was poor he had no ships so he went to the king of Portugal to get him to help him, explaining to him all his plans, but the king did not believe him, so he went to the Court of Spain where Ferdinand and Isabella reigned and again explained his plans to get them to help him, but they did not believe him at first, and Columbus was just giving up in despair when he received a message from the Queen, so he went back, and the Queen was willing to fit out two ships for the voyage and Columbus with the help of his friends added a third ship, the first two were caravels, small ships, with no decks on, but the third one was a quite large ship. And Columbus was furnished with a letter to the Grand Khan of Tartary. And in 1492, August 3d, Columbus started from Palos a small seaport on the coast of Spain. And after many days passing without seeing the expected land, all the sailors were scared; they did not want to go any further and wanted to throw Columbus overboard, but Columbus told them to sail ahead a few days longer. And one night while Columbus was watching he saw a light at some distance ahead and so he anchored his vessels, and when morning came, the joyful cry of "Land" was given, and Columbus with his officers landed. His first act was to kneel down and thank God with tears, second to take possession of the country. The Island discovered was San Salvador, one of the Bahamas, and he soon after discovered Cuba. And one of his ships got wrecked so that he had to leave some of his men as a colony, and returned to the Old World with some of the natives and products of the land he discovered. And he was received as the great Discoverer. On his second voyage he took with him settlers, and Jamaica and Porto Rico were found. Third voyage he discovered Trinadad and the main land of South America, and his fourth voyage was to find a passage to India. But after many hardships in sailing along the coasts of Central America, he returned to Cuba and then to Spain and found Queen Isabella dead and Ferdinand ungrateful, and to tell what he had discovered a new continant, was only ontlying islands of Asia.

Columbus was appointed viceroy over what ever lands he should discover and governer. But at last he was treated very badly and sent back to Spain in irous.

MICHAEL OSHKENENY,
Junior B. Section.

Temperance.

THE STRENGTH OF YOUNG MEN.

The apostle wrote unto young men "because," as he said, "they are strong." But when is a young man strong? Is he strong when he is held and shaken like a reed in the clutch of some base appetite? Is he strong when he is scourged and driven at the hand of some lust like a slave, and like a slave submits without shame or resistance? Is he strong when a low-bred sneer, a stinging taunt, or a silly banter, can sheer him from a noble purpose? Is he strong when the breath of a woman, expressed in an invitation to taste the wine-cup, can blow his resolution and pledge into the air, and whirl them, as the wind whirls a feather, out of sight and thought? Is he strong when he is too cowardly to stand by his convictions of loyalty to Christ and virtue? It was not to such that John wrote.

The thing that makes young men strong is moral courage—high, undaunted courage; or, to put it in a single sinewy Saxon word, *grit*. In public and business life this quality enables a young man to say *No*, not as though he wanted to say *Yes*, but a negative that everybody, the devil included, will understand the meaning of.

RUM HEAVIER THAN WATER.

One man said to another, "Which is the heaviest, a quart of rum or a quart of water? Rum most assuredly; for I saw a man, who weighs two hundred pounds, staggering under a quart of rum, when he could have carried a gallon of water with ease."

PENALTY PAID BY SMOKERS.

An eminent writer on the diseases of the brain, Dr. Solly, in a late lecture to medical students on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain, says: "I would caution you, as students, from excess in the use of tobacco or smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a long experience of brain diseases, and I am satisfied that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no other one cause or agent that tends to bring on functional disease, and organic disease of the brain, so much as excessive use of tobacco."

PETITIONER FOR A LICENSE.

A carpenter, who was tired of making an honest living, came to a gentleman with a petition for a public-house license; which he requested him to sign. The gentleman looked at him; and asked him why he did not stick to his plane and bench. The answer was, "The public-house pays better, sir."

"Well, but do you not think you will be affording additional facilities to drunkards to destroy themselves?"

"Perhaps I shall."

"Do you not believe that at least five men every year will become drunkards if you succeed in getting a license?"

"Why, I never thought of that before; but I suppose it would very likely be so."

"Then if you keep a public-house for ten years, fifty men will become drunkards through your agency!"

The man threw down his petition, went back to his honest occupation, and was never tempted to desire a license again.

RUM OR RUIN.

Not long since I saw a soldier cruelly attempting to drive a poor hog beneath the wheels of a train then in motion.

It was a cruel act, a disgrace to the manhood which clothed him and to the uniform he wore.

I turned my back upon so sickening a sight, only to behold another a hundredfold more atrocious.

A man was leading a youth of not more than eixteen summers down the steps which conducted to one of those low, dingy, dirty places—a bar-room, there to pollute his young lips with that which crueheses the body and mangles the soul.

"Which of the twain, think you, reader, was the worst?"—*What Cheer.*

Southern Workman,

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THE Anniversary exercises of the Hampton Institute will be on Thursday, May 20th. Visitors can leave New York City at 4 o'clock P. M., Philadelphia at 6 P. M., connecting with the "Bay Line Steamers" at Baltimore, which leave at 9 o'clock and arrive at Fortress Monroe at 8 o'clock A. M.; returning, the steamers leave Fortress Monroe at 7 o'clock P. M., arriving at Baltimore at 7 o'clock the next morning, at Philadelphia at 11, and at New York at 2 o'clock P. M.

THE hopeful feature in Southern affairs is the earnestness of a class of men in improving the condition of their ignorant population. The Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia, freely quoted in this number, is one of them. The majority of State Superintendents of Education in the South are in hearty sympathy with him.

The other side of the picture is the spread of the repudiation idea, still far from universal, but with a tendency that alarms many who see in its possible triumph a basis of danger to the National credit.

The "outrage" is fading like a dissolving view and the outlines of an even more terrible thing are dimly seen.

THE article on "A Fool's Errand" in this number, by a regular contributor, is, we believe, just and discriminating. The narrative and word painting of the book is powerful; its philosophy is weak.

No person who gave himself wisely and fully to the work of bettering the condition of the needy classes of the South would ever publish his experience under the title of "A Fool's Errand."

THE *Weekly Advance*, a democratic colored paper published at Montgomery, Alabama, says:—

"As an evidence of this hatred and prejudice towards the colored man in the North, we need only to mention the fact that in no Northern city will a white mechanic work with a colored man—the lowest menial will refuse to be degraded (?) by working with a negro."

We offer a test to the truth of this statement.

Mr. Henry Pryor, a bright, reliable and worthy young colored man aged twenty-one years, has worked five years, in the Printing-office of this institution. He desires a place in a Northern office. He is competent and is desirable in every way.

Is his color a *taboo* from all Northern printing-offices?

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

This doctrine holds that no European power shall acquire any foothold on the North American Continent. So long as it is confined to opposing any military occupation of any part of the continent, it is just possible for a civilized American to support it, on the ground that self-preservation is the law of nations as of individuals. This is not exactly a Bible doctrine, but good people take to it quite as keenly as bad people. Many of our opinions will hardly bear any closer examination than the old negro's title to the chickens he had for sale. But when the National Government proclaims that it will not look with a "friendly eye" upon the project of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, constructed by European capital and protected by a European power, it seems to us that it passes all debatable ground and stands on the ground of the wicked monopolist and the unconscionable brigand.

The State of Colombia has absolute title to her own soil and the waters lapping it. The United States are a thousand miles away, and several alien countries intervene. The United States have no concession for a canal; nor have they any right, by nature or treaty, over the land through which it is proposed to run it. The State of Colombia is a free and independent State, and has a right to act for the best interests of herself and her people. She may dispose of her territory to Englishmen, Frenchmen or Hottentots, and she is not bound to sacrifice her interests because the United States ask it. For the United States to threaten or intimidate or retard the legitimate action of an independent State, is only a piece of impudent bullying. If the Chinese, with an army of ten millions of men and a navy of a thousand ships (and some day they will have them), were to declare that "The movement of the American people towards the western coast of their continent is calculated to produce grave complications with our people, and we cannot tolerate a rival interest in the Pacific," the enlightened citizens of America would denounce the Chinese as tyrants. Our statesmen would become tearful and sad, and look upon life as full of injustice and trouble; and our good men would find excellent moral reasons for holding the Chinese to be a selfish lot.

It is quite possible that it would be for the "best" interests of the world that the United States should control the proposed canal. But nations, like individuals, cannot always have things their own way. We may manage our own property as we choose, but to dictate to, or interfere with, the rights of Colombia is a wicked business. We dare to do so, because we have more guns than she has. It is this same vague, plausible, bad doctrine which England and Russia are adopting, in pushing their conquests into the heart of Asia. We have failed to open the canal ourselves, and we forbid Europeans to open it. If we feel the need of controlling such a canal, let us, at least, say to Colombia, "We cannot allow you to sell the right to build a canal to any European capitalists, but whatever loss you may meet with in being kept by us from doing so, we will promptly pay you in cash, so that you suffer no loss." This might not be the best morality, but it would have a semblance of fairness about it. W. N. A.

"THE FOOL'S ERRAND."

As a novel this book has little merit. As a skilful, incisive, graphic revelation of the facts occurring at the South after the close of the war, it is a book of most remarkable power. Just now there is a large class of intelligent Northern men, who are cutting adrift from the teachings of their old political leaders, and are seriously interested in getting at the truth concerning Southern affairs. This book commends itself to such men.

The author presents the three schemes for adjusting the complicated Southern question as it arose after the war. The first was that the seceding States did not lose their *status*, but merely passed into a condition of suspended animation, which the capitulation at Appomattox relieved, and, thereafter, they became as they were before the first act of hostility. The second was that of disposing of the seceding section as "territory," the people of that section to be treated as minors or wards, to be so held until time and an adjustment of the conflicting social forces, under the care and direction of a paternal government, should make state sovereignty feasible and safe. The third plan was that of giving the ballot to the negro as a means of self-protection.

The object of the book is to show, that in adopting the third plan, namely, that of giving the ballot, peremptorily, to the negro, and in rejecting the second, namely, that of holding the seceding section in a "territorial" or probationary state, the governing power made a gross, if not fatal blunder. While we do not dispute the author's statement of facts, we dissent from his conclusions.

In adopting a plan of reconstruction there was left only a choice of evils, and the third plan was the least evil. No doubt it was harsh, revolutionary, galling, full of mischief and trouble. Nevertheless, it was the only plan that met the case boldly and sufficiently. Far-seeing men recognize it, and all men will be persuaded in due time. Even Senator Lamar, in his *North American* article, admits it. The territorial plan was theoretically good, but practically impossible. That plan turned on the capacity of the Federal Government to deal soberly, wisely and justly with a territorial section. We are with the negative on that issue. The power of the Federal government over a territory is, in a large measure, despotic. It can make and enforce such laws as it chooses. It is a representative government that becomes non-representative, so far as the territories are concerned. It is possible for the Government to rule a territory wisely and justly, but practically and for sufficient reasons, it does not rule wisely or justly. If the statesmen, called in this book the "wise men," had at the period of reconstruction, proposed the territorial plan, a thoughtful citizen, well read in the political history of the republic, would have said to them: "It is not possible for you to succeed with it. Theoretically you should fail, and practically you will fail. Your weakness, foolishness, incapacity, even imbecility in dealing with territorial questions has been illustrated too often during the last fifty years. You held the Mormons in a territorial state, and in 1857 sent an army after them. They hid their guns and made themselves rich in selling food and fodder to your troops, barricaded by snowdrifts in the canyons, while their leaders snapped their fingers at you. You have since then left them under a territorial government of your own device, with officers of your own choosing, backed by a great military encampment overlooking Salt Lake City. Yet the emigrant ships of Europe are crowded with their converts. The Christian monogamist has been seated by the side of the Mormon polygamist in the halls of Congress, and you can find no means to prevent it. You have supreme power, but the result has been a lusty and rapid growth of the 'twin relic' of barbarism. Again, you have had a handful of Indians to manage, with power of life and death over them. Yet you have managed them so badly, so wickedly, so stupidly, so cruelly, so corruptly, that every decent man is ashamed of his Government, and the pulpit says you are only fit to be visited with divine vengeance. As to the whites scattered through the vast territories held by you, you have merely flung them a 'territorial act' and gone about other business. In other words, you have branded "U. S." on each man, as you brand it on Government mules, and turned them out on the ranges." So a thoughtful man might have then said. And now he might add: "After a hundred years of Indian policy, you have at last found out that the simple way of treating the Indian is to make a citizen of him, and give him a piece of land. About ten years ago you purchased Alaska. You have given the people of that territory neither aid or comfort, and now, after years of disgraceful dawdling, you are talking about giving them a civil government. One thing you did quickly enough. You handed over the valuable fisheries of that territory to a monopoly, which is exhausting those wonderful resources."

A government with such a record was hardly in a position to assert its competence to deal with the vast, complicated, delicate questions arising out of the wild confusion resulting from the emancipation of four millions of blacks. So the best thing the "wise men" could have done, was just what they did do. "They builded wiser than they knew." The territorial plan would have resulted in the most frightful disorganization, and every Southern man ought to be thankful that it was not adopted. It would have been a *Saturnalia* of office-holding. The South would have been covered with a swarm of hungry officials. Third-rate politicians would have ruled as satraps. As it was, the abominable legislation in South Carolina and Louisiana was under the control of men backed by the Federal power. Though military administration would have been better, it would have ultimately failed, because soldiers are not founders of "institutions."

The truth is, that while our people are capable of self-government, they are not capable of administration over other and alien people. At the basis of our political system we put self-government, the rule of the people for the people, "squatter sovereignty," as Douglass called it. The habit and sense of our people is that every community shall rule itself, and we become foolish and awkward when we abandon that system. This we have already illustrated. When New England wished to cast the character of Kansas in mold of freedom, she worked on the true theory, and sent out her men to live there, to colonize, to vote, and form the social system. Our political growth is that of the individual fusing and massing itself into the organism of the State. To obey self-imposed laws is the habit of the Anglo-Saxon. To impose laws on other people is beyond his traditions, his habit or his education. The people of a state make the civilization of that state. No exterior force or pressure can do it. To have tried any plan of reconstruction not in accordance with the habit of the people, would have resulted in utter confusion.

In the Southern complication, there was but one simple and safe rule to follow, namely, to place all men, so far as law could place them, on an equality of rights and citizenship, and allow the problem to work itself out. In no community on earth are all laws enforced or all rights protected. There is an approximation only. If the ground work of the political system is made broad and just, there will be in time a strong and healthy growth. Even the Puritans of New England ordained freedom of thought in religious matters, and then proceeded to expel dissenters. But the organic law was broad and just, and in time there was complete harmony.

The people of the South are intelligent enough to know that if they fail to elevate the blacks, they must go down to the blacks. Having, as the "Fool" said, put the negro under their feet, they will find it no easy task to keep him there. The negro's freedom, fixed by the ultimate fiat of the Constitution, is secure forever. So the white man of the South no longer seeks to restore the old order of things, but will make the black a tolerable neighbor by other means. There is no way to do this save by education. Already the white sees all this and is at earnest work. It is the only salvation for himself, his property, his community. He is like the passenger in the boat struck by the squall—he must bail or go to the bottom.

Northern men do not know of this general movement toward the education of the blacks, because it is not done with trumpets and banners; nor do the Northern newspapers report such uneventful work, because it is not considered "available matter."

Because the hero of this book settled in the South when chaos ruled, and the social forces were striking wildly in every direction, and the whole population was a vast social wreck, and over it swept and howled a typhoon of a most radical revolution, bursting from every point of the

and because in all this he could | are often double the size they ought to be— | legislation on the subject of military land | 4. The negro is fond of politics, and has has

compass; and because in all this he could not see that the plan of negro suffrage was instantly successful, and because he tried to enforce it and failed, he gave up his mission in disgust and called his errand a "Fool's errand." W. N. A.

NORMAL SCHOOLS AND COLORED TEACHERS IN THE SOUTH.

From 1870 to 1880 free schools in the South have been struggling for existence. That is now assured on a foundation of public sentiment which makes their destruction impossible. Poverty, ruined finances, and the still faithless and hopeless element prevent their rapid improvement, but existence is a settled fact. There is now more thought of improvement.

The able men composing the Trustees of the Peabody Fund for years devoted almost their entire resources to building up public schools. They are now helping those that train teachers, to meet the great need and demand on every side for better teachers.

Teachers' "institutes" for discussing methods, comparing experience and promoting *esprit de corps* are held with increasing frequency.

State legislatures have, in some cases, granted aid to Normal Schools. The cause of popular education has steadily gained ground till the question is not so much, "Shall we have free schools?" as, "Shall we improve them?"

The negro is not neglected. In spite of old ideas and theories for which the South fought, and fell in utter exhaustion and confusion, it is furnishing, from the ranks of its best society and ex-soldiers, men who are earnestly and ably pushing educational work for the blacks.

There is, on the part of these men, as a class, a singular readiness in accepting new ideas.

Dr. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Virginia schools, in the Virginia *Educational Journal* for February mentions a six weeks' Summer Colored Institute, at Lynchburg, which he has been instrumental in opening for for the benefit of the colored teachers of the State. We recommend it to all colored teachers in that part of the State.

We quote a few remarks of the Doctor under the heading,

COLORED TEACHERS FOR COLORED SCHOOLS.

"Because of the superior culture of the white race, to say nothing of race pride, our theories would incline us to prefer white teachers for colored, as well as for white schools: and a strong and varied argument can be made on this side of the question. But the world's experience seems to have demonstrated that a people are best taught, that is, most acceptably and successfully taught, by members of their own race. The missionary work seems to have proved this.

"There is a direct work to be done among the colored people by the whites, and it should be done faithfully and ungrudgingly. But it is chiefly in training the educators of the colored race. This is the noble work at Hampton. We would not say that even this higher, or secondary work should all be done by whites. The time has already come when able normal instructors may be found among the better educated of the colored teachers; and it is the purpose of the writer to seek for some of this class as instructors in the colored normal school which is to be held in Lynchburg next summer.

"As to who are to be the religious teachers of the colored race, this is a question which has settled itself. Colored congregations desire and call only for colored ministers. An amazing work among these people is now going on in our very midst, under ministers of their own color, the good effects of which are apparent to every careful observer.

"In all this upward movement our colored public schools have been a prominent factor. These schools have generally been well taught, partly by white and partly by colored teachers. Many of these white teachers have been and are animated by the best motives, and have done great good. All honor to them. It has not been possible, however, in all cases to obtain the services of suitable persons either white or colored.

"But after observation continued for ten years, and pretty widely extended, we can bear an emphatic testimony in favor of the colored teachers who have usually been found in our schools. They surpass the whites in their management of colored children. In fact we have usually found their schools to be models of order and system. Their schools are often double the size they ought to be—and school officers should give heed to this—but even when sixty to eighty children were present under the care of a single teacher, we have almost always found quiet order, and also systematic and successful instruction; and always have found good manners. In some cases also we have been struck with the neatness of everything about the school, including teacher and children. The Charlottesville colored school may be referred to as an example. [Taught by Hampton graduates.—Ed.]

"Some of these colored teachers received all their training at home or in the schools taught under the auspices of the Freedmen's Bureau. The best and most agreeable teachers, as a class, were trained at Hampton; but many other colored institutions have sent out excellent teachers, such as the Colored Normal School at Richmond, which was for many years under the able management of Rev. R. M. Manly, also the Richmond Institute under the care of Rev. Dr. Corey, who still gives his valuable services wholly to the work of training colored ministers and teachers. And from schools beyond the State good teachers have been derived.

"The result of all our seeing and thinking is, that as a rule, colored teachers are best for colored schools.

"And this we say in full view of a fact which has not always been recognized by school boards, namely, that colored schools need as good teachers as white schools,—indeed better, because colored children have more to unlearn than white. And we cannot hope to find colored teachers who are cultivated in as many directions as white ones. But there is a magnetic influence in community of blood which gives special power to the colored teacher. He enters at once into the confidence and affection of his pupils, and this gives him a moral advantage which the white teacher gains slowly and never fully. The colored teacher also finds an immediate welcome into the hearts and homes of the entire community to which the children belong. There is no restraint, no line of partition between them. And this social backing gives power in the school, and this the white teacher cannot have. And this reciprocal action helps all parties, and makes the school a greater blessing to the whole colored community. And when, as is usually the case, the teacher helps in the church, the Sunday-school, the Temperance Society, and in the affairs of social life generally, his influence for good goes far beyond the limits circumscribing the white teacher of colored children. Cases have come to our knowledge in which the colored public school, under a colored teacher, has thus proved a rapid and powerful civilizer of a whole community."

This is testimony from a public officer, formerly a slave-holder, who has no political hopes from the freedmen, but has with tremendous earnestness and energy given himself to the cause of popular education for all.

Such men are steadily coming to the front as the true saviours of society; but are, as yet, far from being classed as friends of the colored race by its professed champions.

CONGRESS AND THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

A meeting of the Department of Superintendents belonging to the National Educational Association was held in Washington city, February 18-20, 1880. A large number of the most distinguished educators in the United States were in attendance. Superintendent Ruffner, of Virginia, as chairman of the Committee on National Legislation, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

1. *Resolved*, by the meeting of School Superintendents here assembled, That there is immediate and pressing need of Federal aid to the States, and especially to the Southern States, in the work of educating the people in the primary branches of knowledge.

2. *Resolved*, That the Congress now in session be most carefully urged to consider and act favorably upon the bill now before it, H. R. 834, entitled "A Bill to apply the proceeds of sales of public lands to the education of the people," and so forth, or some modification thereof which would recognize the principle of applying these funds wholly for the general education of the people.

WORDS FROM SUPERINTENDENT W. H. RUFFNER'S ADDRESS.

The call upon Congress for aid in educating the people will not cease until aid be granted. * * * * * *

Besides political and sectional jealousies, other interests antagonize this patriotic object. Private or corporate schemes are ever moving, or preparing to move, on the public domain. How little do the people of the United States generally know how largely their vast landed estate has thus been alienated. The American system of land grants to railroad corporations, which originated in 1850, has already surrendered a territorial empire of over *two hundred million acres!* The legislation on the subject of military land bounties, while nearly profitless to the soldier has been a national disaster, beneficial only to speculators and monopolists. The acts of Congress on the subject of swamp lands, and college and Indian scrip, have been vicious and indefensible. The curse of monopoly in the states of the North-West, caused by the cruel commerce in the land which the government has encouraged, has been an irreparable blight to their prosperity. Great estates in every where tending to swallow up the smaller ones, and to produce a constantly multiplying and crouching tenantry."

* * * * * * *

The tremendous logic of events has made astonishing changes of sentiment in the South but the dregs of all these old ideas and feelings lie scattered about. And in addition to these the early post-war history stirred up new difficulties, so that altogether we find that our cause has to wade through seas and sands, with now and then a battle.

And to this wearisome list we might add the high-strung State Rights men who are very jealous of Federal gifts to the education of the people, but get very fearless of Federal power when the river and harbor budget comes along. * * * * * *

Ideas, like seeds, cannot take root until the conditions are right. The moon must be in the right sign. Hitherto the conditions have not been right for this idea, but the conditions are now right, and we may confidently expect it to grow and spread—the only danger being that it will spread too wildly. The era of the oak is giving way to the era of the pine: God forbid that we should pass on to the era of broom sedge and prairie fires. By which I mean that the social and political era of the past is different from that of the present, and the present is possibly different from that of the future. The people are claiming more for themselves through the government, and if this has to be accomplished by revolution it will run into a terrible socialism. My firm belief is that socialism cannot long prevail in a government like ours. But we are on the line which points in that direction. Where then must we look? To the people—to these threatening masses who, wrong, will read society to pieces, but who, right, will be her grandest muniment.

In our Southern country, extreme conservatism has been the controlling spirit during most of our history, and it had much to recommend it. The events of this war opened the eyes of the privileged class to the value of the common people. And after the war no man would have ventured to talk about the "mud-sills" of society.

Society is still unsettled, and no man can forecast the future. Many good men are gloomy and despairing. Some would only croak and groan; others would curse and fight. But all this is foolish and unavailing. The panacea for the ills of society is not malevolence, but *sympathy;* and this sympathy must not be a sentimental vapor, or a smiling hypocrisy, but he of that substantial sort which provokes an honest study of each other's wants. To put your arm around a shabby voter when leading him to the polls is one thing, to study how you may permanently better the man and improve his lot in life, is quite another thing.

And when we are trying to move Congress in this matter of help to educate the people, we may claim that we are doing a great service in exalting the sphere of legislation. Could we only establish *man* as the central figure in this wearisome wilderness of legislation, we would perform a public service far beyond the value of the landed domain.

I know not what is true of Northern and Western States, but I can say for my State and for most of the Southern States, we are not able to educate our people in any tolerable sense; we are too poor to do it.

A state may press nearer to the extreme verge of ability in levying taxes for education than for almost any other object; because education is a reproductive force. A low rate of taxation on a people not improving is more oppressive than a high rate on a prosperous people. It is idle for any one to suggest a mixture of the races. It can't be done. We must educate in separate schools, or not at all. * * * * * *

THE NEGRO.

Coming as I do from a Southern State, Mr. President and brother Superintendents, you will expect me to say something specially about the negro, whose fate is to be determined largely by what the Federal government does for him, or leaves undone.

1. He wants to do right, and he is the most amiable of the races. He is also the most religious of human beings, and the character of his religion is improving. It controls his daily life more than formerly. Among these people there are many centres of great moral power.

2. The negro craves education, and I believe that this desire has increased. It certainly has not diminished. He makes fully as great sacrifices to send his children to school as the laboring classes of whites.

3. The civilization of the race is progressing—and even faster than his thoughtful friends anticipated.

4. The negro is fond of politics, and he has just one principle of political action, and that is to go with those who will do most, or lead him to think they will do most, to advance his interest. He has an eye to the past, but a much sharper eye to the future. He has no strong faith in men or parties—and he will go hither and thither according as his confidence is gained at the moment. He is most suspicious of those who have heretofore formed the controlling element in Southern society and politics.

5. But as a class, they are in character weak and ignorant—and hence to that extent a dangerous element in society. The negroes are a highly improvable race. A surprising proportion of enlightened, right-thinking men have already risen from their ranks—men who have taken a respectable position—some in the learned professions—some in editing and printing newspapers, and some in the management of business—and what is not less commendable, great numbers are living worthy lives in the humble occupations. The colored children learn well at school, and show good effects promptly. * * *

SUMMARY.

In conclusion, the points made or assumed in the remarks now made are: 1. That there is an enormous and most dangerous mass of ignorance existing in the whole United States, and that this is particularly true of the Southern States, where the poor circumstances of the people forbid an effective system of common school education. 2. That these ignorant classes, white and colored, improve readily under right influences. 3. That we have entered upon a peculiarly critical period in which there is an ominous disposition on the part of the masses of the people, to discard old leadership, and to lay hold of the controlling forces of society. 4. That safety and justice alike demand that the people shall be educated in right views and habits, and thus be made the unconquerable defenders of order and property. 5. That the subject demands the immediate attention of the Congress of the United States.

EDUCATION IN TENNESSEE.

We welcome the "*Fisk Expositor*" from Fisk University, Tennessee.

Its officers, Northern men, are in sympathy with the Hon. Leon Trousdale, State Superintendent of Education, whose last report partially given in the "Expositor" is encouraging.

Number of whites in school, 208,850; 53 per cent. of the teachable children.

Number of colored children in school, 55,329; 44 per cent. of the teachable children.

Number of teachers, 4738, of which 1267 are colored. There are 3793 school houses. Value of school property, $1,162,684. Average monthly salary of teachers, $25.67. Average number of days taught 77. Total school moneys expended for the year closing Aug. 31, 1879, $710,651.72.

The *Expositor* says further,

"Few things can be more gratifying and cheering to those engaged in the grand work of educating the colored people in Tennessee, than the fact that those having charge of educational affairs in the various towns, named below, either have, within the past few years, organized graded schools for colored youth, or are now taking steps for organizing such schools: Clarksville, Trenton, Shelbyville, Brownsville, Jackson, Union City, Bolivar, Paris, Covington, Pulaski, Columbia, Fayetteville, Mason Station, and perhaps some other towns. Another thing that all who are engaged in the educational work in the state ought to regard as a hopeful sign, is the fact that, the last legislature, in all its zeal for retrenchment, made no effort to reduce the income of the free school system. This, and the fact, that much complaint was uttered by the people all over the State, because of the suspension of schools consequent upon the postponement of the collection of taxes by the legislature, show how deeply the system of the State has taken hold upon the affections of the masses.

Still another ground for hopefulness, is found in the fact, that whereas, year before last, not quite 39 per cent. of the colored children of the state were enrolled in the free schools, last year nearly 49 per cent. were so enrolled. And there are reasons for believing the superintendent's forthcoming report will show equally encouraging figures."

THE REAL TROUBLE.

It is not only the lack of chances,. The men in charge of the Negro schools in the South, know that no first-rate man or woman in good health need fail of an education. Thousands are willing enough, but few are up to the standard of brains,

energy, tact and "gumption," to make

period in '78-'79 equal to 22,313 tons, or the carrying capacity of a handsome fleet; and

lodging and lights but not washing. The latter can be had for one dollar a month; mak-

know that there are those who are giving their time and energies to their education,

energy, tact and "gumption," to make the best of things.

The following from a colored College student about to graduate from Fisk University, is taken from the "*Fisk Expositor*," and shows that "There's no such word as fail" to those who are made of the right stuff. The trouble is often in the weakness or deficency of those who try.

"A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

"'Can a young man, dependent upon himself, secure a college education?' is a query made by many a young person who wishes to prepare himself for usefulness. Having spent some years in school, the writer does not hesitate to answer the question in the affirmative. Many of the difficulties, said to obstruct the path of those desiring to obtain a thorough education, are only imaginary, and readily disappear when approached. That real obstacles exist, no one will deny, but even these if rightly met will prove to be a blessing in disguise. It is by contending with difficulties that a young man gains strength. Every success makes the succeeding one less difficult of accomplishment. He who has learned well this lesson will not fail to realize his fondest hopes. Young men possessed of good mental ability can, if they will, overcome the difficulties connected with the obtaining of a college education. The first thing necessary is a fixed purpose. No person, be he rich or poor, who has not fully made up his mind as to a certain course in life, has a right to expect success. Lack of decision prevents many a young man from going through college. Here is a young man who enters school, seemingly determined to pursue his studies to completion. His progress causes comrades and teachers to have great hopes of him. But imagine their disappointment when he informs them that, being somewhat short of means, he has concluded to give up his class and go out to teach a year, since he has a chance of getting a good situation. Contrary to their advice he quits school and never returns. This is only one of many cases in which lack of purpose has entailed failure and disappointment upon young men of promise. One's mind should be so thoroughly made up that no inducement will be able to shake his purpose. It is well enough, says one, to talk about perseverance and a fixed purpose, but where is the money, necessary to carry out this purpose, to come from? My answer is, each young man is to furnish his own means. Wages in this country are such that any one, who will practice economy, can save a few dollars every month. The actual expenses in such institutions as Fisk University, are so low, and such encouragement and help are given by its teachers and officers, that an education is placed within the reach of every young man of real ability who will husband his earnings. Seventy-five or a hundred dollars will give him a start in school which will enable him (we suppose, of course that he is pretty well along in his primary studies) to teach, at least a country school.

"As soon as he can teach with credit, his way is comparatively clear. The compensation which he receives for services during vacation can be so economized as to go far toward covering his necessary expenses, and in some cases a little money can be earned out of school hours. Some young men hold out pretty faithfully until it comes to the question of wearing old clothes. Here their fortitude too often fails them, and the money which would have carried them through the term goes for a new suit of clothing, and the result is, that they are compelled to go out to teach two or three months earlier than they otherwise would have gone. They soon find themselves behind in their classes, and become discouraged, and fall out of school. The young men who have the strength to economize in this direction, are those who prove a blessing to themselves and to society.

"E. H. ANDERSON, CLASS '80."

NORFOLK.

Under the heading "*The Onward March of Norfolk*," the *Landmark* of that city states that

"February, '80, compared with February, '79 shows an *increase* in cotton receipts of 2,620 bales, the whole number having been last month 48,179 bales; and an *increase* in exports of 5,682 bales.

But a better expression of the export values during the two periods compared for the two months referred to, can be had thus: those in February, '79, were $1,041,520; in February, '80, $1,628,254, give an increase in favor of the month just passed of $586,734.

The comparison of Semi-Annual Statements is also highly gratifying, and our figures examined in detail will show that Norfolk is steadily expanding her trade and increasing her importance. The tonnage accounts, when compared, show that the six months just ended give an increase over the corresponding period in '78-'79 equal to 22,313 tons, or the carrying capacity of a handsome fleet; and the increase in cotton shipments amounts to 58,421 bales. A Semi-Annual Comparison of export values shows in '78-'79 the sum of $7,683,495.11 sent abroad, and in '79-'80, $10,295,323, an increase in our favor of $3,059,827,801; and finally to complete the gratifying picture, we have received here during the last six months 478,400 bales of cotton, an increase over the same period in '78-'79 of 113,173 bales. With such facts as these before us, there seems to be no reasonable doubt as to the future before this port; and every man in the city ought to rejoice at this aspect of our affairs, which were never more promising than they are to-day.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, the temperance orator, is to speak in Virginia Hall, Hampton Institute, on Wednesday evening, April 21st, and in Norfolk, Va., Tuesday, April 20th. His topic will be Temperance.

It will be, we believe, the first appearance of this great orator in this region.

A NUMBER of the citizens of Hampton, Va., have erected at an expense of nearly one thousand dollars, a very convenient and attractive school house, taught by a lady fresh from Col. Parker's training school at Quincy, Mass. It stands close by the spot where the first Federal field battery was placed in the war, and is attended by the children of Northern and Southern families.

It seems to be a complete success, and is a just reward of the zealous efforts of those who have worked hard to build it up. A feature of the school is the eagerness of the children to attend, and the brightness of the school house. Nearly an entire end of the house is a bay window, filled with flowers, and pouring a cheerful light upon the rooms. Hampton has no prettier ornament than the "Banner" school house.

THE citizens of Hampton recently formed a Town Improvement Association through which the streets have been lighted and covered with oyster shells.

The neighboring colored settlements "Little Scotland" and "Church Hill" are now collecting funds to light and pave their own streets and will succeed.

We hope this is but a beginning of better roads, and more attractive school houses throughout this Commonwealth.

THOSE desirous of visiting Fort Monroe, and Hampton which is two miles distant, connected by a fine shell road, and to whom good accommodations but quite moderate terms are an object, can secure this by the middle of April at Mrs. S. F. Eaton's who has just increased her accomdations. It would be well to apply to her beforehand at Fort Monroe, Va.

The best time in the year to visit this region is from the 20th of April to the 20th of May. On the latter date is the Anniversary of the Hampton Institute.

DURING the winter the Hygeia Hotel at Fortress Monroe, Va., has been fitted for spring visitors; the spacious verandas are enclosed in glass, making the interior comfortable in any weather, and insuring protection from the keen winds that come sometimes in April and May.

The tedious Northern winter may be most pleasantly shortened by spending these months at Fort Monroe, where spring is far advanced and summer arrives early in May, hot weather being exceptional till June. The number of spring guests is greater than ever and is increasing.

THE attention of colored teachers in the State of Virginia is invited to the Colored Normal Institute to be held at Lyehburg, Va., next summer under the auspices of the Board of Education. In the announcement it is stated that—

"There will be no charge for tuition or contingent school expenses; and owing to the zeal and activity of some intelligent colored citizens of Lyuchburg, arrangements have been made whereby persons attending the school can be comfortably accommodated at boarding houses and in families at sight dollars ($8) a month. This includes table board, lodging and lights but not washing. The latter can be had for one dollar a month; making the total cost of living just nine dollars a month, or thirteen dollars and a half for the whole term.

The instruction in the school will be given by experienced, well trained, and in every way competent colored instructors, whose names and qualification will be announced in due time.

All colored teachers, male and female, and all persons who expect to become teachers, are invited to attend this school. The cost of living will be so small as to come within the reach of all who would be qualified to take advantage of the privileges of the school."

THE following from Albemarle Co., Va., is encouraging. It is one of the many bright spots in the South.

The writer is a teacher of unusual ability, who paid his way through school by shoemaking.

"Hampton has a fine name with our superintendent and people. The Superintendent speaks in high terms of Hampton. He treats them well and not only Hampton graduates but all colored teachers are respected in this County by all classes. They want you to come up to the point of your profession and you are supported. The County pays up when the work is done. There is some probability of the schools running six months, there is already a surplus in the treasury. Please find in closed P. O. order for $10. Please receipt. I owe something more which I am good for in my next payment.

In speaking of the ruins of Academic Hall to one of the colored citizens, I spoke of the bell and he asked me to ask you if you would sell it to them for their church and for how much? Let me hear from you about it.

This is a quiet community here; but there is room for improvement. I am doing all I can for both old and young; later I hope to be able to say more.

Yours very respectfully,

D."

THE colored people in Northwestern Texas have organized a Farmers' Association for the purpose of acquiring and improving farms and homesteads in that section. At a recent meeting the orator of the day, Rev. S. H. Smothers said among other things, the following:

Much has been said in regard to wrongs and oppressions of which our people complain. While, doubtless, there is some ground for their complaint, their hardships, in my opinion, are more the result of their illiterate condition than all things else. If a class of white laborers were as illiterate as our people, they would be equally oppressed as are the Irish tenants to-day. Capitalists look out for their own interests, and will, if they can, oppress one man, be his color what it may, as soon as another. We should remember that knowledge is power and ignorance is weakness. The protection which we most need is the power which education and property give. For my own part, all I ask of any man is an equal chance, and then if he can outstrip me in the race of life let him do it."

TRANSFORMED BY EDUCATION.

Photographs of our Indian students were taken soon after their arrival, a year ago last November. The year of training and new associations was felt to have wrought some change, and to test its degree new pictures have now been taken, with about the same arrangement of groups. A gentleman in the North, to whom the contrasting pictures were recently sent, gives his impressions as follows:—

MAINE, *Feb.* 24, '80.

Dear Sir:—

The photographs which you sent came in good condition. Many thanks. They are pictures of unusual interest, being a forcible illustration of the power of education.

It seems incredible that so great a change could have been wrought in the short time in which they have been under your care. A member of the Legislature who saw them was so impressed by the wonderful transformation that he asked leave to take them to show to the Committee on Education.

Having always felt much interest in, and sympathy for, the Indians, I rejoice that another answer than extermination is being given to the question, "What shall we do with them?" May the experiment prove successful!

The SOUTHERN WORKMAN makes its trip regularly, and is a welcome visitor. I was early taught to consider the colored people as *human beings*, whom we should protect and assist. That struggle ended, it is cheering to know that there are those who are giving their time and energies to their education, and that they prove worthy of the efforts which are being made.

I will enclose $1.00, with the request that you will send copies of the photo's to ——.

Yours respectfully,

A. F. QUINBY.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INDIANS.

Photographs of the Indian pupils were taken on their arrival at Hampton, Nov. '78, and the same groups, as far as possible were taken again 14 months later, in Feb'y '80. The contrasts are very interesting and suggestive. There is a group of ten boys, another of four; a group of three girls, and one single figure—making four pairs. These will be sent by mail for 50c. a pair.

PLEASANT APPREOIATION.

A friend renews a yearly contribution to the Hampton School with the following pleasant note.

"——, N. C. March 16, 1880.

Gen Armstrong—

Dear Sir:—The time has come to remit the check that pays for a yearly scholarship. There is no contribution that gives more satisfaction than that to your Institution. May it be a blessing in the future as has been in the past."

(*From the Educational Journal*).

THE UNIVERSITY NORMAL SCHOOL.

It has now been definitely arranged that the State Normal School for white teachers will be held at the University of Virginia, beginning about the middle of July and continuing six weeks. All who have been or expect to be engaged in teaching, whether in public or in private schools, are invited to attend this professional school. No charge will be made for tuition, or for use of rooms, it only being required that the rooms or other property used must be left in as good condition as when taken possession of. Women, as well as men, are invited, and suitable arrangements have been made for their accommodation.

Those attending will have the option of boarding on or near the University grounds, or of joining the mess clubs. Boarding at regular boarding houses can be obtained at from $15 to $18 per month. There will be two messing clubs, one for males and the other for females, with the boarding and lodging arrangements of each grouped on opposite sides of the University premises.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT ON THE SOUTH.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* publishes the following letter, addressed by Mr. John Bright to a gentleman of that city, and dated London, England, February 19:

"I thank you for sending me your little book. I have not yet seen it, as it is doubtless at my home, in Lancashire. I did not omit notice of the South, for I said a good deal about Texas. As for your old slave South, you will have few Englishmen settling there so long as the old temper of your people continues to exist. We hear of the ill treatment of the negro, and of the hostile disposition of many of your white population toward families who come from the North. I know not how much of this is true, but so long as the belief in its truth exists your southern States will make small progress in comparison with the North and West. You have soil and climate, but you will not easily or speedily shake off the old curse, and men from Europe will prefer a country where slavery has not prevailed, and where the negro is not a considerable portion of your population. They will think the North and West offer a better field for them, with more real freedom and less of the elements of disorder. I wish all your States a growing prosperity."

MISSIONS DEVELOP COMMERCE.—We have recently seen tables giving the value of exports from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands for the past three years. They amounted during this period to $4,702,029. Vessels from other parts of the world have also found a market at these Islands. Boston has sent them directly, during the same three years, merchandise valued at $347,435. It is a striking fact, which business men should consider, that the Sandwich Islands, commercially of no importance sixty years ago, now pay *annually* at a single American port more money by $300,000 than the total amount paid by the American Board during the whole three score years in Christianizing the Hawaiian nation. Do missions *pay*?

MISSIONS AND TRADE.

One of the marked developments in the missionary world, seen just now more than ever before, is the numerous inquiries from the countries where missionaries are working as to the cost of utensils and simple machinery of various kinds.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

—— series of letters with one

that has been directly tried or not. Some, no doubt, from Liberia have been educated in this and other countries, but probably for

as heretofore, in the recent (State) election. A spirit of soberness was generally expressed. There are two colored voters in this county to

ple of the country than to see that such work is supplied with every resource?

Dear Sir:—

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

We open our series of letters with one from a former member of the "Hempton Singers" who is teaching in North Carolina, under a yonng man who was also a member of that hand.

Nearly every one connected with that company has made an excellent record as teacher of colored schools in the South.

N. C., *Feb.* 19, 1880.

Dear Miss M.:—

Thongh I have been very silent in expressing my thoughts to you, they have been very active, and have been the meane of cheering many a moment in my life since leeving Hampton, ite teachars, schoolmates and influence. Whan at Hampton I had all dreams abont my life in the future. I could see nothing but sunshiue, no clouds; my peth strewn with flowers, no pebbles. But since then I have been awakened to find out that life don't oconsist of dreems; we heve realities to battle with. Though I think my dreeming did me a great deal of good, I built a great many air-castles, and I am glad to say that they have not all proved bubbles. I find that I have to work real hard to accomplish any good, end that all my interest and zeal must be centered on the one great duty that I have to do, end that is, teaching. Before I entered the work, I thought that I would never grow weary, and that I should ever be found in the school-room. I am not tired yet, but I find that I am not so enthusiastic as I was at the beginning, and that I feel more anxious for the week to come to a close, and less enxious for the beginniug of another week. This is just the reverse of the state that I was in at the beginning of my career. Still, I love the work and find much pleasure in being of some service to my people in training the minds of the yonug. I can see that my labor is not in vain, for as the pupils are promoted from a lower to n higher class, I feel that the seed has taken root, is springing up, and I hope will bear good fruit.

The building thet I taught in last year has been enlarged, two schools consolidated; and five teachers employed. We have 387 enrolled, and nn everage deily ettendance of 331. So you see thet we hnve our hands full. Mr. H. is the principal. He is severe and determined with the children, yet he is kind; consequently, he has the best of order and the children feer him nnd love him too. . I think thet colored people have such a tender and forgiving spirit! I often see it displayed here nmong the children. If they are punished in any way hy one of the teachers, they forget all nbout it and the very next day bring a beautiful bouquet of flowers, or are the first to offer to do something for that teacher. Not that I think that they ought to receive a rebuke from the teacher as not being for their good, but children, you know, cannot see things in thet light, end that is why I hove noticed thie peculier feature in the colored children since being thrown emong them so constently.

Isabelle H. and Mary N. are teachers in the colored public school in the other distriet. They have a very fine school also.

We teach gaography, reading (First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Readers), spelling, grammar, history and philosophy, in our school. We have introduced Appleton's Readers in school this year; they are very nice readers, and the children are delighted with the change, as they have been using the American series for the last six years in the city schools. Every Friday we have a spelling metch (girle against boys) and e general drill in geography. The committeo have supplied us with splendid large maps of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, end e separate map of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and one of the United States. So the children are well drilled in their various recitation rooms, and when they are all in the lerge assembly room they ere sent to these maps to point out what is asked them. We take it by turns, each teacher, to drill them. In the nfternoon e portion of them (each teacher eppointe four each week) comes forward to read nn essay or declaim. After each piece reeited, the whole school joins in singing. Then when all have finished, the exercises are brought to a close hy one of the teachers (this is also taken hy turns) reading something. We have a very interesting school. I only wish that you could drop in some day and pay us a visit.

My love to Miss L, and all whom I know.

Lovingly, M.

A graduate teacher comments on the responee of Dr. Blyden of Liberia to our offer to edueate three African boys at the Hampton Institute, published in the January number of this paper.

VA., *Feb.* 16, 1880.

Sir:—

I heartily agree with the editorial in the last WORKMAN, in reply to Professor Blyden's response to your offer to accept African boys at Hampton to be educated.

Professor Blyden is n man of great intelligence, and ranks among the highest of men. But there is nn man so perfect, but that his first view and opinion of a subject may err. This Mr. Blyden will admit. No doubt he is judging from past observations, end is justifiable in his opinion. But I question whether that has been directly tried or not. Some, no doubt, from Liberie have been educated in this and other countries, but probebly for some other profession, and not directly for the missionary work. Two, to my knowledge, have been educated at Lincoln and Howard Institutes, and no doubt are doing serviceable work in the fields for which they were educatted; though their parents were from this country.

Sir, I truly believe that if trus Africans of the right pluck and metal could go through the normal training at Hampton School, they would return walking firmly upon their feet. Of course, silver cannot be made from lead; nor can gold be made from iron. I mean by this, that boys of the right quality and spirit must be obtained, else they will go back with the wrong end up. A better system cannot be planted than that of educating the hand, heart end head for Christion civilization. Such is the plan of Hampton School.

No doubt, General, but that you may be censured for this wise offer, as you have already been hy some for taking the Indians at Hampton; but as they do not destroy the purpose for which the school was first founded, I highly favor and encourage it.

Yours respectfully, W.

This is not the first ease in which a colored teacher has replaced a white one in the free schoole of this State. When competent, they have much greater influence over the children, take more interest, and excite a higher enthusiasm than their white predecessors.

The cross-road grocery referred to below drains the resources of the negro race to an extent hut little known and appreciated.

VA., *Dec.* 8, 1879.

Dear General:—

Thinking that you would like to hear of my work in this section, and the condition of the people generally, I thought that I would write and give you a few details. I began teaching here November the 3d with four pupils, but now I have fifty-six; it took me several weeks to get the little ones classified and to establish a few rules for discipline, but I heve gotten them quite well fixed now, and shall expect an improvement very soon. The people are trying me as an experiment for a teacher; they never had a colored teacher here before; the three teachers that have taught here were white. I shall do the best that I can for the advancement of those entrusted to my care. My school-house is as good as the average. I have had one visit from the Superintendent; he was very pleasant, and spoke very highly of all the Hampton graduates who heve taught in his schools, and said that he would always employ one of them whenever there was a vacancy.

It was some time after I made my arrangemonts about the school, before it could be decided where I should board. The first man asid that he was building a house, and that he would like to board the teacher, but that he could not get the lumber to finish. The second man said that he had only a wood chimney to his house and that he had only one fireplace, and that his family needed all the space there. The third man said that he would be married in a day or two, and that he would not like to bring a hoarder into his house except his hride consented to it. So in a few days I went to see him again, and the new mistress was there; she looked at me, and soon egreed that I might have the upstairs room. I came, and have gotten on woll so far.

The colored people own land to a great extent; some of them are doing quite well, while others live from hand to month; a great deal of their earnings is spent for ardent spirits. The whites have stores at most of the forks of the roads, where plenty of liquors are kept.

I must not worry your pationce with too long a letter.

Your old pupil, S.

The following remarks on the colored voter are food for thought.

The number of those who do not vote at all is, we helieve, increasing; we estimate that now one-fourth of the entire number stay at home on election days.

Plainly, the schoolmaster is the man for the times.

VA., *Jan.* 1, 1880.

This majority of the voting population in this county is not in favor of paying the State debt in its present form. They claim to be Readjusters, willing to pay such n per cent. of the doht as will enable them to live comfortably and to continue to run the Government. Both candidates, one for the Senate and one for the lower House, were elected as Readjusters (hoth were colored), viz., Hon. Ross Hamilton for the lower House, and Rev. C. L. Davis for the upper House. About three-fourths of the voters of this county go to the hallots and vote with their own discretion, as privileged—as free citizens. The residue remain at home neutral. They claim that they see no use in voting at all, as it does them no direct good. This is their stated reasons for not voting. There was no intoxication shown, as heretofore, in the recent (State) election. A spirit of soberness was generally expressed. There are two colored voters in this county to one white, and of course they have the power in their own hands—but the want of education makes them unahle to rightly wield it. Such is tha state of affairs now, and such will be until education takes a general spread among the voting portion of this and other counties.

In this county I firmly believe that things will not simply remain as they are, but will, I believe, degradate and become like the factions of Rome. We will not and cannot discern any beneficial changes until our colored voters as a majority, and a good many of the whites, are educated. Some of the benevolent friends of the North have founded an institute, on Hamptonian basis, at Boydton, known as the Boydton Institute. It has some forty students, and the same studies, with some additional ones by different authors.

I very kindly thank you for the WORKMAN. As I've not had it in some time, it gave me great consolation to read its columns, you may earnestly believe. It's the very paper which I need in my field of labor. It recruits my thinking powers, and reverts my mind to the old beloved home, Hampton. It's to my ideas just what nutritious food is to the body. The *Educational Journal* has not been received by me for some time. I will be also grateful to you for its continuance. Best wishes to all.

Your once guided T.

Dear Miss L.:—

I've been teaching very regularly since I left Hampton and have been quite successful in my laborious operations. I'm now teaching near ———, with n large number of pupils enrolled, about 100; average daily attendauce about 75; no assistent. So you can see that my labors are. My very easily imagine how my labors are. My pay has been decreased, but I labor just the same. T.

My reeding metter from abroad is very seant.

The writer of the following lost an arm in the late war. He has made an excellent peace record.

We ask attention to his letter and submit whether money can do more good than in fitting such men to he teachers of their people.

Seventy dollars a year (tuiton) for three years is what we ask for this purpose. The student pays his own hoard hills.

MD., *March* 1, 1880.

Dear General:—

I alweye feel glad when I heve something to relate.

I have a very fine school, and the Commissioners are very much eotisfied with my work, and the community at large, also; which, you know, makes me feel grand, that I heve done something for my race. I have on roll forty-five pupils, end only five but whnt can read and write, end when I took this school three years ago there was but one could write his neme. For arithmetic, grammar, geography, history and physiology, they are

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

VISITORS.

We have recently had the pleasure of entertaining Bright Eyes, Standing Buffalo and White Eagle. The quiet, lady-like bearing of Bright Eyes, together with her intelligence, won the admiration of all at the school. After the departure of our visitors, an Indian girl who possesses a very sweet disposition said to one of the teachers, "Miss Bright Eyes—I wish I like that." She then added, "When I came to here I feel had all the time; I want to go home, I no want to stay at Hampton; now I want to stay here, I not want to go home; I want learn more; teach my people." A heautiful wistful expression lighted her face, leaving no doubt of her sincerity. Our Indian visitors are a very wholesome stimulus to our Indian charge here; we should be glad to hear that more of them are to visit Hampton. A faithful care of his children must soon convince the Indian of the white man's interest in him and in his.

We have had a very pleasant visit from Lieutenant Brown, who has been assisting Captain Pratt at his Training School for Indians, at Carlisle Barracks, Penn. Mr. Brown selected the boys who came to us from Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota, where he is stationed.

THE CLASS ROOM.

It is very gratifying to write that the Indians are making repid progress in their studies; they begin to understand tha importance of work and study; probahly the best thing we can say of them is that they are trying to improva themselves and are thoroughly in earnest. It is very difficult to get them to converse in English; they will probably suddenly awake to the fact that they have this gift and then will exercise it most freely. That they can understand and do speak Englisb, the following class compositions will show. I copied them from the blackboard after tha classes had recitad their regular lessons.

Tha teacher of this class is in the habit of taking a picture into tha class every day, for the hoys and girls to talk about. This is what thay said they saw in the pictures:—

"*Fishing in Winter.*

"I see some spotted fish in the hasket. Thero is snow on the mountain. We can see a house on tha hill side. Some pins trees are hy the pond. The men hava cut holes in tha ice with their axes. Then thay drop their lines through tha holes. I see a man skating on tha ica."

"*A Buffalo Hunt.*

"Here is a man hunting buffalo. Tha man is riding the horse. Tha horsa is running very fast. The huffalo is tired so he cannot run fast. When I see those huffaloes it makes ma feel hungry. I think the man will soon kill him. Then he will skin the huffalo, and make moccasins out of the skin, and eat his fiesh. I like huffelo meat very much, it is like very nice heef only it is better."

When they began to talk about tha skin of the huffalo, ona of tha boys said that it would be very nice to maka shoes out of it; tha others cried out, "Not shoes—moccasins, moccasins," and so tha shoes were changed for moccasins.

One day the teacher told her class, "I shall write on tha hlackhoard tha names of all those who talk Indian in tha class." Immediately a petition was urged that she would write opposite this list the names of all those who talked English. On leaving her class, sha said, "One boy has talked Indian." They all exclaimed, "Wa talk English; Miss L. talk Indian." There is a young Cnhan in the Indian class, and when the Indians can find no excuse why they should talk Indian, they will turn to the teachar and say, "Jimenez, he talk Spanish."

GEORGE WASHINOTON.

Breathes thers a man beneath the sun who has never heard of George Washington and his little hatchet? So thought the teacher as the 22d of February drew nigh, when she would freshen the memory of her charge by relating the story of the hatchet. In the words of the teacher, "Such attentive listeners I never saw hefore; they were perfectly enraptursd. They understood everything, even the moral, for a few days nfter this I was annoyed hy too much talking in the class; when I asked who did it, everyona blamed his neighbor, and when I said, 'Now, boys, don't tell a lie; who will he a George Washington?' two hoys at once stood up and said, 'We did it.'"

A STOMACH OR A TURKEY?

It is fonnd necessary to give ths Indians more or less talk on matters of health, and it has been decided to give them some plain talks on physiology. A short timo ago I talked to them about the work of the stomach; to give them some idea of its shape as well as its office, I drew a rough sketch of ons on the hlackboard. I did not tell them what I intended to make when I went to the hoard. I felt confident they could find no ohject like it in the outsids world, and when I should finish I expected to hear the familiar "I don't know." Finishing the drawing, I turned and asked, "What is it?" They all cried out, "It is a turkey!" and the more I looked at it the more convinced I becams that thers was too much turkey in that stomach. Their reply was dampening to my artistic aspirations. I told them it was a stomach, and not a turkey to put into the stomach; and after we had a hearty laugh I continued my talk.

GIRLS' SEWING ROOM.

Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Fridsy afternoon the Indian girls meet in a class room for sewing; they have learned to sew very well. The new girls who arrived recently handle the needle skilfully, evidently having been taught this art before they came to Hampton. They have begun to sing while doing their work. The old plantation melodies of the colored students seem to ha preferred to all others; sometimes they go right into a regular shout, when the teacher has to come to the rescue, lest time and work ba thrown away. On one occasion, after a most stunning rehearsal, the teacher rehehind grim old Time and push him forward if they could. When tha minute-hand reached the hour, a shout of joy went up from that martyr throng. They are not likely to repeat the experiment again; one such lesson is enough for a lifetime!

PLUMS OR FLOWERS?

Two of the little Indian girls took it into their heads to find out with whom they were favorites; to go directly and ask, appeared to them a poor way,—there must be strategy about it; so one of them took the name Plums, and the other, Flowers. They wrapped a shawl about themselves (a girl's shawl always seems large enough to cover one more besides herself), and they set out on their expedition. Everyone they met they stopped with the question, "Which do yon liks best, plums or flowers?" Getting an answer, they passed on, ons remembering how many had said plums, and the other, how many had said flowers. They went to one of the teachers and put ths same question to her; she said at once, "I like flowers." The girls laughed. Then ths teacher asked them why they laughed. One of the girls said, "She is Plums and I am Flowers." The last I heard of them they were still in the field, and Flowers seemed to be preferred. J. C. R.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA IN LONDON.

(*See page 38*).

CARLISLE BARRACKS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GROUNDS, BUILDINGS, INDUSTRIES AND AIMS OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL.

The total area of land belonging to tha Barracks is something over 27 acres. Of this, 15 acres ara occupied by the huildings, with tha school grounds proper:—the remainder can he nsed for Agricultural instruction.

Arrangements ara being mada for an additional thirty-five acres immedistely adjoining tha grounds, half of which is suitahla for tillage, and the remainder for grazing purposes.

Carlisle Barracks, one of the old military posts in the country, was permanently established during the Revolutionary War. The guard-house, still standing—was hnilt hy the Hessians. The Post itself went to decay; hut in 1837 it was rehnilt, and permanently occnpied by United Statas troops. For many years prior to the late war, it was a Cavalry Training School. Ahout the time of tha hattle of Gettysburg, it was occupied hy the Confederate forces under Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; and by them destroyed hy fire. In 1865 it was rehuilt, npon the original plan, and continned as a Cavalry Training school until 1872—since which time it has been vacant, and no material repairs have been mads. It is one of the Posts named by the Adjutant General to the Indian Committee, as available for the purposes of of an Indian school.

Under orders of the Department of War and of tha Interior—pending action of Congress upon the Bill proposed hy Representative Pound—it was occupied, in October last, as a Training School for Indian yonth; and 158 Indian children wers brought hers hy the Department, on the 5th and 27th of that month. The parents of most of these children are Chiefs or Head-men on the Rosebud, Pine Ridge and Sisseton Agencies in Dakota: ths Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Kiowa and Comanche, Pawnee, Ponca and Nez Perces Agencies in the Indian Territory; and Green Bay Agency in Wisconsin.

The Buildings consist of:—

I. The Sonth Barracks, two stories, each 10½ ft. high, 251 ft. long by 24 ft. wide, and 8 ft. porch north side. Ths hnilding is divided into 5 rooms of eqnal dimensions on both stories. The upper story is used for school rooms, accommodating all the students we now have and would bear an increase of 25 per cent. The lower story is nnoccupied.

II. Tha Sonth Officers Quarters, a ranga of two-story huildings, 155 ft. in length, by 20 ft. in width, with three extensions to tha south; 27x30 ft. each, and with a porch ahova and below, extending across the whole north front. This building is now partially occupied by Offices and Industrial Room, Teachers' Boarding House and a Store Room.

III. Tha North Officers' Qnarters, a two-story huilding, length 155 ft., width, 34 ft.; threa projections on north side, each 28x32 ft.—now occupied as girls' and teachers' qnarters. There ara 18 good sized and six small rooms above, with corresponding rooms helow.

IV. The North Barracks, of corresponding dimensions with the South Barracks, divided into 6 rooms, each story. This building is used as Boys' Dormitories, with ths exception of two rooms—Bath Room and Laundry. Each "Squad Room" is nnder the care of ona of the older hoys who is responsihla for the behavior of thosa in the room. As this position is successive, a large number of boys will ha trained to habits of care and responsihility.

V. Laundress's Quarters, a range of huildings—two story and hasement—212x24 ft. divided into twelve tanements—now vacant.

VI. The Stahles, on north sida of Barracks, occnpy three sides of a sqnare, 18 ft. each side, huildings 41 ft. wide. This formerly furnished ample room for the horses of two companies of cavalry. The south end of ona has heen tarned into a room for mechanical instruction, and is of sufficient capacity for carrying on tha manufacture of harness, hoots, and shoes, tin wars, etc. Another end has bean fittad up as a Gymnasium whera liharal provision is meda for exercising the muscles and fortifying the constitution against sickness. Ampla stable room still remains for all our need.

VII. The Blacksmith, Wagon-making and Carpenter shop—55x29 ft.—a stone huilding, is in good condition.

VIII. Tha dining room, 24x134 ft. is a lumber huilding of cheap construction, answering all our needs, and can be enlarged to donhla its present capacity, without material expense.

IX. Tha capacity of the Bakery is 500 rations daily.

X. The Hospital is of tha same size as the dining room, and is hnilt of tha same matarial.

XI. The Chapel was hnilt under recent authority of the Indian Department at an expensa of $1165. Its dimensions ara 36x60 ft. with 21 ft ceiling; and it will seat ahont 325 persons.

The Stora Honse and Coal House accommodation is ample, and good for some time to come.

Besida ths aforementioned buildings, there are the "Principal's Residence" and one frame huilding suitable for a family; a Guard House and an Ice House. Tha hnildings having hean nnoccnpied for seven years, and no material répairs having been made in that time, all need to he repainted and yellow washed; the roofs need repairing and some nnderpinnings replaced; many of the floors are hadly worn, and need renewing.

The Laundry and Bath Room ara both fitted np in a cheap, temporary manner, and it will be necessary to enlarge the capacity of hoth.

INDUSTRIES.

The labor of getting tha children free from varmin, and into habits of cleanliness, and establishad in school routine, has heen a great

sists of, I only need call your mind hack fiva years to the time when we saw these men bound in shackles and chains, loaded in a wagon at midnight (for fear of trouhla) and

should he corrected at once. Trusting that thera will be ample appropriation for Carlisle and Hampton schools, and that your noble efforts may he crowned with success, I remain,

furnished by Bright Eyes:—

"To tha Indian students, White Eagle said: 'For tha first time in my life, I see a great and kind work being dona for my people. You have advantages here never placed with-

INDUSTRIES.

The labor of getting the children free from vermin, and into habits of cleanliness, and established in school routine, has been a great drawback on this feature of the work; and it is only within the last three weeks that we have been able to give it much attention. In the agricultural department we have engaged the services of a competent instructor; and shall be able to give every boy in the school some knowledge of this most important branch. The purpose is to so divide the available land that each boy may have a portion under his especial care;—and in order that he may be encouraged to do his best, it is designed to give him half the crops,—which the school will purchase from him at their market value.

In the Shops (if we may be allowed to turn over to the Indian Department for issue, such suitable articles as we may manufacture) we shall be able to furnish wagons, carts, harness and tin-ware; and in addition make and repair the boots and shoes repaired for the school. These several branches of mechanics in operation will enable us to give all the older boys instruction in some particular trade. In addition to the foregoing, the boys will be required to perform police and such other duties as good order and cleanliness may demand.

The girls are under industrial training in the manufacture and repair of garments, both for themselves and for the boys; and they are detailed on kitchen and dining-room work—it being proposed to thoroughly instruct them in these feminine duties. An enlargement and rearrangement of the laundry is needed to meet the increased demands of the school; and this will be made with a view to having the girls do the greater part of that work.

The aim of the school is to give education in the common English branches, adapted to the condition in life of the students; to inculcate habits of industry and thrift; and to impart to them such knowledge in common, useful pursuits as will make them feel self-reliant and incite them to free themselves from the position of government paupers.

It is claimed for this school that it serves a double purpose—first as an educator, of those who are here; and second, as an educating and controlling influence over the Indians of the West. It is plain that they will feel a lively interest in an institution which shelters and provides for their children. It is plain that the fact of having here so many children of chiefs and head men is an effectual guarantee of the good behavior of the tribes represented. Our buildings furnish ample accommodation for 350 students; and, by adding recitation rooms, 500 can be handled. Increase of numbers would reduce the per capita cost.

An ordinary intelligence is now exhibited by the pupils in all the departments, and their progress is already greater than we had expected. Their personal influence on the Indians at home is very great, and is entirely on the side of friendship, good feeling and progress. The tide of Indian sentiment has set toward education. Our correspondence with agents, educators, missionaries and Indians themselves is very large, and it all indicates that the time has arrived when almost every Indian child may become a pupil in an English school.

The Bill submitted by the Indian committee directing the use of vacant military posts for the establishment of Industrial Training Schools ought to provide the best of opportunities for thousands; and these Agency Schools would receive new impetus, and through these means most of the wild Indians can surely be placed upon a self-supporting basis before many years. A personal letter just received from Agent Jno. D. Miles, of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, in reference to the recent return of three of the former Florida prisoners has so much of value bearing directly upon this subject, that this paper cannot be better closed than by inserting it for consideration.

R. H. PRATT, 1st Lt. 10th Cav'y,
In charge.

LETTER FROM AGENT MILES.

DARLINGTON, I. T., *Feb. 12th*, 1880.

MY DEAR PRATT,

Yours of the 26th and 31st were duly received. Charlton White man, and Little Chief reached home all right. The Agency carriage that took Mr. Pugh to the R. R. Station brought the three boys home. There was great rejoicing among their friends. Charlton is still unwell. White Man accompanied myself and wife to the Cheyenne Sabbath School on last Sabbath, and Little Chief attended the Arapahoe School. Each made excellent talks to full houses, which were well received by the children and camp Indians. The scops of ideas taken in by them in their discourses, gave evidence of the purity of their motives and the extent of the earnest Christian labor that has been given them. We know that the transforming power of God alone, could have wrought such a miraculous change as has come over these boys. To state what that change consists of, I only need call your mind back five years to the time when we saw these men bound in shackles and chains, loaded in a wagon at midnight (for fear of trouble) and carried whither they knew not. White Man and Little Chief each took the Bible for their texts, and a more heartiful thought could not be presented than that by White-Man, which was in substance, "From this Book we obtain ALL knowledge of good." I will say what better endorsement of the Bible could we ask? I know their influence will be for good. I shall endeavor to furnish them some kind of employment. Can we not work Little Chief into the position of "Asst. wagon master" to accompany the traine to R. R. after supplies? You will know better of his trustworthiness and capability than any other person. Their advantages must be utilized in some way, and by placing them (such as are capable) in positions of trust, they will grow in usefulness rather than retrograde. I can assure you we have excellent workers in "Star Meat" and "Nocomista." And in the Police Service "Little Medicine" and others are deserving of praise for their efficiency. I see no reason why the balance of the Florida Boys should not be permitted to come home, provided you are willing, and take smaller youth in their place, and you can now get all of this class of youth that you may desire. We have now in school at this agency 170 Arapahoe children and 102 Cheyenne, and ought to have 500 more children receiving the same advantages. The children must be taken from the camps if we expect them to advance from savage life, and I count it money about wasted to continue the large annual appropriations to feed and clothe these children in camp and under camp influence. Congress may go ahead from year to year and appropriate means to supply the youth in camp and they will still be the same dirty, ignorant camp Indians, while if it would increase the appropriation just sufficiently to clothe and support them in school (industrial schools) and make it only available while in attendance at school, either on their reservation or at "Training Schools" similar to the Carlisle School, then we might expect a decided forward movement from our present Indian status. There are so many points gained in placing Indian children in school, that I cannot forbear speaking of them briefly, for I know you are anxious to get all the points to be gained in the management of Indians looking towards their improvement. First, the child being in school the parents are much easier managed, are loyal to the government to the Agent, and take an interest in the affairs of the agency, and never dare or desire to commit a serious wrong. I am yat to know of the first individual Indian on this reservation who has joined in a raid, who has had his child in school; and I know the "Dull Knife" raid would never have occurred had the children of his band been placed in school. Had there been sufficient accommodation on this reservation for school children at the proper time while the "Dull Knife" Band were here, I could have secured the attendance of at least a majority of their children of school age; this may look to you like compulsory education; well, what if it is? Is there any serious objection to such a course? was not the taking of thirty-three Cheyenne braves and chiefs from the reservation in chains in the Spring of 1875 compulsory in the superlative degree? Who is there to-day that would question the justness and charity of that measure? If there is one, let him come to this agency and take a seat in the assembly room of our own schools and listen to the discourse of some of these same men pleading with their more unfortunate (yes, in a certain sense) people to come out from their heathen degradation and step up into a higher and more enjoyable scale of existence.

Second, the agency schools are made the principle feature of attraction for the Indians, as by having their children in school the parent becomes personally interested in the progress of his child and the prosperity of the school, and he soon gets a desire to locate in the vicinity of the agency, and his habits are consequently localized. And this effect is still more apparent in the case of those who have children at Carlisle and other points in the States. The parents of these children are as completely committed to the general welfare of the whole people of the United States as any other loyal citizens, and by this uniting and blending of common interests, they will the sooner be prepared to enter into and take upon themselves the duties and responsibilities of a common citizenship. Third, in the management of the school upon the reservation, the service of the police is called into requisition—looking up truants, absentees, etc., and in this way the police force becomes interested in the school and its progress.

No greater mistake could have been made than was made last summer by the Hon. Commissioner in relieving "Little Chief" and his band of Northern Cheyennes from the necessity of placing their children at school. It has interfered with their management at this agency, and has had its effect with the other Indians. It was a great mistake and should be corrected at once. Trusting that there will be ample appropriation for Carlisle and Hampton schools, and that your noble efforts may be crowned with success, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
JNO. D. MILES, *Agent.*

FROM ONE OF OUR CHEYENNE BOYS.

The following pleasant letter has been recently received from one of the Cheyenne young men who went from Hampton to Carlisle with Captain Pratt:—

CARLISLE, PA., *March* 13, 1880.

Dear Gen. ——,

I am very much pleased to received your letter last night and also I am pleased to reading your lotter and I am sure that I am very delight to write to me a letter. Now I am going to write and reply your letter this morning. It is Saturday this morning wa have very much snow all over in the grounds and cold weather hers in Carlisle. I did not much like cold weather but I should like so much warm weather and summer. I have had a letter from Little Chief to write to me a letter and he tell me all about at Indian Territory and said that some Cheyenne and Arapahoe they have doing well to go to work out there in Indian Territory and they have gotten some cattle and plows and wagons and the horses. Little Chief said he were very glad to see mother and sisters brothers and all relations and they were very glad to see him. Capt Pratt he want all the Florida boys we are going to stay here this school and to helped Capt Pratt he have se many Indian boys and girls and taught them about the good way and doing something some days.

All the Indian we are going to school every morning and in the afternoon they all learn some thing every day Some boys and girls to reading the books very rapidly and we have a good speak English some of the Indian boys and girls. Some very foolish boys not quiet every day have to much play and so much noisely in this boys quarters. I no like it that boys have so much noisely and play every day. I speak to them that I want them to keep quiet and to be a good boys. But I am going to trying hard to acquainted about some thing every day and I will try hard to learning to talk English more and more as soon as I can: you know ma that I am always to trying hard to learn ahont the good way and to talk English and work hard. That is the way I want ahont that way, I am going to stay here a little longer and I want more english and to do well and than when I got through school I will go back home at Indian Territory and I am sure that I will helped our my relatives out west and I will teach them about the good way and working in the white man's road. I have tell Capt Pratt he says he will remember you and he says tell Gen Armstrong to come up here and to see us this school, says Capt Pratt. I couldn't see Mrs Pratt to day. I guess she will remember to you. And hoping to hear from you again. I did not have much time to writa to day when I write the Florida boys went home and I will tell them remember to you. Please tell Miss ——, Miss ——, Miss —— and Mrs —— and Mr —— they are my friends and I do I will remember all of them and think it of them very often tell them I sent it my lova to them, and I am very anxious to write to ma a letter any other of them. I am very sorry for my friends most of gona home the Florida boys and I shall miss them very much and think of it them very often. Only three the Florida boys they stayed here now. Matches Koba and I and the new Indian boys and girls thero are a great many they were here this school in Carlisle Barracks. We have very kindly teachers in this Indian Schooi and also very kindly friends the white people at Carlisle town. I shall he happy always to get your letters.

I remain very truly yours
HENRY ROMAN NOSE.

THE PONOA CHIEF

Under the auspices of Mr. W. H. Lincoln, of Boston, a second visit was recently made to Hampton by Bright Eyes and Mr. Tibbles, accompanied this time by her brother, Zoutetah (Wood-worker), Khethaska (White Eagle) Tatung Amuie (Standing Buffalo) and Joseph Esau. White Eagle and Standiug Buffalo are Ponca chiefs, Esau is a Pawnee, but in citizens dress, and well acquainted with English. White Eagle, of highest rank in his tribe, is a superb specimen of an Indian chief, towering over six feet in stature, majestically proportioned, with a fine, well poised head and a handsome face full of strength and intelligence. Looking at him, all question of the possibilities of his race seems puerile. He is thoroughly in favor of education for his people, and has left his little boy at Carlisle. He made a speech before the school, which was interpreted from the Ponca into English by Bright Eyes, and then from English into Sioux by David Simmons, tha little boy interpreter of the Hampton Dakota students.

The following is a sketeh of his remarks, furnished by Bright Eyes:—

"To the Indian students, White Eagle said: 'For the first time in my life, I see a great and kind work being done for my people. You have advantages here never placed within our reach before. These people and this man (turning to General Armstrong) are doing their best to help all they can to make men of you, but you must do your part also. You must work for yourselves. Study and work all you can.

To General Armstrong he said: 'You have children placed in your hands here for you to make man and women of. The highest work a man can do is to fit for the best possible use the material placed in his hands, whether good, bad or different, and I believe that you are doing that work. Some of these children may be dull and hard to teach, but you will have done a great work when you have fitted then to make tha best possible use of themselves when they go ont into the world.'"

In connection with this visit, it is interesting to notice that the Government has decided, at the instanes of Mr. D. H. Goddard of Boston, to send five boys of the Omaha tribe, to which Bright Eyes belongs, to Hampton for education.

THE INDIANS' IDEA OF CREATION.

The Indians of the Southwest have a singular tradition respecting creation. They recognize God as the creator of all things; also as existing in a triuity of persons. Somewhere in space they locate an Indian wigwam. Its single inhabitant is a woman in the form of a spider. For a long period she dwells alone—the first person of the Trinity.

In duo time the second person appears in the form of a beautiful boy. Ha is received at the Indian tent very cordially, entertained in a princely way, and finally persuaded to remain.

The first person assumes charge of the second, clothing him and placing in his hands the bow and spear. He is permitted to go and come as he pleases. The spear can be thrown every way but directly upwards. This is strictly prohibited. For a time the youth is satisfied within the law, but soon turns longingly to the forbidden fruit. He hurls his spear into the air. It returns, and striking him upon the head, instantly, there are two boys where there was one before.

"My brother," cries the first, and embracing, they return to the woman. Sha reproves the offender sharply for his disobedience, but finally upon his sincere repentanee, receives him again into her confidence.

Arrangements are now made for the great work of creation. The woman sends the boys to make the earth, the mountains, hills and rivers—everything material. She reserves for her own special work tha fishes, birds, animals and man.

By these three all things were made.

Agricultural.

From the Correspondence of the New York Herald.

A GREAT PROBLEM SOLVED.

The general result of the experiments of Professor Collyer of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, in the production of sugar from sorghum and corn may be ranked in importance with the inventions of the cotton gin.

It appears from the Commissioner's report that the several attempts to make sugar from beets in this country having been abandoned as profitless, and all the attempts of twenty-years to make a merchantable sugar from sorghum having failed down to the new processes of 1877, it has become a settled opinion that only from the tropical cane and the sugar maple tree could sugar he profitably made in the United States.

It is estimated that the annual consumption of sugar in the United States does not exceed forty pounds per capita. The Crystal Lake sorghum sugars of Weinder & Co., of Chicago, sold last year at ten cents per pound, and at this figure our farmers have now in sorghum and Indian corn the canes from which they may add $200,000,000 to the wealth of the country.

Two years ago this great desidernum was held to be so far beyond our reach as to be utterly unattainable. Now, with the improved and cheap machinery and chemical processes employed, the profitable production of sugar from sorghum—and a superior, merchantable sugar, too—is placed within the reach of every farmer on whose lands sorghum or Indian corn will grow.

A PROFITABLE CROP.

The numerous chemical experiments made at the Agricultural Department in the crystallization of the juices respectively of the Louisiana ribbon sugar cane, a half dozen varieties of sorghum and several kinde of Indian field corn, show tha following results:

From the juice of the Louisana ribbon sugar cane (the choicest variety) the highest percentage obtained was:—

	Per Cent.
Sucrose (or true cane sugar)	16.50
From the early amber sorghum	17.00

may be desired by tha reader on this important subject can be obtained at or from the Agricultural Department. Tha object of this com-

ple, and clothing is "made to do" for a long time.

Among the most general of their wants is to be possessed of land, and it would be amusing were it not painful, to see what

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

THE work of piercing Mount St. Gothard was satis-

tage obtained was:—

	Per Cent.
Sucrose (or true cane sugar)	18.50
From the early amber sorghum	17.00
From the Chinese sorghum	15.90
From the white Liberian	15.26
From the Honduras	15.10
From the pearl millet	11.30

And from the samples on exhibition all these sorghum sugars are of excellant quality. The general conclusion, from the numerous chemical examinations made, is that there exists but little difference between the various kinds of sorghum as sugar producing plants, and that the juice of each of them is, in its full development, nearly as rich in sugar as the best tropical cans produced in this country.

Now, hearing in mind tha fact that sugar and syrup have been mada from sorghum by the carload tha past season, which commanded the highest market price, and that the cash value per acers above all tha costs of its production is such as to make it more profitable crop than wheat, Indian corn, tobacco or cotton, it cannot ho doubted that, with the diffusion of this information, the cultivation of a field or two of sorghum for its sugar will be largely adopted by the farmers of the country; first, as an experiment, and next on a larger scale, as a regular crop from year to year.

A MINE OF NATIONAL WEALTH

But the most remarkable results from these experiments in sugar making obtained by Professor Collyer were from Indian corn. From an acre of land planted last year with a common white field corn, known as the horse tooth, from the shape of its kernel, he gathered the ears when fully ripe, and their yield of shelled corn was sixty-nine and one-tenth bushels—more than doubls the average crop per acre of the country at large. Next, stripping and grinding the stalks and working up their juice by tha new processes, ha extracted from it 960 pounds, or nearly a half a ton of sugar of a good quality. Here, then, from tha stalks—thrown out by our farmers into the refuse of the barn-yard as fit only to be reduced to manure—a more profitable crop has been obtained than the corn. Nor is this all. The saccharine juices (to the extent now practicsble, sixty per cent.), have proved nutritious food for cattle, from their elements of starch and nitrogen retained. Applying this extrsct of sugar to the Indian corn crop of the United states—that is, to the rejected cornstalks—they would give us an income which, within the brief period of ten years would extinguish our national debt.

Incredible as this fact may appear, it is deducible from the product of 960 pounds of sugar obtained from tho stalks of an acre of Indian corn, in addition to their yield of sixty-nine hushals of good shelled corn. Or take it in another form. Putting our Indian corn crop at tho average of $400,000,000 in value, and estimating the sugar in the stalks at only half tho valua of the corn, with the production of so vast an amount of sugar we have still in these cornstalks gold and silver to the amount of $200,000,000—mors than double tha sum of the gold and silver extracted from all our mines between tho British Dominions and Mexico, and equal in valua to the cotton crop of all our Southern States.

NAPOLEON'S BEST CONQUEST.

Whsn the First Napoleon, when France under the blockade of the English navy, was cut off from her forcign supplies, offered a reward of 100,000f. for a home produced substitute for the sugar of the West Indies which could be produced equal to tho wants of the French people, he secured a reward worth incalculably mors to France than all his victories in the battle fiald—a reward the value which cannot be reached in the millions of money saved to France in her beet root sugar. How, then, can wa estimate the value of these new appliances which render tho production of sugar from sorghum and corn stalks a more profitable industry on our larga Southern plantations than cotton, and on our small Northern farms yielding a richer return than corn, wheat, grass or potatoes?

A CHANCE FOR THOUSANDS.

Tho strongest argument in support of the scheme of tho annexation of the island of St. Domingo was the plea that it would render us independent of Cuba in the important article of sugar. This plea now falls to the ground. Tha new machinery and processes employed in the extraction and crystallization of the sugar from the sap of sorghum and cornstalks are simple and comparatively inexpensive. Sorghum sugar, worth ten cents, can now be produced, all costs included, at less than four cents per pound. The machinery and implements employed includa grinding mills, drying pans and centrifugal driers. They are now at Chicago, operated hy steam, and many persons are preparing to follow tho profitahle example of the Chicngo firm already referred to on the scale of at least a ton of sugar per day. There is room in this work for hundreds of small factories in the United States, for the nearer tho mill is to tha sorghum and corn fields the cheaper will he tha carrying of tho stalks to the grinder. Any further light that may be desired by tha readar on this important subject can be obtained et or from the Agricultural Department. The object of this communication is simply to herald the advent of a new industry among our peopls; no *novus multicaulis* fallacy, but e highly profitable field of industry, equal to the gain of $200,000,000 to tha country, and wide as the zona of sorghum and Indian corn. W.

NEGRO LABOR.

When the war closed there were two sets of Radicals, divided in opinion on Negro Labor. One of them claimed, in their own peculiar phraseology, that "Free niggers would not work"; the other claimed, that the colored man would labor as well as the white man, and competa successfully with him in all branches of human effort. As usual, when extreme views are stated, there is soma truth and some fallacy in both statements. Fifteen years have passed since Appomattox, both sets of Radicals have had a chance to retire from their extreme positions, and the most intelligent people, North and South, are now pretty well agreed on what Negro lahor has shown itself. To be sure, some extremists still snrvive on both sides, but if prejudice could be extracted from the South-side Radicals, and ignorance of the subject from the North-side Radicals, the sentiment of the country would be nearly unanimous.

Looking at it broadly, the Southerner's idea of tha colored man as a laborer, is upset by the fact, that we have harvested larger crops in the South during the fifteen years since tha surrender, than for any fifteen years hefors tha war. The cotton crops in particular, have not only been larger, but very much larger; and nobody familiar with the subject will claim that all, or even half the increase is due to white labor. One of the Radical ldeas goes hy tho board in this hlast of facts; but it would be unfair, if it were not stated, that in the hottom of the other Radical theory, facts have sored many holes.

In considering negro labor, then, it is fairer to look at it as it is, and to throw asido all mere theories, whether hased on prejudice or ignorance, or their compound—fanaticism.

In the coarser sorts of industry, the negro hefore the war was master of the situation in tha Southern States; he is so still, and for aught we see, promises to remain so many a year. But the Northern Radicals, fifteen years ago, declared their belief, that the negro would not only maintain the mastery of this situation, bnt that he could and would at once successfully compete with the white man in all kinds of human effort. To be sure, they qualified this statement, hy saying that the negro must have the ballot, and that too at once, in order to establish this competition. Tbis theory has failed about as signally as the other. What else could have been expected? Was the aim of slavery to educato and elevate the negro? Was it possihls for a race, which had been slaves in America for 250 years, and been harbarians or semi-barbarians for countless other years in Africa, to rise at once to tha lavel of a people, who for a thousand years had been learning (in the best of schools, experience) the road to civil liberty, self-government, and self-support?

My personal experiencs with negro laborers coincides with the experience of others, with whom I have compared notes. I have found that tha colored people, if tha samo chance be given to them, work as diligently as the whits, hut not so intelligently. With intelligent direction they are admirable laborers, obeying orders promptly and willingly; but when they attempt tha direction of their own lahor, it is apt to amount to but little. It is rara to find a colored man who can control a force of colored workmen, and produca the same results, as if tha direction had been in the hands of a competent whits man. It would he a misstatement to say that no such colored man can be found, but they are comparatively few. This dislika to submit to the authority of ons of their own race is an unfortunate characteristic, hnt one not likely to be dono away with for generations yet.

In the South the mechanical arts are mainly pursued hy tha colored people, while in the North but few colored artisans are to be found. Social prejudice is the stronger on the upper half of Mason & Dixon's lino, and few openings ara there presented to colored laborers, save as household servants, barbers atc. Thia is a nice fact for those to swallow, who delude themselves with tho idea that tha late war had the ebolition of slavery for its main object.

It is claimod that tho negro is not a steady worker, that he wants too many holidays, and cannot resist the temptations of circuses, political meatings, etc. While this is in part true, is it not fair to ask what race does work steadily? If wo hegin making comparisons, we will find that tha despised "Chinese" is the steadiest of all workers: a something not very flattering to tho bonsted civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. Tha wants of tho average negro are simple—the food he prefers is simple, and clothing in "mada to do" for a long time. Among the most general of their wants is to he possessed of land, and it would be amusing, were it uot painful, to see what high prices they will promise to pay for plots of land, and with how lavish hands they pin mortgages on their purchases. When we see rows of figores showing the valne of land standing in colored people's names, and proceed to draw conclusions therefrom, we are proceeding left-handed, unless wa know for how much they are mortgaged.

The negro has not yet learned to be an economical laborer,—wastefulness was one of the bright, particular hadges of tha "peculiar institution," and the negro has worn it and seen it worn for too many generations to put it asida in ons. A single instance from my personal experience will illustrate. A new colored cook had been employed in our house, and boiled more potatoes for dinner than a family three times the siza of our could hava eaten. Shortly after dinner the lady of tha house, having in mind Hamlet's remark about "Thrift, Horatio thrift," entered the kitchen, and asked where were the cold potatoes (that a salad might he preparcd for tea.) The answer was discouraging but characteristic, "Law, Miss, done gone trowed dem in de crick."

Nine-tenths of the colored people have no conception of the necessity of asving little things, howsoever they may feel concerning larger ones. Any store-keeper in the South will say if a colored person comes into tha store to buy, and his money is in a large piece or pieces, it will take a long time hefore he is willing "to break it;" but if his store of coin consist of coppers and nickels, they will cross the counter with alacrity.

As to the negro's ability to endure hard work opinions differ; and it is oifficult to get together any two sets of experimcnts with which to make a comparison. Of one fact I am convinced, and that is that the negro can work with longer intervals hetween his meals, and is satisfied with coarser food than the white man. He cnn stand intense heat hetter, and seems less affected hy malaria. On the other hand, the average negro has, or seems to have, more pains and aches than the average white man; which pains and aches the negro generalizes under the term "miseries," particnlarizing them hy their location; for instance, a misery in the head, a misery in the hack, etc., etc.

Anyone who expects to get quick work from the average negro is almost hound to he disappointed. The negro is a creature of the tropics, and in no tropical race do we find that push, energy and dash, that seems peculiar to the North Temperato Zone. The effect of climate is always a factor in tha development of any race, and it might seem that the negro would do hetter in higher latitudes; but experience shows that the negro does not hear transplanting Northward, and among the negroes in that section, pulmonary diseases, rheumatism, &c., are terribly common.

The old hoast that all roads led to Rome finds a modern equivalent in tha fact, that tha discussion of all phases of the negro leads to the conclusion, that he must he educated, We may give him the ballot, civil rights, or what you will; yet nothing practical will have been dono for him till he has had a chance to he educated. If the negro he not so good a laborer as the white man, it is his misfortune, not his fault. I heard it flippantly asked not long since, what chance is there of a negro's ever learning to labor, if he did not learn during the period of his enslavement. Tha statement of the question is its own refutation. During his enslavement the negro had no chance to learn to labor, although work was the only hranch of education open to him. A man lahors only when he puts forth an exertion in order to get something in return for it,—if a man put forth an exartion through fear of punishment or through tha compulsion of some other man, he is not a laborer, he is only a worker. To point sharply the distinction I would make between lahor and work, the following illustration may answer: Aa I write, I see a hoy driving a mule: tha hoy is putting forth his exertions in order that he may obtain his wages Saturday night; the mule is putting forth his exertions, not from the hopa of getting anything in return, but from an impression, more or less distinctly impressed upon his mind, that if he does not put forth his exertions, the consequences may be nnpleasant. We can ring numberless changes on this statement of facts, but the result will always bo the same old chime; if we would increase the usefulnšss of tha negro to himself and to others, *he must be educated.*

T. T. B.

THE Northern guests of the Hygaia Hotel at Fort Monroe who desira to sco places of interest will find the "Butler School" worth a visit. It is of a primary grade, serves as a practice school for the Senior Class at tha Normal Institute and also as preparatory to the latter. It is now maintained by tha tuition fees of parents and by contributions. As the Spring opens many of the children ara taken out to work, much reducing the numbers.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

THE work of piercing Mount St. Gothard was satisfactorily completed at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, amid great rejoicing.

A despatch from Berlin says: "The German Government is about to revive the scheme for cutting a canal navigable for war vessels between the Baltic Sea and the German Ocean. The scheme is warmly supported in military circles."

LONDON, March 13.—The Guion Line steamer Montana, Captain Gadd, which left New York March 2 and arrived at Queenstown yesterday and proceeded for Liverpool, went on the rocks in Church Bay about 3 o'clock this morning. It is understood that a dense fog prevailed at the time. The passengers and mails were saved, and started for Liverpool at 11 o'clock this morning. The steamer is ashore on the mainland, with a list to port of about twenty degrees. The forward compartments of the ship are full of water. She is afloat aft, but there is not much prospect of saving the vessel.

France has increased its school appropriations to $15,000,000. At the fall of the empire they were $5,000,000.

LONDON, March 8.—In the House of Commons, to-day, the chancellor of the exchequer stated that the Queen had been advised to dissolve Parliament at Easter. The chancellor of the exchequer, in making the announcement, said he thought it desirable to state the views of the government regarding the dissolution. They were that the urgent measures regarding Ireland were now in so forward a state that the question could be decided, and that a spring dissolution was always better than an autumn one. The government therefore had advised the Queen to dissolve Parliament at Easter. He said the new Parliament could meet at the beginning of May. March 23 was named as the day of dissolution. He expressed the hope that the House would co-operate with the government to enable them to accomplish the necessary work before the dissolution. He promised to introduce the budget on Thursday next, and said that the bill for the allocation of the six vacant seats in the House would be withdrawn.

The Right Hon. Wm. E. Forster, liberal member for Bradford, expressed his satisfaction at this announcement.

DOMESTIC.

DENNIS KEARNEY, the great Sand-lot agitator and leader of the so-called working-men's—and Chinese—party of California, became so blatant and high-handed in his infamous leadership that the decent citizens of San Francisco demanded his arrest on the charge of using incendiary and vulgar language and trying to provoke riot. After a fair trial Kearney was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000 and suffer six months imprisonment in the House of Correction.

THE Southern Pacific railroad was completed to Tucson, Arizona, Wednesday, and the track laid through the town.

THE first locomotive reached Tuscon, Thursday, and was received with imposing ceremonies by the people.

THE Wisconsin Senate concurs in the House resolution providing for female suffrage by a vote of 19 to 11.

THE Iowa Senate, by 27 to 17, has passed the joint resolution to grant school suffrage to women.

THE presidency of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad has been accepted by ex-Gov. Jas. D. Porter of Tennessee.

A terrible accident occurred in Lincoln, Lancaster county, Pa., on the night of March 20th. Between five and six hundred persons were present at a school exhibition in Lincoln Public Hall, and as the entertainment approached its close that part of the floor at the rear of the hall gave way with a terrific crash, precipitating about two hundred people to the floor below. Many were seriously injured and several cannot recover.

JUDGE HILL of Buckingham County, Va., was acquitted in the U. S. Court for the Western district of Virginia of the charge of refusing to have Negroes put on the juries, in violation of the United States law on this subject.

THE Boston *Journal* newspaper office was destroyed by fire on the night of March 21st. Loss covered by insurance.

HON. B. W. LACY, speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, has been elected Judge of the Eight Judicial Circuit in place of Hon R. L. Montague, deceased.

RICHMOND, March 8.—The Senate to-day refused to pass the Riddleberger debt hill over the veto of the Governor—yeas 19, nays 18; not the necessary two-thirds in the affirmative.

The Senate to-night, by vote of 24 to 14, adopted a joint resolution providing that the readjusters' debt hill (vetoed to-day) and the hill known as the Ross Hamilton substitute, which was rejected by the House a few days ago, shall be submitted to the people in November next for a vote thereon, in order to decide which of the two measures is most acceptable. The Hamilton substitute fixes the rate of interest at 3 per cent., and the principal at about $34,000,000.

THE Supreme Court of California to-day decided the law passed by the Kearney Legislature prohibiting employment of Chinese by corporations was unconstitutional, opposed to public policy, and in violation of United States authority.

THE New York *Herald's* Irish fund now exceeds $300,000. The latest reports are to the effect that the necessity for relief was never more pressing than now.

A BILL providing for compulsory education has just been passed by the Iowa Legislature. The forfeiture incurred by a parent or guardian for not sending a child school is $50.

THE Crescent Hill reservoir at Louisville, Ky., which cost over a million, has been nearly ruined by the sliding in of the dividing wails.

THE Navy Department has received from Commodore Schufeldt, commanding the Ticonderoga, a large number of samples of cotton goods used by the tribes of Africa and Arabia. The price list of them as furnished by foreign dealers has not yet been received. When it is, manufacturers in this country who apply will be furnished with small pieces from each of the samples with the price now paid for the goods by the natives.

NEW YORK, March 11.—An Havana letter says a plot to set fire and blow up a theatre in Mariano on Sunday, Feb. 29 was discovered and frustrated.

SANTA FE, March 11.—On Feb. 26th Lieuts. Conline and Stark, of the Fifteenth Infantry, in command of a scout of thirty men of the Ninth Cavalry, struck a band of about thirty hostile Indians in Arabia Canon, in the southeast corner of the Sacramento Mountains. Lieutenant Conline with thirty men, attacked the camp, and after a brief encounter drove out the Indians, capturing and burning their equipage, while Lieut. Stark, with ten men surrounded the Indian stock, capturing the entire herd, sixteen horses and fifteen mules. The scout returned with the captured stock to Fort Stanton the 3d inst. The Indians are supposed to be of Victoria's band.

LONDON, March 11.—There has been a sudden outbreak of fever on Kore Island. Sixty-three persons are prostrated by the epidemic, and there has been one death. The population are destitute, and measures for their relief are being taken.

Hand Crabs

THE HYGEIA HOTEL,
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VICK'S

Hand Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad, and Deviled Crabs,—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all sea-food, far exceeding in fineness of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For pic-nics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $6.00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at sender's risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $2.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

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Normal School Grounds,
Box 10 *Hampton, Va*

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Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

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The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

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I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,
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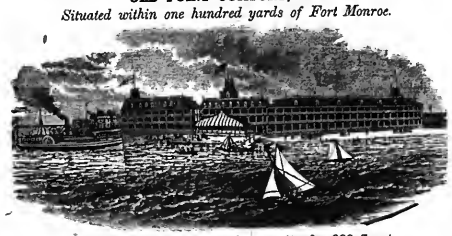

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HARRISON PHOEBUS, Proprietor.

Oysters! - Oysters!

The canning of steamed oysters has long been an important branch of industry in Baltimore; but the canning of the very best oysters in the Chesapeake, almost on the spot they are caught, is an enterprise just established. The undersigned feels confident that in opening a Packing House at this point, he is affording his fellow-citizens in all parts of the country, an opportunity (which he hopes will be appreciated) of getting the best and freshest of oysters, prepared in the most healthful way, at the most moderate prices.

An Oyster may remain out of water many hours, any days, before it be completely spoiled; but from the moment it is caught and exposed to the air a process of deterioration goes on. It needs no argument to show that the sooner an oyster is hermetically sealed after being caught the better it will be in taste, solidity, saltiness, and healthfulness. Within a radius of fifteen miles of this point are millions on millions of bushels of oysters, from the best of which will the stock used, be selected. The time consumed in transporting the bivalves from their beds to the Packing House is not worth considering, especially as the majority of the boats employed are the little "canoes" peculiar to these waters.

My packing is at present divided into three grades, according to the size of the oysters used; the same care, however, is taken in the preparation of all grades. A case of one pound cans contains 4 dozen; a case of two pound cans contains 2 dozen. Owing to the unsettled condition of the market, I can only quote to-day's prices, which are as follows:

Giants of Hampton Roads, No. 1 — No. 2 $3.00 per doz,
Beauties of Hampt'n Roads, " 1 $1.50, " 2 $2.00 " "
Cove Oysters, " 1 $1.00, " 2 $1.75 " "

The above prices are net cash, and remittance may be made by drafts on New York, Chicago, or Norfolk, or else by P. O. order. Authority to draw at sight with Bill of Lading attached will ensure the prompt forwarding of any goods ordered. If preferred, cases may be sent by Adams express, C. O. D.; but unless specially directed, all shipments will be made via Norfolk, Va.

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Having completed arrangements with one of the largest Cotton Factories in the United States for an unlimited supply of Shirting Muslin, at a recently low prices, and having largely increased our facilities for the manufacture of **MEN'S** and **BOYS' SHIRTS**, in all styles, we have decided to make an important departure from the course recently adopted by similar establishments, and to place ourselves directly in communication with the **consumer**, thus avoiding the enormous profits required by **middlemen** and the **retail trade**, and enabling us to make the following unprecedented offer:

½ Superior Muslin, Fine Linen Finished French Yoke Shirts, as above, ready for wear. . . . $7.50
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HEALTH AND HUMANITY.

I was a hundred miles away, unless I could do anything to relieve and cure her."

"Oh, it's no trouble," answered the kind woman. I've cleaned up my own place, and I came in on purpose to help you. Well." she continued, as she moved about

HEALTH AND HUMANITY.

LITTLE MARY'S ILLNESS.

There was great consternation in Mrs. Willis's house when the doctor came to see her eldest child, Mary, who had been ailing for a few days, and said that the poor little girl had the fever. The news spread like wildfire in the out over-clean neighborhood, and mothers warned their children against going near Mrs. Willis's house, as if it were stricken with the plague.

Mrs. Willis herself was in great distress and perplexity. She felt sure that her three other children would catch the dreadful disease; she thought it likely that she might take it herself, and she had a great horror of the thought of illness and death. She was a bad manager at any time, and now that she had a sick child to attend to she didn't know what to do.

She wished with all her heart that she was good friends with her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Symonds, who was such a clean, thrifty body, and such an excellent manager. But one day, a long time ago, when Mrs. Symonds spoke quietly to Mrs. Willis about the little Willises going into her garden and pulling up the flowers, Mrs. Willis stormed away at her, told her she was stuck-up, and thought herself and her children better than anyone else; and in fact, insulted the worthy woman very much indeed. Since that time, Mrs. Willis had carefully refrained from speaking to her. Sometimes, when she knew that Mrs. Symonds was within hearing, she would call out to her children to keep right away from the "lady's" garden-gate, for fear she should put it about the neighborhood that they had been stealing again—which, I assure you, Mrs. Symonds had never done; she had too much regard for her home and family, to go gossiping into neighbors' houses.

She did not heed these taunts and insults, but went on in her own excellent way, a pattern to all around her.

The fact was, Mrs. Willis was envious of her. Her home was so neat and clean, her children so tidy and healthy-looking, she could not understand how it was they were so. "Ah!" she would say to herself, as she looked round on her own dirty, slovenly, puny, sickly children, "some folks are lucky, but I never was."

You were mistaken, Mrs. Willis, in supposing that it was luck, or any other foolish thing, that kept your neighbor's family tidy and healthy. It was industry and proper management.

Now, when all the neighbors were in a flutter of fear about the fever being at Mrs. Willis's house, Mrs. Symonds was perfectly calm and fearless.

When she heard of it she said to her husband, "Sometimes it pleases God to send afflictions upon us, no matter what precautions we may take to keep them off. But we can use means to keep disease away; and I always try, by cleanliness, pure air, and wholesome food, to keep my children proof against attacks of disease. I haven't any fear about this fever. Thank God for giving the dear children robust health; I am sure they will be slow to take any complaint whatever."

It was morning. Mrs. Symonds's children were just gone to school, and she was upstairs making the bed in the back bed-room. She could hear the sick child moaning in the next house, and the sound gave her kind motherly heart pain.

She smothered all thoughts of the insults that Mrs. Willis had heaped upon her, and said to herself, "I ought to go in and see if I can do anything to help." So when she had set her house in perfect order, she went to the next house, and tapped quietly at the door. It was a warm May morning, yet the three windows in the front of the house were all shut. A little girl came to the door, her hair hanging in tangled masses about her face, which was smeared with dirt, her shoulders sticking out of her ragged frock, and without shoes and socks on. A great noise came from the inner room, where two other children were rolling and quarreling on the floor.

"Is mother in, Lucy?" said Mrs. Symonds to the child. She immediately scampered away with her little bare feet, and shouted noisily up the stairs, "Mother, mother, here's Mrs. Symonds wants you!"

Mrs. Willis felt in no mood to quarrel with and insult her good neighbor now. She came downstairs. Her dirty, sallow face bore traces of tears. The fact was, she was helpless about her sick child the whole day.

"I hear your Mary is very ill," said Mrs. Symonds; "can I do anything to help you?"

"Do you know she's got the fever?" said Mrs. Willis.

"Yes; but I'm not afraid," answered Mrs. Symonds.

Mrs. Willis fidgetted a moment, and looked ashamed of herself as she stammered, "Very—very well then, please to come in, and thank you."

As she walked up the stairs Mrs. Symonds felt stifled, the air was so close and offensive. Even at the risk of offending her neighbor, she said softly, "Oh, Mrs. Willis, how can you breathe in this house? It is so dreadfully close."

And when she got into the sick room, she went straight to the window, unbolted it, and opened it top and bottom.

"You'll kill the child!" said Mrs. Willis in amazement.

"No, but this bad air is killing her; it is dreadful." And Mrs. Symonds lingered by the window a minute to get a breath of the pure blessed air of heaven which was now pouring into the sick room, purifying it, and cleansing it of its deathly vapors.

"There isn't a strong wind to-day," she said, turning to the sick bed, "so it can't hurt Mary. Poor child!" she added, taking her burning hand, "how do you feel?"

The child turned her hot head on the uncovered pillow, and moaned as she stared at Mrs. Symonds.

"Oh, she ain't conscious," said Mrs. Willis, sitting down on the bed, and holding her apron to her eyes. "It's awful to ha' hare and see her a-going on. I wish I was a hundred miles away, unless I could do anything to relieve and cure her."

"But, Mrs. Willis, you can do a great deal to relieve her, though I would not say you could cure her," said Mrs. Symonds.

"Well, do tell me what, if you know," said Mrs. Willis. At that moment a pealing scream was heard from the children below. Little Mary started up in her bed, and cried, "Save them! save them!"

"Lie down, Mary," said Mrs. Symonds, soothingly, "there's nothing the matter."

"She don't know what she's saying," said Mrs. Willis. "As for them young 'uns, I'll break their young necks if they don't keep quiet."

"The house should be as still as possible," said Mrs. Symonds; "couldn't you go down and hush them a bit?"

"I'll go and turn 'em out," said Mrs. Willis, in the unfeeling manner of the room.

The pure air seemed to have refreshed Mary. She lay quiet, and stared at Mrs. Symonds. The kind woman looked around the dirty, disorderly room, thinking how matters might be mended for the poor sick child. Mrs. Willis soon came back. She had not done crying. "I've sent 'em off into the field opposite," she said, "but everybody runs away from 'em as if they had the plague. Oh dear me! to think of my eldest having this fever; and the other children 'll be sure to catch it."

"Oh no, not *sure* to," said Mrs. Symonds, in a low, hopeful tone; "you must take means to prevent it, Mrs. Willis. But now let us think of poor Mary a little, and see what we can do for her. Don't cry: crying will do no good. This is a time for *doing*, not for crying. *In the first place*, have you some clean sheets for the bed?—these are not very clean."

"I should think they wasn't; they've been on nigh a month, and the children do get 'em so dirty; but I thought as it was fever, it was best not to get any more sheets in here."

"Oh, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Symonds, still speaking in very low tones, "Mary will never get better if you talk so. Let her have the sheets, please."

"Very well; I'll go and put 'em to the fire to air."

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Symonds. "Will you bring the mop up, quite damp, next time you come? If this room could be well washed, it would be so healthy and refreshing for Mary; but we can get up all the dust and dirt with a wet mop, and that will make it a good deal better. Look what a lot of dust and down have gathered under the bed!"

"La, bless me!" said Mrs. Willis, as she stooped down to see, "just think o' that; and this room was well swept a week ago."

"A week ago!" thought Mrs. Symonds, "then no wonder at its being in such a state." Never a morning passed without the damp mop going under Mrs. Symonds's beds to gather up the dust; and she wellscrubbed her rooms every week.

Mrs. Willis left the room, and soon returned with the mop. This Mrs. Symonds took, and very gently began her work, without making any noise to distress Mary, who now and then closed her eyes, but still continued moaning.

Before she had got over half the room, the mop was in such a dirty, clogged-up state, that she had to go down and shake it in a bucket of water. While she was downstairs she took occasion to open the kitchen and the front-room windows top and bottom, and she also left the back door open.

When she had finished Mary's bed-room she said, "Now doesn't this room seem lighter and sweeter?"

"It certainly do," said Mrs. Willis. "I'll go and fetch the sheets now."

They soon got them on the bed, and an old clean cover on the pillow; and poor little Mary looked so comfortable. She closed her bright eyes, and presently dropped off to sleep, and Mrs. Symonds and her mother went quietly out of the room.

"Now if you want to keep your other children from taking the fever, let me advise you to do two or three things," said Mrs. Symonds. "Don't be offended if I speak plainly. At a time like this it isn't wise to mince matters—it is better to speak out. Where did the children sleep last night?"

"Baby always sleeps with me," said Mrs. Willis, referring to a big fellow of fourteen months, whom little Lucy was lugging about in a field opposite, which the laundresses in the neighbourhood used for a drying ground. "The other two children slept in the front room; I made 'em up a bed on the floor."

"Haven't you another bed-room?"

"O yes, all the houses in this row have got three apiece; but I use my third for a lumber room."

"The front-room window wasn't open when I came in," said Mrs. Symonds, "but I opened it just now. I assure you, Mrs. Willis, if you don't keep the rooms ventilated, you won't get rid of the fever. You should open them early in the morning, and keep them open as much as you can all day, not only at the bottom for the good air to come in, but at the top for the bad air to go out. Bad air rises, and so the windows must be open at the top to let it out. I was rather afraid that your windows didn't come down at the top, for I don't ever remember to have seen them down."

"La! I don't trouble," said Mrs. Willis; "I forget, that's the fact. I've got so much to bother about besides windows."

"But than one can't be healthy if these simple little matters are not attended to," said Mrs. Symonds. "The secret of health lies in having pure air, plenty of pure water, and good food. To these three things, under God's blessing, my children owe their health and strength. I'm sure I couldn't desire to see them healthier or happier."

"But what do you do to them?—what do you give them?" said Mrs. Willis.

"I'll tell you; but let me help you get your kitchen in order while we talk," said Mrs. Symonds. "Mary will be wanting you again presently, perhaps, and you will have to leave it."

"I don't like to trouble you," said Mrs. Willis.

"Oh, it's no trouble," answered the kind woman. I've cleared up my own place, and I came in on purpose to help you. Well," she continued, as she moved about quietly setting things in order, "I wash my children from top to toe every morning."

"Every morning!" echoed Mrs. Willis in astonishment; "however do you find time?"

"It doesn't take many minutes," said Mrs. Symonds. "I've a good-sized piece of sponge which I keep on purpose, and a large towel, and I soon get it over. Then it's so healthy for them. You know the skin of our bodies is covered with millions of tiny holes called pores, from which perspiration is constantly coming out. If we do not wash our bodies, these pores become clogged up, so that we can't perspire properly, and so we lose our health. It is very necessary that the pores should be kept open by frequent washing."

"La!" said Mrs. Willis, "I never washes my young'sters all over. Once in a way I gives 'em a treat, and puts 'em into a tub, but not above once or twice a year."

"And it is a treat," said Mrs. Symonds; "children do like to be well washed, it gives them such a beautiful healthy feeling after."

"But don't mine kick at water sometimes!" said Mrs. Willis, "just about a bit!"

"But if they were washed so as a rule, they would enjoy it," said Mrs. Symonds. "The fact is, if children are not kept clean, they can't be healthy; and if they are not healthy, they are fretful and miserable, and open to attacks of all kinds of disease. Then I am very particular about the food I give the children. I don't let them eat till they can eat no more; I give them what I think is right for them; and I watch them to see that they eat it slowly; for if children swallow down their food fast they don't digest it, and so it doesn't do them a bit of good."

"Well, I suppose that's how it is with my children; they eat as ravenous as young wolves, and yet see what thin bits o' things they are! I can't watch them, you know; I puts a hunch or two o' bread into their hands, and starts 'em off out."

"Oh, that's a pity!" said Mrs. Symonds, in great concern. "I think we ought to make meal-times happy times, by all gathering together round the table, and being comfortable. I don't know what husband would say if we didn't all sit down together."

"Ah, you see your husband comes home regular at meal-times; mine don't," said Mrs. Willis.

"But perhaps he would if you were to arrange to have everything straight and in order when he comes home," said Mrs. Symonds. "I advise you to try this plan. And now about the children: I think the wisest thing you could do would be to keep them especially clean while you have this fever in the house. Give them a good wash all over some time to-day, and change their clothes often. It isn't much trouble to wash out children's little bits of things, and they dry so fast this beautiful weather. And do keep your windows open, Mrs. Willis; let the good air come in abundantly, and the impure air go out. In warm weather I always leave the bed-room windows open just a little all night; it keeps the rooms sweet. You know our breath soon makes a room smell close and unhealthy if we stay in it for many hours, unless it's well ventilated; and if it's not ventilated—that is, the bad air carried off, and pure air brought in, we have to breathe the bad air over again, and it is quite poisonous to us. Do keep Mary's window open as much as ever you can; and if a draught seems to come to her, you might have your clothes-horse up to the side of her bed nearest the window, and hang something over it to keep the draught away. It is very cruel to keep a sick person's room close. Pure air never kills people, but many die for the want of it."

"Well, all this is new to me," said Mrs. Willis. "I never thought about ventilation, and all that, before."

"Perhaps if you had, your Mary would not have been taken with fever," said Mrs. Symonds. "I'll tell you a true story that I heard once. You know that many people sleep in beds surrounded with heavy curtains, which they draw together to keep the cold out, as they say. Then they shut the bed-room door and windows, and close up the fire-place. How a person must feel after sleeping in such a state, I can't imagine. Well, a person hung a bird-cage with a bird in it inside a bed, the curtains of which were drawn so; the room was closed up, and it was left for the night. In the morning, when the bird was sent for, it was found to be quite dead! *It had died for want of fresh air.* It is no wonder people *linger* instead of *live*, who act in such a foolish way. If we don't get fresh air, and plenty of it, we pine and grow sickly. I firmly believe that if you were to keep your poor Mary cooped up in such air as she was breathing when I came in, nothing—not all the doctor's physic and attention—could save her. I trust now that, by proper treatment, she will get well. Keep her cool and quiet, and don't forget the damp mop in the morning."

"Do you think then that them children could be kept from catching it?" said Mrs. Willis. "I've been thinking that they surely must have it, and it have took every bit of spirit out o' me."

"You must do your best to prevent it," said Mrs. Symonds. "Let me prescribe the tub this afternoon," she added, with a smile. "I'll come and sit with Mary while you wash them if you like; and then, follow up the good plan, and doctor them in this way with water every day; and let them have an airy sleeping-room. These things are better than all doctor's stuff for health. Are the drains in good order in your house? You should see that plenty of water runs through them every day, or you'll be sure to have fever-smells hanging about."

"Well, I don't often think about the drains," said Mrs. Willis, "but I'll see to 'em, and mind that they're kept clear in future. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for coming and talking to me like this. You've opened my eyes to two or three things, and I'll take care to be more particular in future. I've never thought about good air, and being very clean, and all them things—never thought it worth while to trouble about 'em; but from what you say I can see it's very necessary

to mind 'em. P'raps I ought to have on a clean gown to be round about Mary!"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Symonds; "do put one on if you heve one. And I'd advise you to keep the children away from Mary's room. It is well to be cautious; though, if you doctor them as I have said, I don't think there will be much danger of their catching it. If you want any assistance, don't be afraid to send for me; I'll come and sit with her, and bathe her poor head this afternoon, while you attend to the little ones. What a nice nap she is getting!"

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Mrs. Willis, with tears in her eyes; "and I'm very sorry I ever said anything rude to you. My children were in the wrong for touching your flowers, and I'm sorry for it: they are unruly little creetures; but I'll try to turn over a new leaf with 'em"

"There, now the kitchen is a bit tidy," said Mrs. Symonds; "a good washing would make it clear end sweet; but perhaps you'll be able to give it that by-end bye. Now I suppose you'll go end clear up the front room before the children come in. So I'll go in home, and begin to get dinner forward. If you want me, knock at the wall; I shall hear you. How much fresher your house smells for having the pure air in! Don't you feel better for it?

"Well, I feels cleerer somehow," said Mrs. Willis, as she wished her kind neighbor good morning.

There was such a clearing up, and such a washing and polishing of the children at Mrs. Willis's that afternoon as you never saw! When Mr. Willis came home from his work, expecting to find squalor, and wretchedness, and disorder as usual, he was agreeably surprised to find the house in beautiful order, the children clean, and little Mary going on as well as even the doctor could desire; for you must know that the doctor had called that afternoon, and said he was glad to see that Mrs. Willis was acting so wisely with regard to her child. Mr. Willis who really carried an affectionate heart under his rough homespun jacket, stayed at home that evening, and tended Mary, or kept the little ones quiet down-stairs; but first of all, he went out into the wash-house, and thoroughly cleansed himself; for, as he said with a smile, "If he didn't make himself very clean, he should soil something, as everything and everybody were in such trim, and so clean!" There was a heap of rubbish out in Mrs. Willis's back-yard. This Mrs. Symonds found out, and she would not rest until the dustman had been to fetch it away. Those heaps of rubbish about houses were so unhealthy, she said.

I am happy to tell you that little Mary soon got over the fever, and none of the other children took it. Some of the dirty, untidy neighbours wondered greatly; but Mrs. Willis soon let them know what, under God's blessing, was the reason they had been kept from taking it.

When Mary got well, Mrs. Willis did not allow things to go back into their former sad state; she contrived to keep the children and the home clean; she was careful to have airy bed-rooms, and wholesome food, and consequently her children soon became as healthy and robust as Mrs. Symonds's.

Mr. Willis found so much pleasure at home after these reforms had been wrought, that he no longer preferred to spend his evenings out at a tavern with a lot of drinking companions. He stayed at home, and took a pride in his family, and in his bit of garden, which soon displayed as fine a lot of flowers as that of his next-door neighbor, Mr. Symonds, with whom he was on friendly terms.

"Well," said Mr. Willis to his wife one evening, as they sat together in their little parlor, "I'm sure we have cause to be thankful for the fever, that seemed such a calamity when it came upon us."

"Yes, John," Mrs. Willis replied, "but only because of the lessons it brought us. It has taught us to avoid fevers and every other disease that is brought about by dirt and bad management. We shall have cause to be glad to the end of our days for what came of little Mary's illness."

Kind Mrs. Symonds felt quite rewarded for all she had done for Mrs. Willis, by seeing such a pleasant change in her next-door neighbor's home.

THE CHEAP DOCTOR.

I wish everybody knew Mrs. Carter, the schoolmistress in our village; she is really one of the best women I ever saw. To see and hear her work and talk, is enough to do anybody good. Early and late, morning and night, that woman is busy, and always about some good thing. One would think she had enough to do with the fifty children in her school all day, without anything else; but, would you believe it, she goes about between school-times, to see the children's mothers, and tries to be of use to them! The folks in our place are often ill, and Mrs. Carter always says it is because they are in such bad air, and live in a very unhealthy way; and whenever she gets a chance, she has a little talk with them about these things. I was with her the other day, when she went to ask after little Jim Brown, who has been ill ever since Christmas. I thought what she said to Jim's mother was well worth knowing, and I took care not to forget it.

"Good morning to you, Mrs. Brown," said she, "I have just stepped in to ask after Jim. I hope he is better, poor fellow! I was quite grieved to see him look so pale and sickly the other day; I am afraid it will be some time yet before he is fit for school again."

Mrs. Brown. "Thank you, ma'am, for your kind thought of him. The doctor says he's better, but I don't feel quite comfortable about him. He doesn't seem to get strong again, as he ought to do, though I keep him quite warm in bed, and he gets beautiful broth and puddings, which the squire's lady sends him off her own table."

Mrs C. "You are a good, careful mother, and I know how hard you work to feed all those little ones, and to keep them so tidy. It grieves me sometimes to see you so poorly clad, because I know all your little savings go to buy doctor's stuff, instead of a Sunday gown, or a bit of flannel for yourself."

Mrs. B. "Well, ma'am, that is true enough. I don't know how it is, but one or other of the children always seems poorly, and sickness does throw one back so."

Mrs. C. "I have been thinking, so too, Mrs. Brown, and I want to have a chat with you; for I believe, if you would follow my advice, I could help you to mend matters a little. I don't see why your children should not be as strong and healthy as mine, or some others I could name."

Mrs. B. "I'm sure I take all the care of them I can; and no one can say I neglect them, poor dears."

Mrs. C. "No, that you don't! I am sure you try to do your very best; but you must not be hurt. Mrs Brown, if I tell you the truth, which is, that you and the children are half-poisoned every night of your lives, and"

Mrs. B. "Oh, ma'am, you quite frighten me: Whatever can have made you think that?"

Mrs. C. "Well, I will tell you. You remember that day when you took me up first to see poor Jim I am a plain body, and don't care a straw what kind of room I sleep in, if it is only clean—but, upon my word, though yours looked so tidy, it was a hard matter for me to stay there many minutes, I felt so faint and queer. I didn't wonder, then, that Jim was so long getting well, or that the children looked sickly, and you were so often laid up with headache. I only wish, Mrs. Brown, you would just try *my* doctor; he is a very cheap one; and if you would let him come in every day, you would soon see a change, I know. I cannot live without him, and though he cannot *cure* all complaints, he can *keep off* a great many."

Mrs B. "I'm sure I can't afford any more doctors; Jim's illness has cost so much already."

Mrs. C. "Well, now, my good friend, don't cry out before you are hurt. I want to *save* your money, and not to spend it: or you will say next you cannot afford to send the children to school, and I shall lose some of my favorite scholars. My doctor's name is *Fresh Air*. He only asks you to set the window open, and he will never keep you waiting any day, but walk in at once, and charge you nothing for his visit. You are all being poisoned for want of him."

Mrs. B. "I don't quite understand you ma'am The room isn't a large one, to be sure, for me and the four children; but it is as big as I can pay rent for. I keep the door shut because of Jim; and as for the window, it's been broken a long time, and won't stay open."

Mrs. C. "Do spend a trifle, then, in having it mended; and, take my word for it, it will pay you well in the end. The room will be big enough if you'll let my doctor in. Don't you find a difference, now, when you come in from hanging out your clothes to dry, and go up stairs to take Jim his cup of tea? Doesn't the room smell close and hot, and fusty? You would not for the world stint the dear little fellow in food, or, as long as you have a half-penny in your pocket, let the children go without their bread and milk for breakfast. You would rather work all night than do that, and would not grumble if they ate twice as much as they do."

Mrs. B. "No, that I shouldn't."

Mrs. C. "And yet it would be of no use to fill their stomachs with good food, if you did not fill their lungs with good air. Suppose you took that cat now, and shut it up in a box, and after a little while peeped in, you would find the poor creature only half alive; and if you were cruel enough to keep it there long, it would die, all for want of air. We can live longer without food than we can without air. How many times a-day do you eat?"

Mrs. B. "Well, ma'am, the same as most folks; we have our breakfast, dinner, and tea: I take a bit of supper myself, but the children are all put to bed by seven."

Mrs. C. "So I thought. Well, then, most folks eat three or four times a-day, but they breathe every minute about twenty times. Only think how many times you and I have breathed since we have been talking! There, you know, we don't eat in the night, but we *do* breathe."

Mrs. B. "That's very true."

Mrs. C. "Yes, and what is more, all the air we breathe out is *poison*, and is no use to us again; it has done its duty in our bodies, and the sooner we turn it out of the house the better. That is why I said you were all half poisoned, because if you don't open your windows wide, to let in my doctor, *Fresh Air*, there's nothing left but bad air; and if you put the children to bed at seven, there you and they are, drawing in that nasty, foul air, till six o'clock in the morning. It is just that which gives you a headache when you wake, and makes the children so pale, and restless, and uncomfortable."

Mrs. B. "I think I begin to understand you, ma'am; but no one ever told me of it before."

Mrs. C. "I dare say not, but you may depend upon it, it is all true; you are a kind mother, and are always ready to listen if I tell you of anything that is good for the children. When your cupboard is empty, you go to the shop and buy more victuals, the best you can afford, though it is often a hard matter to pay; and when all the good wholesome air is used up in your room, why don't you go to your window, and open it? There's plenty of air to come in, and nothing to pay."

Mrs. B "Well, I really will get that window mended; it's been broken ever since Jim was taken."

Mrs. C. "And it has been one reason of his not getting well sooner; every day the air is getting worse and it takes away his appetite for the nice food he might have, and hinders his getting stronger. Those pretty plants, too, which you have put in the bed-room windows, to look cheerful and bright, rob you of good air when you are asleep, for they have a way of breathing, and want air just as we do; they will be much better down in the kitchen."

Mrs. B. "I'll tell Jim what you say, ma'am, and then he won't mind losing them."

Mrs. C. "I know you have found it hard work to make both ends meet since your good husband died; and it's only because you manage so well, and work so hard, that you can afford to keep the children so tidy, and send them to school. I would not for the world put you to any expense, but I want you to try my plan for a few months, and see if it does not answer. As sooner as ever you wake, then set the windows open; at first only a little way, if you are afraid of cold; but as soon as you and the children are dressed and washed, put both door and window wide open; strip off the bedclothes, and spread them over two chairs, so that the fresh air may sweeten them. Don't be in a hurry to make your beds; for the more they are blown on, the fresher they'll be. Even while you are sleeping, you should have the window open a little way. I don't think you will find it too cold; and if you do, it's easy to have a thin curtain or blind, to keep out the wind. This will make your little room fresh and sweet, and you will find it much pleasanter to sleep in; the children will not be tossing about, hot and restless; and, when you wake in the morning, I hope you will feel brisk and strong, and ready for your day's work."

Mrs. B. "I haven't felt like that for a long time. My head's sometimes very bad, and I haven't any appetite for my breakfast."

Mrs. C. "I don't wonder at that, for nobody can feel well who sleeps in bad air. We all want a hogshead of it every hour of our lives: it ought to be the very freshest we can get, and if you wish to see your children grow up strong, let them have plenty of it, and plenty of fresh water and constant exercise—they are the finest medicines in the world. Depend upon it, it is very expensive to live in bad air, bad smells, and dirt, though some of our neighbors do seem very fond of them. God has so made us, that we cannot be well without plenty of fresh air, any more than the fish can live without water, or the kettle boil without fire. Don't let us try, then, to be wiser than God. He sends us what we want, cheap blessings, and when we don't use them, then He sends us ill-health, to remind us how foolish we are, and how, if we *will*, we may help ourselves. But I must go now, or the children will be coming in to school."

Mrs. B. "I'm sure, ma'am, I'm much obliged to you for stopping so long. I shan't forget about your 'cheap doctor,' and I shall just speak to some of the neighbors about him, for I'm sure many of them want him quite as much as I do."

Mrs. C. "That's right, Mrs. Brown; we'll try if we cannot do something between us to make the children about here more rosy and strong. The mothers would not have half so much trouble with them if they were well, and I should have better scholars if they came more regularly to school. Good air to breathe by day and night, and fresh water to drink and to wash in from top to toe, are the finest things in the world for health and comfort—the sooner you give them a trial the better. By the way, there is a story I should like to tell you. It is quite true, and will not take many minutes. A hundred years ago, one hundred and forty-six Englishmen were taken prisoners in Calcutta. The great man who took them ordered them to be shut up in a dungeon called the 'Black Hole.' He only wished them to be there for one night, because he meant to have them brought up to judgment before him in the morning. Now this 'Black Hole' was only eighteen feet square; the door was locked, and there were only two very small windows by which air could come in. As soon as the door was shut, these poor creatures began to feel the dreadful heat and suffocation; every minute made it worse, and in a short time they all began struggling and fighting with each other, to get as near as they could to the windows; they knew it was their only chance for life. But it was of no use, there were too many of them; all the good air was now gone, and there was nothing left for them to breathe but *poison*. If the door could have been set open so as to make a draught, the bad air would have been carried out and they might have been saved, but the cruel men outside would not listen to their cries for help; eleven hours after, when the door was opened, only twenty-three out of the one hundred and forty-six were found alive: and even these poor creatures were ill with fever, caused by the poisonous air."

Mrs B. "I've heard of the 'Black Hole' of Calcutta before, but I never knew all about it till now. It must have been a very wicked man that did it. I wonder how he'd have liked to have been shut up in that way himself."

Mrs. C. "Ah, well, we have nothing to do with that; and perhaps, after all, he did not know that bad air was poison, and could kill people so soon. But *we do* know it, and must take care that no corner of our houses becomes like the 'Black Hole' of Calcutta;—but I hear the clock striking two, so I must say good afternoon, and be off."

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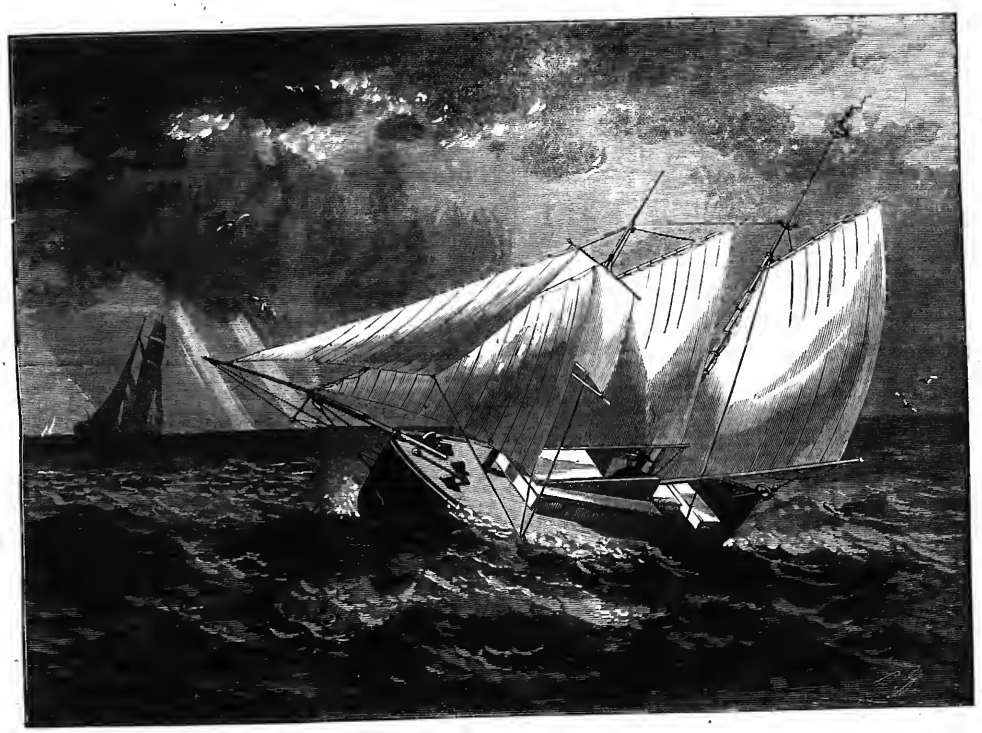

THE "LITTLE IDA."

THE "LITTLE IDA."

THE *Little Ida*, built by Mr. John Roach at Chester, Pennsylvania, is said to be the smallest sea-going keel yacht afloat, being only eighteen feet long. She is made of galvanized iron, with air-chambers forward and aft, and rigged so that all the halliards, sheets, reefing tackle, and steering gear work amidships, where her owner sits and handles the vessel without leaving his seat. The cooking is done on a coal-oil stove forward; and under the decks are the racks for guns, fishing tackle, charts, and other odds and ends.

Nearly two years ago this little craft set sail from Baltimore on a pleasure trip among the Sea Islands and along the Florida and Gulf coasts, the owner intending to winter in Florida, and spend some time in hunting along the St. John's River. At Elizabeth City a boy was taken on board to help in working the boat. The first few days everything went well; but presently a hurricane caught the vessel and blew her out to sea, where she had a desperate struggle with the wind and waves. But she weathered the storm, and proved herself a thorough-going sea-boat.

Skirting the Florida coast to Mosquito Bar, the captain put in for the first shooting, bagging quantities of ducks and curlews, and a few bright-plumaged herons and cranes, and enjoying excellent fishing. The only serious discomfort arose from the necessity of closing up the cabin windows and companionway with muslin to keep out gnats and mosquitoes, which nearly smothered the brave sailors. They stayed at the Bar a few days, but were fairly driven away at last by the insects. Sailing to Indian River, they hoped to escape these pests, and to enjoy the shooting in peace. But the insects there were even more troublesome, and the trip was pushed still farther southward, through the Florida Keys to the Tortugas, and northward in the Gulf, and along the coast, without stopping, to Brazos Santiago, where stores were procured, after which the vessel returned to winter quarters on the St. Johns.

After leaving Charleston, South Carolina, a serious error nearly proved fatal to the brave voyagers. When off Assotengue the course was lost, the Chincoteague Light being mistaken for the shoal light-ship. Steering directly on the beach, they barely escaped the shoals. At the same moment a huge wave curled over the boat. Luffing up, the captain got her in the trough of the sea, when a second breaker caught them broadside, driving the boat furiously toward the beach. When the third wave came, they were ready for it, and going "bows on," rode safely. Having no time to reef, they carried full sail, and beat off shore safely, with the lee cabin roof under water and streams of water running in at the windows. Sailing out to ten fathoms, they bove to and waited for daylight, when they continued the voyage reaching Sandy Hook safely.—*Harpers' Weekly.*

WHAT SHOULD COLORED PEOPLE READ?

which "profiteth the understanding," what great gains might be made in one lifetime, what strides might be taken in the path of knowledge, what improvement he formed in

Uncle Jack's views of the leading doctrines of Christianity were thorough and evangelical. His preachings abounded with quotations surprisingly minute, and his illustra-

Temperance.

PITCHER, OR JUG?

WHAT SHOULD COLORED PEOPLE READ?

About two years ago, as I stood by the counter of a book-store, a shabbily dressed colored man, carrying a satchel, and looking as if he had traveled far and wearily, entered the store with hesitating steps, and asked the merchant for "a book that would teach him a great deal of knowledge."

The bookseller seemed somewhat puzzled, and laid down numerous handsomely bound volumes, at which the young man looked eagerly, seeming unable to make choice among them. Although very dusty and poorly dressed, he had an intelligent expression, and a gentle, somewhat shrinking manner

Feeling interested in him, I inquired what sort of book he wanted to read. "I want a book that will learn me a great deal," he answered, diffidently. "I have been to school some, but I want to know a great deal more than what I do; I have been saving a little money to buy books, and I thought I could find some kind of a book that would give me *a great deal of knowledge.*" When I left the store, he was still anxiously turning over the volumes before him, unable to choose among them, and I never knew whether he found what he wanted; but the image of the weary dusty traveler, with his wistful eyes and his eager thirst for knowledge, and the thought of the long, *long* journey he must needs accomplish before the desire of his heart could be reached, has often come to my mind.

As Lynchburg is a factory town, and most of the workers in the wood are colored, at certain seasons of the year they handle a great deal of money, and those who are thrifty can put by a snug little sum every year. Wo have also colored mail-agents, preachers, teachers, grocers, hucksters, livery men, and barbers, many of whom own a good deal of property and derive a very comfortable living from their business. The assessor rates the wealthiest colored man in the village at about $15,000. Anyone who sees these people in their homes can tell at a glance, that with prosperity, they are fast acquiring an education, and the taste for reading increases rapidly among them. I have noticed, at the news stands, colored people are always found among the crowd awaiting the arrival of the serial and sensational papers so eagerly sought by lovers of fiction. Some of our colored citizens, I am glad to say, have too much taste to read the *Ledger, Saturday Night, etc., etc.* One of my young colored friends, now a teacher in the public schools, showed me lately a copy of the Encyclopedia of English Literature, a present from one of her admirers.

Already the irrepressible book agent knocks loudly at the door of the colored man's home, and the congregations of African churches are frequently requested to remain after the services, while the book-peddler displays his wares—but too often works of very trashy character.

What should colored people read?

This question was asked some time ago by a Hampton student, through the columns of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

On the sound principle of treating a Negro "like any other man," one might at first be disposed to answer, let them read what everybody else reads; and this is of course true in regard to the small class of Negro-Americans who have had the same advantages of education and society usually enjoyed by white people. But to the great mass of colored people in this country—those from whom the Hampton students come—this subject is a very important one, and should be considered with reference to the peculiar circumstances of the average Southern Negro.

The traditions of the white race, the habits of family life, the daily conversation of those about them, bring some degree of literary taste almost insensibly to those who have inherited culture as well as property in our land.

With those who have been slaves the case is far different; the children are, in very many cases, in advance of their parents in learning—the young stand beyond the old, in knowledge. The African race in America is in its infancy in literary arts. The "Nation that was born in a day" has so suddenly waked to mental life; emancipation, suffrage, education have come to it with such bewildering rapidity, that, now that the rudiments have been acquired, the dark barriers of ignorance left behind, the gates of knowledge thrown open, these new pilgrims in the pathway of learning may well pause and consider carefully before taking another step forward.

Whilst watching with deep interest the progress of our late chattels, so eagerly striving for a higher life, I often wish that these people entering upon untried fields, instead of merely imitating those who occupy a higher social sphere than they have yet attained, might learn by their experience to choose the good and shun the evil, to preserve the true and discard the false, to copy only what is useful and avoid all that is harmful and frivolous. This is especially true in regard to the cultivation of the mind, and if, instead of the miscellaneous and desultory handling of books but too often practised by white readers, the colored students would seek only that which "profiteth the understanding," what great gains might be made in one lifetime, what strides might be taken in the path of knowledge, what improvement be formed in mind and character!

In making suggestions as to the choice of reading matter, I should advise every one who can afford to do so, to take at least one good weekly newspaper. Such journals as the New York *Independent*, the New York *Observer* and the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, the latter costing only $1.50 per annum and being one of the safest guides in the country, convey a vast amount of useful information. The newspaper has been called the "History of the world for a day," and no one who does not read the papers can keep up with the wonderful progress of our age. Every one who can afford it should take one newspaper published in his own State, and, if possible, one or more journals of our large cities, which contain a vast amount of information from all quarters of the globe.

In selecting books to read, two methods are usually offered to young students. One is such a system of reading as will secure general information. This would include histories of the various countries of the world, biographies of the distinguished men of all nations, and books of travel. Another plan is to select some special era in the world's history, or some particular subject, and read all the books attainable on such themes.

It seems to me that any young American might find much pleasure and profit in taking a survey of the "First Century of the United States." This would include the works of Bancroft, Irving, and other historians; biographies of a host of public men; the poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, and other sweet singers of our nation; the novels of Cooper, Mrs. Stowe and a few other writers, with many useful works beyond my power to mention now. For myself, for years past, I have been studying the history of the African race, especially the strange, sad story of the Negro in America, and have met no more interesting work than "The Rising Sun," a valuable contribution to American literature made by Dr. Brown, a colored citizen of Boston. The "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," by his friend and fellow-worker, Oliver Johnson, is said to be a book of great interest, and should be read by all colored people.

Besides the long lists of works of history, biography, travel and fiction, this prolific age affords many valuable books to teach us of the plants, animals, birds, fishes and insects which share our earthly home; and all studies of this kind are improving, as they lead our minds "from the contemplation of nature to nature's God."

The American Book Exchange of New York (*Tribune* Building) offers many advantages to readers of limited means. Among these are "The Library of Universal Knowledge," a good American reprint of Chambers' Encyclopedia with a great deal of new matter added, 20 volumes for $10; "Macaulay's History of England," 3 vols. for $1.00; "Acme Library of Biography," 50 cts.; "Acme Library of Modern Classics," 50 cts.; "American Patriotism," 50 cts., "Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men," 3 vols., $1.50; "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," illustrated, $1.00; "Dryden's Translation of Virgil," 50 cts.

To all our colored people, I would say earnestly, *read*. No matter what your life may be, you should find some opportunity to read good, instructive books.

The ancient Egyptians inscribed over the entrance to the first library of the world, "The remedy for diseases of the soul;" and whoever will turn from the bustle, the cares, the temptations of the world, to the silent, instructive companionship of books, will find a solace, a potent remedy for the wounds and heart-burnings, which, sooner or later, are ever the portion of the children of men.

ORRA LANGHORNE.

UNCLE JACK.

Extract from Howe's History of Virginia.

In 1843, there died in Amelia County a Negro preacher of considerable celebrity, who went by the name of "Uncle Jack."

He was kidnapped, and brought from Africa at seven years of age, and landed at Osborne's on James River, from what, it is supposed was the last slave-ship which deposited its cargo in Virginia.

Such was Uncle Jack's worth of character, that, on the death of his master, several benevolent individuals by their contributions purchased his freedom. One, who knew him well, said of him, "I regard this old African as a burning light, raised up by Christian principles alone, to a degree of moral purity seldom equalled, and never exceeded in any country."

The late Rev. Dr. Rice also remarked, "The old man's acquaintance with the Scriptures is wonderful. Many of his interpretations of obscure passages of Scripture are singularly just and striking. In many respects, indeed, he is the most remarkable man I ever knew."

Uncle Jack's views of the leading doctrines of Christianity were thorough and evangelical. His preachings abounded with quotations surprisingly minute, and his illustrations were vivid and correct. His knowledge of human nature was profound; and hence his extensive usefulness among the African population, as well as among a large circle of whites. His language was pure English. In his intercourse with all classes he was governed by Christian humility, and he abhorred all cant. He uniformly opposed, both in public and private, everything like noise and confusion in the house of God. His colored audiences were very prone to indulge themselves in this way. But whenever they did, he invariably suspended the exercises until they became quiet. On one of these occasions, he rebuked his hearers, substantially as follows: "You noisy Christians remind me of the little branches (*brooks*) after a heavy rain. They are soon full—then noisy—and soon empty. I had a great deal rather see you like the broad, deep river, which is quiet, because it is broad and deep."

Of this worthy and strong-minded old man we take the liberty of annexing a few anecdotes drawn from his memoir in the *Watchman of the South*. In speaking of the excitement and noise at a protracted meeting, he remarked, "I was reminded of what I have noticed in the woods: when the wind blows hard, the DRY LEAVES make a great deal more noise than the green ones." When persons scoffed at his religion, his natural diffidence and reserve would give way to a firm and dignified defence, and most happily would he "answer a fool according to his folly."

A person addicted to horse-racing and card-playing, one day stopped him in the road and said, "Old man, you Christians say a great deal about the road to Heaven being very narrow. Now if this be true, a great many who profess to be traveling it will not find it half wide enough." "That's very true," replied Uncle Jack, "of all who have merely a name to live, and all like you." "Why refer to me?" said the man; "if the road is wide enough for any, it is for me." "By no means," replied Uncle Jack. "When you set out, you will want to take along a card-table and a race-horse or two. Now there's no room along that way for such things, and what would you do, even in Heaven, without them?"

An individual accustomed to treat religion rather sportively, and who prided himself upon his morality, said to him, "Old man, I am as good as I need be. I can't help thinking so, because God blesses me as much as he does you Christians, and I do not know what I want more than he gives me." To this the old preacher replied with great seriousness, "Just so with the hogs. I have often looked at them rooting among the leaves in the woods, and finding just as many acorns as they need. And yet I never saw one of them look up to the tree whence the acorns fell."

In speaking of the low state of religion in the country, Uncle Jack said, "There seems to be a great coldness and deadness on the subject of religion, everywhere. The fire has gone out, and nothing is left but a few smoking clumps lying about in places."

The laws of Virginia prohibited religious as well as other assemblies of slaves, unless at least two white persons were present. Such, however, was the universally acknowledged happy influence of Uncle Jack's meetings, that in his case it was not deemed necessary to enforce the law. On one occasion, some mischievous persons undertook to arrest and whip him, and several of his hearers.

After the arrest, one of the number thus accosted Uncle Jack: "Well! old fellow, you are the ringleader of all these meetings, and we have been anxious to catch you; now what have you to say for yourself?" "Nothing at all, master," was the reply. "What! nothing to say against being whipped! How is that?" "I have been wondering a long time," said he, "how it was, that so good a man as the Apostle Paul should have been whipped three times for preaching the gospel, while such an unworthy man as I am has been permitted to preach for so many years without getting a lick." It is hardly necessary to add, that the young men at once released him.

His influence over the members of his church was almost unbounded. As evidence of the fact, take the following. A gentleman who resided in the neighborhood detected one of his servants, who belonged to Uncle Jack's flock, in some very improper conduct. The only notice he took of it, was to threaten to inform that spiritual man. When he arose on the following morning, he found the servant waiting anxiously to see him. "Why, Tom," said he, "what's the matter, why don't you go to work?" "Why, master," replied the man, "if you would just please whip me yourself, and don't tell Uncle Jack." We would like to extend this notice, but want of space forbids. Uncle Jack died at the age of nearly one hundred years. He was one of those characters, that, under propitious circumstances, might have left an undying fame, but in the limited sphere of his influence, his humble and consistent life won for him the affections of the best people of the community.

Temperance.

PITCHER, OR JUG?

When, in the heat of noontide sun,
Which, when the work of day is done,
Refreshes most the weary one,
Pitcher or jug?

Which makes strong to cradle the grain,
Which heaps highest the harvest train,
Which gives muscle and heart and brain,
Pitcher or jug?

Which sows kindness over the soil,
Lighting the heavy hours of toil,
With friendly words that never roil,
Pitcher or jug?

The pitcher, filled from the bubbling spring,
Playing and spraying,
Curling and whirling,
Over the pebbles under the hill.
It cools the brow and steadies the brain,
Making the faint one strong again;
For its daily task it nerves the arm,
And lends to labor a borrowed charm;
It is a step on the road to wealth—
Many a step in the way to health;
It lightens home with a cheerful glow,
And banishes from it useless-woe;
It smiles in the children's winsome ways,
And leaves no sting in the holidays.
So in all the best things a man will be richer,
If he gives up the jug, and drinks from the pitcher.

THE USE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS AND TOBACCO,

For they are always together in cases of drunkenness—mortgages the farm, fills poor houses and prisons; retards public improvements, promotes ignorance and wretchedness, brings disaster to the merchant-ships and the railroad trains, lights the torch of the incendiary, maddens the brain of the robber and assassin, closes the shop, bank, factory, store; writes "bankrupt" upon many a promising enterprise; is the great curse of manufacturing villages, and dooms the city to vice, violence and misrule; tends to deteriorate, morally and physically, the offspring yet unborn of those addicted thereto.

This state of things, if produced in any other way, would spread weeping and sackcloth over nations and continents. Any sweeping pestilence that could do this would hold a nation in alarm, and diffuse, from one end of it to the other, trembling and horror.

It is well understood that this is the effect of the use of these baneful articles—alcohol and tobacco. The effect is not casual, incidental, and irregular. It is uniform, certain, deadly as the sirocco of the desert.

It is not a periodical influence, returning at distant intervals, but as a deadly pestilence, breathing always; diffusing its poison when men sleep, and when they awake; by day and by night; in seed time and in harvest.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

An Ohio correspondent of the Tennessee *Good Templar* gives the following sad illustration of the wages of sin.

Forty years ago, I noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. I saw the boys drink beer and buy segars in what was then called a "grocery" or "groggery." I expressed my disapprobation, but the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirium tremens, leaving not five dollars.

I never lost sight of those ten, only as the clods of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens and one in a drunken fit; two died of disease produced by their excesses before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining, one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition.

Of the four boys, one had a good mother and grew up a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken broil; one served two terms in the penitentiary; and one has drunk himself into an inoffensive dolt, whose family have to provide for him.

Southern Workman,

tention to the moral of all the facts about the South, namely, that education is the best panacea for its ills.

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The curse of miscegenation is checked; the forced level of slavery is broken;

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ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BYRCE, MR. J. C. ROGERS, } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed at the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work from all parts of the country, is solicited and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

THE Anniversary exercises of the Hampton Institute will be on Thursday, May 20th. Visitors can leave New York City at 4 o'clock P. M., Philadelphia at 6 P. M., connecting with the "Bay Line Steamers" at Baltimore, which leave at 9 o'clock and arrive at Fortress Monroe at 8 o'clock A. M.; returning, the steamers leave Fortress Monroe at 7 o'clock P. M., arriving at Baltimore at 7 o'clock the next morning, at Philadelphia at 11, and at New York at 2 o'clock P. M.

Owing to the destruction of Academic Hall, the general public will be invited to attend only the afternoon rhetorical exercises commencing at half-past one o'clock. The invited guests from a distance, who shall arrive on the morning of the 20th, (a comparatively small number) will have an opportunity of witnessing the class exercises of the morning in the somewhat limited accommodations.

THE memorial of the Trustees of the Peabody Fund to Congress, from which we publish extracts, embodies the argument to individual friends of humanity and of their country, to aid the cause of negro education. The free school systems of the South must be supported by taxation; there is no other way; but the skill, experience and private resources of the North should be applied at certain central points which are likely to extend a wide influence and give to the South a help and stimulus that it needs.

The fitting of negro teachers for the negro race is the work to be pushed by the North.

The mental capacity of the colored people is an established fact, and the success of negro teachers is assured by the testimony of hundreds of Southerners under whose supervision colored teachers have been employed for the past eight or ten years. The last fifteen years have demonstrated the improvability of the ex-slaves, their eagerness for knowledge, and the increasing sympathy of the whites in their improvement, and have made it perfectly clear that only by their mental and moral elevation can the nation escape sad consequences from their enfranchisement.

THE educators of the Negro are, we believe glad that the "Fool's Errand" has appeared. This book seems to have been written to prove that reconstruction is a failure; it exalts the "carpet bagger," and declares that the South is solid for the ideas of the rebellion. Opposing these opinions from his personal experience, especially of late years, the Negro educator is glad of an agitation that brings attention to the moral of all the facts about the South, namely, that education is the best panacea for its ills.

No application of external force can do any good. The remedy must work from within outwards. What is needed is the leaven of free, intelligent thought.

Experience is the best teacher, and has given the South some lessons that have not been lost. A certain class will not learn and has not learned anything. But independent thinking is coming to be the order of the day.

More than fifteen years after emancipation, there is the strongest conviction that the education of the colored people is a serious matter and must be attended to; it is in the air as it never was before. The "Fool's Errand" has, we think, done much to quicken this feeling.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

The letter published below was so interesting that we requested of the gentleman who received it and of its author, permission to publish, which they kindly gave.

The author is a native citizen of one of the Southern States, who adhered to the South throughout the war, but embraced the national party and believed in the politics of the Republican party afterwards.

He says:—

"I believe I have a profound respect for the African race. I have met with few who respect or sympathize with them more. I hope there is nothing in my letters giving a contrary impression. I am fully alive to the duty of the white to the black for a hundred years to come, and am disposed to do my own.

* * * * * * *

"We know the negro infinitely better than any one who has only an adult acquaintance with him can know him. We know him from our cradles up. We know the old women, the young women, the old and young men, the child, male and female, from infancy to age. We know them under every circumstance in which they are to be found, as their equals, their associates, and their superiors and owners; and what we know of him is still, in much the greater part, an unwritten book. Your people can't learn the negro. You mistake in one thing. I think the real negro female is naturally virtuous. Ignorance is, of course, such a promoter of vice, that in the concrete, there is much licentiousness among the race. But allowing for the extraordinary influence which their preachers have over them, the pure negro female is a woman inclined to virtue and actually virtuous to a remarkable degree.

"But, aside from all this, your article comes practically to this, that the negro is not fit for American citizenship. The truth is, there is scarcely any race on earth that is fit for the fine institutions of our English and American race of Teutons, Angles, and that blood. The Freedman is not. The Latin races are not. The Asiatics are not. Nor are the Africans. Excuse me for saying that I believe the Africans are more capable of being freemen under our system than any of the races just named. But that is far from saying that they are fit, or ever will be. The thing which we should guard most zealously is citizenship. Philosophically (treating the matter from an ethnological point of view), none should be admitted to it but the Teutonic and Anglican races.

"The whole North has been for a hundred years under the influence of cant in regard to slavery. They have ascribed the difference perceptible between the two sections to slavery, the curse of slavery. Well, we have got rid of slavery, and is the curse removed? Look at the statistics of Virginia, and you will see that in the counties in which the African race is numerous, lands are assessed at the rate of four or five dollars an acre; while in the counties where that race is few in number the assessment is at the rate of twenty-five to fifty dollars. This is fifteen or eighteen years after the abolition. Can you not see that it was not slavery which was the curse? Do lands command in any Asiatic country where there is no slavery (so-called) a high price?

"Oh, no! It was not slavery. Think of Athens, which presented the highest picture of civilization of ancient times, where there was no black race, but where the slaves numbered 400,000 and the free only 40,000; and how absurd does the cant in which Boston has been dealing as her chief staple of commerce for seventy-five years appear.

"No; slavery was a blessing to the negro; and as others had inflicted the *curse of an inferior race of beings* upon the South, slavery to them was a blessing. I admire Hampton Institute; but how sadly inadequate is it to the task of fitting an inferior race for the free institutions of our Anglican system of government!

"The abolition of slavery was the doom of the negro. The law of the survival of the fittest now obtains, and will work out his destruction on this continent in a century or two.

"Let us do all we can for him. It is our duty to do so. Let us protect him in the fullest enjoyment of political rights and of all means of moral advancement, and leave the rest to destiny, which is sure."

FROM twelve years' experience in co-education of the sexes at the Hampton Institute, we incline to increased faith in the stability of character which education gives to young colored women of *all shades*.

There is more in them to work upon than we expected to find. The white woman is protected by public sentiment, by law, and by the bullet that is sometimes sent where it is deserved; there is added to her inherited, innate, educated instincts, a panoply of external helps. The negro girl, with the past terribly against her, practically without a shadow of protection, relying only on her conscience and innate self-respect, is considered as fair game by hounds of every color who may follow her with nothing to fear.

How does she hold out? We believe, with wonderful success and credit to herself. We refer to the better class.

There must be a basis of character or fine womanly instinct in the negro woman (as above claimed) which has survived generations of damaging influences. Recent travelers in Africa have pointed this out in various tribes, especially the Zulus. The work of fitting colored girls for the family life and Christian work is full of encouragement. Their educators everywhere testify to rapid development of womanly qualities wherever they have a fair chance. Would that national or northern wealth would treble their chances!

If the practical question were of the present ability of the negro to govern himself and others, there would be little hope for him in this country. The real question is, Can the Nation carry this new load of 700,000 ignorant voters until they shall be better fitted for their duties? Their improvability is beyond a doubt and is only a question of the people's will.

The negro is the only race that seems to have affinity for, and that survives contact with, the white race; it has a genius for adaptation and for making itself useful. It gained ten per cent in population from 1860 to 1870. What will the coming census say?

It is eager for land and for education, and has a tremendous grasp as an agricultural or producing power. There is no need of despair about it except as it may be neglected.

It will make good use of all educational facilities, push itself steadily onward and upward, provided its inward force shall be developed by sufficient opportunities. It will, under wise treatment, furnish good material for the building up of the nation. It may, through neglect, be a serious drag upon the country.

We, at Hampton, live in a region with a large negro majority, where land sells from ten to seventy-five dollars an acre. What is said above, as to the general effect of a negro majority on the value of land, is worth attention; we would welcome further information on that point. The writer of the above letter seems to forget that the lands of the South were worked under the exclusive control of white owners, and that any exhaustion and consequent low value where the blacks abound is not the fault of the negro but the legitimate fruit of slavery.

That the negro gained and that the white man lost by slavery, is sure to be the verdict of history.

The Hampton Institute and other schools are pushing not creating a forward movement, taking advantage of the long pent-up eagerness of the freedmen for knowledge, adding breadth to a thought and experience gained under Southern taskmasters, and are spreading the leaven of ideas as far and as wide as their resources permit. With trebled means they would be equal to the need of the people; but the National Treasury is closed to the nation's great duty in this matter, and the pocket of the public seems willing to do no more.

The inferior race is not likely to get abreast of the superior, but that it can be gained to the side of industry and good morals is the simplest question of effort from without to meet their own needs and aspirations.

We believe that the "abolition of slavery" was not the "doom of the negro," as our friend claims, but a wonderful Providential movement to accomplish a higher development of the negro.

The curse of miscegenation is checked; the forced level of slavery is broken; thousands have sunk below it and thousands have risen above it. The negro South like the Irishman North is buying the land and getting a foothold.

The negro is in a struggle in which he does not so much need laws and boxes of second-hand clothing as light. Educating the negro is helping pay part of the nation's debt; repudiating this is as bad and as dangerous as any other form of repudiation.

PARTISANSHIP.

The Supreme Court of the United States recently decided that the judges of the State courts were liable to indictment and conviction for crime, in refusing to impanel colored men on juries. The *State* of Richmond, Va., says of this decision: "It is an act of tyranny of the North over the South, a piece of reckless revenge of the conqueror over the conquered. Northern and Southern men and women hate each other instinctively, and this habit is only modified, not removed entirely, when they happen to come into close association. The study of revenge occupies the thoughts of the great majority of the Northern people, and to this feeling the leaders pander."

Of about even date with the above, the New York *Tribune* says: "Who does not know that the bitterest and most malignant rebelism is displayed to-day, not by men who fought to the end and were beaten, but by the children of the men who fought. Southern mothers have taught their boys to hate the party and the men by whom the rebellion was subdued. There is less of true loyalty, less of disposition to forget the past, and join hands for the good of the whole country, among the generation just coming forward than appeared among the Southern people ten years ago. Conciliation has entirely failed."

These are sad and dreadful pictures of human and political depravity. If they are life-like, the people of the country are given up to revenge and rebellion, and there is no good in them. Gray-headed merchants from the North and South have gushed towards each other with all the passionate devotion of young women. Hands have been worn thin in shaking hands over the "bloody chasm." Northern and Southern men are trusting each other with untold sums of money in business and trade. "Revengeful" groomsmen from the North are leading to the altar "rebellious" Southern brides. "Revengeful" capitalists of the North are investing immense sums of money in the industries, the State securities, and railways of the "rebellious" South. Bloody minded and "revengeful" Northern people stayed the rising tide of disease at Memphis, and "rebellious" Southern people thanked them for it from the bottom of their hearts.

And yet, the eyes of these journalists glare at each other across the border line. They patiently rub their fingers in the now dry and scanty gore of the same bloody chasm, and fiercely shake the faintly colored tips at each other, crying aloud, "It's a lie! It's a lie! There is no love, no conciliation. It's all hate and revenge, tyranny and disloyalty!"

Is it then true that there is no more hope? Is a real Union impossible? Is the Constitution a rope of sand, is self-government a failure, and must the Republic finally die? Revenge on the one side and disloyalty on the other are swift centrifugal forces, which cannot be subdued, and must set the atoms of Unionism flying off into promiscuous ruin. We do not believe it. These hostile opinions are partisan, and even fanatical and foolish. The *Pall Mall Gazette* said recently, in comparing English and American political machinery, that the Americans did not tolerate constant and daily stump speeches by their candidates for the highest office, but left the stirring up of strife to itinerant speakers who did the business for them. "The Americans," it says, "know well that if great multitudinous constituencies are to be reached,

coarse instrumentalities must be employed. There must be gross exaggeration, bold misrepresentation, arguments too weak to deserve the name of sophistry.

THE PEABODY FUND TRUSTEES.

[The Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund have addressed a memorial to Congress, signed on their behalf by Hon.

Phaeton was less a fool when he mounted the chariot to drive the horses of the Sun, than ourselves, if we expect to reach the zenith of prosperity and happiness under such guid-

try, those who desire to maintain the peace and order of society, that the time for vigorous action has come. Delays are dangerous. If the corrective be not promptly applied, the

conrse instrumentalities mnst be employed. There mnst be gross exaggeration, bold misrepresentation, arguments too weak to deserva tha name of sophistry, clumsy dauhing of one side with flattery and indecent pelting of tha other side with rhetorical mud."

The hot words of these typical journals would justify the opinion that tha press of Amarica was enlisted to do tha dirty work of the politicians. The truth is, that the many errors nnd defielencies of the South are matched against as many errors and deficiencies of the North, nnd it is not profitnhle or amnsing for the Northern pot to taunt the Southern kettle with blackness. Tha attitnda of tha South on many questions regarding tha rights of tha colored people, and the ohligations of States to pay their debts, is not attractive, and should compel them to deal with the North in an undertone. And the North is bound to an equal mildncaa of speech.

In a recent dehnte in tha United States Senate, over tha matter of Whittaker, the colored cadet at West Point, Senator Hoar said: "The colored boy who enters West Point, unless the praetica has changed within a yesr or two, is in as complete solitude as Rohinson Crusoe was on his island. The boy is left absolutely without an associate. Nobody speaks to him. Nobody calls on him in his room. Nobody nffords him any sympnthy either in sickness or in sorrow." Now tha majority of cadeta at West Point nre of Northern hirth and with Republican antecedents. They reflect the instincts, opinions and conduct of tha communities from which they enme. Tbnt sentiment is now strongly opposed to granting any social standing to the negro, simply on account of his color. It is hardly fair for the North to exhibit such hostility to the South for its attitude towards the negro, when it utterly fails itself to do justiee in the first instanee. The North is in no position to throw stones when to-day a negro in New York is testing in the conrts, the question whether or not he can attend the theatre.

Thera is no paper at the South which has, as a rule, presented broader, more independent opinions on politieal subjects thnn the *State*. It is doing in many ways the best work. Its conductors are in the advaneed line of thinkers at the South. But, in this instanes, the *State* has fallen, for a moment, from its high estate, and has dona itself and the Southern peopla great injustiee. Tha *Tribune* falls into the same error, and utters sentiments which the best thought of the North does not endorse.

Thera has been a conflict of two "eivilizations" in this country, ending in a terrible war. In law and in fact there is now hut ona "eivilization." But tha old habits of thought, tha old traditions, the inharited hostilities, still exist, though they diminish in strength each year. Just now it is a conflict between ideas of government. The North, for certain sufficient reasons, entertains the idea that large power lies in the central government; while the South, for certain reasons, holds to the idea of State sovereignty. No laws can control or modify these ideas. Change comes from social growth only. Custom-houses and bayonets cannot reach men's thoughts. Angry, hot words cannot ereate a platform upon which all can stand together. If the press of both sections should become eonciliatory and appreciative, the politics of the country would instantly be purified, and a hetter understanding would arisa. This can hardly be expected to arise whan men are given to one-sided views. But those who are disposed to taka their opinions from the newspapers should always remember that the papers show the weakness and strength of human nature. The instanees wa have given are samples of the weakness.

W. N. A.

Dr. John R. Hewett, formerly of the Hampton Soldiers' Home, has located at Hot Springs, Arkansas, to practice his profession. Ho has a good educatian as Physieian and Surgeon, and also as Chemist, and we trust will meet with sueeess. His office is just above the Arlington Hotel.

THE PEABODY FUND TRUSTEES.

[The Trustees of the Peahody Education Fund have addressed a memorial to Congress, signed on their behalf by Alex. H. H. Stuart of Virginia, M. R. Waite, Chief Justice of the United States, and Wm. M. Evarts, Secretary of State, praying that such public "aid may be granted as may be required to seeure to the colored population of the Southern States the edueation which is neeessary to fit them for the diseharge of their duties as citizens of the United States."

The memorial was written by General Stnart, an ex-slaveholder. It embodies the prineipl reasons on which have been hased the gift of over five millions of dollars hy Northern friends for nego edueation during the past fifteen years, and which inspire an annual stream of nbout half a million dollars in charity that goes steadily from the North to colored schools in the South, to mingle with something like twelve hundred thousnnd dollars devoted to negro edueation from the treasuries of the states lntely in rebellion.

To meet the needs of four and a-half millions of ex-slaves coming out of ages of harbarism and immediately from three centuries of bondage in America, this aid is most inadequate. To fit seven hundred thousand negro voters, mostly illiterate, for tha duties of citizenship is vitally important.

When "a race numbering five millions of aoula is elevated from the degradation of slavery to the high position of eitizenship of a great republic, with all its preeious rights nnd weighty responsihilities," there is work to be done for them.

The well known and nhle men comprising the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund seem to have realized this as never before, and have stated tha need, the danger and the duty in this matter, with singular clearness and force.

We quote from their memorial, believing that we can put nothing better into our columns than soma of its weighty words:—

"In a letter to Mr. Yancey, dated January 6, 1816, Mr. Jefferson says: 'If a nation expects to hs ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what will never be.'"

The inaugural address of President Monroe, delivered March 4, 1816, is quoted as follows:—

"'The people themselves become the willing instruments of their own dehasement and ruin. Let us look to the great cause, and endeavor to preserve it in full force. Let us, hy ell wise and constitutional measures, promote intelligence among the people, as the best means of preserving our liherties.'

* * * * *

"We arc thus compelled to face the fact that more than half a million of voters, scattered over half the Union, from illiteracy are notoriously incompetent to the intelligent discharge of the public duties intrnsted to them. This large class of uneducated voters, It must be remsmbered, are not merely citizens and voters of the States in which they respectively reside: they are also citizens of the United States. The power which they wield and the influence which they exart is not merely local: it is co-extensive with the Union. Their votes may decide the issues of peace or war; thsy may control presidential elections and give shape to the policy of the nation; they are entitled to participate in the election of President and Vice-President, of Members of the House of Representatives, and of the State Legislatures which choose Senators of the United States; they elect governors and legislators of their respective States, judges, clerks, sheriffs, supervisors, magistrates, and almost every officer intrusted with the administration of public affairs; they are themselves eligible to all positions of honor, trust, and emolument, and legelly competent to act as judges or to sit as jurors in cases involving the most sacred rights of life, liberty, and property."

These words of Horace Maan of Massachusetts, referring to the National Government, may he applied to the present day:—

"'All this splendid structure, the vastest and nicest ever devised hy mortals, is under the control of men who are incspahle of reading one word of the language which describes its framework and defines its objects and its guards, incepahle of reeding one word of contemporeneous exposition, of antecedent history, or of subsequent development, and therefore make it include anything or exclude anything, as their blind passions may dictate. Phaeton was less a fool when he mounted the chariot to drive the horses of the Sun, than ourselves, if we expect to reach the zenith of prosperity and happiness under such guidance.'

"If Horace Mann felt justified in using languags like this more thrn twenty years ago, whers would he find words edequats to the expression of his thoughts if he were living in the present day!

* * * *

"But, in the opinion of your Committee, the colored race constitute an exceptional class of our population. Having for generations been held in slavsry, they had no opportunity of obtaining education, of acquiring property, or of qualifying themselves for the intelligent discharge of the duties of citizenship. They are not responsible for their ignorance. They have had no teachers to instruct them in even the rudiments of knowledge, and their parents were as ignorant as themselves. It cannot, therefore, be matter of surprise that they should be, as they unquestionably are, generally incompetent to form intelligent opinions on political questions, or to exercise with discretion the elective franchise. Justice would seem to demand that when a duty is required of a class of citizens, the means should be afforded to them to discharge it properly. The general sentiment of mankind has condemned as tyrannical and oppressive the conduct of the Egyptian task-masters, who required the Israelites to make brick and yet refused to furnish the straw that was necessary.

* * * * *

"Your Committee have already quoted the pregnant remark of Mr. Madison, that 'Knowledge will forever govern ignorance, and a people who mean to he their own governors must arm themselves with this power which knowledge gives.' Can the people of the United States feel that they have done their whole duty to the colored race until they have given them thet degree of education which is esscntial to self-protection?

"Passing to the considertion of the subject in its broader and national aspects, can any reflecting man doubt that the infusion of so large an element of ignorance into the constituent body must be a source of weakness to our system of government? Cen any one fail to perceive thet such a class of voters are constantly liable to become the dupes of artful demagogues, and give their support to measures dangerons alike to liberty and property?

The Chairman of our Board, in his address at the opening of the last meeting, gave us an admonition on this subject which should never be forgotten. It was in these words: 'Our free institutions rest upon intelligence and virtue, and can survive almost anything except ignorance, and the vice, corruption, and violence which are so generally the results of ignorance.'

* * * * *

"Where large masses of population are uninformed, and in need of the common necessaries of life, nothing is more easy than for artful demagogues to to infuse into their minds against their more fortunate countrymen, who, hy peticnt industry and thrift, have been able to surrouud themselves and their families with ell the appliances of comfort and luxury.

"What right have the people of the United States to claim exemption from dangers of this kind, which have proved so disastrous in other countries? It must be remembered that probably four-fifths of all the bonds of the United States, of the several States, of counties, cities, and towns, and of railroad end canal companies; and even a larger proportion of the stocks of all banks, railroad and canal companies, factories, insurance companies, and other monsyed corporations which are held by citizens of the Unitcd Stsles, are owned by capitalists of the Northern and Eastern States. The people of the Southern and Western States, end cspecially the colored people, own very few of them, and have no further concern with them than to bear, directly or indirectly, their share of the taxes levied to pay the interest or dividends on them. Whet security have the people of the United States thet these jarring interests of debtor and creditor, of numbers end property, may not in the future give rise to serious conflicts? Very recently serious commotions of this kind assumed such formidable proportions as to render it necessary to use military power to suppress them. If to this turbulent element of the North there be added seven hundred thousand untntored and non-property-holding colored voters, whose interest is opposed to these kinds of property because of the station which they entail upon them, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foresee that the danger will be greatly increased. Attempt have elready been made, and not without some success, to instil into the minds of the colored voters the idea that they are neither morally nor legally bound to pay any public debt which was contracted before they were emancipated and invested with the rights of citizenship.

"Admonitions liko these ought to teach the thoughtful men of all parts of our country, those who desirs to maintain ths peace and order of society, that the time for vigorous action has come. Delays srs dangerous. If the corrective be not promptly applied, the svil may become irresistible. That corrective is the diffusion of knowledge among the peoples; and this can be accomplished only by teaching every voter to read and write, so that he may be able to have access to the best sources of information and form an intelligent opinion on every question which may arise.

* * * * *

"It appears from the last Annnal Report of our eble and accurate General Agent [Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D.,] that there are at this time 'two millions of children in these [the Southern] States without the means of instruction.' Of these doubtless more than one-half are colored. Our General Agent presents the necessity of action by Congress on this subject in the following impressive words: 'The mere neglect of a great opportunity mey entail disaster upon them and their posterity hy suffering a horde of young harbarians to grow up to prey npon the peace of society. The peril, if once overlooked in this critical moment, cannot afterwards be remedied hy legal enactment and penal measures. If men fail to take the necessary prscaution by training the young to be useful citizens, they must expect to reap e corresponding hervest, and to see around them a community distinguished for "dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices."'

* * *

"Georgs Peabody, the enlightened and beneficent founder of the trust which bears his honored neme, was a native of Massachnsetts, but for many years a resident of London, where he accumulated e large fortuns. With characteristic sagacity, he was among the first to foresee the evils which would be entailed on the Southern States hy the ravages of the war, and the consequent inebility of the people of those States to extend to the rising generation the blessings of education. Discarding every feeling of a sectional character and acting with a megnanimity almost without a parallel in history, he dedicated several millions of dollars of his private fortune 'to he held hy trustees [named by himself] and their successors, and the income thereof used and applied, in their discretion, for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral, and industrial edueation among the young of the more destitute portions of the Southern and Southwestern States of our Union, his purpose being that the benefits intended should be distributed among the entire population, and without other distinction than their needs and the opportnnities of usefulness to them.'

"For twelve years the members of this Board have endeavored faithfully to discharge the duties of the trust reposed in them. In the performance of this duty their thoughts have been turned to the destitntion of the Southern States, to the anlettered condition of a large portion of their population, and to the necesgity of extending liberal assistance to the edueation of the new class of voters who have been introduced into our system. The Boerd have the satisfaction of knowing that with the limited means at their disposal they have been able to accomplish much good. But these means are entirely disproportionate to the end. Where millions of citizens are growing up in the grossest ignorance, it is obvious that neither individnal charity nor the resonrces of Impoverished States will be sufficient to meet the emergency. Nothing short of the wealth end power of the Federal Government will snffice to overcome the evil."

Mr. John B. Gough, the veteran Temperance lecturer, who for forty years has not failed in eloquenee or fire, has recently given two lectures at Hampton Institute, one of which, on Peculiar People, he generously gava for the benefit of the Butler School, and the other, a private one to the students. The school is indebted for his visit to the kind offices of Hon. Wm. Claflin, Representative and Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, who, with his wife and Mrs. Senator Crapo, accompanied Mr. Gough.

ENTERPRISE AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Some months ago we published, with permission of a friend of Hamptoa, a letter from a young colored man, graduate of the Philadelphia High School, in which he spoke of the effort he was making to put up a suitahle huilding for his school in Louisville, Ga. His friends in Philadelphia aided him with money to some extent, but advised him to encourage the colored people to do the chief part themselves, promising to supply maps and a

small library when the school-house was finished. Stimulated by his efforts, they have finished it in about two years. Some of the colored people gave material; others, labor; and some, donations of money, from twenty-five cents to five dollars, but most of them very small sums. The house completed, the enterprise of the people has been pleasantly encouraged by the gift, not only of the maps and library, but of a nice set of desks and seats for thirty-six pupils. The great delight and gratitude with which this wise and generous gift was received, is very eloquently expressed by the young teacher. We publish extracts from his account of it in a Louisville paper:—

Mr. Editor:—Allow me through the columns of your valuable paper to express my gratitude and thanks to the citizens of Louisville for the sympathy and aid which they so kindly gave me in my recent efforts to erect a school-house here for colored children. Two years ago, through the liberality of some philanthropic friends (principally patrons and well-wishers of the school in which I was educated, and hence interested in me and my enterprise,) I was enabled to commence the building, and at different times to make such renewed efforts towards it as required but very little additional labor and expense to render it serviceable, though not entirely complete. And now I am pleased to state, that through the kindness of Hon. J. H. Polhill, Dr. Powell and several other prominent citizens who contributed variously to the cause, and also through the assistance of a number of my colored friends and patrons, additional work upon the building has been accomplished. The lower apartment has been furnished with maps, seats, desks, and other conveniences that belong to a well appointed school-room, for which my thanks and those of the colored people of this community are due to Miss —— and other kind friends, referred to above, who promised me such donations on condition that I would succeed in my undertaking. I think the colored people of Louisville have now taken the lead in this county in respect to educational facilities (I refer only to colored schools). My hope is to raise the standard and increase the efficiency of this school until it shall be all that may be desired in an agricultural community. I believe that the only true method to make my people good citizens is to improve their morals, their religion and their education. If our Solons at Washington could frame their statutes with that object in view, it would do more towards bettering the condition of the black man and eliminating sectional bitterness and strife than all the other legislation for him that could be passed between now and the 90th Congress.

"To conclude, let me again tender my sincere thanks to all parties. They have shown themselves the friends of education and enlightenment. With such sentiments among our private citizens, may we not hope that the time is not far distant when our public legislators will devise some means by which the State and county may give our common schools a longer and more generous support?

"Truly and gratefully,

"GEORGE E. JOHNSON."

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

We give below another set of the "scholarship letters," which, as most of our readers know, are written yearly by the students of Hampton to those who make their education possible by gifts of scholarships of $70 a year, or $210 for the three years' course. The Indians and State students, though not provided for exactly as the rest, are also required to write letters as specimens of their progress which may be used to interest the friends of the school.

FROM AN INDIAN.

Dear friend:

I am a boy of twenty years of age and was born in Indian Territory in the tribe known as the Absentee Shawnee Indians. My parents were both dead: my mother having died first, when I was about fifteen years of age. And my father died just two years ago. I can remember the last words that he spoke to me while he was yet alive. He says that I must not gave up the great object which I am now aiming for, because a day is coming when all Red, Colored and White should live in peace under one law, like one great nation of people. I have these words in my mind all tha time. So I have been going to school ever since; first, at Shawnee Mission, near Sac and Fox Agency in Indian Territory and afterwards I came here. Permit me therefore to express my warm thanks to you for this opportunity I now have for obtaining an education. So that I may know how to live in a better life, and also to know how to teach my people after I go home.

When I left home, I did not expect to see so many things that are strenge. Such as steam-boats and sailing vessels: also I never seen ears untill last fall as I was coming through. Because I live long ways, at least one hundred and twenty-five miles from the Rail Road. Well I came here on the 18th day of October, 1879. I find the school very pleasant and is more than I had expected. Although I was very lonesome at first because I never was away from my relatives before. And I think its natural for any one to feel that way, especially one that never has been away from his relatives in his life. But now I am happy and feel contented and like to study my lessons. Of course I like the school real well in every respect. The teachers and others that are in charge of this school are such a good people and done all they could to make the Indians better and turn them from their bad ways. I hope that they will succeed in so doing, for we know now (at least I do) how *little* the Indian knows about the world: and what was above him. So I will draw my letter to a close by thanking you again and again for this chance of getting an education.

I am respectfully yours,

THOMAS J. WILDCATT.

FROM A JUNIOR.

Dear Friend:

I am writing to one whom I am not acquainted with, and I know no better way of introducing myself to you, than to write you an outline of the history of my past life, and future desires.

My father and my mother were both slaves and I was born as a slave in Alabama, about the year 1849. I commenced picking cotton on the farm when very young, and my mother used to take me on her shoulders and carry me to the house which was about a half mile from the fields. I grew up as a slave in ignorance. You may judge from the following remarks what sort of a man I belonged to. A friend gave me a book, it was called the Webster spelling book, and the man that I belonged to took it from me and told me that if he ever saw me with another book, I should be punished for it. And I took him at his word. I knew what would follow. He did not allow his servants any time to eat. They ate on their way to the fields and sometimes we would be at our plows waiting for day to break, so we could see how to plow and hoe, and one time my mother commenced teaching her children the Lord's Prayer. He told her if he ever heard of her teaching her children the Lord's Prayer again he would punish her severely for it. And she was obliged to stop teaching us the Lord's Prayer. Therefore I never learned the Lord's Prayer, untill 1873.

Wilson's rade passed through Alabama in 1865. And the soldiers carried me along with them, and we arrived at Montgomery after a three weeks' travel through the country. I was also glad to have the chance of going with them. When we got to Montgomery we met some colored troops there, and I enlisted as a recruite in the 61st United States colored infantry. I belonged to Company I. I continued in service nine months, then our regiment was mustered out at Baton Ruge, La., and disbanded at Memphis, Tenn. When we were paid off I drew eighty-five dollars, and before night of the same day I lost my pocketbook, and all of my money. Therefore I began to work there in Tennessee and it took me three years to make and save money enough to pay my way back to Alabama to see my people. I reached them in March, 1869. And I found them without money and with very little food as they had been working for the tenth of the crop.

Then I commenced working on the farm. I continued working on the farm for some years, but kept thinking of going to school. As soon as I could save enough money, and after awhile I saved money enough to pay my way three months in the Burrell Academy at Selma. Then I got out of money and had to leave school and go to work again. I made four attempts to go to school. Three times at Selma, and one time in Talladega. I got out of money each time and had to go to work again. I have never been to school a whole term.

I became qualified to take a first grade public school in 1875. But I did not get any money. I only got due bills and sold them for 60 cents on the dollar, and took a part of that and gave it to my step Father and Mother to help them take care of their children and themselves. My own Father and Mother were never married to each other, therefore I have no whole brothers and sisters. I have always tried to help Mother as my step-father did not know very well how to provide for a family, and had to pay one hundred and fifty dollars for as much land as he could cultivate each year with one horse, and therefore it left him nothing to spare.

Not wishing to stop short of a Normal school education, after reading of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, I resolved to come here where I can pay part in cash and work out the balance.

I arrived here on the 21st of June, 1879. I worked on the farm awhile, and at my own request I was admitted to enter the knitting department, therefore I remained there untill the first of October, then I entered the Junior class, I am getting on very well with my studies. I am doing the best I can, and hope to be able to enter the Middle class by next term

I like this school and its regulations, and I feel that it is one of God's great gifts to the cast down and degraded human beings for whom Christ shed his blood on the cross to save.

When the Academic Hall was burned, I was one among the number that lost every thing I had except what I had on. I confess that I felt sad and cast down when I could not tell where my next garment would come from, but I thank God that I have learned through the teaching of a good missionary to trust in Christ. I have received some clothes and I am thankful to my heavenly Father that he will always remember those who put their trust in him, and I try to trust him every day and I believe he will help me.

If it is his will, I desire to stay here three years to qualifie myself to teach. I have been teaching and wish to make it a business. I would rather teach than to do anything in the world. I do not use tobacco nor whiskey in any form. I will now close with best wishes for your success in this world, and also in the world to come, that is the beautiful city that is prepared for the people of God.

Yours respectfully, H.

FROM A MIDDLER.

Dear Friend:

As I am requested to write you a letter about my vacation work; I have decided to do so.

I left the school for home on the 15th of July. I only stayed a few days at home; I then went on the light house with my father and staid in his place while he could go ashore, to do a kind of work that he always took a large part in. And that is preaching.

I didn't have hard work to do, but constant and important. It is also very dangerous during storms, and very cold in winter. I caught a great many fish while I was there and a variety of them. We would have a shark fishing once in a while, and would catch some very large ones.

I suppose that you would like to know where this light is. It is situated between the two capes, Charles and Henry, in a very bleek place, five miles and a-half from the nearest land. It is built on a round lump of sand, which is supposed to have been formed by the strong tide which never stops running.

During heavy storms it will rock you in the bed, but I believe that it is very firmly built. If you should sail this way and enter the two capes, Charles and Henry, the first fixed red light you see will be the York Spit Light. When I got back to the school I found everything in a good condition "as usual." And when I was doing very well when suddenly we had to give up one of our fine buildings to the raging flames, of which I suppose you have heard.

We only stopped school one day after the great loss; we did not get discouraged for we have "a good and true hearted chief," Gen. Armstrong, who soon got everything in working order again. I turn you a great many good thanks for your kindness toward this school which I hope will be the means of lifting up the two races which we have represented here, to such a high standard that you will not feel as though you could have put your money to some better use. I have not yet decided what I shall do when I leave school, but I want to do some good work, "that is" something worth doing.

I am glad to say that we have good and kind teachers, and if we don't do well, it will not be for want of good teachers. I have learned something about a great many things since I came here, and I believe that I am still learning but not so fast as some of my schoolmates. There are some persons as you know that learn very fast, and there are some that don't; and seems as though I am among the last mentioned. I am now in the Middle class, and intend to study hard; for if I don't be promoted at the end of the term; my father says that this may be my last year at this school, so I have got to study, I am compelled to, and with the help of God, I am going to do tha best I can. I have not yet decided what I shall do when I leave school, but I want to go to Africa where there is plenty of work to do, it is very likely that I will go, because I am after helping my race all I can. I think with the help of God I can do some good work.

Yours truly, S.

FROM A SENIOR.

HAMPTON, VA.

Dear Friend:

This is the third and last time that I will have the pleasure of attempting to express my gratefulness to you as a student of Hampton. What a happy yet sad reality! When I was a Junior I longed for this day to come that I might I be able to write you a real interesting letter. The word Senior seemed as large to me then as President does now. I thought to be a member of the Senior class was to know something about almost everything. Now I have arrived at the long wished for period, I feel my deficiencies more than ever. I feel, in fact, I know that I know nothing when compared with the knowledge of the great school I am about to enter.

My stay at Hompton, this summer, has been a very beneficial one to me both physically and mentally. There were a great many students that remained here all summer. The boys worked on the farm, in the knitting room, saw-mill and work-shops. The girls worked in the knitting room, students' dining-room, washed and ironed for themselves and the boys and attended to other necessities connected with the students department. One of my classmates and I had charge of the teachers' department. My friend cooked, and I did the general housework for the teachers. There were enough to make an ordinary family. Everything seemed so homelike. I never lived with Northern people before, so I knew almost nothing of their way of managing things. Each day I was enabled to get some new idea. Little points which I scarcely ever thought of before became very interesting to me. Although I had to work quite hard, my duties were filled continually with little lessons.

We were under the regular rules of the school all vacation such as attending evening prayers, Sunday School, obeying the ringing of the bells and other things necessary to order. Leizure hours the boys and girls would go rowing, play croquet and amuse themselves in different ways. My friend and I were cut off almost entirely from the other girls on account of our work. Though we were separeted from them, we were kindly granted other enjoyments which amply paid us for the confinement.

About the middle of August we all had a picnic out to the other farm connected with the school, Shellbanks by name, where the Indian boys were the better part of the summer. It was a lovely place. There was the principle house surrounded on one side by a few other small houses, and a great farm stretched beyond those teeming with fruits of the season. On the other side was a beautiful stream gliding by, dotted with small boats.

After we had plundered the place until we were tired almost out, and eaten our dinner we had a sail almost to the Chesapeake bay. I never had such a delightful sail before. The house I spoke of was said to have been the one where Washington dined on his way to meet Cornwallis at Yorktown. We remained out there all day and returned in the moonlight. Imagine about fifty happy hearts in the moonlight and on their way from a picnic.

After the picnic it seemed only a few days before the teachers and students began to return. This ended my first and last vacation at Hampton. I can well add that it was the happiest I ever witnessed here or elsewhere.

School began the first of October. Things seemed so strange then, because of the absence of some of our dear teachers, the members of the preceeding Senior class, others who were out for various reasons, and the great number of new students. Now we have become acquainted with each other and things seem quite different.

About the time everything began to go nicely we met with a great misfortune. One Sunday evening while we were all in the chapel for our usual Sunday evening's lecture and prayers, one of the boys who had been sent on an errand, returned, went directly up to General Armstrong and whispered something to him. General Armstrong raised his hand at once in the midst of the singing with these words: "Girls, keep your seats! Boys, to the engine room, Academic Hall is on fire!" These words went like a daggers to every one of our hearts. We did as commanded, and when all the boys were out we dared to get up and go to the windows to se the fire.

School is very full this term. Everything seems happy in spite of disadvantages. I am sure that I feel happier than I ever did. Everything, somehow, seems to be in my favor, or rather I feel so. So believe the words of a happy-hearted grateful girl.

The term is fast drawing to a close, ere we realize it has begun. What strange feelings come over us at tha thought of what is awaiting us! Only a few more scenes and our curtain will fall forever. This is indeed a sad thought. Had I but realized at the beginning of our school life, as we do now, the importance of hard study, there would have been a vast difference in affairs.

Now, kind friend, I must close this letter. You and other friends have been very kind to us. We feal very grateful to you, and will try to live such lives after leaving here, that you will approve of. I will soon leave Hampton, but the remembrance of your kindness will always follow me.

I remain, dear friend, yours gratefully,

L.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

"COLD WATER TO A THIRSTY SOUL"

—DOING "HIS LEVEL BEST FOR AFRI-

away and wanted to have a good time (i.e. dancing and singing) we would not like that and would call the police, and they did not want to be under English rule, at all. Also he had some trouble with one missionary (Mr.

Yours gratefully, G.

I anclose you three dollars for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN for a club of five at 60 cts. apiece.

very strict and severe on their members with regard to things in which there is no harm, but just the opposite upon things in which there is harm. Playing any kind of games, they say is gambling, and therefore forbid it. Their

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

"Cold Water to A Thirsty Soul."—Doing "His Level Best for Africa."—Mr. Humper Ranoa.—Danger of Ignorant Labor.—Temperance Work.—Grateful for Newspapers.—A Friend in Need.—Drinking Land.—Church Discipline.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY GRADUATE IN AFRICA.

The following very interesting letter from our missionary graduate will, we hope, prompt some of his old friends to send him a letter. We can assure him that he is not forgotten by his busy fellow workers in this country, some of whom may some day give themselves as well as their prayers to Africa:

Mendi Mission, Bonthe, Sherbro Is., W. C. A. *Feb* 23rd, 1880.

General S. C. Armstrong—

My dear Principal:

If I were able to tell you how gled I was to receive your letter, you would not believe me. It came by the last mail, at a time when I felt as though every body in the world had forgotten me, and that I was on e loecly isleed. Please accept my thanke for it, for it indeed geve me joy. You will please receive my meny thenks for the bill you canceled for me. I shall try to repey you by doieg my level best for Africa, and her beeighted childree. I was more than glad to hear from Hempton. Although I get the Workman, e letter from any one at Hampton is always sweet. I hope I shall not be left so loeg eeother time without oee ss I hed been before I got yours. I was iedeed sorry to hear of the fire at the school, eed have and shall pray that God mey open some wey for the Inss to be replaced.

I shell now tell you ebout our journey into the Mende country. We started on the 12th of Jenuary end reached e town on the 14th called Mgumbe, where we stayed thet eight, as the chief was goee, and would eot be beck till the eext dey, and we wiebed to see him. Early in the mernieg of the 15th he came, and after hevieg e loeg, loud cry we were told thet we could see him, (he hed been to another town where his son had died a few days before, so when be got home ell of the people of his town came end hcerd the sad news and joined in the cry). We sew bim and hed some talk with him, and efter our men got our breekfast we left for the next lerge town, Concumana. We reached here after s few hours' row, and had a greed reception by ell the people, They had a bouse made ready for us at oece, and a kid killed for ns; this was a token of our welcome. This town is under the British Goverament, and they keep a stondieg police corps there. So we mede this our headqeerters, eed visited the meny towns around there. On the 15th, we visited a town celled Dodo. This is e Sherbro town, the chief and ell his people ere Sherbroes. We esw the chief and had some talk with bim. He is very deeirous of baying s mission et or near bis town, but as we were only efter the Mende people we could make bim no promises. This is a walled town, (but not after the style of Jeruselem the city of the Great Kipg). It has three welle (war fences); they are mede of long poles placed in the gronnd upright, and as close as they can be put together; they are ebout twelve ft. above the ground, and the gatee about eight ft. apert; they are not in front of each other, but they are dodged so you cannot stand outside and see into the "city." Two persons my size cannot get through the gotes et the same time, neither could I go through streight, but had to go helf bent. The chief ie noted for his cruelty eed is feared by ell the netives around for miles. They call bim the big men for them (futher for them), and none of the lesser chiefs will settle any matter of note without consulting Mr. Humper Ranca as be is called. And if he sees a man's wife and be wants her (as often is the case), he only has to say it and for fear of death, the men will giva up his wife freely, end if not, the men will either have to be killed or sold into elavery. Oe the whole Mr. Ranca, is a bad man. We visited another town celled Mocombra, but did not see the chief. We learned afterwards thet when he beard thet we were coming he ren and hid, thinking thet we were police from Concumena, coming to take him to the Gevernor. This town is very neet end the people looked very intelligent; as the chief wes eway we could not get any enswer from them whether they wanted a mission or not. We went to Mosocco next, but again missed the cblef as he was gone to eettle some big pelava in the country. We sew his spokesmse, end asked the oft repeeted questinn whether he wauted a mission at bis town, when he gave No; we asked why; he said if we came there when his friende would come from far ewey eed wanted to heve a good time (i.e. dancing eed singieg) we would not like that and would call the police, aed they did eet went to be ueder Eeglish rule, et ell. Also he had some trnuble with one missionary (Mr. Burton of the Meade missioe) some time ago, eed did not weet to heve anything more to do with them. After we had talked with him for some time, the people rose up end spoke in our favor, that we came to do them good, eed they keew it. So thee he said he would weit and see the chief, ie being their head, eed give us an eeswer. This was thet they weeted us to hrieg the mission there but they must see Mr. Humper Raeca before they could give us a piece of lend. They were to heve heard from Mr. Ranca by the 1st of February, et which time we weet for the enswer, but they hed not gottee eey, eed before we got an eeswer we were recelled by Prof. T. N. Chase, who is out here inspecting the work.

I guess you heve hesrd or will hear, before this letter reeches you, thet Mr. eed Mrs. Miller heve goee home. Dr. James (who was with eie) has elso goee. The former sterted Jne. 17th; the latter, Feb. 11th. The departure of Dr. James made every thing look gloomy to me. We heve beee together ever siece I first got to New York; he was the first oee of the party I met with, eed while there heve been disagreemeets with others on the field, Dr. James end I have been like two brothers, end to think thet he is goee is almost more than I can bear. Yet I know thet God has done it. I em glad to heer that some more of the Hampton Studeets are waeted for eisieionary work ie Africe. I ehall over pray thet they may have euccess in their work.

I shell heve to close, but believe me thet e word from you at euy time is elways happily received Remember me in all.

I am, your pupil,

A. E. White.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKER.

Organizing Sueday schools and keeping them going is n work into which our graduate teachers almost always enter with great energy, sometimes giving from their own small means to help supply papers to their schools, destitute of Bibles and all the appliances that a Northern school thinks essential.

Dear Miss L.: ——, Va., *April* 6, 1880.

As I have the houor of beieg one of the Hampton graduates, I thought it would interest you to kuow what I have been doing eince I left school. When I left there last June, I eame to this place, and in this vicinity I organized three Sabiath-schools. After I did this, I began to inspect each school, and I found that they were almost utterly destitute of Bihles and school papers of nll description. What to do to keep these children together, as their parents were too poor to buy books I did not know; during this time I thought of the Sunday School Edition of the Southern Workman; so I had a collection taken in each church to send for it. When these came, as a few among them could read, I never saw such anxious eyes as when I told them that I was going to give them a paper.

I taught these until October 27th, then commeced teaching a public school, with nine pupils for the first day, and when the month ended I had twenty on roll. The second month my average was much better. My school numbered forty before Christmas, and was very likely to be much larger after a while. The most advanced scholars had not yet entered the school, they had been busy helpieg their parents with their crops. I taught reading, writing, spelling, aithmetic, grammar, and geography. I like the work dearly, but it requires a great deal of patieuce. I feel thet it is a grand thing to be ehle to help those who are so low down. My scholars, as a geueral thieg, seem to be wide awake, and very anxioue to learn. I closed my school a few days since, and I had a spleadid time. All the parents expressed their joy and said that they never saw such before. There were present nearly three hundred persons, thirty or forty of whom were white pupils and teachers. One of the white teachers said she never saw or heard of colored children acting so well, in her life; she seemed to be perfectly carried away with the exercises.

A great many of the colored people in this vicieity own land. Some of them hire themselves to white men for wages and at the end of the year when pay-day comes, they get nothieg for their year's labor, because they have eaten and drunk it all up; so they go away giving their employer a bad name, say. that he has cheeted them out of their year's work. So you see how dangereue it is to employ ignorant laberers. I am boarding with an intelligent family. Most all theso who own land own a horse and two or three cows. I have received the *Educational Journal*, and I fiud it very useful. I thank you or whoever sends me those papers. They gave me great pleasure for I am without such. I will close for the present, in hopes of hearing from you soon. Remember ma to all.

Yours gratefully, G.

I eeclose you three dollars for the Southern Workman for e club of five et 60 cts. apiece.

TEMPERANCE.

The following interesting temperance letter gives n very graphic account of a graduate's work and the condition of things in a Southern neighborhood.

——, Va., *Mar.*, 5, 1880.

General Armstrong—

Dear Friend:—I presume you would be glad to know how I am getting on teaching, and also something of the condition of the people with whom I am dealing. This is my first teachieg. I heve beee teaching nearly four months, and have eerolled forty-four pupils, but have now oely thirty-one; necessity having called the others to work. I have had quite a number of young men, in fact, growu ones of both sexes, and have some new. These are the most obedimt part of my whole school. Of this class I have had occasion to repreve only three; two of whom are a young lady and a gentleman who, oe the day of reproveI had beee corresponding ie school; for the same was my reproof. Thie I did in the same manner that I correct all of my pupils, which is in private efter I have dismissed school. I was much tickled, (but showed no signs of it in their presence) at the manner in which the young lady manifested her guilt and shame. The young man looked very stere aed they both agreed with me in sayiug it was wrong, and that they had no time to waste, promised to do so no more and have kept their word. The parents as well as the pupils treat me with great reepect. I occupy a portiee of every Friday in my school in giving the pupile a short lecture on such subjects as morals, honesty, health, etc., and by having them engage in spelling matches and speaking. This accounts for our visiters each Friday afternoon. Scholars take great dnlight in athletic exercises. A few evenings ago, I gave a public lecture on Health and Physiology, occupying the time of one hour and a half, and had a large and attentive audience. W—— B,—— my class and choir mnte, who is teaching near me, and another young man aided me after I was through my talk, in singing a few pieces of the Hampton Plantation Songs of which some of the crowd exclaimed that they could listen to these all night.

THE WORKMAN IN THE SOUTH.

The Southern Workman is gradually pushing its way through the South. The freedmen need educating up to the want of a good paper; that is one mission of the Workman,—we believe it will succeed. The rising generation will take papers as they can afford to.

My Sunday school is quite numerous; in it I take grent pleasure, especially since Miss M. has been so kind as to give us so many nice and interesting papers, and question books for children. This has caused the Sunday School to increase in number. We are taking twenty copies per month of the Southern Workman Sunday School Editioe, but not enough for each scholar to have one. I obtained a subscriber for the Workman at one long eieetion, but in N. C. The Workman is highly spoken of by Capt. B. He says it would be a good thing if we could get these colored people to take it. I have not gottea any of them to subscribe for it, but often read it to them. They like it very much. Both white and colored are curious to know something about the Hampton Institute. Some white people in thie neighborhood have beeu there on a visit, and commend it very highly. Neither of ue four Hampton graduates who are teaching in this county was examined.

DRINKING UP LAND.

Some of these colored people, I notice, spend quite a portion of their earnings for rum and tobacco. One man told me not long ago, that his tobacco cost him 20 cts. per week. I figured and told him, that at that rato it ceet him $10.40 per year which would pay for over two acres of good land in this vicinity. He did not tell me how much his drink costs him; because he was ashamed to, I think. When I came into the neighborhood they would offer me a drink about every time I called on them, but as I have never taken one and tell them that I have not for three years, and tell nhout the wrongness of it, they do not ask me any more nor drink in my presence, but I have discovered that they still keep it up, and try to hide it from me. I think a lecture ou temperance would help them a great deal so if I can get hold of any such reading matter I shall give one. Here some colored people have their earning and put it to good use; I can count over a dozen who owu from five acres of land to seventy-four; horses and cows also. The gentleman who owns seventy four acres bought and paid for thirty acres within two years, at $5 per acre; his wages being $1.00 per day and his eou'e 75c. He very recently bought forty-four more. He has good nbility of management, and is a faithful and zealous worker in the cause of Christ. He has given one acre of land to the church and aided in erecting a neat and snug little church. The churches here, from ignorance, no doubt, are very strict and severe on their members with regard to things in which there is no harm, but just the opposite upon things in which there is harm. Playing my kind of games, they say is gambling, and therefore forbid it. Their young members have but little enjoyment. A church not far from here, bad such ignorant, biedieg eed tortnring laws that it lost several of its members, which caused many of the rules to be elapsed of. Those who support these rules most strongly, are the most advanced in age, and particularly in ignoraece. The people, I notice, en becomieg intelligent, protest against such laws; for thet reason, I think, ell such will finally be left off. I am laboring to correct such as that ie this neighborhood, because I think it part of a teacher's duty. Through ignorance, the people make the path of a Christian a great deal more narrow than it really is; thus causieg sinners to delay in coming to the Saviour. But just like Paul they think that they are doieg His will. The most enlightened readily agree with me.

As usual, I have lately been visited by a compeey of trustees who expressed themselves as being highly pleased at the progress of the pupils. I would be glad to hear from you.

Yours faithfully, G.

We are glad of the opportunity to attend the Colored Teacher's Institute, which will be held oe the 17th inst., at Maechester, Va.

A gentleman who has very kindly furnished several of our graduate teachers with papers for the last two years, sends us the two following specimens of the interesting correspondence his kindness has led to.

A WORTHY AMBITION.

——, N. J., *March 6th*, 1880.

Mr. ——,

My dear Friend:

Through your benevoleet kindness I have for many weeks been the recipient of a supply of papers, thus being furnished with much reading matter that would otherwise be beyond my reach. While thankieg you for your kiedness, I cannot but thiuk that you would be interested in hearieg something about the work in which I am oegaged. I entered the field of New Jersey, as a teacher in April, 1879, after a session of teaching and out without difficulties in Virginia.

Though knowing that the burden upon the shoulders of a teacher is heavy anywhere I cherished the idea thet the work would be much more pleasant and easier than in the South, but an experience of a year in e Jersey school-room has taught me differently. My school, numbering 87, with an average daily attendance of 50, is situated about one-half mile from ——. Much energy and tact is required to control such a number and to guide them through the intricate mazes of soquiring "book knowlege;" yet still greater qualifications are needed to lead them to view education in its true sense—that of elevating and inspiring all which is noble and grand in the humen character. 'Tis a great undertaking but it is also one which, if rightly carried through, will be more than proportioually grand in its results.

I find the New Jersey standard for teaching higher than the average of Virginia, a certificate of a 2d grade here being quite equal to one of the 1st grade there. At my first examination last May I received a 3d grade certificate and at the one held Saturday, February 28th, I was one of four in the county who applied for a 2d grade. Yesterday I received the document that amply repays me for all my labors, but does not satisfy my ambition, as I expect to attend the May examinstion for the 1st grade.

The duties of a colored teacher here are not only those of a guide of children, but a leader among those of maturer age, yet incapable of lighting their own pathways.

Hampton teachers are trained for just such work, and I think our trio here will alter the customs of many of the older, and shape the rough quarried marble of the younger in to fitting ornaments for the Master's kingdom.

Yours very truly, P.

——, Maryland, Jan. 7, 1880.

Mr. ——,

Dear Sir:—I am glad to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated 24th of December. I found me in much better condition than I was when I wrote you last. I am also getting along well with my school. Throngb the kindeess of Mr. ——, of Boston, Maas., my school has been furnished with a good supply of books, charts, slates, blackboard, wall maps, writieg and multiplication cards, all of which was very much needed and added greatly to the success of my work. I thank you for your willingness to put forth efforts in behalf of my appeal, for clothing for the children. As the winter has been so favorable, many who I thought would be compelled to stop are still coming. I receive your papers weekly, they afford me much comfort, without them I would fall short of the knowlege of many instructive issues. I hope you will excuse my delay in writing. When your letter was received I was preparing to go away to spend my holidays; just returned last Saturday. My regards to your family. I am pleased to hear from you at any time.

I am youra truly, B.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

two legs—something you have for Thanksgiving—and a wishbone. I must name of our readers hold both bands up before them to show whet they are. Now the teecher says, "I have will 4 pairs cost?

7. I had $10.00: I gave one-eighth of it to

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

EVERY-DAY LIFE.

At quarter past five in the morning, the rising bell rings, when all the good boys and girls are expected to spring from the caressing arms of that indolent old monarch, Morpheus, to go forth to the duties of the coming day. But if Morpheus is indolent, he is also good natured, and is always ready to pour into the ears of his attentive listeners some stirring tale that fires the imagination, holding his audience spell-bound. When the rising bell rings at ten minutes before six, many of his admirers have not left his territory; but, alarmed and frightened, they give one hound which lends them in this cold world; then, ladies, can you believe it? they get ready for breakfast in *ten minutes*. This is not the good fortune of all: some of the boys are too ceremonious in making their toilet, and by the time they get through, the boys' roll has been called and they are on their way to breakfast, whom these loyal subjects overtake after a good run. After breakfast, the boys pass away the time until inspection in various ways; just now the most popular amusement is playing marbles. The game is not local, as it used to be some years ago when boys with their hands in their pockets stood shivering on the sunny side of the house or barn, waiting for their turn to throw: it's a peripatetic game, in which one thrower seems to hope that by chance he may hit the merble of his companion, which may be lodged in a deep furrow of a recently plowed field, or in the tangled masses of dried grass—the more uneven the ground the more exciting the game. The industrious and thoughtful occupy their time in preparing their lessons for the coming day, for, being less brilliant in mind, may be, than their gay companions, it takes them evening and morning to get their lessons.

At quarter past eight, the bugle blows. Strictly speaking, I ought to say cornet, but it is so customary to say "bugle call" that I will keep to custom. The boys fall into line in their various companies, and then march to the place where the battalion is being formed. Inspection follows, when all the boys march to Virginia Hall; the col.red boys go into the Hall, and the ladians, with no music to regulate their steps, go running, jumping and walkiag to the Wigwam. Here they again fall into line, and each boy is closely questioned concerning what he has on, the object being to see that every boy goes properly dressed and has on underclothing. They merch into the Wigwam, where devotional exercises are first held, consisting of recitations from the Scriptures, singing hymns, and a prayer. The rest of the morning is given to class recitations.

It is certainly very encouraging to a teacher who has the "blues", to leave for a short time his or her little school-world, and visit a neighboring planet of the same system, and find that the people there do just as they do in the world left behind; and if we can never see how brightly our world is shining, we can all believe that it is. It is very pleasant to go from class-room to class-room, noting the progress that these Indian children have made since they came to Hampton. In the first room that I entered, the class was conversing in English; most of them were those who came last December. The following sentences will give some idea of what they were doing when I went in. The teacher would read one sentence, and the class the next:

"Good morning. What a pleasant day it is. Yes; it is very pleasant. Are you glad? Yes; I am very glad. Do you hear the birds sing? Yes; how sweetly they sing. Where are you going? I am going to school? Where do you go to school? I go to Hampton School. What do you learn? I learn English. Can you speak English? Yes; I can speak English a little. Can you write? Yes; I can write a little."

After reading from the blackboard, the teacher rubbed out the sentences, and called upon members of the class to talk with her about what they had read. When about to stop the exercise, one little haud went up, and a little voice said, "I want to say it."

As I have only a furlough of forty minutes from my own little world, I must travel very rapidly from planet to planet if I expect to see much in so brief a time. It was, of course, very pleasant to come to the writing world, where everything was "write." The children are not only taught to make letters, but to copy sentences, and so are learning sense as well as shape.

It seems that before I reached the class a talk had been given, as is usual, to the people, and when I got there they were all ready to practice the letter *g*. The teacher began to ask them to think of all the words they knew that begin with g. The result was a little surprising,—"glad, girl, good, gravy, grain, grew, get, glue, give, grass, grove, God, glass," and one boy very triumphantly declared that "green grass growe." There was one other word which the teacher thought they must know began with a g; so she asked, "What is it you see walking around with two legs—something you have for Thanksgiving dinner?" I trust none of our readers will for a moment think that this was an unfair question, for the Indians at Hampton are civilized enough to know that Thanksgiving Day is a goose day, and, like many others more enlightened, they give thanks for a goose. The question brought the required answer; and while they probably began to look forward to next goose day, I went off to another planet.

READING.

The teachers in these classes put the new words on the blackboard and talk about them with the class. After reading, the books are closed, and they are required to give some account, in their own words, of what they have been reading. A dialogue was well read by a girl and a boy, and a story about a parrot and its wonderful tongue was very amusing as well as instructive to the class. The boys and girls enjoyed a joke at the parrot's expense, who, when handed a watch and asked to tell the time, replied, "It's all right." It requires much ingenuity on the part of the teacher to explain things to them. In reading, they found the word, bigger; to explain this an illustration was required. The teacher had one boy make what he thought was a big line on the blackboard; then another boy was sent to the board to show what he thought was a big line; then the two were compared, and the familiar expressions of "Ah!" "M" told that all was understood.

It is strange how good people can be in one world, and how bad and stubborn in the next. I believe that more or less of this is common everywhere in our little school worlds. The lowest Indian classes are being drilled in the principles as given in Munroe's Phonetic Charts.

In arithmetic, the classes are taught to combine numbers rapidly. In the lowest classes the teacher shows of what numbers are composed, in the following way: They are first asked how many fingers they have in all. They all answer, ten. The teacher then says, "Each one of you will be named a ten. Now I want to make thirty-five; how many tens shall I take?" They all answer, "three tens." From the many volunteers, the teacher selects three tens, or, three students; these are placed in the middle of the room and hold both hands up before them to show what they are. Now the teacher says, "I have taken three tens; how many units do I want to make thirty-five?" The answer is "five," and before the little girls have had time to set their faces for a touching appeal to stand with the "tens," a big boy is chosen and joins his companions; he keeps one hand before him and hides the other, to show that he is only five units. The class add the column up and find it to be thirty-five.

Our effort in arithmetic is to teach them what will be practical. A primary arithmetic containing the four tables has been given to some of them; but thus far we have used no text-books, preferring to use the blackboard, and so avoiding all stiff rules and formulas, which rather tend to narrow the child's mind than to expand it. At every step of our way we have met the enemy, not as a new and untried one, but as the old one slightly re-inforced. All formal introductions, as, "We will now study Division," or, "We will now study Fractions," have been studiously avoided; without a knowledge of their rank, they meet their new acquaintences,

BLIND BESS.

will 4 pairs cost?

7. I had $10.00: I gave one-eighth of it to my sister; two-fifths to my brother. I then gave one-fourth of what I had left to my father, and two-fourths to my mother. What did I give to each? How much have I now?

The above examples were all worked out correctly and handed in as parts of lessons. There are about twenty in his class, and most of them eighteen months ago knew nothing about arithmetic.

In learning to converse in English, the Indians are divided into two sections. They are all shown a picture and are requested to tell the teacher what they see in it. The following regular class compositions are concerning the same picture, and will give some idea how the two classes compare:

"*A Country Home.*

"This picture looks like Shellbanks. We see horses, and pigs, and chickens, and one *funny* little *donkey*. The horses are *sleek* and fat. The pigs are fat too. So are the chickens. The funny little donkey is very fat *indeed*. When I have some animals I shall take good care of them."

"*The Stock Farm.*

"This stock farm *belongs* to a farmer who raises *stock;* horses, and cattle, and sheep, and pigs, and chickens. The horses look *sleek* and fat. All his animals are in good *condition*. To keep animals in good condition, it is *necessary* to give them good food, and water, and *shelter*. If we are kind to them, they will grow strong and handsome and we can sell them for a good price."

In these compositions the new words are Italicised. The new word is not given at once, but the pupils are led to express their own thoughts, being led on to the new word which is drawn from them. This plan of drawing out is found in all of our teaching; they are required to think for themselves and to express their thoughts. When asked what they thought was necessary to keep their clothes in good condition, there were various replies, as, we must mend our clothes." "Must wash our clothes," "Must iron our clothes," "Must not tear our clothes."

When visitors enter our class-rooms they must be impressed with the simplicity of our school outfit. The blackboard is our encyclopedia; it is surprising what a wonderful source of information it can be made to give. It is the book our Indians have used the past eighteen months, to study arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading, writing, history and spelling. After the loss of Academic Hall, we missed nothing so much as our blackboards, and they were the first things to be replaced.

AT WORK.

In the work-shops and on the farm, as well as in the school-room, the whole effort is to stimulate thought. The work in tin goes on, as well as that in wood and iron. Just now, the boys are making two large globes to use in the school-room, from which to study geography. The surfaces will be finished like a blackboard, and on them the students will draw their own maps; they will thus see the shape of the earth and the relative position of the different bodies of land and water. We think it will be an improvement on the flat surface, which gives no idea of the rotundity of the earth.

We have often been asked if the Indians are likely to make any use of their knowledge when they return home. The reply has always been an emphatic "Yes." There is very little practical knowledge that one gets that is not made use of sometime or another in life. The knowledge of and the power to get anything that will increase man's comfort and happiness must sooner or later contribute to the same, whether it be for a civilized people or for savages.

In our teaching, we aim at the practical rather than the ornamental. We are fitting men and women for a purpose. We show them the world as it is, that they may not be disappointed and deceived by and by. We

have faith in our work, and if we do not look for an abundant return we do expect a good harvest.

In this connection the following, from one of the Indians at the agency, may be of interest, as showing the animus and change civilized world, and the child of the red man must be treated to the same medicine, or be ultimately cancelled out.

Let him stay there if he can, and save both the South and himself to civilization."

have faith in our work, and if we do not look for an abundant return we do expect a good harvest.

EVENINGS.

The evenings are employed in various ways: twice a week they have a prayer-meeting; one evening is devoted to games and social amusement; one to singing; another to a general talk, and Saturday night the boys meet for a society which has been formed for their general benefit.

Thus our school life goes on; there are but very few ripples to disturb its peaceful flow. We believe that there is no springtime for right ideas of life, and so continue to plant them all the year around. J. C. D.

MARSHALL, MICHIGAN, *March* 21, 1880.

Editor of Workman:—

I was prepared by the copies of the WORKMAN, read by me during the past year and a half, to find your Indian pupils improved and advanced; but the actual advancement, as evidenced by their general deportment during my recent visit at Hampton, was far beyond my most sanguine expectations, and I am more than ever convinced of the sound wisdom and practicability of the philanthropic effort inaugurated at Hampton, in the autumn of 1878. The earnest and persevering efforts of the enthusiastic workers in the education and industrial training of the Indian youth under their charge, have already borne fruit unmistakably sound and good. The cleanly and orderly appearance of their persons and rooms, their bright, happy and cheerful faces, prompt obedience and earnest desire to learn, all tell of the humanitarian efforts which have been put forth in their behalf.

My interest in some eight or ten of your Indian pupils dates back to the autumn of 1876, when the Indians at their agency, Cheyenne River Agency, Da. Ty., were turned over to the control of the military authorities. Many of these Indians had participated in the Custer campaign, were savage, wild and barbarous. During the winter of 1876–7, nine companies of Infantry were stationed at this agency. In September, while the troops were still in camp and before the Indians were disarmed and dismounted, the young bucks raced to charge through the camp, firing off their Winchesters and shouting at the top of their lungs. About the middle of this month the Commission sent out by the Government to treat with the Sioux for the purchase of the Black Hill country arrived at Cheyenne River Agency, and these Indians actually planned and attempted to execute a well arranged scheme for the massacre of the commission. They were prevented by the presence of the military, which actually surrounded the warehouse where the council was being held. They all dressed in the regular Indian costume, blankets, breech-cloth, feathers and paint; did nothing but ride about, hunt, commit depredations and lay around their camps, smoking and watching the squaws work.

Soon after the departure of the commission, all the Indians at the agency were disarmed and dismounted; the ponies were driven to Yankton and St. Paul, and sold, and the proceeds invested by the military authorities in domestic cows, which were duly turned over to the heads of families, who were required to sign an agreement, which was carefully interpreted to them, that they would neither sell, trade, kill or otherwise dispose of said cows and their increase, but that they would duly care for and protect said cows and their increase for the benefit of themselves and their families. A thorough census of the Indians had been taken, and the cows were given to them in proportion to the number of persons in each family. Five hundred and forty-nine head were issued at one time, October, 1877, and 200 at another, September, 1878. In July, 1879, the Interior Department issued 500 cows to these Indians, and in August, 1879, a careful and thorough enumeration of the cows, calves and bulls in the possession of the Indians showed that they had a total of nineteen hundred and eighty-six (1,986) head; or an increase of 734 over the number of head issued them. During the summers of 1877, '78 and '79, the Indians cut hay for the use of their cattle during the winter, built stables, and in every way displayed an appreciation of the value of their cattle and an evident desire to properly care for them. Gradually, they left their tipis for log houses, and selected separate pieces of land which they broke up and planted; they threw away their blankets, breech-clouts, feathers and paints, donned the white man's dress and went to work. With increasing interest in and care for their stock they imbibed an evident desire to settle down and remain near their cattle. The agent, Major Schuan, 11th Infantry, employed six Indians as laborers at the agency, when he took charge in March of '78. These Indian laborers worked faithfully, doing the same work that the white laborers did, and this, too, when they were paid $10, while the white men were receiving $40 per month.

In this connection the following, from one of the Indians at the agency, may be of interest, as showing the animus and change effected on these Indians during three years of firm, just and thorough discipline and kind treatment:—

"LITTLE NO HEART'S" ADDRESS TO THE AGENT, JULY, 1879.

"My friend, I come this morning to speak to you in regard to the arrival of the visitors from Rosebud Agency. Does the Great Father know about this agency? Does He know that we have given up a great many of our old customs and habits and settled down? What I want my people to do is to take a tract of land separately, till the soil, and care for their cattle. We want land given to us individually, that each man may own his land and have greater interest in it, and this, I think, is the best course for us to pursue.

"The way the Indians used to live is familiar to us; we have just left off living that way. We, of this agency, have changed a great deal from our former mode of living: while the Indians at Red Cloud and Rosebud Agency are still living in the old way, and it is their desire that we should return to the same mode of life. Spotted Tail has never advocated farming and stock-raising, and is still living after the manner of his fathers. Yet he appears to be a favorite with the Great Father, who has made a great chief of him and allowed him to keep his people about him, enjoying all their old barbarous customs and idle, shiftless mode of life to which they have of old been accustomed. Now, my friend, if Spotted Tail and his people are permitted by the Great Father to allure my people back into their old barbarous habits, from which I have struggled so hard to lead them, he will do me a great wrong and uproot the good seed I have planted in my people's hearts. We don't want our young men encouraged to take hold of the sun-dance-pole, but to take hold of the plow-handles. We desire land to be allotted to us severally, and tools given us to work with; we also desire that we be furnished with small ox-yokes with which we can break the young cattle we have raised, and we do not want to be furnished with tipi-cloth and breech-clouts, but with white men's clothes and material with which to build houses; we don't want them built for us—we have found out that we have hands and arms, and we can make them ourselves.

"Now, my friend, if it is possible, I would like the Great Father to prevent the sale to us of all paints, beads, squaw-cloth, irriquois and hair-pipe. I ask this because I believe the sale of these things by the trader tends to allure the young Indians back into their old habits."

The foregoing was intended by Little No Heart as a protest against the action of the Indian agent at Rosebud Agency in allowing his Indians to engage in a sun-dance, and inviting the Indians at Cheyenne River to join in said barbarous ceremony; and his speech is a fair exposition of the state of feeling among his people at the time. Nearly every family at the agency had a patch of ground under cultivation, and some forty-two families had selected separate claims and were at work improving them. At this agency, in 1870, when the writer suggested to the then agent the propriety of engaging Indians to do the necessary work about the agency, he was looked upon as crazy, and received a reply to the effect that the agent would as soon think of jumping into the Missouri River, that the Indians would consider such a proposition as a mortal offence. During these years a rigid inspection was made of all the camps from week to week; the Indians were constantly urged to work for themselves, for the agency, for the military and for contractors. The honor of working and improving their estate was kept before them; the idle and vicious were punished, and the industrious praised, honored and rewarded. In order to manage them properly, it became necessary to study their character, customs and habits of thought. It was found that they were amenable to reason, would readily admit the justice of one's strictures on their conduct. "My friend, you have shown me the straight road; henceforth I will follow it"—and straightway they go meandering along the crooked paths their fathers have made memorable.

This is not due to treachery, but to an inability to retain and act upon the intelligent conclusions they may have arrived at. It is the result of undeveloped brain force ruling thoroughly developed physical nature—or, *vice versa*, as you please to put it. The same impulses for good and bad obtain in the natures of these wild and savage children, as controls the actions of the child of civilized man. Under just, kind and firm treatment they become confiding and affectionate; if ill treated and abused, they become dogged and cruel. They are either *more* noble or *less so naturally* than the average specimen of humanity. The average scion of civilized man requires a thorough course of moral, intellectual and mechanical training in order to fit him or her for any sphere of usefulness in the civilized world, and the child of the red man must be treated to the same medicine, or be ultimately cancelled out.

GEO. LER. BROWN,
2d Lieut. 11th Infantry.

ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS.

THE New Orleans Louisianian—a colored newspaper—publishes a letter of interest to emigrants from W. O. Lyneh of Topekn, who has been authorized by the Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association to urge emigrants to go to other States than Kansas which is getting over-full. Governor St. John himself writes:

"We shall never turn our backs upon any law-abiding human being who is willing to put forth an earnest effort to make an honest living—but Kansas being yet in her infancy can absorb only a limited number."

At a meeting of citizens of Chicago, in March, a resolution was adopted inviting 50,000 colored people to settle in Illinois. Mr. Lynch advises those wishing to find homes in the Northern States to stop at Cairo, Illinois, where they will be met by committees of both the Kansas, and Chicago Association. He states that from Cairo, more than three hundred families have found homes in Illinois and Iowa, and are doing well; also that hundreds of applications for laborers come from Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Michigan and Ohio. Those wishing to go into either of those States may stop at St. Louis where arrangements will be made by the Kansas Association to transfer them without delay.

Those who have enough money to buy land and not become a burden to the State are of course welcome and free to go anywhere, but all who go empty-handed, should very carefully consider the question where work can be obtained, both for their own interests, and the reputation of the whole exodus movement. Those who are thinking of emigrating would do well to consider the wise suggestions of Mr. Frederick Douglas, who forcibly says.

"On this great question, we want light rather than heat, thought rather than feeling, a comprehensive appreciation of what the Negro has already on his side as well as of his disadvantages. A few years ago he had nothing, not even himself. Now he has himself, and his labor. He has more—a standing in the constitution of the United States, not to be changed by any conjunction of circumstances likely to occur. He may wisely bide his time. The situation at the moment is exceptional and transient. The permanent powers of the Government are all on his side. These are not the only people who have been in a movement of popular passion, maltreated and driven from the polls. The Negroes' rights will revive, survive and flourish again. The rising tide of civilization will eventually float him as it eventually floats all other varieties of the human family to whom floating in any condition is possible. . . . Without abating one jot of horror and indignation at the outrages committed in some parts of the Southern States against the Negro, we cannot but regard the present agitation as ill-timed and in some respects hurtful. We stand to-day at the beginning of a grand and beneficent reaction. National ideas are springing up all around us—the oppressor of the Negro is seen to be the enemy of the peace, prosperity and honor of the country. . . . At a time of hope and courage like this, it is unfortunate that a cry of despair should be raised. In Georgia, the Negroes are paying taxes upon 0,000,000 of dollars, in Louisiana upon forty or fifty millions, and upon unascertained sums elsewhere in the Southern States. Let the colored people of Georgia offer their six millions worth of property for sale, with the purpose to leave Georgia and they will not realize half its value. Land is not worth much where there are no people to occupy it, and a mule is not worth much where there is no one to drive him. . . . In the South the Negro has at last the possibility of power, in the North he has no such possibility. The exodus places colored voters in a country where their proportion to other classes will be so small as not to be recognized as a political element or entitled to be represented by one of them. As an assertion of power, by a people hitherto held in bitter contempt; as an emphatic and stinging protest against high-handed, greedy and shameless injustice to the weak and defenceless; as a means of opening the blind eyes of oppressors to their folly and peril, the exodus has done valuable service. But it is medicine, not food; not to be taken from choice but necessity. In anything like a normal condition of things, the South is the place for the Negro. Nowhere else is there for him the promise of a happier future. Let him stay there if he can, and save both the South and himself to civilization."

THERE is much to show the cruelty of our civilization. Even Christians were, as a body, long complacent over American slavery; they are now slow to action in behalf of the wronged Indian. "Ourselves first" is the keynote of their conduct. How many really able men, devoted to righting the wrongs of either of the races can we count up? Such men are usually kept at home. The weaker get of men or of money only what the strong can spare.

The following from a recent lecture by the Rev. S. C. Damon, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, where the Chinese question is becoming a serious one, shows the practical barbarism of a civilized country.

This conflict of race prejudices is before our eyes. A discussion of the subject is sharply presented in the newspapers of America and those of our Islands. Every mail brings news relating to the conflict among political leaders, and even Christian editors, upon this subject. Not a few, even among good Christian citizens, follow in the wake of a demagogue who has uttered the party cry and watchword, "The Chinese must go." This is not a new cry. It was not heard for the first time on the sand hills of San Francisco. Less than forty years ago it was heard on the opposite shores of the Pacific, in China, "Englishmen must go—these foreign devils." Kearney's shriek is but a faint and feeble echo of the "Heathen Chinee."

May it not be useful to enquire how the issue was there met? Did the Englishman go? Why not? Was his presence any less offensive to the people of China than that of the Chinese to the people of America? The opium war followed, and in August, 1842, peace was restored; but China was compelled to pay $21,000,000—including $12,000,000 as war expenses, $3,000,000 to injured English merchants, and $0,000,000 for opium destroyed. Hongkong became an English colony. America looks on approvingly, and illustrating, perhaps, the old fable of "pulling the chestnuts out of the fire." The Chinese are made to understand that they must treat with "outside barbarians," and must repudiate the doctrine now so speciously advocated by some, that every nation had the right to protect itself by excluding immigrants seeking a domicile in a quiet and peaceful manner. The question arises, Shall the policy of the statesmen and diplomatists of England and America be now repudiated?

Imagine not that the end has come. Dragon's teeth which war has sown in China may produce a harvest of armed men. An educated and intelligent Chinese gentlemen, residing in London, writing for that leading English periodical, *Fraser's Magazine*, only two years ago, thus expresses his views: "Depend upon it, as soon as China thinks herself in a position to carry out her wishes, she will at once repudiate the clause legalizing the traffic in opium; and if England asks why she does so, she will answer that the moral sense of her whole nation requires it, and that justice, humanity and righteousness demand it. If England should then declare another war against her in support of the wicked cause, she will refer the matter to the impartial judgment of the world—the United States and the great Powers of Europe—rather than submit to the stipulations of a treaty, the terms of which were dictated and almost extorted after a most disastrous war, and the effect of which has been the ruin of her subjects."

Is this subject at rest? Is it forgotten? Only a few weeks ago, at the meeting of the International Evangelical Alliance held in Basle, Switzerland, where were assembled the leading laymen and divines of Europe and America, the world-wide renowned Professor Christlieb, Bonn, Germany, brought forward the opium question, and the following resolution was adopted unanimously, the whole assembly rising to make more emphatic their condemnation of this immoral traffic; "That assembly holds that the interest of Christianity itself urgently demands that there should be a change in the policy hitherto pursued by the English Government in regard to the opium trade, and commissions its officers to lay this resolution before the Secretary of State for India."

A Scottish missionary, Rev. Mr. Shoolbred, returning from India, thus addresses an assembly of his countrymen. In speaking of the efforts of the English in behalf of those suffering from the famine, he remarks: "I am sorry to say that by their opium traffic they are counteracting their own measures and doing much to intensify the terrible famine evil, which they desire to avert. It is high time I think, that the enlightened public opinion of Christian Britain should rise up and demand the suppression of this infamous traffic; and I deem no apology necessary for bringing the subject before this large and influential assembly of the Christian people of Scotland."

CORRESPONDENCE.

economic laws that govern all lock outs and strikes; and I feel very confident that a gen- this as a victory: perhaps it would be; but it would be very much like the one Pyrrhus won,

magnitude. Many thousand acres in Jersey alone, including large tracts of valuable timber land, have been destroyed, principally in Ocean, Monmouth, Cumber-

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM HAWAII.

Our readers will be interested in this pleasant and characteristic letter—accompanied by a generous gift to the Hampton School—from Rev. Dr. Thomas Coan, the veteran missionary, who found time during the busy days of his armor down when the Sandwich Island Mission was given up by the American Board, but is still at work in the cause he has loved and labored in for half a century:—

HILO, HAWAII, *Jan.* 17, '80.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

My dear General:—

You good journal, SOUTHERN WORKMAN, keeps us posted on many things relating to your work. We are much pleased with the WORKMAN. It is a worker, an elevator, a power for good. It seems a new leaven in the South, and it is good for the North. God grant that it may long be a dynamo-physical, social, political and spiritual motor in the right direction. Its tendency is to promote harmony, good will and gradual prosperity throughout the grandest Empire of States ever established by God upon our planet. And how desirable that the last vestige and drop of the old leaven of malice and wickedness be purged out of the Nation, and that from north to south, east to west, centre to circumference, we become a Unit, a "new lump" of pure gold, a jewel of beauty, a shining diamond of purest lustre, more brilliant than a stellary constellation.

True patriotism, pure Christian love, intelligent faith in God, and a faithful adherence to truth and right would exalt our beloved nation over all the nations of the earth, and cause our flag to float out in every clime, over all seas and under the whole etherial blue, as an emblem of liberty, of peace and love, of intelligence and of power, on which the saints and angels in heaven could look down with rapturous joy. Yours, with all the work of your coadjutors, is a work of love and patience, a warfare of faith; and we pray that you and they may put on the whole armor of God and wield the sword of the Spirit with more skill and power than ever.

We are much interested in the "new departure" at Hampton. This experiment with the Indians promises much good to the aboriginel tribes of our country and to the Nation. Had one-half of the funds consumed in broken treaties and wars been devoted to the efforts of an educated Christian civilization under wise and just laws, would not these abused savages have been, to a great extent, saved, and the nation honored and blessed of God?

The burning of Academic Hall seemed an unfortunate event, and we sympathize with you and all the sufferers, but we are glad to learn that the Hall was fully insured, and that the calamity will not much hinder your work. Before the news of the fire reached us it was my purpose to send you a trifle, as recognition of our continued interest in the Institute, and the burning has quickened this purpose into action: By our next week's mail, I will D. V. send orders to Castle & Cooke to forward to you Exchenge for fifty dollars in gold, which you will please appropriate for the Institution in any of its departments. It is but a mite, but it goes with my blessing, and with prayers that the Hempton Institute may be greatly prospered in the training of many, many thousands of our colored race and of our aboriginel tribes.

We have heard that you propose to visit *aina hanau* before long. We hope that we may see you at Hilo, and in our Emerald Bower.

You would perhaps be surprised to see the changes. From Waiken to Waipiu we have a chain of twenty sugar plantations, almost touching one another; and all elong the coast, the smoke-stacks are puffing, the mills crushing, the ovens roaring, the boilers boiling, and the centrifugals buzzing. We have a first-born Railroad of three miles in Hilo, and our telephones begin to talk.

Mrs. Conn and her sister unite in kind regards.

Most truly yours, T. COAN.

STRIKES AND LOCK OUTS.

If the deily newspapers are to be believed, there is a wide difference of opinion prevailing, between employers and those employed in various branches of industry, as to what wages shall be paid. These differences of opinion bid fair in the near future to result in many "lock outs" and "strikes." A "Lock Out" is when Capital says to Lebor, "You must either accept the wages we offer or quit." A Strike is when Labor says to Capitel, "You must pay the wages we demand, or your industry will stop." Which of the two evils will occur the more frequently is simply a matter of prediction; but it is a fact of experience, based on sound philosophical reasons, that summer is the time for strikes, and winter for lock outs.

The object of this paper is to show the economic laws that govern all lock onts and strikes: and I feel very confident that a general understanding of these laws would make both employers and employed think twice before they lock out or strike once.

The fundamental law governing employers and employed, is the general law of exchenge, which may be expressed as follows: Two persons, having two things, meet; each prefers what the other has to his own: the result is an exchange—the law of it is found in the diverse preferences of the two parties. Clearly, the bottom fact of every exchange is the reciprocal *willingness* of the two men to give what they have for what they want. *Willingness*, then, is at the bottom of every exchenge. If a man wants me to work for him for a doller a day, and I do not want to do so, there is no law of the United States to make me: if I want a man to pay me five dollars a day for my services, and he is not willing to do so, there is and can be, no State nor National law that will compel him. This truth is self-evident; yet to many it seems a mystery.

Capital buys labor, when it prefers the labor it gets, to the wages it gives; and Lebor buys capital, when it prefers the wages offered, to retaining itself to itself.

Labor can earn nothing without capitel; but Capital can earn nothing without labor: being mutually dependent, what injures one must injure both; and what benefits one must benefit both. Let us take a practical illustration. Suppose a capitalist employ 1,000 laborers et one doller per day, and they strike for one doller and a-half. What results? Two sets of sufferers: the laborers are getting nothing per day, and the capitalist no more; he suffers from interest, rent or taxes, loss of market, rust of machinery, etc.; the laborers are obliged to use their savings to support themselves and their fellows. It is clear that the longer the strike lasts, the worse it is for both; yet how seldom is this palpable fact accepted by the parties most in interest?

In this country, there is no necessity of one men employing another; slavery is dead; and one man will employ another only if he thinks there he a chance of selling the lebor he buys at more than he pays.

It is a safe rule to lay down that no Strike is ever successful, except when Capital can afford to pay more wages than it has been paying; nor is any Lock Out successful, except when Labor has been receiving more then its share of the profits of production.

There is nothing that shows the growth of economic knowledge more, than the increased tendency to settle wage disputes by arbitration. The old time employers, who would swear roundly that no third party should run their business, are daily becoming less numerous; and the old time workmen, who knew no other remedy for low wages than to stop work themselves and stop all others working, are less frequently to be found. Still, enough of both classes remein to prove that neither strikes nor "lock outs" will become lost arts for at least a generetion or two. There can be no fairer way of settling any dispute then to leave its decision to three experts of good character. A disinterested Board of Arbitration will get at all the facts, and their decision he in accordance.

For Labor to seek to get the most it can for itself is right, and for Capital to do the same thing is equelly right. If present wages are 50 cts. per day, Labor has e perfect right to ask Capital to pay 60 cts.; but Capital has an equal right to ask labor if it will not accept 40 cts. If Capital and Labor cannot agree on a rate of exchange by reasoning together, no emount of force will bring about an agreement. Capital is free: Labor is free: any forcible means adopted by either to enslave the other is ridiculous, unlawful, and certain to end in failure.

Trede Unions, admirable as they are in some respects, are dangerous if carried to extremes. Workmen with interests in common have e perfect right to combine for mutual protection; *but so have employers.* As Trades Unionism spreads so do combinations among capitalists. If it be right for the executive committee of some Trades Unions to tell a man he must not work in such and such a shop, it is equally right for the combined owners of similar shops to say, "We will none of us employ such and such a man." The wisdom of either of these acts is not to be discussed here; but we cannot get around the fact, that if it be right in one case, it is right in the other.

Trade Unions generally fall into the mistake, made by the three tailors of Tooley St., who, in writing of themselves, began, "We, the People of Englund." Tradea Unions are not big enough as a rule; for while they may include a mejority of the craft, there is always a minority skirmishing around, powerful to wreck them, if not neutralize the efforts of the majority.

Strikes generally cost more than they come to, even if they are apparently successful. Suppose a number of men were receiving a dollar a day and should strike for a dollar and a dime; thet after forty days' idleness the employer consented to pay the advance. Some labor agitators would claim this as a victory: perhaps it would be; but it would be very much like the one yrrhus won, when he said, "Another victory like it and I am ruined." Let us look et it: $1.00 per day for 365 days is $365; $1.10 per day for 325 days is $357.50. A very simple bit of arithmetic will show that the "successful" strikers actually get $7.50 less in wages than if they had continued et $1.00. This is only a small part of their loss, for during the strike they had to live, and they bed to live off their own savings, or the savings of someone else. Who will estimate how much this living will foot up?

The most unfortunete thing about strikes is the fect that they are led by incompetent people—the "Agitator," as he cells himself, is generally as lacking in skill at his craft and in habits of industry, as he superabounds in loquacity and effrontery. A glib tongue, a brazen face, and a small amount of brains is about the analysis of most of the self-proclaimed Workingmen's friends.

In a prolonged contest between Labor and Capital, the latter is almost sure to win; for, as has been stated, we must all eat to live, and unemployed capitel can buy food longer than unemployed labor. If the contest be enough prolonged, both would starve, but which would starve first?

So long as man is the animel that exchanges, and labor en exchangeable thing, just so long will there he contentions about wages. No humen legislation can help it—it must fix itself according to the law of demand and supply. We might as well try to legislate the North Star out of existence, as to arbitrerily try to fix weges in a free country.

Another weak point in combinations of either Lebor or Capital, is that—all members are put upon an enforced equality. Suppose two journeymen join a "Union," one of whom is skilful and industrious, the other lazy and unskilful: let the mandate go forth that all journeymen must be paid such and such a rate; is it not certain the skillful man is injured as much or more than the lazy fellow is benefited? In case of a long strike the prudent have to take care of the improvident,—indeed, it seems that in the practical working of these economic bodies, the more worthy have to suffer that the less worthy may be beuefited to some degree. T. T. B.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

Queen Victorin has returned to England.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has arrived at Cape Town, South Africa, le good health.

Nineteen German and other Socialist agitators who have been ordered out of France have left Paris.

A Berlin despatch says the expedition fitted out by the Royal Geographical Society has started for Central Africa to establish a permanent station of the society on the banks of Lake Tangnoyika.

The captain of the Ouion steamer *Montana*, which recently went on the rocks in Cook's Say, Holyhead, has been suspended six months for neglecting to use the lead.

A despatch from Serlin says: "Emigration to North America on an exceptionally large scale is taking place from Scandinavia. Two thousand Swedes have already left Bremen and 1,000 left Christiania for New York on the 4th inst."

The *National Zeitung* states that from the 4th to the 11th of the present month 5,800 persons left Bremen. The emigrants come from all parts if Germany, and include many skilled workmen. This decided increase of emigration is evidently connected with the new Army bill, and entails very serious loss upon the country.

In Orent Britain the result of the elections for Parliament gives the Liberals a decisive majority over both the Conservatives and Home Rulers. The following is the result: Liberals, 356; Conservatives, 237; Home Rulers, 59. The Liberals will have in the next Parliament a larger majority that the Conservatives had in the last.—Who will be called to form the Ministry has not yet transpired, but all parties acknowledge that the victory is Mr. Gladstone's.—Lord Beaconsfield was given an audience by the Queen on Saturday. Sir Stafford Northcote has already vacated his official residence.—The London correspondent of the *Scotsman* says that the project of a monument to the memory of the late Prince Imperial, in Westminer Abbey, is likely to be abandoned on the accession of the Liberal Ministry.

The regicide Otore was executed at Madrid, Spain, April 14th. A crowd of 50,000 people assembled, but order was maintained.

DOMESTIC.

CINCINNATI was visited by an unusually heavy rain storm on Friday, April 16th. The rain storm was followed by high winds, by which several houses were unroofed and some weak buildings blown down.

At Newark, Ohio, the iron and slate roof of the gas-works was blown off, buggies were overturned, and fences and trees blown down. At New Philadelphia and Canal Dover, Ohio, the storm was destructive. At Milford Centre the Post Office and several other buildings were unroofed. At Lebanon the roof of the Lebanon House was blown off. At Wheeling, West Va., the roof of a freight depot was torn off and some of the rafters were driven through a 12-inch wall of a brick building adjoining. The steeple of a church was blown down.—According to a de-patch from Milwaukee, Wis., the most severe storm of the season visited the northern portions of the State on Friday, and several inches of snow impeded travel in the vicinity of Oshkosh.—A despatch from San Francisco said the storm which had prevailed throughout the State for several days was the severest ever known on the llee of the Central Pacific Railroad through the mountains. Snow-sheds were broken down and trains were stopped.—In Missouri the storms were more severe than in any other State; the loss of life and destruction of property were very great.

PARTS of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia have been sadly devastated by forest fires of unusual magnitude. Many thousand acres in Jersey alone, including large tracts of valuable timber land, have been destroyed, principally in Ocean, Monmouth, Cumberland and Atlantic Counties. At or near Brickburg, nine buildings if not more, were burned. Four building were destroyed at Lakewood, and three at Seven Stars. A resident of Herbertsville lost 5,000 cords of wood, valued at $16,000, and the extent of damage done to the cranberry bogs is set down at $30,000. At one time the entire village of Toms River was threatened with destruction, but by the united efforts of a large portion of the residents the danger was averted.

THE number of immigrants at Castle Garden, New York, last week, reached 9,412. Of these, 3,621 arrived on Saturday, 1,189 by the City of Chester. From April 1 to 15, inclusive, the arrivals aggregated 14,891. The total arrivals from Jan. 1 to April 15, inclusive, were 49,566, against 15,716 for the corresponding period in 1879, 11,119 in 1878, 16,381 in 1877, and 12,338 in 1876. Those recently arriving appear to be of a desirable class and are principally Westward bound.

IT is estimated that the recent piano strike in New York cost the workmen $108,000 in loss of wages, and the manufacturers $80,000 in damage to their business. It will take the Steinway workmen eighteen months at the advanced rates to make up their loss.

Services in commemoration of the death of President Lincoln were held at his monument in Springfield, Ill., on Thursday, under the direction of the Lincoln Guard of Honor.

PHILADELPHIA has an elevated railroad company with $5,000,000 capital and ex-Minister Boker as President.

On the morning of April 6th, Johnson C. Whittaker the colored cadet at West Point, was found bleeding and apparently half unconscious, with his feet tied to his iron bedstead and his hands bound. He asserted that he had been attacked during the night by three men, who struck him some heavy blows, cut slits in his ears, and enforcing silence by threats to kill him, tied him to the bedstead. The case is being investigated by the authorities. Opinions differ as to the probability of an outrageous attack by other cadets, or a personal infliction of injuries.

The U. S. Senate has at last, after ne eight days' debate, passed the bill for the ratification of the agreement with the Uto Indians of Colorado.

The number of failures for the first quarter of 1880 was 1,432, liabilities $12,777,074. For the same time in 1879 the failures were 2,924, liabilities $43,312,665; in 1878, failures 3,355, liabilities $82,078,839; in 1877, failures 2,869, liabilities $54,538,070.

EDUCATION IN EUROPE.

The following statistics in regard to the present condition of popular education in the different countries of Europe are gathered from the educational organs of Germany: Germany, with upwards of 42 million inhabitants, has 60,000 schools, attended by 8,000,000 scholars, giving an average of 100 scholars to each institution. The expenditure on account of schools averages 71 cents per head of the population. England, with 34 million inhabitants, has 58,000 schools, attended by 2,000,000 scholars, or an average of 82 to each school, and at an expense of 44 cents per head of the population. Austria-Hungary, with 37 millions of people, has 30,000 schools, attended by 3,000,000 pupils or 100 pupils each, at an expense of 40 cents per head of the population. France, with 37 millions of people, has 71,000 schools and 4,700,000 pupils, or 66 per school, the expenditure averaging nearly 35 cents per head of the population. Spain, with 17 millions of people, has 20,000 schools and 1,650,000 scholars, or 86 per school; its expenditure averaging 23 cents per head of the population. Italy has 28 millions of people, 47,000 schools, and 1,900,000 scholars, or 40 per school, the expenditure being 28 cents per head of the population; while Russia, with 74 millions of people, has 32,000 schools and 1,100,000 scholars or 36 per school, the average expenditure being nearly 8 1-2 cents per head of the population.

CHRISTIANITY.

A high authority, Sharon Turner, has prepared the following statement of the progress of Christianity. At the close of each century the number of believers is given:

Century.	*About*
First	500,000
Second	2,000,000
Third	5,000,000
Fourth	10,000,000
Fifth	15,000,000
Sixth	20,000,000
Seventh	24,000,000
Eighth	30,000,000
Ninth	40,000,000
Tenth	50,000,000
Eleventh	70,000,000
Twelfth	80,000,000
Thirteenth	75,000,000
Fourteenth	80,000,000
Fifteenth	100,000,000
Sixteenth	125,000,000
Seventeenth	155,000,000
Eighteenth	200,000,000

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. H. Parramore has permanently settled in Hampton, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth, and insert artificial sets. Rooms, over H. L. Schmelz & Co.'s store, on Main street.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Hand Crabs

FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

Carefully Picked, Packed, and Hermetically Sealed, by

T. T. BRYCE,

Normal School Grounds,

Hampton, Va.

The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed in cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad, and Deviled Crabs,—two dishes concerning which it is superfluous to say anything to those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight at the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all sea-food, far exceeding in fineness of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meats in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy dictates. For picnics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $6 00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the mails at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases in any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $1.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

T. T. BRYCE,
Normal School Grounds,
Hampton, Va

Box 10

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Or Plain Talks for the People, about

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Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

INCORPORATED IN 1870.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers, for the Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division.

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of..... dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,
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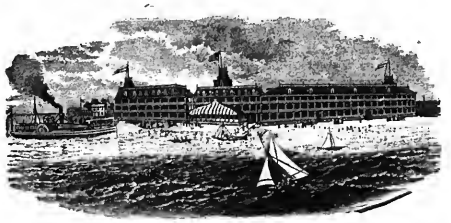
Situated within one hundred yards of Fort Monroe;



At the confluence of the Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, being the first point of land lying westward between the capes of Virginia, about fifteen miles north of Norfolk and Portsmouth; all passenger steamers running to and from those cities touch at the pier going and returning, with the U. S. mails, landing only 20 rods from the Hotel, which is sustantially built and

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Has hydraulic passenger elevator, gas and electric bells in all rooms; water rooms for bath, including Hot Sea, and closets on every floor, with the most perfect system of drainage of any Hotel or public building in the country. And as a resort for the pleasure-seeker, invalid, or resting place for tourists on their way to Florida or the North, this House, with accommodations for about

SEVEN HUNDRED GUESTS

Presents inducements which certainly are not equaled elsewhere as a summer resort, or cold weather sanitarium. The invigorating atmosphere and mild temperature being especially adapted to that class who seek the genial winters of the South and cool summers of the North. For sleeplessness and nervousness the delicious tonic of the pure ocean air and the lullaby of the ocean waves rolling upon the sandy beach, but a few feet from the bedroom windows, are most healthful soporifics at the Hygeia.

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H. PHOEBUS, Proprietor.

Oysters! - Oysters!

The canning of steamed oysters has long been an important branch of industry in Baltimore; but the canning of the very best oysters in the Chesapeake, almost on the spot they are caught, is an enterprise just established. The undersigned feels confident that in opening a Packing House at this point, he is affording his fellow-citizens in all parts of the country, an opportunity, (which he hopes will be appreciated) of getting the best and freshests of oysters, prepared in the most healthful way, at the most moderate prices.

An Oyster may remain out of water many hours, nay days, before it be completely spoiled; but from the moment it is caught and exposed to the air a process of deterioration goes on. It needs no argument to show that the sooner an oyster is hermetically sealed after being caught the better it will be in taste, solidity saltiness, and benitfulness. Within a radius of fifteen miles of this point, are millions on millions of bushels of oysters, from the best of which will the stock used, be selected. The time consumed in transporting the bivalves from their beds to the Packing House is not worth considering, especially as the majority of the boats employed are the little "canoes" peculiar to these water.

My packing is at present divided into three grades, according to the size of the oysters used; the same care, however, is taken in the preparation of all grades. A case of one pound cans contains 4 dozen: a case of two pound cans contains 2 dozen. Owing to the unsettled condition of the market, I can only quote to-day's prices, which are as follows:

Olnnts of Hampton Roads, No. 1— No. 2 $3.00 per doz.
Benutics of Hampt'n Roads, " 1 $1.30, " 2 $2.00 " "
Cove Oysters, " 1 $1.00, " 2 $1.75 " "

The above prices are net cash, and remittance may be made by draft on New York, Chicago, or Norfolk, or else by P. O. order. Authority to draw at sight with bill of Lading attached will ensure the prompt forwarding of any goods ordered. If preferred, cases may be sent by Adams express, C. O. D.; but unless specially directed, all shipments will be made via Norfolk, Va.

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Louis Phillippe is a beautiful black stallion; was sired in France, and foaled in America, January 18, 1871; took 1st prize at Pennsylvania State Fair in 1875, and at West Chester (county) Fair in 1876.

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Prince (Albert.	Green Mountain Morgan.	Gifford Morgan.	Woodbury Morgan.	Justin Morgan.
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MAT MORGAN.

Crane's Horse.	Sherman Morgan.	Justin Morgan.	

Mat Morgan took First Premium at Cumberland Co., Me., Fairs in 1875 and 1876, and a Diploma at the New England Fair in 1877.

TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE: FIVE DOLLARS; SEASON, FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

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HEALTH AND HUMANITY.

THE POISONED SPRING.

A STORY OF SANITARY SCIENCE.

ly to the now dwelling, and, standing on the portico, cried out: "It shall come to pass that they who sit in judgment shall *find that Deacon Holman, his wife, and daughter, came to their deaths by drinking water poisoned by the outflow of their own house.*" Her shrill voice rang through the hall, and penetrated to the distant bedchamber where the deacon was just arousing himself from a troubled sleep. It broke upon his ears with ter-

to the spring beneath.

The case was thus made as clear as noonday, and the coroner charged the jury, in unmistakable language, as follows:—"Gentleman, this case is one of extraordinary interest, and teaches a lesson which cannot be too thoroughly understood by all present. A family enjoying all the luxuries that wealth could give have been swept away by diseases of their own creation. The very

HEALTH AND HUMANITY.

THE POISONED SPRING.

A STORY OF SANITARY SCIENCE.

BY A NEW YORK PHYSICIAN.

Deacon Holman made a good selection of a site for his new house. The old homestead was located by the road which ran along the windings of the creek in the valley. It was a damp, unhealthy place; chilled by heavy dews and fogs at night, and scorched by the concentrated rays of the noonday sun.

The range of the thermometer was from 20 to 30 degrees in the summer months. Chills and fever of a severe type, better known as fever and ague, was the prevailing disease of the autumn in the early history of the settlement, but now bilious and typhoid fevers were prevalent. The deacon, however, did not build a new house on a new site, because the old house was unhealthy; the reason he gave was, that the old house was no longer fit for residence. The true reason was, that with increase of wealth, and the approach of his only daughter to adult age, his pride was stimulated to have his family rank among the village aristocracy. The old homestead had, indeed, once been the most costly and imposing residence in town, but through neglect it had now fallen, together with the out-buildings, into a state of irremediable decay. The once stately poplars which surrounded it had so broken down as to materially add to the general appearance of dilapidation. But one feature of the place remained unchanged, and that was the ancient spring, whose cool and refreshing waters gushed out with never-failing stream from the very base of the hill. It was this spring which induced the elder Holman to locate the old house in its present situation. Many other settlers were attracted to its vicinity, and for years it was the only source of supply of drinking water. And though in time, great changes occurred in the village, and other springs and wells came to supply, to some extent, the wants of the people, yet the old "Holman Spring" never lost its reputation as an unfailing source of pure cold water, whether the season was dry or wet. It was the resort especially of laborers and of the poor, so that at certain hours of the day there was often a constant procession of men, women, and children, with their pails, going to and from the spring.

Deacon Holman had become rich, partly through inheritance, but more directly by a penurious economy. He was a hard task master, and literally ground the faces of the poor. Having risen from poverty to his present respectable and comparatively opulent position, like many persons of limited education, and of naturally aristocratic tendencies, he treated the poor with great severity, and in all his business transactions, this trait of his character was exhibited. As his daughter approached adult age, he grew more and more exclusive in his family associations.

The deacon finished his new house in May, 187-. It was a beautiful cottage on the table-land above his house. The grounds were laid out with great care, including all the surroundings of the old homestead. A problem arose in the construction of the house, as to the best method of drainage, and the deacon was strongly urged by a neighbor to join him in laying a common drain pipe from the hill to the creek in the valley below, so that all the house refuse might be conveyed directly to the running stream. This proposition the deacon rejected, alleging that the plan was too expensive, though he really did not wish to aid his neighbor. Instead of adopting this course, he resorted to the common expedient of constructing a cess-pool on his own grounds. This cess-pool was located on the brow of the hill and consisted of a deep excavation, the sides walled up with brick, the bottom, loose porous earth, and the whole tightly covered and sodded. Into this structure, the drain pipes of the house emptied their contents, the liquid portion of which found its way out through the porous bottom into the neighboring sub-soil. A cess-pool thus constructed, though always extremely offensive when uncovered, never requires to be emptied, as the dissolved sewage finds channels through which it escapes into the sub-soil stream. It is scarcely possible to devise a better method of poisoning a household with its own excreta than by the construction of an ordinary cess-pool; for, on the one hand, the foul gases by reflux through the drain pipes may penetrate every part of the house, and especially the sleeping rooms where washbowls are located; and on the other, by soil soakage the springs and wells are contaminated.

The new residence having been completed and arranged, the family opened it to the aristocratic few with great pomp and parade. The envious crowd without gazed upon this exhibition of wealth in dull amazement, and for a time the entrance of the Holman family upon its new career of prosperity, was the common topic of village gossip.

Among the improvements of his grounds, one of the most important made by the deacon, was the permanent closure of all the approaches to the old spring, by posting the usual notice, forbidding all persons trespassing, under the penalty of the law. The season had been dry and hot, and the water of the old spring had been unusually grateful to the poor, and the laboring people; consternation and indignation was depicted on the faces of all who sought water on the first morning after the gates were closed and the threatening notices were posted. Many and loud were the imprecations heaped upon the deacon's head, as the disappointed housewives returned homeward.

Among those who came late to the well was old Aunt Betty. She was a noted village character, once highly educated and refined, but now reduced by misfortune to poverty. She was generally regarded as insane by the better classes, but among the poor, her quaint speeches had gained for her the reputation of a prophetess. When she learned what had been done, she went directly to the new dwelling, and, standing on the portico, cried out: "It shall come to pass that they who sit in judgment shall *find that Deacon Holman, his wife, and daughter, came to their deaths by drinking water poisoned by the outflow of their own house.*" Her shrill voice rang through the hall, and penetrated to the distant bedchamber where the deacon was just arousing himself from a troubled sleep. It broke upon his ears with terrible significance, and reverberated through the deepest recesses of his soul like a voice from the unseen world. Others of the household who heard this weird prophecy laughed at Betty's insane whim, but in spite of all his efforts the deacon could not dull the first strange and painful impression which it made. Fearing that in revenge some reckless person might poison the spring, he strengthened the defences to its approach, and allowed no one to visit it except his own servants. Thus all were rigidly debarred from the use of the water except the members of his own house.

The summer wore on, drought prevailed, and great was the demand for good water among the poor. Daily their maledictions were heard against the deacon and his family, sole possessors of the great treasure, pure spring water. And very often as he passed along the street, the deacon would hear the murmurings, and invariably the strange prophecy of old Betty would flash through his mind and make him shudder.

One morning, late in September, Dr. Snook's carriage drew up before the deacon's house: for a time it was seen there daily; then twice daily; then every hour or two; the doctor grew more and more grave and abstracted, and, as was his wont when patients in high life were dangerously ill, chewed his tobacco with great vehemence. At length the windows of the house were closed, the doctor ceased to call, and the village paper announced the death of Fanny Holman, only daughter of Deacon Holman, by malignant diarrhea. Scarcely was the funeral over, when the doctor's carriage appeared again at the gate of Deacon Holman's house. It was quickly rumored through the town that the deacon's wife was down with dysentery. The case was evidently very grave, for the doctor consumed tobacco with unusual energy. Consultations were held with physicians summoned from a distance, but evidently to no purpose. On the twentieth day the house was again darkened, the church bell tolled the age of the deceased, and the paper announced the death of Mrs. Fanny Holman, wife of Deacon Holman, by *malignant dysentery.*

Hundreds gathered at the funeral, mostly drawn by curiosity. It was very evident to the observers that the chief mourner at that funeral was already the victim of some form of the disease which had ruthlessly swept away two-thirds of his household. His face was haggard, his eyes sunken, and a characteristic duskiness overspread his cheeks. He muttered during the service, called for water, and when it was offered him, thrust it aside, saying, "There is death in the cup." He was taken to his home wildly delirious, and during the seven days which he survived, he called only for water, but when the cup was placed to his lips he thrust it rudely from him, declaring that the spring had been poisoned.

As the seventh day of the deacon's illness began to dawn, a shrill voice rang through the hall and broke with awful distinctness in the chamber of the dying man. It was another who pronounced by Betty: "Woe! woe! unto this house! Ye have poisoned the waters and the waters have poisoned ye all!" The deacon, gasping for breath, sprang up, and screaming "Murder!" fell back a corpse. The village paper announced the death of Deacon Holman by *malignant typhoid fever.*

The public excitement, which had gradually increased as one after another of the deacon's family died, reached its climax when the strange prophecy of Betty was reported, together with the repeated statements of the deacon in his delirium, that the spring had been poisoned; this final announcement of the fact by Betty, and the deacon's dying cry of murder, greatly intensified the current rumor. Though there was apparently no more significance to these remarks than should be attached to the whims of an insane old woman, and the ravings of a man in the delirium of fever, yet so intense had become the conviction that there was some unusual cause for the death of the whole family, that the reports of poison and murder were freely circulated. At first it was believed that this family were being afflicted for their prosperity, and that the disease was a visitation of God for their sins. But the events attending the death of the deacon, turned the current of popular feeling, and the desire was everywhere expressed that there should be a thorough investigation into the causes of the sickness and death of the deacon and his family.

The coroner, Dr. Jones, was summoned, and the investigation began. The autopsy revealed only the usual appearances after typhoid fever. The contents of the stomach gave no traces of poison, after the most careful analysis. No reliable evidence could be obtained from Betty or others, and the case was about to be closed, when the coroner suggested that the spring water should be examined for poisons. Accordingly the chemist took several bottles under seal to his laboratory, and proceeded with his analysis. The following was his report to the coroner:

"The water, when first taken, appeared to be very pure; it sparkled, and was very pleasant to the taste. On standing twenty-four hours it threw down a thick, blackish sediment, which was very offensive, and had the odor of sewage. On applying chemical tests, it was found to be composed of the usual ingredients of sewers and cess-pools. In my opinion the spring receives in some way the contents of a sewer, privy, or cess-pool."

Thus enlightened as to the condition of the water which had supplied the family, the coroner was not long in finding the source of the poison. Laborers were set to work to trace the connection, if any, between the spring and cess-pool. The cess-pool was uncovered, and though nearly empty, the putrid gases escaping were horribly offensive. But the workmen proceeded to explore the bottom of the sink, and guided by the blackened and offensive earth, readily followed the course of these under or sub-soil currents down the hill to the spring beneath.

The case was thus made as clear as noonday, and the coroner charged the jury, in unmistakable language, as follows:—"Gentlemen, this case is one of extraordinary interest, and teaches a lesson which cannot be too thoroughly understood by all present. A family enjoying all the luxuries that wealth could give have been swept away by diseases of their own creation. The very wealth which should have been to them a source of protection from sickness has contributed directly to their destruction. The three diseases of which this family died are but different expressions of one cause, acting upon different constitutions. The verdict which *you* will find in these cases, is the same verdict essentially which should be pronounced in every death from diarrhea, dysentery, and typhoid fever in this community."

Thereupon the jury returned the following verdict: "*We find that Deacon Holman, his wife, and daughter, came to their deaths by drinking water poisoned by the outflow of their own house.*"—*The Northampton Journal.*

THE SANITARY DUTIES OF PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.

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I. The humblest among us, the lowest person in the social community, has it in his power, even under the most wretched circumstances, at least to do his best to keep himself, his things, and the place where he dwells, in a clean and wholesome state. It may not be what he would wish; but it may at least be what he honestly can. Many things many dishearten him, disgust him, throw him back; but if from his soul he really does all he can, he not only benefits himself, but is also a benefactor to the poor creatures around him; for they gain both by the example and by the fact that anybody or anything around them is clean and wholesome.

But, allowing fully for ignorance, and as fully for unavoidable circumstances, most of the poor neglect what they really might to do keep things right. I do not speak of those that lose all heart to help themselves, but of those that could and might, and yet do not. *Some* effort at personal cleanliness, *some* attempt to get rid of dirt and vermin, may always be made. *Something* may always be done to skin and hair and ragged clothes, even when soap and a brush are wanting, and water itself is scarce. Bedding many at least be aired and shaken, cupboards dusted out and put in order, things that smell bad may be banished, window-panes made clear, and floors, closets, and other places kept clean, with such means as the inmates possess. And, in particular, great sturdy boys might give a little of the time they now spend in street idleness, to try and make things better at home for their fathers and mothers. Moreover, we can all try to avoid what many injure others. Consideration for other people, scrupulous care not to hurt or annoy, (duties which are too much forgotten), would suggest many ways, in which to avoid causing possible harm to somebody; and many remind us, that, not being at war with our neighbor, we do not wish to lay torpedoes for him, in the shape of neglected drains, or refuse heaps, to give him fever or diphtheria, or by pouring acids, chemicals, or hot water, down sewers, to raise poisonous gases to kill him,—by strewing pavements with orange-peel to throw him down,—by flinging offal or refuse into the streets to taint the air he breathes, or to otherwise cause him damage. Whether in quitting a house, or in transactions abroad, we can all try to leave things safe and wholesome for the next comer.

The performance of these duties rests with the people themselves, and not with any law that can be made. No law can compel them to be clean in their persons, dress, habits, and rooms, to make a right use of pure water, fresh air, light, food, and clothing, to be always temperate, and to avoid causes of illness; matter which at present are not always attended to, even by the affluent.

II. From the richest to the poorest, we all have *some* influence on somebody; and we fail in our duty, unless we use that influence to promote such habits in others as tend to preserve health and keep off disease. It is our duty to save our neighbour from harm whenever we can. It is our duty, if he seem to be doing some unwholesome thing, or living in some hurtful way, to tell him of it. And it is, above all, our duty to impart our knowledge to others. It is, moreover, the duty of us all to acquaint ourselves with the laws of health at every opportunity.

But the best of all influence is that of example. Every-one of us, as far as our power goes, can set an example of personal cleanliness and neatness, of good domestic arrangement, of judicious habits of exercise and of avoidance of hurtful eccentricities, of wholesome living, of strict temperance, and of doing what we can to make a neat and pleasant home both for say we live with and for ourselves. We can set an example in adopting the best practicable sanitary improvements: also in a ready and willing compliance with the requirements of the law, which we should support and help, not obstruct, as it is with us and for us, not against us. In duly performing our own private sanitary duties, we are exerting on others our most valuable influence. As to those who use their influence to obstruct, the prevention of disease, who dissuade people from using known sanitary precautions, who foster drunkenness or dirty and unwholesome modes of living, their conduct is wicked to a very great degree, for it is directly tampering with human life.

III. Thus much of the general sanitary duties of *all* individuals. I now come to the special sanitary duties which arise out of each person's position, trade, or station in life.

1. One of the most important is that of a *householder.* All masters and mistresses of houses, from the palace down to the meanest inhabited hovel, owe it to themselves, and to all living with them and around them, to

keep the place they inhabit in a wholesome state, and to do all they can to prevent illness in it. This applies to every occupier of the smallest hut or cottage, whether living alone or with other people. No one has a right to keep his dwelling in such a state as to run a risk of making himself or his neighbours ill; nor has he any smells. The water-closet should not be supplied directly from the cistern that you drink from. Pure water to drink is of such importance that no pains should be spared to ensure it. If the details now specified be neglected by the private householder, no possible public measure can supply the deficiency.

good sanitary condition, and not incur any nuisance such as a stable, slaughter-house, open drain, piggery, cow-house, &c.; and he ought to refuse to take any place that is unwholesomely situated, not furnished with proper conveniences, or in a wrong state. If such places were systematically refused by all respectable tenants,

keep the place they inhabit in a wholesome state, and to do all they can to prevent illness in it. This applies to every occupier of the smallest hut or cottage, whether living alone or with other people. No one has a right to keep his dwelling in such a state as to run a risk of making himself or his neighbours ill; nor has he any right to allow himself to become ill, if he have power to prevent it. For illness is easily set going; but no one can confine it or bind it down to be of this or that kind only, that it shall not hurt other people, that it shall not spread, that it shall not pass from a mild form into a dangerous one; in short, that it shall only go thus far and no farther. Therefore, every occupier of a house is bound to see that everything is done within his own premises to prevent and avoid illness. And if this were strongly and honestly done in each house, if every occupier took pains to find out the best known ways of preventing illness, and tried to do his duty well in his own place only, a very large proportion of the present amount of illness might be avoided, all the expense, pain, and loss of time of that illness might be saved, some premature deaths might be prevented, there would be fewer people in weak health, more in strong health; and all this without the help of government or the assistance of any town council or local board, and solely by the exercise of independent self-help and self-reliance, by every one's minding his own duty and his own business.

As occupiers of houses, then, the first thing we have to see to is *drainage*. We ought to take care that nothing but clean rain-water runs into any open drains, ditches, or ponds. Some of the finest country houses are made unwholesome by the sewage from the house being conducted into a pond or ornamental lake, whose exhalations taint the air; and some of the prettiest rural villages are visited by fever, or other malignant disease, simply because the drainage from a cottage or two is allowed to run into some ditch, hidden perhaps by vegetation. In all cases sewage should pass into covered drains. For farming purposes, it may be allowed to run off at a distance from any house and to leeward, on a bed of ashes, soot, or peat-charcoal, mixed with bog mould, sand, coombe-rock, shell-marl, road sweepings, leaves, chalk, lime-rubbish, tan, or fresh earth; but a man ought daily to lay on a fresh surface, the heap to be afterwards cut out and carted off for manure. Fresh earth is a valuable disinfectant.

If the house be drained into sewers, our task is easy. We have only to see that the communication with the sewer are perfect and air-tight, that they are kept free and clear, and that the sink-holes are plugged or trapped, and the water-closets provided with pans and supplied with water, to prevent foul air from coming back into the house. But we must also see that the bell-traps are kept clear, and in their places, and that there is water in them. I have repeatedly seen cases of fever, diphtheria, &c., some of them fatal, caused by bell-traps being left out. Servants are remarkably careless about this; and it is as necessary for the master or mistress to see to it, as to see every night that fires and lights are out, and doors and windows fastened. The poor are also very careless about it, which they would not be if they knew how poisonous that invisible gas is that comes up through the sink-holes. When the trap is broken or lost, a wet cloth should be folded and thick enough over the hole, to keep the foul air down till another bell-trap is supplied.

As long as cesspools exist, they ought to be regularly emptied before they get too full; and where they are being emptied, disinfectants should be used, so that you, your neighbours, and the workmen, be not made sick with the smell. A sixpenny bottle of Burnett's or Condy's disinfecting fluid, used according to the printed directions, will generally suffice; and when such a very horrid nuisance may be abated for sixpence, no one is justified in neglecting to do it.

Those who get their water from a well should see that it is not tainted by drains and cesspools. All possible communication should be carefully stopped, and a certain distance should intervene. For if a drain or cesspool is near your well, nothing can hinder the water from being tainted. And tainted water is a frequent cause of dangerous and fatal illness. Even water-pipes may be contaminated by contiguous drains. It is still a common blunder with the workmen to carry rain-water pipes down into drains or cesspools. The effect is, that foul air passes up the pipe, leaks out at the joints, and comes out at the spout-head. Dangerous illnesses are often caused by the foul air from the spout-head going in at the window, or by its leakage from the joints into the house. There is but one remedy, which is, to make the rain-water pipe stop short of the drain or cesspool, into which the water from it should run through a bell-trap. Thus the foul air is kept down. If you can possibly have an air-pipe to carry off the foul air from your drains or cesspools, by all means do so; but the air-pipe ought to stand up above the house like a chimney, that no one may breathe the air from it.

No care is too great, to see that soil-pans in closets, and bell-traps in sinks, are in good order, and well supplied with water. For the maintenance of these few inches of water in their right place, is your only protection against the bad air which is always trying to come up. But, as leakage of foul air will frequently occur, every water-closet and scullery should have *two* openings to the outside air, making a constant little thorough draught, and should be effectually separated from the house by a well-closed door. Windows and ventilators from these places should never open into the house.

With respect to *water-supply*, the householder's duty, in addition to what was stated just now, is, to see that pails, boilers, filters, jugs, and other vessels used for drinking-water are clean, and so placed that nothing can fall into them, as bits of meat, beetles, or mice, are liable to do. Cisterns ought to be often cleaned out, instead of being forgotten, as they generally are, for many months. If this be not done, the water gets bad; a black sediment forms at the bottom of the cistern, and dangerous illness of somebody in the house may be the consequence. Lastly, that part of the premises where the drinking-water is kept ought to be free from bad smells. The water-closet should not be supplied directly from the cistern that you drink from. Pure water to drink is of such importance that no pains should be spared to ensure it. If the details now specified be neglected by the private householder, as far as possible public measure can supply the deficiency.

Clean windows and plenty of light, and strict cleanliness in every part of the house, rest with no lawgivers, but entirely with the occupier of each dwelling, whom you cannot compel to be clean by Act of Congress. There are no writs for the scouring of dirty houses. Every one of us must see to these things for ourselves. The poor can do it as well as the rich, for it is chiefly trouble that is required, not money.

But another necessary thing, the frequent, regular, and careful removal of every sort of refuse, is neglected by rich as well as poor. The rich take little heed of matters flung aside in dust-holes, scullories, knife-houses, and backyards; matters that decay and taint the air, and incessibly cause illness that is then charged to the account of town councils and dormant Acts of Congress instead of to their own carelessness in not looking after the state of their own houses and the doing of their own servants. The poor throw refuse into the streets before their door, or into any corner or closet in the house, or into some alley or back-yard, and are then quite ready to attribute to dirty neighbours, or to neglect of the landlord, or to anything, in short, outside of themselves, the bad air and the sordid smells that pervade their home, the failing health of the mother, and the sickly children. Some, in addition, keep goats, rabbits, or other animals, in their houses, or quantities of birds, which taint the air, and make the house filthy; or they keep pigs or donkeys just outside, the smell from which comes in at every window and door, and is breathed by the inmates. In the country, heaps of refuse or manure, or puddles of foul water, are often close to the doors and windows; and among the substantial farmers and wealthiest people, cow-houses, stables, piggeries, and manure-heaps are often much too near the house. Servants throw dead birds or animals anywhere out of sight, perhaps close under the windows, forgetting how they poison the air in the process of decay.

A place for refuse should be appointed for every house; the ashes, which have some deodorizing power, should be thrown on the heap; and the whole should be entirely and frequently removed. It is best to burn the animal and vegetable refuse in the kitchen fire. Nothing should be thrown carelessly about, either in-doors or out. No collections of bones or fat should be in the house; and servants should be looked after. In short, common domestic cleanliness, and the determination to allow nothing unwholesome, are absolutely necessary.

Ventilation is another neleeted point. Scientific contrivances may or may not be possible; but doors, windows, and chimneys, which are the common ventilators of every house, may always be made a proper use of, to let air pass in and out. Chimneys should never be stopped up: a temporary closure may be needed on account of rain or back-smoke, but it should be removed again as soon as practicable. All windows should open, especially the upper sashes. Half an inch or an inch open at the top of a window will keep a room sweet without perceptible draught. But people will not always open their upper sashes, because of difficulty in shutting them up again. Some means of easily closing them should therefore always be provided: either brass catches screwed to the upper sash, or a stick to push it up, or a cord and pulley. If the lower sash only will open, and you cannot have it altered, you should, as Mr. Bird says, raise the lower sash a few inches, and fill up the space beneath with a piece of stout board that fits it closely: air will then enter between the meeting-rails in the middle of the window, and be directed upwards to the ceiling. Roller-blinds should be fixed, not at the very top of the window, but an inch or two lower, that air may pass in over them; also not too close to the window. Windows may be fitted with blinds which also act as ventilators: that is, a piece of calico stretched slightly across the window, by hooks, or on a light iron frame, close to the sash below, but sloping inward above, so as to throw the air, admitted by the partly-opened window, up to the ceiling: thus giving "privacy without draught."

Crowded rooms, churches, chapels, and schools might be advantageously ventilated thus: and all who are concerned in bringing together large numbers of people, are bound to see that their health and safety are in all ways cared for while assembled. Some may admit air by shafts turning upwards against the walls; others, may have their windows, or the upper parts of them, hinged so as to fall inwards with a slope, resting on each side on a sloping wooden ledge, so as to direct the air up to the ceiling. Whichever plan be adopted, it seems agreed that the best method of admitting air is to direct it upwards to the ceiling. For the *exit* of air there are many contrivances. Provision should always be made to carry off the heated air from gas-lights, as well as that from the breath of people, it being most unwholesome to breathe the same air over and over again. If what is already specified were always faithfully carried out by every occupier of a house, the gain in avoiding illness, and in improved health and strength, would be very great. Consumption and many other maladies are caused by living in unventilated rooms. This is a matter in which we, as householders, can only help ourselves.

Sometimes a house is visited by an unwholesome smell whose source is doubtful. The remedy is often both difficult and yet urgently needed. Competent workmen must be employed; and the best way is, to make an opening as near as possible to the smell, and endeavour to trace it. The commonest causes are, some imperfection in the covering of a drain or cesspool; a rat-hole communicating with a drain; a fault in a chimney, admitting the vapour behind the battening; or, a dead rat or cat. I have known the inmates of houses half-poisoned, and sometimes made very ill, by every one of these nuisances. The householder should spare no trouble to discover and get rid of them.

It is the duty of every intending tenant to see that the house, cottage, or room, that he proposes to take, is in good sanitary condition, and not near any nuisance, such as a stable, slaughter-house, open drain, piggery, cow-house, &c.; and he ought to refuse to take any place that is unwholesomely situated, not furnished with proper conveniences, or in a wrong state. If such places were systematically refused by all respectable tenants, there would be fewer of them.

But there are tenants who will rent anything; any hovel, that is called a house; or any cellar, closet, or corner where human beings can be stowed. To such it is useless to appeal. I can only urge the duty of not offering such places for letting; and at this point my business, which is that of inculcating private duties, ceases, and the law steps in and prohibits. But to another class a word may be said.

To those who care not in what sort of place they put their families, as long as it answers their purpose in earning money, we may urge that life and health are worth having as well as money. The strong man, who is out all day at his work, who gets fresh air and change, and who lives heartily, may not be hurt; but weak women and tender children constantly fall sick, and often die, from being crowded up together in one room, or from living over stables, or from some other cramped and unwholesome arrangement. Now a different expenditure of this man's means, or a little extra trouble to find a proper room or rooms, or selecting some place a little farther off, or a small giving up of drink or tobacco, or of something not absolutely necessary, might enable them to live where all could be strong and healthy, and yet within reach of the work.

It is mainly by the neglect of landlords that the lower orders of people are compelled or allowed to live in a manner that directly brings sickness and death by its unwholesomeness, and that indirectly brings also sickness and death as results of the drunkenness, debauchery, and vice, which come from thus crowding folks together in places insdequate and unfit for their occupation.

Every medical man can enumerate the many preventable diseases and deaths resulting from unwholesome houses. Thus, out of a list of 4,100 cases of disease, accident, or injury, treated during the six years ending with the 31st of December, 1863, about 700 cases and 49 deaths appeared to be distinctly caused by unwholesome dwelling-places.

Remembering what a sacred thing is human life, it is frightful to think that so much of it is destroyed, not by the act of God, but by the neglect of man.

Employers, again, ought to have regard to the health of their work-people. The distress occasioned to shop-women by the prolonged hours of standing behind counters, should not be lost sight of. The time should be shortened when possible, and means of occasional rest should be provided. Milliners, drapers, tailors, shoemakers, and bakers, &c., ought to see that sufficiently large and ventilated rooms are allotted for working purposes, and that the hours of labor are limited as much as possible; and *customers* ought so to give their orders as not to occasion undue pressure in the work-room.

Ship-owners and *sea-captains* ought to see that everything is done on shipboard to obviate every cause of illness, either among the crew or passengers.

Managers of schools owe a similar duty to the children assembled under them. School-rooms should be models of sanitary arrangement; both for the health of the scholars, and as an example which they may remember in after life. A knowledge of the means of preserving health ought to form part of education. Teachers should proportion the pressure of school-work to the capacity of the child to bear it, otherwise serious illness may be caused.

Mothers, nurses, and others in charge of infants or children, ought to exercise conscientious care of them, which is not always done. Ignorance, self-sufficiency, and carelessness, cause many illnesses and deaths, which are avoided by those who are truly careful, and who seek for the best information as to these duties. Some of the commonest errors are, dosing infants with sugar and butter, or with gin; swathing them so as to hinder free breathing; giving them raw fruit; teaching them to walk too soon; and giving them soothing syrup or cordial, or some "quieting" medicine. All these things are hurtful.

A private sanitary duty important to us all, is *Moderation*, the avoidance of every kind of excess, and *Temperance*. Every indulgence, habit, or pursuit, pushed to extremes, is hurtful. But Temperance in respect to strong drink is of vital consequence. The evils caused by alcoholic drinks, are gigantic, and are fast increasing. Professor Acland says, the "evidence which has been collected to prove the extent of misery which is brought on the human race by the abuse of alcohol in various forms is now, altogether, absolutely overwhelming." Dr. Lankester, late Coroner for Middlesex, said, "The death from alcoholic poisoning in Great Britain is prodigious; it may be set down at something like one-tenth of the whole death rate of the country. Sir Astley Cooper said, "If the poor could see the white livers, and shattered nervous systems, which I have seen as the consequence of drinking, they would be aware that *spirits* and *poison* mean the same thing." Such statements and opinions might be multiplied to any extent. It is the duty of every one of us, then, to discourage the use of alcoholic drinks: and to discountenance the causes and and practice of intemperance. Each person can take his own means of doing so, whether it be by total abstinence, or by strict moderation: but one or the other is absolutely necessary. The limited good afforded by strong drinks, is gained by a very small quantity, and that not in a concentrated form. All beyond is injurious, except when required medicinally under some unusual circumstances.

In fine, in all these different ways, every person, in each position and relation of life, in every trade or profession, is bound in duty to see, that in his place, in his occupation, and within his lawful influence, the causes of disease and illness are as much as possible done away. In this way every one, by his own voluntary act, may contribute to the well-being of the nation.

Southern Workman.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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MOUNT ARARAT.

THE CHILDREN.

I suppose if all the children,
Who have lived thro' ages long,
Were collected and inspected
They would make a wondrous throng.

From superstitious notions, and the latter from inability to clamber up the rugged rocks.

"We come now to the steep and danger-
ous part of our ascent. Soon we are treading on the eternal snows. In places we flatter our-

workshops, at drill, &c. The members of the Indian Committees and others, made special
[illegible] of support and gratification at the progress of this branch of the work, and promised the weight of their influence for its furtherance.

"STAND OUT FROM THE DANGER."

We were fast approaching Cape Hat-
teras. Already its dim outline was appearing to the southwest, and we were

THE CHILDREN.

I suppose if all the children,
Who have livad thro' ages long,
Were collected and inspected
They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babbls of the Babel;
Oh the flutter and the fuss,
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us!

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been;
Every nation since creation,
That this world of ours has seen.
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small,
While of children, oh! how many,
Have not n'er grown up at all.

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to Heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And indeed I wonder whether,
Should we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who would wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears would box?
Who would dress them and caress them?
Who would darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who would praise them? who would scold them?
Who would pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children too;
In all stages of all ages,
That our planet ever knew;
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint,
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make,
And the clatter of their chatter
And the things that they would break!
Oh, the babble of the Babel,
Oh, the flutter and the fuss,
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us!

MOUNT ARARAT.

An American missionary to Turkey, Rev. R. M. Cole, thus describes an ascent of the lofty summit which is now called Mount Ararat, and is supposed to be, if not the very mountain, one of the peaks of the chain on whose slopes the ark rested.

"Until a recent summer month, the top of Mount Ararat had never, as far as I know, been trodan by Western feet, Bayazid is an old town, formerly of considerable importance. In the picture, you see it as it appeared before the Turkish and Russian war.

"With two native attendants and a good government guard, we set out across the plain from Bayazid. The poor, ignorant, superstitious townspeople gather about us and beg us to desist from such a sacrilegious undertaking. God's angels were guarding the Ark on those lofty heights, and no mortal might approach!

"But away we hasten over the plain. Bearing to the eastward, we pass through quite a field of high reeds, which are said to be the hiding-place for savage wild boars. Turning to the left at the end of some ten miles, we make our way up along the eastern slope of the mountain, winding this way and that, now in a deep ravine, passing beneath some overhanging cliff that threatens to crush us; now they fall back, leaving our pathway in an open space that suggests the idea of a plain. Ere long, we pass alongside an extinct volcano. Some fifty years ago, old Earth gathered up its firs of wrath, and spit it out in torrents for a little time. The mountain was literally torn asunder and the debris scattered in all directions.

"On we go till, after a ride of some twenty miles, we dismount at the tent of Yisoos Agha, chief of the Jalal Koords, a warlike tribe that inhabit these regions, grazing their flocks through all the long summer, even up near to the eternal snows, but in the severer part of winter dropping down near the plain, where they pass their time in low dirt hovels. They are notorious brigands, and he must be well-guarded who would venture among them. We found them to consist of a large encampment of three divisions. Perceiving the hat on my head and the strong guard about my person, they advance with remarkable cordiality, take me from my horse in a most stately way, and lead me to the tent as they would a king.

"We take along five of these hospitable Koords, who are our friends for the time being, and can be of much use in taking us over the best way to the point we have in mind, for the last part of the ascent. But at the end of twelve miles both they and our faithful horses have to be left behind, the former from superstitious notions, and the latter from inability to clamber up the rugged rocks.

"We come now to the steep and dangerous part of our ascent. Soon we are treading on the eternal snows. In places we flatter ourselves we are putting foot on *terra firma*, but what is our surprise to find, under the debris that has rolled down from above, a field of solid ice. On we go, pausing ever and anon to take in the magnificent scenery that stretches off on every hand. On this side, Persia with its ever-varying hills reaching far away to the silvery Oroomia lake; on that, Russia, the great Erivan plain, with the beautiful Araxes, threading its way on towards the Caspian sea. At the south and west the Turkish dominion, which is not wanting in all the variety of mountain and plain. Down from our dizzy heights, we look upon the arid plain which appears in the foreground of our picture.

"I should like to state that I was strongly impressed with the feeling that the ark may have rested on this particular mountain—not on the precipitous part, but near to it. The Koords are to-day taking their numerous herds up and down this same valley that we ascended, very near to the limit of perpetual snow. Hence, as I retraced my steps down the mountain-side, I could but feel that perhaps down along this same valley, wended its way that solemn procession of beasts and creeping things of every description, passing out on to the plain to the eastward.

ERZEROOM, TORKEY."

HENRY BERGH AND HIS WORK.

Fourteen years ago, Mr. Henry Bergh of New York, started in that city, a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the first society of the kind in the world. He is still going on with his good work, and branch societies have been established in other cities. He has done a wonderful amount of good, not only to the poor suffering animals, but to mankind, for no one can be cruel to helpless creatures without degrading himself, and mercy and kindness are tests of civilization.

"One day, a poor emaciated horse fell at Duane street, on Broadway. Before the officer, who went for means to shoot the horse, had returned, Mr. Bergh had procured hay, oats and water for the starving animal, which, after a few hours' rest and feed, was able to get up and walk home.

"The coachmen of the city, mostly without the knowledge of the employers, began using a round leather bit-guard, barbed with short spikes, so that when the reins were tightened, the nails sink into the side of the animal's head, and made the animal exhibit a very fashionable degree of mettle. These were discovered and quickly captured.

"One day he saw from his window a skeleton horse, scarcely able to drag a rickety wagon and the poverty-stricken driver. Mr. Bergh hastened out, and said:

"'You ought not to compel this horse to work in his present condition.'

"'I know that,' answered the man; 'but look at the horse, look at the wagon, look at the harness, and then look at me, and say, if you can, which of us is most wretched.' Then he drew up the shirt-sleeve of one arm, and continued: 'Look at this shrunken limb past use; but I have a wife and two children at home, as wretched as we here, and just as hungry.'

"'Come with me,' Mr. Bergh replied, 'I have a stable down this street; come and let me give one good, square meal to your poor horse, and something to yourself and family.' He placed oats and hay before the stay of the family, and a generous sum of money in the hand of the man."

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Honorable R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Scott, and a party of Senators and Representatives, including the committees on Commerce in both Houses, and several members of the committees on Indian Affairs, came from Washington May 7, on the United States steamer Tallapoosa, and visited Fortress Monroe, Hampton Institute, Portsmouth Navy Yard and Norfolk. Besides the Honorable Secretary and Admiral Scott, the party consisted of Senators Ingalls of Kansas, Perry of Michigan, Vance of North Carolina, Randolph of New Jersey, Pendleton of Ohio, Voorhees of Indiana, Williams of Kentucky, Windom of Minnesota, Boothe of California, Withers of Virginia, and Representatives Scales of North Carolina, Haskell of Kansas, Pochler of Minnesota, Ainslie of Idaho, Hiscock of New York, Reagan of North, Gunter of Arkansas, Baker of Indiana, Brewer of Michigan, Haley of Connecticut, Morse of Massachusetts, Briggs of New Hampshire, Erritt of Pennsylvania, Witthorne of Tennessee, Cannoo of Illinois, Denster of Wisconsin, Manning of Mississippi, Goode of Virginia, and Cabell of Virginia.

The visitors gave two hours to an inspection of the school buildings and the various branches of industry, especially of the Indian department, seeing the Indian in their various workshops, at drill, &c. The members of the Indian Committees and others, made special expression of surprise and gratification at the progress of this branch of the work, and promised the weight of their influence for its furtherance.

HEROES WITH DUSKY SKINS.

The Norfolk *Landmark* pays this deserved tribute to three heroes.

"A fact comes to us from Charleston which ought neither to be slighted nor forgotten; and it has all the greater claim on us because the heroes of the story belong to a race which has few organs of expression to reach the public. In brief, it is this: Two Negroes descended into a well to put it in order. There they encountered a stratum of carbonic acid gas, and fell under its asphyxisting influence. Then a man of color named Simons stepped forward as a volunteer to go to their aid. He, too, fell as soon as he came within the influence of the deadly vapor, and was hauled up more dead than alive. There were now three men *hors de combat*, but another brave fellow, William Robertson, stepped forward and went down, and on reaching the scene fell as if shot by a musket. Three men now lay at the bottom of the fatal well, and one beside its mouth. Here was enough to have appalled the stoutest hearts; but still another gallant fellow was found to risk his life in the cause of humanity. James Seymour went to the rescue, and, like those before him, fell under the malignant gas which he encountered. At last the bodies were taken out. One only was reanimated, and he one of the workmen who first went down; but the generous volunteers, William Robertson and James Seymour were dead—martyrs to a chivalrous devotion which any man might be proud to have attributed to him. There is a homily in the death of these brave fellows which needs no elaboration at our hands, and we have told this story in order that the names of these gallant men may not be altogether forgotten when South Carolina calls over the roll of her heroic dead."

COTTON MILLS IN THE SOUTH.

A Southern contemporary alludes, with pardonable pride, to the prosperity of the various small cotton factories that have been started in South Carolina within two or three years. Most Northern people will rejoice with our Southern friends that the experiment of working up cotton at home, instead of sending all of it from one to three thousand miles away, has been successfully tried in the South, and they will hope that manufacturing will not be restricted to a single variety of raw material. Nearly every industry which in the Northern States and England has flourished is practicable in the South; woods, metals, coal and water power are abundant, and the labor supply, if not sufficient to the demand, would soon become so. Aside from the immediate benefits enjoyed by a community when manufacture comes to the aid of agriculture, the indirect results are invaluable. Life and property immediately demand and receive new safeguards when capital and industry are represented by something besides land and crops; occasional concentrations of population tend to a more general increase of intelligence; market values of all home products are enhanced, and the "middleman" who, under one name or another, keeps many a sparsely settled neighborhood poor, is to a large extent avoided. Let other Southern States follow the example of South Carolina; "there's millions in it."—*New York Herald.*

"Nearly all the Negroes in and near Darlington, S. C., now own horses and cows, and many own land which they are able to work with their own money. Churches are numerous, and newspapers are in demand."

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine; a child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunshine.

Temperance.

REASONS FOR SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

1. As a check to the *desire* for intoxicating liquors.
2. As a protection against *temptation from friends.*
3. As an answer to *opposition from enemies.*
4. As a preservative to the *drunkard.*
5. As a *bond of union* between the members of society.
6. As a public *testimony against drunkenness.*
7. As an *encouragement* to the reformed.
8. As an *example to all.*

"STAND OUT FROM THE DANGER."

We were fast approaching Cape Hatteras. Already its dim outlines was appearing to the southwest, and we were anticipating a close run to its rocky shores when the order to tack was given, and we stood out into the Atlantic, leaving the cape far astern.

"Is not the water deep enough to make a closer run to the shore?" asked Adjutant Culver, who was impatient to get a good sight of land after the three days' voyage.

"Certainly," answered the captain, gazing off to the south at the signs of an approaching storm.

"But, why then did we tack out here?" asked the adjutant.

"Because," replied the captain, "if in running close to the cape we had become in any way disabled, we might have drifted on the rocks and have been wrecked. A good sailor, when possible, stands out from the danger."

When I see a young man leaving the pure influences of the home circle, and spending his hours in places where drink and gambling have their programme, although he may be present only as a spectator, yet I tremble for his safety, and long to warn him to stand out from the danger.

When I see the moderate drinker indulging in his occasional glass, and looking down with a contemptuous smile on the fanatical temperance people, I know that he is sailing close along the rocks of intemperance, and that his only safe course is to stand out from the danger.

When I see fair hands proffer the sparkling wine to the noble and gifted, I think what a terrible wreck theirs would be if the rocks were encountered; and I pray that the scales may fall from the eyes of the tempted, so that they they may stand out from the danger.

TEMPERANCE REFORM

The following resolutions were passed by the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Saratoga, 1879.

Resolved, 1. That we hereby reaffirm our conviction that the only safe principle on which the Temperance Reform can be conducted is total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, as a beverage; and also hereafter, as heretofore, we will seek by all lawful methods the entire suppression of the liquor traffic.

2. That while we deplore the mischiefs and miseries induced by intemperance, and especially deplore the fact that among heathen nations to whom we send our missionaries, men dwelling in Christian lands, for the purpose of gain, transport and sell large cargoes of strong drink, thus counteracting our missionary effort, we yet rejoice in the signs now visible everywhere that a strong and solid public sentiment is slowly forming against the whole rum power. The skies are brightening, and we look for a great uprising, before which this curse shall be more and more restrained until it is swept away.

3. That we commend most heartily the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; that we recommend to all who desire to circulate Temperance documents, or to give currency to Temperance literature—the Temperance publications of the Presbyterian Board, as well as those of the National Temperance Society and publishing House; and that we call upon Temperance men everywhere to organize at once and thoroughly for the enforcement of the restrictive features of our present excise laws.

4. Finally, we declare our solemn conviction that this whole reform, in all its features, and from first to last, is of God; we invoke for it the co-operation of all the servants of God; and we beg for it an appropriate place in the ministrations of God's house and in the prayers of God's people. So sustained, though it may have its transient reverses, in the end—and that we believe not far away—we shall achieve a decisive victory, and "this great Babylon be thrown down, to be found no more at all."

...ing both destitute and ignorant, have been | perpetual ignorance by "shiftlessness."

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS. } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed at the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work from all parts of the country, is solicited and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

For the months of July, August, September and October, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will return as usual to its original, eight page form; reassuming after that, for eight months, its present twelve page form.

REPORT OF PRINCIPAL.

HAMPTON, VA., *May 19th*, 1880.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute;

GENTLEMEN:—

This school opened in April 1868, with 15 pupils and one teacher and a matron. Up to this time 1429 have been admitted; some of them remained but a few weeks. Including this year's class of thirty-eight, 353 have graduated. Of these, 11 have died. Not less than ninety per cent. of graduates have devoted themselves to the work of teaching their people, with a success and steadfastness which on the whole surpasses expectations and gives the strongest encouragement for continued efforts for their race. The Negro teacher like the Negro laborer, on his own ground, can hold his own, and is the best man for the place.

This year's enrollment has been as follows: colored men, 181; colored women, 105; Indian boys, 47; Indian girls, 21; Total, 354. Average age of young men, 18½ years: average age of young men, 20. There has been a gain of 32 colored students over last year; less day scholars, but more boarders. The catalogue of the year gives further particulars.

Resting directly upon public confidence with no intermediate society or denomination, a clear statement of the ends of the school, and of the means employed, should, I think, be made from time to time, at the risk of repetition, for the sake of the benefit that is sure to come from an intelligent appreciation of proper efforts for the ex-slaves of our country, now citizens with power for good or for evil.

Our end is not to develop the mind of the negro by collegiate studies—that is a leading aim of the principal colored institutions of the country; but rather to build up manhood and character in our pupils, and through them among their people;

FIRST,—By combining with a course of English studies a manual labor training, which shall not only be instructive but promote self-reliance and character, and help many of this poverty-stricken people to secure an education by their own efforts.

SECOND,—By co-education of the sexes: giving an equal chance to those on whom equally depends the future of their people.

THIRD,—By sending out teachers fitted for the care of the free schools of the South, (the demand for whom is now far in excess of the supply) willing to do and endure the duties and difficulties of working in poor and unattractive regions, where most of their people live, as well as capable of the higher and better positions in cities, to which they are sometimes called.

The education of Indians which is an incident of our work for the blacks has in no way interfered with it, the latter having not only not suffered from this cause but steadily grown in magnitude and efficiency. It has taught the Negro that there are other grievances than his own in the world, and enlarged his ideas and sympathies by making him useful to others. I am convinced that our work for Negro civilization offers peculiar advantages for improving Indians. No change of methods or of direction has been required. There is no race jealousy or friction to speak of.

The difficulty with both races is not so much ignorance as weakness or deficiency of character; not lack of brains but of moral stamina. Both need drill throughout the range of living.

It is not wise to adjust a work like this to the needs of the unusual, exceptional characters who are to be found in these races, but rather to their average condition as represented by those who are received from a wide range of country.

The knowledge of the English language by the Negro race gives it an advantage without a parallel in the history of any race in a similar condition. With this language, and in contact with those who use it, they have imbibed ideas, a certain spirit, and have gained an access to the resources of civilization that offset the darker experiences of the past, and encourage us to expect a survival and rise of the ex-slaves of our country.

MANUAL LABOR TRAINING.

For the sessions of 1877–8 and 1878–9, the charges to students and credits for their labor were as follows. The accounts for the current year cannot be made up till after July 1st.

1777–8,	Charges to students	$22,537.83
	Paid by them in labor	14,505.88
	" " " in cash	3,377.51
	Paid for them by friends as Beneficiary aid	3,223.82
	Transferred to Ex-Students' account, to be paid up gradually,—about one-third may not be paid	1,673.94
	Cr. balance	243.33
1878–9,	Charges to students	29,566.69
	Paid by them in labor	17,691.25
	" " " in cash	2,151.17
	Paid for them by friends as Beneficiary aid	2,194.38
	Transferred to Indian account, paid by government,	7,453.52
	Transferred to Ex-Students' account, to be paid up gradually,—about one-third may not be paid	2,087.02
	Cr. balance	2,010.65
1878–9,	Deficit on U. S Indians cost of tuition is not included	1,274.49

Payment in labor is *bona fide* on their part, but the value of much of it to the school is from 20 to 40 per cent. less than the amount paid (or credited) them for it. Their work cannot equal that of full-grown, trained employees. This is an expensive method of training students, but it is worth doing. Instruction is even more important than profitable production. The question is not so much what the student can do for the farm as what the farm can do for the student. Hence the farm is loaded with more laborers than it really needs, but to whom it pays full wages. Wages must be up to the point of encouragement. Able-bodied farm boys get 8 cts. per hour. Wages are according to the kind of work done, but, as a rule the man get more than the women.

The stock farm, "Shellbanks" of 330 acres, given by a friend of the school, as announced last year, has been improved. (See Farm Manager's Report) principally by the work of eight farm students who with other labor students in the Saw-Mill, Knitting Room, etc., forty-five in all, being both destitute and ignorant, have been employed at from eight to ten dollars a month with board, studying two hours every night, thus fitting themselves for the Junior Class, and by close economy saving up from $85.00 to $100.00 by Oct. 1st, 1880, at which time they will enter school, and with two days labor each week and by steady work during vacation (3½ months) be able to complete the three years' course of study without a dollar's aid in charity, excepting their tuition $70.00 a year to meet the cost of instruction. All students are charged $10.00 per month for board, washing, etc., besides cost of hooks and clothing, and are expected to pay half in cash and half in labor.

There is no better work than putting the bottom of the ladder where the man is, so he can, by his own effort, climb to the top. It gives him skill, character and practical knowledge. But capital is required to do this.

Last September, on the basis of a sixty horse power Corliss engine, that had been presented by Mr. G. H. Corliss, a saw-mill outfit was purchased, and up to date 1,200,000 feet of lumber have been sawed and used, or sold at good prices. The mill has, however, been idle one-fourth of the time for want of capital to keep stock of logs on hand. Fifteen labor students as above described, under a good manager, have done the work.

A matcher and planer and lath machine have since been purchased.

On the present temporarily covered brick foundation another story, 16 feet high, is to be erected this summer, and supplied with wood-working machinery, to supply building material of every kind, all under the care of Mr. Chas. D. Cake, of Hampton, whose management has been satisfactory. We hope to give employment, some of it of a higher grade, another year, to twenty or twenty-five destitute young men. They must be earnest and capable both mentally and bodily; we take them on three months probation. The cost of the building and machinery, $15,000.00, has been generously assumed by Mr. C. P. Huntington, of New York, as a contribution for the benefit of the colored race. We have reason to expect a fair interest on the capital invested aside from the benefit to students. Would that others would follow his noble example.

The Knitting department gives a good account of itself (see Engineer's Report) having been better organized and enlarged, having undertaken to produce the current year fifteen thousand dozen pairs of mittens for S. B. Pratt & Co., of Boston, who sell them chiefly in the North-west. It gives employment to twenty-two students. Knitting is, as a rule, too hard work for our girls. The instruction here is not specially valuable, but it is genuine self-help, and labor is turned into cash, dollar for dollar. This department needs a suitable room; it is noisy, and very objectionable where it is, the room being needed for other purposes. It can be provided for in a proposed building to be hereinafter referred to.

The oyster, crab and fruit canning establishment of Mr. T. T. Bryce, a private affair recently erected near the saw-mill, gives employment to hundreds of the poorest classes of negroes and to others and is doing an excellent thing for this community.

For accounts of other important industrial operations, see reports of the several Managers herewith submitted. Along the whole line of industries there has been improvement. A separate account with each is kept. The exact condition of each is known and will be published in the Treasurer's Report.

The spirit of work continues excellent. "More work" is the cry. Our boys have now the best chance. There is nothing for poor girls who may wish to work a year before entering school. There could be such a class, but only on a basis of some ten thousand dollars capital which would provide sewing, etc., for, say, a hundred women in this vicinity. Preference would be given to those from a distance who should desire an education and be willing to work for it. There would be no chance for careless or indifferent workers. Few realize the number of both sexes that are fixed in perpetual ignorance by "shiftlessness." First-rate student material to work upon does not abound. But the aggregate in the vast masses of the South is great.

Our industrial departments should be placed on a solid basis. As a rule, from the kind and quantity of labor employed, they will support themselves, less the salaries of their managers.

An endowment of one hundred thousand dollars is needed to put them on a solid foundation, independent of annual charity and powerful for good to the races under our charge.

CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES. COLORED WOMEN.

In the eight or ten leading institutions of the country, devoted to the Negro race, the sexes have been, for over ten years, brought together from different parts and educated together. In not one that I know of has this course been regretted, and there has been no serious trouble, after an experience with thousands of young men and young women in boarding establishments of from one hundred to three hundred pupils at a time. All of them are convinced of its wisdom and success.

The condition of woman is the gauge of progress. The past rests more heavily on the colored woman than on the colored man. Quite as much should be done for her as for him. Mingling in recitations, at meals, in social intercourse, always under reasonable direction and restraint, is good for both. The average Negro has not very civilized ideas about women.

Human nature is thus satisfied yet restrained. We do not regret the freedom we have allowed; it has resulted in many well and wisely mated pairs.

Our work is never secure till it terminates in family life which is the unit of Christian civilization. This is the basis of progress because it is the condition of morals. We must create the conditions.

The wife lifts up or drags down the husband. Woman's influence is more subtle and far reaching than man's. This has not been sufficiently recognized in the missionary work of the day.

The moral rally of the colored girl of the better class, under favorable conditions, is, I think, wonderful. There is a ground of hope for and faith in her because of her conservative instincts that ought to have ten fold the encouragement that they now get.

In no race of like conditions in the world, do we find as much, or more, womanly dignity and self-respect as in the improved colored woman of our country.

Our Christian civilization has not done one notable thing specially for the Negro girl; it has done a good deal against her. She is practically without social or legal redress; she has no protector but her conscience. On her integrity is staked her race. Her needs and her value to her people ought somewhere to touch the springs of help.

Here and in other like schools, the young women number as three to five in comparison with the young men. About this proportion has continued for many years. The man has a better chance. Life has to him more stimulus; obstacles are less. The result is natural, but work for both should and could be equal.

Mentally the sexes appear about even; the young men however, showing a broader interest in affairs.

Bodily, the colored girl is, in the judgment of our teachers, most of whom are ladies, weaker than the average white girl of her age. Mixed blood is not, I think, favorable to physical strength.

I am glad to report that since the middle of April, a cooking school has been in operation every afternoon from 2 till 3 P. M. for Indian girls (six at a time), and from 3:30 till 5 P. M. for colored girls (nine in a class) under a competent and experienced teacher. This important branch of woman's education has at last been reached and will add not a little to the value of our work.

For next term, we have planned a flower-garden and a vegetable garden, worked by girls under good example and instruction.

THE WORK OF GRADUATES.

The testimony of Southern educational men to the success of our graduate teach-

ers since 1870 has been all that we could wish. They are now in greater demand than ever for the charge of the free colored

Girls from Dakota Ter. Nov., 1879:
From Cheyenne River..... 2
" Standing Rock..... 8

other mechanical work. They have, under direction of a carpenter, built a two-story carriage-house, 24x50 ft., weather-boarded

ting down prices as above indicated does not seem worthy of the nation. It is applying economy at the wrong place.

ers since 1870 has been all that we could wish. They are now in greater demand than ever for the charge of the free colored schools of this and other States, over twenty more than we could supply having been called for this year. From 10,000 to 20,000 children have been tanght hy them the past year. Tha majority of them are in the country, with salaries of from $25.00 to $30.00 a month for fiva and six months, which have of late been paid with promptness. During tha off months, the industrinl training received hera gives them resonrces which they find indispensable. Many teach winters and farm in summer. This is the rontina of a country teacher. Without an industrial education they would seek the cities, might fall into temptation and be lost to the cause of education. In North Carolina, several teach in winter and raise cotton in summer.

Their letters, published monthy in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, are valuable testimony to the condition and needs of their race, to the sentiment of the whites, and, indirectly, to their own good work. State officials treat them with uniform courtesy; good men everywhere are fair and appreciative. They have no complaints to make.

Their difficulty is with the "old time" ideas of their people. With few exceptions, they take up the Sunday-school and Temperance cause, and are apt to antsgonize the religious notions of whatever ignorant preachers and people they meet.

The lower stratum of Southern Negroes is saturated with superstition, nnd, while passionately responsive to certain doctrines of Christianity, does not take kindly to its morality and resents rebuke. With patience and tact, teachers nre sure in tho end to overcomo this trouble. Their work is very much a moral one, and we havo plenty of intelligent testimony to their well doing in this way. Women teachers havo done as well as men, and in some qnarters are preferred, having less inclination to enter politics. I know of hut three graduates in politics.

Those teaching in lonely, remote places need encouragement, and to quite an extent have been supplied with reading matter from onr Reading Room, and directly hy friends in the North. Tho *Educational Journal* of Virginia has been sent to nearly all, and with other papers, hns given much aid and comfort. The entire timo of one teacher could he profitably employed in corresponding with gradnates. Their appreciation of the good they got here is most encouraging. They all seem to have a lively gratitude for it, an enthusiasm for Hampton, and a sense of duty to their people.

I have alrendy stated that ninety per cent. of graduates have engaged in teaching.

I do not consider those temporarily in other occupations as lost to their people. The schpol money famine of 1878 sent many out of teaching into other pursuits, hut they will gradually return.

THE EDUCATION OF INDIANS.

Onr work for Indians originated in the need of it for seventeen young Indians, who, after three years' sojourn with fifty others in St. Augustine, Florida, as prisoners of war in care of Capt. R. H. Prntt, U. S. A., hegged for an education, and could get it nowhere but here.

The need of training girls to make the work complete led to an increase, till we have now forty-seven hoys and twenty-one girls. They have arrived nnd left as follows:—

Arrived.

From St. Augustine, Fla., Apl., '78, (ex-prisoners of war,) men			17
" Dakota Territory, Nov., "			40
Thus, Fort Berthold,	0 hoys	4 girls.	
Standing Rock,	3 hoys	1 girl.	
Cheyenne River,	9 hoys.		
Crow Creek,	5 hoys	1 girl.	
Lower Brule,	6 hoys.		
Yankton Agency,	8 hoys	3 girls.	
	40 hoys	9 girls.	
Cherokee Indian, (John Downing, Wichita Ag'cy, Ind. Ter.) Sept., 1878...			1
Menomonee from Wisconsin, Oct., 1870.			2
" " " Nov. "			2
Pawnees " Ind. Ter., Oct. "			2
Ah. Shawnees " " " " "			2
Girls from Dakota Ter. Nov., 1879:			
From Cheyenne River.....			2
" Standing Rock.....			8
From Yankton, Dakota Ter., Dec., 1879:			
Girls.....			9
Boys.....			7
			—96

Left.

No. of St. Augustine Indians left.....	13
" " " " died.....	3
" "Dakotas died at school.....	4
" " " sent home for sickness...	8
	—28
No. of Dakotas died since return.....	8
Of the St. Augustine Indians who have died there came diseased.....	1
Of the Dakotas who have died there came diseased.....	3
Very delicate.....	3
Apparently sound.....	1

Almost all those who came last fall arrived with heavy colds, five have since had hemorrhages, and others show signs of lung trouble.

Supported entirely hy charity.....	6
Aided by Government.....	62

The Florida boys have all left hut one: the rest are at their homes; one has relapsed into harbarism; tha rest are doing well.

There was some difficulty in getting girls, hut none as to hoys, and in spite of our efforts there is not yet the right proportion of girls. With this race co-education is most importsnt.

We are now assured that from one agency alone (Cheyenne River) our school could be filled with girls. Hundreds of hoth sexes are eager to come. Not one is here hut hy free choice and the consent of parents. Indians are great letter writers; the correspondenee of our pupils has had an important influence on their friends at home.

The result of fourteen months' edueation is shown in several groups representing parties of our students as they appenred on their nrrival in November, 1878, and in Jnnuary, 1880. These have been heliotyped, and are sold. One set will be given ns a premium to each one who shall subscribe to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN (one dollnr a year).

The majority of our Indian pupils have now been under instruction from Novemher, 1878,—aineteen months. The chief trouhla is with their health. Out of ninety-six, there have been seven deaths; in all cases but two the disease, consumption, was hrought with them, and their friends at home were not surprised. One chief, on hearing of the death of his ndopted hoy of whom he was very fond, called his people together and said, "If only one sent from this tribe to Hampton come hack to us, it is all right." Eight have heen sent home for ill health, of whom three have died. Many who came last fall were seriously injured hy exposure on the way. There has heen an acclimating process, and a holding their own, with a few exceptions. The recent hot weather has heen unfavornhle to them, in consequence of which tha hours of study and lahor have heen temporarily cut down.

Some experienced teachers and army officers propheay a relnpse of educnted Indians on their return to their homes, from opposition, ridicule, and shock at the old life, and from the force of circumstnnces. By their studying one-half of the day and working the other half, hy being huilt up in ideas and in working skill and hahits, and hy a radical change of the inner life, we believe they will, as a whole, stand tha test of home. But no little care must he tsken when they go hack, that favorahle arrangements shall he made for a start in life.

Their studies are rudimentary; teaching is chiefly hy the object method. They are now rending simple stories, are eager to learn, and most interesting as pupils.

In work they are alow, hut, as a rule, willing, and have mada satisfactory progress. In the Indian workshops the following articles have been made: A one-horsa cart complete, and quantities of spokes and other materials used in wheelwrighting; a variety of amnll nnd useful articles of blacksmith work; all the wooden tnhles used in tha school, and many articles of woodwork; all the tinware needed hy the school; most of the shoe-mending, and a few pairs of shoes. They have replaced broken window-panes, and done many amall johs in painting and other mechanical work. They have, nnder direction of a carpenter, hnilt a two-story carriage-house, 24x50 ft., weather-hoarded and shingled.

The farm sqnad has worked regularly half a dny, cultivating the various crops.

The girls have had instruction in household industries, washing, ironing, and cooking. They are learning to make nnd mend their own clothes.

Instead of receiving clothing as fast as it was worn out, the hoys have heen put on wages, out of which they are expected to purchase their clothing; there is soma waste, hut tha consequences of any folly nre sure to he felt, and a valuahle lesson in the use of money is thns given. Putting men on a manly footing is the best way to promote manhood. This fact is at the hottom of any success with the weaker races of our country.

Places for the summer, in Berkshire Co., Mnss., have been secured for twenty-five Indian hoys nnd girls, each one in a separate home, to work out his living expenses under the care of kind and excellent people, with whom they will learn our language rapidly and get a three and a-half months' drill in practical living and working, as valuable, I think, as any school experience. Their health will be improved hy the change. The steamboat and railroad companies have generously granted reduced fares. On the journey, a day will be given to sight seeing in New York city, and perhaps on the return, in Boston.

Three years at Hampton will, I helieve, fit Indians for a simple life of lahor in their own homes.

Our sixty-eight Indians are maintained as follows:

By private charity.....	6
By Government aid ($150 per year) and private aid (from $50 to $70 per yr.)	62

The regular school charges are as follows:

Board, fuel, washing clothes, mending, lights, medical attendance, &c., at $10.00 per month, 12 months.....	$120
Tuition (pro rata cost of education of each student of the school).....	70
Clothing.....	00
	$250

At the rate of Government payment, $150.00 a year, there is, after allowing $30.00 per year for the work of each Indian, an annual deficit. This is met hy individuals and societies, who provide for clothing from $50 to $60, or n scholarship of $70.

The American Missionary Association of New York has donated $60.00 a year for each of the Fort Berthold boys. Friends in the North and in the South have cordially responded to the need. The Episcopal Conventions of Petersburg and of Portsmouth, Va., have each contributed $70 to aid Indian youth; twenty-six are from reservations under Episcopal care. Many smaller contributions have come from Snnday-schools nnd churches in Virginia, and a most generous nnd kindly interest haa heen shown hy the people of this State in this cause.

With a $70 scholarship added to the Government $150, making $220 in all, the school is satisfied; the halance heing offset by their lahor, which the first year is of trifling value, the third of considerahle value. Indian pupils require more teachers in proportion than other students; they wear out clothing rapidly, and are on hand the entire year.

A right public sentiment is half the hattle with both race questions: our appeal to the heneyolent will result in a wide-spread nnd intelligent interest in Indian civilization.

The amount paid by Government last yenr, $167.00 for each student, was nrhitrarily, nnd nganst our protest, reduced last July to $150.00 per year hy the late Commissioner of Indian Affairs, hut for the snke of the cause, and for the good effect of private aid, it is cheerfully accepted. Tuition, building and outfit for the education of Government Indinns has heen tho work of charity. For building and outfit we have already expended $14,054.11, all the gift of friends, besides raising over $3,000 for other expenses.

With tho Government treaty pledges for Indian education, still nnfulfilled, and in view of its outlay in Indian wars, cutting down prices as above indicated does not seem worthy of the nation. It is applying economy at the wrong place.

The need of an improved public sentiment is evident.

It has been proposed, hy Northern friends, to enlarge our work for Indian girls hy erecting for their benefit n huilding which shall cost, complete and furnished, $15,000, to he owned and managed hy the institution. A heautiful site has been kindly given hy a lady friend and benefactor of the school, adjoining tha school premises on the north.

The Boston Committee on the Ponca Indian Case, under whose auspices Mr. T. H. Tibhles and Miss Susette La Flesche (Bright Eyes) have recently been lecturing, desire, through a series of lectures hy them to secure the necessary funds, the effort to commence next September. If successful, the building can he commenced in October, and finished hy Jannary. Thus, at least, fifty more Indian girls could he educnted. The Secretsry of the Interior has expressed his readiness to send from the agencies the girls at the rate of $150 per year apiece. It is understood that, under present legislation, no more can he allowed. Charity must provide the halance. It is for the friends of the Indians to decide whether this increased help for them shall be provided.

There will be no disadvantage whatever to the Institute in this effort. Our work for colored people has steadily grown since Indians have heen here. The elevation of the Indians is clearly possible and is dependent upon the will of the people. Their failure will be more the white man's failure than their own. Sending them to a Negro school is like putting raw recruits into an old regiment. The examples, ideas, language, etc., at Hampton, are a constant and powerful educating influence; an atmosphere which they hreathe.

ACADEMIC.

The academic year, from October, 1879, to close June 16, 1880, has been, so far, encouraging. The untoward event of the year was the hurning of Academic Hall, on the night of November 9, 1879, which has not, however, proved a serious drawhack. It is to he rehuilt on the old foundations with the insurance money, and will he greatly improved in arrangement.

The class about to graduate is, I think, better fitted to teach than any previous one, drill in teaching having continued throughout the year at the "Butler School", which, with its average attendance of about 200 children, is an important auxiliary of tha Institute; making, in all, 500 youth under instruction on our grounds. I regret that we are unahla, for want of money, to establish a Kindergarten School. We ought to show the right way from the beginning. The "Butler" school house needs re-shingling, and some internal repnirs, which will greatly increase its usefulness. By finishing off a lecture room a series of cheap and good lectures could he given to the large and thrifty neighborhood of colored people, and a night class for adults could he opened, though tha colored adult has as a rule lost his former enthusiasm for knowledge.

The corps of teachers was never more satisfactory. The course of study has not materially changed. The mental outfit given here is sufficient for the objective point of the institution — well trained teachers to lift their people to a plane of intelligence that shall qualify them for their duties as free men and citizens.

I think we should, however, work steadily towards scientific studies for a certain class. There is no special scientific work whatever for the colored people. The tendency is to, and their preference is for, the ancient languages. I have seen no signs of a desire for science; hut helieve in its value for them in certain cases and their capacity for it. We ought to hava a good chemical laboratory in a separate hnilding. Practical experiments would hnve a most stimulating nnd happy effect. Tha true spirit of investigation, now rare among them, would be encouraged.

I wish we could have a teacher skilled in the art of physical culture. Both races would he benefited hy attention to their physical education nnd development. Bnt our means do not permit this.

object, we give our readers the result of an use to go to school, but not very much. Al-

With what was rescued from the burning building, and contributions from friends, the library and reading room have been of unusual benefit to the school. The extemporized room has been resorted to by students who, with the help of a teacher, have read and investigated as never before. Although crowded in a small space, they have worked busily and quietly, and justified the erection of a special building for a library. It could also provide offices for the Principal and Treasurer, and cost not over $4,500.

FINANCIAL.

Our financial problem is the maintenance, for eight and a half months, of 300 boarding students, including clothes in part, and of 28 officers and teachers (9 gentlemen and 19 ladies); 150 of the boarding students, with some officers, remaining on the place during the three and a-half months' summer vacation. To meet the entire expense of a civilizing, uplifting, incessant work on the whole circle of life, for hand, brain and head, we need from $35,000 to $40,000 a year to pay current expenses, not counting students' cash payments, which on their personal account does not exceed $3,000 a year. Their labor payment, of say $18,000 annually, is *bona fide*, but subject to large discount from its excess above our needs, and from its quality as that of inexperienced youth.

For annual support, the Institute rests for one-fourth, on interest on Agricultural College Land Fund paid annually by the State, $10,000; for three-fourths, say $30,000, and for all building, improvement and endowment funds, on the public.

To get this money, the Institute pays the traveling expenses of the Principal on two, annual, three or four weeks' trips North, and those of one of its trustees, besides $500 a year to him. Our support comes, in general, from the Eastern States.

The State has paid nothing of the $5,000 due the 1st of January, 1880; the next payment will be due July 1st. We can get no assurance as to when the money will be paid. At this rate, the school, when it closes, June 16th, will owe very nearly $10,000, including salaries due teachers.

It is, however, clearly the thing to go ahead and plan full work for another year. I think the teachers will take the risk. I have never doubted that good, wise work for the Negro would be taken care of.

I know very little about State finances; they appear to be in a bad condition.

Northern aid comes in scholarship donations of $70, which pays the pro rata cost of education of a student, or tuition, leaving him responsible for his board and personal expenses, paid for chiefly in labor; and in donations of from $10 to $500, chiefly in sums of $50 to $100. Occasionally, larger gifts are received. The general donation account is quite as important as that of scholarships, but less popular.

There has been a moderate increase in contributions from the North this year. The signs of help from that quarter are cheering. Confidence seems to be growing as the school is better known. The unusual influx of Northern visitors to The Hygeia Hotel at Fort Monroe has been a help, having given many an opportunity to see for themselves.

ENDOWMENT.

I have for several years urged the need of an additional endowment fund of not less than $200,000, to place this School on a more solid foundation, and permit the exertions now required to raise money to be devoted, in part at least, more directly to the welfare of the people for whom we are working.

SPECIAL NEED.

There is immediate need of a young men's dormitory, and of suitable accommodations for the Printing-office and Knitting-machines—both important industries, now in temporary quarters and objectionable where they are.

A three story building 32x110 feet, divided in the middle by a brick fire wall, to cost not over $7,500, would provide for both industrial departments, and properly accommodate thirty-five students. The present literal "stowing" of our men is at the expense of the best habits and ways of living.

IN GENERAL.

The military department, in charge of Capt. H. C. Romeyn, U. S. A., Commandant, has flourished; the students have improved in bearing through drill. I regret their inability to furnish themselves with uniforms throughout. Requirements in this matter might be more stringent.

The officers' (student) court, under the care of the Commandant, has taken cognizance of many offences and administered much wholesome discipline. Self-government is better, so long as it is wise, than that of school authorities.

Mr. George C. Rowe, of the School Printing-office, has had charge of the temperance work among the students. One hundred and sixty students are already enrolled as members. The importance of this movement is seen in the fact that in the little town of Hampton alone there are forty places where intoxicating drinks are sold, and are largely patronized by the colored people. A similar state of things exists throughout the South. Not so much hard, as steady, constant drinking is doing incalculable injury to the freedmen of our country, and a strong sentiment in this matter should be encouraged in their schools. Mr. Rowe is well qualified for his work.

I regret to inform you of the resignation from ill health of the Rev. John H. Denison of the Bethesda Church, who has in a short pastorate done much for the School.

I have to report the death of the Hon. O. M. Dorman, for many years a member of the State Board of Curators for this Institute, and to announce the appointment by His Excellency, Gov. Holliday, of Gen. R. L. Page of Norfolk, Va., in the place of Judge Dorman. Relations with the State at large have been uniformly pleasant. Our work is better appreciated as it is better understood.

For accounts of the various departments of the school I refer you to the Reports of the Treasurer, Farm Manager, Commandant, Manager of Indian Workshop, of Mr. Robbins, in care of Indian boys, the Manager of the Industrial Room and Engineer.

Respectfully submitted,
S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

ON MONDAY following the Anniversary Day at the Normal School, the Principal started for a summer trip to the Sandwich Islands, the home of his birth, where his mother, widow of the Rev. Dr. Richard Armstrong, one of the earliest American missionaries to the Islands, still lives, active in good works. General Armstrong has not seen his old home for over twenty years, and in this trip whose refreshment he needs after the labors of the last twelve years, his many friends will wish him much enjoyment, and a safe return.

He is to be at home again in September. Meanwhile, all business letters sent to him at the school will be promptly attended to as usual.

INDIAN SENTIMENT ON EDUCATION.

A paper that ought to have better improved its opportunities for information, *The National Republican* of Washington, published in a recent editorial against the compulsory education laws in Indian Territory, the sweeping assertion that "Every blanket Indian looks upon the education of his child in a white man's school with the same feeling as did the Jewish father when his child was torn from him by the Spanish Inquisitors in order that it should be educated in the Jesuit school. There is not, we believe, a full-blood Indian child now in a Government school with the free consent of its parents. Duress of some kind has been applied in order to obtain them, and the discontent thus engendered has been a moving cause of subsequent disaster to more than one tribe, and to the settlers of the West." The editor asks pathetically, "Why should the lives and property of thousands of settlers in Western Kansas be put in jeopardy in order that certain experiments in the education of Indians may be made at Carlisle and Hampton, or even at the agency school?"

Not to enter upon the question of compulsory education for Indians, which these rash statements have nothing to do with, and not that they are worth discussing in themselves, but to let the Indian speak for himself on the subject, we give our readers the result of an interesting experiment made at Hampton with this paper in question. It was taken into one of the evening assemblies of the Indian students, and the statements quoted were translated to them by their own interpreter, with the explanation that it was published in a Washington paper, and the request that they would say whether the assertions were correct.

They listened with great attention till the interpreter had finished the extract, and then a storm of short laughs and grunts, vehement ejaculations of Oh no—oh no—oh no! in English, and equally expressive Dakota negatives—burst out all over the room. When this subsided, one young brave after another arose to resent the idea of *duress* in his coming to school. "I came because my father want me to learn." "I all Indian, I came to school to learn English—I want to come." "My father wants me to be smart—that's why I came." "My father wears blanket—he wanted me to go to school." One girl sarcastically suggested "That white man who wrote that letter to Washington—may he be afraid of Indian."

"Did any one here come without the full consent of his parents? This question was interpreted: not a hand was raised, but another storm of oh no's!

Not to depend entirely on their own statements, they were asked if they happened to have any letters from their parents and friends expressing their feelings about education. A dozen or twenty were brought in chiefly in Dakota, some written in English by the agent or missionary at the dictation of those who could not write.

We give below, translations of some which bear upon the question, with a letter on the same subject which one of the young interpreters, a lad of 14, asked to be allowed to write on behalf of all the boys.

Following these we add a letter received some months ago by the Principal of Hampton from an Indian father in return for a photograph which he had asked for, that he might see the guardian of his children.

They form altogether an interesting expression of real Indian sentiment in striking contrast to the reckless misstatements of it we have quoted. All given below except the young interpreter's are from full-blood Indians.

FROM AN INDIAN FATHER.

CROW CREEK AGENCY, *Jan.* 14, '79.

My Son:—I am going to write you a letter again. I want you to write letters to me often. I am glad that you are trying to learn. Don't run away from the school. It will ha your own good if you learn. Do all tha work they tell you to do, and learn to be a carpenter and a blacksmith. I would like to see how the Indian boys learn. Tha boys down there, their fathers would like to go down and see them. Then they would coma back and tell tha other Indians. Then they would like to send all their children. Learn to talk English. Don't be ashamed to talk it."

Another father writes from Fort Pierre, Da.

"I want you to learn how to be a printer. I want you to learn to talk English. I would like to have you learn to be a carpenter. I would like to go down there and see how you are getting along. If I was down there. If I saw all the boys down there, then I would come back and tell the Indians, and they would be all glad. I hope some of tha boys will learn how to be a teacher when they come back that they can teach the boys and girls. This is the only chance you have. Get all the good you can. This is all I have to say."

FROM AN INDIAN MOTHER.

KESHENA, WIS.

"I am sorry you are not coming home next summer, dear child, but if you like to learn something it is a good place for you. Learn all you can. It will be for your own benefit.

Your affectionate mother,
WAUPAUNO KIEW."

A father writes from the same place: "Try to learn fast, and study hard, so that you will be a smart man. Try to learn the trade of blacksmithing.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

A Christian Indian (full-blood) writes to his daughter from Dakota:

"*My daughter:* I want you to pray God so you can go on thet good road. We always remember you my daughter.

ONE-WHO-LIES-OUT-DOORS."

A BROTHER TO HIS SISTER.

"DAKOTA.

"*My sister:* I want you to learn all you can, and learn something good and God watch you all tha time. I want you to learn something. That's the reason I let you go to Hampton. BULL HEAD."

THE BOYS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

NORMAL SCHOOL, HAMPTON, VA.
May 3d, 1880.

Dear Friends:

I want to write you a few lines this evening. When I was at my home, use to go to school, but not very much. Always my mother want me to go to school all time. All tha Indians at my home dress like white people now. I like to go to school at Hampton, Virginia, very much. I want to see my folks all time, but they want me to learn something about the books, and our fathers and mother want us to know how to work so we can do what we want to do. Our mothers and fathers don't afraid of the white people, but they want us to learn something; that is the reason they send us here. I am very gled that the white people trying to help the Indians, and those Indians who know better than the others trying to help those others who don't know anything. I haven't anything to say now, so I must close writing.

From your truly friend,
DAVID SIMMONS.

AN INDIAN FATHER TO HIS BOY'S TEACHER.

YANKTON AGENCY, D. T., *Jan.* 26, 80."

General Armstrong—

My Friend: You got my latter, and you answered it, and when I saw your letter, my heart was very glad. But when I saw your face in it, I was most pleased of all. Then I made a feast and called the parents of the children that have gone to school. They were all so glad they passed it round and each one *gave it a kiss.* So now we have all seen you and it seems as if we can now trust you to take good care of our children. Perhaps you don't know that Indians think of their children a great deal, and don't know how to have them out of their sight one day.

So now, my friend, you know how I feel about my two boys, but I can trust you now, and I want you to look after them and take good care of them, and if anything happens to them, I want you to tell me soon. I shake hands with you.

Your friend, FAT MANDAN."

FROM A CHIEF TO HIS YOUNG BROTHER.

A full-blood Indian chief writes to his half-brother from Crow Creek.

Aug. 25, '79.

I am going to write you a letter. I never forget you. Try to learn all you can while you are down there. I wish I were young so I could go down and learn too. I want you to learn all you can and come back and teach your brothers. Try to learn and talk English too. Don't think about coming home all the time. If you do you can't learn much. I like to have you write a letter back and tell me how you are.

WIZI—That's I."

WIZI VS. THE UNICORN.

This Wizi is the Sioux chief who, last May, while the *New York Tribune* was elaborating an editorial to prove the absurdity of educating Indians, called his people together and made a speech in which he told them, "If only one of your children should come back to you with a knowledge of civilized life and an education, you should feel fully paid for the loss of the others. Which sentiments are the most elevated and civilized Wizi's or tha *Tribune's* and *National Republican's*, we leave the public to judge.

CAPT. PRATT'S TESTIMONY.

In regard to the question of compulsion and duress, Capt. Pratt sends the following unequivocal testimony:

CARLISLE, PA., *May* 20, 1880.

None of the Indian boys or girls at either Hampton or Carlisle came without the free consent of the parents. So far as I know, no Indian children are held at schools anywhere without this consent. I sent to the Indian Department about a hundred letters from parents on the plains, to children here, showing the parents' earnest desires that their children should have school privileges. I have since been in Washington and found that forty of these letters were referred to the Senate as an answer to Senator Teller's resolution.

Spotted Tail wrote to his son here. "Tell Capt. Pratt he can come now and get five hundred children, if he wants to." Many other letters speak the same spirit. Thousands of Indian children can be placed in schools today, with the glad consent of parents. All that is needed is the opportunity.

Several boys were slipped into the wagons by their parents, after the quota was full, at Cheyenne Agency, last fall, so that when the party reached me at Wichita, one hundred and thirty miles away, I found twenty-nine children instead of twenty-five. I sent back two, but could not resist the pleadings of the other two, and brought them. After we reached Rosebud landing in Dakota, with ninety Sioux boys and girls, last fall, five of the parents desired to take back their girls, and as we wanted only those who came with the fullest consent of their parents, I permitted them to return to their agency.

I could send you many latter from parents, showing the greatest satisfaction that their children enjoy the advantages of Hampton and Carlisle.

Sincerely yours, R. H. PRATT.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATE | and I scarcely have room to turn round, and on | delivering a lecture on the "Fifteen Years Pro- | good, although the weather has been very cold

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS.

HAMPTON'S WITNESSES. A NEW ERA BEGINNING. COLORED PREACHERS FOR EDUCATION. ENTERPRISE IN THE BACKWOODS. HOW THEY GOT THEIR SCHOOLHOUSE. A TEMPERANCE CLUB. "LOOK AT DIS YEER HAT." A DARK PLACE. BIBLES WANTED. FIVE MILES TO SCHOOL BAREFOOT. FROM A TRIO OF WORKERS. A MAIDEN SPEECH. GOING UP HIGHER. NOISY LITTLE C—— MAKES HERSELF HEARD.

Out of the 315 graduates of Hampton, less than 10 per cent have failed to devote themselves to teaching. Scattered all over the lowlands, and through the woods and valleys, of Virginia, and North and South Carolina, and even beyond, their little schools form centres of light and civilization in many dark places. They are doing a very important work in the elevation of their people, and doing it with true missionary spirit, often in the face of much hardship.

Special effort is made by the school to keep up constant communication with these young teachers, both for their own encouragement in their arduous and isolated labors, and for the value of their letters from the field. Written simply to their friends among the teachers, not for show, they give graphic pictures of the condition of the people, more reliable than partizan representations or the hasty glimpses of outsiders.

HAMPTON'S WITNESSES.

Hampton's best witnesses must always be in their good character and work, and next to that, in their loving appreciation of her work for them and their people. The growth of gratitude is none the less beautiful for being a common experience in the development of mind and heart.

One writes, recently,

"If I could have taught the year that I stayed out of school, I think I would have appreciated my schooling more. As it is, I am prond of it. I am glad that my mother ever sent me to Hamptoa."

Another says:

"I have tried to influence some of the parents here to send their children to Hampton, believing that the Hampton system would be the making of them. I read with great sorrow of the burning of Academic Hall. It is a pleasure to see the many friends of Hampton responding to its call, and I hope that Academic Hall may again rear its lofty head on the shores of Hampton Creek, and in the hearts of its students and graduates."

A NEW ERA BEGINNING.

The influence of the ignorent colored preacher in the South is so commonly ndverse to the instruction which must separate their people from them, that it is one of the chief obstacles greduate teachers have to meet, and any change for the better is worthy of note. A young men who has taught for several years since his greduetion, writes from North Carolina:

——, N. C., *Jan. 27th*, 1880.

General Armstrong,

Dear Sir: — As it has been some time since I wrote to you last I thought that you would like to hear from me. As there was not money enough to carry on the colored school in this District the whole session, the school committee thought it expedient to stop my school last fall, and I had to resort to other employment for a living. I opened school again on the 12th of this month, with the promise of getting some money in the Spring.

My School is in much better condition then it was, when I wrote you last. The people seem to be more interested in regard to the public schools than they used to be; even the colored ministers are trying to encourege universal education. We are preparing to hold a Sabbath school union in the neighborhood next July. We expect to have at least twenty Sabbath schools represented in said Union. I truet that a new era is beginning to dawn here.

With a promise to send a subscription for the paper he adds:

I never expect to do without the Southern Workman as long as I am able to work. The more I read it, the better I like it. It made me feel very sad to read about the destruction of Academic Hall—Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain your Student, W.

HOW THEY GOT THEIR SCHOOL-HOUSE.

A young man who is making his first essay in teachiug in the hackwoods of Virginia writes cheerfully of the people's enterprise:

——, VA., *March 4th*, 1880.

I teach in a log school house about 12 by 15, and I scarcely have room to turn round, and on the settees in my room which are no more than five feet long, are crowded six and seven scholars and some have to eit in each othere lape. This is the first school the people have had in the neighborhood, and it is very fortunate for me that they have a new teacher in a new school. How they came to get a school in this place may perhaps be interesting to you. They had petitioned the board again and again without any effect whatever, so one colored man volunteered, and gave the ground to build the house on, and four or five more men assisted him to put up the building. Several declined to aid, and said it was the school board's business to build the house, so it was, but had they waited for them, they would not have had any school yet. All the colored people about here own their own farms, and have horses and cattle, some own two hundred, one hundred, fifty, and down as low as two acres of land, and raise peanuts and cotton in great quantities. The people now occupy the same land they used to work on during slavery, and many live in their old master's houses. They are very ignorant, as you might expect.

A TEMPERANCE CLUB.

The amount of rum that is used among them is startling. I have had men talking to me about their children, and standing at a distance of three feet, and I would smell the rum as well as if I were in a rum shop. I was talking with with the old gentleman I boarded with about drinking, and explaining evil consequences, when he said that he had been drinking for sixty years, and it had never hurt him, and that he believed God made it for the purpose for which it is used, and he intended to drink the remainder of his days. Then I asked him how much money he had spent for liquor in the past sixty years, when he took off his old hat, that rested on an unusually large head and said, "See dis yere old het? Sir she'd been full up if I had saved it," then I continued to explain to him the misery and ruin rum was causing, when he said "Look hyar chilo I bleves yon is right." The next evening I gave a temperence lecture to my school. On asking the question how many of the scholars drank whisky, I was surprised to see nearly every boy's hand in the school up. Although the girls did not raise their hands, I learned since that they drink. I then asked where they got it, and received the prompt reply. "My parents give it to me." I then began to talk to them about stepping it, and persuaded them all to join the temperance society. I told them if they joined the society they could not drink it at all, when one little boy about twelvo years old rose up and said, "I only drinks a little at corn shuckings and I don't think I could stop that." However I won him over on the right side and thon closed school. The people are anxious for me to open a temperance society. When I first came here, the Baptists and Methodists both wented me to superintend their Sunday schools and there was so much dissatisfaction about who should have me I did not know what to do, finally I agreed to take both schools, so every Sunday I hold school in my school houee, a distance of one mile, and after it is over walk three more miles, and conduct another. Howevor I am getting along very well now, and all is peace and harmony.

I beve now about sixty members of the temperance club, most all of them are my scholars.

I got the pledge from Mr. Rowe Saturday, and have just copied it into the book for signatures.

My next general meeting will be tho third Sunday in this month, then I expect to give a lecture on the ovils of rum. I gave a brief one to my school this afternoon (which we raised to-day to sixty-three) and they seemed to be very deeply interested in it.

I hope I have not worried you talking about the temperance club, so now I will tell you about my school.

I have now over sixty and can not find seats for them all. I think I shall etop a day or two and have my house enlarged, or if it turns warmer come out among the trees, but if I want to correct one while he is out in the mountains he has all chances of escape, for the woods are so thick you can hardly see ten yards ahead of you.

I must here throw in a request, as my schools are greatly in need of Testaments, and other Sunday school booke; perhaps you could aid me in procuring some second-hand ones, as they will fit in very nicely.

We are having an early spring here, the peach, plum, and several other trees are in bloom, and the green grass has begun to peep up.

Hoping to hear from you when convenient,

I am your scholar, R.

A TRIO OF WORKERS.

Most of the studente of Hampton come from the South of course, and their work lies there almost exclusively. A trio of earnest young people, however, have carried Hampton's standard into New Jersey, and are doing good work in their three stations, within a few miles of each other, and cheered by occasional meetings. One of tho three writes of some of their efforts outside the schoolroom, and of hie own.

MAIDEN SPEECH.

——, N. J., *Dec. 31th*, 1879.

My kind frend:

I went to an exhibitiua with P. last night, in which he took the most active part by delivering a lectnre on the "Fifteen Years Progress of the Colored Race." He had a large audience and it tookwell. After he got through, to my enprlee, I was introdnced by the Pastor of the church, as "the teacher from S. and also a gradnate of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute." Although I did not expect to be called on, you know I could not avoid saying somsthing under such circumetance. I had a subject in my mind however on which I had been studying for some time, so I gave it to them. It was this, "A Contrast in Chnracters." I tried to picture out to them two old men, one of whom was abont to end an honored and anccessful life, and the other one to the contrary. I began with them first beginning to fight the battles of this life. Both with the same resolutions, &c. Then branched off by one sticking to his resolutions, &c., through disadvantages, discouragements, prejudices, &c., and the other one by forgetting the motto, "Try once and if you don't succeed try again," finds himself, at last, sunk into infamy, as well as numbers of his associates who had fallen into the same pit by following his example.

This was my first attempt to speak without notes, but I remembered what General Armstrong told us once, and acted accordingly. "Say what you have got to say, then take your seat". The people said they were well pleased with both of us, and extended another invitation to us to assist them in another exhibition which will be given in the church at B., where C. resides, on next Wednesday evening.

I shall go if I can get there because I think this will make a good impression for us. Don't you? C. is to read a piece at this one also. I have not seen her since she returned. I have not been any where except to visit P. He has a large school, seventy-nine I think, in number and they all like him. I have fifty-six and expect more the first of next month.

I am ever most ob'ty yours, T.

GOING UP HIGHER.

The young lecturer referred to in the above letter, not content with successfully passing his first examination as teacher in New Jersey, where he reports the examinntione severer than in the South, has been steadily studying for the higher grades in whet time he could get. He writes:

"At the examination held on the last Saturday in February, of thirty-two teachers, only four competed for the 2d grade, and I was one of the successful candidates. I am now studying to compete for a 1st grade certificate. The examination will consist of ten questions in each of the following braches: Arithmetic, Algebra, U. S. Constitution, Theory and Practice of Teaching, U. S. History, School Law of New Jersey, Book-keeping, Grammar, Orthography, Reading and Penmanship, Philosophy and Physiology. I know the undertaking is great. For the 2d grade my average was 81."

COLORED SETTLEMENTS IN NEW JERSEY.

The last letter from the trio gives a pleasant picture of one of the stetions:

——, N. J. *April 12th*, 1880.

Dear Generni,

My school is one and a quarter miles from my boarding place and I enjoy the walk. I am boarding in B—— and teach in B—— or C——. All of the inhabitants of the above named places are colored. The village (only little village) is inhabited by a very industrious class of people; most of them own their honses and some have cows and horses. Some of the colored men farm, but do not own their farms, they work on shares. A white man will lease his farm to a colored man, and he will work on it, giving the white man half. My school during the winter was very large, having seventy-nine enrolled and a daily attendance of fifty-nine and, sometimes sixty-five. I had five boys that are eighteen years old. I have a very comfortable school house with twenty-two desks, a nice stove, five black-boards and a clock. It is decorated with maps of different countries, and a very large writing Chart, all sent me by Mr. B. of Boston. The children at first were very unruly, and I had to be very severe with them; but by persnasion and using the ferule a little I brought them over, and I am glad to say that I get along splendidly with them.

The citizens, both white and colored, speak in the highest terms of me, and say that I have done more good work, and the children have learned more under me than any teacher that they have had. Of course I feel proud to know that I am doing something for my race, I feel as though my dear teachers would be pleased to hear this of *noisy* little C. I never thought that I would like teaching as well as I do. My Dist. Clerk has asked me to return another year, I have not as yet decided. Please send me a Catalogue. I wish you much success in the rebuilding of "Academic." Many thanks for the Educational Journal that you have been so kind as to send. Love to all of the teachers.

Yours truly, C.

Md. *Dec.* 24, 1879.

My Kind Friend,

I received the bale this morning. I must say that it was a very nice Christmas present, and I found many articles that will be of much comfort and great use to me. My response would have been sooner than now had I not been waiting to receive the bale. We send many thanks to you for so nice a present which will afford much comfort as well as pleasure. My school is doing well and my attendance is good, although the weather has been very cold and disagreeable here. I will give a little exhibition or entertainment about the last week in January for encouragement. I have had several Map lectures and they were very interesting. I am going to have a lecture on the maps of South and North Americas at the time of the exhibition. The exhibition will consist of the daily exercises, such as lecturing spelling, reading arithmetic, &c. My object in having it is to show to the parents of the scholars how their children are progressing. I am teaching in a Methodist vicinty. Since I have been here I have aroused them to keep their children in both day and Sunday school. I teach Sunday school every Sabbath and I think both parents and children are becoming very interested in both schools. One of the white gentleman at ——has been visiting my school quite often and has shown quite an interest in my school by reading and lecturing to the children and parents. I will give holiday for Christmas which will continue till the first Monday after New-Year. I presented them all a Christmas present yesterday.

I sent you a letter some time ago concerning two books I do not know whether you received it or not. The colored teacher will be allowed to take an examination soon and the examiner told me all that I need to study was Geometry, Trigonometry and Physiology.. I would like to get Davies' Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry and Dalten's Physiology. If I am successful in the next examination it will enable me to get a better salary. A merry Christmas and happy New Year to you.

I am respectfully, M.

——, VA., *March* 22, 1880.

Dear General:

Through your request I wrote you one letter concerning tho debt question and have not written to you since; but think now it is time to let you hear from me and know what I am doing as a new beginner.

I have now finished fifth month and thought I should have to stop—but I am informed by my Superintendent that the school board has prolonged the term one month. Therefore shall not finish until the last of April.

As to my success—I have had a fair one under the peculiar circumstances which I had to encounter.

My children, generally, are anxious to learn—and some credit me for my pains—To give you a little understanding concerning the peculiar circumstances I mentioned, is to say that my house has been closed quite a number of times and some of these times would last two weeks.

This and the old teacher's interruption have impeded me some, yet hope to make a smooth run this month.

The Superintendent seems to be very much pleased at the success of the Hampton teachers—I visit him often.

In fact schools are promising around here. All the colored schools, (excepting three) are taught by colored teachers, and the Superintendent says he is going to have more colored teachers next year. Three of my classmate teach near me. Doing very well.

In connection with the day school I have a Sunday school which is doing fairly. Enrolled 58, daily attendance 30.

Shall make it a point to lecture upon several subjects before leaving. My people are doing fairly well around me. Have had schools nine years. Some own a great deal—accumulated since the emancipation. The general sentiment is to buy when they can, and crop for self.

There has been no trouble to get money, when due, where I am teaching yet. Shall pay balance in a few months.

I am sure you will be pleased when I tell you the teachers in this county held an institute at Manchester last week—commencing Wednesday continuing until Thursday eix P. M.—Longer if we had desired.

Well sir it was a capital thing. Dr. Ruffner, Prof. Vassar, the colored teacher of Methematics in Richmond institute, Prof. Jones, the instructor in Grammar of the same place, a gentleman by the name of Oliver; in short we had the benefit of the experiences of many of the leading educatore from there. They are to be continued. Hoping all are well,

I am yours gratefully, B.

——, VA., Feb. 3, 1880.

Dear General:

I write to thank you for the "*Educational Journal.*" I read it with much pleasure and find it valuable instruction for me in my work. I am still at work, doing what I can to elevate the rece. I have a large school—last week it numbered one hundred. I had more work than I could properly attend to, I asked my Trustees for help; at first they seemed inclined to refuse me, saying there were four colored schools in Franklin District and they thought that was about all they could do. I invited them down to my school; they accepted the invitation. In a few days my Superintendent with two of the Trustees called. They laughed and asked if I had a big meeting; and agreed with me in saying that I needed help. They said they were not able to hire a regular teacher, but would give $10 or $12 for some one to help me if I could get any one for that. A young girl who had been one of my pupils was examined and employed by the Board. With her help I find plenty to keep me busy. Yours ever, D.

INDIAN PROGRESS.

churches begin their work among them, but home, but we know that every Indian child who come in close contac with them, who

at Hampton is here by the free consent of are indeed their neighbors, are not heeded;

INDIAN PROGRESS.

The following report is by a colored man, a graduate of the Hampton Institute. His work as a teacher, his skill and success in managing Indian boys, and in their mechanical training, entitle him to the highest praise.

The Negro has been, in many ways, an important ally in our efforts for Indians.

I am pleased to say that, with few exceptions, the progress of the Indian students at Hampton has been steady, in all the departments that have come under my observation. In the school room, their aptness will compare most favorably with the children in any public school of the same grade. The best mental stimulus has been work, which has given a keen relish for all that we put within their reach.

From half-past eight, A. M. to twelve has been given to class-room recitations; from one P. M. to five in the winter, and to six in the spring, they have been trained in farm work and mechanics.

In dividing the work among the boys, the first consideration was to have the Agencies represented by as many different trades as possible. The second consideration was the boy's physical constitution, and in what trade he would be most likely to excel. In a few instances, the boy's taste has been consulted, when we believed him capable of making an intelligent choice, but as many would choose to work at some trade because their particular school friend did, the general assignment of work was made without consulting them.

The following list of Agencies will show the present assignment of work.

	Carpenters.	Wheelwright.	Blacksmiths.	Shoemaker.	Engineer.	Farmer.	Tinners.	Saw Mill.	Waiters.	Janitors.	Total.
Crow Creek, Dakota Ty.....	1	.	1	1							3
Cheyenne and Arrapahoe, I. T.	1										1
Cheyenne River, Dakota, Ty..	1			1	2	1	*1	1			6
Cherokee Nation, Indian, Ty....	1										1
Fort Berthold, Dakota, Ty.....	2	1	1	1	1						6
Kechena, Wis.....	1	1			2						4
Lower Brule, Dakota, Ty.....	2	1		1		1					5
Pawnee Agency, Indian, Ty....	1				1						2
Standing Rock, Dakota, Ty.....	1				1	*1					3
Shawnee Town, Indian, Ty.....	1								1		2
Yankton, Dakota, Ty.....	3	1	1	1	3	*1*1	2	1	2	1	16
Total.....	16	2	2	1	5	1	4	3	2	2	4	47

*There are only six boys from Cheyenne River, two from Standing Rock, and thirteen from Yankton; the waiters and janitors are assigned other work besides, which has been reported.

Many of the boys show a natural taste for their trade, and by persevering I believe that they will excel.

The Indians have charge of the cleaning in the Wigwam, under the supervision of a colored janitor; their work has been very satisfactory on the whole. The effect has been to cause the boys to get down on their knees voluntarily, and scrub the floors of their own rooms.

Disciplinary power has been exercised for the best good of the boys, by punishing in the line of the offense. There is reason to believe that this course has not been without good results, as many of the most promising boys are those who have been severely disciplined. It takes hard rubs to bring out the hiddea beauty in the character of some, but it is worth more to the world than the costliest gem.

WAGES.

After a year's study of the Indians, it was thought proper and necessary to pay them in cash for their labor. The amount of wages is based upon the market price of the goods they will need, and the number of hours they work, rather than upon the value of the work, although its quality is constantly improving. It is believed that large wages to begin with would demoralize them; they will have to study economy to make both ends meet; the aim of the school is to make them feel that there are future as well as present needs, and so guard against any foolish expenditure of money. We realize more and more that the most pressing need of Indian youth is a practical education. With it they may hold their own against the race which is pushing them from point to point; without it, they will inevitably go down. Unless education is made to mean more than brain culture, it may yet prove the curse of the Anglo-Saxon race. Thousands of young men and women who leave our high schools, seminaries, and colleges all over the land, graduate with a degree higher than their social surroundings; the majority of them return to their homes unprepared to put their philosophy and literature into every day practical life; with them life becomes one continued grind, and the long list of intelligent criminals is only a sad sequel of it. The education which will nerve and strengthen a man for his calling in life is the most practical and is the most needed today.

It has always been thought by some that Indians dislike to send their children to school; this may have been true before the churches began their work among them, but they so thoroughly appreciate the value of education, that when Capt. Pratt went to Dakota to bring Indian children to Hampton, he did not take what he could get; there was a choice of material, and to-day, we are informed that there are thousands of children on the upper Missouri, waiting to come to school. I believe it would be a hindrance to undertake to force the school system upon the Indians generally at present; there is not yet sufficient intelligence in the tribes to give moral support to the measure, and nothing would be more bitter than that which they were compelled to take. Compulsory educational laws should be made to meet the demands of a tribe; then they would only be shaping the opinion and will of the people. The more we look at the Indian question in its various phases, we see how little the Indian is consulted; he is directed not advised; it is his duty to us, not our duty to him. The Indian problem which the people of the United States have so long been trying to solve, may be briefly stated thus: When shall we be able to teach the Indians to surrender their lands and their houses to us, when we want them without fighting? Its a singular fact, the American people require more Christian charity from the Indians than they themselves are ready to give.

We are often asked if the Indian students will not return to their blankets and their old life. I should not be at all surprised to learn that some of them put on blankets when they go back. It would be no proof of their degradation, as there are many noble and manly hearts beating beneath the rags that cover them; the outer covering is not a true guide to the inner dress. Necessity, not choice, may drive them to it; they must return to the surroundings, their former life, but whether they will sink to its level depends very much upon the success of the work which we have begun here; upon the amount of practical knowledge they will take home with them; upon the strength of their own character, and upon their friends at the other end of the line. The experiment does not end with the school life, it is then that it actually begins. This is only the preparation for the effort. The question is not can the Indian learn, but will he put his knowledge to practical use? The answer to this question depends upon the future policy of the Government. The whole man, to put his knowledge to the most practical and profitable use, has a choice of location; he goes where his services are most demanded, and where he can get the best returns for his labor. Are these Indians to be bound to get their living on one reserve, or will they be left free to choose a home for themselves?

If they are cramped within the confines of the Agency, and unable to find work, they will inevitably fall a prey to those vices to which the discouraged and abandoned in our Eastern cities and towns easily yield. It will be nothing worse. We dare not predict the influence which these young men and women will have over their people on their return home, but we know that every Indian child at Hampton is here by the free consent of its parents and guardians and hundreds of others are waiting to come, so they are going to a people struggling to rise.

A great hindrance to the most effective work among the Indians is the demand that they shall be rapidly civilized, and the return of the few to the wild way of living is said to be the tendency of the race. What shall we say of those who fall from the highest level of our Eastern civilization; the contrast from good society? Does it prove the depravity of the Anglo-Saxon race? After having thoroughly whipped a tribe we wonder why they don't get civilized, and we bemoan the hopeless condition of "Poor Lo." We want to make savages Christians in a day, and after a short trial we see that it cannot be done. Christianizing is not the work of a day or a year or a spasmodic effort in any direction, it is a continued and constant effort. The Christian church has been 1800 years making it; yet to-day more than half the world are heathens.

The condition of the Indian is unlike that of any other people in the world to-day. He is not only banished from the best contact with civilization, but he is hated, hunted, envied, and yearly the boundaries of his place of exile are growing smaller; his rights are conferred by a superior power, and are so limited that his gun is his only defense,

MR. BERGH AND HIS WORK. (See page 62.)

who come in close contact with them, who are indeed their neighbors, are not heeded; instead, on the contrary, they are scorned. Instead of being improved by this contact, the Indian has really been rendered worse for it, adding readily the vices of his pale-face brother to his own—a combination which cannot be excelled in the history of the world in the line of downright meanness. The same article goes on to say: "They are utterly unlike the Negro * * * who, after associating with the Caucasian, soon learns to adopt the ways of the white man, and to live after his fashion, cultivating the arts of life and adopting the manners and customs of his fellow-being. So to a great extent with all other races except the Indian."

According to the last report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, there are now in the United States, not including Alaska, 253,897 Indians. Of this number, 138,046 have adopted the citizen's dress. There are 44,731 who can read. Is the proportion among the whites as good? Twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-four houses are owned by the Indians; that is on an average of nine persons to a house. This would not sound bad to an occupant of a New York tenement house.

The following statistics do not include the five civilized nations in the Indian Territory:

No. of acres cultivated by Indians,	137,056.
Rods of fencing put up,	169,329.
Bushels of wheat raised,	328,687.
" " Corn "	643,286.
" " Oats and barley raised,	189,054.
" " Vegetables "	390,698.

They owa 199,732 horses;
2,872 mules;
68,894 cattle;
32,584 swine;
863,525 sheep.

They have sawed 4,703,292 feet of lumber; cut 75,167 cords of wood; burned 50,000 bricks; made 78,500 shingles; made 444,500 lbs. of maple sugar; and 1,100 lbs. of hatter.

If these facts do not speak loud enough of Indian progress, I will add that the statistics show that the quantity is increasing from year to year. If "the Negro lives more after the fashion of the white man," it is because he has been brought up among them—his home has been with the American people since he first landed here; but the Indians have been kept from all of this. The march of the white man means retreat for the Indians; they are kept on the confines of our civilization, and their accomplishments are in keeping with their surroundings. The Cherokees at their old home in Georgia show best what the Indians can do. Who will ever justify the act that removed them? The question that the American people have got to face sooner or later, is, Shall the Indians be allowed to assimilate and the agencies be broken up?

Freedom of person is of infinitely more value than freedom at the polls. Why would it not be equally advisable to set apart different states and territories for the different nationalities, so that when the foreign emigrants come to our shore we could send them to their national state? No one would doubt that such a policy would be the beginning of the dissolution of the Union; there could be no common country and no common laws. The Indians should be allowed to assimilate with, and become a part of, our Nation's life. Are there always to be national prison pens for them, or will they some day enjoy those "certain inalienable rights?" It is wonderful how slow the Anglo-American has been to perceive that this Declaration refers to no particular race or color, but speaks of "all men."

In dealing with the Indians at Hampton, we see that they have a warm, sunny side to their nature. Their aim is high, and even if they fail to hit their mark, practicing will bring them nearer to it. They have liberties and rights which we do not disregard, and we earnestly hope that when they leave us they will never give up as long as there remains something good to try for. We are preparing them for home usefulness. We do not flatter or coax them; we are trying to develop a self-reliant manhood and womanhood, strengthen their weak points, and prepare them to resist the degrading charms of savage life. This training is a strong stroke up the tide of civilization. If we can send them back to live just a decent and industrious life, their influence, if ever so small, must be a lever to their people.

It is hard for us to believe that there are those who, with these encouraging facts before them, still express their doubts as to the possibility of Indian progress. It takes a higher degree of civilization than all Anglo

Saxons possess to give up an opinion to which one stands committed, even when he knows it is false. But it is grand to think that neither fears nor prejudice can be a final obstacle to the work. The greatest revolutions in popular opinion which the world has ever known have been the outgrowth of a few strong hearts, that have believed in and have achieved success.

We can afford to wait; the American public cannot be educated in a day any more than the Indian. The people will be ready by and by to lay aside legends two hundred years old, and accept facts as they are. The ideal Indian is dead; the true Indian is living and progressing. It is time to concede that he is a man. Take from him what you will in the scale of civilization, but do not subtract his manhood; it is his by Divine right.

The answer to the Indian question must be broader than his reservation, and broader than his territory: it must be as broad and as long as these United States, with all their rights and privileges. J. C. Ronnine.

ANNIVERSARY DAY AT HAMPTON.

The twelfth year of Hampton Institute closed May 20th with the usual anniversary exercises. Notwithstanding the shadow cast upon the school year in its beginning by the destruction of Academic Hall by fire last November, the general feeling was that its closing day has never been surpassed in interest and satisfaction.

The school was honored by the presence for the second time of the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Interior, and an assemblage of prominent and representative citizens of the North and South. Two Governors of Massachusetts were present, Governor Long and ex-Governor Rice. Governor Holliday of Virginia sent a cordial letter of regret that previous engagements again prevented his acceptance of the invitation. The President was accompanied by his little daughter Fannie, and two nieces, Secretary Schurz, General Whittlesey, Secretary of the Indian Commission, Mr. Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, Rev. Dr. George Ellis of Boston, and others.

The Boston party, numbering over sixty, came under the able leadership of Mr. A. L. Coolidge, on the steamer chartered for the occasion by the Boston Commercial Club. In this party, besides the Governors, were Hon. E. S. Tobey, Postmaster of Boston and President of the American Missionary Association; Mrs. Walter Baker; Rev. Messrs. Munger, Porter, Ahbe and Peckard; Col. E. W. Kinsley; Messrs. J. W. Fields, Henry Edwards, J. W. Devis, Geo. E. Brown, Samuel Little, J. G. Wheter, T. D. Quincey, Frank Wood, S. N. Barbier, and other gentlemen, most of them accompanied by ladies.

Among those present from a distance were also Mr. Chas. Benedict of Waterbury, Conn., Rev. Dr. McCleod of Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Petton, President of Howard University, Mrs. Patton, Miss M. A. Longstreth of Philadelphia. The steamer *Accomac* making a special trip for the occasion, brought to the afternoon exercises a large party from Norfolk, among whom were Rev. Messrs. E. M. Saunders and E. N. Crane, Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, Charles Sharpe, Esq., Messrs. T. A. Williams, C. Billings, F. Richardson, H. C. Percy, Dr. Santos, Mr. Jacob Reid, Col. Crocker, A. L. Hill, Dept. U. S. Marshall, Mr. Chas. Reid, Mr. R. Denis, and others. Gen. Upton and other officers from the Fort and Navy Yard were present. The Press was well represented, by Mr. Frank Foxcroft of the Boston *Journal*, Mr. Bacon of the Boston *Advertiser*, Rev. J. W. Harding of the Springfield *Republican*, Mr. Arthur Robinson of the Adams' *Transcript*, Mr. H. M. Clark of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, Mr. Hunter, editor of the Raleigh *Journal of Industry*, (a colored newspaper), and representatives of the Philadelphia *Times*, Baltimore *Sun*, Norfolk *Landmark*, *Virginian*, *Daybook*, and *Temperance Banner*. Many of the leading citizens of Hempton were present as usual, and prominent colored men from Norfolk and the neighborhood. The Trustees of the School present were: Rev. M. E. Striehy of New York; Hon. R. M. Hughes, Norfolk; Mr. Alexander Hyde, Lee, Mass.; Rev. T. K. Fessenden, Farmington, Conn.; Rev. J. H. Means, D.D., Boston; Rev. H. W. Foote, Boston; Mr. Robert C. Ogden and Mr. A. M. Kimber, of Philadelphia; Mr. Z. S. Ely, New York; Hon. Lewis H. Steiner, Frederick, Md.; Judge F. N. Watkins, Farmville, Va. The Curators present were, Mr. Andrew Kevan of Petersburg, Gen. Page of Norfolk, Hon. Jas. M. Daweon of Williamsburgh, Rev. Jas. H. Holmes of Richmond, Rev. Wm. Thornton of Hampton.

RECITATIONS.

The diminished class-room accommodation made it necessary to cut down somewhat the number of recitations, and to invite to these only the guests from a distance who do not have daily opportunities to visit the school. The Senior class, however, was examined as usual, upon most of the studies of the year: algebra, intellectual philosophy, political economy and civil government, and practice teaching. The most attractive to outsiders, perhaps, was the class in practice teaching, with a hundred little primaries from the Butler School for meteriel with which to show the working of Col. Parker's Quincy methods. Model lessons were given by several of the class, which has been practising at the Butler under a Normal School teacher all the year,

The Cooking Class of Senior girls, under a lady who has had charge of the Boston Cooking School, was also a great attraction. Appetizing loaves of bread were exhibited, and the process of making cake, omelet, and chocolate gone through with. The Senior's book-keeping exercises were also on exhibition.

The under classes had recitations in Natural Philosophy, Arithmetic, Reading, Grammar, Physiology, and United States History.

On the whole, the examination compared very well with those of other years, and the class of the "Fire year" need not sit in the ashes.

INDIAN CLASSES.

Three Indian classes were exhibited, in reading, arithmetic and conversation. The Indian children are always excessively shy before strangers, but they made a great effort to overcome their embarrassment and went through their little conversations, worked out simple accounts in United States money, and talked about pictures in a way that several times brought applause. They have made very marked progress this year.

INDUSTRIES.

The industrial department of the school received, as usual, a very special attention from the visitors, who inspected the barn and farm, and workshops, the knitting room and industrial room, printing office and saw mill with great interest, and the Indian boys, in their workshops, under charge of Mr. J. C. Robbins and Mr. Starkweather, on the carriage house they are building, and in the field.

Virginia Hall was thronged at the afternoon exercises which were according to the following programme:

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.—Normal School Band.

SALUTATORY: ESSAY.....Straight Aims.
Blanche Freeman, Southold, Long Island.

ESSAY.....Town Improvement.
Lovey A. Mayo, Raleigh, N. C.

RECITATION.....Edinburgh after Flodden.
John Kerby, Hampton, Va.

MUSIC.

ESSAY.....Our Past Decade.
William H. Stokes, Lynchburg, Va.

ESSAY.....The Advantage of Disadvantages.
Anna M. Pool, Norfolk, Va.

ESSAY.....The Dark Continent.
Rosella Mason, Matthews Co., Va.

MUSIC.

RECITATION.....Revolutionary Rising in 1776.
Rose Ella Johnson, Hampton, Va.

ESSAY.....My Experience as a Teacher.
Sallie A. Carper, Salem, Va.

INDIAN TALK.....
Bear's Heart, Cheyenne Agency, Indian Territory.

MUSIC.

RECITATION.....The American Flag.
Aaron A. Owen, Warrenton, N. C.

RECITATION.....Union and Liberty.
Nellie L. Clark, Abingdon, Va.

VALEDICTORY: ESSAY.....The Men we Need.
A. J. J. Sykes, Lake Drummond, Va.

MUSIC.

POST GRADUATE ADDRESS.—The Vocation of the Teacher.
H. B. Rice, Coal Valley, Va.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS,

MUSIC.

The diplomas were presented to the graduating class of 38 by Rev. Dr. Striehy, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and President of the Boerd of Trustees of Hampton Institute, with the following felicitous address:—

"My young friends: Your Trustees have voted to bestow upon you the diplomas of this Institution, and have entrusted to me the pleasant task of giving them to you. In discharging my trust, I would say to you that these diplomas represent the work you have been doing here. They are not your passports to a life of ease, but the assurance that the conrege and perseverance which have gained them will be your passports to a successful life.

"Go on, then, with '*Straight Aims;*' make your '*Town Improvements;*' Let the progress of your '*Past Decade*' encourage you to enter hopefully upon the work of the next decade. Your race has had a monopoly of *disadvantages;* now see whet you can do with your *advantages.*

"'*The Dark Continent*' calls you, I know. I have had some agency in sending those of your number who have responded already to the call, and I eey to the rest of you, Don't go unless you are fitted for it mentally and morelly and physicelly; in body as well as in mind and soul. If you are thus fitted for it, go! Come back some time and tell us your '*Experience as Teachers.*'

"That was good '*Indian Talk,*' learned at Hampton. Now go home to your people and do as you have talked. Show them the good wey. Let your mother and sister work in the house, and you work for them in the field, and we will say, you ers e 'good boy now.'

"Now in e word, to ell of you—Go and be '*The men*—and womsn—*see need.*' You have done your work here well, and deserve these diplomas which I shell he happy now to give you."

General Armstrong introduced the President of the United States, with the remerk: "It is pleasent, as it is fitting, to call upon the President to address the audience. One who came before him said, 'Let us heve peace.' Under President Hayes, we have had peace."

As the President stepped upon the platform, the whole audience, as by one impulse, rose to their feet with loud eppleuse to greet him.

The President said:—

"I would be gled if it were in my power to speek to ell who heve had any interest in Hempton Institute, if I could express the feeling of every man and woman who has listened to whet has passed this efternoon. Bnt the current of gratitude and encouragement to Hampton Institute flows so strong to-dey that it is herdly for me to add anything to it. I wish, therefore, eimply to thank General Armstrong, the founder and principel of Hempton; these trustees, one of whom has just spoken in terms so fitting; the assistants of Generel Armstrong; these pupils so soon to go out and work emong their people; and assure them of the gratitude, the satisfaction all good people feel in all here done.

"Why, the question deelt with here has from the beginning puzzled our intensest thinkers; has from the beginning been the most difficult, most vital question hefore the nstion: the question, how to deel with these various classes, these different populetions which make up American society. This great territory of ours, with its vast diversity of soil end of climate seems almost to require this vast diversity of population. The main question is how to fuse them into one great, hermonious whole.

"That question Hempton Institute is solving. It is ly deeling with all as children of one great Fether.

"And we may thank all these gentlemen for whet they have done end are doing. They are wiping out in this country sectionalism end race prejudice; and these are the only two enemies Americe has any ceuse to feer.

"We would not undertake to violate the lews of neture, we do not wish to change the purpose of God in making these differences of neture. We are willing to have these elements of our population separete as the fingers erc, but we rejoice to see them united for every good work, for National defense, one, as the hand. And that good work is Hampton doing."

Introducing Secretary Schurz, the Principal said,

"But for the wisdom of the President in the eppointment of Secretary Schnrz, there would be no Indians to-day at Hempton Institute, and if his successor has the wisdom and ability which he has shown, the experiment here in Indian education may be a success. It will give us great pleasure to hear this year, as we did last, from Secretary Schurz."

The Secretary was received with hearty applause, and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen: I had the honor end great pleasure of attending the examination at Hampton Normel School last year, and then made up my mind that I would, if possible, he here egein, as I am in a sense, as you know, officielly connected with this Institution. And to-day I have made up my mind that though my officiel connection with it is soon to cease, as a private citizen I shall never lose my interest in it.

"General Armstrong has said that hut for me there would he no Indians at Hampton Institute to-day. That is putting it rather strongly—hut, however, I will accept it for the eake of the argument.

"It has always been my view, and the policy of my administration, to treat the Indian question as Hempton is treating it. We have established, as you know, another school at Carlisle, devoted—I mey eey exclusively devoted—to the same object, on the eame plan, and still another has been started in Oregon.

"The American people here come to the opinion thet the sentiment heard on the frontier, thet the only good Indian is e deed Indian, is a sentiment barharous and disgraceful; harharons to the oppressed race of whom it is nttered, disgreceful to those who utter it! [Responses of Yes—Yes—from the audience.] No man can have witnessed what has been witnessed here to-day, attended these school exeminetions, and gone throegh these workshops, without heving come to the conclusion thet there is something vastly better to do with the Indians than to exterminete them.

"The experience I have gathered in treating Indian affairs has convinced me that there are just two things to do—I will say just three things:

"First, Keep good faith with them and thus gain their confidence.

"Second, Educate their young.

"Third, Settle them on lands held in eeverelty, and make these lands their own by the same titles as white men hold their lands by.

"This being done, we mey see the time when the greet body of Indians may, without injury to themselves or to our citizens, be absorbed in the great body of American citizenship. And if all the people and their representative would unite for this purpose, thet time would not be far distant.

"Great doubts have been expressed as to whether the experiment in Indian education undertaken here will be enccessful. I think thet es to one point of the question, it can be called an experiment no longer. As to one point it is e success already. It has been demonstrated that the Indien can be taught to read, write, cipher, end understand; and thet he can hs teught to work.

"There is one point still to he solved. It is the question whether the Indians here and et Carlisle will be capable when they return home of meintaining the level of civilization to which they heve been hrought, and of giving an impulse to their people; or whether they will be overwhelmed egain by barbarism.

"For myself, I am firmly convinced thet as in other respects, the experiment will be a success in this respect too.

"This conviction is hased upon the experience I heve gethered—and which you mey gather in the asme way if you will take the trouble—by visiting the Indians et their homes.

"There was e time when Indian young men ettended Eastern schools and colleges only to sink to their old level. But the present circumstances of the case are vastly different. It is not only that we send the young men heck not eingly hut in groups—not a few, hut meny, to hold each other up,—it is not only thet the circumstances of their training ere different from whet used to be; but it is thet all over the country, the Indian tribes are getting the idee of work. They understend thet the time of hnnting is past, their hufloloes and other geme are disappearing, and thet there is a necessity upon them to learn how to support themselves hy lebor; and they want to learn. Not only are they not opposed to the education of their children, but they will give us thousends of them to edncate, if Congress will only give the money for it.

"One day, soon, e very interesting sight will he seen hers end at Carlisle. It will be, the first Indian Visiting School Board. Within a few days, twenty-five or thirty Sioux chiefs—among them some warriors whose hands were lifted against the United States hnt a few days ego, Red Cloud, end others,—will go to Carlisle end come here, to see their children in these schools.

"So the people of this country will have a demonstration of the interest Indians take in edncetion.

"Permit me a few remarks to the philanthropists here, for I taks it for granted thet most of those who heve come to see this school to-day, have come because they have a philanthropic intcrest in the progress of mankind.

"I heve stated what are my personel viewe and tho line of policy of this administration as regards the Indian question. The Interior Department has elways stood hetween two fircs. On one eids are those frontiermen whose cry is extermination. We don't try to pleass them—hecause we don't went to please them.

"Then, on the other hand, are those philanthropists who, meaning well, think of the Indian as an ideal creeture, which he is not. So we don't do quite enough to please these frisnds—hecause we can't go far enongh to satisfy them.

"So it frequently heppens thet we are ettacked on hoth sides at once.

"Let me say, ladies and gentlemen, this ought not to he. All who are interested in the cause ought to co-oprate in all things in certain aims; in the first place, for education.

"I am extremely gled to hear that in Massecbusetts an effort is about to be made to raise money—$15,000, I believe—for a hall for the education of more Indian girls here. Let me say, thet if this effort is successful, it will he one of the best things Massechusetts has ever done for education, or for e downtrodden race.

"In the second place, all ought to co-operate to induce Congress to act for the encouragement of Indian edncetion.

"To give you an idea of the embarrassments ander which we labor: A few months ago the country was on the threshold of a wer with the Utes. A commission was cent hy the Government to see if peace could he maintained. There was a large class of people who thought it an extrevegant and contemptible thing to try to stop an Indian war; while the President and I thonght that in

every case, and under all circumstances, war should be the very last resort. [Applause].

I think too of those other sweet words of one whom Massachusetts is proud to call her son,

Rhoda Rogers,
Benj. F. Brown,
B. C. Hardwick,

E. A. Enpp,
Mrs. B. F. Brown,
James H. Denny,

and fifty dollars a year for each pupil be contributed by this department for their support. It is proper to add, however, that I can guarantee an ar-

every case, and under all circumstances, war should be the very last resort. [Applause].

"The Commission of Peace was successful. The Ute delegations at Washington agreed to give up a large tract of territory of no use to them if they meant to cultivate the soil. They agreed to become farmers, and become civilized. Ouray promised to use his influence to have fifty Ute children sent to the East to be educated.

"What has happened? Several weeks ago the agreement was ratified in the Senate, but it is hanging fire in the House. And, while any morning paper may bring us news of a conflict on the frontier which would bring on an Indian war, with all its horrors, costing from fifteen to twenty millions, we can't get that measure through the House; and instead of there being fifty Uts children educated in Eastern schools, there is not one, and the plains may be strewed with the bodies and red with the blood of our citizens.

"My fellow-citizens, these are some of the difficulties we have to meet. We have done all we can in this matter, and now look to Congress.

"Here is one point where a healthy public sentiment would give aid most powerful, and therefore I call on the philanthropists of the United States to stand by us.

"Nothing would I commend to your sympathy and co-operation more strongly, than the effort made here. No cause is more worthy than this, and no Institution more worthily represents that cause than the Normal School at Hampton, Va."

The Principal expressed his great regret at the absence of Governor Holliday of Virginia, and Dr. Wm. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State, both of whom had accepted an invitation to the exercises, but had been prevented at the last from coming, sending assurances however of cordial sympathy and regretting their unavoidable absence. The Principal remarked that it was unfortunate for a special reason, the audience being chiefly made up of men of Virginia and of men Massachusetts, some of whom had met in hottle with flashing eyes and faces set against each other in deadly conflict, but who were met to-day on one common ground and for one high purpose, in the interest of education and humanity. It was very much to be regretted that the Governor was "not here to represent the brave and chivalrous people of Virgiaia, who have done all—let me say—that was right for them to have done for this school since its establishment among them.

"I am glad that we have with us Governor Long of the grond old State of Massachusetts, whom I am happy now to introduce to you."

Governor Long responded:

"I find myself to-day in a state of great confusion. I have always tried to prove my loyalty to the State of Massachusetts, especially to her educational institutions. I am a little hit nncertain to-day whether I have been blind-folded, and then dropped, not into Virginia, but into one of the hest of our Massachusetts schools, or whether if I em really in Hampton you have not smuggled one of our best schools into Virginia, and called it Hampton Institute.

"Horace Greeley once said, I believe, that 'the way to resume is to reaume. I have been thinking that this is illustrated here. We Americans are always talking about solving problems; talking about the best way to solve the Southern problem, and the African problem, and the Indian problem. While we have been talking, General Armstrong has solved these problems by—solving them, as is evident by the indications we see here.

"While our hearts are full of the historic associations of the place, they are full to a greater extent of the interests of to-doy. I rise to express my own dclight in behalf of Massachusetts, which I have the honor to represent—to express her unreserved interest in this work. Massachusetts rejoices in this work. Massachnsetts has faith in this work; Massachusetts rejoices that it is done in Virgiaia. Massachusetts stood with her sister in the Revolution. She is heppy to stand with her again in the canse of education and equal rights. Massachusetts believes that God has no favorites among his children; that what one can do, oll can in time and with opportunity.

"So while I bring yon hnt little, I carry back much. I have been struck with the character of the essays read by the graduates to-day, with their hard precticol sense and wisdom. I felt that this war which brought blessing and victory not to one part of the nation, but to the whole, has its victory not so much in the preservation of our Union, nor in the three amendments, but in these walls to-day, in the fruit of these results as we see them in this Institutioe, in a common blessing for our whole country.

"As I look on these representatives of two oppressed races, as I see the work of the Principal and his assistants, as I see the interest in it of his neighbors end of the people of Virginia, there comes into my mind those sweet words, Inasmuch as ye have dono it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me; and I think too of those other sweet words of one whom Massachusetts is proud to call her son, "'I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, hnt this I do know; that I never was so mean as to despise any man because he was poor, because he was iguorant, or because he was black.'"

The Principal said: "Ex-Governor Rice of Massachusetts told me not to call on him—" [Lond applanse, and calls for Governor Rice.] "I think Governor Rice is in for it. Governor Rice represents Boston. When this school gets in a tight place, it always goes to Boston, and is always helped out. I think it is peculiarly fitting that we should hear from Governor Rice." With this nrging, Governor Rice made a short address, saying,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have learned two things since I came here. The first is that the will of General Armstrong is perfectly irresistible, whether put into this Institution, or in calling a man out to speak. The second is that, if this school goes to Boston when it gets into a tight place, a Boston man sometimes gets into a tight place when he comes to this school. After all we have heard and seen here to-day already, it seems to me that silence would be the most expressive eloquence. This is no time for philosophic utterance. We are too full of feeling to waste time on any other themes than this occasion forces upon us. I can't help thinking that this Institution is not a foundation, not a creation, not the gift of any man or men: It is rather the outgrowth of our times, a new development of the advancing civilization of the age. What do we see here? three races, and both sexes congratulating each other upon their progress and privileges, and we are glad that the stronger are reaching to the weaker hands stretched up to them, and saying come up and we will help yon always. The Generel has said that Boston has given liberally to this work. I am sure that that city and the State feel amply rewarded by what we see here to-day. I feel like saying that all that we have done for it is only the seed corn of an abundant harvest we shall be glad to pour into its hosom if there shall be need of it. For myself, I can say that I am inspired with new interest and shall take great pleasure in communicating it to the people among whom I live, for their interest and sympathy."

A PLEASANT SEQUEL.

Since the Boston friends went home the School has received official information of an incident of their return voyage described as follows by the *Boston Journal*, which has given, for several successive days, full accounts of the excursion, and the school.

The fine steamship *D. H. Miller*, Copt. Solomon Howes, from Baltimore and Norfolk, arrived at Central wharf at 12:30 P. M. yesterday, having on board the party of Boston visitors to Hampton Institute. The party has been favored with uninterruptedly fine weather since their departure a week ago Saturday, and the trip each way was smooth and pleasant. The excursion has been a very delightful one to oil connected with it, and has been unattended with any mishap. On Saturday evening, at an informal meeting in the saloon of the steamer, speeches were made by Governor Rice, Mr. Kinsley, Mr. Tobey and Mr. Denny, and the following letter, which tells its own story, was presented to Mr. Coolidge, the leader of the party:

HAMPTON, VA., *May* 20, 1880.

Albert L. Coolidge, Esq.:

Dear Sir.—The undersigned, your personal friends and traveling companions, feeling how deeply we are indebted to you for the pleasure of this remarkable expedition, desire to give expression to our sincere thanks for your polite and unremitting care for our convenience and enjoyment, and for the generous and unselfish efforts which you have made to enhance the happiness of an excursion whose novelty and variety would under any circumstances render it interesting. This expression, cordial and sincere as we wish to make it, but poorly represents the measure either of your kindness or of our obligations. We therefore hope to give more significance and emphasis to it by informing you that, by our united contributions, we have endowed a three-years' scholarship in the Hampton Institute, to be called the "A. L. Coolidge Scholarship," and we hope this pleasant memorial of our visit to Hampton will thus aid in some degree to carry forward the noble purpose for which it has been established.

With sincere respect and regard, we are

Very truly, your friends,

Alex. H. Rice,	Edward S. Tobey,
James H. Means,	Samuel Little,
Mrs. Walter Baker,	Mrs. F. Tudor,
Moses W. Richardson,	George P. Denny,
Fred'k R. Abbe,	Edward G. Porter,
T. T. Munger,	J. H. Lane,
Jas. H. Danforth,	Chas. S. Kendall,
Henry W. Foote,	Elizabeth C. Davis,
Joshua W. Davis,	William Atherton,
Mrs. Mary E. Atherton,	Miss May L. Atherton,
Edwin N. Bacon,	Gusta E. Bacon,
Susie W. Carr,	Chas. C. Goodwin,
Alice D. Goodwin,	Frank Wood,
Amelia N. Wood,	Mrs. N. Carruth,
Elizabeth M. Little,	Arthur M. Little,
Rhoda Rogers,	E. A. Rupp,
Benj. F. Brown,	Mrs. B. F. Brown,
R. C. Hardwick,	James H. Denny,
Miles Washburn,	Miss M. D. Washburn
Edward W. Kinsley,	Mrs. Edward W. Kinsley,
Miss Adelaide F. Kinsley,	Miss Mary L. Kinsley,
J. W. Field,	Lucie R. Davis,
Marie McKim,	S. M. Barbier,
Mrs. C. L. Bartlett,	Arthur W. Tobey,
Ann Tolman,	Charlotte A. Vinsor,
Arthur Robinson,	Samuel Carr, Jr.,
E. N. Packard,	Henry Edwards,
Frank Foxcroft,	Elizabeth H. Foxcroft,
John C. Webster,	Mary M. Webster,
Fannie M. Webster,	Mary Alba Webster,
Ella S. Thayer,	Mary L. Thayer.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR HAMPTON.

In addition to this A. L. Coolidge Scholarship, thus provided for by the combined gifts of the party, three-year scholarships of the value of $210 each ($70 per annum) were given by the following members of the party: Rev. F. R. Ahhe, William Atherton, Frank Wood (two), J. H. Lane, A. H. Rice, G. P. Denny, J. G. Webster, Samuel Little, C. S. Kendall, Miles Washburn, Samuel Carr, Jr., C. C. Goodwin, Moses W. Richardson, B. F. Brown, E. W. Kinsley.

These sixteen scholarships, added to the amount contributed in compliment to Mr. Coolidge, make a total of $3,610 from the party; and this smount will probahly be considerably increased by the efforts which the members of the party will make among their friends. It is likely, therefore, that this commencement will be, as one of the speakers on Saturday evening hoped it might be, "a red letter day" for Hampton. In addition to the names above given, several of those in the party are already supporting scholarships at Hampton.

As the *Journal* remarks, the incident speaks for itself, and for its expressive utterance of confidence and generosity, the School returns most heartfelt thanks.

EDUCATION OF INDIAN GIRLS.

The efforts undertaken for this cause in Massachusetts, referred to by Governor Long in his speech, and mentioned in the Report of the Principal in another column, has been commenced by the publication in several journals of the following circular, by the committee in charge of the enterprise, consisting of very prominent and well-known gentlemen of Boston.

APPEAL IN AID OF THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

The committee having direction of the movement that has recently been made in this community in favor of securing to the Indians in this country the protection of law and valid titles to the lands ceded to them hy the government, also recognize the fact that their future welfore and progress as a race depend upon the education of their yonth. The results already accomplished at the school at Hampton, Va., onder the direction of the energetic principal, General S. C. Armstrong, afford sufficient proof of the capacity of the Indian for civilization, and the optitude of the children in acquiring such knowledge as will fit them for the duties of life and the privileges of citizenship. The experiment has been fairly tested, and with remarkable success. No one who visits the school can fail to be impressed with the intelligent countenances and happy faces of the children there, and when it is considered that many of these Indians have been taken from some of the most savage tribes, the results seem most surprising. The readiness with which they have acquired the use of our language, the pleasure with which they adopt our habits and customs, their ready and willing submission to authority, and the mechanical skill they exhibit in the workshop, afford most happy promise for the future. To join in the elevation of a race is our high privilege as well as our hounden duty.

This is a work in which we can engage, and the opportunity is now afforded us. Whatever injustice and wrong we, as a people, have inflicted upon this poor and helpless race, we can now retrieve and atone. There are now 66 Indian children at this school,—57 boys and 9 girls. It is desirable to increase the nnmber. Accommodations can be provided for about 100 more by the erection of a new house adjacent to the present buildings. The land for this purpose has already been donated hy a lady of this city interested in the work. The estimated cost of the hnilding is $15,000. It is not a large sum, and should be obtained without difficnlty. The following letter from the Department of the Interior will he of interest as bearing upon this subject:—

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1880.

Dear Sir:—I have received your letter of the 20th instant and beg leave to say in reply, that according to our understanding when you were here, as soon as provision is made for them at Hampton school, by the erection of a new building, for which you and your friends expect to furnish the money, I shall see to it that fifty Indian children are sent there for their education, and that one hundred and fifty dollars a year for each pupil be contributed by this department for their support. It is proper to add, however, that I can guarantee an arrangement of this kind only for the time that I am in office, and that my successors will undoubtedly act upon their own views in such matters.

Very truly yours,

C. SCHURZ.

William H. Lincoln, Esq.

It will thus he seen thot the Hon. Secretary favors the plon, and once established there is no danger that it will not he continued.

Subscriptions in aid of this heneficent enterpriso are earnestly solicited, and may he sent to William H. Lincoln, treasurer of the committee, Boston. The snm of $15,000 is needed. It is hoped there will he a liberal response.

THOMAS TALBOT,
FREDERICK C. PRINCE,
RUFUS ELLIS,
JOHN W. CANDLER,
WILLIAM H. LINCOLN,
} Committee.

BOSTON, *May*, 1880.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

The Hampton Normal and Agricultnral Institute stands on the east shore of Hampton Creek, a little below the town of Hampton, two ond a-half miles from Fortress Monroe, on an estate of one hundred and twenty acre, once known as "Little Scotlsnd," and during the war, known as "Camp Hamilton," the base hospital of the Army of ths James, wherc as many as 15,000 sick and wounded Union Soldiers were cared for et one time.

The first slaves brought to America were landed a few miles off; and here the earliest English civilization on this continent was established. The second church built in America stands in the town.

During the war, Hampton, Va., was regarded hy the freedmen as a city of refuge. In the neighborhood, great numbers of "contrabands" collected and were protected and provided for hy ths Government, and the first school for freedmen was established among them.

The beauty and healthfulness of the spot, its accessibility, hy water and railroad communication, as well to Northern markets as to the region of the Chesapeake Bay, and to the whole of Virginia and ths Atlantic States, with the density of the colored population in its vicinity, marked it out as a suitablo centre for a great educational work.

The American Missionary Association, of New York, having purchased the "Little Scotland" estate in the summer of 1867, for the sum of nineteen thonsand dollars, fitted np the necessary buildings; and in April, 1868, the school was opened, with fifteen scholars, on a manual labor hasis.

In June, 1870, the Institute received a charter from the General Assembly of Virginia, creating a corporation, with power to choose their own successors, and to hold property without taxation. They number seventeen, and now hold and control the entire property of the school hy deed from the American Missionary Association. No denomination has a majority on the Board of Trustees. The school is, however, decidedly religious in its teaching and influence. Their corporate title is "The Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute."

In march, 1872, the General Assembly of Virginia passed an act, giving it one-third of the Agricultural College land grant of Virginia. Its share was one hundred thousand acres, which was sold on the 1st of May, 1872, for $95,000; hy the terms of the act this grant may he withdrawn. Nine-tenths of this money has been invested in State honds bearing six per cent. interest; the other tenth has been expended in the purchase of additional land, increasing the size of the farm to one hundred and ninety acres. The land thus received is a portion of the "Segar" estate adjacent to the grounds of the Institute, and well adapted to the needs of the school. The State has, np to the current year, regularly paid the interest, ten thousand dollars a year, on the fund. None of this can he nsed for building or improvements. It covers one-fonrth of the annual running expenses of the Institution. The dishnrsement of this income must be ratified hy a Board of six Curators, (three of whom may be colored) appointed hy the Governor every four years. They meet with the Trustees annually and attend their deliberations.

With liberal grants, amounting to fifty thousand dollars, from the Freedmens' Bureau, through Genl. O. O. Howard, Commissioner, and hy the aid of friends, the school was soon able to erect a large brick building with temporary dormitories, and admit many more students. It has since, hy the help of friends, erected a larger brick building, Virginia Hall, costing $80,000, and permanent dormitories and buildings for various purposes, and purchased a valnable farm of 330 acres.

Real Estate	$204,650.00
Stock, Implements, Books etc.	16,500.00
Invested securities	72,838.48
	$293,988.48

AGRICULTURAL.

ARTIFICIAL HATCHING AND REARING OF FOWLS.—Desirous of presenting to our readers a report of the experiment now in operation at Codnor Farm in Concord township, owned and managed by Col. Frank M. Etting, we called there a few days ago to glean the particulars. We found the Colonel a genial gentleman of cultured mind and refined tastes, and a man who zealously prosecutes the vocation of farming more from a love of the pursuit, than in obedience to the stern mandate of grim necessity. Proceeding upon a tour of inspection a short walk brought us to the poultry department, which, by the way, is an enterprise that was originated and is conducted by Mrs. Etting. One of the houses—for more are to be built—is completed for the comfort of laying hens. It is 100 feet long and 12 wide, divided into eight compartments, with a separate run of 12 feet by 50 feet—into which each pen opens—inhabited by superb Plymouth Rocks—14 in a pen, with one cock to each pen; all of these are pure and derived from the one of best strains in Massachusetts.

The appliances for feeding cracked corn, rye, oats, hone-meal, oyster shells, &c., are very complete, and we noticed also, a simple, though apparently effective contrivance for watering the fowls; it being an earthen crock with a heavy stone made to fit over it, giving full access to the water without subjecting it to being overturned or befouled. The roosts are placed over the nest boxes, while the latter open from the front to take out the eggs, and the droppings fall upon a board, which strewn with sand or muck can be cleaned off daily, thus with the system of ventilation adopted the pens are kept pure, and the fowls in perfect health—a plan hitherto pursued for over two years, and which has effectually kept off the diseases to which fowls kept confined in any number, are supposed to fall heir to. No cholera or roop or such complaints ever having been discovered on the place.

The location of this, as well as the houses not yet completed, is admirable, being situated on one of the finest pasture fields of the farm, sloping towards the southwest, embosomed in the surrounding hills, and protected from the north and east by a large orchard, or the mansion grounds and shrubbery. A few paces from the pens is the feeding house of three stories, the cellar containing a cistern and a room for mixing warm food; here also is Baker's patent hot water heating apparatus. In the second story is the Incubator room, this machine being also Baker's patent, and capable of hatching 700 eggs at a time. This apparatus is in running order and has just been started with its complement of eggs. The second story contains bins for various kinds of chicken feed, and the third story will be used as a hed chamber hy the attendant. Adjoining this building is the glass house where the little chicks are fostered and raised after breaking the shell. It is 60 feet long and 30 feet wide, and built wholly of glass. Ranged along one side are the artificial mothers, five in number, each capahle of brooding 200 chicks, thus affording a capacity of 1,000 at a time, from two deys to six weeks old. When six weeks old they are to be transferred to the opposite side of the same house where hot water pipes keep the temperature at the proper degree. The brooders are also heated by a system of hot water circulation, and so placed on an inclined plane as to enahle the little chicks to adjust matters to a warmth satisfactory to themselves.—*Exchange.*

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Dr. T. H. Parramors has permaneutly settled in Hamptou, and is prepared to perform all operatious on ths teeth, and insert artificial sets. Rooms, over H. L. Schmelz & Co.'s stors, on Main street.

BOOTS AND SHOES!
N. McNEILL invites attention of the public generally to his large and carefully selected stock of Boots and Shoes of the
Best City-made Work,
which I will sell at and below cost. All other goods in my store will be sold lower than ever, in consideration of the times. Please give me a call and see for yourselves. Ladies' and gentlemen's work made to order, and repairing neatly done.
N. M'NEILL, HAMPTON, VA.

THE HYGEIA HOTEL,
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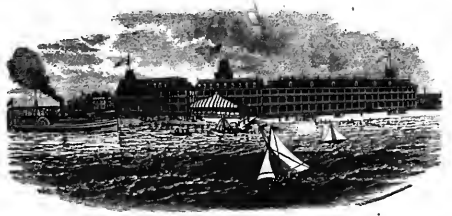

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HEALTH AND HUMANITY.

"I saw how it was to be the very first evening. John had no eyes nor ears for any one but her. I told him soon that I would not hold him to his promise to me. Better lose all when the heart is gone!"

"But could Emma love him after this?"

"She was young and thoughtless; but it was worst me?"

They might ask questions, but neither could answer. Nothing came but tears and sobs. Susan roused up first. She must not give way. She must try to help. She called the frightened children to her, and they soon came and clung to her when they had looked in her

HEALTH AND HUMANITY.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

The kitchen clock was striking six as Susan Young opened the shutters one summer morning, threw up the window, and leaned out to enjoy the scent of the flowers. The yard was not much larger than the kitchen, but the children worked and played in it, and made it cheerful—"Bless their little hearts!" as Susan said to herself.

She turned to begin her work by lighting the fire. The sun shone in, and the bright tins caught the light. The kitchen was all in order; and as soon as the sticks began crackling, and the kettle was put on, and the place dusted, she was ready to go to the parlor.

Susan was servant to Mr. Wilson, a clerk in one of the factories of a busy, smoky city. But the house was airy, though it was in a city, because Mr. Wilson's maxim was "Health is wealth;" so he chose to live in an airy part of the town, though he paid higher rent than if he had lived in a worse situation, and had to walk a long way to and from his work besides. "What then!" said he "if I am tired at night I sleep the sounder; and I see my wife and children come to breakfast with healthy faces. As to the rent, we will save in other things. If I were to spend twenty cents a day on something to drink, that would be more than fifty dollars a year. We will do without. This pleasant little home, and a thankful heart to the Giver of every blessing, is worth all the liquor twice over. We have good water here; tea is getting cheaper, and my wife makes capital coffee. What more do we want?"

He kept his resolution; and as he was blessed with a good wife, he had a healthy, happy home. It was small and frugal, for his salary was but small, but it was not the less happy for that. Susan had lived in this family for five years.

"There's Mrs. Wilson gone in to the children," thinks she to herself, as she goes to the parlor door. "Half-past six by that." And as she opens the window and sweeps and dusts the neat little room, merry voices are heard above; splash goes one child after another into the cold water, and little feet are running over the floors. Then they come trooping down with shining morning faces and clean aprons, Willie and Johnny, and Lucy, the eldest, who leads down little Emmy. Emmy is Susan's favorite, because she has a sister Emma whom she loves dearly. They must all have a kiss from Susie, and then they bustle out to their garden. Their father has been up and busy over his books since six; he enjoys his evenings with his family, but he is always early at work. The parlor is fresh and bright with wide open window, and breakfast laid when he comes down at half-past seven, and the whole family collects to morning prayers. They are seated to breakfast at eight; the children with their bread and milk, their father and mother with their coffee, and Susan with hers in her nice kitchen.

Mr. Wilson is off to the factory directly, and the mother and children go out soon, for she has to market this morning. Then Susan clears up breakfast and goes to the bed-rooms. They look rather empty and they are very cheaply furnished, but everything is so clean, it is a pleasure to look at them. This had all cost very little, but it was all that was wanted, and there was not a speck of dust to be seen, nor was anything left standing that ought to be carried down, nor any pitcher left unfilled with fresh water, when Susan left the rooms after making the beds, and went down to her kitchen ready to take the orders for dinner.

This was the regular way in which the work went on, and Susan had time for needlework in the afternoon; but to-day the regular way was going to be disturbed, as you shall hear.

About twelve, when the children were at lessons with their mother, she sent Susan out on a message. It should not have taken above a quarter of an hour, but one o'clock came, and it grew near two, and still she had not returned. Such a thing had never happened before. Mrs. Wilson had to cook and lay the cloth, and was anxious besides, lest Susan should have met with some accident; but when Mr. Wilson came home at two, she was behind him. Her eyes looked red and she seemed flurried; but she only said, "I am very sorry, ma'am, to have been so long," and made haste to the kitchen. She was not like herself at dinner, and an hour afterwards when Mrs. Wilson went to the kitchen, she was sitting at the table with her face hid in her hands.

"Susan, what is the matter?" asked her mistress.

"You deserve that I should trust you, and I believe that you can explain the reason of all this; but you ought also to trust me. Who was that young man that my husband saw walking with you, and why do you seem so unhappy? I would gladly help you if I could."

"Oh, you are very kind, ma'am," said Susan, starting up; "I never thought to see that young man again, and the sight of him brought back so many thoughts of my own home, long ago."

"Is he a relation then?"

"No, ma'am; no. But he was a neighbor's son, and we are of the same age, and we went to school together, and told all our troubles to one another; and when he was 'prenticed to a saddler in our village, it was just the same. Not a day but we saw each other, and my little pet, my sister Emma, was his pet too. She was six years younger than me, and everybody said she was the beauty of the village, and so she grew up. Well, ma'am, when she was eighteen, and he was in good work, she came home from a long visit to grandfather. Every evening John Turner came to see ma then. We were to be married in a month."

"My poor Susan!" said Mrs. Wilson.

"I saw how it was to be the very first evening. John had no eyes nor ears for any one but her. I told him soon that I would not hold him to his promise to me. Better lose all when the heart is gone!"

"But could Emma love him after this?"

"She was young and thoughtless; but it was worst of all to me that she made light of it, and besides I never could see that she cared for him. She liked to walk with him, and laugh with him, but if he tried to say anything serious to her she would turn it off; and it was very soon over, for a few weeks afterwards a young city workman came down and fell in love with her and she with him. He was handsome and pleasant, but I could not wonder that she should like him better than John Turner. Now came out John's passion. He accused the other of robbing him of the girl he loved and that loved him, for so he believed she did, and 'I hold you answerable to me that would have cherished her as long as I lived, for her happiness,' he said. His lips trembled and his face was pale as he spoke the words, and he went out without bidding any of us good-bye. He left his trade and his country and sailed for California, and I have never heard tidings of him since, till this very day."

"No wonder you forgot everything but this! How did he fare in California?"

"He is well off, and had plenty there; but he took a longing to come home, so he came. He wanted me to give him Emma's direction, but I refused at first, and then it came out afterwards. He declared that he does not care for her now, but he wanted to see her once more. He has never married another, he said.

"Is Emma happy in her marriage?"

"I hope she is, ma'am, and believe it, too, but I have not seen her for six years. The last time was on her wedding-day. I can see her now in her light gown, looking a real beauty, so every one said. It was a merry day, but I could not help thinking of him who was alone on the seas. They went to the city, and Joseph Spearman, that's her husband's name, has always been in work, and they took nice lodgings, so I heard from her. But troubles came upon me fast after the wedding. Father and mother died both within the year. When I was left alone, I made up my mind to go to service, and came to you, ma'am."

"But you will see John Turner again?"

"If you please, ma'am, he will call next week. I think I will write to Emma. I remember her last letter to me was written seven months ago, after her baby was born. He was her fourth child. I thought she seemed low-like, and I would like to hear of her again."

Three or four days after this, Susan got a letter in answer to the one she had written, not from Emma herself, but from a neighbor, saying, that Mrs. Spearman was very ill, no one thought she would live, and they did say her husband ill-used her. He had got into bad ways and drank, and they had moved into one room in a poor tenement house. The baby was dead, and all the children sickly. Mrs. Spearman did not want her sister to know, but it was right she should, and so the direction of her room was sent.

"I must go to her!" was the cry of Susan's heart. "My poor, pretty little sister! Her husband ill-nase her! Would he dare to lay a hand on her? I cannot rest till I see her!"

Mrs. Wilson thought that it was indeed Susan's duty to go to her poor sister; but she hoped things were not so very bad, and that she should soon get her good servant back again. The next morning, it was Saturday, Susan was ready to set out. Mr. Wilson paid her wages up to the day, and she had money in the Savings' Bank, if she wanted more. The children cried, and begged her to come back as soon as she had made her sister and the poor little girls end boy well, and her sister blinded her eyes as she turned from the door.

It was afternoon when she got to the city, and walked away from the station, carrying her little bundle. She had to ask her way several times, but at last got to the street out of which the alley turned, and then a woman in a coal and potstoe shed showed her the alley.

Her clean cotton gown and new straw bonnet don't look much fit for that place! thought the woman to herself.

The alley was narrow, and had a nasty gutter down the middle of it; the air was close and bad; numbers of ragged children were playing about the doors. Susan asked for No. 10, and a boy pointed to it. She went in, and mounted the dirty, creaking stairs. Three-pair front was Emma's room.

Susan stood outside the door, and felt afraid to open it. What should she see when she did? What could she expect in such a place as this?

As she stood, she heard a child begin to cry within, and then a harsh, grating sound of a woman's voice called out, "Hold your tongue, or I'll give you the stick!"

That was not Emma's voice. Her voice was sweet and bell-like. She must have come to the wrong door, and must knock and ask. She knocked, and the same harsh voice said, "Who's there? Come in, if you want to come!"

She opened the door. A sickening smell and the darkness of the room confused her at first. Then she saw a little boy seated crying on a floor, black with coal dust and dirt; a girl younger than he standing by him; and very little else in the room besides a small bed against the wall, on which lay a woman, with a little child in her arms.

A woman! with hollow cheeks and large startled eyes, and a tattered black cap hardly blacker than the blanket that covered her. A woman! Susan stood by the door, and as she stood, began to tremble from head to foot, and had not strength to move. But the woman dropped her child on the bed, opened wide her arms, and gave a faint shriek, and the next instant they were clasped in a long, long embrace.

"Susan! my own sister Susan!"

"Emma! my darling! my pretty, dear sister! why did you let it come to this? Why did you not send for me?"

They might ask questions, but neither could answer. Nothing came but tears and sobs. Susan roused up first. She must not give way. She must try to help. She called the frightened children to her, and they soon came and clung to her when they had looked in her kind face. Then she took the wailing little one in her arms and soon quieted it. "Poor little Polly," she said, "you do look ill! and this is Susie by me here, and this is Tommy. What were you crying for, Tommy? I know your name, you see."

"I want my tea," sobbed Tommy.

"Then you can't have it yet," said his mother. "I have no strength to get it. You must wait till Mrs. Larkins comes. She's a kind neighbor, Susan, that comes in to help me when she comes home from work. I don't know what I should have done without her."

"I will get tea," said Susan; "I brought you some nice tea and sugar from Mrs. Wilson, Where's the wood to light a bit of fire?"

Susan had tucked up her gown, and was down on her knees clearing the grate in a minute. She found some sticks and matches. There was a mountain of cinders under the grate, and some coals were flung down in a corner of the room. The fire was soon alight. She shovelled up the ashes, and put them in the box where the coals should have been, but she looked round in vain for a brush.

She had dusted the table, and now set the tea-things on it and made the tea; then she put on her bonnet to go out, at which both the children began to cry.

"I am coming back, dears," she said; "don't cry, aunt Susan is only going for the milk and bread and, butter."

Emma opened her eyes and looked wistfully after her; and a smile really did light up her pale face when, in a short while, Susan came back with all she went for. She put the things down and went to the bed to take the thin hand that was held to her; and "Let me wash your dear face with some of this cool water," she said. "There! it refreshes you. Now the hands. Now I have brushed your hair a bit, and you must put on a clean cap; I have one to spare. Oh, you look ever so much better."

But Susan could say no more; a choking came in her throat, for now the face looked like the Emma of long ago, only shrunk and faded. She hurried to the table; the two children were already seated on one chair, looking at the loaf. She supplied each with a good slice of bread and butter, and gave them a mug of sweet weak tea between them; then took a cup of tea and slice of toast to their poor mother, feeding the little sickly Polly herself, meanwhile, with a spoon.

"How nice it is!" said Emma. "I have not liked anything so much for many a day. You have made it all look so comfortable!"

Comfortable! Susan looked round the wretched room, and thought poor Emma must indeed have had to misery if she could think there was comfort here. She was herself suffering so much from the close air that she could not taste the food, though Emma pressed her. She had tried to open the window from the top, but could not; and when she put it up from the bottom it fell again, for the pulley was broken; but not before she found out that things had been thrown from the room on to the ledge of the roof, that made it worse to open the window than leave it shut, for such a had small came in.

The children grew sleepy after tea, and Susan helped them to creep in at the bottom of the bed. This was their place. They lay between the dirty blankets, for there were no sheets; and all she had to do for them was to take off their ragged frocks. She thought of Mrs. Wilson's children, and how they were washed all over with soap and water every night before their clean little nightgowns were put on.

"Poor little souls!" she said to herself. "Poor little neglected things! No wonder their skins are full of sores, and their limbs so thin. God help me to do something for them; and He is sending sweet sleep down upon them now."

She sat down by Emma, and they remained silent for some time, with their hands clasped together. Susan spoke first.

"What complaint have you, Emma? Have you any doctor?"

"Not now I haven't; I had Dr. Cockle, that has the large doctor's shop near. He said I had a decline. But his physic was so dear, and I don't think it did me good."

"Do you always keep your bed?"

"Oh no, I keep about. I had but just laid down when you came. My back ached so."

"Why don't you go to a dispensary?"

"Jo would not let me. He would have me have a paid doctor."

"Where is Jo?"

"At work. He'll be home by and by."

"Then he is in work! What wages has he?"

"From seven to eight dollars a week."

"Ah, then it was true that I heard. You ought to be kept in comfort and plenty with such wages; and he ill-treats you too!"

"Him! who told you lies like that?"

Susan hid her face. A black bruise on her sister's arm had that very moment struck her eyes.

"You can't deceive me, Emma. Oh, to think how we were brought up, and the comfort in our little cottage, and five of us all with schooling, and never wanting for decent clothes and food, and father with but his five or six dollars a week!"

"Oh my home, my dear home! Mother! father!" cried Emma, bursting into tears. "It's at the public house all the money goes. To pay the rent for this room something has to go every week. The bed must go next; and then when all's gone we must go down to the kitchen. They tell me the woman's dying that's there now. It's damp, and has a horrid smell, and a grating over the window, for it's underground.

Please God to take me before I have to go down there!"

"He's a villain that has brought you to this."

"No, no! he's good when he's not in drink; and he's

John rose, but dragged the other up with him, and held him fast by the collar. The wretched man was sobered by the shock, and stared in horror at the two

away. When he could speak, he held out his hand to Susan, and said, "Sister-in-law, God bless you!" He could say no more, but there were many thoughts in his

Please God to take me befors I bave to go down there!"

"He's a villain that has brought you to this."

"No, no! he's good when he's not in drink; and he's a good workman—none better. But ths workshop's close and hot, and he wants comfort when he comes away, and there's none here for him."

Susan's conscience smote her. It was not ths way to help Emma, to make her hate her husband. It was a blessing she could love him still.

"There *is* no comfort here, Emma," she said, "let us help you to make it better. Let us try to make your husband like his home."

Emma fell back on her pillow. "It's no use to strive," she said. "What can I do? dragging up all ths water and carrying all down. It's no use. I'm too ill. I've no heart since I lost my poor baby, and the children are always dragging at me, and Tommy's always fretting."

"No wonder in such a place. They are all ill. I will make it quite another thing."

"I have been thinking where you can sleep," said Emma, who did not like to hear Susan seem to say she had not done her best. "There's only one bed here; and then, you must not lose your place for me."

Susan said she should not lose it by staying a little while, and she knew she must find a lodging.

"Now you had best go down stairs," said Emma, "and ask Mrs. Larkins to let you share her bed. You will like her room. Only say I sent you."

Susan went, not expecting to like it very much, and was never more surprised than when Mrs. Larkins opened her door; for it was a little palace of comfort, and she and Mrs. Larkins made friends in a minute. Ths room was very small, but the window was bright and wide open, and a canary was singing in his cage, hung against the shutter.

"Sit ye down," said she, after the bargain for a week's lodging had been made. "You say the poor soul upstairs wants nothing more, and you're tired to death;" and she put a dust more tea in her brown teapot, blew up the hot cinders, made ths kettle boil, brought out some fresh water-cresses, and prepared to give Susan her tea; and indeed Susan was very tired, and enjoyed it much. They talked a great deal about Emma.

"She will never be better as long as they have but one room for them all, and it so close," said Susan. "If she kept it like yours it would be different; but with his wages she ought to have better lodgings."

"Let me tell you, my dear," said Mrs. Larkins, "thet wages is of no account if a man goes to the public house; and that nniess a woman finds a husband as don't, and that's not one in twenty, she's better without him. Now I make, mey-be, two dollars a week, more or less."

"Two dollars! and they have eight!"

"That's it. What I make, I make; and what I spend, I spend on what I went. I should like more, it may be, at a time, but I do pretty well. My old man—that's his picture you see there—was sober enongh, as times went; he seldom drank at all, so he left all these things and more behind him; some I gave to my son, and some I sold. We had six children, and I lost him, poor fellow, at thirty-five."

"You were happy with him then?"

"Yes, yes; I got e fright once or twice that he was going to take to the public house, but I ticed him off it. I kept my place as tidy and cheerful as I could always. Then I would say to him, 'John,' says I, 'don't you think if we could save e bit o' money, to buy some more plates to fill the shelf,' says I, 'or e looking-glass for you to shave by?' Then the best of all was a fellow-workman persuaded him to go to a place of worship on a Sunday; it was a nice pleasant walk there, and the children went to Sunday-school; and they got that Bible there on the shelf, by paying every week what we could spare; and he liked us all to look neat and tidy on Sunday, so he never wented to spend his money away after that. His own home was pleasanter than the rum-shop, I took care o' that."

"Ah, yes!" said Susan, "that's the way if only Emma could do it. But she's so ill!"

"She's not so bad, if it wasn't for fretting, and if she would go to tha dispensary, they'd do her good. Thet's Spearman's folly ahont a paid doctor. There's the best of doctors and medicines for nothing at the dispensary; and as to pay, they don't make us pay; but I go to work sometimes et ons of the doctor's houses, and cook told me he get five or six dollers from rich people."

"I will try and persuade her," said Susan, rising to go back to Emma. "But it's not the doctor she wants, Mrs. Larkins; it's ths fresh air, and wholesome food, and a happy heart." Mrs. Larkins sighed and shook her head, as if to say she thought it a hopeless case, and Susan went sadly np-stairs. She fonnd Emma sitting at the table, wearily leaning her beod on her hand. She was listening for her husband; he had promised to come early, she said, because she was so poorly, but Saturday was always the worst night with him.

Eight o'clock came, then nine, and Emma began to cry and moan and complain of Jo, and at last said she was so ill, thet she must have some drops from the doctor's. Would Susan light the candle first, not to leeve her in the dark, and go for the drops?

Susan went, and as she turned ont of the alley, almost ran into a man who was reeling into it. There was not light enough to see his face, but a dread came over her that it was Joseph Spearman. She was kept waiting so long in ths shop, thet twenty minutes had passed before she got back. As she ran up to the door, she heard e scream, then lond voices of men and a heavy fall. She hurst in. Emma was clinging to a chair. Two men were struggling on the floor. The undermost was Jo, ths other had his clenched fist ready to strike a heavy blow. Susan clnng to ths uplifted arm with all her strength, and beld it back. The man turned round, and their faces met. It was John Turner!

"Spare him! don't harm him!" shrieked Emma. "He's good to me when he's not in drink. Look at me, Jo! Are you hurt?"

John rose, hnt dragged the other up with him, and held him fast by the collar. The wretched man was sobered by the shock, and stared in horror at the two strangers. He remembered their faces. They seemed to him like two ministers of wrath come to punish him. John shook him in his rage, and said dreadful words to him thst cannot be written, and then called him a coward that would strike a woman.

Jo held out his trembling hands towards his wife, and she seized them, kissed them, and tried to comfort him. He was shuddering from head to foot. John released him, and he staggered against the wall.

Susan touched John's arm. "Best leave them alone," she said, "she will do him mors good than we can."

John followed her out, hnt stopped again outside the door. "He was to be answerable to me," he said, "and see what he has brought her to. She is living in a pig-stye, and he must beat her besides. I heard her cry as I got to this door, and rushed in upon him."

"Remember, he was not himself; he was drunk."

"Where's the excuse of that? It makes a man mad to think how the workingmen make sots of themselves, and keep themselves down by drink to be the poor slaves they are."

"Don't slander your brothers. They are not all like him."

Susan turned to leave him as she spoke, hut he begged her to let him call on her again, to whieh she agreed before they parted; and she went down, thankful to lay her head on the pillow by the kind old Mrs. Larkins.

Never had she passed such a wretched Sunday as she awoke to next morning. Jo ley fevered and bruised in body and soul, with racking pain in his head and sheme in his heart. Emma nursed him, hut was herself half dead. Susan took care of the children and waited on them all.

Snsan went to bed weary and hopeless, but when she went up to Emma in ths morning, she was surprised to find that Jo was gone to work, and Emma in better spirits, because he had promised feithfully to come straight home.

"We must do our parts, then," said Susan.

"Why, what can we do?" said Emme. "He says he'll come home, and if he don't, we can do nothing to hring him. Hold your tongue, Tommy! What did you woke up for? There will be no peace now, for he'll fret for an hour, and I want to go to sleep egain."

"When children fret, it's because they are in some pain or misery, poor little souls!" answered Susan. "They heve merry little hearts, and would be laughing and shouting and running about at play all day, if they were but let alone. Get up and come to aunty, Tommy! Oh, Emme! if you conld but see my children! We don't heer a cry sometimes from morning to night."

"Ah! it's well for them with ell their comforts. Stop crying, Tommy, or I'll give you the stick!"

Tommy clambered out of the wretched hole he was in, and came crying to Susan. She took him on her lap, and asked him if it would not he e pity to wake up little sick Polly, and keep poor mother awake too. And he began to wipe his eyes with his sleeve, and try to sob mors softly. Susan felt that he was burning hot, and saw that he was in a fever with the bites of vermin. Coaxing and playing with him all the time, she managed to get off his rags, and to wash him all over with soap and water. It was sad to see in what e state his skin was, and she could scarcely hear to put on his dirty clothes again; hut he had no others, though "he shell heve," thought Susan to herself, "please God to spare me, before many morniugs are past."

He was, however, very much refreshed, and e bit of bread that had been left last night, and an epple and e hall, given to Susan for him by Willio, when she was coming awey mede him so heppy, that he set down in a corner, eud began to talk to himself, and sing in a low tone, now and then, as he played with the hall, and took e bite by turns. Emma had heen asleep, but she looked out et him in wonder.

"Well, you have e wey with children, Susan," she said; "but you always had. I'm sure I can't manage them, and I don't like to heat them, but sometimes I am forced."

"Beating does no good," said Susan. "It only gives them another pein to fret ahout, poor souls, and they've enough without."

"Take some, mammy!" cried Tommy, running to his mother, and holding his epple to her mouth.

Emma burst out crying. "He's e good little fellow, Susan," she seid. "They are all good children, but whet's to become of them? They must go to the workhouse when I'm dead, for I've no hope of Jo. Oh, my poor children! I wish we were all dead, and laid in our graves."

"It's no use to say things like thet," said Susan; "and if you go on so, you need not have any hope for Jo. Look whet e place you're in. He'll never stop in it. I don't know who would that could keep out of it. I'm going to clean it up, that's what I'm going to do;" and without waiting for objections, she set to work so hard that Emma conld not be idle. Mrs. Larkins lent pail, scrubbing-brush and broom. Susan bought soap and the other things. The window was soon bright, thrown wide open, for the horrid dirt on the ledge had been sent running down the spout by a mop and many e pail of soepy weter, and the window had been forced down from the top a hit, and Emme promised to keep it so day and night as Mrs. Wilson did. The grate was cleared; dust, cobwebs, and dirt swept off ceiling, walls, and floor; bedstead, floor, table, and chairs, scrubbed; the sheets taken out of pawn with some of poor Susan's money; the bed made, and Emma dressed in Susan's clean gown hefore six o'clock. Then they pnt supper ready on the table near the window; bread and cheese and radishes, a pint of beer and Jo's pipe. Susan sighed as she put the beer down, for she would fain have spent ths money on wholesome bread for the children, hnt she must not expect too much of Jo all at once. They were all ready for father now.

And father came as he had promised, and was so surprised when he opened the door that it took his breath away. When he could speak, he held out his hand to Susan, and said, "Sister-in-law, God blees you!" He could say no more, hut there were many thoughts in his mind as he sat smoking his pipe.

They were ready for Jo in wonderful order when Setnrday evening came, and well did he reward them. He came straight home and laid his whole week's money before Emma, only short by his daily dinner. She sobbed in her joy, and placed the children in his arms and told them to thenk father for her. Susan stood by with glistening eyes, and they overflowed when Emma threw her arms around her, and said, "It's all your doing, my sister."

"She shall tell us how to lay out the money," said Jo. "There's the rent, and food, and we're behind at the grocer's and baker's I know; hut if there's some to spare"—

"Trust that there will," said Susan, "and get your Sunday coat out of pawn this very night." He did so, and then took his children, in whom he could now take pleasure, a walk towards the country.

The Sunday morning was a different one to the last. Susan took out her Bible, and laid a number of the WORKMAN on the table, which drew Jo's attention. Then they got into talk, and at last Jo said he had made up his mind to give up drink altogether. Susan and Emma were so filled with joy to hear this, that they could hardly speak. Then he talked of the Sunday-school he went to when he was a hoy, and thoughts of his sonl and another world came into his mind. "Well," said Emma, "I hope we shell go to heaven when we die; we must do the best we can." "There is one way, then, for us all," said Susan, "through Jesus Christ; if we feel thet we are sinners, and can do nothing to save ourselves, hut ask for His merey and an interest in His death, He will not refuse any of us, for He came to seek and to save them thet are lost." Thet Sunday evening Jo went with Snsan to a place of worship, and the hymns and preyers there offered, went to his heart.

Susan spent the greater part of several days trying to find two nice rooms; but everywhere she was disappointed.

At last when she was almost in despair, John Turner took her to one of those large blocks of huildings, called Model Lodging Houses, where there happened to be a set of two rooms to let. Here she found all she wanted, and took them et once. There was a private door, a little lobby or passage, a small room with sinks and water, a kitchen, and the range with hoiler and oven, e hed room and every convenience; and the windows looked over e large graveled square, wherc numbers of children were at play. Trne, the rooms cost two dollars a week, and were rether far off for Jo; hut he had said he would stand this. More than a hundred families lived in this huilding, all equally well provided with comforts.

It had come to the last week of Susan's visit. She had promised Mrs. Wilson to go back to her place by the night train on Saturday, so she should see Emma in her new home before she left her; for the old room was to be given up on Saturday." She brought ahout e meeting between John Turner and her brother-in-law, and saw them reconciled. It seemed to her, when she saw them shake hands cordially, that her work was nearly done, and she might go heck happily; hut yet she felt sad as she thought of it.

She often wondered, too, whet John's parting words meant, for he had said, "Spearman, I will not heer of paying back, till a whole year has passed." This was explained, however, while she was scrubbing and polishing up the new rooms on Saturday morning, when some nice new things arrived to furnish them. John had lent Spearman the money, and she was not afraid of the payment. He would do it easily if he kept his resolution.

How Susan rejoiced over the new bedstead and mattress, and the little bed for the children. That was the best of all! How proudly she placed the table in the middle of the kitchen, and set the cheirs round the wall, and filled the shelves with pletes, cups and saucers, and jugs, and put the kettle and saucepen, the frying-pen and gridiron, in their places.

"They may sell off all their old things, and only bring in the blankets and sheets and their clothes. Emma has got them all clean and tidy. Poor girl, now," thought she. "Where shall we put them?" As the thought rose, in came a man with a pretty cnest of drawers and looking glass. Now it was complete.

She got supper ready, and then waited impetiently for them. They came at last. Emma, with her pele face, carrying her sick child, Tommy holding by her gown, and Jo, with Susie on one arm, and a bundle on the other. Emma could not believe it was true. This beautiful place could not be her home. She sank tremhling into e cheir. Susan hed her arms around her to welcome her, and hid her good-hye, for her time was come.

"She shell have her heautiful color back by this time next year," said Jo, as he shook Susan's hend warmly, and took an affectionete leave of her, "and the children shall be healthy and happy. Only come back to see us, and God bless and reward you!"

Emme had some parting words to sey too. They were, "His home shall bo kept as mother kept ours. Come again and see it."

Susan was kissing the children one after another, and could not stop her tears; and as she shut the door, and ran down stairs, she heard Tommy's voice crying to her to come back. At the outer door of the, huilding, she found John Turner waiting to see her to the trsin. They walked on in silence for some time, till Susan said,—"I thank you heertily, John, for what you have done."

"A man thet has been such e fool in life as I have," ba replied after a silence of some minutes, "has little right to hope; but perhaps some day, Susan"—

But Susan had turned away, and ha had not courage to say more. Still, she did not forbid him to go down to see her egain; so, as he said, "Perhaps some day"—. Let the sentenca be finished as each reader thinks best.

d out his hand to
bless you!" He

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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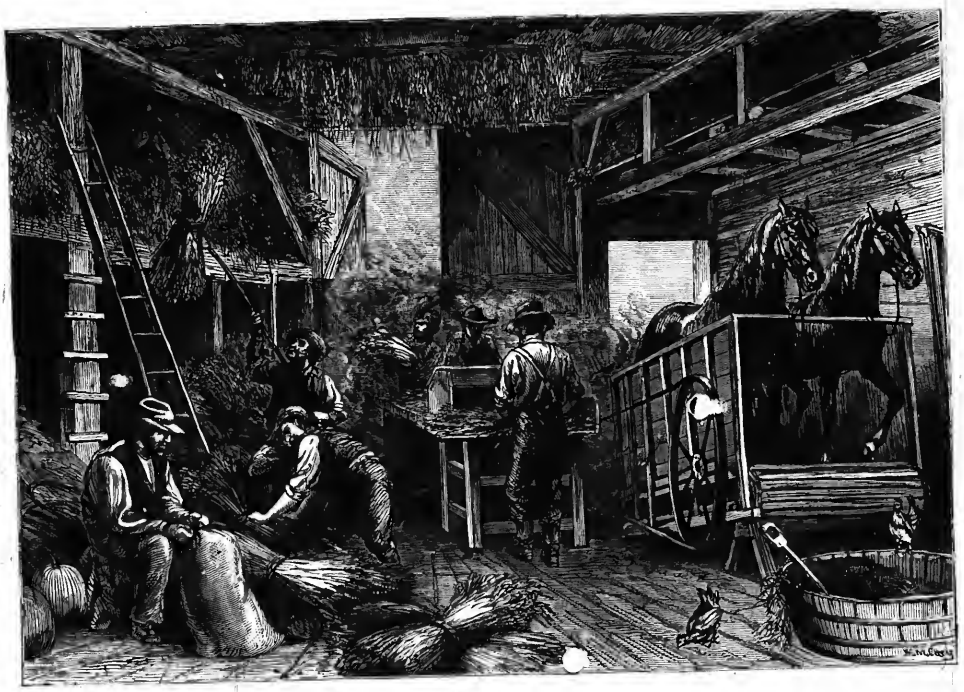

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Thank God for rest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid,—
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
Beneath the homestead shade!

Henceforth to Labor's chivalry
Be knightly honors paid;
For nobler than the sword's shall be
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
O grateful hearts of ours!
And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And there the orchard fruits,
Bring golden grain from sun and air,
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow,
The stars uprise and fall;
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow
Let sighing breezes call.

There let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,
Of peace and long annoy;
The passion of our mighty grief
And our exceeding joy.

A song of faith that trusts the end
To match the good begun,
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend
The hearts of men as one!—*J. G. Whittier.*

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY

any malice towards Whittaker; but the issue was finally made on the question of handwriting. Whittaker produced a letter sent to him before the event, warning him of what would happen. It was said

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on one of them, in his prominent connection for the last thirty years, with the Department of our Southern Atlantic coast, calling our attention to the "interesting report from this blackest part of the State," remarks, "I have known the Islands well since 1850, and the progress there shown, especially for Edis-

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S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BEYER, MR. J. C. ROBBINS. } *Regular Contributors.*

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THE WHITTAKER CASE.

The interest of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN in the condition of the Negro compels it to take some notice of this case. Presuming that some of the readers of this paper have not seen a circumstantial account of it, we will briefly state the facts.

Whittaker, a colored cadet at West Point, was found, one morning, in his room in the barracks, with his hands tied tightly, his hair clipped off, his ears mutilated till they bled. He appeared to be in a fainting condition. On being released, he said that he had been attacked by masked assailants who left him in the condition in which he was found, but that he could identify none of them. Owing to the very sensitive condition of the public mind on the subject of the Negro, and his relation to the whites, the case commanded at once the attention of the press and of the people. A military court of inquiry was at once organized at West Point, at Whittaker's request, as he wished to clear himself of the charge of being his own assailant. The government sent to the court, as an adviser, Mr. Townsend, a noted lawyer and Republican. The military court at first regarded his attendance as an imputation upon its honesty and ability to conduct the case fairly, but in the end accepted his aid, though he withdrew before the case was finished. The officers and students at West Point believed from the beginning that Whittaker was his own assailant.

As usual, before any judicial examination could be made, the press and the people proceeded to pass judgement on the case, upon what is known as "reporters' evidence," the most flimsy, incomplete, unreliable, contemptible evidence known to civilization; evidence which would not be received in any responsible court of justice under any system of decent government. Reporters of papers which favored the colored race, produced statements which went far to prove that the cadets at West Point had committed an atrocious crime against Whittaker. The reporters of papers which did not take a very friendly view of the Negro character also furnished curious and lengthy statements, tending to show that either Whittaker committed the outrage upon himself or that it was done at his instigation. The officers of the Academy were severely criticised by the papers who were friendly to the Negro, and General Schofield, the commandant, issued a general order repelling the insinuations against the cadets.

Much testimony was taken at the trial as to whether or not any cadet had shown any malice towards Whittaker; but the issue was finally made on the question of handwriting. Whittaker produced a letter sent to him before the event, warning him of what would happen. It was said that this letter had been written by himself. A letter written by him to his mother was obtained. Letters written by many other cadets were also obtained. A number of the best experts in handwriting were summoned. These experts were men of large experience in the comparison of handwriting. They had been engaged, at various times, in many important civil and criminal cases, and on their testimony cases of vast importance had been determined. Each expert examined the writing alone, so that no one of them should influence the others. After a protracted investigation, these experts testified that the letter of warning had been written by the same hand which wrote the letter to Whittaker's mother. One of them, Mr. Southworth, who had been decidedly friendly to Whittaker, also testified, that the edges of the letter of warning fitted exactly to the edges of the letter written to Whittaker's mother. Whittaker denied any knowledge of this startling fact. Many of the papers which had befriended him at once "shook him off;" those who were opposed to him became very happy, and many persons who believed in his innocence refused to alter their conclusions.

The court has found that Whittaker is his own assailant. We do not propose to enter into the merits of the controversy, as the case was not tried before us; but we offer several general reflections on the subject.

During the last few years there have been several noted trials, the Beecher case, the Talmadge case, the Hayden case, and the Johnson Impeachment case, for instances. In each of these cases the public passed judgment in advance of any legal tribunal, without waiting for the sifted evidence. Each man decided according to his prejudices, and refused to accept the verdict of a court or jury. It is a dangerous practice to impeach the finding of lawful tribunals. No doubt they do make mistakes, and come to very queer conclusions, at times; but they always have the power to obtain evidence, and sift the conflicting testimony more thoroughly than the outsiders. There must be tribunals to pass judgment upon conduct, and, if they are open to suspicion, there is an end of any true administration of justice, and society has no safeguards whatsoever. If judges, and juries, and courts-martial go wrong, they should be abolished, and society must fall back on the trial by "fire and water." The finding of the court of inquiry in Whittaker's case may be wrong, but it is a very serious matter to doubt it.

But his case has been made unduly prominent, through the influence of the press. If Whittaker is guilty, it is a matter of little significance. It is absurd to put the foolish, unmanly conduct of a colored boy upon the shoulders of the colored race. If colored boys at West Point and elsewhere always did as Whittaker did, there might be a fair inference against the sense and character of the colored race. A Frenchman traveling in America saw two men fighting in the car in which he traveled. He entered in his note-book, "The Americans, when they travel, usually get into a fight." It is illogical and senseless to hold a class responsible for the misconduct of a certain member of it.

Without doubt, the cadets at West Point have persistently refused to associate with colored cadets; but criticism on their conduct comes with ill grace from the Northern people, who, as a rule, refuse to associate with the Negroes. The Fisk Jubilee Singers were, recently, refused admission to a hotel in Boston because they were black. Why did not the public rise in indignation against this insult? Last year, in Marlboro', State of New York, there was difficulty in a Christian church, because the colored members of the church were denied participation in the Communion Service until the white members had first been served. A visiting clergyman made no distinction on account of race or color, but the stated pastor went back to the old order of things, and on those occasions where, above all others, the spirit and conduct of the great Master should have been imitated, the prejudice against color was determinedly emphasized. All this appeared in the papers. Did the public rise up and rebuke this bigoted distinction? If the public can tolerate this conduct, is it not quite absurd for it to censure a lot of boys for unmanly conduct at West Point? We are not attempting to justify the conduct of the cadets; but we are trying to present the case as it actually is. These boys represent the social system from which they came, and as long as that system holds its prejudice against the colored people, it cannot be expected that their conduct will change. If public sentiment changes, the behavior of the cadets will change.

There is a prejudice against the Negro on account of his color. Why it exists, we will not here discuss. It will not be removed until the Negro removes it himself, by such success in literature, in finance, in art, as will make it the interest and pleasure of the white race to reconstruct its sentiments. Public sentiment to-day is muddled on the subject. It insists that the Negro shall not be abused, but in defining what abuse is, it becomes vague.

At the same time, the Negro has much to be thankful for. He is left in freedom to work out his own salvation. A Negro merchant, or farmer, or mechanic, who will furnish a better article in trade than the white, will find no prejudice against him. The King of the oyster market in New York was a Negro, and one of the best caterers in Washington is a Negro. These men have made their way. The Anglo-Saxon race is too fond of good things to reject them because they are in black men's hands. Whittaker's case is a phase of prejudice. The cadets treated him as they were taught to treat the blacks; and he in turn did a very silly thing, which bears neither one way or the other against his race.

W. N. A.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

When Benjamin Franklin stood up in the British House of Commons to protest against the short-sighted policy of the Stamp Act; "Is there any kind of difference," asked the haughty Lord Grenville, "between external and internal taxes to the colonies?" "The people," replied Franklin, "may refuse commodities of which the duty makes a part of the price." "But suppose the external duty to be laid on the necessities of life?" urged Grenville's ministry. And Franklin amazed them by his true answer: "I do not know a single article imported into the colonies but what they can either do without or make themselves." How far this first bold declaration of American independence, which must have rung like treason in the ears of the British ministry, has been sustained, time has wonderfully shown. The country which then, as Pitt said, had not the right to make even a horseshoe nail, to-day invests billions in her manufactures, and leads the world in her inventions, in this age of invention, averaging twelve hundred patents on agricultural implements alone.

And, as for her agriculture; while in the Revolution all her narrow borders could not supply grain enough to comfortably support the suffering troops at Valley Forge, the prisoners taken having to be fed from kitchen scraps begged for them, America now not only sustains her own enormously increased population, but feeds the world. Fifty years ago, Chicago began her wheat trade meekly with an export of seventy-eight bushels. In twenty-four years, it had increased to twenty-three millions. And now the vast fields of Dakota and the Great West, ploughed and reaped by regiments of steam plows and reapers, pour their golden treasures through her gates. During the nine months ending March 31, 1880, the United States exported nearly one hundred and twenty-four million dollars' worth of wheat, and thirty-two million dollars' worth of corn. This is forty-seven million dollars more than in the corresponding nine months in 1878-9.

What the future of this country will be, with all its immense territory and resources still undeveloped, surpasses the efforts of imagination; but it is well, on the anniversaries of our national birth, to remember in what this American independence that we glory in consists, and how only it will be kept. The men who gained it were working men, from the lowest to the noblest. Jefferson interested himself in inventing a plow. Washington managed his own farm, and Mrs. Washington her spinning wheels. The American people knew how to depend on themselves. And they knew how to "go without" what they could not honorably acquire.

ASTONISHING PROGRESS ON THE SEA ISLANDS.

The Charleston *News and Courier* has recently published a pamphlet extra, giving a very full account of the peaceful but astonishing revolution that has been accomplished on many of the Sea Island of South Carolina, under the stimulus of free labor in the cotton fields. Capt. C. O. Boutelle of the U. S. Coast Survey, who has had intimate knowledge of the Islands and a six year's residence on one of them, in his prominent connection for the last thirty years, with the Department of our Southern Atlantic coast, calling our attention to the "interesting report from this hitherto part of the State," remarks, "I have known the Islands well since 1850, and the progress there shown, especially for Edisto and James Island, is astonishing."

How astonishing, this one paragraph from the report is enough to show. "On James Island where the planting of Sea Island cotton approaches to perfection, the maximum production of lint cotton, (*i. e.* of ginned cotton) to the acre, has arisen from 103 pounds in 1872 to 400 pounds in 1879. On Edisto Island the production has risen from 80 and 100 pounds to the acre, to 300 pounds. Upon a prize acre in Wadmalaw Island last year, the yield reached the enormous amount of 500 pounds. It can be fairly said, we presume, that the average yield on plantations cultivated by the whites is from 200 to 250 pounds to the acre. Under the slave system with large plantations, and comparatively little manuring, the average yield was not more than from 80 to 100 pounds to the acre."

This astonishing result was brought about by an entire revolution in the methods of cultivation necessitated by the altered conditions. It did not come at once; the comparison in drawn between 1872 and '80. The planters stunned by their losses, and the general overturning, did not at once recover themselves; the Northern men who came down in '66, missed the fortunes just within their grasp, for want of practical knowledge. "They knew too much; tried theories of their own, sank their money and left. There is not a single Northern or foreign planter on the islands at this time." The Northerners could not afford to stay for the experience. Fortunately for themselves, the Southerners learned that they could not afford to ignore the theories. Rains, financial panics, cotton worms and free Negroes were the very much disguised angels which drove them into the high road to success. Finding themselves face to face with rain, they made a new departure, called in the aid of science, gave up the large plantations and tried fertilizers and sub-soil drainage on smaller tracts, with an improvement in the crops the first year that has increased every year since in direct proportion to the perfection of the drainage and fertilizing. On James Island alone, there are fifty miles of sub-soil drains, and on one plantation of sixty-five acres there are five miles of drains. The average cost of drainage is from $40. to $50 an acre; of fertilizing, from $20 to $40. As for the profits, a planter on James Island last year expended $80 an acre for fertilizers, labor and ginning, and realized a net profit of $100 an acre. Under fair management, and condition, a net profit of $48 an acre is considered a reasonable average.

Even the cotton worm has yielded to science, and is no longer dreaded. With Paris green for the worms, under draining far the rains, chemical fertilizers for the exhausted soil, and such profits as these for his collapsed pocket, the Sea Island planter may well say "there's no need to hunt for gold mines." The profits have been made usually on small areas; the average size of plantations on Edisto, Wadmalaw and James Islands having been reduced since 1805 from 400 and 500 acres to 50 and 00. The land, however, is all taken up; bottoms which were perpetually filled with water, the resort of ducks and snips and impassable by a horse, have been reclaimed for the richest cotton land by the new system of drainage, and prices of land have gone up, till lands which twelve years ago brought a nominal price are now estimated at from $50 to $200 an acre, while the best are scarcely to be bought at any price.

The relations between the races, and the condition of the colored people on the Island is reported as most gratifying and progressive. Day labor is becoming scarce, owing to the improvement in the condition of the laborers. Colored men who, ten years ago worked on field hands for 50 cents a day, now own their own lands and earn a comfortable support from them. Every inducement is offered by the planters to the colored laborers to settle on their place. On some of the islands the laborer works two days in a week for the planter who gives him a house and seven or eight acres for himself; on others he works one and a half acres of the planters land for the use of five acres for himself. On Johns Island, the colored people own 4,300 acres, on James Island, 1,000 acres, on Wadmalaw, 500 acres and on Edisto they have 4,000 acres, and make two-thirds of the entire cotton crop of the Island. In 1873, a co-operative association of thirty-five colored men purchased a tract of 750 acres on Edisto Island, for $0,000. Their agent, Mr. John Tharne, is now the most prominent colored planter on the Island, owning 250 acres, an extensive store and store-house, and a comfortable residence. He runs a gin house with six gins, advances capital to colored planters, and is worth from $15,000 to $20,000. The progress of education is said to be encouraging. Schools are provided on each of the Islands named, and are increasing in numbers and attendance. With the increase in pros-

perity and education, there is corresponding improvement in morals. The planters on Wadmalaw and Edisto say that they do not even have to lock their doors at night. The colored people as a general thing, do not accumulate much property, but live from hand to mouth. Ranchmen are characters: they are a clever, generous-hearted, sensible set of men, with the rough side out and the best side in. Theirs is an every-day business; there is always something to do; no off days for lounging and is sure to be given them and which they will take in unlimited doses. They have no discretion or self-restraint. They are like the wild turkey or the buffalo; not capable of being domesticated. Honest Indian agents are, in the Colonel's opinion, the great need.

I saw the building, there is one in each district, where tithes, or one tenth of the gross receipts or productions of each Mormon, are paid in; this is part of their religion, but there is less faithfulness in this than formerly.

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This remarkable report gives the most encouraging indicatioas for the future of the South, the progress of the colored people and the solution of the race problem; and certainly no better illustration could be found of the advantages of free labor.

EDITORIAL OORRESPONDENOE.

OVERLAND—NOTES BY THE WAY.

SUMMIT, WYOMING, *May* 28.

You pay a dollar for a guide book and get very little from it worth having; but fall in, as I have doae, with the veteran pioneer, Col. Majors, who has traversed the western wilds for twenty-five years, and you will find out something.

This Rocky mountain region is a vast natural pasture groaad. As there is ao one to cut and care the grass for winter, it cures itself without cuttiag; there is plenty of food for cattle all winter on these high plains, except when the saow is too deep, and then they suffer and die. But this is usuelly prevented in two ways. The lofty mountain ranges which stretch north and south aboat parallel to each other and one thousand miles apart, gather the clouds and receive the storms of snow and rain, which fall scantily on the plains below, but enough for vegetation. Then the strang wiads carry away quantities of the snow which is very light and dry, leaving the ground nsually bare saough for grazing.

Col. Alexander Majors, of the well-known firm of Russell, Majors & Weddell, who for ten years did all the goverament teaming across the plains with 3,000 wegons, 40,000 exen and 5,000 employees, tells me that from the foot hills of the Rocky and Sierra ranges, to from fifteen to twenty miles distant, there is a gentle slope which is the paradiso of grain growers, and hundreds of miles aloag both sides of each, are cultivated, having wonderful resources for irrigation.

The farmer can direct the never-failing waters of which the mountains are an eternal reservoir, all over his fields, and get great harvests of wheat and corn.

When the slope ends and the level or undulating stretches begin, he cannot carry his water to his crops but he can drive his cattle crep to the water. So here the stock raaches commence and extend for twa hundred or three hundred miles away, especially east from the foothills, water never failing from the supply in the mountains, including Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho. This entire country is however adepted to grain; corn, owing to the cold aights, is not raised in this region. The valley of the Missouri and eastward is the place for that. Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri are great Corn States. Uteh only of the mountainous States is rich in fruits. My friend tells me thet stock pays best here. Very little land is needed; money goes into cattle which are branded and run over the public domain, sometimes two hundred miles from the owaer's ranche. But tha brand is sacred; a cattle thief is shot without mercy.

At the great "rounding up" of thousands of cattle in the spring, and whenever opportunity occurs, the drover not only seeks his own but takes pains to inform his distant neighbor as to where his are. This is possible owing to the careful registry of brands at the county seats.

There are cold and dry seasons, when the cattle suffer. An aanual loss of from five to twenty per cent. is expected. There are no sheds or protection of any kind. But saow is worse thau wind. Nature provides these creatures with thick, rough coats.

Ranchmen are characters: they are a clever, generous-hearted, sensible set of mea, with the rough side out and the best side in. Theirs is as every-day business; there is always something to do; no off days for loasging and dissipation; no let up Sundays. It is, compared with the miner's life, a clean, pure life; there's ao luck in it. There are many good miners, but sharpers and loafers gather where there's gold.

The best of the stock is driven up from Texas, some seven hundred miles, with the aid of "Greasers," a low Mexican class who throw the lasso with unerring aim and make a deadly weapon of it. Two will catch the biggest grizzly bear, each by a leg, just for sport, or to match him with a wild bull for a fight. There are no horsemen superior to them in the world.

"I met, in the cars, a young men from Western Pensylvania, who, a little over two years ago had taken up a half section, 320 acres of land et a total cost of $28.00, in Nebraska, twenty miles from say post office, with only one house in sight. Now there is a town with a post office and stores near where he lives. He saw little chance at home with the $800.00 he possessed, so he came west; land cost next to nothing; he built a sod house for less than $30.00 and had most of his money to put his place in order. He had been home on a visit but preferred Nebraska, and is on the road to prosperity. His is a type of thousands in this region.

These sod houses are low and wretched looking, being built of turf cut from the prairie, to the height of eight or ten feet, then roofed over with boards overlaid with tarred paper, and covered with sod. They have ordinary one sash windows, small doors, and when plastered inside are very comfortable and will last five years, though the owner usually gets into something better in less time. The sod house, with aa occasioaal log cabin, is tha skirmish line of our civilization: next come neat but small frame houses.

In the towns along this road, one is struck with the diminutive look of houses and of everything. Men seem like ants on this great expanse, but they will make marvellous changes on it.

Trees grow only along the rivers. Grass flourishes because of its long roots, which reach to the moisture below. There is ao desert. Cattle thrive along the whole line of the road. Emigrants drop off at every station, and, bag in hand, tramp off on some by road nobody knows where. Cattle are scattered over the plains as far as you can see. I have seen but four antelopes, and ao prairie dogs; these creatures heve silently stolen away to quieter haunts.

The always interesting solitary horseman sometimes enlivens the view, but is more interesting as a study close by, for he and his horse seem like one animal. He sits as if he alway had sat there. How utterly unlike eastern riders these mea are in their naturalness and easy grace, and in their perfect *rapport* with their horses. Being the product of circumstances and not got up to be looked at they are picturesque, and one's eye follows them as they canter away.

Crossing the continent at least for the first time is interesting. Car life is pleasant in its way. The beef steaks grew tougher as you go west, which ought not to ha the case in a stock region. Going over a solid road-bed in excellent cars is delightful. One is pretty sure to find pleasant companions in the two or three parlor or sleeping cars on each daily train. It is interesting to walk through the emigrant cars, their appearance at night when their inmetes are curled up on the seats fast asleep, men, women and children huddled together, is pathetic.

I will not attempt to describe scenery. The first inspiration is the sight of the saow capped Rocky Mountains. There is a grandeur in the vast areas over which you go.

There is a sense of antiquity as you pass by the bare hills and rocky ravines where nakedness suggests an earlier, cruder, undeveloped epoch; so unlike the forest crowned hills and green valleys of the east. They seemed to me like volcanic formetions from their boldaess and baldness and rigor. Mountain ranges at your side thrust their peaks ten thousand feet into the air.

The fairest sight was the snow clad Wasatch range past which we rode for hours, so near and yet so far, in the clear atmosphere they seem in easy walking distance but are really many miles away.

INDIANS.

Col. Majors says that fifty years ago, in his father's time, this country was full of Indians who dressed in skins and lived on buffalo, but raised nothing. They were a clean, healthy, fine-looking people, compared with the present remaants of these tribes. Their blood was untainted and pure. Their religion was to fight their enemies and be kind to their friends. They are nearly gone; the buffalo has departed. The white man possesses the land.

He thinks that the prairie Indians can't be civilized and saved too, because of the poison by way of whisky and disease which is sure to be given them and which they will take in unlimited doses. They have no discretion or self-restraint. They are like the wild turkey or the buffalo; not capable of being domesticated. Honest Indian agents are, in the Colonel's opinion, the great need.

The wild turkey theory of the Indian prevails generally among Western men. In answer to my question, not one of several experienced frontiersmen knew of an Indian whose education had not proved his ruin. "They are dying out," is the story on every side. My quotations of the results of careful investigation at Washington, showing that the reverse is the truth, were received with inward scorn. These men knew better. "Can't we see that they are going like the buffalo?" they say. They know of no civilizing forces except such as in past years have been seen here—a sad mixture of blessings and curses. I never was so glad of the present effort for Indians at Hampton and Carlisle. Never was a wise, sensible education of Indians more timely than now; but the effort should not terminate with with school life, but some fostering care should continue after they shall have been returned to their homes. They should be helped to positions and started fairly. Else the universal prophecy of relapse into barbarism may be fulfilled. The bottle is only half over when the Indian leaves school. So many Indians are improving through education; so many tribes are known not to be dying out; such facts showing the great increase of crops and stock raised by them are known, that we must credit part of this Western talk to fashion, and part to limited knowledge.

I showed photographs of Sioux Indians at Hampton as they appeared on arrival and as they appeared fourteen months later. There was surprise, because such results are not counted here among the possibilities any more than the transformation of a buffalo into a respectable family ox, or a wild turkey into a dignified gobbler. The West says of the Indian, "We must kill him off;" the East says, "Give him another chance."

MORMONISM AND SALT LAKE CITY.

Col. Majors, himself a Gentile and a Methodist, lives in Salt Lake City, has known the Mormon for twenty-two years, helped them move from under the fires of persecution twenty-two years ago in Jackson Co., Missouri, and says that the staple talk of their exhorters, and a powerful band of union to-day, is those former persecutions. But the younger Mormons have not the zeal of their fathers. Polygamy is doomed. When, ten years ago, the Mormon elders had a solemn gathering to consider what they would do in view of the severe McCullum bill before Congress for the suppression of polygamy, they turned to their prophet and said, "Brother Brigham, we wish your advice." He replied, "There is a bill that I fear more than I do the McCullum bill." "What one is that," they all cried anxiously. "My store bill" was his answer. The store bills run up by the Mormon wives since foreign wares and luxuries were introduced is the bane of the polygamist and the doom of the system. What the army of the United States could not do the milliner has done. Ribbons, and pretty hats have been more effectual than powder and shot.

In the simple days gone by, when all wove and wore homespun, the men providing food, and the women the clothing, the more wives a man had the better off he was. His boys and girls helped as they grew up: there was wealth in wives in our own ancient time. But what Col. Majors calls "gilt edged civilization" has changed all that. The Mormon women will have finery like other women; will buy imported goods and can't wear homespun; the men can't stand this; store bills are their ruin. Now the more wives they have the poorer they are. The young men go to mining, and many do not marry at all. There is now a sad state of morals among Mormon girls. There are however many decent families, for not over a tenth of the married men have more than one wife.

MORMONS AND GENTILES ARE INTERMARRYING.

May 31*st*.—I have just "done" Salt Lake City with the Rev. Mr. Barrows, a Congregational minister, an able and clear-headed man with six years' experience of the place. I have gathered from him the following impressions. The death of Brigham Young was not a serious blow to Mormonism, though as one can rule as he did. John Taylor, the leading officiel is a milder man. Polygamy will run out But the Mormon priesthood is a perfect organization, compact and strong as the Romanist priesthood. Every fifth man is an officer, and is watched by the other four who note any loss of zeal and not only push him up to his work but report to their leader who thus knows the heart of every disciple.

Young Mormons are seeing that their lot is illegitimate before the law, and in society is a hard one. They contrast their own position with that of others and are dissatisfied.

I saw the building, there is one in each district, where tithes, or one tenth of the gross receipts or productions of each Mormon, are paid in; this is part of their religion, but there is less faithfulness in this than formerly.

Rev. Mr. Barrows has been instrumental in opening an academy in the city which is attended to some extent by Mormon youth, and is scattering good seed through all this region. It is destined to be a centre of great influence. The population of Salt Lake City is about 25,000 of which 5,000 are Gentiles. The Jews here are classed as Gentiles, are unusually intelligent, contribute to the Protestant church and mingle in society more than elsewhere.

Utah has nearly 150,000 people; all but one-eighth Mormons.

A day here is delightful. The "Walker House" is a boon to travelers, with its tidiness and excellent fare. The streets are pleasant, being wide, lined with shade trees, and streams of water running down the gutters; not much architecture besides the grand new granite temple which is being built for their secret rites of marriage, baptism for the dead, etc. A Mormon who wishes to save the soul of his grandfather from perdition is immersed, by which vicarious process his ancestor is released from torture and placed in bliss. This is done for others; it has been done by them for George Washington, Jonathan Edmunds, John Wesley, and many more.

The Tabernacle is a marvellous whispering gallery. Across its two hundred and fifty feet of length and the space in which fifteen thousand people have been crowded, I heard a match drop upon the floor and an ordinary whisper.

One sees the "Amelia palace" of Brigham's favorite wife; the residences of the twelve apostles and their numerous wives, the great Mormon store with everything in it, Camp Douglas in the distance, and, if wise, will drive to the warm sulphur springs as we did, and take a plunge into the delicious water, which is followed by a sense of renewed youth and of blissful comfort. In summer there is a daily train to the Salt Lake, twenty-five miles distant, often taking five hundred people a day to bathe in the water that is so buoyant from its overcharge of salt that one floats like a cork. The effect is so pleasant as to fill a train daily for more than three months in the year.

Of the view from the hill overlooking Salt Lake City, Charles Kingsley wrote in 1874, "Such a mountain ring, three to four hundred miles in circumference—the loveliest scene I ever saw!"

Snow capped mountains, 12,000 feet high, overlook the town, the mass of shining peaks look like a grand cathedral.

While Mormons delight to tell how the army that was sent to suppress them in 1855 spent fifty millions of dollars in their country building up what they came to destroy, it is also true that this peaceful invasion was the entering wedge of Gentile ideas and the occasion of the Godheite revolt in the Mormon camp, broke Brigham's tyranny and was the beginning of the end of Mormonism.

Mining is a great interest here, and only in its infancy. Manufactories will spring up, railroad fares will always make a protective tariff. Utah will fall in line with the age.

June 2*d*.—Within an hour San Francisco. Westruck Chinese a long way back in Nevada. They are well worked into the industries of this region. They do not seem numerous enough to make trouble. Nevada is the dreariest State we passed through. It seemed Egyptian in its desolation, determined against progress, to defy modern improvement. It is, I suppose, a question of irrigation. Green river banks winding among the bleak hills made their barreaness more striking. Much fine scenery was missed, being passed in the night.

It is twenty years since I saw the Pacific Ocean, after passing twenty years within sight and sound of its waves. I shall soon come to it and will exclaim like Xenophon's Greeks, "The sea! the sea!"

MR. J. C. ROBBINS, whose monthly record of "Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton" have formed an interesting part of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN and whose faithfulness and ability in the instruction and care af the Indian boys have contributed much to the success of the work for them, has been appointed by the American Baard an assistant missionary and teacher at the Santee Agency, Dakota. This closer contact with the Indians and opportunity to learn their language will no doubt be af great advantage in fitting him for the work to which he has devoted himself. In leaving Hampton, Mr. Robbins takes with him the friendly esteem of its officers and their best wishes for his success in his new field. His successor at Hampton will be another of its graduates, Mr. Booker Washiagton, of West Virginia.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY TO AFRICA.

COLD WATER TO A THIRSTY SOUL. A MISSIONARY SHARPSHOOTER PROSPECT-

Whan I returned with the bird, all came and looked, and laid their hands over their mouths and said in their tongue, "That was the black gun bad"—meaning, well. Whenever I passed that place after that, I was known as the "man who sabby gun."

By this time the chief had arrived, and after

ple. Because they have been in the mission and have been kept from these things till ber, with forty or fifty pupils, and before I [illegible] they are like a pig into slops both head and feet.

I see that I cannot write you all I want to, for if I do my letter will be too heavy for the mail to carry as a letter. I shall ask every one of you who read this dear schoolmates to write

from ——— and opened the 1st of last October, with forty or fifty pupils, and before I [illegible] I had increased it 50 per cent. We have now on roll 130, with an average attendance of 100; and would have more, but some of the people here are too poor to buy clothes for their children, much

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY TO AFRICA. COLD WATER TO A THIRSTY SOUL. A MISSIONARY SHARPSHOOTER. PROSPECTING FOR A MISSION STATION. EDUCATED HEATHEN. A SCHOOLHOUSE IN VIRGINIA. A PLEA FOR BOOKS. MAKING HASTE SLOWLY. GONE TO KANSAS.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY.

Before this letter leaves the press we hope to have a second and perhaps a third missionary graduate in Africa or on the way. We hope they may be as earnest workers as their predecessor, who is completing his third year of faithful service. It will cheer his heart to feel that he has comrades in the field; but it is a broad one, and they will be so far from his station that they may never meet. His old schoolmates will not be able, we trust, to resist his appeal for letters, which are like cold water to a thirsty soul, to a missionary toiling among strangers in a far country.

To the Graduates of Hampton.

MENDI MISSION, SHERBRO IS., WEST C. AFRICA, *April* 16, 1880.

Dear Schoolmates:—

To-day I have had no school, as it is Friday, and we only have school four days in a week; so I thought of spending a part of my time in talking with you. Some time ago I wrote you a long letter, and did hope to hear from many of you by so doing; but I failed to hear from even those of you to whom I wrote direct. But notwithstanding your forgetfulness of me, I can never forget you, and those happy days which we spent together at Hampton. Our Friday evening prayer-meetings and our Saturday night Debating Society are two pleasant thoughts in my mind. The hymn which we used to sing so often, "From Greenland's icy mountains," is still a lovely one to me; also, "From every stormy wind that blows," and the verse which says, "Though sundered far, by faith we meet around one common mercy seat." Yes; I feel that I can meet many of you at that "mercy seat," while we are said to be 5,200 miles apart, and some, more.

It will soon be three years since I left Hampton, and since then I have seen *many* strange things. I have made many new friends, even in the wilds of Africa, where they don't know one day in the week from another. But when they come where I am they always seem glad to see me (those who have seen me before), and treat me kindly. This is caused by treating them kindly. Whenever a countryman comes where I am, *i. e.*, if I am at home, I always have a word for him. If he cannot speak English I show him something, a picture or a book, to let him know that I am interested in him. They love to look at your watch, or anything you have which came from America.

PROSPECTING FOR A MISSION STATION.

On the 12th of January last, Dr. James and I left this station to go into the Mendi country to look out for a place for another Mission Station. We had five men to man our boat, and after we had gone a good way, the tide was hard against us, and we anchored about 10 o'clock in the night to wait for the tide. About 4 o'clock A. M., 13th, we had the tide good, and we started on. We sailed till about 4 o'clock that afternoon, when the tide was again against us, and we stopped at a town on the river called Mogumbo. We put up here for the night, as we wanted to see the chief, who was not at home but was expected early the next morning. I got my name up here at this town as a mighty shooter. We got up and had our man make us tea about 6 o'clock A. M., with the view of taking a hunt before the chief got home. And just as I came out from the boat (for we slept in the boat) I saw a pigeon pitch in a tree near the town. I fired and killed it. I went out and walked, I guess, about five miles, and only shot one more. When I got back to the town there was another sitting in a tree near the place where I shot the first. The people came out to see me shoot it, for they never kill a bird or anything unless they can almost touch it with their gun. I fired, and killed it also. Shortly, another came and pitched in the bushes near me, and they called out to me, "Massa, Massa, try him." Once more they gathered to see me shoot, which I did, and killed that one also. While my boy was getting it, I heard a bush-fowl making a noise out behind the town. I went to look for him, and saw him sitting upon an old tree which had lost all its branches, so he could see me from any direction. These birds are large as a hen, and very wild. I could not get close enough to him to kill, and I thought best not to shoot unless I killed, for I didn't care to get my good name down so soon. But I knew that my gun was good, being a breech-loader, and would kill a long way; so I said I would try from where I was, and to my surprise as well as joy, the bird fell at the crack of the gun. When I returned with the bird, all came and looked, and laid their hands over their mouths and said in their lingo, "That man can shoot gun bad"—meaning, well. Whenever I passed that place after that, I was known as the "man who sabby gun."

By this time the chief had arrived, and after a long and mournful cry was over (for he had been to the burial of his son, who lived at another town and had died), we were invited to see him. After a short talk with him, we got our breakfast and left. As I have said, this chief had been to the burial of one of his sons, and when he got back all the women went out and sat around him, and yelled and cried to show him that they were sorry with him about his son, and truly they cared no more about his son's death than you who never heard of him.

We left there about 8:30 A. M., and reached a town called Cuncannna, where we were to make our headquarters, as it is the safest place in the Mendi country as the British Government keep a police force there. Having sent word to Mr. Hays, who was a trader there, but has gone since, that we were coming, he soon had us a house made ready, and a kid dressed for our dinner. After we had rested some, we went around through the town to see the people, who seemed very glad to see us, as Mr. Hays had told them that we were going to bring the mission there.

The next day we visited a town called Dodo. This is a walled town, having three walls, but very unlike those around Jerusalem, for they are made of wood—poles which are put in the ground upright, and are about twelve feet high. There are three sets of these, making a complete fence each. The chief here is very savage indeed; he is very large in size and is much feared by the country people. He has about twenty-five or thirty wives; and whenever he sees a man with a wife which he would like to add to his number, he only has to say so, and the poor man must give her up or he (the chief) will cause him to be put to death or sold into slavery. He is a Sherbro man; his name is Mr. Humper Ranco, and he is truly a heathen. He is a *bad*, BAD man. We saw him and had some talk with him about having a mission near him, and he seemed willing to give a place for the mission. But such a bad man cannot be trusted, for some night he might come down with his war troops and clean the whole mission out.

We returned to Cuncauma that same day, and the next day visited another town by the name of Mocumbra. Here we did not see the chief, because when he heard that we were coming he ran and hid, thinking that we were policemen from Cuncanana coming to take him to the Governor. The Governor had sent word in the country to all the chiefs that he wanted to see them, and would let them know when to meet him at Bonthe (Sherbro Island). This place is a nice place, and all the people looked neat and clean. We talked with them, and found that they were of the Timny tribe. As the chief was away and did not come while we remained, we could get no answer about a place for a Mission Station.

EDUCATED HEATHEN.

Mr. White's reflections upon the importance of keeping a hold upon the converts from heathendom, show good judgment and observation. This is the point of strain in all missionary work, and has often been the point of failure. It is the point to be looked out for in the new departure in the Indian work, and the hopefulness of the effort is, to a great extent, in the better appreciation of this point by the Government and the people, and the better surroundings to which the students will return than existed fifty years ago.

We went to many other towns which I shall not be able to tell you about in this letter. But from what I saw and learned about the country and people, I don't think that Africa will ever be civilized by sending out a few missionaries here and there. The only hope for Africa as a whole is to send out companies of good Christian people, and plant them here and there, and let them bring in the native children and train them in Christian habits, and when these have become men and women, let them go out and teach their people; but missionaries must lose sight of the heathen for they are too weak to walk alone. Take a native boy and train him in the mission, and after he has been somewhat educated turn him out to root hog, or die, and the first thing he thinks about is selling rum and tobacco. You may tell him that he should be a missionary, yet do no more to make him one, and in a few years you cannot tell that this boy has ever seen a school or a mission house. An educated heathen is the worst in the world, and I am sorry to say that we have many of them here with us. Those who are doing anything, and have kept themselves like men, I can count na the fingers of my left hand; and only one is doing missionary work. And why is it? It is that the mission has given them something which there is no demand for, and as there is more demand for rum and tobacco, they cling to the thing they can make a living with the best. If we were in colonies instead of mission stations, we would be able to give these young men and women work to do, and not allow them to fall back into the habits of the country, in some even worse than the country people. Because they have been in the mission and have been kept from these things till now, they go into them like a pig into slops, both head and feet.

I see that I cannot write you all I want to, for if I do my letter will be too heavy for the mail to carry as a letter. I shall ask every one of you who read this, dear schoolmates, to write me a line. I shall be so glad to hear from you all. I have not heard from a good many of you since I left America, which will soon be three years.

I hope that when you pray you will remember your lonely schoolmate in this benighted land.

Hoping to hear from many of you soon,
I am ever, your schoolmate,
ACKREL E. WHITE.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL IN VIRGINIA.

A turnout similar to that described in the following letter, a common sight on a Hampton market day, is decidedly more picturesque than luxurious, but our readers will doubtless enjoy the experience in imagination.

Dear Teacher:—

I suppose you would like to know how I am getting along in my new home. I arrived at —— on the 6th inst., about 12:30 o'clock, and was examined at 5, I finished my examination about 6 o'clock, and then started for my school, about thirteen miles off, in company with ——, a graduate of the Class of '77. We had to travel in an ox-cart drawn by a little donkey about three sizes smaller than Old Jane, Mr. Bailey's mule. Our whole journey was traveled in the dark, and through the thickest pines; also, we were nearly frozen when we arrived here. On our arrival we were set down to a nice country supper, and as I had eaten nothing since morning, you can imagine how it disappeared from before me. After supper we talked of Hampton a few moments, and then took ourselves to bed.

On Saturday I visited my school-house, situated a few yards from my boarding house, and surrounded by towering pines and thick shrubbery. It is built of logs, as you might expect, and is about the size of Miss ——'s recitation room. It has an old-fashioned, country fireplace, such as Mr. Lowell speaks of in his poem on "Courting." I have to get my own fuel or do without it, as the school board does not see to it. My house needs no ventilation, for there are cracks in the wall large enough to let a cat through.

On Sunday, I went to Sunday-school a few miles from my boarding house, and had so many crowd into the room, that I was called to conduct the meeting; about this time Miss —— came in and assisted me; we sang a piece from the Moody and Sankey books, and then I led in prayer. After prayer I took charge of the Bible class and taught them from the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, Sunday-school Edition.

On Monday, I opened school by reading the 4th Proverb, had prayer, and spent the most of my time in organizing, and have not finished yet, as all the children have not come, and many that are here are not provided with books. I have on roll to-day eighteen, and by next Monday I expect twenty-five more. I am in need of a few picture papers to paste upon the walls; if you have any you can send them; I will be very glad to receive them.

Please give my regards to all my Sunday-school classmates. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

From your obedient scholar, R.

A PLEA FOR BOOKS.

The writer of the following letter is one of Hampton's best graduate teachers, and his wife is another. His faithful work deserves every encouragement. The plea for Bibles and Sunday-school books and papers is a very common one. We respond as far as possible, and could easily distribute with great benefit many hundreds more every year.

NEWS FERRY, HALIFAX CO., VA., *March* 14, 1880.

Miss L.,

My Dear Friend:—As it is raining today and I have not been able to have any Sabbath School, I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you all. I hope you will excuse me for not writing to you before now. I went out to Illinois last summer to see my mother and sisters, and was quite sick while out there; did not get home until just a few days before Xmas. I am still teaching, but not in the same place that I have been for the last three or four years. Money is so scarce down here that they were not able to have school at my old station, so I had to change. I had gotten so attached to my old pupils that I hated to give them up quite as badly as they did me. And, by the way, some of them are so determined on getting an education that they are still coming, walking five or six miles per day. Well, I took the school here with the understanding that my wife should be my assistant. I being away when the time came for the school to commence, in order to get in ten months, she came down from —— and opened the 1st of last October, with forty or fifty pupils, and before I had gotten home it had increased 100 per cent. We have now on roll 130, with an average attendance of 100; and would have more, but some of the people here are too poor to buy clothes for their children, much less books, slates, etc. Our Sunday-school, too is quite large; but we are unable to make it as interesting as it would be if the people were able to buy Bibles, papers, etc. If you know any one that would send us a few books I wish you would be kind enough to tell them of us. There has been a great deal of sickness here this winter, also many deaths.

Give my best love to Miss M. and all the rest of my old friends down there. I must close, hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours, &c., D.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTER.

The following is one more of the "scholarship letters" written yearly by every member of the school to the friends whose contributions of scholarships of $70 a year meet the schooling of most of those who come to Hampton Institute.

FROM A MIDDLER.

(The following letter is by a young girl of the Middle class.)

Dear Friend:

I am informed that all of the new students are requested by General Armstrong to give a sketch of the history of their lives, which I will try to do. I was born in Virginia, March tenth eighteen hundred and fifty seven. I had three brothers and a sister. My parents were slaves. I know very little about slavery, for I was very young about that time. I will tell you a story which my parents used to tell me. My father and mother did not belong to the same man; but they were not any great distance apart. After a while my father's master died, of course after the master is dead, the slaves being considered as property must be divided as well as the rest of the estate. The day came for each of the heirs to have his or her share of the property. It so happened that my father, his mother, and sister, fell to the heir that wanted to go to Mississippi, and carried all of his number of slaves, but my father said he would not go, and ran away, that being his only method of escape. My father came home after the heir was gone, and was sold to a gentleman who lived in the village of ——. Then my mother could not see him but once a month.

I will now give you an account of an incident that I witnessed. One day just about noon, I saw a vast number of colored soldiers coming down the road. They marched into my master's yard. The captain rode around to the several quarters of the slaves, asking them did they want to be free; and commanding them to get ready and go with him. Some of the slaves on hearing that they were free, shouted for joy, while some of the others felt quite sad, because they did not know where they were going, and to whom they should go for support. In a short time, the slaves, with soldiers and captain, were on the road, traveling to where they knew not. The whole company not traveling very fast, did not get any great distance from the place from which they last started; consequently the whole company had to camp out of doors all night; their only shelter consisting of a camp made of bushes. The slaves traveled on in this way for three days and nights. On the morning of the fourth day, they arrived at the village where my father lived. There my father was waiting to receive his wife and his dear children. He knew that we were coming, so he made preparations for us.

In a few days we were comfortably situated in a nice little house, which my father had prepared.

A school, called the government school, was going on about four miles from my home. My parents being very anxious to have me go to school, sent me to the above named school.

I was so delighted with the school that my walk did not tire me. In a short time after this, another school began that was nearer to my home. I then went to the nearer school. My first and my second teacher were both white. I was very fond of Miss Sarah, and I felt quite sorry when she told me, that she was going home. I had a great many colored teachers. One, a gentleman from the West Indies. He was a good intelligent and smart teacher. I was more fond of him than any teacher I ever had, because he always took such interest in his pupils. He was the only one that had ever taught me anything about arithmetic. About this time my father died, and I was left a fatherless child with an afflicted mother. Mr. ——, the County Superintendent, was interested in me, and advised me to come to this school. I feel very thankful to the kind friends at the north, for their liberality to us. I hope the Lord may always smile upon you.

Yours Respectfully G.

OFF FOR BERKSHIRE.

Twenty-five of the Indian students of Hampton, seventeen boys and eight girls, started for their summer homes among the hills of Massachusetts, on Monday, June 14th. They will be scattered on neighboring farms, the reason I sent you to school to learn and be like a white girl. Your father,
"BLACK CROW."

EFFECT ON INDIAN OF SENDING THEIR CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.

Bear's Heart, breakfast. Then I told my friend after breakfast you come again we go shooting again. I had buffalo meat just one for breakfast. I will tell you how my home look, Indian bed just on ground. My father and my mother have a bed one side of wigwam; I and my brother other side, and my very good. Two years I stay St. Augustine, then come to Hampton. At Hampton I go to school and I work. I like school and work. I don't want to go home just now. I want learn more English, more work and more of the good way. When I finish my school here, I go home to teach my people to work also. I want my mother and sisters

OFF FOR BERKSHIRE.

Twenty-five of the Indian students of Hampton, seventeen boys and eight girls, started for their summer homes among the hills of Massachusetts, on Monday, June 14th. They will be scattered on neighboring farms, where they will share the home life and be kindly cared for, doing light work for their board, and under the general supervision of Mr. Alexander B. Hyde of Lee, one of the school's trustees. This was proved last summer to be a very valuable part of the year's experience, invigorating their health, improving their English, and broadening their outlook.

The trip to New York, on the fine new steamer *Manhattan* was pleasantly made, spite of some rough weather, and the day of sight seeing in New York was full of interest, both to the students and those who were enjoying their interest. Central Park, with the Zoo, and the Mall, the Post-office and Equitable Building with the splendid view of the city and harbor from the top, and a free ride to High Bridge and back to the Battery on the Elevated Railroad by courtesy of the company, were among the experiences whose wonder and delight merit a further description.

A reception was given them at the Y. M. C. A. Room at noon, where short speeches were made by Gen. Clinton B. Fiske, and Mr. Smiley, Indian Commissioners, Rev. Mr. King of Harlem and Rev. Mr. Bradford of Montclair. General Marshall and Mr. Robbins spoke on the part of the school, and the students contributed a hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," sung in Dakota, and a dialogue in the sign language.

At eight the next morning the party left for Stockbridge, the railroad companies kindly allowing them half-fare. We may hope next month to hear a good report from their country homes, with more graphic details of their trip there.

LETTERS FROM INDIAN PARENTS TO CHILDREN AT CARLISLE.

Through the courtesy of the Department, copies of some of the letters referred to by Capt. Pratt in our last number, have been sent us from Washington, of which the following are a few interesting extracts:

"DARLINGTON, IND. TY. (Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency.) *Feb.* 5, 1880.

"*My Dear Son:* I received your kind letter and was mighty glad to hear that you are trying to learn how to read and write. Don't play much. Study your lessons. I sent you to school to learn English. I shall be happy to see you when you come home so that you can write letters for me to my friends. I am on white man's road now. Be good boy. I will send you more things.

"Your father, BIG HORSE."

"PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DAKOTA, *March* 8th.

"*My dear daughter:* It made my heart very glad indeed when I received your picture. I think that it is a very good one. I made a feast and called all our friends and neighbors to see the picture. I bought twelve yards of calico and made a present to every one who came to look at your picture. I bought pumpkins and other things out of the store, about ten dollars worth, and we had ten kettles full of food for our friends who came to rejoice with us. It makes me very glad to think that you are so well taken care of and so happy. I trust that I shall be able to come and see you this summer. Our agent when he left here to go to Washington said he would ask the President to let all the men who have sent children, go on to see them in the school.

"Your father, LONE BEAR."

"PINE RIDGE, D. TY. *March* 24th.

"*My dear Grandson:* I wished you to grow up a wise and useful man, so I sent you to the school. There are four of us in the band which rank alike as chiefs, and I trust that Capt. Pratt will be able to make you a leading man. Your grandfather,

"N. WATER."

"ROSEBUD AGENCY, DAKOTA, *March*, '80.

"*Looking Woman—*

"*My daughter:* You went down to the school to learn to read and write and how to do housework. I hope when you come back you will know all the ways of the white people, so you can show us how to take care of a house, and read English books for us. Your father, BIG HEAD."

"ROSEBUD AGENCY, *Dec* 31*st*.

"*My dear Daughter:* I am very glad to hear you are well. I sent you there to learn to read and write and sew. I want you to write to me in English in your own hand as soon as you can. I listen to the white men because they are wise men. Tell your brother, I want him to learn fast and he a good boy. My daughter, you are such a good girl, that is the reason I sent you to school to learn and be like a white girl. Your father,

"BLACK CROW."

EFFECT ON INDIANS OF SENDING THEIR CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.

The real effect upon Indian parents of sending their children to a "white man's school," no one need ask who reads the following letters:

"PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DA., *April* 15, '80.

"*My dear Son:* I send my picture with this, you see that I had my War Jacket on when taken, but I wear white man's clothes and am trying to live and act like whits men. Be a good boy. We are proud of you, and will be more so when you come back. All our people are building houses and opening up little farms all over the reservation. You may expect to see a big change when you get back. Your mother and all send love.

"Your affectionate father, CLOUD SHIELD."

"ROSEBUD AGENCY, *Jan.* 4, '80.

My dear Daughter: Ever since you left me, I have worked very hard and put up a good house and am trying to be civilized like the whites, so you will never hear anything bad from me. When Capt. Pratt was here, he came to my house and asked me to let you go to school. I want you to be a good girl and study. I have dropped all the Indian ways and am getting like a white man; and don't do anything but what the agent tells me. I listen to him.

"I have always loved you and it makes me very happy to know that you are learning. I get my friend Big Star to write for me. If you could read and write, I should be very happy. Your father, BRAVE BULL.

"Why do you ask for moccasins. I sent you there to be like a white girl and wear shoes."

YANKTON AGENCY, D. T., *April* 5, '80.

Gen. Armstrong:

My Friend: I never saw you, but I have already a strong attachment for you. I already wrote you two letters, as you know, but to-day I have thought of you again.

I had two boys big enough to help me work, but you have them now. I wanted them to learn your language. And I want you to look after them as if they were your boys. This is all, thy friend.

FAT MANDAN

Is my name, and I shake your hand.

INDIAN TALK.

BY BEAR'S HEART, CHEYENNE INDIAN, FROM INDIAN TERRITORY.

We publish by request the "Indian Talk" given at the Hampton Normal School Anniversary by one of the Indian students, the last one left at Hampton of the Indians from St. Augustine, the rest being at Carlisle or at their homes.

It is entirely original. Bear's Heart was three years at St. Augustine, and has been two at Hampton.

SOMETHING ABOUT MY LIFE.

"When I was a little boy, I got out bed, may he six o'clock every morning. I go out Wigwam, wash face, go back in Wigwam. My father comb my hair and he tie it then he paint my face good. Then my father said you go shoot; my little friend come and I said to him let us go and shoot. When Indian cooking, my mother she say Come here, Bear's Heart, breakfast. Then I told my friend after breakfast you coma again we go shooting again. I had buffalo meat just one for breakfast.

I will tell you how my home look, Indian bed just on ground. My father and my mother have a bed one side of wigwam; I and my brother other side, and my sister another side, and the door on one side. The fire is in the middle. My people sit on bed, and my mother she give us a tin plate and cut meat, we have one knife no fork hold the meat by the hand, eat with knife. After breakfast I go shooting with my friend. I eat three times every day. Sometimes two times when not much meat. All the time meat, that is all. I no work, I play all the time. After a while I big boy. My father he said, Bear's Heart you try kill buffalo now, I say yes. When Indians went buffalo hunting I go too. One time I shoot twice and kill buffalo. I skin buffalo and put skin and beef on my horse. I took to my wigwam. My father he say Bear's Heart, how many times you shoot. I say ona time. He say good. When I big boy my father give me gun and I shoot deer. All the time I shoot, I done no work. My mother and my sisters do work. When my father died I was a bad man. By and by about twenty Indian young men went to fight Utes. I told my mother I want to fight to, and she said yes. I go and fight all day first time, we killed one Ute and four Cheyenne. Sundown we stop. In Texas I fight again. In Texas all time fight no stop, some fight, some take horses. In the summer I fight, in the winter no fight. One time I went to a big fight. I fight then I got tired. I say my two friends let us go back to agency; my friends they say yes. We went to Agency, tha Capt. take to us, he say, Bear's Heart what you want to do, fight or stay here. I said stay here; all right say he 'go to wigwam.' About one month after, Cheyenne chief he tell agent Bear's Heart had been fighting so he is bad, then the Captain put me in the guard-house. By and by the Captain he sent my two friends to tell all Indians to stop fight and come to agency. All Indians come back then Cheyenne chief he looked at all Indians and told Captain what Indians fight, the Captain put bad Indians in guard-house, and colored soldiers put chains on their legs. One man he got mad and run, the soldiers shoot but no kill him. By and by good many soldiers come from Fort Sill and took us to Fort Sill, where I saw Capt. Pratt. Good many Kiowas, Comanches and Arapahoes, Cheyennes all together with soldiers and Capt. Pratt take us to Florida. When I ride to Florida all the time I think by and by he kill me. When I been to St. Augustine some time and womans and mans come to see me and shake hand, I think soldiers no kill me. After awhile Capt. Pratt took off all Indians chains, but not too quick. Capt. Pratt he see boys no have money. He got sea beans, he give every Indians two sea-beans, he say make sea-bean shine, ha told us bow and when wa make sea bean good we take to him, ha give us money. First time wa make sea-beans, then bow and arrows, then paint pictures. By and by teacher she come with pictures of dogs, cats, cow and tell us every day nine o'clock morning we go to school stop at twelve o'clock, afternoou just make sea-beans. Before Indisus went to school, Capt. Pratt he gave Indians clothes just like white men, but Indians no want hair cut. Sunday Indians go to church St. Augustine: down from head, Indians same as white men; but heads, long hair just like Indians. By and by after Indians go to church, they say I want my hair cut; my teachers very good. Two years I stay St. Augustine, than come to Hampton. At Hampton I go to school and I work. I like school and work. I don't want to go home just now. I want learn more English, mora work and more of tha good way. When I finish my school here, I go home to teach my people to work also. I want my mother and sisters to work house, and I and brother to work farm. When they put chains on me to take me from my home, I felt sorry, but I glad now, for I good boy now.

Correspondence.

CHEYENNE RIVER AGENCY, D. T., *May* 28*th*, 1880.

Editor of Workman:

Enclosed please find subscription for WORKMAN. I desire to keep posted on the advancement of the Indian children, as the parents of those from this Agency are constantly making inquiries of me as to the welfare of their children.

There is an increasing interest taken in your school by the Indians and I believe tha tima is propitious for the establishment of a thorough system of educational training, which alone can accomplish the reclamation of the little barbarians.

Without an early industrial or educational training few white men or women ever attain a position of usefulness in civilized communities, on the contrary they become as a class, hurdens upon the commonwealth and evidence by their life and conduct, the wisdom of the establishment of Poor Houses, Houses of Correction and Prisons for their accommodation and safe keeping.

It is absurd to expect a different state of things among a barbarous people. To render them useful members of society, the Indians must not only be converted to Christianity, but also to habits of neatness, order, industry and respect for regularly constituted authority. That you realize this fact is evidenced by the thorough manner in which you are inculcating these ideas in your system of Christian, industrial and educational training at Hampton, in which arduous undertaking you have ever the earnest sympathy and sincere good wishes of your friend,

GEO. LEE. BROWN.

SALT LAKE CITY.

(See "*Editorial Correspondence.*")

VISIT TO COLORED SCHOOLS.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

A few days ago, I collected some numbers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, already well-thumbed by tha colored neighbors, to whom I usually lend my papers, and wended my way to Miss Harvey's school, to see if I could find any subscribers among her pupils.

Miss Harvey is a Virginia lady, who was deeply impressed with tha horrors of slavery in her childhood, when her father's servants, owing to his having been unfortunate in business, were sold for debt. The sorrowful scene, when the beloved old nurse was carried away by the sheriff, and her mother, overcoma with grief lay fainting on tha threshold of the dismantled home, was never to be forgotten by a sensitive heart. Left an orphan at an early age, Miss Harvey struggled bravely for the education which could fit her for teaching, and since tha war she has done excellent work in the colored schools in which she takes a most kindly interest.

Visiting schools is one of my amusements, and I am constantly impressed with the fact,

that there are two kinds of teachers, those who love their work, and those who love their wages, and an hour spent in a school-room will tell to which class the teacher belongs.

Miss Harvey is one of those truly called to to teach, and a glance at her attentive, orderly scholars shows the observer that she realizes the importance of the teacher's office, inclined to claim superior intellect for themselves. The event in point was rather puzzling to most of the pupils, who, as Miss Harvey explained, were too young to remember slavery or know much of politics. "What is the difference between the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation?" Some assistance from the teacher was necessary to make a clear answer from the children, of the colored Public School have took place at a time so near that at which we go to press; for the excellent performance of their programme last evening in the Methodist church deserves a special and detailed notice. Every body was surprised at the advancement the scholars have made, and the high order of the exercises gramted the entire audience (the gallery was filled with white visitors) beyond mense concourse of voters could be assembled, provided the usual waves of partizan persuasion were not forgotten.

Party lines are but faintly drawn at present, and probably the controlling vote lies in the hands of that "great middle class" not blindly attached to either party, and who will vote, party on what they believe to be the winning side, and partly on the personal pop-

that there are two kinds of teachers, those who love their work, and those who love their wages, and an hour spent in a school-room will tell to which class the teacher belongs.

Miss Harvey is one of those truly called to teach, and, a glance at her attentive, orderly scholars shows the observer that she realizes the importance of the teacher's office.

Instead of the switch or ruler, which so often forms the badge of office with instructors, her table is covered with plants and minerals, the nature of which "Miss Fanny" carefully explains to her pupils, and the interest she children show in collecting such things testifies to the confidence and affection they feel for their teacher.

When I reached the school building, which is a somewhat dilapidated frame house, poorly furnished as to desks and blackboards, and was the first school-house opened for colored people here after the war, the funds for it having been given chiefly by Philadelphia Friends, I found the children playing in the yard, it being still a half hour to school time. Miss Harvey soon arrived, and invited me into her room, whither many of the children followed, it being one of her rules that orderly pupils may go to their desks before the bell rings, and write on their slates what they have seen on the way to school. This cultivates observation with the children and the slates are read in turn by the teacher or pupils. Almost every object visible on the streets that morning had been recorded by some of these young reporters, and one bright little girl, with an eye to the beauties of nature had noted more than twenty names spelling such long words as Calecanthus, Arborvitæ, etc., correctly.

Before all the slates had been read the clock pointed to 9, and "Miss Fanny," who is the soul of punctuality, rung the bell. This was the signal for the three other grades which are taught in this building to enter and join in singing a hymn and repeating the Lord's Prayer. When the schools are full more than three hundred pupils, ranging from five to sixteen years old, meet thus daily. The classes came in quietly and at once fell into line, and when Miss Harvey gave the word, began with clear, sweet voices to sing the popular hymn—

"The ninety and nine all safely lay,
In the shelter of the fold."

There was wonderful variety of appearance among the groups of singers, and one might readily trace the mingling of many families of earth in the faces ranging from the sooty sons of Ham, to the fair complexion of the Caucasian, with scarce the "shadow of the Ethiopian" upon it. Some of the children of darkest hue, had long silky hair, telling of what the Negroes here call "Mollygaston" (Madegascan) blood, and here and there one bore traces of Indian ancestry. As the clear young voices rung out the choruses, and many dusky faces turned earnest eyes toward me, I could but think of that promised day, when "all nations shall be one people and God himself shall be with them and be their God," and felt that the Shepherd had indeed "Gone to the desert to find his sheep," in thus gathering these children of an alien race into the common brotherhood of citizenship in our western land. After the singing the other grades quietly dispersed to their rooms, two of the young teachers being colored girls, the first colored teachers employed in the public schools of the city. Miss Kinekle is a graduate of Howard University, and a teacher of several years' experience in country schools, and Miss Merchant, a graduate of Hampton, whose face lighted up with pleasant memories as I asked her about her teachers at the Normal School.

When her pupils were seated Miss Harvey began her regular exercises, and after hearing some very good recitations in grammar and arithmetic,—the latter seeming to possess a remarkable knack of keeping the attention of all the scholars on the subject in hand,—I requested permission to ask the children some questions not down in the book, and began by inquiring where the money came from for the public schools? "Taxes" was the prompt answer of many of the. "Who pays the taxes?" I asked. "Everybody," "Fathers and mothers," "Parents," came quickly from all parts of the room. "Do you think people who have no children should be taxed to support the schools?" was the next query. This was a new idea, and after some hesitation the children answered in the negative. I told them I did not agree with them and asked what children ought to do in return for being educated by the State. "Learn well," "Be good students," "Make useful citizens," said many voices quickly. "What benevolent man bequeathed a large sum of money to aid Southern education?" asked the teacher at this point. "Mr. Peabody," said several pupils. "Which have the best minds, boys or girls?" was my next question. "Boys," was the prompt answer of every boy in the room, accompanied on the part of some of the complacent youths with a rather contemptuous glance at the girls. The little girls were slower to decide, and few seemed inclined to claim superior intellect for themselves. The next inquiry was rather puzzling to most of the pupils, who, as Miss Harvey explained, were too young to remember slavery or know much of politics. "What is the difference between the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation?" Some assistance from the teacher was necessary to gain a clear answer from the children, one of whom said at last, "The Declaration of Independence was for the whites folks and the Emancipation Proclamation for the colored people.

Upon the whole I thought the school displayed remarkable quickness in answering questions quite apart from their regular routine of study, and showed that their instructor was very wide awake herself, and could rouse the minds committed to her care in no ordinary way. She takes much pains to teach her pupils botany, mineralogy, astronomy, and other branches of natural science, and showed me many beautiful specimens of the wonders of nature brought her by the children. While hearing the school tell the names of the planets visible during the present month, I could but realize how different would be the impression produced upon the rising generation of Negroes by the phenomenon of nature from the ideas common to their less cultured parents, to whom each flash of lightning, every blazing comet is a fearful threatening of Divine wrath, portending the dissolution of earth and its inhabitants.

Some of Miss Harvey's pupils draw very well indeed, and I found many pretty pictures of plants, birds, etc., on the blackboard, and thought a spirited sketch of a ship in full sail, drawn from memory by a youth named Thomas Jefferson, displayed considerable ability in the young artist. The colored children generally are under the usual disadvantage of poverty, a great many of them being compelled to lose much time from school to work in the Tobacco factories, their wages being, very often, an important part of family support.

GLOUCESTER CO., VA., *May 28th*, 1880.
Editor Southern Workman:

The school taught in this part of the county by Mr. William Weaver a Hampton student, had its closing exercises to-day. An invitation to the closing exercise had been extended to the people in this part of the county. As early as eight o'clock, parents and children began to gather from every direction, at the school house, which was a large frame church by the roadside in the wood. Each one brought a basket of provisions, either a cake, a chicken or something in that line.

When the school opened at ten o'clock several hundred people had assembled. The time from ten till twelve o'clock was spent in the examination of classes. Considering the short time the children have spent in school they showed that they had well improved their chances. The recitations of the classes in arithmetic and reading by the word method were very creditable. The parents showed deep interest in the examinations. Many of the most intelligent class of the white people, including some of the county officers, were present throughout the day and seemed well pleased with the school.

The time for refreshments was over at two o'clock; from two till four was given to declamation, dialogues and singing by the children, each of whom tried to excel the other. At night, after several declamations and dialogues by the children, a lecture was given to the parents and friends by Mr. B. T. Washington.

This being the close of the free school, Mr. Weaver said that the people showed such an interest in education that he wanted to continue their school a while longer; so the entertainment at night was given to procure means for that purpose. A small admission fee was charged which was willingly paid. The amount necessary to continue the school at least a month longer was raised.

It is very gratifying to witness the interest these people are taking in education. All day long they seemed perfectly delighted. Many of the people came eight and ten miles and returned at night. They say that their eyes are just being opened and they now see the benefit of education.

All agree that they never had a teacher before take such interest in their children; they have great faith in him and believe he is working for their true interest. B.

A GOOD REPORT FROM ABINGDON.

We have received from two Hampton graduates, Mr. B. L. Langford, and Mr. Frank Trigg, the programme of the closing exercises of their school in Abingdon, Virginia, with two of the local papers, the *Standard* and *Virginian*, containing very kind and complimentary notices of the occasion. The *Standard* (conservative) says:

"We regret exceedingly that the exhibition of the colored Public School here took place at a time so near that at which we go to press; for the excellent performance of their programme last evening in the Methodist church deserves a special and detailed notice. Everybody was surprised at the advancement the scholars have made, and the high order of the exercises gratified the entire audience (the gallery was filled with white visitors) beyond expression. The singing of the children excels that of any of our Sabbath Schools, and the recitations and essays were fully up to many schools of greater advantages. If these who talk so much about the inefficiency of colored public schools had been there they would have come away with their eyes open and their mouths shut."

The *Virginian* adds:

"We think we speak the sentiment of every white person present, (and there were a number) when we say that the closing exercises of the above school, Wednesday night last, reflect much credit upon the teachers in charge of the Public school, as well as the colored people of our town who patronize it. Every thing connected with the exercises passed off very pleasantly, and at the close, Rev. E. H. Barnett, Judge Geo. W. Ward, Messrs. John A. Buchanan, C. F. Trigg and S. N. Honaker, being called upon, made appropriate and encouraging remarks to the teachers, pupils and patrons. It is the duty of all to encourage this commendable effort on the part of these people in their efforts to elevate and educate their race."

SOME RAMBLING REMARKS ON THE COMING CONTEST. KEEP COOL!

During a recent railroad ride between New York and Baltimore, my neighbors in front discussed the political situation from Jersey City to Canton Landing, while my neighbors behind slept through the trip as placidly as the dust, flies, newspaper fiends, and other railway annoyances would permit. This marked contrast in behavior suggested the question as to which had more profitably passed their time. The political disputants were radically opposed when they started, and even more so, if that were possible, when the train stopped. My somnolent neighbors looked very weary when they got on the train, and even more sleepy when they got off. Lazily, as one does on a hot day, I turned the question over in my mind, and finally concluded the niddy-noddies had had the best of it; for while the occupations of both parties were fruitless, the disputants were much hotter, madder, and more fatigued at their journey's end than the devotees of gentle sleep.

Is it fair to generalize from this little incident, and say that the bulk of partizan talk is fruitless? Will a "rank Radical" give up his pet bobbies, if a "hide bound" Democrat ride a-tilt of him? Will any hard money believer be softened in his faith by any much money talk, or *vice versa*? I really believe that the number of partizan converts made by individuals "talking politics" is ridiculously small, and about as many are won over from one side as from the other.

The fixing of the Presidential election in November was a wise and considerate choice of seasons; for what would have occurred, if the final fury of the campaign had been made to happen when thermometers are highest and shirt collars most depressed? Or what degree of enthusiasm could be worked up, if the great torch-light procession of the Canvass had to be made in the snow, sleet or rain of a January evening? The wisdom of our forefathers deserves at least the compliment of imitation, and all of us can pay the compliment, by not airing our partizan views till the crisp days of October; say after the Ohio election. Such a course of action will not only be a delicate compliment to our ancestors, but we will begin to talk politics, well stored with facts, and with more breath to spare than those less conservative talkers whose tongues have been wagging all summer.

Presidential canvasses are wonderfully alike, and to expect any striking variety is to look for a new act in a Punch and Judy show. Each party will set itself up as a paragon of virtue, and solemnly assert its faith in the total depravity of the other. If the man in the moon, or some equally disinterested observer, should visit the United States this fall, his first impression would be, that all saints were enrolled in one political party, and all sinners in the other. But which party contained the saints, and which the sinners, would be difficult to determine, as every partizan would assure him that no pure political saint was ever known to have voted the "other ticket."

The political carpenters and joiners have nailed and dovetailed their platforms with the usual success of satisfying but few of their followers.

The height of skill in political architecture will be reached, when a reversible platform be perfected; one which read up and down means "Yes," and when read down and up means "No." On such a platform an immense concourse of voters could be assembled, provided the usual means of partizan persuasion were not forgotten.

Party lines are but faintly drawn at present, and probably the controlling vote lies in the hands of that "great middle class" not blindly attached to either party, and who will vote, partly on what they believe to be the winning side, and partly on the personal popularity of the candidate. Hunger gives a keen scent and great activity; so the party out of power, being naturally very hungry, owing to their having been so long deprived of the loaves and fishes, have a very fair offset to the "Government aid" of the party in power.

A Presidential campaign is an expensive luxury, for almost every citizen seems to feel in duty bound to attend the meetings of his political associates, so as to have his own faith strengthened, and be more fully convinced of the wickedness and folly of the other side.

Fortunately, this country is too big for any individual to put in his pocket, or to rule or ruin at his own sweet will. Whoever may be inaugurated next March, it is not likely there will be any convulsions of nature, and the wheels of government will continue to revolve, no matter if a Republican or Democratic engineer has been placed on duty.

Howsoever true this may be, it is a miserable fact, that the Presidential canvass always interferes more or less with the activity of the business of the country. Insensibly, almost everyone becomes more or less excited about the contest, and the feverishness of individuals induces a feverish feeling to be apparent in the nation. No political agitation can change the soil and climate of the United States, and it is hundreds to hundredths that no civil strife here will mark the rest of this century. If people would only look calmly at the matter, and believe that there may be honest differences of opinion, without either party being knaves or fools, the hubbub of Presidential years could be greatly softened. Still, it seems to be true, that men will quarrel more bitterly over political than any other subjects save religious ones. Bigotry is usually applied to this foolish upholding of certain theological tenets, but there are as many bigots politically as there are theologically. To say that it is not well to have decided political opinions, is to state an absurdity; but to say that one thing must be so, because Smith, Jones, or Robinson thinks so, is to state an absurdity equally prodigious,

It is amusing, though painful, to notice how much more desperately two men will contend over a subject concerning which both are comparatively ignorant, than will two men better informed. In fact it is pretty safe to say, that the less a man knows, and the less he has seen, the more bitter partizan he is: among the lower animals he finds a prototype in the devil-fish, who will hold to an imbedded anchor until the tide leaves him high and dry, with as much tenacity as to the food he love best. Take any of the political issues of the day—National or State Supremacy, Currency, Tariff, or Civil Service Reform—and, in nine cases out of ten, the most blatant partizan will be ignorant of any side but his own, and not know much about that.

Brass bands and torch-light processions, fiery orators, fire crackers and fluttering banners have an almost irresistable influence on the average American citizen. Yet how few pause to think that all these things must be paid for, and that taxation will be the fund on which the checks will be drawn. The expenditures of both parties in a Presidential campaign, if turned into the Treasury at Washington, would make a perceptible diminution of the Public Debt, but expended as they will be, a few will be benefited at the expense of the many. If we should add to the actual expenditures, the time lost by millions of citizens, the total would be appalling.

Pure patriotism, like deep water, runs smoothly—the more shallow a demegogue, the more noisy he generally is. The rant and bluster of a word wirepuller differs much from the argument of a statesman. That statesmen are born, not made, is an idea more or less distinctly defined in the minds of a large number of voters; and the natural outgrowth of this idea is, that each and every one of them thinks he is as well or better fitted to conduct the affairs of State, than the parties chosen to fill the position. It is fortunate perhaps that such people are permitted to relieve their feelings by talking politics: if they were not, a social explosion would be probable.

It is a noticeable fact that "talking politics" and drinking whisky are great aids to each other—talking politics in a barroom seems to excite a thirst for whisky, and drinking whisky kindles a desire to talk politics. The reciprocal action of the two adds to the profit of the barroom, and hence, especially in cities, we ever find "the tapsters and maltsters" taking a deep interest in what they are pleased to term politics.

To go to a circus and not hear the clown remark as he tumbles into the ring, "Here

we are again!" would be contrary to all precedent, and a decided shock to conservative circus goers. Clowns always have said, "Here we are again"; some people have always laughed; and it is fair to suppose clowns will continue to say, "Here we are again!" until canvas tents cease to be an attractive feature of the circus.

5,230,000,000 bushels of corn. The Governor of Washington Territory claims for its great superiority in wheat production, and prophesies a yield in the near future three times as large as the present supply of California. The Governor of Dakota estimates the area suitable for field culture and especially wheat

LIBERIAN COFFEE.—The prejudices and practices of coffee-planters are likely to be revolutionized the discovery of a new species of coffee on the West Coast of Africa—the *Coffea Liberica* or Liberian coffee—and its introduction into coffee-growing countries. The transplantation of this plant from its native

The Empress of Russia died at St. Petersburg on Thursday morning, June 21. She was the daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse, and was born on the 25th of July, 1826. She was married April 16th, 1841, to Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, and being admitted to the Greek Church, received the name of Marie-Alexandrovna in baptism. Her husband succeeded to the throne at the death of his father, the Emperor Nicholas I., February 18, 1855.

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Carpet-baggers robbed the people:
The carpet-baggers were all Radicals;
Therefore all radicals rob the people.

Or, if the voice proceed from the other side of the political fence, it sounds thus:—

Tweed and his Ring robbed the people:
Tweed and his Ring were all Democrats;
Hence all democrats rob the people.

If this be logic, what is to happen to the people? Yet to listen to such rubbish, many people will go miles and miles, and flatter themselves they are only doing their duty as citizens.

To what end do all these reflections point? Is it not towards the necessity of a strong, hearty government encouragement to the education of the masses? No representative democratic government can rise above the average intelligence of the citizens composing it. The school-house must go before the intelligent ballot as surely as a parent must precede the child; we will find a man being his own mother just about as soon as a free government like ours, intelligently conducted by unintelligent citizens. Intelligence linked with Liberty is the only corner stone of an enduring Republic: with Ignorance and Slavery as corner stones, the experiment has been tried, and history records no more dismal failure.

As our population increases, so do our dangers. A handful of snow, pressed in a ball and dropped from the roof of a house, is comparatively harmless—an avalanche is fearful; yet the same laws govern both. The United States have outgrown the snow-ball size, and in their present mass, the workings of political forces are visible to the naked eye of the veriest tyro in political science, that a century ago could hardly be discovered by the microscope of the political specialist. Blood and Iron is the Bismarkian theory of government: our must be Bread and Brains. Free Labor and Free Schools, with what our government already has, will give it a cohesion possessed by none other on which shines the sun; but with labor hindered and schools stopped, the centrifugal forces will exceed the centripetal, and our present republic be sent shooting out through space, seeking the ghosts of the republics that have gone before.

Great questions of absorbing interest are before the country, and if we indulge in political disputations, let them be on what will benefit the State, and not have for their object the trying of who can throw the more dirty water, or stir the lower depths of partizan slime.

If we seek to make converts, or simply to confirm our own views, this same advice is salutary—KEEP COOL. T. T. N.

UNOLE SAM'S FARM.

The wonderful extent and resources of our American heritage are set forth with great elaborateness and interest by Mr. R. P. Porter in the June number of the *International Review*. Thirty years ago, the American wheat crop was 100,000,000 bushels, and was divided in halves by the 81st degree west from Greenwich, a line just east of the western boundary of Pennsylvania; last year's crop of 450,000,000 bushels was divided equally by the 90th meridian, just east of the western boundary of Illinois. The last ten cotton crops raised by slave labor, from 1852 to 1861 inclusive, amounted to 34,005,440 bales; the last ten crops raised by free labor, 1870 to 1879 inclusive, numbered 41,454,743 bales, an excess of 6,437,303 bales in favor of free labor. In the last fifteen years the production of wheat and barley has trebled, the corn and cotton crops have more then doubled, potatoes nearly doubled, hey increased more than one-third, and oats more than 140,000,000 bushels. Exports have increased in still vaster ratio: from 12,147,400 bushels of corn in 1808 to 85,401,098 bushels in 1878, and in the same period, from 43,050,004 pounds of bacon and ham to 502,814,351 pounds.

Great as these amounts are, the agriculturel resources of America have only begun to be developed. Mr. Porter says: "Careful estimates show that the United States is capable of maintaining an area of 200,000,000 acres of corn land, which, with the average yield of the past ten years, would give us over 5,250,000,000 bushels of corn. The Governor of Washington Territory claims for it great superiority in wheat production, and prophesies a yield in the near future three times as large as the present supply of California. The Governor of Dakota estimates the area suitable for field culture and especially wheat growing, at 40,000,000 acres. Turning from corn and wheat to the other great staple, we find that the whole cotton crop of the world could be raised on a section of Texas less than one-twelfth of its area, or be divided between any two of the other principal cotton states without exhausting one-half of their good lands." Our young man go West to "grow up with the country." If the American nation grow up with its country, it will be worthy to lead the world it feeds and clothes.

THE following extract from the official report of the French Exposition of 1878 may be of interest to our readers, as showing the attention attracted by the Hampton exhibit:—

(*Translation.*) "The Normal Schools, which are public institutions destined to furnish teachers for the Primary and Grammer Schools, are represented * * * and among them, in a large gold frame, figures the Hempton Institute of Virginia, devoted to the instruction of colored people. Hampton, where the instruction is given by teachers of both sexes, presents an extremely complete system. Students can here begin with a primary and end with a High School course, though the most important place is given to mechanical education. There is a school of agriculture, an industrial department, workshops for all the mechanical arts; they design, sew and print.

"But Hampton is not rich! The students benefit by the work of their own hands, but this is hardly sufficient, for every day brings new applicants, and in spite of the constant assistance of rich benefactors, there is a lack of accommodation, some of the students being obliged at times to camp out in summer, in tents, and in winter in barracks. Nothing can be more interesting to read then the volume published in 1875 by Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Ladlow, "Hampton and Its Students," at the end of which is a collection of Negro songs, many of them of reel velue, made by the head of the musical department, Mr. Fenner.

"Hampton is also a Normal School, and is thus furnishing the material for future Hemptons. Good luck to these humanitarian nandertakiogs, for surely there is great need of them! The exposition contains many specimens of Hampton work, some of which are well worthy of notice, especially those from the Printing-office, the Industrial Room and the writing classes."

IMPROVEMENT OF THE OOLORED PEOPLE IN WASHINGTON.

It is interesting to observe the steady improvement of the colored population of this city. Every time I come here the proportion of dirt end rags and wretchedness seems to have perceptibly diminished, and that of well dressed and comfortable-looking people to have increased. Something may be lost in picturesqaeness by this change; rags are often picturesque, and colored head-dresses always are; but more is gained. All agree that the change is going on. I heard the matter discussed last night between two ladies, both long resident in this city, and one belonging eminently to the "First Families of Virginia." Both agreed that the whole course of the colored people here had been most creditable, and that they were steadily advancing. My Virginie friend spoke especially of the propriety of demeanor of the younger women; of their good taste in dress, and of the absence of tawdriness and mere display. Certainly the congregation of the colored Presbyterian Church close by me would compare creditably, in dress and appearance, with any in the land. Its minister is T. S. Grimke, a native of South Carolina and a graduate of Princeton; and his wife, formerly Charlotte Forten, is a graduate of a Massachusetts Normel School, and has many friends among the most cultivated people of thet State.—*Ex.*

DIED.—April 27th, at Carlisle Training School, of consumption, Zonekeuh, a Kiowan Indian student, one of the St. Augustine band. Zonckeuh had been failing through the winter at Hampton. It was hoped thet a change would benefit him, and not being strong enough to go bome, he was teken to Carlisle. He had a lovely and Christien character end died very peacefully, saying, "Oh no, I am not afraid to die. I weot to go to God's house."

DIED.—May —, at his home in Hertford Co., N. C., Charles W. Aakew, a studeat last year of Hampton Institute, and member of the class of '82.

LIBERIAN COFFEE.—The prejudices and practices of coffee-planters are likely to be revolutionized the discovery of a new species of coffee on the West Coast of Africa—the *Coffea Liberica* or Liberian coffee—and its introduction into coffee-growing countries. The transplantation of this plant from its native soil to Ceylon, Brazil, and other countries has been attended with such extraordinary results that the tree is likely in time to supercede the *Coffea Arabica*, the species now usually cultivated. Of little importance in its native country, the Liberian coffee becomes astonishingly productive when placed in the best plantations alongside or very close to its better known rival; and it has this peculiority—that whereas the Arabian coffee flourishes at an altitude of from 2,000 feet to 6,000 feet above the sea level, the Liberian variety thrives at from sea level to an elevation of 1,000 feet. It is not certain, however, that it cannot be cultivated at a considerably greater altitude, in which case its value will be greatly enhanced. Gn an estate in Ceylon, where the African plant has been tested, the enormous crop of two tons of coffee to the acre has been yielded. The plant is being tested in several other countries besides Ceylon. In Brazil, Venezuela, South Australia, Gautemala, Queensland, Fiji, Jemaica, and other lands, the seeds have been planted or young trees introduced. It is curious that hitherto England has been the principal centre of its propagation. Large numbers of saplings and meny thousands of seeds have been distributed from London, where the tree has been cultivated under artificial heet. The seede travel well if packed in damp moss. One important feature presented by the Liberian coffee is its power of resisting the leaf disease which is se fatal to the planters' hope in Ceylon. So far, at least, the plants grown in that colony have shown an signe of contracting the disease. There is little donbt that the Liberian coffee is destined to take en important place in the list of important vegetable products, and that it will be the means of introducing a valuable industry into countries which would otherwise not have thought of catering into competition with the coffee districts of South America and the East.—*Colonies and India.*

DOWN A CHUTE.

A chute is leid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroed, and while we are telling it the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somowhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follows them—fire struck by the friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicular. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant.

Logs fired from a cannon could hardly have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. The average velocity is over 100 feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instaot they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 200 feet per second. A sugar-pine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a missile! How the water is dashed into the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hurled into the air to the height of a hundred feet. It forms the grandest fountains ever beheld. How the waters of the pond foam and seethe and lash against the shore.

Ono log, having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monster. The mouth of the chute is perhaps fifteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the mouth of the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glance? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like a reverberation of artillery, the fallen log springs a hundred and fifty feet vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket, falls into the pond seventy yards from the log it struck.—*Truckee (Nev.) Republican.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

FOREIGN.

An Alexandria despatch says: "The Egyptian obelisk has sailed for the United State."

England is actively exerting her influence at Pekin to avert war between China and Russia.

The cattle plague has reappeared in the island of Cyprus, and 2,000 animals have died out of a total of 100,000 in the island.

A despatch from Calcutta says: "Statistics of the foreign commerce of Calcutta show that for the last few years the proportion of the whole absorbed by England has been slowly decreasing, while that of America and China has been increasing."

Sir Alexander T. Galt, the Canadian Minister, at a banquet in London last week, gave an account of the prosperity of the Dominion, which, he said, had only one immediate want, that of men, and he had come to England to induce the overplus of its population to emigrate to a land where indepeadence and wealth awaited them.

The Empress of Russia died at St. Petersburg on Thursday morning, June 3d. She was the daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse, and was born on the 27th of July, 1825. She was married April 16th, 1841, to Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, and being admitted to the Greek Church, received the name of Marie-Alexandrovna in baptism. Her husband succeeded to the throne at the death of his father, the Emperor Nicholas I., February 18, 1855.

DOMESTIC.

The first car-load of new wheat of this season was inspected last week, and sold for $1.05 per bushel. It was shipped from Vincennes, Ind.

The one hundred and fifth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was celebrated in Boston on the 17th inst.

The net imports of tea for 1879 amounted to 58,-293,500 pounds, and the net imports of coffee during the same year to 362,755,600.

During the month of May nine hundred vessels from foreign ports arrived in New York, being the largest number that has ever entered that port in a single month.

In the first three months of 1879 this country imported 19,585,000 pounds of pig iron from England. In the corresponding three months of the present year 468,040,940 pounds were imported, an increase of 447,462,000 pounds.

A bill has been introduced in the Quebec Legislature for the construction of a tunnel under the St. Lawrence River, to be used by the provincial and American railroads as well as by vehicles and pedestrians. The capital of the proposed company is $3,000,000.

The Public Debt statement for the month of May shows a decrease of nearly sixteen millions of dollars; and although only fifteen years have elapsed since the war closed, we have paid off $890,000,000 of indebtedness. If our revenues continue, during the remainder of this year, to show a surplus proportionate to that of the past month, we shall have outstanding by the close of the year an aggregate debt only about two-thirds of the amount outstanding August, 1865; in other words, we will have discharged nearly one third of our indebtedness in fifteen and a-half years. Then, again, the interest we have to pay now is only about $80,000,000; when the war closed, the interest was $130,000,000, showing a decrease since that date of nearly one-half in the yearly charge. Furthermore, as the debt has thus been diminishing as population was increasing, the amount at present outstanding, less cash in the Treasury, is only about $47 for each inhabitant of the United States, against $75 in 1865, and the annual interest per capita is about $1.50 against $4.30 in 1865.

On Friday night, June 11th, while the the steamer *Narragansett* was proceeding on her course in a heavy fog from New York for Providence, she was run into and sank in Long Island Sound, by the *Stonington*, a sister ship of the same line. The collision occurred off Cornfield Light, opposite Clinton, Conn. The bow of the *Stonington* penetrated the boilers of the *Narragansett*, and the burning coals of the furnace were scattered over the oiled wood work of the steamer which was soon in flames, thus adding to the fear of death by drowning the horror of death from fire. This increased the panic, and a rush was made for the boats. The first to reach the water was overcrowded and it swamped, but the others were put afloat with their precious cargos. The steamer was settling, the heat from the fire was growing too severe to be borne, and men, women, and children plunged into the dark waters with chairs, mattresses, and what-ever they could lay their hands on. Appalling scenes occurred, the horror of which are too sickening for description. Fully twenty-five persons, mostly children, lost their lives by this terrible accident.

POLITICAL.

The Republicans in their Convention held at Chicago last month nominated Senator Garfield of Ohio for President, and Gen. Chester A. Arthur of New York for Vice-President.

At the Democratic Convention in Cincinnati Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock received the nomination for President, and Governor English of Indiana the nomination for Vice-President.

The Prohibition National Convention was held at Cleveland, O., June 17th. Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, was nominated by acclamation for the Presidency, and A. M. Thompson, of Westerville, O., for the Vice-Presidency.

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[*FIFTH YEAR.*]

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Dairying is a quiet industry, which is so dispersed among the great majority of farms in all parts of the country that we fail to realize its aggregate importance. As a money-producing industry it is, under the combined influence of the factory system for cheese-making and of the introduction of improved methods of butter-making, rapidly extending in every direction. One of the very best butter-making regions of the country, both in quantity and in quality of product, is Northern Illinois and the adjoining parts of the States to the north and west of it. A few years ago it was believed that good butter could not be made in the Southern States. There are now important butter districts in all parts of the South, and there are indications that the Northern cities will soon be supplied with fresh grass-butter throughout the whole winter from Mississippi, Tennessee, and other regions, where, before the war, the profitable growth of grass was regarded as an impossibility. No single influence has had more to do with the increased attention given to butter-making in these new districts than the introduction and wide distribution of the cattle of the Island of Jersey. These were formerly the "Alderneys" of the lawns and paddocks of the rich: they are now the practical butter-producing animals of the best dairy farms throughout the country. The favor with which they are regarded from an industrial point of view is based upon the physiological fact that, having been bred for centuries by the small farmers of Jersey, with whom the sale of butter has always been an important object their butter-secretion has been, by artificial selection, more completely developed than has that of any other breed. Not only is the quantity of butter greater in proportion to the amount of food consumed, but the butter-globules of the milk are larger and richer, developing more readily in the churn and working into a firmer product. This excellence has been recognized for half a century among those who sought to produce butter of finer quality for "fancy" use. It is now fast becoming known to those with whom butter-making is a business industry, and the extension of the knowledge promises to make the production of butter for export a much greater source of national wealth than it has hitherto been.

JOHN F. QUARLES, a colored man, who has been the United States Consul at Malaga, Spain, was admitted to practice as an attorney and counsellor in the Courts of New York State, on the motion of Algernon S. Sullivan, before the Supreme Court, General Term, yesterday. Mr. Sullivan said that so far as he knew this was the first colored man who had ever been admitted to the bar or practised law in that city. Mr. Quarles received his early legal education in Georgia, where he was born a slave. He was graduated from the law department of the Howard University at Washington in 1872, and began the practice of law in that city. In 1875, President Grant appointed him to the position of Consul at Malaga. He speaks German, French and Spanish fluently.

—*Christian Recorder, May 20th.*

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The undersigned takes this method of advising the public in general, and the lovers of good things in particular, that he has this day opened a Packing House on the grounds of the Hampton Normal School, in which he will prepare for market the meat of the hard-shell crabs, for which the waters of Hampton Roads are so celebrated. The goods are packed 10 cases containing two dozen cans, each one filled with two pounds of crab meat. On every can will be found full directions how to prepare Crab Salad and Devilled Crabs,—two dishes considered by those who have eaten them; but to those who have this pleasure yet in store, the recipes will be an introduction to a new and all-surprising delight of the palate. The meat of the crab is, beyond peradventure, the most delicate and delicious of all seafood, far exceeding in fineness of flavor and of grain, lobster, salmon, etc. The extreme delicacy of the crab causes it to deteriorate very rapidly, after it is taken from its native element, and it is absolutely certain that consumers will obtain far fresher meat in these cans, than if they bought the crabs at the markets, even of our sea-board cities. By the process employed, a very few minutes elapse from the time the crab is swimming in the waters, on which the Merrimac and Monitor fought, until its delicate flesh is hermetically sealed, and ready for use. The only condiment used in their preparation is a little salt, and anyone can prepare them as they like. They may be eaten directly from the can, or with vinegar and pepper, or they may be stewed, fried, or baked, as fancy or dietetics. For pic-nics, lunches, excursions, surprise parties, etc., nothing can take their place. A great deal of patient skill has to be used in picking the crabs, and it may be a surprise to some to know that every case contains the meat of about twenty dozen crabs!! In spite of the amount of labor and material used, I have determined to offer them at the low rate of $6.00 a case, net cash. Money may be remitted by Post Office order, registered letters, or through the malls at senders risk. If desired, I will ship the cases to any address, subject to sight draft with Bill of Lading attached. To parties wishing less than a case, I will send any number of cans by Express, C. O. D., at the rate of $3.00 per dozen. All telegrams should be addressed, via Old Point Comfort, and all letters, to

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DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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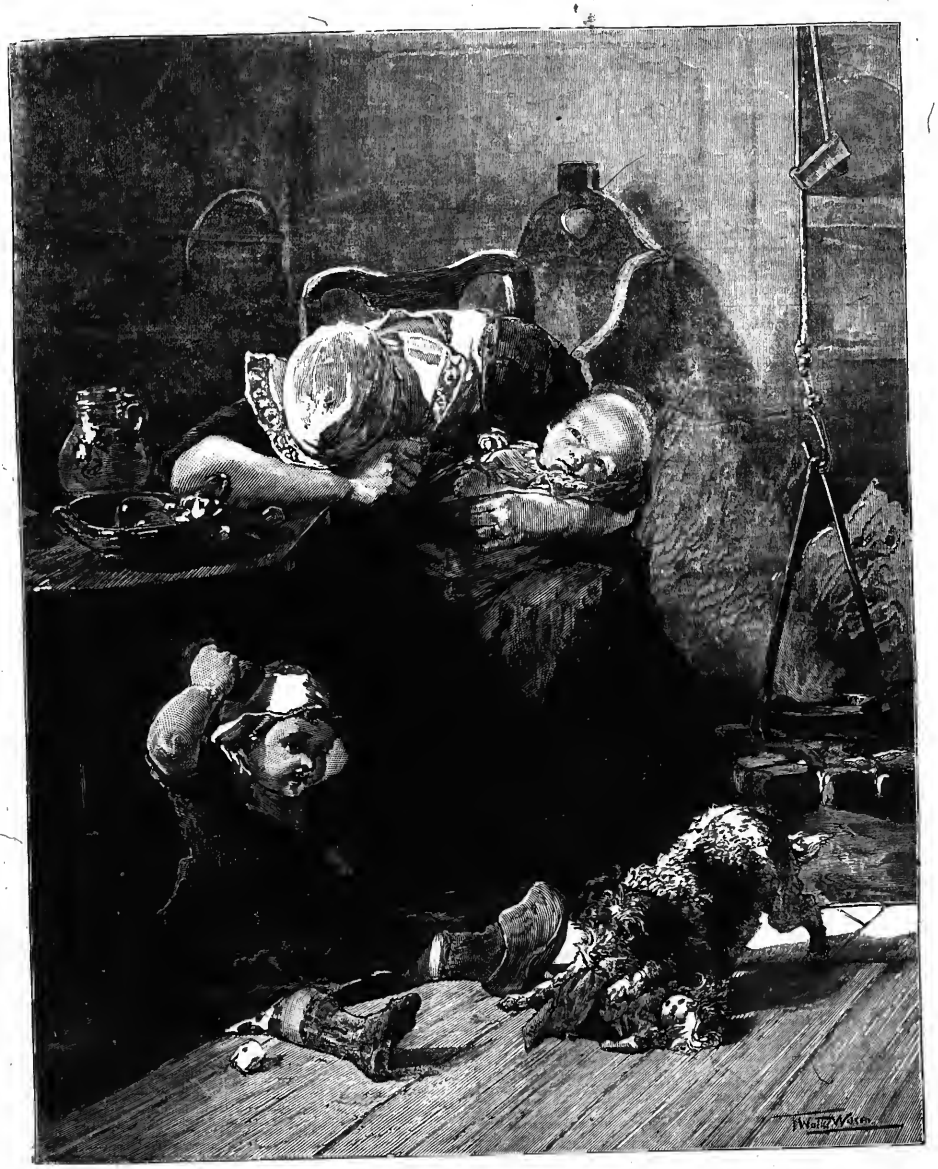

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *June* 6, 1880.

Flying along the shore of the great bay of San Francisco makes one realize that one has crossed the continent. It is a vast harbor, bounded by plains and hills, and, on one side, by lofty mountains.

The city is built upon forty-two hills. In its heart, amidst fine residences, will rise a small mountain of sand overlooking the houses, but awaiting its turn for removal, for steadily the smaller hills are leveled to an inexorable grade. But the city accommodates itself to the greater slopes, and acres of dwellings are spread like a mantle over these monstrous waves of sand. The sensation of the city, to me, is the cable street-cars, which glide up or down the streets at an angle often of nearly forty-five degrees, propelled by a wire rope moved by steam power, running underground, to which the Conductor attaches the car at will, through a slot an inch wide just over the cable between the rails on which the cars run. It reminds one of riding in an elevator. This doing away with tired, aching horses and going up and down steep hills at a smooth, rapid pace, is delightful. A little loam upon this naked sand will, with water, in six short months produce a beautiful and luxuriant rose garden.

One city is a good deal like another in general appearance. San Francisco has the usual blocks of first-class stores, gorgeous show-windows and fine streets. There are bustling wharves, energetic steamtags, and forests of masts. Californians point with pride to the Palace Hotel, which is immense and magnificent, having cost about five millions of dollars. There is nothing like it in the East. It is built as a quadrangle, covering a whole block, and the court in the centre is entirely glassed over.

One is struck with the numerous windmills in the city limits for purposes of water supply. The houses are nearly all of wood and seldom have over two stories, because of the danger from earthquakes. The mingling of the vegetation of temperate and tropical climates is striking; the palm and the century plant surprise you as you go about in an overcoat. The weather is hot and cold at the same time. Thick clothing is worn the year around, and yet there are very hot days or hot parts of a day. It is rather too stimulating here, and one is always on guard against keen and cutting winds.

I was driven out on Cliff House road, through miles of hilly country, breathing every moment a rich perfume from the endless fields of yellow and purple Lupin, a wild flower that decks the sand hills as if for a festival and delights the eye. From the summit of a hill I saw the Pacific Ocean for the first time in twenty years. Waves that had crossed its entire breadth broke in steady, grand succession on the broad beach below. A few hundred feet from the shore were the seal-islands, where perhaps fifty seals were basking in the sun or playing with each other, making uncarthly sounds. One, especially, who was perched up higher than the rest, seemed to be addressing his fellow seals. His bellowing reached the shore and sounded like distant orstory. The Golden Gate park stretches from the city to the ocean, commands a fine view of distant mountains, covers a succession of sand hills whose wild picturesqueness is being "improved"; and is most fortunate in its magnificent sand beach and ten mile drive beside the great waves that come rolling in from the coast. Once a month a large steamer leaves for the Hawaiian Islands and Australia, carrying the English mails, a twenty-four days' voyage.

THE VOYAGE.

Last Monday, June 7th, our steamer pushed slowly away from the dock amidst waving of hats and handkerchiefs and parting salutations, and soon passed through the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco, and stood out for mid ocean. The harbor we have left is on a grand scale, and suitable for the trade which converges to this point from Oceanica and the coast of Asia. The "Golden Gate" seems arranged for effect. Through it commerce pours over the Pacific Ocean its varied commodities to bring back more than it sent, even if men and morals are ruined by the rum, powder and sensuality that abound on the outposts of civilization. Remote trading stations are for trade alone; the moral ruin they have worked is a sad chapter in history. Yet there are good men in this work and there is some improvement along these frontier lines.

Once fairly at sea, the Farallon Islands passed, there settles down upon us all the monotony of a sea voyage. After a day's sickness, ladies and all begin to appear, for the sea is smooth, and a fair wind fills the sails and steadies the ship, which is a propeller—narrow and very long.

June 14th. Maui, Oahu and Molokai is the distance; on shore in four hours. It is an interesting moment when one first sees one's native land after an absence of twenty years spent in the stirring events of the past two decades in the United States—when that land is a little cluster of islands in the midst of the Pacific Ocean.

The islands are volcanic, and lifting their rocky crests right out of a tropic sea are some of them so high as to be crowned with eternal snow. We have been seven days sailing towards them. Our fine steamship, the *Zealandia*, Capt. Henry Chevalier, of the line running monthly from San Francisco to Australia, via the Hawaiian Islands, a distance of 7,200 miles, has had a delightful run over a smooth sea. There are thirty-eight passengers for Honolulu, several of them returning after an absence of from ten to twenty years to revisit their old home. Many of us were children together years ago. One is returning from successful treaty negotiations on behalf of the Hawaiian government with England and Germany. Some left the islands so young as not even to recognize the points so pleasantly familiar most of us.

The largest extinct crater in the world, that of Mt. Haleakala, over 10,000 feet in height and seven miles in diameter, lies on our left, half shrouded in mist. On its grand slopes were passed the happiest days of my early life; soon, I hope, to be renewed with an old time playmate by whose energy water has been brought across gulches and ravines from the other side of the mountain, fertilizing thousands of acres and creating what are likely to be among the most profitable sugar plantations in the world. Galloping around from plantation to plantation, seeing the boys chewing sugar-cane every hour in the day; climbing to the top of the mountain and viewing thence as grand a scene of volcano, ocean, land and cloud as the earth affords, will be a welcome change and rest after three and a half years of war and fourteen years of reconstruction work at Hampton.

Time has passed pleasantly on shipboard, with reading, sleeping and eating, which are the principal occupations. We unearthed from the steerage a remarkable musical machine which produces the effect of a parlor organ, by forcing air through perforations in paper, somewhat on the principle of the phonograph. The paper is ten inches in width and from ten to a hundred feet in length—four feet to a tune: music by the foot! We couldn't quite comprehend it, but it served our purposes well for the "Virginia reel" and "Old Dan Tucker" which enlivened the latter part of each day. The piano in the saloon is asthmatic, but has afforded much pleasure. Vocal talent among first-class passengers is limited. Our Sunday choruses were rather faint as to general support. "Jesus, lover of my soul," by the prima donna last evening, was heavenly. Preaching has been by a leading California clergyman, an Irishman, with whom I have had several hotly contested games of "shuffle board." The services in the steerage were interesting. There we found an old choir leader, and several fine tenor and bass voices which made the quarters ring. In this cramped end crowded place the worship seemed more real and earnest than in the elegant and roomy saloon. Second-class passengers are welcome and invited to come to the latter, but are sensitive and don't like to go where they don't belong; so we went to them.

The sin of betting on the day's run was practised to some extent; also as to the hour of arrival. We made about 300 miles a day.

ARRIVAL.

There! the sunlight strikes the crest of Cocoa Head, the safest point of the island of Oahu, where my home is. We are leaving Molokai, where the leper settlement is, and some grand scenery that I mean soon to get at, and are nearing Oahu. On the side nearest to us is an old nasche, *Waimanalo;* a lovely sloping plain, with the sea in front and mountains behind, fenced as to its flanks by ranges of hills; a perfect little kingdom by itself. It is now a sugar plantation, managed by an old schoolmate whom I remember principally as declaiming at school some piratical verses, "I'm afloat, I'm afloat, on the fierce rolling tide." He is now much more patriarchal than piratical.

I can hardly credit my senses as each familiar peak and crest and slope appears, recalling some youthful expedition on horseback or ramble on foot. The intervening period of twenty years has pushed them so far back as to make them seem like dreams. The nearer we come, the more plainly we see the rough rock-ribbed, brown sides of these suddenly tossed up mountains. They don't look tropical; that effect is along the shore on the alluvial wash from the heights behind; *there* is luxuriance and beauty: the contrast is fine. These islands are a capital place for a child to grow up in—not so much to live in. While the death-rate among the natives the past fifty years has been fearful, that among the whites has been as remarkable the other way. Judge Caton, late of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in "Caton's Miscellanies," states details showing an astonishing survival of children of foreign parents. Not a death in twenty-five years at "Punahou," the principal boarding-school. The climate is warm and enervating; but one can be always out of doors, and there are such mountains to climb, such ravines and gorges to explore, such hunting and horseback expeditions, cattle driving, and throwing the lasso over the wild steers that try to bolt from the herd! Then the educating power of Nature; for here are Mountains lofty as Mt. Blanc, 15,000 feet high, the largest active volcano in the world, three miles in diameter, and an occasional eruption and earthquake. I saw, in 1858, a jet of red-hot lava issuing from the sides of Mauna Loa 300 feet in height and 100 in diameter, and a stream of molten rock flowing fifteen miles to the sea, sometimes at sixty miles an hour, making, in the black night that followed, an illumination beyond imagination; an awful darkness and a lurid, hellish light, creating forever a mental picture that makes all the art galleries in the world seem trifling. This, and the view from the mountain-top of the ocean full of islands in every direction, and the battle of Gettysburg, are the chief pictures in my mental gallery, and have been most educating and inspiring—a help to faith, a proof and a sign of God. Ordinary travel don't seem to help people much. I seldom, if ever, see one who has made the usual trip abroad who seemed stronger for it, except in bodily vigor. Spend six months among these mountains; wait till you get their inspiration; it will come slowly. Never mind the things that men do—their best work is merely interesting. It is all details, and superficial study of it don't pay. Not many things, but much, "*Non multa, sed multum*," as our Latin Prose used to say, is the thing. We who were born and brought up here have had a capital chance—yet our fathers exiled themselves from the world to bring the gospel to the heathen. They gave up everything, but got back much: never were there happier or better satisfied men than they in their hardest days. There is reward for every act of sacrifice; the greatest gain is in the greatest loss. Call a "Fool's Errand" not that of the man who burns his ships and attempts what shall seem impossible, but the life of the man who risks nothing, buys safety and comfort, persuades himself that the old hulks or forts must be defended at all hazards, and tries to make men out of his sons by giving them an expensive education. What he is, and not what he owns, is more likely to affect their character and future.

Every minute we are passing extinct craters; new valleys are opening up; distant blue mountains are standing out with jagged peaks, some cloud-covered. Now we are abreast of the telephone station, whence we are announced to the capital, Honolulu, five miles distant. Our friends are this moment passing the news around: there is bustle and eagerness there, for the outside world is heard from but once a month. Far beyond are the Waialua Mountains where we used to hunt wild turkeys. Close off the starboard bow are nearly around it; we see a foreground of cocoanut trees, and rich foliage concealing most of the houses, and a background of mountains and lovely valleys lying side by side, for we are now on the leeward side of the island. Long and graceful slopes, and not rugged, barren steeps, now greet us. I see the ships in the harbor ahead. All this is interesting and beautiful beyond description, and is hard to realize. The ocean is of a deep blue; the land is gray and barren, except where the decay of volcanic rock has made rich soil for grass and fern and tropic verdure; an exquisitely delicate green lies in the heart of the valleys.

We are around Diamond Head: there is old Punch Bowl, an extinct crater just back of my mother's house. On it is a royal battery of heavy guns, harmless as Mary's lamb, from being so high up, but very effective for purposes of salute. I once thought it impregnable unless attacked from the rear. There's a flying fish—they are the first of living things to welcome us. A little while ago one missed his aim and flew on board. I see Mt. Tantalus, where we boys used to camp out nights. There is Rocky Hill (an unsentimental boy has just left all this to go and look at the monkey), back of the old school-house, which we used to explore in the hope of finding wooden gods secreted by the natives seventy years ago in the great uprising against idolatry. The iconoclasm was so complete that a genuine god was a great find. I see Round Top and Manoa Valley, into whose rich and luxurious recesses I used to go to write compositions and orations. Palolo, where we had such jolly picnics; the cocoanut grove and the plain, now Kapiolani park, where we had such glorious moonlight rides years ago, and the magnificent game of Memeluke Weddiag, with twenty couples mounted on well trained horses. A line of girls in advance, of boys thirty yards to the rear, one more boy than girl, then a waved handkerchief, and both lines dashed forward; one boy must miss getting a girl—no one meant to be that one: it was the maddest, wildest time ever dreamed of, till it was settled who was "out." The horses liked it, for they knew the ground. There's the spire of the "Stone Church" where my father preached for twenty years; built in old times of great blocks of coral dug under water, and carried partly on the backs of devoted converts, a mile from shore. They don't do such things now, in this or any advanced Christian country. The Pilot is just aboard—a rush to the gangway for news. A letter of welcome! All's well at home.

AT HOME.

As we neared, we saw the esplanade crowded with people, but it took time to get the great steamer turned around and alongside; so our friends of the steamer exchanged shouts in boats. Several, one the hero of many battles in the late war, covered themselves with glory by climbing up, hand over hand, on a rope that hung by the ship's side. In the midst of cordial greetings which only long absence earns, I was amused to see the Hawaiians at their old tricks, swimming around the ship with an easy, fishy grace, perfectly at home, never failing to get the quarter that curious passengers would throw into the water near them; a duck, Kanaka out of sight, then in a moment he would reappear with the shining coin, which seldom reaches the bottom before it is seized. Ashore at last! No custom-house botheration; lots of pleasant recognitions, many from the natives. How melodious their language—jargon to a stranger, but to me it is delicious to hear it talked again and to use the little I remember. Their faces are kind, open, forever cheery and ready for a smile, and they talk in a smooth, liquid way suited to them, without much thinking. There is no rag or vigor in any of their words as in ours; theirs ripple along, and stop and play and don't attend strictly to business, and they have a supply of convenient ones which mean anything and define themselves. Anything but exactness for a Hawaiian. Surely this is the place for a tired brain to rest.

To have a mother again, after being twenty years without one, is a little strange at first. It was almost too much for her. Time makes its impress on things as well as people. The ben-coop I built twenty-four years ago, now standing in the backyard, could not be reproduced by mere skill. It knows something about hens that a new coop would have to find out. The Chinaman who has stood by for twenty-five years came up cordially, but I was advised not to give him the intended present, because, though a good servant, he cares for nothing but money, with all he can get of which he is constantly gambling, with a view to laying up for himself treasures in China. His manner was childlike and bland. It was soon time for lunch. Think of unlimited fresh bananas!—a hunch is always banging by—and of delicious mangoes which cannot be consumed fast enough, and a watermelon apiece.

June 15th.—Yesterday I had the best dinner in twenty years. First, *poi*, made from *kalo*, the Hawaiian staple; a thick paste; when two days old it is food fit for the gods: it should be eaten with the fingers, which, when skilled, carry it to the mouth with a graceful, indescribable, spiral-like motion.

You should see the natives ent it in their tidy, deinty wny. Then, broiled *ama-ama*, n sen fish of exquisite flevor,—compared with which our Virginia sheepshead, hog-fish, or Spanour Virginia sheepshead, hog-fish, or Spanmackerel are nowhere,—takeo with the coarse fresh selt from the ponds, as superior to the etore article as sugar is to sawdust. Then *such* a melon! There were other good but not unusal thtogs on the tshle. *Poi* is an inspiration; an eternal fitness by way of food: it is meóe from *kalo*, the *arum esculentum*. Physicians prescribe it as food for delicnte stomachs. Nothing equals it for building up the digestive organs when ruined by hard drinkiog or wrong living. It is the most simple, comfortable food in the world; yet it makes the muscle which produees the greet sugar crops of these islands. *Poi* nnd *lomilomi* (Hawaiian movement eurc) are among the sovereign remedies. Miserable dyspepthe sovereign remedies. Miserable dyspepsia, that I come out here and be cured by the food of the Hawaiians, nud by the delicious pressure of their soft hands on every musela in your body.

We rode to the cemetery, where the missionary fathers and mothers are gradually gatheriog for their long rest and reward. They have earned it: the wonder is that after the horrors of six months' voyaging around Cape Horn in whale ships, living iu savage huts, on dirt floors for years, and working over fifty years with little chauge or rest, they should last as they have done. In ripe old age they are droppiag off, and the little cemetery where they lie, under the shadow of the great stone (coral) church, is the sweetest, most beautiful I ever saw. It is not cared for by contract, but by loviog hands; it is full of flowers of many kiuds, royal aud wine palms and cypress trees, perpetually bloomiag and green.

As we stood there, one of the mothers in Israel came to tend the hose that insures a daily shower on the ever decorated graves. Apart from personal associations, this is a most interesting spot. Here lie the pioneers of Christian civilization in the Pacific Ocean. They tried to make a New England in the tropics, Puritans out of Hawaiians. They did not do that, but laid the foundation of a civilizatiou that is working itself out according to its peculiar conditions. They created a moral force, which, terribly opposed, not so much by heathen as by men from Christian countries, has asserted and sustained the worship of God and the ascendancy of order, justice, humanity, but has not yet won the battle. It never was won anywhere. Here, with no inherited or accumulated force from past generations, the right side is at a special disadvantage. It is worst, because most insidious, danger is ahead. In opposition and in poverty it was strong. This period has passed. The country is fast getting rich, through a treaty with the United States which admits Sandwish Island sugars to Americnn ports free of duty. The demand for labor has brought 10,000 Chinamen to these islands. This surplus of men (for Chinese women don't come) is a sad thing for morals. Rapid money making in any country makes both good and bad possibilities. The panic in the United States and the hard times in Great Britain were a great moral tonic. Hawaiiau prosperity is a grand opportunity; will it be improved? The missionary fathers, who will all erc long pass away, have left a numerous and fast increasing progeny who have a grasp on wealth and power in these islands, and form a conservative chass of no little value to the nation. To deny that the missionery work has been the eelvntion of these islands, is absurd. It is a grand success, though not a perfect work. Its imperfection is the basis of the smell talk in a certain class in society here. Visitors are stuffed with it; "Missionary" is served at table three timcs n dey. The Missionary Cemetery will contain the men who have, under God, seved an importnnt part of Polynesia to civilization.

We drove about the towo, seeing cozy, charmiog cottages on every side embowered in tropical trees, vines of every variety, and surrounded with luxurient shrubbery, always green and filling the nir with fragraoce. Water, brought in pipes from the mountains, is carried to every garden. The houses are roomy, niry and simple, usually of one story, though now some elegant mansions are going up. There is no poverty or foolish extravagance, but the golden mean. On every side there are Royal palms, cocoeuuts, bananas, breadfruit, tamarinds, India-rubber trees, the *samang* (monkey pod), *Poinciana Regia*, (ancred trees of the Hindoos—an elegont tree with brilliant red flowers that I don't blame them for worshippiog), *algeroaba*, *kukuis*, oleanders, *hau*, bamboos, *papias*, guuvas, *ceiba* (silk cotton tree), and mangoes, and many others. The streets nre often arched over with sorending branches. In my sister's garden there nre over two hundred varieties of trees and plants.

I borrow an account of this place from n thirteen-year-old nephew's composition:

"OUR GARDEN."

"Many peopln have beard of D. Hillebrand's garden in Nuuanu Valley, but not many know all the choice plants there nre in it. I think the palms are the fiaest of oll aod I will tell some of the varieties. The cocoaut, wine, sugar, date, arica, betel, red and goldeo mauritius, ivory nut, royal, traveller's, palmetto, and different kinds nf fan palms.

"The ivory palm bears a nut whichis voluable in commerce.

"I think that the royal palm is the handsomest of all palms. The betel-nut ie called by soma the hamhoo palm because tha trunk is so like a bamboo. The Chinese consider the nut very choice.

"Ooca there was a Upas tree io this garden, but a storm blew it down and we were glad.

"There are five kinds of orange trees. The ilang-ilang is a shrub and bears n greenish flowet which has n delicious perfume: it was discovered in Java. One of the best fruits in the garden is the zapotn or sapodilla, which fruit is browo, and very sweet aod rich. Of other fruit trees there are Spanish plum, rose apples, guavas, alligator pears, and many besides whose names I do not koow.

"Of choice flowerieg trees, there nre the crape myrtle, tiger claw, white acacia and the tulip tree. If I were to tell all the plants it would take too long."

In the veniog the King's band, twenty-six instruments, composed of youog natives under a German teacher, played at tha Hawaiian Hotel. The band is very fine, and would do credit to any city on our continent. It gives an open-air coocert every week and plays on many occasions, one of which is the nights of full moon. It was pleasant to meet the boys; they are a handsome, interesting set of fellows: after playing, they gave us some songs. Hawaiian voices are full of melody. I listened to tenor tones of exquisite melody and delicacy: they have a taste for harmony, but are not disposed to develop their powers. The Hawaiian Hotel is quite grand, and well kept, a government affair. It cost $120,000, and created a national debt.

I have been to Punahou (Oahu College), where I attended school for more than ten years, up to 1860. It is, really, a high school, with a boarding-department, and the principal school of the country. It is well conducted, just the place for delicate American boys who need fresh, sweet, soft air the year around. It is interesting to stand where twenty-five or thirty years before you dechimed, "The boy stood on the burning deck," or "Marco Bozzaris," or "Old Linden when the sun was low"; to see other urchins sitting in the same row; to see other urchins sitting in the same low"; to see other urchins sitting in the same places, thinking just as their parents used to; to realize that you are among the old folks, and are expected to say something to edify the youngsters who are aching to get out of doors. Punahou means new spring, and has done a good part in the mental and moral work of this group.

It was (is not now) a unusual labor school. We boys used to work about two hours daily, ending when we could count seven stars. I had a small garden patch of my own, but never was very successful, being in a hurry to get through a disliking hoeing. But it was good discipline for which we were not then thankful.

I have just received a call from "Timoteo," an intelligent young Hawaiian, one of seven just graduated from the Theological Seminary under the care of the Rev. C. M. Hyde, formerly of Haverhill, Mass. "Mokuhiki," aoother graduate, works here afternoons and is now gathering the tamarind crop. I have forgotten most of the language, but words are constantly coming back. Smiles and motions and exceediog good nature helping not a little. Intelligent Hawniians are most pleasing people. I like to watch their facial expression; I nm fascionted and touched by their kindly looks on every side; they are always sunny and smiling; the play of their features has an irresistible charm; yet they are not handsome, though finely formed. They say, "How loog have you been gone?" "You are one of us." It ie comical to see nativn peddlers carrying vegetables, ouspended in calebashes from either end of a five-foot, slightly flexible, pole resting on their shoulders; their dog-trot gait, call from the foot of the stairs, or cough or sneeze or whatever will attract attention, is so like old times. But tha Chinese are getting into this as into all branches of trade; they nre even raising *kalo*, the great etople, and selliog it to the natives, yet raising it is, *par excellence*, the Hawaiian's occupation. The Chinese peddler is undemonstrative, but he succeeds.

June 10th.—Hmpton School closes to-day. I wish I could be there to help get things on a vacation basis: it is a great care to arrange for each student what he or she shall do, and especially for those whosa homes are at a great distance; this was done, as far as possible, before I left. I hope the teachers will rest well this summer. Called on the King yesterday with Col. Charlin Judd, his Chnmberlain. We were all schoolboys togather, years ago. His Mnjesty combines cordinlity with digoity; he can be plnyful nnd merry, but is always the King. Wn are joocosly speaking, to dina off choice "dog" one of these dnys; next Saturday to attend a raviaw of the Hawaiian Army.

An important topie came up in our conversation. The old chiefs deemed that liquor should not be sold to natives,—rum has always been free to foreigoers. They knew that it would destroy the people, aod, till now, with their own King and nobles aad representatives, the people have enforced this distinction egaiost themselves. But, of late, Chinese have come io by thousnnds, and South Sea Islanders have been imported by hundreds as laboers. Yesterday a motion in the Legislature to extend the prohibition to them was lost by a vote of forty to thirteen. So n common South Sea Islander cau welk up and take n drink, in his rage and dirt, and an educated, intelligent, well dressed half-white can't do it. This "rules him, and there is a strong movement to break down the restrictive law, partly because it offends Hawnilan pride, especially on the part of the smart, dressy, free and easy half-white class. The King and Judd both felt that there was danger to the race; the natives cannot restrain themselves. Their good seose will refuse free rum as a direct issue, on its own merits; but in the case as now put a fancied self-respect is involved. It is proposed to sell Hawaiinos only a diluted article, with, say, nioeteen or twenty per cent. of spirits; n bright idea but impracticable, like taxing bad dogs and oot good oocs, as was proposed some years ago by the Hon. Mr. Ukeke. Quantities of rum and gin are being imported and sold indirectly to the natives by mercantile houses in town, who pack the bottles in dry goods for traders in other islands. The craviog void of the Kanaka manages to be filled somehow, but removal of the restriction would cause a fatal flow of poison over all the Islands.

LEGISLATURE.

The "Ahadeke" or Legislature was in session in the really fine and stately government building. Business is conducted in English and Hawaiian, a skilled interpreter taking the spirit of each speaker and rendering his words in either language with clearness and vigor. There were many intelligent faces and some pleasant recognitions. There was the inevitable, irrepressible member. Of the twenty-one Nobles, eleven are white; of the twenty-four Representatives, six only are whites. There is but one body, nobles, ministers and representatives all sitting together. A white man was attempting to explain to some obtuse members the necessity of an appropriation for a national survey and of the expense of triangulation; it being difficult for the untutored mind to see why surveyors should spend weeks ou the top of adjacent mountains sighalling each other. The Hawaiians do not lack brains or wit or eloquence. Morally, they are weak; industrially, they are slow; happy when they are not hungry. Conversation with Judges Harris and McCully of the Supreme Court, who have delightful rooms in the government House, turned, as it often does in serious talk here, towards the Negro exodus in the United States as a chance for securing labor for the plantations here. Kansas can take no more; fifty thousand emigrants are expected from the Southern States within a year. Here labor is greatly needed and well paid; treatment is good and many things are favorable, but there are difficulties. I think there will be a trial of it. But more on this by and by.

I have wandered along the wharves that, when I was a boy, were lined with whale ships and covered with oil casks, which are a thing of the past from the scarcity and wildness of whales and because of kerosene; but the immense development of the sugar business makes lively scenes these days, what with coastwise schooners and steamers and the California sugar and the Oregon lumber trade. After lunch, mother and myself drove, with the ever faithful "Bessie," a family horse thirty years old, to see the Reform School where about eixty nativa boys are in training, but especially to get a superior article of *poi* which these boys make. There were twenty of them pounding nway, turning the root of the *arum esculentum*, which edorns many an American garden, from its solid boiled or steamed state, into a thick paste, applying water every few minutes to create the right consistency. It is the ambition of his boys, Mr. Hill, the manager, said to meke good *poi*; they cam for little else. They are bright, but have no ambition. How cen one be ambitious in this climate, unless of foreign stock? With our *poi* on board we started for sugercane, of which I aeed an unlimited supply, my youthful passion for chewing it being not the least nbated, and obtained of a Portuguese "Ancona" a lot of juicy red and white stalks at five cents a piece, tha chenpest bliss I ever bought. Wn returned by wny of the Insane Asylum, ridiog through n helt of the dreariest volcanic rocks, interspersed with great cactus plnnts or trees, called here the prickly pear. The insane are well cared for in a quiet and beautiful spot.

June 17th.—We live in a simpln, plnin way, nnd yet I had with breakfast, strawberries, mangoes, bananas nnd fresh cocoanut. Tha milk of the young cocoanut is nn offset to many of the ills of life. It is nature's own nectar—tha tender meat is her ambrosia—which is brewed or prepared high up in the air in the grseeful crest of the cocoa-palm, accessible oely to the spry youog native, who, for a dime, will ruo like a monkey to the top, twist off the cumbrous fruit, lettiog go with n twist that gives it a motion like a shot from a rifled cannon—it strikes the ground just right, or it would hurst, and the possessor is happy, if somebody will tear off the thick husk of the nut. But tbis letter is already too long.

S. C. A.

JAMAICA.

The Island of Jamaica presents one of the many phases of the Negro question which have appeared during the last fifty years. There the Negro is in the tropics, subjected to those modifying debilitatiog influeoces which seem to impair energy, aod make the future of human life a curious question. There, as everywhere else where the Negro has come in contact with the white, he has been put at a disodvantage. Trade and not philanthropy put him there. He was not imported to be elevated, but to be worked, and the nearer he beenme a patient, uothinking, laborious beast of burden, the more vnluable he became to the white race. Finally, the conscience of the British nation set him free, in Jamaica, but made freedom the only gift, leaving him in his igoorance and barbarism to flounder about, and match himself against the dominant race, as best he could. Nothiag was done to ameliorate his condition.

The freedom of the slave was a fatal blow to the vast sugar interest of the island. The sugar planters made fools of themselves. They were angry because they had lost their slaves. They believed that sugar could not be produced, profitably, with free labor, and instead of "reconstructing" their social condition, they began to abuse everybody, and, especially, did many absurd things, which drove the Negroes from the plantations, made them vagabunds, and put them into a way of hose, reckless living which has been a drawback to them since that time.

One important fact should always be reoembered. The majority of the owners of the sugar estates did not live on the island, but spent their time in idleness and luxury in London. They took no interest in the Negro, for they seldom or never saw him. They looked to the overseer for money, and he ground it out of the blacks. After the ect of emancipation, these owners found their estates decreasing in value, and from that time to the present, they and their descendants, and their friends, have, at all times, positively declared that the Negro has steadily retrograded. It has been, and is now, quite difficult to obtain reliable information regardiog these Negroes, owing to the existence of these violent prejudices. The Negro has said nothing, and cared to say nothing for himself. In the interest of social science, very few have taken the trouble to iuvestigate the matter.

It is, therefore, a matter of no little moment, that those who take an interest in the subject call leave before them the paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute of Great Britaio, by Sir Aothooy Musgrave, the present Governor of the Island. He is in a position to nscertain the truth, and his testimony is of great value, because he is an able and impartial judge. In his opinion, the Negroes are now advancing in civilization. A few facts are interesting. The population numbers about 570,000, and increases at the rate of about 0,000 per ycar. In 1868, the exports were valued at $5,500,000. In 1878, they reached $5,800,000. In 1808, there was deposited in the Savings Banks $200,000. In 1879, there was deposited $1,035,000. In 1867, the valuoof books imported was $3,120; in 1878, it was $48,000. Good, substantial buildiage are being erected in many places, aod tbe people are making homes for themselves. In 1868, there was eu average school attendance of 12,210 pupils. In 1878, the everage increased to 29,879, distributed in 017 different schools. Railways and telegraphs are being built. These facts indicate that the Negro may meke progress in civilization, and should close the lips of those who believe only in his failure to advence.

England holds this colony in her grip, but sha does not suck its life blood. It is fortunate that tbe island has so capable a governor. He is interested in the Negro, and will always facilitate his progress. Though the Negro has suffered much from the eruelty, the rank injustice of the Anglo-Saxon, hn has found, and will find, that the same Anglo-Saxon is thn only dominnnt race which will, in the end, give him fair play, and thnt in climbing up to a superior social condition, he will get the best scaffolding from him. Tha Anglo-Saxon has stolen, nnd sold, and whipped, and killed the Negro, but ha has, of his own volition, nnd at no dictation from tha black, set him free. In America, the Anglo-Saxon set him free, as a war measure, in civil strifa. In England, he was set free by a burst of conscience which rocked and awayed tha Empire. It is fortunnte for Jnmnica that her destinies are influenced by good men.

W. N. A.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS.

EFFECT OF THESE LETTERS. APPRECIATION OF AID. WHY HE IS NOT A TEACHER. THINKS HE IS NOT FIT FOR A MISSIONARY.

EFFECT OF THESE LETTERS.

The publication of these simple records of experience has interested many in the work and the workers, as one of them has just discovered.

VA., *March* 31, '80.

Dear Miss L.:—

When I first wrote to you I did not expect to see my letter in the WORKMAN, and at the time was sorry to see it; but now I am glad. Both myself and school have been directly benefited by it. When I was in Pennsylvania in January I stopped in —— and called to see Mrs. ——, who wrote to Hampton for my address. She gave me quite a lot of Sunday-school books, papers, etc.; also some calico for the little girls. She has also, with the dollar you sent me, made me a present of one of Butler's New American Charts, which costs $5.00. I am very proud of it. It is beneficial to the entire school. I shall not forget that you have a share in it. My school is doing nicely now. I have ninety-three on roll, and the average attendance last month was seventy-eight. I have two months to teach yet, to make a term of seven months. I feel that I am doing some good in this county; but when I go from the school-room in the evening, tired and fatigued, I feel that I have done but little good, if any. I have so many to work on, that I can scarcely see any more. I expect to have a grand exhibition at the close of the seven months, and all the money I can collect by it I shall use in continuing the school. The people are anxious to have me teach longer, so I shall teach as long as I can get pay for it.

Regards to all. Yours truly, W.

APPRECIATION OF AID.

A question often asked is, Are the people appreciative of and grateful for the advantages given them? We believe that they are increasingly so, as they leave the school and take up the real work of life. A young woman who is doing good work as a teacher in Virginia writes as follows:

VA., *April* 16, 1880.

Dear General:—

I have indeed neglected writing to you all this year, and, upon reflection, I did not write to you last year, and I certainly felt it more keenly when I received the *Journal* about four weeks ago, and I almost knew no one had been so kind but you. I thank you many times for your goodness and thoughtfulness of me. I gladly welcomed the *Journal*, for it is such a helper and strengthener to every teacher, and I missed it many times since '78.

I have a good school near the above named place, of thirty-one pupils. My highest number has been forty-one; but the schools are never as well attended in the spring and summer months as in the winter, for the larger boys have to work on the farms and study when they cannot do anything else. My school has improved very much since I have been here; this is my second year, and I have very few who cannot read and write and cipher through multiplication. My work here has been very encouraging. I have had to deal principally with interested parents and anxious students. I have succeeded in interesting a few in regard to sending their children to Hampton when old enough. I have one or two who could safely enter the Junior class if they were only old enough, and those who are old enough have no inclination to go at all. Woodson Merchant is teaching very successfully in this county, and William Davenport in Howard County, adjoining; the latter has a large school at the county town of Howard. Merchant and myself have received many aids for teaching from our very good, kind and benevolent friend Mr. B——.

I read the accounts of the Indians in the WORKMAN with a great deal of pleasure, and also the announcement of the Normal School to be held for colored teachers in Lynchburg next summer which will be a golden opportunity for all of the teachers who can to avail themselves of. I should like very much to attend myself if I could, for I fully realize the need of steady improvement in order to teach with the greatest success and to fill the positions that will be left for us, and to which without the "highest qualifications of principles, discipline and of moral government" we cannot aspire. The colored teachers of this county, as well as the white, have what is called a "Teachers' Association," which meets regularly quarterly, and as many as can do so conveniently meet monthly. It is similar to what are called in Virginia, Institutes. It is very instructive and interesting and all of the members, according to the Constitution, are required to take an active part in the meetings.

Hoping to hear from you when convenient,

Yours very gratefully, N.

WHY HE IS NOT A TEACHER.

No formal pledge to teach has yet been required of the students of Hampton. Without it, all but a very small per cent. have gone heartily into the work. The general sentiment and atmosphere of the school line insured this, and it is much preferred to depend upon this as long as possible.

The young man who expresses this sense in the following letter is trying bravely to get an education as a physician. The need of good medical care among the colored people is undoubtedly very great, and as fast as they learn to trust physicians of their own color, the good that a *good* one can do among them will increase. Meanwhile, he must be ready, like a pioneer preacher, to turn his hand to other work and be a teacher or farmer or both, as well as a doctor, and our young friend is of that sort.

N. Y., *March* 6, 1880.

Dear General:—

I feel it a duty to report from time to time as to how I am progressing. I was wanting to come South to teach when I wrote you last; but after calculating traveling expenses I found I would be able to clear very little, as I should have to come North for work in the summer again. So, after giving it due consideration, I thought it best to remain. Still, I had a strong desire to go, for I should have felt that I would have been doing something to promote the great cause that is pending, "The Education of the Colored Race."

I worked faithfully all summer, saving my earnings to help meet my college expenses; have been studying hard all winter, and like my studies more and more as I advance. I am hoping to be able to enter college next fall if I can save as much this summer as last. I shall probably go to work as soon as the weather opens, as I will quit earlier next fall.

I have purchased a few books such as I most needed. Others I should have gotten but I was anxious to make as large a deposit as I could. As I know you are interested in my welfare, I will tell you the amount I have on deposit. After getting a few things for winter use, a book or two, one case of instruments, I was able to deposit $75.00. I want to save more than that this year if possible. Still, as you know, wages are low, and the only thing that offers itself for any length of time is farming.

General, when you are North, if you have any medical friend that has a book on any medical topic, old or new, that he would like to dispose of at a moderate price or give away, tell him of me, please. My object is to accumulate as much of a library as possible before I leave the North. There is a series of books published in New York, by Wm. Wood & Co., that I am over anxious to get, but they will not sell one without selling all—twelve volumes at $12.00; to get them separate would cost three times that.

By canvassing for a paper I have got Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary this winter. Have not been able to do much for the SOUTHERN WORKMAN this winter. I find it easier to get a man's name than to get his money, but shall continue to work. I take it myself.

Yours obediently, D.

THINKS HE'S NOT MADE FOR A MISSIONARY.

The modesty of the writer of the following may not make him less fit for a missionary, and a little roughness at the beginning of the course is often the best preparation for success. It is an experience that very many graduates teachers understand.

——, POST OFFICE, —— Co., VA., }
May 20, 1880. }

Miss M., Dear Friend:—

I am glad to have the pleasure of writing to you, especially at the present time. Excuse me, Miss M., for making the assertion, but I cannot think what made you think I was a fit subject for a missionary; bear with me a little and I will tell you why I say this.

I left Hampton on the 13th, got to F——, stood the examination by the superintendent, which was as follows: Spelling, 8; reading, 9; writing, 7.50; arithmetic, 8; geography and grammar, 8 each; history, 7.50; Theory and Practice of Teaching, 7.50. He gave me an average which was 7.94; 10 being the maximum grade. He examined me sharply when I told him I was a middler at school.

I found out from the superintendent that where I had to teach was thirty miles from there, in the most extreme southwest corner of the county, where there never had been a school. Miss ——, if I did not have a time getting there, then I do not know what a time is. I got a man to carry me ten or twelve miles on the route. He said he did not know the way any farther. That place was Jerusalem; it was composed of half a dozen rumshops and a courthouse, where the people meet every court day to drink whisky and swap horses.

I got here, and opened school last Monday. I have about twenty scholars; am very well satisfied. I have been around to the colored people to get them to send their children. They would rather I would preach for them; they have actually asked me. Of course I refused, but shall open a Sunday-school for them. I have been to a good many of their houses and have the first book of any kind to see yet. They are very religious, verging on fanaticism; want to shout every time you read a chapter in the Bible to them, which they often ask me to do.

My school will not continue any longer than the 1st of August, but the practical experience I get from the colored people will be worth a great deal to me. I will know how to deal with them better. Not because I have never been raised among them, but because the colored people in the Alleghany and Blue Ridge Mountains, where there are five white men to one colored man, are more intelligent, from associating with the whites.

I am teaching twelve miles from a post-office, where the mail comes in twice a week. I shall go there a week from the 22d, say about the 29th, expecting a letter from *you*, Miss ——. I know you are always busy, but please don't disappoint me.

Excuse this long scribbling and I will be thankful. I am doing it with a tin pen, the best the country will afford.

Very respectfully, H.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

[Written each year by the students of Hampton to those friends who contribute "scholarships" of $70 a year, or $210 for the course, the estimated cost of a student's schooling.]

FROM AN INDIAN STUDENT.

This letter is—as is quite evident—entirely original with the student, who has been at the school a year, but had considerable knowledge of English when he came.

My Dear friend:

I thought I would tell you about at my tribe. I am Monominee boy. I living in the state of Wisconsin and the Keshena Shawano Co. And all the Monominee Indian bis all supplics long time ago. And all the working himself, he done hunting, he keep working all the time on the farm and bland some oats and corns and are all everything. And I was working in the farm when I was little boy. I know how the working on the farm, and I like to learn some kind worked, and my mother ask, What kind worked I learn. But told her I learn in the farm et working every in afternoon. And I was been to school when is young little boy, end I was stop for long time but once year and I forgot all my lessons end I was working for myself on the woods and my brother and cut the logs and my brother his love me very much. But his 22 years old. And I got two brother and two sisters and other one my brother is ten years old, and my sisters is 13 years old and my young little sister and 5 years old. Ther his I have to say this time. Now I want talk about had I left did my home end I was way of the woods cut the logs and one boy coma of their end he said. Agent he want to see you. And I stop the worked and I go to Agent to and Charlie you ll he go to Hampton School and I told him I dont know I go see my mother she be cau let me, I told her my mother she said all right. But I in see when I come awey left did my home. And I was stay in the boart school. And I stay their in ono week. And one night I hear in call me my Agent. And he said get your boys at 9 o'clock's and ie to cold. And I left did my home but 9 o'clock's at night was very cold and wind I was been of to skating had town to lake that night. And I teke the train down to Green Bay hed five o'clock in a morning and I get my blackfast hed town to Appleton Wie. And I come of the Chicargo and I see the Indian at dancing on the train. I was very sorry I think about at my home first ace the Indim he dancing around in the cars. And I was so frart and some the other boys. Ha took his knife and his hold the knife he dancing round in the cars and I was so afrart and Capt Pratt we are going another car, and me and Oshkenee now I going another car and stay their all night. All next morning I going where the Indians etay and just the same he dancing round in the car and some the other boys and singing ell such things to do, and some the other boye he took ia bow and arrow and he tried to shot some wavee and I could not sleep but three night and three daya and when I went to sleep me and Oshkenenew I going where the white people stay and I am very hard sleep and I was stay their had to Carlisla Penn, three weeks. And I came to Hampton Va. That is I have to say.

CHARLEY SHOMAN.

FROM A MIOOLER.

The following letter is from a young woman in the Middle class.

Dear Friend:

I am happy to have the pleasure of writing you this letter. I am one of the students who stayed here all summer, and I can tell you only what occurred in my daily occupation. I will give you first a sketch of last term. I was in the Junior class and had to study very hard, as my section contained the more advanced scholars, and I being poor in the beginning could not keep up without doing my best.

At the close of the term I felt highly encouraged and grateful towards my teachers, for their labor; for with their instructions and my studying had made my averages such as promoted me to a higher class which is the Middle. I do not live (when I am home) very far from here; only in the western part of Virginia, but as there was nothing I could do which would pay me as well as my work here end as I had the pleasure of staying here I concluded to do so.

Ever sinco I have been here my work has been either in the washing or ironing laundry; therefore having a very good experience I was selected out of the number of girls who stayed here with six others to wash, iron and mend for the boys who worked on the farm, in the crab factory and shops. I think there were one hundred and twenty-five (125) in all. The bell rang at the usual time as during the term.

Before breakfast we cleaned our rooms and finished all of our work in regards to cleansing and so on. Every Monday morning half past seven o'clock we began our week's work which was not an easy task, but all of the girls being good workers and had an interest in whatever they had to do, made it seem light and more pleasant for each one. We finished nearly every week on Thursday with the exception of darning socks, which we did on Friday, and giving out clothes on Saturdays which was a more convenient day for the boys to come over after them. Upon a whole we gave entire satisfaction in our work and nothing pleased us better. Miss G., who has a great interest in this school, stayed here with us all summer and had entire charge over all the work done in Virginia Hall.

She was exceedingly kind to us all and made everything as pleasant for us as one's heart could wish. Everyone loved and obeyed her to perfection, and it was our hearts delight when the General returned and read the reports given him by Miss G. concerning us, during his absence. Everyone enjoyed their vacation here very much. We had our Bible lessons as during the term, only changed the hour that we might attend the church services outside. We had also prayer meeting in the Chapel Sunday evenings, about eight o'clock, and on Friday evenings at the same time we held our girls' meetings as we had accustomed to have been doing in school time. It was conducted only by the girls; a different one every week. A gentlemen who is particularly interested in this school and he being superintendent of a Sabbath school, just a short distance from here, invited me over to see his school; I went and found everything looking very prosperous. All of his little children so interested in his work, that I felt like doing nothing else but rendering my assistance, which I knew was poor, but I was willing to do whatever I could; meanwhile there were two other girls teaching in his school, from here, who commenced a few weeks before I did. After I had gone over one or two Sundays I felt like I never could give up my dear little class for they were so attentive, and eager to learn. My class contained eight little boys from four to ten years old. I was always glad when Sunday came as I might meet their pleasant faces again for their very looks told me how welcome I was, and how anxious they were about their lessons. I have a particular interest in children as I have been so accustomed to my mother's. Nothing will satisfy me better than a school of children when I am accomplished of taking the responsibilities which I am making every effort to do as soon as possible.

I do earnestly thank *you* dear friend for what you have contributed to this Institution for *me* or any one who has been rewarded with your gifts. All I can say or do towards paying you is, I will sincerely try to make such a woman of myself while here enjoying these glorious advantages, that you and other kind Christian hearted friends in the North shall hear if you never see that your money has been given for a good cause.

I truly hope end pray that the dear Lord, who is able to do all things, will reward you openly and accordingly.

I am your very greteful friend, L.

AN INDIAN SCHOOL VISITING BOARD.

Indian sentiments upon education have been further illustrated by a visit from about thirty Sioux chiefs to their children at Carlise and Hampton.

This Indian school visiting board, as Secretary Schurz called it in his last speech et the Hempton School enaiversary, consisted of the following members: Spotted Tail, Iron Wieg, Whits Thunder, Black Crow and Louis Rohideee, from Roseburl Agency; Red Cloud, Red Dog, Red Shirt, American Horse, Two Striks, Little Wound and John Bridgeman, from Pine Ridge Agency; Like the Bear and Medicine Bull, from Lower Brule; Son of the Star, Poor Wolf, Peter Beauchamp and John Smith, from Fort Berthold; Two Beers, Big Head, John Grass, Thunder Hewk and Lonis Primeau, from Standiag Rock; Charger and Bull Eagle, from Cheyenns River; Brother to All and James Broedhead, from Crow Creek; Strike the Ree and Jumping Thunder, from Yankton; Robert Hakewashte and Eli Ahreham, from Santes Agency. Mr. Teckett, from Carlisle, accompanied the Rosebud chiefs as interpreter, with his wife, n daughter of Spotted Tail, and Major W. D. E. Andros of the Yankton Agency was in charge of the party.

Their first visit was to Carlisle, where many of their children are, Spotted Tail alone having four boys there, bright looking little fellows, who came with him to Hampton. The perty had evidently had n fine time at Carlisle, and talked enthusiastically of their entertainment there and the progress their children had made. Part of their business East being the consideration of e project for a railroed across their reservation, from the Missouri to the Black Hills, they went from Carlisle to Washington, where the husiess so engrossed them that they could give hnt one day to Hampton. The Fort Berthold perty, who had meny relations here, sent beck a petition hy telegreph to the Department for two more days, which were allowed them.

The meeting between the chiefs and their young relatives would have convinced the most skeptical that the heort of men answers to heart, as face to face in water, whatever the skin it beats under. One of the boys had grown and improved so much in e yesr and a hslf that his older brother did not et first recognize him.

Morning drill and helf an hour of class recitations interested the chiefs, and still more the workshops, where the language of saws and planes and hammers was something all could understand. They watched their boys' operations with evident admiration and epproval. The steam saw-mill seemed also particularly attractive; they show a special taste for mechinery. After the hour of school end work, the Indian pupils were dismissed to visit with their friends. The Indian girls' cooking class had felt much honored in making the hread for their Chiefs' dinner, and the handsome white loaves did them credit.

In the afternoon the school end n few outside friends met the chiefs in Virginia Hall chepel. After a few words of welcome from Generel Marshall and Rev. Mr. Gravett of Hampton, who told them of n graceful act of some of the hoys in presenting their minister with a pretty lounge of their own manufacture, several of the chiefs addressed the audience through their interpreters.

Spotted Teil, who was the first speaker, showed such un entire misconeeption of the character of the school and its relation to the Indians, that Generel Marshall supplemented his remarks with the following:—

"The Hampton School was astablished loag before Indien eduestion here was thought of. The Government does eot pay as much es it costs the school to educate the Indians, so it has to ask white people to help, and they do help. The Indian Commissioner would be glad to pay the whole cost, but says he has not the money; so the school undertakes to do what it can. We know that these are friendly Indiaas and dress like white men. We are glad to see them here with their handsome blankets and other marks of rank. We would he glad to have some of the Indien students speak and tell how they like it here. We shall endeavor to treat them well and send them heck better then when they came."

SON OF THE STAR.

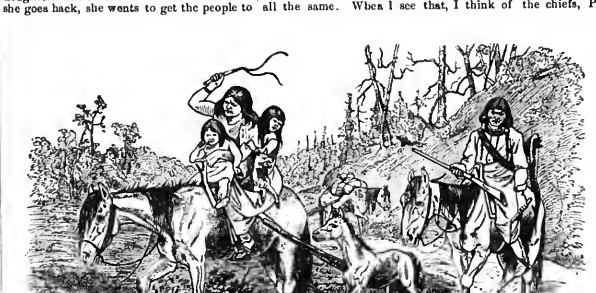
The head chief of the Arickarees thcu made e short speech, saying they had come to see how their children were learning: "They have n great deal here they don't have in our place. I wish f had time to stay and look around more. What they ere doing is for their benefit. I am glad to see the work they are making. I will take the news hack to their fathers and mothers."

A pause ensued, and the other chiefs not seeming ready to speak, Generel Marshall told them that one of our Indian students has asked to say a few words to them. It was one of the older girls who has been here a year and eight months. She had seemed so earnest and yet so simple in her desire to speak to her people, that permiasion was givco, and very simply end earnestly she spoke. As the lerger pert of the chiefs did not speek her lenguage, she had to reach them through two interpreters, one of whom transleted her words into Eeglish, and the other into Sioux.

The interpreter said:

"She says, that efter she had been hers a little while and learned the white man's ways, her heart felt better. When she came eway from home, her fether aad mother all cried for her and she cried too, but now she never cries about home. She likes the places, she likes to uaderstand the white man's ways and the white man's language and to do whet they tell her.

"She says Indiaas' ways ere down in the ground, but the white men's languego is in his head. [The chiefs who listened ettentivly seemed to understand this curious figure of speech end nodded their approval.] She is working hard she says. These Indians have come here and went to know about it, end the boys eshemed to get up and tell them, so she will tell them. She has been hers two winters end knows every teacher on the place. She will never forget them as long as she lives. She meaes the people here in charge of the Indian children. They think just as much of them as they would of their own children. She will tell their names [which she did with oppropriete gestures rather embarrassing to the teachers ie question.] She is goiag to stay here till she learns how to work, and to speak the whits man's languge. Then she is going up homs to tench her people. She is working hard, she says, to get it into her head. She is going to try to be God's daughter. She loves this school-house. When she goea back, she wents to get the people to



INDIAN FAMILY TRAVELING.

send their children down here. That is all, she says."

This speech from a women was listened to respectfully hy the chiefs, who seemed to express approval frequently by grave nods.

LIKE THE BEAR.

A Sioux Chief from Lower Brule Agency, and father of one of the Indian young men at Hampton, eume forwurd, and made an eloquent speech. Ffe said:

"You see I um n red man standieg here, hut when the greet father, the President, tol'd me to drop Indiae'e waye and teke up white man'e, I did it. There is no greater power in the world tban the Great Spirit, and we must listen to Him and do what he wants us to do. The men that ere sent out by the great father the Presidcnt I don't went to do aeything against them, and when they asked for my children, I gave them up. There are many ministers of God in this world, and I went you to take eare of my children. I see you are meking brains for my children; you are making eyes for them so they can see well. That is whet f reach out to the Great Spirit for. That will meke me strong. I want you to publish my words. I alwuys said that when I came where my children are in school f would speak. I am here now, and thet is why I speak. My people have been with the whites in the old days when they traded up there. We have always been friendly to the whites. That's all I've got to say."

ROBERT HAKEWASHTE.

A large, fine looking chief from the Santee Agency spoke eloquently and much to the point. Ife said:

"I've got some relatives here, and the great father told me I could come and visit them. That's why I came. Every one hero represents a different band, and has come to see his people. Every bend that can see ahead and can see how people can make their living, does so.

"The first maa who spoke [Spotted Tail] is my friend. I waat to say somethieg about what he said. He wants a school like this on his owa reservetion. That's right for him, that's good for him, it is his land. But the rest of us havs all got reservetions, and some of us heve claims. We know that aeybody who undertakes this kind of work of teeching never will go to any had piece; they will be sure to have a reward.

"I have dressed like this [in citizen's dress] for twenty-eight years. I taught my people to do so hy dressing this wey first myself. I knew we couldn't get aloeg in the Indian way any more, so I dressed up this wey, end now not ons of my men wears a blaaket, not ons woman wears squaw's clothes. When I see the work done here, I am very glad. We depend on the whites. You boys, if you try to learn, it will be a good thing for your fethers and mothers; you girls too. You must all learn to work; try hard. Learn also to reed end write and to look to God and prey, and when you get homs you will do your people good. If you take hold of this and do not let go of it in the future, it will lead you into a life which will go into eternity. Learn everything they show you and by ead hy you will learn more. After you have learned all these things you will go home and have farms. That is the way you will make your living. There are a great many bands of Indians in this house, and other kinds of people too. Since I have learned the words of God, it makes no difference to me what the color of e man's skin is. If he walks like a man, it is all the same. When I see that, I think of

INDIAN FAMILY TRAVELING.

God. f don't believe God likes the white color only. ff the skins are different I believe God likes all the same, for He made them all."

ELI ABRAHAM.

A native teacher from the Santee Agency school said:

"Seeing so many frieeds makes me glad. I shake hands with you all from my heart. I heve been thinking of my people while sitting here. I used to think that if I could learn something first, I could teach them. Thnt is tho reason I went to school one or two years. After I got home, I taught the children. I have been teaching for eleven years. I learned the ways of the whites, and taught them eo that they could follow them. I want every men to have a house aed sometbing in his house; to have fields end stock ie them. Anyway I knew thet was right. I ahowed it to them. For all children to go to sehool and elso to church and learn the words of God. That is chief of all, that is the road of life. I thought that if f could do thet, all would live well aad increase the tribe. Since I have seen all that is here, if a man can he full of gladness, I think I am gladder than that: I can't express my feelings. This is a good coautry, es far as I have seen it, and a good school. I don't see that we can want anything more. You can all speak English together here. That is good. When I get home to my people, I am going to tell my people what I have learned. That's why I have spoken."

STRIKE THE REE.

An old Yankton Sioux chief, eighty-seven years old, aod nearly hlind, who had insisted on coming to see his grandson at the school, and the rest of his tribe, spoke in a strong, clear voiee. He is said to be as good a specimen of his race as can he fouad in the Dakota nation, intelligent, a true friend to the whites, and alwsys having seconded the agents' efforts to better the condition of his people.

He said:

"I grew up a red maa, and the things I see here, I never had a chence to see before. I have heard about this white maa's church, this religion. I've heard about the holy house. Thet means the church and the school house too. I've looked into that aad I'm very much plessed with it. There is only one Great Spirit we can truly worship. All these people, the red men all over the country are heering ehout it. You are teeching the children to worship the Greet Spirit. That's a great thing end I like it. There is one boy here I want to teke home. You have two sons of ons father. One is sick. I want you to keep the other one. That is why I spoke."

The boy referred to left Hamptos, June 19th, on his return home, for elthough he was not considered hy the physicien to be in any speciel denger, it was thought best to eccede to the request of his friends.

A little tims remained for visiting with their youeg friends, and then the party drove to Old Point, accompanied by those of the students who were related to them, and some of the teechers, and taking a turn round the grounds of the Soldiers' Home on the way. They had visited Fortress Monroe in the morning on their way to the school.

The Berthold perty returned, and had two days of uninterrupted visiting. On Thursdey they had a picnic at the school farm of Shellbanks, and expressed much pleasure with the Iedian hoys' summer camp there, which is just established for the season. Before they left, the chiefs, Poor Wolf and Son of the Star, made short farewell speeches.

POOR WOLF'S FAREWELL.

"I met the whites loeg ego on ths Platte River. Ever since, they heve been my own flesh. I alweys sheke hande with them all—the men and women, down to the smallest children. I see they are well nsed here, all our boys and girls. I heve seen their nice rooms and beds. We have had e pleasant visit. You have given us pleasant drives and made it plessant for us. I shall have a big talk with the great fether in Washington. Thet is ell I have to say here. I have telked to the boys and girls and told them to try to learn English and white men's ways."

Mr. Rohhiaa told the chief that all had been glad to see them here aud that he could tell them—they might tell it to those at home—thet every one of the Berthold hoye and girls had done very well indeed, and improved very mueh.

SON OF THE STAR

added a few impressive farewell words to those he had spoken in Virginia Hall.

He said:

"I have had e talk with tho boys and girls here, and told them to work well; thet is what they ero sent here for, to learn Eeglish, so thet when they go hack, they can speak for themselves end their relatives. Thet'e whet they sent them down here for, to learn to reed and write and talk and work. I went them to learn every kind of work the white man does. They are very young end have a loeg time to live, eo I want them to learn to do everything. When a men knows how to work he is well off; he is rich."

The Berthold party returned to Washiegton on Thursday. The visit of the chiefs has been a very great plesure and encouragement and benefit to the Indian students. We believe that it cannot fail elso to do good to the tribes and strengthen their interest in the education of their children. We wish they could come oftener, as they would like to.

At the same time both Major Andros and their white interpreter, who has lived among them for twenty years, assured na earnestly of their opiuion that the best plan is to edncate at a distance from the tribe, to remove them entirely from netive influence while their characters are forming. As for the health question, both say they believe that deliceey results almost if not quite wholly from hereditary disease and disregard of all health laws in their lives at home, and that the change ie more likely to leagthen than to shorten life.

While the Eastern schools have, we believe, a special and important work, we regard the mission and agency schools as indispeasable, and certainly of great value in creating an atmosphere sustaining to the pupils who will return to their people from the East. There is no leck of room or opportunity for every honest effort to do good.

OUR CARLISLE FRIENDS.

A recent visit to the Indian school at Car-

lisle enables us to make pleasaet report of our friends and fellow-workers thers.

The school now numbers 150 pupils, representiug sixteen different Indiae tribes eud laeguages, though, as at Hampton, the majority are Sioux from Daketu Territory. The intention is to raise the number to three hundred, a large part to be drawn from the lately hostile Utes, who have consented to the arrangement. But for Congressional tardiness and alterations ie the proposed treaty requiring further negotiatioe, Captain Pratt, and his right hand *man*, Miss Mather, would have been off to the plains before now for the children. There is some comfort perhaps in the relief from such an added burden upon their hands in the warm weather.

The regular school work is relaxed for the summer, the teachers snatching their short vacations by turns. A beautiful camping ground has been found on the mountains, near Warm Spriag, Perry county, and detachments will camp out there for a week or two at u time all through the summer, for the ievigoration of the mountain air, and free life, hunting aud fishing and frolicking, as boys of all colors know how.

The industries are goiug on as actively as usual. At present rate of work, the harness shop can turn out two hundred double sets of harness a year. Over a thousand articles of tin-ware were made from April 1st to June 20, and five hundred shoes mended. The boys work under the direction of skilled mechaeics—scarcely any waste is allowed, the more difficult parts being done by the master workmen till the apprenticeo are ready to take bold of them. But as apprenticeo the masters speak very highly of them. Mr. Curtin, the tin-spith, says that Roman Nose and Koba are as good apprentices as he ever saw anywhere, and he reeeutly put a challenge—not yet taken up—into a Carlisle paper offering to back Roman Nose for one hundred dollars against any apprentice in the trade who had been at it the same length of time. All the sewing on the harness is done by the boys, and done as neatly as in any shop. They are making two sets of harness for lady friends of the school. The other industries, of carpentery, blacksmithing, wagon-making and farming, for the boys; sewing and housework for the girls, are also thriving. The farm land consists of twenty-five acres half owned and half rented by the school. Each boy that works on the farm is given two rows of vegetables to cultivate, and a share in the crops. The other apprentices also receive pay, for their eucouragement and education. The Government takes all articles made, for sale at the agencies, which is a very important aid to that industrial department.

Besides Spotted Tail and the other Dakota chiefs who came also to Hampton, Carlisle has been visited recently by a party of four Kiowa, Comanche, Apache and Wichita chiefs from Indian Territory with their agent Major Hunt. The old chiefs, whose unmes are Stumbling Bear, White Man, Wild Horse and Zodiarca, have mild and kindly faces, and were greatly pleased, as well they might be with the condition in which they found their young relatives.

Captain Pratt and his faithful helpers have good reason to congratulate themselves upon all they have accomplished against all the obstacles and trials in starting such an enterprise, which no Goverement aid can wholly obviate, favorable as the Department's purposes evidently are.

A GOOD REPORT FROM CHEYENNE RIVER.

INDIANS RENOUNCING TRIBAL RELATIONS AND ASKING TO SEND THEIR CHILDREN TO HAMPTON AND CARLISLE.

The followieg iuteresting letter from Lieut. G. L. Brown, to the lady in charge of the Indian students at Hampton, contains a very encouraging report of tbe Indians at Cheyenne River Agency. Lieut. Brown's own benevolent efforts while stationed amoeg them have contributed much to their present state of progress, and he speaks from loeg expericeca in recommending the treatment they need and deserve.

The "cards" referred to in his letter are the monthly record of the students iu studies and deportment, accompanied with a short note in English written by the children themselves, and sent regularly to tho Agencies to be given to their parents. They have had a very happy effect upon both parents and children.

CHEYENNE RIVER AGENCY, D. T. }
May 24th, 1880. }

Dear Miss:

Your favor anelosing April cards duly received, latter will be distributed to-day. I think your present plan in making up cards from day to day, an excellant one. Bull Eagle sed The Charger, two influential and intelligent chiefs, have left here for a visit to Hampton and Carlisle. I have known them for the past four years and during that time they have been undaviating and persistent in their efforts to encourage their people in the adoption of the ways of the whites. I knew that you will do all you can to make their visit at Hampton pleasant and profitable to them. The Indians at this Agency are doing very well. Many have settled on separate claims, and twenty-six families have taken up homesteads on Governmcnt land, outside their reservation, having renounced their tribal relations. Their domestic cattle are rapidly increasing, as is also their appreciation of the value of the same.

Tha great work is to thoroughly eradicate thair hereditary ideas of indolence and savagery, and to convert them to habits of neatness, order and industry. This can only be thoroughly accomplished by taking tha children away from the pernicious iuiluences which surround them at home, and placing them in industrial and educational training schools like Hampton and Carlisle.

Much can, of course, be done with the adult Indian by persistent and wisely directed effort but without early industrial or educational training, few white people ever attain to useful man or womanhood. The good people who are taking the initiatory steps in this new departure of the home missionary work, deserve the hearty support and active sympathy of all well-wishers of the Indian race. That your humane efforts may meet with dua reward of success is the sincere wish of

Yours respectfully,
GEO. LE R. BROWN,
Lieut. of 11th Infty.
Acting Indian Agent during absence of Major Schwan.

In a later letter, June 14th, to Capt. Pratt, Lieut. Brown says:

"A citizen has been appointed to succeed Major Schwan but he has not yet put in an appearance. I hope he may prove a good man as it would be too bad to have these Indians run back into their old ways again.

The census enumerator found at the Agency ninety-four (94) *Indian Citizens*, Homesteaders, who have renounced the tribal relations, &c. Great interest is taken in education. Many Indians have come to me asking me to have their children sent to Carlisle."

———, *May 17th*, 1880.

My dear Captain:

Your letter of the 14th inst., and the photographs are duly received. I shall keep the pictures to show to those interested in the welfare of the Indians what educational influences do for the young Indians. These pictures will be a more convincing proof and argument in favor of the influence of Hampton School than hours of talk—the whole expression of the faces of those people pictured has changed from listless ignorance to bright intelligence and interest. I congratulate the school on its success with these people. The way to humanize the Indian is plain—Educate the young in the States away from the influences of their tribal associations and the rising generation will be saved.

With best wishes for success in this work,
I am, yours truly,
S. B.

SIOUX INDIANS TAKING UP HOMESTEADS.

In another column will be found a letter from Lieut. G. L. Brown, of Fort Berthold, Dakota, giving the interesting information that ninety-four Indians at Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota, have renounced their tribal relations and taken up homesteads on Government land outside the reservation. This movement must have a great effect upon the tribe as well as upon themselves, and it ought to have some influence upon white opinion as to Indian possibilities. To give up their share in tribal claims, and all dependence on Government rations, and start out for themselves in life, like an "unprotected white man," shows a long headedness and energy not commonly expected of an Indian, though these are not the first who have done it.

One objection to apportioning the Indians' land to them in severalty has been that, though made inalienable for twenty years, it would long before that be pledged away for ponies or whisky, and by the end of the term not a rod of it be held by an Indian. But it is a question whether this very getting down to hard pan in soma way—no less disgrace to those who would cheat him—would not be the very best thieg that could happen to the Indian, who, like other men, can only learn the value and care of property by earning it. The ration system has its own disadvantages, like a church donation party, pauperizing while it seems to pay a debt. At any rate, this voluntary exchange of its heredita for the white man's road of daily labor and self-respect should be in certain cases encouraged by the Government, whose debt to these new citizens is ie no degree eancelled in honor by the renuuciation of their claims upon it. That with this new movement towards independence there is, as Lieut. Brown reports, a corresponding "great interest in education," is just what should be expected. It indicates tha best way to pay the nation's debt of honor to them, and the only way to protect the Indian from the white man and the white man from the Indian. Whether the Indines' lands are divided amoeg them in severalty or not, the next twenty-five years ought to see every oee of the forty thousand Indiae children fitting in industrial schools, under Christian influences, for their new future.

A QUEER CAUSE FOR DISCOURAGEMENT.

A Hampton worker, enlarging, recently, with some enthusiasm, upon the success of Captaie Pratt's noble effort at Carlisle, was surprised by the inquiry—we regret to say from au individual also engaged in a benevolent enterprise.—"Is not the success at Carlisle discouraging to your effort at Hampton, with your fewer Indians?"

Carlisle's success discouraging to Hampton! The notion is a novel one, and somewhat amusing. Let us hope the questioo was at least only meant as a jest. But if anyone entertains the idea that the success of either effort can be discouraging to the other, we would say to them, Please don't. Not to make any professioos of double-extra perfection and superiority to the rest of our race, we venture to say for ourselves, and Carlisle as well, if anybody will succeed in a larger Indiae school than either of us have, we shall both be more than ever encouraged. With thousands of Indian children in no school at all; with hundreds or thousands declared ready and eager to come to us if we could but take them, what place is there for jealousy? Hampton rejoices in Carlisle's success, and so, we are assured, does Carlisle in Hampton's, but both successes together are not enough to satisfy us. The central idea of the Indian work of both Hampton and Carlisle is not bounded by their own horizons. It is nothing at all less than the education to industry and Christian civilization of *all* the Indian children, for whom it is needed as much as for all New England children or all Virginia children. When this idea is seen to be taking hold of the public mind and will, Hampton and Carlisle will need no more encouragement.

A WEEK OF FRESH AIR.

No charity surely could have come straighter from the heart of Him who took the children in His arms, and for their sakes became poor, than the plan devised in New York City a few years ago for giving the children of the poor a breath of country air in the summer. No pen can describe the sufferings that these little ones and their parents have to endure in their crowded, dirty tenement houses, through all the long, sweltering days of summer, when all who can, have fled to the cool mountain and sea-side resorts. Their first excursion, to these unfortunates, many of whom had never seen the country before in all their poor little lives, must have been like a glimpse of Paradise. The New York *Evening Post* continued the good work year after year through its columns, and the "Fresh Air Fuad" it established grew, and the original was added to till now there are not only excursions of a day, but visits of a week or a fortnight to the country, kind farmers and others opening their gates to the little refugees who with this early experience of country hospitality will not be likely to grow into tramps and bring terror to homes like those that welcomed them. There are also floating hospitals for sick children and their mothers,—big hospitable steamboats that carry the poor babies and their weary mothers away from the pestilential breath of sewers, up and down the breezy Bay. And there are cheap sea-side hoardieg places for working women. And at Bath, Long Island, is a Summer Home for children, founded five years ago by a benevolent lady of New York, Mrs. Stokes. A hundred and fifty children were brought there every week from the city tenement houses, to play on the beach, and baths in the sea and breathe pure, bracing air for a week. Even in a week the pallid cheeks get a touch of color, weak limbs grow stronger, little hearts get back some of their child birthright to joy, and little lives are often saved—must it not be for something better than prison cells? Nourishieg food is provided them in abundance, seven cows are kept to supply pura milk, and yet all this can be given to a poor child for two dollars—for the week. This beautiful charity is under the charge of tho Children's Aid Society which asks for contributions for the purpose, the gifts to be sent to its Treasurer, Mr. Geo. S. Coe, at its office, No. 19 East Fourth Street. We very gladly give whatever influence the SOUTHERN WORKMAN may have to the furtherance of this blessed work. In the circular kindly sent us by Mr. Charles L. Brace the founder of this noble society, are published several letters written without help or suggestion by some of the grateful little ones. Our readers will be interested in the following:

NEW YORK, *April* 15, 1880.

DEAR MISS LAZARUS—I am going to tell you about Bath.

I was at Bath. I enjoyed it very much. I will tell you tha thing I enjoyed was the swimming. I ducked a wholo lot of boys. O, what fun! I had some milk, and I hope we shall go again this summer. I hope all the boys will thank Mr. Brace, Mr. Skinner and Mr. Holt, for giving us such a pleasant excursioe.

Yours respectfully,
HENRY KNALITZ,
Age 13 years.

ANOTHER ITALIAN'S NOTE.

NEW YORK, *March* 4, 1880.

DEAR MR. BRACE—I can not help thinking of the fun I had at the Seaside Home. I could not have enjoyed it better than I did, the bathing especially, it was such fun; and still more the climbing of trees. When it would get dark all the children used to go to the shore; but me and a few other girls used to stay and climb the trees; such fun I think I will never have again. Then came the morning that I had to come home.

Miss Zincke came and called me up pretty early, 6 o'clock I think it was. I was so sorry when the morning came. I had bid all my playmates good-bye, and gave them each a pear which I had from the night before. But as I can not think of anything else, I think I will stop; but this is one sure thing, that neither my father nor my mother was willing to let me go, but when I came home they were astonished. They said that the country was just the place for me.

I close my letter with my best respects, hoping that I may be able to go next time for a whole week, so good-bye.

Yours truly,
KATIE BARBRACCO,
25 Pell street.

MR. BRACE: DEAR SIR—I want to thank the kind people who sent us to the Summer Home. I was living out when we went to the country, and I got permission to go. I brought the lady's little boy. I was so glad to go, I did not want to come home again. I love to go in bathing and to take a walk. I am wishing for this summer to come, so I can go again. I can't tell how grateful we all are to the kind people who saved so many lives through the summer. We had fireworks one night, and it was lovely to watch the sun setting; it is so nice, too, to watch the lovely moon rise and shine on the water. To thank you, I have not words enough. Gratefully yours,

SARAH MARTIN, age 13 yrs.
March, 1880. 157 Franklin st.

THE HEAD AND HAND OF THE NATION.

In the hubbub of a Presidential campaign, the average American citizen is so much occupied in considering and discussing the chances of his candidate for the executive office, that the comparatively little attention is paid to the choice of the person who is to represent them in the Lower House of Congress. This is an unprofitable sort of enthusiasm: a kind of save at the spigot and lose at the bung policy; for Congress is a more potent power than the President, making the laws that he is sworn to see executed. He is simply the hands that act, while Congress is the head that plans. To be sure he is negatively a legislator, as he can veto legislation he thinks unwise; but vetoes are few when a majority of Congress and the Executive belong to the same political party. It seems then, if we can only have ability at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue, it is better to have it at the Capitol than at the White House end.

It is just and proper that a man, who seeks to be President, should be known by the people whose votes he asks; and by the running of our party machines, a candidate's character and antecedents are pretty sure to be picked down to the very pin feathers, between June and November. Congressional candidates share this picking to pieces to a moderate degree, but the newspapers of a district can hardly be expected to so thoroughly ventilate a man as tha united press of the country.

To my mied, men should be sent to Congress capable of grappling with national affairs—men of thought and of cultura, not local partizans. A man may be very sound on the not State officers, that they are paid by the nation and not hy States, and that their duty is to the nation, first, last, and always.

Sometimes, in tha Lower House, important questions are decided by a single vote, and it behooves us to see that we send nohody to Congress incompetent to cast that important vote. To select a man simply hecaus a is believed he will always vote at the party enll and crouch obedient to the party whip, is simply sending a voting machine to Wash-

ington, and telling the party leaders to manipulate the crank, and turn out ballots as moulds do bullets. Such automatons are better at home, out of the political malarin that infests Washington.

Another kind of candidate to be avoided is the machine politician, a being who thinks taxpayers owe him a living under all circumstances, and that he was born to live with his nose in the public crib. Machine politicians flourish best in cities, and an atmosphere impregnated with a smell of saw dust and poor rum is very favorable to his highest development; but rural districts breed the same kind of animals, whose final object in life is a seat in Congress. Albeit they will accept any public office (with a salary attached) regarding it as a stepping stone to the Capitol. 1880 has been a bad year for Machine Politicians, and they have received some rude shocks; nevertheless, they are seatched, not killed, and will appear in many districts before November in some new form or another. When machine politicians get very much out of repair, they generally appear as Reformers, or under some synonymous title, affarding charming illustrations of the cynicism that "It is the impossible that always happens."

It has became the fashion of late years, it would seem, for great railroads and other "rings," corparate and unincorporated, to owu several members of Congress in the same sense that a client can own a lawyer's services by retaining him and paying him. For the people to send parties thus *retained* (to put it mildly) to Congress as their representatives, when they are really the representatives of some "ring" or another is a remarkably silly thing to do. If, alas, it he trus that every man has a price, let us send only high priced men to Cougress: cheap slaves never were, and never will be good investments.

A man with only a single idea is even a worse Congressman than one with no idea but to vote as the party whipper-in directs. Single ideas men have the fullest faith that the whaln universe of ideas revolves round their own pet one, while in all human probability, their "one idea" is a matter of sublime indifferance to all but its possessor. Congressmen should have an even developmeut, as the athletes say, for Congress is no place for specialists. The dangers that surround a nation are various, and legislators are called upon to treat them all—it won't do to call in a chiropodist to treat measles, whooping cough, fevers, etc.

Endless would the task of painting out all the kinds of people that should *not* be sent tu Congress; but it is only fair to add that as thn American people are judged by their representatives, it is only pruper that thase sent to Congress should not only knuw how to behave like gentlemen, but be willing to put in practice what they know. To see an honorable member train his legs at the speaker as if they were 13 inch guns and his desk a gun carriage, is not an edifying spectacle, nor is any halo of patriotism cast round a member by well directed squirts of tabacco juice from his ruminant neighbors.

If we would have fit representatives we must see that fit men are nominated—if decent citizens take no interest in the men selected, rest assured the other sort will, and the candidates will fitly represent those who chaose them. Too little attention is paid to primary meetings, and if a first class district send a third class man to Cangress somebody in that district has blundered, if they have not done something warse.

The House of Representatives consists of members from all the States, and its ability is the average ability of its members. A very bright man from A or a very stupid one from Z does not make the House bright or stupid, its brilliancy or stupidly will be found in its average. Every voter has a chance to determine the calcher of tha next house, and on him will rest part of the blame if it be small, and will be part of the praise, if it be large.

National questions will be before the next Congress—the periods of the War and of Reconstruction are practically over, and the policy best for the United States as a nation will be the most prominent subject of debate. Men fit far the discussion of such questions are the men we want, men whose political notions extend beyond the shadaw of their own Court Houses, and who are not blindly convinced that every one from every section hut tbeir own is either a knave or a fool. Looking at Congress fur the past twenty-five years, it would seem such men are not common, yet it would be too much of a confession of weakness to say they did not exist in the country.

Let us then be careful in our selection of Congressmen this fall—we cannot afford to make mistakes—we want men we can trust, for we will have to trust them when elected, for about two years, and an ounce of prevention is worth pounds of cure.

We want no "Blowhards," who talk to hear their own voices, nor "Owls," whose only wisdom is in their looks. We want live men, alive to live questions, and not funereal specimens of humanity, happy and eloquent only in a fading past.

T. T. B.

INDIAN FAMILY TRAVELING.

The Sioux own large herds of small ponies, which when the snow has covered thn prairie grass too deep to be removed by pawing, resart to thn bark of the cottonwood tree, and between the waste of the camp-fires and the forsging af the ponies, the seanty supply of timber is rapidly becoming exhausted.

On the march those not needed(!) to carry the men are used, with the women and dogs, as beasts of burden. The tent-poles are fastened on one side of the pony and drag along the ground forming on ather occasians an ambulance for a child or sick woman, but more frequently carrying household utensils. The lodge-skins are rolled up and slung cross the back, on thn top of which is perched n child or a feeble woman. The dogs have two smaller poles attached to the collar, to which small bundles are fastened. The "baby-carriage" consists of a little cage made of saplings, fastened to a couple of poles, instead of wheels, to the sides of which the children, wrapped in stiff untanned buffalo-skin, are tied. Tha leading of the ponies, (no easy task if the animal chooses to he abstinate,) the urging on of the dogs, the caring for the children, all fall to the lot of the women, who are themselves loaded almost as heavily as the horses. The men, an the best ponies, ride in advance in gallant array. If their march takes them across the Missauri they must swim. This is taken for granted, even by tha panies. When the day is ended the women set up the teepees, build the fire, if any game has been killed bring it in, cook it, serve it, eat what the men leave, and at last, tired, and perhaps hungry and wet, lie down on the ground to forget, for a few hours, that existence is misery.

—*N. Y. Christian Weekly.*

We make the following extract from a letter lately received from Prof. Guyot, whose name is undoubtedly familiar to most of our students, as the author of the geographical series used in the school. His large and varied experience makes his opinion of great value, and all who are connected with the Hampton work, will appreciate his commendation.

"I assure you that all we saw at Hampton has given me a renewed conviction of its present usefulness, and has raised in my mind high expectations for its future as a national institution of great value for the regeneration of the Southern and Western countries so largely peopled by the colored races."

READING FOR COLORED PEOPLE.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

To students who wish to undertake a course of reading on the first century af American history, I would suggest the fullawing list of boaks, tp which they can add indefinitely from time to time. I cannot give prices fur all the boaks mentioned, as they are published in various styles, nor can I tell exactly where they can be procured, but will state in general terms that tha Harper Bros., New York, and other leading pulishers send catalogues of their books on application. Any hookseller in a country towu will aid persons desiring to buy books, which ha is unable to furnish, hy ordering them from tha publishers. I may add that it is a good rule for a person writing to mnother on his own business to enclose a stamped envelope, plainly directed to himself and giving his pastoffice and State *in full*.

In regard to newspapers, I should especially recommend to those wisbing general information the *Independent*, New Yurk City, n very fine weekly journal; and for a genuinn newspaper, daily or weekly, I know of nana better asa high-toned paper, advacating equal rights far all, than the *Republican*, Springfield, Massachusetts. Any paper will send a specimen number on application.

For Histarical warks, I suggest,—Bancroft's United States Histary; Magill's Hiatory of Virginia; Howe's Histary af Virginia; Holmes U. S. History; Henry Wilsan's Rise of the Slava Power; Barnes' U. S.; Greeley's History of the Rebellian; Lee's Memoirs of the Revolution; A. H. Stephen's War Between the States.

Biography,—Irving's Life of Washington; Life of Gen. Lee; Life of Garrison by Oliver Johnson; Weem's Life of Washington; Weem's Life of Franklin; Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry; Randall's Life of Thomas Jefferson; Miss Randolph's Letters of Jefferson; Life of John Brown; Biographics of all our public men; Greeley's Recollections of a Busy Life.

Poetry,—Longfellow's Works, Bryant's Works, Whittier's Works.

Miscellaneous,—Irving's Works; Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin; Cooper's Novels; Simms' Novels; Bayard Taylor's Centennial Letters; The Rising Son, a valuable book on the African race, by Dr. Brown of Boston; The Underground Railroad, by Wm. Steel, a colored man of Philadelphia.

———, Md., *July* 9, 1880.

Mr. ———,

My Kind Friend:—

Your last consignment of clothing and ather articles reached me June 2d, one day prior to our commencement. I wish I was able to frame a proper expression of the thanks af this community far your continued and liberal kindnesses to it. Suffice it ta say, the children were delighted with their presents and wish me to tender their thanks for them. It will probably be of interest to you ta know that every feature of aur closing exercises was a perfect success.

The 3d broke upon us gloomy and portentous, and all wern apprehensive that we should have a bad day; but our fears were soon dispelled when the sun brake forth without a cloud to dim its brightness. The children assembled at an early hour; the examination, however, did pot begin until 10 o'clock, as the trustees and other interested parties did not arrive before that haur. The time from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. was occupied in an examinaion of the school in branches taught, viz.: Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history und grammar. I was well satisfied with the proficiency evinced by the pupils, and felt amply paid for my year's labar. A recess for diuner was now takeu, and it was really pleasant to see the guests partaking of the viands in genuine pic-nic style, no distinction being made on account of race or condition.

At the ringing of the hell, the concourse (for there must have been 200 or more, among them a smart spriakling of whites) of people repaired to the school-house, which was soon crowded to its utmost capacity. The literary exercises were begun with music by the school. Declamations and dialogues ensued, in which, though the heat in the room was oppressive, the children acquitted themselved most creditably. At the conclusion of exhibition the audience was addressed by Colonel Dent, president of school board. He had been an attentive listener during the whole day. I will not attempt to reproduce his words. He spoke in a very complimentary strain of the efforts put forth by both teacher and pupils. He said he had been both surprised and gratified, and knew af no school better sustained than mine. He hoped I would remain among them, which I have consented to do. I responded to his remarks. Among the guests were several white ladies, who seemed to enjoy the exercises thoraughly. I think the piece which elicited greatest applause was Artemus Ward's Oration, delivered by a little fellow. His gestures and manner of speaking were very appropriate. A—— C—— has been kept at home ta assist her parents, who have been ill. She was not examined, but committed a recitation for the exhibition. After the exhibition the children "tripped the light fantastic taa" until they were carried home. Thus closed one of the most pleasant days of my teacher-experience.

The schools are now closed, to reopen September 1st. I feel as though we can never discharge our indebtedness to you.

Yours very truly, L.

OBITUARY.

THE Hampton School has this munth sustained a real loss in the death of Jas. B. Towe, a graduate of the class of 1875. Mr. Towe, both hefora and after his graduatian, was a faithful worker far his people, and at the time of his death, was not only at the head of the largest primary colored school in Norfolk, but was also employed by the Hampton Schaal as an agent in the North. His vacations had for several years been spent in thn service of tha school, and ha was becoming well and favorably known throughaut his special field in tha Narth—wherein his place will not be easily filled. His last illness, an affection of the heart, attacked him in Lowell, Mass., from which place he was brought back to his home in Norfolk, only to die after mueh suffering, on Thursday, July 15th. Hin funeral took plaen from the Bute St. Baptist Church, of which he was a member and the S. S. Superintendent, and was attended hy a large number of friends, school children, and the Carthagenian Club or literary society to which he belonged. Three peices, selected hy Mr. Towe himself before his death, were sung by his own school. The Hampton School was represented officially by Messrs. Hamilton and Daggs, who iaform us that Mr. Towe and his work are spoken of in the highest terms by the people among whom he lived. His widow (Annie Taylor, to whom he was married December 23, '19) has the sympathy of many friends, and the officers of the Hampton School are glad to hear witness here to the high stand which Mr. Towe, both as a student and an employe of the school, bas always had in their estimation.

WE copy from a letter lately received the following sad facts, to which we are requested to add the expression of the sincere regret of the officers of the Hampton School, for the loss of a young man whose future promised to be a credit both to himself and his teachers.

"TAISNAT, N. C., *July* 13, 1880.

"*Dear General:*—I drop you a few lines to inform you of the lass of a good and able worker amang our people Sauth, Mr. G. M. Harrinan, a member of Class of '75, and recently a student of Fisk, where he had been prepsring himself for Africa. We had been together ever since the spring of '70, until Sunday, July 4th, when he was called nwny hy the mighty power af God. He was found dead about a half mile from this place an his return from the country where he had been on Saturday. He had been teaching here nearly three years and was esteemed hy all who knew him. He was a member of the Missiunsry Baptist Church at Enfield, into which he was baptized in 1875. He lived and died a Christian and is now at rest in Heaven.

The cause of his death I am unable to state, but it is supposed vertigo. . . . . .

Youra respectfully,

HENRY THOMAS.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

FOREIGN.

An official decree has been published in France granting full remission of sentence to all individuals convicted of participaiion in the insurrection of 1870-71, and subsequent insurrectionary movement. The *Standard's* Paris despatch says it is calculated only nine persons will be excluded from the amnesty, and they will get a free pardon.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Duteness of Marlborough's Irish Relief Fund, in Dublin on Saturday, very encouraging reports of the improved condition in the West of Ireland were given.

A despatch from Dublin says: "The weather all over Ireland up to the present has been most favorable. It is expected that the potato crop will be enormous. It promises to exceed anything seen in Ireland since the period anterior to the famine of 1847. Root and cereal crops are also luxuriant."

Lord Shaftesbury on July 9th unveiled the statue on the Thames embankment, to Robert Raikes, the originator of Sunday schools in England a hundred years ago. Rev. Dr. Vincent was present on behalf of the Sunday schools of the United States. Rev. Dr. Murphy, of New York, read a portion of the Scriptures, and Rev. Dr. Todd, of New York State offered prayer.

DOMESTIC.

CENSUS NOTES.—According to the new census the cities showing the largest ratin of increase are Atlanta, Ga., 106 per cent.; Denver, Col., 616 per cent.; Minneapolis, Minn., 214 per cent.; Milwaukee, Wis., 92 per cent.; St. Paul, Minn., 100 per cent.; Waterbury, Conn., 103 per cent.; Meriden, Conn., 80 per cent., and Camden, N. J., 84 per cent. In 1870 Atlanta had only 21,789, in 1880 it has 54,693. The first ten cities in population are in the order named New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, San Francisco, New Orleans.

A portion of the City of Waterloo, Iowa, was flooded last month by a heavy rain-storm. Barns and small buildings were moved from their foundations, and more substantial buildings were partly submerged. Two boys and one girl were drowned.

Three heavy thunder-storms passed over the region round Montgomery, N. Y., the lightning striking and burning several buildings, all at one time, within a radius of a few miles. Two large barns with valuable contents were entirely destroyed.

According to the census just taken, St. Paul, Minn., has a population of 41,819, an increase of 21,607 in ten years.

Colonel William Tilden Pelton, the nephew of ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden, is dead.

One hundred and twenty-seven deaths were recorded during 24 hours in New York city last week. Of these 83 were those of children under 5 years of age of whom 49 died of summer complaint.

There were fifty deaths from yellow fever and eleven from smallpox in Havana, Cuba, during the week ending July 24.

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does not change in strength by being kept on hand a long time. If hard, powder it, and it is as good as new.

VISITS TO COLORED SCHOOLS—No. 2.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The grammar school for colored pupils in Lynchburg, is taught by Mr. Yoder, a worthy Pennsylvanian, who came to the city to teach the colored children before the public schools were organized, and is now the principal of his department. His grade is the highest allowed colored pupils up to this time, but it is said now, that at the close of the present session a class will be formed for high school instruction next term. I found this school, which is taught in one of the substantial buildings belonging to the city, less crowded than those of lower grade, in which the number of teachers is far too limited, and the pupils looking very orderly and intelligent. After some of the classes had recited, Mr. Yoder consented to gratify my taste for asking questions, and my first query "whether was once secured the attention of the school, which hesitated a moment for an answer, and then a very bright looking, tidily dressed boy, the son of one of our popular barbers, said, "the children of Israel were slaves in Egypt." Further questions elicited the replies, that the Egyptians were the foremost nation of that age in knowledge, and that the Hebrews, a wandering and barbarous people, had, while sojourning there, learned much of various arts from their rulers. "Now," said I, "can any of you tell me what benefit the African race has gained from being enslaved in America?" Just opposite me sat a tall, gloomy looking black boy, whose dusky features worked with emotion, and his sullen eyes flashed as he said in a stern, deep voice, "None. There was no benefit in slavery." "Let us see about that" said I, "can any of you tell me what was the condition of the African people when brought to this country?" "They were savages" said several voices promptly, and without looking at the sombre face which seemed to reflect the sorrows of his race, and gazed angrily at me, I continued "now, I want to ask the boys which they would prefer to be, an African chief wandering about the forest naked, his body rubbed with rancid oil, his head decked with beads and feathers, utterly ignorant and barbarous, an idolator, perhaps a cannibal, or to be a well-dressed, intelligent, educated Christian citizen of the United States?" Scarcely had I completed the sentence, when the jaunty looking little fellow before me tossed his curly head and said in clear, ringing tones, "An American citizen!" His words were echoed in laughing chorus by the school, and even the sullen eyes of the dark face, which had glowered so fiercely at mention of slavery, relaxed, and a faint smile lighting up the stern features showed that a new idea had dawned on a mind oppressed with painful memories. Varying my questions so as to describe the African woman in comparison with her cultured American sister, I received a very prompt answer from all the girls, in favor of the Negro-American damsel. I then proceeded to explain to my young friends that I did not mean to advocate or even to palliate slavery, that I felt that terrible judgments had been sent upon our infatuated people, for persisting in holding slaves, but I thought the colored people in America might learn from the sorrowful page in the story of their race, that with them as with the Hebrews of old, their sojourn in the land of bondage, had been overruled by an all-wise Providence as a means for transforming the untutored savage into a civilized man, making him a worthy and useful citizen of an enlightened country. I was somewhat surprised when the teacher, who had listened smilingly to my discussion with his pupils, remarked, "Really, Mrs. Langhorne, I never considered the subject in that light before."

The question as to the superior mind of boys or girls here, as in every other school I have visited elicited a prompt answer from all the males in favor of their own intellects, and it was some consolation to me as a female, to find that the teachers by no means agreed with them, but inclined to the opinion that with equal chances the girls made as good progress in their studies, as their self-satisfied companions of the opposite sex.

I showed copies of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN to the pupils and teaches of the different schools and told them of its valuable articles on health, as well as the large amount of general information to be gained from its columns, and the teachers promised to use their influence in getting subscribers for the paper.

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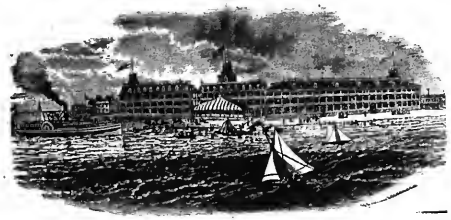

At the confluence of the Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, being the first point of land lying westward between the capes of Virginia, about fifteen miles north of Norfolk and Portsmouth; all passenger steamers running to and from those cities touch at the pier, going and returning, with the U. S. mails, landing only 30 rods from the Hotel, which is sustantially built and

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IX. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1880. NO. 9.

MOUNT ÆTNA.

realize it in its broadest sense, all light and pleasant methods will prove delusions and

What changes take place in a few years! The occasion which calls us together is one

joined the Junior class, of which I was then a member. From that time till she graduated,

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. J. C. ROBBINS. } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed at the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work from all parts of the country, is solicited and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

INTIMIDATION OF THE NEGRO.

The *Nation* holds that the Negro shows timidity in asserting his rights, and suggests as a cure, the voices of Northern orators of repute on the Southern stump. This is, unfortunately, a year of potato bugs, army worms, and political oratory. Has not the country suffered enough from these pests, without deliberately putting the worst of them on the South? The Negro is still "intimidated." But the shot guns are now on the brackets, in the Gulf States, and there is no longer visible manifestation of the Ku Klux. Physical force has ceased to play any open part in politics, but a more dangerous, subtle, permanent power is at work; the moral and intellectual strength of the Southern white. It reaches and controls the Negro's nature. It strikes him where habit and tradition make him weak. It divides and commands him. It takes advantage, and at times, cruel advantage of his condition, crippled by a century of subjection. It operates on his weakest line of defense. An equipped and educated race press against another race without education, and for the most part ignorant, from which ignorance and want of skill in handling its crude mental and moral resources, come weakness. It is crude militia massed against troops who have tramped together under fire. It is the timidity of the Negro against the temerity of the white. To transform this timidity into courage, the *Nation* proposes a specific in the way of "Northern speakers of repute," meeting the Negro face to face. This will hardly do. It fails to meet the needs of the case. A successful orator must know his audience. Furious appeals to the blessings of civil liberty fall flat on people who hardly understand the nature of civil liberty, because they have been kept out of such knowledge. An hour's talk from an eloquent speaker will do as little good as an hour's rain, once a year, on a parched field. Kind people, at the North, would remove the Negro's difficulty as they would treat a disease, by some quick, specific remedy. When the doctors say, "the thing for you to do is to improve the general tone of your health by careful diet, persistent temperance, and constant care," the patient is angry, for he wishes a dose which may be quickly taken and produce instant health. He wishes to step from the apothecary shop a well man. The Negro difficulty can not be treated by any specific which will work wonders. Northern speakers cannot touch a deep seated social difficulty at the South, and remove it. They may do no harm. They can do little good, civilization is a plant of slow growth. It is a sad mistake to consider it a mushroom. Stump speaking has done little in the way of education. Otherwise the hackwoodsmen of Kentucky and Indiana would be in the front ranks. The Negro needs education of the head, heart and hand, above all things. If Northern speakers would inform themselves about the true condition of the Negro, and then take to the stump in the North instead of the South and inform Northern men of the real need of the Negro, there would be a splendid use in it. The imperative demand here is for education. Until the people of the United States realize it in its broadest sense, all light and pleasant methods will prove delusions and snares. It would be as easy to blow off, in an hour, the dense smoke of Pittsburgh, with a pair of bellows, as to talk off the ignorance and "timidity" which we, the stronger race have saddled on the Negro for several hundred years. There should be no diversions or side issues in this matter. The needle of the social compass bends toward education of the head and hand. Those who have to do with the Negro, know the supreme need of the hour is primary education, and they mistrust the uses of political oratory as elementary instruction. The *Nation* believes that these Northern speakers will show the colored man that "he has numerous and powerful friends interested in his welfare." This is now an old story with the blacks. They believed in their powerful friends, they received freedom at their hands. But the Northern man is now no longer a hero, with sledge hammer and cold chisel cutting away the chains of bondage. These powerful friends seem to have become lukewarm. Their immediate representatives, the carpet-baggers, are gone. The intelligent Negro may justly say, "we are in sore need of aid. If you are really our friends, give us schools, and put us in a way of copeing with this stalwart race. You gave us the ballot. Teach us how to use it."

Just now there is no crisis, no need for passionate appeals to the black or white. There is no grand tide in national affairs which must be taken at the Presidential flood. For every orator that the North may send to the South there are a hundred Southern debaters ready either to reply, or meet them with a "still hunt." The *Nation*, strong and independent, fails, perhaps, to comprehend the stubborn task before us, in putting this race on its feet, in placing it on a plane of civilization where it will cease to be "intimidated" by a race which is the strongest of the earth, and which holds every advantage over it, from the blood in its veins to the soil under its feet; a race which is meanly selfish in its relations with others, and whose brutality is redeemed only by the splendid charity and philanthropy of a few of its citizens. Aside from this, there is a curious process of "evolution" going on in the South. In the break up and reorganization of parties, the Southern whites will soon be demanding Northern speakers of both parties. So far the teeth of the Southern white have been of too young a growth, in the line of the new departure, to eat Republican fruit from the North. Times are changing slowly. Here in Virginia, there is rapid change. As the new men in politics will call for Northern help, all that is done in that behalf will operate well for the Negro. Elevate the white, and the black rises by a sort of capillary attraction.

W. N. A.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Maria Alvis Mallette,
George M. Harrison,
Joseph B. Towe.

AN interesting memorial service was held in Virginia Hall chapel on the evening of Sunday, August 1st, at which, by request, the following papers were read. Gen. Marshall opened the meeting with prayers, etc. from the Episcopal Service, and then spoke with much feeling of the three graduates, in remembrance of whom the school was gathered together. He said, speaking with authority, that the school record of all had been excellent, and that since their graduation, they had been, each one, an honor to the Institution which had so large a share in both their moral and intellectual training. He mentioned especially Mr. Towe's value to the school as a trusted agent in the North, and spoke of his admirable graduation essay on Old Time Music—an essay which he himself most unwillingly wrote and delivered, being quite unconscious of its great merit. Of this, Gen. Marshall said, "He had his whole audience with him as soon as he named his subject, and when he gave his first illustration in his inimitable, magnetic tones, and the school choir took up the chorus, the audience was electrified and his whole essay was triumphantly received and sought for by several reporters." At the close of Gen. Marshall's remarks the three following letters were read by their writers, and the service ended with Mr. Towe's favorite hymn—"Great Camp Meeting in the Promised Land."

From the short notice given of this meeting, I had time to prepare but a few words on the lives and deaths of our departed friends.

What changes take place in a few years! The occasion which calls us together is one to which I am scarcely equal. When in the Fall of 1872, I met Jos. B. Towe, and Maria Alvis Malletta, with the rest of the singers preparing for the concerts which were afterwards given in the Eastern, Middle and Western States, for the purpose of erecting the building in which we are now assembled, I did not think that I should be called upon so soon, to speak of them after their decease, in this Hall. From the multitude of thoughts that rush upon me, consequent upon our association as singers and students, I feel that I am not equal to it.

As I before said, I met our two deceased friends here in the fall of '73. After being with them practising, about 3½ months we started on our mission the 13th day of Feby., '73. You will not expect me to say that all was sunshine; but amid all the trial and vexations incident to the life of a traveling troupe we found our two friends nobly bearing their shares of the burdens. Mr. Towe might often be seen when any of the members of the company felt a little homesick or low-spirited, trying to cheer them up by some kind words or deeds; while Miss Mallette, with her bright, cheery ways was ever ready to provoke a pleasant smile. Thus, ever through wet and dry, hot and cold, none showed more willingness to do their part than those whose faces we shall see no more.

Mr. Towe was a member of the Buta St. Baptist church of Norfolk, and Miss Mallette of the Episcopal church, Wilmingtnn, N. C. Both were useful members of their respective communities, had been successful teachers of public schools, and will be greatly missed by many pupils and friends. Their places will be hard to fill, as another has said. They were popular members of the "Hampton Student Singers," and I may well add, of society since leaving school. In a letter received from Miss Mallette last Spring, she spoke of how she was enjoying the work of school teaching, and her mind seemed to be made up to devote the rest of her life to the work of elevating her race. Noble sentiment! would that her mantle would fall upon many of our young women. Her letter was full of life and the news of her death was received with a shock. My class-mate, is it possible that so soon thou hast left thine earthly house and thy face we shall never see again.

And now since those voices which once charmed the ears of thousands in more than three hundred concerts, are forever silent to us, may we not hope that a loving Father who gave them being and such sweet voices, has called them from labor to reward; to join that heavenly chorus whose grand harmony rolls over the golden streets of that eternal city whose builder and maker is God.

R. H. H.

So far the death rate of the class of '75 has kept pace with the years. Five years have passed since the class graduated, and five of its members have passed away. First was John W. Collins, probably the most mature mind that ever left this Institution, then Mrs. Weaver and D. Y. Turner, and now J. B. Towe and Geo. M. Harrison.

I best knew Mr. Harrison as a janitor here, he and I being janitors together for three years, working out our expenses in that way. As a scholar he was not bright in everything, but earnest in all his studies. In mathematics he was excellent. In some respects he was a model scholar. In all the records of the Institution I don't think there could be found any thing against the character of Geo. M. Harrison. No teacher I suppose, ever thought of marking him in deportment or promptness. He was not one of the shirky kind, wherever his duty called he was always to be found. He cared little for games and social entertainments and seldom attended them. I think no one ever saw him spend ten minutes in foolish or idle talk. He came here for an education, and he thoroughly devoted himself to his books. All his actions were characterized by a deep sense of honesty; he scorned all ideas of dishonesty in work or study. He had no taste for mere outward show. His highest ambition was to fit himself to do his people good; he often talked of the good that he hoped to do when he lef here. The report that we hear from his field of labor justify us in saying that he carried out his ambition so far as he was able.

From his short life we may all glean a lesson, always remembering that "We live in deeds not in years. * * * He most lives who thinks most, feels noblest, acts best." We all should so shape our lives that when we shall have passed away it can be said of us as we can truly say of him, "He hath done what he could."

B. T. W.

I first saw Miss Mallatta in December, 1874, on her return from a tour through the North with the first band of Hampton Singers. She joined the Junior class, of which I was then a member. From that time till she graduated, in '77, we were in the same class, and during the Middle and Senior years, in the same section. As a scholar, she had no superior in the class among the girls. She was quick to take in ideas, always ready to express what she knew of questions that came up in the class-room. She possessed a great deal of what the girls usually lack to make them the equals of the boys—self-reliance, confidence in their own ability. She graduated with honors, delivering the salutatory, and receiving the second prize of ten dollars for excellence in essay and declamation.

She will be best remembered by the school, perhaps, as a singer, and as a member of the choir which raised money to build Virginia Hall. She was gifted with a sweet, attractive alto voice, and a disposition as lovely and agreeable as her voice. These qualities, together with her personal beauty, made her the favorite of the class and of the school. Yet she was perfectly free from affectation, and delighted most in that which was simple, plain and natural.

W. M. R.

We are glad to be able to add to the above such communications as the following, for Hampton is justly proud of her share in the production of lives which, though so soon cut short, have yet had so wide an influence for good.

"Journal of Industry" of Raleigh N. C.

THE DEATH OF MISS MARIA MALLETTE.

It is with pain that we are forced to chronicle the death of Miss Maria Mallette, of Wilmington, N. C., one of the brightest stars which adorned the social firmament of our metropolis. After a short illness, she departed this life on Sunday morning last, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, and was buried on Monday last at 10 a. m., from St. Mark's Episcopal Church, of which she was a consistent member. She was a graduate of Hampton Normal School and to her is due a large share of the credit derived by the success which attended this Institution in its earlier days. She was one of the favorite members of the troupe of singers which succeeded in raising thousands of dollars for that school. By this unselfish sacrifice of both time and talent, for the benefit of her people, she placed them under an everlasting debt of gratitude to her; for which act alone, her precious memory deserves a monument, that coming generations may see that she was one of the faithful pioneers in the work of providing means for christianizing and civilizing the race with which she was identified. But it is not for this good work and deed alone, that she is distinguished. At the close of this mission, she began to teach in District School, No. 1, of her native city, and continued until her death, a little before which sad occurrence, she had just been re-elected to this post. In the school-room, church, choir, lyceum, the social circle and every department of life in which her presence could be found, can now be seen the delicate traces of her remarkable influence. Her cultured, refined and chaste manners, won for her an enviable place in the estimation, not only of her immediate friends, but all who knew her. This painful intelligences will carry sorrow to the hearts of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

"In her death a star's gone down,
"To rise upon some fairer shore,
"And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown:
"To shine forever more."

WILMINGTON, N. C., *Aug.* 4, 1880.

Gen. Marshall—

Dear friend: Maria has been an energetic Christian worker ever since she left Hampton, in the day school, Sunday School, church, and church choir. Her daily walk was such, that any one might feel proud to be led by her. Her last days I think were purely Christian and Heaven-like; she died a perfect Christian. Many hearts were touched by tha beautiful death she died, and tha lovely testimony she left behind, of her going to rest. She died perfectly conscious, being reconciled to death and having known she was going to die from tha time she was taken sick. She was not well for about five weeks before she took her bed, but we thought nothing serious. She was had sick two weeks. I only wish that I could relate the lovely story told in her dying hour. It was lovely, and surely we can't help being benefited by it. She told her mother that "the moon would be shining bright the time of her death, and that as soon as she was dead that God would send a shower of rain to let them know that she was washed whiter than snow." As soon as she was dead, the rain came. Her place in my heart can never be filled. She was a sister and a dear friend to me. It seems that I can never give her up, and then on the other hand, I know that God is just in all his dealings.

Very resp'y, yours,
LUCY LEARY ROBINSON.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY,
MUSIC HALL, BOSTO, *Aug.* 3, 1880.

Dear Gen. Marshall: You ask for somn iaformation respecting J. B. Towe, while with the "Hampton Students." He was an earnest and faithful worker with the company, sad in no small degree contributed to their success in establishing a fine reputation. He was many sided is his musical nature. He bed not a fine voice; very little music in it, in fact, but it was in the man himself. There was no conventionality about his singing. The matter was real to him and he sang as if for the first time the thoughts had come to him and he was at a white heat until he could tell them out. At other times it was full of pathos. I shall never forget his readering of the song "You hear de Lambs a-crying;" it was as if his singing was full of tears dropping from every word he uttered. He could improvise pretty well and has often set the audience in a roar at some happy hit concerning town or people with whom we chanced to be at the time. I well recollect the volley of laughter that followed nn allusion to Boss Tweed one evening is Steinway Hall. But it was in such pieces as called for a declamatory power and dramatic fervor that he was to be seen at his best. There were times when he seemed to be looking into futurity and describing what was actually taking place before his eyes. With what thrilling effect I have hear-l him render the song "Yonder comes my Jesus," such recitations I do not ever expect to hear again. Ila was a man of fine sensibilities but sensitive to the last degree, and this caused his way to lie frequently among rocks, shoals and quicksands. I think he was something of a genius. There was more of him than he knew of, more than he could well mnnage.

Poor fellow, may he rest in peace, till that "Great Gittin'-up Morain'," then may he "Sing and Never Tire," in that "Great Camp Meeting in the Promised Land."

Very truly,
THOS. K. FENNER.

DR. TANNER'S FAST, AND SOME LESSONS IT TEAOHES.

A Minnesota doctor, nnmed Tanacr, hes just completed ia New York City, n self-imposed task of the most desperate nature. Without promise of reward, and the almost certainty of life-long dyspepsin, he went without food for forty days, and at last accounts was still is the land of the living. This fast, if it be accepted as fact, may benefit the human race indirectly, by causing a greater number of scientific people to devote more special nttention to the relation between food and existence. Beyond this possible, and certsinly remote benefit to mankind, it is difficult to see where the good of the exhibition came in. We all knew beforehsnd, that if any being be kept long eaough without food or water, aforesaid being will die. Dr. Tsaner did not die, so his experiment wns not a success in proving a commonly accepted theory. This objection is naturally answered by saying he did not fast long enough; but eves supposing he hnd fasted forty weeks instead of forty days, it would only have been proved that he could perform the feet—while it would not have afforded a scintilla of evidence that snybody else could do it. Whether it wers wino or foolish in Dr. Tanner, for the sske of a little notoriety, to so maltreat the very excellent stomech with which nature seems to heve provided him, is not the object of this paper—but rather to say a few worde on ths advastages of moderation in all things.

The age in which we live is a radical nge in religion, politics, finance, philosophy and what not, the contest seems to be, to find out who will go farthest. The spirit of extremes is fairly in the air, and isscasibly we all sbsorb more or less of it. The truer this statement is, the wider is the great middle ground of moderstion, for its happy occupante.

Is all depsrtments of life there must be leaders and led. In every generation are mea to he fouad who live either a generntion nhead or behiad their time. All cussot be lenders, sad the mas who lives abreast of his own age does better sad is happier thna he who is n century beforo or behiad his fellow mea. If as nrmy could be made up of all geaernls or all privats soldiers, it would be a negstive force is either event. The great mass of meakiad must coatent themselves with doieg pretty much as their neighbors do, except they voluatarily devote themselves to heroism, A hero is one who succeeds in doing some remarkable thing: if the sama purty fail is his attempt, he is sot called a hero, but gives a far less flattering title. The happiness of mediocrity is somethisg seldom sung nowadays by poets, nor is it praised by philosophers. The higher the position a msa occupies, socially, politicnlly, or fisaacially, the greater the burdens he has to beer—the keeaer his sufferiaga, and the less his pleasures. One accustomed to eat the finest food and drink the fiaest wiaes too often fiads the greatest delicacy pall upon his palate, and envies the appetits with which some poor wretch devours a stals crast. The twinges of gout of the gourmand are fully an offset to the pangs of hunger suffered by the tramp; aad the mea who have the highest enjoymeat of the table nre neither those who stuff like Lucullus nor fast like Tanner, but who use in moderstion the good things within their reach.

In political life, it is the moderate men who reach the high positions, where they can be classed as Statesmen—extremists never rise beyond being mere paltry partizans. What position does history give to public men who believe that all the virtue, valor and wisdom of their country is centered or contsined is some sections a few miles or hundred miles square? In so vast a country as the United Stutes, moderstion must msrk all who rise to be statesmen, because from the very vastaess of the territory everyoac must prefer some special section, its climate, its people, their habits, etc. While these preferences exist and must exist, there is no reason why a public man should hate all other sections simply because ha loves his owa. In politics, then, so far as we sre interested, directly or indirectly, let us seek to be moderate, and leave extreme views nnd actions to the petty politicians who eannot see outside their own state or perhaps not outside their own county.

That the majority of men fail in what they undertake is lamentable true, and the cause of nine-tentbs of the failures is the lack of moderation. Men grnsp the possibility of certain things, but overlooking the power of the personal fastor, press on, energetically perhaps, to failure. Because ona man has done or can do a certain thing, it by no means follows that another can. Hart, the pedestrian, walked or ran over 500 miles in six days; does it follow that you or I can do it? In considering any proposed action, we should not start with the general question, Can it be done? but by the particulur inquiry, Can we do it? I know this doctrine will sound strangely to many accustomed to hear the loud-voiced orators who go about declaring thet what one man can do or has done, snother can do, if they will only try. Their theory is one of the fallacies growing out of that greatest of all fallacies, viz., that all men are equnl. The inequality of men is as much part of the Divine plan as the force of gravity, and ons will leave the world about as soon as the other. If all men were equal in all respects, stagnntion would be the condition of society, and such a theory as a politicnl structure be an impossibility. If every man in the United States tried to be President, politics would be the only business of the country, and revolution the chronic state.

Egoism or selfishness is of necessity a part of each one of us, and it leads us into many blunders by mistuking the size of difficulties thnt lie in our way. We can see clearly enough when somebody else is trying to lift too grent n weight, or swim too wide a river; but when we use our eyes within, and look at eimilur difficultes we are nttempting to overcome ourselves, the weight nlways seems smaller nnd the river narrower. The great majority of us overestimnte our owa abilities, and the miscalculations between the power we possess and the power requisite to dn something we want to do, lie at the root of most failures.

Altogether too many men illustrete in their lives the story of the baby who cried because it could aot have the moon for a plnything. These men waste existence in ettempting the impossible. Thousands of young men, and old ones too for that sistter, dazzled by the fortunes won in Wall street by Vanderbilt, Gould, Keene, &c., have thought they could do the same, and huve lost their all is their vain attempt. It is said of the country lads who seek their fortunes is great cities, that not over ten per cent. are even in independent positions twenty-five yenrs nfter their arrival. To what does all this point? Is it not that the "Golden Mean" eung by the old Greek, Theocritus, is as much a thing to be desired now as whea Minerva was the patron deity of Athens?

T. T. B.

THE ERUPTION OF MT. ETNA.

THE volcano of Etna, in the Island of Sicily, of which we herewith give an illustration, is nearly 11,000 feet is height, and although by no means so constantly active as Vesuvius, has yet had no less than fifteen eruptions during the present century. But neither Vesuvius nor Etan are as high or in many respects as terribly grand as the volcano of Mauna Loa in Hawaii, of which General Armstrong gives us this month such an interesting description. We feel that we are fortunata in being able to accompany that description with so good an illustration of volcanic fire and fury as is the "Eruption of Mt. Etna," and trust that our readers will derive instruction and enjoyment from both letter and picture.

THE NEGRO, ON THE STATUS AND EXODUS OF THE NEGRO.

The American Missionary Mngazine for June contains the following interesting review which we quote in full.

It is significant that the leading article in the current aumber of the *South Atlantic*, the *elite* literary magazine of the South, is by a colored man. His topic is, "The Status of the Negro, and the Exodus." It is sble end feir in its treetmeat of the subject. The editor discleims responsibility for its statemeats, and slightly apologises for its publication; would have been glad, had it not seemed unfair to the writer, to modify a few paragraphs; but has given a Negro full leave to tell his white readers just what he thinks of Negro status and exodus. This fact is one which should not be forgotten.

On the other hand, it would be well for as to hear just what as intelligeat Negro has to say on this topic. The writer, Rev. D. J. Sanders, indicates the difficulties in the way of his people's progress; nbstacles throwa in the way both by his friends and his enemies; asserts that because of what *he is*, the Negro has made commendable progress in spite of these hindrances, aided by missionary preachers and teachers who paid but little attention to, and took no part in, the political events which were transpiring about them. Evidently, in his estimation, the improved condition of his people has not been due to political action, but to schools and morsl influences.

He asserts that the Exodus has aot been brought about by politicul causes, though a certain class of politicians have done something to spread the movement; nor is it due to the fact that educational or religious privileges have been withheld, for, strictly, it cannot he asserted that such has been the case. Persons who were pronounced in their opposition to Negro schools are, when this movement begins, laboring side by side with those who have devoted themselves to Negro education. Whatever of politics, or education, or religion may enter into the movement is merely incidental.

Political abuse there has been, but the Exodus movemeat began after this had for the most part ceased, and has raged most where this abuse has been least known, as near the home of the writer, in North Carolina.

There have been, and are now is some States, unjust laws regulating labor and wages. The scrip system, which permits the employer to pay the laborer in scrip redeemable at his store, has been known, and is ruinously unjust to the laborer, but in the two States where this movement has been greatest, repulative legislation has been in the one exactly the reverse of what it is in the other. In Mississippi the landlord must fulfil his engagements before he can force his tenaat to quit. In North Carolina the tenant must fulfil his before he can leave.

Fundamentnlly, it is the impoverished condition of the laborer, conjoined with reetlessness, and supplemented by idle curiosity, making chenge easy nnd desirable, which has exposed these poor people to the designs of unscrupulous sharpers and demngogues. They have inherited poverty, igaorance, improvidence, to esy nothing of positive vices. They have been hindered by positive efforts to keep them in ignorance. They have been discouraged by the fect that success would give them no social or political advantage, aad so they have either refused to labor, or have squandered in pic-nics and cake-walks, for tobacco and whisky, it is estimnted, nbout eighty millions of dollers nnaually.

There have been, so fnr, about 28,000 of these *exodusters* who have paid as sverage of about $10.05 to the railroad companies for trensportatioa. Out of this the companies have paid to the unscrupulous agents who promote the movement, one dollnr for full, and fifty-cents for half fares.

The roads have received about $500,000 from these people, and hope for at least half as much more from a return movement. The emigrants have received in charity about seven cents each, as as offset to the $18.65 which they have paid for trasportation alone. We know aot what report the Senate Exodus Committee will make, but are confident that it will come no nearer the truth in regard to this movement than the writer of this article. So long as the Negro is thus ignorant he will be helpless agaiast the oppressor, whether he be the old master or ths preteaded new friead. Whea we know the possibilities yet nadeveloped is the Negro, and give full scope to them, we shall know also what an element of wealth and strength there is in what is now known as an incubus on prosperity and a measce to our aational life.

WE extract the following account of fishing in Chesapenke Bny, from the letter of one of our students who is passing the summer in the York Spit Lighthouse.

"When the day is calm and clear, the keepers sajoy themselves is catching the celebrated fish known as the "bonito." These fish, during calm days, come to the surface af the water and propel themselves, at leisure, the back fin making a ripple which can be seen about one hundred and fifty yards distant. To catch n bonito, twa men are required in one boat, one to scull and one to stand forward with his harpoon, ready at any time to strike. When a bonito or the ripple of one is seen, the harpoon man gives the order to go for him, giving his directions in a low voice while the scull man puts out all his power in propelling the boat. Thus they approach very carefully, until they are within five or six yards of the bonito, when the scull man says, "Give it to him," and the harpoon man lets fly the gig, which is rigged so that if it hits the fish, the handle separates from the gig as soon as the fish begins to run. The lines are generally a hundred and seventy feet long, and a buoy is made fast to one end in case the fish should run so far as to take up all the line. In order not to let him pull the gig out, the buoy is thrown overboard and the fish is allowed to tow it until he wears himself down. Then the buoy is caught and the line hauled in until the fish comes in sight, when the second harpoon is driven into him, as near the head as possible and he quickly gives up and is hauled aboard. These fish are from two to five feet long, and make an excellent dish, as do the sheepshead and porgie, which are caught in the same manner that the bonito is except that no boats are used, for they come close enough to the piles on which the light house is built, to be harpooned by any one standing on the paralled braces. The sheepshead is quite a crafty fish, for if you were to throw your harpoon at and should not hit him, you'll likely not see him again that day. The porgie is not quite so cautious, you may sometimes strike at one and miss him, when he will turn and follow the gig near the surface of the water, in which case an expert striker might again grab his gig handle and again strike at the fish and secure him. In this particular the porgie is quite different from other fish, for as a general thing when fish see anything in the water which they they can't account for, they will flee from it, but the porgie will come to it and manifest the greatest anxiety to learn what it is. We often catch one, tie a line and sinker to him, and fish him to, or near the bottom; when he is drawn up, quite a number of other porgies follow him, apparently to discover the true condition of their companion. While they are peering about him, the harpoon man soon has one of them, and this process may be kept up for hours. An incident occurred here the other day which may be surprising to any readers. While catching porgies in the way described, the men were called to dinner, and went in, leaving a porgie swinging just on the edge of the water. Soon the first assistant gave the alarm that our fish with the heavy oarlock tied to him was gone. The principal keeper, who is an old fisherman, at once concluded that the line had been cut by a shark, and told us that he would show him a trick, at the same time giving the order to tie on another porgie. This was done, and in a few minutes after the fish was let down into the water, a shark about seven feet long made his appearance, and dashing at the porgie, was met by a solid blow from the keeper, who was on the braces with his harpoon. The first assistant came forward quickly and dealt the shark another blow, at which he surrendered and was captured. A rope was made fast to him and he was hoitsed aboard the house, when he was cut open and the oarlock taken out of him.

"A. A. SELDON."

ANOTHER DIVIDEND FROM THE FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS BANK.

The depositors in the Old Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company will be glad to see by the notice from the Home Savings Bank in another column that another dividend is now payable.

DIED.—At Hampton Institute, Va., June 28, 1880, of consumption, Ecorruptaha, (Mandna Indian, of Fort Berthold Agency, Dakota Territory), aged 20 years. His name, as given by the missionary at the Agency, should have been spelled "Ikadeptuha").

From the time of his arrival at the Institute, Ecorruptahn's conduct had been that of the quiet, cnreful, earnest student and worker. None of his teechers or those under whose direction he labored, had ever occasion to reprove or censure him, and among his fellow students of both races he was a favorite. Most of his working time was spent about the different steam engines on the place, as he seemed to like this employment, and it was thought that such knowledge as he would gain there would be of special value to him, and his race, on his return to it. But the Great Spirit had otherwise decreed. During the spring his health declined rapidly, but it was thought for some time that relaxation might bring improvemeat, and it was only when too weak to bear the removal, that any opportunity offered to send him to his home. But there was no repining. At his request he was baptized by Rev. Mr. Deanison, Chaplain of the Institute, on the evening of May 3d, and from that time, even more than before, he seemed at peace. Once, looking from the window of his room toward the cemetery, he said to those about him. "I go here, and (poiating upward) there, one day," and thus, ready, as we trust, for the change, he heeded the call of the Great Reaper and quietly, as if going to sleep, passed into the presence of him who knows no race or color but made of one blood all nations of men.

R.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM AFRICA. BELIEVES IN FOUNDATION WORK AND SELF-HELP. OUT IN THE BIG WOODS. NEAR ENOUGH TO AFRICA. A CENT WORTH A HUNDRED. THE SHADY SIDE. COLORED TEACHERS FOR COLORED CHILDREN. APPRECIATION OF HAMPTON GRADUATE TEACHERS. HIS BEST LICKS.

We are happy to say that the charms, etc., mentioned in the following letter have been received in good order, and will doubtless be objects of interest in the new school museum. We are much indebted to Mr. White for his kindness, and trust that his friends and fellow-students will not forget him in his lonely work.

MENDI MISSION, SHERBRO IS., W. C. A., } *May* 22, 1880. }

Dear General:—

I wrote you some time ago, and promised to send you some of the country charms. I send you by this mail two, which I hope you will receive in due time. The bead-like things are used by the Mooromen to tell whether your luck is good or bad. He counts them, and if they come out even your luck is good; if odd, you are sure to have some bad luck, and that right soon, unless you pay him a large sum of money, eight or ten shillings (which is $1.92 or $2.40), to make you a charm for you to wear, like the other which I send. This will keep away all bad luck and all sickness. The man whom I got it of told me that while I kept it about my bed, or about my body, I would never be sick or have any bad thing happen to me. Although I am running a great risk to send it away, *i. e.*, if his statement is true, I send it to you, hoping that it may have the same power on you as I was promised that it would have on me. I must say, though, it has altogether failed on me, for I have been sick and have suffered many losses since I have had this "Sabar" near me. I don't mean to say that it has done me any harm; but I do mean to say that it has done me no good. Yet the maker said it would be sure to do what he said it would.

I am, dear General, your pupil,

A. E. WHITE.

FOUNDATION WORK.

A young man who has had several years' experience in teaching, and is now at the head of a large school, writes thus sensibly of his work, and ambition, to a kind friend:

Dear Friend:—

My present work here consists chiefly in laying a good foundation. There is great need and room for better foundation work. Daily experience reveals the fact that the foundation is not good. Many teachers make a great mistake in teaching and trusting the young mind as they would that approaching maturity. Hence, they err; their strength is spent, and the seed falls to the ground instead of taking root in the child's mind. I introduced the use of the "Monroe Primer" in my school this week. The children relish it, and their teacher says that is a great auxiliary in the progress of the children and also a material aid to him in getting through with his classes. The Superintendent told the school yesterday that those that did not get their books, after a few days' indulgence would have to stop. I am certain that many could do better than they do in supplying themselves with the necessary books. Parents are neglectful; they need stirring up. To give some of them books would be feeding or humoring a habit that would not work to their good. The merit cards have astonishing influence in drawing out my Sunday-school scholars. Since the first were given there is a full class and interest.

The Superintendent says that the colored schools are doing more satisfactorily than the white schools in their county. A Normal Institute will be held in Lynchburg six weeks during the summer for all the colored teachers in the "Old Dominion." I hope to be there that I may add a ring. It will begin about the middle of July. I hope Hampton may be largely and intelligently represented. An Institute of the kind will be a great help to teachers, especially those that know something and want to learn more. If possible, I want to build in the spring. At my home there is a little talk of my school lasting longer than five months. I may know it for certainty soon. My third month closed on the 16th inst. with an average of 199.85; enrollment for the present month is 295; have over 250 present some days. By the aid of the globe I hope to make the two motions of the earth plain to my geography classes.

My health is good and I hope yours is the same.

Very gratefully yours, H.

NEAR ENOUGH TO AFRICA.

A young woman writes the following bright and graphic account of her varied experience to a friend, who kindly sends it to us:

VA.

My dear Miss L——:—

My B—— school closed the 6th of this month. I had an examination in the day and an exhibition at night; that is, the children entertained the people with singing, speaking, poetry, prose, dialogues, and a few corresponding tableau scenes. Both were largely attended, and the people manifested much delight in them, as they could not help doing, for the children did splendidly. I knew you would have been much affected, could you have looked in my school-room the day I closed; out of eighty odd scholars there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Some of them cried as if they were leaving their mothers. Nearly all of them gave me a little present. One little boy gave me *one cent*, and said he was ashamed to offer it, but it was all he had.

This place is six miles from B. I haven't many scholars yet, but expect a good number Monday morning. They have had schools down here, but it has been nearly two years ago. The people are grievously ignorant, and also poor. I never want to be any nearer Africa than I am now. I can now say and realize "The harvest is great and the laborers few." I feel that I have a broader field and more work than ever before, and, by the help of God, "Do more than ever" shall be my motto. I am right out in the big woods, where there is nothing to interest me but my work; but I am satisfied to stay here, for the Bible says, "They that are whole need no physician," and I am sure these people need me; so I am satisfied that here is work for me. Although I know that my strength is small, I know I am trusting in One who is able and will crown my efforts with success. I hope you will pray that He may strengthen me. I expect to teach five months down here.

Please let me hear from you when convenient. With warmest love, I am yours, J.

THE SHADY SIDE.

It is very difficult to keep a just idea of the state of things among the freedmen One is easily too much elated or too much depressed. There is, doubtless, great cause for encouragement in earnest work, but there is a vast amount of ignorance and poverty in the country and many dark corners. From one of them, a graduate teacher, naturally of a buoyant and cheerful disposition, writes:

VA., *March* 9, 1880.

Dear General:—

I am teaching a second school, which began on the 1st. I cannot say that I like this place at all, as it is one of the most destitute in the State. Fifteen years of freedom, with only a few exceptions, seem to have wrought no good, but indolence and neglect. They are wholly indifferent as to their own welfare and that of their children. The children seem anxious to learn, as some of them come three to five miles barefoot to school, and seem to endure the cold with a fortitude unknown to me. I requested the people three weeks ago to repair the school-room, which is the worst in the district, but they will not, so I shall have to do it myself. I bought the glass for the window yesterday.

You will please remember my application for two boys to come to Hampton. Have not been able to get a single subscriber to the WORKMAN, as literature with the unintelligent is so much "trash."

Let me hear from you soon, please.

Yours, with respect, B.

COLORED TEACHERS FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

Hampton has a few graduate teachers in Maryland. One of them writes as follows:

MD., *May* 17, 1880.

Dear Mr. B., My kind friend:—

Accept the thanks of a grateful community for your exceeding great kindness. I think my school is on the progressive. We received a visit from Mr. ——, the examiner, on one day of the present month. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the progress of my school. He has great faith in the ability of Hampton graduates as teachers of colored schools, which until recently were taught by whites. It is an undoubted fact that colored children make more rapid improvement under conscientious teachers of the same race than under white instructors. Mr. —— is cognizant of this and seeks to employ such teachers. The attendance at school this spring has been very meagre, the children having to remain at home to assist their parents on the farm.

With sincere wishes that you enjoy health and prosperity,

I am yours very gratefully, L.

——, MD. *April 5th* 1880.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong:

Dear Sir:—By my reading you will see that I am still at my old post, and still putting in my "best licks" for the welfare of and upbuilding of the race with which I am identified. I know that these "licks" are feeble compared with those of others, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am doing my best, or trying to, and that is all that is required.

My school kept up very well all winter, but is falling off in attendance a little at present, as the busy season is opening. The pupils have made as good progress as I could wish, and passed very creditably, a rigid written examination a few weeks ago. I am told by the examiner that nearly all the colored schools compared, very favorably with the whites in this country, and it is a fact of which we, the teachers who are nearly all Virginians, may be just a trifle proud.

The whites are principally of German and Dutch origin and mostly Republicans in politics. They are intelligent and liberal minded and seem to be willing to give their colored friends a chance for themselves if they will improve it. Among them I have made some very warm friends during the two years that I have been here.

I have tried to influence some of the parents here to send their children to Hampton, believing that the Hampton system would be the making of them, but they prefer Storer College as it is nearer. A few are waking up to the importance of giving their children a good education, and are willing to make a sacrifice for that purpose. Two of my most advanced scholars are preparing to enter Storer, next fall, and one, perhaps the succeeding fall. I can never thank you sufficiently for the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN," and the "EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL" of Va., both of which I have received regularly since I have been teaching and have always found them invaluable aids in my work. I subscribed for the "Md. *Journal*" last year. This year I have taken the Williamsport *Pilot* and the *People's Advocate*, and cannot but feel grateful to be so well supplied with reading matter.

Please present my respects to Miss M. and Miss L. Respectfully yours, W.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

[Written yearly by every student at Hampton to the friends whose contributions of $70 a year meet the estimated expense of a student's schooling, irrespective of board and personal expenses, which are paid by the student himself, partly in work.]

FROM A JUNIOR.

The modest beginning of this letter is not a bad preparation for its very brave close. This, like all the scholarship letters published in the WORKMAN, is given without correction.

Dear Friend:—

I am requested by General Armstrong to write this letter but I feel my deficiency so much that I hate to commence it. I am a boy seventeen years of age. My home is in Mecklenburg county, Virginia. My father's parents were free people but they died when he was very small. He was bound to the same man my mother belonged to until he was one and twenty years of age. He was a wagon boy from the time he went to Mr W.'s till he was large enough to drive horses himself. He was a wagoner till Lee surrendered and then as he had no team of his own to haul or farm with he was obliged to work with other men. I was his oldest son and as I was too small to work he had it all to do himself. As soon as I was large enough I went to work with him but as wages were very low we got little pay. When the Free School commenced in our neighborhood I could not go. I went to the exhibition when the first term ended. I enjoyed the exhibition very much and wanted to go to school very badly myself. My father told me that he was going to let me go the next year. He let me go but I could not go but two weeks. The next year I didn't go any. The fourth year I went two months and my father said that he was going to continue to let me go two months but as he was unable to do his being sick some winters would prevent my going, but as I had already learned some I could study each night and learn more alone. I continued so until last year I decided to come here. The number of months that I went to school before I came here is fifteen. I came here the first of October and entered the Junior class. I like this place splendidly but I am afraid I will not be able to stay here until I can graduate but can only try as I do every other thing that seems impossible. I am under many obligations to you for paying my tuition. I dont feel as if I can thank you enough.

Yours respectfully, B.

EFFORTS FOR AN EDUCATION

Another Junior thus describes his efforts to secure an education. Most of those who come to Hampton could tell of similar experiences.

My chances for school has been poor. When I did go it was for such short time that I did not advance fast. I have always liked to study, and desired to go to school, especially to some high school. When I arrived at the age of sixteen, my mother said that she desired that I should go to some school, that she did not have the means to send me, that I might go and accumulate all that I could honestly get; and go to school in order to educate myself. After leaving my mother, I went to live with a lawyer, and lived with him nearly two years, and when I told him that I wanted to leave, he said he liked me very much and desired that I should stay longer. When I told him my reason, he said he did not want to keep anyone from school though I might stay longer. Finding myself unready to go to school I applied to the Board of Examiners for a school and after being examined was awarded a third grade. I succeeded in getting a school about twenty miles above home. I taught four months, and got home by the first of June. The Patrons of the school desired that I should come and take charge again and teach two months, July and August. I accepted the offer and began school the first of July and closed by the first of September. I closed school with an examination and the people of the neighborhood gave a nice entertaining dinner. I went home in September and remained there till I came here.

My parents were free, and hence I was not a slave as most of the colored people were, but the chances of those who were free was but a small degree better than those who were slaves. I have lived in South Carolina since my birth, and can say the colored people of that section, though very ignorant is becoming more and more aroused upon the subject of education; and it will be my object here or at my other Institution, to acquire all the information that I can in order to teach them.

I am yours respectfully, W.

FROM A MIDDLER.

A young woman in the Middle class writes thus of her life.

Dear Friend:

My mother is a native of North Carolina, but was hired to a doctor in Va. in her fifteenth year. In a few years after, the war came on, at which time I was four years old. We then moved to Norfolk, and there stayed three years. I went to school while here three months, or long enough to learn my letters and spell in the Green Back Primar. After this we left Norfolk and went to live in the country to a district called Western Branch, which is about ten miles from Norfolk. Here we have been for the last fourteen years. Six years of this time I was sick and could not be of any service to my mother, who was not able to do very much for me, as her income came by the labor of her hands, and was almost on invalid herself. In all this time I have not been to school. In 1879 there was a very aged gentleman who came in the neighborhood and began to teach school in an old hut which had no windows doors or chimney. This I thought was a good chance for me to learn to write. For I thought if I could write I would be great. So I went to him about a month and learned a good deal considering the circumstances. Now I had to stop school and had to go in service.

There I stayed until the March of 1874, at which time I volunteered to learn something about education if possible. There was a very good day school kept by a West Indian in the neighborhood, and to him I went five months. He then died and left me to make another attempt. In the winter of the following year a native of the same islands came and took the place of the deceased. I made another trial. And in the fall of 1875 I became an assistant teacher in the same school in which I had been a scholar before. My salary was very small indeed; but as it was such a sudden step from where I had before been standing, I was thankful and made myself contented,—because I thought it was God's providence as I had prayed so often before for a way to be opened for me. This opportunity made me think that I would like to take a step higher. So I saved what I could within three five month sessions and came to Hampton Normal School on the 8th of March 1879 and entered the middle class. When school closed I went home to see my mother and stayed a week. I then came back to Hampton and remained the whole summer. My object for coming back was to earn something to assist me this term. So I did. Some of the time was very rugged but the best of it was very pleasant. I have learned since I have been here that this place is kept up in part by private individuals. You who receive this, I hope will feel that there is *one* repaying the benefit of your gifts that feels thankful both to you and God.

Yours respectfully V.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

WORK, MUSIC, NEW ARRIVALS, CARE OF SICK.

Ask the average American what he knows of the characteristics of the ancient Angles and Saxons, or the Romans, and he would not hesitate for an answer. Ask him what he knows of the real character of the American Indian, and he is confounded. To show the public that the Indian is a man, that he thinks, does wrong, does right, has a mind and hody capable of improvement, is the object of these "incidents."

VACATION.

Vacation to the Indians here does not mean a pleasant trip home, the meeting of parents and friends, or three or four months spent in idleness. To them it means work. No drones are allowed in this hive. The thirty boys who remain here are divided into three squads, who spend three weeks alternately in the country, in camp life, under the supervision of a teacher. This plan was tried last year and it works well. Two squads have already returned in an improved condition. The boys work eight hours a day, some working at their trades and the others on the farm. The wheelwrights, blacksmiths and carpenters are reported as doing exceedingly well. There is a general improvement in their work. It is seldom now that they have to be spoken to for any slackness. It is common to see five or six in a hoeing race, with the end of a beet or corn row for the goal.

SYMPATHIES.

Has the Indian any of the tender feelings? One or two examples will answer this question. Among the Indian chiefs who visited the school month before last, was an uncle of Frank Yellowbird, one of our students, whom he had not seen for two years. Their meeting was truly affecting. For five minutes they stood clasping each other's hands, unable to speak a word, and weeping as though their hearts would break, but with joy instead of sorrow.

The following notes written by some of the girls to Miss F——, one of their teachers, just before they started North, show something of their feeling towards their teachers:

"*Dear Miss F——:*—

"I never will forget you in my life, when I go home to Dakota I never will see you again, but if you are good and I am good we shall meet together in the heaven.

"SARAH WALKER."

"*Dear Miss F——:*—

"I never forget you because you my good teacher. My dear teacher please you help me pray every night. I go way to far away, when I come back here I glad to see you. I am very sorry for you to day. I hope you will see me again. I will trying hard to do right. I will keep your card. Good bye.

"JOSEPHINE MOLNOURY."

Many other such instances could be given to show that the Indian has all the feelings that any other race has. Cultivation is all that is needed.

CARE OF THE SICK.

During the late sickness of Ecorruptahah, White Breast was detailed to assist a colored student in waiting on him. It is surprising how well he performed his duty. A trained nurse would not have done better. He was almost never away from his bedside, unless made to go. If I went into his room at midnight, or early in the morning, I found White Breast near the bedside. He was unwilling to trust anyone else with the care of his patient. He seemed to anticipate his smallest wants and was always ready to administer to them. Nothing has so strengthened my confidence in the civilization of the Indians as the actions of this boy around the bed of his sick friend.

MUSIC.

The following report on their progress in music is made by Mr. Hamilton, who taught them vocal music last term:—

"While much has been said, from time to time, concerning the progress of the Indian students at Hampton in their studies, but little or nothing has been said about their study of music. In this, as in other studies, some love it, and show much aptness; others care little for it, and were it not for the calling of the roll, would never be present when the time comes for singing: in this, they are like other people. Some of the boys and girls who have attended the agency and mission schools have learned to play quite creditably on the organ and piano by note. One of the young men plays the organ in their Sabbath-school, held every Sunday by Rev. Mr. Gravatt.

"Let us now look at the singing class and see what they are doing. The roll is called, and we begin by drawing five lines, and asking, 'What is that?' A few voices answer, 'Staff,' followed very quickly by many others giving the same answer. This being made clear to all, we continue the lesson. The *G* clef is next put on the blackboard—not on the staff, as that, and they are taught the names of the lines and spaces as they are when this clef is used. It is somewhat amusing to hear them trying to say the word *clef*. Some, more persevering than others, continue to say it over until it is said correctly; while some, with a shake of the head, give it up. It is quite a study to observe the facial expressions of satisfaction or disappointment at their success or failure.

"Well, having found names for all the lines and spaces, together with the first added line below the staff, the scale of *C* is written upon the staff, ascending and descending. The syllable names are said over and over, until all are able to repeat them quite readily; then the singing commences. Having sounded the *do* and sung the scale over several times, they are required to imitate. Imagine fifty or sixty musicians with as many instruments, including all kinds, taking them, without being tuned, and attempting to play, and you will have some idea of the effect produced by these untuned voices. Nor is there much improvement with the second and third trial. And for a considerable time some will sound the 3d and 5th of the scale instead of the 1st. 'Patience and perseverance conquer all things,' it is said. After resorting to the use of various syllables used in vocalization, such as *a, e, o* and *ah*, first spoken, then sung, I succeed in getting their ears trained and voices tuned, so that the scale is sung smoothly and correctly, ascending and descending. This course is repeated nearly every time they meet for a singing lesson. Whole notes are employed in writing the scale, without saying anything about their value or time name. For some time they are drilled on the scale in this simple form, then half-notes are introduced. A teacher is at no little disadvantage in that he can do but little explaining by words. The lesson must be put on the board and then sung, requiring them to watch carefully the manner in which it is done and then to imitate. Most of them seem to enjoy this to an unusual degree, counting and beating time. But if they get to a place in an exercise that is a little difficult, while they are trying to think it out their hands will pause, the time drag, and then, if you don't push them, they will drag to the end.

"During the term considerable advancement is made. Towards the letter part of the term just past many of them could tell the names of the various characters as fast as they could be put on the board, and sing the scale and other exercises readily and in time. Taking advantage of times when the organ would not be locked, many of them have learned to play by ear such tunes as 'Martin,' 'Sweet by and by,' &c.

"They show no little fondness for the Plantation Melodies sung by the colored students, 'Hail! Hail! Hail!' 'I wonder where shall I go,' and 'Who'll join the Union?' being special favorites. And passing any of them, girls especially, a little before the hour for singing, I would be besieged on every side to sing one or all of the above pieces 'to-night at singing-school.' I taught them a verse of each piece, and they might be heard almost any time singing,—

"'Roll up, Jordan, roll up high,
Roll up, Jordan, let me by,
To ease my trouble in mind.'

"Or,—

"'Look up yonder what I see,
Bright angels coming after me;
I'm on my journey home.'

"Many of the Moody and Sankey songs were taught them by their teachers, and these we can hear ringing about the buildings, not in strict time, however. Those who were taught to read in the Dakota language before coming here are often heard singing hymns in that language to such familiar tunes as 'Arlington,' 'Autumn,' 'The Missionary Hymn,' &c.

"We sometimes get them to sing some of their war and love songs. These songs are very strange and almost indescribable, the attempt to write them being well nigh a hopeless one; though I have succeeded in taking down the words and notes of two 'love songs' and have a third nearly completed. As they become educated, they don't care to sing these songs, especially the war songs—which are accompanied by slapping the hands and stamping the feet, ending with a yell that is rather startling when heard for the first time.

"Educate the Indian and the Negro, and with the spirit shown by each at this Institution, I am willing to leave the questions as to their future to them, without any fears as to the result.

R. R. H."

HAWAIIAN MISSIONARIES.

NEW ARRIVALS.

Since our last report we have had five new arrivals—three boys and two girls, from the Winnebago and Omaha Agencies. Neither of these tribes has been represented here before. Two of the boys go at the carpenter's trade, and the other one, by his own choice, is learning engineering. The average health of the boys is not very good, but all of them seem bright and earnest, and now that the first few days of homesickness are over, they take hold as if to make the best of their time while here.

Some of the actions of the new boys, before they get initiated into the habits of civilized life, are quite amusing to the old boys, who forget that it has been but a few months since they acted in the same way. Their fun began when one little fellow, who evidently meant to begin his life at Hampton by doing his work well at the table, for that purpose, left his coat in his room.

The little fellow was the object of much admiration from the other boys, and he unconsciously furnished them much amusement during the whole meal. The older boys were particularly interested in the inspection of rooms the first two or three mornings after the arrival of the new boys. When it came to the inspection of the new boys' rooms the older boys would crowd around the door to see what strange sights could be seen—and they did not look in vain. For instance, one boy made up his bed and left both sheets and the pillow-case off; another insisted on covering his pillow with the blanket, and all would forget to sweep their floors. Things went on in this way for several mornings without improvement, and I had to turn the joke on the old boys by making them take the new boys for roommates and teach them to keep house. Now, the smoothness of their beds and the neatness of their rooms would teach a lesson to some lady housekeepers.

EVENINGS.

After eight and a-half months' hard study during school, the Indians are not pushed much in that line during vacation. Still, no time is left for weeds to grow. Many little things that tend to elevate them are artfully pushed in. Monday and Thursday evenings the boys and girls meet together in a large room for games. These meetings have a good effect upon their social natures, and help in a great degree to give the boys a more civilized opinion of the girls. Checkers, dominoes, and "words and sentences" are played with a good degree of skill; while "Clap in and clap out," "Go bang" and "Simon says thumbs up" are enjoyed to such an extent that they dislike bed time to come. But the bell rings and they must go. Before departing, all join merrily in a pleasant hymn, then come the "good nights," and all leave, benefited in more ways than one. Friday nights they have prayer-meeting, which is well attended and much interest is shown in it. Sunday nights they have a Bible story or a short talk on some other subject; this, mixed in with the singing, they like very much. At one of their meetings considerable anxiety was felt as to who should lead the singing, their teachers not being experts in that line; this anxiety was pleasantly removed when one of the boys boldly led off, followed in a good chorus by the others. The singing at most of their meetings is led by one of the boys or girls. The girls and the new boys have object lessons for an hour four days in the week.

WINS A PRIZE.

The untutored Indian is anything but a graceful walker. Take off his moccasins and put shoes on him, and he does not know how to use his feet. When the boys and girls are first brought here it is curious to see in what a bungling way they go up and down stairs, throwing their feet in all sorts of directions as if they had no control over them. In marching out of the dining-room they excel in *not* keeping step to the music. They will either take two steps while the others take one, or *vice versa*. Yet after a few months' training quite an apparent change is made. They hold themselves more erect, step firmer and more surely.

One of the chief features of an entertainment given in Virginia Hall recently, was a jumping match and a promenade, with a prize for the six most graceful couples. The Indians did not succeed very well at raising themselves three or four feet from the ground. They entered the walking match, with twenty-five or thirty other couples, with more determination. After all had gracefully moved around the room to the tune of "Grants' Grand March," came the decision of the judges, and all were surprised and gratified at the announcement that gave Mr. Alexander Peters and Miss Mary Goulet, both Indians, the fourth prize. They walked politely up to the stand and received their prize amid the cheers of the colored and Indian students.

D. T. W.

LETTERS FROM INDIAN STUDENTS.

The Indian students were all requested this year to write something like a "scholarship letter" to the friends whose bounty had applied the deficit of Government aid to them. Some wrote in English, and others who were unable or too shy to do this wrote or dictated in Dakota which was then translated. The result has been a very interesting set of letters, one or two samples of which we give, of each kind.

IN ORIGINAL ENGLISH.

The first specimen was written in English by a young man of nineteen, from Standing Rock Agency, Dakota, a Blackfeet Sioux, a half-breed with apparantly Irish blood. He did not know any English and had never been to any school before he came to Hampton. He is very diligent and has made good progress in every respect.

My Dear Fviend;

Indian boys to come here and to learn speak English and I am like to try to study every morning and every afternoon all Indian boys to going to work hard and the boys all like to work hard and Because the all boys want mony and when I work try to be like to work and I like to school very much and work I read and when I talk English and I like to speak English and the all boys and girls to learn to speak English very well and all boys and girls like to Hampton school

from your ever Dear friend
JOHN PLEATS.

A TRANSLATED LETTER.

The sister of the young man who wrote the above, prefarred to write in her own language, by dictation to a companion. She is sixteen years old, and has made very marked progress. She could have written in English, but her letter is interesting as giving freer expression to her thought than if it had been in a language foreign to her.

Dear friend:

This day I was very glad. I want to write to you. The house we stay in is very

nice. We want to learn and we all came a great way from Dakota to learn something. Now I have learned something sad I am glad. Some of the Indians at home don't try to learn anything. If they would try to learn at home, they could learn something but they don't try. Once I was an Indian girl; now I'm learning white people's way. I always try to do right. I have a mother and sisters. I left them and came way over here to learn. The house where we stay is very nice. I never get lonesome. I like to stay here and I don't tell my father and mother I am sick or anything false. I don't want to make them sorry. I always try to tell the truth. The lady who takes care of us is a nice lady. I am always happy. When I was at home, I tried to be good, but I wanted to come here to learn. I have learned something now and I am very glad. You sent us some things. I am very glad you sent them to us. I thank you very much. I can't say much this time. I wish I could. I shake hands with you this day. I don't know you, but if you will write to me, the teacher will tell me. I was very sorry when I first come here. I didn't like it, but I like it now. We have stayed here so long I don't think about my home so much. I am always happy. I am trying to learn to write good and I think about good things. I don't want to do anything bad in this place where I stay. God sees me whether I am bad or good. I pray to God when I am bad. Sometimes I am bad, but I try to be good, and I am trying to learn something. When we have learned we shall know something. I am always happy. That's all I am going to say. I shake hands with you.

ROSA PLEETS.

FORT BENNETT, D. T., *Aug.* 13, 1880.

Editor of Workman:—

It may be a matter of interest to you, as evidencing the improvement is tone and disposition of the Cheyenne River Sioux Indians and the confidence of army officers in the genuineness of same, to learn that the Indian hunting party, which has just returned from a three weeks' hunt, was given arms and ammunition by military authorities and sent out under the charge of an army officer, who was the only white man with the party. Many of the members of the party took an active part in the Custer massacre four years ago, and the officer reports that they all were obedient and cheerful during the entire trip and gave him no trouble whatever. The party was quite successful, killing 634 deer and antelope, and there is general rejoicing among the Indians. Their crops have done fairly well in spite of the long drought. New claims are being located by the Indians, and the general outlook is decidedly encouraging.

I remain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. LER. BROWN,
Lt. 11th Infantry.

HAWAIIAN MISSIONARIES.

In Gen. Armstrong's letter for this month our readers will notice that he speaks of going on board the "Morning Star" to say goodby to the missionaries who were sailing for the Gilbert Islands. Among these missionaries were a native Hawaiian minister and his wife who in starting upon their perilous and self-sacrificing labors are but following in the footsteps of those noble spirits among their fellow countrymen, who from time to time, since the Christianization of Hawaii, have been moved to assist their white teachers and pastors in their attempt to establish permanent missionary stations upon various heathen and cannibal islands, lying South and West of the Hawaiian group. The native missionaries are in many respects better fitted to the work than are the whites, and in connection with the accompanying portrait group, we are very glad to be able to give a detailed account of the men and their work, taken from the "*Missionary Herald.*"

"Micronesia means the 'Little Islands.' They are a group of islands in the Pacific ocean five thousand miles South west from San Francisco. The people who inhabit them were wild and dark, both in mind and body. Some were copper-colored, some olive. Their eyes were black, their hair black and straight, and their almost naked bodies were tattooed. They believed in spirits, and set up stones in honor of them, to which they brought offerings. Most of these islands were built by the coral insect, and are low and barren, lying flat upon the sea, and having a great lagoon, or lake, in the center. On the island of Apaiang the soil is so poor that, even in that tropical climate, there are only twenty-five kinds of growing things, including every shrub and weed. Neither horses, cows, or sheep can live there long. So there is no fresh beef or mutton, and one of the first missionaries nearly starved on Apaiang. There was food, but it was not of a kind to nourish him. The *Morning Star* arrived just as he was sinking away. His wife carried on board, and fed with the milk of a cow until able to bear solid food: and so his life was saved.

"On those green rings of coral islands there are no hills or streams; few land birds and few flowers. You would see no villages. At a mission station you might find a church, a house for the missionaries, a house for strangers, a store, and five or six small native houses, and the natives call that 'city great!'

"The other islands, such as Kusaie and Ponape, are volcanic and have mountains two or three thousand feet high. They are covered with forests, and are alive with birds of bright plumage and sweet song. There are the bread-fruit, banana, cocoanut, lemon, orange, and other tropical growths, with a great variety of timber trees. But even here there are no cultivated fields or pleasant towns. The people build their little reed houses under the trees, and pull up a few reeds around them, in order to plant bananas and yams, the vines of which they train upon the trees.

"WHAT THE MISSION HAS DONE FOR THE ISLANDS.

"In 1873, at the end of twenty-six years, there were six American and thirteen Sandwich Island missionaries in Micronesia. They had reduced four of the languages to writing—for the islands have different dialects—and had translated the new Testament and many books and Christian songs. There are thirty-four churches and about fifteen hundred church-members. Many hundred of the natives can read well, and on some of the islands all the population are in school. The churches have themselves begun the work of foreign missions, and have sent ten teachers from their own number to heathen islands.

"THE PONAPE BANDS OF MISSIONS.

"At their Monthly Concerts in 1874 they contributed nearly one thousand dollars for supporting their missionaries. Most noted among these teachers are Opatiia, and his wife, Princess Opatiia. Opatiia is a simple, sincere, honest Christian, and his noble wife has long been an efficient teacher. She was born to good King Hezekiah while he was a bloody chieftain, and was one of the earlier ones, with him, to embrace Christianity. The missionaries have sent to America photographs of Opatiia and the teachers. In the picture of the group of native missionaries, Opatiia (Obadiah), the husband of the princess, sits in the center. On the right stands David, on the left is Moses of Mokil, and at his feet sits Moses of Ponape.

"In less than five years, these Ponape Christians had established seven churches with 338 communicants on the Mortlock Islands, and one church with 272 members on Pingelap. The rude, wild people support their teachers; build them houses, bring them food and do their work that they may be free to teach. Even in time of famine, when the people were starving, the teachers were not left to suffer. There are now fifteen hundred members of native churches in Micronesia."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HONOLULU, OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS,
June 21, 1880.

A feature here is the Hawaiian Missionary Children's, or "Cousins'" Society, composed of the descendants of the missionaries. It numbers nearly three hundred; its members are scattered over the world, but most of them live here. It is a band of union between them, holding absent ones in a kind remembrance, reporting annually the whereabouts of those in foreign parts, and keeping all in sympathy with each other. It is religious, literary and patriotic. It helps the needy, discusses questions of the day, and develops home talent through its manuscript periodicals. I was President of it in 1858, and found the old circle extremely pleasant; the welcome to the returning wanderer is delightful.

This afternoon the *Morning Star* sailed for the Western Pacific islands with two white and one native families, missionary reinforcements to the Gilbert Islands, and a year's supply for the thirteen laborers already in the field; for those islands produce nothing that a civilized man can eat. At the farewell on board were gathered about a hundred and fifty natives and some fifty whites. Brief addresses were made by the brave men who, with their wives, had given themselves to their Master's work on remote and barren islands. They seemed the happiest people on board. Those who devote themselves wholly to doing good appear to have the best time of it in this world. While many of us are ready to work for others we must keep the flesh pots in sight. A country is made better and richer by every act of sacrifice of its people. It is stupid to say, "Let the missions do good at home," because charity begins there. Every one who goes to the heathen fills his place at home ten times over by the reaction of his example. People need examples of men who take stock in their faith. A country, like a man, gains by what it gives. "He that loses his life shall gain it" is sound common sense. The Hawaiian churches are vitalized by the men and the means they send to the savage islands to the west. Rev. Geo. L. Chaney of Boston, an Unitarian minister, on a recent visit to these islands, declared that he saw here what gave life to the American churches—missionary work—and that his own denomination needed it. Mission work pays, counting only the influence of it at home. No philosopher advocates it, because mere philosophy does not contain the secret of power; or, if it points it out, does it as an anatomist dissects, as a fact and not as a force. The civilizations of the Pacific is the result of missions of faith.

After the "Cousins'" meeting a party of us went to a genuine native feast at the house of a Hawaiian lady, who is the flower of her race, the daughter of a high chief, married to an American. Her house is very beautiful. Commanding all the resources of Kanaka art, she spread before us *poi*, varieties of fish and many island dainties cooked in the native style, by which every flavor is preserved and food is most palatable and wholesome.

Yesterday I stood in the pulpit where my father preached for over twenty years and talked to the people through the pastor who interpreted. The Hawaiians formerly looked up to the missionaries as chiefs. We, their descendants, have from the older natives a heritage of affection for our fathers' sakes, and are called by them their "*keike*" (children); the devotion of some of the old people is touching. But things have changed. They are like grown up children, kindly intentioned, but with many foolish notions, and are inclined to distrust foreigners, through whom both evil and good have come to their country.

June 23d.—My old companions being mostly settled in life, with families, had done little riding of late years, but last evening we had a grand horseback party by moonlight. Rendezvousing at "Sweet Home" in the valley, twenty well mounted couples, eight abreast, came thundering down Nuuanu street, the most beautiful avenue I ever saw, arched over in places with great tropical branches, meeting on every side, inspired, both horses and riders with the resounding echoes of our animals' feet: it was like a cavalry charge. We rode five miles to Waikiki, the Hawaiian Newport. How can I describe the scene! Cantering through the cocoanut groves whose long, graceful shadows lay on the velvety turf, we reached the beach, walked by the waves, whose lullaby soothes scores of people who have built or are building cottages at the water's edge; entered Kapiolani park and struck the mile race course at about 8 o'clock, taking two turns around it, riding ten abreast, except when the young irrepressibles would dash to the front and away. It is finely turfed, without a particle of dust. The park is at the foot of Diamond Head, an extinct volcano. The course leads close under the magnificent brow of this crater that lifts its awful face or crest like an altar for the worship of God. The ocean dashes against its base; it stands alone, a prumuntory detached from the mountains. It is circular in form, rough, rocky and steep—a symbol of grandeur. The full moon shone right over its summit, turning into shadow the side next to us. We galloped up to it, skirted the spurs that buttress it, then turned our horses' heads away, facing a range of mountains and looking into the heart of Manoa valley. Heavy black clouds frowned and threatened rain, but seemed to refrain for our sakes. Returning from the park to the cocoanut grove, we gave our prospective hostess a horseback serenade, after the old fashion, and were soon cordially received in the charming seaside cottage of the Minister of the Interior. The floor capacity of a commandious house was doubled by a verandah or *lanai* about sixty feet square, where we had games for a couple of hours, repeating our pleasures on the *Zealandia*. Directly in front was the Pacific Ocean. I stood by the waves, looking at dark old Diamond Head across a bay whose waters were turned by the reflected moonlight into a sheet of silver; on the left stood thousands of stately cocoanut trees like tall plumed knights set to guard forever a land that was not meant for all the modern improvements. It was like a fairy land. Many times others, as well as myself, have wished that our faithful Treasurer and Vice Principal at Hemptoa, General Marshall, with his wife, could revisit their home of twenty years at these islands; they would have a great ovation. I don't know how many little couples or groups, taking it easily, lingering in the moonlight—then goodnight and sweet dreams.

Last week I attended a review of a portion of the Hawaiian army, some 120 men acting as uniformed and well drilled. The King takes great interest in military matters, drills his men personally and desires, it is said, an increase of force and forts. The review was given for the benefit of the Legislature.

HAIKU PLANTATION, MAUI, *June 25th.*

In 1832, nearly fifty years ago, my parents lived on this spot, in a little thatched hut, on the bare ground, trying to lift up the heathen who swarmed on these foot-hills and slopes. After a few years of hard work these idolaters took kindly to missionary influence, gave up many cruel and low practices, and aided in building a huge stone church. Heavy timbers were brought from up the mountain side, across ravines and gulches, by volunteers, on their backs. They dove into the sea for coral to make lime and mortar. My father used to tell of the time when a gale destroyed the roof which had just been finished with great toil; how a meeting was called, and the natives, inspired by a chief, went back to the mountains for fresh timbers. To-day, the stones of that church are part of a sugar mill; the camping ground of the savage is covered with sugar-cane and dotted with charming residences. Young ladies practise archery where the savage threw his spear. These sweetly embowered cottages are connected by telephones, through which there is pleasant evening chat. A magnificent mill, costing over $200,000, is not far off; the smoke stacks of many others can be counted from the top of this house. Great patches of green cane are spread over the mountain side, and thousands of laborers are busy in the fields and mills. Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and South Sea Islanders have been scraped together, for the supply of labor is short; 5,000 more are now needed in these islands. The workmen have the advantage, and, as a class, are low, and, to some extent, demoralized. The laborer must have an advance of two or three months' wages and is liable to run away. The planter can, by law, imprison the runaway; without this law, he could do nothing. Wages average $18.00 a month, and unrestedly rising.

The Chinese are somewhat tricky: they often leave after getting their advance, and always protect each other from the law. They are shrewd, make the most money they can, and are doing a dreadful business by way of peddling bad rum, which pays better than regular work. Still, they are great producers. The Japanese are excellent, and the Portuguese do well, but are fussy about food, and bigoted Catholics. The South Sea Islanders are degraded and die off easily, but are doing something: those from low equatorial islands are poor; those from higher lands and latitudes are better. What changes in fifty years! The gradual decrease of natives from 80,000 in 1830 to 44,000 now, the proportion of males to females as nearly three to one, the great commercial stimulus by way of profits on sugar, breaking up homestead life, massing the people on plantations, weakening them individually by making them parts of a vast machine, their white friends becoming their task masters, their increasing distrust of foreigners and the loss of missionary influence over them, are facts for the friends of these islanders to ponder.

Yesterday I attended the annual exercises of the Makawao Female Seminary for Hawaiian girls. There were about forty of them, from six to twenty years of age. They were bright and pleasing; most had white blood in their veins. There is so much of brains among these people. Under Miss Carpenter's care they have learned English rapidly and improved in many ways. There were on exhibition specimens of exquisite cooking and handiwork. This is a first-rate school; private, but aided by the government. Riding up to it a veteran missionary said to me, "These girls' schools are the last hope of the Hawaiian race." The girls need watching and more in danger without it. They don't dare educate the sexes together here. I believe this is a blunder. The girls are weak when they leave school. Mingle the sexes, satisfy human nature in a reasonable way, fit them for life by living as they will have to live, and they will have more character. With co-education of the sexes at Hampton we don't have a tenth part of the trouble they have here. People become trustworthy by being trusted; they learn to swim by going into the water. They learn life's lessons in life and not out of it. The disproportion of sexes is this kingdom makes the future of these girls most critical. They are watched and hounded and approached with all the skill that many base men can command, and they are weak themselves. The only thing to do is to do more. To form men and money into powerful schools for practical Christian education for this race. Half the day for study and half for work.

I am sitting on a piazza in a beautiful garden very near where my parents once lived in a wretched hut. My host and hostess are children of my father's compatriots. He has 400 laborers of all nationalities, and two huge mills, under his care, which would, in the South, give him the rank of Colonel at least. But, out here, whatever we are or have been—foreign ambassadors, clergymen, judges of the Supreme Court, planters, merchants, or brigadier generals—we are all called by our old school names, Frank, Bill, Joe, Henry, Sam, &c.

How happy are the little ones about me running around barefoot! They have everything they want, but they don't want shoes. I was brought up barefoot, from missionary impecuniosity, but am thankful for it. The touch of mother earth is full of health. How we could climb trees, run races, swim, ride horseback on goats, donkeys and horses, explore the forest and gorge, and never were seriously hurt. The shod child is half a prisoner.

This plantation of 7,000 acres, besides 3,500 acres of woodland, lies upon the ocean, sloping in a steep bluff which falls into deep blue

water. From the bluff there is a steady ascent of eighteen miles to tha top of Haleakela (House of the Sun) over which the god of day rises,—hence the name. We are a mile from the sea cliff; my eyes command a sweep of forty degrees of horizon, broken on the left by the Wailuku mountain, from which Heleakala is separated by a narrow neck of sand. I have revelled in tha expanse of sea before me, as well as in the two majestic mountains that stand out in tha morning, clear, cloudless, sublime. This is my dreamland. Hera my happiest days as a boy were passed, on the slopes of the grand old mountains. I used to inspect the sugar houses and knew the bliss of tha cane juice in every stage of its change; I explored dark, deep gorges, bathed in purest water that looked black from tha shadow in which it lay under tha rocks; rode horses, and donkeys when I couldn't get horses; perched in trees and chewed sugar-cane by the hour; rode five miles to church on Sundays through the forest, and wished it was ten. The preacher was an abolitionist who would take no selery from a society sided by slaveholding means, and had a herd time of it—always prayed for tha slave. An acre of rose-bushes, a forest of fig-trees made his place more attractive. I have longed for this visit for many a year and cannot yet realize that I am in an ideal land. But my mule is ready: now for the mountain-top and a tough jaunt!

Top of Haleakala.

Ten thousand feet from tha sea level! Before and beneath us is an army of clouds, islands and sea, forming a magnificent panorama. The clouds are at our feet; beyond, the earth appears—then the ocean stretches away for 200 miles, rising like a great blue wall, lifting volcanic islands into the air. Turning, I look down into an extinct crater 2,500 feet below, seven miles in diameter, filled with cones and lava beds and walled up with decaying rocks, on parts of which scant vegetation appears which supports herds of wild goats. But the grandest sight of all is the twin mountains of Hawaii, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, across a sea channel thirty miles wide. Clouds are gathered about their base, but the ragged crest of Mauna Kea, and the perfectly smooth and symmetrical dome of Mauna Loa, both about 15,000 feet high, sit upon the clouds looking down on us and receiving our homage. We lodged last night at "Olinda," eight miles from the summit, at a pleasant country house 4,000 feet above the sea, where the air is perfect and worth a pilgrimage from afar to get; reached the top as the sun rose out of the clouds, and held our peace and witnessed one of earth's grandest sights. We have lingered here about three hours and shall soon descend into the crater, to go with trusty guides through the labyrinth below and out of the exit opposite where an ancient irruption forced a passage. We shall throw stones into the "bottomless pit," stumble over lave beds, and pity our horses, hoping for rest and water beyond.

Kaupa, *Monday.*

Yesterday's ride was the roughest we ever had; so say we all, and most of us have done much herd riding. We skirted the rim of the crater for three miles over sharp lava beds, rising steadily, feasting our eyes on grandeur, disappointed only in not seeing the horizon line which rises to the level of the eye and creates the effect of a vast amphitheatre, the blue ocean meking the sides, and the mountains a throne or rostrum in the centre. But tha vast and veried masses of clouds below broke away enough to reveal the land and part of the sea and four islands. Every few rods brought us to the edge of the crater, opening up new views of this great grim workshop of the Titans. Friday we entered it, descending slowly over 2,000 feet on gravel slopes; then round for six miles amid cones and miniature volcanoes and crossing lava flows. Wa collected specimens of the silver sword thet grows in gravel where nothing else will; it is a rare and beautiful shrub of perhaps five hundred silvered needles, each one from six to fourteen inches in length; to get one home unharmed is a triumph. At tha exit of the crater was a descent of 8,000 feet wbieb took six hours. In the fog our guides missed tbe trail, and horses and mules went limping, climbing, struggling, over what would have been called impassable lava beds. Whet men and animals can do in emergency is wonderful.

Wet and weary we reached the thatched house of the native minister et this place, Rev. Mr. Puhi, thankful that not a horse or rider in our party of eleven—four of them ladies—had been injured. Being one of my father's old retainers, and having had a message, Mr. Puhi not only gave up his house to us and killed tha fatted pig, but had arranged two meetings for Sunday, one hora and one towards evening at Kipuhulu, some distance beyond. Here was Hawaiianism pure and simple. To the ladies was assigned the raised end of the house, some two feet from the floor, protected by a calico curtain. The rest of us had the further end. Hungry as beers, we hurried out the things and feasted after thirteen hours in the saddle; our animals were in the greenest of pastures. A pig was sacrificed and cooked in native style; a sight of great interest to the young lady from Massachusetts. A pile of stones placed over a wood fire was soon red hot; half e dozen were thrown inside tbo pig; a little water poured in, and it was placed, with potatoes, on the stones in a bed of lava, covered with damp material and heaped up with old matting and left to steam. There is no more perfect cooking than this. As it grew late the natives dropped in, squatting on the mats, *a la Turk*, watching and discussing us. Soon each one was stretched out, enjoying tha delicious *lomi-lomi* or movement cure of the Hawaiians, who are perfect in this art which they hava practiced for centuries. Our muscles are kneaded from head to foot as we lay in bliss on the mats. How it rested us! The tired feeling was taken awny: it was most opportune for the ladies. When the two women were kneading the rested who my father was, they wailed, and cried "Your father was our father," and called their children to come and help, till I counted six at work—two at my shoulders, two at my feet, and two at my thighs. With a variety of songs by our party, by the native children present, and e prayer by the venerable preacher, we were left to our rest. Their language was formed for idolatrous worship, which occupied most of the time of the heathen Sendwich Islenders. It is full of words ascribing homage, and praise and adoration, and as a prayer language is remarkable. I like to listen to the prayers of the natives. They render a homage that we cannot. A feature of our reception was a band of four small boys, who, with two flutes and a bass and snare drum, played "Marching through Georgin" for two hours with great spirit, marking time vigorously with their bare feet, unconscious of their ragged picturesqueness and of the proper limits of things.

A congregation of about 100 natives gathered at Kaupa church, a plain stone building standing on a rocky promontory, a favorite resort of chiefs in old times, for its cool breezes and heavy surf. Our party furnished one hymn, the people another. Notice having been given to that effect, I addressed them. It is easy to talk to people whom my father had often visited, for whom they had a still fresh affection, for many remembered him twenty yenra after his death. We came mounted to church, and after it rode ten miles to meet another congregation by appointment. The rond ran zig-zag, up and down steep ridges, giving from the summit fine views of the ocean and of mountain scenery, then lead us into the depths of luxuriant valleys. At Kipuhulu were nearly 200 natives who gave us a cordial welcome, singing, as we entered, their national hymn to "America." My discourse was rather a dinlogue, at times spicy and interesting. I asked them, among other things, the causes of decrease among their people, for I had looked down from the mountains upon the plains and valleys and had seen a sad desolation. There were few houses where I used to see scores. There were on every side the lines of rock showing where houses and gardens had been. They said, "*Pau i ka make*" (all are dead): many had gone to the plantations. One said that there were no good doctors near, so they sent for the native medicine men and they killed the people. Another said that there were very few children born. They admitted that much rum was secretly bought by the natives; that bad men had things very mueb their own way. I told them that in every other enlightened country in the world the people were increasing, because there were, in spite of many evil doers, enough industrious, moral people to maintain morality and decency. Such an element is wanting here. At the first meeting six pet dogs assisted. Varieties of the yellow dog species hera take tha place occupied in other countries by poodles, kittens, canary birds and pets of all kinds. I was amused by the look of injured innocence of these dogs, who, the occasion being speciel, were driven out by a berefooted deecon on tiptos, who "shoo'd" at them with a threatening wave of his hat. This they could not understend, and slipped in between his legs, or watched patiently at the door. During the service there was one dog fight outside, and would have been one inside but for a rush of the nimble deacon end a wild fling of his hat. The natives see notbing funny in this.

Many of these people bed known my fether, remembered me, and, after tbe service, they gave me an nrgent call to leava Americe and return to this country. The simplicity end naturelness of these people helps one to get into charmingly simple end neturel relations with them. We spent the night at the house of the Rev. Mr. Iokepe (Joseph), a graduate of the Theological School, who bad paid his way at the seminary by working in my mother's gerden. He is a young nativa and gives excellent promise of usefulness as pastor of the Hana church. He lives in a well built frame house. He and his wife devotgel themselves to us. Chickens, squid, *poi*, *taro* and sweet potatoes were heaped before us. Monday noon we reached Hana and were heartily welcomed by the proprietor of the Hana plantation, a Dane, whose kind bospitality we shall long remember. He has a charming home, a prosperous business, but is quite out of the world and our visit was a novelty. He is said to amuse himself by singing the strains of the Marseillaise Hymn at almost any time. His generosity was princely: we must stay several days; he was amazed at our rash intention to go on over the terrible roads before us. The luneh was delicious; the burst of song as wa prepared to leave was merry, for our fellowa knew the collega songs, and the Dane was up in "Gaudeamus" and "Lauriger Horatius"; the closing scene of a cross between a Virginia Reel and a war dance, and the embraca of our host and the son of a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, who is a blue poncho passed as a lady, can better be imagined than described.

Better tbaa ever fixed for our journey, wa moved on through miles of tropical vegetation, chiefly *lauhala* trees and never ending guava bushes, their stems festooned with vines, looking like n forest of May poles, till we reached tho *patis*. These are the precipitous, nearly perpendieular sides or ridges between magnificent valleys; on which frowning volcanic rocks are mingled with luxuriant ferns and foliage of richly contrasting colors; receding upwards to the source near the summit of Haleakela; and suddenly ending seaward in precipices of 1,000 or 2,000 feet that fall sheer into the blue ocean, so deep that a three-decker ship of the line could lie alongside. Sometimes the ridge would be like a knife edge, with e precipice on both sides; sometimes many rods in width, from which we could look far out upon the sea to the horizon line. Then we would descend the rough zigzag road cut out of the *pali* side; before us, easeades leaping into the valley below; at the bottom, a dark depth of forest and resounding water, and a terrible crossing over the stones.

Sometimes a few rods of level, grassy land at the bottom would separate the palis, the cataract above would become a sweet and quiet stream winding to the sea to meet huge waves from the North Pacific that threw themselves upon the pebbly shore making as they receded, a noise like the rattle of musketry. It was grand to look upon this: the deep gorge, or the lovely valley, the waterfall on the left and on the right the broad ocean, and the foam line of furious waves as they charged upon the rocks below, their crests rising in a sort of passion, like a line of wild horses, as they struck the crag or beach. A sand beach is tame coupared with this. Twenty times we pauting led on our patient animals up most outrageous roads to their dizzy heights, to be fanned by a delicious mountain breeze, then down to the sea level close to the breakers to the next ascent.

There were hours of work and but little progress. The roads had not been repaired for about ten years: for the people were gone; a party like ours had not passed for six or seven years. We realized the worst possibilities of mud and rock. Many of the rough stones that paved the rough, zigzag path had been displaced by mountain torrents. Our beasts had fairly to climb up and jump down three and four feet steps, with pain and serious danger to limb. The ladies stood it wonderfully. What flesh and blood can do on a pinch is marvellous, but they could not walk over it ell. To ride at times was dangerous, for the path was only from three to six feet wide and there might be death in a slip of a foot.

The young school-mistress too tired for the climb, rode up a pali, her horse slipped and fell, clutching the edge of the precipice with his hind feet getting a slight hold with his fore feet, able to hold on but a few moments, was rescued by the most powerful member of the perty, fortunetely just behind her. By cutting away the saddie that fell far below and pulling at tbe bridle he was able to save the borse who by an almost incredible effort climbed back to the path.

Rein fell; darkness set in, and tbo last pali was done with tbe aid of a lantern. But better than tbe lanterns was the instinct of our enimels. A mula led the way up and down when we could see nothing but only feel, followed by a wbite horse, barely visible to the one in front. By steady shouting we kept track of each other, and at last in a pouring rain, and nearly exhausted, reached the west valley and routed out the first Hawaiien we found, who had gone to bed, but instantly welcomed our drenched and tired perty, to their fortunately, framed house with separate rooms: giving us the best they had. Tbe ladies were soon comfortable in germents borrowed from native damsels, looking picturesque in "holokus," the graceful and sensible dresses of Hewaiian women. Coffee was soon made after a *lomi lomi* that took most of the weariness out of us, wo ley down and slept on mats.

So far as the native departs from his primitive methods his hospitality in most respects depreciates in interest and in comfort. Yet he must give up the old; there is no other way. The picturesque is forever at war with tbe practical.

There is a natural sweetness and kindness in the Hawaiian. He is never troubled. Next to tha scenery I enjoy their faces and talking with them. They asked me if I wasn't frightened when in the war. They think that it takes courage to fight. They like most people baven't true courage but like most people would make good soldiers under good leaders. A party of eleven like ours would not easily be persuaded that a white friend could entertain us conveniently, but the native host makes nothing of it. We simply lie down on the mats, and perhaps use his kettle for boiling water or vegetables. He is not troubled about dishes, chairs, furniture or fixings of any kind. What can't he had we do without and are happy.

An ell day ride after the night's experience above related brought us back to Haiku and Makawao.

The feature of it was the beautiful valley of Honomanu, the deepest and finest of all. Sitting on the rocks we watched the waves rolling close under our feet, looked up to the head of the valley, drinking in all we could of pleasure. It was decided that each member of the party should be decorated with the "Order of Honomanu," the badge to be worn only by those who had made this trip. Excepting two or three who had lost one or more shoes our animels came bome in good style, galloping easily over the roada. I am amazed at the endurance of these common island horses fed on grass. They are equal to mules as climbers. One raised in e stony district needs no shoes over the worst roads; not one stumbled or fell.

Makawao, *June* 26.

A few hours rest, then to West Maui. I have "Olinda" on the brain. It is 4,000 feet over the sea on the side of Haleakala, is to be I think, e resort not only for residents but when known, people from abroad will seek it. On summer evenings a fire is usually needed. The ocean and mountain views are superb. Land is cheap and a $1,200 two story home is not only comfortable and sufficient, but a good investment. There are already three houses and more are planned. Come here and live by one of God's great altars. Your tired brain can nowhere rest so well.

One of our party had picked up an idea which was adapted to express the constant sense of wonder and admiration. Adjectives were worn out. Twenty meant perfection. As we rose to the view you would hear Eighteen! Eighteen! If it was surprising then Twenty! This applied in various ways, was convenient and amusing.

Wailuku, *Wednesday.*

This place is named from the river Weiluku, which means river of slaughter; for here many years ago, King Kamehameha I. conquered the chief of this island, Maui, and tha stream was choked with the bodies of the slain. This was my father's second missionery station, 12 miles from Haiku: bere I was born in 1839. The old mission house stands in the midst of a lonely garden and is now the home of the veteran missionary, Rev. W. P. Alexander.

From it is a view of Haleekala, or East Maui, which is connected with West Maui, or Wailuku Mountain, by a low, sandy istbmus once under water. These two sister mountains are totally unlike. Haleakala is a simple symmetrical giant, rising like a monster from the sea with a steady slope from both sides, a twenty-five mila curve of wonderful grace. Wailuku Mountain is nearly as long end high but is jagged, rough, thrusting many high peaks above many lesser ones, into the clouds, and is dented in the middle by a velley which not only separates the two gigantic peaks but expands in the heart of the mountain into a vast amphitheatre where almost perpendicular sides are buttressed with sharp ridges running up into needle-like points. Cascedes drop from the clouds on every side. Bare, brown rocks reveal the eternal foundations on which the mountain rests, but time bas softened it, and much of the ancient sides and especially the velley depths beneath are clad in beautiful verdure. The light grean kukui tree, and tbe dark fern are in contrast every where, and light through the frowning clouds above, is making brigbt spots upon the luxuriant foliage.

I write this sitting on borse back on a bigh hill in the centre of the amphitheatre. My borse enjoya tbe rich grass wbile I feast on mountain, cloud, light, shadow and tropical and volcanic glories. Before me is a narrow valley tbrough which we came, between whose sides I see the cane fields of East Maui and the happy homes of Haleakala the finest play ground in the world.

From a remote mission station Wailuku has become the second town in the islands. Tbere are three plantations joining each other, the great "Spreckles" plantation of 20,000 acres on the plain was recently started. Tha proprietor is known by tha natives as "Eono Millions" (Six millions) that being his reputed wealth. He owna tbe principal sugar refining mills of California, huya almost tha an-

tire sugar crop of the islands: the next one THE HYGEIA HOTEL, THE

tire sugar crop of the islands: the next one is estimated at 40,000 tons; fixee the price to suit himself; what he won't buy can't be sold, and he is a good deal of a king. My host, who was a small boy in old school days, has 900 acres of cane planted and 250 laborers of twenty-two nationalities, as follows: Hawaiians, Chinese, Guammen, Japanese, Mexicans, Chilenbs, Manilamen, Malays, Hindoos, American Negroes, Zanzibar Negroes, Germans, Norwegians, Danes, Americans, Englishmen, Tohitians, White and Black Portuguese, Peruvians and Spaniards.

Owing to the difference of languages and by good management he has never had a labor revolt, so common, in a bloodless way, on these islands. Confusion of tongues is here more favorable to progress than it was at the tower Babel.

The labor question is very serious. My friend says that his Hawaiian employes whose terms of contract for labor will soon expires will not contract again, but go off. With him and all planters the prospect is gloomy. Laborers got from sailors the notion of advance wages on labor contracts, and insist on it. They are reckless with money in hand, and are demoralized by spending earnings beforehand: Chinese, and others run away and are seldom caught, because shielded by each other. What with losses in their wages the $18.00 usually paid would he less expensive than the $20.00 paid as earned. My host leavee this steamer for Kaneas, hoping to secure Negroes from the overflow of immigrants into that region.

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(Continued in Supplement.)

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SOUTHERN WORKMAN

SUPPLEMENT.

SEPTEMBER EDITION, 1880.

(Continued from page 96.)

Teamsters are in great demand; for mules and oxen are used. Negroes are bora teamsters. How would the Federel army ever have marched on to victory had not colored drivers cosxed the satien'a mules to move its baggage! The better class of colercd men would do well here as teamstere:—there is no end of demand for them at say $20 per month, or $12 and "found."

The weak point of plantations so far as I have seen is the workmen's quarters. I have seen laberer's rooms little better than the avcrage Chiaese quarters in San Francisco. They are usually dirty and uaattractive outside. But there is a marked differaace in this matter in different places.

It don't pay to let tha workman aeglect himself eves if he wishes to. Work for them will tell and will pay. To look out for the way the plastatioa hands live would be a wise and far reaching policy, aven if present dividends were reduced by it. This matter is too geaerally aeglected to the altimate serious damaga of the planters, I thiak. The Negro, aad I believe others would, encouraged, make pleasant and attractive homes. The food is salmon, fresh meat, rice, aad flour of good quelity.

Intelligent Negroes accepting an iatereet in the crop would probably accamulate hundreds of dollars at the end of say ten years, or a little more. The Hawaiian is too short-eigbted and childish to do this, as most Negroes are. There could not be a better climate for the freedmen. But this move should be a very cautious and grndual one.

LAHAINALUNA SEMINARY, *July* 3.

I bave crossed tha West Mnui Mountain, alept at Olinda plantation and rode into Lahaina in time for the commencement exercisea of this highest seminary of learning for antives in these islands. The old church was scantily filled for natives are scarce; but tha boys made it interesting. Here are sixty male students on the roll, taught entirely in the English language. Their imported teachers don't know a word of native. They averags about 20 years of age, are bright and brainy, but morally weak. Their singing (all was in Eaglish) was rather subdued in tone but melodious. Orations and declamations showed good thought and moch aatural grace. Eaglish is to them what it is to our Hampton Indians. The course of study is very like that at Hampton, a high school curriculum without the classics; they go beyond Hampton in Mathematics, taking up trigoaometry. Tha course of study is four years. My old chum Mr. Hitchcock is Presidcat. He is assisted by excellent white instructors. Tha leading natives in the Legislature, and in all departments of Hawaiian activity are graduates of this school: yet many of its pupils have gone to the bad from want of moral training, and under great temptation from power and office.

This Institution was tha chief stimnlus or saggestion thet led me, when sent in 1866, by Gen'l Howard to scatter tha surplus population of the peninsula of Virginia, to commence an educational work there. My father, as minister of Public Instraction had supervision of it. It was on tha manual labor plan, tha boys raising their own food, but little or nothing to sell; and n flock of goats supplied the meat, inercasing as fast as they were killed off. It had done a great work for the islands and its graduates had gone as missionaries to islands beyond. Education by self-help had succeeded here, and though on all sides, American prophets declared that no maaual labor school in the United States had been a sncceas I felt that the conditions with the natives and the Negro were similar and that fnilure with the whites should not weigh. I have met the boys pleasantly. They are quick and intelligent but not thoughtful. Now and then n man of epecial power appeared. These are the men to save their race but as a rule their moral hasis is too weak to stand much temptation. A Hawaiinn in a responsible position cannot say "no."

This place is perched above the town of Lahaina some 800 feet on the slopa of Wailuku Mountain, and overlooks tha ocean, on which just in front, lies the island of Lanai, seventeen miles in length, a mountain rising from the sea. On tha laft is Kahoolawe, a nearly barren island once tho Botany Bay of this Klagdom; then n sheep ranche, but the sheep cleared np every green thing, were removed and the island is blowing away in great clouds of dirt. On the right is Molokai where tha leper settlement is with 800 incurable, wretched, pitiable lepers, costing the government about $40,000, a year. The disease is slowly spreading.

I am sittieg in a tree on a platform which commands one of the loveliest views on the islands. Here lies the sea and the three islands; the sua is setting; a breeze from the ocean faas us. Below is Lahaiaa, now a sugar plastatioa. Dark clumps of trees dot light green cora fields; cocoanut trees line the shore. This is a quiet, sweet rest amoag the hilis where hoesst, good work is being done for the Hawaiian race. The boys now work three hours a day for five daya a week, beeides all vacation. Every two students have a room, bedstead, table, &c. Not a cent for clothing, hooks, board or incidentals. Oae-half of the boys wholly cuppert themselves; the rest have some aid. It takes grit and makes grit to get through here.

I have reached Honolulu just in time to send off the above by steamer.

HANALEI, ISLAND OF KAUAI, *July* 7, 1886.

Many have given to this lovely valley the palm for beauty over the many claimants for this honor on these islands. Aloag the graceful curva of tha bay in front, the surf breaks in loag white lines. The approach from the sea is charming. In the backgroaad rise many thousaad feet high, steep mountain peake crowaed with clouds or rich verdure, cascades falliag like silver oraaments on a dark green garmeat. Below there are foothills of a lighter shade which encircle the plaina, compessing a level of rich land divided into "Princeville" sugar plantation, extensive rice fields, aad a delightful mission station. Riding around the island, we came suddenly to a bluff whence we looked down upon this sweet valley. In the middle of it a brond river flowed gently to the sea with many n pretty turn. Our little party took possession of the old mission house which is embowered in trees, being welcomed and cared for by a family of native retainers.

Kauai is geologically the oldest of all the islands, being somewhat separate from the rest of the group, aad different from them both physically nnd in the characteristics of its people. It is picturesque nnd beautiful. Its hills and mountaine rise in an irregular way, affording views of rare variety and charm. On its crumbling, mossy rocks have grown ferns and trees which beautify its highest peaks, leaving no bald summits such as we see in the other islands, but everywhere, except on the red foot-hills, a mantle of green renching from the shore to the moontain-tops. Visiting the Hnina caves is a matter of course. The road winds along the shore where the breaking waves dash high, across gulches, through rivers where one's feet are coiled up on the horse's back to keep them dry, and past acres of rice in the valley bottoms, planted by Chinese. The shades, from the light yellowish green of the the beds of young plants, to the dark green of the ripe fields, are the most exquisite I ever saw.

The caves are great open mouths at the base of a hugo natural pyramid which stands like a sentinel by the sea. It has always been an aunisement of the kiags to have lighted torches thrown at night from its summit, a fair substitute for rockets. The caves are full of sweet, pure water of unknown depth, on which a canoe-uscd to float to carry visitors far into their dark recesses.

My companion, the government doctor, enquired at many houses, "Is there any sickness?" Tho great panacea of the Hnwaiien seems to be *aila* (castor oil), which the old natives like from long use of it but the young ones detest. Stalks are largely consumed. The doctor usually leaves medicine for prospective ailments, for he comes around but once in three months. They believe in heavy doses. Homaeopathy will never succeed among Hawaiians. Nor will they fully submit to regular practise. If the dose don't work to suit, they conclude it is a case beyond the foreigner's skill, that it is a native and not a foreign disease, and go to their medicine man, who will order a white hen nnd black pig cooked nnd eaten, with certain incantations. In common with the Chinese and other liko races, tha Hawaiian when sick, feare death nnd weakens accordingly; superstition seizes them all alike. Tha Chinaman says, "Me hop die," but sticks to his white doctor. He hates salts and castor oil *a priori*, and the first dose is usually put down by force applied to his ears or pigtail. But he yields and soon has faith in regular physicians, following directions with care. The doctor, who was for a while sheriff, tells me that Chinese fights consist chiefly in pulling ears and scratching the skin back of the ears with the finger-nails. They are brave only when in overwhelming numbers. One native can thrash three of them. He states that leprocy is increasing, that the authorities are lax in executing the law for the isolation of lepers. The Chinese do considerable business on this island, as on others, by way of selling rum and opium on the sly to natives, but their use is not very general. The rice plantations, always owned aad managed by Chiaamen, pay $18 or $20 a month besides board, get the best workmen, and are said not to employ opiom smokers, working their men from daylight till dark. At Hanalei, land is rented yearly at $25 an acre for rice crops, which are exhausting to the soil but very predtable. Hawaiian rice is very superior, being more costly than that imported from Chiaa.

Kauai is a well watered island. The tourist is continually crossing streams by scow or ford, perched on the top of the saddle to keep his feet dry. He frequently looks down into sweet green valleys, upon quiet winding rivers, navigable by boats for miles. Plantatioae are easily irrigated aad are numerous. Fuel is scarce: Australiaa coal costs $14 a ton; it is used to supplement the dried cane refuse. Steam power is universal. The Putaam engine from Fitchburg, Mass., is popular. Water, not overabundant, is more profitable for irrigatioa. Kauai is, I think, the best governed island. The population is not large aad is the most remote from corruptiag influeaces. It has excellent roads, from hnviag good road supervisors. There are nowhere such long, delightful gallops. It has fair schools, a good class of native preachers, and generally judicious plantation managers. The work of white missionaries has nearly ceased. The feeling against foreigners so remarkably developed in the last twenty years is less marked here. Transgressors are quickly caught by the wide-awake sheriff, put on the roads, nnd more than pay their cost. Peace, security and comfort. After Maui mountains and precipices, traveling on Kaaai is like a smooth sea after n tempest, especially when one is favored as I have been in my horse "Jimmy," a splendid pet bay, who after eight hours' riding was full of spring and dash as at the start. My faithful Maui mule and my Kauai steed are forever emblamed in my memory.

KOHALA, HAWAII, *July* 16, 1886.

The rose of a bliasfol Hawaiiaa experience has its thorn in the agony of inter-island travel in the little steamers, which, though a vast improvement on the sailiag vessels of old times, the miseries endured on which would make an Iliad, yet pitch about in the rough ocean channels between the islands till the passenger, twisted and wrenched by sea-sickness, is, like Christopher Columbus, ready to kiss the first shore he steps upon. From tha *Likelike*, the best of theai all, I landed last night at Mahukona island, Hawaii, and, in company with n Noble and ex-Miaister of the Kingdom, took an express-wagon to this place, over twelve miles of rocky road over which our four horses were urged with incessaat whip-cracks and appropriate oratory. No Hair, Dirk, Sammy and Poo Nui (Pig head), whose names are forever impressed on my memory, brought us after midnight to our friends aod to rest. My host is the veteran missionary, Rev. E. Bond, who for forty years has been stationed here, and has far the strongest hold on his field of any of the missionary workers. He keeps the natives in hnnd; the rest have nearly lost their hold and influence. Very intimate with my father, it has been a deep pleasore to talk over with him old times and the Hawaiian problem in which he is one of the ablest observers and actors. Like others, he feels that the Hawaiian is doomed to extinction, but, unlike most others, is using every energy in their behalf, preaching, working up schools in this district, esrolling for good teachers, and creating a *morale* to be found in no other region on these islands. Long ago, in company with others, he started a sugar plantation to supply work for his people, and is now indepcndent. We have been over it, looking at things. I was struck with the three powerful steam traction cagines, one of which will draw twenty toos up a slope of one foot in eeven, do tha work of twenty-five oxen and eava no end of suffering to beasts whose miseries on Hawaiian plantations, under native drivers, is frightful. They are n recent experiment, and seem successful. Hauling sugar-cana sometimes costs as much as to raise it. In tho preseat rush of the business it is death to cattle: mules are being introduced from California for this purpose. This plantation pays handsomely now, after doing nothing for twelve years; it is taxed for $450,666.00. There are six plantations in this region averaging n valnation of $250,000.00 apiece.

Kohala is the caas grower's paradise. Its lands are marvellous for fertility. I saw this morniag a field of eighty acree which has been cropped steadily since 1864, fifteen years, and last year produced as an average of seven and one-eighth tons of sugar per acre. Four or five tons are a common yield here. The cane juice, by the saccharometer, stands often at 12 degrees; on other plantations, usually from 6 to 10 degrees. Twelve degrees is an exceedingly rich yield. These statements are absolutely reliable. I say this because foreign sugar growers cannot believe them. In the South, a planter who raises a crop every year, between frosts, is, I am told; satisfied with three-fourths of a ten of sugar per acre, and one and one-half tons is very high. Here cane ripens in a little less than two years: then there is the volunteer or "rattoon" crop following it, of much woody fibre and less saccharine matter which is worth less than half the first crop, but requires much less attention. The cane that yields so richly is called here the *Lahaina* or *Tahiti* cane, is tall, white, and wonderfully sweet It may be worth the thought of our Southern planters. All are not making fortunes here. There are scarly as many solemn faces as bright ones on these islands. Here, as elsewhere, eternal vigilance is the price of success. Drought, the labor question, high cost of machinery and material, rough country and dangerous and distant points of shipment on rocky coasts, make the expenses appalling. Stockholders sing hallelujahs over good managers, and some are in sackcloth over poor ones. An orator should know everything, Cicero says, does he not? A plantation manager should be everything. These fellows lie awake nights over their business conundrums.

The planter wishes to show me his machinery. I wish to see how his workmen live. So we compromise and do both. It is peculiar to this plantation that native Hawaiians have chargo of the vacuum-pans as well as of the traction engines. The former are elsewhere managed by whites. Of course only an exceptional native can do this work, but there are exceptional natives, as well as Negroes, who can quickly and easily annihilate some of the accepted theories of their race. Think of making steam as many plantations do, with coal costing fifteen dollars a ton; but only to supplement tha "trash" or cane refuse which, when dried, supplies most of the fuel. Here no coal is needed. But to the quarters. There are 250 hands, Hawaiian, Chinese and Portuguese: they are paid about $18.00 a month, besides house rent, n garden patch and pasture for horses. The last two provisions are not in the labor contract, but are n wise addition. Before tho late Reciprocity treaty, wages were from $6.00 to $7.00 a month; now they are about a dollar n day. The quarters on this plantation are noticeable for their neatness, comfort and homelike appearance. I went through them with Mr. Boad, who is one of the stockholders. He personally encourages decency and improvement. Unlike the quarters I have seen elsewhere, there are flower and vegetable gardens about the plain, wooden, one-room houses, some ten by twelve feet. Verandahs have been added, and fences put up. Some of the natives have built extra rooms and houses with their own money, and created n homelike effect that is of the utmost benefit to them and value to the plantation. But much more could be done. They have almost no labor troubles here, and all the workmen they want. An employe who is well fixed re-engages when his time is out. One who has a minimum of comforts has no local tie and is apt to change.

There are 80 Chinese, of whom about 40 are Christians. Kontetyn, a religions Chinaman, is employed by the plantation at $366.00 and a house, to labor among them, and they, with the natives have a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, half an hour for each, one waiting till the other is through. There is a neat chapel in tha midst of tha quarters. An evening school for adults has been well attended. The education of tha plantation children is looked after. For years this so-called missionary concern was rather laughed at by some until the dividends began to come in. The value of attention to physical, moral and religions matters is evident and is, I think, a lesson to other plantatione. Even a Chinaman has a soul somawhere in him, and it pays to work at it.

POLITICAL OUT-LOOK.

There is no middle class on these islands. The low class is unfit to, but votes and has a majority, and through its representatives in the Legislature is getting rapidly away from the influence of good advisers; has already voted $300,000 in excess of prospective reve-

nnes, and don't care, for, as they say, "tha *haole* (white man) pays the taxes." Property is not fairly represented.

The condition of the lower class is therefore of vital moment, and every possible lift and means of improve-

she thinks best. The good man near me has not eaten a decent oyster for forty years. He says the first thing he would order in American would be oysters. I hope to arrange so that my Hawaiian friends shall get some of Mr. Hampton.

gins. It takes time, and in time it can be done.

One thing should be said: Native Christians have continually before them the examples of nominally Christian men, that justify any wrong on their own part. The injury from this cause is wide-spread and

tain thirty miles inland. There are now 20,000 goats; 600 of the Angora breed. Quantities of skins are exported. It has the only used open fireplace on these islands. The air is cool and delicious. There are glorious views in every direction. Mauaa Loa, on the slope of which, 4,000 feet above the sea, this

anes, and don't care, for, as they say, "the *haole* (white man) pays the taxes." Property is not fairly represented. The condition of the lower class is therefore of vital moment, and every possible lift and means of improvement should be given it. Nothing tells more than attractive homes, and homes can be made attractive by spending very little money and time; nothing would pay better. In the prevailing status of the working men I see a fearful discount of the future, for his representatives will care as little for the interests of Capital as the dirty occupant of a dirty and cheerless shanty. A few planters are thinking of these things, and before long the result may be seen by way of giving to the laborer interest in profits, or a bonus for every previous year's service, or in improved surroundings. Rough and low as many of the hands are, I believe that work in this direction will, in the long run, pay as well as work for big dividends. The anti-*haole* sentiment among the natives is as evil as the wicked spirit that led the swine in the Scripture story to rush to and perish in the sea, and tends in the same direction. White men were first regarded as superior beings; and hence the complimentary epithet of *haole* (sacred white pig) was bestowed on them.

Now, there is nothing sacred about them or their property, and the fault is in part theirs. Not that the Hawaiians are malicious; it is because they are ignorant and short-sighted. They are children, well disposed as ever, but when put in power they don't know what they are about.

The Reciprocity treaty with the United States, making sugar free of duty, has been a tremendous stimulant, and works like other stimulants. It seemed necessary, for, while plantations which had been paid for were getting along well, they were very few, and the business was little known. The problem was how to pay high interest on loads of borrowed money, and to stand the heavy costs of experience. The treaty was the thing. But it has elements of danger that need study, and, if neglected, the good that is coming from it may bound back like a boomerang in the form of evil. It has brought about 6,000 Chinese (without woman) who are creating wealth, many of them respectable men, married to native women and upright in business, but while building up fortunes, they are, as a class, debauching the natives, especially the young females, at a fearful rate, and peddling opium and rum all over the land. The Hawaiian, meanwhile, gets more wages, dresses better, builds and lives better, knows more, decks himself in fragrant wreaths and capers about to the death wail that is sung by every breeze.

A native woman often prefers a Chinese husband even to a white man, for he is a good provider; but to one such there are ten corrupt men. The eross between the Chinese and natives is excellent, but far from enough to offset the sterility and immorality resulting from the Asiatics, who have swelled the majority of males among a weak people till virtua is almost impossible.

FRIDAY.

My Kohala notes run on from my detention to-day by a rain storm. These old mission homes are quaint and interesting. They have old time things and ways, furniture that has done duty for forty years; prayers twice a day; a sweet quiet tone is over all the home. Talk with the veteran missionary is full of interest. Rev. Mr. Bond is a close analytic observer who sees straight to the sense of things. At the next station, Waimea, I shall visit the Rev. Lorenzo Lyons, whose lyries have given to the islanders the best things of our English poets. After that I go to the Rev. Titus Coan who "starred it" some years ago through the States, telling of the gospel triumphs in these islands. He sees and tells the bright side, the striking illustration, the stirring event—not the dead level of daily reality. Like the rest of us, these men see and say according to temperament and standpoint.

The Puritanical ideas and ways of the missionary fathers have not been generally followed by their children; there has been modification, not revolt. A notorious reaction in one bad case gives the effect of a mutiny all along the line. Hence the weak generalization about ministers' sons and deacons' daughters. The character of these descendants is, with very few exceptions, excellent. Few gray hairs have come from recreant children, but, rather, worlds of comfort from loyal descendants. Seldom agreeing fully with their fathers in regard to missionary operations, they champion the work as a whole and honor the men that, under God, created for them a Christian country, and are grateful for the heritage of blessing that is sure unto the third and fourth generations of those who give their lives for the good of men and the glory of God. Some of the old rules were, we think, rather weak or absurd; but why like fools rave over non-essentials? Rather let us reverently pray that we may have a tithe of the unselfishness and noble devotion of our fathers and mothers. This rainy-day letter in Father Bond's study may go over ground already traversed; but I follow my pencil, and the Hampton editor must cut out whatever she thinks best. The good man near me has not eaten a decent oyster for forty years. He says the first thing he would order in Americs would be oysters. I hope to arrange so that my Hawaiian friends shall get some of Mr. Bryce's best brands put up at Hampton. The meanest things are sent here, and considered a luxury.

How Bryce's canned "Giants" or "Beauties" would delight these exiled Yankees! I could not long be away from the bivalves of Hampton Bar or Lynn Haven Bay, but there is compensation in the succession of delicious pineapples, bananas and figs that are brought to me from the garden.

The sweetest, cheeriest life in all this home is a deaf mute daughter who is all sparkle and brightness. Her never failing smile is a comfort to all around her. The cats and chickens follow her about, for she makes an atmosphere of her own that all things, I believe, even the flowers, feel. This is a day for children, for romps and stories. Instead of a thirty miles' ride, I am in for meditation, games or letters. What wouldn't I give for the two little girls who are playing under the elms of Stockbridge! Companions, more than they dream they are, of my long journeys.

The missionary work here ends where Christian effort in New England begins. There, as a rule, respectability is assured without regard to church membership. It is an inheritance from the past. It is supported by habit, custom, and by public sentiment. Bad men wear it as a garment, for good social standing demands it. A fall is into an abyss. Among these natives our standard of respectability is not to be assumed even of church members. Good social standing does not demand it. The Christian is not one who is strictly moral but who tries to be; not one who never lies and steals but does so less than others and does it in spite of himself, because the past has put into his blood an inertia or impulse that way, and *meum et tuum* are new and not time honored notions. Yet, he works as hard at his religion as the cold moralist. Habit, custom, sentiment, are all against respectability. A fall is not into an abyss because there is nowhere to fall from. They are low but not degraded for they never fell. When a heathen desires to change his life, how can he go through the experience of an intelligent sinner who can so much more fully realize his relations with his God?

Mr. Bond says that in his forty years of work he never saw, amidst much demonstration of the kind, but two cases of what he believed to be genuine and deep sorrow for sin. Yet he counts his trusty native Christian members by the score, and the discipline and character of his people is perhaps the highest in the islands. They knew enough of right and wrong to choose either intelligently capable of remorse; a future suffering consisting merely of that has no terrors for them any more than for an average Negro audience. Joy and suffering, heaven and hell to such people are real more as outward than inward conditions. A deep sense of guilt is hardly possible to those who have not sinned against light. They are not debauched by immorality till they know the wrong in it. To set their faces towards a better life is all any one can do, and to fail sometimes at their weak point is not peculiar to heathen converts. The weak point of the low man often differs from that of the higher man. The one is sensuous, the other is selfish. The one is transparent and acts it all out; the other may have a veneering of manners over a rottenness of which the savage is simply incapable. A just judgment of character is extremely difficult. What is mortal sin in one may be venial in another according to the obligation under which they are put by knowledge and opportuntiy. Those who have respectability thrust upon them by the accident of birth are to be judged by a different standard from those who can attain to it only by a struggle inconceivable to the former. The one sails with wind and tide perhaps in contempt of the other who goes against it.

A veteran missionary said to a friend in America, "Our converts are about where your respectable sinners are" Judged by the progress of the Hawaiian people since 1820 the missionary work has been a grand success. Judged by Puritan Standards of morals, it has been a sad failure. With loose ways of living, everybody in one room without partitions, what must be expected. Who, with us, is or can ho much better than his daily associates or far above the level of his surroundings. The inconsistent and backsliding Hawaiian who puts forth all the strength he has for the *pono* (good) need not be given up if only his isn't a hypocrite. They are by nature easy going and accommodating to the last degree. The Grace of God helps them to overcome, but it does not extinguish their physical impulses. Choosing the service of God is one thing; formation of character is another. We cannot at once assumo stability of character when assured of conversion. Hahita cannot be reversed like a steam engine. It takes time, and in time it can be done. One thing should be said: Native Christians have continually before them the examples of nominally Christian men, that justify any wrong on their own part. The injury from this cause is wide-spread, and most discouraging to missionary teachers. Civilization sends to the heathen, life in one hand and death in the other; the Bible and the bottle; preaching and powder, the loftiest and the lowest lives. The yearly attack of thousand of sailors with plenty of money, upon native virtue was most injurious. Among a class of foreign residents of some pretensions, immorality has been fashionable.

Since the retirement and death of the old missionaries and change of pulpits into the hands of weak native pastors, there appears to have been some relapse of morals, but not from this cause alone. The influence of Kamehameha V is thought by many to have put this people on the down grade. The fact however remains that missionary effort at these islland has been the means of placing them among civilized nations, has established order, education and religion, and made Hawaiia *nei* the point of departure of regenerating work for Polynesia. The lessons it has taught in the work of uplifting men will benefit the world.

S. C. A.

[*Continued in our next number.*]

We extract from a letter of General Armstrong's (of later date than the above), which our space will not permit us to publish this month, an account of his visit to the Volcano of Kilauea, a subject which is well illustrated by our first-page picture.

VOLCANO HOUSE, *July 28th.*

Two and a-half days in Hilo were not enough to do all the pleasant places. I had to give up the Rainbow Falls, the Natural Bridge, the Wailuku river, and the slide over the water-fall whish, thirty years ago, a few of us initiated, and in later years were followed by the Duke of Edinburg and his suite.

Last Monday we left for the volcano (Kilauea) by the Pana road, a sixty mile trip, supplied with a camping outfit. We went, the Twins and myself, thirty miles the first day, along an ancient road, every mile of the way over old lava flows. Trees and shrubs thrived, and cocoanut trees abounded on all sides. I tasted an *okie* (the Hawaiian apple) for the first time in two decades. My first oration when a boy, in 1852 I think, was a claim for the superiority of the Hawaiian over the American apple which was championed by a Yankee schoolmaster. The *okie* is a juicy red apple, growing on a beautiful tree; it is delicious to the taste, and harmless, no matter how freely eaten. Our tent was spread close by the shore in the presence of some twenty natives, who thought it all wrong not to accept their hospitality, and kept up a ranning remonstrance. The waves broke a few yards off upon the rocky wall some seventy-five feet high in which this entire coast of lava flow terminates. This and the day after will be to me memorable for the grandest surf I ever saw. The road lay close to the edge, and as huge rollers broke with a crash upon the solid ramparts, the spray would fly far into the air, falling within a few feet of us. It was impossible to resist crying out when a magnificent billow would fling itself with a death-song at the steadfast rock. So the ocean sang all night.

Cocoanuts would do for us, but our horses suffered for water, and we pushed on along the curiously straight and good road of Pana, over bare and ragged flows of recent date, or ancient beds that had flowered out in ferns and trees, past the deserted villages of a dying people, till we struck the mountain road; and, after eighteen miles of riding, over old lava beds, through a charming forest, a wonderful hunting ground for turkeys and wild sheep, we reached the Volcano House well refreshed, for had we not everything with us, and were not the Twins, our former schoolmates, adepts in all the arts of camping out, and didn't we have a rousing dinner in the woods just before going in? But what do they have here in this tropic land with soil that beats the world by producing five and six tons of sugar to the acre! Potatoes from New Zealand! Canned chicken and beef from the States! Vegetables from New England, where there are but three months of warm weather and more stones than soil! Condensed milk, amidst luxuriant pastures where grass is a foot high all the year! Reason—the scarcity of labor and a ground worn that destroys vegetables. But the Chinese raise and peddle a few vegetables.

The Volcano House is a commodious, pleasant, one-story frame building close upon the edge of the crater, very pleasantly kept. I never ate anything nicer than the wild mountain mutton at dinner to-day, and the strawberries are capital. It is one of five stations on a goat ranche extending seventy miles along the coast and to the top of the mountain thirty miles inland. There are now 20,000 goats; 900 of the Angora breed. Quantities of skins are exported. It has the only used open fireplace on these islands. The air is cool nod delicious. There are glorious views in every direction. Mauna Loa, on the slope of which, 4,000 feet above the sea, this place stands, rises grandly on the right. Beyond it the purple crest of Mauna Kea appears. Mr. Ferneaux, an artist, is here, making sketches in oil, part of which will be exhibited in Boston next winter. They are capitally done, and are the only satisfactory volcano views I ever saw. After a long ride, the sulphur bath, from the fumes of a great sulphur bank close by, takes all the weariness away and gives one a delicious sensation. It is worth all it costs in time and trouble to visit this, the greatest active volcano in creation.

4 O'clock, P. M.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE CRATER: ON THE EDGE OF THE NEW LAKE.

We have descended some 900 feet, and traveled over three miles of waves of black lava, which lie just as they cooled not long ago, wrinkled and seamed and lapping over each other; visited the old lake, Hale Mau-mau (eternal house), so called from the fact or tradition that kings and high chiefs were thrown in there for burial. From fear of molestation by enemies after death, the kings, in old times, were put secretly away. The remains of Kamehameha I., the Hawaiian Napoleon, have never been found. This lake of molten rock is about 400 feet in diameter, with a blackish incrustation that gently undulates and is constantly broken by fiery jets. The greatest activity was at the centre, where every few minutes, a beautiful fire fountain would burst some twenty-five feet into the air, and fall with a roar like that of surf. We watched the fiery play for over an hour from a peak 400 feet off; then came here where the action is magnificent. As I write, a central fountain of liquid fire is playing thirty feet into the air, and less than a hundred feet off. The sides of the lake are low; we are to windward, and can look as into a big boiling kettle. It must be three hundred feet in diameter. The lava is dashing with a ceaseless noise against the sides. Our coffee is boiling over a crack a few yards from here; right under it is red-hot lava. We have broken the routine of the place and got the guide for a night view. We shall sup by the edge of the lake of fire, on Boston Baked Beans and condensed milk from New Jersey with our coffee.

We are killing time till dark by roaming around on the warm crust, poking our long canes into the cracks that traverse the surface in every direction, to see if we singe the ends, watching the Pele's hair (Pele is the Goddess of the Volcano), made by the spray of the lava waves, which the wind catches, attenuates into a stiff silvery thread and carries miles away as far as the seashore. We must study the bad places for the night walk back, for the surface is covered with silk-like, hollow folds of soft, shining lava waves that yield to the least weight, and one may drop from one to many feet. There is treachery everywhere, but, not much danger. Our guide, an intelligent German, has amused us with an account of some Russian officers who "skedaddled" out of the crater when Pele became a little restless; which reminds me of Father Coan's account of an American naval captain who became demoralized on a visit to an eruption and made tracks for the shore. Think of people in Hilo, thirty miles distant, at night reading newspapers by the light of a fountain or shaft of fiery lava 1,000 feet high by 100 in diameter on the top of Mauna Loa, which lasted thirty-five days, and of living there with a lava flow steadily crawling along for weeks in a direct line to their houses. Furniture was packed; the excitement was tremendous. Mr. Coan loves to tell how, just after a day of fasting and prayer, the flow was stopped forever seven miles away.

I gossip with my pencil; the guide is whistling the time away, and the Twins are watching the cauldron below. Grand old Mauna Loa lifts its awful form in the distance, and, across the sea of fire, rises against the sky a torreted castle, thrown up by the subterranean forces. Now for our coffee—then darkness, and a sight of sights!

Friday.—The volcano by daylight is fireworks at noon; after dark it is fireworks at midnight. Wonderful as it is by day, it is by night beyond all description. As the shadows deepened, the lake became of a brilliant vermilion red color. Around the edges it steadily surged and roared, throwing hot spray some seventy feet high; the lava waves angrily dashing into cavernous depths. Three times, nearly the whole lake was in a convulsion, a central fountain playing furiously and agitating every part till we feared an outbreak. Mr. Ferneaux has painted this scene with fine effect, after watching it half one night. It was hard to leave so grand a scene, but at length we sought the way back, and, in spite of guide and lauterns, were lost for half an hour.

E. C. A.

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HIS FIRST PIPE.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

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in front of us. Beyond stands Mauna Loa, equally high, containing an ocean of molten rock, every now and then making a magnificent illumination from a lava stream which bursts from its side and is thrown far into the air, then rushes to the sea.

of the teacher rather than from systematic training. In civilized society, home is the place for moral education. Where there is no home, it should be done at school. These and similar people crave just the schooling that the white race has, rather than that which is

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S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRUCE, MR. B. T WASHINGTON. } *Regular Contributors.*

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WITH the November number the twelve page form will be resumed, as usual, and continued until July next.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JULY, 1880.

Waimea, Hawaii; a plateau 2,500 feet above the sea whose cool air and sweet breezes have refreshed many a traveller, has been for forty-eight years the station of the Rev. Lorenzo Lyone. Its population has diminished from about 2,000 to 200. That of Kobala from 8,000 to 1,200.

Berkshire, Mass., and Waimea, Hawaii are a contrast. A region of rolling green hills, with a people of the strongest character, and a region of grandest mountains, with a rollicking, childish people. But the latitude tells, and blood avnn morn. Wherever the Puritan stock comes, even to plant a "faith'e pure shrine," population and conquent are the logic of its vitality and purpose. So it has been here.

If Monument Mountain could only be turned into a volcano, and Beni Mountain be raised nome ten thoumand feet, and if cocoanuts and bananas would grow on the banks of the Housatonic, I would ask nothiag more of Berkshire County, exeept to stay green throughout the year.

As I never took the full impression of these mountains till I went to Amorica, so I could not take in the full stature of men I have met in America till coming here. Aa I see them now, my old college Professor, Albert Hopkins of Williams', seems to rise above them all in grandeur of manhood and character, and that chiefly because of his great sacrifice of fame to duty. That wonderful eye of his, powerful, yet playful and tender as it followed his boys, is upon them yet. He seemed to bave the reserve force of a volcano. He was from Stockbridge. It is better to have such men than mountains. Berkshire has raised more than one like him who is seen and felt around the world. Alas for these tropical islands; in these garden spots the temper has it all his own way; great wonders of nature, but no great men: no morals because they have no struggle.

What a greeting from the veteran missionary, Father Lyons, as he took me into his arms. He bad come over from the United States on the same ship with my parents in 1832, having endured with them a memorable six months voyage around Cape Horn in a whale ship.

Each visit takes its own tone or color. One is discussion, analysis, seeking for bottom facts; another is a rehensal of the story of past labors, recalling the trials and experience of the heroic age of the mission.

Father Lyons has been agiow over old times. Failing strength has retired him from much active duty; be expecta to give up all pastoral work on bis fiftieth anniversary, year after next. He loves to tell of the great revival ia 1837, when in his presence over 3,000 people stood up in the great thatched church and together declared for the Lord's side. Within a year 000 of these joined the church, and many more later. His field extends for somo nixty miles along the rocky aboree of Hawaii, includlng manypopulous districts hesides Waimea, over which he trudged on fuot, up and down through steep gorges and over ridges, once every three months, where no horse could go, often in perilous places where a slip meant death. Sometimes by canoe, which was less laborious but more dangerous.

CHURCH BUILDING.

He, Fathers Bond and Coan, my father and others, heva a similar story to tell of their first church building. His was 120x54 feet—stone walls with frame roof, thatched. The stones were brought on natives' backn from neighboring hills and gulches, often miles off; heavy timbere were hewed in the mountains, and dragged over terribly rough places wholly by hand, ten or fifteen miles. Getting sticks twelve or fourteen inchen square and sixty or more feet long was accomplished by turning out whole clans under their chiefs. Marsbaled by the missionary they would toil for weeke over the rough slopes and monntain spurs. One day each week would he set aside for limestone, when the congregation would repair to the ocean twelve miles away to dive in deep water for coral stone and bring it to the church. On the day for sand they would go again to the heach, returning with handkerchiefs, bags, shirt-sleeves, trowser's legs, calahashes, etc., filled with sand. This was voluntary, and was during the great revival when the natives turned almost solidly to Christianity. The veterans love to tell of those days of thronged houses and great enthusiasm. Fifty thousand out of a population of eighty thousand were brought into the church.

It was night and day labor for the missionary; meetings from early dawn till late at night; no home life. From 1837 till 1844 the work was incessant. Then, came reaction, backsliding; but the people had become comparatively moral. "Satan was bound," as Father Lyons says. Even smoking, which they loved, was suppressed in many churches and large numbers were dropped for it. He thinks that this discipline was unfortunate; but it was not general.

The means of decent living in these days were scarce and hard to get. Father Bond says that once there were but eight garments in his pariah, of seven thousand souls, and one of them a cotton night cap. They were worn in turn hy men and women till each one had a chance.

Weddings and other occasions were sometimes conical from the effort to appear genteel. Once he married a man who had nothing on but a coat, back nide in front, upside down, with the tails tied around his neck. A shirt in those days was aristocratic My mother tells me of a convert who woked up my father at two o'clock in the morning to ask if it was right for him to pray with a shirt on. It made him so proud no wonder he doubted.

Father Lyons loves to tell of the time when on Sunday morning he could see hosts of school children, each school separate, like a company of soldiers, marching to church in its own uniform of *Kapa*—(a cloth made of *tapa* made from the bark of a tree) of a different color for each company, led by their *Kumu* or teacher. Nobody in those days cared for rain. During a shower the *kapa* uniforms, which would be spoiled by rain, were wrapped up and carried under the arm. Now the Hawaiians are like other costumed people, fair weather saints. The solemn old deacons in my father's church, when it rained, used to wrap up their Sunday suits, and ride home horseback, carrying their clothes nader their arms to keep them dry. Gradually, shirts, trousers, dresses, etc., were introduced. There was a rage for quilts, which the mission ladies taught the women to make; blankets were in great demand. Calashes (an outlandish bonnet) became fashionable among the women. I am reminded of the similar practice of native Negroes and Indians and Chinese when sleeping, to cover up the head with a blanket to the exclusion of fresh air. The love of fresh air is peculiar to civilization.

Church services to-day were interesting; over sixty were present. The patriarch took me by the hand and presented me to the people as his son, as he was my father's friend, with a glowing biographical sketch. The natives were interested in the parallel between the history of the Freedmen and the Israelites. An imposing looking deacon made a speech in reply, followed by the veterns in some touching words. Having heard one or two Negro songs the previous evening, he insisted, after the service, that the people should hear them. So, with the "Hampton Songs," and assisted by a Hawaiian who had on exquisite tenor voice, who could read notes, we gave them "My Lord, what a morning!" "Keep me from sinking down," and the Negro battle hymn, "They look like men of war" and a few others—to the apparent pleasure of the people, who are very ready to be interested, and, unlike the average freedman, have a singular interest in the affairs of other nations and in general news. Perhaps this is from their isolation.

We are at the base of Mauna Kea, which is 15,000 feet in height and rises grandly right in front of us. Beyond stande Mnune Loa, equally high, containing an ocean of molten rock, every now and then making a magnificent illumination from a lava stream which bursts from its side end is thrown far into the air, then rushes to the sea.

The chill of evening where middey is always cool is checked by an iron pot filled with live coals, to which we resort once in a while; it is a qnaint contrivance, but just the thing.

On the 1st of January last the Sunday schools of this Kingdom presented to Mr. Lyone a gift of $1,200, in recognition of his long and loving work in preparing their Song Books. He has composed and translated a great variety of hymns. His best work is now in this line, in which he is without a peer. The Hawaiians have little originality in modern music or poetry. Their ancient ballads or *meles* are a fine literature, full of Homeric simplicity, dignity and power, but have nearly disappeared with the ancient customs and faith.

EDUCATION.

True to the Puritanic idea, education went hand in hand with religion in the work of this mission. The thousands of schools in the early days were taught by selected pupils who conveyed instruction from the missionary to the masses. Father Lyons tells of the three hundred teachers under his care who for three months gathered daily in the church at early dawn and sat all day. With a fair outfit of ideas they would scatter to the people, to return the next year for a fresh supply. How these missionaries worked! Life was then all opportunity. It was in the major key. It is now in the minor key, for the people are wasting away. Teachers once worked for nothing; later, for a small allowance in cloth, no money being in circulation till many years after. A dollar was represented by a yerd of cotton cloth. About the time my father came into office, as Minister of Public Instruction, in 1845, they were paid 12½ cents a day; later, 37½ cents; now, a dollar, and good teachers are scarce, for they can make more in other ways. At Kohala and at Waimea much has been done for the education of Hawnlian girls. They do not lack intellect, but interest in their studies They usually do well till about thirteen years old when they care more for attention than anything else. By law, they cannot marry till they are fourteen. Their parents are eager to have them marry a well-to-do foreigner or rich Chinaman. Studies are neglected, for the host of chances that an attractive Hawaiian girl is sure to have, is enough to turn her head, though few of them are really good. What with Chinese, natives and demoralized foreigners besetting her, and her parents' urging, she seldom gets beyond sixteen in a single state, but seldom gets a progress bonn in an experience of forty years with native girls, commencing with the youngest, my friends here have found many girls of fine parts, but not over half a dozen with the moral quality or instinct of the average white girl. Blood tells terribly against the Hawaiian pilgrim's progress. No matter how early good training may begin, the fatal race thread will appear. It is not uncommon, however, after a harvest of wild oats, for natives of both sexes to settle down to quiet, steady living. But pure lives are too rare to be a ground of hope for the nation.

I believe that a thorough-going effort for Hawaiian girls is worth making. They are the nation's last hope. I would have many boarding-schools, I would make the life very cheerful and merry, fill it with occupation of brain and hand, give them the brightest and best teachers to be had, and enough of them; as it is, teachers are over-worked and worn out. Over-education and lack of practical training is a danger with these weak races. The proper limit of teaching is difficult to settle but is much ignored in the philanthropic work of the day; hence waste of work and disappointment. For the average pupil too much is as bad as too little. In civilized society, a college graduate is regarded as a callow fellow, inclined to conceit; needing a long struggle that he must make among the strong men who have graduated before him, to fit him for life's duties He is but a corporal. The native or Negro college graduate among his people is at once a general, with few or none ahead of or above him, quite as unfit as the white graduate to lead, but at the head. The temptation to abuse power when without gradual fitting for its use is well nigh irresistible, as experience ebows.

Mr. Lyone says that the boys of the Hilo (Mr. Lyman's) boarding-school, after a three years' course in elementary studies and in manual labor, have turned out better than those who went from there to Lahoinaluna for two years' more study. He believes that the most advanced education of the Hawaiiane has been, on the whole, a failure. The men who have stood so far above their people in thought and acuteness have been tempted to use their advantage for personal ends.

Character does not develop as rapidly as mind. School work is devoted to mind, indirectly to morals, and if the latter are benefited it is from the personal quality and influence of the teacher rather than from systematic training. In civilized society, home is the place for moral education. Where there is no home, it should be done at school. Theee end similar people crave just the schooling that the white race has, rather then that which is adopted to their condition. They do not crave what they most need—moral strength. It is hard for them to realize this: they resent any special methods based un race *differentia*. But there are in such races a certain number of youth of exceptional qualities who should have the best advantages, for experimental if for no other reasons. There is need of them as leaders of their people, and as illustrations of what is possible to them. Exceptional talent should have exceptional scope. There are mountains and plains and deserts in the kingdom of Mind as there are in the kingdom of Nature. As in nature, the best and broadest cultivation is on the plain or table land. Genius don't need so much attention as mediocrity. The *average* is the right base of educational operations. The educational problem of these islands is not thought out and worked out as it should be. There is good work in routine methods, but little radical effort for radical difficulties. The brain and heart of the country is in money making. The Hawaiian Board of Education is composed of able and estimable men—each of whom has made a success in his own line of business—but they are not the men to work out a difficult educational problem, which is outside of their training and experience. Legislature here is blind to its responsibilities and incompetent to do what might be done for the nation. Young Hawaii is playing with power, hastening the doom it should strive to avert; while from the highest power in the land comes no example or influence in favor of the sound Christian morality and principle that alone can save the people.

It is sad and curious to watch the drama of this little kingdom with a population of a second-class city, acknowledged in the family of nations, in all the array of civilization; but underneath is the old barbaric sensnousness, resisting the restraints of civilization, which, rather than its forms, are its essential quality.

HILO.

The plain of Waimea, a magnificent field upon which armies could muster, is a cattle and horses' range. We galloped across it on fresh, fleet horses to Mana, whose proprietor is a young native who controls forty miles of sea-coast and owns thousands of cattle; dined pleasantly, and left for Waipio valley, on the beauty of which tourists have lavished untold praises. It is still fine, but the picturesque native life has given place to rice fields and Chinese huts. The valley is a perfect level of green, say half a mile wide by two in length, through which winds a river. On either side and in the near ground rise abruptly, and the ocean beate upon the shore in front. The contrast of quiet sea level and towering mountains is grand. Two nights and a day in the Hamakua district, which rivals Kobala for rich cane fields, gave me the best idea I have had of the process of sugar-making. I inspected five cane mills. The juice, dropping from the heavy 30 inch iron rollers which crush the cane, is first cleaned, then evaporated in buge iron pans containing steam coils, till quite thick, then passed into a vacuum pan, heated, granulated, and dropped into the "centrifugal," and, five minutes after, it is sugar, ready for the market.

The shore a steep bluff from 300 to 400 feet in height, rising out of deep water, down which kegs of sugar are lowered by steam tackle into boats, when winds do not lash the sea too violently; for the waves come rolling in from thousands of miles away. The climate of this region is perfect. I was pleased with the simple home of my friend, the ex-Governor, who plants cane and takes special pains with his laborers. I visited the quarters, which are as plain as any I have seen, but charmingly clean and attractive, with a few sprigs of fern, and pictures from the illustrated papers. The interest in them shown by the employer and his wife was told wonderfully on their valuo to bim, as well as on their condition in every way. He rode with me to Hilo over those well known gulches; a mud march of thirty miles. It is often a distinct and serious struggle for one's horse to get each leg out of the hole into which he puts it. Fording the streams that come foaming down the ravines bes proved fatal to many travelers, but the views are beautiful, especially in rainy weather, when there are waterfalls on every side. One wishes to look three ways at once at delicious bits of scenery—the ocean always rising up on one side like a blue wall, for we were on a spur of Mauna Kea.

We passed the night at Paaubau plataion with old friends, and, in spite of fatigue, talked till midnight over school days, school rations, school discipline, scrapes, and school-boy battles and triumphs in which our red-beaded host was conspicuous.

I am sitting in the upper pinzza of the Rev. Titus Coan's house, looking out upon the view that for twenty years has been one of

my most delightful memories. Beyond is the blue water of Hilo Bay, its waves washing

We have been talking over the Hawaiian situation, decimation and relapse being the points. Like other old soldiers of this field,

those who object to it are the worst of stumbling blocks.

Missionary work has two phases: First,

sixty negroes from San Francisco, waiters, barbers; hoothlacke and laborers, who work for $12 a month besides board and quarters. They are well spoken of. Shortly after ar-

my most delightful memories. Beyond is the blue water of Hilo Bay, its waves washing the shore and making a music brought by the sea breeze to my ears. In the middle distance lies Coconaut island, with its cluster of graceful cocoa palms. It is covered with grass and has a rocky shore interspersed with pretty curves of sand beach where the bathing is delightful in the crystal clear sea. Here families come in their row-boats afternoons to take tea under the cocoanut trees. What a paradise for children! They play in the grass, hop from rock to rock on the shore, climb the trees, or bathe in the little coves like mermaids, and then row home by moonlight. Hilo is a charming town with people enough to make a pleasant society and sustain a foreign church. From the tropical verdure below, one can turn to the summit of Mauna Kea capped with snow. This is the base of all visitation to the volcano, thirty-eight miles distant over a wretched road; parties are constantly going. The woods are familiar with the groans of unpractised riders, for no carriage can be used.

MISSION WORK.

For over forty years Father Coan has been, in effect, Bishop of Hilo and vicinity, having in charge the people along more than 100 miles of seacoast, originally about 15,000, now not over 5,000. There have been some 12,000 connected with his church; at one time there were 5,000. He once baptized 1,500 in a day, sprinkling them with a brush. This was the heroic age of the mission. The people flocked by thousands to hear the gospel, and camped near the church, raising food enough to live on. They went in masses to the mountains for church timber, which they dragged down by hand. They rushed as readily to the bottom of the sea for limestone, and rallied by thousands whenever the bell rang.

They were taught simple, not dogmatic truth. "Have you stolen a jackknife?" "Have you stolen a fish-hook?" and like questions were thundered from the pulpit upon a mass of dusky faces. Some would cry out "Yes," and be told that confession was not enough—he must restore the article.

But moral reconstruction could not be done in a day, or in a generation: it takes many generations, and to-day, forty years later, those people are in the beginning of moral growth. They are sadly weak, but they are far in advance of old time habits. Since 1840, in the most enlightened nations morality has made less *relative* progress than here. A New England man asked me, "How much have the Negroes improved in morality in ten years?" I answered, "How much has New England improved in morale in ten years?" I think the Negro has improved relatively the most. Is absolute or relative progress the right test; what has been done for us, or what we have done for ourselves. Birthright virtues or birthright vices should not count like those that men create by their own choice.

I am told that a member of Mr. Coan's church once traded his wife for a horse. Morally, of course, he was no success; but a native has no adequate conception of marital duties. Where there was no word there was no idea. His language had no word for home, father, mother, husband or wife. Words meaning male and female, with changing prefixes, answer the purpose. The work for these people was not upon a solid foundation built up through centuries, but like building where there is no bed rock. That must has gradually created. It takes centuries.

I have been glancing at Rev. Titus Coan's "Adventures in Patagonia" (just published in New York). In 1837, he spent six months in missionary exploration just previous to coming here. That seems the most hopeless of all people. Trading for tobacco and rum has demoralized them. Their cannibalism is more curable than their drinking ways. Who would not rather have a Sunday-school class of cannibals than of drunkards? Genuine savage life has a certain excuse, and is respectable compared with the horrible mixture made by civilized vices and heathen habits. The lowest men found in the lowest races are demoralized whites.

Men like Father Coan ought to write their biographies. Such lives will not be repeated. Steam, electricity and enterprise have subdued the world. Once, any rowdy sailor or savage chief could molest or eat a missionary with impunity. Now, the guns of a man-of-war are at his call. These veterans have an experience that should not be lost. Their apostolic labors, perils by water, crossing deep gulches in freshets, exposure on the ocean in frail canoes, thirty years of footing it from village to village before the day of roads and horses, and their familiarity with a peculiar people and history and phase of a great Christian effort, are an invaluable experience, and should be recorded.

Mr. Coan has been called the "King of the Volcano," so closely has he watched the goddess "Pele" who presides over that titanic kettle.

We have been talking over the Hawaiian situation, decimation and relapse being the points. Like other old soldiers of this field, he feels the change made in 1863, when the Home Authorities of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Boston, not without some sympathy here, reorganized the mission, the chief change being the putting of native pastors in charge of the branch, and in some cases of the principal churches, as ecclesiastical peers of the old Fathers; meeting them on an equality in associations and in other relations. Although the Hawaiian is a horn orator, yet, from the lack of mental outfit and discipline, the native preacher soon says all he has got to say. From want of practical good sense, he is apt to be wordy and troublesome in council. Morally, he is not on a pinnacle. He is in the midst of loose ideas and people; is subjected, from his own instincts and surroundings, and from the absence of a sound sentiment about him, to a temptation far greater relatively than the missionary, who lives on a higher plane of surroundings. Even after this new birth he is a native still—in blood, impulse and environment. He is converted; he faces in the right direction, but, in virtue of the past, is terribly loaded in his long up-hill struggle. He may stumble and fall, and people to whom a proper life is almost as easy as breathing, may despise him; yet is there not character in such a man who perseveres in the right way? But should not responsibility be carefully and gradually put upon him? If, as a full-fledged clergyman, he has charge of the church collections and misuses them, when as a subordinate he would have less opportunity, is it not partly the fault of those who have put him into too great temptation? Had they been wiser he would have been better.

The democratic or Congregational ideas of the Boston Committee, rather than the judgment of the missionaries, is, I believe, responsible for the present somewhat unsatisfactory relations of native pastors. Had the veterans been kept in charge of their fields, with plenary power over these men just out of barbarism, and used their power to restrain and strengthen them, a better moral tone might exist among the churches. The change was at least a generation too soon. It should have come finally. There seems no doubt of a serious mistake in 1863, when the Rev. Dr. Anderson visited these islands and established a new order of things. It was *the* blunder of the gospel campaign in these islands. The Roman Catholics, who have at least a third of the Hawaiian population on their side, have done differently. They have a central authority; they replace worn out men with new ones from home; they have native helpers always under control. They excel in worldly wisdom: they seem to have their field better in hand than the Protestants, though the tone and standard of the latter are much better. A priest told a friend of mine that they had so far found no natives fit for large discretion. "We have pretty much dropped the natives," said a missionary to me. No Catholic would say that. A part of the old missionaries are yet working with all their might. Planters and business men seldom put *kanakas* (natives) into responsible positions; they are never left entirely to themselves. Now and then one is competent for important duty, but always needs supervision. Often they do well as executives, carrying out orders and managing gangs of men, but with short range of discretion. The Hawaiian has not yet developed into fitness for responsibility. While he is easily *educated*, there is a distinction between that and true growth that in all the weaker races needs more attention than it has had, and is the work of generations; schooling is only a means of growth.

I venture the criticism that the weak point of gospel teachers is, usually, a lack of appreciation of human nature. Moody's power is, I think, one-half in his convictions and one-half in his knowledge of men. Is there not an unexpressed depreciation of worldly wisdom by many of those who preach Christ? Is common sense properly estimated as an ally of theology? Sanctified common sense is the power that will save the world. That "model missionary," the late Bishop Pattison of Melanesia, did not believe that piety and a desire to preach to them were alone sufficient grounds for sending a man to the heathen. I have noticed in missionary literature a minimum of things seen in the light of hard sense and critical analysis, and a maximum of what would encourage the churches and stimulate giving. Truths about every day living among heathen converts are hard to find. Some of the best workers have seen this.

When in sixty years of unexampled efforts, as well as unexampled success, at these islands, mistakes have been made, they need not rush to the house-tops and proclaim it, but learn and apply the lesson. It is so human, so easy and so weak to "pitch into" a great movement that I don't wish to be counted among the pin-prickers or sharpshooters who are quite as ready to hide as to fire, but usually are not worth bothering about. Every great organization being human must be faulty, and wholesome criticism is essential to its health; those who object to it are the worst of stumbling blocks.

Missionary work has two phases: First, persuasion. Idols are forsaken and the worship of the true God is chosen. This the Hawaiian missionaries accomplished in an unprecedented way. Second organization, in order to secure the conditions of living on which character depends, without which morality cannot thrive. This second phase, as Bishop Pattison says, is the difficult one. It can't be done by inspiration alone. The first part is God's; the second is men's. At the crisis of his life, the choice of his supreme end, man succeeds only with Divine aid. But the ordering of life is within the human will. Multitudes of people who are not Christians are respectable, decent and virtuous. In the higher type of men, the struggle is with the selfish rather than with the sensuous nature, with the spirit rather than with the flesh. Their choice is decisive; right living, never very easy to human beings, is comparatively so to them, and follows naturally. But with the lower type the struggle is not so much at the point of choice as along the line of daily life. It is with the flesh rather than with the spirit. I think some such distinctions are important to an understanding of the heathen problem. Enthusiasts read glowing accounts of conversions and marvel at the piety of savages. Inquirers learn of week, inconsistent lives and don't know what it means. Once the papers were full of the salvation of this nation; now what little is said is in a minor key. This people accepted the gospel, but have not lived near enough to it to save them from extinction. There is excuse enough, but the fact remains. Had they lived in a simple, quiet way, out of the commercial focus of the Pacific Ocean, the result might have been different. Under terrible odds, haunted by the genii of superstition and sensuality from the past, which still possess their being, invaded yearly by thousands of rollicking, pleasure seeking sailors; overrun by a horde of low Chinese, now nearly 8,000 in number; infested by a class of bummers from the coast of California who are worse than the Chinese, and in sight of men of prominence and social standing, whose daily lives are a constant contradiction of the morality preached from the pulpit, this little nation—this kindly, winsome, noble race that once so eagerly grasped the gospel salvation, is steadily sinking; and gossip blames the missionary for it all! The people don't realize it. With many uplifting privileges they are being pushed down by force of circumstances which they have not the innate power to resist: piety has been a help but not sufficient. But they play like children; they ride like Centaurs; they gather flowers and deck themselves in garlands, that soon wither like those that wear them.

The Hilo boarding school, opened in 1836 by the Rev. D. B. Lyman, has done a great far-reaching work through its 1,000 graduates to which it is not easy to do justice. It has been felt throughout this group in the teachers and preachers and other useful men upon whom Mr. and Mrs. Lyman have impressed themselves and then sent out to leaven their people. Through the teacher's daily drudgery more than the preacher's weekly eloquence, character is formed and forces set in motion. This school, like Labainaluna, is on a labor basis, and, aside from teachers' salaries, has supported itself from the start. Without this feature it would have done but little for these islands. It has been the best managed of all the higher schools: it has given a sensible course of instruction, including elementary algebra, similar to the Hampton course, with less variety, kept the boys well in hand and saved a large per cent. of its graduates to the side of decency and good work. Being in advanced years, Mr. Lyman has recently resigned the care of the school.

We omit here the description of General Armstrong's visit to the Volcano of Kilauea, as it was printed in the supplement of last month, but continue from that date, July 29th.

The next day I set out alone for Paahala, a big plantation with the biggest mill on the islands. There were some eight miles of old lava flow to cross, then a pleasant country, and, after four hours' riding, 2,000 acres of sugar cane on the rich soil of Kau district. This plantation, like many others, expected to sail on gloriously from the first, but a two years' drought nearly killed it. Rains have fallen, the mill did its first grinding yesterday, and, in a few days, after an expense of over $900,000, the first returns will come. Kau cane, judging from Mr. Whitney's, is superior, and this remote region is likely to produce great wealth from its sugar interests. I met several interesting young Englishmen who had gone into the cane business. They are likely to do well. The manager, Mr. Goodale, I met last in Texas, in the 25th Army, Corps which was sent there just after the surrender of Lee to watch Maximilien's movements in Mexico. This plantation employs in its hoot of laborers about sixty negroes from San Francisco, waiters, herders; boothlacks and laborers, who work for $12 a month besides board and quarters. They are well spoken of. Shortly after arriving one of them said to the manager, "What literary advantages do the company provide?" This is, so far as I know, the only sign of interest shown by plantation workmen on the islands in their own mental improvement. They already have a musical society, screneded the directors a few days ago and made them a speech, and seem to be well satisfied with their treatment and food. The latter is chiefly on fresh beef and flour. One of their number is cook, and they live well; pie is often in their bill of fare. They are of all sorts. One said, to the Manager, "I had sole charge of the silver at the Palace Hotel." The reply was, "You shall have sole charge of a hoe-handle." He took it like a man. One of them has prodigious strength, and often gets through his day's task at 10 o'clock A. M.

Steamer Likelike, Friday P. M.

We are coasting close in on the lee shore of Hawaii, touching often for passengers and freight, much of the latter being the *awa* root from which a nasty liquor is made and used freely by the natives. My horse swam out to the ship, led from a boat, and was hoisted aboard in a sling. A great mountain of lava rock, verdant in spots, rises before us into the clouds, the waves breaking along its bold shore. Every few miles there is a cocoanut grove with native houses, and, as the steamer stops and lowers her boats with freight for the shore, a fleet of nimble canoes darts from the rough landing, laden with cocoanuts, pineapples, oranges, etc., for sale, for which passengers are eager. This coast is very picturesque as we steam along a few hundred yards off. It grows greener and more populated as we go on. There is a pretty church with spire, every few miles, around which houses cluster, peeping out from among trees. Now a recent lava flow blackens the hills; now we are watching caves which the eternal wash of the waves has worn in the cliffs before us. The fringe of white foam at their base is a pretty trimming to the dark mass of rock.

It is pleasant to row ashore with the freight agent for a nearer glimpse of things. We have just left Kealakekua, where I stood before the monument of Capt. Cook who discovered these islands in 1778, and was killed by the natives who had thought him a god—the returned god Lono, who, years before, had sailed away—but when, in a difficulty with the natives, a stone hit him, and he cried out, the natives said, "Gods do not cry," and killed him. The sea is calm as a pond. When rough, these landings are difficult and dangerous.

The prevalence of leprosy among these islands spoils some of the pleasure of travel. When, last evening, I waited supperless at the landing for the steamer that comes at midnight, I concluded to take the risk of a native meal, and so introduced myself at a native's home, and was cordially received in the name of my father. Soon the whole family was in pursuit of a hen, commanded by the head of it who stood on an elevated rock and issued orders to his forces till the fowl was surrounded and captured. In a little while the Hawaiian spread was ready, on the floor covered with fresh mats. The host said a long grace which included a good deal of my history, after which I had a most satisfying meal, the only trouble being that in these houses you never can be sure that there isn't leprosy, cases of which, instead of being collected and isolated as the law directs, are suffered to go at large and spread the terrible disease. The natives call it *moi alii* (king's sickness). They believe that God sends it and that nothing should be done about it.

One sees along this coast, as elsewhere, the changed life of the natives in respect to houses, which are generally of wood, one story, neat looking; but the people live often in the high basement and keep the floor above for show or for visitors. One also is constantly struck with the general use of the English language among them. A great change since I was here. Native passengers, boatmen and whoever you meet are apt to understand what you say in English.

This rugged coast line relents a little at Keauhou, a lovely village off which we lay. I went in the boats to the prettiest place on all the shore. It nestles at the foot of the mountain, is encircled by a cocoanut grove, dotted with frame houses amidst monkey-pod and other trees, and lies in a cove or quiet little harbor, with a smooth beach where the boats land. It is steamer day, and hundreds of people are there from all the region, better dressed than elsewhere, most of them wearing wreaths of flowers or leaves on their hats and about their necks. The women were dressed in gay colors. It was a gala day and the picturesque Hawaiian was in his element. Nearly all speak English. The scene on the beach is lively with color, action and talk, for there are meetings and partings, and dickering and ship's business. There is flirting on one side and wailing on the other. We finally push

(Continued on page 105.)

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

very well. I was very much pleased, and glad when it was over.

Some of my scholars are pretty well advanced; I think that two can enter the middle class.

that I could not earn money enough to pay my way in school

INCIDENTS

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

A Superintendent's Testimony. A Pretty Picture. No Easy Work. What he Taught the First Day.

A SUPERINTENDENT'S TESTIMONY.

The graduate teachers who have gone out from Hampton have been very generally well spoken of by the County Superintendents under whom they labor, and report only kind and courteous treatment. Great interest is often shown in their little schools or awakened by them—an interest which is significant, both as an evidence of friendly relations between the races and a means of increasing them. A graduate gives this pleasant witness to his comrade's success as well as his own.

Maryland, *May* 22, 1886.

My Kind Friend:—

I have a full school yet. My school will not close until the 30th of June. The children send their best regards to you. Our examiner called to see me last week, and was very much pleased with the school supplies you have sent me; he also examined the children, and, after he had gotten through, asked me if I knew the cost of the maps. He also asked me who sent them. I told him a benevolent friend from Boston. He said that he did not have another school, white or colored, that he could compare with B.'s or mine. He said the children were better trained than they ever were before. He is very much pleased with the Hampton students. We are the only two in this county; we are trying to hold her up by our work. My school is in a progressive state; the children seem to be in earnest about their work; they show a great ambition for an education, and by your kindness they have been able to attend school regularly. My trustees send their best regards to you. I spent my holidays in Washington. I met with some of the Hampton graduates. It is very warm, and on the little ones in studying. I would like to have home down to Hampton to the Commencement. I think they had a very delightful time.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Respectfully yours, M.

A PRETTY PICTURE.

A friend, whose kindness to Hampton graduates has made some of their schoolhouses very bright, and contributed not a little to the furtherance of good-will and peace, sends us the pretty letter of thanks received from one whose work he has aided,

N. C., *May* 21, 1886.

My Dear Friend:—

I am now seated in a very pleasant school-room, surrounded by a number of little children, as merry as jay-birds. When the bell was rung Monday, I wish you could have seen the little ones flocking to the school-room. It made me happy to see how much interested the children seemed to be, after such a short vacation. I call the school together early in the morning, and the warm part of the day the children are at leisure. I have such a pleasant place for teaching during the summer. The school-house is surrounded with large oak trees; it is a very pleasant yard. I like it here for summer so much better than I did ——, because there is so much more shade and it is so cool. It is so nice for walking exercise, which I never fail to take soon in the morning and late in the evening. I have no pupils in the alphabet class; all are spelling and reading from the chart.

Mr. B., I am doing all I can to instill into the small children the real benefit of a good education. I want them to be intelligent, not come up as their forefathers had to do. This glorious aid that is now on hand, I tell them, will not always be: so they had better take hold while they have the opportunity. Mr. ——, the Sheriff of this district, called in one evening, out of the rain, and he was much delighted with the performance of the children; he thought they read well from the chart, and counted well from the frame, to be so small. Mr. —— said the colored children were ahead of the white children in this district. Also the teacher was better. I showed him the maps, globe, sphere, &c.; he was really excited to see such a well furnished school-room for the colored. The school was never blessed with but one map before I came here. The children are not willing to ever give me up, but I tell them I can't serve them always.

My maps and other things were such a treat to me at my exhibition. I had them hanging all around the stage so nicely. The people appreciated those as much as the speaking. There were as many or more white people out, the day school closed, than colored. The children went through their exercises very well. I was very much pleased, and glad when it was over.

Your grateful friend, M.

NO EASY WORK.

The following letter, sent us by another friend, is a year old, but the writer is still at work, in spite of the discouragement he felt at first. We give it as a truthful picture of one side of the graduate teacher's experience, without which no correct idea of it is possible.

Va., *February* 3, 1879.

Dear Miss H.:—

No doubt before this you have received the card which I wrote you last mail day, but I forgot to acknowledge the receipt of the papers and atlas which I received before your letter, and for which you will please accept my many thanks. I think that the charts which you spoke of will be of great use in my school, as I have a lot of little beginners who are more trouble than you have any idea of. I tell you, Miss H., teaching these ignorant folks as no easy work for anyone, that is, if they do their duty. It is true that I want to see the colored race in a more enlightened condition, but I certainly do not much appreciate the task; though the work is to be done and I guess I had as well be one of the laborers as anyone else. These people here do not appreciate Sabbath School as I thought they would; when I first came here they were very attentive, but that did not last long. They are the most indolent set of people I ever saw. If there is a night meeting anywhere in the neighborhood, there is sure to be a large crowd in attendance; but they will neither be led nor driven in the day. I often tell them that they love darkness better than day because their deeds are evil. I think, Miss H., that a change in life among these heroines is almost impossible, comparatively; for, in regard to any change in their way of worship, they evince, as Curtis says of Pope John, "a spirit of incorrigibility, pertinacity and obduracy." Consequently, I can only look on with disgust.

I shall certainly be very glad to hear from you whenever convenient.

With best wishes to all, I am,

Yours obediently, D.

WHAT HE TAUGHT THE FIRST DAY.

The most significant sentence in the following letter, though meant only for a bit of humor, is the one we have italicized: "*I taught that day by getting boards and making seats out of them.*" The lesson of Go to work and help yourself, is better than a whole university course without it; and Hampton is proud of every graduate or undergraduate who has learned from her to teach it.

——, Co., Va., *Aug.*, 1880.

Miss L.,

Dear Teacher: It has been some time since I have given you or the School any account of my work, in the field that I was sent to cultivate. I came here Jan. 12th, 1880, opened a school on the 13th. I found a very nice school house, 20x20, with five large windows which give a beautiful light over the room, but not a seat nor a sign of a stove in the house. *I taught that day by getting boards and making seats out of them.*

I only had about eight or ten scholars that day. The next day came in full of out my scholars were poorly clad, and I know that they would have suffered dreadfully from the cold. The third day I commenced my work again, I soon found that it was too hard for small children to sit perfectly still all day without fire. As the Trustees had told the patrons of the school that they would not be able to furnish any stove this term, I told the parents that they must get one, for their children would never be able to stand it through the winter. Some said that they were willing to help buy a stove, but that there were others that would not do any thing, and they were not willing to help those that would not help themselves. I told them to get the stove and I would be responsible for it. They went to work and made up the money, and in a week or so they had it. By this time my school was in full operation, numbering about forty. I was still without benches. I called on the clerk of the board, and he said that there was no money, I would have to make out the best I could; I, at last obtained planks and boards enough to seat sixty.

I had a very fine school indeed, I had two splendid classes in grammar, and also in arithmatic. At first I taught Smith's grammar until I was interrupted by the county superintendents prohibiting any text books but those that were specified by the school laws of county. Of course, this change of the series impeded the progress for several days. But at the close of my school, I was able to give satisfaction to all connected with it.

Some of my scholars are pretty well advanced; I think that two can enter the middle class at Hampton without any trouble, and six the junior class. I think that the colored people are doing remarkably well in this part of the country; I was here four years ago, and some of them were living in wretched houses, and since that time have built fine looking ones two stories high, and have furnished their parlors with fine furniture, and some are making preparations to build; some paying for land and getting their homesteads looking like a prospect of life. I should be glad to return next fall and graduate so I may be better prepared for the work that is before me.

Yours truly, W.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

Written yearly by every student at Hampton to the friends whose contributions of scholarships of $70 per annum, or $210 for the course, meet the estimated expense of a student's schooling, irrespective of board for which each student pays himself, partly by his work.]

FROM A MIDDLER.

The young man who gives the following history of his struggle for an education, being obliged to stay out of school one year to earn money for the next, not only succeeded in doing that, but made such good use of his time in study that he kept close up with the class he left, and on his return passed an examination for the next class.

Hampton, Va., 1880.

Dear Friend:

Having been informed that it is through your benevolence that my tuition is paid, I feel it my duty to write to you to return you thanks for your kindness to me.

It gives me great pleasure to think that I have such a kind friend as you are. Although I have not seen you, neither have you seen me knowingly; yet I deem you my friend.

But before saying anything more about the present, I will now endeavor to give you a sketch of the history of my life from my earliest remembrance up to the present day.

I was born in Prince William Co., Va., 1854, A. D. My mother died when I was a year and two months old. I was born a slave, but did not serve my owners long; for the Proclamation of the Emancipation took place before I was large enough to do much work. After Mother's death I was carried to Grandmother's to be reared. I remained there until her death, after which Grandfather commenced to drink and finally became a drunkard and treated me so mean that I was compelled to run away. I was then about thirteen years old and ever since then I have been paddling my own canoe. I have lived with different families of people, and in different States. I cannot say that I have had such a hard time, for everywhere I lived, I tried to do what was right, so the result was that everybody that I lived with treated me well. I am now 25 years old and have never had any difficulty with any person.

Grandmother taught me to be honest, upright and manly to everybody. The last words that she said to me was that she was afraid I would not be the man she wanted me to be. The reason that she said that was because I came in the room where she was and did not take off my hat. She was very strict with me. I thought hard of it then, but since I have become my own master, I see the benefit of it. I left home in 1867. I then lived with a gentleman, named Mr. ——, one year. The next year I went to another gentleman's and lived with him two years. During this time I had a great desire to learn to read and write. So finally I got myself a spelling-book and every night after my work was done I would study my lessons and Mr. ——, (the gentleman I lived with, would hear them. Sometimes I would take my book in my pocket with me when I went to work, and whenever I got a chance to study I would do it. By so doing I learned to read and write a little, my chance for getting an education has been very dull, for ever since I was 13 years old I have been moving from place to place and have not had any home particularly. In 1876, I went to Lower Providence, Penn., to live with a gentleman. I lived with him 15 months. From him I received a recommendation to the Wayland Institute in D. C. But I did not send my application in time, and the school was full. I next received a recommendation from Mr. R. L. Carne, the Superintendent of Public Schools in Alexandria City and County to this school. I arrived here Dec. 4, 1877, and entered the Preparatory Department. I like the school ever so well. The teachers are kind and take a great deal of pains in teaching us.

After the close of the term, I went home with the intention of coming back, but could not on the account of not having the means to come with. The vacation being short—only three months, and my health being bad so that I could not earn money enough to pay my way in school.

Finding that I could not come to Hampton I thought that I would teach school one term, and earn money enough to pay my way the next term. So I opened a school in Prince William County, Va., on the 7th of Oct., last year, and had much success in that also.

I like teaching very much. I expect to teach after I graduate, for I find that there is a great work for me to do. I arrived here the 11th of Sept. last. I have been quite successful this term so far. I have been promoted from the Preparatory class to the Middle. I hope that I may be able to graduate next term.

I pay a part of my schooling in money, and a part in work.

However, I express my feelings, yet, if I ever succeed in getting an education, I am determined to live out the remainder of my life in teaching which I love so dearly.

Yours respectfully, B.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

A young woman in the Middle class gives an interesting account of her experiences in slavery times, which very few students now can remember.

Dear Friend:

This is my first term here, and I have been requested by the Principal of the school to write you a few lines, and I take great pleasure in so doing, hoping that I may somewhat interest you. I shall first give you a short sketch of my life and then of my early school days. I was born in Norfolk county in the State of Virginia. My father and mother were both slaves, and they were owned by different parties. I am happy to state that my parents are still living. They had six children, and I was the youngest. We were all born slaves and belonged to the lady that owned our mother. I have learned from my parents that the lady who owned us died intestate, consequently my mother, and her children had to be divided among the different members of the lady's family. This was very grievous to my mother who knew full well that her children would have to be separated from her, and so it was, for my mother and four youngest children were given to the nephew of her mistress, and her two eldest sons to relatives of the family. My mother was blessed with a good husband who hired her from her master, and they lived to themselves very comfortably. My parents were allowed to keep their four youngest children with them and for a while we did not realize that we were slaves, but our happiness did not last long. The young man to whom we belonged felt that he needed a large amount of money and he committed my mother and her four children to jail to be sold. I was then only four years old too young to feel troubled, but I remember how my father and mother grieved, and as I think of it now, I can scarcely refrain from weeping.

In this gloomy hour, God smiled upon us. My father aided by a white gentleman for whom he had worked for several years, bought us for the enormous sum of twenty-five hundred dollars. My father had been quite economical for several years, and he had saved of his hard earnings one thousand dollars, and the remainder of the money he borrowed from the gentleman that befriended him. My father's master was exceedingly kind to him, and in a few years after he purchased his own family, he bought his own freedom. My two elder brothers remained slaves until the late war. My father could read and write, and for that reason he was considered by the slave-holders dangerous but very valuable and he could always obtain profitable employment. He taught his children the alphabet, which was then a great violation of the law.

I shall now give you a short account of my early school days. I well remember the first day I ever went to school: it was during the war, I could read as I thought very well, but my teacher told me that I could pronounce words pretty well but could not read. I could not imagine what she meant. I had never heard of punctuation marks, and I have since concluded that she was perfectly right in saying that I could not read correctly. My teacher was a white lady from the North, and I must say I idolized her. Oh, how I wept when she left our neighborhood to go to her home.

I was an assistant teacher in a school in Norfolk county, for two years. Then the superintendent of the school took quite an interest in my welfare and he recommended me to come to this Institute to improve myself, so I am now a school girl again.

I feel that I shall be amply paid for coming here to school. The teachers are so very kind and they all try hard to make their scholars improve. Words are inadequate to express my gratitude to you for your kindness in assisting and trying to elevate my benighted race. I hope the blessing of God may ever rest upon you and all the good friends at the North.

Yours respectfully, M.

INCIDENTS OF INDIANS LIFE AT HAMPTON.

MAGNANIMITY OF THE NEGRO TOWARD THE INDIAN.

The magnasimoss spirit shown hy the colored studeats toward the Indians at this Institution has been, to say the least, something worthy of praise.

The introduction of fifty or sixty Indians here from the woods, smoag two hundred and fifty colored studeats was an experimeat to be carefully watched. The Negro has shown the same generous spirit toword the Indian as he has toward all races. I think the true test of civilizatioa in any race, is shown hy the desire of that race to assist those whose position is more unfortunate than theirs. I do aot meas to say that the Negro is thoroughly civilized, but I do meas to say that it reflects much credit on his civilizatioa to see him, while he himself is yet strugglieg for a place smoag civilized races, reachieg out his hand to assist a less fortunate race. It shows that though he himself was oppressed, he has become enough enlightened to rise above mere race prejudices in doing his duty toword other men.

I think that the treatment the Indians heve received at this Institution at the hands of the colored studeats is quite a rebuke to many white Institutions both North and South, especially such veneered institutions as West Point, where the sons of the so called civilized parents refuse to associate with a colored boy.

It is not difficult to imagine the result had fifty or sixty Indian or *colored* students been ashered all at once into one of the averags white institutions of this country.

Many instances could be given to show that the general feeling toward the Indian is of the best kind.

It was gratifying when visiting one of the debating clubs last winter to see that the colored students had elected an Indian as secretary. Many of the colored students have volunteered to take them as room mates that they might in that way teach them English. When an Indian girl leaves this school she receives as many warm hand shakes as any other student, and her departure is as much regretted by the colored girls as if she was one of their own color.

It seems a little strange, yet it is a fact, that it was only a few Sundays ago that an Indian and a colored student went calling together on lady friends in Hampton. The colored student told me that his manners were excellent and that he liked to call with him.

The introduction of the Indian here will at least show that the colored man has learned enough to know that it is his duty to help the unfortunate wherever he finds them, whether clothed in black, white, or red skins.

GENERAL IMPROVEMENT.

As the Indians are watched from month to month a general improvement is apperent. They begin to take more interest in work as they see that it is only meant to beacfit them.

There is an increasing desire to learn trades. Those who are learning are doing well, only a few have to be told to go to work in the morning. The teacher in charge of the squads at Shellbanks reports that they do better work every day. They are growing more careful in their dress. There was never any great trouble in getting them to wear proper outside clothing. Many of them are a good while learning that their under garments must be kept clean and frequently changed. Some of them have made great improvement in this particular while others would rather go without under clothing and spend their money for trifles, if they are not watched. With their long hair once off no more trouble is experienced, they voluntarily keep their own hair cut nicely. One or two of them act as barbers to the others. I have noticed recently that some of them are beginning to shave—a strange thing for an Indian.

The majority of them take great pride in keeping neat rooms, floors are scrubbed every two weeks and in some cases every week; pictures and other ornaments are tastefully hung around the room. To enter some of their rooms one would not think he was in a student's room.

A higher sense of honesty is gradually being spread among them. Cases of dishonesty are gradually decreasing as they begin to understand what it is to be honest.

A general improvement in their manners is noticeable. A "good morning" and a "good evening" are taking the place of a low grunt. The broad, gruff "no" and "yes" are being exchanged for a polite "no sir" and "yes sir."

The following extracts are made from two boys' letters written to their friends telling them what they are doing here: "I am doing well here at this time and I am glad to tell you how I learn. When I came here I was very glad to go to school in morning and afternoon I work. Now I want to do this way alway and when I go back home I want to teach the other Indian People. That way I think sad try hard and study English words but English word very hard words, but I try always and now I know some English word, and I want to know more English word, when first I came here I don't know any English word, but I try hard and study hard, and now I know some, and when I go back home I will tell the other Indian people because our Indians don't know how to live good."

Another writes:

"I thought I would write to tell you how I got along here. Indian boys and girls getting along very well and they learn English and great many other things since they came here, some work on the farm and some work in the shop and some work in the Sawmill. Before I came here I did not know nothing and I expect to go home in three years and if I can Teach the Indians at my home I will try. I will be very glad to teach them if I can, I can not say that I will teach them but I say I will try to and I expect to do some kind of Business when I get *home*."

GIRLS.

One of the ladies who assists in taking care of the girls speaks of them as follows:

"When school was in session our Indian girls numbered twenty-one; but when the time came for all to put aside their hooks for a while, eight of them had their friends good-by,—not to return to their homes nor spend the summer with their friends as many of the teachers and colored students do: they left to spend their vacation North as helpers in strange families.

"Soon after the departure of the eight girls, three of the remaining ones were sent to their Western homes. Since then two bright girls, Julia St. Cyr and Sophia Little Bear, from the Industrial School in Nebraska, have been added. Both of them can speak the English language very readily. The older one, Julia St. Cyr, was organist in the Industrial School until she came here. No Indian girl has ever been able to enter the Preparatory class, but Julia, I think, can enter the Junior class.

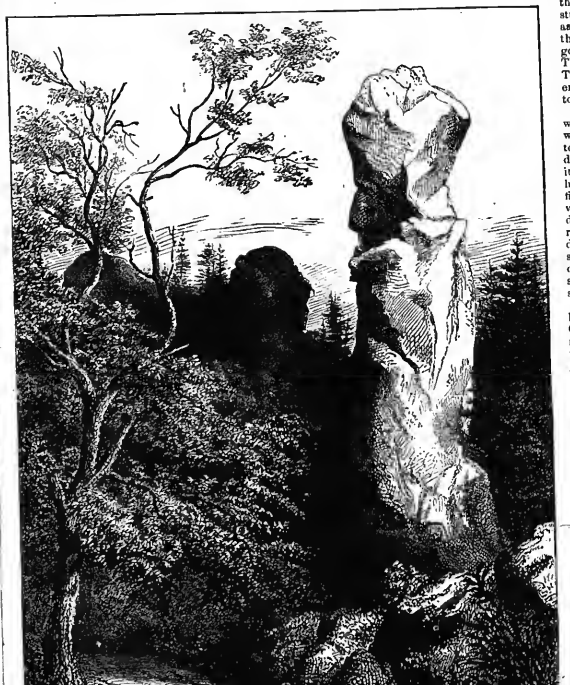
"As soon as possible after the close of school the girls had their summer work assigned them. Two were made assistant cooks, one a waitress and the others helpers in the students' diningroom. They do their work comparatively well, and are learning rapidly the many little things necessary to good house keeping.

"Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday mornings all the girls and the last three boys that came, have had object lessons given them from nine to ten o'clock. It was thought best that they should be kept in school only one hour as the weather was so very warm. Thursdays and Fridays are their washing and ironing days.

"Some of the girls show a good deal of taste in arranging things and are very particular how they carry themselves. Any allusion to their former condition throws a gloom over their feelings. They do not like to be questioned at all by strangers.

"There have been a great many excursionists here this summer and of course all of them had to see the Indians. At first the girls did not mind them very much; but they came in such bodies, crowded around them in such numbers and asked so many absurd questions that they soon got tired and would hide when they heard them coming. When these people succeeded in beaming in a poor girl they would begin to ask such questions as these: 'What is your name?' 'Are you wild?' 'Can you speak English?' 'Do you live in a house or home.'

"One day when a crowd got around one of the girls, she thought she would let them see how they would feel in her position. So when they began. Are you wild? she said, 'yes, very wild; are you wild?' Another time when she was asked if she could speak English, she replied, 'No I can not speak a word of English.'"



THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Our Indian girls are doing well in their Northern homes. In a few weeks they will return to resume their studies. There is no doubt but that, when they get back, those who have remained will feel their deficiencies and exert themselves to do as well as their friends.

The following is a letter written by little Sarah Walker in her summer home in Massachusetts.

"PITTSFIELD, MASS., *August*, 1880.

"*Dear Mrs.* ——: I will anawer your letter now I don't know why I didnt enswer your letter before I want go back to Hampton and go to school. I am not home sick now I heve very nice time over here. I want to see you all very much I am glad that the girls have been well. Are they any more Indian girls gone home? I hope my sister will come, pleas give my love to Annia Lyman and Mary Hiamon. O Mrs —— I very nice time picnic all the boys and girls came there but Kawhnt and George Bush Otter did not come. I was very gled to see all the boys and girls I thank you very much for the stamps that you give me. Carris and I we go to church every sunday and also to sunday-school. I wash the dishes every day and sweep the kitchen and do my washing and ironing, Mrs. Foot, give me a nice dress. your friend,

"SARAH WALKER."

READING ROOM.

A reading room has recently been opened in the boys' quarters. Most of the leading newspapers in English, and all the papers printed in their language are kept here for them. The papers are assorted and nicely arranged every morning by one of the boys. One seldom enters the room without finding some of the boys with a paper. As they get more enlightened their desire for general reading is increased. They have a special fondness for papers printed in their own language:

IN SCHOOL.

This first of September brought the close of vacation for the Indians who spent their vacation here. There are few students who have done more faithful and willing work this summer than these Indians. It has fitted them for good study during the next term. They were anxious to get in school. They say that their three years here are shortening very fast and they want to get all they can while here.

For the month of September, they were all taught by one teacher, and it was quite a question how one could teach twenty-five or thirty Indians of different grades. On visiting the recitation room I saw that this problem had been pleasantly solved. When I first entered I heard such a buzz of voices that I thought there must be disorder in the room. Looking around I found that the teacher had divided them into four or five divisions with an Indian teacher for each division. I don't know when I have seen more lively work being done in a school room.

The teachers did not seem in the least embarrassed by being visited. One of the girls was going over the multiplication table with her class; while some of the other classes were going over the capitals of the middle states. The teachers seemed very proud of their positions and tried to assume the air of veterans. The scholars seemed equally proud and much interested in being taught by one of their own number. When they had gone over their lessons in this way several times their teacher had the teachers and all recite before him. He said their recitations generally showed that the work of his subordinates had been well done. They were much elated when their teacher told them that they were having a normal school.

My first impression of Indians as school teachers was a very pleasant one.

B. T. W.

In noticing an article in our July number disclaiming the possibility of any rivalry between the schools of Hampton and Carlisle, the editor of "*Eadle Keatoh Toh*," sends us the following wise and kindly words:

"There may be the slightest provoking of one another to good works between us and our friends in the work at Hampton. Whatever of success there is in either the one or the other, encourages and unites us upon the broad basis of education and industrial training for all Indian children. Then shall the days of rest from wars with our Indians come. Then shall the days of their citizenship come; of their peace, of their prosperity and wealth, for themselves and the country, because them, and not till then, will they become tax-payers instead of consumers of the taxes paid by others.

"Groping in darkness, ignorance savagery, they will go on aimlessly forever unless we as a people fulfill our mission and give them the light. No! Hampton and Carlisle are not jealous of each other. We push on together—hand in hand with agency schools, mission schools, and all other schools however strong, however weak, —striving to educate, civilize, humanize, or in any way train or influence the Indians toward this spirit of intelligence and self-help. We are joined too, hand in hand with the agents struggling with perplexing responsibilities, toward this same object. With his farmer, his blacksmith, his carpenter and all his helpers of every sort who with honesty and with zeal, and energy, work toward this end."

"General Armstrong and Hampton Institute need no word of praise from us. But we may say we can never forget, that when a little wealth and population. Southern men do not read Northern papers, or, if they do so occasionally, they do not believe them. What the

they go out to fight and B is killed; A by the Code becomes a sort of hero, and what can we do but smile at the absurdity of claiming as

branch to some coal mine" is the thought that passes through the mind, but you soon find that it is the main line, which, unable to

climb or pierce the mountain, standing in its

"General Armstrong and Hampton Institute need no word of praise from us. But we may say we can never forget, that when a little party of young men with red skins, who had been sick and ie prison, coedemned and hated by the masses, were seeking the light and the way to become men, the walls of Hampton Institute were opened to them: that there they were taken by the hand and led forward to accomplish their hopes; that there they were treated and trained as men and brothers. Hampton had the courage to do this, and from this has grown Hampton's and Carlisle's Indian work.

"The Government should give every Indian child the privileges of education as it has promised to do in many treaties, and whosoever will work in any way towards this object, however strong or weak, we are with them."

A STEP IN ADVANCE.

The Baltimore *Sun* is doing some startling and radical work. It has sent into New England, an able correspondent to spy out the land, its by-ways, nooks and corners. This correspondent is no commoe reporter, looking after facts to support some politicel theory, and always under fear of the proprietor's lash, if he lets in anything which might cripple the theory. He is in the line of the new departure in journalism, tha recordiog of facts regardless of their bearings. Ha is telling Southern peopla what tha New Englanders really are at homa, and he is evidently much surprised at tha wealth and comfort of the Yankees. More than all, he will be believed by his Southern readers, though they would summarily reject it if set forth in any Northern paper. Nearly every mnn believes in his own favorite or local paper, just as he believes in his lawyer or doctor: its opinions become his opinions, and its statements, his statements.

Where onc grown up business mnn reads a books, more than ona hundred read newspapers, and get out of them a loose-jointed education in general nffairs. It is therefore, much easier to inform them through the press than through books. The newspapers and not the books ara the most powerful educators As the bittar war feeling dies out, the people of the two sections are becoming neighborly and begin to look at each other through the parlor and kitchen windows. It requires, now, something of an effort to spit out "Ku Klux," "tyrnnt," "rebel," "monster of oppression." But in the way of looking at each other, and gossiping in a friendly way, there is a growing disposition to spend time and money. It is not by census reports, or statistical atlases that communities come to know each other, but by personal contact. "Travel maketh a full man," and a writer of travels should always he of the best order of men.

Provincialism is a fault of the South, as it ie the fault of the world in general, excepting the spots where men crowd together. Tha railways of the North have thinned it out somewhat thera. Isolata n town, and it becomes at once self-sufficient, and puts up a trumpet in the public common, at which every citizen takes his turn at blowing. Travel and easy transportation keep down provincialism, just as sheep keep down weeds.

The advantage of rail-roads is, that they level physically and morally, and generally they level up. They mako people homogenous, just as paper petterns make tha girls of the Sierras and of Newport dress alike. Where railroads cnn not do tha work, the press must. Tha Yankee goes to London and Paris, and stops talking about New York and Boston. The Virginian goes to New York and Philadelphia and becomes silant over the arid wastes and sloth of his native Stata. It has taken three hundred years for Englishmen and tha Frenchmen to understand each other slightly. Evan now, they entertain tha most foolish opinions about each other, with n result of bad feeling and bad legislation. It is only lately that English writers have ventured to inform their readars confidently that the gallic race, which surpasses every European race in culture, wealth, and industrial cunning, is not a race of vile, frog-eating, immoral, frivolons apes. It is now evidont that tha growing liberality of sentiment on the part of readers, induces the press to show asterprise in looking up the social life of other communities. Tha ignorance which the North and South exhibit about each other is not only wrong, but inaxcuseble. It did vast harm in the past, and made terrible hnvoc with lifa and property. Ignornnce is the mother of blunders and crime. We have repeatedly, in this paper protested against tha disposition on the part of some Northern papers to reject all evidence but that which sustaies n theory. Thera is already n change for the better, owing to more sober judgments. Still many of these papers sigh in n quiet way for tha flesh pots of outrages. The Southern journals hava been quite disposed to ignore the interior and non-political life of Northern people, though it is really n matter of supreme importance that they should throughly understand the habits, character, and social lifa of those people who will control for some time to come tha national life, by the sheer force of wealth and population. Southern men do not read Northern papers, or, if they do so occasioeelly, they do not believe them. What the Southerner needs to know is the details of that quiet, social life, which makes up Northern character, whether it be good or had. So far he believes only what his own paper tells him. Southern men are even now rather too profuse in their admiration of Yankee enterprise, but it never occure to them to fied out the causes of those strong elements which have drawn from an almost sterile spot, the leaders in an emigration which has populated the northern tier of states between the two oceans, with a restless, industrious, intelligent population.

The Southern press is given up unreservedly to politics. Even the Charleston *News and Courier*, circulatieg largely among the planters, discontinued its agriculturel column because the "planters took no interest ie it." But the movement of the Baltimore *Sun* will be imitated by the rest of the Southern press, and whatever is good, whatever is worth following, in Yankee civilization will be presented in the true light, before Southern readers, by men whom they trust.

W. N. A.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Tha feudal system, though dead, has laft a trail behind it—more plainly marked in soma sections than in others; but visibla everywhere feudalism flourished, and in those newer countries, settled by emigrents from lands, where existed that strange mixture of vice and virtue known as chivalry. Probably the most distinct fasture of this system now visible, is what used to be called, and is called even now "the Code of Honor," orin plainer languege, the custom of duelling.

A discussion of this question would seem almost useless in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, yet here and there we find supporters of the custom, who lead youth astray by inculcating false notions of what they call "honor," etc.

The "Code of Honor" is simply a system of rules and regulations prescribing in what manuer A shall go to work to premeditate the murder of B, and effect it if possible, by giving B a chance to premeditate and effect his (A's) murder. Looking at the Code from this standpoint, with all its feathere plucked, it seems incredible that sane men can be found to endorso it. Nevertheless it is idle to deny that some people do uphold the system, and look with admiration on a man who has killed his fellow-being in n duel, or who in attempting murder, has himself been crippled. If it be impossihle to change the sentiments of those who now believe in duelling, it is tha duty of journals, especially educational ones, to present the other side of the questioe, that in each succeeding generation there may be fewer and fewer admirers of tha so-called field of honor.

It is claimed by the upholders of the system, that in places where the "Code" is recognized, there is n higher tone found in society, and a greater amount of courtesy prevails. This claim is groundless—if it be true, let us see what else must be true. Duelling is against the law, and where it is the custom to break the laws rather than to obey them, tha state of that society is lawless. Where every mnn is a law to himself and his own avenger, why have any laws? Why not own up to savagery at once? Among barbariane there is no law, but that of might—and we hardly call tha tone of barbarians "high." Yet the upholders of duelling are forced to maintain, either that duels are lawful, (which they know to be false) or else that law breaking is a high-toned and proper thing.

Looked at, without prejudice, tha Code of Honor is only old Draco's code polished up a little. Drsco declared tha smallest offense deserved death, and that he knew no severer punishment for graver offenses. Duelling takes exactly the same ground for a trivial matter as a serious ona, tha remedy provided is the same: a chance to be killed and to kill.

Taking the law into our own hande is not much of a compliment to the bench of our State. To put it mildly—duellists cast n slur on the sagacity of judges and the efficacy of courts. To say that a pistol at ten paces, is more certain to right a wrong than n judga learned in tha law, is not very complimentary to the judga, and seems n little at variance with the elaim, that duelling increases courtesy. Again the fairness of duels, which their supporters praise highly, is purely imaginary. The blackest hearted villain on the footstool, if he hava social veneer sufficient to pass for a nominal gentleman, may be the most expert ewordsman or pistol shot, while the best and bravest mcn living may be inexpert at arms. If A, who can drive nails with his pistol at ten paces, and B, who cannot hit a barn door, stand up to shoot at one another, it is simply "bosh" to say their chances are equal. Before a court, both would be equal—how then does this comparison seem of the fairness of the courts nnd Code? The claim for tha fairness of duelling then seems without foundation; but its unfairness is as clear as noon-day. Suppose A grievously insults and injures B,—they go out to fight and B is killed; A by the Code becomes a sort of hero, and what can we do but smile at the absurdity of claiming as just a system, whereby a miscreant by doubling his misdeeds may become crowned with a double chaplet, and dubbed "a man of courage and of honor."

It is useless to deny that when men go out to fight a duel, they intend to do bodily narm. People in their right minds do not stand up as a target for other's pistol practice. What damage is done is premeditoted. There is not even "the heat of passion" to be offercd in excuse. On being insulted, ninety men out of hundred will retaliate with a blow or a scries of blows, and nine tenths of the people on this planet will say "well done." But a duel is deliberate, formal, and cold blooded. Between the affront and the fight a coesiderable interval must elapse, and more or less ink be spilled. No greater evidence of premeditation can be asked than the appearance of the principals and seconds on the field. For what other purpose are they there than to injure one enother aed to oid and abet the injury.

It seem to me that any man, who fights a duel hopes to obtain some advantage over the man with whom he fights. If not, why do they stand ten or fifty paces apart? If both men are willing to die for what they believe to be the right side of the question at issue, why not place tha rifles over each others hearts and have the seconds pull the triggers. This process would settle the question of bravery at once, and put both on an even footing. Another great advantage would be the certainty that both parties would have complete satisfaction. If heart to heart is claimed to be absurd, then let them stand a mile apart and fire with pop-guns when one of the seconds, chosen by lot, blows a fish-horn. One plan is as rational as the other, if *each party does not stand up with the hope of getting some advantage over his opponent.* It is idle to say that a man's honor needs a certain number of feet in which to be blood-washed.

A duel is looked upon by the upholders of the system as a means to right a wroeg; but herein is a glaring absurdity, for the injured party runs the same risk of barm as the one who has done the injury. Suppose a man stole my horse, and a court should determine to try us both for theft and send us to prison; would there not be something absurd in such a mode of procedure?

Leaving entirely aside tha moral aspect of a duel, it is the most illogical way to settle any difference. If a man insult you and you offer him a first-class chance to shoot you besides, tha depth of absurdity seems to be touched.

In communities where duelling is practised it requires a good deal more courage not to fight n duel then to fight one; and among those whose honor is most unimpeachable, is heard the least talk about "Honor" or its "Code."

T. T. n.

NOTES OF A WESTERN TRIP.

Away from Hampton, and off for Dakota. Cause, the necessity of returning some Indian students to their homes in that distant part of the country. The "Bay Lina" steamers furnished transportation for the party of five to Baltimore, and from that place to Yankton, Dakota, it was supplied by the Northern Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, and its connections,—the Pennsylvnnia, Pittsburg Fort Wayne and Chicago, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railways. Leaving Baltimore at 8.15 a. m., we were at Harrisburg, Pa., in time for dinner, nnd at 1 p. m. turned our faces westward, and were soon swiftly climbing the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, nnd gazing upon tha lovely views, visible from our seata in the open car attached to the rear of our train. It was the "Fast Express," that runs between Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and the schedule time from Washington to Chicago (842 miles) was twenty-four hours and fifty-five minutes, a fraction over thirty-four miles per hour, including stoppages. It is scarcely necessary to describe tha scenery of the mountains,—it has had the benefit of more facile pens and its praises can be found registered in every guide book. I do not think, however, that it equals in ruggedness and wildness, that found along the Baltimore and Ohio railway, though tha engineering difficulties to be overcome would seem to have been greater, unless we consider the frequent tunnels of the B. and O. more difficult than the sharp curves and gradients of the Pennsylvania. Still one could not well fail to admire the skill with which difficulties had been overcome, and the grand horse shoa curve, between Altoona and Summit, was a surprise, and could well be used to point a moral, showing to the young man or woman how difficulties that could neither be pierced nor surmounted, could be passed around. Before reaching it, the road gradually rises above the level of tha valley which ie seen on the left, nnd seems to be leading straight into tha heart of tha mountains. But soon, not far away to the left, is seen a track scurped out of the mountain's side and with a sharp grade which soon passes round the shoulder of the etcep and is lost to view. "A branch to some cool nine" is the thought that passes through the mind, but you soon find that it is the main line, which, unable to climb or pierce the mountain standing in its front, "fseks" the difficulty and passieg around its steep face and looking down hundreds of feet into the valley below, again turns westward and goes on to climb other steeps, and look down upon other scenes, till a long tunnel shuts all from sight, and emerging from it one sees the sign "summit" in the front of the station; and next, stresme whose waters are hastening toward the Ohio and the Gulf. Cresson, one of the first stution on the western slope, is a summer resort, nnd as hurriedly seen from the train, seemed a really beautiful spot. Coke ovees with their canopies of smoke and flame line a portion of the way, sed often so close to the track that the heat reaches the face of the traveller, as he gazes curiously from the wiedow of the car.

"Smoky Pittsburg" was reached soon after dark, and stopping only long enoegh for supper, the night's journey took us across Ohio and nearly across Indiana, and we took breakfast at Valparaiso, near the western line of the State and forty-two miles from Chicago. "What's in a name!" Why any one ever thought to call this low, flat lying town and surrounding country, "the vale of Paradise," is left for some wiser person than the writer to discern. Leaving the station after paying its rapacious proprietor first class rates for a seventh rate meal, our engineer lost no time, at least, in putting the miles behind him, and a careful noting of the rate of speed showed that miles were seen at the rate of one minute and four seconds, one minute and six, one and seven, one and five, and the forty-two, with four stops, and the necessary "slowing down" within city limits were passed over in fifty-seven minutes.

We reached the city Sunday morning, and remained there during the day. Soon after our arrival a heavy rain commenced falling, and continuing during the day, rendered it too unpleasant to go about any, and the Indians passed most of the time looking from the windows of the hotel, upon the streets and the never ending lines of street cars which, at the least detention from any cause, filled the tracks for squares.

At nine p. m., we took the cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, and at midnight were in Milwaukee, and at breakfast time the next morning were at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, at which point we crossed the Mississippi on a temporary bridge and passing, by a steep grade, up the valley of a crooked and turbulent little stream, emerged into the prairie country of Iowa. "Westward, ho!" and (as Artemus Ward would have said,) "we hoed," all the bright and seemingly interminable day, at first through the older settled portions of the State, then through vast stretches of level or slightly rolling prairie, with but few and widely separated houses, but with hard after herd of cattle, feeding under the care of herders, sometimes grown men, but more frequently boys of from ten to fifteen years of age, and several time we saw girls galloping about on their ponies, engaged in the same duty.

The train ran very slowly, and at almost every branch road we had to change cars, and when at 7:30 a. m. of Tuesday we reached Running Water on the Missouri river, fifty miles by water above the town of Yankton, we had changed five time since leaving Chicago and three of the changes had been made in the night.

Running Water is opposite the mouth of the Niobrara river, which forms the boundary line between Nebraska and that portion of Dakota lying west of the Missouri river, and has attained the dignified age of four months. It is the present terminus of the western branch of the Chicago, Wilwaukee and St. Paul railway. Perhaps I had better say it *was then* the terminus, for western railroads, like the prophets gourd, grow rapidly, and the terminus of today may easily be only the way station of tomorrow. At the time of my visit, a large ferry boat was plying from bank to bank of "the Big Muddy" on the Missouri is factiously but appropriately called, and a party of engineers were already far up the valley of the Niobrara, extending tha line to connect with the Union Pacific at or near Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter. Two hotels are ready to take in (please note the expression) the traveller, and a very readable paper sounds to the whole country (as we are assured by its editor,) tha prises of Running Water and its adjacent prairie.

We were about twenty-seven miles from Yankton Agency, and after waiting a day, and telegrapliing to Yankton and Sioux City for information about steamers for points up the river, I determined to try land transportation, for the trip to the Agency, and on the morning following our arrival we left the mushroom town, at an early hour, and after a pleasant drive of five hours, were set down at the door of the Agent's office at Yankton Agency.

A description of it; the improvement noticed among the Indians, and the incidents of the return trip will form the subject of another letter.

Henry Romeyn.

THE FIRST PIPE. all other wnys. We must take their word for I dedicata mys-lf anew to the work of God, of the Gospel of Christ, and of the salvation of my

(Continued from page 101.)

off to the ship; they to the countless mules, horses and donkeys that ara tethered in the background. Another lsading in half an hour at Kailua, where the first missionaries landed in 1819, to hear that "The old king is dead and the idols are burned"—the most glorious greeting that ever apostles received. At midnight we dropped aachor at Kawaihao and lay quietly till morning for mails, freight and passengers. Going ashors for a change, we saw the great *heiau* or heathen temple, on which human victims were offered, as many as eighty-eight at once. When partly decomposed they were carried to a flat rock in the sea below, whers they were devoured by sharks. Here lived the great Kamehameha, the conqueror of this group, who kept his armies on the heights above and his war canoes in the bay below. He is said to have roasted his own cousin, a prominent rival chief, on a rock near his home.

Steamer traveling is pleasant along such an interesting shore as this, but has its disadvantages when eahin passengers sleep on rows of mattresses which cover nearly every foot of the after deck. A bath is but a blissful dream; but whatever agony there is is soon over, and going with the wind as we do, it is very comfortable. I have completed the circuit of Hawaii, which contains 4,000 square miles, riding more than half way around and coasting the rest of the way. As we steam away I take a parting look at its majestic mountains, and wonder if fato will ever take me back to traverse again their rough paths.

S. C. A.

THE WATER MILL.

Listen to the Water Mill.
Through the livelong day—
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the weary hours away.
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stirs the withered leaves;
On the field the reapers sing,
Bidding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
And as a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Summer winds revive no more
Leaves strewn o'er earth and main,
And the sickle never can reap
The gathered grain again:
And the rippling stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep and still—
Never gliding back again
To the Water Mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true.
Golden years are fleeting by—
Youth is passing, too.
Learn to make the most of life;
Lose no happy days!
Time will ne'er return again,
Sweet chances thrown away;
Leave no tender word unsaid—
But love while love shall last:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the sun doth shine,
Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not until tomorrow's sun
Beams brightly on thy way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in the phrase "To day!"
Power, intellect, and blooming health
May not, will not, always last:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life
That have swiftly drifted by;
Oh! the good we might have done!
Gone! lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single kindly word;
Thoughts conceived, but ne'er express'd
Perishing unpenn'd, unheard.
Take the proverb to thy soul!
Take and clasp it fast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

I have thus endeavored quietly
A serious lesson to impart;
Oh! pass it not o'er lightly
But bind it to thine heart:
And when the flight of life is o'er,
And earth recedes from view,
And heaven in all its glory shines
Midst the good, the pure, the true—
Then you'll understand more clearly
The proverb deep and vast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Maj. Gen'l. D. C. McCollam.

HIS FIRST PIPE.

Well, young America, you make a first rate model for the artist's clever brush. He has caught you on the sly, making your first staad for manly independence, hidden away in the barn. So let's take a look at you in spite of yourself. A merry little face lighted up by the kindling match, watchful eyes full of roguish excitement, half fun, half fear. Something like Whittier's immortal "Barefoot"—

"With the sunshine on his face,
Through his torn brim a jaunty grace." But you're no barefoot boy just at present. We see those boots—and their bold stride. Your first pair, probably, as well as your first pipe. Yes sir, you look very fine. But—oh dear—what will the picture be an hour from now? And you won't dare to go to your mother, you know, and you'll wish you were dead—or you'll be quite sure you're going to die.

Well—you won't think so just then—but some things are worth a little misery, or even a good deal. The only question is, does it pay to learn to smoke? If your big brother should tell you, as I hope he would, or if the doctor should tell you, as I feel sure he would, that smoking doesn't pay, what would you say? Suppose he told you that your stomach knows best what is good for boys, and if you insult it will take it out on your brain and hurt its chance of winning you the medal and the prizes at school; and on your heart and set it thumping away all out of time and tune—and spoil those white teeth of yours, and your sweet breath, and weaken your throat and your lungs? What would you say to all that? You'd think it over a little, if you're as much of a man as I take you for. All that, tobacco can do, and has done. But there's one bad thing it *will* do for you, sure as fate. Burn up pennies and dimes and dollars that would make a pretty little pile is you put them into the Savings Bank instead. And, as for manly independence—that's all stuff, you know—or I suppose you don't know. There is no greater slave than the slave to the pipe. A pretty master for you, isn't it—a smoky, smelly old pipe? Pah!—throw it away, and show your independence!

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

BY ELIZA OREATOREX.

The world has so long been in the habit of peopling mountains, streams, forests and oceans with imaginary deities, that it is not surprising that even in America we have some of these old ideas. Mr. William Cullen Bryant, in one of his charming poems, speaks of ant, in one of his charming poems, speaks of these as "faded fancies of an elder world." But they are not so faded, after all, and come very naturally to those who have read stories of Greek and Roman gods and heroes.

It is hard for us, who live in these days of railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, hard work and practical life, to see how it was ever possible for any people to hold such simple and childish beliefs. But, though we have learned of the true and only God who made heaven and earth and all that is therein, we like to keep alive the curious old traditions of the ancients. They are like the charming fairy tales that have come down to us from generation to generation. Nobody pretends that they are true; but they are very good "make-believes."

If ever there was a place on earth where the gods of the Greeks and Romans may be supposed to have lived and had a good time, that place must have been in Colorado. Near the foot of the famous mountain known as Pike's Peak lies the "Garden of the Gods," a glimpse of which is given you in our frontispiece. It is a small valley, just on the edge of the Rocky Mountains, and is completely surrounded by a high perpendicular wall of white sandstone. There are two entrances through this wonderful wall; one of them—the larger—is called "The Beautiful Gate." It is a narrow gap in a mass of rock more than one hundred feet high. As you enter, you look over a valley fenced in on all sides with white sandstone; and, nearly opposite, at the top of a hill, is another smaller gateway, half-concealed by a huge rock about the size of an ordinary cottage. This mass of rock is so balanced on the edge of the slope that it looks as if it might jump off and go thundering down the hill while you look at it. But it has hung there many centuries, and, if you should feel inclined to wait to see it go, you might have to stay a great many more centuries before the fun would begin.

The Garden of the Gods abounds with beautiful trees and foliage, and, towering amidst this loveliness, are some of the most extraordinary, queer and fantastic shapes ever made out of rock. Ages ago, when this part of the world was in a state of terrible commotion, vast layers of rock were forced up out of the earth in all sorts of positions. Some were vertical, some slanting, and some were criss-cross and mixed up generally. Learned men say that was the way these layers of sandstone, which once were flat, got up edgewise and in all other ways. We must take their word for it. There was nobody there to see.

Trees and shrubs, after a time, grew up around, and the disturbed earth had peace. Then came the mountain winds and the long autumn rains. The wind blew the sand against the rocks, which are so soft that you could dig holes in them with a strong jack-knife. The wearing of the sand and wind and water against these stony surfaces carved them into all sorts of wild and funny shapes. Ages and ages passed away, probably, before these grotesque sculptures looked as they do now. We can imagine how patiently the fingers of the wind must have chiseled at the stone, flinging on the water and the sand before it gave us such a picture-puzzle as this which we show you.

These rocks are twenty-five or thirty feet high. Others in the garden are yet higher; and all are of a soft red, very like the color of old bricks. The contrast between their rich tints and the green of the foliage is most charming. Here and there among the trees rise up fantastic shapes like spires, towers and steeples. Some of the fanciful names given these are "Montezuma's Cathedral," "Cleopatra's Needle," "Washington Monument," "The Cathedral Spires," and "Needle Rock."

The Indians have many traditions about these singular rock shapes; and it is not at all surprising that they were afraid to go into the enchanted garden. We can imagine that an ignorant and superstitious people would fancy that these huge images, which look so much like heathen gods, were terrible creatures. Even white people, looking into the garden in a half-cloudy night, might feel rather shaky about the knees.

But, as we said before, these are what may be called "faded fancies of an elder world," and we need not believe in them. What people might think if the hammering of the gods up in the mountains is probably only the thunder booming among the peaks. And it must be confessed that the powers of the air do get into the mountain storehouse; for, after the hammering and booming have been kept up some time, the caverns in the clouds are unlocked and down come the floods of water that have been stored there for use.

So, as the years roll on, the rains come in sheets and jets. Whirled by the winds, they leap from the clouds and mountains. They strike the rocks in the valleys below, and, like tools, they cut and carve, century after century, shaping strange forms and fantastic faces. Thus, while men live and die, they sculpture the statues in the Garden of the Gods, very much as our characters are formed by circumstances and influences of which the rest of the world takes little heed.

PARAGRAPHS.

From the American Missionary.

The public sentiment of Virginia, in regard to free schools, as gathered from the reports of the county superintendents, may be summed up in the language of one of them as follows: "I might content myself by saying that most of the educated in my county are now decided advocates of the present system. At first, a large majority were hostile to it; but a few days ago, one of the first men of the county said to me that he tried hard to believe it a 'Yankee innovation' upon our good old Virginia plan, and as such it should be opposed by all true Virginians; but now he had become a decided advocate of it, and believed that the only hope of educating a large majority of our citizens, indeed, that our very existence, as a free and independent people, depended upon the preservation and extention of some good system of popular education." An examination of one hundred and three such reports discovers the fact that in less than a dozen counties is there any great opposition to the system. The reports show an almost uniform and decided growth of public sentiment in favor of it.

The Negro Bishop of Ilayti, Theodore Holey a native of the United States, and consecrated in Grace Church, New York City, who, during the recent gathering of the Bishops of the Anglican Church in London, was much honored by all his brethren, and who at the invitation of Dean Stanley preached in Westminster Abbey, on St. James Day, closed his address with the following eloquent words and remarkable prayer:

"And now, on the shores of old England, the cradle of that Anglo-Saxon Christianity by which I have been in part at least illuminated; standing beneath the vaulted roof of this monumental pile, redolant with the piety of bygone generations during so many ages; in the presence of the

'Storied urn and animated bust'

that hold the sacred ashes and commemorate the buried grandaur of so many illustrious personages—I catch a fresh inspiration and new impulse of the Divine missionary spirit of our common Christianity; and here in the presence of God, of angels, and of men, on this day sacred to the memory of an apostle whose blessed name was called over me at my baptism, and as I lift up my voice for the first, and perhaps only, time in any of England's sainted shrines, I dedicate myself anew to the work of God, of the Gospel of Christ, and of the salvation of my fellow-men in the far distant isle of the Caribbean Sea, that has become the chosen field of my Gospel labors.

"O Thou Saviour Christ, Son of the living God, who when Thou wast spurned by the Jews of the race of Sham, and who, when delivered up without cause by the Romans of the race of Japhath, on the day of Thy crucifixion, hadst Thy ponderous cross born to Golgotha's summit on the stalwart shoulders of Simon, the Cyrenian, of the race of Ham; I pray Thee, O precious Saviour, remember that forlorn, despised, and rejected race, whose son Thou bore Thy cross, when Thou shalt come in the power and majesty of Thy eternal kingdom to distribute Thy crowns of everlasting glory!

"And give to me, then, not a place at Thy right hand or at Thy left, but only the place of a gatekeeper at the entrance of the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, that I may behold my redeemed brethren, the saved of the Lord, entering therein to be partakers with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob of all the joys of Thy glorious and everlasting kingdom."

ENCOURAGING SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Few things can be more gratifying and cheering to those engaged in the grand work of educating the colored people in Tennessee, than the fact that those having charge of educational affairs in the various towns, named below, either have, within the past few years, organized graded schools for colored youth, or are now taking steps for organizing such schools: Clarksville, Trenton, Shelbyville, Brownsville, Jackson, Union City, Bolivar, Parsi, Covington, Pulaski, Columbia, Fayetteville, Mason Station, and perhaps some other towns. Another thing that all who are engaged in the educational work in the State, ought to regard as a hopeful sign, is the fact that the last Legislature, in all its zeal for retrenchment, made no effort to reduce the income of the free school system. This, and the fact, that much complaint was uttered by the people all over the State, because of the suspension of schools consequent upon the postponement of the collection of taxes by the Legislature, show how deeply the system of the State has taken hold upon the affections of the masses.

Still another ground for hopefulness is found in the fact, that; whereas, year before last, not quite 39 per cent. of the colored children of the State were enrolled in the free schools, last year nearly 49 per cent. were so enrolled. And there are reasons for believing that, the superintendent's forthcoming report will show equally encouraging figures.

NAVAL REVIEW AT HAMPTON.

The success attending the naval review at Hampton Roads last year, and the great interest attaching to it, has induced the Secretary of the Navy to repeat it this year upon a still more liberal scale. Not only the training ships Constitution, Portsmouth, Saratoga and Minnesota, but all the other war vessels constituting the home squadron—the Tennessee, Kearsarge, Vandalia, Alliance, and Talnapoosa (the latter being especially for the use of the Secretary)—will take part in the naval manœuvers. The review will take place about the 15th of October, or soon after the return of Secretary Thompson from Indiana. The reports from the several training ships are of the most flattering character, and abundantly insure the success of the system of creating a corps of seamen who shall be representative American seamen.

The fine hotel accomodations at Fort Monroe, and the chances for delightful weather during a Virginia October, may well induce many to attend this Naval pageant, which promises to far exceed the interesting affair of last year.

NEWS ITEMS.

MALARIA IN NEW ENGLAND.—A recent issue of the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant*, says: "The Providence *Journal*, noticing the increase of malarial diseases along the coast from Long Island up the Sound, very truly adds that the increase is not limited to those regions. Malaria is spreading rapidly inland. You find it up in the healthy Berkshire hills; in the back towns of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island; and, indeed, all about. It is said that one large Pennsylvania colliery has lately notified its customers that it cannot engage to fulfill future orders for coal with any degree of regularity because a greater part of its miners are by malaria incapacitated from work. Such things as these show the money-loss involved in the presence of sickness. There are various reasons assigned for the spreading of the disease, and people are full of wonder that it should appear where it never has before been seen. It may turn out some time that as the occupation of places runs on year after year and decade after decade the seeds of disease sown in that occupation get the chance to ripen, and that man himself is the agent that turns notoriously and naturally healthful places into the ways of sickness and death."

A NEW OCEAN STEAMSHIP LINE.—Some London merchants are arranging for a new line of steamships to sail between New York and London. It is to be started with four steamers. The steamers will be 400 feet in length each, and of 4,000 to 5,000 tons burden. One of the vessels, launched at Hull, and now almost ready, is the "Assyrian Monarch." The second is the "Babylonian Monarch," and was built on the Clyde. The third and fourth are building, and will be ready to take their places when needed. They are all fitted up for the grain and cattle trade especially. It is inte ded that the first steamer of the line shall leave New York early in October, and that a steamer shall follow every fortnight thereafter.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is especially serviceable in dyspepsia and all diseases following therefrom.

THE HYGEIA HOTEL,
OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

THE

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is especially serviceable in dyspepsia and all diseases following thnrefrom.

THE OBELISK.—The Egyptian obelisk was last week taken to New York city from Staten Island. It was placed on a section of the shot-railroad, resting on a pontoon, and was towed up by a steamboat on the flood tide. During the journey the obelisk did not move an inch, although the pontoons worked with the swell from all the steamers which passed by. The work of removing the obelisk and transporting it occupied just nineteen days, or two days less than was at first estimated.

A despatch from Chatsworth, Ill., says a heavy frost one night last week did great damage to all late corn in the central part of the State.

Snow fell in Gallagher township, Clinton county, Pa., on the 14th Sept. This township is in the Allegheny Mountains.

Horsford's Bread Preparation

makes delicious light and sweet Rolls without the use of lard or butter, that dyspeptics can eat. Try it.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, Sept. 21, 1880.

The general aspect of business is exceedingly satisfactory and the strong tone of financial affairs continuous. The latest crop reports show that the yield in most cases exceeds anticipation and the railroads will be kept busy for some time to come. The tide of immigration and other causes serve to help up the healthy condition of business.

A cargo of ice reached New York recently from Norway. It was reported that this cargo was only the first of a number of ship loads that were on the way to some of the city ice companies, with a view to learn whether ice could be profitably imported from Europe.

DEATH IN A MINE.—Accordiog to a despatch from Virginia City, Cal., an accident at the Consolidated Imperial Mine on Thursday night caused the death of nine men, one other being dangerously hurt. A cage with ten men on it had started for the surface, when the cable broke, precipitating them down the shaft about 300 feet and 1,400 feet of rope was plied upon them, with the terrible result stated.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

For Nervousness.

JOHN Y. SIMPSON, M. D., of Monterey, Iowa, said: The "Acid has—to use the lady's own expression, to whom it was given as a Nerve Tonic—made me a new nervous system." "

THE CYCLONE IN JAMAICA.—Further particulars of the cyclone in the island of Jamaica have come to hand. At Fletcher's Land nine or ten houses were destroyed, and in Pink Lane a house with furniture was turned bottom up. At Up-park Camp the military barracks were destroyed, and damages amounting to $50,000 sustained. The prisoners in the barracks had to be released to save their lives, threatened by the falling buildings. At Port Royal all the wharves were destroyed. At Glengoffe two women were killed by the falling of a house upon them, and at August Town only five houses were left standing. The settlements mostly destroyed are Freetown, Bardowie, New Grange, Prospeck, Hermitage, Spring, Southward Hill, Bowden Hill, Northrock, Woodford, Industry, and Jack Hill. In Padmore and St. Christopher's district all the fields are destroyed.

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does not change in strength by being kept on hand a long time. If hard, powder it, and it is as good as new.

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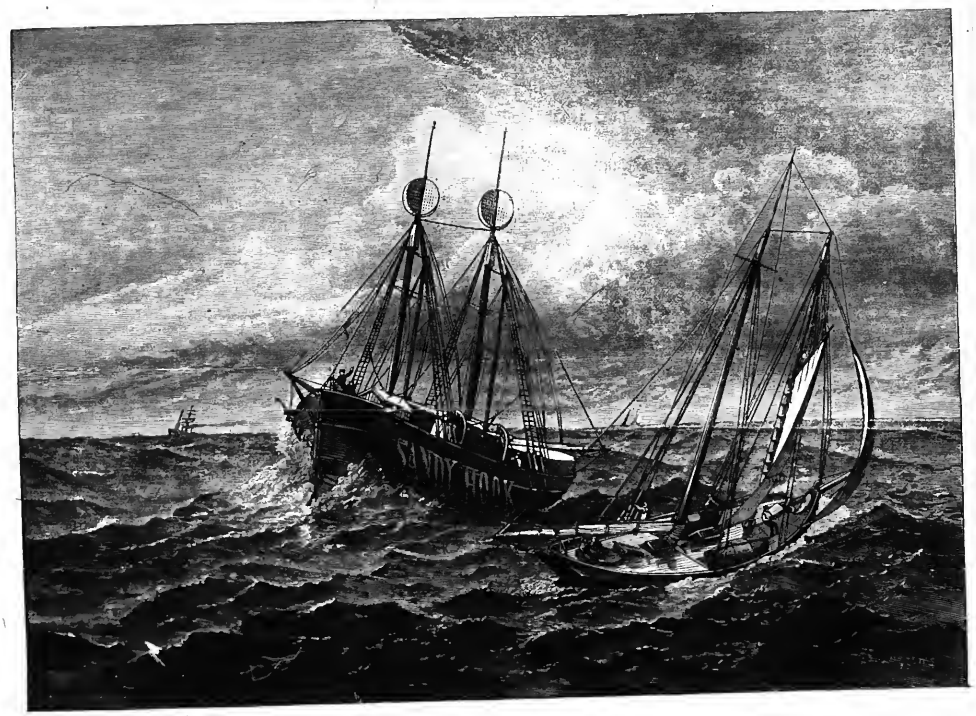

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LIGHT-SHIPS AND BUOYS.

Light-ships, as everybody knows, are stationed where it would be impossible to build light-houses. Their purpose is not only to show the position of reefs, shoals, or wrecks, but also to point out the entrance to harbors. Sandy Hook Light-ship, which stands like a vidette to mark, if not to guard, the entrance to New York Bay, though not by any means perfect, is perhaps one of the best light-ships on our coast.

Such vessels require to be very substantially built to withstand the fierce storms that beat upon them and drive them hither and thither. Unlike any other vessels, there is no give to them; at times they are blown to sea, or are carried away by the ice. This happens frequently in the Sound, but as they are provided with sails, they soon make port again. Lights are hoisted at sunset every evening, and lowered at sunrise. The iron disks used as day signals, are stationary. During thick or foggy weather a large bell is tolled at intervals. Some vessels are provided with a fog-whistle, or siren, operated by steam, in which case an engineer is necessary. The manner of anchoring is different from that of any other vessels, and is the most secure way known. Two mushroom anchors, shaped exactly as the name implies, are sunk, say thirty feet apart; and to end, a chain running between them, to this is attached a swivel, and to that again a chain to the light-ship. For better security a chain with a weight attached is fastened to the head of each mushroom, running diagonally from each. The complement of men on board consists of master, two mates, and six seamen, besides the cook. During the summer months they are at liberty to go ashore, or take trips in one of the boats, fishing, etc; but from October until April they are confined on board. Their time is their own, and devoted to reading (a good library of substantial works being furnished by the government), playing cards, checkers, etc. As to the news of the day, they hear nothing, except through an occasional paper thrown from a passing vessels.

In rough weather a light-ship is rather uncomfortable. To use the expression of an old light-ship man, "She just jumps clean out of the water every time." The veriest sea-dog that ever "eyed his pipe or piped his eye" becomes a slave to Father Neptune, at least for a day or so. Too much can not be said in praise of the grave, self-sacrificing men who stand guard at these points of danger. Nor can the importance of their work be overvalued. Last year there passed between the Sandy Hook and Scotland light-ships, 1073 ships, 5283 barks, 1517 brigs, and 6885 schooners—in all over 17,000 vessels indebted largely for their safety to the faithful vigilance of the police of the sea.

"A stormy night," says David Stephenson, "may rudely drift the sleet against our windows, and disturb our rest; and perhaps our sympathies may be awakened for the men who patrol our dark streets as guardians of our property; but seldom in those dismal nights do our thoughts extend to the solitary outposts of our land, where, confined to the narrow cabin of a light ship, or watching in towers perched on bleak headlands or sunken rocks, the true guardians of the country's naval greatness keep their quiet and unostentatious vigil, unthought of because remote and unknown. Whether we consider the important position which our light-ships occupy among the tortuous channels leading to our great ports, or the calm endurance of their ever tempest-rocked inmates, they can not fail to arrests our interest, and inspire us with thankfulness that men are found ever ready to discharge the most unenviable duties in the important and humane work of protecting the lives of our hardy seamen." The life is one of great hardships, often of danger, and always of care and watchfulness.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE AMERICAN REINDEER.

(See page 113).

The caribou or American reindeer, largely inhabits Labrador and Newfoundland, and still exists in considerable numbers in the province of New Brunswick. In the adjoining province of Nova Scotia their numbers are gradually decreasing. Going westward and south of the St. Lawrence, his haunts extend southward along the borders of the State of Maine and the country south of the city of Quebec to New Hampshire. The moose is found with him all through this district, and also the Virginia deer in its southern part. North of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, the caribou ranges all through the vast forest regions as far as the McKenzie River, and is also found inhabiting the high lands of British Columbia.

In the State of Maine they are met with in tolerable abundance, and if the existing game laws are strictly enforced, we may hope that their numbers will not be diminished. In the wilderness tracts of that State there are vast stretches of barrens, amply provided with the reindeer lichen and interspersed with innumerable lakes and uplands, constituting a country admirably adapted to the habits of the caribou.

The prevailing color of the caribou is a dark fawn inclining to gray, darkest at the tips of the hairs, on the sides, ears, face, and outside of the legs, and fading to almost pure white on the neck and throat. The under part of the body and tail is white, and a ring of white encircles the legs just above the hoof. Some specimens have a light spot on the shoulders, and a black patch on the mouth. It is not uncommon to find aged and full-grown animals adorned with a flowing mane, which adds greatly to the grace and beauty of their appearance.

The heads and antlers of the caribou present much diversity of form, and seldom are any two found alike.

The construction of the caribou's hoof differs

from that of any other animal of the deer tribe, and is wonderfully adapted to the services it is required to perform, and enables the animal to travel in deep snows, over frozen lakes and ice crusts, when the moose and deer are confined to their yards, and at the mercy of their foes. Toward the end of the season the ground more fertile. A general movement has been made in that direction. The Liberia College is about to be removed to the high lands, where the great tribes of the Mandingoes and others can have access to it. The removal of the capital to the interior will also come in time."

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I shall hope to report in the next Southern Workman, his safe arrival as well as his address, for I am sure he will want to hear from all his friends, in that far off land. N. L.

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Teacher's Table.

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from that of any other animal of the deer tribe, and is wonderfully adapted to the services it is required to perform, and enables the animal to travel in deep snows, over frozen lakes and ice crusts, when the moose and deer are confined to their yards, and at the mercy of their foes. Toward the end of the season the frog begins to be absorbed, and in the month of December is entirely so,—at the same time the hoof expands and becomes concave, with sharp and very hard shell-like edges. A full-grown caribou stands nearly five feet at the shoulder, and weighs from four hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds.

A friend of mine, who visited Newfoundland on an exploring expedition, informs me that there the caribou holds almost exclusive domain over an unbroken wilderness of nearly thirty thousand square miles, in a country wonderfully adapted to his habits, and bountifully supplied with his favorite food—the reindeer lichen.

The woodland caribou is very swift, and cunning in devices to escape his pursuers; his gait is a long swinging trot, which he performs with his head erect and scut up, and there is no animal of the deer tribe that affords better sport or more delicious food when captured. The wandering habits of the caribou make it very uncertain where one will fall in with him, even in his accustomed and well-known haunts. When once started, the chase is sure to be a long one, and its results doubtful,—in fact so much so that an old hunter seldom follows up a retreating herd, but resorts to strategy and tries to head them off, or at once proceeds by the shortest way to some other barren in hopes of finding them there.

The caribou is very fond of the water, is a capital swimmer, and in jumping he is more than the equal of any other deer. His adventurous disposition, no doubt, in some degree influences the geographical distribution of the species. In the month of December, 1877, a caribou was discovered floating out to sea on a cake of ice near Dalhousie, on the Restigouche River in New Brunswick, and was captured alive by some men who put off to him in a boat.—*Scribners' Monthly.*

LIBERIA'S PROGRESS.

In one of the best rooms of the Continental Hotel a man sat at a desk busily writing yesterday afternoon when a *Times* (Philadelphia) representative was ushered in. He turned his head at the interruption, disclosing the features of a Negro of unmixed blood, and arising gracefully welcomed his visitor in the choice English of a highly educated man. This was Edward Wilmot Blyden, D. D., LL. D., Minister Plenipotentiary from Liberia to England, and the first Negro ever received at the Court of St. James, who also holds the position of Secretary of the Interior Department of the Republic on the West African coast. A native of St. Thomas, West Indies, he emigrated to Liberia in 1850, being a boy at that time. After receiving his education at the Alexander High School in Monrovia, which is named after Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Seminary; he became the principal of the school. He was subsequently elected Professor of Languages in the Liberia College, but resigned the position in order to make an extended journey in the interior of Africa. In 1864 he was made Secretary of State, and afterwards Secretary of the Interior. In 1877 he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from Liberia to England and has resided there ever since, with the exception of occasional trips to Africa. He is a member of the Athenæum Club, of London, and a frequent contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Methodist Quarterly Review.* Some of his most important articles have been: "The Negro in Ancient History," "Mahommedanism in West Africa," "The Republic of Liberia at the American Centennial," and "Echoes from Africa," all of which appeared in the *Methodist Quarterly* from 1869 to the present year. Within the past five years *Fraser's Magazine* has contained the following from Dr. Blyden's pen: "Mahommedanism and the Negro Race," "Christian Missions in West Africa," "Islam and Race Distinctions," and "Africa and the Africans." These will be published in book form shortly, at the request of many prominent persons of this country and England, who are anxious to preserve the valuable information on Africa which they contain.

On being asked what the present condition of Liberia was Dr. Blyden responded.

"It stands at the present day more flourishing and important than ever before, notwithstanding that it has greatly misrepresented. It occupies five hundred miles of the finest and most picturesque portion of Africa, with an interior extending two hundred miles back, abounding in everything necessary for the support of the people. The Valley of the Niger is accessible to the Republic, containing a population hospitable and friendly, ready to welcome to their home their brethren returning from the countries of their exile. As we push on and locate in the interior the climate is much more healthy and the ground more fertile. A general movement has been made in that direction. The Liberian College is about to be removed to the high lands, where the great tribes of the Mandingoes and others can have access to it. The removal of the capital to the interior will also come in time."

"What is the cause of this general departure from the original settlements on the coast?"

"The continent of Africa is surrounded by a belt of malaria extending for thirty miles in width, which is caused by the alluvial country. As we get nearer the interior we find high and healthful ground, upon which can be raised all the products of the country. Beyond are vast countries almost untouched, from which gold, rubber, sugar, coffee, hides, beeswax and ivory can be obtained in unlimited quantities. Not far from Liberia are the unvisited but easily accessible countries north and west of Ashantee and Dahomey, from which a prodigious trade struggling for an outlet filters through in very small quantities to the Gulf of Benin. The natives here are of a very friendly disposition. In 1872 I visited Sewa, the King of the Falabas, a powerful Pagan tribe, in the interest of the British Government, to make a commercial treaty, in which I was successful. The following year I also visited the Foulahs, a tribe living three hundred miles distant from Liberia, on the same mission. They are Mahommedans and have a King named Almamy Sula. I made a treaty of commerce and peace with him, also."

"How are the American Negroes treated who go to Liberia?" was asked. "They fare very well," responded Dr. Blyden, earnestly. "Each family upon arriving receives twenty-five acres of ground and each individual gets ten acres. Now if they have any energy they can succeed on that. But the trouble is, you send from the North dilettante Negroes, who are waiters and servants and don't like agricultural work. They are afraid to work out in the sun too. Now the Southern Negroes are accustomed to work and they get along well. This is especially the case with those of pure Negro blood. They feel that Liberia is their home and country, while in America, as they become better educated, they feel their strange position more keenly. As to the mulatto element of your country it is a question what will become of it. It may possibly become absorbed in the course of time, but America is no place for the Negro. I don't hesitate to advise every one to go to Liberia, as it is the only chance for them."

"What are the means of communication between the native tribe and the Liberians?"

"Some of the natives speak a little English, but the chief mode of communication is the Arabic. We are endeavoring to extinguish the dialects of the small fragmentary tribes along the coast, but will preserve the languages of the great tribes in the interior. We are now endeavoring to establish a professorship in the Liberia College for the purpose of teaching the native tongues."

"How does the commerce of Liberia stand at present?"

"It is rapidly increasing, and although there is but little commerce between Liberia and the United States, it has a large trade with England and Germany. The principal articles are sugar, coffee, rubber, ivory, palm oil, cocoa, arrow root, etc. The fact that the native kings desire the annexation of their countries with Liberia shows how it is flourishing. Only recently the King of Medina asked that his country might be annexed, and there is some talk of annexing Sierra Leone in the future."

"But Sierra Leone is a British possession," was remarked.

"Well," replied Dr. Blyden, with a laugh, "we should not go to war about it, but would make some amicable arrangements. The British Government looks upon us as black Yankees and watches our movements closely. They did not like our annexation of Medina, but as Liberia is an independent Republic they can do nothing. We have the whole country before us as far as Sondan, and some day Liberia may extend there."

—*African Repository.*

FROM HAMPTON TO AFRICA.

The Graduates of Hampton, as well as its many friends will be interested to know that Sam'l F. Miller, of the class of 1879, sailed for London Sept. 9th. He was to join Mr. Bagster and Mr. Saunders, and with them, will carry the gospel into the heart of Africa, to the inhabitants of Bihe.

Mr. Saunders' parents were former missionaries to Ceylon and Mr. Bagster is related to those of the same name in the well known publishing firm in London from which we get our Bagster Bibles.

These missionaries go out under the auspices of the A. B. C. F. M. and it was my pleasure together with another of Mr. Miller's former teachers and several of the officers of the Am. Board to be present at a farewell meeting with him, an hour before he left Boston for New York, at which he and his work were commanded to God for His blessing.

I shall hope to report in the next SOUTHERN WORKMAN, his safe arrival as well as his address, for I am sure he will want to hear from all his friends, in that far off land. N. L.

"The A. B. C. F. M. has decided to occupy as soon as practicable two important fields in Africa, which have never been visited by a Protestant missionary. One of them is Bihe, a populous town in the southwestern part of the continent, near the source of the Connza or Quanza river, in about 12 deg. south latitude. Commander Cameron and Major de Serpa Pinto, who passed through it while on their African explorations, represent it as healthy, with beautiful scenery, but with a population exceedingly demoralized, and under the control chiefly of of Portuguese traders. That it is a fine field for mission enterprise, we cannot doubt, and it is to be hoped that the missionaries who go there will be of the right stamp and that success will attend their labors."

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My dear friends,

By the time these lines meet your eye, you will, I presume, have begun the work for which you were prepared by your Alma mater;—some entering upon it for the first time, and others, with whom I exchanged greetings four, five, six, or even seven years ago, returning to their labor of love with enlarged experience and a deeper feeling of responsibility. The steadfast course of some of you, I have watched with gratification amounting almost to a feeling of pride, but of the greater number I have heard only through others, and a satisfactory report it has been. Let me congratulate all of you who are again permitted, after a season of rest, to take up the march of life. May you so walk that the "footprints you leave on the sands of time" may encourage many a brother and sister, to follow you as you follow Christ. Some of you may feel that your work is not duly appreciated, and, therefore, of little importance; but every stone in a building has its place and value, and those that form the foundation, the hidden ones, are the most important. Take courage, then, and gird up the loins of your mind; resolve to do your duty; press forward notwithstanding the obstacles that lie in your path, and look upward. Your fellowmen may not appreciate your efforts, but God does. His eye is upon you, and He knows your struggles and sacrifices. "Thou, God, seest me," is one of the most comforting assurances to those who are endeavoring to please and serve Him, while it is full of warning to the disobedient. The eyes of the Hampton Institute, its Officers and Teacher's are upon you lovingly and anxiously, looking for the fruit of their past labor. They feel as did one of the former Principals of the Avery Institute, when he wrote to the Graduates of that school: "Let no one think he has yet done all for Avery; Avery gave her whole soul to you; she demands a whole-souled life from you; don't you dare to trifle with her; don't you disappoint her. I charge you, be true, be pure, be earnest, be thorough, be sincere, be honest, be strong."

The eyes of your former class-mates are upon you, watching to see how you are carrying out and acting upon the teachings of your Alma Mater; whether you have the perseverance that is needful for success in every undertaking, and intend to continue teaching, not for a short period, but until you build up a model school, the best school in the county where you are located.

The eyes of the community are upon you, scanning your conduct, anxious to see whether your profession and practice agree, and if your life corresponds with the moral lessons you give to your pupils. Some will look upon you with suspicion, others will look upon you favor; but never mind; pursue the right course steadily through good report and evil report, happy in the consciousness of your integrity, and in the assurance that your labor will not be in vain.

Finally, the eyes of your pupils are upon you; you have their confidence; they look up to you with undoubting faith; they believe in your honor and truthfulness; the little ones probably think you know every thing and can not do wrong.

May these considerations act as a stimulus to you; do not be discouraged by the greatness of the work and the responsibilities it involves. The consciousness of our weakness leads to watchfulness and prayer. "Be strong and work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts." He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. After the experience of fifty years, I rejoice that my life-work has been that of a Teacher, and I hope you will never regret having chosen the same occupation.

I am your sincere friend,

M. A. L.

Teacher's Table.

WHAT TO AIM AT.

The general complaint among teachers is that they have not time to do all that they would like to do. We can appreciate that difficulty to the full, but is there not much time spent uselessly in teaching unimportant things?

Now, what are the important things with which boys and girls should be most familiar when they leave school? We reply, those things which will be most useful to them in after life. In order to show what we conceive these things to be, let us take up each study separately and try to point out those parts of each that are of practical importance.

1. SPELLING. Did it ever occur to your mind that the time spent in teaching pupils to spell words of which they do not know the meaning, is almost a waste of time? When is the knowledge of spelling practically brought into requisition? Is it not in writing letters, or in some other form of composition? What kind of words does a writer use, those of which he does or those of which he does not, know the meaning? You answer the former. Then, those are the words that he ought to know how to spell. Therefore, see to it that the pupils know the meaning of all the words they learn to spell, for by that method you will at once be adding to their vocabulary and their intelligence. It is better to know how to spell a thousand words and know the meaning of them all, than to be able to spell ten thousand and to know the meaning and use of but a small fraction of them.

READING.—Pupils on leaving school should be fair readers. By that we mean, they should be able to read in an easy and conversational style. Whenever that is accomplished let reading be laid aside, and the pupils devote their time to something more important while in the school room. But let the teacher endeavor to awaken in the minds of the pupils a taste for general reading as a method of instruction, for it will be the means by which they will gain much useful information all through their lives, and thus they will continue the education which was begun in the school-room.

ARITHMETIC.—This branch is studied from the time the pupils enter school until they leave it. They begin at the beginning of the book and keep plodding away, working the questions by the rule as given in the book, until finally they have "finished it"—at least, they think they have. What do they know about it? Not very much. It would be well enough to have a knowledge of everything that is to be found in an Arithmetic; but would it not be wisdom on the part of the teacher to see to it that its practical features are first mastered?—the four fundamental principles, fractions, interest, percentage, decimals, denominate fractions, etc. A smattering of these will not do. How many boys on leaving school can make out a bill, write a receipt, or a promissory note?

GRAMMAR.—The first thing pupils learn in the study of Grammar is—"English grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly"—but they never learn to do either. They commit a great many definitions to memory which are no many words without corresponding ideas—mere husks of knowledge. Such expressions, as, "I don't want nothing," "I seen him," "I done it," "It was me," and a thousand other kindred expressions were theirs before they commenced the study of grammar and remain a part of their every day vocabulary.

GEOGRAPHY.—The Philadelphia *Record* some time ago spoke of a young girl, who on being taken to the country for the first time, asked the guide if the stream known hereabouts was the Amazon River. She was a child of average intelligence, and could recite glibly the lessons in geography. But when standing on the banks of the Schuylkill, she was at a loss whether to call it the Amazon, the Niger, the Nile, the Euphrates, or the Yang-tse Kiang. Again, the pupils are compelled to memorize a mass of details, including the names of the Capitals of all the countries in the world, together with the lengths of the principal rivers, the boundaries of all countries, etc. and too often left in total ignorance regarding the essential facts of local geography.

If your horse is shy and hard to catch, take finely-grated horse-castor, oils of rhodium and cummin; keep them in separate bottles, well corked; put some of the oil of cummin on your hand and approach the horse on the windy side. He will then move toward you. As soon as you can reach him rub some of the cummin on his nose, give him a little of the castor on anything he likes, and get a few drops of the oil of rhodium on his tongue. After this you can make him do nearly everything you want. Treat him kindly, feed well, handle gently, and your victory is certain.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Southern Workman.

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a successful experiment had been made, he would have taken advantage of it. But the curious conservatism of his na-

their petty jealousies, and run solid against these threatening schemes.

A discouraging feature here is the weakness of moral and religious influences. Fifty years

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MRS. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. T. T. BOYCE, MRS. B. T WASHINGTON. } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

The Hampton Institute opened Friday, Oct. 1st, for examination of applicants. The following Monday, classes were organized with a full school. There never was such prompt attendance. At this writing, the numbers are as follows.

Colored men 174, colored women 80, total 254; Indian men 45, Indian women 19, total 64; Boarders 318, Day scholars 21; Grand Total 339. Eight more Indians are expected to replace those sent home in summer for sickness, and from fifteen to twenty more Negro youths.

Quarters are over-crowded. The proposed building for Indian girls is urgently needed to equalize the number of Indian boys and girls, and relieve the present crowded condition of the Girls' Department. There should be at least fifty of the latter. For the second time, young men are encamped in tents.

The Printing Office, Knitting Department, and Girls' Industrial and the Tailoring Departments, each need new and larger rooms; there are serious objections and difficulties as they now are.

To provide work for poor girls who wish to earn an education, (only boys now having such a chance) and supply room for not less than a hundred students of both sexes in the above named Departments to work their way, as well as to provide rooms for forty young men, a three story brick building 130 x 40 feet, nearly fire proof, is planned, to cost complete with heating apparatus, steam power and supply of sewing machines for women workers, *Fifteen Thousand Dollars.*

Experience has shown that the preliminary year which the ignorant and indigent are compelled to pass through, working ten hours hours a day and studying two hours every night, gives a student an excellent mental preparation, enough earnings to continue in school for two years, and a development of physical and moral force that no other year of the course affords.

This labor department is crowded with male applicants; there are now at this school twenty, and around us hundreds, of worthy girls who need the chance.

The Saw Mill and Wood-working Works are complete within themselves, in good order, with 18 labor students, and paid for by the munificence of a friend.

Help those who help themselves.

NEEDLESS POVERTY.

Business men generally grumble about their own affairs, but it is really the farmers who think they have a right to a monopoly of grumbling. It seems to be well understood that while they have as much, they have a way of showing less intelligence, mental capacity, and original thought than the men who go into trades, or into business. The isolated life of the farmer cuts off mental practice, his work lies in fixed grooves, his products are staple and require no great shrewdness in selling them. Until farming takes a different turn, the want of mind-wrestling, of the hitting of flint and steel, will always put the agricultural class in the rear ranks in the march of improvement. It is only to repeat an old story to say that the wonderful machinery now used in farming, and the introduction of the finer breeds of all kinds of stock, are not due to the farmers, who should have made these improvements, but to the amateurs, the "fancy" farmers, the men who look out of dingy windows in city streets, and dream of the green sward, and the sunshine, which made their young days happy.

These men have carried their fortunes to the soil, and have spent them lavishly in getting results, of which the greatest profit has been to the common farmers. The close returns of soil tillage make the farmers a non-inventive class. They know how it is to earn a dollar, and they hesitate to spend it. So far as they abandon many of their inherited ideas, and approach the ways of business men, in conducting their affairs, so far they give increased value to their farms, and make the business pay. The owner of a factory is always watchful of the market, and when the demand for one kind of goods falls off, he looks up and makes another class which is in demand. Farmers "lie down" when their crops fail them. They live closer, and grumble. Even if they read about the great progress in agricultural science, their habit of mind keeps them away from even inexpensive experiment.

It is said that the most successful farmers are the business men who have left trade, and carried into their new department better ideas of organizing labor and of economy.

In the county in which this paper is published, the farmers have been engaged, since the war, in raising "early truck," that is, early potatoes, cabbages, peas, tomatoes, and asparagus. Having the advantage of three weeks over New Jersey in the way of climate, they have obtained high prices for produce. Latterly, the Carolinas have discovered that they have a similar advantage over Virginia, and there goes now to the great Northern markets vast quantities of produce from those States before the farmers of this section have matured their crops. Trucking no longer pays. At present, the farmers of this county are worse off than they were several years ago. They fall back on corn and wheat as of old, though these crops are produced more cheaply at the West.

It does not occur to them to look up different products which might pay. In an adjourning county, separated only by the James River, a few peanuts were cultivated. The profit was large, and the cultivation was extended until last year it reached 350,000 bushels in quantity and $300,000 in value. The soil of this adjoining county is light and sandy. While it cannot make corn and wheat profitable, it can make peanuts very profitable. The average yield of this crop is in value considerably beyond that of the great wheat producing regions of the West. The farmers are prosperous, and everywhere there is evidence of social improvement. Now the soil of this county is essentially like that of the peanut growing county, but the peanut has not been raised. It might be supposed that the farmers here would keenly watch any crop which would relieve them of their distress. But if the farmers are asked why they do not raise the peanut, they will reply, "we don't know anything about it," "we never thought of it," "we are afraid to try," "our soil is not the right kind." And yet, the appropriation of one day's labor, and the investment of two dollars in seed would have established the success or failure of this crop. It now appears that the soil of this county is well adapted to the raising of this nut. These farmers have done nothing, while their neighbors have been reaping great harvests for ten years. This is an instance of the sluggish working of the farmer's mind. If ten years ago, a successful experiment had been made, he would have taken advantage of it. But the curious conservatism of his nature leads him to reject anything but practical demonstration in his own presence. It does not occur to him that agriculture is in its infancy, and is full of the most wonderful possibilities. There is a great mistake in the idea that experiments are costly. Ignorance is costly. Thought saves money. The waste in experiments comes from the want of forethought. Men complain of privation and poverty when comfort and ease lie before them. What thrifty farmers have done and are doing always, are matters which ordinary farmers ignore. The astounding capacity of an acre of ground is hardly known to most men. Capital is necessary in order to make large returns in farming, but thrift and intelligence fall only a little short of it. Indeed in some cases, they make greater returns.

It is safe to say that in years to come thrift and intelligence will bring twenty-fold larger profits from land valued at three hundred dollars per acre, than from the same land, now valued at ten dollars per acre. It is said that there are men who make by better tillage, a larger profit from the peanut at one dollar per bushel, than they did, with poorer cultivation at three dollars per bushel. The cause of poverty in farming is want of education Thinking, trained thinking, is needed in the complicated matters which concern agriculture.

The farmers present the curious and exceptional case of men who highly prize money but fail to use the means at their command for obtaining it. Until they change their ways, they must rest satisfied to be called the "sons of toil."

W. N. A.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

HONOLULU, *August* 1880.

There is a tempest in the Hawaiian tea pot, which is likely to turn out a serious matter for those in the tea pot. The majority of the legislature, which is in session, is composed of young Hawaiians who are intelligent but not "level headed." They have passed a bill allowing the sale of liquor to natives, and the manufacture of opium. Petitions are being sent to the King to withhold his signature, (his veto being final) by the commercial houses and planters all over the islands. Free liquor to the natives means ruin, for they have no self-control. A sale of $30,000 worth of sugar plantation property was recently checked by this legislation, which if it goes through, will reduce the value of property over 30 per cent.

The English government has just refused to continue a license for the manufacture of opium, from the crude article, in Hong Kong, so that this manufacture is now outlawed in the civilized world, and it is believed that there is a "cat in the meal," in the pending bill, by way of a scheme to make these islands the headquarters of the opium business, to the detriment of the people who are using both opium and rum freely on the sly, getting them through Chinese peddlers, usually plantation hands who have worked out their time and can make big profits in this illicit business.

It is hard for the spruce and stylish young Hawaiians to contemplate a low South Sea Islander or Chinaman taking his drink and to be prohibited by law from going to the same bar. Young Hawaii can get his drink somehow but won't be satisfied until he can walk up and take it like any other man. The sagacious and powerful chiefs whose paternal authority was so good for this race, are dead. They prohibited liquor to natives who could not prohibit it to themselves. Hawaiian and South Carolina history both illustrate the result of putting ignorant men in power. The white man here pays the taxes which have been voted away at the rate of over a million a year, chiefly by irresponsible members who do not represent wealth or intelligence.

While good white men have still great influence in legislation, they cannot control native members on many important issues, for the reason that these weak and not ill-disposed legislators are always being led into wild schemes by some shrewd unprincipled foreigner or "carpet-bagger" who plays upon race prejudices. The country has just been saved from a $10,000,000 loan advocated on plausible but really absurd grounds by a vote of 20 for, and 23 against: a narrow escape from a fatal debt. As usual they were clear headed natives, who took the sound view. The better class of them are always on the side of right. This is true of the Negro race.

For the first time in Hawaiian history, the foreigners of every nationality have forgotten their petty jealousies, and are solid against these threatening schemes.

A discouraging feature here is the weakness of moral and religious influences. Fifty years ago, as devoted men as the world ever saw came out here and established a christian civilization, but most of them are now dead or retired from active duty, and their places are filled, chiefly, with partially educated native pastors, who are too weak for the temptation and responsibility put upon them. The best of them can not say, "No." Much ground has been lost. New blood is needed.

The Catholics replace their veterans with fresh men. The Protestants with intelligent natives. The former are the better judges of men and measures. There should be at least six new men sent here for the Protestant mission. Ten thousand dollars more a year must be expended to save what remains of an enormous sacrifice of men, and of a million and a half of money. The situation is not worthy of the New England pluck that began this work. The descendants of the Pilgrims, working under God's orders, should never give up.

A bright spot in the field is the "North Pacific Mission Institute," under the Rev. C. M. Hyde, D. D., occupying the grounds of the old U. S. Marine Hospital. It has about thirteen young native pastors, who, after proving their quality and character by a few years of preaching, are gathered here for a two or three years course of study. In the morning, they study and recite. Afternoons, they go out to work, getting fifty cents for half a day, thus supporting themselves and their wives, who are carefully looked after by Mrs. Hyde. The native preacher needs this setting up, besides there is a famine of good native ministers. Entering the ministry with a moderate mental outfit, he soon says all he has got to say, and is seldom able to study with profit by himself. It is sensible to select well tried men for additional study. They are earnest and appreciative. They don't come for rest, but work, and will starve unless they use their hands diligently half the time. This is a theological method as wise as it is new, and should be helped. Dr. Hyde expects his graduates as pastors to cultivate the ground two days a week, visit two days and study two days.

I give the above details because it is the plan I have long had in mind for the colored pastors of the South, as a department of the Hampton School. A chief difficulty would be the "odium theologicum." Putting it on a simple evangelical basis, would unite the denominations both as students and teachers. Colored people are mostly Methodists and Baptists.

The Hampton School gets hardly a dollar's help from year to year from these denominations, but its supporters are, I believe, large minded and large hearted enough to cordially aid the earnest but poorly qualified colored preachers to the teaching that they need, and to use as far as practicable, qualified instructors of their own creed, who are to be had in the educated white pastors in the vicinity.

Our thoughtful graduates are constantly saying that the negro is best reached from the pulpit. But I don't believe much in the technical training given by most theological professors. It may make ministers, but it don't make men. Such a work at Hampton should begin in a small way and would be for the benefit of earnest honest colored preachers who should feel their need of help. A supply of sense and thought would go, through them, to a most needy and destitute field. Some of our graduates should become fitted to preach as well as to teach, for the preacher of a race like the blacks, especially in country regions, must for a long time to come, be a farmer or teacher who don't depend on his church revenue. Only in this way can men who teach by example, reach this race and be independent enough to assail their prejudices. The paid pastor seldom does this anywhere.

A most serious difficulty in such work for either race, (for the Hawaiian theologus studies English hooks but recites in native) is the want of comprehensive text books in simple language. Dr. Hyde, a Congregationalist, uses a Methodist book as the best he can find. Among other obstacles in his work he finds the Hawaiian custom of feeding one's *Makamakes* or friends. Every native from the richest to the poorest will feed his friends, till he is stripped of everything. It is thus that the successful seldom remain so long. If you remonstrate the answer is, "I may be in need anmo day myself." The doctor's students are often "set upon" in this way till he comes to the rescue.

WAIALUA, OAHU.

This is my last trip before taking the steamer for California. At noon I attended the prorogation of Parliament. It was a brilliant scene of glittering uniforms worn by civil, military and diplomatic dignitaries, and was ushered in with an artillery salute and parade of troops, the band playing the national hymn. To the delight of everybody, the opium and free liquor bills were returned without the King's signature, although a majority of the cabinet advised him to sign the latter. Fault finders ceased, because they were few—the ship of

state had passed the rocks. Great credit is due to his Hawaiian Majesty for saving the nation from an overflow of liquor, yet were it not for the pressure of public sentiment, his sprains and wounds, and had shrewd intuitions. A young woman in Kauai recently gained great reputation and much money, by incantations got himself appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, with weak men for Minister of the Departments of the Interior and Finance, and time to witness the reception of President Hayes, whose welcome was most cordial and handsome. It is delightful to see how a Chief

state had passed the rocks. Great credit is due to his Hawaiian Majesty for saving the natives from an overflow of liquor, yet were it not for the pressure of public sentiment, his course might have been different. The departure of the Legislature is a boon, they will not meet again for two years more and things will go smoothly, as they do in the States when Congress adjourns.

At two p. m. three of us left Honolulu on horseback for the thirty mile ride to this village, stopping an hour at Ewa for a late dinner on fish and cocoa-nuts, with a very decent native who lives on the shore of the great lagoon. Galloping over the high table land, as the sun went down behind the Wainae mountains on our left, was glorious. Nearing our destination, we were met by an outrider who fastened a wreath of flowers roun l each of our necks, and soon we were cordially welcomed by the sheriff of the district, an unusually sensible native, who has a nice house and quite a family living in civilized style.

After a feast we want to bed. At 3 a. m., we were awakened by a messenger from town notifying us that the king had suddenly called for the resignation of his ministers, who had just received a strong vote of confidence. A Judge of the Supreme court and the editor of the leading paper being of our party, it was important that they should know the facts, and soon the latter was on the way back to the Capitol to train his guns again, as the recent royal action in vetoing the objectionable bills had called for high commendation. The judge could hardly stay, but being my sole companion for the journey, and needed to interpret my Sunday talk, he kindly remained.

The gathering at the old church Sunday morning was interesting. During the meeting, a crazy woman marched into the pulpit, waving a stick and made a few brief emphatic remarks, but was led out by a stalwart deacon, in response to a wink from the judge. No one noticed the absurdity or laughed. I have seen a dog-fight just under the pulpit and not a smile in the audience, while we small boys were convulsed and had to get under the seats.

A great point to make with these people is the care of their children. The want of it is a chief cause of an unprecedented death rate, in a land where foreign children, because of good care, have an equally remarkable vitality.

In response to a call from one of the congregation after the benediction I sang, with the organ, a few of the Plantation Songs, which "astonished the natives." They gathered around thickly, and seemed to enjoy it much more than my good advice. The usual hand shaking followed and a Hawaiian dinner, at which our host put around our necks fresh wreaths of fragrant jessamine flowers. The Hawaiian host seldom sits with his white guest. He may have a fine house and be an important officer, but he regards a visit as an honor, and is both dignified and attentive in a charming way.

We walked over towards evening to Miss Green's school for young native girls, in one of the old mission houses. When full, it has fifty pupils and is one of the bright spots in this kingdom. It has graduated many girls who have made good wives. She is quite encouraged in her work. (See account of it in Lippincott's Magazine for October.) In this and other like schools, the girls are crowded, perhaps twenty in one large room, the victims of a false economy. They should be separated in many smaller rooms, not over two in a room. These girls' schools are the last hope of this nation, but are neglected by all but a few thoughtful people. This want of appreciation is unfortunate. Public spirit is rare.

This, like every other place I visit, is full of boyhood's associations. Here, over twenty years ago, we paddled out in canoes to shoot mud hens, and on yonder mountains hunted wild turkeys. We held innocent carnival over the fruits of the chase, and then galloped over wide plains to fresh fields. In the evening the minister "Timoteo," with a few intelligent natives called, and we talked long over the condition of their people. One detailed their superstitious regard for native doctors. He said that the "Kahuna" (Medicine-man,) would request first a gift of a pig, chicken, potatoes, taro, etc, then an offering of cooked food for the "au-makua" or spirits, and then offer a prayer to God in heaven, often using passages from the Bible. The Kahuna would say, "The cause of the sickness is some sin you, or some of your family, have committed." Under fear, the patient would perhaps confess a long list of evil deeds, and the sense of having done a duty would sometimes bring relief. What the Bible says about praying for the sick encourages these practices among them. To find out whose sin caused the sickness and was being punished, the "awa" root is chewed by the priest, and the rising of the bubbles on the expectorated liquid, decided who was the guilty one. That sickness is a punishment for sin, is even now the prevailing idea. To acknowledge and repent is a mode of cure.

Many of the old time doctors knew something of disease and medicine, especially of the application of medicinal plants to bruises, sprains and wounds, and had shrewd intuitions. A young woman in Kauai recently gained great reputation and much money, by incantations which consisted in waving *dracæna* leaves at the patient. Her power was broken by prosecution for illegal practice. A fine breaks the charm; nobody went to her after that. Many who read their Bibles and pray every day have faith in these doctors. While they appear to make some wonderful cures, they are really killing the people. Even white people have consulted them. Their practices are sometimes too revolting to be described. The reputation of a Kahuna is transient, his prestige, being accidental, is not enduring.

KAHUKU AND KUALOA.

On Monday, the Judge and I rode on to Kahuku, a cattle ranche, where there is a famous and beautiful grotto, filled from a subterranean stream, in which we took the customary luxurious bath. We lunched delightfully, and were reminded of the possibilities of culture and character in women with Hawaiian blood in their veins. We were kindly escorted to the limits of the ranche, and in a few hours reached a charmed spot in my boy life, Kualoa. We rode that day thirty miles along the sea shore on a thick, elastic turf, on which our horses' feet bounded, through herds of countless cattle.

Our track lay on a narrow, perfectly level stretch, between the mountains and the sea. On our right the former terminated abruptly in a natural rampart some three hundred feet high, looking like a barrier raised by giants against a foe from the sea. It needed no imagination to think of this. We rode on the *glacis* from which this parapet of singular regularity and grandeur rose up for more than ten miles. After Kahuku was a succession of lovely valleys, as we cantered along the shore of the Pacific, enjoying the music of its waves, and trying to look two ways at once to catch the beautiful dissolving views as one lovely scene followed another. We had not time to visit the deep dark *canon* where the monster Kamapua half hog, half god, was driven by his enemies, and finally escaped by a prodigious leap to the top, leaving a smooth concave channel in the rock, made by his canoe which he dragged after him.

The rice fields of Punaluu looked beautifully.

Think of a ranche fenced by Nature, with the Pacific Ocean on one side and a palisade on another, a narrow, smooth, green pasture running for over three miles at the foot of these castellated heights—a succession of turrets wonderful in their regularity. Instead of cutting the mountain squarely off, Nature threw it into huge, rounded pillars, buttressed below by foot-hills and tapering at the top into pinnacles, full of architectural symmetry and beauty. I doubt if in the world is there such a magnificent thirty mile ride on velvet turf, between mountain and sea, as that on Oahu, from Waialua to Kualoa!

Orders for our reception had been given. Wiggling fish, fresh from the sea were soon wrapped in *ti* leaf and roasting on the coals. The Judge and I roamed round the house in which we had in our school-boy days held high revel, bombarding each other over the partitions, with potatoes and pilows from evo till morn. Who ever knew a party of boys on an expedition to get any sleep the first night out.

Cocoanuts were placed at our feet which we sucked in perfect happiness. Then we supped and lounged on the veranda, gazing at the lovely island "Mokuaila," where in by gone days we had hunted rabbits and watched the breakers. The rest was grateful after thirty miles of riding. Just as we were going to bed an orderly from town rode up with an urgent message to return at once, as there was great excitement and might be trouble. We found a fresh and speedy mount; before us was a twenty mile ride in full moonlight, through fine scenery, past extensive rice patches and sugar plantations. Stopping at midnight for lunch at a Chinese restaurant, we were nicely entertained without charge, for the "heathen Chinee" said we had a hard ride and he would take nothing. Had he not a soul? We crossed the famous "pali," a fifteen hundred feet precipice, up which a zig-zag road is cut, leading, at the top to, one of the finest views on these islands. The moon shone full behind the two cloud covered peaks which towered up each side of the "pali," throwing a white silvery light on the plain below, in contrast with the black mountain side under the clouds. At 2 o'clock A. M. we rested, after a midnight interview with the editor, who assured us that there was no immediate danger. Fifty miles that day.

HONOLULU AGAIN.

Things are working curiously. Never was there a day like yesterday in this nation's history. The entire foreign community assembled to protest to the King against a new ministry, which did not represent the wealth, intelligence and character of the country. Of a line of kings, dating from 1830, not one had ever touched the self-respect of his subjects by such scandalous appointments. A foreign adventurer of a few months residence, had by flattery and falsehood, humbugged the king, and got himself appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, with weak men for Minister of the Departments of the Interior and Finance, and Attorney General.

Formiga diplomatic representatives, have hoisted and sealed their flags, refusing to recognize such an injustice and going out of relations with the Government. Under this pressure, the "carpet bagger" resigned and a better ministry is expected. The King, uneasy at the uprising of the people, with whom he is not popular, called out the regular and volunteer forces of the Kingdom, some 150 men and guarded the palace for several days. All passed off quietly except one rush of the regular army to arms, occasioned by a catfight, which was mistaken for a night attack.

I am on "Puach Bowl" a striking and highly ornamental extinct volcano, just back of my mother's house, overlooking the town of Honolulu, mounted with heavy guns. It serves as a battery for royal salutes, and is dangerous to nothing but the windows, glass, and crockery in the houses below, which the concussion sometimes breaks. Five miles away, to the left, is Dismoad Head another crater, a bold detached headland with a lordly crest, towering above the sea like a monster lion couchant, laving his feet in the ocean and ready to spring on any invader of the fair city he guards.

I used, when a boy, to sit astride these old fashioned sixty-pounders pointing at the sea, wondering what kind of a world lay beyond the horizon. There was a mystery about it, a longing to see it, that has since been gratified. It is interesting to sit on the same old place, but the wonder is at the past rather than at the future.

The sun is going down behind the distant Wainae mountains; its last rays tip with gold, the crest of Dismoad Head; Honolulu below is lying in shadow and embowered in trees. The harbor is full of ships. Beyond is the horizon, the most fascinating thing in nature.

STEAMER ZEALANDIA.

This good ship has returned from New Zealand and Australia, and stops as usual en route for San Francisco, at Honolulu for passengers. One gets more from men than from books. I have picked up some ideas from passengers from the Southern Hemisphere. I knew nothing of the grandeur and beauty of New Zealand scenery and the richness of its soil. It is a growing country, but is harrassed by a tremendous public debt, from costly railroad building.

Its aborigines, the Maoris, are the noblest, bravest savages in the world. They long kept the English regulars at bay, and now sometimes attack the settlements. They hold vast tracts of land and keep aloof from civilization.

In Australian, niversal suffrage results in some bad legislation, to the disgust of decent people, but thoughtful men agree that the tone of society is steadily improving and that they will work out of this chaotic period.

The aborigines of Australia are about the lowest in the world, live like animals, in seeming hopeless degradation; a few however have been raised and made useful around the cattle ranches. They are often shot like wild beasts by the settlers. There is little water, and fine scenery is scarce. Delicious fruits abound; vast ranges are devoted to stock. Kangaroos are a nuisance. An English navy officer, returning home after an eight years cruise in the Southern Seas, in command of the flag ship, had observed the excellent missionary work in the Melanesian Islands under Bishop Selwyn and commended its practical character. He had lately visited the Fiji islands, now owned by Great Britain. The Fijians, a finely formed people, will not work. Labor for the sugar cane and cotton crop is imported from other islands. They have given up cannibalism, and since British rule, wars and anarchy have ceased. Self-government was impossible, and for years they had urged themselves upon England before she would accept the responsibility of a half a million dollars debt and an expensive administration. Fiji now seems to have a future. The whites there have made much mischief and give no little trouble to any government that considers the welfare of the natives, whose weakness is their profit.

England sends her best men to deal with race questions and weak ignorant people. She gave the New Zealanders a noble man who governed that colony in the interest of the aborigines, making wars with them as humane as possible. The governor of Fiji is Sir Geo. Gordon, whom the whites would be better pleased with if he looked less to the interest of the natives. Sir Authony Musgrave, Governor of Jamaica is true to the welfare of the ex-slaves of that island and is working for their improvement. In such places the ideal point of the whites is solely that of money-makers. The right kind of a ruler is not likely to please them.

OVERLAND.

After a smooth and uneventful voyage of eight days we reached San Francisco, just in time to witness the reception of President Hayes, whose welcome was most cordial and handsome. It is delightful to see how a Chief Magistrate who disappoints party managers has satisfied the people. When the "organ" rage, the people praise, and *vice versa*; the man care for office, and the other for peace and order. Mere riding on the California st. cable cars; how they glide up and down the steep hills, and you think how good you feel pushed along by some mysterious power. Would that cable power were every where and tired car horses forever turned out to green pastures. Crossing the continent the second time lacks excitement; it is provoking that so many fine views are passed in the night. The Sierra Nevada scenery toward the evening of the first day is magnificent. I am told that water would work wonders in the Humboldt Desert. This parched dreary country may some day blossom. A French company recently lost $450,000, in trying to irrigate it; artesian wells may solve the difficulty. Letter writing on the cars kills time pleasantly, but makes a sad job for the Hampton printer boye who by this time must be equal to the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

How people are brought together on a seven days ride like this; the ends of the earth meet in a parlor car. There's nothing like a toddling infant to break the bonds of reserve. There is an irrepressible in our car who gives every one occupation and a common interest. He is most destructive of my pencils and paper, for he must have everything or he will howl. I pity the mothers whose little ones are always making for the car door; they are always patient, but the fathers get cross. Eternal vigilance is the price of baby life.

I am most solicitious that my bundle of sugar cane and my cocoa-nuts should reach in sound condition the good little girls and boys in the East, for whom they are intended. Never before, I believe, have fresh, young cocoa-nuts, whose tender meat can be scraped out with a spoon, been brought to this strange and distant land. Tough old cocoa-nuts get used to it and don't mind. Sugar cane, whose green leaves a few days ago waved in the tropics, is going five thousand miles to be chewed in the hills of Berkshire and to delight small boys in Hampton.

Our fellow-passengers from Australia tell us that, on crossing the 180th degree of longitude a day is added to the week. For instance; crossing eastwards, on a Sunday, the day following is also called Sunday, otherwise they would arrive in San Francisco the day before they really got there, which would never do. Crossing westwards, a day is dropped; if on Saturday, the next day is Monday or they would reach Australia the day after arriving which would be confusing. So when there are two Sundays, should both be kept or only one, and if so, which one? When Sunday is skipped should they observe it? As a matter of fact, a Sunday service is always held, for sea captains are not fair splitters.

One picks up scraps of information, especially if on the look out for it. A fellow passenger, Capt. Ebstein, U. S. A., had from 1870 to '72, charge of about 700 Apache Indians in Arizona, a peculiarly wild set, who refused to go on a reservation, but being finally starved out in the mountains, gave themselves to military authorities, and were cared for by them. They were always ready to work, supplied all the fire wood, bringing it in on their backs, and did all fatigue duty about camp. They were not thievish or deceitful; as a class were perfectly reliable. "They are very much like other people," the Captain says. Had means been provided, there would not have been the slightest difficulty in improving them mentally, morally and industrially. They are still behaving well, friendly, and furnishing scouts and soldiers to the army.

From fourteen years experience among Indians, Capt. E. believes the right policy to be, to give Indians even handed justice under our laws, that the present system is a failure, that tribal relations should be broken up, by giving each man his own ground and tools and letting him thrive according to his own industry and thrift. Where drones and workers all share alike as regards aid from government, there is a premium on laziness. The tribal appropriation from government is divided equally, without regard to merit.

Promises to Indians should be strictly kept. They are broken every year. In the Nez Perces war, the Indians had a great deal of right on their side. It is impossible to keep Indian reservations from white men, when they want them. When the country around is settled up, the Indian must go. An Act of Congress will fix it somehow. Many Indians are citizens now. Many of the Nez Perces and others have left their tribes, pay taxes and are voters. They would as citizens do as well as the negroes. The Indians don't forget a wrong; a white is likely to fall for every Indian that is killed. This is revengeful, but from their stand point it is right. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; Old Testament justice. There was in Oregon an Indian war in 1877 and one in 1878, in each of which the government spent half a million of dollars, nearly all of which passed through the hands of Capt.

Ebstein. This money is spread through the country and is a great boon to the settlers. They have been trying, during the past summer, to get up another war, for the sake of another half million.

In Arizona and other territories, the outlay for Indian wars in past years, has been four fifths of all the money expended there. Men have come to sell, horses and mules to hire out, and labor as scouts and teamsters to offer. Two Indians were recently killed in cold blood in the Umatilla reservation in Oregon, without retaliation. The white settlers have put up houses on the borders of this reservation, to pounce on it, on the first opportunity. The settler finds a war a market and a profit.

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If captured, mutilation; no glory or satisfaction, whatever. Few realize the cruelties and sufferings of officers' families, during Indian campaigns. The Indian is an able and cruel fighter. Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces was a fine general.

The contempt of General Sherman, and other officers, for the possibilities of Indian civilization, creates, I think, an impression on the public that is unjust to many clear headed and experienced army officers, some of whom bear wounds from hard campaigns in the Indian country, and yet have strong and reasonable faith in their improvability by proper education and training. The set of men best able to cope with and settle the Indian question, is, I think, to be found in the army.

I have been talking with Col. Teal, a leading Oregon drover who owns immense herds. He has three droves of cattle, over 1500 in each, now en route from Oregon, a drive of 1400 miles, to the nearest cars, for Chicago markets, and 88 car loads of cattle ahead. A drove moves eight or ten miles a day, and is three months in crossing. A loss of ten per cent of the herd is an average, though this year it is greater from their having been poisoned by a species of wild turnip, Selling cattle in mining towns, at from $60 to $120 a head, is profitable. Much of Col Teal's beef goes to Europe. Oregon was under way fifty years ago. Its stock came from Kentucky, Illinois and other states. Pure blood bulls were imported, some costing $10,000. These have been mostly, of late years, of the Durham breed, as they stand the long drive better than the short horns. There is no better stock in the country, the Spanish breeds of California being inferior.

The Colonel knows all about Indians; hasn't much faith in them, believes they will die out, thinks that education spoils them. Knows an educated Indian doctor who is of no account, declares that they have been greatly abused and are cruel in retaliation, thinks it folly to deal with them by treaty, says it is of no use for seven hundred Indians to expect to hold a fertile tract that will maintain thirty thousand whites, as in one case in Oregon; says an Indian can't be civilized, employes a number of Warm Spring Indians whom he trusts implicitly.

He is bitter about the Reciprocity treaty between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands, because it is, he says, a monopoly, the profits are given to one man, and no general benefit accruing. Oregon will fight the treaty, because she cannot as formerly, get her sugar direct from the Sandwich Islands, thus losing return cargoes for her lumber vessels and being compelled to buy sugar in San Freucisco at a loss. The Colonel's own vessels have been driven from the Island trade.

THIRTY-SIX MILES FROM OMAHA.

Which is two thirds of the way across the Continent and seems almost like home though a thousand miles from the Atlantic coast. The Pacific railroad trains run slowly and pleasantly, twenty miles en hour; one sleeps comfortably, almost lulled by the gentle motion. Sitting on the platform of the rear car watching the far extending country, is interesting. The meals have been better then in June last, as the beef is better fed at this season. The stops are quite long, but people rush through their meals, having often fifteen minutes to spare, which the sensible ones employ in promenading.

There are, in our car, four young Japanese, one of them a girl, going east for their education, and a delegation of young ladies from California, for Vassar College. What a curious *gathering* there is here in one's travelling companions for these six days.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

The nearly simultaneous eastward start from Council Bluffs, of the four great railroad trains, after the arrival of the Union Pacific train, is like a grand review. The action and spirit of the scene is inspiring, hardly to be seen elsewhere in the world. There is a likely-to-be-neglected honor due the men who staked their fortunes on the railroad that pushed west from Omaha and east from San Francisco, across the continent in the teeth of difficulties. They were missionaries of progress, and gave an excuse for their wealth that few such rich men have done. The obstacles, especially of the Central Pacific, were appalling, but Anglo Saxon brain and capital and, Chinese "cheap labor," triumphed. The stake was tremendous, and they won, and will leave a noble monument to their energy.

The vast interests and connections of transcontinental traffic, with China, Australia, and the East Indies, will be indirectly a means of leavening the world with better ideas.

My friend, you should cross the Continent to find out what manner of country you live in; you will be better for it. It will enlarge your ideas, and make you a fonder, more patriotic and a truer American. If you wish to read one of Nature's richest revelations, go to the Hawaiian Islands, climb the mountains, explore the valleys and make a visit to the volcano.

There is a shading up from barrenness into freshness and beauty as you go eastward from the drear and raisless regions between the Sierras and Rockies, towards the green plains of Nebraska and the greener fields of Iowa and Illinois. Where man does not live, Nature is silent and cheerless. Man makes the earth smile. You hear the wild birds best near human habitations. The limits of civilization are the limits of green grass, which moves westward at the rate of about eighteen miles a year, and will enclose, cover, the continent. Bad as frontier life is in some ways, it develops a manhood that the nation needs, its bad is on the outside. It steadily improves as society forms. The Anglo Saxon plants law and order wherever he goes. Gold is safe in any mining town in California.

C. B. & Q. RAILROAD.

The agony of transfer is over, one feels refreshed from the change of cars; through cars from California would be too tiresome. What a refinement of civilization is the restaurant car on this road. Is it philanthropy or competition that provides a delightful meal with everything neat and excellent for 75 cents?

One feels complimented by the arrangement, and asks "why this luxury on the plains of Iowa?" Beautiful fertile fields of grain on every side charm the eye, as one leisurely glances out of the windows. Time passes delightfully. Traveller in dusty Eastern cars that give you but ten minutes for a dinner, if you wish to know true comfort in railroading, "Go West." The speed however is tremendous: we lay wiggling in our berths all last night, longing for the easy roll of the Central Pacific.

HAMPTON.

Going down the Chesapeake Bay is not as when, in war times, we used to take the "Bay Line steamer" for "the front," thinking anxiously, during that quiet night on the water, of those we had left behind us end of the dreadful work before us. It is now like going home, more attractive to me as a field for a life work than any where else in the world.

All has been well at Hampton. The Treasurer and Vice Principal has faithfully and wisely cared for school interests. There has been great activity. A million bricks have been made. Academic Hall is nearly up. The steam mill is employing a large force and a new story is being added. The 130 students who remained to work during vacation in the various departments, have done exceedingly well. The Indians, both at Stockbridge and here have made an excellent record as to work and behavior.

The story of the new Library surprised me et San Francisco. There will be decided benefit to students, in a suitable place for reading end study, which they have never had, and unspeakable comfort in having the new offices. Appreciation will be best shown in fidelity to the interests to which Hampton is devoted, and for the help of which a few score of the choicest men and women in the land have nobly rallied.

The "Editorial Correspondence" of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will close next number, with a letter from San Francisco, on the Chinese question.

With the January number, will commence "Sketches of Missionary Life," by Mrs. C. C. Armstrong, since 1832, a missionery in the Hawaiians Islands.

The Hampton Institute needs et once sleeping accommodations for one hundred men. Students are doubled up most uncomfortably. In re-building Academic Hell, to be finished in January, there are being prepared, in the attic at an extra expense of over three thousand dollars, excellent rooms for thirty-five students.

The tower of the "Huntington's Industriel Works" to be ready in about six weeks, will provide for fifteen more. The projected Industrial Hall, described on another page, will accommodate the rest.

This building and the one for Indian girls, each to cost fifteen thousand dollars, are the special needs of the current school year. This is besides the annual running expense of about forty thousand dollars, of which ten thousand is paid by the State, leaving thirty thousand for subscriptions.

We call then this year, for sixty thousand dollars, one half for buildings, one half for expenses. Ten years ago, this would have been an audacity beyond our wildest dreams, but it is reasonable and right.

The mass of wealth in this country is as irresponsive to the cry of these unfortunate races as the pyramids of Egypt; the giving is done by a few. There are in our experience, only a few score who bring home to themselves the needs of the negro and the Indians who never were in well doing for them and nobly response to every fresh appeal for the races that the nation has wronged and robbed; whose labor underlies our wealth and upon whose land we are living in luxury.

AMONG THE CONFERENCES.

Spring for Anniversaries and autumn for Conferences, seems to have become the general rule upon which all the great religious bodies have harmoniously settled. It may be a straw which shows the moving of a geotler breath than the stormy "winds of doctrine." At least there must be an influence for peace in this simultaneous coming together of the churches, if not in one place, with one accord and the one avowed purpose of praying and planning for the enlargement of God's Kingdom in the world. Thoughts of humility and tenderness and broader charity must grow as each looks upon the others not of its fold and remembers that "there are differences of administration, but the same Lord."

The union of the sects in some unsectarian work, sparing room for its representation among their regular denominational causes, is another such indication and influence.

The cause of Hampton Institute in its work for the Freedman and the Indian, was one of the unsectarian missions thus cordially solicited and distinctly represented, at three of the recent great meetings, those of the American Missionery Association at Norwich, Conn., Unitarian Biennial Convention at Saratoga Springs and the Episcopal Convention in New York city.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION AT NORWICH, CONN.

Hampton of course felt at home at the festival of the Association which founded it. It was thought well that the Indian students who spent the summer in Berkshire, should be given a sight of Boston on their way home, and then show themselves to their friends in Norwich.

A large meeting was held in their interests in Dr. Duryea's church, in Boston, and some others in the city and at Dorchester. They very much enjoyed the sights of the city, and a visit, under Col. Parker's guidance, to the Lowell school, Roxbury, and to Mr Prang's great chromo manufactory, where they were greatly interested in watching the curious process of the manufacture, which was very kindly made clear to them by the gentleman who showed them through the place. Each was delighted with the present of a pretty chromo card, and a large reserve is in store for them, through the generosity of Mr. Prang.

One day was spent in Norwich. They appeared at the general meeting, and afterwards at thet of the ladies, while Gen'l Armstrong addressed the meetings in their cause. His paper upon the Indian work at Hampton, read before the Association, will be found on another page of this issue.

The other and larger department of Hampton's efforts, in its relation to women's work for women in the South, was separately represented by one of its teachers in the Women's Meeting, where also Miss Nathalie Lord, a former valued teacher there, gave some interesting testimony, from her own experience, as to the work done at the school and by its graduates, and the faithful missionaries it has sent out.

The Association meeting was large and specially interesting. An interesting feature was the presence of the delegates from the French Evangelical Societies, who came to explain the situation of Protestantism in France, and appeal for American sympathy and help. Dr. Strieby's report to the executive committee reviewed the history of the Association from its beginning in 1850, through the exciting times of the war and emancipation, which so emphasized and enlarged its mission, up to the new decade it is beginning with no debt but a balance in hand, for its various efforts for the Freedmen, Africans, Indians and Chinese.

During last year, four schools and six churches were built, and others were repaired. More pupils than ever have been taught, and fifty per cent. more seek instruction than can be accommodated. Several revivels have occurred, the churches have reduced their debts, the theological schools have increased in number and usefulness, and a considerable temperance interest has been awakened. The work among the Indians and Chinese has prospered more than before, and the work in the African mission, while not as successful as could be wished, affords reason for encouragement on the whole.

There are now 330 workers on the lists of the society; 93 are missionaries, of whom 84 are at the South, one among the Indians, and eight in Africa. There are 213 teachers; at the South 180, among the Chinese 22, among the Indians six, and five are native helpers in Africa. There are 73 churches at the South, six more than last year, and 127 give evidence of conversion, as against 84 last year. There are 51 schools at the South, 13 among the Chinese, five among the Indians, and three in Africa; 71 in all. There are 8,052 pupils at the South, 1,556 among the Chinese, 233 among the Indians, and 179 in Africa: in all 10,020.

The various reports were full of interest and encouragement. Rev. L. Grout, a former missionary to Africa for fifteen years, also spoke.

THE UNITARIAN BIENNIAL.

The Unitarians have certainly found the ideal way to hold a conference, which deserves the thanks and imitation of all the other denominations. Instead of voting themselves the hospitality of a new town every year or two, their business committee, in a business like way, charters a big Saratoga hotel, which the proprietors are glad to let them have just after the close of "the season" at half rate. The gain in independence, sociability and working power is evidently immense. The body ecclesiastic looks stronger and is stronger, than if its dissected members were scattered in isolated bits over a whole town. The delegates from the remotest points get acquainted with each other, and have a chance to meet socially the leaders of their church, while enjoying "their ease in their inn."

The assemblage was larger this year than ever, and the great United States Hotel, which accommodates fifteen husdred guests, overflowed into Congress Hall. The meetings held in the large Methodist church were free and animated. The burden of the addresses was the development of spiritual life in the church end of its practical missionary work. One of the most general interest was that by Dr. Mayo of Boston, giving the results of his tour of observation in the South, some of which, embodied in his address et the Colored Normal Institute in Lynchburg, will be given in another number. Such intelligent, and unpartizan reports, present views not often found in newspapers, but essential to any complete view of the Southern question.

At the last business meeting, among the resolutions offered, was the following:

"Resolved, that this conference heartily endorses the noble work for the freedmen and Indians at Hampton Institute, Virginia."

Rev. S. R. Calthrop, of Syracuse, made a ringing speech on this resolution, setting forth the reasons why the members of the denominations should continue to help the cause through Hampton, as they have so liberally done in the past, and especially commending the object of the proposed $15,000 building for Indian girls. His speech was received with applause, followed by some kind words from Rev. Mr Bond, a former missionary to the Indians. The resolution was passed unanimously. Some account of Hampton's Indian work was also given, by a Hampton teacher present, to the Ladies' Auxiliary Association, presided over by a lady already connected with Hempton and some of its workers, by ties of relationship and active sympathy, Mrs. S. R. Hooper, of Boston. And many were interested in examining some of the Hampton photographs, at the pleasant social gathering which closed the conference.

THE EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONVENTION.

On the way home from Norwich, the Indian students, having part of a day in New York, were met there by the pastor of some of them, Rev. J. J. Gravett, rector of St. John's church in Hampton, and taken into the meeting of the Episcopal Convention, which departed for the first time from one of its rules of order to welcome them there, and listen to an account of Hampton's work for them, and to their Dakota hymn, "Nearer my God to thee."

Among the subjects of regular discussion by the convention were the treatment of the Indians, the giving of fall church organizations to colored people et the South, missionery endowments, shortening the church service, perochiel schools. Missionary work, —home and foreign,—had a large share of consideration.

Besides some pleasant expressions of sympathy, with some new subscriptions to the WORKMAN, and some "collection" contributions to the work, we believe that these visits to the Conference have sown seed for the growth of public sentiment,—of brotherly kindness, charity,—which will bear fruit not for Hampton alone, but for the causes she represents.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

SUPERSTITION STILL MEETS CONSOLATION. IMPROVEMENT. BUYING HOUSES AND LOTS. SCHOOLS APPRECIATED. AN

now than before. I understand that for want of funds, the schools in this county will close on the 31st of January; and it will be such a pity, as about one third of the pupils never get in until after Christmas. Consequently they will get only one month in school.

tell you I was frightened. There are a great many cases of typhoid fever here. There is one family with six sick with it, and all of them in one room. What a mess! The doctor that attends me attends this family, and

Colored Students' Column.

THE SHUT, AND OPEN DOOR.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

SUPERSTITION STILL MET. CONJURATION. IMPROVEMENT. BUYING HOUSES AND LOTS. SCHOOLS APPRECIATED. AN EARLY CHRISTMAS. EFFECT OF ENCOURAGEMENT. HUMILITY GROWING WITH EXPERIENCE. A TEMPERANCE REVIVAL. IGNORANCE OF HEALTH LAWS.

A young under graduate writes so interestingly of her summer work and observations, that we print her letter with the rest. It is worth the attention of those who think that enough has been done for the freedmen

VIRGINIA, *August* 14, 1880.

My Dear Teacher:—

I would have written to you before, but I have been sick, but am now better. I cannot tell you how very thankful I am to you for what I learned in Arithmetic and Philosophy, although I think I see more plainly in the latter, still what you have taught me in arithmetic think I know. Sadie comes to my house one day and I go to hers the next to say my arithmetic lessons. We also have one lesson a week in Philosophy and Physiology. I hope you are having a pleasant time. It has been raining here for nearly three weeks, and and it is very sickly, people are dying very fast. I know the work at Hampton is a blessing to the colored race, if you were only here to see and hear for yourself you would say so too. Some of the colored people believe in conjuration just the same as ever, and if they are the least sick, you will hear them say, some one has "thrown a head at them," or "tricked" them, and do or say what you will, they will not believe that it is cold they have caught, or some natural sickness. The majority of the people send their children to school, still there are a number running and playing in the streets. Do not think from what I have told you that I do not see any improvement, for, there is, there are many buying houses and lots of their own, and I think that better than having rent to pay every month, or sometimes set out doors. They are also very good about sending their children to Sunday School, so I think there is much to hope and work for. Sadie and Hattie send their love to you. Hopieg to hear from you soon.

I remain your grateful scholar, D.

AN EARLY CHRISTMAS.

A very generous friend of Hampton graduate teachers, who does not think that enough has been done for the freedmen, kindly lets us share some of the pleasant returns from his beneficence.

Md., *September* 25, 1880.

My Dear Friend:—

Indeed I scarcely know how to begin this letter, or what to write after it is begun, and if you only could have been at my school-house on Thursday afternoon at a quarter before four, and for about an hour afterward, this letter would be unnecessary. At that hour the stage from Cherry Run drove up to the door and put out a box and three mysterious looking packages addressed to me and marked *Bright Paid*. The children suspected something; that Santa Claus or something had come, and they were eager to see what was up. So fleishieg the recitation which I was then conducting, I dismised and proceeded to the all-absorbieg task of unpacking. I must confess that I was as eager and excited as the children, although I had read Cowperthwaite & Co's. memorandum, about a dozen times, and could recite it by heart. As one after another of the articles was brought to light, the various exclamations of "O I isn't that nice ?" and "O! what is that ?" "Now we can learn fast." etc. would have delighted your heart to an extent far beyond what I can hope to do by writing of it. If you had been in my school and seen its actual needs you could not have filled them better then by the selections made; and I am never begin to thank you enough, or sufficiently express my gratitude for the interest which you have taken in us, and for your very munificent gift which has made this the best furnished colored school in the county, and I might say in this part of Maryland. I told the children and some of their parents who had come in, who it was that had sent all these nice things, and that he was one of our good Northern friends, who first helped to make us free, and, since then, has labored to educate us and to raise us in the scale of civilization until we should stand equal and respected citizens of this country. At this point, one old lady who had listened attentively, enthusiastically exclaimed, "God bless him." I told the children that if they wished to show how much they appreciated them, they must strive to learn all they can in the short time allotted them for school this year, and that I should be sure to tell you how much faster they learn now than before. I understand that for want of funds, the schools in this county will close on the 31st of January; and it will be such a pity, as about one third of the pupils never get in until after Christmas. Consequently they will get only one month in school.

As there were two globes, I presented to my former school at W———, one globe, one dozen each of slates, copy books, and pens, and 15 primers. I thought it would be too selfish to keep all, when we did not really need all, and the school by unanimous raising of hands agreed to the presentation; so they will be sent down to-day.

This has done more to awaken an interest in the mind of the people toward the school than anything else could have done. Their pride is aroused and they can boast the best furnished school in the county. I tell them that the next requisite is a full attendance of their children all the time, and they promise it.

I enclose a photograph of myself, hoping that you will accept it, and I would like very much to have yours if agreeable to you. I know the children would be glad to see it.

I am Truly yours, W.

EXPERIENCE BRINGS HUMILITY.

The danger of undue self-appreciation is very great to the young colored graduate whom even four or five years schooling sets head and shoulders above the most of his people, in learning. It is a very fortunate thing for him when he has common sense enough to grow humble under increasing responsibility and experience.

Md. *September* 25, 1880

My Kin Friend:—

I am at my post again, contributing my mite to the great cause in which I am enlisted. As experience increases, I am the better able to appreciate the importance of my work and bend my energies in the direction which promises the accomplishment of most good. I wish I was better fitted to perform the duties which devolve upon me, as an advocate, and representative man, of my race.

I feel that my place is among the humblest. My school opened on the 1st. instant, and to date 29 pupils have been enrolled. No large children attend school at this season, all kept at home to assist in saving crops. I shall have a larger attendance this year than during my previous session. Pupils come to school very irregularly. All the parents are anxious to have their children educated, but few willing to make any sacrifice necessary to secure their regular attendance at school. One is impossible without the other.

The children resume their studies with delight and seem to have lost little by their two months vacation.

I try to impress upon the minds of the children the importance of education, and the many advantages which accrue from it. If my school doesn't prove a success, it will be from no lack of earnestness on my part.

During my vacation I visited Hampton, and was very agreeably surprised to note the many improvements which have taken place there. I saw Whit Williams and a number of Hampton students who were working at the Hygeia. I am sorry I was unable to attend the Normal Institute held at Lynchburg during the summer. Many of my friends were there and I doubt not were greatly benefited.

Yours very truly, W.

A TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

A more encouraged worker writes from his first school in Virginia.

"The temperance cause is fully aroused here, and the people are expecting more of me next Sunday than I can really give, *i. e.*, a temperance lecture. However, I shall attempt it, and will let you know the result. I am making preparations for a kind of temperance exhibition given by the members. I think the hand of God is in the work, for even those that use the bottle are advising others to join. I trust by the help of God, to whom I pray for help, to rid this place of drunkards, and fill their places with good, honest, temperance men."

IGNORANCE OF HEALTH LAWS.

One of the best works of the graduate teacher is to awaken some sense of decent, healthful living among the people. For this end their own instruction in the laws of health, and the elevation of their own standard of the comforts and necessities of life, are most important. The need of such work among their people is very great. One writes from a Northern colored settlement:

"I have been very sick since I have been here, with a bilious attack and chills. I can tell you I was frightened. There are a great many cases of typhoid fever here. There is one family with six sick with it, and all of them in one room. What a mess! The doctor that attends me attends this family, and he said to me that if I wanted to see a sight I should go down there before I went home. I don't have a room to myself. I stay in a room with a woman and her baby, but I have a nice, clean bed to myself."

"THE PLUCKY CLASS."

The school has been divided heretofore into four classes, known as the Preparatory, Junior, Middle, and Senior classes, but, last term another was added, known at first as the Night class, but which won from the Vice Principal during the term, the title of "The Plucky Class."

To work from seven o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, and then study from seven o'clock till nine or half past nine, is an undertaking that few young men would be willing to stick to through all the seasons of the year. Yet this is just what thirty-five young men at Hampton have done for the past year. All of them came here with no capital but their determination to get an education, and hands that could work for it.

It was thought at first that it would be hard to keep them awake, but a few jokes, their own earnestness, and many interesting questions reduced this supposed obstacle to nothing. It was a rare thing to find one asleep. Their hard work in the day seemed to give them an appetite for study at night. They studied and recited the same night. They digested a good deal of what they studied at night, while at work in the day. Passing by them at work, one could almost always hear them discussing some point in grammar or some problem in arithmetic. They would generally have a number of questions to ask at night, which they had failed to agree upon or to understand during the day. One was noticed to carry a broken piece of slate about with him on which he could work examples while the wheel-barrow of dirt he had loaded, was being emptied. Their books were in their hands at every spare moment. No teacher ever had a more interesting class.

With all their zeal for study, they made excellent workers, and the superintendent of the Industrial works, by whom most of them were employed, showed his appreciation of their services by making each one a nice present at the end of the year.

For such study to amount to anything, it must, of course, be very systematic. The young men seemed to understand this, for their attendance was remarkably regular, some I think, not missing more than two eighths in the year. They were willing to shut themselves out from the world while for an education. Whether the weather was good or bad, their attendance and earnestness were the same. They not only did well during the coldest winter months, but through the months of July and August, up to the middle of September, their zeal did not abate in the least.

The first week in October, they entered the day-school, seven passing an examination for the Middle class, the others for the Junior class. It is doubtful if Hampton teachers ever received more glad and earnest faces into their classes.

These young men not only enter school with enough knowledge to pay them for this year's work, but they have saved an average of seventy dollars apiece, after buying their clothes. This amount, with their earnings during school and in vacation, will keep them in school two years. Thus, seven have saved enough in one year to graduate them at the institution, and the others enough to take them into their senior year.

What these have done, others can do. With such privileges offered to our young men, poverty can no longer be pleaded as an excuse for ignorance. There are thousands of young men all over this county who could, if they would sacrifice a few evenings' pleasure for a while, open the door to a respectable education. How much better this would be than to be compelled by ignorance to spend the remainder of their lives as the lowest kind of servants! They would not then go through the world as mere pretenders to an education, as so many do, nor would they then feel the necessity of spending all their money for fine clothes with which they vainly hope to hide the poverty of the inner man.

Give a man a chance to work out his own education, and, as a general thing, you do far more for him than you would by paying his way in school for three or four years. A man who is not willing to work for his education will do nothing with it after he gets it.

It is safe to predict for the members of the Night class as bright a future, and as good work after their graduation, as that of any graduates who have left this school, and if they continue in the future to show the same spirit and earnestness that they have here in their work and studies, they will continue to bear the title—"Members of the Plucky Class."

B. W. T.

Colored Students' Column.

THE SHOT, AND OPEN DOOR.

The negro for ages has been laboring under the disadvantages of having the door of civilization shut to him. He may not be very progressive, but it cannot be said that he is retrogradieg. He is said to be indolent and shiftless, but he has the true stamina to be an industrious man, and is such when allowed fair opportunities. He is not the inferior of any race physically, and it has to be proven yet whether he is so intellectually; except so far as that which he has gone through, makes him the inferior. Some have come to the conclusion that he is, but without reason. He has from the remotest ages been held only as a fit subject for slavery.

But we thank God that men became more zealous for the rights of their fellow men. In this country, the door shutting out the light of man's freedom, was thrown open. How shall we young men and women take advantage of this opportunity to lift our people up in the scale of civilization? Let this, question be answered by doing something that will tend that way.

There are men whose deeds have made them worthy of commemoration by the negro, and they will be so commemorated when the people become acquainted with the deeds of valor that have been done in their behalf by these men.

"You cannot get dignity from an office but you can give dignity to any office."

O. H.

SOME OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

Can it be possible that a people surrounded by Christians and supplied with Bibles, can be contented in such a state of ignorance and sin as *some of our neighbors!*

These people have Bibles but they do not know how to use them. They have ministers among them, but it is seldom you can find one who knows enough to lead a flock. Just here I think an old adage may be properly inserted: "The blind are leading the blind and they all will fall in the ditch together."

I will not tire my reader by mentioning the *general* habits of these people, but briefly state some of their *Sunday* customs.

In the morning about ten o'clock perhaps, you can see the men in a very untidy condition going over to some one's house to spend the day. The topic of their discourse will be nothing more than something that ought to be spoken of in the week. One will ask, "What did you git for your taters yistidy?" The other will tell him if the former has no potatoes for market; but if he *has* the reply will, probably, be false.

Instead of rising early and preparing their children for Church or Sabbath School, they will allow them to get their fishing lines and marbles and go off to pass the day away in any manner they can.

It is a common sight to see a number of boys on Sunday playing around the beach: some swimming, some wading in the mud after soft crabs while others are boat racing.

And the base language used by these boys is enough to make one tremble.

Wrestling is one of their favorite plays: and if one gets whipped he will run home and tell his mother, "Ole Jim is bin fightin me for nuthen." She will cry out, "Why diden you take up a stick and knock him in de head?" Neber mind, I'll eu him some day myself and give him such a blessin as he neber had."

Can we, who are trying to trevel the Christian's road and seek knowledge, not help these lost creatures? For if they are not shown the right way how can they travel it? And the question is, who will be to blame for their wretched state?

Perhaps some will say, "They must do as I did; and if a person does not help himself he must not expect help from others."

I find this to be true in some cases and in others I can lead to think quite differently. There are some who will not help themselves when they can; and others who only need a start and then they will bear their own burden. So, I venture to say that the elevation of these people depends mostly upon us. We must not go among them to teach and stay merely four or five months, and because every thing is not pleasant and the work is somewhat hard, leave with the idea of not returning. This is one reason why the progress of this class is no faster than it is. The teachers who go among them do not sacrifice themselves enough to accomplish much.

The word *missionary* is generally applied to those who volunteer and leave their civilized homes to teach the heathen Christian civilization; but I should also apply the term to those who would go among these people with the intention of doing good.

V. F. H.

Indian Students' Column.

Indians at Hampton feel proud of their column in SOUTHERN WORKMAN, so they can learn to work and to be farmers and take care of cows and horses and chickens. This afternoon we had hard work by the side road to Virginia Hill it was warm makes me tired working so hard, but I want to try hard every and encouragement of the Indians. I shall not soon forget what impressions of joy I had when I first heard the boys singing the gospel hymns, it fairly made tears come to my eyes. They love to sing them and that is restive people?

Good men and women have done and are doing much to civilize and christianize the Indians upon their reservations, but, to do the work thoroughly and effectively, a more per-

Indian Students' Column.

Indians at Hampton feel proud of their column in, SOUTHERN WORKMAN, so they can write letters and have them printed, so white people that don't know about Indians might read them and see that they can learn to read and write and work like men. and some white men way west told Gen. Armstrong that he was spoiling Indians for keeping them at Hamptoa, I say they are mistaken. If they should go to Carlisle Indian School and see them working or at school, they might think differeat and then come to Hampton and see some boys in Middle Class and sons in Junior Class they might change their minds, But they will see after a while whea some Indians get educated, they will see that Gen. Armstreng is doing some good to the Indians and the Indians at Hamptoa are trying themselves to learn all they can, some boys work on farm trying to learn how to cultivate and plow so they can do these same things on their own fields, some wants to learn Carpeater Blacksmith Wheelwright shoemaker and tinsmith trades. They are doing well and I thiuk we will never turn to Indian ways anymore.

Gen Armstrong was gone to Sandwich Island to see his old home. he came back week ago. Every body was glad to see bim. I heard an Indian boy say he felt"like it was his father come beck.

We had a very good vecation we enjoyed it very much, but some Indians got tired so they went to school for three weeks.

Capt. Romeyn took some boys home, and brought two new Indian boys from I. T. they both are very bright and smart.

Colored boys are good to the Indian boys, they teach them how to talk English and read and cipher.

Every Monday evening Indian boys have prayer meeting by themselves. Tuesday evenings Rev J. J. Gravatt. A minister in Hampton comes over and have prayer meeting with us. and then he lets every Indian read a verse, he is very good and kind to us, He comes every Friday and Tuesday and teaches Indians about God. Thursday nights we heve games and have a splendid time.

Thomas Wildeatte, do not work at the sawmill, now he and Jas Murie, work in the printing office.

Indian boys have reading room in Indian Cottage and they have many kinds of different papers, they go in there every, time when they do not do anything.

Indian boys are ready to study hard when school commences.

Miss Harding has fixed her school room for the girls but the Indians boys are going to work two weeks longer till the other Indian students come back and then they will all go to school.

Alexander Peters can shoe horses, he is a real good black smith. M. Maqumetas can make good spokes and some other things, and Samuel Brown can make shoes and patch them. C. Willis makes boxes at the saw mill, and some more boys work at some other trade.

I think it is a good thing for Indians coming here so they can learn something, than going around the prairies hunting or stay in the lodge and do nothing; but the white people are good for sending Indians here and the Indians are now trying to strive hard for an Education as they have found that it is good thing to be educated, the Indians that came here first says they will try hard this term for their time will soon be out and they are learning how to farm.

This is all I have to say.

J. M.

A LETTER.

Hampton Normal School,
Sept. 20, 1880.

My dear Cousin, J. Murrie:

I am very glad that you are going to be in the printing office so I want to write to you a few lines to let you know how I think.

When I was at Shell banks I use to go to work 2 o'clock and half past six I stop and early in morning we have breakfast, some boys do not like to work every day, I would like stay at Shell banks this summer, we use to swim every evening and catch crabs to. I want to speak to you a few words about all the good things I have learned from the white people. The Indian boys at Hampton is trying hard to learn about the white men's way and work like they do. I like to work the farm. When I was at home I went on hunting Buffalo, but when I see those buffaloes make it me feel hungry, I like buffalo very much indeed, it is better than cows. There use to be many buffaloes out in the west, the Indians could live by hunting now they must learn to work and to be farmers and take care of cows and horses and chickens. This afternoon we had hard work by the side road to Virginia Hall it was warm makes me tired working so hard, but I want to try hard every day, I want to be good worker so when I go back to my home and I will teach my people, I will tell all about what we use to do at Hampton.

From your respectfully,

J. H.
(*Pawnee boy.*)

A GOOD REPORT FROM BERKSHIRE.

Mr. Alexander Hyde, of Lee., who has kindly taken a general supervision of the Hampton Indian students spending the summer in Berkshire County, Mass. forwards to us a number of letters he has received from their friends and employers. The reports are very uniformly good and encouraging. They show conclusively that the summer experience has done much both for the education of the Indiane and for the increase of public interest in their race.

MONTEREY, *Sept.* 29th, 1880.

Deacon Hyde:

Dear Sir: Your letter by Uhakeumpa came to hand yesterday, and in reply I must say that I am inclined to think we have had the bright side of the Indian character to look at, therefore you will please make due allowance in what I may say concerning them.

B—— I know the most about as he has been one of my family all the summer. I think however I have had good opportunity to know all the young men who have lived in Monterey this summer, they having spent a part of almost every Sunday afternoon at our house, and heve made frequent calls here on other days of the week. I can truthfully say I have not witnessed or heard of their doing an uncivil act, either individually or collectively, and we have learned to repose greet confidence in them.

We have been impressed with the regard they have menifested for one another. There seems to he a bond of sympathy among them. They are all active fellows, always ready to help work. Many times when I have been engaged in work that they could do, they have taken off their coats and gone at it without my saying a word. They cannot endure hard work all day long as well as those who heve been brought up to it. They learn to do the different kinds of farm work very readily.

B—— is remarkebly quick in this respect. They love to play at gamce, croquet, checkers, dominoes and are quite expert. As scholars they have as good capacity for learning as white boys and appear to improve their opportunities. B——'s memory is very tenacious. In fact there appears no reason for a teacher to he discouraged with such minds as any of these Indian boys that I am acquainted with possess. Some of them which I could neme have really fine talent and if they do not make their work in the world I shall he disappointed. The hurden on their minds is what they are going to do in the future. By their speeches to each other that have been heard hy my family, they seem fully determined to disappoint those who predict their return to their blankets and wigwams, and make them blush with shame. The idea of good honses, and school-houses and churches is a favorite one with them.

Now, with such minds, such talents and ideas to start with, I see no reason why with adequate instruction and encouragemeat, the Indiana may not be civilized and christianized. And I am thankful for what the government is doing for the education and encouragement of the Indian. I shall not soon forget what impressions of joy I had when I first heerd the boys singing the gospel hymns, it feirly made tears come to my eyes. They love to siag them and that is why they come every Sunday afternoon to our house. Oh, these boys must be held on to as a loving father would hold on to a son. We must write to them and assure them we do care for their welfare. All the Indian young men have heen in our Sunday school and have attended quite regularly. At one of our concerts they each recited their verse bravely They always have manifested a veneratioa for religious worsbip hy bowing the head or the knee.

I do not know as I have written anything of much consequence. Every body knows I em more skilled in guiding the plow than the pen.

Yours truly,

T.

THE AMERICAN REINDEER.

LETTERS FROM DAKOTA.

FORT BENNETT, D. T.
Sept. 22nd, 1880.

Editor of Workman,

"The Buffalo are coming." How quickly the rumor flies from camp to camp. Old time counsils quickly assemble around the camp fires, the fatted canine's smothered yelps ure heard throughout the land and "Lo the poor Indian" girdeth up his loins for the chase. What promptness and energy he brings to bear in hastening forward his preparation for the hunt! The Indian is far from indolent and awkward in the execution of hereditery duties. With cheerful alacrity he joins in the toils of the chase or endures the privetions and hardships of war; and displays

THE AMERICAN REINDEER.

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INDIAN EDUCATION IN THE EAST.

AN ADDRESS BY S. C. ARMSTRONG,

It is now two and a half years since Indian students were enrolled at the Hampton Institute. [illegible] "or capacity for acquiring knowledge; and "opposition or indifference to education on "the part of parents decreases yearly: so that "the question of Indian education resolves it- "self mainly into a question of school facili- [illegible] of placing mind before physique and character. This is the Hampton idee of education.

Apply sanctified common sense to the Indian problem and you will save them in spite of the steam engine and the threats of fate.

The Indian question has been put wrong

stands before twenty-five of them who know not a word of English. Nouns are taught by articles picked up out of doors and piled on a table, and by pictures; verbs by action, very much as I have seen deef mutes taught.

A year and a half after the arrival of the Sioux

VISIT OF THE FISK JUBILEE SINGERS TO GENERAL GARFIELD.

A few days ago, the Jubilee Singers from the Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn., findiag themselves within a few miles of General Garfield's residence, took carriages and made him a call. They sang several pieces, and as they were about to take their departure, they turned toward General Garfield and sang an impressive benediction in these words:

"The Lord be with you;
The Lord guard and preserve you;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon you,
And give you peace."

There was silence for a time as the music died away. Then General Garfield, who had stood by the mantel with bowed head, spoke to the band of singers very earnestly and solemnly, saying.

"My friends, for my family and myself I thank you for this visit and for the songs you have sung. While I have listened, a thought has come to me which may encourage you. A voice has gone forth before every great good that was ever achieved in this world. A voice in the wilderness was the herald of our Savior. In the war for the Union, the thunder of our guns on a thousand battle-fields was the voice that prepared the way for the liberty that came to your race. Now, friends, the earthly savior of your people must be universal education; and I believe that your voices are preparing for the coming of that blessing. You have sung a great university into being. You have sung before kings and princes. You have sung to the meek and the lowly. You have sung to the heerts of your people, and I hope and believe that your voices are heralding the great liberation which education will bring to your lately enslaved brethren. You are fighting for light and for the freedom it brings; and in that contest I would rather be with you and defeated, than against you and victorious. In the language of the song you have just sung, I say to you, "March on, and you shall win the victory—you shall gain the day."—*From (Chicago) Advance, Oct.* 14, 1880.

COOKING SCHOOL.

AT the close of an article in *Good Company*, describing the work done in the past year in a cooking school in Raleigh, N. C., Mrs. Helen Campbell says,

"The system employed has thus resolved itself into the best use of the means at hand, with a constant reference to the better ones which a better knowledge will demand. Interest has deepened. The classes have been well filled, and from many points inquiries are coming in as to results here and possibilities of organization elsewhere. A very successful course has been given at Charlotte, N. C., a pretty and prosperous town near the South Carolina line, and another is projected at Staunton, Va. The field is ripe for the harvest. The once despised topic has assumed unexpected importance, and thoughtful people are beginning to question if dyspepsia is necessarily the Southern birthright, and "Died of a frying-pan," the only truthful Southern epitaph.

"They are not the only ones to whom deeper thought and broader knowledge must come. As a nation, we have all sinned together, but the time draws near when every fairly educated boy or girl will know, and not only know but act upon the knowledge, that the day's food means in great part the success or failure of the day's work. The science is still in its infancy, and no light burden is laid upon these pioneers in the new fields. Not one cries so imperatively for place not one is so truly the foundation of all genuine work. The cooking school means for the coming generation not only sounder bodies, but as the natural and inevitable result, sounder minds. The knowledge that will insure perfect food is final enough to insure better living in all ways. With its full recognition comes a new era, and we look confidently for the good day slowly nearing, the day of

"'Purer manners, nobler laws.'"

DRUNKENNESS is the most destructive evil and gigantic sin of our land. It gives us a million drunkards and paupers, a hundred thousand idiots and insane, and nearly or quite a thousand murders and suicides, every year.

INDIAN EDUCATION IN THE EAST.

AN ADDRESS BY R. C. ARMSTRONG.

It is now two and a half years since Indian students were enrolled at the Hampton Institute; the first arrived in April, 1878, being seventeen ex-prisoners of war out of a party of sixty-five captured warriors, who, after three years confinement at Fort Marion, in St. Augustine, Florida, were released and sent to their homes by government.

Through the tact and skill of Capt. R. H. Pratt, of the Army, in charge, these captives had abandoned many of their old ideas, and believed in the "white man's way."

Returning west, via. Hampton, they left there the seventeen young men to whose appeal for an education, the winter residents of St. Augustine had responded by providing $115.00 for each one yearly, for three years. These stalwart, red-headed braves did the first field labor of their lives in hoeing an onion bed; which, with all subsequent work, they did cheerfully and well. In a few months, eleven, against each of whom lay distinct charges for plunder and murder, on file at the War Department, were received into the Christian Church connected with the Hampton Institute.

I have seen something of Christian work in the Polynesian islands and in our own land, but I never saw a more radical change of life than appeared in these men. They represent the worst stock in the Indian territory; the class that the West declares can't be elevated any more than the buffalo. If the West knows anything, it knows that you can't improve the prairie Indian.

Crossing the continent twice, of late, I found the universal creed to be "There is no good Indian but a dead one," which has been adopted by over half the intelligent people of the East.

Capt. Pratt writes as follows from Carlisle Pa: "Of the Florida boys who were formerly "at Hampton, five have died; three,—Bears "Heart, Etahdleuh, and Roman Nose are still "east, the two last are here rendering valuable "assistance to me by example and effort. The "others have all returned to their tribes, and, "with the exception of Touskeuh, are reported "as doing well for themselves, and for their people. Several are mentioned as especially useful. Little Chief, Ohettoint, White Man, "and Cohoe are all praised for their good conduct. The church members, except Touskeuh, "have been exemplary. He fell from sensuality and became diseased, led to it by so called "civilized whites.

"We have children here of chiefs White "Thunder, Two Strikes, Black Crow, Whirlwind Soldier, Quick Bear, Swift Bear, Brave "Bull, Long Face, American Horse, Black "Bear, Blue Horse, High Wolf; and grandchild of Red Cloud.—all of the Sioux tribe—"of chiefs Little Raven, Left Hand and Yell "ow Bear, of the Arapahoes; of Big Horse, "Bob Tail, Heap of Birds and Black Kettle "of the Cheyennes, and others. About seventy "of our children are the sons and daughters of "Chiefs, and most of the remainder belong "to leading men.

"We have 139 boys and 57 girls, 196 in all. "The readiness of children to come in advance of the willingness of parents to send, at "Miles' Agency, and probably at the Kiowa too; "but there is in general such desire for education that I believe no great difficulty would "be experienced in getting nearly all the children in the schools from most of the tribes."

Had a sentimentalist, or a New England College, had the training of Pratt's Florida *protege's*, filled them with useless knowledge, and sent them home soft handed, but highly respectable young men, they might all have gone to the bad. Piety alone couldn't have saved them. At Fort Marion, they lived simply, learned the rudiments, obeyed orders, and studied the Bible.

Some of them came to him in chains; a few committed suicide or tried to; old soldiers laughed at his ideas; but with equal parts of faith, of common sense and of personal sacrifice, Capt. Pratt, in three years, created the basis of a new departure in Indian progress, and now, at Carlisle Pa., leads the movement with the 196 Indian youths above referred to. The Carlisle School was established by an act of Congress, accompanied by an official report from which I extract as follows.

"Industrial education as a means of civilizing and elevating the Savage, has ceased "to be an experiment. The effort in this "direction recently undertaken and now in "successful progress at the Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton Va., furnishes "a striking proof of the natural aptitude and "capacity of the rudest savages of the plains "for mechanical, scientific, industrial and "moral education, when removed from parental and tribal surrounding, and influences.

"Upon this subject in his report of November 1, 1878, the Commissioner of Indians "affairs says:

"Experience has shown that Indian children do not differ from white children of "similar status and surroundings, in aptitude "or capacity for acquiring knowledge; and "opposition or indifference to education on "the part of parents decreases yearly: so that "the question of Indian education resolves itself mainly into a question of school facilities."

Sons of Indian chiefs, at Carlisle, are now making a portion of the shoes, harnesses, wagons, tin-ware and other supplies needed by the department of Indian affairs.

Though it is a government scheme, Capt. Pratt is often deeply embarrassed by legislation, and needs, and can use as profitably as any philanthropist in the land, private contributions. The friends of the Indian should help the Carlisle School.

Delegations from the tribes are often sent to both schools resulting in much enlightment and fresh interest in the question of education.

The speech of Chief White Eagle at Hampton, to the three races before him, was the language of a Christian theist. He was a heathen, but gave them as good advice as any doctor of divinity could have done. Little No Heart, a savage, after visiting there, went back to his people and preached to them the gospel of education like an apostle.

Indians think. Their wise ones know that there is no hope for them but in taking the white man's road. But there is also a stubborn unyielding class. There are progressives and conservatives, as among all thinking people.

The braves will not fight the people who are educating their children. Every Indian child at school is a hostage. Had the son of Dull Knife, the Cheyenne chief who, a few years ago, with three hundred warriors, made one of the most brilliant raids of history through Kansas, been at school as he should have been by treaty stipulation, Dull Knife would never have gone on that expedition. So John D. Miles, agent of the Cheyennes, told me.

Frontier ideas result from the objects of frontier life in pursuit of which men are generally unscrupulous. So far as Indian territory is concerned, might makes right; treaties are nowhere.

I recently met an army officer who told me that in the summers of 1877 and 1878, five hundred thousand dollars had passed through his hands, as Quartermaster, in payment of Oregon settlers, for supplies and services in Indian wars; and that the past summer, they had been trying to get up another war, for the sake of another five hundred thousand.

The frontier-man has corn, hay, horses, mules, carts and his own services to sell. In earlier days, fourfifths of all the money sent into parts of our territorial region was for warfare against Indians. Not that all settlers love war, but a class is so disposed, and is active about it.

The outposts of civilization, on this continent, and throughout the Pacific Ocean, are established by the spirit of gain. Anglo-Saxon pioneers have no mercy on the weaker races who are in their way, or whose vices are their profit or pleasure. Our advanced guard carries to them rum, powder and sensuality in one hand, and the Bible in the other. Progress appears to be against them. The locomotive seems to scream the fate of the Indian.

Our system of treaties, annuities and rations is an acknowledged failure. Distribution is without regard to merit, and encourages idleness among the one hundred and fifty thousand beneficiaries of the government. It is better to destroy them than to emasculate them.

The Indian is the greatest of all sufferers from our civil service. The energetic and wholesome policy of Carl Schurz may end in a few months. Thorough going work cannot be done in any four years; a consistent Indian policy is impossible as things are. We may mean well but we deceive them.

When Sitting Bull said to Gen'l Terry's delegation, "Your country lies," there was no answer to make.

A keen unscrupulous civilization and a simple barbarism have met. The barbarism has ceased to be simple, and is becoming about as keen as the enemy, but is no less barbarous.

A captain of the Missionary Packet "Morning Star," who had spent his life among the Pacific islands, told me that he never feared to land among savages if he were only sure that no white man had been there before him.

The Indians are grown up children; we are a thousand years ahead of them in the line of development. Progress is measured by development. Education is not progress but is a means of it. A brain full of book knowledge whose physical basis is the product of centuries of barbarism, is an absurdity that we do not half realize, from our excessive traditional reverence for school and college training. We forget that knowledge is not power unless it is digested and assimilated. Savages have good memories; they acquire but do not comprehend.

Indians are easily taught, for their minds are quick; their bodies are a greater care than their brains; but morals are the chief concern of their teachers. Hence their education should be first for the heart, than for health, and last for the mind, reversing the custom of placing mind before physique and character. This is the Hampton idea of education.

Apply sanctified common sense to the Indian problem and you will save them in spite of the steam engine and the threats of fate.

The Indian question has been put wrong end first. It points to us not to them.

The possibilities of sound educational methods are not dreamed of. The power of mind over matter is every where seen, but the power of mind over mind, of man over man is little shown in all our proud progress. That three years work of Captain Pratt at Fort Marion, Florida, is the best illustration of it I know of. Yet he never had over two years schooling, and went from his workshop to the war. Work for the ex-captives was so encouraging, the need of educated Indian girls so obvious, that resolving to push our effort further, Mr. Schurz was interviewed, entered heartily into the scheme, and sent Capt. Pratt to Dakota Territory, whence he brought to Hampton in Nov. 1878 forty boys and nine girls, since increased to twenty-two girls and forty-eight boys. Indian girls lead a slavish life, do all the drudgery, and parents have hated to spare them. Boys do nothing till they can fight. "I would send a hundred boys, but not one girl," said a chief to Capt. Pratt. But now one agency alone, Yankton, would fill our school with Sioux girls. Agent Miles says he could enroll Cheyenne children from the Indian Territory for eastern schools as fast as he could write their names. The other day he tore a boy by main force from an overflowing party for Carlisle.

Co-education of the sexes will succeed with Indians as well as with colored people in the six largest institutions for negroes in which for ten years it has been tried with the best results.

Neither race respects woman. The Indian sister dares not speak to her brother who lives in the same tent; a girl is nobody. Young men rule in the family and in council.

Hampton gave the Sioux boys their first lesson in civilization when, on landing, they walked three miles to school and the girls rode in wagons.

The Indian child has had no childhood: we must make up for it. Didactic and dogmatic work has little to do with the formation of character, which is our point. That is done by making school a little world in itself: mingling hard days work, in field or shop with social pleasures; making success depend upon behavior rather than on study marks. School life should be like real life.

To supply clothes as fast they are worn out, and to expect boys to be interested in working without pay, is a mistake, so we pay them for their work and make them buy their clothes.

They are paid in cash, and can, if they choose, waste their money on cake and candy but soon they suffer and learn a lesson. Experience is the best teacher.

Of our Dakota boys three have passed through the ordeal of the "Sun Dance," i. e. suspended from a tree, by a rope fastened to a huge wooden needle which passed through the fleshy portion of the breast, swinging in the air while their comrades danced. To cry out was to be a squaw: to bear it without flinching was to be a brave.

From such scenes to willingly have their glory, their hair, cut off by a negro student barber, and to scrub the floors of their rooms on their hands and knees, was a change easily brought about by tact and kind treatment.

Sergeant Bear's Heart and Corporal Yellow Bird of the Normal School battalion, with their chevrons and stripes, suggest order and obedience rather than the savagery we read of.

To go to bed with boots on and leave off half their under-clothing the next morning, were among the trifling peculiarities which had to be watched at first. A drill in bed-making was found quite necessary for the braves, and is thus described in the *"Southern Workman"* by the teacher Mr. Jas. C. Robbins, a colored graduate, who superintended the operation:

"When they first began to make beds, the sheets were either tucked up under the pillow or laid on the outside. One boy was found to have seven sheets, who did not know the proper use for two. The janitor helped me carry a bedstead into the sitting-room, the boys were called in and seated in a semi-circle, and I began the process of bed-making, the boys grunting and laughing as it proceeded. When the clothes were neatly tucked in, and the pillow shaken and put into its place, I said, 'Now boys, I will show you how to get into bed,' which I did. Then, through the interpreter, I asked who was willing to try it. He hardly put the question when a boy who had objected to having his hair cut when he first came, stepped forward. He began where I did, and followed every movement, so closely had he observed. No sooner did he finish than there was a stunning applause. He was then asked to show us how to go to bed, and when his head touched the pillow and he drew the clothing up over him, up went another shout."

A teacher who knows not a word of Indian has before twenty-five of them who know not a word of English. Nouns are taught by articles picked up out of doors and piled on a table, and by pictures; verbs by action, very much as I have seen deaf mutes taught.

A year and a half after the arrival of the Sioux children we began to look for simple story books for them to read. Knowing the reaction sure to follow gratifying a childish desire for school books, we kept them back, to their discontent, gradually allowing their use in class hours thus increasing their eagerness to know more.

Seasible, vigorous stories or any literature in very plain language, is hard to find and is a difficulty in our work for both races, whose vocabulary must always be limited. Twenty-two months from their homes they, as a rule, understand ordinary conversation, though they are both to speak it except to their teachers, and and never show off their English well.

They study or recite, from half-past eight in the morning till twelve. From one till six p. m., they work. In the evening, there are games, conversation classes, and religious meetings. The girls are taught to sew, make and mend their own clothes, most of them now can make their own, take cooking lessons, and do housework, washing and ironing, as well as our best colored girls. They are particular in washing dishes and setting tables, but are rather slow about it.

The boys are taught farming, for which most generous provision, by way of a three hundred and fifty acre farm, has been made by a generous Boston friend.

Two are learning the printer's trade, four the wheelwright and blacksmith's trade. The fifteen in the Indian shop are at carpentery, shoemaking and sheading, and harness repairing. They make all the tables, and tin ware, and do the small jobs in painting and glazing. Indians have a knack in leather work. I can show you a one horse cart and a plain two story house built, by Indian boys.

Like the girls, they are neat and tidy but slow. A boy will make a perfect mortise but is too long about it.

At first, they soon tire, for their muscles are not trained to steady day's work. After a year, they are equal to ten hours labor. But they will not soon get the Anglo Saxon's gift of endurance or continuousness. They measure larger at the hips, and less relatively at the chest, than the whites. All these races seem weak at the lungs, being most sensitive to change of surroundings. Consumption is the great enemy.

The death rate has been serious but not discouraging. Out of ninety-six, in twenty-two months, seven have died at school and three since returning home. The tribe, gathered as they are in unnatural conditions at the agencies, away from the chase and the fight, without action or buffalo beef, fed on government rations, weaken. Indian students have in almost all cases died of diseases implanted before leaving home; their friends have not been surprised or discouraged.

Chief Wizi, on hearing of the death of his adopted son at Hampton, called his tribe together and said: "If only one of our children return to us with knowledge, we shall be repaid for the loss of all the others."

In health, they, as a rule, hold their own. Bringing them east does not increase the death rate.

But why send Indians east to be educated? The sentiment of Indian agents and teachers is that education, not too long sojourn away from their homes is important, that they may break from their old habits, see what civilization is, but return before they shall have ceased to feel for and care for their people. Too much absence is as bad as too little. It is easy to spoil them. Sending an Indian east for a college education is a blunder, unless there is a place for one with such an education.

While this eastern work at Carlisle, and Hampton is incidental to the general educational effort which must be made at the west, it is, more than anything else, pushing the Indian question to a proper settlement by creating public sentiment. For a Congressman to see an Indian hoeing corn, does more good than piles of documentary evidence. The hundreds of clear headed, hard handed young red-skins who will ere long, be settled among the tribes, will, we think, be strong enough to sustain each other and to teach the rest. They will not return home scared by our great guns and arsenals, but stimulated by contact with the spirit that lies at the bottom of our progress. They must see civilization to comprehend it.

Government pays one hundred and fifty dollars a year, for each Indian student at Hampton. The extra cost, after allowing thirty dollars as the average yearly value of each one's work, is about seventy dollars, which is provided by friends.

The Hampton Institute is a private corporation, not a government affair, as many seem to think. It has very little endowment, and is dependent directly upon annual contributions. Special gifts, to the amount of thirteen thousand dollars, have been expended in buildings for Indian boys, and now we need

fifteen thousand more to give the girls a fair chance. They are ready to come; five for every one we can receive.

Mr. Schurz has pledged himself to send fifty if we can take them, appropriating one hundred and fifty dollars a year apiece. The deep degradation of Indian women calls for an earnest effort in their behalf.

Of our seventy Indians, twenty five are from Episcopal agencies, attend the Episcopal service and are visited by the rector, who is invited to assist in their spiritual care.

Six are Catholic and, at the request of the Priest, are allowed to attend Sunday morning service at the National Soldiers Home near by. The rest are from Congregational or Presbyterian agencies. All attend the regular school service, and receive its impressive and moulding influence. The American Missionary Association of New York has assumed the extra expense of the Fort Berthold Indians, as a part of its work for the red race.

The test of returning to their savage home is yet to come. Over forty will go back in November 1881, to settle in six separate groups. I hope to spend part of next summer in Dakota, to arrange some definite position for each one, lest, by being thrown suddenly among their pauper people, they shall be discouraged and swept away by the strong tide of low living.

They must be at once put to work. This is the most critical point in the whole experiment, and there is no real success till it is passed. To provide against it, is part of the complete chance that we owe the Indian. We expect that some will relapse.

I have been surprised at the strength of the filial and parental tie as illustrated by our Indians. The children write home about once a week. The monthly card showing each one's record in study, labor and conduct is eagerly awaited at the agencies. Not a little good is done by this correspondence and the reports. The father of "Roman Nose" was induced by his son's letters to quit the blanket and buy a farm. Parents send many wholesome messages to the children and kind words to their teachers.

A Sioux boy writing home to his people said in his own language: "When I was at home, I was blind, I saw nothing. Now I feel as if I am walking up and mountain and looking off a little further all the time."

After "Bright Eyes'" visit to Hampton one of the older Indian girls said to a teacher, "Miss Bright Eyes, I wish I like that."

The following illustrates the spirit of letters from parents and relations to their children at school:

A full blood Indian chief writes to his half-brother from Crow Creek.

Aug, 25, '79.

I am going to write you a letter. I never forget you. Try to learn all you can while you are down there. I wish I were young so I could go down and learn too. I want you to learn all you can and come back and teach your brothers. Try to learn and talk English too. Don't think about coming home all the time. If you do you can't learn much. I like to have you write a letter back and tell me how you are.

WIZI—That's I."

A FATHER writes from Fort Pierre, Dakota.

"I want you to learn to be a printer. I want you to learn to talk English. I would like to have you learn to be a carpenter. I would like to go down there and see how you are getting along. If I was down there. If I saw all the boys down there, then I would come back and tell the Indians, and they would be all glad. I hope some of the boys will learn how to be a teacher when they come back that they can teach the boys and girls. This is the only chance you have. Get all the good you can. This is all I have to say."

A BROTHER TO HIS SISTER.

"DAKOTA.

"*My Sister:* I want you to learn all you can, and learn something good and God watch you all the time. I want you to learn something. That's the reason I let you go to Hamptoa.

BULL HEAD."

Of the eight Sioux Indians who have since coming to Hampton, been baptized and made profession of their faith in Christ, we may say what the Rev. Mr. Dennison, our pastor, said of the twelve captive warriors from Florida who were received into the Bethesda Church.

"We are not deceived into thinking that these Indians present a highly civilized type of piety, but, after careful observation, we are forced to believe that, as regards the pith and marrow of Christianity, they are our beloved brethren, for this one thing they do if ever men did it, forgetting the things that are behind they press toward the mark. One point in theology they understand and only one. It is to walk the new road in the help of Jesus, and they show their faith by their works. They are patient in study. They are always found on the side of law and order. Digging in the earth is not the chief joy of an Indian warrior, but Koba writes "I pray every day and hoe onions."

Simple and beautiful expression of faith and hope from such people must not be taken as the fruit of a ripe experience, but rather as children talk. A lovely sentiment one day and an unlovely word or act the next. We have no theory of the Indian upon striking quotations or touching incidents, but upon average daily living.

Respectability here is in the air; it is a habit; you inherit it; it is the fashion and it pays. Among savages, degradation is in the air and is the blood; it is customary and comfortable, almost universal, and virtue is a cross instead of a crown. The civilized man is honest not because he is good but because it pays to be honest; but it took ten generations to find it out.

Not till a race comprehends the practical bearing of integrity, will it practice it. Knowing it is not comprehending it.

Of all the factors in the Indian problem, patience is one of the most important; for, while individual progress may be rapid, that of a race is exceedingly slow.

Put yourselves in the place of these young Indians when they shall go to their homes. The grace of God only can save them. Without careful Christian culture our work will come to naught. Upon the moral and the religious life is our most important duty.

In nearly two years experience, we have found no signs of the revengeful nature ascribed to the Indian. "They are like other people" is a common remark among us, and is the sum of Indian character.

Without good voices or harmony, they sing about as much as colored children, being specially fond of Sankey's "Gospel Hymns" and negro "Spirituals." A parlor organ kindly given them was played from morning till night till it was nearly played to pieces.

They have a deeper religious nature, I think than the blacks: less demonstrative, but more thoughtful. The Indian catches a clearer glimpse of God than other savages. Christianity has no ideals to break: it simply lets the light in.

I say this in the face of border atrocities and inconceivable cruelties. Their code is a good deal like the Mosaic; "An eye for an eye."

The twenty-four Indian youth present this evening have spent the past four months working for their board with the plain intelligent farmers of Berkshire Co. Mass.; the best object lesson in Christian civilization we could give them.

These boys and girls have labored side by side with the simple, solid men and women of the land, acquiring language, habits and ideas better in some ways than at school. They are en route to Hampton but were brought here to see, face in their lives, the sights and people of this good city. It is part of their education.

Of their success with their farmers, the following letters will speak.

Monterey, Mass. Sept. 29th, 1880.

Dear Sir:—Your letter by Uhakeumpa came to hand yesterday. And in reply, I must say that I am inclined to think that we have had the bright side of the Indian character to look at, therefore you will please make due allowance in what I may say concerning them. The one I have had I know the most about as he has been one of our family through the summer. I think however, I have had good opportunity to know all the young men who have lived in Monterey this summer as they have spent a part of almost every Sunday afternoon at our home, and have made frequent calls here on other days of the week.

I can truthfully say I have not witnessed, or heard of, their doing an uncivil act, either individually or collectively, and we have learned to repose great confidence in them.

We have been impressed with the regard they have manifested for one another. There seems to be a bond of sympathy among them. They are all active fellows, always ready to help work. Many times when I have been engaged in work that they could do, they have taken off their coats and gone at it without my saying a word. I could cite several instances did space permit.

They cannot endure hard work all day long as well as those who have been brought up to it. They learn to do the different kinds of work on a farm very readily. They love to play at games, croquet, checkers, dominoes and are quite expert. As scholars they have as good capacity for learning as white boys, and appear to improve their opportunities. In fact there appears to be no reason for a teacher to be discouraged with such minds as any of these Indian boys, that I am acquainted with, possess. Some of them which I could name have really fine talent, and if they do not make their work in the world, I shall be disappointed.

The burden on their minds is what they are going to do in the future. By their speeches to each other, that have been heard by my family, they seem fully determined to disappoint those who predict their return to their blankets and wigwams, and make them blush with shame. The idea of good houses, school houses and churches is a favorite one with them.

Now with such minds, such talents, such ideas to start with, I see no reason why with adequate instruction and encouragement, the Indians may not be civilized and christianized. And I am thankful for what the government is doing for the education, and encouragement of the Indian. I shall not soon forget what impressions of joy I had when I first heard the boys singing the Gospel Hymns, it fairly made tears come to my eyes. They love to sing them and that is why they come every Sunday afternoon to our house. O these boys must be held on to, as a loving father would hold on to a son, we must write to them and assure them we do care for their welfare.

All the Indian young men have been in our Sunday school, and have attended quite regularly. At one of our concerts, they each recited their verse bravely.

They always have manifested a reverence for religious worship by bowing the head or the knee.

I do not know as I have written any thing of much consequence, every body knows I am more skilled in guiding the plow than the pen.

Yours truly,

T.

Mr. Bidwell of Monterey Berkshire Co., writes under date of Sept 24 as follows.

"*Dear Sir:*

* * * We are forced to admit that it would be hard to find six white boys who could make so favorable an impression in every particular, under like circumstances. They have as a rule been regular in their attendance at church and Sunday school, and interested, attentive listeners and learners. They have been willing and cheerful in learning and performing the customs and workings of civilization, and have in them won the determination to take back with them when they return to their homes the customs they have learned to respect here. How far they may be able to elevate and civilize others is the problem.

I must say I am more hopeful from the observation of these boys than before, and I can but feel that this is the best way possible, to educate, civilize and christianize the tribes who have a claim upon our sympathy, whom we owe at least fair dealing and treatment."

But it may be asked "Has Hampton abandoned the negro?"

Never has the tide of negro students set in so promptly and so strongly as since Oct. 1st, of this year. For the first time in twelve years, there are very few stragglers, the rooms and benches are crowded from the start. Indians have separate buildings, and do not affect our negro work which steadily increases.

For the second time in the history of the school, tents have been erected on the campus and occupied by our colored boys.

Our three hundred graduates fall short of the demand for public school teachers who, this year, are better and more promptly paid than ever before. Calls are daily coming from school superintendents for teachers, and there are no more to send.

The educational movement is the South is growing; the work is full of inspiration. We are not as those who fire into the air; we see our shot strike. Our graduates are the men for the work.

The cotton that the negro raised, both in slavery, and in freedom, is at the bottom of the nation's wealth and credit. The ideas that negro school-masters shall plant and spread, will lie at the foundation of a new and higher growth for the South and for all.

The idea of the Confederacy was an aristocracy of wealth and knowledge. With the diffusion of knowledge, the war will be over. This work presses upon the thought and resources of every good citizen.

What is given for these races will come back with usury. Not the least return to us may be the educational methods which inspired by exigencies and unchecked by tradition, shall be worked out to meet the emergencies thrust upon the country by the enfranchisement of the negro, and by the destruction of the buffalo, which has brought the Indian to face the issue of civilization or destruction.

The officer or home-father in charge of our Indian boys is a negro whose tact and teaching could not be surpassed.

There is no race-friction. The mingling is good for both, pushing the Indians by the force of surrounding influences quickly and naturally along and reacting finely upon the negro by the appeal to his better nature.

The point of all I have to say is: *Shall Hampton have fifteen thousand dollars for a building for Indian girls?*

SAID a tipsy husband to his wife, "You need-need n't bl-lame me. 'T was woman thut first tempted man to eat forbidden thinge." "Thut won't do," retorted the very indignant wife; "woman may have first tempted man to *eat* forbidden things, but he took to drink on his own account.'

THE HAMPTON STUDENTS' OWN.

We intend to devote several columns hereafter, perhaps a full page, to contributions from both the colored and Indian students of Hampton. All who can, are invited to send in articles and those published will be in all respects original. We believe that they will not only be a good training for the writers but add to the interest and characteristic quality of the paper, as an expression of Southern work and workmen. We begin this month with a column from each of the two races.

AT the last session of the Petersburg Episcopal Convention, a Report of work among the Indians at the Hampton Normal School was presented by the Rev. J. J. Gravatt. The Convention endorsed this work, pledged itself for at least one scholarship of $70, and now requests each church within the bounds to make special contribution toward this object.

This illustrates the interest felt in the State of Virginia, in the work for Indians at the Hampton Institute.

DANGERS OF KEROSENE.

YEAR after year warnings are published in the newspapers against the practice, in which some house-servants and fewer house-wives indulge, of kindling fires with coal oil. Sometimes the warning is a simple account of a fatal accident, sometimes it is in comments thereon. The warnings, however, do not seem to be heeded, and now comes the story of a woman who used blasting powder with which to kindle a fire, and caused an explosion fatally injuring herself and two children. The use of powder for kindling fires was not unusual in the army during the war, but the fires were in the open air, and the powder was used by men familiar with its properties. They were, indeed, so well acquainted with the danger attending its use, that they never tried the experiment until all other means had failed to quicken a fire, and then with extreme caution. It is scarcely necessary to say that all explosive compounds, and all burning fluids should be kept away from the stove, and that under no circumstances should an attempt be made to add powder or oil to a fire. It is bad enough to saturate wood with oil before lighting it, which is a practice very apt to lead to carelessness and danger, but the attempted pouring of oil on a flame is an act of suicide.

PLAINVILLE, CONN., *Sep.* 7, 1880.

Sir.

Enclosed I send a dollar for your paper the Southern Workman, another year.

A large amount of good sense, cheap enough.

Yours respectfully,

T. H. DARROW.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it **IN NEW YORK.**

$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need steady money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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DR. H. HENRY, the widely known and eminent family physician of New York, says:

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THE GROWTH OF IDEAS AMONG THE NEGROES AND INDIANS.

REV. ADDISON P. FOSTER, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

It is a truism to say that the welfare of our country depends on the ideas which are provided well illustrates it. The same spirit appears in the support of the "Butler School," situated on the grounds of the Institute, and taught by its graduates. The State of Virginia furnishes funds to keep this school open only five months; but the parents of the children, finding employment in a canning establ-

THE LYNCHBURG NORMAL INSTITUTE.

The meeting of the first Normal Institute of colored people in this State, (I believe in this country) was arranged by Dr. Ruffner, State Superintendent of Public Schools, and Gen. Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of education, the necessary means being provided from the Peabody fund. The Institute was held in the Court House, and was opened on the morning of Aug. 2nd, by Dr. Ruffner, who introduced Gen. Eaton, who addressed the audience on the importance of the work of education, and the duty of the colored people to improve their opportunities. Prof. Hoge, of Hampden Sidney College, followed in an address on the duty of the colored people to the white people. Prof. Southall, of the Virginia Female Institute, spoke on the duty of the white people to the colored people. Prof. Smith, of the Virginia Normal School, spoke on the duty of the colored people to themselves

THE GROWTH OF IDEAS AMONG THE NEGROES AND INDIANS.

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It is a truism to say that the welfare of our country depends on the ideas which are prevalent. No inquiry, then, can be more helpful in determining our condition as a nation then that which reletes to the progress of ideas among those classes which give us most anxiety. The Freedmen and the Indians are not the worst classes among us, but they have been the most ignorant, and every petriot is desirous of knowing their present mental condition. A recent visit to the Normal Institute at Hampton, Va., on the occasion of its graduating exercises, gave your correspondent, as he listened to the addresses of the students and conversed with different colored people, an opportunity to collect facts which, though not decisive, are at leest suggestive on this point. Undoubtedly, these ideas came largely through the influence of Hampton Institute; but it must he remembered that similar institutions nf the American Missionery Association and other boards are scattered throughout the South, and that, through their educated students, these ideas are diffused for end wide among the colored people.

As to *work*, the colored man long since learned the Divine law, that if he would not work, neither should he eet. One could not sit for an hour on the wherf at Norfolk, as we did letely, and watch the colored men shout the sloops and lighters and on the docks, without being impressed by the fact that they had learned to work.

The same lesson is just now being diligently conned by the Indiane. Carl Schurz, in hie speech at Hampton, declared that the Indiene were discoverirg that they must work or starve, that hunting would on longer support them, and that the land must he cultivated for food. A similar truth was uttered hy "Bear's Heart," an Indien youth, who made an interesting address in broken English on the same occasion. Said he: "Before I come here, I play; my mother and sisters work. When I go back, my mother and sisters do housework; I dig the ground"—a purpose which was loudly applauded. An emusing story is told of a certaiu great Generel who ie supposed to sympathize with the harharous sentiment, "The only good Indien is a deed Indian." Driving out from Fortress Monroe to examine the progress of the Indians at Hempton, he was investghing against them, and declaring vehemently that they could not be teught to work, when he cast his eyes on a field belonging to the Institution, and there were ten Indian boys vigorously hoeing corn.

As to *property*, the desire ie coming to be very strong among both Indian and colored for the possession of land. It is well known that many Indians on Western reservations are seeking an ownersbip of land in severalty. A eimilar desire has long stimulated the colored man. Wo had the honor of talking with a man of unmixed negro bhood, who owns in fee simple, about twenty miles from Norfolk, a good farm of 171 acres. He and a friend purchased together an estate of 342 acres of woodland, paying $1,300 for it. He took one-half, paid in cash $200, which he had saved up during the war, and the remainder in three years. He has since fairly stocked his farm, built him a little house, comfortably fed his family off his farm, and secured about a hundred dollars a year in cash. When we met him, he was on the way to Hampton to see his son graduate with valedictory honors. Geo. Sykes, of Lake Drummond, Va., ie a man whose name deserves to go on record. Mr. Sykes affirms that eight years ago he was the first colored man in his township who owned land. Now twenty-five own from five to thirty acres each, and have their deeds without encumbrance, while twenty-five others have bought land and are paying for it.

As to *self-help*, we heard the most encouraging words from speakers on graduation day. "We must stand on our own feet," said one speaker, "and must not trust alone to missionary societies or State or individual aid." "No talk," he added, "will make me equal to other men, but I must equal them, if at all, hy my own exertions." A striking instance of self-help is more conclusive testimony. We conversed with a certain young Hampton graduate who gave us a remarkable history. He was an orphan. After eaving up $125 by farm work, he went to Hampton for study, receiving no aid, and working summers. At the end of two years, he found he had not more than forty dollars left, so he went to teaching. But he was paid only in orders on the State Treasury, which he could not get cashed except at a discount of generally twenty per cent. With business wisdom, he secured a living by farm-work in summer, saved up his orders on the Treasury, till at the end of three years the State cashed them in full, and then he went back and graduated. Not even Dr. Goodell, of missionary fame, carrying his trunk on his back to Andover for the saka of an education, showed more heroism than this colored boy.

The colored people'e desirs for *education* has long been known, and the incidant just related well illustrates it. The same spirit appears in the support of the "Butler School," situated on the grounds of the Institute, and taught by its graduates. The State of Virginia furnishes funds to keep this school open only five months; but the parents of the children, finding employment in a canning establishment on the Institution's property, gladly pay ten cents a week for each child from their slender wages, and so keep the school open the rest of the year.

As to *responsibilities*, the colored students recognize their duties as leaders of their people. Some of them who would gladly be teschers have found that orders on the State Treasury, subject to ten or twenty per cent. discount for cash, are not very remunerative, and are looking in other directions for employment. Undoubtedly, as skillful farmers and successful merchants, no less than as teachers, they can elevate their people. But at Hampton, a stalwart black man, in a post-graduate address, gave the students a ringing exhortation not to desert, because of its hardships, the vocation of a teacher, "which," said he, turning to President Hayes, who sat before him, "is a nobler position than even that of President of the United States." The responsibilities of the negro for village improvements in the South and for the evangelization of Africa were points dwelt upon by other speakers.

We listened with peculiar interest to references made in the graduating addresses to the relation of the colored man *to other races*. It was pleasing to see the kind and forgiving spirit manifested. No bitterness was shown either publicly or privately because colored teachers had failed to secure their pay. An interesting essay on "The Advantage of Disadvantages" referred to their ill-treatment in the past, with no word of reproach. One speaker advanced the sentiment that the colored man need not feel especially troubled at his past deprivation of political privileges; that it was better for him not to have much influence in government until he had become fitted to exercise that influence wisely. Other like utterances were made, full of patience, modesty, loyalty, hopefulness and a worthy ambition.

As to *religion*, everything is most encouraging. We attended a revival meeting in a neighboring church, which was conducted with great decorum and genuine feeling, entirely different from the wild harly-barly of war times. The students of the Institute are carefully trained in religious truths, and it is seldom that a graduate goes out who is not a sincere Christian. The spirit of the anniversary exercises was that of a deep, but unostentatious piety. The same influence is exerted among the Indians. We were told a touching story of "Walking cloud," an Indian boy whom nothing could move from his stobility and his unwillingness to put away the badges of his barbarism—his blanket and long hair—till the chaplain of the Institution showed him a picture of Christ on the cross and explained its meaniug. This boy, soon afterward taken sick and dying, gave expression in the peculiar metaphoric speech of his race to his desire to live a Christian life.

We are abundantly satisfied that these noble institutions through the South, of which Hampton is one of the best-known and most efficient, are surely, and not so very slowly, re-shaping the races which are under their influence. We think there was abundant reason for Governor Long, of Massachusetts, in his address at Hampton, to use these words: "Horace Greeley was wont to say that the way to resume is to resume, and so we would say, the way to solve the race problem in this country is to solve it; and this is what the Hampton Institute is doing." —*American Missionary.*

THE bill pending at the last session of Congress to establish a national educationel fund was reported by the committee on educatiou and labor. It provided that the net proceeds of the sale of public lands and the net proceeds of potents shall be forever consecrated and set apart for the education of the people, for the first ten years to be apportioned according to the illiteracy of the population of the several States and Territories. The proceeds were to be invested in United States bonds, the interest only to be paid to the States. The addition of the net proceeds from the patent office was made, because the amount realized from the sale of public lands has been reduced in recent years to a small figure.

THE American Missionary Association, which has now completed eighteen years of work in the South, has during that time expended $4,800,000, $3,000,000, of which were employed in the education of the colored race. During the same period, it sent to the South some five thousand three hundred missionaries and teachers. It has nineteen educational institutions in its jurisdiction, and sixty-five churches have grown up under its auspices. About fifteen thousand pupils were taught by graduates of its institutions during the past year.

THE LYNCHBURG NORMAL INSTITUTE.

The meeting of the first Normal Institute of colored people in this State, (I believe in this country) was arranged by Dr. Raffner, State Superintendent of Public Schools, and Gen. Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of education; the necessary means being provided from the Peabody fund.

The six weeks' session was opened on the 15th of July in the African Methodist Church; the address of welcome, an able and eloquent effort, being made by Major Kirkpatrick, a prominent lawyer and politician of this district, who, from his early life, has been noted for his kindly interest in the colored people, and disinterested zeal for their religious welfare.

The institute excited much interest in the community at large, the meetings being attended by numbers of citizens of both races, especially by members of the press, teachers of the public schools, and all interested in education. A number of entertaining lectures were given by various persons of note connected with the Institute; a very instructive one, of which I hope at some future time to give the readers of the WORKMAN an abstract, by Gen. Eaton; several, which were deemed of special interest, by Dr. Mayo of Boston; a very learned and able discourse by Mr. C. M. Blackford, one of our leading lawyers, on the "Power of Christianity;" one by Prof. Wyatt of the city high-school explaining the use of a "School Register," invented by himself and deemed of great value by those who have used it; and others by various friends of the colored people. Of Dr. Raffner's lecture, one of the daily papers remarked "The Doctor gave a very interesting historical sketch of the Negro race, from the earliest times to the present day, showing the various stages through which they have passed and the part they have played in the history of mankind. The causes of their decline from the state in which Homer and Herodotus saw them were briefly set forth, and the means of regenerating and elevating them were discussed with great ability by the eminent speaker. Dr. Raffner's address was pronounced a most excellent one by all who heard it, and the hearty applause it elicited from the colored people showed that his kindly words of sympathy and encouragement had struck a responsive chord in their hearts."

Besides their regular instractions to the Institute, Mr. H. P. Montgomery, principal of the school, and his brother, Prof. W. S. Montgomery, both delivered lectures in the colored churches of the city, to large audiences, including members of the Institute. The Principal spoke in regard to the general welfare of his people. I enclose a notice of his address taken from the Lynchburg *Virginian*.

Prof. Montgomery's subject was "Moral Training" and I subjoin the comments of the city papers on it.

"PROFESSOR W. S. MONTGOMERY, delivered a lecture last night in the Court street Baptist church, upon the subject of Moral Training. The lecture was well conceived and well delivered, and reflects great credit upon the Professor who is in all respects a cultured gentleman.

"A large audience was in attendance, who seemed much impressed by the wise advice which the speaker gave. When education and culture shall give to the colored people more such leaders as Messrs. Montgomery, we may look for the rapid development and elevation of the race."

"WISE WORDS FROM A COLORED MAN.—Professor H. P. Montgomery, principal of the Lynchburg Normal Institute, delivered a lecture, Wednesday night, at the Jackson Street M. E. Church, which we wish every member of his race in the South could have heard. Of the many eminently sensible utterances with which his lecture abounded we have space only for the following:

"'Many of you, I understand,' said the speaker, 'have been clamoring for social equality. I am glad for the sake of the race, that you have not got it. The colored race, in the very nature of things, cannot be equal to the white race. It has only been fifteen years since we have emerged from the depths of ignorance and superstition, with many of the vices, the ontgrowth of slavery, clinging to us; and were we to be placed by the whites upon the same social plane, it would take from us the great stimulant which we now have to develop our intellectual and moral natures. 'It is better to be than to seem to be,' and to be made the social equals of the white race would be to elevate our vices, and not ourselves. Let us strive to educate ourselves intellectually and morally, to the highest possible point, and we will find it unnecessary to claim equality. The world is just, and will place us in that position which we deserve to fill.'"

Professor Montgomery also urged the importance of thrift. Speaking of the numerous excursions which have been gotten up by the colored people, he said: "If a church gets in debt it hires a railroad train, the members of the church and its friends buy tickets to the amount say of $500, four hundred dollars of this amount is paid to the railroad company, the remainder the church receives, and the trustees congratulate themselves upon their financial ability. They have raised the hundred dollars, it is true, but at what fearful cost; they have raised $100, but they have paid 400 to raise it, thus making the rich, richer, and the poor, poorer."

As will be seen from the above, the lecturer was eminently practical. His illustrations were exceedingly apt and kept the audience interested and entertained to its close. Professor M. it is evident is in full sympathy with his race. But he is a wise man; he knows the real needs, and in doing his utmost to make his people know them and be deserves and receives the confidence of every true philauthopist."

The Institute was under the management of Mr. H. P. Montgomery, principal of the colored grammar school in Washington, assisted by his wife Mrs. E. F. Montgomery, who was a teacher before her marriage, and still gives instruction in special branches in her husband's school, and his brother Prof. W. S. Montgomery of Alcorn University, Miss. Mr. Montgomery and his aids were chosen under the recommendation of Gen. Eaton, and the selection proved every way fortunate; the intelligent Messrs. Montgomery, with the amiable wife of the elder having won golden opinions during their sojourn among us. The Lynchburg papers alluded repeatedly to the Principal and his brother as "cultivated gentlemen," a tribute to which all who made their acquaintance considered them justly entitled. I called on Mrs. Montgomery at her lodgings and met her frequently at the Institute, and found her an interesting lady, kind, sensible and good, and deeply interested in the advancement of the African race, with which she identifies herself, although there is very little in her appearance to indicate her connection with it. I asked many questions of their history and experience, and Mrs. Montgomery, who is a native of Washington city, gave me a very entertaining account of her life there, and also of her experience as a teacher in Charleston S. C. at the close of the war. The Messrs. Montgomery were both taken to New England from Louisiana in their infancy and adopted into worthy families, to whose careful training they do full credit. The elder brother graduated at a Normal School in Vermont, afterwards taught one of the district schools of that State, and the younger graduated at Dartmouth College, which has sent out Webster, Choate, Story and other famous men. He is an accomplished and interesting gentlemen.

The Musical department of the Institute was in charge of Prof. Grant of Washington, who made a very agreeable impression as an able and amiable instructor, and became very popular during his stay in the city.

The members of the Institute were received with the utmost kindness and hospitality into the colored families of the town, some of them, who had friends here, being entertained as guests, and the strangers being taken to board at a price barely covering expenses, indeed not going so in cases when help had to be employed, and it is greatly to the credit of our colored citizens, that people, very few of whom are possessed of sufficient means to release them from the cares of daily toil, should have been willing to undertake such an additional burden at the hottest season of the year, for the general welfare of their race, without the hope of individual profit. The teachers expressed themselves as delighted with the manner of their entertainment, and surprised at the ease and abundance of their lodging-houses. I called at several of the houses where the teachers were staying, and was cordially invited by the family into a parlor furnished always with comfort, and sometimes with taste and elegance, and was in every case assured by the landlady that they did not regard the trouble and expense, they were undertaking, so much were they concerned in the success of the enterprise.

The Institute consisted of about two hundred and twenty members, presenting great contrasts in appearance and worldly condition. They were of every shade from pure white to jet black; some handsome, refined and intelligent looking, evidently the "upper crust" of a society which is fast dividing into classes, as with other races accustomed to comfortable if not luxurious living, while others were of the plain, scantily hard-working class belonging to the type which the slave-holder called "corn-field hands."

There were one or two grey-beaded men, and one or two boys and girls so youthful in appearance that one could hardly suppose them invested with the dignity requisite for the pedagogue.

The Hampton students did themselves and their school great credit, and were pronounced by far the best material of the Institute, though there were very good specimens from the Richmond Institute, Howard University, and a few from the public schools of the State. Thoroughness and clearness were the distinguishing points of those who had the advantage of Hampton teaching, and it was easy to see that the Hampton pupils meant to make their mark in their generation.

The plan of the Institute was to give five days of the week to study of the usual English branches, calisthenics, music, drawing, etc.; the English studies being conducted by a

...than ours." | ...by Miss Rose D. Klackle's fine musical powers. | ...ent of priestcraft: and it requires little fore-

member of the Institute, under the supervision of Mr. or Mrs. Montgomery, and the exercises being agreeably varied by singing, directed by Prof. Grant, frequently assisted by Miss Rosa Kinckle of this city. The Saturday was devoted to the discussion of subjects designated by the Principal some days before, with the names of those who would read essays. Lectures from visitors usually followed the debates.

The first of these discussions which I had the pleasure of hearing was on the question, "What is the best method of developing original investigation with children?" The female teachers having been appointed to debate it. As I entered the Hall Miss Alice Kinckle a graduate of Howard University and teacher in one of the Lynchburg schools, took her stand on the platform, and in a graceful and interesting manner read an essay, which would have been creditable in any young lady any where. Her reading was followed by sensible and well written lectures from Misses Reddick and Perry, both Hampton graduates, and after they had concluded Miss Fisher, a remarkably handsome quadroon from Washington city, delivered a bright little address. Several others followed, the essays being limited to five minutes each, and were all pointed, sensible and entertaining—delivered in excellent style.

After the speakers selected for the occasion had ended their remarks, Mr. Moutgomery requested any of the male teachers who had any thing to say on the subject to address the Institute. Several young men responded to this appeal, though their speeches not being prepared for the occasion made a less favorable impression than those of the young ladies. I must except from this statement and address made by Mr. G. E. Stephens, a Hampton graduate, now teaching in Winchester, Va. Mr. Stephens is a thick set, fine looking young black man, with beautiful teeth, a very agreeable voice and excellent delivery—decidedly what would have been called in ante-bellum days a "likely fellow." Mr. Stephens dressed and talked like a gentleman, and I heard no speaker with more pleasure during the sessions of the Institute than this veritable son of Ham, who, on more than one occasion, without special preparation spoke in fluent and forcible language on various subjects in a manner which gave promise of great usefulness in life, and told of a fine mind well trained in practical knowledge. After briefly noticing the best methods of developing originality with children Mr. Stephens diverged from the track of the speakers who had proceeded him and dwelt with much earnestness on the great value of originality in mind and character in its influence in life, citing as illustrative examples Christopher Columbus, Martin Luther, and Sir Isaac Newton.

Another of the Saturday debates was in regard to securing the co-operation of parents with teachers; the male teachers being selected to discuss it. The first speaker was an elderly, plain looking black man, dressed in homespun, whose chances for education had evidently not been of the best. He made a very sensible speech, marred by an occasional inaccuracy in grammar or pronunciation, dwelling on various points of school management, and especially condemning partiality, which he called "posheality," reiterating the word sundry times, and being each time greeted with a burst of derisive laughter from his better taught co-workers. As he brought out "posshenlity" again and again with much emphasis, and the relentless mirth continued, he looked around him apparently at a loss to know whether he had made a good point or his companions had a joke on him, and at last took his seat evidently dubious still at tha impression he had made. He was followed by a teacher who made some forcible remarks in regard to the teachers visiting the parents of all the children alike—"not only those who entertained him handsomely, gave him fine dinners and offered him sofas and cushioned chairs to sit on, but also those who had only stools and benches for seats and only coarse fare to ent." After this arose a long-winded, sentimental youth, who dwelt at great length on the importance of securing the influence of the mothers. The speaker grew verbose, and those who believe that Negroes have no humor, might have had their theories shaken, when this orator having taken his seat, after bestowing a lack a daisical smile about him, a tall young black a moor seemed to dart into the air, as he asked abruptly, "Could not the gentlamn have condensed all his remarks into that wise old saying, 'Look after hen and the chickens will look after themselves?'" dropping instantly out of sight, to be promptly followed by another dusky brother who said in a mock sentimental tone "Parhaps the gentlemnn had meant to allude to that tendar poem, 'Let me kiss him for his mother,'" likewise disappearing hastily amidst uproarious laughter. When Mr. Montgomery's inexorable gavel had restored order, Mr. Stephens made some impressive remarks on the power of the teachers of the colored people to influence their race. There was something irresistably pathetic in the young man's voice as he spoke of the great need of moral agencies among his people; "There is in this land a more favored race than ours," said he, earnestly, "a race which for many generations has felt all the best influences of freedom, religion, and educatiou, while tha mass of our people are still benighted in ignorance and degradation;" then followed a flight of knowledge had been given to carry that light to others. It was truly gratifying to those who hope for tha welfara of the Negro-American in our country to hear such noble santiments so well expressed by a full blood Negro. Prof. W. S. Moutgomery was next called upon for an address but declined in gentle, graceful terms, saying he could add nothing to what had already been said by members of the Institute—that it was evident they understood the influence which should extend from the school-room to the hearthstone and he hoped they would live up to their convictions.

Mr. Stephens furnished notes of the meetings for one of the daily papers and the editor thanked him in very complimentary terms for so doing. I enclose account of the exercises of the last two or three day which I did not hava the plessureof ntteuding.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE NORMAL INSTITUTE.

LYNCHBURG, Aug. 26th, 1880.

To the Editor of the Virginian :

Sir: Please allow me space in your paper to describe the exercises of the last two days of the Institute. The session yesterday was spent in a geueral way. The school listened to an interesting essay from on of its members, and a very practical speech upon the subject of teaching by Mr. J. E. Yoder, of the city public schools. Much of the time during the morning session was spent in the rendition of music under the direction of Prof Grant, who has taught so successfully that very difficult branch. At 4 o'clock the teachers assembled to listen to Professor M. A. Newell, principal of the Maryland State Normal School. He spoke upon the organization of country schools, and enforced the importance of grading them. He pointed out very clearly the difficulties attendant upon a too frequent change of teachers. He illustrated the objection thereto by describing the effect which a change of workmeo would have upon the foundation of a building, in continuing to take up and put down the same.

This morning the school opened with its regular exercises. Mr. Hawkins delivered an interesting address to the teachers. He set forth with considerable power the great worth of truth, justice, patience, and other virtues so necessary for every successful teacher. Prof Newell continued his directions relative to the grading of country schools. He heard and answered objections to his views quite satisfactorily. He then epoke more directly upon the subject of education, netting forth what real education is. He eummed up his remarks with this definition of it: "That which causes the mind or haud to be actively employed in useful work."

Prof. Newell offered resolutions of respect to the memory of Dr. Barnes Sears for his great public services as manager of the Peabody fund. They were adopted by a rising vote.

Prof. McKeen, whose interest in the Institute has not paled since its incipiency, made a short but highly complimentary speech to instructors and teachers. He paid the instructors a fine compliment and predicted great good from the gathering of teachers.

Major Kirkpatrick, of this city, who delivered the welcome address to the teachers, was introduced by the principal to deliver the parting address. He esteemed it a high privilege to welcome us, and equally as high to utter the parting address. He based his remarks upon truth, honesty and chastity as cardinal virtues; and industry, economy and politeness as minor virtues. He reasoned logically and forcibly upon these as being the great foundation upon which he urged us to lay at the very bottom of our work if we wished the superstructure to stand. He urged all to become Christians and hoped to meet all at last in the better world.

Hon. C. T. Smith, State Senator from Nelson, was present by invitation from Mr. Glass, Superintendant of City Schools, and made a very interesting and happy address. He was frequently applauded during its dalivery and received a vote of thanks at its close.

The Principal delivered a short parting speech expressing his deep interest in each one who had attended the school. The committee reported the resolutions of thanks to all concerned in making the school a success, which were unanimously received.

The following resolutions were afterwards offered by Mr. Hayes, of Richmond, and seconded by Mr. Norvell, of that city: Recognizing the valuable services rendered by our able instructors, their earnest efforts to benefit and train the teachers in the most approved methods of education; their sincerity in discharging this all-responsible undertaking; the efficiency evinced by them in imparting useful and practical instruction, so that the teachers can return to their homes better prepared to educate the youog mind; Therefore.

Be it Resolved, 1st, That we tender to our instructors our deepest and unfelgned thanks.

2d, That we pray Divine Providence will permit them to see some of the fruits of their labors.

3rd, That they may he favored with a safe return to their homes and friends.

They were accepted by a rising vote. The audience was highly entertained several times by Miss Rosa D. Kinckle's fine musical powers. The pleasant six weeks' session now closed by all singing, after the lead of Prof. Grant, "Blest be tha tie that binds us," &c.

One of tha teachers who impressed me as especially promising was a tall young black man from Henry county, of very quiet, modest mnnners, who carefully kept tha minutes of the meeting during the whola term. I found from conversation with him that his only chances for learning were in attending the Danville public schools for fifteen months, that ha is now teaching in his own county, has 120 pupils on his list; until recently has had a wretched building, hardly fit for a stable, for his school-room, but has lately been given a better house.

One afternoon I went to tha Institute while the school was engaged in reading one of those tough pieces in the sixth rendar, the teacher for the day being Mr. Norvell of Richmond, directed by Mr. H. P. Montgomery. The lesson was on the Pilgrim Fathers, and the questions that followed the reading elicited tha surprising fact that some of the teachers otherwise apparently intelligent and well informed had never heard of the Pilgrim's aforesaid, and were quite ignorant of the esuses that led to their landing on "the stern and rock-bound coast" of New England and indeed of anything connected with that enterprising portion of tha Union. That a teacher in a public school should be thus uninformed of what every American child is supposed to know seemed very singular, and I was at a loss to understand it until I saw a program of studies recommended to teachers of country schools exteuding through nina terms, in which no historical work was included, except a history of Virginia for the ninth term.

Thus a pupil whose chances for education are limited to the district schools of the State would remain forever ignorant of the history of any part of our country except that of his own State. Such facts are a strong argument for a national system of education which shall cultivate in the minds of all American children knowledge and love of our whole country.

At ona of my visits to the Institute I found I had mistaken the hour, and only one or two persons were in the Hall, among them Prof. W. S. Montgomery, who was drawing diagrams on the blackboard to illustrate his next lesson. I sat some time talking with the Professor, who gave me an entertaining account of affairs in Mississippi. He says the Negroes are hulldozed entirely out of voting; that it is quite useless for them to attempt such a thing unless they desira to vote tha Democratic ticket, which they are graciously allowed to do. He does not seem to regret this state of affairs much as he deems the majority of the Africans much too ignorant to vote, and says the government should have provided education first and suffrage afterwards. He says the schools thay have now, are hardly worthy of the name; that Northern people cannot conceive the ignorance, degradation and excessive poverty of most of the Negroes. He thinks however that the worst is over, the schools, poor as they are, begin to have soma influence, soma of the Negroes are beginning to own a little property, and there are many signs of progress with both races. He knows Mr. Montgomery of Mississippi, a jet black Negro, who owns Jefferson Davis's plantation, and is now a wealthy and prosperous man, having little general eduentinn, but with abundance of common sense and very good business knowledge. He employs many hands, all Negroes, and manages them better than anybody in the district. Ha has a handsoma residenca and fina library, which his sister, a highly educated woman, takes charge of, with liberty to enlarge it at discretion.

In talking with Mr. Montgomery of the interests of his race, ha said regretfnlly, that ona of the great troubles of the colored people in this generation are their ignorant preachers, men, often with natural gifts as leaders, who had come to the front at the emnncipation and having assumed leadership among their people, were now loth to withdraw. Much of the misery of them their day is over and their usefulness is ended. I found this feeling prevalent among the teachers, who often find their efforts crnmped by the opposition of the preachers to all progressive ideas. One of the young teachers from Albemarle said he had met with much difficulty in this way when trying to introduce Calisthenic exercises into his school. The pastor of a neighboring church had visited the school house and observed the teacher's method with sullen disapproval, and the following Sunday gave notice from his pulpit that all who permitted their children to "practice them tricks" should be promptly expelled from the church. Expulsion from the church has had its terrors for the Negroes hitherto and has not been without its wholesome influence in the past, just as papal excommunication was once a vast power in Christendom, but his African Reverence is destined ere long to find, as the false prophets of other races, who have abused their sacred office, have done before them, that the human mind enlightened by knowledge, throws off the shackles of superstition and grows independent of priestcraft: and it requires little foresight to predict a great change among the Negroes in church matters as the educated element gains and realizes strength among them.

I asked Mr. Montgomery if he had found decided difference in the treatment of colored men North and South, and he said that for himself, he had suffered nothing from color prejudice in the North, still he thought, all things considered, the Negroes' best chances were in the South; what he deamed hard in the South was that the Southern white man made no distinction of class among the Negroes, but treated the educated man, with refined manners, no better than he did the uneouth and ignorant of his race—excluding him from the church, the public assembly—and the traveling conveyance.

The Institute was closed as it was opened by Major Kirkpatrick.

Upon the whole the meeting was full of encouragement for those who look for progress among our colored citizens. Intelligence, cultivation, and a bright spirit of cheerful industry were shown by many of the teachers, all of whom will I am sura derive lasting benefit from attending the Lynchburg Normal Institute.

ORRA LANGHORNE.

We add to the above interesting report, the following extracts from an article written for a Boston paper by Dr. Muyo, whose lecture at the Lynchburg Institute was highly appreciated by his audience.

The past ten years have witnessed a quiet revolution in Virginia, which is rapidly changing it from the Old to the New Dominion. The cause of the people's common schools has been fought out in every community. While we at the North have been looking at the old State through the lurid lens of the political telescope, its public school men, with hardly a word of recognition from the Northern peers, have done a work which, when fully understood, will entitle them to the gratitude of the American people. At the head of this noble holy of men and women is Dr. W. H. Ruffner, State Superintendent of Instruction, who more than any other man in the South stands in the place of Horace Mann in the education of the North. We have no space for the interesting details of this silent revolution. Enough to say that, to-day, the city of Richmond appropriates sixty thousand dollars yearly, and educates more than five thousand children in her good public schools, and is working in this line with a vigor and intelligence worthy of all admiration. The cities of Petersburg, Lynchburg, Norfolk, Staunton, —indeed, all the leading towns of the State, —are following the lead of Richmond. The isolated population of large country districts is a serious drawback to effective school-keeping; yet the efforts of teachers and people, under very embarrassing circumstances, to reach the children, would shame the apathy of many an old township in the heart of New England. A system of Teachers' County Institutes now covers the State; and it is one advantage of a new departure that the best methods of instruction can be at once introduced into all the schools. Amid all the political and financial exasperations of the last ten years, the common school in Virginia has steadily made its way, till no politician or party dares get across its track; and a good deal in the recent revolution in State politics turns upon tha invincible determination of three fourths of its people to educate their children in the light of modern times.

I have just come from a visit of two weeks to the University of Virginia and the city of Lynchburg, upon tha invitation of Dr. Ruffner, to assist in the first State Institute of white and colored teachers. By the aid of the Penhody Fund, the doctor has been able to summon five hundred white teachers to the university for a six weeks' summar school of instruction.

At Lynchburg, we found two hundred and fifty colored teachers at tha same work. They were a remarkable body of young people, largely composed of intelligent young men, working with a vigor and devotion of which any race might be proud. Their summar school is also the chief topic of interest for the best people in that thriving city. Its exercises are attended by many of the foremost citizens; and the writer of this article, at the close of his lectures before it, was invited to address the people on the general subject of popular education.

The common school is to-day, the most vital end of Southern life, especially in Virginia and Georgia, and is rapidly coming to the front in every Southern State. The President of the United States, in his late speech at Columbus, struck the key-note of American statesmanship in his words concerning education in the South. There are many ways in which the State of Hancock and Adams can give aid and comfort to the State of Jefferson and Washington in this great enterprise. The field is white for harvest. Let us not be found on the wrong side of the fence, looking on, but going not to the work.

[From Our Dumb Animals.]
THE OLD COLONEL.
THE HYGEIA HOTEL,
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[From Our Dumb Animals.]

THE OLD COLONEL.

That is what *they* called him, and he went by that name in the neighborhood. He was an old horse. My first knowladga of the Old Colonel was in tha fall, two or three years ago. I had been spending the summer among tha Green Mountains of Vermont, and had received--being an invalid--so much benefit from the fresh mountain air and the purespring water, for which that State is so justly celebrated, that I had lengthened my visit into autumn, and had concluded to try some part of the winter there too, away from the piercing east winds of Boston.

The Old Colonel had been, as I had learned, in his young days, a good-looking, high-spirited horse, and had tha credit of being a remarkably intelligent animal. There were still traces of these characteristics in him. Tha man who owned him was the father of a large family of boys, and they delighted to tell of the "fine points" in the old horse, and the great feats he had performed in his younger days. Each of the boys as they grew up had, from time to time, a hand in driving him. At the time I first noticed the Old Colonel, two or three of the boys were at home, and would exhibit his speed on the roads, although his appearance indicated poor feed and failing strength; but tha whip was applied to take the place of food and develop the speed and strength of the poor creature.

When used as a draught horse, I often noticed tha overloads which they put on him, and the cruel manner in which they beat him to force him to move the load; but not always was I a silent spectator. For expostulations I received what might have been expected from such a source. Curses and cruelty often run together.

I noticed, as tima passed on, that tha Old Colonel grew thinner and thinner, and could scarcely get about. When not at work, he was turned out to stray in the highway to pick up his living. He came along tha road frequently, and into the yard by the house where I boarded, and I had, too often for my pleasure, opportunities to see him. As autumn advanced and the cold increased, tha green grass was turned brown by the frosts where it was not all eaten off, and the poor beast showed his want of food by the tightness of his skin, which was about all that was left to cover his bones and keep them from falling to pieces. Day after day I saw him dragging his feeble limbs along by the wayside, picking up what he could get to keep him from starvation. At length Thanksgiving came. What had that poor, starved, dying creature to be thankful for? Doubt not. There is a God in heaven!

On the night before Thanksgiving day there came a snow-storm, and tha snow fell to the depth of three or four inches. The morning following the Old Colonel came wallowing in the snow, along the road by my quarters, and the gate to the field, near by, being open, he walked in and pawed the snow from off the ground to get a bite of the stubble, his Thanksgiving dinner! It was the last time that I saw him. A short time afterwards I learned that a kind neighbor had persuaded his owner to allow him to be killed, and so be relieved from his sufferings. They led the poor, abused, starved Old Colonel to the woods. A kind blow laid him in the soft snow — warmer than the hearts of that father and those sons — to rest and to sleep! Some may say, never to wake; but I think there is an account to be settled. The law of retribution will be executed by a just God, the Creator of all! LEWIS JOSSELYN.

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Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. IX. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1880. NO. 12.

THE SIGNAL. "FISH IN SIGHT!"

THE SIGNAL. "FISH IN SIGHT!"

The great sea-fisheries of the United States have been, from the earliest history of the country, one of the chief sources of its wealth. In 1624, the Pilgrims sent a ship load of fish to England. In 1680, the profits of the Cape Cod fisheries were appropriated to found a free school. The importance of the business had become so great and evident at the time of the revolution, that one of the first means by which the British Government endeavored to reduce the colonies to submission, was an act depriving them of the right to fish on the Banks of Newfoundland. In 1873, the products of our national fisheries amounted to over eleven and a half million of dollars. The immense cod and mackerel fisheries form the most important part of the business, but there are other fisheries of great value. Herring are taken in the rivers and bays from North Carolina northward; halibut in the cold waters of the Banks and Greenland; menhaden along the coast from New Jersey to Maine. The oyster's favorite home is in the Chesapeake and Delaware bays; turtle abound among the Florida Keys. The menhaden is a fish of the herring family, but is caught not so much for food as for use as a fertilizer, one menhaden of ordinary size being counted equal to a shovelful of barn yard manure. They are sold on Cape Cod at one dollar a thousand, and 2,500 are considered sufficient for an acre of land. Any one with sensitive olfactories, who is obliged to live in the neighborhood of an acre so fertilized, will probably consider the number more than sufficient, and passing a successful fishing boat to windward, will marvel at the fortunate provision of nature which for every necessary occupation men willing to undertake it. The abundant oil of the menhaden is a very important part of its value, said to have been first brought to notice by a woman, a fisherman's wife. Observing the quantity of oil which rose to the surface of the water as she was boiling some of the fish, she collected it, and carried a bottleful to town, to see if she could sell it to a machinist. It is now used principally in leather dressing, and also, to some extent, by rope makers and painters.

The wholesale capture of the menhaden will in time, no doubt, make them scarce, but at present a hundred barrels are sometimes taken at one haul. They swim in shoals near the surface, in countless numbers, and from May to November the pursuit is carried on. Lookouts are stationed along the coast, and when they catch sight of a shoal pursued by a hovering flock of sea gulls, they signal to their fishing boats to hasten in and surround the prize. In 1873, the product of the menhaden fishery amounted to over a million and a half dollars.

INTERESTING AND SUGGESTIVE.

All classes of our readers will be interested in the graphic sketch below, from our regular correspondent, Mrs. Orra Langhorne, sister of Hon. Wm. H. Ruffner, Supt. of Public Instruction in Virginia, whose contributions to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, Springfield Republican, Independent, and other journals, have special value as from a representative of the progressive class of Southern women of both social position and intellect, a class upon whose increase depends, to a great extent, the true union of North and South.

The charmingly told story of the old freedman's visit to the land of his fathers, while it relates some rough experiences, is not without hopeful suggestiveness to emigrants not hampered at the outset with his special disadvantages. This sketch will be followed in our next number by a companion picture of "An African in Virginia."

A VIRGINIAN IN AFRICA.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

One of the interesting people in Lynchburg, is a colored man named Elias, who went to Africa, after the emancipation of the Negroes in this country, and, being much disgusted with the land of his forefathers, returned to Virginia, as soon as he could do so, and is now quite content to end his days here. I had long wanted to hear his adventures, and had frequently sent him messages, so I was much pleased when he knocked at our door one Sunday afternoon this summer, and said he was the man who had been to Africa, and he understood that I wanted to see him. Uncle Lias is a tall, fine-looking, black Negro, about middle age, with an active figure, and well shaped head, on which he wears the hair cropped close to the skin. He has a pleasant, cheerful way of talking and a merry laugh, which is quite contagious. I told him he must begin at the very beginning, and tell me all about his travels, which he did in a very amiable, lively way, answering a thousand questions pleasantly, and seeming quite proud of having seen so much of the world. I will repeat what I can remember of his story, but wish the readers of the WORKMAN could hear it from his own lips, which would be far more interesting.

Uncle Lias says he had been hearing about Africa all his life, and, when he was a slave, he often thought of the wild, free country he heard the old colored people talk about, and wished he could go there. Then missionaries would come along once in a while, and give great accounts of what they had seen in their travels, and this would make him still more anxious to behold foreign lands for himself. He was not unhappy as a slave; his master was kind to him, and he had married, In early life, an excellent woman, who was a very good wife; still he often thought and dreamed of that tropical shore where such wonders were to be found on every hand, and he longed to go there.

At last, to his great surprise, he found himself and his family free, and, soon after the close of the war, an agent of the Colonization society came here, and held meetings and created a great stir among the colored people, and quite a large party was organized for emigration to Africa.

Uncle Lias's heart bounded with delight at the thought that he could at last realize his long cherished hopes, but he had great difficulty in persuading his wife to go with him, and she went with great reluctance. His old master strongly advised them not to go, as he thought the climate and the savage people would be very trying to people accustomed to a Christian country and temperate zone, but at last, finding Uncle Lias's mind was made up, the good old gentleman rendered him every assistance in his power, and, for a parting present, gave him a package containing $25.00 worth of pins, needles, buttons, beads, etc., which he thought would be useful to the emigrants in dealing with the natives of Liberia.

They had a prosperous voyage of some fifty days, and when at length they came in sight of the shore of Africa, Uncle Lias says no words can describe the joy of his heart. He declares that the most delightful odors were wafted to them, far out on the sea, and the landscape was more beautiful than tongue can tell. For a time, he was in ecstacies at the luxuriant foliage, the exquisite flowers, shrubs and plants of a thousand varieties, all sending forth intoxicating perfumes, the noble forests, the delicious fruits of new and wonderful kinds, the bright plumed birds, and the strange looking animals. But all this charming variety was soon forgotten in the overpowering weakness which came upon him from the enervating climate, and the terrible homesickness which possessed him when he began to take in the thought that he was thousands of miles from the land of his birth and the friends of his youth, himself and his family poor, sick and friendless in a heathen land. When they reached Monrovia, the agents of the Government, which is extremely anxious for the civilized Negroes from America to settle there, gave the emigrants comfortable quarters in a hospital, where they were told they must stay for six months, to go through the acclimating process. This they were obliged to do, as they all suffered from the terrible African fever, which soon attacked them, and many of the poor homesick people died. When least violent the fever is intermittent, and Uncle Lias says, that, in the intervals of his sickness, he would crawl out into the town a little, and look with great interest at the strange scenes around him. He saw no white people at all, except sailors, whose ships, from all parts of the world, were constantly coming and going at the harbor.

It took him a long time to become accustomed to seeing judges, lawyers, doctors, teachers, merchants, etc., of the Negro race, but they were all there, performing their various duties much after the fashion of white men in this country, the laws of Liberia being modelled pretty much upon ours. When visited by a physician, it was a pleasant surprise to a Lynchburger, who had known numerous Langhorne's at home, to be introduced to Dr. Langhorne, of Monrovia, an intelligent mulatto, educated in Philadelphia.

Most of the prominent citizens of the place were natives of America, chiefly from the Southern states, though a few had come from the West Indies—some of them are very rich, and live in considerable style, having many of the comforts of civilized life, with the luxuries of the tropics.

There were no domestic animals to be seen, except dogs and goats, and no vehicles, but plenty of hand-cars; that is, chairs borne by the natives, with long poles resting on brawny shoulders so accustomed to the work that the bearers trot along briskly with their burdens. There is much intercourse between the natives of the country and the citizens of the town. The desire for imported or manufactured goods brings the natives into the city, and the necessity for burden bearers and the produce of the country, keeps up a brisk traffic between them and the savages. Uncle Lias says a Negro-American cannot labor in Africa at all, but at once becomes a "boss," hiring from the chiefs of the tribes as many natives as he requires, and paying the wages always to his majesty, a hereditary ruler, with absolute power over his subjects, who must be content with what he sees fit to give them, after receiving the reward of their labor. The rule of these chiefs is often very rigorous, and they inflict very cruel punishments on such of their subjects as incur the royal displeasure. Uncle Lias said he had seen men with stakes run through their tongues, fastened to a tree, and left thus for days, and mutilations of the body for slight offences, are very common.

The natives seem to appreciate the value of education to some extent, and a man who can speak English well enough to act as interpreter, and understands trading with foreigners, ranks very highly among them. The citizens of Monrovia find this very inconvenient in some respects, as it prevents their keeping native servants, after they have learned English. It is very common for a well to do Negro American to take a little savage boy into his family, and they make very good servants when trained, but the chief of his tribe never loses sight of such an urchin, and about the time the boy becomes really useful to his employer and begins to talk English pretty well, some of the tribe from which he came will appear in the town, and, no matter how carefully the child may be watched, or how willing he may seem to remain with the family which had adopted him, when summoned by the chief, he invariably disappears, and when next heard from, is acting as interpreter for his people. This is, of course, discouraging and annoying to those who try to instruct the natives, but on the other hand, is a means of spreading civilization among the tribes. One of the city ordinances of Monrovia, forbids the natives, upon severe penalties, to appear naked in the streets of the town. This order is printed regularly in the principal newspaper, and if duly enforced, it is to be hoped will in time bave a beneficial effect upon the savages.

After our Virginian in Africa began to grow somewhat accustomed to the climate, he, with some of the other emigrants, went into the country about forty miles, to locate the five acres given to all settlers by the government, with permission to purchase as much more as they desire at a very low price. He now found himself in reality in a savage country. The farm he selected lay about three miles from a small village, made up of American Negro settlers, where there were a Christian church, and some evidences of civilization, but the jungle began at the outskirts of the hamlet, and was full of wild beasts and reptiles, which sometimes penetrated to the gardens of the villagers, and carried off their goats and fowls, and the surrounding country was full of wandering tribes of savages. The grass, almost as coarse and strong as reeds, grew as high as a man's waist, and roads were cut through it and kept open as the settler required. Uncle Lias says that, on his first trip to his new home, he heard a strange crackling in the dry grass along the path the guide was leading him, and once in awhile would catch glimpses of a large animal bounding through the jungle, apparently keeping pace with their party." In answer to his anxious inquiries, the guide told him "there was nothing to fear, it was only a leopard, and though there were plenty of them about, they never attacked a man, unless he were alone, and the beast was extremely hungry"! Uncle Lias thinks building houses and fences in Africa is charmingly simple work, as one only needs to cut as many bamboos as he wishes, and to procure the necessary sun out of rope grass which grows everywhere, and the bamboos being stuck in the ground are tied together in any manner desired, and a neat and durable fence and cottage are thus specially erected. Having, with the aid of a number of natives hired from a neighboring chief, arranged his establishment to his mind, our emigrant now returned to Monrovia with bearers, to bring out his family and furniture, and they were soon settled in their tropical home, which under the tidy hands of his wife, quickly assumed a comfortable appearance. As soon as their arrangements for housekeeping were complete, the emigrant planter began to put out a crop. He was never able to work a day while in Africa, but when strong enough, overlooked the native laborers, and found them docile and industrious. He planted coffee and tobacco chiefly, and having been a factory hand all his life, and understanding tobacco culture well, he raised and cured a small crop of the weed after the Virginia manner, and when he carried a sample of it to Monrovia for sale, he found the merchant's eager to purchase what they pronounced equal to the finest Havana tobacco. He sold his little crop for a dollar a pound, and the dealer agreed to buy all he could furnish at that price. This was, of course, very cheering, and the Virginian in Africa saw a fine prospect for fortune rise before him. His coffee also turned out well, but his health did not improve, and his wife grew constantly weaker, and more despairing. She never became accustomed at all to the natives, but feared and detested them, and mourned greatly over being unable to attend church in the adjacent village. Uncle Lias says he did attend service one clear starry night alone, and enjoyed it very much indeed. He had not gone far on his homeward way, however, before he found that a leopard was creeping along in the jungle near him, and although well armed against the attacks of such enemies, he walked trembling on his way, and was half dead with fright, when he reached the welcome shelter of his humble hut, and heard the same beast of prey growl with rage as he barred the door. Uncle Lias is very piously inclined, but after this he deemed himself excusable in staying away from church, as he was likely to be escorted home by a leopard.

There was so much that was novel and interesting around the emigrants, the soil was so fertile, the atmosphere so delicious, that when the fever at intervals relaxed its hold on him and he could attend to his business, and occasionally take little trips with other emigrants and some of the native hunters, into the country near them, our Negro-American could for a while forget his home sickness, and look forward with hope to acquiring fortune and position in a land which offers great inducements to those who can stand its tropical climate.

There were many varieties of delightful fruits growing wild about the country, with all sorts of nice nuts, and many vegetables unknown here. The chief food of the natives is a root called cassava, somewhat like sweet potato, and capable of use in many forms agreeable to the taste.

The trouble about raising it is that monkeys, which are very numerous, are quite as fond of it as the natives, and being very good judges of the proper time to gather the cassava, if the gardens are not closely watched a troop of monkeys will quietly appear in the patch some night, and each hairy visitor will wind his strong little tail around a cassava bush, and deftly pull up the root with which he will promptly depart. The natives retaliate by eating the monkeys when they can get them, and the most delicate prepared, makes very good eating. They also eat snakes, of which there are many varieties, from harmless little serpents, seen gliding about everywhere, to huge boa constrictors which furnish a banquet for a large party, and are esteemed a great delicacy in a land where meat is scarce. The great occupation of the natives is hunting, and they score or shoot many beautiful species of deer, antelope, wild goats &c. very timid at sight of man, but very good to eat.

Uncle Lias says words fail him to describe the insect and reptile life which abounds everywhere, in, under and above the earth, and is the torment of the country. The native doctors understand the virtues of medicinal plants and use them with surprising efficacy in case of bites from poisonous creatures, even the most deadly snakes, always accompanying their remedies with numerous incantations, and the use of curious charms. With diseases, however, they are less successful, at any rate with foreigners, and after lying for a while at death's door, when under treatment by a savage medicine-man, who dosed him and mopsiphatized in a heathenish manner over him, Uncle Lias ill-missed his African physician in disgust, and sent to Monrovia for an educated doctor.

The observations of our traveller upon his savage kinsfolk were acute and interesting, and he had evidently made good use of his opportunities for contrasting the natives of Africa with their cultivated relations on this side of the Atlantic. There was a cannibal tribe in his district, whom he describes as a brown skinned people with long silky hair. He felt great curiosity in regard to them, and once went with a party of hunters, into the cannibal country. He says they preserve the bones of their victims in their huts, and he saw many human bones hung up on walls, which were kept to be used in some mysterious manner at certain orgies, or possibly religious ceremonies, observed by these epicures. Salt has not yet been discovered in Africa, what they have there being imported, and it is much sought after by the natives, who are eager to trade their ivory, gold and other valuables for it, and use it with great care when procured.

Uncle Lias can hardly speak of the cannibals now, without a shudder, and as he had learned enough of the African language to begin to understand what was said by the natives, we can imagine his feelings on hearing a stalwart cannibal who had regarded him hungrily for some time, remark to a companion, "Mellem meu eat good, he get salt in his skin."

Our Virginian says, when this speech reached his ears, he promptly decided to go home and pay no more visits of observation to the cannibal towns, lest his appearance should prove too tempting to his entertainers; and he accordingly made all speed to get out of their dominions. Uncle Lias says the native Africans have many primitive arts among them, which they conduct in a slow, laborious way, of course altogether without machinery, or even satisfactory tools, but nevertheless, they can are anglish a good deal after their own fashion. Iron, gold and other metals are found in the country, and they make rude agricultural and warlike implements, cooking utensils, and also ornaments of many kinds of which they are extremely fond.

They have no use for money, all their business being done by bartering native products for imported goods. If given a piece of money, or metal in any form, they will receive it with pleasure, and, sooner or later, it will appear again in the shape of a bracelet, anklet or some such article of apparel; often very ingeniously wrought by the native artist. They are always anxious to get possession of arms and ammunition, but seldom have among them anything of later invention than an old flint lock musket, which some enterprising dealer has sold them at an exorbitant price.

As for clothing, it well known that the people of tropical countries care far nothing beyond a waist-cloth, with ornaments for the head, neck and limbs. Uncle Lias says a friendly chief sometimes paid him long visits, who dispensed with the customary clothing about his waist, but on such occasions, was always particular to array himself in all the contents of his jewel case, which consisted of a really handsome silver belt, clasps for the arms and legs, with sundry beads, buckles and jingling pendants on the head and neck; evidently believing himself splendidly attired. This stylish visitor would often spend a sociable day with the emigrant's family, to the great disgust of his hostess, and would enquire with much interest about the manners and customs of America. Most of the natives however, less fortunate in the way of jewelry, wear the loin cloth and are eager to get calico, cottons &c., for such uses. They weave a very strong and durable cloth themselves, a few inches wide, which is pretty and neat looking, and when sewed together in strips, as the natives do it, stitching with needles and thread of their own make in dextrous fashion, this cloth makes an excellent bed-cover or wrapping.

Sometimes a dandy chief will have a garment made of several of these strips of various colors and many yards long, which he will wind about him in a peculiar and very graceful manner, somewhat as the Highlander does his plaid, and a stalwart savage thus equipped presents a very handsome appearance, and is extremely proud of his outfit. While most of the natives are rather indifferent as to clothing, they are very particular about tattooing their bodies, and each family, or each tribe, has its own work, and thus preserves its identity generation after generation.

A few months after our emigrant's family settled in their African home, one of the two children died, and the poor homesick mother languished more and more, until about the end of the year, when she told her husband that she felt the approach of death, and took a very tender leave of him and her little son,

(Continued on page 135.)

precious to those who have the benefit of

"want must keep off. Any sentimental broth-

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. B. T WASHINGTON. } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Business Manager, Hampton, Va.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

In November last, the Annual Report of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute was published, and sent to all contributors whose names appeared in its lists.

It contains the Reports of the Principal and Treasurer, and the substance of those of the heads of industrial and other departments, up to the close of the last school and fiscal year, June 30, 1880. Those who support this school thus have a record of the annual business meeting of Trustees, an outline of its entire history, an account of the years doings, plans for the future, the name of each giver with amount given, and a detailed statement of the expenditures covering thirty five printed pages, which shows salaries of teachers, profits and losses of each industrial department, earnings of students and expenses of every kind, together with a list of investments and a schedule of the entire property held by the Trustees.

A careful reading of it is hoped for, and criticism and inquiry is invited.

It is felt that nothing less than such a statement will meet the requirement of honest stewardship of the funds entrusted to us.

EXPENSES FOR 1879–80.

Salaries of Principal and 2 Clerks.	$2,687 28
" " Treasurer and 3 "	2,997 07
" " Teachers and Heads of Depts.	15,239 91
Traveling Expenses of Officers, Curators, and Trustees	1,423 33
Expense, Stationery, Insurance etc.,	5,101 27
Improvements, (not incl'd Academic Hall and Saw Mill)	3,203 83
Repairs	2,201 84
Machinery, Implements, Furniture &c.	2,2 5 88
	$38,691 04
Beneficiary aid for Colored and Indian Students	4,461 08
	$43,552 12

Keeping an exact account with each one of three hundred and thirty laboring students, and ten industrial departments, besides a run of general business, connected with the care of a large property and the production and consumption of nearly four hundred people, is a work of infinite detail.

The Executive department has state and national relations, secures positions as teachers for a little army of graduates, collects funds, and has the general management.

There are thirty officers and teachers, of whom nine are gentlemen, and the rest are ladies. Our problem is how to maintain this large force of three hundred and thirty hoarding students and thirty officers and teachers, with their families, for eight and a half months, and half this number the rest of the year, for, owing to the industrial system, the school is never closed and needs over a hundred workmen all summer. Indians and others must be kept the year round, because their homes are too remote to go to.

The total annual expenses amounts to over $40,000, of which the State pays $10,000, and friends the rest, chiefly in annual scholarships of $70, and in gifts of from $10, to $200. Occasionally a larger sum is sent. Government payment on Indian account, is not included in the above estimate as it barely reimburses cost of board and clothing, and pays no part of the cost of their education.

This is about the cost of a luxurious family in metropolitan life. The result of it all is over 300 teachers already in the field supplying a pressing and tremendous need, and classes of from 40 to 50 graduating every year, besides many unable, for various reasons, to graduate, who do excellent primary school work.

The Hampton Institute rests directly on the general public for the support of an undenominational Christian work for those committed to its care, whom it trains in respect to hand, head and heart, fitting them not only for the field but also for any higher attainment they may seek.

To keep it before the public has required great efforts, and till this year a salaried agent. Hereafter there is to be not a dollar's salary, commission, or any compensation whatever to secure funds for this Institution, except to an agent of this paper who receives a small salary. The Rev. T. K. Fessenden, Trustee and former Financial Secretary, will continue his efforts as his strength shall allow, with travelling expenses paid, which, with those of the Principal, are now the only cost of collections.

Their labors are not light, yet the school has a basis of public confidence that assures its support during good behavior

This little paper, now nearly self-supporting, is an important ally. Those who aid in its circulation are most useful helpers.

We are not justified in asking for a renewal of contributions, till a detailed account of all receipts and expenditures of the previous year has been rendered to givers.

Exacting this of all charities would have a must wholesome effect, checking the unworthy and building up the deserving. I am often asked as to colored solicitors for Southern schools, but know very little of them. The true way is to ask for their accounts. If they don't know them, nobody does. Honest work would then be encouraged.

It is pleasant to hear one say "You are doing a good work; here is money," but better to hear "I know where my money goes; here is more" The one merely helps, the other both helps and puts one on his guard. None of us are too good for an investigation.

Any presumption of correctness is intolerable. Those of us engaged in moral and educational work are assumed by business men to mean well, but to know little of sound business methods. They help us kindly, but would do vastly more if they felt surer, not of our motives, but of our financial skill. The poor and the needy suffer from our want of it. Sins of omission rather than of commission are the trouble. We are not half modest enough in respect to our business ability.

Hampton never did a wiser thing than in publishing its list of securities, (some of them not paying,) in the hard times. We still do it. The only truth is the whole truth.

A New York business man who recently contemplated adding an important branch to the industrial department of the Hampton Institute, had his lawyer inquire into the title of the property, the charter, and into everything that possibly might affect, in any contingency, the generous provision he intended to make. He secured a abstract of title running many years back, satisfied himself fully and then gave fifteen thousand dollars. He knows the bottom facts of the school.

We Trustees might all have been willing to have given our bodies to be burned for this cause, but the inquiry was no less in point for all that.

It must not be assumed that Trustees or Directors, because good men, have searched out everything. Men with the time and ability to do such work are exceedingly hard to find.

First class trusteeship is rare, and most precious to those who have the benefit of it. Such duty is usually, from press of other duties, too easily taken, and the needed thing is not done.

The way to get money is to get confidence, the way to get confidence is to earn it by full disclosures, to all entitled to know, of all facts relating to the work for which appeal is made, so that all use of money, and the cost and method of getting it are understood.

Untold wealth is kept back from the needy and deserving, because those who stand between them and the benevolent assume, rather than prove, their claims on the latter.

S. C. A.

We are usually exasperated at every new book that presses itself upon our attention, for, while claiming "to supply a want long felt, "it is apt to be the most dry and disagreeable form in which knowledge is presented to the youthful mind.

"Swinton's Supplementary Readers," which recently came to our table, seem to be an exception, for they have point and freshness, and seem just the thing for our various grades of Indian and Negro classes.

Mr. William N. Armstrong, who for the past year has contributed to the editorial columns of the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN," has accepted the appointment of Attorney General at the Hawaiian Islands, and is on his way to that country to aid in working out the "Hawaiian problem," which is one of the peculiar things of modern civilization.

An enlightened minority must somehow manage an incompetent majority; for all are voters, and the aborigines outnumber the foreigners many times. This is made worse by a vicious foreign element that works on the prejudices of the natives, who, by themselves, could be controlled by wise influence.

The good white man seems to be the blessing of the weaker races, the bad one their curse.

Nowhere in the world have race relations been so illustrated as on these Islands. To find a dozen different nationalities and languages on one sugar plantation is not uncommon.

The present Hawaiian Ministry is the result of a reaction from the work of an adventurer well known in America, who got into power by playing on the weak points of his Hawaiian Majesty. He is now dismissed, and good men have been invited to become the King's advisers.

Mr. Armstrong was in former years a schoolmate of King Kalakaua.

American planters at the Sandwich Islands, kind, just, good men, are ready to pay sixteen and eighteen dollars a month to good laborers on their sugar plantations. Three thousand are needed at once. Board and houses are plain but adequate; though the latter need improvement.

The workman is fairly treated in the courts, can vote without interference and is sure of his pay.

The demand for labor is very great; the climate is delightful. An effort to get there would meet with every encouragement. The Hawaiian planters have for months been longing for the surplus labor of Kansas. It would cost less than $100 apiece to get from Kansas to the islands, and advances for this purpose would be made by the planters.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

SAN FRANCISCO, *Sept.*, 1880.

Every thinking American who visits California, should study up the Chinese question, for his own enlightenment, and that of those whom he can influence. The race problem has been put upon this country as upon no other; every contribution of fact or thought upon it, is important; the neglect of one whole duty in this matter will be at our peril.

I have conversed with a prominent editor and orator of this wonderful city, who is an able exponent of anti-Chinese policy.

He said in effect: "The brotherhood of man "don't count in this question. I believe in "America for Americans; the family idea.

"This is our farm, those whom we don't "want must keep off. Any sentimental brotherhood doctrines leads direct to pro-Chinese "policy, and one may as well throw it over-"board at the start."

I asked for specifications against the Chinese. Whom do they injure?

The reply was; "Washermen; Chinese do "all the washing; no chance for anybody "else.

"Cigar makers; Germans led in the business "till a few Chinaman, who worked cheap, "learned it, and drove them out of it.

"The slipper trade; Chinese bought old "sole leather and pieces of carpet, and made "cheaper slippers than anybody else.

"Shoemakers; a few Chinamen were employed by Yankees, learned the trade and "discharged the Yankees.

"They were employed on sewing machines "first in making overalls, finally in the finest "linen work, ladies elegant underwear etc., "taking the business to themselves.

"They are superior mechanics, more industrious and economical than Americans.

"We are fighting the Chinese because of "their virtues.

"They are their own bankers, they import "directly from China, as follows:

"Food, rice, tea, dessicated vegetables and "dried fish.

"Clothing; all is imported except their "boots, pants, and hats; boots and pants being made out of American goods; the latter "on sewing machines.

"They consume considerable of our home "productions, pork, poultry, brandy, but "largely use a cheap liquor from home.

"They are supposed to pay a poll tax of "three dollars apiece which you get when "you can catch them.

"They mostly lease, owning little real es-"tate; pay their large licenses promptly; are "law abiding and easily governed.

"There is no industry that the Chinaman "don't conquer when he attacks it, but so far "they hav'nt been able to drive Italians from "deep sea fishing, yet are steadily pushing "them out of the garden vegetable business, "tho' an Italian can live on a turnip per day.

"Chinese glean abandoned mines. Ameri-"cans must have big returns. They are con-"tent with little, and plod for their daily "bread which is quite un-American. They "dont go into deep mining.

"Few females come over, usually low ones "at that. In the cities, vicious Chinese wo-"men tap on the boys' windows who are solici-"ted to cheap indulgence. Much loathsome di-"sease results. Miners and sailors are their "principal victims.

"They build railroads, but ten thousand "New England men with families would be "better. They are good blasters. Work over, "they bet, eat and sleep well.

"They have reclaimed overflown and "swampy lands that nobody else would touch, "notably in the valley of the Sacramento river. "They build better dykes than the whites.

"They are of great service to the fruit "raisers of California who could hardly do "without them; are rapid berry pickers.

"They have, in many ways, added to the "wealth of the country. They have brought "into use vegetables heretofore discarded

"They are the Jews of Asia. They are a "SUPERIOR RACE."

By way of further illustration, he said in effect. "My friend A built a new shop "for turning broomhandles and hired six me-"chanics at $4,50 per day. B, a German, "came in and drove him out of the business "by cheaper labor at one dollar a day.

"C, a Chinese, came in, took an old barn, "slept in a loft, cooked in a brass pot, kept "horse and wagon under the same roof, and "living on next to nothing, drove the German "out.

"The "Brotherhood of Man" theory don't "work well for the Americans in California. "See!

"A lived in a decent house with his wife, "sent his children to school and bud a pew in "church.

"B discounted all this and beat A.

"C, discounted B, lived like a dog and starved him out.

"This spirit will yet secure to Chinamen "the commerce of the Pacific ocean. They "have been hoarding the world's silver three "hundred years.

"The issue is between civilization and bar-"barism, Christ and Confucius; Asiatic dark-"ness and European light."

My friend quoted from a recent speech of Gen. Garfield who said in substance as follows; "The Chinese monster is turning over "in its bed. Russia sends a hundred thou-"sand men from the North against him, but "they fall back. The navy yards of the "world are making ships for the Chinese na-"vy. She has arms of precision the use of "which is taught by German drill sergeants. "She has embassies all over the world; at "Paris, Madrid, Berlin and Washington. "She is crawling over the islands of Oceanica. "She crowds in everywhere to pick up stray "dollars; sends cigar makers to Havana; em-"igrants into the Southern States of America, "and boys to be educated in Europe and "New England."

"What does this new departure mean?

"A thousand years ago, China was under a "military power; later, under scholars selected "by competitive examinations. There "may be a change back to the rule of sol "diers with forty millions of men under their "orders."

My informant frankly stated that recently a leading Capitalist had said, "In twenty years, you will be so ashamed of your anti-Chinese views that you will disown what you now say"

I next conversed with a large minded clergyman, who has stood up courageously for justice to the Asiatic, who talked about as follows: "Machines work cheaper than China "men; why not then outlaw machinery? Is "it rational or possible to regulate the move- "ments of men? The Chinese say "We come "under a treaty forced upon us, we did not "seek this privilege."

"The logic of facts is on the side of the Chinese.

"The cheap productions of the East in "clothing and other ready made articles, pre- "vent manufacturing here at present prices "of labor. The sewing girls of New York "and not the Chinaman from Hong Kong, "suppress factories here.

"I give my two Irish girls each twenty-five "dollars per month. They would get in the "East, twelve or fifteen dollars per month. "There is a like difference in other occupa- "tions. The Chinaman here is a social and "political pariah; what the Negro is in the "East.

"The Democrats went anti-Chinese in 1868, "securing the Irish vote and electing their "government. The Republicans felt compelled "to adopt the same policy. Both are now "anti-Chinese. The Pacific Coast should "cultivate China, get into her, sell her wheat "and other produce.

"China is becoming a diplomatic and com- "mercial power. She will withdraw her old "rules against going into the business of the "world, and enter the carrying trade as a re- "mendous competitor."

In 1876 seven California state senators made a formal investigation of the Chinese question which was published.

There is rather an anti-Chinese flavor in their questions; and favorable testimony which may be picked out of one hundred and seventy pages of questions and answers, has some value.

It appears that the Chinese, as a rule, leave their wives, who are virtually slaves, at home; that involuntary emigration, or the "coolie trade," is discouraged by the Chinese government, which is too weak to remedy it, but does all it can to secure pledges for the return of exported Celestials, who are taken away under treaty provisions forced upon it by cannon planted around Peking; that the "coolies," a low thieving class, and a bad, floating, host population from seaport towns, are the bulk of emigrants from China; that the Chinamen who come to this country come *voluntarily* on the British part of Hong Kong, which is as much a part of Great Britain as the Isle of Wight; whence they would come in streams, going there from Canton and elsewhere, even if we stopped treaty relations with the Empire.

About fourteen thousand come over yearly, and ten thousand return alive, and many dead, paying their passage (forty dollars) or it growing and paying up with enormous interest, later in California.

The celebrated Six Companies of San Francisco, with their Chinese Agents, manage this business. Without a pass from there, no Chinaman can get steamship passage to San Francisco. These six companies receive each Chinaman, enroll him according to locality at home, make advances, negotiate his labor contract, help him in trouble, using sometimes high pressure to keep him to his agreement; and, on the whole, appear to be a good thing for "John," as he is everywhere called. Just now the Chinese are going back in unusually great numbers, from the scarcity of labor and other causes. "An absolute necessity," said an intelligent witness.

The Rev. Dr. Speer a very high authority, calls the Six Companies "institutions which have no parallel for utility and philanthropy among the immigrants from any other native or people to our wide shores."

Chinese immigration, except that of women, to San Francisco is *voluntary*: it is no part of the atrocious coolie trade which centres at Macao. No contract Chinese labor goes from Hong Kong.

There were in 1876, about thirty thousand Chinese in San Francisco, and not far from one hundred and thirty thousand in the state, making one-sixth of the state population. Not over three thousand of them are women. About fifteen hundred are regular criminals.

After twenty-four years of immigration, the present total cannot exceed one hundred and fifty thousand in all these United States.

CONDITION.

They disregard fire and health ordinances; fifteen or twenty living in a small filthy room, doing their cooking there, subsisting on ten or fifteen cents a day, doing the same work as a white man with a family which he is trying to educate, and which cannot live on less than two dollars and a half per day.

This is the gist of the whole question.

Is this fair to the white man? Shall any thing be done about it?

While the Chinaman is quick to learn, he does not do over half a good day's work of a white man, but works and lives three times as cheaply.

"They learn by looking on; then go into "business by themselves. For business men "to employ Chinese, is simply putting nails "in their own coffins. Every Chinaman employ- "ed will be a competitor, who will be ruin "to the whites."

Chinese laborers are seldom trusted, are expected to cheat when they get a chance. Security against their stealing is usually required. Lawyers don't trust their oaths; they can be hired to swear either way; perjury is very common, but they stick to contracts better than white laborers; they'll do anything for self interest. There are plenty of whites who are just as bad.

San Francisco has upwards of a thousand Chinese prostitutes, and scores of low houses, some three hundred lottery offices and a hundred gambling halls. The latter get along smoothly by playing the police five dollars a week apiece. The gamblers collect large sums, as much as eight thousand dollars at a time, to fight the law. They intimidate Chinese witnesses, and kill if necessary. There have been seen not a few placards offering six or eight hundred dollars reward for the death of some specified man, usually an informant; many have felt the murderous bullet or cold steel. None are more cruel to the Chinese than the Chinese.

The State Commission ascertained that over a thousand Chinese women have been imported, costing in China from one to three hundred dollars, and selling for from six to nine hundred dollars in California. When sick or old, they are turned on the streets to die.

They are well treated if profitable, abused if unsuccessful; they are forced to solicit patronage; in any are owned by Americans.

These women hate their life and would gladly escape. If they seek refuge, they are arrested on bogus charges for larceny etc., and brought to the machinery of American courts in order to protect this infamous business; a Chinaman aids their escape at the risk of his life.

Vile diseases are multiplied by this class and the seeds of wide spread ruin are scattered. It is said that no more of this kind are now coming.

There are, however, as many places for liquor selling in California as there are Chinese prostitutes, and through the former is the high road to the latter.

Is there any remedy for these evils? The following are proposed.

Negotiation with the Chinese government to prevent the lowest class coming over in such numbers. That is yet untried, perhaps impracticable: the Empire undoubtedly is disposed to do all it can, but the central government is weak.

Stringent police regulations. Many good men declare this to be sufficient. The objection is the great cost of an adequate police force. But the pinch comes who watch their low dens make money in bribes. The leading Chinese merchants of San Francisco said in a petition to General Grant.

"If officers would refuse bribes, the unprincipled Chinamen could no longer purchase "immunity from the punishment of their "crimes."

The profits of Chinese infamy go largely into white men's pockets.

Chinese money, *versus* the police force, gives a poor prospect for thorough work in the filthy Asiatic portions of the city. The state has made wholesome regulations as to cleanliness and space in the lodging houses.

Chinamen could be made to live in suitable rooms; well-enforced laws would break up the dirty crowded dens which disgrace the town and make possible the low cheap living that exasperates civilized tradesmen. Better living will cost them more and reduce the vast disparity of daily expenses.

San Francisco claims to be "the best governed "city in the world," but a few filthy blocks, by their ill gotten gains, defy her power.

The Chinese assist each other by perjury and in every possible way, and a campaign of purification would be a hard one; but it could be successful.

California lets the mischief work, fails to do her whole duty, and cries out like the "Chinese must go."

Yet, by all admissions, the evils are chiefly prospective. It is clear, even from the testimony of intelligent anti Chinese, that the present number is needed to maintain the industries of the state, and it is quite as generally agreed that a large increase would be a serious injury to the State.

The Chinese Question, as one of cheap labor, is, practically, "Shall the Chinamen be driven away in order to continue the monopoly of unskilled labor to the Irishman?" The battle is not, as political orators put it, "between Christ and Confucius, civilization and barbarism," but between the Asiatic and the Irishman. The vote of the latter is the inspiration of the Anti-Chinese policy of the Coast.

Look at the kind and character of the witnesses brought out on either side.

Read the speeches, pro and con; the following from the Report of the State Commissioners, for instance: "I've been wurrickin' amongst these Heathens as foremin and head boss over some fifty'em, and you bet your life, I knocked 'em down whinever they took any airs on themselves with me. I am a white man as is a white man, Mr. Prisidint. I claims as how while a man is a white man, he should nither *be* a white man or have the counthry."

There are questions on which a man has no right to be heard unless he has a character.

Compare the elevated, dignified tone, as well as the business soundness of the Chinese merchants' petition, with that of their assailants. Which side is most Christ like? On which side is the barbarism? American hoodlums and street Arabs, or the wagon loads of Chinese who are welcomed to our shores by showers of stones and run a gauntlet of cruelty, till, with bloody bodies, and broken heads, they find refuge with their own people.

WHAT DOES THIS COUNTRY DO FOR THE CHINESE?

It enriches them with millions of money most of which they send out of the country. It gives them cheap, good and bad, on the whole liberalizing, which carried to millions of returning Celestials scatters abroad. Three thousand working men in San Francisco alone, are reported to be daily studying our language in Christian evening schools, and thousands more are in contact with the true spirit of the nation in business, and in excellent families; as domestic American family life is doing for the Chinese what it did for the Negro in slave times, a quiet but most telling work. Scores are in Eastern colleges. Heathens do not mask the entire front of our civilization.

Industrious and orderly living has, among Chinamen, far more votaries than vice. In 1877, only one hundred and ninety eight were in State Prison, while three hundred and forty seven whites were there; in the alms house were one hundred and ninety seven Irish, not a Chinaman; six thousand arrests for drunkenness in San Francisco but not a "heathen Chinee." They however use opium as whites do whiskey. It's useless and destroys them, is equally demoralizing but not disorderly in tendency.

I believe, after reading pages of testimony to their devilish doings, that the Chinamen in our land are an entering wedge for American ideas in their own.

The Negro in slavery was doing more thinking than many supposed, his elevation was ridiculed by those who professed to know him best: so our yellow skinned neighbors may be changing more than we dream of. I am told that half of them now would cut off their pig tails if they dared. The contact of people is a far more effective educator than common schools; few realize its subtle, far reaching influence.

WHAT DO THE CHINESE DO FOR THIS COUNTRY?

They build our railroads, harvest our fruits and grains, reclaim our swamp lands and sell us rice. They pay their rents, taxes and debts. Do they depreciate property? Then why are Chinese rentals steadily rising, amounting to over a million yearly in San Francisco? Who suffers?

Do they starve out others by cheap labor? How can this be, when a Congressional Committee from Washington ascertained that the "Scale of wages paid to white labor in California is generally higher than in the Eastern states," and "Manufacturers testified that "without the competition of Chinese labor "they could not run their factories a single "day, but, with Chinese labor to make their "business possible, they were enabled to give "employment to a large number of white laborers."

"While the presence of the Chinese here has "reduced the exorbitant price of labor which "prevailed in the early days of our history, "it has opened industries and made it possible for poor white men with families to "come here and live." This class was never so well off as now.

"Cheap labor" is a silly war cry when Chinese are paid as much as the same kind of labor in the East. Who will find me a good Celestial cook on low wages?

The Chinese memorialists asked, "Is not the result of the daily toil of one hundred thousand laboring men any benefit to this country?"

Their merchants every year send out get millions through the banks, they keep busy countless ships, sailors, stevedores and draymen, and urea benefit to insurance companies.

"There are," Mr. Gibson says; "no Chinese "house painters, brick layers, glaziers, plumbers, blacksmiths, printers, bookbinders, "tailors (of American clothing,) milliners or "mantuamakers, no backers or insurance "agents. They offer no competition to our "lawyers, doctors, preachers, school teachers "or to any profession whatever."

The New York Tribune once said that the people of California, in their present hostility to the Chinese, seem to be chasing a phantom.

RELIGIOUS WORK.

The state Committee of investigation made careful inquiry on this point, which went to show that the more a Chinaman knows of the life and teaching of Christ the worse he is; that their Christians assume piety as a means of money making and are, throughout, a swindle. Many are doubtless sincere. The character of the testimony on this point depended, evidently, very much on the character of the witnesses.

It was at the same time shown that Chinese Christians are separated from their people, ostracized and liable to injury; that conversion is rare and difficult.

"The Chinese in America" by the Rev Otis Gibson, himself for ten years a missionary in China, from which I have got valuable information, states that up to 1877, the Presbyterian Missions commenced in 1853 by Rev Mr. Speer, had received eighty members.

The Baptist mission opened in 1854 by the Rev. J. L. Schenck, has admitted fifteen.

The Congregational mission, under the American Missionary Association of New York, has received forty-five. This work is in charge of the Rev. W. C. Pond. In 1875, over eighteen hundred Chinese attended its schools in different localities.

The Episcopal church has of late commenced a zealous work for the Chinese.

The Methodist Mission under the Rev. Otis Gibson, takes a leading part and has received fifty into its fold.

All these societies have opened schools to which Celestials resort by hundreds, first only to learn English, then Bible reading, thought and Christianity.

"For every professing Christian Chinese," says Mr. Gibson, "we may safely reckon ten or fifteen more who, from the same influences, have been led to renounce and despise idolatry, and in theory at least, embrace the Christian doctrine of one God the Father of all. The number of such results of missionary labor cannot be less than four or five thousand."

None, probably, are poorer judges of the character of converts than the anti-Chinese who ridicule the idea of conversion. Missionaries themselves are apt to take too hopeful a view. The absolute truth is hard to get at.

They are undoubtedly very good or very bad; martyrs or mercenaries. That the former exist, that Chinamen are lead by Christian lives in San Francisco, under difficulties that no whites dream of enduring, is doubtless true. They are in the lowest ranks: they may be in the highest too. An obscure Chinaman enduring persecution for righteousness sake, is worth more to the world and to progress than a selfish millionaire.

The best things in missionary work attract little attention; are not always in sight; a "fraud" is sure to be found out and advertised. One sincere man over balance ninety nine sincere men in effect on public sentiment.

THE UNARMED INVASION.

The admitted objections to Chinese immigration are: First, their very gradual assimilation to us; Second, the danger of an "unarmed invasion."

Professor S. W. Williams, in an article in the Social Science Journal of December, 1879, says:

"Nearly all the Chinese here came here from a strip of territory not much larger than the State of Connecticut, lying south and southwest of the city of Canton; all have sailed from Hong Kong."

Of the fears of excessive immigration he says, "These are as baseless as the fear that the Indians are going to unite in league to regain their ancestral hunting grounds."

It is prevented, he declares, by a strong opposing public sentiment, by a love of home, by the known risks and cruelties suffered, by poverty and by a pride of country.

"If two fifths returned home when the land was open and calling for laborers, and the building of railroads gave work to thousands of their band, is it not as certain as a thing can be, from these facts, that the supply of workmen will be proportioned to the demand?"

"A second deterrent cause," says Prof. Williams, "is a strong sectional antipathy between different provinces, leading them to "shun each other like the clans of Scotland. "Constant strifes arise, often resulting in "much loss of life. This tends to confine the "emigrants to our shores to the district near "Canton. Men from Canton meeting men "from Amoy, Fuchow, Ningpo or Tientsin, "would be mutually unintelligible. This "feature almost compels emigrants to follow "the lead already opened."

Those from Amoy go to Manilla, from Swatow to Siam, and so on.

"The total arrivals from China during a "quarter of a century, have not equalled the "number of persons who have landed at New "York from Europe in six months during

"most of this year."

The following from Prof. Williams's paper is interesting.

where they were the objects of loquiy; unable to talk an intelligible sentence of English, even if they could read their own and given to loose distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*.

Akie was over forty years of age, awkward at first, untidy, shovelled his rice down his

how they "pigged in," smelt the sickening opium and other odors, looked into shops, saw the inside of a theatre which was open from ten a. m. till midnight, with no intermission play and incessant acting, tasted

"most of this year."

The following from Prof. Williams's paper is interesting.

"The Southern Chinese alone have immigrated to foreign lands. * * *

"The emigration into Malaysia and the Indian islands has been going on for two centuries greatly to the advantage of the native states. * * * The prosperity of Siam and Borneo has largely been owing to this class of their population; and even in Java, where the Dutch closed their ports against them in 1840, they have recently been invited to return as mechanics and traders.

"The custom of these Southern Chinese has been to pass to and fro; this gradually diffuses a knowledge of foreign countries, and made it easier for the natives to go to the Gold Hills of California and Australia. Ship-owners profited by and encouraged it.

"The Cubans, Peruvians and English desired to import Chinese laborers; the ignorance of the latter led them to suppose the cost of China was into the Gold Hills. Hence this coolie (quasi-slave) trade was greatly aided by *free* emigration to San Francisco and Melbourne, but the coolie trade and the voluntary emigration are entirely different."

Prof. Williams sums up the subject as follow: "We call them *Heathen Chinese* and so, unhappily, they are, but they brought with them industrious and quiet habits, and during the past twenty-seven years have added largely to the resources and wealth of this country. They have spread themselves over this and the neighboring states wherever their labor was wanted, and have given general satisfaction in those branches of unskilled labor for which they were fit. It is impossible to estimate the money value of this industry; but the evidence taken by the Congressional (Morton) committee proves that, without their help, many enterprises now in full operation would not have been attempted when they were much needed.

"Among such enterprises the Pacific Railroad stands prominent, and one of its leading managers testified that the Chinese laborers had given more employment to white laborers than they could otherwise have got, and that the road could not have been completed for many years if these Asiatics had not been available. Over a million acres of tule lands have been reclaimed, which would otherwise have lain idle to this day, by irrigating canals for farms, with dams and sluices for the mines all owe their existence to this source. One witness stated that without Chinese aid the population of California could not be maintained at more than one half its present amount, and in regard to cultivation of wheat, he assured the committee that it could not be profitably raised at all if the cost of production were increased. I was told that in September, 1870, four hundred thousand bushels of wheat were ready for the sickle, and that this crop could not have been moved unless Chinese laborers had been there to put it on board ship at a cheap rate. The only thing to be done with it was to let it rot or burn it.

"The reallienations of labor are so great that one must see that it is nearly impossible to separate out one branch from all the others, and that to place the benefits of Chinese labor at a figure like three hundred millions or four hundred millions is to deceive one's self as to its true value. It is the way, however, that we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor."

"The three hundred or four hundred millions includes one hundred and eighty millions of wages which are sent home or taken home by Chinamen whose vocant places settlers can fill if they choose."

"The plain fact that the struggle over the Chinese question on the Pacific Coast is only another form of the labor question. Illustration. A patriotic American employed an Irishman to saw a load of wood for a dollar. He was soon seen quietly smoking as he watched a Chinaman doing the same job for twenty-five cents."

Prof. Williams's tribute to Missionary effort could be used without changing a word, with reference to all the "despised races" of our land.

"The conduct and condition of these people would, I am sure, have been far worse than these figures indicate, if it had not been for the untiring efforts of men and women around them. These efforts have been going on nearly thirty years, and only those who have lived in California, can appreciate the perseverance, the patience, the care, and the faithfulness shown by many unpaid teachers in Sabbath and evening schools, as well as others belonging to and conducting more regular mission work. Statistics do not convey a just idea of the results of this benevolent work, which has largely been of that preventive and reformatory nature that helps men to be better, and keeps them out of jails and saloons, to the great advantage of society. Coming directly from their native hamlets in Kwangtung, across the ocean, into a city where they were the objects of insult and obloquy; unable to talk an intelligible sentence of English, even if they could read their own tongue; not a law of the land translated into it to guide them; they naturally huddled together into their own quarter for safety and society. As they left San Francisco to seek work in the country, these kind friends, of whom I speak, found them out, and began to teach them English, by telling them the old, old story, which never wears out. Thus they became acquainted with the highest truths and the best rules for conduct, while flitting themselves for such work as they could find, by learning to talk and read English. These teachers felt that God, in his providence, had brought them to our shores for some other, higher end than merely to be our Gibeonites, and well have they performed their work. While the legislators of California seem to have exhausted their ingenuity in devising, from time to time, all the contrivances to tax and fine these people which could be brought to bear on them, their real friends were opening schools and meetings, and showing them wherein the true glory of this land consists."

He presents the following figures. Total average attendance,

At schools for Chinese	825
Total roll call	2,750
In Sunday Schools, average	1,100
Roll call of Sunday schools	3,300
Chinese baptized in United States	400
Chinese pastors, teachers and helpers	15

He mentions a Chinese Young Men's Christian Association with branches over the country.

The Chinese sent twelve thousand dollars to aid the sufferers by the yellow fever in the South.

The Congressional Committee found that "farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, peddlers, miners, and workmen all agreed that they could not hold their own against the Chinaman, and without intending anything of the sort, they bore the strongest testimony to the skill, business capacity, industry, patience, endurance, and frugality of the Chinese."

"The laws of California declare that the Chinese are Indians and aliens, and her legislators have treated them as if they had no rights which they were bound to respect."

* * * * * * *

"I think they cannot be protected in the United States while remaining in their alien condition. * * * * * *

"Complete protection can be given them only by allowing them to become citizens and voters. Refusal to allow a Chinaman to land, who had embarked at a British port (Hong Kong) on a British vessel, would be a question with the British Government and not with the Chinese."

No Chinese ship ever crossed the ocean or brought a single Chinaman.

Chinese don't come here on the Burlingame or other treaty, but under protection guaranteed by the Constitution of our land to all who enter its borders.

Destroy all the treaties, and it would not touch voluntary emigration from China.

Captain Gill, of the Royal Engineers, in a recent narration of a journey through China, writes as follows of an agreement between himself and a coolie master.

"But, unlike English documents, this charter once drawn up and verbally agreed to by the coolie master and myself, required neither witness nor signature, but, being coolied to the depths of my pockets, was as valid according to Chinese usage as the most formal document that ever issued from Lincoln's Inn. This confidence that people have in one another is a feature in the character of the people that has been strangely unnoticed by foreign writers. Merchants in China rely implicitly on one another; indeed, if they did not, all business would come to an end at once. In my position, I was over and over again compelled to trust the Chinese with large sums of money without receiving any receipt, and in other ways to rely on their probity to a far greater extent than I should have trusted Europeans, or Chinese if I could have avoided it. But I was never deceived in the smallest degree, nor did I lose anything all the time I was travelling."

In California, the Chinaman is represented as "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." But in a few cases comes to America. Negotiation that shall bring a better class is a great desideratum. The better class is comparatively well off at home and has slight reason for a change and deep inherited ideas against it. In all nations life the best element is kept at home by a centripetal influence; the worst feels a centrifugal force. Only like other nations sends abroad those she can best spare. The fear of an "invasion," however, seems groundless.

The foregoing is information at second hand. I have had my own point of contact with the Chinese.

In 1855, my father obtained a coolie from a cargo that arrived at Honolulu. Hawaiian cooks (always men) were untidy, indolent, and given to loose distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*.

Akio was over forty years of age, awkward at first, untidy, shovelled his rice down his throat with chop sticks, drank tea direct from the pot, and evidently despised our race. Obliged to attend family prayers, he sat it through with a contemptuous grin; considering our sacred songs infinitely inferior to the hideous squeal of Chinese music.

We tried another. *Akau* has been with the family over twenty-five years; is faithful; does each day's work with exact uniformity; steals half the eggs; we could depend on the other half; is off, on most Chinaman cooks there are, a few hours each day, to look after the restaurant in which he is a partner. He is punctual, kind-hearted, but a trifle independent, for labor is very scarce, and he could at any time to the last twenty years have got higher wages by leaving us. When he was sick in hospital, years ago, my mother used to visit him. He was grateful, never forgot it, and although he often tries her patience, yet, when she is ailing, and kept in doors, he is most kind and dutiful. Akau is a mixture of good and bad; an average Chinaman, far from the best. He fed my riding horse all summer, and could be depended on for such things.

He gambles terribly, makes sponge cake on the sly for his worthless gods, and helps his aged parents in China.

Chinese are the cooks, and largely the laborers of the Hawaiian Islands. There are about eight thousand of them, (only three hundred women,) one for each male adult of the entire native population. They create a sad disproportion of the sexes (three men to two women) which threatens morals and civilization.

The housekeeper everywhere is the Chinaman's friend, for he is an unspeakable boon in this age of "Servantgalism." What a chorus of thanksgiving for Chinese labor from the women of this State we would hear were it called for.

More than one resident at the Hawaiian Islands said to me, "I have a Chinaman; my house is kept by a gentleman; my wife hardly ever enters the kitchen. John does the marketing cooking and all; only asks a few questions each day." Many trust these Chinese servants with everything. Californians say they never take one without a bond as security from stealing, as all are thieves.

Our Island Chinese are on average lot; perhaps ten per cent. are rascals, and are doing great harm, but the great majority work for a living.

The extensive Hawaiian sugar interests depend very much on Chinese labor. Different planters give different accounts of it. Some say they are the best hands. Everything is in management. You must watch their accounts, know everything, and *be just*. Then all is right. "Firmness and fairness" is the formula for dealing with all the races.

I saw hundreds of Chinamen at work, as I rode over the group, and made many inquiries. The knock-down method of dealing with them is passed away. They know their rights, go to law and get justice from Hawaiian courts. Chinese witnesses there are sworn over a rooster, whose head is cut off in their presence.

The Chinaman is more manly as he is treated more like a man. There is a set of high-minded Chinese merchants in Honolulu, whose characters are above reproach, who live in the best style, and educate their children; their wives being educated native girls.

On the other hand, a low set is peddling rum and opium among the natives, debasing the lil

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

INDUCING THE PEOPLE TO BUY HOUSES. FARMER AND TEACHER, AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKER. A GROUP OF GRADUATE TEACHERS. HUNGRY FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS. STARTING A SABBATH SCHOOL. ANOTHER GROUP. FROM A MEDICAL STUDENT. KEEPING STORE AND STUDYING. THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

A young colored man can not do a better work for his people than to persuade them, by argument and example, to secure houses for themselves, and improve them. Such workers are needed by hundreds in the South to lead their people into prosperity and a position which will secure respect. To do this work more is needed than book learning. The teacher who is a practical farmer or mechanic, has an immense advantage over one who can teach only from books.

N. C. *Aug.* 1880.

Gen. Armstrong, my Dear Teacher:

I am happy to inform you that I have been successful enough to bargain for a piece of land for myself; about 20 acres. It will be a neat little farm, if I am ever successful enough to pay for it. You know I wrote to you for information about the colored people going west. I told them what you said about going west; why it was cheaper for them to stay where they were, and get themselves homes. And ever since, I have been busily engaged in talking to them and trying to get them to get themselves little comfortable homes. I have been working on the white people here and trying to get them to cut up their large farms into small ones, so that the colored people could pay for them more readily, and would not have to work so long before they have a home of their own. So I took it on myself this year to interest the colored people about having homes of their own. So I went to a lawyer who owns several acres of land, and asked him if he would not cut up his land into small farms, so that the colored people could buy themselves homes. He very readily agreed to do it, so I have been successful enough to get 4 colored families to buy homes of this man, so that the young colored people will have to become independent by being smart and saving. I myself have a small cotton farm, looking very well. It would have been better if it had not been so wet. I am farming and teaching too; so you see it keeps me very busy. My school I am teaching now is in very fine one, having on roll 55 pupils, some high enough to enter the Junior class and some the Middle class, but their parents are too poor to send them away from home to school, so you see I am going ahead with this good work, God helping me. I also have a fine Sunday School too; all I lack now is clothes and books for my dear little ones. I heartily thank you for the Educational Journal, it helps me on with my work, and so does the Southern Workman; it is a very interesting paper for the colored people. I read of your travels this vacation; I hope you had a pleasant time; it seemed that you were having a good time at your old home.

I will close my long letter, hoping that it wont tire you.

Yours truly, P.

A GROUP OF GRADUATE TEACHERS.

"HUNGRY FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS."

A group of Hampton graduates teaching within eight miles of each other in one county of Virginia, send cheery reports of their work, though they find ignorance and poverty, and deprivation of many of the privileges of civilization. One is starting a Sunday school where the only Sunday service has been preaching once a month. Like many others, she is hungry for books and papers.

——Va., *November* 5, 1880.

Mr. B——,

Dear Friend:—

I cannot feel grateful enough to you for your kindness in sending me so many nice papers. They are very interesting indeed. Please accept my sincere thanks also for the map. It is a great help to the school. The children are very much pleased with it; they never had one so nice before.

I suppose you know that S——, and I were classmates at dear old Hampton, and that we both left there the same year, 1878. In the fall of that year I came here to teach, in a place where there had never been a school. I found the people friendly, and anxious to have a school, but no house to teach in; after a hard struggle of two months, the men succeeded in raising a log house, with a large open fire-place, and a few rough benches without backs. This they gave me as my school house, I had to work hard to get a black board, which I partly made myself.

This year the school Board has given me a stove, for which I am very thankful. I do the best I can with what I have.

I've been teaching here fifteen months. I started with the children from the beginning; the most of them can write a legible hand and are doing well in Arithmetic and other studies. I have had my whole soul in the work, and feel that my labor is not in vain, though sometimes I see so much to do, that I feel that I have done very little, and that all I can do will not be much.

After seeing the need of good workers here, I sent for my school-mate at Hampton, to help me. She came and taught near me last year, and all seemed well pleased with our work.

While attending the Lynchburg Normal Institute last summer I met S—— and D.——, and asked them to come with me; they were willing and when we were ready to leave Mr. M——, made up his mind to join us, so we are now five.

I do hope that our people may be blessed by our work and example here, and that next year we may be five more.

We want to hold a teachers Institute soon, when we will discuss the best methods of teaching.

My Sunday school is still going on, and the children seem interested. I am thankful to say that many of them have given their young hearts to the Savior,

Hoping that God may bless your life in many ways, and that you will write soon,

I remain yours gratefully, A.

Nelson Co. Va., *Oct.* 13, 1880.

Kind Friend:—

It was indeed a pleasant surprise to receive a letter from you. I will try to tell you about my school; I have thirty-five scholars on roll, which is about half of the number who still have to come after the crops are gathered. The larger girls and boys have to do a large part of this work, so they can't begin to come until the middle of next month. My school house is a large log house and I think it can be made very comfortable for the children, if I can get some of the patrons to daub the cracks. They have promised to fix it up before cold weather comes. I have a nice boarding place, I like the place because it is near my school; it is in sight of the school house. The people are very kind to me and are very anxious to have their children learn, but a great many are too poor to send them. This is very pretty country, with mountains on all sides, which are made beautiful with many different colored autumn leaves. The most of the people are quite ignorant, showing that there is hard work for us. They have church service once a month, and no sabbath school, I shall start one next Sunday. The superintendent sends us to these schools, where they have'nt sufficient books, no maps or reading charts. He says they are not able to give us the things that are needed for our school. I found a good many of the children with nothing but the old time blue back spelling book, with "ba, be" such as was used a hundred years ago. A. T——, teaches at Hat Creek, about five miles from me; this is the fourth term she has taught at that place, and she has done a very good work: she teaches a sabbath school, and has organized a temperance society. One of my classmates teaches three miles from me; this is the second term she has taught there. I had a letter from S——, the same day I received yours, she is getting along real nicely; her school is eight miles from mine. We are about fifteen miles from A——, the nearest station. Please accept many thanks for the papers, for I am always *hungry* for books or papers. Those are the first I have had this fall, so you can imagine how eagerly I read them; our mail only comes three times a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Can you tell me where Miss Harrold is? I wrote her two letters, but can't hear from her. She used to write to you, so I thought you might know where she is now. It is warm and pleasant here yet; many of the farmers are sowing wheat, to be sure of this fine weather. This is a great tobacco country; every one is busy cutting it now, getting ready for market. It is a pleasant sight to see, rather than to smell.

Teaching has become a pleasure to me instead of being irksome. When I look at the condition of my people, and see how they are deluded, it sets every thought and nerve in motion to study how I can help them.

Yours respectfully, D.

ANOTHER GROUP.

The Summer and winter experience of an energetic Hampton graduate, not afraid of work, and anxious to help his people, is well set forth in the following pleasant letter, which gives a report from several such.

——Va.

Miss I.——, Dear Teacher:

I promised to write you more frequently. Beg pardon for this delay, promising to do better hereafter. When I left Hampton in the spring, I went immediately or directly through to New York, and went to work the same day.

The first of June I left New York and went to Bay Shore L. I., in company with seven other Hampton students. Here we stayed two months. Had an excellent time.

At the end of these two months we emigrated for Saratoga; reached there on 5th of Aug., went to work on the morning of 6th, the same, in the great "Grand Union," where we met two more Hampton students, in the same house, but met a great many others in other houses.

I was very lucky and made a good season.

From here I went home and spent a month with my people. The gentleman that helped me in school, gave me a History of the English people, and some other books, requesting me to read and study, also gave me the New York Weekly Tribune for one year.

When I left for the South I came via Hampton, and stopped a day.

I commenced my school on the first Monday in Oct.; have my same school and am progressing fairly. My school numbers 40. I have taught a month and sent in my report. Daily attendance 34. I think I am a better teacher than I was last year. I feel that I am more of a master of my work.

Miss I.——, I think if my body should be good, I should. People are good to me.

I am trying yet to be a good boy. I commenced to study my Bible and Bible Dictionary.

I must tell you something of Sabbath School. Opened last Sabbath with 21 pupils; am doing all the work this year, my assistant is gone, but I think I will get along nicely.

To-day we had the 8th chapter of Matthew. We learned who the Scribes, Centurion and Peter were. Also what the palsy was, and the leprosy. How it came and all about it. To make it short we use our Bible Dictionary and are all learning something.

I want to say more, but must stop here. I am yours truly, B.

A MEDICAL STUDENT.

The object of Hampton is to train teachers, and less than ten per cent of its graduates have failed to devote themselves to teaching. Here is one, who, while acknowledging his responsibility to the school and to his people, is trying hard to gain a medical education, and we hope he may succeed.

The medical profession should be the next practicable and useful one for the educated colored man. Good physicians scattered through the South would make a difference in the next census returns of the colored population. The trouble is that the people do not give their confidence to one of their own color except to the "Conjure-doctor." The colored physician will find himself reduced to living on his own drugs unless he has something outside his practice to fall back upon. If he can support himself by farming or some other honest occupation, and practice as he has opportunity, for the love of it, he may do good. A teacher who could add a knowledge of medicine and hygiene to his equipment would double his powers of usefulness, as some white missionaries have done. Every teacher indeed ought to have some knowledge of the laws of health, and spread it among the people.

MEDICAL COLLEGE,——N. Y., *Oct.* 10 1880.

Dear General:

As I make it a point to report from time to time of what I am doing, I am pleased to tell you that I have been matriculated in the long wished and worked for place, a Medical College. I worked hard and steadily all summer, was economical, being able to save nearly as much this year as I did last, though I did not work quite a along. September 20, I started for this place, and as I purpose getting along in the cheapest possible way, I have made arrangements like this. I have hired me a room in the top story of a large business block, for which I pay $3,00 per month, have purchased a few articles of furniture, just enough for ordinary comfort, a stove, cot-bed, chair &c., and have agreed to wait on table an hour during each meal, at a hotel, for which I have my own board. It is so arranged that my hour of work will not interfere very much with my lectures; if it should, I would only have to study the harder to make it up, for one who is poor must always expect to make some sacrifice. In this way, I am in hopes of getting through very much cheaper, as board would cost from $4 to $5 per month. Had I not made the arrangements I have, I should have hoarded myself, doing my own cooking, &c.

I am very thankful to the Supreme One, that after two years struggle I have been able to make one more step in this direction. The course in this College is n 3 years graded course. I am going to make what little I have saved take me through the two first years, if possible. Tuition and books being $125 per year, besides a few other expenses, as chemical, dissecting and hospital fees $20, I will take the remaining year as soon as I can accumulate the means to do so. The Medical Class visited the city hospital Friday to witness an operation, and attend a clinical lecture.

After I am more settled I will tell you how I succeed in my studies.

Hoping to hear from you when convenient,

I am yours obediently. D.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

One of last year's graduates writes thus pathetically of the needs of the little ones in his school.

——Va., *Oct.* 20, 1880.

Miss D.—

I am glad to write you a short letter in regard to my school.

I began on the 18th inst. with only six poor little boys, and up to this time my school has only increased one. It is very discouraging to one indeed, but I am trying to be of a good cheer. The children a good many of them are both shoeless and nearly clotheless. It makes me tremble to see the children in such an uncomfortable fix.

The people are very poor, on an average. I have visited some of them and they seem anxious to send their children, but are unable to send them as they want to send them. I tell them that it is better for them to send them as they are, than not to send them at all. I say it is better for them to be educated in rags than to be ignorant in rags.

I have visited some of the log cabins which are comfortably plastered between the cracks with mud. Some have no windows; others a small hole cut in the side or end; in this small room, without ventilation, six or eight persons sleep. If there is any way Miss D——, that you can obtain any thing that you can send me, such as clothes, or instruct me how to get a few things, I shall be glad.

I am eight or ten miles from the post office, therefore I have to send letters by chance, often. I have to walk three miles to get to my school. Saturday I walked twenty-two miles, and I was very tired after my exercise. I am anxious to see the teachers and scholars again.

I will be happy to hear from you soon.

From your scholar, K.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

A VISIT FROM THE PRESIDENT.

A Naval Review more brilliant than that of last year, in every thing but the weather, took place Nov. 10th, in Hampton Roads. Thirteen ships of the North Atlantic Squadron, including the training ships Minnesota, Constitution, Portsmouth, and Saratoga, were reviewed by President Hayes, the Secretary of the Navy, and Secretaries Evarts and Schurz. Mrs. Hayes, and several other ladies were also of the party, and the fortunate prize-scholars among the boys, were happy in receiving their medals and a kind congratulation from Mrs. Hayes herself. A salute of twenty one torpedoes exploded under water, in quick succession, throwing their fountains mast high, was a novel feature of the display. The muster of the marines and boys, on the beach, forming a line 2000 long, and their review inside Fortress Monroe, was very fine. The next day, the President and his party visited the Normal School, and the President addressed a few kind words to the assembled scholars, saying, "I am glad to be here again, and to see the progress you are making. To all of you, boys and girls, I wish all success and prosperity and bid you good bye." All turned out on the green to see the President off, and followed the departing boat with long and hearty cheers.

The Rev. Dr. Penniek, who was happily settled over a charge in Virginia, was some time ago consecrated a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for Liberia, Africa, where he is now not only faithfully performing religious services, but also working with his own hands in cutting timber, and doing other things for the building necessities of the mission.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON

All at home and at their studies. The fifteenth of October brought the Indian boys and girls back, who spent their vacation in Massachusetts, and a happy set they were. Just the papers each one cut, or the many ways that they found to show their joy at being at home again would be hard to describe. They expressed it in Indian, in English and by signs. One little fellow spoke for all, when he said; "I glad to go and glad to come." It took them several days to get cooled down. The warmth with which they remember and greet their friends is one cheerful sign for the future.

Compare this arrival with their arrival here two years ago. How different their dress, their walk, their language, their thoughts, their actions, their intentions—how different their ideas of the white man; and how different also are the ideas of the white man, with whom they have come in contact, toward them. Will another two years produce as great a change in as many more Indians? We hopeso. Will another two years cause as many whites to change their minds in regard to the Indian? (We believe the ledien will make still more change.) Surely if the *Indian* can be converted from his wrong ideas, the white man ought to be from his. If the white man changes his mind he can change the Indian. If the Indian continues to change his mind, he will change the white man's. The future will tell which will have the honor of changing the other.

Wherever the Indians went in the North, they made favorable impressions. Their employers say they gave satisfaction in their work. The Indians got many ideas of the white man's civilization, which they will never forget. Many warm friendships were formed between employer and employee, as the many letters since exchanged, testify. These youths will teach their people, on their return, that the white man is not their sworn enemy.

The improvement made in English was very marked. One had so improved, that when asked what language he spoke, replied, "I speak English."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

After five days of study and work, it is thought a good plan for their health, to let them spend Saturdays in the country. The Indians, accustomed all their lives to the open air, the chase, the war dance, athletic sports and a free and easy life in general, can not be cut off from all this too abruptly, without serious injury to their health. The boys made their first excursion, for this term, a few Saturdays ago, about eleven o'clock, arriving at a suitable place for pitching tent—a long, beautiful beach on the Chesapeake Bay.—dinner was hastily cooked, the dinner call sounded, and, in a moment every man was at his post, ready for duty. Appetites were good, and they ate till—till there was no more. The boys make excellent cooks, and need little teaching in getting out-door dinner. They engaged in all kinds of games: "prisoners' base" "leap frog," ball, jumping and racing, till all were tired and glad to start for home. Some of the older boys tried to start a war-dance but had some trouble in making it go, most of them being inclined to get above that sort of amusement now. Some, when asked to join, replied, "I no know how now, used to know, but forgot," others would say "war-dance no good." One was finally started, the boys were very shy about it, and it lacked much of the spirit and earnestness that usually characterize such performances. The boys have bought themselves a foot-ball, which will add much to the enjoyment of the next trip. The girls spent the next Saturday in the country, and enjoyed themselves as well as the boys.

STUDY HOUR.

To attend study hour like the colored students, and have a big pile of school books, has been one of the great desires of the Indians. This they have not been permitted to do heretofore, to any great extent, as most of their teaching has been by objects.

When the night for the first study hour came, it was quite amusing to see all crowding to the room with arms full of books, of all sizes and descriptions.

As their eyes begin to get opened they begin to realize that they are being treated as little children, both as to studies and discipline, and from this comes their desire to be placed on a footing with others as soon as possible.

It will take some time still to teach them how to use their text books to good advantage.

TRYING TO IMPROVE AFFAIRS AT THEIR HOMES.

The following piece of sensible advice, written by a Shawnee boy twenty years of age, in the Middle Class here, to his tribe, is an indication of what some at least of the Indians will try to do for their people, when they return home. He was elected one of the chiefs of his tribe just before coming here.

It was by accident that I saw this letter before it was mailed, and it is fair to presume that others containing the same kind of advice have been sent. The following is an exact copy:

NORMAL School, HAMPTON VA. *Oct* 27. 1880.

To the Chiefs. Headmen and others of Shawnee Nation, Shawnee Town I. T.

Sirs:—I heard some way that stealing and introduction of liquor into the Territory are still going on more or less; and that you are trying to anticipate it by making laws and regulations as a protection for our good citizens at Shawnee Town.

If such is the case you are doing right.

I am going to say a few words to our fellow men, which I hope will encourage you also in that matter above named; but you must not expect to hear a grand *you're talk* from me for I am but a youth yet, and not able. I am going to say that we all know that stealing, drinking and gambling are wrong. When a man begins to practice in these things at the same time he begins to go down until he finds himself at the bottom of a pit-fall where no man is able to pull him out; every one despises him: every one's eye is upon him; therefore in order to avoid these mean low ways of life, we must encourage our fellow men to labor. We know that it is the only way to get along, and that the red men would have to do like white men; that is, to go to work and raise such things we shall live upon, and raise our families; raise corn, wheat and stock, &c. Give our children up to be educated in this way, that when they should grow up to be men and women, they would be respected by good white people, and become wise and good. I myself saw the evils of gambling, stealing and drinking, and those who have left off these bad ways, among our people, are now doing well. They not only have plenty to do them now for the present, but they look forward to be provided with plenty to sustain them in their old age, when they are unable longer to labor, and therefore, they work hard now. My dear friends, this is the course we had better all pursue in future, and then the white people would look upon us as they do on their own people, and respect us; but as it is, they do not, for they look up on the thief and drunkard with a scornful eye, and up on him who breaks his promise with contempt, and hate him.

My friends, it is now high time that we should try and do something for ourselves. I mean in this, that we should frame such laws and regulations as to protect our good citizens, and not allow those who do not work to impose on us. When I use to go to school there in Shawnee Mission, strangers often visited the Mission, and these people would ask me what kind of laws the Shawanees had—the answer was, none; they would ask if they had any chiefs, and what was their head chiefs, the answer was, that they had, and that John Esparum was their head chief.

The reply generally was—"Well he is a good chief." Now you may say you have chief, I ask you what we have chiefs for? I, for my part, do not know. I will try and explain. We have chiefs to do the nation's business. You have sent them to work for you, but you never give them anything to work with. You might as well send them to the field to hoe your corn without hoes. Suppose you were to do that, how could you expect them to hoe your corn? But still you would turn around and grumble at them for not doing your work. Just so now, are our chiefs situated; we ask them to attend to our business, and have given them no authority to do it, and we have turned on them and complained because our business is not attended to, and because we do not stop this bad way, we are not getting along. If one man owes an other anything and won't pay him, how is the creditor to get his money? One may say to him, go to the chiefs and they will assist you.

Now let me ask you, what power have the chiefs to do anything for him. I answer none at all. This is just like sending out to work and nothing to work with. Now, let us make laws and give our chiefs some authority to work, and they can work; they will make a good thing for the nation.

I hope they will all agree (if they not agreed already) to go to work and make laws for our government, and authorize the chiefs to put these laws in force, so all of us may be protected in possession of our property and in our person. This is my wish, but of course, is nothing more in my part than a wish.

I am, sirs, yours respectfully.

Thomas J. Wildcat.

EDITING AND PRINTING.

The readers of the "WORKMAN" will be interested to know that the matter contained in the Indian Column of the page called the Hamptou Students' Own is gotten up exclusively by the Indians. Most of the writing is done by a Pawnee boy, who also sets the type for their column. He takes a great deal of interest in it. He has a friend at Carlisle learning the same trade, both are trying to make all the progress they can, so

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

that they can carry on the business together when they return home. At present, we have only two boys working in the printing office; there are others who want to learn the trade, but the confinement is not thought good for their health.

PREPARING FOR HOME.

As the Indians begin to realize that their stay here is now very short, they take hold of their studies and work with more interest.

Once it was a task to get them to go to work promptly; now they give almost no trouble, many going to work before the time. Saturday is given to them as a holiday, but some prefer to spend a good part of it in improving themselves in their trades.

The following application will speak for itself:

INDIAN COTTAGE, *Oct.* 30, 1880.

GEN. ARMSTRONG:—as I told James Murrie that I want to work all the time, that is to work every day except Sundays, and go to night-school as I am advanced in Primary books, I want to learn how to be a good farmer like Mr. Cook, so when I go home I can just go right ahead and work on a place which I will pick out for myself, and also teach my people how to be farmers, and besides, I want to be with the colored boys and talk with them in English, to go to school with them; this way I think I can learn fast, both in books and work.

JONATHAN HEUSTICE.

Another one, who returned to his Dakota home last summer, has the following account given of him, by a white lady, in a card to an officer of the school:

FORT BENTHOLD, *Oct.* 20, 1880.

Lieutenant R——, I was lately enquiring about Mr. White Bear. He has arrived here and we are all delighted with his great improvement. He is working to day and seems to desire to be a *man.*"

I have just heard of a resolution that the boys made while on their way from Massachusetts, to the effect that they were going to try to obey every school law this term, and make all the progress possible in every thing. So far they seem to be holding out well; for the transgressions have been few. B. T. W.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The longest and strongest wall ever built by man is the great wall of China. Two hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, the Chinese Empire having been much troubled by invasions of the Tartars, a war-like people who lived in the country north of China, a Chinese emperor formed the great idea of stretching a mighty wall across the whole northern boundary, defended by strong towers, where watchmen and soldiers could be constantly on guard. This great idea was carried out, and so thoroughly was the work done that, two thousand years after its completion, the great wall still stands almost entire, though no longer guarded, or useful as a defense against the weapons of modern warfare, as it was in the days of arrows and spears. It is still, however, one of the wonders of the world. It is fifteen hundred miles long, from fifteen to thirty feet high, and so thick that six horsemen can easily ride abreast upon it. Its towers rise only two bowshots apart, so that no enemy could pass between them out of range of one or another. It is said there are forty-five thousand of these towers along the wall, which stretches through the country, across the plains and valleys, and over hills and mountains, one of which is over a thousand feet high; across rivers, which flow through its arches; and ending at last in impassible mountains and sandy deserts. The foundation is of large stones laid in mortar, but the wall above that is brick. The top is flat and paved with hewn stone, and where it passes over a rock or up a hillside, it is laid in easy steps.

Chinese history relates that this enormous wall was finished in five years, so many workmen were employed upon it. They stood so close for many miles that they could hand the materials from one to another. Some such arrangement was necessary, as no clay for bricks or cement is found among the rough rocks through which it passes, and no wagons or carts of any kind could have been used there.

The great wall seems, both in its strength and its decay, a symbol of the exclusive spirit of the Chinese nature and policy, which for so many centuries has walled China in from the outside world. As this exclusiveness is gradually yielding, like the great wall, to the changes of time, let us hope that its fall may let in upon the Celestial empire not the hordes of evil, but the light and blessing of Christian civilization.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

October 10, 1880.

"DEAR SIR: Since writing to you, one

devote his whole time to his own advancement instead of the salvation of his people?

THE CHINESE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A propos to the editoral article upon the Chi-

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Another hand tried friend of freedom and humanity has passed from earth. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child should be forever cherished in the memory of each member of the colored race whose champion she was in the days when abolitionism meant rare courage and self-forgetfulness, and even before abolitionism was thought of as a party issue. She was the author of the first work ever printed in book form in behalf of the slaves, in this country. It was called "An Appeal for that class of Americans called Africans," and was published in 1833. This and several other works which followed it, "The Oasis" an annual, "Anti Slavery Catechism," and "the Evils and Cure of Slavery" preceded and helped lead to the anti slavery movement. From 1841 to 1840 she was joint editor with her husband, of the Anti-Slavery standard.

They lived at this time, and for many years, with the Quaker philanthropist, Friend Isaac T. Hopper, who was a kindred spirit in his unselfish and ardent devotion to the cause of all the oppressed and abused, whether man or animals. The year before the war, her name came prominently before the public by her correspondence with Governor Wise, of Virginia, in regard to her desire to nurse John Brown after his capture and imprisonment. Her interest in the colored people did not cease with their emancipation. She appreciated the magnitude of the work still before them, and was deeply concerned in every effort for their advancement. Her large and loving nature took into its sympathies not one race only but was thrilled by the wrongs of the Indian as well as by those of the slave. She gave them not only her public influence, but her personal consideration, and some of both the colored and the Indian students at Hampton have letters which she took the time and pains to write with her own hand, full of encouragement and suggestion, and henceforth to be doubly prized. She was a warm friend of the school, though advanced age had prevented her from visiting it.

Beside her anti slavery writings, Mrs. Child published many books on various subjects, essays, biographies, history, and romance. She was a woman of fine cultivation and social power. Her home in New York City was the centre of a circle of distinguished artists and literary men and women, as well as of philanthropists. The latter years of her life, since her husband's death, were spent in the village of Wayland in Massachusetts, her native state, where, full of good works to the last, she died very suddenly of rheumatism of the heart, at the age of seventy eight.

A private letter received at Hampton from a personal friends, says that she had been suffering from rheumatism, and had said but a few days before her death, "It would be pleasant to slip away quietly out of life now, and not have to dread the coming cold weather and the pain it might bring." Her wish was granted. At her funeral, her life long friend, Wendell Phillips, after a heartfelt and tender review of her life, read one of Mrs. Browning's lovely poems, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Among various bequests in consequence in Mrs. Child's will, is one of $2,000 to Hampton Institute. Whatever distribution she has made of her money has surely been in accordance with the principles of alife spent in sweet and noble service.

THE CALL FOR COLORED TEACHERS IN VIRGINIA.

A few specimens of the applications for graduate teachers received at Hampton Institute in October and November, this year, will furnish the best possible evidence as to the desire in Virginia for colored schools and colored teachers.

For some years past, the financial embarrassment of the State has made salaries uncertain and sessions short, and last year, for the first time, there were not enough schools open to go round among the graduates, so that several of the class who desired to teach were unable to. This year, however, with a larger number of graduates in the field teaching than ever before, the number of applications which Hampton is unable to fill, is just about as great as it was six years ago. To all of the following, and to some others, the reply has has been unwillingly returned, "No more teachers to send."

"Office County Supt. of Schools,
——Virginia, *October* 20, 1880.

GEN. ARMSTRONG;

Dear Sir: We need two or three colored teachers in our County. Can you send me three (males or females)? Salary from $20 to $30, according to grade of certificate. Please reply to this at your earliest convenience, and oblige.

Yours truly, M——.
County Supt. Schools, Bedford Co. Va.

"Bowling Green, Va.

Wanted; a 'Teacher' to take charge of a Public School at Woodford, Caroline Co. Va. Only a week to wait." A. G.

October 16, 1880.

"*Dear Sir:* Since writing to you, one of the schools has gotten Mr. M. [a Hampton graduate] as teacher, and just now we only need one teacher. Wages will be about $20, according to certificate. The school will commence as soon as he can get here.

Yours truly,
——Supt. Schools, King Williams Co.

Matthews Co., Va., *October* 22, 1880.

"We can give $20. per month, session five months, school to commence November. Teacher can board very near the school house. We want a female teacher for two schools. Please let me hear from you as soon as we can, as we want to commence the school in November."

Orange C. H., *November* 4.

Dear Sir: Please send the female teacher you wrote about if you can recommend her as fit to take the management of a school. I can also find a situation for a competent male teacher.

Respectfully yours,
J. P. T.

Several graduates already teaching write as follows:

Staunton, Va.

Dear Miss M. Your card just received, sorry M. B. will not come. Mr. G. the Supt. wants three or four teachers if he can get them. Should you get some good teachers within ten days, please send them. I heard that M. S. was in H——burg, and sent her a card asking her to come.

Yours,
J. W. D.

"Scottsville Va. *Nov.* 2.

Albermarle Co. *Nov.* 2.

Miss M. I. has begun to teach his school. Is there not another graduate who would like a school in this county, $30 per month, five months session, prompt pay? Say by return mail, please, so that I may prepare one for her, or her.

R. K."

Charlotte Co. Va. *October* 28.

Dear General: We have a school in this county anxiously desiring a teacher, and would be very glad if you could send us one. We are paying from $15 to $40 per month. Should you send us a teacher at once we should be under many obligations to you.

G. Y. R."

Another graduate teacher sends an appeal he has received, as follows.

King & Queen C. H. *Nov.* 13, 1880.

Dear H: I write this to try and get you to get us a teacher to the school at P. Church. We have builded a school house and can't get a teacher; $20 is the sum the Board offers. We will take either a woman or a man, either you can get. Of course she or he will have to pay board, but I reckon that will be moderate. Try and get a teacher if you can possibly do so.

Your affectionate cousin,
W. H."

"*My dear teacher:* The above came to me a day or two ago. If you send a teacher, it will be highly appreciated. *It is one of those places where my race is starving for knowledge.*

The pay is small, but it is sure and may be increased by the people. I know of no one else to apply to but you.

Yours sincerely,
H. Y. S.

That the hunger and thirst for education has not all died out in even the old people, who desire it for their children if they cannot have it themselves, the following letter pathetically shows.

"Cabin Point, ——Co. Va, *Oct.* 20. 1880.

Dear Sir: I sets myself to write a few lines, to ask you to get us a teacher if you plaze, and send him up here as sune is you can; if you can do so, we will be very glad. A young man, by the name of S. one that went to chool to you inform me to you, and [said] you could geet us one, if you can geat us one send us word what day he will come and we will meet him at the boat, the chool that we want to have taught is a public chool and the pay is twenty five ($25) doll. one meant, we want you [him] to come right way; send him sune is you can. I have no more to say Good buy.

I am your freind,
N.
Write suoe and let me herr from you."

Advertisements for colored teachers appear also in the Virginia Educational Journal, and those who are teaching are spoken of with kind appreciation and encouragement.

In view of the urgency of the calls, and the greatness of the need, every Colored Normal School graduate ought to seriously consider his duty to his race for whose sake he professes to have educated himself, or has been helped to an education. There is a white open door, and none to enter it. Has he a right to devote his whole time to his own advancement instead of the salvation of his people?

The graduates of Hampton have, almost without exception, answered this question in a manly and missionary spirit.

EAGLES AND BUZZARDS.

It is a popular theory (how absolutely true it may be, I do not know) that the eagle prefers living creatures for its prey; while the buzzard has strong predilections for carrion.

The striking similarity between men of different kinds, and the different kinds of lower animals has often attracted attention. Looking at mankind in general, and at the men of the United States in particular, are we not able to find among them fair types of the eagle and the buzzard, as these birds are popularly regarded?

We find the prototype of the buzzard in those people who hurry on all issues,—on questions settled, and which should be in the deep lesson of oblivion buried. This class, however, is by no means a small one; we find them in all departments of life—and popular slang has dubbed them "Old Fogies." To hear discussions based on how things were "before the war," or some other indefinite period is just about as interesting to most hearers, as speculation as to how things looked before the flood.

The age we live in, is one of express trains and telegraphs, and people living abreast of the age, have no time to discuss receipted bills, not on-lawed accounts. Nevertheless, there are many people whose lives seem spent in rehashing over what was, with no particular interest to manifest in what is, and still less, in what is to be. Such people are drawbacks to any community, and likening them to buzzards, but serves "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Chickens and geese may grow fat by standing still; but countries never do: and when a land as to "Old times" rises, we may be sure that the one waiting, prefers stage coaches to railways, and schooner travel to steamboats. Buzzards cannot help being buzzards, and their human prototypes perhaps cannot help being what they are. Still it would be a dreadfully oppressive idea, if we had to accept the theory, that no man was able to change or be changed. Progress means upsets—a new house cannot be built where an old one stood except the old one be pulled down, and no new lines of thought and action are possible while we are hampered with moribeed traditions.

The live men of a community, like the eagles, prefer live food, and in their business go about it as it is, and not as it used to be. A man anxious for merchandise from London does not write a letter and send it by a sailing vessel, but "cables" for what he needs to be sent by steamer.

The buzzard part of every community are fond of quoting the fable of the hare and tortoise, and seem to think the virtues of the tortoise were summed up in his being slow—this for such blind readers of fable: the tortoise won because he kept moving, while the hare lost, on account of an extremely conservative nap. Perhaps the hare's ancestors had for generations taken naps at the time when the hare went to sleep.

There is so little in the world that is absolutely true, that if we clutch a mass of doctrins or dogmas, or theories of any sort, and gorge ourselves with them just because they are old, we are very apt to find we get more dyspepsia than strength. Any man who holds to a theory, that will not bear ventilation and discussion had better drop it: for it is as bad as a coat that will not bear brushing. A theory with all the nap off had better go in the rag-bag with other discarded mental garments.

If the census of 1880 show anything, it will show how the eagle idea has gone ahead of the buzzard theory. Cities pierced through and through with rail roads, wild lands turned by the plow, factories blazing far into the night, and vessels begging their turn to discharge cargoes at the dock, are all signs of the eagle. Trails instead of roads, worn out fields instead of farms, general stores instead of warehouses of specialities are all signs of the buzzard. Accurately and metaphorically the United States is the home for the eagle—climate, soil and food are all in his favor—indeed if the tide of immigration be a sign—no country presents an favorable conditions. A glance at the table of immigration is instructive, as we find the live workers from Europe almost universally go where the eagle, not the buzzard, is. Why is this? Because, with all their conservatism, they prefer going and taking their labor, where people are in the present, and not in the past; where "is," not "used to be," is the motto.

To utterly overlook the past—to reject its lessons and forget its teachings, would be absurd—as a guide to the future, the past has a place; but it is a means not an end. A whistling buoy may mark where a ship went down, and it is our business to avoid the shoal, and not wreck ourselves, because another had there been wrecked, or because the buoy whistled a requiem for the lost.

T. T. B.

THE CHINESE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Apropos to the editoral article upon the Chinese question, in another column, the following items concerning Chinese opium eaters and Chinese emigrants will be read with interest.

OPIUM.

Dr. Newman, in the London magazine, "Friend of Missions," writes as follows:

"The revenue the British Government derives from opium is a cadily increasing."

In 1830-40 it was £ 337,777, in 1879-80 it is £ 8,400,000.

The entire revenue of India is about forty-five millions sterling, so that about one-sixth is derived from opium.

As *The London Times* stated in a leading article last year, "Our Indian Government is the largest manufacturer in the world," and, we may add, manufactures an insidious poison which demoralizes and degrades mankind. We have 550,000 acres of land in India at the present time under the cultivation of the poppy. When the Indian ryot or small farmer wishes to cultivate opium he goes to the Government Agents, has his name registered, his land measured, gets a license for cultivation, and on advance of money. When the plant is above ground, he receives a second advance, and as soon as the crop is ripe, he collects it in vessels, takes it to the Government Office, and obtains the remaining payment. The opium is then exposed in large tanks, and prepared for the Chinese market by being made up into balls, packed in cases, sent to Calcutta, and there sold by the Government at public auction, to merchants, for exportation. The opium costs the Government about £30 a chest; the Government realizes from £90 to £ 100 profit, and produces 40,000 chests or more, annually. It is a pure Government monopoly. Not an acre of land can be sowed with poppy seed without a license. Not a pound of opium must be produced in all Bengal without being delivered to the Government.

Now has the Government encouraged the trade in this vile poison, or does it discourage it? The answer is, it discourages the use of opium among its own subjects in India, and encourages the trade with China.

The latest news from India is that the Government is still making efforts to increase the poppy cultivation. The great opium merchant argues, "The Chinese *will* have the poison; why should not we get the profit out of it as well as any body else?"

Turn to China: there the opium-smoker lies upon his bed, inhaling the vapour from his pipe. The sallow complexion, the bloodless cheeks and lips, the sunken, heartless eye, tell the man. His Government realizes one-and-a-half millions from the opium tax, has inflicted penalty after penalty for opium smoking, but has not power to grapple with it while the foreigner pushes it into the country. In 1839, the Chinese Imperial Commissioner Lin, seized 20,291 chests of Indian-grown opium, worth two millions sterling, and had the whole destroyed.

The opium had been smuggled into Chine year after year by British merchants, under the most indignant protestations from the Emperor. This seizure of opium led to the Opium War.

Speaking of this war in Parliament, in 1840, Mr. W. E Gladstone said, "The Chinese gave you notice to abandon the contraband trade. When they found you would not, they had a right to drive you from their coasts, on account of your obstinacy in this infamous and atrocious traffic. A war more unjust in its origin, a war more calculated to cover England with permanent disgrace, I do not know. The right honourable gentleman opposite spoke of the British flag waving in glory at Canton. What flag is hoisted to protect an infamous contraband traffic, and if it never were hoisted, except as it is now hoisted on the coast of China, we should recoil from its sight with horror." *Now* the Chinese Government admits the opium on the tariff, and have agreed by treaty to its import. This is a most important concession, but how was it obtained? We *forced* China to legalize the trade at the point of the bayonet. The real question is, "Has China given her willing consent, or has she simply been compelled to submit?"

If England ceased to protect the trade, it could then be effectually prohibited by the Emperor." Again, in 1869, an important memorial on the subject was delivered to Sir Rutherford Alcock by Tsungli Yamen, a representative of the Chinese Government. In this protest they say, "Opium is like a deadly poison, that is most injurious to mankind." "The Chinese merchant supplies your country with his goodly tea and silk, conferring thereby a benefit upon her, but the English merchant empoisons China with pestilent opium. Such conduct is unrighteous. Who can justify it? What wonder if officials and people say that England is wilfully working out China's ruin, and has no friendly feeling for her."

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

[From the San Francisco Golden Era.]

The Chinese are the most prosperous—it would be heresy to say the only prosperous—class of our community. They are always at work, and their expenditures never exceed their earnings. They are industrious, frugal and economical, to the last degree. A Chinaman always accommodates himself to circumstances. He always lives within his means. When times are hard he economizes, and when work is plenty and wages good, he economizes. When he earns but ten cents per day he saves five cents of his wages. When he makes $10 by a lucky turn he does not go on a spree. We may learn much from the Chinaman. His industry and his economy offer a striking contrast to the habits of many who to a good deal of hard scraping at the Chinese. The industry and frugality of the Chinaman has enabled him to acquire much valuable property in this city. He will go on in the same direction, and, if the Burlingame Treaty continues in force, the time is not distant when these patient plodders will own many of our most valuable pieces of property.

NOTES OF A WESTERN TRIP.

(*Continued*)

BY R. ROMEYN.

The man from whom I hired trains for transportation of self and party, from Running Water to Yankton Agency, was a shrewd, keen, loquacious German, and his quaint, droll speeches did much to enliven the trip. I asked him how he came to be found in that far off section. He stated that his first start in the New World was as a drayman in New York City; that he saved money till he had about $1800 00, and with that he went to the Black Hills, sure, in his own mind, of a fortune. But it was slow in coming. There were ten men for every job that needed one. Murders were not infrequent, and robberies of common occurrence. "And so I thought I would safe mine money, and mine life, and I *comen yack East*, and dere I vill shtay." He thought he had "come back East," when he settled down on the verge of civilization in far off Dacotah, while the "ride water man" of Virginia and the New England states, "goes West" if he removes to any part beyond the Alleghanies.

Questioned as to what he thought of Indians and their chances of civilization, he gave a favorable reply, based on what he had seen of those over whose reservation we were passing, and I found that his opinion and mine did not differ much, when, as we passed a dilapidated log cabin, situated just on the border of the "reserve," at the door of which lounged a dirty, shiftless looking white man, with a countenance which showed that it had but little acquaintance with water, outwardly but little acquaintance with soap, or inwardly, he said "D—d fellerish a bad man, he drinks whiskey, and he will sell it yen he can, to dem Injuns." He thinks dey ain't gunt for nothings, and *I know he is a great deal worser nor dem.*" He, as well as others with whom I conversed on the subject, spoke well of the persons who have started an Indian school at Springfield, a town a few miles east of Running Water, but did not believe it would be a success, as, owing to its contiguity to the reservation, it was very difficult to enforce any kind of discipline. When an Indian or his wife wanted to see a child at school there, it was but little trouble to them to drop everything at home, and, astilting a pony, go off to visit it, and, as these was to them of no account, stay for days; during which time the school was of no service whatever to the child, and after their return to their reservation, it was less contented then before. If disciplined in any way, a child could easily find his way to the reservation, and once there it would be "at home" in almost any family of the tribe, and might not be found for weeks. (The missionaries at Yankton Agency, told about the same story.)

Our road ran for most of the way over high rolling prairies, back from the river, and through land apparently not the most favorable for cultivation, but we saw several quite comfortable houses, occupied by Indian owners, and the sight of several buildings occupied as school houses and also as churches, showed us that the mental and spiritual needs of the people had not been neglected. As we neared the Agency, the road descended from the high lands to the "bottom" along the river, and here the houses were located more thickly, and more land was under cultivation. The houses are not large or very commodious, but still *they are houses*, places of permanent abode, and thus attach their owners to the soil, and give them "a local habitation."

On all sides, I saw Indian men putting up hay, for winter use, but noticed that many of them still held to the old style of clothing and long hair, and I saw at least two, loading hay, who were wearing the old style leggins, with the blanket.

The Agent was absent at the east, but I found his clerk and other employees at home, and was cordially invited to make their house my home while at the Agency. There are the several Agency buildings, dwellings, store, commissary and issue room, mill, &c., and two neat and quite commodious churches—the one (St. Paul's,) under Episcopalian control, the other belonging to the Presbyterian denomination. Bishop Hare, the Episcopal bishop of Niobrara, makes the Agency his headquarters, but at the time of my visit, he was absent on a trip to some of the Agencies further westward. A boarding school, just opened for this year, is attached to the Episcopal Mission, and so far as I could judge, from short visits to the school rooms and dormitories, seems to be well conducted. To Rev. Jas. Cook, the Episcopal missionary, and his wife, I am indebted for much information about the Agency and tribe, and all my remembrances of them are very pleasant, as are also those of Rev. Wm. Williamson, the Presbyterian missionary, and his family. He (Mr. W.) was (I believe) born in a mission field, and has been all his life associated with the different branches of the great Sioux tribe, and is thoroughly conversant with them, and the means adapted to their improvement. Both the above mentioned gentlemen and their co-laborers are earnest, zealous workers in their hard, and at times unpromising fields, and deserve, and should have, the assistance and prayers of every lover of his race. Endeavoring, as they are, to cleanse the Augean stables of Indian barbarity, lust and filth, by turning through them the current of civilization and christianity, and to them becomes not only the duty of the christian, seeking to extend the kingdom of the Prince of Peace, but of the statesman, who caring, it may be, only for the things of the world, seeks to promote the peace and prosperity of his country.

I visited the "issue room" of the Agency, to see the Indian men and women as they came for their rations, and thus be able to judge somewhat of their improvement. I saw all stages of it. Grouped about the building, were men and women in blankets and leggins, being haired, with their faces and persons apparently strangers to water, the women carrying children as filthy as themselves; others clad half in civilized, and half in savage garb, others with comfortably clad, and showing real improvement, both in person and surroundings. I counted over thirty wagons and trains, there, and saw many more during my three days stay at the Agency, and was told that several of the Indian farmers were running mowing machines for themselves during the haying season, and that about 1800 acres of land had been under cultivation the past summer.

Of course there was earnest inquiry for the youth from that agency, who are at Hampton, which I answered as best I could. The last I saw of Jesse B——, the boy who was sent home on account of poor health, he was scathing on his father's wagon, driving out of the Agency, while the pleased looking faces of his father, mother, and two or three other persons with them, showed that they were glad to have him at home again.

Mr. Cook sent out for one of the ex-students of Hampton, J—— G——, who had been returned on account of ill health, and I was pleased to find that, although he was living at his father's lodge, and with very indifferent surroundings, (his father too lazy to work, and all living in the old style notions and clothing of his race), he had not forgotten the little he had learned, and was manfully at work, and anxious, if possible, to return to school. Wishing to bring him east again, if his health would admit, I had him taken before the surgeon, and critically examined, but the report was not favorable, and I reluctantly abandoned the idea.

Our first attempt at starting from Hampton was frustrated by being about three minutes too late for the boat at Fort Mason, causing a delay of twenty-four hours. Arriving at Running Water, I found that those three minutes had caused us to miss a boat going up the river, which had passed about four hours after the train on which we should have been, reached that point, and answers to telegrams sent to Yankton and Sioux City, informed me that there would be no boats destined for Bismark, or any other point above Fort Pierre, (which would be a poor point to be left at,) which would leave before September 15th, a week later than we had expected to remain at Yankton Agency, and then it was the amount requisite to make the trip up the river, and had complied with the letter of my instructions from the Department of the Interior. I reluctantly transferred the two Indians destined for other Agencies, to the Agent at Yankton Agency, taking his receipt for them, and his written pledge that they should be sent forward at the first safe opportunity, and prepared for my return. But I seemed to have "struck a streak of bad luck." Delay at starting from Hampton, had deprived me of passage up the river, and now when I wanted to return, there was no boat or stage, coming down.

But run as it happens,—not on my "schedule time," and must be watched for, unless telegraphed for in advance, and just at that time the telegraph line was not in working order beyond White Swan, a station 16 miles further up the river, and, owing in trouble at some point further on, no stages had arrived from the Black Hills for two or three days, nor could any information as to the possible time of their arrival, be had. After waiting two days, I decided that if no stage arrived during the night, I would hire a team for the trip to Running Water, and start five minutes in which to dress and get down to the landing, 200 yards away; and stopping only to throw on a portion of my clothing, carrying some of the remainder on my arm, and casting some into my trunk, which I dragged after me, I started for the landing, to be joined very soon by the gentleman with whom I had been stopping, and who had turned out in a similar fashion, to assist me in getting off. But before getting fairly in the straight channel of the stream from the bend, the steamer ran aground on a sand bar, and we had the satisfaction of waiting nearly an hour at the landing; time enough to complete our toilets in a civilized manner, and to bid good-bye to nearly all acquaintances. The steamer was "the Black Hills," owned in Sioux City, and employed in the "Black Hills trade, running principally between Sioux City and Fort Pierre, which is the main shipping point on the river, for the Black Hills.) (When I passed the site of Fort Pierre in August 1876, there was not a sign of settlement there; now, it has, it is said, one thousand eight hundred inhabitants, and is crowded with freighters and freight, stages and passengers, and, by this time, is the terminus of branches of the Chicago and Northwestern, and St. Paul and Milwaukie railroads, both pushing, with true western energy, for the Black Hills.) On board the steamer, I found Capt. Dougherty, U. S. A., who has for some time been acting as Indian Agent at one of the "river Agencies." I had but little time to converse with him on Indian matters, but he gave very favorable accounts of the work going on among them, and of their evident desire to adopt the white man's ways, and especially to have their children educated.

We had a pleasant run of about six hours to Yankton, and as there was no train leaving that afternoon, and the next day was Sunday, I registered at the Merchants Hotel, and remained till 1. 40. a. m. on Monday; and spending most of the afternoon of Saturday looking about the City, and comparing impressions with those received at the time I passed through it with my regiment, in Aug., 1876. It has not grown much, nor has the country, in its immediate vicinity, been settled as rapidly as it should have been. Much of the land has been purchased by speculators, who hold it for high prices, which they are not likely soon to realize, as the railroads now building to the river above it will not pass through, but from 40 to 100 miles wide of it, and therefore its growth must be very slow, and when the day comes, as it must soon, when the capitol of the Territory shall be removed to some more central location, all its glory will depart, and it will settle down into a humdrum country town, and fortunes in real estate, of which its citizens spoke so gaudily in 1876, vanish into thin air.

Not caring to repeat the experience of the outward trip through Wisconsin and northern Iowa, I purchased tickets via Chicago and North-western Railway, to Chicago, and leaving Yankton in the morning, was at Sioux City, (91 miles,) in time for an early dinner, and had some time to look about the city. It has a curious situation, high bluffs, and low "bottoms," with the broad, shallow river in front, giving every one a fair opportunity to be suited as to location. From Sioux City to Missouri Valley Junction, the road ran through the "bottoms" of the Missouri, and on every side the country showed every sign of prosperity. Broad fields of corn, hundreds of acres in extent, were diversified by grading lands, covered by herds of cattle, and one soon ceased to wonder where the eastern world could find its food, and began to study how all this food was to be disposed of.

At Missouri Valley Junction, 75 miles below Sioux City, our car, after a delay of nearly an hour, was attached to the train known as the California Express, and the last Chicago, (distance 407 miles,) at 2.15 P. M., the next day. It had lost time on the Union Pacific road, and was now striving to make it up, and ten miles of straight track were passed over at the rate of a mile over sixty miles an hour, soon after we started. A hotel car was attached to the train, and passengers could obtain a first-rate meal at a very reasonable price, while traveling; a great improvement over the "twenty minutes for dinner" plan, in vogue on eastern roads.

Any matters of that portion of the return trip east of Chicago, would be of no interest to the readers of the WORKMAN. A brief visit with friends in Michigan, and a hurried call at Carlisle, protracted it somewhat, and it was with feelings of relief that I closed the journey at Hampton.

AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN KNOXVILLE.

Miss Emily L. Austin, whose effort for the colored people of Knoxville, Tennessee, have given them a new public school house,—and introduced industrial training in the school, gives the interesting account of her success thus far and desires for the future.

"I feel that it is due to the friends who so kindly gave their money to build a public school house for the colored children of Knoxville, Tennessee, that there should be some account given of the success of the enterprise. The sum of six thousand five hundred dollars was raised in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to which the city government of Knoxville added two thousand dollars and the land on which the old house stood. This was torn down and the new one built on the same ground. It is a handsome, commodious brick building, with six rooms, two of them so arranged as to be thrown into one when occasion requires, making a large hall, capable of seating four hundred people. The colored people are grateful beyond expression, and manifest the greatest delight in the new house. The first Sunday that we met in it, they could not restrain their tears, and the prayers which were offered were expressions of heartfelt joy and thanksgiving. One man was carried back in thought to the old slavery days; he spoke most touchingly of their darkness and ignorance; then of the early days of freedom, when they had nothing but their liberty; of the trouble they had, as grown men and women, to learn the little they now know: and, with the tears raining down his cheeks, he thanked God that during all this time He had a purpose of mercy, and a thought of love toward them, which the last one manifested to all the world in this is best gift to their children and children's children.

The School Board are doing all that is possible for them, to make their schools efficient in every way, but it is slow work with the small means they have at their command. Their teachers are poorly paid, and the appliances and apparatus for teaching are very meagre. They can not do more, as present, than they are doing for all their schools.

The work which I now want to do, is to introduce industrial teaching into the public school. We have started a sewing and kitchen school; the latter is a great success. Many of the children use at home the ideas they get from these lessons, and I feel assured that this branch of our work will be a great benefit in the homes of the people. For the sewing school I need help, very much indeed. I want to have sewing thoroughly taught, that it may be a means of support, as well as a comfort at home. I make my appeal to the friends of the freedmen to give me at least six hundred dollars a year to carry on these two branches of industrial employment. The School Board has given us the use of the house on Sunday afternoons for our Sunday School, as it is not denomination in its character; we have from four hundred and fifty to five hundred scholars, children and grown people, and three teachers. Beside these, we have in our own house a small night-school for men and women, and a Bible class on Sunday night.

I thank my friends for all their kindness to me in the nine years that I have been with these people. It is not time just yet to let the colored people alone. They are improving in ways; their homes are more comfortable; their habits are better; they more neatly clothed; and they are leading better lives in their homes and in their church relations. They are not beggars or paupers, and I believe that we can sooner make our industrial school self-supporting with them than with the home. I only ask that you will give me the chance to try fairly with these new industries which you are introducing into your own schools; and, by the blessing of God, I know we shall soon show you that the colored man is capable of standing alone, and bearing his part in the great household of God on the earth. If any one is inclined to help us in large or small sums, money may be sent to me, from October to June, in Knoxville, Tenn; to Miss Isa E. Gray, No. 29 Mr. Vernon Street, Boston; to Mrs. John E. Parsons, No. 208 Madison Ave., New York; or to Mr. William G. Crowell, No. 510 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

EMILY L. AUSTIN."

For many years the starch factory at Oswego, New York, has purchased corn in the West for thirty cents per bushel, taken it over a thousand miles, extracted the starch, and sold it to the very people who produced it, at the rate of six dollars per bushel of corn. The West has not been enterprising in this matter. Of late, however, several starch factories have been built, and the corn is utilized where it is grown. The profit which has been taken by Eastern man will be distributed at the West, where it belongs.

The temperance women in many places in Indiana had free lunches, with tea and coffee, near the polls on election day to keep the voters from drinking.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY EMMA A. SMULLER.

Hark! the bells are ringing;
Send the bells are swinging.
Merry Christmas bells
Tell of happy meeting,
Tell of gift and greeting,
While our Christmas carol still the chorus swells.

This the bells are telling,
By their full and swelling,
Blessed Christmas bells!
Telling us the story
How the Lord of glory
Leaves his home in heaven, here a stranger dwells.

Hear! the bells are calling,
By their rise and falling,
Holy Christmas bells!
Call us to adore him,
Bending low before him,
While our Christmas carol true devotion tells.

Loud the bells are ringing,
Sweet the children singing,
Answer them again;
While the angels o'er us
Join the Christmas chorus,
"Glory be to God! and peace, good will to men!"

TEMPERANCE.

COST OF DRINKD AND TOBACCO FOR 10, 20, 30, 40, AND 50 YEARS.

Fathers, mothers, guardians, young men and maidens please read the following table of calculation, and see what it costs a young man, starting at the age of twenty, to take three drinks at ten cents each, and smoke three cigars at ten cents each, daily, making the expense sixty cents per day. The small amount of sixty cents per day, if deposited in a Savings Bank at eight per cent. per annum interest, and compounded every six months, will produce the results as given in the following table:

1st ten years, between age of 20 and 30,					$3,200
2d	"	"	"	" 30 and 40,	10,500
3d	"	"	"	" 40 and 50,	20,200
4th	"	"	"	" 50 and 60,	00,600
5th	"	"	"	" 60 and 70,	136,360

You will observe that the above includes no extra expenditure for smoking or chewing tobacco or cigarettes, snuff or even an occasional "Bottle of Wine," but merely one cigar after each meal, and three drinks during the day and evening. We believe the above estimate below rather than above the average with those indulging in these luxuries or more properly dissipations.

MORE THAN DOLLARS AND CENTS.

There are results in this world, which cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. The time wasted in the indulgence of these pernicious habits, which tend to keep a man away from his family during those hours in which a wife is entitled to her husband's company, should be a matter of very serious consideration.

Money is not the standard of value, when character, manhood, and all that is ennobling in human nature, is taken into consideration.

Does it pay to tolerate my traffic which breeds poverty, crime, idleness, agony, shame and death wherever it is allowed? I say not!

Rum and tobacco sellers, you alone who think these iniquities do pay, tell the pale, wasted wife and mother, and the ragged, neglected children, that out of the rum and tobacco you have sold their husbands and fathers, you have become rich.

Tell the drunkard that for him withered, blunted body's death and his soul's perdition, you have been paid so much money.

Tell the orphans in the street that you robbed them of parents, home, bread, education and friends, to live a lazy, easy life, yourself.

Stand by the graves of the last 12 months and shout to the 60,000 sots who die annually, that you are one of those to whom they are indebted for their desolate death-bed, and that you sacrificed them for gold.

Follow your victims to the bar of God, where you must speak the truth—there will be no prevarication there—and say before Eternal Justice, "I slew them, and have brought endless perdition upon myself for the sake of a short and infamous life on earth."

INTEMPERANCE among women is increasing at an alarming rate; statistics prove its prevalence to be startling. In the upper circles of society, it is impossible to give a correct statement of its increase, because the retired life of most women favors the indulgence in secret, especially during its earlier stages. But among the lower classes of our cities we have no difficulty in estimating the inroads Rum is making.

The causes of intemperance are social temptations whenever women mingle in society; for wine drinking has become a custom almost as universal as eating, in fashionable circles.

Intemperance affects a woman's moral character more powerfully than it does that of a man. Under it she becomes coarse in manner, gross in thought and feeling, and vulgar in speech. When her system has become alcoholized, her mind also becomes animalized, and she is sure to transmit to her children these degrading qualities in a tenfold greater degree than does the father with the same habits. This fact all medical authorities attest, that the future life of the child—mental, moral, and physical—depends chiefly upon the purity of the mother.

The reform must begin in home circles. Mothers must teach their daughters to abstain from drinking wine, if they would keep them from drinking brandy. Teach them that any stimulant which produces a temporary exhilaration, if repeated, will soon become a fixed want of the system, and every nerve will cry out for it.

Is it right to have preachers in our pulpits, and intrust teachers in our schools and Sabbath-schools with the care, instruction and guidance of our children, that drink ardent spirits, or use tobacco in any form—whose precept and example are potent in influencing our children for good or evil? Parents, please think a moment about these honest facts. They must come home to every one who loves his children, and earnestly desires their instruction and best interests.

TOBACCO, chewed, smoked, snuffed, or used in any form, is unhealthy, expensive, uncleanly and inconvenient, producing deadening and injurious effects on the nervous system; and is especially injurious to children and youth, dwarfing more or less, mind, body and morals.

Fathers, mothers, friends, will you set the example, and use your influence against these pernicious habits? If you will think seriously on this subject, and deal honestly with your convictions, we feel confident you will join in this effort.

MODERATE DRINKING leads to drunkenness; Drunkenness leads to poverty, misery, sickness, crime, insanity, suicide and death; makes hard times, fills our jails, poorhouses, ruins young men and kills old ones; increases our taxes, and retards the progress of religion.

600,000 persons in the United States are drunkards. Of these, 60,000 annually fill dishonored graves.

$600,000,000 are spent annually in our country for intoxicating liquors, or more than for bread.

STORIES OF ANIMAL SAGACITY.

Colonel Rice, now of General Miles's Fifth United States Infantry, was in company recently with a gentleman of our acquaintance, and the conversation naturally turned on Indian warfare and frontier experiences, the day being the anniversary of the Custer massacre. Colonel Rice who has seen service in Indian campaigns, related a striking anecdote concerning the sagacity of a horse which lost his rider in the fatal fight. Some months after the battle a steamer having on board a portion of the Fifth Infantry was pursuing her voyage near the mouth of the Powder River, on the Yellowstone. The men on the lookout, one of whom was the famous scout Buffalo Bill, who was scouring the surrounding country for indications of hostile Indians, saw in the distance an object moving slowly towards the boat. They anxiously scrutinized it as it continued to approach, supposing that it might be the advance of a body of hostiles. Their suspicions were not lessened when they discovered it to be a horse, which might be that of a scout watching their movements or signaling the advance of the enemy in force. When the animal came to the bank of the river, however, it was seen to be unmounted and alone, and on approaching the boat it neighed and pranced, manifesting every sign of unfeigned joy at recognition.

The boat was stopped, and when the horse was taken on board it was found to bear the brand, "Seventh Cavalry." The place where it was found was seventy or eighty miles in a bee line from the scene of the Custer fight. The animal had evidently seen or heard the boat in the distance, recognized it as a sign of civilization, and, being tired of its free life in the wilderness, gladly embraced the opportunity of returning to its accustomed duties.

Another kindred incident showing the strength of the second nature implanted by human companionship in domestic animals was related by Colonel Rice. Upon one of the steamers used in the campaign against the Sioux, was a small dog belonging to General Miles, which one day fell overboard and was given up for lost. Six months afterwards, as the same steamer was returning, the singular sight was witnessed of a small dog and a wolf trotting along the shore in friendly companionship. The dog was recognized as that lost overboard. The steamer was stopped and the dog taken on board delighted to meet with his old friend, while the wolf on the approach of the vessel ran back into the bush. The intelligent animal had apparently anticipated the return of the boat and patiently awaited his restoration to his master. —*[Boston Traveller.*

A PRAIRIE BOY'S STORY.

HOW TO MAKE BOYS INDUSTRIOUS.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* supplies it with the following highly interesting narrative, which has a moral that every reader can draw for himself:

Late in the fall of 1878, while passing through Western Kansas, I stopped at a small station on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, hired a conveyance, and started to call upon an old friend, who, I was told, lived about ten miles south. I drove on over the level prairies, admiring the rich, fertile soil, the clear running streams and the many sleek, fat cattle grazing on the rich prairie grass, and wondering not that this land was called the "Golden Belt" of Kansas. Soon, however, I found that I was driving west instead of south, and there were constantly so many branch roads that I was indeed puzzled to know which to take. Just then, a boy of about fifteen, rode up on horseback, and a bright, handsome lad he was. He informed me that I was off the direct route, but that he would ride across the prairie with me until I reached the right road. I soon drew him into a conversation, in which I was much interested. His experience in farming, I know will be interesting to other boys, perhaps serviceable to their parents, so here is his story:

We all came here two years ago last spring, and father immediately entered a claim under the Homestead law, for 160 acres of land—and it's first-rate land, too, I can tell you; none better any where about here. Well, father said that he wanted to encourage me in being industrious, but he went to work very differently from some men I know, in encouraging me. Now there is Mr. A., who lives on the quarter-section adjoining ours, and he has two sons, John and Henry. John is a little older than I, and Henry is a year younger. Well, the way he encourages his boys is by having them up by daylight in the morning, and keeping them on a keen jump all day long. He hardly allows them time to eat their meals. Why, last summer they worked till 9 o'clock every evening, and didn't find an hour all summer in which they could go a-fishing, or even in swimming. Then, to pay them, the old man gives them their board and his own worn-out clothes, with occasionally a pair of boots or something of the kind thrown in. That is the way he teaches them to be industrious. But father's plan is entirely different. He gave me four acres of land which he had broken, (this was two years ago last spring), and I was to do just what I pleased with it, and he would furnish me seed or means to obtain seed; all that he required of me was that I should attend to the garden, do the chores at the barn, and go to school in the winter.

The first year I planted corn, and from my four acres raised 120 bushels, which I sold for 30 cents a bushels.

The next Spring father let me have the use of his team, and I ploughed my four acres and planted one and a half acres in castor beans, one-half acre I put in strawberry plants, one acre in sorghum, two rods in onions, and the remainder of the acre in sunflowers. Father laughed when I told him my plans, but he said it was my own land and I could do as I liked with it. I told him I wanted to experiment on different crops, so as to see which was the most profitable. Well, my castor beans were a great deal of trouble. I had to watch them so closely not to lose them when they cracked open. It was necessary to pick them immediately as fast as they ripened; but my little sister, seven years old, could attend to them about as well as I, and she did them faithfully on my promising her $5 when I sold my crops in the Fall. I raised twenty-two bushels of beans off of my one and a half acres, which I sold at $1.25 a bushel, so after paying my sister $5, I realized on them $22.50.

Father had raised considerable sorghum, and he had all of the arrangements for pressing, boiling, etc. We worked together in preparing our sorghum, and I had from my one acre, two barrels of good sorghum molasses, which I sold for 35 cts. a gallon, thus making $22 from my sorghum crop. My sunflowers, which were the laughing-stock of so many, brought me enough to pay for my trouble. I had planted and cultivated them very much as if they were corn. The flowers were splendid, many of them measuring three feet six inches in circumference, the stalks being from ten to twelve feet long and three inches in diameter. I planted them principally for the stalks, which I sold over in the next town for fuel. I had ten cords off of that part of my acre, and I realized $15 from the sale of them. I gave the seed to my father for his poultry. He thinks they are better than corn. Those who bought the stalks say that they burn readily, and make a very hot fire. Last spring I planted nothing but sorghum and onions, as they had brought me the most the year previous, and I have done better than either year before. My onions were the most profitable crop of all, as I have made $12 off of my two rods. So last fall I had, after disposing of my crops, $71.50 in cash, nearly double what I had made the year before. I spent $20 of this on my wardrobe, $10 at Christmas, bought three calves at $10 a head, and had $11.50 left for sundries. My onions didn't do quite as well as the year before. So this year I have made $300 off of my four acres. I can assure you I am begining to feel very much encouraged in being industrious. I have just bought twenty more calves. I had to pay $12 a head for these, but they are beauties I can tell you. If they do well they ought certainly to be worth $450. I was offered $90 to-day for my other lot. I have no trouble in finding a market for my produce; for what I cannot sell here I ship on the railroad, and, as they carry at reasonable rates, I often prefer shipping, as I get better prices in the larger towns. I shipped nearly all of my strawberries this year.

I was fifteen years old last August, and am worth to day $390. To be sure my father has favored me in every way, furnishing me with seed, feed for my stock, allowing me the use of his team and farming implements, etc., etc. But now I can afford to be more independent, and hope, before long, to help him, instead of his helping me. Father is making money, too. This is a fine wheat country, and he has put the most of his land into wheat. We have had fine seasons so far for our crops, and next year we may have grasshoppers, or drought, or some drawback; but we have enough ahead now to stand one or two unprofitable seasons, so we don't worry. I intend to invest every year in stock, as I have found it far more profitable than anything else. But don't you think that father's method of encouraging one to be industrious is better than Mr. A.'s? Mr. A. is just as well able to do this for his boys as my father is to do it for me, but they are of different dispositions, you see. Now there is your road; you keep straight ahead till you come to a red barn, when you turn to the left, and two miles further on you reach your friend's house, a white frame, with a porch in front. Good morning.

A good moral is conveyed in this boy's story; one which I hope this letter may impress upon the minds of a multitude of parents.

OSAWATOMIE, Kansas. C. L. K.

APPREOIATION OF THE "SOUTHERN WORKMAN."

We have received the following pleasant letter from an appreciative subscriber.

PLANTSVILLE Co. *Nov.* 11. 1880.

Mr. J. F. B. Marshall:

Dear Sir:— I have taken the Southern Workman, for a number of years, have found it a readable, instructive paper, improving from year to year. But the last year has been very marked in its able articles in regard to the uplifting of the two races for whom you especially labor, I take some ten or twelve weekly and monthly publications, and say decidedly that I find in none of them matter more important for lovers of God and man to ponder than I find in some of your last numbers. The paper ought to have a more extensive circulation.

Enclosed please find check for $4 to pay for the paper to my address, and others specified.

Yours truly, T. H.

The report that the Porte has granted a concession to an English company for the construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway, and to a French company for the Jaffa Jerusalem line, has been very favorably received by the Jews in Jerusalem, especially as, according to their belief, a prophecy in the Scriptures will thereby be fulfilled. The Euphrates Railway, so it is proposed, will intersect the former provinces of Assyria and Babylonia, and will have stations at Mosaul and Hillel, in the neighborhood of which towns are Assyrian and Babylonian ruins. It has been suggested at Constantinople that eventually a junction might be effected between the Euphrates line and the Egyptain railways, which, if carried out, would confirm the following prophecy of Isaiah (chap. xix. 23): "In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians."—*Jewish Chronicles.*

The colored drivers and school children of Augusta, Ga., propose to organize a Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, in memory of Miss Louise King, whose death has been so deeply mourned in that community. She was a highly accomplished woman, more distinguished for her philanthropy and good deeds than for her wealth, beauty and accomplishments, except as they were. She had been particularly active in organizing societies and securing legislation for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

HAMPTON STUDENTS' OWN.

From the Senior Class.

MILITARY INSTRUCTION AT HAMPTON.

The object of the military work at Hampton is to teach the students to obey and to command, and to give them a knowledge of military tactics. The male students at Hampton are organized into a battalion under the immediate charge of Capt. Henry Romeyn, who is an experienced as well as a theoretical teacher of tactics. Capt. Romeyn's heart is in his work; the students are proud to have him among them, and the success of his teaching is indisputable. As his reports will show, the school battalion is better organized this term, to start with, than it has ever been heretofore.

I am confident that the military branch of the school will be a success, and will do credit both to the commandant and students. Being a member of the battalion, I speak from experience. The military work at Hampton is doing an incalculable good; it inspires the students, adds to their activity of motion, cultivates elegance and cleanliness of appearance, and above all, it brings the students in contact with the two great lessons of military life,—first to obey, and secondly to command. I put them in this order, because if we would ever learn to safely command, we must first learn to obey.

Mc. K——.

THE ADVANTAGE OF OUR WORK DAYS AT HAMPTON.

What is the use of persons who are going to school learning how to do all kinds of works is the question which so many people ask. I am afraid that such people do not look at the work itself in the right manner, and I am sure not in the way the Hampton students look upon it.

We have come to the conclusion that instead of it being a disgrace, as many consider it, it is one of the greatest blessings on earth to know how to work, and to do it well.

What good would it do for us to come and stay here the one or perhaps four years, filling our heads with book learning, and not learn the least little how to do any kind of labor. On my part, I think that our education would cost amount to very much among the colored people.

If those who thought that it was a dishonor to send their children to schools like this, would stop for a minute, and think of the good it will do them in some day, it is my opinion that they would abhor the idea of not having them taught to do all kinds of labor.

The men and women that we are needing are those who can and will do every thing in their power to help bring the race to the highest mark of civilization.

I think that it is quite time we were trying to do something for ourselves, for we have been helped by the kind friends of the north long enough, but remember, if we ever expect to accomplish anything in this world, that it must be done by the work of our own hands.

Suppose that all the attentions, where educated people were needed, were occupied. What would we do to obtain a living, if we had not been taught to do all kinds of labor? Do you not see then, that our work days at Hampton are of some advantage to us when we go into the world to work for ourselves? Would that there were more such schools throughout the south, and the negro race would be in a better condition. The greatest men who ever lived, once had to work, and why should we not do the same.

It is true, that some of our American people do not like the idea of having to work hard for a living; but we hope the day will come when all such ideas will be abolished.

W.

SHOULD THE AMERICAN INDIAN BE ALLOWED SUFFRAGE?

We ask, should the American Indian be allowed Suffrage? I ask, why not? Is it that they are inferior to the white or black race? Under what circumstances are they so; is it that they are savages? We were all savages once, and a great many are savages yet, and are as much in need of civilization as many of the Indians. It is evidently known that all men are born equal, the white, black and red man, but it is left to the advantages, which he has had and to the use he has put them to, that is what makes the man; so I say give the Indian suffrage and the future will tell you what he is and what he will become.

When the Negro was in chains of slavery and ignorance, who would have thought he would have reached the state he is now in to be sent to the state legislature the House of Representatives, and the U. S. Senate, to make laws for the people of this government; to be sent to foreign courts to represent this Grand Republic abroad, and to hold high offices of trust and honor? Who would have thought that he could attain these high and honored positions in the short period of fifteen years?

Why can't the Indian rise in like manner? If you will extend to him the right hand of fellowship I believe he will rise, and if the money now being expended for the support of troops for the killing out of the Indians, were invested in the education of the Indian to help him on the road to civilization and Christianity, he would soon rise and follow in the track of the Negro. The least thing the government can do for these helpless subjects is to aid and help them from their low and down trodden state; just look at the injustice they have been subject to; they have been driven from place to place until they have no home; of this vast dominion they can't claim an inch of land, which the government will recognize as their own personal property. They have been hunted like wild beasts from place to place, ever since the (so called) civilized man set foot on the shore; they once occupied this whole coast and the adjacent islands of Cuba and Hayti also many other islands on or near the coast, and I will ask, where are they? The answer is that they have been swept from the face of the earth into eternity, and their bones are now moulding in the dust. And shall we, now the people of the United States, blot out of existence the Aborigines of the far west, or shall we treat them as a people that are our own flesh and blood, all descendants of Mother Eve? now, why not try and lift or help a fallen brother rise and remember the Golden Rule: "Do to others as you would that they should do to you."

If you think that he is incapable of learning, why just take a visit to Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, or go to Carlisle Barracks in Penn., and see for yourself the progress they have made, and see the noble work that is being done for them, partly by the aid of charity, and partly by the government, and you will see that he is worth educating. If you do not educate them you will exterminate them, and I am sure educating is much easier than extermineating; it will cost millions to educate them, and millions, plus the lives and pensions, to exterminate, now which will cost the more, the educating or the exterminating? Judge for yourself.

If they are not educated or cared for by the government, but allowed to stay in their savage state, the nation (which is supposed to be a Christian nation) will bitterly repent it judgement day, for it will have to be accounted for. I say give them all the right of suffrage and see that they are protected in all the rights of citizenship and let them make the best of it.

A. B.

From the Middle Class.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

Though we are poor, we should never be discouraged in life. For when we are discouraged, instead of progressing we are retrograding.

Be of good cheer, boys, always do your best, and there is no doubt of your success. We know this by the examples that have been set before us, one of which is the life of our next President, James A. Garfield. He was once a poor boy, born in Orange county, Ohio. His father died when he was very young; and by her own energies his mother had to take care of him and three others until they were old enough to care for themselves. When James was sixteen years old, he chopped wood near Lake Erie. While on the lake, he received a new idea which led him to believe that it would be good for him to spend a number of his days as seaman. On his return home, he told his mother that he could no longer resist the impulse to seek a seafaring life and should therefore leave home immediately. He went to Cleveland where he obtained a position of driver on a canal-boat. His was so earnest and learned so rapidly that he soon became so much esteemed, by his employer that on his first round trip he was promoted to bowsman. He stayed on the boat till he became sick with a fever. After he got well his mother dissuaded him from making another voyage, and the following spring he went to Geauga Academy to begin the struggle in getting an education. His cousin, a boy about the same age, went with him. They rented a room, and lived principally on provisions they took from home. When not in school he used to work in the hay fields for day wages; just as many of us have done. After he left Geauga, he went to Hiram, there too, he earned money to pay his way by teaching county schools, and working at the carpenter's bench until he was offered a tutorship in the Institute. He then desired a college education, and it said that he went over sixteen years course of study in three, and taught his classes at the same time.

In 1854, when he was about twenty-three years old, he entered the Junior class at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and after graduating went back to Hiram, and obtained the professorship of Latin and Greek. He made his first political speech at Williamstown in 1856, and was elected to the senate of Ohio in 1859. Since then he has been a lawyer, a soldier, a general, a congressman, and is now the President elect of the United States.

B.

LET US GO SOUTH.

There has been so much said about bulldozing in the south, that few men will venture to go, and it is true that these low and cruel practices have existed, in some or all of our Southern states. Vice and wrong will not all ways triumph; no, not in the most secluded, or remote parts of the world.

I have lived in the south about fourteen years. I lived in the vicinity of Yazoo City, Miss. more than thirteen years. And I have for the first time to be molested by any man on the account of politics. I did not bother my head about politics. My express business was to teach and preach. And to do this thoroughly was and is now my only earthly aim; it is my earnest desire. If we would go south and teach, and lift up the ignorant Negroes, not by profiting ourselves only, but with a spirit and an intention, bent to do them good, we would not be likely to lose our reward:—

H. C. A. H.

HOMES.

At my home there are a great many colored people who are buying land, in order to make a home for themselves, when about 9 years ago it was a rarity to find a colored man owning real estate. But now it is very common to find people owning from 10 to 150 and 200 acres of land, and in buil ding their houses they make great improvements. Numbers of saw mills, school houses and churches are being built, which employs a great many, and things generally seem to be on the advance, and the colored people who have been kept under for so many years are rising by degrees above their former condition, and trying to make men and women of themselves.

W. D. L.

From the Indians.

Indians have been very ignorant as long as I can remember, but their minds are strong now to get in the new road. The men use to be warriors and the women the great workers. But friends I tell you, before I came here I would see some Indians, men and not women cutting rails or logs for themselves or plowing. They can do farming themselves, they don't have to get a white man to teach them, but understand, only they have not got any implements to work with if the Government just supplied all the implements they need they would soon get out of the ignorant way. They are trying to quit their old ways in dressing and gambling and other sorts of bad things; they have turned to the right way. They want to be civilized like any other nation. And at their Agencies or Missions they have schools there. The old people sent their children there and some let their children stay at their Boarding School and they all go to school every day except on Saturdays. On Sunday they go to the school with their children to hear the God's word. They are not ignorant in God. They believe in Him. You all know that some Indians are civilized, having churches and schools and making things for themselves, and the other Indians will some day come up like them, and also they can have a good education if the white people will be kind enough to help them up as men and women. They are willing to learn and not only this but to learn how to be house-keepers and cattle, and other kinds of business. The Indians are careful about their children going to school they watch them when they go to their school to see them get there. Few years ago the Government sent for some Indian children to go to Hampton and Carlisle, and now here we are at these schools doing and trying the best we can in our studies and working for the cause of our people. We want to teach them, and also teach them what we will learn from Hampton.

Nov. 10th. In the afternoon we all went down to the Fort to see the review that was going on down there. We saw many sailors coming to the shore, and then I ran in ranks and then marched up where the other companies were, and also saw soldiers, they were from Washington and also the soldiers of the Fort. We saw many little boys among the sailors. We also saw Pres. Hayes and Sec. Schurz I went up to Secretary and shook hands very hard because he has done a good thing to the Indians for sending them east to school. They got through drilling, we went back to the school; we had a nice long walk. The next day the Pres. and the Sec. came to visit the Normal School and the Indian school. They went around where they were; saw them working in their trades. After that they went into their school and saw them in there: I think they enjoyed it very much, and then we went up in the chapel and sung some songs for them. Mr. Hayes spoke few words to us and bade us good bye and went down the boat and got in the boat while the Normal School band played music for them, and all the boys and Gen. Armstrong gave three cheers to them and they went off waving their hats and handkerchiefs.

Last Saturday Indian boys had a picnic and had a very good time while the other boys were at work: the boys that go to school with the colored students we were glad that they had some fun.

One of our Indian students works through the days and goes to evening school; he thinks he can learn more, and also he wants to be a good farmer.

Last spring we planted some potatoes, now the Indian farm boys have been gathering them.

One of the Indian students had been working in the Carpenter shop he had been putting some glasses in some of the Cottages.

I wrote this all by myself and will set the type. Hereafter the type will be set by myself.

James Mcmurr,
Junior Class.

A LETTER.

A Cheyenne Indian at Hampton Normal School, Hampton, Virginia, November 1880, writes:

Dear Friend J. R. Merie. I would like to tell you what I was doing, in Miss. First thing, I want to speak about is what I learned about the white man's way, about two years ago now, I have learned something [illegible] have been away from my old home about five years ago now. First they took us to Florida they first teach us the good way, and I find Indian real very hard, so I thought, I will never walk the Indian road any more; I find that the white people and colored people are very good friends to the Indians. I think I will be kind to every body and work for white people. After three years at St-Augustine, Florida, then come to Hampton, Virginia, to go to school and work. That is the reason I like Hampton, and I have got one more term, to learn more English and work. I am trying very hard to do well; I want to be the best Indian here. Some white people say that Indians do not know anything, but the Indians are learning something. Now I must tell you about my vacation and my visit at Lee, Mas. I was very glad to learn an there the farm. I stayed with Mr. Frank Merrill, he is very kind man, he learn me how to work with a mowing machine. I work on the farm. I cut corn stalks, and pick potatoes, and pick apples; Mr. A. Hyde, who has charge of all the Indian boys, want us all work on the farm and learn; he is very kind to me, and of all the Indian boys. We stayed there four months. We had pleasant visit to Boston. I was very much delighted, to see so many white friends in Boston. I saw the Governor in the State, and went in a house and saw some old flags and some the books in the State house. We went up the top of the cupola, it is high. I looked all round the city of Boston. There we met Gen. Armstrong in the Adams house; we were glad to see him, he was glad to see us also. Sunday morning we went to Church, Trinity church it is very beautiful church. I saw great many beautiful things. Boston is a good city, very handsome; I like it very much. Every Sunday night we go to church, and Gen. Armstrong speak in there.

I saw great many white people, and shook hands with them and spoke with them. The next morning we went in horse cars; went to another place to see a school house. Gen. Armstrong spoke and talked both about Indians and Colored. We stayed three days in the Adams house. then we got in a car and went to Norwich, Conn. to a large meeting of the American Missionary Association. Gen. Armstrong spoke to the people and the Indian boys and girls sang hymn. We went next to New York to a meeting of Episcopal ministers, we sang hymns there too; we stayed in the afternoon in the Hotel, New York. Then we came to Hamptoe. I was glad to see all the Indian students, also teachers and colored. I will now come to a close.

Yours, very re-peectfully,
James Bear's Heart.

and, in a little while, she too had found a grave in that far distant land. Uncle Lias's spirit gave way entirely after this sad event, and in utter despair he wrote to his old master, imploring him to send him money to return to Virginia, and declaring that if help were not given him by his old friend, he and the only child left him would perish in that desolate climate. Some weeks after this, a messenger from Monrovia brought the sorrowful exile a letter containing the draft for necessary funds, and, as there was barely time to reach the fort before the ship which leaves monthly for the United States would sail, Uncle 'Lias stopped long enough to gather up a handful of clothes, bestow his African estate, on which fine crops of coffee and tobacco were growing, upon one of his fellow emigrants who had been kind to him in his trouble, with the request that when the crop was ripe he would divide it with two or three widows whose husbands, like his wife, had but left their homes in America to find graves in Africa; and taking his little son with him, made all speed to reach the ship, which was setting sail as they reached the shore.

Uncle 'Lias returned to his Virginia home, weary and worn with his adventures, much poorer than when he set out, enfeebled in health and bereaved of his beloved wife and child.

I am glad to say, however, that he has lived to see better times. He soon grew strong again in the invigorating atmosphere of his native hills, and went to work like an honest man, to repay to his kind old master the money he had furnished to bring him home, which he devoutly believes reached him just in time to save his life. In course of time he married again, and, by industry and economy, has become the owner of a snug little house in the suburbs of the city, which commands a fine view of Lynchburg and James River, a prospect much more to the taste of the ex-emigrant than the jungle and forests of Africa.

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